



Official Game Accessory



Waterdeep and the North

by Ed Greenwood

for use with the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Fantasy World



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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



WATERDEEP AND THE NORTH

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How To Use This Book



Whether you are a veteran player of the **ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®** game or a novice playing a character for your first time, this book can be of help in **AD&D®** game play. A campaign can be set in the sprawling City of Splendors itself, or Waterdeep can be used as a model of a fantasy city by DMs wishing to create their own large port cities without using the **FORGOTTEN REALMS™** campaign setting.

Waterdeep is a city of intrigue and wonders; in its streets and buildings can be found almost every variety of beings and activities, goods, and interests. Carefully handled, the City will come to life, and give players and Dungeon Masters a continuing, ever-developing locale in which characters can adventure, to return to as a base while adventuring up and down the Sword Coast by ship or in the wilderland of the North. I know. Waterdeep can serve such a long-lasting role in a campaign, because the City of Splendors was the beginning of my original **FORGOTTEN REALMS** campaign, and has been used continuously in play since then, providing delights and challenges for characters from levels 0 through 16 down the years from 1975 and the original **D&D®** boxed set through the multi-volume **AD&D®** rule books of today.

This book describes the major features of

life in Waterdeep, some important inhabitants, and the layout of the City wards, but leaves room for DMs to develop their own characters and local details. For those employing the **FORGOTTEN REALMS** campaign setting, a section on the City's surroundings is included, and for all **AD&D** game players, a number of possible adventures set in the City, or beginning within its walls, are described. These are largely presented in outline form, so that DMs can change characters, settings, treasures, and the pacing to suit their own campaigns.

We begin with brief summaries of the geography and history of the North, and then of the City of Splendors, providing an understanding of why Waterdeep is the way it is, and a guide for DM innovations. A summary of the government, laws, and how justice is enforced and administered in the City of Splendors follows.

Each of the districts, or "wards" of the City is then viewed. DMs should note that many buildings remain "open" for use in their own adventures, and most structures in Waterdeep are three or four storeys in height, containing private apartments or offices (not detailed herein) above the street-level shops. DMs should bear in mind that many minor features of Waterdeep change with time, and can readily be modi-

fied to better suit their own adventures.

The next chapter tries to give you something of the "feel" of life in Waterdeep, and describes money and commerce, some of the natural hazards of City life, and current events of interest.

The sections that follow detail in turn the various Factions and Guilds active in the City; the Noble Families of Waterdeep; and individual Non-Player Characters (NPCs) suitable for use in play.

Suggested adventures involving the City of Splendors are then given, and our book closes with a description of the City's immediate surroundings.

Well met, all! I give you Waterdeep; my city. Let it now be your city, too, and if you treat Waterdeep as a real place, as I have done, it will live for you, too. Many happy hours of **AD&D** game play in a campaign can use only those details of the City's streets and people contained herein. Further development of Waterdeep's sewers, dungeons, and intrigue could even keep a campaign going for years without any player character ever setting foot outside the City walls. So read on, and walk the streets of Waterdeep the Great, Crown of the North, with (of course) the standard warning: keep weapon to hand and eyes attentive...

Chapter 1: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE NORTH

"The North" is a term applied to many different areas of Faerûn, depending upon who's speaking. In these pages, and in trade-talk over much of the Realms, it refers to that area between the Sword Coast and Anauroch (the Great Desert). The southern boundary of this region is the cause of much dispute. To many a satrap of Calimshan, the "cold land of savages and beasts" begins at the northern border of Amn. To a Waterdhavian (a native of Waterdeep), "the North" begins at the City and stretches due east to the Desert, taking in everything north of that line. Most sages agree that "the North" begins somewhere to the south of that, but they disagree on just where. Most use the Winding Water as a boundary. This book uses the Waterdhavian boundary.

The North has been known as "the Savage Frontier" for many years. It is a rugged, heavily wooded wilderness only lightly ruled by humans. Such civilization envelops the coastal regions (as far inland as the "Long Road" that runs from Mirabar to Waterdeep) securely; the vast, open rolling valley lands of the river Dessarin less securely; and the eastern region, dominated by the High Forest and mountains, only as far as the points of their ready swords.

One thousand years ago, the North consisted of a number of civilized elven and dwarvish realms surrounded by a wilderness roamed by fearsome monsters, and such races as orcs, trolls, hobgoblins, and bugbears. Human tribes were few and primitive, dwelling along the coast. The lower birth rates of the demi-human races rendered them less able to replace casualties suffered in their almost continual fighting with the aggressive humanoid, and with the years their number dwindled. They have been steadily pushed southward by the ever-expanding, fecund orc tribes, abandoning realm after realm, or being overwhelmed by numbers and slaughtered. The many resulting, largely-empty dwarven delves and holds are what human adventurers refer to as "dungeons."

The demi-humans, although they achieved many splendid victories in battle, could not stem the humanoid tide even when they united (see "the Fallen Kingdom," page 5). Today, the dwarves remain only around the richest "mithril mines" in the North, and no known elven settlements of any size exist north of Evereska. The rise of human power in the North outstripped even the growth of the orcs, and prevented the collapse of civilization in the area.

The North remains a land of riches, mineral wealth equalled nowhere else in the known Realms, and seemingly endless strands of timber of a size not often found elsewhere. Game is plentiful, and the landscape is beautiful. But danger is always lurking; for the most part, the law of the North is the law of the sword. Traveler, you have been warned.

TRADE AND TRAVEL IN THE NORTH

There are fortunes to be made in the North, for those willing to risk its dangers. Sword Coast shipping is imperilled by the often fierce weather and by piracy (sometimes covertly supported by Luskan, a city which would like to control all waterborne trade).

Overland travel is menaced by many monsters, and as a result is usually in the form of large, well-armed caravans, accompanied by clerics and magic-users if possible. The terrain and the need for constant vigilance keeps caravan travel slow. Twenty-five miles a day is a very respectable pace. Horses and draft oxen cannot be used to exhaustion when one might be attacked at any moment. Naval travel averages twice that daily rate.

The northernmost settlements of the Sword Coast exist because of rich mines, and sent their ores south by ship. Mirabar, inland, is the richest of these, and must send its metals overland to its Southern markets via the Long Road, or by road to the port of Luskan (the river Mirar is not navigable). From Luskan, the older, "High Road" runs along the coast to Port Llast and Neverwinter. It continues through Leilon, cutting east around the Mere of Dead Men, and thence to Waterdeep.

The Long Road runs south from Mirabar through the desolate Crags, to the village of Longsaddle, past Berun's Hill, and thence to Triboar. The Dessarian grasslands open out to the east of the Road here, stretching south to the sea at Waterdeep. The Long Road continues beside the Dessarin to the City, through a series of small settlements spaced a day's travel or so apart.

To the east, in the Dessarian valley lies Nesmé, the only settlement in an area roamed by trolls. The lands to the east of the valley are largely uncivilized, although they once held great kingdoms of dwarves and men and elves. From the Ice Mountains (known to be home to remorhaz and frost giants) to the north, this region descends into lesser peaks where orcs dwell in uncounted thousands. Whenever their numbers grow intolerably

great for the available territory, the orcs issue forth in great hordes and sweep south. They have taken one city, The Citadel of Many Arrows, and their numbers are more than sufficient to hold it.

The "mithril mines" (the richest delvings known to exist in all Faerûn) keep the dwarves in the northeast, where their mighty fortress, Citadel Adbar, and savage courage keep the orcs at bay. A trade-road built by the ancient dwarven King Adbar brings the wealth of the dwarves south, and then the road branches east to Ascore and west to the fortified city of Sundabar.

From Sundabar trade can go west overland to Silverymoon, largest city of the far North, and (for the warmest months of the summer) by river (the Rauvin) to Everlund.

Silverymoon is a strong, bustling city, the height of human culture in the Northern interior. To its west lies The Herald's Holdfast, along on a crag. To its south lies Everlund, and beyond it the vast and mysterious High Forest, little visited by men. It is drained to the south by the Unicorn Run.

Far to the east of the Run, the Forest ends at the banks of Delimbiyr, the River Shining, which is navigable as far as the fortified town of Loudwater. Long ago, wagons took trade around the Shining Falls and back onto the river, which is navigable from there up to its headwaters. Here of old elves lived in numbers in the eastern High Forest. The remains of an old road and a ruined port, names forgotten with time, mark the site of their now-abandoned land.

The elves of Eaelrann (for so the abandoned elven kingdom was known) were few, and embittered by long strife with orcs. When Ascalhorn fell to evil, becoming Hellgate Keep, the elves left, traveling southwest, and vanished—over the sea to Evermeet, the first realm of elves in Faerûn known to have done so.

Druids came into the deserted woodlands to preserve the old, lovingly-cared-for trees, the Tall Trees, and remain there yet, defying the strength of Hellgate Keep. Strong garrisons of men and dwarves from Everlund, Silverymoon, Sundabar, and Citadel Adbar now together hold Turnstone Pass, barring the forces of Hellgate Keep from the lands to the west, but there is constant fighting merely to hold the Pass.

BERUN'S HILL

This local landmark is a bare-topped, conical hill that commands a splendid view of the valley of the river Dessarin to the east.



This lookout has often been used in times of trouble to watch for advancing orc tribes coming down from the north and east. It is named for the famous ranger Berun, who met his end here at the hands of such a horde. He failed to stop the orcs, but slew over three hundred singlehanded ere he was overwhelmed. Bandits sometimes watch from the hilltop for the approach of likely victims. Northern legend has it that a dwarven tomb lies under the Hill, rich in golden armor and treasures, but none have ever found it, and no dwarves of today know any more of it than the legend.

CITADEL ADBAR

This mighty fortress is named for the ancient dwarven King Adbar, who built it over a thousand years ago when the lands about were Delzoun, the Northkingdom of the dwarves. Quarried of granite, the Citadel can house up to 60,000 dwarves in comfort; men will find its defensive tunnels and hallways too dark and too cramped. The Citadel today holds around 14,000; the savage courage of these dwarven warriors, under King Harbromm, protects the mithril mines in the mountains nearby from the endless orcs that threaten to sweep this last hold of the dwarves away. Citadel Adbar still produces the finest metals (sword-blades, “forge-bars,” and axe-and-pick heads are the most numerous forms in which trade leaves the Citadel) in the North. The dwarves’ output has dwindled in recent years, however, as the number of miners grow fewer and orc raids upon the trade-caravans (which travel west from Adbar to the city of Sundabar) grow fiercer. The banner of Citadel Adbar bears the Forge-Mark of the King in red upon a silver field: an upright single-bladed handaxe enclosed by a circle of flames.

CITADEL OF MANY ARROWS, THE

This fortified city was once the dwarven hold of Felbarr, part of the realm of Delzoun (q.v.). It stands on a rocky mount in the center of a wide mountain valley, and was once home to 25,000 dwarves. When the dwarves began to withdraw from the North, Felbarr—far from any still-productive mines—was the first settlement to be abandoned. Some three hundred winters ago the dwarves left it, and humans from Silverymoon garrisoned it with over three thousand troops. Skirmishes with orc raiders began almost immediately.

Fifty years later, an orc horde of awesome size poured down from Dead Orc Pass to the east, and surrounded the Citadel. The orcs attacked heedless of losses, and after four months The Battle of Many Arrows (so-called because of the defenders fired every arrow they possessed down into the massed orcs below, and the orcs ignored their casualties and kept climbing, until the walls were heaped about the dead) ended with the fall of the Citadel and the slaughter of its garrison. The orcs moved in, in strength. Today, some 40,000 orcs are crammed into the fortress-city, and their patrols regularly harry travelers on the road between Silverymoon and Sundabar, and test the very gates of those two cities. The orcs are far too numerous to dislodge, and constantly threaten to overwhelm Sundabar, or Silverymoon, or both. The leader of the orcs of the Citadel is thought to be one Obould, a giant orc of considerable fighting prowess.

CITADEL OF THE MISTS, THE

This isolated castle lies in the northern fringes of the High Forest. It is the home of the Mistmaster, an illusionist of great power. Some believe him to be of the 26th level of achievement. There he dwells with a small household staff, including the 8th level monk Iltmul (currently the Green Master of Dragons, once the White Master of Dragons) and the pegasi he loves to raise and train. Great treasure is rumored to lie in the Mistmaster’s vaults, but few have even seen the Citadel, let alone passed within. It does have some sort of magical, monstrous guardians, by all reports, and (when the Mistmaster wishes) is cloaked in thick, swirling mists.

DELIMBIYR, THE RIVER SHINING

This clear, cool river forms the eastern and southern boundaries of the High Forest, as it runs over a thousand miles from its headwaters in the Nether Mountains to the sea west of Daggerford. The River Shining is fast-flowing, and its waters are mint-sweet and safe to drink. It is home to many szorp, a brown, trout-like fish whose white flesh is tasty and which forms much of the daily diet of the inhabitants of Loudwater. Delimbiyr is navigable from its mouth to Loudwater, and from above The Shining Falls to its headwaters.

DELZOUN

The Northkingdom of the dwarves, named for its founder, Delzoun is only a shining

memory today. Once it stretched from the Ice Mountains in the utter north to the Nether Mountains in the south, bordered on the east by the Narrow Sea (now vanished; the Great Desert lies there today), and on the west by Silvery Moon Pass (just east of present day Silverymoon). The world was two thousand years younger then.

Delzoun was a rich and proud land, perhaps the height of dwarven power; its smiths crafted intricate and beautiful mechanisms to ease every task; the great dwarven families grew rich and famous, and gold shown everywhere about the persons and homes of the dwarves of Delzoun. The dwarves ranged across the North building holds for themselves and (for hire) for men, and their work endures still. They were a happy and hearty people. That is all gone now.

Today, Citadel Adbar (q.v.) guards the richest mines still known to the Longbeards (dwarven elders), and orcs menace men and dwarves on all sides. A trade-road built by the ancient dwarven king Adbar runs south from the Citadel to the Fork, once the site of the grand mansion of the dwarven hero Ghaurin, but today merely a meeting of roads in the wilderness. One road runs east to ruined Ascore, once a port on the Narrow Sea. It is still rumored to contain treasures—and some feel evil that keeps even orcs away from it. The other road runs west to Sundabar (q.v.), now a city of men—and that, save for some forgotten dwarven tombs tunneled into the mountains about, is all that remains of the Northkingdom.

King Harbromm probably rules 16,000 dwarves from Citadel Adbar, no more, and the numbers of his people dwindle each year; the births of young dwarves do not keep pace with the battle losses.

DESSARIN, RIVER

The cold and deep River Dessarin flows into the sea just south of Waterdeep, at Zundbridge. Its waters are home to the silver shalass, fish that are a delicacy across the North. The Dessarin itself rises in the Lost Mountains, two isolated peaks in the High Forest, barely five hundred miles northeast of the City of Splendors, but the Dessarin is fed by many other rivers and streams. The waters of the Surbrin come down from the Endless Ice Sea, north of the Wall (the mountain range that marks the northern edge of habitable land in the North). Two rivers join the Surbrin from the east: the “Laughingflow” (the original elven name has been forgotten; only its rough



translation survives), and the Rauvin, named for a legendary dwarven explorer, which runs east into the heart of the old dwarven kingdom of Delzoun (q.v.). A small boat can take travelers from the sea all the way to icy falls east of Dead Orc Pass if orc-attacks and Tymora's blessing allow.

This network of rivers is fordable at Ironford and at Dead Horse Ford, east of Yartar. It is bridged at The Stone Bridge, Yartar, Nesmé, Silverymoon, Everlund and Sundabar. Its upper reaches form a vast, open, grassy basin, rising in the east into the moors. These lands are still roamed by trolls today; in the past, "the everlasting ones" were so numerous that the fires set to burn their corpses raged so often that men thought the land would never be green again. The "Evermoors" have proven not to be forever barren, however.

EAERLANN

Even this elven kingdom's name is forgotten to all but a few in the North. Once, it stretched from Turnstone Pass in the north to The Shining Falls in the south, holding the upper valley of the River Shining and The High Forest to a hundred miles west of the Delimbiyr.

Its peoples and deeds are lost with time gone over the sea to fabled Evermeet. Today, the remains of an old road and an abandoned, ruined port mark the site of Eaerlann's trade-link to the lands west and south of it—once, wagons took trade around The Shining Falls and back onto the river, and up and down the River Shining Eaerlann's slim barges were seen often. Today, not even treasures remain, or at least none have yet reported finding any. Adventurers, it should be noted, do still go looking, as do forces from Hellgate Keep (q.v.)

EVERLUND

Lying to the south of Silverymoon and the river Rauvin, the walled city of Everlund is home to many human caravan-masters, adventurers, and tradesmen. A council of six Elders rules here. The population, always changing with the travel trade demands, is usually around 12,000, of all non-evil races.

Everlund is an "open city," tolerant like Waterdeep, but it must be ever-vigilant against trolls to the west, orcs from the mountains to the northeast, and the fell power of Hellgate Keep to the east. The Council hires adventurers to patrol outside the city, and to bolster its defenses when large-scale attacks are feared.

FALLEN KINGDOM, THE

This now-vanished realm was a short-lived effort to stem the demi-human decline in the North by uniting elves and dwarves and humans in a common realm. The realm was smashed by the repeated attacks of vast orc hordes, although the slaughter done to the orcs drove them back north for some generations. The Fallen Kingdom had many names; the "real one" is lost with time, among the names of its various districts (such as Ardeep). The term "Fallen Kingdom" today refers to the rolling wilderlands due east to the City of Splendors, although this was only the north-west end of the long-ago united realm.

FALLEN LANDS, THE

This is the present-day name for the strip of habitable land west of Anauroch, stretching between "the Far Forests" (now overrun by evil things out of Hellgate Keep) and Weathercote Wood. The Fallen Lands are now home only to monsters, it seems, although rumors persist of powerful mages inhabiting the southern end, and hurling back the evil creatures of Hellgate Keep with their art. This was once part of the realm of Netheril, a kingdom of mages who could not stem the expansion of the Great Desert; some sages say that many of them set out south across the Realms to find a new home, and founded the present-day realm of Halruaa. Reports from the adventurers Vanthorn and Haladan indicate that when they visited The Fallen Lands some five winters ago, they observed a beholder of awesome size directing hobgoblin servants to capture monstrous beasts and conduct a strange bestial breeding program.

FIRE SHEAR

An isolated mining city on the frigid northern arm of the Sword Coast, this cold and grim human city is the site of extremely rich veins of copper and silver, exposed in an unusual rift caused by a long-ago volcanic explosion (or perhaps a meteor strike) that blasted out a large bowl-like crater, shearing away tons of rock (hence, "Fireshear") to expose the metallic ores for easy discovery and mining. Fireshear is ruled by three Senior Merchants (one of Mirabar, one of Neverwinter, and one of Waterdeep) who ensure that the city falls under the control of no other city of the North. Fireshear's 15,000 inhabitants are all miners; all else—goods, food, and services—comes by ship during the summer, when the ice allows. Fireshear's arms are a crossed

blade, pick, and shovel at the base of an orange, leaping flame on an ice blue field.

GAUNTLGRYM

Gauntlgrym is a large underground city built by dwarves for men in the early years of the amicable existence of dwarves, elves, and men in the North. It is now abandoned and holds great riches. All who have ever heard the ballads and tales of bards in the North know this; what none have known is the precise location of this potential treasure-trove. The dwarves themselves know only that it lies north of the Dessarin and its tributaries, near the valley of Khedrun. (Khedrun, pronounced "Ka-hed-ROON," was a famous dwarven hero who in legend carved out the homeland of the dwarves in the North with his axe from lands dark with wolves, orcs, and bugbears; he really existed, but so long ago that none know what of his story is fancy and what is fact.)

A few adventurers returned to Waterdeep in triumph with news of Gauntlgrym's discovery a season ago, set out once more to recover its treasures, and have not been heard from since.

HELLGATE KEEP

In olden days, when the elven kingdom of Eaerlann began to suffer attacks from orcs coming down from the north, and the human realm of Netheril to the east across the mountains was passing away under the onslaught of the Great Desert, the elves built a great fortress in the head-valley of the river Delimbiyr, commanding Turnstone Pass to the northwest and their own northern borders. That citadel, and its task of defending against orcs, the elves turned over to men.

Over hundreds of years of success, followed by a generation of peace, when no orcs came, the city's people grew proud and splendid. The fortified city, known as Ascalhorn (it was built on a jutting crag known as Ascal's Horn), was thought of, as Silverymoon is today, as another Myth Drannor. The folk of Ascalhorn dabbled in sorcery, planning to recapture Myth Drannor's splendor and power—and succeeded only in destroying themselves.

One ambitious dabbler opened a gate to the Nine Hells in secret, seeking aid, and received it. The city was slowly infiltrated by devils, at first only as skulking servitors, quiet and quick, but subsequently as schemers and go-betweens, subverting many mages to embrace lichdom and then rising to torture and devour the citizenry with cruel ease. In desperation, many turned to arcane books of



lore and summoned demonkind to battle the servants of the Hells—a strategy that worked far too well, as hordes of demons poured into Ascalhorn and overwhelmed humans, devils, and lichens alike (a few lichens remain as servants, intrepid adventurers report). Ascalhorn became a ghoulish hold, guarded by cambion troops, and ruled by at least one Type VI demon. The city's troops are commanded by a deathknight, who leads or directs many patrols in the lands about. The city, now known as Hellgate Keep, is shunned by men. Human and dwarven forces have several times failed to take the city, but its troops have been likewise rebuffed in attacks on Citadel Adbar, Sundabar, and Silvermoon. Those cities, reinforced by the open city of Everlund, hold Turnstone Pass, albeit shakily, against Hellgate Keep's forces to prevent unchecked and unheralded attacks throughout the North by the Keep's armies.

HELM'S HOLD

Southeast of Neverwinter lies an isolated monastery dedicated to the worship of the god Helm. Founded some eight winters ago by a retired member of the famed Company of Crazy Adventurers (of Waterdeep), the monastery was at first a single farm known as Helm's Stead. It has grown greatly, and been fortified (hence its new name) against bandit and monster attacks, and now numbers some 700 devout worshippers of Helm. The founder, Duml Erard, became the White Master of Dragons by defeating Iltmul at The Citadel of Mists (q.v.). Duml has had to defend his own title many times (see Hlam, in the "Selected Non-Player Characters" section).

HERALD'S HOLDFAST, THE

West of Silvermoon is the spell-guarded citadel of Old Night, one of the five High Heralds of western Faerûn. The Herald's Holdfast is a precious library of heraldry and genealogy of the known human, elven, dwarven, halfling, and gnomish peoples as far back as records can be traced. It is said to be an invincible fortress, and is respected by both good and evil races of the North—even some details of the histories and badges of orcs, hobgoblins, and goblins are said to be preserved within its walls.

HIGH FOREST, THE

This vast woodland covers much of the eastern central North, stretching for almost five hundred miles from its southern edges (near Secomber) to its northern end (near Turn-

stone Pass). The High Forest is home to most known races of intelligent woodland creatures. Treants, the "wood-rulers," are closest to Everlund, and that part of the High Forest is known as "The Woods of Turlang" after the treants' aeons-old leader, Turlang "the Thoughtful." Men know little of the interior of the High Forest, although korred are known to inhabit the headwaters of the Dessarin, and several networks of subterranean caverns underlie the Forest's western edge.

The Unicorn Run (q.v.) enters the interior of The High Forest from the south. To the east, along the western bank of the upper Delimbier, elves of old had a realm, Eaelrann (q.v.), now abandoned. They left when Ascalhorn became Hellgate Keep (q.v.), but druids moved into that region known as the Tall Trees, to preserve and defend the forest, and may be encountered there yet.

The Forest is so vast that travelers can, and have, found every sort of woodland creature in its green, shadowed depths. Rumors of lost cities and treasure regularly surface in taverns about the North but the truth is, few dare to investigate. Of the most powerful adventurers who dwell in seclusion in the North most have avoided The High Forest (the Mistmaster and the Nine being the only exceptions, and in both cases they have not settled in the Forest's interior). Archmages of power great enough to rival demigods have chosen the orc-infested regions of the far North (The Lonely Tower, on the shore of The Endless Ice Sea, for example, and Tulrun's Tent, usually to be found in the eastern Coldwood, near the Ice Mountains) rather than settle in the High Forest. Lesser men have been much slower to cut trees and carve roads into these woods than they have in the Dragonreach lands. There is something about this vast green land that warns civilization away...Tapann, god of the korred, perhaps? Silvanus? Only time—and with it, intrepid exploration—still tell.

ICEFLOW, THE

This, chilling, fast-rushing river thunders down out of the icy interior of the northern arm of the Sword Coast. It is not navigable by any normal means. Its waters are just above freezing, and travel at terrifying speed down through a great ice gorge. In spring and high summer, great slabs of ice break off the gorge walls and fall into the waters, shattering with the force of a triple-strength *ice storm* as they spray the vicinity with boulders of broken ice. These chunks of ice are then swept down the gorge and

out to sea, to drift south amid the great icebergs from the Sea of Moving Ice. Remorhaz are known to lair in the vicinity, and great horrors known as "ice spiders" or "snow spiders" have also been encountered here. Human prospectors who made it back found no rich ores in what they could reach of the walls, but there are persistent rumors of ancient ruins and buried riches in secret places in the gorge.

IRONMASTER

This isolated, stone-towered city of mountain dwarves is built into the rock walls of a frozen valley; many of its storage chambers and passageways are tunneled out of never-melting ice, so that the buildings merge directly into the valley-side. Ironmaster is home to around 9,000 hard-working dwarves; no non-dwarven races are welcome in this city. From the deepest tunnel-passages of the city mine-shafts lead down to extensive iron deposits—not rich or rare, but far greater in extent than found elsewhere. The dwarves refine this, and fashion it into pots, pans, and "forge-bars" (flat bars that a smith elsewhere can readily forge into something). Ironmaster's arms are a red anvil on a grey, diamond-shaped field, the long points of the diamond vertical. Its ruler is Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar (LG dwarf, 9th level fighter).

LEILON

This small human mining town sprawls along the High Road, on the Sword Coast. It lacks walls (an earthen bank surmounted by a wooden palisade shields it from the landward side, but where the road pierces these works there are no gates), and also lacks a proper harbor. A dozen massive, battered barges are loaded in the shallows in the spring and summer, and are poled and then rowed out to meet ships and unload by means of rickety cranes that rise from the stems of the barges into their holds. Needless to say, this is a fair-weather operation only, and tricky even then if the wind is fresh and the seas high. Increasingly, Waterdhavian entrepreneurs have sent wagons north to buy the copper, nickel, and silver of Leilon at bargain prices and take it south to sell at Waterdeep's harbor. Leilon's mines are guarded by "the Lances of Leilon," a force of some two hundred fully-armed, mounted lancers used to fighting off pirates, orcs, bugbears, and trolls. Each lancer carries an axe and knife, usually a sword of some sort, his lance, and a light



crossbow which he is experienced in firing from horseback. Leilon's total population is some 3,000; its ruler is Pelindar Filmarva, Lord of Leilon. Leilon is a firm ally of Waterdeep, and considered a friend of the Lords' Alliance. In the mountains east of Leilon's mines is at least one important abandoned dwarf-hold, "Southkrypt," said to be home to many strange and dangerous creatures.

LLORKH

Many old nearly-worked-out mines tunnel the mountains to the east and north of this isolated town. Two thousand humans live here, and perhaps three hundred dwarves. Llorkh was once ruled by a succession of human lords, respected retired miners or fighters, but recently the last of these, Phintarn "Redblade," was found dead at the base of the Lord's Keep, and overnight a new Lord seized the Keep and the throne: the mage Geildarr. Since his arrival, Zhentarim caravans have begun to arrive in Llorkh from the east, bringing much-needed wealth to the town. Dwarves have begun to quietly disappear since Geildarr became Lord, and it is whispered that some have been murdered as Phintarn was, and that Geildarr is a member of the Zhentarim. The caravans spend much gold as they take on men and beast of Llorkh for their last overland trek to Loudwater, where trade-barges will take their wares on to Secomber or the Coast. The Lord has declared one aged dwarf, Thianos "Ironskull," a cleric of Moradin (8th level, LG) outlaw, and is said to have men searching for him. The Lord has brought with him almost four hundred purple-cloaked "Lord's Men": chain-armored men-at-arms, fully armed and experienced in battle, to defend the town and enforce the Lord's will. The Lord's Men have already fought one major battle with the evil forces of Hellgate Keep, on the banks of the Delimbiyr above The Shining Falls, forcing the Hellgate Keep forces back.

LONGSADDLE

This tiny agricultural village (population: 130) is notable as the home of the Harpell family. Many Harpells have been mages of influence in the North (such as the present-day adventurer Malchor Harpell, detailed in "Selected Non-player Characters"). Longsaddle is the local daily farmers' market, and boasts a waystables, an inn, *The Gilded Horseshoe*, and a stirrup-maker and bell-caster. The village Elder (ruler) is Adanac Harpell, present head of the family.

who is a 9th level NG; magic-user, and lives in "the Ivy Mansion," Harpell House, on the hill in the center of Longsaddle.

LOUDWATER

This town of 4,000 lies almost at the midpoint of the River Shining, and spans the river with a spectacular arching bridge made over a thousand years ago by the dwarf Iirkos Stoneshoulder for the elves who lived there at the time. Few elves are left here today, although almost a quarter of the town's inhabitants are half-elven (the rest are human). Here the river has been cut into a wide pool to skirt around unthrusting rocks and to provide a loading and unloading area for cargo that of old went overland to north of The Shining Falls (and back to the river), and today goes east to Llorkh, for assembly into caravans there.

Loudwater is a beautiful place, where green, grassy banks line the river, and great trees overhang it; the many wooden buildings of the town are of all shapes and sizes, overgrown by hanging plants and ivy until they seem to blend almost back into the forest itself. Loudwater is defended by patrols of warriors, usually twenty strong, who muster some three hundred in all, under the command of two "gauntlets": Harazos Thelbrimm (LN, 5th level fighter) and Kalahar Twohands (CG, half-elven, 6th level fighter), who is under the command of the High Lord of Loudwater (ruler of the town and its "claimed lands," which extend for two days ride up and down the river). The present High Lord is Nanathlor Greysword an 11th level NG cavalier of the nobility of Nimbral, which he left in his youth some fifty years ago to found his own land in the savage North; instead, he rose to rule a place that needed him.

LUSKAN

A maritime merchant city, Luskan is fierce, warlike, and proud. An important port (lying at the mouth of the unnavigable river Mirar), Luskan serves as the chief transfer point for the mineral wealth of the mines of Mirabar (q.v.). The Mirar is fast, icy cold, and rocky, but a road parallels it inland to Mirabar, and down this road come many wagons of forge-bars for the markets of all Faerun. The perils of both the "High Road" (along the coast) and the "Long Road" (in the interior) south from Mirabar relegate most metal trade to ships out of Luskan.

Luskan's traders "wear furs, haughty expressions, and ready swords," as Sam-

mereza Sulphontis (q.v., Chapter 2) once put it, and can be found all down the Sword Coast. The city's population is approximately 16,000, exclusively human, and they do not welcome visitors. The only known accommodations for travelers presently in the fortified City of Sails are *The Cutlass*, a notorious dive on the docks, and the *Seven Sails Inn*.

Luskan is ruled by five High Captains, who command a standing army of two hundred spearmen, and at least fourteen warships (each with a crew of seventy archers). In peacetime, these warships operate as "unsanctioned" pirates (the High Captains direct them, but pretend they are independents operating in defiance of Luskan law) up and down the Sword Coast, trying to make all shippers use only Luskan ships or only Luskan as a port, by preying on all other ships, and on all shipping that visits Waterdeep (Waterdeep's fighting ships are on constant patrol because of this). Luskan's "pirates" have no connection with the pirates of the Pirate Isles south and west of Amn. Luskan has waged almost constant war against naval powers its Captains feel they can defeat; recently, they crushed Ruathym. In the past, they have raided but been defeated by Mintarn and Orlumbor (supported by Waterdeep and Amn) and slaughtered on the seas by the ships of Lantan, whom they no longer molest or even speak of. The Zhentarim are said to have tried to negotiate an alliance with Luskan several times (it is not known if they have at last succeeded), and adventurers are advised to keep an eye on this perennial trouble spot of the North.

MERE OF DEAD MEN, THE

A vat salt swamp stretches along the Sword Coast shore here for over a hundred miles, reaching a width of over thirty miles at its greatest extent. It is a desolate, insect-haunted place, seldom visited by men, and home to many fell creatures. The Mere of Dead Men was named for the thousands of men slain here when orc hordes that outnumbered them overwhelmed and routed them by striking south from the present-day site of Triboar and east across The Stone Bridge and Ironford. The orcs pursued the men westwards between the coastal peaks, and slaughtered the human army as it was forced back into the icy waves.

Travelers on the High Road, which skirts the Mere to the east, have been known to travel for three days and nights without



stopping to avoid camping near the Mere. Will-o-(the)-wisps bobbing over the Mere are common sights by night on this stretch of the High Road. Legends speak of floating islands in the midst of the Mere, of lizard-men commanded by liches, and even of a penanggalan of monstrous size that haunts the area, but few are moved to investigate the dark water of the swamp to learn dire truth for themselves.

MIRABAR (MEER-ah-barr)



The richest city north of Waterdeep is Mirabar, chief mining center of the North. The Mines of Mirabar provide almost all known metals, in vast quantities, and are guarded from orcs and the monsters of the peaks by a standing army of almost a thousand men who ride mountain ponies in summer and trained rothe in winter. The rich, cold grey stone city is surrounded by mines. The worked-out mines to the west and south of the city, across the Mirar, are now used to quarry building stone and rubble to shore up the ever-crumbling gravel roads that carry Mirabar's metal wealth south and west to the rest of Faerun. Mirabar's Councillors meet each fall in the Hall of Sparkling Stones to determine where and when to sell their metal, mindful of who will use it to forge weapons to make war on whom.

Over the Council rules Elastul Raurym,

Marchion of Mirabar. His bodyguards all sport armor plated with platinum, number sixty-four, and are commanded by four "hammers" (6th level fighters), Djassar, Hulmm, Kriador, and Turvon.

The city is noted for its ever-hot forges and fine gems, and is crowded with grim men (some 19,000) and even grimmer dwarves (4,000 strong). The Royal Badge of Mirabar is an upright double-bladed axe with a pointed haft and a flaring, flat base, of rust red hue. It is usually displayed on a black field, but sometimes on a purple field, and (on ship pennants) on white. Mirabar's merchants own many ships based in Luskan.

NESMÉ (NEEZ-may)

This trading-town is the only settlement in the Evermoors. A circular, fortified settlement of some six thousand residents, Nesmé is ruled by the priests and priestesses of Waukeen, and welcomes all who come to carry on honest trade. On its west, Nesmé has a fortified bridge over the river Surbrin, and fortified stables, paddocks, and stock-pens; to the east, beyond the walls, lie forty or so farms under the protection of the Riders of Nesmé. In the center of the city rises the spired temple of Waukeen; the First Speaker of the city council is the High Priestess Jygil Zelnathra (N, 10th level), and the lesser clergy of the temple

hold the majority of the voting-stones of the Council. They are usually opposed on Council by Tessarin "Longtresses" Alaraun, a wizardess (NG, 13th level magic user) who believes priests have no business running any government, particularly not that of the place that was her home first. Jygil needs Tessarin's support in times of attack; the storms she summons have often proved crucial to the disruption of attacking orc hordes, and the two women have a grudging respect for each other, so they maintain an armed truce in Council.

The Riders of Nesmé, based in the stables on the west bank of the Surbrin, are 400 strong. Besides patrolling the Evermoors for two days ride on either bank around Nesmé, they defend the city when the orcs come (at least once every ten years; usually more often). They also police the population of Nesmé, which has a higher turnover than most settlements due to the total dominance of trade (which in the North always involves travel).

NETHERIL

This long-ago realm lay to the east of the river Delimbiyr, stretching from the Nether Mountains (which gained their name from this realm) to Evereska in the south, and east to the Narrow Sea, whose shores once ran southeast from Ascore (see Delzoun,



above) for hundreds of miles ere the Great Desert swallowed it. Netheril was a realm of mages, and many items of wondrous magic were crafted here, still to be found in treasure hordes and tombs across the Realms. Dekanter is the only known surviving ruin of Netheril, although it holds no magic any longer. Legend holds that the mages of Netheril tried by titanic efforts of art to stem the advancing desert, and failing—whereupon they took to the air on carpets and other magical conveyances, and on bestial steeds of many rare and wondrous forms, and searched for a new home. Most sages believe that Netheril's culture was at its height some four thousand years ago, and that it was the earliest human civilization in the North. It was abandoned approximately three thousand years ago. Others hold that those dates are far too old; Netheril's fall cannot be more than a thousand years ago, at the most. Hard evidence, thus far, does not exist to support or deny any conjecture on the issue. It is known that adventuring band after bandit band after mercenary company searches The Fallen Lands and the Desert's Edge in hopes of gaining some of Netheril's lost magic. Few admit any success.

NEVERWINTER (see also entry in THE FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set)

This friendly city of craftsmen bustles with business, but does it quietly; it avoids controversy and warfare, keeping within its walls and dealing with the outside world largely through merchants of Waterdeep. On the rare occasions when armed men (from Luskan) or orcs (not so rare) have shown up outside the city walls, explosive missiles lobbed among them “in such numbers that it seemed a hailstorm,” as one observer put it, have sent them away again, in much reduced numbers. Catapults and missiles alike were devised by the hard-working craftsmen of the city. The city also has more conventional forces; an army of 400 archers and spearmen who guard the city walls and harbor, and patrol the High Road as far as Port Llast (q.v.) to the north, and a hundred miles south towards Leilon on the other. In peacetime, sixty of these are always retraining, sixty are on leave, for rest and relaxation, and sixty are serving as the city's Watch (police). Like all else in “The City of Skilled Hands,” they are efficient, quiet, and make sure their work gets done properly.

The city is ruled by Lord Nasher (NG, ST 18/

09, CHA 17, 12th level fighter), a former adventurer who gained much magic in his career, and now employs it to defend himself and his bodyguard, the “Neverwinter Nine.” Nasher is an amiable but fearless balding man who enjoys music and hearing of other lands and peoples. He rules some 17,000 subjects. The water-clocks and multi-hued lamps of the city are known and sought throughout the Realms, as is the reputation of the city's gardeners, who in summer fill the city with fruit-bearing trees and hanging plants, and contrive to keep flowers blooming throughout the severe winter. Most say the city got its name from this feat; others hold that it is due to the Neverwinter river that flows through the city from the deep woods to the east; its waters are so warm that Neverwinter's harbor never freezes.

The Neverwinter woods have never been logged by men, and even today are largely unknown. The depths are said to harbor fearsome creatures, and locally are shunned and feared. Orc hordes always go around the woods, never through them. To the southeast of Neverwinter lies Helm's Hold (q.v.); on the eastern edge of the Neverwinter woods rises The Tower of Twilight (q.v.).

The Royal Badge of Neverwinter consists of a white swirl connecting three white snowflakes. Silver and blue haloes encircle the flakes.

PORT LLAST

On the High Road some thirty-five miles north of Neverwinter stands Port Llast, a small town (of 700 inhabitants) now known mainly for its skilled stonecutters. Port Llast is ruled by a First Captain, and is closely allied to Neverwinter (largely to avoid being conquered by Luskan, who would like to have a more southerly harbor for its warships). The current First Captain is Haeromos Dothwintyl, a retired stonemason (LN, 0 level fighter ST 17, WIS 17).

Port Llast was once of great importance to men. When orc tribes and hostile duergar held the lands where Luskan now stands, it was the “last port” (hence its name), the northernmost human access to the mineral riches of the North. Then, it was twenty times as populous as it is today, and much larger; much of the City walls were battered down by orcs, or plundered since for use in repairing local homes, but the shattered remnants can still be seen circling around the town to the east, in lands now used as gardens and burial grounds or let to go back to forest.



SILVERMOON

The largest city of the North (that is, north of Waterdeep), Silvermoon is home to 26,000 men, elves, half-elves, dwarves, gnomes, and halflings. All live in harmony under the wise rule of Alustriel, High Lady of Silvermoon (CG, IN 18, WIS 17, DEX 16, CHA 17, 22nd level magic user). Alustriel uses her magic sparingly but her natural kindness and grace—and acquired shrewd diplomacy—often, to keep the demi-humans and humans of the North largely at peace with each other.

Some say Silvermoon's values and preservation of music, learning, and the arts “echo lost Myth Drannor”—the fabled lost city where elves, dwarves and men worked together to bring knowledge—particularly magical knowledge—and the arts to a pinnacle never elsewhere achieved, before or since. Certainly its armies of men and half-elves persist in behaving as though no orc threat existed in their gallantry and enthusiasm, and have won several “impossible” battles due to their boldness, persistence, and the timely magical aid of the Mistmaster and the one known only as Shadowcloak. They are known as “The Knights In Silver,” for their appearance in a battle as described by the bard Mintiper Moonsilver in a ballad.

Silvermoon lies on the northern bank of the river Rauvin, its walls curving in a half-circle from the river's waters. It has extensive docks and an arching magical “moon-bridge” of invisible force fields across the Rauvin. The bridge is visible only in moonlight, and its central arch can be reduced to nothingness by magical means, spilling attackers into the river, or allowing tall-masted ships to pass.

Silvermoon's Royal Badge is a thin crescent moon curving to the right, a single star sheltering under its uppermost horn. The moon and star are both of silver, and the whole is displayed on a royal blue field (or graven on grey stone to mark the boundaries of Silvermoon's claimed lands). Alustriel's palace is just within the eastern arc of the city walls, east of the vast open market, and is heavily guarded by magic-users of all ranks loyal to her, and warriors of skill. There are major temples to Helm, Lathander, Milil, Oghma, and Selune in Silvermoon.

STONE BRIDGE, THE

This massive stone arch spans the River Dessarin without ceremony or accompanying settlement, rising lonely and weathered in the midst of rolling grasslands without a road or building to be seen as far as the eye can scan.



Built by dwarves five thousand years ago to link the now-ruined Halls of the Hunting Axe (a ruined dwarven city thirty miles south and east of the bridge; its tumbled stones can still be seen today, although those wishing to visit are warned that despite much butchery, leucrotta repeatedly laid in the place) with now-forgotten dwarven holds somewhere to the northwest. The Bridge was built to span the broadest imaginable spring flood of the Dessarin and it rises in a great arc, without supporting pillars, some two miles in length, reaching a height of four hundred feet above the waters of the Dessarin (at normal flow). The dwarves explain the awesome size of the bridge—and its continued survival, despite armies clashing on it and mages hurling mighty spells to and from it, over the years—to the fact that it was built in homage to Moradin the Soulforger, and is in fact a temple to him. It is true that some lawful good dwarves do make pilgrimages there, and that at least once in times of darkness for the dwarves Moradin appeared on the bridge.

STRONGHOLD OF THE NINE, THE

This cavern complex is a former dwarfhold rebuilt by the Nine. This famous adventuring band, led by the archmage Laeral, is largely retired today; they make their home in the seclusion of the High Forest, as far up the Unicorn Run as men dare go. The Stronghold is known to have strange and powerful magical guardians (including nagas and golems). The Nine are known to have gained much treasure over the years, however, and much of it is undoubtedly in the Stronghold (if any are foolhardy or desperate enough to face nine veteran adventurers, the least of which is 14th level, on their home ground!).

SUNDABAR

This fortified city, once home to dwarves, now houses men. Extensively rebuilt by men friendly to dwarves, it now trades with Citadel Adbar and Silverymoon, and can field an army of 2000 to turn back orc hordes. Its coffers were rich enough to hire the Flaming Fist mercenary company (see THE FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set) once, to swing through Dead Orc Pass and fall upon an orc horde from behind. Great was the slaughter that day, and great the victory of men and dwarves.

Sundabar's population averages 36,000, and it is ruled by Helm Dwarf-friend, Mas-

ter of Sundabar (NG 14th level fighter). Sundabar is known for its woodworkers, who produce carved furniture, musical instruments, and travel-chests of unusual beauty and durability.

TOWER OF TWILIGHT, THE

On the eastern edge of the Neverwinter Woods, a days ride west of Longsaddle, stands The Tower of Twilight. This lone tower rises from an island in a small lake that drains into the woods to the west, and is the abode of Malchor Harpell (see "Selected Non-Player Characters") and his apprentices and companions (Aflame and Nanitha, also detailed in Chapter 7). Its defenses are unknown. Aerial steeds are known to be able to land in or on the Tower itself.

TRIBOAR (TRY-bore)

This small walled town is strategically located where the Long Road and the major trail to the east (sometimes called the Evermoor Way, although a commonly-used name for the route has never really been settled upon). Its people number approximately 2,500, and elect a "Lord Protector" every seven years to lead the town militia. An able human fighter, Faurael Blackhammer (NG, ST 17, IN 16, 6th level fighter), has held this post for the last thirty years. Triboar has two good smithies and a wagonmaker of note. Several ranches in the lands to the west bring their horses here to sell to traveler's. Gathered armies have often set forth from Triboar to meet orc hordes pouring south out of the mountains. Triboar's name is thought to have come from a traveler's tale of slaying three boars in a day, here, long ago.

UNICORN RUN, THE

This cool, gently-flowing river rises in the mountains at the very heart of The High Forest (thought by some to be home to many nymphs), where few civilized beings have ever been, all down the ages, save elves who do not talk. The Stronghold of the Nine (see above) lies partway up the Run, and unicorns inhabit the woods near its banks in the vicinity, and are known to travel up and down the river (hence its name). There is a legend that an elven king buried the treasure of all his court somewhere along the Run, when fleeing from orcs and hobgoblins who had pursued his people from the the far North, and never returned—slain shortly thereafter by the orcs. Another legend holds that the god Mielikki inhabits the Forest near the Run and is often

seen wandering in the woods near it. Harpers say that this "legend" is plain truth, and make occasional pilgrimages to certain groves there. Certainly the Run's vale within The High Forest is one of the most beautiful regions of all Faerûn. Bards who have come here tend to sing of it for the rest of their lives. The Nine's adventures have become far fewer since they settled on the Run, and halflings from Secomber regularly travel upriver to just within the Forest's edge to bury their dead. One famous halfling adventurer, Gaultham Longtoes, is known to have said, after visiting the Run, "I have seen the unicorns, and can die content."

WEATHERCOTE WOOD

This isolated wood is avoided by all save the bravest (or most foolish) adventurers; it has existed since before the fall of Netheril, persist despite Anauroch's advance, and seems to be a place of fell magic. Blue mists and glowing lights are often seen in its interior by Zhentarim caravans passing in the night, to and from Llorck (q.v.) to the west.

The elves say that gates to other worlds lie in the depths of Weathercote, and that mages of awesome power from other worlds have come to Faerûn to dwell in the Woods and guard the gates to prevent others of their kind from using them. The truth of this is not known neither spells nor psionics seem able to penetrate the Wood's interior, and those who go in to see do not come out again.

YARTAR (YAR-Tarr)

This fortified town is the site of a bridge over the Surbrin, just north of its confluence with the Dessarin. Yartar is home to some 6,000 men, and is the site of a major temple to Tymora. Many barges are built here, for use up and down the river, and the folk of Yartar traditionally fish the "Three Rivers" (the Dessarin, Surbrin, and Laughing-flow) near their docks for much of their table fare. Yartar is the scene of the vast Shieldmeet of the outcasts, bandits, homeless, and isolated landholders of the North, who gather here in the thousands. Yartar's ruler, the "Waterbaron," is presently Alahar Khaumfros (LN, ST 16, 4th level fighter). He commands an Official barge that can carry two hundred men, and a mounted army, "The Shields of Yartar" to fill it if need be. More often, they police the town and defend it against wandering orcs and trolls.

Chapter 2: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE CITY OF WATERDEEP

A BRIEF GEOGRAPHY OF WATERDEEP

The City of Splendors lies on the western coast of Faerûn, north of Amn. That region is known as “the Sword Coast,” because for many years it was ruled by the might of swordarms rather than by any laws or treaties (and some folk in the South still hold it to be so). Waterdeep’s boundaries are strictly controlled by the mysterious rulers of the City, the Lords of Waterdeep.

Waterdeep is guarded by a wall from its southern tip to the northern end of the City of the Dead, where there is a sheer cliff of over a hundred feet in height, by the Trollwall (so named because of its earliest form it was intended primarily to hold off trolls), which rises up again after the cliff lessens to a height that attackers could scale, and extends as far as the Trolltower, or Northtower, before doubling back south to meet the sea.

This wall is pierced by four gates: the South Gate; the River Gate; Northgate; and Westgate. Within the walls, the city of Waterdeep sprawls to the shore, except where restrained by edict of the Lords, who forbid any habitation of encroachment into the City of the Dead, the public streets, and the slopes of Mount Waterdeep around Castle Waterdeep.

The Watch (City police) divide the City into seven districts, or “wards.” These are Castle Ward, the City of the Dead, Sea Ward, North Ward, The Trades Ward, Dock Ward, and Southern Ward. Divisions between these districts are not obvious to a visitor to the City. Industry and other activities are not restricted to this or that ward (the exception being the City of the Dead). The complex ward boundaries are shown on a map included in this book.

- Castle Ward contains Mount Waterdeep, the Castle itself, Piergeiron’s Palace, and many of the barracks and other public buildings around them. Generally only the wealthy live here, and then only if they are involved in the daily intrigue and “night life” open social cut-and-thrust of City life.

- Sea Ward lies to the north and west of Castle Ward, all along the seacoast. It contains most of the large temple complexes found in the City of Splendors, and many large private villas of the noble families and the very rich non-nobles. If one is not noble, and not a “swinger” or diplomat, but becomes very wealthy, the Sea Ward is the

place to live.

- North Ward takes in the eastern portion of the northern end of the sprawling City, as far south as The City of the Dead. It contains many noble villas and grand houses, but the presence of many inns and rooming-houses make it slightly less haughty in overall character than Sea Ward. North Ward inhabitants are generally thought of as very respectable and prosperous.

- The City of the Dead is a walled cemetery, strictly patrolled by the Watch. So one may live or even sleep overnight therein. It is kept in a beautiful, park-like open condition, and is used as a launching and meeting place by natives of Waterdeep at all hours.

- The Trades Ward lies generally to the south of Castle Ward and The City of the Dead, and is an arbitrary slice of the bustling commercial area of the City, where most moderately wealthy merchants live, and much of the City’s light-goods and respectable trade takes place.

- Southern Ward, as its name implies, is the southern end of Waterdeep, and dominated by the caravan trade, with its necessary stables and warehouses. Many poor but honest Waterdhavians live here.

- The Dock Ward takes in the entire dock area from the Mountain to the southern end of the City, and is the most crowded, dirty, and “rough” district of the City. The vital commerce (and shady dealings) of Waterdeep keep its streets busy at all hours.

Any aerial visitor to the City of Splendors arriving from the south can clearly see the general topography of Waterdeep; the City resembles a flat board raised at its north end, and slightly tilted downwards on the west so that it slopes down towards the Mountain, leveling off along The Way of the Dragon. Mount Waterdeep is of course the highest point in Waterdeep; its seaswept flanks rise to shield much of the City beyond from the worst coastal storm winds, peaking some seven hundred feet above the waves. An eyrie for aerial traffic, garrisoned by the City Guard (the difference between Guard and Watch is explained later in this chapter), shelters below the peak on the landward side. From it, the City’s defensive naval combat “throwers” are commanded, and patrol squadrons of griffonriders fly.

As a port, Waterdeep provides an excellent natural deep-water harbor (hence its name) and shipbuilding facilities; over four hundred vessels can dock at once. Waterdeep maintains a small navy of sixteen fast

“rakers”: slim top-armored vessels that can carry up to seventy troops each, and that are armed with fire-pot catapults and large deck-mounted crossbows.

These ships have armored bow rams, banks of oars (and a normal crew of thirty-six to man them), and two masts for crowding sails on in pursuit or when speed is essential.

The navy’s base is fortified Deepwatch Isle, which protects the harbor mouth from weather and from seaborne attackers, and is garrisoned by almost a thousand guardsmen at all times. At least two naval rakers are always on patrol outside the harbor, and another two are on “ready” duty within the harbor. At least four others will be on extended patrol somewhere off the Sword Coast on any day in peacetime. These warships are supported by over twenty small lateen-sailed galleys, or “strikers,” and fifteen large, wallowing troop-and-supply vessels. (For AD&D® game statistics of these vessels, refer to the “Waterdhavian Ship Table” listed under “The Order of Master Shipwrights” in Chapter 5.)

Most merchant ships of the Realms can average fifty miles or so per day, in moderately favorable conditions. Sailing in the Sword Coast region is dangerous to impossible (as one goes northwards and icebergs become more common) during the harsh storms of winter. Storms are almost continuous in the month of Hammer, and frequent in the two months that follow, becoming increasingly fierce but shorter, and with longer intervals between. Thereafter, in the fourth month, they are replaced by cold, heavy rains that rarely involve lightning or high winds, and are fairly safe (if uncomfortable) for sailing.

The City of Waterdeep is built upon the rock and rubble of the slopes of Mount Waterdeep, built up and quarried flat over generations of habitation. At least three major networks of underground passages are known to exist beneath Waterdeep’s busy streets. Undermountain, a deep, many-leveled former dwarven city and mine of great antiquity that, as its name implies, lies largely beneath Mount Waterdeep, is the largest and most famous (in tavern-talk) of these. The Dungeon of the Crypt, so named because its above-ground entrance is one of the crypts in The City of the Dead, lies under the North Ward, and is less spoken of.

The third of these labyrinths is the city sewers, detailed in this book. The major



channels of the sewers are navigable, and the secondary channels may be crawled or swum by man-sized beings of bravery (or stupidity), daring, and agility, although the curious are warned that the sewers have gratings at awkward places to prevent their use as a subterranean highway and to hamper the movements of less desirable visitors from the sea depths.

Fresh, clean water (for drinking and cooking) in Waterdeep comes from deep wells under Castle Waterdeep and under Farwatch Tower, and from shallow wells. These wells are attended at all times by members of the Watch. To deliberately poison or attempt to block access to or fill in one of these wells is an offense punishable by immediate (i.e. as soon as the offender is within blade's reach) death. "Spillwater," the not-quite-so-clean water used for bathing and washing of animals, buildings, and equipment, and for the watering of plants, is gained from cisterns on the roofs and in the cellars of most buildings in Waterdeep; cellar cisterns are fed by sloping catch-basins on roofs, and have gratings to filter solid debris that finds its way onto the roof out of the collected water as it flows down wall pipes into the cellar; smaller roof-cisterns are merely open-topped basins, and are cleaned often by users below to avoid contact with dead pigeons and the like. Used spillwater is referred to as "nightwater", and is used to sluice chamber pots into the sewers.

Waterdeep's population rarely falls below 122,000 beings. The actual number varies greatly with the seasons, as so much of it consists of those visiting in the course of conducting trade. In times of busiest trade, the City often holds five times as many. Such busy times (apart from special occasions caused by wars, bountiful harvests, Shieldmeet—described in the Campaign Set—and the like) occur fairly regularly at "full spring," when winter is fully gone without threat to the reasonable-minded of its return and the transportation routes over land and sea are fully open, and after the fall harvest in the North (before the threat of winter's mud can become a reality, closing the roads, and the granaries and warehouses are bursting with food destined for the South).

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WATERDEEP

To most inhabitants of the Realms, Waterdeep the Mighty, the City of Splendors, "Crown of the North," is a place that has "always been there." It is a vast and colorful, tolerant and eclectic crossroads city where peoples of all hospitable races meet, and the most wondrous and exciting works and achievements are seen. Waterdeep is seen as the cradle of, and foremost in, invention and innovation in the creative endeavors of all cities in the Sword Coast lands and perhaps in all Faerûn. Inhabitants of other cities in Amn and Calimshan on the Coast, and of Cormyr, Sembia, Thay, and other realms inland, may dispute this—but they are disputing a known (if unadmitted) supremacy. The "creative endeavors" Waterdeep's merchants and nobles deal in include magic, art, music, and "craftwork": that is, the carving and combining of wood, metal, glass, and other materials into tools and useful items of ever-increasing beauty, precision, and efficiency.

Few now know the true history of this great city, which had its beginnings over a thousand years ago, when the North was truly what Southerners still call it sneeringly: "the savage North." In those days, most of the North was covered with vast, tall forests of ancient green, and inhabited by dwarves and goblinkind (in the most northern mountains and foothills) and elves (in widely-scattered forest enclaves everywhere else). A few primitive human tribes lived along the Sword Coast, fishing and hunting and gathering in spring and fall to trade their furs for the merchants' jewelry and metal tools, or the occasionally-available weapon or two, with vessels sailing in from the South. In the spring, these vessels came primarily to cut and take huge trees for shipbuilding, trees being no longer available in such large sizes farther south.

In the fall, the vessels came in to cut timber for their own repairs, or to take on a cargo of wood if the misfortunes of trading had left their holds low or empty, for want of anything better. Most of these trademoots were at a certain place where there was a great natural deepwater harbor, protected from the sea by a rocky spur of land, an arm of an isolated coastal crag, and a rocky island beyond it.

Over the years, the forest was cut back farther and farther from the shore, and

some tribes began to stay most of the year there, farming the cleared land (and, the wiser among them reasoned, controlling some of the timber, which they could claim as theirs and trade for more weaponry and tools). Such claims and raids from tribes finding the squatters rich with tools and weaponry gained from frequent trade brought attacks from land and sea, and the squatting tribes were slaughtered by the more warlike tribes. Notable among these tribes was that led by Nimoar, a chieftain who directed his people to seize the farms, and the ramshackle wooden docks, trading-sheds, and storage barns that had come into being by the deepwater harbor over the years, settle there themselves, and erect a log palisade within an earthen embankment, to protect the holdings. Nimoar's people did so, withstood several pirate and tribal raids, and prospered.

Farther north, orc tribes had outgrown their mountain strongholds. Attempts to expand underground met with fierce dwarven resistance (although many small gnomish colonies were overwhelmed and wiped out), and the orcs spread out on the surface of the land, coming south and down out of the mountains, hurling their seemingly endless numbers against all who stood in their path. Here and there elven enclaves held out, but the push southwards displaced many other northern inhabitants, including the "everlasting ones" (trolls), who came down into the newly-cleared lands northeast of Nimoar's Hold, those lands now known as the Troll-moors. Nimoar died of old age during this time of increasing danger. Younger War Lords led the men of Waterdeep (for so the shipcaptains called the harbor) in battles against the trolls. There were many bloody struggles between men and trolls for a decade, until the magic of a Northern youth named Ahghairon turned the fortunes of war against the trolls, and the "everlasting ones" were destroyed or scattered.

Fearing further attacks, the men of Waterdeep raised a small keep on the slopes of Mount Waterdeep above their farms, where fire arrows from on high could defend against attacking trolls. Many men of outlying tribes who had come to the settlement for safety from the trolls stayed, and expanded the walls with new farms several times. War Lords ruled the Free City of Waterdeep, holding it independent and increasingly wealthy as years passed. Ahghairon rose slowly in skill and power



with the passage of years, until he became a great mage. He discovered a supply of *potions of longevity* (or learned the art of making such), for he lived on, still physically a man in his prime, for decade upon decade. In his 112th winter, Ahghairon had a sharp disagreement with Raurlor, who was then Warlord of Waterdeep. Raurlor wanted to use Waterdeep's acquired wealth and strength-of-arms to create an empire in the North, with Waterdeep its capital (and Raurlor its ruler), and gathered armies for the purpose. Ahghairon defied him before all the people, and Raurlor ordered that the mage be chained. Ahghairon struck aside with magic all who sought to lay hands on him, until in a fury Raurlor drew his own blade and struck at the mage. Ahghairon rose into the air, just out of reach, and as the infuriated Warlord slashed repeatedly at his rising feet, gestured. Raurlor's blade was transformed in his hand, from steel into a hissing serpent. The Warlord was bitten, and died of the venom before the shocked people assembled there. Ahghairon then gathered all the captains of Waterdeep's army, and all the seniors of the families of Waterdeep. While runners were sent to gather them to the Palace, flames roared and crackled in the Warlord's empty chair-of-state at Ahghairon's bidding, so that no one sat there. Then at a gesture from the mage, the flames were gone as though they had never been, leaving the chair unmarked. Ahghairon seated himself, then, and proclaimed himself the first Lord of Waterdeep, saying that henceforth wisdom and not armed might would rule in the city. He would gather some few—in secret—to rule as Lords with him, masked and disguised when they appeared to the people, but equal to him in authority and free of coercion by any, himself included. These Lords could serve as long as they wished, and were to be drawn from all walks of life in the city.

The people heard, and agreed, and for the next two hundred years, Ahghairon ruled Waterdeep with his unknown fellow Lords. Over the years, the masked Lords were a group of sometimes six, sometimes seven, betimes five, who appeared seldom and said little. Some whispered that they were Ahghairon's servants, or even automatons magically controlled by the Old Mage, but Ahghairon's justice was swift and fair, his laws good, his guardsmen polite and ready to help as well as apprehend, and the people of Waterdeep approved.

The years passed in peace and prosperity. The North was opened to humans. Roads built under Ahghairon's direction linked it together, from the ruins of "the Fallen Kingdom" (see Chapter 1), which had been shattered by goblin races' attacks before men were numerous in the North, to the cities that would later become Amn. Waterdeep grew fivefold in size and wealth. From all over the Realms folk began to come to the "Crown of the North," drawn by money—and among them came those who rob and cheat and steal. When word of the doings of such extending beyond simple theft to deception-in-workmanship and the appearance of many fly-by-night impostor-craftsmen reached Ahghairon's ears, he called together the senior merchants, "the Noble Ones," and suggested that they form guilds as was done in the far South, and police the unscrupulous of their own professions. Some resisted, or were furious, but most saw the advantages of such an arrangement, particularly if they were free to set matters up themselves, and not have less favorable arrangements forced upon them. The Guilds were created forthwith. Waterdeep continued to grow in size and prosperity. Twice more the city walls were expanded, and its merchants traveled the world over, bringing back exotic goods from afar, and spreading word of the city's wealth to remote lands. In the South some listened with an eye to conquest or at least plunder, but swords were already out in those southern lands in a time of widespread strife, and no invaders came.

At length Ahghairon's health failed. He died, and was buried with ceremony in his tower, which was sealed up against thieves and fools. Those who had learned the arts of magic from the Old Mage came to salute him, and to cast the most potent protective magics they knew upon his resting-place (which, it is believed, remains inviolate today).

There was great turmoil in the City as the Guildmasters argued amongst themselves as to who should govern the City, and more than one merchant of power was found murdered. Groups of liveried bodyguards appeared openly armed on the streets, accompanying their masters, and two very troubled months passed as they bickered and parleyed (and occasionally duelled in the streets). At last the Guildmaster decided that all Masters should rule Waterdeep together, in a council. The lesser nobles and many townsfolk protested, saying that the

Lords by right ruled, but the Guildmasters said that the Lords had not been seen since Ahghairon's death, and that they must always have been golems or zombies controlled by Ahghairon himself, to conceal his lone rule. And indeed, the Lords were silent and unseen, and continued to be so.

In truth, the Lords were real men and women, whose identities had been learned, over the years, by certain professionally curious Guildmasters, who had ordered them slain by their own closemouthed, loyal servants following Ahghairon's death. The only Lords still surviving (those whose names and faces had remained secret) were Baeron, a woodworker, and Shilarn, an apprentice magic-user. These surviving Lords kept very quiet, and waited. The Guildmasters thought that all the living Lords of the City had been eliminated, and took firm rule over Waterdeep.

The Guildmasters ruled Waterdeep for only six years ere their self-interested squabbling led to bloodshed. A few armed quarrels and murders quickly erupted into a brief but vicious series of street fights and midnight attacks. This strife, sometimes termed "the Guildwars" by sages (although it was never as long-drawn-out or so formal as to be called a "war" when it was taking place), left all but two Guildmasters dead, most of the City's best minds stilled, and much of the City's gold wasted or plundered with the Guilds in disarray.

The surviving Guildmasters were Lhorar Gildeggh of the Shipwrights, and Ehlemm Zoar of the Gemcutters. These two, ruthless manipulators both, were well-matched and could not overcome each other, though their private armies clashed often in the streets. At length they sickened of bloodshed, after many of both their families had been found lifeless in the gutters, and agreed to rule together. Two thrones were set up in Castle Waterdeep, and from then the two argued bitterly over this and that, and the City was a place of tension and fear. All matters, including the recognition of new Guildmasters to the government of the "headless" guilds, had to come before the Two Lords Magister, as Lhorar and Ehlemm were called. Few matters were settled.

One day to the Courts of the Lord Magister came two people masked and robed as the Lords of Waterdeep had been of old. Where these two came from no one knew, but they appeared in the Castle's Great Hall where the Courts were, and commanded the Lords Magister to leave the City forth-



with. Laughing, the Lords Magister refused, whereupon the shorter of the two masked intruders (the lady Shilarn, once apprentice to Ahghairon, and his undeclared heir as first Lord of the City) blasted them with fire and lightning, and their very thrones were shattered and tumbled.

The taller of the two intruders (Baeron) then called for the heads of the noble houses to come to them, or leave the City forthwith and forever, if they cared not to come by nightfall. All in the Courts heard, and the news was cried in the streets.

The surviving nobles came, reluctantly and with bodyguards, expecting such a summons to be a trap. Baeron spoke to them and the crowd of curious townsfolk that had also come, saying, "this must not happen again." If Waterdeep was to be safe once more, he told them, all must support what he and his fellow Lord now planned, as they had supported Ahghairon in the past. The two would choose others to be Lords as before, he said, and they would rule in secret, as before—save for himself. He removed his mask, and said, "I am Baeron. I would be Lord as Ahghairon was before. I would be safe in this my city again." And the folk of Waterdeep there agreed. Shilarn, still masked, commanded that the houses of the Two Lords Magister be Outcast. There was protest, and she raised her hands that had blasted the thrones, and it was still again. And the house of Gildeggh and of Zoar were outcast.

Peace returned to the City, and Waterdhavians to their labors. To inhibit discovery of who the Lords were, Baeron selected certain men of character whom he knew well, and appointed them Magisters ("Black Robes," they were soon called, from their robes of office) under the Lords, to judge and apply the laws of Waterdeep in daily affairs. These Magisters he paid well, to raise them from temptation, and gave lodgings to those who feared for safety to dwell among the people. To so serve, he told the City, was a burden, not a proud misuse of authority, and if any wished to no longer serve, or were found wanting, they were not to be vilified, but accorded respect. And over the Magisters the Lords sat in their Court, to correct and overrule the judgments of the Magisters. Baeron told the people that none were to decry or belittle any judgments of Magisters that the Lord saw fit to alter or cast aside. If any thought ill of the offices or those who held them they could turn back to the rule of sword and whim,

and perish as had those before them.

Before the Lord's Court Baeron encouraged people to speak freely for the length of a short candle's burning, without fear of chastisement or reproach from the Lords for anything said, as long as they spoke openly and answered questions or opposing views put to them by any there. Thus, he held, just grievances of folk would be heard, no matter how small the matter or lowly the speaker.

And so it was. Slow to take hold, until people knew it for careful justice, but enduring beyond Baeron's time, and beyond Shilarn's time, and beyond the time of their daughter Lhestyn "The Masked Lady," who wed Zelphar Arunsun of Neverwinter, and was mother to Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, a Lord of Waterdeep today, who knows the secrets of long years as Ahghairon did. And as the years have passed, Waterdeep has grown in size and variety, flourishing with good trade under the tolerance and protection of strong defenders and good government; there is no city of the Realms able to rival Waterdeep the Mighty in all these things today.

AND NOW THE NEWS...

News spreads rapidly in Waterdeep. The diplomats and those who ship goods by land or sea to or from "the Realms afar" have a professional interest in learning of current events (and rumors) speedily, and many others take a natural interest in such information.

Waterdeep's crossroads nature makes it a very good place to hear of things—and falsehoods are more likely to be revealed in the City of Splendors than it other cities of the Realms, because such a large number of widely-traveled beings of experience and knowledge are gathered there. If PCs go seeking information, a DM should exploit the role-playing possibilities, following the general guideline that only technical information or Guild secrets are for sale (and rarely, "state" secrets; these are almost always details of the doings, intentions, and military strength of other realms and city-states, not Waterdeep itself). All else is given in return for only a drink or a trade of information. Contacts or sources are never revealed except to fellow adventurers or Guild members. If the PCs attempt to spread news or rumors, a DM must judge their effectiveness according to their methods and current events in the City. Generally, seven days is the longest news will take to spread throughout the City. News of Palace

doings or public disputes in main streets is usually everywhere by the evening of the day after the events occurred.

Below follow a few items of current news in the City (a DM should develop his or her own constant stream of similar rumors and facts; if kept fairly constant, they seem real and not a deliberate, "hey, here's an adventure!" ploy, although any may be so developed by interested DMs). In addition, the news of the Realms found in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set may be used. All information therein is current as of early Mirtul, in the Year of the Prince.

- Nather, a merchant from Amn, has been robbed of six identical very valuable statues. The seven-foot-tall elven male nudes, sculpted of white marble by unknown artisans long ago, are said to be very heavy, fragile, and incredibly life-like. They vanished from the locked interior of a warehouse in the docks area, without disturbing a dozen private guards. Magic is suspected. The City Watch has contacted The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors for professional assistance.

- Alusair Nacacia, a princess of far-off Cormyr who has been missing for over a year, and is sought after by her father, King Azoun IV, who has offered 12,000 pieces of gold and a knighthood for her safe return, has been seen in the City. She is said to be living as an adventurer, and as the companion of one of the powerful mages of Waterdeep, but it is not known which one. A man who boasted that he knew was found petrified at his corner tavern seat moments after he spoke, and his stone form subsequently and mysteriously shattered. "Alusair is known to be slim, short, and winsomely beautiful; impish and dark-eyed," the diplomat Aszundar Zel of Neverwinter described her three winters ago, after a court visit. Since Alusair's disappearance, many wild and colorful rumors as to her whereabouts have made the rounds.

- Zulmark Korathar, the famous fighter-adventurer, is said to be gathering companions to form a new adventuring company, to explore certain abandoned dwarven cities he has located under mountains in the North. Interested parties can find him most nights in *The Bloody Fist* (#272 Presper & Snail Streets, Dock Ward); the grizzled, one-eyed veteran of *The Blue Mask* and *The Riders of the Night* adventuring companies (both now disbanded) is said to know the North as few other living men do, and to have fought more fearsome monsters than any men living—if at least half of the tales he tells over a jack of wine are to be believed.

- On two nights in the past month, wyverns have been seen in the night skies over the City. Griffon-mounted Guard patrols sent aloft found nothing, so magic is suspected. The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors fears that an evil mage of Waterdeep or a nearby, hidden locale has developed a spell that *summons* and/or *teleports* wyverns, and controls them in servitude to the caster. No attacks or thefts connected to the sightings have yet been reported.

POLITICS, CRIME & PUNISHMENT

Herein the formal politics of Waterdeep are discussed—the intrigue of guilds, contending factions, and power groups is left to a



later chapter. A general note is necessary, however; “social level” is far less important in Waterdeep than in other cities of the Realms (and presumably, elsewhere); the crossroads nature of the City and the up-and-down fortunes of those who make their living in trade makes the inhabitants of the City of Splendors tolerant of a wide variety of peoples, with widely varying customs, religions, incomes, and interests. A paladin native to Waterdeep, for example, would readily accept that people who reject rigid authority are just as “good” and worthy of his aid and protection as their more enlightened neighbors, unless they are actively evil. In like manner, a cavalier might think himself above a dung-sweeper of the City’s streets, but he would never act more superior in dealings with the sweeper beyond a slight condescension and a simplification of speech and manners. Low birth or station is not in Waterdeep a recipe for ridicule or rudeness from one’s betters, beyond what one’s actions would earn from one’s equals in any case. Visiting cavaliers and paladins are, of course, a different matter, although they are soon enlightened by those of all walks of life (or by the Watch, if they are very objectionable). “Live and let live” is a good description of the attitude of most Waterdhavians to their neighbors; everyone is busy in the pursuit of wealth, and prudes, gossips, and folk who wish to tell others how to act, think, and live are more a source of entertainment than a serious social force.

GOVERNMENT

Waterdeep is presently governed by sixteen Lords of Waterdeep, who are seen by the general populace only when sitting in the Lord’s Court, identities concealed by identical masks and robes. It is rare indeed for more than seven Lords to sit in Court on a given occasion.

This democratic council has a largely secret membership. Everyone knows that Piergeiron “the Paladinson,” Warden of Waterdeep (= commander of the City Guard), Overmaster of the Guilds, and Commander of the Watch is a Lord of Waterdeep. The paladin sits openly in his golden-spired palace conducting the City’s diplomatic and legal business. Among the citizens, it is generally agreed that the archmage Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun is also of the Lords (perhaps chief among them), but no one who knows the identities of the other Lords for certain has made them pub-

lic knowledge. One hears the names Mirt, Larissa, and Texter.

DMs are encouraged to develop their own Lords—six are left undescribed here, although one should bear in mind that any Lords created should be of fairly low public profile (i.e. should not be noble, and cannot be Guildmasters), and must be of essentially good alignment (probably neutral, or perhaps lawful) to fit the established character of the council, which already has its share of chaotic good members, notably Mirt. This will allow DMs to use Lords “behind the scenes” to influence events in Waterdeep, foiling any players who read this and learn the identities of the Lords given here, and allow DMs some “elbow room” for future modifications that a completely open and set membership would not permit (and the mystery adds to the fun).

The penalty for impersonating a Lord is death: on the spot, without delay, with *speak with the dead* magics employed later to find out why, as time permits. The Lords all know each other, and Piergeiron can demand that they unmask to him at any time (refusal is itself a capital offense).

PIERGEIRON “the Paladinson”

Palace, all wards 14th (or greater?) level paladin
LG Tyr
Human male

Piergeiron is the only openly-known Lord of Waterdeep, and speaks for all the Lords. He is also the City of Splendor’s chief diplomat to foreign powers and its chief defender, being both Commander of the Watch and Warden (commander) of the Guard. As Overmaster of the Guilds, he has clear authority to override Guild law, and his decree is the only absolute law in this city of interpretation and subtle evasion. As such, he is very safe from Waterdhavians—and his life is threatened by foreign powers, such as Amn, Calimshan, and Luskan, for the same reason: he is so above reproach, and so able in his administration and justice, that the City flourishes. Waterdhavians could not conceive of a better man to fill the offices Piergeiron discharges; those wishing the City ill want to remove him if at all possible. Piergeiron speaks seldom, and slowly; as a result, he is sometimes snidely known as “the Thickskull,” though never to his face. He is not stupid, but often pretends to be, to draw others out into verbal admissions they might otherwise not make. His grander nickname is due to the fact that his father Athar, “The Shining Knight,” The Arm of

Tyr, was a very famous paladin adventurer of the North.

KHELLEN “Blackstaff” ARUNSUN (KELLEN AIR-un-sun)

Blackstaff Tower, all wards, travels widely (including extraplanar)
26th (or greater?) level magic-user
LN (strong Good tendencies) Mystra
Human Male

Khelben is the most powerful and influential archmage of the Sword Coast, and is one of the rulers of Waterdeep (although he does not admit this openly, most in the North suspect him of being so). Allied to the Harpers, and instrumental in keeping the Lords’ Alliance (of Silverymoon, Sundabar, Neverwinter, and other “good” cities of the North, with Waterdeep) intact, Khelben is always working to influence this or that occurrence or trend, looking years ahead. He is a forester and a painter, and has tutored many mages of note (including Malchor Harpell, Savengriff, and Nain).

Khelben appears as a tall (6’), well-muscled, bearded man with a receding hairline, black hair shot through with silver, and a distinguished manner. He is gravely wise, not pompous, and is fully learned in the history, lore, and traditions of magic as practised by humans in the North since the rise from barbarism.

It is suggested that DMs adjust Khelben’s level upwards to ten levels above the strongest PC, for use in humbling “run-away” characters. Note that Khelben can escape by an *Elminster’s evasion* (improved *contingency*) spell if he gets into trouble, and can always call on Malchor, Nain, and Savengriff for aid if need be, by means of a *sending*.

MIRT “the Moneylender”

Mirt’s Mansion, all wards
Fighter of unknown level
CG Tymora
Human male

A fat, casual, hard-drinking man, coarse-mannered and gruff (in earlier days, also lusty and brawling), Mirt is really one of the most shrewd Lords of Waterdeep, even if secretly romantic and soft-hearted. Often seen wheezing about from tavern to tavern in food-stained clothing, Mirt “the Moneylender” is a very rich man. He was once a successful mercenary general of the North and Sword Coast lands, Mirt “the Merciless.” Mirt is one of the most influential Lords, well-loved by his fellows (even the paladins). He is wise in tactics and in judging the char-



acters of beings of all races and creeds. Mirt's constant companion is the young fighter Asper, whom he once rescued as an infant from a sacked city, and whom he regards as his little girl, despite her now-matured beauty. (Asper is a fighter of unknown level, DEX 17 CHA 16, CG, worships Tymora, and is a lithe, petite beauty, soft-spoken yet merry.)

Larissa Neathal
4th level fighter
NG Sune

Larissa Neathal is a courtesan of Waterdeep who plays a giggling, empty-headed sex-kitten with all the visiting envoys and diplomats she has time for, and gathers all the information for the Lords that she can this way. When weary or upset, however, she turns to Durnan (see below) for comfort. Her capacity for court parties is legendary, and she can dance all day and all night if necessary, without apparent ill effects. She is either immune to most poisons or sleep drugs, or has some sort of magical protection against these.

Texter
17th (or greater) level paladin
LG

Texter is a paladin, like Piergeiron a follower of Tyr. Unlike Piergeiron, Texter has little patience for ceremony, and prefers to be out and about doing things, such as leading road and ship patrols around Waterdeep tirelessly. His vigilance has prevented the City of Splendors from being surprised by attacking enemies on several occasions.

Every so often, Texter feels he has to renew his faith and dedication by solitary rides into the Northern wilderness, where he singlehandedly battles any orcs, trolls, or other evil creatures he encounters, and inspects firsthand conditions in the North. Texter is almost fearless, but he is not stupid. He will consider attacking twelve orcs single-handed to be fair odds, but will retreat before an orc horde to warn the city, rather than charging to attack.

Durnan
12th level (or greater) fighter
NG

Durnan "the Wanderer" is a retired (?) fighter who now runs *The Yawning Portal* inn (building #4) in Waterdeep (which contains a well-like shaft leading down into Undermountain, the subterranean ways under Mount Waterdeep). He is a close-

mouthed, prudent man who hates unfairness and injustice, but is tolerant of the differing interests of others, until they draw a weapon in his inn, whereupon he promptly punishes them severely on the spot. Durnan and Mirt are old friends, once companions in adventure. Many years before he met Mirt in a sea-battle, Durnan was a solitary, wandering adventurer, who traveled the North extensively.

Durnan was born somewhere in the remote North, and especially hates hobgoblins. Mirt believes that Durnan's family, friends, and neighbors were slain by hobgoblins, leaving Durnan homeless when he was a child, but this is no more than a guess; Durnan will not talk of such things. When Durnan doesn't want to answer any questions, he will simply look at the questioner with a calm, expressionless face and say nothing. He shouts in battle, but rarely gets into verbal arguments, retreating instead into silence. The Dungeon Master should refer to the Red Sashes (covered in Chapter 5) for further information on Durnan's activities.

Nymara Scheiron
7th level (or greater) thief

"Kitten" Nymara Scheiron; few people even among the Lords know the full name of this tousle-haired, fierce female of middle years, occasionally savage temper, and lush figure. "Kitten" she is to all, a hard-bitten entertainer and sometime-thief of Waterdeep's docks, who was recruited by Mirt and Khelben over a decade ago to the ranks of the Lords. It is her practical outlook that influences the details of many an action of the Lords. She knows how this or that decree will appear to, and work among, the common folk. "Kitten" once fought an evil demigod ("the Godson," son of Bane) toe-toe with blades when a summoning by a company of adventurers went awry. She is servile to no-one. She regards Mirt, Durnan, Larissa, and Khelben as her dear friends, and delights in relaxing with them on a night when she is not on the streets or poking about in the goods of this or that suspicious visitor to the City. Kitten will not take a copper piece from her fellow Lords, fiercely rejecting any gifts or charity. Nymara can appear as a stunningly beautiful lady of high station if she wishes to do so (very rare), but is more often to be found heavily perfumed and made-up, dressed revealingly and lounging in an alley or bar of the docks. In less distinctive garb, she is expert at following people in the streets

without being noticed, and is familiar with the sewers of the City and the roofs in many districts, as highways faster and less crowded than the open streets.

Sammereza Sulphontis

Sammereza Sulphontis is a slightly slimmer, slightly younger, and far more polished and mannered version of Mirt. This tireless traveling merchant is seldom to be found within the City walls. He will sell anything to anyone, buy almost anything from anyone, and trade most things with most people, as Durnan once put it. As this sly, witty, iron-nerved, sometimes oily wheeler-dealer makes his way about the Realms, dealing in anything from loads of fresh manure to slaves (although he neglects to inform Texter and Piergeiron of this latter trade good), his eyes miss little. Much of the Lords' information about the South and the lands east of the Inner Sea comes from Sammereza, who is known to have some means of *teleporting* himself back to Waterdeep in time of danger or when news is urgent. Sammereza's precise abilities are left to the DM.

Caladorn
8th level (or greater) cavalier

Caladorn is a cavalier born and raised in Waterdeep. He has chosen to drop his family name of Cassalanter (see Chapter 6) until he "does something worthy of it," as he has told his father Ohrl, current head of house Cassalanter. This allows Caladorn to retain the privileges of his birth, and be gracefully free of his father's direct authority. Ohrl is unaware that his son is a Lord of Waterdeep.

Caladorn is young, sardonic, very perceptive and intelligent, and fun-loving when he can find an occasion to abandon his customary serious resolve, in private. He is a Knight Bachelor. Although he is not yet fully aware of it, he is beginning to grow restless for adventure. On several occasions, he has accompanied raker ship crews into battle, although the captains did not know that their passenger was a Lord, only that he was a bored young noble who could lend them an extra swordarm. Khelben and Durnan, and to a lesser extent Mirt, view Caladorn as one of the important Lords who will carry on after they are gone, although they view his noble background as a handicap to be overcome before he will be truly suitable for such a task. As Mirt puts it, "too often that lad thinks like the blueblood he is—arrogant, self-assured, knows the place



for everything and everyone—and dead *wrong*. A little dose of the real world'd do him all the good, 't would."

Brian "the Swordmaster"
12th level fighter
NG

Brian "the Swordmaster" is a Smith of skill. His nickname is a title of proficiency in his craft, although he has gone beyond the skills of a swordsmith, and is now a master armorer—in short, Brian is as skilled a smith as it is possible for a human to be, able to craft items of lasting durability, beauty, and exquisite workmanship. Brian spends most of his time at his forge, and is known for his simple, direct (some would say blunt) way of looking at things. Brian and "Kitten" are the most practical of the Lords, followed by Mirt and Durnan, capable of seeing weak points in plans, and anticipating social problems long before they occur.

The policies of the Lords are announced publicly through Piergeiron; it is suggested that PCs not be able to dupe, infiltrate, spy upon, join the ranks of, or easily slay any of the Lords: they are not, and should not be played as, pushovers. The Helms worn by the Lords when they appear in public, which support their featureless masks, are enchanted. The wearer is protected against divination spells and other mind-reading and -controlling powers, as noted in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set, under "Waterdeep."

Justice

Beneath Piergeiron and the mysterious Lords are the magistrates, or Magisters, and two enforcement arms of authority: the City Guards (or military), and the City Watch (police).

MAGISTERS. Twenty-six Magisters conduct the Common Courts of the City. At least three such officials are always on duty at the Palace, and during daylight hours there is also a Magister at each gate of the City. These "Black Robes" can pass sentence instantly, although most make sentences conditional on the supporting evidence of witnesses. They are always accompanied by a bodyguard of at least six members of the City Guard. Any citizen of Waterdeep is allowed an appeal to the Lord's Court within two days. The Lord's Court is chaired by Piergeiron (at least two other Lords must also attend), and is held at about highsun (noon) every day. This court

hears all cases of murder and other "severe" crimes, reports of suspicious deaths, rape, misuse of magic, and appeals from the citizenry against Magisterial judgments. Most judgments are upheld or reworded in a minor way, it should be noted. The Magisters are good and perceptive men, or they do not hold their positions for long. Magisters can be created at will by public decree of the Lords.

GUARD AND WATCH. Visitors to Waterdeep often confuse the City Guard and the City Watch; the former are the heavily-trained, fully-armored men-at-arms who are permanently employed by the City as crews of the rakers, fighting troops when the City or its interests are attacked, road patrols outside the City walls, and as garrisons for Piergeiron's Palace, Castle Waterdeep, and the many guardposts along the City's perimeter—towers, walls, seacaves, jails, and armories. The Guard also serves as bodyguards for Piergeiron and as honor guards for visiting diplomats. The City gates are manned by both by the Guard, who control access and see to the security of the City from attack, and by patrols of the Watch, who observe those entering, and are ready to aid the Guard in troubles, chase fugitives so that the Guard need not abandon their posts, or escort visitors if required.

The Watch, far more often seen by most citizens and visitors, are the City's daily, domestic police, and do far more than arrest offenders. They may aid passersby with heavy loads, give directions, search for lost children, provide basic medical aid, and referee gambling disputes or childrens' fights during a typical patrol. A Watch street patrol usually consists of four men, afoot, two being officers—an "armar" (sergeant) and a "civilar" (captain or lieutenant)—and all being clad in leather and chain armor of green, black, and gold, base AC 7 (the Guard's armor is scale mail of black, silver, and gold), and armed with rods (treat as clubs), daggers, and short swords. The Watch has access to the Guard's armories in the Castle, Palace, and wall-towers. Reinforcements rushing to the scene of a dispute may be on horse and may wear all manner of armor and bear all manner of arms, as required. Watch patrols are many; all members of the Watch can enter any building or area in the City without hindrance or warning, unless specifically forbidden to by a Lord (*not* a Magister or senior Watch or Guard officer) and search any person, place, or container at will. Certain areas of the City are, by tradition, lightly

patrolled (the docks, for example) and others are very heavily patrolled (the City of the Dead, for example, and the streets around the villas of the wealthy in the northern areas of the City). If a Watch patrol encounters a major disturbance, they will blow the distinctive "trembling" note horns they carry on their belts to summon aid, and one member of the patrol will immediately run to the nearest guardtower or fixed-location guardpost to spread the word.

Under the command of Piergeiron, the Watch is run by its Captain, Rulathon, a 12th level LG fighter (see "Selected Non-Player Characters"). His messengers are the "Officers of the Day" (four Watchmen chosen from the ranks), and he leaves the administration of Watch weaponry and equipment to the Senior Armsmaster, Helve Urtrace, a 5th level LG fighter (see Chapter 7).

The size of the Guard and the Watch is known only to Piergeiron and the Lords, but is strictly controlled, and thought to be approximately 1,200 Guard and 1,600 Watch. In times of strife, Waterdeep usually hires mercenaries and installs Guardsmen as officers over them. The professionally curious are warned that Piergeiron has deliberately subdivided the payrolls of these forces so that it is difficult for visiting diplomats and others engaged in snooping (pardon, *sightseeing*) to discover the true size and names of the Guard and the Watch, and these figures may only be two-thirds or even less of the true totals.

Laws

Waterdhavians are, by and large, a law-abiding people—when so many of the City's inhabitants earn their living by trade, respect for property is high, and support for a strong, objective police force even more so. The wearing of weapons is allowed in the city, as is using them in clear self-defense, but duels are allowed only in specific places (such as the various open courtyards in the southern part of the City), and must be marshalled by an officer of the Watch or a Magister. A duel must be for reasons of a specific, unprovoked injury, allowed by a Magister; simply hilling citizens because you covet their money or don't like their faces is not sanctioned. Lords, Magisters, Guard and Watch members, and Heralds (even visiting ones) are exempt from challenges, and the Lords usually forbid any duellings involving the heads of the Guilds, noble houses, or priesthoods, too, although rank-and-file members of all



of these organizations can and do duel, sometimes with great enthusiasm. Duels are seldom to the death; more often, they are to yield or first blood, whichever first occurs; and clerics usually attend to heal (upon payment of temple donations) the loser, and sometimes the winner too.

If a Watch patrol makes an arrest, two of its four members must accompany an accused to a Magister immediately, the other two remaining on patrol, or if necessary assisting or protecting victims or abandoned property. If a vendor is arrested, the two Watchmen who remain must guard his goods and conduct business for him to the best of their abilities, although they are not responsible for lost business or losses to monies or property in the arrested person's absence. One officer will be with each half of a split patrol, never staying together while their two subordinates go elsewhere together.

For restraining and guiding very dangerous or active suspects, each patrol carries two rolled-up leather "capture hoods"—large sacks with tiny air-holes which are thrown over a person's head and then drawn tight with straps around the person's waist or belly, pinioning arms to sides and hampering visibility. Guide-ropes can be clipped to the hood to pull a confined person along in a certain direction, or used by several officers and a lot of strength to hold a confined person away from others that the person is attempting to reach by pulling on lines on all sides of the hood, preventing the arrested from lunging.

Watch patrols when arresting will employ Grappling to disarm and capture suspects who do not stand and surrender or throw down or sheathe their weapons when challenged. If the suspect continues to be violent, Pummeling and Overbearing will be used, the object being to hold the suspect down by sheer weight while he or she is disarmed and bound, with feet hobbled, or a capture hood is put on.

In cases of great danger to Watch officers (such as an angry mage wielding wand, rod, or staff, or a fighter attacking with an apparently magical blade), the Watch will slay to defend themselves and employ *speak with the dead* later to determine guilt or innocence. Innocent parties are always raised at the City's expense, if possible. Watch officers who must kill in the line of duty are never charged, nor held financially responsible, for the deaths they bring about. An officer who kills often without

clear cause will be dismissed. Much of the laws of Waterdeep remain unwritten, within the "reasonable discretion" of the Magisters (and ultimately, of the Lords who may overrule them), and therefore cannot all be set down here. A summary of sentences, the "Code Legal," is provided below.

CODE LEGAL

Crimes and their corresponding sentences, as administered by the Lords and Magisters of Waterdeep, can be roughly summarized as set forth below. This system is known as the "Code Legal," and is only a basis for sentencing, not absolute rules. Note that both Lords and Magisters are free to determine absolutely guilt and innocence, and set any lesser sentence they consider fitting (or none at all) if a crime is deemed justified or largely harmless and unintentional.

A single act can result in multiple charges, under one or more of the four "Plaints." Magisterial justice may be appealed to the Lords by anyone, but such appeals must be within nine days of the initial sentencing, and non-citizens of Waterdeep must persuade a citizen of the City ("money is the great persuader," Durnan once remarked dryly) to appeal on their behalf.

The four Plaints are the four different classes of aggrieved parties; that is, those who are injured by a crime. They are Crimes Against The Lords; Crimes Against The City; Crimes Against The Gods; and Crimes Against Citizens. Under each Plaintiff are four classes of crimes. These four types of offenses are Severe; Serious; Lesser; and Minor.

The sentences have been set forth below in a chart to save space. After the letter that denotes a type of punishment, an amount (of time or money) usually follows. The commercial nature of the City, with its emphasis on mercantile trade and property, is clearly reflected in these "typical" punishment. The City is empowered to seize and sell the property of a convict to realize the money needed to satisfy the payment of fines or damages, without the consent of a convict. The family, clan, guild, or business partners of a convict are never liable for the payment of a convict's fines or damages, unless they can be proven to have aided, abetted, ordered, or coerced a convict into the criminal activity in question.

Temples and priesthods are not permitted to pass or carry out sentences under the Third Plaintiff; only officers of the City may do so.

Convicted beings may owe fines to the City and pay as they can over time, but only upon permission of a Lord or Magister, who will typically demand at least a partial payment immediately.

SENTENCES

A	Death (instant)
B	Death (upon conviction)
C	Exile or Ban Against Future Entry
D	Mutilation (loss of offending extremities, branding)
E	Enforced Hard Labor
F	Imprisonment (dungeon)
G	Imprisonment (light work in Castle compound)
H	Fine (payable to City)
I	Damages (payable to injured party)
J	Edict Against Convicted (public pronouncement forbidding convicted to do something; e.g. continue in present business, repeat circumstances that led to an offense, etc.)

The First Plaintiff: Crimes Against The Lords

SEVERE:

- Treason (including Assault Upon a Lord): A
- Impersonation of a Lord: A
- Impersonation of Magister: B after flogging
- Forgery of an Official Document: B or C (permanent) plus D
- Assault Upon A Magister: B or F (10 years) after flogging

SERIOUS:

- Theft, Vandalism, or Arson Against The Palace or any part of the City Walls, E (as justice demands) plus H (cost of repairs plus 2,000 gold pieces)

- Impersonation of a Guardsman or Officer of the Watch: F (as justice demands) plus H (5,000 gold pieces) and flogging

- Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaintiff: E or F (1 month) and/or H (up to 1,000 gold pieces)

- Willful Disobedience of any Edict Uttered Against One By A Lord: H (up to 1,000 gp) and/or C (up to 5 years)

LESSER:

- Unlawful Observation or Copying of an Official Document: F (3 weeks) plus H (300 gp)

- Assault Upon Any City Officer Who Is Acting In The Line Of Duty: F (1 week) plus H (as justice demands; usually based on ability to pay; flogging if unable to pay anything)

MINOR:

- Blasphemy Against Lord, Magister, or any City Officer: G (4 days) plus H (20 gp)

The Second Plaintiff: Crimes Against The City

SEVERE:

- Poisoning of Water (City Wells; includes attempted blockage or attempts to control public access, or charge fees for such access): A

- Murder: B or E (10-15 years)

- Spying, Sabotage: B or C (permanent) plus H (costs of repairs plus 2,000-5,000 gp) or F (20 years) plus H

SERIOUS:

- Fraud: C (permanent) and I (as justice demands) or F (up to 10 years) and I, and J

- Fencing Stolen Goods: G (up to 2 years) and H (typically twice the price the goods were sold for) and J

- Unlawful Duelling (Manslaughter): C (up to 5 years) and I (to family, typically 1,000 gp) or E (up to 3 years) and I

- Murder With Justification. C (up to 5 years) or E (up to 3 years)

- Repetition of Any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaintiff: F (1 month) and H (up to 1,000 gp) and J

- Bribery of a City Officer or Official (attempted or apprehended): C (up to 20 years) and confiscation of all property except one weapon, one week's rations, and clothes worn by offender

LESSER:

- Unlawful Entry Into The Harbor (1 charge per vessel per occasion). C (1 year) and H (500 gp)



- Unlawful Duelling (apprehended, i.e. on fatality): G (1 week) and H (100 gp) and J

MINOR: • Bribery: G (1 week) and/or H (amount of bribe or attempted bribe)

- Unlawful Flight Intrusion (into City airspace, of intelligent being flying by means of an aerial mount or magic): H (300 gp) and J (in peacetime; in wartime, sentence can be A)

- Blasphemy Against Foreign Ambassadors: G (up to 1 week), H (50 gp) and J

- Vagrancy: F (overnight)

- Littering (includes Relief of Human Wastes in Public). F (overnight) and H (2 sp to 1 gp, based on ability to pay) and J

- Brandishing A Weapon Dangerously or Threateningly Without Due Cause (note: being in a brawl is not “due cause” unless one is menaced with a weapon): F (overnight) and H (1 gp)

- Dangerous Operation of a Coach Wagon Litter or other Conveyance (including Airborne): H (5-50 gp, as justice demands, note that this will be in addition to the sentence for any charges placed under The Fourth Plaint)

The Third Plaint: Crimes Against The Gods

SEVERE: • Defiling of a Holy Place (Temple Burglary, Temple Arson, or Temple Vandalism). C (5 years) and I (as justice demands) or E (up to 5 years) and I or F (up to 3 years) and I

SERIOUS: • Theft of Temple Goods or Offerings (includes spoilage or consumption of same). F (up to 1 month) and I (double the estimated value of the goods) and J

- Tomb-Robbing (or Unlawful Entry and/or Vandalism of a Tomb): G (up to 1 week) and I (costs of repairs and replacements plus up to 500 gp, payable to whoever maintains the tomb—temple, guild, City, or family) and J

- Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaint: G (up to 1 week) and H (up to 1,000 gp) and J

LESSER: • Assault Upon A Priest or Lay Worshiper: I (of up to 500 gp; payable to temple and usually based on ability to pay) and J (in addition to charges placed under the Fourth Plaint arising from such an assault)

MINOR: • Public Blasphemy of a God or Priesthood: I (up to 10 gp, based on ability to pay) and J

- Drunkenness (and Disorderly Conduct) at Worship: I (up to 3 gp, based on ability to pay) and J

The Fourth Plaint: Crimes Against Citizens

SEVERE: • Arson (of Ship, Structure, or Stored Property), E (up to 3 months) and I (value lost plus up to 500 gp), and/or C (up to 10 years) and I

- Rape: D and I (up to 2,000 gp) or E (up to 5 years) and I or F (up to 10 years) and I

- Assault Resulting In Mutilation or Crippling: D and I (up to 2,000 gp) or E (up to 3 years) and I

- Magical Assault H (up to 1,000 gp) and I (up to 2,000 gp) and J

- Forgery (not including official City documents): C (up to 20 years) and D and the confiscation of all property except 1 weapon, 1 week’s rations, and offender’s clothing worn at the time of sentencing

- Slavery: C (up to 10 years) and flogging if shackling, cruelty, whipping, branding, or physical indignities are observed

SERIOUS • Robbery: E (up to 1 month) and I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp)

- Burglary: F (up to 3 months) and I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp)

- Theft or Killing of Livestock: (double cost of lost stock)

- Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaint: F (up to 1 week) and I (double normal), or G (up to 2 weeks) and I (double normal)

- Usurv: I (City recovers excess over legal rates, returns to injured party)

LESSER: • Damage to Property: I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp) and

- Assault (Wounding): I (cost of medical attention plus up to 500 gp) and J

- Assault on Livestock (non-fatal): I (cost of medical attention plus up to 500 gp; maximum damages always apply if livestock’s breeding capability is impaired)

- Unlawful Hindrance of Business: I (up to 200 gp) and J (this charge includes instances of blocking access to a place of business without permission of owner or a Magister; and trying to frighten, disgust, or drive away customers in or in front of another’s shop)

MINOR: • Assault (without wounding or robbery): F (overnight) and I (up to 50 gp)

- Excessive Noise (interfering with sleep or business): I (up to 25 gp) and J

A DM should use the “elbow room” created by this discretionary legal system just as the Lords do; to create any necessary decrees to prevent Player Characters from running amok. Magisters and Lords have in the past made laws (edicts) specific to certain individuals (e.g. “Sibrin the Warrior may not enter the City of the Dead at any time, for any reason except his own final burial”), and will continue to do so.

Guild Law

Guild Law, the rules under which specific trades are conducted, are distinct from City law and are discussed in the chapter that describes Guilds. Guild law can never conflict or override City law or the known intent of such laws; Guilds pay careful attention to all that is said by any Lord, and govern their affairs accordingly. On two occasions since the destruction of the Two Lords Magister Guildmasters have defied or quietly contra-

dicted edicts of the Lords, and on both occasions the Guildmaster was exiled, and his or her family ordered expelled from the Guild, though not from the City. Waterdeep is often called “The Open City” when trade and guilds are discussed, because its Guilds are not all powerful, and cannot restrict trade to their members only; the Lords and Magisters are strict and vigilant about this. Tradesmen operating outside of a Guild, of course, are not entitled to Guild rights and privileges, and the Guilds concerning cannot be held responsible for the actions of such outsiders, and are allowed to make very public the fact that this or that person is not part of the Guild.

Taxes and Fees

At present, the City collects no annual taxes, but raises its revenues by the charging of fees, as follows:

- 1 copper piece per market stall per day, payable to any Watch patrol between sunrise and sunset, who will issue a receipt for it, to show later patrols that the fee has been paid. This buys the exclusive use of a certain area from sunrise to sunset, covering patrols by the Watch, and freedom to sell goods at whatever the market will bear, rather than at prices set or recommended by Guilds or priesthods. Guilds customarily pay these fees for their members, out of guild revenues and dues.

- 1 silver piece (extra, above any fines imposed) from everyone convicted in a Magisterial or Lords’ Court, per conviction.

- 1 gold piece per caravan wagon leaving the City, empty or full.

- 1 gold piece (included in the sale price, and surrendered by the vendor to the Watch or a Magister within ten days) per sword sold; all blades sold within Waterdeep are so taxed, and registered but other sorts of weapons are not taxed; hence, many citizens of Waterdeep employ clubs and daggers (and if of shady character, garrots, nets, and lassos) rather than swords; Magisters deem anything with a blade over a foot long to be a sword.

- 5 gold pieces per ship that touches dock in Waterdeep (the rakers and diplomatic vessels excepted), collected from the captain and covering a stay of up to fourteen days, provided the ship does not leave the harbor and return during that time, which would end the stay and begin a new one. This covers Watch patrols, the provision of the dock space, fresh water rubble ballast supplied if desired, and the right to dump



ballast or spoilage cargoes in an agreed-upon area under the direction of the Watch.

In times of trouble, direct taxes may be imposed:

- a “fire tax” (usually 1 gp per household), levied whenever a major fire destroys a large portion of the City (not a common occurrence; cf. “Plague & Fire” in Chapter 4).
- a “wall tax” or “harbor tax” (of like amount) raised to directly pay for needed repairs or expansions
- a “lance tax” raised to provide a payroll for mercenaries hired by the City when required (this is usually 1 sp/household each week until the Lords repeal the tax)

All in all, Waterdhavians are lightly taxed and know it; they may grumble, but they never collectively revolt or refuse to pay.

Trials & Bribery

There is no bail in Waterdeep, although a Lord can dismiss charges at will. This is rarely done; usually the offender must be an undercover Lord or trusted agent involved in something important to get such a reprieve.

Bribery is a most frowned-upon crime among the general populace. Because of the ill it brings to one’s reputation, no-one native to Waterdeep would ever attempt it, although they might—if very rich—bargain with the Lords to drop (severe) charges in return for forfeiture of a valuable property, vessel, or cargo (this has wryly been referred to by Durnan as “buying back you own skin”).

There are no lawyers in Waterdeep, although there are a few “professional witnesses” who for a fee will state a case to their client’s best advantage before a Black Robe.

Expulsion from the City is the fate of any of these who are caught swearing they saw something that did not in fact occur, or that they were not present to see. Several minor clerics earn regular incomes for themselves or their temples by casting *detect lie* magics from behind concealing tapestries at a sign from a Magister. The fee paid by the City is 500 gold pieces per spell cast, and so this service is used only in the most delicate of important cases.

The death penalty is customarily employed only to deal with dangerous and incurable lunatics, murderers, and those who commit acts of treason against the City or the Lords.

Sentences of death are usually carried out on the battlements of Castle Waterdeep if commoners or soldiers must die—for death in

such cases is by hanging, usually at highsun (noon). Several massive, permanent wooden scaffolds are cantilevered out from the Castle walls on the south side. Nobles die by the sword; such beheadings are usually carried out in front of the Palace gates. Floggings are more often carried out in the Court of the White Bull, but may be carried out anywhere if an example to the citizenry of a particular neighborhood is intended.

Debts

Most Waterdhavians are sentenced for debts of one sort or another—either debts to another citizen or outstanding debts owed to the City due to unpaid fees or taxes or fines imposed by a Black Robe or Lord which cannot be (or are not) paid within a specified period of time. Such “payoff” periods are set by the sentencer, and are usually twenty days, exactly, from the date and time of the sentencing. Minor personal (private) debts are paid off by the offender, by having him work for the person he owes money to (Watch officers will check on attendance to, and diligence in, this enforced servitude), until service, at the going market rate, equals the debt owed.

Major debts may result in the City paying the person owed from its own coffers, and the offender becoming an unpaid sewer, wall, or road repair worker until the debt is cleared.

In times of strife, such offenders have found themselves pressed into service as temporary soldiers, or rowers on a seagoing raker, on the understanding that they are free of debt if they survive to make it back to Waterdeep with their ship or military unit. Only the Lords can approve a recommendation by a Magister, senior Watch officer, or one of their number to seize property or goods of an offender to pay fines; this they do rarely—but, combined with exile from the City, it provides an effective last-resort method of removing persistent troublemakers.

Written contracts or note-of-hand are required to prove to a Black Robe that a debt is owed, if a citizen wishes to bring a complaint before the Courts. All careful merchants will get and give written documents in their dealings, even if their trade is unlawful (for example, the selling of privileged information overheard in the Palace might appear on an invoice as “three horses,” or slaves—discussed below—as “six sacks of finest barley, unmilled”).

Thievery

Most thieves in Waterdeep are independent artists, of low level and, if they are not both unusually lucky and skilled, soon caught, unless they steal seldom, taking advantage of misfortune, a fight, or other confusion to steal unattended goods. Kidnapers, those who rob and then slay their victims, and those who indulge in torture are pursued tirelessly by the authorities. Only blackmailers, it seems, flourish in Waterdeep. Thieves of all sorts are reminded (often painfully and too late) that Waterdeep is a city of much magic and powerful (high-level) people, and escaping detection is difficult. There is no organized Guild of thieves in the City, due to diligent policing and the activities of the Red Sashes (q.v.).

Slavery

Slavery is illegal in Waterdeep; within the City walls, no one is deemed a slave, and may not be treated as one—no branding, shackling, or physical punishment. If any of these are observed in public (this includes inns and businesses, but not private homes, pleasure houses, festhalls, and warehouses), charges will result, usually including immediate imprisonment for the offender, so that the slave has time to escape. Many slaves are brought into the City, however, for slavery is common in Calimshan and Thay, and not unknown in the northern Moonsea area, Unther, and Mulhorand. While in the City, slaves have all the rights of any citizen, and wise owners make a trip to the City of Splendors a holiday for slaves, giving them some spending money, and hire bodyguards (for protection against their own temporarily free slaves, as well as any dangerous residents of Waterdeep) and servitors (to do all the fetching and carrying the slave normally does) for their stay in the City. Many slaves, if they are ever freed or escape, come to Waterdeep because of their happy memories of these holidays.

The selling of slaves, even in the form of a previously-arranged transfer of possession that does not involve any transfer of payment within Waterdeep’s walls, is well-nigh impossible given the vigilance of the Guard, Watch, and the magical arts of allies they can call upon. Durnan and “Kitten” of the Lords have both been slaves in the past, and the Lords as a whole take a savagely dim view of slavers.

Chapter 3: THE CITY WARDS

A complete description of all the buildings in bustling, ever-changing Waterdeep is a task beyond the scope of this book. Features likely to be useful in AD&D® game play, including the suggested adventures in a later chapter, are located and described in this section. Dungeon Masters should make Waterdeep their own, filling in details as necessary for exciting play, and the day-to-day adventures of player characters.

Player characters visiting or resident in Waterdeep have to live somewhere, as thieves take a professional interest in persons who try to sleep outside the walls of the City each night and return when the gates are opened at sunrise. Even when such adventurers are a strong and fearless band, there will be those times when they do not leave the City before the gates are closed at sunset, making necessary a stop-over or at the very least an unpleasant swim or expensive ferry out of the harbor (which never closes).

The neighborhood(s) around the chosen lodgings of PCs must be detailed by a Dungeon Master—and whenever PCs go exploring, or try to find tutors to advance their professional skills, a DM will have to sketch in this or that local eatery, rooming house, or home. Such work must be left for individual DMs, as it necessarily responds to the play of a particular group of gamers.

Buildings

The layout of buildings in play may become important if PCs engage in extensive indoor thieving, stealthy shadowing, and fighting. Space considerations prohibit the provision of floor plans for every building in the City, but random generation of the overall natures of buildings may be accomplished using the table below. Random generation of Class A buildings (see below) and of specific buildings intended beforehand for use in play is not recommended. DMs who contradict themselves on building layout from one PC visit to another are advised that buildings in the City are constantly being rebuilt, renovated, and repaired (a convenient explanation).

Buildings in the City can be artificially divided into four classes, as follows.

Class A: The Palace, Castle Waterdeep, other public structures (e.g. the Arena), Major Temples (including The Plinth), Noble Villas. These buildings are unique, generally large and grand, and random tables are not given here.

Class B: Grand Houses (without grounds or walled gardens; villas always have such), Large Warehouses, prosperous businesses, Guildhalls. Buildings in this class have up to four storeys, and may have extensive cellars (usually connected to the sewers at some point). Most inns in the City fall into this class. (Note: random generation of Guildhall interiors is not recommended.)

Class C: Row Buildings. This class describes the great majority of City buildings, of two or three storeys, and usually having shops on the ground floor, with offices above and apartments above that (or just apartments). This class includes most of the taverns and rooming houses in the City.

Class D: Lesser Buildings (hovels, sheds, small warehouses). This class consists of one-storey buildings, usually of wood, and are mainly found in Dock Ward, with a few in Southern Ward and The Trades Ward, and a handful in the part of the docks which lies in Castle Ward.

Once the class of a given building has been decided by the DM, the following steps can be followed if speedy random generation of building features is desired.

Step 1. Determine number of storeys in building, by deliberate choice or by the methods that follow.

Class B: roll 1d8. Result of 1 = one storey, no basement (cupola and/or skylights possible); 2 = two storeys, no basement; 3 = three storeys, no basement; 4 = four storeys, no basement; 5 = one storey with basement; 6

= two storeys with basement; 7 = three storeys with basement; 8 = four storeys with basement (tower with additional floors possible).

Class C: roll 1d4. Result of 1 = two storeys, no basement; 2 = three storeys, no basement; 3 = three storeys with basement; 4 = 2 storeys with basement.

Class D: roll 1d4. Even result = 1 storey and basement; odd result = 1 storey, no basement. Either type may have a dormer, cupola, or tower to add partial upper levels, and lean-to additions on the sides.

Step 2. Determine condition of building, by deliberate choice or by rolling 1d6. Result of 1 = derelict, boarded up (possibly in use as a secret meeting place by thieves, intrigue groups, monsters, or adventurers); 2 = ramshackle, in need of repair; 3 = well-worn and in heavy daily use, with evidence of some repairs having been made and some further minor ones needed; 4 = in good condition, well-kept and clean; 5 = new or pristine condition, freshly decorated or carefully-maintained, perhaps with ornate trim and furnishings; 6 = currently under construction or extensive repair (includes freshly gutted by fire or damaged by collapse, weather, explosion, et cetera).

Step 3. Determine function of building, by deliberate choice or by rolling 1d10. Consult the table below according to Building Class.

Die Result	Class B	Class C	Class D
01	Warehouse (multi-storey, with elevator or interior hoist)	Warehouse	Warehouse
02	Warehouse (multi-storey with elevator or interior hoist)	Ground floor shops with offices above	Warehouse
03	Offices of Major Business	Ground-floor shops with apartment above	Warehouse
04	Offices of Major Business	Large shop with storage above (roll 1d4; even = proprietor lives above; odd = proprietor lives elsewhere and hires night watchman)	Warehouse
05	Rooming House	Rooming House	Dwelling (single family)
06	Rooming House	Rooming House	Rooming House
07	Ground-floor shop with apartments	Ground-floor shops with offices and apartment above	Shop
08	Ground-floor offices with apartment above	Ground-floor shops with offices and apartment above	Office
09	Residence of a family of noble birth	Apartment block	Dwelling (multi-family)
10	Residence of a noble individual	Apartment Block	Dwelling (space shared with rental storage space)



Features of the City Wards are listed hereafter. Most inhabitants of Waterdeep know all of the major thoroughfares, are familiar with the general layout of the City, and know well the neighborhood(s) where they live, work, and go to eat or be entertained. Waterdeep is a city of much traveling about and little restriction on movement for social class or legal reasons.

Castle Ward

Mount Waterdeep: the mountain is a bald, rough crag, topped by a lookout tower and griffon-steed eyrie; on its seaweed flanks are emplaced eleven gigantic triple-catapults for hurling loads of rock and burning material out to sea against attacking ships; and it is pierced by several sea-caves, connected by tunnels of great antiquity whose creator is unknown, and formerly used for smuggling—but now controlled (and heavily guarded) by the City Guard, and used by the Lords of Waterdeep in occasionally secretive operations.

Castle Waterdeep: Waterdeep's great fortress is a thick-walled stronghold that frowns down on Castle Ward from the flanks of Mount Waterdeep. Pennants and banners are often hung and flown from its battlements to signal the arrival of this or that diplomat or the commencement of gathering for this or that ceremony, because of the great height of

the Castle walls make such signs readily visible in the southern half of the City.

The Castle's walls rise four hundred feet at their greatest height from the ground (at the southeastern corner, near the massive beams where hanging are carried out), and average sixty feet thick, with rooms and passages tunneled out of their great bulk. Many protective spells have been placed on the fortress walls over the years, and they have never been breached in battle.

The Castle's various chambers can house 3,000 in comfort, and three times that number if every corner is used for accommodation and food storage. Its normal peacetime garrison is approximately 1,400. The main dungeon levels beneath it contain some ninety cells in all (at any one time, thirty or so will be in use), many large enough to contain six prisoners. The Castle's larders, by edict of the Lords, must contain an emergency food supply (preserved fish and meat, grains and vegetables) large enough to feed 50,000 people for a week; this state is maintained, with about two day's extra viands, by senior Guard officers.

The Guard and Watch both use the Castle courtyard for training their members, and for training horses. Their main stables, containing seventy or so fully-trained and equipped warhorses, are located in the ground level interior of the Castle's south wall.

Signal beacons and horns, and mighty cata-

pults capable of commanding the entire harbor of Waterdeep as far as Deepwater Isle and the Torchtowers, are kept ready on the battlements, and there is always a garrison unit of at least thirty ready-armed soldiers of the Guard on duty. The Castle gates and all stations of the walls are always guarded, and just within the gates is a duty guardroom where a strike squad of twenty crossbowmen and two magic-users can reinforce the gate-guard in seconds, and anywhere else in or under the Castle in minutes.

Space prohibits inclusion of detailed floorplans of the Castle; DMs are advised that its twisting passage tunnels (most permanently lit by *continual light* radiance) are a warren of successive defensive "pockets," suitable for holding off attackers from behind cover, and that there are extensive (known and guarded) "secret passages" allowing defenders to spy (and fire) upon intruders, and to withdraw into the caverns beneath Mount Waterdeep if necessary. Castle Waterdeep is a place of great age and indomitable strength.

Ahghairon's Tower: This small stone tower rises as a slim stone pinnacle with a conical roof and few windows, four storeys from the street. It is always quiet, never visibly changed by the passage of years not disturbed by passersby. Its interior (and possible treasures) are left to the DM, but it should be noted that no one has been able to enter it since Ahghairon's



death. The co-operative efforts of all Ahghairon's apprentices laid potent protective magics about it (above and below, as well as all about its walls). These are equal in effects to a permanent *forcecage* enclosing the entire tower at a distance of ten feet—a barrier visible only as a faint shimmering in the air unless under magical attack (which outlines it clearly). Several times it has been *dispelled* or *cancelled* by enterprising mages, only to reform again—trapping them—1 round per level of the attacker later.

Within this *forcecage* is a *prismatic sphere*, again invisible except while under attack, and within it is a further invisible *force field* that if dispelled, will cause by means of *contingency* magics, unseen *warning trumpets* to sound the alarm in Piergeiron's Palace, Blackstaff Tower and The Herald's Holdfast (far to the north), and a *cyclocone* (detailed in *Unearthed Arcana*, p. 98) to be activated and whirl about the tower in a ring.

Small but powerful iron golems and stone guardians are believed to wait within the Tower to attack intruders, but details of the Tower's treasures and interior guardians are unknown; none have ever penetrated to them.

1. Mirt's Mansion. Home of Mirt "the Money-lender," Lord of Waterdeep. Mirt practices his moneylending trade from here when in the City (mornings only). It is a secure, fortress-like home with many human, monstrous, and magical guards. DM note: PCs of less than name level, regardless of the size of the party, should be made to consider the Mansion too tough to be worth the risk of an attack. Mirt does have some money and magical treasure here, although it is well-hidden.

2. *Crommor's Warehouse* (see Chapter 4, "Fences")
3. The Sailors' Own (tavern)
4. The Yawning Portal (inn) — See Durnan, p. 17
5. The Red-Eyed Owl (tavern)
6. The Sleepy Sylph (tavern)
7. Barracks (of the Guard; fireproof; capacity is 200 men for each structure—the smaller ones have more storeys)
8. Smithy (of the Guard; standing garrison of 25 Guardsmen)
9. Bell Tower (garrisoned by 15 of the Guard at all times; used to signal fires, attacks, assembly at the Palace)
10. house of Naneatha Lhaurilstar, Lady of Waterdeep (see Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")
11. The House of Gems (HQ: The Jewellers' Guild)

12. Mother Tathlorn's House of Pleasure and Healing (fest-hall and spa)
13. House of Leone the fighter (CG, 8th level; see Chapter 7)
14. House of Shyrrhr, Lady of the Court (0 level fighter; see Chapter 7)
15. The Map House (HQ: The Surveyors', Map & Chart-Makers' Guild)
16. Fellowship Hall (HQ: The Fellowship of Innkeepers)
17. Palace Warehouse
18. Palace Stables (total capacity 726 mounts)
19. Palace Paddocks (total capacity approximately 1700 mounts)
20. The Dragon's Head Tavern
21. The Golden Key (shop of Ansilver the Locksmith)
22. The Master Bakers' Hall (Ho: The Bakers' Guild)
23. The Crawling Spider (tavern)
24. The Elfstone Tavern
25. House of Velstrode the Venturer (an adventurer of note, and a successful merchant; tall, bearded, and loaded down with defensive magic, CN 15th level fighter, ST18/96, IN 17, DEX 16)
26. Halambar Lutes & Harps (shop—the owner, Kriios Halambar, is Guildmaster of The Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers)
27. Hilmer Warehouse (see #28, below)
28. The Halls of Hilmer, Master Armorer
29. Balthorr's Rare and Wondrous Treasures (shop & warehouse—see Chapter 4, "Fences")
30. Tower of the Order (HQ: The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors)
31. The Smiling Siren (nightclub)
32. Blackstaff Tower (home of Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun—see Lords of Waterdeep descriptions, Chapter 2)
33. Phalantar's Philtres & Components (shop of medicines, herbs, rare substances and material components for magic; see also "Fences," Chapter 4)
34. Guildhall of the Order (HQ: The Solemn Order of Recognized Furriers & Woolmen)
35. The Jade Jug (inn)
36. The Blue Jack (tavern)
37. Pewterers' and Casters' Guildhall (Guild HQ)
38. Olmhazan's Jewels (shop; the proprietor, Jhauntar Olmhazan, a nasty and superior sort, is Gentleman Speaker (public contact) for The Jewellers' Guild)
39. House of the Fine Carvers (HQ: The Guild of Fine Carvers)
40. The Pampered Traveler (inn—the proprietor, Brathan Zilmer, is Guildmaster of The Fellowship of Innkeepers)

41. The Singing Sword (tavern)
42. The Market Hall (HQ: The Council of Farmer-Grocers)
43. The Spires of the Morning (Temple complex, dedicated to Lathander)
44. Usual location of The Walking Statue of Waterdeep: a stone golem created by Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, and controlled only by Piergeiron or the Archmage of Waterdeep himself; it is intended to be used in defending the City against any attack that breaches a City gate, to "hold the gap." The statue stands 90 feet tall, is of grey granite, and looks like a tall, regal human with an impassive face. It is AC1, MV 4", 140 hit points, 1 attack for 6-60, 3 points of structural damage per round, harmed only by +3 or greater magical weapons, and by spells as a normal stone golem. Rumor holds (correctly) that six more of these pieces of garden statuary are stored, in working order, in the caverns under Mount Waterdeep.

The four entries that follows are luxurious but usually damp house built by nobles who now live in warmer climes, and rent these places for 25 gp a month (and up) to anyone interested in contacting their noble families; who owns what is left to individual DMs.

45. Fair Winds (rental villa)
46. Marblehearth (rental villa)
47. Stormwatch (rental villa)
48. Heroes' Rest (rental villa; also known as "Cold Comfort," a nickname bestowed by a certain adventuring band)

Sea Ward

49. The House of Heroes (Temple complex dedicated to Tempus)
50. Halazar's Fine Gems (shop—the proprietor, Stromquil Halazar, is Guildmaster of the Jewellers' Guild)
51. The Ship's Wheel (tavern)
52. Pilgrims' Rest (inn)
53. The Wandering Wemic (inn)
54. The House of Purple Silks (fest-hall)
55. Gounar's Tavern
56. The House of the Moon (Temple complex dedicated to Selune)
57. Tchazzam (noble) family villa
58. Maerghoun's Inn
59. Dacer's Inn
60. The House of Inspired Hands (Temple complex dedicated to Gond)
61. The Fiery Flagon (tavern)
62. Ruldegost (noble) family villa
63. The Dragon Tower of Maaril (13th level magic-user; see Chapter 7)
64. Ilzimmer (noble) family villa



65. Urmbrusk (noble) family villa
66. Moonstar (noble) family villa
67. Assumbar (noble) family villa
68. Cassalanter (noble) family villa
69. Zulpair (noble) family villa
70. Husteem (noble) family villa
71. The Tower of Luck (Temple complex dedicated to Tymora)
72. Wavesilver (noble) family villa
73. "Naingate" (Tower of Nain—Nain is a NG 13th level magic-user, detailed in Chapter 7)
74. Melshimber (noble) family villa
75. Iitul (noble) family villa
76. shrine of Mielikki (The Lady's Hands)
77. shrine of Silvanus
78. Emvoelstone (noble) family villa
79. Hiilgauntlet (noble) family villa
80. The Temple of Beauty (Temple complex dedicated to Sune)
81. Gauntyl (noble) family villa
82. Eltorchul (noble) family villa
83. The House of Wonder (Temple to Mystra)
84. Eirontalar (noble) family villa
85. Selchoun's Sundries Shop
86. Thongolir (noble) family villa
87. Tesper (noble) family villa
88. Dezlentyr (noble) family villa
89. Tesper (noble) family villa
90. Neshar (noble) family villa
91. Brokengulf (noble) family villa
92. Belabranta (noble) family villa
93. Irlingstar (noble) family villa
93. Gundwynd (noble) family villa
95. Tessalar's Tower (magically-guarded home of the 16th level magic-user; see Chapter 7)
96. Raventree (noble) family villa
97. Bladesemmer (noble) family villa
98. Manthar (noble) family villa
99. Artemel (noble) family villa
100. Animakyl (noble) family villa
101. Silmerhelve (noble) family villa
102. Rosznar (noble) family villa
103. Jhansczil (noble) family villa

North Ward

104. The House of Crystal (HQ: The Guild of Glassblowers, Glaziers, & Speculum-Makers)
105. House of Crystal Warehouse
106. Adarbrent (noble) family villa
107. Agundar (noble) family villa
108. Kothont (noble) family villa
109. Sultlue (noble) family villa
110. The Galloping Minotaur (inn)
111. Sulmest's Splendid Shoes & Boots (shop—the proprietor, Darion Sulmest, is Spokesman (public contact) of The Order of Cobblers & Corvisers)
112. Meraedos Fine Furs (shop—the proprie-

tor, the soft-spoken and careful Shalrin Meraedos, is Gentleman Keeper (public contact) of The Solemn Order of Recognized Furrriers & Woolmen)

113. Phylund (noble) family villa
114. The Gentle Mermaid (tavern & fest-hall)
115. Maernos (noble) family villa
116. Cragsmere (noble) family villa
117. The House of Healing (HQ: The Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians)
118. Amcathra (noble) family villa
119. Lanngolyn (noble) family villa
120. Mascalan (noble) family villa
121. Talmost (noble) family villa
122. Piiradost (noble) family villa
123. Crommor (noble) family villa
124. Brossfeather (noble) family villa
125. Wands (noble) family villa
126. Hunabar (noble) family villa
127. Durindbold (noble) family villa
128. Hothemer (noble) family villa
129. Margaster (noble) family villa
130. Thorp (noble) family villa
131. Estelmer (noble) family villa
132. Maerklos (noble) family villa
133. Ulbrinter (noble) family villa
134. Hriiat Fine Pastries (shop—the proprietor, Relchoz Hriiat, is the public contact for The Bakers' Guild)
135. The Grinning Lion (tavern—see also Chapter 4, "Fences")
136. Gost (noble) family villa
137. Lathkule (noble) family villa
138. Nandar (noble) family villa
139. Thann (noble) family villa
140. Thunderstaff (noble) family villa
141. Anteos (noble) family villa
142. Phull (noble) family villa
143. Snome (noble) family villa
144. Helmfast (noble) family villa
145. Roaringhorn (noble) family villa
146. Kormallis (noble) family villa
147. Majarra (noble) family villa
148. Tarm (noble) family villa
149. Stormweather (noble) family villa
150. Jardeth (noble) family villa
151. Hawkwinter (noble) family villa
152. Gralhund (noble) family villa
153. The Raging Lion (inn)
154. A Maiden's Tears (tavern)
155. The Misty Beard (tavern)
156. The Cliffwatch (inn)
157. Cliffwatch inn stables
158. Zun (noble) family villa
159. Ilvastarr (noble) family villa
160. house of Orlparr Husteem, noble (see also Chapter 4, "Fences")

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

Unkeyed tombs are those of individual noble or wealthy family. In several cases, noble families share a tomb, which usually leads to separate crypts beneath and several floors above.

161. Mariner's Rest—tomb for all drowned at sea, and all ship-captains, however deceased. The long-ago mage Anacaster made this tomb a *gate* to an "empty" prime material plane, with infinite burial space around the shores of a quiet lake.

162. The Hall of Heroes—warriors' tomb, for fighters and all who fall in battle. Anacaster made this one a trophy hall, and at its end a *gate* to pleasant rolling fields on the same "empty" plane, where the warriors are buried, row upon row.

163. The Hall of Sages—tomb for sages; a dusty, fascinating place with only about seventy buried here.

164. Monument to the warriors of Waterdeep—a sixty-foot-high stone sculpture depicting a circle of men striking down trolls, orcs, hobgoblins, bugbears, and barbarians, all of whom are falling backwards—outwards—all around them. Impressive to all but the pigeons.

165. Merchants' Rest ("The Coinsciffin" tomb). This, another of Anacaster's *gates* to a lightly-wooded region, is the resting-place only of those who prepay for the honor, hence its nickname.

166. Ahghairon's Statue—a tall sculpture of the bearded, robed mage, in light-hued stone. Ahghairon stands atop concentric steps, his hands outstretched to indicate the City around him and a smile on his face. The steps are lit by night with rows of torches, and are a favorite meeting-spot by day.

167. The House of the Homeless—tomb: this is a vast mausoleum; Anacaster's *gate* leads to an apparently endless labyrinth of underground caverns, lit by the Guild of Chandlers & Lamp-lighters, who are paid by the City for this service. Here lie all the dead of Waterdeep who do not merit, or do not own (by purchase or membership in a noble or wealthy family), a place in any other tomb. If their names are known, such are always cut into the rock above the hole where their ashes are interred. All burials here are cremations.

THE TRADES WARD

Virgin's Square: This traditional hiring-place for fighting-men (see Blazidon One-Eye, Chapter 7) and local market is named for the local legend that virgins were once sacrificed to



dragons on this spot, before there was a City of Waterdeep. It is known that some barbarian tribes in the North do still worship a Dragon God.

168. The Inn of the Dripping Dagger (see Filiare, in Chapter 7, and many other NPCs)

169. The Riven Shield Shop (shields bought, sold, & repaired)

170. house of Myrmith Splendon (7th level fighter; see Chapter 7)

171. Mhair's Tower (home of Mhair Szelture, 17th level magic-user; see "The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors" in Chapter 5)

172. Dunblast Roofing Company (Elemos "the Hand" Dunblast, the proprietor, is the public contact for The Carpenter's, Roofers', And Plasterers' Guild)

173. Gondalim's (inn)

174. The Citadel of the Arrow (HQ: The Fellowship of Bowyers & Fletchers)

175. Saern's Fine Swords (shop)

176. Costumers' Hall (HQ: The Order of Master Tailors, Glovers, & Mercers)

177. Thentavva's Boots (shop—see also Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")

178. The Unicorns' Horn (inn)

179. Orsabbas's Fine Imports (shop)

180. Riautar's Weaponry (shop—the proprietor, Zarondar "the Nimble" Riautar, is the public contact for The Fellowship of Bowyers and Fletchers)

181. The House of Song (HQ: The Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers)

182. Patient Fingers Finework (shop—the proprietor, Dannath Lisosar, is the public contact and second-in-command of The Guild of Fine Carvers)

183. Office of The League of Basketmakers & Wickerworkers (Guild HQ)

184. Warehouse of The League of Basketmakers & Wickerworkers

185. The House of Cleanliness (HQ: The Launderers' Guild)

186. The Old Guildhall (HQ: The Cellarers and Plumbers Guild)

187. Thond Glass & Glazing (shop—the proprietor, Jhalassan Thond, is Speaker (public contact) for The Guild of Glassblowers, Glaziers, & Speculum-Makers)

188. Belmonder's Meats (butcher—the proprietor, Morathin "Hooks" Belmonder, is the public contact for The Guild of Butchers)

189. The Zoarstar (HQ: The Scriveners, Scribes, and Clerks Guild)

190. The House of Textiles (HQ: The Most Excellent Order of Weavers and Dyers)

191. The Gentle Rest (inn—see Chapter 4, "Fences")

192. Gentle Rest inn stables

193. Felzoun's Folly (tavern)

194. Surtlan's Metalwares (shop—the proprietor, Baerhar Surtlan, is Voice (public contact) of The Guild of Trusted Pewterers and Casters)

195. The Guild Paddock (HQ: The Stablemasters' And Farriers' Guild)

196. The Golden Horn Gambling House (a plush-carpeted and dimly lamplit gaming place policed by sixteen private bodyguards, and run by Hahstoz Baerhuld, 0 level fighter, who employs many dancing girls and fleeces many customers)

197. Meiroth's Fine Silks (shop)

198. The Bowels of the Earth (tavern—see Blazidon One-Eye and others, Chapter 7; this is a cheap but cozy "dive" much frequented by adventurers visiting the City)

199. Cobblers' & Corvisers' House (HQ of that order)

200. The House of Light (HQ: The Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters)

201. Chandlers & Lamplighters Guild warehouse

202. Stationers' Hall (HQ: The Stationers' Guild)

203. "The Plinth"—This interdenominational temple is guarded by the Watch at all times, and kept open as a place of worship for all faiths. Many minor or extra-dimensional faiths find in The Plinth their only formal place of worship in the City. The Plinth is a slender, many-levelled tower with a flat top, which is staffed by the Guard as a landing-eyrie for the aerial steeds of private citizens.

204. The Grey Serpent (inn)

205. Wheel Hall (HQ: The Wheelwrights' Guild)

Southern Ward

206. The Stone House (HQ: The Carpenters' Roofers', and Plasterers' Guild)

207. Brian the Swordmaster (smithy & shop—see The Lords of Waterdeep descriptions, in Chapter 2, page 18)

208. The Jade Dancer (tavern & fest-hall)

209. Nueth's Fine Nets (shop)

210. The Spouting Fish (tavern)

211. The Red Gauntlet (tavern)

212. Pelauvir's Counter (goods store—this establishment is the closest Waterdeep comes to a department store; everything but food can be bought here; standard Players Handbook prices apply).

213. The Swords' Rest (tavern)

214. The House of Good Spirits (HQ: The Vintners', Distillers', and Brewers' Guild)

215. The Redbridle Stables (see Rhazbos Redbridle, Chapter 7)

216. The Coach & Wagon Hall (HQ: The Wagonmakers' and Coach Builders' Guild)

217. Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall (Guild HQ)

218. House of Kappiyan Flurmastyr (11th level wizard; see Chapter 7)

219. Builders' Hall (HQ: The Guild of Stonecutters and Masons)

220. Nelkaush the Weaver (textiles shop)

221. The Full Cup (tavern)

222. The Road House (HQ: The Fellowship of Carters and Coachmen)

223. Prestar's Furniture

224. Hlakken Stables (see also Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")

225. Metalmasters' Hall (HQ: The Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metalforgers)

226. Bellister's Hand (shop)

227. Bellister's House (warehouse)

228. Orm's Highbench (Trading Company)

229. Athlal's Stables

Dock Ward

Waterdeep Harbor: The naturally sheltered, deepwater basin that gives the City its name and its wealth is a bustling place. Its chill waters are kept fairly clean by the diligent work of the Watermen (see Chapter 5) above, and hired mermen below. The mermen maintain a small community (60 well-armed males) under Deepwater Isle in guarded caves, and rotate willing males of their folk to man it. No young or merwoman, and no barracudas, will be found in these relatively chill, inhospitable waters, but a few dolphins that carry messages between this outpost and the larger undersea habitations of these folk (in southern Nelanther, or Pirate Isles) are often seen. The mermen are paid handsomely in food, medical supplies, and trade-bars (the equivalent of 25 gp per head per month) by the City in return for their loyal patrolling of the harbor depths against invaders, predators, and hazards to shipping, and their aid in the recovery of corpses, spilled cargo, sunken vessels, and the like. Magic-users communicate with the mermen and, by means of their art, enable senior Guard officers and a few senior Watch officers to do the same.

Waterdeep's sewers empty into the harbor at places covered with extremely large and strong gratings, and patrolled regularly by mermen, who use catch-nets on poles to scoop and gather the debris into large tow-globes for transport far out to sea (to an undersea garden in a "hot rift," where mermen grow and



cultivate certain undersea plants, for use as seaborne nutrient fertilizer).

The harbor's rocky bottom is thinly covered with mud, especially at the southern end of the harbor, but is kept free of plants and litter; a swimmer is likely to be noticed in a turn or less by the mermen; a corpse or other large drifting or unmoving object in 1-4 turns. Locathath sometimes come to trade, as do mermen, but lizard men and sahuagin are attacked on sight (both are rarely seen).

The mermen are free to travel outside the harbor, but seldom patrol outside of it (moving in regular patrols no farther west than a quarter of a mile or so from the western shores of Deepwater Isle). They know something of the undersea life hereabouts, which is dangerous; eyes of the deep and sharks cruise these cold waters during the summer months. Aquatic elves can be found far to the southwest, and around Evermeet. All aquatic races are to be found to the south, in warmer waters, and conduct much trade (and warfare) there.

230. Cookhouse Hall

231. Gelfuril the Trader (shop)

232. The Copper Cup (tavern, inn, & fest-hall)

233. Thomm Warehouse (see Chapter 4, "Fences")

234. Melgard's Fine Leathers (shop)

235. The Butcher's Guildhall (HQ: The Guild of Butchers)

236. House of Jemuril, adventurer; a mysterious, thin, bearded dwarf who is seldom seen. Jemuril is female, although few who are not dwarves know it, and is a 9th level fighter who has collected much magic over the years. She is famous for destroying the evil mage Susktar of Calimport, when attacked by his spells in the Bazaar, by wading through two *lightning bolts* to reach him, ramming a globe from a *necklace of missiles* down the mage's shirtfront, and then striking his chest full force with her war-hammer. PCs should decide whether they wish to disturb Jemuril accordingly.

237. Fish Warehouse (belonging to The Fishmongers' Fellowship)

238. Smokehouse (belonging to The Fishmongers' Fellowship; also used by butchers, who must pay fees)

239. Telethar Leatherworks

240. Torpus the Tanner

241. League Hall (HQ: The League of Skinners & Tanners)

242. Mariners' Hall (HQ: The Master Mariners' Guild)

243. Shipmasters' Hall

244. Watermens' Hall (HQ: The Guild of Watermen)

245. The Sleeping Snake (tavern—see also Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")

246. Nestaur the Ropemaker

247. Khostal Hannass, Fine Nuts (shop)

248. Felhaur's Fine Fish (shop)

249. The Blushing Mermaid (inn, tavern, & fest-hall)

250. Seaswealth Hall (HQ: The Fishmongers' Fellowship)

251. Full Sails (tavern; HQ: The Most Diligent League of Sail-Makers and Cordwainers)

252. Arnagus the Shipwright (see "The Order of Master Shipwrights" in Chapter 5)

253. The House (warehouse) of Tarmagus

254. warehouse of The Fellowship of Salters, Packers, and Joiners

255. Coopers' Rest (HQ: The Coopers' Guild)

256. Shippers' Hall (HQ: The Fellowship of Salters, Packers, and Joiners)

257. The Blue Mermaid (tavern)

258. The Hanged Man (tavern)

259. The House of Pride (perfume shop)

260. The Purple Palace (fest-hall—see also Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")

261. The Sleeping Wench (tavern)

262. The Hanging Lantern (panderer; escorts of all races and sexes can be hired in advance—payment in advance is required—here, typically for adventurers', nobles', or Guild parties, and typically for high prices: seven to nine gp per head per night, 3 gp to the Lantern, the rest kept by the individuals.

263. Muleskull Tavern (HQ: The Dungsweepers' Guild)

264. The Mermaid's Arms (inn, tavern, and fest-hall)

265. Red Sails Warehouse (used by many who rent space, including the "fence" One-Eyed Jukk; see Chapter 4)

266. Shipwrights' House (HQ: The Order of Master Shipwrights)

267. Helmstar Warehouse (see Chapter 4, "Fences")

268. The Ship's Prow (inn)

269. The Thirsty Sailor (tavern)

270. Warm Beds (inn)

271. Lanternmaker Zorth Ulmaril (shop)

272. The Bloody Fist (tavern), one of the most notorious "dives" of the Docks

273. Three Pearls Nightclub

274. The Thirsty Throat (tavern)

275. Serpental Books & Folios (see "Fences," Chapter 4; the proprietor, the suave and greedy Jannaxil Serpental, is the equal of any sage, anywhere in Faerûn when it comes to books in human tongues available from the Sword Coast east to the Plains of Purple Dust)

276. The Blackstar Inn

277. The Splintered Stair (inn)

278. The Rearing Hippocampus (inn)

279. The Metal House of Wonders (HQ: The Splendid Order of Armorers, Locksmiths, and Finesmiths)

280. Turnstone Plumbing and Pipefitting (shop; Jhalossan Turnstone, plumber, is the public contact for The Cellarers and Plumbers Guild; his father, the owner of this shop, is the Guildmaster)

281. Dhaermos Warehouse (see Chapter 4, "Fences")

The Sewers of The City

The accompanying map shows the known sewers of Waterdeep; the uppermost portions of the sewers, that are in present use and fairly good repair. Many older, smaller tunnels are walled up and not in use—at least, not to carry sewage, and there seem to be many more creatures in these sewers than could be expected to find food enough to survive, for even if every person who ventured into these damp, dark, foetid passages vanished into their waiting maws, some would go hungry. Connections to the infamous "dungeons" of the City, Undermountain and The Dungeon of the Crypt, do exist, and it is through these that such creatures come.

DMs are encouraged to invent adventures for any PCs exploring the world beneath the City and to create new passages, chambers, and features for characters to find.



Sewer Encounter Table for Waterdeep

Roll 1D8. Results 1-5: no encounter
 6: crew from Cellarers and Plumbers Guild (3-5 0 level humans, armed with piping (treat as club, crowbars (treat as a quarterstaff), hammers, and daggers)
 7: thief (lone character, of level and intentions to be determined by DM)
 8: special encounter; to determine the encounter, roll percentile dice on the table below:

Percentile. Roll	Monster	No. Appearing	Source
01-07	Bat, Giant	1-8	FF
08	Bloodworm, Giant	1	FF
09-14	Bogle	2-8	MM2
15	Cave Fisher	1	MM2
16-20	Centipede, Huge	2-24	MM2
21, 22	Centipede, Giant	1-8	MM
23, 24	Crocodile	1	MM
25, 26	Executioner's Hood	1	MM2
27	Galltrit	1-4	FF
28	Gibbering Moulder	1	MM2
29	Gorbel	1	FF
30	Green Slime	1 colony	MM
31	Grell	1	FF
32, 33	Jackalwere	1-4	MM
34-37	Lurker Above	1	MM
38-41	Mimic	1	MM
42	Mite	6-24	FF
43, 44	Mold, Yellow	1 colony	MM
45	Mongrelman	1-10	MM2
46	Neo-Otyugh	1	MM
47	Oblivix	1	MM2
48-52	Otyugh	1	MM
53-56	Pedipalp, Large	1-4	MM2
57-67	Rat, Ordinary	1-100	MM2
68, 69	Rat, Giant	5-20	MM
70, 71	Rot Grubs (in carrion)	5-20	MM
72-76	Scum Creeper	2-24	MM2
77	Shambling Mound	1	MM
78	Skeleton	1-12	MM
79	Skull	1-8	FF
80	Slicer Beetle	1	MM2
81	Slug, Giant	1	MM
82-87	Spider, Huge	1-12	MM
88, 89	Stirge	3-12	MM
90	Stunjelly	1	FF
91	Tentamort	1	FF
90-95	Tick, Giant	2-8	MM
96	Tunnel Worm	1	MM2
97	Vargouille	1	MM2
98, 99	Wererats	4	
		11(3+1D8)	MM

00 DM's Choice (e.g. Cambion, Shadow, Shadow Demon, Xorn, or roll again on this table)

The Known Sewers of Waterdeep

The accompanying map shows only the largest passageways of the City sewers; those navigable by M-sized creatures. These are of two sorts: "primary" and "secondary" according to size. Primary passages are twenty feet across and contain three-foot-wide railless walkways on both sides. Sewer workers cross passages by means of using their 16' "catchpoles" (also used for reaching below water level to clear debris from sewer gratings) to vault across, or by the use of boards, which they lay down as temporary bridges.

Secondary passages are twelve feet across with a single three-foot-width ledge on one side (usually the more southerly or easterly). The countless feeder pipes (any sewer pipe of less than a one-foot diameter) and tertiary tubes (which can be crawled through by slim M-sized creatures only if dry, or if *water breathing* is employed) are not shown.

The map is not to scale; many features (such as the junction room and surface-shafts) are distorted in size for clarity. The sewers themselves have no names. Gratings in the sewers are stout, but often old and rusty. Double all "bend bars" chances ("lift gates" does not apply here). Gratings may be permanent or swing open when unlocked (thieves suffer a -6% chance of picking the locks; they are of massive construction, and often rusted nearly solid). The air supply is good in the sewers; there is little danger of suffocation—but there is little or no light, lots of echoing water flow noise, and a terrible stench pervades the entire network.

Excessive contact (e.g. swimming or falling in, or any other activity that results in nostrils, mouth, eyes, or ears getting wet) with sewer water will necessitate a Disease Check; the base chance is 12%.



Sewer Features Surface References

1. under trees in the interior of the block west (and slightly north) of the shrine of Silvanus (surface map: #77)
2. in the northernmost corner of Sabbar's Alley
3. in the center of Shank Alley, just southwest of the warehouse that stands in the interior of the block
4. just beside (south of) the tree in Sniff Alley, south off The Street of Glances
5. in the central stand of trees in the southern end of Heroes' Gardens
6. under a lone tree in the alleyways west of the Eltorchul family villa (#82), south of Ivory Street and north of Pharra's Alley
7. in the mouth of the alley way that opens north off Chasso's Trot, just west of Sul Street
8. in a cul-de-sac due south of the Jhanszil family villa (#103), across the road
9. under the tree in the alleyway just south of the Bross-feather family villa (#124)
10. at the northern end of a dead-end alley opening off of Grimwald's Way, just south of the Ilitul family villa (#75) wall
11. in the easternmost cul-de-sac opening off the alleyway that bounds the Neshar family villa (#90), just west off Mendever Street
12. in the alleyway just outside (west of) the gates of the Manthar family villa (#98), off Delzorin Street between Sul Street and Shield Street
13. in the larger clump of trees in the interior alleyway of the block bound by Vondil Street, The High Road, Delzorin Street, and Copper Street
14. in the southeastern corner of Trollskull Alley, closest to the intersection of Whaelgund Way and Delzorin Street
15. in a cul-de-sac opening north off Horn Street, between Tower March and Whaelognond Way
16. under the trees in the dead-end alley in the southern interior of the block bounded by Delzorin Street, Vhezoyar Street, Sulmoor Street, and Ilzantil Street
17. in the mouth of Sharra's Flight, where it joins the Street of Whispers
18. in a cul-de-sac opening northeast off Toalar's Lane
19. in Gothal Street, where it meets Calamastyr Lane
20. in the southwestern corner of Runer's Alley
21. under the southern mouth of Cloaksweep Alley (no surface connection)
22. in the trees that stand in the alley in the center of the block bounded by Hassantyr's Street, The High Road, Julthoon Street, and Copper Street
23. in Marlar's Lane, western end (by the alleyway wound to Tharleon Street)
24. just behind (due south) of Blackstaff Tower (#32, Swords Street), at the base of the rocky cliff-face
25. shaft (with locked cover) opens onto the surface near the top of the rocky slope of Mount Waterdeep, at a point due southwest of Turnback Court
26. in Turnback Court
27. in the southwestern corner of an alleyway opening south off Cymbri'l's Walk, between The Street of Silver and Warriors' Way
28. in the southwest corner of a dead-end alley in the block bounded by Lamp Street, The Street of Bells, Cymbri'l's Walk, and The Street of the Sword
29. in the northwesternmost junction of alleyways in the block bounded by Lamp Street, The High Road, Selduth Street, and The Street of Bells
30. in the southeasternmost corner of an alley opening off of The High Road (the first north of Lamp Street, just to the west of Andamaar's Street)
31. under the Grinning Lion tavern (#135); no surface connection
32. in the northwest corner of an alleyway that opens off Golden Serpent Street and Nindabar Street, just east of Mhalsymer's Way
33. halfway down Belzound Street
34. in the northern mouth of an alleyway opening south off Sevenlamps Cut
35. at the intersection of Shadows Alley and Lemontree Alley
36. in the alleyway just behind (north of) The Pampered Traveler inn (#40)
37. in the wide alleyway between The High Road and The Street of Bells, north of Buckle Alley
38. under the House of the Fine Carvers (#39, on The High Road); no surface connection
39. in Spindle Street, just south of Selduth Street
40. in the lane that parallels Irimar's Walk on the north, west of Theln Lane
41. in the alleyway of the three trees that opens west off Wall Way, just south of Andammar's Street
42. in the alleyway just to the north of Ironpost Street, that opens west off Wall Way, at the point where it joins another alley branching to the north
43. in the trees in a dead-end alley just north of Costumer's Hall (#176)
44. in the mouth of a dead-end alley opening east off The Street of the Turks, just south of Burnt Wagon Way
45. under the alleyway that opens south off of Spendthrift Alley, just behind (east of) Thentavva's Boots (#177); no surface connection
46. in the cellar of The Unicorn's Horn (inn)
47. in the alley just behind (west) of Olmhazan's Jewels (#38), between The High Road and The Street of Bells
48. at the end of a dead-end alley opening south off Nelnuk's Walk (just north of the intersection of Adder Lane and Gut Alley)
49. in the southwestern corner of a dead-end alley that opens off Shesstra's Street (just north of Blackstar Lane)
50. under the westernmost intersection of alleyways off Snail Street, north of Shesstra's Street (no surface connection)
51. in a cul-de-sac opening off of Belnimbra's Street, in the block bounded by Soothsayer's Way, Snail Street, and Rairun street
52. in the westernmost dead end of Quaff Alley (off The High Street)
53. just in front (east) of the Bell Tower (#9), on Soldiers' Street just southeast of Watchmens' Way
54. at the intersection of alleyways just north of The Three Pearls Nightclub (#273)
55. under the wide part of Candle Lane, west off The Way of the Dragon (no surface connection)
56. in the westernmost end of a dead-end alley opening south off Simples Street
57. at the intersection of Tsarnen Alley and Burdag Lane
58. in the mouth of a dead-end alley, where it joins Quill Alley between The Wide Way and Nethpranter's Street
59. in the westernmost end of a dead-end forked alley that opens east off Rivon Street, north of Spendthrift Alley
60. in a cul-de-sac opening east off the northern end of Drovers' Street
61. halfway down Beacon Street
62. under an east-west alley that lies in the "center" of the half-circle formed by the northern end of Slop Street, between Fillet Lane and Fishwife Alley (no surface connection)
63. in Rednose Alley, just behind (east of) Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall (#217)
64. in a cul-de-sac opening off The Rising Ride between Juth Alley and Caravan Court
65. in the wide part of the alley that opens south off Olaim's cut
66. in the wide alley north of Coach Street, just west of The High Road
67. in the alley just behind (east of) Prestar's Furniture (#223)
68. in the cellar of The Spouting Fish tavern (#210)
69. in the wide area of the second alleyway north of Bellister's House (#227)
70. under Piergeiron's Palace (a locked shaft cover opens into a cellar guarded at all times by five armed men of the Guard, plus an officer; an alarm gong on the wall near them is to be rung whenever they see or hear anything suspicious from the sewers below to alert a second guardpost, who will arrive to take a report, and can in turn alert all of the Palace's defenders)

Chapter 4: LIFE IN THE CITY

In this chapter, details of City life are provided for players and DMs, so that the “feel” of Waterdeep can make a campaign distinctive and enjoyable, and to prevent hasty invention on the part of a DM whenever player characters go out into the streets to buy a meal, hire a horse, or the like. This information is given under headings, below, for easy reference.

Religion

Waterdeep is undoubtedly the most tolerant city of any size in Faerûn when it comes to religion, and perhaps the most tolerant anywhere. All creeds are respected, due to the eclectic crossroads nature of the City, as long as worship of a particular deity does not involve the theft or destruction of other beings (i.e. human or animal sacrifice) or their property (believers may freely give offerings, but non-believers should not be compelled to do so), or wanton assaults upon non-worshippers (followers of Tempus, the war-god, for example, are not allowed to run amok in the streets stabbing and hacking).

A DM can thus use non-Realms gods in play even if he or she wants to use THE FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign setting. All will be tolerated here; many travelers from other planes trade here often. A DM should bear in mind, however, that trade is paramount in Waterdeep. Priesthoods that attempt to restrict trade, or expect large cash gifts to their deity, or who try to collect temple tithes through coercion, will not be popular.

There are few large temple complexes in the City. In such a large and bustling center of commerce, priests have relatively little power and influence; large temples tend to establish themselves in small communities on major roads, where they are readily reached by the faithful and yet can dominate—if not control outright—their surroundings.

Small shrines attended to by lay worshippers (not permanent clergy) can be found in many cellars and upper storeys of buildings throughout Waterdeep. Places of worship are forbidden by edict of the Lords only in The City of the Dead, to prevent various priesthoods from claiming tomb after tomb as sacred to (and thus, exclusive to) their deity, and charging fees for entry and burial.

The staff and details of the temples in the City that do have clergy (all save the shrines

DEITY	TEMPLE	CLERGY
Gond	The House of Inspired Hands (map: #60)	Priestess; Jhoadil Zulthind (Matriarch, female 8th L cleric)
Lathander	The Spires of the Morning (map: #43)	High Priestess: Ghentilara (female 10th L cleric) Prior: Athosar (Canon, male 6th L cleric)
Mielikki	(permanently-staffed shrine, map: #76) The Lady's Hands	Briosar Helmsing (Courser, male 5th L ranger), Tehtira Bellsilver (Scout, female 4th L ranger)
Mystra	The House of Wonder (map: #83)	High Priest (“Magister of Mystra”): Meleghost Starseer (Necromancer, male 10th L magic-user) First Seeker: Ilbrost Mythyl (Enchanter, male 7th L magic-user)
Selune	The House of the Moon (map: #56)	High Priestess: Naneatha Suaril (female 16th L cleric)
Silvanus	(permanently-staffed shrine, map: #77)	Watcher: Anarakin Iriboar (ovate, male 2nd L druid)
Sune	The Temple of Beauty (map: #80)	High Priestess: Ssaeryl Shadowstar (female 14th L cleric)
Tempus	The House of Heroes (map: #49)	High Sword: Turk Bloodhelm (Superhero, male 8th L fighter) Prior: Mactilar Rhebbos (Canon, male 6th L cleric)
Tymora	The Tower of Luck (map: #71)	High Priestess: Seenroas Halvinhar (female 14th L cleric) Prior: Markos Zellizands (Prefect, 5th L cleric)

are “large” temple complexes) are summarized below. These clerics will all willingly tutor adventurers of the right faith, class, and alignment, if the proper offerings to the furtherance of the deity’s work are made through the temple, beforehand.

Money

Waterdeep is a rich merchants’ city, the crossroads of trade and culture of the Sword Coast. Beings of many races come from all over the Realms to live, work, and do business here. Trade is transacted by barter and in many currencies. Practically any coin will be accepted for its metal value, and gems are negotiable according to their rarity, size, and quality (standard AD&D® game values for copper, silver, electrum, gold, and platinum pieces should be used, as should the relative varieties and values of gems described in the *Dungeon Masters Guide*). DMs should bear in mind that the Realms have some unique gem varieties, and receive visitors from many planes; one’s own invented coins and gems could easily be introduced into play. Written notes-of-hand are seldom honored by any save those who issued them, or others of the same noble family or merchant company or Guild.

Waterdeep does, however, have its own coinage, as do the cities of Silverymoon and Mirabar in the South. Most cities honor all coinage; “trade bars” of silver (which very

quickly corrode to a black hue) and electrum in 10-gp, 25-gp and 50-gp denominations are common throughout the North, and used everywhere in the Realms (in the South, gems are more often used for such purposes).

Mirabar makes four-sided trade bars of black iron; each is like two long, thin pyramids joined together at their bases, to form a foot-long spindle. These are valued at 10 gp in Mirabar, 7 gp in Luskan and Port Llast, and 5 gp elsewhere.

Silverymoon mints a crescent-shaped, shining blue coin called an Electrum Moon. These are worth 2 ep in Alustriel’s lands and 1 ep elsewhere.

Waterdeep produces a square, flat brass coin called a “toal,” issued and honored by the Lords’ treasury, which has a 2-gp value within the City walls and very little value elsewhere (most never leave the City, but are changed to the standard coins of metal value by those leaving the City). A toal has a hole in its center to aid the user in collecting toals on a ring or thong; one eccentric warrior of long-ago Waterdeep always paid in bills by means of a hurled dagger, on which were transixed several toals, aimed at the bar or a pillar nearby. The much rarer “harbor moon,” worth 25 toals or 50 gp, is fashioned of platinum inset with electrum, and consists of a crescent with a hole cut into the center of its curve; its name comes from its traditional use in the docks for buying large amounts of cargo at a time. Also issued



by the treasury, this is another coin of lesser value (about 2 platinum pieces) outside the City walls.

Wages are discussed throughout this book under the relevant guilds and under sections dealing with specific activities. For DMs wishing to determine wages for actions not covered herein, basic unskilled wages are 4 cp/day (2 cp per half-day) for tasks requiring some strength (such as loading and unloading goods), and 3 cp/day (no half-day wages, usually, but lunch included) for taking or issuing chits, blocking a shop exit to shoppers who might otherwise leave without paying, and other less demanding jobs.

Pay for messengers and other bearers of responsibility averages around 5 sp a day. Bodyguards receive 8 sp to 1 gp daily, depending on armor, weaponry, and demonstrated skills they can offer the one hiring them. Adventurers down on their luck of ten regularly act as bodyguards, although an old, feeble, or obviously wounded or handicapped person will of course be passed over for such employment.

Persons seeking casual daily employment in the City gather, by tradition, at one of the City gates in all seasons except high winter, each day and wait to be approached by a merchant who might hire them. (By tradition, one does not call one's skills or desire for employment, but lets those who may hire questions and examine quietly, and make any approaches if interested.)

Average prices in Waterdeep are as given in the *Players Handbook*, although those too poor to afford such fare (such as those being paid the base price given above, daily, as a casual worker) can buy a "docker's quaff"; a skin of watered-down barley beer and a round loaf of crusty brown bread baked around sausage ends and meat scraps, for 1 cp. This provides many Waterdhavians with their main meal, but it can only be bought in one of the open markets of the City, and only from late morning to early afternoon, each day. Better fare on the streets is priced approximately as follows: a tankard of ale is 1 sp; a jack of wine about 7 sp; and a simple, full meal about 1 sp.

Waterdhavians vary widely in the strength of their faith (and monetary devotion) to their goal. In the interests of good play it is suggested that the DM play the majority of citizens with the same devoutness (or lack of same) that Player Characters display. Those players and Dungeon Masters wishing to leave out religion altogether

may do so without any detrimental effect on play, although the "flavor" of life in the City will change.

Selected "Usual" Prices for Goods and Services in Waterdeep

In this brief summary prices are provided for a few things PCs may well desire or require. DMs should use these as guidelines only—if something is in great demand and shorter supply, prices will rise; if there is a glut, they will fall. If a Guild is involved in the price-setting, that is mentioned at the end of the entry; non-Guild operators usually undercut the Guild unless what they sell is in so much demand that they need not compete with Guild prices. DMs are directed to pages 35 and 36 of the *Players Handbook*, and pages 25-33, 35, 103, 107-108, 114-118, and 121-125 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. Additional information may be found on pages 26, 75-79, and 84-89 of *Unearthed Arcana*, and on pages 25-26, 56-58, and 123 of the *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide*. Prices given therein are considered to hold true, in general, for Waterdeep, and are not duplicated here unless modifications apply. Prices for unusual services—bounty-hunting, for example, or for the sale of monsters and monster eggs or young—are not given herein, as it is recommended that a DM determine these on a case-by-case basis, roleplaying all haggling.

Accounting: see "Bookkeeping"

Ale, tankard: 1 sp to 10 sp (varies with quality)

Baldric: see "Weapon-harness"

Barrel: 5 sp to 5 gp, depending on size (Guild)

Basket, wicker: 2-4 cp depending on size, durability (Guild)

Beer (dark Stout), full quaff: 2 sp; 1 barrel: 20 gp (Guild)

Bells: wooden: 5cp/cast metal: 1-5 gp, depending on size and tone (Guild)

Bookkeeping: 1 gp per day or portion of day spent on accounts (Guild)

Boots: new: 3 gp/repair: 5-15 sp (Guild) a bonus of up to 5 gp is customarily paid for immediate (same-day) service. Secondhand boots. 5 sp to 20 sp (markets)

Bottles (glass): new: 1 gp per bottle, matching sets, 3-6 cp per bottle, "odd bottles" (Guild)/secondhand: 1 or 2 cp

Bowl, carved wooden: average price 2 cp (increases with size, finer workmanship, materials)

Bowl, cast metal: average price 2 sp (increases with size, finer workmanship, materials) (Guild)

Bread, fresh-baked: 1-4 cp/loaf (depending on size, quality)/"waybread" (older, hard-baked): 2 cp/loaf

Building (including repairs or additions):

STONE: 10 gp/day per Guild workman and gp/day per assistant plus 10 gp daily crew expenses fee, plus materials (Guild). See also "Stone." /WOOD: 1 gp per man per day, plus 5 gp for a surveyor-chartist, plus 5 gp for a Guild engineer plus materials plus 10 gp/day "crew needs" fee (Guild) See also "Lumber": (does not include "Excavations," q.v.)

Candles, scented and colored: 2 sp each (Guild), used: 1-3 cp (for "nobles' stubs"; i.e. ends)

Carrying Fare: 1 cp for a half-hour or less ride anywhere within City walls, in an open trotting-cart (and up, for better conveyance) (Guild)

Cart, new: 25 gp to 60 gp depending on size—all have two wheels (plus a spare underneath), an open carrying bed, and trails for beasts, the more ornate have a seat for the driver, removable sides, etc. (Guild)

Chain: 1 gp/yard (ornamental) to 5 gp/yard (harbor or gate) depending on size and strength (weight and method of joining links) (Guild)

Chimney-Cleaning: 10 sp-1 gp/chimney (wealthy are charged more)

Cloth, new-woven: 5 sp to 10 gp per bolt, depending upon materials, demand, imported or local (Guild) (does not include "Wool"; q.v.)

Clothing, tailored new: 5-20 gp/garment (Guild) "Off the rack:" 2-15 cp/garment (depending on amount of material, workmanship, materials used, style); secondhand: 2 sp to 4 gp per garment if tailored, 2 cp to 10 cp if not

Crockery, earthenware: 1 cp-6 cp per item, depending on glazing, size, complexity, and durability

Crystal Balls: 4-8 gp, depending on size (plus enspelling fee)

Divination, folk many prices, many methods: most who can afford it purchase clerical magic

Drugs: medicinal: 1-8 gp/bottle (includes bottle, contents yield 3-6 doses, usually 4) (Guild)

Dyeing, of cloth, provided by the client: 5 sp to 10 gp/bolt, depending on complexity and difficulty of desired result (Guild)

Excavations: 2 gp per man per day (or part of day) plus materials, plus 10 gp/day "crew head" fee (Guild)

Ferrying (about harbor, to and from ship and shore): 2 cp per trip per person carried, plus an additional 1 cp per passenger if any accompanying luggage, pets, or goods are not wholly carried by the passenger (Guild)

Fertilizer: 5 gp/wagonload (manure), 7 gp/wagonload (fish or bone meal) (Guild)

Firefighting, magical (if no Fire Guild hired): 10 gp per building, regardless of success (Guild)

Firewood: 5 sp to 1gp/face cord (known in Waterdeep as a "Stand"), ranging according to the type and dryness of wood, and difficulty of procuring it (i.e. higher in deepest winter)

Fish, fresh-caught: 1 cp to 12 cp per fish, depending on species, sizes, and condition

Furniture, wooden: 1 sp to 15 gp per piece, depending on size, workmanship, and materials used, most "normal" chairs, standing shelves, and mid-size plain tables cost about 2-4 gp each (Guild)

Glass: 4 cp for 4-inch-square pane to 6 gp for a 4-foot-square pane (Guild), for blown vessels, use "Bottles" entry

Gowns, fine: 33-99 gp, plus cost of materials and perhaps gems, provided or selected by client (Guild)

Guiding through City: 2 cp by day 4 cp by night (Guild)

"Hardware" metal work (latches, hinges, needles, spikes) sold by weight, usually 1 cp per ounce (Guild)

Herbs: 5 cp to 8 gp/dry ounce (saffron is 40 gp/dry ounce)

Hooks, metal: 1 cp (fishhook) to 4 gp (grappling or meat) (Guild)

Horses, shoeing: 1 gp per shoe (includes making or fitting and shoeing) (Guild)

Horses, stabling: 1 gp to 3 gp/night (includes night watch, feeding, watering, cleaning and rubdown, exercise if necessary) (Guild)

Horsehoes: see "Horses, shoeing" (the secondhand value of a found shoe is 1 cp to 3 cp, depending on size and condition)

Ink: sold by the 2 ounce bottle, 10 sp-4 gp per bottle according to ingredients, such as gilding pigments; always includes bottle (Guild)

Jewelry: varies widely according to value of materials, from costume jewelry employing much brass, at 2-4 cp per piece, to elaborate pectorals worth up to 400,000 gp (Guild): many Waterdhavians wear rings or belt buckles of worked gold worth 2-4 gp

Lamp Oil: 3 sp for a 2 ounce bottle, or 1 gp/flask (as given in PH), or 10 gp/small key (sealed with tar)

Lamps: 4 cp (hand clay lamp) to 50 gp (waterproof lantern) (Guild)



Laundry: 2 sp/garment "while you wait," 1 sp/garment overnight (Guild)

Law: professional witness, assistance of: 10 gp per day (double if hired to state against charges of "severe" crimes), payable in advance

Letters, written: 10 gp/page (includes materials) (Guild)

Lighting Through City (without guiding): 3 cp/trip (if guiding, use "Guiding" entry) (Guild)

Livery, Guild or other: 3 gp/suit, plus materials (Guild)

Loading/Unloading, Docks: 1 sp per man per hour, 2 sp per man per hour if cargo is dangerous (Guild)

Loans: 15-30% (see "Usury" in "Laws" section of text)

Lumber: 1 cp/board (2" x 4" x 8' long) and 2 cp/bar (4" x 4" x 8' long) to 1 sp/board and 12 sp/bar depending on type and condition; prices will vary with non-standard sizes

Magnifying Glasses: 5-10 gp each (Guild)

Maps: 25 gp in nine days, delivery to Waterdeep address included; "rush" jobs 18 gp. Cost may increase if map unusually large (Guild)

Meat, fresh: 10 gp (Whole carcass, average price), 17 gp (smoked carcass), varying with condition and size of carcass, type of animal (Guild)

Medical Care: 10-20 gp daily (includes nursing, splints, dressings, emergency medicines, etc.) (Guild)

Moneylending, Moneychanging: 10% interest (for principal of 100 gp or less) to 15% interest

Musicians, performing: 6 sp/day or occasion (whichever is the lesser time), each (Guild)

Musical instruments, new: 1 gp/day of making (Guild); most instruments take a month/secondhand: 30 gp average (varies widely with type of instrument and condition)

Night Watchmen: 1 gp each/night, per building watched (unarmed; for armed men, "bodyguard" rates apply; see text under "Wages")

Packing: 3 gp for 1 hour of crating and packing = 1 person's typical belongings, readied for extended travel (Guild)

Paper: script: 2 cp/ream; parchment: 5 cp/ream (1 ream is roughly 10" x 14", a two-sided sheet) (Guild)

Party Costumes: masks and suits of metal, 600 to 2,000 gp (Guild); 20-75 gp for ornate metal masks only

Pastries: 1 cp each, or if small, a dozen for 2 cp

Pens: 2 cp each (quill), 2-4 sp (metal nib, varying with design) (Guild)

Perfume: sold by the 2 ounce bottle, always including the bottle (which is sometimes quite ornate) and varying in cost from 1 cp to 30 gp, depending on quality and demand

Pictures and Likenesses: 2 gp each to 6 gp each (Guild)

Pots, cast metal: 5 gp each, average price (with lid, varies with size, quality) (Guild)

Rope: 100' coil of thin black waxed cord: 17 sp 100' coil of ornamental, silk braided cord: 25 gp (Guild)

Sail: single lateen sail 500 to 700 gp (30% less if several months' notice given) (Guild); non-Guild "no guarantees" sails sell as low as 200 gp for full rigging, refer to text under the 'Most Diligent League of Sail-Makers and Cordwainers'

Scrolls: see "Spells" if magical, "Paper" if not (price is per ream, stitched together)

Seals: of metal, 12 gp for each design or likeness (Guild)

Security: see "Fire Guard," "Night Watchmen," "Spell Guard," and text under "Wages" for bodyguards

Ships: 5,000 to 7,000 gp (minus 1,000 to 1,500 gp if "used"); for breakdown by type, see text under "The Order of Master Shipwrights" (Guild)

Shoes: see "Boots"; reduce all costs by half

Signet Rings: see "Seals"

Signs, Lettering: 5 gp/day (or part of a day) (Guild)

Smith's Tools: 70 gp (full and proper assortment, fine tempering is required)

Soap: 3 gp per 10 gallon barrel to non-members (Guild)

Spectacles: 5-10 gp each "pair" (Guild)

Spell Guard, magical: 10 gp/day (Guild)

Spells (scrolls): see text under "The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors" (Guild) for prices; typically a 75% mark-up to non-members (sold by individual Guild members, NOT by the Guild)

Spellcasting, at trials: 500 gp per divination spell cast, paid by City if cast upon order of a City official

Spices: see "Herbs"

Stamp-marks: see "Seals"

Stone: 2 cp/block if purchased to do own work; 3 cp/block laid by Guild for repairs or additions; 4 cp/block laid by Guild when new structures built; 5 cp/block laid by Guild if marble, obsidian, or other "finestone" (Guild)

Suspenders: 2 cp each set

Tankards, cast: 10 sp to 1 gp, depending on size and workmanship (new), (Guild)/secondhand; typically 3 cp

Tiles: new: 1 cp to 3 cp each (varies with quality), laid: 1 cp each extra (or daily rate) (Guild)

Tote straps: 3 cp/strap (Guild)

Toys, metal: 5 cp to 5 gp (Guild)

Training, of mounts: 2 gp/day (2 weeks to 1 month required, depending on desired result)

Wagons: 75-200 gp, varying with size, durability, style, and length of time given to build, "custom" or unusual sizes and style more expensive (Guild)

Weapon-harness: 1 gp per piece (e.g. belt, scabbard, baldric = 3 pieces) (Guild)

Weapons, bladed: cost as per PH, plus 1 gp City fee (various Guilds)

Wheels, replacement (for wagons and carts): 2 gp to 6 gp per wheel, depending on size, design, difficulty of job and materials required; double if job is a "rush" or dangerous one, involving travel outside the City walls (Guild)

Wickerwork, small: 1 cp/piece (Guild)

Window-frame: wooden: see "Building," Metal, custom-made to fit: 5 sp-10 sp unbarred, depending on size, 2 gp to 10 gp if barred, depending on size, esthetic design of the bars, and sturdiness (Guild)

Windowpanes: see "Glass"

Wine: 7 sp/jack, 1 gp/bottle, 20 gp/barrel to 4 gp/jack, 12 gp/bottle, 70 gp/barrel depending on quality, rarity, "fashionability" (Guild)

Wool: 7 gp per bolt, fine-spun but undyed (Guild)

Zzar: 2 gp/jack, 7 gp/bottle, 40 gp/small key (Guild)

Haggling offers players and DMs a splendid opportunity for roleplaying, and can serve to "open up" hesitant players who are newcomers to roleplaying, as well as allowing a DM to give players something of the "feel" (and the occasional item of interesting gossip that might point the way to an adventure or two) of the City. One can always haggle in the open markets; undercutting Guild prices is the way such merchants attract business. Food prices (such as those given above) are not haggled over; a vendor signals that certain wares are not to be haggled over by giving an outrageously high price when a low price is offered by a buyer, followed by stating the "real" price in a clear, slow voice. Few shopowners who belong to Guilds will haggle much; they may go down by ten percent, but no more (unless trying to unload perishable goods that will spoil if kept longer). If pressed, they will say, "Guild law, friend," or rarely (e.g. when selling swords, where the 1 gp fee is involved) "Lords' edict, friend," and close off any bargaining. If a vendor willing to haggle reaches his or her lowest price, and a buyer pushes further, the vendor will say, "Thief! Why not join the Lords, and take my life, too?"

Moneylending

Moneylenders are respected citizens of this trading city; everyone needs extra money from time to time. Moneychanging—the conversion of one currency to another, including goods (such as furs or weapons) into hard cash—is the daily bread-and-butter of moneylenders, who make a 10-15% profit on such transactions. Moneylending involves a written promise of collateral in the form of property (which becomes the lender's if the loan is not repaid), and written terms of interest and a time-limit; most loans are for one or two months, and rates of interest charged vary from 15% for small loans (anything under 100 pieces of gold, not including interest) to 30% for very large loans. There is mild competition in this field, but most rates are similar from lender to lender. A lender may have two bodyguards (no more) by law, but may request assistance from the Watch in guarding large amounts of cash, carrying such through the streets, or to be present at a difficult transaction, although the Watch cannot be held responsible for losses that occur despite their presence. One of the current Lords of Waterdeep, the former mercenary general Mirt, has amassed a considerable fortune by prudent moneylending. Usury (the charging of outrageously high rates) results, if detected, in the lender becoming in debt to the City, who pay the victim back the excess and may seize the lender's property or recover its money.

Fences

Many merchants in Waterdeep will purchase or trade for the occasional item of dubious origin, particularly if the item is not of overly distinctive appearances, they have not heard that the Watch is looking for the item, or have not themselves heard of a theft involving such an item. "Fences" who do a lot of trade in stolen goods are rare. Several, as might be expected, are to be found in the docks area, but the most successful are a rich noble who lives alone, and the proprietor of a busy inn, whose guest often bring "extra" belongings that they leave without, with no one of the Watch or government any the wiser. Those fences that have survived in this generally-law-abiding City are both shrewd and paranoid, and take elaborate precautions against arrest and exposure and possible treachery on the part of their clients. PCs who decide to "jump" a fence who is bargaining with them may find themselves catapulted into



pit traps at the touch of a lever, or suffer poisoned crossbow bolts fired by the fence's servants from the ceiling above or from concealed holes in the walls behind them. Most fences have means of acquiring shield and *wall of force* protections—and their treasure stores may well have golems and more sinister guardians.

Asking in the “rough” taverns of the City is the only way to find a fence if one is not familiar with the City. DMs should roleplay attempts to find a fence to the hilt, bearing in mind that thieves and undercover Guards listen sharp in such taverns and that PCs may be sent to a succession of NPCs before one of them gives the name of the “CONTACT” in the list below (usually with a password or secret sign). Note that a fence will pay 5% more than the “usual” price given below for items in his or her specialty categories.

Known Fences of Waterdeep

NAME; CONTACT LOCATION; SPECIALTIES; USUAL PRICE PAID (IN % OF STREET VALUE)

Alathann Ruil; “One-Eyed Jukk” at The Bloody Fist, Presper & Snail Streets, Dock Ward (map: #272); Red Sails Warehouse On Cod Lane, Dock Ward (map: #265); weapons, armor, fine metalwork; 40%

Balthorr “the Bold”; Balthorr, at Balthorr’s Rare and Wonderful Treasures, The Street of the Sword, Castle Ward (map: #29); gems, rare coins, regalia; 40%

Chuldán Helmstar; Chuldán; at Helmstar Warehouse, Dock Street, Dock Ward (map: #267); carvings, statuary; 35%

Haerlit Thomm; Felzoun Thar at Felzoun’s Folly (tavern), Salabar Street, The Trades Ward (map: #193); Thomm Warehouse, Sambril Lane, Dock Ward (map: #233); furniture, distinctive furnishings; 35%

Jannaxil Serpentil; Jannaxil, at Serpentil Books & Folios, Book Street, Dock Ward (map: #275); maps, charts, and books; 30%

Lhund Dhaeromos; Hulfast, on the docks (usually Wharf Street, Dock Ward); Dhaeromos Warehouse, Belnimbra’s Street, Dock Ward (map: #281); exotic creatures, plants, and all types of slaves; 30%

Orsabbas “the Fingers”; Orsabbas, at Orsabbas’s Fine Imports, Vellarr’s Lane, The Trades Ward (map: #179); tapestries, wines,

perfumes; 30%

Phalantar Orivan; Phalantar, at Phalantar’s Philtres & Components, The Street of Bells, Castle Ward (map: #33); magic—written and active (i.e. magical items); 35%

Torst Urlivan; Torst, at his inn, The Gentle Rest, The High Road, The Trades Ward (map: #191); Gentle Rest Stables, Deloun Alley, The Trades Ward (map: #192); horses, harness; 40%

Ulmar “the Watchful”; Ulmar or Zhaegos; Crommor’s Warehouse, The Reach, Dock Ward (map: #2); ships & shipboard equipment, cargos; 40%

Orlpar Husteem (younger brother of Orbos, head of the Husteem noble family); Hala Myrt at The Grinning Lion tavern, off Golden Serpent Street, North Ward (map: #135); Orlpar’s house on Golden Serpent Street, North Ward (map: #160); spices, scents, wines, and drugs; 60%

Plague and Fire

Disease is a danger whenever many beings are crowded together; DMs should use the modifiers given in the *Dungeon Masters Guide* under “Disease,” checking for disease every four weeks (remember, in the Realms a week is ten days) and parasitic infestations every three weeks. Medical care in Waterdeep is surprisingly good: rest, cleanliness, herbal medicines, the presence of many clerics and a relevant guild, and the use of bread-mold cures and other substances to help one’s body to recover are all understood. Fees can, however, be high if a victim suffers from anything major or complicated. Severe outbreaks may result in buildings being sealed up (with afflicted victims within) for 4-6 months and then seared with magical, cleansing fire by the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, but curative magics are always attempted before this is done.

Fire is not as common in Waterdeep as it might be. The collapse of a building often douses the fire with a dull boom as the full water cistern on the roof is emptied onto the flames, or the building falls in, onto a full cellar cistern. Watch officers are adept at fighting fires with sand, night soil, the removal of flammables, and in most cases, the full cooperation of nearby City folk. Timbers are used for most of the upper stories, and for floors and furnishings, in Waterdeep buildings, but this seacoast City

is damp (fogs and gentle mists are common) and most wood is very slow to catch a light, even when heating fires within are large, and ground-level storeys and the floor directly above them are usually of stone or clay brick. Roofs are often a mixture of boards, thatch, and slates, sealed with pitch.

Most injuries in fires come from smoke inhalation or being burned by raining goblets of fiery pitch when a roof collapses. A typical building in Waterdeep has a base 30% chance of an uncontrolled fire in a room spreading (increased if there are tapestries, or stocks of stored fuel such as woodpiles oil present) to the rest of the building. If it does, usually in 6-9 (5+1d4) rounds, the building will be engulfed, a process taking 3-6 turns, affected by any firefighting attempted and by the weather, and there is a 1 or 2 chance on a 1d8 that the fire will spread to adjacent buildings (check for each building; if a fire spreads to a new building, there is a base 20% chance of it engulfing the structure as the original one was, and so on; unless aided by magical or very unusual winds, a fire will never leap over water, a street, or another already burned building to reach a structure farther away).

Members of a certain Guild, The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, will guard building against fire, or attempt to extinguish existing fires, for fees. A private home of middling wealth and no especially flammable or valuable contents is 35% likely to have a protection contract with this guild; members will arrive in 4-7 (1d4+3) rounds and attempt to douse the flames by magical means.

Wintering in Waterdeep

The importance of Waterdeep as a center of trade, and the ready market its wealthy population provides to merchants, keep the City of Splendors busy for most of each year. The North has fierce winters, however, and overland trade is virtually cut off from the Inner Sea lands, while travel within the North itself is limited to a few brave (or foolhardy) adventurers, who do not as a rule travel heavily laden with trade goods. Even the shipping of the Sword Coast is imperilled by ice and by raw winter gales, although the harbor does remain open year-round.

Wintering in Waterdeep offers a very different setting for adventure than the other



seasons. The population is effectively limited to those within the walls when winter closes in, and few creatures arrive or leave.

Beasts of prey come down out of the wilderlands to the fields outside the City walls, hoping to catch some human-sized meals. The Guards at each City gate are doubled in number because of such menaces, and equipped with long pikes. Occasional Guard patrols try to keep track of creatures in the vicinity of the City, and note how passable the roads are. Few arrive at or leave the City until the spring thaws are past, although a few daring “mudrunners” bring wide, flat trade sledges through the mud of each thaw to gain premium prices from the bored City populace for their wares.

Everyone in Waterdeep over a winter has plenty of time—time to plan next year’s busi-

ness affairs, or scheme about how to arrange this or that; in short, intrigue runs rampant. It is damp and cold, and snows a lot; tempers worsen as the weeks pass, and adventurers are warned that trouble is far easier to find when noble, merchant, beggar, and Watchman alike are bored and irritated. Winter in Waterdeep comes a week or so after The Feast of the Moon, isolates the City two or three weeks after that, and then deep winter lasts two months before the first thaws begin the slow warming process.

Thieves should note that many of the richer merchants and nobles empty and shut up their villas or houses and vacate the City for somewhere warmer (such as Tharsult, Tashalar, Narubel, or even Calimshan) to spend the winter.

A NIGHT OUT IN THE CITY

Waterdhavians generally work hard, make large amounts of money as a result, and play hard, too. By night, taverns do a steady (though muted by regular Watch patrols) trade, and the fest-halls and nightclubs—there are many in the docks area, and a few in all of the other City wards—are wild, crowded places, to say nothing of the private parties in homes, the villas of the nobles, and guildhalls. There is no “weekend”, as there are no weekly “holy days” or days off work as we know them, although there are festivals and special holidays throughout the year (refer to the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set for details; in Waterdeep, all holidays described in the entry on The Calendar



of Harptos are celebrated), but Waterdhavians usually party at least once every three nights unless they are very busy with their work (e.g. anyone involved in shipping goods just before winter or just after the big spring thaws) or are courting.

Waterdeep is lamplit by night (by The Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters): Castle Ward very brightly, Sea Ward and North Ward less so; and the other wards less and less so. The City of the Dead is lit only by the torches at the foot of Ahghairon's Statue.

The City of the Dead is an active place by night, although it is very heavily patrolled by the Watch. Prostitutes and their clients, and those wishing to transact private (usually shady) business deals undetected, make use of its dark expanses. In general, the docks area has the noisiest taverns, and Waterdhavians wishing to have a wild time will go there. Except along the High Road itself, noisy establishments in the North Ward or the Sea Ward are effectively prohibited by the Watch, and they frown upon nighttime activity in The Trades Ward north or east of The High Road, and in Southern Ward north of Caravan Court. Rowdy, home-bound Waterdhavians or visitors may receive a Watch escort. Rowdies with no apparent home to return to, or too drunk to find it, will be taken to a cell until sober, and then released without charge (unless, of course, they have indulged in vandalism or gotten into serious fights on the way).

DRESS AND APPEARANCE

All manner of clothing and garb may be seen on the streets of Waterdeep. There are no laws relating to dress except to prohibit private citizens from impersonating Lords, Magisters, or officers of the Guard or Watch. Guild livery can only legally be worn by Guild members, and is worn when appearing before the Lords' Court on official business, during holidays, outside the City on diplomatic trading business, when appearing before a Black Robe, and at any private Guild functions that Guild laws require it to be worn to, such as voting meetings. Coats of arms to which one is not entitled cannot, of course, be copied and worn.

Nobles usually do not wear their coat-of-arms, except in the form of signet rings, belt buckles, or pendants; their servants wear clothing emblazoned with their coats-of-arms. Nobles may wear any sort of dress

without social censure; it is common for noble women attending parties and other "high society" functions to wear glittering, diaphanous gowns of silk and sequins, their lower bodies concealed by many layers of translucent silk, each layer sequined in different patterns, and their upper bodies festooned with jewelry (and, if the weather is cold, fur gloves that reach up to points at the shoulders). Most "high fashion" noble party dress involves masks, although many are not intended to conceal the wearer's identity, but merely to provide a means of further jeweled head adornment. Younger noble ladies often wear gowns with elaborate filigree "stomachers" in exquisite designs (often set with gems), and the arms and front of the noble lady will themselves be covered with glued-on gold dust and sequins. A "stomacher" is a rigid garment, in this case of open wire-work worn over the silken dress, extending from crotch or breast; Waterdhavian examples often sweep up both sides of the bodice into fantastic swirls and points on the shoulders.

Mercenary and adventuring company members usually wear the devices of their organizations openly, with pride, on the City streets; again, it is a crime to falsely wear such garb, although a plaintiff must prove (by oath of recognized officers of such a body, or the enlistment rolls, or both) that such a person is unlawfully bearing such a device—such complaints are, as a result, rarely successful.

Jewelry is worn by both sexes in the City of Splendors; some people festoon themselves with its glitter, and others never wear even a single bauble (regardless of personal wealth). All manner of hairdos may be seen, and all types and colors of clothing are used. There is no law against nudity or requiring that this or that area of the body be covered, but Waterdeep is a damp coastal city—when it isn't raining (or in winter, snowing), there is usually mist about the streets. Despite the sheltering mountain, the City streets can also be windy in bad weather and around highsun (dawn, dusk, and night tends to be calmer). These conditions preclude light or skimpy dress for most beings, most of the time.

The fashions of other planes, as well as other lands, may be seen on the City streets, so dress is individual and variance is freely tolerated. There is no such thing as "not in fashion" in the City of Splendors, when it comes to dress. Beings of almost all races may be seen in the City, too. A typical Waterdhavian

would react with hostility and fear only to a drow, an illithid, an obviously unhuman native of the Lower Planes, and an armed orc (as well, of course, as "monsters" such as beholders and dragons); with all others, it's generally "business as usual."

MANNERS

Again, the cosmopolitan nature of the City of Splendors makes Waterdhavians very tolerant. They tend to be talkative, friendly, easy-going, and outspoken, but do not expect others to be. Good Waterdhavian merchants are very quick to sense how those they meet like to speak and be spoken to (so that they can make business deals with speed and to mutual advantage and pleasure), and slow to take offense. A Waterdhavian will usually state plainly his or her feelings, often as a warning (for example: "I don't find that amusing, friend," said pleasantly to a stranger), before showing clear anger. Some visitors to the City have misinterpreted such behavior as cowardice or lack of perception (as in, "he was too stupid to even know I was insulting him!"), but if they act upon such judgments, they usually regret it. Most Waterdhavians are slow to take fright unless facing magic or monsters; a human threatening them is quite likely to be stared at calmly, or even sneered at. Lecherous and drunken behavior, as strange manners of speech or customs, tend to be tolerated. If a drunken outlander makes a coarse suggestion to a Waterdhavian who does not find it amusing or inviting, the suggestion will merely be ignored. If repeated, the Waterdhavian will leave if he or she wishes to, or simply state his or her disinterest or lack of appreciation. This process will continue for some time ere fists fly or blades flash, as a general rule—Waterdhavians with hair-trigger tempers who don't also happen to be magic-users of stratospheric level simply don't last long.

Waterdhavians, unless farmers or sailors by profession, do not discuss the weather. Small talk normally centers on matters of commerce, and secondarily on warfare elsewhere in the Realms (such as the constant small-scale strife in the South, or the recent bloodshed in Tethyr and between Ruathym and Luskan); Waterdhavians tend to take a sporting interest in such happenings.

Chapter 5: THE GUILDS AND FACTIONS OF THE CITY

This chapter details many, but by no means all, of the various special-interest (or “power”) groups active in the City; the Dungeon Master is encouraged to use the maneuverings of these to generate continual adventure for PCs in any ongoing campaign, and to introduce his or her own power groups.

Space prohibits discussion of the many mercenary and adventuring groups. These tend to vanish, reappear, grow, shrink, amalgamate, and change names with bewildering rapidity as their fortunes wax and wane. Many such are mentioned in this book, in conjunction with various NPCs or events, and others are mentioned in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set. The DM is encouraged to use only what he or she likes of such groups.

FACTIONS

The various “power groups” of Waterdeep can be divided into four factions. Picture these as the four corners or points of a rectangle or diamond, tugging at each other but counterbalanced, so that although one faction may gain the ascendant, none can completely eliminate or absolutely rule the others without destroying the City. These four factions are The Ruling Faction, The Guilds, The Temples, and The Independents.

The Ruling Faction has largely already been detailed in these pages. It consists of the Lords, the Guard, the Magisters, the Watch, the Palace and its officials and diplomats, and a special group, the Red Sashes, described below. This faction traditionally has the upper hand in Waterdeep, and the Lords are extremely careful to ensure that things stay that way by retaining (ruthlessly, if need be) the absolute loyalty of the other members of this faction, particularly the Guard (which, traditionally, the Guilds always try to purchaser the loyalty of). With a few individual exceptions, the nobles must be considered part of The Ruling Faction, as they stand squarely behind it. The Lords largely leave the nobles alone, and they are thus far more free to act as they want to, without responsibilities. At one time almost all the noble families ran almost all of the Guilds, but these days most noble families have withdrawn from the cut-and-thrust of active guild membership.

The Guilds are detailed in this chapter, and operate within limits set by the Lords (some only as far as the Lords’ vigilance

forces them to). The DM should become passingly familiar with these guilds before any play involving the City commences. Their ranks will provide “honest jobs” for PCs and most of the NPCs they will have daily dealings with, and properly handled by the DM, will provide much of the “life” of the City in an ongoing campaign.

The major temples listed earlier are summarized in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set. Regardless of what deities a DM uses, the priesthoods work their ends through the common people (the fourth faction), by exhortation and manipulation, and by direct diplomatic appeal to the Palace.

The Independent faction, far more numerous than the other factions, consists of private citizens of Waterdeep who do not belong to a Guild. Most adventurers (Player Characters and NPCs) and mercenaries are members of this faction, as are lone magic-users and thieves. This faction gains its name from the independent (non-Guild) merchants of Waterdeep. The lack of common organization renders this most numerous group the least powerful.

The most active interfactional rivalry in Waterdeep is between the Guilds and the Ruling faction, a rivalry traditionally won by the Lords because of the personal strength of the Lords, although weaker Lords could crack down on all other factions (ruining Waterdeep’s ever-growing prosperity, and their own popularity, in the process) with stiffer, martial law. Waterdeep is not like many more corrupt cities in the South, however; by and large, everyone in the City of Splendors is too busy making or spending money to care enough about such rivalries to cause any open conflict. This or that individual might slay or trick a rival individual, but the factions do not see themselves as cohesive groups warring with each other. Indeed within Guilds, priesthoods, and nobles there are stronger rivalries than between factions.

The Red Sashes

This mysterious group is not known to have ever operated outside Waterdeep’s walls. A brotherhood whose entire membership is a secret to all but their head, who is known only as “the One”, the Red Sashes are elusive and as unobtrusive as possible in their activities. Experts in intrigue and at hiding or locating wanted persons, the Red Sashes (who do not wear red sashes, but sometimes tie up a wanted felon with red sashes and leave him or her on the Palace steps or at

the foot of Ahghairon’s Tower for the Watch to find) can be hired by contacting one of six known agents. The Red Sashes seem to avoid taking sides in City disputes, but most believe themselves to be the real opposition to the Lords of Waterdeep.

The six contacts for this group are the cobbler Thurve Thentavva (Thentavva’s Boots, #177, Vellarr’s Lane, The Trades Ward), the horse dealer Surrolph Hlakken (Hlakken Stables, #224, Coachlamp Lane, Southend Ward), the courtesans Aletha and Jhoysil Samprava (the Purple Palace, #260, Slut Street, Dock ward), and the dockhand “Red” Hlintas Urte! (most evenings: The Sleeping Snake (tavern), #245, Wharf and Dock Streets, Dock Ward). The sixth agent, known to far fewer of the public, is Naneatha Lhaurilstar, a courtesan of Piergeiron’s Palace (her house, #10, is on Gem Street, in the Castle Ward); Piergeiron provides escorts of both sexes as hosts and guides to visiting envoys, seemingly innocent of any immorality that may be involved, and certainly unaware of any loyalties to the Red Sashes and other groups.

The DM should try to keep secret from the players the fact—unknown to all of the Red Sashes except Naneatha and a 5th level fighter of the Red Sashes, the moneylender Jurisk Ulhammond—that “the One” is in fact Durnan of the Lords of Waterdeep, who uses them to unwittingly further the Lords’ interests (ironically, the Shadow Thieves hire them often to act against the Lords!). Of the Lords of Waterdeep, only Durnan, Mirt, “Kitten,” Sammereza, and Khelben know that the Red Sashes work for Durnan, who uses them to accomplish things in the City that the paladins among the Lords would never agree to.

The Guilds

Hereafter the forty-two recognized Guilds of Waterdeep are described in brief. For each, the name, class and level, and Guild title, if any, of the Master and a contact person (some guilds don’t have a separate spokesman; all business is addressed directly to the Master) are given. Few Guilds control their field of interest absolutely. Most Guilds merely use their numbers to do better than independents, and thereby gain the lion’s share of business.

The majority of Waterdhavians, living in a city of contracts, negotiations, and commerce, are literate. Without exception, all Guild contacts and senior members can read and write (whether they will admit to



being able to do so is another matter).

The DM should read the entry for any Guild the PCs have dealings with, and consider the motivations of Guild members and agents, to determine how this or that Guild should act towards PC offers and activities.

Not all professions are organized into guilds. Notably, panderers, courtesans, and “escorts” lack a guild, nor do sages have such an organization. For the convenience of Dungeon Masters, sages will be detailed collectively hereafter as though they did.

Sages, or “wisebeards” as most Waterdhavians call them, can be found in most City markets. They are of varying degrees of learning. Waterdeep has no great resident sages of note at present. (The most learned regular inhabitant of the City of Splendors at this time is undoubtedly the archmage Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun.)

Most sages in the City rent rooms and move about often, as they search for new beings to consult and writings to study. Such moves minimize risks of theft and intimidation to acquire information, and the regrettable tendency of landlords and neighbors to disturb a sage’s studies with requests for this or that information “free. . . just for me?” The present locations of the sages listed below are therefore left to the DM. Note that the sages listed below are by no means all the learned-experts-for-hire in Waterdeep. The *Dungeon Masters Guide* should be consulted for details of dealing with sages. It is strongly suggested that sages be too expensive for casual consultations, or even for PCs to consult them often.

Guilds must be recognized by the Lords. The newest Guild is The Watchful Order of Magist & Protectors, formed only forty years ago. Applications for Guild formation are seldom recognized. Applications that would create rivals in the same field(s) of trade as an existing Guild are always denied. The Lords prefer that competition exist within Guilds, rather than between them—although rival Guilds often compete over

areas of trade where their jurisdictions overlap.

Guilds have widely varying degrees of influence, but no official precedence; they are numbered below purely for ease of reference. Guild ranks vary, but usually, from the top down, they are Master (or head); Elders or Council (if they have a say in governing Guild matters), usually “senior members”; spokesman or contact person for the public; Member; Apprentice/Prentice/Novice (the term varies from guild to guild, as do the powers and dues of this rank—consult individual Guild entries).

A Short Guide To Guild Portfolios

This alphabetical list of goods and services will aid DMs in finding the guilds relevant to any PC activities. Guilds are listed by the number given them in the alphabetical Guild entries which follow this list. If several are given for a particular heading, several guilds may well be involved, or several guilds may dispute who has control over the good or service in question.

accounting: 33
aerial steeds: 36
animal breeding, capturing, taming: 36
animals, slaughtering of: 14
armor fitting: 35
armor, leather: 24
armor, metal: 35
arrows: 8
art: 33
baked goods: 1
bars (windows, grates): 26
barrels, making & repair: 4
baskets, making & repair: 23
beer: 39
bells: 19
belts, etc.: 24
blacksmithing: 26
bookkeeping: 33
boots: 29
bottles: 17
bows: 8
boxes: 11
branding (animals): 36
building construction: 2, 18

building design: 38 (2)
building repair: 2
candles, making: 15
cargo handling: 20
carpentry: 2
catapult repair: 8
caulking and sealing: 3 (not ships)
chain: 26
chain, fine: 21
charts, nautical: 38
cleaning (streets & stables): 6
clerks: 33
cloth: 28, 31
clothing: 22, 31
coach building: 40
composing (poetry & music): 6
counterfeiting: 33
court records: 33
crates: 11
crystal balls: 17, 41
dictation: 33
digging: 3
distillation: 39
docks, loading & unloading: 20
documents: 33
drugs, medicinal: 13
drydocks: 30
dung removal: 7
dyeing: 28
engraving: 19, 21
eyeglasses: 17
ferrying: 20
fertilizer: 5, 7, 12
finesmith-work: 35
firefighting: 41
fish fishermen, fish-sellers: 12
flowers: 5
food: 5
food, preservation and packing of: 11
footwear, making & repair: 29
forgery: 33
frames, metal: 26
furniture: 16, 23
furs: 34
garbage removal: 7, 20
gems: 21
“gilt” ink: 37
glass, making & installation: 17
gloves: 31
gold: 21
guiding through streets: 15
harness: 32
healing: 13
horns, warning: 6
horseshoeing: 26
horse breeding & training: 36
housing (“who lives where” information): 23
ink: 37

Known Sages of Waterdeep	Alignment	Abilities (16+)	Major Fields of Expertise (Specialties in Brackets)	Minor Fields of Expertise
Ammathair Hawkfeather	LN	IN 18, DEX 16	Humankind (History, Theology & Myth)	Metaphysics
Amnglor Belthair	NG	IN 18	Supernatural & Unusual (Divination, Planes: Outer)	Chemistry
Blackrabbas Khuulthund	CN	IN 18	Fauna (Avians, Insects)	Flowers, Herbs
Haerund Mhammaster	CN	IN 18	Demi-humankind (Art & Music, Legends & Folklore)	Cryptography
Ilighast Chamnabbar	NG	IN 17, WIS 17	Supernatural & Unusual (Dweomercraft, Planes: Astral, Elemental & Ethereal)	Demi-Humankind History
Javroun Lithkind	NE	IN 17	Humankind (History, Politics & Genealogy)	Geography
Kromnlor Sernar	CN	IN 16, WIS 18	Flora (Fungi, Herbs)	Medicine*
Mirrormul Tszul	CG	IN 18, WIS 18	Humanoids & Giantkind (Biology Languages)	Demi-Humankind Languages
Narthund Delhzour	LG	IN 18, WIS 17	Physical Universe(s) (Astronomy, Geology & Mineralogy)	Astrology & Numerology
Zeltabbar Iliphar	NG	IN 17	Humankind (Languages, Legends & Folklore)	Planes: Outer

*The Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians will warn people against the “false” knowledge of this sage. Kromnlor’s learning is actually far greater (and more accurate) than that of most members of the Guild.



inns: 10
 jewelry: 21
 lamplighting: 15
 latches: 26
 laundry: 22
 leather: 24, 29 (winter only), 32
 lettering (signs): 33
 letters (written): 33
 lighting, night: 15
 liqueur: 39
 liquor: 39
 livestock: 14
 locks: 35
 longshoremen: 20
 magic (including protection against): 41
 magnifying glasses: 17
 maps (purchased, drawn, and sold): 38
 masks: 35
 masonry: 18
 material components (for spellcasting): 41
 meat: 14
 medicine: 13
 metal, precious: 21
 metal-work, design & repair: 26
 metal casting: 19
 mounts, "trade-in": 36
 music: 6
 musical instruments: 6
 nautical charts: 38
 needles: 26
 packaging, construction of: 11
 packing: 11
 parchment, fine: 37
 paper-making: 37
 pastries: 1
 pedigrees, animal: 36
 pens: 37
 pewter-work: 19
 piloting (harbor): 25 (20)
 pipe-laying: 3
 plans (building): 38
 plaster-work: 2
 plumbing: 3
 portraits: 33
 pottery: 18
 preservatives, making & using: 11
 "problem patrons," information: 10
 quarrying: 18
 quills: 37
 record-keeping: 33
 renovations, building (plans): 38
 rental coaches & wagons: 9
 repairing buildings: 2
 roofing: 2, 18
 rope: 27 (25)
 saddles: 32
 sages: no guild
 sail: 27 (25)
 sand: 17, 18
 sandpaper: 17, 18, 21
 scabbards: 24
 scribes: 33
 scrivener's: 33
 seals: 35 (see also 37)
 seasonings: 14
 secret compartments: 40
 sewer-work: 3, 6
 shipbuilding: 30
 ship-loading & -unloading: 20
 ship-captaining: 25
 ship-owning: 25
 ship-repair: 30
 signets: 35
 silver: 21

singing: 6
 skinning, animals: 24
 slaughtering, animals: 14
 sleighs & sledges, rental: 9
 smithy-work: 26
 smuggling: 4, 13, 40
 soap-making: 22
 spectacles: 17
 "spell-guard": 41
 stable-cleaning: 7
 stamps, business: 35
 stolen animals, tracing: 36
 stone polishing: 18
 stone cutting: 18
 street cleaning: 7
 tack: 32
 tailors: 31
 tanning, hides: 24
 thieves: no guild (see 21)
 tile-making: 18
 tools: 19, 26
 toys: 16, 35
 tracing of stolen animals: 36
 "trade-in" mounts: 36
 transportation (within city), land: 9
 transportation (within city), water: 20
 veterinary aid: 36
 wagons, making & repair: 40
 "wanted" likenesses: 33
 warehouse rental: 5
 waxes: 37
 weapons: 26, 35 (swords, finest quality)
 weaving: 28
 wheels: 42
 wicker-work: 23
 wine: 39
 wire: 21, 35
 woodcarving: 16
 wool & woolsens: 44
 work clothing: 31
 zzar: 39

1. THE BAKERS' GUILD

Master: Dundold Buldharroaz (0 level fighter)
 Headquarters: The Master Bakers' Hall, #22, The Street of the Sword, Castle Ward

Livery: white cloaks and hats with a light blue chevron on the left shoulder or brim of each
 Entrance: 10 gp; by application to "the Master Bakers": the ten senior (longest registered) Guildmembers, plus the Master
 Dues: 5 sp/month
 Contact: Relchoz Hriiat, Hriiat Fine Pastries, #134, Sammarin's Street, North Ward

The Bakers' Guild is very wealthy. Its wares are known to be of good quality, and many citizens of Waterdeep live largely on breads and pastries. This, of course, makes it of great interest to those trying to get money for investments in other businesses (which has increased this guild's influence with other guilds, and the influence of individual bakers with other merchants), and to thieves. As a result of the attentions of the latter group, most bakers have "runners" who both deliver hot wares to customers who place large orders, and serve to chase thieves and act as bodyguards to protect the bakers and their cash. These private guards have no authority, but the Watch usually co-operates with them rather than resenting or cautioning them.

2. THE CARPENTERS', ROOFERS', AND PLAISTERERS' GUILD

Master: Halthos "the Hammer" Blund (3rd level fighter)
 Headquarters: The Stone House, #206, Telshambra's Street, Southern Ward

Livery: red caps, pierced in the brow with a row of three brass nails

Entrance: 25 gp per individual
 Dues: 10 gp/year (member); 5 gp/year (Prentice)
 Contact: Elemos "the Hand" Dunblast, Dunblast Roofing, #172, Ironpost Street, The Trades Ward

This guild is extremely busy and extremely rich, with many members; even casual labor hired by its members must be enrolled in the Guild, even if only as prentices, although the Guild is continually unsuccessful in attempts to force the Lords to legally restrict building, construction, and repair within the City to Guild members. The Lords have repeatedly taken the position that a building is the property of its owner, who may modify, repair, or rebuild it if he or she wishes, and that any system of inspection must remain within the power of the Lords, and not be made a Guild affair. There have been several instances of Guild members sabotaging non-Guild work (to convince building owners to trust only the Guild; "you can be sure our work won't collapse around you"), but by and large members of this Guild are too busy for such mischief. They have their hands full just keeping up with demands from nobles to build this or that new, bigger, and higher, and from merchants to repair this or that as cheaply as possible so long as it won't fall down, and finish it by tonight . . . Guild work is expensive: 1 gp per man per day on the site, plus 5 gp for a Guild surveyor-chartist, and 5 gp for a Guild engineer (usually the boss of a work crew, with the surveyor-&artist being the crew's liaison with clients), plus the cost of materials, and a flat 10 gp per day fee for "crew needs" (food and drink), regardless of the size of that day's crew. This Guild does serviceable work, although it boasts no great engineering genius in its ranks at present, and specializes in competent repair work. Most successful Guild members undertake work in neighboring cities to the north along the Sword Coast as far as Luskan, although their fees rise sharply the farther they get from the City's walls. Most Guild members who do outside work have arrangements with adventurer types to persuade clients toying with the idea of not paying for work done, to make sure payment is prompt and in full. Outside the City, most Guild members design their own buildings if a client does not wish to, but inside Waterdeep that is the province of another Guild, and members of this Guild only do on-site surveying to match already-prepared plans (although they may occasionally pretend otherwise).

3. THE CELLARERS AND PLUMBERS' GUILD

Master: Hilitimm Turnstone (2nd level fighter, Master Plumber)

Headquarters: The Old Guildhall, #186, Gaustus Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: deep orange caps and cloaks, with a red line trim border around all hems and cuffs

Entrance: 5 gp; by acceptance by the Guildmaster only

Dues: 7 sp/month

Contact: Jhalossan Turnstone (0 level fighter, plumber), Turnstone Plumbing and Pipefitting, #280, Belnimbra's Street, Dock Ward

This guild is small, highly trained, and somewhat scornful of the "thick-fingered clods" of the Carpenters', Roofers', and Plaisterers' Guild, whose work they constantly encounter in the course of their duties. The Guild is engaged in constant small repair jobs about the City, and is responsible for restoring the surface of any street or courtyard dug up, promptly upon completion of the work. Their reward for hours of much and back-breaking digging are the highest fees of any of the service guilds: 2 gp per man per day or part of a day (most crews are two or three men in size) plus materials, and a "crew head" (or food and drink retainer) of 10 gp per day or part of a day.



Materials commonly used include lots of pipe, fashioned by other guilds, the guild depending on whether it is made out of metal or clay; the cellarers and plumbers lay it, support it with stones and talus or wooden collars of their own fashioning, and seal everything with various secret mixtures of pitch, gravel, lime, sand, and similar materials.

Members of this Guild unearth many things during the course of their diggings. By the rules of the Guild they are bound to tell only the owner (most will do so only if the owner is observing, or asks directly) upon request, or fellow Guild members, of treasure, skeletons, valuables, secret passages, and the like (they may keep any of these that they can make off with undetected by the owner or the Watch, by Guild rules). Most senior Guild members, in their work of draining cellars or repairing the sewage plumbing of old buildings, learn the general layout of the City sewers in 2-5 (1d4+1) years. Some believe that members of this Guild know of underground pipes and cavities that lead nowhere, but are used by this Guild for storing weapons, magic, and treasure—and disposing of the occasional corpse—where only earthquake or the Guild will find it. Some believe that this Guild knows of, or even makes, hidden tunnels leading into the treasure vaults of nobles, and the cellars of the Palace itself. Some are correct.

4. THE COOPERS' GUILD

Master: Rugglar Tossarim (4th level fighter, Master Cooper)

Headquarters: Coopers' Rest, #255, Pressbow Lane, Dock Ward

Livery: brown caps and cloaks, with hem-lines of blue and green as trim

Entrance: 30 gp (upon acceptance by majority vote of the members)

Dues: 3 gp/month

Contact: the Master

The Coopers' Guild is kept busy. Many things that go aboard ships in Waterdeep's busy port, notably pickled fish from The Fishmongers' Fellowship and the wares of The Vintners', Distillers', and Brewers' Guild, require its barrels. Members of this Guild cut, steam and shape the wood, and form and weld the metal (from hoopstock supplied by The Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metallforgers) of the bands, of barrels themselves, and charge 5 sp to 5 gp per barrel, depending on the size (from foot-long hand-keg, with rope handle, to twenty-toot long cellar cask; most produced are 1 gp, 10-gallon barrels). Long ago Waterdhavians (and others up and down the Sword Coast) discovered that one of the best ways to smuggle things into, and out of, kingdoms is in sealed barrels, so the Guard inspects every so many barrels at random, paying the Guild a "resealing fee" of 3 sp per barrel. A Guild member caught smuggling will be fined heavily (usually 50 gp). One caught with a dead body or two in a cask will be imprisoned, and may lose his or her Guild membership (such membership losses are quietly restored by the Guild when imprisonment ends)—and yet this happens constantly most Guild members cannot resist the "free gold" they are offered for doing so. Seventy-five hp or more is expected, per barrel of contraband.

5. THE COUNCIL OF FARMER-GROCERS

Master: Zelderan Guthel (0 level fighter, Master Provisioner)

Headquarters: The Market Hall, #42, Traders' Way, Castle Ward

Livery: cloaks or sashes of bright green; in early summer, fresh floral blossoms worn at the left shoulder

Entrance: 1 gp/year, or 25 gp for life membership; none refused

Dues: 5 sp/month

Contact: the Master, or "the Voice of the Master", Baalbaas Partall (0 level fighter), The Market Hall

This guild is a consortium whose membership changes annually with the fortunes of harvest (memberships expire in Hammer, the dead of winter (our January), and run for one year, except for twenty or so life memberships, which are without exception held by very wealthy farmers with vast landholdings). The Council determines prices for raw grain, arranges milling and warehouse facilities in the City (both of which it controls; the milling business provides the Guild with its bread-and-butter operating money, and when warehouses are emptied in winter, with no crops available to replace them until first harvest, the Guild rents the space to other merchants). The Guild also receives regular funds from the Lords in return for keeping the City's granaries and icehouses full of provisions, to feed the Castle and the Palace, and have emergency food on hand in case of siege or crop disaster. The Guild arranges market stall space for its members (although individual members must pay the daily fees), and provides cartage for spoiled food to the refuse dumps south of the City.

6. THE COUNCIL OF MUSICIANS, INSTRUMENT-MAKERS, AND CHORISTERS

Master: Kriios Halambar (0 level fighter, Master Musician; known widely as "Old Leatherlungs"), Halambar Lutes & Harps, #26, Street of Swords, Castle Ward
Headquarters: The House of Song, #181, Rivon Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: scarlet jackets, with slashed sleeves of white and purple, and deep green long cloaks and matching hats, with white and purple plumes

Entrance: 30 gp

Dues: 25 gp annually (members), 15 gp (apprentices)

Contact: the Master, or Maxeene "the Flute" Rhiosann (0 level fighter, "Lady Voice of the Council"), The House of Song

This guild elects its Master every seven years, nominating only candidates from within its membership, and eliminating the least popular candidate in successive ballots until a Master is chosen. Kriios Halambar, the current incumbent, has never been unseated in such an election, and has held the post for fifty-six years (he is now seventy-seven years of age). If he dies in office the Voice of the Council, the young singer Maxeene, will run the Council until the regular seven-year election time comes again (although she may of course run as a candidate in that election). This Guild admits as full members only skilled, accomplished artisans, and its members enjoy a good reputation for quality—and command high fees—as a result (typically 6 gp/day per member performer, and 1 gp/day for an instrument-maker, with many days involved in the making of a custom instrument). In Waterdeep, true professionals in music are not "prima donas" with difficult tempers or a need for creative self-expression that overwhelms tact. Rather, they pride themselves on giving a client exactly what is desired or needed, performed superbly. Often clients write terrible tunes or lyrics for a Guild member to perform at private parties, weddings, or other ceremonies. Members of this Guild may embellish such efforts to make them sound better (previewing them in private before the performance for the client's approval), but they never change a client's work because "they know better". It is just not done. Apprentices unable to cure themselves of such rashness will forever remain apprentices. Guild members do tutor non-musicians, and do give their own concerts, however. Amongst Waterdeep's wealthier inhabitants, hosting (and sponsoring) such concerts of an evening is a popular pastime. Certain members of this Guild create instruments of quality known throughout the Realm—and with the City, Guild members have a standing contract to provide the signal-

horns (also known as "war-horns", or "battle-trumpets") for the Guard.

7. THE DUNGSWEEPERS' GUILD

Master: Zulgoss Helberad (2nd level cleric of Lathander)
Headquarters: Muleskull Tavern, #263, Ship Street, Dock Ward

Livery: cap with red and orange feathers

Entrance: 1 gp (by application to the Elder Dungsweepers—6 senior members—their decision absolute, but may be questioned 1 year after being made or reversed)

Dues: 1 gp/year

Contact: the Master

This is a poor guild, consisting of those who clean the streets (and, for a fee, the stables of others) in Waterdeep. Normally, they do not do sewer work, the province of another Guild, but the City, for security reasons, reserves the right when necessary to contact the Master of this Guild to hire (by the day; the City pays 5 sp to the worker and 3 sp to the Guild, per worker) Guild members to help in such work.

The Dungsweepers have a traditional right to "glean the sweepings", keeping anything discarded for their own use. Obvious valuables are to be turned in to the Master for sale, the individual Sweeper receiving half the sale value and the Guild the other half. Guild members bring their sweepings to Fishgut Court, where large wagons provided by the Guild take the refuse once per day under guard by a mounted patrol of fourteen Guardsmen, to a refuse dump south of the City, the "Rat Hills," a site chosen years ago to discourage hostile landings on the shallow shore between the City and the River Des-sarin. The dump is also known sardonically as "the Palace of the Rats." Prospective smugglers should note that the guardsmen inspect the wagons and their loads carefully as they are being filled and emptied, and as they re-enter the City, looking underneath and with an attendant low-level mage employing *detect magic* and *detect invisible*. There is little interest in joining this Guild, as few fancy the working conditions. Despite its work and its poverty, this Guild can be quite influential when the Master gets upset about something. He can quietly threaten to withhold Guild services, or dump the dung in specified (embarrassing, and inconvenient) areas, such as in front of a food market, festhall, or tavern. Wisely for all involved, the Master uses this power sparingly.

8. THE FELLOWSHIP OF BOWYERS AND FLETCHERS

Master: Halassiter Ahrlan (6th level fighter: weapon specialization: long bow, Master of the Bow)

Headquarters: The Citadel of the Arrow, #174, Burnt Wagon Way, The Trades Ward

Livery: white jackets or cloaks with red diagonal stripes
Entrance: 5 gp to join; readily accepts new members; registry only at headquarters

Dues: 8 sp/month

Contact: Zorondar "the Nimble" Riautar (4th level fighter; weapon specialization crossbow, light); Riautar's, Weaponry, #180, The High Road, The Trades Ward

This guild is "free and easy" in its outlook. Its members are predominantly young, and not overly concerned with cutthroat competition. There's enough demand for their wares to keep all members busy, and the Guild has a respected inspection program (to ensure shafts are straight, fletches secure, and heads of sharp, symmetrical construction, resulting in flights true to aim) that in turn guarantees that non-Guild bowyers and fletchers will never command a substantial share of business. This Guild has the exclusive contract to produce the large shafts fired by the deck bows of the City's rakers.



9. THE FELLOWSHIP OF CARTERS AND COACHMEN

Master: Jasril Malakar (0 level fighter; Master Carter)
Headquarters: The Road House, #222, Carters' Way, Southern Ward
Livery: dark blue cloaks and long-peaked caps, with silver trim
Entrance: 25 gp (for the owner of a coach or more than one conveyance), or 10 gp (for the owner of a single cart or litter), by application to the Master (few are refused)
Dues: 5 sp/month
Contact: the Master

This guild is an association for all native Waterdhavians who own carts, wagons, coaches, litters, and in winter sleighs and sledges, that they use in their business as a direct source of income. Most nobles and many wealthy individuals possess their own private coaches and litters, without being Guild members. Woolmen and other merchants who use their own wagons to carry their own goods, but do not as a rule rent them out for the use of others, also need not be Guild members. The Lords strictly forbid any efforts to restrict ownership of such conveyances within the City to the Lords on one hand and members of this Guild (only) on the other. In recent years Guild members have stopped trying to get a legal monopoly; they are presently all much too busy trying to keep up with all the business of moving the goods and persons of Waterdhavians and visitors hither and yon within the City walls.

Most major caravan companies operating overland in the North and to the Inner Sea lands have representatives in Waterdeep who are Guild members, but the lowliest carter has the same Guild rights as these, which include freedom from search by the Watch save by express orders of the Lords or a Magister. The Guard, however, can search wagons and persons of Guild members at will, and in practice, the Watch merely calls on the Guard in the event of any dispute.

The operations and jurisdiction of this Guild do not extend over water—harbor conveyances are in the province of the Watermen, another guild. The typical "cheapest" carrying fare is 1 cp for a ride in an open trotting-cart, or two-wheel rickshaw-like covered taxi, holding one or two persons and pulled by one or two persons anywhere within the City walls, for up to half an hour.

10. THE FELLOWSHIP OF INNKEEPERS

Master: Brathan Zilmer (6th level fighter, and proprietor of The Pampered Traveler Inn, #40, at the corner of Selduth Street & The Street of Bells, Castle Ward; Master of Hospitality)
Headquarters: Fellowship Hall #16, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward
Livery: none
Entrance: 25 gp (by majority vote of the membership)
Dues: 20 gp/year
Contact: the Master

This organization is one of the oldest of all the Guilds of Waterdeep, and one of the most relaxed. Formed long ago as a means of protection (all the innkeepers together hiring a group of heavily-armed bodyguards that none of them could individually afford, to stop drunken tavern-goers returning to inns deep-drunk and getting into fights or destroying property, and to control noisy horse-play late at night), the Guild now functions primarily as a means of sharing information. News of thieves, con artists, brawlers, mages with urges to let off spells and other "problem patrons" who are making the rounds from inn to inn is shared among members, speedily. The Guild also arranges to get its members discount prices on ale, linens, laundering, and so on by placing orders in bulk. Once every nine nights, the Fellowship Hall is opened by the Master as an inn—with dining and sleeping facilities—for members only, so that they can enjoy the comforts of an inn without being the hosts.

11. THE FELLOWSHIP OF SALTERS, PACKERS, AND JOINERS

Master: Rahannsoz Burihildar (0 level fighter)
Headquarters: Shippers' Hall, #256, Oar Alley, Dock Ward
Livery: yellow cloaks and high-peaked caps with a black spoked carriage wheel on the breast and center brim, with a black sail curved around it
Entrance: 5 gp: only upon acceptance by the Master
Dues: 3 sp/month
Contact: Baerlos Dunthar, Shippers' Hall

This guild employs many young boys as runners, to keep its constantly-moving members in contact with each other and with the Master at Shippers' Hall. Salters, packers, and joiners are the professionals at preparing goods for shipping long distances. Their fees vary; so much per cargo, depending upon how much is to be packed (and how difficult the task is, measured in terms of the time it will necessarily take) and the coat of the packing materials. Joiners make shipping crates out of finished lumber after the salters (who employ brine, salt, and many other preservatives, to protect perishable goods, such as meat or fish) and packers have wrapped (in cotton, canvas, hide, or even clay, baked hard) and prepared goods for travel. Guildmembers travel about the City in response to orders sent in to Shippers' Hall by various merchants, packing goods (especially delicate or perishable items) for travel out of Waterdeep—although much of their work is in the docks area. Almost everything carried on shipboard, if not already in a barrel, does better crated than not. An hour's crating by two Fellowship members might suffice to prepare the entire belongings of one adventurer for sea travel, in one readily-opened chest (for items used often) and three to five large crates, and would cost a total of 3 gp for the labor and materials. Members of this guild do not stack or carry crates they have finished, but go on to another job. A client must hire members of The Fellowship of Carters and Coachmen, or the Watermen, to move such items to the conveyance they will travel in. The Guild maintains stocks of packing, materials for its members (not all clients provide such).

12. THE FISHMONGERS' FELLOWSHIP

Master: Aybrauve Haltorel (3rd level fighter, Master Fishmonger)
Headquarters: Seaswealth Hall, #250, Seaswealth Hall Warf, Dock Ward
Livery: silver caps, with blue eyes upon either side, or sashes of silver with a single blue eye, worn hanging straight down from the left shoulder
Entrance: 5 gp
Dues: 2 gp/year
Contact: the Master

This poor, friendly, informal Fellowship is run by a retired fisherman, Aybrauve "Farfisher", as he was known of old, who buys fresh fish from fishermen docking in the harbor. The fishermen themselves (including the large fleet owned by the Phull noble family) are not members of this guild. Fishing boats that dock at Seaswealth Hall's wharf to load or unload fish are exempted from the City's docking fee. Many fishermen never tie up anywhere else at Waterdeep's docks, but anchor in the harbor and swim or ferry ashore, to avoid the fee, beaching south of the City for repairs. Aybrauve sorts, ices, and sends their catches (eels, crabs, and fish of all sorts) to the stalls of various Guild members by means of fish carts run by his boys, all over the City. The Watch observes the progress of these carts closely to prevent theft of the fish from the boys.

Guild members can return spoiled, unsold wares at the end of the day for 1 cp/bucket. Aybrauve sells these to the Farmer-Grocers, for fertilizer.

13. THE GUILD OF APOTHECARIES & PHYSICIANS

Master: Unthril Zond (1st level illusionist, Master Physic)
Headquarters: The House of Healing, #117, The High Road, North Ward
Livery: cloaks and tunics (never caps) of black, grey, and white bands, with a large white diamond, bordered in grey with the long points vertical, on chest and back
Entrance: 50 gp, upon acceptance by the Master only
Dues: 10 gp/year (member), 5 gp/year (apprentice)
Contact: the Master

This is one of the richest Guilds in Waterdeep, and has a somewhat checkered history. On several occasions various of its members have been implicated in smuggling, fraudulent investment affairs, and similar instances of criminally imprudent investments of their monies. No doubt some of their fellows (who have not been caught) remain rich and with shady connections. This Guild has also been at odds with the Lords as a group. Repeatedly the Guild has tried to have all non-member medical practitioners (including all clerics) banned from practicing in Waterdeep, so that they would have to join the Guild or cease providing it with any competition. The Lords have strenuously resisted such efforts, executing on two occasions members of this Guild who arranged assassination attempts upon the life of Piergeiron. The Guild does provide services of high quality, however. It maintains a "Formulary" in its headquarters (open to members only) that records agreed-upon formulae for many drugs and other medicinal remedies, and keeps in stock some of the rarest ingredients needed to make these medicines, dealing with far-faring seacaptains, traveling merchants, and caravan leaders to gain these from the far reaches of the Realms. Medical aid in Waterdeep is expensive: an examination is only 1 gp, but most drugs are in the 1-8 gp per bottle range (a bottle usually contains 3-6 doses, most often 4), and medical attendance, with nursing, splints, dressings, emergency medicines, and the like, costs 10-20 gp/day, based on the ability of the patient (in the estimation of the Guild members involved) to pay.

DMs must determine the effectiveness of such medicines on a case-by-case basis; generally, poisons and fevers can be neutralized if treatment begins in time. Diseases and parasitic infestations can be held at bay, but rarely fully cured by such means (although medicines may buy time for natural healing and other means to work). Most physicians can provide overnight care of dressing, bandaging, drugs, sustenance, and therapy able to restore 2-7 (1d6+1) lost hit points, if a patient rests for at least (and free of the gate-tax on wagons) three days afterwards.

14. THE GUILD OF BUTCHERS

Master: Kellatarn Nander (4th level fighter, Master Butcher)
Headquarters: The Butchers' Guildhall, #235, The Way of the Dragon, Dock Ward
Livery: crimson cloaks with purple lining
Entrance: 25 gp
Dues: 3 gp/month
Conduct: "Hooks" (Morathin) Belmonder (0 level fighter, Second Knife), Belmonder's Meats, #188, The High Road, The Trades Ward

This guild represents Waterdeep's butchers; those who slaughter, and cut up for sale, all manner of livestock, from ankheg to yeti (cattle and hogs are more common, although it should be noted that people in the North, including Waterdeep, have a taste for horseflesh). Guild law ensures that meat is properly bled, hung, and smoked or seasoned in certain ways, so that it is as clean, and in as good condition as possible, and without exception the butchers who are in business in Waterdeep are Guild members. The Lords forbid formal price-fixing by the guild, but all meat is fairly expensive and similarly priced, being slightly cheaper in the docks area and slightly more



expensive in the wealthy neighborhoods. Apprentice butchers pay no Guild dues, but are direct employees of a (member) butcher. Most apprentices, seeing how profitable the business is, can't wait to leave their poorly-paid positions, pay the stiff entrance fee, and pass a rigorous examination of their skills by the Master Butcher. This Guild also buys the occasional cargo of exotic meat (or slaughterable beasts) from ships, at bargain prices, reselling such goods among the Guild members at substantial savings to the individual butchers, who may pass the savings on to their customers if they wish, but are not bound to do so. Most butchers wisely offer real bargains on such occasions, earning the goodwill of their clientele, and encouraging them to sample and acquire new (and usually expensive) tastes in meat.

15. THE GUILD OF CHANDLERS & LAMPLIGHTERS

Master: Ormbas Delzord (0 level fighter, Master of the Flame)
 Headquarters: The House of Light, #200, Scroll Street, The Trades Ward
 Livery: black caps with a gold flame device on both sides of the head (and, for ceremonies only, black tunics with a gold flame inside a gold circle on the breast)
 Entrance: 5 gp, upon acceptance by the Master (who keeps the Membership limited in number)
 Dues: 3 sp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild is the only Guild of Waterdeep whose members are predominantly youths. Aside from the Master and four senior (adult male) members, three of whom act as a mobile protection squad for the younger members, all guild members are youngsters. By day they all make candles (mostly of tallow) at The House of Light, and repair lamps. By night they run about the City with glow pots, tongs, and reach-poles, lighting lamps for the City (on contract, which provides the Guild with its daily bread-and-butter money) and for private individuals, usually nobles. Guild members also sell candles, and, for a fee, will guide the way (or provide light for a traveler who knows the way) through the City by night. Most such boys return often to The House of Light to give their monies to the Master, for all know what a tempting target a "lighter" clinking with coins is to thieves, drunks, other youths, and ruffians. A fistful of coins wrapped in a shirt or other cloth makes a handy sap. All lighters are trained to use such an improvised weapon and cry the alarm if attacked.

16. THE GUILD OF FINE CARVERS

Master: Malutt Mauksoun (5th level fighter, First Master Carver)
 Headquarters: House of the Fine Carvers, #39, The High Road, Castle Ward
 Livery: royal blue cloaks with red and brown lines as borders
 Entrance: 10 gp (member); 3 gp (prentice)
 Dues: 4 gp year (member); 2 gp year (prentice)
 Contact: Dannath Lisosar (0 level fighter, Second Master Carver), Patient Fingers Finework, #182, Sleepers' Walk, The Trades Ward

Twenty-six Master Carvers and seventy-three Prentice Carvers make up this Guild, which aids its members in many ways. Notably, it procures shipments of fine carving wood such as felsul-root, suth-wood, and zalantar from far Chult and from the South via Tharsult. It sells "prentice pieces" (inferior or damaged work) to merchant captains heading south, where some pieces will sell for their curiosity, others because of the type of wood used, and some as mementoes of the savage North. The Guild also arranges standard carving-tool sizes and qualities with the two smithing guilds, who make the chisels, knives, and gouges used by Carvers, and with The Jewellers' Guild, source of the best fine sandpaper.

The Guild also arranges large jobs (such as all the benches for congregations in a new temple, or the panelling and relief-carving of an entire mansion or castle) by lining up the needed Master Carvers and giving them Prentice Carvers to learn on the job, at a price of 1 gp per Prentice per day. Master Carvers earn 2 gp daily. In recent years, cleverly-carved wooden toys made by Guildmembers have gained greatly in popularity in the City of Splendors as gifts.

17. THE GUILD OF GLASSBLOWERS, GLAZIERS, & SPECULUM-MAKERS

Master: Maersar Rillithar (4th level magic-user, Master Specular)
 Headquarters: The House of Crystal, #104, Copper Street, North Ward
 Livery: pink cloaks or robes with a large white circle on the breast
 Entrance: 20 gp, upon acceptance by majority vote of the entire membership
 Dues: 15 gp/year (member); 9 gp/year (apprentice)
 Contact: Jhalassan Thond (0 level fighter, Speaker for the Guild), Thond Glass & Glazing, #187, Sleepers' Walk, The Trades Ward

This guild is a small, highly professional organization whose members take care to give fast, efficient, polite service, although glass is not cheap. While a simple stoppered flash may only cost 1 cp, replacing a pane of glass runs 4 cp for a four-inch-square pane up to 6 gp for a four-foot-square pane. Sets of bottles of uniform size, thickness, and glass hue are more expensive than "odd bottles." The Guild procures the finest sand (from certain beaches in the Tashalar and in Tethyr) for the use of its members in making glass, and provides emergency equipment and glass stocks for their use. A Guild member convicted of deliberately breaking glass in place in any building in Waterdeep not belonging to him, without permission of the owner, or hiring someone else to do so (such as gangs of street urchins armed with rocks) is fined by the Magisters and expelled from the Guild by the Master Specular.

Such a miscreant can later be voted back into the Guild by the membership, upon subsequent reapplication (and payment of another "entrance fee"). For many years this Guild was involved in an acrimonious dispute with The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors over which Guild would make crystal balls—a dispute that still causes grumbling.

The matter was formally resolved some ten winters ago by the Lords. Such items can be made by anyone (including this Guild), but can be expelled only by individual (private) mages (working for themselves, but not under hire by any Guild), or by The Watchful Order.

This Guild also makes many spectacles and magnifying glasses, typically costing 5-10 gp each. Any full member of the Guild has the skill to grind and polish a glass lens to a particular strength and focus.

18. THE GUILD OF STONECUTTERS, MASONS, POTTERS, & TILE-MAKERS

Master: Buirholdan Skordar (6th level fighter, Master Stoneworker)
 Headquarters: Builders' Hall, #219, Coach Street, Southern Ward
 Livery: grey cloaks and caps with an orange pickaxe, handle vertical and blade at the top
 Entrance: 30 gp (upon examination by the Master)
 Dues: 5 gp/month
 Contact: the Master

This respected, busy Guild has over three hundred members (most of whom employ three to twelve assistants), some of whom quarry stone, some of whom cut, dress, and lay stone, some of whom only lay stone, and some of whom make clay or earthenware vessels or tiles,

and lay tiles.

Constantly busy on the rooftops of Waterdeep where tile is slowly replacing thatch (which rots too quickly) and boards (which too easily catch fire when sealed with pitch, and too readily leak water inside, and rot, when not), members of this Guild also build most of the City's new buildings. The Lords frown on dwelling-places newly built entirely of timber, and restrict such structures to one story with a loft. Most City buildings are now multi-story, as Waterdeep has filled in almost all of the available spare within the walls, and is now expanding upwards.

Stone is cut and hauled from the seacoast crags north of Waterdeep, and brought by ship from Port Llast and from Mirabar, where dwarves tunneling for new ores have found it very rewarding to break up the rubble they used to toss aside into regular, rectangular blocks and sell it for 1 cp a block. That becomes 2 cp a block in Waterdeep, and 4 cp a block when a Guild member builds a structure. Demolition of an existing structure on the same site is free if the Guild member is allowed to keep what he can salvage of the stone. Repairs to, or building onto, an existing structure is 10 gp per Guild member per day plus 10 gp expenses (lunches) per day, plus material costs (3 cp a block; 5 cp for marble, obsidian, or other "finestone" that requires a smooth polish), plus 3 gp per day per assistant. Most such crews include five to eight assistants.

19. THE GUILD OF TRUSTED PEWTERERS AND CASTERS

Master: Dunbold Laracikan (4th level fighter, High Artisan)
 Headquarters: Pewterers' and Casters' Guildhall, #37, The High Road, Castle Ward
 Livery: white sleeveless surcoats and aprons with the green silhouette of a tankard, handle to the viewer's right, beneath a bell
 Entrance: 20 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)
 Dues: 1 gp/month
 Contact: Baerhar Surtlan (0 level fighter, Voice of the Guild), Surtlan's Metalwares, #194, River Street, The Trades Ward

This guild has over four hundred members, those who cast (rather than forge) items from metal. The Guild livery depicts their two most popular products: a tankard and a bell. Bowls and books are probably the next most often produced items. *Players Handbook* prices provide a guide for the DM in improvising the costs of such wares. The Guild buys the raw materials, and mixes a "basic whitemetal" mixture which it sells to its members cheaply (1 cp for a foot-long, three-inch-high and wide, bar) as the basis for such castings, but members like to add their own "secret ingredients" to make their products superior. The "trusted" in the Guild title refers to the fact that Guild members will melt things down for re-casting without query or comment. Precious metals are rarely handled by this Guild, who leave gold- and silver-work to The Jewellers' Guild and to The Splendid Order of Armorers, Locksmiths, And Finesmiths.

20. THE GUILD OF WATERMEN

Master: Zzundar Thul (3rd level fighter, "Master of the Harbor"—this is purely a Guild title, and *not* a City rank or position)
 Headquarters: Watermen's Hall, #244, Dock Street, Dock Ward
 Livery: blue shoulder-raincloaks, white shapeless hats
 Entrance: 10 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)
 Dues: 5 sp/month
 Contact: Jaster Thul (0 level fighter, Guild Spokesman, Watermen's Hall)

This guild is one of the busiest and most important in the City of Splendors. Its members keep the harbor clear of all litter (discarded crates, discarded seaweed tangles



from fishing nets, discarded bodies, et cetera), run a myriad of small skiffs and ferries about the harbor and up and down the seashore of Waterdeep, for hire, and load and unload almost all of the ships that dock in Waterdeep's busy harbor. This last mentioned work is done for a standard fee of 1 sp per man per hour, doubled if the cargo is dangerous (such as live, wild beasts, even if caged; incendiaries; exotic, volatile oils; or diseased or insane creatures) Allowed to keep "found" items from harbor floating debris, and unclaimed cargo after seven months following a legal announcement of the discovery of same, unless the owner identifies it to the satisfaction of a Magister but does not wish to take possession of it within the seven months (whereupon the City stores it, granting the Waterman involved a 1 gp "finder's fee" which it recovers from the owner later). Watermen do not pilot large boats into or out of the harbor, but do work the clock around at some times of the year, loading and unloading vessels, and ferrying people to and fro, collecting their fees constantly as they work. All Watermen know the currents, depths, and backwaters of the harbor well, and where the various sewers empty into it.

21. THE JEWELLERS' GUILD

Master: Stromquill Halazar (1st level illusionist, Master Jeweller), Halazar's Fine Gems, #50, Shield Street, Sea Ward

Headquarters: The House of Gems, #11, Gem Street, Castle Ward

Livery: deep purple robes with a triangular, crown-cut white gem, point downwards, on the breast, purple hats with white plumes

Entrance: 40 gp

Dues: 25 gp/year

Contact: Jhauntar Olmhazan (0 level fighter, Gentleman Speaker for the Jewellers), Olmhazan's Jewels, #38, The High Road, Castle Ward

Members of this small, tightly-knit and secretive guild are wallowing in money. They all have bodyguards (the Lords limit such private forces of non-Nobles to sixteen armed men, maximum, as they do to all Guild members and other merchants resident in the City) and take elaborate security precautions, hiring dwarven artisans and powerful mages to devise traps to protect their gold and their gems. They also hire mercenary groups and adventurers privately, to bring them precious cargos of uncut gems (sometimes stolen from the South) from afar, and are closely watched by the Red Sashes and the Shadow Thieves. At least two powerful Guild members are agents of the Shadow Thieves.

This Guild conducts quiet but relentless vendettas against suspected gem thieves in the City. DMs should bear this in mind if PCs fall afoul of any Guild member. Members of this Guild will, however, buy with no questions asked, as well as sell, gems (cut or uncut) jewelry, and precious metals, fine chain and wire used in their work. They also cut, polish, and mount gems, repair or reset jewelry, and value jewelry for other merchants.

22. THE LAUNDERERS' GUILD

Master: Jeldeth Khondar (2nd level illusionist, Master Launderer), The House of Cleanliness

Headquarters: The House of Cleanliness, #185, Slipstone Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: white caps and cloaks with an open human hand, fingers uppermost and spread, in silver on the breast of the cloak and center peak of the cap

Entrance: 5 gp, by registry at The House of Cleanliness (none refused)

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: Ulaeren Caulbor (0 level fighter, Soap Master), The House of Cleanliness

Members of this guild are an overworked, underpaid

lot, who labor around the clock (most are family businesses, with the family members working in shifts) to wash the dirty garments of Waterdhavians in open-topped tubs, usually stirred with long poles (the "honest" use for a ten-foot pole) full of boiling water and scented soap. Everyone buys his own scent: some use cider, some use wine, some use straight perfume, some strong herbs. but the Guild provides various soaps for its members at cheap rates (1 gp per 10-gallon barrel). These soaps are sludgy mixtures, not hard bars or dry flakes. A launderer never guarantees that your garment will survive cleaning, and Waterdhavians do not expect perfection (nobles usually have their own servants launder difficult or delicate garments, and buy new garments for themselves often) Washing can be done while you wait (2 sp per garment: it is put back on wet, and dries on the body), or overnight (1 sp per garment). Most launderers have numbered-bins (with wooden tags) as a clothes filing system—no tag, no laundry unless you pay 2 gp or more for a new tag and your garments. Unless a launderer remembers you, there is also a wait of three or four days in case you're mistaken and someone else comes with the tag to claim the same clothes.

All cleaning must be paid for when the clothes are left, not when they are picked up; this is due to nobles who refused to pay for cleaning, every time, on the grounds that it was not satisfactory. Magisters grew tired of the constant disputes.

A favorite trick of mercenaries coming into the City used to be to find some drunken patron in a tavern about their size, follow him and beat him up, take his tag and money, and promptly claim his clothes for their own. This practice was one of the reasons that the Watch escorts many tavern-goers home, but the Watch can do nothing about those gamblers who wager their laundry tags in card, dart, or dice games when all their money is gone

23. THE LEAGUE OF BASKETMAKERS & WICKERWORKERS

Master: Felthauvin Mirrarmul (0 level fighter, Master Worker)

Headquarters: The League Office, #183, Wall Way, The Trades Ward

Livery: cloaks of gold, with thin red and purple diagonal lines forming a cross-hatch pattern on breast and back

Entrance: 15 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)

Dues: 3 sp/month

Contact: the Master

This poor, quiet guild has many members all around the City (as the handiwork of basketmaking can be carried on with ease in private dwellings, above the shops), usually 1400 or more. Its Master, aided by his family, makes a tidy living providing Guild members with supplies for their work: trimmed and bundled rushes and willow-wands. Master for life, Felthauvin owes his position to his unmatched skill at his chosen craft and his resulting ability to train members and would-be members, and to finish work for them in emergencies in a perfect match of their various styles, as well as his careful investments. Felthauvin is a major landlord in the City, personally influential as a result (thus able to deal as an equal with many far wealthier and more essential guilds), and able to bankroll the Guild in difficult times.

Felthauvin has many young sons, who "run the bundles" up stairways and alleys for him, and as a result know who lives where upstairs in the City better than any other group of people in Waterdeep except the Watch.

24. THE LEAGUE OF SKINNERS & TANNERS

Master: Orgul Telethar (0 level fighter, Leaguemaster), Telethar Leatherworks, #239, off Tower Trail, Dock Ward

Headquarters: League Hall, #241, Tower Trail, Dock Ward

Livery: Leather armbands (almost a foot long, worn on upper left arm) of gleaming brown, with a red diamond representing a hide cut into it, a black skinning knife raised up in the center of this diamond

Entrance: 15 gp

Dues: 5 gp/year

Contact: Ilmar Chantreth (0 level fighter, League Spokesman), League Hall

This guild represents those who skin each animal slaughtered by a butcher. Usually the animal is sold to the butcher, and the skinner pays the butcher 3 to 10 sp per skin, depending on its size and condition. Rare types of skins, or skins in rare hues, may cost a skinner up to 1 gp. The tanners then process the hides to produce leather, suede, vellum, and similar byproducts, which they sell to other Guilds for the making of clothing, footwear aprons, pouches, war-harness (leather armor), and the like. Traditionally, this Guild has made belts, scabbards, baldrics, straps, and suspenders itself. Other Guilds consider the wares of this Guild to be somewhat overpriced, but everyone needs their goods, and no independents have found it economical to continue operating outside the Guild, so nothing is done.

25. THE MASTER MARINERS' GUILD

Master: Jheldarr "Stormrunner" Boaldegg (4th level fighter, Master First Mariner)

Headquarters: Mariners' Hall, #242, Cedar Street, Dock Ward

Livery: red hats with white plumes, red shoulder cloaks

Entrance: 25 gp (none refused)

Dues: 10 gp/year

Contact: the Master

This guild consists of all ship captains and merchant fleet owners who are based in, or who often put into Waterdeep. It represents their interests before the Lords' Court provides them with piloting training into and around Waterdeep's Harbor, maintains emergency warehouse space (and a "free"—that is, the Guild pays all docking fees—dock with room for three vessels for loading or unloading from the Guild warehouses), and provides accommodations and a private bar for visiting members at Mariners' Hall.

Ship captains pilot themselves into Waterdeep's harbor, or signal from offshore that they require a Guild pilot, by lowering all sail and running a red signal pennant up the mainmast. Aside from the standard City docking fee, such pilots are provided free by the City, but the pilot is always accompanied by a Guard patrol, who inspects the ship's crew and cargo on the way into the harbor to ensure that no hostile or illicit activities are being brought into Waterdeep.

This guild has a continual rivalry with The Order of Master Shipwrights, but cannot afford to maintain its own ship repair facilities. It does keep emergency stocks of rope and sail that Guild members in a hurry can purchase at bargain rates instead of dealing in the City for custom-made sails, and provides its members with fresh livery upon payment of their annual dues.

26. THE MOST CAREFUL ORDER OF SKILLED SMITHS & METALFORGERS

Master: Hawkun Orsund (6th level fighter, Master Hammer), Metalmasters' Hall

Headquarters: Metalmasters' Hall, #225, The High Road Southern Ward

Livery: grey caps with black plumes, red tunics with a black vertical hammer head uppermost, on the breast

Entrance: 30 gp

Dues: 20 gp/year

Contact: the Master

This guild represents the everyday blacksmiths who



shoe horses and fashion such items as lamps, torch- and sign-brackets, gratings and barred window frames, fire-shields and other hearth-ware, and chains. They also make the simpler weapons, such as maces, hammers, and flails. The everyday pieces of metal-work, from needles and spikes to boot-jacks, kitchen hooks, latches and hinges, to candlesticks, are the "bread-and-butter" work of this Guild, whose members are always busy and who prosper steadily.

Most Guild members are strong (16 ST and up), have high CON, and a high tolerance for heat and noise. A point of etiquette: never touch a smith's tools except by his leave, and state your requirements as requests, not demands, or you'll probably be told bluntly to take your business elsewhere. Members of this Guild take pride in working quickly, in designing things with efficient elegance, and in reproducing replacements to exactly match an original. DMs must devise prices for such smithywork according to the complexity and size of an item, judged against the item prices given in the *Players Handbook*.

This Guild provides its members with cheap, readily-available supplies of raw metals, brought by the shipload from Mirabar and elsewhere, and makes, stocks, and inspects smithy tools for the convenience of its members, who may rent or buy such from the Guild.

27. THE MOST DILIGENT LEAGUE OF SAIL-MAKERS AND CORDWAINERS

Master: Geladar Nithrim (0 level fighter, League Master), Full Sails

Headquarters: Full Sails (the League-run tavern), #251, Dock Street, Dock Ward

Livery: white cloaks and caps, and sky-blue robes; on the breast of the robes, two darker blue wavy horizontal lines (waves), and above them, three silver stars

Entrance: 15 gp (none refused)

Dues: 5 gp/year

Contact: the Master, or Tavernmaster Jelhuld Alaer (2nd level fighter), Full Sails

The vast amounts of rope and many sails needed by the ships based in Waterdeep and those who call at its busy harbor are made by members of this Guild, who use the collective buying and bargaining power of this Guild to obtain canvas, hemp, and other needed supplies as cheaply as possible from other Guilds and from outside Waterdeep. There are never enough skilled merchants in this Guild to keep up with the demand for new rope and sails; apprentices work on repairing sails (for ships whose captains can't wait a week or more for new custom sails) until they are masters of their craft, and training them in sail design is then a simple matter.

This Guild takes pride in producing heavy-duty, long-lasting goods, although their wares are not cheap: a 100' coil of heavy sail-rope is 10 sp; a 100' coil of thin black waxed cord, as strong as the sail rope but not for marine use, is 17 sp. A simple lateen or square sail for small ves-

sels, of "standard" (not custom) dimensions, will cost 500 to 700 gp (30% less if the buyer is willing to wait several months); a custom mainsail will cost 1,000 gp. A full set of sails (including a spare jib and mainsail) for a merchant ship will cost 2,000 gp (4,000 gp for a large or triple-masted ship, more if the vessel is even larger and uses more sail). Interested buyers should note that non-Guild sailmakers usually sell no-guarantees sets of sails for half what the Guild charges.

28. THE MOST EXCELLENT ORDER OF WEAVERS AND DYERS

Master: Tresh Lanngolyn (noble, 0 level fighter)

Headquarters: The House of Textiles, #190, Nethpranter's Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: rainbow-hued dyed overcloaks and overgowns

Entrance: 30 gp

Dues: 10 gp/year

Contact: Mellor Rhagust (0 level fighter, Speaker of the Order), The House of Textiles

This guild is rich and busy and offends few. Its wares are reasonably priced and its dyes good—they bleed and stain little, and fade only slowly. Guild members will gladly dye garments to order, although patterns and devices must not mock, closely resemble, or duplicate the heraldic devices of the City, Lords, or nobles—a Lords' edict on this point is strictly obeyed by the Guild. Guilds, nobles, and others with a clear legal right to such designs may, of course, order work bearing them from this Guild, a process involving a written request bearing as witness a Magister's (or Piergeiron's) signature.

The Order has over two thousand members, most human, and over half female. Its current Master is head of the noble family Lanngolyn, and he takes care that members avoid controversy, shady dealings, and large expenses, all of which makes this Guild of little interest to adventurers

29. THE ORDER OF COBBLERS & CORVISERS

Master: Falloor Malthind (2nd level fighter, Senior merchant)

Headquarters: Cobblers' & Corvisers' House, #199, Soothsayers' Way, The Trades Ward

Livery: grey cloaks or caps, with a brown human footprint (right foot, bare), toes uppermost, on the right shoulder or cap-front

Entrance: 25 gp (member), by application to the Council of Senior Merchants (all members of the Guild who have been members for fifteen continuous years, or more)

Dues: 10 gp/year (members), 15 gp/year (apprentices)

Contact: Darion Sulmest (0 level fighter, Spokesman of the Order), Sulmest's Splendid Shoes & Boots, #111, The High Road, North Ward

This guild is a quiet, always busy, wealthy lot, who make and repair shoes, boots, and all forms of footwear, including thick-soled wooden clogs for use in rain and snow. This is not a profession for the lazy—Waterdeep's

inhabitants keep members of this Guild working hard, and always try to get their own shoes or boots mended (or made new) first, before all the others waiting, by paying extra, and promising more. When a dozen or so customers do this in quick succession, some Guild members' shops get a little frantic. Most apprentices, however, watching the money roll in and reflecting on their dues (apprentices pay more than members), cannot wait to become full members, although the Council tries to keep active membership in the Guild down to 80 or so. By Guild law, each member can have up to nine—but no more—apprentices.

Guild dues are among the other things used to place large orders each fall (when herd animals that cannot be fed over the winter are slaughtered) with the League of Skinners & Tanners for basic, dark brown, heavy-duty finished leather for use in the making of footwear by the Guild. These annual orders are for tons of leather, are carefully guarded by both guilds, and the Order gets their leather at a bargain price in return for providing the League coffers with a regular, large sum to tide League members over each winter. Members of the Order are known to be either hoarders (the possessors of vast amounts of treasure hidden and secured somewhere in the City) or investors, with their money in dozens of businesses or properties (there's an old Waterdhavian saying, "Most landlords are corvisers; they know best when and how to give the boot").

30. THE ORDER OF MASTER SHIPWRIGHTS

Master: Kelvar Helmfast (noble, 4th level fighter, "The Old Captain", Master Shipwright)

Headquarters: Shipwrights' House, #266, Dock Street and Asteril's Way, Dock Ward

Livery: cloaks and robes of blue, dun, and red, in three broad vertical stripes

Entrance: 30 gp (only upon acceptance by the Master; there is no room for new members at present)

Dues: 15 gp/year

Contact: Zabardon Barpar (0 level fighter, Speaker for the Shipwrights), Shipwrights' House

This guild collectively owns the dry-docks and construction sheds of Waterdeep (except for Guildmember Amagus, who has his own, and allows the City and fellow Guild members to use it for a fee) where ships are built, although they have always been a small guild. Orlumbor's gigantic shops have always commanded the lion's share of Sword Coast shipbuilding, and the shops in Waterdeep are simply too small to lay the keels of the largest ships. The Order does a steady trade, however, producing and repairing the merchant cogs and caravels that ply coastal waters. The master merchants of Mirabar who own their own ships in Luskan, to bring their metals to Waterdeep, prefer the broad-beamed massive cogs of Waterdeep's shipwrights over all other vessels for bringing their cargos safely through storms and with

WATERDHAVIAN SHIP TABLE

Refer to the *Dungeon Masters Guide* and *Wilderness Survival Guide* for the meanings in this table

Ship Name	Hull Value	Length	Width	Draught	Speed: Normal Sail	Speed: Maximum Sail	Speed: Normal Oar	Speed: Maximum Oar	Peacetime	Armaments	Crew	Startup
Raker	36	90'	20'	6'	10 mph	16 mph	5 mph	8 mph	4 ballistae (2 fore, 2 aft); 4 fire-pot catapults (amidships and aft; armored ram)	36	4 rounds	
Striker	12	60'	10'	4'	12 mph	14 mph	6 mph	10 mph	4 ballistae; armored ram	44	3 rounds	
War Nao	40	40'	20'	12'	4 mph	6 mph	½ mph	1 mph	2 catapults, amidships (can carry 200 armed passengers)	40	1 turn	
Fast Caravel	26	60'	10'	6'	7 mph	10 mph	1 mph	3 mph	1 ballista	10	4 rounds	
Caravel	33	50'	10'	8'	5 mph	8 mph	1 mph	3 mph	1 ballista (or nothing)	10	5 rounds	
Cog	40	45'	20'	10'	5 mph	7 mph	½ mph	1 ½ mph	none	12	1 turn	
Heavy Cog	60	60'	25'	15'	3 mph	5 mph	½ mph	1 mph	none	14	1 turn	

(' = feet; mph = miles (nautical) per hour, assuming moderate favorable winds, calm seas)



overly heavy loads to dock in the City of Splendors. The base price for a new caravel is 6,000 gp; a "fast caravel", which is a light, slim ship larger than its similar cousin, and able to carry more sail and thus run faster, is 9,000 gp. A cog, a shorter, broader, wallowing, slower and far less elegant cargo ship, is 5,000 gp. One of the "heavy cogs" mentioned above is larger, can carry more sail, and has a massive reinforced hull (able to break through thin ice and thus sail in the North a week or so before and after less sturdy ships, each winter) is 7,000 gp.

Unless such ships are heavily damaged or obviously very old and worn out, they bring a "used" price of only 1,000 to 1,500 less. Guild members sometimes salvage or buy and refurbish old wrecks to make additional cash with relative ease and speed.

31. THE ORDER OF MASTER TAYLORS, GLOVERS, AND MERCERS

Master: Alurra Tarbrossen (3rd level magic-user, Lady Master of the Order), Costumers' Hall
 Headquarters: Costumers Hall, #176, The High Road and Spendthrift Alley, The Trades Ward
 Livery: white glove, arm, and half-cloak (one-piece garment), decorated with blue and green sequins in a repeating pattern of interwoven thread, leading to a threaded needle picked out in sequins along the wearer's forearm; this is worn on the left arm, hand, and shoulder, and is removed to do any practical work of any sort
 Entrance: 25 gp
 Dues: 12 gp/year
 Contact: the Lady Master

This busy guild has over six hundred members, who import some cloth and other supplies (such as thread), and use much of what other Waterdhavian Guilds make (such as leather, textiles, carved and cast buttons, and needles) to make clothing—literally tons of clothing, of all sizes and fashions, from high-society ladies' party masks to the leather breeches of a smith or dock-worker. Every Guild member has his or her own specialty (such as gloves or gowns), and prices, speed of work, and durability vary widely. The guild serves mainly to save its members money by importing needed supplies in bulk.

32. THE SADDLERS' & HARNESS-MAKERS' GUILD

Master: Deljassaa Rammathor, "Lady Wind" (2nd level thief, Guildmistress High), Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall (where she lives)
 Headquarters: Saddlers & Harness-Makers' Hall, #217, Tulumaster's Street, Southern Ward
 Livery: none
 Entrance: 20 gp (upon acceptance by the Guildmistress High)
 Dues: 7 gp/year
 Contact: the Guildmistress High

This guild is led by a former thief and jockey who turned to breeding horses rather than racing them after several bad falls, and thence to making her own tack, eventually rising to head this Guild. Deljassaa is no longer an active jockey or thief, and she is widely respected among the members of her own Guild and among the Guildmasters of the City as a shrewd and pleasant wheeler-dealer who gets what she wants (such as preferential treatment from the League of Skinners & Tanners for the leather her Guild members need).

33. THE SCRIVENERS, SCRIBES, & CLERKS GUILD

Master: Dablor Zimmulstern (0 level fighter, Scribe rank: High Atlar, Guild Master)
 Headquarters: The Zoarstar, #189, Quill Alley, The Trades Ward
 Livery: none
 Entrance: 10 gp
 Dues: 1 gp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild is a highly-educated, professional group of men and women who letter signs, draw pictures (sometimes in front of a party audience, upon a noble's hiring), compose and write letters, take dictation, design ornamental scripts, draw up legal tallies, and set down records, contracts and accounts. Many Guild members will even forge or counterfeit documents (for very stiff fees, in the hundreds of gold pieces range per document, because the penalties are so severe: expulsion from Guild and City for very serious cases, with amputation of fingers and thumbs added if the forgery is treasonous or inflammatory, in a manner that threatens the peace of the area).

The Palace retains a dozen Guild members at all times to transcribe a record of all said before it, and retains one scribe for each Magister (for the same task). The Watch also employs Guild members to draw likenesses of fugitives described by witnesses, so that Watch officers can carry these sketches when on patrol.

34. THE SOLEMN ORDER OF RECOGNIZED FURRIERS & WOOLMEN

Master: Thoss Bhalein (0 level fighter, merchant, Master of the Order)
 Headquarters: Guildhall of the Order, #34, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward
 Livery: grey woollen cloaks trimmed with fur (winter), skullcaps of grey wool with a fur fringe (summer)
 Entrance: 25 gp fee upon application to the Master, refunded if application refused
 Dues: 2 gp/month
 Contact: Shalrin Meraedos, Gentleman Keeper of the Order (0 level fighter), Meraedos Fine Furs, #112, The High Road, North Ward

This guild is rich, long-established, and tight-fisted. Its members, all of old families, attempt to control all trade in their field that enters Waterdeep by ruthlessly outbidding independents. Sabotage (such as mysterious warehouse fires or even highway banditry) is not unknown. The current Master, Thoss Bhalein, elected from the Guild ranks by the Order's members upon the death of his predecessor some twenty winters ago, has let no one join the Order since he took office, and shows no sign of changing his views, even encouraging wealthy members of the Order to buy out weaker fellow members, to tighten the Order's control. Thoss will be master for life (or unless he resigns his post, an almost unheard-of event dying, bedridden Masters have often clung to their titles for years after real power has passed from their hands), and is presently sixty-one winters of age, but in good health. This Order is one of the most lawful and conservative in the City, and looks upon adventurers (and young, entrepreneurial merchants in any field) as dangerous, reckless brigands who by their actions threaten not only the good name of merchants everywhere, but the very stability of society.

The "recognized" of the Guild's title refers to the proud assertion that no member of the Order deals in second-hand, doctored, or stolen wares, but is above reproach. This is largely true, but is a claim occasionally rendered a myth by certain Guild members.

35. THE SPLENDID ORDER OF ARMORERS, LOCKSMITHS, AND FINESMITHS

Master: Hallthor Duzmund (12th level fighter, Master Smith)
 Headquarters: The Metal House of Wonders, #279, Belnimbra's Street and Gut Alley, Dock Ward
 Livery: grey cloaks with a single blue star on the left shoulder
 Entrance: 35 gp
 Dues: 2 gp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild represents the most skilled smiths (those able to craft weapons, shields, and armor superbly

matched to the wielder and of lasting quality, the "finest quality" that mages enchanting weapons seek to find). Guild members can command the highest prices for their work, particularly for personalized weapons for adventurers and custom-designed locks and strong-doors for the vaults of merchants and nobles. Guild members also design and make ornaments of lasting beauty from wire and sculpted metal, such as the fantastic masks worn by many noble ladies of Waterdeep; metal birds that will flap their wings and trill if the hollow tails are blown through, as toys for the children of the rich, and elaborate party costumes of metal plates that can make the wearer appear as a monster, for party or stage wear. Each Guild member trains his or her apprentices for many years. Acquiring such skills is a full-time profession that does not allow adventurers to dabble and acquire skills thereby (the Guild Master's fighting level is a reflection of his intimate knowledge of the properties and handling of the weapons he makes).

Members of this Guild also fashion signet rings and stamps for the Guilds, noble families, and the Palace (the Palace seal, the arms of the Lords of Waterdeep, was made by this Guild).

36. THE STABLEMASTERS' & FARRIERS' GUILD

Master: Belihands Masker (0 level fighter, Senior Master)
 Headquarters: The Guild Paddock, #195, Walltower Walk, The Trades Ward
 Livery: deep blue hats with white plumes
 Entrance: 15 gp
 Dues: 3 sp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild represents all who breed, train, capture and tame, house, and tend horses and other riding animals, including aerial steeds (but not aquatic creatures, lizards, or great cats), and sets standards for such care. The Guild also provides its members with veterinary aid, and cheap rates on feed by buying in bulk. The Guild maintains a registry of pedigrees and brands to discourage theft and aid the Watch in tracing animals it they are stolen. Prices for Guild members' mounts are as given in the AD&D® rules. Such businesses do take exhausted mounts for a lesser, "trade-in" value.

Guild member Jhalathan Ilzoond is considered the finest griffon-tamer in the City, but owns only one such steed himself, which is housed at Castle Waterdeep and hired by the Guard. The Guard is the largest owner of griffons in the City, it stables over twenty in the eyrie on Mount Waterdeep, and another six (plus Jhalathan's beloved "Firebeak") at the Castle. There are perhaps three dozen known aerial steeds regularly in the City in the private hands of City residents, including pegasi, hippogriffs, and wind steeds. Members of this Guild have trained almost all of these.

37. THE STATIONERS GUILD

Master: Azoulin Wolfwind (0 level fighter, Master Stationer)
 Headquarters: Stationers' Hall, #202, The High Road and Way of the Dragon, The Trades Ward
 Livery: white robes with a black quill pen on the breast
 Entrance: 15 gp
 Dues: 1 gp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild consists of those artisans who make both parchment paper and the cheaper rough-finished variety known in Waterdeep as "scrip," ink, blotters, colored waxes for seals, gilt ink for use in illuminating documents, metal pen nibs, and the like, as well as importing many large feathers from the South for use as fine quill pens. All Guild members have their own secret recipes for preparing special paper, but the Guild does supply its members with fine parchment (made in Stationers' Hall) and the other products of their trade, at a discount.



38. THE SURVEYORS', MAP & CHART-MAKERS' GUILD
Master: Halaviir Touzoun (0 level fighter, First Chartist)
Headquarters: The Map House, #15, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward

Livery: green robes with a crossed chalk and dividers on the breast, green hats with white plumes

Entrance: 20 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)

Dues: 1 sp/month

Contact: Doroun Lhaerzor (0 level fighter, Speaker for the Guild), The Map House

The term "architect" is unknown in Waterdeep. Members of this guild design buildings and draw the required blueprints for all new buildings in Waterdeep, and all renovations which change the height of a building or add to its outside extent. This Guild also does all the necessary surveying in the City, except for private building sites.

The Guild maintains, at Map House, a large and ever-growing collection of maps and nautical charts, which they will purchase from any who offer good specimens to them (at 1-5 gp each). The Guild sells copies of maps from this collection, typically at 25 gp each, delivery to any Waterdeep address in nine days included. "Rush" jobs (two days) cost double.

DMs should note that the First Chartist and the Speaker know the collection thoroughly, and also know charts and maps. They will pay more than the usual range for things they really need (for example, maps of cities in Thay, and good maps of far-off, legendary Kara-Tur), but will refuse maps they know to be fanciful, wrong, or merely "treasure maps" with no details of the physical vicinity. Nautical charts (and of course, maps of the land) of the elven realm of Evermeet are a real rarity, but the elves take care that it stays that way (elves need no charts themselves, and their navy takes care that no other ships get near).

39. THE VINTNERS', DISTILLERS', & BREWERS' GUILD
Master: Razaar Slissin (0 level fighter, Guild Master)

Headquarters: The House of Good Spirits, #214, The Rising Ride, Southern Ward

Livery: purple robes with an upright drinking jack in white silhouette on the breast

Entrance: 30 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild has only forty-odd members, but it produces a prodigious amount of drink for Waterdhavians and for export. Guild members annually turn out thousands upon thousands of barrels of wine, beer, liquor, and various liqueurs, including the distinctive "zzar," a Waterdhavian fortified wine that is fiery, orange, slightly almond-flavored, and equivalent to sherry. *Players Handbook* prices apply to such wares; zzar is 2 sp per jack, or 7 sp per bottle. This is a difficult Guild to join; years of apprenticeship to a member are necessary. The Master is careful not to increase the membership so much that the competition will hurt Guild members.

40. THE WAGONMAKERS' AND COACH BUILDERS' GUILD

Master: Sarjak Belszour (0 level fighter, Guild Master)

Headquarters: The Coach & Wagon Hall, #216, The High Road, Southern Ward

Livery: brown cloaks with four white wheels on each front shoulder

Entrance: 20 gp

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild builds and repairs coaches, wagons, and other conveyances for overland trade and travel within the City (including, for extra fees, conveyances with an astonishing variety of secret hiding places for use in smuggling and outwitting bandits). The skill involved in

making durable, beautiful conveyances is considerable, and years of apprenticeship are necessary, so PCs cannot soon join and make a success of themselves in this Guild. On the other hand, the conveyances produced by this Guild are elegant and sturdy, lasting through quite a bit of abuse. Prices vary widely with the different types and sizes of conveyances. Custom-made wagons take up to two weeks to build. Wagons assembled from "stock" parts on hand can be finished in two days.

41. THE WATCHFUL ORDER OF MAGISTS & PROTECTORS

Master: Mhair Szeltune (pronounced "mm-AIR Szz-EL-toon"; 17th level magic-user; Lady Master of the Order), Mhair's Tower, #171, Spindle Street, The Trades Ward
Headquarters: Tower of the Order, #30, The Street of Bells, Castle Ward

Livery: dark purple cloaks, with a white human hand, open, with fingers together and uppermost, on the left shoulder

Entrance: 35 gp (upon majority vote of the members)

Dues: 7 gp/month

Contact: Orlar Thammas (6th level magic-user, Speaker for the Order), Tower of the Order

This guild protects the less-powerful magic-users (and novices to the Art) of Waterdeep, and attempts to influence the powerful loners (non-Guildmembers) of magical power in the City (such as Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and Malchor Harpell), to be prudent and conservative, wielding magic little in public, so that mages will be respected and looked up to, rather than feared and actively opposed. Guild activities have little effect on the City's more powerful magic-users, who are not Guild members and who do what they like anyway (although Khelben's quiet support has allowed the Order to establish itself and have some effect). They are effective in policing mages of low and mid-levels who visit the City, in matters of not throwing spells around to coerce or influence the populace, and to have respect for colleagues of lesser power as well as greater. The membership gains great practical benefits through the Order. Members can readily communicate with fellow members to arrange training and buy magical information with some assurance that they are not dealing with charlatans (the Order will expel and publicly vilify members who practice deceit on fellow members), can readily purchase all manner of rare material components (such components are not cheap, but the time necessary to personally procure them is saved) from the golem-guarded cellars of the Tower of the Order. (DMs should invent some really heavy-duty magical guardian creatures and traps for this place if PCs assault it, culminating in personal appearances by the Lady Master of the Order, reinforced by Khelben and perhaps one or more mages of high level; i.e., PCs should have to run for their lives!) Members short of cash can earn ready money by serving as fire guards, "spell guards", or in fighting fires.

A fire guard is hired for a building (usually only when it contains valuables, although DMs should note that some nobles consider themselves valuable, night and day, as long as their money holds out) for 5 gp/night. The Guild keeps 1 gp of the fee, and gives the guarding member 4 gp. Such duty consists of loading up with *affect normal fires*, *cone of cold*, *conjure water elemental*, and similar spells and standing watch, with a guardian pigeon. If the pigeon is released, it will fly back to the Tower of the Order, and fire fighting mages will come on the run, sometimes by aerial steed (the Lady Master has a pegasus, who will carry one other mage on the saddle with her, so long as she is mounted too).

Fire fighting mages, of whom the Order retains four to six a night, are paid by the Order directly, 9 gp each. If summoned by a fire guard, they cost the building owner nothing. If they arrive to fight an unguarded building,

the City will pay the Order a flat 10 gp fee per building if the owner cannot be found, is deceased, or is unwilling to pay. Otherwise, owners are charged 10 gp per fire fighting mage.

A "spell guard" costs 10 gp per day (of which the Order gets 1 gp, and the guard 9 gp), and simply consists of accompanying a merchant, noble, or other paranoid individual through a day of living, negotiating, partying, or working, to detect and counter spells cast at him or her (obviously, *detect magic* and *dispel magic* are needed here).

The Order also sells scrolls of certain spells to its members, as follows:

Spell (each scroll contains only one spell of the type listed)	Cost in gp (not for sale to non-members)
<i>Affect Normal Fires</i>	300
<i>Comprehend Languages</i>	400
<i>Detect Invisibility</i>	600
<i>Detect Magic</i>	300
<i>Dispel Magic</i>	800
<i>Erase</i>	400
<i>Fire Trap</i>	1200
<i>Identify</i>	500
<i>Infravision</i>	900
<i>Knock</i>	600
<i>Locate Object</i>	700
<i>Mending</i>	300
<i>Protection From Evil</i>	300
<i>Read Magic</i>	200
<i>Remove Curse</i>	1000
<i>Shield</i>	400
<i>Tongues</i>	900
<i>Water Breathing</i>	900
<i>Wizard Eye</i>	1500
<i>Wizard Lock</i>	700
<i>Write</i>	500

A member of the Order may of course resell a scroll purchased from the Order to a non-member. This is rarely done (the Order will stop selling scrolls to a member who does it more than rarely), and usually for a 75% markup.

Member and non-member adventurers can make fairly good money by selling material components to the Order. They will not buy overpriced components, nor everyday or overstocked substances, however.

42. THE WHEELWRIGHTS' GUILD

Master: Zorind Tulwynd (0 level fighter, Master Wright)

Headquarters: Wheel Hall, #205, River Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: orange robes with a black, spoked wheel on the breast

Entrance: 5 gp

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

Members of this guild make coach, cart, and carriage wheels, of specific woods steamed and bent, and wrapped with iron bands. They can do this in a matter of some hours with ready materials. Making a replacement wheel for a carriage that matches design and appearance exactly might take a day and a half. Merely fitting the same vehicle with a "stock" wheel of the right size and roughly the right weight takes minutes if one is in stock, and about two hours if it must be made (although it should not be used right away, or it might throw its metal band off, and collapse—the band must cool completely to grip as tightly as it's supposed to).

Chapter 6: NOBLE FAMILIES OF WATERDEEP

From its earliest beginnings to its present sprawling wealth and influence, Waterdeep has had its successful merchant families, the mainstays of its early social and civil stability and later of its “high society” cultural tone. Some of these families have died out or been submerged by marriage, and others have arisen with each decade, until now there are seventy-six noble families of Waterdeep.

Two families, at least, have been declared outcast (exiled): the family Gildeggh (now apparently extinct), and the family Zoar. The reasons for their casting-out are given in Chapter 2. The arms of the Gildeggh family were a red rose clutched in a silver gauntlet, on a green field; those of the Zoar family consist of a realistic, severed umber hulk’s head impaled on a bloody spear, on a scarlet field. Today, members of the Zoar family are bitter enemies of Waterdeep’s rulers, and dwell in Luskan, Scornubel, and Amn.

Noble families are granted the right to bear arms—that is, real arms: small private armies, of no more than seventy fully-equipped men-at-arms, within the City, to guard the security of their goods, properties, and trade. Nobles are also granted the right to bear symbolic arms: heraldic coats-of-arms, to be used as recognition-badges by such armsmen. (Non-noble families, businesses, and individuals in the City are allowed no more than sixteen fully-armed bodyguards, by edict of the Lords.)

A hundredth of the annual wealth of each noble family goes directly, into the City coffers each Midsummer for the defense and maintenance of the City.

No “arms of grace” (heraldic arms recognized in the City) have been granted by the Lords of Waterdeep in more than twenty winters; this recognition of nobility involves the Herald of Waterdeep, Falconfree, and unanimous agreement of the Lords, and seldom occurs.

The DM is encouraged to give the nobles of Waterdeep individual style and character; most are decadent but not really evil or depraved, and are used to getting their own way in most

daily doings. They make formidable enemies. The younger members of such families may well fit into the cavalier class, but it is strongly recommended that no PC be a noble (at least, at the start of play) in any campaign set in Waterdeep—and if one must have PC cavaliers, that they be from elsewhere in the Realms, not of these noble families (unless the relationship is distant). Most nobles spend their adult lives in an endless round of parties, intrigue, dabbling in this or that special interest, and partying again. Nasty, unpleasant adventures are things that (thankfully) happen to somebody else, and can be laughed over at a party, half a year later!

DMs are encouraged to invent fiendish guardians for any noble’s villa that PCs try to explore uninvited. Remember, money is no object to most of these nobles; they are rich enough that they need not engage in trade if they do not care to.

Space does not permit full genealogies and biographies of all of the nobles of Waterdeep. Given hereafter is a list of some details of each likely to be useful in casual play.

Included with each family entry is its heraldic coat-of-arms (borne by all men-at-arms and low-ranking servants of each noble family, and thus often seen in the streets of Waterdeep), and at the end of this chapter the heraldic arms of the City and of the Lords of Waterdeep are included. The heraldry of Waterdeep may seem crude and simplistic, but this is largely the result of practical considerations, such as the need to readily recognize a distinctive family device from afar, even in twilight, bad weather, torchlight, or in a fight; and of the personal tastes of the nobles and of the Heralds involved over the years. Close examination of the coats-of-arms will reveal many complex elements, although differencing (by labels) is rare, as only family members who have had a deep, long-lasting breach with their kin request differentiated arms for themselves—and most such individuals usually leave the City of Splendors for

more hospitable habitations elsewhere in the Realms.

In the entries which follow, “prominent members” are those with wide influence and fame of infamy in the City (thus, the young Cassalanter who is secretly a Lord of Waterdeep, Caladorn, is not listed as prominent—as only the DM, and Caladorn’s fellow Lords, know of his importance), and “trade & interests” refers to activities engaged in all over the Realms, not just within the City walls. One note: many noble families gained great wealth through slave trade. Many years ago, they were given the choice of freeing all slaves and ceasing such trade, or becoming outcast. All renounced slave-trading and slavery (although some rumors to the contrary regularly make the rounds about former slaving families with connections in the far South).

Many noble families have been ennobled for six hundred years or more; however, there is no established order of precedence. At Court, nobles may speak whenever recognized by Piergeiron, or when silently pointed at by one of the masked Lords.

Most noble families have fifteen or so members of direct blood resident in Waterdeep. One or all of these may also own extensive holdings elsewhere in the Realms and other residences in the City. A noble household typically houses fifty or so servants, and mounts for all blood members and about half of the servants. Many noble families are also landlords of substantial holdings within the City. Ownership of buildings around one’s own villa is the best way to rid oneself of noisy or undesirable neighbors and the like.

Precise details of the wealth and current activities of these families have deliberately been excluded, so that each DM can involve such nobility in adventures as he or she sees fit, tailoring details to the adventure and to the political situation in the City in his or her individual campaign. For similar reasons, the classes and levels of most prominent family members have been left to the DM.



THE NOBLE FAMILIES

Family Name: ADARBRENT (Ah-DAR-brent)

Prominent Members: Royus Adarbrent
Trade & Interests: shipping, navigating, cartography and exploration
Arms: field: gold
star: red
stalactites, cavern ceiling: purple



Family Name: AGUNDAR (Ah-GUN-dar)

Prominent Members: Torres Agundar
Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, warrior-training, sword-forging
Arms: field: sky blue
lightning bolt: white
cloud: purple



Family Name: AMCATHRA (Am-CATH-ra)

Prominent Members: Challas Amcathra, Mourngrym Amcathra, youngest son, now Lord of Shadowdale (Dalelands, in the Inner Sea lands)
Trade & Interests: wine, sword-forging, horse-breeding and training
Arms: field: red
crescents: silver
flame: blue



Family Name: AMMAKYL (AM-ah-kill)

Prominent Members: Luth Ammakyl
Trade & Interests: farming, wine-making
Arms: field: sky blue
ground: rich green
water: bands of blue and silver
tree: black
cloud: white



Family Name: ANTEOS (AN-tee-oh-sss)

Prominent Members: Dulbravvan Anteos
Trade & Interests: (formerly slaving), trading, moneychanging and barter
Arms: field: white
spears: brown shafts, silver heads
impaled head: brown hair and beard, pink flesh, red blood (lots)



Family Name: ARTEMEL (ARR-tem-el)

Prominent Members: Bresnoss Artemel
Trade & Interests: boar-hunting, moneylending
Arms: field: sky blue
eagle's wing: white upper feathers, black lower feathers



Family Name: ASSUMBAR (Asss-UM-bar)

Prominent Members: Laeros Assumbar
Trade & Interests: carpentry, designing exotic and splendid carriages
Arms: field: pink
goblet: silver
helm: silver with gold crown-
feathers and green plume-feather



Family Name: BELABRANTA (BELL-ah-bran-tah)

Prominent Members: Huld Belabranta (the "Dark Enchanter": NG 16th L magic-user)
Trade & Interests: griffon-breeding & taming, hunting
Arms: field white
stream: light blue
netting: purple



Family Name: BLADESEMMEER (BLAY-deh-sem-mer)

Prominent Members: Taeros Bladesemmer
Trade & Interests: fencing, sword-forging, designing exotic and unique body armor
Arms: field: orange
blade: silver
hand: pink flesh
chevron: red
Upper field: light green



Family Name: BROKENGULF (BROH-kenn-gull-ff)

Prominent Members: Morus Brokengulf, Prendergast Brokengulf, nicknamed "Huntlord" (heir)
Trade & Interests: exploration, guiding, and the hunting and procuring of exotic beasts
Arms: field: sky blue
mountain: grey
cavern and trail: red



Family Name: BROSSFEATHER (BROSS-fether)

Prominent Members: Orbul Brossfeather
Trade & Interests: forestry, lumbering, and fur-trapping, guiding
Arms: field: gold
feathers: red
axe: blade silver, handle brown



Family Name: CASSALANTER (CASS-ah-lanter)

Prominent Members: Ohrl Cassalanter
Trade & Interests: banking, moneylending, information-gathering, rumor-mongering (spreading rumors, for fees)
Arms: field: white
yoke: green
bird: white with gold beak, black feathers



Family Name: CRAGSMERE (CragS-MEER)

Prominent Members: Japhyl Cragsmere, "the Hawk"
Trade & Interests: moneylending, land-owning
Arms field: purple
stars: silver
crag: gold front, silver back slopes
water: silver
ground: black
lower tip of shield: gold (rising sun)



Family Name: CROMMOR (CROM-mor)

Prominent Members: Duth Crommor
Trade & Interests: brasswork (e.g., the trumpets on the family arms)
Arms: field: white
bands: red
trumpets: gold, with orange mouth-openings



Family Name: DEZLENTYR (Des-LENN-teer)

Prominent Members: Arlos Dezlentyr
Trade & Interests: exploration, settlement of islands, establishment of harbors, caravan trading and shipping
Arms: field (lower half) red, (upper half) white
stripes: white
anchor: silver
border: royal blue
water: light blue
island with tree: rich green



Family Name: DURINBOLD (DUR-in-bold)

Prominent Members: Buldos Durinbold
Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, cattle-rearing, sheep-farming
Arms: field: white
battlements: grey
men in armor: silver
arrows: black
standard: red (banner), gold (ball on top), black (shaft)



Family Name: EAGLESHIELD (EE-gull-shield)

Prominent Members: Nuthos Eagleshield
Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, animal husbandry, tack-making
Arms: field: sky blue
water: purple
sun: gold
bands of cloud: black
eagle: red



Family Name: EIRONTALAR (EYE-ron-TAI-ar)

Prominent Members: Marlus Eirontalar
Trade & Interests: hunting, tracking, and guiding
Arms: field: light green
dragon (claw, tail, jaws): grey
flames (dragon's breath): red



Family Name: ELTORCHUL (El-TORR-chull)

Prominent Members: Thesp Eltorchul
Trade & Interests: mage-schooling, magical research and the procuring of rare substances and items
Arms: field: white
wands: gold
hat: black



Family Name: EMVEOLSTONE (Em-VEE-ohl-stone)

Prominent Members: Lylar Emveolstone
Trade & Interests: ironmongery, curio trading
Arms field: white
small shield: black
sun: gold





Family Name: ESTELMER (ESS-tel-mer)
 Prominent Members: Guldos Estelmer
 Trade & Interests: heraldry, sage-lore, printing
 Arms: field: white
 daggers: black (handles), silver (blades)
 gauntlet: green
 shelf: brown with black scrollwork
 skulls: white
 half-shield: gold
 hook: white
 quill pen: turquoise



Family Name: GAUNTYL (Gone-til)
 Prominent Members: Eleemos Gauntyl
 Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, exploring, mining
 Arms: field: orange
 gauntlet: silver
 spikes of gauntlet crimson
 slashes (three): crimson



Family Name: GOST (Gaaw-ss-t)
 Prominent Members: Djarrus Gost, Bhaedulph Gost (crippled father)
 Trade & Interests: caravan-mastering, trading, armor-forging
 Arms: field: yellow
 snake deep green (body), white with red pupil (eye)



Family Name: GRALHUND (GRAUL-hund)
 Prominent Members: "Hund" Irg Gralhund
 Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, weapon-making
 Arms: field: gold
 devil's face: orange (eyes), tawny (unshaded aide), scarlet (shaded side)



Family Name: GUNDWYND (GUN-dd-wind)
 Prominent Members: Maurgosz Gundwynd
 Trade & Interests: the capture, training, and breeding of hippogriffs (and other aerial creatures, as steeds)
 Arms: field: white
 spiral winds: red (outer), orange (inner)
 sun: gold



Family Name: HAWKWINTER (HAWK-winter)
 Prominent Members: Eremoes Hawkwinter
 Trade & Interests: soldiering garrisons and guardianship
 Arms: field: royal blue
 star: silver
 arms & banners: black



Family Name: HELMFAST (HELM-fasst)
 Prominent Members: "The Old Captain" Kelvar Helmfast
 Trade & Interests: shipping, shipwrights
 Arms: field: purple
 moon: white
 waves: bands of black and purple
 foam: white
 hull: crimson
 sail: orange



Family Name: HIILGAUNTLET (HEEL-gawn-tlet)
 Prominent Members: Jhassin Hiil-gauntlet
 Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, military outfitting
 Arms: field orange
 flames: scarlet
 chain: silver



Family Name: HOTHEMER (HOTH-em-er)
 Prominent Members: Malas Hothemer
 Trade & Interests: trading, owning fleets of caravan wagons
 Arms: field: green
 dragon: white (body), red (teeth and tongue), gold (eye)



Family Name: HUNABAR (HOON-ah-bar)
 Prominent Members: Haskar Hunabar
 Trade & Interests: textiles-trading, importing fashions
 Arms: field: orange
 star: white
 reins: bronze



Family Name: HUSTEEM (Huss-TEEM)
 Prominent Members: Orbos Husteem
 Trade & Interests, mercenary fighting, land-owning
 Arms: field: tawny
 scimitar: white (blade), crimson (tip), gold (hilt)
 blood drops: crimson
 gauntlet: grey



Family Name: ILITUL (ILL-ih-tull)
 Prominent Members: Murgos Ilitul
 Trade & Interests: goat-raising and herding, mercenary fighting
 Arms: field: orange
 spears: red



Family Name: ILVASTARR (ILL-vah-starr)
 Prominent Members: Ulguth Ihvastar
 Trade & Interests: beast-taming and breeding, and the cooking of exotic meats
 Arms: field: gold
 minidragon: metallic green (body), orange (eye)



Family Name: ILZIMMER (ILL-zim-mer)
 Prominent Members: Boroldan Ilzimmer
 Trade & Interests: horse-breeding and racing, making and collecting maps, designing gowns and jewelry
 Arms: field: silver
 tears: crimson



Family Name: IRLINGSTAR (URR-ling-star)
 Prominent Members: Hulraven Irlingstar
 Trade & Interests: caravan-running, shipbuilding
 Arms: field: silver
 sash: red
 star: white



Family Name: JARDETH (JAR-deth)
 Prominent Members: Ulb Jardeth
 Trade & Interests: soldiering; garrisons and guardianship
 Arms: field: gold
 tower: purple
 bird: black
 tower window, road and jagged opening in tower base: gold



Family Name: JHANS CZIL (JANN-sss-zil)
 Prominent Members: Harkas Jhansczil
 Trade & Interests: trading, horse-breeding, mercenary fighting
 Arms: field green
 weapons: silver (blades, hilts, and pommels), black (grips)



Family Name: KORMALIS (KORE-mal-liss)
 Prominent Members: Helm Kormallis
 The Torturer
 Trade & Interests: (formerly slaving), recruiting, mercenary training, outfitting for travelers
 Arms: field: yellow
 boot: brown
 flower: blue (blossom), green (leaves and stem)



Family Name: KOTHONT (KOTH-ont)
 Prominent Members: Alauos Kothont
 "Lord Goldbeard"
 Trade & Interests: herd farming, fur-trapping
 Arms: field: sky blue
 spear: brown (shaft), silver (head)
 banner: green
 star: silver



Family Name: LANNGOLYN (LANN-go-linn)
 Prominent Members: Tresh Lanngolyn, Ormaes Lanngolyn "Seamaster"
 Trade & Interests: textiles, shipping
 Arms: field: purple
 shell: pink
 sea-worm: green



Family Name: LATHKULE (LATH-kool)
 Prominent Members: Nimor Lathkule
 Trade & Interests: jewelry, gem mining and prospecting, gemcutting
 Arms: field: white
 arm: pink flesh
 gem: glistening green



Family Name: MAERKLOS (MAY-er-close)
 Prominent Members: Aldara Maerklos
 Trade & Interests: seer (predictions), swine-herding, beer-brewing
 Arms: field: deep green (lower), pink (upper)
 eyes: white, (lashes) black
 mouth: red
 border between fields, and lines in lower field: thin black





Family Name: MAERNOS (MAY-er-no-zz)

Prominent Members: Ultas Maernos (Raiser-of-Priests)

Trade & Interests: moneylending, banking, financial administration of temples (hence, Ultas's nickname)

Arms: field: royal blue
spearpoints: silver
folded hands: pink flesh
sleeves: green



Family Name: MAJARRA (Mah-JAR-ra)

Prominent Members: Kelthul Majarra

Trade & Interests: harping, instrument making, and harp-training, silver mining (Mirabar)

Arms: field: deep green
bars: white
harp: brown (body), white (area of strings), silver (strings)
curtain: orange (fabric, in top corner), crimson (border)



Family Name: MANTHAR (MAN-thar)

Prominent Members: Ithuil Manthar

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, trading in metals & perfumes

Arms: field: royal blue
band: silver
swordtip: silver (blade), red (bloodied tip)



Family Name: MARGASTER (MAR-gast-er)

Prominent Members: "Lord of Lords" Thentias Margaster

Trade & Interests: trading, shipping

Arms: field: gold
claw: white
talons: scarlet
feathers: brown



Family Name: MASSALAN (MASS-ah-lann)

Prominent Members: Iliaru Massalan

Trade & Interests: Jewelry

Arms: field: red
border: gold
stars: white



Family Name: MELSHIMBER (Mel-SHIMM-bur)

Prominent Members: Hlanta Melshimber (said to know many insidious poisons)

Trade & Interests: sage-lore (history & genealogy), research and information-gathering, fine wines

Arms: field: silver
border (representing edge of helm): royal blue
eye: white with green pupil



Family Name: MOONSTAR (MOON-starr)

Prominent Members: Helve Moonstar

Trade & Interests: guiding, cartography, exploration and caravan-mastering

Arms: field: royal blue
moon and stars: silver



Family Name: NANDAR (Nan-DAR)

Prominent Members: Baelrun Nandar

Trade & Interests: house-building, bridgebuilding

Arms: field: sky blue
bridge: grey
star: silver
spear: black (shaft), silver (head), royal blue (banner)



Family Name: NESHER (Neh-SHURR)

Prominent Members: Laskar Neshar

Trade & Interests: hawking, lumbering, wood-making

Arms: field: green
hawk-bell: white



Family Name: PHULL (Ff-ULL)

Prominent Members: "the Fisherlord" Ulmassus Phull

Trade & Interests: fishing

Arms: field: green
fish: silver (body), yellow (eye)



Family Name: PHYLUND (ff-EYE-lund)

Prominent Members: Urto Phylund

Trade & Interests: the training, procuring, and breeding of fearsome "monsters" (will buy from adventurers)

Arms: field: orange
horn: yellow-green
eyes: glittering green
mouth: red (maw), white (fangs)



Family Name: PIIRADOST (PEER-ah-dohst)

Prominent Members: Humbraz Piiradost

Trade & Interests: horse-breeding, cattle raising

Arms: field: red
portcullis: grey
chain & collar: grey
skull: white and black



Family Name: RAVENTREE (RAY-venn-tree)

Prominent Members: Nandos Raventree

Trade & Interests: rare-foods purveying, shipbuilding

Arms: field: orange
water: green
tree: black
raven: black (body), red (eye)
sails: white
hull: brown



Family Name: ROARINGHORN (ROAR-ingg-horn)

Prominent Members: Vastarr Roaringhorn, Kuldos Roaringhorn (brothers, co-heads of the family and known collectively as "the Lords Roaringhorn"). The family is a lusty, fun-loving, singing, brawling clan, who love parties and pomp.

Trade & Interests: mercenary-fighting, horse-raising

Arms: field: green
horn: gold (body), white (blast of sound)
star: white



Family Name: ROSZMAR (ROZZ-nar)

Prominent Members: Estrip Rosznar, "the Young Masked Lady" (due to her fondness for masked dance costumes, and her facial resemblance to the famous Lhestyn "the Masked Lady").

Estrip (pronounced ESS-treep) is head of her House.

Trade & Interests: land-owning, wine-making

Arms: field: royal blue
falcon: white



Family Name: RULDEGOST (RULL-dee-goss-t)

Prominent Members: Dethnar Ruldegost, a quiet, "respectable" family (whose interests belie this act).

Trade & Interests: banking, mercenary fighting, bounty-hunting, caravan-mastering

Arms: field: sky blue
flames: scarlet
armor: silver (face: black, no features shown)
blood: crimson (three rivulets, from open helm)



Family Name: SILMERHELVE (SILL-murr-hellve)

Prominent Members: Laerlos Silmerhelve

Trade & Interests: guardianship

warrior-training, pandering
Arms: field: green
borders: silver
torso: pink flesh
lance: brown
helm, sword, and shield (note borders on shield): gold



Family Name: SNOOME (Ss-NO-mm)

Prominent Members: Arrabas Snome

Trade & Interests: beer and liqueur importing

Arms: field: scarlet
goblet: gold
spilling wine: purple



Family Name: STORMWEATHER (STORM-weather)

Prominent Members: Mintos Stormweather

Trade & Interests: shipping, naval exploration

Arms: field: sky blue
waves: green
foam at top of wave: white
moon: white



Family Name: SULTLUE (SUL-tloo)

Prominent Members: Asbrior Sultlue "the Serpent" (this family holds grudges and wild hatreds; some members may not be quite sane)

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, horse-breeding and trading

Arms: field: royal blue
serpent: light green (body), yellow (eyes, fangs), red (mouth)





Family Name: TALMOST (TALL-moss-tt)

Prominent Members: Hyara Talmost
"the Matriarch"

Trade & Interests: textiles, fashion clothing, furs

Arms: field: sky blue

castle: grey
torch: gold
flame: orange



Family Name: TARM (TAR-mnn)

Prominent Members: Thentivil Tarm

Trade & Interests: caravan-mastering, horse-breeding and training

Arms: field: red

band: white
bugle, candle-lamp, and whip: gold (including thong, flame)



Family Name: TCHAZZAM (TAH-chah-zzam)

Prominent Members: Ulboth Tchazzam
Trade & Interests: archery, hunting, bowyers & fletchers

Arms: field: royal blue

moon: white
fanciful arrow: silver (including speed-streaks)



Family Name: TESPHER (TESS-purr)

Prominent Members: Armult Tesper
Trade & Interests: guardianship, skill-at-arms

Arms: field: royal blue

bands (two): red
will-o'-wisps (two): white



Family Name: THANN (Thh-ANN)

Prominent Members: Rhammas Thann
(a rich, careful, quiet clan)

Trade & Interests: (formerly slaving) land-owning, merchant shipping

Arms: field: green

horse: white (body), brown (eye)
crow: black (body), yellow (eye)



Family Name: THONGOLIR (THONG-oh-leer)

Prominent Members: Bilaerus Thongolir
Trade & Interests: calligraphy, limning, printing

Arms' field: royal blue
scrolled border: silver



Family Name: THORP (THOR-pp)

Prominent Members: Bulmere Thorp
Trade & Interests: caravan-mastering, mercenary fighting

Arms: field: gold
mace: grey



Family Name: THUNDERSTAFF (THUN-der-staff)

Prominent Members: Baerom Thunderstaff

Trade & Interests: magecraft, mercenary fighting, caravan-mastering

Arms: field: red
weapons: silver tall blades, black (all shafts)



Family Name: ULBRINTER (UL-BRIN-turr)

Prominent Members: Nomus Ulbrinter
Trade & Interests: shipping, shipwrights

Arms: field: white
waves: green
hull: brown
sail: light blue (with red heart blazon)
masthead banner: red
ships' lines, catwalks, shrouds, mast: black



Family Name: URMBRUSK (URM-brusk)

Prominent Members: Halam Urnbrusk
Trade & Interests: land-owning, money-lending

Arms: field: green
sword: blue (blade), gold (hilt,ommel), black (grip)
blood: crimson
monster: brown (body), white (fangs), purple (mouth)



Family Name: WANDS (WAA-nds)

Prominent Members: Maskar Wands
(powerful mage), Olanhar Wands
(Maskar's daughter and successor)

Trade & Interests: mage-schooling, magical research and adventuring, dweomercrafter-for-hire

Arms: field: purple
manche (sleeve): black
stars: gold



Family Name: WAVESILVER (WAVE-silver)

Prominent Members: Bleskos Wave-silver

Trade & Interests: merchant shipping

Arms: field: red (sky)
waves: royal blue
spray: silver (one curl at bottom, curl and drop at top)



Family Name: ZULPAIR (ZUL-pair)

Prominent Members: Olomar Zulpair
Trade & Interests: merchant shipping

Arms: field: purple

proW: gold
star: silver
spray: white
waves: navy blue



Family Name: ZUN (Zz-UNN)

Prominent Members: Lungar Zun
Trade & Interests: cattle-farming, mercenary fighting

Arms: field: brown
sting & claw: metallic green (both have silver sparkles)



Here follow the Arms of the City of Waterdeep:

field: royal blue (sky)
border: silver
crescent moons (one a distorted reflection): silver
water: navy blue
horizon: purple
nine stars: silver



Here follow the Arms of the Lords of Waterdeep:

field: white
border: silver
torch: metallic blue
flame: silver



Chapter 7: SELECTED NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS OF WATERDEEP

The characters listed below are for the DM to use in encounters with PCs in Waterdeep, not as Player Characters. This is by no means a complete list of important personages of the City, but merely some beings useful as tutors, sources of information, potential adversaries, and “local color” for PCs exploring Waterdeep. NPCs dealt with elsewhere in this book have not been repeated here.

In the entries that follow, the pronunciation of each character’s name is noted, and the ward(s) of the City each is most often found in is given. Ability scores of 16 or greater are included; others may be determined as a DM sees fit.

Aluar Zendos (AL-OO-ar ZEN-dosz)

The Trades Ward
4th level ranger
CG Mielikki
Human male, ST 17, CON 17

Aluar is a quiet, unassuming man of muscular build, who possesses a hawklike face and a hatred for evil creatures. He can be encountered often in the inns and taverns of Waterdeep, where he will offer himself as a guide (for 1 sp/day) or caravan-guard for any traveling in the North. Aluar will go as far east as Westgate, as far north as the mountains allow, and as far south as the cities of Amn. He enjoys a good fight, although he will not stay with adventurers who wantonly slay wildlife that does not menace them or that they do not intend to eat, or who fell trees or burn brush without reason. He will readily tutor other rangers (he wants very much to gain a magical blade he can wield in battle). Aluar is a restless man who does not know what to do in life, but he knows somehow that Waterdeep, a city to which he returns continually, is very important, and that his eventual destiny will involve it.

Bamaal Dunster (Bam—ALL DUN-sturr)

All wards
3rd level cleric of Lathander
NG Lathander
Human male, WIS 17

Bamaal is a short, fat, jolly man of middle years, given to impish humor and a love of good times and convivial fellowship. He is often to be found in taverns and at parties, and has a prodigious tolerance for drink, so that although he may grow rather owlsh by the end of a wild evening, he is still upright and observant. Bamaal exasperates the clergy of Waterdeep’s temple to Lathander because of his undignified (and unrepentantly so!) nature, but he is a devout fol-

lower of Lathander in his own way, forever helping to tend some stranger’s flowers or handing young lovers the keys to his current inn room for a night, and forever starting and helping others to start plans, fellowships, and businesses. He gains the necessary monies to live as he does by healing and aiding others with his divinely-given magic for fees, quite unashamedly, and Lathander seems to approve, as Bamaal’s prayers are continually answered with spells. Bamaal will not leave the City to go on any sort of adventure, but he will quite happily rise from his bed in the dead of night to cure the wounds of a fallen adventurer if awakened by one of the unfortunate’s anxious companions.

Blazidon One-Eye (BLAZZ-ih-don)

Virgins’ Square (day), Bowels of the Earth (night): The Trades Ward, Dock Ward
4th level fighter
CN Tempus
Human male, ST 16

By night, Blazidon makes the rounds of Waterdeep’s inns and taverns, befriending penniless newcomers to the City who might be willing to hire themselves out as fighting men or guards. By day, this grizzled old fighter, now retired, but still armed to the teeth and no pushover, can be found in Virgins’ Square. Most caravan-masters know where to find him. For a copper piece per man hired, Blazidon will contact a hiresword for a client, and bring the two together to talk business in a little room off the taproom of The Bowels of the Earth tavern (#198, Snail Street and Simples Street, The Trades Ward). Unbeknownst to most of Waterdeep, he owns the palace, and usually sleeps in its dust-filled attic. Blazidon knows Waterdeep’s inns and taverns, and the entire City south of the Bazaar, well.

Brace Ulmemur (BRAY-sss Ull-MEM-urr)

Taverns and near City Gates, all wards
4th level fighter
CN Tymora
Human male, ST 17

Brace is a beefy, hard-faced man who in the past was a member of two short-lived adventuring bands: the Men of the Knife and The Company of the Black Hand. Both companies were decimated by monsters while exploring ruins in the North. Brace is reluctant to mount further adventures by himself, and won’t even discuss details of his past career (such as just where the ruins were). He is quite willing to hire on with bands of adventurers as an extra sword (he fights with broad sword, battleaxe, and dag-

ger), for 1 sp per day, plus meals, and a 5 gp bonus if substantial treasure is found. Brace is not greedy and will not try to keep treasure for himself, and is quite dependable to any party that does not callously leave him to death (those sorts of people he will follow, if he can, and rob or slay, one by one, calmly and patiently). He owns two magical items: a (standard) *ring of regeneration*, which he conceals with a bandage that covers three fingers and the back of a “broken” hand, and a *ring of ESP* (allows the wearer to eavesdrop on the surface thoughts of one creature, as the second-level magic-user spell, for two rounds in every 1-turn period, either a single 2-round probe, or two 1-round probes). Brace will try to avoid people casting *detect magic* on him, and if they do so, will try to trick such examiners by clasp his hands together while such detection is operating, and by otherwise never using his bandaged hand, into believing he wears only one magic ring, not two. If Brace is given or gains lots of treasure suddenly, he will offer much of it to the service of Tymora.

Coril (KOR-ill)

All wards
2nd level magic-user
CG Mystra
Human “male” (see below), IN 18, DEX 18

This (apparently) handsome young man always wears black robes, and carries a thick book under one arm. The tome consists of reams of loose scrap paper clamped together with clasps between two covers, upon which Coril scribbles (execrable: DMs are encouraged to freely invent samples) verse from time to time. Coril may be encountered in any of Waterdeep’s inns and taverns, where he likes to sit in a corner and just watch people. Coril is willing to cast spells for fees, trade spells for magical items or (useful) spells he does not have, and tutor magic users for fees, too.

Coril knows the following cantrips and spells.

Cantrips: *clean, color, dampen, freshen, stitch, tie, warm/tangle, untie/distract, hide, present/giggle, wink, yawn/bluelight, fire-finger, smokepuff, unlock/footfall, groan, whistle*

Spells: *armor, comprehend languages, dancing lights, detect magic, hold portal, magic missile, mending, read magic, shield, shocking grasp, unseen servant, write*

Coril is actually female, and an agent of the Harpers, about whom she (deliberately) knows nothing useful. Once a month she



meets the bard Shalar Simgulphin (q.v.) in a tavern somewhere in Waterdeep. She tells him details of people she's seen. He tells her things to look for in the month ahead for him, and he hands her 50 gp for living expenses in the month to come. Coril has no magical items, keeps her spell books hidden in a cavity behind a loose stone in a minaret on the roof of Mariners' Hall (her Dexterity and climbing proficiency allow her to reach it easily in night's darkness). She is the illegitimate daughter of the cavalier Sarraver of Baldur's Gate, who does not know her current whereabouts.

Dagasumn (DAG-ah-summ)

? (Contact: #24 on City map)
3rd level magic-user
LN Mystra
Human male, IN 17

An adventuring mage who may be contacted through the staff of The Elfstone Tavern (The Street of the Sword, Castle Ward), Dagasumn was born in Port Llast and was briefly apprenticed to Malchor Harpell (q.v.) at the latter's Tower of Twilight near Neverwinter. Dagasumn soon came to Waterdeep to make his fortune, casting spells and tutoring lesser magic users for fees. He is always dispassionately considering and attempting ways of gaining magical knowledge and power (i.e., magical items) and gold with a minimum of risk. He hires bodyguards for meetings with numerous potential clients, and never goes adventuring when he can stay safely in the City and cast spells in the comparative safety of The City of the Dead (where careful timing between Guard patrols, and careful choice of location, will ensure the fewest possible witnesses) for adventurers who come to him with gold (notably *identify*, *detect evil*, *locate object*, and *strength*). Dagasumn will keep strictly to the letter of any agreement he makes with anyone, but is loyal only to himself.

Duromil "the Fearless" (Durr-OH-mil)

all wards (inns and taverns)
6th level thief
CN Mask
Human male, ST 16, DEX 18

This quiet, close-mouthed thief of Waterdeep specializes in robbing visitors to the City of small items of value (gems, magical items, spell books, and the like). He frequents the inns and taverns of the City posing as a fighter, even hiring on through Blazidon (q.v.) from time to time when money is low. Duromil wears leather armor (he will claim to be too poor to afford bet-

ter), and carries a broad sword, long sword, and dagger. He is not at all adverse to accompanying a party as a hiresword and then stealing from them when the opportunity arises, although he will always try to conceal the fact that he is a thief, and even that he is disloyal to the party. Backstabbing and picking pockets in the dark when the party is confused or split up, and then "appearing" on the scene as a loyal (and upset) party member is a favorite trick. Duromil is wise enough to know when this will not work, and not to attempt it in such cases. He has done this many times, and Waterdhavians and surviving adventurers he accompanied alike do not suspect that he is a thief, or was disloyal (in other words, he's a very smooth operator). Duromil is not cruel or overly reckless, and he is always alert for trouble.

Elaith Craulnobur, "the Serpent" (Ee-LAITH Crawl-NO-burr)

all wards (taverns, nightclubs, festsalls)
6th level fighter/7th level magic user
NE Erevan Ilesere
Elven male, ST 17, IN 16, DEX 17, CHA 17

This charismatic, handsome, and glib-tongued rogue is a ruthless adventurer of Moon Elven stock; tall, slim, and silver-haired, with amber eyes and a melodious voice. He often appears gently amused at his surroundings, but he is as dangerous as the type of monster he is nicknamed for. Elaith is the last survivor of the famed Company of the Claw, and the last living member of the Three Blades of tavern fame. He earned his nickname for his gliding strike in battle, and his cruel sense of humor. Some in Waterdeep believe (rightly) that he betrayed or slew some of his adventuring comrades. All say that he has vast sums of money hidden away, while ever he seeks more. Elaith often organizes new adventuring companies in Waterdeep's taverns, to explore this or that dungeon or ruin of the North, although experienced mercenaries say cynically that the Serpent is just looking for fodder: cheap muscles to die in traps and battles while he grows rich. In truth, Elaith owns much property in Waterdeep, and in a hidden cellar has a strongbox, guarded by a gargoyle or similar fearsome clawed, flying monster, with several magical wands in it, and coffers of gems worth over 90,000 gp. The only magic the Serpent carries is a *potion of extra healing* and a *ring of the ram*. He fights with a sabre, daggers (which he is adept at throwing: he has one in each boot and one at his belt), and a handaxe. He is

also adept in the use of a spear and darts. Elaith is known to use a *Rary's mnemonic enhancer* to carry more *lightning bolts* or *fireballs* than he ordinarily would be able to. He is always expecting and prepared for treachery and trouble.

Infamous among elves in the North (where he is hated and feared, although some secretly envy his successes and confident independence, when the elven People in general are in decline in Faerûn), Elaith takes full advantage of the fact that most visitors to the City do not expect an elf to be evil.

Filiare (Fill-ee-AIR)

#168 (almost always)
3rd level fighter
LN Tempus
Human male

The owner and bartender of The Inn of the Dripping Dagger (The High Road, The Trades Ward), Filiare is a jovial, middle-aged former mercenary who is the major alternative to Blazidon (q.v.) as a job-finder for "hireswords" (mercenary fighting men). His inn is the favored home and watering-place for such warriors, and many employers seeking a few blades in a hurry come here and see who's "at home at the Dagger" to hire. The Company of Crazy Adventurers lived here until they built their own keep (now demolished), and it was always their favorite place to drink. Filiare is a good, considerate host, and has lots of spare weapons and gear on hand (given to him by fighting men down on their luck, who had no spare coin to pay their bills, or who never came back from an expedition to find more coins to call their own) to sell to adventurers in need. DMs should note that Filiare may shave a copper piece or two off the standard—i.e. *Players Handbook*—prices for such items, if adventurers seem to be in dire straits.

Flambos Axemaster (FLAM-boe-ss)

all wards (inns and taverns)
3rd level ranger
NG Mielikki
Human male, ST 17, W 16

Flambos is a ranger based in Waterdeep (where he may be found in almost any inn or tavern, splendid or squalid), who rides the High Moor armed with long sword, longbow, and the battleaxe for which he is named, battling evil creatures who live there until he must return to the City for healing and rest. He will readily accompany adventurers of good alignment who need a guide or sword-arm, charging 1 sp/day (and



an equal share of any treasure gained). Any large amounts of treasure he may win while adventuring will be given to the shrine of Mielikki in Waterdeep, for the Lady's Work. Smaller amounts pay for necessary healing and daily expenses. Flambos lives simply.

Gaundos (Gh-ONN-doe-ss)

? (contact: #213)
5th level illusionist
CN Leira
Human male, IN 17, DEX 17

This mysterious illusionist of Waterdeep takes care that none know his true abode or face, employing *change self* constantly, and making paranoid roundabout trips everywhere, constantly doubling back and changing his appearance again. He can be contacted at The Swords' Rest tavern (The High Road, Southern Ward) by leaving word with the bartender, Elgorel, whom he speaks to at some time during every evening. Gaundos is constantly in need of money to purchase tomes and material components to further his art (illusionists—or at least, illusionists willing to make themselves known to Gaundos—seem to be few and far between in Waterdeep). He will agree to cast spells, or tutor lesser illusionists, for a fee. He will never willingly go on adventures, and for self-protection carries a *necklace of missiles* (4 2d missiles, 2 of 4 dice, 2 of 6 dice, and one of 8 dice), which he will use if attacked or cornered by anyone.

Helve Urtrace (HEL-ve UR-tray-ss)

Castle Waterdeep or trouble scenes (see below)
5th level fighter
LG Tyr
Human male, ST 16, DEX 16

Helve is a close-mouthed, always-calm fighting man, who is Senior Armsmaster of the Waterdeep Watch, responsible for purchasing, maintaining, and keeping an account of, all weapons used by officers of the Watch. If one goes missing, it is he who will investigate. He is said in tavern-talk to put secret marks on all the Watch weapons, invisible to all but himself, but this is a myth. Helve also drills Watch officers in the use of their arms, and is said to know every trick of tavern- and street-fighting and to have an uncanny ability to anticipate what an opponent is about to do and be ready for it. This seems to be true. If a large brawl or magical fight erupts and a Watch patrol calls for reinforcements, and the reinforcements in turn have to blow *their* horns for additional reinforcements, Helve will almost certainly (90%) arrive. He carries a *rod of smiting* when on duty, and when answering a sum-

mons to trouble, he is often accompanied by his daughter, Lassree, a 2nd level magic-user who has been given a *ring of spell turning* and a *wand of paralyzation* by the Lords to help her (and the Watch) in such situations, and 11-22 (10 + 1d12) additional officers of the Watch.

Hest Sciprar (HES-ssst SIP-rar)

#168, or on streets
4th level fighter
NG Tymora
Human male, ST 17, IN 17, CON 16

Hest is a fun-loving, adventurous mercenary who loves dashing deeds and gallantry, and is most willing to undertake adventures for a fee—2 sp/day—or rescue missions for half that. He rooms at The Inn of the Dripping Dagger, where he can be readily contacted, in person or via Filiare (q.v.). Hest Sciprar expects an equal share of any considerable treasure won—coins, not magic, to give to Tymora's temple, to Filiare for rent, and to buy a few rounds for the boys at the Dripping Dagger. Hest dreams of someday rescuing and marrying a beautiful lady and becoming a noble lord. DM's note: add +3 to all of Hest's saving throws. He seems truly favored of Tymora.

Hlam (Hh-LAM)

Mt. Waterdeep (see below)
7th level monk
LG Tyr
Human male, ST 17, W 16, DEX 17

Hlam has twice tried and failed to become the White Master of Dragons. He was defeated by Iltmul at the Citadel of the Mists, and later by Iltmul's successor, Dumat Erard of the Company of Crazy Adventurers. Hlam considers these defeats signs from Tyr that he was not ready to advance in Tyr's service, so he patiently meditates and trains, alone in a small cave partway up the eastern face of Mount Waterdeep. The Guard and Watch know of his presence but do not disturb him. Indeed, they have instructions from Piergeiron to leave food at the cave-mouth regularly. Hlam considers it part of his service to Tyr to train monks of lesser accomplishments, but considers adventuring with companions (rather than alone) to be frivolous self-indulgence. He will expect such trainees to make offerings to Tyr, at the shrine in Neverwinter or elsewhere.

Ilph (real name: Myturkh Longpipe)

All wards (see below)
7th level thief-acrobat
CN Brandobaris
Halfling male, ST 15, DEX 17

Ilph says little, keeps to dark Dock Ward taverns or sewers by day, and roams the roofs of the City by night, looking for open windows and unattended belongings in walled courtyards and gardens. The Watch has never caught him, although they have often seen him running nimbly along the top of a villa wall, far above them, shrouded in hood and silence. Ilph is not willing to train others, and if encountered in a tavern by day will profess to be a simple farming lad from Corm Orp, come to see the sights of the big City, and not a thief at all. If approached on the rooftops by night, he will attack instantly, and then flee. He is not adverse to stealing from adventurers. He has a perfect hiding place for his booty, inside a hollowed-out block of stone on the roof of the Palace itself.

The ornate, many-spired roof of the Palace is lightly guarded because it is considered too difficult to reach and climb about on. The various roof hatches are heavily guarded within, but if one can climb unobserved—Ilph always comes by night, from the Mount Waterdeep side—one is likely to be unchallenged. Ilph never tries to get into the Palace, and so never runs afoul of the Guard. PCs trying to follow Ilph or enter the Palace by this route will no doubt discover the scenic delights that the Palace offers the discerning visitor: steep, greased roof slates, spike-studded ledges, wire snares, treacherously-crumbling stone trim, and tripwire-activated alarms and automatic crossbows.

Janszobur (JAN-so-burr)

Streets (see below)
4th level barbarian
NG "The Fist" (Tempus)
Human male, ST 17, DEX 16, CON 18 (IN 5, WIS 4)

Janszobur is a native of the Snow Cat Nomads, who inhabit the mountains of the Utter North, battling remorhaz and intruding orcs with savage ferocity. They are few and physically strong, and worship an incarnation of Tempus, whom they call "the Fist."

Once in his life, each man of the Snow Cats must undertake a quest, a service for the Fist, some great deed for the good of the tribe. The elder seers of Janszobur's tribe picked as Janszobur's task bringing back a warrior-princess from the great City of men far to the south, on the coast, a fighting queen who will lead the People to greatness. So to Waterdeep Janszobur has come, bewildered by the crowding and the strange ways and all the finery and wealth.



He is still doggedly looking for the War Queen, although he has almost run out of taverns to look for her in, and is known to the Watch all over Waterdeep for his habit of drinking all evening, breaking a few heads to warm up, and then striding through the streets of the City in the wee hours, singing lustily at the top of his lungs as he peers in windows and tries doors, looking for the princess. Janszobur prefers to brawl (refer to *Unearthed Arcana*) rather than draw steel. Unwitting adventurers who encounter him may suffer the same rough fate that Watch officers usually do (their reports usually include the phrase, “. . . after regaining my senses, I . . .”).

Kappiyan Flurmastyr (KAPP-ee-yan FLURR-mass-turr)

#218 (rarely elsewhere)
11th level magic-user
NG Mystra
Human male, IN 18, CHA 16

This distinguished-looking, tall, thin, white-bearded wizard lives alone in a house on Anchoret’s Court (Southern Ward), where he is engaged in seemingly constant research, and in the making of potions. He will sell potions in return for money to continue his researches (the DM should determine what he has on hand, and follow standard *Dungeon Masters Guide* prices. Kappiyan is not running a potion shop, as he will testily say if PCs turn up on his doorstep again and again). He has a homonculous and other magical guardian creatures in his house. The severity of Kappiyan’s defenses is left to the DM. PCs intent on robbing him should expect to leave the remains of many of their fellows behind.

Loene (LOW-enn)

#13 and all wards
8th level fighter
CG Tymora
Human female, ST 16, DEX 17, CHA 16

Now a formidable fighter and rich landlord in Waterdeep, Loene was once a “pleasure girl” purchased by Minark “the Salt Torturer”, from whom she was rescued by the notorious Company of Crazy Adventurers. Becoming an assistant to Nain Keenwhistler (q.v.) she defended him ably when he was attacked in the streets, and was offered a place in the Company ranks and training at arms, as a result. She rose in skills with astonishing speed, and upon the Company’s dissolution remained in Waterdeep as a gambler and adventuress for hire, becoming for a time the lover of Mirt “the Moneylender.” Loene no longer gambles, is

still a friend of Mirt, and still trains lesser fighters and goes on adventures in return for a 2 gp/day fee and a full share of treasure. She does not really need the money, and will refuse any part of what she sees as foolhardy, frivolous, and trouble-making ventures. Loene wears a *ring of spell storing* when adventuring. Khelben, Nain, or Malchor will readily “refill” it for her. When full, it contains *dispel magic*, *fly*, *sending* (which Loene will use to call upon Nain when in peril of her life), and *wall of force*. Loene has a *dagger + 1*, but otherwise carries no magical weapons (she is thought to have a few, hidden away in the walls of one of the buildings she owns). Loene’s house is on Waterdeep Way, and backs onto Gem Street (Castle Ward).

Maaril (MAYR-ill)

#63 or at parties (see below)
13th level magic-user
NE Mystra
Human male, IN 18, DEX 17, CHA 17

A handsome, dark-eyed wizard with a jutting black beard curling from the point of his chin, Maaril is given to wearing dark green or purple robes, and appearing at Palace and nobles’ private parties, and otherwise remaining within his Dragon Tower (so named because its peak is carved into the shape of a dragon’s head; from the mouth and nostrils the smoke of the chimneys below issues, eerily), which lies on the west side of The Street of the Singing Dolphin, Sea Ward. Maaril always wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location* and a *ring of X-ray vision*. He is never without his *staff of power*. Maaril is working on the secrets of opening *gates* to other planes and commanding creatures from those planes who come to this one, and is constantly on the watch for signs or news of new magic in the City. The other mages of the City consider him an eccentric, but do not realize his evil nature (Khelben suspects, but Maaril’s visible guardian creatures are enchanted constructs rather than living beasts, and can remain lifeless if Maaril has guests). Maaril will try to seize (by means of clay golems or gargoyles, by night) any items of magic that PCs reveal to public view in the City. He will prove a quiet, patient behind-the-scenes foe to any adventurers who retaliate against him, hiring endless hireswords to bar their way.

Madieron Sunderstone (Mah-DEER-onn SUN-der-stone)

Palace (otherwise, with Piergeiron)

9th level paladin
LG Tyr
Human male, ST 18/72, CON 16, CHA 17

Madieron is the Champion of Piergeiron. He guards Piergeiron’s person in the Palace and outside the City, and answers any challenges to the Lord with his own blade or axe. The latter weapon is a *battleaxe +3* that radiates a bright white *continual light*, given to Madieron by a High Priest of Tyr in the Inner Sea lands long ago, a Lawful Good weapon consecrated to Tyr, and known as “The Axe of Heavenly Fire.” Madieron stands an astonishing eight feet in height, and when “on duty” wears polished, blued full plate (known in the Realms as “coat-of-plate”), truly an awesome sight. Madieron also wields a 12’-long iron bar (treat as a triple-damage quarterstaff) when engaged in “crowd control” or facing many small foes, such as kobolds or goblins. Madieron is well-nigh fearless, and not especially bright. His perseverance, however, makes him a formidable foe.

Malchor Harpell (MAL-core HAR-pell)

In Waterdeep: streets, Blackstaff Tower (rarely in City)
18th level magic-user
NG Mystra, Deneir
Human male, IN 18

Malchor was a charter member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers, with whom he had a long and active (more than any other Company member) career. Upon the Company’s dissolution, Malchor went to stay with Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun in Waterdeep, and willingly served Khelben as an assistant, including taking part in adventures on other planes, and aiding in Harper-related plans. Malchor did this to gain the experience and increased powers he believed necessary for self-sufficiency in the sometimes-dangerous North.

After completing a *staff of the magi* he had been working on for some years, Malchor took his leave of Khelben amicably, and returned to his native Longsaddle. There he found a suitable spot half a day’s ride west of the town, on the edge of the Neverwinter woods, built himself a Tower, and retired there to study and further his powers, with the occasional relaxation of training (for substantial fees) lesser magic users, including Dagasumn. Malchor now rarely emerges from his Tower of Twilight except to aid the Lords of Waterdeep, particularly his friend Khelben. Malchor maintains close contact with Khelben and he gives aid to, and can call on ready aid from, him. Malchor is known to have a griffon



steed, and at least one guardian defending his Tower (he has mastered the arts of creating stone guardians, *staves of the magi*, *wands of magic missiles*, *rings of feather falling*, and *rings of warmth*, and is now working on certain potions and elixirs). A painter, Malchor is fluent in Common, Elvish, Djinni, and Drow. When adventuring or traveling alone, he always wears a *lurker cloak* and a *ring of protection*, +3, and bears his *staff of the magi*, and is said to usually have one or more rings of warmth and *feather falling* about his person to trade for magic new to him, or timely aid, as well as for his own use.

Maskar Wands (MASS-car WANN-ds)

#125 (rarely, streets and markets)

21st level magic-user

LN Mystra

Human male IN 18, W 16, DEX 16

Said by some to be the most powerful independent wizard of Waterdeep, the old, seldom seen head of the noble house of Wands keeps to his twin-towered villa home much of the time, and is usually silent in public, although his manners and gestures are gracious. He is known to have a *staff of the magi* and a *carpet flying*, and to disapprove of the unrestrained use of magic. He often directs adventurers to give up the use of all magic if they cannot govern their use of it better, or donate it forthwith to any temple of Mystra. Maskar will train lesser magic users, but his payment will always be in the form of a difficult service or task, such as restoring lost or stolen spell scrolls to the tomb of a particular mage, or destroying a lich, or bringing him a rare material component from halfway across Faerûn. As a result, he is rarely sought as a tutor by mages of lesser powers.

Mistmyr Iroan (Misst-MEER Eye-ROAN)

#277 (or in any tavern nearby)

9th level magic-user

NG Mystra

Human male, IN 18, DEX 16

Mistmyr is a young, good-natured sorcerer of impoverished means, who has no magical items nor even many gold pieces to his name. He hasn't even enough gold to further his studies. As a result, he will gladly cast spells for, or tutor, anyone who will pay him although he will not sell the secrets of spells, only trade a spell for a (useful) spell he does not possess of equal or greater level, or several useful spells of lesser level. He will not go on adventures unless forced to, even if offered heaps of treasure, for he thinks the risk too great. Mistmyr rooms at

the Splintered Stair inn (Gut Alley, Dock Ward), and will be found there or at a nearby tavern, having a meagre meal.

Mulgor (MULL-gore)

Palace, streets (with escort)

4th level cleric

LG Tyr

Human male, IN 16, W 18, CON 16

Mulgor is Waterdeep's collector-of-fees, a stolid, polite, no-nonsense man who is escorted by the Watch while on his money-collecting rounds. PCs who duck paying fees will get to know Mulgor very well. He is diligent, inexorable, and never forgets a face, a name, or an unpaid fee. Those who slip out of the City without paying and return years later will be confronted by a patient, courteous Mulgor. Mulgor also serves as clergy of Tyr in officiating at ceremonies for the paladins and other followers of Tyr in the City, which are held at the Palace for the convenience of Piergeiron. Mulgor lives in apartments in the Palace.

Myrmith Splendon (MEER-mith Spl-ENN-don)

#170

7th level fighter

LN Tempus

Human male, ST 18/04, W 16

Myrmith is a "captain-at-arms" (a professional tutor of fighting-men) who will train fighting-men (and all others) in the use of certain weapons (DM's choice, as long as at least one type of sword, one pole arm, and a dagger are involved). Myrmith does not specialize in any weapon, but rather tries to be an "all-rounder", mastering the greatest variety of personal weapons possible. Myrmith's fees are steep, but his training is good. His house is on Spindle Street (The Trades Ward), and he trains clients there. He is always busy. A wait of one or two weeks may be necessary for a fighter wishing the intensive training involved in going up a level, unless that fighter is willing to pay double so that Myrmith will risk the displeasure (and possible loss) of another client by "bumping" him or her.

Nain Keenwhistler (NAY-nn KEEN-whistler)

#73 (rarely Palace or streets)

13th level magic-user

NG Mystra, Tymora

Human male, IN 18, DEX 16

Nain is an ex-member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers. In his career with them, he was slain and raised many times, and rose to 15th level, ere a battle with an evil

demigod (the Godson) drained him of much experience. He worked his powers back up to his present level ere the Company's dissolution, and befriended Khelben and Durnan of the Lords of Waterdeep.

With his share of the Company's wealth, Nain built his own tower (Naingate) in Waterdeep, at Seawatch Street and Grimwald's Way (Sea Ward), where he lives happily immersed in the cut and thrust of politics and intrigue as a trader and diplomatic agent in the Palace for the Lords (that is, he supports and puts forward views of the Lords while appearing as an independent, thus influencing other diplomats and City personages). Nain's inattention to his studies and lack of adventuring (he has not undertaken any deliberate expeditions into danger since his Company days) have kept him at his present level. He sometimes wants to go adventuring again, but after many Company expeditions in the shadow of his colleague, Malchor Harpell (q.v.), Nain is determined that he will be in charge, if he becomes an adventurer again. Nain has a *dagger +1* and a *decanter of endless water*, both of which he always carries with him (and, of which, he is practiced and skilled in the odd and offensive uses of the *decanter*, such as a means of propulsion when floating, as a pushing or blinding weapon, to shatter glass, and suchlike).

Paerro (Pay-er-OE) (real name: Taslythor Rocktapper, of the Rocktappers of the Earthfasts)

#270, #272

2nd level thief

CN Baervan Wildwanderer

Gnome male, ST 16, DEX 18

Paerro has recently arrived in Waterdeep from the backlands of Impiltur far to the east, and is seeking adventure and fortune, despite becoming suddenly and uncomfortably aware of how law-abiding and well-policed this City is. He's somewhat at a loss for what to do, and his money is running out. He has no smithy skills, and doubts he'll find work at much else, even if he were interested in doing so. He hears much tavern-talk of the riches of Undermountain and other subterranean complexes beneath the City, but dare not enter their dangers alone, and knows it. Paerro has a room at the Warm Beds inn (Presper Street, Dock Ward), and can be found there, or drinking at The Bloody Fist (tavern, Presper Street, Dock Ward).



Rhazbos Redbridle (Ra-HAZZ-boe-zz
RED-bry-dul)

#215, streets and markets
6th level fighter
CG Tempus
Human male, ST 16, IN 16

Rhazbos is a stout, jolly man who makes his living breeding and training horses in Waterdeep (he is a member of The Stablemasters' and Farriers' Guild), having a large and successful stables on Wall Street and Caravan Street in Southern Ward. He was once an adventurer, but is too busy (and getting too fat) to go adventuring these days. He will take up to two weeks (at the most) off at a stretch to tutor fighters if they offer him enough, including meals, and have a place (the courtyard of a private house, for example, or a warehouse) where he can stay.

Rulathon (Roo-LATH-on)

All wards (see below)
12th level fighter
LG Tyr
Human male, ST 17, W 16, CHA 16

Rulathon is Captain (overall commander, under the Lord Piergeiron) of the Watch, and represents them in Palace ceremonies. Where there is any big trouble anywhere on the streets, Rulathon will arrive, clad in full plate and bearing his Red Sword (a sword +4, defender). He carries a Lawful Good iron horn of *valhalla* for use in emergencies, and the distinctive note of his silver belt horn will alert one or more of Piergeiron, Khelben, Mirt, Durnan, Texter, or Sammereza, if any are within range to hear it. This will bring about a prompt response by one or more mages on aerial steeds or *carpets of flying*, with 5-20 (5d4) fully-armed Guardsmen, on aerial steeds and/or afoot arriving in 4-9 (3 + 1d6) rounds. If a situation is very serious, one or more of these arrivals will speedily go for the mercenary reinforcements. Rulathon is a fair man, but not one to fall afoul of. He'll arrest and bring individuals before a Magister a dozen times, if need be, until he gets a conviction or they take the hint and leave the City.

Savengriff (SAY-ven-griff)

All wards
17th level magic-user
LG Mystra
Human male, IN 18, W 16, DEX 16

The least powerful of the Company of Crazy Adventurers' prominent magic users, Savengriff perished while battling a beholder. Unbeknownst to the Company, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun had recruited Savengriff to be a member of the Harpers, and

traced Savengriff's remains by means of a certain amulet Khelben had given the unfortunate mage. Khelben, Mirt, Durnan, Piergeiron, Kitten and the bard Shalar Simgulphin, as well as several of Khelben's apprentices and colleagues-in-magery, destroyed the beholder and retrieved Savengriff's remains, and by the magic of allied clerics, Savengriff was restored to life. He became a loyal apprentice of Khelben—and in time, a loyal agent of the Harpers and a mage of accomplishment, creating the *wand of banishment*, of which he made over a dozen. One he took with him, one he gave to Khelben, and others he gave to Alustriel, High Lady of Silvermoon, and other mages of the North who were Harpers. He is thought to have hidden away at least one wand ere he took to traveling about Waterdeep, the North, and other planes to do the Harper's business. Upon such mysterious errands he may be encountered anywhere in, under, or near Waterdeep, at any time. He will be magically prepared for, and expecting, trouble.

Wand of Banishment

This wand is usable only by magic-users; it cannot be recharged, and each use (effective or not) drains one charge. Upon command, a needle-thin ray of flickering green light shoots from the wand's tip up to 4' distant, striking a single target creature (the target is allowed a save vs. spells at -1; a successful save means the ray missed). Creatures struck by the ray are affected as follows:

—A summoned creature (from another plane) is instantly *banished* back to its own plane; it must save vs. wands at -4 to remain. If it does remain, it is *held* for one round.

—A creature summoned from elsewhere on the Prime Material Plane (i.e., by *monster summoning*, *call woodland beings*, or the like) is driven away; it will leave instantly at a normal movement rate, stopping only to defend itself if attacked, and not return.

—A hostile creature of 2 + 2 hit dice or less (including enemy familiars and homonculi) is affected as if by a *repulsion spell*, for four rounds. The target is allowed a save vs. wands; if successful, the *repulsion* lasts for only two rounds.

—A hostile creature of more than 2 + 2 hit dice must save vs. wands at -4; if successful, it is *slowed* for 2-5 (at random) rounds (if save is successfully made, target creature is unaffected).

—By draining six charges at once (the power will not work if less than six are left, but any attempt will exhaust the wand anyway), the wielder of the wand may attempt to *repel* any other wands within 4". Any affected wands (all wands are allowed a save vs. Lightning on the Saving Throw Matrix for Magical and Non-Magical Items at -3; if successful, they are unaffected) will be instantly, and violently, *telekinesed* away from the *wand of banishment* for 10"-60" distance, and held that distant for 1-4 rounds. Wands carried in the hand or belt will tear free; wands in backpacks and chests will drag the owner or item with them—unless very heavy or bulky, in which case the wand will smash about within the item, perhaps being destroyed. Note that wands in extra-dimensional spaces (such as a *bag of holding* or that produced by a *rope trick*) are immune from this effect.

Only one creature can be attacked with a *wand of banishment* per round; the ray will only affect one creature at a time, although it may affect any number of wands. Any given creature can be affected by any particular *wand of banishment* only once every 12 hours; a creature cannot be repeatedly attacked, or attacked a second time or with a different function of the wand, if an initial attack fails. Subsequent attempts will merely waste charge; a creature that has saved once against the wand (or endured one successful attack) cannot be affected by the wand again until the dweomer built up around the creature by the wand dissipates (which takes 12 hours).

Shyrrhr (SHEER-hur)

Palace, #14, and streets (always with escorting diplomat)
0 level fighter
NG Lathander
Human female, DEX 16, CHA 16

Shyrrhr is a courtesan of the Palace, one of the escorts Piergeiron provides for diplomatic guests. She specializes in chaperoning shy or uncertain human or half-elven women and elves of both sexes, as she is tall, elegant, soft-spoken, and kind, with a usually-hidden, light sense of humor. Shyrrhr knows both spoken and written Elvish, and is familiar with the customs, culture, courtesies, and religion of the various sorts of elves, even sea elves. She is intelligent, perceptive, and possessed of very good hearing and attention to "body language," and learns far more from most guests than they realize. Although not a member of any of Waterdeep's noble families (she was born, surprisingly, in Deepingdale far to the



east), Shyrrhr is accorded noble status in Waterdeep, has the title “Lady of the Court”, and lives in a house in Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward. (Thieves visiting it will be surprised to discover that she has nice wines, many nice gems, about 20 gp, and little else; Piergeiron provides for her needs out of the Palace purse.) Shyrrhr reports to Piergeiron, in private, all she learns, and the two are good friends, trusting each other absolutely. Shyrrhr has bronze-color hair, worn long and straight, and green eyes. She is graceful and quiet of movement, and can drink great amounts of wine or spirits without ill effect or intoxication, thanks to many years of Court service.

Sumer (SOO-mur)

All wards (visitor)
6th level cleric of Talos
CE Talos
Human male, ST 16, W 18

This tall, slim, dark-haired man appears in Waterdeep as a rich trader, clad in purple robes, with a bodyguard of four or five men, and his crony, Greeme, a 5th level CE fighter who uses poisoned weapons. Sumer keeps a low profile and does not cause public trouble, but he likes to kill at least one person, for the greater glory of Talos the Destroyer, on each visit, and favors adventurers, because if they vanish, there is less surprise and outcry, and because they often have cash or magical treasure he can use to further the work of Talos. Sumer will follow parties of adventurers into the North or into the dungeons beneath the City, and attack when they are weak or unprepared (i.e. when resting). He will flee if his life is threatened. Sumer carries no magical items except an *amulet of proof against detection and location*.

Tantuss Shieldsun (Tan-TUSS Sh-EE-ldsun)

All wards (streets, taverns) and #76
8th level ranger
NG Mielikki
Human male, ST 16

Tantuss makes a living as an adventurer, guiding caravans (and defending them against evil) in the North, and is a Harper and devout servant of Mielikki, who often carries messages to and from The Lady’s Hands at the shrine of Mielikki in Waterdeep (communications with other servants of The Lady of the Forest all across the North). He is widely traveled and will gladly hire himself out as a guide, although he will not enter tombs or private homes in the name of adventure (ruins and the subterra-

nean lairs of evil creatures are another matter). Tantuss will also tutor rangers for the usual fees, which he will use to live on or improve his equipment, and give most to the shrine for its continuance and service to Mielikki. Tantuss has no magical items, and rarely carries more than 20 pieces of gold.

Tessalar Hulicorn (TESS-ah-lar HOOL-ih-corm)

#95, and (rarely) taverns, markets, and parties in all wards
16th level magic user
LN Mystra
Human male, IN 18

Tessalar is a mercenary mage of Waterdeep, who tutors and casts spells continuously in exchange for treasure, which he uses to further his researches into the making of various magical items. He also makes and sells scrolls and potions, and rarely leaves his home (Tessalar’s Tower is at Sul Street and Chasso’s Trot, Sea Ward). A high-voiced, bearded, vain man given to wearing lots of sparkling rings (costume jewelry worth only a few coppers; his money goes into his research) and to using *smokepuffs* and *pyrotechnics* for dramatic effect, Tessalar is the closest thing to a “magic shop” Waterdeep has. PCs are warned that he will *never* go adventuring, will raise his prices steeply if the same people keep bothering him over and over again for potions or scrolls, and has enough real power (*walls of force*, *contingency* spells to whisk him away from harm, a constant *Serten’s spell immunity*, and a *ring of spell turning*) to utterly destroy most attackers, as well as a homonculous and an iron golem or four to dissuade thoughts of such undiplomatic dealings. Tessalar trusts no one, and always demands payment in advance for unusual potions and scrolls, or half in advance and half when ready (he never delivers; you must go to him) for “standard,” often-demanded potions and scrolls.

Thear Chessar (THEER CHESS-ar)

All wards
6th level thief-acrobat
CN Vergadain
Dwarven female, ST 17, DEX 17

Thear is a dwarf of quixotic nature who loves the fun and danger of stealing by night, from the rooftops. She is short and bearded (female dwarves are almost all bearded, though many shave). Thear finds her appearance a useful disguise; with an axe and mailshirt, no one suspects that she is a thief, and few will reach a rooftop to snatch shirt or axe while she’s in the build-

ing beneath, acquiring wealth (gold is her favorite loot). Thear is good, resists greedy impulses to over-indulge at her thievery, and likes to pick on visitors to the City (such as adventurers). If caught, she might offer to train a thief of lesser skills for free to make amends, but will otherwise have nothing to do with player characters, except to rob them whenever they bring home lots of gold. She has an uncanny ability to sense (90% of the time) when mechanical traps are present, even when actually finding or removing them is beyond her skills, and will leave guarded treasure alone, to seek easier loot elsewhere. Thear will prove an elusive foe if chased, doubling back over sewers and rooftops until she can don mailshirt and axe and become a “typical male” dwarf drinking in a busy tavern. She has seen Ilph (q.v.) from afar on the rooftops, but avoids him.

Tzarrakyn “the Younger” (Tizz-ARR-ah-kin)

All wards (streets, markets, and taverns)
2nd level fighter
CG Tymora, Tempus
Human male, ST 16, DEX 16

Tzarrakyn’s nickname is due to his famous father, Tzarrakyn of the Company of Crazy Adventurers, who perished in the same epic battle with a beholder that claimed the life of Savengriff (q.v.). Unbeknownst to his fellow Company members, Tzarrakyn had taken to wife a merchant’s daughter of Waterdeep, Dartheema, who died in childbirth less than a year after her husband. The baby, now known as Tzarrakyn “the Younger,” was raised by Dartheema’s parents. Nain of the Company, when he by chance learned the baby’s parentage, gave the parents seven thousand pieces of gold towards the boy’s upbringing, but the parents themselves both died of a winter fever when Tzarrakyn had just reached the age of fourteen.

Taken in by the Watch, Tzarrakyn cared for their boots and weapons in return for a bed and food, and dreamed of being a warrior hero, and rich. That would need luck and a good sword-arm, the Watchmen told him, so he became a worshipper of Tymora and Tempus, and has now taken leave of his friends at the Watch (who took a collection for him, and got him leather armor, a serviceable dagger and long sword—he also knows how to use a club—and twenty-three pieces of gold) to seek his fortune. He will tutor a 1st level fighter in return for a fee, hire on as a man-at-arms, or even join an



adventuring party. Any treasure he gains will be split four ways: a share to each god he worships, a share to live on and/or replace and repair his equipment, and a share given to his friends at the Watch—if they won't take it, he'll spend it on drinks for them. Tzarrakyn could prove a valuable party member, or an ally (a DM should keep track of his imaginary career; as the PCs adventure, so too will Tzarrakyn, alone or with the PCs or another group, and could well gain levels, proving useful as a later tutor for PC fighters).

Ulmrin (ULM-rin)

All wards (taverns, streets, markets)
2nd level fighter
LE Ilneval
Half-orc male, ST 17, CON 17

Half-orcs are rare in Waterdeep, but are tolerated as all beings short of drow and illithids (mind flayers) are, if their gold is good. Ulmrin can pass for human in appearance, is rather burly, and fights with a broad sword, axe, and dagger, in chainmail. He loves to fight, and will readily join or hire on to adventuring bands, but although he is not so stupid as to show it, his loyalty is only to himself, and he will run away to fight another day in any really tough battle, taking any treasure he can.

Varbrace Zaalen (VAR-brayse ZAY-len)

#168, streets, and see below
7th level fighter
LN Tempus
Human male, ST 16, DEX 16

This fighting-man makes his living as a professional tutor of fighters, or "captain-at-arms", and is quite willing to do this (upon payment of the proper fees) for player characters. (DMs should determine the weapons Varbrace has mastered, and those that his competitor Myrmith Splendon (q.v.) employs, for minimal overlap, so that PCs can choose what weapons to be trained in fairly freely.) Varbrace does not deal again with those who try to trick or cheat him unless they offer him double fees in advance, and act very sorry. He rooms at The Inn of the Dripping Dagger, and trains people in a secluded corner of The City of the Dead (or, if the Watch objects, outside the walls near River Gate). Varbrace will not go on adventures—he considers the risks too high for the potential profit.

Vedellen Hawkhand (Veh-DELL-en HAWK-hand)

City inns and taverns, all wards
1st level ranger

NG Rillifane Rallathil
Half-elven male, ST 16, IN 16, W 16

This ranger is an agent of the Harpers. That essentially good but secretive organization of the North seeks, among other things, to destroy evil—or at least, evil rulers, and the goblin races—to prevent men from indiscriminately despoiling the land for their own gain; and to preserve the culture of the elves and dwarves, encouraging elves, dwarves, halflings, gnomes, and humans to live together in peace. Vedellen doesn't worry about all that, however. He merely seeks grand adventure in the wilds, with any band that is headed there, his task from the Harpers being to keep an eye on such bands in Waterdeep and report on their real alignments, intentions, and activities. If he joins a band, it will be on a temporary basis, and he will of course seek to curb any wanton destruction of wildlife except evil giant-class creatures or other monsters, whom he will attack without hesitation. Between adventures, Vedellen will always return to Waterdeep's inns and taverns to continue his spying for the Harpers. If he is ready for training, he will go north, alone, to Silverymoon, to find a half-elven ranger to tutor him.

Wulve Raaikyn (WUL-vuh RAY-in-kin)

All wards (streets, inns, markets, and taverns)
1st level thief
CN Brandobaris
Halfling male, DEX 17

Recently arrived in Waterdeep as a trader in textiles, Wulve has stayed in the City of Splendors hoping to steal some gold and or magic before he heads back east with a wagon-load of turnips. He thinks sleeping adventurers are perfect targets, trusting to his feet to run away if discovered (he has learned where one or two ways down into the sewers are, and will make for them).

Xanathar

Beholder Crime-Lord
LE Bhaal

Waterdeep's "official" thieves' guild was crushed long ago and its remains driven from beyond the North into the lands of Amn. This does not mean that thievery and crime does not exist in the City of Splendors, for in the shadows it thrives in hundreds of small independent operations. The major advocate and support of these operations is the Beholder Xanathar.

Xanathar makes his home in a opulent chamber that hidden behind a secret door leading from the sewers of Waterdeep. His main chamber has yet to be located by the

forces of Law, and, indeed, few know of his very existence in the city. Rather than operating a strict Thieves' Guild, Xanathar works everything with freelance thieves, operating through third parties in order prevent the freelance agents of revealing his whereabouts, if caught. Xanathar is a collector of information from the surface world, again through trusted third parties, by which he makes his plans. It is said that Xanathar has the best knowledge of the sewers and their entrance both into the major citadels and into Undermountain as well.

Xanathar is served has a central "Four Councilors" who meet with him regularly. They in turn deal with other underlings, who do not even know of Xanathar's existence or the fact he is a Beholder. Slan Thurbel is his mercenary leader, a 6th level fighter who arranges crimes of violence. Slink Monteskor is Xanathar's bookkeeper and gatherer of information—he has a network of snitches scattered throughout the poor sections. Ott Steeltoes is a renegade of Ironmaster, a one-eyed dwarven pirate who is a 5th level fighter and thief. Shindia Darkeyes is a half-drow thief of 7th level, and Xanathar's personal favorite. She is also a master at blackmail and extortion, her information coming from the darker festhalls of Waterdeep and its more stylish parties. In his lair, Xanathar keeps a pair of *charmed* intellect devourers, and a winglet of six gargoyles for local defense.

Xanathar's abode is said to be reached by a number of trapped passages, which only the four know the correct passage. Other interlopers are kept as pets briefly, wrung dry for information, then dispatched (for Xanathar's appetite is enormous). The series of chambers in Xanathar's lair contains a number of treasure vaults and libraries (with information by Slink written in a code). Xanathar itself reclines in a clear glass tank of scented water when not planning criminal activities.

Xanathar is a creature of pleasures—it enjoys finely-prepared foods (Steeltoe's domain), scented oils, and spiced southern tobaccos and herbs. It is confident of both its power and its secrecy from the Lords, and is willing to go to great lengths to maintain that secrecy. Operatives who begin to wonder who is giving the final orders get a midnight visit from Slan's ritual slayers. Xanathar is sure that the Lords would destroy the cellars stone by stone to find out where its lair is, if they knew where it exist-



ed. Xanathar's Libraries keep extensive track of the abilities and weaknesses of the Mages of Waterdeep.

Xanathar's greatest defense is his secrecy. "If they do not ask the right questions, they do not get the right answers" is its comment on spellcasters seeking evil in the city. In addition to non-detection defenses in lair, Xanathar makes sure that his operation cannot be considered a true "Thieves' Guild," so he may chuckle over the Lords, secure in their knowledge that no such organization exists, while Xanathar grows rich on their lack of knowledge.

Xorla Djannas (Jx-ZOR-lah Deh-JANN-iss)

All wards
2nd level illusionist
CN Leira
Human female, IN 18, DEX 18

Xorla is an apprentice illusionist whose

master, the (9th level) illusionist Selpar Thynn, was slain some months ago in a tavern brawl. She is at a loss over what to do now, stranded in a City largely unfamiliar to her (both she and Selpar were born in southern Tethyr), and will readily tutor or undertake adventures, both for the money (she has little left) and for something to do. If she joins a party of PCs, it will take some time of shared adventuring for her to develop any real loyalty to the group.

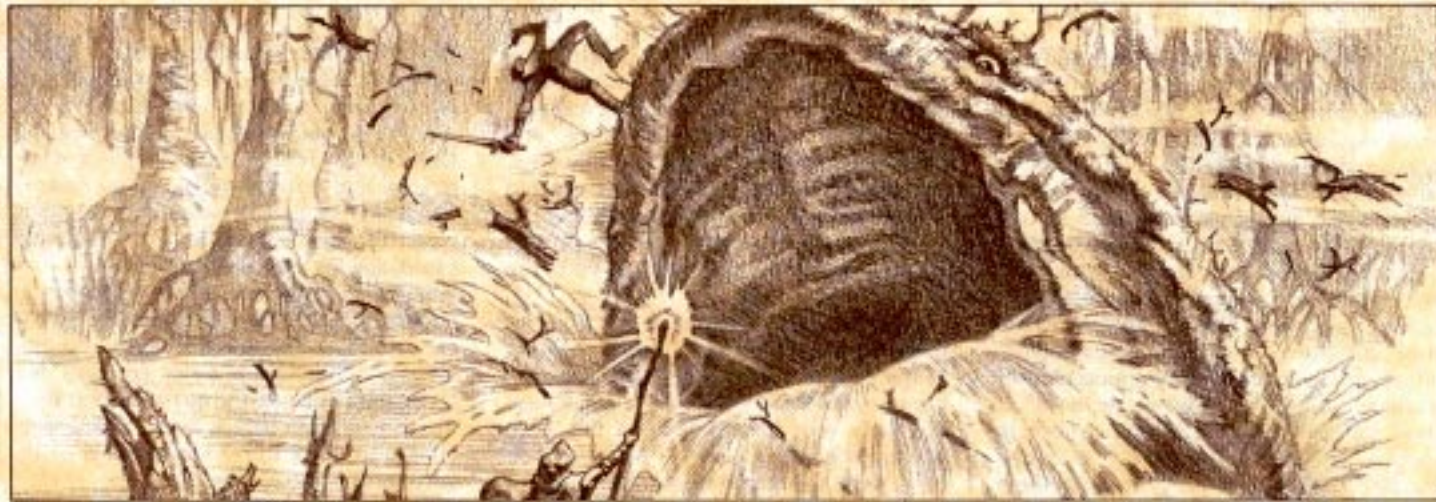
Yuldar (Yul-DAR)

All wards (streets), The City of the Dead, and #77
1st level druid
N Silvanus
Human male, W 16, DEX 16, CHA 17

Recently arrived in Waterdeep, Yuldar finds the big City bewildering and distasteful. He longs for home—a home in Tethyr from which he had to flee for his life,

because he was related to a local lord. Yuldar was a cousin of the Lord Ilistiin, who was killed by a rival, who in turn took the lordship and then started hunting and slaying all relatives of the former lord, to prevent any claimants raising armies to dispute his rule. Yuldar has grown a beard and changed his appearance, taken the robes of a druid as a disguise, and discovered to his surprise that a childhood love of the local woods has become a strong loyalty to Siivanus. He has visited the shrine of Silvanus for guidance, and been told to go out into the North with a band of adventurers (for his personal safety) and see all he can of it, for only if Yuldar searches thus will the Wood-Father reveal what task He has for Yuldar, to him. Yuldar is thus eager to join any band of adventurers who will be exploring any part of the North, on any terms.

Chapter 8: BEGINNING A CAMPAIGN IN WATERDEEP



This book is designed to provide enough detail about the City of Waterdeep to enable a long-term campaign to be set therein with a minimum of “panic work” by any DM, and yet leave room for every DM to develop details of the City to suit (and reflect the vital play of) an individual campaign. The DM using this book must study the opening chapter and the chapter on non-player characters, and to a lesser extent the chapter on guilds, to gain some feeling of the “life” and character of Waterdeep. The chapters of suggested adventures and noble families are most optional to a DM beginning play, but every DM should read about Waterdeep through these pages, noting his or her own ideas for adventures that spring to mind, until Waterdeep feels real and familiar—and then play can begin.

Player characters of all classes may begin their careers at 0 level in Waterdeep, although barbarians and assassins must be visitors, not native Waterdhavians, and may encounter difficulties in advancing, getting necessary training, or even operating at all. Rangers and illusionists will also have limited scope for development, due to a lack of a good selection of tutors, and an unappreciative environment. It is suggested that cavaliers be newcomers to Waterdeep, not “native” nobles, or they will have great dominance over fellow party members, and a “free ride” over many daily difficulties of City life that otherwise force players to role-play and get involved in life in Waterdeep (which in turn suggests to, or forces upon, players additional adventures in the City). Note that non-cavalier PCs could well be minor, junior members of one noble family or other, given difficult or dangerous tasks by their clan to “prove themselves.”

In any case, the DM must carefully prepare the connections, knowledge, and family background of a cavalier PC (and to a lesser extent, a PC of any other class who is a native Waterdhavian). If the cavalier is from Waterdeep, the DM will have to carefully determine the extent of influence of the cavalier’s family (one reason that the noble families have not been detailed herein with complete family trees). A suggested “homeland” for visiting PCs is troubled Tethyr (far to the south of Waterdeep, on the west coast of Faerûn), from whence many people of all classes and abilities have recently been displaced by civil strife.

The DM must keep track of the living costs of PCs—where they live, more than food, will be the biggest expense—and make sure that players are aware of these costs, too-often a shortage of cash will force PCs to seek adventure when they might otherwise wait for a more opportune moment—or even (gasp) take honest jobs, to make ends meet. DMs should carefully inform PCs of current news and events as they would learn of them as City inhabitants (and visitors) would in “real” life. If they sit back and do nothing, events will pass them by.

A look at the non-player characters included in these pages readily shows that Waterdeep contains people of all ranks of power. If PCs tend to “push around” NPCs of lesser power, the DM should ensure that the consequences are severe. Use of the “oops, that character’s not that low in level at all” table in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set is recommended. (This table is on p. 17 of the *DM’s Sourcebook of the Realms*.) NPCs who like to push PCs around should show up, too.

As play progresses, DMs must take care to

keep PCs involved with NPCs and adventures of power levels they can handle, and yet which challenge them as they adventure. Ideal AD&D® game play emphasizes role-playing rather than exceptional character or magical abilities, and a DM used to role-playing, or able to encourage it, will find that character levels are not nearly as important when PCs are engaged in dealing with many NPCs in a city, rather than in an “obstacle course”-like dungeon situation. AD&D game statistics are largely excluded from the chapter of adventures so that a DM can adjust them for mid- or high-level PCs who come to Waterdeep, or use them with characters beginning their adventuring careers there.

In a City, with so many details to keep track of, it is well-nigh impossible to tell players beforehand exactly what their characters know. Over eleven years of play involving Waterdeep, it seems that the best and fastest way to handle information problems is simply for the DM to say, as situations arise, “you know such-and-such,” or “as a Waterdhavian, you recognize the heraldic arms on the jerkin.” If players feel they need information, they need only say, “Player to DM: (query)” instead of speaking as their characters. DMs uncomfortable with City play can use Waterdeep as a base for expeditions into the North, or by ship up and down the Sword Coast, confident that the characters and detail are there to return to. Years of play in the City will build its own characters, memories, and favorite places, as though the City is indeed real—and with vivid play, players and DMs alike can come to know the imaginary Waterdeep as well or better than any city one visits or lives in, in “real life.”

Chapter 9: ADVENTURES IN WATERDEEP

A guide to the City of Splendors would not be complete without suggestions as to possible adventures player characters of all levels can enjoy within its walls. A few are presented here, in the form of plot outlines, so that each DM can adjust events and NPCs to challenge PCs of all levels (and so that players who sneak a peek into these pages will not know for sure just how things are going to turn out. A good DM will add twists of his or her own). There is no need to use these adventures with the endings suggested, or one at a time. A fine atmosphere of intrigue can be created if two (or more!) of these suggested spurs to adventure begin to happen simultaneously, with PCs “in the middle.” DMs should read through these outlines, decide which ones to use in play, change them somewhat to suit his or her players or campaign balance, and, most importantly, decide how to introduce these into play. Have fun!

1. The Shadow Thieves Strike

In an alleyway or other secluded area of the City, PCs are attacked by an agile man in black armed with poisoned daggers (which he can throw with skill). His target appears to be one PC in particular, and PCs will see a second man running away whether or not the assassin’s attack is successful. This second observer should escape cleanly (although if the PCs give spirited chase, the runner could lead them into an ambush in the sewers beneath the City). The assassin will flee by a different route, if possible. From then on, the PCs will be attacked and stolen from repeatedly, by a mysterious band of thieves (and, if they venture into the docks area by night, by hired fighters). At least once a week, game time, an assassination attempt will be made on one of the PCs—if the PC who was the target of the first attempt survived it, that PC will be the primary focus of later attacks.

The hired fighters know nothing. Questioning a thief or assassin (alive or employing *Speak with the Dead*) is the only way for PCs to uncover the plot. The attackers were sent from Athkatla, a city in Amn where the Shadow Thieves are based, to kill at least one of the Lords of Waterdeep. One of the PCs just happens to very closely resemble a merchant of the City, Riyataivin, whom the Thieves suspect (wrongly) of being a Lord of Waterdeep.

Riyataivin is an investor in caravan trade who rooms at various inns and rooming houses in Southern Ward, buying and selling wagons, draft animals, cargos, and warehouse space for small but consistent profit margins. He is a LN 0 level fighter, and generally respected among his colleagues. He likes to act mysterious, but has no special knowledge of, or connection with, the Lords of Waterdeep.

If the PCs do well against the Thieves, they will earn the status of “deadly enemies” in the eyes of that organization, who will become relentless behind-the-scenes foes. The only way for PCs to end this is to destroy the organization (a task that will earn them the gratitude of the Lords of Waterdeep, with perhaps orders to the Watch to leave the PCs alone for a while, whatever their activities). The headquarters of the Shadow Thieves in Athkatla is a subterranean complex connected to the City sewers, built around “The Assassins Run,” a deadly training ground of traps and obstacles. The Thieves’ local (Waterdeep) commander is the evil mage Marune, whose lair is said to be north of the City, within Mount Sar. Marune is of at least 17th level, and his lair will have many traps and guardian creatures, but details of these are left up to the individual DM.

2. Screams in The Sewers

On any occasion when they are on a relatively deserted street of Waterdeep by night, PCs will hear incoherent, agonized screams from beneath a sewer grate right under their feet, which soon die away. The grate can be pried up, to reveal a ledge just above the flowing muck that is covered with fresh blood, and a severed human hand lies in this ichor clutching a partial map of the sewers. DMs should draw a map from the one given in Chapter 3 of this book, revealing to the players only what they want the players to know, although obviously the portion where the PCs find the map must be included, and at least two entrances/exits to the sewers—and a way to the Palace could well lead the PCs into other adventures.

If PCs explore the sewers themselves, they will soon encounter the cause of the demise of the unfortunate thief with the map: a giant crocodile on which is riding a quasit, who seems to be somehow directing

the beast. The reptile will attack, and the quasit will turn invisible and flee, using all of its powers necessary to do so.

If PCs do not investigate the sewers, the DM should carefully introduce news of the strange and horrible deaths of a crew of The Cellarers and Plumbers Guild underneath the City streets, and of reports of blood flowing into the harbor where certain sewers empty into it. Talk will begin to circulate around the taverns that the Cellarers and Plumbers are refusing to do any sewer work—and that a tiny creature (the DM should describe the quasit) is seen scuttling about often before fearsome monster attacks in the sewers. Something is definitely going on under the City. . . .

The quasit is the familiar of an evil mage of minor powers, who has been hired by a man called Neruudan to clear out the sewers. Neruudan is an agent of Luskan, who is staying at The Gentle Rest (#191, The High Road, The Trades Ward), posing as a gem-dealer. He is actually trying to set up a smuggling ring in the City, using the fence who owns the inn he is staying in and one other—he has not yet decided who to contact—that he can reach by means of the sewers (see Fences in Chapter 4). Neruudan intends to control the upper sewers of the City, but is running into problems. He had no idea that so many of Waterdeep’s inhabitants used the sewers as regular highways, and that its depths held such a selection of dangerous creatures. This adventure could well lead PCs into one (or both) of the famous “dungeons” of Waterdeep, Undermountain or The Dungeon of the Crypt and may bring them into confrontation with Xanthan the Crimeland (q.v., Chapter 7) and his minions.

3. The Disappearing Dead

Word spreads rapidly through the City that a family crypt, opened to add an unfortunate’s bones to join the endless rest of his forebears, has been found empty—even though it was locked, sealed, and apparently undisturbed. Permission was sought of Piergeiron by the Watch to open two other tombs, and received. They, too, were empty. Someone in the City is stripping graves—not just of treasure, but of bodies!

If the PCs do not investigate, this mystery will never be solved. If they do, the logical place to wait for something to happen is The



City of the Dead. The thefts occur only by night; and while waiting, PCs will be watched suspiciously by Watch patrols, and may in turn observe and overhear (if they take care to stay hidden, e.g. on the roof of a tomb) some interesting goings-on between other citizens of Waterdeep that may lead to other adventures. The tomb thefts are done under cover of magical *darkness*, often during bad weather. Cloaked thus, an evil mage with four to six servant gargoyles will enter a tomb through the floor by means of a *passwall* spell, and take the contents. The tomb robbers will flee if attacked, but will attempt to slay and take at least one attacker. The mage is attempting to build a zombie army for his own protection in his City villa (DMs should locate the villa in an unexpected area of the City, such as Sea Ward or North Ward), as he plots to charm important personages of Waterdeep, and amass as much magic as he can (he has little at present, but DMs are encouraged to introduce magical items into the campaign for this mage's use, to heighten the tension of any battle with him). If PCs take no interest in the recurring tales of empty crypts, this mage could come after their magic when he has grown very powerful. The mage is quite insane, and will escape if hard-pressed by a means of a *teleport* spell or a *teleport without error* to another, plane of existence, to become a recurring foe for PCs.

4. The Kiss of The Goddess

A great gem known as "The Kiss of the Goddess" is brought to the Palace and presented to Piergeiron by the Sultan of Volothamp, the archmage Nairith Irizar, in reparation for a mistaken attack upon a ship of Waterdeep off the coast of Tethyr by galleys of Volothamp engaged in fighting pirates. (DMs may wish to forewarn PCs of this visit by rumors and then news within the City; the adventure will be far more vivid if they attend the ceremony at court, and witness the presentation.) Present at the ceremony will be the archmage Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and several other prominent wizards, including Maskar Wands, Nain Keenwhistler, and possibly Malchor Harpell, as well as Piergeiron, Madeiron Sundestone, and Rulathon. PC thieves, like all other thieves present in Waterdeep, may think better of trying to lift the gem at the ceremony).

The "Goddess" the gem is named for is Sune, the Goddess of Love, and it has a unique magical power conferred upon anyone touching it when it flares into radiance. Once every 66 turns, regularly, the gem flares with a blue-white radiance for one round, and any one creature who first touches it during that round will be *healed* of all lost hit points, wounds, *feeblemindedness* and blindness (lost limbs will not, however, regenerate, and insanity will not be cured) and will be invigorated, alert and refreshed, and able to operate at a furious rate of activity, if desired, without growing physically or mentally tired, for 200 consecutive turns. The Sultan will demonstrate this upon a mouse in a "running wheel", in a cage, before the court. Each time the gem flares, there is a 7% chance (not cumulative) that it will *plane shift* itself, and anyone touching it, instantly to Sune's abode on the plane of Olympus, a rose-crystal palace of hot scented baths and cozy bowers, from which PCs will be *teleported* back to the pinnacle of Mount Waterdeep, 1-12 days later, by servants of the Goddess only if they are, or become (perhaps losing levels or class abilities in the process) worshipers of Sune. Otherwise, they will have to find their own way back to the Forgotten Realms. (These planar details of the gem are unknown to anyone in the City.)

If PCs are not present at the ceremony, their should hear all about it, vividly told, by someone in a tavern or inn, later.

Six or so days after the Sultan leaves, Piergeiron has the gem carefully tested on volunteers and criminals, and it works without ill effects—although he will refuse any requests that it be turned over to the priesthood of Sune or used to heal all who request it, saying sternly that it is still largely an unknown and perhaps dangerous, or even evil, thing, and that further studies are necessary before he dares use it so. Those on whom it was tested are kept under careful observation, to find any ill or side effects.

One day the gem does not flare, and mages called in to investigate say that the "gem" in their hands is a thing of cut glass that has never held a dweomer; a copy, definitely not the quite real gem they used the day before.

The real one has been stolen (by one of the minor mages placed as a guard over it in the Palace) despite the fact that two iron golems flanked its protective casket, which was atop a smooth-sided, twenty-foot-high plinth, with orders from Khelben to attack

anyone (including the minor mages set as guards) touching, or even approaching within 10' of the gem. Khelben arrived to activate and deactivate the golems each day himself, but was not present during the testing. The golems did not move, and the mages swear they saw and heard nothing, but the gem is somehow gone.

Exactly who took it, is up to the DM, but it is suggested that magic be involved, and the thief be (or have been working for) someone in Waterdeep—perhaps Xanthas, Maaril, Gaundos, or Elaith Craulnobur, all of whom are detailed in Chapter 7—who remains within the City walls, and hides the gem somewhere in the City. One of the PCs will be contacted by a man called Lathchar, who pretends to be an agent of the Lords and wants to hire the PC to recover the gem or at least find out what they can about the affair, offering 100 gp per person involved, and another 100 gp in ten days, when he meets the PC again, if results warrant it. Lathchar will give the PC a password (for use in emergencies *only*, he warns) that will ensure that the watch co-operates with, or at least does not hinder, a PC involved in apparently shady activities who is confronted by the watch. The password is genuine, and will work for seventeen days after the PC learns it (assuming he or she accepts Lathchar's gold), but Lathchar himself is not—he is a thief who wants the gem for himself, and will shadow the PC(s) and attempt to rob or ambush (with up to twenty hireswords) the PC or any companion who gains the gem. Lathchar wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location* to conceal his alignment, and may employ a wand of *magic missiles*, *sword of dancing*, or other magical item at the DM's option to make him a formidable opponent for the PCs in a fight.

The theft was actually accomplished by the mage and an accomplice, an evil cleric. The mage had a glass copy of the gem fashioned, and a copy of the casket it was housed in, and equipped himself with a *ring of telekinesis* and his accomplice with an *amulet of proof against detraction and location* and *plate mail of etherealness*. When the normal rotation of guardian mages brought the mage to the Palace, the accomplice accompanied him (as an escorting guard, in the usual manner). Outside the chamber where the gem was guarded, in a nearby "jakes" (washroom), the mage cast an *invisibility* spell upon the accomplice. The concealed cleric accompanied the mage



to his post, and slunk into a corner, remaining *invisible* and moving only when one or other of the mages was speaking or making other noise. After the other two mages had gone “off duty,” the accomplice waited until the innocent guardian mage was distracted. Then the guilty mage used his *ring* to send the real gem in its casket to the floor in one corner of the room, and replace it with the copy. As no one visibly touched or approached the gem within ten feet, the golems did nothing. The mage then took off the *ring* and placed it on the floor.

The *invisible* accomplice picked up the ring and then carefully moved over to the gem, slowly and carefully for utmost quiet, as the innocent mage reappeared and walked back to the plinth again.

Although both the Palace and specific rooms within it (including the chamber where the gem was guarded) have been rendered proof against astral, ethereal, or other magical passage, by means of gorgons’ blood mixed into the mortar and by lead shielding, the plinth on which the gem-casket rested is not so protected. The *invisible* accomplice touched the casket containing the real gem, simultaneously becoming ethereal, and passed “into” the pillar with the gem. There he remained until all the hue and cry had died down and the mage signaled him that it was safe to emerge. The moment the theft was discovered, but before the high-level help actually arrived to investigate, the accomplice cast *obscure object* upon the gem itself, and upon its casket.

DMs should take care to remove the gem from play (perhaps by use of the priesthood of Sune, operating against PCs in an “at all costs, no holds barred” manner, to gain the gem) if PCs somehow get hold of it and use it as a “constant healer.”

5. The Temple War

The DM can introduce this adventure whenever PCs are near one of Waterdeep’s temples to Tymora or Tempus (in the Sea Ward). There will be sudden explosions (perhaps a *meteor swarm*) from within one of the temples, and PCs may see a robed, masked figure emerge hastily from a Temple door, burn a symbol on it with a *fire-finger* cantrip (the dagger of Tempus if the temple is that of Tyche, and the circle of Tyche if the temple is that of Tempus). This will take but a single round, whereupon the figure will twist a ring on its finger and van-

ish into thin air, *teleporting* away, before the PCs can reach it.

On the following round, a Watch patrol will come at a run, and under-priests and lay followers will pour out of the vandalized temple. The PCs and anyone else nearby will be suspected of somehow being involved by both groups, and unless the PCs do some fast talking, temple followers will attack them, with the Watch trying to stop the fight and apprehend the PCs. The Watch will call in reinforcements as described in Chapter 2, and in Chapter 7 under the entries for Helve Urtrace and Rulathon. One or more PCs will escape, but it is likely that at least one PC will be held and questioned closely.

The DM and players should roleplay the entire interrogation. Co-operative PCs who answer questions fully and submit to *detect lie* spells cast by minor clerics of Tyr who are present will probably be let go upon providing the Watch officers with an accurate account of where they now reside in Waterdeep, and a promise not to move residence without informing the Watch. The Watch will also forbid the character(s) to leave the City for at least ten days, with the warning that a Magister may extend this “grounding” period at that time. Gate guards—able to themselves call on reinforcements as noted above—will ensure that the affected character(s) cannot leave by any normal means.

The attack on the temple will be followed, several days later, by an attack on the other temple, and upon its door will be left the symbol of the other priesthood involved. If the suspect PCs have a good alibi for the time of this second attack (e.g. drinking in the public taproom of a respectable inn or tavern, or being in a particular merchant’s shop), suspicion on them will be lessened. If not, it will increase (the Watch will investigate both priesthoods, and find that both were honestly not involved—*detect lie* spells will be used to discern this).

If the PCs try to investigate for themselves, they will be closely observed by the Watch, but not hindered. It is suggested that the PCs see a masked, robed figure that closely resembles the one they saw outside the temple if they do any looking in the North Ward. If they attack or confront the figure, or call the Watch to do so, the figure will turn out to be a noble lady of the City sneaking back from a lover to her home (and unsuspecting husband). She will of course be furious if the Watch is involved,

and very frightened if she thinks the PCs have some connection to her husband, and she will undoubtedly flee if given any opportunity. If the PCs do not confront her, but follow her, they will see a second masked, robed figure resembling the first (they will see this figure several nights later, if they do confront the Lady). If this second figure is followed, it will go into a certain house on a quiet street somewhere in North Ward. If the PCs investigate, they will be attacked by armed men, and the masked figure will turn out to be a wizard of some power. All are members of the Cult of the Dragon, and in the house they will have some treasure—gold and minor magic—stolen from the temples and from elsewhere in the City, which they intend to take to dracoliches somewhere north of the City. If the PCs are forced to retreat from this fight, the Cult members will immediately try to leave the City with the treasure, and if the PCs pursue, they could well end up facing a dracolich in its lair.

DRACOLICH (Night Dragon)

FREQUENCY: *Very rare*
 NO APPEARING: 1 (unless called by a ring of dragons)
 ARMOR CLASS: -2
 MOVE: *As per former dragon type*
 HIT DICE: *As per former dragon type*
 % IN LAIR: 20%
 TREASURE TYPE: B, H, S, T
 NO. OF ATTACKS: *As per former dragon type*
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: *See below*
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: *Breath weapon and spell use*
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Spell immunities and spell use*
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: *See below*
 INTELLIGENCE: *As per individual dragon*
 ALIGNMENT: *Evil (any sort)*
 SIZE: *L (dimensions vary)*
 PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
 Attack/Defense Modes: *Nil/Nil*
 CHANCE OF:
 Speaking: 100%
 Magic Use: 96%
 Sleeping: 0%
 LEVEL/X.P. VALUE: *Varies/As per former dragon type, plus 1000 + 10/hp (if destroyed, along with host)*

A dracolich is an undead creature, an unnatural transformation of evil dragonkind by powerful magic known to be practiced only by the mysterious Cult of the Dragon. Like human liches, dracoliches are immune to *charm*, *sleep*, *enfeeblement*, *polymorph*, *cold* (magical and natural), *electricity*, *insanity*, and *death spells* or *symbols*. By the nature of its making, a dracolich is also immune to potions or items of *dragon control*. Dracoliches can be affected only by magical attack forms (against which they have standard magic resistance, except for the immunities listed), or by monsters with



magical properties of six or more hit dice. They cannot be poisoned, paralyzed, or held. They cannot be turned by clerics, and the knowledge of their ability to escape destruction works in dracoliches a transformation from cowardice to confidence; if a dracolich ever triumphs in any battle, from that point on, it is fearless (including immunity to magical *fear* or psionic attacks causing fear) and cannot be subdued.

A dracolich retains the keen senses (60' infravision, ability to *detect hidden* or *invisible creatures* within 1" per age level) it enjoyed in life, but its bodily processes are maintained magically; it need never eat again for sustenance. Most dragons enjoy eating—and a dracolich must eat if it wishes to refuel its breath weapon—but a dracolich never feels weakness, fatigue, or hunger. Attacks upon a dracolich, due to its magical nature, do *not* gain "to hit" or damage modifiers by type and breath weapon of dragon attacked.

All physical attacks by a dracolich (jaws, claws, and wing or tail buffets, where applicable) do the damage dealt by the dragon in life, plus 2-16 hp chilling damage. Opponents struck who fail to save vs. paralysis will also be paralyzed for 2-12 rounds by the touch of a dracolich. (The victim's immunity to cold damage, temporary or permanent, negates the chilling damage but not the chance of paralysis.) Dracoliches cannot drain life energy levels. They retain the ability to cause *fear* in opponents (as per the *Monstrous Manual*) that they had in life; as a lich, the fear they cause is slightly stronger—opponents must save vs. spell against the *fear* aura at -1 (after all other modifiers are taken into account). The gaze of their glowing eyes can also *paralyze* creatures within 4"; creatures of either 6th level or above, or 6 hit dice or greater, save at +3. If a creature ever saves against the gaze of a particular dracolich, it is immune to the gaze of that dracolich from then on.

Dracoliches can use any magic available to them in life; once they have acquired a full roster of spells (most are aided in this by the Cult) they can never gain new spells, but never need to study or concentrate to replenish their arsenal. Their magical natures revitalize their spell ability, each spell being replaced 1 day after it is cast. Instead of casting a spell, a dracolich may attempt *undead control* (as per a *potion of undead control*) once every three days. Such control, if successful, lasts for one turn only, upon any sort(s) of undead present, and

such undead save at -3 vs. the control. Control can be exercised up to 6" distant; undead cannot be *summoned* by means of this power. While *undead control* is being exercised, spells cannot be cast. A dracolich cannot drop *control* of undead and regain it immediately after casting a spell—it must wait three days before any attempt at *control* will again be successful. Dracoliches without spell-casting ability can use *undead control*.

Dracoliches can employ their breath weapons only three times a day, as in life. Note that they will *teleport* (if provided with a means such as a magical ring, by the Cult or through their own acquisition of treasure), or merely leave their bodies behind and flee in spirit-form, to return to the vicinity of the host (often a sword in their own hoard) that contains the essence of their spirit before being reduced to zero hit points; few opponents can destroy a dracolich outright. A dracolich can be destroyed by a *power word, kill*, or by the destruction of its host at a time when a suitable corpse is not within range for the dragon's spirit to possess.

Dracoliches usually appear as they did in life, except save that their eyes are glowing points of light floating in dark eyesockets. Some few are reported to appear skeletal or semi-skeletal.

In any event, PCs will have to explain all to the Watch to try and clear their names, holding a live Cult member if possible for the Watch to question. (The Watch takes disturbances of the peace seriously in Waterdeep—such can seriously harm trade, and everyone is then the poorer.)

6. The Emerald Dragon Affair

A ship, *The Emerald Dragon* sinks just outside Waterdeep's harbor in a storm, and all hands are lost. The DM should make this big news in the City, and immediately follow up with rumors that search parties of the Guard employing *water breathing* and with mermen aiding them have failed to find any trace of the crew—not a corpse—nor of the ship's cargo, which is whispered to have been chests and chests of gems; the sunken ship is empty. A few days later, another rumor should make the rounds: a sailor known to be of *The Emerald Dragon's* crew has been seen by night, walking down Dock

Street by the water's edge.

The PCs will become directly involved in this affair when they are on a street in Waterdeep. They will encounter a closed wagon with a broken wheel; the wagon's driver will ask them, in apparent desperation, to help change the wheel on the wagon, by running off and buying a wheel from any wheelwright they know of; he offers 7 gp to any one who brings him a wheel. Several NPCs will hear the offer and rush off towards the nearest wheelwright; regardless of who comes back with the wheel, they will be paid and the wagon-driver will offer a further 1 gp per person to lift the wagon and hold it up while the old wheel is pulled off and the new one put on. PCs approaching the wagon closely at any point will become aware of a rotting-flesh smell coming from the wagon. If they investigate, they will discover what's inside—if not, the wagon driver will offer 2 gp more to anyone who will guide him to the River Gate. The driver will seem somewhat confused, not entirely "with it", at all times. If a PC does guide him, things will go well until the River Gate is within sight, whereupon the driver, instead of paying the PC this last fee, will turn the wagon into side alley and attempt to strangle him or her. If the PC fights back, the driver will break free and run around into the back of the wagon, and the PC will then discover its contents. The wagon driver, a former sailor of *The Emerald Dragon*, has no more gold on his person, and will be *confused* and helpless whenever PCs open the wagon, as he is suddenly released from *psionic domination*.

Inside the wagon is the creature who has been *dominating* the sailor, who will attempt to *dominate* a lone PC, or *psionic blast* the first PC if several others are present, and try to escape in the wagon. It is a mind flayer, (a prisoner from the ship), who sits on six chests of gems (total amount and value to be determined by the DM—they may all be bloodstones, moonstones, and/or pearls if the value should be kept low in the interests of campaign balance), and the stacked bodies of *The Emerald Dragon's* slain crew, all of whom have had their brains sucked out. The mind flayer will try to do the same thing to each PC, escaping by *probability travel* with a chest of gems only if hard-pressed (i.e. by the arrival of lots of Watchmen with mages in support, or by persistent attacks from the PCs). It will attempt to get out of the City with the wagon if possible, if necessary *levitating* atop a



Gate-tower and *dominating* gate-guards to attack each other, and the sailor or a PC or another citizen to drive the wagon, to do so. (Anyone successfully *dominated* who is driving the wagon will not be killed for their brain until the illithid finds a better human slave to control.) PCs attacking apparently innocent, *dominated* citizens—or gate-guards—will not, of course, be very popular with the Watch.

7. The Unmourned Passing of Roungoze Haballanter

This adventure can begin whenever PCs are drinking in a City tavern, *except* The Bowels of the Earth tavern in Dock Ward.

They will notice a man seated alone in a corner, in robes, drinking wine and reading some notes on two scraps of parchment. His hat and staff are on the table in front of him. If any of the PCs look at him overlong (he certainly looks like a wizard) he will look up and glare at them. If any PC approaches him he will cast a *push* spell and keep them at bay, glaring but saying nothing. After a time, the tavernmaster will approach him rather nervously and place a small, unlit brass lamp on the table, saying, "Excuse me, good sir—be ye Roungoze Haballanter?" The man will only stare at him, and the tavernmaster will continue, "Because if ye are, then this is yours. A man left it last night, saying ye'd want it when ye came." The man will then nod, curtly, and the tavernmaster will return to the bar. Roungoze will then reach for the lamp. The DM should ensure that PCs are attentive to this, by attracting their attention by the scared white face of the tavernmaster as he passes, or by another means.

The lamp suddenly changes to the small (four-inch-tall) form of a man in robes, who casts a spell at the astonished Roungoze—and Roungoze, arms moving frantically in the casting of a spell, fades slowly away to nothingness—*disintegrated*. The tiny figure then turns a ring on its finger and vanishes (*teleporting* away). There will be an uproar, but PCs will notice that Roungoze's hat, staff, and one piece of parchment are still on the table (the other scrap of paper was *disintegrated* with the unfortunate wizard). The tavernmaster will call for the Watch, who will confiscate everything when they arrive ten rounds later—but in the meantime everyone in the place will examine the

table, the wine, and the three items. If PCs *detect magic*, nothing is magical—but DMs should make them aware that all eyes are upon the items while they (and others) make such examinations. There will be utterly no chance for anyone to pocket, hide, or substitute something for any of the items unobserved.

When the Watch arrive, they will ask for statements from everyone, and if any of the PCs have cast a *detect magic*, *identify*, or any other spell, several people will say so, and identify the spell cast by the PC(s) correctly if these are not unique. The Watch will want to know the spell results. The adventure will end there unless the PCs get a look at the surviving page of notes, before or after the Watch arrive. They are in Common, and read as follows:

"Then did I essay the studs down the length of the rod, with most spectacular results. That closest to the bulbous end caused a blade to spring forth from the ball, whilst the handle shortened, and behold! I held a blade such as a fighting-man might wield with pride in bloody battle, and from the faintly-glowing blade burst flames, which ran up and down the steel in a manner most wondrous. The studs had retreated into a recess in the handle, under the grip of the fingers when holding the blade, but the second stud, which is twice the size of the first, could readily be distinguished; and when pushed, the sword-blade vanished back into the ball right speedily, and from it flashed forth yet another blade, broadening to an axe blade, whilst the whole lengthened again to form a battleaxe. I continued in my investigation of the weapon, most careful to try every manner of its employment, several times in peril of my fingers, at the least—and I can state without reservation that the item is indeed a "Rod of Lordly Might," as the mage Dassalar describes it in his *Items of the Power Arcane*, the standard work on the subject. I have left the rod safely as we agreed, in the bowels of the earth, and collected my fee without demur from your apprentice. I remain, as ever, your willing hireling.

Phloid Shaustrayt, Sage"

Questioning by the Watch will reveal that no one in the tavern knows of either Phloid or Roungoze, and as one man says, ". . . and I know every sage in the City." (DMs should decide beforehand whether he indeed does or not, but the Watch officers will nod in agreement; it should be obvious to the PCs








that neither man is a Waterdhavian.)

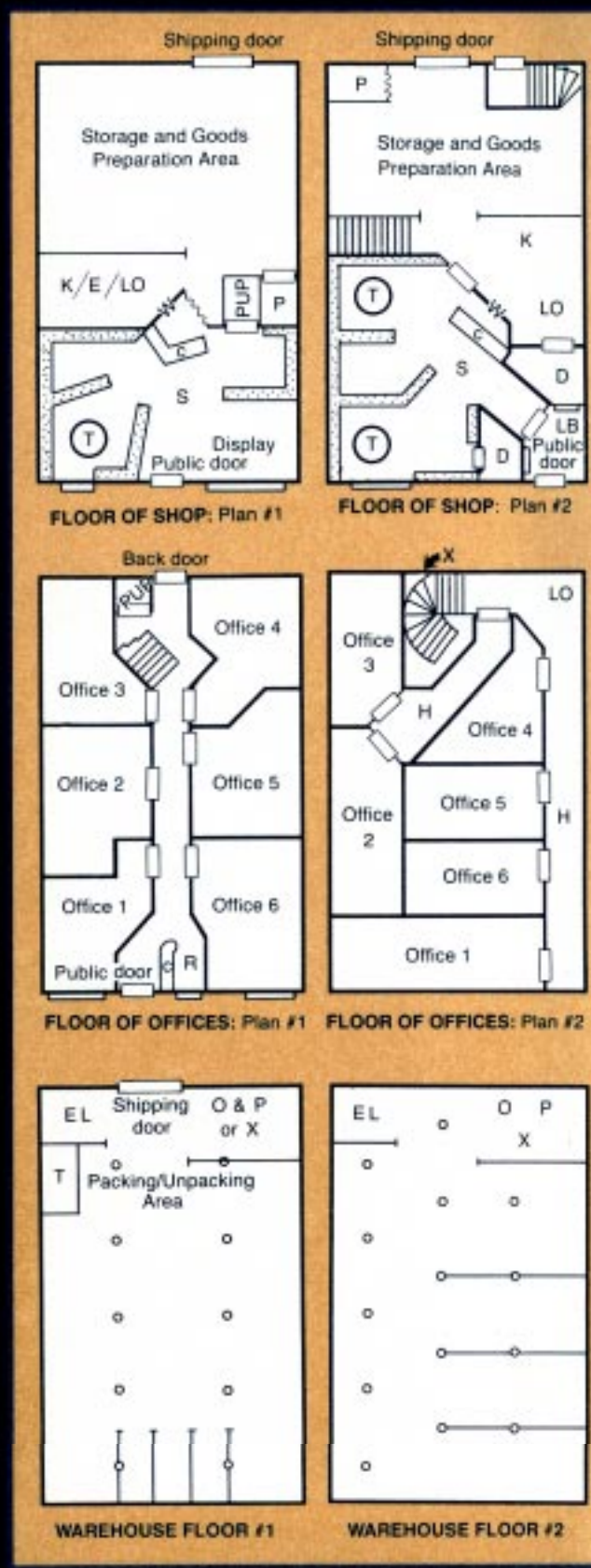
There is one clue as to the whereabouts of the *Rod* in the note: the "bowels of the earth" referred to is really The Bowels of the Earth tavern, in Waterdeep's Dock Ward (if the PCs are not familiar with it, it does have a rather rude signboard hanging out over its door, readily visible to any passers-by, and the DM should mention it if the PCs ever pass that way, and see if they make the connection). No one in Waterdeep knows of Phloid Shaustrayt or Roungoze Haballanter, but if the PCs inquire about the mage Dassalar of any Waterdhavian magic user or Palace courtesan or official, they will recall that a sage who owned the only known complete copy of Dassalar's famous book *Items of the Power Arcane* used to own The Bowels of the Earth tavern, in the docks. A lot of innkeepers and older merchants have heard of Dassalar, and will suggest asking a mage or at the Palace for more information about him.

If the PCs do go to The Bowels of the Earth and use a *locate object* or physical search to uncover the hidden *rod of lordly might*, they will discover one of two things, at the DM's option; either the *rod* will be long gone, someone else having figured things out and got to it first (this is best if the DM thinks PC possession of the *rod* would unbalance play), or the *rod* will be there, in an old satchel behind a huge keg in the cellar, with a startled fighter of high level and a *ring of spell turning* on one finger already with it in his grasp; he will fight his way out if PCs try to take it by force, and will expect trickery if they try to bargain for it. DMs should note that the cellar's confines (20' X 40', with a 5' high ceiling, and dotted with several thick pillars that support the floors above) make it hard for area-effect spells to be cast without endangering the entire building and other party members, hard for many PCs to engage this fighter in physical combat, and easy for the fighter to topple barrels onto, or to reach PCs close enough to see him at all, with the *rod* or his sword. The cellar has a back way out, connecting to the sewers; if the PCs give chase, the sewer descriptions in Chapter 3 should be consulted.



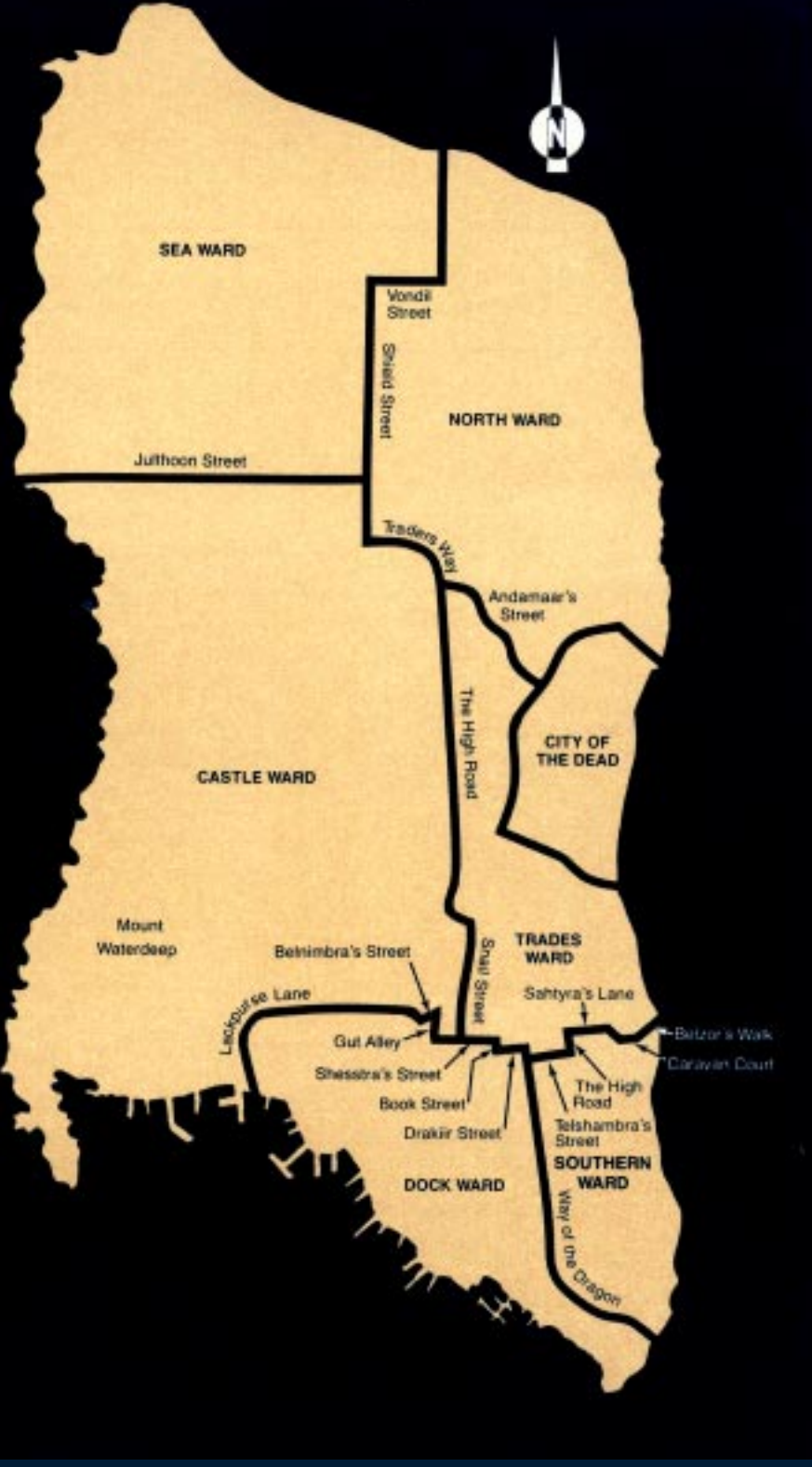
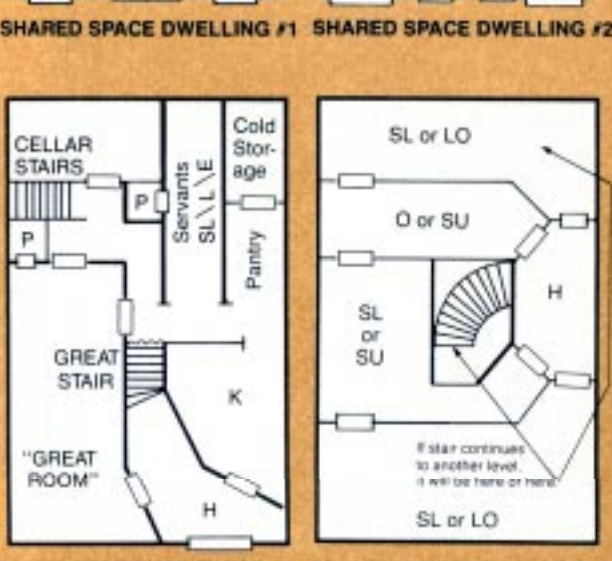
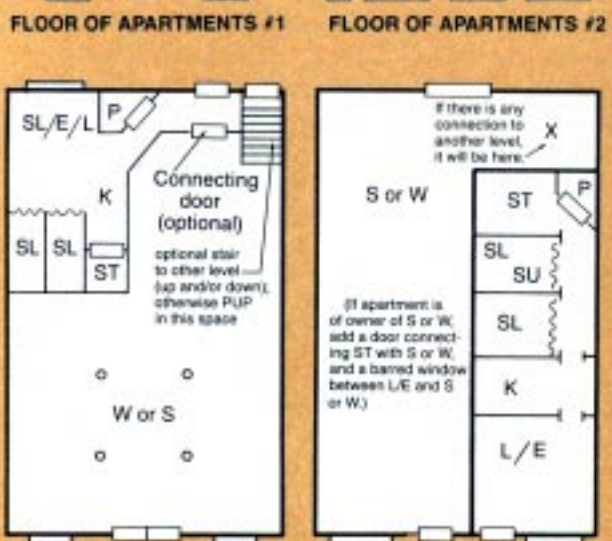
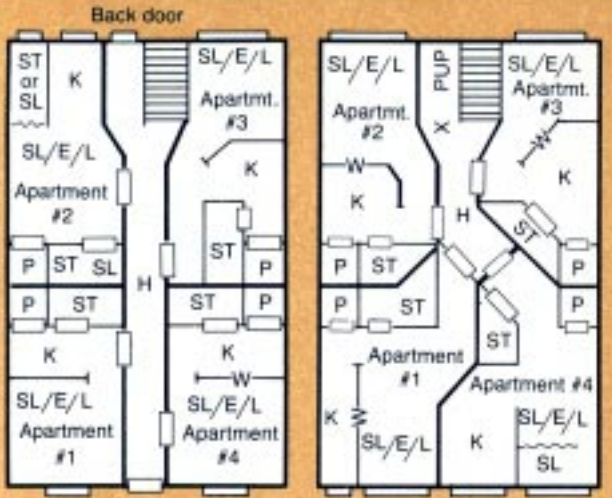
KNOWN SEWERS OF WATERDEEP

-  Primary Passage
-  Secondary Passage
-  Grating
-  Unlockable Grating
-  Shaft to Surface
-  Junction Room
(typically 10'x10' stone-walled cubicle,
20' high, with a sitting ledge near the ceiling)
-  Junction Room with Shaft to Surface



Selected Representative Floorplans for buildings Waterdeep

DMs must adjust the precise dimensions of the rooms depicted in these plans, and alter the



CITY WARDS OF WATERDEEP

This map depicts the boundaries of the seven districts of the present City. Many of its distances and proportions have been distorted for clarity; it is not to scale. DMs should note that Watch patrols ignore ward boundaries while actually on duty, but there are separate on-duty Watch officers in overall command of each ward. This map is also helpful as an aid to finding specific City addresses given in the text.

positions (or presence) of doors and windows, to fit the known exterior and purposes of each building. Ground floor windows are usually barred. To avoid a "sameness" contributing to boredom and too easy unlawful, undetected PC entry and egress, DMs must vary floorplan elements; use these examples as guides only.



WATERDEEP— City of Splendors



Northgate

Farwatch Tower

North Trollwall

Imma Street

Horn Street

Tower Street

143

142

141

124

140

123

7

102

101

139

122

121

103

101

100

152

101

120

116

100

100



Endcliff Tower

The Cliff Watch

Nindabar Street

Zenduth Street

Ussilbran Street

Mhalsymer's Way

Galthoon Street

Golden Serpent Street

Summarin's St

Brondar's Way

Vhezoar Street

Izantil Street

Tarnath Street

Suldown Street

Andamar's Street

Spindle St

The High Road

The Street of Bells

Copper Street

The Street of the Sword



The River Gate

Guardtower

Wall Street

The High Road

The Way of the Dragon

Virgin's Square

Book Street

Slut Street

Snail Street

Snail Street

Ship Street

Waterdeep

Dock



Rollwall

The South Gate

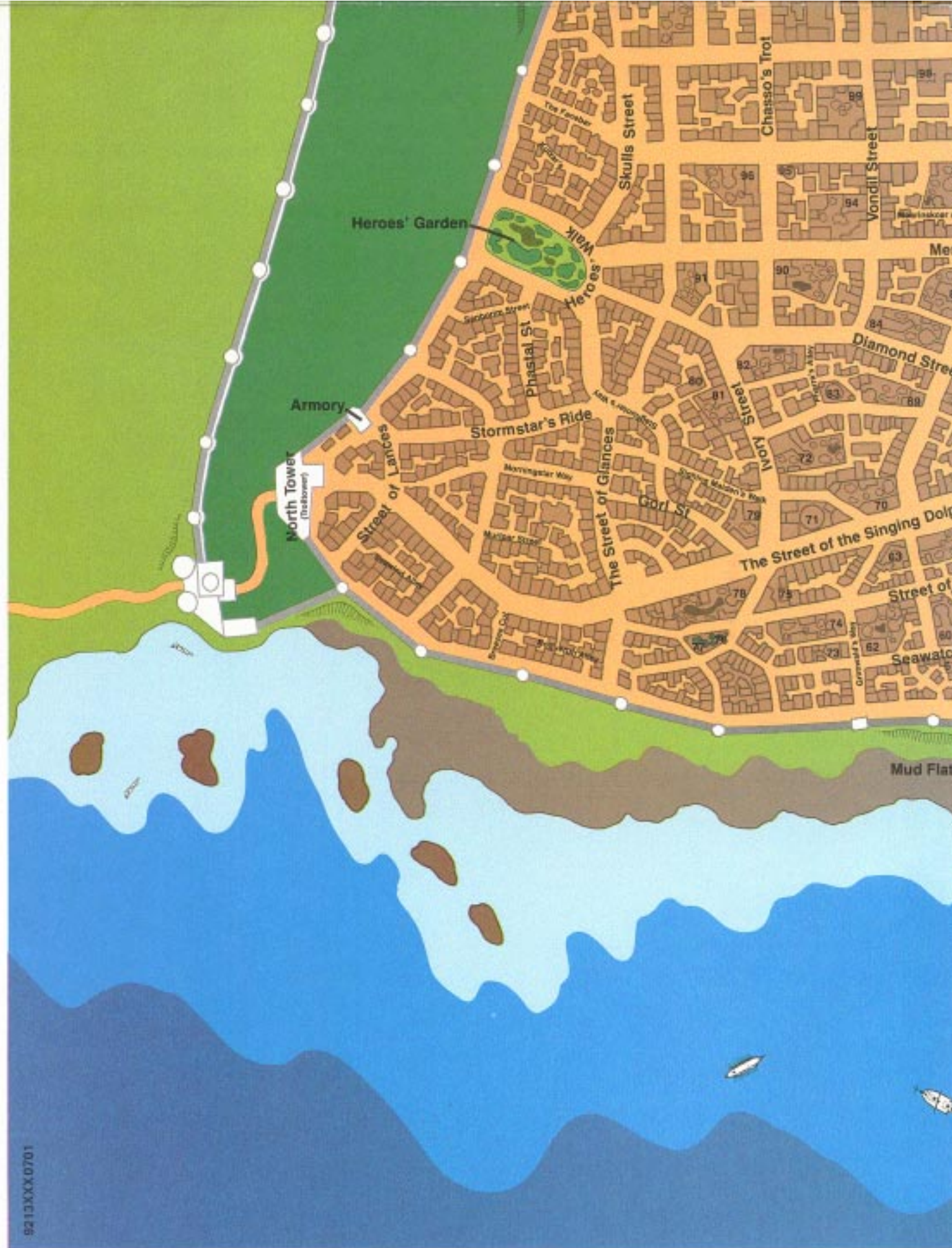
Waymoot

East Torch Tower

Waterbreak

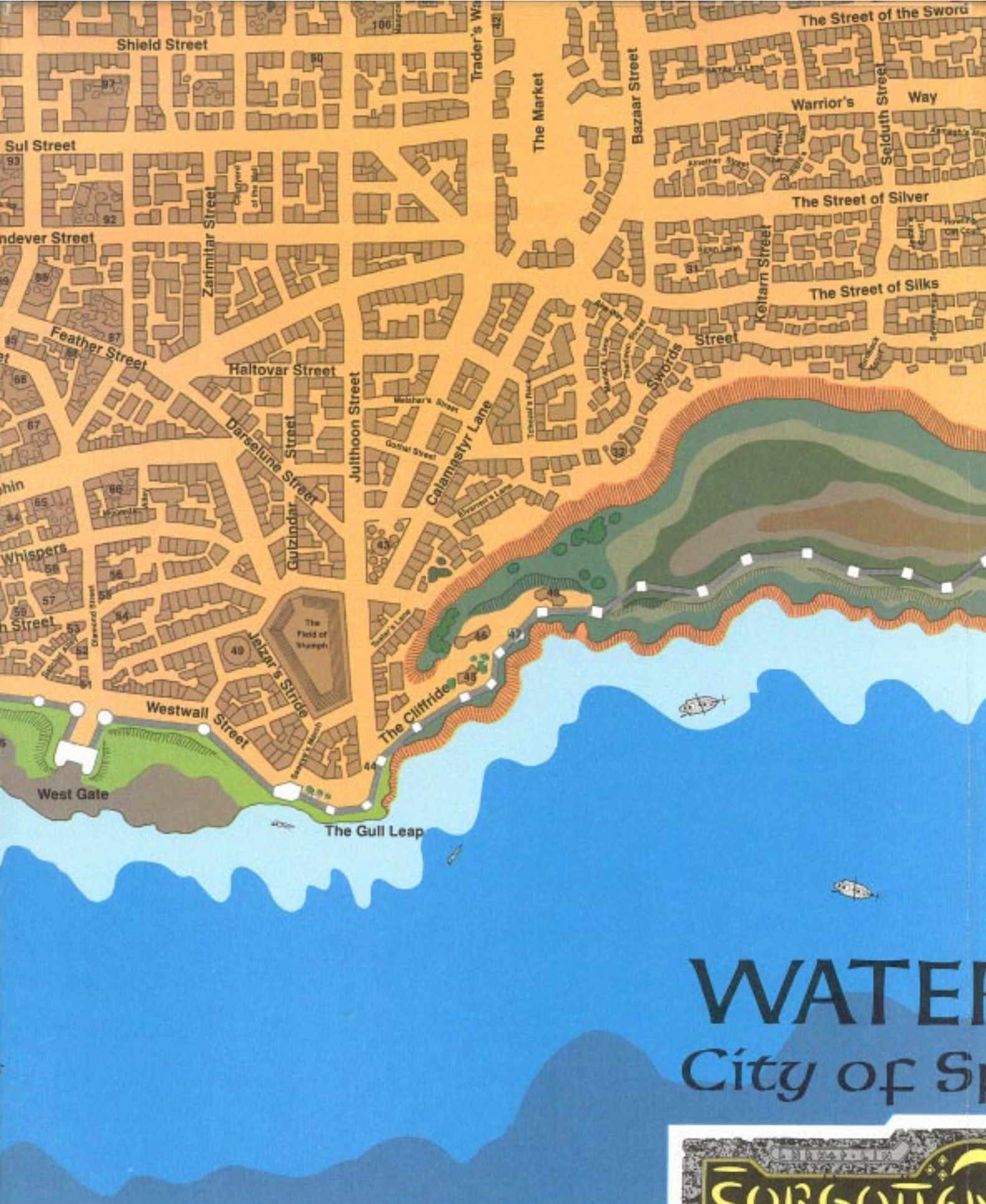
Inner Fort

Sea Stacks



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WATER

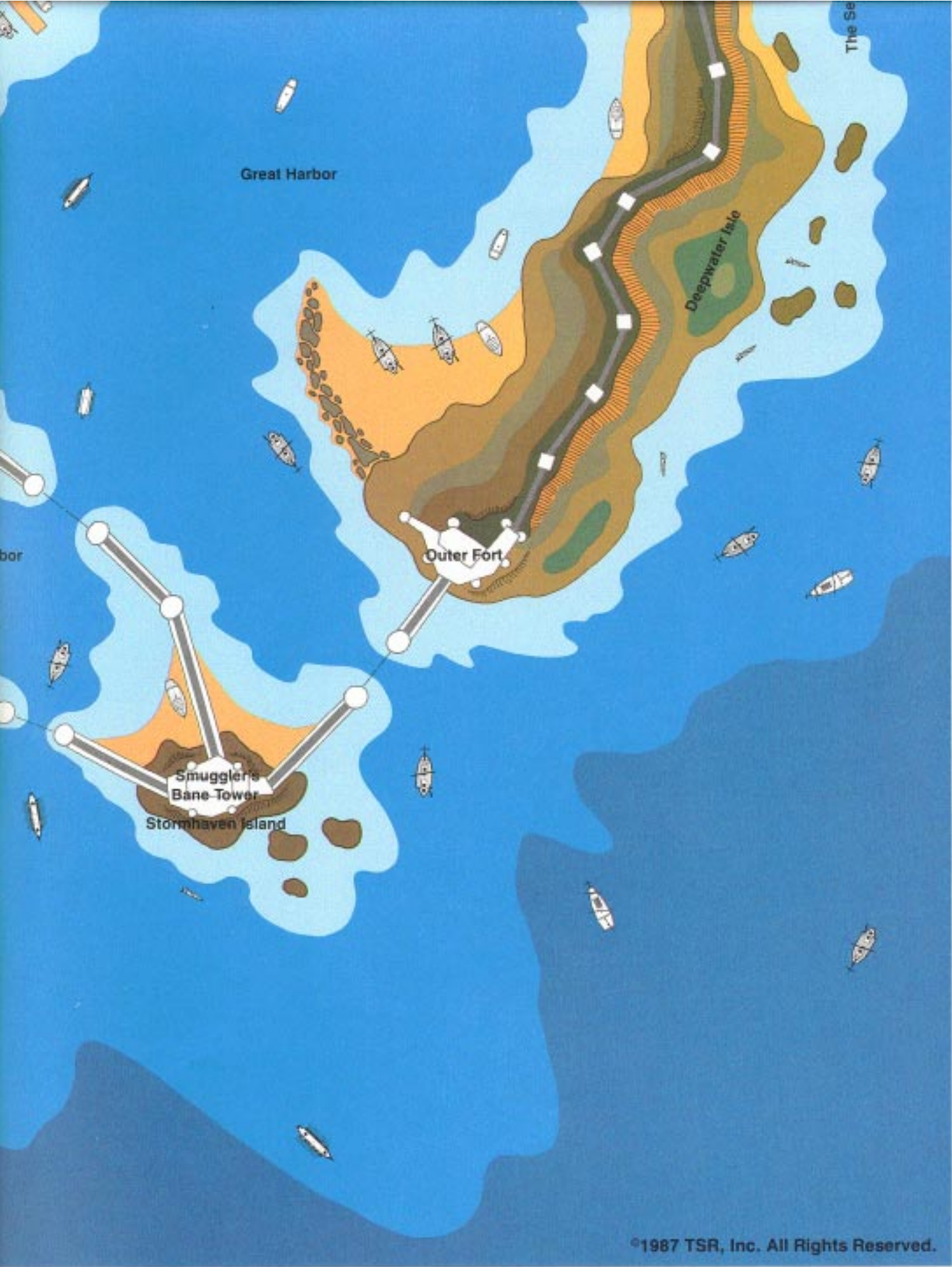
City of S





WATERDEEP splendors





Great Harbor

The Sea

Deepwater Isle

Outer Fort

Smugglers
Bane Tower

Stormhaven Island

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



Official Game Accessory

Waterdeep and the North

by Ed Greenwood

The North...rugged mountains and dense forests, which hide many beings hostile to man (who has settled here but lightly). Many dungeons and ruins also lie hidden in the Northern wastes, relics of the former splendor of the dwarven kingdoms, now lost and abandoned, and of earlier, fallen kingdoms of men.

Waterdeep...crossroads of the world, City of Splendors. Here are wealth and goods from every corner of the Realms, intrigue and feuds and important personages of rank and influence. From the many-spired towers of Piergeiron's Palace to the littered alleys of "the Docks," this book introduces you to the living, ever-changing city of Waterdeep, and suggests many adventures therein.

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Official Game Accessory

Moonshae

by Douglas Niles

An Accessory for Characters of All Levels
for use with the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Game World

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Moonshae

by Douglas Niles

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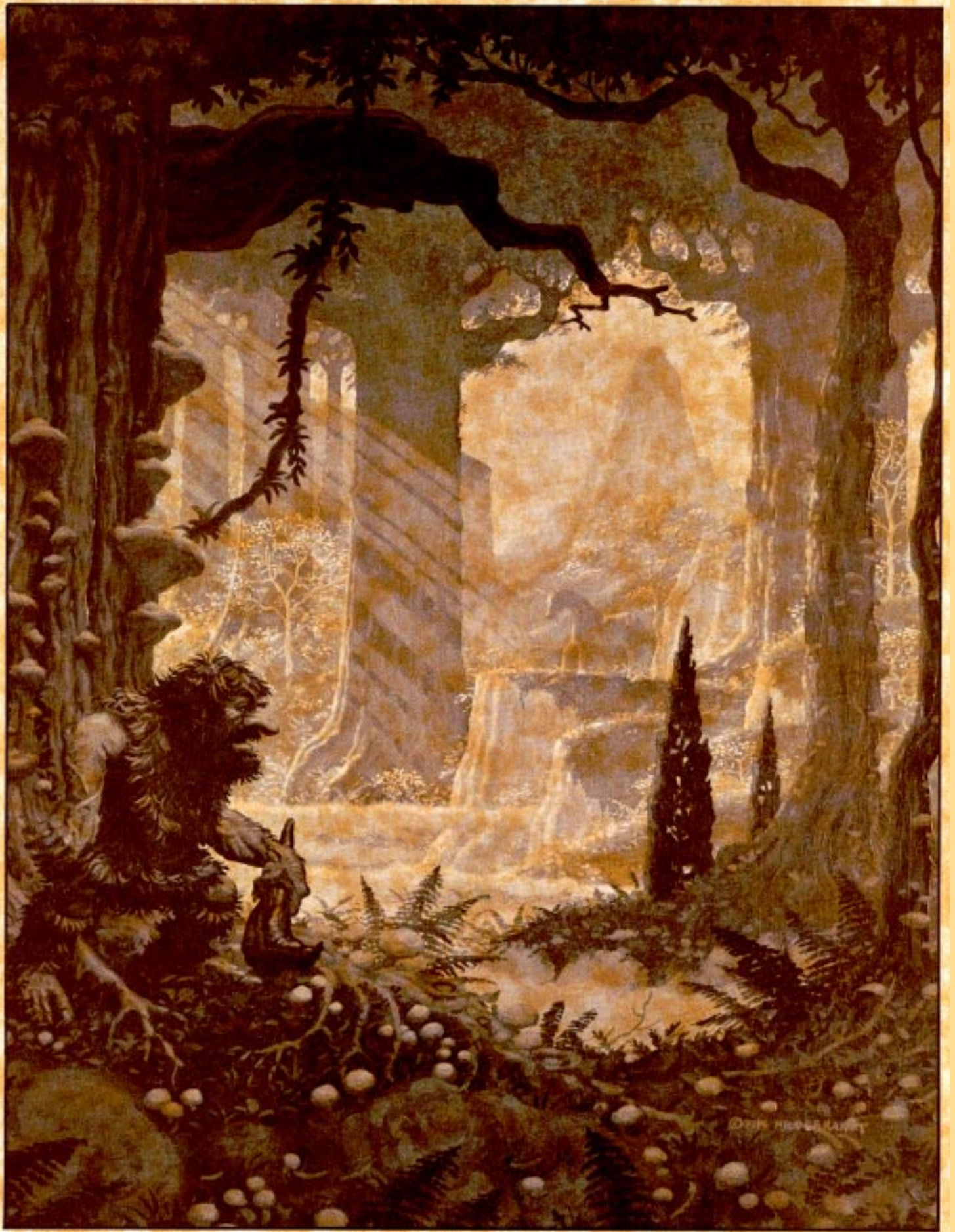
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INTRODUCTION

The goddess has been in the Moonshaes for many centuries—since before the coming of the humans or even the Llewyr. Alone, she nurtured and cared for the isles, seeing them green and verdant through the summers, white and slumbering through the long winters.

She watched her body, the land, change with the passing of years, yet so slowly that it always seemed to remain the same from year to year. She gave birth to lakes and low marshes became grassy fields. Mountains slipped slowly, eroding into the valleys below, while rivers grew in size, becoming more placid with the years. Occasionally a river would change its course, racing eagerly along a new path until the passing of the centuries pacified its turbulent ways.

The goddess could see the isles through the Moonwells, windows she created in the land. Each Moon well was a clear, placid pool of cool water that lay in a secluded grove or remote mountain glen. Through the Moonwells, the goddess watched her world take shape, and she watched it grow and change.

And finally, she watched the coming of life to her world.

She remembers times, long past, when the only creatures upon the isles were her children. The great leviathan was the first of her offspring to come upon the shores of the Moonshaes, its great, gray back breaking the surface of the Sea of Moonshae like a freshly rising island, as broad and solid as a small land mass. For many years, the spuming cloud of the leviathan's breath was the only sign of animal life along the gravelly shores and deep firths of the islands' rugged shorelines.

Then came the unicorn, Kamerynn, whose snowy mane flashed through the fields and glens of the isles. The mighty creature lived first on Gwynneth, but then on Alaron, Moray, and other islands until finally it had dwelled upon all of the isles. Legends say that the offspring of the unicorn, the horses, roam all of the Moonshaes because of the wanderings of their ancestor

But the goddess required Balance

above all, and the first two of her children were peaceful, nonthreatening creatures. To balance them, the goddess gave birth to her third child—the youngest and deadliest of her brood. The goddess brought forth onto the Moonshaes the Pack, the congregation of wolves whose hunting song would strike terror into the hearts of lesser creatures, and whose cruel jaws would end the lives of many a helpless doe and unwary rabbit.

For the Balance demanded that life be countered by death. And so the Pack roamed the Moonshaes, wild, singing, and free, as the goddess's agents of death.

As time passed, more and more animals arrived to populate the rugged, yet peaceful isles. The most serious threats to the land were the winter storms that swept off of the Trackless Sea, scouring the weak and the frail from the islands, leaving the strong to multiply and prosper. Thus, even the storms played their role in maintaining the Balance.

Then one day the Llewyr arrived. The elvenfolk came over the sea, perhaps interrupted in some mysterious journey toward places even farther west. They claimed the Moonshaes as their own. They lost touch with their kin throughout the Realms, and passed peaceful centuries of pastoral solitude.

Later came the dwarves—mysterious folk who seemed to sprout from the ground itself, for the goddess does not recall their arrival. They lived in peace with the Llewyr, for the dwarves shunned most of the surface world. Those places they inhabited were barren and rocky—terrain the Llewyr had no wish to populate.

And then, in the heart of a cruel winter, the Moonshaes felt the first heavy tread of the beast.

The mother knew not whether it emerged from the storm-tossed sea or from the depths of some seething ocean of lava far beneath her skin. She knew only that the monster stalked the land with foul purpose, grievously threatening the Balance.

The children of the goddess, and the animals, and the Llewyr and the dwarves, fought the Beast as best they could, holding its dark force at bay. The Beast could not be defeated, but neither could its might grow such that it would overcome the goddess. Thus, the Balance was maintained.

The Beast called its own followers who rose, dripping, from the sea to crawl forth on land. The firbolgs claimed the Moonshaes as their own, ruthlessly slaying any who stood in their way. The ugly giants gradually took to the land, forgetting their origins in the sea, and spread across the Moonshaes with relentless strength.

The dwarves and the Llewyr marshalled their forces to stand against the threat of the giants and the Beast. For many decades, war wracked the isles, but finally the firbolgs were driven in to small corners of the isles, where they were carefully watched by the protectors of the Balance.

For centuries this remained the way of the Moonshaes. Little changed, for the Llewyr and the firbolgs were not builders, and the work of the dwarves progressed mainly underground. And thus it might have remained for all time, but for the coming of man.

The first humans arrived from the south, sailing slow but seaworthy coracles from an unknown land. These men fled a mighty foe and erected fortresses and palisades to protect themselves. But whatever they feared, it did not pursue them here.

More and more of the men arrived, soon claiming most of the large isle of Alaron as their own. Grudgingly, the Llewyr moved aside, withdrawing to the wilder reaches of the isles. But it seemed that the human arrivals would never stop, as word spread of a place where none need fear the tyrants' boot or the evil sorcerers' spell.

The people who came to the Moonshaes called themselves just that: the People or in the language of the isles, "the Ffolk." The Ffolk prospered, and their cities grew. They spread to Gwynneth, to Moray and Snowdown, and—in



lesser numbers—to the more barren isles of Norheim and Norland.

With the Ffolk came the halflings, for the little people dwell in the Realms wherever they can find human targets for their mercantile dealings. The human and halfling habitations drove the Llewyr far into the wilds of the isles, as the elvenfolk shunned contact with these shorter-lived and aggressive newcomers.

The Ffolk soon claimed all the isles as their own—not as a united people, but as an assortment of small, bickering kingdoms. They waged petty wars, seeking more to annoy than destroy. Slowly, the large islands of Alaron and Gwynneth became focal points of power, though three or four separate kingdoms on each still vied for ultimate authority.

As the dramas of humans, Llewyr, and other lesser creatures unfolded across the stage of the Moonshaes, the Beast slept. The vigilance of the goddess waned, as she relished the flourishing of life upon her body.

And slowly the Beast awakened, surreptitiously sapping power from the goddess through a Moonwell. When it was ready, the Beast took a name, and walked again upon the land.

Its name was Kazgoroth.

Now the Beast walked the land with death as its purpose. It slew relentlessly, indiscriminately. It thrived and grew as it killed. And it drove the Ffolk together to fight against it.

A king arose from the kingdom of the Callidyrr on the isle of Alaron: Cymrych Hugh. With the blessings of the goddess and a sword forged for him by the finest of dwarven craftsmen, Cymrych Hugh faced Kazgoroth. The might of the sword and the king drove the Beast back to the darkened recesses of its home, badly wounded but not killed. There it would remain for many centuries.

Cymrych Hugh united the Ffolk of the Moonshaes into one kingdom for the first time. He erected a mighty citadel at his home—Caer Callidyrr; it became fabled throughout the Forgotten

Realms.

For a time the Moonshaes saw peace and prosperity as the realm of Cymrych Hugh and his descendents held the Ffolk together. Gradually, with the passing of generations, the memory of the first High King dimmed, and the strong bonds uniting the Ffolk began to fray. Soon, the islands were once again a collection of small kingdoms waging petty wars.

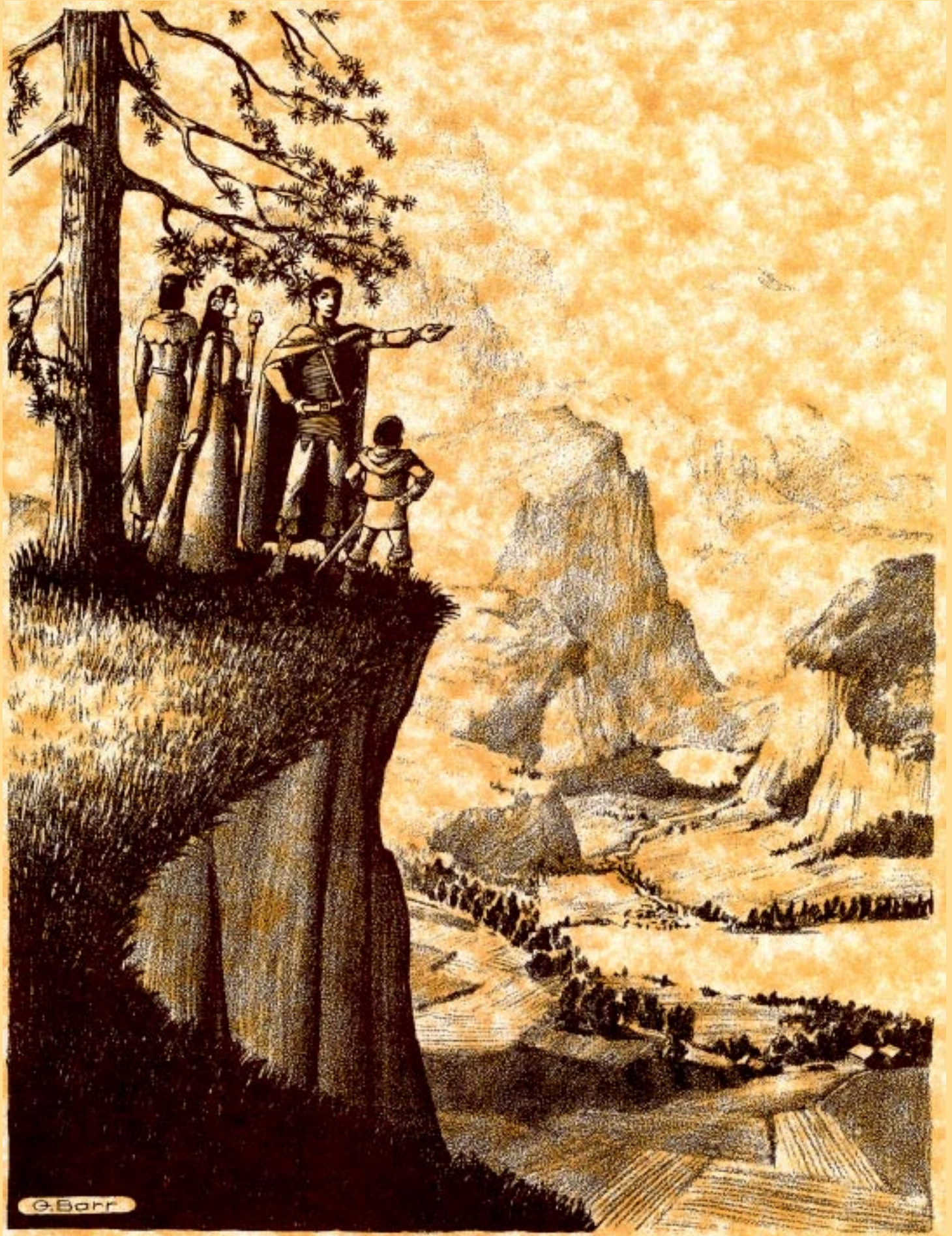
These bickering kingdoms were easy prey to the savage onslaught of the northmen, the yellow-bearded warriors who sailed from Waterdeep to seek new lands to the west. The longships landed first along the Norheim Isles, taking tribute from the tiny kingdoms of the Ffolk they found there. Next Norland and then Oman and Moray shuddered under the attacks of the raiders.

But the northmen quickly tired of raiding and chose to settle. They claimed the isles of the north as their own; the divided kingdoms of the Ffolk could not gather to resist. As time passed, the northmen became more powerful and conquered more of the islands. If the tide is not reversed, the years of the Ffolk's reign upon the Moonshaes are drawing to an end.

Clerics have arrived among the Ffolk, preaching of the new gods—the gods worshiped in Waterdeep, Calimshan, and Thay. These clerics have not eliminated the faith of the Ffolk in their goddess, but they have raised doubts.

The goddess can now feel her strength waning, and she knows that her life has become bound into the life of the Ffolk.

And again the Beast has begun to stir



MOONSHAE OVERVIEW

The Moonshae Isles are alive with AD&D® game campaign opportunities. Characters of virtually all the standard classes and levels can find adventure and challenge in some part of the islands.

CHARACTER RACES OF THE MOONSHAES

Many of the common character races of the AD&D game are native to the Moonshae Isles. These are listed here, with a brief introduction to their Moonshae characteristics. Players who wish to use characters of other races may of course do so, subject to DM approval, but those characters will hail from other parts of the Forgotten Realms.

Humans

Two major human societies populate the isles of the Moonshaes. The original human inhabitants of the islands are the Ffolk. The later arrivals are the more war-like northmen.

The Ffolk are organized into a number of small kingdoms, loosely collected under the leadership of a High King. The High King is more of a figurehead than a true ruler, however. The Ffolk are primarily an agricultural society, though they can fight savagely when called on to defend their homes.

The northmen scorn agriculture in favor of raiding and making war. They have wrested much of the northern Moonshaes from the hands of the Ffolk. The remaining kingdoms of the Ffolk are the favored raiding targets of the northmen, but their adventures also carry them to the Sword Coast, and occasionally as far south as Calimshan.

Elves

The race of elves living on the Moonshaes is the Llewyr. Once the dominant race on the isles, the Llewyr now claim only small and remote portions of Gwynneth and Alaron as theirs. The Llewyr are very similar to High Elves.

Dwarves

Like that of the Llewyr, the dwarven culture on the Moonshaes goes back a long way. These stocky and war-like demihumans have also been driven into small holdings on the isles. More numerous than the Llewyr, the dwarves love their privacy and vigorously defend their lands against any further human encroachment.

Halflings

Of all the demihumans, the halflings have adapted most easily to human domination of the Moonshaes. Halfling communities are located beside most major communities of the Ffolk; some halfling towns can be found near the strongholds of the northmen. The halflings thrive on the trade with their human neighbors and welcome the security provided by nearby castles.

CHARACTER CLASSES OF THE MOONSHAES

Among the Ffolk, bards and druids are highly respected and are subject to some unique rules. Fighters, thieves, magic-users, and clerics can be members of any of the societies on the islands, subject to the usual race restrictions.

And of course, visitors to the isles are common enough that any other kind of character race or class could quite reasonably be found here.

Druids

Druids are common on each of the isles inhabited by the Ffolk. There is a Great Druid on each of Gwynneth, Alaron, and Moray.

Druids generally show an aptitude for their calling very early in life. As druids are highly regarded in the culture of the Ffolk, parents encourage children to develop their inherent talent. The ranks of the druids are thus assured a steady supply of fresh initiates.

Each druid is assigned a certain por-

tion of one of the isles as his territory. At the center of the druid's territory is his druidic grove. The grove might be a cluster of pine or aspen trees, but most often contains aged oaks, weather-beaten and gnarled forest giants that have withstood a hundred or more savage winters.

In some high locations, or upon the barren isles on the northern fringes of the Moonshaes, the druidic grove is no more than a scraggly circle of stumpy pine trees. These trees might be two hundred years and yet be barely as tall as a man. Regardless of the type of trees, every druid has his own grove.

Druids of 12th level and above receive a particularly enchanted grove to guard—one with a Moonwell at its heart. These groves are the most sacred locations in the world to the Ffolk. The druids take their custodianship very seriously indeed. Any druid would sacrifice his life to preserve the sanctity of a Moonwell.

Each of the largest isles, Gwynneth, Alaron, Moray, and Norland, has a central Moonwell of special import to the druids. Stone monoliths with cross-pieces form rings of arches around these Moonwells.

These special Moonwells lie at the hearts of the groves of the Great Druids. Those upon Gwynneth, Alaron, and Moray remain bright and hallowed places, for those islands are under the control of the Ffolk. Upon Norland, however, the arches have fallen into wreckage and the waters of the Moonwell lie stagnant and green. Here the northmen have driven the Ffolk and the druids from the land, so there are none to tend the well. Thus the goddess's sight grows dim, and she loses her vision of the world.

Clerics

Clerics of the Forgotten Realms have traveled to the Moonshaes to spread the word of their various religions. This is not an easy task among the Ffolk, who regard the goddess, as she is presented by the druids, to be the supreme deity. Even the



clerics of Silvanus, patron god of the druids, find themselves constantly striving against the centuries-old tradition of distrust toward clerics.

The northmen have clerics of Tempus, toward whom they turn for spiritual leadership. Occasionally, a cleric of Malar will gain a following among the more radical factions of the northmen. Religious conflicts among the northmen are rare, however, since they generally work out their aggressive urges on the Ffolk.

Clerics of Azuth, Deneir, and Lathander are commonly encountered among both the Ffolk and the northmen; generally these clerics have gathered a small congregation of converts. These clerics commonly hail from Waterdeep, Amn, and other, even more distant reaches of the Realms.

The goddess herself is an aspect of the goddess Chauntea but, at least on the Moonshaes, she spurns the worship of clerics, preferring the exclusive attention of her druids. The mortal enemy of the goddess, the beast Kazgoroth, is an aspect of the god Malar.

Bards

Bards are the favored sons of the Ffolk. They are given the same regard as most kings of the Ffolk. The bards of the Ffolk serve many functions: historians, entertainers, poets, heroes, and spies.

A bard is either a Greater Bard or a Lesser Bard. A Lesser Bard is any bard who has not acquired one of the instruments of the bards. A Greater Bard must have acquired one of these instruments, of which three are known on the Moonshaes, and must be of 11th level or higher.

The Lesser Bards serve generally as traveling entertainers, singing at fairs and feasts in exchange for a warm place to sleep and a meal. They move about continuously, visiting all the lands of the Ffolk, the nations of the northmen, and even countries beyond the Moonshaes. These bards write ballads and ditties about their adventures, incorporating

the people they have met and the sights they have seen.

The Greater Bards, of which there are no more than three at any given time, are the poets laureate of the Ffolk. The ballads of the Greater Bards are sung and recorded by all the bards of the land. These lyrics weave the history of the Ffolk.

The Greater Bards are much sought after by the kings and lords of the Ffolk. A ruler who has a Greater Bard play at one of his festivals or feasts is accorded great honor. Greater Bards do not travel as much as the Lesser Bards, preferring to enjoy the comforts of Caer Callidyrr during the long winters. A Greater Bard will occasionally serve as a messenger for the High King on a errand of considerable importance. Often the Greater Bard recommends a Lesser Bard to travel in his place should he elect to decline the assignment.

Magic-Users

Magic-users are held in suspicion by most of the people of the Moonshaes. This accounts for the scarcity of magic-users here. A careless mage who gets identified in a rural community of either the Ffolk or the northmen may find this to be the last mistake he ever makes.

In two places on the Moonshae Isles, however, practitioners of magic are more likely to be encountered. Sitting upon the council of mages, ostensibly serving the High King of the Ffolk, are 13 magic-users of medium to high level. These sorcerers are practically autonomous in actuality, and each controls a small part of Callidyrr. Each also has several students and apprentices of 6th level or lower, so the actual number of magic-users in this area is at least 50.

And upon the isle of Flamsterd, to the south of Gwynneth, is a land where no mage need fear persecution. For this is the domain of the great wizard Flamsterd, who left Waterdeep in search of lonelier pastures. The island of Flamsterd is essentially a mageocracy, though the wizard himself would scoff

at the notion that he rules here. Still, there is no other government body, and the island never seems to suffer the landfall of a northman raiding party.

Flamsterd has opened his island as a refuge and place of study for all young mages. Flamsterd has perhaps the highest concentration of magic-users of any area in the Forgotten Realms.

Thieves

Thieves will find it hard going among the people of the Moonshaes. The Ffolk tend to severely punish those caught stealing, with death a common punishment. The northmen regard stealing from others as a way of life, but one who is caught stealing from them is certainly killed.

There are thus no thieves guilds in any of the cities of the Moonshaes, except perhaps as briefly established by some venturesome individual. Invariably, the guild only lasts as long as the leader goes unpunished—never more than a few years.

Some thieves have been known to band together in isolated sections of wilderness, functioning essentially as bandits, although with skillful use of spies and decoys planted among their target communities.

Since many of the thieves that have practiced their trade upon the Moonshaes have come from foreign lands, there is a certain mistrust of foreigners inherent in both the Ffolk and northman cultures. Thus thieves who differ physically from the local populace will have a very difficult time avoiding notice.

Fighters

This most common of classes finds plenty of representatives among the Moonshae peoples. Nearly all adult male northmen are fighters; a few are rangers. Among the Ffolk, a much smaller percentage of adults, both men and women, are practiced in the combat arts. A high proportion of these, however, are rangers, paladins, and



cavaliers.

Fighters of the northmen prefer the battle axe or hand axe for melee combat, though swords, short bows, spears, and hammers are not uncommon. Fighters of the Ffolk almost always wield the sword in melee; many are skilled in the use of the powerful long bow.

Some fighters of the northmen (20% chance per individual) have the ability to drive themselves into a berserker frenzy in battle. Warriors who demonstrate this aptitude are often gathered by their king into a royal bodyguard or a unit of elite soldiers. The fighters can bring on the berserker rage simply by contemplating imminent combat, or in response to a surprise attack.

Berserker northmen receive a +2 bonus to hit and need never check morale. For BATTLESYSTEM™ rules purposes, they have a discipline of 0. If a player wishes to avoid having his northmen warriors consumed by the berserker rage, he can make a morale check before the fighters go berserk. This check suffers a -2 penalty, but if it succeeds the northmen do not become berserk during that fight.

Warriors of both the Ffolk and the northmen occasionally fight on horseback, but most prefer foot combat. The Ffolk of Alaron also employ a small battle chariot, well suited to the smooth and grassy terrain of that isle.

CHARACTER LEVELS

The Moonshaes can serve as a setting for campaigns at all levels. Low-level adventuring is possible throughout the isles; this can involve explorations of ancient ruins and dungeons, interaction with other societies on the islands, town and village adventuring, wilderness and maritime adventures, or raids on monster holdings.

Mid-level adventures can of course include all of the above. The firbolgs that populate many of the isles are challenging adversaries for mid-level characters. Mid-level characters can also get involved in trading, perhaps as caravan

or convoy guards, as well as small-scale military activities. The characters and story in the novel, *Darkwalker on Moonshae*, provide some ideas for mid-level adventuring on the Moonshae islands.

High-level characters will find themselves right at home with the isle's rulers. The Moonshaes have many kings, and a large number of petty lords, all of whom could interact in a high-level game. Military adventures, perhaps including an occasional BATTLESYSTEM™ scenario, could easily be worked into the overall campaign situation. The next Moonshae novel (to be released in April of 1988), *Black Wizards*, presents some examples of high-level campaign possibilities in the Moonshae islands.

As in any game, the key is not so much to establish PCs of the levels you want to fit into the world, but in creating tough, but not too tough, challenges for whatever levels and abilities your players have.

COMMON CONFLICTS

A number of ongoing conflicts can serve as a backdrop to your Moonshae campaign. These can also provide the major adversaries for your PCs.

Northmen vs. The Ffolk

The raids of the northmen have gradually become oriented toward conquest, and the kingdoms of the Ffolk have succumbed one after the other to the enemy longships. Now that the threat has been realized, it is nearly too late.

Whether you want to use this conflict to create an isolated threat to your PCs, or to make it the centerpiece of your campaign, the rivalry between these two cultures should be present in any Moonshae setting.

The raiders generally embark in summer to plunder and raid the kingdoms of the Ffolk, or to range farther afield and strike targets along the Sword Coast. Often several kingdoms of northmen unite to stage a massive raid.

If the attack succeeds in driving the Ffolk from their homes, the northmen are likely to move in and settle a region, bringing their families, livestock, and other possessions by longship before winter sets in.

Firbolgs vs. Humans

The firbolgs are the scourge of the remote areas of the Moonshaes. Huge, ugly, and mean, these monsters are prone to attack anything that is not of their race.

Fortunately for the other inhabitants of the isles, the firbolgs rarely leave their remote domains. This makes them primarily a threat to those who venture to explore these areas.

The firbolgs do, however, occasionally muster a large force and venture into civilized areas for raiding and plunder. These outings consist mainly of slaughter and destruction as the firbolgs are not much inclined to stealing or enslaving. A raiding party of firbolgs is something all sensible characters try to avoid, or at the very least, challenge only with a sizeable force.

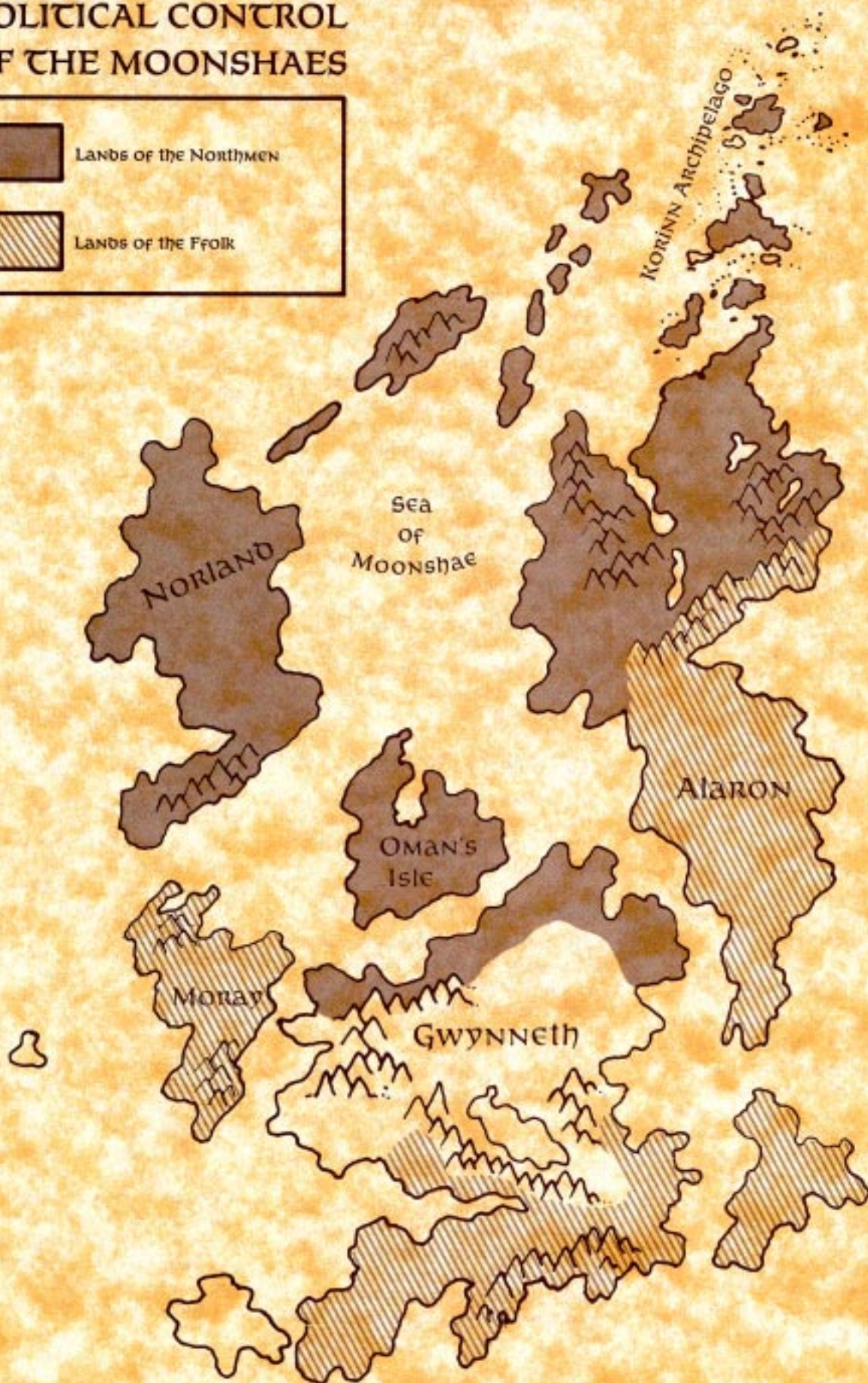
Clerics vs. Druids

The clerics from the Sword Coast strive mightily to bring word of their gods to the Ffolk of the Moonshaes. The Ffolk, steeped in their traditional worship of the goddess as the earthmother and guarded jealously by the druidic councils, tend to resist this conversion.

This conflict is primarily a peaceful one—it is not uncommon for a community of Ffolk to include one or two clerics, while most of the populace still pay their respects at the druidic grove nearby. Occasionally, however, violent disputes flare up—the followers of some of the more war-like gods have been known to torch a grove, driving its druids into a religious frenzy.

The druids are not without recourse. Many a worship service of the new gods has been disrupted by the sudden appearance of spiders, rats, or bats—creatures summoned by the druids to

POLITICAL CONTROL OF THE MOONSHAE





invade a temple and scatter the congregation.

While the healing powers of the clerics cannot be denied, and their wisdom is great, the druids retain control of the Moonwells. Through these pools their link with their goddess remains strong. The conversion of the Ffolk, if it is ever successful, will take many more decades, perhaps even centuries.

Interkingdom Squabbles

Many small kingdoms are scattered across the isles, both those of the Ffolk and of the northmen. Even among rulers of the same culture, rivalries and wars are not uncommon.

These political conflicts have the potential to spread over several isles as each participant gathers allies to his banner. On the other hand, if a strong ruler can succeed in bringing several weaker rulers under his protection and leadership, the end result could be a more peaceful and united nation for all concerned.

Because of the relative balance of power between the various kingdoms, however, most of these petty wars are not resolved with any clear victor. The result is that grudges are carried, wounds grow deeper with time, and even people of the same culture find themselves inexorably drifting farther from their neighbors.

Magic-Users vs. The People

Neither the northmen nor the Ffolk readily accept the presence of magic in their societies. Both cultures are highly superstitious, taught that arcane power is a tool of the gods and their agents. The people tend to view wizards as untrustworthy, if not downright evil.

The primary magic-users of the Ffolk serve on a council for the High King, at Caer Callidyrr. While ostensibly under the High King's control, the mages in reality practice their arts for their own ends, allowing the High King just enough control to convince him that things are not getting out of hand.

These wizards are a patient bunch, and are content to watch the forces of society at work, only prodding these forces occasionally to move them in a desired direction.

The Ffolk, by and large, are suspicious and fearful of the council. It is the fear that gives the High King useful leverage in retaining his post as the mightiest king among the Ffolk. However, the mages are notoriously fickle about helping the High King extend his domination over the rest of the Ffolk.

Wizards are uncommon among the northmen and generally persecuted when they are found. It is not unusual for a king of the northmen to enlist the aid of a sorcerer—there are many things that a spell can accomplish, after all—while keeping it a secret even from his own people.

External Cultures vs. The Moonshaes

Because of their isolated location, the Moonshaes do not suffer a lot of interference from nations on the mainland. Only occasionally do men from Calimshan, Tethyr, Amn, or Waterdeep visit the Moonshaes.

Sometimes a group from one of these nations lands at a kingdom of the Ffolk or the northmen and conducts several days of trading while agents secretly reconnoiter the local town or fortress. Then, a day or two after the visitors leave, a boat puts several thieves ashore in the dead of night. These skulk their way into the targeted areas, steal whatever is valuable and not nailed down (including attractive young women), and slip back to their ship to be gone before sunrise.

Monsters vs. Humans

Certain parts of the Moonshaes are home to vicious tribes of orcs and goblins. These humanoids are commonly found in the northern reaches of the isles—most notably in the Korinn Archipelago, as detailed in module N5, *Treasure Hunt*. Smaller groups of these

monsters inhabit some of the other islands, and often a tiny and remote islet is populated exclusively by orcs or goblins. These humanoids also dwell in some of the mountainous regions, occupying huge underground caverns and dungeon complexes that they have stolen from the dwarves or excavated with slave labor.

Trolls present another common threat throughout the islands, including marine trolls (scrags) that have the advantage of retreating back to the sea after their terrifying raids. Dreaded sahuagin also occasionally emerge from the sea to terrorize and kill the peoples of the coastal communities.

Other monsters rarely plague the civilized portions of the isles. Wyverns and perytons fly over remote wild places, striking without warning if they sight a victim below. Norland and Moray reputedly shelter a few of the largest rocs ever known, though no one has actually seen these massive birds. Lizard men inhabit some of the darkest and dankest marsh and swamp reaches.

An entire assortment of horrifying monsters can be encountered in remote areas of the isles, including, but not limited to, beholders, lycanthropes, giant centipedes, ropers, shambling mounds, giant weasels, dire wolves, giant leeches, poisonous toads, harpies, water weirds, and giant snapping turtles.

The section on Moonshae topography lists a sampling of the types of encounters, including monster encounters, that characters can run into in the various terrain types on the island. These lists are not intended to be all-inclusive; feel free to change the lists as necessary to fit your campaign.



ECONOMIES OF THE MOONSHAES

While each Moonshae kingdom is relatively self-sufficient, a certain amount of trading nonetheless serves to supply goods that a particular nation does not produce. This trading occurs via overland transport between kingdoms on the same island, and overseas trading of goods between the various islands and the lands along the Sword Coast. Trading partners of the Moonshae kingdoms include Calimshan, Amn, Tethyr, and Waterdeep.

The economic map (on page 13) shows the most common trading routes to and from the Moonshaes, as well as the most common products of the productive parts of the islands. Each route is detailed below, with a listing of the daily probability of a ship being encountered along the route, as well as descriptions of the probable vessel types and cargoes.

If the PCs are traveling along a route, they will only encounter vessels traveling in the opposite direction; those going the same way remain ahead of or behind the PCs' ship.

The probability listed for each area applies only to summer. The probabilities should be reduced in half during spring and autumn and drop to zero during the winter months,

Route A: Callidyrr To Waterdeep

This is one of the most active trading routes into the Moonshaes, since *Caer Callidyrr* is the largest and most accessible port on the islands.

The route takes approximately 8 days, given average winds and a reasonably fast boat, when traveling from *Callidyrr* to *Waterdeep*. The current, which flows northward, lengthens the return trip to 10 or 11 days. From *Waterdeep*, encountered vessels are likely to be longships of the northmen that have embarked on trading missions. The northmen may offer spice, oil, or cloth in exchange for the fine steel of the *Ffolk*.

Route B: Callidyrr To Calimport

This searoad leads from the High King's city to exotic *Calimport*, site of the Pasha's palace. Imports from *Calimshan* include silks and other fine fabrics, spices, parchment, and horses. These goods are carried in high-decked galleons, slow-moving but relatively unsinkable ships that are common all along the *Sword Coast*.

From *Callidyrr*, the *Calishites* trade for weapons and the metal to make them, furs, and timber. The tall pine forests of the Moonshae heartland are the only nearby source for the timbers needed to build masts for the huge galleons.

Route C: North Kingdoms To Waterdeep

The ports and fortress cities of *Rotesheim*, *Norheim*, *Iron Bay*, and *Gnarhelm* provide the major stopping points to the lands of the northmen. From here, longships strike northward to the distant port of *Waterdeep*, and the nearer isles of *Ruathym*.

The trip to *Waterdeep* requires about 8 days when sailing north, 10 days when sailing south. From the Moonshaes, the northmen send slaves and weapons of the *Ffolk* that they have gained through combat or trade. In return, the northmen receive the amenities of life from more civilized lands—oil, gold, woven cloth, and exotic liquors.

Route D: Callidyrr To Sea of Moonshae

This route avoids the swells of the high seas, providing safe passage for even the clumsy coracles of the *Ffolk*. The journey from *Caer Callidyrr* takes about 12 days in good weather; storms sometimes double this time.

From *Callidyrr*, the armorsmiths of the High King export weapons of fine quality. In return, the Kingdom of *Corwell* sends ales, livestock such as sheep and horses, and able-bodied workers.

The kingdom of *Moray* receives the same products, sending in turn coal and iron ore to the forges of the High King.

Route E: Corwell/Moray To Calimshan

This route is an alternate passage used by the *Calishites* when trading with the *Ffolk* and the northmen. Although it takes an extra week for the journey, whether sailing north or south, the searoad is used to carry the same types of goods as are taken to *Callidyrr*.

Route F: Callidyrr To Mintarn

This route leads to the island of *Mintarn* off the *Sword Coast*. The shipbuilders of *Mintarn* have long since exhausted the timber upon their now-barren island, but they still pride themselves on their work. They have now turned to the vast forests of the Moonshaes for raw material.

A crew of shipwrights will book passage to *Callidyrr*, where they will spend a year building a ship. They then load the vessel with enough timber for a second ship, and sail the vessel and its cargo to *Mintarn*. They build the second ship, sell both to any of a dozen buyers along the *Sword Coast*, and sail back to *Callidyrr* to start again.

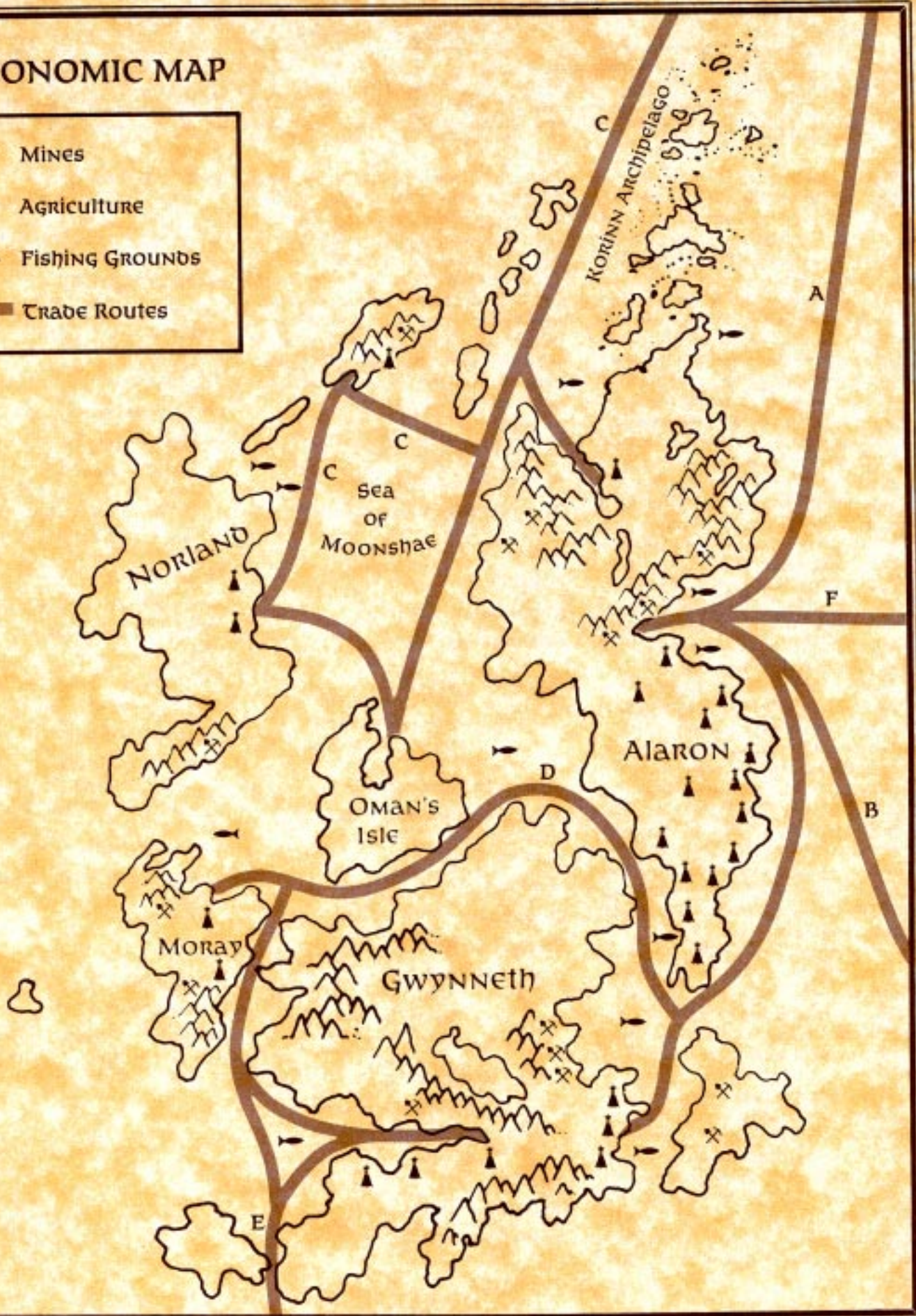
MOONSHAE CLIMATE

The climate of the Moonshae Islands provides much of the atmosphere of this game setting, so it deserves to be given careful consideration. A DM may simply use the following procedures as a guide, making up for himself the weather on each given day of the adventure. This can become an important story consideration; many an adventure should reach its thrilling climax in the midst of a raging thunderstorm or crashing gale.

Alternatively, procedures exist that will enable the DM to determine, randomly and relatively quickly, the weath-

ECONOMIC MAP

⊗	Mines
▲	Agriculture
➤	Fishing Grounds
—	Trade Routes





er at any given time. For those players who wish to use the very detailed system from the *Wilderness Survival Guide* to determine weather in the Moonshaes, consider the islands to be a Subarctic Clime.

The climate of the Moonshaes can best be described as severe, especially during the long winter months. Each month is described separately in the following text, with probabilities for various types of weather listed. Whenever the weather can be an important part of an adventure, check on a daily basis.

The *Average Daily Temperature* for a month can fluctuate wildly. To get a range for game purposes, roll 2d6. If the result is 7, the temperature falls right into the range for a given day. Higher numbers mean higher than average temperatures; lower numbers mean the opposite. Thus, a 12 would mean abnormally warm temperatures on a given day, while a 2 would mean unusually cold weather.

If you need an exact temperature, take the difference between the number rolled and 7 and multiply it by 5 to determine the variance from the normal temperature. For example, if the roll is an 11, the difference between 11 and 7 is +4, multiplied by 5 to get +20. Therefore this day is 20 degrees warmer than is normal for this month. In nearly all cases, a general approximation will do, but if you need an exact number for some reason, you can use this fast method.

All temperatures in the Forgotten Realms are given on the Fahrenheit scale, so water freezes at 32 degrees.

For further realism, add 1 to the 2d6 roll if the previous day's temperature was warmer than normal; subtract 1 if it was colder than normal.

The Fog percentage listed for each month is the chance that at least part of the day is spent beneath the heavy mists that are so common on the isles. If fog is indicated, it develops between 1 and 6 AM (roll 1d6) and persists for 2d12 hours.

To determine cloudiness, which is different from fog, a type of die is listed

for each month. Roll the appropriate die. On a result of 1-2, the day is clear. On a 3-4, it is a partly cloudy mixture of sunny skies and cumulous clouds. On a roll of 5 or more, it is overcast.

Precipitation occurs only on overcast days. The chart for each month lists a percentage chance of precipitation occurring, and often a guideline as to what type of precipitation falls. Determine the amount of precipitation as indicated for each type.

WEATHER TABLES

Hammer (January)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 23
Low: 0

Fog: 75%

Cloudiness: 1d20

Precipitation: 60%

D20 Roll	Result
1	Rain (.1-.4 inches)
2-19	Snow (1d6 inches)
20	Snow (2d10 inches)

ALTurisk (February)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 28
Low: 6

Fog: 60%

Cloudiness: 1d12

Precipitation: 50%

D20 Roll	Result
1-2	Rain (.1-.4 inches)
3-19	Snow (1d6 inches)
20	Snow (3d6 inches)

Ches (March)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 33
Low: 14

Fog: 80%

Cloudiness: 1d20

Precipitation: 75%

D20 Roll	Result
1-7	Rain (.1-.8 inches)
8-10	Sleet
11-20	Snow (1d6 inches)

Tarsakh (April)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 40
Low: 28

Fog: 70%

Cloudiness: 1d10

Precipitation: 75%

D20 Roll	Result
1-16	Rain (.1-.8 inches)
17-18	Rain (1d4 inches)
19-20	Snow (1d10 inches)

Mirtul (May)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 60
Low: 42

Fog: 60%

Cloudiness: 1d8

Precipitation: 60%

D6 Roll	Result
1-5	Rain (.1-.6 inches)
6	Rain (1d4 inches)

KyThorn (June)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 70
Low: 50

Fog: 40%

Cloudiness: 1d6

Precipitation: 50%

D6 Roll	Result
1-5	Rain (.1-.4 inches)
6	Rain (1d4 inches)



Flammerule (July)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 76
Low: 53

Fog: 40%

Cloudiness: 1d6

Precipitation: 40%

D6 Roll	Result
1-5	Rain (.1-4 inches)
6	Rain (1d4 inches)

Eliasias (August)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 75
Low: 50

Fog: 50%

Cloudiness: 1d6

Precipitation: 60%

D6 Roll	Result
1-4	Rain (.1-8 inches)
5-6	Rain (1d4 inches)

Eleint (September)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 69
Low: 45

Fog: 65%

Cloudiness: 1d8

Precipitation: 60%

D8 Roll	Result
1-6	Rain (.1-8 inches)
7	Rain (1d4 inches)
8	Sleet

Marpnoth (October)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 57
Low: 36

Fog: 75%

Cloudiness: 1d10

Precipitation: 50%

D6 Roll	Result
1-3	Rain (.1-1 inch)
4	Sleet
5-6	Snow (1d4 inches)

Uktar (November)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 48
Low: 30

Fog: 85%

Cloudiness: 1d12

Precipitation: 60%

D8 Roll	Result
1-2	Rain (.1-1 inch)
3-4	Sleet
5-7	Snow (1d6 inches)
8	Snow (3d6 inches)

Nightal (December)

Average Daily Temperature

High: 34
Low: 18

Fog: 80%

Cloudiness: 1d20

Precipitation: 60%

D8 Roll	Result
1	Rain (.1-1 inch)
2	Sleet
3-6	Snow (1d6 inches)
7	Snow (3d6 inches)
8	Snow (3d10 inches)

VARIATIONS WITHIN THE ISLES

The Moonshae isles do not have the same type of weather everywhere at the same time, though the area is small enough that a general weather pattern can be assumed. However, if you want to determine specific variations, the following guidelines should help.

Altitude

The highlands tend to be a little colder on the average than the rest of the isles. Assume that any mountainous region is 2d6 degrees colder than the normal temperature established for the day. An area of high mountains (5,000 feet or higher) can be 3d6 degrees colder.

Latitude

The northern parts of the isles are often (50% of the time) colder than the average temperature by 1d10 degrees. Likewise the southern shores reach temperatures 1d10 degrees higher than the norm determined for a given day.

Thunderstorms

Whenever your determination reveals that the isles will receive an inch or more of rain during a day, that rain is accompanied by thunderstorms. While such storms serve more to add atmosphere than anything else, you can assume that characters exposed on a moor or mountaintop each have a 1% chance of being struck by lightning—treat as a 6d6 *lightning bolt* spell. This increases to 2% for characters in a boat on open water.

MOONSHAE TOPOGRAPHY

Although the islands share a common general climate and geographical area, the topography of each island differs widely from those of the other islands.

The large color map of the islands shows the various terrain types found on each island.

Each terrain type has an encounter table that contains the creatures most likely to be found there. While encounters can be rolled randomly on these lists, the DM is encouraged to choose encounters according to the situation. Take into account such considerations as the nearness of human (or other) habitation, the season of the year, the weather, and any other variables that seem appropriate.

These encounter lists include many, but not all, of the unusual creature types that are most significant to game play on the Moonshae Isles. Mundane and relatively harmless animals such as hares, deer, pheasants, grouse, songbirds, squirrels, and mice are not included on the lists; the presence of these creatures is a matter of DM discretion.



Beaches

The fringes of the islands are often lined with long, flat beaches. These are not soft and sandy, however—most of the beaches around the islands are made of gravelly chunks of rock and pebbles. They are generally very wide, often as much as a quarter mile from the water's edge at low tide to the beginning of the inland terrain.

When the tide rises, however, water level comes up as much as 8 or 10 feet. On average, 75% of the beach area disappears even during a mild surf. When a storm is brewing, the entire beach area is pounded by heavy surf.

Boats and ships can be landed safely at these beaches during calm seas, or even in rougher weather if the beach is on the lee side of land (i.e., is on the downwind side of an island), or within one of the many firths, bays, and sheltered coves that pocket the shoreline of the Moonshaes.

Random Beach Encounter

- | | |
|----|---------------------------|
| 1 | Turtle, Giant Sea |
| 2 | 2d6 Dolphins |
| 3 | 1d6 Scrag |
| 4 | Seawolf, Greater |
| 5 | Selkie |
| 6 | Water Weird |
| 7 | 1d4 Whales |
| 8 | Fishing Boat |
| 9 | Northmen Longship |
| 10 | Pirate Ship |
| 11 | 1d6 Beachdwellers (Human) |
| 12 | 1d4 Sea Lions |
| 13 | 2d6 Sahuagin |
| 14 | Merchant Ship |
| 15 | Dragon Turtle |
| 16 | Crab, Giant |
| 17 | Human Farmers |
| 18 | Human Children |
| 19 | 1d6 Selkies |
| 20 | Castaways (Human) |

Escarpments

These dramatic cliffs line some of the coasts of the islands and also carve their distinctive lines around some of the inland areas. The escarpments shown

on the map are all at least 500 feet high. If you need a specific number, roll 1d6 × 100 and add 400 feet to determine the cliff height in an area.

While steep, these cliffs are made of very old bedrock—generally granite. Thus, their surfaces are cracked and weatherworn, but not crumbling, which makes them ideal for climbing. Climbing proficiency checks for characters ascending or descending these escarpments get a +10% modifier because of the many foot- and handholds in the rock. In winter, however, snow and ice make the climbing very treacherous, eliminating the benefit and causing a -25% penalty.

Random Escarpment Encounters

- | | |
|----|---------------------|
| 1 | 1d6 Eagles, Giant |
| 2 | 1d8 Dwarves |
| 3 | 1d4 + 1 Badgers |
| 4 | 1d6 Dryads |
| 5 | 1d6 Firbolgs |
| 6 | 2d6 Harpies |
| 7 | 1d4 Griffons |
| 8 | 1d2 Hippogriffs |
| 9 | 1d4 Wyverns |
| 10 | Leprechaun |
| 11 | 1d8 Perytons |
| 12 | 1d2 Rocs |
| 13 | Sylph |
| 14 | 1d4 Hunters (Human) |
| 15 | 1d6 Trolls |
| 16 | 1d20 Wasps, Giant |
| 17 | Wolverine, Giant |
| 18 | 1d3 Wind Walkers |
| 19 | 4d4 Giant Ravens |
| 20 | 1d6 Rams |

SALT FLATS

These stagnant marshes extend inland beyond certain low-lying beaches, where seawater flows in enough volume to exterminate freshwater life, but is not lively enough to rinse away the decay and rot that collects there.

The salt flats are marshy and treeless, a bleak horizon to the far limits of vision. Gray in color, they constantly emit a sulphurous odor, akin to rotten eggs or dead, decaying flesh.

Insect life flourishes here in the sum-

mer, as all manner of stinging and biting bugs infest the stagnant pools and passages of the flats.

Salt flats make for treacherous traveling, as approximately 10% of their surface is made of quicksand. These marshes are nonetheless teeming with life, but not much of it is the kind of life that most characters wish to meet.

Random Salt Flat Encounters

- | | |
|----|----------------------------------|
| 1 | 1d3 Shambling Mounds |
| 2 | 2d6 Leeches, Giant |
| 3 | 4d10 Rats, Giant |
| 4 | 1d8 Toads, Giant Poisonous |
| 5 | 1d3 Weasels, Giant |
| 6 | 1d4 Fishermen or Hunters (Human) |
| 7 | 2d6 Lizard Men |
| 8 | 1d12 Wererats |
| 9 | 2d6 Sirens (Harpies) |
| 10 | 5d8 Frogs, Giant |
| 11 | 3d6 Frogs, Killer |
| 12 | Beholder |
| 13 | 1d8 Beaver, Giant |
| 14 | 2d4x10 Bandits |
| 15 | 1d6 Scrag |
| 16 | 1d20 Wolves |
| 17 | Porcupine, Giant |
| 18 | 1d6 Crabs, Giant |
| 19 | Cat, Wild |
| 20 | Scorpion, Huge |

MOORS

The moors of the Moonshaes make up a great bulk of the land surface. These areas are grassy and either flat or gently rolling. They make the most appropriate grazing land on the islands, often used as pasture land for sheep or occasionally cattle.

The moors may contain pockets of swampy or marshy land, but most of their surface is relatively dry and well drained. Many areas of moors are dotted with small lakes and ponds that contain edible fish. This land is generally among the most pleasant and hospitable of the isles, except during winter. Then the lack of cover on the moors enables the biting wind to sweep unimpeded across it, striking with chilling force anything standing in its way.



Random Moor Encounters

1	2d10 Humans
2	1d8 Halflings
3	Irish Deer
4	Stag, Giant
5	1d4 Boars, Giant
6	2d20 Wolves
7	2d4x10 Bandits
8	1d100 Ravens
9	Brown Bear, Giant
10	Werewolf
11	1d4 Trolls
12	2d10 Goblins
13	Leprechaun
14	1d8 Dwarves
15	1d20 Firbolgs
16	2d12 Centipedes, Giant
17	1d10 Centaurs
18	1d2 Porcupines, Giant
19	1d6 Horses
20	1d4 Nymphs

Random Deciduous Forest Encounters

1	1d4 Hunters (Human)
2	1d3 Woodsmen (Human)
3	1d6 Halflings
4	2d4x10 Bandits
5	1d6 Centaurs
6	Dryad
7	1d8 Pixies
8	1d3 Boars, Giant
9	2d6 Firbolgs
10	Faerie Dragon
11	Stag, Giant
12	Unicorn
13	Leprechaun
14	2d6 Wolves
15	2d6 Goblins
16	Falcon, Large
17	Hoar Fox
18	1d8 Centipedes, Giant
19	1d10 Goats
20	Brown Bear

Random Coniferous Forest Encounters

1	1d6 Llewyr
2	1d4 Woodsmen
3	Herdsman (sheep or cattle)
4	1d6 Hunters (Human)
5	2d6 Halflings
6	1d20 Pixies
7	2d20 Centaurs
8	3d10 Firbolgs
9	Irish Deer
10	Boar, Giant
11	Owl, Giant
12	Roper
13	Porcupine, Giant
14	1d6 Weasels, Giant
15	1d8 Lizard Men
16	2d10 Goblins
17	2d6 Orcs
18	Faerie Dragon
19	Unicorn
20	Ram, Giant

Deciduous Forests

These thick forests cover much of the lowlands on the isles. Primarily composed of oak, hickory, aspen, birch, and maple, these are areas of dense undergrowth and tangled passages. Travel through them is very difficult, except along a path or game trail.

The deciduous forests are home to a great deal of small wildlife, including squirrels, hares, foxes, and an occasional deer. Insects are rife in the summer, as the dense undergrowth stifles any cooling breeze and holds the air, humid and heavy, among the massive trunks.

In winter, these forests grow very barren, as the leaves fall away from the trees and the underbrush, leaving little to impede the biting winds and driving snow.

Coniferous Forest

These are areas of pine, cedar, and spruce trees – evergreens. Legend has it that these forests are the favorites of the goddess.

Unlike the deciduous forests, the coniferous forests contain only scant undergrowth. Most of the ground is covered with a thick carpet of needles that have fallen from the trees over the centuries, making travel through the forests easy, and rest quite comfortable.

The coniferous forests are located higher above sea level than the deciduous and are swept by cool breezes in the summer. Insect pests are rare, but large wildlife, such as deer, wolves, and bear, are more abundant than in any other part of the isles. In the winter, the thick protection provided by the trees keeps out the worst of the winter winds. This protects the inhabitants of these forests from really huge buildups of snow.

Highlands

The mountainous regions of the Moonshaes make up another sizeable proportion of the islands' land area. These rugged ranges are surfaced mostly with broken rock, twisted and cracked from centuries of exposure to the weather. Although the mountains are not towering by most standards, the highest being a mere 8,000 feet above sea level, they are universally steep and broken.

In places, the coniferous forests extend up the slopes of the mountains, and here the rock is not so jagged nor so exposed – the layers of pine needles and the shelter provided by the trees make these regions more hospitable than is usual for the Moonshae mountains. Occasionally, a shepherd or cheesemaker can be found living among these forested highlands. But most of the mountains are barren of trees and habitations. Hardy mosses and lichens are the most common plant life, though a vibrantly colored collection of wild flowers makes a brief appearance in the heart of summer. The only animals that live in these reaches are hardy marmots, tiny mice, and the slender



foxes that live off the former. Also, eagles, hawks, and falcons make their aeries among these heights, preferably atop a cliff sheer enough to keep the hungry foxes at bay.

The highlands receive a heavy dumping of snow, beginning in late autumn and continuing through the beginning of spring. In places, accumulations of 10 to 12 feet are common. The high altitudes enable the snow to remain longer here than elsewhere on the islands; not until late spring or early summer is the snow totally melted away.

Random Highland Encounters

1	Herdsman, With Sheep
2	Farmer (Human)
3	1d3 Hunters (Human)
4	Ram, Giant
5	Bear, Cave
6	1d20 Eagles, Giant
7	1d20 Firbolgs
8	2d20 Orcs
9	2d20 Dwarves
10	1d12 Goats, Giant
11	1d20 Wolves, Dire
12	1d100 Ravens
13	1d6x10 Bandits
14	1d8 Trolls
15	Roc
16	1d4 Griffons
17	1d4 Badgers
18	1d6 Perytons
19	Ki-Rin
20	Werewolf

Fens

The fens of the Moonshaes are some of the most fetid, festering swamps north of the jungles of Chult. They are generally tree-filled, except where pools of stagnant water or sluggishly flowing streams prevent the roots from taking hold.

In summer, the insects swarm through the fens with every bit as much aggressiveness as they take over the salt flats. In addition, darker, more menacing creatures are suspected to lurk beneath the black and bubbling waters.

The Fens of the Fallon, on the isle of

Gwynneth, are perhaps the most fell reaches of any on the Moonshaes. This is the place where the Beast last arose, and the place it retreated to when its might was eventually countered. But all of the isles have their fens, and none of them are pleasant.

Random Fens Encounters

1	1d10 Centipedes, Giant
2	1d8 Leeches, Giant
3	1d4 Weasels, Giant
4	2d12 Bandits
5	1d10 Poisonous Toads
6	10d10 Ravens
7	Druid
8	1d6 Trolls
9	2d6 Frogs, Poisonous
10	Werewolf
11	1d8 Wolves, Dire
12	Scorpion, Giant
13	3d6 Lizard Men
14	3d10 Firbolgs
15	1d6 Shambling Mounds
16	Beholder
17	1d8 Harpies
18	Crane, Giant
19	1d4 Hunters (Human)
20	1d12 Spiders, Huge

Streams, Rivers, and Lakes

The fresh waterways of the Moonshaes are filled almost universally with clear, clean water. The only exceptions are the ponds and streams of the fens and salt flats. Even in these cases, the water that emerges, black and stinking, from a fen seems to clean itself within 5 or 10 miles of flowage, almost as if the earth acted as a filter.

The fresh waters are teeming with trout, perch, and salmon; a skilled fisherman need never go hungry when near fresh water.

The streams are generally fordable, nowhere reaching a depth of more than about three feet. They flow rapidly, however, and are not navigable by boat. The few rivers on the isles are deep and placid, and carry much boat traffic. They can only be crossed (short of swimming) at the fords, bridges, and ferries marked on the map.

Random Freshwater Encounters

1	1d4 Lampreys, Giant
2	1d8 Pike, Giant
3	1d6 Gar, Giant
4	1d4 + 1 Otters, Giant
5	1d4x10 Nixies
6	1d12 Toads, Giant
7	1d4 Snapping Turtles, Giant
8	Water Weird
9	1d8 Beaver, Giant
10	2d6 Crayfish, Giant
11	1d6 Crabs, Giant
12	5d8 Frogs, Giant
13	1d8 Fishermen (Human)
14	1d4 Nymphs
15	1d6 Falcons, Large
16	Swanmay
17	2d10 Throat Leeches
18	2d6 Lacedons
19	Owl, Giant
20	Naga, Water

Sea

Surrounded as they are by saltwater, the Moonshae islands depend upon the sea for many things: trade, food, and protection, to name a few. The rolling gray vastness of the Trackless Sea and the more placid, but still chill waters, of the Sea of Moonshae insulate the islands from the rest of the Realms.

The Trackless Sea is the source of a long series of harsh storms during the winter months. These storms generally move out of the northwest, often pushing waves as high as 30 or 40 feet before them in huge, gray swells. The storms begin in fall, often as early as late Eleint (September), and continue through the middle of Ches (March) or occasionally into Tarsakh (April).

The seas are virtually unnavigable during these seasons, so the Moonshaes are almost completely isolated from the rest of the realms during winter. Once fairer weather arrives, however, the surface becomes blue and relatively smooth—the Moonshae's highway to the world.

The Sea of Moonshae, enclosed by the isles, is more placid than the outer ocean, but is still a formidable challenge to winter mariners. In fairer seasons,



the Sea of Moonshae serves as a pleasant path between the isles.

The Sea of Swords, between the isles and the Sword Coast, does not receive the harsh winter weather of either the Trackless Sea or the Sea of Moonshae. Warm southerly currents seem to insulate the region against the heavy gales. These currents bring pleasant and comparatively balmy weather to the coasts of the Moonshaes that face to the south and east.

Random Sea and Ocean Encounters

- | | |
|----|----------------------------|
| 1 | 1d8 Scrag |
| 2 | 2d10 Whales |
| 3 | 2d6 Dolphins |
| 4 | Dragon Turtle |
| 5 | Northmen Longship |
| 6 | Pirate Ship |
| 7 | Calishite Merchant Galleon |
| 8 | Merchant Vessel |
| 9 | Coracle of the Ffolk |
| 10 | 1d4 Lampreys, Giant |
| 11 | 3d6 Sahuagin |
| 12 | 1d6 Fishing Boats |
| 13 | Octopus, Giant |
| 14 | Portuguese Man-o-War |
| 15 | 1d3 Sharks, Giant |
| 16 | 1d20 Sea Horses, Giant |
| 17 | 1d4 Sea Hags |
| 18 | 2d6 Sea Lions |
| 19 | Squid, Giant |
| 20 | 1d3 Water Weirds |

WILDLIFE OF THE MOONSHAES

The forests, moors, and swamps of the Moonshaes teem with mundane wildlife—creatures that might escape the notice of the adventurer in search of plunder, but which are important to the hunter, woodsman, ranger, and druid.

The largest of these creatures are the great deer that abound in all of the wild places, including moors, highlands, forests, and fens. The antlered rack of a big male makes a fine trophy for the hunter, and the venison is sweet and tender. These deer always run from human or other intruders.

A variety of small mammals, including hares, squirrels, foxes, mice, ground hogs, and boars inhabit the

woodland and highland reaches. Bird life is also common—pheasants, grouse, and waterfowl challenge the archery skill of many hunters. Songbirds, blackbirds and jays are present in varieties too numerous to count.

The rivers and streams of the isles are home to salmon, trout, perch, and catfish. Fishing is generally quite good, and many peasants pursue this during their rare moments of recreation. The salmon run upstream in the spring to spawn—a sight to thrill any fisherman's heart.

The Moonshaes are of course home to more terrifying residents as well. These are listed together with their favorite terrain types in the *Moonshae Topography* section.





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DEITIES OF THE MOONSHAES

The goddess a wakened slowly from her cold sleep, awareness returning as the chill blanket of the passing season fell away. Turning with imperial grace, she sought the life-giving force of the renewed sun.

Soon she felt its warmth upon the long and gravelly beaches of her coastlines, and upon the stagnant expanses of her low, flat marshes. Slowly, the sun drove winters blanket from the rolling moors and tilled fields.

The white mantle remained thick and heavy among the forests and glens, and the highlands still showed no sign of acknowledging winter's end. This was as it should be, and the goddess rejoiced in the growing vitality of her body, the earth.

Cool seas bathed her lands, cleansing the debris left by the passing of winter. The goddess saw that her children still slept peacefully. They could, she hoped, sleep long years before she needed to call them.

Through the Moonwells, she saw the clearing skies. No longer did the heavy, iron-gray storm clouds oppress her. The Ffolk were active, preparing for a new season of growth. The druids moved among the trees and mountains of her wild reaches, restoring places where winter had disrupted the Balance.

Yet, as she threw off her white blanket, she felt a sudden, stabbing pain, penetrating deep within her. Hot and threatening, the injury seemed ready to spread like a cancer through her.

A Moonwell was the source of the pain. Instead of providing a window into the world, full of cool and healthy power, the well burned like a poisoned wound. Very black, it blocked the light and absorbed her power, instead of nourishing it. As she awakened, the goddess felt fear.

And she knew that, once again, the Beast would walk the land.

—From *Darkwalker on Moonshae*

The religious foundation of the Moonshae Isles is predicated upon a worship

of the land itself. This belief, originated and primarily held by the Ffolk, has resulted in a conception of their goddess as the earthmother. The belief holds that the goddess is not a human-shaped, or otherwise mortal-imitating being; but is rather the hills and moors and marshes and seas of the world.

Central to this belief is the purity of the land. The antithesis of the goddess is, naturally, the threat of corruption, perversion, or pollution of the land. The goddess is a neutral deity, recognizing that both good and evil have a place in the world. Her strength derives from a Balance of these extremes. Her enemies are not only those evil ones who would extinguish life casually and frequently, or maliciously bring destruction upon her. She is also threatened by those who preach a doctrine of complete peace, or practice the science of bringing the land under the control of its human caretakers, threaten to push the Balance too far in the other direction.

Thus, the goddess strives against powerful forces. She is threatened from both sides of the Balance, and her existence is always in danger. She has powerful allies, of course. Her children, the Leviathan, Kamerynn the unicorn, and the Pack, all provide powerful tools in the defense of the Balance. The druids, too, are potent warriors in the goddess's struggle.

But arrayed against her is the Beast, Kazgoroth. It is a being of putrid filth but awesome power. In times past, the goddess has seen the monster slain, or vanquished, only to suffer its return in an even mightier aspect decades, or perhaps even centuries, later.

And the clerics of the new gods threaten the Balance as well, with their words of good and peace and mastery over nature. Peace is a benign blessing, but is the natural state of the goddess, and when this peace must be accompanied by mastery of the land, as the clerics preach, the power of the mother can only wane.

The major players in this cosmic drama are detailed here. They may be used

to serve as a centerpiece of your campaign, or simply to provide a bit of background flavor as you and your players wish.

The Goddess, Earthmother

The goddess shivered and flinched. She felt her body growing numb—not from fear, but from a distant and wistful sadness. The feeling was remote, and she took no great notice of it. Gradually, though, she began to recognize the numbness for the dire threat that it was.

With an effort, she forced herself to stir. Hesitation now, she knew instinctively, would be fatal. The call she sent reverberated through the earth, thrumming deep within the mountains and hills, even rolling along the bottom of the sea.

Hoping that it was not too late, the goddess tried to awaken her children.

—From *Darkwalker on Moonshae*

The goddess of the Moonshaes is an aspect of the benign goddess Chauntea (Chawn-TEE-ah), who is worshiped throughout the Realms as the neutral good goddess of agriculture. As she is worshiped in the Moonshaes, however, her aspect is shaped differently than it is in any other part of the Realms.

Where Chauntea is generally worshiped as a goddess of agriculture, the earthmother is much more a goddess of nature. Agriculture as an aspect of nature she regards kindly, but agriculture as an attempt to master the land becomes a grave threat to her existence.

The earth goddess does not have a physical form in which her worshipers can see her, other than the world that is all around them. Her symbols, however, are myriad. The tiniest swallow is a favored messenger of the goddess. A broad oak, gnarled and weatherbeaten, but alive and flourishing, symbolizes her ageless strength. A towering pine, rising arrow-straight toward the heavens, marks the precious neutrality of



her being, so necessary to preserving the Balance. The thorny, bright green cluster of mistletoe is another of her symbols, showing the vitality and harshness of her existence and mirroring the extremes inherent in her two most dramatic seasons, the winter and summer.

Her deepest symbols, incorporating all of the contradictions inherent in the Balance, are the moon and the sun. Those periods when the moon is full are nights of high power, when druids rejoice and the land itself seems to share in the celebration of the goddess's power. Midsummer's Eve, the night of the summer solstice, is a period of great magic. This is when the druids harvest the mistletoe for their most potent rites, and when all the communities of the Ffolk pause to celebrate their life and prosperity.

The full moons near the vernal (spring) and autumnal equinoxes are also festive occasions. In spring, the festivals are affairs of frenetic drinking, dancing, and romance as, after the long cold winter, the return of warmth and sun to the land is welcomed by the Ffolk. Spring festivals are ribald affairs, but the Ffolk are congenial even in the throes of drink, so the only real drawbacks are suffered by the celebrants the following morning.

The autumn festival is a more sober affair, for the Ffolk know that a cold and dangerous winter waits close in the wings. In autumn, feasting rather than drinking is the order of the day, and the better the annual harvest, the more elaborate the feast. Nearly all ports of the isles bid their last departing ships farewell following the autumn festival; they are not likely to receive another visiting vessel for six months, until spring once again rolls across the land.

The night of the Winter Solstice, or Yuletide, is an eve of deep reverence for the Ffolk and their druids. Locked within the icy grip of winter, they quietly acknowledge the might of the land around them and celebrate the beginning of longer days and the gradual arrival of spring. The celebrations are

somber, for the Ffolk know that many months need pass before the sun returns with enough strength to drive winter from the land.

The nights of the full moon are the times when the goddess's power is at its height, but these are also the times when her world is most chaotic. Through the Moonwells and the druids, she has the might necessary to control the Balance, but she also faces some of her gravest threats. Lycanthropy, in particular, grows into its most dangerous manifestations during the periods of the full moon.

The vehicles through which the goddess sends her power to the world, and through which her druids perceive her needs, are the Moonwells. These precious pools of clear water are located throughout most of the isles, but are most common on Gwynneth and Alaron. The waters of the Moonwells have several beneficial properties that are known to the druids alone.

The water, when drunk directly from the Moonwell by a character's cupped hands, serves as a *potion of healing*. This effect can benefit a character only once per day. If the character drinking the water has acted in a way that threatened the Balance within the month prior to drinking, the water actually sickens him, inflicting 1d8 points of damage.

Examples of actions that endanger the Balance include slaying animals without putting the meat and skin to good use, chopping down living trees for any reason, or initiating attacks against peaceful beings. Characters who entered a dungeon to punish a group of raiding goblins would not imperil the Balance, but those searching for treasure and attack goblins in their lairs to gain this treasure would not benefit from the favor of the goddess.

When a druid bears a rod, staff, or other chargeable magical item, a Moonwell can be used to recharge that item. The druid must dip the staff into the well at midnight, under the light of a full moon, and cast a *shillelagh* spell at

the same time. The staff will receive 1d6 charges from the power of the water. This recharging can only be performed once a month, and a given druid can only recharge one item per month.

The druids earn these benefits, however, for without their tending the Moonwells would cease to hold their power. On some of the northern isles, where the northmen have already driven the Ffolk and the druids away, the Moonwells have dried up, or become stagnant, or merely turned into mundane wells. This is one cause of the waning of the goddess's power.

Each Moonwell is entrusted to the care of a druid of at least 12th level. A great portion of that druid's activities involve the ritual care and cleansing of the Moonwell.

Animals of the isles, when they are injured or sick, often seek out the Moonwells. Sometimes, the healing strength of the water will bring the creature back to a state of health; other times the waters peacefully put the suffering creature out of its misery. Those animals that die at the shore of the Moonwell are taken by the water quickly and cleanly, leaving no carcass to decay and pollute.

The animals of the Moonshaes are favored creatures of the goddess. The majestic deer she regards fondly, and the sly old trout is another of her favorites. The rare faerie dragons that buzz through her wildest forests give her great delight.

The goddess is nearly immortal—as immortal as the land that is her body. She is not given gaming statistics as she does not interact with the creatures of the world in a way that would make such stats meaningful. She has agents, however, that can perform such interaction—creatures of might, and timeless grace, who prowl her surface and seek to further her ends. These are detailed here. Unlike the goddess herself, her agents can kill and can be killed.

These agents are the children of the goddess.



The Children

The children of the goddess take three forms upon the face of the Moonshaes. These forms (Leviathan, Wolf Pack, and Unicorn) are not immortal, though their favored status empowers them far beyond the norm for their types of creatures.

These mortal aspects of the goddess grow old and die, as is ordained for all of the animals of the world. Yet their spirit and the favor of the goddess lives on in their line. Thus, when Kamerynn the unicorn, proud son of the goddess, meets his mortal end, another unicorn, somewhere among the wilds of the Moonshaes, will assume the mantle and serve his mother for the remainder of his mortal existence.

Thus, the three children of the goddess are immortal in a sense, but the creatures themselves have game statistics and can serve as allies or antagonists for the player characters.

Though her children are mortal, the loss of one of these mortal bodies is a grievous blow to the strength of the goddess; their deaths are not things to be taken lightly. The passing of any one of them is a tragic occasion, to be marked by natural phenomena such as meteor showers, savage storms or unnaturally placid weather, a blight upon the area where the child of the goddess perished, or other supernatural special effects.

Each of these children is detailed separately, but they have this in common. Should one of them die, it will take some time for the spirit to find a new body. This time period varies for each of the children.

Leviathan, The Old One

The cool waters pressed heavily against the floor of the sea, far out of range of the sun's warmth. Here the world knew neither winter nor summer, day nor night. There was only the darkness, the eternal darkness that cloaked a region nearly devoid of life.

Yet the goddess's call reached through the pressure of the depths, persistently nudging at the one of her children who slept here. At first, the message was ignored, and the one who was called slept on. Another century or more might pass before the creature stirred.

But the call of the mother was relentless, and finally a hulking form stirred in the deep silt of the sea bottom. Shrugging its giant body free from the clutching muck, the creature rose from the bottom and floated, nearly motionless, in the depths. Time passed, and the form slowly sank toward the bottom again.

But the goddess prodded gently at her huge child. The great head swung slowly from side to side, and powerful flukes pushed hard against the sea bottom. A mighty tail thrust downward, and the body flexed along its vast length.

Then it began to move, slowly at first, but gaining an awesome momentum. The flukes plowed the water with solid authority, and the broad tail pushed with unstoppable force. Higher, toward the realms of light, sun, and current, the creature moved.

It gathered speed as it rose, and energy seemed to build in the mighty body. A stream of bubbles flowed from the wide mouth, trickling around layers of huge teeth and seeming to flow downward along the huge body.

The water ahead grew brighter, until the creature saw a pale gray glow spread across the upper reaches of the sea. The grayness became blue, and finally even the sun came into view, a shimmering yellow dot viewed through the filter of the sea.

The body broke the surface of the water with explosive force, sending a shower of brine through the air in all directions, High, and impossibly higher, the creature rose into the air, and still more of its length emerged from the frothing sea. Water spilled from the black skin in thundering cascades, until finally the great head slowed, and paused for an instant.

With a crash that rocked the sea for miles around, the body fell back to the surface. Waves exploded outward from the falling body with enough force to capsize a large ship. But the horizon was empty of either land or sail.

There was none to see that the Leviathan had awakened.

—From *Darkwalker on Moonshae*

The Leviathan is a great whale, vaster even than the largest whales that are known to live in our own world. A peaceful creature, it spends long years in hibernation at the bottom of the sea, reaching a state of virtually suspended animation. After many years of sleep, the creature will stir gradually, surfacing for air and then swimming about the isles, perhaps striking out along the length of the Sword Coast, or entering the Shining Sea, as it gratifies its tremendous appetite with plankton, kelp, and small fish. Unless it is called upon by the mother to fulfill a purpose, meeting some dire danger with its enormous might, the Leviathan returns once again to its blissful and nearly eternal slumber.

Leviathan

FREQUENCY: Unique
NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVE: 24"
HIT DICE: 48
Hit Points: 250
% IN LAIR: 80%
TREASURE TYPE: Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 6d10/1d100
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Tail
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 30%
INTELLIGENCE: Low
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
SIZE: L (360 feet long)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

The Leviathan, though generally placid, is a creature of tremendous power. Its wide mouth is lined, not with



soft balleen, but with razor-sharp teeth. It is capable of destroying a good-sized ship with a single bite. Its tail is also a formidable weapon and can easily crush the life out of any surface creature caught in its mighty blow.

The Leviathan will rarely make an unprovoked attack. However, as fish are the mainstay of its existence, if it encounters a fishing boat at work, there is a 10% chance that the mighty creature attacks and destroys the vessel. It always fights to defend itself, if attacked by foolish sailors. In addition, it always comes to the aid of any whales that are being hunted within 20 miles of the Leviathan's location—the keening cries of such whales alert the creature and send it unerringly to their location.

However, given the vastness of the ocean and the Leviathan's penchant for long periods of sleep, there is a less than 1% chance (call it 1% for game purposes) that it hears the cries of hunted whales or encounters a fishing boat at work.

The Leviathan's favored method of attack is to surge upward from the depths and crush a ship between its widespread jaws as it breaks the surface. Sailors on the vessel have a base 10% chance of escaping the creature's maw and falling into the sea; this chance increases by 2% for every foot away from the midship line (the point exactly halfway between the bow and

the stern) of the sailor's position. Thus, a sailor in the bow of a 60-foot boat is 30 feet from the midship line and has a 70% ($30 \times 2 = 60\% +$ the base 10%) chance of falling free.

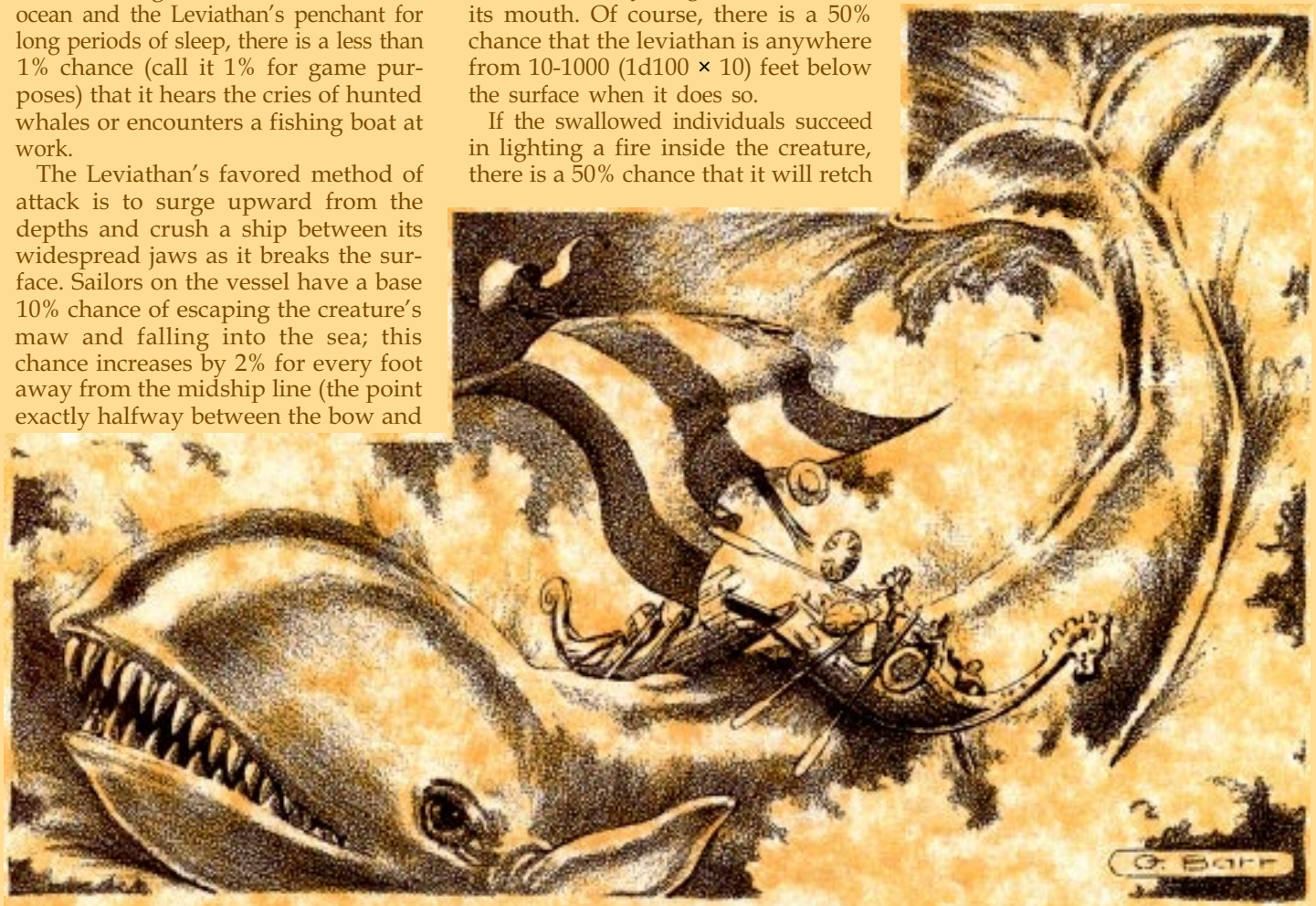
Characters falling into the whale's mouth have a 50% chance of either getting bit (for 6d10 hit points of damage) or of falling unscathed down the creature's gullet. Once swallowed, a character suffers 1d6 points of damage per round from the beast's digestive juices. A character can carve his way out of the Leviathan by inflicting 125 points of damage with an edged weapon. There is a 10% chance, anytime a blow inside the Leviathan strikes for 10 points or more, that the whale regurgitates the contents of its stomach, spewing characters and everything else back out of its mouth. Of course, there is a 50% chance that the Leviathan is anywhere from 10-1000 ($1d100 \times 10$) feet below the surface when it does so.

If the swallowed individuals succeed in lighting a fire inside the creature, there is a 50% chance that it will retch

them out.

The tail of the Leviathan is 60 feet wide and can be used to strike a different target than the mouth. The tail is most effective against targets on the surface of the water, inflicting 1d100 points of damage to every individual within the path of the tail on a successful hit.

The Leviathan's gravest weakness is its vulnerability to pollution and poison. Hits with poisoned weapons do not require the beast to save, but they inflict 10 times the normal damage for that weapon. In an area where the water has been clouded with offal or the decay of dead bodies (near a busy port, for example), the Leviathan suf-





fers 1 point of damage per turn spent in such water. This damage can be repaired at the rate of 1 point per day that the Leviathan spends in clean water.

If the Leviathan is slain, his place as the oldest child of the goddess will not be filled for $1d10 \times 10$ years. When another whale assumes this place, he is only half the size of the original Leviathan, requiring many centuries to mature to the size and might of his predecessor.

The Leviathan has swallowed many a ship, with its contents, over the centuries. Its stomach now holds quite a large trove of undigestible treasure—coins, gems, and jewelry. This includes $1d6 \times 1000$ pieces of each type of coin, $1d100$ gems, worth $30d6$ gp each, and $3d20$ pieces of jewelry worth $1d8 \times 100$ gp each.

Kameryynn, The Unicorn

The mistletoe rustled, spreading to allow the great white head to emerge. The head shook, and a satiny mane fluttered through the air and came to rest upon the snowy neck. The branches of mistletoe snapped as the rest of the powerful body emerged from the shady bower.

Hooves, shanked with fur also white as snow, stepped gingerly among the wild flowers, crushing none, as the creature walked to the nearby pool. Bending his neck downward until the long horn broke the surface into a series of ripples, the unicorn drank deeply. Still sleepy Kameryynn the unicorn raised his head and looked around the grove. The grasses underfoot tasted sweet, and he ate heartily of the most succulent shoots. The beams of brilliant sunlight penetrated the leafy canopy in several places, creating dazzling shafts of yellow.

Slowly the unicorn grazed and drank, recovering his strength after the long sleep. The goddess had awakened him for a purpose, he knew, and that purpose would no doubt require strength



and endurance. With majestic grace, the animal moved through the thick patches of clover.

Suddenly the waters of the Moonwell swirled, whispering slightly. Kameryynn stared at the milky pool until he understood his task. The unicorn raised his head and trotted toward the pristine and pastoral forests of Myrloch Vale. After several minutes, Kameryynn began to canter, and then to gallop. Soon he raced like a ghost through winding pathways. All the lesser beasts shrank from his path at his thundering approach. His ivory horn held high, and his mighty hooves carefully avoiding the rarer plants, the unicorn raced to answer the call of the earthmother.

—From *Darkwalker on Moonshae*

There are several unicorns among the lands of the Ffolk, and they roam the wild places of Alaron and Gwynneth. The mightiest of these is Kameryynn, who reigns as king of the wilderness, the proud child of the goddess herself.

Swift and stalwart, the unicorn races across the wilds of Gwynneth, fearing no creature in nature. Taller and stronger than any other of his breed, Kameryynn symbolizes, to the Ffolk and the druids, all that is good and free and wild.

Kameryynn, Large Male Unicorn

FREQUENCY: Unique
 NO. APPEARING: 1
 ARMOR CLASS: 0
 MOVE: 27"
 HIT DICE: 8 + 8
 Hit Points: 47
 % IN LAIR: 20%
 TREASURE TYPE: Nil
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 3
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d12/1d12/1d20
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: Charge
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: See Below
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: 40% & See Below
 INTELLIGENCE: High
 ALIGNMENT Chaotic Good
 SIZE: L
 PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

This mighty creature is a formidable foe (or ally) in combat. When charging he strikes with his horn for double damage, forgoing the hoof attacks. He is immune to poison and can sense the approach of an enemy up to 36" away. He moves so silently that he surprises opponents 90% of the time.

Kameryynn has the *dimension door* ability of the unicorn, blinking up to 36" away and carrying his rider. He will only consent to a rider who is a maiden of pure heart, and who has received a special blessing of the goddess.

He makes saving throws as a magic-user of 13th level, and cannot be



charmed or held by magic. He is immune to death magic.

Kamerynn dwells in a shady bower near the center of Gwynneth, protected by a high hedge of mistletoe. The bower is centered in a high grove of oak and aspen trees, with a small Moonwell near its center. Although he is very old, he has not begun to lose his strength or his senses. When he does, a younger unicorn will peacefully assume the mantle of the honored child of the goddess. If Kamerynn is slain, this transition does not occur for 1d6 years.

The Pack

The Pack a wakened to the cold, white glare of the full moon. Gray and shaggy forms emerged from a hundred dens, shaking the weariness of a long hibernation from stiffened muscles and sleep-clouded brains.

A large male raised his voice to the moon in a long, ululating howl. Others joined in, first a few, but then hundreds. As one creature, the Pack raised its voice to the heavens, singing the praises of the goddess.

And then a breeze carried to the large male the scent of a stag, somewhere not far away in the misty night. Patches of fog drifted among the towering pines, but bright moonlight illuminated the clearings and high places as the wolf searched for the source of the scent.

Others picked up the spoor, smelling blood, and meat, and fear. The baying of the Pack dropped lower, and took on a deeper tone of menace. Slowly, like gray ghosts, the wolves began to lope through the forest, gaining speed as alertness returned. The stag turned fear-maddened eyes toward its deadly pursuers and then fled—a flight that could have only one consequence, as the Pack spread out and began to close upon its prey.

Once again, after a century of sleep, the mighty wolves of the Pack sang to their prey. The song was ancient, and piercingly beautiful. It was a song of the glory of the goddess, and of the might of her children.

But above all, it was a song of death.

—From *Darkwalker on Moonshae*

Small packs of dire wolves are not uncommon in the wilderness of the Moonshaes. These ferocious predators kill swiftly and ruthlessly, tearing the raw meat eagerly from the bones of their prey. Unwary humans are apt to fall into this category.

These wolves are territorial creatures, and snarling fights erupt should two packs enter the same area.

When the goddess chooses to awaken the Pack, however, the territories of the individual groups merge into one. The largest male assumes leadership of the

Pack, without a challenge. Many hundreds of wolves will join together and lope across the land, serving the will of the goddess.

As time passes, the Pack grows in size until it becomes an unstoppable force. The will of the goddess must remain strong, however, to bind the wolves together, or the unnatural grouping will dissolve.

Most of the wolves of the Pack are dire wolves, and should be treated as such for game purposes. The male who rules the Pack is an unusually large specimen, for the might of the goddess runs fiercely within him.

Leader of the Pack

FREQUENCY: Unique

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: 4

MOVE: 24"

HIT DICE: 6 + 6

Hit Points: 42

% IN LAIR: 15%

TREASURE TYPE: Nil

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d6

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Hamstring

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 20%

INTELLIGENCE: Average

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SIZE: L

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil





When the Pack forms, it becomes the most efficient killer on the Moonshaes—perhaps the most efficient anywhere in the Realms. The Leader uses the wolves like soldiers, dispersing them to cover vast areas, but calling them together when prey is sighted.

In the chase, the Pack is unerringly patient. No matter how far or fast the quarry runs, the wolves of the Pack keep pace. And sooner or later the prey can no longer run, and will turn to face the onrushing tide, and will die.

In a sense, the Pack is the most immortal of all the children of the goddess, for if the Leader is slain, the next largest male immediately steps into the role, utilizing the same attributes listed above for the Leader.

The Pack will form upon the command of the goddess, as the wolves awaken from a winter's hibernation. Whatever instinctive urge this creates, it compels them to join into a large group as soon as they awaken. At this point, the Pack numbers 300-600 individuals. This awakening occurs 1d4 weeks after the spring equinox.

The Pack remains in constant motion, always seeking prey. It avoids human habitations almost completely, however, as the Leader seems to sense that it will not further the cause of the Balance by striking at farming communities and woodsmen's cottages. While it roams, the Pack gains 1d100 wolves per

week, until the summer solstice. It remains together as long as it is needed, or until the autumnal equinox sends the wolves back to their winter dens, but the Pack does not grow in size after Midsummer.

The Pack's most significant weakness is the vulnerability of the Leader, for if he can be replaced or controlled by an external force, the Pack will follow whatever course the controlling force sets down for it.

Forces of Evil

Black waters swirled and parted, and the form of the Beast rose from the still coolness of the Darkwell. Massive and tight-knit trailing vines crowded close, but the broad, scaly body thrust the interfering plants aside like blades of grass.

Kazgoroth moved slowly, reveling in this new freedom. The Darkwell had served its purpose, for the monster felt power coursing hotly through its body as never before in its long centuries of existence. The Beast allowed a trickle of acidic saliva to drool from its wide-spread jaws. Turning its hot, fiery eyes to the pool, it watched the thick waters of the Darkwell bubble in its wake.

Pulling its feet from the sucking mud, the creature pushed its way into the fens. Tree trunks snapped like brittle

twigs as broad shoulders pushed them from its path. A heavy, clawed foot squashed flowers, insects, and rodents with equal lack of note. The sounds of cracking limbs, crushed vegetation, and sticky mud slurping with each mighty footfall shot violently through the wood. Wildlife shrank from the path of the Beast, racing in terror or cowering in abject fear until the monster passed.

Dawn colored the sky as Kazgoroth moved west. Now the chill reflection of the sea came in to sight, stretching a way to the horizon and beyond. But the monsters goal was much closer than the horizon, or even the sea.

Before the waters stood a small castle, and Kazgoroth knew that humans in abundance would lair here. Before the castle spread broad fields, covered with tents and banners and stirring with activity and life.

To this field Kazgoroth moved.

—From Darkwalker on Moonshae

The goddess holds dear the Balance of nature upon her lands, fully aware that there are forces arrayed before her who would seek to do grave harm to that Balance. Too numerous to count are the petty monsters and avaricious kings who kill for the joy of causing death. Not so numerous, but equally threatening, are the builders and tam-





ers of the land, those who seek to bring order out of the ordained chaos of nature. They cut down the trees of the goddess's forest and fill her skies with the black smoke of coal fires.

But neither of these extremes presents a menace that equals the age-old enemy of the earthmother. Though it stalks the land only rarely, its menace extends to far greater heights than those of any of the other enemies faced by the goddess.

This enemy is Kazgoroth, the Beast. Together with its minions, the Beast seeks to kill and destroy across the face of the Moonshaes, taking particular pleasure in profaning the places of most sacred beauty.

Kazgoroth does not work alone when it wages its war against the goddess. Instead, the Beast uses its potent magical abilities to enlist the aid of many henchmen, often using former allies of the goddess herself. The Beast delights in nothing more than the corruption of a druid to its evil purposes.

Kazgoroth

FREQUENCY: Unique
NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: 0
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: 16
Hit Points: 120
% IN LAIR: 0
TREASURE TYPE: See Below
NO. OF ATTACKS: 3
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d12/1d12/3d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See Below
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See Below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 60%
INTELLIGENCE: High
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
SIZE: L (18 feet tall)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil



The origins of Kazgoroth lurk in the past, nearly as distant as those of the goddess herself. In the pantheon of the Realms, the Beast is manifested as an aspect of Malar (MAY-larr), the Beastlord. On the Moonshaes, however, this aspect has a specific purpose: the dis-



ruption of the Balance.

The Beast is a formidable foe in combat, yet whenever possible it seeks to do battle through shrewdness and trickery rather than straightforward melee. When fighting in its true form, Kazgoroth attacks with its clutching foreclaws and vicious bite. It can, at the same time, swing its tail around to strike a foe behind it for 1d6 points of damage. A person thus struck must make a Dexterity Check with a -5 penalty, or be knocked from his feet. He can do nothing the following round except stand.

Kazgoroth can only be struck by magical weapons of +2 or greater enchantment. Its magic resistance applies to all magic-user and clerical spells; it has no magic resistance against druidical spells.

Kazgoroth can change shape at will, shrinking its body down to halfling size at the minimum. It cannot assume a form larger than its own—but then, it doesn't really need to! It has a number of special abilities.

The Beast can *cause lycanthropy* with its bite, if it chooses to do so. It can *detect magic* and *detect invisibility* in a 24" radius at will. It can cast a *permanent charm* upon a victim at a range of 1" or less. A side effect of this *charm* is that the victim must roll a successful saving throw vs. spell each week or lose a point of Charisma permanently (to a minimum of 3). Once per week it can cast a *death* spell at a character of 7th level or lower.

The Beast has a unique ability to perform a corrupted type of *mass charm* spell, creating for itself a band of fanatically loyal undead troops known as Blood Warriors. A unit of soldiers, up to 500 individuals, can be thus corrupted as long as the unit has a strong commander to serve as the Beast's lieutenant. The game stats of the Blood Warriors follow this description.

Kazgoroth draws power from the goddess herself and thus chooses as a resting place a Moonwell that has been polluted or otherwise desecrated. The Beast is the lord of the Firbolgs and will

often order a band of these giants to guard its well, and perhaps to pollute it, while it rests and gains power. If Kazgoroth is slain by any means other than the Sword of Cymrych Hugh, it will return within 3d6 years. If this sword is used to kill it, and the remains of the beast are burned to ashes, it is rumored that it can be destroyed permanently.

Blood Warriors

FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. APPEARING: 50-500
ARMOR CLASS: 2
MOVE: As When Alive
HIT DICE: 8
Hit Points: 40 each
% IN LAIR: Nil
TREASURE TYPES: As When Alive
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
INTELLIGENCE: Low
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
SIZE: M
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

The Blood Warriors are a type of undead soldier corrupted from normal human warriors by Kazgoroth's power. They are fanatically loyal, never check morale, and rejoice in killing. The Beast can create one such unit each time it emerges from hibernation to stalk the land.

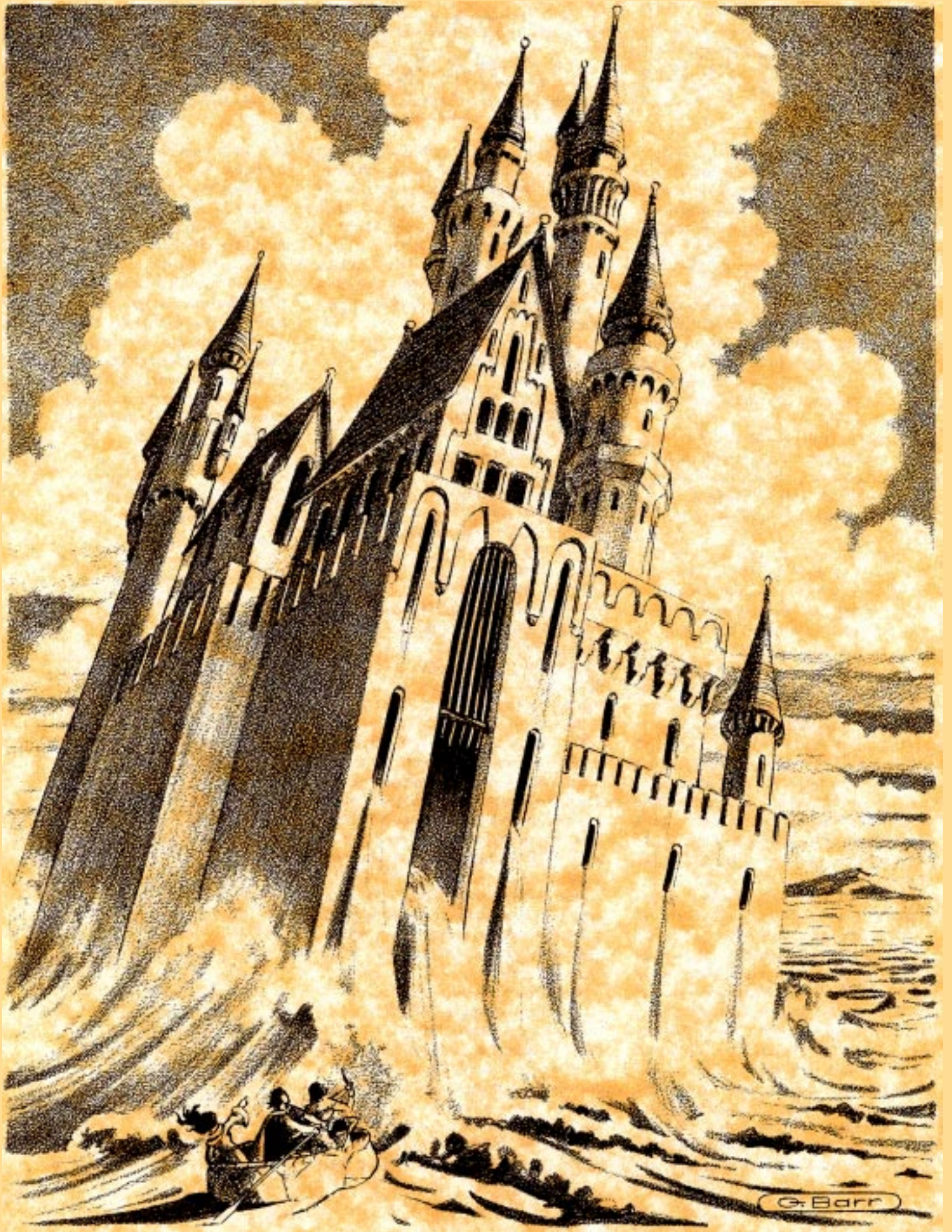
The Blood Warriors begin to decay rapidly, resembling zombies as their skin and flesh rots away. Their fiery red eyes distinguish them from other undead, however.

Blood Warriors must kill in order to retain their strength. All Blood Warriors start with 40 hit points. Each Blood Warrior loses 5 hit points for every week since the troop's last kill of a human or humanoid. When a Blood Warrior dies, each of the remaining warriors loses 1 hit point. To regain hit points, the Blood Warriors must kill. For every victim killed by a Blood War-

rior, each member of the troop gains 1 hit point.

A Blood Warrior's hit points can never exceed 64. If his hit points drop to 0, he dies. No matter how many hit points a Blood Warrior has, he always attacks as an 8th-level fighter.

Blood Warriors have a *haste* ability that they can employ before entering battle. To gain this power, there must be a ritual slaying of humans or demihumans, and the fresh blood must be used to anoint the warriors. The leader of the unit must perform the ritual. This has the effects of a *haste* spell with a duration of 1d4 turns.



SPECIFIC LOCALES IN THE MOONSHAES

My journeys to the Moonshaes linger as some of the more fascinating voyages that I have experienced, in a life not entirely devoid of fascination. These isles, so placid and pastoral on the surface, proved to be nests of tension and conflict. I must confess to some surprise as I began to perceive the true capabilities of the peoples of the Moonshaes.

I took the Ffolk as they are taken along the length of the Sword Coast—as a somewhat unambitious people, content with their lot, and lacking the initiative to work serious change. A peaceful people, thought I, making an unfortunately vulnerable target for their rapacious neighbors to the north.

And the northmen! Of course, it is well known that they are ignorant barbarians, who care more for strong drink and a warm bed than they do for any higher purpose in life.

Even the keen eyes of an old sage, I learned, can be opened to the light of new knowledge.

My voyages began with the journey to Callidyrr I do not recall what I expected—most certainly, some minor harbor with an assortment of ramshackle buildings, perhaps protected by an old wall. Nothing prepared me for the towering alabaster spires of Caer Corwell, soaring skyward as if to challenge the gods themselves. (Of course there was no such challenge intended, for the Ffolk see their goddess as the earth below them, rather than a celestial presence.)

And the port of Callidyrr, as my ship drew closer, became revealed as a deep, secure facility, with large and sturdy docks, a solid breakwater, and a great bustle of activity. My vessel drew alongside the quay, and a score of eager workers made her fast, helping an old sage down a teetering gangplank. (I could have made it myself, but they were being very helpful.)

The most surprising thing about the port was the vigor and apparent seacraft of a non-sea faring people. Though the Ffolk did not build large vessels of their own, and preferred to work on

land, they took pains to see that visitors were treated to splendid accommodations. The inns were clean and the service friendly (I recommend the Inn of the Dancing Dolphin—ask for Isolde.)

The miracle of Caer Callidyrr's construction was only slightly diminished when I learned that it is a relic from a prior age—the only real Golden Age of the Ffolk, when their lands were united under the banner of the High King, Cymrych Hugh. As I journeyed across the isles, to Corwell, and then to Moray, I never saw another structure that could hope to rival the palace of the high king.

The high king himself, Carrathal or something, I believe they called him, did not have the time to visit with an old sage from the mainland. I suspect the loss was his more than mine. (I'll delete that line later; it really is beneath my dignity.)

To get to Moray I employed a variety of transportation, most of which I would not recommend to the modern traveler. The coracle—a deep-bottomed, round-hulled monstrosity of a boat—that carried me from Callidyrr to Corwell was a nightmarish craft, more suited for torture than transportation.

I managed the traverse to Moray aboard a Calishite galleon—a more stable, if slower, vessel than the coracle. Moray came closer to my preconception of the Moonshaes than did either Callidyrr or Corwell—it was an impoverished kingdom, unstable and unclean. The period between planting and harvest, when I had the misfortune of paying my visit, is a time of drunken debauchery that would put some of the pleasure palaces of the Amn to shame. (Never drink the dark mead of the western Moonshaes on an empty stomach!)

From Moray, I at last sailed north, to Norland and then Gnarhelm. I found the lands of the northmen to be quiet and peaceful realms. The men were happy with their lot in life; the women, as a rule, were not allowed to meet strangers. This, if anything, was the only disappointment in my journeys

among the northmen.

—From the Journals of Elminster the Sage, *Travels Along the Sword Coast*

The lands of the Moonshaes are broken into specific locales in this section and discussed in detail.

The first part of the section deals with the lands of the Ffolk, including the kingdoms of Callidyrr, Corwell, Moray, and Snowdown.

Next are covered the kingdoms of the northmen, including Norheim, Norland, Oman, Gnarhelm, and the Korinn Archipelago.

Finally, realms that do not fall easily into either of these categories are presented. These include the isle of Flamberd, settled primarily by the followers of the wizard of the same name, the mountainous region of Highhome, which is the stronghold of most of the dwarves remaining on the Moonshaes, Synnoria—the sacred heartland of the Llewyr, where few humans have traveled, and Myrloch Vale, the most pristine wilderness of all the isles.

Each of these areas is organized with a look to its location on the map of the Moonshaes, followed by information presented as it is in the *Cyclopedia of the Realms*. Thus, a brief capsule (“At a Glance”) describes the area as it would be seen at first glance. Following this are notes from the scrolls of Elminster, taken from the sage’s travels around the Moonshaes. The section then concludes with game information that will be useful to a DM trying to run the players through adventures in that locale.

THE LANDS OF THE FFOLK

Callidyrr, Realm of The High King

AT a GLANCE

The mightiest and oldest kingdom of the Ffolk, Callidyrr occupies most of the island of Alaron. The Palace of the High King, *Caer Callidyrr*, is easily the grandest structure on the isles. This is the center of magic, for here the council of sorcerers holds the ear of the High King. And this is the center of artisanship, source of the finest steel weapons anywhere along the Sword Coast.

The northern border of Callidyrr lies along the Fairheight Mountains. This is a relatively low, but very rugged range that separates the kingdom from the northmen realm of Gnarhelm.

Callidyrr is easily the most prosperous and civilized kingdom on the Moonshaes. The land is rich and natural resources such as timber and iron are abundant. Even gold, silver, and other precious metals have been excavated from the foothills of the Fairheight Range.

Callidyrr receives more visitors from the Sword Coast and beyond than any other realm of the isles, and consequently it has a more integrated populace. It is not uncommon, in the streets of the capital city, to encounter Calishite merchants, mercenaries of Tethyr, shipbuilders of Mintarn, and many others among the tradesmen and fishermen of the Ffolk.

Much of Callidyrr is gently rolling open country. Several good roads cross the land, stretching north and south from the capital. Many other roads have fallen into disrepair.

The largest forest in the land, Dernal Forest, is home to several roving bands of outlaws and cutthroats. Even the militia of the High King fears to enter this wild reach, except in great numbers.

But the most fabled part of the kingdom, and one of the wonders of the Moonshaes, sprawls on the hilltops above the islands' most populous city. *Caer Callidyrr* lords over the city of the

same name. The Palace of the High King is a wonder of architecture. Its tall spires can be seen, piercing the clouds, as ships sail through the placid waters of Whitefish Bay.

Amid the winding ways of the castle, the elite troops of the High King train and the council of sorcerers meets to advise their liege. The High King himself rarely leaves his castle or receives visitors. In splendid isolation he rules his land and his people.

Elminster's Notes

The wonders of *Caer Callidyrr* would take a far larger volume than this to describe, but the beauty of the palace lies deep within the white granite walls. A shameful state of grime and disrepair has been allowed to besmirch the place under the current monarch.

Of course, I waste no affection for His Majesty, King Carrathal. That worthy sir deemed my visit not sufficient cause to grant an audience. I was made welcome in his castle, but no more than that.

As I whiled away several days, I noticed a curious mood about the castle and the city below. Oh, the Ffolk were friendly enough, and I took several afternoons to peruse the wares in the city market, even taking the liberty of selecting a keen dagger from an old weaponsmith—once the armorer for the king's troop, he claimed. And his weapon was a fine piece of work.

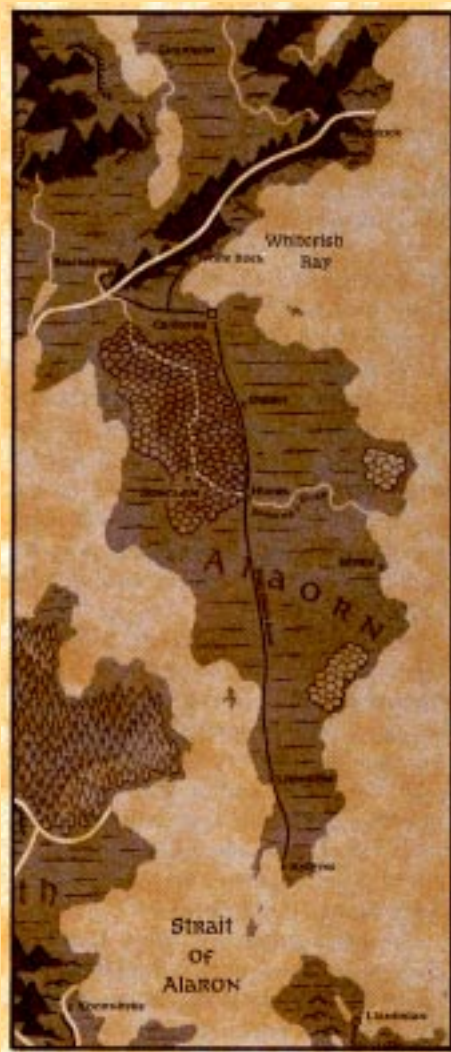
But I asked him about the current king, and the man steered me to a new subject. Throughout the city, and even among the servants in the castle did I find this to be the case. None would talk about their privacy-favoring lord.

The city itself is a bright and cheerful place. The music of bards and minstrels abounds; wares from throughout the Realms are sold at the many small shops. Taverns, of course, are frequent, but are mostly clean and relatively quiet—unusual for a large port.

And the entertainment that abounded throughout the city gave to mind thoughts of constant festival, ever-

evolving as the Ffolk found something new to celebrate with the arrival of each day. Musicians walked the streets, playing their instruments and singing as the mood seized them. Bards of the Ffolk, minstrels of Waterdeep, and pipers of Calimshan were present in nearly equal numbers, such that just as the music of one began to fade from the stroller's ear, another would intercede to take its place.

Of the fabled sorcerers—at least, the council is fabled here on the Moonshaes, where practitioners of magic are not common—I saw but one. This was a clean-shaven young fellow who greeted me curtly along the wall one morning, then chanted a spell and flew over the





city, attracting some considerable attention.

The castle itself is a splendid fortress, surrounded by thick walls of that strange, white granite. It is huge, circling about the tops of three large hills. Access is granted through three large gates, one atop each of the hills, but the approaches to each gate are securely covered by adjoining walls and towers. Unfortunately, in many places the white stone was stained by soot, for no one seems to make any effort to keep it clean. Cracks and chips had worn into the walls, and several of the highest towers had been deemed too unsafe for use.

I was granted access to one of the sturdier towers, and the climb was worth the view, even for these old bones. The spire seemed impossibly narrow, yet the joints in the stonework bespoke a truly immortal strength, and the view of the castle, city, and bay proved superb. It was easy to understand why the fortress had never fallen to an invader: the landward approach-

es are screened by a series of jagged gullies and ravines, and the slopes of the three hills are steep and rocky.

I journeyed north from the capital aboard a jolting hay wagon that was carrying fodder to the mines at Cantrev Blackstone. Fortunately, the high quality of the road, apparently made of the same white granite as the palace of the High King, made the ride bearable. We moved quickly, reaching the cantrev in a few days.

The Cantrev of Blackstone is really a collection of shops, with houses added secondarily, for this is the source of some of the finest iron in the Realms. Miners worked day and night, supervised by a number of crusty dwarves who must have been drawn here by tremendous wages. A pall of black smoke seemed to hang heavily in the valley occupied by the cantrev.

The mines are located at the bases of the surrounding mountains. A steady stream of carts hauls the valuable ore down to the smelters and forges of the Cantrev. The air stings one's eyes in

that stinking place, and the litter of human endeavor is everywhere.

Although the town looked shabby, wealth was very much in evidence. I learned that gold had been discovered in more than one of the mines; the yellow metal was spent by many a dirt-stained miner on spirits, food, or ribaldry. The cantrev, which I understand is representative of the mining towns along the southern shore of the Fairheight Range, had a sizeable, albeit ill-trained, militia. The town lord was much in evidence, McDonnell I believe they called him. He marched about at the head of the militia during the day, and then staggered from tavern to tavern with a crowd of hangers-on at night.

Needless to say, I was not disappointed to embark from Blackstone toward the southern part of the kingdom, beginning my journey via coracle down the Swanmay River. This journey was without exception a pleasant one, until the river began to wind through the tangled depths of Dernall Forest.



Here my boatman and I were accosted by bandits, who used an ingenious snare to trap our little vessel. Things looked rather grim for a moment, but I managed to persuade them to give my boatman his freedom, and to take me to their ruler.

This gentleman, a remarkably well-mannered rogue whom I heard them call O'Roarke, apologized for a misunderstanding, as his men had assumed that I was traveling with a great deal of money intended for the coffers of the High King. When he learned that my mission was simply one of learning, he proved a most amiable host.

O'Roarke informed me that the High King, in his opinion, was not the true ruler of the Ffolk. Apparently, my host's rather vigorous announcement of this opinion, which he believed to be absolute fact, resulted in an edict declaring him an outlaw.

The outlaw had assembled for himself a company of men, loyal to their leader, and now enjoyed the fruits of the land, supplemented by whatever fruits of the king he could liberate from the royal coffers. Indeed, O'Roarke and his band lived quite comfortably. I saw dozens of maids, many quite fair, in the camp, and was treated to an evening of entertainment by a Lesser Bard who nonetheless seemed to be quite a promising talent.

The outlaws lived in a unique city, located in the center of a swamp that was near the heart of the forest. Their cottages were built around the trunks of trees, or upon stilts that rose from the muck. They traveled about by canoe, or used intricate webs of vines to scamper back and forth. I must confess to using the canoe when I moved about—the vine web, I fear, was designed for much younger men than I.

I stayed with the outlaws for several weeks, enjoying a thrilling chase when the militia of the High King came upon us quite by surprise. I'm afraid I was a bit of a nuisance as my scrolls went flying just as the iron-clad guardsmen burst into the camp. The opportunity to witness a truly disciplined company in

action was well worth the dishevelment, however; O'Roarke's fighters lured the militia into a carefully laid ambush and then set upon them from all sides with delightful ferocity. The melee was relatively bloodless—O'Roarke lost none of his men, and I think only one guardsman fell dead, but many of the rest fled with an assortment of cuts and bruises. I'm quite certain it will take great incentive to bring that band into the forest again.

With regret I finally departed the jolly bandits, for I had another region of Callidyrr to see before journeying on. O'Roarke's men gave me protection to the southern edge of the forest, and furnished me with a pair of horses and a groomsmen to see to the rest of my trip.

My last stop was at Cantrev Llewellyn, a large fishing village on the western shore. This community, finally, fit the preconception I had held of the Ffolk: it was a plain burg of several hundred cottages and a few dozen larger buildings. A stone tower, about a mile inland, provided security against raiding northmen.

A large community of halflings had excavated burrows into the hillsides near the tower, and the small folk are numerous in the town itself. Several own taverns and inns and serve a predominantly human clientele.

Lord Llewellyn received me as his guest and treated me to an endless litany of complaints about his neighboring lord to the south, Lord Kythyss. It seems that the two contest the rights to fish the fertile waters between their cantrevs. They have appealed to the High King for a judgment, but have as yet received no response. It seems Lord Kythyss has now hired a company of mercenaries to protect his ships. Lord Llewellyn is certain they intend to march on his town. His lordship impressed me as a singularly timid man for a ruler of his station.

I have no indication of how the two lords resolved their conflict, for soon after my arrival, I chartered a fishing captain to take me across the strait to

the island of Gwynneth. But that is a tale for another time.

Game Information

The Fairheight Range is home to an unpleasant array of monsters. Trolls in great numbers roam the highlands, making the passes across the range unsafe for any but large groups of travelers. (Even these might be preyed upon if they do not exhibit sufficient caution.)

All of the cantrevs along this range derive their existence, as does Blackstone, by mining metals from the rich veins among the foothills. Orc and goblin raids are not uncommon, and each cantrev keeps a ready militia of 2d4 x 100 1st-level fighters ready to pick up arms in defense.

All of the cantrevs can muster a small militia, generally 200-500 1st-level fighters, with about 25% bearing long bows, and 15% mounted on horses. The army of the High King, and all of the militias from the southern half of the kingdom, is also equipped with a few battle chariots.

The High King has an elite troop of bodyguards, consisting of 180 5th-level fighters. He can also muster an army that includes 300 3d-level and 1,500 1st-level troops. Among these are 400 longbowmen, 300 horsemen, and 50 charioteers driving a total of 25 vehicles.

The council of sorcerers concentrates most of the magical power in the Moonshaes into the hands of the High King. The council consists of 11 mages of 9th level and above. The most powerful mage, Curmavys, is 15th level.

Corwell: Heartland of The Ffolk

At a Glance

If Callidyrr represents the height of culture and accomplishment of the Ffolk, Corwell represents the roots of those achievements. Occupying the southern half of the island of Gwyn-



neth, Corwell is the oldest kingdom of the Ffolk upon the Moonshaes. The island of Gwynneth was the first to be settled by humans, although its population fell behind that of the more hospitable island of Alaron.

The kingdom was founded by the greatest hero of the Ffolk, Cymrych Hugh, before that ruler became High King and moved his seat of government to Callidyrr. Now Corwell is the second-largest realm of the Ffolk, after Callidyrr.

Corwell is ruled by King Bryon Kendrick from his great hall in Caer Corwell. The king exerts little real control over the land, however, preferring to leave details in the hands of the cantrev lords. Because of the relatively sparse population of the land, there is plenty of room for all of the cantrevs, and thus they do not suffer from the petty internal bickering that seems so common on Alaron.

The island of Gwynneth has been held by the druids to lie closest to the heart of the goddess. Moonwells are more common here than on any of the other islands, and the clerics of the new gods have made few inroads into the traditional goddess-worship of the people.

Corwell is bounded to the north by the sacred wilderness of Myrloch Vale. The Ffolk have displayed no ambitions to expand into the area, and the druids constantly expound upon the sacred nature of the place. Humans rarely enter the Vale, as there is little of material worth to be found there.

The southern coast of Corwell is exceptionally rugged and rocky. Sheer cliffs line much of the shore, so even where sheltering promontories keep the waters placid, there are few sites that make decent ports.

Add to this the fact that the landward side of the coast is blanketed in the thick woods of Llyrath Forest, and the southern coast of Corwell becomes virtually inaccessible. This makes it an ideal hiding place for the occasional pirate ship that strays westward from the pirate isles. These ships, and the

occasional band of castaways, make this coast the most dangerous part of the kingdom.

Caer Corwell itself stands at the terminus of Corwell Firth, one of the finest natural harbors in the islands. The city of Corwell is actually more of a town centered around the docks and storage buildings of the harbor.

Because of its more remote location, Corwell receives far fewer visitors from other realms than does Callidyrr. A few trading vessels call at Corwell harbor each year, but the kingdom does not maintain a steady commerce with any lands except the other kingdoms of the Ffolk in the Moonshaes. This has allowed the culture of the Ffolk of Corwell to remain relatively pure, a status that the druids strive diligently to maintain.

The area around the town is smoothly rolling moor, barren of trees, so the predominant feature of Corwell is visible for many miles in all directions. This is Caer Corwell, a sturdy castle that has been built atop a rocky promontory that rises several hundred feet above the town itself.

Caer Corwell is nowhere near as grand as Caer Callidyrr, but it has proven a sturdy redoubt in times of trouble. The castle consists of a great central hall, adjoining barracks, stables and other outbuildings, and a wide courtyard, all surrounded by a timber

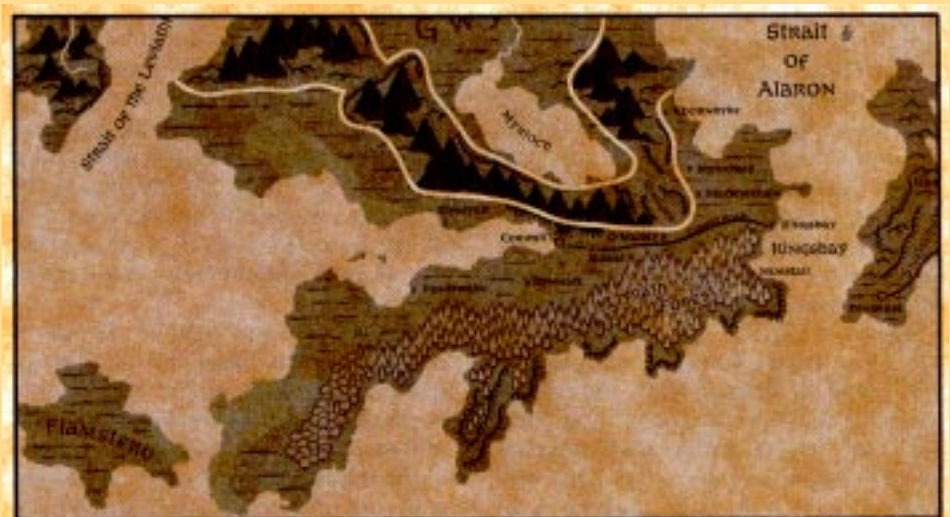
palisade. The only easy access is along the castle road, which winds up the side of the knoll, totally exposed to fire from the walls and gatehouse of the castle. Thus the weakness of the timber palisade has been balanced by the difficulties of the castle's approaches. Like Caer Callidyrr, Caer Corwell has never fallen to an invader.

Caer Corwell is the setting for much of the adventure contained in *Darkwalker on Moonshae*. The description of the area during Elminster's visit is drawn from the sage's experiences approximately 10 years before the happenings described in the novel.

Elminster's Notes

My journey to Corwell was taken in one of the ludicrous craft the Ffolk use for sailing from island to island—a coracle. The craft was the size of a small, inverted barn. It seemed to have little keel, for it pitched forward every bit as much as it rocked from side to side. A single sail served to catch such wind as was available; I felt certain that the few days I spent at sea were likely to be my last.

The crew of several fisherman served my needs solicitously, I must admit—kind Durkin, the captain, took particular pains to see to my comfort. The journey was broken by one rather stun-





ning interlude, as well.

As misty dawn was breaking across the Strait of Alaron, and the captain was assuring me that we were far from any land, we suddenly beheld a glittering castle, rising as from the waves themselves, startlingly close to our craft.

The fishermen grew reverent and awestruck, falling to their knees in amazement. I could waste no time on such reactions, so overcome was I by the scene.

The castle gleamed as though encrusted with a multitude of gems that were sparkling in the sunlight. As we passed, I saw that the stones were wet with brine, as if the edifice had, moments earlier, risen from the clean sea to welcome the day.

The walls were high, the castle narrow and looming. The stones of the wall, I saw as they dried, were smooth and rose-colored, like polished quartz. Slender towers with cone-shaped tops climbed skyward within the walls. From the highest of these, a silken pennant flew, bearing the image of a black chariot with whirling silver wheels. I saw no gate, nor means of entrance, though the walls were marked by high windows. Neither did I see any living creature.

With palpable regret, I studied the mystic structure as it fell astern. It was hard to avoid the conclusion that the castle moved away from us, rather than we from it.

Durkin told me tales of such a place—Caer Allisynn, he called it. It is the legendary resting place of Queen Allisynn, wife of Cymrych Hugh, who perished in her husband's war with the Beast of the isles. Hugh erected this citadel for her, surrounding her with the most fabulous treasures of the age, upon a small island between Gwynneth and Alaron.

Then, with the aid of the Great Druids of both islands, he commanded the castle to sink beneath the waves, carrying his beloved queen to an eternal rest. The fisherman says that he has heard tales of its sighting, but had dismissed such stories as inventions of

strong drink and big mouths. Part of the rumor, he said, is that one of high honor and pure heart who visits the tomb of the queen will there have a wish granted by Her Benign Majesty.

The castle stayed visible throughout the morning, which was exceptionally clear. It finally disappeared below the horizon with amazing suddenness; I could not tell if distance had put it out of sight, or if it had again slipped under the surface of the sea.

Much inspired by the mystical encounter, I at last reached the shores of Gwynneth, stepping ashore at Cantrev Kingsbay. This little town well fit my preconceptions of the communities of the Ffolk.

The smell of fish was everywhere, emanating from the two dozen fishing boats docked in the little bay and from the smokehouses along the shore where the catch was dried. Even the people smelled of the sea. Perhaps a hundred cottages crowded close against the shore, for the land beyond rose quickly into a rocky bluff.

At least the town boasted a hospitable inn, the Silver Salmon. Young Winifred, the barmaid, was exceptionally helpful in introducing an old traveler to the wonders of her island. (Though most of the wonders did not compare in any way to Winifred herself.)

I politely turned down an offer from a fisherman to take me along on his daily voyage, having had enough of the sea to last me for many years, but he took the time to explain that the salmon run in the Straits of Alaron was at its peak. I finally consented to the ride and was pleasantly impressed. The long-hulled fishing boat—more reminiscent of the longships of the northmen than it was of the coracles—proved quite seaworthy, and the salmon run was a thing of rare beauty.

Silvery fish leapt clear of the waves on all sides of us. We found ourselves in the midst of a large school, and the fisherman and his sons were hard-pressed to haul in the nets. In less than an hour, his boat laden with the catch, the fisherman turned back toward the harbor. As

soon as we docked, the huge crane next to the smokehouse was lowered into the hold, and the catch was lifted ashore. It was a most exhilarating experience, though the smell of fish wafted from my robes for the remainder of the journey.

The evening of this adventure, while recovering in the Silver Salmon, I encountered a breeder of horse—one Garald, of Cantrev Horstall, who had just completed the first leg of a journey to Caer Corwell. Garald was delivering a dozen fine steeds to King Kendrick and offered me a place on the back of one of them for the journey overland. I agreed and bid a fond farewell to fair Winifred.

We set out the following day upon the only road in the kingdom, Corwell Road. This thoroughfare was a splendid example of engineering, paved with smooth white stones and running straight as the path of an arrow across the center of the kingdom. Garald's company was entertaining. His horses were splendid creatures: browns and grays, strong enough to pull a plow, but fleet enough to carry a lancer into battle. He told me they were representative of a breed that is unique to the eastern Cantreves of Corwell.

The central plains of Corwell made for easy traveling. The road climbed steeply from Cantrev Kingfish, but within a mile had leveled out across open country. For several days we traveled thus.

Each night brought us to a small cantrev, occasionally little more than a traveler's inn, but the accommodations were always comfortable and the prices reasonable. This, I was learning, seems to be a hallmark of the business establishments run by the Ffolk.

The fourth day of the journey, as we approached the halfway point, was marked by a surprising incident. As we approached Cantrev O'Malley, we were met by a company of angry men, bearing pitchforks and a few swords and long bows. The group was in high dudgeon, as it seems that a band of firbolgs had descended from the highlands of



Myrloch Vale and had wrought deprivations among the cattle and sheep.

The townsmen were led by a ranger who had located the trail of the monsters; they wanted to commandeer our horses to aid them in the chase. Garald agreed to rent them the steeds, whereupon they threatened to take them and leave his body for the ravens. Some judicious negotiating followed, as the militia captain stated his emergency justification, and Garald explained that the steeds were intended for the stables of King Kendrick himself. Eventually, an arrangement was reached, a reasonably low price was arrived at, and we set off on the trail of the giants.

The firbolgs had fled north, toward their own dominions, and the humans pursued them through increasingly rugged country. Finally, we caught them—a trio of the ugly beasts. They were surprised in the evening as they prepared a simple camp. All three were slain by the archers before the rest of the mob could get close, but that didn't stop the others from charging in and savaging the bodies with malicious glee. Finally, the blood frenzy seemed to pass from these formerly peaceable Ffolk, and we returned to Cantrev O'Malley. I was considerably sobered by the observation of the ferocity of the Ffolk when battling a hated enemy. I vowed to treat their traditions with respect as long as I remained within their lands.

That night, Cantrev O'Malley was the scene of wild celebration. The heads of the firbolgs had been returned to the town and were mounted on sturdy poles to be reviled by all. Kegs of dark ale were rolled out, bonfires climbed into the sky, and maidens took part in a bizarre ritual where they swung great, clublike sticks at the giant heads in an effort to knock them from the stakes. One Colleen, a petite lass and the daughter of the cantrev lord, knocked two of the heads free, and followed her triumph by consuming ale at a rate that put even this old sage to shame. (Had it not been for the pressing nature of Garald's business, and my dependence upon his transportation, I would have

remained in Cantrev O'Malley for several days. In a few short hours, I observed these people passing from battle frenzy to festive revelry. In later years, these hours have always symbolized for me the dual nature of the Ffolk. And of course, there was Colleen...)

The last week of the journey passed quickly. Garald pointed out the dark ridge of forest land that remained visible off to our left for several days, naming it Llyrath Forest. This, he explained, was the wildest region in the kingdom, the haunt of bears, boars, and other wild game. Were I more of a huntsman, I'm sure I would have been tempted to venture there. As it was, I contented myself with my destination of Caer Corwell.

On the last night of our journey we stayed at a cozy inn at Cantrev Koart, where I met the local lord (of the same name). After many tall drinks, Lord Koart shared a tale of Llyrath Forest that I knew not whether to take seriously. I include it here with that cautionary note.

Lord Koart tells of an ancient fortress in the depths of Llyrath Forest that has been long abandoned. It is a castle made of skulls, erected some time after the reign of Cymrych Hugh to commemorate a great victory over the northmen. In those days (and still, as evidenced by the episode with the firbolgs) the Ffolk would take the heads of those who had fallen in war.

In time, enough enemy skulls had been gathered that the High King, Gwyllloch, had them raised into a mighty pile on the south coast of Corwell. So taken was he with the proof of his enemies' downfall that Gwyllloch moved his court into the castle of skulls. He led expeditions against the lands of the northmen, or against the holdings of recalcitrant lords, in order to add skulls to his collection.

But the place reeked so heavily of death that he slowly went mad, as did all of the retainers and courtesans who attended him. At the last, gibbering and drooling, they destroyed themselves in a suicidal orgy of combat within the

gruesome walls.

Lord Koart claims that the castle of skulls still stands somewhere along the rugged southern coast of the island, guarded by the spirits of those who died there (and perhaps by darker things as well). Of course, no one alive can verify the existence of the place, but all hold the tale to be truth.

The following day we finished the ride to Corwell, none too soon for my tastes. I would almost have preferred to travel by coracle, for the saddle sores stung for another week.

The fortress of Caer Corwell was visible for most of that day's journey. As we drew closer, I could make out details of the great hall and the surrounding palisade. The fortress's location, atop a steep knoll, seemed to be naturally formed for defense. The improvements wrought by the Ffolk made the place virtually impregnable.

The road winding up to the castle was steep and passed under the palisade wall for much of its length. Thus attackers would be subjected to a nearly constant stream of oil and arrows should they try for an assault against the gatehouse. And the sides of the knoll were so steep that no other approach seemed even vaguely feasible.

I feared that I had arrived at an ill time, for I learned upon entering the castle that King Kendrick was secluded in mourning for the loss of his young wife. It wasn't until much later that I learned she had died six years before; the king had never completely recovered from the shock.

While I waited for an audience, I spent several days in the town, but found the place somewhat disappointing. Perhaps I was expecting some of the splendors of Caer Callidyr. What I found was a small fishing town, not unlike Cantrev Kingfish at the other end of Corwell Road, except that the capital was a trifle larger and more prosperous.

The inns, as always, were fine. The Boar's Tusk, run by a grizzled old huntsman named Garek, had a solidly male clientele, and the conversation was



earthy. The Red Stag, on the other hand, was a quieter place with soft-spoken barmaids and savory food. It was run by a stout matron named Miriam, whom I recalled from Water-deep. There she worked in an establishment of a somewhat more ribald nature; she seemed to enjoy the more pastoral life of Corwell.

Of particular fascination was the local druid grove and Moonwell, which lie near the castle, across a large commons field from the town. The massive oak trees marking the grove stood in a nearly symmetrical ring, although they had sprouted naturally there. Within the grove, a leafy canopy shaded the ground, but the widely spaced trunks allowed a pleasant breeze to whisper through. A soft cushion of grass layered the ground, and subtle shades of columbine brightened the shadows. In several places I noticed huge stone arches, moss-covered and obviously very ancient.

In the center of the grove was a pool of still water, nearly clear, but clouded

by a faint, milky tint. I sensed something powerful and sacred here and then realized that I must be looking at one of the Moonwells. I could almost feel the nearness of the earth goddess worshiped by these Ffolk; certainly, I knew why they held her in such reverence.

Finally I was able to meet with the king. I found King Kendrick to be a young man, obviously a former warrior, who carried his few years heavily. Wrinkles creased his face, and gray streaks ran through his hair. His manner was listless, albeit polite.

During the audience, we were interrupted by the king's young son and the king's ward—a striking, dark-haired lass who stared at me so boldly that I had to smile. The king treated them brusquely, in a manner that struck me as unusual after observing the usual enthusiasm with which the Ffolk treat those they care for.

But then, this king treated everyone brusquely, even the old sage who had honored his kingdom with a visit. He

gave me a cursory review of his nation's long and colorful history: the birthplace of Cymrych Hugh, the home of the elite swordsmen who had routed the northmen from Moray a decade earlier, and the land closest to the heart of the goddess. The only time real feeling entered his voice was when he discussed Myrloch Vale, which is not part of his kingdom at all. He seemed to feel real reverence for that place and spoke with fondness of the great druid of Gwynneth, Brianna Moonsinger. When I asked if I could meet her, he grew wistful again, and then rudely refused.

After this unpleasant interview, I resolved to terminate my visit to Corwell. As there happened to be a Calishite trading galleon in the harbor at the time, and I had heard a crewman mention its next port of destination—Moray—I induced the captain to ferry me across the Sea of Moonshae to my last stop among the Ffolk.





Game Information

Caer Allyson is now an undersea realm that only rarely emerges from the water to enjoy 2d6 hours of sunshine. This occurs 1d4 times a year, always during pleasant and summery weather. It is the tomb of a highly virtuous queen and is laden with many treasures, but the ransacking of the place would be an evil and chaotic act. A character who reaches the glass coffin of Queen Allyson, at the heart of the castle, and who has not stolen or plundered, may have a *wish* granted, at the DM's discretion. The castle is defended now by scraggs and sahuagin, both above and below water, so reaching the throne room is no easy task. The quest for the *wish* can be successful whether or not the castle is submerged.

The castle of skulls is also a real place, but it is far more sinister than Caer Allisynn. It is a labyrinthine place, with upper levels populated by slithering reptilian monsters such as basilisks, giant snakes, and perhaps even a green dragon.

The upper reaches are pleasant picnic grounds compared to the lower levels, where increasingly powerful hordes of undead guard the burial mounds of many brave knights and bold kings. The deeper one penetrates, the more horrible the undead, until spectres and ghosts are encountered around the final barrow. Within, a lich stands lonely vigil over the bodies of the fallen warriors. Characters besting these monsters can find an assortment of powerful magical weapons and armor laid upon the bodies of the long-dead knights who wielded them. Choose the items so that they do not unbalance your campaign, but every character who makes it this far should find something worthwhile.

The castle of skulls is hard to find since it is overgrown with weeds and also lies in the heart of a stagnant fen at the southern fringes of Llyrath Forest. The specific location should be determined by the DM, using one of the fens shown on the map.

Also populating the southern coast of Gwynneth are numerous savage bands of pirates, who use the rugged bays and coves as secure hiding places. Often the pirates are northmen, but they might also be Calishites, rogue bands of Ffolk, or other bands of renegades from anywhere along the Sword Coast.

A pirate base will have a few crude huts lodged on a narrow strip of shore, or maybe built within a wide sea cave. Generally, the coves selected by the pirates are not accessible via overland routes, as they are protected by tangled fens and the high bluffs that run along most of the southern shore of the island.

An active base always has 4d20 pirates present. These are mostly 1st-level fighters. For every 10 pirates, however, there is one 3d-level fighter; for every 20 pirates, there is a 5th-level fighter; for groups of 40 or more pirates, there are a 7th-level fighter and a 7th-level magic-user. There is a 50% chance that any group of pirates includes a cleric of 1st-10th level.

Although the pickings and plunder are not great along the Sword Coast, 50% of the pirate communities have a stash of treasure nearby, generally buried in a very concealed location. Half of these treasure troves are guarded by a chained or charmed monster of some sort, such as firbolg giants, trolls, or scraggs (if underwater). The total treasure found is worth 2d6 x 1,000 gp, but at least 75% of it is in the form of sp and ep. (The pirate captains take all the easily carried stuff.)

The chance of any pirate knowing the location of the stash is determined by rolling 1d6. If the roll is less than the pirate's level, the pirate knows where the treasure is. Thus, 7th-level pirates always know and 1st-level pirates never know.

Outlaw encounters are possible in Llyrath Forest, but they are uncommon and are with small bands of 2d6 outlaws. These gangs are surly cutthroats, generally living here because there is a sentence of death hanging over their heads.

Firbolg encounters represent a possible threat in the northern parts of the kingdom. Rarely one can encounter these giants farther afield. As they lair in Myrloch Vale, however, unusual circumstances (such as war) are required to draw them far from their homes.

Each cantrev in the kingdom can muster a militia force of 40-100 1st-level fighters commanded by a sergeant of 2d-5th level. The cantrev lords are fighters of 5th to 10th level. Most of these men are swordsmen, but about 20% are skilled with the long bow as well.

Caer Corwell maintains a garrison of 200 men-at-arms, 10 of which are sergeants of 2d-5th level. The garrison commander is Arlen, a 9th-level fighter.

Moray

At a Glance

Moray is the westernmost of the lands of the Ffolk and is thus the most removed from the civilizing influence of the cultures along the Sword Coast. It is also the most untamed of the southern isles. Trolls, orcs, goblins, and firbolg giants may commonly be encountered in its remote regions.

The Ffolk of Moray are rough and uncouth, even by the standards of the Ffolk. They are savage fighters, easily provoked to violence, but warm and generous to their friends.

Moray is the original home of the moorhound. The breeding of these great dogs is still a highly honored tradition. Every cantrev lord keeps a large pack of the animals, and they serve loyally both on the hunt and at war.

The rocky and mountainous nature of the isle is one reason it has remained so untamed. The small harbor and town of Moray on the northern coast is the largest concentration of humans anywhere on the island, and its population barely exceeds a thousand. Most of the other human inhabitants are scattered along the Shannyth River valley that cuts across the center of the island.

The northeastern tip of Moray is cov-



ered by the Trollclaw Range of mountains. Although the altitude of this rocky wasteland rarely exceeds 4,000 feet, and then only at the dozen or so highest peaks, it is so marred with sheer cliffs, loose slides of rock, narrow gorges, and deep lakes that human travel here is difficult. The terrain is completely impassable to horses.

Much of the southern and eastern regions of Moray lie under the Orcskull Mountains. This is a larger range, no higher than the Trollclaws, but it is not quite so rugged. An occasional pass crosses the range, and much of the highlands consist of green tundra.

A few small cantrevs lie along the southeastern coast of Moray, connected by passes to the rest of the isle. These communities derive a living from the bounty of the sea. The mountains to their backs shelter them from the worst of the winter storms, so the weather here is not as bad as on the rest of the island. However, the threat of marauding orcs, raiding down from the Orcskull Range, is very real. More than one of these communities has been wiped out to the last person by the ravages of the bestial monsters.

Elminster's Notes

The Calishite galleon proved to be a wonderful improvement over the coracle, even better than the merchant ship of Waterdeep that brought me to the islands. Once the captain realized that my gold was forthcoming, in exchange for each additional nicety he could provide, the accommodations improved regularly.

The bed was a mountain of soft feathers layered in silk. The captain's own attendants waited upon me during the day, and entertained me at night. These women were scarce more than girls in appearance. Several played the peculiar wailing pipes of Calimshan with great skill, and a pair of them danced in such a way that this old heart's rhythm was dangerously accelerated.

It was almost with regret that I stepped onto the dock at Moray. This

town did not even boast a castle, as had the other capitals of the Ffolk I had visited. Instead, two or three high, round towers stood upon prominent hills a mile or so inland. In the event of a formidable raid, the population of the town would retreat to these towers, leaving their community undefended in the face of the northmen.

I settled into a comfortable inn, the Silver Sword and enjoyed a tasty, if plain, meal of potatoes and mutton. It was late afternoon, but the place had already begun to fill with revelers. A few introductions were made, and I had begun some fascinating conversation, when the King of Moray himself arrived, pledging in a booming voice to make my visit a memorable one. He ordered the barkeep to produce huge mugs of the special ale reserved for his majesty and the guests of the king, and we began to form a lasting friendship.

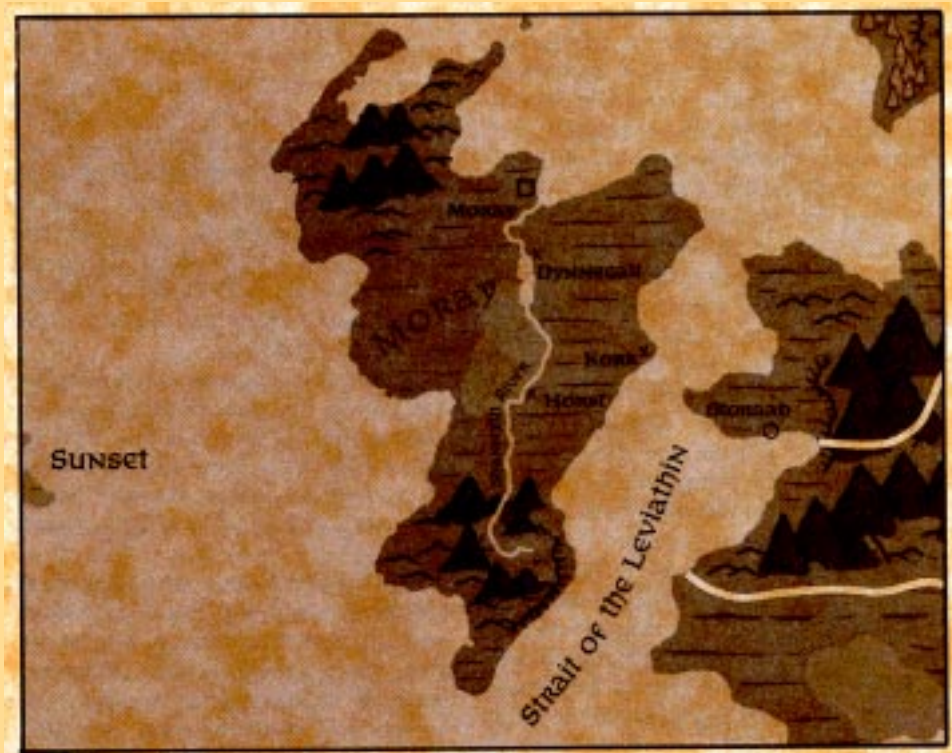
King Dagdar is a man who looks like he might have received the body of a bear through an error of birth. His arms are thicker than the legs of a stout

man and are covered by thick, black hair. His face disappears behind a huge black beard; flowing hair of the same color tumbles across his shoulders and far down his back.

The king spoke with considerable pride of his little island. His conversation was interspersed with derogatory references to those overly civilized lands to the east, such as Corwell and Callidyr. Occasionally he mentioned the northmen, never failing to spit contemptuously onto the floor following each such phrase.

But then he would turn again to the wonders of his own land. The green farmlands of the Shannyth River Valley took on a mystical air of fertile beauty through the king's words. He told of lively water sprites who played along the placid river's banks, and of the mischievous leprechauns who teased the unwary traveler. He spoke of the orcs and trolls as though they were mere nuisances, not worth the cost and trouble of a campaign to remove them.

None of the people of the Ffolk spoke





in such a warlike manner as King Dagdar. I felt that I talked with one who truly believed that the only true measure of a man was the test of steel and blood. He spoke of the battles he had fought and won. The northmen had landed several times on Moray during his lifetime. Always they had been driven away after a series of bloody engagements. Once, the king reluctantly admitted, he had accepted the aid of King Kendrick and a company of Corwell warriors to help banish the enemy; I sensed that, beneath his gruffness, King Dagdar was truly grateful this aid.

Eventually I was invited to join the king on a hunting expedition to the center of the island, and I readily accepted. Not only did I genuinely enjoy his company, but the wild nature of Moray had begun to intrigue me considerably.

We left on the morrow, a bright and chill dawn that highlighted the emerald green of the land around us. The king, his head hunters, a number of retainers, and I galloped forth from the town in a caravan of sturdy war chariots, six vehicles strong. Each was pulled by a pair of powerful chargers. The whole expedition was preceded by a score or more of the giant moorhounds.

Two hound masters followed the pack astride a pair of nimble gray mares that seemed willing to follow the hounds through any obstacle.

The Shannynth Valley was one of the most idyllic locales I have visited among all of the Realms. The river was a winding ribbon of silver in the distance, deep blue as it passed near us. We rode on a primitive path—I wouldn't really call it a road—of rutted dirt, but the chariots had no difficulty rolling along.

All around us, to the low rim of the river valley to right and left, were fields of lush green grass, sprinkled with red, yellow, and blue flowers of a million varieties. Butterflies and bees flitted about these vast fields, and small mammals scurried for cover upon the approach of our party. I was impressed to notice the discipline of the hounds, who did not veer from their path to pursue any of this minor game.

We passed through Cantrev Dynneghall on the third day of the trip, enjoying the hospitality of the Red Stag Inn. This tiny community seemed at first glance a craven and impoverished collection of hovels, but as we spent time there I came to realize the people were proud and very self-sufficient, caring little for the impression their squalid living quarters made upon visitors.

Finally we had our opportunity to hunt, as the hounds scented a herd of the great red deer of Moray. For a day we gave the dogs their heads, and they led hound masters and hunters upon a merry chase across the fields. Occasionally the chariots had to take a roundabout route to follow the horses and dogs, but I was impressed by the difficult terrain that the two-wheeled carts could negotiate. We eventually brought the prey to ground, and the dogs cleanly killed two bucks and a large doe. The hunters cleaned the quarry which, to my amazement, the dogs had not worried, and the hunt was declared a success.

That night, around the bright circle of a campfire, we heard a chilling cry that ululated down from the valleys of the nearby Orcskull Range. This seemed to put King Dagdar in a pensive mood, as he reflected upon the origin of the sound.

"'Tis the maiden of Highpeak, it is," he announced. "Crying for the lost souls of her children." Upon my gentle questioning, he elaborated. The maid, according to legend, dwells in a beautiful castle of glass high in the Orcskull Range. Her castle is surrounded by a grove of enchanted fruit, fruit so blessed that none who eat of it need ever fear disease or death. The castle is separated from the surrounding mountains by wide chasms. Here the maid lived in peace, raising many fine sons.

But the sons grew restless in their isolated home, and they built a drawbridge of glass to extend to a nearby mountain. Then the sons left the castle, over the drawbridge, to explore the world.

But they found that as soon as they left the castle, it disappeared behind them, and they could see neither bridge nor castle, even on the clearest of days. And so they wandered the world. They were fine, strong men, and soon found employment in the armies that fought back and forth among the surrounding lands. One by one, they died in battle, until only one—the oldest—remained alive.

Despairing for the grief that had come upon his family, he made a final effort to return to the home of his mother. At last, in the height of a winter storm, he saw the castle before him, with long bridge of glass leading toward it. Rejoicing, he set across the drawbridge, but it was slippery with ice, and he could not retain his footing. He slipped, and tumbled to his death upon the jagged rocks below.

Now, the king explained, on days of wondrous summer warmth or savage winter cold, the mother mourns for her children in a long, keening wail that carries plainly to the fields beyond the mountains. No mortal, it is said, has ever seen the glass castle or its slender bridge. But perhaps one day, say the legends, a young man or woman who is a descendant of the maid in the castle will enter the Orcskull Range, see the castle of glass, and cross the drawbridge to relieve the suffering of the mother who has grown old with the pain of her sorrow.

From the looks of the retainers, who had listened, enraptured, to the king's tale, I felt certain that each was wondering if he might be the descendant who would discover the castle and bring proof to the tale. I myself was strangely touched. When the strange cry was repeated later in the night, I found myself wondering about the poor mother. I devoutly hoped that she would one day find her peace.

Our party, more thoughtful than a day earlier, headed down the valley toward Moray-town on the following day. Once there, I found the trader's galleon still in port, and I was able to persuade the captain to carry me as far



as his next port of call at Norland. With a mixture of relief and regret, I bid farewell to the lands of the Ffolk and began my journeys among the northmen.

Game Information

The Cantrevs of Moray are well-defended communities of $1d6 \times 100$ inhabitants, the exception being Moray itself which has 1,000 people. Each town has one round tower for every 300 people, or fraction thereof.

Each cantrev can field a militia unit of 25% of the cantrev's population. The unit consists of 1st-level fighters, half of whom are also archers. Their ferocious nature and warlike bearing grant a +1 bonus to Morale and Attack Ratings, for BATTLESYSTEM™ rules purposes.

The humanoid monsters of the highlands provide regular threats to the Ffolk. The monsters attack in sudden raids, seeking to capture provisions and treasure more than to eliminate the communities. In the heights of the Orckull Range is a community of some

500 orcs, securely nestled in a network of caves and mineshafts. This represents the focal point of monster power on the island.

As far as the castle of glass goes, it is indeed up there somewhere. Whether or not a PC in your campaign should unlock the mystery of the place is entirely up to you.

Snowdown: The Forgotten Isle

At a Glance

The island of Snowdown is unique among the lands of the Ffolk for several reasons. As the southeasternmost island in the Moonshaes, it has the balmiest climate, and is generally spared the howling winter storms that ravage the rest of the islands. Also because of its location, it is most distant from the lands of the northmen and thus is rarely the target of raids. And because of its relatively mild climate, it is agricultural-ly the most productive of the islands.

The farmlands of Snowdown are divided among several dozen lordships, each centered around a fortified manor and surrounded by the cottages of the workers of the lands. The King of Snowdown, King Pwyllloch, dwells in the only castle on the island, Caer Westphall. This stone fortress is located above a small cove on the southern shore of the island. Snowdown is noticeably lacking in decent deep-water ports, the cove at Caer Westphall being representative of the natural harbors on the island. This lack has doubtless contributed to the self-sufficient nature of the place, as trade with other regions is rendered quite difficult.

On the farms of Snowdown are grown barley, wheat, alfalfa, potatoes, grapes, apples, and many other types of fruits and vegetables. Hogs, cattles, poultry, sheep, and horses are common livestock. Ale, mead, wine, and whiskey are all brewed from the grains and fruits of the island.

Snowdown is the most democratically run of the lands of the Ffolk, with



the larger cantrev lords such as Pengram, Harloch, Llandrian, and Brannoch all having meaningful input into the king's official policies. The king taxes his subjects to a much larger extent than elsewhere among the Ffolk, but these taxes are used to build good roads across the island, and to train an effective militia.

The primary external threat to Snowdown's security comes from pirate raids by the buccaneers based in the Pirate Isles. The fighters of Snowdown have been organized into effective small units of skilled troops that are capable of responding quickly to such threats.

Elminster's Notes

I did not have the pleasure of journeying to Snowdown during my travels among the Moonshaes. It was noteworthy that this island was not discussed by the Ffolk of the other isles with any great frequency.

The two occasions I heard reference

to Snowdown, however, provide a certain amount of insight into the way it is viewed by the rest of the Ffolk.

In one instance, I was enjoying a cold ale in the Silver Salmon (at Cantrev Kingfish) when a scuffle broke out among the customers. Despite my annoyance at the disturbance (amplified by the fact that young Winifred was knocked from my lap to the floor, where she sustained several ugly bruises), I observed the resolution of the fight, which most of the patrons joined. Those few of us who neglected to choose sides were referred to by the others as "Snowdowners" after the incident.

In another case, during my discussions with King Dagdar, that worthy pointed to an well-dressed visitor in sneering tones, deriding the man as being "as fat as a Snowdowner."

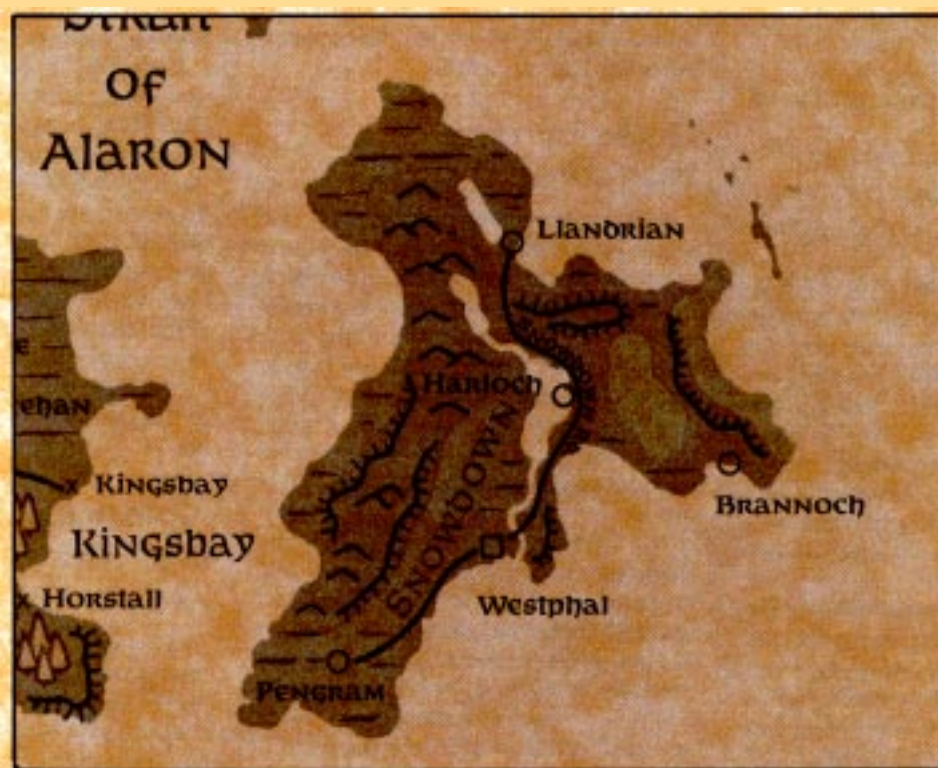
Game Information

Snowdown has been virtually cleared of marauding monsters by the aggres-

sive patrolling of the king's militia, so hostile encounters with orcs, trolls, and goblins are rare. Each cantrev has a population of from 700-1200 Ffolk, and can field a militia numbering 20% of the community's total population.

These units are made of 3d-level fighters, as the king sees that each warrior receives extensive training. Each fighter is proficient in the use of the long sword and either the long bow (50%) or spear (50%).

Caer Westphal is a stone castle that models many of the towers and high walls of Caer Callidyrr, albeit in miniature. The treasury of the king, located in a sealed dungeon deep beneath the castle, contains at least 250,000 gp of treasure—certainly one of the richest hordes in the Moonshaes.



LANDS OF THE NORTHMEN

*From the north comes the wild wind
The cold wind,
The ice wind.*

*Barren trees, barren fields
The barren hearth, unlit
As icy winter's fingers seek
To end life, to bring chill death*

*From the north comes the death wind
The deep winter
The mountain waves.*

*The gray sea, the pounding sea
Upon the shores, smashing
As frozen water's heavy fists
From the north comes the blizzard
wind
The snowy gale,
The water white.*

*Every winter, every darkened Yule
The north wind brings its message
Until the spring's awakening,
The long night holds its thrall.*

*From the north comes the wild wind,
The cold wind,
The ice wind.*

*From the north comes the death wind,
The deep winter
And dreams of the sun's rebirth.*

—From "Song of the North Wind"
by Carlyth Grylloch, a bard of the Ffolk

The northmen arrived in the Moonshae Islands quite recently. Their original homes are the coastal lands north of Waterdeep and the island kingdoms of Tuern and Gunderland. Viewing the Moonshaes at first as regions to plunder and raid, they gradually settled upon the lands they had terrorized, merging with the Ffolk who remained to create a strong and vital race of seafarers.

Those Ffolk who remained on the northern isles accepted the gods, the kings, and the customs of the northmen. At first, this was the cost of staying alive, but soon it became accepted into the culture of these Ffolk.

The lands populated by the northmen have become stable kingdoms, well-populated and prosperous. But the urge to travel the seas never sinks too deeply into the breasts of these fierce sailors, and this desire bursts forth into action with regular frequency.

The lands of the Ffolk are not the only target of the sailing northmen. They have been known to raid the length of the Sword Coast, striking Amn, Tethyr, and even Calimshan as they venture boldly southward.

They sail north as well, though not so much to raid as to trade the profits of their southern expeditions at the market in Waterdeep, or to either of their related nations at Tuern and Gunderland.

The northmen have developed a rough alliance among their kingdoms on the Moonshaes, with Grunnarch the Red, Thelgaar Ironhand, and Raag Hammerstaad exerting great influence over their subject lords. When these three kings agree on a course of action, their men and ships can unite into a formidable force. Fortunately for the peace-loving Ffolk of the Moonshaes, such alliances are rare.

Gods of The Northmen

The northmen are not the most religious of peoples, although they hold several deities in a state of some reverence. These deities are generally represented by shamans among the northmen. As the practitioners of religion have a much lower status than the warriors, such shamans are not common. Rarely is a northman cleric encountered who is higher than 7th or 8th level.

The deities held most sacred to the seafaring raiders include Auril, the Frostmaiden; Tempus, the Lord of Battles; and Umberlee, the Bitch Queen. Of course, a cleric declares his fealty to only one of these deities, but a typical northman warrior or sailor pays homage to all three, at different times.

Auril is viewed as the bringer of winter upon the world, and as such plays a major role in the raiders' society. She is mollified with offerings of food and strong drink in autumn and throughout winter. These offerings are placed upon a raft or small boat and launched into the winter swells of the Sea of Moonshae or the Trackless Sea. If a particularly heavy storm or unusually savage and enduring winter threatens to cause a famine, Auril may be gratified with a human sacrifice or two, placed upon a similar raft and sent to sea and certain death. Such sacrifices are usually drawn from the ranks of prisoners or slaves, but the northmen may send members of their own people if there is no alternative.

Tempus, the god of battles, receives offerings from warriors before the start of a battle. He is the patron of the berserker and is generally viewed as the protector of those raiders who succumb to the berserking frenzy. After a particularly successful battle, the northmen may sacrifice one or more prisoners to their battle god in gratitude for his favor.

Umberlee, goddess of oceans, waves, and currents, is greatly respected and feared by the seafaring northmen. It is customary to make an offering to the Bitch Queen before every voyage. The longer the journey, the more significant the offering. As with the other deities worshiped by the northmen, Umberlee occasionally receives a live human sacrifice from her awestruck followers. Even so, Umberlee is held to cause shipwrecks, drownings, and is the mistress of the sharks that imperil stranded sailors.

Norland: Cutting Edge of Winter At a Glance

Norland is the westernmost of the Moonshae Isles, and one of the farthest north. Much of the force of the great, driving gales that blow off of the Trackless Sea is spent bashing against the sea-



ward side of this rocky island.

But just inland of this worn coast runs the jagged spine of the Jotunhammer Mountains. These peaks, separated by deep valleys that are often marked by the white trails of glaciers, block much of the winter storms, protecting a wide lowland region of pine forest and blue lakes.

It is at the fringes of these forests, in small communities of wooden huts, that the northmen have made their homes. Facing the sheltered Sea of Moonshae, the northmen of all these communities use the sea as their highway to the world.

The King of Norland is Grunnarch the Red, who rules from his great lodge called Rottesheim. Grunnarch rules another dozen or so kings, all of whom live along the eastern coast of Norland. Together these kingdoms make one of the most populous and mightiest nations of the northmen.

The northmen have made their homes along sheltered coves with shallow, gravelled beaches. They have little use for deep harbors or sturdy docks, as their preferred method of anchoring is to slide their vessels onto the beach until they are safely above the high-water mark.

The vessels of the northmen are their most cherished possessions, valued beyond other property or family. A true northmen derives a sensual pleasure from the appearance of a sleek longship, its gracefully curving lines slicing easily through a smooth or choppy sea.

The kings of Norland command perhaps 45 longships among them, the largest fleet (six) calls Rottesheim its home port. Each of these vessels is crewed by 40 burly sailors, so the kings can assemble a small army and transport it easily overseas.

Indeed, the longships are among the fastest ships along the Sword Coast in most types of weather. Each of the sailors has a seat before a long oar, and during calm weather the steady straining of human muscle carries a longship at a rate faster than that of the largest galley. The relatively light hull and the

keen lines, zealously created by master shipwrights, combine to enable the longship to slip along with little resistance.

Under full sails, a longship leaps before the wind like a seabird, springing from the crest of one wave to settle upon that of another. No ship in the world can outrun a longship with a strong breeze to her stern.

Some of the multi-masted pirate ships that roam among the pirate isles can outdistance a longship in a crosswind or upwind tack, but even under these conditions a northman captain can pilot his ship with speed and accuracy. A longship, lacking a deck or sealed hold, is more susceptible to foundering in mountainous seas than are other types of vessels. However, the keen weather sense of the northman enables him to land his ship before such a storm strikes, in most cases.

These ships, the movers of a nation, are arrayed along the beach of any sizeable community in Norland, as long as the men are not at war or trading. Although the northmen feast regularly upon salmon, herring, and cod, they do not use their longships for mundane fishing tasks, preferring smaller vessels that can be manned by crews of two or three.

The thick pine forest of lower Norland can provide the timber for hundreds more longships before it will begin to show the loss. Most of the island is blanketed by these dark spruces and pines. The forest is virtually primeval, as the northmen have little interest in exploring the interior of their island.

They have cut no roads among the trunks, so travel between communities of the northmen must be accomplished by sea, or by a laborious overland trek





through uncharted wilderness. Each kingdom is a long community on the coast, an island of human life surrounded by a few fields, pastures, and farms, and then gradually fading into the untracked wild lands.

The ferocity of the northmen has allowed them to venture regularly through these primeval forests, clearing them of most of the orc and troll inhabitants that had dwelled here since the early history of the isle. The occasional brown or cave bear still claims a human meal, but most of the humanoid monsters have been exterminated or driven into the high country.

The Jotunhammer Mountains, on the contrary, are a place where humans do not often enter, and even less frequently return from. Ancient glaciers emerge from the mountains to all sides. Although these ice paths thus mark the only real pathways into the mountains, their surfaces are treacherous. Concealed crevices are common, and the shifting nature of the ice rivers subjects them to frequent convulsions and avalanches.

The glaciers and surrounding highlands are home to numerous frost giants. These fearsome humanoids resemble the northmen more closely than they do the other giant race of the isles, the firbolgs. The frost giants rarely emerge from their mountain fastnesses. On their rare forays, however, the giants are treated with respect by the northmen, who often leave offerings of food and drink in caches where the frost giants have been known to pass.

The highest peaks of the range occur in the northwestern corner of the island. These vantage points offer a view across the Trackless Sea for dozens of miles on a clear day. These peaks are home to one of the few dragon aeries on the Moonshaes. Here a family of white dragons has taken up residence, carving caves and lairs among the mountains of ice where no other creature dares to travel.

Elminster's Notes

The voyage to Rottesheim proved every bit as diverting as the journey to Moray had been. The Calishite captain debased himself most completely in trying to offer me every comfort and gratification a man could desire. In truth, it became rather tiresome; when the heavy galleon dropped anchor in the cove at Rottesheim, I was quite ready for a change.

And the very appearance of the community of northmen promised such a change. The lodge of the king dominated the entire scene. It was a huge, rectangular building made of solid timbers. It had a high, peaked roof and a variety of intricately carved ornamentation along the walls, mostly wooden heads in the shape of bears, boars, walruses, wolves, and other wild animals of strength.

The other houses were simple wooden structures, surrounded by muddy pens which held pigs and chickens. Many tough fishing nets hung along racks on the wide gravel beach.

But the most striking feature of the view was the rank of longships, a half dozen in number. These sleek vessels looked larger on land than I had recalled them. They lay poised upon the beach as if eagerly awaiting the summons that would send them again to sea.

The galleon stood offshore by several hundred yards, as the cove was too shallow for her keel. The captain lowered a longboat over the side to ferry me and some of the goods he had come to trade to the King of Norland's stronghold.

I met King Grunnarch the Red at the hearth of his lodge. I was immediately impressed by the realization that this man was a true leader.

His head was framed by flowing red hair and beard. He stood only average height, but he seemed much larger. There was an undefinable quality to the way he moved and talked that communicated his authority.

The Red King bade me welcome and

offered the pleasures of his lodge for my amusement. With a broad wink, he admitted that they would not likely compare to the pleasures of the Calishite accommodations, but I wearily assured him that I was ready for a pleasant respite.

Grunnarch showed me about his lodge. I saw that the place had a curious feature of construction. At its center stood one of the round towers that had been so common on Moray. I saw that the northmen had simply erected a huge wooden building around this tower, expanding it into a royal lodge and fortress.

And the huge structure was indeed a fortress. The walls were massively thick. Three tree trunks was the average strength, with a layer of horizontal timbers between two layers of vertical trunks for added strength. Even a giant, I felt, would be hard pressed to batter through this barricade.

I enjoyed the hospitality of the Red King for several days, slowly recovering my strength. My noble host, upon learning of my mission, pledged me his vessel for a tour of the northern lands of the Moonshaes. Though I suspect he thirsted for any excuse to put to sea again, I accepted his offer gratefully. We immediately began preparations to sail the following day.

Game Information

Each of the lesser kingdoms along the coast of Norland is home port for 1d4 +1 longships. Each king on the island commands one crew of 2d-level fighters, with the remainder being 1st level. Grunnarch's hand-picked crew is 3d level, and he has a crew of 2d-level men to command another of his ships.

The frost giants of the Jotenhammer Range are engaged in a war with a small colony of dwarves that is struggling to retain its last few caverns. No other dwarven or human communities on the islands know of the existence of these dwarves, though they are struggling to get word to their kin in Highhome.

The dragons among the high moun-



tains number about a dozen. A huge ancient white dragon is the matriarch of the clan. She resides in an icy mountaintop lair with most of the treasure collected by her family. She is always attended by two medium adult white dragons.

Norheim: The Fractured Lands

AT A GLANCE

The kingdom of Raag Hammerstaad is spread among a series of barren and stormswept isles at the very fringe of the Trackless Sea. The people of this hardest of kingdoms take pride in their isolated lands, deriving a sense of superiority from their enforced ordeals.

Most of the small kingdoms making up the nation of Norheim are tucked into sheltered coves on the leeward sides of the various isles. Like the kingdoms of Norland, the realms of Norheim are focused upon the sea, using little even of the small amount of land that is available to them.

Of the Norheim Islands, only Giant-spine has much surface area. This rocky isle contains several sheltered pockets of forest among the narrow valleys between the rugged ridges that give it its name. The rest of the Norheim Isles are virtually devoid of trees.

Although the Norheimers practice a limited amount of agriculture, growing barley and wheat and tending sheep and goats, they are much more dependent than most of their kin on contact with the outside world for survival. This contact is in the form of raids against the Ffolk and farther peoples. Their purpose is to return with food as well as wealth. The Norheimers also trade with the lands to the north where their captured wealth is often bartered for food. The Norheimers, alone among the northmen, occasionally serve as mercenary soldiers or sailors in the fleet or army of some lord of the Realms who is in need of fierce fighting men, and who can pay in solid coin.

The Norheim Isles are riddled with sea caves, and these have given birth to many of the legends among these superstitious peoples. They talk of long underground passages, and swiftly flowing rivers of seawater running into the earth. The legends say that these passages are linked to vast underground lands, peopled by strange creatures, and full of hidden menace, but also stocked with unthinkable treasure.

ELMINSTER'S NOTES

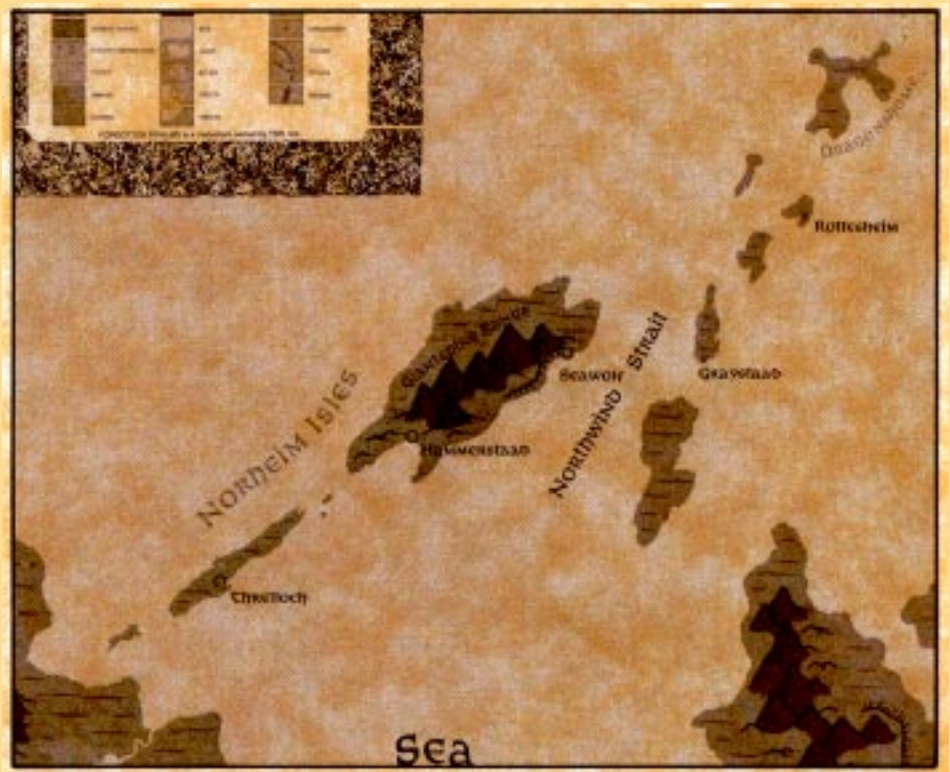
The sleek longship of Grunnarch the Red moved easily through a high swell. Of all the types of vessels that had carried me thus far on my journey, none could compare to the easy grace of the Red King's pride. Standing in the bow, with the salt spray lashing my face, I began to understand more of the fundamental nature of these fierce sailors.

We sailed first to Hammerstaad, on the Norheim Isles, where Grunnarch explained we would find his cousin and ally, Raag Hammerstaad, King of

Norheim. We beached upon the shore at Hammerstaad, on a narrow shelf of land that lay shaded by the near ridge of mountains that rose a few hundred yards from the sea. We met the king of Norheim in his lodge, a huge, smoky building that was not as grandiose as Grunnarch's, but employed the same technique of expanding one of the round towers built long ago by the Ffolk.

Our host was busily engaged in the preparations for a long voyage and asked our pardon for his lack of hospitality. (Grunnarch explained that normally such a visit would be the cause of much feasting and dancing).

Truthfully, I was not all that disappointed, for the northmen of Norheim seemed an uncouth and smelly people. We took advantage of Raag's shelter for that single night. The following morning we embarked to continue our journey among the northmen. Raag Hammerstaad and six ships sailed the same day, toward the warmer waters off of Tethyr, he said.





Game Information

The sea caves of the Norheim Isles provide a number of entrances into Deepearth, the vast realm below the ground (and seal. Some of these passages take the form of rivers, while others are dry land tunnels and shafts.

The raiders of Norheim are a poor folk, but they are mighty fighters. The six northmen kings can assemble a force of 25 longships, but fully half of these are crewed by 2d-level fighters. Raag himself has a picked crew of 4th-level fighters. All of the crews above 1st level are berserkers.

Oman: Center of Northman Might

AT a Glance

The kingdom of Oman covers more land than any of the other northman realms, for it encompasses all of Oman's Isle and a good portion of northern Gwynneth as well. It is the most popu-

lous and most powerful of the northman kingdoms upon the Moonshaes.

A great deal of this might stems from the personal strength of the king of Oman, Thelgaar Ironhand. Thelgaar assumed the throne at a very young age, and has led his nation for nearly five decades. During that time, he has united the lordships under his domain into a solid alliance, and he has steadily expanded his influence among the other kings of the isles.

Thelgaar's fortress is known as the Iron Keep; it dominates the steel-gray waters of Iron Bay. This is the best natural harbor among the lands of the northmen. The high rocky pinnacles at either side of the entrance to the bay choke off the passage to less than a mile, screening the worst of the high seas before opening into a wide anchorage surrounded by smooth beaches.

All of Oman's Isle falls under the control of Thelgaar and his subject kings. In addition, the northmen have claimed the northern coast of Gwynneth as their own, absorbing the small com-

munities of Ffolk that had dwelled there for centuries. Their area of control on Gwynneth extends as far south as the mountains of Highhome, the dwarven fastness that guards the northern border of Myrloch Vale. As with other realms of the northmen, their land includes great tracts of forests, but they exert little control over the land, preferring instead to view the sea as their world.

The northmen of Oman are superb shipbuilders, the best of their race. Thelgaar and his minions have the largest fleet of longships of any ruler in the Moonshaes. Because of the dominant will of their ruler, these warriors are capable of acting as a single force of tremendous power.

The towns of Thelgaar and his subjects are large by the standards of the northmen, many numbering well over 1,000 inhabitants. They tend to be prosperous, securing food through hunting and fishing, as well as growing a variety of crops, including potatoes, wheat, and barley. They have many types of livestock, breeding ever-larger herds and flocks of cattle, swine, sheep, goats, and horses.

ELMINSTER'S NOTES

The bow of Grunnarch's longship sliced easily through the rolling waves as a strong tailwind carried us across the Sea of Moonshae to Oman's Isle in a few days. As we entered Iron Bay, I was immediately impressed by the obvious might of the king of Oman.

Thelgaar Ironhand's huge fortress, the Iron Keep, stood proudly upon a rocky hill very near the water. Below the keep spread the long houses of the town. Surrounding these were the fields and pastures. But the fortress was easily the dominant feature of the view.

The Iron Keep had as its base a castle of the Ffolk that must have been built centuries earlier. From this square core now spread earthen battlements, protected by sharpened, downward pointing stakes that reminded me of a frilly





skirt. The stone heart of the castle had been expanded with massive wooden halls extending along the crest and down the sides of the hill, until the place nearly rivaled *Caer Callidyr* in size. A high stone tower, obviously much newer than the castle, climbed skyward from the heart of the fortress. (I later learned that the Iron King had employed *Ffolk* slaves to build the tower as the working of stone is not an art found among the northmen.)

As *Grunnarch's* ship slid onto the beach, we were greeted with an assortment of dancing, screaming children and young women. Soon a company of warriors arrived to aid with the beaching of the boat. They had identified their visitor's boat as soon as they saw the crimson sail, and *Thelgaar* had extended an invitation, asking us to join him for a meal at our earliest convenience.

My curiosity had been piqued by the visible signs of the Iron King's might, and I must admit that I looked forward to the meeting with considerable anticipation. I was not disappointed.

The Iron King greeted us from his throne at the center of his great hall. He acknowledged the greetings of *Grunnarch the Red* with a nod of his head, and accepted my introduction with the same gesture. In anyone else I would have accounted such imperial mannerisms to be supreme arrogance, but somehow it seemed acceptable in *Thelgaar Ironhand*.

Thelgaar was a massive man, even by standards of the northmen. His great black beard, just beginning to show streaks of gray, seemed to amplify his appearance in the eyes of this old sage. His voice required no such amplification.

I began to sense something of the magnetism of this leader as he spoke, asking of our journey and inviting us to sit beside him and partake of the food that was placed before us. The king was waited on by slave girls from many different realms. Each brought a different food or beverage for our pleasure. Though there were just the three of us

in the hall, enough food and drink was provided to satisfy a whole company of hungry warriors.

After the meal, which *Thelgaar* pronounced merely fair, though I found the lamb chops and wheat bread to be among the finest I had tasted, the Iron King gestured us to follow him. Again this was a motion that, in a lesser man, would have been insulting, but it seemed appropriate when performed by *Thelgaar Ironhand*.

We followed him to a high rampart of his fortress, where he gestured to the beach beside the 10 longships that had been drawn up there. An eleventh vessel sat upon a long runway of boards, as a team of boatwrights worked to finish the task of preparing her for launch.

A bright red stain, which the king explained had been distilled by alchemists from a mixture of roots and fish oil, was applied to the boards of the hull. A number of old men stood nearby, twisting strands of twine into thick, strong ropes. A blacksmith hammered at a piece of hot iron as he shaped it to the transom. I guessed (correctly, in the event) that this was the socket for the steersman's oar.

The hull was propped upright by a long series of timber supports upon each side. Beyond the hull sat a group of old women, each stitching with a long bone needle and coarse thread to assemble multicolored sheets of canvas into the huge square sail that would propel this vessel to the far corners of the Realms.

Over the following days, as I enjoyed the hospitality of the Iron King, I watched carefully the final stages of work on the longship. Several times, boatwrights labored against the hull with heavy adzes, smoothing any irregularity from the boards. Blacksmiths made additional iron nails, and these were used to firmly fasten parts of the hull that might be exposed to extra pressure from a rough sea. At last, the vessel was ready to slide down the runway into the bay.

Thelgaar himself supervised the launching, and it seemed that the entire

community turned out to watch the event. Kegs of dark ale were rolled out to celebrate after the work was done.

Twenty strong men stood upon each side of the sleek hull, removed the wooden support beams as a man, and then strained to move the vessel forward. It creaked slowly across the boards, and then gained speed. The workers struggled to push her ahead. The ship moved faster and faster until, with a shimmering silver splash, the bow struck the waters of the bay, and the slim vessel glided lightly away from shore. Now the men hauled upon a pair of stout lines, arresting her motion and then, slowly, swinging the elegant ship back toward shore. A cheer arose from the watching throng, and *Thelgaar* allowed himself a thin smile of pleasure. *Grunnarch* slapped his friend heartily on the back, and the two kings turned toward the ale. The work of the day, and of many days before, was at last done.

The feasting and drinking that followed lasted far into the night. A few of the revelers (this old sage among them, I might add) even witnessed the coming of dawn to Iron Bay on the following morn. *Thelgaar* had announced his intention of captaining the new ship upon her maiden voyage, and *Grunnarch* had invited him to sail beside us as we continued our tour of the lands of the northmen.

Thus, on a still and cloudless day in late summer, escorted by the two mightiest kings of the northmen, I sailed from Iron Bay to again cross the Sea of Moonshae and visit the island of *Alaron*. This time my destination was not the realm of the High King of the *Ffolk*, but the kingdom of the northmen that had been formed on the northern shore of *Alaron*. Now we sailed to *Gnarhelm*.

Game Information

The realm of *Thelgaar Ironhand* is the home of the fiercest armies of all the northmen. Each of the minor kingdoms in his realm can field a force of



400 warriors and 10 longships. Two ships from each kingdom are manned by 2d-level berserker crews, and one ship from each kingdom has a crew of 3d-level berserkers.

Thelgaar himself commands his personal legion of 5th-level berserkers, numbering 80 men and two longships, in addition to the normal complement of 10 ships.

The northmen must contend with raids from the firbolg giants that emerge from the mountains of Highhome to strike the kingdoms along the north coast of Gwynneth. On Oman's Isle, all organized resistance to the king has long since been eliminated.

Gnarhelm: The Northmen on Alaron At a Glance

Gnarhelm shares the island of Alaron with the kingdom of Callidyrr. The two kingdoms have little in common beyond this land mass, however.

Where Callidyrr is primarily smooth or gently rolling terrain, Gnarhelm covers land that is steep and rocky. The climate of Gnarhelm is ruled more by the storms of the Trackless Sea than the currents along the Sword Coast. The Fairheight Mountains that keep much of the bad weather away from Callidyrr ensure that Gnarhelm is a very cloudy and rainy place.

The separate kingdoms of Gnarhelm are ruled by King Sigurd Helmudson from his lodge at Gnarhelm. This town is located at the end of the long and sheltered Firth of Helmsgate. The firth makes a sea journey to the other kingdoms of Gnarhelm a long and difficult expedition. Thus, this kingdom is crossed by more and better roads than the other lands of the northmen. Most of the roads are laid along the tracks of the thoroughfares of the Ffolk, built when all of Alaron was united under the rule of the High King.

As a consequence, however, the northmen of Gnarhelm have become, of all their peoples, the most used to

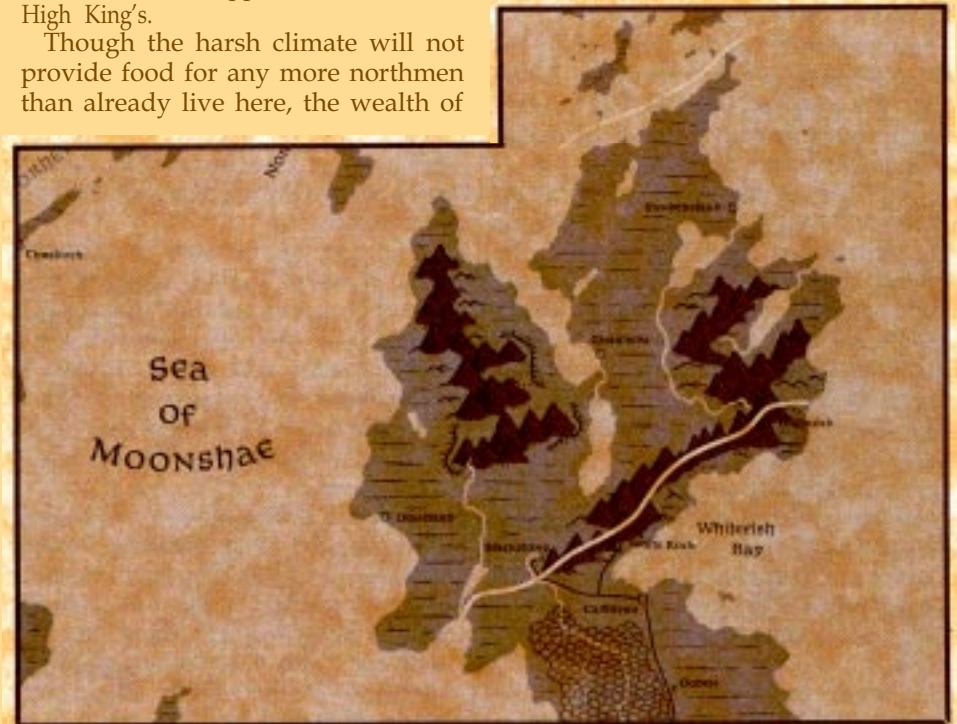
traveling and fighting on land. While they retain several dozen longships, and have not lost their skill as sailors, the men of Gnarhelm are also practiced in marching. They keep far more horses than the other realms of northmen, and King Helmudson is served by two trained troops of cavalry.

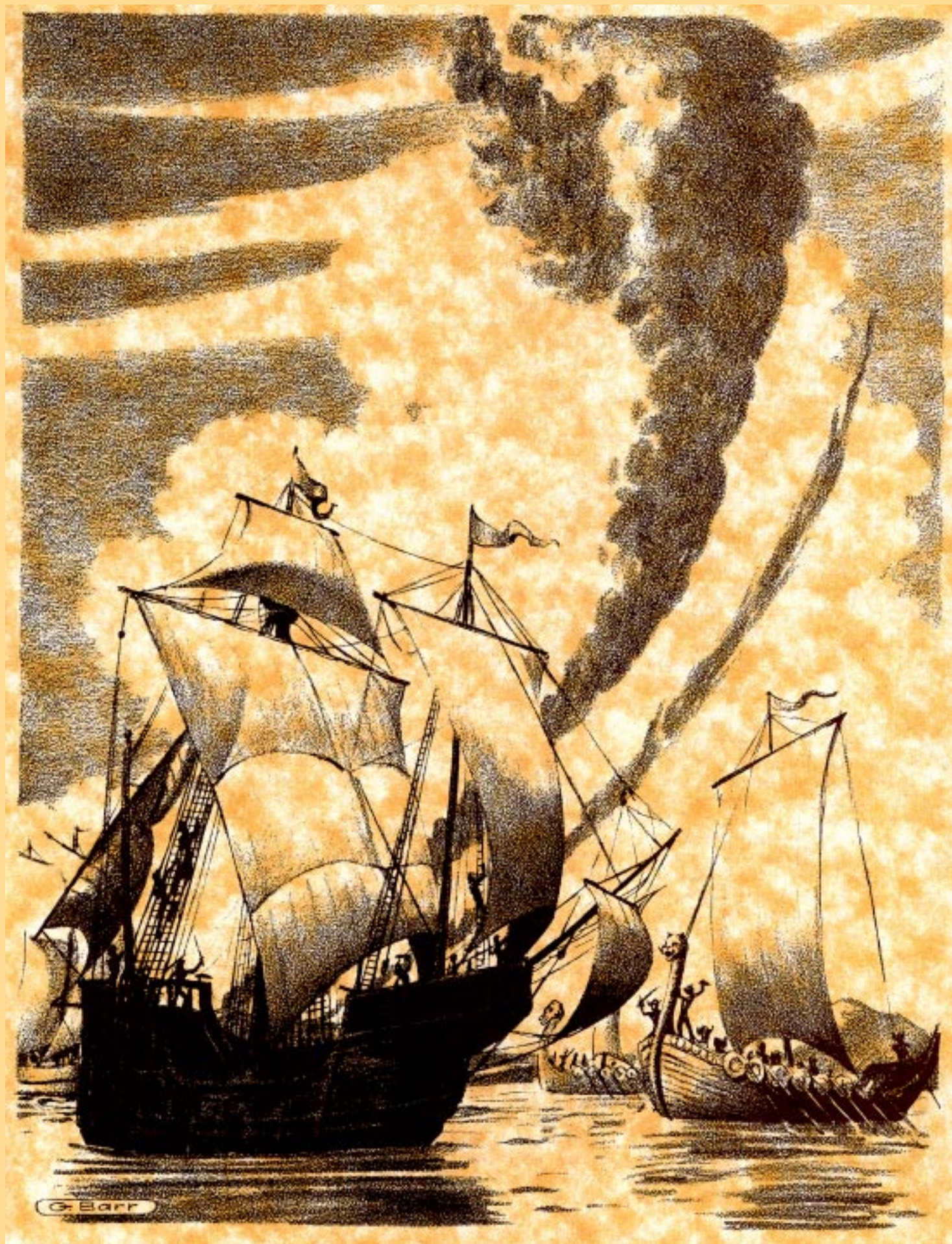
In addition, Gnarhelm is the only place where the northmen have taken up mining seriously. The mineral-rich Fairheight Range, so vigorously exploited by the Ffolk to the south, has also yielded generous portions of iron, copper, silver, and gold to the picks and shovels of the northmen. Though the dwarves of the Moonshaes have generally scorned the northmen, the raiders have brought hundreds of dwarven miners from Ironmaster and Citadel Abdar. The output of Sigurd Helmudson's mines now approaches that of the High King's.

Though the harsh climate will not provide food for any more northmen than already live here, the wealth of

mineral resources has ensured that those who live here live very well. Cautious trading arrangements have even been established with Callidyrr—some of the excess raw metal mined by Gnarhelm is traded to Callidyrr for food and drink. Thus far, efforts to persuade the Ffolk to also offer their fine steel weapons for trade have met with failure.

Gnarhelm is the original home of the Roaming Bear legend so commonly heard among the northmen. The legend tells of a great bear that paces across the highlands on misty evenings, devouring whole families with a single bite. Some versions claim that the bear can shift its shape into that of a man. Most of the tales state that the bear moves as a ghostly apparition that cannot be killed.







ashore. Now we could see, in the distance, throngs fleeing through the wide and muddy streets toward the rolling hills of grass and clover beyond the town. Smoke already rose from several small fires, but the pirates plainly intended to plunder the town before burning it.

The two longships advanced under the power of their oarsmen. The kings urged speed as they saw the battle raging before them. The vessels fairly flew through the water, swiftly closing toward the pirate vessels. The raiders, meanwhile, had noticed our arrival and scrambled back to their boats so as not to get caught between the forces of the northmen.

They were too late. With howling cries for vengeance, the northmen drove their vessels alongside the anchored pirate ships, crushing many of the dinghys in their advance. Grunnarch's men leaped to the deck of one of the pirate vessels and quickly swept the remaining crewmen away. Thelgaar's men had likewise seized an enemy vessel, setting it quickly ablaze before swinging across to the remaining pirate ship.

I stood, enthralled, at the scene, for it had been many years since I had witnessed a true battle. Many of the northmen flew into a berserking frenzy, offering no quarter even as the pirates lost heart for the fight. In 20 minutes the fight was over. One of the pirate ships had burned to the waterline, while the other two were eagerly plundered by the northmen. Some pirates had surrendered to the townsfolk, and would doubtless be used as slaves, but the majority had gone to meet their gods.

The berserking fit left the northmen as soon as there were no more pirates to fight. The damage to Gnarhelm was minimal, as we had surprised the pirates in the early stages of the raid. Although King Helmudson and most of his warriors were gone, the people that remained were eager to host a victory celebration for their rescuers. I thus had one more opportunity to enjoy the

hospitality of the northmen before embarking on my journey home. This feast offered a whole steer and a large pig for our consumption, as well as some fine Callidysh ale that these people had traded for.

Somewhat gleefully, the northmen chained their pirate prisoners to a wall of the feasting hall in the king's lodge and forced them to watch our revelry. I had no sympathy for the buccaneers, knowing that, had they been victorious, they would have been feasting and drinking in our place.

The following day a band of horsemen arrived, led by King Rolf Olafson, from the nearby realm of Olafstaad. A messenger had reached him late the previous day with news of the raid, and Rolf had immediately dispatched a troop of his swiftest riders. Not knowing of our arrival, but aware that the warriors of Gnarhelm were at sea, King Olafson had expected to do little more than avenge a massacre. Now, however, he declared that nothing short of a celebration feast would do, and so for a second day the northmen of Gnarhelm feasted and drank to toast their victory.

When Rolf learned that the reason for the visit, aside from trying Thelgaar's new longship, was to show me the lands of the northmen, he insisted that I accompany him to his steading as his honored guest. I did not refuse, and here bid Grunnarch and Thelgaar farewell. These two kings, dynamic and charismatic men, I felt certain would be heard from again in tales and legends.

I rode overland with Rolf and his horsemen and saw many differences between Gnarhelm and the other kingdoms of the northmen I had visited. Farms were larger and more prosperous here, many of them resembling the fields of the Ffolk more than those of northmen. Livestock was more numerous, and I noticed in particular many splendid horses. Indeed, the mount that carried me to Olafstaad was a strong and spirited gray, much like the sturdy horses I had seen in Corwell.

We took several days to reach Rolf's steading, and the length of the journey

made me doubly impressed that the riders from Olafstaad had passed this way in a night and a day of riding. The road was good, hard clay—not paved quite so well as the King's Roads in Callidyrr or Corwell Road, but certainly grander than any other thoroughfare developed by the northmen. Small villages, often no more than an inn, several cottages, and a mill, dotted the landscape. More so than any other northmen, it seemed that the people of Gnarhelm had adopted some of the habits and livelihoods of the Ffolk when they had settled here.

Finally we reach Olafstaad. The little coastal town was centered about the huge wooden lodge that served as Rolf's family home. Many small cottages and work buildings for the fishermen and farmers sprawled neatly along the shore. I saw when I entered the place that Rolf had indeed spent valuable coin to provide his home with as many comforts as he could.

Deep, plush bearskins lined the floor. We ate and drank from platters and goblets of crystal and gold. He even displayed works of art, such as sculptures and tapestries, along the walls of his great lodge. Despite the fact that many of these pieces must have been the gains of piracy and raiding, they had been arranged tastefully, providing the most cultured setting I had experienced since leaving Caer Callidyrr.

I spent upwards of a week at Olafstaad, and enjoyed my stay immensely. Rolf had a young son who wished to study the ways of the world, and as a result of my stay we decided to send him with me back to Waterdeep. There he would join my apprentices and become literate—a rarity among the northmen.

Finally, Rolf outfitted his own longship, captaining it himself, and we sailed into the Sea of Moonshae. He would take me all the way to Waterdeep, he promised, and I thus prepared to close the book on my adventures on the Moonshaes.



Game Information

Gnarhelm has a large standing army, prepared to deal with any threat from the Fairheight Mountains, the Ffolk of Callidyrr, or pirate raids. Each lesser kingdom can field a force of 400 1st-level footmen, 100 of whom are armed with short bows, and 120 2d-level riders and horses.

The Korinn Archipelago: Outposts To The North

At a Glance

The Korinn Archipelago is a chain of small islands that extends northward into the Trackless Sea from the northern tip of Alaron. It is a wild and unlawful place, settled primarily by northmen, although remnants of the Ffolk live here as well.

Most of the terrain on the islands is hilly or mountainous, with very few places suitable for farming. Although some of the islands are wooded with a hardy breed of pine tree, most of them are barren moors, tundra, or simply bedrock.

Most of the people living here are either fishermen, who seek the great schools of herring, cod, and salmon that course regularly around the islands, or herdsmen who tend goats, sheep, or pigs. The rest of the inhabitants are pirates, cutthroats, criminals, and other rogues.

The islanders make and trade wool, leather, salt pork, fish, and mutton among themselves and with the rest of the realms of the northmen. A few of the islands have legitimate port towns upon them; these ports are the centers of trade. Most of the rest of the human settlements are simple villages, erected on a narrow shore in the lee of some protective natural breakwater, such as another island.

A century ago, the archipelago was tamed by the sword of a northman king named Viledel. For 40 years the islands

flourished during a time of peace, when pirates were banished to the north and south, and men did not live every day in fear of a buccaneer's raid. With the death of the king, however, the islands fragmented, and the weak fell prey to the strong. Since then, no leader has been able to unite them under one banner. Thus, the Korinn Archipelago, unlike the other realms of the northmen in the Moonshaes, is just a collection of small kingdoms. It plays little role in the greater politics of the northmen versus the Ffolk.

Some of the major islands are listed here:

Caftenor: This island offers the most resources of all the archipelago. It has a sizeable population of halflings and a decent port (also called Caftenor). It is surrounded by well-stocked fishing grounds.

Dennik: This island has few coastal villages, as these have long since been ravaged by the pirates who live on many of the surrounding isles. It is ringed by mountains and bluffs, but the central plateau is covered by many broad fields, where herds of livestock graze and some crops are grown.

Ventris: This island, the largest of the archipelago, is mostly covered by thick pine forests. Though heavily mountainous, enough of its land has been cleared to allow several farming communities to prosper. This island has sizeable populations of dwarves and halflings and even a few elves. The elves are from the mainland races, not the Llewyr.

Pandira: This is one of the largest of the islands of the archipelago. It boasts a good port and a population almost exclusively made up of ruffians and cutthroats. Pandira's port is a thriving pirate base, used by buccaneers who venture far north and east of the Moonshaes, as well as among the islands themselves.

Elminster's Notes

Rolf's longship, aided by a fair wind, took us northward past a long chain of

small islands. I noticed that the northmen remained very vigilant as we made this passage. When I asked for comment, Rolf simply grunted "Korinn pirates. They're as likely to rob a kinsman as a blood enemy."

I noticed that the men did not relax until the islands of the archipelago had dropped well astern.



OTHER LANDS OF THE MOONSHAES

Myrloch Vale: The Soul of The Goddess

At midday they turned from the narrow ledge and walked into the high, wind-swept pass. Behind them stretched miles of rocky highlands and dense forests. The pastoral farmlands of Corwell were invisible in the haze of distance.

And ahead of them, seen by each for the first time, lay Myrloch Vale.

The glimmering blue waters of Myrloch itself were barely visible. Many smaller lakes dotted the nearer landscape; rows upon rows of craggy peaks stretched away to the right and left. The trail to the north of the pass descended steeply across a wide, snowy slope into a lush forest of aspen and pine. Broad meadows, bright with flowers, broke the green canopy of the forests. Sparkling waterfalls too numerous to count spilled from the highlands into the vale, feeding the many brooks that created a silvery network of waterways connecting the many lakes.

In one place only, below them and to their right, did Myrloch Vale seem unhealthy. A sprawling region of spindly, leafless tree trunks surrounded a marshy fen. Numerous ponds dotted the area, but they did not seem to sparkle with the sunlight as did the water elsewhere. Much of the fen was obscured by thick growths of tangled brush and slumping, mossy trees.

As the companions passed over the summit, staring in awe at the scene before them, each of them felt a little prickle across the scalp, as if lightning was prepared to strike nearby. Yet the sky was cloudless.

"Magic!" barked Pawldo, nervously scratching the back of his neck. "Mark my words—we'll all be salamanders if we take another step into this accursed place!"

—From *Darkwalker on Moonshae*

AT a Glance

Myrloch Vale is named for the deep blue lake that is its dominating geographical feature. The huge valley is the most pristine wilderness that remains in the Moonshaes. It is regarded as a place of great sanctity by the druids and the Ffolk.

A nearly solid ring of high mountains surrounds the vale, serving as a protective buffer against the encroachments of humans. The few passes that cross these ranges are hard to find, follow tortuous and difficult approaches, and often present false trails that dead-end in box canyons or against sheer cliffs.

The only exceptions are some passes that connect the valley to Corwell to the south. Here the mountains are not so rugged and the connecting valleys not so difficult to follow. But also here dwell the Ffolk, who have little wish to disturb such a location of high religious significance.

Myrloch Vale is home to a thriving

population of creatures, but very few humans are numbered among them. The only humans here are those druids privileged enough to be charged with guarding the goddess's most sacred lands. The grove of the Great Druid of Gwynneth, Genna Moonsinger, stands upon the shore of Myrloch itself.

Among the inhabitants of the vale are numerous faerie dragons who buzz like bumblebees among the wild flowers and park-like woods. Dryads can be found here, dwelling peacefully in their oaken homes. The vale also is home to leprechauns, eagles, sylphs, nymphs, centaurs, pixies, and Llewyr. All of these creatures inhabit the pastoral woodlands and fields in peace and harmony.

An occasional element of strife is introduced into the valley from some more malicious inhabitants, including harpies, giant weasels, rocs, and the savage firbolg giants. Still, the area is large and the populations of the various creatures are well-balanced, so life carries on from year to year in much the





same pattern.

Myrloch Vale is a deep, clear, and cold body of water. Tales speak of an ancient kingdom of the faerie folk, lying beneath the water, that will become the final home of these creatures when human encroachment has driven them from the lands of the Moonshaes. The lake is certainly large enough to shelter such a place, but no clue as to its existence is visible upon the surface.

Among the many lakes and ponds of the valley are scattered more than a dozen Moonwells, each entrusted to the care of a mature and responsible druid. The Moonwell of Genna Moon-singer stands beside the shore of Myrloch itself, and is surrounded by the ring of stone arches that often characterize places of particular sanctity among the Ffolk. This is also the ring where the entire council of the druids of Gwynneth will gather to meet when their mistress commands.

Most of the other inhabitants of the vale live where they please, in burrows among the woodlands and pleasant groves, or in some of the many caves that pocket the foothills surrounding the valley. Only the firbolgs have made an attempt to disrupt and master the land, building crude stone huts in places and chopping down any trees that get in their way.

The Fens of the Fallon is the only inhospitable area of Myrloch Vale. This dingy swamp is centered around one of the Moonwells, but the well has been polluted by the diligent efforts of the firbolgs, in answer to the commands of their master, Kazgoroth. Now the fens are a dark and stagnant reach, seldom visited by the more wholesome inhabitants of the vale. Its waters are foul and are host to leeches, poisonous toads, and other unpleasant animal life. Even the druids shun the place, for a persistent malaise seems to afflict these clerics of the goddess if they linger too long within the rank region.

Hunting parties of Llewyr are not uncommon in Myrloch Vale, and the goddess welcomes their delicate enhancement of the Balance. The elven-

folk, upon the hunt, prey upon the old and weakened of their quarry, thus strengthening the breed in the long run. They also use all of any creature they slay, not wasting the bones, horns, or other parts, as human hunters often are wont to do.

Bands of dwarves have also come down from the mountains of Highhome to explore the wild places of Myrloch Vale. Occasionally they mine for gold and other precious metals in the bubbling streams that carry the minerals from the rocky highlands to lay them in gravelly streambeds. Unlike human miners, however, the dwarves do not tear up the streambed and muddy the waters in the pursuit of riches. Instead, they carefully dip their pans into promising patches of gravel, removing the glittering specks of gold, or the occasional plump nugget, and return the rest of the gravel to its bed in the stream.

Myrloch Vale is the home of Kamerynn the Unicorn. This mighty creature is lord of all the wild things, when he chooses to be. The sight of the great white unicorn is uncommon, for even in this wildest of places he seeks out the most remote thickets, the most tangled byways, to avoid contact with others. Still, he is there, and when he is seen in all his wild majesty, the sight remains with the viewer for life.

The centaur tribes that roam the vale tend to remain in the north, for they avoid the firbolgs as much as possible. The centaurs live more like wild animals than humans, primarily because, in such a land of plenty, there is no reason for them to practice agriculture or any other type of innately human activity. Of course, they hunt very skillfully and use spears with stone heads or clubs of wood and flint, but like the Llewyr they kill only what they need and use all of what they kill. This is hunting that enhances the Balance, and the goddess can rejoice in the killing, as well as the birth of the new lives that replace the prey.

Elminster's Notes

Several times during my travels on the Moonshaes, I heard mention of Myrloch Vale. When spoken of by the Ffolk, it sounded like a place of infinite beauty and peace. They spoke of it almost as if it were a mystical, not a real, place. I never spoke to a person who claimed to have seen it, but all had a definite picture of what it looked like.

The northmen spoke of it less frequently. In fact, I only recall one mention of it, and that during the feast in the lodge of Thelgaar Ironhand. (The vale, of course, forms the southern border to Thelgaar's kingdom.) When it was mentioned here, the northmen looked around suspiciously, and spoke of the place in hushed tones, as if it were a land of unspeakable horror and grim death.

These two views of the same place perhaps illustrate better than anything else the different views of the land held by the Ffolk and the northmen. It is why, I fear, the two races may never learn to live together in peace.

Game Information

Myrloch Vale is a place of health and beauty. Characters who visit it find themselves benefiting from the purity of the place, but only as long as they do nothing to disrupt its balance.

A character regains 1 extra hit point per day when recovering from wounds in Myrloch Vale. This hit point can be regained even if the character travels and fights during the day—he does not have to spend the whole time resting.

Hunting, as long as it is not wasteful, is good in the vale, since the wildlife is plentiful and has not developed a significant fear of humans. However, wasting game or cutting down or damaging living trees brings the wrath of the druids upon the intruders. This wrath manifests itself in nuisance attacks of bugs and bad weather, if the infraction was a mild one; if the characters caused extensive damage, they are subject to deadly attacks by enraged wild animals



and the full range of druidical magics.

The Fens of the Fallon is a separate locale, not bound by these penalties. However, the hunger of the monsters there will cause many attacks against intruders.

In the heart of the fens, the firbolgs have erected a giant stone stronghold, using blocks they have dragged here from nearby mountains. This stronghold is garrisoned by some 60 firbolgs, but it contains a treasure room with many magical items and about 50,000 gp worth of treasure.

Synnoria: Land of The Llewyr

At a Glance

In a high valley among the sheer mountains bordering Myrloch Vale lies the elven land of Synnoria. It is a small realm by the standards of the Moonshaes, but is completely unlike any of the other lands on the islands.

Synnoria is nearly impossible to find if one does not have excellent directions. There are three passes that lead into the valley, but each is a narrow path through many winding gorges, with a number of false trails to deter the uninvited.

From above, Synnoria appears to be simply a continuation of the sprawling peaks that surround it, for a mass *illusion* masks it from aerial observation. The mountains that insulate the valley from Myrloch Vale are rugged, and those separating Synnoria from Corwell are altogether unclimbable.

Synnoria is crossed by many small streams and brooks; the music of flowing water is everywhere. The Llewyr have used their magic to shape the land so that the streams flow as works of art. Bridges of wood, glass, and silver cross the brooks in particularly beautiful locations. The land as a whole has been carefully wrought into a garden—not a formal garden, where nature has been brought to heel by her masters, but a wild garden, where nature can display her beauty in a wonderfully balanced

pattern.

The Llewyr enjoy their art as they move about Synnoria. They travel often in boats of bark, wood, or even glass. Sometimes they ride their white horses along winding paths—paths that have been designed not so much to connect two locations as to show travelers the wonders between two places.

The elves of Synnoria have locked themselves away from the rest of the world to insure their survival as a pure race. The origins of the Llewyr upon the Moonshaes are locked with them, but it is suspected that the Llewyr are descended from the shipwrecked survivors of an elven vessel that was making the great journey to the west. Whether this is true or not, these origins now lie millennia in the past, so that even the elves have passed many generations since those original settlers. When the humans began to spread across the Moonshaes, the parents and grandparents of the current generations of Llewyr elected to fall back to Synnoria, which had long been a favored place of the elves.

Here they expanded the wondrous capital city of Chrysalis. Aided by their magics, they enhanced its beauty, and that of their land, in a way that was pleasing even to the goddess. She rewarded the Llewyr with gifts of her own: Mirror Lake, where one can always learn the truth, and the Grove of Meditation, which the elves use to enhance their already considerable magic power.

And the music of the falls is also a gift of the goddess. This last gift is perhaps the most precious, for it ensures that Synnoria will always be the province of the Llewyr. Humans can enter it only with difficulty, and those who do almost always go mad from the sheer beauty of the music of the falls.

But the Llewyr pay a price for their isolation. Their population is slowly but steadily shrinking. Births are rare and cause for great celebration. A new baby is born only every 8-10 years to the elvenfolk. Deaths from natural causes nearly match this rate, but accidental

deaths and deaths in battle have caused a steady decrease in the numbers of the Llewyr. Males are especially rare, so many of the activities that had been performed by males have now been adopted by the females.

This includes the defense of the realm. Now the warriors of the Llewyr are the Sisters of Synnoria. This elite band of knights is armed with silver lances and enchanted long swords, more gifts from the goddess. In exchange for these gifts, however, the sisters have taken a pledge. They ride white chargers into battle—horses of a line supposedly descended from Kamerynn himself. The stallion of the herd, named Avalon, is not ridden by a knight. Instead, he is locked in a corral, fed well, and guarded carefully.

For the pledge to the goddess requires that, if ever a human of royal blood should mount and ride Avalon, the sisters must serve that person for a full year.

The Llewyr grow and eat a variety of fruits and vegetables, shunning all meat. The animals of Myrloch Vale are trusting friends of the elves, and the deer in particular are treated more like pets than wildlife.

Trout are regarded as sacred creatures. Some Llewyr think that the fish represent the spirits of their ancestors, while others regard them as the sages of the land. The clear streams and lakes of Synnoria teem with the fish, many of which have grown to enormous size.

The heart of Synnoria is the city of Chrysalis, rising upon its rounded hill from the center of a circular lake. The city is a dazzling display of glass, crystal, and silver. Clear, strong walls surround it. Slender towers climb skyward from many places within it. Some of these are shining silver needles, while others have been etched from such perfect crystal that someone standing upon them seems to be suspended in midair.

But much of Chrysalis is now abandoned, for the city was built for three times more elves than now live in all the land of Synnoria. Legends tell the Lle-



wyrr of an eventual return to greatness—to a reassumption of their mastery of the Moonshaes.

But after these many centuries, it is doubtful that even many of the elves believe.

Game Information

Synnoria contains several beautiful things that can hold unexpected menace for the inquisitive player character.

The music of the waterfalls is an effect caused by the clear water that flows from the high mountains into the streams and brooks of Synnoria. This water is the melt from glaciers that have been enchanted by the goddess

herself—perhaps through Moonwells that lie locked beneath the snow.

The water sings a song of heart-wrenching beauty as it spills over waterfalls and babbles along rocky streambeds throughout Synnoria. This sound is a lovely backdrop to the Llewyr, a part of the loveliness of their land.

But to humans, the music is a deadly menace. Each time a human character approaches a stream in Synnoria, he must roll a successful saving throw vs. spell or become enraptured by the music, sitting beside the water and content to listen for the rest of his life. He refuses food and drink and resists to the utmost any attempts to move him

away from the water. Once out of range (300 feet for a stream, 2,000 feet for a waterfall), the enchantment is broken. Each body of water must be checked for separately. If the sound is caused by a waterfall, a -6 penalty applies to the saving throw. However, if the sound is masked by a *silence* spell or other music—the playing of a bard’s harp, for instance—the effect can be avoided.

Mirror Lake, a deep blue lake in a corner of the realm, has the ability to answer questions. It will always speak the truth.

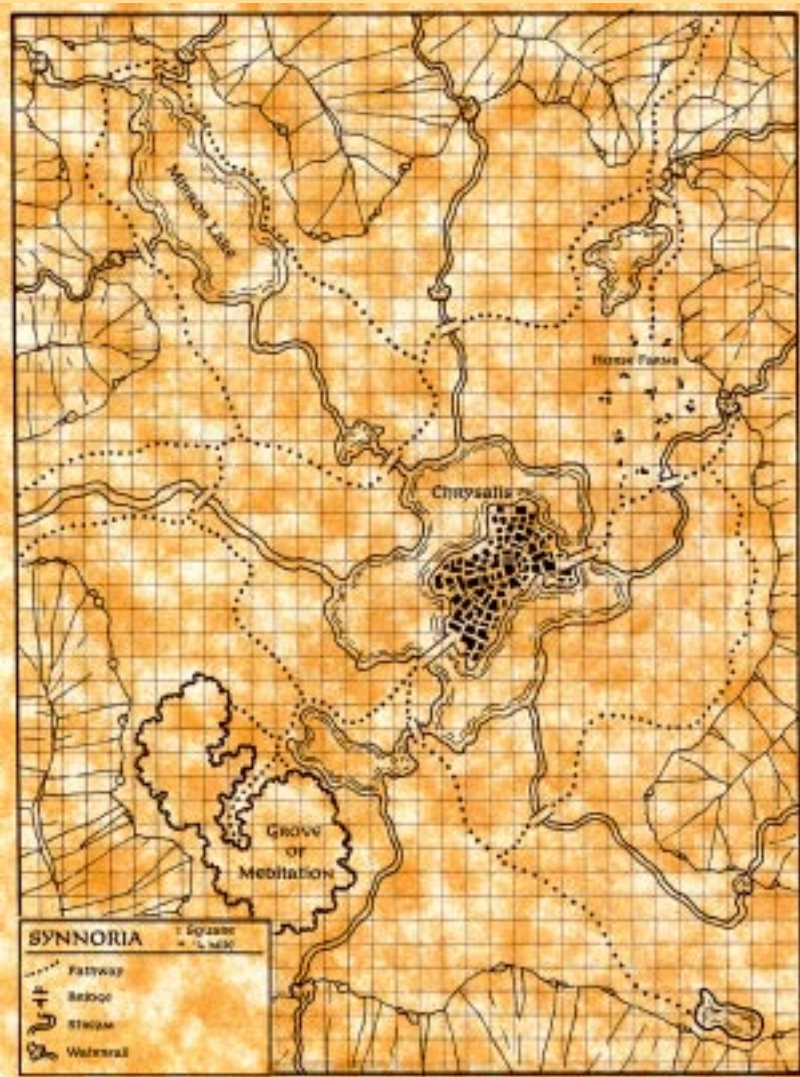
The questions must be asked by a character at dawn, when the surface of the lake is undisturbed by ripples. Up to three questions can be asked. Single-sentence answers are given by the lake. If the character asking the questions has not been completely true to his alignment, deities, and companions, however, the lake will tell of these failings in painful detail.

The effect of this revelation is to compel the character to set the situation right, as if a *geas* spell had been cast upon him.

The Grove of Meditation is a stately circle of pine trees that have proven of great help to elven magic-users. Only elven magic-users or fighter/magic-users with Intelligences of 17 or greater can benefit from the grove.

The Grove enables elven mages to exceed the usual racial level limits. If the elf has received enough experience points to advance to a level that he would not otherwise be allowed to attain, he must spend every day, from dawn until dusk, meditating in the grove. After 1d6 months, the elf will have received enlightenment from the goddess sufficient to allow him to advance an additional level.

An elven magic-user or fighter/magic-user can use the grove indefinitely, advancing in level as far as his earned experience points allow.





Flamstead: The Unusual Isle

AT a GLANCE

Flamsterd is an island settled by magic-users. The man who gave the island its name is of course the mage Flamsterd, who emigrated from Waterdeep seeking a locale where he could practice his arts in privacy. He was a (relatively) gentle man, and the native Ffolk accepted his arrival willingly.

The great mage proceeded to erect a high tower on the southern peninsula of the island—a promontory that extended far out to sea. He brought over many apprentices from the mainland, or recruited them from among the native Ffolk.

The island prospered. Aided by the spells of the wizard and his apprentices, crops flourished, livestock thrived, and the nasty storms that beset the rest of the Moonshaes seemed to pass to either side of Flamsterd.

The apprentices that Flamsterd had brought to the isles increased in level and power. They began to bicker among themselves, and with their teacher. Soon their conflicts had escalated to the point where several young mages died from the acts of their fellow students.

The Ffolk began to flee from the region of Flamsterd's tower as these incidents grew more frequent and more violent. Hideous monsters emerged from the chaos to wander free on the island. Owl bears, leucrotta, and other bizarre creatures terrorized the people of the isles.

The long peninsula of Flamsterd became a wasteland, subject to the ravages of magic. Throughout this conflict, the hand of the great mage was missing; it seemed to be only the destructive acts of his young disciples that caused noticeable effects.

And then one night the peninsula and the tower exploded.

Half of the island vanished, and the sea quickly rushed in to cover the scars. No one knows exactly what happened, but Flamsterd and most of his appren-

tices have not been seen since.

Now the island is a bleak wasteland of poor farms, small fishing villages, and the occasional wandering horror that survived the cataclysm.

ELMINSTER'S NOTES

I make this entry with sadness, for Flamsterd and I had become fast friends in our decades together in Waterdeep. The mage was always a trifle, well, eccentric, but he was a true master of his craft. In fact, he was in many ways a pioneer in the development of the arcane arts.

I find it hard to accept the fact that he is dead.

Game Information

Well, he isn't, actually. Tired of the bickering of his apprentices, the lack of discipline in those who had talent, and the clumsiness of those who did not, Flamsterd got rather angry.

Many of the warty toads and slimy

salamanders slithering around the shores of the island testify to the mage's mercy—he didn't really kill all those youthful apprentices. After he had taught them a lesson, those who did not flee into the night were turned into various small slimy creatures. He retreated once again to a private location to pursue his studies.

This time he took his laboratory, and a good part of his island, with him. Through the use of powerful magic, and employing the aid of high-level druids, he sank part of his island to the bottom of the sea. There he works in peace, developing magical spells, and testing them upon unwitting fish.

His tower is now surrounded by a great bubble of air, so that the mage can enjoy a walk in the garden, or throw open his window on a hot day. The bubble may be freely passed through by living creatures, but the seawater itself is barred. In fact, the mage and his servants eat quite well upon fish that fall through the ceiling.





APPENDIX A:

Using The Moonshaes

The many adventuring possibilities of the Moonshae Islands can be explored in a number of different types of campaigns. Several suggestions are presented here.

Campaign Themes

Module N4, *Treasure Hunt*, provides a unique opportunity for starting a campaign, as it is designed for 0-level characters—i.e., PCs who have not even selected a character class. It is set in the Korinn Archipelago, and players can easily develop a campaign there or move to other parts of the Moonshaes.

The first FORGOTTEN REALMS™ novel, *Darkwalker on Moonshae*, presents another possible campaign track. This campaign places one PC in the role of the crown prince of Corwell, with the others as his companions. The campaign works well when started with mid-level characters. Use the following guidelines to employ PCs from the novel:

Tristan: 6th-level ranger
Daryth: 7th-level thief
Robyn: 5th-level druid
Pawldo: 4th/5th-level fighter/thief
Keren: 13th-level bard
Arlen: 8th-level fighter
Finellen: 5th-level fighter
Brigit: 4th/5th-level fighter/magic-user

Other campaigns can be developed in any of the lands detailed in this source book. Player characters can be human northmen or Ffolk, halflings, dwarves, Lewyrr, or visitors to the isles. With some idea of what your players are interested in (do they want to explore dungeons, fight wars, right great wrongs, wrong great rights, or what?), you should be able to add the game details necessary to provide a full career of adventuring right on the Moonshae Islands.

Suggested Adventures

Try adapting some of the following adventure ideas for your campaign. Some are well-suited for low-level play, while others work better at mid level or higher, but you can always fiddle with the balance to create a challenging adventure for any level of PCs.

Pirates Off The Port Bow!

This adventure can work with PCs in the roles of the pirates or their victims. Young fighters and other adventurers are recruited by pirates. Non-pirates can become involved in adventures chasing the pirates in an effort to recover their valuables.

The Lore of The Land

Druid adventures play a big part in Moonshae campaigning. Many situations make for good solo adventures. It is also likely that a druid will enlist the aid of fellow adventurers to deal with problem such as an infestation of goblins or the desecration of an ancient barrow by an evil cleric, who might even animate the buried bodies to bring a plague of undead upon the land.

Werewolf in The Mist

The ravaging werewolf roaming the highlands is a splendid theme for a Celtic-type adventure. This can be used to draw inexperienced characters away from lives of sheepherding or hunting and into lives of adventure.

Battles and Campaigns

If you enjoy playing miniatures battles, many BATTLESYSTEM™ game scenarios can be designed to fall within the Moonshae campaign. Pirate and northmen raids can be played as miniatures battles. The sahuagin might emerge from the sea in force, providing several scenarios, or the PCs can become involved in a power struggle that results in a revolution within a single kingdom.

Underwater Adventuring

The undersea locations of Caer Allyson and the Tower of Flamsterd can provide unique adventuring opportunities. Also, the menace of the sahuagin can be played up in the Moonshaes and used to provide a setting for large-scale undersea encounters.

APPENDIX B:

Magical Items Unique To The Moonshae Islands

The following items might be discovered in some of the locales upon the Moonshae Islands, at the DM's discretion. Alternately, certain PC classes such as the druid might be able to make one or two of these items.

Druid's Cudgel

This magical club can be fashioned by a druid from the limb of a freshly dead oak tree. The tree must have been killed by some natural cause, such as lightning, drought, blight, or flood, that does not cause a weakening of the wood. The cudgel cannot be fashioned from a tree that has been killed by the actions of man.

The cudgel must be whittled smooth on the day preceding a full moon, and then immersed in the waters of a Moonwell from sunset to sunrise through the night of a full moon. When removed in the morning, it will be enchanted.

A druid's cudgel is a +1 magic weapon that inflicts 2-7 points of damage to small- and medium-sized creatures, and 2-5 points to large victims. It can be enhanced with a *shillelagh* spell, which adds an additional +1 to hit and damage.



Torque of The Goddess

This is a silver band that can be worn about the neck. It is commonly used as ornamentation by druids and other members of the Ffolk. The *torque of the goddess* functions in all respects as a *ring of protection*, +1 or +2, and can be used in conjunction with most magical rings, but not with other *rings of protection*.

In addition, the *torque of the goddess* provides its wearer with immunity to the disease of lycanthropy, though not the damage from a lycanthrope's attacks. The wearer receives a +2 to all attack and damage rolls against lycanthropes. Although the *torque* does not give a weapon that cannot harm a lycanthrope the ability to do so, the wearer can damage a lycanthrope with his bare hands or biting attacks. A *torque* can also be used as a collar for a dog.



Cauldron of Doom

This unique and potent item was cast by an ancient blacksmith under the watchful eye of the Beast, Kazgoroth. Its last rumored location was the Castle of Skulls in Llyrath Forest on the island of Gwynneth.

The cauldron can be used to create a zombie-like monster from a human corpse. If a corpse is thrown into the cauldron, it is imbued with a mindless form of animation; it will answer the

commands of the one who threw it into the cauldron.

The zombie thus created is identical to a normal zombie, with a couple of exceptions. It has 4 (rather than 2) Hit Dice and thus attacks as a 4-HD monster. It also has an Armor Class of 5.



Yoke of Boar Harnessing

These rare devices are of druidic design and can be used to harness a pair of boars or giant boars to the will of the bearer. Such boars can be harnessed to a chariot, cart, plow, or other towed object. Alternatively, the harness can be separated into two pieces, mastering two boars for riding purposes. Creatures larger than dwarves or elves (Llewyr) can ride only giant boars.

The harnessed boar responds to all of the commands of the bearer, but it does not receive any magical increase in intelligence. Thus tasks that could normally be learned by the creature can automatically be performed while under the harness, but the boar cannot perform unusually complicated tasks.

Yoke of Flight

This large yoke can be used to harness a pair of horses. When in use, the horses have the power of flight and can pull a chariot through the air at a speed of 36".

To take off, the chariot must race in a straight line at a speed of at least 12" per round. When the command word is



spoken, the vehicle lifts off the ground and soars into the air. It must travel at least 12" per turn to remain airborne; at a slower speed it automatically crashes. The chariot flies with Maneuverability Class E.

Landing requires a straight path at least 18" long. It takes two rounds to slow down enough to maneuver freely on the ground.

Yoke of Underwater Action

This yoke, like the *yoke of flight*, enables a pair of horses to carry a chariot through a medium it could not normally enter. In this case, the environment is water.

The horses can pull the chariot at their normal movement rate. The horses have no difficulty breathing, nor do any riders who remain upon the chariot.

Avenging Hammer

This is a mighty war hammer that requires a Strength of at least 18 to wield. It functions as a *lucern hammer* +2 in most combat situations.

When the *hammer of vengeance* is wielded against an opponent wearing metal armor, including chain mail, the hammer's special ability can be employed. On any hit upon a metal-armored individual with a roll of 18 to 20 (on 1d20), the metal armor is smashed and rendered useless. The shards fall immediately to the ground, leaving the victim unprotected for all subsequent attacks.

Sword of Cymrych Hugh

This potent artifact is the personal weapon of the first High King. It serves as a *long sword* +4 for combat purposes. It also has the special ability of *detect demons* within a 36" radius. This ability is usable at will.

The sword was specifically designed to battle the Beast, Kazgoroth. When that enemy is within 36" of the sword, and the wielder touches the sword by the hilt, he must make a successful sav-

ing throw vs. spell or be compelled to seek out the monster and battle it directly.

Druid Staff

The druid staff is a shaft of oak with a head carved in the shape of a wild animal, usually a boar, wolf, deer, or eagle. The staff allows the user to perform several special functions.

It can be used to *summon animals* of the type carved onto the staff. At a cost of two charges, the user can send out a call. All animals of the appropriate type within 12 miles hasten to the druid as quickly as possible. Once they reach the druid, they act as if under an *animal control* spell.

The staff can also be used to cast *animal control* on any animal within sight of the staff, at a cost of one charge.

The staff functions as a magical weapon, with a +2 bonus to attack, inflicting 1d6 + 2 points of damage on a successful hit.

The staff also functions as a *python staff*, with the characteristics of the *staff of the serpent* as detailed in the DMG. This includes the destruction of the staff if the snake is killed. Using the staff as a snake costs one charge.

At a cost of two charges, the staff can be used to cast one of the following druidical spells:

Call Lightning
Dispel Magic
Cure Serious Wounds

Plant Growth
Cure Disease
Speak With Plants

Once per month, with no cost in charges, the staff can perform one of the following greater abilities:

Wall of Fire
Transmute Rock to Mud
Conjure Fire Elemental

Insect Plague
Wall of Thorns
Conjure Earth Elemental

After using its greater power once, the staff only regains this ability if it is recharged in a Moonwell beneath a full

moon, as explained in the *Deities of the Moonshaes* section (page 21).



Runestick

The *runestick* is a kind of magical wand that can be created by a druid of 7th level or higher, but only if he has a Dexterity of at least 14. The *runestick* is a short piece of oak (about 12 inches long), carved with a detailed pattern of runes, and then wrapped in mistletoe or holly. It can be used to store up to five spell levels of druidical spells.

The stick takes 1d4 hours to create for each spell level cast into it (roll separately for each spell). Upon completing the *runestick*, the druid must cast upon it the spells he wishes to store. The *runestick* crumbles to dust one month after its creation; it cannot be recharged.

The spells stored in the *runestick* are cast at the level of the druid who enchanted the *runestick*. It can be used by any druid who knows the command word. It can also be used by any maiden of pure heart (use the unicorn test to determine this) who knows the command word. However, when used by a non-druid, the effects of the spells (radius, range, damage, etc.) are halved and victim receives a +4 modifier to his saving throw.



Magical Sickles

These devices are of two types, as explained below. In addition to the special effects listed, a magical sickle can be used as a magical weapon: +2 to hit and inflicting 1d4 + 2 points of damage to all sizes of victims.

Golden Sickle

A *golden sickle* contains 2d6 charges when found. It has two abilities:

* Without expending a charge, the *golden sickle* allows the user to *pass without trace*, exactly as the druid spell of the same name. This does require the user to concentrate.

By expending a charge, the user can employ the *plant door* spell to open a pathway through tangled or solid plant growth. Unlike the normal spell, however, the *plant door* spell from the sickle always lasts one turn and the path can be used by anyone. It can be up to 120 feet long.

Black Sickle (Blightbringer)

The *black sickle* is an arcane device of potent evil. When it strikes a plant, that plant and all others within a 30-foot radius immediately wither and die. Animated plant-type creatures, such as treants, shambling mounts, and mobile fungi, receive a saving throw vs. spell to avoid the effect. Even if the save is successful, however, the animated plant must remove itself from the area of the blight as quickly as possible.



Mug of Plenty

This device is a large clay beer mug. When a command word is spoken, it immediately fills with light or dark ale or thick mead, as the user wishes. When drained, the command word will cause it to fill again. While not particularly useful on adventures (although you never know...), this is perhaps the most popular magical item among the isles.

Helm of Seabreathing

This is a limited version of the *helm of underwater action*. It allows the wearer to breathe underwater, at any depth, but in no way enhances his movement or vision.

Figurehead Of Blessing

This device is most commonly employed by the northmen to guard the longship of a king or other important individual.

A vessel with this figurehead can go 1" faster than the usual top speed for that type of vessel, regardless of whether it is under oar or sail power. Whenever the steersman or captain makes an Intelligence Check to avoid or detect hazards, a +2 bonus applies to the character's Intelligence score. The figurehead increases the hull value of a

vessel by 10% (round fractions up).

Perhaps its most important function is to grant the ship a partial immunity to turbulent seas. A ship with this figurehead treats any type of rough weather as the next calmest weather type, as shown of the Wind Direction and Force Table of the *DMG*, page 54. Thus a hurricane is as a storm to this ship, a storm is treated as a strong gale, etc.

Finally, if a fire strikes the vessel, the degree of damage inflicted is also modified to the next more favorable class, as also shown in the *DMG*, page 54. Heavy Damage becomes Moderate to Heavy Damage, and so forth.

Folding Coracle

This device is similar to a *folding boat*, except that it does not create such a grand vessel nor does it take up as much space when it is collapsed.

The folding coracle looks like a small leather patch when folded — about the size of a large playing card. In fact, the patch may be sewn to a piece of clothing as a means of disguising it. When the command word is spoken, it expands into a skin-and-strut craft that is circular and about eight feet in diameter. Up to six human-sized passengers can travel in it.



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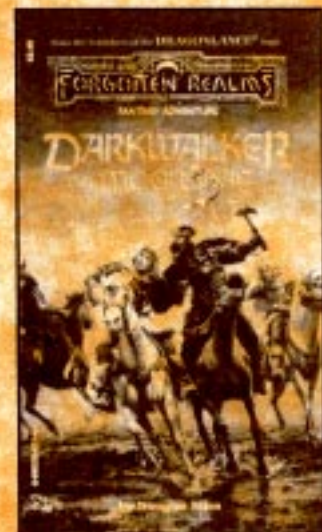
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Scale: 1 inch = 30 miles

	MOUNTAINS (high)		FOREST (heavy)		RIVER LINE
	MOUNTAINS (medium)		FOREST (medium)		CLIFFS
	MOUNTAINS (low)		FOREST (light)		SNOW
	POOHILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST (heavy)		GLACIER
	ROLLING HILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST (medium)		CITY
	BARREN		CONIFEROUS FOREST (light)		CASEL: KEEP
	VOLCANO		JUNGLE (heavy)		TOWN
	DESERT (hard)		JUNGLE (medium)		RUINS
	DESERT (soft)		SEA		COMMUNITY
	PLAINS / GRASSLAND		LAKE		ROADS
	CLEAR		RIVER		TRAILS
	SWAMP		DELTA		BRIDGE
	MARSH		BEACH		

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Trackless



Wave Rocks



Sea





Nerth

Norheim Isles

NORLAND

So
o
Moon



KORINN ARCHIPELAGO

bles

Glauspik Range

Northwind Strait

DRAGONSTONE

VENTRIS

CAPTENOR

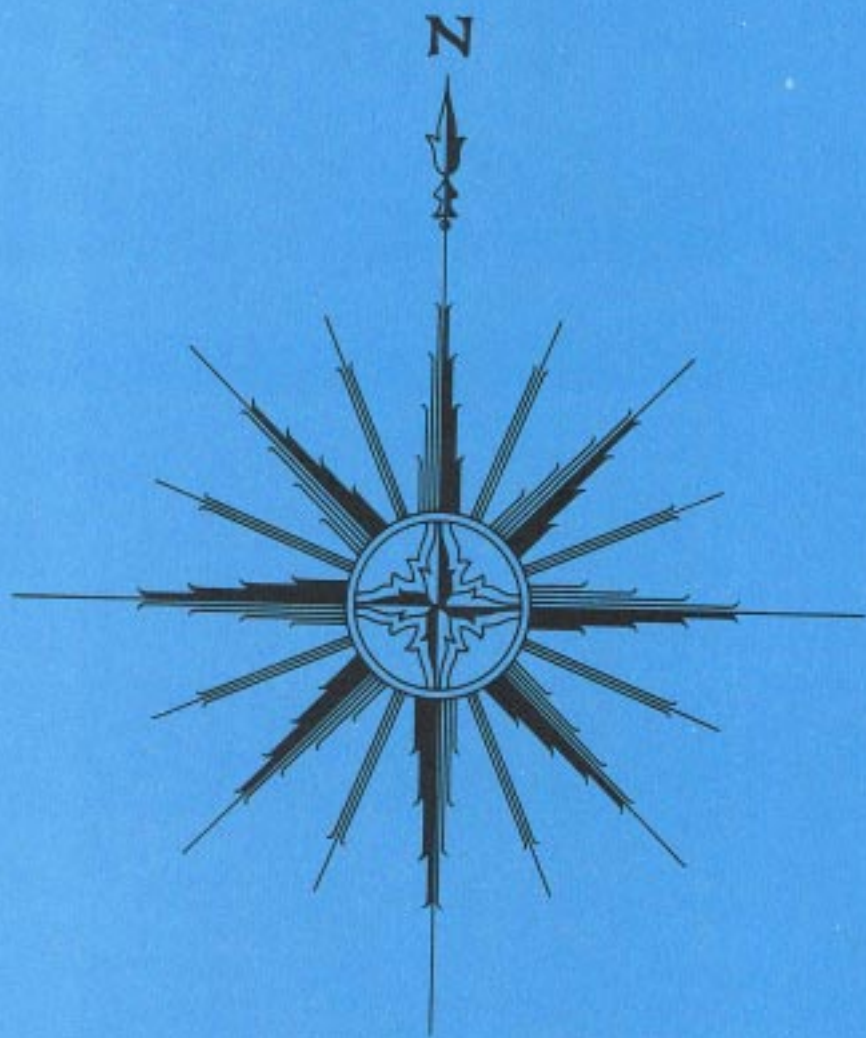
LUCHOBAT

DENNIK

Sea of Moonshae

Falnreigh Range

Whitefish Bay





Gull Rocks

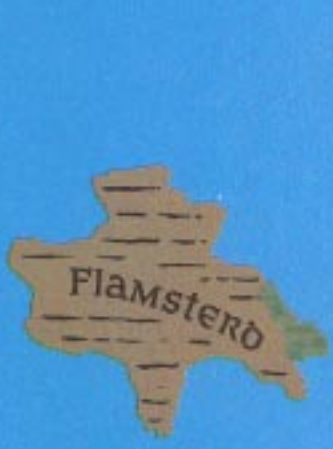
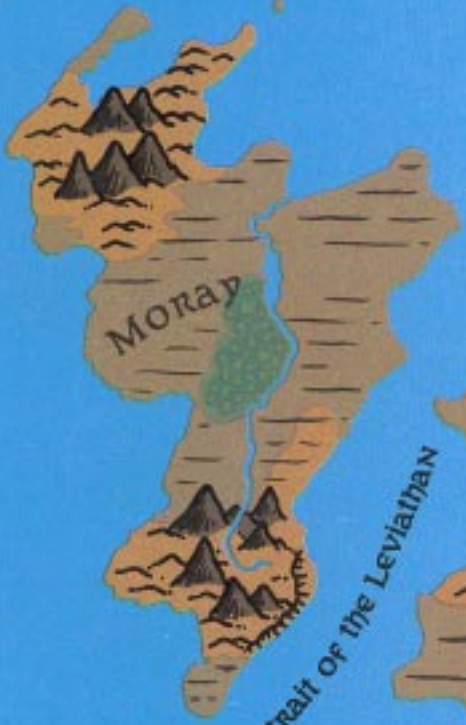
Crackless Strait

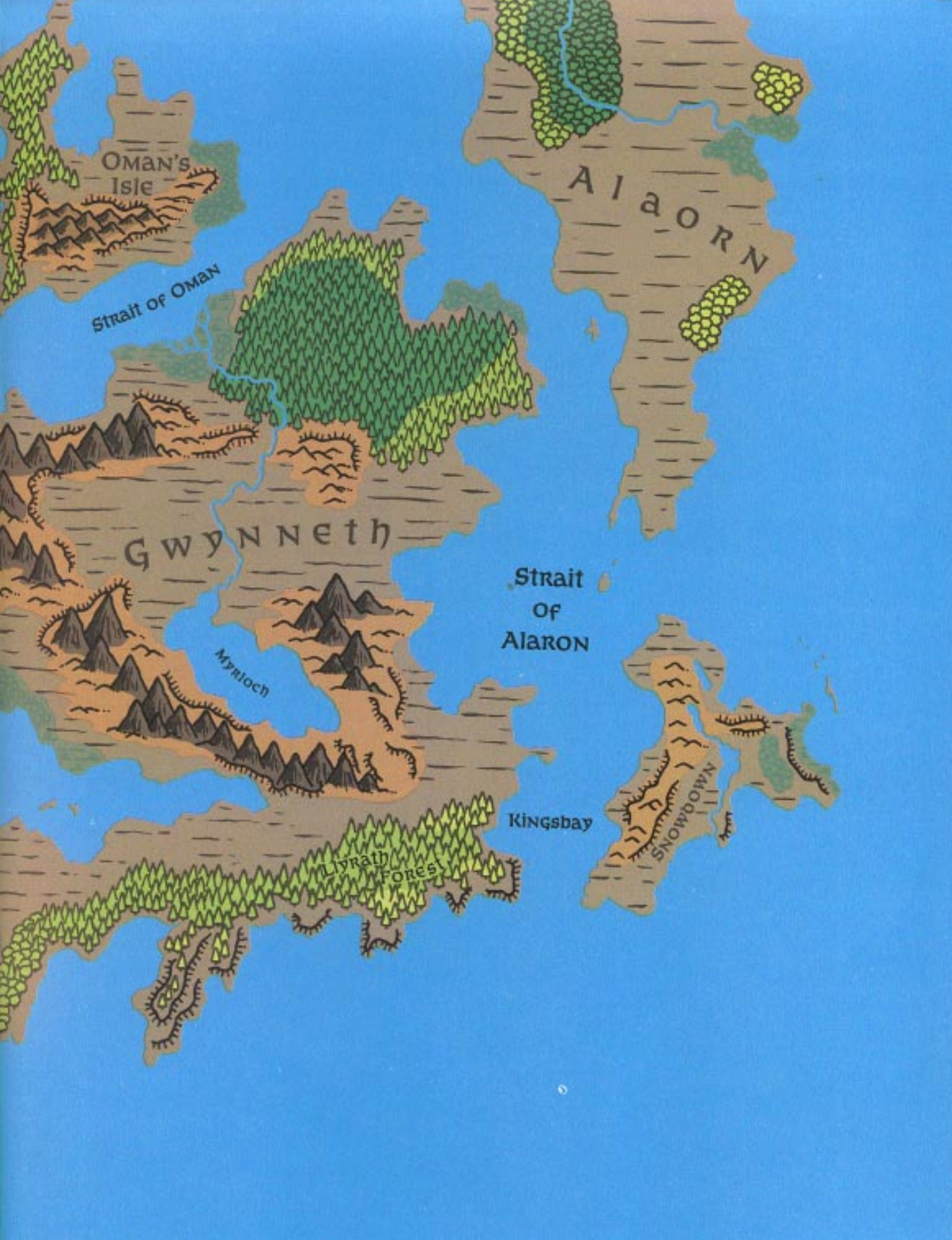
MORAY

SUNSET

Strait of the Leviathan

Flamsterø





OMAN'S
Isle

Strait of OMAN

AIAORN

GWYNNETH

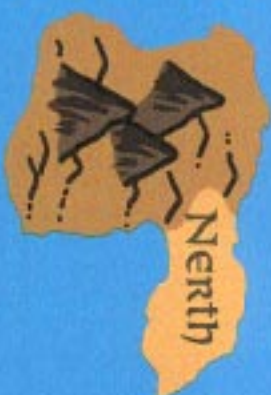
Strait of
ALARON

MYNLOCH

Kingsbay

LYRATH
FOREST

SNOWDOWN



FORGOTTEN REALMS™

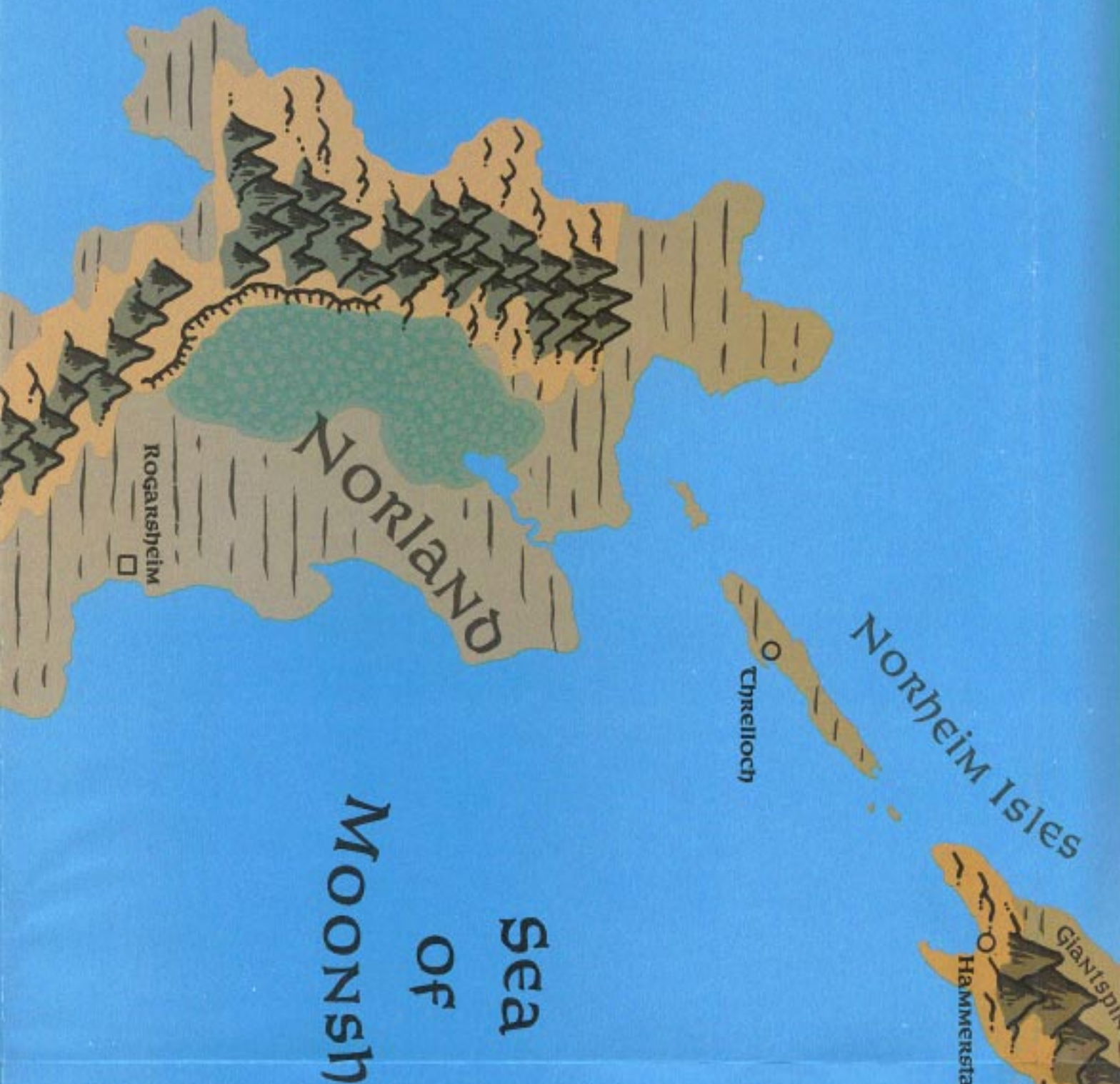
COMPANION SET

Scale: 1 inch = 20 miles

	MOUNTAINS RANGE		FOREST (deciduous)		ROLLING HILLS
	MOUNTAINS (medium)		FOREST (coniferous)		CLIFFS
	MOUNTAINS (low)		FOREST (tropical)		SNOW
	HILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST		GLACIER
	ROLLING HILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST (medium)		CITY
	ROLLING HILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST (high)		CASTLE/KEEP
	MARSH		TROPICAL FOREST		CROWN
	VOLCANO		JUNGLE (medium)		SKINS
	DESERT ISLAND		SEA		COMMANDERY
	DESERT		LAKE		ROADS
	SAVANNA		RIVER		CAULS
	PLAINS - GRASSLAND		DELTA		BRIDGE
	SWAMP		BEACH		

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Norland

Rogarsheim

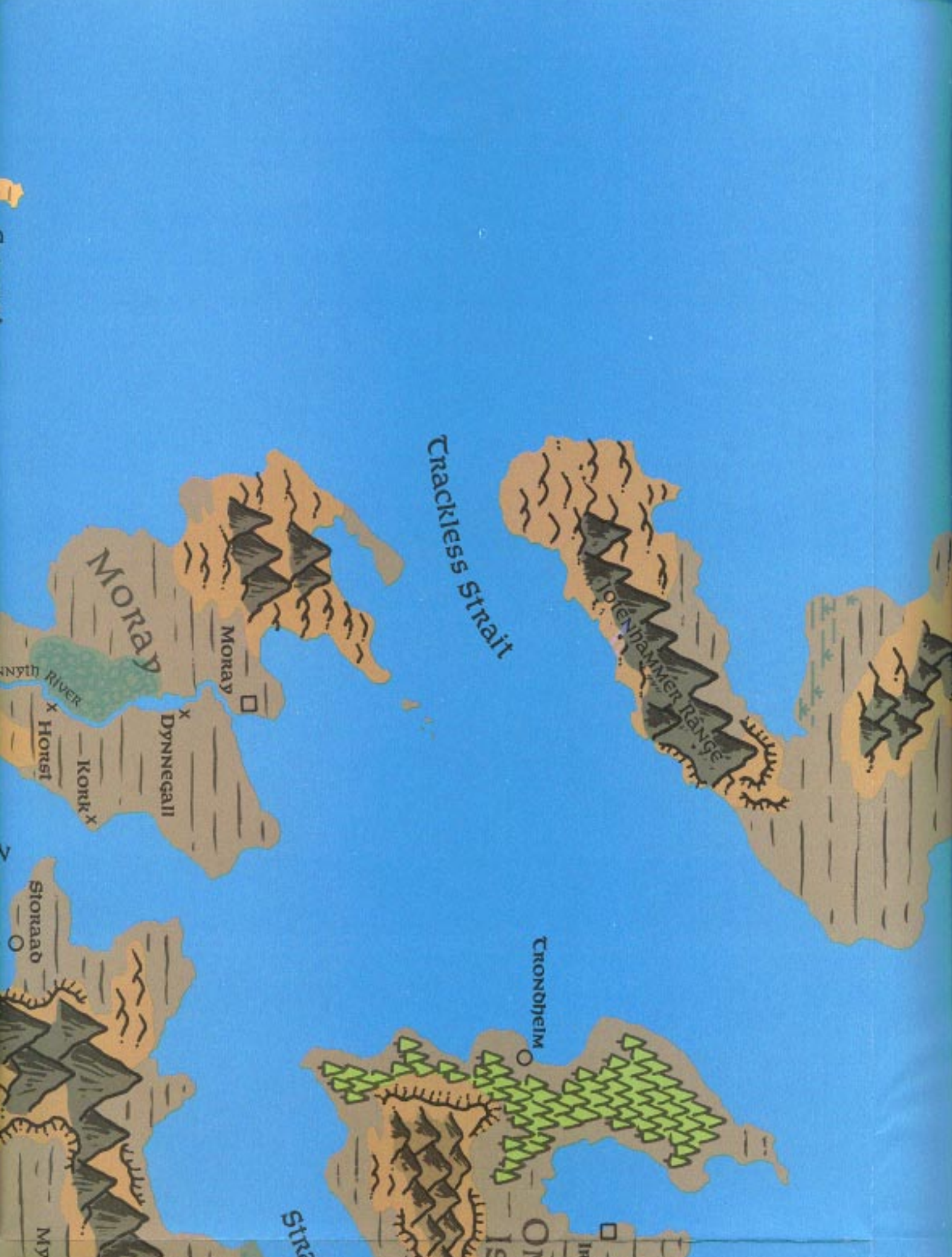
Chirelloch

Norheim Isles

Hammersta

Giantspire

Sea
OF
MOONSH



Crackless Strait

MORAY

MORAY

Jorenhammer Range

Nyth River

Dyngnegall

Horst

Kork

Storaab

Cronbheim

MORAY

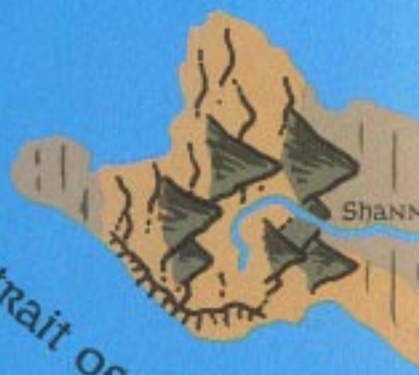
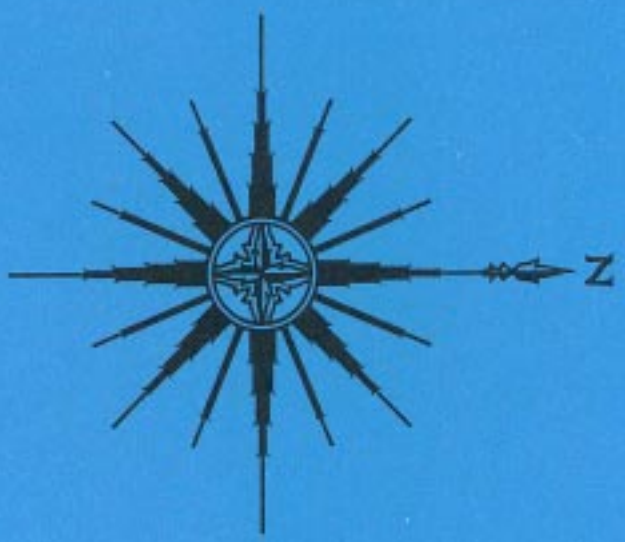
STRAIT

MORAY

MORAY



SUNSET





Seawolf Strait

Graystaab

Rotteshelm

Dragonshome

KORINN Archipelago

Caftenor

Highport

Ventris

Dennik



jae

staab

Northwind Str

Seawolf

Grayslaab

O Olarstaab

Blackstone

Callioyrr

White Rock

Whitefish Bay

Fairheight Range

O Gnarhelm

O Sunderstaab

X Highrock

Carter



prloch
Vale

Gulf of Oman

Iron Keep
MAN'S
SLE

AMADORN

Doncasille

Callibyrn

Ogben

Horsas

Swanma's
River

High King's Road

AMADORN

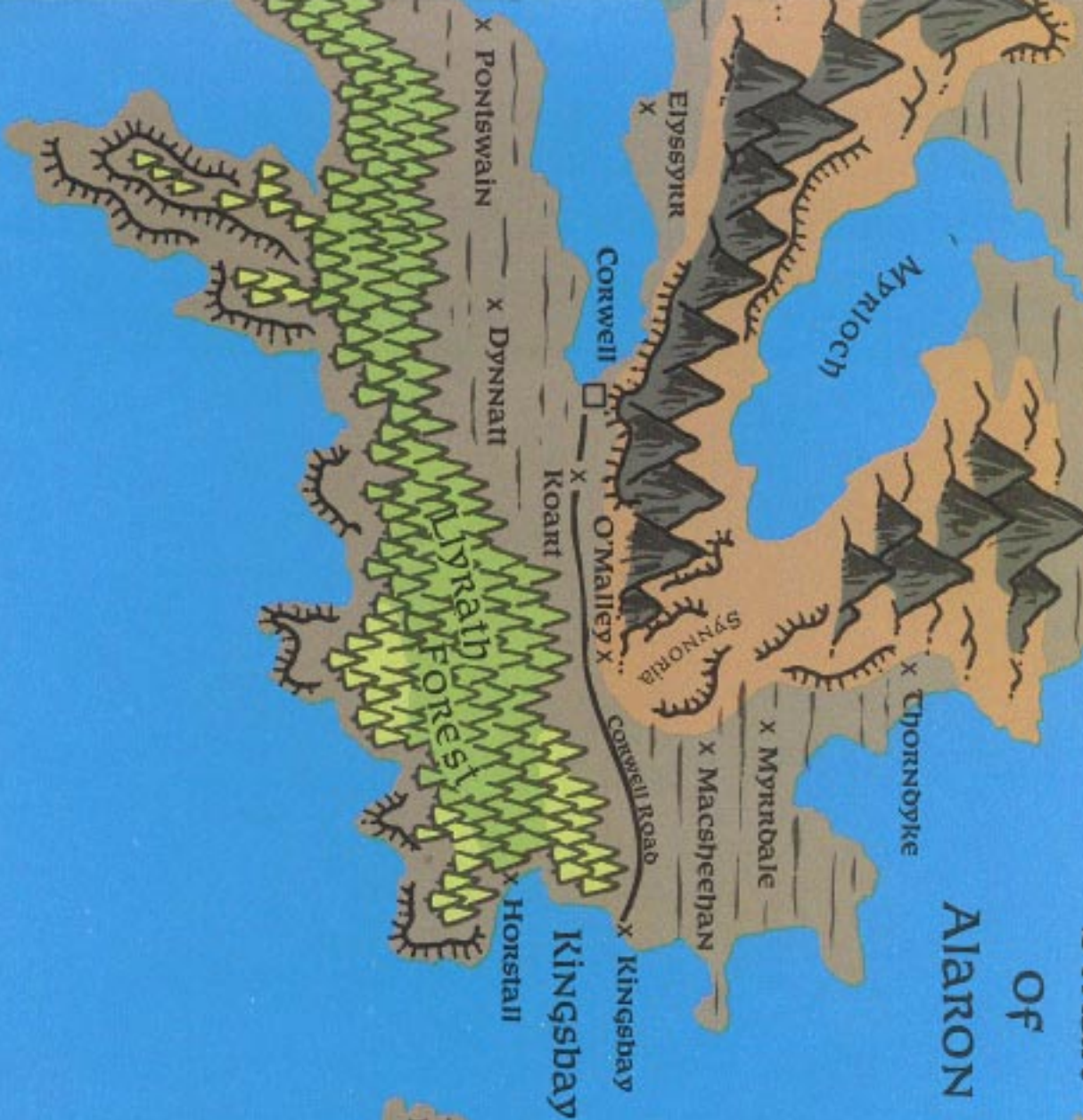
Biythe

Llewellyn

Kythys

G W Y N N E L L I

Strait of Alaron



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Empires of The Sands

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INTRODUCTION

Introductions (particularly introductions to games and game supplements) invariably fall into three categories. They can be truly useful overviews of the product, with good advice on where to start and what to do. They can be self-congratulatory, indulgent tripe in which the author tries to convince the reader what a tremendous amount of work went into the project, and how lucky he is to even have it in his hands. The last type is an obsequious, fawning thank-you note in which the author tries to mention every friend he ever had by name, detailing the invaluable contributions of third-grade teachers, girlfriends, pets, and other people you couldn't care less about. This introduction has to fill an entire page, so I'll give you a little bit of all three.

Useful Overview

With a title like that, this had better be good, huh? Anyway, *Empires of the Sands* is a sourcebook for the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ world setting for the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game. It covers three major areas in the southwest corner of the main continent of the planet: Amn, Tethyr, and Calimshan. They are called the Empires of the Sands because of their generally warm climate and large areas of dry, inhospitable land. The book is divided into three main sections, each dealing with one of these countries.

Opening each section is a General Description, which includes a discussion of the races (both human and non-human) present, the languages spoken, and the social customs of the land. The social customs section will be particularly valuable to those wanting to understand the personality of a resident of one of these lands for better role-playing. For example, trying to bribe a judge will have a totally different result in Amn than it will in Calimshan, and understanding the social customs and personality of the two countries will help the DM know what to do.

Other sections cover the history, government and politics, religion, geography and climate, and money and commerce of the different countries. Together, they give a detailed background to each country, filled with the little details (names of coins, typical expressions, etc.) that make roleplaying more fun.

Of course, the action-lovers out there will have plenty to do, too. The remaining sections list dozens of opportunities for bands of hardy adventurers to right wrongs, bring criminals to justice, alter the course of history, or just make a little profit and pick up a little treasure.

The Cities section provides descriptions of every city listed on the two-part map provided in this sourcebook. (The maps, by the way, are the same scale as the detailed maps in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign set, and fit together with them. If you also add the map in FR2—Moonshae—you are well on your way to having a map of the Forgotten Realms that will completely cover your wall!)

After the cities are described, all the other places of interest are discussed (in a section titled, appropriately enough, "Places of Interest"). The mountains, swamps, ruins, castles, islands, and rivers—plus the dangers and rewards which lurk there—are described.

Last, but not least, is a section called "Characters" which lists some of the important people and groups of people in the Empires of the Sands, along with the necessary statistics for play. The list includes heroes and villains, potential enemies and possible allies, people who will have an impact on campaigns set in this area.

My goal was for a typical DM to take any single city, place, or character description, and be able to come up with an adventure stemming from the circumstances described that would entertain his or her players. Taken as a whole, there should be enough ideas here for a campaign to run for a very long time, with a mix of high drama, low humor, great enrichment, and self-

less sacrifice.

As part of the center pull-out section we have included campaign-tailored character sheets, specific to the Forgotten Realms. Seven of these are filled in, and one is left blank for your personal photocopying use.

Please address any questions regarding this product to: FR3 Questions, c/o Scott Haring, TSR, Inc., POB 756, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.

Indulgent Tripe

When I think of this project, I don't think of it as a labor of love, or a labor of duty, but just a *labor*. Deadlines fell victim to procrastination and self-doubt, and soon even my friends began to shun me like a leper. Friendly (and not-so-friendly) hints were dropped with the subtlety of a falling brick. Office supplies were destroyed. There was much wailing and gnashing of teeth.

But finally, I finished. And I can't help but think that despite the delays, it's a pretty good product. Normally, an introduction like this is written well before the art and maps are finished. But this thing is so late that I've already seen the art and maps—I'm very pleased, and I hope you like them, too. And I promise to start earlier next time.

Fawning Thank-Yous

I want to thank my editor, Karen Martin, for being so patient; my boss, Jim Ward, for destroying only selected portions of my office and not the entire thing; Warren Spector, for understanding; and the other TSR staffers, especially Mike Breault, Douglas Niles, and Jeff Grubb, for letting me bounce ideas off them; and my mother, for letting me use her computer to write part of this book.

And a big thank-you to Ed Greenwood, whose 10-year-old AD&D® campaign is the basis of the Forgotten Realms, and whose extensive notes provided the skeleton for this work.

Amn

General Description

Of the three “nations” said to comprise the Empires of the Sands, Amn is the only one that is, truly, a nation. Ruled for over 20 years by a “Council of Six” made up of the richest and most cunning merchants in the land, Amn has enjoyed unprecedented years of peace and prosperity.

Amn’s borders are the Cloud Peaks and the Troll Mountains to the north; the Snowflake Mountains to the east; the Sea of Swords to the west; and the northern edge of the Forest of Tethir to the south. This includes the Tethir Road and all the towns along it, from Riatavin to Murann.

Races Appearing

Amn is, first and foremost, a human society. There are no known groups of elves or dwarves living anywhere in the country. There are the ever-present rumors of a lost dwarven kingdom in the Snowflake Mountains, filled with fantastic treasures from a forgotten time, but this story is more of a favorite childhood fairy tale than a legitimate legend.

This is not to say that there are no elves or dwarves to be found; Amn is a country where money talks, and as long as there are non-humans willing to sell their special talents to men and put up with being away from their own kind, a resident of Amn can find an elf or dwarf. Nearly every marketplace worthy of the name has shops either run directly by elves or dwarves or by someone who claims to have been trained by one. These claims are sometimes not very authentic, and travelers will have to ask around: Not every “Dwarven Armory” is run by a dwarf—some shop owners, in fact, wouldn’t recognize a dwarf if one walked through the door.

There are, on the other hand, a considerable number of halflings residing in Amn. In fact, nearly 15% of the population is made up of halflings. While there is no discrimination against the

halfling population, it is also true that the halflings tend to live in their own sections of town and do business with their own kind. But a halfling with a talent for business can rise quickly in Amn society, just as a human can.

Gnomes are rarely seen in Amn; the appearance of one in a town would be a cause of great interest. Half-orcs are also almost unheard of, with the exception of the town of Purskul, which has a sizable half-orc population (see below).

Languages

Amn is a merchant nation. As such, a traveler could enter the country speaking practically any known language, and somebody could be found fairly quickly who could handle the translation chores.

However, anyone who wishes to rise in Amn society must know Thorass, the ancient language of trade and commerce that is the ancestor of the “common” tongue spoken throughout the Realms. All contracts and legal documents are written in Thorass, and all court proceedings, government meetings and high-level trade negotiations are done in that language. Generally, the higher up in Amn society one is, the fewer other languages one has to speak.

Social Customs

Amn is a land where money talks, and wealth is the sole judge of social status. This leads to a number of interesting facets to Amn society that are different from practically anywhere else in the Forgotten Realms.

Knowledge and wisdom are not prized and revered traits in Amn; neither are exceptional talents in music, athletics, fighting, art, or any other pursuit. The only measure of success is material wealth. The inspired artist who refuses to “sell out” and dies penniless is a reviled failure, a freak; the mediocre artist who, through shrewd dealing and tireless self-promotion, becomes fabulously wealthy, is a role model for others.

The display of wealth is the only way to gain and retain status. It is not uncommon for a family to scrimp and save for a year, then blow it all on a party for the entire town that is completely beyond their means. Even the simplest and most humble stores have trays of expensive sweets and other delicacies for their customers. And big-money merchants regularly give each other the most outrageous and ridiculous gifts as tokens of goodwill before embarking on delicate negotiations.

Dress, as you may imagine, is gaudy, bright, intricate, and all too expensive. Elaborate headdresses are common among the women, while the men are more fond of long capes of the finest material. Elaborate embroidery, often using real gold and other precious metals, is also common. The only exception is at the very top of the social ladder—the upper crust of Amn society, refusing to become involved in the “petty status games” of those less powerful than themselves, dress in very simple clothes, with a minimum of ornamentation. (Of course, this is in itself a petty status game, but this is a complex society.) However, these clothes are always perfectly tailored, cleaned and pressed, and are always of the highest quality fabric and construction.

Even the common slang expressions of everyday life in Amn reflect a preoccupation with money and business. Some examples:

- *Sold*— Convinced. “I sold my wife we weren’t at the tavern, but at your workshop fixing that cabinet, so you’ve got to sell your wife the same thing in case they get together.”
- *Bought into*— Understood. “I really bought into that message today, Your Holiness.”
- *Good Business*— A standard greeting, this can mean “Hello,” “Goodbye,” or even “Get lost.”
- *Found The Pearl*— Enjoyed good luck. “So, Mikos has put 500 danters into this wagon, and he’s got no takers. Then, he really finds the pearl. Some rich out-of-towner breaks down right in front of



his shop, and buys it right there, at full markup."

- *Lost The Pearl* – Suffered bad luck. "Then, Mikos' wife hears of the deal, and spends the entire purchase price on a new headdress. Talk about losing the pearl! "
- *Foreclose* – To kill. Can refer to practically anything. "I finally caught that stoat that had been rummaging through the trash out back. Foreclosed on him real good, too." Or, "He was just asking too much and not giving me enough security, so I just foreclosed the whole deal."
- *Outbid* – Was more impressive or convincing than. "Since the innkeeper's crossbow outbid their beer mugs, the brawlers quieted down real fast."
- *Take Delivery* – Acquire. "Did you hear Deurthon and his wife took delivery on a new son?"
- *Red Ink* – Bad News. "Red ink, friend. The tavern's closed."
- *The Ink Couldn't Be Any Redder* – Things couldn't be any worse.
- *Finance* – To get something you either couldn't afford or didn't deserve. "You must have done some serious financing to get such a fine husband, Meg."

Amn society has a very paradoxical attitude toward the less fortunate. On the one hand, most people believe that "poverty is the ultimate sin" (to quote a famous Amn proverb). On the other hand, donating large amounts of money to charity is one way of showing off just how wealthy you are. The result is significant amounts of money given to the poor, none of it for the right reasons.

Nearly all the charities operating in Amn are run by various churches. There are, however, a few private charities that operate "for profit." The ultimate in free enterprise, these charities solicit donations and actually do help the poor, sick, and disadvantaged, but keep a large percentage of the take for themselves. In an area where more than one of these "for profit" charities is in competition, each tries to gain the most donations by doing the most for the unfortunates in the area; this is

very good for the poor, who benefit from the better treatment.

Moving about in Amn society is a tricky proposition, because there is a very high degree of attention paid to status, etiquette and protocol. Fortunately, almost every rule of Amn society derives from one simple precept known in Amn as "The Golden Rule": He who has the gold makes the rules.

This means, in general: The poor defer to the rich; the rich defer to the richer; and when in doubt, the person who is paying for it gets to decide.

Monsters

Amn is a civilized country; as such, monsters are rare, and practically nonexistent in the big cities. Of course, there's also a good deal of open country in Amn, and monsters are not uncommon there.

There are several tribes of ogres living in the Cloud Peaks, as well as several groups of hill giants. The largest threat in the area, a family of cloud giants that raided caravans in the Fang Pass, was defeated nearly 15 years ago. Mount Spear-top is rumored to be the home of several immense sleeping dragons, but little stock is given the story.

The central agricultural region of Amn has been rid of intelligent monsters long ago, but there are still incidents of lone farmers, single families, or the occasional small village being attacked by a hungry beast. Typical monsters include jackals, bears, wolves, owlbears, and the like. More rare but still seen are such monsters as the purple worm, ankhheg, bulette, gargoyle, gorgon, werewolf, umber hulk, and will o' wisp.

Of course, the Troll Mountains and Trollford in the northeast part of Amn aren't named that for nothing. A large military presence in Eshpurta has convinced the remaining trolls to pick their targets carefully, but they are still a danger. Recent reports indicate that large bands of goblins and orcs have joined forces with the trolls in the

northern end of the Troll Mountains. In some cases, reports claim that troops of orcs and goblins actually are commanded by trolls.

As mentioned above, the cities of Amn are for the most part monster-free, except for the occasional experiment gone awry or other summoned or magical monster resulting from human interference: various undead, elementals, familiars, demons, devils, daemons, and golems, plus liches, aerial servants, beholders, and the like.

Last, but not least, there is *something* (or several somethings) at the bottom of Lake Esmel. Numerous sightings have been reported, and several boat disappearances have been blamed on the monster, or "Esmelda" as she (or he, or they) has been dubbed by the locals, but no monster has ever been caught. (For more on Lake Esmel, see "Places of Interest," below.)

History

Amn has had the good fortune to be in an area abundant in natural resources—some say Amn is the richest land on the continent. This has worked in Amn's favor for generations, because even when the land was conquered, the new masters were gentle, looking to gain wealth from the land, not put it to the torch.

Amn has been a center of trade and commerce for as long as anyone can remember. Oral traditions handed down from father to son tend to support the theory that Amn has been a trade center for at least 800 years. Unfortunately, written records are difficult to find and incomplete. It seems the typical Amn citizen was too busy trying to make money to write down what was going on.

Amn has always been more interested in the present and the future than the past, and this makes an accurate history difficult to nail down. The best records, the business papers of the oldest trading companies, are jealously guarded. It seems the fear of revealing "trade secrets" is stronger than the call of history; as a result, the average citizen knows



very little about Amn history.

It appears that the Amn of 100 years ago was very much like the Calimshan of today. That is, each major city was basically an independent entity, banding together for defense when necessary, fighting for control of territory and profitable trade routes the rest of the time. A particularly brutal trade war began 24 years ago, with each city exacting prohibitive tariffs on goods imported from other cities. Soon, the trade war escalated, and city troops began to raid caravans sponsored by other cities. In a matter of months, trade had been brought to a halt, a number of cities were under siege, and the war threatened to engulf the entire region.

Into the breach stepped a young merchant with some magical training named Thayze Selemchant. Thayze was very smart, very charismatic, and very well connected (the Selemchant trading house was one of the oldest and richest in Athkatla.) Thayze secretly contacted representatives of the five other richest merchant houses in Amn, and started to plan.

The first part of the plan involved the careful sprinkling of rumors about outside threats. One rumor involved a pirate invasion from the Nelanther, another was about a massing of orcs just on the other side of the Cloud Peaks. Thayze even started a rumor about an elf army in the Forest of Tethir, ready to pounce on a divided Amn. None of the rumors were true, but they began to turn people's thoughts toward unity, not war.

Thayze knew that if he was to take control of Amn along with the other members of his council, he would need broad-based popular support. Rivalries between cities and merchant houses were still high; to get that support, Selemchant and the others agreed to drop their family names and never use them again.

So when news of a "Council of Six" spread throughout the land, a group that would unite Amn under one rule, governing for the benefit of all instead of one city or trading company over another, many people accepted their rule. The

Council raised an army (at great personal expense) to quell the few pockets of resistance that remained, and have been in total control of Amn for the past 22 years.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

The Council of Six still has a firm grip on Amn, and their true identities are still unknown. What started as a deception necessary to gain the trust of the people has become a sign of power backed up by the full force of Amn law. Speaking, writing, or revealing the real name of any member of the Council is a crime punishable by slow torture and painful death.

The head of the Council is known as the Meisarch. The other five members are known (in order of rank) as the Tes-sarch, the Namarch, the Iltarch, the Pommarch, and the Dahaunarch. It is widely known that the members are representatives of the most powerful trading houses, but nobody (except the council and their closest advisers) knows which houses are represented, and who the members of the Council really are. When a member of the Council dies, all members below him move up a notch on the Council, and a new member (usually a powerful merchant) is chosen to become the new Dahaunarch. This has happened twice so far in the history of the Council.

The Meisarch, Thayze Selemchant, has grown very powerful in the past 22 years. He is now a 9th level magic-user of Chaotic Neutral alignment with a Strength of 18/56 and an Intelligence of 18. He has hundreds of personal servants and bodyguards, all trained from birth to be absolutely loyal to him. There are a minimum of 15 bodyguards with the Meisarch at all times, all of 6th level.

The Meisarch is also living proof of the truth of another old Amn proverb: "Decay follows power as night follows day." The Meisarch is a petty, bitter, jaded man, engaging in perversions and debaucheries that would make a harlot blush. Politically, he changes positions

at a whim (and with no warning), and will crush a person, family or business simply for the fun of it.

The other members of the Council are not much better. Fortunately, one of the major tenets of the Council is, "The business of Amn is business." Free to make as much money as they can, the merchants of Amn do quite well, and the money they bring in provides even the lower classes with a reasonable standard of living. Whether the Council, or the merchants, or just good luck is responsible for all of this is not very important. To quote another Amn proverb: "No matter who prays for the rain, everyone gets wet."

"The Council of Six is responsible for defending Amn, both economically and militarily. To accomplish this, the Council has its own army (independent of the various town militias) and spy network. Current troubles for Amn include the constant pirate activity off the coast, and disquieting rumors of a goblin and demon army in the lands to the north of the Cloud Peaks.

The Council also has the power to set tariffs, rates of exchange, and interest rates for all businesses. This power has only been used once, to correct some imbalances brought on by a kickback conspiracy between a Riatavin trading house and some Thay merchants.

The Council's love of free enterprise ends when it comes to activities that could threaten the government. Freelance companies of adventurers are not permitted; if a group of adventurers wishes to operate in Amn as mercenaries for hire, they must be registered and licensed by the national government. Small bands of adventurers have their uses—and the Council of Six demands a modicum of control over those uses.

By the same token, magic use (and magic-users) are also very closely watched. When a magic-user (of any sort) reaches 5th level, he or she is given three choices: register with the government and do one month of service each year for the Council, but otherwise be free to do whatever he wants; banishment; or death. The first option



is the most popular, though a few principled mages (notwithstanding the traditional Amn notion that there is no such thing as a principled mage) opt for banishment.

The average citizen of Amn has little to do with the Council of Six, anyway. The decisions important to daily life are made locally, by a Town Council. Rural areas are usually under the jurisdiction of the closest town large enough to have a council. Criminal matters are decided by a judge, who is appointed by a Town Council. Each Town Council appoints as many judges as it thinks it needs. Judges are usually chosen from the upper classes and serve for two years (although it is not unusual for a judge to be reappointed after his two years are up if he wants to continue). Appeals to a Council Judge (answerable directly to the Council of Six) are possible, but rare.

Restitution and fines are the most common punishment for petty crimes, up to and including minor theft. More serious crimes are also punished by fines, but the fines are usually so high that the offender has no choice but to become an indentured servant (that is, a slave). If possible, the victim of a violent crime is often given possession of the offender as part of the restitution. The death penalty is standard for murder, treason, and other capital crimes.

Religion

It might come as a surprise given Amn's preoccupation with money and wealth, but Amn has a very strong religious streak. The Council of Six has a strict "hands off" policy toward religion, with the exception of those religions that criticize the Council—those are quashed rather quickly. Accustomed as they are to dealing with people of all races and backgrounds, a good Amn businessman would never let a difference of religion get in the way of a good deal. With no official sanction or deterrence, therefore, nearly every religion known to the Forgotten Realms is prac-

ticed somewhere in Amn. A few are more common than the rest, however, and they are listed below:

Waukeen



Also called "Merchant's friend" by her many worshipers in Amn, Waukeen is the Neutrally aligned goddess of trade and money. Many business negotiations begin with a prayer and small ceremony in her honor, especially if both parties in the deal are believers. It is also common for a tradesman to donate a (small) percentage of particularly profitable business deals to Waukeen's church. Most of Waukeen's believers, however, feel that appeasing the goddess is more for avoiding bad luck than attracting good fortune. As another Amn proverb goes, "The trader's skill finds the pearl; the fates lose it."

Lathander



Lathander, the Morninglord, is the god of (among other things) creativity and new beginnings. He does not have an unusually high number of worshipers in Amn, but he is mentioned here because it is common for devotees of other religions to make a special offering to this Neutral Good god when beginning a new venture or forming a new company.

Selune



This Chaotic Good goddess has dominion over the moon, the stars, and navi-

gations. Also called "Our Lady of Silver," she has been known to aid lost travelers in the dark of night by providing a little magical moonlight by which to see. Almost every merchant or caravan rider has, at one time or another, offered a prayer to Selune in the middle of a dark, forboding night.

Sune



That Sune is worshipped by many people should not be a surprise—she is the goddess of love and beauty, and is the most beautiful of all gods and goddesses in the Forgotten Realms. What is surprising is how many otherwise-mercenary citizens of Amn are among her worshipers. In fact, Sune is the second-most worshipped deity in Amn, behind only Waukeen (of course). Sune's followers tend to be vain and a little overly fond of ostentatious display, and her worshipers in Amn have no trouble living up to that reputation. Sune's temples are among the most magnificent in all the world; a new temple to the Chaotic Good goddess that may be the biggest ever built is currently nearing completion in Es-meltaran.

Chauntea



Chauntea, also called the Earth Mother, is the goddess of agriculture. As such, she has many worshipers in Amn, among both the producers of food and the traders. A bad harvest hurts the merchants, investors, and speculators as well, and many of them have been known to make an offering to this Neutral Good goddess near harvest time.



Leira



Leira has very few worshipers outside the realm of illusionists. However, she is mentioned here because many businessmen make an offering to her (or at least a respectful prayer) because of her position as goddess of deception and illusion. It is thought that by placating this Chaotic Neutral goddess before an important decision is made, the chances of being deceived or making a bad judgment are reduced.

Geography and Climate

Amn is an open and fertile land, especially between the Cloud Peaks and the smaller mountain range (called the Small Teeth) to the south. This area is rolling and gentle, with four or five major rivers and scores of smaller streams crossing the land.

The Cloud Peaks themselves are a surprisingly tall mountain range for their small size. The tallest mountain, Mt. Spertop, reaches 14,500 feet. The Small Teeth are much less severe, averaging only 8,000 or so feet in height. The Troll Mountains to the northeast average about 11,000 feet, and have extensive iron deposits. The Snowflake Mountains, on Amn's eastern edge, are a much larger and taller range. Little else is known about them in Amn; travelers and merchants prefer to simply go around them.

The southern foothills of the Small Teeth is good land for growing grapes, olives, teas, and herbs. The small strip of land further south leading to the Forest of Tethir is flat and unremarkable, good for little but livestock grazing.

The climate in Amn is both warmer and drier than average, but only slightly so. The rainy season begins in Uktar (November) and continues through early Tarsakh of the Storms

(April). The summers are hot (daytime temperatures in the 90s) and dry; the winters are mild, with only two or three hard freezes a year. There is little snow in the lower lands of Amn, but plenty in the Cloud Peaks and the Small Teeth; it is this melting snow that provides water for Amn's vast system of rivers and streams.

Money and Commerce

By order of the Council of Six, Amn has its own minted coins, which are supposedly the only legal tender in the country. While all taxes and official business are transacted in Amn currency, many other business deals and day-to-day purchases use whatever medium both parties agree on, including barter. The coins of Amn are:

Fandar: This is the standard copper piece (1 cp), and while common among the lower classes, it is considered too cheap for most self-respecting Amn citizens to carry.

Taran: This silver coin (1 sp) is worth 10 fandars, and is commonly used by all but the richest folks.

Centaur: This coin is made of electrum (1 ep), and is worth 100 fandars or 10 tarans. This coin is also often called a "decime" (pronounced deh-SEEM).

Danter: This is the Amn equivalent of the gold piece (1 gp). It is worth 200 fandars, 20 tarans, or 2 centaurs. The prices of all major goods and services in Amn are quoted in danters. This coin is also called the "little pearl."

Roldon: This platinum coin (1 pp) is worth 1000 fandars, 100 tarans, 10 centaurs, or 5 danters. This coin is not really necessary for commerce, but since it is the pinnacle of showing off, it is used frequently anyway. This coin is also called the "pearl."

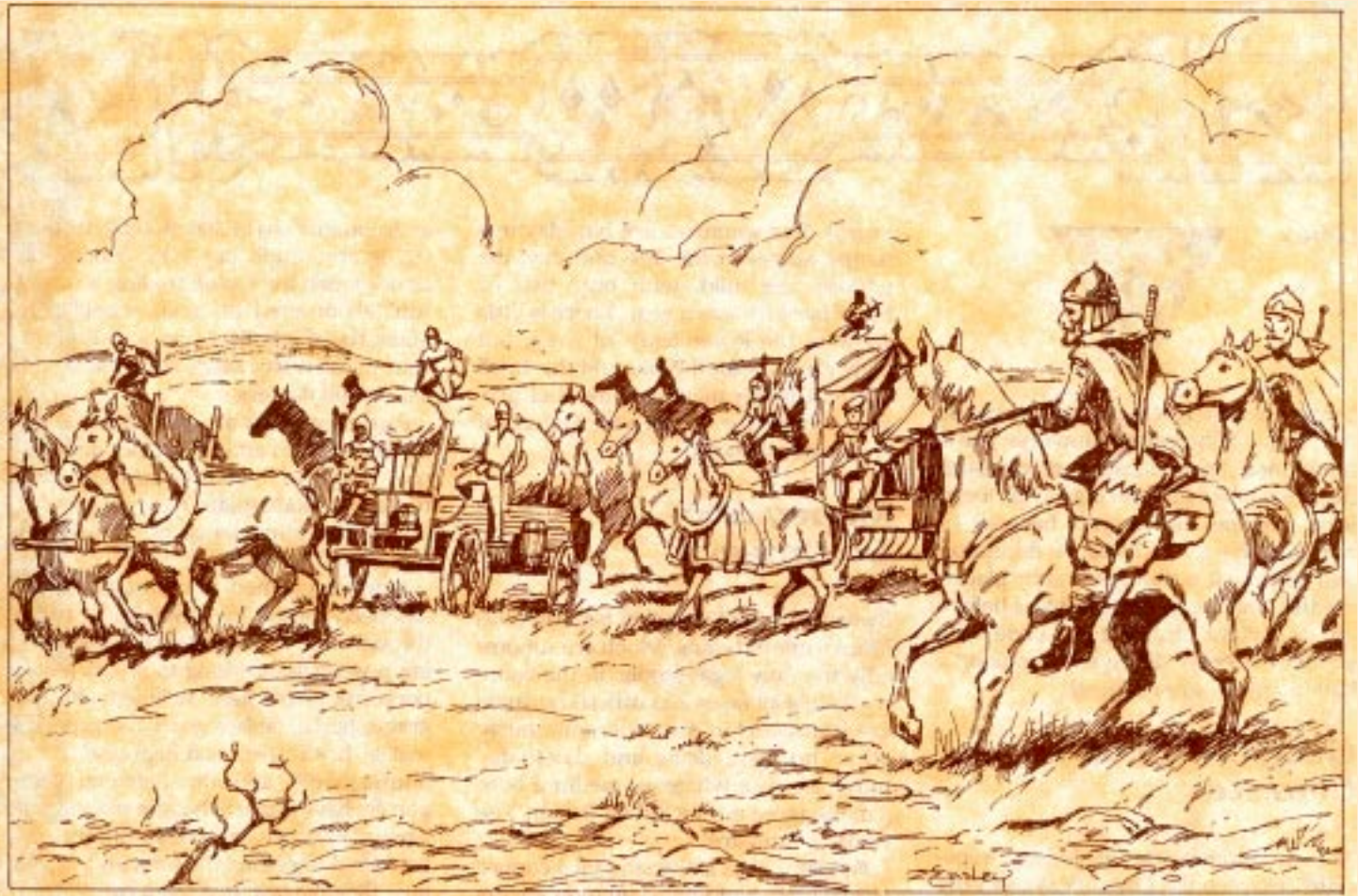
For large purchases and business contracts, trade bars are used. These are electrum or silver bars stamped with a denomination and the seal of the issuing company. Trade bars are generally issued

in denominations of 500 or 1000 danters; the largest trade bar ever issued was struck when the Fenzik trading house of Athkatla ordered 14 cargo vessels from Minik the Shipbuilder and paid the contract in full with a single trade bar worth 3½ million danters.

Paper contracts are still rare in Amn, but as bankers and financiers discover new ways to bankroll business ventures and manipulate the markets for profit, the importance of "paper fortunes" will increase.

Amn's reputation as a trading nation has been forged by centuries of travel throughout the Forgotten Realms, trading practically anything to anybody. Exports from Amn itself include fruits and grains, herbs, timber, gems and precious metals, fine textiles, and high-quality furniture, jewelry, and other handcrafts. Importers have learned that the residents of Amn are a tough lot to please; they're accustomed to getting the best, and there's little they haven't seen. As a result, traders are always looking for something new or different that may catch the fancy of the jaded Amn consumer and become the next fad. Andruth Pearlseeker of Keczulla made an unexpected fortune when he bought three wagonloads of eggs in Cormyr; bad weather delayed his return trip, and by the time he got back to Amn, nearly half the eggs had hatched, revealing strange, small, blue, flightless birds. Suddenly, the birds became a fad pet for the women of Amn upper society, and instead of getting mere fandars per egg, Andruth sold every bird (over 23,000 of them) for 150 danters apiece.

Many Amn merchants go years without setting foot in their home country, preferring to trade among outside countries than travel back and forth to Amn. There is no cargo so strange, no trip so long or hazardous, that an Amn trader won't try it if the money is right. The term "an Amn job" is used throughout the Forgotten Realms to describe a task of any sort that, despite the eventual profit, is so much trouble that only a fanatic would attempt it.



Cities

The following is a list of the major cities and towns of Amn:

Amnwater

Amnwater is an important crossroads in north central Amn. It is the meeting place of the Eshpurta Road, the South Fork (to Purskul), and the Esmel Road (to Esmeltaran). It is a fairly small town (population: 11,000), especially in view of its importance.

As one would expect, the main business of Amnwater is to cater to caravans and other travelers passing through. There are several excellent inns, many more adequate ones, and dozens of taverns. In addition, there are several places where wagons can be bought or repaired, and numerous stables and horse dealers.

Many guards-for-hire call Amnwater home, because it offers the best opportunity to find work in many different direc-

tions. Frequently, a caravan will come limping into town after an accident or bandit attack, looking to bolster its security. For this reason, there are also several armorers who work in town; their work is reputable, but because they often have their customers at a disadvantage because of an emergency, the prices can be inordinately high.

Athkatla

Athkatla is the largest city in Amn (population: 425,000), its capital. The Council of Six lives and meets here; the rest of the Amn bureaucracy is also headquartered in this port city. The National Mint (where all the coins are struck), the Council Library (containing mostly business records), and other important national offices are here as well.

If one city can be said to be the center of Amn business, it is Athkatla. It is Amn's largest port, and the home of the country's most powerful merchant houses. Many houses that got their

start in other parts of the country move to Athkatla when they get big enough. Moving to Athkatla is a sign that a business has "arrived" in the upper crust of Amn commerce. Most smaller trading houses also have representatives in Athkatla, because it is nearly impossible to break into the big time without dealing in the capital.

As befits a city of such stature, Athkatla has the largest and most diverse market quarter in all of the Forgotten Realms, including Waterdeep. The expression "draw air in Athkatla" means to fail in a can't-miss situation; if you can't find a particular item in this market (legal or otherwise), you're not looking in the right places.

Actually, there are very few items that are illegal in Athkatla. Only the most dangerous and addictive drugs are banned; sales of other things, like liquor, powerful magical supplies, and dangerous alchemical compounds are not allowed to minors (defined in Amn as persons under 14 years of age).

For as long as anyone can remember,



Athkatla has been embroiled in a not-so-friendly rivalry with Waterdeep for the position and status of top trading city on the Sword Coast. Both cities employ spies to find out what new trade routes and markets the other is exploiting, and neither is above arranging the occasional "accident" to one of the others' caravans. Current rumors are that Waterdeep is increasing the size of its militia in anticipation of an invasion by Athkatla forces. Athkatlans find the idea sort of amusing—"Don't they know that war ruins business?"—but are more worried that Waterdeep is using the story as an excuse to plan its own attack.

Athkatla is also the home of many large and influential organizations and guilds. One of the most powerful and notorious is the Shadow Thieves, one of the largest thieves' guild in all the Realms. Expelled from Waterdeep long ago, the Shadow Thieves' choice of Athkatla as a relocation spot sparked the great rivalry between the two cities. Waterdeep has long feared that the Shadow Thieves are planning a bold stroke to exact their revenge—a fear that is not entirely without justification.

The Shadow Thieves are run by a man known only as "Deepshadow." Deepshadow makes an occasional public appearance (he is not a total recluse), but he prefers to operate in private, most often in his own guild hall (called "Shadowhouse"). Rated strictly by income, the Shadow Thieves are the ninth-biggest business in Athkatla. This makes Deepshadow one of the most powerful businessmen in the city, and he has used his position to further his own personal fortune (rumored to be in the tens of millions of danters) and the position of his organization. There is now no chance that the Shadow Thieves will be cast out of Athkatla like they were in Waterdeep; too many powerful people—including the Council of Six—depend on them.

Deepshadow is a human of Lawful Evil alignment. He is a 12th level assassin and a 5th level thief with a Strength of 17, an Intelligence of 17 and a Dexterity of 18. The Shadow Thieves have over 500

thieves and assassins actually living and practicing in Shadowhouse, another 3500 or so active members living elsewhere in the city, and a "reserve roster" of part-time and retired operatives (plus specialists) numbering over 10,000.

Shadowhouse is also an extensive training facility. Guild members (even those not living there) are encouraged to use the facility, though it is understood that if a member uses the facilities, he owes a service to the guild. Shadowhouse is also the location of the original "Assassin's Run," a training ground copied by many others. For more on the Shadow Thieves, see below (under "Characters").

Crimmor

Crimmor is a medium-sized town (population: 80,000) that owes its prosperity to its location. It is a major crossroads, freight and trading center, as well as the center for Northwest Amn's agricultural and mining concerns.

Crimmor is perfectly located for trade. The Alandor River flows from Lake Weng through town toward Athkatla and the sea. Goods use both the Alandor and the River Road along its banks to get to the capital. To the east, the Eshpurta Road is the major east-west road in northern Amn. And to the north and south, of course, the Trade Way extends all the way to Calimport in the south and beyond Baldur's Gate in the north.

Crimmor sees a tremendous amount of trade goods and freight pass through its gates and docks. Goods from all over the Realms are routinely brought by road to Crimmor, then transferred to barges for the last leg of the journey to Athkatla and the sea. Freight from Athkatla follows the reverse route; there is never a lack of work.

In addition, Crimmor is a major center for the processing of precious metals and gems mined in the nearby Cloud Peaks. A good portion of the metal is shipped directly to the capital for minting into coins, but Crimmor is

also a major jewelry-making center. (While Crimmor's jewelers are certainly adequate, for some reason jewelry from here has fallen into disfavor among Amn's upper crust—it is seen as somehow inferior.)

One area in which the Crimmor name is synonymous with top-of-the-line is in carts and wagons. Zan Zoldafstel is known throughout Amn as the finest wagon maker that ever was, a reputation that has spread into other lands and has also inspired counterfeiters. Zoldafstel has been forced to place a magical dweomer on his authentic "ZZ" logo so that buyers can tell the difference between his wagons and the fakes.

Over the years, Zoldafstel has taken on many apprentices who have gone on to run their own wagon-making shops. Some of these apprentices have nearly as good a reputation as Zoldafstel himself, and they can also be found in Crimmor. One of the conditions Zan imposes on would-be apprentices is a promise that should the apprentice complete the training and start his own business, that business must also be located in Crimmor. Zan isn't worried about the competition, and besides, there's plenty of work for everybody. This is Zoldafstel's way of making sure that Crimmor remains pre-eminent in this field.

Crimmor is also the center for northern agricultural products—apples, pears, winter wheat, corn, oats, barley, hops, malt, and mild and sweet peppers. Crimmor beers and ales are also well-known for their quality, though they are considered too "common" for the upper crust of Amn society.

Eshpurta

Eshpurta is a town with an image problem. It is good-sized (population: 110,000), nestled in a beautiful valley in the foothills of the western end of the Troll Mountains. But despite its abundant natural resources and great beauty, Eshpurta is regarded by most of Amn as a frontier backwater on the edge of civilization.

Eshpurta has a very large military



garrison, and this is greatly responsible for its reputation. The garrison is considered necessary; military strategists have long ago decided that the open plain between the Troll Mountains and the Snowflake Mountains to the northeast of Amn was the most likely route an invader would take. As a result, Eshpurta is the military headquarters for the entire eastern half of the country.

Nearly 20,000 soldiers, officers, instructors and other military specialists live and work in Eshpurta. Amn's largest military training center (The Golden Fortress) is here, as well as the government's arms and armor makers. The military is Eshpurta's major industry.

In addition to the large-scale arms makers, a number of fine craftsmen have moved to Eshpurta to set up shop and cater to the officers and other more well-to-do members of the military, selling higher quality (and frequently magical) arms and armor.

Eshpurta has very little violent crime (there are easier targets for bandit gangs than cities with permanent military installations), but is rife with the so-called "victimless crimes" that cater to the vices of the soldier—gambling, and loan sharking, among other things. While Amn's notion of "free enterprise" protects most of these operations most of the time, the administrators of The Golden Fortress take note of those establishments which seem to cause the most trouble for their soldiers. Frequently, these establishments end up the victims of "accidents" during catapult practice.

While the military is not Eshpurta's only claim to fame, most of its other industries are somehow related to the army. There are extensive iron deposits in the mountains to the east, and extensive mining in the area provides the raw material for the arms and armor makers of town. Smaller deposits of coal, nickel, and electrum are also exploited.

In what is probably an overreaction to its "backwater" reputation, Eshpurta has an extensive arts and culture program, with a fine opera and several

handsomely-paid "town artists" who provide murals and sculptures throughout the city. Also, the city hosts an "Ice Sports Festival" every other Deepwinter (January). The festival's sledding, tobogganing, skiing, and speed skating events attract competitors from throughout the Realms. The popular winter game "Icedrop" (played with toboggans and an inflated sheep's bladder) was invented here, and at every festival Eshpurta's town team takes on all comers; they haven't lost yet.

Esmeltaran

Esmeltaran is perhaps the most beautiful city in all of Amn. Situated on the shore of Lake Esmel in the very center of the nation, Esmeltaran is well-known as a playground for the rich and a meeting place where many of the biggest deals in Amn are made.

Lake Esmel is the largest freshwater lake in the Empires of the Sands, and ideal for swimming, boating, and fishing. Fed by four rivers which originate in the melting snows of both the Cloud Peaks and the Small Teeth, the lake (particularly the eastern half) is quite cold. However, hot springs near the city provide both temperate swimming waters in the lake and spas for the wealthy in town.

Tourism is this small (population: 35,000) city's main industry. Hotels, inns, spas, theaters, exclusive clubs, and luxury villas abound. Esmeltaran has gone to great trouble to cultivate the image of the city as the "in" place for the top rank of Amn society. This campaign has been very successful. Nearly every family that can afford it has a summer home in Esmeltaran, and families that can't afford it still brag to their neighbors about taking a holiday to this city.

Because of the high concentration of the upper crust of business and society in town, two things are common. One, some of the most lavish parties ever seen are thrown here, as rival families and trading houses try to outdo each other on the social scale. The second is

that Esmeltaran is often seen as "neutral ground" for business rivals to meet and hammer out their differences.

Esmeltaran's other major industry is fishing. The waters of Lake Esmel are full of fish of all kinds, and the risks are low—the waters are calm, and storms are rare. The dunchow, a fish found only in this lake, is a specialty of most Esmeltaran inns and boarding houses, and is also a prized delicacy elsewhere in Amn.

Imnescar

Imnescar is a small (population: 17,000) town that is the center for agriculture in southwest Amn. It is also a popular way station and overnight stop for travel on the Trade Way.

Imnescar is also the end of the South Road, a good but small road that follows the Small Teeth (for this reason it is sometimes referred to as "The Gumline") to the three Hillforts (described below) and then turns north to Eshpurta.

The agricultural region Imnescar is the center of is a fertile, warm area famous for its fruits. Oranges, tangerines, grapes, dates, lemons, limes, avocados, and artichokes all grow in abundance here, and the region is also a major grain producer. Just a few miles to the west of town are Amn's finest wineries.

The continuing instability in Tethyr has the people of Imnescar worried. There was a lot of trouble here years ago when the first wave of refugees from Tethyr hit, as the long-time residents worried about losing jobs and land to the "foreigners"; the local authorities want to make sure that doesn't happen again. And even though the town isn't exactly on the Tethyr border, there is also concern an expansionist leader could take power and make trouble. The Council of Six is not as concerned, but they have responded to a request by the Imnescar Town Council and sent 150 army regulars to bolster the town militia.



Keczulla

Keczulla was started centuries ago as a mining town. After the mineral veins were played out, the town nearly disappeared before it became a popular stopping place for caravans and other travelers on the Eshpurta road. Recently, discoveries of new gem and mineral deposits have swelled the population of this city to over 42,000.

Every few years, a new example of a “dirt to diamonds” story (as they are called in Amn) happens to reaffirm the people’s belief that Amn is a land where opportunity is everywhere. Last year, the lucky example was Keczulla shopkeeper Pulth Tanislove. He purchased the books and papers of a hermit who lived on the edge of town from the hermit’s heirs, who came to Keczulla to settle the hermit’s estate upon his death. Upon examining the papers (something the heirs hadn’t bothered to do), he discovered an entire book devoted to finding a lost gem mine that most thought never existed. Convinced he could find the mine based on the information in the hermit’s book, Tanislove sold controlling interest in his book shop, bought the necessary equipment, deeds and permits, and left Keczulla amid much laughter.

The laughter ended three months later when Pulth returned to Keczulla

with just under half a million danters’ worth of rubies. He used the money to buy up more land along the Ridge north of town, where he had discovered more gems and minerals. Today, only two years later, Pulth Tanislove is the owner of Tanislove Mines, the largest gem, mineral, and precious metal mining company in all of Amn. His personal fortune is estimated at 700 million danters, and his success is single-handedly responsible for the rebirth of Keczulla as a major city.

Many other successful mining concerns have sprung up around Keczulla in the past two years, producing everything from iron and electrum to salt. Precious gems and metals of all kinds have been found, and they are even rumors that one company (the rumors disagree on which one) has found a vein of adamantite and is secretly smuggling it out directly to Athkatla.

While thousands have flocked to Keczulla to try and duplicate (or perhaps just share in) Tanislove’s success, the other businesses of Keczulla continue. A major travel stop on the Eshpurta Road, the town is filled with inns, taverns, stables, wagoners, and guards for hire. There is also an army outpost here, with 1000 men (200 of them cavalry) charged with keeping the Eshpurta Road clear from Amnwater to halfway to Eshpurta.

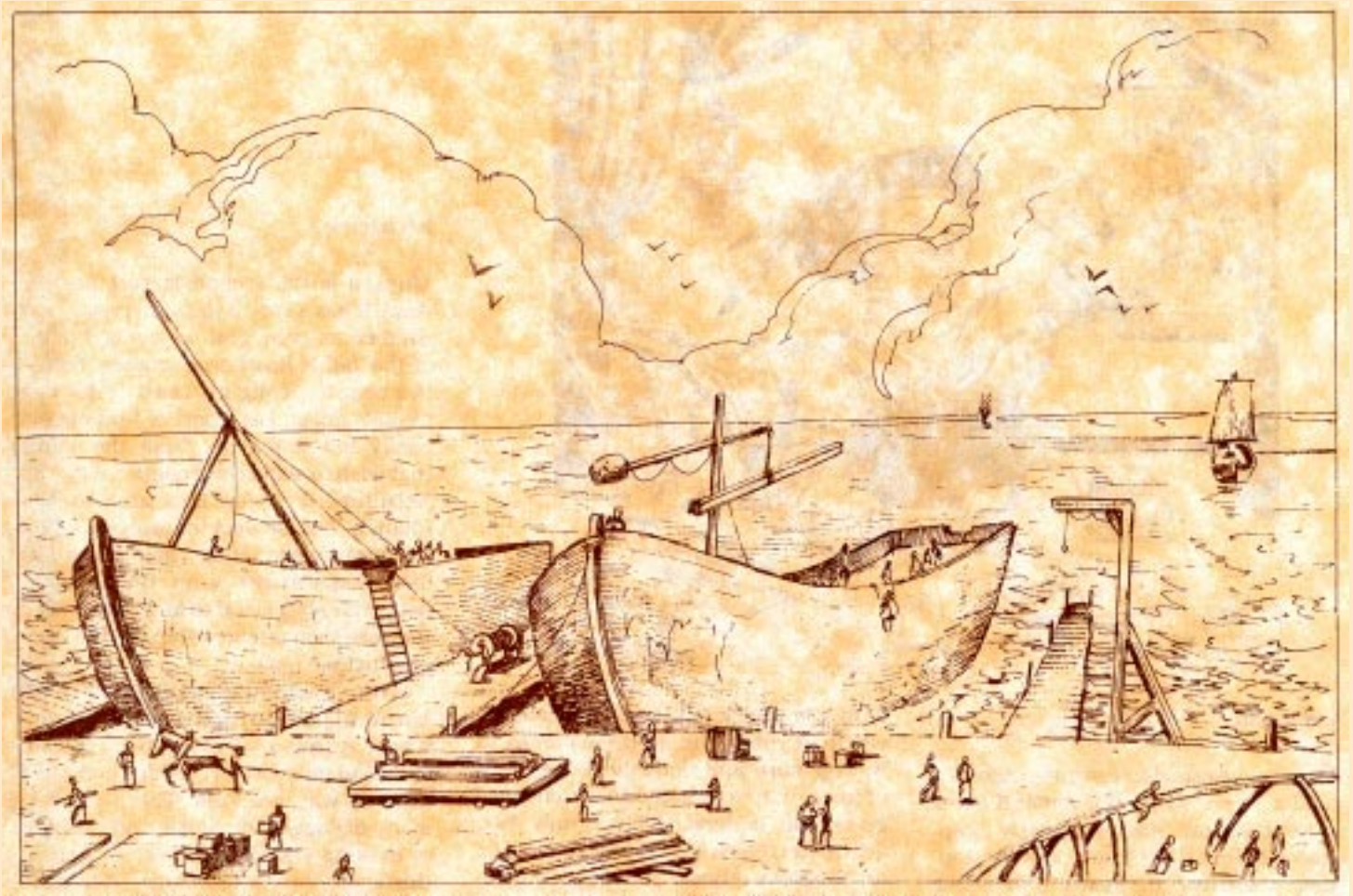
Murann

Murann is the second largest port in Amn. It has a very important position in Amn commerce, both as the end point of the Tethir Road (that crosses the entire country along its southern border to Riatavin) and as a port of first opportunity for shipments from the south that wish to avoid close contact with the Nelanther. Both The Race and Asavir’s Channel can be very dangerous when the pirates are active, and many Calishite merchants send their north-bound goods by land to Murann, where they are then put on a ship for the journey further north.

With a population of 130,000, Murann has an extensive shipyard where vessels of all kinds, from private yachts to massive cargo ships and huge ships of war, are built. There are also many drydocks for repair and refitting of existing vessels. Nowhere in Amn is the flavor of the sea stronger. While the port of Athkatla is larger, it is just one feature of a diverse city: Murann’s port is the heart of the city. Amn boys who crave the life of the sea don’t go to Athkatla—they come here.

Murann is also the home of Amn’s navy, such as it is. Amn expects most merchants to pay for their own private protection, but the Council of Six has allocated some funds for a small navy in the realization that with a concentrated attack, the pirates of Nelanther can mount a challenge beyond the ability of any single private fleet to handle. The navy does not have very many ships, mostly small, fast boats for pursuing the speedy pirates. In an emergency, the navy may force any private escort vessels it wants to help repel an attack, but this is a right reserved for full-scale invasions, and has never been used.

Murann has one other claim to fame. It is the home of the largest and most respected Alchemist’s Guild in all of Amn. Murann residents love to brag that the guild is the equal of any in Cormyr or Thay, but there’s really no way of knowing if that’s true. Wherever it ranks in the



overall list, there is no doubt that the group in Murann is impressive. They have been credited with the creation and refinement of many important potions and compounds, including the *potion of treasure finding* (which, considering Amn's preoccupation with money, should come as no surprise).

The guild runs a very complete shop in the market plaza where nearly any alchemical component or finished product can be purchased at a reasonable market price. The shop will also purchase rare components at a fair price, though the guild has no need for common components or finished products.

Nashkel

Nashkel is the northernmost city in Amn, and the coldest. Situated on the north side of the Cloud Peaks on the Trade Way, this small town (population: 4,500) bears the brunt of every winter storm that spends itself on the Peaks. The townspeople are hardy, however,

and never complain about the weather, no matter how miserable.

Nashkel is an important stopping place for southbound caravans and other travelers. Here they can get the information, guides, and equipment necessary to successfully cross the Cloud Peaks if they are not already prepared. At least once a winter, a caravan (always on a first trip through the Peaks) ignores help in Nashkel, gets surprised by a quickly rising winter storm, and has to be rescued. Sometimes, such a caravan takes a wrong turn in a mountain pass and isn't discovered until the spring thaw.

The people of Nashkel also make a fair amount of money hunting and trapping the local wildlife for both meat and furs. There is not a very large demand for furs in Amn because of the generally warm climate, but Amn traders still recognize value.

Purskul

Purskul is another important trade and

freight center in the center of western Amn. It is also the location of the largest grain warehouses in the country. Grain from throughout central Amn arrives via either barge on the Esmel River or caravan on the Trade Way or the South Fork, and is stored, graded, and brokered here. Other goods come through the vast barge docks on the banks of the Esmel as well, but grain is Purskul's lifeblood.

Handling the grain, transferring it from cart to barge to silo, bagging it, and shipping it is difficult, heavy work. This is the main reason that Purskul has the only significant half-orc population in all of Amn. The half-orcs are paid fairly well (for menial labor) but are looked down on by the general population. "Discrimination" is probably too strong a word for it (there are no businesses, for example, from which they are banned), but the human majority definitely considers the half-orcs inferior. Of the 16,000 people living here, about 2,500 are half-orcs.



Riatavin

Riatavin is a major center of commerce, especially when it comes to business with Chondath, the Shaar, and points further east. It is one the largest cities in Amn (population: 220,000) and considers itself a rival to Athkatla in sophistication and importance. Most Athkatlans feel that to even compare the two would be giving Riatavin too much credit.

Athkatlan snobbishness aside, Riatavin is an important city. Riatavin serves as an anchor of Amn influence in the southeast corner of the nation, and could serve as a springboard for expansion into northeast Tethyr or the area east of the Snowflake Mountains. It is also where the merchants of Amn arrange business throughout the east—as far as Thay, and often farther.

Like most other major cities in Amn, there is a spectacular market where nearly anything can be bought or sold. The usual “support industries” of commerce can be found here: wagon makers, fine taverns, moneylenders, guards for hire, stables, and inns. In addition, Riatavin is an important livestock center. Cattle, hogs, and oxen are plentiful in the grasslands surrounding the city, and these livestock are known throughout the country: “Tender as a Riatavin steak” is a common expression.

Riatavin is also the home of Samdusk Sorocine, a maker of musical instruments with a reputation throughout the Realms. Sorocine makes all kinds of instruments, but his specialty is lutes. A bard’s lute made by Sorocine costs twice as much as normal, but the bard using the instrument gets a ten percent bonus to all spells associated with songs played on it.

Trademeet

Trademeet is a crossroads town where the Trade Way and Tethir Road intersect. It has a population of 8,800, and all the standard businesses and facilities expected at a major crossroads; it is not

remarkable in this sense.

What makes Trademeet remarkable is the tradition of “Merchant’s Peace” that has existed there unbroken for (the legends say) over 430 years. It is said that this peace was declared by the goddess Waukeen herself, and a large shrine to her is in the center of town, on the spot where she is said to have appeared.

“Merchant’s Peace” is a state in which a merchant must be in complete accord with his fellow tradesmen. All negotiations must be completely honest, withholding nothing; no ambushes or thefts may be carried out, or even planned within the town; merchants cannot even disagree on what to have for dinner.

Peer pressure among merchants is usually enough to ensure the “Merchant’s Peace” is preserved. If that is not enough, there are many stories (some even verified) of businessmen who break the peace having terrible bad fortune strike them shortly thereafter, usually something having to do with the way the merchant broke the peace in the first place.

The story is told of a merchant of Keczulla, his name lost in the passing of time, who sent his guards to delay another merchant’s caravan on the edge of town, hoping to enter ahead of the other merchant and get the last room in Trademeet’s best inn. The approaching guards panicked some of the horses in the second merchant’s caravan, his personal carriage overturned and slid down an embankment into a stream, and before help could get down the embankment, the merchant inside was drowned. The first merchant continued his journey to Murann, and boarded a boat for Waterdeep. A terrible storm struck the fleet the first night out, and a tremendous wave struck the lead ship, carrying the merchant from Keczulla overboard. As soon as the merchant was lost, the storm stopped; the merchant was never heard from again.

Trailstone

Trailstone is little more than a collection of inns and taverns that cater to travelers along the Tethir Road. The town was completely built from the personal fortune of the Spulzeer family, to give travelers a place to stay other than Castle Spulzeer; given the unfortunate history of that castle (see below), it seems as good an explanation as necessary.

Places of Interest

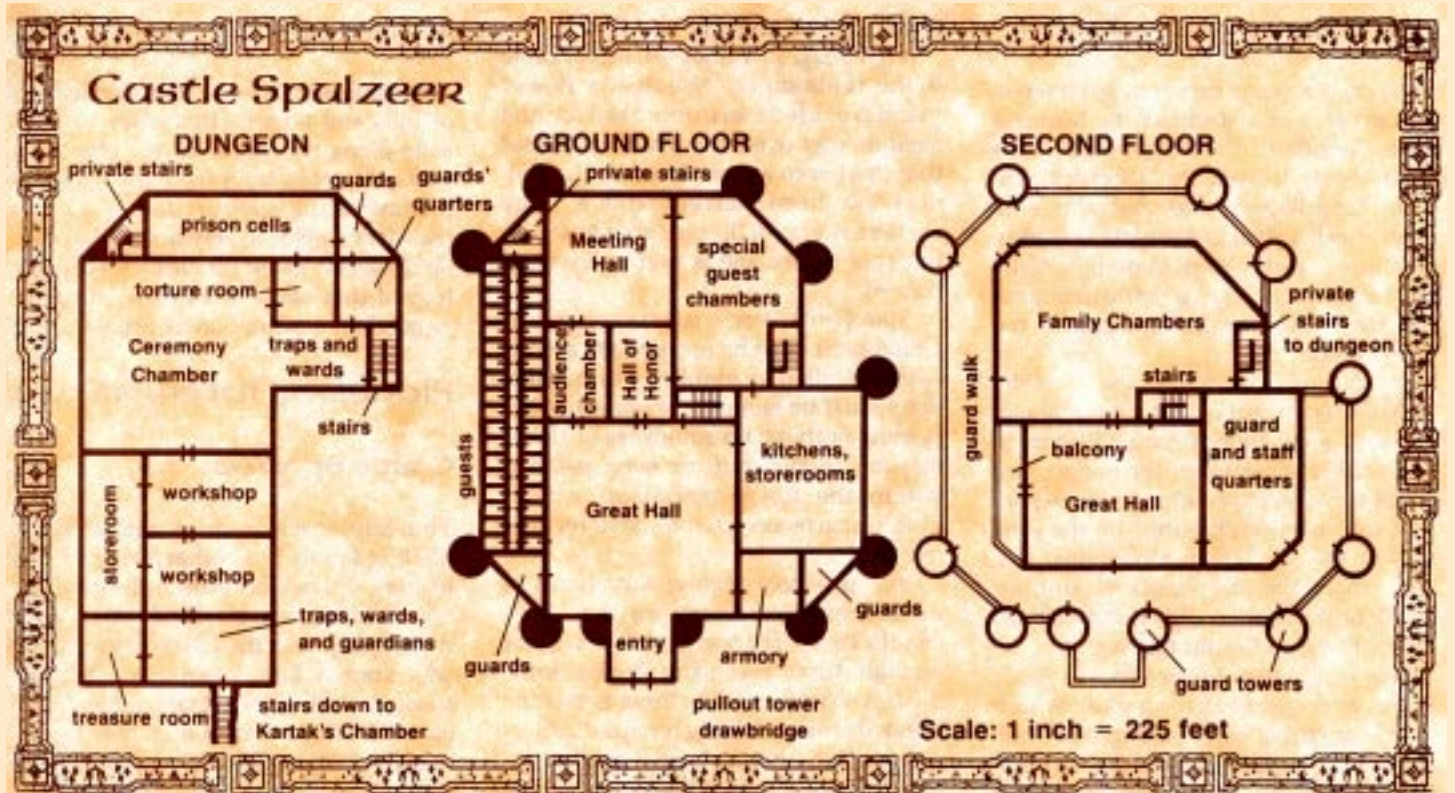
Castle Spulzeer

The Spulzeers were a major landholding family in southern Amn; in its heyday, the family castle and surrounding buildings were a small town unto themselves, and the castle’s hospitality was known and taken advantage of throughout the area. Many a merchant caravan with a choice of routes would take the Tethir Road for an opportunity to spend a night at Castle Spulzeer.

It was eight years ago that things began to change. The outer grounds fell into disrepair, and the castle itself was somehow less wholesome. Entire branches of the Spulzeer family disappeared; the ones that were left continued to offer the hospitality of the castle to travelers, but the visitors began to sense it was out of duty and tradition, not from any real desire to help.

The remaining Spulzeers began to attract a whole new kind of servant and retinue: tall, fur-clad barbarians; painted tribesmen from faraway lands; half-(and some more than half) orcs; and a morbid collection of misshapen and disfigured freaks of all races.

The rumors (fed by the imagination of frightened travelers) of Castle Spulzeer grew ever worse. There were stories of muffled cries in the middle of the night, shadows that passed over the sun on cloudless days, darkened shapes of unknown monsters circling the castle in the hours before dawn, and other fantastic stories. Most discounted the



rumors as campfire stories told to scare children, but as more and more people returned from Castle Spulzeer with similar stories, the doubts ended.

Things got so bad that eventually travel on the Tethir Road suffered, and so did business. Once that happened, the Council of Six was quick to intervene. An emissary was sent to the castle; he returned, shaken, but with an agreement. The sole surviving Spulzeer family member, Chardath, agreed to build an inn and tavern and several other buildings in the farming community of Trailstone, directly on the Tethir Road. Travelers now use the road regularly again, but nobody takes the 12-mile side trip to visit Castle Spulzeer.

Nine years ago, Chardath Spulzeer found an ancient book left by a centuries-dead ancestor named Kartak Spellseer. Intrigued by the book's promise of great wealth hidden in the depths of the castle, Chardath carefully followed the instructions in the book—and awoke the long asleep lich form of Kar-

tak Spellseer. Kartak rewarded Chardath with gems and magic (including an *unholy avenger sword* +5: as a *holy avenger* +5, but lawful Evil) worth hundreds of thousands of danters, and began his plans to reestablish his power in the region. Chardath was completely intimidated by Kartak, and did whatever he was told.

Kartak was never a particularly wholesome person, and he became downright bizarre as a lich. The freaks and strange servants were his idea of entertainment; other members of the Spulzeer family who objected were brutally murdered, usually by unseen magical creatures. Only after the visit from the emissary of the Council of Six did Kartak agree that allowing visitors to stay in the castle was probably a bad idea.

The past two years, Kartak has been busy practicing his rusty magical skills and re-establishing the magical guards about his various treasure chambers and workshops. Chardath is the only surviving Spulzeer; Kartak finds him

useful, and also senses a closeness of spirit between the two (note the similarity in their names). Today, Castle Spulzeer is filled with magical creatures of every type, magical libraries and workshops, and fantastic treasure rooms. (The map shows the castle as it was eight years ago; today, many of the guest rooms and family chambers have been converted to treasure rooms and magical workshops.) And Kartak has made plans with many would-be allies: demons, devils, orc and hobgoblin chieftains, and even a dragon.

Soon, very soon, Kartak will emerge as a terrible lich with the spells of a 31st-level magic user, and will start building a kingdom for himself. He will look first to the chaotic land of Tethyr to the south, but his appetite is sure to grow.



Amnur Citadel

The Citadel of Amnur is one of two heavily-fortified military outposts recently completed in the Cloud Peaks in response to the ever-growing trouble with demon and orc armies farther to the north. The citadel has 720 soldiers and officers permanently assigned; if necessary, an additional 1500 troops will fit inside.

The citadel's outer walls are 40' high and 6' thick. There is a 10'-wide walkway around the top for defensive troops. In addition to being adequately defensible under attack, it is also strategically placed as a jumping-off point for offensive action.

Morale is low at Amnur Citadel, because of dissatisfaction with the commander, Endrick Hardl. Hardl is an inexperienced soldier (only 3d level) with a very nice suit of armor (+4 *scale mail and shield*) and a rich family with connections. He can't decide whether he wants his men to like him, respect him, or fear him—as a result, they do none of the three. The situation is bad, but nobody in authority will believe how bad until the troops enter battle. By then it will be too late.

Rashturl Citadel

The Citadel of Rashturl is identical in design and make-up to Amnur. The difference is in its commander; the two are as different as night and day.

Reyni Delapond is a skilled, experienced soldier and leader who came up through the ranks. He is 7th level, with a Strength of 18/35, Dexterity of 17, and Charisma of 18. He is much-loved by his

troops, who would gladly die for him. However, they are so well trained, that doesn't seem likely to happen.

Rashturl Citadel is considered one of the "pearl" assignments in the Amn army, because of Delapond and also because of a training program of remarkable effectiveness devised by Delapond and his staff. Fighters must be members of the Amn army assigned to Rashturl to qualify, but those who participate in the program fulfill their training requirements for level advancement in 1/3 the normal time.

The Fangs

The Fangs are a pair of steep crags in the Cloud Peaks. The Trade Way passes directly between the two (in Fang Pass, naturally), and the spot where the road passes directly between the two peaks is generally considered the northern boundary of Amn (even though the town of Nashkel is a little farther north). The spot is marked by a large standing stone.

The Fangs are not the tallest mountains in the range, but they are the most difficult to climb because of their sheer sides and treacherous ice sheets. A remorhaz was slain in Fang Pass a few years ago, and though many adventurers searched for its lair, it was never found. Fourteen men have died in mountain climbing "accidents" in the various searches since then; 23 more were never found and are presumed dead. It is reasonable to assume that the dead monster left behind a mate and young, who are even now growing to maturity.

Ishla Hillfort

Unlike the citadels to the north, which are newly-constructed and state of the art military design, the Hillfort of Ishla (as well as the other two hillforts) has been around longer than anyone can remember. There are no surviving records to indicate when they were built; they've just always been there.

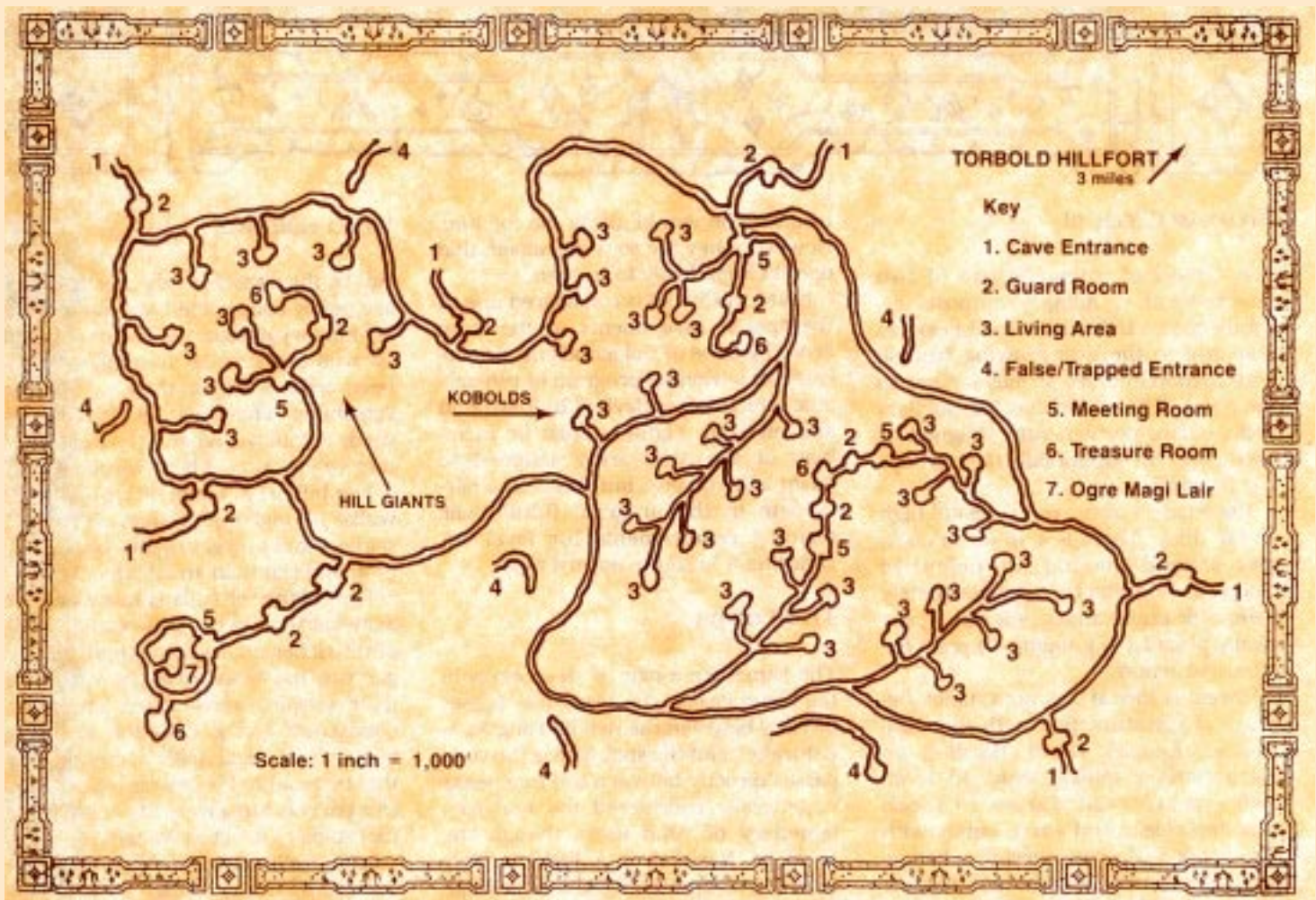
The hillfort is made of log-and-earth walls, 15' high and 3' thick. It has 315 soldiers and officers regularly assigned to it, and can hold an additional 500.

The Hillfort of Ishla is fairly close to Esmeltaran, and for that reason, many of the richer nobles living there feel the garrison has been put at the hillfort for their personal convenience. Squads are constantly being dispatched to Esmeltaran to deal with "emergencies" that turn out to be demeaning errands. One party hostess wanted a company of foot soldiers to act as waiters. The only reason this is allowed to continue is the businessmen pay rather handsomely, including a sizable bonus for the officer who dispatched the troops.

Keshla Hillfort

The Hillfort of Keshla is substantially the same as Ishla Hillfort, except it is somewhat bigger. It has a permanent garrison of 435, and can hold another 900 if necessary.

Keshla Hillfort is the most remote outpost the army has. Assignment to Keshla is a standard punishment for officers and soldiers who make particularly expensive or stupid mistakes. After a few years of this, Keshla has collected most of the misfits and serious incompetents in the entire army. It's a good thing nothing happens out here.



Torbold Hillfort

The Hillfort of Torbold is the same size and construction as Ishla Hillfort.

The soldiers of Torbold Hillfort are battle-hardened and tough, as the garrison has been involved in a prolonged battle with a tribe of hill giants for the past 18 months. The giants have attacked the hillfort seven different times, but each time they were repulsed. Punitive raids into the Small Teeth have met with only limited success because the giants know the terrain much better than the soldiers. It is also believed the giants have several underground lairs and a series of tunnels connecting the lairs.

The soldiers of Torbold Hillfort don't know it, but the hill giants are the least of their problems. The giants are working for a mated pair of ogre magi who are carving out an underground empire in the Small Teeth. The tunnel system links not only several large treasure troves, but also the lairs of several thousand kobolds, also under the control of the ogre

magi (see the map). The kobolds are currently doing nothing but breeding and training; when the time is right, the ogre magi will send them out.

Lake Esmel

Lake Esmel is the largest body of fresh water in the Empires of the Sands. It is so deep it has never been accurately measured. It is fed by four rivers on three sides, and hot springs on the fourth, the west. The resort city of Esmeltaran lies on the western bank of the lake.

Because of the different temperatures in the lake—cold water in the eastern, snow-fed river end, and warm water in the western, hot spring-fed end—a wide variety of fishes are available in abundance. The lake is not prone to dangerous currents or storms, either, and the fishing is very good (and profitable) year round.

The only black spot on this otherwise perfect situation is the Monster of the Lake. The locals affectionately call it

“Esmelda,” and while it is blamed for the occasional disappearance of a fishing boat or lone swimmer, most of the area residents believe the monster to be a quaint myth, a convenient excuse to tell tall tales at a tavern and scare visitors, but not really true.

They're wrong. There is a Monster of the Lake (actually, just over a dozen of them), and they are as dangerous as they are reclusive. The monster's real name is pythosaurus, and it is nearly 200' long from head to tail when fully grown. Its central body is only 120' long and 30' across, with four large flippers for guidance. The 60' to 80' long neck appears to be that of an eel, and the head in which it ends looks like a cross between a snake and a dragon. An eight-foot-tall, rigid dorsal spine runs along the back of this gill-breather's neck.

The pythosaurus is not particularly intelligent, but is an efficient, ravenous eater that is usually quite hungry. Fortunately for the human users of Lake Esmel, the pythosaurus prefers cold water, so it stays away from the west-



ern end of the lake and the surface. The pythosaurus is usually a solitary animal, meeting others only to mate and to teach the young how to hunt. Since the pythosaurus is such a fast learner, the family usually stays together only a few weeks after the eggs are hatched, and then the offspring are left to fend for themselves.

PYTHOSAURUS

FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVE: //30"
HIT DICE: 18
% IN LAIR: Nil
TREASURE: Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 5-30
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Swallow whole
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
INTELLIGENCE: Animal
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
SIZE: L

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Attack/Defense Modes:

Nil/Nil

LEVEL/X.P. VALUE:

VI/2200 + 20/hp

If the Pythosaurus attacks any creature less than 10' long (or tall, or whatever) and rolls 10 higher than is needed to hit (or a 19 or 20 in any case), the victim is swallowed whole. A swallowed victim will take 2 hit points per round as the monster digests it. A body killed in this manner cannot be *resurrected*, *regenerated*, *raised*, or brought back in any way short of a *full wish*.

Mt. Speartop

Mt. Speartop is the tallest mountain in the Cloud Peaks, and can easily be seen on clear days from Athkatla. It is such a stunning sight that it is part of daily life in the capital, clear day or no; "I swear on Speartop" is a common oath among the lower classes of not only Athkatla,

but all of Amn.

Climbing Speartop is a popular challenge for the athletically-minded of Amn's rich. It is a difficult climb, but if the proper precautions are taken, a mistake is not likely to be fatal. This makes the mountain perfect for the serious hobbyist. Climbers have disappeared from Speartop, but most blame foolhardiness—ignoring weather, climbing alone, or not having the right equipment.

Actually, most of the disappearing climbers are the work of Icehaupt, a great white wyrm that lives in an inaccessible cave on the northeast face of Speartop, some 750 feet below the peak. It is usually undisturbed because there are no good climbing paths to the top using that face. The foolish few that try to climb the northeast face for the challenge run into Icehaupt, and their deaths are usually chalked up to climbing accidents.

Icehaupt has not lived to become a great white wyrm by being foolish or stupid. He knows that the best way to deal with humans is to leave them





alone. He rarely leaves his lair any more, and he only attacks lone humans or small groups, and only then if they are in danger of stumbling on to his lair.

As you might expect, Icehaupt has a spectacular treasure, including nearly half a million danters' worth of gems and jewelry, and over 30 significant magical items. If word of it (or of Icehaupt's existence) were to become widely believed, then more fortune seekers than the Great Wyrms could handle would be sure to follow. Icehaupt has not had to move in over 350 years; it is not about to start over in a new territory at this stage in life. For that reason, Icehaupt prefers to stay low, and to attract as little attention as possible. (For more on Forgotten Realms dragons, see page 38 in the *Cyclopedia of the Realms* in the Campaign Set.)

The Ridge

The Ridge is an exposed fault line that runs for over 50 miles along the south edge of the Cloud Peaks at the eastern end of that range. The fault is not active (there have been no earthquakes or tremors in Amn history), but still an impressive sight. At its very center, the Ridge is nearly 280' tall. The face is rough enough for a skilled climber to find the foot- and handholds necessary, but it is harder than it at first looks.

The Ridge is a premium source of all sorts of metals and minerals. Everything from diamonds to granite to gold to sandstone has been mined from some section of the Ridge's face.

Trollford

The Trollford is the spot where the South Rd. crosses the Amstel River south of Eshpurta. It is the only place where the Amstel River is crossable for scores of miles to either side.

The Trollford (and the nearby Troll Mountains) got its name because the area was the home of a large civilization of trolls before men arrived centuries ago. The trolls were hunted to near extinction, but the survivors retreated to

the most remote areas of the Troll Mountains. While there are not nearly as many trolls as there used to be when they controlled the region, there are undoubtedly many more now than there were just 50 years ago.

The military troops in Eshpurta receive special training in dealing with trolls, and will escort any caravan that requests it (for a price) from the town to past the Trollford. Not every caravan wants to pay the price (even though it is not unreasonable), and the troll raiders are becoming bolder by the month.

Even though the trolls were nearly wiped out all those years ago, it is widely known that the bulk of the trolls' magic and treasure was never captured by the human armies. Considering the amount of loot taken from caravans in the past few decades, the total must now be truly impressive.

Characters

The Shadow Thieves

The Shadow Thieves are the largest and best organized thieves' guild in all of Amn. Headquartered in Athkatla, their influence extends far beyond that single city; most of the other guilds in Amn (and a few in Tethyr) have "agreements" with the Shadow Thieves, and the rest of the Amn guilds will fall in line soon.

These "agreements" work like this: The Shadow Thieves train and advise other guilds, helping them organize themselves and plan their work. Guild members can come to Athkatla to receive advanced individual training at Shadowhouse, the guild hall of the Shadow Thieves. The Shadow Thieves also use their extensive influence in Amn government to insure that interference is minimized. Last but not least, the Shadow Thieves will lend specialists to its "affiliate" guilds for specific jobs. All it costs the other guilds is 10 percent of everything they make.

The Shadow Thieves were founded in Waterdeep many years ago, but were thrown out by town leaders who

feared their growing power. Since that humiliation, the Shadow Thieves have vowed two things: one, that they would work themselves into a position of such power that a disgrace like that would never happen again; and two, that Waterdeep would pay.

Athkatla was a perfect choice to achieve both goals. The Council of Six preferred a strong, controllable thieves' guild to the random actions of thousands of independent criminals, and Amn in general has never had any great love for Waterdeep. Shadow Thieves spies have proved very useful in the ongoing trade wars between the two merchant powers.

The Shadow Thieves have their headquarters in a walled-off block called Shadowhouse, near the central business district. Approximately 500 thieves, assassins, and trainees live in the house at any one time. There are also 3,500 other Shadow Thieves members living and working in Athkatla who do not actually live inside Shadowhouse, though they frequently go there to pick up assignments, meet partners, and deliver goods and payments.

On top of that, the Shadow Thieves keep a "reserve roster" list with over 10,000 names on it. The people on this list include part-time, retired and semi-retired, and imprisoned and enslaved members, as well as specialists and experts who are willing to work for the Shadow Thieves on a case-by-case basis.

To keep the image up (and to keep the protection money flowing in), the Shadow Thieves take a very dim view of unauthorized, independent theft in areas they control. Members of the guild usually work harder than the town watch to catch a free-lance operator; when the thief is caught, he or she is given a chance to join the Shadow Thieves in exchange for everything the thief makes the first year. Most of the residents of Shadowhouse are people who took this option. The free-lancer can always refuse, but if he is ever caught again, his body is handed over to the city watch.

The leader of the Shadow Thieves is a man who is known only as "Deepshadow." His real name is unknown.



Deepshadow is a 12th level assassin and 5th level thief of Lawful Evil alignment. He has ST 17, IN 17, WS 15, CN 13, DX 18, CH 13 and 42 hit points. He always wears *bracers of defense armor class 0* and a *cloak of protection +3*, and uses a *dagger +3*. Deepshadow is a master of poisons of all types, and it is safe to assume that his dagger is usually poisoned, as are a number of other hidden needles and secret compartments on his person.

Deepshadow commands a great deal of personal loyalty in Shadowhouse, but he did not rise to his position of power by not being careful. He has at least three bodyguards with him at all times (one 8th level fighter and two 10th levels)—more should he ever leave Shadowhouse.

Cowled Wizards of Amn

The vast majority of the populace of Amn considers the Cowled Wizards to be no more than a legend, and the Cowled Wizards prefer it this way. The Council of Six's laws against magic have guaranteed that many average residents know nothing about them, and what people don't

understand, they fear and try to destroy. Given that climate of ignorance and fear, the Cowled Wizards are just as happy to be left alone.

The Cowled Wizards of Amn are a secret society of high-level magic users who have managed to escape the control of Amn's government and the Council of Six. Information on their numbers, strength, disposition, and most importantly, their goals, is very hard to come by. Spies attempting to infiltrate the organization often emerge with totally different stories, testimony to the Cowled Wizards' ability to outwit the government.

The Cowled Wizards are based in Athkatla, though there are members of the society in every major city of the country. The other major cells of the organization are in Riatavin, Murann, and Keczulla. There are nearly 200 magic users in the organization, some as powerful as 23d level. The majority, however, are in the 8th - 12th level range. The group's goals are to further magical practice and knowledge in the face of a repressive government. The Cowled Wizards are also willing to research,

manufacture and sell spell scrolls, enchanted weapons, and other magical items, but only if they're sure the buyer isn't an agent for the government.

Actually, the Cowled Wizards have little to fear in the way of major government reprisals. This is because Thayze Selemchant, the Meisarch of the Council of Six and the single most powerful person in all of Amn, is a member of the Cowled Wizards. His fellow wizards know him by another name, of course, and the Meisarch is careful to limit his contacts so that he is not accidentally recognized (the group's famous cowled hoods help considerably in that regard).

The Meisarch uses his knowledge of the Cowled Wizards' plans to make sure that the Council of Six's agents don't get too close to them. The Namarch, a fighter with years of army experience, is particularly keen on wiping out the Cowled Wizards. The Meisarch is playing a dangerous game; if his membership became known, the other five members of the council would likely turn on him, and despite his great wealth and power, he would not survive.



Order of The Blue Boar

The Order of the Blue Boar is a group of adventurers that keeps a very low profile due to the local government's dislike of professional adventuring companies. Still, the Blue Boars have done very well for themselves by staying away from jobs that would draw too much attention or stir up too much trouble. Much of the order's work is actually carried out in other countries, another reason the Council of Six doesn't bother with them.

The Order of the Blue Boar was at one time headquartered at Castle Spulzeer; with Chardath Spulzeer's blessing, at least three members of the order could be found there at any one time. Recent developments in Castle Spulzeer have changed that, however, and the order now calls Riatavin home.

The Order of the Blue Boar is a group restricted in membership to experienced, veteran fighters of some wealth, each of whom must be approved by the "Boar's Heads," or governing council of seven warriors. The council maintains a membership roll of "Swords" (approved members), each of whom then can expel persons at will for unprofessional conduct. Members can elect to participate or not to participate in any Order activities (if there are too many applicants for a small-fee job, membership seniority is used to decide who'll get the job).

Each participating member takes a share of the fee, and can take part alone or bring along any assistants or agents (other beings who are not members, including mages, fighting-men, and even trained beasts) he wishes, although he is responsible for the deeds, payment, and care of the hirelings. Some members who are crippled by age, disease, or wounds and can no longer fight are represented by their hirelings, who, if their service meets the council's standards, may well themselves later become members.

The collective experience of the Order's members has earned it the reputation of being wary, cunning, and alert in its work, even though its method of sharing fees generally means that comparatively few swords take the field when the Or-

der is hired. The active membership of the Order is known only to the Heads, although most Order members in any given area know each other. The total is thought to be around 400 at full muster. Many adventurers who belong to the order, however, may be unavailable at a given time due to their own ongoing activities (or recovery from such).

The levels and abilities of the Order vary with its members, which range from 3d to 10th level, but tend to average about 6th. The council determines how many people are needed for a given job, and once the members are selected, the council also chooses the leader. Those seeking the aid of the Order of the Blue Boar must apply in person (or by messenger) to its headquarters in Riatavin. These "Boar's Heads" are all fighters of Lawful Neutral alignment. They are:

Thantan Rhyrdyl, 12th level
Sinnom Thul, 9th level
Ghont Tavvas, 10th level
Gaurundur Thasz, 10th level
Bromdurr Tathen, 11th level
Dustar Klathor, 11th level
Risamar Rhalls, 10th level

The sorts of jobs the Order considers include the rescue of kidnapped people, the return of stolen items, repelling invaders, escorting caravans and emissaries, and the like. The Order will turn down morally repugnant offers (killing children, ambushing rightful leaders) immediately. Morally ambiguous offers usually require a higher than normal fee.

The fees the Order charges depend entirely on the type and scope of the job. Escorting a single wagon for a day through normal territory wouldn't cost much more than 1,000 danters; escorting a 2-mile caravan for three months through enemy territory during a war could cost millions.

Knights of The Shield

The Knights of the Shield are a group about which little is known, other than they have some influence in Amn (among other areas, including Tethyr, Baldur's Gate, and Waterdeep). They seem the most active currently in Wa-

terdeep, where it is rumored that they are trying to recruit members among the important Lords of Waterdeep.

The other persistent rumor about the Knights of the Shield is that the group is headed (or heavily influenced, depending on the particular version of the rumor heard) by an arch-devil disguised as a human. Just which arch-devil it is tends to vary with each individual rumor.

The Knights of the Shield are mentioned here because of two very important Amn citizens who are rumored to be involved. The first is the merchant Morntel, a wealthy trader working for the Redolo house of Athkatla. Morntel was foully murdered in his bedchamber while his bodyguards stood faithfully outside the door, hearing nothing. Magic or a magical or demonic creature is suspected. Morntel was rumored to be in disagreement with the Knights' leadership; those who believe the arch-devil rumor also believe that Morntel discovered that particular secret, and that was why he was murdered.

The other member of the Knights of the Shield is very much alive—Lord Bormul of Crimmor. Nadlok Bormul is very well-known in his home town, as he owns a sizable chunk of it. The Bormul family owns most of the inns and taverns in town, too, and it is said that Bormul has "ears" in all of his businesses to learn news from throughout the Realms.

Bormul is an 11th level fighter of Neutral Evil alignment. His stats are ST 16, IN 14, WS 10, CN 17, DX 12, CH 16, and he has 83 hit points. He wears a *ring of protection* +2 at all times, but carries no other magical items in his day-to-day dealings. When trouble is a possibility, however, he dons *plate mail and shield* +1 and wields a *spear* +3 or *sword* +2. He is accompanied by two bodyguards at all times; they are both 5th level fighters.

The ultimate motives of the Knights of the Shield are still unclear. Only one thing is certain: the Knights include Amn in their plans.

Tethyr

Tethyr is a land of both great danger and fantastic opportunity. Because of the lack of any central authority, the land has become a haven for soldiers of fortune, would-be kings, petty tyrants, hunted criminals, persecuted zealots, and profiteers of all types. A strong, daring person could carve out a place in history in Tethyr—or he could meet a quick, violent end.

General Description

The borders of Tethyr are generally agreed to be the Tethir Road to the north, the Snowflake Mountains to the east, and the Sea of Swords to the west. The southern boundary is harder to define, but is considered to be a line cutting through the middle of the Forest of Mir and extending to the coast to the west, turning to the southeast as the forest turns south.

It's easier in some ways to define the boundary by listing what towns and places are on which side of the line. The port city of Myratma, for example, is in Tethyr; its close neighbor Memnon is in Calimshan. Saradush, Ithal Pass and Kzelter are all in Tethyr; everything south of the Marching Mountains is in Calimshan. Monrativi Teshy Mir is considered to be in Calimshan, even though most historians agree that the civilization that used to live there is more directly connected to the people of Tethyr.

Races Appearing

Ten years ago, Tethyr was almost exclusively a human nation. All that changed with the upheavals that deposed the royal family. Humans are still the predominant race in Tethyr, but their days of exclusive monopoly are over.

There have always been rumors of a large elf tribe (perhaps several) in the huge Forest of Tethir, but the elves have been reluctant to show themselves in the past. (Given the former royal family's attitude toward elves, this should be no surprise.) Information on the elves of Tethyr is still sketchy, but one of two things has happened: either a large

number of new elves have moved to the forest in the past five years, so that their sheer numbers make them more visible; or the elves that have always lived there have decided to become more outgoing. Travelers on the Trade Way have reported seeing (and sometimes meeting) large groups of elves. The towns on the edge of the forest, such as Velen, Mosstone, and Port Kir, have also reported increased contact.

There has never been a very large dwarf population in Tethyr, and things have not really changed in the past ten years. There is one small tribe in the eastern end of the Starspire Mountains that regularly sends trading expeditions into Zazesspur, but that's about the extent of it. Saradush and Ithal Pass have an increased contact with dwarves because of the large numbers living throughout the Snowflake Mountains.

Halflings are also common throughout Tethyr, though they are most often found in the Purple Hills near the seacoast. No halflings (or any other non-humans, for that matter) were allowed to participate in Tethyr government, even on a local level, but that has changed. Today, there are several halflings sitting on Town Councils in Tethyr; their influence is greatest in Myratma and Zazesspur.

Gnomes are more common in Tethyr than they are in Amn, but that isn't saying much. They are still a rarity, and when they do appear, it is usually in the employ of a rich noble or businessman.

Half-elves are very common and treated well; half-orcs are nearly as common, but not treated nearly as well. Orcs are considered monsters, not another equal race—they are shunned and hunted down at every opportunity. Half-orcs are barely tolerated in Tethyr society. Of course, there is no institutionalized persecution (there are no institutions), so even a half-orc can succeed in Tethyr, given luck, quick wits, and a strong sword arm.

Languages

Due to the diversity of people in Tethyr, a wide variety of languages are spoken

there. All alignment and race languages are spoken regularly, but nearly everyone also knows the "common" tongue. Common is used if necessary, but is widely despised as a "second," inferior language.

Much of Tethyr's problems with language are political. The former royal family insisted on a common language for all, and outlawed any official documents or communication (even contracts between two agreeing parties) in any other language. Today, liking common is considered a sign of support for the "old days" of the monarchy, a politically unfavorable position. Today, people use common only when necessary; however, it is necessary quite often.

Social Customs

Tethyr society is very open and fair-minded, but also cautious. Another way of saying this is that everyone distrusts everyone else, regardless of race, creed, or position.

This is understandable given the recent history of the area. The treacherous way the royal family was deposed, the subsequent rise and fall of dozens of would-be kings, the town-against-town raiding, and the continued lawlessness of the region have all contributed to a carefulness that borders on paranoia. This is a fairly new outlook, of course—Tethyr is full of long-time residents who love and trust their fellow men and treat them with kindness and respect. A famous Tethyr proverb goes, "Have many friends . . . but know where they keep their weapons."

The people of Tethyr put a very high value on the land itself. Landowners are held in the highest respect, followed closely by anyone who works the land. Even in urban areas, Tethyr citizens take great pride in their individual vegetable gardens and window boxes. City parks in Tethyr are known throughout the Realms for their beautiful and exotic gardens.

The people of Tethyr are still status-conscious, but that status is associated with the land, not with material wealth.



The hostess who wants to impress at a Tethyr social function makes sure the tables are loaded with the finest fresh fruits and vegetables available. Dress is simple and hardy, with the most popular styles variations of work clothes.

The people of Tethyr also greatly admire personal accomplishment in individual work. Inventors, craftsmen, artists, musicians, and writers are well-respected. People here have nothing against money, but simply owning things is not considered proof of a person's value. "Better to create than to buy," is a popular Tethyr saying.

While the current political situation is full of opportunities for ambitious people, the average Tethyr citizen is surprisingly cautious. The former rulers controlled nearly every aspect of Tethyr life, and the residents have gotten used to not making decisions or taking initiative. Rather than stepping forward and taking a hand in shaping the future of the country, most are laying low and waiting for the power struggles to end. Once a winner is established, most people will follow the new leaders with the same unthinking devotion they had for their former king.

Monsters

In the days of the royal family, there were very few monsters in Tethyr; a well-trained army, complete with powerful magic-users, took care of any threats to the people. Now, it's as if someone pulled a cork out of a jug. Nearly every monster known to the Forgotten Realms has been spotted, at one time or another, in Tethyr sometime in the past ten years.

Some suspect a conspiracy of sorts, or that some kind of "all clear" signal was given to monsters across the continent once the royal family was deposed. More likely is that in the absence of the persistent efforts of the royal army, monsters have flourished naturally. But no matter the cause, the fact remains that monsters of many varieties are making Tethyr home, and more are appearing every day.

One of the largest sources of the problem is the Forest of Tethir. This area was never really tame in the old days, and now the denizens of this deep, ancient forest have taken to raiding neighboring areas (especially to the east and south) for food, captives, treasure, or just thrills. Bugbears, ogres, kobolds, treants, owlbears, wolves, orcs, trolls, leprechauns, spiders, and hobgoblins are common. Less common, but still present, are manticores, basilisks (lesser and greater), ankhegs, stirges, bloodthorns, choke creepers, bulettes, norkers, greenhags, atomies, wyverns, and dragons (particularly green and white ones). Of course, many dangerous groups of humans (bandits, berserkers, and the like) also use the cover of the forest for a base, adding to the danger.

The open areas in central Tethyr are not as filled with monster life, because of the higher concentration of people, and the lack of suitable places to hide when enough of those people get mad enough to organize a hunting party. Creatures that can make their own hiding places, like bulettes, purple worms, and flying monsters, still do well in the open country, feeding regularly on cattle, game, and the occasional village.

Magical monsters are also common throughout Tethyr, but generalizations are more difficult when it comes to them. There is a sizable number of undead of all varieties in the vicinity of the Gorge of the Fallen Idol, but no one is sure of the relationship between the two. The headwaters of the River Ith (running from the Gorge of the Fallen Idol to Survale Ford) is the home of many water-based monsters, including water elementals, naga, the ice and ooze para-elementals, dryads, and the like.

Lastly, it is said that an arch-devil of great power is establishing a power base in the Forest of Tethir, and is recruiting all manner of evil creatures (and even humans) to further his plans on this plane, whatever they are.

History

For the past 1500 years, Tethyr has had a single, strong royal family ruling with absolute power. When a king died or became incapacitated, his oldest son took the throne. As the family trees of those close to power became more intertwined and complicated, there were the inevitable wars of succession and bickering over which second cousin was the "true" heir to the throne, but the civil wars were brief. And once the fighting was over, the system returned to normal, until the next major dispute in a few hundred years or so.

All that changed 10 years ago. The current ruling family had been in power for over 350 years, so long that they had dropped their own family name centuries ago (no one even remembers it now) and simply called themselves Tethyr. King Alemander IV was comfortably ruling from Castle Tethyr, and the country seemed happy enough.

But there was a broad current of dissatisfaction among the people of Tethyr. Non-humans were forbidden by law to own land, and since most rights and privileges accorded citizens were based on land ownership, they became second-class citizens as well. Things were especially bad for elves, who were driven deep into the Forest of Tethir by royal armies. Alemander IV took land away from rightful owners and gave it to nobles who promised larger contributions to the royal treasury. These social and economic inequities, coupled with several harsh winters and bad harvests in a row, made the time ripe for a change.

But it takes more than just a couple of lousy winters to depose a king; it takes treachery.

In the case of the fall of House Tethyr, it took an ambitious general and impatient royal heir. Prince Alemander grew tired of waiting for the robust Alemander IV to make room for him, so he struck a deal with General Nashram Sharboneth, commander of the king's largest army. While Sharboneth marched his army toward Tethyr, bringing along a sizable group of



angry peasants recruited with the promise of land reform, the would-be Alemander V downplayed the alarming reports from the king's spies and advisors. The prince silenced his father's most persistent counselors permanently, either through murder or exile. By the time Sharboneth's army arrived and laid siege to Castle Tethyr, it was too late for loyalists to help.

The final step of the plan was ready to be set in motion. As Sharboneth launched a direct assault on the castle (using the expendable peasants as shock troops), a handful of elite soldiers let in a secret entrance by the prince would eliminate key guards and open the gates. At the same time, the prince (one of the few people allowed to see the king directly) would murder his father. A fire set by the elite troops would destroy the evidence of treachery, and the general and the prince would emerge from the conflagration and announce a new, joint government.

The plan was executed perfectly, up to a point. Sharboneth double-crossed the prince—his men were much too efficient in setting the castle ablaze, and Prince Alemander (along with most of his fellow conspirators) died horribly in the fire. At about the same time, a spy planted on the general's inner staff by the equally duplicitous Alemander murdered the general and dissolved his body with a powerful acid before anyone could come to Sharboneth's aid.

To make matters worse, everyone had underestimated the resentment the people felt for the royal family. Once Castle Tethyr began to fall, there was no holding back the mob. In one night, the proudest, strongest castle in all the country was reduced to a smoking ruin. Everything of value—fine tapestries, plates and silverware, furniture, jewelry, weapons, clothes, armor, paintings, statues, etc.—was either stolen, burned, or just ripped apart and stomped into the dust.

As news of the fall of the royal family spread, so did the chaos. In what is now known as the "Ten Black Days of Eleint," anyone known (or even suspected) of

blood connection to the royal family was put to the sword. This led to some darkly humorous moments, as social climbers who had bragged just a week before of being a sixth cousin twice removed of a royal aunt tried in vain to convince an angry mob that they were "only kidding."

The nobles who were the biggest supporters of the royal family also came under attack, and some baronial keeps fell. Local leaders who had adequately distanced themselves from the Tethyr family, or were popular enough (or feared enough, or strong enough), survived. These surviving nobles became the initial players in the fight to decide the fate of Tethyr.

One thing was certain; any leader or type of government that too closely resembled rule under the Tethyrs would not be accepted. "Royalist" became a dirty word in Tethyr society. Today, the power struggle continues, and there is no sign of it ending anytime soon.

Government and Politics

Simply put, there is no central government in Tethyr. Individual nobles exercise control over relatively small areas, mostly cities and towns. The vast majority of the land has no controlling authority; law and justice are what the people involved decide it is.

There are some strong nobles or other governments, most notably in the major cities of Zazesspur, Myratma, Ithmong, and Saradush. Each of these rulers has hopes of reuniting Tethyr under his own banner, but some are more ruthless in their ambition than others. Most of the other towns and villages of Tethyr have ruling councils or some similar form of local rule, but would gladly throw in with a larger, more powerful government—if one appeared.

The elves of Tethyr wasted no time upon hearing of the fall of the royal family in forming their own Elven

Council. The elven residents of the Forest of Tethir now consider themselves a sovereign nation, and persons who break elvish law and are caught can expect to be fully subject to elvish justice. If a strong ruler were to rise up in Tethyr and invite the elves to join the new government, they wouldn't necessarily turn the offer down. But elves have long memories, and their treatment at the hands of the Tethyr family is a sharp, bitter memory. Strong assurances would have to be made by any government that hoped to include the elves.

In a similar fashion, the halflings of the Purple Hills have established their own government, though it is not as independent as the elves'. The Purple Hills Council is in close contact with the governments of both Zazesspur and Myratma, and may someday serve as the bridge by which one ruler may emerge over the entire area.

The attitudes toward crime (and, in fact, the very definitions of what is and is not a crime) varies from area to area. The larger cities and towns have regular patrols, and a court system of sorts to dispense justice. Laws and penalties, of course, vary from town to town. For example, offenders are regularly forced into slavery by Myratma courts for a variety of offenses, while slavery is itself a crime in Saradush.

In small villages and outlying areas, justice is entirely of the vigilante variety. If enough people are incensed enough by a crime, they band together, hunt down the criminal, and execute sentence. This sort of justice is harsh—there are no jails, so penalties are usually either forfeiture of possessions or death.

Religion

There is complete freedom of religion in Tethyr. What little government there is is too busy consolidating its power and defending itself to worry about religion. As a result, every religion in the Forgotten Realms is known here. There



are a few religions, though, that are traditionally more popular than the others. They are:

Eldath



Eldath is the goddess of stillness, peace, and quiet places, and is the guardian of druid-groves. As such, this Neutral deity has many worshippers among the people who live in and near the Forest of Tethir. Many elves are also followers of Eldath.

Sune



Sune, also known as Firehair, is the goddess of love, beauty, and passion. She is a favorite of the city-dwellers of Tethyr, especially those in Zazesspur. Sune is aligned with Chaotic Good.

Silvanus



Silvanus is the God of Nature, and the patron of Druids. As such, this Neutral god has many worshippers in the great Forest of Tethir. But Silvanus is also the most-worshipped god in the open lands of south and east Tethyr. Whether widespread worship of Silvanus came about because of the people's natural love and respect for the land, or the other way around, is not clear.

Bane



Bane is the god of strife, hatred, and tyranny. It should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with this country's history that Bane has a wide following here. The recent history of Tethyr has been filled with little else but strife, hatred, and tyranny. It is even whispered in some circles that this Lawful Evil god had a hand in the fall of Castle Tethyr, though this almost certainly has no truth to it.

Beshaba



This Chaotic Evil goddess of bad luck, betrayal, misfortune, and treachery has many followers in Tethyr for the same reason as Bane, above. It is said that Beshaba appeared to both General Sharboneth and Prince Alemander on that fateful night, predicting their deaths at the treacherous hands of each other.

Ilmater



Ilmater is the god of endurance, suffering, perseverance, and martyrdom. There is a strong streak of subservience to both tyrants and the forces of nature in the Tethyr national personality, and that would explain the above-average number of worshippers of this Lawful Good god in Tethyr.

Geography and Climate

Any discussion of Tethyr's geography must begin with the Forest of Tethir, the largest in the Empires of the Sands and one of the largest in all of the Forgotten Realms. The forest is thick and dark, made up of many different types of trees, most of them evergreen. There are numerous small lakes, spring-fed streams, pools, and waterfalls throughout the forest. It is a vibrant, living place, filled with game, birds, and creatures of all sizes and shapes.

The Forest extends onto the Tethyr Peninsula, all the way to the far western tip. It is said that pirates from the Nelanther cross Asavir's Channel and cut down their own timber for boats because it is easier than buying or pirating it. The peninsula is sparsely populated, except for the towns of Velen and Tulumage. There are a few hermits and other loners that have carved out a humble life on the peninsula, but they are few and far between.

There is no known explanation of the difference in the spelling of "Tethir" and "Tethyr" other than, "that's the way it's always been." Undoubtedly, the two names were at one time the same; when one changed, why it changed, and even which one was the original name, is unknown. But to keep things straight, the forest (and the Amn road that runs along its northern edge) is spelled with an "i"; the country, the peninsula, and the castle of the former ruling family are all spelled with a "y".

The Tethyr Peninsula creates some interesting perils for shipping along the Sword Coast. The peninsula forces ships to run a gauntlet of sorts past the Nelanther, called by many the Pirate Isles. (Of course, there is another set of islands in the Sea of Fallen Stars called the Pirate Isles; while area residents, who have no use for names half a continent away, call these islands the Pirate Isles, scholars—and this book—will refer to them as the Nelanther.)



The Nelanther are called the Pirate Isles because of the large number of pirate ships based there, waiting to attack passing merchant ships. These attacks usually take place in one of two places: Asavir's Channel and The Race. Asavir's Channel gets its name from a famous pirate of several hundred years ago who was personally responsible for the sinking of over 100 cargo ships (after depriving them of their cargo, of course) before being lost in a storm. The Race gets its name from the strong winds (30 to 40 knots) that constantly blow through the area. The high winds make the kind of maneuvering necessary to overtake and board a merchant vessel particularly hard; discussions of the abilities of various pirates always boil down to their performance on The Race. The good pirates can catch their prey even there; the others wait in Asavir's Channel.

Just to the south of the Tethyr Peninsula is Firedrake Bay, a safe harbor from storms, but not necessarily from ambitious pirates. Just south of that is a spur of the Starspire Mountains that extends in the Sea of Swords; it is known, imaginatively enough, as the Starspire Peninsula. It is rocky and unremarkable, though it is rumored that a band of sea orcs has taken up residence there (for more information, see the listing later in this section).

The Starspire Mountains themselves are mountains only when compared to the otherwise flat terrain of Tethyr; the highest peak is only 7,200' high, and the average is closer to 4,500'. The only other relief from the flatness is The Purple Hills, which is a fertile, gently rolling land.

There are only two major rivers in Tethyr. The Sulduskoon is neither particularly wide or deep but it is persistent, crossing nearly the entire breadth of the country before emptying into the sea at Zazesspur. River Ith is a much more energetic river; born of the runoff from the Snowflake Mountains, it is swift and dangerous in the east, cutting deep gorges in the land. By the time the river reaches Ithmong, it has calmed

down substantially; beyond Ithmong, the river is wide, strong, and deep.

Only two major roads cross Tethyr. The Trade Way enters from Amn in the north, cuts through the Forest of Tethir near the coast, and passes through Zazesspur, Castle Tethyr, and Myratma before continuing into Calimshan. The Ithal Road crosses the southern end of Tethyr, starting at Kzelter, and continues through Ithal Pass and Saradush, then on to Ithmong and finally Castle Tethyr, where it joins the Trade Way. Many goods and travelers heading west get off the Ithal Road at Ithmong, and board a river vessel to Myratma, rather than taking the road to Zazesspur.

Tethyr is a very temperate country. Summers see temperatures in the 90s regularly, with occasional spells over 100. Many entire winters go by without a hard freeze, although one is not unheard of. There is some rain in the Forest of Tethir, especially out on the Tethyr Peninsula, which is very wet as the peninsula intercepts all the storms blowing in from the northwest. The open lands to the south of the Starspire Mountains are quite dry, though there is enough rain and other water to support dry-weather crops. The eastern half of the country is warm and dry.

MONEY AND COMMERCE

There is no accepted coinage system currently operating in Tethyr. The larger cities have started minting their own coins, but they are only legal tender in the areas controlled by those cities; outside those areas, whatever you can persuade someone to accept as payment, is money.

As a result, barter is a very popular medium of exchange in Tethyr. In rural areas, livestock is a very common method of payment, as is flour, salt, and herbs and spices. A good deal of barter goes on even in cities where there is an established money system; the coins are, for the most part, fairly new, and

not everyone is comfortable with them.

Most businessmen are most comfortable with well-established hard currency from other countries, particularly Amn and Calimshan. Any trader with connections in either country will almost always accept these coins as payment, since he knows he can get value for them. Coins of more distant lands (such as Thay and Cormyr) are more rare, but occasionally seen; only the most experienced and traveled merchants deal in these coins.

An interesting unofficial market has recently arisen among Tethyr speculators who trade the various coins issued by the different cities. As the prosperity and political fortunes of a given city increases, the value of its coins goes up; smart traders who can predict these trends have begun to profit by these price changes. Currently, the trade rates, compared to the stable Amn dander, are as follows:

Zazesspur gulder: This coin is currently the most valuable of the Tethyr coins. It costs 107 guilders to buy 100 Amn danders.

Ithmong molean: Only slightly less valuable than the gulder. It would take 113 moleans to buy 100 Amn danders.

Myratma myrat: Myratma has recently had pirate troubles, and the value of its currency shows it. It takes 138 myrats to buy 100 Amn danders.

Saradush zoth: The city of Saradush just began minting this coin in the past year, and confidence in it is still low. It costs 175 zoths to buy 100 Amn danders.

Trading goods in such a way to take advantage of the differences in currency value is very difficult to bring off, because prices for real goods vary in accordance to the value of the currency. A sword that costs 100 danders in Athkatla will cost 175 zoths in Saradush; by the same token, a job that pays 20 zoths a week in Saradush may only pay 13 moleans in Ithmong. But both wages, in their respective cities, will buy about the same amount of goods, so it works out.

Tethyr does very little trading outside its borders. Most agricultural villages are self-supporting, hopefully producing a small surplus that can be traded



for equipment and things the village cannot produce itself. The bigger cities rely on trading, shipping, and small manufacturing. Myratma and Zazespur are both major ports, and Ithmong handles a great deal of cargo as well. Saradush is a gateway to the east and the lands beyond.

The people of Tethyr take great pride in their craftsmanship. Zazespur is the home of the finest woodworkers in the Realms, and the quality of Myratma cloth is equally well-known. Much of the finest work is done in small quantities by individual craftsmen. The Tethyr people take great pride in quality work, and they believe that there can be no pride in the products of large, impersonal factories. Distinctive individual effort, what is called "the maker's blood," should be seen in every product. "Covered with the maker's blood" is one of the highest compliments that can be paid a craftsman's work in Tethyr.

Cities

Brost

Brost is a small waystation and trading post on the northern edge of the Forest of Tethir. It is also connected by a well-traveled trail to the Tethir Road just to the north.

Brost is currently the topic of political debate in two countries, a remarkable thing for a town of its small size (population: 6,500). Fed up with the instability of Tethyr's political situation, the Town Council has officially asked Amn's Council of Six to annex Brost into Amn.

Traditionally, Amn's claim to the south ends at the Tethir Road. Brost's position is that because of their location, they are much more a part of Amn than Tethyr, anyway. While Amn considers the situation, several of the stronger cities in Tethyr (particularly Ithmong) have urged Amn not to annex the town, reasoning that someday soon, a central power will be reestablished in Tethyr, and that power will want Brost back.

Nothing is settled yet. While it seems natural that Amn would accept Brost's offer, there are some powerful people in Amn that believe that the town is not worth the trouble. And while it seems natural that most people in Tethyr would be upset about losing part of their territory, there are some that would be more than happy to let Brost go.

There's more to Brost than just its location near the Tethir Road. Several merchants and craftsmen in town have begun trading with a band of elves that live in the nearby forest. The elves are still very cautious around humans, and only visit certain people they've come to trust, and then only at night. This trade is very profitable, and the businessmen who have been left out are understandably upset; they have recently begun using spies to find out more about the elves and their dealings.

Brost is also well-known for the wide variety of mushrooms that grow wild on the forest's edge to the west and southwest of town. Brost mushrooms (depending on the type) are highly prized by gourmets, alchemists, magical researchers, and assassins. A number of town residents hire themselves out as guides, leading expeditions to "mushroom country." These guides often used highly trained dogs to help sniff out the specific kind of mushroom a group is looking for.

Ithmong

Ithmong is one of the major powers in the new order of Tethyr. Its central location gives it many advantages over the Saradush and the coastal cities of Zazespur and Myratma. Another reason Ithmong is on the rise is the appearance of a new, powerful leader ready to expand his influence throughout Tethyr.

Ithmong controls all east-west travel through Tethyr. The Ithal Road and the River Ith cross at this large (population: 220,000) city. The river is a wide, strong one, and the only crossing for hundreds of miles in either direction is the Ithal Bridge in the middle of town. In addition

to controlling the overland traffic, Ithmong has enough river patrols and troops on the bridge to also control river traffic. In the past two years, the city has begun charging small tolls to all traffic passing through. The tolls are not large enough for the travelers to complain, but given the volume of traffic, a substantial boon to Ithmong's coffers.

Ithmong's location in the center of Tethyr's main agricultural region is another source of power. Grain and livestock are produced in great quantity throughout the region, and the city controls these valuable food shipments to all the other major cities of the country; while Ithmong has never used this power to blackmail these other cities, the possibility is always there.

The factors listed above have been true about Ithmong for decades, but this city's rise to power is a fairly recent phenomenon. The difference is the son of a blacksmith named Ernest Gallowglass. With the enthusiastic support of the populace, Gallowglass has begun a plan to put Ithmong, previously dismissed as an unsophisticated farm-and-crossroads type of city, on the map as the focal point of a new Tethyr—a new Tethyr ruled by Gallowglass.

Gallowglass took over the Ithmong Town Council 3½ years ago, using a combination of fierce loyalty and generosity to his supporters and ruthlessness to his opponents to solidify his control in the next year. Gallowglass is very intelligent, and a consummate politician; he makes sure that the people of Ithmong see a direct benefit from any of his ideas, and this guarantees their support. For example, when he wanted to start charging tolls on the Ithal Bridge (defying over 80 years of tradition), Gallowglass designated ¼ of the tolls to go directly to civic improvements, such as new roads, more water wells in the poor part of town, and stronger town defense. The townspeople went along cheerfully.

Gallowglass has begun flexing Ithmong's economic muscles to get the attention of the other major powers of Tethyr. Grain and livestock shipments to



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

Player _____

Character _____

Race _____ Class _____ Level _____

Alignment _____ Exp. Pts. _____

Home City or Country: _____

COAT OF ARMS OR IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Adventuring Group: _____

Special Abilities: _____

Languages: _____

Wealth: _____

Statistics	Abilities
STR	
DEX	
CON	
INT	
WIS	
CHR	

BASE AC		Surprised _____	Hit Points
		Shieldless _____	
		From Behind _____	

SAVING THROWS	Paralyze/Poison _____	Petrify/Polymorph _____
	Rod/Staff/Wand _____	Breath Weapon _____
	Spells _____	

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THAC0	Special Information

SPELLS

MAGIC SCHOOL: _____

EQUIPMENT

MAGICAL ITEMS

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets _____	Locks _____	Traps _____
Move Silently _____	Hide _____	Hear Noise _____
Climb Walls _____	Read Languages _____	

Total Encumbrance _____
 Base Move _____
 Modified Move _____

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CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

Player _____

Character MAELYN HARES DOWN

Race Human Class Fighter Level 11th

Alignment Neutral Good Exp. Pts. 912, 680

Statistics Abilities

STR	16	+1 Dmg.; +350 wt.; opendoors 1-3; bend bars 10%
DEX	14	
CON	14	system shock 88% resurrection 92%
INT	12	3 add'l languages
WIS	16	+2 save
CHR	12	

Home City or Country: Castle Tenyre, Tenyre

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: +10% exp. pt. bonus

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Elvish

(Elmanesse), Dwarvish, Orcish

Wealth: 3,040 g.p. in gems + coins

COAT OF ARMS OR IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

BASE AC	-1	Surprised	-1
		Shieldless	2
		From Behind	2

Hit Points

69

SAVING THROWS

Paralyze/Poison	7	Petrify/Polymorph	8
Rod/Staff/Wand	9	Breath Weapon	8
Spells	10		

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THACO	Special Information
(specialty) DANCING BROADSWORD +3	2/1	8-14	6	8-13 vs. L; Dances!
BROADSWORD	2/1	5-11	9	5-10 vs. L
(proficient) COMPOSITE BOW	2/1	1-6	10	
(proficient) BATTLE AXE	3/2	2-9	10	
(proficient) DAGGER	3/2	2-5	10	2-4 vs. L

SPELLS

MAGIC SCHOOL: _____

EQUIPMENT

BROADSWORD	LIGHT WAR HORSE*
COMPOSITE SHORT BOW	Saddle + tack
2 QUIVERS	Saddle bags
30 ARROWS	3 lg. sacks
10 SILVER-TIPPED ARROWS	2 weeks' rations
BATTLE AXE	2 waterskins
DAGGER	3 torches
	lantern
	tent
	bedroll

MAGICAL ITEMS

SCALE MAIL +3	
LARGE SHIELD +3	
DANCING BROADSWORD +3	
EXTRA-HEALING POTIONS	
RING OF SWIMMING	

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

SMITH/PLETCHER (15)	
HORSE RIDING (16)	
HEALING (16)	

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets	Locks	Traps
Move Silently	Hide	Hear Noise
Climb Walls	Read Languages	

* Move 24"; AC 7; 9 h.p.

Total Encumbrance	2 80*
Base Move	12
Modified Move	9



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

Player _____

Character PADDY STOUT FELLOW

Race Halfling Class Fighter/Thief Level 6/6

Alignment Neutral Good Exp. Pts. 39, 475

COAT OF ARMS OR IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Statistics Abilities

STR	11	open doors 1-2; bend bars 2%
DEX	15	-1 AC
CON	16	+2 h.p./die system check 95% resurrection 96%
INT	10	
WIS	14	
CHR	8	-5% loyalty

Home City or Country: THE PURPLE HILLS, TETHYR

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: +5% exp. pts.; +4 save vs. rod/staff/wands, spells, poison; 60' infravision; can detect slopes; can move silently

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Durlerish, Elvish, Gnomish, Goblin, Halfling, Orcish, Thieves' Cant

Wealth: _____

BASE AC

4

Surprised 5
Shieldless 4
From Behind 5

HIT POINTS
44

SAVING THROWS

Paralyze/Poison 11/7 Petrify/Polymorph 11
Rod/Staff/Wand 8 Breath Weapon 13
Spells 9

COMBAT

Weapon (specialty)	#AT	Dmg.	THACO	Special Information
BROADSWORD +2	3/2	6-12	13	6-11 vs. L
(proficient)				
LT. CROSSBOW	1	1-4*	16*	
(proficient)				
DAGGER	1	1-4	16	
strike from behind w/				
Broadsword +2	1	8-26	13	12-27 vs. L
strike from behind w/				
Dagger	1	3-12	15	3-9 vs. L

* plus magical bolts, if any

EQUIPMENT

ELFIN CHAIN MAIL
LT. CROSSBOW
2 CASES
15 BOLTS
10 SILVER-TIPPED BOLTS
4 DAGGERS

PONY*
Saddle + tack
Saddle bags
tent
bedroll
2 weeks' provisions
2 waterskins
space leather armor
thieves' tools

* MOVE 12", AC 9, 7 h.p.

Total Encumbrance ± 50#
Base Move 12
Modified Move 9

SPELLS

MAGIC SCHOOL: _____

MAGICAL ITEMS

BROADSWORD +2, Green Dragon Slayer
5 BOLTS +1
5 BOLTS +2
5 BOLTS +3

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

HORSE RIDING (14)
ALERTNESS (14)
FISHING (14)
ROPE USE (15)

THIEVING ABILITIES

(leather armor / elfin chain)

Pick Pockets 60/40% Locks 52/47% Traps 50/45%
Move Silently 57/42% Hide 52/42% Hear Noise 25/20%
Climb Walls 72/57% Read Languages 25/25%

Player _____

Character TARETH LANISTAPH

Race Human Class Ranger Level 15th

Alignment Neutral Good Exp. Pts. 2,110,608



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

COAT OF ARMS OR IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Statistics Abilities

STR	18 ²³	+1 to hit; +3 Dmg.; +1000 wt. open doors 1-2; 20% bend/lift
DEX	13	
CON	17	+3 h.p./die; system shock 97% resurrection 99%
INT	15	4 add'l languages; 65% chance to know spell
WIS	16	+2 save
CHR	14	+5% loyalty +10% reaction

Home City or Country: ITHMONG, TETHYR

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: +10% exp. pt. bonus; +15 Dmg. vs. giant class; surprise feat 3 in 6; surprised on 1 in 6; Can use sewing magical items; can track

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Thorsan

Elvish (Elmanesse & Suldush), Halfling

Wealth: 375 g.p. in various coins



BASE AC

-3	Surprised	-3	Hit Points 100
	Shieldless	-2	
	From Behind	-2	

SAVING THROWS

Paralyze/Poison	2	Petrify/Polymorph	2
Rod/Staff/Wand	3	Breath Weapon	2
Spells	4		

COMBAT

Weapon (specialty)	#AT	Dmg.	THACO	Special Information
LONGSWORD +3 (proficient)	5/2	9-16	1	9-20 vs. L; throw spells
LONG BOW (proficient)	2/1	1-6*	6*	
SPEAR (proficient)	2/1	5-10	4	5-12 vs. L
DAGGER (proficient)	2/1	4-7	5	4-6 vs. L
LT. CROSSBOW	1	1-4	6	1-4 vs. L

* plus arrow bonus, if any

EQUIPMENT

LONGBOW	Med. war horse*
Large shield	Lt. crossbow
Quiver, (case)	20 bolts
10 arrows	50' rope
9 silver-tipped arrows	Saddle + saddle bags
Dagger	2 waterskins
	1 wineskin
	flint + tinder
	tent
	spellbook

* MOVE 18", AC 7, 12 h.p.

Total Encumbrance	3 50#
Base Move	12
Modified Move	12

SPELLS

(DRUID)

- 0) Pass without Trace
- (1) Speak with Animals
- (2) Reflecting Pool
- (2) Cure light Wounds

MAGIC SCHOOL:

(MAGIC-USER)

- (1) Magic Missile
- (1) Protection from Evil
- (2) Read Magic
- (2) Invisibility

MAGICAL ITEMS

RING OF PROTECTION +3	SPEAR +1
CHAIN MAIL +4	AMULET VS. UNDEAD
LONGSWORD +3 - Neutral Good;	(13) ARROWS +1
INT 15, EGO 2; detect traps;	(6) ARROWS +3
magic; heals once/day;	ARROW OF DRAGON SLAYING
Speaks NG, Common.	ARROW OF GIANT SLAYING

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

HORSE RIDING (16)	DIRECTION SENSE (16)
ANIMAL HANDLING (16)	FIRE-BUILDING (16)
ANIMAL LEE (15)	WEATHER SENSE (16)
BLIND-FIGHTING	

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets	Locks	Traps
Move Silently	Hide	Hear Noise
Climb Walls	Read Languages	

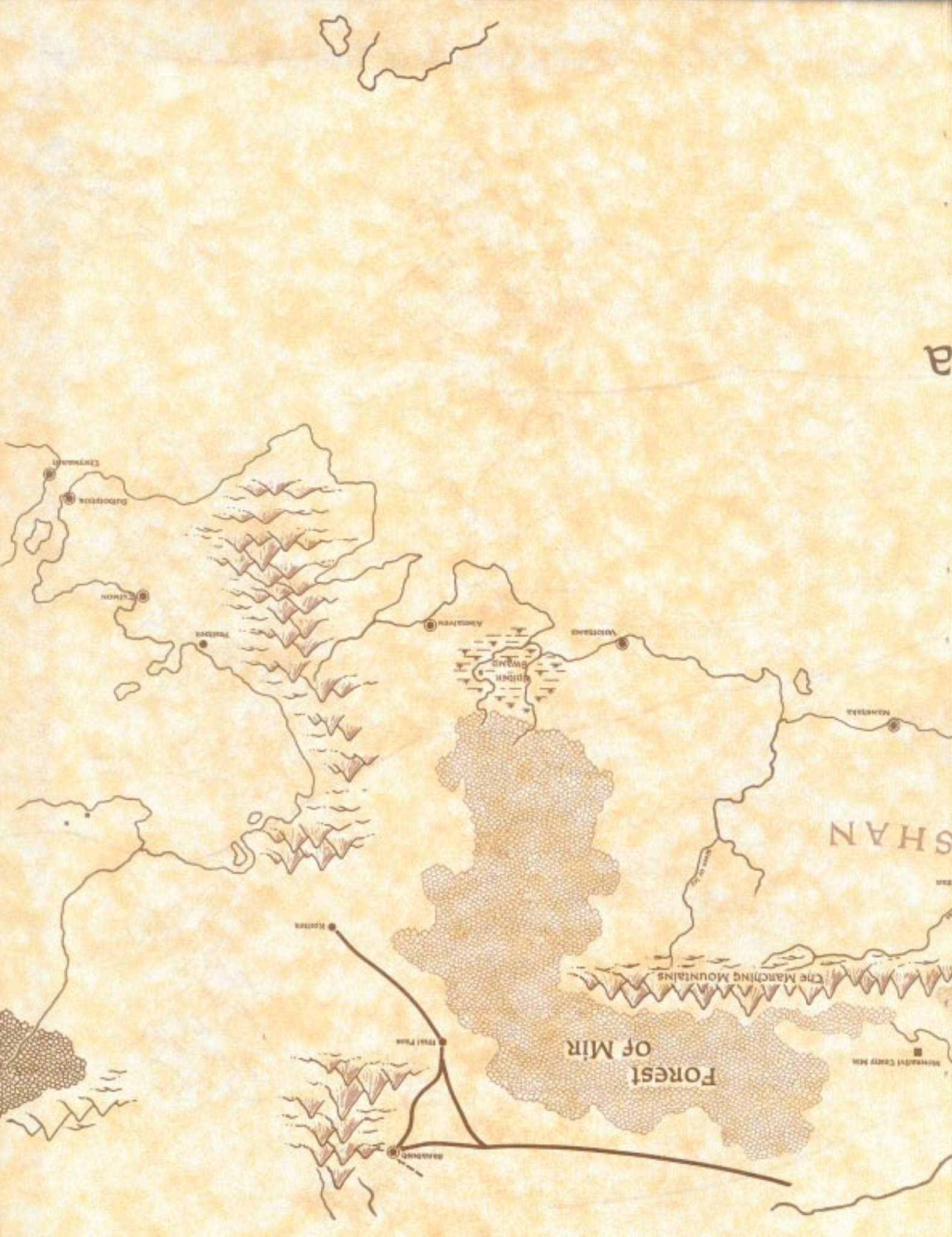
The Shining Sea



The Singing Rocks







Player _____

Character LAWANTHA SILENDIA

Race Human Class Magic-User Level 12th

Alignment Neutral Good Exp. Pts. 884, 910



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

COAT OF ARMS OR IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Statistics Abilities

STR	9	open doors 1-2; bend bars 1%
DEX	16	+1 reaction/missile attack; -2 to AC
CON	13	System shock: 85% resurrection: 90%
INT	17	75% chance to know spell; 8-14 spells/level; 6 add'l lang.
WIS	15	+1 save
CHR	16	+20% loyalty +25% reaction adj.

Home City or Country: CAUMPORT, CALIMSHAN

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: +10% exp pts.

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Elvish
(Elmensesse & Suldusk), Dwarvish, Halfling, Orcish

Wealth: 8,450 g.p. in gems and coins

BASE AC	-1	Surprised <u>1</u>
		Shieldless <u>-1</u>
		From Behind <u>1</u>

Hit Points	33
------------	----

SAVING THROWS	Paralyze/Poison <u>8</u>	Petrify/Polymorph <u>6</u>
	Rod/Staff/Wand <u>4</u>	Breath Weapon <u>8</u>
	Spells <u>5</u>	

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THACO	Special Information
(proficient) QUARTERSTAFF	1	1-6	16	
(proficient) Dagger +2	1	3-6	14	3-5 vs. L THACO 12 if thrown
Dagger	1	1-4	16	1-3 vs. L THACO 15 if thrown

SPELLS

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| (1) Read Magic | (4) Polymorph Self |
| (1) Magic Missile (x2) | (5) Hold Monster |
| (1) Sleep | (5) Teleport |
| (2) Knock | (5) Telekinesis |
| (6) Mirror Image | (5) Conjure Elemental |
| (2) Wizard Lock | (6) Stone to Flesh |
| (2) Stinking Cloud | |
| (3) Lightning Bolt | |
| (3) Fly | |
| (3) Protection from Normal Missiles | |
| (3) Invisibility 10' Radius | |
| (4) Dimension Door | |
| (4) Ice Storm | |
| (4) Polymorph Other | |

MAGIC SCHOOL: _____

EQUIPMENT

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|
| <u>QUARTERSTAFF</u> | <u>Light Warhorse*</u> |
| <u>4 DAGGERS</u> | <u>Saddle + tack</u> |
| | <u>Saddle bags</u> |
| | <u>Tent</u> |
| | <u>bedroll</u> |
| | <u>2 weeks' provisions</u> |
| | <u>3 waterskins</u> |
| | <u>1 wineskin</u> |
| | <u>spell books</u> |

* MOVE 24", AC 7, 9 h.p.

Total Encumbrance	≈ 10 #
Base Move	12
Modified Move	12

MAGICAL ITEMS

- | | |
|---|--|
| <u>CLOAK OF PROTECTION +3</u> | <u>SCROLL OF PROTECTION VS. DEMONS</u> |
| <u>WAND OF LIGHTNING BOLTS (40 charges)</u> | <u>RING OF AIR ELEMENTAL CONTROL</u> |
| <u>DAGGER +2</u> | <u>CRYSTAL BALL</u> |
| <u>BRACERS OF DEFENSE AC 4</u> | <u>GEM OF SEEING</u> |
| <u>POTION OF GREEN DRAGON CONTROL</u> | |
| <u>SCROLL OF PROTECTION vs. UNDEAD</u> | |

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|
| <u>HORSE RIDING (15)</u> | <u>ROPE USE (16)</u> |
| <u>SWIMMING (9)</u> | <u>HEALING (15)</u> |
| <u>FUNGUS IDENTIFICATION (7)</u> | |
| <u>SOUND ANALYSIS (15)</u> | |

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets	Locks	Traps
Move Silently	Hide	Hear Noise
Climb Walls	Read Languages	



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

Player _____

Character MANFRED ARBUSTLE

Race Human Class Druid Level 3d

Alignment Neutral Exp. Pts. 7,085

COAT OF ARMS OR IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Statistics Abilities

STR	12	+100 wt.; open doors on 1-2; bend bars +7%
DEX	10	
CON	12	system shock: 80% resurrection: 85%
INT	14	4 add'l languages
WIS	15	+1 save
CHR	15	+15% loyalty; +15% reaction

Home City or Country: VELEN, TETHYR

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: +10% exp. pts.; +2 save vs. fire & lightning; Identify plant, animal, pure water; pass without trace.

Languages: Common, Neutral, Druid, Elvish

Wealth: 14 g.p. in assorted coins

BASE AC

8

Surprised 8
Shieldless 8
From Behind 8

Hit Points

16

SAVING THROWS

Paralyze/Poison 10 Petrify/Polymorph 13
Rod/Staff/Wand 14 Breath Weapon 16
Spells 15

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THACO	Special Information
(proficient) QUARTERSTAFF	1	1-6	20	
(proficient) SLING & BULLETS	1	2-5	20	2-7 vs. L
DAGGER	1	1-4	20(+4)	1-3 vs. L

SPELLS

- (1) Animal Friendship
- (1) Entangle
- (1) Invisibility to Animals
- (1) Detect Snares & Pits
- (1) Shillelagh
- (2) Cure Light Wounds
- (2) Flame Blade
- (2) Obscurement
- (3) Call Lightning

MAGIC SCHOOL: _____

EQUIPMENT

- Leather Armor
- Quarterstaff
- 4 throwing daggers
- Sling
- 20 Sling Bullets
- Light Warhorse*
- Saddle + tack
- 1 lg. sack
- 1 weeks provisions
- 1 waterskin
- Bowls
- 2 small boxes of mistletoe, holly, etc.

MAGICAL ITEMS

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

- Horse Riding (15)
- Plant Lore (14)
- Animal Lore (14)

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets _____	Locks _____	Traps _____
Move Silently _____	Hide _____	Hear Noise _____
Climb Walls _____	Read Languages _____	

* Move 24"; AC 7; 6 h.p.
Total Encumbrance ± 20 #
Base Move 12
Modified Move 12

Player _____

Character Arkaneus Silvermane

Race Human Class Druid Level 12th

Alignment Neutral Exp. Pts. 412,119



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

COAT OF ARMS OR IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Statistics Abilities

Home City or Country: MOSSTONE, TETHYR

STR	10	open doors 1-2; bend bars 2%
DEX	13	
CON	15	+1 h.p./die system shock 91% resurrection 94%
INT	15	4 additional languages
WIS	18	+4 save
CHR	15	+15% loyalty; +15% reaction 7 henchmen max.

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: +10% exp. pt. bonus; +2 save vs. lightning + fire; identify plant, animal, pure water; immune to woodland charm; shape change 3/day

Languages: Common, Neutral, Druid, Centaur, Dryad, Elvish, Gnome, Hill Giant, Lizardman, Manticore, Sprite, Treant, Green Dragon, Halfling, Dwarvish

Wealth: 112 gp. in assorted coins

BASE AC

8

Surprised 8
Shieldless 8
From Behind 8

HIT POINTS

69

SAVING THROWS

Paralyze/Poison 6 Petrify/Polymorph 9
Rod/Staff/Wand 10 Breath Weapon 12
Spells 11

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THACO	Special Information
(proficient) STAFF +2	1	3-8	12	STAFF OF THE WOODLANDS HAS spell capability
(proficient) DAGGER	1	1-4	14	1-3 vs. L
(proficient) HAMMER	1	2-5	14	1-4 vs. L

SPELLS

MAGIC SCHOOL: _____

- (1) Animal Friendship / Ceremony
- (1) Detect Magic
- (1) Detect Snares & Aps
- (1) Entangle
- (1) Invisibility to Animals
- (1) Speak with Animals
- (2) Create Water
- (2) Cure Light Wounds
- (2) Fire Trap
- (2) Flame Blade
- (2) Goodberry
- (2) Heat Metal
- (2) Warp Wood
- (3) Call Lightning
- (3) Cure Disease / Know Alignment
- (3) Neutralize Poison
- (3) Tree
- (4) Animal Summoning I
- (4) Cure Serious Wounds
- (4) Dispel Magic
- (4) Plant Door
- (4) Speak with Plants
- (5) Insect Plague
- (5) Moonbeam
- (5) Wall of Fire
- (6) Conjure Fire Elemental
- (6) Cure Critical Wounds
- (7) Creeping Doom

EQUIPMENT

Leather Armor
10 throwing daggers
Hammer

Medium Warhorse*
Saddle + Tack
Saddle bags
3 waterskins
Silver Sickle
Bowls
5 small boxes with oak, mistletoe, holly, etc.

* Move 18", AC 7, 12 h.p.

Total Encumbrance ≈ 25 #
Base Move 12
Modified Move 12

MAGICAL ITEMS

STAFF OF THE WOODLANDS +2
(37 charges)

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

Healing (18)
Weather Sense (18)
Animal Handling (18)
Horse Riding (18)

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets _____ Locks _____ Traps _____
Move Silently _____ Hide _____ Hear Noise _____
Climb Walls _____ Read Languages _____

Player _____

Character SYLVANUS MOONDROP

Race ^{Wood} Elf Class Fighter Level 6th

Alignment Neutral Exp. Pts. 63, 814



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

COAT OF ARMS OR IDENTIFYING SYMBOL

Statistics

Abilities

STR	15	+200 wt.; open doors 1-2; bend bars 7%
DEX	17	+2 reaction/misile attacks; -3 AC
CON	14	system shock 88% resurrection 92%
INT	13	
WIS	13	
CHR	16	+20% loyalty +25% reaction

Home City or Country: FOREST OF TETHIR

Adventuring Group: The Company of Eight

Special Abilities: 90% resistance to Sleep + Charm,
+1 to hit with bow, short sword, or long sword;
60' Infravision; can find secret doors; moves silently;
+10% exp. pts.

Languages: Elvish, Common, Neutral, Treant,

Woodland Mammat

Wealth: 1,120 g.p. in assorted gems + coins

BASE AC

0

Surprised 3
Shieldless 1
From Behind 4

HIT POINTS
36

SAVING THROWS

Paralyze/Poison 10 Petrify/Polymorph 11
Rod/Staff/Wand 12 Breath Weapon 12
Spells 13

COMBAT

Weapon	#AT	Dmg.	THACO	Special Information
(proficient) LONGSWORD +1	1	2-9	14	2-13 vs. L
(specialty) LONG BOW +2	2/1	3-8*	11	* Point Blank (6'-20') +2 hit / +2 dmg + double damage Short Range (300'-750') +1
(proficient) SHORT SWORD	1	1-6	15	1-8 vs. L
(proficient) DAGGER	1	1-4	16	THACO 14 if thrown

* plus arrow bonus, if any

EQUIPMENT

<u>SPUNT MAIL</u>	<u>LIGHT WARHORSE*</u>
<u>LARGE SHIELD</u>	<u>Saddle + tack</u>
<u>2 QUIVERS</u>	<u>Saddle bags</u>
<u>20 ARROWS</u>	<u>1 weeks' provisions</u>
<u>10 SILVER-TIPPED ARROWS</u>	<u>2 water skins</u>
<u>DAGGER</u>	<u>50' rope</u>
<u>SHORT SWORD</u>	<u>small chest</u>

* Move 24", AC 9, 13 h.p.

Total Encumbrance 32 70[#]
Base Move 12
Modified Move 9

SPELLS

MAGIC SCHOOL: _____

MAGICAL ITEMS

<u>LONG BOW +2</u>	<u>POWDER OF FIRE GIANT STRENGTH</u>
<u>LONG SWORD +1</u>	<u>STONE OF GOOD LUCK</u>
<u>BOOTS OF SPEED</u>	<u>RING OF REGENERATION</u>
<u>8 ARROWS +2</u>	
<u>2 ARROWS +1</u>	

SKILLS/PROFICIENCIES

<u>HORSE RIDING (15)</u>	
<u>HUNTING (13)</u>	

THIEVING ABILITIES

Pick Pockets _____	Locks _____	Traps _____
Move Silently _____	Hide _____	Hear Noise _____
Climb Walls _____	Read Languages _____	



Zazesspur and Myratma are delayed unless additional payments to inspectors are made; imports from those cities and Saradush are refused entrance without the "proper permits." This is not a total embargo; only a few shipments each month get this treatment for now. But it could get much worse, and that's the message Gallowglass wants the other cities to get. They are paying more for Ithmong goods, and can't recoup the money losses with their own exports.

There is talk in Ithmong that the other major cities of Tethyr are raising an army to march on the city and put an end to these economic actions. There is no truth to this at all; in fact, it is a rumor started by Gallowglass. If the people believe an attack is imminent, it will make the next phase of his plan easier—the military conquest of Tethyr. Within the next two years, Gallowglass plans to raise an army of his own to conquer the rest of Tethyr. He has already begun to assemble the officers, mercenary captains, and magicians necessary to do the job.

At his core, Gallowglass is a tyrant. He is slick and a good speaker, and he makes sure his people always think they are getting some benefit from his actions, but in reality the people of Ithmong are not as well off as they were before he came to power. Gallowglass' activities have come to the attention of the Company of Eight (see "Characters," below), and they are looking at ways to stop Gallowglass' plans.

Kzelter

Kzelter is a small (population: 4,000) town at the east end of the Ithal Road. During the centuries of royal power in Tethyr, Kzelter was much larger, mainly because of a large garrison of troops protecting the pass between the Snowflake Mountains and the Forest of Mir. There were only 2,000 or so troops stationed in Kzelter, but the accompanying families, armorers, taverns, fest-halls, and other related businesses swelled the town to nearly 20,000.

When the Tethyr family fell, most of

the troops deserted, but only after looting the garrison for whatever arms, armor, food and money they could get. Rioting townspeople finished the job, and the Kzelter fortress is today a ruin, a haven for petty criminals, the poor, and rats. Some of the soldiers, especially those with families, stayed in Kzelter or the surrounding countryside. Most, however, left the area, either going to their homes elsewhere in Tethyr or adventuring into Calimshan or to the east.

There was no marauding invasion force ready to take advantage of the fall of the Kzelter garrison; the town has lived in complete peace since the downfall of the royal family ten years ago. Kzelter is little more than a peaceful farming village today; frequent caravans of traders from the east passing through to get on the Ithal Road are the extent of the town's excitement.

Rumors still occasionally surface about a well-hidden vault room surviving the townspeople's attack on the garrison, filled with magic weapons and money. Every once in a while, a group of former soldiers will return, convinced they know the location of the secret vault. Most of these groups return to town frustrated and empty-handed; the others are never seen again. It is assumed that the groups that disappear simply left the area rather than return to town and admit defeat. This may be true.

Mosstone

The life of Mosstone is very much connected to the Forest of Tethir. The town depends on the forest for its livelihood, yet it fears many things about the forest (and for good reason). But if the Forest of Tethir wasn't such a dangerous place, Mosstone would not be nearly as prosperous as it is.

Located where the Trade Way exits the forest in the southwest, Mosstone is a gathering place for forest guides, trackers, mercenaries, guards, animal handlers, wagonmasters, and anybody else a merchant caravan may need. Mosstone does a healthy business with

travelers in both directions; some are preparing to cross the forest, others are recovering from the trip.

This is not to say that every caravan or traveler through the Forest of Tethyr gets waylaid; if that were the case, the route would quickly fall into disuse. But the threat of disaster is enough that many cautious travelers will hire extra guides, scouts, and guards in Mosstone. In addition to its large personnel pool, Mosstone also has a number of excellent inns and taverns, as well as armorers, blacksmiths, and wagoners.

Mosstone also has a very large druidic population, and one of the biggest druid churches in all of the Realms. Those looking to hire druids or rangers frequently come to Mosstone, and rarely leave disappointed.

Myratma

Myratma, located in the southwest corner of Tethyr, is one of the country's "Big Four" cities. It is very similar in many ways to the great cities of Calimshan, which is understandable given its closeness to Memnon and the Calim Desert.

Myratma depends greatly on commerce and trading for its livelihood, though there are small but important agriculture and manufacturing activities in town. Myratma handles nearly all the bulk agricultural products from the center of Tethyr. Wheat and other grains come down the River Ith by barge, and are stored, sold, and shipped (both overland and by sea) throughout the area. Calimshan is a particularly important customer for Tethyr grain sold through Myratma.

The Purple Hills to the north are rich in fruits and vegetables, and Myratma does a big business in them, too. Ship building and repair is also a major business here. But the most famous business in Myratma is the Tethyr Mills, a huge textile mill right along the banks of the Ith known throughout the Forgotten Realms for its fabrics. Of particular fame are its silks, which are the choice for the finest clothes in both Ca-



limshan and Amn, and a light canvas of such tight weave that it is waterproof. This canvas is in great demand for use in the sails of the largest ships on the Sea of Swords and beyond. It is also very popular for use in tarpaulins and tents in rainy areas.

The current Town Council, headed by a merchant named Reshtiva Gullifort, is ambitious enough to want to reunite Tethyr under their banner, but realizes it doesn't have the clout to pull it off—yet. Gullifort, with the approval of the council, has begun negotiating with the Pasha of Calimshan a secret deal in which the Calimshan army would help Myratma take control of Tethyr in exchange for a huge sum of cash (to be taken from the other parts of Tethyr), some land, and favorable trade arrangements for perpetuity. These negotiations have just begun, and no one else in Tethyr other than the Myratma council and their advisors know about it. There is some debate on the Myratma council over whether or not the Calishites can be trusted, and this may prove to be a major stumbling block to any deal.

Port Kir

Port Kir is located at the end of an inlet in the southeast corner of Firedrake Bay. Primarily a small fishing village (population: 3,700), Port Kir has a ready market for its products as the Trade Way runs right along the edge of town.

Port Kir is in a natural location. Firedrake Bay does not get hit by many storms because of the protection of the Tethyr Peninsula, but even when the weather gets so bad that even the bay is affected, the Port Kir inlet is calm. During the heaviest storms, Port Kir may serve as refuge for over 100 ships.

When the seas are calm, Port Kir has a major fishing fleet working Firedrake Bay to great success. Fish and shellfish of many varieties are harvested in abundance in the bay, and the townspeople that aren't fishing are busy working in the various canning, pickling, salting, and curing operations on

the waterfront. Port Kir fish are frequently sold to caravans passing through, both for sale in foreign markets and to feed the caravan on its trip.

Port Kir has recently put out a call for adventurers with some sailing experience to investigate the disappearance of several fishing boats in clear weather to the west of the fleet's usual fishing grounds. Pirates are not suspected, because they have left fishing boats alone for years. (For more on this, see the entry on Starspire Mountains, below.)

Saradush

Saradush is located in the southeast corner of Tethyr in the foothills of the Snowflake Mountains. As one of the "Big Four" cities in Tethyr, it has its aspirations of power, but unlike some of the other cities in the country, these aspirations are tempered by reason and motivated by more than just a blind lust for power.

Saradush is the headquarters for all agriculture in far eastern and southeastern Tethyr. Tobacco, cotton, teas and other herbs, and a few exotic vegetables are the most common crops. Hunting for wild game in the open lands to the northwest provides much of the food for the area, though there is little left over for export. There is some mining in the mountains to the east, but it is not particularly profitable.

In the days of the royal family, Saradush was an important government city, filled with bureaucrats and emissaries from the lands to the east. After the overthrow, the Royal Quarter (as it was called) cleared out overnight. Ambassadors returned to their native countries, and most bureaucrats took new names and tried to blend in with the population.

Saradush is not ruled by a Town Council, but by one man—the self-titled Lord Mayor Oon Santele. Santele is a popular and powerful leader, and most importantly—and this is a rarity in Tethyr today—a good leader. Santele has the welfare of Saradush first in his

mind at all times. He is neither petty nor vengeful, and he administers justice to the rich and poor in the same fair way.

Santele is no saint; he is overly fond of titles, pomp, and ceremony. But these are minor faults in the eyes of the people of Saradush when compared to his strong points. Like any other leader in Tethyr, Santele has dreams of ruling a reunited country, but he is not ruthless enough to do the things necessary to seize power. He also thinks that an attempt to expand his power over all of Tethyr would keep him from doing a good job in Saradush, and since that's his first priority, he probably won't try. This is Tethyr's loss.

Tulmene

Tulmene is a small village on the southern coast of the Tethyr Peninsula. Fishing is the town's major source of livelihood, and occasional merchant ships stop here to pick up cargo and trade finished goods (everything from arms and armor to furniture) to the townspeople.

Tulmene would normally not be mentioned here but for two things. One, it is the largest fishing village on the peninsula's south coast (population: 4,200). And second, Tulmene is a popular trading post for many of the pirate fleets based in the Nelanther. Many have wondered how a town as large and comparatively well off as Tulmene has escaped the pirates' attention, and the answer is simple. Tulmene trades with the pirates (at *very* favorable prices) and provides them with valuable information on merchant ship movement in The Race in exchange for not being looted and pillaged. No one suspects (least of all the merchants) that the Tulmene fishing fleet is, in effect, one giant scouting network for the Nelanther pirates. If the news ever got out, it's hard to say whom Tulmene would have to worry about more—the angry pirates or the betrayed merchants.



Velen

Velen is the largest town on the Tethyr Peninsula, with a population of nearly 13,000. Life is not easy in Velen. The north face of the peninsula bears the brunt of storm after storm every winter, and the pirates of the Nelanther are a constant threat. But the townspeople love the sea and consider Velen their home, and they'll do anything to defend it.

Velen is the home of one the best-known shipbuilding and repair yards on the Sword Coast. Simon Andrusky runs the Andrusky Yard, a relatively small operation that turns away hundreds of orders a year. A custom-built Andrusky ship is the finest on the seas—the most maneuverable, the most watertight, and the fastest. The Andrusky reputation is legendary. Pirates take extra care when attacking an Andrusky, hoping to capture the ship intact for their own use. The story is told of a pirate captain who, realizing that his attempt to capture an Andrusky had a good chance of actually sinking the ship, broke off the attack rather than taking a chance on destroying such a piece of craftsmanship.

Velen is also a haven for sailors looking for work. Crewmen of all types and experience levels are available for hire here. Velen is a common drop-off point for ransomed pirate captives, sailors rescued from shipwrecks, and other crewmen who've lost their current jobs for a variety of other reasons.

Many of these sailors are recruited into Velen's town watch, which patrols the seas surrounding the town and protects it from pirate attacks. It's been 17 years since the last successful attack on Velen, and the size and efficiency of the watch is in no small part responsible. The watch has over a dozen ships on patrol at any given time (except during storms, of course), and can put over 30 additional ships to sail with an hour's notice. This fleet, along with substantial shore-based catapult and ballista batteries, has proven enough for any threat since then.

Zazesspur

Zazesspur, located on the Sword Coast just south of the Starspire Peninsula, is Tethyr's largest city. Its population (now up to 375,000) has swelled over the past ten years with the influx of refugees from Castle Tethyr and the surrounding area.

Zazesspur is a major port, and its location on the Trade Way makes it a center for trading and commerce as well. The open land to the southeast is too dry for anything more than livestock grazing, but the Purple Hills to the south are very fertile and provide the city with a good deal of its food.

Zazesspur is also the home of many of Tethyr's finest craftsmen and artists. Of particular repute are the town's leatherworkers, weavers, dyers, and tailors.

Zazesspur, though one of the "Big Four" of Tethyr cities, has had to tread a fine line, politically. Most of the survivors of the destruction of Castle Tethyr fled here ten years ago, and not all the Tethyr family sympathizers were found. As a result, there is a strong underground political movement trying to find a surviving Tethyr heir and reestablish the Tethyr monarchy. This will be difficult, as there are no living members of the family left in Tethyr, but it doesn't stop this small but powerful underground group from trying.

A larger group, one that is actually gaining power in Zazesspur, is promoting the idea of a return to a royal family system of rule, with a new king chosen by some as-yet-undetermined method. The reasoning this group is trying to use is that while the overthrow of a decade ago was necessary, the problem was the excesses of the Tethyr family, not the system of monarchy itself. While this is still not the opinion of the majority, it is growing significantly. One sign of its growing acceptance is that proponents of a monarchy can say so in public today with little fear of being killed by a mob—this wasn't true five years ago.

Given time, this position has a good chance of winning over the majority, first in Zazesspur, then throughout

Tethyr. There are many former bureaucrats and minor nobles living in the city under new names who are using their hidden wealth and still-considerable influence to bring about this return to monarchy. Of course, there are factions in Ithmong and Myratma who have other plans

Places of Interest

Asavir's Channel

Asavir's Channel is the sea lane between the Nelanther and the northwest coast of the Tethyr Peninsula. Every merchant ship that must travel between Amn (and points north) and Tethyr and Calimshan (and points south) must use this channel.

This heavy traffic and the close proximity to the Nelanther, a notorious haven for pirates, adds up to one thing. Between the merchant ships, the pirates, the armed merchant escorts, the scout ships, and the scavengers and profiteers, Asavir's Channel is the most crowded sea lane in all of the Forgotten Realms.

But despite all the bustle, the idea of "safety in numbers" definitely does not apply here. Pirate activity is very heavy, and it is a remarkable day on the channel when the tell-tale plume of smoke from a burning ship can't be seen somewhere. Merchants still use the channel because, even with the risk of loss to the pirates, it is cheaper to move goods by sea than over land. Or, as many merchants are fond of saying, "On land, anything can happen. At least here, we know where the pirates are."

Even though there are a lot of pirates, there's even more merchant traffic, so the odds of any one ship being hit are fairly low; low enough for merchants to risk it, anyway. Another attraction to Asavir's Channel is the reasonably calm seas (the Nelanther tend to break up storms before they reach the channel) and the close proximity of havens such as Velen and Firedrake Bay.



Castle Tethyr

There's not much left to Castle Tethyr; the remaining ruins are little more than a sketchy outline of the size and scope of a castle that was the largest and grandest in all of the Empires of the Sands.

The castle itself was about 450' square, with three stories above ground and walls 45' high. A wide, deep moat surrounded the castle, which also had an extensive underground dungeon. Outside the castle proper were buildings for the many servants, stables, pens for livestock, workshops for armorers and smiths, barracks for the royal guards, and storehouses for food and other material. It was all destroyed that one night ten years ago.

Soldiers, servants, and peasants made off with most of the riches of the castle; the rest burned. From time to time, stories resurface of fantastic treasures still buried deep within the dungeons of Castle Tethyr, but most people believe that the place was stripped bare the night it fell.

The area is still fairly rich agriculturally

(at least for livestock), and the meeting of the Ithal Road and the Trade Way is not more than a mile away from the castle, so the area still has lots of people living in it. However, no one lives within ½ mile or so of the castle ruins—for good reason.

The ruins of Castle Tethyr and the surrounding grounds are haunted by the spirits of all who died by treachery that night ten years ago. It's an impressive list of ghosts, ghosts, haunts, shadows, and other undead. Legends tell of the ghosts of Prince Alemander V and Gen. Nashram Sharboneth, locked in an eternal struggle as each tries to avenge his murder by treachery at the hands of the other. As the occasional lost traveler or foolhardy adventurer has entered the castle ruins, the numbers of the various spooks and undead have increased, much to the dismay of local residents.

Ithal Pass

Ithal Pass is a crossroads community that is not organized enough to be considered

a city or town. There is no government of any sort, and the residents like it that way. In fact, Ithal Pass is completely neutral when it comes to questions of Tethyr politics. They don't care who comes out ahead—they just hope that whoever does will leave them alone.

Ithal Pass is a farming community, and they raise just enough food to feed themselves. There is one tavern with a handful of rooms to rent, as a concession to travelers who may wish to stop for the night.

Forest of Tethyr

The Forest of Tethyr is the single most important thing that determines the culture and personality of the entire country. The forest is dark, cool, vast and mysterious—and in a land where most of the people live in open, rolling country, the imagery of the forest still dominates the expressions and attitudes of the people.

The forest is dense and dark in the center, though it thins considerably within 10 miles of its edge. The forest is also less



thick on the Tethyr Peninsula, because of the rockier ground. Heavy rainfall on the peninsula, however, makes the forest very wet in that area, and a haven for molds, slimes, fungi and other unpleasant things.

There are two major tribes of elves living in the Forest of Tethir. The larger of the two, the Elmanesse, live in the forest in a large area just east of the Trade Way. Travelers and merchants who report encounters with elves on that road have met the Elmanesse. After years of isolation, this tribe seems ready to reestablish contact with the humans of Tethyr—but only on the elves' terms.

The other major elven tribe, the Suldusk, lives in the southeast area of the Forest of Tethir. Few humans know that the Sulduskoon River gets its name from this elf tribe, and even fewer know that the tribe still exists. This is just fine with the Suldusk, who would as soon be left alone by the outside world.

The Gorge of The Fallen Idol

The Gorge of the Fallen Idol is found where two smaller feeder rivers combine to form the River Ith in far eastern Tethyr. The gorge itself is 250' deep, with steep, crumbling sides that are very unpredictable and difficult to climb (-15% to all climbing rolls). The river itself is deep, cold and swift.

At one point in the gorge, a small clearing opens up to one side of the river, leaving some open, flat ground. In this clearing stands (well, lies actually) the fallen figure of a great stone idol. It was nearly 50' tall when it was standing, and its age is unguessable. The idol has fallen on one side, breaking into several pieces. The last pieces (including the head) have fallen into the river near the bank, and the rushing waters have worn the submerged half of each piece smooth.

Those using magical tests on the fallen statue will find that the idol radiates both *magic* and *evil*. There are no inscriptions or carvings of any sort to help decipher the origin or purpose of the statue.

The statue marks the place of worship of a tribe of humanoids now extinct for over 2,200 years. The worshipers weren't quite human, but they weren't orcs or goblins, either. The idol was carved over decades out of the same rock that makes up the sides of the gorge. These humanoids invented elaborate rituals—including sacrifice of their own kind—in worshipping this idol. Some of the rituals began to have magical power, but not deliberately; the humanoid priests began casting spells almost by accident.

As the centuries of worship and sacrifice went on, the idol itself began to take on magical power. This malevolent power became quite great in time, and the idol began to direct the tribe in its search for new lands to acquire and new peoples to enslave.

Eventually, the idol's reach exceeded its grasp, and it sent the tribe out against a human nation of great size and power that worshipped good gods. The idol-worshipers were wiped out, and an army of these people (whose descendants settled the Volothamp area in Calimshan) hunted down the humanoids and put every last one to the sword. They found the idol, and pulled it down. That was over 2,000 years ago.

Today, the broken statue radiates with only a fraction of its former power. If all the pieces were to be reassembled, the idol's power would increase greatly, to the point where it would try to possess the most likely member of the group that did the assembling (at a power equal to a 30th level spell). The idol would then bide its time, learning all it could about the new society it found itself in, and then it would begin to reestablish its evil practices.

The Nelanther

The Nelanther is a chain of hundreds of islands just off the Tethyr and Amn coast in the Sea of Swords. The Nelanther is also known in the Empires of the Sands as the "Pirate Isles" because of the large number of pirates that use the

islands as a base of operations.

Only the largest islands in the chain are named; hundreds of others are simply there. There are thousands of places where pirate ships can hide, and hundreds of places where groups of pirates can set up land bases. Each pirate crew knows the route to their own base by memory; no maps of the treacherous shoals, tricky currents, or hidden harbors exist.

It is not known exactly how many pirates prey on merchant shipping from the Nelanther; but best estimates are that there are five or six major pirate operations, each with ten ships or more; another three or four operations with 3-5 ships; and anywhere from 10 to 30 one-ship endeavors. The total is nearly 100 pirate ships operating in the area, each with a crew of anywhere from 40 to 150, depending on the size of the ship.

Nelanther pirates prefer to prey on shipping in Asavir's Channel or The Race, especially since the instability of Tethyr means there will be no organized navy harassing them. The Nelanther pirates do operate off the coasts of Amn and Calimshan as well, but the risks are greater because of those country's navies. The pirates will also mount an occasional raid on a coastal city, but these are extremely risky and not common—not as long as there are easier pickings in the sea lanes.

The Purple Hills

The Purple Hills are located on Tethyr's west coast between Zazesspur and Myratma. It is a rolling, fertile land, filled with fruit orchards, vegetable gardens, and small fields of grain. The Purple Hills are populated almost entirely by halflings, who have migrated from throughout the Empires of the Sands to this area.

The halflings of the Purple Hills are entirely self-governing. They have friendly relationships (based primarily on trade) with both Zazesspur and Myratma. Both cities are courting the halfling's support in the upcoming power struggles, and as



a result are as cooperative as can be. Should any trouble arise in the Purple Hills the locals can't handle (a rampaging anhkheg or some such), the two nearby cities will practically get in each others' way in their attempts to be the first to help the halflings out.

Should one leader emerge over Tethyr, the halflings would most likely rejoin the new nation. The halflings of the Purple Hills are not fighters, and are more interested in a good harvest than a good argument.

The coastline to the west of the Purple Hills is nearly deserted. The land is not suitable for the kind of farming the halflings wish to do, and most of the Purple Hills residents are deathly afraid of boats and large bodies of water, anyway.

Sea Tower of Irphong

The Sea Tower of Irphong is a maritime landmark on the east coast of Irphong, a large, uninhabited island at the north-east end of the Nelanther. Sailors for generations have used the tower as a marker indicating the northern entrance of Asavir's Channel. The tower extends some 150' above the shore of the island, and is lit at night. Since the island is totally uninhabited, it is believed that some sort of *continual light* spell has been cast on an object at the top of the tower (perhaps the roof itself). Why the light is only visible at night or during storms is a mystery.

No pirates have set up camp on Irphong in years, mainly because of superstitions concerning shipwrecks, fires, and other maritime disasters that have befallen groups that have stayed too long in the area. These superstitions are based on fact; a very large, very old dragon turtle has lived in a cove on the north side of the island for decades. This beast is one of the biggest of its kind ever seen (107 hp), and values its privacy greatly. Pirate bands that try to land on the island usually meet the dragon turtle within a week of their arrival, much to their permanent regret.

The dragon turtle does not leave its lair



for more than a few hours at a time, so it poses less of a threat to regular shipping than it could. And since its main prey seems to be pirates, no one complains very much. The dragon turtle's lair—a large cave half-filled with water, the only way in is to swim an underwater channel over $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile long—cannot be located without magical help. It's also important to remember that no one alive knows of the dragon turtle's existence. Adventurers who find (or are found by) the dragon turtle and can find its lair will be well rewarded: Thanks to years of a diet rich in pirates, this particular dragon turtle has three times the listed treasure in its lair.

The tower itself is well-built and solid, and completely empty. A winding staircase inside the tower leads to a small platform at the top. The only magic to be found is the *continual light* spell that has been cast on the entire roof cap of the tower. The enchantment is very tough to dispel—it was cast at 47th level.

Sea Tower of Nemessor

The Sea Tower of Nemessor is very similar in construction to the one on Irphong, but it is different in many other ways. The Nemessor tower is located on a 100' tall cliff on the northeast face of Nemessor, and island at the far southeast end of the Nelanther. (Actually, sages contend that Nemessor Island is not part of the Nelanther at all—something about differing rock formations—but that is neither here nor there.)

The Sea Tower of Nemessor has the same *continual light* spell cast on its roof, and the tower itself is just as empty as the one on Irphong. But the island of Nemessor is inhabited by almost 800 members of the "Black Skull" pirate clan. The Black Skull are excellent sailors, and do most of their pirating in the treacherous winds of The Race. Of the 800 or so clan members, only 150 are actually pirates; the rest are shipwrights, farmers, craftsmen, captives, slaves, wives, children, etc.

No one from the Black Skull ever goes into the sea tower, except for children



on a dare. The pirates are superstitious, and are content to leave the obviously magical structure alone.

Starspire Mountains

The Starspire Mountains are a small mountain range as mountains go, but they are the only mountains in all of Tethyr. The Starspires are very wet mountains, receiving lots of rain in summer and a fair amount of snow in the winter at the higher elevations. This is one of the reasons the open country to the south is so dry.

There is a small tribe of dwarves living deep under the peaks at the eastern end of the Starspire range. This particular tribe likes to keep to itself, although it sends three major trading expeditions each year to Zazesspur, where they trade rare metals and dwarven arms and armor for cloth, leather goods, and other items they do not make for themselves.

The Starspire range extends into the Sea of Swords as a barren, rocky peninsula. This peninsula helps define Firedrake Bay, but has no other features to redeem it.

Which is exactly why a band of sea orcs have chosen the Starspire Peninsula as their new home. The orcs, who call themselves the Split Mast tribe, are still a small group, numbering only 80 (including women and children). They have three ships, but only one is fast enough and reliable enough for serious pirating. The Split Mast have started small, capturing single fishing boats that have strayed too far west from Port Kir, and they must still resort to the "women's work" of farming, fishing, and hunting to keep the tribe fed. But the tribe grows stronger by the month, and larger targets, such as the halfings of the Purple Hills or the many small fishing villages on Firedrake Bay, will soon be attacked by the orcs of the Split Mast.

Survale Ford

This ford is the only place where the River Ith is crossable between the



Gorge of the Fallen Idol and the Ithal Bridge in downtown Ithmong. An old, narrow trail winds from the ford south to Saradush and north to Trailstone in Amn. The road would be a more-frequently used trade route if it weren't for the general chaos and lawlessness throughout Tethyr.

A prime example of that lawlessness is Harfour's Raiders, a large bandit gang that operates in the area of the Survale Ford. The Raiders travel all over eastern Tethyr, taking what they want from small villages, family farms, and lone travelers. The Raiders number 75 or so men, and are led by Axian Harfour, a 5th level fighter of Neutral Evil alignment. Harfour's men range from 1st to 5th level, and are all proficient in short bow and long sword.

Harfour's Raiders prefer lightning strikes on horseback, hitting the enemy hard, taking what they can, and fleeing before the target has time to recover. If circumstances dictate, however, Harfour can also orchestrate a siege or other drawn-out military style engagement.

Anyone trying to cross Survale Ford will certainly meet the Raiders. The Ford is always guarded, and a toll is demanded. If the travelers are aggressive, rude, or simply look rich, the Raiders will attack without warning, picking up what's left after the battle is over. The Raiders are confident, but not stupid—if an obviously superior force approaches the Ford, they will withdraw.

Characters

The Company of Eight

The Company of Eight is a band of adventurers sworn to each other and the cause of peace, freedom, and justice in Tethyr. The Company has many powerful enemies, but many powerful friends, too—and their exploits are quickly becoming legend among the common people of the country.

Oddly enough, the Company of Eight has only seven members. Only the leader, Tardeth the ranger, has been



with the company since it was formed nearly 13 years ago. He has told the other members of the company (and anyone else who asks) that "the Lady of Truth and Justice is our eighth," but those closest to him believe there is something more to it than that.

The current members of the Company of Eight are:

- Tardeth Llanistaph (AL NG), a 15th level human ranger. Tardeth (no one ever uses his last name) has ST 18/23, IN 15, WS 16, CN 17, DX 13, CH 14. He wears leather armor and a *ring of protection* +3, but he also owns a set of *chain mail* +4 which he dons when he knows that combat is imminent. Tardeth wields a *long sword* +3 that he calls "The Scales of Justice." The sword is intelligent and has spell-throwing abilities. He also uses a long bow with a variety of magical arrows.

- Marilyn Haresdown (AL NG), an 11th level human fighter. Haresdown has ST 16, IN 12, WS 16, CN 14, DX 14, CH 12. She wears *scale mail and shield* +3 and wields a *dancing broad sword* +3. Marilyn has been in the Company for six years.

- Arkaneus Silvermane (AL N), a 12th level human druid of many years. He has ST 10, IN 15, WS 18, CN 15, DX 13, CH 15. He has only a *staff of the woodlands* and a considerable array of spells. Arkaneus is the second most senior member to Tardeth, having been in the Company for 11 years.

- Manfred Arbustle (AL N), a 3rd level human druid and Silvermane's apprentice. Manny (a nickname everyone uses, even though he hates it) has ST 12, IN 14, WS 15, CN 12, DX 10, CH 15. He has no magical items, although he carries a "staff" that is little more than an uncured sapling. Arbustle is the newest addition to the Company, joining less than a year ago.

- Lawantha Silendia (AL NG), a 12th level human magic-user. Lawantha has ST 9, IN 17, WS 15, CN 13, DX 16, CH 16. She wears a *cloak of protection* +3, and owns several potions, scrolls, and other magical items, including a *wand of lightning bolts*. Lawantha has been in the Company for four years.

- Sylvanus Moondrop (AL N), an 6th level elf fighter. He has ST 15, IN 13, WS 13, CN 14, DX 17, CH 14. He wears no

magical armor, but does own a pair of *boots of speed*. He also uses a *long bow* +2 and a *long sword* +1 to good effect. He has been a member of the Company for six years.

- Paddy Stoutfellow (AL NG), a 6th level halfling fighter/thief. Paddy has ST 11, IN 10, WS 14, CN 16, DX 15, CH 8. Paddy wears chain mail armor, and fights with a *broad sword* +2, *green dragon slayer* which he must use with two hands. He is also quite handy with a crossbow, and owns a handful of magical bolts for special uses. Paddy joined the Company just over two years ago.

The Company of Eight uses the vast Forest of Tethyr as its base. While they are likely to be in any part of the forest, they are most frequently in the southwest corner; Tardeth and Arkaneus have important contacts in Mosstone, and the Trade Way is a valuable source of information and work.

While the Company of Eight is not above some simple escort or guard work, they are most concerned with the welfare of the people of Tethyr. The Company (and Tardeth in particular) keeps close tabs on the latest in Tethyr



politics on all levels, and works to make sure their three-part goal (Peace, Freedom, and Justice) comes to pass.

Currently, that means keeping a careful watch on Ernest Gallowglass, the ruler of Ithmong with designs on the rest of Tethyr. "No tyrant will rule this land again," Tardeth has vowed on more than one occasion.

The Company of Eight has performed a number of services throughout Tethyr over the past 13 years, many of which have brought great fame to the group. These include the slaying of several rampaging monsters (including two dragons), negotiating the end of a bloody range war in northeast Tethyr, and the overthrow of the former ruler of Ithmong, a tyrant so bad that no one thought anybody could be worse—that is, until Gallowglass came along.

Knights of The Shield

The Knights of the Shield are a secretive group with members all up and down the Sword Coast. The aims, real power, and exact activities and goals of

this group is not known. It is only mentioned here because Lord Inselm Hhune, a very powerful member of the Zazesspur Town Council, is one of the leaders of the society.

Lhaeo

Lhaeo is the scribe of the famous Elminster the Sage, one of the most learned and wise men in all of the Forgotten Realms. Elminster and his many servants and associates (including Lhaeo) live in Shadowdale, north of Sembia and southeast of Thar, thousands of miles away from Tethyr.

The only reason this humble scribe is mentioned here at all is because of a great secret—Lhaeo is the last surviving member of the Tethyr royal family! Son of King Alemander IV and younger brother of Prince Alemander V, Lhaeo was sent to Elminster the Sage for training and protection when he was still an infant.

Lhaeo's birth was not announced to the people of Tethyr, and as much secrecy as possible was kept even in the

royal castle. The queen never appeared in public very much anyway, and many residents of the castle never knew of the child. Apparently, Alemander IV was more suspicious than history gives him credit for. Lhaeo was to be his last card should conspirators eliminate the other heirs to the throne (little did Alemander IV suspect that the treachery would come from within his own family).

Today, Lhaeo is completely forgotten by those in Tethyr vying for power. Elminster is a wise man, and he knows that the news of a legitimate Tethyr heir, especially one not directly connected to the abuses of Alemander IV's rule, would turn the political situation upside down. Elminster also realizes that there are many different power factions that would hunt Lhaeo down if they knew he lived. So Lhaeo continues to work as a faithful scribe. Whether or not Elminster has told Lhaeo the truth about his heritage is not known; if he has, then Elminster has also convinced Lhaeo to keep it a secret for now.

Calimshan

The kingdom of Calimshan is a vast, arid land of magic and wonder. The land is not abundant in natural resources or particularly good for farming, so the people of Calimshan have learned to depend on trade, craftsmanship, tinkering, a little theft, and a good deal of magic to get by. And they do more than just get by—Calimshan is a glorious, splendid place, full of magic, mystery, and danger.

General Description

Calimshan is a coastal nation, bordered on the west by the Sea of Swords, and to the south by the Shining Sea. Calimshan's northern border is generally accepted to be a line that starts between Memnon and Myratma, goes east through the center of the Forest of Mir, and then turns southeast. The east border is currently in dispute; most in the Realms believe it to be the continuation of the Snowflake Mountains south of Kzelter, passing east of Almraiven and continuing to the Shining Sea. The Pasha of Calimshan believes his eastern border extends past those mountains, down the peninsula to the city of Suldolphor. Suldolphor, and the other cities on the peninsula, while in close contact with Calimshan, prefer to be independent city-states, answering to no one. The pasha is currently not pressing the point, and the dispute is more the source of tavern arguments than the cause of real aggression.

The culture of Calimshan is dominated by the great desert in the west, the Calim Desert. Even though it covers less than one-fourth the total land area of the country, the Calim forces itself on the consciousness of all of Calimshan. The attitudes, rituals, and habits necessary for survival in the Calim are part of everyday life throughout the country.

The land east of the Calim River is more hospitable than desert, but it is still a dry, difficult place. Very little grows in abundance, and the farmers of the region depend greatly on hardy livestock such as goats and sheep. Fresh

water is scarce, and many battles have been fought over the right to water a herd. To the north and east is the Forest of Mir, a vast pine forest that can best be described as "stifling." The hot sun fights its way down to the forest floor, yet the trees cut off any semblance of a breeze. Only the occasional clearing or spring provides any relief.

The last important factor in the life of Calimshan is the water, the Sea of Swords and the Shining Sea. It is on these waters that food comes to this country, and exotic spices, magics and other items go out. And it is on these waters that Calimshan claims supremacy over the "barbaric North" in the fields of sailing, sea trading, fishing, and naval warfare.

Races Appearing

Calimshan is primarily a human kingdom, but it is still a diverse, cosmopolitan land because of the many different types of humans that live and work there. A small majority of Calishite humans are of one race, shorter than average, with brown skin and dark hair. There is also a race containing a large amount of Tethyr blood, taller and more fair-skinned than the regular Calishite. Two other races, the tall, ebony-skinned traders of Chult and the long-faced, slightly yellow-tinted men of the Shaar are also in large numbers in Calimshan.

This is not to say that non-human races are nowhere to be found. There are elves in nearly every major city in Calimshan, many of them magic-users, alchemists, and helpers and apprentices. There is also a large tribe of Drow elves living in the western leg of the Forest of Mir, but they are very much interested in keeping to themselves—almost as interested as their neighbors are in keeping away. The Drow in general have a bad reputation, and this tribe in particular is well-known for its ruthless tactics in battle and cruel treatment of prisoners.

Dwarves are very popular in Calim-

shan for their natural talent with metal, arms and armor. However, there are very few of them in this country. When dwarves are found, they are working in the cities of Calimshan, living in small family groups. There are no large tribes living in their own communities, even in the Marching Mountains. Gnomes are even more scarce.

Halflings are less common in Calimshan than in Tethyr or Amn. Like the elves, halflings are just not happy in the hot weather that is so common in this southern realm. There is a small fellowship of halflings that lives and works together in Calimport, but they are hardly noticed in the general bustle of Calimshan's largest city.

Half-orcs, on the other hand, are common throughout Calimshan. Unlike many other places in the Forgotten Realms, half-orcs are considered a normal part of society here; they are not relegated to menial tasks or the poor parts of town. In fact, half-orcs can be found in positions of responsibility and power throughout Calimshan, as shopkeepers, skilled workers, bureaucrats, soldiers, business owners and even politicians.

Even orcs are tolerated, but they are widely regarded with suspicion—an orc must spend years establishing a reputation in a particular locale before he will be accepted by the community.

Languages

The common tongue of the Realms is, of course, known throughout Calimshan. Because of the country's great dependence on trade and other contacts with other parts of the Realms, knowledge of common is necessary for survival. However, common is not the language Calishites prefer to use when speaking among themselves.

The language of Calimshan is called Alzhedo. It is very closely related to the language spoken on the Elemental Plane of Air, and this fact lends credence to the theory that the first civilizations in the Calimshan area were



made up of travelers from that plane. Alzhedo is spoken at court, in all government and judicial proceedings, and throughout polite Calimshan society.

The Chult and Shaar races in Calimshan speak their native languages among themselves, but speak either Alzhedo or common when dealing with other Calishites.

Alzhedo is a very difficult language to learn; even many natives who grow up speaking it do not speak it well. Calishites are well aware of this fact, and while they are proud of their language and are honored by outsiders' attempts to use it, they understand the need to speak common in many situations.

Social customs

Calimshan society is a great lover of wealth. Not wealth for wealth's sake (like in Amn), but for what wealth can do for you. Leisure time is very highly prized in Calimshan; anything that makes a job easier is embraced by society. "He does what he doesn't have to" is an insult in Calishite circles; it says the subject doesn't know what's important in life and works harder than necessary.

The Calimshan ideal is to be a member of the "idle rich," devoting a small amount of time each day to maintaining your fortune, and spending the rest of the day in luxury, attended by servants. This is not to say that Calishites are a lazy people; on the contrary, they work very hard to achieve their goals, and they do not do anything halfway. It's just that the goal this society works so hard to achieve is to not have to work so hard.

Very few Calishites actually achieve the goal of early retirement and a life of idle wealth. But the pursuit of leisure time is still important. Toward that end, three things are common in Calimshan society: slaves, servants, and gadgets.

Nearly anyone who can afford a slave has one (or more). Slaves are used in Calimshan primarily as personal servants—cooks, food servers, maids,

clothes washers, nannies, gardeners, and the like. Many businesses also use slaves, especially those that need a large amount of manual labor. Trade in slaves is brisk in Calimshan, and any race, human or non-human, can be found in the ranks of slaves. Slaves are frequently imported from other parts of the Forgotten Realms as well.

Servants are more common than slaves, because they are less expensive. A servant only has to be paid a wage, while slaves must not only be bought, but also housed, fed, and clothed. Servants are exclusively of the domestic variety, handling household chores and other menial tasks. Businesses use servants all the time, of course, but they are more accurately called "employees."

Most fascinating in the Calimshan national character is the people's love of labor-saving devices and gadgets, preferably magical. Many of these items are whimsical in nature—in Calimshan society, the more trivial a task a device can perform, the higher status it affords. Typical devices are as follows:

- Torches that light and extinguish themselves on verbal command.
- Shoes that tie themselves on command.
- A wine pitcher that knows when a glass at the table is empty, and then floats over to that empty glass and fills it.
- A bed that makes itself.
- A door which recognizes members of the household and opens to let them in.

And so on. The more silly the job, the more likely someone in Calimshan has a gadget that will do it. If this gadget is magical, so much the better.

Charity is practically unheard of in Calimshan; most people are too busy amassing their own fortunes to worry about others. And jobs are not particularly scarce. If worse comes to worst, a person could take a job as a personal servant—there's always someone willing to take on another servant.

Calishites also have a fascination with magic. Magic-users are held in very high esteem, even low-level mages and

apprentices. Nearly anyone with the free time and money hires a mage in order to learn a few simple spells; it is a hobby among the rich merchants and bureaucrats of Calimshan to have a few minor spells and cantrips at their disposal for the amusement and amazement of their friends.

One last thing that must be said about Calimshan society is their incredible ego. To hear a Calishite tell it, this southeast corner of the continent is the only repository of culture and civilization in all of the Forgotten Realms. A Calishite thinks little of the cultures of Cormyr, Waterdeep, the Moonshaes, the Shaar, Thay, Sembia, Thar—they are all "barbarians." They do not mind when people from these lands take offense. In fact, they almost expect it. But this assumed superiority is ingrained in the very heart of Calimshan society so deeply that only the most careful and diplomatic will avoid insulting a foreigner as almost a matter of course.

Monsters

As would be expected of a magical, dangerous land, there are many monsters in Calimshan. The Calim Desert is a perilous place, with common hazards including giant scorpions, sphinxes, jackals, dustdiggers, giant ant lions, dune stalkers, vortexes, poisonous and constrictor snakes, various demons, devils, and daemons, and elementals from the planes of air, earth, and fire, such as djinni, dao, efreeti, jann, and marid, as well as earth, air, and fire elementals and smoke and magma paraelementals.

The Forest of Mir is also a relatively evil place, where adventurers can find orcs, kobolds, ogres, hill giants, goblins, stirges, choke creepers, bloodthorns, ettins, forester's banes, driders, giant spiders, centaurs, dryads, harpies, and the ever-growing drow elves. There are also rumors of dragons of various colors using the Forest of Mir as a base, but no one has returned from the forest with proof.



Because of the large number of experimenting magic-users throughout the country, practically every magical monster capable of being summoned exists somewhere in Calimshan. All sorts of elementals, para-elementals, golems, homunculi, aerial servants, invisible stalkers, demons, devils, daemons, modrons and naga can be found guarding treasure chambers, wandering in ruins and graveyards, and rampaging free over the countryside after disposing of those who would try to control them.

Of course, the people of Calimshan are also troubled by the more “mundane” monsters as well, including purple worms, hydrae, wolves, bears, bats, umber hulks, bulettes, anhkhegs, goblins, bugbears, and the like. Every day can be a challenge in Calimshan—provided one knows where to look.

History

Calimshan is an old country, older than either of the other Empires of the Sands. Calimshan was first settled over 7,000 years ago by the Djen, a humanoid race from the Elemental Plane of Air. These Djen were known to be very magical, and had a number of inherent powers, such as *create whirlwind*, *summon air elemental*, and a weak form of *weather control*. In addition, many Djen became powerful magic-users, learning new spells previously not available on the Elemental Plane of Air.

The Djen prospered for over 1,000 years in Calimshan, but their reign was ended by an invasion of creatures and minions from the Elemental Plane of Fire. Some say this is where the bitter hatred between djinni and efreeti started, others say this was just a result of a hatred that was already there. Whatever the cause, the battle was long and bloody, taking over 100 years to complete. The Djen finally beat off the attackers from the fire plane, but were greatly weakened in the attempt. They slowly died off after that, and the last mention of the Djen is just under 6,000 years old.

The next 4,000 years or so, Calimshan was dominated by nomadic tribes of humans. Various tribes from various places—Chult, the Shaar, The Shining Plains, Chondath, even Amn and Cormyr—took turns dominating, only to be conquered by the next, nearly identical tribe.

Slowly, the nomadic nature of Calimshan began to change. As explorers and traders from Amn, Waterdeep, and Cormyr discovered the wonders of the area, some tribes began to settle down and take up new means of support, like fishing, farming, or trading. These communities began to band together for mutual protection, and soon a civilization was born. It was only 1,300 years ago that the Shoon Empire (now called Iltkazar) came into being.

The Shoons were a grand and glorious empire, and their excesses were the foundation of Calishite snobbery today. They grew wise and powerful in the ways of magic, and ships and caravans bearing the Shoon flag traveled across the Forgotten Realms. Shoon, a particularly powerful mage, created a book of great power during this time called the Tome of the Unicorn. The exact location of the Tome has been lost in time, but since the book is 2' by 3' and made of pure metal, it is likely to still be around . . . somewhere.

Then, 900 years ago, the Shoon empire vanished. A great magical upheaval was at first suspected, but the wise and learned mages of other lands dispute the claim, saying a force that great would have disturbed magical powers and beings throughout the Forgotten Realms, and that didn't happen. Sages who have studied the Shoon at great length have reached no definite conclusions, but the most popular theories today center around a plague or disease decimating the population.

Today, the Shoon impact on Calimshan is still great. The grandeur of that empire is responsible, more than anything else, for the strong national character of Calimshan today. The ruins of the Shoon's greatest city, Monrativi Teshy Mir, can still be found in the wilderness to the west of the edge of the

Forest of Mir (see below for more on Monrativi Teshy Mir).

Since the fall of Shoon, no force or people has risen to dominate the land. There are a half dozen or so major cities, each of which exerts its own power over its own area. About 170 years ago, a man in Calimport declared himself “Pasha” over the land, and began to amass a large army. Before that army could march, however, the representatives of each major city got together and agreed to recognize the Pasha's authority in limited areas, and to pay a small tribute to him, enough to pay for the works the Pasha was expected to do. The oldest son of each pasha inherits the title; if there is no son, the mayors of each large city select a new one. The current Pasha, Rashid Djenispool, has ruled for over 18 years, and is the grandson of a pasha elected by the mayors of Calimshan 44 years ago.

Government and Politics

Calimshan is ruled, in theory, by a Pasha in Calimport. In practice, Calimshan is ruled by a consensus of the various leaders of the largest cities, along with the most powerful military leaders and the wisest and most fearsome mages.

There are actually very few important things the Pasha can just go out and do. Any changes in taxation, major new expenditures, or large-scale troop movements, if not done in consultation with many of Calimshan's most powerful men and women, are viewed with great alarm. The Pasha will quickly be reminded of his true place in the power structure of Calimshan, even if the action was in the country's best interest. If the action is met with widespread disapproval, it will often be revoked. And a Pasha who oversteps his bounds too frequently finds him or herself on the wrong side of an assassin's dagger.

Who are these other powerful people whom the Pasha rules at the apparent



whim of? They are the high viziers of the great cities of Calimshan—Almraiven, Calimport, Keltar, Man-shaka, Memnon, Teshburl, and Volothamp. Some of these viziers rule their cities with absolute power; others, like the Pasha, have counselors who must be consulted before major decisions are made. Others who counsel the Pasha include the four generals of the Calimport army and the two admirals of its new navy, the Pasha's court wizards, and the leading traders and landowners of the empire.

Obviously, not all of these powerful men are consulted for every decision; that would lead to paralysis and nothing getting done. The Pasha decides who will be consulted and who will not. Those in the "inner circle" receive and send messages nearly every day to the palace in Calimport; for those on the fringes of power, it is considered a great honor for the Pasha to request an opinion on a matter.

For most residents of Calimshan, the Pasha is an object of near worship, an icon of wisdom and goodness to be obeyed without question. This is exactly the image the truly powerful men of Calimshan want the populace to believe.

It is on the local level that the day-to-day decisions that affect most people's lives take place. Every village, town, or city has a system of *drudaches*, or precincts it is divided into (some smaller villages have only a single drudache; Calimport has 143). Each drudache is led by a *druzir*, who is responsible for everything that happens in the drudache. The *druzir* petitions the vizier for money to repair roads, bridges, dig wells, and the like. The *druzir* collects all taxes, and is responsible to the vizier if those taxes come up short. The *druzir* also hears minor disputes and dispenses justice, and brings more important cases to the Vizier's Court. All but the smallest villages have a city watch, troops under the vizier's direct control. A *druzir* may ask the vizier for control of a small squad of troops to deal with a particular problem—this sort of re-

quest is frequently granted automatically. Some drudaches where trouble is frequent have permanent garrisons of the city guard assigned to them, under the control of the *druzir* or one of his assistants. *Druzirs* serve at the whim of the vizier, and can be replaced at any time.

Calimshan justice is cruel and swift; as a result, crime is not common. The death penalty is common for most serious crimes (murder, kidnapping, any sort of assault or other crime that results in injury to another). Maiming, branding, or slavery are typical punishments for less serious crimes.

Religion

Calimshan is a land of many races, both human, and non-human; as such, there are many different gods worshipped here. There is no religion mandated by the government—all Calishites are free to worship (or not worship) how and who they choose. Some of the more common religions in Calimshan are:

Azuth



Azuth is the patron of magic-users, a lawful neutral god with great control over magic and magical items. The reasons he is worshipped here in Calimshan to such a great extent should be obvious. Nearly every person in the country, tycoon to slave, has a fascination with magic. Even the most humble citizens have magical items, even if they are no more than a self-cleaning stewpot. Azuth is frequently invoked when greeting (or saying goodbye to) business associates, fellow travelers, and even relatives.

Tymora



Tymora (also known as Lady Luck) is the goddess of good fortune, luck, victory, and skill, and she is the patron of adventurers and warriors. Tymora is best known for helping those who show initiative and innovation in helping themselves, and many of the Calimshan middle classes call on this Chaotic Good goddess' favor to get that stroke of luck necessary to vault into the upper crust of Calishite society.

Bhaelros



Bhaelros is the name Calishites give this Chaotic Evil god of storms and destruction, known throughout the Forgotten Realms (other than Calimshan) as Talos. With typical Calishite smugness, however, they claim that Talos is simply the "barbarian" name for Bhaelros. Bhaelros has many followers among the members of the various evil alignments in Calimshan, especially the Drow elves in the Forest of Mir, who abandoned their elven gods long ago.

Deneir



Deneir is the god of literature and art, two activities that Calimshan claims superiority to the rest of the Realms in. This Neutral Good god is also invoked frequently by sages and scribes as they begin their day's work in many of the places of learning in Calimshan.



Selune



Selune is the goddess of the moon, stars, and navigation. Given the large merchant fleets and the soon-to-be-completed Calimshan navy, rising interest in this Chaotic Good deity is understandable.

Sharess



Sharess is a chaotic good aspect of Shar, the goddess of darkness, night, loss, and forgetfulness. Sharess is particularly popular among Calimshan's idle rich. She is a goddess of lust, free love, and sensual fulfillment; she is worshipped in prolonged feasts with scented baths, music, good food, dancing, and other sensual activities. The Pasha of Calimshan himself is said to be a great devotee of Sharess.

Geography and Climate

Calimshan is located on a great coastal plain in the southwest corner of the continent. It is very flat, much more so than either Amn or Tethyr. Unlike some other areas of the Forgotten Realms, there are no abrupt changes in geography in Calimshan; the terrain alters gradually, as if the landscape were painted with a very broad brush.

The single most important feature of Calimshan geography is the Calim Desert, which dominates the western half of the country. It is a flat, trackless waste where only the hardiest cactus and desert flowers grow. The final leg of the great Trade Way road cuts directly across this desert on the way to

Calimport. For traders from the north, the desert is a final challenge to a long, wearying journey; for those heading north, it is an early test.

The only thing that keeps the desert from claiming a larger section of Calimshan is the mighty Calim River, a wide, broad river that begins in the Marching Mountains and flows southwest to the Shining Sea near Calimport. Water from the Calim River is the major source of agriculture in Calimshan's central plain. Calimshan's other major river, the River of Ice, has no ice in it at all. The river got its name from its unusually cold waters, fed by great melting underground ice packs in the eastern Marching Mountains. The River of Ice isn't even really that cold, but compared to the sweltering temperatures of the country in general, the contrast is significant.

The Marching Mountains are a small, insignificant range. The tallest mountain is only 8,500' high, and the average is closer to 5,000'. The slightly higher altitudes make the mountains one of the coolest places in Calimshan, and for that reason alone, many of the country's wealthiest families have estates there.

The other major feature of Calimshan geography is the Forest of Mir. As mentioned above, it is a hot, stifling, dense forest, with none of the cool, shady, restorative qualities usually associated with forests. Pines and other warm-weather trees (most with roots that sink more than 50' into the ground to get to water) dominate, and along with other types of dry, hardy plants, they manage to get by in this hot, inhospitable area.

The only other interesting feature to the Calimshan landscape is the Spider Swamp, just south of the Forest of Mir between Volothamp and Almraiven. This is a particularly nasty place, with tall cypress trees dripping with moss and fungi, great still pools of shallow brackish water, and swarms of stinging and biting insects and other small pests. All in the swamp is perpetually damp, and the smell of rot and decay is every-

where.

The climate of Calimshan can be summed up in one word: hot. The winters are brief and provide little relief, and the summers are both long and difficult. Highs throughout the five- to six-month period Calishites refer to as summer stay above 90, with temperatures nearer 100 (and occasionally higher) in the hottest two months. The night is little comfort in a Calimshan summer, as the temperatures rarely drop below 80, even near dawn. The only exception is in the Calim Desert, where the night temperatures are a more reasonable 60 to 70 degrees. Of course, the daytime temperature on the desert floor rises to 120, so travelers must take the bad with the good.

What little rain Calimshan gets comes in the winter and early spring. There is no "wet season" here, just a time of year where showers are more likely. Violent thunderstorms are not uncommon on the Calim Desert, but the rain they produce falls too fast and is over too soon to do much good. Even more common on the desert are windstorms (some magically created or aided by the many air elementals and related creatures in the desert). There is always wind on the desert, obscuring tracks just minutes after they are made, blowing sand into the eyes of pack animals, and stinging the unprotected flesh of travelers, but the windstorms are particularly dangerous, because of their great power and how quickly and unpredictably they can come up.

The ocean waters off of Calimshan are warm and calm. There are very few storms in the Shining Sea at all, and storms in the Sea of Swords are usually spent long before they get to the Singing Rocks.

Money and Commerce

Calimshan has a very strong trading economy, dealing with nearly every other nation in the Forgotten Realms. There are many things—magical items, exotic spices, alchemical supplies, fine



horses, gems, and silk—unique to Calimshan that the rest of the Realms wants. This is good, because there are a number of things that Calimshan needs in return that it can't provide for itself. Food is at the top of this list; the dry lands of Calimshan cannot produce enough food to feed the population. Meat is not a problem—there are many large ranches in the central plain, where the land is good for little else but grazing. But there is a severe shortage of grains, fruits and vegetables. Bread is very expensive in Calimshan, and many fruits and vegetables are simply not available to the common people. Beers, wines, and ales also have to be imported, though *trika*, a sweet and potent wine made from *palintri*, a cross between a breadfruit and a date that grows in abundance along the entire coast, is a popular drink.

Calishite traders travel throughout the Realms, seeking buyers for their special goods and looking for things that will turn a profit back in their home country. Unlike Amn traders, Calishites will not follow any lead in search of a profit. They tend to be more conservative, sticking to established (but extensive) trade routes and tried and true merchandise. Another distinction between Amn and Calimshan traders is that Calishites return home more regularly, probably because of their great love for their home (and because they grow tired of traveling among “barbarians”).

Calimshan has a stable money system. The major cities of the country all strike their own coins, but each carries the Pasha's mark certifying its value, and the coins are of identical value. A gold *pulan* minted in Teshburl is worth exactly as much as a gold *rekatik* minted in Volothamp. Calimshan uses the money system common to the entire Forgotten Realms: 10 cp = 1 sp; 10 sp = 1 cp; 2 ep = 1 gp; and 5 gp = 1 pp. There is a wide variety of coins in the country because of the individual mints throughout the area, and each of those coins has a name. Most people don't care about the distinctions between

coins, however: a tribute to how effective Calimshan's monetary system really is. A Volothamp merchant will call a handful of gold coins “rekatiks”, even if there are five different types of coins from five different Calimshan cities in the pile.

Some of the more common coins in use in Calimshan today are:

Copper: the *unarche* of Calimport; the *rada* of Almraiven; the *niften* of Teshburl; and the *spanner* of Manshaka.

Silver: the *decarche* of Calimport; the *messine* of Keltar; the *red worm* of Memnon; and the *espedrille* of Volothamp.

Electrum: the *centarche* of Calimport; the *tazo* of Almraiven; the *zonth* of Memnon; and the *djendive* of Manshaka.

Gold: the *bicenta* of Calimport; the *pulon* of Teshburl; the *great worm* of Memnon; and the *rekatik* of Volothamp.

Platinum: the *kilarche* of Calimport; the *djendjen* of Manshaka; the *mandrille* of Volothamp; and the *redoline* of Keltar.

This is by no means a comprehensive list, but it does include the most common coins in circulation. Visitors are sure to see other coins, as well.

The larger businesses of Calimshan also use trade-bars with great frequency when dealing with each other. This is a common practice. There is also a small amount of barter that still goes on in the rural areas of Calimshan, but with so many different coins in circulation, the use of money is much more common.

Cities

Calimshan is an extremely urban country. Except for the vast livestock herds of the central plain, there is little the open land of Calimshan has to offer. So most of the population (over 90%) lives in just a handful of major cities. They are described below:

Almraiven

Almraiven is a large (population: 475,000), cosmopolitan port city filled with diversity. The city is not dependent on any one industry. The land surrounding Almraiven is particularly foul and ill-suited for farming, so the large docks along the Shining Sea have been built primarily for the large grain-hauling ships and other bulk carriers that bring the precious food the city cannot provide for itself.

What Almraiven offers in return is items that are not nearly as bulky, but are still valuable enough to offset the tremendous cost of the imported food. Magical items of all types are produced in Almraiven, with an emphasis on the less-powerful, more common items that are more affordable and can be made more quickly. Competitors in other cities complain that Almraiven magic sellers are “flooding the market,” but local merchants ignore the complaints and go on.

Almraiven is also a major shipbuilding center, especially since the establishment of the Pasha's Navy a few years ago. Because the Almraiven port is the farthest from the action in the Sea of Swords, and the farthest from any potential spies, the navy's most ambitious, most secret projects are underway here.

Most interesting of these projects is the *Pasha's Palace*, a prototype vessel that, if successful, could revolutionize naval combat in the Forgotten Realms. The *Palace* is perhaps the largest warship ever built, over 1,300' long and with nine decks, four below the waterline. The *Palace* is practically a floating city, and will have a crew of over 4,000. Officers and messengers on many of the decks will use horses to get around this massive vessel more quickly.

The top deck of this ship is a floating artillery platform, littered with dozens of catapults, trebuchets, and firethrowers. There are nearly 50 more ballistae on the second and third decks as well, and there are a number of plat-



forms from which magic-users can cast both offensive and defensive spells. Sea trials for the *Pasha's Palace* are set for next summer, and if all goes well, the Almraiven shipyards will go into high gear and begin work on five more.

The Vizier of Almraiven, Majel Arpooristan, rules only with the advice and consent of a council of 15 or so of the most powerful men in the city. Lately, Admiral Eshtar! Eshram, one of only two admirals in the Pasha's Navy and a close advisor to the Pasha, has exerted a great deal of power over Arpooristan and the entire council while overseeing construction of the *Pasha's Palace* and other major warships.

Calimport

Calimport is the largest, grandest city in all of the Empires of the Sands—and it never for a moment lets anyone forget it. Larger than Athkatla, larger and richer than even Waterdeep, Calimport has a population of over 2,000,000 hu-

mans and non-humans of every known race and type. Included in that mix is the only large community of halflings in all of Calimshan.

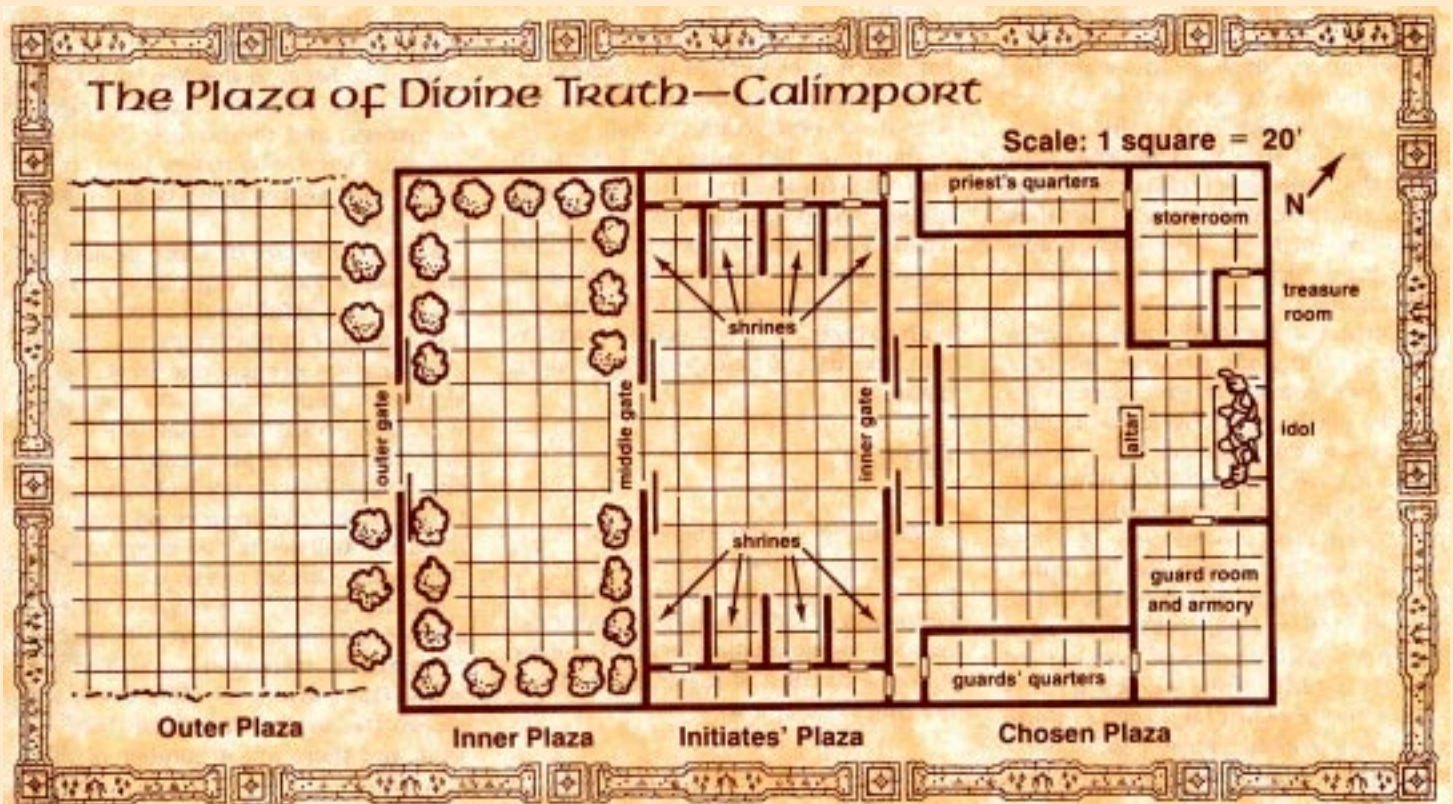
Calimport is at the mouth of the Calim River, and is also the southern end of the great Trade Way road that leads eventually to Waterdeep and beyond. Calimport is a major port (as might be expected from the name) and trading center, collecting livestock from the central plain and fish from the Shining Sea for export as well as the manufactured goods from within the city, and trading them for both grain, food and other necessities, and exotic items and amusements from across the Realms.

Calimport has a nearly insatiable appetite for the unusual, exotic, and bizarre. The Calimport market quarter is a crowded, chaotic place, with small shops tucked into impossibly narrow alleys, hawkers yelling from second-story windows, and merchants selling from carts stopped on the edge of the road. Everything from the latest fashions to precious jewelry to inexpensive trin-

kets to minor magic items to high-quality specialty items are available. Most sellers will also buy interesting items in their line of expertise, and no price is set in stone; haggling is a respected tradition in Calimport, and most established merchants are *very* good at it.

Calimport also has large manufacturing businesses, making everything from furniture to armor to horse-drawn carts to cooking equipment to fine clothes to magical items. Somewhere in Calimport, nearly any item imaginable is being made by somebody.

Calimport is also the home of some of the great sages and researchers in all of the Forgotten Realms. While no single man has the knowledge or resources of the famed Elminster of Shadowdale, there are several learned men just a notch or two below him. And taken as a whole, the sum of knowledge in Calimport is greater. This is due to the great private libraries located here; information on every subject, some of it lost for ages, is in the various books and tomes





of these libraries. Some of the information is still lost, as the libraries are so vast that many of the books have not been read (or even opened) in centuries. However, given time and the permission of the owners of the various libraries, nearly anything can be found by a diligent researcher. Unfortunately, permission can be difficult to obtain. The owners of the various libraries see each other as rivals, not as cooperative custodians of a common body of knowledge, and their petty rivalries can make a researcher's life very complicated.

The Vizier of Calimshan is Punjor Djenispool, the oldest son of Pasha Rashid Djenispool. The pasha considered the position good training for Punjor's eventual succession, and the other viziers of Calimport agreed. Punjor is not always in agreement with his father, and he is learning as much as he can as quickly as possible, frequently consulting with his father's advisors and developing his own "inner circle" of trusted counselors. There are great expectations among the people of

Calimshan—while few have complaints about the reign of Rashid, it is widely believed that Punjor could well be one of the greatest leaders Calimshan has ever seen.

Calimport is also a major religious center. Many of the leaders of the country's largest religions are located here, as are some of the most spectacular temples in all of the Forgotten Realms. Typical is the Plaza of Divine Truth (see map), a large, richly-decorated temple dedicated to the worship of Bhaelros. The temple is built of fortified stone walls 4' thick, with guardhouses at all the corners and gates of the structure, as well as at intervals along the outer wall. The Outer and Inner Plaza are open-air (that is, there is no roof) and open to all. Guards at the Outer Gate will stop heavily-armed or suspicious-looking visitors, although weapons are not specifically prohibited in either of the outer two plazas.

Another set of guards screen people at the Middle Gate. Swords and other large weapons are confiscated, though

daggers and other small items frequently get by. Tourists or non-believers don't usually get past the Middle Gate without making a "donation" to one of the guards—the Initiate's Plaza is for prayer, meditation, and special small ceremonies. The shrines to either side are reserved for scheduled events, such as funerals, weddings, special classes in the faith of Bhaelros, prayer services for specific causes, etc. The clerics who lead these services enter from the back, to minimize direct contact with the worshipers.

A large wall just inside the Inner Gate guarantees that non-believers will not ever see the great Idol of Bhaelros at the far end of the Chosen Plaza. The wall also makes the gate easier to defend, as attackers have only two narrow openings to squeeze through. The most sacred services in the worship of Bhaelros are held here. Only clerics in the service of Bhaelros, worshipers with years of devotion to the religion, and really large benefactors of the church are ever allowed into this Plaza. The guards





(who are all clerics or cleric/fighters) have their quarters and storerooms to the sides of this plaza.

The Idol of Bhaelros itself is a spectacular statue over 30' high, covered in beaten gold and inlaid with huge, precious gems. In fact, the entire temple, and particularly the Chosen Plaza, is covered with the finest paintings, tapestries, sculptures and other artwork imaginable. The followers of Bhaelros believe that his spirit inhabits the idol, so they show it the greatest respect possible. It is also believed that if the temple is desecrated in any way, Bhaelros (accompanied by a great dragon which Bhaelros keeps on a chain by his side) will emerge from the idol to exact his revenge.

Keltar

Keltar is known as the "Edge of the Desert." It is an appropriate title—the vast Calim Desert stretches west for what seems like forever. Keltar is located on the Calim River at its deepest, swiftest point, to take advantage of the water power available to operate mills and other industries. Below Keltar, the river becomes wide, shallow and sluggish, meandering to the sea at Calimport.

Cattle is king in Keltar, though other livestock, including camels, buffalos, and other more exotic animals are also herded, slaughtered, and packed here. Most of the city is on the west side of the river, but the livestock pens and slaughterhouses are on the east side. This attempt to cut down on the smell is only partially successful; Keltar still smells like a barnyard, though it would undoubtedly be even worse if the animals were any closer.

In addition to the processing and shipping of livestock and meats, Keltar is also well known for its leather products. Every Calishite horseman wants a Keltar saddle, and Keltar craftsmen are also known for their leather armor, whips, and saddlery for more exotic animals, like camels and bison. There is even one Keltar craftsman

who says he can custom-make saddles for riding dragons, though few dragons are ever brought into town for a fitting.

Keltar is a fairly small city (population: 240,000) with a powerful vizier. Duncan Ashnarti is one of the richest men in town, with interests in meat-packing, shipping, and horse breeding. Ashnarti has a strong grip on the city, and does not depend on a group of powerful supporters to keep him in office. He is a reasonably good leader, however, so his position is likely to remain stable for some time.

Manshaka

Manshaka is a coastal town of over 300,000, located directly south of the central plain of Calimshan. While Keltar handles the livestock business for the northern half of the central plain, many ranchers and herdsmen in the south find it more convenient to drive their stock south to Manshaka.

There is a much wider variety of livestock available in Manshaka, because a great deal of it is loaded live onto cargo ships, instead of being slaughtered and prepared in town. Cattle are still the most common animals found, but they are joined in Manshaka holding pens by pigs, sheep, buffalos, elephants, dromedaries, chickens, and deer, among other things.

Manshaka is a common stop among Calishite coastal traders, boatsmen who hug the coast, stopping at nearly every port from Suldolphor to Teshburl and occasionally Memnon. The traders don't stop for the livestock (though most take advantage of the opportunity to bring a little fresh meat on board)—Manshaka has become a major financial capital of Calimshan because of the large number of moneylenders that have chosen to set up shop here. The interest charged ranges from a quite reasonable 10% or 15% a year to 100% a month or even more. The rates are totally dependent on the riskiness of the proposed venture and the moneylender's trust in the borrower and his abili-

ties. A person could get money in Manshaka for nearly any purpose, no matter how far-fetched; how much he would have to pay in interest is another story. The traders stopping in Manshaka are either looking for money (to finance a new expedition, pay for repairs, whatever) or are there to pay off debts.

Nominally, the Vizier of Manshaka is a moneylender named Artouk Fanzir, but he has no real power. All important decisions are made by a group of 12—made up of nine rich businessmen, two powerful magic-users and a sage—which decides everything of importance. Fanzir (who is one of the businessmen on the council) then passes on the decisions.

Memnon

Memnon is an important trading city on the coast of the Sea of Swords in the far northwest corner of Calimshan. Because of its location on the edge of the Calim Desert, nearly every caravan on the Trade Way (in either direction) stops there for at least a full day, either preparing for or recovering from the arduous journey across the desert. As a result, Memnon has far more inns, taverns, stables and the like than there should be in a city of only 310,000.

In addition to the great many people employed in the service of travelers, Memnon is also well known as a fishing center. The area of the Sea of Swords directly off the coast is famous for the quality and abundance of fish, shrimp, and shellfish available.

Strategically, Memnon serves as the base for the scout and advance forces of the new Calimshan navy. Most of the ships stationed here are small and fast, designed to report on pirate locations unseen, or if possible, to hit quickly and run. The navy is growing faster than new docks can be built, and some fishermen are being forced to move to less convenient moorings. This has led to little more than grumblings so far, but the vizier is in the tough position of keeping



the local fishermen and the Pasha's Navy happy at the same time.

The Vizier of Memnon is a half-orc named Anders Gnurlbrach. Anders is a very popular vizier, and he voluntarily shares his power with an elected Town Council ("to better listen to the people," he says.) Gnurlbrach is well-respected by the other viziers of Calimshan despite his heritage; he is one of the Pasha's most frequently consulted viziers, and should the viziers be forced to elect a new Pasha from among themselves, there is a good chance it would be Anders.

Suldolphor

As mentioned above, there is some dispute as to whether or not Suldolphor is really in Calimshan or not. The Pasha occasionally makes grand proclamations "welcoming" Suldolphor into the Calimshan fold, making mention of the benefits of being part of the country (armed forces protection, trade regulation, etc.) and also noting the taxes due. These proclamations are always promptly and politely answered by one of the members of the Suldolphor Mage Council (they take turns), thanking the Pasha for his "kind offer" but reluctantly declining.

With growing pirate trouble on the Sea of Swords and continuing instability in Tethyr, Calimshan doesn't have the resources to try to take (and then keep) Suldolphor by force, so the Pasha does not worry too much about the "Suldolphor problem." In addition, many of Calimshan's most powerful men believe that Suldolphor is more valuable as an independent ally than as an unhappy possession, and counsel against any takeover attempt.

And Suldolphor is an excellent ally and trading partner. Goods from across the Lake of Steam come to this port city, and merchants from Calimshan and beyond avoid the unpleasant waters of the Lake of Steam and visit Suldolphor instead. Fruits, grains, and vegetables from the region are in especially high

demand in the rest of Calimshan, as are many specialty magical items made in Suldolphor itself.

Magic plays an even bigger role in Suldolphor daily life than in Calimshan, if such a thing is possible. The city is ruled by a Council of Mages, a group of seven magic-users, none less powerful than 15th level. Magic is constantly used on a daily basis, for everything from lighting cooking fires to watching the city walls for intruders. Spell scrolls are one of the city's biggest exports, closely followed by many other types of magical items.

Despite its tolerance on a official level of Calimshan's expansion plans, deep down the people of Suldolphor are worried, and not just of Calimshan, either. There is a definite paranoid streak in the Suldolphor character—rumors constantly circulate of planned invasions, economic embargos, or other hostilities from many different fronts. Calimshan is referred to the most in these rumors, but Chult, Thay, Tethyr, Waterdeep, and even Cormyr have been suspected. The fact that none of these rumors has ever proven to be true does not stop their proliferation.

The people of Suldolphor are still polite to visitors, especially if their intentions are known. Traders who stay in the business district, for example, are afforded the full hospitality of the city. Foreigners with vague or unknown intentions (like a band of adventurers), however, will be watched carefully and treated warily. If they stay long enough, they may even find themselves the subject of a new rumor in the back rooms of Suldolphor society.

Teshburl

Teshburl is the most isolated city in Calimshan. Located at the far west end of the country, Teshburl is widely considered by navigators the point where the Sea of Swords ends and the Shining Sea begins. It is not a very large city (population: 190,000), and entirely dependent

on the ocean for its livelihood.

Land travel to or from Teshburl is very difficult. It is possible to stay along the coast and get to either Memnon or Calimport, but the coast is very rocky, with high cliffs and steep gorges. And of course, a desert crossing is so perilous it hardly needs discussion. So if people, food, and trade goods are to get in or out of Teshburl, they do it by ship.

This total dependence on the sea has made the people of Teshburl excellent sailors. While most children get small wagons or pedal carts as toys, Teshburl children are given small boats. Merchant fleets, navies, pirates—all know the value of a Teshburl sailor.

Calimshan probably recognizes that value more than anyone else. Teshburl is the headquarters of the new Pasha's Navy, and the largest fleet of that new navy is being built in the Teshburl shipyards. Admiral Mond Vitendi is in personal command, overseeing the construction of the fleet and the training of the sailors. After some recent disagreements with the vizier over allocation of dock space between military and civilian fleets, Vitendi replaced the vizier (with the Pasha's approval) and now has total control over the city. Many of the townspeople haven't really noticed any difference, however, because Vitendi is too busy tending to his navy to spend time ruining the lives of the residents.

Tulmon

Tulmon is a small (population: 123,000) city on the southern coast of the Lake of Steam on the Suldolphor Peninsula. It is mentioned here because, like Suldolphor, it is also periodically claimed by Calimshan.

The people of Tulmon, like Suldolphor, prefer to remain independent. Unlike Suldolphor, the people of Tulmon realize that Calimshan's army is not going to come marching up main street tomorrow, and that even in the long run, the Pasha's bark is much worse than his bite.



Tulmon is primarily an agricultural city, storing and selling the produce of the fertile land of the peninsula. Tulmon fruits, grains, and vegetables go a long way toward feeding the eastern cities of Calimshan. Calishite merchant ships willing to go the extra distance profit by sailing directly to Tulmon rather than stopping at Suldolphor. By going that extra distance, they get produce that is fresher, higher quality, and at a slightly lower price. Sailing on the Lake of Steam is not a pleasant experience, however. It is hot, and winds are light. Sometimes the winds go away altogether, and ships can be becalmed for weeks. These dangers must be weighed against the additional profit in making the trip, and most merchants decide to stop at Suldolphor.

VoloThamp

VoloThamp is a medium-sized (population: 370,000) city on the Shining Sea coast between Almraiven and Man-shaka. It has the usual coastal industries—shipping, shipbuilding, fishing, sailmaking, etc.—although, for some reason, the VoloThamp shipyards have a reputation for building poor-quality ships. “Came apart like a Volo frigate in a stiff breeze” is a Calimshan expression for someone who cracks under pressure.

VoloThamp does have some claims to fame, of course. Some of the finest goldsmiths and jewelry makers work in this city. And since many high-powered magical items (particularly swords and other weapons) are inlaid with gems and precious metals, some very well-established mage consortiums have also set up shop in VoloThamp, in order to be closer to the smiths and jewelers necessary to their work.

There is a dark side to life in VoloThamp, however. Crime is low, the weather is pleasant (as pleasant as it can be in southern Calimshan, that is), and business is good. Yet many residents refuse to go out at night, and even those who stay indoors report strange

sounds and an unearthly chill that no fire can drive away.

The people of VoloThamp are subject to occasional raids from the giant spiders and other foul creatures from Spider Swamp, only a few miles to the east. These creatures are the minions of a great spider demon who has taken up residence in the swamp. The demon is trying to expand its influence, first to VoloThamp, then perhaps Almraiven, then beyond. Toward that end, the demon has *charmed* some of the more important members of VoloThamp society and government. That is how the raiding monsters have been able to avoid city patrols, and it is also why there has not been a great outcry for a large-scale raid on the swamp. VoloThamp suffers silently while its leaders sit idly by.

The vizier of VoloThamp is Ramslett N'door, the son of a Chult trader. N'door is a lifelong resident of VoloThamp, however, and a respected leader despite his mixed racial background. Unfortunately, N'door is controlled by the demon of Spider Swamp, as are a good number of his senior advisors. The other advisors who have suspected something was wrong and let the wrong people know about those suspicions have mysteriously disappeared.

Yeslipek

Yeslipek is a small fishing village on the south coast of the Lake of Steam on the Suldolphor Peninsula. Like the other cities on the peninsula, Calimshan claims Yeslipek as its own. However, Yeslipek is so small (population: 14,000) that it is a bit player in what is not that serious a conflict in the first place. The Pasha of Calimshan has not even bothered to send Yeslipek a proclamation announcing its status as a Calishite city. It's just as well—the Yeslipek mayor would only tear it up.

What makes Yeslipek worth mentioning is *tadjani*, a delicacy found only here and loved throughout the Forgotten Realms. Tadjani is a rare shellfish, similar to mussels but much more flavorful,

and different in a way that defies description (though many have tried). The tadjani grows only in the warm waters of the Lake of Steam, and for reasons unknown to the sages, only in the area around Yeslipek. (Attempts to move living tadjanis to other areas to start new beds have always failed, and no one knows why.)

Tadjani can be prepared dozens of ways—all delicious—but for shipping long distances, it is most commonly pickled in vinegar and spices. Most of the Forgotten Realms, in fact, has only seen tadjani prepared this one way, and is not aware of the other things that can be done with it. Only the towns on the Lake of Steam, and eastern Calimshan, have the privilege of knowing better.

Places of Interest

Calim Desert

The Calim Desert is a large, inhospitable place. The daytime temperatures are brutally hot, though it cools down to a comfortable level at night. Strong and unpredictable winds blow at all times, reducing visibility, obscuring tracks, and blowing sand into everything—clothes, eyes, food, water, blankets, and all but the most tightly sealed containers.

The greatest peril to travelers, though, is the lack of water. The air over the desert is bone dry, and most animals (including people) must double their water intake just to maintain a healthy typical water level. Since there's hardly any water to be found, that means that people who journey across the Calim must bring plenty of water with them, and use it carefully.

There are oases in the Calim, but they are not very frequent. A Calim oasis is not marked by an open pool of water, but by a small patch of scrubby trees and other greenery. The vegetation signifies water close enough to the surface for the plants to get at it. To get to the water, of course, someone in the group must know how to dig an artesian well.



It is also quite easy to get lost in the Calim Desert. Blowing sand often makes the sky hazy, so simply following the sun is sometimes difficult. Navigating by the stars at night is easier, because the winds die down and the sky is clearer. The best way to avoid getting lost, however, is to stick to the Trade Way, which crosses the desert between Calimport and Memnon. The road has several oases along it, and these mark the road as well as anything else. Signposts, tracks, and other markings are quickly destroyed by the desert.

Many travelers prefer to cross the desert by night, and try to sleep during the day. This has some advantages, including easier navigation and less use of water. But night travel has one main drawback—the large number of monsters that come out at night to feed. Snakes, scorpions, small, silent desert cats, and birds of prey are all on the hunt at night, and many are not above a man-sized meal.

Other monsters could be encountered at any time. Particularly dangerous are the efreeti, djinni, and daos who, when they are not fighting each other, are attacking caravans of “intruding mortals.” Last but not least is the threat of other humans. Bandit activity is surprisingly high in an inhospitable place like the Calim Desert. For more on the Desert Raiders, see “Characters,” below.

Forest of Mir

The Forest of Mir is another dangerous locale in Calimshan. While not as obviously deadly as the Calim Desert, the dangers of the Forest of Mir are more cunning and less apparent. The forest is hot, but there is plenty of water. Getting lost is a possibility, but there are a large number of trails and streams that can be followed until one’s bearings are regained.

The primary danger to be found in the Forest of Mir is the monsters lurking within. The south leg of the forest has many different types of monsters,

usually living alone or in small family groups. Ogres, goblins, and orcs have carved out small chunks of territory, but all are potential prey for the other monsters of the forest. Some human villages exist on the very edges of the forest, clearing a little timber and farming small plots of land, but the residents never go more than a mile or two into the forest. Brave hunting parties sometimes go deep in the forest in quest of a particular beast rumored to live within, and a few even come back.

The single biggest threat in the Forest of Mir, however, is the large population of drow elves in the western leg. Only the ignorant or the foolhardy enter this part of the forest; even the Pasha recently admitted that for all practical purposes, North Mir belongs to the drow.

No one really knows just how many drow elves inhabit the Forest of Mir, but the best estimates give the total population at over 80,000. This total is divided into 8 to 10 tribes, each holding a small section of the forest for itself. The tribal leaders select one from among themselves to act as King of the Drow. The tribes are very independent, however, and meetings of all the tribes are very rare. They are usually called only when one of the many tribe-vs.-tribe rivalries gets out of hand and erupts into war.

The drow have substantial underground dwellings, storehouses, and passages dug out beneath the forest floor. Some say these tunnels connect with a vast underground network beneath all the Forgotten Realms. The drow want very little to do with other surface-dwelling people (which is generally counted as a good thing by the people of Calimshan), and are more than happy to leave humans alone provided that they in turn are also left alone. Some brave explorers and traders have contacted the drow to acquire some of their weapons, handcrafts and other goods for sale to the outside world, but this does not happen often. There are three reasons: one, the drow never trade their best goods; two, the

prices are outrageous; and three, not all the traders that enter the Forest of Mir come out.

The Marching Mountains

The Marching Mountains, as mentioned above, are not particularly high or steep. Little is known about them, however, because so few Calishites live in the area. The people of Keltar are familiar with the mountains from looking at them, but even they don’t go there. The average Calishite’s opinion of the Marching Mountains is that they are a convenient barrier separating the Forest of Mir from the rest of Calimshan.

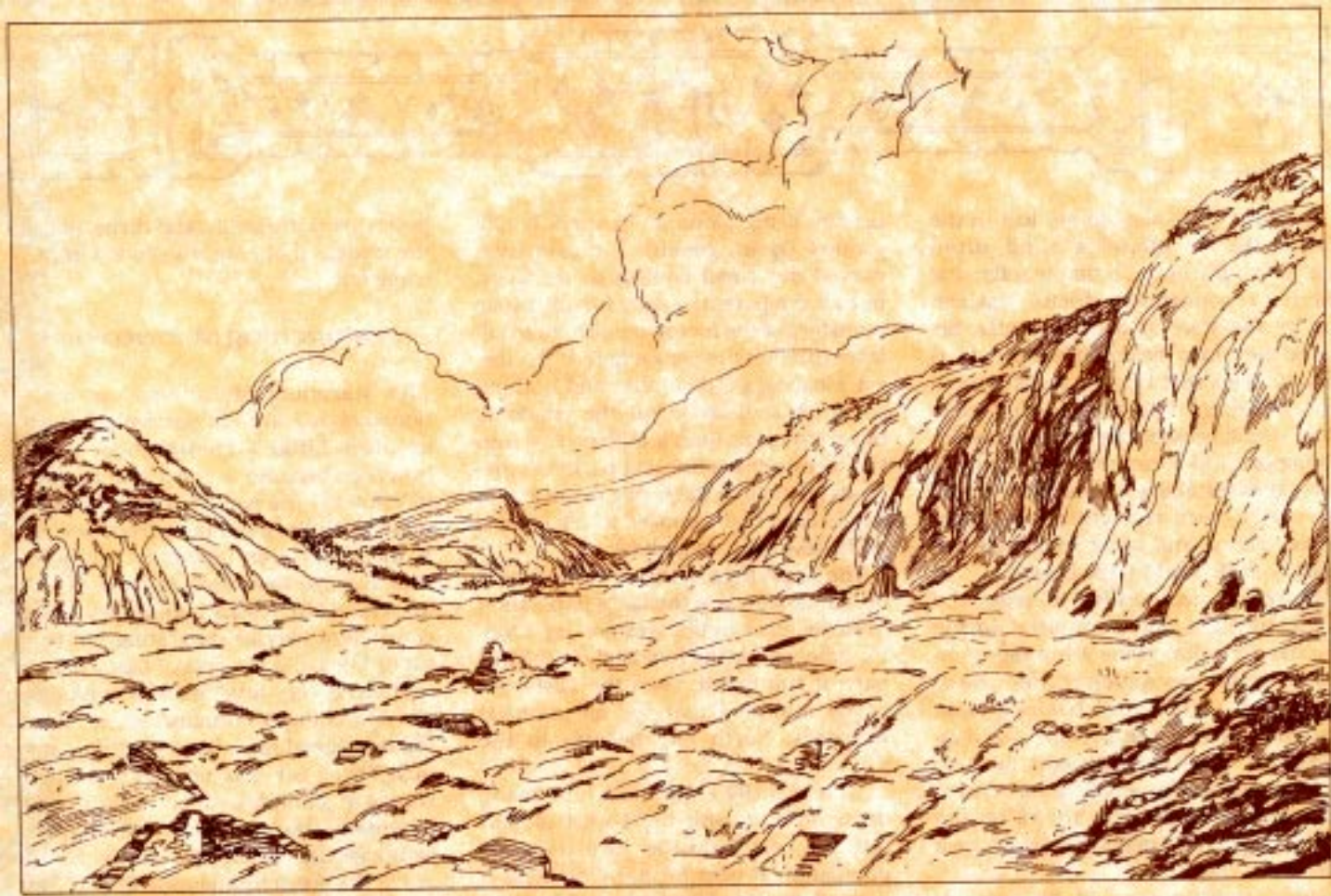
There is very little life of any type in the Marching Mountains, other than the occasional monster or hunting animal. There is rumor of an abandoned Duergar complex deep within the mountains, built by those evil dwarves centuries ago when they were chased out of the north by enemies. Even if this complex does exist, it is supposed to be empty today, its duergar builders having long ago returned to their original homes.

Monrativi Teshy Mir

Monrativi Teshy Mir (which is Alzhedo for “First Kingdom of Mir”) is a massive ruin along the northern border of Calimshan, north of the small finger of the Forest of Mir that extends west of the main forest. The area is uninhabited; the closest Calimshan cities are Keltar to the south and Memnon to the west.

Monrativi Teshy Mir is the ruins of the capital of the Shoon Empire, Shoonach, and the surrounding keeps, baronies, and villages. It is a vast ruin; the portion that can still be seen on the surface of the open grassland is nearly 20 miles across, and the catacombs beneath the surface are supposed to be twice as large, and extending some 500’ down.

As would befit ruins of such magnitude, the stories and rumors about what lies within the First Kingdom of



Mir are staggering. Vast piles of gold and gems, warehouses of weapons and armor made by smiths using secret techniques lost to the craftsmen of today, powerful and arcane artifacts and other magical items, unlike anything known in the Realms today—all this and more is rumored to exist deep in Monrativi Teshy Mir. Despite the rumors, there is no long line of adventurers and prospectors waiting to explore the ruins, for a variety of reasons:

First, the same rumors that describe the vast wealth of the ruins also describe the fearsome guardians of those treasures. Diabolical traps, deadly spells, demons, naga, elementals, undead, liches, and even bound dragons are among the defenses named in the stories. Many of these are undoubtedly exaggerations—but many are not.

Second, the area is very inhospitable, and perilously close to the drow. The land is dry, with precious few sources of fresh water necessary to sustain a long-term expedition. And no one can say with any certainty how the drow

living in the Forest of Mir will react to any given group of explorers, though it is fairly certain that if they disappeared, the intruders would be in for a great deal of trouble.

And third, it is widely believed that, after 900 years, all the easily-obtained treasure has already been stripped from the ruins. What is left is hidden in the deepest chambers, guarded by the most fearsome monsters, spells, and traps, and can be reached only after long, dangerous travels through miles of empty catacombs. It is also believed that the drow's tunnel system and the abandoned duergar tunnels in the Marching Mountains connect with Monrativi Teshy Mir deep underground, thus adding to the uncertainty behind any expedition here.

The Singing Rocks

The Singing Rocks are a tiny group of islands in the Sea of Swords. It is due west of a point almost exactly between

Memnon and Myratma, and for that reason, it is considered the boundary point between Calimshan and Tethyr waters. It is also an important navigation point for sea captains afraid of drifting too far west in their travels.

The Singing Rocks is worthy of mention, however, not for its navigational importance but for the odd phenomenon that gives the islands their name. Sailors passing close by the rocks report beautiful singing, as if by hundreds of women. The music has an elusive, haunting quality, but does not seem to have the *charming* effects of the song of the harpy or siren. Ships that have sent landing parties to the rocks report that the singing stops when the landing party gets within 150' or so of the islands, and that when the sailors land, they can find no living thing or other explanation for the singing. Attempts to *detect magic* come up positive, but the use of other spells or magical items to examine the islands in greater detail or at a distance are not effective, as some force blocks the attempt.



Spider Swamp

Spider Swamp is a flat, foul, fetid patch of lowland on the Shining Sea Coast between Volothamp and Almraiven. It is fed by two small, sluggish rivers extending south from the Forest of Mir, as well as several springs in the swamp itself. The swamp is thick with vegetation, including sprawling, moss-covered cypresses, cedars, and other trees. The result is a shadowy, dark swamp that is still hot, humid, and breezeless. It reeks of decay, and is often referred to by Calishites as the "Tenth Plane of Hell." They do not know just how close that jest is to the truth.

The Spider Swamp is also a thoroughly evil place, filled with giant spiders, snakes, will-o'-wisps, poisonous toads, giant wasps, and minor demons of many shapes and descriptions. All of these creatures are under the control of a *Demon Lord* named Zanassu. Zanassu appears in the form of a great spider, 15' across and 6' high, and is

simply called the Spider Demon by most of his subjects. In addition to the denizens of Spider Swamp, the Spider Demon has *charmed* many of the leaders of the nearby city of Volothamp (see description above). Zanassu's description is as follows:

FREQUENCY: Unique (very rare)
 NO. APPEARING: 1
 ARMOR CLASS: -2
 MOVE: 9"
 HIT DICE: 103 hp
 % IN LAIR: 60%
 TREASURE TYPE: Fx2, R, U, V
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-16
 SPECIAL ATTACK: Poison (see below)
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: 75%
 INTELLIGENCE: Genius
 ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
 SIZE: L
 PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
 Attack/Defense Modes: Nil/Nil
 LEVEL/X.P. VALUE: X/48,000

The Spider Demon's bite requires a saving throw vs. poison at -4. A failed throw results in instant death; even if the saving throw is made, 3-18 points of damage is taken.

Zanassu is immune to poison, and takes only half damage from *cold-* and *electricity-* based attacks. He is not affected by non-magical weapons (even silver), though non-magical cold iron weapons will do half damage. Magical cold iron weapons get a +2 damage bonus. He saves as a 30th-level magic-user against all attacks (including magical ones that get past his 75% magic resistance).

In addition to the powers typical to all demons, the Spider Demon can at will, one at a time, once per round, use at the 30th level the following spell-like powers: *charm monster*, *charm person*, *command*, *darkness* (15-foot radius), *detect good*, *detect invisible*, *dimension door*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *invisibility*, *know alignment*, *protection from good* (10-foot radius), *speak with monsters*, *telekinesis* (up to 5,000 gp), *teleport*, and *unholy word* once per day.



Zanassu can *gate* in the following types of demons, up to three times per day per type: 1-4 *Type I*, 80% chance of success; 1-4 *Type II*, 60% chance; 1-2 *Type III*, 50% chance; 1 *Type VI*, 10% chance; 1-6 *Babau*, 75% chance; 1-10 *Chasme*, 80% chance; and 1-4 *Dretch*, 30% chance. The Spider Demon can also *summon*, once per round, 1-20 of any of the six types of spiders (*Giant*, *Huge*, *Large*, *Phase*, *Giant Water*, and *Giant Marine*) he wishes. These spiders are under the permanent control of Zanassu, and remain until he is killed or voluntarily releases them.

Should Zanassu be killed, he will not be allowed to return to the Prime Material Plane for 10 years. At the end of that time, however, it is certain he will return to exact his revenge.

Characters

Desert Raiders

The Desert Raiders are not one group, but a type of bandit common in the Calim Desert. Typically, they number

from 10 to 20, and are excellent horsemen and experts in desert survival. There are dozens of such groups operating in the desert, and while they are usually strong rivals, they are not above banding together to take on a big caravan if the situation calls for it.

The raiders prey on caravans and other travelers crossing the desert, often shadowing a group for days, harassing them with minor raids, giving the target no opportunity to rest, until finally swooping in on the weakened prey. The victims are not always slaughtered; often, they are only robbed and left with enough provisions to ensure they can get out of the desert alive. Victims that are polite, don't try to hide valuable goods, and don't kill too many raiders will usually be allowed to live. Of course, there are some raiding groups that kill as a matter of course. These raiders are the least popular among their fellows, but they don't seem to care.

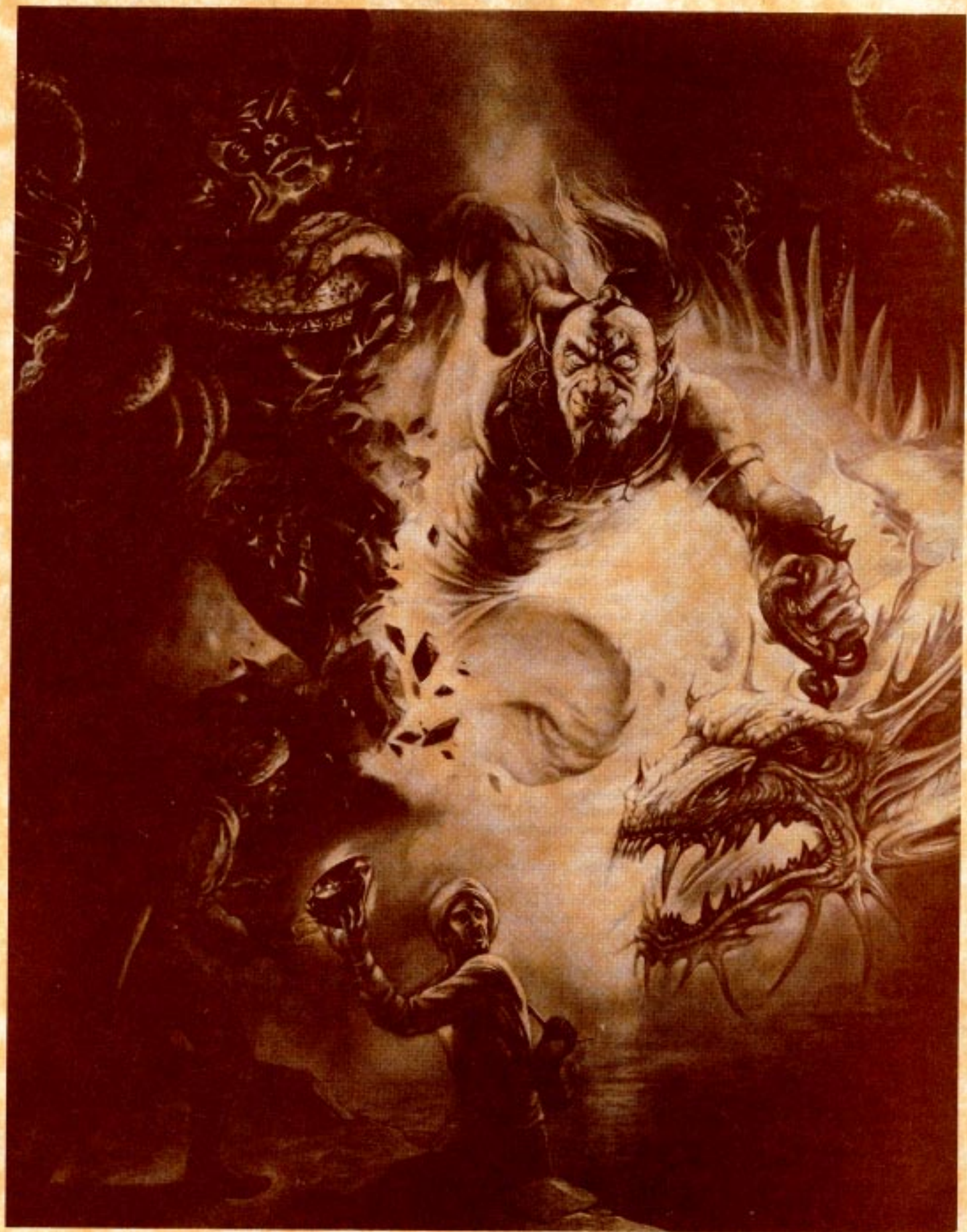
Desert Raiders are led by a fighter, usually of 6th to 8th level. He will have two or three lieutenants of 5th or 6th level, one of which may be a magic user;

the rest are fighters of 1st to 4th level. All are as adept at fighting on horseback as on the ground, and all ride the finest quality Medium Warhorses (the desert heat is too much for Heavy Warhorses). The raiders (and the horses) are dressed in silks, with some raiders wearing leather armor. The heat prohibits the use of anything heavier, so *rings of protection*, *bracers of defense* and other magical protection items are very highly prized by the raiders.

Desert Raiders like to fight with curved scimitars that are the equivalent of broadswords, and roughly half of any group will also be armed with short bows. Raiders are not above the use of poisoned arrows, but there is only a 10% chance that any given group has any.

In addition to robbing, Desert Raiders have also been known to kidnap people (if they look rich enough) and hold them for ransom. Delivering a kidnap victim alive upon payment is a point of great honor among Desert Raiders; any raider group that does not safely return a hostage will be hunted down by the other groups and wiped out.

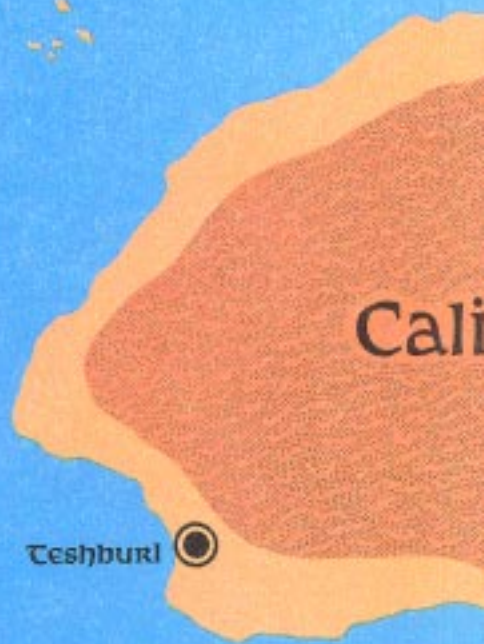




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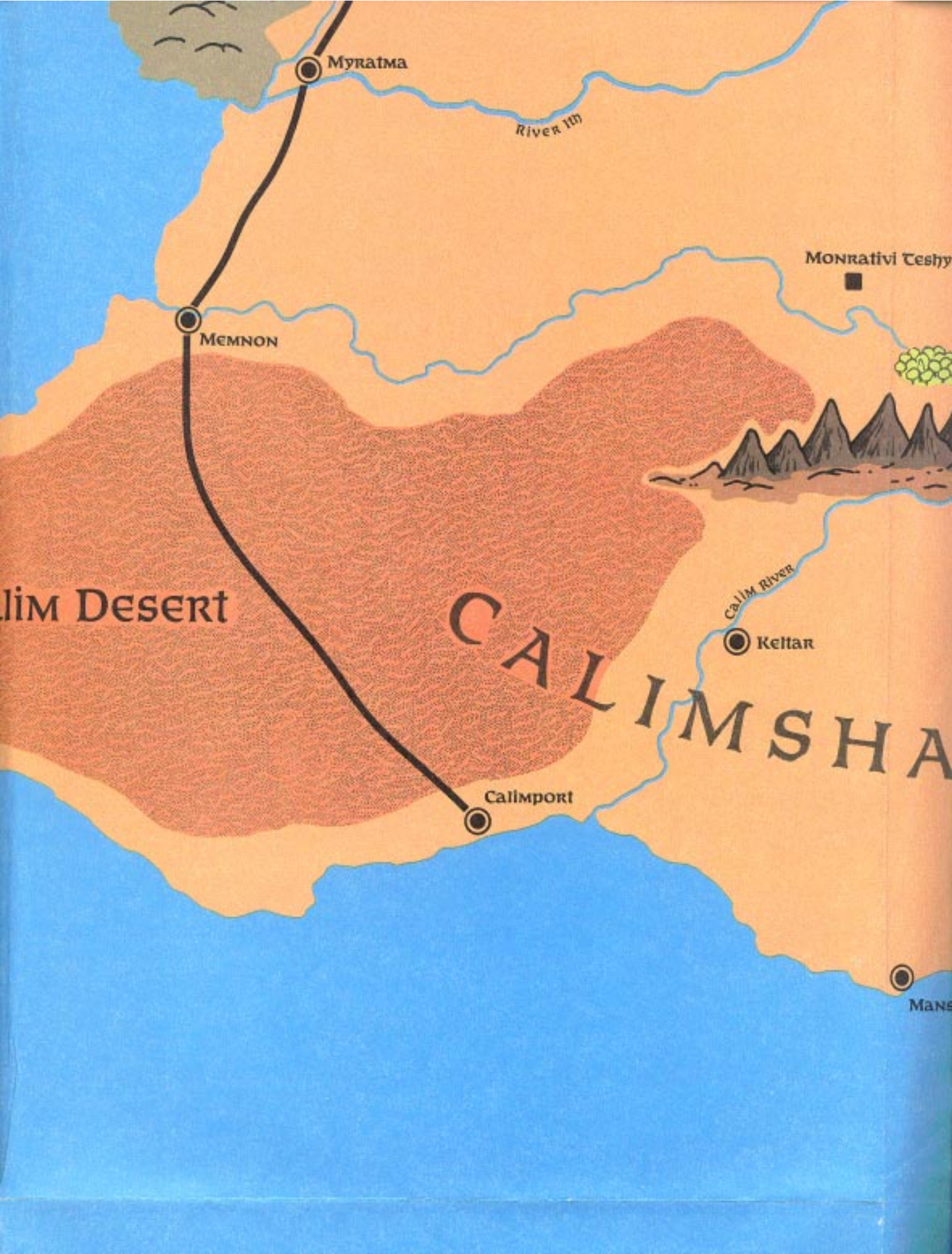
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The
SINGING ROCKS



Teshburi





Myratma

River Im

MEMNON

MONRativi Teshy

Calim Desert

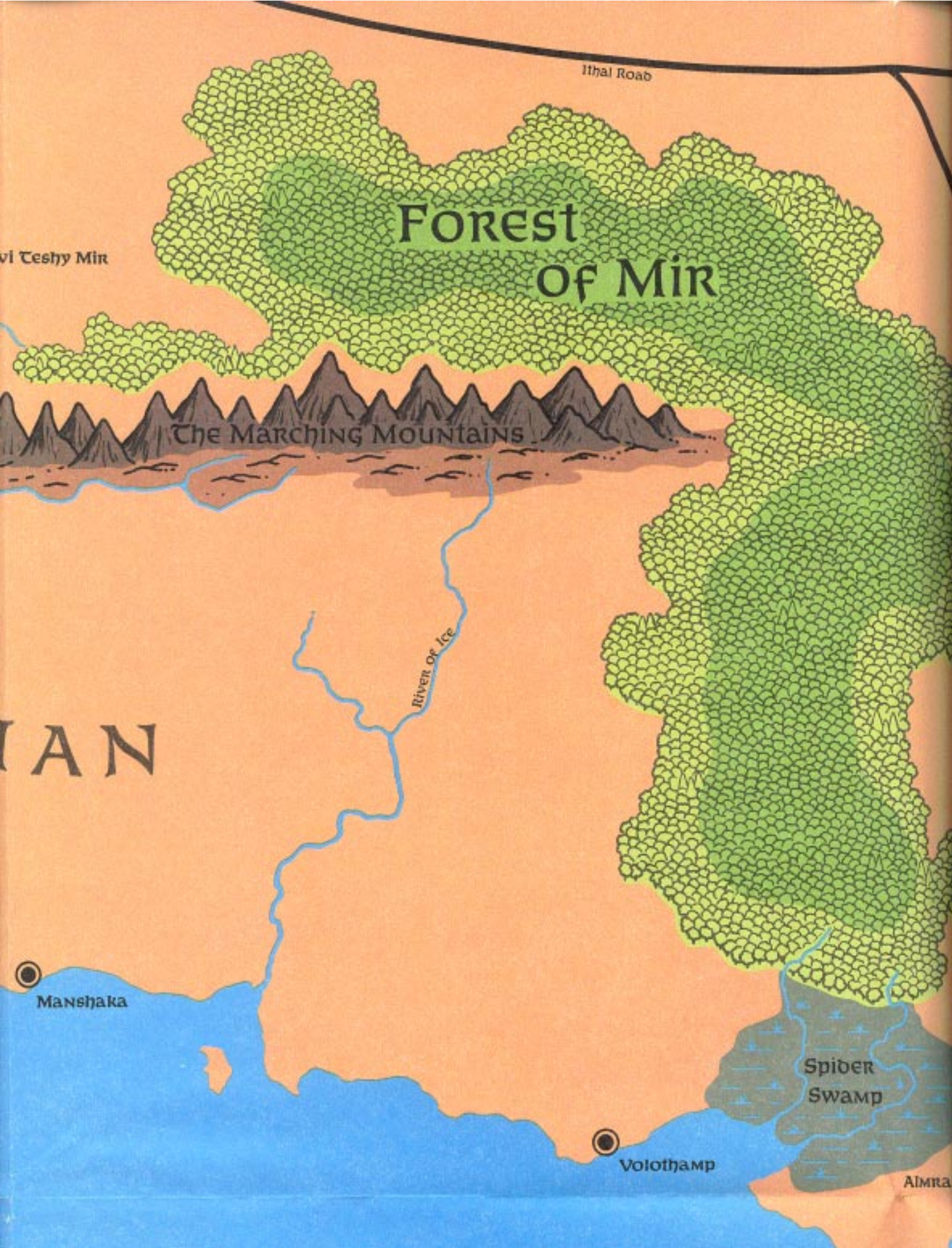
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Calim River

Keltar

Calimport

Mans



Ithal Road

Forest of Mir

vi Teshy Mir

The Marching Mountains

River of Ice

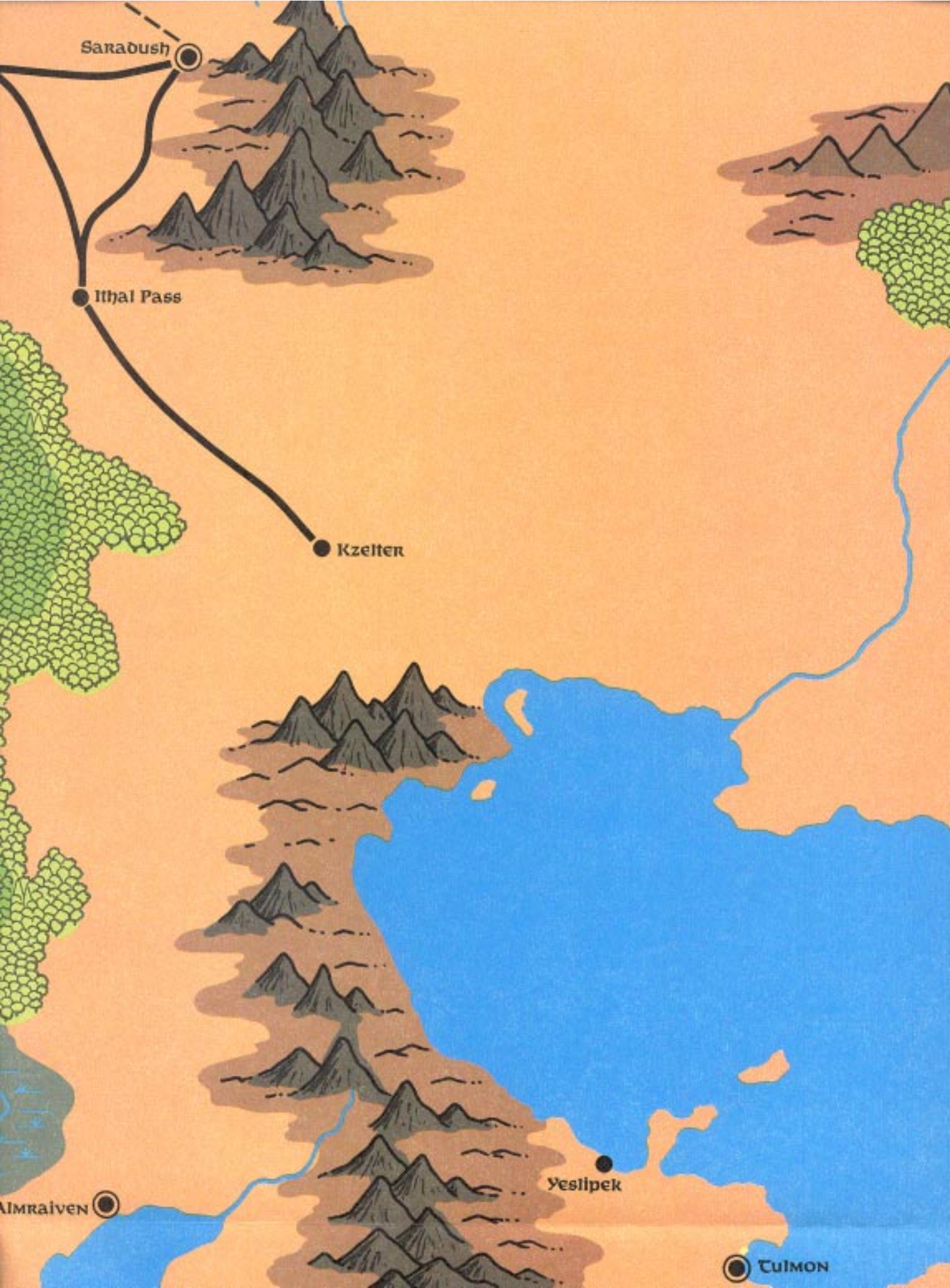
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Voliothamp

Spider Swamp

Aimra



Saradush

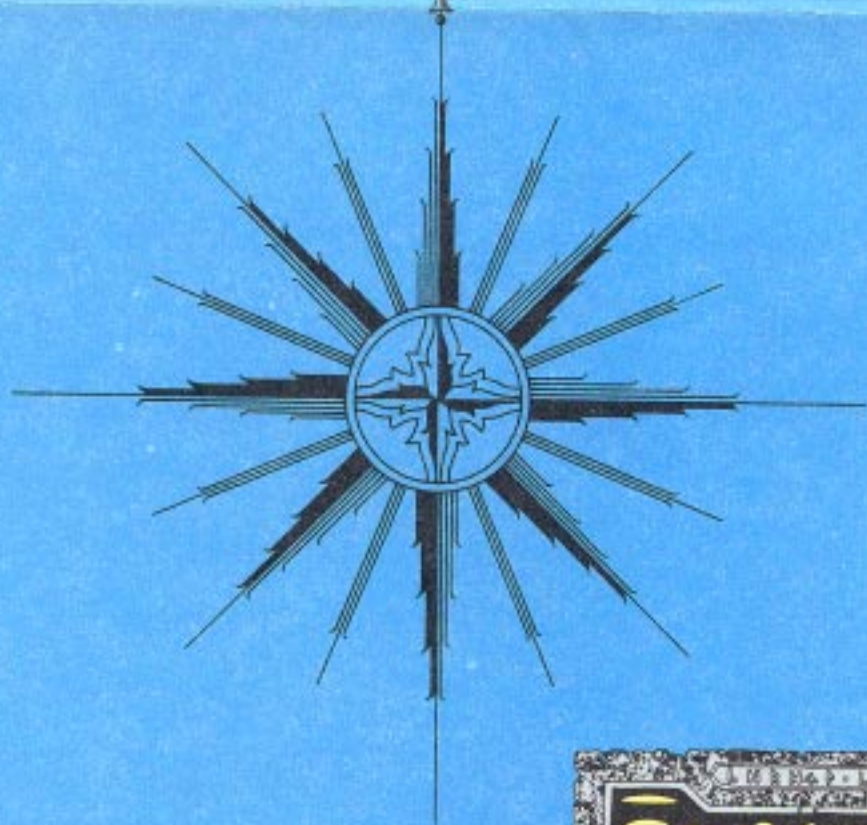
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Kzelten

Yeslpek

Almraiven

Tulmon



FORGOTTEN REALMS

COMPANION SET

Scale: 1 inch = 30 miles

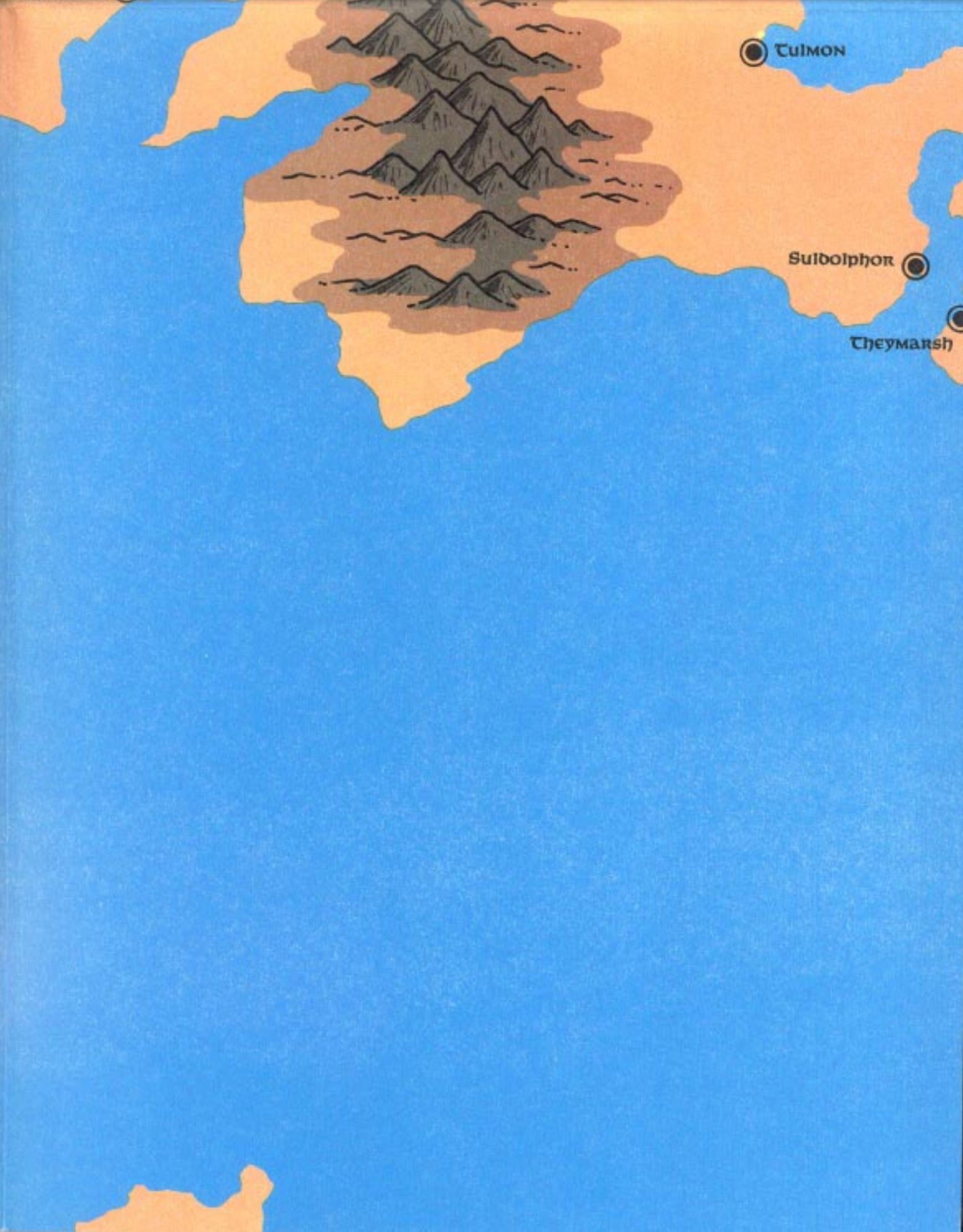
	MOUNTAINS (high)		FOREST (heavy)		
	MOUNTAINS (medium)		FOREST (medium)		
	MOUNTAINS (low)		FOREST (light)		
	POOHILLS		CONSPICUOUS FOREST (heavy)		
	ROLLING HILLS		CONSPICUOUS FOREST (medium)		
	HARBEN		CONSPICUOUS FOREST (light)		
	VOLCANO		JUNGLE (heavy)		
	DESERT (heavy)		JUNGLE (medium)		
	DESERT (heavy)		JUNGLE (light)		
	DESERT (heavy)		JUNGLE (light)		
	PLAINS (barren)		SEA		
	CLEAR		LAKE		
	SWAMP		RIVER		
	HARBEN		DELTA		
			REACH		

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The SHINING Sea







Culmon

Sulbolphon

Theymarsh

Sea of SWORDS

Berec

Ati

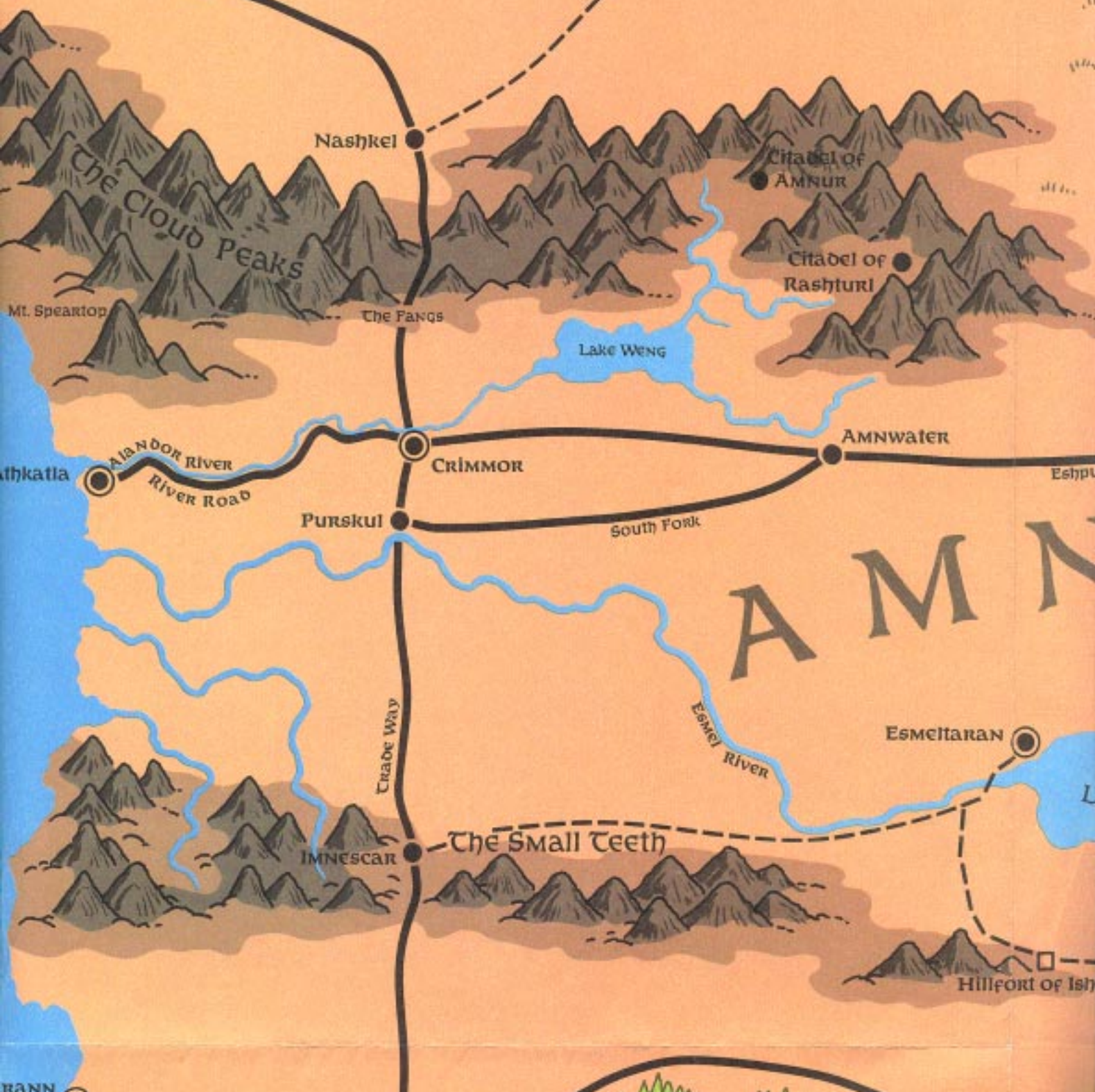
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(Pirate Isles)

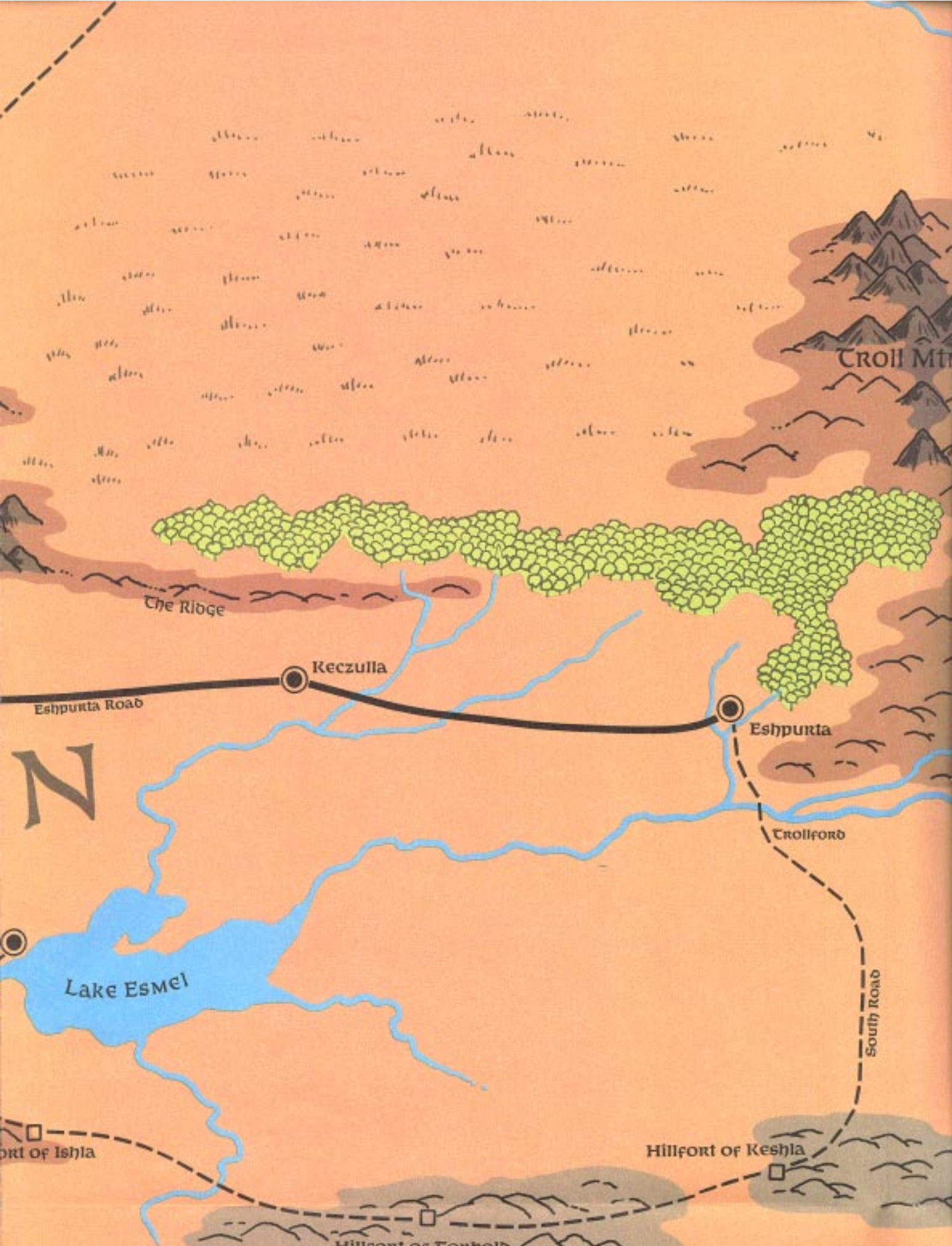
□ Sea Tower
of Irphong

Asavir's
Channel

● Velen

Mu





Croll Mt

The Ridge

Reczulla

Eshpunta Road

N

Eshpunta

Lake Esmel

Crollford

South Road

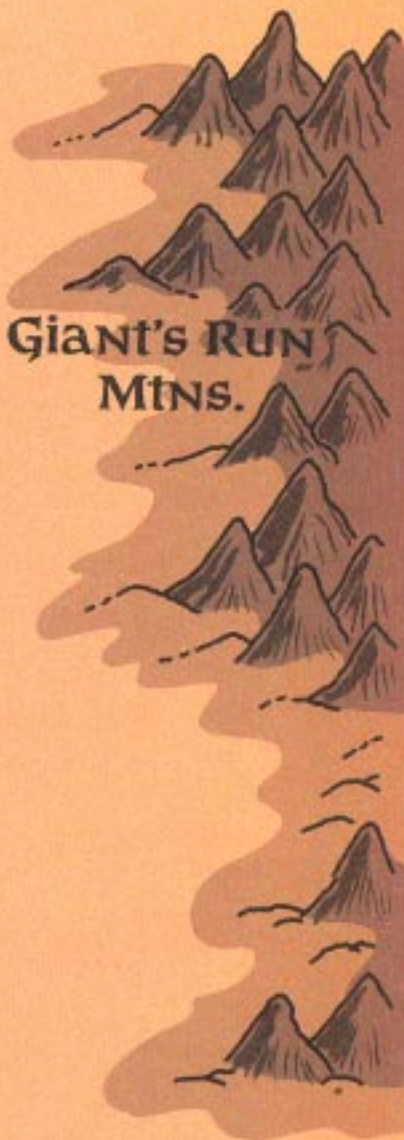
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Port of Ishla

Hillfort of Tonhelt



Small Mtns.



Giant's Run Mtns.



Forest of Shadows



Snowflake Mtns.

● Velen

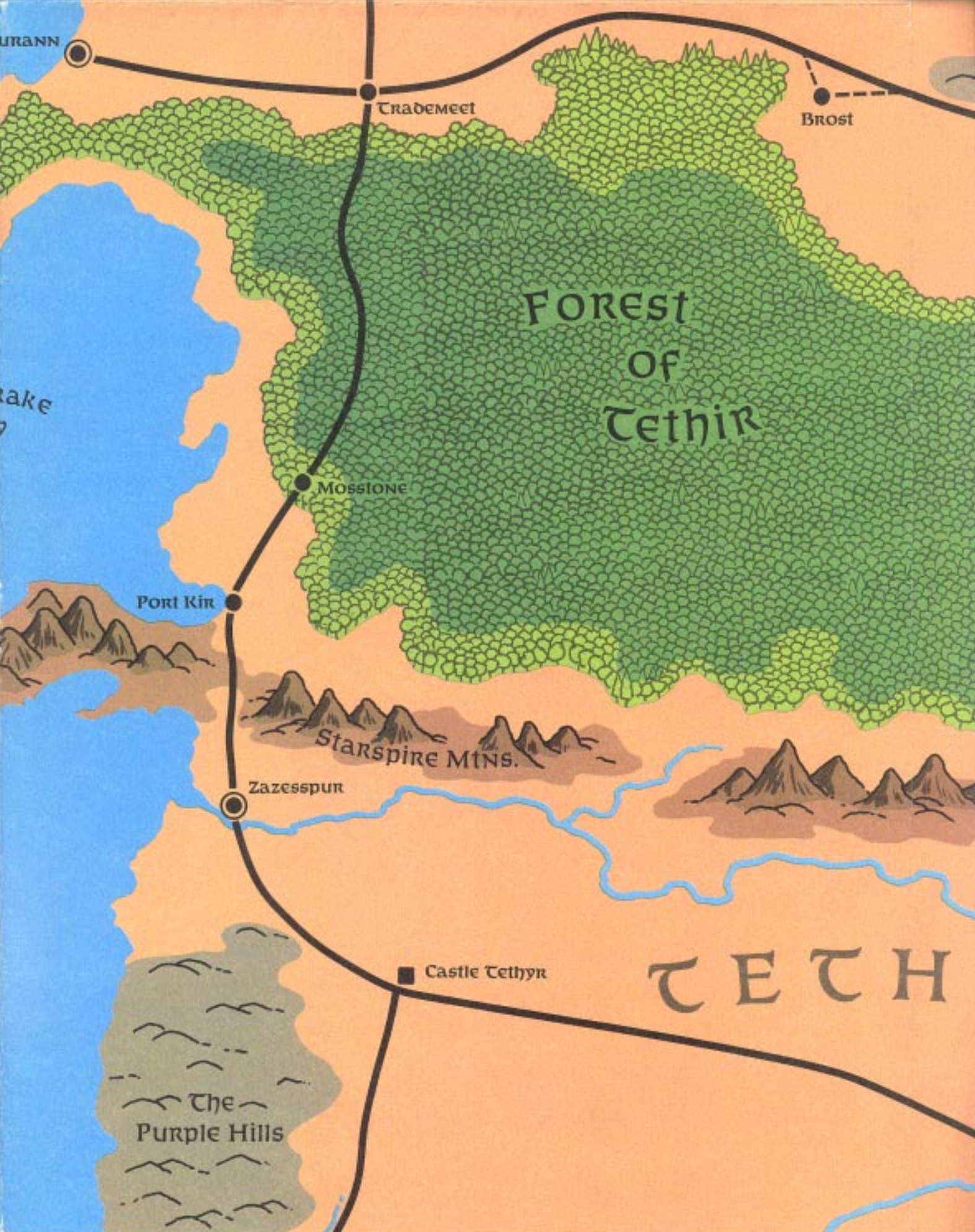
MU

● TULMENE

Firebra
Bay

□ Sea Tower
of NEMESSOR

The Race



URANN

Trademeeet

Brost

FOREST OF TETHIR

Mossstone

Port Kir

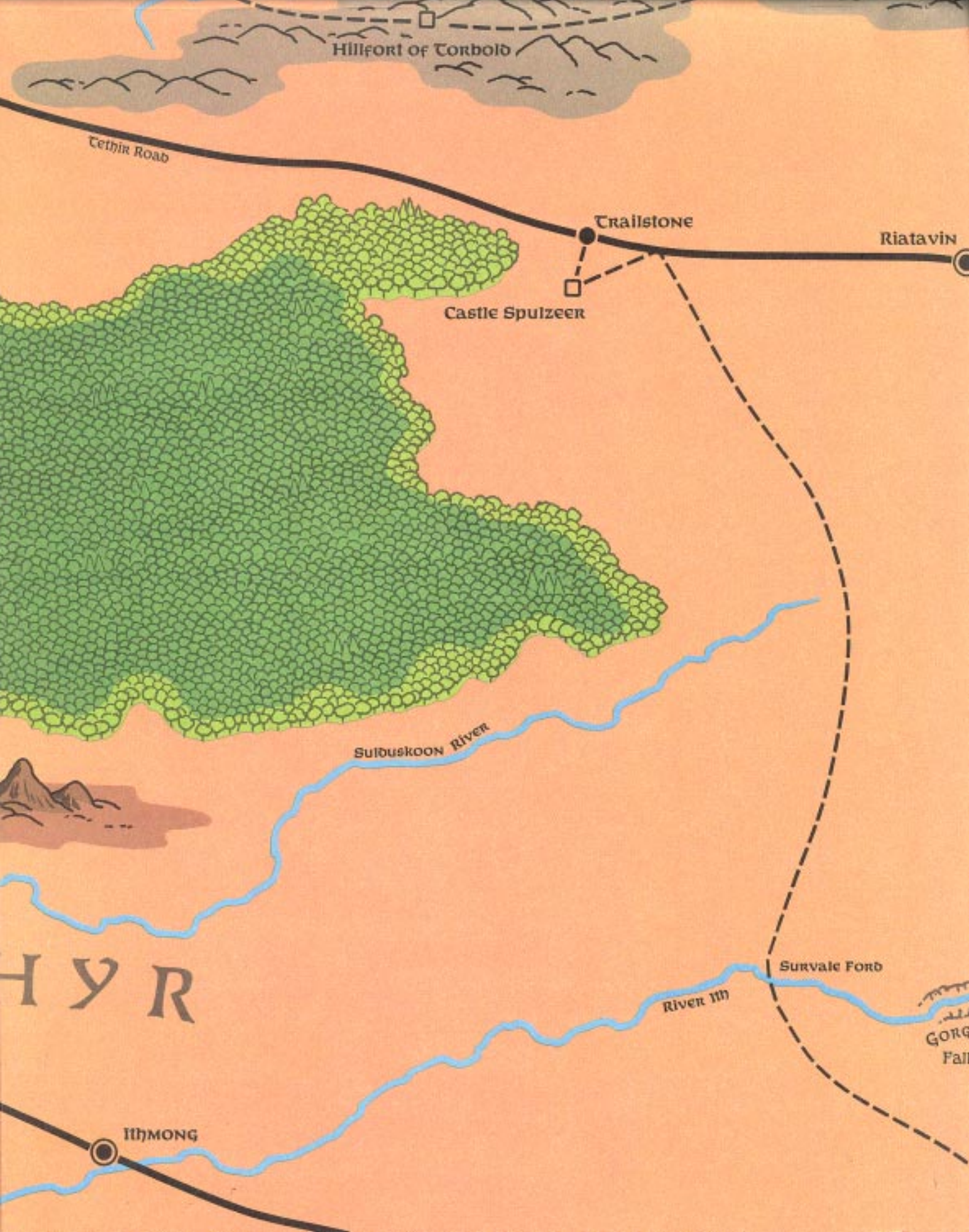
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Zazesspun

Castle Tethyr

TETHIR

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Hillfort of Torbold

Cethir Road

Trailstone

Riatavin

Castle Spulzeer

Subuskoon River

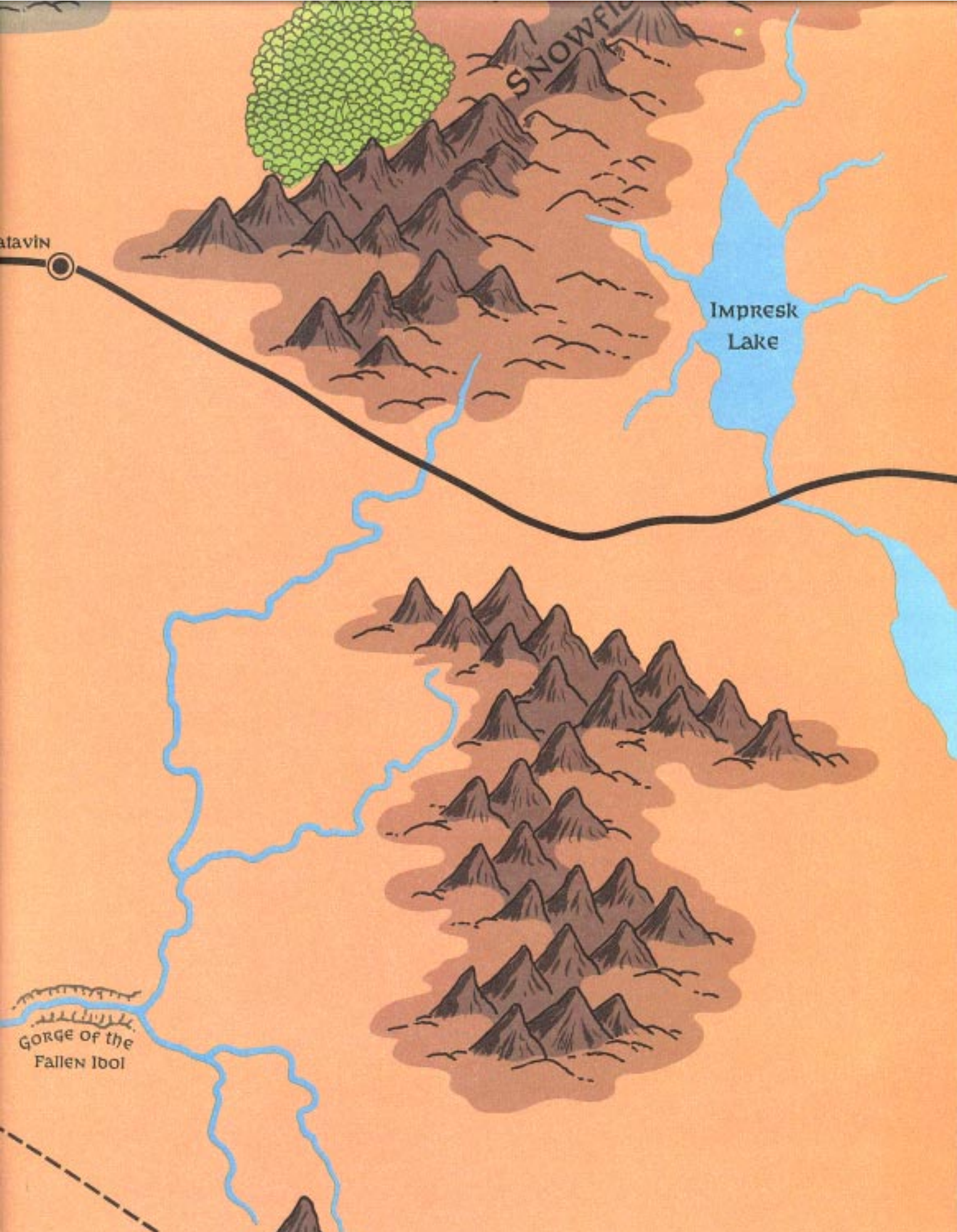
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IIMONG

River Inn

Survale Ford

GORG
Fall



atavin

SNOWFI...

Impresk
Lake

Gorge of the
Fallen Ibol

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Magical Item Tables

When using random treasure determination to stock a dungeon or other area of adventure in the Forgotten Realms, use the table marked "III. Magic Items" on page 121 of the DMG or page 84 of UNEARTHED ARCANA with the following changes.

III. Magic Items

Dice Results

01-10	Potions (A. or III.A)
11-15	Potions (A. or III.A.2)
16-24	Scrolls (B. or III.B)
25-27	Scrolls (B. or III.B.2)
28-29	Rings (C. or III.C.)
30	Rings (C. or III.C.2.)
31-32	Rods Staves & Wands (D. or III.D.)
33-35	Rods Staves & Wands (D. or III.D.2.)
36-37	Miscellaneous Magic (E.1 or III.E.1.)
38-39	Miscellaneous Magic (E.2 or III.E.2.)
40-41	Miscellaneous Magic (E.2 or III.E.3.)
42-43	Miscellaneous Magic (E.3 or III.E.4.)
44-45	Miscellaneous Magic (E.4 or III.E.5.)
46-47	Miscellaneous Magic (E.4 or III.E.6)
48-50	Miscellaneous Magic (E.5 or III.E.7.)
51-58	Armor & Shields (F. or III.F.)
59-66	Armor & Shields (F. or III.F.2.)
69-72	Swords (G. or III.G.)
73-78	Swords (G. or III.G.2.)
79-85	Miscellaneous Weapons (H. or III.H.)
86-92	Miscellaneous Weapons (H. or III.H.2.)
93-00	Use Forgotten Realms Magic Item Appearance Table

Forgotten Realms Magic Item Appearance Table

Dice

(3d6)* Result

3-14	Use Rare Item Table
15-17	Use Very Rare Item Table
18	Use Unique Item Table

* Add 1 to the roll for every three levels down in the dungeon.

Rare Item Table

01-05	<i>Laeral's Spell Shield</i>
06-09	<i>Cloak of Battle</i>
10-12	<i>Cloak of Comfort</i>
13-18	<i>Cloak of Echoes</i>
19-24	<i>Cloak of Guarding</i>
25-27	<i>Cloak of Reflection</i>
28-30	<i>Cloak of Survival</i>
31-33	<i>Cloak of the Shield</i>
34-35	<i>Girdle of Lions</i>

36-38	<i>Rhun's Horned Cloak</i>
39-41	<i>Tabard of the Mystics</i>
42-43	<i>Censer of Thaumaturgy</i>
44-46	<i>Fire Gyregam</i>
47-48	<i>Flagon of Dragons</i>
49-52	<i>Glowing Globe</i>
53-54	<i>Greenstone Amulet</i>
55-56	<i>Helm of Darkness</i>
57-59	<i>Kybal's Cords</i>
60	<i>Orb of Holiness</i>
61-63	<i>Trumpet of Doom</i>
64-65	<i>Jhessail's Silver Ring</i>
66	<i>Ring of Lore</i>
67-68	<i>Catstaff</i>
69	<i>Staff of Ethereal Action</i>
70-71	<i>Staff of Skulls</i>
72-74	<i>Wand of Armory</i>
75	<i>Wand of Banishment</i>
76-77	<i>Wand of Darkness</i>
78-79	<i>Wand of Eyes</i>
80-82	<i>Wand of Hammerblows</i>
83-84	<i>Wand of Magical Mirrors</i>
85-86	<i>Wand of Warding</i>
87-88	<i>Wand of Whips</i>
89-90	<i>Whisper's Rod of Transportation</i>
91-93	<i>Arbane's Sword of Agility</i>
94-96	<i>The "Singing Sword"</i>
97-00	<i>Darts of Branding</i>

Very Rare Item Table

01-04	<i>Laeral's Storm Armor</i>
05-09	<i>Cloak of Delight</i>
10-13	<i>Cloak of Fangs</i>
14-18	<i>Cloak of Many Colors</i>
19-23	<i>Cloak of Stars</i>
24-29	<i>Cloak of Symbiotic Protection</i>
30-35	<i>The Wonderful Hand</i>
36-40	<i>Bowl of Blood</i>
41-46	<i>Goblet of Glory</i>
47-48	<i>Other Harp of Myth Drannor</i>
49	<i>Azlaer's Harp</i>
50	<i>Dove's Harp</i>
51	<i>Esheen's Harp</i>
52	<i>Janthra's Harp</i>
53	<i>Methild's Harp</i>
54	<i>Nithanalar's Harp</i>
55	<i>Rhingalade's Harp</i>
56	<i>Valarde's Harp</i>
57	<i>Zunzalar's Harp</i>
58-62	<i>Mists of Rapture</i>
63-68	<i>Nidus' Wand of Endless Repetition</i>
69-73	<i>Wand of Displacement</i>
74-78	<i>Wand of Knock</i>
79-83	<i>Wand of Obliteration</i>
84-88	<i>Wand of Ochalor's Eye</i>
89-93	<i>Wand of Teeth</i>
94-98	<i>Syrar's Silver Sword</i>
99-00	Use Unique Item Table

Unique Item Table

If one of these items is found, and then appears again on a roll, re-roll on the Very Rare Item Table.

01-05	<i>Adjatha, the Drinker</i>
06-10	<i>Albruin</i>
11-14	<i>Demonbane</i>
15-19	<i>Dzance's Guardian</i>
20-24	<i>Grimjaw</i>
25-29	<i>Hawks tone's Bulwark</i>
30-33	<i>Ibratha, "Mistress of Battles"</i>
34-38	<i>Mierest's Starlit Sphere</i>
39-43	<i>Namarra, "The Sword that Never Sleeps"</i>
44-48	<i>Reptar's Wall</i>
49-53	<i>Shazzellim</i>
54-58	<i>Shoon's Buckler</i>
59-63	<i>Susk "The Silent Sword"</i>
64-68	<i>Taragarth, "The Bloodbrand"</i>
69-73	<i>Thurbrand's Protector</i>
74	<i>Aubayreer's Workbook (FR—86)</i>
75	<i>Bowgentle's Book (FR—71)</i>
76	<i>Briel's Book of Shadows (FR—76)</i>
77	<i>The Book of Num "The Mad" (FR—74)</i>
78	<i>The Book of Bats</i>
79	<i>Book of Thorns</i>
80	<i>Caddelyn's Workbook</i>
81	<i>Detho's Libram</i>
82	<i>Glanvyl's Workbook (FR—80)</i>
83	<i>Jaluster's Orizon</i>
84	<i>The Libram of Lathintel</i>
85	<i>Nchaser's Eiyromancia (FR—62)</i>
86	<i>Orjalun's Arbatel (FR—87)</i>
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OFFICIAL GAME ADVENTURE

The Magister

A Sourcebook For The Forgotten Realms

By Ed Greenwood with Steve Perrin

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Foreword

by Ed Greenwood

Well met, and welcome! In your hands you hold one of the keys to the great color and splendor of life in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign setting—the magic that shapes and aids (and, all too often, rules) the lives of all who inhabit Abeir-Toril. Magic alone should not govern the course of events in any fantasy role-playing campaign, but it always seems to wind up as a dominant force, and one that adds much of the richest flavor to play. Certainly it has done so over the years in the original Realms campaign, even with its player characters of comparatively lowly levels. So, here is a good chunk of the magic of the Realms.

We haven't the space for it all, of course—all that Elminster has seen fit to reveal so far, that is; I *know* there is far more yet to come, and if I can worm more details out of him in our future encounters, rest assured that I will! Much of the magic in these pages is known in the Dragonreach lands, on the Sword Coast, and in the lands between—there's much more as yet unrevealed of the local magics of, for example, Thay and the Utter East, of the High Elven Magics (or so Elminster has called them) of Evermeet, that may well see print soon, or may lie hidden for many years to come yet; only Elminster knows. The caprices of Elminster are responsible for many of the gaps in magical lore and knowledge presented herein and elsewhere, thus far; we could never, of course, *make up* information to fill in the gaps he has absently (or deliberately; one can never be too

sure) left! (Could we?)

Longtime followers of Realmslore will recognize some of the lore herein from the pages of DRAGON® Magazine, but we could not include it all.

Oh, yes; why is this called *The Magister*? “The Magister” is the title borne always by a single worker of the magic arts, chosen by the goddess Mystra as Her personal champion. Elminster has vividly told me the details of the choosing of the latest Magister, one Noume'a, in the year 1354; her present whereabouts and powers remain mysterious.

The following quotation from *Of The Wonders of Magery* by the sage Albaerum of Neverwinter describes both the role of the Magister, and of this book that bears the same name:

Of old, the mouths of Mystra made known to all who have Power, this: that by the blessing of the goddess, one mage shall be the Lady's champion, and master of magery. This one, called the Magister, does not rule, but rather wanders the Realms doing as desired, for good or ill; and in time is cast down by other mages, and the mouths of Mystra shall name a new Magister. Thus the Art shall live and grow, in strife and mystery, and never know the stifling yoke of law nor of authority. And the Art shall grow stronger, for magely ambition grows with skill-in-art, and those waxing stronger will seek out incumbent weakness; from strife-of-art shall come greater strength. In the proper choosing of an enemy, each Magister brings glory, and greater strength, to the office. And in the seeking of that office, each magic brings glory, and greater strength, to the Art.

Introduction

by Ed Greenwood

Elminster and I have been rather busy lately; getting all the details of the Realms I've needed out of the Old Sage has taken all the time (and food, and drink) I could spare. . .time formerly used for luxuries as writing “Pages From The Mages” articles, sleeping, and so on. Time, I must add, that finally ran out on us.

With realms of scrawled Realmslore stacked untidily around the study, and six times as much or more still inside Elminster's head, there came the fateful day when Jeff Grubb told us that both space and time had run out, and all the rest of it was just going to have to wait for days and other projects to come.

I put down the phone and considered how to get the rest of the family to talk to me again after playing the Invisible Scribe around the house for months.

Elminster sucked on his pipe behind me and regarded me from beneath bushy brows. “Talked them out, did we? Good, then—we can get back to the noble converse of magecraft, which ye've sadly neglected these past days, mind ye, and try some more of thy *pinak kholawda*, or whatever it be called, the sweet milk.” He chuckled, and settled himself in the most comfortable armchair. “I have a feeling dweomercraft in the Realms is going to be soon seeing greater traffic, and some of them are going to need something to do, if they are not to be a greater trouble than nuisance to us all. Wherefore details of some of the lost and sought-after spellbooks of the Realms may prove most useful.” He leaned back and drew hard on his pipe, the smoke already beginning to curl about his head in the shapes of little dancing horses and tattered banners. “So ye need not try to conceal thy voice-catching machine, this time.” And he winked, and grinned, and I went to make him a *pina colada* as he began to speak.



How To Use This Book

by Steve Perrin

DM Usage

This is a book of primary usefulness to the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign DM. Herein you will find magic books full of new and useful spells for mystifying, educating and terrorizing players, and many new magical objects to spice up the occasional treasure trove. Of course, DMs from other campaigns can make use of these materials, too. Just file off the Forgotten Realms serial numbers, adapt the connected lore to your own campaign, and your campaign is that much richer for new magic and strange treasures.

For now, you, as DM, should read the book over once or twice and make careful note of the lore (if any) connected to each item. The spells are all new, and you should decide whether you want any of them to join the general spell list available to magic-users in your campaign, or keep them all hidden away until one of the books is found. You might also want to change some of the spells around, either altering the spells themselves, or changing the location, so that some other book contains the spell.

Some of the magical items contained herein are new, and some have been seen before in DRAGON® magazine. Some of them are unique, and should be placed carefully in treasures or the hands of certain NPCs. Others, such as most of the clothing, some of the swords, and some of the miscellaneous magical items, are common enough (considering the commonness of most magical items) to be added to the magical item lists you may use for random placement of treasure either in dungeons or for wandering bands of bandits or adventurers. Some items, such as the *wands of darkness*, should be immediately added to the arsenals of prominent evil bands throughout the campaign.

Again, check the lore of these items for clues as to where in the campaign they might appear. Some of the items are too common to have any lore.

Keeping The Mystery

Inevitably, some players are going to have copies of this book. In fact, we encourage some players—those with characters who are legitimately interested in lore—to obtain the book to add to their lore of the Realms and take some of the load off the back of the DM. However, this leads to the problem of players who know too much, a situation which takes much of the wonder and mystery out of role playing.

The responsibility for reintroducing this mystery and wonder gets dumped right back on the DM. Flatly denying the players access to this book is rarely possible. Every play group has the player who absolutely has to know everything ahead of time, and there is frequently no way to keep him or her from buying every module that comes out.

The solution is simple in concept, but time-consuming in practice. Change everything. Change the sword descriptions so that Taragarth looks like Demonbane and Demonbane looks like Shazzelim. Exchange the appearance of *Shandaril's Workbook* with *Jaluster's Orizon*. Make Shandaril a sweet pillar of law and goodness, and Lathintel the evil stealer of men and magics. Of course, you shouldn't tell the players you are changing everything, or anything. Or should you?

Perhaps all you need to do is announce that you are changing *some* things, and every buyer of the book will walk warily no matter how many times they have read the book. You should probably change a couple of things that the players find early on, just to make them wary of their information.

Remember that anything you read here is what Elminster knows about it. Elminster is an amazingly well-informed sage, or so he seems. But what do we really know about him? He may have made everything up about these items, or based great speculation on snippets of information, or even been deliberately fed false information. The possibilities for false information are endless; use them.

Player Usage

The usefulness of this book is not limited just to DMs. Unlike other DM-oriented books, this one is also of use to the player whose character—perhaps a magic-user or bard, or studious cleric—might have some knowledge of the Realms beyond the quality of the ale in every tavern in a two-mile radius. *The Magister* provides a good substitute for the character's own knowledge of the lore of the Realms.

If you are the player of such a character, you should not, of course, study every word of this book. Instead, read it over once or twice and put the book away. Don't take it to gaming sessions. Rely on your memory of what you read, just as your character must. The bits and flashes of memory that come to the surface of your mind as you study the crescentiform spell book you just wrested from the bandit chief will make the session just that much more of an intense role-playing experience. It is truly said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but what little knowledge you have might be the difference between possessing a book of incredible usefulness or having a dread tome guardian begin to burn you up from the inside out.

If you do find yourself with one of the magic books or items described in this book, first ask the DM if it is all right to look up the item in your copy of this book. If he tells you not to—don't.

Of course, if he tells you it is all right, there could be one of two reasons. The first reason is that the item is very straightforward, and you won't learn anything you shouldn't already know if you read the description.

The second reason is that he has taken the DM's privilege of altering the item considerably, and what you get from the book (your "lore" on the subject) is wrong.

Happy reading.



The Book of Bats

Appearance

This gruesome-looking tome is tall and narrow, being three handwidths across but nine handwidths top-to-bottom. Its twenty-two pages are of polished electrum, stamped and etched with the symbols and script of spells, one to a page. The book's covers are plates of blackened, sealed oak, bound about with the tattered, leathery hides and wings of black bats of large size, claws still attached.

History and Description

This fell tome is of unknown origin. It contains spells created by (or at least attributed to) the long-ago mages Belytyn and Shaeroon, but may well have been assembled long after their deaths. It first appears in recorded Realmslore among a satrap's treasures in Calimshan some two hundred and ten winters ago, and since then has had a bewildering variety of owners, being stolen or seized many times by mages or minor rulers who slew the previous owner. Its present location and owner are unknown; thieves plundered a ship in Calimport that was to carry the book to Tashluta last summer, where it is believed the archmage Malhardu had arranged to purchase it.

The mage Khondall Sszundar catalogued the volume's contents when it was (briefly) in his hands—he purchased it from the merchant Chulu Thall of Ithmong, and lost it when his tower was destroyed by demons sent by an unknown foe. The tome reappeared in Innarlith soon after, but was stolen again. Khondall's catalogue tells us that the Book contains the following spells: the rarely-seen clerical prayer *censure* (described below), and the magic-user spells *feign death*, *protection from good 10' radius*, *slow*, *Belytyn's burning blood* (a unique spell, described below), *dimension door*; *fear*, *polymorph other*, *wall of fire*, *animate dead*, *cloudkill*, *cone of cold*, *feeblemind*, *hold vapor* (a unique spell, described below), *telekinesis*, *wall of iron*, *anti-magic shell*, *death spell*, *geas*, *invisible stalker*; *project image*, and

Shaeroon's scimitar (a unique spell, described below).

Censure

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 4 Components: V,S,M

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 4 segments

Duration: 66 turns/level

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: One Creature

Explanation/Description: To enact this spell, the cleric must touch a target creature with his or her holy symbol (the material component of the spell, which is not consumed in the casting). If a successful hit roll indicates that the cleric has done so, the cleric then by word and gesture "casts out" the target of the spell. That target creature is allowed a save vs. spell, and if this fails, the creature is marked by the spell. The mark is visible only to the casting cleric and others of the same faith. Other clerics of the same alignment who worship other deities instinctively react with fear, hatred, and aversion to a *censured* creature, and do not trust nor willingly aid it.

Those faithful to the same deity able to see the mark will refuse to aid or even approach the creature, and will ignore it if it attempts to deal with them, or drive it away if it tries to enter a building, home, or even a territory controlled by one who can see the mark. The mark is invisible to the one bearing it, who may not even know of its existence if it was bestowed in a battle or while the victim was asleep or unconscious, and shines clearly through clothing or disguises.

Worshippers can thus readily spy upon and follow those marked as enemies, even in crowds or busy city streets. It will be revealed to others by a *detect magic*, and can readily be removed by a *dispel magic*. Clerics are warned that misuse of such a spell will bring about divine disfavor.

Belytyn's Burning Blood

(Necromantic)

Level: 4 Components: V,S,M

Range: 1"/level Saving Throw: Neg.

Casting Time: 4 segments

Duration: 3 rounds

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a magic-user can cause any creature who is presently bearing open, bleeding wounds (i.e. one who has been damaged by edged weapons recently and those wounds have not yet been dressed or healed) to suffer 3-12 hit points worth of additional damage per round, by causing a subtle, temporary change in the victim's blood which causes it to be corrosive to adjacent tissue.

Obviously, the creature must have blood to be affected (elementals, undead, and many non-Prime Material Plane creatures are immune—as are all creatures immune or even resistant to corrosive or fiery damage), and the material components of the spell are the presence of exposed blood in the victim and a pinch of saltpeter. The spell causes no damage if the target's saving throws (versus spell, and all at -3) are successful; for each of the 3 rounds of the spell (during which the caster need not continue concentration, but may turn to casting other spells or undertaking other activities) the target must save. In any round in which the target saves, no damage is inflicted by the spell but such a result has no influence on the saving throws of any remaining rounds; a successful saving throw never means the spell is unable to ever affect the target. No hit roll is required for this spell, and the target need not even be visible to the caster, but the target must be within range of and known to the caster, and cannot be astral or ethereal, to be affected. The caster must visualize the target (or the target's location) during casting.

Targets who have altered their shape or entered other objects (such as a tree, or stone) are still vulnerable to this spell.



Creatures who have powers of regeneration may only be vulnerable to this spell for a single round, or two rounds.

Hold Vapor

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 5 Components: V,S,M

Range: 1"/level

Casting Time: 5 segments

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: Special

Area of Effect: 2" radius globe +1" radius/level

Explanation/Description: This spell allows a magic-user to halt or prevent the movement of any visible cloud(s) or vapor in a given area distinct from the air around, such as a breath weapon, *pyrotechnics*, *fog cloud*, *cloudkill*, or *incendiary cloud*. Such enforced immobility may be continued for as long as the caster continues to chant and concentrate on holding the vapor. If such a *hold* is ever lost (through the caster being silenced for an entire round—the chant can be interrupted for short periods—or rendered unconscious, or ceasing concentration to cast another spell) it can never be regained except by use of another spell: the *hold* is broken and the magic expires. The *hold* prevents the gas cloud(s) from altering shape, breaking up, or moving about in any way. Oxygen (i.e. the “air”) may pass freely through and about such vapor, dissipating it if its formative magic expires, and allowing, for example, a flammable vapor to burn or explode if it is *held* by a *hold vapor* and attacked with fire.

The *hold* is absolute, even in the face of natural gales or magical *gusts of wind* (unless these affect the chanting magic-user, not the vapor, enough to break the *hold*, as described above). If

the gaseous form is that of an intelligent creature who is normally in control of personal movement, such as a *wind walking cleric* or a vampire in gaseous form, the affected creature receives saving throws as follows: the *hold* is absolute in the first round of its existence, a saving throw versus spell at -6 is allowed on the second round, at -5 on the third, at -4 on the fourth, and so on, up to a maximum of +6 on the 14th round and any rounds thereafter. If such a saving throw is successful, the spell ends instantly, and the creature is free to move. Until the spell is so broken, a gaseous-form creature cannot move, nor can it change to a non-gaseous form even if it normally has the ability to do so. Note that spectral, ethereal, and insubstantial forms (such as those of many undead) that are not gaseous cannot be affected by this spell. This spell cannot be used to push or direct a vapor, or control it in any way, but only to halt and hold it.

The material component of this spell is a balloon or bladder into which the caster blows.

Shaeroon's Scimitar

(Evocation)

Level: 6 Components: V,S,M

Range: 2"

Casting Time: 6 segments

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a magic-user brings into being a shimmering, scimitar-shaped blade of force. This *scimitar* appears in the air directly above a target creature, hanging point downwards some two feet above the head (or uppermost point) of the target creature. Invisible to

all but the caster and those employing *detect magic*, the *scimitar* has no physical existence, and cannot be attacked, magically *repulsed* or *dispelled*, or left behind by *teleportation* or travel to other planes. It will fall (upon the target creature *only*, regardless of physical or magical barriers) upon the fulfillment of a single condition set verbally during casting of the *scimitar*, doing one point of damage per level of the caster of the *scimitar*. The unwitting target creature is allowed a saving throw at this time (versus spell) and if successful, the *scimitar* dissipates harmlessly into nothingness, and the spell is wasted. Otherwise, it plummets downwards in 1 segment, vanishing upon contact with the target's body, dealing its damage in a convulsion of wracking pain that momentarily affects movement, speech, spellcasting, and even posture—victims of a *scimitar* often fall, writhing, to the ground. Typical conditions include the target creature uttering a certain name or word, or commencing spellcasting, or drawing a weapon, or going to sleep. The condition cannot be tied to a specific time or location (i.e. it can be “entering a room”, but cannot be “entering a particular room only”), and in some cases many years have passed between the casting of a *scimitar* and its striking. A *limited wish*, *wish*, *alter reality*, or similar very powerful magic can destroy the *scimitar*—unless, of course, the casting of such a magic is the condition which will cause the *scimitar* to fall. The material component of this spell is a miniature *scimitar* carved of rock crystal, clear diamond, or clear sapphire (of a value of not less than 300 gp; miniatures of the latter two substances may cost ten times that).



Book of Thorns

Appearance

Two plain oak boards, two handwidths wide by three tall, bound with thornroot vine to four parchment sheets, on which are set down four druidic prayers (spells), one to a page.

History and Description

This plain tome was given to the reclusive Aubaerus “the Ravenmaster”, a druid of the Dalelands, by the Battle-dale Seven, a now-vanished circle of druids. They in turn had it from an earlier circle of druids, the Ring of Wyvernwater. Its maker is unknown, but said by some to be the Hierophant Druid Khamlautas Irifar of Cormyr.

The book’s spells are *call lightning*, *greenwood* (a rarely-seen druidic spell, detailed hereafter), *control vapor* (a rarely-seen druidic spell, described hereafter), and *wall of thorns*.

Greenwood (Alteration)

Level: 3 Components: V,S,M

Range: 1"/level

Casting Time: 3 segments

Duration: 1 turn/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: Nine cubic feet, plus 1 cubic foot per level

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a druid can temporarily make dead and withered trees appear living, green and healthy. Dead or bare (e.g. in winter) trees, shrubs, or vines can be made to cloak themselves in leaves (enough to afford concealment, but not enough to use for an *entangle* spell). Dry firewood can be made damp enough that it won’t light—or, if already alight, the flames will die down to a thick, choking smoke (in a cloud equal in effects to that produced by the druidic *pyrotechnics* spell). Dry, seasoned wood (such as a ship’s mast) can be made to bend and snap under a strain like green wood; rotten wood (such as an old bridge or ruin) will usually collapse or become unsafe to carry any future load.

Damage to plants suffered by such a condition is permanent, but the wood

will otherwise revert to its former state at the expiration of the spell.

Control Vapor

(Alteration-Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 5 Components: V,S,M

Range: 4"

Casting Time: 6 segments

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 1"/level radius hemisphere

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a druid is able to alter the movement rate and direction of natural or magical smokes and vapors, including *incendiary clouds*, *smoke ghosts*, breath weapons, and creatures in gaseous form. Within the area of effect, wind effects are negated, even if of magical origin, and the druid is able to hold the vapor stationary or move it up to 1"/level per round in any desired direction. If the vapor passes out of the stationary area of effect of the spell, control is lost.

Unlike the fifth level magic-user spell *hold vapor*, creatures in gaseous form (such as vampires) and those *wind walking* receive no saving throw against the spell. Vapors cannot alter their form or split it unless the druid wills, although creatures normally able to alter their gaseous form into another form can do so despite the druid’s wishes, although this process takes twice as long as it ordinarily does. Clouds of insects and similar insubstantial or amorphous-form but non-gaseous creatures or groups of creatures are not affected by this spell.

Phezult’s Sleep of Ages

(Alteration) Reversible

Level: 9 Components: V,S,M

Range: 1" per level of caster

Casting Time: 3 rounds

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: All living creatures in range

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a *stasis field* is created about

the spell focus, radiating outwards in an expanding sphere through solid rock and other physical or magical barriers (only an *anti-magic shell*; *prismatic sphere*, or a closed cube- or spherically-shaped *wall of force* will stop its effects), 2" per round, until it reaches a maximum spherical volume of 1" radius per level of the caster. All living creatures within this field except the caster and any beings protected as noted above must save vs. spell or be placed in suspended animation, whether they wish to or not. Creatures of level or hit dice equal to, greater than, or up to three levels or dice less than the spell-caster save “at par”; creatures of 4 to seven dice or levels less than the caster save at -1, and creatures of even lesser levels save at an additional -1 penalty per level less than seven below the caster’s. The body functions of affected creatures virtually cease, but they do not die as a direct result of this state—nor will they grow older as the years pass. If a creature in stasis is slain by another means (physical attack, crushing or burial or drowning due to physical changes around the body, and the like), stasis ends instantly and the body will decay normally, for the affected victim only.

The caster requires his or her own blood (at least nine drops) smeared into an unbroken ring on any stable surface (usually stone) of a radius not more than the overall length of the caster’s hand (wrist to fingertips), into which are placed at least six 500-gp value gems, of any sort. This is the “spell focus” referred to above. When the spellcasting is complete, four of these gems vanish, consumed in the act of releasing the spell’s power. The rest fuel the stasis field, and dwindle slowly as the time passes (roughly 1 year of stasis being yielded per 10 gp of gem value). Removal of *any* gemstone from the circle, except by its consumption by the *field*, or the breaking of the ring itself, instantly ends the stasis effect, as will using up all of the gems, but any number of gems that will fit can be added to



Caddelyn's Workbook

the inside of the ring at any time to "refuel" the spell, extending its period of efficacy.

The stasis can be lifted from individual creatures without harm and without releasing other creatures under the same stasis by casting *temporal reinstatement* (cf. *temporal stasis* in the PLAYERS HANDBOOK) or the reverse of this spell, *Phezult's awakening* (which requires neither gems nor blood in its casting, but merely seven drops of pure or holy water) upon the spell focus rather than upon individual creatures. The stasis field shrinks gradually to nothingness at the same rate at which it originally expanded, freeing any creatures formerly within it instantly, and without any lingering effects as it does so. No further gemstone material is lost.

Creatures entering the *field* after it has reached its full extent, even decades or centuries after the spell was cast must save vs. spell to avoid falling into stasis. The penalties for their level or hit dice described above apply, but so does a +3 bonus to the save for any creature arriving in the field after it has stabilized at full extent. Such a save must be made each time a creature enters the stasis field, even if it has entered and been unaffected before; but each creature need save only once per exposure to a particular *sleep of ages* stasis field. Creatures who are physically removed from such a *field* without being magically roused will wake up by themselves 2-8 rounds after such removal, with no ill effects; the casting of a *dispel magic* will awaken such beings instantly if cast upon them when they are outside a field, but physical means will not hurry the process. A creature taken out of a stasis field and then taken back in before awakening returns to stasis without becoming conscious. Creatures in stasis who are mentally contacted by magic or psionics while within the *field* do not respond, and the being contacting them is placed in stasis (temporary, awakening after 2-8 rounds as described above) each time such contact is attempted.

Appearance

A slim volume covered with sheets of polished silver, sealed against corrosion, over slate sheets, and hinged with electrum about sixteen sheets of fine parchment, all but three blank.

History and Description

This tome was recently plundered from the tower of the long-ago mage Caddelyn, by unknown hands. Caddelyn's tower rises from a mountain north of The Great Glacier and was only recently discovered by the famous explorer Dabron Sashenstar, of Baldur's Gate. Dabron's band examined the book but did not take it, and continued on in their expedition. On their return, they camped at the tower again—and found the book missing.

Caddelyn, a good mage who is remembered with respect, died peacefully while on a visit to Waterdeep, and is entombed with other mages in The City of the Dead there.

The tome's three written pages (the book was obviously incomplete at the mage's death) bear two unique spells, described below, and the complete process of creating a minor magical item. The spells are *Caddelyn's catastrophe* and *spell ward*; the magical item is the *magemask*. The properties of the finished item are given below: Dabron's band lacked the time to copy out the entire process.

Caddelyn's Catastrophe (Enchantment/Charm)

Level: 5 Components: V,S,M
Range: 1"/level
Casting Time: 5 segments
Area of Effect: 1-4 creatures
Saving Throw: ½

Explanation/Description: This improved version of the *fumble* spell allows the caster to affect up to four creatures if desired, all of whom must be visible to the caster during casting. If four creatures are attacked, their saving throws (vs. spell) are normal; if three are attacked, all save at -1; if two are attacked, all save at -2; and if only

one is attacked, the save is at -3. Creatures who make their save are *slowed* (cf. *slow* spell, PLAYERS HANDBOOK) for the duration of the spell; creatures who fail immediately drop all held objects, trip or stumble if running or charging, fall if balanced on a ledge or climbing, and have any spellcasting ruined. Any missile attack launched by an affected creature will miss (the spell takes effect instantly!), and any physical attack will be at -2 to hit. If it was a weapon attack, the weapon is dropped and the attack becomes a bare fists attack. Dropped items may well suffer damage (saving throws to avoid). Target creatures must be within range, but need not be together; they may be on opposite sides of the caster. Affected creatures who move out of the spell range are freed of the spell, but they will suffer its effects again (no saving throw) if they re-enter spell range before the spell expires. (Magic may be cast normally from outside the spell range into it.)

The material components for this spell are a banana peel or melon rind and a tallow candle or lump of animal fat.

Spell Ward (Abjuration)

Level: 9 Components: V,S,M
Range: Touch
Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 1 turn/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, which utilizes as its material component a drop of the caster's blood and a powdered diamond (of not less than 6,000 gp initial value), the caster confers immunity on him or herself or a single other creature touched by the caster during casting to a single spell.

The particular spell must be chosen at the time of casting, and the protection does not extend to different spells which have similar effects, although it does extend to lesser versions of the same thing (protection against *delayed blast fireball* does extend to *fireballs*,



Detho's Libram

for instance, but not *Melf's minute meteors* — and not a *fireball* effect created by a *limited wish* or *wish* spell, or an illusionist's *shadow magic* fireball), and slightly different versions of the chosen spell as cast by other character classes. Immunity is total; i.e. even where no saving throws are normally allowed, the protected being will simply be totally unaffected by the spell, as will clothing and objects held or carried on his or her immediate person. The spell can be an area-effect spell, but the individual's protection cannot be extended to others, even if the protected being embraces or shields them.

The protection lasts for 1 turn per level of the caster regardless of how many times it is tested. A maximum of two *spell wards* can be in place on any one person at any time.

Magemask

The experience-point and gold piece value of this item is unknown; examples are so rare and little-known. A *mage-mask* is a half-mask of leather with crystal lenses; through these, a wearer views surroundings as if using *detect magic*, and can see concealed glyphs, runes, and inscriptions. If these are magically concealed or not yet activated, the mask-wearer will see only the outlines of the areas covered by such. The mask's lenses also confer ultravision upon the wearer, enable anyone who wears them to *read magic* (although a non-spellcaster will not understand anything more than the general nature and intent of a spell), and allows clear and easy reading (of spellbooks, scrolls, maps, inscriptions, and non-magical writing) in near darkness. Such a mask cannot be used in conjunction with other magical lenses or spectacles.

Appearance

A thin, red volume consisting of dyed rothe-hide stretched over wooden boards and bound with brass hoops, enclosing twenty-two parchment pages. It bears no title or mark on the exterior.

History and Description

The Libram was left to the library of Piergeiron's Palace in Waterdeep by Detho son of Navro, a mage who disappeared seven winters ago and doubtless met his doom in the vast dungeon of Undermountain. Elminster, Laeral, and Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun all perused the book and copied the spells they wanted from it, ere the book was lent to the mage Peregar "the Invisible" to aid him in his expedition into the North. Peregar himself vanished in a ball of blue flame north of Yartar (either a spell of his own that went wrong, or an attack upon him by an unseen enemy), and his band of adventurers scattered. The Libram was in Peregar's saddlebags, not on his person, when he was destroyed, and is widely thought to have survived and fallen into other hands, presently unknown.

The book's pages contain twenty-two spells, one per page, as listed below. All spells are in standard (PLAYERS HANDBOOK) form unless otherwise noted.

The book's spells are: *burning hands*, *catapult* (a unique spell, detailed below), *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *Detho's delirium* (a unique spell, detailed below), *enlarge*, *erase*, *feather fall*, *hold portal*, *jump*, *light*, *mending*, *push*, *read magic*, *spider climb*, *unseen servant*, *continual light*, *decastave* (a unique spell, detailed hereafter), *detect invisibility*, *ESP*, *flying fist* (a unique spell, detailed below), *knock*.

CaTApUlT (Alteration)

Level: 1 Components: V,S,M
Range: 14" Casting Time: 1 segment
Duration: 1 round
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One object
Explanation/Description: By means of

this magic, the caster causes any single, small (i.e. of less than 30 gp weight) object touched to immediately flash in a straight line along the caster's pointing finger to its maximum range (when it reaches that maximum, the object will fall harmlessly straight down to the ground). Although this spell is sometimes used to move harmful objects away or transfer keys, coins, and the like to other beings, it is most often employed as an offensive weapon. If any being is struck by the flying object, it does whatever its normal damage would be (i.e. normal sling stone, bullet, dart, or dagger damage, or 1-2 for small stones, and 1-3 for larger stones) plus 1 point due to its velocity. It strikes as a +3 magic missile weapon, considering the base hit chance as equal to the spellcaster's when striking directly. This spell can only so affect one object. If the object (the spell's material component) touched is heavier than the spell's limitations, it quivers, but does not fly, and the spell is lost.

Detho's Delirium (Necromantic)

Level: 1 Components: V,S,M
Range: Touch
Casting Time: 2 segments
Duration: 1 round plus 1 round/level
Saving Throw: Neg
Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: The caster of this spell touches a being who is drugged, drunken, sleeping, or unconscious, while speaking the mystic words and ringing a small silver or brass bell. The touched creature receives a saving throw against spells at -2; if the save is failed, the creature will begin to speak. (A creature feigning drunkenness or unconsciousness will never be affected by the spell.) The affected being speaks at random, in all languages known to it, and on random topics, rambling. It cannot hear questions and cannot be forced by mental or magical control to give specific answers—any attempt to use such control is 96% likely to awaken the creature. While the creature speaks, there



is a 22% chance per round (not cumulative) that it will reveal names, truenames, passwords, words of activation, codes, directions, and other useful information. Note that the speaker will rarely identify such fragments of speech for what they truly are, and hearers must speculate themselves on meanings. Dreams, rumors, jokes and fairy tales may be mumbled by a speaking creature, not merely factual information.

The spell will be broken before its expiry if the affected creature is awakened.

Decastave (Evocation)

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M
Range: 0 Casting Time: 2 segments
Duration: 1 round plus 1 round/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: By means of a piece of wood and the gestures and phrases of casting, a magic-user can create a temporary "ten-foot pole" of force with this spell. The material component is instantly consumed, and from the caster's forefinger a two-inch-radius, ten-foot-long, faintly glowing beam of force springs into being. It moves as the finger is pointed, and lasts as long as the caster wills (or until the spell expires, whichever occurs first), or until the spellcaster casts another spell.

The pole cannot be cut—any metal which passes through it will cause it to harmlessly wink out of existence—or bent, but will support any weight. It also cannot be shortened; if it strikes an obstacle, the caster must move it, or the obstacle, or will it out of existence, to proceed. It cannot be removed from the end of the caster's finger, although the caster (and other creatures) can grasp it. The staff can be used as a weapon, for 1-6 damage, by sweeping it from side to side, or jabbing it forwards, by movements of the caster's guiding finger. Normal hit rolls apply; it is considered a magical weapon with no pluses. Note that no shock or blow felt by the magical staff is felt by the finger.

A creature grasping the staff must exert a total of 18 strength to hamper its movements. Once only if the caster wishes, a *decastave* can be used to rob a target of 1-4 hit points and transfer them to the wielder of the staff. The target must be touched by the end of the staff (hit roll required) and the caster must will the staff to drain energy. It will vanish in a pulse of force, draining 1-4 hp (no saving throw) and transferring them instantly to the caster. If the caster is uninjured, excess hp are lost after 1 turn. Any damage incurred by the caster during that time is first taken from these phantom hit points; if the caster is at less than full hp at the end of the turn and phantom hit points remain, all remaining points are absorbed at that time as healing, any excess being lost.

The excess hit points can never be transferred to any other creature. Such phantom hit points do not confer any higher-level or hit-dice saving throw bonuses on the caster.

Flying Fist (Evocation)

Level: 2 Components: V,S
Range: 1" distant per level
Casting Time: 2 segments
Duration: 1 round/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: Invented by the mage Alcimer (and once known as "Alcimer's Flying Fist," ere he died and his apprentices all made use of it), this spell enables the caster to create a "fist" of force. Forming at the end of the round in which the spell is cast, the hand is invisible to all but the caster.

It can move 12" per round, but cannot pass beyond 1" distant from the caster per level of the caster. The fist can hover in mid-air, swoop, swerve, and dart through openings as the caster directs, but it will disappear if the caster casts another spell or is rendered unconscious. Physical combat, speech, climbing, movement, and other activities on the caster's part will not destroy the fist.

Although the fist can exist for one round per level of the caster, it can perform only three things. It can grab falling, floating, or levitating objects of hand-size or less, any 10gp weight or less and carry them about for up to 2 rounds ere it drops them. Such objects (keys, *ioun stones*, etc.) may be in the possession of another creature, but the fist does not have the strength to tear weapons free of fastenings, material components or scrolls out of a being's grasp, etc. It can overcome magnetic pulls, but can only hold its own against a *gust of wind* or other severe opposing air disturbance. It can push or slap a single creature sufficient to cause a missile attack to be at -1 to hit, a catching attempt by the being to be 20% more likely to fail than otherwise, and to delay (not ruin) spellcasting for one round. It can also attack, striking as a blow (not a missile, and hence unstoppable by a *shield* or any *protection from missiles* magic), as though it was the caster (but at +2 to hit), and doing 1-2 points of damage. A successful punching attack by the fist ruins spellcasting during the round it strikes.

A flying fist can be readily dispelled by a *dispel magic* cast on the fist or on its caster, and cannot penetrate *walls of force*, *anti-magic shells*, or more powerful magical barriers. It is AC 4 (AC 7 to opponents who can see *invisible* as an ability or by means of temporary magic), and can be destroyed by any attack that deals it 5 or more points of damage, or any combination of attacks dealing it at least 5 hit points of damage in a single round (cumulative damage does not apply to the fist).



Jaluster's Orizon

Appearance

A stout, battered book of embossed and painted cowhide stretched over wooden boards, edged and clasped about with iron. It is battered, brown, and radiates a faint dweomer (see below). It contains twelve pages, each a thin plate of slate upon which vellum has been stretched and clamped with beaten electrum edgings. Seven pages are blank; the first five bear spells, one to a page.

History and Description

An *orizon* is a book in which a far-traveling mage inscribes spells found or gained while exploring or traveling far from home. This is done also when one believes a spell can be improved or isn't quite right; it is only later, at home and leisure, and with the spell perfected, that the mage sets down spells in the orizon into his or her proper, level-by-level spell books. Thus, an orizon is usually a jumble of spells of varying levels, sometimes interspersed with spell research notes or other information, or even spells usable only by other classes. Most of the books described in these pages and other locations, including the *DM's Sourcebook* are orizons.

Jaluster was a mage who never ceased to travel; he filled many orizons, but always sold them after transcribing the spells into his proper books. The orizon that bears his name today is the one he carried, incomplete, at his death.

Jaluster was torn apart by demons in Ascalhorn (now known as Hellgate Keep) as he tried to save that city from their domination. He is said to have destroyed three liches and at least five demons that day ere he died. His orizon was borne out of the city by the bard Maerstar, one of the four survivors of the fall of Ascalhorn. Maerstar was later robbed of it in Everlund, and a trail of mysteriously-slain owners (see below) led westwards, but the tome's present whereabouts are unknown.

The volume is guarded by a strange creature, a *tome guardian*, detailed below. The five spells it contains are *rope trick* (detailed in the PLAYERS

HANDBOOK, or "PH"), *Quimby's enchanting gourmet* (a unique spell, described below), *feign death* (q.v., PH), *waves of weariness* (detailed below), and *Adelimer's aural augmentor*. This latter spell is merely a variation of *extension I* (q.v., PH) that has a somatic as well as a verbal component, but takes only one segment to cast (it remains fourth level).

Quimby's Enchanting Gourmet

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M

Range: 0 Casting Time: 2 segments

Duration: 6 turns plus 1 turn/level

Saving Throws: None

Area of Effect: 4" radius of spellcaster

Explanation/Description: The fat, food-loving mage Quimby devised this improved *unseen servant* magic as a means of providing himself with gourmet meals while studying in solitude or traveling alone. It is a magical force under the control of the magic-user, able to stir, carry pots, measure ingredients, cut, garnish, turn hot food while it is cooking, and so on. It is no stronger than an *unseen servant*, nor more dextrous than its caster, but it can cook without the direct concentration of supervision of the caster, if the menu is a meal the magic-user has seen prepared (or prepared him- or herself) at some time. The *enchanting gourmet* can be dispelled (at will by the caster, and by the use of *dispel magic* by others), or destroyed by dealing it 6 points of damage. The material components are the foodstuffs to be prepared, a drop of the caster's blood, a piece of string, and a block of wood of any size.

Waves of Weariness

(Enchantment/Charm)

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M

Range: 12" Casting Time: 2 segments

Duration: 1 round Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, the caster causes all movements (including speech) of one crea-

ture to be slowed down enough to delay spellcasting and physical attacks for one round. Missile attacks and attacks using magic wands, rings, and similar items can be performed in the same round they were begun by a determined victim of this spell who continues to struggle against its effects (i.e. to utter a word of activation), but this attack always takes effect last in the round. Any intended target of this spell must be seen by the caster at some point during spellcasting, must be pointed at, and must be within range for the spell to take effect. Intended targets save vs. spell (no modifiers apply) to avoid.

Only targets with either intelligence or wisdom of greater than 12 can struggle against the weariness effect of this spell enough to deliver the aforementioned attacks; all others collapse for the round due to the intense sleepy, tired, worn-out feelings the spell causes. Climbing beings must make a Strength Check to avoid falling.

Tome Guardian

FREQUENCY: Very Rare

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12" (or as guarded object moves)

HIT DICE: 4 + 4

% IN LAIR: Nil

TREASURE TYPE: See Below

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: See below

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below

INTELLIGENCE: Average

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SIZE: S

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Attack/Defense Modes: Nil

The tome guardian (sometimes mistakenly heard and passed on as "tomb guardian") is a creature of the Elemental Plane of Fire. Its nature and activities there are unknown, but it can be sum-



Jaluster's ORIZON

moned to the Prime Material Plane by magical means to serve as a guardian.

A magic-user *summons* the tome guardian by casting and *ensnarement* (*sending* or *demand* work if the guardian's name is known; they do have personal names), and compels it to service by the use of a *truename* or *binding* spell. The object to be guarded must be visible to the magic-user, who indicates it (by pointing and speaking) to the guardian. Tome guardians do not mind protecting an object, for unknown reasons of their own, and unless otherwise attacked are not hostile. *Door* and *torment* spells do not affect guardians, and are viewed as attacks. *Charms* of all sorts except a *geas* do not affect tome guardians; they cannot be psionically dominated, and anyone attempting *ESP* or similar mind-meeting magic, by spell, item, or natural ability, finds that attempts to attack, control, or change a guardian cause it to attack—and that it can somehow employ its *fireburst* attack (see below) through such a mental link.

The guardian envelops, and appears to merge with, the object it has been bound to, becoming invisible. The object radiates a faint dweomer, and infravision detects the presence of the guardian—but the creature cannot be telepathically contacted or in any way coerced, tricked, or forced to leave its object except as described below,

under “driven out”. A guardian can only guard one physical object—and if the object is composed of readily separable parts, only one part (i.e. a sword or its scabbard, not both). The guarded object must be small (of less than 4 cubic feet volume), and non-living. Usually magical tomes of lore are so guarded, hence the guardian's name.

An individual can summon only one tome guardian per 24 hours. Only one guardian can be bound to any object. Guardians who are summoned to the Prime Material Plane but not successfully bound to an object, or who have been driven forth (see below) from the object they were guarding, assume what is known as their “free form,” and remain on the Prime Material Plane for 2-40 turns before “dwindling away,” returning to their own plane by natural means. They are not under any being's control during this time, and attack any creature who attacks (or attempts to control) them. Otherwise, they are attracted to large fires, of natural (e.g. volcanoes and forest fire) or man-made (e.g. bonfires, forges, even isolated campfires) origin. Statistics given on p. 10 are for the guardian's free form.

A tome guardian can absorb fiery energy impinging upon it (when it guards an object, it envelops it, and thus absorbs all fire directed at the object), whether of natural or magical (e.g. *fireball*) origin. It gains a number

of hit points equal to the number of points of damage the fire(s) would deal to an unprotected creature, which replenish any damage it has suffered and then increase its own hit points temporarily (i.e. for the following 24 hours). During this time, the tome guardian can add any or all of this additional fiery energy directly to the damage dealt by any *fireburst* attack(s) it makes. Heat energy (such as that caused by *melt* or *heat metal* spells) the guardian merely absorbs.

If it wishes, a tome guardian can deliver a *fireburst* attack thrice per 24 hours to any creature(s) touching it or the object it guards (it *never* so attacks any master it is guarding an object for). A *fireburst* is a pencil-thin, white-hot flame that operates directly into the target creature (thus, it cannot miss) and does not generate any incidental heat or flame that might damage surrounding creatures or objects—such as the item being guarded). If two or more creatures laid hands on a *guarded* object simultaneously, and the guardian generated a *fireburst* in one of them, the other(s) would not even feel it.

Only one such attack can be unleashed in a round. A *fireburst* can operate through clothing or armor; it deals 6-24 points of internal damage (no saving throw) to all creatures not immune to the effects of heat or fire. A tome guardian always uses this attack





Jaluster's Orizon

against a bookworm (q.v.) or any other creature attempting to consume or strike the object it is guarding. Human, demi-human, and humanoid beings who survive a *fireburst* attack are rendered unconscious for 2-5 turns unless they save vs. poison at -3, due to the shock of their blood boiling momentarily in the area affected by the *fireburst*.

Tome guardians can be affected by all spells save (as noted earlier) enchantment/charm magics such as *maze*, *sleep*, and *suggestion* (although *geas* is an exception). Cold does them double damage (water, it should be noted, does not), and all physical attacks upon the object they are guarding do *not* harm the object until the guardian is destroyed, as it gathers its form into a rigid shell to ward off blows; but because of this, all such attacks do the maximum possible damage to the guardian. When in free form, physical attacks do it normal (not necessarily full) damage.

Note that fiery protective spells such as *explosive runes* and *fire trap* can be cast upon a tome guarded by a guardian, but the creature absorbs the spell energy as it is being cast, so that the spell's protection does not exist (and the guardian gains for a day hit points equal to the maximum damage these

spells would have dealt).

Symbols and *glyphs* can be cast upon a guarded object without affecting it, and function normally (without harming the guardian). Save for the exceptions noted above, tome guardians have standard magic resistance.

A tome guardian can be "driven out" of the object it is guarding by the casting of a *dispel magic* (the guardian gains a save vs. spell; if successful it is unaffected). Even the individual who bound the guardian to the object can dismiss it only in this way. The guardian will be seen leaving the object, even in darkness. A tome guardian is immune to the attacks of, but cannot itself harm, a fire elemental, salamander, will-o-wisp, and xag-ya. If a guardian is brought into the presence of a xeg-yi, they attack each other at once. Tome guardians can coexist peacefully with guardian daemons, guardian familiars, homonculi, and the like. More than one tome guardian can guard the same object, although it is very rare. Tome guardians can conduct their *fireburst* attacks through metal weapons and armor if they wish, and gain hit points from electrical attacks just as from fiery attacks. They can apparently hear and understand Common and perhaps other languages, but not speak them.

The Libram of Lathintel

Appearance

This is a square, thick, maroon-colored volume with maple boards covered in tanned leather, and bound with wire in six circlets to which have been sewn sixteen parchment pages. The book looks well-used but not dilapidated. It has no known traps or defenses.

History and Description

Lathintel was a dignified mage of Athkatla who perished some seventy winters ago of a winter fever. His effects were sold by a merchant of Amn, Oristel—almost certainly after several mages had been allowed to copy individual spells from the Libram upon payment of stiff fees. The purchaser of the Libram, and its present whereabouts, are unknown.

From Oristel's notes and the spells copied by the mage Narlbar, the Libram's contents are known to be as follows (one spell to a page, all standard PLAYERS HANDBOOK spells except as otherwise noted): *enlarge*, *feather fall*, *light*, *read magic*, *sleep*, *spidereyes* (unique spell, described hereafter), *unseen servant*, *audible glamer*, *invisibility*, *locate object*, *wizard lock*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *ghost pipes* (unique spell, described hereafter), *hover* (unique spell, described hereafter), and *tongues*.

Spidereyes (Alteration)

Level: 1 Components: V,S,M

Range: Special

Casting Time: 1 segment

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effects: Special

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a magic-user can temporarily see through the eyes of any living arachnid (material component of the spell), which the caster must touch. Small, harmless living spiders are usually employed, the caster using them as spies to see things where the caster dare not go.

More rarely, this spell is cast on a giant spider (successful hit roll required



The Libram of Lathintel

if the spider is hostile and not surprised) to see through its eyes while battling it, so that its opponents can take advantage of striking from where it cannot see.

This spell does not give the caster any control over the arachnid nor even direct mental contact with it, merely a mystical linkage with its eyes.

Most spiders have eight eyes—simple eyes whose vision is readily understandable to most intelligent races, not compound eyes. The sight afforded by the spell has the effectiveness (range and possible ultra- or infravision) of the spider, and unlimited range as long as the spell duration lasts—limited, of course, by how far the spider travels. (The caster cannot continue to see through the spider's eyes if either arachnid or caster move to another plane of existence, including the astral or ethereal.)

Usually this spell is used to try to spy out a cavern, hall, or other guarded area before the caster or companions enter or attack it—but often, frustratingly, the chosen spider refuses to cooperate and look where the caster wants it to, unless controlled or influenced by additional spells. Certain magical barriers sever the link between spellcaster and spider.

Ghost Pipes

(Alteration-Illusion/Phantasm)

Level: 3 Components: V,S

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 1 round

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One instrument

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, the magic-user causes any one musical instrument, which must be non-magical in nature, and whole and unbroken, to play by itself. The instrument need not be one the spellcaster knows how to play; he or she merely hums or whistles a short tune (i.e. one complete in 9 segments or less) after the initial casting, while touching the instrument. When the instrument is

released, it glows with a faint, amber *faerie fire*-like radiance, *levitates* in the position in which it was released, not moving about but not falling to the ground, and plays the tune, parts of the instrument (e.g. strings) moving as if it were actually being played by an invisible being. When touched, the instrument instantly stops playing and falls to the ground, its radiance winking out. This spell was devised as a court entertainment by Vangerdahast, Royal Magician of Suzail.

No known way has yet been devised to trigger it with other spells or barriers, to serve as a warning. Various magical means used to cause temporary *silence* mute the music normally without stopping the playing of an enspelled instrument.

Hover (Alteration)

Level: 3 Components: V,S

Range: 1"/level

Casting Time: 3 segments

Duration: 4 rounds

Saving Throw: Special

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a magic-user can instantly arrest the movement of a falling, jumping, or flying creature within spell range (including the caster him- or herself), stopping all movement for a short time.

This allows the *hovering* being to launch missile weapons, cast spells (the lack of mobility is an absolutely stable fix), read scrolls, open locks, shout instructions, catch ropes or thrown items, and the like. The spell affects only one creature, of the caster's choice—and thus the magic can readily serve to separate a being riding an aerial steed from the (unaffected) mount.

Willing or not, target creatures visualized or seen and concentrated upon by the caster of this spell are affected for 1 round. (Thus, a fleeing monster could be halted to receive a round's-worth of spells or missile weapons.) On the next round, the creature (even if willing) receives a saving throw versus

spell; if successfully made, movement begins again, magically slowed for 1 round to *feather fall* (q.v.) rate, and thereafter continues normally.

If the save fails, *hovering* continues as long as the caster concentrates on it. However, the target gets a saving throw every round it is held, whether willing or not. No powers can affect these saving throws or the initial stoppage (even a *dispel magic* cast on itself by the affected creature), but creatures able to become *astral* or *ethereal* or *plane shift* may escape the spell in this way. Creatures wearing a *ring of free action* are halted for one round by a *hover* spell, but are thereafter free to move normally without being *slowed* in any way.

Selvar's Ineffable Conjurations, Magicks, and Phantasms

Appearance

A medium-sized tome (three handwidths broad by four handwidths tall) of ash boards covered with stretched, white-tanned cowhide. The covers have brass corner-caps, and a binding of brass rings, which hold thirty-three parchment pages, each containing a spell, one to a page, except for the first page. It is a title page, and bears Selvar's personal rune, thus:



History and Description

Selvar was a mage of Taruin, in the southern realm of Samarach, who in his latter days became involved in a feud with another local mage, Phelpar of Rassatan. For some years Selvar hopped about as a frog thanks to Phelpar's spells, and during that time Phelpar stole all of Selvar's spells and magical treasures. Selvar hopped for many miles across Samarach to a cave in the mountains north of Sorlmar Pass, where he had hidden a cache of magic, and by means of the powers there regained his own form. He then set about trapping Phelpar, whom he eventually enspelled into the form of a horse and rode to death. Employing magic to speak with Phelpar's corpse, Selvar learned the location of Phelpar's cache, wherein his own stolen magic was hid, and went there to a tomb in the Rathgaunt Hills, on the southern edge of the great plains of the Shaar. There the elderly mage set about collecting and refining his spells, and setting them down in books—one of which, the *Ineffable Conjurations, Magicks, and Phantasms*, he gave to the young maid Ilistar, who later became an apprentice of Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun. Ilistar set down *Khelben's warding whip* on the hitherto blank last page of the book.

The book is unusual in that it begins with a section of illusionist spells, written in the magical secret language of that class, Ruathlek, and concludes

with a section of magic-user spells. These spells are listed hereafter.

Color spray, detect invisibility, gaze reflection, phantasmal force, blacklight (a unique spell, detailed below), *hypnotic pattern, invisibility, magic mouth, mirror image, plague* (a unique spell, described below), *dispel illusion, fear; mailed might* (a unique spell, described below), *paralyzation, spectral force, dispel exhaustion phantasmal killer, maze, shadow door, demi-shadow magic, turnshadow* (a unique spell, described below), *web, dispel magic, haste, water breathing, ice storm, remove curse, hold monster, wall of force, globe of invulnerability, power word: silence* (a unique spell, detailed below), *Khelben's warding whip* (a unique spell, detailed below).

Blacklight (Alteration)

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M

Range: 1"/level

Casting Time: 2 segments

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throws: Neg

Area of Effect: 20' radius globe

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, an illusionist creates a stationary, temporary area of darkness. The darkness is total and impenetrable, foiling even infravision and ultravision.

Normal and magical light is negated unless *light* or *continual light* magics, or a *dispel magic*, is used to destroy the area of *blacklight*. This spell is different from the usual magical *darkness* in that the caster (only) can see normally in the area of effect, seeing the spell effect only as a faint, smoky grey or blue haze. Thus the illusionist can move, attack, cast spells, and the like normally.

Creatures within the area of effect are adversely affected in combat by the *darkness*, although a blindfighting proficiency aids against this. Creatures in the area of effect of *blacklight* are allowed a saving throw versus spell (at -3) for each round in which they remain in the *blacklit* area; if successful, they can see as well as the illusionist

who cast the spell can, for that round only (i.e. a saving throw must be made each round; if made one round and then failed the next, a creature's blindness will return). The caster of a *blacklight* can end it at will, although continual concentration is not necessary to maintain its existence, and the illusionist may cast other spells after the *blacklight* is created, without destroying it. (Note that spells that depend upon victims seeing the spell effect will not work if the victims are blinded by the *blacklight*.) The material components of this spell are a piece of coal and an eyeball (from any creature; it may be dried and preserved).

Plague (Illusion/Phantasm)

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 2 segments

Duration: 100 turns/level

Saving Throws: Neg.

Area of Effect: Creature touched

Explanation/Description: This spell allows an illusionist to cast a special type of *spectral force* requiring no continued concentration, on any one creature. The illusion created involves smell, texture of skin, appearance, and the like, in a simulation of the symptoms of any severe contagious disease the caster has closely seen examples of before. If the caster has never observed such a disease, he or she can invent and visualize symptoms, but they are 30% likely to be seen as false and magically created. Otherwise, such an illusion is only 6% likely to be detected. The victim suffers no damage (and indeed, may not be aware that the illusion exists, as the victim cannot see the illusion, but only his or her real form), but may well be slain or driven away by others ere the spell expires. *Cure disease* and similar magics have no effect on the *plague* illusion, but *dispel magic* or *dispel illusion* have the usual chances, i.e. 50% base chance adjusted by 2% downward, or 5% upward, for each level of experience lesser/greater of the caster of the *dispel* compared to the illusionist



Selvar's Ineffable Conjurations, Magicks, and Phantasms

who cast the *plague* of nullifying this magic. The material components of this spell are a scrap of human skin (from any source, of a size at least as large as a gold piece) and a pinch of soot or charcoal or black mold or fungus growth.

Mailed Might (Evocation)

Level: 3 Components: V,S,M
Range: Touch (or self)
Casting Time: 3 segments
Duration: 1 round/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Creature touched

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, an illusionist protects him- or herself or another touched creature with temporary, illusory armor. The armor has no weight, nor does it encumber its wearer or in any way affect movement or the drawing of weapons or rearrangement of clothing “under” the armor. To the wearer, it is “not there”—invisible and undetectable, making no metallic sounds when struck or moving, and so on. To others, it appears as translucent, ghostly armor, visible in outline but non-reflective and soundless. It protects the wearer as if it were real plate mail (i.e. AC3), but is immune to rust monster attacks, and does not conduct electrical discharges. It cannot be disbelieved by opponents, and lasts for the spell duration regardless of how much damage it absorbs (it absorbs 3 hp of damage per attack directed at the wearer). This improved *phantom armor* does not hamper spellcasting or the exercise of any class abilities, confers a +1 bonus against all attacks protected against by magic armor, and completely covers the protected creature, who may be of any size (e.g. a horse or mule), fitting perfectly. The armor wearer looks as if it were shadowed by far larger, more powerful armored creatures who stand behind it and move with it. Creatures of 2-7 intelligence (“Semi-” and “Low”) who observe this effect will flee in fear of the strange and powerful armored creature they face; more intelligent creatures are disconcerted and may

respect the potential powers of the protected being more than they otherwise would. The material component of this spell is a small fragment of real armor: plate or metal mail-weave.

Turnshadow (Abjuration)

Level: 6 Components: V,S
Range: 6"
Casting Time: 1 segment
Duration: 1 round/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 4"x4"

Explanation/Description: This spell allows an illusionist to turn *shadow monsters*, *demi-shadow monsters*, *shades*, and *shadows* (either those conjured up and controlled by means of a *summon shadow* spell, or encountered undead) and cause them to flee away from the caster and/or companions in a chosen direction at 10" per turn or to attack a single target creature of the caster's choice. Thus, a *shade* of a dragonne created by one illusionist and directed at another illusionist could be turned against the first illusionist (who would lose control of the dragonne, including any ability to dispel it without a separate spell).

Power Word: Silence

(Alteration)
Level: 6 Components: V
Range: 1"/level
Casting Time: 1 segment
Duration: 2 rounds
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell enables a magic-user to magically *silence* one creature and an area extending all about that creature to a distance of 1 foot. The *silence* occurs instantly upon the utterance of the *power word*, ruining any spellcasting in progress, and continuing in the round following the round in which the *power word* was uttered. The *silence* foils spellcasting, the utterance of any word of activation or command words, normal speech or shouted alarms,

banging noises, and blocks all sound, effectively deafening the target.

The target can of course move, breathe, or even ring a gong or operate a magical noisemaker (including such items as a *horn of Valhalla* or *blasting* and a *chime of opening*) without any effect except the expenditure of charges, if applicable. *Dispel magic* or *dispel silence* will not affect the *silence* created by a *power word*; a *limited wish* or more powerful spell is required.

Khelben's Warding Whip

(Abjuration/Evocation)
Level: 7 Components: V,S,M
Range: 1"/level
Casting Time: 7 segments
Duration: 1 round/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: Developed specifically as a counter to the various *Bigby's Hand* spells, this magic enables a caster to combat magical attacks which take the form of pushing, striking, or crushing forces. It creates a whip-like, flexible lash of invisible force directed by one of the caster's hands, which when directed against magical forces has the following effects:

- All cantrips that cause loss of balance or affect physical person: presence of *whip* confers immunity on *whip* - wielder.
- *Push*: presence of *whip* confers immunity on *whip* - wielder.
- *Shield*: touch of *whip* instantly dissipates *shield*; *whip* unaffected
- *Tenser's Floating Disc*: touch of *whip* has 40% chance (per strike; 1 per round) of destroying *disc*; *whip* unaffected
- *Bigby's Interposing Hand*: touch of *whip* instantly destroys *hand*; 20% chance of *whip* being destroyed too.
- *Bigby's Forceful Hand*: each strike of *whip* on *hand* (one per round) has a 90% chance of destroying the *hand* and a 30% chance of destroying the *whip*.
- *Bibgby's Grasping Hand* same as above, except the chances are 80% and 40%.



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- *Bigby's Clenched Fist* same as above, except the chances are 70% and 50%.

- *Bigby's Crushing Hand* same as above, except the chances are 65% and 60%.

The caster need not concentrate on the *whip* to maintain its existence, but can cast only verbal-only spells to avoid destroying it before the spell expiration. No hit roll is required to strike or parry with the whip, but the caster cannot also wield physical weapons without causing the *whip* to dissipate. The material components of this spell are a piece of wire and a pinch of powdered

electrum.

The *whip* has no effect on the effects of such spells as *gust of wind*, *levitate*, *hold person*, *slow*, *fumble*, *repulsion*, *reverse gravity*, *trip*, and various non-moving magical barriers, from *wall of force* up to *prismatic sphere*, and cannot itself be used as a weapon—it simply and harmlessly passes through living objects as though they did not exist. It may be used to parry the physical attacks of normal and magical weapons, including *telekinesed* missiles and other weapon-like spell effects (such as *spiritual hammer*, *flame blade* and *Mordenkainen's sword*) and of magical

items (such as a *shillelagh* or *ring of the ram*), with a base 60% chance of success, plus 2% per level of the caster of the *whip*. Thus a 14th level magic user, the lowest level able to use 7th level spells, will have an 88% chance of parrying, whether the attack be a +1 *dagger* or a *flame blade*, with a maximum chance (regardless of level) of 96%. The *whip* can parry only one attack in a round, so it can foil only single-missile *magic missile* attacks, and remove only one point of damage (per round) from *blade barrier* attacks.





The Shadowtome

Appearance

An octagonal volume of two wooden board covers, over which are stretched sections of black-and-silver crocodile-skin, enclosing nine sheets of beaten electrum, each bearing, stamped and etched, a single spell. The book is fastened with a clasp opposite the electrum hinges—a black left human hand that swivels at its wrist to grasp a black bestial hooked tail. The book bears no title.

History and Description

This book was compiled by the mage known only as Shadowhands, lieutenant to Nelazra, the Old Mother (though she was never called that to her face twice), Guildmaster of the Nighteyes, the guilded thieves of Calimport.

Shadowhands, whose real name has never been known is believed to have been Nelazra's lover and confidant, and is believed to have been slain in a battle with The Brothers Six, a group of mages who sought to control much merchant trade in Calimshan, and saw elimination of the Nighteyes as necessary to the success of their ventures. The Brothers Six had been reduced to just two in number by the time they finally slew Nelazra and broke the power of the Nighteyes in Calimport—and they were in turn slain by Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun when they attempted to control trade entering and leaving the harbors of Baldur's Gate and Waterdeep.

The Shadowtome was found in a concealed room in the back wall of the temple of Mystra in Calimport by the mage Azkhazan, who was slain by hobgoblins when adventuring in the mountains north of Iriaebor, and the tome traded by them to the evil mage Maerglor of Elturel, in return for weapons, food, and fine armor. Maerglor sold it to Elminster, who after copying what of its contents he needed, sold it to Evinther the Blue of Neverwinter, who was blasted to nothingness two winters later by an unknown magical assailant who presumably has the book now, unless meeting with subsequent misfortune.

The Shadowtome's pages bear the following spells (unless otherwise noted, they are all standard PLAYERS HANDBOOK spells): *dispel magic*, *missile mastery* (a unique spell, detailed below), *night scar* (a unique spell, detailed below), *polymorph other*, *animate dead*, *cloudkill*, *ironguard* (a unique spell, detailed below), *death spell*.

Missile Mastery (Alteration)

Level: 3 Components: V,S

Range: 1"/level

Casting Time: 3 segments

Duration: 3 rounds

Saving Throws: Special

Area of Effect: One missile

Explanation/Description: This spell allows its caster to change the flight of a single missile (per round) in mid-air, hurling it back at its sender or at any other creature. Such a missile strikes as though wielded by the caster of the *mastery* directly, as a proficient weapon, at +4 to hit, and does its normal damage. They may in turn be readily deflected by magical means (such as *shield* or *gust of wind*).

Magical missiles only gain a saving throw vs. spell (that of *their* caster or sender), aided by any pluses they have. *Magic missiles* (the spell or wand) are negated (dissipated into nothingness) by any attempts to use *mastery* upon them—but only one of the multiple missiles created by this spell when it is employed by a mage of respectable level will be deflected by use of *mastery*. Further spellcasting is impossible while a magic-user is using *mastery*; it can, however, be ended instantly by the cessation of the mage's concentration. Concentration is not broken by physical attacks on the magic-user, who can freely engage in physical combat without wasting the second and third rounds of *mastery*.

The only benefit this spell gains a mage trapped in a *blade barrier* is a +1 to the initial saving throw representing the magic-user's chance to escape the forming blades. The *mastery* must have already been in effect, however; if the

time is taken to cast it, the *blade barrier* will have fully formed—no saving throw is then allowable, and there are far too many blades moving about for *mastery* to be of any use against them.

Night Scar (Illusion/Phantasm)

Level: 3 Components: S

Range: 3" Casting Time: 3 segments

Duration: 10 turns/level

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: One creature or object
Explanation/Description: This magic is brought about by will and gesture only; it creates an invisible, unique mark (the *night scar*) on a creature or object. The target is entitled to a saving throw versus spell to avoid the mark, but unless the target is a creature who both observes and recognizes the gestures of casting, the target will be unaware that any spell has been attempted. This mark is visible only to the caster and those creature(s) who touch the caster during the casting of the *scar* (up to seven M-sized creatures could conceivably do so). The *scar* will not be revealed by *true seeing* or the like because it is not really there, nor can another creature be enabled to see it by having the caster (or another who can see it) describe it to them. The *scar* fades at the spell expiration, and can be removed by *dispel magic* or *remove curse*. It does not radiate magic, and cannot be thus detected. The *scar* shows through clothing, disguises, etc., and to those who can see it, appears to glow slightly—thus, a marked person can be readily distinguished in a crowd if one is within visual range. This spell is primarily used to trace thieves or murderers who escape from the scene of a crime but live or remain in the area (so that they can be apprehended later).

Backlash (Enchantment/Charm)

Level: 3 Components: V,S

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 4 segments

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: One creature

The ShadowTome



Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a magic-user can affect another spellcasting being. (This spell will not work on creatures who have spell-like natural powers.) The magic is lost and wasted if cast on a non-spellcaster. The *backlash* leaves only a faint magical trace, and can only be removed by a *remove curse* or stronger spell, not by a *dispel magic*. It does not take effect until the victim employs an offensive spell that *fails* (regardless of distance or time removed from the placing of the *backlash*). A *backlash* will occur when a victim's target is unaffected by making its saving throw, when the victim has spellcasting interrupted or ruined, or when an offensive spell is incorrectly used on a target that is immune to it. The *backlash* causes the spell to work (even if the casting was botched) with full effects upon the caster of the offensive spell, who is allowed no saving throws or immunities in this case.

The *backlash* only works once, although any number of *backlash* spells may be placed on a single spellcaster; only one will take effect at a time.

IRONGUARD

(Abjuration/Alteration)

Level: 5 Components: V,S,M

Range: 0

Casting Time: 5 segments

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, the caster confers immunity from any normal metallic weapons upon him or herself or any other creature the caster touches during the casting. Such weapons pass through the protected person as though he or she were a phantasm, and not solid flesh. Such contact does no harm whatsoever, and the protected person can pass through iron bars, gates, and other metallic objects. The protected person

cannot grasp or pick up metallic objects, either, and thus cannot open most locks, carry metal chests, or even put on or take off a metal helm, or wield most weapons. Note that the protected person still suffers damage from heat (hot metal) and flame (flaming blades), poison on metal spikes, and so on.

Magical weapons do damage according to their pluses (i.e. a +2 *long sword* will do a protected being 2 points of damage per strike). Metal bars and gates that carry any sort of dweomer cannot be passed through by means of this spell, and spells and magical items that use metal in their attacks (e.g. *blade barrier*) but do not have pluses will do half damage if they cannot be avoided by the protected being. Such protected beings can clearly see (and smell, if hot or smeared with poison or tar) metal objects.

The material components for this spell are a handful of iron filings and a drop of aqua regia.



Shandaril's Workbook

Appearance

A crescent-shaped tome, five handwidths in height by three handwidths across, of two glossy, polished black covers of ebony. The covers are hinged with copper at the center of their curve and enclose twenty-six pages of thin, burnished copper sheets.

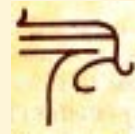
History and Description

Shandaril is a mage of great power, now coldly evil and selfish. She uses this Workbook as a means of ensnaring other mages, so that she may lessen potential competition by slaying them, after first strengthening herself by learning what she can of their unique magics.

Born in Telflamm, Shandaril was brought to Sembia by her merchant parents when young, and is known to have studied under the mages Halakoun (good) and later Mairgaer (neutral) in Selgaunt. She was of great beauty from childhood, and soon learned to manipulate men masterfully. While still a youth, she became apprentice to the adventurer-mage Thalaver, of The Company In Crimson, and accompanied the band on a perilous adventure into the ruins of The Stone-lands. There she slew Thalaver and all his companions at some point, and acquired their magic, in particular Thalaver's *staff of power* and spellbooks. Returning to Suzail to ransack Thalaver's Tower, she was confronted by Vangerdahast and other mages of note in the city who demanded to know of the whereabouts of the Company. She barely escaped alive, by means of a *teleportation* device. Before doing so, she triumphantly admitted her deeds; there is still a royal warrant for her arrest outstanding in Cormyr.

Shandaril's present lair is unknown but she is thought to dwell somewhere to the south, and is known to have grown greatly in power. She has released her *Workbook* into circulation amongst mages as a trap, to gain her yet more magic. Few know or even suspect its true nature.

The first page of the crescentiform tome bears Shandaril's sigil, thus:



It also bears the invisible activation rune of a *tracer* Shandaril has cast upon the tome, which if revealed by *detect magic* (note that the rune is not itself a "trap") looks like this:



The pages thereafter bear the following spells, one to a page (all are in standard PLAYERS HANDBOOK form, unless otherwise noted): *burning hands*, *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *hold portal*, *shocking grasp*, *sleep* (this spell has been incorrectly written; the sleep it causes lasts only 1 round, and its range fluctuates from casting to casting, from 1" to 3" , at random), *spider climb*, *audible glamer*; *circle dance* (a unique spell, detailed hereafter), *detect evil* (this spell has also been botched; all creatures receive a saving throw against it; if made, they do not detect as evil if truly evil, and if good or neutral, they may falsely detect as evil), *fools gold*, *rope trick*, *shatter*, *skyhook* (a unique spell, detailed hereafter), *dispel magic*, *gust of wind*, *Leomund's tiny hut*, *suggestion*, *tongues*, *confusion*, *dimension door*, *firebrand* (a unique spell, detailed hereafter), *fumble*, *polymorph self*, and *wall of ice*.

Circle Dance (Divination)

Reversible

Level: 2

Components: V,S,M

Range: 0

Casting Time: 2 rounds

Duration: 1 round Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: The magic-user

Explanation/Description: This spell enables the caster to learn something of another creature. A gem or gems of not less than 1,000 gp total value are powdered prior to spellcasting. The caster sprinkles this powder in a circle of at least ten feet in diameter on any solid surface (even if temporary), and dances an intricate, weaving pattern within it while concentrating on the target creature and singing a repetitive rhyme (e.g.

"Reveal to me/For I would see", et cetera) which names the individual creature concentrated upon.

This naming need not be accurate; it is only a focussing aid to the caster, and nicknames and descriptions can be used. If successful, at the end of the dance the caster receives mental images and impressions of the target creature's general direction from the caster—if on another plane, that is clear, but which plane, and any details of the current surroundings and state of the target, remains entirely a mystery.

If the target creature is on the same plane as the caster, a confused impression of how distant the target is, and something of the target's current surroundings and mental (i.e. dead, asleep, unconscious, spellcasting, alert, happy, sad, etc.) and physical state may be apparent. The base chance of success of 4% per level of caster, plus: +25% if the target is fairly well known to the caster, +40% if the target is intimately known to the caster, +10% if the target is upset or excited, +15% if the target is currently using magical items or is spellcasting, +5% if the target is close to the caster (i.e. within a radius of 1 mile per level of the caster).

DMs must determine how much a *circle dance* reveals by the percentile total of the caster; 100% should give a clear mental picture of the target's surroundings and precise distance and direction of such whereabouts. Note that this is not an *ESP* spell, nor does it allow hearing or spellcasting at a target (it is not seeing the target for the purposes of casting a *magic missile*, but may well aid in *teleportation*).

The reverse of the spell, *circle charm*, involves the same material components, but a reversed dance, and has the effect of hiding the caster (only) and objects on his or her person from all *locate object*, *ESP*, *know alignment*, and other spells that locate and divine the thoughts of other creatures, including *circle dance*. *Wizard eye*, *sending* and the like are not affected by a *circle dance*, nor does it provide a mental barrier or protective aid.



Shandaril's Workbook

Skyhook (Evocation)

Level: 2 Components: V,S,M
Range: 6" Casting Time: 2 segments
Duration: 3 turns + 1 turn/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: With this spell, the magic-user creates a solid hook of force, invisible to all but the caster, at a desired location. The hook need not be attached to anything, and indeed is usually created in midair over a pit or chasm, but remains absolutely immobile. Creatures can hang onto it, ropes be tied to or hooked over it, and so on. It supports up to 666,666 gold pieces weight.

If the weight limit is exceeded, the *skyhook* instantly vanishes. Otherwise, it lasts until the spell expires, fading out of the caster's view as a warning in the final two rounds of its existence. It is too small to be stood upon (e.g. to climb further, or cast spells or fire missile weapons from), but its hook is large enough to permit thick cables and many grasping hands to find purchase. A *skyhook*, once created, can never move. Ropes, etc., secured to it appear to creatures other than the caster to be tied to nothing. The *skyhook* is solid enough to harm creatures flying into it or striking it, cannot itself be physically harmed, and, aside from *limited wish* and more powerful magics of the same sort, can only be affected by a *disintegrate* spell which usually destroys a *skyhook* instantly (the *skyhook* saves as if it were its own caster). A *dispel magic* can only so affect it if the *skyhook* fails a saving throw equal to its caster's save vs. spell plus 4.

The caster of a *skyhook* can will it out of existence in 1 segment, but need not concentrate upon it to maintain its existence. The material component of this spell is a miniature metal fishhook.

Firebrand (Evocation)

Reversible
Level: 4 Components: V,S,M
Range: Touch
Casting Time: 4 segments

Duration: 2 rounds plus 1 round/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, which involves a pinch of sulphur and a spark of normal flame, the caster creates everburning flame that blazes until the spell duration expires without consuming the object or location it is cast upon. Instead, the conflagration sucks air into itself and somehow feeds upon the aether and the spell energy for its burning.

The spell must be cast on an object or particular physical spot, and cannot be subsequently transferred to another. It can be ended at any time by deliberate will of the caster, but does not require continued concentration on the caster's part for its existence. The maximum spread of flames created by means of a *firebrand* is a volume the size of the caster's fist, times the caster's level.

This spell is usually used to make a sword into a flaming-blade weapon. The spell renders it magical for hit purposes, and adds normal fiery damage and chances of causing further combustion, but does not make any weapon a *flametongue* or give it any magical pluses. It can also be used to create a torch (cast upon a stick or pole) that remains alight underwater and despite *gusts of wind* and the like.

The spell can also give a caster or fellow creature touched by the caster a non-painful, non-injurious flaming hand or limb, equal in effect to a normal torch or lamp, able to readily burn hair, paper, cobwebs, cloth, and other flammables, and able to deal to others not protected by the spell 2-7 points of damage per contact (2-5 for a blow, 4-7 for a firm grip upon an unarmored area). Note that although this latter application of the spell can be visually impressive, care must be taken or damage results due to the *flamehand* thus created touching its owner's own hair, clothing, or flammable oil (which, if ignited, will burn any part of the creature it touches, including the flaming areas). Note that more than one hand or foot can be so affected by a single spell,

if the caster is of high enough level (a surface area of 6 square inches per level is affected by such a spell) and these are placed together (e.g. clasped hands) when the spell is cast upon them. Non-living matter used as a spell focus and then separated into smaller pieces (e.g. a flaming stick broken, or a flaming blade shattered) does *not* become many smaller fires; only one fragment retains the magical effect, and the others do not. Note also that the bearer of such everlasting flame is in no way immune to the effects (heat, flame, smoke) of other fires.

The reverse, *quenchtouch*, requires a drop of water as an additional material component, and is cast upon a limb or object in identical manner to *firebrand*, having identical duration and area of effect properties. The effect created is painless, shimmering black flames that give off no heat nor cold, and do no damage. Whenever they come into contact with flame of any sort, however, that flame is instantly and utterly quenched. Any heat in excess of its surroundings is drained as well. Normal fires may be extinguished in this way, as can *minute meteors* and *delayed blast fireballs* ere they go off, by someone adroit enough to touch or grasp them. Permanent or long-lasting magical (e.g. *flametongue* swords, *fire traps*, *walls of fire*) or natural (e.g. red dragon breath, Type VI demon flames) sources of fire are instantly quenched and prevented from re-igniting or being set off for 1-4 rounds, determined randomly for each instance. Fires of great extent are quenched in a 4" radius globe per touch of black anti-flame and real flame. Fiery explosions within 4" of *quenchtouch* darkflames neutralize and destroy the darkflames, but themselves dwindle into nothingness in a scattering of sparks, doing 1-4 hit points of damage only to any creatures who are within 4" of the darkflames (saves versus the explosions—e.g. *fireball*—still limit such injury to half damage if successfully made by such creatures).



Shandaril's Tracer

(Divination)

Level: 5 Components: V,S,M

Range: 0 Casting Time: 1 round

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 1 object of up to 1 foot cubic volume

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a magic-user places a normally-invisible rune on a single, non-living, solid object (typically a chest, book, wand, or gem). Unless dispelled, or destroyed when the object it guards is destroyed (both occurrences its caster is immediately aware of), it is permanent. Whenever the protected object is concentrated upon, the spell provides the caster with an awareness of the direction and distance between caster and object—even if on another plane—and whether the object is being

handled or used by another creature or creatures.

Creatures coming into contact with the object are only hazily revealed to the caster of the *tracer*, who can learn of each its alignment, race, and presence or absence of magical ability—but not a creature's name, description, or level.

This precise fix on the location of the object provides the caster with a focus for *teleportation* or sending other creatures to the *traced* object. Various magical means can reveal the presence of a *tracer*, but the caster of the *tracer* is always aware of their being used, and can act accordingly to prevent him- or herself from being *traced* in turn, if desired.

Shandaril always promptly sends two *invisible stalkers* off after anyone with magic ability who handles the tome, with instructions to disable, disarm,

strip and render unconscious without slaying or mentally damaging any such being, and then bring tome, being's belongings, and being to her. She then sends the tome elsewhere by means of magic or servant creatures to where another may find it, and sets to work to wrest what magical knowledge she can out of the unfortunate being ere slaying it.

If the two *stalkers* are defeated, Shandaril sends more powerful creatures. She takes great interest in who has her Workbook, but she also takes care to conceal herself from magical tracing, and does not herself come after the book and risk an ambush or facing a much-superior foe on its own home ground. Shandaril is thought to be a 19th level CE archmage, and the possessor of many magical items. She is known to wear two magical rings and bear a wand and a staff at all times.



The Tome of Rathdaen

Appearance

Four scorched pages of parchment—three complete, one only partially preserved—kept within a folder of finest parchment sandwiched between two polished ivory plates.

History and Description

Rathdaen was a mage of note some seven hundred years ago, who explored the Realms extensively, traveling much and making many friends by aiding others with his Art. He was sometimes repaid with magic, and his Tome is said to have contained close to sixty of the most colorful and potent magics known to the spellcasters of five races. When he died he bequeathed the book to his apprentice, the weakling Narsel, a vain and foolish braggart given to insulting others and carelessly harming creatures and property with his magic. Four pages are all that is left of it now; the rest were destroyed when Narsel, who was carrying it in his pack at the time, was slain in the sky above Ironmaster by the mage Sapphail, with whom he was duelling.

Sapphail slew Narsel with a *meteor swarm*, and in the conflagration and subsequent fall of Narsel's charred corpse to earth, the Tome was reduced to ashes, two cracked slates, and these pages, rescued by Sapphail and passed on to her apprentices Jorzoon and Ili-phil.

The partial page preserves a fragment of *polymorph any object* (in standard PLAYERS HANDBOOK form), too incomplete to use, but enough to substantially aid spell research and/or recognition of the spell written down elsewhere. The remaining three pages each bear a single unique spell, detailed hereafter; *ray of Ondovir*, *icelance*, and *Xult's magical doom*.

Ray of Ondovir

(Enchantment/Charm)

Level: 2 Components: V,S

Range: 8" Casting Time: 2 segments

Duration: 1 round Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: By means of this magic, the caster creates a ray of glowing light leaping from his or her fingertips to one target creature. This beam fades out at 8" distant and has no effect beyond that; if the target creature is beyond range, and no other creature intercepts the ray ere a round passed, the magic has no effect and is lost. But if one living creature is touched by the ray (if several touch it, only the first to do so is affected, regardless of the caster's wishes), the *ray of Ondovir* takes effect. A saving throw versus spell at -3 is allowed to any creature so touched by the *ray*; if failed, the victim attempts to exactly repeat the actions it took in the preceding round. Any attacks and spellcasting begun in the round in which the victim was struck by the *ray* are ruined. The victim moves about in exactly the same way as he or she did on the previous round, although such actions are not in exactly the same spot as in the previous round if the victim made any movements during the second round, prior to the *ray's* strike. Such movements are carried out even if they lead into obstacles or over cliffs or into chasms. If the target spent the previous round readying weapons, it spends this round doing so too; if it fought with weapons, it duplicates its movements (thus a mobile opponent can easily avoid the victim's attacks, and strike the victim with relative ease; consider the victim to be -4 on AC). If a spell was cast on the previous round, the victim again attempts to cast the spell, but if a second identical spell has not been memorized by the victim, no spell effect occurs. When this round of helpless repetition is complete, the victim is instantly released from all control.

Icelance (Alteration)

Level: 3 Components: V,S,M

Range: 1" per level

Casting Time: 3 segments

Duration: Special

Saving Throws: None

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell only works if ice is present (i.e. in cold or arctic condition, or on the round following the release of an *ice storm* spell). Using a piece of ice and a drop of his or her own spittle, the caster causes scattered pieces of ice, augmented if necessary by water, snow, or even moisture from the air, to form a solid lance of ice. The lance, a slender, pointed cylinder 12 feet in length, forms in mid-air in front of the caster, floating horizontally, within the round of casting. It is vulnerable to physical and magical attack in the six segments in which it is forming; in the seventh it flies with blinding speed at a target pointed to by the caster, up to 1" distant per level of the caster. If it strikes nothing ere reaching its maximum range, it falls apart harmlessly in midair into a cloud of water droplets. The target (which must be a single creature) or any creature that intercepts the lance's straight path to the target creature suffers the *lance's* effects. An *icelance* strikes as if it were its own caster striking, at +4 to hit, and is for striking purposes (*not* damage) considered a +4 magical weapon.

Any creature struck is *stunned* for one round and thrown to the ground violently if they are protected by a *wall of force*, *shield*, or similar magic (the *lance* is not a "normal missile"). Unprotected structures suffer 1 point of structural damage. Smaller objects are affected as if by a "crushing blow." An unprotected creature suffers 5-30 points of damage. An *icelance* is never deflected to strike something to one side; it shatters completely upon striking any solid object. This spell creates only one *lance*, and it can only strike once, without delay. If the spell is attempted without ice present, it is wasted; no spell effect occurs.



The Tome of Rathdaen

Xult's Magical Doom

(Alteration)

Level: 5 Components: V,S,M

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 5 segments

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: 1" radius

Explanation/Description: By means of a caterpillar cocoon and a pinch of dust, and the tracing of runes during the casting, a magic-user seals a certain object with *Xult's magical doom*. The runes are traced with one fingertip over the pages of a book, or a map, and are visible only to a *detect magic* (they may be harmlessly removed by *dispel magic*). They prevent unauthorized perusal of the guarded object. Only the caster or someone who is (by chance or deliberately) named in or on the material viewed, or who utters the secret word of deactivation (determined during casting) when touching the guarded object, can safely examine the object without suffering the *doom*.

The *doom* affects all creatures within a 1" radius when it is activated (the activator saves vs. spell at -3; other beings within that radius save at -1). The *doom* is a specialized *polymorph other* spell that works instantly upon creatures within its radius who fail their saving throws. Affected beings suffer a system shock roll during their transformations.

Transformation is permanent, and is always into the form of a bat, frog, toad, or snake (determine randomly). The intelligence of affected beings is not altered, so if the transformed victims can activate magical items or communicate with others so as to bring about their release (another system shock survival roll applies), they are free to do so.

The *doom* lasts only for one activation if cast by a magic-user of 11th level or less. A mage of 12th to 23rd level may if he or she desires make the *doom* last for up to four activations. Mages of higher levels can elect to have their *dooms* last for one additional activation

per level above 24th. Note that the passage of time has no effect on a *doom* unless the object it guards is destroyed, and that a single activation can affect more than one creature.

Transformed creatures affected by this spell typically go insane if of over 7 intelligence, as follows: if of 8-12 intelligence, insanity after 6 months; if of 13-16 intelligence, insanity after 8 months; if of 17 intelligence, insanity after 12 months; if of 18 intelligence, insanity after 24 months; if of greater intelligence, there is a 13% chance (not cumulative) per year of insanity occurring. Such insanity is one of the following forms (from the DUNGEON MASTER'S GUIDE; roll 1d4 to determine which, for each creature): 1) homicidal mania, 2) hebephrenia, 3) suicidal mania, 4) catatonia.





Unique Mageries

Appearance

This large, thin tome measures four handwidths across by ten in height, and its covers are of carved and polished ivory, with black obsidian inlays picking out the letters of the title, surrounded by a circle. The book has twenty-one gilt-edged parchment pages; each contains one spell.

History and Description

This boastfully-titled volume is the work of the long-ago mage Nezram "Worldwalker", who left it behind some seven hundred years past when he ventured to another plane—and never returned.

Nezram's tower in the sparsely-settled southwestern reaches of Mulhorand was later destroyed by a young green dragon, Chathuuladroth. The dragon tore apart the tower and seized the tome along with Nezram's other treasures, flying off westward into lonely, mountainous areas. Somewhere therein Chathuuladroth laired, and held the book in its hoard for six centuries, growing vast and terrible and amassing much treasure.

The adventuring company known as The Black Gauntlet finally slew the great dragon, and bore *Unique Mageries* back to their stronghold near Star-mantle. The company later disbanded in disarray after the deaths of its leaders, the fighter Jhastan and the mage Quarra, at the claws of an improperly-summoned demon. The book disappeared. In the meantime, in need of money, Quarra ("a fey lady," Elminster comments) had rented the book to Elminster for a time, and he noted its contents and copied those spells he needed.

The book contains four truly unique spells (that is, hitherto found nowhere else) and seventeen standard (PLAYERS HANDBOOK) spells, all listed below.

The volume contains: *magic missile*, *stinking cloud*, *wizard lock*, *dispel magic*, *feign death*, *gust of wind*, *infravision*, *tongues*, *water breathing*, *fear*, *fumble*, *polymorph self*, *remove curse*, *wall of sand* (unique spell, detailed

below), *wizard eye*, *telekinesis*, *anti-magic shell*, *Nezram's ruby ray* (unique spell, detailed below), *spelltrap* (unique spell; detailed below), *power word: blind*, *spellstrike* (unique spell, detailed below).

Wall of Sand (Evocation)

Level: 4 Components: V,S,M

Range: ½" level

Casting Time: 4 segments

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell creates a wall of swirling, opaque sand, 1' thick per level of the caster, 12' high, and 4' long per level of the caster. It must be cast so that it rests on a solid surface, and must remain in contact with that surface, although the caster may move it about. The sand is thick and choking; insects cannot fly through it, but will be battered to death, their wings crushed. All creatures save those with infravision will be rendered blind for as long as they are within the wall's confines, and are -2 to hit and -3 on AC on the round after they emerge from the wall, as they try to draw breath, clear their eyes, ears, mouths, and noses of sand, and so on.

The sand will extinguish any open flame, and renders breathing difficult. Any creature that needs to breathe will lose 1 hp per round spent within a *wall of sand*, after an initial round of exposure in which no damage occurs.

Spellcasting and speech are both impossible within a *wall of sand*, and normal vision and tracking also cannot occur. Opponents fighting within a *wall of sand* are at -4 to hit unless they possess infravision, which reduces their penalty to -2. Creatures possessing infravision can see dimly *within* the sand (though they must keep clearing sand from their eyes) but cannot see *through* the sand to areas outside the wall. The sand does not slow movement, nor is it solid enough to support weight or resist passage. The sand vanishes at spell expiration. A caster can

move a *wall of sand* about, shifting it 1" per round in which such movement is concentrated upon (in other rounds, the caster can take part in such activities as normal combat and/or spellcasting without the wall ceasing to exist), so as to block different areas or keep opponents within it. A *wall of sand* can fit into a smaller space than its dimensions allow, simply by collapsing into itself (i.e. the same sand fits into a smaller space). Once so collapsed, it can never expand into its larger dimensions again. The compressed form does no greater damage to creatures within it.

The caster of such a *wall* can dispel it at will. The material component for this spell is a handful of sand. Note that electrical discharges of any sort (including *lightning bolts*) are conducted through-out a *wall of sand*, free of all its effects, by providing a protected area around the caster. No such spells, short of a *limited wish*, will permit a continuous hole in such a *wall*. The tunnel created by a *passwall* spell, for instance, is clear on the round following casting, begins to collapse on the following round (conducting electricity and obscuring vision, but not preventing speech or spellcasting, or causing hp damage or combat penalties), and is gone completely, obliterated by the shifting sands, by the third round.

Nezram's Ruby Ray

(Alteration)

Level: 7 Components: V,S,M

Range: 1"/level

Casting Time: 7 segments

Duration: 1 segment/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: The material component for this spell is a ruby of not less than 1,000 gp value, which is consumed in the casting, and causes a red ray of force to lash out from the caster's pointing finger; where it touches, *webs* (a la the spell or magical item function) and *viscid globs* melt away, locks (normal and magical) open, triggering any traps attached thereto, knots untie, and



Unique Mageries

chains and straps loosen and fall away.

A *ruby ray* will destroy *wizard locks*, *holds* on portals, and permanently break holes in *forcecages*, *shields*, and *walls of force* (although it does not cause such effects to be totally destroyed.) The *ray* may be ended at will by the caster. It can affect only one creature (see below) or device per segment. It will destroy any *magic jar* upon contact.

If a *ruby ray* touches any creature (or the direct shape or prison of a concealed creature) that has been magically transformed (e.g. turned to stone, *polymorphed*, affected by *Tenser's transformation*, et cetera) or concealed (e.g. by a *statue* spell, an illusion, or *invisibility*), the *ray* restores the creature to its original form. If a creature has been altered several times, it is changed back to its original form. Such transformations are empowered by the *ray's* magic with such delicacy that a system shock survival roll is never required. Such transformations are involuntary (no saving throw), taking one entire round to complete after the touch of the *ray*. During that time, the creature being changed back can only think and use psionics. It is physically helpless—it cannot voluntarily move, speak, attack, or cast spells or exercise spell-like powers. Such creatures are in no way under the control of the caster of the *ray*. Beings who are *astral* or *ethereal*, or in another dimensional space through the use of *blink*, *rope trick*, or a *portable hole* or similar magical item, cannot be reached by a *ruby ray*. The *ray* cannot penetrate *anti-magic shells* or stronger magical barriers (e.g. *prismatic sphere*) and cannot penetrate solid matter (with the exceptions already noted). Thus, it cannot reach *imprisoned* creatures. A *ray* will be destroyed if its caster begins to cast another spell, *teleports* or *dimension doors* or passes into another plane, or is rendered unconscious or *feeble-minded*.

Spelltrap (Abjuration/Alteration)

Level: 7 Components: V,S,M

Range: Special

Casting Time: 7 segments

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: When this spell is cast, the magic-user causes an oval, glowing ball of silvery hue to form in the air over (1' to 2' above) his or her head. It floats there silently until the spell expires, and need not be further concentrated upon to maintain its existence. Any spell, spell-like power, or magical item effect that is cast directly upon the magic-user (as opposed to area-effect magics) will be attracted to, and utterly absorbed by, this floating *spelltrap*. This includes *magic missiles* and other never-missing spells. Except by visual observation, the caster of the *spelltrap* will not know the precise nature (and level) of any spells absorbed by the trap, but will always feel the absorption of each and every spell absorbed by the *trap*. The *trap* can only absorb spells of the sixth level and lower, and spell-like abilities of like or lesser power. During any round in which the caster is awake, alert, and not engaged in spellcasting, he or she may mentally direct the *spelltrap* to unleash one spell upon a target, who must be within 1" per level of the caster.

The *spelltrap* unleashes the spell exactly as it was cast (except for the new choice of target and the above-mentioned range) and with normal effects.

Only one spell per round can be so unleashed from a *spelltrap*. At the expiration of a *spelltrap*, its energies (including any stored spells) dissipate harmlessly and are lost. But if a *spelltrap* is ever overloaded, it will explode with deadly effect, in a burst of pure energy that deals 6-24 points of blast damage to all within 2", and *stuns* all survivors for 1-2 rounds thereafter. (All items within this radius must save vs. fireball; no creatures' saving throws are allowed to

lessen or escape damage.) A *spelltrap* can only hold spell energy in spell levels equal to twice the number of experience levels of the caster, at any one time. Thus, a seventeenth-level wizard's *spelltrap* could hold a maximum of thirty-four spell levels during any round, and would explode if thirty-five or more were taken in. A *spelltrap* can absorb any number of spells during a single round—if a party hurls a variety of spells and item effects at it, all will be tracelessly absorbed until the maximum capacity is exceeded. Even a mage who realizes the danger from overloading can unleash only one spell per round from the *trap*, and will never be aware what is being released until the effects begin. (Released magics could well aid opponents.) Such releases are at random once the controlling magic-user wills the trap to let something out, never first in, first out or any similar pattern. A caster cannot will a *spelltrap* out of existence, nor escape it by *teleporting* or employing protective barriers; the *spelltrap* will always accompany him or her. There is one curious anomaly to *spelltrap* absorption; the casting of a *dispel magic* on a *trap* will always cause the *trap* to—by itself, and *in addition* to any unlashings directed by the trap's wielder—unleash one spell at random directly at the caster of the *dispel magic*. (This is the only case in which a *spelltrap* will release more than one spell in a given round; if the caster wills it to release a spell, both spells will be cast out of the *trap*.) If no spells have been absorbed by the *spelltrap*, nothing will be unleashed, but in both cases the *spelltrap* will absorb the *dispel magic* and itself remain in existence.

Missile attacks upon a *spelltrap* have no effect; direct physical attacks drain a *spelltrap* of one spell, at random (unleashed directly upon the attacker in addition to any unlashings ordered by the trap-wielder). The material components of this spell are a diamond or diamond fragment of not less than 2,000 gp value and a moonstone of any size, both consumed in the casting.

Vaerendroon's Ineffable Enchantments

Unique Mageries

Spellstrike (Alteration)

Level: 9 Components: V

Range: 1"/level

Casting Time: 1 segment

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This rare and potent magic enables the magic-user to instantly negate, and cancel all effects of, any one spell. The spell may only be one that took effect in the previous round, or that is being cast in the same round as the *spellstrike* is uttered.

The precise nature of the spell need not be known to the caster of the *spellstrike*, but a particular spell must be willed to not be—i.e. “whatever spell that being is casting” or “the spell that made X turn purple last round”, *not* “any spell that affected X last round.”

Spellstrike does not cause a spell to be reflected back on anyone, but merely to cease to exist, and dissipate harmlessly. Spell-like powers are affected by this spell, but magic item and artifact powers are not. *Permanency* is affected by a *spellstrike*, but *contingency* (and spells tied to it), *alter reality*, *limited wish*, and *wish* are not.

Appearance

A slim volume bound in red-dyed rothe hide, into which have been sewn six vellum sheets, each sheet being edged all around with electrum edge-channels. The hide of the cover is stretched over slabs of slate, and has electrum corner-caps. The tome's title is branded in small, flowing letters in Thorass into the cover, and each letter has been picked out in silver.

History and Description

Vaerendroon was a sage of magical lore who was known to trade much magic for a particular spell he desired, often approaching the poor apprentices of great mages to get these magics. He has not been seen for some twenty winters, and is generally presumed to have died or been slain (although Elminster suspects he may have taken up residence on another plane). Once, when in great need of cash, Vaerendroon assembled his manual, a collection of only six spells, and sold it in Baldur's Gate for 90,000 gold pieces. Its purchaser was the magic-user Haljann, who was murdered by the thief Galmorgh, who in turn was slain by unknown hands in the city of Scornubel.

Galmorgh's belongings were ransacked, and a magic dagger, all his gold, and the manual were taken. Its present whereabouts are unknown.

The manual's six pages bear six spells, one to a page. The first three are standard PLAYERS HANDBOOK magics—*disintegrate*, *astral spell*, *anti-magic shell* — and the last three are unique spells, collected in the manual for the first time. They are the magics *dire charm*, *vipergout*, and *The Simbul's synostodweomer*, the latter a spell devised by the famous ruler of Aglarond.

Details of these spells are given hereafter.

Dire Charm

(Enchantment/Charm)

Level: 2 Components: V,S

Range: 12" Casting Time: 1 segment

Duration: 1-4 rounds plus 1 round/level

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: One person

Explanation/Description: By means of this magic, the caster *charms* one person (“person” is defined as for the *charm person* spell) to enjoy killing, and to indiscriminately attack friend or foe nearby. The target creature is allowed an initial saving throw, but if this is failed the victim instantly attacks all living creatures visible to him or her, seeking to slay, until the spell expires (the 1-4 extra rounds beyond the levels of the magic-user are determined randomly and secretly by the DM). The caster is the sole exception to this murderous behavior; the *charmed* creature never harms or menaces the caster, and always attacks beings approaching the caster over other creatures. Such a berserker is not under the direct control of the caster, and gains no special physical endurance, strength, or other abilities by means of this spell.

Vipergout

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 7 Components: V,S,M

Range: 0 Casting Time: 7 segments

Duration: 5 rounds plus 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: By means of this magic, the casting of which involves a piece of snakeskin (or a portion of a dead snake) which is consumed by the magic, the caster instantly *teleports* snakes to his or her location. These living snakes appear in the caster's mouth, and are vomited forth. They do not choke or otherwise harm the caster, and never attack him or her. Until the spell expires, they serve the caster, fighting to the death. The snakes are normal- and not giant-sized varieties, and may be both venomous and constrictors. One snake appears for every three levels of the



Vaerendroon's Ineffable Enchantments



caster (rounding down); a maximum of six serpents can issue from a caster's mouth in any one round. Until they have all issued forth, speech, spellcasting, or pronunciation of magical item activation words on the caster's part is impossible. The caster can breathe normally, can swallow without affecting the arrival of the snakes, and can freely engage in movement and combat.

Summoned snakes range in armor class from 9 to 6, move 12" to 16" per round, have up to 2+2 hit dice, and attack by biting for 1-2 damage (plus, if venomous, poison of Insinuative Types A, B, or C) and/or constricting for 2-5 points of damage per round. While the spell lasts, the caster's control of the snakes cannot be broken by any means except slaving the caster or the snakes — *dispel magic* and *charm* magics do not end or overcome the caster's control of the reptiles. Controlled snakes attack or not as the caster wills, switch targets if desired, constrict without harming (or biting), use their coils and jaws to gnaw ropes or turn keys, carry wands to the caster or move other small objects about, and engage in other non-combat activities.

However, a *vipergout* does not enable a caster to empower a snake with special powers, increased dexterity or intelligence, or force a snake to attack itself.

The Simbul's *Synostodweomer*

(Alteration/Necromantic)

Level: 7 Components: V,S

Range: 0 Casting Time: 7 segments

Duration: Special

Saving Throws: None

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: Similar to a power possessed only by the most powerful of the mysterious incantatrices (see description), this spell allows the caster to use the magical energy of any spell already memorized by the caster to heal the caster or another being.

This second spell must be cast in the round following the casting of the *synostodweomer*; even if this subsequent casting is incomplete or interrupted, the *synostodweomer* works. The second spell is lost from the caster's mind, and any material components are consumed in the normal manner—but rather than taking effect, the spell's energy is channeled into the caster, who can absorb its energy as healing or pass it on by direct touch to another (single) being. Only if there is excess energy can the caster choose to heal both self and another being—the other being is completely healed, and the remaining energy heals the caster (excess energy being lost). Such healing occurs in the round following the infusion of spell energy. If the caster has

extra energy but is unable to touch another injured creature during this time, the extra energy is lost. A spell used to heal by this means yields energy enough to heal 2 hp of damage per level of the spell. Once the *synostodweomer* is cast, whatever spell the caster casts on the following rounds is used to heal, regardless of the caster's subsequent wishes or the level of the spell unleashed. If no spell is cast on the following round, the magic is lost and no healing occurs. Spells from scrolls and spell-like magical items effects, as well as spells cast by beings other than the caster of the *synostodweomer*, cannot be used for such healing.



The Spells of The Forgotten Realms

On these pages is a table showing all the unique spells described both in this volume and in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ *DM's Sourcebook*. It serves as a complete reference for spells unique to the Forgotten Realms as described up to the publication date of *The Magister*. More spells will probably be described in later books.

These spells are those known by Elminster to be in the books described. Some of them may very well pop up in other books carried by other mages who have not made their spell collection known to Elminster. As described in the histories of each of these books, many of them have had many holders, with ample opportunity for others to copy the spells into their own orizons.

Availability of Spells in The Forgotten Realms

There are three categories of access to AD&D® game spells in the Forgotten Realms: common, rare, and unique.

Common spells are spells that any wizard can gain access to as long as his Intelligence permits him to assimilate the spell. They are spells and cantrips common in the Realms for centuries, and almost everyone, not just magic-users, knows about them and their effects. The names of their creators have long since been lost. They have generic names like *magic missile* or *charm person*.

Rare spells are not so rare as their name implies. These are the “named” spells such as the various *Bigby's hands*, *Tenser's Disk*, *Leomund's* assorted shelter spells, etc. Their creators (or at least popularizers) are still known. Apprentices are not commonly taught these spells as a matter of course, and a wizard may not have one in his repertoire because he has never been taught it or researched it, rather than just not being able to assimilate it.

Still, these spells are well known at least by name to most of the magical fraternity. The knowledge of these names is actually something of a puzzle to those who consider such things. The wizards for whom the spells are named in the AD&D rulebooks are all Greyhawk wizards, and most of their histories will be somewhat described in upcoming Greyhawk sourcebooks. Why do these Forgotten Realms spells carry their names?

There are several answers. One simple answer is that they don't carry those names—they were invented by other wizards entirely, but it is a lot simpler for the AD&D game player and DM's to assimilate if they carry over the Greyhawk names for the sake of play. Another answer is that the wizards did some *gate* traveling and brought their spells to the Forgotten Realms, perhaps starting the entire study of magic in the Realms. Another is “parallel development.” Wizards with exactly the same names created exactly the same spells in the Forgotten Realms as their namesakes did in Greyhawk. The DM can make his own choice as to which to promulgate

as the true word.

Unique spells are those that are only found in obscure spellbooks, such as those described herein.

Level	Spell Name	School	Book
can.	<i>Catfeet</i>	(Alteration)	SS
can.	<i>Cut</i>	(Alteration)	TA
can.	<i>Gallop</i>	(Alteration)	TA
can.	<i>Horn</i>	(Evocation)	GW
can.	<i>Listen</i>	(Alteration)	GW
can.	<i>Scorch</i>	(Alteration)	GW
can.	<i>Snatch</i>	(Evocation)	SS
can.	<i>Spark</i>	(Evocation)	SS
can.	<i>Sting</i>	(Alteration)	TA
1	<i>Catapult</i>	(Alteration)	DL
1	<i>Detho's Delirium</i>	(Necromantic)	DL
1	<i>Spidereyes</i>	(Alteration)	LOL
2	<i>Agannazar's Scorcher</i>	(Evocation)	TOTC
2	<i>Blacklight</i>	(Alteration)	SICMP
2	<i>Bladethirst</i>	(Alteration)	SS
2	<i>Circle Dance</i>	(Divination)	SW
2	<i>Decastave</i>	(Evocation)	DL
2	<i>Dire Charm</i>	(Enchantment/Charm)	VMIE
2	<i>Dispel silence</i>	(Abjuration/Alteration)	BB
2	<i>Flying Fist</i>	(Evocation)	DL
2	<i>Plague</i>	(Illusion/Phantasm)	SICMP
2	<i>Quimby's Enchanting Gourmet</i>	(Conjuration/Summoning)	JO
2	<i>Ray of Ondovir</i>	(Enchantment/Charm)	TOR
2	<i>Skyhook</i>	(Evocation)	SW
2	<i>Waves of Weariness</i>	(Enchantment/Charm)	JO
3	<i>Ghost Pipes</i>	(Alteration-Illusion/Phantasm)	LOL
3(d)	<i>Greenwood</i>	(Alteration)	BOT
3(c)	<i>Holy Flail</i>	(Invocation/Alteration)	RBOW
3	<i>Hover</i>	(Alteration)	LOL
3	<i>Iceland</i>	(Alteration)	TOR
3	<i>Laeral's Dancing Dweomer</i>	(Alteration/Enchantment)	TW
3	<i>Mailed Might</i>	(Evocation)	SICMP
3	<i>Missile Mastery</i>	(Alteration)	TS
3	<i>Night Scar</i>	(Illusion/Phantasm)	TS
3	<i>Tasirin's Haunted Sleep</i>	(Enchantment/Charm)	TW
4	<i>Archveult's Skybolt</i>	(Alteration)	TW
4	<i>Backlash</i>	(Enchantment/Charm)	TS
4	<i>Belytn's Burning Blood</i>	(Necromantic)	BOB
4	<i>Bowgentle's Fleeting Journey</i>	(Alteration)	BB
4(d)	<i>Briartangle</i>	(Alteration)	BONTM
4	<i>Caligarde's Claw</i>	(Conjuration/Summoning)	TW
4	<i>Censure</i>	(Conjuration/Summoning)	BOB
4	<i>Encrypt</i>	(Illusion/Phantasm)	OA
4	<i>Firebrand</i>	(Evocation)	SW
4	<i>Hailcone</i>	(Evocation)	AW
4	<i>Ilyykur's Mantle</i>	(Abjuration)	TOTC
4	<i>Merald's Murderous Mist</i>	(Evocation)	SS



The Spells of The Forgotten Realms

Level	Spell Name	School	Book
4	<i>Nchaser's Glowing Globe</i>	(Evocation)	NE
4	<i>Phase Trap</i>	(Alteration)	AW
4	<i>Presper's Moonbow</i>	(Evocation)	TOTC
4(c)	<i>Reveal</i>	(Divination)	RBOW
4	<i>Secure</i>	(Alteration)	OA
4(d)	<i>Smoke Ghost</i>	(Alteration)	GW
4	<i>Spendelard's Chaser</i>	(Necromantic)	TW
4(d)	<i>Thorn Spray</i>	(Alteration)	BONTM
4	<i>Thunderlance</i>	(Evocation)	AW
4	<i>Tulrun's Tracer</i>	(Divination/Alteration)	TW
4	<i>Wall of Sand</i>	(Evocation)	UM
5	<i>Caddelyn's Catastrophe</i>	(Enchantment/Charm)	CW
5(d)	<i>Control Vapor</i>	(Alteration-Conjuration Summoning)	BOT
5	<i>Flame Shroud</i>	(Alteration)	SOD
5	<i>Grimwald's Greymantle</i>	(Necromantic)	TOTC
5	<i>Hold Vapor</i>	(Conjuration/ Summoning)	BOB
5	<i>Ironguard</i>	(Abjuration/Alteration)	TS
5	<i>Nulathoe's Ninemen</i>	(Abjuration/Alteration)	NE
5	<i>Shandaril's Tracer</i>	(Divination)	SW
5	<i>Watchware</i>	(Evocation)	SOD
5	<i>Xult's Magical Doom</i>	(Alteration)	TOR
6	<i>Power Word: Silence</i>	(Alteration)	SICMP
6	<i>Reconstruction</i>	(Alteration/Phantasm)	TA
6	<i>Shaeroon's Scimitar</i>	(Evocation)	BOB
6	<i>Turnshadow</i>	(Abjuration)	SICMP
7(c)	<i>Bladeless</i>	(Necromantic)	RBOW
7(d)	<i>Death Chariot</i>	(Evocation, Conjuration/ Summoning)	BONTM
7	<i>Khelben's Warding Whip</i>	(Abjuration/Evocation)	SICMP
7	<i>Nezram's Ruby Ray</i>	(Alteration)	UM
7(c)	<i>Sacred Link</i>	(Evocation/Alteration)	RBOW
7	<i>The Simbul's Synostodweomer</i>	(Alteration/Necromantic)	VMIE
7	<i>Spelltrap</i>	(Abjuration/Alteration)	UM
7	<i>Stealspell</i>	(Enchantment/Charm)	TOTU
7	<i>Vipergout</i>	(Conjuration, Summoning)	VMIE
8	<i>Body Sympathy</i>	(Necromantic)	TA
8	<i>Great Shout</i>	(Evocation)	SOD
8	<i>Spell Engine</i>	(Abjuration/Alteration)	SS
9	<i>Dismind</i>	(Enchantment/Charm)	TW
9	<i>Spell Ward</i>	(Abjuration)	CW
9	<i>Phezult's Sleep of Ages</i>	(Alteration)	BOT

(d) Druid Spell, (c) Cleric Prayer

Abbreviations for Book Titles

AW = *Aubayreer's Workbook* (FR—86)
 BB = *Bowgentle's Book* (FR—71)
 BBOS = *Briel's Book of Shadows* (FR—76)
 BONTM = *The Book of Num "The Mad"* (FR—74)
 BOB = *The Book of Bats* (4)
 BOT = *Book of Thorns* (6)
 CW = *Caddelyn's Workbook* (7)
 DL = *Detho's Libram* (8)
 GW = *Glanvyl's Workbook* (FR—80)
 JO = *Jaluster's Orizon* (10)
 LOL = *The Libram of Lathintel* (12)
 NE = *Nchaser's Eiyromancia* (FR—62)
 OA = *Orjalun's Arbatel* (FR—87)
 RBOW = *The Red Book of War* (FR—81)
 SICMP = *Selvar's Ineffable Conjurations, Magicks, and Phantasms* (14)
 SOD = *The Spellbook of Daimos* (FR—72)
 SS = *Sabirine's Specular* (FR—77)
 SW = *Shandaril's Workbook* (19)
 TA = *The Alcaister* (FR—83)
 TC = *The Chambeeleon* (FR—64)
 TOR = *The Tome of Rathdaen* (22)
 TOTC = *The Tome of The Covenant* (FR—91)
 TOTU = *The Tome of The Unicorn* (FR—41)
 TS = *The Shadowtome* (17)
 TW = *The Workbook* (FR—68)
 UM = *Unique Mageries* (24)
 VMIE = *Vaerendroon's Ineffable Enchantments* (26)

(FR—##) Page reference in FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Boxed set, **DM's Sourcebook**.

(##) Page reference in **The Magister**.



Armor

Most of the items (largely shields) described herein are one-of-a-kind items that might be found in great treasures or secreted away in some tyrant's treasure house—or on the arm or body of a bandit king. As such, each has a bit of lore associated with it that is described in the following.

Of course, there may be more than one of these one-of-a-kind items floating about the Realms, but if there are—Elminster hasn't heard about them.

Dzance's Guardian

Experience Point Value: 1,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 10,000

Lore: The ranger Dzance found this shield in a chest in the depths of Gauntlgrym, the Lost City; its origin is unknown, but it is thought to be of dwarven manufacture.

Dzance's *Journals* tell us of the properties of this item. When he retired from adventuring to live in the Lady's Court at Silverymoon, Dzance gave the *Guardian* to Belpir, a young knight of that city. The new owner forthwith went adventuring and has not been seen since. The fates of Belpir and the *Guardian* are yet a mystery.

Function: The *Guardian* is a "+0 shield," magical in nature but conferring no armor class bonus to its bearer besides the one-place benefit provided by any shield. However, it has a special defensive power: when worn, it radiates an insubstantial magical energy field that envelops its bearer, and only the bearer, like an aura. Any *magic missile* directed at the *Guardian's* bearer from any direction—not just ahead—strikes this field and is reflected unerringly back at the sender with no damage to the shieldbearer.

The field also absorbs all electrical discharges of natural or magical origin, such as *shocking grasp*, *lightning bolt*, or *chain lightning*, without harm to the bearer. These attacks dissipate gradually and harmlessly if the shield is taken off, but if the shieldbearer can bring the shield into physical contact with a

foe within 4 rounds of any such discharge(s), the entire stored electrical energy of the field can be transmitted to the foe (save vs. paralysis for half damage). The bearer is made immediately aware of this storage and discharge power whenever the field intercepts electrical energy.

When this discharge is activated by the bearer's will, there is a 30% chance that the bearer and shield (but not any companion creatures or foes unless direct, physical contact is present at the time) will be *plane shifted* to a random known plane of existence. This power is unknown to the bearer until it actually occurs; *identify* and sage lore do not reveal it.

Grimjaw

Experience Point Value: 800
Gold Piece Sale Value: 5,000

Lore: Named for the small common tongue inscription found deeply engraved on the inside top rim of the shield, this plain iron shield is dented and blackened, and of normal and unassuming appearance. It bears no rust, and rusting does not affect it regardless of the handling it receives, due to the protective magics cast upon it. *Grimjaw* was first identified by the sage Ragefast of Baldur's Gate, as borne by the adventurer Krystus and having a certain awesome power described hereafter. Krystus the Proud soon met his death at the hands of a dwarven patrol half the continent away, in the mountains near Thethyamar, in a dispute over passage through the dwarven mines there. *Grimjaw* is known to have been in the hands of the ruling dwarven clan "Iron House" for many years, but was lost in battle when orcs and evil mages drove out or slew all the dwarves of Thethyamar. The present head of the "Iron House," Ghellin, wishes to regain the shield.

Function: *Grimjaw* confers no magical armor class bonus to its wearer, but it has a powerful ability to affect any magical items that come into direct physical

contact with it, regardless of the shieldbearer's wishes. The effects of any single such contact are determined by percentile dice, as follows:

- 01-20 Item has one charge drained from it by *Grimjaw*; if the item has no charges as such, its powers are negated for 3-12 turns.
- 21-65 Item instantly turns and attacks wielder for one round, either striking as if the wielder were attacked by someone of equal class, strength, and level (if a weapon), or firing one charge or magical attack (if a charged staff or similar item).
- 66-80 Item has all magical powers and abilities negated for 2-12 rounds.
- 81-95 Item is completely drained of all magical powers forever, as if struck by a *rod of cancellation*. Artifacts are likely to be unaffected, but may, at the DM's option, *teleport* away to a random location, with or without wielder.
- 96-00 *Grimjaw*, discharges some of its stored magical energy into the contacting item; the item gains 1-6 additional charges permanently, or a +1 on hit and damage bonuses for 1-6 turns.

If a magical weapon or item is wielded against the shield bearer, and the item misses the armor class of the shieldbearer by 1 point (i.e. scoring what would have been a hit except for the shield's presence), then it is considered to have struck the shield.

Hawkstone's Bulwark

Experience Point Value: 1,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 9,000

Lore: The ranger Hawkstone bore this shield in his war against the giants of the Great Glacier and the beast-men (ogres) of Thar. Some time after his death, his grave was violated and all his treasures stolen, among them the blade



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Durelva and this shield, known in ballads as *Hawkstone's Bulwark*. It is generally believed that Hawkstone won this shield from the hoard of the black dragon Yindoth. Its origin is as unknown as its present fate.

Function: The shield is a single slab of 2-inch-thick polished steel of a beautiful blue hue, a fine metal unique in its quality in the Realms. It has the usual two straps within of black bullhide, and weighs no more than a wooden shield. It has the abilities of a +2 shield, and upon command the shield grows magically into a bridge. (The command word, known throughout lore but not written anywhere on the shield, is "Bulwark.") The shield disappears from the bearer's possession and reappears at the start of the following round as a 5-inch-thick span of fine steel, 2' wide by 60' long. Its length is not variable, and the change is not always automatic; if the command word is spoken when the *Bulwark* does not have enough room to expand, the power simply fails to function.

The bridge extends out in the direction the bearer of the shield is facing, beginning just in front of the bearer's feet. Once placed, the bridge cannot be moved (although it can be shrunk back to a shield and re-expanded in another direction). It can support up to 5,000 pounds of weight at a time; exceeding that limit causes it to "collapse" back into a normal shield (see below), leaving the creatures and objects upon it without any visible means of support.

If its weight capacity is not exceeded, the bridge remains for 33 days, or until the bearer of the shield holds onto one of the straps and utters the reverse-command word "Krawlub." (When it is in bridge form, the shield's straps are located on the top surface of the bridge at either end.) The shrinking process works essentially the same as the expanding process; the bridge disappears upon utterance of the command word, and at the start of the following round, *Bulwark* reappears at the bearer's feet in shield form.

No magic short of a *limited wish*, *alter reality*, or *wish* can cause the bridge to shrink, break, or otherwise move (although the ground on which it rests could be affected by *disintegrate*, *dig*, or similar magic). The bridge conducts heat, electricity, and other similar forms of energy, and in such respects acts as normal metal does.

Laeral's Storm Armor

Experience Point Value: 1,800
Gold Piece Sale Value: 13,500

Lore: This armor was devised by the wizardess for whom it is named. She devised several sets for champions of her far northern kingdom. The secret of making it died with her, though mages of the North have been trying for centuries. Of the dozen or so sets created, two have been known to be destroyed, and three others are being used in the North. The other seven have disappeared, and it is not known whether they are still in existence.

Function: *Storm armor* is plate armor, +2, of a peculiar non-metallic alloy. It does not conduct electricity, and has the power to transfer heat to and from the surrounding air, so that the wearer remains comfortable in a freezing gale or under the hot desert sun. The wearer is thus largely unaffected by *fireball* and *ice storm* or *cone of cold* spells, and immune to electrical damage of any type. The wearer can stand securely, or move forward at normal speed, in the face of even the most powerful winds (including the magical *gust of wind*).

If *storm armor* is struck simultaneously in different areas by spells causing hot and cold (such as *cone of cold* and *wall of fire* or *heat metal*), it becomes brittle and may be shattered by physical attack(s) doing it 9 points of damage. (The character takes any points of damage over this amount.) The armor is only brittle while both hot and cold spells are affecting it and for one round thereafter. When it shatters, it does so thoroughly; a chain reaction occurs in the unstable heat-trans-

ferring components of the alloy and the armor disintegrates into unusable fragments.

Laeral's Spell Shield

Experience Point Value: 500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 5,000

Lore: Named for the wizardess who devised the prototype, these shields can still be made with much travail.

Function: A *spell shield* protects the wearer from the following spells, so that he or she will suffer no damage: all *Bigby's* spells (note that it does *not* negate an *interposing hand*), *blade barrier*, *shillelagh*, and *spiritual hammer*. In addition, there is a 60% chance (per *missile*) that the *shield* will negate *magic missile* attacks.

Against normal missiles, *Laeral's spell shield* acts as a +1 shield. All such physical missiles which strike the *shield* (if a to hit missile attack roll directed at the wearer indicates a miss, roll 1d6: a 5 or 6 indicates that the missile struck the shield) rebound at the source of the missile, flying back at +1 to hit. A returning missile arrives on the round following that in which it struck the *shield*, strikes once (and is considered +1 magical for that one strike), and is thereafter normal and non-magical.

RepTar's Wall

Experience Point Value: 2,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,000

Lore: Named for the ranger who once bore it, the *wall* is a large, heavy shield constructed of iron plates riveted to an iron frame. Its origin, lost in antiquity, is unknown. Two words are engraved on the frame in the common tongue, facing the bearer at eye level when the shield is held ready for battle: "Eiruvan" and "Thammis."

Functions: The shield is magical, and has the following powers and abilities:

- Despite its construction, the *wall* does not rust or corrode, or conduct heat and cold. Its metal remains inac-



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tive. It is a +1 *shield*, and gives forth no sound when struck or dropped. It does not ring or grate, but is absolutely silent; the heaviest blows falling upon it cannot be heard.

- When the bearer (not another creature, nor anyone not wearing the shield slung on an arm, ready for battle) speaks or whispers the word “Eiruvan,” the shield and bearer, plus any accoutrements worn and held, become *invisible* to both normal sight and infravision for 2-8 rounds. During this time the shieldbearer moves silently, because of the shield’s sound-absorbing qualities, and can move about or strike at opponents while so concealed. A successful attack made on an opponent by the bearer causes the shield and bearer to immediately become visible.

Carrying an active source of light does not affect the invisibility of the bearer, but the light is clearly seen and can be used to determine the location of the *invisible* shield carrier. The casting of *light*, *detect magic*, or *dispel magic* in the area where the *invisible* shieldbearer is suspected to be does not reveal the presence or precise location of the shieldbearer. Once exercised, this power does not work again until 16 hours have elapsed from the cessation of *invisibility*.

- The shield’s major power, made active when the bearer speaks or whispers the word “Thammis” while wearing the shield slung for use, is the ability to *fly* (as per the magic-user spell) for 2 turns. Shield and bearer, plus any non-living accoutrements of up to 4000 gp weight, are empowered to *fly* at maneuverability class A, with a movement rate as per the spell; the magic also confers full stability for wielding weapons in midair. The flight ability lasts until 2 turns have elapsed or the bearer wills it to end, whichever occurs first.

Use of the *fly* has a side effect in that at the onset of flight, the nearest magical item or artifact is permanently drained of one charge, which serves as energy to power the shield. If the nearest item is of a permanent nature and has no charges (e.g. a magical dagger),

all of its powers are negated for four turns. The item closest to the shield is always affected, regardless of the shieldbearer’s wishes.

The shieldbearer is usually unaware of the “draining.” If no magical item is within 9” of the shield when the *fly* power is activated, the shield’s own other abilities—including the sound absorption and the +1 bonus—are negated for 6 turns. The *wall* is directed in flight by the will of its bearer, who must remain in full physical contact with it, or the shield and former bearer both plummet to the ground; the shield does not *fly* alone.

Shoon’s Buckler

Experience Point Value: 2,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,000

Lore: The adventurer Shoon briefly possessed this magical shield. Its true origin is unknown, but he seized it from the body of a slain male drow during a battle deep beneath the Hill of Lost Souls. Amongst the drow, as *speak with the dead* has revealed, the buckler was known as a “blink shield”; it was unique, and its making a mystery. Shoon later gave the shield to the fighter Gorlaung “Blackhelm” in exchange for training; Gorlaung fell in battle with orcs in the Stonelands, and his body was stripped of weapons and valuables by his slayers. The present location of the Buckler is unknown, but Shoon spent so much time complaining that he should never have let Gorlaung have it that it has become known as “Shoon’s Buckler” and become a phrase to describe any wonderful item lost through folly.

Functions: The *buckler* is a 1’ diameter disk of black metal with a fist grip, all fashioned of one piece, and bearing no inscriptions. Despite its small size, the *buckler* functions as a +2 *shield*. Its other easily discernible power is the ability to glow equal in radiance to a *light* spell upon the mental command of its bearer; the light dies away to nothing when the bearer wishes it to, falls

asleep, dies, or loses sanity or consciousness. This power is discovered whenever the bearer thinks about the poor light, wishes he could see better, and so forth. Whenever the *buckler* operates thus, three words in the common tongue appear in small glowing letters around its inside edge: “Tethema,” “Sekoe,” and “Brund.”

If “Tethema” is said aloud by any creature holding the shield, that figure becomes the master of the *buckler* until another creature holds the shield and repeats the word. Control of the *buckler* enables a being to override the mental commands of another character holding the *buckler* regarding its radiance, even from afar (up to 16” away). Control also allows the following two powers to be enacted when the master is not touching the *buckler*, and is up to 16” distant:

If the word “Sekoe” is spoken, the *buckler* levitates for up to 6 rounds, moving about under the mental direction of the master, or the bearer if the master is someone different and does not countermand the orders. The shield can carry or support up to 600 pounds of weight resting upon it or suspended from it, and any number of creatures or items can make up this cargo. If its load ever exceeds this limit, the shield instantly ceases to *levitate* for at least 6 rounds and falls. Thus, the bearer can *levitate* himself up or down at will, and also move horizontally about by pushing off walls, or the *buckler’s* master can from afar move the shield about—plus, perhaps, an unwilling cargo.

If the word “Brund” is spoken by the master of the *buckler*, any other active shield powers cease; then the shield and any creature(s) touching it *blink*, as per the magic-user spell, about the location of the shield when it was activated, until 7 rounds have elapsed or the master wills it to end (whichever occurs first).

These powers can be used repeatedly in consecutive rounds and in any order (although only *levitate* and *light* can be used in combination) if the commands



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are known. Anyone who discovers the *buckler* is not informed of any facts about its operation by any revelation or by magical means short of a *wish*, but must learn them by trial and error. The *blink* power does not function for anyone who discovers the shield until that character has established himself as the master of the *buckler* by using the command word "Tethema."

Thurbrand's Protector

Experience Point Value: 5,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 25,000

Lore: This shield is named for the fighter who found it in a dragon's hoard. It was later sold to King Osbrun of Chesagol, whose treasury and armory were looted six winters ago, some say by magic. The *protector* vanished in that theft, and its present whereabouts and owner are unknown. The shield is a plain, battered, kite-shaped construction of bronze plates bolted to a sturdy wooden frame. It bears no maker's mark or inscriptions.

Functions: The shield is magical, and has the following powers and abilities:

- Any damage that pierces or parts the bronze plates, or cracks through or breaks the wooden frame, is magically *mended* overnight. Minor dents, scratches, and scars are not so repaired. Manual repairs by a blacksmith or the bearer seem to have no effect on the shield, undoing themselves even as they are done.

- The *protector* has all the powers of a *+1 ring of protection*. In addition, whenever the bearer raps the wooden frame three times rapidly with a finger or knuckles, the shield radiates and maintains, through some unknown magical means, a 10' radius *globe of air*, cool and breezeless. This *globe* withstands the pressures of deep water, *gusts of wind*, and the like without altering its shape or location, remaining centered upon the *protector*. Large, solid, immobile objects like stone walls cause the "air bubble" to flatten out along the wall or around the object. Creatures within the *globe of air* cannot drown, suffer harm from poisonous

gases, etc. As many creatures can be protected by the *globe* as can fit into its volume, usually 40 or so, or, if freedom to move and fight is required, 8 or 9 man-sized beings. The air supply can never be "overloaded" or used up.

Most creatures are not physically constrained from entering or leaving the *globe*. It keeps out only creatures who cannot breathe or move in air (such as living fish), and those who are gaseous in form (air elementals, a vampire in gaseous form, etc.) In fact, if such a creature appears in the middle of the *globe* through *teleport*, changing shape, or summoning, it is immediately expelled out of the *globe*. The *globe of air* persists until the bearer again raps the wood frame thrice; to be effective, such rapping must be on the inner side of the shield, directly on the frame, and the bearer must have the shield slung on his arm or strapped to him. However, the sound of the rapping need not be heard and the impact need not be forceful, thus allowing one to activate the powers if suddenly submerged, deprived of all air, etc.



Clothing

The magic-weavers of the Realms are much more likely to make more than one copy of a magic cloak or other article of apparel than are the makers of magical armor. Thus, the following descriptions are, in the main, bereft of lore.

Cloak of Battle

Experience Point Value: 2,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,000

This cloak entangles any weapon parried by it (treat any unsuccessful hit roll of an opponent upon the cloak wearer or wielder as a parry). Magical weapons must then make a saving throw of 20, with a bonus equal to their magical bonuses; those magical weapons without combat bonuses save on a 20, and all artifacts save at +5 on the die or at their own plus, whichever is greater. Failure to make the save binds the weapon fast to the cloak for 1-3 rounds. This entanglement prevents further attacks using that weapon, and a bend bars/lift gates strength roll is needed to pull the weapon free prematurely.

If the attacking creature leaves or moves away to engage another opponent before the 1-3 rounds are up, it must part company with its weapon, which remains in the possession of the cloak-bearer.

The cloak has one other function; upon the speaking of a command word while the cloak is held, but not worn, the cloak transforms into a stout bar or cudgel for 5-8 rounds. The cudgel is largely composed of magical force, cannot be damaged by normal usage (e.g. all except contact with magical weapons or spells), counts as magical for hit purposes but has no bonuses, does 1-6/1-3 hp damage, and cannot be used to entangle other weapons as above. The cloak can be destroyed by parrying (in the above manner) eight blows from magical weapons while in this form (changing it from cloak to cudgel and back again an hour later lets it start over again), and it can be wielded by characters of any class without proficiency penalties.

Cloak of Comfort

Experience Point Value: 1,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 7,500

This cloak imparts (to the wearer only) equable temperatures for comfortable studying, physical activity, sleep, and so on. It does this by alternatively exuding heat or cold that it has magically absorbed, including the heat of the sun, the chill of night breezes, and extremes of temperature common to deserts, glaciers, and other inhospitable regions. The cloak's outlines are always clearly visible to creatures having infravision. Notably, cold- and heat-based magical attacks are absorbed by the cloak harmlessly; thus, the wearer is immune to *cone of cold*, *heat metal* and similar spells.

However, most fire-based spells and magics such as *ice-storm* do damage for other reasons than merely the temperature of their effects. The wearer of a *cloak of comfort* suffers -2 hp per die of damage from *ice storm* and fire-based magics of all sorts, although the cloak itself is immune to the effects of flame and freezing. Electrical and other energy attacks are unaffected by the cloak. The capacity for absorption of such a cloak is not known—none is known to have “overloaded” nor, when destroyed, to have exploded or emitted any bursts of heat or cold. The wearer of such a cloak never suffers the effects of exposure to the wilderness, such as reduced constitution, dexterity, etc. Hypothermia and the fatal effects of frigid water are not possible to the wearer. Sunstroke (due to ultraviolet radiation) and water damage to accoutrements, etc., are still possible.

Cloak of Delight

Experience Point Value: 3,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 35,000

These strange, most rare garments cause all who view the wearer to feel calm and at peace in the latter's presence, and feel friendly towards the wearer. At first sight of a wearer of a

cloak of delight, regardless of the latter's natural charisma, all who fail to save vs. spell will feel loyalty and love for the wearer, and will tend to carry out the latter's most bizarre commands with enthusiasm and alacrity. All who wish to attack the wearer of such a cloak must save vs. spell at every attack or strike at -2 due to reluctance and remorse. Once per day the *cloak* wearer may *entrance* creatures who fail to save vs. spell by causing the *cloak* to display the ultimate pleasure and goal of each (creatures of low or animal intelligence save at -3, non-intelligent creatures are unaffected). *Entranced* creatures will remain in a motionless trance for 1-8 rounds, oblivious to their surroundings, but will attack manically any creature or thing obstructing their view of the *cloak*. Use of *darkness*, *pyrotechnics*, or similar obscuring spells ends the trance. *Entranced* creatures cannot employ psionics or cast spells.

A side effect of the *cloak's* powers is that everyone who views the garment will see it differently, and give widely different descriptions of it later.

Cloak of Echoes

Experience Point Value: none
Gold Piece Sale Value: 3,000

This cursed item is identical to a *cloak of elvenkind* (q.v., DMG), and functions properly as such an item at all times. When a wearer is attempting to be quiet and stealthy—and *only* at such times—all noises made by the wearer are greatly magnified, and echo loudly. Thus, the sound of a footfall or that of a weapon being drawn would alert other beings to the presence—if not the precise location—of the cloak-wearer. Whenever such an echo-activated *cloak* is taken off, it will emit a weird, echoing falling cry as it is parted from the being who has just worn it.



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Cloak of Fangs

Experience Point Value: 1,500

Gold Piece Sale Value: 10,000

This cloak can be worn as a normal, heavy-wear, all-weather cloak for an unlimited time, but when magically activated it serves only once. The word of activation for all such cloaks is "Feerond," the name of their maker. When this is spoken, the cloak is dangerous to the wearer's friends and foes alike; it fires darts of pure force up to 3" distant in all directions. This spray of invisible missiles lasts for 7 rounds regardless of the wishes of the wearer. The cloak wearer cannot be struck by the missiles, nor do the missiles ricochet, but all creatures within 3" of the cloak-wearer (who may, of course, move and fight normally) suffer 6-24 hp damage per round; a save versus spells means half (3-12) damage, and spells such as *shield*, *wall of force*, *anti-magic shell* and the like offer complete protection against the missiles. The missiles also cannot penetrate other planes (i.e. the ethereal) or extra-dimensional spaces (e.g. those created by a *portable hole* or *rope trick* spell), although if the cloak wearer enters such a space or plane by some means, the flurry of missiles accompany him. The missiles do not hamper the movement rates of affected creatures, but do prevent spellcasting that involves somatic and material components. At the end of the seven-round flurry of missiles, the cloak vanishes forever.

Cloak of Guarding

Experience Point Value: 1,500

Gold Piece Cash Value: 10,000

This garment is identical in weight, texture, and appearance to a normal woolen cloak, and is typically grey in color. When it is worn and the user is struck by a physical blow, the cloak instantly becomes rigid at the point of impact, deflecting all non-magical missiles and absorbing part of the force from any other physical attack (-2 on each die of

damage, down to a minimum of 1 point of damage per die). After the attack has landed and withdrawn, the cloak instantly becomes flexible again. The cloak cannot be torn or otherwise damaged by any physical attack, except under the circumstances described below.

If a *cloak of guarding* is subjected to constriction or sustained pressure (as in a deadfall trap, or caught between two walls that are closing together), the garment protects the wearer in the manner of a rigid suit of armor until it has suffered 25 hit points of damage, whereupon it disintegrates. A cloak that is damaged in this fashion, but not to the point of disintegration, does not bestow its powers of protection upon the wearer again until it has "rested" for as many rounds as the number of points of damage it absorbed, or until it is taken off and not worn for at least one round.

The construction of a *cloak of guarding* (which involves metal spun into fine threads) is such that the wearer takes maximum damage—no saving throw—from heat, cold, or electrical attacks of all sorts. The cloak itself does not burn.

Cloak of Many Colors

Experience Point Value: 1,200

Gold Piece Sale Value: 8,000

This rare garment can so shift its pigmentation that its wearer is immune to the effects of *color spray*, *prismatic spray*, and the like, and can pass through a *prismatic sphere* or *wall* (together with all items carried or worn within the cloak) as though the barrier did not exist. The wearer *only* (not companions) is so protected, and he is likewise solely protected from blindness due to *blur*, *pyrotechnics*, *hypnotic pattern*, *darkness*, blinding light of all sorts, and magical effects.

The cloak itself does not seem to an observer to alter its own colors, but always seems to have a swirling and indistinct surface (aiding the success of a wearer hiding in shadows by + 10%);

more so when it is acting to shield its wearer's gaze from color affects cast at the wearer. The cloak cannot, however, deliberately be used to camouflage the wearer by blending with its surroundings, nor does it have any powers to affect creatures other than the wearer, either by attack or conferring protection.

Once every 12 turns, the wearer, by effort of will, can cause the cloak to glow (equivalent to a *light* spell, but *not* blinding) white, such glowing lasting for nine rounds, without any concentration required, or ceasing sooner if the wearer wills. Obviously the wearer cannot hide in shadows while the cloak is so used.

Cloak of Reflection

Experience Point Value: 1,500

Gold Piece Sale Value: 10,000

Lore: These cloaks were made to protect rangers and other traveling messengers in the service of the High Lady of Silvermoon. The precise magical defenses against each spell are now unknown, the knowledge having died with the maker of the cloaks, the mage Irentalar. The attacking caster or wielder can escape the cloak's reflective effects only by escaping into another plane (or extra-dimensional space). Momentary dislocations such as *blink*, *dimension door*, and *teleport* are not sufficient to escape, and distance is not a factor. Elminster does not know of any instance in which the wearer of such a cloak faced a creature having spell-like *natural* powers akin to the spells reflected by the cloak, but believes that such spell-like powers would be reflected as are spells and magic-item functions.

Functions: This cloak (*many* have been made) confers a limited spell immunity upon any one living creature wearing or covered by it. The following spells and spell-like magical item functions—and *only* the following spells—are directed back at the caster/wielder as follows:



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- *Magic missile* — reflected back at caster with full effect (no saving throw).

- *Shocking grasp* — discharge directed back instantly into caster and nullified; caster takes no damage, but spell is lost.

- *Forget* — Spell distorted and thrown back at caster, who is *confused* as per the 4th level magic-user spell *confusion* for the following round (no saving throw); the *forget* spell is lost, and neither caster nor cloak wearer *forgets* anything.

- *Irritation* — Reflected back at caster, who is affected normally unless save is made (negates effect).

- *Ray of enfeeblement* — Reflected back at caster, who is affected normally unless save is made (negates effect).

- *Hold person/animal/monster* (if cast at cloak wearer) — Distorted by the cloak and reflected back at caster, who must save vs. spells (at par) or be *slowed* for two rounds.

- *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter* — Reflected back at caster, who is affected normally unless save is made (but the caster's saving throw is always at par, never at a minus due to intelligence).

- *Polymorph other* — Reflected back at caster, who must save at +2 or be affected normally (system shock roll must be made, form received is as caster intended.)

- *Feeblemind* — Reflected back at

caster, who must save vs. spells at +2 or be affected normally.

- *Color spray* — Reflected back at caster, who must save vs. spells or be struck unconscious for 1-2 rounds.

- *Entangle* — Cloak wearer is unaffected by *entangle*, but the spell has normal effect on other creatures within area of effect; magic is *not* reflected back on the caster.

Cloak of Stars

Experience Point Value: 1,200

Gold Piece Sale Value: 7,500

The inside of this cloak contains four stars around the neck and front hems, six-pointed shapes of silver cloth. These are enspelled and radiate magic. If a star is touched and the name of its maker spoken (Thalanta the Fair made most of these cloaks), the star vanishes and the spell stored within the star is activated. The knowledge of the making of such stars is lost, and thus they cannot be replaced. Moreover, there is nothing to identify what spell is linked to what star, although a few sages know the secrets of the patterns in which the stars were placed, and can deduce what spell each star triggers.

Only one star may be activated per round; it causes a spell to be cast as though by the cloak wearer or bearer (regardless of that being's class or level),

and the spell takes effect as though cast by a magic-user of 20th level, for that is what Thalanta was when she made the stars.

The usual spells stored in a *cloak of stars* vary according to which of three types of cloaks is found:

1. *Teleport, enchant an item, spiritwrack, limited wish*
2. *Anti-magic shell, repulsion, reverse gravity, imprisonment*
3. *Death spell, legend lore, statue, shape change*

Such cloaks are rare, as the steady attrition of used stars reduces the numbers without replenishment. Version #3 is especially rare. The patterns in which the stars were placed inside the cloaks vary as well. The three known variations (which do not necessarily correspond to the three types of cloaks as noted above) are: a three-star triangle inside the right front facing, one star in the center of the triangle; four stars in a square on the left front placket; and two stars down the right front placket, and two stars down the left front placket. Some speak of a fourth combination—four stars in a diagonal row by the right front placket—but what spells any of these patterns correspond to, only a few sages know or are able to discover. The stars can, of course, be activated without knowing what spell will occur; knowledge of the spell power fills the star-activator's mind in



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time for the spell to be directed at an area or specific target (but *not* negated or saved for later).

Cloak of Survival

Experience Point Value: 1,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 6,000

While wearing this cloak, any being gains a +2 bonus on all saving throws vs. poison and has a -03% penalty to the chances of contracting any disease or parasitic infection. In addition, the cloak maintains a supply of pure, breathable, air—enough for the wearer *only* to breathe for one turn—within itself, replenishing this supply constantly whenever the surrounding air is pure. The cloak automatically envelops the cloak-wearer's head in it whenever breathable air is not present. If the cloak-wearer is enveloped in choking smoke or plunged into water, he or she can see, breathe, and act normally up to one turn.

The wearer of one of these cloaks is immune to nausea and its effects, and to the person affecting cantrips *belch*, *cough*, *sneeze*, and *yawn*. Note that poisonous vapors are protected against for one full turn, and only after that must the wearer save (at +2) to avoid any effects.

Cloak of Symbiotic Protection

Experience Point Value: 3,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 20,000

This type of cloak is very rare. It is impregnated with an immobile, non-intelligent living substance of unknown identity and origins which cannot be isolated by alchemists and naturalists for study. The symbiote drains one hit point of vitality from the wearer every other time it is put on (or, if worn continuously, once every two days) and makes the wearer color blind while the cloak is worn.

In return, the cloak confers immunity to the effects of green slime, olive slime, obliviax, violet fungi, yellow musk

creeper, yellow mold, and russet mold (but not brown mold). In addition, spore attacks of all other sorts (including those of the myconid, ascomoid, basidiroid, and similar creatures) are saved against at +4. The symbiotic life form in the cloak seems to feed upon and neutralize spores and microscopic airborne life of all sorts; in many cases, this power confers upon the cloak wearer a -06% penalty to the chance of contracting diseases.

Cloak of The Shield

Experience Point Value: 1,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 10,000

The wearer of this cloak can project a shieldlike field of invisible force once every two turns, maintaining and moving this force field by conscious mental control. The field lasts up to three rounds, in the form of a square 10 x 10 across and four inches thick. The wearer can employ this shield without strain within 4" of himself as a shield, protecting himself or another single being, so that it acts as a *wall of force* (as per the magic-user spell), a weapon (striking as an invisible ramming force, doing 1-10 points of damage per blow, one blow per round, no saving throw), as a bridge or a barrier (like a door), or as a "floating disk" (like Tenser's spell). The wearer can shift the force field to fulfill any or all of these functions in any order, but it may so serve only in one capacity per round.

If not maintained by constant mental control (i.e., the wearer cannot be struck unconscious, stunned, *charmed*, *confused*, *feeble-minded*, or psionically attacked, and cannot himself cast spells), it ceases to exist immediately.

Attacks upon the field of force do not affect the cloak. Elminster reports that some of these cloaks have lost their powers when used often—and therefore advances the hypothesis that such cloaks have a limited number of magical charges or uses before they are exhausted. The truth of this, it must be stressed, is presently unknown (DM's option).

Girdle of Lions

Experience Point Value: 2,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 8,000

This belt appears to be like any other magical girdle when first encountered. When it is put on, the wearer gains several special abilities. Wearing a *girdle of lions* enables one to *speak with felines* (as with the spell *speak to monsters*). The felines, from house cat to saber-tooth tiger, view the wearer as if he had a charisma of 18 for purposes of reaction checks. Often the cats give advice or assistance to the *girdle* wearer and may obey his reasonable commands.

The wearer also gains the ability to land after a fall in such a way as to minimize physical damage: subtract 3 points from every die of damage incurred from falling, to a minimum of 1 point of damage per die.

The *girdle* enables the wearer to *move silently* as per the thief ability, with a minimum 50% chance of success. If the wearer is a thief, assassin, monk, or other character or creature who already has the ability to *move silently*, then the chance of success is adjusted upward by +50%, to a maximum of 99%.

Finally, the *girdle* confers a sort of night vision similar to that possessed by cats. If any light source is within view of the wearer, he can see in the dark as clearly as if he were in broad daylight. This power is not related to infravision or ultravision; the *girdle* does not allow someone to see in pitch darkness or detect "light" that lies outside the visible spectrum.

Rhun's Horned Cloak

Experience Point Value:	horns visor tail
Value:	2,000/2,200/2,500
Gold Piece Sale Value:	
Value:	7,000/7,500/10,000

This garment acts as a +2 *cloak of protection*, and is dark brown or russet in color. The wearer of this cloak can *pass without trace* at will.

The cloak is hooded, and upon the



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hood are mounted two long horns resembling those of a bull. The cloak allows the wearer to take the form of a bull (*shape change*) up to 6 times a day (24-hour period) and change back again at will. However, every round spent in bull form, there is a 1% (*not* cumulative) chance that the cloak will vanish forever, trapping the wearer in bull form. This condition may be rectified by *dispel magic*, *shape change* (which leaves the cloak wearer in his or her *original* form when it expires), or *wish*-related spells.

Only M-sized creatures may wear these cloaks so as to employ their powers. Some cloaks have a visor-like face mask allowing the wearer invisibility (corresponding to his or her normal range of sight), and 20% of these cloaks have a prehensile tail mounted in the cloak's back, between the wearer's shoulders.

This tail is under the mental control of the wearer, and can wield a weapon, item, or shield simultaneously with normal two-handed combat at no dexterity

penalty. Actions requiring fingers (such as picking locks, drawing bows, et cetera) are not possible with the tail.

Tabard of The Mystics

Experience Point Value: 2,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 15,000

This garment is typically green with golden trim, having a stiff stand-up flared collar, and may be worn over armor. Its construction is expensive (powdered gold and serpentine, for example, must be worked into the fibers of the cloth), difficult, and known only to a few.

Tabards may be worn by any class, and have the following properties: they will not burn, and all fire damage suffered by the wearer is reduced by 1 point per die. Wearers are immune to the effects of a *scarab of insanity*, and gain saving throw bonuses of +1 vs. a *magic jar* attack, and +4 vs. all enchantment/charm spells. A *symbol* may be cast upon the *tabard* (typically

upon the breast), and rendered invisible (inoperative) until it is touched and a command word spoken, or until the garment is removed from the wearer *without* a command word being spoken. In any case, the wearer or owner is immune to the effects of the *symbol*. Magic-users wearing a *tabard* may open a *wizard-locked* or *held* door or portal as though they are a level higher in experience.

The Wonderful Hand

Experience Point Value: 1,400

Gold Piece Sale Value: 16,500

This unusual creation is actually two devices: a gauntlet of steel which changes size to fit the hand of any wearer (halfling through human), and a "hand" of solid steel which is identical to the gauntlet in size and appearance. The two items are magically linked, so that the *hand* mimics all actions of the gauntlet from a distance of 1" per point of wisdom possessed by the wearer.



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Thus, the wearer of the gauntlet may grasp at empty air and the hand, some distance away, will grasp at an enemy. The positioning and movement of the *hand* are under the complete control of the gauntlet wearer as long as the *hand* is within the maximum allowable distance and within sight of the wearer. Otherwise, it falls to the ground until both conditions are fulfilled again.

All attacks made by the *hand* are at -1 to hit due to the difficulty of accurately judging distances from afar. The *hand* may transport weapons, but cannot be used to wield them or hurl them; its chief use is in the manipulation of traps and locks from a distance. As such, it is particularly suited for use by thieves, although members of all classes may employ the item.

The *hand*, unless its speed is mark-

edly increased (by *telekinesis* or other means), does 1-8 points of damage per blow. For purposes of bending bars, opening doors, etc., it has the same effective strength as the gauntlet wearer. It cannot be destroyed by physical attacks, but becomes inert if it takes cumulative blows amounting to 20 points of damage. It can be "recharged," negating all damage it may have suffered, by bringing it into contact with the gauntlet before the 20-point limit is reached. If it falls inert, either from damage or by moving out of sight of or too far away from the gauntlet wearer, it must be "replenished" by keeping it within the maximum distance for a period of one day for each day (or fraction thereof) it was inert; thus even a momentary loss of control over the *hand* causes it to be useless for one day

thereafter. The gauntlet and *hand* cannot be employed with any other magical gauntlets. The *hand* cannot be controlled when the bearer is being psionically attacked, or is the target of some form of mind control magic; however, it remains functional, and can be used again as soon as the wearer is no longer under mental attack.

The *hand* cannot be damaged by fire, heat, cold, or electricity, but if it is hit by a magical force of one of these sorts, the spell effect is transmitted at half-strength to the wearer. For instance, if the *hand* is hit by a *fireball* of 8d6 strength, the gauntlet wearer takes 4d6 of damage, or 2d6 if a saving throw is made. The gauntlet and the *hand* are not subject to any form of rust or corrosion, including such forces as the attack of a rust monster.



Miscellaneous Magical Items

Bowl of Blood

Experience Point Value: 500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 1,000

This bowl resembles other magical bowls (cf. *bowl of commanding earth elementals*) save that it fills with blood either once per day (24 hours), upon command, or of its own volition once every 4 rounds after being activated. While in the bowl, blood will not congeal, and can be used as a material component, writing ink, medical supply (it will be compatible with all to whom it is given), sturge lure, or hurled at opponents to blind them temporarily in a fight, et cetera. Eighty percent of these bowls contain human blood. Others contain elvish, gnome, and even (most rare) dragon blood. Such bowls fill from 9-90 times, and then vanish.

Censer of Thaumaturgy

Experience Point Value: 2,500
Gold Piece Cash Value: 12,000

This perforated metal vessel is typically (75%) made of electrum, but may be formed of any precious metal. If it is filled with incense and the contents are lit, the vapors from the incense permeate a 1" radius after 1 round and increase by 1" per round thereafter until reaching a 7" radius after the seventh round.

The effect of the vapors depends on what sort of character or creature ignited the incense (which may be someone other than the owner of the *censer*). If the lighting was done by a member of a spellcasting class or a creature with spell-like abilities, all magic-user spells cast by someone within the vapors are treated as if cast by an 18th level magic-user. If the lighting is done by a character or creature with no spellcasting or innate spell-like abilities, then all magic-user spells cast within the vapors take effect as if cast by a character of 5th level. A ranger or paladin who has obtained spell abilities because of high level is considered a spellcaster for purposes of this determination.

All forms of magic that are equivalent to any magic-user spell (such as a monster's innate spell-like abilities or druid, illusionist, or cleric spells that directly duplicate magic-user spells) are affected by the magic of the *censer*. Psionic powers, magical items, and other magical or magic-like effects are not altered.

The "high-level" effect of the *censer's* magic gives any spell cast the range, duration, and effectiveness afforded to a magic-user of 18th level, but does not allow the casting of any spell the caster did not already possess. The "low-level" version of the magic limits the spells usable within the vapors to magic that available to a 5th level caster; in other words, nothing higher than a 3rd-level spell can be successfully cast. Any attempt to use a spell of 4th level or higher simply fails, and the spell is wasted. As with the "high-level" version, no caster can use a spell to which he would not normally be entitled.

The *censer* burns for 3-12 turns unless deliberately extinguished. A *gust of wind* spell, the approach of a *wind walker*, or the presence of similar air currents which markedly affect the vapors disperse them and end the effect. When the *censer* goes out or is extinguished, the vapors persist for 1-4 rounds thereafter before losing their power.

Fire Gyregam

Experience Point Value: 900
Gold Piece Sale Value: 9,500

The origin of these magical devices is now forgotten, but they were as plentiful in the past as they are rare today. Gyregams are fist-sized spheres of a silvery, mirror-smooth non-ferrous metal that will not corrode and is unmarked by physical blows.

When a command word is spoken, the *gyregam* begins to spin, and hangs in mid-air wherever it is released. Within 1 round, it is glowing a blinding white and spinning faster than the eye can follow. It can then be activated on the spot by speaking a second command word, or it can be tossed at a tar-

get. The person speaking the first command word (who must also speak the second) tosses the *gyregam* by simultaneously speaking the second word and pointing at any visible target within 14". The *gyregam*, untouched by its commander, *teleports* instantly to the location desired. On the segment following its arrival, it discharges a 6d6 *lightning bolt* (cf. the magic-user spell) at the nearest concentration of metal. It remains in place, spinning and casting 1 bolt per round, until it is destroyed or 6 bolts have been fired (whereupon it sinks to the ground—an ashy, worthless shell). If it is activated on the spot and not directed at a target, the first bolt will be discharged 1 segment after the utterance of the second command word.

While spinning, a *gyregam* is AC5, and drains all magical weapons which strike it, save for artifacts and relics. These are not drained; their contact causes the *gyregam* to instantly explode, doing 3d12 blast damage to all within 1", 3d8 damage to all 1-2" distant, 2d10 damage to all creatures 2-3" distant, 1d12 damage to all within 3-4", and 1d4 damage to all within 4-5". It is said that the artificer Leifand has recently devised a similar weapon, *Leifand's Girandole*.

Flagon of Dragons

Experience Point Value: 6,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 40,000

This large, silver vessel never tarnishes, and bears no device (scratches and painted or chalked marks will fade and disappear in 2-8 turns). A stoppered flagon is always heavy, and if shaken, a liquid sloshing noise is heard from within. When it is opened, a single dragon breath weapon attack will issue forth from its neck—acid stream, bolt of electricity, cone of gas or vapor, cone of fire or cold—such attacks being at random and *not* at the choice of the *flagon-wielder*, as follows:



Miscellaneous Magical Items

- (roll 1d10)
- 01 black dragon acid: does 36 points of damage
 - 02 blue dragon bolt: 48 points
 - 03 brass dragon *sleep* or *fear* gas
 - 04 bronze dragon *repulsion* gas
 - 05 copper dragon *slow* gas
 - 06 green dragon chlorine gas: 48 points
 - 07 red dragon cone of fire: 56 points
 - 08 silver dragon *paralyzing* gas
 - 09 white dragon *cone of cold*: 36 points
 - 10 gold dragon fire: 64 points

These attacks have the range of the breath weapons they duplicate. Once such a *flagon* has been unstoppered, an attack is launched immediately, regardless of the flagon-bearer's wishes, and after that attack has occurred, directed outwards from the *flagon's* throat whether targets are present are not, nothing more occurs until the *flagon* is stoppered (and then unstoppered) again. Stoppering and unstopping each take one round.

The *flagon* appears to be empty; nothing amiss occurs if weapons, etc. are poked into it. It can even carry liquid without harm; but if it is stoppered, the liquid vanishes and a breath weapon attack emerges when the *flagon* is next opened.

Glowing Globe

Experience Point Value: 100
Gold Piece Sale Value: 200

Lore: These globes are often found in ancient delvings and ruins. Their origin is unknown, although it is rumored among magic-users that a *globe* of controllable brightness can be made by the use of *Nchaser's glowing globe*, a spell of the 4th level. This is said to require a normal glass globe of the finest quality. The mage *Nchaser* has not been seen for nearly twenty years.

Function: A luminous globe that floats always above and just behind the shoulder of the person who first touched it. Its brightness is under the owner's

mental control, from dark to blinding (a brief flash; effects last for 1-6 rounds). Typically, such a globe can be removed from an owner by a *limited* (or *full*) *wish* or *remove curse*, whereupon the next person to touch the globe inherits it. One type of *globe* remains brightly lit (equivalent to a *continual light*) at all times; the brightness cannot be controlled. The *glowing globe* does not radiate any heat, and cannot be rendered invisible save by *wishes*. It is affected by changes in its owner's states and drops to the ground, lightless, if its owner is killed, petrified, goes ethereal or astral, or travels to some other plane in some fashion in which he cannot take the *globe* with him.

Owners attempting to use the *globe* as a carrying device (by rigging a harness) have found that it can carry 200 gp. However, any weight above 25 gp slows it down to a slow walk, and the owner must match his pace to the *globe's*. If the weight carried is more than 200 gp, the *globe* settles to the ground and does not move until its load is relieved. Savvy orcs and other dark-seers have used the tactic of weighted nets on such *globes* to separate careless human adventurers from their light sources.

Goblet of Glory

Experience Point Value: 1,250
Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,000

This magical container appears as a heavy goblet of worked gold, and is similar in some respects to a *beaker of plentiful potions*. Although it always appears to be empty, the goblet dispenses a clear, glowing liquid when its rim is brought up to the holder's lips and the container is tilted.

Draining the goblet takes one round; all of the liquid in a dose must be consumed for it to take effect. During the following round, the liquid affects the drinker as follows: 1d4 hit points of damage that the drinker may have suffered are restored. If the drinker is 12th level or lower, he immediately

grows larger (as per a potion of *growth*, but enlargement is only another six inches in height) and temporarily gains energy levels in the manner of a potion of *super-heroism*. A member of any character class may receive this last benefit, but the increase in level applies only to physical combat. Thieves do not gain improved thieving skills, spellcasters do not gain spell knowledge or comprehension, and clerics do not receive the level benefit when attempting to turn undead.

A character of 13th level or higher who drinks from the goblet has 1d4 hit points restored, but gains none of the other benefits—and is *drained* of one level of experience.

The growth and level gains bestowed by the *goblet of glory* last for 4-16 rounds. The goblet dispenses one dose of the liquid per day, and each such item typically contains only 3-36 draughts. When the last of these doses is drunk, the goblet crumbles into dust.

The liquid cannot be spilled or removed from the goblet except by drinking. If the drinker is hit by a physical or magical attack or otherwise interrupted during the round in which he is consuming the liquid, then that dose is wasted and the goblet cannot be used again until the following day.

Greenstone Amulet

Experience Point Value: 5,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 30,000

Lore: These are rare, highly-prized devices, made by some forgotten magical means. They are fist-sized green stones that glow when operating. They are very brittle.

These amulets are prized highly throughout the Forgotten Realms and are generally found in the possession of high-level adventurers and experienced diplomats.

Functions: When worn next to the skin they confer upon the wearer the protection of a *mind blank* spell, as well as immunity to: *chaos*, *forget*, *geas*, *hold person*, *hypnotism* (but not *hypnotic*



Miscellaneous Magic Items

pattern or *fire charm*), *mass charm*, *quest*, *scare*, and *sleep*. The wearer also gains a +4 saving throw against *fumble*, *ray of enfeeblement*, and *trip*, and is allowed a saving throw against both *Otto's irresistible dance* and *maze* spells (if made, the durations of effect are halved, rounding up).

These amulets may be worn by any class of character. The protection they give is involuntary (i.e. the wearer cannot communicate telepathically even if she or he so desires). Protection only extends to 11-44 (1d4 x 11) spell levels before the amulet is exhausted. (For this purpose, protection against a psionic attack drains the levels of the equivalent spell.) The amulet only counters the spells (and equivalent psionic powers) listed, and is in no way affected by other spells, such as *lightning bolt*. Pending exhaustion of the amulet is mentally evident to the wearer, and visually evident to others; the amulet blazes fiercely for 4 segments before slowly fading to darkness.

The amulet recharges on its own at a rate of 1 spell level per turn, but *will not* counter spells which it lacks sufficient power to negate—its protection is all or nothing.

Harps of Myth Drannor

Experience Point Value: Depends on Harp

Gold Piece Sale Value: Depends on Harp

Lore: In the long ago days of glory of Myth Drannor, many magical harps were devised by elven, half-elven, and human craftsmen of skill; a few of these instruments still exist and retain their powers. Elminster the Sage has located descriptions of nine of these instruments.

These harps resemble Irish harps in appearance, with a roughly triangular shape formed by carefully crafted pieces of wood: a robust “body” arm which leans against the player’s shoulder and is covered by a tapering sound board, down the center of which the harp-



strings are set, knotted to pegs which fit into holes in the sound-board; an upward-curling “neck” of wood which holds the tuning pins at the top ends of the strings, and stretches from the top of the “body” outwards to form the top of the harp, and join the outward-curving, prow-like “fore-pillar,” which curves down to the base of the “body” and completes the harp. Most Myth Drannan harps are small; two to three feet in overall height, and have copper, brass, and electrum strings, of twenty to thirty-six in number. They require great skill to play pleasantly, for the strings are closely placed and very resonant; half the skill of playing lies in damping the sound of already-plucked strings, but not others. Nevertheless, the magical properties of Myth Drannan harps do not require the hand of a bard or even a trained musician to be unleashed—and for this reason they are sought after by bards and non-bards alike. Myth Drannan harps retain their powers when restrung; the magic does not lie in the strings. All were initially of

finely-wrought appearance, with ivory and gilt inlays on black and dark red glossy-polished wood; all radiate a faint good dweomer. They may be used without harm or penalty by all creatures able to stir their strings (regardless of race or alignment), and have powers and properties as described below. Bards who employ Myth Drannan harps increase their chances of *charming* by a base chance bonus of 9% plus 1% per bardic level.

Elminster believes that a score or more of each of these nine types of harps may still exist, with powers intact; others that have lost their powers are known to be in the private collections of mages and kings. A harp loses its powers by having the wood frame smashed (even if it is repaired, the dweomer is gone). If anyone does find an intact harp of one of the types described, or even one not so described but that is obviously of Myth Drannan make, Elminster is interested in acquiring it.

Azlaer's Harp: When struck, the tones of this harp soothe *rage* of all sorts, and drive away *fear*, *hopelessness*, and *despair* of natural or magical origin within one round of being heard; maximum range about 8', more if played in caverns, in a breeze—downwind only, or a quiet place. While it is played, all *charms* and mental controls of any sort are blocked (*not* removed or ended, but held in abeyance) in all creatures hearing the harp's tones—and no new *charms* or *suggestions* can be successfully laid on those listening to the harp, even by a bard using the harp for this purpose. The strings of the harp glow with *bluelight* (as in the magic-user cantrip) while they are being played.

Experience Point Value: 3,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,000

Dove's Harp: This harp has gained its current name because the Ranger Dove, a member of the Harpers, possesses one. Such is her fame that the previous name for the harp has been lost.



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The playing of this harp causes a gentle soothing in the minds of all within 2" who hear it; this soothing temporarily (only while the harp is playing) quells *insanity* and instantly (and permanently) calms listeners, dispelling *fear*, *despair*, *discord*, *rage*, and *hopelessness* of any sort, and lightens black moods or grief.

The music of *Dove's harp* also *cures light wounds* once in any listener within 2" who hears the harp's song for at least two full rounds in succession, such curing being effective in that creature only once every 9 days. The harp cannot otherwise combat the effects of poison. While the music of *Dove's harp* is aiding a being as described above, the harp and harpist (*not* the being aided, unless the harpist is that being) radiate a faint white *faerie fire* or nimbus.

Experience Point Value: 500

Gold Piece Sale Value: 2,500

Esheen's Harp: The tones of this harp cause all glass and metal within 3" to ring and resonate, "singing along with" the playing of the harp: an eerie and attention-getting effect. When the harp-player plucks the lowest string on the harp, any glass or metal objects up to 3" distant that the end of the body of the harp is pointing at must save versus "crushing blow" or shatter instantly into tiny shards. This path of effect is approximately 1' wide.

Magical armor, bracers, weapons, and other magical items (a metal or glass vial that contains a magical oil, ointment, or potion is *not* itself magical) gain a bonus on their saving throws of +1 or whatever their magical "plus" may be, whichever is greater, to avoid being affected by the harp. The harp *can* shatter items that have saved successfully against it on earlier rounds, but the harp-player cannot choose to affect some items in the harp's path of effect and not to affect others. The harp can be so used once per round.

Experience Point Value: 5,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 25,000

Jantha's Harp: At the end of a round of

harping the harp-player and any other creatures touching him or her, up to a limit of four creatures, are concealed. They are *invisible* even to animals and *infravision* (cannot be scented or tracked), can *pass without trace* (as in the 1st level druid spell), and move and speak cloaked in *silence*, even though their speech and movement are clearly audible to one another. This protection lasts for as long as the harp is played (its own music can be clearly heard, but always sounds far-off and as though coming from all directions). Any creature losing even momentary contact with the harpist instantly becomes audible and visible, and cannot regain this protection even if it touches the harpist or other protected creature again, until the harp has been stilled. When it is so stilled, and the playing begins anew, a full round of playing must always occur before the concealment is resumed. Spellcasting is possible when under the harp's concealment, but at the instant of the spell's taking effect, the caster appears even if contact with the harpist hasn't been lost. A creature cannot play the harp and cast spells or cantrips of any sort simultaneously, nor activate and control magical items.

Experience Point Value: 5,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 25,000

Methild's Harp: The music of this harp parts all *webs*, opens all locks, breaks all bonds, and unties all knots within 1" of the harp. Magical locks and knots gain a saving throw versus "breath" to avoid being affected; anything thus saving against such a harp is forever immune to that particular *Methild's harp*. All *webs*, bonds, locks, and knots affected by the harp are outlined with an orange *faerie fire* from the moment of their being affected (within 1 round of being within effective range of the harp's playing) for 1 turn. Magical barriers such as protective symbols and pentagrams, *shields*, *walls of force*, *force cages* and the like without a designed opening are not affected by the harp. A *rope of constriction*, *rope of entanglement* or *rug of smothering*

within 1" of the harp when it is played temporarily (for 1-4 rounds) ceases to function and releases any creatures it has entrapped; a creature actually entrapped by such an item could not play the harp itself.

Experience Point Value: 4,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 20,000

Nithanolor's Harp: The music of this harp affects only its player, and all things held or carried by the player. The player is instantly protected (and this protection lasts for as long as the harp is played) as though by a *stoneskin* spell (see the fourth level magic-user spell), and the harp and all things worn or carried, no matter how fragile, are similarly protected; they are almost immune to physical attack. No other creatures or items can be protected by the harp-music, even if they touch the harpist.

In addition, a moving field of protection exists about the harp and the player's arms, so that it is extremely difficult to physically prevent or restrain the harpist's playing. Magical attacks are unaffected, and the harp's protection can be ended by a *silence 15' radius* or a *hold person* cast upon the harpist.

Experience Point Value: 2,500

Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,500

Rhingalade's Harp: The tones of this harp cause the harpist to *blink* (as in the third level magic-user spell) for as long as desired, and the harp is played. In addition, 1-4 *mirror images* (as in the second level magic-user spell) of the harpist are instantly created, and these *blink* in the same manner as the harpist himself, and at slightly different times, so that the harpist (or rather, at least one image of the harpist) is always in view. Such images vanish forever when struck by a weapon, but otherwise remain in existence until the harp is stilled. The harpist cannot cast other spells or make attacks during this time—for when the harping ends, so do these effects, and they cannot be re-evoked until the *harp* has rested for at least 3 rounds of silence.



Miscellaneous Magical Items

Experience Point Value: 2,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,000

Valarde's Harp: The character playing this harp can at will cause either of two effects to occur, each taking effect at the end of one complete round of play: a *gust of wind* (as in the third level magic-user spell), moving outwards from the end of the body piece of the harp, or a *wind wall* (as in the third level magic-user spell) of 2" square, lasting for 3 rounds, although the harper can end it sooner if desired. Tiny points of radiance appear, flicker, dance, and wink out on the strings of this harp, and about the brow or head of the being playing it, while its strings are in motion.

Experience Point Value: 1,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 6,000

Zunzalor's Harp: The tones of this instrument create a 3" radius globe of pearly-white *continual light* centered upon the harp; this radiance lasts as long as the harp's strings sound, and within this radiance the following effects are present: *dispel illusion* (as in the fourth-level magic-user spell), *dispel invisibility* (all sorts except psionic), and *reveal glyph* or *symbol* (such magical things—and all magical or illusionary runes, marks, or inscriptions, including *wizard mark*, *illusionary script*, *unreadable magic*-protected writings, *glyph of warding*, *symbol*, and the like, are revealed in outline; they glow a luminous blue, and can be precisely located or even, if a spell book, scroll, or expert knowledge can be consulted, tentatively identified or drawn for later study, for the harp's music does not "set such things off" and cause them to visit their effects upon persons studying them. (The harp does *not* prevent the normal operation of such magical things if they are set off by being touched or in some other prescribed manner.) Shadows, tweens, and other hard-to-see creatures are clearly visible, outlined in blue radiance, if they are even momentarily within the harp's globe of radiance. A mage employing

duo-dimension appears as a thin vertical line of blue radiance in mid-air while within the sphere of *Zunzalor's Harp*.

Experience Point Value: 4,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 25,000



Helm of Darkness

Experience Point Value: 2,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 45,000

A *helm of darkness*, or *nighthelm*, appears as an ancient, battered iron helm (even when newly enchanted), with a great black sapphire of no less than 500,000 gp value set in the brow, and twelve black opals set around the lower edge of the helm. The helm radiates a strong *dweomer*.

Donning the *helm* will instantly inform the wearer of its powers (it may be worn by all classes and alignments). These are as follows: *darkness 15' radius* may be called forth 99 times from the great gem (such *darkness* lasting 9 turns and *not* banishable earlier by the will of the helm-wearer), and each of the opals will, whenever the wearer

fails a saving throw, automatically protect him or her once against the following attack forms, being consumed in the process: *death* spells (including rays such as those of the beholder and catoblepas), *disintegrate*, *magic jar*, and all energy-drain, petrification and polymorph attacks. Removal from the *helm* destroys the opals. The great gem cannot be recharged, and will explode if any attempt is made to remove or destroy it, *disintegrating* (as in the spell, save at +1) everything in a 4" radius.

The *helm* will crumble into dust when all of its gems are gone, but until that time the wearer commands the following powers: the ability to see in darkness (including the magical sort) as though normal daylight prevails; immunity to *fear* and related spells, the aging of ghosts and the "awe" power of dragon auras; the ability to *pass without trace* during the night (from twilight to twilight)—not usable underground; the ability to erect a *curtain of blackness*, which can veil the sight against vision-related enchantment/charm attacks such as the gaze of a vampire, *dire charm*, and similar spells; *speak with the dead*, usable by the helm-wearer once per day, as a 9th level cleric (if different beings don the *helm* within a 24-hour period, this power can be used only once—not once for each wearer); *chill metal*, thrice per day, lasting 7 rounds, and affecting up to 900 gp weight of metal and 4 separate targets; *lower temperature* in a 15' radius, lasting 4 turns, from 10-40 Fahrenheit degrees; protection causing all cold-based attacks to do half or (if save made) no damage, even including magical *cold* and such unusual forms as the chilling touch of a lich.

Kybal's Cords

Experience Point Value: 750 (per knot)

Gold Piece Sale Value: 1,000 (per knot)

These ropes are only found in crypts, treasure vaults, ruins, and other places that have been long undisturbed.



Miscellaneous Magical Items

Made of a now-lost fiber that neither rots nor frays, these cords can be cut only by magic or silver weapons. Typically 2-4 feet in length, such cords usually have a number of enspelled knots tied in them. Untying such a knot unleashes its magical effects. Much research and experimentation must be undertaken to learn the process of enspelling such knots (which are only effective when tied in a cord of this type), but the knots themselves are easily tied, recognized, and untied.

Enspelled knots and ordinary knots are identical in appearance, and many cords have ordinary knots with enspelled ones as safeguards or to deceive buyers. Feared mages such as Sespetar and Turgohn the Two-Fingered are known to wear such cords as belts when they travel.

Powers of some of the known knots follow. Untying one type will call up a strong, steady wind lasting 3-36 turns, which blows in the direction in which the unbinder points the free end of the cord. Such winds have been used to aid navigation at sea, cause storms, and drive vessels onto rocks.

Another knot calls down a *flame strike* upon anyone within 20" whom the unbinder points at with the free end of the cord. Yet another dispels *web* or *entangle* spells. One negates *polymorph* spells; another breaches *wall of force*. One knot binds all creatures within 6" of the knot, when it is undone, existing on two or more planes to the Prime Material for 1 turn (undead are not destroyed by this temporary restriction, but lose any energy-draining attacks they normally possess for the duration). One causes all non-magical ropes within a 2" radius to silently untie themselves. One negates an *anti-magic ray* within a 4" radius around the *cord*, moving with it and remaining effective for 9 rounds. A rare knot frees summoned creatures (such as elementals, efreeti, and invisible stalkers) from the control of their conjurer. Another rare knot may be retied around a magical item of the rechargeable type, and restores 1d12

charges to the item. This process involves the draining and destruction of the cord, regardless of how many or few knots remain; all crumble into nothingness.

Mierest's Starlit Sphere

Experience Point Value: 200

Gold Piece Sale Value: 2,000

Said to be a gift from the purple-cloaked archmage to a traveler who visited Shamblegate, the Sphere is of shining silver metal that no blow can crush or mark and that will not tarnish, rust, corrode, or show any effects of heat or flame. It has a diameter of four inches, weighs about a pound, and always feels comfortably warm to the touch.

The *sphere* twinkles with a shifting pattern of cold, blue-white pinpoints of light, whose soft glow will clearly illuminate a 2" radius area. Within this area all sounds are hushed, no winds blow, and all *dancing lights*, *darkness*, *faerie fire*, and *light*, and illusion spells are dispelled. Within the area of the globe's illumination, all vision is aided by *true sight*. If passed through an open flame, the *sphere* emits a soft music of muffled chimes, which dies away in 1-4 rounds if the *sphere* is not brought into a flame again. This music can be heard up to 11" away, and will still shriekers who hear it, as well as fascinating most bards.

Undead will not willingly enter or remain in the *sphere's* illumination, and the more powerful among them usually seek to cover the globe and kill its bearer by magical means.

Orb of Holiness

Experience Point Value: 7,500

Gold Piece Sale Value: 90,000

These rare items are usually found at the heart of a temple, grove, or other holy place sacred to the worshippers of a particular deity. Fashioned by powerful divine servants or magically-skilled human worshippers of great power, such *orbs* are carefully guarded by high

priests and other powerful devout beings, and are seemingly indestructible. Each *orb* has an *ethical alignment* corresponding to that of the deity whose holy symbol(s) the *orb* is always inscribed or adorned with. *Orbs* are unbreakable spheres of some unknown glossy white crystal-like substance, smooth and spherical, and about six inches in diameter. If an *Orb* is found unguarded, determine its alignment as follows (roll 1d20):

01-06	Evil
07-14	Good
15-20	Neutral

If a character of a particular ethos (lawful and chaotic considerations are ignored) touches an *Orb* of a different ethos, a saving throw versus magic must be made; if it is failed, the being instantly suffers 4-24 hit points of damage and is *feble-minded*. If the save is made, the being is merely *stunned* for 1-4 rounds and takes 2-12 points of damage.

Any being of the same ethos as an *Orb* can wield without harm the following powers:

- By immersion and command, the orb can *purify water* or *drink* once per day (24 hours), to a maximum volume of 22 cubic feet.

- By touch and command, the *orb* can cause *sleep* in any one creature (saving throw negates). If the target creature is a true worshipper of the deity the *orb* is dedicated to, the saving throw is always made unless the creature is willing to be made to *sleep*.

Any being of the same specific alignment as a particular orb, or any being who truly worships the deity a particular *orb* is dedicated to, can wield two additional powers of the *orb*:

- *Cure serious wounds* thrice per day (24 hours), by touch and command (cured creature may be of *any* alignment), the *orb* cannot *cause serious wounds*.

- *Regenerate* once per day; the *orb* cannot *wither*.

Such an *orb* also has constant, invol-



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untary powers which operate continually. All such *orbs* glow with a white *continual light* (bright light, but not blinding, in a 4" radius), which dims in the presence of strong evil (creature or place), and can be temporarily negated up to a maximum of nine rounds by *darkness* or a *dispel magic* cast upon the *orb*.

No other powers of the *orb* can be affected by a *dispel magic*. The touch of an *orb* does 5-30 points of damage to any undead. The *orb* acts as a constant, 6" radius *prayer* (q.v. third level clerical spell) with regard to all beings of the same specific alignment as the *orb*, or who truly worship the deity the *orb* is dedicated to. The presence of an *orb* calms all creatures of intelligence 4 or less within 6" in 1-2 rounds, ending *fear*, *anger*, and all combat. On creatures with an intelligence of 5 or more, an *orb* acts only as a *remove fear*.

Trumpet of Doom

Experience Point Value: 900
Gold Piece Sale Value: 5,000

This item is a magical horn, similar in appearance to a *horn of Valhalla*. Some specimens of this item appear to be bat-

tered, a few seemingly about to fall apart. If the *trumpet of doom* is winded, all human, demi-human, and humanoid skeletons and corpses within a 60' radius about the horn are brought into unlife, as per the spell *animate dead*. All of the undead obey the bearer of the horn without question, to the utmost of their ability.

The greater the number of undead animated, however, the shorter the time they remain active. If only one skeleton or zombie is animated, it remains active for 60 hours under the horn-bearer's control. If two are animated, they are active for 30 hours, three are active for 20 hours, and four or more are active for only 10 hours before they collapse again.

The undead created by the *trumpet of doom* may be commanded to "go down" (at which they disintegrate into dust) if the user of the horn wishes it; otherwise the undead serve until destroyed, dispelled, or their time runs out. Use of a *trumpet of doom* is not considered to be a good act, though sounding it to test its properties is not evil. The *trumpet of doom* may only be sounded once per month. Using it more often produces no results.





Potion

Mist of Rapture

Experience Point Value: 200
Gold Piece Sale Value: 9,000

The art of making this rose-colored gas is lost in antiquity. Usually found in fragile glass globes or small metal vials, the mist wafts out when released to form a spherical cloud. The diameter of this cloud varies from 15 feet to 45 feet depending on the amount of gas. The vapors are heavy, and remain in this volume for 1-4 days in dead air; they drift very slowly with any air currents (typically ½" a round). The vapors are damp and cling to clothing and skin.

Any human breathing the mist writhes in pleasure for 1d6 rounds (1-3 rounds if saving throw versus breath weapon is made), oblivious to all his surroundings. Affected persons blissfully ignore danger, and even physical attack does not arouse them. The mist closes minds to all other stimuli, and thus confers a temporary immunity to magical attacks involving will force (such as *charm*, *magic jar*, *suggestion*, etc.). Unless restrained, those affected drop everything they carry and sink to the floor, twisting and shuddering. Anyone in telepathic contact (or even psionic combat) with a person breathing the mist is also affected, for the same duration. However, non-humans are immune to the vapors. During the round after rapture has ended, movement is slow (half speed) and clumsy (no dexterity bonuses apply); such characters never win initiative over more alert creatures, and are easily (1-5 on 1d6) surprised.

Rings

Jhessail's Silver Ring

Experience Point Value: 3,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 11,000

This ring confers upon the wearer protection from mental attack. No *control* magic works upon the wearer, and all successful *charm* spells work on the caster, not the wearer.

For example: a magic-user attempts to *charm* the ring wearer, and wearer fails his saving throw. The *charm* is turned upon the magic-user—who gets no initial saving throw—placing him under the control of the ring wearer. Any being thus *charmed* gets a saving throw to break the *charm* every 7 turns, and is instantly freed if the ring is taken off or destroyed. If the ring wearer makes his saving throw vs. the initial attack, the spell merely fails, and the ring has no effect. This property extends to *gaze charm* attacks, and is a magical property rather than a physical “reflection.”

The ring wearer also gains a +4 saving throw bonus against stunning, *confusion*, and *feeblemind*. In addition, the wearer gains +4 on rolls to disbelieve illusions. The ring acts as a *tower of iron will* (defense strength of 77 points, no attack points) against psionic attacks.

Ring of Lore

Experience Point Value: 3,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 23,500

This appears identical to other rings, but when worn it can be commanded to exercise various powers if the correct command words are known.

This ring can also act as a *legend lore* through mental visions to its wearer. This power can be called for only once per week, and the visions require the wearer's total concentration for a period of 4 turns after the ring is commanded. If concentration is not maintained, all visions are lost. The ring must be touched to an item, or a name of a person or place must be spoken over it as the command is given; otherwise, the visions are random, having no common focus or theme.

The ring also acts as a *stone tell* once per week, upon being touched to stone while the command “Speak!” is uttered.

Upon the command “Shine forth!”, the ring causes any *symbols*, hidden runes, or powerful dweomers within 1" to glow visibly. This power only works once per day.

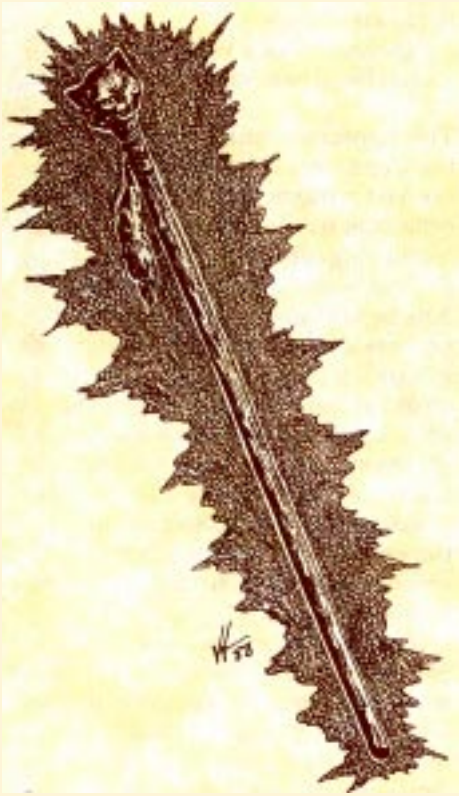
The ring can also endow the wearer with a power identical in effect to *psionic sensitivity to psychic impressions* once per week. This power is not infallible; there is only a 40% chance it is effective. Even if the attempt fails, the ring cannot operate this way again for a week. The psychic power is activated silently, by will, and it requires the wearer's complete concentration to work.

All of the ring's powers have durations identical to the spells or effects they resemble. Any and all of them may be used in quick succession (but not simultaneously); the use of one has no effect on the others.

Every time the ring is used, there is a 5% chance it will vanish forever from the wearer's finger without operating as desired.



Rods, Staves, and Wands



Catstaff

Experience Point Value: 6,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 13,000

Functions: This item is a black, 7-foot-long staff of stout wood topped with a sculpted knob resembling a cat's head. When carried on or strapped to one's person, it imparts abilities related to silent movement and concealment. The holder/bearer of a *catstaff* is able to *climb walls* (if both hands are free) and *move silently* as a 9th-level thief, *hide in shadows* with a 94% chance of success, see with *ultravision* to a 60' range, and *cast shadow* six times a day. This *shadow* is a 1" radius glove of semi-darkness centered on the staff; this gloom does not block infravision or ultravision, and is negated by a light source within its confines. It can be dispelled by magical (but not normal) *light* which touches its periphery, and unless dispelled or cancelled by the desire of the staff-holder, it remains in effect for 2-4 turns. The *shadow* does not allow normal vision into or through its area of

effect, and as such serves as a defense against visual attacks (gaze weapons, hypnotic and dazzling effects, and the like).

The *catstaff* is a magical weapon and can be used in combat as a normal quarterstaff; however, it has no bonuses to hit or damage. It can be employed as a weapon while any or all of its magical properties are being utilized. The staff never makes any noise itself while tapping, scraping, striking, or otherwise contacting any solid object. Many such staves contain secret compartments for the carrying of small items such as thieves' tools, spell components, magical *tokens*, and the like. If it is broken in two, all of its magical properties are lost.

Nidus' Wand of Endless Repetition

Experience Point Value: 3,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 25,000

Named for the legendary mage who by its use gave us the oath "Nidus' Curse!", examples of this device typically have only 4d12 charges when found. The art of its fabrication is lost and has not yet been rediscovered. Upon command, this wand emits a grey cone of light, range 4", diameter at maximum range: 1½". This cone may be continually maintained at a cost of 1 charge per round. Creatures caught in its light are allowed a saving throw (success means the character is unaffected). Any victim no have special magic resistance who is physically *touched* by the wand has no saving throw.

Anyone affected by the wand is forced to endlessly repeat actions taken during the preceding 2 rounds (or at least mimic them, as in the case of a spellcaster, who would continuously try to cast a particular spell even after his components and magic are exhausted). This automaton-style cycle of 2 rounds of action, 2 rounds of the same actions in reverse to the starting position once again, and so on continues until *dispel magic*, *remove curse* or a

limited (or full) *wish* is cast upon the victim. Even if the victim should die from lack of food and water, or of damage inflicted by passing creatures, the corpse endlessly repeats the cycle of action until it falls apart.

Staff of Skulls

Experience Point Value: 900
Gold Piece Sale Value: 15,000 or (both functions) 25,000

Functions: This staff, usable by all classes, can animate skeletal remains. Each such operation, triggered by the word "Arise!", drains 1 charge. Animated skeletons are under the command of the wielder of the staff (cf. *animate dead* spell). If the staff should change hands, control of the skeletons goes with it. Skeletons need not be complete, but the skull must be present, and skeletons lacking parts of course have their actions and/or mobility impaired. Such animation is permanent, lasting until the magic is dispelled or the skeletons destroyed.

Twenty-five percent of these staves have a secondary function: mending broken bones of both living and dead creatures. This takes 1 charge, and in a round will reattach a severed limb or digit, although it does not restore hp lost due to the wounds. Limbs or bones not belonging to the recipient may be used; thus a heap of bones can serve as "spare parts" for a guard of skeletons. Typically, these staves are of ebony topped with an ivory skull, or constructed of a smooth-polished skull and a thighbone of giant size.

Staff of Ethereal Action

Experience Point Value: 7,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 15,000

Also known as a *blink staff*, this item appears to be a normal wooden staff, but when a command word is spoken, it allows the holder to *blink*, as in the spell, for a cumulative period of up to 2 turns per day. In battle, the blinking stops (and begins again) in one segment



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upon the holder's command.

The staff is a +1 weapon, and is able to strike creatures on the ethereal plane (such as a couatl, ghosts, phase spiders, and characters using *armor* or *oil of ethereality*), as well as those on the Prime Material.

This staff neither has nor requires charges.

Wand of Armory

Experience Point Value: 600
Gold Piece Sale Value: 5,000

Lore: The long-ago wizard Hosta worked on this device for many years, and he had many apprentices; not a few of them carried knowledge of the making of the complete and final item away at his death. The sorceress Myschanta of Arabel is known to possess one; others are in the royal treasuries of Cormyr and Aglarond. Many other specimens of this wand are believed to survive—most (since Hosta lived in the North) probably now lie in tombs or dragon-hoards. One used in a tavern brawl in Waterdeep many years ago had the command word “Plessendar”; the tome *High Magic of Mirabar* lists among the treasures of that city a *wand of armory* (since gone missing) with the command word “Skulpin.” Elminster suspects that the parchment found behind paneling in the throne room at Suzail, which bears only the word or name “Ailun”, preserved the command word of Azoun II's vanished *wand of armory*.

Function: When touched to a target creature (or activated upon the wielder's person), this wand envelops the recipient from head to foot, and on all sides, with an invisible, magical field of force which slows and deflects physical attacks, affording the equivalent of armor class 0 protection.

This field of force can be destroyed by *dispel magic*, *limited wish*, *disintegrate* (which does not affect the protected person, however), or similar, stronger spells, but otherwise lasts for 6 rounds. During this time it absorbs

magic missiles and all electrical attacks (including magical ones) so that they do no harm to the wearer—or anything else coming into contact with the field—but otherwise does not affect spells cast into, or out of, its confines.

The “force armor” may be cast over and in addition to real, physical armor worn by a target, and completely covers any size M or S creature (who need not be conscious, alive, or even willing to be so protected; no saving throw allowed). Size L creatures have only their heads and torsos protected by the field of force. All classes may use this wand, which cannot be recharged. Each use of the wand drains one charge.

Wand of Banishment

Experience Point Value: 5,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 30,000

Lore: Savengriff was a young magic-worker of Waterdeep who fell in with a band of reckless adventurers and was slain in battle with a beholder. His corpse was found by the Archmage Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun, who arranged for his resurrection. Savengriff became a loyal apprentice, but has devoted much of his time since then to devising means of avoiding fearsome beings—and another death like his first.

The *wand of banishment* was one result. Savengriff made over a dozen of these before he vanished into other planes than this; most passed into the hands of good mages across the North, one Savengriff took with him, one he gave to Khelben, and he is thought to have hidden away at least one. Elminster gives the command word of one he examined, but has not revealed in whose possession that wand was, or is now. The word is “Baerlaguth.”

Function: This wand is usable only by magic-users; it cannot be recharged, and each use (effective or not) drains one charge. Upon command, a needle-thin ray of flickering green light shoots from the wand's tip up to 4" distant, striking a single target creature (the tar-

get is allowed a save vs. spell at -1; a successful save means the ray missed). Creatures struck by the ray are affected as follows:

- A *summoned* creature (from another plane) is instantly *banished* back to its own plane; it must save vs. wand at -4 to remain. If it does remain, it is *held* for one round.

- A creature summoned from elsewhere on the Prime Material Plane (i.e. by *monster summoning*, *call woodland beings*, or the like) is driven away; it leaves instantly at normal movement rate, stopping only to defend itself if attacked, and does not return.

- A hostile creature of 2+2 hit dice or less (including enemy familiars or homunculi) is affected as if by a *repulsion* spell, for 4 rounds. The target is allowed a save vs. wand; if successful, the *repulsion* lasts for 2 rounds.

- A hostile creature of more than 2+2 hit dice must save vs. wands at -4; if unsuccessful, it is *slowed* for 2-5 (at random) rounds. If save is successful, there is no effect.

- By draining 6 charges at once the wielder may attempt to *repel* any other wands within 4". The power does not work if fewer than six are left, but the charges are drained anyway. All wands are allowed a save vs. “Lightning” on the Saving Throw Matrix for Magical and Non-Magical Items at -3. If successful, they are unaffected. Any affected wands are instantly and violently *telekinised* away from the *wand of banishment* at a distance of 10"-60", and held that distance for 1-4 rounds. Wands carried in the hand or belt will tear free; wands in backpacks and chests drag the owner or item with them—unless very heavy or bulky, in which case the wand smashes about within the item, perhaps being destroyed. Wands in extra-dimensional spaces such as a *bag of holding* or that produced by a *rope trick* are immune to this effect.

Only one creature can be attacked with a *wand of banishment* per round; the ray only affects one creature at a time, although it may affect any num-



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ber of wands. Any given creature can be affected by any particular *wand of banishment* only once every 12 hours; a creature cannot be repeatedly attacked, or attacked a second time or with a different function of the wand, if an initial attack fails. Subsequent attempts merely waste charges; a creature that has saved once against the wand (or endured one successful attack) cannot be affected by the wand again until the dweomer built up around the creature by the wand dissipates in 12 hours.

Wand of Darkness

Experience Point Value: 4,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 25,000

Lore: Human and drow mages acting at the behest of the powerful forces of evil that inhabit the Lower Planes are believed to have made these fell magical devices. They enable the weakest servants of evil to hold their own, and can be found throughout the Realms. They are made of black ebony-wood or carved and polished bone, and a few have small, ornamental claws at one or both ends. Elminster warns that they are dangerous to those of good alignment. Demons, devils, illithids, and other creatures of evil seem attracted to the use of such wands. From sources he does not disclose, Elminster reports six known command words for such wands: "Orgul," "Meth," "Kulmur," "Druu," "Ulgukh," and "Ssleer." After the command word is spoken, choice of the wand function is by mental concentration of the bearer.

Functions: A *wand of darkness* has four separate functions. It can be wielded by any intelligent, speaking creature of neutral or evil alignment. Creatures of good alignment cannot make the wand function and suffer 1-2 points of damage per contact with the wand—or, if they, grasp it continuously, 1-2 points of damage per round. It can be recharged.

The powers of the wand are these:

- It can cause *darkness* 15' radius lasting 4 rounds and centered on the tip

of the wand, at a cost of 1 charge. The bearer of the wand (and anyone else, while touching the wand) can see perfectly in any *darkness* produced by the wand.

- The wand can be commanded to *summon* a nightmare (see *Monster Manual* at a cost of 3 charges. This summoning has a 4 in 6 chance of success; the charges are lost even if it fails. The nightmare is brought from an evil Outer Plane, and appears in an explosion of black smoke and a brimstone stench within 3 rounds, whereupon it immediately knows and serves its summoner. It can be commanded to fight on the summoner's behalf, or take the summoner into the Astral or Ethereal Plane. It so serves for 9 turns at a time, and then vanishes. If the summoner is then astride it, he or she is taken along for the ride, or flung off, usually to be hurt when landing.

- By touch, and at a cost of 2 charges, a *wand of darkness* can break a *protection from evil* circle, or deal any creatures of good alignment 2-5 points of fiery damage. Creatures immune to fire, or creatures of neutral or evil alignments, are unharmed, but the charges are lost.

- By touch, and at a cost of 4 charges, a *wand of darkness* can animate a single corpse of a size S or M creature. A zombie, skeleton, or animal zombie is thus produced and can be commanded by the wand-wielder as though an *animate dead* spell had been cast. The undead creature serves until destroyed or until 6 turns have elapsed, then it collapses. If it is still intact, a corpse or skeleton can then be animated anew by the expenditure of 4 additional charges. Attempts to animate incomplete skeletons fail, but still drain 4 charges. The wand cannot be used to control existing undead, but only undead creatures created by the wand.

In addition, 10% of these wands can *summon* a shadow when so ordered. This function has a 1 in 3 chance of success (2 in 3 if in deep caverns or ancient ruins) and expends 4 charges if successful or not. The shadow arrives in 3

rounds, and does not attack any creature holding or touching the wand.

Wand of Displacement

Experience Point Value: 3,500

Gold Piece Sale Value: 25,000

Lore: This wand is exceedingly rare; probably only a dozen or so exist, and most are in the possession of thieves' guilds in large cities. The inventor is thought to be the long-ago mage Scholus, who made a few which he sold for vast sums of money before disappearing forever into other planes. He alone knew the secret of their making.

These wands are among the most closely guarded (and eagerly sought) treasures of dweomercraft. The Guild in Baldur's Gate is known to hold one, and it is thought that another lies in the hands of thieves in Hillsfar. Several are rumored to be in the rich cities of the South (due to the number of inexplicable thefts there), but the precise whereabouts of none can be heard or read. Elminster can only give a partial set of command words for but a single wand (which one is not known), from all his books of lore; three of the six words for that wand are: "Tamyrr," "Urembom," and "Lairu."

Function: A *wand of displacement* can *teleport without error* single pieces (or several pieces fastened together in some way) of non-living material (which may be organic or formerly alive) up to 16" away from their initial position. The wielder must touch the material to be *teleported* with the wand while speaking a command word, and later touch the intended new location of the material while speaking the same command word. The material will then be *teleported* from one location to the other within one segment. Once the *teleport* has been accomplished, the command word can be used for another object.

Magical items (or any items bearing a dweomer) may be transported without affecting their magic in any way, but the following limitations apply; if the



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material is of over 30 cubic feet in volume (weight does not matter), or is contained within a magical prison (such as a protective circle, *protection from evil*, a *forcecage*, *imprisonment*, etc.), or the intended new location is over 16" distant from its location at the time the wand-wielder speaks the command word a second time, the *teleport* does not work and the magic is lost. The command word is again free for use.

Material that is destroyed, consumed, or made living (e.g. a corpse resurrected) also cannot *teleport*.

The wand may touch the intended location(s) any number of times without activating if the command word is not spoken. A magical prison (such as a petrified creature, *magic jar* or the like) could itself be *teleported*, and the teleportation circumvents any physical or magical barriers around the new location—or between the two objects. The wand cannot move objects from plane to plane.

Each wand has six set and unchangeable command words; up to six items can be simultaneously carried, or held ready to *teleport*.

Teleports can be made in any order; the first word need not be spoken a second time before the second, third, or fourth is spoken. The *teleport* will not work, however, if a location is touched before the item. A *dispel magic* cast upon the item does not negate or foil a

not-yet-completed *teleportation*; only magical imprisonment (see above) of the item can prevent the *teleportation*. Once *teleports* are wasted by failing to work or used successfully, the command words corresponding to them are freed again for re-use. Knowledge of only one or two command words permits simultaneously carrying only one or two items.

This wand may not be recharged, and each *teleport*, successful or not, drains one charge. This wand may be used by all classes.

Wand of Eyes

Experience Point Value: 3,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 20,000

Function: This wand emits a *wizard eye* (cf. the fourth level magic-user spell) upon command; each such use drains 1 charge. The range and duration of the *eye* is as if cast by a 6th level magic-user, regardless of the level of the wand wielder. Any user who has never employed a *wizard eye* spell before typically requires 1-2 rounds to master movement about, focussing, and comprehension of what is seen by an eye. The wand can also *cure blindness* by touch and command (at a cost of 4 charges per use). If touched to the eyes of any one creature (including the wielder) and properly commanded, the

wand can confer the ability to *see invisible creatures and objects* within the affected creature's normal range of vision for the following round only, at a cost of 3 charges. Note that this ability is not *X-ray vision*; items and beings concealed behind solid barriers cannot be discerned. This wand functions only once in a round regardless of how it is wielded, and *not* once for each of its functions. No known method of recharging such wands has yet been perfected.

Wand of Hammerblows

Experience Point Value: 1,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 8,000

Lore: The mage Phultan recently developed this device, and has used it to shatter potion vials, delicate jewelry, brittle parchment maps and scrolls, lanterns, mirrors, ladder rungs, and even the material components of rival spellcasters. It can't directly affect living creatures, and is thus little sought after by rival mages, but Phultan has sold several to thieves and assassins in Westgate, Amn, the Vilhon Reach, and the Kingdoms of the South, who have seen its potential. Elminster has examined one that was found on a thief slain in Waterdeep, and sets down its powers below. Its command word, he reports, is: "Dessout."





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Function: This wand, when activated by a whispered command, causes objects to be affected as if by a “crushing blow” (forcing a saving throw to be made at par on the Saving Throw Matrix for Magical and Non-Magical Items, *DMG* p. 80). Targets must be non-living items, of any size, but at least some portion of them must be within 6” of the tip of the wand—and they must be visible to the wand-wielder when the wand is activated.

No known physical or magical barriers can stop the wand’s effect, which is silent and does not affect or alert surroundings—such as a creature holding the item—at all. No actual physical blow is dealt, but rather, there is a magical assault on the internal structure of the item.

The wand can be used by any class, and is rechargeable. One charge is expended per “hammerblow”, regardless of the blow’s effectiveness. It is not possible to hit an alternate item by accident—the intended target is chosen mentally by the wand-wielder, and if it is missed, nothing at all occurs.

Wand of Knock

Experience Point Value: 2,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 15,000

Functions: This rare and unusual type of wand has a variety of powers. It can perform only one such function in a round, and so operates only once in that round. Its most common function is to open all normal locks at a touch, noiselessly and within 1 round per lock. This drains one charge per lock, but does not alert the wielder to, or deactivate, any traps or alarms associated with such locks. Magically *held* or *wizard locked* portals, doors, and hatches can be passed through freely at a touch of this wand. The *hold* on *held* things is negated, at a cost of 1 charge per level of the caster who put it there; a *wizard lock* is opened for 6 rounds, not destroyed, for the same cost in charges. This process takes 1 round for magical *holds*, and 1-3 (determine randomly) for

locks; once begun, the wand wielder need not keep the wand in contact with the door and can turn his or her attention elsewhere. Again, the wand neither detects nor affects traps or alarms connected to such magics.

The wand can alert creatures up to 6” distant, when grasped and soundlessly directed. This function does not expend charges, and takes the form of either an audible, faint but distinct “knocking” sound, or a soundless tap on one creature—a force insufficient to deal damage, or affect balance or spellcasting—as the wielder chooses.

At a cost of 1 charge, this wand can also operate as a *shatter* spell (cf. 1st level magic-user spell; 6” range, non-magical glass only). This wand can be recharged.

Wand of Magical Mirrors

Experience Point Value: 3,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 20,000

Lore: These wands were made by the arch-mage Glendar who, though good and noble in life, became a lich, and was later destroyed. The knowledge of their making is now lost. Perhaps twenty were made, and most survive about the Realms in the possession of powerful mages, or in treasure caches. Elminster has found four known command words in his researches: “Phasral,” “Talusta,” “Ormduth,” and “Resshemma.” To which wands these apply—and indeed, where specifically any of these wands are—is not known.

Function: Activation of this wand creates an opaque, silvery, and reflective circular shield of force. This shield appears wherever the wand is pointing, 1” distant from the wielder of the wand, facing outward. Its surface reflects images (including the gaze of the catoblepas and basilisk) like a mirror; the wand wielder can look through the mirror as though it was a window without suffering any harm from such attacks—and when viewed through the shield, things appear as they truly are: illusions are invisible; creatures or

items disguised by magic, mutable form, or invisibility (e.g. dopplegangers, *shapechanged* individuals, leprechauns, demodands, and devils) are revealed in true aspect; and so forth.

The mirror-shield lasts for 3-8 rounds (at random, not at the wielder’s command) and moves as the wielder moves the point of the wand. Each wand can only have one shield created from it in existence at a time (the first shield instantly disappears if the second is activated). The caster need not concentrate on the shield to maintain its existence, and can even put the wand down or pass the wand to another (who thereby assumes control of the shield’s location) to engage in spell casting or other activities.

The shield has no tangible physical existence; it can neither ward off attacks or be used as a weapon. Creatures pass through it as though it does not exist. It does, however, reflect *color spray* spells striking it from any direction directly back at the caster, and harmlessly dispel *darkness* and *prismatic spheres, walls* and *sprays* upon contact. A *dispel magic, limited wish, wish*, or *alter reality* destroys such a shield; it cannot otherwise be affected. Each creation of such a shield drains one charge from the wand, and such wands are not rechargeable. Magic-users, illusionists, clerics, and druids may use this wand.

Wand of Obliteration

Experience Point Value: 2,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,500

Lore: The origin, and means of making, these rare and powerful wands is now lost. Six were discovered in a chest on the island realm of Ruathym over a hundred years ago. One is now thought to be in the treasury of that nation—the finders sold the others at enormous prices and their descendants are now wealthy merchant families of that nation.

If any others have been found since, no one knows about it. The where-



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abouts of all are unknown.

Elminster believes that only about ten have ever existed in the Realms; he can find no hint of even a single command word for any of them. The wands are said to be dangerous; sometimes they turn back upon the user.

Function: This wand can harmlessly erase and dispel symbols, glyphs of warding, and other written messages and runes (such as wizard mark). It can obliterate scrolls, and even pages from spell books, but all such items (regardless of how written and on what) gain a saving throw vs. “magical fire” on the Saving Throw Matrix For Magical and Non-Magical Items, as if they were “parchment or paper,” with bonuses and penalties as follows:

- Normal, non-magical writing: -3
- Wizard mark, identifying rune or sigil for magical person or thing, command word, message concealed by unreadable magic: +1
- Symbol, glyph of warding, protective circle or other magical rune: +2
- Single written spell (e.g. scroll), secret page magic: +3
- Spell book page (or scroll if in close proximity to other scrolls or spell books); includes all multi-spell scrolls, but not secret page spell book pages: +4

Messages and marks deeply cut into stone cannot be destroyed by this wand. Only one message (regardless of extent), spell, or magical rune can be affected with the wand per round, and the fading (if successful) takes a full round. If an erasing attempt is unsuccessful, there is a 5% chance the wand will explode, doing 10-54 (4d12+6) points of damage to all within 1". The wand cannot be recharged, and each use, successful or not, drains one charge. Only magic-users, illusionists, and incantatrixes (see DRAGON® Magazine, issue #90) can use this wand.

Wand of Ochalor's Eye

Experience Point Value: 3,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 15,000

This wand is topped with a fiery orange gem, known as *Ochalor's eye*, or *the eye of fear*. It pulses with light, and when glowing acts as an extra-strong fear spell; all creatures within its 6" range (cone-shaped area of effect as in fear spell) drop anything in their hands and quake in fear, rooted to the spot. They stare at the eye gem in a trance, oblivious to all else. Creatures of under 6 hit dice get no saving throw; creatures of 6 hit dice and over get a saving throw as follows: 6 hit dice save at -3, 7 hit dice save at -2, 8 hit dice save at -1, 9 hit dice and up save normally. Creatures which are afraid are frozen to the spot unless the gem is hidden from their view if they are physically struck, whereupon they break free of their trance and flee blindly, screaming in terror, for five rounds (or longer if they are not out of sight of the wand by that time).

It is said that those who look into the lighted gem see the manner of their death, endlessly replayed. Others speak of some cold and malignant intelligence which seems to know all their faults and fears—and to laugh contemptuously at them. Few afterwards remember what of this is true, but their fear and hatred of *Ochalor's eye* remain. Any creature who has suffered the effects of the wand is 50% likely to attempt to destroy any wand of this type subsequently encountered, regardless of whether it is held by friend or foe.

Each wink of the gem expends 1 charge. Upon draining all charges, the gem shatters. It cannot be recharged.

Wand of Teeth

Experience Point Value: 3,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 15,000

Lore: Lantan of Pelmarin, that sinister and rotund mage notorious for his ruthless domination of the mages of the South through poison, subterfuge, and awesome magics, is said to have looked like a pomegranate in death. “Full of holes,” said the merchant Zustel of

Amn, who viewed the body, “holes right through!” Lantan came out the loser in a battle with the bard Tamshan, a grim but gentle man who possessed a spell Lantan wanted. Tamshan still holds the cause of Lantan's demise—a *wand of teeth*, one of the only seven known to exist.

The origin and method of manufacturing these devices is lost in antiquity, and the few remaining wands are all thought to still possess only a few charges each. Anczibul of Neverwinter spent much of his apprenticeship to the Archmage Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun studying Khelben's specimen of the wand, and from his diaries Elminster has decoded the hidden command word of Khelben's wand: “Neverretha.” The “Book of Bulgoz,” written by the Southern merchant of that name, attests that Elzir of Calimshan possessed a *wand of teeth* and that its word of command was “Orlethar.”

Function: This wand is not rechargeable; it calls forth a certain number of “teeth” (one per charge), firing at targets up to 7" distant. The missiles it fires are daggerlike wedges or blades of force that coalesce out of nothingness within one second of activation. (Actually, Elminster believes they are drawn from material and kinetic energy from the Positive Material Plane.) In the next segment they flash arrow-straight from the tip of the wand to the extent of the wand's range, passing through everything in their paths except *spheres of annihilation*, *prismatic spheres*, *shield spells*, and *walls or cubes of force*, all of which swallow or absorb them. A *forcecage* spell, or an existing *armor* (as in the 1st level magic-user spell or that caused by the *wand of armory*, see above) deflects a tooth.

A strike by a tooth does 4-14 (2+2d6) points of damage (save vs. spell reduces the damage by half), and strikes (as though a hand weapon directly wielded by the wand-wielder) at +2 to hit. Solid rock deflects a tooth; any other material is struck and damaged by it, although magical items cause any plus they pos-



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sess to be subtracted from the tooth's hit roll. *Wind wall* and *gust of wind* spells, and similar air disturbances (such as those caused by windwalkers or air elementals) have no effect on the flight of a tooth. All classes may employ this wand.

Wand of Warding

Experience Point Value: 4,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 20,000

Function: This device is not rechargeable. It can perform a variety of spell-like functions, one at a time and only once per round. All such spells are cast as if by a 12th level magic-user, rather than operating at the 6th level of expertise. All such effects emanate from the wand (i.e. the *push* and *shield*), and protect (i.e. *protection from evil*) the wand wielder only. *Protection from evil* (2 charges), *push* (1 charge), *shield* (1 charge), *wall of force* (4 charges), *guards and wards* (6 charges), *repulsion* (5 charges).

Ten percent of such wands cast *protection from good* rather than *protection from evil*, but are not themselves aligned, and otherwise operate identically.

Wand of Whips

Experience Point Value: 2,500
Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,000

Lore: First heard of in use by the fell Wizards of Thay, whose wands create red, barbed whips (and have never been known to pass out of the wizards' possession), the secrets of making such wands were passed west through unknown means (probably a renegade apprentice, such as the Adept of Mulmaster or one of the Cowled Wizards of Amn). Mages such as Nelver and Tusprun of the Ten Smokes are known to use such devices. One is thought to have been lost in the Vast Deeps when the sorcerer Alamanth was slain in battle aboard a ship off of Port Llast.

Alamanth set down precise details of the powers and means of using his



wand—save for the command word, which is thought to have died with him—and it is from his records that Elminster passes on all details of this type of wand.

Function: This wand shoots forth a whip-shaped field of white, shimmering magical force to a maximum (horizontal and vertical) range of 7". The wielder of the wand names, looks at, or concentrates upon a specific target creature or automaton (i.e., golem, undead, homunculus, or the like), and the whip attacks this creature and this creature only. The whip remains in existence for 4 rounds; if the target is beyond 7" from the wand when it is cast, the whip flashes instantly (in one segment) to the limit of its range, and hangs motionless, waiting, at the point closest to its target. Otherwise the whip strikes once per round, as a *Qual's feather token* (see DMG) does: at +1 to hit and on damage, doing 2-7 hit points of damage per strike, and binding fast an opponent for 2-7 rounds if a save vs. spell is not made after each successful strike.

Once a whip has bound an opponent, the wand wielder cannot release it to strike again. The whip cannot change targets. A whip may follow an opponent that it has struck at least once beyond 7" moving with the target, even if the target *teleports*, *blinks*, *plane shifts*, enters a rock or plant, etc. The whip can hit invisible and ethereal, but not astral, creatures without penalty. The *wand of whips* may be recharged. Only magic-users, illusionists, and incantatrixes may wield it.

Whisper's Rod of Transportation

Experience Point Value: 5,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 15,000

This rod, devised by the wizard Whisper, allows the bearer to change his location in but 2 segments. He or she may *blink* (drains 1 charge), *dimension door* (drains 2 charges), or *teleport* (drains 3 charges). Each of these functions may be used twice a day.

Five percent of these rods can also *plane shift* (drains 5 charges), but the destination is not known to, or under the control of, the rod's employer.

The rod's powers may affect not only the bearer but other creatures and objects in direct physical contact with the bearer, up to a limit of 6660 gp weight. The rod may be deliberately "boosted" to affect 7770 gp weight by the bearer, but this drains 1 additional charge, *and* drains a magical item (at random) within 2". (If no such item is present, the boost will not work, and someone or something—determine at random—is left behind.)

The rod will not transport objects that are firmly anchored (e.g. walls, most altars, et cetera), and if the rod ever lacks enough charges to fulfil the desired function, a lesser function for which charges remain will operate.

Large groups of people *blinking* will scatter, *blinking* randomly apart, unless they maintain firm physical contact.



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Albruin

Experience Point Value: 5,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 25,000

Description: Albruin is a broadsword of a steel/electrum/silver alloy, demonstrably as effective as silver against undead and other creatures who suffer particular effects from contact with that metal. It is +1 to hit and +3 on damage. It sheds an eerie blue radiance (up to 1" radius) when drawn from its scabbard. It is of chaotic neutral alignment (Intelligence 17, Ego 13), communicates by speech (alignment tongue, common, elvish, drow, thieves' cant), and can read languages and magical writing.

Albruin's bearer can, at will, activate—and maintain by concentration—the sword's power to *detect invisible* objects in a 1" radius. Albruin can also *neutralize poison* once every three days, and *heal* its bearer once every 12 days. These powers are evoked at the will of the bearer, or by the sword if the bearer is unconscious and Albruin deems it advantageous to itself to activate either power. Physical contact between Albruin and flesh of the bearer is necessary for the powers to work, but the sword need not be drawn to let it *neutralize* or *heal*.

Lore: Albruin is believed to be the creation of the long-dead smith Surdee, who was famous in his day for the craftsmanship of his work that came out of the forges of ice-bound Glistar, where he worked ore fresh from the mines above the city on the edge of the glacier. The blade itself evades questions as to its origins: there are no markings or definite touches of workmanship that identify Albruin as the work of anyone in particular.

Albruin was held for decades in the royal house of Cormyr, kept as a family treasure but seldom (due to its alignment) borne by the kings of that land. It was stolen from the palace at Suzail some ninety winters ago by the thief Nypan ("Nipe"), a halfling who was soon arrested at Wheloon by soldiers of Cormyr and slain when he attempted



escape. Nipe did not have the blade when seized, and did not reveal its whereabouts. It was rumored among the thieves of that place that he had sold it to a "grey trader" (fence) by the name of Blusken Shult, who had a merchant barge on the Wyvernwater, and that Blusken had sailed from Wheloon up to a part on the northern shore of the Wyvernwater and delivered the sword to a waiting buyer.

The blade's whereabouts were uncertain for some twenty-four winters, until a lady of high birth in Selgaunt, one Shamur, found the blade left behind in her bedchamber by a visitor fleeing the city guard. He never returned, and Shamur sold it when she married. It was bought by an adventurer visiting the city of Selgaunt on matters of trade (gold for mercenaries) and wielded thereafter in several minor skirmishes about the Eastingreach before its owner died in an ambush. His slayer, the adventurer-prince Thaum of Telflamm, used Albruin to help take the lands of Impiltur forcibly from his father's rule

and found his own kingdom. Thaum eventually died by magic (hired by his father Kuskur, who was unable to regain control of the lost lands militarily), and Albruin was acquired by one of Thaum's warriors, who fled the dead king's keep and took the blade back westward into the Dalelands.

This warrior, one Adjuz by name, perished at the hands of brigands on a northern road, and Albruin disappeared from view—but not before Adjuz had sought out a sage (Elminster, of course) in Shadowdale to learn the blade's true nature and powers.

After the death of Adjuz, the trail of the sword is hidden for some eight winters, but it is known to have been in the hands of the mercenary general Malakar on his visit to Zhentil Keep in the spring of the ninth year thereafter, and was identified again by the sage Murail of Sarbreen when a mercenary warrior sought him out to learn the blade's properties in that city some six winters beyond that time. From then to now, the whereabouts of Albruin are unknown, but Elminster is careful to remind us that its plain appearance and its ability to control many of its bearers contribute to this anonymity.

Adjatha, The Drinker

Experience Point Value: 7,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 35,000

Lore: The Drinker is first known to have existed more than four hundred years ago, in the reign of Kurskos Ironhand; it was the sword of that monarch's herald and chief counselor, Amrok of the Dwarves. Kurskos slew Amrok in a night of revelry after one Shieldmeet, and took Adjatha the Drinker—plus the enmity of the dwarves—as his own. Amrok was of almost human stature, and it has often been said Adjatha is of human and not dwarven manufacture, for it is of full size and heft for a strong, long-armed swordsman.

The stories of its making are many and colorful—and most are doubtless as



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fanciful as the tale told by Thyri of Amn, who looted Adjatha from the palace vaults in the sack of Aumreayum upon the death of Kurskos. Thyri held that Adjatha was given to his grandfather by the gods, and made any of the family who wielded it invulnerable in battle.

Thyri was easily—almost contemptuously—slain by the first man who challenged him, a merchant from Calimshan. That merchant, whose name is lost, was slain while on caravan soon after by a mischievous kenku. In like manner, The Drinker has often changed hands over the years, usually remaining only a short time with any one owner.

Elminster saw Adjatha forty winters ago at the court of Nesker of Mulmaster, when the sorcerer-king was studying it to increase his own arts. It disappeared before Nesker's death and came to light briefly in reports of fighting in the Shaar, apparently being wielded by one of the nomad chieftains. The sword was stolen from him, and despite sending agents far afield, he was unable to recover it. The present whereabouts of the blade are unknown.

Description: Adjatha is a +2 long sword of fine blue steel, hilted with steel in single cross-quillon and a plain, spherical, polished knob pommel. Set in the heart of the tang, where the quillons meet just above the fine chain-wrapping of the hilt, is a large (one-inch diameter) cabochon-cut black sapphire (worth 6,000 gp). There are no known markings or runes on the blade, and it does not shed any radiance.

However, upon touching any magical item (not including scrolls, but including potions if these are poured over the blade or it is immersed in them) Adjatha siphons off magical energy, causing the item in question to glow, shedding a pale green-white radiance, until the item is drained of dweomer or the sword and the item are separated.

The Drinker can never permanently drain an artifact or an item with perma-



nent magical abilities, such as another magic sword; but it can steal the magic of lesser items. In all cases, the touch of Adjatha causes one power or effect per round of contact of the item to be nullified for 1-4 turns after contact. If the item has limited charges, or operates but once, sufficient contact with Adjatha can drain it entirely of magic at a rate of one charge or use per round. The blade absorbs the dweomer into itself in a peculiar way, retaining magical energy to protect itself and its bearer.

Per charge drained or round of contact, Adjatha gains 2 "hit points." It has 9 "hit points" worth of personal strength, and may add any magically drained points to its own, without known limit. Any attacks on Adjatha or its bearer must exhaust these phantom "hit points" before they can harm the physical entities of blade or bearer. When reduced to its original 9 hit points, Adjatha cannot absorb further harm to its bearer, and is itself vulnerable. Anyone grasping the grip of Adjatha can receive

its hit point protection; there is room for a maximum of two bare human hands to grasp the grip at one time.

Adjatha cannot repeatedly drain the vitality of the same item; after two contacts with any single item, the Drinker cannot drain anything more from it—but a contact, if uninterrupted, can continue for up to 1 turn before any bearer must withdraw or risk the onset of a *feble-mindedness* due to magical backlash (non-cumulative 10% chance each round beyond one turn of continuous contact). Drained "hit points" gained by Adjatha in no way *cure* existing damage to its bearer, but merely absorb all further attacks until exhausted.

Adjatha cannot drain or negate spells cast at it or its bearer; it confers immunity to psionic *domination*, *charm* spells, and similar direct mind-control spells. This immunity does not extend to *sleep*, *suggestion*, *ESP*, and the like.

Arbane's Sword of Agility

Experience Point Value: 4,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 15,000

Lore: The first of these swords was created by the elf wizard-lord Arbane of Myth Drannor many centuries ago. His first was stolen from him, so he made a second with the aid of an apprentice, who sold the secret to two other magic-user/swordsmiths. The form of manufacture is thought to be forgotten now—Elminster has heard of no one making one in the last five hundred years—but there are over a dozen in existence. Some have even been created with sentience and further powers.

Description: This is a +2 weapon which boasts several powers. These are under the mental control of whoever holds its hilt. The wielder can *jump*, as in the spell (a single leap) twice a day. Two rounds of *hasted* action per 24 hours are also possible—and such activity does not age the character (though it may age the sword).

The sword grants the wielder immunity to *hold* and *slow* spells and glows



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brightly. This glow fluctuates as the sword moves and strikes, in a strobe-like manner; this property of the sword negates magical darkness, and destroys the effects of *hypnotic pattern* or *fire charm* within a 20' radius of the drawn blade. The wielder of the sword gets a saving throw vs. *color spray* (and saves at +1 if 6th level or higher).

Demonbane

Experience Point Value: 4,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 20,000

Legend speaks of a great, many-hued blade of which the origin has been forgotten, but which was wielded by the great paladin Nord in his single-handed destruction of the Citadel of Conjurers. It is written that he overthrew succubi and glaberzu "beyond number" with his sword *Demonbane*, and caused the summoned demon-lord Ndulu to flee from this plane. *Demonbane* earned its name in this battle, but its whereabouts now are unknown. Nord disappeared shortly after the fall of the citadel, and "not a stone of his keep remained when the sun rose that morning," or so write the sages.

With *Demonbane* in hand, a warrior is rendered immune to all enchantment/charm spells cast by demons, and gains a +3 bonus on saving throws vs. other magical attacks by demons. The user also becomes unusually alert, and can only be surprised with a roll of 1 on a d12.

Demonbane glows with a cold, blue light (equal to a *light* spell in effect) when brought within 60' of a demon, and emits no light at any other time. It can cause a demon's amulet to shatter at a touch (amulet must save vs. *disintegration*).

The weapon is a bastard sword with a +3 bonus to hit and damage normally, improving to +5 when used against demonkind. Only fighters and cavaliers and good-aligned members of their subclasses may use this weapon; it falls immediately from the grasp of anyone else who tries to seize it. Naturally, this

sword has earned the utter hatred of all demons and can be identified at a glance by any of them. Anyone using this sword gains the instant and permanent wrath of all demons who see him, and they communicate the sword's location and ownership to all their fellows.

Ilbratha, "Mistress of Battles"

Experience Point Value: 1,500

Gold Piece Sale Value: 7,500

Description: Ilbratha is a bronze short sword with a row of six matched bloodstones set into the helve of the blade on its left face. Each bloodstone is worth 70 gold pieces; as an undamaged set of stones, they might bring 500 to 600 gold pieces if sold shrewdly. Ilbratha does not glow and bears no inscription. It is +1 to hit and +1 on damage, and when grasped by a fighter of any alignment, its powers are communicated telepathically to the holder. This is a feature of its magical manufacture; it is not sentient.



Ilbratha gains its nickname from its powers, which are very useful in combat. When grasped (flesh to handgrip) and mentally ordered, Ilbratha can with its bearer *jump* (as in the spell, 1 leap only) three times per day, *blink* itself and its bearer once per day, and create a *mirror image* of itself and its bearer once per day.

It also rings like a struck chime or tubular bell when it is touching magic; this includes spell effects from devices and physical contact from enchanted items, but not physical effects (such as a *stinking cloud* or a *gust of wind*) caused by an already-cast spell. This power is a warning only, and is no way a protection against magic.

Lore: Ilbratha was created by unknown hands at the behest of Azoun I, long-dead king of Cormyr. He bore it once into battle, at Ithmong in his war with Tethyr, and then lost it in a storm that wrecked his ship on the rocks of the Neck.

The sword was found by fishermen of Teziir and sold to a rich merchant, Sevan of Anmwater. He took it west on caravan along the Trader's Road and the river Chionthar to Scornubel, where he sold it to Phelas Urm, a merchant of Thentia. Phelas brought it overland through Cormyr, where it was recognized in Arabel. Agents of King Azoun attempted to recover it, and slew Phelas, but in the confusion the blade was lost (or stolen by one of the agents for himself).

All trace of it was lost until, two hundred winters later, the sage Thallastam of Procampur was offered the blade for 1,500 gold pieces by a peddler from a nearby town who seemed ignorant of its true nature. Thallastam brought the blade to Elminster in Shadowdale, the only fellow Loremaster interested in swords whom Thallastam trusted.

Elminster identified the blade from the writings of Azoun I (the old king's great-grandson had then just come to the throne), and Thallastam bore it back toward Procampur by way of Tilver's Gap and Essemra. But he was



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never seen again, and did not reach Procampur. His ruined diary, staff, and a skeleton were found some years later when the Pool of Yeven in Battledale was dragged, but the sword was not found. Elminster believes it is in the hands of brigands, or perhaps mercenaries, who have not drawn the blade in battle near the Dales.

Namarra, "The Sword That Never Sleeps"

Experience Point Value: 2,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 10,000

Description: Namarra is a long sword (+2 to hit, +4 to damage) of fine steel forging. It glows with a pale mauve radiance when drawn, and it spits white sparks when striking other metal. On one side of the blade is etched in common: *Namarra*, and on the other face: *Never Sleeps*. The bearer may, at will, evoke the sword's power to emanate *silence 15' radius*.

Namarra is as heavy as a normal weapon, but floats on top of any liquid—fresh water, brine, oil, wine—it has so far been dropped into. The sword has no alignment or sentience.

Lore: Namarra appears in many legends and tall tales, but the term "The Sword That Never Sleeps" appears to be derived from the inscription on the blade, not from any specific property of the sword. Its origin is unknown; Namarra appears to have existed for as long as tales have survived, wielded by such mythic heroes as Eth and Brensyl the Tall. Even the most critical of sages (Kumur the Skeptic, First Speaker of Evernoster) cannot determine Namarra's probable time or place of origin, or find any references in the tales of a world to a time "before Namarra was forged."

Within the last five hundred years, Namarra has been the blade of Serrus the Great, founder of Amn, and a blade borne there by his descendants for three generations; the fourth, Ereskas, bore Namarra north to found the city of Mirabar.



Ereskas died without issue, and Namarra was carefully preserved atop his tomb in the city. There it remained for sixty years, until Mirabar was overrun and plundered in the Goblin Wars. The goblin chieftain Nethaug seized the sword and bore it back to a ravine that the goblins, who were subsequently almost eradicated from the North, still hold today.

The blade remained in goblin hands for almost two hundred seasons, until a goblin named Ghaur was slain by a band of adventurers—the Company of the Gryphon. The leader, a warrior called Flar, gave the blade to Thulmar One-Eye of Port Llast in exchange for training some eighty winters ago.

Thulmar bore the blade until his death in the Cold Winter, whereupon it passed to the Mistress of Port Llast, Stormraven the Proud Queen. Stormraven, who rode and fought at the head of her men with her jet-black hair flowing wildly about her, briefly made Port Llast great. She is fondly remembered by old warriors, and will

live long in fireside tales. At length she married a former foe, Parldulph of Neverwinter, and gave Namarra to her son Rivenhelm.

Rivenhelm became one of the greatest knights, and eventually passed the sword on to Tamper Tencoin, an adventurer. Tencoin stood over the wounded knight in battle with the mercenary Company of the Flaming Fist for most of a day in a vain attempt to save Rivenhelm's life. The tiny band held on til nightfall, when the mercenaries fell back and drove in their tracking dogs to ravage the wounded enemy. Rivenhelm handed Namarra to Tencoin in the darkness and said, "This is yours, now." Leaving a trail of blood behind him, Rivenhelm crawled forward to choke the life out of one dog and died under the jaws of half a dozen more.

Tencoin lost the blade when he was poisoned in the Whistling Wizard Inn four winters ago. The poison made him mad for days, and when he returned to sanity, the blade was gone. Elminster, who saw the blade when Tencoin visited Shadowdale some years before this event, believes it was stolen by local thieves and will soon turn up again. And when it does, Tamper Tencoin will come looking for it.

Shazzellim

Experience Point Value: 1,000
Gold Piece Sale Value: 5,000

Description: A scimitar of rather poor steel but keen edge, with a guard of iron curved into rearing serpents. Its grip is of leather, dyed red, but this may now have been replaced or be brown with age. Shazzellim is neutral evil, has an intelligence of 16 and an ego of 14, and communicates by speech (alignment tongue, common, thieves' cant, orcish). It is +1 to hit, can *detect magic* in a 1" radius if the bearer so wills while wielding it unsheathed, and in like manner can *locate object* in a 12" radius. It can also detect secret doors in a 1/2" radius at the bearer's will, and read any non-magical languages or



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into the hands of Lhemako's superior, Meer. The scimitar does not seem to have passed on to Meer's superiors in Zhentil Keep (unless one of the lords of that city is hiding it from his fellow lords for some reason), and may have been stolen, hidden, or passed to another by Meer before his disappearance.

The "Singing Sword"

Experience Point Value: 1,600

Gold Piece Sale Value: 10,000

Lore: It is rumored that these relatively recent additions to the armories of the world were created for use by the Harpers. Certainly the primary attribute of the sword has to be created with some connivance of one or more bards. With their usual taciturnity, the Harpers are not taking any credit for them, and no bard has actually been seen using one—though this may be more a factor of a dislike of competition than holding the sword in disfavor as a sword.

Description: This is a silver bastard sword that sings constantly, and loudly, while drawn. It is +3, but this may be temporarily negated by magical *silence*. While the song is heard, the bearer of this sword is infused with a sense of confidence and excitement, and never checks morale. The song confers upon the bearer immunity to *charm, command, confusion, fear, friends, repulsion, scare, and suggestion*. *Emotion* cast on the bearer only evokes a *rage* result (focussed on the spell caster). The sword's song can still shriekers and negate the song effect of harpies, but a bard can easily negate its powers by singing a counter-harmony. The sword's song can entrance intelligent creatures of up to 2 hit dice (not including undead or creatures from other planes). If such creatures fail to save versus spells, they are subject to a *suggestion* from the sword's bearer.

Anyone capable of using a sword can use these swords, though it is rumored that some have been created with sentience and alignment, usually good.

Susk, "The Silent Sword"

Experience Point Value: 2,500

Gold Piece Sale Value: 12,500

Lore: Susk is a blade mentioned repeatedly in tales and legends of the north. Its origin is unknown—and curiously, never mentioned in any folklore—but it seems to have always been around in the hands of someone or other. Its present whereabouts are a mystery; the sage Elminster can speak of its location with certainty only over a short span of time beginning some twenty winters ago, when he recognized it in the hands of Abadda, a prince of the Fallen Kingdom, who was then a proud wanderer and bandit leader.

Abadda was challenged by Distyl of Nesme at the court of Alustriel, High Lady of Silverymoon, in Elminster's presence. During the fight that followed, Elminster and at least one other—the adventurer Urnen of Yartar—recognized the blade for what it was.

Abadda was slain in combat, and Distyl rightfully took the sword. Shortly thereafter, he was found dead by his campfire on the Trollmoors, and Urnen was seen in Longsaddle not much afterward, brandishing a blade that demonstrably was Susk—to Urnen's eternal dismay: when he let it go involuntarily in a tavern brawl, it hung in midair, beyond his grasp, as he was dragged to the floor and stabbed to death.

A local bully, Usk Harpell, claimed the blade, but was found dead in a nearby alley within the night, the blade gone. It disappeared from view at that time, but recent reports from Shadowdale (some six winters back) and Mulmaster (some two winters back) suggest that the strange blade is still "changing hands the hard way" among the adventurers and caravan merchants of the Realms.

Description: Susk is a slim long sword of fine make and good (oil-) slaked steel, devoid of adornment or inscription. It does not glow of itself or even reflect light, so that it does not appear to be metal from afar. Its nickname comes

maps. It will *heal* its bearer once per day, at the bearer's will, and has a special purpose: to slay bards. Any bard struck by Shazzellim is *disintegrated* unless the victim saves vs. spell.

Lore: Shazzellim was created by (or at least under the orders and with the assistance of) Lauzoril of the Red Wizards of Thay, in order to destroy his enemies, the Harpers. The cause of Lauzoril's enmity toward the Harpers is unknown.

Elminster saw Shazzellim when Ahlzul, a captain of the armies of Thay, brought it to Archendale to slay the ranger Dove. Mistakenly, Ahlzul attacked the wrong woman—the knight Jasilmer—and was himself slain. Ahlzul's men recovered Shazzellim and their captain's body, but were later killed by men of Archendale over a code-of-conduct dispute.

Shazzellim disappeared from view briefly, was later identified by the sage Helavaster of Hillsfar when brought to that city by the caravan master Lhemako Tarsakh, and subsequently passed



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from its magical silence: the sword never rings, clatters, scrapes, or emits any sound. A blade struck against it may ring, but Susk itself remains silent. This silence in no way affects creatures, spells, objects, or any area around the blade, including its bearer.

Susk is +3 to hit, but does normal long sword damage. It has no apparent intelligence or sentience, and only one other magical property—it levitates involuntarily. That is, it can never rise, fall, or move in any way by itself, but always remains stationary when released, even if in midair. It can be moved while so floating by being struck with other objects, or by magical means (such as *telekinesis*), but stops quickly when such force is removed.

Susk cannot therefore be effectively hurled at an opponent, or tossed away to prevent its capture—it stops mere inches from the point of release and hangs in midair. There is no known limit to, or way to nullify, this power. If grasped by the hilt, Susk stops levitating, even if the grasper wants it to continue. On the other hand, objects no more than twice its 3-pound weight can be hung on its blade and it remains in midair. Any further weight causes it to descend to the nearest flat surface at varying rates of speed, depending on how much weight has been put on it. Anything over 60 pounds causes it to fall at normal speeds.

Any creature may grasp (and if not a spell caster to whom cold steel is forbidden, wield) Susk without harm. It confers no magic resistance or spell immunities upon the bearer.

Syrar's Silver Sword

Experience Point Value: 1,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 4,000

This +1 silver weapon employs a combination of spells devised by the archmage Syrar. These magics allow the blade to breach the barriers between planes in much the same manner as a cockatrice and similar animals do. Thus, it can strike targets on the astral

and ethereal planes which are susceptible to magical weapon attacks. But when so wielded (user on the prime material, target on another plane) it is treated as a normal weapon to hit. The +1 to damage applies in all cases.

Anyone holding the sword can see into either the astral or ethereal plane (one at a time) at will, viewing a spherical area with a 3" radius centered on the tip of the drawn blade. The user need not employ the sword offensively in order to be able to use the viewing power; thus, clerics and magic-users can make use of this ability of the sword. However, such viewing can only be maintained for a number of rounds equal to the holder's intelligence, plus 1-4 additional rounds, and the viewing ability only functions once per day, regardless of the length of time each viewing is sustained.

Only the sword itself, and never any part of the wielder, any other physical object or form of attack or spell, can reach into the other planes. To creatures residing on the other planes, the weapon is clearly visible whenever drawn, and its bearer appears as a shadowy, indistinct figure which they may reach through the planes to attack, but at -2 to hit.

The viewing ability also works for users on the astral and ethereal planes with respect to their ability to see into the Prime Material and the plane they are not in at the moment.

Taragarth, "The Bloodbrand"

Experience Point Value: 1,000

Gold Piece Sale Value: 5,000

Description: Taragarth is a bastard sword, of steel fire-blackened along the length of the blade so that only the sharpened edges gleam. On the base of the blade, just ahead of the simple crossbar guard, is a rune etched into the metal. The rune is non-magical and evidently the mark of the blade's maker, but who the maker is has been lost over time.

Taragarth requires strength and stature to wield. While it is held unsheathed, the bearer is protected from fire (effects equal a *ring of fire resistance*) and is protected by a *feather fall* if descending 10' or more precipitously.

Taragarth strikes normally but does +3 damage. It does not glow and is not sentient. While gripping Taragarth (even sheathed), the bearer is protected from *ESP* and *detection* spells (including *know alignment*). Such spells simply have no effect. This protection does not affect *charm*, *sleep*, other control-related spells, or psionic attacks.

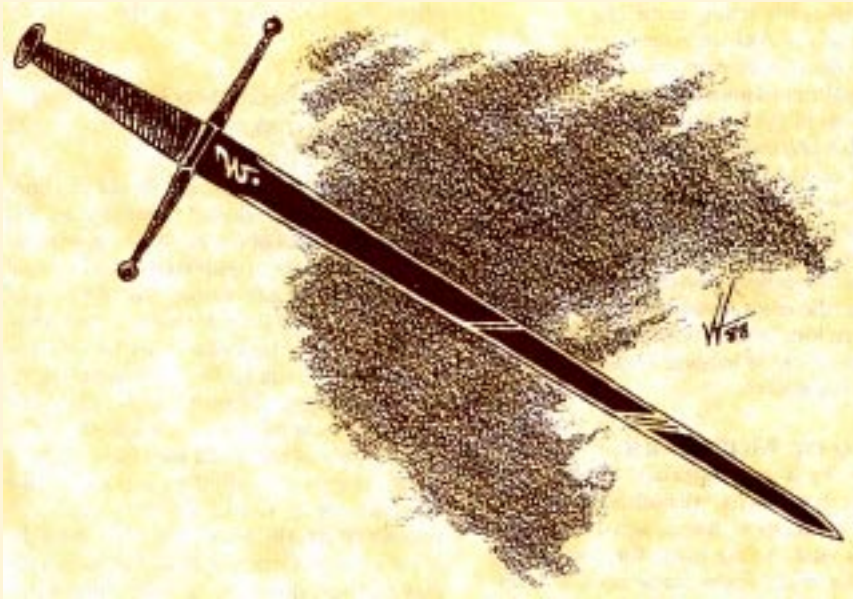
Lore: Taragarth was forged by Elfgar of Silvermoon in the early days of the North, and was given to the champion Aeroth when he led the armies of the kingdoms of the North against the trolls of the Evermoors. The might of the trolls was broken at the Long Battle (of nine days duration) across the moors, and Taragarth was brandished aloft bloodily so often by the valiant Aeroth that it was dubbed "The Bloodbrand."

Much later, when Aeroth was grey-bearded, Rayuth of Silvermoon died, and the throne passed to his son. Aeroth, grieving for his lord (and none-too-fond of the sadistic, proud, Tulven Rayuthson), took ship west from Waterdeep, sailing first to the isle of Toaridge-at-the-Sun's-Setting and later to the Moonshae Isles. There, with his wife and six sons, Aeroth founded the city of Vlan. His descendants, the nucleus of a group swelled by other disenchanting or dispossessed mainlanders, were to become the feuding merchant houses of the Moonshae Isles.

But Aeroth's sword was not seen on his voyage, and most legends hold that he left it in Silvermoon, where it has been lost in some concealed hoard or in one of the many warren-like caverns beneath the city. A few sages know that, in truth, Aeroth hid the blade in a ruined well on the island of Toaridge so that his argumentative sons would not fight over it.



Swords



There it lay while ages passed, until an exploration party of illithids found it and carried it to their underground city on the mainland near what is now Beregost. There it was studied for only a short time before a band of adventurers plundered much of the city and gained it.

The names of the adventurers are now lost; one was a fighter who later took service in the merchant-guards of Amn and died battling bandits on the banks of the Sulduskoon river. It seems likely that he bore Taragarth, but no word of it can be found after it (presumably) fell into the hands of the bandits, until a wandering peddler offered it for sale in a market at Berdusk. It brought 400 pieces of gold from an adventurer who recognized it, but he mistakenly told a companion what he thought the sword was, and was dead by the next morning. So was the com-

panion, murdered in turn by the assassin Turl.

Turl carried the blade north to the city of Scornubel, using it to pay off a debt to his guildmaster Iritan. Little is known of Iritan, who evidently ruled the guild with an iron hand for more than twenty winters. One spring he appeared in Waterdeep, dying of poisoned wounds, and gave the blade, plus more wealth, to the wizard Marune. Much of Marune's wealth was lost in subsequent upheavals, and the Bloodbrand fell into the hands of an unknown someone in Waterdeep. Where it traveled then is not known, but four winters ago it was brought to Elminster for examination when he was visiting Westgate by a swarthy, much-scarred fighting man of Calimshan who gave his name as Vulph. The present whereabouts of Vulph and of the blade Taragarth are unknown.

Weapons

Darts of Branding

Experience Points Value: 200

Gold Piece Sale Value: 1,500

When thrown, *darts of branding* burst into blinding flame unquenchable by water or cold, and this conflagration leaves a branded mark where such a *dart* strikes. These marks may be shaped by careful construction of the *dart* into runes or devices (and usually are). The *dartfire* consumes the weapon and does 5-9 points more damage than normal *darts*. Non-fire-resistant creatures get no save vs. this fiery damage, but the *dartfire* is relatively feeble and will do no damage if the target is protected by a *resist fire*, *dispel magic*, or more powerful protective spell. *Darts of branding* can pass undamaged through a *wall of fire*, however, and will derive additional heat from the wall, doing 1 point of additional damage for every 1" (and remaining fractions) of flames they pass through. *Flame strike* and *flame arrow* spells have no effect on *darts of branding*.



Creating Magical Items

As described in the DMG, a magic-user must first use the *enchant an item* spell to prepare the materials for the item, then put the spell in the item, then apply a *permanency* spell to make it a permanent magical item. Unfortunately for the enthusiastic young wizard ready to start up production with his *enchant an item* and *permanency* spells, there are two ingredients in the above procedure that call for both long hours of research and bravery on the part of the magic-user or his hirelings. The first ingredient is the materials, the second is the spell.

Materials for Items

The DMG states that the magic-user must obtain new, "pure" items of great expense to put spells into to create a magical item. Not mentioned there, but implied in the description of how to make a potion, the item-maker must obtain parts of magical creatures that either perform the same functions as the item is to perform, or are in some way connected with the function of the item.

A partial list of necessary ingredients is found in the DMG in the discussion of making magic potions. Just as a potion of *giant control* needs part of the brain of the appropriate giant, a *ring of human influence* must have human brain material in its manufacture. Since such material is perishable, the magic-user must either *petrify* it to use in the setting of the ring, or supervise the making of the ring and use the material in the alloy of the ring itself.

And, since the aforesaid *ring of human influence* also adds to the charisma of a character, as well as lets him control humans, the brain matter used must be that of a great leader of some humanoid race. A wizard cannot be sure that a purveyor of magical ingredients will truly have the right sort of brain matter, so he must effectively gather it himself, either by killing or participating in the killing of an enemy leader of great reputation, or robbing the tomb of some great leader (adding to the danger of this activity is the fact that the tomb must usually be recent—otherwise there is no surety that the ingredients are still present). Both activities are fraught with potential disaster for the magic-user and involve activities that are repugnant to a lawful-good adventurer. This is one reason such rings are usually found on the fingers of chaotic evil magic-users and their minions.

Other items do not use such cannibalistic ingredients, but acquiring them is still a major

adventure in itself. For instance, a *ring of X-ray vision* needs the eye of an umber hulk or xorn (both creatures use X-ray vision to find their way while burrowing through the earth), which again must be petrified before being used as the setting in the ring.

A *ring of fire resistance* needs salamander scales; a *figurine of wondrous power* needs the original animal (most of which are no longer available in the Realms, and must be created with a *polymorph others* spell); a *periapt of proof against poison* needs unicorn horn; all of these are relatively easy to find, if difficult to acquire. The components for other items are much more difficult to determine and, as is mentioned in several descriptions in this book, the exact materials necessary have often been lost. Usually they call for a part of an animal or tree or mineral whose properties are not well known.

Purity of Materials

Another limit on materials already discussed is their purity. All authorities on the making of magical items agree that this purity is vital. A ring made for enchanting cannot be made from metal used for any other purpose. It must be taken from the ore and made into the ring directly.

In actual fact, using secondhand materials does not necessarily preclude the enchanting of an item. However, it does have an influence on the item. Any artifact (not meaning the major magical item, just anything made by hand for use) picks up the aura of the person who handled it before and the pattern of use of its previous incarnation. Thus, it is difficult to "convince" silver that has been tableware that it must be a magical *ring of invisibility*. It is part of the function of tableware, after all, to be seen. In normal crafting, this is not a real problem, but the intrusion of magic into the making awakens these auras and patterns and seems to give materials a mind of their own.

For this reason, the next best thing to pure materials is the remnants of a magical item which fulfilled a similar purpose to that needed. Thus, the remnants of a magic sword can be used to make a new magic sword, the remnants of a *ring of invisibility* are good for making a new *ring of invisibility*, and so forth. However, unless the intent is to make an exact duplicate of the previous object, there must be pure materials alloyed with the reused ones, or the dweomer may come out somewhat different from that intended. Also note that just because an

object had a particular enchantment in a previous form does not mean that the new enchanting does not have to re-enchant the object for that ability. Once a magical item is broken, the enchantment is lost, and simply reforming it does not bring the dweomer back.

Correspondence Between Monetary Value and Magical Worth

If the DM wants to make a direct relationship between the value of the materials and the effectiveness of the enchanting, assume that the value of the materials must be equal in thousands of g.p. to the level of the spell contained by the item. If there is more than one spell, then the value must be equal to the levels of all the spells. If the item is Intelligent, the materials must also be worth the Intelligence rating -10 in thousands of g.p.

This value of materials may have nothing whatsoever to do with the g.p. value of the magical items found in the DMG and UNEARTHED ARCANA. This is because the value given in those books is that which the player characters can get by selling the item. Buying the materials to make the item is bound to be more expensive.

This value may be just the value of the material, or the value of the workmanship done to bring the material up to standard. Of course, a magic user can avoid this cost entirely by going out and mining or gathering or hunting his own materials and then working it himself, but the first is tedious and dangerous, and the second means that he has to have the secondary skill (DMG, pg. 12) to finish the product. If he has that skill, and can make a roll of the average of his Intelligence and Dexterity or less, then he can do the finishing work himself. If he does not have the skill, then he must get a craftsman to do it for him, at the usual rates. Note the effect of having someone else handle the material on the final saving throw or the Magical Item Creation Saving Throw Table (inside back cover).

If he has the skill but does not make the necessary roll, then the material is ruined and he must try again.

The Actual Effects of Materials

Making magical items is a tricky thing in any case. As stated in the description of the *enchant an item* spell in the PLAYERS HANDBOOK, the completed item must make a sav-



ing throw versus magic equal to the spell caster's or the whole enchanting process is a failure. There are a number of things that can influence that saving throw versus magic, as shown in the Magical Item Creation Saving Throw Table (inside back cover).

Unique Spells for Items

And of course, all the previous discussion has ignored the other major ingredient for magical items, the spell(s) that go into the item to make it magical. Simply having the correct materials, such as a petrified (and probably *reduced*) umber hulk eye for a *ring of X-ray vision* means nothing if the magic-user does not have the spell of *X-ray vision* to put into the ring.

Perusing the PLAYERS HANDBOOK and UNEARTHED ARCANA will not produce such a spell. It is also not among those given

in the unique spellbooks of the Forgotten Realms found here and in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ DM'S Sourcebook. It is a unique spell and the magic user must either find it by following the spell research guidelines given in the AD&D® game rules or find a spell book that does have the spell.

If the DM wants the creation of such common (in the magical item tables) magical items more accessible to players, he can assign his own parameters to the spell and add it to the normal spell list for his campaign. He can make the spell common, rare, or unique, as described in *The Spells of the Forgotten Realms* section of this book.

If he does not want any casual magic-user wandering about with the spell, he might assign very cumbersome components (such as a 4' x 4' x 2" slab of lead—or radium, if you want to introduce mutation to the campaign—for X-ray vision) that no adventuring magic-user could possibly carry around with him.

Time for Creating Magical Items

The time needed to enchant a magic item is given in the PLAYERS HANDBOOK and repeated here to have all the necessary references in one place.

Casting time for the *enchant an item* spell is between 24 and 80 hours, split up into 8-hour days. Each spell placed in the item takes 8-16 hours per spell level after the initial *enchant an item* spell has been cast. Each spell must be started within 24 hours after the previous one has been cast, or it cannot be added at all. Of course a *permanency* spell is necessary to finish the job.

The Risk of Creating Magical Items

When the enchanter puts the *permanency* spell on the item, he (not the item) must make a saving throw versus spells. If unsuccessful, the *permanency* does not work and



Creating Magical Items

there is a magical backlash which affects the Constitution of the magic-user, decreasing it permanently by 1 point. The magic-user's saving throw result is increased by 1 for every spell in the item. Thus a wizard with a saving throw of 4 who is trying to enchant a sword with 7 spells in it has a saving throw of 11 or more. Even an item with one spell increases the saving throw by 1.

The Reward of Creating Magical Items

Besides possession of the magical item (which he may have been making for someone else), the wizard who makes such an item gains Experience Points equal to twice the given XP value of the item. Thus, a wizard who creates *bracers of defense AC 4* gains 6,000 XP.

Limitations of Magical Items

Limits on Wands and Staves

Wand damage effects are limited to those of a 6th level magic-user. Their *fireballs*, *lightning bolts*, and the like are all much weaker than the same effects performed by the creating wizard.

The reason for this is simple toughness of material. Even a spell waiting to be released, as with a wand's *fireball*, has a certain potential energy. Nothing the size of a wand, no matter what its materials, can contain that energy if it is too large. It is actually possible to make wands with larger individual payloads, such as 7, 8 or even 10 dice per shot, but the capacity of the wand is reduced by half with each increase in dice. Thus, a wand holding 7d6 *fireballs* has a maximum capacity of 50, one holding 8d6 *fireballs* has a maximum capacity of 25, one holding 9d6 effects has a maximum capacity of 12, and so forth.

Moreover, there is a certain inherent instability even with the reduced number of charges. A wand with 7d6 charges has a 5% chance of blowing up (with the same effects as a *retributive strike* with a *staff of power*) with any sharp blow, an 8d6 wand has a 10% chance, a 9d6 has a 20% chance, and so forth. Thus, the maximum effect possible in

a wand is 12d6, which has only one charge and a 95% chance of blowing up if struck with a sharp blow (normally, this would be a 160% chance, but there is always a 5% chance the blowup will not happen).

Rods and staves are sturdier than wands, but even they have their limits. Rods rarely contain damage-causing spells, so they often have high-powered effects, but staves are generally restricted to 8d6 effects, as if being done by an 8th level magic user. They have the same limits as a wand as to number of charges before disaster occurs, but being sturdier, they do not start becoming unstable unless 9th or higher power spells are placed within them. Thus, like a wand, the most powerful staff has one spell causing 12d6 of damage, but unlike a wand, it has only a 40% chance of blowing up if struck by a sharp blow.

Time Limits on Items

Wizards have also found it impossible to make items that perform major activities more than a few times a day. The *permanency* spell can allow a sword to let its bearer use a sensory power any time he wants to, but any power/spell taking real energy, such as a *strength* spell, is limited to one use a day, just as if the sword had to memorize the spell. It is possible to put more than one use of the spell into the object, but each use is a separate spell, and the magic-user must have them ready at the time of the enchantment.

Intelligent Items

Any sword with Intelligence is imbued with the spirit of a sentient being. This being is not necessarily human or nonhuman, it simply has to have enough intelligence to react to its sensory input and give its user some idea of what is happening.

These spirits do not normally remember any past life they may have had. If the magical item maker wants to let the spirit remember its previous existence, he may do so, but there are stories of weapons with Intelligence who knew they had been free, and the revenge they exacted on their makers.

There are two ways of creating these spirits. One involves using a *speak to dead* spell to summon a spirit, then use the *enchant an*

item spell to put that spirit in the magical item. Some mages make killing the person first part of the ritual, but these are chaotic-evil wizards.

The main problem with this necromantic system is that the spirit gets a saving throw versus death equal to that which it would have had in life. If the saving throw is successful, the spirit is not put into the item, and is freed to wander the world as a ghost. He automatically becomes a vengeful ghost, and cannot be laid to rest again until the person who summoned him is slain, permanently.

The other way is somewhat riskier for the magic-user. What he does is essentially put his Intelligence into the item. This involves a special use of the *magic jar* and *enchant an item* spells. The magic user must make a saving throw versus death or his entire spirit goes into the item and his body dies. If the enchanting is successful, the item has an Intelligence equal to that of the magic-user.

It is not necessary for the wizard to risk his life for this enchantment; he can use a consenting partner (including an animal such as a dog) to provide the Intelligence for the item, with the volunteer taking the risks. The saving throw versus death for the volunteer, and the saving throw versus spells for the enchanted item, is that of the volunteer, not the magic-user, which usually means a reduced chance of success.

Rings of protection, *protection from evil* spells, and any other magical method of increasing the saving throw do not work in these circumstances. The throw must be that of the user, without any magical aid.

Dogs are favorite beasts for creating intelligence 12 and 13 swords, since they are oriented toward sensing things of interest to their masters.

Swords with more intelligence need higher-intelligence spirits. Moreover, each plus beyond one for the sword means that the source of the Intelligence must have 4 fighter levels for each plus on the sword. If the source of the spirit is a cleric, druid or monk each six levels equals one plus; a thief or assassin needs eight levels per plus, and a magic-user or illusionist must have ten levels for every plus on the weapon.

MAGICAL ITEM CREATION SAVING THROW TABLE

Influences	Modifier
Magic-User's Bonuses	+1 - +3
Item handled by others during fabrication	-1/handler
Materials previously used for similar item	- 2
Materials previously used for same item	- 1
Materials previously used for dissimilar item	-10
Perishable materials old before fabrication begins	-1/day
Each 1,000 gp. below the needed value for material	- 1
Each 10,000 g.p. above the needed value for material	+1
Other influences as determined by DM*	+3 - -10

* The DM may assign other influences such as right or wrong time of the year, magical influences from surrounding environment, attempts at sabotage from rivals, and so forth.

Effects of Missed Saving Throw

A missed saving throw versus magic in making an object does not necessarily mean that the object is not enchanted. It only means that the object is not exactly what the magic-user wanted. As stated in the *enchant an item* spell description, a saving throw roll of a 1 on d20 means total failure, but a missed roll that does not result in a 1 can mean almost anything.

Cursed items can arise from such failed rolls. So can items that work almost as wished, but have a few flaws, such as a *ring of invisibility* that only makes the wearer invisible, not his clothes and gear, or a sword that arbitrarily shifts alignment from day to day, or shifts its pluses to hit.

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The Savage Frontier

by Paul Jaquays

An Accessory for Characters of All Levels
for use with the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Game World



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INTRODUCTION TO THE SAVAGE FRONTIER



“Civilization ends here.”

Although no sign in the North actually says this, the folk of the North know this to be true (Well, to be honest, there was a sign over the door to my laboratory that said it, but I made Ereke take it down. Who I am I, you ask. Let it be known, that I am Amelior Amanitas, alchemist extraordinaire and supreme sage of the North. At the request of Elminster, I am dictating the history and wealth of information regarding my savage homeland to my manservant Ereke, who has promised to edit out digressions such as this when he recopies it. But as I said, I digress).

To walk past a city's walls is to rely only upon one's own skills and strength of arms. It is truly a Savage Frontier, where man has yet to tame the land or its denizens. You have been warned.

What is The Savage Frontier?

“The Savage Frontier” is a descriptive

name for what many also call “the North”. In this book, the North refers to those lands north of the city of Waterdeep, between the Sword Coast and the Great Desert; the term also encompasses the islands of the Trackless Sea, including Tuern, Ruathym, and Gundarlun.

It is a rugged, heavily wooded wilderness marked by cool, mild summers and harsh, bitter winters. What little civilization can be found hugs the coastal regions and a few inland river valleys. The rest is the domain of orcs, trolls, barbarian tribes, and uncountable other monstrous denizens, who regularly hurl themselves in fury upon the palisades of the towns and villages in the wilderlands.

It is a land of riches. Mineral wealth unequalled elsewhere in the known realms is found here, along with seemingly endless stands of timber of a size not often found elsewhere. Here too is the wealth of history, the plunder of lost civilizations and vanished realms.

Using This Book

This book is intended to be read by Dungeon Masters only. Much of the information contained within would not be known to players and their characters under any circumstances.

Read this book in its entirety before running a campaign in the Savage Frontier: it describes the major features of the North, beginning with history and ending in adventure. In between, it looks at the geography, climate, creatures, peoples, religions, politics, cities, island realms, areas of mystery, and personalities. Though it hoards a wealth of detail, this book only scratches the surface of adventure opportunities of the North. The rest has been left to the most potent force present in the North... your imagination.

History of The North

Eons before men walked the earth, ages before the elves were civilized enough



to record history, in a time when the North was always warm and the seas of the world were deeper, the lands of Abeir-Toril were dominated by vast empires of inhuman peoples. In the elven oral tradition, these were known as the “Days of Thunder” when cruel lizard, amphibian, and avian peoples (known to the elves as the Iqua’Tel-’Quessir or creator races, but with no honor or respect intended) tamed the mighty dinosaurs, built towering cities of stone and glass on the shores of the warm seas and spanned the wilderness with shining roads, and fought constant wars of extermination, such was their hatred towards each other.

The stuff of magic was rawer in those days, less refined, more potent. These ancient peoples experimented endlessly with magics more powerful than can be even imagined today. Powerful mages hurled devastating bolts of seemingly god-like power, leveling armies and mountains; and like gods, they played at creating life, wryly choosing to release their monstrous mistakes rather than destroy them. To those who made them, the mistakes were unnatural horrors, unlike anything that walked the land. Most died in the cruel jungles, yet many lived and as thought awakened in them they hid themselves from their creators. When the end came at last, it was they, not the surviving creators who seized control of the suddenly colder realms. And so it was that the first of the elves, the dragons, the goblin races and an endless list of creatures of a new age took possession of their heritage. Their creators, the ancestors of the lizardmen, bullywugs and aarakocra, declined into endless barbarism, never to rise again.

The unmeasured age that followed was known as the Time of Dragons, when those mighty creatures reigned supreme. Not until the elves themselves became powers in the world would the rule of dragons be challenged.

Elven sages still speculate on the events that brought about the “overnight” destruction of the creator races. There are wildly diverging theories,

but all agree that a rapid climate change occurred, creating a world unsuitable to most of the creator races and the dinosaurs. Many believe that the change resulted from a cataclysm the races brought upon themselves. Proponents of this theory point to the Star Mounts in the central High Forest, whose origins are most likely magical and otherworldly. The elves believe that around this time, the greater and lesser Powers began to manifest themselves in the world, particularly the beings known as Chauntea and Corellon Laretheian, aiding the new races and confounding the survivors of the creator races.

There has been civilization in the North since before the Time of Dragons, yet little more than tantalizingly vague myths survive. For millennia, gold elves dwelt in Illefarn (where Waterdeep now stands) and Eaerlann (along the River Shining). From their ornate forest cities, they traded with primitive, emerging human nations like Netheril and Illusk and repulsed the constant attacks of the goblin races. Yet as men began to dominate the world, the elven lands declined and now little or no remnants remain of those lost and abandoned realms. When the elves chose to leave the North and travel to Evermeet, their works quickly disappeared, leaving only places like the Old Road and a ruined port in the High Forest to mark the passing of Eaerlann, while a mysterious ruin called the Crumbling Stair may be the last remnant of fabled Illefarn.

Meanwhile, in the far North, the dwarven burrow clans united as the dwarven nation of Delzoun, named for the dwarf who forged the union. The dwarven nation, which existed primarily underground, extended from the Ice Mountains in the Utter North to the Nether Mountains in the south. Silver Moon Pass was its western border and the Narrow Sea its eastern.

To the east, on sandy shores of the calm and shining Narrow Sea, human fishing villages grew into small towns, then joined together as the nation of

Netheril. Sages believe that the fishing towns were unified by a powerful human wizard who may have discovered a book of great magic power that had survived from the Days of Thunder—a book that legend calls the Nether Scrolls. Under this nameless wizard and those that followed, Netheril rose in power and glory, becoming both the first human land in the North and the most powerful. Some say that this discovery marked the birth of human wizardry, since before then, mankind had only shamans and witch doctors. For over 3,000 years Netheril dominated the North, but even its legendary wizards were unable to stop their final doom.

Doom came as desert, devouring the Narrow Sea and spreading to fill its banks with dry dust and blowing sand. Legend states that when the great wizards of Netheril realized their land was lost, they abandoned it and their countrymen en masse, fleeing to all corners of the world and taking the secrets of wizardry with them. More likely, this was a slow migration that began some 3,000 years ago and reached its conclusion some 1,500 years later.

Whatever the truth, the wizards no longer dwelt in Netheril and to the north, once-majestic dwarven Delzoun had fallen upon hard days. Then the orcs struck. Orcs had always been foes in the North, surging out of their holes every few tens of generations when their normal haunts could no longer support their burgeoning numbers. This time they charged out of their caverns in the Spine of the World, poured out of abandoned mines in the Graypeaks, screamed out of lost dwarfholds in the Ice Mountains, raged forth from crypt complexes in the Nether Mountains and stormed upward from the bowels of the High Moon Mountains. Never before or since had there been such an outpouring of orcish power.

Before this onslaught Delzoun crumbled and was driven in on itself. Netheril, without its wizards, was wiped from the face of history. The



elves of Eaerlann alone withstood the onslaught and, with the aid of the treants of Turlang and other unnamed allies, were able to stave off the final days of their land for yet a few centuries more.

In the far west, men also dwelled — wise, clever primitives called the Ice Hunters. They lived their simple lives on the Sword Coast since time beyond reckoning, countless generations before Netheril's first founders set foot on the Narrow Sea's western shore. Yet this peaceful folk fell prey to another invasion. From the south came crude long ships to disgorge a tall, fair-haired, warlike race which displaced the Ice Hunters from their ancestral lands.

This race, now known as the Northmen, spread their farms and villages along the Sword Coast from the banks the Winding Water to the gorges of the Mirar. Their fierce warriors drove the simple Ice Hunters further and further north, forced the goblinkind back into their mountain haunts and instigated the last Council of Illefarn. Within 500 years of the Northmen's arrival, Illefarn was no more—its residents had migrated to Evermeet.

From the Sword Coast, Northmen sailed westward, finding, claiming and establishing colonies on the major western islands of Ruathym and Gundarlun, eventually spreading to ail islands in the northern sea. Others migrated northward, past the Spine of the World and became the truly savage barbarians of Icewind Dale.

Where Luskan now stands, the Northmen found the citadel of Illusk, built by a refugee wizard from Netheril. The Illusk wizards ruled for centuries until the folk of Illuskan (as the surrounding village was known) were "liberated" by raiders led by Uther Gardolfsson, a Ruathym Thane.

The angry Illuskani destroyed Gardolfsson's fleet and drove him inland where he and his warriors would die (theoretically) in the monster-infested wilderness. Instead, they forged the birth of a new people, the Uthgardt bar-

barians.

Meanwhile in the east, the elves of Eaerlann built the fortress of Ascalhorn and turned it over to refugees from Netheril, as the Netherese followers of Karsus built the town of Karse in the High Forest. Other Netherese founded Llorck and Loudwater. Still more wandered the mountains, hills, and moors north and west of the High Forest. These became the ancestors of the Uthgardt barbarians and the founders of Silverymoon, Everlund and Sundabar.

In the centuries that followed, Ascalhorn became Hellgate Keep when it fell into the hands of demons, and Eaerlann collapsed under the attack of a new orc horde. The elves fled south-east, joining with Northmen, Netherese descendants, and dwarves to form what would later be known as the Fallen Kingdom. This realm was short-lived and collapsed under the next orkish invasion—though in dying, it dealt the goblin races a blow from which they have yet to recover.

Yet along the coast, in what was once elven Illefarn, humanity was once again rising in power. Merchants from the south, tribesmen from the North, and seafarers from western islands had created a village around a trading post on a deepwater harbor, first known as Nimoar's Hold after the Uthgardt chieftain whose tribe seized and fortified the ramshackle village. Nimoar and his successors, known as War Lords, led the men of Waterdeep (as it had become known to the ship captains who called there) in a slowly losing battle against the trolls. In a final, climactic battle, the trolls breached the aging palisade and all seemed lost—until the magic of a Northern youth, Ahghairon of Silverymoon, turned luck against the trolls and the "everlasting ones" were destroyed or scattered.

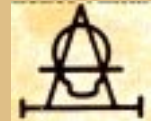
Ahghairon, heir to the magical heritage and learning of Netheril, stayed in Waterdeep and in his 112th year he again saved the city... from itself. In so doing, he created the Lords of Waterdeep, the government that rules there

today. The city has since grown into the largest in North, possibly in all Faerun. With Waterdeep as a firm anchor, "civilization" again forged cautiously into the wilderness. Illuskan (now just Luskan) was retaken from the orcs. Loudwater, Llorck, Longsaddle, Triboar, Secomber and other towns were resettled by pioneers from Waterdeep, sponsored by noble Waterdhavian merchant families.

Though it has been centuries since the last orc invasion, there is still constant strife. Barbarians harass merchants, travelers, and towns; the seas are filled with Northmen pirates; the demon forces of Hellgate Keep assault the east; and two wars have marred the land in recent years. Luskan, now a fierce merchant city known to harbor (and support) pirates, wages war with the island realm of Ruathym over an act of piracy against a Luskan merchant ship; and to the far north, in Icewind Dale beyond the Spine of the World, the Ten Towns are slowly rebuilding after being nearly destroyed by the monstrous forces of Akar Kessel.

It is a time of relative quiet in the North. Where once elves and dwarves reigned, men now rule, but their hold—as was true for all civilizations before — is tenuous at best.

Amelior Amanitas



Acknowledgements:

Like many fantasy worlds, this one owes its birth to a number of other folk. The culture of the seafaring Northmen comes from Douglas Niles, who described them in FR2, *Moonshae*. Icewind Dale, its heroes and tales are based on *The Crystal Shard* by Bob Salvatore. And last, but never least, gratitude is owed to Ed Greenwood, who gave us hints about *The Savage Frontier* in FR1, *Waterdeep and the North*, and whose copious notes and previously published material are the foundation of this book.



SAVAGE FRONTIER OVERVIEW

"You know, Erek, if Elminster hadn't been so kind to us when we were, um, avoiding the rather unfortunate consequences of that incident in Volkumburgh, I would never have agreed to this project. After all, how was I to know WHY the awtawmatawn had been shattered in the first place?"

"Oh well, I rather like the history chapter, didn't you? Showed some real pageantry there, I think."

"And Brother Lychor; he seemed like such a pleasant chap... Erek, you're writing this all down. Why you little weasel! That's it, no more letting you beat me at nine-draughts!"

Character Races in The North

With the exception of elves and halflings, most of the common character races of the AD&D® game are native to the Savage Frontier, though the demi-human population in the North is slowly declining. Players who wish to use characters of other races may of course do so, subject to DM approval (members of virtually any race, even drow, can be found in Waterdeep).

Humans: The Savage Frontier is populated by human peoples with a variety of cultural backgrounds. There is no unified human nation in the North, only individual towns, villages and city states loosely linked by trade agreements, and the barbarian tribes that roam the wilderness. A human character starting in the North might be from any one of these folk.

The most ancient are the primitive but peaceful Ice Hunters of the Ice Peaks. The war-like Northmen control the Outer Islands and much of the Sword Coast. Northmen scorn agriculture, preferring to raid and make war.

In the far North, beyond the Spine of the World, the fierce tundra barbarians have recently allied with the folk of the Ten Towns in Icewind Dale. The powerful Uthgardt barbarians roam the wilds of the North, bickering amongst themselves and warring on orcs and outposts of civilization.

In the northeast, the cultured folk of Silvermoon produce the finest bards in the land. They and the stalwart defenders of Sundabar and Everlund are descendants of an ancient, dark-haired race known as the Netherese.

Then there are the Waterdhavians, the folk of Waterdeep, the melting pot of nations—nearly all lands on Faerun (and other worlds) are represented here.

Elves and Half-Elves: Though at least two elven realms once existed in the North, the closest elven land is Evereska to the south. Elves in the Savage Frontier are usually wanderers and adventurers, though an Deepearth realm of drow is said to exist far beneath the North. Elves of most non-aquatic subraces dwell in Waterdeep. The Ardeepforest is known to house retired elven adventurers. Sundabar has a large half-elven population, and Loudwater a small one, due to half-elven descendants of Eaerlann who tend to marry other half-elves.

Some folk in the North (mostly Lawful humans and all dwarves) consider the elven withdrawal to Evermeet a kind of "desertion" from racial responsibility and will treat strange elves with suspicion and ill-disguised contempt. Except on rare occasions, drow and drow half-breeds are treated like filth... if allowed to live at all.

Dwarves: The dwarves of the north, whose population is steadily declining, live in scattered underground realms. These stocky folk are generally reclusive, but will ally with men to battle orcs. Two dwarven cities are still known to exist, Ironmaster in the west and Citadel Adbar in the east. Men trade freely within Adbar, but have few dealings with the isolated dwarves of Ironmaster, other than to purchase iron goods.

If encountered wandering in the wilderness, dwarves tend to be extremely suspicious of strangers. They think that others seek to find and loot the halls of their ancestors (which is often what the dwarves themselves seek to do).

Gnomes: This once-populous race of

wry little folk is nearly gone from the North. Their underground realms have been overrun by orcs until few remain. The survivors wisely avoid contact with all but dwarves. Still, merchants in Waterdeep are constantly on the lookout for their clever little toys and illusionary gew-gaws.

Halflings: There is something about four to five months of fierce winter that doesn't appeal to the average halfling. While Waterdeep has a fair halfling population (and a much milder winter), it is rare to find them elsewhere in the North.

Half-orcs: Given the vast orc population in the north and the amount of raiding, one might suspect a plague of these half-breeds, yet they are few. Northerners have a distinct and strong dislike for anything even vaguely orcish and only the most human-looking can pass safely among northern folk.

Character Classes in The North

Rangers: In the Savage Frontier, rangers are well-respected for their vigilance and diligence in the service of the Harpers and the Lords' Alliance. In the wilderness, the word of a name-level ranger is the law and the Lord's Alliance will enforce it as such.

Bards: While bards are not common in the North, they are respected. Northmen treat "skalds" like heroes, particularly if they sing of Northmen victories. Even the Uthgardt barbarians treat bards as near equals. More often than not, bards are members of the Harpers.

Clerics: Many of the major gods and faiths of Faerun are represented in the North, though few are "native" to the residents here. Over the centuries, missionary clerics have come north to establish their churches meeting with varied success. Predominant "civilized" gods in the North include Mystra, Lathander, Mielikki, Tempus, and Tymora. The barbarians have their own private gods. The gods section in



this chapter lists the major temples in each city, town or village, though a shrine (attended only by lay folk, no clerics) to most any deity will exist in each civilized area.

The city folk are generally tolerant of most religions so long as they do not harm others or their property, but Northmen often eject foreign clerics as rudely as possible. The savage Uthgardt barbarians tend to exterminate whom-ever their shamans label as heretics.

Each Uthgardt tribe worships an ancestral beast totem spirit (a demi-power). Their clerics are shamans (tribal spell casters) of limited power. Yet they all have access to the magical beast power of their clan totem.

Witch doctors are found among the orcs and Ice Hunter clans. These tribal spell casters may cast a restricted number of magic-user and clerical spells. The most ancient witch doctors of the Ice Hunters gain limited use of powerful ice, snow, and cold magics.

Druids: These followers of Mielikki have a stronghold in the eastern reaches of The High Forest, an area known as the Tall Trees. Another holy grove exists in Silverymoon, where the druids maintain a shrine and sacred college. Although the North is heavily forested, there are no other known druid holy areas. Though druids are rare, they are respected by civilized and barbarian folk alike.

Fighters: The ready call for a strong sword arm in the north draws men and women to this commonest of professions. Warriors are constantly needed to defend against orcs and other monsters; to patrol the hills, valleys, and wastelands; to fend off barbarian raiders; and to keep the peace in the cities. Most fighters in the North are barbarians, either the sea-roving Northmen, the wandering Uthgardt or the savage tundra barbarians of Icewind Dale. Most civilized fighters in the north are just that, normal fighting men. A select few are rangers, many in the service of the secretive Harpers. A very few are cavaliers and paladins. Other than the mercantile nobility of Waterdeep and city rulers, the Savage

Frontier is not a source for the upper classes that produce the members of these character classes.

Magic-Users: Although magic-users and illusionists have never been popular with the barbarians who populate the North, in the cities they wield vast amounts of power and command either great respect or great fear. Waterdeep is noted for producing powerful mages like Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun; Longsaddle has its magical Harpell family; and Silverymoon is home to several colleges of magic and a number of independent tutors. Magic-users in Waterdeep would be wise to join that city's Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, the magic-user's guild which provides training, spell components, scrolls, respectability, and occasional employment to member mages.

Thieves: Waterdeep has the greatest concentration of thieves in the North, yet there is no official Thieves' Guild here, only "free-lancers." Neverwinter, Silverymoon Sundabar, Mirabar, and even Loudwater have small thieves' guilds (several of which are said to be allied with the mysterious Harpers). Many suspect that a thieves' network also exists throughout the Savage Frontier, but those who learn of the Kraken Society often do not live long enough to reveal its secrets (see Power Groups).

Outside the cities in the North, the thief's profession is rarely safe or profitable. Northmen (those who have things worth stealing) regard stealing from others as a way of life, but one who is caught stealing from them is certainly killed. The Uthgardt barbarians have little worth taking, but what they do have often has religious significance—and sacrilege is a fatal offense.

Although it is quite reasonable for any character class to be found adventuring in the North, assassins are rare (even among the bad folk of Waterdeep).

"Erek, put that sign out in front of the shop again, you know the one that says 'You're late, you should have been here a half hour ago', just in case any adven-

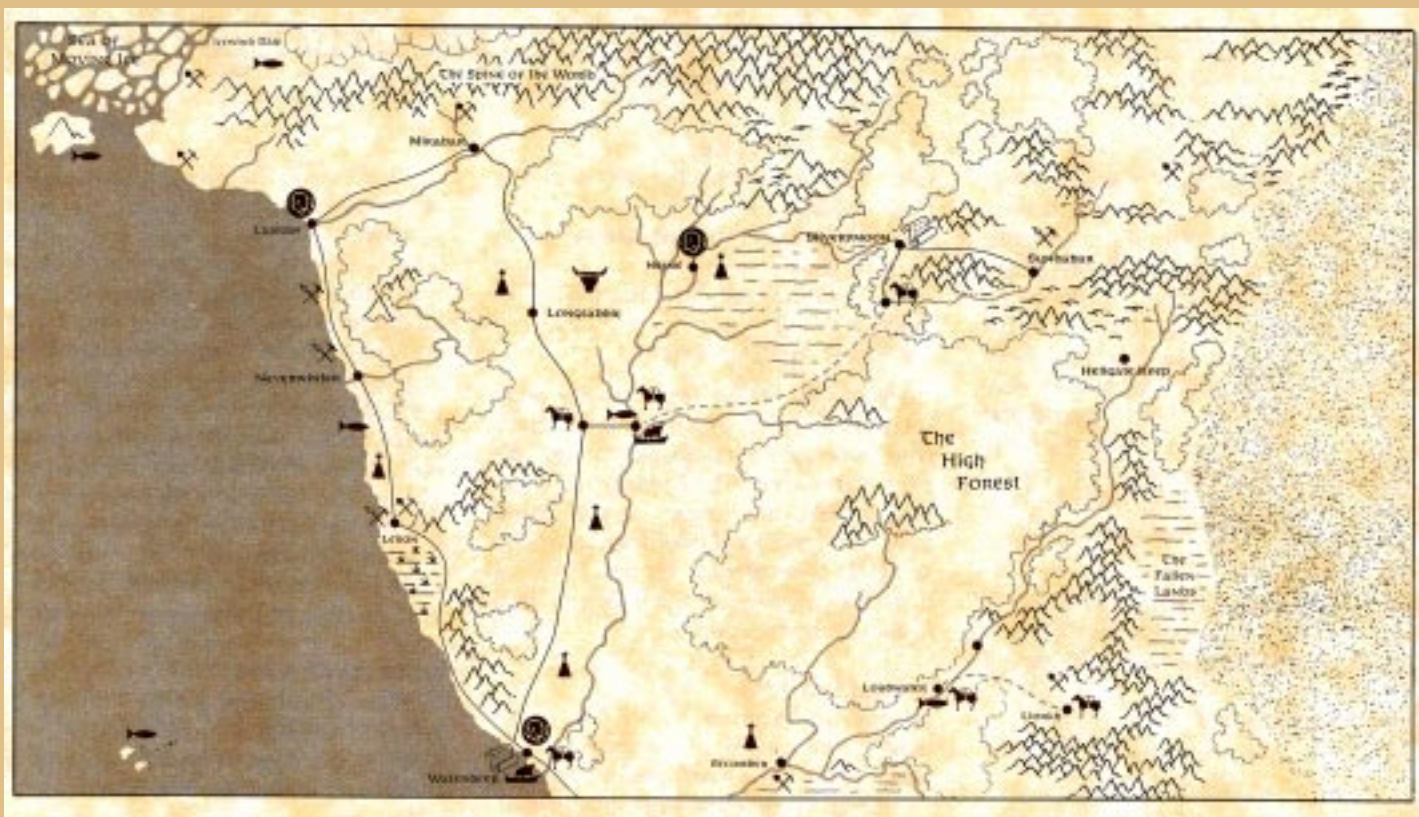
Economic Map Key

	Caravan Services
	Fishing
	Mining
	Agriculture
	Trade
	Cattle
	Shipbuilding
	Scholarship and The Arts
	Other Manufacturing
	Trade Routes

turers show up. Keeps 'em off guard in any case. Oh, and get the word out that love philters and mother'sleaf tonics are on special this week. And where is my chart on local businesses? What! You sold it... to a Zhentarim? For five toals? Erek . . . Erek? EREK!"

Economics of The North

The North is a land of economic opportunity, rich in resources and open to those willing to take the risks to exploit them. The mountains in the north are mineral rich, the soil is fertile (though often rocky), open grassy spaces can support huge herds of livestock, vast tracks of lumber are still unharvested and the warm southern currents swarm with fishy delicacies. The outer islands have their resources and riches, but the Northmen who dwell upon them would rather raid for riches than reap the bounty of their own lands.



Trade in The North

The economic map above shows the primary trade routes in the North (mainland only) and major industries. These products and industries include: mining, agriculture, caravan services, cattle herding, trade (a primary center of commerce), fishing, metal-working, ship building, other manufacturing, and scholarship and the arts. The size of the icon represents the relative importance of the industry to the economy of the Savage Frontier.

Trade Routes

The Major trade routes are listed with the time it takes outbound to reach the final destination and major stops along the way (based on the DMG rules for Wagon travel). Water route travel times are given coming and going to accommodate ocean and river currents. For foot movement along the roads and trails (under an average load), multiply travel times by 1.25. For light horse travel, multiply travel times by 0.4.

High Road: Waterdeep to Baldur's Gate in 32 days.

High Road: Waterdeep to Luskan. Leilon in 11 days, Neverwinter in 17, Port Llast in 19, and Luskan in 23 days.

Coastal Route: Waterdeep to Luskan. Outbound to Luskan in 6 days. Inbound to Waterdeep in 8 days.

Long Road: Waterdeep to Mirabar. Red Larch in 7 days, Triboar in 13, Longsaddle in 18, and Mirabar in 26 days.

River Route: Zundbridge to Silverymoon (by small barge). Outbound to Ironford in 6 days, The Stone Bridge in 14, Yartar in 20, Nesmé in 30, and Silverymoon in 43 days. Inbound, reduce travel time by 1/3.

Silvermoon Pass: Silverymoon to Sundabar in 6 days.

East Trail: Waterdeep to Llorkh. Secomber in 11 days, Loudwater in 20, and Llorkh in 27 days.

Evermoor Way: Triboar to Silverymoon. Yartar in 2 days, Everlund in 15, and Silverymoon in 20 days.

Coin of The Realms

In addition to the standard AD&D® game coins, several cities mint their own coinage. Each coin has two values, its value in the city and its value elsewhere.

Waterdeep: the 2/- gp square brass toad and the 50/2 gp crescent-shaped platinum harbor moon.

Silverymoon: the 2/1 ep electrum moon (shining blue crescent coin).

Mirabar: the 10/5-7 gp iron trade bar (1-foot-long spindle).

Power Groups in The North

"Are the drapes drawn and the doors locked, Ereik? What do you mean I'm acting like an old woman? Why shouldn't I worry? My trusted assistant doesn't know the difference between a Zhentarim and the Harpers. Is that reason for worry? Should I worry that he sells sensitive maps to mercantile spies? That Zhentarim agent was halfway to Llorkh before we caught him. Uh, no, I don't plan to let him out of the bottle. At least not for a while."



There is little “political” strife between cities in the North. Rather than waste lives, gold and energy on petty disagreements, most civilized folk in the North have banded together against their true foes: the harsh northern climate and the cruel monsters who dominate their land. Even so, there are many groups who weave their influence in the North for good and ill. These are the secret societies, the political blocs, foreign factions—the power groups of the North, each with its own leaders, goals, enemies and allies.

BEAST LORD

Leader: The Beast Lord (an illithid)

Base of Operations: Dekanter

Goal: Conquest of the North or part of the Deeperth.

Allies: The Zhentarim.

Chief Foes: The drow and the Harpers.

This secretive illithid mage has a pact with the Zhentarim. They provide it with dead monster bodies, and it agrees not to molest caravans passing near Dekanter. Though the Beast Lord fully intends to conquer part of the Deeperth, it begins in the North by capturing territory known to have access to the world below.

CAPTAINS’ CONFEDERATION

Leader: High Captain Taerl of Luskan

Base of Operations: Luskan

Goal: Conquest of the Sword Coast and control of all trade north of Waterdeep.

Allies: Luskan, Ruathym, Aurilsbaarg, Uttersea on Tuern, the Purple Rocks, the Whalebones, and the Hosttower of the Arcane. Zhentarim influence is definitely present.

Chief Foes: Waterdeep and the Lords’ Alliance.

With the treaty ending the Luskan/Ruathym conflict, the brutal Northmen kings discovered that they had more in common than they had as differences. They banded together to raid the coast in large numbers, disrupting trade and agriculture.

DRUIDS OF TALL TREES

Leader: Uthgang Jyarl—Great Druid of the North (14th level druid)

Base of Operations: Tall Trees in the High Forest.

Goal: Protect the ancient elven wood of the Tall Trees from harm.

Allies: The Harpers, and the treants of Turlang Wood.

Chief Foe: Hellgate Keep.

The druids of the Tall Trees are quite secretive and allow few other than druids (and vouched-for companions) into this part of the wood. The Great Druid is the leader here, but former Grand Druid (now an 18th level Hierophant Adept) Sinklayr Greenstroke resides here, as does the mysterious Gildenfire (a gold dragon in human guise).

THE HARPERS

Leader: Not Known

Base of Operations: Silverymoon

Goal: Protect the North, its peoples and resources from goblinkind and foreign influence or domination.

Allies: The Lords’ Alliance and the druids of Tall Trees.

Chief Foes: Orcs and other goblin races, the Zhentarim, and political powers in Amn and Calimshan.

Though this group was discussed in detail in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set, the importance of the Harpers to the North deserves more than a passing mention. Here in the North, where the society began centuries ago, the mystique that surrounds the Harpers generates respect, not suspicion, particularly since two of the most powerful leaders of the North, Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun of Waterdeep and High Lady Alustriel of Silverymoon, are avowed Harpers. Even the savage Uthgardt barbarians, who have little respect for the trappings of civilization, treat those who know the secret signs of the Harpers as if they were chieftains.

Originally, it was a loose society of bards and rangers, created to provide these wanderers with fellowship and shelter. Their fellowship grew, and with it came a desire to protect and preserve and maintain peace in the wild land they loved, acting against all who would despoil it.

In the North, they are arch foes of the burgeoning goblinkind races, and seek to thwart them at every turn. Elsewhere, the Harpers’ secret operations work to keep peace between human kingdoms—they oppose the Zhentarim and often act in a contrary manner to aggressive trading kingdoms like Amn.

The Harpers rarely work openly and never reveal their true goals to those not highly initiated into the society. Those who work at cross purposes to the Harpers often fail in their endeavors. Other than in the North, even those who are not their enemies harbor a mild distrust of the Harpers for this.

HELLGATE KEEP

Leader: Grinthalke (a type VI demon)

Base of Operations: Hellgate Keep

Goal: Acquisition of wealth and power to be used to gain favor in the Abyss.

Allies: None.

Chief Foes: The Harpers, Sundabar, Silverymoon, and druids of Tall Trees.

The demonic forces of this ghoul-hold continually seek to expand the boundaries of their domination and to acquire vast treasure and powerful magics. Grinthalke and his followers are exiles from the Abyss who may not *gate* in demons more powerful than manes (which are transformed into shadows and ghosts), rutterkins or dretches. If their physical forms are destroyed here, the demons reform as lesser creatures in the Abyss, only to be exiled again, here or elsewhere. Grinthalke’s armies include few actual demons, and they are quite reluctant to risk themselves in battle.

HOSTTOWER OF THE ARCANE

Leader: Arklem Greeth (18th level M-U)

Base of Operations: Luskan

Goal: Political and economic control of the North.

Allies: The Zhentarim, the High Captains of Luskan, and the Knights of the Shield

Chief Foes: The Lords’ Alliance, the Harpers, and the Kraken Society.

These power-hungry mages are the



instigating factor behind the Captains' Confederation. The wizards in the tower constantly scheme ways to gain power for themselves or the Hosttower (in that order). They often hire adventurers to do their dirty work (and take the blame if necessary). While they wield great power in Luskan, they have little direct influence outside the City of Sails.

ICE MOUNTAIN ORCS

Leader: King Graul

Base of Operations: Dead Orc Pass (?)

Goal: Conquest of the North (beginning with Sundabar or Silverymoon)

Allies: Other orc tribes, including Citadel of Many Arrows, and the Ice Mountains frost giants

Chief Foes: The Harpers, Sundabar, Silverymoon, and Citadel Adbar.

King Graul is the most powerful of the known northern orc kings—it is suspected that more than 100,000 orcs fall under his sway (though this includes the 40,000 orcs known to inhabit the Citadel of Many Arrows).

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SHIELD

Leader: Unknown.

Base of Operations: Waterdeep.

Goal: Increase political influence of southern countries in the North.

Allies: The Captains' Confederation, Hosttower of the Arcane.

Chief Foes: The Harpers, the Lords of Waterdeep, and the Lords' Alliance.

Until recently, this secretive group, composed primarily of petty nobility and merchants, has had little influence in the North, other than in Waterdeep.

Though their true aims are unknown, they seek both political and economic influence in the cities and countries of the Sword Coast. It is probable that the Knights seek to place one of their own among the unknown Lords of Waterdeep. It is suspected that the Knights are a pawn of an evil, extra-planar power, possibly even an arch-devil (also see entry in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set).

There are claims now that agents for the Knights are involved with the High

Captains of Luskan and the Hosttower of the Arcane.

THE KRAKEN SOCIETY

Leader: Unknown (possibly THE kraken)

Base of Operations: Yartar and Triboar.

Goal: Acquisition of information, particularly that which can be sold, or used to otherwise profit the society.

Allies: None.

Chief Foes: The Lords' Alliance, the Harpers.

A society of thieves, assassins, and mages who maintain an information network throughout the North. They are not associated with the official (or unofficial) thieves' guilds of Waterdeep. Based in Triboar and Yartar (the crossroads of the North), their symbol is a purple squid with an incredible number of tentacles, suggesting an association with the Kraken of the Purple Rocks.

THE LORDS' ALLIANCE

Leader: Lord Piergeiron of Waterdeep

Base of Operations: Waterdeep

Goal: Unified defense of northern cities and promotion of their economic interests.

Allies: The Harpers.

Chief Foes: The Zhentarim, Luskan, Amn, and Calimshan.

Also known as "The Council of Lords," or "the Lords' Council," it should not be confused with the Lords of Waterdeep. This lawful and essentially good economic and military alliance of the rulers of cities in the North and along the Sword Coast works to keep the overland trade routes along the Sword Coast and across the North as safe as possible and free from Zhentarim influence or annexation.

The alliance is open to all cities and nations in the west, but not all have chosen to join. Notable abstainees include fiercely independent Luskan, and the southern lands of Amn and Calimshan (who feel that troubled trade in the North can only profit their nations).

Member cities include Waterdeep, Mirabar, Neverwinter, Silverymoon, Sundabar and the island realm of Gun-

darlun. Southern cities include Baldur's Gate, Elturel, Berdusk, and Iriaebor. Smaller towns and villages in the north wisely join in the Alliance.

The member rulers of the Lords' Alliance communicate by means of both trained carrier pigeons (from Lord Piergeiron of Waterdeep) and the magical arts of archmage Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun. Smaller villages can correspond only with Waterdeep.

The military arm of the alliance is composed of both liveried troops from the larger cities and local militia in the smaller. Large cities and towns not only patrol their own local lands, but also maintain garrisons in the smaller towns and villages to support local militias and patrol the frontiers.

A typical garrison consists of 30 men: 10 will be professional soldiers supplied by a large city (often adventurers or mercenaries) and the rest will be local militia in the livery of the city's army, splitting time between patrols and their own business. In the deep frontier, at least 50% of the garrison will be trained as rangers.

Despite complaints of "gold ill-spent on grubby peasants," this policy maintains a constant flow of information between the cities and the frontier and creates a greater feeling of security within those who pioneer the wilderness.

LORDS OF WATERDEEP

Leader: Lord Piergeiron of Waterdeep

Base of Operations: Waterdeep

Goal: Rule Waterdeep wisely and protect its interests in the North and abroad.

Allies: The Harpers, The Lords' Alliance and its member cities.

Chief Foes: The 'Official' Thieves' Guild of Waterdeep, and Luskan.

THE ONE

Leader: The One (a.k.a. Radoc)

Base of Operations: The Star Mounts

Goal: Unknown.

Allies: Mongrelmen and the folk of Loudwater.

Chief Foes: None known.

This charismatic old man from another



world appears to be a great healer—a powerful cleric. His secret is that he is an equally powerful archmage. “The One” seeks a return to his home plane, but is building up an organized power base in the remote Star Mounts. Due to the remoteness of his headquarters, little is known of what goes on there.

TREANTS OF TURLANG WOOD

Leader: Turlang the Thoughtful
Base of Operations: Woods of Turlang (High Forest)
Goal: Protect the High Forest from harm, cultivate and expand forests in the North.
Allies: The druids of the Tall Trees
Chief Foes: Orcs and trolls.

UTHGARDT BARBARIANS

Leader: Each tribe has a leader.
Base of Operations: No fixed location.
Goal: Keep civilization from expanding in the North.
Allies: The Harpers (loose association)
Chief Foes: Orcs.

ZHENTIL KEEP

Leader: Mythkar Leng (in the North)
Base of Operations: Llorkh
Goal: Domination of all trade routes in the North and along the Sword Coast.
Allies: Llorkh and the Beast Lord.
Chief Foes: The Harpers and the Lords’ Alliance.

Mythkar Leng is a lawful evil, 9th level cleric of Bane, who acts as an advisor to Lord Geildarr of Llorkh (a 7th level magic-user who is secretly a member of the Zhentarim). With the aid of Rakaxalorth (a beholder who is never seen in public), Mythkar keeps Geildarr in line with the Zhentarim goals for the North. Llorkh has been chosen as a foothold due to its distance from the powers in Waterdeep and Silverymoon.

The Zhentarim already monopolize trade between Loudwater and Llorkh, have a firm base in Secomber, and well-placed agents in Waterdeep, Zundbridge, Yartar and Triboar.

Common Themes & Conflicts

The Orcs vs. Everybody

The orcs in the North wage a constant war of raid and retreat on frontier outposts. Small wandering bands constantly harry farms and villages, stealing livestock and brutally killing people. Just as often, they take slaves. Attempts to negotiate or control them for any length of time end in failure. Bounties placed on orcish heads only seem to encourage the beasts to attack for sport.

The Luskan/Ruathym War

The status of this conflict depends on when the DM begins the campaign. During the Year of the Prince, these two are waging bloodthirsty war upon one another, with Ruathym getting the worst of it. Shiploads of Luskan raiders plunder and pillage the Ruathym coast and slay their leader.

During the Year of Shadows, Waterdeep forces a truce and ends the conflict. In so doing, an alliance, the Captains’ Confederation, is forged between the Luskanites and the island kingdoms. Confederation warriors raid cities along the Sword Coast in huge numbers and no ship at sea is safe from Northmen pirates. The Year of Shadows ends with the Lords of Waterdeep in council, deciding whether to declare war or not.

The Uthgardt Barbarians vs. Civilization

The average Uthgardt regards civilization as a cancer to be cut out. Most tribes regularly raid civilized settlements, slaying domesticated animals, burning buildings, and crushing crops. Captives become slaves, though youngsters are often adopted into the tribe if they seem sturdy enough.

The Uthgardt vs. the Orcs

This is a holy war. Its roots date back to the formation of the Uthgardt as a people. The barbarians and the orcs compete directly with one another for the same resources. Savage humans and bloodthirsty orcs fight to the death upon meeting. Adventurers in the North could do worse than to aid the

Uthgardt in such a conflict.

Monsters vs. Humans

The monsters of the North, including the trolls of the Evermoors, treat humans—civilized and barbarian alike—as fruit ripe for the picking. There are always giants who raid villages, foul creatures who wake hungry and leave their lairs to feast on a village, dragons who crave treasure, vampires with unholy thirsts, and more.

Zhentarim vs. the Harpers

This society of Zhentil Keep on the far side of the Great Desert seeks a trade monopoly in the North. Even now, little is shipped overland to the east without Zhentarim involvement. The Harpers work to keep the Zhentarim and their evil plots out of the North.

Pirates vs. Merchants

Piracy is an accepted fact of life in the northern Trackless Sea. Pirates attack ships along the Sword Coast from Ches (March) until Uktar (November). Most are Northmen, but about a third hail from southern lands.

Hellgate Keep vs. Mankind

The demonic forces of Hellgate Keep continually press against the human and dwarven folk in the northeast. Men have not been able to drive the demons out, but mercenary companies and adventuring bands can always find employ as guardians in Turnstone Pass. A monastery of Helm, near Neverwinter, sponsors a company of 100 troops of all character classes each year. This group, called Helm’s Hundred, leaves Helm’s Hold each spring for Sundabar.

Religion in The Savage Frontier

The gods or “Powers” of the North include many beings worshipped elsewhere in the Realms, plus a number who have followers nowhere else but in the Savage Frontier. The majority of these deities, their abilities, alliances, alignments and power are described in both the *Cyclopedia of the Realms* from the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ boxed set and/or



in the *Legends and Lore* cyclopedia (though the orc gods are to be found in *Unearthed Arcana*). Only the briefest details are given for these gods—for a proper understanding and perspective of their religions, the DM should have both the aforementioned volumes.

Deities are divided into four categories—civilized gods, barbarian gods, and orc gods. Each of the “new” deities in this section is arranged in the following format:

NAME (pronunciation)	
nickname or title(s)	
Portfolio	Alignment
Power	Home Plane
Symbol	

NOTES

The table on page 12 gives the name of each major deity, the location of its primary (underlined) and lesser temples or shrines, and information about the temple’s clergy. Other deities were worshipped in the Savage Frontier, but their followings are not worth noting.

Civilized Gods

The city folk have chosen gods who meet their needs in this harsh land. In the tolerant, cosmopolitan city of Waterdeep, a variety of gods popular elsewhere have large temples, like Gond, Lathander, Mielikki, Mystra, Selune, Silvanus, Sune, Tempus and Tymora. Likewise, Silverymoon’s gods complement the city’s quest for beauty, art and knowledge. Where evil must be constantly fought, as in Sundabar, the aid of Helm, Tyr and Torm is sought by the defenders. In Mirabar, men who mine for a living have adopted dwarven gods.

Where trade is important, such as Nesmé, the goddess Waukeen holds sway. In communities where life depends on the forest, such as Loudwater, Secomber, and Silverymoon, Silvanus, Mielikki and Shiallia (see below) are favored.

SHIALLIA (SHE-al-YUH)

Sister Goddess, Dancer in the Glades, Daughter of the High Forest

Goddess of Glades and woodland fertility NG

Demipower Twin Paradises
Symbol: A golden acorn

NOTES: Shiallia appears as a voluptuously beautiful female korred whose long blond hair is festooned with garlands of oak leaves and golden acorns. She said to be a sister or daughter to the Tree Ghost (collective forest spirit) of the High Forest and is an ally of Silvanus and Mielikki, served by clerics not druids. She is patron and caretaker of pregnant forest creatures, a planter of trees and a nurturer of seedlings. She rejoices in life and shields against death. She has been known to bestow *acorns of desire* on favored worshippers, which grant them the powers of a *limited* or *full wish*. Her worship is limited to the proximity of the High Forest.

Barbarian Gods

The barbarians live in a harsh, cruel environment and worship harsh, cruel, even evil gods. Auril is worshipped by the Northmen as the bringer (and mollifier) of winter. Umberlee is queen over the dark, deadly cold waters of the northern ocean. Tempus the god of battles (called *Tempos* by the tundra barbarians) is worshipped by all the barbarian tribes of the North and outer islands. Chauntea is the patron of the Uthgardt barbarian women. They have female shamans who serve her.

The Uthgardt barbarians who range across the northern wilds worship beast totems, minor demigods who take their names and forms from creatures of the northern wilds. These cults include the Sky Pony, Blue Bear, Great Worm, Elk, Grey Wolf, Red Tiger (Snow Cat), Black Lion, Thunder Beast, Griffin, and the Tree Ghost. Each of these demipowers is quite similar, with the exception of the Blue Bear cult— which is a chaotic evil demipower allied with the Abyss. The Red Tiger is used as an example of the other beast cults.

RED TIGER

Snow Cat

Beast Cult

Chaotic Neutral

Demipower Happy Hunting Grounds

Symbol: A red snarling tiger face.

NOTES: Red Tiger is the most primitive, most bestial of the beast totems defeated by Uthgar, the founder of the tribes. Red Tiger exchanged his freedom for worship and the right of the shamans to call upon his beastpower. The followers of Red Tiger are reclusive hunters, like their totem.

Beast powers are listed by tribe in **The Peoples of the North**.

The Gods of The Orcs

While it is difficult to imagine orcs as “religious” they are devoted followers of their primitive gods. Their shamans and witch doctors are often the most powerful members of the community. The orcs acknowledge evil Gruumsh One-Eye, He-Who-Never-Sleeps, as their lord and master (see *Legends & Lore Cyclopedia* and *Unearthed Arcana*). In addition to Baghtru the Leg Breaker, Shargass the Night Lord, Ilneval, Yurtrus the White-Handed and Luthic Cave Mother, each orcish tribe has a vile totem god similar to the Uthgardt totems, but based on their unpleasant (more to the point, disgusting) tribal symbols, like the Severed Hand, Bloody Eye, and Skull-Grin tribes. Major gods (like Baghtru and the others) are described in *Unearthed Arcana*.



DEITY	TEMPLE/SHRINE	LOCATION	CLERGY
Auril	Winter Palace	Luskan	Wiskar Strom (male 6th L shaman)
Bane	shrine	Llorck	Mythkar Leng (male 9th L cleric)
Beast Totems			
Black Lion	Beorunna's Well	Beorunna's Well	Bogohardt Blackmane (male 7th L shaman)
Blackraven	Ravenrock	Blackraven River	Pureheartman (male 11th L shaman)
Blue Bear	Stone Stand	wilderness	Tanta Hagara (female, annis)
Elk	Flint Rock	wilderness	Berchtwald Bandylegs (male 5th L shaman)
Great Worm	Great Worm	Great Worm Cavern	Elrem the Wise (male great worm, 20th L shaman)
Grey Wolf	Ravenrock	Blackraven River	Clovis Greenteeth (male, 6th L shaman)
Griffon	Shining White	Shining Creek	Aldalfus Stormgatherer (male 9th L shaman)
Red Tiger	Beorunna's Well	Beorunna's Well	Gارين the Maker (male 5th L shaman)
Sky Pony	Morgur's Mound	wilderness	Valric High Eye (male 8th L shaman)
Thunderbeast	Morgur's Mound	wilderness	Kierkrad Seventoes (male 7th L shaman)
Tree Ghost	Grandfather Tree	unknown	Chungred Ghostheart (male 10th L shaman)
Chauntea	any Uthgardt mound	(see above)	Granna Luthanna (female 5th L shaman)
Gond	The House of Inspired Hands	Waterdeep	Priestess: Jhoadil Zulthind (female 8th L cleric)
Helm	Helm's Hold	Neverwinter	Founder: Dumal Erard (male 8th L monk)
	House Invincible	Silverymoon	Vigilant Master: Erssler Thamm (male 13th L cleric)
	Halls of Vigilance	Sundabar	Priest: Ruthard Fourl (male 10th L cleric)
Lathander	The Spires of the Morning	Waterdeep	High Priestess: Ghentilara (female 10th L cleric)
Mielikki	The Lady's Hands	Waterdeep	Briosar Helmsing (male 10th L ranger)
	Deep Glade	Tall Trees	Wanada Selemensa (female 8th L ranger)
	shrine	Secomber	none
Milil	Halls of Inspiration	Silverymoon	Laureate: Mandaliz (female 12th L cleric)
Mystra	The House of Wonder	Waterdeep	Magister of Mystra: Meleghost Starseer (male 10th L magic-user). First Seeker: Ilbrost Mythyl (male 7th L magic-user)
	Tower of Balance	Silverymoon	Magister: Thukmuul Teleshann (female 17th L magic-user)
Oghma	Halls of Inspiration	Silvery moon	Chief Priest: Sandrew the Wise (male 11th L cleric); First Singer: Winitar (male 6th L bard)
	House of Knowledge	Neverwinter	Chief Priest: Watger Brighthair (male 8th L cleric)
Orc Gods: Gruumsh, Shargass, Ilneval, Yurtrus, and Luthic are worshipped wherever orcs gather in number, often in rocky passes of the northern mountain ranges.			
Selune	Temple of Silver Stars	Silverymoon	High Priestess: Shanathera Moonsoul (female 18th L cleric)
	The House of the Moon	Waterdeep	High Priestess: Naneathea Suaril (female 16th L cleric)
Shiallia	The Golden Oak	Silverymoon	Priestess: Izolda Three-corn (female 8th L cleric)
Silvanus	Deep Glade	Tall Trees	Great Druid: Uthgang Jyarl (male 14th L druid)
	Silverglen	Silverymoon	Willa O'Greensleeves (female 6th L druid)
	shrine	Waterdeep	Watcher: Anarkin Iriboar (male 2d L druid)
Sune	The Temple of Beauty	Waterdeep	High Priestess: Ssaeryl Shadowstar (female 14th L cleric)
Tempus	The House of Heroes	Waterdeep	High Sword: Turik Bloodhelm (male 8th L fighter); Prior: Maxtilar Rhebbos (male 6th L cleric)
	Hall of Warriors	Luskan	Axxium Korvis (male 6th L shaman)
Tymora	The Tower of Luck	Waterdeep	High Priestess: Seenrosa Halvinhar (female 14th L cleric); Prior: Markos Zellizands (5th L cleric)
	Fortune Hall	Silverymoon	Priestess: Shermata Cheng (female 9th L cleric)
Tyr (Torm)	Hall of Justice	Neverwinter	Reverend Judge: Oleff Uskar (male 10th L cleric); Prior: Hlam (male, 7th L monk)
	Hall of Justice	Sundabar	Reverend Judge: Triandial Truthhammer (male 8th L cleric)
Umberlee	Hall of Black Waves	Ruathym	Uther Jeroggean (male 5th L shaman)
	Temple of Red Sails	Luskan	Malakia (female 12th L shaman)
Waukeen	House of Fair Trade	Nesme	High Priestess: Jygil Zelnathra (female 10th L cleric)



Weather in The Savage Frontier

To the southerner's preconceptions, the North means endless winter, month after month of blizzards, ice storms and generally frigid weather. Fortunately for the hardy folk of the Savage Frontier, this is not true. There is no one type of climate or weather pattern in the North. Beyond the Spine of the World mountain range, arctic conditions prevail. From the Spine of the World south to Waterdeep, subarctic weather conditions are to be found. The mountains cause an abrupt climate change. South of the Wall (as the Spine of the World is often called), the climate is more like that of the southernmost reaches of the subarctic rather than a smooth transition from arctic to subarctic. However, the coastal areas as far north as Port Llast are temperate climates, due to the warm deep ocean currents that run from south to north along the coast. The outer islands fall into the subarctic climate, even distant Tuern, which receives the waning warmth of the coastal current. Note that weather at sea and on the islands is dealt with in greater specifics in **Islands of the North**.

The variety of climate conditions makes detailed weather tables for this region cumbersome and space intensive. DMs who require more than the general descriptions that follow, refer to **World of Weather** appendix in the *Wilderness Survival Guide*.

Arctic Climate

The arctic climate conditions which dominate Icewind Dale and the Sea of Endless Ice beyond the Spine of the World bring a bitterly cold winter with lows as cold as -40 degrees Fahrenheit and highs that barely exceed 30 degrees (still below freezing). Summer brings warm days of 70 degrees or more, but with lows that still can drop into the "teens." Near-constant, stiff breezes off the Trackless Sea force temperatures even lower, due to wind chill, by as

much as 10 to 20 degrees. Precipitation falls as snow in winter and as rain or sleet the rest of the year.

Winter snowfall is heavy enough to regenerate the glacier mass that dominates the Utter North. This translates to about 20-50 inches of snow accumulation each winter, but no more than a few inches each snowfall. The rest of the year, drier weather prevails.

Subarctic Climate

As discussed previously, the vast majority of the North, including the islands and the Spine of the World mountain range fall within a mild subarctic climate (but still not quite temperate). This translates as long, bitter winters that effectively last from mid-Marpenoth (October) to late Tarsakh (April) with temperatures that drop into the low -30's and rarely climb past 40 degrees Fahrenheit. These winters are punctuated by fierce, often destructive storms that howl in off the western ocean, dumping mixed snow and rain on the more southerly coast line and heavy snow across the mountains and midlands. Frequent blizzards blanket the land in deep snow drifts (often 10 or more feet deep) and isolate northern communities from one another. In the mountains, temperatures approach arctic iciness, while the forests seem to shrug off the worst effects of winter (some woods, like Neverwinter Wood and parts of the High Forest, never feel winter at all). Most rivers freeze over, with ice thick enough to support wagons and draft teams between Uktar (November) and early Ches (March).

Summers in the North are short, but temperatures still climb into the 80s, which along with high humidity and warm breezes from the southwestern seas keep it warm enough for anyone (if not downright uncomfortable at times). Summer precipitation normally takes the form of rain, but hail, sleet and even snow are not unknown. Summer is also the time for Wizard Weather, when unpredictable and even magical weather patterns occur in the vicinity of the

High Forest.

The cloud-cover over the North seems eternal and unbroken. Partially, sunny days are common, but a day without clouds in the Savage Frontier is difficult to conceive of and is usually worth noting.

Temperate Climate

The true temperate climate begins south of Waterdeep, yet the Sword Coast between the City of Splendors and Port Llast stays warmer and wetter throughout the year than the inland regions. Southerners are surprised to find such mild weather so far north. On the other side of the coin, the coast also bears the brunt of the fierce storms that shriek out of the sea. While winters are warmer on the average, the coast is often subjected to damp, bone-chilling cold far worse than that felt by the midlands. Summers are warmer here, reaching upwards to extremes of 100 degrees, but are relieved by nearly constant sea breezes from the Sea of Swords. As with the inland areas, the skies over the coast are often cloudy. This stretch of coast usually receives some precipitation every day, usually as rain (or sleet in winter). Thick fog is a trademark of the coastal ports and makes hugging the shore a deadly proposition near the tiny, rocky, offshore islands north of Waterdeep.

Island Climates

Though they fall within the scope of the subarctic climate, the outer islands of Tuern, the Purple Rocks, Gundarlun, and Ruathym have a different type of climate than found on the mainland. Like the Moonshaes farther south, they live at the mercy of the stormy seas. Yet unlike those southern islands, the outer islands of the North feel winter's bite nearly eight months out the year. When they are not locked in winter's ice (often a mile or more wide by Alturiak/February), they are shrouded in dense, late-rising fog (if it rises at all). The storms that lash the islands are far



harsher than those on the mainland, and most settlements are wisely built on the lee sides of the islands, away from the “Auril’sbreath” as the islanders call the near-constant bitter northwestern winter winds. Island summers are cool, even by subarctic standards, though the white beaches of Ruathym’s southern shore often bake in the summer heat.

Wildlife in the North

“What adventurers? I didn’t hire any adven... oh, those adventurers. Well bring them in... and will you stop writing already?”

“Well, that was timely, those fellows certainly did a good job researching the flora and fauna... what?... plants and animals, Ereka, plants and animals of the North. No, I don’t think they met all those beasts, I certainly wouldn’t want to and I doubt if their adventure tales are true. I don’t care what Laeral said, I don’t believe in white rabbits the size of ponies, even in the High Forest. Enough already. Let me talk. You just write.”

The wilds of the North and the Islands are a hunter’s paradise. Mundane creatures of all descriptions and sizes usually escape an adventurer’s notice, yet they are vitally important to those would live off the land, including rangers, druids, and native barbarians.

Majestic elk wander the northern forests, hills and fens, as do the lesser fen deer and noble moose. Huge herds of shaggun (shaggy bovines, use buffalo statistics) range the central plains and hills, often competing with the less aggressive domestic cattle herds for pasturage. They provide both food and tests of courage for the Uthgardt barbarians. In the far north reindeer travel in thundering herds (often followed by tundra barbarian tribes), while the white-coated mountain ram, a mighty, wild sheep, commands the lofty mountain peaks. Huge, sometimes deadly wild boars lurk in the forests – fine eating, but often at the steep price of men’s lives.

Small animals abound everywhere: rabbits, squirrels, red foxes, mice, bats, water rats, prairie dogs, beavers, weasels, and ermines. Common bird life includes game birds like the pheasant, grouse, quail, duck, and geese, and song birds of all shapes, colors and sizes.

Fish are a diet staple of many northern towns, including the succulent shallass, found primarily in the Dessarin river network and the szorp, a brown, trout-like denizen of the Delimbiyr and Unicorn Run rivers. Each spring, salmon run up the Mirar, Neverwinter and Dessarin rivers to spawn.

Along the Sword Coast and all the outer islands, seals and sea lions play and breed among the rocks, as do sea otters and dolphins. Though their breeding grounds are farther south, pods of whales are a common sight in the northern ocean.

And last, but never least, there are the mundane predators. The northern mountain ranges are home to the agile red tiger or “snow cat.” Wolves are nearly everywhere and bears are common in all forested or mountain areas, while white polar bears stalk the Uttermost North. Fierce sharks and orca (killer whales) patrol the seas.

The North is also home to many unusual beasts as well, better known to common folk as monsters.

Encounters in The North

Rather than provide a set of random encounter tables for each terrain type in the North, *The Savage Frontier* sets forth a listing of creatures and folk common to the encounter areas in the north, and several unusual, unique encounters with monsters, NPCs, objects, or places. Using these lists and suggestions, and those provided in the specific area descriptions given in later chapters, the DM can choose the encounters he wishes to occur.

Those DMs who can’t live without random encounter tables should refer to the Outdoor Random Encounter Tables and the Aquatic Random Encounter Tables on pages 135-137 of

Monster Manual II. These tables are excellent (but not absolutely perfect) for use with the Savage Frontier. Use the COLD CIVILIZED AREAS tables for land encounters occurring within 90 miles of the Sword Coast. Use the COLD WILDERNESS AREAS tables for land encounters taking place elsewhere in the North (including the islands). For encounters at sea, use the COLD SALT WATER tables on page 137.

Another alternative is to make personalized random encounter tables. Both the *Monster Manual II* and the *DM’s Sourcebook of the Realms* from the campaign set have informative guidelines for this. These tables can include monsters, members of power groups, NPCs, and special events.

Regardless of how encounters are selected, it is an excellent practice for the DM to predetermine a number of encounters before beginning play. This gives the DM a chance to set up the statistics and motivations for NPCs or monsters encountered – particularly important if the DM is running a “storyline” campaign, where seemingly random encounters are actually an important part of the overall adventure plot. It also allows the DM to answer questions like, “What tribe are these orcs from,” “What kind of goods is that Zhentarim caravan carrying and where is it headed,” or “Why are the barbarians wandering this far south?”

Barrenland Encounters

These bleak, often hilly, barren lands seem drenched in a feeling of depression. Even the spring blossoms of gorse and heather that cover the hills seem somehow faded. Trolls are common, as they claim these lands for their own, especially the Trollmoors near Nesmé.

In the Trollmoors, the trolls appear in double-size groups and are often encountered with a 3d level troll shaman or even giant trolls.

In the Fallen Lands and the Lonely Moor, the Beast Lord’s servants scour the land, searching for monsters for their master’s breeding programs.



Nearly any dungeon monster of 10 hit dice or less can be found in the Fallen Lands.

Clear Terrain Encounters

Clear terrain in the north is mainly a grassy prairie of easy rolling hills. The Rolling Hill terrain only indicates where the hills are the most convoluted. The area immediately around cities and towns is farmland, where common encounters include cows, sheep, farmers, herders, longriders (mounted ranch hands), and military patrols (usually Waterdhavian or Neverwinter troops of the Lords' Alliance).

Merchant caravans and military patrols are constantly on the move along the major roads and navigable rivers. Folk traveling between cities in the North usually attach themselves to one or the other of these groups.

Away from civilized lands, the savage barbarians (both Uthgardt tribes and Northmen raiding bands) and wild orcs roam free. Anyone weaker than they is

fair game. Trolls are still a problem, but away from the barren lands, they tend to be solitary creatures.

Rangers roam these lands, but prefer to observe and remain unseen, though they will help folk in need.

In the northern tundra of the Cold Run and Icewind Dale, the fierce tundra yeti (whose color changes with the seasons from white to brown) and the remorhaz make travel difficult.

Near the ghoulish hold, Hellgate Keep, all sorts of twisted chaotic and evil creatures lurk in the pits that dot the plains, fighting amongst themselves and snaring the unwary. Demonic creatures patrol these areas in the service of the demon masters of Hellgate.

Forest Encounters

The woods of the North are primarily broad-leaved deciduous trees, similar to the oaks, maples, elms, and birches of other worlds. Farther north, the deciduous woods give way to conifers like spruce, larch and tamarack, white and

ponderosa pines. Grizzly bears, werebears, and bugbears thrive in these woods, as do the fierce northern ogres. Manticore lurk in the darker glades and small green dragons are said to inhabit the Moonwood, Lurkwood, and the Kryptgarden Forest. Outside the High Forest, treants are known to dwell only in the Coldwood. Owlbears stalk the dark glades of Southwood and the Ardeepforest. And then there are the orcs.

High Forest Encounters

The High Forest is the wildest of all woods in the North. Trees are bigger here (some approaching gigantic stature) and wildlife is more numerous, and often of giant size. It is a fairy wood, home to bright creatures like brownies, pixies, sprites, nymphs, treants and unicorns, and dark creatures like kech, forlarren, stirges, perytons and mongrel men.

Men rarely roam the wood, though intrusions into the northeastern Tall



Trees section will be watched and perhaps interdicted by the many druids who dwell there. Likewise, intruders into the Woods of Turlang in the northwest may be stopped by the treants who dwell therein.

As elsewhere in the north, hunting bands of orcs roam freely, as do parties of demon-folk from Hellgate Keep.

Hill Encounters

The rolling hills of the central plains and river valleys are much like Clear Terrain. The foothills of mountains are bleaker, rougher, often rocky. Bandits make their headquarters in hills along the major thoroughfares. Goblins in the North have their homes in the hills rather than the mountains (which are usually under orc control). Hill giants usually keep to mountain foothills, though at least three clans are known to range the hills around the Crumbling Stair. In winter frost giants come down from the mountains into the hills.

Island Encounters

The outer islands of the Trackless Sea are generally rough, even mountainous rocky lands, constantly swept by stiff breezes from the chill ocean. Life is hard and the people have become equally hard in order to survive, let alone thrive.

In general, the islands are similar to mountainous terrain, though the coastlines suffer from coastal and sea encounters. The islands have varying populations of Northmen who farm, fish and raid for a living (they are a common source of Northmen pirates). Most islands have one or more clans or tribes of giants, many of whom are sea-rovers themselves.

Demi-humans are not native to these lands, so dwarves, elves, halflings and gnomes encountered out here are either merchants, adventurers, or slaves of the Northmen. Orcs are also non-native to the islands, though lesser goblin and goblinoid races (like kobolds, norkers, and meazels) abound. Giant

spiders and ettercap also roam the mountainous island wildernesses. On the coastlines, scraggs (sea trolls) seek victims and plunder.

Mere of Dead Men Encounters

This is an eerie foetid swamp filled with unpleasant creatures, strange glows, sucking bogs, scummy, reeking cesspools, deadly quicksand and a general aura of unwholesomeness. It is mostly uncharted. Literally any swamp or dungeon creature could be encountered here, regardless of its customary climate. Lizardmen are the predominant sentient race here, led by their mysterious shamans, though bands of bullywugs have been seen (these are probably raiders and not natives). Penanggalen are supposed to roam here, and will-o'-(the)-wisps are numerous, as are trolls, snakes of all sizes, and jillions of insects—from clouds of tiny biters to gigantic monsters.

Mountain Encounters

The mountains in the north vary from the lower coastal ranges to the bleak Graypeaks in the west, to the towering Spine of the World range that separates the North from the frozen wastes of the Uttermost North. Orcs infest the mountains of the Savage Frontier (even the coastal ranges), making it literally impossible to travel them without encountering at least one warband or hunting party.

Here too are giants. Verbeeg, frost and fog giants lair in the Spine and Ice Mountain ranges. The Graypeaks are home to tribes of stone and mountain giants and the coastal ranges are known to contain hill giants. A clan of evil fomorian giants lurks in the southern arm of the Spine of the World near the Dungeon of the Ruins.

Men are rare in the mountains. If found at all, they are often merchants, traveling the mountain passes. However, bands of dwarves are common in all mountain ranges, though they

inhabit only the Ice Mountains. Dwarves seek lost dwarfholds and are extremely suspicious of strangers (who may be after their treasure).

Galeb duhr inhabit most ranges, and yeti and taer stalk the Spine of the World and Ice Mountains, as do ice toads, hoar foxes, and winter wolves.

Dungeon monsters can also be found, usually signifying the presence of nearby ruins.

Sea Encounters

The seas of the North are home to many creatures and a number of sentient aquatic races, including sea elves, sahuagin, and merfolk. Men who roam the seas include Northmen pirates (in their longships), southern pirates (in carracks and caravels), merchant ships from all lands (usually galleons, traveling in fleets of two to five ships for safety), and ships of the Waterdeep, Neverwinter, Port Llast, Ruathym and Luskan navies (though ships of the latter two are indistinguishable from pirates in appearance and deed).

The Sea of Moving Ice provides the northern sea with towering icebergs and islands of ice flow, though these are primarily concentrated along the path of the coastal current, moving westward along a line from The Ice Peak to Tuern.

Common and uncommon creatures of the ocean include dragon turtles, whales, scraggs (sea trolls), giant octopus, water weirds, sea wolves, dolphin, and an occasional white dragon.



Uthgardt Barbarian Encounters

These barbarians can be found almost everywhere south of the Spine of the World and west of the High Forest. Use the following table to select the encountered Uthgardt tribe (though one may also use the closest ancestor mound for this purpose).

2d6 Tribe	Mound
2 Black Lion	Beorunna's Well
3 Blackraven	Ravenrock
4 Great Worm	Great Worm
5-6 Elk Tribe	Flintrock
7 Thunderbeast	Morgur's Mound
8 Red Tiger	Beorunna's Well
9 Blue Bear	Stone Stand
10 Griffon	Shining White
11 Grey Wolf	Ravenrock
12 Tree Ghost	Grandfather Tree

Unusual Encounters

The following encounters are unusual events or encounters that an adventurers might meet in the wilds of the North. Unless an encounter entry states otherwise, it can occur anywhere. The DM should adjust the number of foes to provide a challenge for parties of any level.

TROLLFOES A band of trolls, including a 3d level troll shaman and a giant two-headed troll, is locked in battle with a military patrol. In the Trollmoors, these are Riders of Nesmé. Elsewhere, they are Waterdhavian troops. The soldiers are obviously losing.

LIZARD MEANIES A troupe of lizardmen, their skins painted with camouflage markings, skulks through the underbrush, desperately trying not to be seen. They are carrying something—no, someone who does not wish to be carried. At the DM's discretion, this may be:

- a beautiful maiden.
- an aarakocra from the Star Mounts.
- a halfling merchant from the south.

GHOST SHIP A shimmering, high-prowed galley cuts straight toward the party (even on land, far from the sea). A storm seems to blow ahead of it and the sky darkens eerily. The tattered sail flies the symbols of the god of death Myrkul, floating on the waves of Umberlee's sigil. Plants wither and die in its wake. The ship is crewed by 30 seaweed-draped skeletons in the command of a pair of spectres.

A LOST SHIELD A golden, decorated shield +3 lies half-hidden by shrubbery. The emblem design on the shield is that of a Griffon Rampant. A haunt (MM2), once a valiant cavalier, lurks nearby and attempts to possess any who take the shield. The dead cavalier's mission was to rescue a southern princess taken captive and sold in Waterdeep long ago. The princess is long dead too, but at least one of her descendants bears a remarkable resemblance to her.

AN ABANDONED VILLAGE The village is like a ghost-town—no bodies, occupants or signs of violence. A thorough search uncovers a painted stone showing stick men and women entering a dark hole. A battle is taking place between the trailing stick men and other figures (men? trolls?) who follow them.

FLAMES IN THE TWILIGHT The adventurers encounter an outlying farm in flames near an agricultural town. Dark figures are visible, skulking in the red light of the flames and fearful voice cry out in terror. Strange, green light streams out through the windows and cracks between the boards of the farmhouse.

HUNTERS At a roadside campsite, the PCs encounter a band of close-mouthed travelers. Eventually their leader reveals herself to be a bounty hunter who has been unsuccessfully looking for an adventuring band. The weary hunter offers to share the reward if the party can help her. The description she gives is a dead ringer for the party

when they last visited a major city. Who has put a price on the PCs' heads and why?

NECROMHARGE Organized bands of undead ravage the major trade routes. They ambush travelers, kill everyone, steal valuables and take all the bodies. Dead victims swell the raiders' ranks. Rumor of a dark mage leading armies of undead spreads like wildfire, followed by a whispered word: "Necromharge." The Lords' Alliance offers rewards for the mage's destruction.

On a lonely road, the PCs get their chance to gain the fabulous reward, as skeletons, zombies, wights, and spectres swarm out of the woods to swell their ranks.

HISTORY MYSTERY The PCs encounter a battle between a band of confused elves in archaic garb and howling orcs who dance around them. If the PCs rescue the elves, it should be apparent that they are either from Faerun's past or from another world and do not know how they came to be here.

RANGE WAR! Longriders (mounted ranch hands) from Longsaddle ranches are at war with longriders from Triboar over pasture rights. The party are assumed to be mercenaries in the pay of one side or the other. Of course, a barbarian raid could change all this.

LOCKED IN THE ICE OF THE AGES (Sea Encounter Only) An iceberg contains a huge monstrous form and a glint of gold and colorful crystal.

SKY WARS Two flying castles of exotic design pass overhead. The air between them is electrified by *fireballs*, *meteor storms* and *lightning bolts* that blast and scar their metal surfaces. Small creatures swarm like ants over their surfaces until one suddenly belches forth great gouts of flame and begins to go down...

THE PEOPLES OF THE NORTH



"8 Myrtul. Today, my great master Amelior Amanitas, and I his ever-humble servant Ere, set forth on our journey to Silvermoon, over 500 miles to the north. Amelior believes that the Herald's Holdfast near there will help him write about our land. But, he just wants to see Lady Alustriel again. He's going to make a fool of himself, I can see it coming.

"10 Mirtul. As usual with our aerial trips, the A. A. became deathly ill when the gasbag rose into the air and has remained greenly semi-comatose since. The fire elemental has performed well, keeping the air bag hot, but the air elemental has been a real pain. Instead of avoiding the High Forest, we are now

directly over it, on a collision course with some rather sharp mountains. Nothing to be done I guess. Might as well copy over Amelior's notes."

The two major human peoples in the North are barbarians: the fair-haired Northmen who dwell along the Sword Coast and upon the outer islands, and the dark-haired Uthgardt tribes who roam the wild interior. The third major race in the North is not human at all: orcs dominate the wilds and may be the true, though disunified power in the North.

Other folk, like the dwarves, the Ice Hunters, and the lizardmen, are native to the North, but wield no great political

or economic power. And though they are prolific elsewhere in the world, members of the halfling and elven races are rare in the North.

The Northmen

"Deliver us, O Lathander, from the fury of the Northmen" –A Calishite prayer

The term Northmen refers to one of several seagoing, usually warlike, peoples found along the Sword Coast north of Waterdeep and the islands to the west, including Tuern, Gundarlun, and Ruathym in the Trackless Sea and Norheim and Norland in the Moonshaes.



The tall, fair-haired, sea-loving Northmen barbarians were the third human people in the north. According to dwarven records, the peaceful Ice Hunters had ranged the far North for centuries and the folk of lost Netheril had dwelled along the Narrow Sea for millennia before the Northmen arrived.

The Northmen's primitive ancestors built small villages along the Sword Coast. Many grew into places of importance, including fabled Illusk (ancient Luskan), Eigersstor (now Neverwinter), Port Llast, and Nimoar's Hold, which the world now knows as Waterdeep.

The early Northmen avoided the wild interior. They farmed the rocky, but rich coastal lands, fished coastal waters warmed by deep north-bound currents, hunted deer in the forests, seals in the coastal rocks, and whales in the depths of the Trackless Sea. Yet with the coming of summer, the call of the sea would be irresistible to the young men and they would go a-raiding.

From Kythorn to early Marpenoth, the fierce, barbaric battle-cries of Northmen were heard in Lantan, Amn, and Tethyr; in Calimshan and other countries and cities of the Shining Sea, even as far south as fabled Nimbral.

These wild barbarians explored the Trackless Sea, discovering Tuern, Gundarlun, Ruathym, The Purple Rocks, the Whalebones, and eventually the Moonshaes (though others had been there before them).

Other Northmen braved and explored the orc-infested interior, becoming the human partners of The Fallen Kingdom, ancestors of the Uthgardt tribes, and mercenaries for lost Ascalhorn.

Though they are often referred to as barbarians, not all Northmen fit this classification. Along the Sword Coast, many of these barbaric sea raiders have become civilized, primarily due to the influence of southern folk. They farm, fish, and mine their rugged lands, then smartly trade their goods with southern merchants. Many once-feared raiders have become merchants whose skill at bargaining equals or betters the war-

like talents of their ancestors, such that many a Northman merchant returns with more southern booty than do the raiders.

Still, an edge of savagery remains. The Northmen of Luskan and the islands are fierce and warlike. The warrior known as the berserker is more often than not a Northman. Fierce, fearless dragonships ply the northern waters, wily pirates who are able to outrun and outmaneuver heavily-laden merchant galleons. And each summer, the fierce, barbaric battle-cries of Northmen raiders still ring loud in the south.

Northmen Attitudes

The barbaric Northmen are bold, macho, impetuous, fierce in battle, and callous in their treatment of others. Foreigners (read as "not Northmen") and non-humans are treated with respect only if their skill in battle is obvious. Otherwise, they are weaklings, deserving scorn from "real men."

Like other barbarians, Northmen dislike magic and magic-users. In rural communities or on outer islands like Tuern and the Purple Rocks, magic-use is punishable by death. Clerics are treated with aloof disdain (even Northmen shamans receive little respect).

Northmen love a good fight and prize physical strength and weapon prowess above all other things. To prove themselves, the Northmen constantly wage war with whomever they feel that they can defeat. It is uncommon to find a Northman kingdom that is NOT at war.

They enjoy hearty food, somber songs, good drink (particularly mead and ale), treat their women with respect, but value and cherish the precious long ships beyond other property or family. True Northmen derive sensual pleasure from the appearance of a sleek long ship, its gracefully curving lines slicing easily through even rough seas.

Weapons and Proficiencies

The battle ax is the Northman's weapon of choice. With ax in one hand and a sturdy shield in the other, the Northman believes he can conquer the world. Missile weapons other than the javelin are considered weaklings' tools since they do not rely on the pure strength of the warrior.

At sea, Northmen raiders rarely wear armor heavier than studded leather and shield (AC 6). Metal armor drags one down to Umberlee's bosom too quickly. For land raids, chainmail is donned by those lucky enough to own it (AC 4). A Northman king or High Captain usually possesses plate mail.

The island Northmen possess all the primary skills known by barbarians (survival, first aid, outdoor craft, and tracking) and know the following tertiary skills: running and small craft, rowed.

Gods of The Northmen

The surly Northmen are not what one would call a "religious" people. They pay grudging homage to several gods only because those powers have control over things the Northmen do not. Tempus, the god of battles, is the only deity who receives more than cursory piety.

Likewise, the earthly agents of the gods, normally shamans, are treated with similar callousness, having a lower status than warriors. Clerics and shamans are rare and are seldom more powerful than 7th or 8th level.

The deities whom the Northmen honor include Auril, the Frostmaiden; Tempus, the Lord of Battles; Umberlee, the Bitch Queen; and occasionally Valkur the Mighty. In rare instances Malar is worshipped, but usually only by those berserkers who revel in battle fury. Northmen rarely devote themselves to one god, but honor their three primary deities: Tempus, Auril and Umberlee, when they are within that deity's sphere of influence.

The Northmen see Auril as the



bringer of winter on the world, an important part of their existence. They placate her with offerings of food and strong drink in autumn and winter, placed upon rafts set adrift at sea. In times of dire distress, human sacrifices may be the meal placed on the raft. Such sacrifices are usually taken from prisoners or slaves, but not always.

Warriors worship Tempus before battles. He is the berserker's patron, protector of those who succumb to berserking frenzy. He too takes human sacrifice—prisoners taken in battle.

The seafaring Northmen give great respect (and fear) to Umberlee, goddess of oceans, waves and currents—the ocean gladly accepts their customary sacrifices before each voyage. The longer the journey, the greater the sacrifice. As with other Northmen deities, Umberlee receives human sacrifices. She is believed to cause shipwrecks and drownings, and is the mistress of the sharks that endanger stranded sailors.

Berserkers

Some Northmen fighters (a 20% chance per individual) have the ability to drive themselves into a berserker frenzy in battle. Warriors who demonstrate this aptitude are often gathered by their king into a royal bodyguard or unit of elite soldiers. The fighters can bring on the berserker rage simply by contemplating imminent combat, or in response to a surprise attack.

Berserker Northmen receive either a +2 bonus to hit, or they may attack twice per round (never both) and need never check morale. For the purposes of BATTLESYSTEM™ Fantasy Combat Supplement rules, they have a discipline of 0. If a player wishes to avoid having his Northmen consumed by berserker rage, he can make a morale check before the fighters go berserk. This check suffers a -2 penalty, but if it succeeds, the Northmen do not become berserk during that fight.

Dragon Ships of The North

The long ship of the North is the love of the Northman's life. You will never find one of these war ships used as a fishing vessel. Also known as "dragon ships" due to the carved figureheads mounted on many of these proud northern warships, they conform closely to the drakkar (the Viking Dragon Ship described in the DMG, pp. 53-54). The long ship is a square-sailed, oared ship with a single mast that can be unstepped (removed). Their open, deckless, relatively light hulls are "clinker" built, that is, with overlapping planks riveted together. This flexible hull lets the ship sail over the waves, instead of having to force its hull through them. In mountainous seas, though, the open hold makes even the flexible long ship susceptible to foundering.

Long ships are the fastest ships along the Sword Coast in most weather. Even the multi-masted caravels of the south cannot outrun a long ship with a strong breeze at its stern.

A typical long ship is crewed by 40 men, warriors all. Each warrior's sea chest is his oar bench. See the Ships of the North table in **Islands of the North** for long ship statistics.

Regional Northman Differences

GUNDS The folk of Gundarlun are excellent merchants and fishermen, more reverent to the gods than the average Northmen. They favor the sword over the ax and even poorer folk dress in garb made of colorful southern cloth.

Gunds are found as adventurers or mercenaries along the Sword Coast. They have only a 50% chance to gain the benefits of the barbarian character class and are rarely berserkers.

The figureheads on their long ships often depict fish (perhaps marlins or swordfish) and predatory birds (such as ernes and ospreys).

TUERNISH The isolated folk of Tuern worship no gods (and argue that none exist) and tolerate no magic-users in their midst, but give tribute to the red dragons of the mountains. They try to enslave all non-Northmen and, when visiting other lands, deface temples of the gods.

They sail long ships big enough to house giants (which they often do), with figureheads that depict fierce warriors. Most have crews of over 100 warriors.

RUATHYN AND LUSKANITES

Though they are separated by 1,800 miles of open ocean, the Ruathyn (the people of Ruathym) and the Luskanites are closely related. They dress in furs, wear horned helmets, constantly raid settlements along the coast and on the Moonshaes, attack ships on the high seas, and hate Waterdhavians, elves, halflings, southerners, and each other.

They trust only their weapons. The figureheads on their ships favor red and white dragons, as do their sails.

ROCKLANDERS The people of the Purple Rocks were once a Gundarlun colony. There are no aged here and no children. The skins of all the people are unusually scarred and weathered. For Northmen, the Rocklanders are unusually warm and friendly, though their smiles may seem fake. They appear to worship the usual Northman deities, but their graven images of those gods all show many, tentacle-like arms. Their long ships favor squid-like figure heads.

The Uthgardt Barbarians

"Blood flowed like spring melt water from Uthgar's wounds as he stood before his sons on the massive skull of Gurt, the lord of the pale giants. With voice unweakened, he spoke of his gift.

"Mighty Tempus declares that I may no longer walk among you. I will not go without leaving you a final gift. You know that I have fought the beast gods and taken from each a part of their



strength, which I in turn give to you.

“Teach the children these secrets. If they devote themselves to the beast gods, then they may call upon the beasts’ power.”

“And so speaking, Uthgar mounted his sky pony and joined his father Beorunna in the war halls of Tempus.”

The Uthgardt barbarians (named for Uthgar, their legendary founder) conform closely to the barbarian character class defined in *Unearthed Arcana*, and gain that class’s benefits.

The Uthgardt are a black-haired and blue-eyed people—large, hardy folk descended from a mixture of Northmen fugitives, Netherese refugees, and a few savage tribes, including the Beorunni (folk of Beorunna); who live by raiding, hunting, gathering, and farming.

The Uthgardt are divided into 10 tribes (at the present). Sometimes there are more, sometimes less. The tribes are named for the beast totems which Uthgar conquered—Black Lion, Thunderbeast, Red Tiger, Blue Bear, Great Worm, Sky Pony, Tree Ghost, Black-raven, Griffon, and Grey Wolf. Although civilization has come to the north in waves throughout history, much of the land is wild and untamed, the unbounded home of the Uthgardt. Their tribal lands extend north into the Spine of the World, south as far as The Stone Bridge, east to the Cold Wood, and west to Neverwinter Wood. They avoid cities, the High Forest and the lands around Hellgate Keep.

Although some tribes have embraced agriculture and fixed habitations, the Uthgardt have few stable villages. Most tribes wander the wilderness in small clan or family groups and live within a few weeks’ travel of their ancestor mounds, their holiest of holy grounds.

Uthgardt Attitudes

Tradition is the centerpole of Uthgardt life. Yet it is blind devotion to tradition that keeps them savages. Strength is everything and civilization is a weak-

ness not to be tolerated. Among the Uthgardt, men are warriors and hunters, and women tend to food gathering and family needs. They have no written language and little art beyond geometric carvings and clothing decoration. Their religions and philosophies focus on war, plunder, and survival in a harsh land.

They are superstitious, with a paranoiac dislike of magic. To reveal oneself as a magic-user to an Uthgardt warrior is to ask him to kill you.

The Uthgardt barbarians have little to do with city folk, other than to treat them as prey. Lone traveler or large caravan, both are ripe fruit for plunder (still, some Uthgardt have made beneficial “civilized” alliances).

Though the Uthgardt prey on civilized folk and frequently fight among themselves, they are quick to unite, even with non-Uthgardt, against their common ancestral enemy: the orcs.

Clothing and Appearances

Most Uthgardt show the strong Netherese bloodlines in their dark hair and fair skin, like the folk of Silverymoon and Sundabar. From Northmen ancestors come mighty physique and blue eyes. The barbarians dress in fringed leathers and furs. They love bright colors, gaudy jewelry, and ornamental decoration—everything they own is embellished with complicated designs and geometric patterns interwoven with designs representing their tribal totems and other beasts. The men of the tribe tattoo their cheeks with simple images of their totem, and the women are the showcase for their warriors’ victories, wearing captured booty proudly.

Tribal Weapons and Proficiencies

In addition to the hand axe, knife, and spear, the Uthgardt favor the battle axe, atlatl and javelin, and the long bow. The most common Uthgardt armor is leather and shield (AC 7). Some warriors pos-

sess studded leather and shield (AC 6). A tribal chieftain may possess chain-mail and shield (AC 4). In most cases, the shield is a spiked buckler (which can be used as a weapon).

The Uthgardt possess all the primary skills known by barbarians (survival, first aid, outdoor craft, and tracking) and know the following tertiary skills: long distance signalling, running, and snare building.

Religion in The Tribes

Within the Uthgardt, all deities are allied to a central religion focusing on beast totems. Each tribe has its own totem. All other deities, including adopted “foreign” gods, are secondary and subservient to the beast gods. This includes Tempus (the Uthgardt war god) and Chauntea (the earth goddess, although she is worshipped exclusively by tribal women). Uthgardt legend tells that Tempus is the father of Uthgar, founder of the tribes (while other legends claim Uthgar’s descendancy from Beorunna). Chauntea is worshipped as the “grandmother,” whose daughters (fathered by Uthgar after he ascended unto the halls of Tempus) are the wives of the beast gods.

These nonbeast gods are represented among the tribes by shamans of lesser power (rarely above 4th level). Chauntea’s clerics are always women.

“Southern” gods are occasionally found in tribal strongholds, tolerated only because they or their clerics provide something valuable to the tribe.

Beast Totem Cults

The Uthgardt barbarian tribes each worship one of the beasts whose powers were taken by Uthgar. The totem cult encompasses the worship of the tribe’s ancestors, including Uthgar, his sons, and long-dead chieftains and shamans.

Tribal shamans (tribal spell-casters of limited power—see DMG p. 40) are the magical power within the tribes.

Shamans have the same hit dice as



human clerics. They dress in barbarian garb, but their clothing is decorated with magical symbols and relics fortified with holy power and prayer. When a shaman dies, his relics are buried with him in his ancestor mound.

Sacred Bundle The holiest of these relics is the shaman's sacred bundle, an enchanted leather satchel containing spell components and objects too holy for others to see. These objects have been gained by the shaman at the request of his ancestral spirits. Each sacred bundle is protected by a guardian spirit (see *summon ancestor* below) who appears from the bag if it is opened by anyone other than its owner.

Spells and Powers In addition to their normal magical spells, the Uthgardt shamans have two special abilities—one a power and the other a spell.

Beast Power

Level: (usable once per day)
 Range: 0" (Touch)
 Duration: 1 turn/level of caster
 Area of Effect: One person
 Components: V,S,M
 Casting Time: 6 segments
 Saving Throw: None

Explanation/Description: A shaman may call upon the tribe's beast power once per day. Beast power is a special ability the effects of which are different for each totem cult. In essence, it allows the shaman to wield a special ability unique to his totem. The power may be personally used by the shaman, or its effects may be granted to another devoted follower of the totem.

Although not a spell, this power requires that the shaman possess a sacred bundle and a holy symbol (usually a carving symbolizing the totem beast). The individual power effects are given in the Uthgardt tribe descriptions.

Summon Ancestor

Level: 3
 Range: 1"/level of caster
 Duration: 2 rounds/level of caster
 Area of Effect: One spirit
 Components: V,S,M
 Casting Time: 4 rounds
 Saving Throw: None

Explanation/Description: When a shaman casts this spell upon his tribe's ancestor mound, it causes an ancestor to come forth, drawn back as a spirit, a ghost-like creature of neutral alignment. The spirit takes form as a transparent being, a combination of totem beast and primitive human. To select the type of spirit summoned, the DM rolls 1d20 and matches the result against the table below.

When the spirit appears, the summoner must make a Wisdom Ability Check to control it; otherwise the spirit becomes an uncontrolled ghost and immediately attacks all living beings around it. The number following the type of spirit is a modifier that is added to the shaman's 1d20 roll during the Ability Check. However, even an uncontrolled spirit may not travel more than 50 feet from the ancestor mound.

A controlled spirit may perform the following functions for a shaman: attack a foe (as a ghost), guard the ancestor mound for a year (until freed again at the next Runemeet), tell the shaman ancient secrets, initiate a new shaman (only ancestral shaman spirits may do this), or raise dead (as the 5th level clerical spell). This last power can only be performed by spirits whose name is followed by an "R." In payment for the last power, the spirit drains 1d4 experience levels from the person being raised and may demand (at the DM's discretion) an annual tribute of riches to be buried in or near its tomb.

The spell requires a sacred bundle, a relic of the desired ancestor (though another may appear) and a small bonfire.

Spirit Summoning Table

If a specific "normal" ancestor is summoned, roll 1d20. If the result is 15 or less, the desired spirit comes and the control roll modifier is -5.

d20 Ancestor	Modifier
1-5 Recently dead shaman	- 2
6-10 Recently dead chieftain	-3
11-13 Long dead shaman	+1 (R)
14-16 Long dead chieftain	-
17 Ancient shaman	+5 (R)
18-19 Ancient chieftain	+4 (R)
20 Special (see below)	

Special Spirits

d20 Special Spirit	Modifier
1-12 Beast power incarnation*	+8 (R)
13-16 Son of Uthgar	+12 (R)
17-19 Uthgar	+15 (R)
20 Beast god **	+17 (R)

* This is the ghostly form of the beast totem. It can remain for a number of days equal to the level of the shaman. Unlike an ancestor spirit, it may leave the vicinity of the mound. Each day it can bestow the tribe's beast power on a number of followers equal to the summoner's level, minus the number of days it has remained on the prime plane.

** The beast gods are wild deities. If summoned, one usually possesses the summoner (or someone nearby) and then decides what to do with its newfound physical form. The possessed body becomes a 20th level barbarian (for hit points and attack rolls) with the spells and abilities of a 20th level druid. The avatar of the beast god can assume the beast form or use the tribe's beast power at will.

The Runemeet

The Uthgardt religion is close to nature and is tied to the change of the seasons. The holiest time of year occurs during the autumnal equinox during the



month of Eleint (coincides with the festival of Higharvestide). At this time, all tribal clans converge on the tribe's ancestral mound for the annual Runemeet. These huge earthworks mounds, often shaped like the totem beasts, are sacred burial grounds, where only the greatest shamans and chiefs are interred. Here the Uthgardt worship their gods, set tribal policy, perform marriages, celebrate births, formalize adoptions, and mourn deaths.

During the Runemeet, youths desiring to be adults and warriors of all ages participate in the ritual of the Rune-hunt, in which those involved seek victory over one the tribe's ritual enemies—usually orcs.

The Uthgardt Tribes

Taken as a whole, the separate tribes form the Uthgardt people, yet they have individual distinctions that divide them and quash any possibility of unity as a people. This diversity is expressed as cultural variances, devotion to their unique totems, and tribal goals.

Each tribe has an ancestor mound where they worship their totems (and other gods) each fall during the Runemeet. Several share mounds with other tribes, while some mounds are lost or abandoned.

Each tribe is ruled by a chieftain, who may also style himself as king. The chieftains are barbarian class fighters, usually of 8th to 13th level.

Chief shamans are the most powerful in their tribe, usually 7th level or better and normally accompany the chieftain. Other shamans of lesser or even equal power exist within each tribe.

The ritual enemy is a foe whom young barbarians must challenge and overcome in order to become adults. It is also the focus of ritual hunts during the annual Runemeet. Orcs are the common ritual foe of all Uthgardt, but each tribe has its own personal enemy.

As described previously, the beast power is a magical ability possessed only by tribal shamans.

Black Lion Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Beorunna's Well

Chieftain: Alaric the Strong

Cleric: Patreveni Onehand

Shaman: Bogohardt Blackmane

Ritual Enemy: the tundra barbarians (tribes beyond the Spine of the World).

Beast Power: Lion's Roar. Deafens foes for 1d6 turns if they do not make a saving throw vs. spells. Only Bogohardt can still wield this power.

The black lion is long gone from the north, yet the tribe that bears its name lives on. Chief Alaric's badge of office is said to be a cape made of black lion skin (those who claim to have seen it recall only a mangy scrap of dirty black furl.

Nestled in the wide valley that separates the North from the glacier beyond is the small village of Beorunna's Well (mostly small huts, long houses and a few tents), which stands a respectful distance from the watery pit that is its name-sake. Here, the complacent Black Lions have forsaken tradition to become farmers and herders. Hunters still roam the wilds, but the tribe no longer depends upon them for survival. Agricultural success lets them trade with others for their needs.

In forsaking their barbarian traditions, they have also cast aside their tribal totem. Most folk of Beorunna's Well worship the Tyr alliance of Tyr, Torm, Ilmater and Helm.

Beorunna's Well is one of the most sacred sites of the Uthgar barbarians. The folk here sense its eldritch nature and fear it more than they revere it. During Runemeet, the Red Tiger tribe performs the required rituals while the Black Lions avoid entering the well.

Blackraven Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Ravenrock

Chieftain: Ostagar Tenfeather

Shaman: Pureheartman

Ritual Enemies: Griffon tribe and foreign merchants and clerics

Beast Power: Shapechange. The wily raven gives his shamans the power to assume the form of any natural animal (not dungeon monsters) native to the North.

Of all the Uthgardt, the Blackraven are the most conservative, holding tightly to the old ways and reacting violently to the new. Pureheartman and his assistant, Wulphgehar, are the only shamans tolerated by the tribe. As far as the caravans who ply the north are concerned, the Blackravens are the worst of the tribes. Blackraven warriors are renowned as bandits, gaining this reputation because they prey on those whom they despise the most—foreigners, especially merchants and missionary clerics. They seek to destroy that which may threaten their way of life. The tribe is aided in their quest by their totem, the gigantic ravens of Ravenrock. The raiders sit astride massive ravens, swooping down out of the sky to rob and terrorize caravans. The Blackravens have little respect for tribes who dwell in towns (particularly the Thunderbeast and Griffon tribes), since those tribes have adopted foreign ways. In return, they are enemies of those tribes. King Gundar Brontoskin (Thunderbeast chieftain) offers a bounty for the destruction of the Blackravens' eggs.

Because their raiding spoils are tainted with foreign influence (including gold, jewelry, weapons, fabric, etc.), these items are sacrificed to the Blackraven and secreted away in Blackraven shrine, near the Ravenrock ancestor mound. The Blackravens protect their shrine closely and do not welcome foreign intrusion. Woe betide the person who is caught searching for (let alone robbing) the tribe's treasure-laden shrine.

Blue Bear Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Stone Stand

Chieftain: Hlutwig Long-throw

Shaman: Tanta Hagara

Ritual Enemy: Civilized farmers

Beast Power: Bear fury. The recipient of this power grows claws, increases in strength and can claw and bear-hug attack like a cave bear.

This tribe is evil, a pawn of Hellgate Keep. The Uthgardt tribes stand united



in their enmity towards the infamous Blue Bear tribe. No longer a mere spirit, the blue bear totem has become demon-like due to the tribe's association with the evil within Hellgate Keep. Likewise, the tribesfolk have degenerated and become brutal, possibly even more savage than orcs.

GAME INFORMATION: Tanta Hagara is not human; she is an annis, a haglike giantess from Hellgate Keep. She seeks Grandfather Tree, the tribe's lost ancestor mound. She has a unique way of dealing with the tribe's captives... she eats them.

Elk Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Flintrock
Chieftain: Zokan Thunderer
Shaman: Berchtwald Bandylegs (Elk totem), Trothgar Grunald (Auril)
Ritual Enemy: "The ancient ones" (any old ruin, tomb, or evidence of ancient civilization qualifies).

Beast Power: Horns of Wisdom. This is the same as the clerical spell *commune*, except that it causes elk antlers to grow from the skull of the shaman. Each use causes additional horn growth.

The Elk tribe's normal range includes the Evermoors, the plains east of the Dessarin and the Dessarin and lower Surbrin river valleys. Of all the tribes, they are the most arrogant, surly and self-indulging. Considered by many to be little more than bandits, they often raid other tribal settlements for food, women, and sport. They have loose ties with the rulers of Luskan but are unwelcome elsewhere. Chief Zokan Thunderer is regarded by most as a vulgar thug. Under his rule, clerics of the Talos alliance have gained a strong hold on the tribe.

Great Worm Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Great Worm Cavern
Chieftain: Bardawulf Boldheart
Shaman: Elrem, called "The Wise"
Ritual Enemy: Evil creatures
Beast Power: Breathe fire three times as a red dragon of same hit dice.

The most notable feature of this tribe is its chief shaman, Elrem the Wise. Imagine a gigantic, bat-winged snake with the head of a red dragon and you will have a picture of this tribe's mythical totem and its elder shaman. Unlike most other tribal shamans, Elrem is not human. He is a great worm, possibly the only great worm in existence (though tribal legend states that he was once human and may be one of Uthgar's sons). Elrem sleeps year round in the depths of Great Worm Cavern, waking once each year at the Runemeet to prophesy of the future, based on his dream travels.

Through Elrem's guidance, the tribe has chosen evil creatures (orcs, giants, creatures of Hellgate Keep, etc.) as ritual enemies.

Grey Wolf Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Ravenrock
Chieftain: Alrik Tenstone
Shaman: Clovis Greenteeth
Ritual Enemy: The orcs of Gauntlgrym
Beast Power: Lycanthropy. Regardless of the phase of the moon, the shaman may assume wolf form, or awaken latent lycanthropy in another tribesman.

Though they are not the most numerous or the most powerful, this is the most feared of the Uthgardt tribes. Long ago, the tribe adopted human refugees from the lost city of Gauntlgrym. The evil that had possessed the city caused the tribe to be cursed with lycanthropy. Any tribesman who possesses Greywolf blood becomes a wolf under the light of the moon (although those who are adopted by other tribes slowly lose the curse). On moonlit nights, the entire tribe roams the wilderness in search of prey.

During Runemeet, the Blackraven tribe tolerates the Grey Wolves at their shared ancestor mound of Ravenrock—so long as the moon is not full.

Griffon Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Shining White
Chieftain: Kralgar Bonesnapper
Shaman: Adalfus Stormgatherer
Ritual Enemy: The cities of the North
Beast Power: Griffonbeak. The spell target's head becomes a griffon head, capable of biting for 2d8 damage.

Chief Kralgar Bonesnapper is a popular man of great charisma, and even greater ambition. Since assuming leadership, he has pushed his people towards greater accomplishments, making the Griffons foremost among the tribes in power, skill, and learning. His great goal is the conquest and possession of one of the northern cities. To this end, he has declared ritual war on the cities. Unallied clans seeking either plunder or the benefits offered by cities have joined the Griffons, swelling their ranks.

Even so, Griffons' Nest, the primary tribal encampment, rivals some of the smaller northern cities. Without realizing it, Kralgar may accomplish his goal within his lifetime as Griffon's Nest slowly changes from camp to city.

While the tribe wages incessant warfare against the cities, they welcome contact with outsiders, considering all as potential allies in their quest.

Red Tiger Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Beorunna's Well
Chieftain: Adalwulf Longfang
Shaman: Garinen the Maker
Ritual Enemy: Blue Bear tribe
Beast Power: Shapechange to tiger, as the 7th level druid ability.

Like their totem beast (which is also called the snow cat, since its fur changes color in winter), this tribe is wild and solitary. They hunt in very small family groups and roam widely, primarily in the Cold Wood. They are wary of all strangers and would sooner avoid contact with things or folk which they do not know. The tribe has few shamans and no shrines other than Beorunna's Well. The men of the Red Tiger tribe are strictly hunters, leaving



gathering and trading to the women, elderly and children. The Red Tigers believe that the true test of a hunter is the ability to bring down prey unaided. Often, their only weapons are “tiger claws,” short wooden handles embedded with three sharp stone daggers. The hunter holds these so the daggers project between the fingers like claws.

The Red Tigers are loyal to King Gundar Brontoskin of the Thunderbeasts, who won their respect during a Rune-meet Runehunt by bringing back a leucrotta, slain with only a pair of tiger claws.

Thunderbeast Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Morgur’s Mound
Chieftain: King Gundar Brontoskin
Shaman: Kierkrad Seventoes
Druid: Wisteria Borsdotter (Silvanus)
Cleric: Sigurd Gandolfsson (Tyr)
Ritual Enemy: Wolves
Beast Power: Cause skin to temporarily become tough and gnarly like dinosaur hide (AC 5). As the recipient of the spell walks, the ground shakes.

The Town of Grunwald on the edge of the High Forest is home to this most civilized of the tribes. Although, he wields no official power over the other tribes, King Gundar has the charisma and respect necessary to call the tribes together into a horde.

The tribe takes its name from the apatosaurus (brontosaurus), which in ancient times roamed here. Tribal shamans claim that thunderbeasts still dwell in the High Forest. The clan’s hearth at Morgur’s Mound is surmounted by an apatosaurus skeleton. It said that in time of great need, the tribal shamans can animate the skeleton to fight in the tribe’s defense.

In addition to the Beast Cult shamans, the Thunderbeast tribe in Grunwald has grown civilized enough to tolerate priests of other religions, primarily the druids of Silvanus, and the clerics of the Tyr alliance.

Tree Ghost Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Grandfather Tree
Chieftain: Gunther Longtooth
Shaman: Chungred Ghostheart
Ritual Enemy: Evil undead creatures
Beast Power: Druid magic. The shaman may perform any one druid spell up to 4th level (may be different each time).

The Tree Ghosts are wanderers who search for Grandfather Tree, their lost and abandoned ancestor mound. At Runemeet, they worship at whichever ancestor mound is most convenient before resuming their wandering again.

Unlike the other Uthgardt tribes, the Tree Ghosts totem is not a beast. The Tree Ghost is a woodland spirit, similar in some respects to an elemental, but drawing life, energy and intelligence from the forest and giving back its energy to the forest as a caretaker and guardian. Supposedly, each forest has a Tree Ghost whose power depends on the size of that forest. The elves disclaim the existence of such beings, but the Tree Ghost tribe stands firm in its belief in their tribal totem and are able to draw on the spirit’s power.

The Tree Ghosts are cordial to foreigners, but will not ask for outsiders’ help in their holy quest for their ancestor mound. Although as a rule the barbarians hold the civilized folk of the north in disdain, the Tree Ghost warriors owe allegiance to High Lady Alustriel of Silvermoon and would die to a man for her.

“20 Mirtul. Spent night in Hall of Four Ghosts. Real creepy. A. A. says the birdmen were aarakocra and that they’re really nice folk.”

“21 Mirtul. Out of all the places in the world, we run into someone Amelior knows here—a blue dragon! Dragon agrees to take us as far as Everlund!”

Other Folk of The North

Aarakocra

The aarakocra, the bird men of the Star Mounts, are the extremely secretive descendants of one of the ancient creator races. Were it not for an occasional sighting made of manlike forms flying above the High Forest, mankind would be totally unaware of their presence here. They dwell in six small villages on the upper slopes of the central mountains. At least one village is located at the headwaters of The Unicorn Run.

GAME INFORMATION: Each village has a shaman (6th level cleric) with access to the spells listed for tribal spellcasters in the DMG and the spells *cloudburst* and *speak with dead*.

Barbarians of Icewind Dale

“The men of the tundra”

The tribes north of the Ten Towns eke out a harsh and bitter life on the tundra between the Reghed glacier (part of the Endless Ice Seal and the Sea of Moving Ice. The men of the tundra are tall, taller than most southerners by a head. They tend to be fair haired (blond, red or light brown) and blue-eyed. Like all barbarians, they are suspicious of magic, equating it with both weakness and evil. The only power they recognize is the power of a man’s weapon arm.

Each of their several tribes was formerly ruled by a king. Known tribes were the Tribe of the Elk, the Tribe of the Wolf, the Tribe of the Bear, and the Tribe of the Tiger.

In the recent past, they sought to invade the Ten-Towns of Icewind Dale, only to be repulsed by an unexpected alliance of the Towns themselves and the dwarves of Kelvin’s Cairn. The barbarian warriors were destroyed.

Heafstaag, the wily king of the Tribe of the Elk, allied the survivors with the evil wizard Akar Kessell for the evil wizard’s attack on the Ten Towns. Wulfgar, a barbarian youth whose life had been spared by the dwarf Bruenor, slew



Heafstaag in a challenge combat and became king. He brought the barbarians to the Ten Towns, but as allies of the Townsfolk, not enemies. With their aid, the Townsfolk repulsed Kessell's horde. Now only a few small tribes roam the wilderness, the others dwell in the Ten-Towns, slowly learning the ways of civilization. Their leader is Revjak, an older barbarian who succeeded Wulfgar Dragon-slayer, and who rules from Caer-Konig, which the barbarians rebuilt (along with Bremen) after the battle.

The tundra barbarians worship tribal beast totems and Tempos god of battle (their name for the war-god Tempus). Unlike the Uthgardt barbarians, the tundra barbarian shamans cannot call upon their totem's beast power.

GAME INFORMATION: These barbarians are identical to the fighter subclass described in *Unearthed Arcana*. The barbarians dwelling on the tundra can raise a horde of 250 men. The barbarians in the towns can manage 500.

Dwarves

In the North, the grim, dour dwarves normally choose to separate themselves from other folk. They stand alone when other races band together for safety. It should be no surprise that few dwarven communities survive here. Frigid Ironmaster on the shores of The Cold Run and Citadel Adbar in the Ice Mountains to the east are the only dwarf holds of any consequence remaining in the North, though several Northern cities, notably Mirabar, Neverwinter, Silverymoon, and Sundabar, have dwarven quarters within their walls.

Dwarves in the North acknowledge but one dwarven king, Harbomm of Citadel Adbar and are more loyal to tribe and clan than to king. Yet in time of need the clans unite under the king's banner.

The dwarves of the North are the finest forge-men and metal-crafters in Faerun (so they say) and produce armor and weapons beyond compare. Mer-

chants of Sundabar still bring magical weapons south from Citadel Adbar for sale in the markets of the realms. While the demand for such wondrous weapons and armor is high, the production of them is rapidly diminishing.

Every year the number of dwarves dwindles; the birth of young dwarves does not keep pace with battle losses and the deaths of the aged and infirm. Craft masters die with their secrets and young smiths find too much call for their services in battle.

GAME INFORMATION: Dwarven NPCs and warbands who hail from Adbar or Ironmaster will usually be armed in the best possible armor and each dwarf has a percentage chance equal to his level multiplied by 5 (per item) of having one of the following: a magical weapon, a magical shield, and magical armor.

The Ice Hunters

"Ancient Men of the North"

This ancient people lived here long before other humans. They tend to be short, dark haired, broad-faced, with light-brown skin. They were the original primitives dwelling on the shores of the Trackless Sea. The arrival of the "Northmen" drove them further and further north until now they live only in small tribal communities along The Cold Run and on The Ice Peak (though several villages, like Icewolf, have become Northmen towns).

The Ice Hunters have stolidly resisted the culture of other peoples. They live simple, rarely violent lives — fishing and hunting seal, whale, walrus and polar bear on the vast floes of the Sea of Moving Ice.

On land, they travel by dog-drawn sleds. At sea, they use small water-tight boats of seal-hide called khyeks and larger boats call oumyeks.

Though quite primitive, the Ice Hunters are noted for their wisdom. They are protective of their real names, and use only nicknames when dealing with outsiders. Ice Hunter nicknames

are based on nature and rarely indicate personal prowess or achievement, such as "Sky in the Morning," "Red Seal Man," "Ten Dogs," "Reindeer Girl," etc.

The Ice Hunters and their witch doctors (cleric/magic-users) worship beast totems, mostly animals important to their survival, including Clever Oomio the grey seal, Grandfather Walrus, Great White Bear, and Pindalpau-pau the reindeer mother.

GAME INFORMATION: Ice Hunters have higher wisdom than other peoples. An Ice Hunter character would add +2 to his Wisdom characteristic. Ice Hunters are usually of lawful alignments. An Ice Hunter witch doctor uses spells as described on page 40 of the DMG, but may also use the following spells upon reaching 4th level (as if they were 2nd level spells), but each only once per week: *wind wall*, *monster summoning I* (summons arctic creatures only), *wall of ice*, and *cone of cold*.

Lizardmen

The lizardmen of the Mere of Dead Men are the degenerate descendants of a reptilian creator race. While they do not hate mankind or demi-humans, they have no interest in them either. In fact, they treat all other sentient beings, except dragons, as animals (which are used for food). Sightings of lizardmen usually describe them dancing wildly around megalithic stone menhirs (rough stone pillars) or skulking about Uthgardt ancestor mounds.

GAME INFORMATION: Lizardmen of the Mere are always accompanied by a shaman of 1d6+1 levels. There is a 1 in 20 chance that the group will be in the service of a lizardman lich and an additional 1 in 20 chance that the lich actually accompanies the lizardmen! If lizardmen encounter either bullywugs or aarakroca, the lizardmen attempt to capture them for later sacrifice.



Orc Religion and Magic

The orcs in the North worship an alliance of chaotic, orcish gods, including Gruumsh, Bahgtur, Shargass, Ilneval, Yurtrus, and Luthic. As described earlier, these orcish gods are identical to the descriptions given in *Unearthed Arcana*. The shamans and witch doctors who worship these gods devote themselves to a single deity.

In addition to the clerical spells granted by the god, they may control creatures associated with their deity, using them as mounts, familiars, or body guards. Shamans of Baghtru are often mounted on mighty oxen. Shamans of Shargass can summon bats, including giant bats and the colossal doombats which can be ridden as mounts. Shamans of Yurtrus may animate dead to create skeletons and zombies. Priestesses of Luthic (also shamans) are often protected by several cave bears.

Orc holy spots are marked by huge cairns (piles) of skulls, including orc, human, elven, dwarven and other humanoid races. Orcs are so devoted to their holy sites that they become berserk if they discover a desecrated site, destroying all they encounter in their frenzy (see Northmen berserker rules).

Orc tribal names are variants of one of the orcish gods' holy symbols. Thus the holy icon of the Stinking Claw orcs would be a rotting claw, possibly a variant of Yurtrus's white hand.

Orc Regional Distinctions

In the North, the orcs are grouped into five rough divisions, based on geographical location: the Spine of the World orcs, the Trollmoor orcs, the Ice Mountain orcs, the High Forest orcs and the Fallen Lands orcs.

Spine of the World Orcs

In these bleak mountains, the most powerful orc tribes skulk in stone fortresses stolen from the dwarves and renamed. Eyegad, Tarne and Vokan with their gloomy squat buildings and oppressive black temples are the visible

tips of sprawling underground tunnel and cavern complexes that house tribes with names like Skortchclaw, Skreetch, and Bleeding Eye. Others like the Slashers and Orcs of the Severed Tongue lurk in the unnumbered small caves that pepper the valleys and passes of these mineral-rich mountains.

GAME INFORMATION: The Skortchclaw tribe, under King Ugra Ngarl, is forcing goblin slaves to mine mithril beneath Fortress Eyegad. The mithril is apparently being sold in great quantity to someone in the High Forest.

Trollmoor Orcs

These orcs who dwell in the barren Evermoors are loosely organized and rove the moors in bands preying on travelers on the Evermoor Way, attacking boats on the Rauvin and raiding against outlying settlements near Nesmé and Everlund, and organizing in the fall to attack the Uthgardt Runemeet at Flintrock. Known orc tribes in the moors include the Vile Rune, Dripping Spear, Bonesnapper, Red Murderer, and Throat Slitter tribes.

GAME INFORMATION: Trollmoor orcs have only witch doctors, never shamans. They worship the non-orcish god, Bhaal.

Ice Mountains Orcs

Most of these are orcs loyal to King Graul, son of Eldoul. The rest (over 40,000 in the Citadel of Many Arrows alone) follow Obould, an orc of giant stature and fighting prowess (though Obould is said to pay fealty to Graul). The Ice Mountains orcs wage constant war with the dwarves of Citadel Adbar and stage frequent raids against Silvermoon and Sundabar.

The High Forest Orcs

These orcs dwell in tunnels and small villages about two days' journey into the wood. They are arch-foes of rangers and are suspected to possess for-

estry skills. They worship a demipower called the Wild Hunter, a lawful evil variant of the Master of the Hunt (as described in the Celtic Mythos section of the *Legends and Lore* cyclopedia). Orc tribes in the High Forest include the Tanglethorn, Sharpspike, Bloody Eye, and Horned Lord tribes.

GAME INFORMATION: Due to their woodland habitat, orcs of the High Forest have the non-magical abilities of rangers (but gain no pluses in battle against goblin class creatures). Wild Hunter shamans actually grow stag antlers from their heads and may substitute druidical spells for clerical spells.

The Fallen Lands Orcs

The orcs of the northern Fallen Lands and Graypeaks follow King Ogrash, a powerful orcish shaman and warrior who is reputed to wield *Skullripper*, a *halberd* +3. To the south, many petty orcish kings wage constant battle against each other. More often than not, orcs encountered in the southern region will be involved in battle with other orcs. Known tribes of the Fallen Lands include King Ogrash's Bloody Scar tribe, and the Black Slasher, Severed Fist, Seven Eye, and Black Bone tribes.

GAME INFORMATION: Orcs of the Fallen Lands have cavalry—20% of all encountered orc bands will be mounted on ugly, black, ostrich-like flightless birds (use ostrich statistics). Most mounted orcs have short bows and lances.

Trolls

After orcs, trolls are the scourge of the Savage Frontier. The "everlasting ones" roam the wilds, chasing, attacking and eating all they meet.

GAME INFORMATION: The trolls in the Evermoors (Trollmoors) travel in bands of 3-18 trolls. Each band has a 25% chance to include 1d3 giant trolls and an additional 30% chance to contain a 3d level troll shaman.

CITIES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES



"Hrrumphh. It is just beyond reason. I can't imagine the guardians of the Herald's Hold-fast refusing me, me of all people, en trance to the fortress. Were it not for the good Lady Alustriel our trip should have been for nothing."

(A.A. always pauses after saying her name. Gone gooney, I knew it).

"I am not gooney I should have let the dragon eat you when you said that about his mother The Moruemes are a principled clan. What they eat is none of your business. What was that? That is none of your business either."

Rare are the civilized folk who do not dwell in cities, and in the Savage Frontier, those cities are walled and heavily defended. Larger towns and cities have thick stone walls. Smaller towns and villages are surrounded by wooden palisades. In addition to their standing militia, most cities in the north have ballistae and catapults mounted on their wall towers, which can be trained on larger foes.

Although they are not shown on the map, the fortified frontier steadings of large farms or ranches and more powerful independent landholders are not shown. A typi-

cal frontier settlement would house 10 to 50 people in a cluster of wood and stone lodges, longhouses and huts within a high wooden palisade. Most of these small holdings are ranches and farms concentrated along the western banks of the Dessarin River and fishing communities on the Sword Coast.

Bargewright Inn

Population: 35

Government: Council of directors, chaired by innkeeper Feston Bargewright. A member of the Lords' Alliance.

Located at Ironford on the river Dessarin, Bargewright Inn is not truly a village, but more a collection of businesses that grew up to serve the needs of travelers and then later the farmers and ranchers who settled along the west bank of the Dessarin.

Economy: Travel services, including an inn, a tavern, a dry-goods shop, the "House of Good Cheer," a combined rent-a-temple and festhall, a ferry, a wagon repair shop and a pharmacist who specializes in sick pack animals.

Militia: Aldon Bargewright (brother of Feston), a 5th level ranger, leads five 1st

level fighters and 20 0-level villagers. Except for Aldon's sword +1, they are armed with pole arms.

Citadel Adbar

Population: 14,000 dwarves

Government: King Harbromm (dwarf).

City Badge: The Forge-Mark of the king, an upright single-bladed handaxe enclosed by a circle of flames, in red on a silver field.

Built by the dwarven king Adbar during the waning years of ancient Delzoun (the dwarven Northkingdom), only the tip of this fortress shows above ground. The rest, miles and miles of granite corridors, can house 60,000 dwarves. Some of the finest mithril mines (outside of Mithril Hall) are found in Adbarrim (the proper name for the underground citadel). The number of dwarves who dwell here has been dwindling slowly, as few dwarves are born to replace those who die.

Economy: Mithril mining, metal refining, weapon and armor smithing. Noted for sword blades, forge bars, and ax and pick heads.

Militia: 200 dwarves are always on duty.



Another 1,500 dwarves can take up weapons on a moment's notice. A total of 9,000 dwarves can take the field.

Citadel of Many Arrows

Population: 40,000 orcs

Government: Ruled by self-styled King Obould, a giant, powerful orc.

This fortified city was once the dwarven hold of Felbarr, part of the realm of Delzoun. When that ancient realm began to falter, the dwarves abandoned ancient Felbarr (which was far from any productive mines) and turned it over to troops from Silverymoon. The human garrison of 3,000 troops immediately came under attack from orcs. Fifty years later, an orc horde of awesome magnitude poured down from Dead Orc Pass to the east, surrounded the citadel and, heedless of their own losses, slaughtered the human defenders to a man in what became known as the Battle of Many Arrows.

The orcs in the citadel are far too numerous to dislodge. They constantly harass travelers between Silverymoon and Sundabar, even attacking caravans in sight of the cities' gates. The citadel has too many residents, most are hungry and poor (even by orc standards).

Economy: Trades in plundered goods — particularly with other orc tribes and evil human merchants. Chief manufacturer of orcish-made weapons and armor of all types.

Militia: The citadel has 1,000 orcs on guard and another 1,000 patrol the wilds at all times. In times of need, 18,000 warriors can be summoned.

Everlund

Population: approx. 12,000 folk of non-evil races.

Government: Council of six Elders. A member of the Lord's Alliance.

This walled "open city" to the south of Silverymoon on the river Rauvin is the home of many human caravan masters, adventurers, and tradesmen. As in Waterdeep, the folk of Everlund are tolerant of other peoples, races and religions, but must be constantly wary of the monsters who lurk in the wilds. The council is negotiating with Silverymoon and the Lords' Alliance to fund the construction and maintenance of a

true road along the Evermoor Way between Everlund and Yartar.

Economy: made—dominates the shorter overland routes between Silverymoon and Yartar. Rumored to deal in plunder obtained from bazaars in the orc Citadel of Many Arrows.

Militia: Standing army of 2,000, supplemented by patrols of 200+ adventurers and mercenaries.

Fireshear

Population: 15,000 miners

Government: Triumvirate of three Senior Merchants from Mirabar, Waterdeep, and Neverwinter. Member of the Lords' Alliance.

City Arms: A crossed blade, pick, and shovel at the base of a leaping flame on an ice-blue field.

This isolated mining town on the frigid tundra of the Cold Run is the site of extremely rich veins of copper and silver. The metallic ores were exposed by a long-ago volcanic explosion (or perhaps a meteor strike) that blasted out a large bowl-like crater, shearing away tons of rock—hence the name, "Fireshear."

The inhabitants are all miners (representing most major non-evil races) who dwell here year-round, though their families may live elsewhere. Everything else is imported: food, goods, services. The ruling triumvirate seeks to ensure that the valuable ores of Fireshear fall under the control of no other city in the North (particularly Luskan).

Economy: Mining.

Militia: All miners bear the responsibility of defense; essentially, Fireshear has a standing civilian militia of 10,000.

Griffon's Nest

Population: 900 Uthgardt

Government: Chief Kralgar Bonesnapper

This village of crude huts and longhouses surrounded by a palisade which encloses all but the outlying farms has been rapidly growing in the 10 years since Kralgar became chief.

Economy: Subsistence level farming, hunting, woven baskets and containers (which are sold to visiting traders), and gold panning in Shining Creek.

Militia: 300 Uthgardt warriors in resi-

dence, plus another 1,000 who can arrive to form a greater horde.

Grunwald

Population: 200 Uthgardt

Government: King Gundar Brontoskin

This tiny village is built upon the ruins of a dwarfhold. Most homes are built of stone rubble and timber from the forest. The tunnels beneath the city are known, but are taboo, off-limits to villagers and foreigners alike. A druid grove and a shrine to Tyr are located near the king's lodge.

Economy: Forestry. Sells logs and lumber to Mirabar and Longsaddle. Dark Shanut wood from Grunwald ends up in the hands of craftsmen in Sundabar and Waterdeep.

Ironmaster

Population: 9,000 dwarves

Government: Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar (LG 9th level dwarf fighter).

City Arms: A red anvil on a gray, diamond-shaped field, the long points of the diamond vertical.

Carved into the rocky walls of a frozen valley on the Cold Run, where the Shaengarne River flows into the Sea of Moving Ice, stands this isolated, stone-towered city of dwarves. Its tunnels and storage chambers weave in and out of stone and never-melting ice. The deepest mine shafts lead down to extensive iron deposits, far greater than any found elsewhere in Faerun.

Non-dwarves are unwelcome here and the city's trade goods are sold primarily in Fireshear to other traders.

Economy: Iron goods—pots, pans, and forge bars (flat bars that a smith can easily form into something useful).

Militia: 300-dwarf standing army with 3,000 dwarves ready to take up weapon and shield at a moment's notice.

Leilon (LEE-lun)

Population: 3,000

Government: Lord Pelindar Filmyra, Lord of Leilon. Leilon is a member of the Lords' Alliance and a firm ally of Waterdeep.

This small human mining town on the Sword Coast sprawls along the High Road.



Unlike most northern towns, it lacks walls. A wooden palisade atop an earthen bank shields the landward side, but the wall has no gate.

The mines east of Leilon are rich in copper, nickel and silver. The mountains are honeycombed with mine shafts and tunnels, including several that open up into the town itself, and some that go very, very deep. Leilon has no proper harbor. During good weather, a dozen massive ore barges are loaded in the shallows, then poled and rowed out to unload their cargo on waiting transport ships. Even in the best weather, the operation is tricky.

Llorkh

Population: 2,000 humans, 300 dwarves
Government: Lord Geildarr (LE 7th level magic-user).

The folk in the isolated town of Llorkh still delve in the old, nearly worked-out mines that honeycomb the mountains to the north and east. Now, many citizens find more profit in assisting the Zhentarim caravans that come in from the east.

The old lords of Llorkh, respected and retired former miners and fighters, never would have tolerated the Zhentarim in their midst. But the last of the old lords, Phintarn "Redblade," was found dead at the base of Lord's Keep. Overnight, a new Lord seized the Keep and the Throne. Since Geildarr the mage took power, the Zhentarim caravans have been arriving, bringing gold into the town, and the dwarves have been quietly leaving (there are whispers that many have been murdered as Phintarn was).

Geildarr keeps order in the town and his 400 purple-cloaked "Lord's Men" keep the town safe against orc and Hellgate Keep incursions. Still, he is not loved or even liked by the townsfolk.

Economy: Mining, farming, caravan services.

Militia: 400 1st-4th level warriors in chainmail and shield loyal to Geildarr (and the Zhentarim).

Longsaddle

Population: 130 (1,100 if outlying farms and ranches are included)

Government: The town is ruled by a council of elders. Ardanac Harpell (NG 9th level magic-user) is the chief elder, a member of the Lord's Alliance.

This tiny agricultural village is home to the Harpell family which has produced a number of influential mages in the North (including Malchor Harpell who now splits his time between Longsaddle and Waterdeep).

The village Elder, Ardanac Harpell, dwells in the "Ivy Mansion," the Harpell's ancestral home, high on a hill in the center of Longsaddle.

The village has a daily farmers' market, a way-stable, a stirrup maker and bell-caster, and The Gilded Horseshoe, an inn noted for its hospitality and its defensible wooden palisade.

Local stories say that griffins are bothering Longsaddle, preying upon cattle, horses and longriders who stray too far from local ranches.

Economy: Longsaddle is noted for beef and mutton. Large ranches continue to expand, encroaching further into monster-held frontiers.

Militia: Longriders (ranch-hands) from surrounding estates can be summoned to form a militia of 100 men. Most fight with spear, bow or lariat.

Problems: Griffons living nearby have slain the residents of several farmholds. Orc and Griffon tribe Uthgardt raid the herds.

Loudwater

Population: 4,000

Government: Ruled for 45 years by the High Lord of Loudwater, Nanathlor Grey-sword (NG 11th level cavalier) who came to the North from Nimbral to found his own realm, but instead, rose to rule a place that needed him.

Nearly a quarter of the inhabitants of this lovely town near the midpoint of the River Shining are half-elven, descendants of the Eaelrann elves. A thousand years gone, the dwarf Iirkos Stoneshoulder built a spectacular arching stone bridge for the elves who once dwelt here. The elves are gone, but the bridge and the wide pool which serves as a river harbor still remain. Here, of old, traders of the Eaelrann elves began the portage around the Shining Falls before journeying north on the river again.

Loudwater is an idyllic place, where green, grassy banks line the river, and great green trees shadow its waters. The town's wooden buildings are overgrown by hanging plants and ivy until they seem one with the forest.

Economy: Farming, fishing, caravan

services to and from Llorkh.

Militia: 300 warriors, divided into patrols of 20 each under the command of Harazos Thelbrim (LN 5th level fighter) and Kalahar Twohands (CG half-elven 6th level fighter).

Luskan

"City of Sails"

Population: 16,000 (humans only!)

Government: Five High Captains: Taerl, Baram, Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, presumed to be retired pirates.

Luskan is a seafaring merchant city, home to fierce, proud and warlike Northmen. This important northern port city is located at the mouth of the river Mirar, a swift and icy, cold and rocky, unnavigable river.

Although it seeks merchant trade, visitors are few and often made to feel unwelcome. This probably has much to do with the fact that Luskan is a known harbor for northern pirates, if not an outright sponsor of their activities. Inns that serve travelers are rare; The Cutlass, a notorious dive on the docks (a pirate haven no doubt) and the Seven Sails Inn are the only known lodgings in the city.

Luskan wages almost constant war against naval powers that its Captains feel they can defeat; recently they crushed Ruathym. In the past, they been defeated by Mintarn and Orlumbor (supported by Waterdeep and Amn) and slaughtered on the seas by the ships of Lantan, who they no longer even speak of. Luskan warriors often raid inland, particularly when sea vigilance makes raiding the coast difficult.

The Zhentarim are said to be attempting an alliance with Luskan (but it is unknown as to their success).

Economy: Trade and piracy. In peacetime, the city's warships act as "unsanctioned" pirates (the High Captains direct them, but pretend they are independents acting in defiance of Luskan law), trying to make all shippers use only Luskan ships or only Luskan as a port by preying on all other ships, and on all shipping that visits Waterdeep (Waterdeep's navy is on constant patrol for this).

Militia: The city has a standing army of 200 spearmen, and a navy of 14 warships (dragonships), armed with 70 archers each. Luskan is involved in an "ego" war with Ruathym. Neither side will admit defeat so clashes continue. Waterdeep has threatened involvement if the two nations refuse to negotiate an end to the conflict.



Luskan Map Key

(map located on inside cover)

1. Reavers Muster Hall. The court of "Law" for officially-sanctioned Luskan Pirates. All booty must be surrendered for inspection here, with cuts going to the town treasury and the sponsoring High Captain.
2. Seven Sails Inn
3. The Cutlass (a notorious tavern)
4. Captains' Court (government palace)
5. Taerl's fortress (residence)
6. Suljack's lodge (residence)
7. Baram's palace (residence)
8. Kurth Tower (residence)
9. Ten Oaks (Rethnor's residence)
10. Winter Palace (Temple of Auril)
11. Hall of Warriors (Temple of Tempus)
12. Temple of Red Sails (Umberlee)
13. Red Dragon Trading Lodge & Warehouses
15. Mirabar District. Includes warehouses, ore bins, refineries and residences owned (and policed!) by Mirabar mercantile companies.
16. Whitesails Harbor. Busy port used primarily by foreign craft, which are not allowed to use Dragon Beach.
17. Dragon Beach. Private harbor of the High Captains, used by their navies, merchant vessels and, of course, the pirates who berth in Luskan.
18. Illusk Ruins. Remnants of ancient Illusk, used as burial grounds for rich Luskanites and said to be haunted.
19. Hosttower of the Arcane. This mercantile company and wizards' guild is composed primarily of magic-users and is tolerated only because it has power. While it presents a unified front to the world, factions within the Hosttower constantly vie for power within and without the guild, allying themselves with the High Captains, and aiding them in their own internal dealings (or urging them into war).

The Hosttower is currently under the guidance of Arklem Greeth, a NE, 15th level wizard. Arklem's lieutenants are Eldeluc and Dendybar the Mottled.

The Hosttower contains all manner of magical items and spellbooks (more than a few mages have died, leaving their belongings here). Like any wizards' tower, it is magically trapped and guarded. Basilisks and stone golems are said to wander its halls and storerooms.

Mirabar

Population: 19,000 men and 4,000 dwarves

Government: Elastul Raurym, Marchion of Mirabar, a fat, lusty, red-bearded man who loves pleasure and money.

Royal Badge: an upright, rust-red, double-bladed axe with a pointed haft and a flaring, flat base set on either a black or purple field (on ships' pennants, it appears on white).

This mining center for the Sword Coast is a cold, gray stone city, surrounded by mines, quarries, and talus. Grim men and grimmer dwarves crowd its unadorned streets. Richest of the cities north of Waterdeep, its mines provide vast amounts of most known metals, fine gems, and high quality metal goods from its ever-hot forges.

The Council of Mirabar meets each fall in the Hall of Sparkling Stones to determine where and when to sell their metal, mindful of who will use it to forge weapons to make war on whom.

Merchant families of Mirabar are very competitive. House guards often battle openly when mines accidentally connect, or when two ore caravans meet on trade roads. The merchants of Mirabar own many ships based in Luskan, but resent the High Captains' threats to cut Mirabar off from the coast if their constantly increasing "harbor fees" are not paid up for years in advance. Marchion Raurym makes a point of traveling south to warmer climes before the onset of winter, to negotiate trade agreements with rulers who have many luxuries, but little metal. His 64 bodyguards wear platinum plate mail, and are commanded by four "hammers," 6th level fighters named Djassar, Hulmm, Kriador, and Turvon.

Economy: Mining of ores and gems, metal refining and crafting.

Militia: 950 men mounted on ponies in summer and trained rothe in winter. Merchant families maintain house guards, adding another 500 foot soldiers.

Nesmé (NEZ-may)

Population: 6,000

Government: Theocracy under the clergy of Waukeen. First Speaker of the city council is High Priestess Jygil Zelnathra (N, 10th level cleric).

This trading town within its circular

wooden palisade is the only settlement, human or otherwise, within the Evermoors. To the east, beyond the city walls are 40 or so farms who rely on the Riders of Nesmé for their safety. The spired temple of Waukeen-Merchant's friend dominates the central city. The clergy of Waukeen, who rule Nesmé, welcome all who come in the name of honest trade. A fortified bridge crosses the Surbrin river to the west, linking the city with paddocks, stock-pens, the city's river docks, and the fortified stables of the Riders of Nesmé, the city's militia and army.

Council meetings generally involve conflict between Tessarin "Longtresses" Alaurun, a wizardess (NG 13th level magic-user) and High Priestess Jygil Zelnathra (though both women respect each other's abilities). Tessarin opposes the Theocratic dominance of Nesmé and believes that her home city would be better off without the religious late-comers who now hold power.

Economy: Trade, farming, horses, livestock, barge making.

Militia: The 400 Riders of Nesmé patrol the Evermoors for two days ride on either bank around Nesmé, defending the city against orcs and trolls, and policing the population of Nesmé, which has a higher turnover than most settlements due to the total dominance of traveling trade.

Neverwinter

"The City of Skilled Hands"

Population: 17,000

Government: Lord Nasher (NG, ST 18/09, CHA 17 12th level fighter and former adventurer who gained much magic in his career)

Royal Badge: Three white falling snowflakes, surrounded by silver and blue haloes.

A city of skilled craftsmen noted for accurate water clocks, exotic lamps of multi-hued blown glass, and for its gardeners who fill the town with fruit-bearing trees and flowers. The town's name comes from the practice of raising hot-house flowers throughout the winter (tales of winter-free woods and the ever-warm waters of the Neverwinter River which keeps the city's harbor ice-free year-round may contribute to the truth—see chapter 7 for more on Neverwinter Woods). The folk here are noted for their efficiency, quiet manners and dedication to ensure that work gets



properly done.

Lord Nasher is an amiable, but fearless balding man who enjoys music and hearing tales of other lands and peoples. Nasher is guarded by the “Neverwinter Nine,” who carry nearly as much magical gear as he himself.

Economy: Crafts and horticulture.

Militia: 400 archers and spearmen who carry explosive missiles devised by city craftsmen and wizards. They patrol the city as police, and protect the High Road as far north as Port Llast and as far south as Leilon.

GAME INFORMATION: An explosive missile does 2d8 damage, and is treated as a grenade-like missile. The manufacture of the explosive missiles is a closely guarded secret, not shared even with other members of the Lords’ Alliance. They are not for sale, though it is no secret that many groups covet them.

Port Llast

Population: 700

Government: First Captain Haeromos Dothwintyl, a retired stonemason (LN, ST 17, WIS 17, 0 level fighter). Port Llast is a close ally of Neverwinter.

This sleepy little coastal village between Neverwinter and Luskan is known mainly for its skilled stonemasons. Luskan covets the fine harbor, seeking a more southerly berth for its numerous warships. In olden days, when Luskan (then Illusk) was held by orcs and hostile duergar, this village was a thriving city, the “last port,” the northernmost access to the mineral wealth of the North. Then it was 20 times as populous as today. Orc raids destroyed that magnificent city, but shattered remnants of mighty walls still ring the village (though much has been plundered or used to repair local homes). Portions are used as gardens, graveyards or have returned to forest.

Economy: Stonework, fine and rough.

Militia: 50 local men, mostly retired stonemasons, a garrison of 50 Neverwinter troops, and a 30-man garrison from the Lords’ Alliance.

Secomber

Population: 900

Government: Traskar Selarn (CG, 11th level ranger). Traskar takes frequent council from Secomber’s “first citizen,” the eccentric wizard Amelior Amanitas.

There is little to distinguish this village on the lower reaches of The Unicorn Run River. Its folk fish the river, farm the plains, cut pink granite from the cliffs that mark the northern edge of the High Moor, and provide guides and guards for caravans traveling west to Zundbridge and Ironford. Orc and other monster raids are infrequent here and much of the village is outside its tiny palisade fort. If it weren’t for the on-again off-again residence of Amelior Amanitas, who has a tendency to blow up laboratories or send innocent pieces of furniture to other planes, life in Secomber would be quite duller than it already is.

Economy: Stone-cutting, caravan services, agriculture.

Militia: A 30-man garrison from the Lords’ Alliance, plus 100 0-level local irregulars, one iron golem and two unusual-looking stone golems provided by Amelior Amanitas.

Silverymoon

Population: 26,000

Government: Ruled by Alustriel, High Lady of Silverymoon (CG, IN 18, WIS 17, DEX 16, CHA 17, 22d level magic-user), a member of the Harpers.

Silverymoon is the largest inland city, strong and bustling with activity. Folk of all good races dwell here in a harmony that is attributed to the High Lady’s kindness, grace and diplomacy. It is not uncommon to find elves (yes real elves!) discussing things magical with dwarves, while perusing scrolls in the Vault of Sages, the town library. Most of the city lies on the north bank of the River Rauvin. Construction in the last century has spread out on the southern shore from the base of the arching magical “moon-bridge,” a bridge across the Rauvin constructed of invisible force fields. The bridge’s central arch can be reduced to nothingness by magical means to spill attackers into the river or allow tall-masted ships to pass.

Much of the city’s activity centers around higher learning, including the magical arts.

Some say that it echoes the spirit of lost Myth Drannor—the fabled lost city where elves, dwarves, and men worked together to bring knowledge, particularly magical knowledge—and the arts to a peak of perfection never achieved elsewhere.

Economy: Forestry, support services for popular schools of music, higher learning, and magic.

Militia: The gallant, heroic defenders of Silverymoon are known as “The Knights in Silver” (as they are called in a ballad penned by the bard Mintiper Silverhand). They number over 500.

Silverymoon Map Key

(map is located on color foldup map of the Outer Islands)

1. High Lady Alustriel’s Palace (heavily guarded by loyal magic-users of all ranks and numerous skilled warriors)
2. Courts and Assembly Halls
3. The Market
4. The Docks
5. Arken’s Invocarium (stone fortress, now a magical college)
6. The Moonbridge (a magical, invisible bridge)
7. The Golden Oak Inn & Temple to Shiallia (a demipower allied with Silvanus—Priestess/proprietress Izolde, ST 18(65), CG 7th level cleric)
8. Moorgate
9. Eastern Garrison Barracks
10. Hunter’s Gate (north gate)
11. Western Garrison Barracks
12. Sundabar Commons (assembly area for eastbound caravans)
13. Sundabar Gate
14. Lady’s College
15. Vault of the Sages (library)
16. Helmer’s Wall (once a gate within the old city wall, now a tavern popular with students)
17. Miresk’s School of Thaumaturgy (wizard’s home and magical school)
18. Utrum’s Music Conservatory
19. Dancing Goat (a bawdy tavern)
20. Mielikki’s Glade
21. Adbar Trading Coster (operated here by humans from Sundabar)
22. Fortune Hall (temple to Tymora)
23. Halls of Inspiration (temple of Oghma and Milil)
24. House Invincible (temple of Helm)
25. Tower of Balance (temple of Mystra)
26. Silverglen (sacred grove of Silvanus)
27. Temple of Silver Stars (temple of Selune)



Sundabar

Population: 36,000

Government: Master of Sundabar, Helm Dwarf-friend, a former adventurer (NG 14th level fighter), who served in the Bloodaxe Mercenary Company. Member of the Lords' Alliance.

Once a dwarven citadel, Sundabar was rebuilt by human refugees from Ascalhorn (now Hellgate Keep). This fortified city is known for woodworkers who make wonderful carved furniture, musical instruments and travel chests of unusual grace and durability. It trades extensively with the dwarves of Citadel Adbar and Sundabarian merchants are exclusive distributors for the wares of many prominent dwarven craft-clans. It is the base for the Bloodaxe Mercenary Company (see "For The Greater Glory" in Appendix D: Adventures).

Economy: Trade, primarily with Silverymoon, Everlund and Citadel Adbar. Manufactures wood items of enduring beauty. Also receives defense subsidies from the Lords' Alliance to defend against Hellgate Keep.

Militia: 2,000 warriors, including many companies sponsored by the Lords' Alliance and the temples of Helm.

Ten Towns

Population: 6,500

Government: A council spokesman, one from each town. In general the smaller towns follow the lead of Bryn Shander and Targos. Cassius, spokesman of the Ten Towns, is the accepted leader.

The Ten Towns of Icewind Dale, home to a multitude of men and women with "checkered" pasts, are truly on the cutting edge of adventure, in the farthest (and coldest!) reaches of the Savage Frontier. Built up around three lakes, Maer Dualdon, Lac Dinshere and Redwaters, the Ten Towns are relatively young, founded less than 30 years ago by exiles and renegades from southern lands. In the past five years, the towns have survived two major attacks, the first from tundra barbarians and the second from the forces of Akar Kessell, a mad wizard under the power of the evil artifact Crenshinbon, the Crystal Shard. The second attack destroyed and depopulated two of the towns. They were reconstructed and are now occupied by "civilized" tundra barbari-

ans. The towns, Bryn Shander, Targos, Bremen, Termalaine, Caer-Konig, Caer-Dineval, Easthaven, Good Mead, Dougan's Hole, and Lonelywood, are all fiercely independent and fiercely competitive with one another, particularly with towns that share the same lake. Fighting between rival ships is not uncommon.

If one needs a place to hide, the Ten Towns may be the last place anyone will come to look... or the first.

Economy: Fishing provides primary sustenance, supplemented by meager farming. Scrimshaw-carved knucklehead trout head bones are sold to merchants from the south. The largest town, Bryn Shander, is the center of trade.

Militia: Each of the Ten Towns can field a home guard of 100 to 500 men armed with dwarven weapons and light armor. The towns of Bremen and Caer-Konig are home to tundra barbarians.

Triboar (TRY-bore)

Population: 2,500

Government: An elected Lord Protector, commander of the militia. For the last 30 years the post has been held by Faurael Blackhammer (NC, ST 17, IN 16, 6th level fighter)

This small town is strategically located where the Long Road intersects the Evermoor Way. Gathered armies have often set forth from Triboar to meet orc hordes. Triboar has two good smithies and Skulner Wainwright, a wagonmaker famed throughout the North. Skulner's latest project is the "rolling cog," a massive wagon that can double as a barge. Triboar's name is thought to have come from a traveler's tale of slaying three boars here in a day.

Economy: Trade, horses, cattle, farming, caravan services, forged iron goods, and wagons.

Militia: A standing militia of 50 men swells to 300 in time of need.

Problems: Triboar's friendly rivalry with nearby Yartar occasionally erupts into violence when a gag goes too far.

Waterdeep

"City of Splendors"

Population: 122,000 (during prime trade season this rises to 500,000+)

Government: Governed by the Lords of Waterdeep, men and women from all walks

of life who rule fairly, yet remain unknown by the people of the city.

Waterdeep, "Gem of the North," is the largest and most important city in the Savage Frontier (and perhaps in all of Faerun). Anything one could want can be found in this mighty seaport—if the price is right. The sprawling walled city contains folk of all races (including evil) and all professions. Most religions have shrines here and many have large temples (see **Religions in Overview**).

There is a saying that says "As goes Waterdeep, so goes the North." The City of Splendors controls most of the trade in the North; almost everything grown, mined, or made in the Savage Frontier is taken to Waterdeep before finding its way farther south—few southern merchants are willing to travel the wilds, even for the chance of tremendous profit. Employers who seek adventurers' aid look to Waterdeep first and if one must spend a winter in the North, Waterdeep is the warmest, though not necessarily the safest, place to do it. Deep winter rarely lasts longer than two-and-a-half months here (much shorter than the rest of the North).

Waterdeep is guarded by a great wall with high towers, and by sheer 100-foot cliffs. Four gates pierce the wall: South Gate, River Gate, Northgate and Westgate. Sprawling Waterdeep fills its walls, except where construction is banned by the Lords' edict (such as the City of the Dead or the public streets).

The city is built upon rock and rubble mined from the innards of Mount Waterdeep in ancient days. It is divided into seven districts or wards. They are Castle Ward, which contains Lord Piergeiron's palace, army barracks, and the homes of the wealthy; Sea Ward, along the seacoast, which contains most temples and the homes of nobility; North Ward, a nice district where the best inns can be found; The City of the Dead, a great walled cemetery where none may live (or even spend the night); Trades Ward, the commercial area of the city—home of the well-to-do merchant class; Southern Ward, a poor but honest district where most trading companies and caravan masters have their offices; and Dock Ward, a rough district which encompasses the city's vital trade commerce and its shadier population.

At least three networks of underground passages are known to exist beneath Waterdeep's busy streets. Undermountain, a



deep, many-leveled former dwarfhold and mine of great antiquity that, as its name implies, lies largely beneath Mount Waterdeep, is the largest and most famous. The Dungeon of the Crypt (so named for its entrance in the City of the Dead) lies under North Ward, and is less spoken of. The third labyrinth is the city sewers, which links much of the city with its vast, damp and smelly conduits.

The city's navy patrols its huge, walled harbor and mermen guard the underwater areas. Many of these armored ships sail the Sea of Swords to keep pirates (mostly Luskan pirates) at bay.

Economy: Trade, services, manufacture of all manner of goods, shipbuilding.

Militia: Thought to be 1,200 Guard (soldiers—heavily trained, fully armored men-at-arms) and 1,600 Watch (policemen—lightly armored). The Watch may search any person, place, or container in Waterdeep without hindrance or warning.

DM's who wish further knowledge on Waterdeep are directed to the information-rich FORGOTTEN REALMS™ sourcebook FR1, *Waterdeep and the North*, by Ed Greenwood.

Waterdeep Map Key

(map is located on color foldup map of the Outer Islands)

Castle Ward

1. Castle Waterdeep (Lord Piergeiron's palace)
2. Ahghairon's Tower (mage's tower/tomb)
3. Guard Barracks
4. Blackstaff Tower (home of Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun)

5. Spires of the Morning (Lathander temple)
6. Walking Statue of Waterdeep (a 90' tall stone golem: AC 1; MV 4"; 140 hp; #AT 1; Dmg 6d10, 3 points structural symbol damage per round, +3 weapon to hit. Six more like it are stored beneath Mount Waterdeep)

Sea Ward

7. The House of Heroes (Tempus temple)
8. The House of the Moon (Selune temple)
9. The House of Inspired Hands (Gond temple)
10. The Tower of Luck (Tymora temple)
11. The Lady's Hands (Mielikki shrine)
12. The Temple of Beauty (Sune temple)
13. The House of Wonder (Mystra temple)

The City of the Dead

Numerous tomb complexes in here are linked by gates to other (usually pleasant) planes, where the vast numbers of dead are actually interred.

The Trades Ward

14. "The Plinth" (an interdenominational temple often frequented by minor faiths and beings from other planes)

YarTar (YAR-TARR)

Population: 6,000

Government: The "Waterbaron," presently Alahar Khaumfros (LN, ST 16, 4th level fighter)

This fortified town is the site of a bridge over the Surbrin, just north of where it meets the Dessarin. Yartar is noted for its

temple to Tymora, the Happy Hall of Fortuitous Happenstance, which the locals call "Two-hap-fort Hall." The major industry here is the construction of river barges, which are used the length of the Dessarin river network. The folk of Yartar fish the "Three Rivers" (the Dessarin, Surbrin, and Laughingflow) for their table fare. Each year, Yartar is the scene of the vast Shieldmeet of the outcasts, bandits, homeless, and isolated landholders of the North who gather here in thousands.

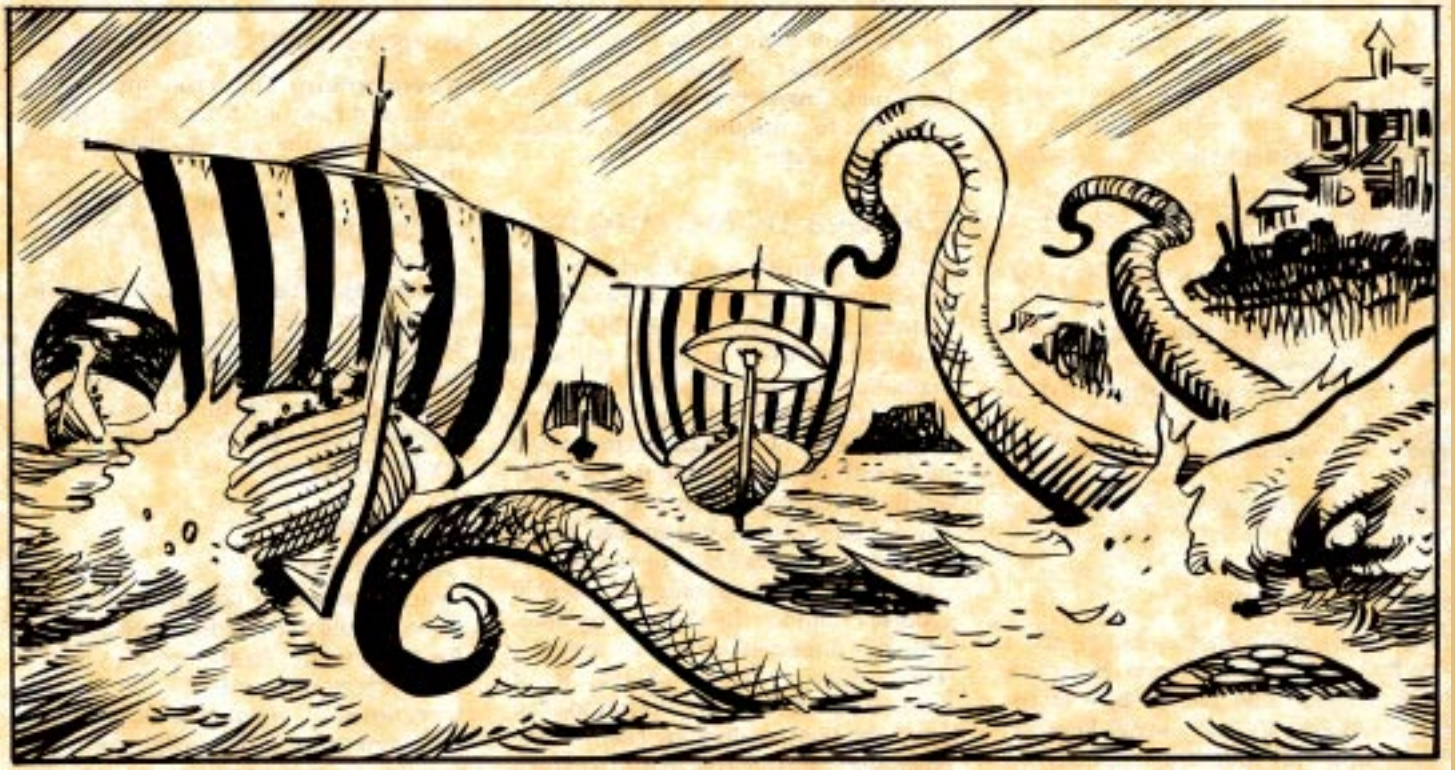
Economy: River barge construction, fishing, farming, and trade services.

Militia: "The shields of Yartar," a mounted army of 150 riders. A large barge can carry 75 riders or 200 foot soldiers. The army is usually involved in policing the town and defending it against wander orcs and trolls.

GAME INFORMATION: The Kraken Society (a secretive spy network—see Power Groups in chapter 2) is based here. Baron Khaufros, a member of the Lords' Alliance, is also the land-based head of the society (from which he draws much of his personal wealth). The Kraken Society meets in the back of the Three Rivers Festhall. All entrances are guarded by thieves and assassins.

"21 Kythorn. Ere here again. A. A. has been moping ever since the High Lady punctured his gooney bubble. Once again I must finish another chapter and now we are headed, not home, but to the outer islands to research the next chapter The river trip has been mostly quiet, though one of the merchant's barges was actually eaten in the Evermoors by trolls. A. A. hopes to catch a ship out of Port Llast."

THE SEA, THE ICE, AND THE ISLANDS



"20 Eleasias. Back on land again, praise be to Umberlee and Valkur. Waterdeep never looked so good. Never again. Currently staying in Blackstaff Tower. Khelben is off somewhere, but A. A. says he is always welcome here. Gundbarg was pleasant until King Olger recognized me (I told A. A. that I had a reputation out this way). We left immediately for the Purple Rocks."

The Trackless Sea

The northern extent of the Trackless Sea is cold, gray, bleak and unforgiving to those who venture across its depths. Yet the people on the islands must live with the sea. It gives them life, and in unpredictable moments, takes life violently away.

Weather at Sea

The Trackless Sea crosses both the arctic and subarctic climate zones. North of Luskan, arctic conditions prevail, while subarctic climate holds as far south as the Moonshaes.

Raging storms are common, and anything less than a stiff breeze quite uncommon, though the storms reach their peak in winter (making sea travel quite impossible).

A warm ocean current flows northward along the Sword Coast, warming coastal areas and giving them a milder climate than inland regions. This current turns west along the Cold Run and deposits its last dregs of warmth on the shores of Tuern. Due to this, icebergs are uncommon in coastal shipping lanes and a serious threat to travel between Tuern and other islands.

Travel at Sea

Competent Northmen navigators, most pirates, and a few hotshot southerners know the best routes between the islands and the coast, and sense the changes in current, star positions and even smells that tell them they are on course.

Assuming good weather and strong breeze, use the following travel times between the islands. The time in days

for each trip is given below for a Raker (R), a Long ship (L), a Caravel or Cog (C) and a Heavy Cog (H). For all routes, assume that sailing against prevailing winds and currents adds 25% to the sailing time (multiply the time in days by 1.25).

The table at the bottom of page 36 lists ships commonly found in the North.

Route: Travel times in days

Waterdeep to Leilon: R-1, L-1 C-2, H-4
Waterdeep to Neverwinter: R-2, L-1.5, C-3, H-6
Waterdeep to Port Llast: R-2, L-1.5, C-3.5, H-6
Waterdeep to Luskan: R-2.5, L-2, C-3.5, H-7.5
Port Llast to Fireshear: R-1, L-1, C-1.5, H-3
Luskan to Fireshear: R-5, L-5, C-1, H-2
Luskan to The Ice Peak: R-1, L-1, C-2, H-3.5
Gundarlun to Luskan: R-1.5, L-1.5, C-3, H-5



Gundarlun to Neverwinter: R-1.5, L-1.5, C-3.5, H-5.5

Gundarlun to Waterdeep: R-2.5, L-2, C-5.5, H-9

Gundarlun to Ruathym: R-1.5, L-1, C-3, H-4.5

Ruathym to Luskan: R-2.5, L-2, C-5, H-8.5

Ruathym to Waterdeep: R-2.5, L-2, C-5, H-8

The Purple Rocks to Gundarlun: R-1.5, L-1, C-3, H-4.5

The Purple Rocks to Ruathym: R-2, L-1.5, C-4, H-7

Tuern to Gundarlun: R-2.5, L-2, C-4.5, H-7.5

Tuern to The Purple Rocks: R-1.5, L-1, C-2.5, H-4

Ocean Hazards

One might think that icebergs are a deadly danger to northern mariners. They are not. The sailing ships of the Sword Coast can easily avoid lone icebergs (and only foolhardy captains sail near them). However, packs of glaciers or floes of coastal ice in a ship's path are quite deadly. Should a ship collide with an iceberg, roll 3d6 and compare the result against the Fire Damage table on page 54 of the DMG. If the ship was moving slowly and cautiously, it receives the Hull Damage Equivalent (HDE). If the captain was moving quickly or without precautions, the ice does

maximum damage. If the HDE is equal to 1/3 ship's Hull Value, the hull is breached. Unless repaired quickly, the ship sinks in a number of rounds equal to its hull value.

The Sea of Moving Ice

The Sea of Moving Ice is the dense pack of ice north of The Ice Peak, and includes both icebergs and thick floes of polar pack ice. The Sea is not a solid mass, but many ice islands, often separated by channels wide enough to allow ships passage. Such channels may wind for hundreds of miles into the ice pack, but the ice changes often, and what was a wide channel moments ago can quickly disappear. Many a ship has sailed into the Sea of Moving Ice only to be slowly ground to flinders by the shifting floes.

To the uninitiated, the Sea seems a frozen desert, void of all life. Yet it teems with life. Seals and penguins live upon the floes, stalked by silent white polar bears and walrus, who are in turn hunted by the nomadic Ice Hunters (though some hunters may be frost men). Ice-locked ancient ships are often ice troll lairs, and fiendish white dragons dwell in the crags of large icebergs.

Gundarlun (GOON-der-LEN)

Government: Organized into 15 Jarl holds and ruled by King Olger Redaxe. Gundarlun is the only island member of the Lords' Alliance.

Largest Settlement: Gundbarg (12,000 –the largest city in the islands)

Economy: Trade, fishing, farming, and mining.

Militia: Gundbarg has a standing army of 300 warriors who act as city guard and crews for the King's six raker warships. Each Jarl has 1d3 long ships crewed by 40 warriors.

Gundbarg

"Gateway Port"

Nearly every ship crossing the Trackless Sea puts in here during its journey for fresh water, food, repairs, replacement crew or goods to carry. Huge warehouses, drydocks, sailmakers, inns, and taverns all provide necessary services to seafarers... and at reasonable prices. The Dragon Turtle Inn on the harbor is noted as an adventurers' hangout and a place to find captains with ships for hire.

Ruins of Berranzo: Berranzo was a Calishite mining and refining colony on Gundarlun's western shore, that once housed 2,000 miners. Wizards used fire

SHIPS OF THE NORTH

Refer to the *Dungeon Masters Guide* and *Wilderness Survival Guide* for the meanings in this table.

Ship Name	Hull Value	Length/ Width/ Draft	Speed: Normal/ Max. Sail	Speed: Normal/ Max. Oar	Sail Speed per Round in Combat	Oar Speed per Round in Combat	Peacetime Armaments	Crew	Startup
Raker	36	90'/20'/6'	10/14 mph	5/8 mph	30"/42"	15"/24"	4 ballistae; 4 firepot catapults; armored ram	36	4 rounds
Striker	12	60'/10'/4'	12/14 mph	6/10 mph	36"/42"	18"/30"	4 ballistae; armored ram	44	3 rounds
War Nao	40	40'/20'/12'	4/6 mph	½/1 mph	12"/18"	1.5"/3"	2 catapults; can carry 200 troops	40	1 turn
Long Ship	14	80'/20'/3'	12/16 mph	7/10 mph	36"/48"	21"/30"	none	40	3 rounds
Fast Caravel	26	60'/10'/6'	7/10 mph	1/3 mph	21"/30"	3"/9"	1 ballista	10	4 rounds
Caravel	33	50'/10'/8'	5/8 mph	1/3 mph	15"/24"	3"/9"	1 ballista	10	5 rounds
Cog	40	45'/20'/10'	5/7 mph	1/2 mph	15"/21"	3"/6"	none	12	1 turn
Heavy Cog	60	60'/25'/15'	3/5 mph	½/1 mph	9"/15"	1.5"/3"	none	14	1 turn

(' = feet; mph = miles (nautical) per hour, assuming moderate, favorable winds and calm seas)



elementals to refine ore in this short-lived colony. Within three years all went mad for no apparent reason and most died. For months, Northmen captains encountered drifting ore ships, filled with corpses and gibbering madmen. For 25 years the ruins have stood empty—even the bold Northmen are fearful to plunder here.

Wreck of the Golden Crown: A Calishite treasure galleon went down in a storm near Berranzo and now lies, mostly intact, in 70 feet of water. It carried gold and silver ingots, electrum bars, and a fortune in gems. The wizard Hochmiraz of Calimshan and his personal effects also went down with the ship. He was said to own a *staff of the magi*; a *ring of spell turning* and a *cube of force*.

The Ice Peak

Government: First Captain Tranjer Rolsk rules Aurilssbarg, a Luskan colony, and acts as spokesman for other villages (whether they like it or not).

Largest Settlement: Aurilssbarg (3,000)

Economy: Sealing, whaling, and fishing.

Militia: Each community has several large fishing boats and 40 to 50 warriors. Aurilssbarg has a standing army of 100 men who man an ancient “Striker” craft with ballistae and ram, and 2d3 longships.

This ancient volcano is surrounded by near-permanent icepack. Villages like Bjorn’s Hold, Icewolf, and Aurilssbarg are populated by a mix of Northmen and Ice Hunters. Seal and whale hunting are the primary occupations here. Seal skins and whale oil are bought by Luskan merchants, then sold for lucrative profits in the South.

Many Ice Peak folk search for the lost lair of Freezefire, a great white dragon whose last recorded flight took place centuries ago.

Aurilssbarg: Like many Northmen communities, Aurilssbarg boasts “corduroy” streets made of logs laid side by side. The city is the trading post for oth-

er communities on the island, who buy supplies and sell skins, oil, scrimshaw and smoked fish here. Aurilssbarg is the only port with a bona fide harbor capable of serving large vessels. Luskan monopolizes their colony’s trade—their ships are the only ones that may dock here. A Luskan raker and crew (read “pirates”) is often berthed here to enforce this edict. The folk of Aurilssbarg are hungry for news—only rumors filter into the isolated town.

Bjorn’s Hold: Bjorn, son of Bjorn is a cantankerous old coot, yet he loves the 500 citizens of this fortified village as if they were all family, Ice Hunter and Northman alike. Though he is Northman, he hates Luskan and secretly sells most of the village’s large catch to Calishites in Port Llast, hiring adventurers to guard his small boats on their yearly journey.

Icewolf: The ancient Ice Hunter shaman, Bleak Sky at Morning, wisely rules this village of 200, though the rude antics of the Northmen try even his legendary patience and sense of humor. He and his folk will not side with Luskan in wars against others. Women here wear jewelry made of ancient gold and platinum coins, found in an ice-bound wreck. If stories are true, a king’s ransom remains there.

The Purple Rocks

Government: King Selger rules Trisk and King Bromm rules Utheraal.

Largest Settlements: Vilkstea (700) and Ulf of Thuger (400).

Economy: Raiding, farming, fishing.

Militia: Each king has 2d3 longships with crews of 40. Trisk also has six other vessels: three caravels, a cog, and a war nao with crews of 30, plus some of the kraken’s monstrous allies.

Trisk, the western isle, and Utheraal, the eastern, initially seem little more than rocky outcroppings, no more than a few miles across. Yet between the lightly forested peaks are lush valleys shielded from the harsh storms of the bitter subarctic ocean.

Ruins of Ascarle: Low tide exposes part of this ruined city on Trisk’s north shore. At one time, Ascarle was nearly as large as Waterdeep, possibly inhabited by sea-elves or some other ancient undersea race (maybe the fish-men who are said to dwell in the Deepearth). Treasures of that ancient race (such as rare magical items) can still be found, encrusted in marine growth and buried by sediment. Even at low tide the ruins are deadly. Giant crabs, crabmen, and scrag scour the ruins for delicacies trapped in tidal pools and debris fields.

Slarkrethel, a kraken, lairs in the submerged ruins, along with its allies—an illithid, a band of beautiful but evil nereids, a tribe of foul merrow (aquatic ogre)—and its slaves, over 100 humans trapped in air-filled ruins, some who have lived here all their lives and never seen the surface. For some unfathomable purpose (undoubtedly evil), the kraken has enslaved the folk of Trisk, and forced them to create the Kraken Society, a spy network with agents throughout the North (See **Power Groups in Overview**).

Vilkstea: The nutrient-rich waters south of Utheraal provide the Vilksteaders with bountiful fish catches, more than enough for their own tables. They export large amounts of dried, smoked, salted, and pickled fish to Gundarlun, which in turn ships it to cities all across Faerun. They also produce Vilksmaarg, a pungent, salty, herbed goat cheese popular in Sword Coast taverns. Still, they remain poor because Utheraal pays Trisk a steep ransom to avoid conquest (and to keep from becoming slaves of the kraken).

Ulf of Thuger: The folk of this town on Trisk fish and farm, but only enough to put food in their mouths. Additional needs are met by piracy, including attacks on other Northmen and pirate ships. The rest of their efforts go toward recording and cataloging the deluge of information that filters into the island through the Kraken Society spy network. Every year the task grows



greater as more cities are enmeshed in the kraken's schemes.

Ruathym (ROO-uh-Thim)

Government: United Ruathym is ruled by First Axe Aumark Lithyl. During the war Aumark consolidated four separate kingdoms on the islands into one.

Largest Settlement: Ruathym (5,000)

Economy: Raiding, farming, mining, shipbuilding.

Militia: First Axe Aumark commands 500 warriors (many little more than youths) and has three 40-man longships and a single raker warship on loan from Holgerstead. Ruathym's navy was destroyed by Luskan.

The city of Ruathym and many smaller villages and steadings were all but destroyed by Luskan in a recent war. Much of the land's wealth was looted or put to the torch (though the famous library, the Green Rooms, filled with plundered books from a score of great cities, was spared serious damage). Likewise, the invaders spared the Hall of Black Waves, Umberlee's temple.

Like Luskan, Ruathym thrives on trade and piracy, looking the other way as its warships attack merchant craft. Now and in the past, they have competed for the same "clientele."

Rethgaard: Seafaring dwarves of long ago built this stone fortress. Until recently, Rethgaard refused alliance with Ruathym and actually sided with Luskan. Then it too was plundered by Luskan.

Holgerstead: First Axe Wedigar Ruthmaald rules this United Ruathym sub-kingdom. Its fierce berserkers played a key part in the stunning blow dealt to the invaders.

Inthar (Ruin): A ruined fortress sits atop a rocky crag some 35 miles south of Rethgaard. Eerie green lights shine here at night, silhouetting shadowy shapes as faint whispers float across the waters. It is said that a hidden shaft

leads straight down to Hell. None know its origin, but sailors of all lands avoid this rock.

Tuern (TOORN)

Government: Five Northman kings, who recognize High King Threlked Ironfist of Uttersea as liege.

Largest Settlement: Uttersea (2,000)

Economy: Whaling, fishing, farming, diamond and adamantite mining (which the Tuernish do not have the ability to refine or use in their own weapons).

Militia: Each king has 1d3 longships, crewed by 50 warrior/archers.

Tuern is a rocky, but fertile land of black beaches and seething volcanoes. Conditions are harder on Tuern than on many of the other outer islands, but the Northmen here are among the wealthiest in the North. The island's vulcanism produces two great treasures, huge diamonds and the valuable ore from which adamantite is refined (pure adamantite is magically alloyed with iron to create +5 weapons and armor).

This same geothermal activity creates a perfect home for fire giants and red dragons in the crevasse called Flame Fault. The giants here are sea rovers who sail gargantuan long ships, but rarely raid farther east than Gundarlun.

Flame Fault: Flame and smoke continually belch from this deep crevasse in the western mountains. The three red dragons of Flame Fault raid herds for food (though several kingdoms bring monthly tributes of cattle, fish, and slaves to placate the dragons' hunger and offerings of gold and gems to salve their greed). The dragons range far and wide. Many islands suffer under their attacks.

Throne Rock: This fortress is the sanctuary of High Artificer Fizmorayen Fitzmoran, an exiled cleric of Gond (N 14th level). He dwells here with several dwarves, human tinkers and an alchemist. Fizmorayen purchases ada-

mantite ore, then resells it to merchants from Waterdeep. The castle usually contains several tons of valuable ore and is heavily protected by numerous *glyphs of warding*.

Uttersea: Uttersea is built into the sides of the collapsed caldera of an ancient volcano whose high walls shield the town from all but the worst weather. Heat rising from deep geothermal activity warms the town and the bay, actually boiling it in places. The bay is home to species who normally would not be found so far north, including giant octopi which dwell near the south shore and prey upon ships and fishermen.

The Whalebones

Government: Dozens of petty kings rule over one or more small islands. Garr Ulfsson of Finback is the most powerful, and often acts as a spokesman.

Largest Settlement: 205 people dwell in Garrstead, the fortified lodgings of Garr Ulfsson on Finback island (the westernmost of the Whalebones).

Economy: Whaling, fishing, farming, raiding.

Militia: Each king has a long ship with a crew of 20 to 50 warriors.

The Whalebones are a collection of 50 or more tiny islands (only the largest are shown on the fold-up map), most no larger than a mile to two miles across. Finding a specific island often requires a guide. The islands are grass-capped, rocky tables that rise 50 to 80 feet above their gravel beaches on white chalky cliffs. Northmen have lived here in tiny communities for centuries and the beaches are littered with the bones of countless whales (though many are used to construct sod longhouses).

LOST LANDS, STRONGHOLDS, & RUINS



"2 Eleint. Once more, we are on the road. Needless to say, Khelben 'Blackstaff' Arunsun was not pleased to find his 'old buddy Amelior' cluttering up his tower (we hit every flea market in Waterdeep on A.A.'s 'research' trips). One morning we just woke up out in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by piles of junk, most of which I am now carrying. A.A. says we are about 70 miles east of Waterdeep, near some place called The House of Stone. I think we're lucky to still be on this plane."

Lost Lands

Though it has never been densely populated, the North has seen numerous realms rise to power, then disappear into the mists of history, their deeds the stuff of legends, their ruins the seedbeds of adventure!

Delzoun

The Northkingdom of the dwarves, named for its founder, Delzoun, is only

a shining memory. Once it stretched from the Ice Mountains in the Utter North to the Nether Mountains in the south, bordered on the east by the Narrow Sea (now vanished into the Great Desert), and on the west by Silvery Moon Pass (east of present day Silverymoon). The world was 2,000 years younger then.

Delzoun was a rich and proud land, perhaps the height of dwarven power; its smiths crafted intricate and beautiful mechanisms to ease every task; the great dwarven families grew rich and famous, and gold shown everywhere about their persons and homes. The dwarves ranged across the North, building holds for themselves. They were a happy people, but that is all gone now and much of their labor rests in orcish hands.

Today Citadel Adbar guards the richest mines known to the dwarves and orcs menace the dwarves on all sides. Ruins like Ascore and Ghaurin's Mansion hint at the lost glory of Delzoun.

Eaerlann

This elven realm once controlled the eastern High Forest (see chapter 8).

The Fallen Kingdom

This vanished realm was a short-lived effort to stem the demi-human decline in the North by uniting the remaining elves of Eaerlann, the dwarves outside of Delzoun and humans in a common realm. Though noble in purpose, it never had a solid unity and was smashed out of existence by the repeated attacks of vast orc hordes. Even so, the orcs were slaughtered too and driven back north for many generations. The Mere of Dead Men (see chapter 7) is the site of the last clash of this conflict.

The Kingdom had many names, but the "real one" is lost with time. Now the term "The Fallen Kingdom" refers to the rolling wilderlands due east of Waterdeep. Present day remnants include Ardeepforest, Castle Zundbridge, the ruins of The Stone



House, and the predecessor to the town of Secomber.

Illefarn

Like Eaerlann in the east, this ancient elven realm left little mark of its passing. Illefarn existed in the forest that once stood where Waterdeep does now (only the Ardeepforest now remains). The growing concentration of humans in the North drove out the elves of Illefarn long ago.

Netheril

Long ago, even as elves record time, this realm of men lay east of the Delimbiyr, stretching from the Nether Mountains in the north to Evereska in the south, and east to the Narrow Sea, whose shores ran southeast from the port of Ascore for hundreds of miles (before it became the Great Desert).

Netheril was a realm of wizards, and many wondrous magical items were crafted here. Yet even these masters of magic could not save their own land. When the titanic efforts of the Netheril mages were ineffective against the advancing desert, those wizards fled the land on wondrous magical carpets, wings, and steeds, leaving lesser folk behind to survive as best they could. The desert advanced and Netheril became but another notation in history as refugees fled westward into elven Eaerlann, southward to what would become Baldur's Gate and northward into dwarven Delzoun.

The cities of Ascalhorn (Hellgate Keep), Sundabar, Karse (ruins in the High Forest), Silverymoon, Llorck, Illusk (now Luskan) and Gauntlgrym (lost somewhere in the Spine of the World) were founded by refugees from Netheril.

According to the best estimations of sages, Netheril was the earliest human civilization in the North and was at its height some 4,000 years ago only to be abandoned some 1,000 to 3,000 years later. However, there is no solid evidence to support an exact date.

Dekanter, near Weathercote Wood, is the only documented ruin of this ancient land—though it has been thoroughly stripped of its ancient treasures. In all likelihood, others exist, hidden in the Fallen Lands, the Graypeaks, the Great Desert, or the Far Forest.

Strongholds, Ruins & Dungeons

Strongholds are fortresses, castles, dwarfholds, and towers. Too small to be called towns or cities, they are often home to powerful lords and their troops.

Ruins are relics from the past, now abandoned and crumbling into the dust of history. In the North, most are infested with orcs and monsters. Many still contain untouched burial chambers and treasure vaults of ancient races... and the guardians that they left behind.

The adventurers' term "dungeon" is used generically to refer to the underground remnants of dwarfholds, such as Mithril Hall, the Hall of Four Ghosts, and the Stronghold of the Nine; or even lost cities like Karse and Ascarle.

Ascore

Once a thriving port on the Narrow sea, Ascore served as the gateway to the dwarven nation of Delzoun. Here, humans, dwarves and elves conducted trade with nations like Eaerlann, Netheril, Nimbral and Myth Drannor. Now it is sand-swept ruins with mighty stone docks thrust proudly into the advancing desert. The empty hulks of colossal stone ships lie half-covered in the desert beyond, the remnants of lost Delzoun's dwarven navy.

From the west, an ancient road leads to the cliffs above Ascore. Here, a pair of gigantic stone griffon statues crouch, grimly guarding the dark, yawning entrance to Ascore—a door in a hill that leads down into the rock before exiting into the ruins at the base of the cliff.

GAME INFORMATION: The ruins of Ascore are said to contain great trea-

sure. Yet even the orcs avoid the city. It may have something to do with the circle of 13 tall, five-sided red pyramids in the heart of the ruins. Whatever, something evil lurks in Ascore, something that has been here for 2,000 years... waiting.

Desert creatures like dunestalkers and pernicon are found here, as well as many kinds of undead.

Castle of Illusion

When lost Ascalhorn was in its prime, droll little Fitzmilliyun Sparkledrim, a powerful gnome illusionist from the lost Shinglefell Gnome Burrow, built the Castle of Illusion in the Fell Pass. He crafted grand puzzles like Milliyun's Mirror Maze, the Crystal Cube and Ten Doors, No-Way-Out around, within, and below the castle, combining mechanical gimmickery with magical illusions to fool even the most perceptive. Within a century of Sparkledrim's death, greedy orcs overran the castle and put its inhabitants to the sword. No treasure was ever found, but the illusions drove the orcs mad.

The castle sat empty for centuries, protected by its illusions. It is now occupied by dour MacBec Maclyon (NE 12th level magic-user). MacBec and his minions (orcs, of course) have sealed off the lower mines.

GAME INFORMATION: MacBec's followers number 30, including a 4th level magic-user, a 6th level fighter body-guard, and a 3d level orcish witch doctor.

The puzzles to be found here include a hall of mirrors (possibly with a *mirror of lifetrapping* and a *mirror of opposition* built into it), a 10-foot cube of apparently indestructible crystal in which valuable treasure can be seen, along with at least three skeletons, and a room with ten doors that appears to spin each time a door is opened. Only one door leads out, the rest release traps or magical guardians. The gnomes' treasures are all hidden in the puzzles and traps.



The Crumbling Stairs

In all likelihood, a fine mansion once stood here, harking back to good times during the years of the Fallen Kingdom. Now, only this marble stair and a mouldering foundation remain. A ghost or haunt is said to lurk in the ruins around the stair.

The Dungeon of Death

This ruined dwarfhold at the headwaters of the Shining Creek is not lightly named. Many believe the ruins to be cursed, for the dungeon depths seem to demand a toll of blood and lives from those who pry into its secrets—it's a rare adventuring band which returns from here with all members still breathing. The Dungeon of Death was once a dwarven gem mine. The upper levels, the old dwarven habitats open onto a deep lava "bubble." Here the dwarves mined diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other gems. The bubble is quite deep and even the dwarves never delved into its greatest depths.

GAME INFORMATION: The above-ground ruins are patrolled by barbarians of the Blue Bear tribe, personal servants of the evil annis Tanta Hagara. Hagara provides human victims for the young Nabassu demons who lair in the dungeon. The Nabassu are surrounded by ghouls, ghosts, and shadows of their creation.

The Dungeon of The Hark

"The Hark" is the name of the leader of a were-rat bandit gang operating out of these ruins. They attack travelers on the Delimbiyr River, then retreat to the dungeon. If attacked in their stronghold, the rat men retreat farther into the subterranean complex below the ruins, where more fearsome things are said to lie in wait.

GAME INFORMATION: The Hark, a 5th level were-rat thief, leads a band of 15 were-rats, mostly thieves and fighters. Above-ground, they live in recon-

structed houses that were once quite fine. Below ground, they can retreat through territory controlled by Xuchal-lit, a roper, and about a dozen ogres. The roper is an agent of the illithid Beast Lord on a long-term assignment.

The Dungeon of The Ruins

Unlike most ancient dwarfholds, this ruin is primarily above ground. Passing barbarian hunters have noted "great frog-like forms" dancing around huge pyres amidst the ruins.

The Endless Caverns

These are deep caverns in the center of the High Forest (see chapter 8).

The Fork

The Fork is located at the "Y" where the trail east from Sundabar splits to go north and east. Here are found ruins (a mossy foundation) of the mansion of the ancient dwarven hero Ghaurin. Legend says that when the heavens are right, the air shimmers and the mansion reappears as it was so long ago, giving Ghaurin a chance to right an ancient mistake.

Gate

As its name suggests, the ruins of Gate hide a *gate* between planes. The underground *gate* takes the form of an immense black cube, with a single door. Inside, a number of colored stone slabs are doorways to other planes, including several alternate Prime Material Planes.

GAME INFORMATION: Gate is guarded by powerful bugbears in the service of Zythalarlr, a smallish beholder, which fancies itself as "the gatekeeper" or just "the keeper."

Gauntlgrym

Gauntlgrym is a large underground city built by dwarves of Delzoun for men in the early years of an amicable existence of dwarves, elves, and men in the North (long before the Fallen Kingdom). It is

now abandoned and holds great riches. All who have heard the ballads and tales of bards in the North know this, but the location of this potential treasure trove is long lost. Even dwarves only know that it lies north of the Dessarin and its tributaries, near the valley of Khedrun.

Adventurers returned to Waterdeep in triumph with news of Gauntlgrym's discovery a season ago, then set out once more to recover its treasures, and have not been heard from since.

GAME INFORMATION: Gauntlgrym housed 30,000 men and dwarves in its day. Now, not even goblin races dwell here. Dripping water echoes eerily throughout the cold empty halls broken infrequently by the wails of banshees. Gauntlgrym touches on the Deepearth realms and a powerful illithid (mindflayer) clan controls part of the city.

Although the way is long and deadly, Gauntlgrym also connects with Great Worm Caverns, which house the ancestor mound of the Great Worm Uthgardt tribe.

The Hall of Four Ghosts

This ruined dwarfhold draws its name from its sole standing building, the great hall of the lord's palace. The hall is haunted by four ghosts, tragic lovers who caused each other's deaths.

The citadel here was a lumbering town, harvesting mighty trees from the High Forest for dwarves throughout the North. The everpresent dwarven mine tunnels burrow deep beneath the High Forest. Giant trolls are known to lair here along with their normal relatives.

GAME INFORMATION: The Hall of Four Ghosts connects with a vast tunnel complex that extends for tens of miles beneath the western High Forest. This complex is mostly unexplored, but is known to connect with caves in the Dessarin and Unicorn Run river valleys. Clusters of rooms were once



dwarven camps, but many tunnels pre-date even the Hall of Four Ghosts.

Halls of The Hunting Axe

The tumbled stones of this ancient dwarfhold are visible from atop the Stone Bridge. This colony of Delzoun succumbed to ruin long before its homeland disappeared. The few cathedral-like halls that do stand have no equal in the North. Fragments of colored glass amidst the rubble hint at the stained glass that may have adorned the towering windows.

Hellgate Keep

In ancient days, when the elven kingdom of Eaerlann began to suffer under orc attacks from the north, and the human kingdom of Netheril to the east across the Graypeak Mountains was passing away under the onslaught of the Great Desert, the elves built a great fortress in the head-valley of the river Delimbiyr. The fortress commanded Turnstone Pass to the northwest and defended their own northern border. Upon its completion, the elves turned over the citadel, and its task of defending against orcs, to human refugees from Netheril.

The fortified city, known as Ascalhorn (it was built on a jutting crag known as Ascal's Horn), was thought of as another Myth Drannor. Over hundreds of years of success, followed by a generation of peace when no orcs came, the city's people grew proud and splendid. Their wizards nearly attained the power and skill of their Netherese forebears. Possibly they planned to recapture the splendor and power of Netheril or even Myth Drannor—but succeeded only in destroying themselves.

One ambitious dabbler in sorcery named Wulgreth (possibly the Wulgreth who destroyed Karse) opened a *gate* to the Nine Hells in secret, seeking aid, and received it. The city was slowly infiltrated by devils, at first only as servants, quiet and quick, but subsequent-

ly as schemers and go-betweens, subverting many mages to embrace lichdom, then rising to torture and devour the citizenry with cruel ease. In desperation, many turned to arcane lore books and summoned demonkind to battle the servants of the Hells—a strategy that worked far too well, as hordes of demons poured into Ascalhorn and overwhelmed humans, devils, and lichs alike (a few lichs remain as servants, intrepid adventurers report).

Ascalhorn became a ghoulish hold, guarded by cambion troops, and ruled by at least one Type VI demon. The city's troops are commanded by a deathknight, who leads or directs many patrols in the surrounding lands. The city, now known as Hellgate Keep, is shunned by men. Human and dwarven forces have failed on several occasions to take the city, but the evil troops have been likewise rebuffed in attacks on Citadel Adbar, Sundabar, and Silverymoon. Those cities, reinforced by the open city of Everlund, hold Turnstone Pass, albeit shakily, against Hellgate Keep's forces to prevent unchecked attacks throughout the North by the Keep's armies.

GAME INFORMATION: Grintharke, the type VI demon who rules here, was once the master of a city at the base of a dead volcano (later called the Great Pit of Northending) during the age of dinosaurs on another world. He brought his special pets with him: magically modified pterosaurs with manticores-like tail spikes. Shan Nikkoeth, the deathknight commander, also has an other-worldly origin.

The forces of Hellgate Keep scour the wilderness for treasure for their master and the Keep has become a storehouse for the treasure of many lost realms.

Helm's Hold

Southeast of Neverwinter lies an isolated monastery, dedicated to the worship of the god Helm. Founded some

eight winters ago by a retired member of the famed Company of Crazed Venturers (of Waterdeep), the monastery was first a single farm known as Helm's Stead. It has grown greatly, and been fortified (hence its name) against bandit and monster attacks, and now numbers some 700 devout worshippers of Helm. The founder, Dumat Erad, became the White Master of Dragons by defeating Iltmul at the Citadel of Mists (see chapter 8).

The Herald's Holdfast

West of Silverymoon is the spell-guarded citadel of Old Night, one of the five High Heralds of western Faerun. The Herald's Holdfast is an invaluable library of heraldry and genealogy of known human, dwarven, elven, halfling, and gnomish peoples as far back as records can be traced. It is said to be an invincible fortress, respected by both good and evil races of the North—even details of the histories and badges of goblinkind are said to be preserved within its walls.

The House of Stone

This sprawling ruin is said to be a relic of the Fallen Kingdom. Although it is nearly as large as a small town, it seems to be a single building. Hundreds of rooms, atriums, halls, temples, and towers are interconnected in a maze-like manner. Some chambers are open to the sky, others are roofed over, while still more are crumbled ruins. Stairs, shafts and wells descend to subterranean areas. Most rooms contain lifelike statues of men, elves, orcs, and minotaurs.

The House seems to operate in some kind of reverse time effect. Rather than crumbling to rubble, ruined areas rebuild themselves unaided and room connections constantly change.

The adventurer Kelvin Nikkelbane described a vast underground room that contained a forest of enormous silvery trees and another is said to have seen spectral images of elves, dwarves, and men flitting about the rooms.



Karse

Karse is a ruined city within the High Forest (see chapter 8).

Kelvin's Cairn

This lone peak in Icewind Dale rises above an odd valley in the tundra which contains a dwarfhold. Here, a small, dwindling clan of dwarves, the descendants of refugees from Mithril Hall, mine beneath the tundra for miles in all directions. Only 250 or so dwarves remain, under the leadership of Grimfeld Silverstrike, a former miner who acts as regent, ruling in place of his predecessor, Bruenor Battlehammer. The entrances to the dwarfhold are known only to the dwarves and those to whom they reveal it.

The Lonely Tower

From the top of this tall white tower, it is possible to glimpse the glacier far to the north. The Lonely Tower is the dwelling of Ssessibil Istahvar a powerful archmage and his small entourage. Ssessibil seeks solitude from humanity which he both fears and loathes. Here, he conducts magical experiments and manufactures potions and magical items. A small army of orcs keeps visitors away.

It is difficult for wizards of Ssessebil's power to keep their whereabouts entirely secret, yet he manages quite well. Rumor has it that Ssessebil is not as human as he appears.

GAME INFORMATION: Ssessebil is a 27th level, LE magic-user. The tower has no visible entrance. In fact, it has only four internal rooms connected by magical "airlock-type" doors. An elemental being and enough of its element to make it truly dangerous guards each room. One contains earth, another fire, the third water and the final one air. In the air room, a pool of silvery liquid (like mercury) acts as a *gate* which Ssessebil uses to travel to and from his true home on an alternate Prime Plane (where most normally non-sentient

creatures are intelligent and can cast spells of low level). The predominant life form is a giant cat-like reptilian biped—Ssessebil's true form.

Ssessebil has a vast selection of potions, at least one of each listed in the *DMG* and *Unearthed Arcana*. Ssessebil dwells in Faerun to obtain supplies for his potions, things not readily found in his home plane.

Mines of Mirabar

Mirabar is the chief mining city of the northern Sword Coast. The mountains and hills around the city are pocked with countless mine shafts. Each major mine entrance is fortified and defended year-round by troops loyal to the mine's merchant owners.

Mithril Hall

Located somewhere in the northeastern mountains, this dwarfhold is said to have the richest deposits of mithril known in the North. The dwarves of Mithril Hall were forced out 175 years ago by "dark creatures" when they dug too deep and their mines opened upon dark, seemingly endless caverns. When they fled, their gold, silver, and mithril treasures stayed behind. The chambers of Mithril Hall are always poorly illuminated by flickering torches or enchanted devices.

GAME INFORMATION: Shimmergloom, the greatest shadow dragon in Faerun (a large Great Wyrms with 11 pips per die), claimed Mithril Hall when the dwarves broke in upon his domain. Unlike others of his kind, Shimmergloom is surrounded by an entourage of shadowy followers, including shadows, drelbs, shades, shadow mastiffs, a shadow demon, and a tribe of enslaved derro. Shimmergloom is clever and his forces attack with guile, not brute strength.

Morueme's Cave

Morueme is the clan name for a family of blue dragons who have laired in this

cavern complex for over a thousand years. Usually a family grouping of three to six dragons dwell here. Kizzap Morueme, the eldest, is a very old dragon. He lives with a younger mate and two adult offspring—each dragon has its own lair and jealously guarded treasure within the caves. The Morueme clan has a particular hatred of orcs, ogres, and the creatures of Hellgate Keep. They judiciously avoid mankind, but consider orcs and demons fair and entertaining game.

GAME INFORMATION: All Morueme dragons can speak and use magic. Their spell selection is usually exotic, taken from ancient Netherese and Ascorian spell books in their treasure (including at least one page of the *Nether Scrolls*). In addition to the dragons, the treasure is guarded by hobgoblin mercenaries of the Red Flyers tribe, who have served the dragons for generations. The hobgoblins live in a small fortified encampment outside the caves, protected by catapults and ballistae.

The Nameless Dungeon

This is an elven ruin in the High Forest (see entry in chapter 8).

The Ruins of Dekanter

More correctly, these are the Mines of Dekanter, the only known ruins of lost Netheril. In ancient days, the mines of Dekanter provided that realm with iron. As the mines were worked out, Netherese mages used them for research, to isolate the effects of new spells and to store magical paraphernalia. When Netheril fell, all was abandoned, becoming an extensive crumbling ruin surrounded by low hills (talus piles from the mines). Above the hills, gaping holes and hidden entrances open on the dark mysteries within.

The magic that once filled Dekanter is long depleted. It now serves as home to goblins, gargoyle... and others.



GAME INFORMATION: A tribe of over 200 goblins (75 males) and 30 huge wolves lives in the mines, led by their chieftain Ghistspok. The tribe ranges east of the Graypeak Mountains, avoiding Llorck and Loudwater. Gargoyles lair in the ruins, which are also patrolled by bands of monster zombies and mongrel men. A portion of the mines are the lair of the Beast Lord, the folk-name for a magic-user who creates and breeds unnatural monsters like bulette, stegocentipedes, peryton, beholders, and so forth. This new Beast Lord is an illithid, a powerful mind flayer who seeks to build an army of creatures to aid it in conquering part of the dark realms of the Deepearth.

The Ruins of Intaru's Tower

A ruined fortress located on the High Road between Waterdeep and Leilon, it was destroyed in the final orc assault against the Fallen Kingdom. It is said that on the anniversary of that battle, ghostly defenders walk the battlements waiting for allies who never come. Though the tower is usually uninhabited, attempts by the Lords' Alliance to rebuild it always end in failure.

Southkrypt

This abandoned dwarf-hold east of Leilon is the lair of many strange and dangerous creatures. Adventurers probing the upper levels have encountered norkers and bands of ravening gibberlings. Deeper forays have uncovered xaren, vilstrak, vargouilles and stoppers.

GAME INFORMATION: In addition to the creatures mentioned, the lower halls of Southkrypt are lair to a vampire hill giant shaman (6th level) and his three vampire hill giant slaves.

The Stone Bridge

Surrounded by rolling grasslands without a road or building visible as far as the eye can see, this high, massive stone arch spans the River Dessarin, a stark,

weathered, and lonely reminder of ancient days long gone. Built by dwarves over five thousand years ago to link the now-ruined Halls of the Hunting Axe with now-forgotten dwarven holds to the Northwest (like Southkrypt). The loo-foot-wide bridge was built to span the broadest imaginable spring flood and rises in a great arc some two miles long and 400 feet high above the wates of the Dessarin—without supporting pillars. Equally impressive are the four pylon-like sculptures, two flanking each end of the bridge, that rise 500 above the valley. Each weathered pylon depicts a grim, wary dwarven warrior, waiting, watching.

The dwarves explain the awesome size of the bridge and its continued survival, despite armies clashing on it and mages hurling mighty spells to and from it, over the years—to the fact that it was built in homage to Moradin the Soulforger, and is in fact a temple to him. It is true that some lawful good dwarves do make pilgrimages there, and that at least once in times of darkness for the dwarves, Moradin appeared on the bridge.

The Stronghold of The Nine

An ancient dwarfhold in the High Forest now controlled by former adventurers (see chapter 8).

The Tower of Twilight

On the eastern edge of the Neverwinter Woods, a day's ride west of Longsaddle, stands The Tower Twilight. This lone tower rises from an island in a small lake that drains into the woods to the west. The Tower is home to Malchor Harpell, an 18th level, NG magic-user, a former aide of Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun (a Lord of Waterdeep). Malchor often trains lesser magic users—for a fee.

Tulrun's Tent

Towering above the trees of northern forests on five enchanted stone legs, the home of the reclusive 25th level archmage Tulrun avoids unwelcome visitors. Tulrun's Tent consists of a stone platform large enough to hold a small gaily colored silken tent nestled within a dozen gnarly oaks. Inside, the tent is much, much larger than it appears. It is possible to wander its elegant corridors for hours and never see a familiar hall or chamber.

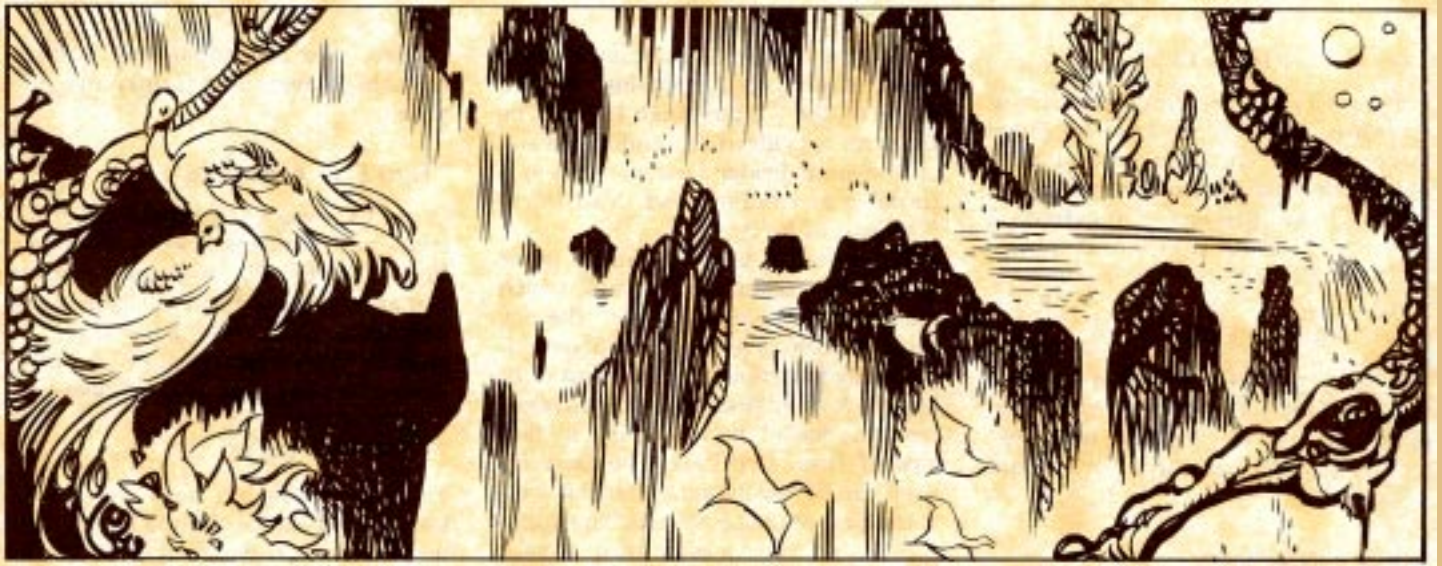
Zundbridge

This double-walled castle, situated on a rocky outcropping above the river gorge southeast of Waterdeep, guards the High Road bridge across the River Dessarin. An inner wall protects the garrison buildings and an outer encircles a vast field where caravans rest while being inspected by Waterdeep customs officers. Most trading costers own permanent "yards" here for their caravans. The outer bailey's north gate opens onto a drawbridge, controlled from within the gate towers.

"Judge" Kazardun, a former dwarvish mercenary (7th level, LG fighter), commands the Waterdeep troops here. He is the Lord's Alliance law as far south as Daggerford and east to Secomber. Zundbridge is home to the Red Rune Inn, claimed by many to make the finest shalass (fish) stew in all Faerun.

"9 Eleint. Near Secomber Have traded all A. A.'s Waterdeep junk to an odd group of adventurers who call themselves the Fellowship of the Hall. I guess the stuff was valuable. I don't think the old dwarf or the drow bought my story about needing help to return a stolen statue, but they agreed to take it to Secomber anyway. Still don't know what I'm going to do with Amelior when I get him back home. Maybe stand him up in the garden for a few months while I finish his book."

RIVERS, MOUNTAINS, AND ROUGH LANDS



"I Marpenoth. The house and lab were in shambles upon our return, with clothing, chairs, and lab equipment strewn everywhere in a chaotic fashion. I breathed a sigh of relief to see that things were as we had left them. I plan to bring A. A. in from the garden before a hard frost hits, though it seems a shame to disappoint the pigeons. Can't find any stone to flesh potions. Laeral of the Nine usually has quite a few on hand. After I finish next chapter, I'll make a trip up into the High Forest and visit her in the Stronghold."

Ardeepforest

Once a district of the Fallen Kingdom and before that part of the vast forest that was elven Illefarn, this wood is now home to a small clan of elderly moon elves, adventurers who chose to remain behind when their brethren crossed over the sea to Evermeet.

GAME INFORMATION: A well-manicured clearing in the Ardeepforest surrounded by unusually tall and thick-trunked elms is a relic of ancient Illefarn. The refreshing glade radiates constant protection from evil and it is always spring here, regardless of the season. *Cure disease* spells cast here gain a +1 bonus.

Elves feel an incredible, restful aura of peace here, but other races can only

vaguely sense the clearing's calmness. Non-magical wood brought into the glade will come alive and magically begin to sprout leaves and roots.

Berun's Hill

This local landmark is a bare-topped, conical hill that commands a splendid view of the valley of the river Dessarin to the east. This lookout has often been used in times of trouble to watch for advancing orc or barbarian tribes coming down from the north and east. It is named for the famous ranger Berun, who met his end here at the hands of such a horde. He failed to stop the orcs, but slew over 300 singlehandedly before he was overwhelmed. Bandits watch here for the approach of likely victims. Northern legend has it that a dwarven tomb lies under the hill, rich in golden armor and treasures, but none has ever found it, and dwarves know nothing more of it than legend.

Blackraven River

This tributary of the River Mirar flows out of canyons in the foothills of The Wall and is named for the gigantic ravens said to lair at its headwaters. Blackraven raiders, mounted on gigantic ravens will not allow outsiders upriver where their ancestor mounds lie.

Bleached Bones Pass

This pass once connected Dekanter with Illefarn to the west, but few use it now. The pass draws its name from piles of sun-whitened bones that line the trail. Numerous small, crude orc strongholds dot the slopes of the pass, warring constantly with one another.

The Cold Run

From the Iceflow north to Icewind Dale, this bleak tundra is home to reindeer, wolves, tundra yeti, and a few Ice Hunter villages which cling to the rocky coast. Warm winds off the Trackless Sea bring a mild summer to the Run, but come winter those same winds shriek bitter, deadly cold.

The Cold Wood

This pine, spruce, and birch forest is all but untouched by humankind. Snow cats (red tigers), ettin, and orcs roam the wood. The Cold Wood is the usual site of Tulrun's Tent, a wizard's stronghold.

The Craggs

These hills south of Mirabar, infested with goblins, hobgoblins and bugbears, contain the worked-out mines that originally brought men to the area.



DawnTreader Gap

This pass through the Graypeaks east of Llorkh is regularly traveled by Zhen-tarim caravans. It is steeper and more demanding than Bleached Bones Pass to the south, but it is easier to defend. A garrison of 30 purple-cloaked "Lord's Men" from Llorkh guard here.

Dead Horse Ford

This ford across the Dessarin near the High Wood draws its name from a battle fought here in which the hero Destril Longtracker had three horses slain beneath him.

Dead Orc Pass

A steep, rocky gorge northeast of Sundabar. The River Rauvin roars through here in a series of cataracts, rapids, and falls, filling the valley with mist and making the narrow trails wet and slippery. The orc-king Graul is thought to have his stronghold here.

Delimbiyr, The River Shining

This clear, cool river forms the eastern and southern boundaries of the High Forest as it runs over a thousand miles from its headwaters in the Nether Mountains to the sea west of Daggerford. The River Shining is fast-flowing with mint-sweet, drinkable water and is home to many szorp: brown, trout-like fish with tasty white flesh. It is navigable from its mouth to Loudwater, and from above the Shining Falls to its headwaters.

The Desert's Edge

Parched scrublike growth along the edge of the Great Desert often hides ruins, relics and desperate creatures waiting for their next meal.

Dessarín, River

The cold and deep River Dessarin flows into the sea south of Waterdeep at Zundbridge. Its waters are home to the silver shalass, fish that are a delicacy

across the North. The Dessarin itself rises in the Lost Mountains, isolated peaks on the western High Forest. The Dessarin is bridged at Zundbridge and at The Stone Bridge farther north. It is fordable at Ironford and Dead Horse Ford east of Yartar.

The Dessarin is fed by many other rivers and streams. Its network, which includes the "Laughingflow," the icy River Surbrin, and the River Rauvin, is generally navigable through most of its length. A small boat can take travelers from the sea all the way to the icy falls east of Dead Orc Pass. The Dessarin itself can be negotiated to Dancing Falls at the base of the Lost Peaks. The upper reaches of the network form a vast, open, grassy basin, rising in the east into the Evermoors.

The Evermoors (Trollmoors)

Also known as the "Trollmoors," this barren upland area still shows the scars of the huge bonfires set to burn the corpses of the trolls, or "everlasting ones," that once roamed here in hordes. Trolls still lurk in the hills and bogs, but not in vast numbers as of old.

The Fallen Lands

This is the present-day name for the strip of uninhabitable land west of Anauroch, stretching between "the Far Forests" (now overrun by evil things out of Hellgate Keep) and Weathercote Wood. This was once a part of the realm of Netheril, a kingdom of mages who fled when they could not stem the expansion of the Great Desert. The Fallen Lands are now home only to monsters, though rumors persist of great mages inhabiting its southern reaches, hurling back the fiends of Hellgate Keep with their art. Adventurers have seen a beholder of awesome size here, directing hobgoblin servants to capture monstrous beasts.

At the eastern edge of the Fallen Lands, shifting desert sands have uncovered a ring of nine gigantic

statues who are apparently peering down into a wide hole of unknown purpose.

"The Far Forests"

Once, this was a fair wood of healthy trees and frolicing forest creatures. Now it is the lair of fiendish, other-planar creatures from Hellgate Keep. The trees themselves have taken on horrific aspect, parodies of the monsters who stalk their gloomy glades.

"The Fell Pass"

This pass through a southern spur of the Spine of the World was the site of a desperate battle between orcs and the dwarven army of Delzoun. Now, most folk avoid it if they can, for it is haunted by ghosts, haunts, and apparitions of the warriors who died here.

GoblinTide River

This branch of the Surbrin is named for a long-ago battle in which goblin corpses drifted downriver for weeks. Chillingly beautiful cold nymphs frolic in the waters here, garbed in simple tunics bedecked with gems and gold.

Graypeak Mountains

This eastern mountain range separates the Fallen Lands from the Delimbiyr river valley. The range is named for the tribes of gray-skinned stone giants who dwell here. Its mineral wealth was removed thousands of years past during the reign of lost Netheril.

The Great Desert

Anauroch, the Great Desert, is a barren wasteland that forms the eastern border of the Savage Frontier—a vast mass of steppeland, rocky wastes and sandy desert that runs from the Uttermost North almost to the lake of Dragons. Over the millennia, it has crept south, swallowing the Narrow Sea and destroying ancient civilizations. Desert creatures and monsters often wander into the eastern fringes of the Savage



Frontier. Nomad tribes from the desert visit Sundabar and Llorck on occasion, though such visits are few. The men of the desert often trade for goods with relics of ancient design.

The High Forest

This giant forest, its contents and occupants are described beginning on p. 49.

The High Moor

Though it is mostly outside the North, stoncutters from Secomber occasionally uncover ancient tombs here. The last crypt discovered yielded a suit of mithril *chainmail* +4 and a *sun blade*, but not before mummies within it slew two unlucky stone masons.

The High Road

This carefully maintained highway connects Waterdeep with Nevverwinter, Port Llast, and Luskan to the north, and extends to Baldur's Gate and beyond in the south. It is heavily patrolled by forces of the Lords' Alliance.

The Ice Flow

This chilling, fast-rushing river thunders down out of the icy interior of the Sword Coast's northernmost extent, marking the beginning of the Cold Run. Its unnavigable waters are just above freezing and travel at terrifying speed through a great ice gorge. In spring and high summer, great slabs of ice break off the gorge walls and fall into the water, shattering with the force of a triple strength *ice storm*, spraying the vicinity with boulders of broken ice. These chunks are swept down the gorge and out to sea, to drift south amid great icebergs from the Sea of Moving Ice. Remorhaz are known to lair nearby and great horrors known as "ice or snow spiders" have also been encountered.

No rich ores have been found here, but there are persistent rumors of incredibly ancient ruins and buried riches in secret places in the gorge.

The Ice Mountains

This snowcapped range far to the northeast contains the remnants of dwarven power in the North, Citadel Adbar and the underground realm of Adbarrim. Few humans are found here, other than the wild hunters of the Red Tiger (snow cat) barbarian tribe or merchants from Sundabar. Frost giants, orcs, verbeeg, devil dogs, remorhaz, ice lizards and white dragons dwell here. It is said that an ancient silver dragon and his bronze dragon companion roam the mountains in the guise of an old hunter and his hound.

Icewind Dale

In this bleak tundra is the farthest bastion of civilization in the Savage Frontier, a loose confederation of 10 towns and villages known collectively as the Ten Towns (see chapter 4). The towns are located on or near the three deadly-cold lakes of Maer Dualdon, Lac Dinneshere and Redwaters, the habitat of the knucklehead trout (found nowhere else in Faerun). The tundra of the Dale is surrounded by ice, with high-walled glaciers to the east and the Sea of Moving Ice to the west and north.

Icewind Dale is home to a few tribes of tundra barbarians, reindeer, polar bears, wolves, elk, the fierce tundra yeti, and a white dragon or two.

Ironford

This ford across the Dessarin is not a particularly shallow or easy crossing. The Bargewright Inn is located here.

"Laughingflow"

The original elven name for this tributary of the Surbrin has been lost; only its rough translation survives. The Laughingflow drains the southern Evermoors, its happy name a stark contrast to the bleak barrens along its course. The Riders of Nesmé maintain a number of palisade and earthworks base camps along its banks and call the river by their own name: "Trollflow."

The Lonely Moor

South of Weathercote Wood, this desolate dusty waste of scrub and rock stretches from the Great Desert to the foothills of the Graypeaks. Here can be found the ruins of Dekanter, leucrotta and worse monsters, and secretive Zhentarim caravans enroute to Llorck.

The Long Road

This less-traveled road connects Mirabar in the far north with Longsaddle, Triboar and Waterdeep to the south. Although it is regularly patrolled by troops from Waterdeep, bandit raids are frequent and they always seem to know what goods are carried and the defenses to be encountered in merchant caravans.

Mere of Dead Men

This vast salt swamp stretches along the shore of the Sword Coast for over a 100 miles, reaching inland over 30 miles at its greatest width. It is a desolate, foetid, insect-infested place, seldom visited by men and home to numerous deadly creatures.

The Mere of Dead Men was named for the thousands of men, elves, and dwarves of the Fallen Kingdom who were slain here when orc hordes routed them here from the present-day site of Triboar.

Travelers on the High Road, which skirts the Mere to the east, have been known to travel for three days and nights without stopping to avoid camping near the Mere. Will-o-(the)-wisps bobbing over the Mere are a common sight at night from the High Road.

Tales are told of floating islands, of eerie pools of magical aspect, of lizard men commanded by liches, and even of a penanggalan of monstrous size that haunts the area. Understandably, few folk are moved to investigate the dark, scummy waters of the Mere to learn the dire truths for themselves.



River Mirar

This icy, unnavigable river races south from the Spine of the World, tumbles through rapids in the Valley Khedrun, swirls rapidly past grim Mirabar and its countless mines until it at last reaches the port city of Luskan in the Illusk Fjord. It is the site of the annual Mirar Run, a 20-mile white water khyek (sealed leather canoe) race during the Mirabar Midsummer festival.

The Nether Mountains

This dark, brooding mountain range once marked the northern boundary of ancient Netheril and the southern boundary of Delzoun. It is home to orcs of the Ripped Gut and Thousand Fists tribes, bands of verbeeg, a small community of pech who are constructing a huge granite cube supposedly filled with gems, the Morueme clan of blue dragons and their hoards, and the Monastery of Loviatar which guards a trove of secret volumes taken from a lost Netherese college of magic.

Neverwinter Woods

This forest east of Neverwinter seems to have a magical quality about it, or at least an air of mystical secrecy. The always-warm Neverwinter river, which flows out of the wood, has its source deep beneath Mount Hotenow, a sleepy volcano in the northern wood. Fire elementals are said to live deep within Hotenow. The steep mountains to the north of Hotenow hide griffon lairs.

These woods have never been logged by men (they are feared and shunned by the locals), and even today are largely unknown. The depths are said to harbor dire creatures. Orc hordes always go around the woods, never through them.

Other Woods

This is not the name of a single forest, but includes the Lurkwood, Southkrypt garden, Southwood, Moonwood and Westwood. These edges of these forests

are logged by men, though their dark depths are largely a mystery.

Rauvin, River

The lazy Rauvin winds slowly through the North to join the icy Surbrin near Nesmé. The Rauvin, which takes its name from a ancient dwarf hero, is bridged at Silverymoon (the legendary moonbridge), Everlund, and Sundabar. Its headwaters are in the Ice Mountains northeast of Dead Orc Pass. Although there is much traffic on the Rauvin, it is not a "safe" river. Orcs, trolls, and barbarians constantly harass travelers.

Shining Falls

These spectacularly beautiful falls on the river Delimbiyr halt river traffic north. Once the elven kingdom of Eaerlann had an outpost here, but little remains; even the once-busy portage road around the falls is little more than a deer trail now.

The Spine of The World

This extensive mountain range, which separates the North from the Uttermost North, has many of the highest peaks in all Faerun, all eternally snow-capped. "The Wall" is its other name, used more commonly south of Waterdeep. Though it was once riddled with dwarfholds, now it is home to fierce, cold-loving monsters, countless tribes of orcs, goblins, hobgoblins, bugbears and verbeeg. Hill giants prowl the foothills, and frost giants, white dragons, yeti, and taer claim the high peaks and frigid valleys.

If the mines of Mirabar are any indication, it is also contains the richest mineral deposits in the North, yet due to its monstrous inhabitants, only the smallest fraction of that wealth is exploited. The heart of the range is uncharted, but is said to hide lost cities, abandoned dragon lairs, and even frozen dinosaurs!

Surbrin River

This tributary of the River Dessarin originates on the frigid shores of the

Endless Ice Sea, the vast glacier pack north of the Wall. The waters of the Surbrin lose little of their chill before they dump into the Dessarin. The Surbrin is bridged at Yartar and Nesmé and is navigable to where the Rauvin joins it, northeast of Nesmé.

Turnstone Pass

In olden days, this wide pass in the Nether Mountains witnessed constant strife between the allied forces of men and elves against waves of orc invasions from the north. Now it is the front line of the North's defense against the fiends of Hellgate Keep. The rough terrain here is frequently patrolled by warriors from Sundabar and bands of armed undead who follow in the wake of demon commanders.

The Uttermost North

Also called the "Utter North," this refers to that area beyond The Spine of the World mountain range, including Icewind Dale and the glaciers of The Endless Ice Sea. Few humanoid races live this far north.

The Valley of Khedrun (ka-hed-ROON)

Named for a dwarven hero who in legend carved out the homeland of the dwarves in the North from lands dark with wolves, orcs, and bugbears with only his axe, this valley of the upper Mirar is the supposed site of legendary lost Gauntlrym, an underground city. It is also the site of the Great Worm Caverns.

Weathercote Wood

Elves say that gates to other worlds lie in the depths of Weathercote, and that otherworldly mages of awesome power have come to Faerun to dwell in the Wood and guard the gates to prevent others of their kind from using them. The truth of this is not known; neither spells nor psionics are able to penetrate the Wood's interior, and those who enter to investigate do not come out again.

THE HIGH FOREST



"Date unknown. Well, this is where it ends, starving to death in a dank cell, imprisoned by another one of A. A.'s old 'friends.' I've tried to gauge time, but with no natural light and infrequent meals, I can only guess.

"Will try to recap my situation (Tempus's Toes! Amelior's got me writing for posterity now!). Jhingleshod and I found the Stronghold of the Nine. It seemed deserted, so we snooped a bit. Maybe we could just 'borrow' the potion and leave. We met Laeral. She seemed a bit different, nastier; than usual (or maybe it was her hair). After a short argument (maybe 'cock-eyed witch' was a bad choice of words), I awoke here.

"Next time I'll try A. A.'s enemies, they might be more friendly. See if I ever do anything for One-eye again. Wonder if that cock-eyed witch is looking for the stupid spikey crown I found in here. It sure makes for a lousy pillow."

Deep, dark, ancient and unfathomable, the vast High Forest dominates the eastern central marches of the North.

From its southern edge near Secomber to its northern extent near Everlund and Turnstone Pass, it stretches nearly 500 miles. It is like and yet unlike other woods in the north, remaining virtually untouched by woodsmen's axes.

Forest Folk

Treants

The "wood rulers" dwell near the city of Everlund in the part of the forest known as "The Woods of Turlang," after the Treant's aeons-old ruler "Turlang the Thoughtful." Each treant has a stretch of woodland which is carefully maintained in keeping with his or her personality, ranging from immaculately clean tree gardens, to dense, dark and eerie, seemingly haunted forest.

Half-Elven Renegades

The descendants of the folk of Eaerlann inhabit, or infest, much of that lost land's former woodlands. These half-

elven brigands are primarily moon-elves, but numerous drow "breeds" are to be found, descendants of elf, drow and human unions long past. Noted among them is their leader, "princess" Tianna Skyflower.

Men

Druids serving Silvanus guard Tall Trees (the great tree remnants of the ancient elven land of Eaerlann) near the forest's eastern edge and occasionally (and with great caution) explore the deeper forest. An adventuring band has a stronghold in the south, and an illusionist one in the north.

Korred

The primary home of these dance-happy forest folk is the wood around the Lost Peaks in the western forest. Great glades form dance floors large enough to host a thousand dancing korred. These diminutive, wild-haired, satyr-like creatures worship Tappan,



their own god and Shiallia, a female woodland demigod allied with Mielikki.

Drow

This subterranean elven subrace does not dwell here, but it has long been suspected that the forest hides an entrance to Menzoberranzan, one of the dark elves' Deepearth cities.

Mongrel Men

These mixed breeds have been migrating in numbers to the central forest, apparently being called into the service of a charismatic man who calls himself "The One."

Orcs

Numerous orc tribes dwell in the cool darkness of the southwestern forest. Their crude villages are located about two days' travel into the woods.

Aarakocra

This winged race dwells only in the central Star Mounts, but occasionally is seen near the western fringe of the forest. They are reclusive, having little to do with other folk.

Wizard Weather

The High Forest and the surrounding countryside experience (or suffer from) occasional exotic weather patterns that can only be of magical origin (and are presumed to be caused by the Dire Wood). This weather appears suddenly, ends suddenly and is often destructive and deadly. Recorded types of wizard weather have included red snow ("it tasted like blood"), hot rain ("it boiled the flesh"), blizzards in summer, exotic (invisible, multi-colored, huge, explosive, glowing and black) hailstones, dense fog (with evil creatures lurking within), razor-sharp sleet ("it drew blood and scored metal"), black, acidic rain, and desert-like blazing heat. There is a 1% chance each day of encountering wizard weather while within the High Forest.

The Dire Wood

Deep within the eastern wood, somewhere along the Heartblood river lies the Dire Wood, a small grove of unkillable, black trees, apparently no greater than a mile across.

Also known as the Enchanted Wood, this intensely magical area may actually be an access point to an alternate Prime Material Plane. Whatever the truth may be, the Dire Wood is much larger inside than out. The intense arcane effect of the wood has created a strange land of magic and mystery. Weather here bears no resemblance to the outer world and is itself highly magical. Creatures long extinct elsewhere are found here in abundance (but die upon leaving). Magical sites appear at random, then disappear without a trace.

Somewhere within the Dire Wood are the lost ruins of Karse, an outpost of the latter days of the ancient Netheril.

GAME INFORMATION: As of this writing, the Dire Wood is 150 miles across (its inside dimension). Each year it broadens by about 80 feet as another ring of black trees surrounds the forest. The terrain over which the forest grows is hilly and entirely forested. There are no mountains within the Wood, only a single towering red stone butte, and few normal creatures—even the usual forest animals are gigantic or otherwise magically modified.

Tianna Skyflower, Jhingleshod, "The Iron Axeman," and Wulgreth (see pp. 56-64) call the Dire Wood home.

Heartblood River

This tributary of the Delimbiyr, which flows through the Dire Wood, has its source on the north side of the Star Mounts. Where the Heartblood leaves the Dire Wood, the water has a reddish cast which quickly disappears.

GAME INFORMATION: If the water of the Heartblood is consumed while still reddish, the imbiber is temporarily magically enhanced. For 1d4 hours,

spells cast by magic-users and clerics (not by devices) have a +1 chance to succeed, and all imbibers gain a 20% Magic Resistance.

The Lost Peaks

These two small mountains in the northwestern wood are the source of the River Dessarin. Here, so legend says can be found the Fountains of Memory, magical pools which one can use to peer into Faerun's past. The waters allow instantaneous travel to places viewed (though whether the times viewed can be reached is not clear). However, legend also says the Fountains are located within a glade sacred to Tappan, god of the korred who dwell here in quite large numbers.

The Star Mounts

Located in the heart of the High Forest, this steep-sloped cluster of mountains ascends higher than even the tallest peaks in the Spine of the World. It is possible to see the snowcapped mountain tops, and the slopes which sparkle like cut diamonds, from as far away as the Stone Bridge, or the mountains north of Loudwater.

The elves of Eaerlann first named the mountains, giving them the same names as stars in the northern heavens. Most of the original names are forgotten, only their rough translations survive: Bard's Hill, Mount Vision, and Hunterhorn. Yet, a few are remembered: Y'tellarien (The Far Star), called Far Peak, Y'landrothiel (Traveler's Star), called Mount Journey, and N'landroshien (Darkness in Light), called Shadowpeak.

The forest south of the mountains hides a gnarled surface that might be called a badland were it not so densely thicketed. To the north, the land is unusually smooth, as if leveled with a woodworker's plane.

The mountains are also known to be rich in metals, including remarkably pure iron and nickel. But since the end of Eaerlann, no one mines there.



The Star Mounts are an unapproachable curiosity. The ancient elven names hint at some unfathomable mystery (though most suspect the elves know the truth of it). As far as anyone knows, no flying thing less powerful than a dragon can land there due to constant and usually fierce winds.

GAME INFORMATION: The mountains cannot be approached by flying, other than upon an ancient or larger dragon. Strong gusts of wind (possibly huge air elementals?) will dash weaker beings against the cliffs. Still, aarakocra, the bird-like winged race, seem to have no difficulty in flying to and from the mountains.

Huge crystals dot the surface of the mountains, many as large as small houses. There are several uncharted ruins in the mountains with walls made of fractured crystal shards.

The Unicorn Run

This cool, gently-flowing river has its source in the Star Mounts, at the very heart of the High Forest where very few civilized beings have ever been all through the ages (save the elves who do not talk). It tumbles roughly through the rough, densely forested canyonlands south of the mountains, then slowly meanders southward through the hilly forest to join the Delimbiyr at Secomber. Though few chose to do it, the Run is navigable as far as the first of the "sisters," the waterfalls which block further upriver travel. For such a large river, the Unicorn Run is remarkably clear.

The Stronghold of the Nine (see below), lies partway up the run, located on a hill above the valley. Unicorns are known to travel the river's banks (hence its name), possibly traveling to the crystalline slopes of the Star Mounts. A famous halfling adventurer, Gautham Longtoes, is known to have said, after visiting the Run, "I have seen the unicorns, and can die content."

Legends about the Run are many. One holds that an elven king buried the

treasure of his court somewhere along the run while flee orcs and hobgoblins— but was soon slain with all his folk. Another holds that the god Mielikki wanders the wood here (though the Harpers claim this "legend" to be plain truth and often make dangerous pilgrimages upriver). The storyweavers of Secomber claim that if you travel the river to its end, you will find the home of the gods, that the river does not originate in this world, but in another. Other folk claim that water from The Unicorn Run remains eternally pure, that it can never be fouled or poisoned.

"Having been far enough upriver on the Run to see the first 'sister,' as it poured like living mist from the verdant canyon forest high above, I know why bards who see this river sing of it for the rest of their lives. It is certainly one of the most beautiful regions of all Faerun." — Amelior

Realms, Ruins & Strongholds

Within the forest, there are few markers of civilization, past or present. Those that might be of interest are noted below.

The Citadel of The Mists

This isolated castle lies in the forest's northern fringes and is home to a powerful illusionist known only as the Mistmaster, reputed to be 26th level. He dwells here with his household retainers who are known to be Iltmul, an 8th level monk, once the White Master of Dragons, now Green Master of Dragons; and Cherissa Mintareil, a 5th level woman warrior who gained great fame in the service of Cormyr. The Mistmaster loves to raise and train pegasi.

The Citadel is rumored to contain great treasure within its vaults, yet few have ever seen the Citadel, let alone passed within.

GAME INFORMATION: The Citadel,

which is built upon the foundation of ancient elven fortress (which may itself have been built upon the ruins of something even more ancient), is guarded by both magical and monstrous guardians, and when the Mistmaster wishes, it is cloaked in swirling mists.

A tall tower houses the pegasi eyrie. It is reached by an exposed internal staircase through a single large chamber, reputedly guarded by *charmed* air and fire elementals.

Beneath the castle are the cellars of the ancient elven fortress. Passages known to descend deeper have been blocked. . . repeatedly.

Eaerlann

This elven kingdom's name is lost to all but a few in the North. Once it encompassed the eastern forest from Turnstone Pass in the north to the Shining Falls in the south, controlling the upper valley of the River Shining.

Long ago, the elven folk of Eaerlann sailed over the sea to Evermeet. Today, only a crumbling old road and a ruined port mark that any civilization existed here at all. Other ruins, remnants of cities and lost treasures are yet to be found. The forest's Tall Trees region may yet hold remnants of Eaerlann, but the druids there repel both the forces of Hellgate Keep and adventurers.

Some of the folk of Eaerlann joined with the dwarves and men from the west to form the ill-fated Fallen Kingdom along the Sword Coast.

The Endless Caverns

At the edge of the broken lands south of the Star Mounts, a nameless river flows from a huge opening in the cliff face. The rangers of the Harpers know this as the Endless cavern, a deep reaching cavern complex which the elves of Eaerlann believed to be a connection point with the deep realms of the underearth. Here of old dwelt Grax Rekaxx, an ancient green dragon. His moss-covered bones decorate the outermost cave chamber, but no trace was ever



found of his vast dragon hoard.

The ranger, Skimmerhorn of Secomber, reported evidence of illithid activity here on his most recent investigation.

Grandfather Tree

An oak tree of titanic proportions, that towers above the rest of the forest but whose location is not known, other than "Somewhere in the northern High Forest." It is sacred ground to the Uthgardt barbarians, but its existence predates the human presence in the North (see p. 54).

Karse

The center of the mystical Dire Wood is the ancient ruins of Karse. In olden days, religious refugees who had been driven from the ancient land of Netheril built this city at the base of the base of a tall butte of red stone which their legends held to be the remnants of Karsus's physical form. Though they originally built without permission from the elves of Eaerlann, an alliance was struck and they mined the rich metal deposits of the Star Mounts. Both normal forest and the black dire oaks have thickly overgrown the ruins.

Here can be found the black glade, a circle of 13 towering dire oaks; the intact, ageless home of the evil archmage Wulgreth; and an eerie black pyramid which oozes evil.

GAME INFORMATION: Karse fell into ruin around the same time as Hellgate Keep was occupied by demons, when the death of the evil wizard Wulgreth caused the creation of the Dire Wood. The wizard yet lives on as an intensely evil, lich-like being within the black pyramid. He seeks pure blood from the heart of Karsus to return to true life. An avatar (minor physical manifestation) of the dying god Karsus dwells in a temple atop the butte, his everflowing blood contributing to the magical nature of the Dire Wood, while deep within the butte, Karsus's gigantic, living heart beats ponderously.

The Nameless Dungeon

Until adventurers from Sundabar brought a glowing suit of mithril *chain mail* +4 out of the ruins of this elven citadel, the treasures of elven Eaerlann were believed to have disappeared with the elves. The discovery of the Nameless Dungeon has caused a furor among elves in the North. An envoy from Evermeet has gone as far as to ask High Lady Alustriel of Silverymoon to outlaw those known to have trespassed here. There is something in the ancient crypts that the elves do not want anyone to know about.

Old Road

From the mouldering ruins of the ancient elven port on the Delimbiyr, this road once traveled to lost Karse, but now literally fades into nothingness as its paving stones crumble into dust about 90 miles into the forest.

The Stronghold of The Nine

This cavern complex is a former dwarfhold rebuilt by the Nine, a famous adventuring band led by the female archmage Laeral. This group, now mostly retired, makes its home in the seclusion of the High Forest, as far up The Unicorn Run as men dare go. The Stronghold is known to have strange and powerful magical guardians (including nagas and golems) not to mention their retainers, followers and several mercenary bands. The Nine are known to have gathered much treasure over the years—much of it is undoubtedly in the Stronghold.

GAME INFORMATION: The Nine are now the "Five." A disagreement over an item in Laeral's possession began a feud, dividing the once close knit band into three warring factions. The item is an artifact known as the Crown of Horns, a many-horned helm of unknown properties (one property should be obvious, it causes dissension and a desire to possess it). Those who investigate The Stronghold will find its

above-ground buildings abandoned and in poor repair. The large underground complex is ill-defended and in constant turmoil as ragged, paranoid warbands gain, lose and regain control of the Crown. To them, everything else in the world pales in comparison to the ugly iron helm.

The five who survive are 15th level or higher and include a fighter, a cleric, two magic-users (Laeral and one other), and a thief. Most of their followers are 2d level or higher.

"Dearest Amelior,

"Perhaps I was too hasty earlier this year. Dove and I will be traveling to Waterdeep in Uktar. Can you find time to talk on our return trip? Even in Silverymoon, the long winter can be lonely.

Alustriel"

"Dear Amelior,

"Sorry to have missed you. It was Dove's idea to let ourselves in. We tried to clean up, but we just made it worse. Hope you like the gift I left.

"Alustriel"

"PS. I love the statue. If you want it back, you'll have to come to Silverymoon. I'll wager you can't guess where I am going to hide it."

UTHGARDT ANCESTOR MOUNDS



"1 Nightal. I'm not dead and Amelior is gone, probably decorating someplace where gooney Alustriel would never allow him were he not in his present condition. For the record, I just walked out of Laeral's Stronghold. My cell was unlocked and I had not been fed for days. Even so, I can't say that I was happy to see the purple squid symbol on the door frame.

"3 Nightal. Book nearly done. With A. A. gone, I didn't think I could describe those barbarian mounds found up north, but I met a strange old coot in green gear at the Frosty Tankard last night. Wan ted me to find Grandad Tree for him, but I kept his mug full and he told me about mounds."

These are the holiest sites of the Uthgardt barbarians. Most tribes believe their tribal founders to be buried in their ancestor mound. Although there are many lesser burial mounds and shrines revered by smaller clans within the tribes, it is to these large mounds devoted to their most ancient and holy ancestors that the Uthgardt tribes return each fall to spend their winters near the protection of their ancestors.

The ancestor mounds are all roughly similar. Two mound rings called cairn rings surround a large central mound called the altar mound. The ancestor

mounds of large tribes may also be surrounded by smaller, nondescript burial mounds. Usually all mounds are formed of turf-covered earth.

The spaces between the rings and the altar mound are called vales. They are as wide as a cross section of a cairn ring (about 40 to 45 feet) and are known as the inner and outer vales.

The cairn rings often echo the shape of the altar mound, but many are circular. The outer cairn ring is usually bare, and still serves as a burial ground. Four large stone menhirs are set at the four cardinal directions (N, E, S, W) on the more holy inner ring. The rest of the inner ring is spiked and thicketed with tall wooden poles. The top of each pole is grotesquely carved, depicting fierce human faces, monsters or clan totems.

The altar mound in the center of the ancestor mound is often shaped like a tribal totem beast (though this is often difficult to discern from the ground). A fifth large stone, usually low to the ground marks the altar. There is no writing here, but arcane symbols on the stone are renewed yearly.

Most Uthgardt are superstitious about their ancestor mounds. They both fear and revere them. In the cairn rings surrounding the altar mounds, they have buried their mightiest chieftains with treasures and luxuries for the world beyond life. They believe that the spirits of dead ancestors protect the

graves from harm.

The actual location of most ancestor mounds is a secret, yet they are regularly looted by grave robbers, orcs, and Uthgardt who no longer fear their ancestor's curses. Even so, many still contain carefully hidden treasure.

GAME INFORMATION: Each burial mound contains a large number of log-lined crypts 6 to 10 feet below the top of the mound. Few contain real treasure (Treasure types B, M, plus the treasure type of any undead beings who guard the things they valued in life); most have been looted. Tomb guardians are usually more substantial undead beings like wights, coffer corpses, mummies, or skeleton warriors (DM's choice).

All Uthgardt mounds are guarded. Most have a lone (crazed) shaman of 5th to 7th level protecting them. All are protected by champion spirits bound into service each year at Runemeet. At the DM's discretion, champion spirits may be almost any type of spectral undead: ghosts, wraiths, spectres, apparitions, etc. However, their alignment is always CN (they are barbaric guardian beings).

Finally, the eldest Uthgardt shamans work an involved ritual (similar to the clerical spell plane shift) that opens a gateway into the Astral Plane atop the altar mound. Any cleric who knows this secret ritual can open the gate.



Individual Mounds

Beorunna's Well

This is both an ancestor mound and a small town of about 500 Uthgardt, named for another semi-mythological Uthgardt ancestor, Beorunna, the mythical father of Uthgar.

The village is quite unremarkable, a number of huts and tents for the tribesfolk who work the small fields, raise cattle, and hunt the surrounding woods. It is unremarkable until one learns that the unfortified village has never been successfully raided. The Black Lions claim that the spirit of Beorunna keeps them from harm.

The namesake of the village is the huge pit which contains their circular ancestor mound. The pit is supposedly the ruins of a collapsed cavern in which Beorunna died while saving the world.

"It is probable that Beorunna (or Berun in the Northman tongue) was a hero of the pre-Uthgar people who merged with the followers of a renegade from ancient Ruathym. Legend holds that Beorunna destroyed Zukothoth, a type IV demon in the cavern, collapsing it in on both of them. What local legend doesn't say is that a vast fortune in ancient treasure is also in the collapsed cavern. It is quite surprising to me that these folk have survived here for so long. Maybe their legends about the spirit of Beorunna are true."—Amelior

GAME INFORMATION: The ready militia of Beorunna's Well consists of 80 1st, 30 2d level, 20 3rd level, and five 4th level barbarians and is led by Heafstagg Four-finger (6th level barbarian, ST 18, DX 17), the eldest son of Alaric the Strong, the Black Lion tribal chieftain. The trapdoor in the water-surrounded altar leads downward through a flooded passage way to a partially collapsed cavern complex, home to all kinds of slimes, jellies, molds and insectoid creatures. Ickshar, a rakshasa and his ally X'ss'a' (ZHE-see-sa), an

illithid have been trapped in stasis here since the collapse of the cavern.

Beorunna, or Bey of Runlatha as he was known in ancient Ascore, was a powerful wizard/warrior who led human refugees from that city northward into dwarven territory to save them from what had occupied their city. Beorunna died in the battle with Zukothoth, but his spirit is perpetually reincarnated into the bodies of small, furry forest animals, which slowly take on semi-human form (a CG, 20th level wizard/10th level warrior). Beorunna guards the folk of Black Lion Village from harm.

Flintrock

This bleak ancestor mound in the moors east of Longsaddle is situated on a gnarly knob of flinty stone. The cairn rings and altar mound are created from piles of heaped rock, barren of plant growth and are shaped like a leaping elk stag. The Elk tribe follows other gods, so the mound is almost abandoned, though a few tribesfolk use it at Runemeet.

Grandfather Tree

This is the other of the two abandoned ancestor mounds, a gnarled oak tree of gigantic proportions towering above the surrounding trees of the High Forest. Its location is not marked for it is not known. The giant oak on the altar mound is the altar itself. The shamans would climb up steps carved in the gnarled bark to perform their rituals. The menhirs on the inner cairn ring are lesser oak trees. There is little evidence of the works of man here and a few rotted logs are all that remain of the tribal totem poles. In summer, the foliage of the great oak shadows the entire ancestor mound. Those brave enough to climb the tree to its uppermost branches can see almost the length and breadth of the High Forest.

Long ago, the mound's champion spirits drove the Blue Bear tribe away for unknown reasons. The tribal sha-

man carried away a cutting from this tree to become the now-ancient oak at the Stone Stand ancestor mound. When the arrival of Tanta Hagara and her corrupting influence caused the Tree Ghosts to splinter away from the Blue Bears, both tribes set upon a single goal... find Grandfather Tree.

GAME INFORMATION: The Hall of Mists does exist beneath the tree. A complex of 81 giant ants (*MMI*) has its lair in the roots also (68 workers, 12 warriors and a queen). The evil of the Hall has warped the ants such that they now have the ability to shift out of phase like phase spiders. Several warped warrior ants will have 5 hit dice and regeneration abilities like trolls. The Hall of Mists itself is part of a small temple complex. A great stone statue of a green slaad and two stone golems resembling bipedal dinosaurs guard the bubbling pool and glowing portals which form the gate between planes here (also see *Grandfather in Green* in Appendix D).

Great Worm Cavern

This unusual ancestor mound is entirely underground, deep within massive, multi-level caverns at the base of a mountain in The Spine of the World. It can be reached by a well-worn, well-guarded path from the surface. The largest cavern of the complex has a level floor and contains the ancestor mound. The altar mound is shaped like a spiralling winged snake, the great worm. Elrem, the great worm who is both clan totem and chief shaman to the tribe, sleeps at the center of the mound.

The cavern complex is large and unmapped. It is quite possible that other things live here, choosing not to disturb Elrem and his human followers.

GAME INFORMATION: Although he is not a red dragon, Elrem shares that ilk's love for treasure. Generations of Uthgardt have entrusted their funeral riches to Elrem's care, where it has



remained unmolested for centuries. As a Great Wurm (extremely old dragonish creature), Elrem has 400% of a normal red dragon's treasure (H,S,T). In addition to Elrem, the ancestor mound is guarded by the normal champion spirits, and the Wyrmguard, 60 3d and 10 5th level barbarians, and 10 5th level shamans.

Morgur's Mound

The altar mound is shaped like a crude, long-necked, wingless dragon, the Uthgardt impression of a thunderbeast. The bones of some great beast are arranged on the mound in roughly their proper relationships, although the ribs are set upright and the neck vertebrae and skull have been threaded onto a pole to tower above the mounds.

"I haven't seen the bones, or the mound, but the 'thunderbeast' of Morgur's Mound is probably an apatosaurus, a beast from ancient history and not the unholy creature of the same name from the Abyss. It may also be that the 'Morgur' of the mound is Morgred Gardolfsson, a brother of Uther Gardolfsson, the Ruathym Northman who may be the legendary Uthgar. If so, then Mogur's Mound most likely holds the loot taken by Gardolfsson's raiders from fabled Illuskan."—Amelior

GAME INFORMATION: During Runemeet, the combined power of the shamans can cause the bones to come together as an apatosaurus skeleton: AC 7; MV 6"; HD 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3-18; THAC0 8; SD Edged weapons do half damage, mental spells have no effect, holy water does 2-8 points of damage.

One Stone

Shadowed by deep forest, this abandoned ancestor mound served the now-dead or disappeared Golden Eagle and Red Pony tribes. Instead of an altar mound at the center of the cairn rings, there is a single massive, rounded boulder, easily 20 feet across and 12 feet

high and covered with precisely engraved tracery. Carved steps ascend the south face to the altar on top.

"The legend of One Stone tells of a god who sealed a passageway from the Nine Hells with a single rock, thrust into the ground. One can only wonder if the evil that is supposedly sealed beneath the stone was able to reach out to whisk the missing tribes away. Some say the Golden Eagle and Red Pony tribes were destroyed by intertribal rivalry. Darker tales suggest that they disappeared beneath the ground, where they yet dwell today."—Amelior

Ravenrock

This is the alleged breeding site for the gigantic ravens that the Great Raven tribe uses for their "sacred banditry." The holy ground is situated along the Black Raven River, in a canyon near the river's source in the foothills of the Spine of the World.

The central altar is a large natural stone formation which bears a striking resemblance to a great black bird. The giant ravens are neither native to the North nor are they natural creatures. Using secret rituals, the tribal shamans transport normal raven eggs into another plane and return with gigantic ravens only moments later.

GAME INFORMATION: Gigantic ravens have the same game statistics as giant ravens (MMII), with the following exceptions— Hit Dice: 6+2; Damage: 3-12; Size: L (22' wingspread); Level/X.P. Value: IV/225+8/hp.

Shining White

The circular cairn rings of Shining White are separated by vales of purest white, where the barbarians have cut through the shallow turf to the chalk layer below. The menhirs and altar here are made of a bright white marble.

Stone Stand

A tall oak tree surmounts the altar mound here. The oak is a cutting taken long ago from the legendary Grandfather Tree. Both cairn rings here are surmounted by menhirs, spaced roughly 10 feet apart and capped by lintel pieces that link the stones together into two unbroken rings of capped columns.

The nearness of this holy area to Hellgate Keep would seem to make life difficult for the barbarians. Although this ancestor mound is holy to both the Blue Bear and Tree Ghost tribes, only the Blue Bear hold Runemeet here—undisturbed by the things in Hellgate.

GAME INFORMATION: Magic cast within the mound's inner vale (inside the inner cairn ring) is more potent. The effects of all spells are half again more potent. That is, a spell that would last six turns lasts nine. A spell that would heal 1d8 points of damage heals 1d8+1d4, and so on.

"8 Nightal. If I hadn't found it, I wouldn't have believed it (it wasn't here when I left for the High Forest). A wooden wardrobe in A. A.'s sleeping chambers bore the badge of Silvery-moon and was full of... um... women's clothing. I mean, we all have secrets, but... then I snooped a bit more and there he was... in the corner of what turned out to be Alustriel's boudoir looking just like I left him, though someone had cleaned off the pigeon droppings."—Erek

PERSONALITIES OF THE NORTH



"Now we're going to rewrite this chapter. Everything you've written about these fine people is scurrilous tavern talk.

"Imagine her accusing me of being a peeping Tom. Whose idea was that little wardrobe portal? I mean, really.

"We're starting it over, the chapter I mean. And when were done with it, we're rewriting the rest of the book, particularly those nasty little comments you've been jotting in the margins. You did WHAT!?! You've sent the rest to Elminster? EreK! EREK!!!"

The following "movers and shakers" of the North are NPC characters for the DM to use in encounters and are by no means a complete list of all the important or powerful folk of the Savage Frontier. They may become sources of information, allies, mentors and tutors, or even bitter enemies. For most entries, the pronunciation of the character's name is given, along with his or her usual home, and any ability scores of 16 or greater.

Amelior Amanitas (Ah-ME-lee-or ah-mah-NEE-Tass)

Secomber
17th level magic-user and sage
CG, None
Human male IN 17, CH 16

Amelior is an alchemist-at-large, which is a kind way of saying that he is not welcome in most places. Secomber is home and he always returns there. He is a tall man (6'), chunky, with brown but graying curly hair and beard, one eye, spectacles, and simple clothing.

Although he does not appear so, he is a powerful wizard, a learned sage whose major area of study is the Physical Universe (Chemistry & Physics) and whose minor field is the study of the Supernatural & Unusual (which gives him nightmares) and a master alchemist, noted more for his peculiarities than his prowess. He comes across as a bumbling, good-natured eccentric who has an unreasoning fear of evil.

Amelior surrounds himself with clut-

ter, keeps a dozen brightly colored (red, green, fuschia...) cats, and is outrageously absent-minded. He attempts to cheat no one, even though he may forest hiring them. He rarely fights with magic, and then only in self-defense. He is always accompanied by his loyal assistant EreK, a sharp-tongued, irritable 4th level Northman fighter. Amelior goes unarmed, but carries a pair of metallic flasks, one gold, one copper. The gold contains a djinn (Hasan). The copper unleashes two fanatically loyal ogres who fight even beyond death.

Amelior constantly hires adventurers to perform tasks for him, often paying more than the task is worth. His current interest is the High Forest and legends of an enchanted wood within it (for more about Amelior, see DQ1, *The Shattered Statue*).



Arklem Greeth (AR-klemm GREETH-Like Teeth)

Luskan
18th level magic-user
LE, Azuth
Human male IN 17 CN 16

Arklem Greeth is a hateful, old man, bent over with age and infirmity who exudes a vile odor from his body (many believe he is preparing himself for lichdom). He is the master of the Hosttower of the Arcane, the wizards' guild in Luskan and its true ruling power, though he rarely leaves his chambers atop the Hosttower of the Arcane. High Captain Taerl secretly takes orders from Greeth, though he hates and fears the ancient wizard (the High Captains are under geas to prevent the Hosttower and its wizards from coming to harm). Greeth does not trust other mages (especially after the murder of his aide-de-camp, Morkai the Red). He is always guarded by four *charmed* warriors (6th level fighters) and many suspect that one or more abishai devils are bound into his service.

Bruenor (BROO-nor)

Wanders
8th level fighter
NG Moradin, Dumathoin
Dwarf male, ST 17, CN 17

Bruenor of Mithril Hall is about as openminded and compassionate as dwarfs come, yet he is a deadly fighter. Bruenor is also the only dwarf in Icewind Dale who still remembers Mithril Hall, a lost dwarfhold in the Spine of the World. He now seeks Mithril Hall to take it back from the evil things that possess it.

Cassius (CASS-ee-uss)

Bryn Shander
7th level fighter
LN, Tymora
Human male CH 16

Diminutive Cassius with his short iron-gray hair and bright blue eyes is the spokesman of Bryn Shander in the Ten-Towns of Icewind Dale and head of

their ruling council. Though he rarely speaks of his past, most suspect that he was once a military commander for some petty kingdom in the Inner Sea—his ability with a sword and military leadership skills are legendary in the Ten Towns. He is a skilled diplomat, willing to use strong-arm tactics and has a reputation for getting what he wants, even at another's expense.

Dendybar The Mottled

Luskan
12th/4th level magic user/cleric
CE, Myrkul
Human male, INT 16

Dendybar, a frail-appearing mage, takes his nickname from the unusual patterns dyed into the fabrics of his customary robes. Dendybar is a former priest of Myrkul, who felt he could better serve his god as a mage. The hood that shadows Dendybar's features hides a face like a skin-covered skull, Myrkul's mark upon his most loyal servant. Dendybar is a wizard of the Hosttower of the Arcane, a mercantile guild and school of magic located in Luskan. Several years before, Dendybar, Eldeluc and several others arranged for the death of Morkai the Red in distant Icewind Dale, which allowed Dendybar and Eldeluc to move into key positions within the guild. Dendybar is jealous of Eldeluc's easy rise to power and deeply hates the fat, jovial mage. It will not be long before he eliminates Eldeluc and the archmage. Thereafter, the North is his to claim.

In addition to his magical spells, Dendybar the Mottled may animate 1d6 skeletons or 1d3 zombies each round of combat, so long as bodies are available.

Drizzt Do'Urden (DRIHZ-IT doe-URR-dun)

Wanders
10th level ranger
CG, Gwaeron Windstrom
Drow male

Drizzt is a drow outcast of House Daermon N'a'shezbaernon who can

never return to his subterranean homeland of Menzoberranzan again. As a youth, Drizzt discovered that he was different from other drow, that he cared about others and eventually fled, taking with him a life-long ally, a *figurine of wondrous power*: a small onyx panther from which he can call forth Guenhwyvar, a powerful panther spirit. To gain her, Drizzt had to kill her former owner, an extremely cruel drow noble. Guenhwyvar is more than just a magical item, she is Drizzt's friend.

Drizzt's appearance is typical for a drow, dark skin, pale eyes, pure white hair. He commonly wears a dark brown, hooded cloak to protect himself against the sun. Drizzt fights with two scimitars. One is a normal blade, but the other is magical, a *frost brand* +3, +6 vs. fire using/dwelling creatures, gained from the hoard of a white dragon.

Drizzt currently travels with the Fellowship of the Hall adventurers' band.

Eldeluc (EL-de-Luke)

Luskan
11th level magic-user
LE, Bane
Human male ST 17

Big, burly, Eldeluc's amiable exterior disguises a soul thoroughly tainted with evil. Along with Dendybar the Mottled, he is an heir apparent to the position of archmage within the Hosttower of the Arcane in Luskan. Though they worked together to eliminate their rival Morkai the Red years ago on an excursion to the Ten Towns, they are at odds with each other in the guild, and Eldeluc hates Dendybar with seething passion. It will not be long before he eliminates Dendybar. Eldeluc's connection with the god Bane has brought him into contact with the Zhentarim of Zhentil Keep.



Elrem The Wise (ELL-remm)

Great Worm Caverns
20th level shaman
CG, Great Worm beast cult
Male great worm

Elrem is a great worm, possibly the only great worm in existence. Imagine a gigantic, metallic green, bat-winged snake with the head of a red dragon and you will have a picture of Elrem. Once human, he acquired this shape through devotion to his deity or as others suggest, he is becoming the deity through the devotions of his followers. Elrem travels the planes, both physically and astrally, searching for knowledge. He is quite friendly, has a wry sense of humor and loves to hear and tell stories—when he is awake, which is not often. In addition to his considerable magical abilities, Elrem wields great psionic powers, including *animal telepathy*, *clairvoyance*, *empathy*, *precognition*, *astral projection*, and *dimension walk*.

Jhingleshod (JING-gul-shahd)

High Forest (Dire Wood near Karse)
10th level fighter
NG, Torm
Once-human male, ST 18(00), DEX 17, CN 18

Jhingleshod, known as the “Iron Axeman” (he once had another name but can no longer remember it) appears to be a man covered from head to toe in exotic plate armor. He lightly wields a mighty axe that most men could not lift. Upon closer inspection, he appears to be a cross between a living being and an animated suit of armor, his skin formed of lightly rusted overlapping plates of iron. Over the armor, he wears a tunic and cloak of forest green. Jhingleshod seeks to destroy his former master, Wulgreth, a once-living wizard who dwells in the heart of the Dire Wood, a mystical forest within a forest. Jhingleshod’s own life is tied to Wulgreth’s—he cannot die until Wulgreth is destroyed. He is a powerful fighter, but often thinks with his reflex-

es. Jhingleshod’s skin can only be struck by +2 or better magical weapons or by monsters of 6+2 or more hit dice.

Laeral (LAY-er-al)

The Stronghold of the Nine
24th level magic-user
LE, None (formerly: CG Mystra)
Human female, IN 18, DEX 16

Once the leader of the adventuring band known as the Nine, and known for the wondrous magical items that she crafted, she is now the leader of a major faction within their stronghold. Before the discovery of the Crown of Horns in the ruins of Yulash, she devotedly followed Mystra. Now, her mind warped by the crown, she works for no god (though evil forces often profit by her actions).

Those who remember the Laeral of old would be shocked to see her now. Mad eyes peer through unshorn locks turned snow white by rapid aging. Her musical voice is a gruesome cackle and her once-immaculate robes little more than rags. Visitors to The Stronghold of the Nine are treated like intruders by Laeral and her ex-comrades.

Malchor Harpell (MAL-core HAR-pell)

Longsaddle (Tower of Twilight)
18th level magic-user
NG Mystra, Deneir
Human male, IN 18

This former long-time adventurer dwells in the Tower of Twilight east of Neverwinter Wood, from which he rarely travels. He was a student of Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun and now trains other mages himself, but still spends most of his time researching the creation of magical items, potions and elixirs. He has mastered the arts of making *stone guardians*, *staves of the magic*, *wands of magic missiles*, *rings of feather falling*, and *rings of warmth*. He usually carries these items on his person when traveling along with a *lurker cloak* and a *ring of protection* +3. Mal-

chor dislikes interruptions (which often means that magical training takes twice as long as it should), but richly rewards good students, loyal friends, and faithful followers with praise, shelter, gifts and even magic.

Pureheartman

Wanders with Great Raven Tribe/
Luskan
11th level magic-user/7th level barbarian shaman
CG, Mystra/Great Raven beast totem
Human male IN 17 WIS 18

Tall, slender, and of noble bearing, he dresses in a cape of black feathers. He is secretly a member of the Hosttower of the Arcane in Luskan and opposes most wrongful plots devised by the likes of Dendybar and Eldeluc.

Radoc (The One, Doc of New Emyrea)

Star Mounts, High Forest
20/25th level cleric/magic-user
LE, Tangg (an other-planar power)
Human male IN 18, WIS 18, CHA 17

Doc, also known as “The One,” has been exiled here from another Prime Plane. He now calls himself Radoc, and dwells in the Star Mounts in the depths of the High Forest. He is purchasing mithril from the orcs in the Spine of the World. His goal is to return to New Emyrea as its master. He bears a glowing mark (placed by the titan Sylla) that can be seen, regardless of any magic, disguise or makeup used to cover it. He possesses *bracers of defense* AC2, a *cloak of protection* +5, a *ring of protection* +2, a *ring of fire resistance*, and a *double-duty mace* +4/*wand of lightning bolts* (10 charges). For further details see module I12, *The Egg of the Phoenix*.



Regis (REE-jiss)

Wanders
5th level thief, scrimshaw carver
NG, None
Halfling male

Formerly a guild thief in Calimshan, like others in the Ten Towns, Regis came north to escape his past. Short for even a halfling (his claim to three feet tall includes his curly brown hair), "Rumblebelly" makes up for his short height with ample girth brought on by years of "retirement." He carries a *gem of suggestion*, an enchanted ruby which allows Regis to cast suggestion on others. While he now wanders with the Fellowship of the Hall, his idea of adventure is forgetting to take enough worms on a fishing trip.

Tanta Hagara

Wanders with Blue Bear Tribe
CE
Annis

Most clever Tanta Hagara is typical of her evil race, 8 feet tall, muscular and wiry with deep blue skin, glossy black hair, teeth, and nails and dull greenish-yellow eyes. She dresses in heavy, cowled robes that cover all her skin to avoid frightening her barbaric followers. She uses her *change self* ability when she must appear before her followers, taking on the form of either a stunningly beautiful, barbaric hunter goddess (with sky-blue skin) or a blue-furred bear. Her followers in the Blue Bear Uthgardt tribe know she is evil, but believe her to be an avatar of their demonic bear spirit.

She is usually not found with her adopted tribe and stalks the wild, either in search of prey (she demands human sacrifice from her depraved followers, but never eats them publicly), or to meet with the demon Grintharke in Hellgate Keep.

Tanta Hagara's goal is to find the Uthgardt ancestor mound Grandfather Tree and make use of the gates in the creator race shrine deep below it.

Tianna Skyflower

High Forest (Dire Wood)
8th level thief/magic-user
CE, Malar
Elf female, IN 15, DEX 18, CN 16

Tianna is of mixed elven, drow and human bloodlines. She is dusky-skinned and dark-haired with the crown a blaze of purest white through the crown. She is able to disguise her distinctive appearance by using a magical item called the *ring of five visages*, which produces an illusion of another appearance. Her followers are dusky half-drows, drow-human half breeds.

Wulfgar (WULF-gahr)

Wanders
6th level barbarian
CG, Tempos (Tempus)
Human male, IN 17, ST 18(85), CN 17

Wulfgar survived the barbarian assault on the Ten Towns only due to the intervention of Bruenor, ruler of the Kelvin's Cairn dwarfhold. In return for his life, young Wulfgar spent five years in servitude to Bruenor, during which he learned that there was more to life than strength and savagery, that a sharp mind could be more deadly than a sharp axe.

Upon his release, Wulfgar received *Aegis-fang*, a magical mithril warhammer crafted by Bruenor. When thrown, it unerringly returns to Wulfgar's hand.

After training under Drizzt Do'Urden, Wulfgar slew the white dragon Icingdeath and returned to his tribe. He slew king Heafstaag, and led the barbarians to the rescue of the Ten Towns. Now he has joined with Bruenor, Drizzt, and Regis as they search for lost Mithril Hall.

Wulgreth (WOOL-grith)

Karse/Nine Hells
26th level lich
LE, Bane
Once-human male IN 18

Wulgreth was the wizard who first summoned the devils into Ascalhorn. He fled when the demons were brought in to drive off the devils and later came to Karse in the High Forest, where once again he was responsible for bringing great evil into the world in the form of the Dire Wood. While trying to tap the immortal power of the demigod Karsus, Wulgreth was slain by his servant Jhingleshod, but lives on in a lich-like form. Wulgreth dwells in a black pyramid within the ruins of Karse, surrounded by undead and devilish servitors. He seeks to return to living immortality by slaying immortal Karsus.

Zokan Thunderer

Wanders with Elk Tribe
9th level barbarian
CE, Auril, Talos
Human male ST 18(23) DEX 17

This surly Uthgardt barbarian chieftain is possibly the ugliest, rudest, richest, wildest, most feared, and most hated bandit leader in the north. His barbarians raid caravans and villages incessantly, taking prisoners for ransom, but selling them to traders from the south if the ransom is too small (keeping the ransom money, of course). He has a price on his head, but is difficult to find and even harder to kill—he is always guarded by 10 5th level warriors and a 6th level shaman.

For background on Alustriel, Khelben Arunsun, and Piergeiron, see their entries in the Campaign Set.



Appendix A: Magical Items

DELZOUN'S FIST

This minor artifact, a magical *warhammer* +5, dwarven thrower was created by Delzoun, the legendary founder of the ancient dwarven Northkingdom that bore his name. He bore it until his sudden and horrible death (upon which he is rumored to have immediately risen as an undead thing). The throwing power works for any fighter (not just dwarves) and it imbues the wearer with hill giant strength (as girdle of giant strength) and acted as a ring of spell turning. The Fist also has one major and two minor malevolent effects which the DM should choose from the tables on pp. 162-3 of the *Dungeoneers Masters Guide*. The minor malevolent effects occur within 1d3 weeks of owning the item. The major malevolent effect occurs the first time the hammer is used against a non-evil being.

THE NETHER SCROLLS

These magical scrolls were created by mages of the creator races. Later, they became the magical foundation of ancient Netheril, but disappeared long before Netheril fell. The entire collection is said to number 100 scrolls, inscribed in

exotic runes upon sheets of purest gold. Their true contents are unknown, but many are suspected to contain exotic spells more powerful than any known today, requiring components that no longer exist. The scrolls are an opportunity to introduce exotic new spells into the DM's campaign.

THE TOME OF TWELVE SEALS

This thick book with its cover made of red dragon underbelly hide contains twelve pages of thick, black leather. Each page contains a single rune-inscribed metal disk, like a seal of some kind. Seven of the seals are gold and shiny, five are made of dull, charred, and tarnished lead.

The runes on the seals are command words that activate the magic of the seal. When activated, the scroll summons a magical entity which the wielder may command for 3d6 Turns. Each of the seven (gold) remaining seals summons a different being (the proper element need not be available for elemental beings). Page one: 16 HD air elemental; page two: 8 HD fire elemental; page four: 12 HD earth elemental; page five: dragon horse; page eight: gibbering moulder; page nine: jann; page ten: marid.

Activating a seal causes it to become lead in a blinding flash.

Appendix B: Northern Proficiencies

Plant Lore. Rangers, druids, and Uthgardt barbarians in the North quickly learn its Plant Lore. A number of plants in Savage Frontier can cure diseases, mend wounds, or even protect against foes. The *Wilderness Survival Guide* provides detailed rules for this proficiency and the finding of medicinal plants. The table that follows lists useful herbs found in the North. Herbs lose their potency quickly. Unless properly preserved, one point of potency will be lost each successive day after they are gathered.

Pharmacy. This skill, often learned by rangers, magic users, shamans and alchemists, allows the character to preserve medicinal herbs and to be able to make medicines (not potions) from fresh or preserved herbs which allow others not skilled in Pharmacy or Plant Lore to use the healing or curative effects of medicinal plants.

Alchemists in the larger towns (such as Amelior Amanitas of Secomber), will be well versed in the craft. They can work wonders with combinations of sorcery and craftsmanship.

Medicinal Plants of the Savage Frontier

d10 roll	Plant Name	Appearance	Effective as	Method of Application
1-2	Beorunna's cure-all	stems	special, see below *	Boiled in tea
3	Feverbalm	flowers	Cure insanity temporarily (1d10 hours)	Boiled in tea
4	Ghostroot	pasty root	Repels undead as a 6th level cleric for 1d3 turns	Eaten raw
5	Mother'sleaf	leaves	Cure disease (30% chance against any disease)	Boiled in tea
6	Spellshield	berries	Gives imbiber a +1 saving throw against spells	Eaten raw
7-8	Trueroot	red roots	Poison antidote (40% chance against any poison)	Eaten cooked
9-10	Woundwort	small plant	Cures wounds of 1d4 points of damage	Poultice

* *Beorunna's cure-all*: This plant is a general restorative. It gives a +10 bonus for curing all diseases, or +2 bonus for healing hit points. It can be used in addition to any of the other curative herbs or spells, supplementing the effects of those herbs or magic. However, it is only a supplement. On its own, it cannot cure anyone.



Appendix C: RECENT NEWS AND RUMORS IN THE NORTH

Year of Shadows

Dale Reckoning 1358

Hammer (January)

- The Town of Secomber celebrated the return of the sage Amelior Amanitas and his entourage of colorful cats. Amelior had been away for some time on a journey and returned in spectacular fashion in his flying gasbag.
- This winter is the coldest and snowiest in memory. The weather has taken its toll on the folk of the North. Frost giants have been seen stalking the land as far south as Longsaddle.

Alturiak (February)

- Forced south by the unusually harsh winter, trolls have besieged the walls of Yartar for three weeks without letup. Blizzards keep relief forces away.

Ches (March)

- Adanac Harpell, leader of the village of Longsaddle, has reported by carrier pigeon to Waterdeep that a flight of griffons slaughtered the inhabitants of two farms north of the village. Apparently the griffons have also been attacking travelers. No one in Longsaddle seems able to hunt them down. The location of their lair is unknown, but witnesses claim they come from Neverwinter Wood.
- Seal hunters from Icewolf on The Ice Peak report being driven away from the hunt by handsome warriors dressed like Ice Hunters. Several hunting parties have not returned from the ice. The Ice Hunter folk refuse to join in the hunt this year. If the attacks keep up the seal harvest, particularly of young seals, will be ruined. Suljack, a Luskan High Captain, has threat-

ened harm to hunting parties who do not bring back their agreed-to quotas of seal-skin.

Tarsakh (April)

- Highlord Nanathalor Greysword of Loudwater reports finding the bodies of evil creatures near outer farm holdings, including two drow, and a fish-like humanoid. All bore bite marks. Before each discovery, residents heard an eerie howling. Investigation of caves along the Delimbiyr valley has uncovered evidence of recent activity, but no obvious access to deeper realms.
- The annual spring offensive from Hellgate Keep has yet to materialize in Turnstone Pass. The fey forces of the ghoulish hold have yet to stage even a single sortie. Military leaders in Sundabar are concerned over the quiet.

Mirtul (May)

- News of the sack of the Ten Towns, a trading and fishing outpost located far to the North in Icewind Dale has just reached Waterdeep. Apparently a mad wizard, late of Luskan, attempted to conquer the folk of Icewind Dale last year. As the tale is told, the towns were saved from complete destruction by a dwarf, a halfling, a barbarian horde and... a drow! Although the tale is a good one, few believe it.

Kythorn (June)

- Lord Piergeiron of Waterdeep announced the end of the Ruathym/Luskan war. Apparently the lords of both lands took Lord Piergeiron's threat seriously. Piergeiron stated that Waterdeep would enter the conflict against whomever did not attend truce talks in Waterdeep. Aumark Lithyl, First Axe of Ruathym and the High Captains of Luskan have agreed to cease all hostilities. Luskan must provide Ruathym with six warships and pay were-gild to the sev-

eral families. Ruathym in turn must open its harbor to all vessels seeking safety or trade.

- A patrol from Leilon secretly followed a band of lizardmen from the Mere of Dead Men as far as the Dessarin. The lizardmen easily crossed the river and continued east. At least 20 were counted, including a shaman.

Flamerule (July)

- Piracy along the Sword Coast has increased drastically. Fierce raiders in low raker warships prey on merchants between Waterdeep and the Moonshaes. Rumors abound that the truce between Luskan and Ruathym forged an alliance.
- An enterprising new group in Waterdeep, the Sea Fist Company, has purchased several old warships from Waterdeep and Neverwinter. The ships, renamed Shining Sword, Protector and Golden Paladin provide escort protection to merchant fleets along the coast. After a shaky start, the group is hiring more marines and has laid the keels on two new ships.

Eleasias (August)

- According to the Harpers, every one of the known Uthgardt ancestor mounds was breached earlier in the summer. All evidence points to lizardmen. Alien looking totems were left at each mound.
- Rumors of a powerful healer living in the High Wood have been heard in Loudwater. An old man calling himself Radoc saved victims of an orc raid and brought them to town. Many noted the glowing symbol on his forehead. He refused questions, but paid for a large purchase of supplies with sparkling, clear crystals, then disappeared.
- Twenty long ships put ashore at Leilon, putting farms to the torch, carrying off livestock, and sinking eight of the twelve ore barges. The Lances of Leilon eventually drove



them off, inflicting heavy casualties, but not before close to 200 townfolk had been put to the sword and three months' worth of the town's ore output lay at the bottom of the ocean. None of the long ships flew colors. Interrogation of the dead drew many answers: the Whalebones, Luskan, Ruathym, even the Moonshaes.

Eleint (September)

- Nesmé is under attack by a barbarian horde from the Griffon tribe. A company of Waterdhavian soldiers has been sent, but they may not reach Nesmé in time to make a difference.
- Lord Piergeiron recalled his ambassadors from Luskan and Ruathym and demanded reparations for the attack on Leilon from the High Captains of Luskan.
- The Sea Fist Company of Waterdeep has posted a bounty for news of the whereabouts of their ship Protector, which disappeared on escort mission to The Purple Isles. Also missing is the merchant galleon Gallant Prince of Neverwinter. The two were separated from a convoy during rough weather.

Marpenoth (October)

- Rumors abound that during the Uthgardt barbarians' Runemeet last month, all the tribal holy grounds were connected for a brief instant by high arcs of light that spanned the intervening miles. Since then, the tribes have been slowly migrating south.
- It seems that the leaders of Luskan, Ruathym, Tuern, and the Whalebones have forged a war alliance with High Captain Taerl of Luskan as the acknowledged War Lord. Though no goals have been stated, it is assumed that with the coming of spring, attacks similar to the one on Leilon will commence along the Sword Coast.
- Orc raids have increased five-fold north of the Dessarin and the High

Forest. Survivors describe unusually large bands of orcs who attacked with uncommon, almost desperate ferocity. Several of the tribal sigils, including a one-eyed spider, a three-fingered claw, and a blood-dripping tree are unfamiliar to scholars of orc lore. The more pessimistic sages believe the time is nigh for another orc invasion.

Uktar (November)

- Though the last winter was the most severe in recent memory, the coming winter is already worse. Harbors north of Leilon are already iced-in and snow lays heavy on the land, several feet thick in areas which normally get but a few inches. Sundabar and Silverymoon have fended off attacks by frost giant bands, winter wolves, and huge packs of devil dogs.
- Nesmé is now in the hands of Kralgar Bonesnapper, a powerful chieftain, and Tessarin "Longresses" Alaraun, wizardess of Nesmé. Apparently the city surrendered, rather than face a long siege. The priesthood of Waukeen has been spared, but High Priestess Jygil Zelnathra is in exile.
- A Zhentarim caravan that stopped in Llorck for supplies before heading south met with disaster there. Something, it is not known what, escaped from a locked wagon, overturned three other wagons, destroyed an inn and three other buildings before fleeing into the hills. By the time the Lord's men arrived the "contents" of the upset wagons had begun to wander the streets. Before the night was done 30 monster zombies, undead ogres, bugbears and minotaurs had been destroyed and 10 warriors and townspeople lay dead. The caravan masters disappeared into the night. The confused townfolk described the escaped creature as huge, dark and man-like with fierce beetle-like

mandibles—possibly an umber hulk.

- A crate was delivered to Lord Piergeiron via merchant ship from Luskan contained accompanied by a formal letter bearing the seal of the High Captains of Luskan. The contents of the letter are unknown but rumor has it that the box contained a bag of 15 gold pieces and six gibbering apes dressed in once-fine robes—the official regalia of Waterdhavian ambassadors.

Nightal (December)

- An attempt against the life of Lord Piergeiron of Waterdeep ended abruptly when the assassin's knife flew from her hand to transform into a stirge, which repeatedly struck her until she died from blood loss. Attempts to force the corpse to speak met with failure. The identity of the young woman's employers remains a mystery, though both the Zhentil Keep and Calimshan are suspects.
- The Protector, a missing ship that belonged to the Sea Fist Company was found frost-rimed and adrift north of Gundarlun. The ship's crew was missing as were most things of value. The frozen corpses of three sea elves were found trussed-up in salt-pork barrels, each corpse branded with a squid emblem.
- As the year draws to a close, the Feast of the Moon in Waterdeep is more subdued than usual as the people await news the Lords' plan to deal with the alliance of Northmen kingdoms. Many are concerned about mercenary bands that fill the city, anticipating the war that is certain to come with the spring thaw.



Appendix D: ADVENTURES IN THE SAVAGE FRONTIER

Although the place descriptions of the North are liberally seeded with hints and suggestions for adventures, a few are presented here in the form of plot outlines so that each DM can adjust events and NPCs to challenge PCs of all levels (and so that players who peek into these pages cannot learn explicit details). A good DM will modify the events (such as changing names or villains), add plot complications and blend these stories into his or her own campaign.

1. Grandfather in Green

Looking dreadfully out of place in the city, a gnarled old man in green, barbaric clothes makes a nightly appearance at a local tavern. He approaches each group of likely heroes and tells them a strange story.

"Beneath Grandfather Tree in the High Forest lies an ancient shrine with doors that lay open onto evil worlds. Close those doors for me and the ancient treasures that surround them are yours to keep."

Although the old man will not say so, he is the Tree Ghost of a small section of the High Forest, a guardian spirit worshipped by the Tree Ghost tribe of the Uthgardt barbarians. If the PCs accept his quest, he gives them a wish-bone-shaped branch from the ancient tree. If used like a divining rod, this branch always points directly towards Grandfather Tree.

The Grandfather Tree map on page 64 shows the general layout of the giant ant tunnels, the location of the Hall of Mists (temple), and an enlarged view of the temple shrine itself. The entrance to the warren is up in the crotch of the tree trunk. The gates from the shrine lead to the Abyss and the Negative Material Plane. The lizard-like golems will leave the Hall of Mists stalk foes throughout the temple, but not in the

ant tunnels. The giant ants here have been magically warped (see Grandfather Tree description in chapter 9). The treasure of the shrine includes much gold and platinum in the form of statuary, religious ornaments and decoration (no coins) and several odd magical items of a clerical nature (the DM may wish to use standard magical items from the DMG, but give them a unique, possibly confusing form: such as a *staff of curing* in the form of a hideous reptilian statue or a book of vile darkness in the form of a crystal ball which projects its contents into the mind of the reader). This is one place to put a few pages of the Nether Scrolls. At least one item should be sacred to the Tree Ghost tribe. They will unerringly seek out the PCs and ask for the item back. Another item (possibly the crystal ball book) is craved by Tanta Hagara, who will stop at nothing to get her hands on it. If she does, she takes it directly to Hellgate Keep and Grintharke. Whatever deities the PCs may worship (good or evil) will charge the PCs to recover and or destroy the item (the deities will not make personal appearances, only speak through high-ranking clerics).

2. The Hunt is On!

The freshly-painted sign in the alchemist's shop says "Hunters needed, inquire within." The dark, crowded, storefront reeks of spices, preservatives and the distinctive (and particularly odious) aroma of a popular, oily hair pomade. The source of that aroma makes its presence unpleasantly known as one of the PCs touches something in the shop (how could anyone know it would crumble into dust?)

Shayk Alhambrezzo (the oily-haired proprietor who just watched a 50 gp antique crumble into powder) needs hunters: unicorn hunters (this is bound to irritate Mielikki worshippers). Alhambrezzo needs as many as the characters can get for him, hooves and hide too. He will pay 1,000 gp for each horn, 200 for the hide and 50 for a set of four hooves.

The only known source of unicorns in the North is the southern High Forest, along The Unicorn Run.

Whether or not the PCs spot any unicorns is up to the DM. However, this is an excellent opportunity to lead the party on a merry chase through the High Forest, discover the location of an elven tomb or intrude upon the very private war occurring in the Stronghold of the Nine.

3. To Hellgate and Back Again

Why is Hellgate Keep so quiet? What are the demons planning? Lord Helm, Master of Sundabar, asks the PCs to infiltrate the ghoulish hold and find out answers to these questions. The reward is high, but the danger higher. Magical and physical disguises will be provided to the PCs' specifications. Grintharke may be negotiating his return to the Abyss or extending his power deep beneath the earth. This adventure could easily take the adventurers down into the Deepearth or across several of the outer planes.

4. For The Greater Glory

Whether Waterdeep declares war on Luskan and the Captains' Confederation or not, mercenary bands from around the North and all along the Sword Coast will seek employment with either side in the conflict. The PCs are approached to join one of these companies.

The fame of their band precedes them as they travel west. The DM may wish to have each town or village offer them short-term employment. An orc bandit gang is raiding one, a payment of gold or goods to another town requires guarding, something has been carrying off villagers at night (tearing houses and barns into firewood in the process). The company eventually ends up in the employ of Neverwinter (which assigns the mercenaries to guard Port Llast). Luskan will make several attempts to conquer Port Llast with large scale sea



and land assaults, backed up by mages from the Hosttower.

5. The Discontent of Our Winter

A bitterly cold winter brings up tavern talk of the frost wizards, rare frost giant witch doctors of unusual power. Legends say the frost wizards use only magics relating to cold and ride on huge white dragons. This seems a laughable myth until the warmth of the tavern is shattered as a snowball literally forms and explodes within the tavern as screams outside break the winter stillness. There is confusion and carnage everywhere as tall white-skinned giants carry off food, valuables, livestock, and villagers, while overhead a huge white form flaps slowly northward carrying a giant robed form on its back. If the characters have any friends here, they

are among the missing, as are at least 75% of their own valuables, including their mounts.

GAME INFORMATION: The general guidelines for frost wizards are that they can use all cold-related clerical and magic-user spells and have cold and frost variants of all fire-based spells, such as *snowball* for *fireball*, *freezing hands* for *burning hands*, and so on.

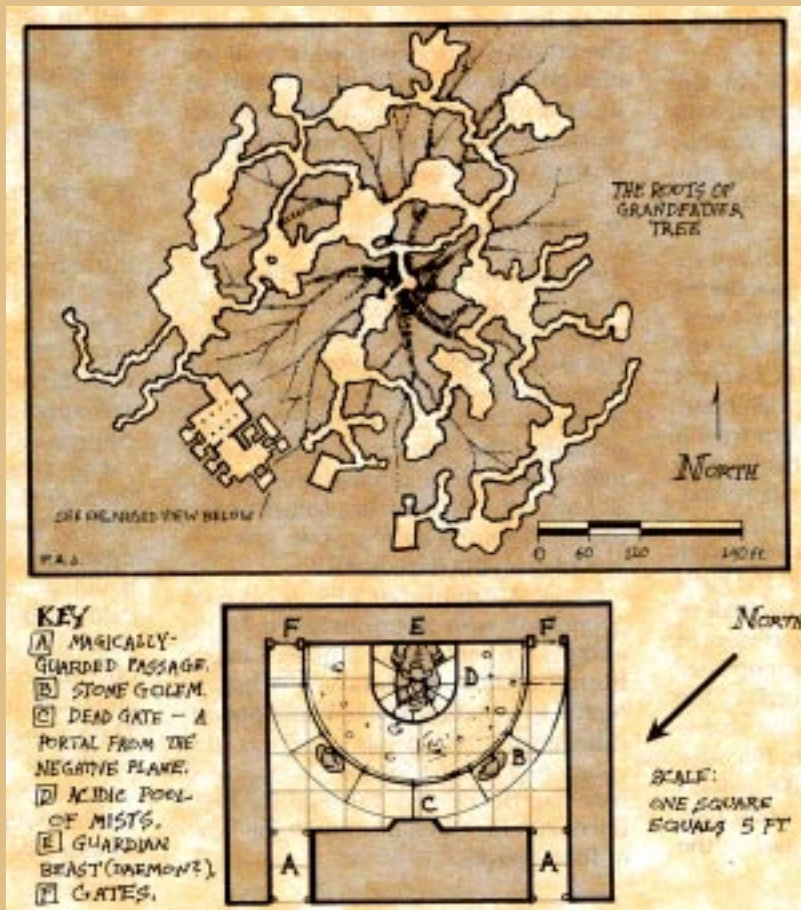
6. Red Book, Gold Seals

A village elder approaches the PCs and hires them as guards for an estate auction of a local recluse who died and left a collection of unusual, exotic and eccentric items, including books, stuffed monsters (say, isn't that an owlbear?), and many jars with unidentifiable contents. She was, of course, a wizard living here incognito.

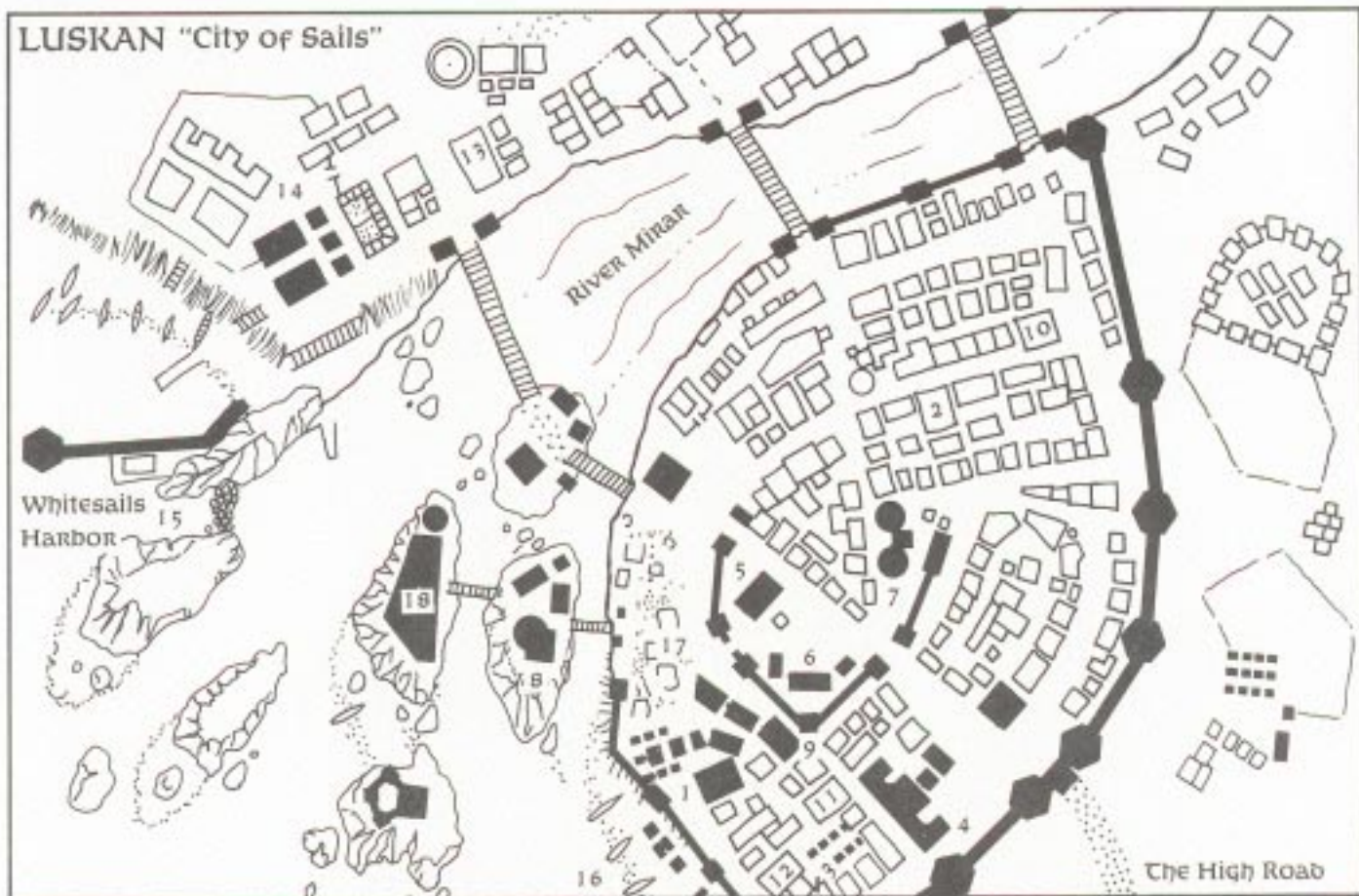
The need for guards is apparent. The auction barn where everything is kept has been burned, and battered, yet something (protective magics?) has kept them out—so far.

No spell books are to be seen, but one book, bound in scaly red leather, contains only twelve pages, each with a single rune-carved metal seal: seven gold, five lead. During the auction, someone attempts to steal it. The thief grabs it and before anyone can react, activates one of the seals on the *Tome of Twelve Seals* (see Appendix B). His accomplices, who include an illusionist, cause *confusion*. If the thieves escape, they flee to the headquarters of the Kraken Society in Yartar with the Tome. The village elder, realizing the book's value, wants it back and that is the responsibility of his guards!

Finally, where did the old wizard hide her spellbooks?

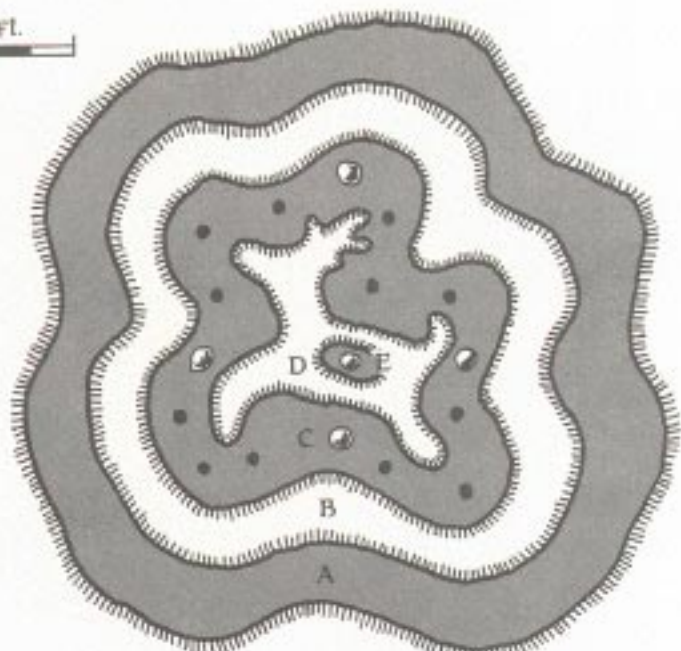


LUSKAN "City of Sails"



UTHGARDT ANCESTOR MOUNDS

160 ft.

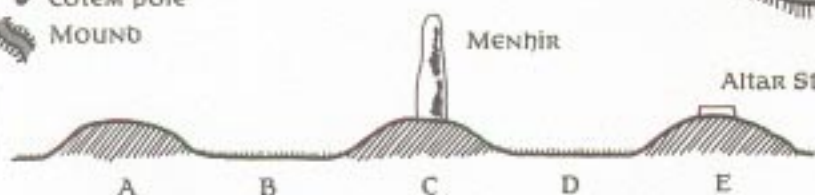


- ⊙ Menhir
- Totem pole
- ▨ Mound

Menhir

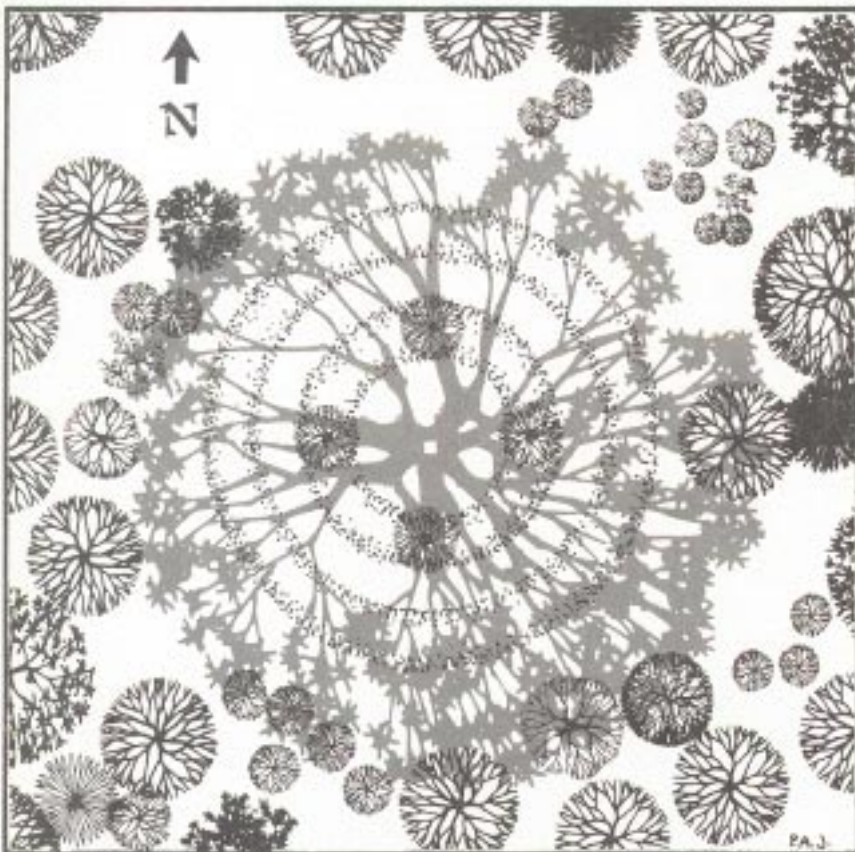
Altar Stone

- A. Outer Cairn Ring
- B. Outer Vale
- C. INNER Cairn Ring
- D. INNER Vale
- E. Altar Mound



A B C D E

Grandfather Tree



KEY



Cliff



Ruin



Sand dune



Bridge



Mound



Trail



Invisible Bridge



Woods



Fields



Tree



Ancestor Mound

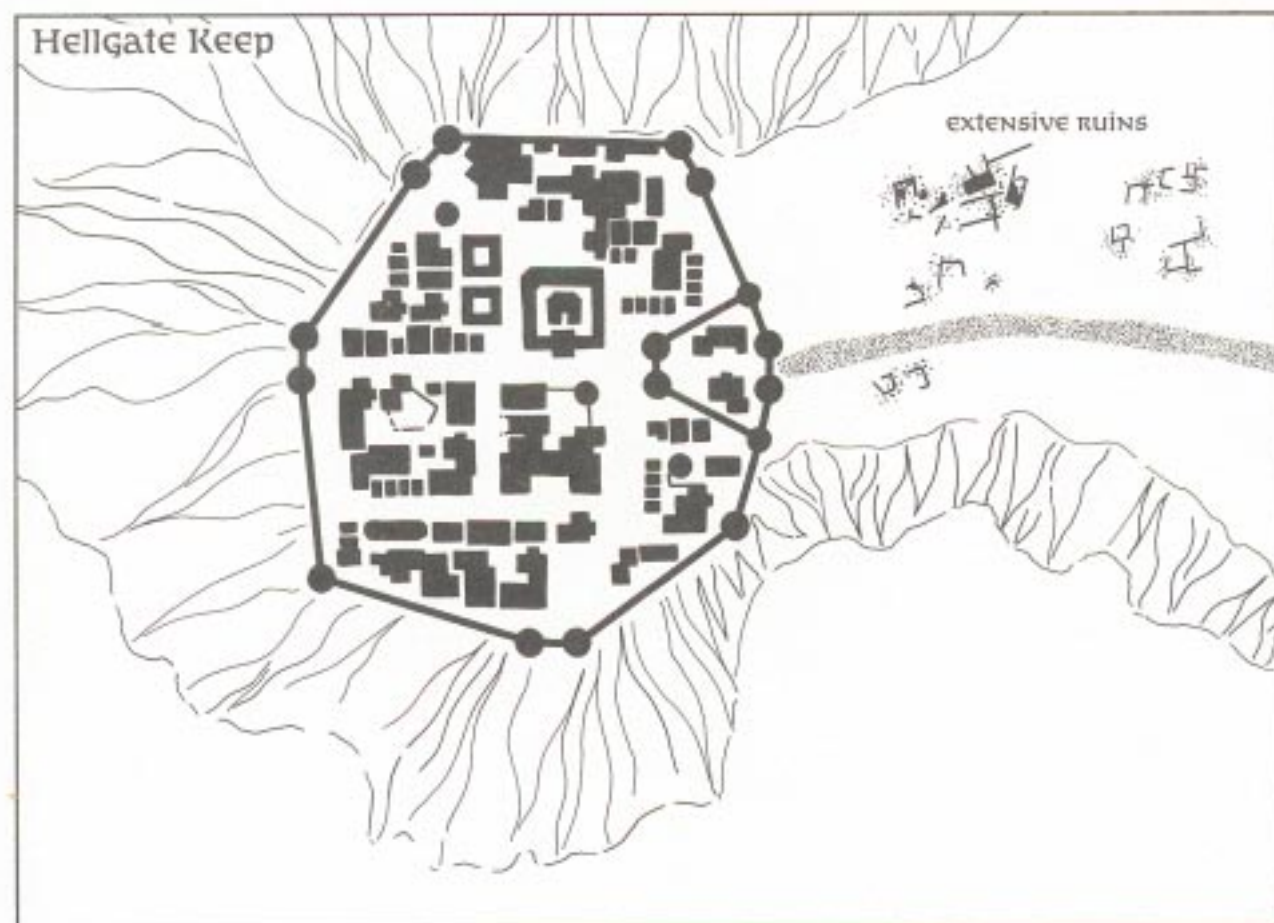
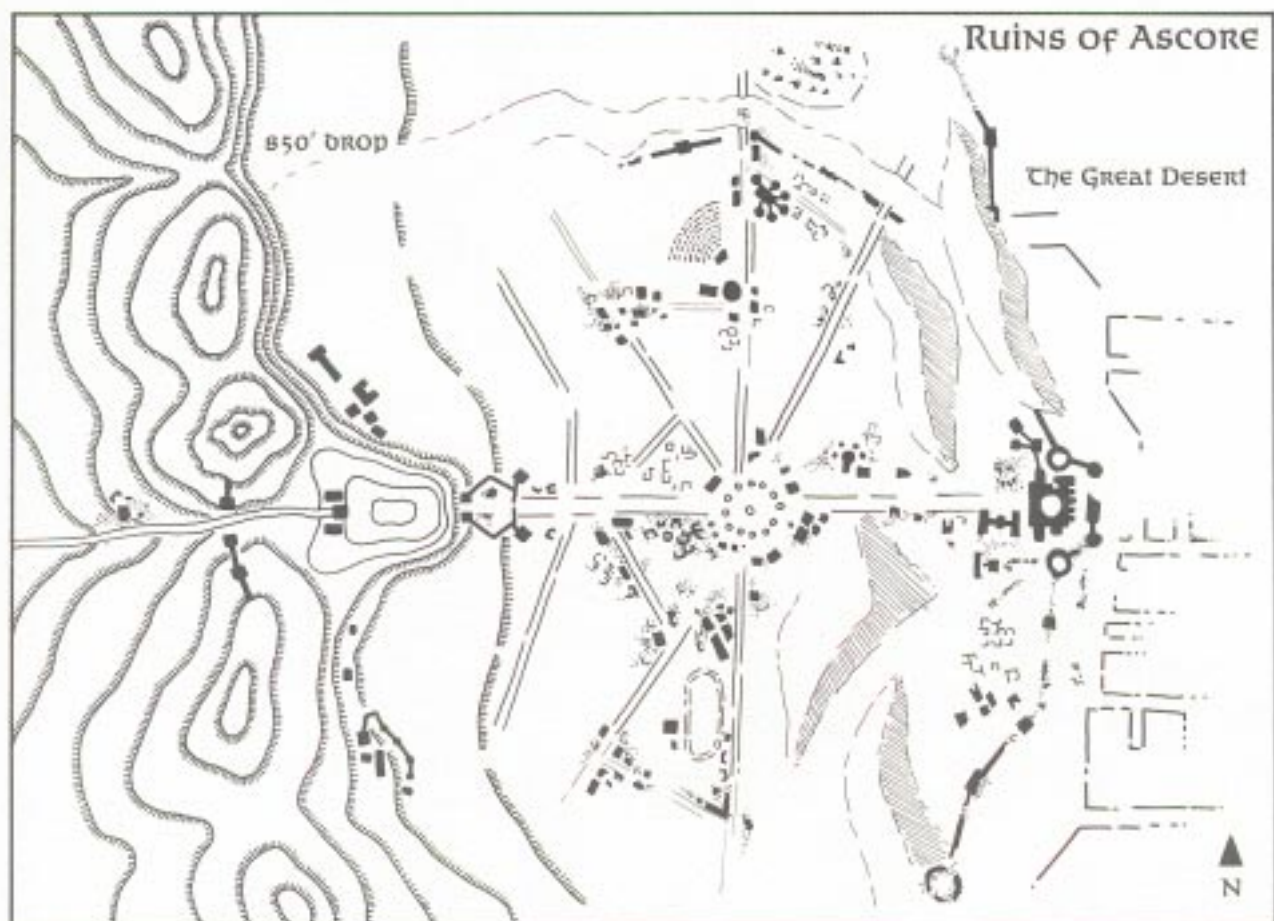


Buildings



Fortress wall & tower

1 Inch = 200 feet







FORGOTTEN REALMS

COMPANION SET

Scale: 1 INCH = 20 MILES

	MOUNTAINS (high)		FOREST (heavy)		FALLS LINE
	MOUNTAINS (medium)		FOREST (medium)		CLIFFS
	MOUNTAINS (low)		FOREST (light)		SNOW
	FOOTHILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST (heavy)		GLACIER
	ROLLING HILLS		CONIFEROUS FOREST (medium)		CITY
	BARREN		CONIFEROUS FOREST (light)		CASTLE / KEEP
	VOLCANO		JUNGLE (heavy)		TOWN
	DESERT (sand)		JUNGLE (medium)		RUINS
	DESERT (rock)		SEA		COMMUNITY
	PLAINS / GRASSLAND		LAKE		ROADS
	CLEAR		RIVER		TRAILS
	SWAMP		DELTA		BRIDGE
	MARSH		REACH		ANCESTOR MOUNDS

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Ruins of

Ulf of Thuger

The Trackless Sea

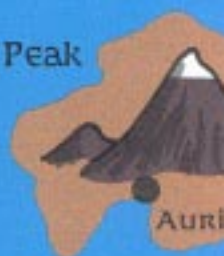
Ascarie
The Sunken City

The Purple Rocks

 Vilkstead

B

The Ice Peak



Aur

Sea

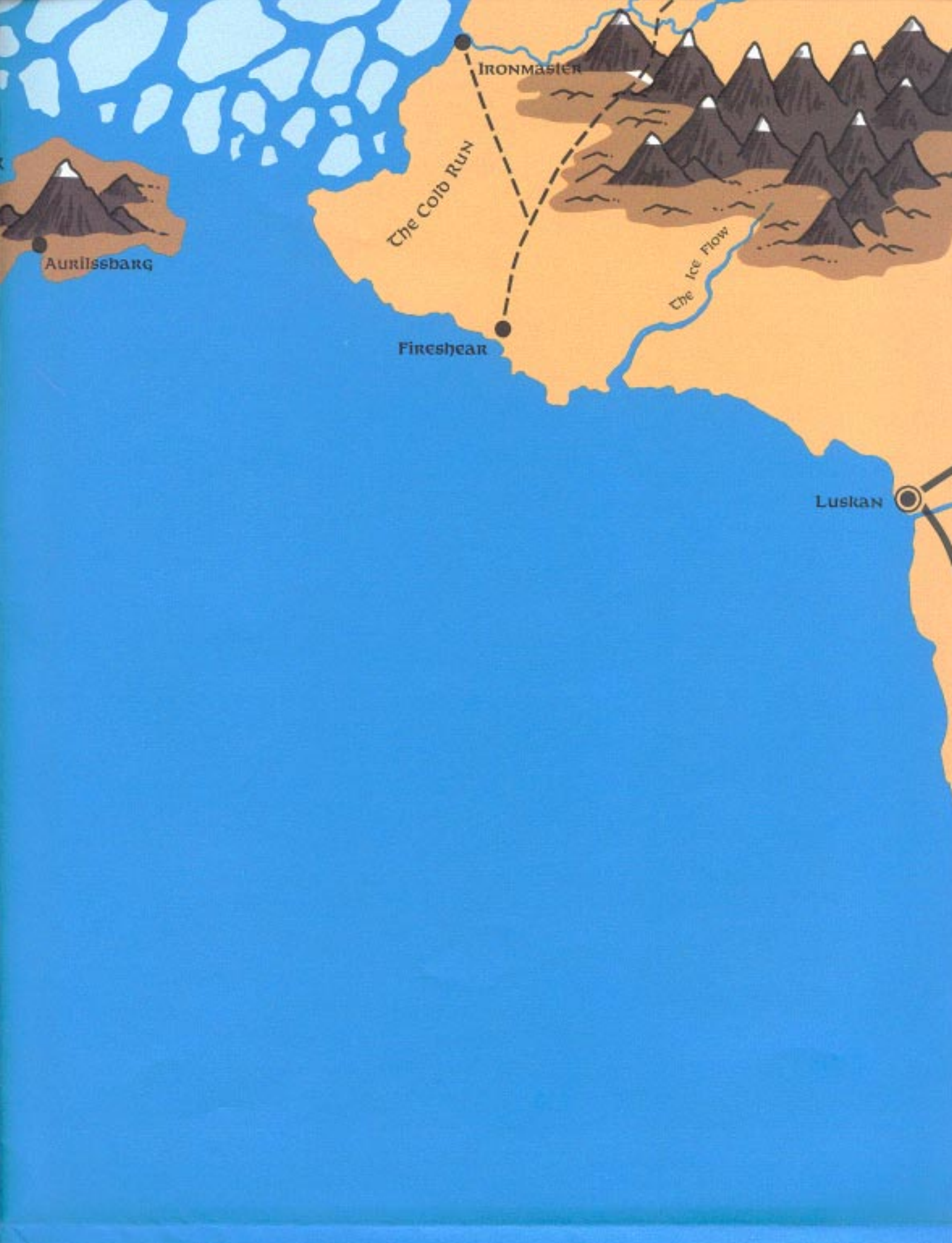
GUNDARLUN

BERRANZO



The Wreck of the
Golden Crown

GUNDBARG



IRONMASTER

The Coto Run

Fireshear

The Ice Flow

Aurilissbarq

Luskan

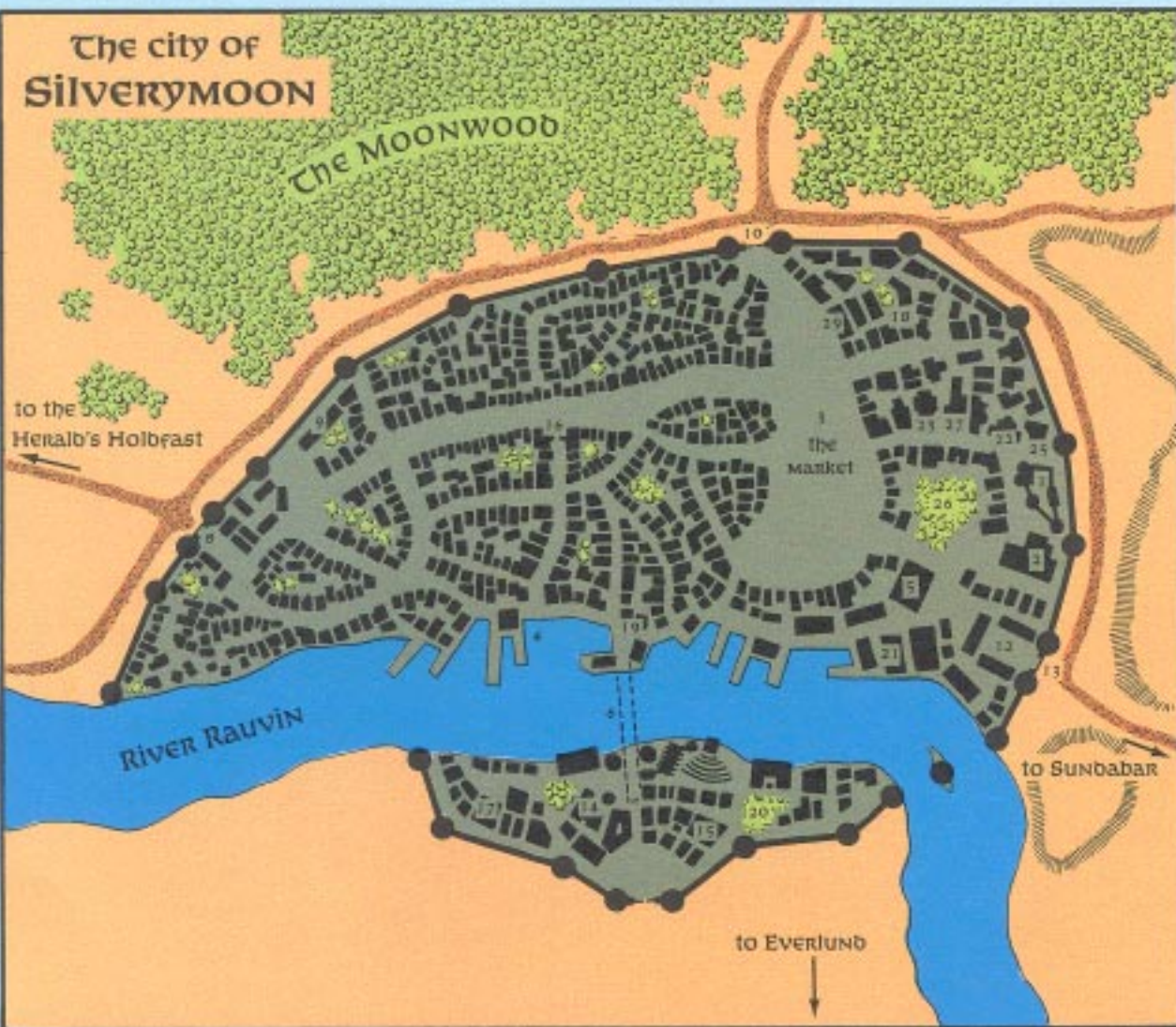
BEORUNNA'S Well

1 inch = 480 feet



The city of SILVERMOON

The MOONWOOD



Icewin



Icewind Dale and the Ten Towns



Sea of Moving Ice

IRONMASTER

BRYN SHAMBER

Icewind Dale

Reghed
Glacier

Ruathym

To the Moonshaes



ruathym

shaes



Rethgaard

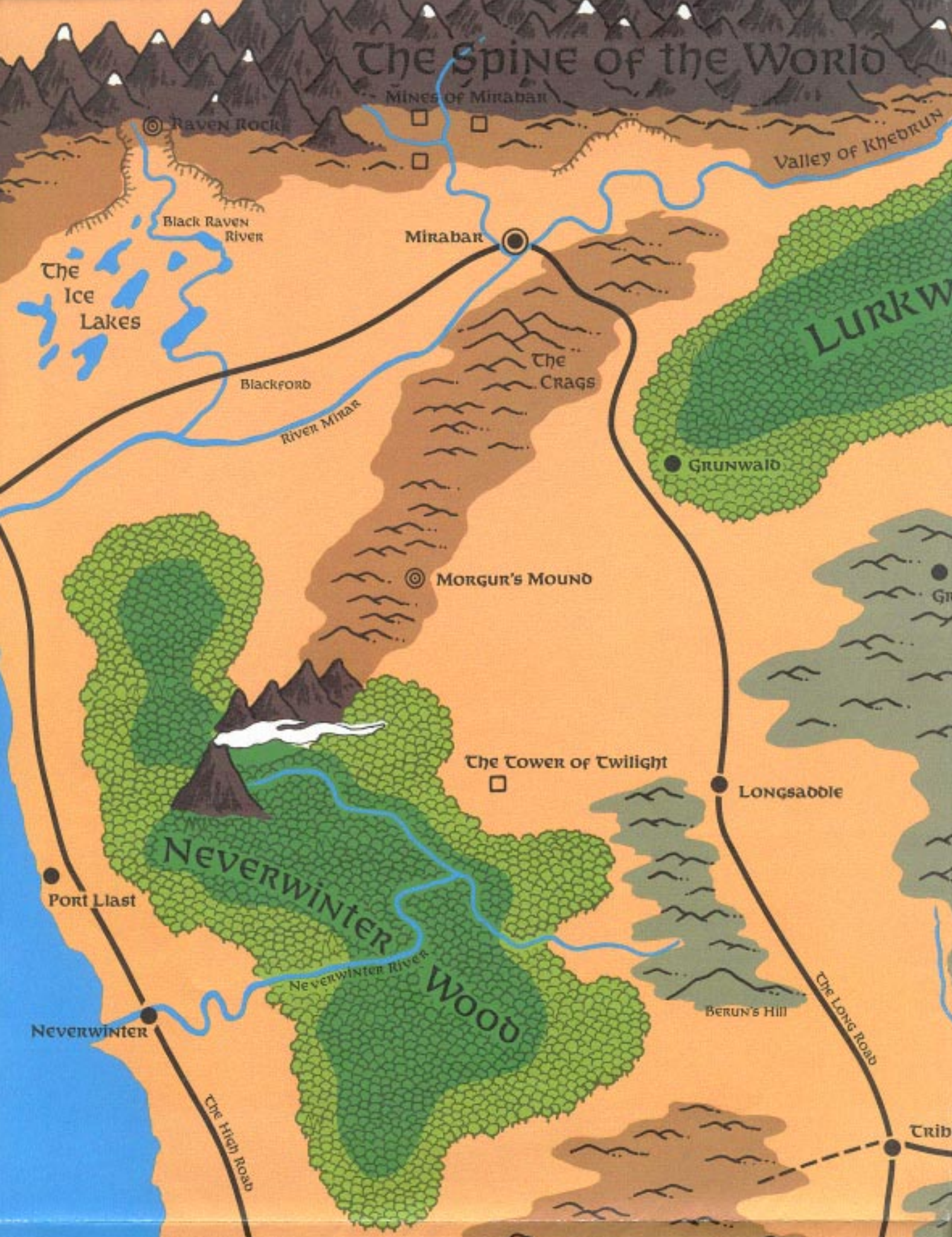
Inthar

Ruathym

Holgerstead



The Whale BONES



The Spine of the World

Mines of Mirabar

Raven Rock

Valley of Khebrun

Black Raven River

Mirabar

The Ice Lakes

Blackford

River Mirabar

The Craggs

LURKWOOD

GRUNWALD

MORGUR'S MOUND

The Tower of Twilight

LONGSADDLE

Port Llast

NEVERWINTER WOOD

Neverwinter River

BERUN'S HILL

The Long Road

Neverwinter

The High Road

Trib



Great Worm Cavern

Gate

The Fell Pass

Castle of Illusion

The Dungeon of Death

The Dungeon of the Ruins

The Herald's Holdfast

Shining White

River Rauvin

Riffon's Nest

Goblinhoe River

River Surbrin

Nesmé

The Evermoors
(The Trollmoors)

The Laughingflow

Flint Rock

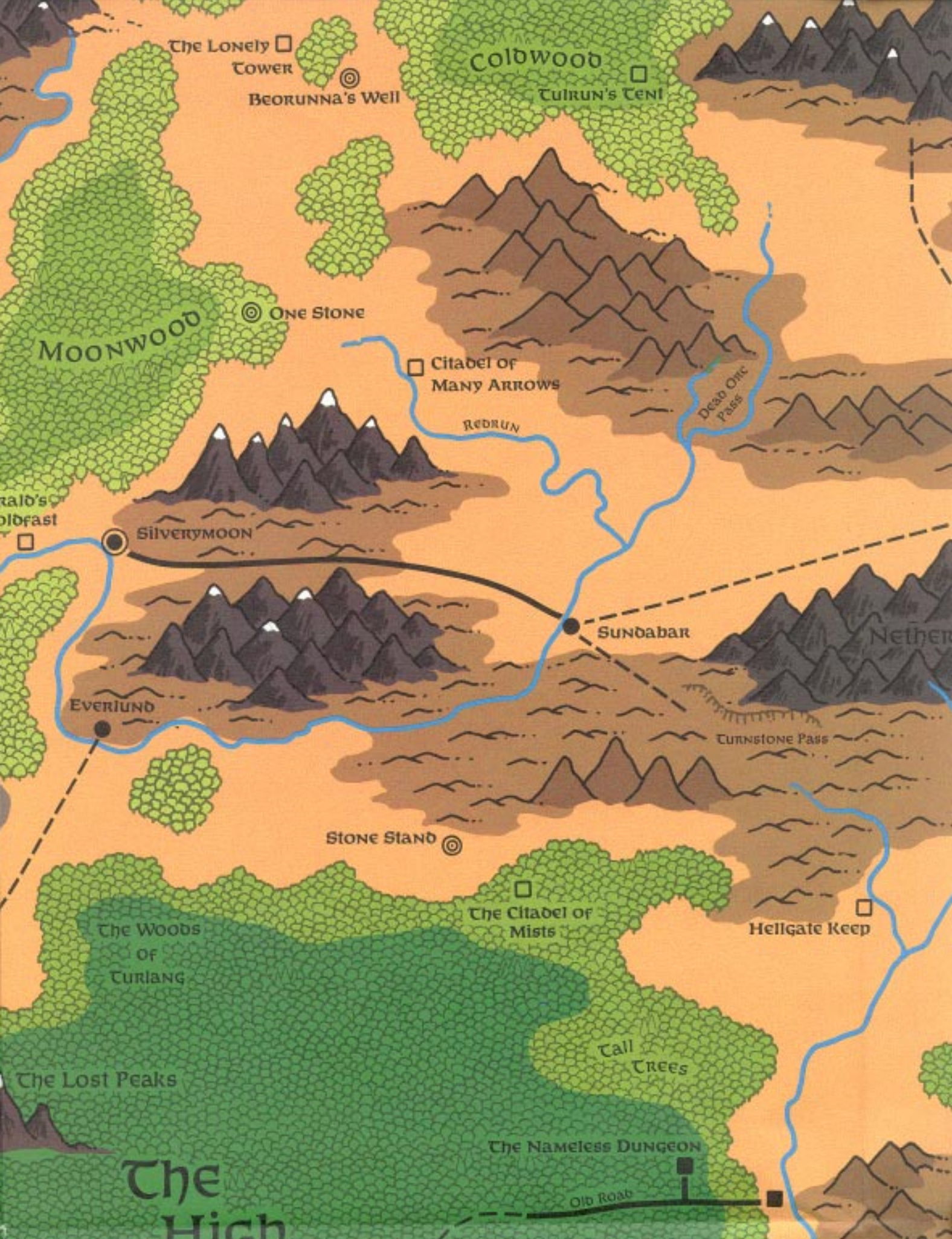
oar

Deab Horse Ford

River Desann

Yantar

The Los



The Lonely Tower

Beorunna's Well

Coldwood

Culrun's Tent

Moonwood

One Stone

Citabel of Many Arrows

Redrun

Dead One Pass

Silvermoon

Sundabar

Everlund

Stone Stand

The Citabel of Mists

Hellgate Keep

The Woods of Curlang

The Lost Peaks

Tall Trees

The Nameless Dungeon

Old Road

The High



Ice Mountains

Citadel Adbar

The Fork

Ascore

Nether Mountains

MORUEME'S CAVE

The Far Forests



Lellon

The Mere
of
Dead Men

Ruins of Iniarv's Tower

Southkrypt

Kryptgarden Forest

Westbr

The Stone

Reb Larch

Westwood

Bargewright Inn

Rebcliffs & the
Red Rocks

Village
of Amphail

Go
(te

Mount
Sar

Sancrag

The St

Mount
Hellmbrar

Hamlet of
Rassalantar

Malben's
Comb Tor

Waterdeep

The Rat Hills

Zunobridge

Ardeeforest

The Serpin



The Star Mounts

The Hall of Four Ghosts

The Halls of the Hunting Axe

Endless Caverns

Stronghold of the Nine

River Despair

Ironford

Quaintan's Creek

Goldenfields (temple-farm)

Stump Bog

The Crumbling Stair

The House of Stone

The Fallen Kingdom

Secomber

The Laughing Hollow

High Forest



■ Karse

The Dire Wood

The Sisters

The Shining Falls

Loubwater

Liorrh

South Wood

Graypeak Mountains

■ The Dungeon of the Hark

Bleached Bones Pass

High Gap

Dawn Pass

Delimbiyr "The River Shining"

Heariblood River

Mounts

Run



High Gap

The
Fallen
Lands

Dark Mountains

Dawn Pass

The Bones Pass

■ Ruins of
Dekanter

Weathercore Wood

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



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FORGOTTEN REALMS™

Official Game Accessory



Dreams of the Red Wizards

by Steve Perrin

An Accessory for Characters of All Levels
for use with the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Game World



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Dreams of The Red Wizards

by Steve Perrin

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Map of Thay 20-21

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INTRODUCTION

This book is a description of Thay, said by some to be the most evil land of the Forgotten Realms. It is the home of the powerful, evil Red Wizards, whose whim can move mountains and summon great demons to lay waste to armies. Besides the great magic that seems to fill every corner, the land is famed for its rich prosperity, with exquisite, exotic craftworks and rich culture. For all of these things, Thay is perhaps the best-known (and least-visited by those good men who value their freedom) of the Eastern Lands.

The realm is also known for its ancient heritage, byzantine government, and magical-based society. Its slave-traders and slave-gatherers are feared throughout the Realms, and its traveling wizards can walk unhampered through the most squalid streets of Tethyr. To most folk of the Realms, Thay is the great eastern threat, the land of bloody-handed wizards who at any moment might swirl across their borders on the backs of fire elementals and lay waste to the world.

Many of these fears have some basis in fact. This book attempts to lift the veil of rumor and reveal what the Wizards of Thay are truly capable of, and why the lands around the Inner Sea have a true cause to fear the Dreams of the Red Wizards.

How To Use This Book

This book has two uses for the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ game campaign DM. First, it provides a look at Thay and the lands surrounding it, complete with enough statistics that a BATTLESYSTEM™ Fantasy Combat Supplement campaign can be set up using the information supplied within and some translations from raw population statistics to BATTLESYSTEM Fantasy Combat Supplement characteristics. There are certainly sufficient reasons for Thay and her neighbors to go to war with one another, as you will see, and the strategic situation is sufficiently complex to make for some interesting maneuvers and battles.

Of course, this book also provides the necessary information for FORGOTTEN REALMS™ role-playing campaigns set in Thay and among her neighbors.

The second use for this book is to show how events in Thay and the surrounding countries can interact with adventures set anywhere in the Realms, from Neverwinter to Skuld, and everywhere in between.

If you are a DM whose campaign is set in the Realms, and wish to use Thay as a site for occasional adventures (see *Rescue!* in the appendices) or a complete campaign you should read the entire book, referring to the accompanying map when the wealth of information about the international relationships becomes overwhelming.

If you are going to allow player character magic-users who originate in Thay, study the chapter on Thayvian magic particularly closely. There are many differences between the standard AD&D® game system magic-user and a Red Wizard—no matter how far along the Red Wizard is in his studies. This is also necessary when looking at the descriptions of the major NPCs in the appendices. Looking at them with the eye of a standard AD&D game system DM will only confuse you.

If you are running player characters from other lands who are journeying to Thay, emphasize the rumored differences in magic without being specific. The players will learn about the real differences soon enough.

For a full campaign in Thay, be sure to look at the society and politics chapters closely. There are differences here that can be quite alien to the Western-Europe-style campaign possible even in Cormyr. There is an underlying evil to this society that is foreign to even Amn or Zhentil Keep. The people of Thay are different from the people of the western lands, and the differences can be subtle and trip up player and DM alike.

Of course, you are free to change some aspects of this culture to better fit your own playing style. If you are more comfortable with a society where the police can be counted on to enforce the

law, even if the laws are evil, then you may want to change the attitude of the gnoll patrols who maintain the law as they see it in the cities of Thay.

If you are more comfortable with a society in which everyone has some civil rights, then you will have to make some other, perhaps very subtle, changes in how this society looks at the adventurers who enter it.

And, of course, study the history and geography of both Thay and its neighbors. These are the foundation stones of heroic legends and current national politics, and both can be good foundations for exciting adventures as well.

Welcome to Thay. May you and your players' characters live through the experience.



HISTORY OF THAY

History of The Region

"The East" is shrouded in mystery to those lands to the west of the Inner Sea. The entire east and south is considered an area of vast magics and strange tyrannies. These considerations are quite close to the truth.

Before the beginning of the current Age, there were four great lands who controlled the east of the Inner Sea. In the north were Narfell and Raumathar, to the south were Unther and Mulhorand. The northern nations were relatively young, coalescing out of wandering tribes about a thousand years before the end of the previous age. Unther and Mulhorand had first appeared as that age was dawning.

The southern nations had long since found the Alamber Sea a sufficient border to keep their interests apart. They fought for trade rights and for possession of the few islands of the sea, but neither seriously invaded the other country. In the north, however, there were no such convenient barriers to the march of armies, and the two giants of the north were constantly at war. In these days, no one knows what their source of enmity was, but stories of their wars and heroes are still the staple of any wandering bard of the eastern Inner Seas.

Eventually, the two nations slew each other with great magics. Stories in books found in Myth Drannor tell of demons summoned, dragons called, and cities burned. The war came to an end with neither nation surviving. This took place about 1500 years ago, just before the explorers of Tethyr and Amn began to open up the Inner Sea to the current age.

Both Mulhorand and Unther moved to fill up some of the space left vacant by this catastrophe. Unther lept across the Eastern Reach to plant cities on that body of water's northern coast; Mulhorand founded the cities of Bezanur, Tyraturas, Amruthar, Delhumide, and Nethjet in an effort to reach the northern survivors of the great war. But both nations were already feeling

the first effects of the other great destroyer of empires: decadence.

Unther could not reach the elves of the Yuirwood with its traders or its armies. Rather than circumvent the forest, it sat where it was and first lost Altumbel, then the North Shore Coastal cities, to forces of rebellion against its smothering bureaucracy, led by the freethinking freebooters who led the migrations east from Amn. Then Unther retreated from the south shore under similar pressures. The city-states that remained formed a loose union known as Chessenta that still remains, though the unity of the cities is laughable to any true nation.

Mulhorand, perhaps because it had a land connection to the north, managed to hold on to its northern conquests longer, but eventually, lost them to a home-grown menace. About four hundred years ago, a sect calling itself the Red Wizards declared its freedom from the god-kings of Mulhorand. They rebelled from the rule of the theocracy and demanded more freedom for magic research.

The sect originally sprang up all over the old kingdom, but its center of strength was in the northern provinces, where the natives did not have the inbred reverence for the god-kings. The wizards led an army to raze the capital city of Delhumide and declared themselves the free nation of Thay. Then they marched south, taking the other cities of northern Mulhorand with little trouble.

Mulhorand roused itself from its stupor long enough to hire an immense mercenary army from Chessenta and send it into the land now called Thay by its new masters. The Red Wizards met this army on the farming plains of Thazalhar. The Wizards met the vastly superior numbers backed with some of the less apathetic priests of the god-kings with sorcery, including what has been described as a major demon, who slaughtered vast hordes of mercenaries before the invaders broke and ran.

Mulhorand effectively shrugged its massive shoulders, further fortified the city of Sultim and the River of the

Dawn, and turned over in its bed of apathy to sleep the sleep of decadence. Since then, Mulhorand has not claimed any part of Thay, though they have had to defend themselves, quite successfully, against two invasions from that upstart country.

Thay

Their independence secured, the Red Wizards set about to establish their own nation. The first order of business was sending the major demon back where it came from—an effort that cost them several Wizards. Then they established their capitol of Eltabbar (some say this is named after the demon) and began to order their new country.

Initially, the Red Wizards ruled their new nation themselves, gathering in a Council to make any necessary decisions. Each Wizard tried to extend his own powerbase, taking on apprentices and recruiting other wizards. Many magic-users from Mulhorand who had not participated in the rebellion immigrated to Thay to partake of the greater freedom for magic-users there. Within a century there were too many Wizards to operate as a ruling Council. Every decision was reached, when it was reached, only after weeks of debate. Moreover, magic-users are not well suited to governing. To remain good magi they must continually research and practice their craft. This leaves little time for statecraft and governance.

Recognizing the problem, the Red Wizards devised the current system (described in the Politics chapter of this book) of Tharchions ruling provinces and Zulkirs chosen from among the Red Wizards to rule the entire nation.

Thay's history since independence was gained is a cycle of internal strife, unification to try to conquer neighboring lands, and so on around the circle. The first major period of strife was directly after the foundation of the ruling Zulkirs, when objecting Wizards marshalled their forces and attempted to destroy this new government at birth. However, they were disorganized



and warred among themselves (several had kingly ambitions of their own) and the Zulkirs slowly established their rule over a period of almost 40 years by military victory and occasional co-opting of opponents into their ranks.

The Conquering Wizards

Since the establishment of their nation, the Red Wizards have had to trade (or steal) for many things they consider necessary for their lives. They would rather conquer and control the lands that produce these items, so the Zulkirs and Tharchions are continually scheming and planning to gather armies and march on one of their neighbors.

Invariably, those Wizards who are not in on the planning of the conquest decide that either (1) it is really just a scheme by the organizers to take over Thay itself or (2) the organizers will get too powerful and use their new power base to take over Thay and/or exact a revenge on the other Wizards for real or imagined slights. Thus, those left out of the planning either (1) try to subvert those working with the planners into sabotaging the effort or (2) try to take over the homefront power base of the planners while they are off conquering.

The fact that the Wizards not involved in the planning might be very right about the real motivations of the planners does not help build tranquility. Thus, the military history of Thay is one of grand conquests splendidly embarked upon that end in squabbling and disaster. However, the Wizards keep trying.

Current Operations

At this time, there are three major schemes of conquest in operation.

The first scheme of conquests consists of Szass Tam, Zulkir of Necromancy, and the Tharchion of Gauros, who are attempting once again to conquer Rashemen, this time behind an army of zombies.

The second scheme is masterminded

by the Tharchion of Thaymount and the Zulkir of the School of Divination, who have taken advantage of a period of Aglarondan laxity to march down off the Thaymount and take over the trading towns of Nethentir and Nethjet. There is also a second prong to their attack, but that is not immediately evident to the casual observer.

The third scheme is perhaps the most ambitious. The Zulkirs of Evocation and Conjunction have combined with the Tharchion of Lapendrar to open a gate to the Elemental Plane of Fire, assemble an army of salamanders and efreeti, and purge the North Coast of competitors to Bezantur once and for all.

Naturally, all this activity has not gone unnoticed. The Zulkir for Enchantment and Charm is most alarmed at all this adventurism, since his plan of steady assassination of heads of state has barely gotten off the ground.

This is the nation that adventurous player characters may be entering at any moment.

Timeline

– 150 DR Mutual Fall of Narfall and Raumathar

- | | | | |
|------------|---|------------|---|
| 1 DR | Founding of Cormyr | 1030 DR | Establishment of Zulkirs as ruling body of Thay |
| 163 DR | Founding of Altumbel | 1031-74 DR | Internal strife in Thay as Zulkirs continue to establish rule |
| 482 DR | Delthuntle and Laothkund break free of Unther | 1065 DR | Battle of Ingdal's Arm Brindor First King of Aglarond |
| 504-679 DR | Steady erosion of Unther's control of North Coast Cities | 1082 DR | Building of Emmech |
| 756 DR | First fisherfolk in Aglarond | 1085 DR | Building of Giants Wall |
| 823 DR | Mourktar breaks free of Unther | 1097 DR | Founding of Impiltur Imphras crowned King |
| 870 DR | Adventurers begin to clear the monsters out of the Yuirwood | 1104 DR | Birth of Zulkir Szass Tam |
| 922 DR | Battle of Thazalhar | 1117-54 DR | Breakup of Chessenta Alliance into squabbling city-states |
| 929 DR | Alliance of Chessenta drives Unther back beyond the Riders To The Sky mtns. | 1122 DR | Imbrar King of Impiltur |
| 934 DR | First Thay invasion of Rashemen | 1127 DR | Ilmara Queen of Impiltur |
| 937 DR | Alliance of the Cities of The Golden Way into Thesk | 1128 DR | Althon King of Aglarond |
| 975 DR | Telflamm annexes Nyth and Culmaster and establishes own nation | 1132 DR | Creation of Long Portage |
| | | 1142 DR | Redsail the pirate retires to Aglarond |
| | | 1159 DR | Zulkir Szass Tam becomes lich |
| | | 1189 DR | Elthond King of Aglarond |
| | | 1169 DR | Imphras II King of Impiltur |
| | | 1194 DR | Battle of Singing Sands Philaspur King of Aglarond |
| | | 1197 DR | Battle of Brokenheads Grey Sisters Queens of Aglarond |
| | | 1225 DR | Lashlimbrar King of Impiltur |
| | | 1237 DR | Marriage of Thara of Aglarond to Elthar of Milvarune |
| | | 1257 DR | Halacar king of Aglarond |
| | | 1260 DR | Battle of Lapendrar Ilione Queen of Aglarond |
| | | 1294 DR | Rilimbrar King of Impiltur |
| | | 1317-23 DR | Great Plague of the Inner Sea |
| | | 1317 DR | Targuth Athkarr becomes Huhong of Rashemen |
| | | 1320 DR | Simbul Queen of Aglarond |
| | | 1334 DR | Hyarmon Hussilthar becomes Huhong of Rashemen |
| | | 1338 DR | Sambryl Queen of Impiltur |
| | | 1357 DR | The Present |



The Lands Surrounding Thay

To a large extent, the history of Thay is that of the neighboring nations. The following is a brief description of the histories of these nations and how they relate to their imperialistic neighbor.

Aglarond

Initially a wilderland inhabited only by a few sylvan elves, satyrs, and the fell forest denizens known more to men in fable than in fact (owlbears, stirges, and the like), Aglarond was little disturbed by men as settlement spread east across the Inner Sea an age ago.

Often visited by pirates and others seeking a temporary refuge or timber to cut, Aglarond remained unsettled for many long winters. A few hermits eked out an existence in coastal caves and later Aglarond became something of a retirement refuge for pirates—those too old, notorious, or badly maimed to continue faring. At length, fishermen seeking untouched areas moved to Aglarond's shores, and slowly small settlements of fisher-folk took hold on the rocky coasts. These villagers faced the sea, and although the woods at their backs seldom erupted to endanger them, they did not explore inland, or boldly cut and fell timber in the manner of the settlers of Cormyr, Sembia, and the Dalelands. The far-off pinnacle and the endless woods remained hostile places for generations; those who ventured too far in did not return.

As the woodcutting slowly ate away at the forest edge, skirmishes with owlbears and satyrs became more common, and were-creatures began to appear. Adventurers on the run or seeking employment also began to arrive in Aglarond, and for a brief, bloody decade still vivid in the songs and travelers' tales, men slaughtered the most dangerous and aggressive of Aglarond's monsters.

As the dangers of the wood grew fewer, hunters and fur-trappers ventured further inland—and eventually

discovered that the elves of Aglarond had grown few and humble, weakened by disease and continual warfare with the mountain trolls and the dark elves of the mountain depths. Most of the fisher-folk remained ignorant (and fearful) of the forest depths, and did not venture far into the trees, but the hunters and adventurers fought the trolls and (rarely) the drow, knowing the elves first as wary allies and then as friends—and within another generation a proud (if few in number) half-elven folk had come into being in the depths of the woods, the elves being completely absorbed into the half-elven stock. Over the next decade, the drow "went under" (ground) and came to Aglarond no more, the trolls were nearly eradicated, and the satyrs all left Aglarond or perished in the forest wars, until the half-elves came to rule all of Aglarond's wooded interior. Indiscriminate woodcutting continued around the villages of Oskur and Slusk in particular, and at length the half-elves grew angry enough to move down into the fishing villages and take over.

This led to several armed skirmishes, notably a pitched battle at the remote anchorage of Ingdal's Arm, in which the "pure" humans perished to a man, but at length the half-elves prevailed.

For a time there was ill-feeling, but the just rule of the half-elven (and their undeniable and ever-increasing blood ties to the fisher-folk) soon welded the people into a loyal fellowship under the rule of a king. The first king (the senior warleader of the elves) was the aged Brindor; he established a fighting corps of veterans and youths, named an heir (as he had no surviving mate or offspring of his blood) and began a tradition of government by monarchy and council, each village choosing a representative or elder to be a part of the council, to advise and debate with the king. Those who could not accept the rule of the King moved west, into Altumbel, or north and east into Thesk. Theskan raiders (and later, the growing threat of Thay) were countered by Brindor's only great engineering works:

the fortress of Emmech, at the mouth of the UMBER, and the "Wall of Giants", constructed by giants in return for some mysterious magical service Brindor gave them, which prevented any army that crossed the UMBER Marshes from sweeping into Aglarond's growing farms.

Brindor's heir, Althon, began a great program of irrigation, road-building, and careful husbandry of the much-shrunken woods of Aglarond; eventually to become known as Althon "the Old", he lived nearly a hundred winters, and in his time Aglarond grew into a strong and happy realm, despite the growing power of Thay and the many cities along the coast to the south of what is now known as the Yuirwood. (The wood gained this name because of the Yuir, the name of the original elven tribe that lived there). Althon had two sons, Elthond and Philaspur. Elthond perished in the first great battle against the forces of Thay, Singing Sands (1194 DR, so-called for the lamenting women of Aglarond, who cried and sang all night as they took up the bodies of their slain men from the sands around Emmech), and Philaspur reigned thereafter, perishing himself at the fortress of Glarondar in the battle of Brokenheads (1197 DR). Philaspur's daughters, Thara and Ulae, ruled together after his death: long and well. Known as the "gray sisters" for their raiment, they developed their magical arts to awesome heights, and were believed to have thwarted many forces from Thay ere these reached Aglarond's borders, by means of shrewd dweomerwork. In their later years, both took husbands—Thara wedding Elthar of Milvarune, gaining thereby the friendship of Thesk (which survives to this day); and Ulae wedding the forester Ilion. Thara and Elthar had no children, but Ulae bore a son, Halacar, and a daughter, Ilione.

Halacar reigned from the death of his mother (1257 DR) through a disastrous campaign against Thay, and died of poison, it is thought in the winter of 1260 DR, without wife or offspring. His sister Ilione came to the throne inexpect-



rienced, but was wiser than Halacar, and carefully built Aglarond's strength, immediately naming as heir her apprentice, the young and mysterious sorceress known only as The Simbul, and ruling long and wisely as Aglarond prospered.

Iliane died of plague in 1320 DR, and since that time the Simbul has ruled the realm with magery greater than any known in the Inner Sea lands since the fall of Myth Drannor; she is thought to still live, and Aglarond still survive, because she personally overmatches even the infamous Red Wizards of Thay.

If the Simbul herself has apprentices or a chosen heir, she has not publicly identified any such to the Council. Her style as Queen of Aglarond (a title she never uses, preferring to be known only as "The Simbul") is her own, different from her predecessors and counterparts in other realms. As Mirt of Waterdeep once said, "Ah, that Lady—she goes her own way." That way must needs be a narrow and often treacherous one; Aglarond's future may well hang in the balance.

The royal banner of Aglarond is three white stars on a royal blue field.

Impiltur

Impiltur was formed two hundred and sixty winters ago, when the city states of Lyrabar, Hlammach, Dilpur, and Sarshel united under Imphras, war-captain of Lyrabar, to face the menace of hobgoblin hordes advancing from the Giantspire mountains, from whence they had only raided sporadically before.

The human armies, bolstered by wood elves from the Grey Forest and dwarves from the Earthfast Mountains, met the hobgoblins in the High Pass west of the River Icehilt, and there was great slaughter. The High Pass was "choked with the bodies of the fallen, and blood began to flow like a river ere it froze; a red river that ran down out of the heights, onto the rocks below." This bitter struggle went on, day and night,

in the cold, until on the afternoon of the fourth day, the exhausted human defenders were pushed back, out of the heights, and forced down onto the plain—for although they fought valiantly, and commanded the natural heights and strongpoints of the Pass, the hobgoblins "were without number or end," as the sage Amphyr (who was a Bowman in the battle) put it, and just kept coming over the bodies of their own forces, until they wore out the defenders.

Imphras fled across the plain, harried by the hobgoblins, until he reached Bluefang water, where he rallied his men to stand against the invaders. Some came against him; twice his own force at least—but others ignored the warriors and ran southwards, past the men of Imphras, to take and loot the cities on the coast.

And there the hobgoblins were met by the women the warriors had left behind, with swords in their hands, and among them stood Soargar, the old archmage of Lyrabar, standing with two sticks; and the young sorceress Sambral, and her guest, the archmage Velgarbrin of Baldur's Gate—and these last three unleashed magics that have never again been seen so gathered on one field from that day to this; the earth opened, hobgoblins were snatched into the air by invisible hands—and hurled to earth again, balls of fire crackled and roared all about the screaming hordes, and lightning leaped and hobgoblins fell.

When at last the spells were done, the hobgoblins were fewer than before, but still they came forward, to cut down the women—and then Imphras with his few surviving men fell on their rear like a scythe takes down grass, and they fell and were routed.

The gathered folk of the cities encamped upon the plain and Soargar breathed his last, drained of life by the use of his art, yet content, and he bade the elders of all the cities make Imphras their general, against the hobgoblins coming again. They did so, and Soargar told Imphras of the lost crown of Nar-

fell, a thing of wondrous magic hidden in the old dweomercrafter's tower in Lyrabar, where it had slumbered these many years, and of magic swords there—and then fell dead, smiling. And Imphras took the crown, and raised a small tower at Filur, and ruled there, and in time wed Sambral and had heirs.

But it was not in his time that the hobgoblins came again. Sambral died, and after grieving Imphras followed. Their son Imbrar took the throne. His sister Ilmara became a sorceress under Mhilra of Milvarune, and found scrying stones of lost Myth Drannor in her adventures, and founded Ilmwatch. In those stones she found the hobgoblins stirring. Imbrar went up against the hobgoblins before they could attack the realm, and he was not seen again, but neither were the hobgoblins. And the magical swords that he and his guard wore, the legacy from Soargar, were lost.

Ilmara, sorrowing, took up the crown of Narfell and the rule in Filur, and after forty winters took to husband Rilaun of Sarshal, a young warrior half her age, and had a son, whom she named Imphras, and crowned king. Rilaun was wroth, and took arms to seize the crown, but he was murdered ere he could take it, and Imphras II reigned with his mother as regent until he was 16 winters old.

And in time he took to wife Lasheela of Dilpur, and had many sons; and the crown passed to Lashimbrar, and then to his son Rilimbrar, and then to Rilimbrar's eldest daughter, Sambryl.

Sambryl is a mage of power (CG 17th level M-U) who does not like to rule; so she walks the kingdom freely, leaving the defense of the realm in the hands of twelve lords of the Realm tall descendants of Imphras II): Kyhraun; Imbrar; Lashilaun; Soargilm; Haelimbrar; Sambrar; Rilimbraun; Imbraun; Silmgar, Silaunbrar; and Rilaunyr.

Impiltur today is a war-ready realm, still on the frontiers of civilized lands, but largely at peace and friendly with its neighbors of Telflamm, Thesk, Rashemen, and Aglarond. With these



nations it keeps a wary eye on Thay, supporting them all in their occasional wars with that realm of wizardry because Impiltur knows that if any of these realms should fall, Thay would be nowhere as friendly a neighbor.

Impiltur is still a land of opportunity for the daring and hard-working; rich new copper, silver, and iron lodes have been found north of Lyrabar and near the High Pass, and trade is increasing in the area.

The arms of Impiltur are a crossed sword and wand on a dun banner, bordered in scarlet.

Telflamm

When Thesk was formed, the Heirarch of the coastal city of Telflamm was snubbed by the autocrats of Phsalt and Milvarune. As a result, Telflamm refused to join with the other cities in their union, and kept its satellites, Culmaster and Nyth, from joining as well.

Despite this history of hostility, Telflamm is friendly to Thesk, and while they are ostensibly trade rivals, they cooperate in defense and safeguarding their shares of the Golden Way.

Telflamm is a favorite port for adventurers coming to the Eastern Realms. They specialize in outfitting adventurers, and maps to the treasures of Raumathar and Narfell are a stock in trade of the city. Some of them are even accurate, though they tend to lead to already-looted sites. Still, one never knows what previous looters may have missed. . .

Telflamm has never been conquered. It is of much more use as an open city.

Thesk

This is the land between Aglarond and Impiltur. Its main reason for existence is the trading path called The Golden Way which has been traditional for traders from the north and east since before the current age. At one time it was controlled by Raumathar. When

that nation died in its mutual war of extinction with Narfell, the inns and trading stations along the Golden Way (each established approximately 1 day's slow packhorse's travel away from its neighbors) became centers for the refugees from the kingdom's destruction.

The easternmost of the cities became part of the new land of Rashemen. The others were briefly under the sway of Mulhorand, but aside from collecting taxes, the god-kings had little to do with the people that far north.

The cities banded together and allied themselves with the people of the forest and hills. They called themselves Thesk after the mountain ridge in the center of the lands they claimed. Together, they drove out the Mulhorani tax collectors and established their loose confederacy. When the Red Wizards first rose, the cities of Thesk supported them to establish a buffer state between them and the ancient empire to the south. They have since come to regret this decision, but live with their aggressive neighbor as best they can.

The government of this land is an oligarchy made up of the rulers of the trading cities along the Golden Way from Two-Stars to Milvarune, which acts as the capital (mostly because it is so far removed from Thay).

The Nomads

The nomadic tribes who run their flocks in the Mountains of Thesk in the center of the land also protect the cities and are a thorn in the side of any invading army from Thay. Their tactics are ideally suited to hit-and-run and they work in such a scattered fashion that mass destruction spells cannot damage very many at a time.

The nomad magic-users are mostly shamans, but shamans who have grown in power (perhaps because of the proximity to Thay) so that they are equivalent to Druids. They use many of the same spells, with some differences because of their plains and hills existence.

However, the main reason Thay has

not overwhelmed Thesk, or at least taken its easternmost trading cities away from it, is that it would leave them with very vulnerable flanks to Rashemen, Aglarond, and even Impiltur. The Red Wizard policy has traditionally been to secure the flanks, first.

Relations with Others Nations

During the establishment of Aglarond, raiders from Thesk would terrorize the small villages that make up that country. However, the traders of Thesk soon came to realize that the Aglarondans would be far better trading partners than victims. The marriage of one of the rulers of Aglarond to one of the princes of Thesk cemented the relationship, and now they are fast friends.

The city of Telflamm is a trading rival, but supports them against Thay and acts as a convenient duty-free seaport in Thesk's relationships with other nations.

When not fighting Thay, Thesk is glad to act as an intermediary between Thay and potential trading partners who dislike supporting the economy of a slaver nation like Thay. Theskite merchants buy Thayvian produce and products and sell them at generous profits to Impiltur, Cormyr, and anywhere in between.

The rough nation of Impiltur is one of Thesk's main customers for all manner of commodities.

Mulhorand

This "Sleeping Giant" has been in existence through three ages of the Realms. An age ago it was a vital and aggressive power, controlling most of the Alamber Sea and the entire Priador plateau. The god-kings were said to be "in their prime."

Now the god-kings (who seem to be exactly the same people) are said to be "in their dotage," and Mulhorand is a sleepy and decadent land. The god-kings make occasional pronouncements from their towering palaces in



Skuld, the City of Shadows, but the country is really run by the bureaucrats of the temple, who are happiest when everything happens just as it has happened for the last two thousand years.

Mulhorand has not attempted conquest since the Red Wizards drove it back from Thay. But it is a rich land, with great natural resources and a heritage of priestly sorcery and enchantment.

It is well known that there is a wealth of magical items available to the rulers of Mulhorand, should they ever care to use them. The Statues that Walk are only one of hundreds of such items in the land, and most of the items are available to the lords and military of that land should it be seriously threatened; therefore, everyone just lets the sleeping giant lay, hoping that something will happen to it to let all of that magic free to the other kingdoms of the Inner Sea.

Mulhorand is unique in the Realms in that magic-users are subservient to the

church of the land and must be acolytes of the temple (though they study and use their magic in the usual way). This church control of magic is one of the major reasons why the Red Wizards broke away from Mulhorand and formed their own country.

Visiting magic users must register at the temples of the god-kings and either pledge to support one of the temples with their magic or suffer their spellbooks to be sealed. Breaking the seal notifies the officials of the act, and the temple guards, which include their own magic-users, are quick to respond.

The people of Mulhorand, when they think about Thay at all, consider it a province that will return to the fold when they realize the folly of magic unsupervised by priests. The god-kings are still called Protectors of the Priador whenever their entire list of titles is announced by a herald anywhere in the Eastern Realms.

Like Thay, Mulhorand is a slave state, with most of the slaves concentrated in the great temple farms controlled by

the church of the god kings. All slaves are considered to be owned by the god-kings, not individual owners, and must be rented from the church.

Rashemen

This land has existed since the mutual destruction of Raumathar and Narfell, before the beginning of the current Age. Sages speculate that Rashemen, or the Far Land as it is known, is the last remnant of Raumathar, but if so, they have retained no knowledge of that fabled ancient kingdom.

Apparently, Rashemen existed in relative isolation until the founding of Thay and the first Thayvian expedition to conquer that land. At that time, the Witches of Rashemen made their presence felt for the first time and the Red Wizard army was destroyed in one flurry of sorcerous might. Since then, the legions of the Red Wizards have faced off against the "fangs" of Rashemen over the border formed by Lake Mulsantir and the Gorge of Gauros, a



stalemate broken only by occasional Thay incursions which are destroyed or repelled by the Witches and the stalwart fighters of Rashemen.

Rashemen is ruled by a Huhrong, or Iron Lord. The present Iron Lord is Hyarmon Huzzilthar, a grizzled, gray-and-white bearded veteran of seventy-six winters; he has directed "the fangs of Rashemen" for twenty-three winters. since he was chosen by the Witches in a process they do not reveal. He replaced the senile "Old Wolf", Targuth Athkarr, who in his turn held the High Seat in Immilmar for seventeen winters, after the death of his predecessor, Lethgar Mimdusko. Targuth was taken in by the Witches, and never seen again; he is believed to have been carefully tended until death, for the Witches (as Rashemi say) "are like that."

Details of Rashemen history, aside from the annals of Thayvian invasions routed, are not easily come by. Very few of the populace are literate and the Witches are the keepers of lore, and they do not disseminate this information to common travelers.

City of Amruthar

Amruthar was founded by the god-kings of Mulhorand in their efforts to colonize the northern lands of the Inner Sea after the mutual self-destruction of Narfell and Raumthar. Its location on the Lapendrar is a strategic one, and it has been an important trading city since its inception.

During the war of rebellion against Mulhorand, the city fathers of Amruthar sided with the wizards immediately, offering them alliance. This is one reason that the city has never been under the sway of the Red Wizards since the establishment of Thay.

Theoretically, this is an independent city, with the the River of Sorrows (Lapendrar) keeping it from Thay.

Actually, Amruthar is a puppet state depending entirely on the whim of the Red Wizards. Just now, it serves as a convenient trading center for those countries whose merchants do not

wish to deal with the Red Wizards, but find the money of their agents in Amruthar to be just fine.

The city does have lively politics, with three main groups vying for control.

THE REALISTS want to keep Thay happy and themselves free. In short, this is the status quo party and, counting the citizens who think everything is just fine and refuse to have anything to do with politics, is by far the largest party.

THE AGLARONDANS want to invite Aglarond in to govern them. Since Aglarond has no inclination towards extending itself out that close to Thay, this is not a very realistic party.

THE INDEPENDENTS wish to sever all ties with Thay, impose severe duties on Thayvian goods, and generally treat Thay as if it were just another country, and not a very popular one, at that. This party is halfway between the Realists and the Aglarondans in size.

Thazalhar

This once-rich farmland is now a buffer zone between Thay and Mulhorand. It was devastated in the war between the Mulhorand and the rebels who founded Thay.

Now the land is called "one vast graveyard." Farmers no longer till its enriched soil and it lies fallow and barren.

The Coastal Cities

The cities of Delthuntle, Nethra, Teth, Laothkund, Hilbrand, Lasdur, Taskaunt, Escalant, Murbant, and Thas-selen are known as the Coastal Cities, the Cities of the North Coast (of the Eastern Reach), and the Free Cities. They were established by settlers from Unther at the dawning of the new age and later on by pioneers from the West. The easternmost cities have been under the control of Thay at one time or another for the last four hundred years, but are currently free.

Each city is independent, but they have a loose association for purposes of

mutual defense and some trade pacts. The Western cities, which perceive themselves as less in peril from the Red Wizards, are usually slow to respond to a threat to their eastern neighbors from Thay.

Of these "cities," most are actually towns. Only Delthuntle, Laothkund, Hilbrand and Escalant are truly cities, with populations over 5,000 people. Delthuntle and Laothkund have populations of about 50,000 each, Hilbrand and Escalant about 20,000 each.

The cities have fought among themselves and against their trade rivals in Chessenta more often than they have fought Thay or any other invader. Wars among the cities are fought by mercenaries, mostly from Chessenta, and the warfare is one of maneuver and advantage, with one city's forces surrendering if they are obviously outmatched by a foeman.

At this point in time, the cities of Lasdur, Taskaunt, Murbant, and Tahasselen are in flames. See Adventures, "Fire Time."

PEOPLE AND SOCIETY OF THAY

In most of the lands of the Inner Sea, the dominant human racial stock is similar to the men and women of Amn and Tethyr. However, the racial mixture of Thay is almost totally divided between two other racial stocks, with a scattering of the type more familiar to the inhabitants of the western realms of the Inner Sea.

The basic lower and middle class stock of Thay consists of short, hairy, swarthy, sturdy folk; the same stock found in neighboring Rashemen. This body type, called the Rashemi, can be found in the lower free classes and among the slowly-growing middle class of the country. In fact, the middle class is more likely to fall into this category than the lowest class of slaves, since the Red Wizards buy slaves from all over the Realms, and the slaves are of all lands and body types.

The rulers of Thay, on the other hand, are slightly taller and slimmer than their subjects (though not as tall as most Western men), with much less body hair and a sallow rather than swarthy skin. This is the body type most commonly found in the lands of Unther and Mulhorand, which is hardly surprising, since the rulers of Thay are the descendants of Mulhorani who broke away from that ancient kingdom. This body type is called the Mulan.

The Population of Thay

Thay is an ancient land, and has been the home of three different nations. Compared to many lands, it is quite populous.

Counting the slave population, there are about 1.5 million sentient people within the borders of Thay. This is an estimate, as the Zulkirs consider any such information potentially hazardous to the security of the country, and they refuse to take a census. Probably the best-counted members of the society are the slaves, as the slave owners have to keep some record of how many they have and how much they are produc-

ing, but there is no central repository for these records and individual slave owners are leery of letting anyone know the extent of their holdings.

Due to the centrally organized farming, where most is done on large slave farms, there is a higher proportion of population in the cities to the people on the farms than is common in the western realms where the farming is done mostly by small collections of free farmers or serfs of small landholders. About 300,000 people live in the cities, the other 1,200,000 in the wayside villages and slave farms. Of the city dwellers, about half are slaves, but in the country, the proportion of slaves to freemen is about seven to one.

In general, there are three social classes in Thay.

The Nobility

These are the rulers of Thay, and comprise both the Tharchions and Tharchionesses who rule the various regions and the Red Wizards themselves.

Members of the Bureaucracy are also among the nobility as are the Autharches who rule sub-regions in the name of the Tharchions.

The nobility is almost entirely comprised of the slim, sallow, folk from Mulhorand, but a few of the lower classes have managed to impress some wizards with their magical ability and be elevated to the rank of wizard's apprentice. Some of the Rashemi have now become members of the Red Wizards.

Traditionally, nobles of Thay disdain and abhor body hair (something of a trial for those of Rashemi descent). Men are known to grow facial hair even as they shave their heads. Women commonly shave their heads and decorate their shaved pates with artistic designs. Sometimes the designs are permanent tatoos, but most are just body paint, and frequently changed. This custom is mainly honored among the Tharchions and Tharchionesses, though most Red Wizards also follow the style when they

have the time.

Presumed Red Wizards have been seen outside of Thay with beards and normal body hair. Most of these are obviously of Rashemi descent (part of a program of proving their worthiness by taking on missions to foreign lands), but even Mulani have been seen in such condition. It is thought that, without their specially-trained slave barbers, Red Wizards would rather grow their hair than risk cutting it by themselves or entrusting their heads to local barbers.

There are several noble families in Thay and, as a sign of the possible upward mobility in Thayvian society, new noble families are being started all the time.

In general, anyone appointed to the position of Tharchion (see Politics) or Autharch is automatically noble, and his immediate family (spouse[s], children) is also ennobled. Any other family members including siblings are not ennobled, but, since nepotism is standard in Thay, can expect to become nobility soon.

Red Wizards are also automatically nobles, and they ennoble their immediate families as well.

If the children of a Tharchion do not become Tharchions or Autharches themselves, or children of Red Wizards do not become wizards, they are still nobility. Once a Thayvian becomes a noble, it is almost impossible to take that status away from his family. Only the unanimous decision of the Zulkirs can remove the status of nobility; this is usually done by outlawing the family, arresting all accessible members, and turning the survivors of the arresting process into slaves.

It is not necessary to get all the Zulkirs upset with you to have a downward change in fortunes. Noble families also disappear because of the backstabbing politics of Thay. A family with many sons and siblings and with tentacles of power everywhere in the country can vanish overnight if the right collection of enemies decide the family is getting too powerful for the enemies' good.



Some of the current influential families include:

The Agneh: This family has a long history of Tharchions and Wizards in its membership. The most illustrious current member is Mari Agneh, Tharchioness of Bezantur, who was the black sheep of the family because of her past as an adventuring thief until she was appointed to her current post. She has embraced her family again and appointed most of them to official posts within her city government. Many people have noticed that these posts are those with the most prestige for the least work-a-situation about which the family members have never been heard to protest. The Agneh clan is the leading family of Bezantur.

The Canos: This family is on the rise politically. Though there are no Red Wizards involved with this group, they number a Tharchion, Mikal Canos of Delhumide, and a Tharchioness, Thesaloni Canos of the Aldor. The family has built itself up by its military reputation.

The Daramos: This is a new family, based around the Tharchion of Thazalhar and consisting of him, his wife (who rides as a member of his guard) and their two small children.

The Flass: This family is on the downturn, though it has had a couple of influential Red Wizards among its membership. The Tharchioness of Eltabbar is one of the family, but she has distanced herself from the clan for some years over an almost-forgotten dispute.

The Kren: This is a fairly new family which initially gained prominence due to the efforts of its progenitor, a woman who became a Red Wizard. Her daughter took after her father, however, and is now the Tharchion of Gauros.

The Mediocros: This family gained its position two hundred years ago when their progenitor became Tharchion of Eltabbar. Now, the leading member of the family is Valerios Theokillos, Tharchion of Pyarados. The family maintains its seat in that border city and attempt to sponge off their scion, but he

has little time for them. He would much rather deal with his old adventuring friends and they are the ones who have reaped most of the benefits of his largesse.

The Odesseiron: This is an ancient family in Thay, its progenitor was one of the wizards who brought the Demon Prince to this plane and fought off the invaders from Mulhorand. For the most part, the Odesseirons have been Wizards. Homen Odesseiron, Tharchion of Surthay, is the first to gain status as a Tharchion. He is also somewhat famous as the first person to be a member of four Schools of Magic simultaneously, even though he never officially gained the title of Wizard.

The Tam: This is one of the more ancient families of Thay, not only in lineage but in age of its membership. Its head, Zulkir Szass Tarn, is only the third person to hold that position under conditions that are explained in the Notable Persons of Thay section of this book. At this point, we can only say that the seat of the Tam family is commonly referred to as "The Necropolis."

Noble Titles of Thay

One way of distinguishing the working nobility from the non-working variety in Thay is the titles they bear. A Tharchion or Autharch is a leader of the bureaucracy and the equivalent of a civil servant. They are the working nobility. They are referred to as "Lord" or "Lady" or "Your Eminence."

Red Wizards are referred to as "Master" (the sex does not matter) or "Your Omnipotence." The rest of the nobility is referred to as Daeron or Daeronness (literally "noble-born") and referred to personally as "Sir" or "Mistress" or "Your Excellency" or "Your Honor." Higher ranking nobles (the Tharchions and Autharches) rarely bother with such formal titles when talking to lower-ranking nobles.

High ranking priests are called "Lord Priest" (or other, higher, title) or "Your Omniscience." They have no official status in Thay, but still maintain a lot of

social status. Which churches exist in Thay and how powerful they are is covered under Religions of Thay.

The Middle Class

Thay has little experience of a middle class, and merchants and tradesmen are generally considered to be just another form of laborer. Since all agriculture is done on slave-run plantations, there is no experience at all of the middle class yeoman farmer that distinguishes so many Western Realms.

In actual fact, with the foiling of several of the Red Wizards' plans for expansion at the expense of their neighbors, tradesmen and traders have become the source of much of what Thay needs to exist. The Red Wizards have recognized this sufficiently to use the legitimate traders of Thay as a cover for their own deprivations among the other kingdoms of the Inner Sea.

Because of the independence of individual members of the ruling class, there is no government regulation of the middle class. This is both a blessing and a curse to merchants and tradesmen. Depending on the Tharch they inhabit, they may be freewheeling entrepreneurs, treating Tharchion and Wizard alike as almost an equal, or they may have to swear fealty to a particular ruler and go to him for permission for any deal they wish to consummate or project they wish to commence. What is worse for these people is that these rules can change with a change in each ruler, which in the assassination-haunted halls of Thay can happen overnight.

The middle class approach to grooming is to be as neat as possible. Because of the rules governing slave grooming, no peasant or merchant is too hairy-shaving is common, and women's hairstyles tend to be shorter than those found elsewhere in the Realms. No peasant wants to be mistaken for a slave.



Slaves

Because of the need to keep many peasants under arms (and the loss of the same peasants in various attempts at conquest) Thay depends on a slave economy. Legitimate traders go throughout the Realms trying to purchase criminals and any other possible candidates for slavery. Of course, they cannot purchase anyone sentenced to limited slavery for a period of time, as the sentencing authority would have no way of knowing that the criminal had been released after his term was spent. However, enough lands use permanent slavery as a punishment that the slave traders are able to find many candidates for the slave pens of Thay. Some Inner Sea countries use "slavery and sale to the merchants of Thay" as a special punishment for especially heinous crimes.

However, most criminals do not have the special requirements that some slaveholders of Thay have. The Red Wizards meet these needs with their own special slavers—the dregs of the Inner Sea are hired to go out and find the ideal candidates, kidnap them, and turn them over to the Red Wizards to become slaves.

Slavery in Thay is universally dreaded throughout the Realms around the Inner Sea. Aside from the meager food and/or hard labor and/or degradation that is the probable lot of any slave in the few lands that allow for any form of slavery, Thayvian slaves are likely to become subjects of experiments, fed to exotic monsters that demand human flesh, or be slaughtered in depraved ceremonies.

Slaves who have been in Thay for more than a month can always be told apart from the peasantry because slaves are not allowed to cut their hair, no matter where on their bodies it grows.

Since the nobles of Thay are also very careful of cleanliness, this means that part of a slave's daily chores is washing an ever-growing head and, sometimes, body of hair.

Under normal circumstances, the slave hair is piled up in masses on the head of the slave, but any slave who is not on his or her master's business must wear his or her hair down, so that they can be told as slaves immediately.

It is possible for a slave to get permission to cut his hair, but it can never be cut to less than half way down the slave's back.

If a slave's hair must be cut for medical reasons, the first question is whether it would not be easier to let the slave die. If they decide to keep him alive, he is shaved where needed, then kept in seclusion until the hair grows out again.

Demi-Humans in Thay

Besides the dominant human population of Thay and the inevitable orcish tribes in the Thaymount and Sunrise mountains, the largest single humanoid tribe in Thay is gnolls. Gnoll mercenaries made up part of the Red Wizards' army of rebellion, and their reward was continued employment in the armies of the Thay and retirement to communities on the borders of the country, particularly the Thaymount and Gorge of Gauros.

Under these conditions, antithetical as they are to the usual form of gnoll habitation, the descendants of the mercenaries thrived. They have made a home for themselves in Thay and can be found throughout the country, usually working as mercenaries and law-enforcers. Thayvian law being what it is, gnolls get a great deal of pleasure out of enforcing it. Unlike their wilder brethren, Thayvian gnolls are neutral evil, not chaotic evil.

It is said that there are dwarves and gnomes in the Sunrise mountains, but they have little to do with the Red Wizards; their sole contact is with the raiding parties that enter the Sunrise Mountains looking for slaves.

Of elves there are none in Thay, except as slaves. Thayvian wizards do not buy adult elves as slaves, but occasionally buy children that they can be sure have not yet learned magic. The

drow underneath Aglarond are said to have embassies in Thay, and they may have their own colonies under Thay, but they are not part of the life of the country. Elven adventurers in Thay are remarked on and watched closely.

Halflings are present in Thay as slaves, and, to some extent, as free citizens. Some halfling mercenaries did a favor for a Red Wizard and retired to Bezantur on the proceeds. Their families joined them and now there are halflings in all the cities. The halflings who settle in Thay find the paranoia of Thay's rulers a fertile field for scams and con games—and there is always work for a good thief who doesn't take up much space.

Centaurus can be found throughout Thay, usually as guards on the slave farms. These centaurs were originally inhabitants of Aglarond who were driven out by the half-elves because of their thieving ways and were welcomed by the Tharchion of Thaymount as mercenaries. There is a centaur legion (sponsored by one of the Red Wizards) in the standing army of Thay, and centaurs usually have the run of the roads of Thay.

This does not prevent centaurs from becoming slaves for real or imagined infractions.

Sahuagin are found in Bezantur and on the Aldor fairly frequently. In Thay the sahuagin have found a society they understand, and such trading as they do with the air breathers is done through Thay. Their kingdom in the Alamber Sea is a firm Thayvian ally (as firm as any alliance with the sahuagin can be).

The Society of Thay

Essentially, Thay is an evil society. Overall, the alignment of the country is neutral evil, but this can vary from lawful evil (usually but not always exemplified by the Tharchions and Zulkirs) to chaotic evil (usually exemplified by the actions of many of the Red Wizards who are not Zulkirs).

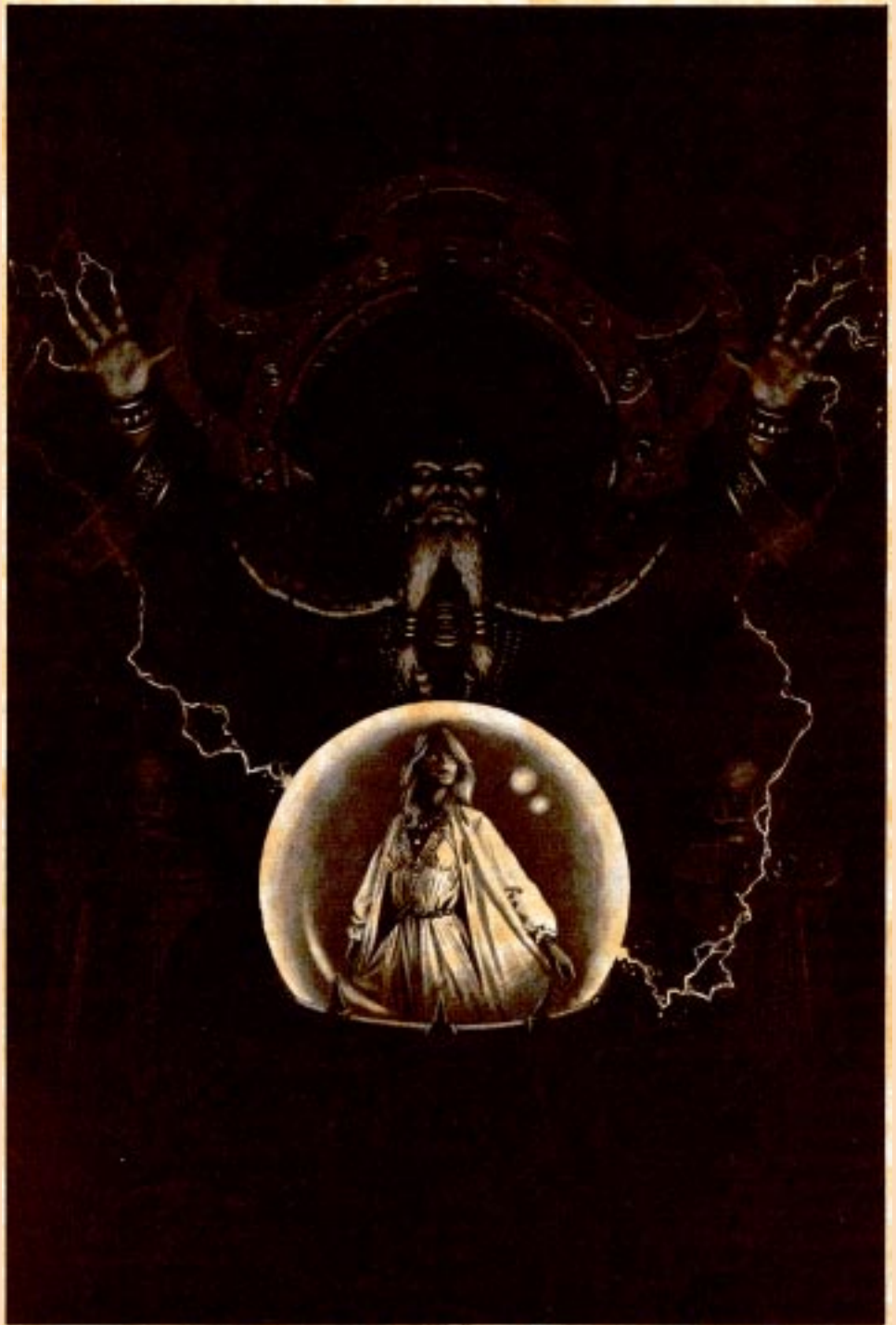
But wherever one may be in Thay, the



rulers and most of their followers are driven by greed and megalomania and paranoia. Each member of the society seems to be dedicated to raising himself to the highest possible pinnacle of success, preferably on the backs of his friends, family, and associates. Not everyone living in Thay feels this way, but it is the way of the majority. It helps explain why members of the ruling class have many acquaintances and associates, but very few friends.

This makes for an almost chaotic evil society, but chaos is kept away by a structure of traditions and laws that allow for the Red Wizards having almost total freedom to do as they please, but just enough restraint through societal pressure and the threat of retribution by all the other wizards to keep Thay from disintegrating into a million tiny magocracies, each with a king mage on top trying to destroy all the other little magic kingdoms.

Part of the unwritten traditions and motivations of the Red Wizards is their envy of the god-kings of Mulhorand. They rebelled from that land to escape the overlordship of these avatars of powerful gods, and established a society that they hope will lead them to the same position through magic instead of worship. Thus, each wizard usually sees himself as a sort of proto-god, and each realizes that he needs a society of worshippers to maintain his power, so they maintain their society as the god-kings have maintained theirs.



Geography of Thay

General Description

Thay is a vast realm, bounded on the north by the river and lake of Mulsantir, its gateway there being the city of Surthay. To the northwest it claims the Surmarsh, a vast marsh and fenland that lies between the rivers Thay and Sur. The central core of Thay then runs south past the eastern slopes of Thaymount and the eastern bank of Lapendrar, the River of Sorrows, for many miles, until turning southeast along the edge of the Priador (high plains) to the many-spired city of Bezantur. Bezantur, on the Alamber Sea (sometimes known as the Sahuagin Sea) is Thay's southern gateway, and has traditionally rivaled the free cities of Thasselen, Murbant, Escalant, Taskaunt, Lasdur, and Hilbrand that share the north shore of the Sea.

From Bezantur, the land claimed by Thay is the seacoast east to the mouth of the River Thazarim, and northwards up that river's west bank to the Sunrise Mountains and then north to the outflow of the Mulsantir.

Thay frequently attempts to swallow the lands along these borders, and currently has destroyed several of the free cities and captured Nethentir and Nethjet, trading cities between Aglarond and Thay.

Within these borders, at the heart of the realm, lies Eltabbar, seat of the Red Wizards and capital of Thay. From the north, one reaches the city of Thay up the river Thay, to the vast Lake Thaylambar. Eltabbar lies upon a bay of that dragon-turtle-inhabited water. From the west, one reaches Thay up the Lapendrar from Escalant, or overland from Nethjet on the river Umber, to the independent city of Amruthar (which is still independent, though now circled by lands claimed by Thayl, from whence by bridge a road runs to Tyraturos, where roads north from Bezantur, south from Eltabbar, and west from Pyarados on the Thazarim meet. (The Thazarim is navigable as far north as Pyarados.) The Sunrise Mountains form an impenetrable barrier to the east, and

Elminster knows nothing of what lies beyond them. There are tales of both lamia and evil naga in these mountains, but, he cautions, there are such tales everywhere, and but few of them are true.

Most of the country is on the great, irregular plateau formed by the First Escarpment of the Priador and which rises eastward almost imperceptibly toward the Sunrise Escarpment and the Sunrise Mountains. The land is gently rolling and broken only by occasional streams or one of the major rivers, the peaks of Thaymount, which are encircled by the Second Escarpment, the spires of the cities, and the farming communities and wizard towers that can appear every time a traveler mounts the top of one of the many hummocks in the trail.

Carefully set along each road and navigable river are the tax stations, which are usually accompanied by an inn and some other residences. At each tax station, the owning Wizard's tax collectors collect the taxes for crossing his lands from every traveler. Travelers attempting to travel cross country find themselves in trouble with wandering military patrols and the strange creatures that many wizards keep patrolling their grounds for exactly the purpose of keeping out trespassers.

Most of the land is under cultivation, but the lonely farmhouses seen in other lands are not found in Thay. All arable land is in the hands of the Wizards or Tharchions and their subordinates, and the farm workers (usually slaves) live in the central farming towns and hike or ride to their assigned fields.

This form of cultivation is not terribly efficient, but there is so much land under cultivation that Thay can still export some grains and fruits to neighboring lands.

There are no forests in Thay. The only trees are occasional copses of exotic species that decorate Zulkir-owned streams and decorative trees from other lands planted in the cities and towns.

Lake Mulsantir

This large body of water divides Thay and Rashemen, and is mostly a Rashemi lake. Thay occasionally attempts to gain ascendancy on the lake, but suffers from the simple problem of having little wood with which to build warships. The Witchboats of Rashemen are too much for the Wizards to match without decent wood for their ships.

The River Thay

This river runs between Lake Mulsantir and Lake Thaylambar, and is navigable almost its entire length. Because of this navigability, there is not the extensive road network in northern Thay that is found in the southern Tharches. Instead, everyone uses the river. The land between the River Thay and the much-less-navigable River Gauros is a mass of slave-farms and wizard towers divided by dirt paths. The main centers of population are along the river.

The Long Portage

This is the one part of the River Thay that cannot be traversed upstream. The River comes down off the First Escarpment to the level of Lake Mulsantir down a gentle decline that does not stop boats from traveling downstream, but is too rough and fast to pole or row boats upstream.

For about a century after Thay became a nation, the Guild of Portagers charged exorbitant rates to haul vessels up the river. Then the Wizard Shevas Tam (father of the current Zulkir of the School of Necromancy) was confronted with a demanding chief of the Guild and killed him. Shevas Tam then had his minions slaughter most of the Guild members and Shevas Tam turned them into zombies.

Now the Guild consists of the zombies of the original Guild and any replacements needed (acquired through criminals put to death in Surthay and Eltabbar) as the zombies wear out. The Tam family maintains the zombies and collects a modest fee from each traveler.



The fee might be higher, but the family has little attention to spare for this enterprise, and really hasn't checked to see if the "Guild" is paying for itself lately.

Lake Thaylambor

This very large lake is in central Thay. The former Mulhorand capital of Delhurnide and the current capital of Eltabbar are on opposite sides of the lake.

The lake is said to contain dragon turtles, and fishing boats sometimes disappear forever. Weather control spells keep storms from disturbing the water, so some beast such as dragon turtles may be responsible. The Tharchions of Eltabbar and Delhumide sometimes lead hunting expeditions into the depths and come back with something, minus some boats and followers.

Surmarsh

This large marsh is fed by both the River Sur and River Thay, and is a nightmarish bog broken up by occasional hummocks of high ground and small huts of refugee slaves and criminals who eke out an existence as best they can.

One menace all must deal with in this bog are the lizard men who hold sway as they do in so many of the swamps they have been driven to since man first arrived in the Realms.

These lizard men are divided up into tribes and occasionally raid outside the swamp, but mostly they hold to treaties they have made with the Tharchion of Surthay.

Sometimes they will try to hunt up a runaway slave or criminal that the Thayvians are particularly anxious to catch, but their main function in the alliance is to hold the marsh against invaders. Since the only possible invaders are the people of Thesk, they are not often called on to fulfill their part of the bargain.

The River Sur

This wide, shallow, and fever-infested river is usually considered the border between Thay and Thesk, though no one but assorted Thesk-allied herders grazing their cattle inhabit the area between this river and the Theskian Mountains. The villages that can be found along the river are small farming and fishing villages who trade with the nomads and pay occasional taxes to Thay tax collectors.

Thaymount

These mountains poke out of the plain of the Priador and form the Second Escarpment and the source of the Rivers Umber, Eltab and Laprendrar. In times of weakness, the western border of Thay is the Second Escarpment down to where it intersects the River Laprendrar. These mountains are always known as the Guardpost of the Western Borders, and act as the headquarters for the Tharch of the Thaymount.

The Gold Mines of Thay

The Thaymount is a volcanic region and much newer geologically than the ancient Sunrise Mountains. Part of what the volcanoes brought up to the surface are extensive veins of gold ore, which were discovered by the rebellious Red Wizards and exploited as funding for their revolution against Mulhorand.

Since that time, the gold mines have been a major source of Thayvian wealth. They traditionally fall under the purview of the Tharchion of Thaymount, and he pays a fixed tax on the gold to the Zulkirs. Thus, the more he can get out of the mines, the more he can keep, and if the mines run out of gold, he is still stuck with the tax payments.

Like so much of Thay, the mines are worked by slaves. Being a slave in the mines of Thay is considered among the worst possible fates for a Thayvian slave, whose position is never enviable.

The Citadel

This ancient fortress was part of the Thaymount when the Kingdom of Raumathar first claimed the land in the previous age. Who built it and why is still unknown, though various Red Wizards have sent missions deep into its bowels to try to learn its secrets. As best as anyone can tell from the subject of some of its very faded wall paintings, it might have originally been built by lizard men, before they were driven into the swamps by mankind so many thousands of years ago.

Parties exploring the Citadel's deepest dungeons have found great treasures, but many have never returned. There is some evidence that there is an extensive troglodyte population somewhere in its deepest reaches, and the drow may have a colony there.

The River Umber

The River Umber tumbles out of the Thaymount as a narrow, fast, stream of little use to anyone except as a source of water to the few slave farms owned by the Tharchion of Thaymount and his followers.

Once it cascades down from the Second Escarpment to the plains of the Priador, it slows down and widens out into the narrow lake called only The Upper Lake Umber. This is a largely unpopulated area as it is claimed by both Thay and Aglarond, and only a few fisher families live along its length.

From this lake, the Lower Falls takes the water to the main body of Lake Umber, which has the unwalled trading towns of Nethentir and Nethjet on its north and south shores, respectively.

This area is continuously being fought over by Thay and Aglarond, and has just changed hands again with the current advent of the armies of Thay. There are very few farms except for subsistence farms used to supplement the diet of the inhabitants. Most of the local residents are fishermen who try to ignore whoever claims to be their masters.



The River ElTab

It is said that this river did not exist before Thay won its freedom from Mulhorand, and its creation was part of the spell which summoned a demon prince to help the Red Wizards.

Whatever the truth of this story, the river supplies the water of the city and helps create its unique waterways before it goes on to feed Lake Thaylambur.

Sunrise Mountains

This mountain chain has always been the eastern border of Thay. These mountains have a reputation for impassibility, but it is actually possible to get past them in summer though not with anything bigger than a donkey. Beyond the mountains are arid plains, called the Plains of Purple Dust for reasons that are obvious if you look at them. No one has entered them and come back.

To the east of Thay and Rashemen, to the north of the Plains of Purple Dust, are reputed to be the lands of Raurin and Durpar, known from annals of trading agreements from the days of Narfell and Raumathar. No one has been seen from these lands for centuries.

The River Thazarim

In the days of Mulhorand's rule of this area, this river, between the falls where it comes off the Sunrise Escarpment to the falls from which it tumbles off the First Escarpment, was the core of a fertile farming area. Slave farms still populate the western bank of the river, but the eastern bank is devastated and abandoned, still desolate after the battle that created Thay as a separate nation.

The river itself is used as a travelway along its length between the Escarpments, but the steep falls at each end of this length make boat travel impossible without portaging the river craft. The lower reaches of the river support some slave farms on the west bank and continue the devastated state on the

eastern bank. Upstream, the river is narrow, fast, and rocky-impossible to travel on muscle-powered boats. The area upstream is largely unpopulated except for one trading and last-minute supplies village situated on the Sunrise Escarpment, just above the falls.

Alamber or Sahuagin Sea

This body of water is the easternmost part of the Inner Sea. It serves as the border between the ancient kingdoms of Mulhorand and Unther, and is the home of a major sahuagin kingdom, whom the Red Wizards are on at least speaking terms with.

The northernmost island of the Sea is the Aldor, which is the Thayvian naval base. Currently, the dominant naval and merchant power in this area is Thay; both Unther and Mulhorand merchants find it more convenient to ship their goods in Thayvian hulls and accept Thayvian payments for their goods than build their own ships and find their own markets.

However, there are pirates in the area that live in small, secluded villages along the coast of Thay and Mulhorand and on the smaller islands to the south of Aldor. They prey on the smaller coastal trading vessels and occasionally surprise the crews of larger vessels who bring their ships into shore to camp for the night or make emergency repairs. When the Thayvian navy finds and raids one of the pirate villages, the pirates attempt to pass themselves off as fishermen. Sometimes they are successful at this deception, and sometimes the Thayvian marines don't really care and capture and enslave the population of the fishing village anyway—even if it turns out to be just a fishing village.

Piracy on the Alamber is a tricky profession, but the potential rewards are great. By now, pirates have learned to avoid any ship flying the red-and-gold-flame-on-black banner of a Red Wizard unless their spies have indicated that the banner is a ruse.

The River Laprendar

This is the second longest river in the area, and the longest in Thay. It is known as the River of Sorrows because of the miners who have died in the gold mines near its headwaters and because of the men of Aglarond and Thay who died trying to cross or defend the river during Halacar's ill-fated invasion of Thay in 1260 DR.

The Escarpments and The Priador

Thay is broken up into three distinct rises from the ground level of the other surrounding kingdoms. Each is marked by a sudden sharp rise, called an Escarpment, out of the relatively flat plain surrounding it. These Escarpments are not completely vertical, and most are easily climbable, but the incline is very precipitous compared to the surrounding countryside. The easiest inclines are those around some of the rivers, though others are still very steep falls, and where the main roads of southern Thay were built centuries ago.

The Priador is the name for the gently rolling plain that tops the First Escarpment. It is broken only by the various rivers and Lake Thaylambur, and is the central area of Thay. The entire region is broken up into thousands of slave farms and small wilderness areas kept as private game preserves by the Red Wizards and Tharchions.

These game preserves are full of monsters that the Wizards need for spell and potion ingredients, and most of them have no bounds on where they can travel, so travel anywhere around these preserves can be very hazardous.

Travelers who are accosted by such monsters are usually allowed to defend themselves as best they can, but there is no liability to the owner if his monsters kill someone (though, of course, this sort of thing has caused intense feuds when the victims were members of an influential family and the monster's owner refused any or adequate recom-



pense). And, of course, sometimes travelers who are successful in defending themselves may incur the wrath of the owner if the monster was an especially prized or hard to replace species.

Main Cities

Eltabbar

Though it is the capital of the country, and the residence of at least half the Red Wizards, it is the second largest city of the land. Its population is between 80,000 and 100,000 people, about half of whom are the slaves of the Tharchioness and the Red Wizards in residence. Merchants and other non-government non-magic-users are less than enthused about sharing a city with so many paranoid magic-users, and prefer to do business in Bezantur.

The city is walled, with very few buildings outside the walls. The River Eltab comes in under the walls and provides a central core of canals that divide the government area of the town from

the business and residence area. The spaces between the canals are divided up into parks, each of which is owned wholly or in part by one of the Red Wizards or the Tharchioness.

Streets are wide and relatively straight here. Distances are easily measured, which encourages people to try to map the town, with results as specified below. There is also an extensive surreptitious trade in "maps of the city," which are erroneous at best, deceptive at worst.

Mapping the city is a problem because it is built in the form of an immense glyph. This is actually the symbol that keeps the demon prince Eltab imprisoned and available to the Red Wizards. This was a mighty magic devised by Jorgmacdon, the first Zulkir of the School of Conjuraton, and his family is still powerful in the country, even though it has not produced anyone to match him since that time.

Whether the canals are part of the glyph holding the Demon Prince, or perhaps the presence of the water itself

is necessary to the spell holding him, is not common knowledge. The DM can make his own decision here.

Because the shape of the city is actually the glyph holding Eltab prisoner, it is illegal and severely punished for anyone to make a map of Eltabbar. If someone actually manages to draw an exact map, and then the map is destroyed, it weakens the bonds on Eltab. Each map made divides up the power of the binding further among all the maps and the streets themselves. If enough maps are destroyed, Eltab is freed, and his likely actions could destroy a large section of the Forgotten Realms, Thay not the least among them.

The official explanation for this ban on maps of Eltabbar is a matter of security. If someone knows how the city is laid out, they can invade it more easily. This logic has since progressed to an edict forbidding the mapping of any city of Thay.

The Zulkirs are on the alert for maps made of Eltabbar, and confiscate any they can find. Maps that have been con-





fiscated are kept in the Wizard's Tower, under great wards of protection and stasis to keep them safe.

The city is frequently disturbed by rumblings and shakings. Non-wizard residents think them simple earthquakes. The Red Wizards know that someone has destroyed another map of Eltabbar.

Bezantur

This port was first known as Kensten when it was the southern port of Raumathar. It was destroyed in the war between Narfell and Raumathar and Mulhorand rebuilt it as Bezantur to be a seaport on the same site. While there is no river access to this port (aside from some streams coming down from the First Escarpment), as there is with Escalant to the west, the natural harbor is the best on the coast, with ample depth for the largest ship and protection from the fiercest storms for over a hundred ships.

Bezantur is the largest city of the realm. The population, which has never been counted as long as Thay has owned the city, is somewhat in excess of 100,000 people. Far-travelers who have seen Waterdeep compare the two as being almost equal in size, but each traveler has his own idea as to which is larger.

Most seaborne merchants bring their goods for Thay through this bustling port. It is easily the most cosmopolitan of Thayvian cities.

The city is built around its harbor and enclosed by walls that do not encompass the extensive market town that has taken shape outside its walls. The walls do not cover the actual waterfront, the entrance to the harbor is guarded with forts. The central citadel is fully walled.

Bezantur is also known as "The City of a Thousand Temples," and "The Free City." The first reference is to the large number of churches (though not really a thousand) to different deities that can be found everywhere in the city, catering to the needs of the many travelers who stop in. Elsewhere, temples and clerics are not supported by the author-

ities, so Bezantur is by far the "holiest" city of the Realm. The other name comes from the tax-free nature of the city, where no one is taxed, and everyone is prey to the thieves. See the Politics section for further explanation of this situation.

Tyranturos

This trading town was built by Mulhorand, and is the third largest city of the realm. This is the crossroads city where the High Road from Eltabbar to Bezantur meets the Eastern Way from Amruthar to Pyarados. Most goods going through southern Thay pass through this caravan town, but not much of it stays there (except for the taxes collected by the Tharchion). From here goods go to and from Bezantur, Pyarados, Amruthar, and Eltabbar.

This city is not walled, though there are fortified manors and a central walled citadel. Its market is famed throughout the East as "the place where anything, or anyone, can be bought." This refers to, among other things, the extensive slave market that happens every day in the central market area of the town.

Pyarados

This is a relatively new city, The City of the East, built by Thay and nestled under the shadow of the Sunrise Mountains and controlling the upper reaches of River Thazarim and the guardian of the Thazalhar Battle Plain. Adventurers getting ready to explore the Sunrise Mountains (and who can obtain official permission) outfit here at exorbitant prices.

This is a large city, with over 50,000 people, and only the central area of the city is guarded by a wall, which is supplemented by that around the fortress of the Tharchion.

Surthay

This is another new city, built to guard Lake Mulsantir against the invasions from Rashemen that the Red Wizards

fear from that notably non-aggressive country. Once the Rashemi were seen to be homebodies, Surthay became the stepping off point for many military invasions of Rashemen. At this point, the Red Wizards have not learned the folly of these expeditions.

Despite its position on the lake, Surthay is not really set up as a port city. There is access from the lake to the central marina of the city, but the good natural harbor has not been properly exploited. This is because the Witches of Rashemen still control most of the lake, and tend to sink most Thayvian vessels they encounter. Only Thayvian fishing vessels that hug the southern shore have any survivability on Lake Mulsantir.

Surthay contains about 40,000 people and slaves, and is walled very strongly with high walls and many towers carrying siege engines. There are no outlying buildings permitted around Surthay. Most of the primary wizards of the School of Abjuration have towers here or in the immediate area.

The Ruins of Delhumide

This was the capital of the province when it was part of Mulhorand and a major city of Raumathar before that. One of the god-kings had his seat there, though he was not there (the usual situation) when the Red Wizards first unleashed their controlled Demon Prince and sent him against the holy guardians of the city. When the demon won the struggle, Delhumide was a ruin, and the rule of the god-kings in the north was broken.

Now the city is a broken ruin, with no buildings of more than one story intact. The inhabitants are the armed forces of the Tharchion of Delhumide, various parties of researchers and explorers, and the remaining magical guardians left by the previous owners. These latter are supplemented by denizens of the earth who have begun investigating the extensive dungeons underneath the ruins and made life very interesting for the Thayvian explorers.



The High Road and The Eastern Way

These two roads were built by Mulhorand along the same model as the major roads in that sleeping kingdom. The Red Wizards have maintained these roads better than the god-kings have maintained theirs.

The roads are elevated from the surrounding land and made of hard packed earth covered with paving materials that owe as much to alchemy as common craft. The surface is hard and fast, letting the horsemen of Thay move quickly from spot to spot along it, and letting commerce move quickly as well.

Using the roads is such a benefit in Southern Thay that most merchants don't mind that the roads make the tax stations that much harder to avoid.

The Tax Stations

All along the rivers and roads of Thay are a series of villages about one day's travel apart. These are built around military posts and generally feature a defensible tower and a garrison of about 30 men at arms. These stations tend to accumulate hangers-on, so that thriving villages now surround them, usually featuring at least one inn or tavern and several people providing other services for travelers such as a smithy, a wheelwright, a livery stable, and so forth. This is one of the few openings for private enterprise in Thay, and craftsmen make full use of this opportunity.

Tax stations were built by the Zulkirs but each is maintained by the Red Wizard or Tharchion most concerned with the area. Each tax station takes its toll of travelers for upkeep of the roads and the garrison also arranges for road repairs or, on the rivers, upkeep of docks and other facilities. The workers on these jobs are not the residents of the village, but the slaves from whatever local slave-farm is appropriate.

Surrounding Realms

The geography of Thay is as constrained as much by the boundaries of the lands around it as it is by its own physical features.

Aglarond

A small realm that keeps to itself, Aglarond exerts little influence in affairs of state outside its borders. It is important in the overall balance of the Inner Seas lands, however, simply because its presence prevents Thay from overwhelming the northern "East". Aglarond's strength—and danger, because she stands in magical opposition to the Red Wizards of Thay, who do not kindly suffer rivals—is its current ruler, a female archmage of fabled powers, known only as The Simbul.

Aglarond lies on the northern side of a peninsula jutting out into the eastern end of the Inner Sea; a sparsely inhabited, heavily-wooded realm of few farms and no large cities. Jagged pinnacles of rock stand at its tip, and run along the spine of its lands; to the east, these fall away into vast and treacherous marshes that largely isolate the Simbul's realm from the mainland. Travel in Aglarond is by griffon, ship, or forest trails. It trades lumber, gems, and some copper for glass, iron, cloth goods, and food when freetrading vessels come to port—but sends out no trading vessels of its own. The ships of Aglarond are fishing vessels and the few small biremes and triremes of its navy.

The southern border of the nation is the southern reaches of the Yuirwood, the woods in which the elves lived that became part of Aglarond's unique half-elven heritage. To the south of the Yuirwood are the independent Cities of the North Coast.

Aglarond cannot boast a field army of any size, nor a powerful navy, but within its woods The Simbul's foresters are expert and deadly troops, adept at fire-fighting and at using "coastboats" (long, canoe-like open boats handled with

lateen sails, oars, and poles) to raid by night. They are equally adept at traveling in the treetops and fighting amongst them.

The foresters are alert and grim; the menacing might of Thay is uncomfortably near, and Aglarond's blades are all too few.

Little is known of the Simbul's aims and true strength, but she is seen to constantly roam the northern Realms, working to influence all manner of events (presumably to better Aglarond's safety, although she is said to be a member of the Harpers, whose aims are more widespread) in disguise, or behind the scenes.

Impiltur

This young land comprises the area across the Easting Reach from Telflamm and Thesk and Aglarond. It has no contiguous borders with Thay, but it is a friend of most of the nations that do border Thay, and supports them in their wars against the Red Wizards.

Impiltur's neighbors are Lothchas the bandit lord in the Desertspire Mountains and the Ice Gorge to the west, where the hobgoblins lived until their power was broken by Impiltur, and to the east and north the Great Dale and the woods to the north of it. In the open wastes where Narfell once flourished dwells the Nentyarch, a mysterious mage of great power who rules grim men and strange beasts, living in peace—unless the wood is entered by those he has not invited; these simply vanish. This area is known as Ashanath and little more is known of it.

Telflamm

This city-state comprises the city of Telflamm and the subject-cities of Syth and Culmaster. Its prosperity rests in being one of the terminal cities of the Golden Way and its excellent port, which makes it the favored terminal, even though goods have a higher price because they must pass out of the realm



FOREST

EASTING RIVER

Sea of Fallen Stars

ALTUMBEL

AGLAROND

YALWOOD

LYNDAVA

WILLOW

THANWICH

DRYAN

NOVICH

RIVER

MYTH

EMER

CASTLE

PIRE

INVA

CUMBER

CLAW

Cape Dismal

The Falls of River Ford

PHILAN

DABEL

WILLOW

OSER

EMER

CHILL

FANTASY

DRINK

WILLOW

USER

COAST

UNDEAD

MEETING

WINDY

WINDY'S

WINDY

MALDEN

DEATH

WINDY

LATHAM

COIN

CLAW

LATHAM

ALTON



TESK

THAYMOUNT

THAY

The Priador

THE WIZARD'S REACH

Cokashim

Cokashim

Teeth-on-the-Mountain

Barrows

Lake Mearns

Nictich

Nictich

Awasthor

Kithwood

Ruins of Dithumide

Lake Thonassa

Cokashim

Barrows

Phandalon

Phandalon

Phandalon

Cokashim

Phandalon



of Thesk to reach Telflamm.

Despite an ongoing trade rivalry, Telflamm and Thesk are allies in many things, and Telflamm supports Thesk in its struggles with Thay, since Telflamm would have no chance if Thay were its neighbor.

Telflamm is a walled city of perhaps 20,000 population. Much of it is transient, as Telflamm is a favorite spot of debarkation to the East or embarkation for the West. People looking for the assistance of adventurers often come to Telflamm and adventurers go there looking for patrons.

The army of Telflamm is entirely mercenary and used solely for patrolling its roads and keeping the city and its dependents safe. If called on to support Thesk militarily, the coffers of the city would be opened to buy more mercenaries to help their ally. Their own troops would stay to defend the home front.

Thesk

This is the land between Aglarond and Impiltur. The government of this land is an oligarchy made up of the rules of the trading cities along the Golden Way from Two-Stars to Milvarune which acts as a capital (mostly because it is so far removed from Thay). The nomadic tribes who run their flocks in the Thesk Mountains in the center of the land and the plains around the mountains also protect the cities by acting as a thorn in the side of any invading army from Thay. Their tactics are ideally suited to hit-and-run and they work in such a scattered fashion that mass destruction spells cannot damage very many at a time.

It is against foes like these that Thay has developed its cavalry, but the nomads are still capable of riding rings around any Thayvian unit.

The nomad magic users are mostly shamans, but shamans who have grown in power (perhaps because of the proximity to Thay) so that they are equivalent to Druids. They have many of the same spells as druids, with some

differences because of their plains and hills existence.

However, the courage and skill of the nomads and shamans, and the mercenaries from the trade towns and cities are not the main reason Thay has not conquered the place. In fact, the military-minded leaders of Thay are aware that conquering Thesk would leave them with very vulnerable flanks to Rashemen and Aglarond. The Red Wizard policy is to secure the flanks first.

Mulhorand

This ancient empire has been in existence for over four thousand years, and its borders have fluctuated for most of that time. However, since Thay broke away about four hundred years ago, the borders of Mulhorand have remained much the same.

Almost the entire east coast of the Alamber Sea is under the sway of Mulhorand. From the River of the Dawn in the North to the River of Swords in the south, the god-kings of Mulhorand hold their lands in a slothful grip. To the north of the capital of Skuld, City of Shadows, only Sultim is a major city. The rest of the land is mostly farmlands occasionally broken by small towns like the crossroads town of Maerlor and the ford-town of Rauthil.

Below Skuld, there are many cities including Gheldaneth and Neldorild. All of these cities are full of monolithic buildings of white stone and the prayer-towers of the god-kings, all surrounded by the squalid huts of the slaves and lower classes. The cities are surrounded by gigantic walls patrolled by mercenary soldiers from Chessenta.

Rashemen

This is the easternmost of the known Realms. It has been dubbed "The Far Land" by merchants of the Western Realms. To its east lie uncounted leagues of rock-and-grass wastelands, and several rumored—but unreached in recent memory—kingdoms of men.

The land of Rashemen is home to a race of short, muscular men who herd goats and rothe', and are adept at stone-and bonecarving.

"Land of Berserkers" some ballads call Rashemen—and indeed, such is the fearless savagery of its warriors, and their stamina, that at least sixteen armies from Thay have been slaughtered or turned back from Rashemen in the last seventy winters, and the Far Land remains free.

Rashemen is ruled by a Huhrong (Iron Lord), or senior war leader, whose palace towers above the roofs of the surrounding city of Immilmar. The Iron Lord commands Rashemen's standing army, which consists of warriors armored in heavy fur and leather tunics, with hand weapons, short bows, lances and mountain ponies. Most patrol the border with Thay—the shores of Lake Mulsantir and the broken lands east of the Gorge of Gauros.

There are many lesser lords, each with his own followers and businesses—but the succession of rulership, and the posts of warleaders of the army, are chosen by the Witches. The Witches dwell mainly in Urling, and provide sorcerous, unmanned, boats (the feared "Witchboats") that patrol Ashane, the Lake of Tears, as far north as the Pool of Erech, and the Mulsantir-waters as far south as Surmarsh and the harbor chains of Surthay, unleashing fell beasts and poisonous gases upon the vessels of Thay.

The Witches also govern the common warriors of Rashemen through the making of "jhuild" (firewine), the potent amber drink that the warriors of the land imbibe heavily before fighting. The Witches are believed to all be female, are known to be over sixty (and probably over a hundred) in number, wear black robes and face-masks, bear magical rings, wands, and whips, and have much-feared (but largely unknown) magical powers.

The continued existence of Rashemen speaks of the real magical power of the Witches. Witches are worshipped and revered in Rashemen—it is



death to harm or disobey a Witch—and are known to seek out land take men as lovers for brief periods, presumably as some sort of planned breeding program. If Witches leave Rashemen, they must abandon their black garb and conceal their powers, but none are known to have done so.

Wool, furs, and carved stone and bone—and rare, much-prized casks of firewine (which deadens pain and inflames lust and other aggressive emotions)—are the trade goods of Rashemen; in return cloth and woodwork, lumber and foodstuffs are imported. There are three trade routes from the Far Land: the Long Road to the North, via the Great Dale to the West, and the Golden Way to the southwest. Rashemen is self-sufficient in war-metals and northern herd animals, and makes much heavy, smoky-flavored cheese for use within its borders (the stuff is very nourishing, but an acquired taste, and little-exported).

Snow-racing (naked and afoot, across country) and the hunting of snow-cats are popular sports among both sexes in Rashemen; widespread hobbies include the collecting of rare and beautiful stones (including gems), exploring old ruins in the north of the realm (remnants of a previous kingdom, Raumathar, neighbor—and foe—of the more famous, but equally vanished, realm of Narfell, that lay to the west), and going on “growing up” trips out of Rashemen—a journey that every male of the realm makes when a youth. If he comes back to Rashemen, such a journeyer is considered a man. For most, the *dajemma* (or journey) is a sightseeing tour around the Inner Sea Lands, but the cumulative effect of the *dajemas* is to build trading contacts, pick up a lot of incidental information about the Inner Sea Lands, and gain continuous news of politics (and military activities) in the Inner Sea region.

Sages, merchants, and mercenary captains generally agree that Rashemen has no designs upon the lands around; like most of Thay’s neighbors, its primary concern is survival. Rashemen’s

warriors are to be feared—but they are seldom encountered outside the Far Land save as drunken youths “on *dajemma*,” and do not have the reputation of, say, the mercenary companies of the Sword Coast lands, or the Black Helms of Tethyr. For most inhabitants of the Inner Sea lands and Sword Coast, the Far Land remains a mysterious land much sung of in minstrel’s tales, as the setting for this or that feat of brawn.

The total population of Rashemen is no more than 100,000 people, but they abhor slavery and every person is a free citizen of the country.

City of Amruthar

This theoretically independent city rests just over the River of Sorrows (Lapendrar) from the core area of Thay. At some times it has been almost entirely encircled by Thay’s lands, but it maintains its own government—a puppet of Thay’s.

The city is well-walled and actively patrolled by the soldiers of the ruler, called the Heirarch. He has a Council of the most influential people of the city, who are divided up into several political factions described elsewhere.

About 30,000 people live in Amruthar and the farming villages within a day’s ride of the city.

The Cities of The Coast

Most of these nine “cities” were founded by Unther when it tried to expand into this area. Now they are independent trading towns, all trying to vie against Thay’s Bezantur and each other for the cross-sea trade from Chessenta. The western cities of Delthuntle and Laothkund are the largest of the lot, with populations around 70,000 each—almost the size of Bezantur. Hilbrand and Escalant of the east have some pretensions to competition with Bezantur in trade, but no chance of competition in size. They have perhaps 30,000 inhabitants each. The rest of the “cities” are actually unwalled towns of between 5,000 and 15,000 people.

Most of the smaller “cities” of the east, such as Lasdur, Taskaunt, Murbant, an Thasselen have been attacked and captured or destroyed by Thay at one time or another in their histories, and Escalant and Hilbrand have each been burred to the ground once. At this time, Hilbrand has just surrendered to the Tharchion of the Lapendrar and Escalant is under siege by fire elementals.

The coast also has several other villages which are mostly fishing villages and owe allegiance (or at least tax money) to one or another of the larger towns.

Thazalhar

This devastated barren buffer zone between Thay and Mulhorand is bordered by the River Tazarim to the west and north and the River of the Dawn to the south. The Sunrise Mountains are its eastern border. There are no regular residents except for the Tharchion of the region and his troopers. Trading caravans and raiders of trading caravans traverse it, and most goods go by sea on the far safer Bezantur-to-Sultim route.

Its short coastline is home for several pirate families that prey on the smaller vessels of that trade.

CURRENT ECONOMY OF THAY

Thay is a slave-based, agrarian economy. Most of the foodstuffs produced are grown on slave-run farms owned by the great lords of the nation. The individual free farmer found in most parts of the Western countries is unknown in Thay. The closest thing to this form of crop care is the small subsistence gardens grown by some town dwellers in window boxes and planter boxes on their roofs.

The great farms grow several different forms of wheat, orchards full of fruit (mostly citrus) and pastures full of cattle. Because these farms are slave-run, they are not very efficient, but usually make up in bulk produced what they lose in quality of care.

Because of the number of wizards in Thay, many of whom are land-holders, there is rarely drought in Thay. In fact, surrounding nations often have excessive droughts in those dry years when the overwhelming wizardry of Thay (and, to a lesser extent, the Witchcraft of Rashemen) draws whatever stormclouds are available anywhere in the Inner Sea region to the fields of the Red Wizards. For this reason, Thay is often the breadbasket of the entire eastern Inner Sea region.

Nations and city states that normally would have no relationship with Thay must deal with the agents of the Zulkirs to get the grain they need to feed their people. Telflamm and Thesk, especially, populous city-states that import most of their grains and produce in the best of years, must often come hat-in-hand to the Red Wizards for their food.

If the agriculture of Thay were under the control of the government of Thay, the Red Wizards would own the eastern Inner Sea economically if not politically. However, despite the fact that the landholders of Thay are the government of Thay, agriculture is not an instrument of government policy. Each Red Wizard and Tharchion is his own agent, and they often compete for foreign orders, so conquering the Inner Sea through the stomachs of its people has not taken place, much to the relief of the sages who study matters economic.

Thay is a major market for slaves to run its farms and serve other functions. Every slaverunner in the Realms dreams of selling his coffle of slaves in Eltabbar. Because the wizards need every slave they can get, Thay does not export slaves. There is no record of anyone (perhaps the family of a slave kidnapped into servitude) successfully buying back a Thayvian slave. There are stories of people trying to buy back a slave and becoming slaves themselves.

Slaves do escape, and some are rescued by friends and family, but once a slave has been purchased in Thay, he can never legally (according to Thay laws) be a free man again. Slaves cannot be manumitted. They can be retired to lives of leisure if they have pleased their masters greatly, or turned out of the estates of their master for some transgression, but they are still slaves. If found running around free, they can be enslaved by any free person who finds them.

The Crafts of Thay

The Red Wizards have two other exports of value. One is the gold from the mines of the Thaymount and along the Umber and Lapendrar rivers. The Lapendrar river at least partially gains its name of "The River of Sorrows" because of the laments of the families of the miners lost along its shores in the wizard-owned mines. The name also derives from the sorrow of the families of Aglarondan soldiers who died in King Halacar's ill-starred invasion of Thay, when half the army was drowned in a wizard-caused flash flood that caught them in the middle of the river.

Thay also has silver and platinum mines in both the Thaymount and the Sunrise Mountains, and good sources of copper and iron. There are even sources of assorted gems and precious stones such as jade.

The other major Thayvian export is tied into both the mines and the rich variety of animals, both natural and monsterish, that inhabit the Realm. The

craftsmen of Thay have little opportunity to work with wood (some specialists carve and work imported wood), but their carving and joining of the bone of exotic beasts, such as the dragon turtles of Lake Thaylambar, and inlaying of their creations with the precious metals of Thay, creates artwork that is admired and coveted in all the Realms.

Some Wizards enhance the work of their craftsmen with magic, creating magical items that are also desired everywhere. Nothing they export is of much use militarily, but some items, such as crystal statuettes that glow in the dark, are useful for adventurers. The Wizards specialize in enchanting objects with cantrips.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL

The Red Wizards have made two rules that are usually followed in their business dealings.

The first rule is that no enchanted item that has military usefulness may be sold outside the country or to a representative of some power outside the country. Thus, no magical offensive or defensive weaponry is sold. Items like the aforementioned glowing statuettes are in a gray area that is ignored at the moment, but could come under the ban if too many hostile adventuring bands showed up in Thay using them. Potions are another gray area which are usually ignored because their use is so limited and so little of any one potion can be produced at any one time.

The other rule is that Thayvians cannot sell food or items to citizens of nations that Thay is invading at the moment. This sometimes has resulted in flurries of sales to a nation such as Aglarond or Rashemen or Mulhorand just before the armies marched, and some invasions have been foiled because the sages of the soon-to-be-invaded nation saw this activity for the warning it was and warned their rulers of the invasion.

CURRENT POLITICS OF THAY

Regional Rulers

The land of Thay is divided up into 11 administrative regions, known as Tharches. Each is ruled by a Tharchion or Tharchioness, who is drawn from the nobility of Thay (see Society of Thay). In each region, the ruler's word is law, though each rules in a different way from his colleagues.

No Tharchion has ultimate authority for the nation, because that is in the hands of the Red Wizards. The authority of a Red Wizard supersedes even that of a Tharchion. The Red Wizards are a loose confederacy that rule the country as a whole; some of them take a particular interest in ruling or managing small parts of the country, others take no interest in anything outside of their own researches and adventuring.

The Red Wizards are evil and paranoid in the extreme. They seek to maintain their own power in their nation while undercutting the power of other realms, which they perceive as dangerous to their existence. Other magic-users who are not of their cult (especially those mages who are involved in ruling rival nations, particularly the Simbul of Aglarond) are viewed as threats to be eliminated. The total number of Red Wizards is unknown.

The Zulkirs

From among the politically interested wizards, the Red Wizards choose Zulkirs to speak for the Red Wizards. There is one Zulkir for each School of Magic, and once chosen they keep the position for life unless they voluntarily resign. The Zulkir for Necromancy, Szass Tam, withdrew from the company of his fellows some years ago and pursues his own devices—but he is still the Zulkir for Necromancy and no one can step forward to replace him.

Zulkirs are chosen from among those of the right School who want the job. They are not necessarily the most powerful of their School, just the one who wants to have something to do with

running the country. If no one of a school wants the job, then the school is unrepresented.

The Zulkirs examine each candidate to make sure that he has the proper proficiency in general magic (i.e.; is a wizard—a magic-user of 11th level) If more than one candidate presents himself and seems qualified, he must contest against the other candidates in proficiency with his school's magic. For the wizards of divination, this is not a major problem; the one with the best answers wins the position.

However, contests in Conjunction/Summoning, Alteration, or Invocation/Evocation can be, and frequently are, deadly.

Badges

The Red Wizards and their minions use several badges; that most often seen outside Thay is a leaping red flame (outlined in gold) on a black or deep purple field.

Known Red Wizards found outside of Thay are not of less than 9th level and possibly as much as 15th level. There is a 50% chance of the wizard having bodyguards (usually ogres or other non-human creatures), and an equal chance of having 1-4 low-level (1-8) aspirants to the Red Cloth. The Red Wizards do not go in for subtlety, and wear their crimson robes haughtily in all but situations calling for the utmost discretion.

Besides "showing the flag", this display also serves to cover the activities of the Red Wizards, often of less than 9th level, who act as spies and agents provocateur in the Realms (see Personalities).

Political Factions

There are two major factions among the Red Wizards. The Imperialists are devoted to an expansionistic and imperialistic policy of swallowing neighbor states and eventually the entire Realms. They have attempted this many times, but they are invariably stopped. Many of the Imperialists blame their lack of

success on the inactivity of the most potent Wizards of the realm, who happen to be the other major faction and are known as the Researchers.

These worthies believe the true vocation of the magic-user is research and careful application of the research to acquire new and more potent wizardries. While a Researcher might go adventuring or use his powers to help his own fortunes, as a group they are notoriously uninterested in assisting the land of Thay in conquest. Researchers are essentially selfish. If the enterprise does not benefit them directly, they have no interest in it.

Neither political faction is particularly organized, the Red Wizards are too paranoid and megalomaniacal for that. Many an Imperialist considers some Researcher a best friend and another Imperialist a bitter personal enemy. By their nature, Imperialists are more organized than the Researchers, but most adventuring bands are better organized than the "leadership" of the Imperialists.

The main leader of the Imperialists is Lauzoril, Zulkir of the School of Enchantment (see Personalities). He is not known generally to be a Zulkir, but his machinations have come to the attention of the Harpers, and sparked an enmity that is growing more intense as the years of enmity go on.

The main leader of the Researchers, as much as they have leaders, is Sabass of Thay (see Personalities).

Actually, the imperialist dreams of the Wizards have been hampered mainly by internal strife among various factions and personality cults among the Red Wizards, and by the fact that the cult neither trusts mercenaries or high-level adventurers who are not of their cult. Of the large number of invasions of Rashemen, three out of four have been by some particular faction leader of the wizards seeking to expand his domination at home by bringing victories from the field.



The Administration of Thay

As stated before, the day-to-day life of Thay is administered by 11 Tharchions and Tharchionesses. Each controls one Tharch. The Tharches of Thay are as follows:

The Tharch of Eltabbar. This Tharch controls the city of Eltabbar, Lake Thaylambar, and most of the fishing and trading villages around the lake, with one notable exception (see Tharch of Delhumide). The Tharchioness is a young woman whose outer beauty has given her the title of First Princess of Thay outside the Realm, though she officially has no more power than any of her 10 colleagues.

The Tharchioness is in an anomalous position, in that she controls the capital city of the Realm and is at the center of power, yet there are more Red Wizards in residence in this city than in any other part of the Realm, and these are mostly active wizards with an interest in how every part of the country is run, so she never knows when or in what field of her authority she is going to be overruled.

Her reaction to this situation has been to retreat to her palace and engage in flirtatious correspondence with the unattached rulers of several surrounding kingdoms. The day-to-day affairs of her Tharch are handled by her Autharches, who spend most of their time obeying the whims of whichever Red Wizard is interfering this week.

The Tharchioness is said to be a magic-user of some ability herself, of the School of Illusion, but is not thought to be of much beyond fifth level. She changes her name to suit the occasion or her whim. She was born Dmitra Flass, but she has long since foresworn any allegiance to that family.

The Tharch of Thaymount. This Tharch is mostly a military march. In times of peace and or retrenchment, its function is to guard the Thaymount (the mountains that rise out of the

Priador in the western part of the Realm) and maintain the northern river traffic along the river Laprendar and guard the gold mines along the upper river. In times of invasion, such as now, the Tharchion also controls the area to the west of the Thaymount, specifically all the lands along the River Umber. At this time Autharches reporting to this Tharchion control the trading towns of Nethentir and Nethjet and patrol Lake Umber and the Umber river up to the Umber Marshes.

The current Tharchion of Thaymount is Spiros Dehkahks, a Lawful Evil fighter of the 12th level and a masterful general. He is supported by the Zulkir of Divination in his current military adventures. He rules from the Citadel of Thaymount, a fortified tower near the headwaters of the River Umber.

The Tharch of Tyraturos. This Tharch encompasses the town from which it takes its name and control of most of the Eastern Way, a paved highway running from Amruthar to Pyarados, and the High Road, a paved highway running from Eltabbar to Bezantur. In essence, the Tharchion of Tyraturos is the ruler of trade within southern Thay, and most tolls gathered on these roads go directly into his coffers. The Red Wizards tax him, rather than the merchants.

This Tharchion, Dimon of Tyraturos, is considered by many to be the most reasonable of the Tharchions. He is an intelligent man who understands that if trade dries up, he no longer has the income but must still pay his taxes. Therefore, he is no more oppressive to foreign traders and the merchants of Thay than the trade moguls of many other nations. The fact that he started his career as a merchant, and is the first member of his family to become a noble might have something to do with his attitudes.

The duties he imposes are no more oppressive than those of other nations, and his roving cavalry patrols are specifically instructed to expedite the

problems of the merchants and make sure they do not go away dissatisfied. Some of the patrol leaders even perform their duties without bribes, but not many.

Non-merchants under his rule have different things to say about Dimon. He is as mercurial and paranoid as any of the rulers of Thay and he particularly dislikes adventurers, whom he considers "disruptive and bad for trade."

Dimon is rumored to be a low-ranking priest of Waukeen, though he officially decries this as a fabrication of his political enemies. He has never exhibited any ability as magic-user or fighter. Some rumors about label him a thief, but much the same is said about tax collectors all over the Realms.

The Tharch of Bezantur. Bezantur is the greatest city of Thay and the gateway to the southern Realms and most of the seaways. It is Thay's only seaport. Bezantur is a very cosmopolitan city, with elements of all the Realms represented.

The city is so large that the Tharch named for it encompasses only the city and the High Road up to the first toll station.

The Tharchioness of Bezantur, Mari Agneh, rules the city with a light but whimsical hand. Uniquely, she rules and gathers her taxes by theft. There are no tax collectors or customs officers at the docks to collect a percentage of a cargo. There are no bureaucrats waiting to be bribed. But every cargo that is conveyed anywhere on the docks or through the city, or stored in one of the hundred of warehouses, leaves Bezantur lighter than it entered. Dockworkers, warehousemen, porters, drayers, and random beggars are all members of the Thieves Guild, and Mari Agneh is the Upright Man of the Guild.

One might wonder why she bothers, as she could do the same thieving officially, but her heritage as a master thief probably has something to do with it. As a result of this policy of taxation by theft, the city watch is very slow to



respond to any calls for assistance because of theft.

Free-lance thieves are, of course, strongly discouraged, but the discouraging is done by the Guild, not the watch. Calls for investigation of the murder of leather-clad men (the local Guild works unarmored) armed with daggers and shortswords are answered about as fast as theft calls.

Merchants who guard their goods excessively well find themselves and their guards arrested for a variety of trumped-up charges. Depending on how seriously they have thwarted the Tharchioness, they may either be released with apologies to find their goods well-pilfered or wind up on a slave coffle. Most merchants with any experience plan to lose a share of their goods as they pass through Bezantur.

The Tharch of Pyarados. Pyarados is the gateway to the Sunrise Mountains, and tends to have a large population of adventurers. The Tharchion is Valerios Theokillos, a neutral evil 10th level fighter-adventurer who is said to have slain the avatar of one of the god-kings of Mulhorand. Now he is a man in his sixties, and retired into the rule of this easternmost of Thayvian cities.

Adventurers wishing to enter the Sunrise Mountains must either carry gear for many miles through Thay, risking pilferage, or buy it in Pyarados. Valerios owns a part of every outfitting shop in the city. Prices for standard adventuring gear are high, often twice what is found in the *Players Handbook* and DMG. Every shop has the same price for the same goods. The one cut-rate shop sells used and shoddy goods with a good chance of failure at critical moments.

Valerios, of course, also keeps an eye on returning adventurers, with the intent of taxing them of useful items and loot. He does not take the best of the items (unless they would either be (a) useful to him or (b) dangerous to him or Thay in general), but he has a large hoard of minor magical items, which he sometimes uses as gifts to his aides to

keep them loyal.

Certain of the Red Wizards are well aware of this scheme of taxation and visit Valerios frequently to gain the “gifts” he knows he has to give them to keep them from supplanting him with someone else.

The Tharch of Gauros. The Gorge of Gauros is one of the major areas of contention between Thay and the land of Rashemen. The Gorge is full of mineral deposits that are valuable to both countries, and it has been the scene of several battles between the two Realms.

This tharch is a military operation led by Tharchion Azhir Kren, a warrior woman of the 11th level, and essentially is in charge of patrolling the River Mulsantir and, particularly, the Gorge.

Azhir Kren is known to be cruel but fair in her dealings with her soldiers. Lately she has found a new way of keeping her soldiers in the field—the Zulkir of Necromancy has been taking her slain soldiers and turning them into zombies and skeletons. Now the two of them are attempting an invasion of Rashemen behind an army of zombies.

The Tharch of Delhumide. Delhumide is the ruin of the capital of Thay when it was a Mulhorand province. Before then, it was one of the great cities of Raumathar. The ruins are laden with incredible magics, and terrible monsters and booby-traps. The Tharch of Delhumide controls the town and the lake approaches, plus all the land to the east of Lake Thaylambar and to the south of the River Mulsantir.

However, Tharchion Mikal Canos, a 13th level lawful evil Lord, is primarily concerned with Delhumide. His troops stationed there are committed to keeping the monsters therein caught within the broken walls of the city. His duties are not made any easier by the frequent visits by Zulkirs and other Red Wizards who want to investigate the ruins in search of one exotic magical item or another they think might still be there.

The rest of his duties are mainly concerned with guarding the assorted

slave-farms in his Tharch and reacting to invasions from Rashemen (rare) and slave revolts (common). Because of the area he must guard, Mikal normally has one of the largest military forces under arms at any one time, though the current spate of invasions has both drained his forces and caused the assorted invading Tharchions to hire most of the mercenaries in Thay—leaving Canos with a minimum force and no way to increase it.

The Tharch of Laprendar. It is somewhat presumptuous of the Red Wizards to label a Tharch with the name of a river they only hold most of one bank of, but such considerations have never stopped the Red Wizards before.

This Tharchion, Hargrid Tenslayer, a 9th level chaotic evil lord, is not Thayvian at all. He is from Thesk, but found the Thayllians much more to his liking after he was run out of Phsant for slaying the child of the heirarch there. He distinguished himself in an otherwise disastrous invasion of Rashemen and was made Autharch of Falls, the area where the Laprendar leaves the Priador to the lower plains, and the traditional border of Thay and the Coastal Cities.

When the Tharchion of the Laprendar died under mysterious circumstances (the usual Thayvian designation for death by poison), Hargrid was unanimously approved as his successor.

Now Hargrid has formed an alliance with the Zulkirs of Evocation and Conjuraton, who have managed to open a gate to the Plane of Fire and ravaged the coast cities of Thasselen, Murbant, Lasdur, and Taskaunt and most of the fishing villages in between.

The Tharch of Surthay. This is both a military and trade post. The Tharchion controls the city of Surthay, such parts of Lake Mulsantir Thay can wrest from Rashemen, the Surmarsh, and the River Thay up to last tax station before the one leading into Lake Thaylambar.

Tharchion Homen Odesseiron is a magic-user who retired early, before he



could become a Red Wizard. However he studied in several of the schools, and is said to have a complete complement of spells in four different schools.

Because of Surthay's position of Defender of the North against the hordes of Rashemen (the likelihood of Rashemen conquering, or even wanting to conquer, Thay is very remote, but not to the paranoid masters of Thay), the Zulkir of the School of Abjuration makes this his particular concern, and his residence is found here.

This Tharch also includes the slave farms between the River Thay and River Mulsantir under its purview, and attempts to keep what trails are known in the Surmarsh under patrol.

The Tharch of Aldor. This small Tharch comprises the island in the Alamber Sea that serves as the main naval base of the Thayvian fleet. For a country with one seaport, Thay keeps a large number of warship keels afloat. This is the largest naval establishment, with the secondary, and only other, base in Bezantur.

The Tharchion of Aldor is Thessaloni Canos, sister of Mikal Canos and a 10th level lawful evil Lord. The Red Wizards recognized the quality of each of these commanders but also decided that putting them in close proximity would be hazardous to the health of their regime, so they are almost as far as possible apart as they can be without being in other countries.

The Tharch of Thazalhar. This is a purely military Tharch responsible for patrolling the trade roads between Pyarados and the Mulhorand border on the other side of the River of the Dawn. The Tharchion is Milsantos Daramos, a 7th level lawful evil fighter who commands three small troops of cavalry.

Their main purpose is to guard caravans and put down marauding monsters who may be accumulating a power base in the wasteland. Ostensibly, the Tharchion's seat is at Pyarados, but Milsantos has little love for Valerios, so he is mostly on the trail, camping at one of several familiar sites along the

caravan path. His troops are known to be the hardest-riding and longest-enduring troopers in Thay, though their fighting ability is not outstanding.

Milsantos is known for charging way fees in gems and small items of value. He has no place to store vast quantities of coins, and keeps his treasure with him.

The Laws of Thay

Thay has no code of laws that rules its life. The Zulkirs make all pronouncements that affect the populace, and most of these are individual rulings on individual cases. Among their other duties, the Zulkirs are the high judges of Thay.

The law that rules the nation comes from the Tharchions and from tradition. Some of this tradition is taken from Mulhorand, the rest has developed over the centuries since Thay became a nation.

The following is a short description of the most important laws of Thay.

Laws about Murder

Every murder case is handled individually. Some Tharchions let their Autharches or even the constables on the streets administer justice in these cases. The most common punishment for common people is enslavement (a common punishment for *any* crime). If the murderer is someone such as an adventurer or a magic-user of some sort the usual punishment is death. Slaves who commit murder are punished (how heavily depends on how important the victim was) and either given back to their master or taken over by the government and sent off to the gold mines. Murder of a slave is not murder, it is theft.

Assuming the person in charge of dealing with murder cases takes the time to hear any arguments, any seemingly good reason for killing someone may be accepted, or the most obvious case of self-defense may get the killer sent to the gold mines.

Laws About Assault

There are no real laws about assault, unless the victim is an important member of society, in which case the assaulter may be slain out of hand or enslaved. Of course, the assaulter can be freed or punished depending on the relative importance of the victim to the assaulter.

Laws About Theft

Unlike many Realms, thieves are not branded and maimed in Thay. They are enslaved. This punishment can be handed out for something as unimportant as a loaf of bread. Particularly important thefts, such as that of a magical item from a wizard, can be punished with death. After all, who wants such an accomplished thief as a slave?

Civil Laws

Suits for redress and righting of commercial wrongs must be brought before the person in authority. This can be a Tharchion, an Autharch, or even a local Red Wizard. Most people try to avoid the justice of wizards, however, since they are said, correctly, to be somewhat whimsical in administering justice, and plaintiffs and defendants alike have been turned into frogs for disturbing a wizard with their petty problems. If there is a dispute between Tharchions, a panel of the Zulkirs hears the argument, and more than one Tharchion has lost life or current body as a judgement.

Disputes between wizards are settled between the wizards. There are no mechanisms for settling such disputes by any other method. If they cannot settle it by talk, they declare feud and people start dying. Sometimes one litigant decides that there is no settling the problem before the other does, and the first thing the other knows about the escalation is when he finds his breakfast has been poisoned.

For this reason, among others, most wizards are accomplished alchemists as well, specializing in poisons and anti-

(Continued on page 37)

PLAYERS' GUIDE TO THAY

Glossary of Things Thayvian

Aglarond – Neighboring country to the west. The population is mostly half-elves and the country is ruled by the mysterious Simbul.

Alamber Sea – Also called the Sahuagin Sea for the kingdom of those people that resides in the depths. This separates the ancient kingdoms of Mulhorand and Unther and is mostly plied by ships from Thay.

The Aldor – Island where the Wizards' Reach meets the Alamber Sea. The entire island is a naval base for the Red Wizards.

Altumbel – Peninsula holding the city of Spandeliyon, called the City of Pirates. Known as the least lawful city on the Inner Sea, it was founded by the refugees from Aglarond driven out by the half-elves who now rule the country.

Amruthar – Neutral city on the River Lapendrar. Not possessed by Thay, it acts as an entry port for goods going to Thay.

Assassins – Said to be the main political expeditors in Thay.

Autharch – Subsidiary noble, answerable to the Tharchion or Tharchioness who appointed him.

Bezantur – Seaport city of Thay, the largest city of that country, comparable to Waterdeep in size. "Ruled by thieves."

"*Bread Basket of the East*" – Another name for Thay, which supplies grain (at high prices) to most of the eastern Realms.

Chessenta – Collection of city-states on the south coast of the Wizards' Reach who rebelled from the ancient kingdom of Unther and now vacillate between open warfare and armed peace with

one another. An excellent market for mercenaries.

The Citadel – Mighty fortification in the Thaymount, built by pre-human residents who are said to still reside in devolved form in its lowest dungeons.

Cities of the North Coast – Four cities and six towns, each independent but formed into a loose alliance of defense against the colossus of Thay. Currently, four of the smaller towns are in flames from an attack by Thay.

The cities are, from west to east, Delthuntle, Nethra, Teth, Laothkund, Hilbrand, Lasdur, Taskaunt, Escalant, Murbant, and Thasselen.

Delhumide – Ruined city that had been a capital of Thay in ancient times. Said to be laden with hidden magic.

Eltabbar – Capital city of Thay, a city of wizards. The Tharchioness is such a beauty that she is known as the First Princess of Thay (though only outside the country).

First Escarpment – Cliffs that form the plateau of the Priador. Forms part of the main border of Thay except in times of conquest.

Giants' Wall – Cyclopean wall erected by giants as a returned favor to the first king of Aglarond to defend the country from the incursions of Thay.

The Golden Way – A traderoad leading from the empires of the East through Rashemen to Thesk and Telflamm.

Impiltur – Young kingdom to the north and west of Thay. Ruled in fact by a council of lords in the name of the wizardess who wears the crown, who is named Sambryl.

Lapendrar – "River of Sorrows," so named because of the gold miners who have died working along its banks and the army from Aglarond that died in battle there. Forms the western bound-

ary of much of Thay except in periods of conquest.

Lauzoril – Prominent Red Wizard who has declared a vendetta of sorts against the Harpers.

Mulhorand – Ancient empire of the god-kings south of Thay. The Red Wizards are said to have come from there.

Mulsantir – Lake and river that mark the northern boundary of Thay and the border between Thay and Rashemen.

Narfell – Ancient kingdom that sat between modern Impiltur and Rashemen. Its ruins are still rich.

Nentyarch – Wizard-ruler of the wilderness between Impiltur and Rashemen, where the ancient land of Narfell had its roots. Anyone entering the territory without the good will of this ruler does not return.

The Plain of Purple Dust – Desert on the east side of the Sunrise Mountains. Any lands on the other side of this desert are known only in ancient legend.

The Priador – Flat plateau on which most of Thay rests.

Pyarados – City of Thay. Jumping-off place for adventurers going into the Sunrise Mountains.

Rashemen – Country to the north of Thay, protected by the Witches of Rashemen.

Raumathar – Ancient kingdom that sat where Rashemen now is. Died in war of mutual elimination with Narfell.

Skuld – City of Shadows, capital of Mulhorand.

Slave Farms – The agriculture (except for kitchen gardens) of Thay takes place on these immense plantations which are owned by the Red Wizards and Tharchions of Thay.



Slavers— The scum of the Inner Seas are hired by Thay to kidnap citizens of other Realms to become slaves in Thay.

Slavery— Basis of the economy of Thay. Two-thirds of the people of the nation are slaves. No one in the Forgotten Realms wants to be a slave in Thay.

Sunrise Mountains— The eastern border of Thay. Virtually impassable. Said to be the home of lammasu and griffins.

Surmarsh— Extensive swamp area to the west of Lake Mulsantir between the Rivers Thay and Sur. Home of criminals, refugees, and lizard men who are allied with Thay.

Surthay— Northernmost city of Thay, a lakeport on Lake Mulsantir. The Northern Bulwark.

Szass Tam— The Zulkir of Necromancy in Thay. He is said to know undead as no one has known them before.

Telflamm— A city-state on the shore of the Easting Reach, one of the terminal points for the Golden Way. Ally and trading rival of Thesk.

Tharch— Political division of Thay, ruled by a Tharchion or Tharchioness.

Tharchion or Tharchioness— Ruler of a Tharch. Almost absolute rulers within their domains, but answerable to the Zulkirs.

Thay— The nation ruled by the Red Wizards. Cities of Thay include Eltabar, Bezantur, Tyraturos, Pyarados, and Surthay.

Thaymount— Small range of mountains, probably volcanic, that rise out of the Priador and form the West Wall of Thay when she has shrunk her borders in times of retreat. The Citadel guards these mountains, and the rivers Lapendrar, Umber, and Eltab are fed from their heights.

Thesk— An alliance of trading towns and cities along the western end of the Golden Way. The largest city and capital of the country is Milvarune. The other main city is Phsalt, city of sages. The other towns are Thassalra, Phent, Inkar, Tammarr, Two-stars, and Tezir-On-The-Marsh.

Tyraturos— Crossroads city of Thay, where the High Road and the Eastern Way meet. Sometimes called the “capital of Southern Thay”. The greatest interior markets of Thay happen here. The slave markets are particularly extensive.

Witches— The true rulers of Rashemen. It is said that only their magic has kept Rashemen free from domination by Thay.

Wizards’ Reach— The arm of the Inner Sea that divides Aglarond and Thay from the cities of Chessenta. The Cities of the North Coast are arranged along the north coast of this arm.

Yuirwood— Largest forest in the area of Thay. Former home of the Yuir elves, who are some of the progenitors of the half-elves of Aglarond. Now forms the border between Aglarond and the Cities of the North Coast.

Zulkirs— The Red Wizards who actually rule Thay. There are said to be eight Zulkirs, one for each school of magic. The actual names of these wizards are not usually known.

Rumors

The following rumors can be found in different places in the Forgotten Realms, as indicated by the headings. If you want to follow any of these up, talk to your DM.

- Agents of the Red Wizards of Thay have openly slain merchants in Westgate and Scardale-port, and it is whispered that the fell Red Magic Cult is stirring again; perhaps the Red Wizards will resume their quest for world domination soon, in the Inner Sea Lands.

- A tavern in Ordulin, The Stranded Fish, has been set afire and destroyed in a brawl between local bravos and a bearded, robed mage of great power, thought to be one of the Red Wizards of Thay. The mage escaped the blaze, and his present whereabouts are unknown. It is certain that agents of the city’s Council, and the City Guards, are looking for him.

- The incidence of abductions throughout the Inner Sea area is growing greatly. Authorities are afraid (for reasons they’d rather not discuss) that the Red Wizards are adding to their slave coffles. Many young men and women with some experience in adventuring, though not as magic-users or clerics, are going missing.

Close To Thay

- Armies of “walking dead” are said to be advancing steadily northwards from Thay, led by armored skeletal warriors of great power and fell aspect. Impiltur fears that Thay will overwhelm all the Eastern Lands, and then turn west to crush the Coastal Cities, Impiltur, and Aglarond.

- The Red Wizards of Thay have sent legions of elementals against rebellious neighboring satraps, destroying four of them (the coastal cities of Lasdur, Taskaunt, Murbant, and Thasselen) utterly, taking those lands (and that of



Hilbrand, which surrendered without a fight) under Thay's banner. Escalant, the most powerful of the cities, is currently under siege.

- It is thought that such vast numbers of elementals could not be summoned by spell, but rather a gate or portal was opened directly to the Plane of Elemental Fire. The sages of Phsalt warn that if all the hosts of Thay were mustered and hurled against these new forces, Thay would quickly go down to defeat. Whatever means the Red Wizards have for gaining such forces must be ended, they say, and magical forces must be gathered immediately to match this present strength.

- The adventurers' band led by the fighter Mane, formerly resident in Shadowdale, has disappeared in the South. There is talk of their defeat and death in the Yuirwood, but others say they have fallen in battle with the Red Wizards in Thay, or even that Mane has become chieftain and war leader of the nomads of the Shaar. Nothing is certain, however; all is speculation.

- Strange creatures have been sighted in the Yuirwood (west of Thay), and are thought to be spreading. Throughout the fall, trolls seemed to be growing more numerous, and then owlbears were reported. As the weather grew colder, a bulette was seen, and it was rapidly followed by other, nameless or unique, creatures, things which seem to be expanding outwards from the depths of the woods. The adventurer Sparleye was last seen in this area with his company, the Men of the Purple Arrow. Others who have gone into the woods have not returned, and traders are avoiding the area.

- Selfaril, High Blade of Mulmaster (one of the cities in opposition to Zhentil Keep) is said to be seeking a wife: The Tharchioness of Eltabbar, First Princess of Thay. The young, bald-headed Tharchioness has sent a golden earring soaked in her perfume to Selfaril, and he has sent her in return a cloak of snow-white Yeti fur. Having thus

exchanged gifts, they may now visit together with no gossip of scandal, instead of only through envoys, and yet part honorably, if they do not want to be mated. Selfaril wants Thay as an ally against Zhentil Keep, and dares not spite its ancient customs.

- To the south of old, vast Thay, the even more ancient kingdom of Mulhorand has been jolted in the past year: the Statues That Walk have begun to move once more. Over a thousand stone statues of time-lost origin stand all about this dusky-hilled country. At odd but long separated intervals, these stone men animate and walk about apparently towards specific (now-vanished?) destinations. They stop at times and then move on again, fight any who bar their way or attack them, and at times hew at rocks or clear pathways through certain areas. This latter behavior is a frightening thing when these areas are many-towered cities or tanglewood forests. The stone men are mute and apparently non-intelligent and no one has yet found a way to control them. Some have crossed through the border walls into Thay as well as into Unther, a desert land that lies south and west of Mulhorand. Tholaunt, Divine Precept of Mulhorand (one of the "god-kings" of Mulhorand) says the coming of the statues to life is not his doing nor that of any of his family, as far as he can tell, and adds that the power of controlling the statues is not known to his family. Some have whispered of strife within his family, though, and say that the Statues may be under the control of another.

- In Aglarond, report is that The Simbul, the famous dweomercrafter who rules that country, appears to have left her court shape-changed (perhaps as a cat or falcon) and vanished. Upon her high seat she left a signed letter directing her council to govern Aglarond wisely and dispose of several specific matters (no details are known) thus and so. It is thought she may have headed north to speak with the elves around the Great Dale (with whom she has an

uneasy alliance), and/or to observe events in the strategic Dalelands and discuss things with the remaining elves in Myth Drannor. There are rumors of war between Zhentil Keep and the northern dales and Scardale and its neighboring dales, as well as the sudden announcement of the formation of the Iron Throne, a merchant alliance, which intends to operate in the area. The Simbul is known for her unpredictable behavior and mastery of magic, and the tale most often told of her is her unaided destruction of the Red Sword mercenary company at Mist-bridge.

- Huge balls of fire, four or five in number, appeared in the sky above the Towers of the Blade in Mulmaster shortly after the Simbul left Aglarond. There as a battle involving magic within the Tower and rumor has it that the Simbul was involved.

Quest for Gems

The Nentyarch, ruler of vast lands east and north of Impiltur, has sent agents into the realms, seeking black gems for some unknown magical or religious use.

In Thay

Iyachtu Xvim has been seen in Thay recently, on some quest for his father.



Schools and Spells of The Red Wizards

The following are the spells available from the various schools of the Red Wizards. If you are unfamiliar with a spell, talk to your DM.

The School of Illusion

Cantrips:

Footfall
Groan
Hide
Mask
Mirage
Moan
Noise
Palm
Rattle
Thump
Two-D'lusion

First Level Spells

Audible Glamer
Change Self
Detect Magic
Nystul's Magic Aura (*)
Phantasmal Force
Phantom Armor
Read Magic
spook

Second Level Spells

Alter Self
Blindness
Blur
Deafness
Fascinate
Hypnotic Pattern
Improved Phantasmal Force
Invisibility
Leomund's Trap (*)
Mirror Image
Misdirection
Ventriloquism

Third Level Spells

Fear
Hallucinatory Terrain
Illusionary Script
Invisibility 10' Radius
Paralyzation
Spectral Force
Wraithform

Fourth Level Spells

Dispel Exhaustion
Improved Invisibility
Massmorph
Phantasmal Killer
Shadow Monsters

Fifth Level Spells

Advanced Illusion
Demi-Shadow Monsters
Dream
Projected Image
Shadow Door
Shadow Magic
Tempus Fugit

Sixth Level Spells

Demi-Shadow Magic
Eyebite
Mirage Arcane
Mislead
Permanent Illusion
Phantasmagoria
Programmed Illusion
Shades
Veil

Seventh Level Spells

Alter Reality
Mass Invisibility
Sequester
Shadow Walk
Simulacrum
Weird

THE SCHOOL OF ALTERATION

Cantrips:

Change
Colored Lights
Dim
Firefinger
Gather
Hairy
Haze
Knot
Mute
Polish
Present
Rainbow
Ravel
Shine
Spill
Sprout
Stitch

Tangle
Tarnish
Tie
Untie
Wrap

First Level Spells

Affect Normal Fires
Aura Fire*
Burning Hands
Chromatic Orb
Color Spray
Comprehend Languages
Dancing Lights
Darkness
Detect Magic
Enlarge
Erase
Feather Fall
Firewater
Gaze Reflection
Hold Portal
Jump
Light
Melt
Mending
Message
Phantom Armor
Precipitation
Read Magic
Shocking Grasp
Spider Climb
Wall of Fog
Wizard Mark

Second Level Spells

Alter Self
Bind
Continual Light
Darkness 15' Radius
Deeppockets
Flaming Sphere
Fog Cloud
Fools Gold
Irritation
Knock
Levitate
Magic Mouth
Pyrotechnics
Rope Trick
Shatter
Strength
Vocalize
Whispering Wind
Wizard Lock

**Third Level Spells:**

Blink
Cloudburst
Continual Darkness
Delude
Explosive Runes
Fly
Gust of Wind
Haste
Infravision
Item
Leomund's Tiny Hut (*)
Melf's Minute Meteors (*)
Phantom Wind
Secret Page
Slow
Tongues
Water Breathing
Wind Wall
Wraithform

Fourth Level Spells:

Dimension Door
Enchanted Weapon
Extension I
Fire Gate*
Fire Shield
Leomund's Secure Shelter (*)
Minor Creation
Otiluke's Resilient Sphere (*)
Plant Growth
Polymorph Other
Polymorph Self
Rainbow Pattern
Rary's Mnemonic Enhancer (*)
Solid Fog
Stoneskin
Ultravision
Vacancy
Wizard Eye

Fifth Level Spells:

Airy Water
Animal Growth
Avoidance
Distance Distortion
Dream
Extension II
Fabricate
Leomund's Secret Chest (*)
Major Creation
Passwall
Stone Shape
Telekinesis

Teleport
Transmute Rock to Mud

Sixth Level Spells:

Control Weather
Control Winds *
Death Fog
Disintegrate
Extension III
Glassees
Guards and Wards
Lower Water
Mirage Arcane
Mordenkainen's Lucubration (*)
Move Earth
Otiluke's Freezing Sphere (*)
Part Water
Project Image
Stone to Flesh
Tenser's Transformation (*)
Transmute Water to Dust

Seventh Level Spells:

Astral Spell
Duo-Dimension
Mordenkainen's Magnificent Mansion
(*)
Phase Door
Reverse-Gravity
The Simbul's Synostodweomer * (*)
Statue
Teleport Without Error
Torment
Truename
Vanish

Eighth Level Spells:

Glassteel
Incendiary Cloud
Otiluke's Telekinetic Sphere (*)
Permanency
Polymorph Any Object
Sink

Ninth Level Spells:

Crystalbrittle
Mordenkainen's Disjunction (*)
Shape Change
Succor
Temporal Stasis
Time Stop

SCHOOL OF ENCHANTMENT AND CHARM**Cantrips:**

Curdle
Distract
Flavor
Freshen
Wilt
Wink

First Level Spells:

Charm Person
Detect Magic
Friends
Hypnotism
Read Magic
Run
Sleep
Taunt

Second Level Spells:

Bind
Deeppockets
Forget
Ray of Enfeeblement
Scare

Third Level Spells:

Chant
Charm Undead *
Hold Person
Suggestion

Fourth Level Spells:

Charm Monster
Confusion
Fire Charm
Fumble
Leomund's Secure Shelter (*)
Magic Mirror

Fifth Level Spells:

Chaos
Dolor
Fabricate
Feeblemind
Hold Monster
Leomund's Lamentable Belabourment
(*)

Sixth Level Spells:

Eyebite
Geas
Guards and Wards
Mass Suggestion

**Seventh Level Spells:**

Charm Plants
Truename

Eighth Level Spells:

Antipathy/Sympathy
Binding
Demand
Mass Charm
Otto's Irresistible Dance (*)
Sink

Ninth Level Spells:

Mordenkainen's Disjunction (*)
Succor

THE SCHOOL OF DIVINATION**First Level Spells:**

Detect Illusion
Detect Invisibility *
Detect Magic
Identify
Read Magic

Second Level Spells:

Detect Evil
Detect Invisibility
Detect Poison *
ESP
Know Alignment
Locate Object
Predict Weather *
Read Illusionist Magic

Third Level Spells

Clairaudience
Clairvoyance
Detect Charm *
Find Traps *

Fourth Level Spells:

Magic Mirror

Fifth Level Spells:

Contact Other Plane

Sixth Level Spells:

Legend Lore
True Sight

Seventh Level Spells:

Find the Path*
Stone Tell
Vision

**THE SCHOOL OF CONJURATIONS
AND SUMMONINGS****Cantrips**

Bee
Bluelight
Bug
Gnats
Mouse
Spider
Tweak
Unlock

First Level Spells:

Armor
Detect Magic
Find Familiar
Mount
Push
Read Magic
Unseen Servant

Second Level Spells:

Monster Summoning I
Power Word, Sleep

Third Level Spells:

Assist *
Flame Arrow
Material
Monster Summoning II
Phantom Steed
Sepia Snake Sigil

Fourth Level Spells:

Evard's Black Tentacles (*)
Monster Summoning III

Fifth Level Spells:

Conjure Elemental
Beckon (reverse of Dismissal)
Fire Stones *
Leomund's Secret Chest (*)
Monster Summoning IV
Mordenkainen's Faithful Hound (*)
Summon Shadow

Sixth Level Spells:

Conjure Animals
Death Spell
Enchant an Item
Ensnarement
Invisible Stalker
Monster Summoning V

Seventh Level Spells:

Drawmij's Instant Summons (*)
Limited Wish
Monster Summoning VI
Mordenkainen's Magnificent Mansion
(*)
Power Word, Stun
Prismatic Spray

Eighth Level Spells:

Maze
Monster Summoning VII
Power Word, Blind
Prismatic Wall
Symbol
Trap the Soul

Ninth Level Spells:

Alter Reality
Gate
Power Word, Kill
Prismatic Sphere
Wish

**SCHOOL OF INVOCATION/
EVOCATION****Cantrips:**

Belch
Blink
Chill
Color
Cough
Creak
Dampen
Dirty
Dusty
Nod
Salt
Scratch
Smokepuff
Sneeze
Sour
Spice
Sweeten
Tap
Twitch
Warm
Whistle
Yawn

**First Level Spells:**

Alarm
Circle
Detect Magic
Grease
Magic Missile
Read Magic
Shield
Tenser's Floating Disk (*)
Write

Second Level Spells:

Combust *
Fireball
Flame Dagger *
Flash *
Melf's Acid Arrow (*)
Stinking Cloud
Tasha's Uncontrollable Hideous Laughter (*)
Web
Whip
Zephyr

Third Level Spells:

Lightning Bolt
Material
Melf's Minute Meteors (*)

Fourth Level Spells:

Dig
Fire Lance *
Fire Shield
Fire Trap
Ice Storm
Otiluke's Resilient Sphere (*)
Shout
Wall of Fire
Wall of Ice

Fifth Level Spells:

Bigby's Interposing Hand (*)
Cloudkill
Cone of Cold
Fire Stones *
Leomund's Lamentable Belabourment (*)
Sending
Wall of Force
Wall of Iron
Wall of Stone

Sixth Level Spells:

Bigby's Forceful Hand (*)
Chain Lightning
Contingency
Death Fog
Guards and Wards
Otiluke's Freezing Sphere (*)
Spiritwrack
Tenser's Transformation (*)

Seventh Level Spells:

Banishment
Bigby's Grasping Hand (*)
Delayed Blast Fireball
Forcecage
Mordenkainen's Sword (*)
Torment

Eighth Level Spells:

Bigby's Clenched Fist (*)
Binding
Demand
Fire Storm *
Incendiary Cloud
Otiluke's Telekinetic Sphere (*)

Ninth Level Spells:

Astral Spell
Bigby's Crushing Hand (*)
Energy Drain
Meteor Swarm

SCHOOL OF ABJURATION**Cantrips:**

Clean
Dry
Dust
Exterminate

First Level Spells:

Deny Cold
Deny Fire*
Detect Magic
Protection From Cantrips
Protection From Evil
Read Magic

Second Level Spells:

Dispel Magic
Preserve
Protection From Evil, 10' Radius
Protection From Specific Lycanthrope, 10' Radius (pick one)

Protection From Normal Blunt Weapons *
Protection From Normal Edged Weapons *
Protection From Normal Missiles *
Protection From Plants, 10' Radius*
Protection From Poison*
Resist Energy Drain*

Third Level Spells:

Dispel Illusion
Protection From All Lycanthropes—10' Radius *
Protection From Electricity—10' Radius *
Protection From Specific Elementals—10' Radius* (pick one)
Protection from Illusions *
Protection from Magical Blunt Weapons*
Protection From Magical Edged Weapons*
Protection From Magical Missiles *
Protection from Paralyzation*
Protection From Specific Undead—5' Radius* (pick one)
Protection From Water *
Remove Curse

Fourth Level Spells:

Minor Globe of Invulnerability
Non-Detection
Protection From All Elementals—10' Radius *
Protection From All Undead—5' Radius*
Protection From Breath Weapons
Dragons *
Protection From Breath Weapons—Non-Dragons *
Protection From cold—15' Radius*
Protection From Fire—15' Radius*
Protection From Gas—5' Radius *
Protection From Mechanical Traps *
Protection From Petrification—10' Radius *
Protection From Possession—10' Radius *
Protection From Shapechangers—10' Radius *
Turn Magic*

**Fifth Level Spells:**

Anti-Magic Shell
Avoidance
Dismissal
Globe of Invulnerability
Protection From Acid *
Protection From Magical Traps—5'
Radius *
Spell Immunity *

Sixth Level Spells:

Protection From Any Traps—5' Radius*
Protection From Magic—5' Radius *
Repulsion
Spiritwrack
Volley

Seventh Level Spells:

Banishment
Prismatic Spray
Sequester

Eighth Level Spells:

Mind Blank
Prismatic Wall
Serten's Spell Immunity (*)

Ninth Level Spells:

Imprisonment
Prismatic Sphere

SCHOOL OF NECROMANCY**First Level Spells:**

Detect Magic
Datho's Delirium#
Read Magic
Summon Undead *

Second Level Spells:

Feign Death
Speak To Dead*

Third Level Spells:

Animate Dead
Assist *
Charm Undead *

Fourth Level Spells:

Belten's Burning Blood
Magic Jar
Spendelard's Chaser#

Fifth Level Spells:

Grimwald's Greymantle#
Reincarnation

Sixth Level Spells:

Animate Dead Monsters *

Seventh Level Spells:

Clone
The Simbul's Synostodwoemer * (*)

Eighth Level Spells:

Body Sympathy#
Regenerate *

Ninth Level Spells:

Restoration*

(*) Spells that must be found, cannot be taught in the normal schools.

* = New Spells, see Magic of Thay chapter.

= New Spells introduced in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Boxed Set, DM's Sourcebook. See that book for description.



dots. However, when the going gets tough, the wizards go shopping—for a good assassin.

The Assassins' Guild

The presence of assassins is a way of life in Thay. Since there is no legal method of appeal of any judgement by anyone, frustrated litigants must go to the ultimate appeal, the Assassins guild.

In Thay, the guild is composed of equal numbers of magic-users and thieves, with the occasional fighter thrown in for muscle.

The guild itself is legal, or at least there is no law against its activities. Individual members who do commit murders can be punished for them, if they are caught, but the Zulkirs realize that the assassins perform a service and do not do anything to suppress the Guild itself.

The only black mark the Assassins have is their connection to the School of Enchantment and Charm, but they managed to stay removed from the attempt many years ago of that School to take over the country, and therefore managed to stay intact and unregulated. Members of the School of Enchantment and Charm, who are the best of the alchemists, are valued members of the Guild.

The Army of Thay

The army of Thay is a polyglot collection of many troop types. The only unifying factor is the troops' universal dread of the Red Wizards.

Organization

In general, the troops are divided up into foot Legions of between 800 and 2,000 soldiers or cavalry Legions of about 400 to 1,000 horsetroops. Each Tharchion and each Wizard is supposed to either supply a legion or a Circle of magic-users. In general, the Tharchions supply troops and the Wizards supply Circles, but this is not always the case. Some Wizards prefer to hire mercenaries to add to the

legions rather than risk themselves on the battlefield, and a couple of Tharchions have enough influence to form a Circle; there are also Wizards who simply refuse to have anything to do with the army. No Tharchion has this option.

Legions of foot soldiers can be skirmishers, light foot, heavy foot, artillerymen (though this is mostly handled by Wizard Circles), and even garrison troops. Each legion has its own unique armor and banners, and some have great reputations.

One of the most feared is the new Legion of Myrkul—over 1,000 zombies marching to the drums of priest/sergeants. While they are not excellent fighters, their aspect can scare an opposing regiment from the field, and they feel no fear nor pain. Moreover, foes of this legion know that if they die without totally disabling wounds, they may join this dismal legion.

Horse Legions can actually consist of troopers riding any number of different animals. Most of the Horse Legions are, indeed, horse cavalry, but the Griffin Legion is the finest aggregate of these fierce creatures ever made. This Legion (sponsored by the Tharchion of Pyrardos) has been in development for centuries and still only numbers 350 men and their steeds. Except for major invasions of other countries or the less-frequent defenses of Thay, this Legion spends most of its time patrolling the Sunrise Mountains.

No matter what sort of animal they are riding, Thayvian cavalry is known for its fighting ability everywhere in the Realms. The early Zulkirs decided that, whatever state the foot troops were in, Thay needed cavalry that could speed from one end of the country to the other to meet a threat or surprise a foe. Most of the Tharchions sponsor cavalry Legions, and their combination of heavy armor and archery makes them a potent factor in any battle. It is only when they must fight in territory that is not friendly to cavalry, such as the UMBER Marshes or the Gorge of GAUROS that they must stand aside and let the foot troops move forward.

The Circles

Circles are an innovation of the Red Wizards that makes their armies truly dreaded in any battle where the Circles can see their foes clearly. A Circle consists of a Wizard and his followers and servants. Through their rituals, and use of the Circle spell, the apprentice/followers of the Wizard can add their power to that of the Wizard, allowing him to cast spells as if his level were increased by the levels of every apprentice in the Circle.

This means that the wizard can memorize spells as if he were a higher level wizard, though he cannot memorize any spells of a higher level than he normally knows. Thus, a 13th level Wizard with 2 apprentices of 3rd level, 2 of 2nd level, and 2 of 1st level can memorize spells and cast them as if he were 25th level, though he cannot memorize the 7th, 8th and 9th level spells that a 25th level wizard could memorize.

MAGIC OF THAY

The following are spells known only to the Red Wizards of Thay of certain schools and those people who may have gotten hold of and translated one of their spellbooks. There is one exception, *The Simbul's Synostodweomer*, which is called something else in Thay, but is called by that name here because it is the name applied to it in FR4, *The Magister*. Like the Simbul, the Red Wizards learned this spell from a spell book they captured in a battle with the Witches of Rashemen.

School of Alteration

Aura Fire (Alteration)

Level: 1 Components: V,S
Range: 8" Casting Time: 3 segments
Duration: 4 rounds/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 12 linear feet/level within a 4" radius

Explanation/Description: This spell is very similar to the *faerie fire* druid spell of the same level. However, the magic-user must make motions in the air with both hands as if outlining the body to be outlined with light, and the resulting light is a reddish glow.

Fire Gate (Alteration)

Level: 3 Components: V, M
Range: 0 Casting Time: 1 segment
Duration: Special
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Spell caster
Explanation/Description: This spell is

like *dimension door*, but the user must go from one fire to another fire. The user can move 5" per level of the spell caster. If the user appears in a place already occupied, he remains in the Plane of Elemental Fire, helpless, until someone rescues him in the same fashion as a misused *dimension door* user. If the intended destination fire has been put out, the spell does not work, but it is considered spent regardless.

Control Winds (Alteration)

Level: 6 Components: V, S
Range: 0 Casting Time: 7 segments
Duration: 1 turn/level
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 4" /level radius hemisphere
Explanation/Description: This spell is identical to the 5th level druid spell except that there is no material component to the spell.

The Simbul's Synostodweomer (Alteration/Necromantic)

Level: 7 Components: V, S
Range: 0 Casting Time: 7 segments
Duration: Special
Saving Throws: None
Area of Effect: Special
Explanation/Description: This spell allows the caster to use the magical energy of any spell already memorized by the caster to heal the caster or another being.

This second spell must be cast in the round following the casting of the *syn-*

ostodweomer; even if this subsequent casting is incomplete or interrupted, the *synostodweomer* works. The second spell is lost from the caster's mind, and any material components are consumed in the normal manner-but rather than taking effect, the spell's energy is channeled into the caster, who can absorb its energy as healing or pass it on by direct touch to another single being. A spell used to heal by this means yields energy enough to heal 2 hp of damage per level of the spell. Only if there is excess energy can the caster choose to heal both self and another being—the other being is completely healed, and the remaining energy heals the caster (excess energy being lost). Such healing occurs in the round following the infusion of spell energy. If the caster has extra energy but is unable to touch another injured creature during this time, the extra energy is lost.

Once the *synostodweomer* is cast, whatever spell the caster casts on the following rounds is used to heal, regardless of the caster's subsequent wishes of the level of the spell unleashed. If no spell is cast on the following round, the magic is lost and no healing occurs. Spells from scrolls and spell-like magical items effects, as well as spells cast by beings other than the caster of the *synostodweomer* cannot be used for such healing.





School of Enchantment/Charm

Chant (Enchantment)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M

Range: 0 Casting Time: 1 turn

Duration: Time of chanting

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 3" radius

Explanation/Description: This spell is like the 2nd level clerical spell of the same name, but the user must have an instrument to accompany the chant.

Charm Undead (Enchantment/Necromantic)

Level: 3 Components: V, S

Range: 6" Casting Time: 4 segments

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell is like charm monster, but only affects undead. Note that undead that are normally immune to charm spells are not immune to this spell, though they have normal saving throws.

School of Divination

Detect Poison (Divination)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M

Range: 0 Casting Time: 1 round

Duration: 1 round/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell is just like the 1st level druid spell of same name (UA). However, the material component is powdered unicorn horn.

Predict Weather (Divination)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M

Range: 0 Casting Time: 1 round

Duration: 2 hours/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 16 square miles

Explanation/Description: This is similar to the 1st level druid spell of the

same name, but the material component is airborne pollen which must be thrown into the air and the chance of being correct is 50% plus 2% per level of the magic-user. The maximum chance of correctness is 90%.

Speak With Dead (Necromantic/Divination)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M

Range: 1" Casting Time: 1 turn

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This is like the 3rd level cleric spell but the body must be present and its voice box intact, and only 3 questions may be asked, no matter what the level of the magic-user. The dead answer to the best of their knowledge, but usually in riddles.

Detect Charm (Divination)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M

Range: 3" Casting Time: 1 round

Duration: 1 turn

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This spell is like the 2nd level clerical spell of the same name. However, the material component for this spell is a heartflower, a plant that has petals that look like a heart. The user inhales the crushed petals.

Find Traps (Divination)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M

Range: 3" Casting Time: 1 turn

Duration: 1 turn

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 1" path

Explanation/Description: This is like the 2nd level clerical spell of the same name. However, this actually detects the intent to do harm with a mechanism. It does not detect traps that are the result of circumstances. The spell's material component is a small string noose that must be broken.

Find the Path (Divination)

Level: 7 Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round

Duration: 1 turn per level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: Creature touched

Explanation/Description: This is just like the clerical 6th level spell except that the material component is a torch whose flame will always point in the correct direction. If the torch is blown out, the spell is over. The same thing can be done with a lantern flame.

Stone Tell (Divination)

Level: 7 Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 turn

Duration: 1 turn

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One cubic yard of stone

Explanation/Description: This spell is like the clerical 6th level spell of the same name. However, the material component is a stick of chalk with which the magic-user must sketch a face to do the talking. This face must be complete with eyes, ears, and nose or the mouth will not be able to describe what it "saw," "heard," and "smelled."

School of Conjurations and Summonings

Power Word: Sleep (Conjuration)

Level: 2 Components: V

Range: 6" Casting Time: 1 segment

Duration: 5 rounds/level

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell is like the normal 1st level *sleep* spell, but it needs no somatic or material components.

Assist (Necromantic/Conjuring)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch Casting Time: 4 seg.



Duration: 1 round + 1/level

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One person

Explanation/Description: This spell is like the clerical 2nd level spell *aid* (UA), but does not include the benefits of the bless. The material component is a small vial of pungent herbs, the scent from which the recipient must inhale.

Fire Stones (Conjuration)

Level: 5 Components: V, S, M

Range: 4" Casting Time: 1 round/stone

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: 1/2

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell is like the 6th level druid spell *fire seeds*, but it uses amber instead of seeds and berries.

School of Evocation

Circle (Evocation)

Level: 1 Components: V, S

Range: Touch Casting Time: see below

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: The circle of magic-users

Explanation/Description: This spell is similar to the clerical spell *combine* found in the *Unearthed Arcana*.

This spell is what makes the Circles of the Red Wizards truly dreaded in any battle where the Circles can see their foes clearly. A Circle consists of a Wizard and his followers and servants. Through use of this spell, the apprentice/followers of the wizard add their power to that of the Wizard, allowing him to cast spells as if his level were increased by the levels of every apprentice in the Circle.

This means that the wizard can memorize spells as if he were a higher level wizard, though he cannot memorize any spells of a higher level than he normally knows. Thus, a 13th level Wizard with 2 apprentices of

3rd level, 2 of 2nd level, and 2 of 1st level can memorize spells and cast them as if he were 25th level, though he cannot memorize the 7th, 8th and 9th level spells that a 25th level wizard could memorize. The apprentices helping the wizard must be of the same school. Note that any school but Evocation must use this spell at 2nd level, not first.

If the wizard is a member of more than one school, his spellcasting ability can only be helped for those spells whose school the Circle's apprentices are part of. It is possible to set up more than one Circle to help one wizard, if they are needed.

To set up a Circle, the apprentices must gather into a circle, each member touching the ones to his sides in some manner. Then each apprentice must speak the spell, which puts him into a trance. The length the spell takes to cast depends on how many levels the apprentice has, because it involves him effectively ordering his life and putting it at the disposal of the wizard. Magic-users with more experience have had more life to put in order. In effect, casting the spell takes 1 turn for each level of experience.

Once all the apprentices are in the trance, the wizard can step into the circle they have formed and draw on their power to help him memorize and throw spells.

Between the time necessary to go into the trance and the time to memorize extra spells, one can see that this takes a long time. It is no good for foiling ambushes.

Combust (Evocation)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch Casting Time: 4 seg.

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: 1/2

Area of Effect: 30 lbs. per level

Explanation/Description: This spell makes a combustible object burst into

flame. The damage done is 1d6 per 30 lbs. of object, and the spell does 1d6 per level of the caster per turn until the object is consumed or the flame is extinguished. This is not a magical flame.

Fire Lance (Evocation)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M

Range: 6" + 1" /level

Casting Time: 3 segments

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: 1/2

Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell uses as its material components any torches or other fire in the area. If there is no open fire within direct line of vision up to 30' per level of magic-user, the spell does not work. If there are fires, they go out when the spell is cast. If there are more individual fires (separated by more than 2" of non-fire) than the level of the magic-user, the fires farthest away do not go out.

However, a small number of fires does not detract from the damage done by the spell. The caster is, in essence, using the presence of the fire to open a momentary gate to the Plane of Elemental Fire and direct its energy at a subject.

The energy of the spell looks like a lance of fire, which gives the spell its name. The caster must make a spear-throwing motion at the subject, which is automatically hit. The lance does 1d6/level to the subject.

Fire Storm (Evocation)

Level: 8 Components: V, S, M

Range: 16" Casting Time: 5 segments

Duration: 1 round

Saving Throw: 1/2

Area of Effect: 2" cube/level, minimum 16" cube

Explanation/Description: This is like the 7th level druid spell of the same name. The material component for this form of the spell is charcoal from the cremation of a dead magic-user.



Flame Dagger (Evocation)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 3 seg.
 Duration: 1 round/level
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 1" long, dagger-like blade

Explanation/Description: This spell creates a flaming dagger that is like the 2nd level *flame sword* of the druid (UA) but does 2-5 damage with +2 vs. undead and those vulnerable to fire. It is otherwise the same.

Flash (Evocation)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M
 Range: 10" + 1" /level
 Casting Time: 3 segments
 Duration: Instantaneous
 Saving Throw: 1/2 the time blinded
 Area of Effect: 2" radius sphere

Explanation/Description: This spell creates a blinding flash of light in its area. Everyone affected is -5 to any roll to hit anything—thieves are -25% in all skills for the duration of the effects.

The effects last for 2-20 rounds. Roll separately for each victim unless the DM says not to. A successful saving throw versus magic cuts the effect time in half.

School of Abjuration

Deny Cold (Abjuration)

Level: 1 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
 Duration: 1 turn/level
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: Creature touched

Explanation/Description: This spell has much the same effect of the 1st level clerical spell *resist cold*, but it acts to repel cold, rather than toughen the body to endure it. The material component is a swatch of fur from a fur-bearing animal.

Deny Fire (Abjuration)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
 Duration: 1 turn/level
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: Creature touched
Explanation/Description: This spell has much the same effect of the 2nd level clerical spell *resist fire*, but it acts to repel fire and heat, rather than toughen the body to endure it. The material component is a sliver of red or gold dragon hide.

Protection from Specific Lycanthropes—10' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 turn
 Duration: 4 + level/rounds
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 10' radius around subject

Explanation/Description: This spell must be learned separately for each form of lycanthrope from which the caster wishes protection. The spell sets up a circle of protection around the subject that moves with him, one that keeps out 49 hit dice (round all hit point pluses down unless they exceed + 3) of the type of lycanthrope protected against. If there are more lycanthropes than are protected against, the remaining lycanthropes can cross the circle and attack.

The material component of this spell, and the derivative spells described later, is wolfsbane, which must be crumbled up and scattered in a circle around the caster during the casting of the spell.

Protection From Normal Weapons (Abjuration)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 rounds
 Duration: 5-8 rounds
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 5" radius sphere around subject

Explanation/Description: This is actually three spells, and each must be

learned separately. The three spells are *protection from blunt weapons*, *protection from edged weapons*, and *protection from missiles*. All three spells may be applied to the same recipient at the same time. The recipient and anyone within the radius, which moves with the subject, cannot be touched by a non-magical weapon of the type protected against. The missile protection does not encompass large objects such as ballista bolts or stones hurled by giants.

The material component for this spell is a piece of a broken weapon of the proper type.

Protection from Plants—10' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 rounds
 Duration: 5-8 rounds
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 5" radius around subject

Explanation/Description: All forms of vegetable life, including fungi, slimes, molds, and the like are unable to penetrate this protective sphere that moves with the subject. If it is moved toward plant life that is capable of movement, the plant is pushed away. If the plant life is immobile, the sphere cannot move any farther in that direction unless the subject has enough strength and mass to uproot the plant under normal circumstances.

The material component is ash from the burned remains of some form of dangerous slime or mold.

Protection from Poison (Abjuration)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 6 seg.
 Duration: 3-12 rounds (1d10 + 2)
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: No form of poison, ingested in any fashion,



affects the protected individual, and any such poison already in the subject's system is permanently neutralized.

The material component of the spell is a sprig of belladonna.

Resist Energy Drain (Abjuration)
Level: 2 Components: V, S
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 turn
Duration: 1 turn/level

Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Creature touched
Explanation/Description: This spell gives the subject a saving throw vs. death magic any time he is attacked by undead that drain energy levels. If the saving throw is made, the undead cannot steal the life energy of the subject. This does not work against any sort of attack besides the touch of an undead.

Protection from All Lycanthropes — 10' Radius (Abjuration)
Level: 3 Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 turn
Duration: 5-30 rounds
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 10' radius around subject

Explanation/Description: This spell is like *protection from specific lycanthropes*, but it works against all lycanthropes.

Protection from Electricity—10' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 3-12 (3d4) rounds
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 10' radius around subject

Explanation/Description: All within the radius, which moves with the subject, are immune to any electrical attacks and associated effects.

The material component is a piece of tektite.

Protection from Specific Elementals — 10' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 4 + level/rounds
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 10' radius around subject

Explanation/Description: This is actually four spells, each of which must be learned individually. The area of protection, which moves with the subject, protects all within from the direct attacks of either air elementals (including all similar creatures such as djinn and invisible stalkers), earth elementals (including efreet and salamanders), fire elementals (including tritons and water weirds). The circle of protection affects a maximum of 24 hit dice of the specific elemental creatures. If an elemental creature has more than 24 hit dice, or the creatures exceed that number in total, the extra creatures (or the entire creature if it has more dice) can pass the circle. There is nothing stopping the elementals from hurling objects past the circle, if they are capable of doing that, and attacks can go out of the circle.

The material component of this spell is a vial of water versus fire elementals, a smoldering ember versus air elementals, a small fan versus earth elementals, and a lump of earth against water elementals.

Protection from Illusions (Abjuration)

Level: 3 Components: V, S
Range: much Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 5-30 (5d6) rounds
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Explanation/Description: This spell lets the subject see through any



illusion or phantasm, but he knows it for what it is and it becomes almost transparent to him, so he can see what it may be hiding.

Protection from Magical Weapons (Abjuration)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 rounds
Duration: 5-8 rounds
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This is actually three spells, and each must be learned separately. The three spells are *protection from magical blunt weapons*, *protection from magical edged weapons*, and *protection from magical missiles*. All three spells may be applied to the same recipient at the same time. The recipient cannot be touched by a weapon of the type protected against, but note that this protection does not apply to spells such as *magic missile* or *Mordenkainen's Sword* which simulate the effects of weapons.

The material component for this spell is a piece of a broken magical weapon of the proper type.

Protection from Paralyzation (Abjuration)

Level: 3 Components: V, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 rounds
Duration: 5-8 turns
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This protection extends to all forms of paralyzation, muscle and nerve paralysis included. A *hold* spell does not work on the protected individual, nor does any sort of paralyzation brought on by gas.

The material component for this spell is dried and ground up carrion crawler tentacle, which the caster must swallow after speaking the spell.

Protection from Specific Undead—5' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 10-80 (10d8) rounds
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 5" radius around subject

Explanation/Description: This is actually several spells, each of which works against a different form of undead and must be learned separately. This protects all within its circumference, which moves with the subject, from all physical attacks from the undead, but not magic spells or other attack forms. If a creature leaves the protected area it is then subject to physical attack. The protection restrains up to 35 hit dice/levels of undead; excess hit dice/levels can pass through the circle.

The material component for this spell is dust taken from a tomb guarded by the specific type of undead.

Protection from Water (Abjuration)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 5-8 turns
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 5" radius around subject

Explanation/Description: No form of water, solid, liquid, or gas, can penetrate this sphere of protection, which moves with the subject. If those being protected come upon a form of water, the substance simply does not touch them; thus they do not slip on ice, sink into a body of water, etc.

The material component for this spell is a handful of dry desert sand.

Protection from All Elementals—10' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 4 + level/rounds
Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 10' radius around subject

Explanation/Description: This protects against all elementals. The sphere of protection, which moves with the subject, protects all within from the direct attacks of air elementals (including all similar creatures such as djinn and invisible stalkers), earth elementals (including xorn), fire elementals (including efreet and salamanders), and water elementals (including tritons and water weirds). The circle of protection affects a maximum of 16 hit dice of elemental creatures. If an elemental creature has more than 16 hit dice, or the creatures exceed that number in total, the extra creatures (or the entire creature if it has more dice) can pass the circle. There is nothing stopping the elementals from hurling objects past the circle, if they are capable of doing that, and attacks can go out of the circle.

The material component of this spell is a piece of a substance that came from neither the Prime Material Plane nor any of the Elemental Planes.

Protection from All Undead—5" Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 10-80 (10d8) rounds
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 5" radius around caster

Explanation/Description: This spell works against all forms of undead. All within the circumference of this sphere of protection that moves with the subject are protected from all physical attacks from the undead, but not magic spells or other attack forms. If a creature leaves the protected area it is then subject to physical attack. The protection restrains up to 35 hit dice/levels of undead; excess hit dice/levels can pass



through the circle.

The material component for this spell is dust taken from a vampire's casket.

Protection from Breath Weapons—Dragon (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 rounds
Duration: 6-12 (2d4 +4) rounds

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This protection is not limited by alignment or type of dragon breath, it extends to all forms of dragon breath.

The material component of this spell is a gold coin, which is destroyed in the spell.

Protection from Breath Weapons—Non-Dragon (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 rounds
Duration: 6-12 (2d4 +4) rounds

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This protection is not limited by alignment or type of breath, it extends to all forms of breath weapon not used by a dragon.

The material component of this spell is a platinum coin, which is destroyed in the spell.

Protection from Cold—15" Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 6 seg.
Duration: 5-8 (d4 +4) turns

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 15" radius around caster

Explanation/Description: All within this sphere of protection that moves with the subject are protected from the effects of normal cold as low as absolute zero. Against magical cold, the spell acts as the clerical spell

resist cold, but with enhanced benefits (+6 on saving throw, damage one quarter normal or one-eighth if save is made).

The material component of the spell is a smoldering ember.

Protection from Fire—15" Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 5-8 (d4 +4) turns

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 15" radius around caster

Explanation/Description: All within this sphere of protection that moves with the subject are able to withstand flame and heat of the hottest sort, even of elemental or magical nature.

The material component for this spell is a vial of water.

Protection from Gas—5" Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 6 seg.
Duration: 5-8 (d4 +4) rounds

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 5" radius around caster

Explanation/Description: All within this sphere of protection that moves with the subject are immune to the effects of any form of gas-poison gas, breath weapons which are gaseous in nature, spells which generate noxious clouds such as *stinking cloud* and *cloudkill*, and all similar forms of noxious, toxic, vapors.

Protection from Mechanical Traps (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 8 seg.
Duration: 5-20 (5d4) rounds

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: Traps of mechanical nature do not function against the subject of this spell, but

they are not revealed.

The material component for this spell is a thimbleful of axle grease.

Protection from Petrification—10' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: 5-20 (5d4) rounds

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 10' radius around subject

Explanation/Description: All within the confines of this sphere of protection that moves with the subject are absolutely immune to any attack form, magical or otherwise, which causes flesh to turn to stone.

The material component of this spell is a pinch of scales from the snakes on a medusa's head.

Protection from Possession—10' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 rounds
Duration: 10-60 (10d6) rounds

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 10' radius around subject

Explanation/Description: This spell generates a sphere of protection that moves with the subject and protects all creatures within its confines from possession by magical spell attacks such as *magic jar*; attack forms aimed at mental control or possession or psychic energy drain which are psionically or magically based; or demon, devil, night hag, or similar creature possession (obsession). Even dead bodies within the magic circle are protected.

The material components for this spell are fragments from a former *magic jar*.



Protection from Shape-changers—10' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 turn
 Duration: 5-30 rounds
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 10' radius around caster

Explanation/Description: This spell is like the *protection from all lycanthropes* spell, but it also works against other types of shapechangers, such as doppelgangers, some forms of dragons, druids, jackalweres, and those under the influence of *polymorph* spells.

Turn Magic (Abjuration)

Level: 4 Components: V, S
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
 Duration: Special
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This spell can take two forms, but the form can be chosen on casting the spell.

The spell works the same in either case, but the duration is different. The spell can either be cast to last for 10-60 (10d6) rounds, or to last indefinitely unless it is triggered. If the latter form is used, the spell works once and then must be recast to be used again.

This spell distorts the three normal dimensions with regard to magic spells directed at its subject. Any spell cast at the subject usually rebounds, in part or in whole, upon the caster. The distance between, and area occupied by, the subject and the spell caster are not as they seem when the magic activates the spell. Four important exceptions must be noted:

1. Spells affecting an area and not targetted specifically at the subject are not turned.
2. Spells delivered by touch are not turned.
3. Magic contained in devices,

which include wands and rings but do not include scrolls, are not turned.

4. Psionic powers are not considered magic for the purposes of this spell.

When a spell is cast on the subject, roll 1d10. The result is both the proportion of the spell returned to the caster and the bonus to the saving throw against the spell. If the spell is a damage spell, multiply the roll by 10 to get the percentage of damage that returns to the caster. The remainder hits the individual protected by the *turn magic* spell. The number is also added to the saving throw against the spell of the person with *turn magic*. The remainder is added to the saving throw of the attacking spell caster.

If the spell normally has no saving throw, the amount rolled on the d10 is the proportion of a roll of d20 for a save. In other words, if the roll is 5, both the subject and the attacking spell caster have saving throws of 16. If the roll was a 7, the *turn magic* user has a saving throw of 14 (20-7 = 13), and the attacker has a saving throw of 18 (20-3 = 17). This saving throw is not modifiable by any consideration of protection, race, etc.

If an attacking spell has a top limit of number of levels of character it can affect, then the total levels of the caster and the *turn magic* subject must not exceed the number of levels the spell can affect. Otherwise the spell is a failure.

As long as the *turn magic* effect is on, the wearer cannot accept a spell voluntarily.

If both caster and subject are protected by *turn magic* or *rings of spell turning*, then a resonance is set up that can negate the spell, make it affect both fully and equally or some other unpleasant possibilities. DMs should look at the DMG, page 131, on *rings of spell turning* to get the exact possible results.

Protection from Acid (Abjuration)

Level: 5 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
 Duration: Special
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This spell protects the subject from all forms of acid, up to a damage limit of 20 hit dice or a time limit of 9-12 turns (d4 + 8), whichever comes first. Thus, the subject could be protected from three breath attacks from the smallest size of black dragon (normally 6HD of damage per attack), and still have some protection left over, as long as the attacks all happened within the time period.

The material for this spell is a gold mirror.

Protection from Magical Traps—5' Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 5 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
 Duration: 3-12 (1d10 + 2) rounds
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 5" radius around subject

Explanation/Description: Magical traps do not function within 5" of the subject of the spell, but they are not revealed, either.

The material component of this spell is a thimbleful of axle grease.

Spell Immunity (Abjuration)

Level: 5 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round
 Duration: 1 turn/level
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: One individual

Explanation/Description: This spell is identical to the clerical 4th level spell of the same name (WA).

Protection from Any Traps—5" Radius * (Abjuration)

Level: 6 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 rounds
 Duration: 2-8 (2d4) rounds



Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 5" radius around subject

Explanation/Description: This spell combines the aspects of the *protection from mechanical traps* and *protection from magical traps* spells. Except as shown above, it is identical to those spells.

Protection From Magic—5" Radius (Abjuration)

Level: 6 Components: V, S

Range: Touch Casting Time: 1 round

Duration: 5-30 (5d6) rounds

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 5" radius around subject

Explanation/Description: This very powerful and invisible globe of protection, which moves with the subject, prevents any form of magic from passing in or out of its confines, but normal things are not restricted. Any magical item touching the globe must be saved for with a 50% likelihood of the object being drained of all magic from the power of the globe—the save equals 11 or better on d20.

If multiple magical items encounter the globe simultaneously, the leading item (a magical sword held in advance of its owner, for instance) is the first affected, then the others are checked

in order of descending power until the first item fails its save, at which time the globe is cancelled and the item is drained of its magic.

School of Necromancy

Detho's Delirium (Necromantic)

Level: 1 Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch Casting Time: 2 seg.

Duration: 1 round + 1 round/level of caster

Saving Throw: Negates

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: The caster of this spell touches a being who is drugged, drunken, unconscious, or sleeping, while speaking the mystic words and ringing a small silver or brass bell (which can be reused). The touched creature receives a saving throw against spells at - 2; if the save is failed, the creature begins to speak. (A creature feigning drunkenness or unconsciousness is not affected by this spell.) The affected being speaks at random, in all languages known to it, and on random, rambling, topics. It cannot hear questions and cannot be forced by mental or magical control to give specific answers—any attempt to use such control is 96% likely to awaken the creature. While the crea-

ture speaks, there is a 22% chance per round (not cumulative) that it will reveal names, truenames, passwords, words of activation, codes, directions, and other useful information. Note that the speaker will rarely identify such fragments of speech for what they truly are, and hearers must speculate themselves on the meanings. Dreams, rumors, jokes, and fairy tales may be mumbled by the speaker, not merely factual information.

The spell will be broken before its duration is over if the affected creature is awakened.

Summon Undead (Conjuration/Necromantic)

Level: 1 Components: V,S,M

Range: See Below Casting Time: 1 turn

Duration: 1-8 turns + 1 turn/level of caster

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 100' radius per level of caster

Explanation/Description: The nearest 2-12 undead of hit dice equal to or less than the level of the caster and within 100' per level of the magic-user, must travel to the caller at normal pace. The summoned undead will not be hostile, nor are they under the control of the summoner. They may act as they wish.



Once they have arrived at the summoner, the undead may turn around and go back where they came from, attack anyone in their way, talk to the summoner, or perform any other action that seems reasonable to them. Unthinking undead (such as zombies and skeletons) with a purpose immediately return to their station. Wandering unthinking undead stay and wait for orders (for which the caster needs *charm undead* or a potion of *undead control* or something similar) unless there are obvious foes besides the summoner to attack.

This is both a Necromancy and a Conjunction spell, but it is not taught in the Conjunction school. The summoner must have bone dust that is scattered to the wind during the spell casting.

Speak With Dead (Necromantic/Divination)

Level: 2 Components: V, S, M
 Range: 1" Casting Time: 1 turn
 Duration: Special
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: One creature
Explanation/Description: See description in School of Divination.

Assist (Necromantic/Conjuring)

Level: 3 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 4 seg.
 Duration: 1 round + 1 round/level of caster
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: One person
Explanation/Description: See description in School of Conjuring.

Charm Undead (Enchantment/Necromantic)

Level: 3 Components: V, S
 Range: 6" Casting Time: 4 segments
 Duration: Special
 Saving Throw: Negates
 Area of Effect: Special
Explanation/Description: See description under School of Enchantment.

Belten's Burning Blood (Necromantic)

Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
 Range: 1"/level of caster
 Casting Time: 4 segments
 Duration: 3 rounds
 Saving Throw: Negates
 Area of Effect: One creature
Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a magic-user can cause any creature who is presently bearing open, bleeding, wounds (i.e. one who has been damaged by edged weapons recently and whose wounds have not yet been dressed or healed) to suffer 3-12 hit points of additional damage per round, by causing a subtle, temporary change in the victim's blood that causes it to be corrosive to adjacent tissue.

The subject must have blood to be affected, and any creature immune or resistant to fire or corrosive damage cannot be affected. The material components of the spell are the visible blood and a pinch of saltpeter. Once the spell is cast, the caster does not have to concentrate on the spell. It continues to work as the caster performs other actions.

The spell causes no damage if the subject's saving throws (versus spells at -3) are successful in each of the three rounds of the duration. If one saving throw is made, the subject still takes damage during the other two rounds of the duration. No hit roll is necessary and the subject need not even be in sight of the caster as long as the caster is familiar with the subject and the subject is within range. Astral or ethereal subjects cannot be affected.

Targets who have altered their shape or entered other objects (such as a tree or stone) are still vulnerable to this spell as long as they are bleeding. Creatures who have powers of regeneration are only affected as long as they have open wounds.

Animate Dead Monsters (Necromantic)

Level: 6 Components: V, S, M
 Range: 1" Casting Time: 7 segments
 Duration: Permanent
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: Special
Explanation/Description: This spell is just like the clerical 5th level spell of the same name (UA) but the material component is just the body to be animated.

The Simbul's Synostodweomer (Alteration/Necromantic)

Level: 7 Components: V, S
 Range: 0 Casting Time: 7 segments
 Duration: Special
 Saving Throws: None
 Area of Effect: Special
Explanation/Description: See description in School of Alteration.

Regenerate (Necromantic)

Level: 8 Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 3 rounds
 Duration: Permanent
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: Creature touched
Explanation/Description: This spell is like the 7th level clerical spell of the same name. The material component is a lizard that can naturally regrow its limbs, which must be slain as part of the spell.

Restoration (Necromantic)

Level: 9(Components: V, S, M
 Range: Touch Casting Time: 3 rounds
 Duration: Permanent
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: Creature touched
Explanation/Description: This spell is like the clerical 7th level spell of the same name, but its material component is a patch of wight's skin.



Azath



Bane



Beshaba



Bhaal



Gond



Helm



Ilmater



Leira



Loliatar



Malar



Mask



Myrkul



Mystra



Sbar



Talona



Waukeen



Kossuth

RELIGION OF THAY

The basic Alignment of Thay is neutral evil. The Red Wizards dislike religion as a general practice, and refuse to give it any prominence in their government. This is a result of the country's origins, which consisted of a gang of Mulhorandese wizards rebelling against the stultifying theocracy of Mulhorand.

This is not to say that the Red Wizards do not themselves worship the gods. One of the principal gods of many of the Wizards is Myrkuil, which ties into the exhaustive study of Necromancy in the Realms.

Entries for the gods worshipped in Thay are organized thus: Name(s), portfolio, alignment, home plane, symbol, and notes.

Azuth, The High One, Patron of Magic-Users, Demipower, LN, Arcadia
Symbol: A human hand, forefinger pointing upward, outlined in a nimbus of blue fire.

Azuth is worshipped in a desultory way in Thay as the patron of magic-users. Wizards with no real affinity for religion pay him lip service and occasionally make sacrifices in his name. His form has been seen in Thay at one time or another, but has never stayed long.

There are major temples in his honor in Eltabbar and Bezantur, smaller shrines in Tyraturos and Pyarados. Attendance at any of the shrines is desultory. The highest ranking priest of Azuth in Thay is 7th level.

Bane, Lord Bane, the Black Lord, God of Strife, Hatred, Tyranny, Greater Power, LE, Acheron

Symbol: A black hand, open, with thumb and fingers aligned together—sometimes on a red field.

Bane does not have the respect in Thay that he does in Zhentil Keep, but he is worshipped mostly among the Tharchions and Tharchionesses.

There are temples to Bane in Eltabbar, Bezantur, Tyraturos, Pyarados, and Surthay, and major shrines in the ruins of Delhumide and on the Aldor. There is also a private shrine in the Cita-

del for the Tharchion.

The highest ranking priest of Bane is 12th level—the high priest of the temple of Bane in Bezantur. He is watched very closely by most of the Zulkirs, who feel he may be an agent of Zhentil Keep.

Beshaba, Maid of Misfortune, Black Bess, Lady Doom, Goddess of Mischief, Misfortune, Ill Luck, Accidents, Treachery, Betrayal, Lesser Power, CE, Abyss
Symbol: Black antlers on a red field.

Beshaba is propitiated more than worshipped throughout Thay. The researching magicians of Thay have no wish to suffer ill luck half-way through a magical ceremony.

Shrines to Beshaba appear everywhere there are magic-users in Thay, but there is no temple to her name anywhere.

Bhaal, Lord of Murder, God of Death, Lesser Power, LE, Gehenna
Symbol: a circle of red blood tears, falling counterclockwise, about a white skull.

Bhaal is also worshipped mostly by the ruling class of Thay, particularly those who have gained their high positions through the elimination of competition. The very active Guild of Assassins has at least one temple to Bhaal in each city of Thay.

The main temple of Bhaal is in Eltabbar, the center of politics in Thay. The principal heirophant of this religion in Thay is 10th level, and he reports to the Priest of Bane in Bezantur.

The God-Kings, Masters of the Earth, gods and rulers of Mulhorand, lords of rulers everywhere, Lesser Powers, LN, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: A ziggurat-like tower of white on a blue field.

The God-kings are the rulers of Mulhorand, and not officially appreciated in Thay. However, many Thayvians who are not Red Wizards still worship the gods of their fathers. The worship is not extensive, and is repressed in many parts of the country.

The only temple to the god-kings is a

ziggurat outside the walls of Bezantur. The high priest of that temple is continually being arrested for sedition by the Zulkirs, so the most powerful cleric in residence is 8th level, and that one has been in charge only three months.

Gond, Wonderbringer, god of blacksmiths, artificers, crafts and construction, Lesser Power, N, Concordant Opposition

Symbol: A toothed wheel of brass, bronze, iron, or bone.

Gond is the god of the tradesmen and, somewhat, the merchants of Thay. His worship is relatively weak but is not suppressed by the rulers, who consider him a good example to the craftsmen.

The main temple of Gond is in Tyraturos, and is presided over by a cleric of the 9th level.

Helm, He of the Unsleeping Eyes, God of Guardians, Lesser God, LN, Nirvana
Symbol: An open, staring eye, often painted on a metal gauntlet.

Helm is the patron of many of the soldiers of Thay and of the Inner Seas lands in general. His worship is not supported by the hierarchy, but it is tolerated in mercenaries.

Bezantur is the home of the main temple to Gond, but there are temples in all the main cities and shrines in ever garrison and tax station. The highest level cleric is the Grand Master of the Order of Helm, a 9th level cleric who operates out of the Citadel.

Ilmater, God of Endurance, Suffering, Martyrdom, Perseverance, Lesser Power, LG, Twin Paradises

Symbol: The bloodstained rack or crossed hands bound at the wrist.

Ilmater is the god of the slaves and lower classes in Thay. There is an active worship among the slaves of Thay.

There are no temples to Ilmater, but shrines of sorts, usually mobile, are available throughout the realm. Ilmater is worshipped communally, and the highest level cleric in his service is a 5th level priest who is also a runaway slave who wanders the entire country, dodging patrols and ministering to his flock.



Iyachtu Xvim, The Godson, Son of Bane, Demipower, LE

Symbol: A pair of green, glowing eyes on a black field.

The Godson is rarely worshipped. He often acts in his father's interests, and has been seen many times in Thay, no doubt attempting to further his father's worship.

There are no temples to the name of the godson; he is worshipped through the worship of Bane.

Kossuth, The Lord of Flames, The Firelord, Tyrant among Fire Elementals, God of Elemental Fire, Lesser Power, N, Plane of Fire

Symbol in Thay: A sceptre outlined in fire.

All of the elemental rulers are worshipped to some extent in Thay, but Kossuth is pre-eminent among the elemental lords. The Red Wizards have long concentrated on fire magic, and Kossuth and Myrkul are the closest thing to the dominant gods of Thay.

There are temples to Kossuth all over Thay, but the main temple is in the city of Tyraturos, whose surrounding dry plains are the most amenable to his sensibilities. The temple is open to the sky and surrounded by eternal flames which accept the sacrifices of animals and slaves that propitiates Kossuth.

The highest ranking cleric for Kossuth is a 16th level high priest in that temple.

Leira, Lady of the Mists, Goddess of Deception, Illusion, Demipower, CN, Limbo

Symbol: A triangular plaque, point downward, painted in cloudy, swirling, grays.

Leira is the inspiration of the Illusionists of Thay. She is not held in high regard throughout the Realm, but there is a medium-sized temple dedicated to her worship in Eltabbar, whose Tharchioness is thought to be a student of the school of Illusion. The highest ranking cleric of this worship is 8th level, and resides in the Eltabbar temple.

Loviatar, Maiden of Pain, Goddess of Pain, Hurt, Patron of Torturers, Demipower, LE, Gehenna

Symbol: A black whip of nine strands with barbed tips.

Loviatar is the handmaiden of Bane and Bhaal, and worshipped as such among Thayvian nobility. There is a temple in her name in the city of Bezantur (which is known as the City of a Thousand Temples), but otherwise she is worshipped along with Bane and Bhaal. The highest ranking cleric of Loviatar alone is the high priestess of the Bezantur temple. She is 8th level.

Malar, The Beastlord, The Stalker, God of Wild, Marauding Beasts, Bloodlust, and Hunting, Demipower, CE, Tarterus

Symbol: A taloned, bestial claw.

Malar is the only one of the Gods of Fury who is much worshipped in Thay. In general, the Gods of Fury are too independent for the liking of the Red Wizards. However, the bloodlust and killing fever of his worship are popular among the rulers of Thay who enjoy hunting.

Malar has his distinctive woodland temples in special copses (which are avoided and despised by druids) outside most of the cities of Thay and scattered among the usual hunting preserves in the Realm. The high priest of Malar is a 12th level priest residing in Pyarados, where the hunting in the Sunrise Mountains is best. This priest can also act as a cleric of the other Gods of Fury if needed.

Mask, Lord of Shadows, God of Thieves, Intrigue, Lesser Power, NE, Hades

Symbol: Black velvet mask.

Mask is as popular among the underworld of Thay as he is anywhere else in the Realms.

There is a major temple to his worship in the city of Bezantur, where the thieves are dominant, but he only has easily-disguised shrines elsewhere in the Realm. Many Red Wizards give some worship to Mask in hopes of his

assistance in their various conspiracies to gain power.

The high priest of Mask in Thay is a 13th level cleric who travels all over the country to keep eyes on his flock. The master of the temple at Bezantur is a 10th level cleric who answers to the master of the temple when he is in town.

Myrkul, Lord of Bones, Old Lord Skull, God of the Dead, Wasting, Decay, Corruption, Parasites, Old Age, Dusk, Fall, Exhaustion, Greater Power, NE, Hades

Symbol: A skull or skeletal hand.

Myrkul is the patron of necromancers, and the college of necromancy is one of the most powerful in Thay. Myrkul and Kossuth are the dominant gods of Thay.

There are temples to Myrkul in every city of Thay and shrines in every slavefarm and tax station. The main temple is in Surthay—home city of the Zulkir of Necromancy.

The high priest of this religion in Thay is a 16th level high priest who resides in Surthay.

Mystra, The Lady of Mysteries, Goddess of Magic, Greater Power, LN, Nirvana

Symbol: A blue-white star.

Mystra is worshipped in some ways by all magic-users, and the Thayvian wizards are no exceptions. Usually, however, she is not worshipped exclusively by any of them.

Mystra has temples in all the cities of Thay. They are usually restricted to Red Wizards and their entourages. The largest temple is in Bezantur, but the chief temple is the scarcely-smaller one in Eltabbar. The high priestess of Mystra is a 14th level cleric in Eltabbar.

Shar, Mistress of the Night, The Lady of Loss, Goddess of Darkness, Night, Loss, Forgetfulness, Greater Power, NE, Hades

Symbol: Circle of black with a border of deep purple.

Shar is worshipped along with



Myrkul, and turned to for consolation when a loved one dies.

Every temple to Myrkul has a shrine to Shar, and there are major temples to her alone in Bezantur, Eltabbar, and Pyarados. The temple in Surthay is part of the temple to Myrkul, but has its own wing.

The main cleric of Shar in Thay is a 12th level priestess who reports to the high priest of Myrkul.

Talona, Lady of Poison, Mistress of Disease, Goddess of Disease, Poisoning, Demipower, CE, Tarterus

Symbol: Three teardrops in a triangle, apex upwards.

Since the plagues of a hundred years

before, Talona has been worshipped by the lower classes and some members of the ruling class in a propitiary way to keep her plagues away from the worshippers. Also, the Assassins worship her along with her patron, Bhaal.

There is a major temple to Talona in Bezantur, and every temple of Bane has a shrine to her. There are also private shrines in the homes of several members of the nobility and merchants and in the guildhalls of the Assassins Guild.

The chief priest of Talona is a 9th level cleric who runs the temple in Bezantur.

Waukeen, Liberty's Maiden, Merchantsfriend, Goddess of Trade, Money, Lesser Power, N, Concordant Opposi-

tion

Symbol: A woman's full face or profile within a circle of gold.

The growing middle class of Thay worships Waukeen. The Zulkirs are not certain what their attitude toward this goddess should be, but then they are not certain what to do about a lot of things concerning the middle class.

There is a temple of Waukeen in Tyraturos, and of course one in Bezantur. The official highest-ranking cleric of Waukeen is an 8th level priest in Tyraturos, but Dimon of Tyraturos, the Tharchion, is rumored to be a high-ranking priest of the goddess.

MAJOR PERSONALITIES OF THAY

The entries on persons presented in this section are arranged as follows:

Name, Base of Operations, Level and Class, Alignment, Deity, Race and Sex.

Zulkir Szass Tam

Delhumide

24th level Magic-User, School of Necromancy, Red Wizard of Thay

NE Myrkul

Lich Male

Szass Tam is zulkir of the School of Necromancy, third head of his family since the first days of Thay. He has been around for 250 years, 195 of them as a lich. He understands undead as no one else can.

Unlike most liches, Szass Tam presents a very human-like aspect to the world. His clothes are not rotting, and his body is very well preserved, thanks to the *preservation* spell he has applied to himself that he renews every few weeks. Occasionally he gets forgetful and his body starts to rot a bit, so there is a slight smell of the grave about him, but he keeps himself heavily perfumed to cover that scent.

Because of this preservation, Szass Tam does not frighten low level people away if they look at him. He does have all the other aspects of a lich, including the freezing touch.

Szass Tam's greatest goal is the destruction of Rashemen. He felt he was on the verge of attaining personal immortality without becoming a lich when he had to leave his researches to lead an invading army into Rashemen (He could have not led the army, but that consideration is not something he pays much attention to). The Witches of Rashemen routed the army and Szass Tam was so badly hurt in the battle that he had to become a lich to survive at all.

Now he works on his contribution to the armies of Thay, Myrkul's Legion, a thousand zombies or more dedicated to the destruction of Rashemen. Currently he is sending this legion, backed up by the usual forces at the Gorge of Gauros, into Rashemen to gain his revenge.



Szass Tam's Spellbook

Szass Tam has every Necromancy spell in his spellbook, including the named spells that are not normally in every necromancer's book. He also has *cold of cold*, *dimension door*, and *phase door*; and other spells that may be useful.

He also has two unique spells that are only also known by a couple of his most trusted apprentices.

Preservation (Alteration/Necromancy)

Level: 3

Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 1 turn

Duration: 1 day per level of caster

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One medium sized creature

Explanation/Description: This spell preserves meat and other foods as if it had just been killed. It does not work on cooked food. It can be used on dead people to keep them intact until they can be *raised* (the time *preserved* does not count toward the time elapsed before raising) or *spoken* to. It can also be used on a zombie or lich or similar undead to keep the body from rotting.

Animate Dread Warrior of Tam (Necromancy)

Level: 6

Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 1 turn

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: One creature

Explanation/Description: This spell is used on any newly-dead person on whom the *preservation* spell has been placed. The body becomes a zombie of unusual power (see *INVASION OF THE LIVING DEAD* in the *Adventures Section*) and ability. It does not work on skeletons.

The body affected must be a person with good fighting ability, though it need not originally have been a fighter. However, the body loses any skills other than fighting skills it had, so fighters are the best candidates.

Szass Tam has many magical items. Among them is a *wand of whips*. This wand shoots forth a whip-shaped field of white, shimmering, magical force to a maximum (horizontal and vertical) range of 7". The wielder of the whip names, looks at, or concentrates upon a specific subject creature or automaton (i.e. golem, undead, homonculus, or the like), and the whip attacks this creature and this creature only. The whip remains in existence for 4 rounds; if the subject is beyond 7" from the wand when it is cast, the whip flashes instantly (in one segment) to the limit of its range, and hangs motionless, waiting, at the point closest to its subject. Otherwise the whip strikes once per round, as a *Qual's feather token* (see *DMG*) does: at +1 to hit and damage, doing 2-7 hit points of damage per strike, and binding fast an opponent for 2-7 rounds if a save vs. spell is not made after each successful strike.

Once a whip has bound an opponent, the wand wielder cannot release it to strike again. The whip cannot change subjects. A whip may follow an opponent that it has struck at least once beyond 7", moving with the subject even if the subject *teleports*, *blinks*, *plane shifts*, enters a rock or plant, etc. The whip hits invisible and ethereal, but no astral, creatures without penalty. The *wand of whips* may be recharged. Only magic-users may wield it.



Alzegund The Trader

Wanders (Cormyr, Sembia, and Dragon Reach)

10th level magic-user, Red Wizard of Thay

LE Kossuth

Human Male

An old, bald, war-scarred necromancer who openly wears robes marked on the breast and back with a red flame badge, he travels the trade routes with six grim men-at-arms, guarding those caravans the Red Wizards want kept safe. Alzegund also spies on the military strength of Cormyr and of Zhentil Keep. He is said to possess a magical *bag of tricks* and a *wand of lightning*.

Alzegund is a member of the School of Evocation, and specializes in fire magics. Because he does so much traveling and guarding, he has not climbed as high in his profession as his age would indicate, but he seems to enjoy his work. Indeed, while his guard maintains a tight-lipped and dour watch over him, he is continually buying drinks for other travelers and exchanging stories, some of them at the expense of his masters, the Red Wizards.

Of course, he is principally drawing out his drinking partners to get information from them by making them think he is a harmless tosspot that loves the Red Wizards no more than most of their neighbors. Very few high-ranking officials are taken in by this demeanor, but he can often get vital information from lower-ranking persons, and sometimes uses his magics (he is a proficient alchemist) to do favors for them, which he then claims a reward for by forcing information from his "friends" or even having them steal things for him.

His men-at-arms are all human males. Their membership changes over the years, but now consists of a 6th level fighter, the sergeant, three 4th level fighters who have been with Alzegund for a couple of years, and two 2nd level sword-apprentices who are on their first trip with Alzegund.

AiLoth

Hillsfar and Sembia

6th level magic-user, Red Wizard of Thay

LE Kossuth

Human Male

AiLoth is a white-haired, 6th level magic-user who first came to the Sembia region with Alzegund about twenty years ago. He ostensibly left Alzegund to find his own way in the world, but he was actually left in Sembia purposely to gather information in Sembia and Hillsfar. He acts as a moneylender and "distressed goods/damaged goods" buyer while maintaining a small spy network for the Red Wizards.

AiLoth (pronounced (EYE-loth) has not been extremely subtle in his machinations. His contacts with the Red Wizards are well-known in both Hillsfar and Sembia, though not all of his spies are known and he still occasionally gathers significant information.

Of course, his business is one of the stops of the trading caravans that Alzegund shepherds, so AiLoth can report to his spymaster.

AiLoth might be a good candidate as the instigator of the assassination attempts described in the Adventures Section under the title "Threat of Death."

In keeping with both his cover identity and his needs as a spy, AiLoth is a member of the School of Diviners, but he has also learned a couple of the spells of the School of Invocations/ Evocations and School of Alterations in case he gets into a fight. In general, he keeps the evocation and alteration spells in mind, along with whatever divining spells he thinks will be necessary for his mission.

There are no named spells in his spellbooks.

NagLaTha

Selgaunt

5th level magic-user, Red Wizard of Thay

NE, Azuth

Human Female



This young, black-eyed, black-haired, grim-faced woman has risen quickly in the ranks of the Red Wizards due to her fanatical zeal for all Red Wizard causes, and her ruthless, reckless, furthering of them. Naglatha's allegiance and identity are not known to any authorities in the Dragonreach area; recently arrived in Selgaunt, she is posing as a merchant dealing in curios and rarities of the South-while in reality recruiting merchants and men-at-arms for the Red Wizards' cause; it is likely the Red Wizards are planning disruptive raids to set one power against another, if it seems likely that any of them would aid or reinforce any lands Thay is at war with.

Even Alzegund is unaware of Naglatha's position with the Red Wizards, though he has benefitted from her recruiting. All he knows is that there is a recruiter called "The Black Flame" who is bringing people into his caravans. Naglatha recruits while wearing a black full-face mask embroidered with red flame designs, and none of her recruiting subjects have seen her face—at least while she is recruiting them. Of course, she uses her identity as a merchant to size-up possible recruits before she approaches them as the Black Flame.

Naglatha has two bodyguards who are supposed to be eunuchs from the land of Mulhorand. Actually, they are Thayvian fighters who have not been



turned into eunuchs at all, but it is convenient to have them act as eunuchs in public. Therefore, they are fatter and more clean-shaven than normal for bodyguards, and they tend to wear rich clothes and jewelry.

Naglatha operates a small curio shop in the Sembian city of Selgaunt. She leaves "for the South" once a year and is gone for about 3 months, while she reports to her masters in Thay. One of the eunuchs remains in charge of the shop while the other accompanies her.

One of the eunuchs who originally accompanied her to the area about three years ago was killed in an accident about one year ago. When she came back "from the South," next, she had a new eunuch.

The veteran eunuch is Milos Longreach, a 4th level fighter with ST 16 and *bracers of defense* (AC 4). He uses a massive scimitar which actually acts in all ways as a bastard sword.

The new "eunuch" is a 3rd level thief (he came recommended as a fighter, but his skills and attitude are those of a thief) named Heraclous the Quick who is not at all comfortable in his role. He is a veteran carouser who is constantly scheming to get away from the shop and get in some drinking (among other things). Naglatha has detected this tendency and keeps an eye on him, but he has still managed to get away a few times. His predilection for gallivanting may yet expose his mistress's machinations.

Naglatha is a member of both the School of Illusion and the School of Divination, and has a full complement of spells appropriate to the 5th level for each school.

Lauzoril

Eltabbar

18th level magic-user, Zulkir of the School of Enchantment and Charm, Red Wizard of Thay

NE, Kossuth

Human Male

Lauzoril is not known outside of Thay as a Zulkir, but his position as a leader



of the Imperialist party (such as it is) has gotten out to the neighbors of Thay and to their friends. His actions as leader of this party has attracted the attention of the Harpers, which has, in turn, attracted Lauzoril to them.

Lauzoril has no liking for the Harpers and spends much of his time scheming to destroy the members of that organization.

One of his schemes involved the creation of the magic scimitar called *Shazzelim* and the sending of a guardsman with the scimitar to kill a prominent member of the Harpers (the ranger Dove Falconhand). This plan went awry when the guardsman picked a fight with the wrong woman (the knight Jasilmer) and died. *Shazzelim* has now been captured by the masters of Zhen-til Keep, so it may still be fulfilling its function as best it might in the hands of warriors of that organization, which has its own grudge against the Harpers.

Lauzoril is not pleased by the current spate of invasions of Thay's neighbors. He feels that all of the attention these efforts will gather can only persuade the Harpers and their allies to "do something" about Thay, and, unlike many of his compatriots, Lauzoril has a healthy respect for what the Harpers can do.

In many cases, characters originating in Thay can get involved in the problems described in the "Adventures In Thay" section because Lauzoril is trying

to undermine the various plans for conquest and end the menace before other forces in the world combine to act against Thay and destroy it utterly.

Let anyone think that Lauzoril is a nice man, however, he is also a source for assassination missions against rulers of other countries of the Realms. His master plan for conquest is to assassinate all the major players on the board of the Realms, then move while their followers are uncertain and demoralized.

Lauzoril is a relatively young man for his level, and is always very charming to anyone he talks to. Even when he seems to be about to order one's immediate execution, he is charming. People he has ordered slain in their presence have gone to the executioner smiling.

Shazzelurt

Experience Point Value: 800

Gold Piece Sale Value: 4000

The following is a description of the dagger carried by Lauzoril, which is a mate to the sword *Shazzelim*, now in possession of Zhen-til Keep. Lauzoril was so pleased with the sword that he made the dagger for his own use.

Description: A wavy-bladed dagger of rather poor steel but keen edge, with a guard of iron curved into a flame motif. Its grip is of leather, dyed red, and wrapped in gold wire. *Shazzelurt* is neutral evil, has an intelligence of 16 and an ego of 15, and communicates by speech (alignment tongue, common, Thayvian, and gnollish). It is +1 to hit, can *detect magic* in a 1" radius if the bearer so wills it while touching the hilt, and in like manner can *locate object* in a 12" radius. It can also detect secret doors in a 1/2" radius at the bearer's will when it is unsheathed, and *read magic*. It will *heal* its bearer once per day, at the bearer's will, and has a special purpose: to slay bards. Any bard struck by *Shazzelurt* is *disintegrated* unless the victim saves vs. spells.



Sabass of Thay

Bezantur

23rd level wizard, Red Wizard of Thay, School of Conjurations and Summonings

NE, Azuth

Human Male

Sabass is an old man with long gray mustaches and small goatee beard and the usual bald head of a Red Wizard of Thay. He has been a wizard for many years. His career has been very adventurous for a Red Wizard; he spent many years in Impiltur and the unsettled area known as Ashanath to the west of Rashemen, and gained an enviable reputation as an adventuring magic-user.

Now he is very sedentary, and the leader (such as there is one) of the political party known as the Researchers. Sabass is not interested in wars of conquest that disrupt trade and keep him from procuring his needs for his researches, and he speaks against the Imperialists whenever the subject comes up. Other Researchers are content to let him express their views, which are fairly similar. Specifically, the Researchers want to be left alone in their researches and feel the Red Wizards should not be expending valuable treasure and magic on foolish adventuring in other lands.

Sabass is especially not enthused about the current invasion of the North Coast cities using salamanders and efreeti (see "Fire Time"). Adventurers going to him can probably gain assistance in stopping this invasion, which Sabass knows could bring down the wrath of the other elemental lords and perhaps destroy the Balance.

Gombdalla of Pyarados

Yuirwood (for the moment)

20th level Red Wizard of the School of Enchantments and Charms

NE, Malar

Human Female

Gombdalla could have been Zulkir of the School of Enchantments and

Charms, but she much prefers to be working in the field. In many ways she is sorry she let Lauzoril have the position, as she considers Lauzoril a coward and a ditherer who doesn't know when to act.

Gombdalla's main interest is in animals and monsters. She prefers non-humans to humans in any dealing. She does not ignore humans or refuse to work with them—she even relies on humans for her defense—but she is fascinated by the "wild" demi-human people such as satyrs and trolls and centaurs (she considers dwarves, elves, halflings, and orcs to be merely strange-looking humans). In Pyarados she has the largest collection of obscure monsters known in the Realms. Many of these creatures are now in the Yuirwood with Gombdalla.

Gombdalla is determined to make her current scheme work, as part of her scheme to take over the School of Enchantment from Lauzoril.

Besides the satyrs and centaurs and trolls, Gombdalla has her own entourage of about ten attendants (of which four are effective in a fight) and Sparleye's adventuring band with her. The general power of these attendants can be adjusted to best match that of any adventurers running into them.

Gombdalla has several Conjunction spells, such as most forms of summon monster, in her spell book along with her Enchantment spells. Her attendants include a journeyman (8th level) of the School of Abjuration and an apprentice (4th level) of the School of Divination who also has some Alteration spells.

The Simbul

Aglarond (wanders widely, in disguise)

27th level magic-user

CN (good tendencies), Mystra

Human female

The Simbul is the ruler of Aglarond, a tall silver-haired lady of awesome magical powers (and an impressive array of magical items, which she rarely uses) whose personal power has kept the

forces of Thay from overwhelming her kingdom. She is a mysterious, lonely archmage whose proper name is known only to her sisters (Sylune of Shadowdale, now deceased; Alustriel of Silvery moon; the bard Storm Silverhand; and the ranger Dove), and whose truename is secret even from them. The Simbul travels widely in many planes, *shapeshifting* constantly, to work mysterious ends understandable only to herself. She can be ruthless if necessary, but usually avoids combat if possible. She bears some sort of magic that provides immunity to *fear*, *charm*, *hold*, *suggestion*, and similar magics, such as *Serten's Spell Immunity*.

Besides being an awesome opponent to any character coming from Thay, the Simbul is an excellent NPC for instigating player character activity in Thay. She is continually looking for information about Thay and agents to satisfy her needs for action in Thay. At this time, she is making a circuit of the Eastern Realms, looking for information and assistance. She can find the player characters and ask them to assist her. In the Realms, if the Simbul asks, you fulfill her needs. She's a good friend, and a deadly enemy.

Bulzo Tarhair

Tyraturos

10th level thief

N, Mask

Halfling Male

Bulzo is the master thief of the halflings of Tyraturos. He is slightly graying with a cheery smile and the aggravating habit of disappearing from sight and reappearing at one's right elbow when one is looking to the left, etc.

The halfling thieves of Tyraturos are in competition with the human thieves of the area, and have an elaborate network of sewers and other underground pipes that are big enough for them but not for humans to escape into. Fortunately for Bulzo and his brothers, the human thieves of Tyraturos do not have the "in" with the authorities that the thieves of Bezantur do.



Bulzo has been an adventurer and is fascinated by them. He frequently shows up in front of bewildered adventurers and asks if he can help. If he can, he is very helpful, but he always leaves with a little "memento" of the encounter, above and beyond any payment he may have negotiated for his assistance.

Bulzo has a great fund of adventuring stories and knows at least something about most of the major personalities of southern Thay and something of the major people, such as Szass Tam, of the northern Tharches. He even adventured with Valerios Theokillos and will advise characters to buy their equipment in Tyraturos, because it will cost entirely too much in Pyarados.

Bulzo will also talk about the law, or lack of same, of Thay, to anyone who is interested. He says he is not happy about the state of legal anarchy in Thay, a good thief likes to know just what laws he is breaking in a country; the current system of rule by whim is not conducive to easy planning. Actually, he thinks of it as an interesting challenge.

Among his other items, Bulzo has a *ring of invisibility*, which is what he uses for his appearing and disappearing.

Azhir Kren

Tharchioness of the Gorge of Gauros
11th level fighter

NE, Myrkul
Human Female

Azhir Kren is a hard-bitten woman who has risen to the top the hard way, despite the influence of her mother, a Red Wizard who died fighting in Rashemen 10 years ago.

Azhir took after her father, a fighter who was once Tharchion of Delhumide, and started as a fighter at an early age. She showed a true proficiency with weapons and survived many battles in the front ranks before becoming a leader.

Since it is possible that characters may have to fight Azhir in the "Invasion of the Living Dead" adventure, her fighting statistics are as follows:



Azhir Kren, F11 Fighter; AC 0; hp 83; MV 9"; #AT 1; Dmg 5-14 (*two-handed sword* +3 plus Strength bonus); THAC0 7; AL NE; ST 16, IN 12, WI 12, DX 15, CN 17, CH 14

Equipment: Azhir has her father's *two-handed sword* +3 and her own *plate mail* +2. She also wears a *ring of feather falling*.

Homen Odeseiron

Tharchion of Surthay

7th level magic-user, four schools of magic: Necromancy, Conjunction/ Summonings, Abjuration, Invocation/ Evocation, Red Wizard of Thay

NE, Myrkul
Human Male

As Tharchion of Surthay, Homen is the guardian of the North. He managed to rack up an enviable reputation by being a student of four different (though not antithetical) schools of magic, but the time it took to become proficient in four schools finally took its toll on him and he retired from active magic use, though he keeps in practice and uses his spells occasionally.

Homen is now in his seventies, but still bright and interested. He can move about spryly when he needs to. He is tall and only slightly bent, with a completely shaved head and face. He always wears a green robe-the color appeals to him.

Homen is constantly trying to discover a means of foiling the Witches of Rashemen, and pays well for information about them. He has an extensive library of hearsay evidence about the Witches, most of it written by his scribes as he interrogated people with information about Rashemen.

Player characters who have been on the Rashemi side of the "Invasion of the Living Dead" adventure had best give Surthay a wide avoidance, for Homen will not be gentle with anyone who fought for the Rashemi and may know anything about the Witches.

Dickon Sharken

Pyarados
5th level fighter
NE, Helm
Human Male

Dickon came to Thay in his late teens, already an experienced mercenary. He has been in the Sunrise Mountains several times as a member of several different expeditions, and gets a good recommendation from the survivors as a fighter and good follower of orders.

People he has worked for have fewer good things to say about his cruelty and sadism.

However, Dickon is a ready fighter and quite capable for his level. He can be added to any party and he will carry out his end of things very well. He then reports everything he saw to Valerios Theokillos, no matter what assurances he gave to the party.

Dickon Sharken, F5 fighter; AC 3; hp 25; MV 12"; #AT 1; Dmg 3-10 (long-sword plus ST add); THAC0 15; AL NE; ST 18(23), IN 10, WI 12, DX 15, CN 12, CH 11.

Equipment: Dickon is wearing chain mail and fights with long sword and shield. He carries a heavy crossbow as a missile weapon. He has no magic, though he covets it and might even betray his master if given the opportunity to possess some. Of course, he'd rather just possess the magic and give his usual report to Valerios.



Constable Hargun Skullknuckle

Chief of Police, Bezantur
Gnoll Chieftain
NE, Gruumsh
Gnoll male

Hargun is the chief of the constabulary of Bezantur. As a look at that city's Tharchionness's description in the Politics section will show, Hargun has a unique position for masters of the watch of any town, since he is essentially working for the Thieves' Guild.

Hargun is just as happy in this position, as he has almost no problems with finding thieves and solving thefts. His patrols, made up almost entirely of his gnoll brethren, concern themselves with keeping down riots (a duty they enjoy greatly) and looking into other crimes of violence.

Hargun is not an honest policeman—he does not stay bribed. He will gladly take hush money from an adventurer, and betray him the next minute.

Hargun Skullknuckle, Gnoll Chieftain; HD 4; hp 20; AC 3; MV 9"; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar) or 1-2 (whip); THAC0 15; AL NE

Belanna Telmister (Shayanna)

Amruthar
4th level fighter/thief/cleric
N, Erevan Ilesere
Half-elf female

Belanna Shayanna is the daughter of a noble family of Aglarond whose younger brother was stolen by slavers three years ago. She is now trying to find the brother, and looking for help from adventurers in this theoretically neutral city.

Belanna has disguised herself as a human as best she can and taken on the more human name of Telmister. She has little money with her, but can promise



substantial rewards from her family, which is very influential in the town of Velprintalar in Aglarond.

Belanna's brother, Beltraegor, is now a slave in the household of Tharchion Dimon of Tyraturos, where he is now a horse handler. He is called Bell. He was stolen before he learned any magic, and his natural empathy was seen as a good thing to take advantage of. He is now 35, a young age for half-elves, and quite bored with his job in the stables of Tyraturos.

Belanna is quite a bit older than her brother, about 63, though she looks to be in her early thirties. She has had some experience as an adventurer. Her attributes are as follows:

Belanna Shayanna, MU4/T4; AC 4; hp 16; MV 12"; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword); THAC0 20; ST 13, IN 17, WI 11, CN 15, DX 17, CH 16; AL N

Equipment: Belanna has leather armor, her short sword, and her spell books, plus assorted traveling gear.

Spells in her spellbook:

First Level: *charm person, detect magic, hold portal, magic missile, protection from evil, read magic, shield, ventriloquism*

Second Level: *bind, forget, levitate, locate object, rope trick, scare.*

Belanna will happily use her thieving abilities and magic to help a party of adventurers if they promise to help her rescue her brother.

ADVENTURES IN THAY

POTENTIAL INCITING INCIDENTS

The following adventure descriptions are meant to introduce the DM to methods of getting their FORGOTTEN REALMS™ game players to journey to far-off, forbidding Thay. The descriptions provide just the bare bones of the adventures. We start with a rumor that is taken from the Player Notes section, then go to the facts behind the rumor, then give some ideas on how to introduce the PCs to the adventure.

Some of the rumors given in the Players' Notes are not expanded on here. Those are meant to be left open to the DM for his own campaign, to be used as s/he sees fit. Some of them can be used as side issues to the adventures presented here, but the use is entirely up to the DM.

IN FAR LANDS THREAT OF DEATH

The Rumor: Agents of the Red Wizards of Thay have openly slain merchants in Westgate and Scardale-port, and it is whispered that the fell Red Magic Cult is stirring again; perhaps the Red Wizards will resume their quest for world domination soon, in the Inner Sea Lands.

The Facts: The Red Wizards are always resuming their quest for world domination. They never stopped. However, this has little to do with it (see comments on the Armies of Living Dead and Legions of Elementals). In fact, the merchants were agents of Zhentil Keep who were trying to edge into the local slave-napping operation of the representatives of the Red Wizards. Not wishing to let their rivals push into their territory, the Red Wizards struck back through their agents.

Adventure Hooks: Adventurers trying to find a captured friend (see the next adventure) might have been chasing the merchants that the Red Wizards' agents slew. With the death of the merchants, the only clue to the fate of

the PCs' friend is gone—unless the agents took the records of the dead merchants and know where the person was sold.

Alternately, the merchants slain were not the real targets of the Red Wizards. The agents were new to the area and got the wrong targets. The real merchants of Zhentil Keep are worried, and hire the PCs to defend them, "in case the Red Wizards attack us next." Of course they don't mention their real affiliation or why the Red Wizards might be after them.

This gives the PCs the opportunity of defending a position rather than attacking it—the usual adventurer situation. Give them the opportunity to set traps and spring ambushes. Of course, they also have the chance to find out just what the Zhentil Keep merchants are doing and who they are affiliated with. Then the PCs can take whatever action they feel necessary—from freeing the slaves taken and killing the merchants themselves to simply holding the merchants up for more money by using the threat of telling the local authorities what is going on. There is lots of area in between, depending on the alignments and motivations of the player characters.

In either case, the player characters can end up fighting the agents of the Red Wizards, which should include several fighters (adjusted according to the number of adventurers) and at least one Red Wizard (actually of a level compatible to that of the player characters—probably somewhere from 5th to 15th) of the school of Evocation with a couple of the special Red Wizard spells (see the Magic chapter) in his spellbook.

Assuming they are successful, the player characters have earned the enmity of the Red Wizards (and perhaps Zhentil Keep, too) and gained some information on the magics of Thay that will make them want to travel there.

SOLD INTO SLAVERY

The Rumor: The incidence of abductions throughout the Inner Sea area is growing greatly. Authorities are afraid, for reasons they'd rather not entertain, that the Red Wizards are adding to their slave coffles. Many young men and women with some experience in adventuring, though not as magic-users or clerics, are going missing.

The Facts: True enough. Recent excesses (see the Closer To Home section following) have reduced the slave population of Thay and the recruiters are redoubling their efforts to get more slaves for the farms and experiments of the Red Wizards.

Adventure Hooks: For a small group of players, get their characters all drugged (perhaps the wrong tankards of ale in a tavern they don't know). They wake up without their gear, chained in a slave coffle on its way by slave ship to Thay.

This is certainly a good start to a different adventure. The players must get free (any good thieves in the group?), turn the tables on their kidnappers, and take over the slave ship they have been chained to. Note that Thay does not use slaves on oars—that is a position for a specialist, not a slave. This ship is mostly a wide-bottomed sailing cargo ship, anyway, with a relatively small crew of about a dozen 0-level characters and the slavers, who are of a compatible level and number with the player characters.

The slavers have the advantage of gear (including, perhaps, some of the PCs' equipment) and their freedom, but they must sleep and eat in shifts and cannot all be awake and ready when the player characters make their break.

From this point, the characters can try to get home, or perhaps go on to explore this strange land that tried to steal them into slavery.



Rescue!

The Rumor: A friend of the player characters has gone missing. Now he or she has been seen on a slaver ship going to Thay.

The Facts: Sure enough, the friend has been taken.

Adventure Hooks: If the player characters want to see their friend again, they must take ship themselves and try to find and rescue their friend from the fate feared universally throughout the Realms, to be a slave in Thay.

If you have a large party of player characters, the capture-the-party adventure above is too cumbersome to use. Instead, give the characters incentive to find the slavers and get their friend back (maybe he has the destroyed map to the next treasure committed to memory). This can be a dashing journey across the Realms, ending with a sea chase and battle off the coast of Thay, perhaps with Thayan naval triremes within hailing distance that must be dissuaded from interfering (remember that the Thayan navy has magic-users, too).

Close To Home Invasion of The Living Dead

The Rumor: Armies of “walking dead” are said to be advancing steadily northwards from Thay, led by armored skeletal warriors of great power and fell aspect. Impiltur fears that Thay will overwhelm all the Eastern Lands, and then turn west to crush the Coastal Cities, Impiltur, and Aglarond.

The Facts: Zulkir Szass Tam has finally completed the manning of Myrkul’s Legion and decided to test out his army of zombies against the hated Rashemi. With the cooperation and supporting forces of the Tharchioness of Gauros, the zombies are on the march.

Adventure Hooks: Of course, this could be the golden opportunity to try out the BATTLESYSTEM™ Fantasy Combat Supplement rules with a full scale battle between the lightly armed but

well-trained toops of Rashemen against a heavy infantry with little training but no morale problem whatsoever.

Assuming that you would rather run a role-playing game, assume that the Player Characters are adventurers exploring the ruins of Raumathar when they are contacted by the Witches of Rashemen. Play up this contact with lots of eerie effects and mysterious appearances and disappearances—the Witches are like that.

The Witches want the adventurers to infiltrate the camp of the living dead and destroy the leaders—the Dread Warriors created by Szass Tam (see Personalities section for description of this character and of his spell of *animate dread warrior*):

These super-zombies are the tactical commanders of the Legion of Myrkul, and if they can be destroyed, the zombies will have to have living commanders who are much more vulnerable to the spells of the Witches.

Elements of the adventure include creeping through a camp of the dead,

where most of the inhabitants are alert and moving or just standing and watching, and avoiding the gaze of a diviner with *wizard eye* who observes a different section of the camp every minute. Once the characters reach the headquarters they must deal with the Dread Warriors. There are as many of them as will make a good struggle for the player characters.

DREAD WARRIOR

Frequency: Rare

No. Appearing: 1-12

Armor Class: 2-4

Move: 9”

Hit Dice: 4

% In Lair: Nil

Treasure Type: Nil

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: 3-10

Special Attacks: Nil

Special Defenses: Nil

Magic Resistance: See Below

Intelligence: Low

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Size: M





Psionic Ability: Nil

Attack/Defense Modes: Nil

Dread Warriors are like zombies, but they must be created just after death and they still retain some small intelligence—enough to carry out unimaginative orders.

A Dread Warrior must be created from the body of a fighter, who retains some of his fighting skill. That's why he has 4 hit dice. He is also usually armored well, as he is a valuable part of the army of Thay.

Dread Warriors are turned as a wight is turned, and they have all the immunities to various magics that zombies do. They are faster than normal zombies, and have a normal initiative roll. The damage they do is 3-10 (1d8 +2) or by weapon type +2 (for Strength). In any situation requiring Strength, they have the equivalent of 18(01). The weapons they use are the same that their fighters' bodies used.

Dread Warriors have the ability to command other zombies, and convey to them commands as complicated as they can understand. This exceeds the usual zombie limit of a dozen words, but is still not very complex.

THE ZOMBIES OF MYRKUL'S LEGION

These zombies are the same as the zombies given in *The Monster Manual*, but they have been equipped with decent armor, and have an armor class of 5, not 8.

Fighting the Zombies

The alternative to the player characters trying to sneak in among the zombies, particularly if you have an inexperienced player character group that is notably incapable of sneaking, is to have them join the Rashemi in defending either the northeast wall of the Gorge of Gauros or some Rashemi town against the zombie army.

Fight the rest of the battle abstractly, either using die rolls or your own whim to determine the success of the fight, and provide occasional reports to the player characters about how their allies are doing. Face the player characters

with 20 or so heavily armored zombies to battle. If they have a cleric who drives most of the zombies away, then confront them with Dread Warriors in sufficient number to leave some which can continue to attack, even if the cleric is successful against them.

If the player characters are successful in their area of the battle, then the Rashemi, backed up by their redoubtable Witches, will probably be successful in their part of the battle. Then the player characters can try to press the attack back on the commanders of the zombies. Depending on the level of the player characters, they might even meet the Tharchion of Gauros, or Zulkir Szass Tam himself. See the Personalities Section for more detail on these people.

If the player characters are not of sufficient level, run them up against a subsidiary necromancer with some human or gnollish guards and use that as the final threat to the party.

Fire Time

The Rumor: The Red Wizards of Thay have sent legions of elementals against rebellious neighboring satraps, destroying four of them (the coastal cities of Lasdur, Taskaunt, Murbant, and Thasselen) utterly, taking those lands (and that of Hilbrand, which surrendered without a fight) under Thay's banner. Escalant, the most powerful of the cities, is currently under siege.

It is thought that such vast numbers of elementals could not be summoned by spell, but rather a *gate* or portal was opened directly to the plane of elemental fire. The sages of Phsalt warn that if all the hosts of Thay were mustered and hurled against these new forces, Thay's army would quickly go down to defeat. Whatever means the Red Wizards have for gaining such forces must be ended, they say, and magical forces must be gathered immediately to match this present strength.

The Facts: The Zulkir of Conjunction and Summoning is working with the Tharchion of the Lapendrar to rid Thay

of the competition of the North Coast Cities once and for all. The Zulkir opened up a gate to the Plane of Elemental Fire and obtained the help of the Lords of Fire (the tributary lords to Kosuth, Lord of Flames). The lord of salamanders has provided a troop (about 100 beings) of those monsters and the Sultan has given the command of a troop of efreeti to the Zulkir.

In return, the Zulkir and the Tharchion have promised to leave the South Coast ablaze forever, a place on the Material Plane for fire elementals to cavort to their hearts' content. Of course, the Zulkir intends to renege on this promise if he can somehow make it seem like he tried but was unsuccessful. The Lords of Fire, of course, intend to use the North Coast as simply a stepping stone to taking over the Realms as a satrap of their domain.

Adventure Hooks: No matter how you approach this adventure, it is not meant for a low level party. Characters should probably be 7th level and above to have a chance of success. The first possible variation on this adventure, of course, is a simple battle against an army of salamanders and efreeti, plus the two or three human Thayvian legions who are backing them up. Unless the player characters are of incredibly high level, this would best be done using the BATTLESYSTEM™ Fantasy Combat Supplement rules, with the player characters either part of or leading the defenders of Escalant (who are a mixed bag of troop types hired as mercenaries—and who do not have very high morale against this kind of invading army).

Another approach is to give the player characters the mission of stopping the invasion at the source—the *gate* opened up to bring the salamanders and efreeti through.

The site of the *gate* is at the village at the top of the First Escarpment next to the River Lapendrar. The name of the village is First Falls. At this time, the site can be told by the pillar of smoke rising above it, the aftereffect of the wholesale burning the salamanders did just



for fun after they came through the *gate*. The village is in ruins, and some of the villagers, who mostly work to support the local travel tax collectors, fish, and do enough farming to keep themselves alive, are trying to rebuild.

The *gate* itself is on the opposite side of town from the river. It is standing by itself in a burned-out patch of grass, and looks like a steady flame about ten feet high and six feet across, but there is nothing around it to burn. The *gate* is guarded by an honor guard of salamanders and efreeti (adjust numbers to suit number of characters and power of party).

The *gate* can be destroyed with a simple successful *dispel magic* (it was established by a 24th level wizard) or a blow with a *rod of cancellation* or some other such anti-magic attack. If the *gate* is destroyed, the salamanders and efreeti are drawn back to their own plane, since they were not shielded with the elemental transference magics that let such beings live on the Material Plane otherwise.

This is a stopgap. After all, another *gate* can be formed, but it gives time for a more powerful party to perform the following mission. If there is a more powerful player party available, they can perform the mission. Otherwise, say that a powerful party of NPCs has finally gotten together and, now that the invasion threat does not have to be met, they will perform the final mission.

The final mission is for a very powerful and suitably protected party to enter the Elemental Plane of Fire and try to bring this invasion to the attention of Kossuth, Lord of Flame. The Lord of Salamanders and Sultan of the Efreeti do not have their lord's permission for this little excursion, and Kossuth may just see this as an attempt to build up their power to match his own. Besides, he realizes that this will eventually attract the attention of the other elemental rulers, none of whom wish the Lord of Flames to gain such an advantage over them.

Naturally, the Lord of Salamanders

and Sultan of Efreeti do not want their expedition brought to the attention of their master. No matter what their actual motivations, they know that he will take the above interpretation of their actions, and they will not be able to dissuade him. Therefore, they will attempt to stop the player characters in some way that does not leave the trademarks of their interference.

Thus, rather than use salamanders and efreeti against the party, they will try to destroy them in a way that looks accidental or at least not attributable to their efforts.

Mane Event

The Rumor: The adventurers' band led by the fighter Mane, formerly resident in Shadowdale, has disappeared in the South. There is talk of their defeat and death in the Yuirwood, but other say they have fallen in battle with the Red Wizards in Thay, or even that Mane has become chieftain and war leader of the nomads of the Shaar. Nothing is certain, however; all is speculation.

The Facts: Mane gathered together his friends (who could be the player characters) and took them on an expedition into the Yuirwood of Aglarond. He had found a map that led to the treasure of the pirate leader known as Redsail, who disappeared 200 years ago after a 40-year career of killing and looting throughout the Inner Sea.

Adventure Hooks: This is a wide-open adventure with lots of places to go. If the player characters are in Mane's band, they enter the Yuirwood, follow the map, and are confronted by a band of satyrs. Unlike their merry woodland and meadow creature cousins found elsewhere, these satyrs are fierce and warlike. Redsail managed to bury his treasure in a spot close to the center of the forest because he was on good terms with the remnants of the Yuir elves who lived there. Now, however, the elves are gone and the satyrs have taken refuge from their oppressors in the darkest part of the forest.

Worse for the party, the satyrs have

some allies. One group of allies is a tribe of centaurs. The other group is a Red Wizard, Gombdalla of Pyarados, and her entourage. For details on Gombdalla, see the Personalities section.

Naturally, the Red Wizard and satyrs have long-since found Redsail's treasure, and are using it to build up their power base in the forest.

Gombdalla's principal plan is to organize the satyrs and centaurs as a fifth column inside Aglarond for the next Thayvian invasion.

If you do not want to team your normal player characters up with someone named Mane, you can, of course, read them the rumor and then have them confronted by a member of Mane's band who had been deathly ill and could not go with them on this mission. The NPC can either be recovered or still very ill, depending on whether you want him or her to accompany the player characters (this is also a good way to introduce a new character to the party, if such a thing is needed).

The former companion to Mane has a copy of the map that Mane left with him or her. He or she wants to find out what happened. The companion is very sure that Mane is not a chieftain of nomads. Mane hated nomads...

In this case, you can send the party after Mane, and have them run into the same situation. Mane's party has been wiped out. Perhaps Gombdalla and her people have more magical weapons and items because of what they took from Mane and company. And their plans to destroy Aglarond from within have some help from the other fell beasts that are starting to congregate in the Yuirwood.

This means that this adventure can coincide with the following one.

Out of The Woods

The Rumor: Strange creatures have been sighted in the Yuirwood and are thought to be spreading. Throughout the fall, trolls seemed to be growing more numerous, and then owlbears were reported. As the weather grew



colder, a bulette was seen, and it was rapidly followed by other nameless or unique creatures, things which seem to be expanding outwards from the depths of the woods. The adventurer Sparleye was last seen in this area with his company, the Men of the Purple Arrow. Others who have gone into the woods have not returned, and traders are avoiding the area.

The Facts: Sparleye and the Men of the Purple Arrow are, in fact, Thayvian agents. They disappeared into the woods at the order of Gombdalla, who wanted some human backup if the non-humans she is dealing with proved intractable. Now the band is helping train the satyrs and centaurs in mass tactics and getting them used to the armor that was sent from Thay in the summer. The trolls, owlbears, and other monsters are some of Gombdalla's pets that she is expending to keep snoopers out of the area while she trains the satyrs and centaurs.

Adventure Hooks: As far as the world knows, Sparleye and his followers were adventurers. Perhaps a little nastier than some, but still just adventurers. Moreover, the Council of Aglarond is very concerned about all these monsters, which they thought had been eradicated from the Yuirwood centuries ago. They want someone to go in and find out what is going on.

If the party looking for Mane (or Mane's party) arrives in Aglarond, they may get asked to look into this matter as well. Aglarond is offering a sizable reward (which should depend on the competency of the adventuring party) and helping Aglarond is helping the Simbul—a lady who is always a good person to befriend. She would probably be doing this herself, but she is not available right now.

The Statues That Walk

The Rumor: To the south of old, vast, Thay, the even more ancient kingdom of Mulhorand has been jolted in the past year: the Statues That Walk have begun to move once more. Over a thou-

sand stone statues of time-lost origin stand all about this dusky-hilled country. At odd but long separated intervals, these stone men animate and walk about apparently towards specific (now-vanished?) destinations. They stop at times and then move on again, fight any who bar their way or attack them, and at times hew at rocks or clear pathways through certain areas.

This latter behavior is a frightening thing when these areas are many-towered cities or tanglewood forests. The stone men are mute and apparently non-intelligent and no one has yet found a way to control them. Some have crossed through the border walls into Thay as well as into Unther, a desert land that lies south and west of Mulhorand.

Tholaunt, Divine Precept of Mulhorand (one of the "god-kings" of Mulhorand) says the coming of the statues to life is not his doing nor that of any of his family, as far as he can tell, and adds that the power of controlling the statues is not known to his family. Some have whispered of strife within his family, though, and say that the Statues may be under the control of another.

The Facts: As a matter of fact, Derlaunt, Precept of Gheldaneth, and cousin to Tholaunt, is entirely responsible. He found an old record that seemed to indicate a method of controlling *one* of the statues, which would be a definite coup in the ongoing power games that occupy the time of the god-kings. He performed the ritual as best he could interpret it. He rapidly found that (1) he could not control the statue and (2) the ritual as he performed it had awakened *all* of them. He has no idea of how to stop them. He already tried what should be the reverse of the ritual. No good.

Adventure Hooks: The simplest adventure can take place anywhere surrounding Mulhorand, or in Mulhorand itself. One of the statues is marching straight at a town or city. It must be stopped.

STATUE THAT WALKS

Frequency: Rare

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: 2

Move: 12"

Hit Dice: 100 Hit Points

% In Lair: Nil

Treasure Type: Nil

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: 5-30

Special Attacks: Nil

Special Defenses: See Below

Magic Resistance: See Below

Intelligence: Non-

Alignment: Neutral

Size: L (18' tall)

Psionic Ability: Nil

Attack/Defense Modes: Nil

Statues That Walk are actually oversized stone golems. However, they do not have the ability to cast a slow spell. Their strength is comparable to that of a fire giant.

The Statues were built as caretakers by a race long-since gone in the Realms when members of that race knew they were dying out from a series of plagues they could not fight. The race was proud of its monuments and buildings, and built the Statues to maintain the glory of these structures and tear down anything that would detract from them.

The Statues performed their duties for centuries until the magic-users and priests of the lizard-men who supplanted the builders found a method of stopping them (a very long and drawn-out ritual taking days and needing special glyphs to be drawn on every one of the Statues. The Divine Precept will discover this ritual in a few months). The lizard-men could not harm the Statues, but they could take apart the buildings they guarded and did so, using them for their own structures which were later taken down and reused by the humans who supplanted the lizard-men.

The Statue will march into the town and, when it runs into a building, tear it down, then go on to the next one. The town is on the site of one of the monuments built thousands of years ago by



the creators of the Statue. At this point, the remains of the monument are about 200 feet under the current ground surface, but the Statue knows where it should be by the number of paces he took to get to it, and he will keep tearing the town apart until he finds the monument or is certain that he cannot find the monument, at which time he becomes rigid again and waits for orders.

If the ritual for stopping is not performed on each of the Statues, they will each stop when they get to the site of one of the monuments or buildings they are supposed to take care of and find that it is not there. They are awaiting the order to go on to the next job on their rounds. They stop because the lizard-men's spell permanently destroyed the Statues' ability to move on from one job to the next. They have to be started by the ritual the Precept of Gheldaneth performed to go on to the next assignment.

There are no known vestiges of the original culture remaining except the Statues. However, you can assume that one or two (being used for entirely different purposes, of course) are still around if you want to surprise the player characters by having a Statue approach an ancient wizard's tower and start polishing it.

The Simbul's Journey

The Rumor: In Aglarond, the Simbul, the famous dweomercrafter who rules that country, appears to have left her court shape-changed (perhaps as a cat or falcon) and vanished. Upon her high seat she left a signed letter directing her council to govern Aglarond wisely and dispose of several specific matters (no details are known) thus and so. It is thought she may have headed north to speak with the elves around the Great Dale (with whom she has an uneasy alliance), and/or to observe events in the strategic Dalelands and discuss things with the remaining elves in Myth Drannor. There are rumors of war between Zhentil Keep and the northern dales

and Scardale and its neighboring dales, as well as the sudden announcement of the formation of the Iron Throne, a merchant alliance, which intends to operate in the area. The Simbul is known for her unpredictable behavior and mastery of magic, and the tale most often told of her is her unaided destruction of the Red Sword mercenary company at Mistbridge.

Huge balls of fire, four or five in number, appeared in the sky above the Towers of the Blade in Mulmaster shortly after the Simbul left Aglarond. There was a battle involving magic within the Tower and rumor has it that the Simbul was involved.

The Facts: The Simbul gained some inkling of the various plans of the Red Wizards and has decided to check for herself. The incident at the Towers of the Blade was a side issue, dealing with the importunings of the First Blade, who thought that the Simbul would make a better mate for him than the First Princess of Thay. She proved him wrong.

Adventure Hooks: The Simbul is far afield when suddenly Thay has invaded Rashemen (see *INVASION OF THE LIVING DEAD*) and the North Coast cities (see *FIRE TIME*) and even has infiltrators in the Yuirwood (see *MANE EVENT* and *OUT OF THE WOODS*). If the adventuring party consists of people who have done favors for the Harpers, or are known to be upright souls, the Simbul will suddenly reveal herself to them and ask that they go back to her home country and investigate these things. She is in the middle of a major investigation herself, and cannot spare the time. She knows the player characters can handle the assignment. She gives them a small vial of a strange liquid. If they expose the liquid to the air, she will know they need help and fly to aid them. But it had better be important.

You can use this encounter as a way to get player characters into any of the other adventures. The Simbul's vial contains an air elemental which will find her quickly, and she will take what-

ever form will return her to the party the quickest. She will tell them that she cannot be with them instantly, so they had better use the vial when they know they are up against a major problem, such as journeying into the Elemental Plane of Fire, but before they get into the middle of it. The vial will not work if they go to another plane.

In Thay Godson's Quest

The Rumor: Iyachtu Xvim has been seen in Thay recently, on some quest for his father.

The Facts: Bane is not happy with Thay and the Red Wizards. While it is true that some of the Wizards worship Bane, most tend to neglect worship of any god, or worship more neutral deities. Worse, the Red Wizards have made it plain that many of them have the eventual goal of accumulating enough power to become gods themselves.

There is not much he can do about this, but he has sent his son in response to an exhortation by the High Priest of Bane in Bezantur to punish these blasphemers.

The Godson is attempting to find a Red Wizard foolish enough to call on him to destroy other wizards. With all the conflicting plots and counterplots currently affecting Thayvian culture, it is only a matter of time.

In the meantime, he is using intermediaries (disguised priests of Bane) to establish himself as an assassin of powerful targets, the better to be contacted by Red Wizards who might want to use his services.

Adventure Hooks: Any contact with the Godson should be by high-level characters. The player characters are contacted by a rich merchant (who might or might not be Thayvian, but who is currently in Thay) who needs help. He has heard that he is marked for death by a rival, and he fears that his mercenary bodyguards are inadequate for the job. He needs help in the form of magic and clerical power, and he comes



to the adventurers to supply it.

The merchant is sufficiently powerful that he can recruit the adventurers from outside of Thay if need be. The godson likes to advertise his intent (though not necessarily his presence) before killing a victim, so there is time for the characters to arrive.

From there, it is simply a matter of waiting, and perhaps experiencing the culture of Thay first-hand, until the Godson finally shows up.

IYACHTU XVIM, "The Godson"

Demigod

ARMOR CLASS: -2

MOVE: 13"

HIT POINTS: 96

NO. OF ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 9-12/9-12 or by weapon

SPECIAL ATTACKS: See Below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: True Sight

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 70%

SIZE: L (12' tall)

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

WORSHIPPERS' ALIGNMENTS: Lawful Evil

SYMBOL: A pair of green, glowing eyes on a black field

PLANE: Prime Material (Acheron)

CLERIC/DRUID: nil

FIGHTER: 15th Level Fighter

THIEF/ASSASSIN: Nil

MONK/BARD: Nil

PSIONIC ABILITY: V

S:22 (+4, +10), I:17, W:16, D:20, C:20, CH:17

The son of Bane, he serves as the instrument of his father's will, traveling constantly about the Prime Material Plane to wherever Bane desires to take a direct hand in local affairs. He fights with his great clawed hands or with the

Soul Blade, a giant +3 LE scimitar that drains 2 life energy levels whenever it hits a living opponent (level 0 = death, not undead status). The Godson is usually naked and has mottled brown-black, scaled skin. He has green, burning eyes and can create *darkness 15' radius* about himself at will. Once every 66 turns he can *plane shift* from Acheron to the Prime Material Plane or vice versa.

Iyachtu does not like wearing garments, and cannot abide the burning touch (2-12 hit points damage per strike) of silver in whatever form.

Much of the Godson's past deeds and true nature are a mystery to mortals in the Realms, even among the high priests of Bane, but few creatures wish to meet him personally to satisfy their curiosity.

The Wizard's Tower

The Rumor: The wizard Dillomat has not been seen outside of his tower for months. It is thought that he may have died, as he was old and feeble when last seen. The Autharch of the northeast region of Tyraturos is looking for brave adventurers to enter the tower (and its many guardians and pitfalls) and find out Dillomat's current status and whether the Red Wizards should reclaim the tower for some other of their number. Dillomat has no known heirs.

The Autharch has received authority to offer anyone entering the tower first pick of the contents (one pick per person) if Dillomat has indeed died, or a healthy reward in platinum coins if Dillomat is still alive, but incommunicado. It is difficult to determine which condition is the more deadly for adventurers entering the tower.

The Facts: The Autharch first sent his own people into the tower. They didn't come out. The first offer, 100 gp to each prospective adventurer, went begging when the report of the missing tax collectors came out.

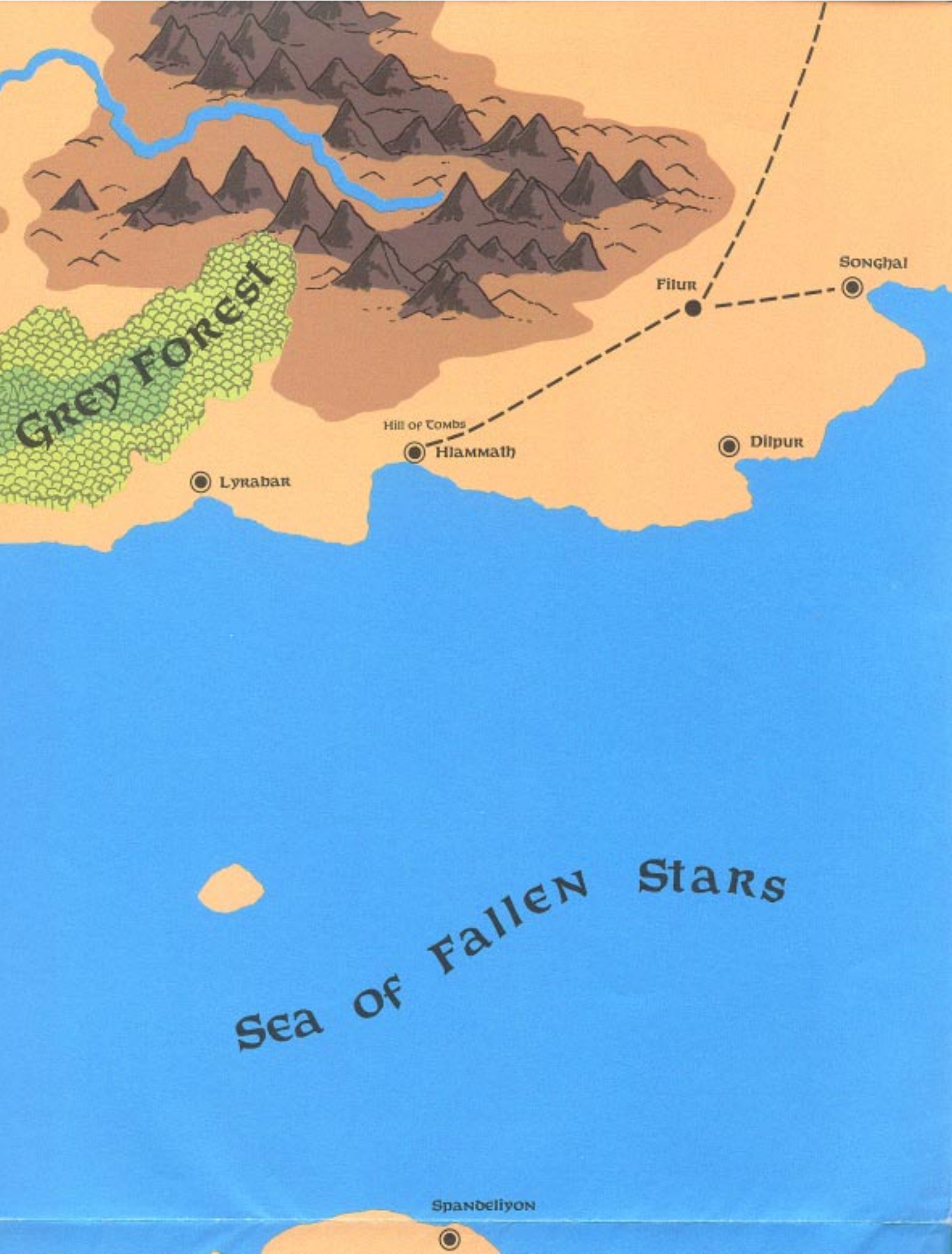
Dillomat is not dead, or at least he is not dead on this plane. He left for another plane about three months ago and has not returned.

However, Dillomat's tower is not unoccupied. He had collected a small band of monsters as helpers and associates, and they are still in residence. In fact, they are being fed by a couple of doppelgangers who slip out of the tower, change form, and go shopping in the market. They are also responsible for several recent disappearances.

Space considerations forbid extensive detailing of the monsters to be found in the tower, but they involve several different types from several planes. Their main function is to guard the tower.

Adventure Hook: This one is obvious. Scale the monsters and the magical item rewards to meet the actual level of player characters. Remember that Dillomat lived in this tower. There may be traps, but not many and not trapping the main corridors and living areas. The various monsters should be traps enough.

No monster should be of Large size, and probably several Small size monsters would be appropriate. One mystery to point out is that several of these monsters need food and water, and that is available. If the characters are initially driven out, perhaps they figure this out and trace the doppelgangers and gain another entry that way.



GREY FOREST

● Lyrabar

Hill of Tombs
● Hlammath

Fitur

● Dilpur

● Songhal

Sea of Fallen Stars

Spandeliyon

●



EASTING REACH

Keelbest

Spears

Nyth

Ethbil

River Eth

River Flam

Telflamm

Phent

Inkarr

Culmaster

Thassalra

Cape DRAGONFANG

THESI

Milvarune

The Fang or South Fang

Sea of Dlung

Dahst

FIndar

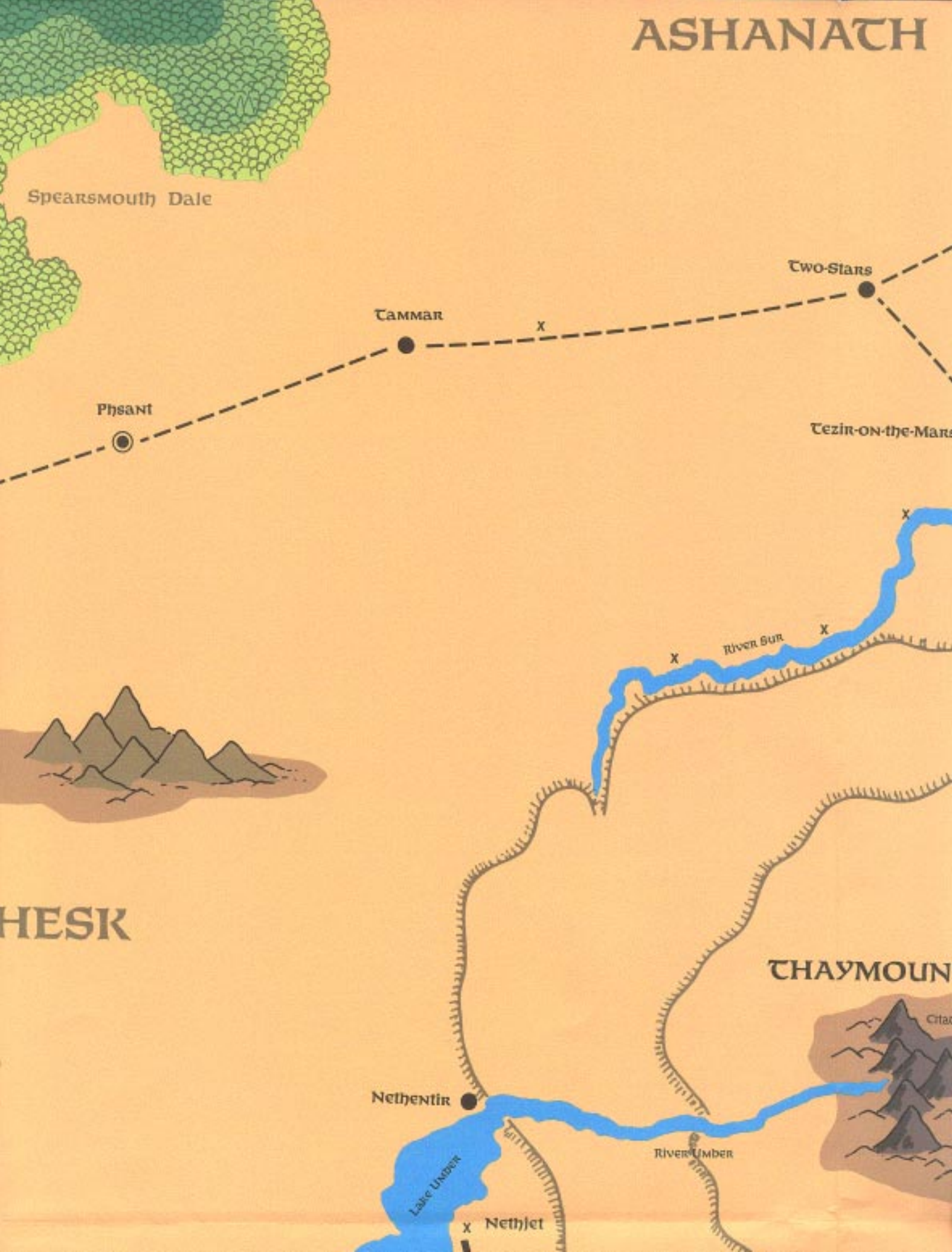
Osker

EMMeth

Orllhar

Furthinghome

ASHANATH



Spearsmouth Dale

Phsant

Tamar

Two-Stars

Tezir-on-the-Mars

River Sun

Nethentir

Lake Umber

River Umber

Nethjet

HESK

THAYMOUN

Crtar



ATH

RASHEMEN

ars

ir-on-the-Marsh

River Mulsantin

Lake Mulsantin

Gorge of Gaumos

SUrthay

SUrmarsh

The Long Portage

River Mulsantin

River Chay

River Gaumos

YMOUNT

Citadel

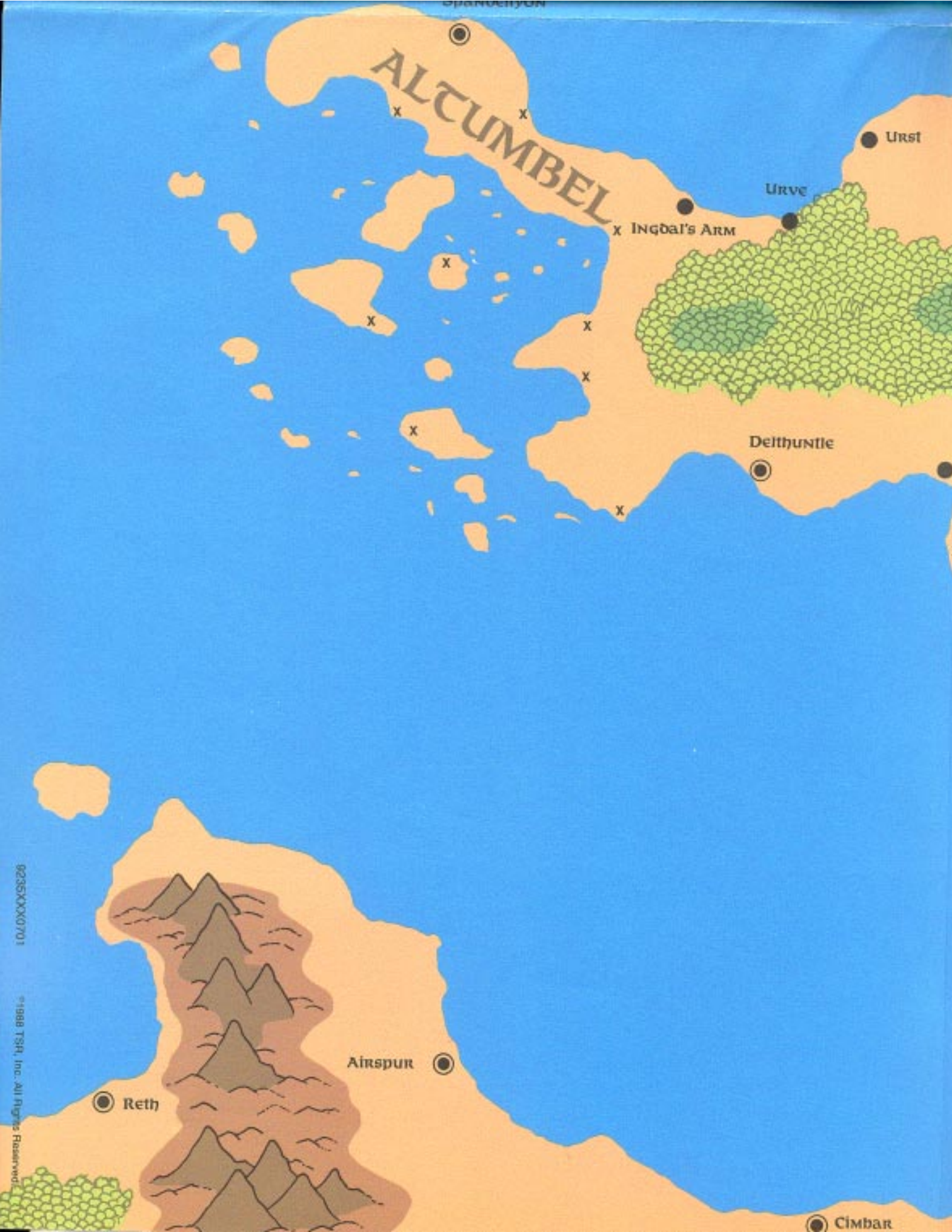
Gold Mines

Ruins of Delhumide

Lake Chaylambax

River Eltax

Eltabbar



ALTUMBEL

Urst

Urve

Ingdal's Arm

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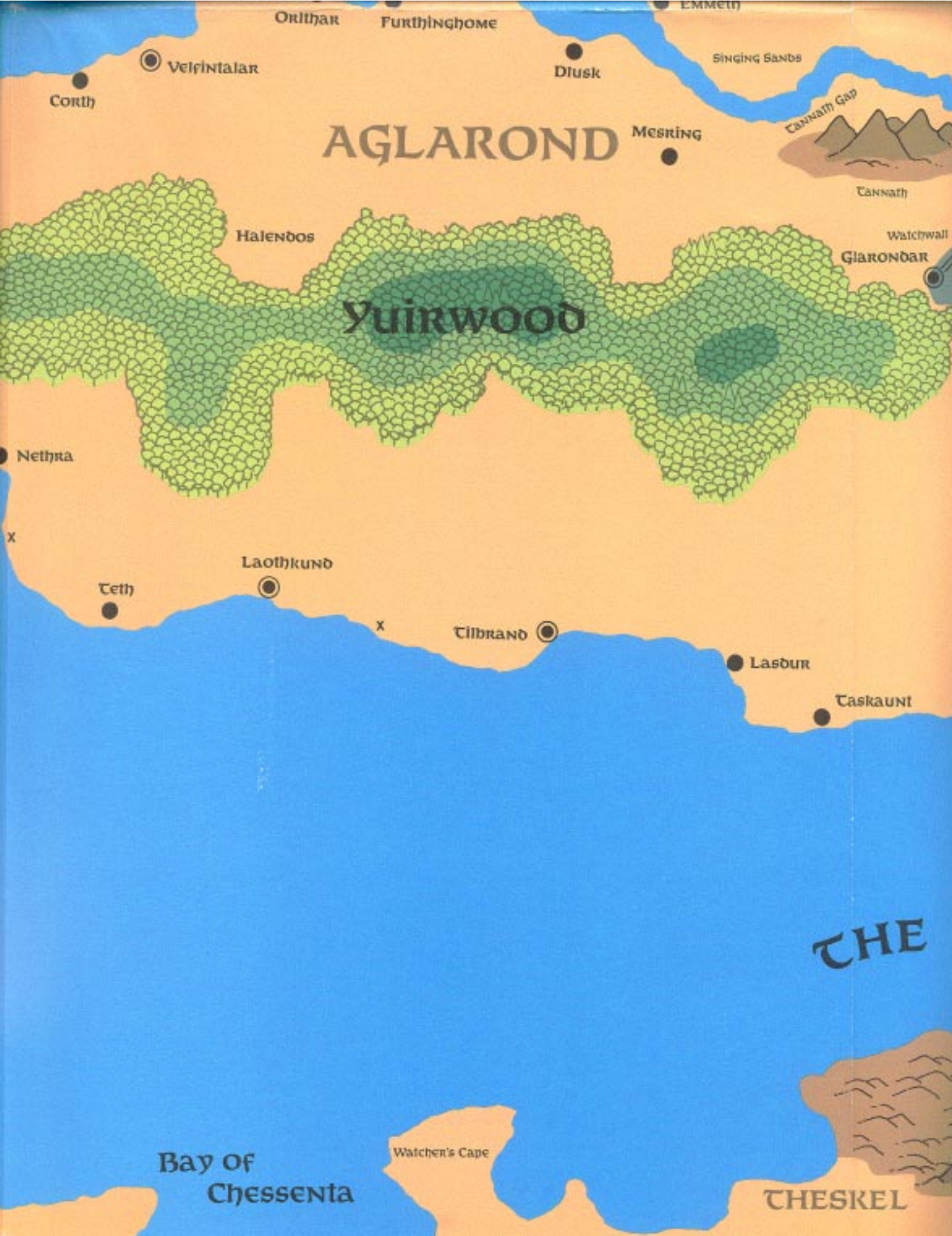
Airspun

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AGLAROND

YUIRWOOD

Bay of Chessenta

THE

THESKEL



River UMBER

Nethjet

2ND ESCARPMENT

Cannath

Watchwall

JARONBAR

AMRUTHAR

askaunt

Escalant

Murbant

Chasselen

1st ESCARPMENT

THE WIZARD'S REACH

MOUNT CHUIBANE

KEL

The Long Beach



THAY

The Priador

The Aldor

THAZALHAR
River of the Dawn

SUNRISE MOUNTAINS

MULHORAND

to Alamban Sea
(Schaugin Sea)

to Durpat
and Raumin

Eltabbar

Cyraturos

Pyarados

Bezantur

Sultim

High Road

Eastern Way

Sunrise Escarpment

Gold Mines

to Plain of
Purple Dust

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FORGOTTEN REALMS™

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Hall of Heroes

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INTRODUCTION

King Arthur. Robin Hood. Edward, the Black Prince. Roland. Joan of Arc... All of these people, whether or not they ever really existed, have one very special thing in common—they are all heroes. As heroes, all of these men and women hold an important place in our culture, and our hearts. For heroes afford us all a roadmap to the heights we can achieve, if only we work hard enough and follow our dreams.

What you hold in your hands is a roll call of heroes, and all of them call one fantasy world—the Forgotten Realms—their home. These characters, like the Merlins and Friar Tucks who are their literary great-great-grandfathers, show us magnificent feats of courage and wisdom.

Sometimes, as in *Darkwalker on Moonshae*, the heroes are called upon to right great wrongs that threaten a kingdom. Sometimes, as in the upcoming Avatar Trilogy, the heroes are asked to battle the gods themselves and save the entire world from certain destruction. The courage and skill necessary to succeed in these adventures is obvious.

Yet, all the beings who fight for Law or Good included in these pages may not flash a sword with the finesse of the evil swordsmen they encounter, or throw lightning bolts with as great a fury as the archmages who oppose them. But it was not power alone that made Shandril Shessair go on, even though the whole world seemed against her in *Spellfire*. It was her spirit, her will to live and be free, as well as her amazing powers, that let Shandril defeat all her enemies.

For the true hero, then the battles fought with the spirit are as important as the ones fought with a blade or incantation. In *Azure Bonds*, for example, Alias' battle to control her own destiny and understand her origin is just as important as her combat with the dark god, Moander. In fact, one battle without the other is really just empty brava-do.

Of course, heroes have to be challenged along the road to their goal. Perhaps they even fail for a time. Still, the

grail they seek would not be as valuable without the doubt and hardship faced on the way to recovering it. And if they stumble along the way, that's fine, too; we don't really expect our heroes to be perfect. (Besides, they'd be rather boring if they were.) In the end, however, we expect the true hero to see through the troubles that block his path and find a way to reach his goal, whether it be Mithril Hall or peace for the Moonshaes, by putting his beliefs into action.

On this front, however, the hero would be nowhere without a worthy opponent, someone to hide the grail in an inaccessible place and try to prevent him from finding it. Heroes are nothing without villains to challenge them.

You will find in these pages, therefore, the significant evil characters in our heroes' lives. These beings are often the ones that started the hero on his quest. In every case, by opposing the hero, the villain made the hero reach for new heights of strength and wisdom.

Where would King Arthur be without Mordred to thwart his vision of Camelot? Where would Robin Hood be without Sir Guy or the Sheriff of Nottingham to keep him working for the poor and oppressed? It's hard to imagine.

Fzoul Chembryl's search for power and Dendybar the Mottled's quest for the Crystal Shard are really just as interesting as the goals of the heroes they oppose. They, too deserve a place in these pages.

Of course there are thousands of heroes and villains worthy of induction in to our Hall. Most of you have probably played characters that might deserve a place there. But for now, at least, the *Hall of Heroes* is limited to just some of the worthy of the Forgotten Realms.

The monuments inscribed to the elite of the Realms in these pages have been constructed with care and diligence.

Once you enter the Hall, you will find three sections of entries. First, you will meet the major heroes of the Realms: Elminster, Bruenor, Tristan Kendrick,

and the rest. Included along with their game stats, you will find personal histories, background information on related characters, and even role-playing hints.

Next, you will encounter the minor heroes of the Realms, those who have yet to play a central part in a FORGOTTEN REALMS™ story. You will find the evil characters here, as well, from Casana of Westgate to Rauglothgar the dracolich. For these characters, we have given you game stats, brief character histories, and role-playing tips, too.

In the third section of the book, you'll find information on two famous adventuring brotherhoods: the seemingly ever-present Knights of Myth Drannor, and the Company of Eight from the module *Empire of the Sands*. All the members of both adventuring companies are detailed, giving you enough information on each member to run the group as well-developed NPCs in your FORGOTTEN REALMS campaign.

That's one of the major reason the Hall was built: to give you all the information you need to include these heroes and villains in your own AD&D® games set in the Forgotten Realms. In addition, we know you'll find the characters you are not familiar with interesting enough to want to read more about their heroism in the FORGOTTEN REALMS products you've missed. Finally, we've even thrown in previews of some soon-to-be major heroes in the Realms: the four heroes from the upcoming Avatar Trilogy, and the heroes of a projected Kara-Tur novel.

The heroes you will find within the Hall will inspire the player characters in your campaign to be greater heroes themselves. Just as assuredly, the villains found within these pages will make your players strive to defeat them, if only to survive the encounter. Use the material found here wisely and one day your characters, too, could stand in the *Hall of Heroes*.

Jim Lowder
January 11, 1989



MAJOR CHARACTERS

Adon

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 25

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (5'11")

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Fifth-Level Human Cleric

S:11 I:9 W:15 D:12 C:12 CH:13

Armor: Plate mail, large shield.

Languages: Common, Elven.

Skills: Medicine, herbalism.

Weapons of proficiency: Mace (1d6 + 1/1d6), flail (1d6 + 1/1d6 + 2), war hammer (1d4/1d4).

Possessions: Plate mail, large shield, mace, war hammer, holy symbol (on neck cord), holy water (four vials), notebook filled with poems he's written praising women.

Experience points: 25,000.

Money: Under 400 gp at any time.

Spells: Adon can cast five first-level, four second-level, and one third-level spell each day. Spells marked below with an asterisk are ones he favors and almost certainly regains each day.

- First-level — *Bless*, *ceremony*, *command*, *cure light wounds**, *detect evil*, *detect magic*, *light**, *protection from evil*, *sanctuary*
- Second-level — *Detect charm*, *hold person**, *resist fire*, *silence (15' radius)*, *snake charm*, *speak with animals*.
- Third-level — *Cure disease*, *dispel magic*, *prayer*.

Combat: Adon's attacks differ greatly depending on the circumstances and whether or not women are involved.

Adon prefers to capture humanoid opponents alive because the dead cannot be converted. Since non-humanoids cannot be converted, he attacks them with impunity.

If Adon is attacked while unprepared

or unwilling to unleash his full powers, such as when he is relaxing or surrounded by townspeople, he will attempt to use his spells to seize control of the attacker. Once the opponent is safely neutralized, Adon tries to determine if his captive is under another's control, magical or otherwise.

If others are threatened, especially women, Adon will rush to their assistance. He will attack on sight anyone he sees abusing a woman. If this occurs within a community, he will use his remaining spells to make the malefactor see the error of his ways. If this occurs in the wild, he will tie up or otherwise subdue the malefactor to insure that person can no longer harm the previously distressed woman.

Adon's weak point is women. His adoration of them compromises his combat sense. He cannot move himself to attack a woman. Even if she is trying to kill him, Adon concentrates on parrying her attacks rather than striking his own blows. He always cedes the initiative to a female opponent. If he unwittingly kills a woman in combat, he will try to make sure she is resurrected as soon as possible.

However, if his own female companions are threatened, he will fight completely unrestrained to protect them, battling to their side, then moving in front of them to protect them from further attack.

Appearance: Adon is in his mid-20s and has fair skin, light brown hair, and green eyes. Though he is plain featured, he does everything he can to increase his physical attractiveness. He dresses well and even keeps his battle gear shiny.

Personality: Adon is very vain, always managing to catch his reflection in any mirror. He is sure that he can raise his appearance up to his high self-image. He is incredibly verbose; once he begins speaking, he is prone to keep going until every possible listener has fled the area.

Adon holds an unswerving belief in the perfection of womankind. He believes each woman deserves to be

atop a pedestal; even if she climbs down, he promptly puts her back up. His smothering optimism eventually drives to distraction any woman who spends any time with him. He is oblivious to his patronizing attitude.

Relatives: Abrasax (father), Phylicia (mother), Phred (distant cousin).

Allies: Kelemvor, Midnight, Cyric.

Patron deity: Sune Firehair.

Personal history: Adon was born the only child of Abrasax and Phylicia. He was raised as a devout, borderline fanatic, worshiper of Sune Firehair. His father, Abrasax, had a pleasing smile and a shrewd business sense, and was considered a genius of management and investment. Abrasax made several fortunes, which he quickly tithed to the Sune church, keeping only what he needed to maintain a suitable middle-class lifestyle. Phylicia was a gorgeous brunette with emerald eyes, a legendary beauty with a quiet grace that would be the envy of royalty. Unfortunately, she had a voice that would make a demon cringe, a flaw to which she was totally oblivious. However, Abrasax and Phylicia remained the darlings of society, as Abrasax's financial acumen made him every bit as desirable of company as did Phylicia's smoldering beauty.

Adon grew up in the midst of this comfortable, pampered world, and his parents studied him to see which of their best traits lived on in their son. They were disappointed in almost every case.

Adon lacked ambition, even as a child. At an early age, he had realized there was little need to work if everything he needed was provided free of charge. Study was equally meaningless since the gods could instantly bestow wisdom with their merest act. By age 14, Adon was thoroughly set into a life of enforced idleness, punctuated by social activities and brief periods of eating and exercise.

He had physical problems as well. He had somehow managed to inherit not one of his parent's attractive features. Rather, he was the spitting image of



MAJOR CHARACTERS



Abrasax's distant cousin, Phred, a man who had turned out to be a total failure in the jousting fields of love. Adon was, in a word, plain.

Abrasax despaired at the direction Adon's life was taking. The boy's penchant for luxury was slowly draining the family finances. Abrasax found himself working harder and tithing less. Even the ever-doting Phylicia was beginning to flinch when she overheard the market gossip about her wastrel son.

A desperate ploy by Abrasax to galvanize Adon worked far too well and produced unexpected results. On the night of his 15th birthday, the jaded boy was transformed into a fiery idealist. Thinking it was just a phase, Abrasax intended that Adon would see the folly of his crusading spirit and finally begin to prepare to eventually assume the family business.

Instead, Adon came home and announced he would become a cru-

sader in the service of Sune Firehair. His parents were filled with happiness and regret. At 18, Adon became the youngest cleric ever to graduate from the temple of Sune, where he was schooled in armed and unarmed combat. By 19, he was assigned to the temple in the city of Arabel. While there, Adon met Cyric and Kelemvor, and later the magic-user Midnight, and together the four adventurers became central figures in the crisis of the gods.



MAJOR CHARACTERS

Alias

ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVE: 12"
Hit Points: 48
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: M (5'10") 140 pounds)
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
Sixth-level Human Fighter
S:17 I:17 W:17 D:17 C:17 CH:17

Weapon proficiencies: All swords, dagger (thrown or wielded), mace (both types), ax (both types), club, dart, all pole arms, lance (all types), morning star, staff, weaponless combat.

Known languages: Common.

Features: Green eyes, reddish-blond hair.

Magical items: *Magical tattoos* — A set of twisting blue runes were once set into Alias' right arm. At first glance, they appeared to be part of a tattoo, but closer inspection revealed they were a set of magical sigils which affected Alias' actions. The sigils originally bound Alias to the masters who created her, but with their demise, these symbols have disappeared. The pattern currently is a snaking swirl of thorns and waves, ending with a rose at the wrist. The pattern cannot be removed magically. It will radiate a bright blue light if a detect magic or similar divination spell is cast upon it.

Alias' Story

From the notes of the Sage Elminster, as told to the Master Bard Olive Ruskettle:

Alias was created by a group of powerful individuals to act as a magical servant, spy, and assassin. Alias was intended to masquerade as a human, but to carry out particular actions over a particular time.

The original conception for what became Alias was by an individual now

known only as the Nameless Bard. The bard was seeking a way to carry on his songs and stories beyond his death, without fear of their meaning becoming lost or corrupted. To that end, he and his assistants created a humanoid "vessel" which was to contain that knowledge. The spells to activate this "vessel" went afoul, killing an assistant and maiming another. Nameless was brought before his fellow Harpers — an organization of bards, druids, and rangers devoted to maintaining The Balance. He was found guilty of letting his pride result in the death of others, and for this crime, was sentenced to exile on another plane, deprived of his name, and, worst of all, all his tales and stories were eliminated from the records. This was at a time when the North was less populated than today, so such actions were within the Harpers' power.

The Harpers were not as effective as they thought in removing all trace of Nameless' work from the Realms, for once something is thought of, it is difficult to unthink it. Eventually, a powerful southern sorceress, one Cassana of Westgate, happened upon the tale and discovered Nameless' place of extra-dimensional exile. He was held at the Citadel of White Exile, a rocky spur located at the junction where the Plane of Gems and the Positive Material Plane meet. Cassana rescued Nameless, getting from him a promise to aid her in creating another vessel. Nameless, lonely from long exile, feeling no loyalty to the Harpers, and still vitally interested in preserving his tales, agreed.

Cassana was an evil sorceress and recruited others of her ethical ilk to perform the necessary magical operations. Nameless pushed his own doubts about his new allies to the back of his mind, glad only to be given a second chance to create his perfect vessel.

Cassana's allies included Zrie Prakis the lich, a former lover who was more powerful than Cassana, but totally under her control. (Both Cassana and Zrie have their own entries in this book.) Using their magics, Cassana constructed Alias' body, and Zrie made it

immortal. The Fire Knives, a group of thieves and assassins which had been chased out of Cormyr, provided most of the manpower and "acquisitions" required for the spells cast by Zrie and Cassana. A cult of a long-dead god, Moander, also called "The Jawed One," donated the energy needed to bring Alias to life. Lastly the creation needed a spirit and a soul.

Cassana contacted a powerful demon, through what she believed to be the demon's agent, a nasty-looking halflingish creature named Phalse. Phalse was no more a halfling than the king of Cormyr is a centaur, but was rather the demon himself, maintaining a ruse to spy on the others in the alliance. Phalse was charged with bringing a pure soul into the mix, an innocent who would be sacrificed to bring the new vessel (which was to become Alias) to life.

Phalse found his innocent in the form of the saurial paladin known as Dragonbait. The sacrifice was marked, as was Alias, with the symbols of the alliance — Cassana's insect squiggle, Zrie's interlocked rings, the jawed palm of Moander, the flaming dagger of the Fire Knives, the blue-upon-blue circles of Phalse, and the last, no marking at all, symbolizing Nameless. Nameless learned of these symbols shortly after he completed his task, creating the history and background of the vessel, and putting his songs within it. Upon discovering Alias had come to life before the sacrifice of the saurial, and fearing for his creation's purity, he helped free her and the saurial. When the others learned of his betrayal, they imprisoned him beneath Cassana's home in Westgate.

Needless to say, the members of the evil alliance began to squabble amongst themselves after this setback, and their pact began to disintegrate as they began plotting to betray one another.

Alias and Dragonbait flew across the Inner Sea, to Suzail, capital of Cormyr. Alias was semiconscious at this time, and remembers little of the voyage and nothing of her creation. When she



MAJOR CHARACTERS



awoke (at the Hidden Lady inn in Suzail, where Dragonbait had left her), she thought she had a “gap” in her memory, taking up the space between where Nameless’ story stopped and her present situation began. Because Nameless had not “programmed” her with a memory about the sigils, which were to have been hidden before she was let loose, it seemed to Alias that the strange tattoos had suddenly appeared. Associating them with her memory loss, she set about trying to have them removed. Removal proved a problem, however,

because the runes were an inherent part of Alias’ makeup and actively resisted all spells that attempted to harm them. Magic could still affect Alias, but it could not affect the runes. In addition, the runes glowed a bright blue when a divination spell was used on them.

Alias sought out magical and clerical aid and sagely counsel to solve her problem, and in the process, was brought into contact with the noble halfling Olive Ruskettle and the trader Akabar Bel Akash. Dragonbait also

rejoined her. Although Alias did not remember fleeing from Westgate with him, he seemed familiar to her, so she allowed him to come along as well.

Each of the members of the evil alliance responsible for Alias’ creation had a different goal for her. Her motivation to achieve these goals ranged from a “strong desire” to do something to a mindless compulsion.

The Fire Knives desired revenge against the king of Cormyr, Azoun IV, because he had banished them from his country many years before. They programmed Alias with a pattern which would force her to attack at the sound of the king’s voice. It might have worked, if someone imitating the king, rather than Azoun, had not accidentally sprung the effect’s tripwire.

Moander’s minions were trying to bring back the Realmsian incarnation of their god who had long ago been imprisoned in the ruins beneath Yulash. From them, Alias received a strong desire to go north and to work the necessary magics to free Moander. They succeeded in freeing their god, but Moander was in such a weakened state that soon thereafter Alias’ allies destroyed it.

Nameless placed his songs within Alias, and with them the desire (whether intentional or not) to sing in Shadowdale, in the heart of Harpers country, to show off to those who had imprisoned him. This too drove Alias north soon after her awakening.

Zrie Prakis’ motives remain unclear, but he was apparently unhappy with his undead service as Cassana’s slave, and hoped to reverse the situation. Cassana was the physical model used to create Alias, and Alias had all of the youthful beauty of the sorceress without her evil madness.

Cassana herself opted for a more variable plan. She tied her symbol to the power of her wand, which also maintained her power over Zrie Prakis. When within range of the wand (100’), Alias would perform Cassana’s bidding. Cassana also saw Alias as a way of main-



MAJOR CHARACTERS

taining her own immortality, and intended to possess the woman's body (after the other members of the alliance were dead, of course).

Phalse was perhaps the most farsighted of all. He saw Alias as the first "trial run" for an army of similar creatures, 12 of which Alias and her allies discovered, not yet brought to life as Alias had been. Phalse intended to bend them to his purposes alone. First and foremost among Phalse's goals was the full destruction of Moander, whom Phalse regarded as his bitterest rival.

All the plans of the evil alliance failed, however, in large part owing to the fact that Alias unexpectedly proved to have a soul and will of her own, linked to the saurial's, but independent nonetheless. Thus she had developed her own personality, one which attracted good friends to help keep her out of trouble when she attacked a Wyvernspur noble whom the runes mistook for King Azoun of Cormyr. These friends also accompanied her during her quest to discover the meanings of the runes and ultimately destroy them. When she freed Moander's Realmsian form, these same friends (the saurial Dragonbait, the merchant Akabar Bel Akash, and the noble and highly underrated halfling bard Olive Ruskettle) recruited the red dragon Mistinarperadnacles and destroyed Moander within a day.

The evil alliance's attempts to recapture Alias included attacking her with assassins of the Fire Knives Guild, a crystal elemental under Zrie Prakis' control, and a kalmari created by Cassana. All these creatures were defeated by Alias and her friends. Furthermore, these victories succeeded in further enhancing Alias' will. Unfortunately, during the battle with Moander, Alias and her friends were all transported to Westgate, where they were finally captured by Cassana and her alliance. By that time, Alias had already learned and accepted her origin, and this strengthened her character and her will as well.

A second ceremony was set up to sacrifice the saurial and bring Alias totally under the control of Cassana and her

allies. The sacrifice, held on the Hill of Thorns outside Westgate, was disrupted by an attack by Alias' friends, who had freed Nameless and come to her rescue. But it was Alias' own sense of will that broke the spell. Zrie and Cassana were apparently slain in the battle, along with all the remaining Fire Knives. Phalse fled through an extra-dimensional portal to the Citadel of White Exile.

Alias, Dragonbait, Nameless, Akabar, and the underrated but highly talented halfling bard Ruskettle followed Phalse to the citadel, where Phalse's full plan, and the duplicate Aliases, were revealed. The demon, which had abandoned his halfling form, fought Alias in his true form, as a beholder-headed man. Alias defeated him anyway, breaking the last visible hold the evil alliance had on her. After the disappearance of all the sigils of the evil masters, Alias reasserted her belief in part of the purpose for which Nameless had designed her — restoring his songs to posterity. At that moment, in the space Cassana had left for Nameless' sign, a blue rose blossomed.

With the death of Phalse, the multiple Aliases vanished, though whether they dissolved or were magically teleported is unknown. The idea of a dozen such women wandering the Realms, deadly and excessively competent, disturbs the thoughts of at least one very powerful person in the Realms.

In the final summation, Alias has proven herself to be, not some automaton or golem, but truly a human, with human emotions and values. She sings Nameless' songs, but changes them and creates her own as well. While this defeats Nameless' original purpose, he has decided that the end result is better than what he had hoped for.

The reason for Alias' power, ability, and free thought is currently unknown. Nothing in the plans of Nameless or the alliance accounts for her free will. It could be the strength of Dragonbait's will which is linked to her own, or some unaccounted variable in her creation, or the actions or some unknown, out-

side force. The fact remains that Alias is as "human" as most of the natives of the Realms (and often more human than most).

After discovering her identity and the apparent destruction of all her creators save for Nameless, Alias chose to remain a wanderer. She is usually found in the company of her partner, Dragonbait. She can be found throughout the lands of the Sea of Fallen Stars occasionally as far west as the Sword Coast.

Alias is an adventuress, not a mercenary. She fights as often for the cause of good as for any monetary reward. She dislikes organized law and rules, however, and will bend or break them as need be (and as Dragonbait will allow her to). She retains a dislike of clerics, which likely was initially patterned into her as a way of dissuading her from seeking clerical help. She still regards them as book-banging fools who know nothing of the real world.

One thing Alias despises is slavery in any form. Having been enslaved by arcane means herself, she has a pretty wide interpretation of slavery, and a complete enmity toward those who practice or tolerate it.

Alias is very good songstress, well-versed and trained from Nameless' own experience. Most of the songs she knows are ancient, those of Nameless which were suppressed by the Harpers as well as many others forgotten over the long passage of the years. She also writes her own tales now, and elaborates on those she already knows. Her voice is perfect, and in the opinion of one humble but incredibly talented halfling who has traveled with her, Alias could become a fairly good bard, if she could abide the training and discipline.

While Alias has the memories given her by Nameless and the skills provided by the alliance, her body is still newborn and unhardened by experience. She will tire more easily than she "remembers" she did in her non-existent past. Nonetheless, she has twice the endurance of a normal man.



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Similarly, she “remembers” liking the taste of alcohol, but she has a child’s palate and resistance, so besides not really enjoying the taste of most alcoholic beverages, she is easily inebriated by them.

Magical Life

Being a treatise on the nature of automatons, golems, clones, simulacra, and other forms of magically created life in the Realms, with special attention paid to the being known as Alias.

By Lhaeo,
Scribe to Elminster

The Realms are a magical place, filled with a large number of creatures who are capable of using magic (men and elves), those who have spell-like or spell-mimicking abilities (beholders or mind flayers), those whose origins as a race are the result of magic (owlbears and perytons), and those who are created specifically from magic and enchantments. This last is the subject for this discussion, and includes creatures such as automatons, golems, homoculi, some weapons, clones, simulacra, and, at the topmost part of the scale, the being called Alias and her sisters. All of these may be referred to by the moon elven term of Qua’sioh — in Common, “made life.”

The simplest form of Qua’sioh is the automaton, a device which performs certain functions by mechanical or magical means according to a set timetable. For example, there is a mechanical clock in Luskan which, on the hour, displays a scene of automaton warriors battling against an automaton dragon. In this case, all the automatons are controlled by rods and pins running back into the clock itself, and the spinning of the clock’s mechanism powers them.

Another form of automaton is the *Iron Cobra of Thay*, though the origins of the creature seem to be from further east along the Inner Sea. This creation is an obvious imitation snake made of a dark, unknown metal. As opposed to being controlled by rods and pins, the iron cobra can react to simple verbal

commands or track down a target.

In both cases, automatons are considered at best simple tools, no more intelligent in their way than a hammer, a pot, or a dagger. No one considers destroying a clockwork form or defeating an iron cobra or similar creature to be taking a life.

The next step up is the golem, an magically created statue with a rude intelligence, ability to follow orders, and a generally humanoid form. There are four basic types of golem, three created by magic-users, the forth by and for clerics.

There have been experiments with other types of golems reported throughout the Realms, but these experiments are usually unsuccessful, short in duration, or refer to other magical creatures which are given the “golem” name (such as the bone golems of Calimshan).

The three magical golems are, in increasing order of power, flesh, stone, and iron golems. The flesh golem is a reanimated and strengthened creature of human and humanoid flesh. Stone golems and iron golems, on the other hand, are statues created of the appropriate material. These last two are occasionally used in siege warfare, but more often used, along with the flesh golem, as guards or protective devices. Iron golems tend to be larger and more powerful than stone golems, but one of the largest stone golems is the *Walking Statue of Waterdeep*, which was created by Khelben Arunsun to protect his city. The statue is 90’ high, and made of gray granite.

The one successful clerical golem is the clay golem, built of inanimate material, much like the stone and iron golems. Unlike its magical brethren, the clay golem has a chance of going berserk in combat and trying to slay all living things in the area. For this reason, such creatures are used primarily as guards of temples and shrines in little-populated reaches.

All golems follow simple verbal commands, and are treated as humanoid, if unintelligent, creatures, and usually

are considered the property of their creators. In Waterdeep, letting a golem create havoc will result in the wizard or cleric involved in the golem’s creation being held responsible for damages.

Golems may be created in one of two ways, either by investiture of large amounts of gold, coupled with a number of powerful spells cast by a mage or cleric of a particular level. Mages and clerics of lower levels may create golems using a *manual of golems*.

Related to golems, but more primitive and closer in function to magical automatons, are beings such as stone guardians and caryatid columns. These are primarily used as treasure protectors and magical traps.

Another type of magical creature created by wizards is the homonculous. This creature differs from the golems in that it requires a second individual, in this case an alchemist, to create the final creature. In addition, the homonculous is mentally linked to the wizard, knows what the wizard knows, while in turn, the mage can see and hear through the creature’s eyes and ears.

Being mentally linked to the mage, the homonculous is more versatile than golems and other constructs. This mental link is 1,440’ in range. If the homonculous is forced beyond this range, the creature goes into a hibernating state until the link is reestablished.

Homonculi are relatively rare in the Realms, and then only found around high-level magic-users. This is because the death of a homonculous will result in massive internal and mental damage to the mage to which it is linked, making it one more vulnerability for a class which is already plagued by poor armor class, low hit points, and poor weapon proficiencies.

Legally, even more so than golems, homonculi are considered to be an extension of the creating mage’s body and persona, such that actions performed by the creature are considered to be actions performed by the mage in most courts of law. If a homonculous steals, for example, in the streets of Waterdeep, the mage is held responsi-



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ble and must pay the penalty for such actions.

As an aside, a similar legal approach can apply to a magic-user's familiar, whom, while not a creation of the magic-user, is a creature which is bound to the mage in a similar fashion.

Such legalisms do not apply to enchanted magical items, such as swords and the like, which have some form of intelligence. The development of intelligence and ego among magical weapons is of disputed origin in the Realms, with an apparent plethora of methods used to endow these weapons with magical intelligence. A number of ways have been provided, ranging from extra-planar endowments by powerful beings to good fortune to certain dark rites (the last only used for intelligent weapons of Evil alignments).

Whatever the origin, a magical weapon is sometimes endowed with an intelligence and an ego. The last is an important addition, one missing from the previous examples of magical intelligence. A golem or homonculus, it may be argued, has some mean intelligence, but lacks a will of its own. A magical weapon that has ego and intelligence, however, may enforce its will on an unwilling and/or unwitting user to further its own ends or special purposes. In some (thought not all) situations, this may be a mitigating factor in an individual's defense, if it could be proven that the sword's will, not the owner's, was responsible for some attack or another. This responsible and advanced view is held in Waterdeep, Cormyr, and the Dalelands, but is sadly lacking in most of the South, which tends to hold the individual responsible regardless of the situation.

There are two spells which duplicate the form of an individual — *simulacrum* and *clone*. *Simulacrum* is a seventh-level magic-user spell which creates a magical duplicate of an individual's form from ice and snow. Use of further spells (*reincarnation* and *limited wish*) allows the spell-caster to invest this form with motive power and some of the personality and knowledge of the

individual upon which it is modeled.

A simulacrum is an imperfect copy at best, as its knowledge is incomplete and it cannot advance further in ability and level. As a result, this spell is rarely used in the Realms, and then only for particular specific reasons, such as the desire to regain knowledge or power from a dead party member when there is no other spell available, or some deception is planned using the simulacrum. In one case, in old Teshendale, its ruler/wizard created a simulacrum of himself to rule the land while he slipped the bonds of leadership to pursue his own life. A second wizard in The Living City once used a host of simulacrums as lab assistants in his work.

The simulacrum is a living, if magical, being, but lacks the ego and sense of self-identity to set its own course. As a result, it is dominated by its creator, who, if crafty, can pursue the ruse for some time before someone discovers the situation. Legally, simulacrums are treated variously as property, extensions of the mage, extensions of the individual being duplicated, or new beings with whatever rights are granted to sentient beings.

Clones, on the other hand, are created by an eighth-level magic-user spell, and are almost always used to create an exact duplicate of an individual who has since died and could not be raised. This is due to the fact that, in most situations, a clone and its original stock cannot exist simultaneously, and such an existence drives one or both of the individuals insane. This magical form of guaranteeing that one cannot be in two places at one time tends to make legal problems relatively simple. A clone is regarded in most civilizations as a legal heir to the previous individual's estates and rank, and is treated as the same individual, much like an individual who has recently received a *raise dead* or *reincarnation* spell. Clones have full legal rights, and are often used as an "insurance policy" for adventurers who are about to enter an area where escape and/or recovery of the body may prove difficult — including trips to

other planes, suicide missions, and wars. As quests, curses, and geases transfer over to these new individuals as well, so too do any pronouncements against the individual — a clone of a man sentenced to death in Cormyr would still be hung, even if his predecessor met a similar fate.

This brings us at last to Alias, a magical creature which displays a high level of human characteristics in an individual fashion. The exact spells involved in Alias' origin are unknown, save that they required the combined power of an elder god's cult, a guild of thieves and assassins, two powerful mages (one living, one undead), and a demon of "name"-level power. It may be surmised that a *clone* spell or some variant was used in her creation, as she bears a striking resemblance to Cassana, one of the powerful mages. Further, unlike the simulacrum, Alias has proven that she has her own will, and in this fashion is similar to an intelligent magical weapon — capable of exerting her own "ego," as it were.

Whether it was through the development of her own sense of will, or the interference of the saurial Dragonbait, is unknown, but the control, while initially effective, diminished over time to the point that she could resist the power of those creators and make herself her own woman.

This magical non-detection does create problems for further research, as most divination spells do not function in regard to her, and the *true seeing* and *true sight* reveal her to be nothing more than an ordinary (or extraordinary) mortal. This may be because she is a human in all respects, or may be a function of the spells which created her. In either event, Alias has proved unwilling to sit still for extended research into her condition.



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Bruenor Battlehammer

ARMOR CLASS: -3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 112

NO. OF ATTACKS: 3/2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type (+1)

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Head butt

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (4'6")

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Ninth-Level Dwarf Fighter

S:17(+1 +1) I:12 W:15 D:15 C:19 CH:15

As classic an example of the dwarven stereotype as you will ever find, Bruenor Battlehammer grumps and stomps around with a constant scowl stamped upon his face, and all the while sporting a heart that is both loyal and compassionate. He more than compensates for his lack of height around the bigger humans with an overpowering and dominating personality. When Bruenor speaks, people listen; and when Bruenor growls, smart people find a place to hide.

His brow is ever-furrowed in his scowling facade, bushy red eyebrows deepening the already deep set of his pale gray eyes. Fiery red, his beard stands out a mile away, and his long and pointy nose sticks out above it like the handle of a bushy mop.

Actually, Bruenor is large by dwarven standards, standing a good 4½' tall and possessing a solid 175 pounds of gnarled muscle. There is a texture about him, a hardness that gives the impression of rooted strength, like mountain stone. Even his fellow dwarves shake their heads in awe of his toughness. "Sure that 'is head be the perfect mold for hammerin' bowl or shield," they whisper of Bruenor — behind his back, of course. Not that they believe that Bruenor would take offense, and certainly none is intended, but they fear that if Bruenor ever got wind of the notion, he might

just try it out!

As with everything about him, Bruenor's equipment reflects this aspect of toughness. His battered and bent field plate armor, finely forged by Bruenor himself a hundred years ago, still holds strength enough to turn a giant's blow, and his shield, emblazoned with the foaming mug standard of Clan Battlehammer, has taken a thousand hits. (The armor is +2 and the shield +1.)

But without doubt, the most beaten piece of Bruenor's attire is his helmet; one horn is broken away and there are dents within its dents. That it still fits on his head is amazing enough, but Bruenor sometimes even uses it as a weapon. The dwarf can head-butt an opponent for 1d4 points of damage while wearing the helmet, and 1d2 damage bareheaded.

If Drizzt Do'Urden is reckless in battle, Bruenor is simply crazy. He wades into a fight face first, and is more than happy to take a hit if he can dole one out in return. Wulfgar learned this the hard way when he and Bruenor first met, as foes, on a battlefield.

"Ferocious as his heritage dictated, though, the youth (Wulfgar) showed no fear, and Bruenor's hesitation had given him the first swing. With deadly accuracy, he slammed his standard pole down onto his foe, snapping it in half. Tough as the mountain stone he mined, Bruenor put his hands on his hips and glared up at the barbarian, who nearly dropped his weapon, so shocked was he that the dwarf still stood.

" 'Silly boy,' Bruenor growled as he cut the youth's legs out from under him. 'Ain't ye never been told not to hit a dwarf on the head?' "

— from The Crystal Shard

He is a slugger, snarling and growling, and customarily teasing his opponents with a belittling song or rhyme while hacking away with his many-notched axe. The weapon, too, is a product of the dwarfs own handiwork. It is +3 and specially weighted to allow

Bruenor to swing it with one hand or two. (Treat as a hand ax for one-handed, a battle-ax for two-handed.)

Bruenor likes options and new experiences. He'll often pull some outrageous and very dangerous stunt in a battle simply for the thrill of it, though he almost always winds up better off for the risk anyway. Once he tied himself to a boulder, then hurled himself into two ogres, tumbling all of them from the facing of a cliff. The rope stopped Bruenor's descent, and he taunted the ogres as they continued their drop to the bottom of the gorge.

But, though ferocious and deadly when he has to be, Bruenor clearly distinguishes between opponents deserving an immediate audience with their chosen god and innocents caught up in the middle of something they are powerless to control. Gruff and surly, and nasty as a demon to an enemy, Bruenor's true character lies in an extraordinary measure of compassion. He truly lamented having to cut down Wulfgar on the field that day, and moved on "shaking his head at the waste of one so tall and straight, with intelligent eyes to match his physical prowess." In the aftermath of the battle, when he returned to the side of the hill and learned that the youth lived, he chased away anybody who meant to see the boy dead. Then Bruenor, the warrior and hero of his clan, took the boy under his protection, and nurtured him back to health. Wulfgar had come to Ten-Towns with his people that day to plunder and destroy, but Bruenor had to discover if his initial observations about the inner character of this barbarian were correct.

In the unfathomable scheme of the fates, that single act of mercy became the salvation of Ten-Towns a few years later.

And a friendship of one-time enemies began that will live on forever in the songs of the bards of the Forgotten Realms.

Of course, Bruenor is always quick to deny any such emotions, but his list of kindhearted deeds runs too long to be



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ignored and grows proportionately as the years pass by. He befriended Drizzt Do'Urden when Drizzt had no other friends, and when a goblin raid on the town of Termalaine left the human child, Catti-brie, orphaned, Bruenor took her in and raised her as his own. And Catti-brie did not suffer for any lack of love from her adoptive father.

Yet even these acts the dwarf passes off as simple good sense, talking of the benefits of having a ranger roaming the outskirts and watching over his clan, or of bringing in the orphaned girl because he needed a helping hand around his house. "Ye do what ye has to do!" is his motto, and he lives in full accord with it. But part of what Bruenor "has to do" involves following the instincts of a generous heart. He can deny it to the world, even to himself most times, but his closest friends know better.

And though he is constantly complaining, Bruenor is actually quite content with his existence and generally takes whatever hardships befall him as minor inconveniences — then fights back like a ravenous wolf against whatever, or whomever, is instigating the problem.

In all the hard times of life on the frontier — the monsters, the rogues, the meager living — there is only one nagging problem that Bruenor cannot shake.

He wants to go home.

He was the son of Bangor, and the grandson of Garumn, king of Mithril Hall. Clan Battlehammer did not always reside in Icewind Dale, in the middle of the three-lakes region that harbors Ten-Towns. They marched in less than two centuries ago, a ragtag band of refugees simply looking for an honest way to survive. Bruenor was an unbearded child then, but now he is the last in all the Realms who remembers the splendors of Mithril Hall, his ancient homeland.

Clan Battlehammer counts fewer than a hundred heads now, but at its height, it numbered more than 10,000. The mines, rich with the precious mithril, rang out in the hammering song of the dwarven gods, and even the poorest members of the clan had enough wealth to spend long, leisurely days crafting a single shining item.



Their works were the rave of the North, commanding incredible profits, and their mines were so well hidden that no enemy could lay any claim to the rivers of the silvery metal.

But the dwarves delved too deep, into holes dark enough to open a rift to the Plane of Shadow. And dark things crept through.

The end came swiftly.

And when the rout was complete, fewer than 300 of the 10,000 remained alive: the very young, the very old, and the very weak. They spent many months at the nearby dwarven city of Settlestone, awaiting word from

Garumn that the mines were cleared. But the word never came, and any who went in search of answers to Mithril Hall never returned.

And so the refugee road led Clan Battlehammer to Ten-Towns, and the dwarves set up their forges and worked for the fishermen. A sorry existence for craftsmen who had reached the very pinnacle of their art. The older dwarves died away in despair, the youngest forgot what had been. But Bruenor remembered. If Bangor and Garumn were dead, he was the king of Mithril Hall, and his vow from the very first day after the routing of



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Clan Battlehammer was to one day return to the secret mines and reclaim what was rightfully his.

But the heartbroken elders of his clan, lamenting the despoilment of all that they had ever built, would not think of returning to Mithril Hall, and, thinking that they were acting in his best interests, would not tell the inquisitive young Bruenor anything that would help him find the way.

A passing century, and then the bulk of another, did not quench Bruenor's thirst for revenge. Yet he knew his dreams of returning to be futile, for he had no idea of where the halls might lie, and so well had his clan kept the knowledge private, that no one at all had more than the slightest hints of where to begin looking. Many came to believe that the whole legend of "the halls where the silver rivers run" was a ruse to cover a marketing trail from some southern city, and many others, believing in the lost treasures, set out to find the place, only to return months, or even years later, wondering if the skeptics had been correct.

Bruenor remained undaunted in his desire, but he kept patient, waiting for the opportunity to present itself properly. He was as fine a smithy as any in the Northland, and a worthy leader of his small band. And as Ten-Towns began to prosper in the marketing of the ivory from the precious fish, the knucklehead trout, that swam the waters of the three lakes, the dwarves did quite well.

They fought many battles against the numerous monsters of Icewind Dale and carved out a wonderful complex of tunnels and halls beneath the tundra, and Bruenor engulfed himself fully within his crafting work, creating his own fine armor, shield, and ax, and many other artifacts that distinguished him even above the other skilled smithies of his clan.

And then, for Wulfgar, the youth he had defeated and captured and then come to love, he created *Aegis-fang*. His gods blessed him in that task. A war hammer of unprecedented strength, *Aegis-fang* is a weapon worthy of the

lost days of the finest magics, a throw-back to the skill of the dwarven masters who once pounded the anvils forging weapons for the gods themselves. But for Bruenor, *Aegis-fang* marked the end of an era. It represented the pinnacle of his work, the highest he could ever hope to achieve. And, satisfied, he never fired his forge again.

And with the dying of Bruenor, the smithy, came the rebirth of Bruenor, the rightful king of Mithril Hall. He sensed that the time had come. His fellow dwarves thought him crazy for even thinking of leaving the fine life they had carved out of the savage wilderness, but respected his loyalty to their heritage and his rank among their clan, and volunteered to follow him wherever he chose to go.

But Bruenor sought other company for the initial journey. His kin could claim their rightful place after the halls had been found, but the search required skills they did not possess. For years Bruenor had been teasing Drizzt into making a commitment to join him on his quest, and finally, with Bruenor feigning a deathbed scene, the drow agreed.

And so the Companions of the Hall were formed, first Bruenor and Drizzt, and then Wulfgar, to their delight, pledged to come along. Finally (and surprisingly!), Regis trotted up beside them on the first leg of their road, and the band was complete.

Bruenor could go home.

About The Northland Dwarves:

The glory of the dwarves in the Forgotten Realms reached its pinnacle more than 1,000 years ago in the days of Delzoun, the Northkingdom of the Dwarves. Primarily mountain dwarves, these sturdy folk battled through the harsh environment of the Northland and carved out mighty fortresses and prosperous mines in the area from the Ice Mountains to the Nether Mountains, and between Silverymoon Pass and the Narrow Sea (now the Great Desert). They were a concentrated group at first, 150,000 strong and all close

enough together to lend support in the first days, or even hours, of a battle. Though as plentiful as they are now, the various orc tribes in the region learned quickly to avoid the tough dwarves.

"Delzoun was a rich and proud land, perhaps the height of dwarven power; its smiths crafted intricate and beautiful mechanisms to ease every task; the great dwarven families grew rich and famous, and gold shone everywhere about the persons and homes of the dwarves of Delzoun. The dwarves ranged across the North, building homes for themselves and (for hire) for men, and their work endures still. They were a happy and hearty people. That is all gone now."

— from *Waterdeep and the North*
by Ed Greenwood

It wasn't orc tribes or any other enemy that brought the downfall of Delzoun. The Northkingdom came into being out of necessity; in the untamed land, only mighty numbers could guarantee survival. But as the Northland grew more populated (though not necessarily more civilized!) and new markets and trade routes opened up, many of the individual clans of the dwarven kingdom saw options open before them for greater prosperity.

Several smaller clans drifted away from Citadel Adbar, the primary stronghold in Delzoun, but two major divisions rocked the Northkingdom beyond recovery. Ironically, the dwarves viewed the expeditions as a good thing, envisioning a dwarven empire stretching all the way to the Sword Coast.

The first division came about when Ilgostrogue Sstar left Citadel Adbar with nearly a quarter of the Northkingdom's population, 35,000 grim-faced dwarves, his sights set on Mirabar and the claims of great riches in the area. By the time they had crossed through the mountains north of Sundabar, the orcs were striking at them every day, and they were a ragged troop indeed by the time they reached Mirabar. They had left in their wake a toll of dead orcs that could feed all the



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carrion birds in all the Realms for a hundred years, but their own ranks had been cut nearly in half. Disillusionment claimed thousands more in Mirabar as they traded the horrors of the Northland road for a settled existence within the safety of the city.

And the brutal trek had taken its toll upon Ilgostrogue as well. Denying the folly of the adventure and fighting to tread the deep waters of his own guilt, the clanmaster was no longer content with Mirabar. Consumed by his delusions of the grand dwarven empire, he drove the loyal remnants of his army forward, to the end of the Spine of the World and across the pass of Icewind Dale.

Ilgostrogue died happy when he saw the sea, believing in his final delirium that his vision of the empire had come to pass. But those left behind him understood the true nature of their situation. Twelve thousand dwarves is a considerable force, but caught unsupported so very far from home, in a wild land where the weather can claim many more than the orcs and giants combined, their future was not so bright.

Councils were called even as the first cold blasts of the long winter began creeping into the land. The consensus at first was to return and set up around Mirabar, as they had originally intended when they had left Citadel Adbar, but Beerkanstrogue, son of Ilgostrogue, planted his booted feet squarely upon the ground and called for his kin to pay homage to the vision of his father. And so the dwarves, loyal to the last, worked as only dwarves can work, and constructed Ironmaster, their tribute to Ilgostrogue, in a rocky valley not far from where the clanmaster first looked out over the sea. They have survived over the centuries — their numbers dwindling, though, to the present 9,000 — making pots and other trading goods from the exceptionally rich veins of iron ore that they found under the rocks and the ever-frozen ice of the tundra.

They have never forgotten their terrible ordeal, though many of the details have been distorted over the years, and the real tragedy of Clan Sstar is the emo-

tional scarring the journey caused. Reclusive in the extreme, no non-dwarven races are allowed anywhere near their fortress, and even their fellow dwarves share little with them now. When the remnants of Clan Battlehammer made their way to Ironmaster after the despoilment of Mithril Hall, they were not turned away, but they were looked upon with such suspicion and disrespect that they would not remain.

Even more tragic was the second division of Delzoun, 300 years after Clan Sstar's departure, when Bunko Battlehammer led his clan to the southern spurs of the Spine of the World, just west of Silverymoon, in search of reputed mithril deposits. In league with Clan Battlehammer, Clan Ironshield followed, building the city of Settlestone south of the mountains as a buffer market for the secret mines of Clan Battlehammer. With the mithril deposits running thicker and more pure than even the most optimistic tales would tell, these dwarves enjoyed unparalleled success for several centuries. But the bright light that was Mithril Hall burned away quickly by a dwarfs estimation, and compared to the 13,000 dwarves that originally left the Northkingdom that fateful season, Clan Battlehammer now numbers fewer than 100, and Clan Ironshield drifted apart and faded away, with individuals finding their own roads and their own homes in the growing number of cities in the Northland.

Citadel Adbar remains strong even now, with approximately 15,000 dwarves under King Harbromm, and Ironmaster, under Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar, houses 9,000. They are a far cry from the early power of the Northkingdom, and bear a grim warning for the future of the Forgotten Realms, a testimony to the vulnerability of the long-lived races. Typically non-prolific, the low birth rate among dwarves and elves simply cannot replace the losses incurred through constant battling with the goblinoids.

And woe to the Realms, for a barren place it will be indeed, when the last ring of a dwarven hammer is rung, when the

last note of an elven song is sung.

Roleplaying Tips:

Sometimes abrasive, always opinionated, Bruenor is above all else, forward and direct. First impressions mean a lot to him, and if someone initially gets on his bad side, it will take that individual a long time to change Bruenor's outlook. No one will ever have to guess how they stand with the dwarf, though. He'll tell them in no uncertain terms.

He usually has a sour word for everybody, but there is a distinct difference in the tone of the sarcasm aimed at friends and those insults aimed at people he does not like. When Regis slows down the Companions on the road, Bruenor might tell him, "If ye pulled yer belt over yer fat belly, ye'd find walkin' easier!" but if he didn't truly like the halfling, his statement would be more on the order of, "Keep up, or get out!"

A DM must be careful in handling this character, and must always keep the dwarf's high charisma in mind. Bruenor is a positive grumbler, using his growling tactics to raise the performance levels of those around him. He is never petty, and would sooner walk away than get into an argument over some insignificant issue. And if anyone, no matter their social standing or battle-prowess, calls him out over an insult, he's more than happy to oblige. His friends, and even new acquaintances, understand that they can count on Bruenor to stand beside them to the bitter end, and this undeniable loyalty and strength, and a pragmatic bravery that leads him into battle against impossible odds with a resigned shrug and let's-get-it-over-with grin, make the surly side unimportant.

And anyone who is around the dwarf for any length of time might come to view his grumbling and roughness as a facade for the true warmth of his nature. Certainly his friends love him, his fellow dwarves revere him, and even his most hated enemies respect him and avoid the wicked low cuts of his fell ax.



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Cyric

ARMOR CLASS: 1 (9)

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 14

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type (+1)

SPECIAL ATTACKS: +1 to hit

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (6')

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Third-Level Human Fighter

Fifth-Level Thief

S:17 I:11 W:10 D:15 C:15 CH:15

Armor: Plate mail, small shield.

Languages: Common, Thieves' Cant.

Possessions: Plate mail, small shield, long sword, short sword, dagger, hand axe.

Weapons of proficiency: Long sword (1d8 + 1/1d12 + 1), short sword (1d6 + 1/1d8 + 1), dagger (1d4 + 1/1d3 + 1), long bow (1d6).

Experience points: 6,000 as fighter, 14,000 as thief.

Money: 12,000 gp (as individual, mostly in high-value gems).

Combat: Cyric is +1 to hit and damage. His high dexterity lowers his armor class by 1.

Cyric is cautious about joining in combat; he is very aware that getting killed is a sure way to frustrate one's ambition. However, once he commits to the battle, he becomes a furious fighter.

Appearance: Cyric's lean appearance belies his strong, quick body. His face is equally suited to sly, mischievous humor or frightening dark moods. Crows'-feet surround his eyes, though he is only in his late 20s, and his hair is brown.

He prefers dark clothing and strong armor. During his thieving days, he wore a blackened leather chest plate and carried a short sword. As a fighter, he preferred a combination of chest plate and mail.

Personality: Cyric is mysterious

and secretive. He is not proud of his past. He wants to bury it all and become a warrior, but his past keeps resurfacing. Cyric is also a loner. He values freedom above all else and finds most relationships far too restrictive.

Still, he has his good traits. He has an endearing sense of humor and a quiet eloquence that cuts to the heart of the matter.

Relatives: None.

Known allies: Adon, Kelemvor, Midnight.

Patron deity: None.

Home: Zhentil Keep (birthplace), Sembia (childhood home).

Personal history: Cyric was born in the filthy back alleys of Zhentil Keep. He never knew his parents. When he was older, he pieced together some of his origin. His mother was a young woman who was madly devoted to a Zhentarim officer. The officer rejected the woman's claim of paternity and cast her out. She fell in among the beggars and homeless, who cared for her and helped her through the delivery. Later, the officer returned and murdered her. He sold the infant Cyric to slavers.

Cyric was bought and freed by a wealthy Sembian family. They raised him as their son in a life of privilege. They were very forgiving and lenient, perhaps too much so, for Cyric always felt a bit different from the other children. He constantly tested the limits of how far he could go.

He was an intelligent child who devoured new learning the way other children consumed sweetmeats. He was most interested in geography and the customs of far-off countries.

When he was 10, he learned of his background when he overheard his parents arguing about him. He ran away from home, but was caught and returned by a civil patrol. Cyric's angry protestations at being returned eventually spread the truth of his origin, and his parents became social outcasts. When Cyric ran away again at age 12, no one stopped him.

Cyric almost died as he faced the world alone and unprepared. He

became a cynic as he realized that everyone was truly alone; the gods could not care less if any one person lived or died. He taught himself how to survive, first in the wild, then in the city. He became an effective street thief and even managed to acquire a knife. He also managed to acquire the attention of the Thieves' Guild. When they kidnapped him into their midst, Cyric won their approval and support. He proved a fast learner in the thievery arts.

He went independent in his 16th year. For the next eight years he used his skills to indulge in his one passion, travel. He found that people were the same wherever he went. He cynically observed that poverty and inequality were as universal as luxury and splendor. He became contemptuous of the middle class and the work ethic. His thieving filled a philosophical need to lash out at society.

At 24, he realized that, despite his adventures thus far, he had not made a single mark anywhere and lacked a direction for his future. He returned to his past. Secretly returning to Zhentil Keep, he learned the details of his past and may have encountered his father. However the man was killed before Cyric could learn more.

Cyric left Zhentil Keep at that time, convinced that he had to abandon his life of thievery. He became a fighter and worked for causes he thought were good. Over the next five years, Cyric was an adventurer of little repute. He was, however, happy during this time, as he enjoyed the freedom afforded him as a member of a wandering party of heroes.

One of Cyric's acquaintances during those years of adventuring was a mercenary named Kelemvor, who eventually convinced Cyric to join the guard in Arabel. There Cyric also met Adon, a cleric of Sune Firehair. Together, Cyric, Adon, and Kelemvor worked for Myrmeen Lhal, keeping the peace in her land.





MAJOR CHARACTERS

Doin Sanehiro

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 61

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (5'6")

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Fifth-Level Shukenja

Eighth-Level Human Samurai

S:14 I:12 W:16 D:13 C:16 CH:14

Proficiencies: Calligraphy, etiquette, horsemanship, reading/writing.

Commonly used spells: *Bless, detect evil, deflection, aid, trance, dream sight, castigate, abjure, remorse, cure critical wounds, flame walk.*

The carpenter sees not the wood, but the sword within the wood. Likewise, the enlightened soul sees not the man, but the hero within that man.

The Legend of Monkey

At first glance, Doin Sanehiro is not the stuff of which heroes are made. While taller than most of the Kozakuran race, he is only 5'6", although he is well muscled and has a full head of thick, gray-shot hair. His speech is simple, direct, and honest. His face is weathered and handsome in a rough kind of way — women take to him. His hands are hard from years of wielding the sword. An educated man, well versed in the classics of literature, his calligraphy is his special pride. His skill in settling disputes between rival clans earned him the respect of samurai throughout the kingdoms of Kozakura.

In better times, he was well dressed (if not a bit conservatively), in the gray kimono of his liege lord's clan, patterned with its distinctive hollyhock symbol, and wearing two swords of great honor and antiquity in his obi. But now his beard runs rough on his chin, and his garb is the simple robe of the shukenja. For a fatal battle has left him a masterless ronin, his swords dishon-

ored by the blood of demons, and his name lost forever among the screams of his dying companions.

In his youth, Sanehiro was a cunning fighter, not a skilled one. His tactics were those of the battlefield and the wine shop brawl — he was just as likely to knee an enemy in the stomach as use his blade. His swordsmanship was the hard-won skill of hundreds of fights, beginning as a low-ranked samurai in his youth, and progressing through a lifetime of campaigns under his dai-myō's command.

As he matured, Sanehiro's greatest victories came not through the Way of the Sword, but by the Way of the Pen, acting as an administrator and head of the Samuraidokoro (samurai board) for Kanazaki Province. In this capacity, he oversaw the training and ranking of the clan's samurai retainers, working long hours to ensure that they were the finest possible.

Sanehiro's battlefield experience served his lord in other ways. While not a brilliant military tactician, his knowledge of strategy and practical warfare made him an opponent to be reckoned with. Even in the fatal battle of Kiroshina (which cost Sanehiro's lord his life), this hardheaded samurai's tactical expertise enabled the Shiramura Clan to throw back the five of the six waves of attacks — no mean feat, considering their forces were outnumbered 4-1. It was this loyalty to his lord which cost Sanehiro all that he valued most — his position, family, and good name.

Sanehiro's Fall

The year 256 found the Shiramura Clan masters of the verdant rice lands of Kanazaki Province. Yet, within this year, stories began to circulate of a powerful opponent to their rule, an itinerant monk named Jinchin.

At first, this lay monk appeared to be just one of many wandering holy men, espousing vague bits of theology and the occasional prophecy. Gradually, as Jinchin began to gather a following, the

lord of Shiramura assigned several of his retainers to arrest and detain this upstart monk. When these and other retainers vanished without a trace, it became obvious that Jinchin was more than a mere holy man, and that his goal was nothing less than the absolute conquest of the Land Beneath Heaven.

By the new year, Jinchin had gathered a great army to himself. Originally formed of ronin (masterless samurai) dissatisfied with the current regime, this vast horde gradually began assimilating even less reputable recruits: brigands, criminals, sorcerers, and the like. Soon, it was rumored that the very fiends of the Underworld had joined Jinchin's ranks — there were tales of twisted, many-legged shapes which stalked the night, of terrible undead creatures and obscene meldings of man and beast. This was the legacy Jinchin's army left behind it, as inexorably, it crushed its way through the besieged Shiramura forces and spread a fell shadow over the province.

At the battle of Kiroshina, outnumbered 4-1 and facing a monstrous host of oni, bakemono, and other sorcerous creatures, the samurai armies of Lord Shiramura fell, leaving the province under the iron boot of the evil monk. It is not known how Doin Sanehiro escaped being slain, although legend has it that he was knocked senseless by a mighty oni as he struggled valiantly to defend his lord. What is known is that on the evening of the second bloody day, Sanehiro staggered to his feet to find his lord dead, and the Shiramura armies routed.

Convinced by a fellow survivor that his duty lay in defending the Shiramura castle against the encroaching armies, Sanehiro chose not to join his lord in death. Instead, he returned to find the castle destroyed, his family murdered, and the monsters of the renegade monk Jinchin crouched in the ruins.

While struggling to reach Shiramura Castle, Sanehiro was joined by a fellow survivor of the battle, an amnesiac (who would later be known by legends as The Wanderer), and by an enigmatic



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young physician calling himself Kuang. It was Kuang who convinced Sanehiro to again forego his pledge to join his lord in death, and instead to devote himself to bringing about Jinchin's downfall.

The Monkey

Fleeing the forces of the evil Jinchin, Sanehiro and his companions fell into the company of two more travelers. It is then, according to legend, that Sanehiro first took on the nickname of "Monkey," in order to disguise his true identity. His new allies, Onoye (a spirit woman of considerable, if hidden, power), and Okotampe (a restless and argumentative hengeyokail, accepted this name (with a great deal of amusement), although they soon learned Sanehiro's true identity.

Through his battles with Jinchin, it soon became evident to Sanehiro that his skill with the sword was no match for the monk's sorcerously inspired abilities. While hiding among the tenju villages of the west provinces, Sanehiro gradually was convinced to learn the way of the shukenja — a way of sorcery and subtle power far greater than any blade. In keeping with his decision, the grizzled veteran put down his swords, took up the three-ringed staff, and chose to be known only as the Monkey from that time.

As a shukenja, Sanehiro/Monkey much resembles his old self, although his head is shaved in the style of the priests of the Way, and his samurai garb has been replaced by the scarlet robe. Two ancient swords adorn his waist; these however, are broken within their scabbards, relics of his old life and his last clash of blades with Jinchin. Instead, Monkey's strength lies within the towering oak staff he carries. The staff, capped with the three silver rings of his profession, enhances both Monkey's saving throws vs. magical attacks by +4 and his shukenja spell rolls by +3.

Monkey normally wears no armor. However, in time of great danger or



when facing a battle, he will wear his old samurai armor, rated at +2.

Dungeon Master's information: Sanehiro/Monkey is usually found in the company of three individuals. These are the hengeyokai Okotampe, the spirit woman Onoye, and the masterless warrior known only as The Wanderer. He will often be joined by his good friend Kuang, whose true identity is T'u Lung Prince Shin Gisen. In addition, Monkey may be found with any number of villagers or acolytes from his

temple.

Monkey is not a wanderer by nature; in most cases, he can be encountered within his home village of Tomobiki, located in the south of Shiramura Province. It is here that he has constructed a small temple and dojo for the training of young shukenja. Monkey is particularly interested in those samurai who have lost their lords through misfortune or those who seek another path beyond that of the sword. His main purpose, as he sees it, is to defend his small village from outside harm. Those who



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endanger the village or threaten its people do so at the risk of his considerable power.

If Monkey is encountered on the road, it is a sign of trouble throughout the land, something that threatens Kozakura on a grand scale. In these cases, he will most likely be gathering together a party of companions to defend the province or right a great evil.

The Earth Spider (A Great Evil)

FREQUENCY: Rare

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: -1

MOVE: 18"

HIT DICE: 12

Hit Points: XX

% IN LAIR: 100%

TREASURE TYPE: Special

NO. OF ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d6/2d6

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Surprise, grasp

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 50%

INTELLIGENCE: High

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

Size: L

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Magical Attacks: *Web, possess, hypnotism, detect invisible, transfix, minor creation*

One of Sanehiro/Monkey's greatest adversaries is the creature known only as the Earth Spider. This evil spirit appears in the form of a huge black spider, its twisted, multi-eyed visage melded with that of a screaming man.

The Earth Spider ruled over the Land of Men many centuries ago, until he was bound by the hand of the Celestial Emperor into the Realm of Mirrors. Here, he and his foul legions of insectile young are trapped, unable to affect the Land of Men in a direct fashion. The Earth Spider must instead take possession of a living man and work its will through its host. This process gives the host great powers of sorcery, but eventually wastes him away to a non-living shell.

The Earth Spider cannot escape the Realm of Mirrors unless he can contrive, in one way or another, to wed an innocent female of the Wood Spirit people. With the consummation of this unholy marriage, he will be able to open a gate from the Realm of Mirrors, releasing himself and his minions into the world of men once more. It was to this end that the Earth Spider, through his host Jinchin, sought to capture Sanehiro and his spirit companion Onoye.

The Earth Spider may take any one of three forms: its original, grotesque arachnid form, the form of its current host, or (should it escape the Realm of Mirrors) the form of a comely male Kozakuran.

While the Earth Spider cannot directly reach into the world of men, it can reach out through the medium of dreams. These dreams, linked to the spirit world, have great power. It is through this medium that the Earth Spider may entice or entrap its host. Its power can also kill.

Dungeon Master's information:

The Earth Spider will rarely, if ever, be directly encountered by your player's group. Instead, it will work through a variety of agents and hosts. Killing the Earth Spider's host will not destroy the Earth Spider; like all demons, it must be slain on its home plane, in this case, the Realm of Mirrors. Killing the host will only serve to banish the Earth Spider for up to 1d6 years, during which time it will actively be seeking a new host for its evil designs.

The Earth Spider's most dangerous powers are those of the dream world. At moments when a player is asleep, the demon can attempt to reach through his or her dreams and attack. These attacks can be treated as the spells of *mind control* and *power word kill*, and characters retain appropriate saving throws as per their character class. The Earth Spider is the sworn enemy of the Imperial House; banished by an ancestor of the Emperor, it has never forgotten its enmity. As such, it will do anything in its power to cause harm to members of the Imperial family, the Shogunate, or those loyal to the Emperor's government.



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Drizzt Do'Urden

ARMOR CLASS: 1

MOVE: 15"

Hit Points: 77

NO. OF ATTACKS: 3

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use, critical hits (see below)

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Stealth (see below)

MAGIC RESISTANCE: +2 to saves vs. magic

SIZE: M (5'4" 1

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

10th-Level Elven Ranger

S:13 I:17 W:16 D:20 C:15 CH:14

To have a black elf, a drow, roaming the surface world of the Forgotten Realms is a rarity indeed, but to have one championing the cause of good is rarer still. Yet that is the case of Drizzt Do'Urden, ranger and hero.

Drizzt is of typical physical build for a black elf: slender, around 125 pounds, with long and graceful fingers that perfectly grasp the pommel of a weapon. While his black skin and white hair distinguish Drizzt among the surface dwellers, his penetrating lavender eyes stand him apart from even his own kind. Fiery orbs of passion and curiosity, their sparkle is strikingly visible even within the shadows of a low-pulled cowl.

But though the coloration and inner glow are unusual for a black elf, the lavender orbs are bound by Drizzt's dark heritage. In the night, they are as keen as a cat's, and tuned to the dark, as are all of Drizzt's senses. He needs no torch to guide him, even in a lightless tunnel. But in the day, under the shine of the sun that his people do not know, Drizzt is at a disadvantage. Even when low clouds darken the sky, the daylight makes him dizzy and his eyes ache from constant squinting.

He manages, though, and accepts the discomfort with his customary stoicism. And his familiarity with the dark brings him an advantage as well.

Because of his heritage and his agility, Drizzt can hide in shadows, move silently, and climb walls as well as a 10th-level thief. Likewise, his keen hearing, sharpened by his daylight vision problems, allows him to hear noise equally well.

The statistics for his thieving abilities are: *move silently* 98%, *hide in shadows* 88%, *hear noise* 35%, *climb walls* 99%. (These stats are adjusted for racial and dexterity bonuses.)

When he left Menzoberranzan, the lightless city of the underworld, Drizzt retained some of the innate magical abilities of the drow. (See complete description of the character race of Drow in the *UNEARTHED ARCANA* book.) Two spells in particular, *darkness* and *faerie fire*, often aid Drizzt in his trials. He normally conjures the 5' radius *globe of darkness* to cover an escape or to blind a larger foe, such as a dragon, and the *faerie fire* is employed as often for dramatic effect as to clearly outline a target. For example, purplish flames sprouting from the skin of a superstitious and magic-hating barbarian more often than not take the warrior's heart out of a battle. Drizzt has left more than one potential opponent rolling in the dirt in a frantic attempt to extinguish the magical flames.

Not that Drizzt needs these advantages, though. Few in all the Realms could match weapons against Drizzt. Deadly with a longbow, but preferring the face-to-face challenge of melee combat, Drizzt fights with two scimitars, attacking three times each round and suffering no penalties "to hit" because of his incredible dexterity. One of the scimitars is a +3 *frostbrand* that he took from the hoard of Icingdeath, the white dragon that he and Wulfgar defeated. The other is a normal weapon, but equally deadly in the hands of the skilled ranger. So accurate are his wicked cuts, that if Drizzt's "to hit" roll exceeds the minimum required for a hit by more than 5, he scores double weapon damage and has a base 10%, plus or minus 3% per level difference between him and his opponent, chance of killing

the foe instantly.

For armor, he wears the fine chain-link mesh (AC 5) of his people, though its magical properties (it was once +3) have long since faded away under the light of the sun. The chain mail is completely unencumbering and unnoticeable beneath the dark green cloak that Drizzt customarily wears.

He is a perfectionist, in combat and in everything he does, striving to attain the highest standards within his code of morality and self-discipline. Yet Drizzt is careful not to impose his personal standards upon others. Kindly and compassionate, he remains a valuable ally to all the Good races, despite the harsh treatment he usually receives from ignorant people who can't see his worth for the color of his skin and the reputation of his heritage. For Drizzt believes in the brotherhood of the races, human, dwarf, elf, half-elf, half-ling, and gnome, and always views the world with sympathy and empathy for the other person's viewpoint. And thus, he accepts his lot in life without complaint.

But Drizzt's outward calm and composure are only half of his dichotomous personality. He is the peacemaker, the level head in critical situations, always willing to avoid an unnecessary fight if possible. But when all of the options have been exhausted and a fight is unavoidable, a battle-lust burns within the drow that makes even his closest friends step back and shudder. He never allows his rage to blind him to the most advantageous path to victory, and that makes him deadlier still, but he is ferocious in battle, a foe of blinding speed and unrivaled accuracy.

Furthermore, Drizzt is a ranger in the purest sense of the word. Where goblins and other giant-class creatures are involved, no fight is unnecessary. His friends sometimes consider him reckless; Wulfgar is fully convinced that Drizzt's daring will one day get them into a situation from which they cannot escape. And even Bruenor, fearless and stone hard, shrugs in amazement at his drow friend's daring.



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"The eager gleam in Drizzt's eye gave Bruenor the impression that the drow had more in mind than watching. 'Crazy elf,' he said under his breath. 'Probably'll take on the whole lot of 'em by himself!' He looked around curiously again at the dead giants. 'And win!'"

— from The Crystal Shard

But Drizzt, always calculating the odds and searching out the best possibilities, trusts in his luck and under-

stands his abilities. If the situation presented itself properly, he would take on a lair by himself.

And win.

Drizzt was born and spent the first 65 years of his life in Menzoberranzan, a mighty drow city far beneath the surface of the world. He was a member of the house of Daermon N'a'shezbaernon, a prominent family, ninth in line of succession to the throne of the dark city. Though similar to his kin physically, except for his eyes, Drizzt

learned very quickly that he shared little emotional and moral characteristics with his evil people.

He always hoped that he would find some redeeming quality in his people, some shred of evidence that things did not have to remain as they were, for the loyalty of blood ties runs strong in him. But at the same time, Drizzt feared that he might come to find himself more akin to their malicious way of thinking than he believed.

"He had always known that he was unlike his kin in many ways, though many times he had feared that he would prove to be more akin to them than he believed. Yet he was rarely passionless, considering the death of another more important than the mere sport it represented to the vast majority of drow. He couldn't label it, for he had never come across a word in the drow language that spoke of such a trait, but to the surface dwellers that later came to know Drizzt, it was called conscience."

— from The Crystal Shard

Shortly after his 60th birthday, his passage into adulthood by the standards of his society, Drizzt participated in his first surface raid. Accompanied by a score of his kin, he crept out of a dark hole under the nighttime sky of the Forgotten Realms. Before dawn, the party returned to the tunnels that would lead them back to Menzoberranzan, but in their wake they left a massacre of elves — male, female, and children. The horror that Drizzt witnessed that fateful night convinced him beyond any doubt that he would one day soon leave his kin and not look back.

It would be a drastic step, for Drizzt knew what type of life awaited him outside of the protective borders of Menzoberranzan. The final outrage concerned an associate, Masoj Hun'ett. Masoj held in his possession a figurine of wondrous power, an onyx statue depicting a panther. Vile in the extreme, Masoj often brought forth the marvelous cat, Guenhwyvar, to carry out his senseless murders and tortures. Drizzt



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had befriended Guenhwyvar, the cat had even saved his life once, and he could not bear to see the proud beast lowered into such demeaning servitude.

It was the only time that Drizzt ever killed a fellow drow, an act that revolted him so profoundly that he vowed never to strike down one of his kin again. After his scimitar did its work, Drizzt took the statuette and fled, never to return. Guenhwyvar, the entity of the panther, became his closest companion, sharing the dark road as often as the magic of the figurine would permit. The two eventually made their way out of the tunnels of the underworld, surfacing on the southern slopes of the Spine of the World Mountains west of Mirabar.

Guenhwyvar: AC 4; HD 6 + 6; hp 45; Move 15"; 3 attacks: 1d4/1d4/1d12, plus rear claw rake for 2d4/2d4 if both paws score a hit; Move silently and hide in shadows at 95%; Never surprised. The figurine can be used a maximum of 24 hours total per week, and no more than three separate summonings are possible.

They traveled throughout the smaller towns of the region, unintentionally causing a panic wherever they went. Several times, Drizzt was set upon, but understanding the protective intentions of his misguided foes, he never really fought back. He would parry away the attacker's weapon and deftly disarm the man, then move along on his way.

So he lived the life of the nomad, wandering the countryside and getting by as well as he could, holding to his hopes that he might yet find a niche in this world. But the scenario always played out the same, and Drizzt took to avoiding people altogether, shrugging away his pangs of loneliness in his knowledge that he was living by his principles.

But even Drizzt had his limits. How long he might have survived in that empty existence, he'll never know, but

the black cloud of despair inevitably found its way over him. Then he met Mooshie.

Mooshie was old and nearing death even as Drizzt found him in his secret cave in a mountain in the Spine of the World. Blind, the hermit could not know that Drizzt was a drow, but Drizzt would later come to believe that with Mooshie, his race wouldn't have mattered anyway.

What Mooshie gave to Drizzt in the seven months that they spent together was hope, a reaffirmation of his beliefs and principles in the form of a goddess, Mielikki, and a patron hero, Gwaeron Windstrom. A ranger himself, Mooshie recognized similar qualities in Drizzt's character and dedicated the last months of his life to training Drizzt and sharing the experiences of his long life. When Drizzt buried the old man the next spring, he resumed his nomadic existence, but with a renewed bounce in his graceful stride and a fiery glimmer in his eyes. In discovering a god figure in accordance with his own tenets, he had found a focus for his life.

It was on the road outside of Mirabar that Drizzt first heard of Ten-Towns. The frontier settlements of rogues and outcasts seemed to fit with the role into which he had been forced when he had come to the surface, and with hope for a more normal lifestyle, he made the long trek around the mountains and through Icedwind Dale.

But when he arrived in Bryn Shander, he found little difference. Even the outcasts of the mainstream society were not quick to welcome a drow, and once again Drizzt was relegated to the periphery of the communities. He patrolled the borders of the towns, living in a series of caves and shelters that he constructed, and keeping a vigilant, though unappreciated guard against the intrusions of the wild.

Then one day Drizzt came upon a battle on the open tundra. He rushed to the aid of a dwarf locked in combat with a tundra yeti. By the time he got there, the monster was dead on the ground and the dwarf, Bruenor Battlehammer,

was already hard at work skinning it. Still, the gesture did not slip past unnoticed. Certainly no love exists between the dwarven and drow races, but Clan Battlehammer of Icedwind Dale, and Bruenor in particular, put more store in a person's actions than in what others tell them a person's actions will be. To the nine hells with the reputation of the dark elves, Bruenor had found a courageous and loyal ally that day on the field.

And Drizzt, at last, had found a friend.

As the years passed in Ten-Towns, and Drizzt's list of heroic deeds continued to grow, and the true nature of his character began to shine clearly through the prejudiced veil of his dark heritage, others began to see his worth. He still found himself shunned by the vast majority, but Drizzt made several trusted friends, most notably Regis, Wulfgar, and Catti-brie.

Let the rest of the world think what they may, he has his faith, his cat, and his friends.

On The Drow Elves

The drow elves, sometimes called the night elves, are not often seen by the surface-dwelling races of the Forgotten Realms. This invisibility has led many of the peoples, especially the short-lived humans, to question the very existence of the drow, or at least to believe that the dark elves have dwindled and faded away to be of no serious threat.

These assumptions are foolish and possibly dangerous. Drow rarely appear on the surface simply because they truly prefer their dark caverns in the depths of the world. They do come to the surface occasionally (and exactly how often may never be known, for they usually disguise their cruel raids to look like a goblinoid strike, and it is very rare that a witness would survive), but driven under by their surface cousins thousands of years ago, they have acclimated themselves to the mysterious underworld and, for the most part, have lost all desire for the open sky and



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the feel of the wind on their faces.

And this is a good thing for the surface dwellers!

Far from fading away, the black elves thrive in the underground realm. Menzoberranzan is only the third largest of the eight reputed drow cities (and there may be more), and the drow in Drizzt's former home number more than 40,000. And given the brutal nature of the underworld, and particularly of drow society, even the weakest of the black elf citizenry is formidable by the softer standards of the surface. Furthermore, drow are skilled in the arts of magic, and especially adept at destructive magics and in dealing with creatures from other planes of existence. They count many demons among their sinister allies.

The threat of the drow may forever remain a potential disaster. They are chaotic in the extreme, and while some may want revenge upon their surface cousins or to expand their domain above the ground, many others are quite content to remain in their dark cities and have no ambition to ever return to the surface.

And one of the realities of the class-structured society of the drow is "advancement by elimination." A drow city is ruled by a family, with a succession line of other, rival families extending all the way back to the peasants. A family better its position on the succession ladder by weakening a family ranked above it, probably through assassination or a technique called Cuel'a'cul. Cuel'a'cul involves laying a series of lies and false evidence against a target family designed to bring the wrath of a more powerful family, or families, crashing down upon it. It is a dangerous practice, for if the deception is exposed, all of the other parties unite against the perpetrating family and wipe it out.

But the privileges of rank in the dark cities are great indeed, and under the constant temptation of advancement, the practice continues. Perhaps the most successful Cuel'a'cul was executed by Drizzt's own family, Daermon

N'a'shezbaernon. The house of Hau'felesse, two rungs on the ladder above Drizzt's family, came into the disfavor of D'everdun, the ruling family of the city, over a land dispute. Daermon N'a'shezbaernon, with no ties, good or bad, to Hau'felesse, but always ready to seize an opportunity for advancement, saw his family's chance.

First they murdered a member of the house of D'everdun and laid an intricate web of clues to point toward still a fourth family. Then they underlaid a second series of clues, more obscure, but not beyond the eye of the ruling family's vast network of informants, that belied the first set of evidence and made the whole scam appear to be a Cuel'a'cul attempt by Hau'felesse against the fourth family.

The house of Hau'felesse no longer exists.

But even with all of the well-earned paranoia, the threat of the drow remains substantial. If a mighty leader could unite them through sheer strength — and their demon goddess, Lolth, is a concern, though she is as chaotic as they — she would have a powerful force at her disposal. Perhaps not powerful enough to conquer the Forgotten Realms, but certainly a deadly strike force and nucleus of her dark army.

So a word of warning to short-lived humans whose beliefs tend to stem only from personal experience:

Don't forget the drow!

Roleplaying Tips

Drizzt is very reserved around strangers, quietly observing newcomers from the perimeters of their conversations. Player characters might even think him a snob, though in truth, he is merely defending himself against the heartaches of false expectations. It takes Drizzt a long time, not to trust in someone else, but to believe that someone else will trust in him. His defense against the realities of the drow reputation is seclusion, and his group of friends remains a select few.

But there is plenty of untapped love and friendship within Drizzt, and he would happily accept a new friend, providing he is convinced that the person accepts him for what he is and shares his viewpoints on morality. Minor indiscretions can be tolerated — after all, Drizzt is a friend of Regis! — but any attitude of bullying or bringing harm or grief to someone for no justifiable reason would invoke the drow's wrath. At the least, he would simply depart from the party. If he saw worth in other members of the group, he would either warn the instigator to change his behavior, dismiss the offending individual from the party, or leave the rogue dead on a field of honor, depending upon the seriousness of the offense. In no instances will Drizzt compromise his principles or tolerate a malicious individual, unless he is merely buying time for a better opportunity to strike back for the cause of good.

In battle, Drizzt always seeks the most advantageous route and method of attack. He inspires companions to new levels with his skill and fearlessness, and would willingly sacrifice himself to save an ally. He would willingly return to die beside a friend rather than run away, as long as even the tiniest sliver of hope remained.

Away from the battlefield, Drizzt is more vulnerable. But far from an easy mark for a confidence scam, he is ever-wary and always anticipating the worst, even if he presents an aura of optimism. A character might find a way to sting him emotionally, and wouldn't likely be punished for the act. (Unless Wulfgar or Bruenor got wind of it.) But someone feigning friendship in order to get an easy strike at the drow is likely to be the one surprised.

And pity he who incurs the wrath of Drizzt Do'Urden!



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Dragonbait

ARMOR CLASS: 5

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 50

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 50% (with sword)

SIZE: M (4'10", 150 pounds)

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Saurial "Paladin"

S:15 I:14 W:16 D:13 C:17 CH:4 (18)

Weapon proficiencies: Crossbow, bastard sword, long sword, two-handed sword, battle-ax, weaponless combat, saurial broad sword (1d8/1d10 damage).

Magical items: *Magical tattoos* — As for Alias; *"Holy avenger"* (+5 sword) — This oddly shaped sword was Dragonbait's chief weapon in his adventures with Alias. It has a wide, top-heavy blade with jagged teeth and a short handle and functions as a *holy avenger* sword, providing a magic resistance of 50% in a 5' radius, dispelling magic at the same level as the wielder, and inflicting +10 hit points of damage to Chaotic Evil opponents. To all others, it functions as a +2 sword. Humans in particular will find this sword difficult to wield, and as such are -2 with it, regardless of its magical bonus, until proficiency with the weapon (technical a "saurial broad sword") is gained.

Dragonbait's Story

(From the notes of Elminster, translated (without his permission) to the vernacular by Olive Ruskettle.)

Dragonbait is a saurial, a race of sentient lizard-like creatures who are not native to the Realms, but rather come from an alternate material plane. Dragonbait is the first known saurial in the Realms, and the only one (known, that is — the Realms is a wide place, and who knows what can turn up in the Jungles of Chult). Saurials are bipedal reptilian

creatures similar to the Realmsian dinosaur, but as intelligent as mankind (and in Dragonbait's case, more intelligent than most).

Dragonbait is short, with a blunted muzzle, powerful, peglike teeth, green scales, and yellow eyes. A single fin grows from the back on his head. He wears clothes, though it is not known whether he does so out of modesty or needs to for protection.

Dragonbait's culture is apparently similar to that of the Realms, such that the creature has made the transfer between the two worlds with a minimum of personal shock. Then again, Dragonbait may just be a quick learner and easily adaptable to new situations. He appears to have an intuitive grasp of human nature as well, able to approach individuals in a non-threatening fashion, and get his point across without words.

Dragonbait is apparently mute, save for some growls and guttural snorts. In actuality, his race has a very highly developed sense of smell, and communicates by scent in the same fashion as humanoid races of the Realms use voice. These scents are easily picked up and translated by other saurials, and by dragons as well, pointing out a possible connection between the two. To normal humans, a saurial must "shout" a scent to be understood, and then only the very basics of emotion are transmitted by smell.

Dragonbait's known scents are: brimstone: confusion, roses: sadness, lemon: pleasure/joy, baked bread: anger, violets: danger/fear, honeysuckle: tenderness/concern, wood smoke: devotion/piety, tar: victory/celebration, and ham: nervousness/worry. There are others as yet unrevealed.

Dragonbait has turned his inability to communicate properly in the Realms to his advantage by appearing to be less than he really is. He understands Common though he cannot speak it. Many assume that his inability to communicate equals an inability to comprehend. Dragonbait does not correct them on this matter.

The name "Dragonbait" was given to him by the warrior Alias soon after her awakening (see Alias). Originally meant as a threat ("One wrong move and you're dragon bait, understand?"), the saurial took this as his name. The comical appellation further adds to the creature's apparent harmlessness. Dragonbait's true name is a combination of scents and subsonic guttural clicks. The dragon Mist knew it, but died without passing on that knowledge.

In his own world, Dragonbait is a holy fighter who crusades for good. In that respect, and in many of the abilities he shows, he is a "paladin." The quotation marks are noted only because Dragonbait is obviously non-human, and in the Realms (at least), only humans can be true paladins. Dragonbait does exhibit many paladin-type powers, including:

- Saving throws at +2;
- Immunity to all disease;
- Laying on hands for 14 points healing per day;
- Detect evil, up to 60' distance — in Dragonbait's case, this ability (called the *Shen-state*) doesn't detect evil so much as it reveals a *know alignment*, showing colors for the various alignments, with the intensity of those colors showing the strength of those alignments;
- Wielding his world's equivalent of a holy sword.

Unlike paladins, Dragonbait cannot:

- Radiate *protection from evil*;
- Turn undead as a cleric;
- Use clerical spells.

It is unknown if Dragonbait can summon the equivalent of a paladin's mount, and in what form that mount would appear.

Dragonbait's home world and native dimension are unknown to any in the Realms, and he will not divulge that information. He was captured by the demon Phalse while on a mission in the Abyss, so that even Phalse and his alliance do not know his origin. He was imprisoned by Phalse, the sorceress Cassana, the lich Zrie Prakis, members

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of the Fire Knives and minions of Moander and was to be used as a sacrifice, with his death activating the form of a living slave, Alias.

Something, as yet unrevealed, went wrong in their plans, and Alias revived early. Dragonbait helped the semiconscious woman to escape, and pair fled to Suzail, in Cormyr. Using his *shen* abilities, Dragonbait determined that while Alias was the creation of an evil alliance, she was basically good, with the potential for becoming either good or evil.

Dragonbait had promised Nameless he would remain with Alias and protect her, but the saurial would have likely done so in any event. The pair shared the same curse in the form of the tattoo. In addition, Dragonbait sensed a potential for good in the warrior. Posing as a humble servant, Dragonbait aided Alias, the mage Akabar, and the halfling thief (bard!) Olive Ruskettle in their adventures.

When the evil alliance recaptured Alias and Dragonbait, it was the swords-

woman's and the saurial's combined will that finally broke the spell binding her to her makers. The alliance was defeated, but at a cost — in the final battle with Phalse, Alias lost Dragonbait's holy sword when both Phalse and the sword were pitched into the Positive Material Plane and exploded.

Dragonbait now carries a non-magical version of his saurial blade and continues to accompany Alias in her adventures through the Realms. Though Alias (and several others, including Elminster) know of Dragonbait's true nature, he continues to play the part of humble servant, leaping into action as a true warrior only when necessary. In the case of Dragonbait, it can be truly stated that paladinhood is proven more by actions than by words.

Notes on Saurials

Dragonbait is a saurial, one of a race of extra-dimensional creatures from an alternate Prime Material Plane. Little is known of this plane, and what follows is pure speculation on the basis of interviews (such as they are) with the saurial, careful research, and wild guesses.

What we laughingly call higher sentience in mammalian life does not apparently exist in Dragonbait's plane. Instead, the lizardish, dragonish, and dinosaurian creatures of his dimension fill the niches vacated by man, goblin, orc, pixie, and other similar creatures. Whereas the lizard man is restricted to his fetid swamps here, the troglodyte to his underground mazes, and the dragons to far-off peaks, in Dragonbait's home, they are the norm, perhaps the ancestors of the modern saurials. A lizard man may be related to a saurial in much the same way as an orc is to a man — a similarity of form and function and perhaps a common place of origin.

In any event, Dragonbait's culture is on a par with any in the Realms, and in some areas (such as ethics), could even be further evolved than those in Faerun. Their craft in both steel and magic is demonstrated by the quality of



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Dragonbait's sword, which in addition to being a fine weapon, was perfectly shaped for his smaller hands.

Saurials have vision on the par with humans, extending down into the infra-red range. It is their sense of smell that is truly remarkable, such that they use scents to communicate. The scents used by Dragonbait are noted above, and may or may not apply to other saurials. There may be different saurial languages and dialects, but this is unlikely, as the dragon Mist readily picked up the challenge of Dragonbait in his own "tongue."

Saurials are proficient with their own weapons, equivalents of those found in most of the Realms. The saurial broad sword used by Dragonbait, for example, is broader at the tip of the blade and notched in an ornate fashion, while the handle is shorter than for the human equivalent. A saurial dart may be wider in its wings, and a dagger may have three edges to it. In terms of AD&D® game combat, however, all weapons function as well as their human equivalents. Saurials suffer a -1 to hit with human weapons, while humans suffer a similar penalty with saurial weapons.

Saurials seem to possess no special abilities other than those possessed by the "character class" of individual saurials. That is, assuming that Dragonbait is representative as a paladin of his race, he exhibits no other special abilities than those of paladins found in the Realms. While it is possible that some of these abilities may be natural to all saurials, the sample taken (a single saurial) is too small to determine it as fact.

Saurials as player characters: The existence of the saurial paladin Dragonbait makes one wonder about other saurials and their nature. Saurials would be at best very rare in the Realms, and are not native to its plane of the Realms. (Saurials would be considered extra-planar creatures as far as spells concerning their summoning, banishment, and the effect of protection from good/evil spells.) If the DM determines that a character may be

played as a saurial, use the following modifications:

Statistics — As normal for AD&D® characters, with two modifications:

- Saurials cannot gain "% STR" stat — the maximum strength they may have is 18.
- Saurials may have any charisma stat among their own kind, but their maximum charisma among other, non-saurial races is 5. The charisma listed for Dragonbait in parenthesis is that which he has among other saurials and among creatures such as dragons, lizard men, and troglodytes.

Alignment — It is assumed that saurials can be of any alignment available. The fact that the only such creature available for studies is a paladin does not preclude the existence of others having different alignments.

Weapons proficiency — Note the restriction for weapons above — saurials suffer no penalty when using weapons of saurial design, and a -1 to hit penalty when using weapons of human (or other) design.

Languages — None, other than the scent language of the saurials, which may be roughly comprehended by humans who anticipate such things, and by creatures who have both good intelligence and a fine sense of smell.

Infravision — Saurials can sense objects in the dark up to 60' away through seeing varying degrees of heat.

Special abilities: None known, though if saurials represent the equivalent of "humans" in their home dimension, then there might be the equivalent of scaly elves, reptilian dwarves, and the like. Dragonbait has said little on the subject, and the entire matter is one of rampant speculation.

Character classes — Saurials can be of any character class available to humans in the Realms. There are some minor differences for Realmsian play:

- *Fighters* — No differences, other than those noted for weapons. Saurial fighters (and their subclasses) can gain proficiencies in human weapons with proper training.

- *Paladins* — See above under Dragonbait's stats for his abilities.

- *Rangers* — Saurial rangers are surprised one time in eight, and surprise opponents 50% of the time. They do not gain a +1 per level damage benefit against "giant class." They do gain this benefit against lizard men, troglodytes, dragons, and other reptilian (and amphibian, at DM's option) creatures. Otherwise they have all ranger abilities and requirements.

- *Clerics* — Saurial clerics worship saurial gods, and as such, are more severely limited in the Realms. They are considered to be two planes removed in regards to contacting their gods, with the result that they may cast only cast first-and second-level spells when in the Realms. See magic-users below for effects of spells.

- *Druids* — While both saurial and human druids worship "nature," they do so in different ways and respect different aspects of their nature-gods. They are limited as clerics in their spell choice. However, some types of swamp reeds will function for saurial druids as well as mistletoe and oak do for their human equivalents.

- *Magic-Users* — Saurials have no written language as yet determined, and as such, the concept of spellbooks is lost on them. Dragonbait has proved familiar with the concept of spellbooks, such that saurial mages likely use "memory sticks" — notched poles which function in the same fashion as spellbooks. These might be mistaken for magical staves by the uninformed or strangers. While saurial mages use spells that parallel or mimic human spells (much like saurial and human weapons are similar), saurial and human magic is not compatible in any way. The saurial mind is different than that of humans, and rather than a verbal component, the mute saurials have a "scent" component that makes their spells impossible for humans to cast and vice versa. With research (as for a new spell), a human mage may come up with the equivalent of a saurial spell and vice versa, but one cannot use the



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other's spellbooks or memory sticks.

- *Illusionists* — Saurial illusions extend into the infrared part of the spectrum, and in addition, give off a scent proper for their appearance.

- *Thieves and assassins* — Saurial thieves (and their subclasses) suffer a blanket -5% on all thieving abilities.

- *Other classes (barbarian, cavalier, the ORIENTAL ADVENTURES classes (a saurial samurai?))* — Left to the DM's discretion on all major abilities, taking into account saurials' limitations such as muteness, and advantages, such as their sense of smell.

Level limitations — The exact level limitations on saurials are as yet unknown, again, given the small size of the sample currently living in the Realms. In game terms, the highest level of saurials is ninth in any class, with exceptional individuals (those that, if human, would gain a bonus to experience), able to reach 10th level.

Class limitations — Saurials cannot be dual-class characters (like elves, half-elves, and the like). They can be characters with two classes, in accordance with normal AD&D® rules as regards humans.

Racial relations — Most other races are either neutral (80%) or unfriendly (20%) to saurials in general, usually along the lines of how they feel about lizard men in general. Humans are neutral to them, with adjustments for how much a bother they are, how many turn up, and regional differences.

Saving throws — Saurials have normal saving throws for their class. Due to their keen sense of smell, however, they are more vulnerable to gas-based attacks (such as *stinking cloud* or the chlorine of a green dragon), and as such, save against such attacks at -2.

Armor class — All saurials (even the mages) are armor class 5. They may

wear armor, but it will only help them if it raises their armor class above 5 (That is, mere leather would do no good, while plate would offer as much protection as plate would to a human — AC 3). A shield will add 1 to the AC, just as for humans, Saurials cannot wear human armor comfortably and vice versa.

Psionics — It is unknown if any Saurials have psionic abilities, and the extent of them if they do.

Weaponless attacks — A saurial without any weapons may still attack twice with his claw-like hands (1d3 points damage each), or strike with his tail (1d2 points damage). Not much, but better than a weaponless human.

Zero-level saurials — If zero-level humans exist as the standard for all humans, it follows that zero-level saurials may well exist on Dragonbait's home world. A zero-level saurial would have 1d4 hit points, AC 5, Move 12" , # AT 2 or 1, Damage 1d3/1d3 or 1d2.



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Elminster

ARMOR CLASS: 10 (7 with ring)

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 96

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spells and magic items

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Spells and magic items

MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: 266

ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: All/All

26th-Level Human Magic-User

S:13 I:18 W:18 D:18 C:14 CH:17

A human male of advanced age, Elminster appears to be a gray-bearded man of weathered visage, gruff voice, dancing eyes, and nondescript attire. He is a natural storyteller and mimic, and can be quite imperious or persuasive if he wants to be. He is a consummate actor, and if need be, can convince most people to believe his role. For game purposes, he can act as if any of the above characteristics are any value up to their true number, and he can change his attractiveness with makeup.

He rarely travels in the Realms (although it is apparent that he once traveled there widely), preferring these days to explore other worlds. When he does travel, it is usually in the disguise afforded by a *shape change* spell, or under cover of invisibility. Elminster travels to acquire information; his great love is the discovery of the long forgotten, or of creatures and magic totally new to him.

Elminster smokes a meerschaum pipe (burning some strange substance that produces thick green or blue smoke, sparks, and smoke rings), and can drink heavily without apparent ill effects. He can be witty and clever in conversation if he so desires, or haughty, or charming or terrible and commanding. As he has grown older, Elminster has become more whimsical, given to sudden

impulses and doing things "for the hell of it." He is not aggressive, but is fearless, and will fight if crossed, threatened, or attacked.

Elminster keeps a low profile in the Realms, preferring not to openly engage in diplomacy or politics of any sort. Officially, he maintains a sage's neutrality; in fact, he prefers to see peace, freedom from slavery and oppression for all peoples (of all races), tolerance, and maintenance of wilderness and natural beauty. He often works with circles of druids and allied rangers, magic-users of like mind (notably Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun; Alustriel, High Lady of Silvermoon; and The Simbul, mage-queen of Aglarond), and that mysterious group known only as the Harpers, working covertly to prevent war and limit the influence of rulers and groups viewed as evil.

Elminster has perhaps the best private library in the Realms, and hence is often consulted on matters of history and genealogy, but he is most famous as the foremost authority on rare and arcane magic, and on dangerous and unusual beasts. Elminster enjoys imparting wisdom to others, but intensely dislikes giving up the time necessary to train a magic-user up to a new level of mastery, and will not undertake such tutelage for those with whom he is not friendly or to whom he's not beholden. Adventurers come to him from all over the Realms, and he is said to be fabulously wealthy as a result of the fees they pay (having only to sell the right to copy a spell to certain mages, if he ever desires more wealth). He never dresses as a person of wealth or influence, however; formal or grand clothing, to Elminster, is a simple black or gray robe, clean and unadorned. Rumors of his wealth are borne out by the fact that he aids those it pleases him to aid, and turns away others, regardless of how much or how little any of them offer in payment.

Over the years, Elminster's memory has been developed to an astonishing degree; he can call to mind with crystal clarity the likeness of creatures or

things seen only once, or seen long ago. Other sages speculate that this is the results of a *wish* spell cast centuries ago. At his present stage of maturity, he only uses wishes when in dire need, which hasn't happened in over a century. However, he has admitted that in his youth (when he was only 200 or 300 years old) he used them occasionally.

His vast experience and nearly perfect memory allow him to identify all known non-unique magic-user spells (and many illusionist, clerical, and druidic magics) by the opening activity of a visible spell-caster's casting. This often enables him to counter spell effects with fast, high-level magics of his own.

He also has the unique natural ability (from birth, origin unknown, and leading to his present career) to see magical auras — precise location, hues, shapes, and intensities — on persons and things within 3" (even when darkness prevents his normal sight). This includes illusions and polymorphed or otherwise transformed objects. He can even see the potential for magic-wielding (which he calls "power") in a creature, as betrayed by the unconscious mental seeking or manipulation of pathways of power between the Positive and Prime Material planes. In a rare display of openness, he conjectured that it might be a rare passive psionic discipline. Although Elminster himself is psionic, he has little interest in the disciplines and has done little research into them.

His favorite spells are known to include *identify*, *magic missile*, *magic mouth*, *disintegrate*, *legend lore*, *teleport*, *imprisonment*, *meteor swarm*, and *shape change*. He dislikes conjuration and summoning spells of all sorts, and prefers not to deal with creatures from the lower or the elemental planes. A curious exception is his fondness of firetails. He has been known to wear a necklace of missiles, and customarily wears a +3 *ring of protection* and a *ring of regeneration*. He may have ioun stones of any sort upon his person, and always carries a staff, usually non-magical.

Elminster rarely uses his psionic abili-



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ties in combat against non-psionics; he will sometimes use these disciplines while traveling. He possesses the minor disciplines of body equilibrium, cell adjustment, object reading, and sensitivity to psychic impressions, and the major disciplines of energy control and mind bar.

Elminster's precise age is unknown (he will coyly evade any questions on this topic), but he is at least 600 winters of age — and presumably the user of *potions of longevity* and *vitality*, and perhaps also a regular imbiber of *elixir*

of life potions. This count of years is inescapable, given that he once had Arkhon "the Old" as a tutor, and that he remembers the city of Myth Drannor in all its glory.

The "Old Sage," as he is now known, has taught such famous workers of magic as The Simbul, the witch Sylune (now deceased), and the bard Storm Silverhand, who remained with him for many years as apprentice and lover before making her own way in the Realms — and perhaps knows more of

Elminster's past than any other living creature. Elminster now dislikes teaching in any concentrated form — he has sickened of such work, he says, by hearing too many sages, magic-users, and "scholars of the 'if I stop talking for an instant I shall cease to exist' school — and knowing how much I came to resemble them."

He is also irked by the constant demands of those who would hire his knowledge for information on magic and monsters. "War! It's always this or that power, this or that weapon. Kings make war unceasingly, for the greater men are, the more petty men are . . . and no one wants to hear about how to get good crops, where to plant or where not to plant, or how to guard beauty in the taking of riches for rock and soil. No one want to listen to such things, because — mark ye — sword and spells rule the Realms, not cool heads and warm hearts." The true learning of being a mage, according to Elminster, is the knowledge of when not to use one's powers.

Elminster's true parentage is unknown. His manners and dealings would lead one to believe that he was of noble birth. However, he's visited enough courts and mixed with enough high society throughout the Realms to have the etiquette and wily wit of a chancellor.

It is known that he was born somewhere in the North — probably somewhere near the great city of Waterdeep, or at least the Sword Coast. His knowledge of the lands from Mirabar south to Baldur's Gate, and east to Cormyr and the Desert, is vivid and varied when he speaks of events 500 years ago. The tone of his voice suggests that he is remembering things he experienced and was part of, not things he has studied in books of lore.

During this time of perhaps 40 years, Elminster had a varied career adventuring (suggesting that he had no parents, or was parted from them early) — having little to do with magic, it appears, save as the spoils of tomb-pillaging and delving in the lost cities of



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the dwarves. Any character class abilities gained during this period have been lost centuries ago by severe disuse. He was fascinated by the past, as revealed in the tombs he entered and in bardic lays and ballads heard in taverns, and was also intrigued by the magic that slumbered in scrolls and items that he and his band found.

He speaks of Arkhon "the Old," perhaps the foremost human sage (and a mage of note, too) in the North at the time, and it's suspected that he took tutelage under Arkhon in Waterdeep, and probably also learned the rudiments of an adventuring mage's art through his contacts (the merchants and "fences" of goods from the past) in the caravan city of Scornubel. Possible tutors in magic of the time were Myrjala "Darkeyes," the half-elven adventurer, and the merchant-mage Lycon, called "Wolf-beard" for his appearance and manner.

After this period, for reasons unknown (perhaps to flee enemies, seek a change of life, or merely to advance in training), Elminster traveled with his caravan comrades east via Iriaebor to Cormyr and the still-fledgling Dalelands. There, he is known to have become a friend of elves, one of the few humans allowed to travel to the Elven Court without special leave. There he came to the school of wizardry established by the Seven Wizards, where he studied under Mentor and the mage known only as "The Masked." He stayed in Myth Drannor some 20 years, growing in lore and maturity, and when he deemed it time, left the city (not long before its destruction) with Alais, an elven lady, to begin an epic travel about the Realms to learn its lands and lore.

For 15 years he traveled, ranging more widely about the Realms than any man alive had at the time. At length, Alais took him over the sea to Evermeet, the island kingdom of the elves. There she remained, to pass away, and he returned, changed in outlook and humor, to visit one keep of learning after another, quietly scoring the

libraries of the Realms — and discreetly furthering his arts under the tutelage of such mages as Torose and Shalane of Taerloon. It is thought that at this time he mastered and completed whatever processes he thought necessary for his own longevity, for Elminster then dropped out of sight for over 200 years, doubtless into seclusion at some haunt of his own devising, to experiment in magery on his own, develop some of his spells, and create magic items. At some point during this time, he is known to have tentatively explored some of the lower planes. When he returned to public view, in Waterdeep, he began to operate as a sage for hire, and to take on apprentices. Then, as now, he retained only those he liked and thought fit: the adventuress Laeral, founder of The Nine; Alustriel, who was later to become ruler of city of Silverymoon; the witch Sylune, who became the wife of Aumry, lord of Shadowdale; and Murask of Neverwinter.

Since then, Sylune's husband was slain, and Elminster answered her call for aid by coming to Shadowdale, where he helped to overthrow an evil usurper and quell an uprising of drow from the depths. Elminster loved the peace and beauty of the dale, its nearness to the Elven Court, and its simple folk, and he stayed. Thereafter, he taught the bard Storm Silverhand, Sylune's sister, and aided The Simbul and Khelben Arunsun for the first time, working together against evil magery from Thay, Mulmaster, and Zhentil Keep — foes that have remained, in one form or another, to this day.

It is suspected that he had a hand in raising the present Lords of Waterdeep (a secretive group that includes Khelben Arunsun) to power, and in forming the Harpers, but there is no hard evidence, and Elminster just smiles and winks now and then when queried. He has often aided mages, and elves in particular, over the last half century or so, but has taken few apprentices, and less of a hand in open politics.

Presently Elminster resides in a place he loves — the verdant farming valley of Shadowdale. He lives quietly, respected by the townsfolk, who consult him on matters of history and genealogy and advice on the upbringing of their sons and daughters. His cluttered, two-story tower overlooking a fish pond is his home. He is accompanied by a scribe named Lhaeo, of great renown.

Elminster does travel more or less continuously in the "endless worlds," as he puts it, these days — and may turn up on any parallel Prime Material Plane a DM wishes. There is only a one-in-10 chance of finding him in his tower under normal circumstances. However, Lhaeo can contact him if need be, and he always seems to be around just when you need him the most.

When out and about, he will always be seeking unusual magic, monsters, and — of even more importance to him — information on how each world works: its ecology, societies, and unique beauties. Rather than being a dramatic figure of power, he travels quietly, in disguise. He does present a model of a cautious, prepared mage of power — and no one should find him a pushover. When traveling, Elminster protects himself with the following spells: *shield*, *protection from normal missiles*, *stone skin*, *statue*, *Serten's spell immunity*, and *Elminster's evasion* (see below).

In addition, his is likely to have all of the following unique spells ready. These spells are the results of many years of research and experimenting by Elminster himself, and he will not divulge the method of their casting to just anyone. Certain of his colleagues know the formulae, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and The Simbul, to name two.



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Inscribe (Education/Alteration)

Level: 6
Components: V,S,M
Range: 7"
Casting time: 1 round
Duration: 1 turn +1 turn/level
Saving throw: special
Area of Effect: 1 inscription

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, a magic-user may be able to inscribe any writing, runes, or glyphs, even a spell he or she cannot understand at the time (due to low level, lack of time to study or write, or insufficient intelligence or training) into a spellbook or onto a suitably prepared writing surface (such as a slate or scroll). The original is unaltered, and the duplicate contains all the properties of the original, including type of ink, smudges, errors, etc. For example, a strange *glyph of warding* would still retain all of its harmful properties.

Non-magical writings are always successfully copied. Magical writings are subject to a saving throw modified by the difference in level between the inscriber's highest castable spell level and the level of the spell being copied. If the inscriber can cast up to sixth-level spells and is attempting to copy an eighth-level spell, there is a -2 modifier to the saving throw. If the saving throw is failed, 2 points of damage per spell level being copied are taken. In addition, the inscriber is stunned for 1d3 rounds.

The spell animates an enchanted quill (reusable) and uses ink that includes a drop of the caster's blood. The DM can use his discretion for the components and spells necessary to construct the quill and mix the ink.

The quill must be within 1" of the spell it is copying, and the caster must be within 7" of the quill. The spell takes no concentration, and the inscriber can perform any action so long as he stays within 7" of the quill. The quill will evade attempts to grab it, but can be destroyed by 4 hp of damage.

The quill writes normal text at a rate of one turn per normal sized page. Magical writings are copied at one turn per level of the spell being copied. The DM may want to modify the time for extra-large pages or if complex drawings are being copied.

Worldwalk (Alteration)

Level: 9
Components: V,S,(M)
Range: 3"
Casting time: 3 segments
Duration: up to 1 turn per level
Saving throw: none
Area of effect: special

Explanation/Description: By means of this spell, an ultra-dimensional connection is temporarily created between the plane the caster is on and a different plane chosen by him. The portal is a shimmering disc of force 2" across, floating on edge up to 3" from the caster, wherever he wills it. It is held open without concentration until the caster wills it to vanish or the spell's duration expires. Anything caught between the planes when it is dispelled is flung into the uppermost plane of Limbo.

Up to 10 creatures can pass through the portal in a given round (1 per segment), assuming that they race through in an organized line, one right on the heels of the other. Objects not in contact with a creature are also sent to the uppermost plane of Limbo, and scattered there randomly.

If the destination plane is personally known to the caster, no material component is needed. The chance of successfully reaching the requested plane is 5% per level of the caster. Failure indicates an opening into an alternate Prime Material Plane.

Unknown planes can be reached if the caster is in physical contact with material from that plane. The material is not consumed and can be brought along if it is possible. If the material component is missing, the caster must provide a verbal description of the plane desired even if it is only from his

imagination, then there is only a 10% base chance of reaching the correct plane. Add +1% for each level of the spell-caster.

Elminster's Evasion (Evocation)

Level: 9
Components: V,S,M
Range: 0"
Casting time: 1 turn + other spells
Duration: special
Saving throw: none
Area of Effect: the spell-caster

Explanation/Description: This is an enhanced and customized version of the contingency spell of which Elminster is quite proud; he calls it a "good and true alternative to lichdom." Upon the declared conditions (no more than six simple clauses), the spell-caster's body, complete with his soul or spirit, even if separated from the body, with any of the items held at the time, is snatched through a momentary (1 segment) *worldwalk* portal to the place where the spell was originally cast, even if that place is many planes distant.

When casting the evasion spell, the *worldwalk* it uses must also be cast, along with *telekinesis* to move the body, and two other spells of the caster's choice. All four of these spells must be personally cast and can not come from devices or other spell-casters. The *evasion* remains in effect until one of the six conditions is met.

The material components of this spell are a pint of the caster's blood and a gem of at least 5,000 gp value. Both are consumed in the casting. The caster also loses 1d4 hit points which cannot be healed, until the spell is triggered, at which time they can be recovered by normal or magical means.

Elminster's version uses only five conditions — death, loss of control over his mental faculties, loss of control over his physical body, destruction of both upper limbs or equal physical damage, and uttering the command word



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“Thaele.” He usually casts this spell from an extra-dimensional “safe hold” (location unknown), to which the *evasion* would take him. Upon arriving, some sort of magical creature (unseen servant, homonculous, or golem; Elminster is deliberately vague) administers an *elixir of health*, *elixir of life*, *Keoghtom’s ointment* and up to six *potions of healing*.

The two spells to be activated on his arrival are a very carefully worded *wish*, to restore him to mental and or physical health if necessary, and a *sending* spell which contacts Elminster’s friend The Simbul, mage-queen of Aglarond, saying “I am sorely wounded, if you value my life, come to the safe hold quickly.”

Elminster’s Tower

For a sage of great renown and Faerun’s most powerful arch-mage, Elminster’s tower is amazingly nondescript. It has two floors and a flat roof with time-worn crenelations on the edge. One of the oldest structures in Shadowdale, it dates back to the earliest settlers of the region. They were farmers and hunters who built this small stone tower to keep out the predators at nights.

When Elminster came to Shadowdale, it was falling apart, the mortar crumbling, and the top story had shorn away on one side during a bad storm. Elminster chose it for two reasons. One was the highly attractive price: Nobody else wanted it. The other was its strategic location in the dale, off the beaten path, but still within walking distance to the Old Skull Inn, where a man can get decent drink and hear a tale or two.

Elminster worked subtle magics into the reconstruction of the tower. Its walls and mortar are full of lead, which prevents certain creatures from seeing through them. On both the Astral and the Ethereal planes, his tower is a solid cylinder without entrance. No form of teleport or *plane shifting* spell will allow entrance unless Elminster speaks a command word first. Even then it is

only possible for a single round.

The entire tower acts as an *amulet of proof* against detection and location. No device or spell can ever see or hear into it. The whole structure radiates a *protection from evil*, 10’ radius. Elminster has no illusions that these measures guarantee his privacy or even his safety. For the greater part, he relies upon his reputation, and upon the sign at the foot of the path leading to his tower. It reads, “No trespassing. Violators should notify next of kin. Have a pleasant day,” in both Common and Thorass.

The first floor is a general study and workroom. It has a few small tables and a couple of dilapidated easy chairs. The table surfaces and floor around them are filled with stacks of paper, some of which reach close to the ceiling, totally obscuring the furniture itself. There is a footpath leading from the kitchen to the chairs, and to the staircase.

Most of the papers are written by Elminster, although many of them have been copied over by Lhaeo into legible writing. Of any random selection of 100 papers, 99 are safe readings of descriptions of strange lands, creatures and cultures. One will be some sort of magic. Of those, nine in 10 are minor spell variants such as a *levitate* spell that works at an angle to gravity, or a *dancing lights* spell that allows control over the color of the light.

The remaining papers are not safe to read. They could contain anything, from horrible new *glyphs of warding*, to malignant intelligences trapped in the parchment. For this reason, all visitors are cautioned not to poke around in the stacks. Some things are better left undisturbed.

An open archway leads to the kitchen. The larder is stocked with exceptionally plain fare, although there is a wide variety of spices, some are even from other realms of existence. A single large cupboard on the side hold all of the common spell components that a mage would want. The more unusual ones Elminster keeps on his person. On a special shelf in this cup-

board rests a jar and several glass vials. The jar holds a dozen or so stones, all of which have had *continual light* cast upon them, some with a half brightness variant. The vials are *potions of healing*, *extra-healing*, *elixirs of health*, and a special concoction that immediately cures hangovers and rids the body of any alcohol.

The second floor is the sleeping room. It has but a single bed in it. Elminster and Lhaeo rarely sleep at the same time, each keeping unusual hours. There is one accessible wardrobe where they both keep everyday clothing. A spot on the floor next to the bed usually has papers or other before bed objects on it.

The rest of the room is filled with wardrobes and trunks, frequently stacked one on top of another. These hold many strange wonders, few of which are magical. Several wardrobes contain fine clothing from lost Myth Drannor. One actually has a full set of plate mail in it, although it is not fit for battle. Lhaeo keeps his *short sword +2 of quickness* in one of the trunks.

There is a trapdoor in the ceiling, with a wooden ladder leading up to it. Always *wizard locked*, it leads to the rooftop. Elminster has been known to venture up there on occasions to sit and watch the world go by. The crenelations do make the rooftop a defensible area, although it has never been used as such by Elminster or Lhaeo.

Elminster’s Safe Hold

Not much is known of this extra-dimensional place. By putting together various subtle clues, it seems likely that it is its own pocket dimension. It is a well fortified structure with plenty of open space for trial-casting new spells. It is certain that this is where Elminster keeps his spellbooks. Copies of Lhaeo’s finished works also end up here in his extensive (although undoubtedly disorganized) library. It is certain that there are many different magic items in the safe hold. Elminster always seems to be able to put his hands on just the right



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piece, when it is necessary. Some forgotten closet probably holds enough treasure (particularly gems for use as spell components) to make even the richest man drool.

There are no reliable tales of it ever being plundered, or even entered, but as Elminster says, "Never underestimate the greed of men." Any who would find their way there are certain to encounter Elminster's servants, which include stone and iron golems, and maybe a spectator or two. In general, Elminster does not use living servants that do not wish to serve him. He will never have a summoned or conjured creature do his bidding.

Sages in The Forgotten Realms

A sage is simply a learned man. As Elminster says "Any damn fool can call himself a sage, all he has to do is know more about something than whoever is sitting next to him." Any creature that has gathered information can be considered a sage.

There are those in the Realms who sell their knowledge and call themselves sages. These men are usually experts in a single field of study. A few, like Elminster, are masters of a handful of topics. Usually they have exceptional intelligence or have lived a very long time.

Most sages, unlike Elminster, do not travel. They rely upon news or writings from travelers, and therefore are only found in places frequented by well traveled men. These include large cities and smaller cities at strategic crossroads. Elminster considers himself retired from general practice and is not for hire anymore.

Below is a table of general fields of study which a sage might have, along with a table of percentages for finding such a sage in an average-sized city. The chance of locating a sage in a city is modified by the DM for location and extreme circumstances. Certain regions in the Realms tend to promote certain fields of study. Next to each field

is the area or region that gives a +10% chance to find a sage in that field of study. Usually this refers to a particular area within the field. For example, Orllumbor is famous for shipbuilding and therefore would only get a bonus for finding sages knowledgeable in that specialty, not all types of engineering.

study	Chance to find of	Specialty
Alchemy	10%	Thay
Architecture	5%	Sembia, Waterdeep
Art	20%	Calimshan
Astrology	30%	
Astronomy	10%	Amn
Botany	25%	Cormyr
Cartography	20%	Amn, Lantan, Waterdeep
Cryptography	5%	Calimshan
Ecology	10%	Cormyr
Engineering	30%	Lantan, Orllumbor, Impiltur
Folklore	25%	Dales
Genealogy	25%	Tethyr
Geography	10%	
Heraldry	30%	
History, human	30%	Waterdeep
History, non-human	5%	Dales
Languages, human	40%	Amn, Baldur's Gate
Languages, non-human	5%	Dales
Law	35%	Cormyr, Zhentil Keep
Magic	10%	Mulhorand, Thay
Mathematics	20%	Waterdeep
Medicine	10%	
Music	30%	
Philosophy	25%	
Politics	5%	Calimshan, Tethyr, Zhentil Keep
Planes, inner	15%	
Planes, outer	5%	Mulhorand
Religion	25%	
Trade		
economics	15%	Amn, Waterdeep
Warfare	5%	Baldur's Gate, Thay, Zhentil Keep
Zoology	20%	Sembia

There are a few famous sages in the Realms other than Elminster, although

he would never admit to it. These men and women are known well enough that they can charge more for their services. Usually they deliver information on topics not accessible by common sages. Any character class ability of these sages is unknown by the general public.

Raash — Zhentil Keep: A lean man of some 50 winters, Raash is considered by many to be the foremost authority on dragons in the Realms, excepting Elminster, and a sixth-level magic-user. He is fairly wealthy, enough to be able to refuse work if need be. He is famous for his barbed temper. Raash only accepts interesting work, giving more mundane assignments to one of the two sages who work under him. His fees are five times normal, and those of his assistants are three times normal. Their specialties are zoology and ecology. They are particularly knowledgeable about enchanted creatures.

Drake "Deepecups" — Iriaebor: He is a short, stout, bearded man of around 60 winters. He is famous for his written works on dwarfish history and social customs. He speaks and writes all known forms of dwarfish fluently, and with a flawless accent. He is often consulted by adventuring parties that plan on exploring the old dwarven digs. At double the normal fees, he ought to be wealthy, but he has a soft spot for good ale.

Selinor — Ordulin in Sembia: Her knowledge of the Elven Court is second only to that of the elf sages themselves. She has personally advised statesmen and politicians needing to negotiate with the Elven Court. She speaks and writes all forms of elvish with a perfect accent. With the current passage of the Elven Court, she is swamped with work for the next year. Her fees are four times normal, and she has five scribes working for her.

Simple maps of Myth Drannor (artistic renditions) can be bought for 50 gp by anybody in her shop. Any adventuring party using such a map will find it to be highly inaccurate for travel purposes. She only sells accurate travel



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maps to those who do not intend to harm the ruins and gets 250 gp for them (use the before and after maps in the boxed set).

Duncan — Arabel of Cormyr: A young sage of 43 winters, his family was slaughtered by goblins when he was young. Driven to understand how this could happen, he has become the foremost authority on the goblin races, their history, society, and ecology in the Realms. His fees are triple normal, and he pays for any unusual information pertaining to the goblin races. Duncan is also a fourth-level ranger and does a some of his own information gathering.

Jantoo — Waterdeep: Considered to be the greatest philosopher alive today, she can either support or refute most questions, depending upon her whim. Two of her most famous works concern the existence of free will in mankind. One paper conclusively proves it does exist, the other that it does not. Unwed, she has said publicly that she will marry the man who can win an argument with her.

Bezier — Waterdeep: Tutored under the great Furier, Bezier is a lesser mathematician. However, this still puts him a cut above most living mathematicians in the Realms. He has many sages and scribes who work for him. In recent years, rumor has it that he has grown feeble-minded. At over 80 winters, this is to be expected.

Viticun — Eltabbar of Thay: Known only by reputation in the western lands, he is thought to know more about the workings of magic and its relationship to the inner and outer planes than any man alive. He is a devoted follower of the cult, and is a powerful wizard (18th level). Viticun only accepts work from loyal followers of the Cult of the Red Wizards. He apparently has no talent for leading men or any desire to enter into politics. A famous story is told of The Simbul visiting him in magical disguise and coming away with a great secret. The truth of this is not known.

Skarn Stonegrinder — Impiltur: A dwarf who associates freely with men, he understands geology, mining, and metal smithing like no human does. It is not known why he lives amongst men in Impiltur. His name is spurned by dwarves who admit to knowing of it, although they do not say why. He takes his fees as a percentage of the operation on which he advises. His wealth is great, but hidden somewhere in the Earthfast Mountains. He was a seventh-level fighter before becoming a sage, and owns a *hammer of thunderbolts*.

Delitar the Slow — Westgate: He is called the slow because of the stutter in his speech. It can take him a long time to relate a story verbally. However, pity the adventurer who assumes he is slow in thinking. Delitar is considered to be the greatest human historian of these times. His works are quoted by most other sages in the Realms. He has three other sages who specialize in the history of some regional area, along with many scribes.



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Kelemvor

ARMOR CLASS: 2 (3 as panther)

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 44

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (5'10")

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Fifth-Level Human Fighter

Lycanthrope (Werepanther)

S:18/94 I:7 W:7 D:12 C:17 CH:13

Armor: Plate mail, large shield.

Languages: Human, Panther.

Possessions: Plate mail, large shield, bastard sword, dagger.

Weapons of proficiency: Bastard sword (2d4 + 5/2d8 + 5), short sword (1d6 + 5/1d8 + 5), lance (1d6 + 5/1d8 + 5, double if mounted), dagger (1d4 + 5/2d4 + 4), bow (1d6).

Experience points: 22,000.

Money: 450 gp.

Combat: Due to his great strength, Kelemvor is +2 to hit and +5 to damage.

Kelemvor is a fierce fighter whose natural fighting skills are more than a match for most foes. He does not shy away from attacking foes who outnumber him tenfold. His lycanthropic abilities apparently extend to his human form. Although he can suffer wounds from normal weapons, he soon shrugs off their effects. Kelemvor simply considers himself to be a fast healer.

Kelemvor cannot control his transformation into a panther, so his lycanthropy rarely works to his advantage. In battle, however, Kelemvor's panther form is terrifyingly vicious. The werepanther attacks as a 5 Hit Die monster, striking with the claws on its two front paws, doing 1d4 points damage for each paw. The werepanther will also bite for 1d8 points of damage.

The werepanther can only be harmed by silver or magical weapons of

at least +1. It possesses keen night vision that enables it to see in near-lightless conditions, acute hearing, and a sensitive sense of smell.

Appearance: In human form, Kelemvor is muscular and ruggedly attractive man in his early 30s, with long black hair. His mouth is more prone to scowls than smiles, and he often wears military garb. Even when trying to relax in civilian garb, he still wears at least a chest plate.

His panther form is physically identical to a black panther.

Personality: Kelemvor is an extremist in everything he does. He only shows his wilder side and keeps his sensitivity a deeply buried secret.

Because of his family's curse, he is a tragic figure, constantly forced to seek the life of a mercenary. He has assumed a gruff, callous exterior that protects him more from his own feelings than from emotional strife caused by others. He hates the fact that his curse demands he take payment for any deed he does that is not in his best interest, but realizes that any selfless act will bring forth his panther form, possibly causing the death of some innocent.

Kelemvor is driven to seek a place of law and order. To him it would be a safe place ruled by benevolent authority. This drive is tied to his search for a benevolent father-figure to replace the monster who sired him. Kelemvor will ally himself to such father-figures but as soon as they betray his idealized vision (as all do in time), he leaves, more embittered than before. His search for true order gives him a limited view of the world. Everything is seen in black or white.

Because of his memories of his corrupt father, Kelemvor is unwilling to assume command. If faced with an incompetent superior, Kelemvor simply leaves.

The werepanther form is more animalistic in its behavior, but retains enough of Kelemvor's memories that it will not attack Kelemvor's friends or allies. Kelemvor himself has only dim memories of what the panther does or feels.

Relatives: Kendrel Lyonsbane (father, deceased), Cyndril (mother, deceased), Guntharr (brother, deceased), Burne (uncle, deceased).

Allies: Adon, Cyric, Midnight.

Patron deity: none.

Home: Lyonsbane Keep.

Personal history: Kelemvor was the fourth and final son Cyndril bore Kendrel. The 10 years she had waited since her last child had taken their toll; she died in childbirth. Throughout his childhood, Kelemvor was always blamed for her death.

As the youngest child, Kelemvor had the hardest burden to carry. Not only did he have to meet his father's aspirations, he had to match the accomplishments of his far-older brothers. When he was 8, his brothers were already writing their own legends as they battled in far-off lands. Kendrel was retired from fighting; an old war injury forced him to settle for work as a military advisor. The inaction rankled him even more since the injury was the result of his own carelessness. Still, he never acknowledged his own part in his downfall. It was far easier to blame his inaction on Kelemvor's improper care at the hands of a succession of nannies.

By the time he was 10, Kelemvor had begun to show appreciation for art and beauty. His teacher was Tannith, a lovely and sensitive woman. This "corruption," as Kendrel saw it, was the final straw. He discharged Tannith and took full control of Kelemvor's upbringing; the boy was now locked into a military future. Kelemvor ran into Tannith weeks later, and he learned she had been savagely abused and left for dead by his father's friends. The fire of hatred kindled in Kelemvor's breast.

Kelemvor learned to channel his fury into fighting. He became an apt pupil whose rapid progress in the deadly arts delighted Kendrel. The father never guessed his son's motivation. He was sure it was the family bloodline proving true. He would soon know how right he was.

When Kelemvor was 13, he reached a turning point in his life, meeting Lilian-



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na, a 15-year-old beauty who reminded Kelemvor of his lost nanny. She was full of laughter, art, song, and an indomitable love for Kelemvor despite his gruff exterior. She slowly worked on penetrating his emotional armor.

Once again Kendrel sought to destroy the boy's happiness. Kelemvor discovered his father beating Lilianna. He leaped to her defense, but was no match for his father. Kelemvor's selfless attack on his brutal father triggered something deep inside of him.

Kelemvor felt his body burn as he transformed into an adult panther. The beast tore Kendrel apart. When two bodyguards rushed into the room, the panther ripped them apart as well. During the carnage, Lilianna cowered in the corner. Then she recognized that Kelemvor's mind was still in control. She helped him escape the castle and flee into the woodlands.

Kelemvor remembers little of the next six months. He prowled as a panther most of the time; his humanity was so completely submerged that even his human form was that of a feral wild man, more animal than human. Eventually his animal rage subsided and he returned again to human form and intelligence.

Kelemvor's uncle, Burne, went searching for his nephew when he learned of his brother's death. Burne was an intelligent, kind man, very different from his cruel, petty brother. Burne recognized how different Kelemvor was from the rest of his family, and saw, too, that Kendrel mistreated the boy badly.

Burne and his adventuring company found young Kelemvor wandering in the countryside. Kel's uncle was saddened to learn that the boy had inherited the family curse, but felt no sorrow for Kendrel's death. It was from his uncle that Kelemvor learned of the curse that would probably haunt him for the rest of his life.

Kyle Lyonsbane was the first and only of the Lyonsbanes to receive the curse due to his own actions. Kyle was a professional mercenary, and, to him, every service had its price—even if it



had to be taken from the purses of widows and orphans.

In a battle long ago, Kyle had the choice of defending a wounded sorceress (who had been struck down while protecting Kyle from a sneak attack) or rushing through the enemies' lines to sack their stronghold, which was about to fall. Kyle chose the latter, and the sorceress cursed him with her dying breath. The curse would make sure that no Lyonsbane ever worked for profit again. If Kyle or his ancestors

ever did anything for personal gain, they would turn into a beast.

Over time, however, the curse became unstable and only affected some of Kyle's descendants. By the time the curse had passed through five generations of Lyonsbanes, down to Kelemvor, it had mutated in a more unusual way, too. No longer was the cursed Lyonsbane required to act unselfishly. Now, if the curse's victim did something *without* payment, he was changed into a panther.



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Like most spiteful acts, the sorceress's curse did more damage to the world than it did good. Yet, Kelemvor adjusted, joining Burne's company—for pay, of course.

The panther was quiescent for the next three years. It was a fresh start and a happy time of sorts. Although forced to live the life of a mercenary warrior, Kelemvor found that he enjoyed the martial life surrounded by Burne's companions. Kelemvor grew into a fighter to be reckoned with.

Sometimes his dreams reminded him of the life he had led and the life he could have had. In his 18th year, the nightmare of his past gained reality. Burne's company was ambushed and slaughtered to a man. Too late, Kelemvor battled the man who had taken Burne's life. The man was Kelemvor's eldest brother Guntharr. Brotherly hate fueled their battle; the blows and words they exchanged were equally vicious. Though he was desperately outnumbered, Kelemvor fought his brother's company. This selfless act released the curse again, and the beast slew Guntharr and every one of his men aside from a few who fled.

The disheartened Kelemvor returned to the warrior life. Even here there was no release from his inner torment. He became resentful of the ultimate lack of meaning in a mercenary's life. He especially resented incompetent superiors whose decisions cost too many men their lives. Kelemvor could have been a better leader, but he never tried. The ghost of his father, the image of a man corrupted by command, made sure Kelemvor never took the reins of authority.

Eventually Kelemvor left his employers. He felt the urge to search for a prize whose form eluded him, even in dreams. Then the crisis of the gods occurred. Kelemvor met up with Cyric, Adon, and the sorceress, Midnight.

New Lycanthropes in The Realms

The magical energies unleashed during the divine crisis had a peculiar side effect. As the crisis abated, reports came in of new lycanthropic species. Some were accidentally created when one of these freak maelstroms of pure magic enveloped a human and an animal. The two merged together into a single being with traits of both. A second group included those who remained physically independent but gained the ability to transform into another's form. A third group appears to have been deliberately created. A fourth group includes those that appeared as a result of long-standing curses; apparently these lycanthropes had always existed, but have only just recently come to light. All the new lycanthropes either fill niches left unoccupied or seem to be intended to specifically oppose known lycanthropic species.

Individuals may acquire their lycanthropy in an apparently spontaneous transformation during a time of stress. In such cases, the new lycanthropy is often related to some long dormant factor in that person's bloodline.

Some of these new lycanthropes are listed below. As additional species become known, game masters will have to develop statistics for them. Some guidelines for creating new lycanthropes are:

- Climate: Any, but tending toward the animal's range.
- Frequency: Rare.
- Organization: As per normal animal.
- Active cycle: The lycanthropic form is only present during the night.
- Diet: As per animal.
- Intelligence: Any.
- Treasure: Any.
- Alignment: Any.
- Number appearing: As per animal.
- Armor class: Normal animal AC minus 1d4.
- Movement: Normal human or animal rate (depending on form).
- Hit Dice: Lycanthrope hit dice are the

sum of normal human and normal animal hit dice.

- Number of attacks: As per animal.
- Damage/attack: At least as dangerous as the normal animal.

Special attack: As per animal.

- Special defenses: 90% of new lycanthropic species can only be harmed by silver or magical weapons of +1 or greater.

- Magic resistance: 90% of new lycanthropic species have no magical resistance.

- Size: Any hybrid forms are halfway between the human and animal sizes.

- Morale: Most are steady (11-12) or very steady (13-14).

Recently discovered lycanthropes include:

Werbison: These Neutral Good creatures are the largest and, so far, the only herbivorous lycanthropes. They are humanoids of above average size who can turn into a form resembling a minotaur but possessing a bison-like head and short horns. Werbison attack by charging headfirst into their opponents; the charge does 1d4 points of damage. The hooved feet stomp for 1d2 points of damage. They normally do not bite opponents, hence the spread of this form of lycanthropy is limited only to those the werbison purposely infects.

Werecoats: These Chaotic Good creatures have two forms. One resembles a human-sized house cat. The other is a hybrid with feline features (hind legs, head, claws, tail, and fur) over a humanoid frame. They are sworn enemies of the wererats. Werecoats speak any feline language, even when in human form. Each front claw does 1d2 points of damage or rakes for 1d3 each. The bite does 1d4. Even in human form, the strong fingernails enable each hand to do 1 point of damage.

Weredogs: These Lawful Good creatures resemble large dogs such as mastiffs, St. Bernards, or German shepherds. Their bites do 1d6 points of damage. They have 3 hit dice +3. Weredogs appeared as a canine counter to



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the werewolves. They are often Good-aligned people whose personalities were so strong that they managed to alter the effects of the impending lycanthropy. Weredogs are sworn to destroy the more numerous and powerful werewolves. Unfortunately, most people still have trouble telling weredogs and werewolves apart. Consequently, those the weredog tries to help may be scared and turn against it.

Weredolphins: These are Lawful Good beings that are able to transform themselves into elf-like humanoids or bottlenose dolphins. Weredolphins attack by ramming (2d4 points of damage). They can summon 1d10 dolphins or other small cetaceans or 1d2 whales. During the day, weredolphins may rest atop whales or come ashore. They are the enemies of the weresharks and wereseals.

Weredragons: These are people who are able to transform themselves into a hybrid form that combines a

humanoid shape with distinctly dragon-like features such as scales, fangs, claws, wings, and a long tail. All have wings, even those species emulating the non-winged gold dragons. Each of these creatures have the same alignment as the dragon it resembles. They have 8 hit dice. Their bites and clawed hands each do 1d6 points of damage. They can also use the dragon's breath weapon once each day.

Wereleopards: These Lawful Neutral lycanthropes transform into shapes similar to spotted leopards. They have a hybrid form that combines the overall humanoid shape with leopard-like feet, tail, pelt, face, and ears. Wereleopards move silently at great speed (12) and climb easily, even when carrying a burden equal to their weight.

Wereowls ("Wrowls"): These Neutral Good beings are the first known avian lycanthropes. They transform at night into man-sized great snowy owls. Wereowls, which are highly intelligent,

can speak Common in this form. They attack with their claws (1d3 each) and beaks (1d2). They fly at a rate of 18 and are maneuverability class C. Wereowls are the natural enemies of the harpies.

Werepanthers: These Lawful Neutral lycanthropes turn into sleek black panthers or slim, athletic humans with dark hair and a slight trace of elven features. It is unknown which is the werepanther's real form (50% chance either way). Werepanthers move silently at great speed (12) and climb easily, even when carrying a burden equal to the their weight. Their ebony coats make them difficult to spot in the dark.

Werespiders: These Lawful Evil creatures turn into giant web-spinning spiders with poisonous bites. Even as humans, they are skilled weavers and spinners. Werespiders are firm believers in a society as strictly ordered as their webs. They detest Chaotic spider-like monsters.



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Prince Tristan Kendrick

ARMOR CLASS: -1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 37-95

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8 + 1/1d8 + 4

(Normal long sword/ *Sword of Cymrych Hugh*)

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

12th-Level Human Ranger

S:17 I:16 W:14 D:18 C:17 CH:18

Physical description: Tristan is a young human male who, early in his career, seemed to have no care in the world. When in times of peace, Tristan wears the usual Ffolk garb of cloak and trousers and boots. He has a new coat of hair on his chin.

In combat, Tristan wears a suit of banded mail armor and favors a long sword. He is an indifferent archer, though he has learned more as he has progressed in experience.

As high king, Tristan wears the crown of the high king, which is a simple gold circlet with eight points.

Equipment: Tristan wields the *Sword of Cymrych Hugh*, a long sword first used by his ancestor to defeat Kazgaroth and found the line of the high kings. When he found it, its hilt was wrapped in old, dull, leather, and it rode in a scabbard of dull, brown, leather. The blade, however, is silver, and it shines with a light all its own. The blade is emblazoned with a crest and motto in the Old Script. According to the "Ballad of Cymrych Hugh," the sword was forged by dwarven smiths from metal forged by the Goddess herself.

This sword is a *long sword* +4. It has a *special purpose* of defeating Kazgaroth. Its *special purpose power* is to cause *fear* in its target for 1d4 rounds. It *detects evil* in a 2" radius and

communicates by empathy. Its Intelligence is 12, and its Ego 13. If Kazgaroth is within 36" of the sword, and the wielder touches the sword by the hilt, he must make a successful saving throw vs. spell or be compelled to seek out the monster and battle it directly.

Tristan also rides the white stallion Avalon, a war horse who is very similar to a paladin's war horse. Avalon is larger than any other horse on the Moonshaes. Possession of this steed gives the rider command over the fighting services of the Sister Knights of Synnoria, otherwise known as the Warriors of the Llewyr. These are a troop of elven warrior maidens. The troop never numbers more than 25 (there were 20 when they first took service with Tristan), and each is a third-level fighter with AC 1, riding a heavy war horse with the speed and maneuverability of a medium horse. These horses are mares and geldings of Avalon's herd. The troop is led by Brigit, a fifth-level fighter.

Tristan's other main "equipment" is Canthus, a moor hound from the isle of Moray. Canthus is a large and powerful specimen of the already powerful breed, with a proud bearing unusual for its kind. His brown coat gleams, thick and smooth, over broad shoulders and long, slender, but powerful legs. His teeth are the size of a man's little finger.

Canthus is a war dog (see MONSTER MANUAL) but he has 3 + 3 hit dice, 20 hit points, and an armor class of 5. His damage per attack is 1d8 + 2. Canthus has a dog's normal intelligence, but is inspired by the Goddess to protect and serve Tristan. Canthus also wears a *torque of the Goddess* (see Robyn) under his spiked iron collar.

Personality: Initially, Tristan was outwardly carefree and inwardly troubled by his father's constant criticism. As events transpired in the Moonshae Isles, first with the advent of Kazgaroth and then the machinations of the Council of Wizards, he became more self-confident and assertive. However, he still had a tendency to retreat from his

cares when danger was not pressing on him, trying to drown his sorrows in drink and carousing. This did nothing to endear him to his father, who saw him first as an unworthy wastrel, and then as a good war officer who was still incompetent as a peacetime leader.

When his father was slain by assassins (see background), Tristan was first cast adrift. But he found his path in trying to track down his father's murderers, and the path took him to his true heritage, as high king of the Ffolk of the Moonshae Isles.

Motivations: Initially, Tristan's motivation was both to live up to his father's exacting standards and to avoid the onerous duties of being the prince of Corwell whenever he could. This constant contradiction in motivation drove him to drink and other excesses. But the coming of Kazgaroth made him realize that he owed the duty of leadership to his people, and the machinations of the Council of Wizards made him realize that he had to unite all of the Ffolk under one strong ruler to keep them and their way of life intact against the threats of Kazgaroth, the Northmen, and the people of the mainland.

Background: Tristan was prince of Corwell, son of King Bryon Kendrick of the royal line of Corwell. His mother died a few years after he was born, and his father mourned her for 10 years after that, in some part blaming Tristan for her death.

King Bryon was determined to make his son a good ruler for Corwell, but lacked the ability to make such a goal interesting to Tristan. Bryon also had the care of Robyn, the young daughter of the great druid, Brianna Moonsinger, who had died trying to destroy Kazgaroth single-handedly. Tristan grew up with Robyn, at first thinking her his sister, then, as he realized there was no real relationship, his brotherly fondness turned to love.

However, he continued to disappoint his father until, on a hunting trip with his tutor, the arms master Arlen, Robyn, his old friend Pawldo, his new



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hound Canthus, and his new friend Daryth of Calimshan, he ran afoul of firbolgs, and Arlen was killed.

He was saved by Keren, the greatest bard of the Moonshaes, and learned that the high king felt there was a threat looming for Corwell.

When Keren disappeared after leaving Corwell for Alaron, Tristan and his friends attempted to find him and finally followed his trail to Myrloch Vale where they rescued him and the dwarf Finellen from the firbolgs and discovered the fabled *Sword of Cymrych Hugh* in a firbolg treasure house.

Going back to Corwell, the party discovered that the Northmen had invaded in force, destroying several cantreves and marching on Corwell itself. Moreover, a party of Northmen were going through Myrloch Vale in an attempt to cut off the retreat of the refugees from the cantreves and keep them from reinforcing Corwell.

Attempting to catch the Northmen, Tristan and his friends first found the stallion Avalon and the Sisters of Synnoria, then met Finellen again, this time with a party of dwarves who had been sent to oppose the firbolgs going to join the Northmen under Kazgaroth's direction.

Tristan forged the elven war maidens, the dwarves, and refugees from the cantreves into a force that met the Northmen on the road and drove them away, allowing the refugees to escape to Corwell. Canthus was seemingly killed at this time, though his body was not recovered.

In fact, Canthus was revived by Genna Moonsinger, the great druid of Gwynneth, who sent him off to oppose the werewolf who had taken command of the Pack, one of the "children" of the Goddess.

Tristan and his friends arrived in Corwell to find it besieged by Thelgar Ironhand (actually Kazgaroth) of Oman, who had already slain the Leviathan, another of the Goddess' children.

Tristan fought Kazgaroth and the besieging Northmen, finally wounding the monster sorely. When Canthus led the Pack into the Northmen, Robyn



destroyed almost all of the Bloodriders, and Tristan wounded Kazgaroth. The beast gave up his plan of conquest and fled. Tristan and his friends followed, finally confronting Kazgaroth again at the Moonwell Kazgaroth had corrupted.

In a hard-fought battle, they finally brought the beast low, slaying it with a combination of the sword and druidic magic. By the end of the fight, Tristan, Pawldo, Daryth, and Keren had all fallen, but the Goddess was able to

bring all but Keren (who had been disintegrated) back to life.

For the next year, Tristan helped his father supervise the recovery of Corwell. However, his father was still critical of his every effort, so he spent much of his time in carousing and hunting to avoid his father's eye. Also, in the course of the fight against Kazgaroth, Robyn had discovered her heritage as a druid, and went off to Myrloch Vale to study the arts with her newly discovered aunt, Genna Moonsinger, the great



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druid. Tristan, who had fallen finally and irrevocably in love with Robyn, was also devastated by her absence, and tried to solace himself in his revelries.

However, a year after Kazgaroth was slain, the machinations of Cyndre and his Council of Sorcerers came to fruition. Assassins attacked Tristan and his father and killed the king. Daryth, coming to their aid, recognized Razfallow, a half-orc assassin he had known in Calimshan.

Tristan was not necessarily the first choice to assume his father's crown. He was opposed by Pontswain, a cantrev lord with a royal lineage who attempted to parlay his long experience and Tristan's youth into his selection as the new king.

It was decided to let the high king decide, but when Pontswain and Tristan (with Daryth and Canthus) attempted to go to Alaron, their boat was sabotaged and they found themselves washed up on the castle of Queen Allisyn, where Tristan was told that a new high king would be selected who bore the *Sword of Cymrych Hugh*. They were then picked up by a passing bard and taken to Alaron.

There they were arrested by the Scarlet Guard of the high king, who was convinced that Tristan was there to assassinate him.

Rescued by Pawldo and Daryth, Tristan and Pontswain were forced to go deep into the earth, where they found first Alexei, one of the Council of Sorcerers, whom Cyndre had imprisoned there. Then, as they escaped through a secret passage that led out of Caer Callidyr, they found Finellen, who was leading a force of dwarves sent to hunt duergar (gray dwarves).

Eventually finding their way to the surface again, Tristan joined forces with O'Roarke, a nobleman who had been disinherited by the high king and who had set himself up in the forest as an outlaw.

There, he was met by Robyn, who was fleeing the destruction of the Moonwell on Corwell by Hobarth.

When Cyndre led the Scarlet Guard to destroy O'Roarke's hideout, the friends managed to get away, incidentally fulfilling most of the aspects of Queen Allisyn's prophecy on the way.

Finally, they defeated Cyndre and the high king in a climatic battle, and Tristan was proclaimed the new high king, having fulfilled all the conditions of the prophecy.

From Alaron they journeyed back to Myrloch Vale, to find it devastated by Hobarth, Bhaal himself, and a corrupted Genna Moonsinger. By clever diplomacy, Tristan managed to enlist Grunnarch, the last king of the Northmen, on his side and find a force to oppose Bhaal and his minions. In this final struggle they lost good friends, such as Daryth, but finally managed to prevail.

Now Tristan is the monarch of all the Moonshaes, and he and Robyn must face a new Moonshae unlike anything they have known before.

With the destruction of much of Myrloch Vale, and the destruction of most of the druids of the Moonshaes, the Goddess is no longer a major force in the Moonshae Islands. New gods are coming to the islands, and somehow they must be accommodated, and the Ffolk and Northmen must find a way to accommodate their ways of life to these new gods. Tristan and Robyn, with Grunnarch, must somehow lead their combined people into this new, frightening, age.

Other notes: Using Tristan in a campaign set in the Moonshaes depends on the time period in which the DM sets the adventure. If set in the time depicted in FR2, MOONSHAE, Tristan is a young lad, perhaps 10 years old, and already suffering from the moodiness and grim authority of his father.

If set in the time just before the advent of Kazgaroth, Tristan is a popular but little-respected young prince still trying to find a place in the world that he enjoys without the onerous duties of being a prince. At this time he can be an interesting chance-met tavern or hunting companion. During the

time depicted in the three books of The Moonshae Trilogy, Tristan is how you find him in the books, a young man much worried by fate and trying to make the Moonshaes a safe place for himself and his people again.

The period between the first two books of the trilogy is an interesting time to know Tristan, as he is a great hero, yet still chafing at the duties of being a prince. At this time, he makes a rather desperate hunting and drinking companion, trying to lose his sorrow over the departure of Robyn to Myrloch Vale and the ongoing criticisms of his father. At this time, he is ready for any adventure to take his mind off his self-pity.

After the time of the Trilogy, Tristan is a fair and powerful king, who rules the Ffolk and influences the Northmen as well. Domestic relationships are quiet, but there are still monsters loose throughout Gwynneth and the other isles, thanks to the efforts of Hobarth and Bhaal. Newcomer adventurers, perhaps brought to the Moonshaes by stories of combat and loot to be found, can get plenty of work from King Tristan to help the people clean up the monsters that still threaten them.

If someone should get into combat with Tristan at any time in his career, they will find him a good close-in fighter, who rarely uses missile weapons when he can close with a sword. Of course, when the sword is that of Cymrych Hugh, one can understand his preference for that weapon.

On a more peaceful note, Tristan is a very open and trusting young man. He is easily guiled and fooled by a friendly voice and manner. If he finds he has been fooled, however, he is quick to anger and want revenge. Con men should consider carefully their plots if they think to take advantage of his good nature.



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The Royal Line of The Moonshaes

Many hundred years ago, the king of the small kingdom of Callidyrr on the island of Alaron united the Ffolk of the Moonshaes to fight the incursions of the beast who had named himself Kazgaroth. With the blessings of the Goddess and a sword forged for him by the finest of dwarven craftsmen, Cymrych Hugh faced Kazgaroth. The might of the sword and the king drove the beast back to the darkened recesses of his home, badly wounded but not killed. There it remained for many centuries.

Cymrych Hugh returned to Callidyrr to build the spectacular Caer Callidyrr, the seat of the high kings, and to deal with his sorrow.

Queen Allisynn: Cymrych Hugh survived the war with Kazgaroth, though he was sorely wounded. His young queen, Allisynn, was not so fortunate. In honor of his love for this queen, Cymrych Hugh had a palace created to house her body and vast treasures. This castle resides on an island that spends most of its time at the bottom of the Strait of Alaron, but rises to the surface perhaps four times a year on particularly bright days so that his queen can once again enjoy the sunlight.

The sahuagin of the area use the castle as a way point for their patrols. They are too evil to touch the treasures safely, but they oppose anyone who might be allowed to touch the treasures in a typical display of sahuagin spite.

When Tristan Kendrick was adrift on the strait, the castle appeared to him and, when he explored it, he saw Queen Allisynn, who returned the *Sword of Cymrych Hugh* to him (it had been lost in the shipwreck that set him adrift). She also gave him a prophecy that stated that a new high king would arise who held the sword and had the name of Cymrych.

The sons of Cymrych Hugh: Cymrych Hugh had to remarry to provide more high kings to follow him. He

married the daughter of a major chieftain of Gwynneth and had three children before she died in childbirth. He remarried again and had two more children before he finally died of complications arising from the wounds he received in the battle with Kazgaroth so many years before. His oldest son, who was only 13, took over the crown of the high king, and Cymrych Hugh's other children married into the noble families of the Isles and became the progenitors of all the kings of the Moonshaes. The war with Kazgaroth had destroyed most of the ruling families, so the children and grandchildren of Cymrych Hugh rapidly became part of the bloodlines of all the royal families.

Moreover, even the husbands of his daughters took Cymrych as a family name. Within a couple of centuries, every noble family in the Moonshaes had Cymrych as a family name.

Unfortunately, this was the only unifying factor among them. While each ruler gave lip service to the primacy of the high king, each attempted to otherwise promote his own importance to the detriment of the others.

When the Northmen arrived from the Sword Coast, they found a collection of squabbling kingdoms, ready-made for conquest. The reigning high king, Dolan Cymrych, attempted to meet the Northmen at the northern tip of Alaron, near what is now Sunderstaad, but he made the mistake of attempting to cross Whitefish Bay in a coracle flotilla. They were met by the fast-sailing long ships of the Northmen, and the flotilla was virtually destroyed. Dolan died trying to cover his followers' retreat, and the crown of the high kings went to the bottom of the sea.

Dolan's son, Conn, survived the battle, but the loss of the crown (not to mention the battle) was a severe blow to his position. While he was the undisputed high king, his authority was undermined. Each lord paid his respects to the high king but gave him no attention. Instead, each small king and cantrev lord attempted to fight the Northmen in his own way, and usually

lost. In a hundred years, the Northmen had settled in Norland, Norheim, Oman, and northern Alaron and Gwynneth, and relations with them settled down to occasional raids and counter-raids.

Conn had rescued the *Sword of Cymrych Hugh*, but that proved no more potent than any other good sword against the Northmen invaders.

A hundred years later, when the Northmen had become just another fact of life to the Ffolk, another high king led his men into Myrloch Vale to quell firbolg incursions into Corwell. The Ffolk were ambushed and, though the Ffolk won the fight, the high king slain in the fighting. The sword was not recovered. Apparently, firbolg survivors of the fight took it away with them and stored it in their treasuries, where it was eventually recovered by Tristan Kendrick.

The names of Cymrych Hugh: About 400 years ago, when the crown of Cymrych Hugh had been lost and the various kingdoms and cantrevs were moving further and further away from allegiance to the high king, the names of the royal families began to change. Many of the families had Cymrych as their name, so the various branches took to spelling and pronouncing their particular names differently. Thus, the royal line of Corwell derived Kendrick from Cymrych.

Thus, when Queen Allisynn said that Tristan was to see a high king who held the *Sword of Cymrych Hugh* and was named Cymrych, she was really talking about Tristan himself, and she proved this true by bringing the crown of the high king to Tristan when his followers were proclaiming him the new high king.

Thus, Tristan is the first high king in centuries to possess both the crown and sword of the high king. That, and the destruction of so many royal families of the Moonshaes — thanks to the depredations of Kazgaroth and the machinations of Cyndre and Hobarth, should make him the greatest high king to reign in the history of the Moonshaes since Cymrych Hugh himself.



MAJOR CHARACTERS

Midnight

ARMOR CLASS: 10

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 19

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (5'6")

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Human Magic-User

S:6 I:16 W:10 D:11 C:10 CH:17

Armor: None.

Languages: Common, Elven, Dwarven.

Possessions: Dagger, staff, spellbooks. Midnight's main spellbook is bound in heavy black leather and is trimmed with a pewter clasp, hinges, and an "M" rune to mark its owner. The book measures 16" by 12" and is 6" thick. Midnight's traveling spellbook matches the larger tome. It is bound in matching black leather and has a similar "M" rune embroidered on its cover. The book measures 8" by 6" and is 1" thick.

Weapons of proficiency: Dagger (1d4/1d31), staff (1d6/1d6).

Experience points: 65,000.

Money: 375 gp.

Spells: Midnight's spellbook includes the following spells. Those marked by an asterisk are ones she most likely retains on a given day:

- First-Level – *Armor, charm person, comprehend languages, feather fall, magic missile**, *run, Tensor's floating disk, identify read magic**, *shocking grasp, sleep**.
- Second-level – *Continual light, darkness (15' radius), deep pockets, detect evil, invisibility**, *levitate, locate object, ESP**, *shutter, scare, wizard lock*.
- Third-level – *Clairaudience, clairvoyance, feign death, fly**, *fireball, haste, hold person, infravision, material, suggestion, water breathing*.

Fourth-level – *Enchanted weapon, dimension door, fire charm, fire shield, ice storm, Leomund's secure shelter, massmorph, polymorph others, polymorph self*.

She is able to use four first-level, three second-level, two third-level, and one fourth-level spell each day. As a gift from Mystra, Midnight possesses a permanently active form of *detect magic*.

Combat: Because of her low Strength, she is -1 to hit. Midnight is a cautious woman. If she is alone, she will attempt to turn invisible and fly away. If battling alongside companions, she will quietly move to a position that offers her both protection and the maximum ability to use her offensive spells. If she lacks such spells, she will attempt to distract opponents and decrease their ability to defend themselves from her companions.

Appearance: Midnight is a thin woman in her late 20s with tight, wiry muscles. She has jet black hair and deep ebon and scarlet eyes, a sharp contrast to her pale ivory skin. The hair reaches to her waist, but she usually braids it during the day. She prefers black, indigo, or deep violet clothing.

Personality: In her early days, Midnight was a hell-raiser and a hedonist, dedicated to serving her own interests. She was very tough, very capable, and very self-assured.

When she wants to be sociable, she can ignite her sultry beauty and sensuality. In her youth, she was extremely promiscuous and freely traded her favors for magical training. But during the crisis of the gods, she changed. She became a crusader determined to free humanity from the gods who more often preyed upon them than helped them.

Midnight is guarded about her past. She believes she would be taken less seriously if she was revealed to be a merchant's daughter.

Relatives: Theus Manx (father), Paiyse Manx (mother), Rysanna (sister).

Allies: Adon, Cyric, Kelemvor.

Patron deity: Mystra.

Personal history: Midnight was

born Ariel Manx, the second child of Theus Manx. Theus was a merchant who was entirely without dreams or imagination. He understood hard work for honest pay; he had no patience for those seeking shortcuts in life. He was a modest man with simple expectations for his future. He would have liked at least one son, but accepted the two daughters Paiyse bore him.

Paiyse wanted nothing but the best for her family. She was very insecure and self-conscious. She constantly worried about finances, the family's relatively low social standing, and her self-perceived faults. She never accepted the truth that she was a very attractive woman and a loving mother.

Rysanna, the oldest daughter, was the daughter every parent dreams of having. Rysanna was always willing to help around the house or assist Theus' business. She assumed the role of the family's demure "princess" whenever wealthy suitors called.

Ariel was a year younger and radically different. What she didn't find in the normal world of her parents, she found in the nocturnal world of the streets. As a teenager, she became a familiar part of the night's populace of bards, thieves, sorcerers, and fighters. She became friends with everyone who appreciated impish beauty and adventurous spirit. Her friends gave her the name "Midnight," one she immediately preferred to Ariel.

A tryst with the conjurer Tar gave her her first taste of magic and set the pattern for her life. She became less interested in hedonistic pursuits and more in the quest for magical knowledge and training. She became obsessed with her new quest.

Rysanna was outwardly repulsed by the havoc induced by her sister's behavior, but inwardly she was intrigued by magic. Rysanna shared her sister's independent spirit; she just hid it better. Rysanna looked to Midnight's magic as proof that there was more to life than following her parents' wishes and allowing suitors to court her.

Rysanna decided to secretly study



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Midnight's magical texts and paraphernalia. One dark night she encountered an intruder. It was Tar, who'd come to profess his undying love for Midnight (whom he thought was with him). He poured out his heart and promised her an endless amount of wealth, adventure, and undying love. Without even seeing his face, Rysanna fell madly in love. The tryst that ensued was interrupted by the intrusion of her parents. When Midnight returned at dawn, she discovered Rysanna and Tar were now engaged, and her parents were trying to figure out how to explain a magician for a son-in-law.

That day Midnight finally moved out. She fell into the worship of Mystra, goddess of magic. She even served in a temple for a time until her natural rambunctiousness made even that life unbearable. Around her 21st year, she began to feel a presence from time to time. She would feel her skin tingle coolly with the certain knowledge that she was somehow being followed or observed. She found the feeling comforted her, especially after she noticed the benefits that resulted. It always happened that, after one of these occurrences, a spell she had been laboring over for weeks on end would suddenly work without any problem.

Midnight suspected that she had been granted the special attention of the goddess Mystra. She also believed that Mystra was watching over her, perhaps even grooming her for the position of Magister.

Sunlar, a high priest in the Deepingdale temple of Mystra, took an interest in Midnight, and, under his supervision, Midnight's knowledge of self-defense (which she had learned previously in the streets) was refined. Her study of magic was encouraged and rewarded, too. Sunlar refused to tell Midnight of his motives for taking her under his wing. This mysterious behavior fueled Midnight's suspicions that she had been singled out for some great destiny.

Midnight spent almost a year in the temple at Deepingdale, and when the time came for her to leave, she was



amazed at the amount of time that had passed. It was almost as if some outside force had tampered with her natural restlessness.

For the next three years, Midnight devoted herself to Mystra's worship and pursued every scrap of magic she could. Yet she felt unfulfilled, as if she were going about this in the wrong way. She supported herself by an occasional foray with a mercenary band, or

perhaps passing herself off as a carnival fortune teller. She continued to feel restless, confused, and helpless. She saw herself as a pawn waiting for its moment in the game. In her 26th year, the veil lifted. Midnight now knew what she was to do. The crisis of the gods had arrived.

Midnight met her future allies Adon, Kelemvor, and Cyric when they needed a mage for a mission they had planned.



MAJOR CHARACTERS

Robyn

ARMOR CLASS: 4-2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 28-76

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6/1d6 + 2

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Human Druid

S:14 I:16 W:18 D:16 C:16 CH:17

Commonly remembered spells:

- First Level — *Animal friendship, entangle, invisibility to animals, locate animals, speak with animals.*
- Second Level — *Barkskin, heat metal, locate plants, obscurement, warp wood.*
- Third Level — *Plant growth, protection from fire, summon insects.*
- Fourth Level — *Cure serious wounds, cause serious wounds.*
- Fifth Level — *Animal summoning II, insect plague, wall of fire.*
- Sixth Level — *Fire seeds, weather summoning.*
- Seventh Level — *Control weather.*

At seventh level, Robyn learned to change her shape as other druids do at that level.

Physical description: Robyn's black hair gleams in the sunlight, and her green eyes sparkle. She is usually clad in practical garb — a linen tunic with green leggings and a cape the color of bright rust. Yet her beauty outshines that of the most daintily dressed maidens.

She has a hearty, feminine laugh. Her black hair flows freely, settling down her back as far as her hips. Her slender waist is supple and strong.

If in combat, Robyn wears leather armor and is armed with a staff. Once she obtained the *Staff of the White Well*, she used it as a weapon, as is reflected in the game stats above. Robyn also wears a silver *torque of the Goddess* around her neck.

Equipment: Robyn wears a *torque of the Goddess* about her neck and carries the *Staff of the White Well*, which is a *druid staff*.

The *torque of the Goddess* is a silver band worn about the neck. It is commonly used by druids and other members of the Ffolk. This torque functions in all respects as a *ring of protection* +2 (most are +1) and can be used in conjunction with any other magical rings except other *rings of protection*. Additionally, the torque provides its wearer with immunity to lycanthropy, though not the damage from a lycanthropic attack. The wearer receives a +2 to all attack and damage rolls against a lycanthrope. Although the torque does not allow a weapon that would not normally harm a lycanthrope to harm one, the wearer can harm a lycanthrope with his or her hands or teeth. The leaders of hunting dog packs used to track lycanthropes are often equipped with such collars.

The *Staff of the White Well* is a superior form of *druid staff*. It is a long staff of white ash that allows the user to perform several special functions.

Unlike other *druid staffs* that have an animal likeness carved into them, and can *summon animals* of all members of the species carved on the staff, this staff can *summon animals* of any species the bearer chooses. However, the user must be specific as to the species summoned. Robyn cannot summon every species in the forest at once. Each summoning takes two charges. All animals of the called species within 12 miles hasten to the druid as quickly as possible. Once they reach the druid, they act as if under an *animal control* spell. The staff can also be used to cast *animal control* at any animal within sight of the staff's user, at a cost of one charge.

The staff is also a magical weapon, with a +2 bonus to hit, inflicting 1d6 + 2 points of damage on a successful hit. The staff also functions as a *python staff* with the characteristics of the *staff of the serpent* as detailed in the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE. This includes the destruction of the staff if

the serpent is killed. Using the staff as a snake costs one charge.

At a cost of two charges, the staff can be used to cast one of the following druidical spells: *call lightning, plant growth, dispel magic* (as if cast by a 15th-level druid), *cure disease, cure serious wounds, speak with plants*.

Once per month, with no cost in charges, the staff can perform one of the following greater abilities: *wall of fire, insect plague, transmute rock to mud, wall of thorns, weather summoning, conjure fire elemental, conjure earth elemental, fire storm*.

After using its greater power once, the staff only regains this ability if it is recharged in the Moonwell beneath a full moon, as explained in FR2 MOON-SHAE.

Use of the spells of the staff by a druid who does not have the experience to normally use the spells drains the energy of the druid. For every such spell used in battle, the druid must rest for 10 minutes after the battle. If more than one such spell is used in a battle, the user must make a Constitution ability check every time he uses the staff after the first time. If the staff is touched by a person or creature of Evil alignment, the toucher takes 3d6 points of damage every round he holds the staff.

The staff can be fully recharged by exposing it to the light of the full moon once a month.

Robyn also has her mother's book of druid spells. It contains all the usual druid spells, plus the unique druid spells of *briartangle, smoke ghost, thorn spray, and death chariot*. (All of these are described in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ DM'S SOURCEBOOK OF THE REALMS.)

Personality: Robyn is a bright and friendly young woman who is solicitous of her friends and dedicated to the woods and animals that occupy so much of her time. She is much beloved in Corwell for her sunny personality and caring attitude.

However, when she or her friends are threatened, she can turn into a tigress in defense. Unlike many druids, who



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will wait for later revenge against despoilers of nature, Robyn is ready to attack when the action happens.

Motivations: Robyn is dedicated to the wild woods. Even before she knew of her heritage as a druid, Robyn was good with animals and an excellent tracker. However, she never hunted, though she accompanied her friend Tristan on his hunts. She used the time in the forest to sharpen her woods skills and gather healing herbs.

Once she learned of her heritage as the daughter of one great druid and the niece of another, she dedicated herself to becoming as good a druid as her mother and aunt. When Hobarth attempted to destroy the Moonwell, she fought him with every spell and skill at her command.

The only motivation that matches her devotion to the forest is her love for Tristan.

Background notes: Robyn is the daughter of Brianna Moonsinger, former chief druid (Neutral cleric who worships The Balance of nature) of the Moonshaes, and niece of Genna Moonsinger, the current chief druid.

Her father is unknown. When she was a year old, Brianna brought her daughter to King Bryon for safekeeping while she tried to prevent the growth of Kazgaroth. She failed.

The king raised Robyn as his own, saying that she was the daughter of a favorite guardsman who died in battle. In this way, he tried to keep her and her obvious power from being corrupted by the evil growing in the land.

When Kazgaroth arose, Robyn already had an instinctive knowledge of several druid spells, though she had no idea of how she knew them. By the time of the events of DARKWALKER ON MOONSHAE, she had gained the fourth level of experience as a druid without realizing what she was doing. She first realized her powers when she used an entangle spell to keep the gigantic firbolgs from killing Prince Tristan.

In the initial stages of the battle against Kazgaroth, she found herself capable of many feats of druid magic. When she next saw King Bryon, the



king gave her the *Staff of the White Well* and the magic spellbook that had been her mother's. With these items she gained more expertise rapidly.

In a battle with Kazgaroth, when he turned himself into a winged beast, and she attempted to attack it where it rested in Caer Corwell, using both the staff and her own magic to good effect until her friends could arrive to drive the monster off.

In the climactic moments of the siege of Caer Corwell, Robyn destroyed most

of the Bloodriders, then was abducted by the sole survivor, their leader, who attempted to sacrifice her to renew his powers. The intervention of Genna Moonsinger and her friends Newt and Kammryn the Unicorn kept her safe and gave her the knowledge of how to recharge the staff, which she had depleted in the siege. She then used the staff and her own magic to help Tristan and the others slay Kazgaroth.

Once Kazgaroth had been destroyed, Robyn realized that she had to learn



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more of her heritage and power. She temporarily turned her back on the prince she loved and went to Myrloch Vale with the great druid, her aunt Genna Moonsinger, who taught her more about being a druid and helped her learn to change shape as druids do and gain more spells.

Then Hobarth, the priest of Bhaal, came to Corwell. He had two purposes, sent to him by Bhaal. One was to destroy the power of the druids in Gwynneth, the other was to capture Robyn, the druid who had slain Kazgaroth, and offer her up in sacrifice to Bhaal. Toward these purposes, he found a great and powerful artifact of power.

When Tristan and Robyn slew Kazgaroth, one part of the beast survived, his heart, which turned into a black rock of great malignancy. This rock was found by Trahearn, a druid subverted to Kazgaroth, and it drove him mad. He tried to slay Robyn, but failed. Robyn, detecting the malignancy of the rock but not understanding its true evil, had her friend Newt fly the rock away and drop it in the forest. Hobarth was drawn to the heart and rescued it from the steadily growing circle of dead foliage around it.

Using the heart, Hobarth went to the site of Tristan's first battle with the Northmen a year before, and raised up an army of undead from the mass graves there. He marched this army to the Moonwell, knowing that the druids, masters of nature magic, had no magic that would affect such unnatural creatures.

Robyn fought by her mentor's side in a number of holding actions. When the remaining druids formed their line for the last-ditch defense of the Moonwell, the center of their religion, Genna gave Robyn a rune stick with spells of all the elements — to be used as needed. Robyn fought with her fellow druids until all was lost. But when the Goddess turned all her faithful druids into stone statues to save them from final degradation, Robyn had been drawn away from the fight. Realizing she could do no more against the victorious Hobarth,

Robyn shape-shifted and flew to the isle of Alaron, where Tristan was trying to stay alive against the efforts of the high king.

The rune stick and her own magics and staff served them well in Alaron, and the rune stick incidentally helped Tristan fulfill all the requirements of the prophecy of Queen Allisynn.

Together with their other allies, they managed to overcome the machinations of the high king and Cyndre. When that menace was ended, a giant waterspout placed the crown of the high king at their feet, and Robyn carefully placed it on the head of her prince, now the high king of the Moonshaes.

They then turned back to Gwynneth, where they had to defeat Hobarth, or the Goddess would be destroyed.

Throughout this extended final battle, Robyn used her powers to help Tristan and try to maintain the Goddess, but the opposition of the corrupted Genna Moonsinger made this virtually impossible. By the end of the struggle, Myrloch Vale was devastated, without a growing thing anywhere except in specially protected places such as Synnoria. The Goddess' power on the Moonshae was virtually destroyed, and Robyn was the only surviving druid. Now she must somehow make a place for what is left of the Goddess to survive in the face of the new gods coming to the Moonshaes from the Sword Coast and beyond.

Other notes: Robyn has two friends who have not yet been described. One is Newt, the fairy dragon, and the other is Yazilliclik, a wood sprite. Newt is the complete hedonist until confronted with a task that needs to be done to save his friends, then he digs in and does his best. The minute a threat is over, however, Newt is eager to begin another game or play a practical joke on Robyn or some woodland animal.

As might be expected of so flighty a fairy dragon, Newt is a very young member of his race. His spell use is restricted to harmless illusions that do nothing but confuse a foe. He has no effect on reality.

Yazilliclik came to Robyn's attention when he attempted to warn the druids of the undead invasion. The wood sprites are a timid folk, but he stayed to help the druids as best he could with his tiny bow and arrows, and then went with Robyn and Newt to Alaron to join Tristan.

Though small, his abilities of flight and invisibility proved helpful on several occasions, and his unfailing courage when he or his friends were confronted by danger was an inspiration to all who fought alongside him.

Anyone meeting Robyn is likely to find her with an animal of some sort. This does not just mean domestic creatures such as Canthus, but bears, swallows, eagles, and any other woodland creature that might be in her vicinity. This affinity with wild creatures was one of the first signs of Robyn's burgeoning druidic powers.

In a fight, Robyn stays away from edged weapons, preferring first a cudgel, and then the *Staff of the White Well*. Her spell use is usually constrained to spells that constrict and annoy, rather than kill. However, she is capable of killing in defense of herself or those she holds dear.

As consort to the high king, Robyn makes it her particular duty to try to restore Myrloch Vale to its previous state. She is likely to find adventurers of similar inclination to seek out artifacts of the Goddess, where they may be held by firbolgs or other monsters, and restore them to the vale.



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Shandril Shessair

ARMOR CLASS: 10 (or by armor)

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 6

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spellfire

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Spellfire

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Special

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

First-Level Human Thief

Fifth-Level *Spellfire* Wielder

S:11 I:10 W:14 D:15 C:14 CH:9

Shandril is a pretty, blonde-haired young woman of 17 winters. She tends to act on the advice of her heart and not her head, and is generally good-natured. She has an unshakable faith in the essential goodness of the world around her, although this does not mean that she is foolishly trusting of strangers. Far too many of the dark forces in the Realms would see her dead or enslaved for her to have that view, for she is the sole recipient of *spellfire* in this generation.

Her father was Garthond, an apprentice to the mage Jhavanter. The two of them fought several times against the Cult of the Dragon in Sembia. Jhavanter held an old tower on the eastern flanks of the Thunder Peaks, which he called the Tower Tranquil. Garthond dwelt there with him until mages of the cult destroyed his master in battle. Afterward, Garthond continued his studies and his feud with the cult.

He grew in power, and survived many attempts on his life by the cult. In a daring raid upon a cult caravan, Garthond rescued the magic-user Dammasae from cult captivity — they had her drugged, bound, and gagged — in the caravan heading to one of their strongholds.

Dammasae had adventured with Gorstag and others before this. She was known for a natural power she had — a power she wanted to develop, by practice and experiment. Dammasae could

absorb spells and use their force of art as raw energy held within her. She could use her power to heal, or to harm in the form of fiery blasts. The cult kidnapped her to learn the secrets of *spellfire*, as it was called, for their own use, or at least to control her use of it to further their schemes.

Garthond protected and worked magic with Dammasae . . . and they came to love each other. They traveled much, seeking adventure as many fools do, and pledged their troth before the altar of Mystra in Baldur's Gate.

Unbeknown to Garthond, a cult mage, one Erimmator, cursed him in a battle of the art. This curse bound a strange creature called a balhiir, from another plane of existence, in symbiosis with Garthond to drain his magic.

They dwelt quietly in Elturel, and Dammasae bore Garthond a daughter, Shandril Shessair. They did not return to the Tower Tranquil and the dales, for the cult waited in strength, and the danger to their child was great. They waited eight months until she was old enough to travel.

They left Elturel with Gorstag, a burly fighter who favored the battle-ax. East they went, overland, and the cult was waiting for them. Somehow they saw through the disguises, probably by art. The cult attacked them at the Bridge of Fallen Man on the road west of Cormyr. Garthond was thrown down and utterly destroyed, but he won victory for his wife and daughter, and for Gorstag. He took nine cult mages and three swordsmen with him. Dammasae and Gorstag were wounded, and made for Shadowdale. Dammasae did not make it. She is buried on a little knoll on the north side of the road, the first one close to the road west of Toad Knoll, a place holy to Mystra.

Gorstag took the babe Shandril and headed south toward Deepingdale. He intended to leave her with the elves and return to the Tower Tranquil for Garthond's writings and objects of magic which were Shandril's inheritance. The elves brought word to him that the cult had broken into the tower and

blasted their way into the cellars below. Then they used the great caverns they'd created as a lair for the dracolich Rauglothgor the Proud, whose hoard had outgrown his own lair.

Gorstag continued on to Deepingdale, where he used some gems from past adventures to buy an inn in Highmoon. Counting on his relative obscurity in the eyes of the cult, he raised Shandril as a servant there. He hid her lineage as long as he could.

At the age of 16, she left the inn, having secured for herself a position with the Company of the Bright Spear as a thief. By Tymora's will, they ran into a large party of the Cult of the Dragon on the banks of the Semberflow. The company was all but destroyed, and Shandril taken captive.

They held her in an old tomb, from which she escaped through magic hidden there. Unfortunately, she was teleported into the devil-infested city of Myth Drannor where she was captured by The Shadowsil, arch-mage of the Cult of the Dragon. The Shadowsil saw an immediate value in the virgin blood of Shandril, a key ingredient in maintaining the undead status of the cult's dracoliches.

The apprentice magic-user Narm saw her kidnapping and enlisted the help of the Knights of Myth Drannor to rescue her. With the aid of the Knights, Elminster, and Narm, she was rescued from the very jaws of the dracolich Rauglothgor.

In the confusion, Narm and Shandril were trapped in a cave-in. The Shadowsil followed them, intent on making their deaths very slow. In desperation, Shandril stuck her on the head with a crystal, releasing a balhiir, a magic absorbing creature feared by all who practice the art, possibly even the very one that had ridden her father. In its presence, The Shadowsil's magic did not work, and they escaped.

Meanwhile, the Knights and Elminster were holding off the dracolich. When Shandril and Narm reappeared, the balhiir followed, foiling all of Elminster's magic. To rid the party of the pes-



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ky balhiir, Elminster asked Shandril to try to absorb all of the energy of the balhiir. This awakened the dormant power of spellfire in her, inherited from her mother. Filled to the point of exploding, Shandril released the balhiir's energy as destructive bolts, destroying Rauglothgar, a large party of the cult, and most of the mountain on which they stood.

Elminster quickly realized that this could not be only the work of the balhiir, and deduced that Shandril had

the power of spellfire. He took them to Shadowdale, where he tested and refined her ability. Despite several attempts on their lives by the Zhen-tarim and the Cult of the Dragon, Narm and Shandril were married in Shadowdale.

Every mage in the Realms is vying to hold or destroy Shandril. Her *spellfire* power represents danger to all spellcasters, and a chance for incredible power. They seek to find a way to control her, maybe by holding and threat-

ening the life of Narm, or if that is not possible, to destroy her so that others cannot do the same.

Shandril is unlikely to ever gain more levels as a thief. To do so, she would have to adventure without using the *spellfire* power, something she is not likely to do. As a wielder of *spellfire*, she has fifth-level ability, the highest ever known to be held. From this point on, she breaks new ground with *spellfire*.

Balhiir

FREQUENCY: Very rare

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: 8

MOVE: 0"/18"

HIT DICE: 18

Hit Points: Special

% IN LAIR: 0

TREASURE TYPE: Nil

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: Nil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Special

INTELLIGENCE: Animal

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SIZE: M (6'-diameter cloud)

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

LEVEL/X.P. VALUE: IX/15,000

Normally seen as a man-sized, shapeless, softly glowing cloud with diamond like sparks of light inside it, the balhiir can flow and ooze like any gaseous form, never having a distinct outline. It is constrained by solid objects and needs an aperture of at least 1" in diameter to pass through. It has no manipulative organs at all, and it not affected by weather or gusts of wind, even moving through water uninhibited. They are completely unaffected by physical weapons, which just pass through them.

A native of the Negative Material Plane, the balhiir is rarely seen on the Prime Material Plane, as it takes very powerful magic to trap one and remove it from its native plane. It is not known if they are intelligent, though they appear to act on animal instincts rather



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than reason. If they do possess intelligence, their reasoning processes are so alien that few men could understand them.

The balhiir seems to spend its entire existence in search of energy to feed on and support itself. On its native plane, it can absorb any kind of energy, including experience levels or a being's life force. Some sages think they may be the natural predators of the xeg-yi. If on any other plane, it can only absorb raw magic. Since there is not much energy on the Negative Material Plane, the balhiir is very efficient in its use of energy. It can remain active for months without feeding. For periods longer than that, it enters a state of hibernation which can last indefinitely. Only the presence of life or magical energy will awaken it, which takes a full turn.

This strange creature can sense life forms and magical energy up to 10' away, even through solid rock. It always moves toward the greatest concentration of magic near it. Once in contact with the source of magic, it absorbs spell energy using the *spellfire* rules (see below) as if it had a constitution of 18. However, it does not use the energy like a *spellfire* wielder. Instead, one spell level will sustain an active balhiir for one day. It does not suffer damage from holding more than five times its constitution, but does shed those extra spell levels as radiant energy (light and heat) at the rates specified.

It can only "attack" once per round to actively drain magic. However, it can passively drain magic from many sources at once. Any spell or magical effect that is active within 10' of it is absorbed. For example, a mage fires a magic missile at an opponent. If a balhiir is within 10' of the path of the missile, it is absorbed into the creature. However, a wand lying more than 10' from the balhiir is safe, unless the balhiir "attacks" it.

There are only two known ways to destroy a balhiir. Its spell absorbing energy must be overloaded, just like the *spellfire* ability. This usually takes several mages of high level casting spells

simultaneously at it. The other way is related to a strange ritual discovered by a long dead arch-mage. She found a way to bind the balhiir to an object or creature. Once bound, the balhiir can only be bound again by the creature that freed it. Its rescuer must either repeat the ritual to bind it to another object or creature, or can attempt to bind it to his or her own body by sheer force of willpower. This requires a save vs. death (since that is the price of failure). The total spell levels held by the balhiir is divided by the character's Constitution (round up), similar to the *spellfire* danger rating. A -1 is applied to the roll for each rating above 5. Therefore a 7 (after dividing spell levels by CON) means a -2 on the save. Until the creature's spell levels are used up, that character can use *spellfire*. Once used, the balhiir is destroyed and the character must make a system shock roll or die.

Spellfire

No sage in the Realms, not even Elminster, knows the origins or complete powers and limitations of *spellfire*. What is set down in this record, is what they do know.

Spellfire is the ability to absorb raw, chaotic, magical energy. Magic is thought to be the control, shaping and transferring energy from the Positive Material Plane on the Prime Material Plane. *Spellfire* collects the energy from almost any source and stores it in the person's body. At will, the person can release this energy in a variety of forms. If no control is attempted, it is released as raw chaotic energy of tremendously destructive potential.

The amount of *spellfire* a person can handle is determined by the person's Constitution. *Spellfire* is measured in spell levels, since that is the form of energy most likely to be absorbed. In the case of magic items, some translations can be made. Each plus of a weapon is one spell level. Each special ability is one spell level, unless the DM judges it to be of unusual potency, in which

case the DM can raise that value. Dormant charges in wands, rods, and staves each represent one spell level, even if the spell being cast is of a higher level. If the effect of the wand is used on the wielder of *spellfire*, then use the level of the spell effect. Even dragon breath can be absorbed as one spell level per hit die.

The maximum spell levels that can be stored in the body is the Constitution score times 10. So Shandril can hold 140 spell levels worth of *spellfire* energy. However, the wielder takes risks anytime the amount of *spellfire* energy goes over five times his or her Constitution score.

Up to 5 × constitution: Completely safe, with no side effects.

Up to 6 × constitution: The wielder can feel the energy inside him or her. The wielder's eyes begin to glow. A touch by any creature or static magic device or spell effect causes 1d6 spell levels to be released at it. Every 24 hours, a Constitution check must be made; failure results in the wielder suffering 1d6 hit points of damage, which release 1 spell level of *spellfire*.

Up to 7 × constitution: The wielder's skin tingles, the eyes glow brightly. A touch causes 2d6 spell levels to be released. Every hour, a Constitution check must be made; failure results in the wielder suffering 1d6 hit points of damage, which release 1 spell level of *spellfire*.

Up to 8 × constitution: The wielder's skin has a slight glow, the eyes shine brightly enough to be seen at a distance in bright sunlight. The wielder can feel a destructive burning inside. A touch causes 3d6 spell levels to be released. Every turn a Constitution check must be made; failure results in the wielder suffering 1d6 hit points of damage, which release 1 spell level of *spellfire*.

Up to 9 × constitution: The wielder's entire body glows, the eyes are like torch lamps. The wielder is in pain, and must save vs. paralyzation to perform any action except randomly releasing great quantities of *spellfire*. A touch causes 4d6 spell levels to be released.



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Every round a Constitution check must be made; failure results in the wielder suffering 1d6 hit points of damage, which release 1 spell level of *spellfire*.

Up to 10 × constitution: The wielder's body glows brightly and radiates heat from up to 3' away. The pain is great enough that a save vs. paralysis at -2 is needed to perform any action. Every segment a Constitution check must be made; failure results in the wielder suffering 1d6 hit points of damage, which release 1 spell level of *spellfire*.

The wielder of *spellfire* can release up to his or her Constitution in spell levels. Shandril can release 14 spell levels of *spellfire* per round. *Spellfire* effects that would use less than a spell level (for example, lighting Elminster's pipe) are rounded up to a full spell level. Each spell level contains enough energy to do 1d6 points of damage when directed as destructive blasts. The recipient does get to save vs. spells to take only half damage. When used for healing, each spell level heals 2 hit points.

Control over *spellfire* comes with experience, just like for other character classes. For the purposes of game play, the wielder of *spellfire* becomes a split-class character. Actions using the original character class abilities accumulate experience points for that class; adventuring using *spellfire* accumulates experience points for its control. Experience points for treasure cannot add to *spellfire* ability. The *spellfire* levels only determine control over that ability. They do not affect a character's hit points, to hit with weapons, saving throws or any other game function.

Use the magic-user experience point table to determine level of *spellfire* ability. Below is the table showing how much control the character has for each level.

First Level

The character is only able to use destructive blasts and cannot control the amount of *spellfire* very well. Add 1d4 -2 to the number of spell levels the

character wants to hurl; the minimum is one level, the maximum his total Constitution points expressed as levels. Only one bolt per round is allowed, and it must be hurled in a straight line. Any magic item touched is absorbed, whether or not the wielder wishes it to be.

Second Level

The character can control how many spell levels of *spellfire* he or she is hurling as destructive bolts. The bolt can be bent every which way if desired. Otherwise, it is the same as the first-level ability. Magic items are only absorbed when using *spellfire* or when the *spellfire* wielder wills it.

Third Level

Two blasts per round, one from each hand, can be hurled, or one a round can be emitted from any other part of the body. Even with multiple blasts, the maximum number of spell levels of *spellfire* a character can discharge in a round is equal to the player's Constitution. The character can react with *spellfire*, although with only one blast that round, within five segments, minus the dexterity reaction adjustment. For example, a character with a dexterity of 17 has a +2 reaction adjustment and can react with *spellfire* in just 3 segments.

Fourth Level

Effects using less than one spell level are possible, although a full spell level is still deducted from the total. For example, lighting a candle takes less than one spell level.

Fifth Level

The *spellfire* wielder now has enough control to heal another person if he or she is in flesh-to-flesh contact. Up to three blasts can be delivered per round, one from each hand and one from the eyes. The total spell levels used in a given round is still limited by the character's Constitution.

Any further levels of ability or refinements of power are not known at the time of this writing. No *spellfire* wielder has ever shown abilities other than

these to any spectator who survived.

Spellfire is always limited by line of sight (at least until the obstruction is destroyed), but not by distance. A to-hit roll is needed to strike anything more than 1" away that is taking defensive action. Immobile objects are automatically hit.

Enchanted creatures, or those that were created or sustained by magic, do not get a saving throw against *spellfire*. These creatures must always take full damage. Undead that drain life energy (or any Negative Material Plane creature) save at +2, unless, like the lich, they are created by or sustained with magic.

Certain spells, magic items and spell-like effects are immune to *spellfire*. The exact reasons for this is not known, but there is conjecture. Anything that absorbs magical energy without storing it would also absorb *spellfire*. It would also be immune to absorption by *spellfire*. Known examples: *Ring of spell turning*, *rod of cancellation*, *wand of negation* (if the beam hits the *spellfire*), *sphere of annihilation*, *dispel magic* (if cast in the same segment as *spellfire* is used).

Items or spells that store magical or life energy for future use, will absorb *spellfire*, but can also be absorbed by the *spellfire* wielder, as the energy is still available. Known examples: *Ring of spell storing*, certain ioun stones.

Similarly, spells or items that create barriers to all magic are immune to destruction by *spellfire*. However, they can be absorbed. Known examples: *Scroll of protection from magic*, *wall of force*, *anti-magic shell*.



MAJOR CHARACTERS

Narm TamaraiTh

ARMOR CLASS: 10

MOVE: 12'

Hit Points: 9

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Third-Level Human Magic-User

S:10 I:16 W:12 D:14 C:13 CH:11

Narm is young man of 22 winters, handsome even in drab clothing. He is dark-haired and slim, with a serious face. His dark brown eyes reveal a lighter side not visible on his face. At times they can twinkle merrily as if sharing a secret joke. Due to his tutelage under Elminster, he is calm under fire. However, any threat to his beloved wife Shandrill will bring forth a fiery passion.

He was born in the city of Silverymoon in the North, of Hargun TamaraiTh, called "The Tall," and Fythuera. He never learned his mother's last name. Narm suspects that his father was a ranger, before he fell ill with the shaking fever. Hargun dealt in weapons and smith work. Fyth, to her husband and child, played the harp and traded as Hargun's equal. They had been wed for some time before Narm's birth. He remembers them as good people. Elminster suspects that they may have been members of the mysterious group known only as the Harpers.

While Narm was still a babe, his parents journeyed to Triboar and thence to Waterdeep. They traveled a great deal, up and down the northern Sword Coast, moving with the trade. They are dead now. While in Baldur's Gate, they became the innocent victims of a wizard's duel.

On the river bank, Algarzel Halfcloak and the Calishite arch-mage Kluennh Tzarr strove by art to destroy one

another. Algarzel was in flight over the river when Kluennh Tzarr flung a fireball at him. Algarzel flew out of the way, but a ferry making the river crossing could not. Nearly all on board, including Hargun and Fyth, were killed. Hargun's last action in life was to fling his 11-year-old son into the river. Those watching the duel pulled him out of the water and took him ashore, but then left him to find his own way in the city.

In the years that followed, Narm learned all he could of the mages that duelled and killed his parents. He determined their names and native lands. Algarzel has not been seen since that duel. Narm has heard conflicting reports that he died in the duel, and that he escaped to another plane, never to return.

Kluennh Tzarr left for his Calishite citadel in triumph. Narm's informants say that he is served by dragons and keeps many slaves. Narm has vowed to be his death some day, or if another gets their first, to spit upon his grave.

Even at the tender age of 11, he knew he would need powerful magic to defeat the foreign arch-mage. Just another homeless urchin, in a city where there are dozens like him on every street, Narm set out to gain an apprenticeship with a mage, any mage. Pestering every mage who passed nearly got him turned into a toad or burnt to ashes several times.

Finally, at when Narm was 13, a mage said yes. Mirimmar turned out to be a pompous, sour man. His overwhelming pride made him weak. He never worked to strengthen his art where he lacked spells or technique. He couldn't, or wouldn't, see his weaknesses. Nonetheless, knowing nothing, Narm was able to learn a lot from him. Mirimmar had a temper and little patience. He was one of the laziest men Narm had ever met, so he needed an apprentice to do all the drudge work. From this Narm learned much of spell components and their preparation.

Mirimmar disliked conflict, so he never fought other mages to gain their spells. He was shining proud that no

mage had ever challenged him. Those of real power saw him as a posturing know-nothing, with no spells worth seizing. Those of lesser power feared always that he must have something up his sleeve, he seemed so confident and fearless. His confidence killed him, and nearly took Narm as well.

He saw the abandonment of the Elven Court and Myth Drannor as his chance to become a great mage. He was going to walk right in and seize all the magic that he, and many others, thought was just lying around in the ruins. A perfect solution for a lazy wizard.

On the long journey to Myth Drannor, the pair stopped at the Rising Moon in Deepingdale. Narm caught the eye of Shandrill, a servant then, whom he thought quite pretty. Unable to escape from the weary lectures of his master Mirimmar, nothing else came of it.

Deep in the woods of the Elven Court, just outside of Myth Drannor, the hapless duo stumbled into a pair of elves. Representatives of the Knights of Myth Drannor, they were keeping out all intruders and warning innocent travelers that the city was infested with devils. Mirimmar assumed that they were lying to protect their own interests and doubled back with Narm to approach the ruins from another angle. This was no sooner done then they were set upon by bone devils that instantly slew Mirimmar.

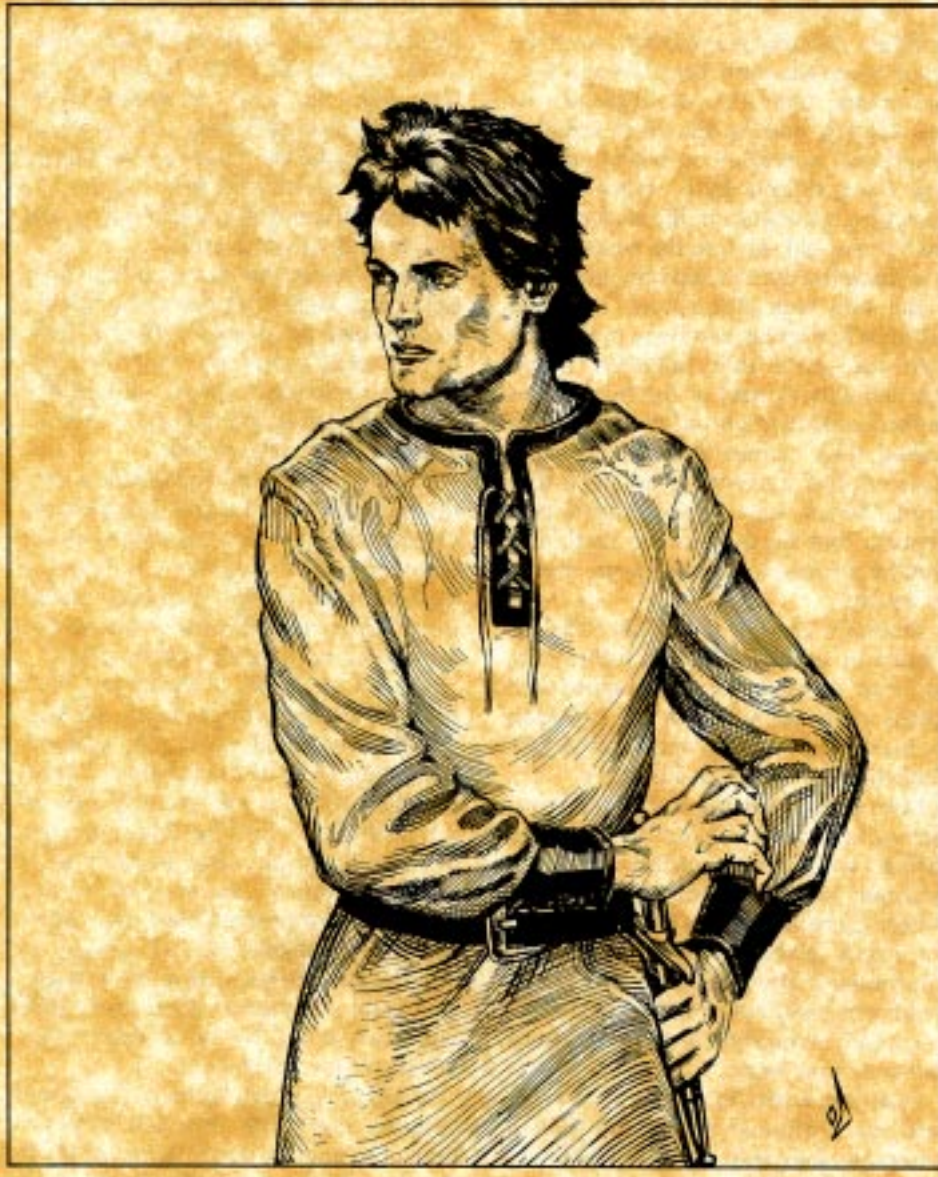
While toying with Narm for the sport of it, the bone devils attracted the attention of a pair of the Knights of Myth Drannor, Lanseril and Illistyl. They rescued him and brought him to Shadowdale to heal.

Nightmares of taunting devils drove Narm to seek Myth Drannor once again on his own. He hoped to be able to confront his fears so he could lead a normal life without looking over his shoulder for non-existent devils. Narm watched as The Shadowsil took Shandrill captive. Recalling her from the inn, he quickly convinced the Knights of Myth Drannor that she needed rescuing.

A group of the Knights, Elminster, and Narm invaded the dracolich



MAJOR CHARACTERS



Rauglothgar's cavern home. In the ensuing battle, Narm and Shandril were trapped behind fallen rubble for quite some time. Human nature being what it is, they emerged quite smitten with each other.

It was at this time that *spellfire* was awakened in Shandril. Narm had to watch, a helpless spectator, as Shandril fought Rauglothgar and a horde of dragon cultists, slaying them all.

After the defeat of Rauglothgar and

the Cult of the Dragon under the lower Tranquil, Narm and Shandril journeyed to Shadowdale with Elminster and the Knights of Myth Drannor. There Elminster personally saw to their education in the use of spells and *spellfire*. Narm did not so much learn to cast new spells from Elminster, as *how* to learn the art. The old sage taught him to discipline himself for both the learning and casting of spells.

Narm and Shandril were married in

Shadowdale. Their honeymoon was short but sweet. The two decided to leave the peaceful community to seek safety through anonymity in the Realms. While in Shadowdale, too many outside factions tried to capture or kill them, not the least of which was the Cult of the Dragon. They could not endanger their friends by remaining in the dale any longer.

They decided to travel to the faraway city of Silverymoon where none would know them. The couple accepted the protection of the Harpers, through their agent Storm Silverhand, for the journey. Shandril wanted to pass through Highmoon to say goodbye to Gorstag and her other friends at the Rising Moon inn. After a series of adventures, they found themselves on the way to Cormyr with Delg, a dwarfish warrior and former companion of Shandril's. From there they passed from knowledge of most of the groups seeking to control Shandril and her *spellfire* ability.

Narm does not have any single place he considers to be home. At best, Baldur's Gate would be the most familiar city to him, seeing as he spent over 10 years there as a youth. However, there is nothing in the city for him now. His master Mirimmar is dead. All of that mage's possessions were either sold to make the journey to Myth Drannor, or disappeared when he was killed there.

Narm and Shandril are always met together, unless someone or something has forced them apart. Occasionally they are found in the company of powerful friends, such as Elminster or the Knights of Myth Drannor. They will work together as a team to overcome any obstacle that might stand in their way. Each would do anything to safeguard the other. Standing practice for the two is to have Narm keep Shandril safely filled with *spellfire* energy by casting spells at her every few days, or as needed.

At this point in his career, Narm does not carry any magic items, and only has a dagger for defense. Shandril would merely absorb magic items, and he was never trained to use warrior's gear.



MAJOR CHARACTERS

Wulfgar

ARMOR CLASS: 5

MOVE: 15"

Hit Points: 74

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type (+7)

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

SIZE: M (6'11")

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Barbarian Fighter

S:19(+3 +7) I:15 W:14 D:16 C:18 CH:15

Wulfgar, son of Beornegar, has been blessed with the raw potential to become the complete hero. Agile and tough, and possessing strength beyond the range of normal men — to match his great size. Nearly 7' tall and fully 350 pounds — Wulfgar has packed more experience into his young 18 years than most fighters see in their entire careers.

He has experienced the best of both schools of fighting. Growing up on the tundra among the barbarians of Icewind Dale taught him ferocity in battle, an offensive style designed to simply blast through whatever defenses his opponents presented. And then he learned the more subtle skills of true swordsmanship under the tutelage of Drizzt Do'Urden. Drizzt was rough on the young warrior, slapping Wulfgar down with the flat of his weapons and showing him with yet another sting every weakness in his fighting style. And to the young Wulfgar, whose intelligence was sufficient to overcome the anger of his wounded pride, the lessons were effective.

"By the middle of the second week, Wulfgar was in complete control of (his war hammer), twisting its handle and head deftly to block against the two whirring scimitars, and responding with cautiously measured thrusts of his own. Drizzt could see the subtle change taking place as the barbarian stopped

reacting after the fact to the scimitars' deft cuts and thrusts and began recognizing his own vulnerable areas and anticipating the next attack.

"The drow knew that his style of offense would not be the most effective mode for Wulfgar. The barbarian could use his unrivalled strength more effectively than deceptive feints and twists. Wulfgar's people were naturally aggressive fighters, and striking came more easily to them than parrying. The mighty barbarian could fell a giant with a single, well-placed blow.

"All that he had to learn was patience."

— from *The Crystal Shard*

Wulfgar was quick to see the advantages of the drow's lessons and in the short span of their training, he became a multidimensional warrior.

In battle, he wears no armor, but his heavy layers of wolf-skin furs serve as well as studded leather (AC 7). He can take a hit, even from a giant, and with his awesome strength, his opponents usually don't last long enough for a second strike. And if he were not powerful enough on his own, he wields *Aegis-fang*, possibly the mightiest weapon to be forged in the modern day Realms, a throwback to the times when the greatest dwarven smithies crafted weapons for the gods themselves. An offspring of the *Hammer of Thunderbolts*, Bruenor crafted *Aegis-fang* especially for Wulfgar. So wonderful was the result, an effort of the dwarfs considerable skill and his deep love for the boy, that Bruenor knew he had reached the ultimate achievement of his trade, and would never again fire up a forge.

The war hammer is fully +5 and scores double-damage dice (2d4 + 2, 2d4) on a hit, gaining full "to hit" and damage bonuses, including Wulfgar's Strength bonus, even when thrown! Furthermore, *Aegis-fang* unerringly reappears in Wulfgar's hand (and only in Wulfgar's hand) whenever he desires it, even if it has to disappear from someone else's hand to get there.

The war hammer's magic and power

are tuned perfectly to Wulfgar alone, designed especially to match his great size and strength. In the hands of another, *Aegis-fang* is only +3, loses its special throwing bonuses, and does not score double-damage dice.

A powerful weapon still, but devastating in the hands of the young barbarian.

But there is much more to this man than physical prowess. Intelligent and observant, Wulfgar has learned to think before he speaks or acts, measuring each action against its probable consequences. Unlike his brutal kin, he is introspective, searching his own heart and conscience for the true values of the world. In this, too, Wulfgar looks to Drizzt as his guiding force.

"Wulfgar sat a moment longer in contemplation. The drow lived a hard and materially empty existence, yet he was richer than any man Wulfgar had ever known. Drizzt had clung to his principles against overwhelming circumstances, leaving the familiar world of his own people by choice to remain in a world where he would never be accepted or appreciated.

"He looked at the departing elf, now a mere shadow in the gloom. 'Perhaps we two are not so different,' he mumbled under his breath."

— from *The Crystal Shard*

A wide world lays open to Wulfgar now, and he is determined to see it. From the spirited Catti-brie he has viewed, for the first time, the true worth of a woman, and from Bruenor and Drizzt he learned to see his enemies as people, as individuals whose lives extend beyond the immediacy of the battlefield.

And Wulfgar understands that there is much more for him to learn, and that each new experience brings him closer to finding the truth about himself, and the meaning of his life.

These revelations would be extraordinary to a person from the everyday civilized world in the Forgotten Realms, but to a youth bred amidst the savagery



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of the tundra barbarians, they are even more incredible.

Wulfgar was born the son of Beornegar into the Tribe of the Elk, one of the most powerful tribes which followed the caribou migration along the length of Icewind Dale. Living on a thin edge of subsistence, they were a warlike people, and so totally male-dominated that many of the women didn't even have names.

Wulfgar's father was in high standing among the tribe, a personal advisor to

the great and cruel King Heafstaag, a battle-scarred veteran of incredible strength. Yet the young Wulfgar sensed that his father, though obedient to his rank and position, did not care for the king. Beornegar was a dreamer and stubbornly believed that there must be a better way for his people to live. When Wulfgar was still a boy, Beornegar went off on a quest that could bring him the power and the wealth to find a new road for his people.

But he never returned.

Still, the young Wulfgar fared well.

Tall and straight, he was well-suited for a society strictly structured in a pecking order according to strength. By the time he had reached adolescence, he had achieved the honorable position of Heafstaag's standard bearer, and many looking upon him — he was already larger than most of the men — envisioned him as a future leader of their people.

Then came the first great battle of Icewind Dale, when all the barbarian tribes united and invaded Ten-Towns. In the fierce battle of Bryn Shander, Wulfgar was cut down by the dwarf, Bruenor. But he was not killed, and when the battle had ended — and the barbarians had been routed — Bruenor found the boy and, seeing some special glimmer in his eye that did not reflect the normal savagery of a barbarian, spared his life, in exchange for five years of servitude in the dwarven mines.

It was the turning point in his life, the one act that allowed the young man to fully find the road to his potential. Here, he met Catti-brie and saw the new dimensions of a woman. Here, he met Drizzt Do'Urden and found a hero for those principles so long sublimated under the limitations of his savage tribe. And here, he came to know Bruenor, so ferocious with his deadly ax, yet preferring the harmony of peaceful coexistence.

"The work paid dividends physically as well. Chopping stone and pounding metal had corded the barbarians muscles, redefining the gangly frame of his youth into a hardened girth of unrivalled strength. And he possessed great stamina, for the tempo of the tireless dwarves had strengthened his heart and stretched his lungs to new limits.

"Wulfgar bit his lip in shame as he remembered his first conscious thought after the Battle of Bryn Shander. He had vowed to pay Bruenor back in blood as soon as he had fulfilled the terms of his indenture. He understood now, to his own amazement, that he had become a better man under the



MAJOR CHARACTERS

tutelage of Bruenor Battlehammer, and the mere thought of raising a weapon against the dwarf sickened him."

— from *The Crystal Shard*

It was indeed the true Wulfgar who emerged from those years of servitude. He understood the visions of his father for the first time in his life, and even fulfilled Beornegar's unfinished quest, the slaying of the dragon, Icingdeath.

Then he returned to his people, the dragon's horns a trophy sufficient to allow him to challenge for the throne. And when he had killed Heafstaag, he laid a new road for the barbarians of Icewind Dale, even rallying them behind the people of Ten-Towns against the invading goblin army of the evil Akar Kessell, and then forging a new alliance on the tundra, in which all the people of Icewind Dale, barbarian and Ten-Towner alike, united against their common foe, the ever-encroaching wilderness of the savage frontier.

But after the dust of the battle had settled, and the new alliance forged, Wulfgar abdicated his new position as barbarian king, giving over the throne to an old friend of his father's, a man of similar conscience. Wulfgar would have made a great king, even at that tender age, but his heart was for the road. He wanted to learn, to grow, to see everything that his existence in Icewind Dale had denied him. And so he took up with Drizzt and Bruenor, and later was joined by Regis, on their road south in search of Mithril Hall.

Not without reservations, for he left behind the one thing in the dale that still intrigued him, and always would — Catti-brie.

But he had a destiny to fulfill, out

there, on the open road and in the wide world. Catti-brie understood it even better than he, and did not bid him to stay.

By the fates, he would return to her when his journey had ended.

On The Barbarians

There is a special connotation accompanying the word "barbarian" that strikes a chord of terror across all the Realms. Barbarian raids are normally more devastating than orc attack, and just as savage. Trained soldiers, veterans of a hundred fights, quiver at the approach of a barbarian horde.

And yet, physically, a barbarian is a fighter plain and simple, no more trained (even less, formally) and no more skilled, and typically wielding inferior weapons and armor. So why does the sweat bead on the foreheads of the fighters of the civilized world at the mere mention of the word "barbarian?"

Because the mind-set of a barbarian transcends the boundaries of a normal fighter. Fanatical servants of Tempus, or some other god of battle, barbarians honestly do not fear death in battle, believing it a service to their god that will ensure them a place of honor in the land of their final reward.

And in most cases, the barbarian has little to lose. Barbarian life, except for short stretches of plunder, is materially barren and knows no comforts. They are a people existing with one aspiration: glory in battle.

Furthermore, the hard existence of a tribesmen weeds out the weakest early in their lives. Typically, a barbarian fighter will have gained more experience by the time of his 20th birthday

than most fighters will ever know. And someone facing one of these warriors in battle understands that he is fighting a survivor of that brutal existence, one of the strong members of the tribe who has never known deterred from the strict codes of discipline that rule barbarian life and determine their survival. Many a soldier has cursed the meals that softened his belly and slowed his sword arm in the last breaths of his life before the club or war hammer of a hardened barbarian crushed him.

Roleplaying Tips

While Wulfgar has widened his vision of the world to include the principles and conscience not common among his people, he is still young, and still bound by a code of honor and pride. Insults may get offenders killed, honorably, of course, though in most cases, Wulfgar would temper his rage enough to accept an apology.

He is a champion of the underdog, a fearless fighter, and a loyal friend. His vein of sympathy runs deep, and he will try to relieve suffering wherever he finds it, at any personal cost.

On a large scale, he is a charismatic and dominating young man (remember he altered the very way of life for the peoples of Icewind Dale), but in one-to-one encounters, Wulfgar remains a bit unsure of himself and is easily embarrassed, which sometimes leads him to anger — bridled rage, but rage nonetheless.

But he is young, and in his drive to find his truest self, he will learn. He will grow wiser and stronger.

A chilling thought for would-be enemies!



MINOR CHARACTERS

Alustriel

ARMOR CLASS: -12

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 44

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

SIZE: M (5'11")

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

22nd-Level Human Magic User

S:11 I:18 W:17 D:16 C:13 CH:17

Tall and slender, and bending with the grace of a willow in the spring breeze, Alustriel, the high lady of Silverymoon, might be the most impressive and beautiful leader in all the Northland. Men have been known to fall in love with her in a single glance, bards won't write about her for fear that their words, however sweet, would not do her justice.

It is more than Alustriel's physical beauty that awes them all. In truth, she is beautiful, silver-haired and ever-young, and with a glowing face and eyes that sparkle like the sun dances on the a clear river, but there are so many more dimensions to this woman. Keenly bright and wise, she is one of the most powerful wizards in all the Forgotten Realms, though she rarely displays her powers openly. She rules Silverymoon, the largest city in the realms north of Waterdeep and isn't anyone's puppet or figurehead, to be sure — none would make that mistaken assumption more than once!

Her reign is legitimate, her power well-earned, and her judgment fair and consistent. She is a peacemaker to the end, seeking a harmony of the goodly races so that they may fully dominate the wild lands of the North. Her magical restraint is legendary, using her spells only for personal reasons such as *teleporting* to her favorite grove on a moonlit night, and even then humbly and without show.

She might use her spells to enhance the atmosphere at an important meeting by creating *Mordenkainen's magnificent mansion*, or even to avoid an embarrassing situation by *teleporting* in someone who would have arrived late. But never would Alustriel use her magic to gain an unfair advantage in a diplomatic situation.

Her favorite spell is *shape change*, and she views it as an educational experience in seeing the world from many different perspectives. She also likes non-destructive evocations such as *material*, spells of learning such as *legend lore*, and locomotion spells like *teleport without error* and, another favorite, *fly*. Her day-to-day spells will typically reflect a blend of these types, and rarely, if ever, contain an offensive spell, reflecting Alustriel's belief that she has enough magic-user bodyguards hovering about her to protect her. (Though, in truth, she uses her *teleports* and the like primarily to get away from those very same bodyguards.)

Most of the magical items that she has acquired, and the few she has fabricated, she has given away, figuring that others could use them more than she. She does retain *bracers of defense AC 2* (in the form of golden bracelets), a *ring of protection +2*, a *wand of illumination*, an *amulet of proof against detection and location*, and a *cloak and boots of elvenkind*.

She is indeed an impressive lady, and was born into a family of impressive women. Her sisters include The Simbul of Aglarond; Storm Silverhand, a bard of high renown; Dove Falconhand, an equally impressive ranger; and Sylune, the witch of Shadowdale, who was killed in the Year of the Worm when she broke her *staff of the magi* in a retributive strike against an ancient huge red dragon. (The dragon was killed as well.)

Certainly Alustriel, the second-born of the group, stands tall in their midst, taking a back seat to none of them. From her earliest days, she was a visionary, seeing the world in her own image of utopia. With her intelligence and empathetic prowess, it didn't take her

long to understand how to create this vision of beauty around her.

She began adventuring at an early age, perfecting her art as a wizard. Her masters marvelled at her incredible pace. Soon she was beyond them, understanding the very fabric of spells and able to conjure the magical powers for all of her needs. While most wizards bend the powers to gain their ends, Alustriel seemed more to work as an extension of the forces, as though she had formed a symbiotic relationship with the natural forces of the universe.

And as she began her adventuring career early, Alustriel ended it early, determined to carve out a settled piece of utopia in the savage wilderness. Now Silverymoon, a city of 26,000, reflects her vision. Here the pen truly is mightier than the sword, here the sculptor's hammer outweighs the war hammer, and spells of creation are valued above those of destruction. All who come in pursuit of knowledge and the arts are welcomed, and it is not uncommon to see an elf and a dwarf walking side by side discussing things far removed from conflict.

And in the savage North, only a woman as gentle, kindly, and inspiring as Alustriel could hold this dream together.

Roleplaying tips: Unlike Piergeiron, who took a different road to a similar end, Alustriel seems not at all reserved around friends or strangers. She is open and unsuspecting (for, in light of the tenets of her city, to be anything else would make her a hypocrite) and willing, and wanting, to forgive most indiscretions.

But Alustriel is also a legislator and, when necessary, a shrewd bargainer. The responsibility of thousands falls squarely upon her shoulders, and though she accepts the burden, and is more than able to execute the office, her spirit seems more that of a child, running free without worry through grassy fields.

But the promise of Silverymoon is more than ample reward for the labors of her duties, and she has no complaints—



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Except on those very rare occasions when she is forced to go against everything she believes, such as the time she had to refuse a drow elf entry into Silverymoon because of the political implications. Her lament was quite evident in her apology to that drow, Drizzt Do'Urden, and it could be that she was speaking more to her own conscience than to Drizzt when she said:

"All that I ask you to understand is that, as leader of my city, I am forced at times to act for the overall good, whatever the cost to an individual."

— Alustriel
from *Streams of Silver*

Alzegund The Trader

ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVE: 12"
Hit Points: 50
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: M
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
10th-Level Human Magic-User
S:12 I:16 W:15 D:15 C:17 CH:13

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Affect normal fires, burning hands, detect magic, melt.*
- Second-level — *ESP, flaming sphere.*
- Third-level — *Fireball, flame arrow.*
- Fourth-level — *Fire charm, fire shield, fire trap.*
- Fifth-level — *Conjure fire elemental.*

Physical description: Alzegund is a human male Red Wizard of Thay; he is an old, bald, war-scarred necromancer who openly wears robes marked on the breast and back with a red flame badge, and travels the trade routes with six grim men-at-arms, guarding those caravans the Red Wizards want kept safe.

Equipment: Alzegund has a magical

bag of tricks and a *wand of lightning*. He also has *bracers of AC6*, and his robes are actually a *cloak of protection +1*. If forced to fight hand-to-hand, he fights with a dagger filigreed with silver.

Personality: Alzegund is a member of the School of Evocation, and specializes in fire magics. Because he does so much traveling and guarding, he has not climbed as high in his profession as his age would indicate, but he seems to enjoy his work. Indeed, while his guard maintains a tight-lipped and dour watch over him, he is continually buying drinks for other travelers and exchanging stories, some of them at the expense of his masters, the Red Wizards.

Motivations: Alzegund also spies on the military strength of Cormyr and of Zhentil Keep. Like all Red Wizards, his main loyalty is to himself, and he seeks to learn as much as he can to make himself useful to the Red Wizards.

However, he is not working so much to strengthen the Red Wizards as he is to strengthen his own position on the Inner Sea. At his age, he realizes that he will probably never become a master of a school or a zulkir, so he intends to do as well as he can and retire to some non-Thayvian area, where he can create his own power base.

Background notes: Alzegund was born into the noble clan of Agneh in Thay. He had risen to the second level of accomplishment as a magic-user when an intra-family feud resulted in the death of his parents and most of his siblings.

Alzegund was, in fact, studying under an uncle who was not involved on either side of the feud. By keeping to his studies and out of family discussions, he managed to stay alive. He made his peace with his father's murderers and continued his studies.

Five years later, as a successful seventh-level magic-user, he managed to successfully use *charm monster* on a powerful monster, and unleashed it in his father's enemy's bedroom.

The next day he was on his way on his

first trip outside of Thay, the apprentice to the wizard guardian of a trade caravan. He has been plying the trade-ways of the Inner Sea, and avoiding his family, ever since.

Alzegund's intent in being chummy in the taverns with everyone who will drink with him is principally to draw out his new-found companions and get information from them, making them think he is a harmless toss-pot who loves the Red Wizards no more than most of their neighbors. Very few high-ranking officials are taken in by this demeanor, but he can often get vital information from lower-ranking persons, and sometimes uses his magics (he is a proficient alchemist) to do favors for them, for which he then claims a reward by forcing information from his "friends" or even having them steal things for him.

Other notes: When dealing with Alzegund, a character should be sure to check his neck when leaving, for fear the Thayvian has managed to get his head from him as "surety." Alzegund takes his role as trader and caravan master very seriously.

His route takes him from Suzail in Cormyr to Selgaunt in Sembia, thence to Procampur across the Dragon Reach and then along the coast to Telflamm, where he meets his contacts and arranges for the next trip. He often makes side trips to Hillsfar, Turmish, the Pirate Isles, Altumbel, and Westgate. A trading trip takes from one to three years, depending on how many stops he makes and the extent of trade and materials necessary to take back to Thay.

During troubled times, such as when Zhentil Keep is being particularly aggressive, he enlists extra aid in convoying his goods. Since these goods often include slaves, he is very careful about who he is hiring.

His men-at-arms are all human males. Their membership changes over the years, but now consists of the sergeant, who is a sixth-level fighter, three fourth-level fighters who have been with Alzegund for a couple of years,



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and two second-level sword apprentices who are on their first trip with him.

Characters running into Alzegund can find him a fund of information, a good target for a robbery (he usually carries about 20,000 gp in coins, gems, and a couple items of jewelry), or a potential patron. Characters can get flimflammed or supported by Alzegund. And, of course, Alzegund is one way of getting to see the mysterious land of Thay, though this could involve getting there in a slave coffle.

Due to his alignment, Alzegund will live up to the letter of any agreement he makes with characters, but will try to weasel out of any contract by using the contract against the characters.

Mourngrm Amcathra, Lord of Shadowdale

ARMOR CLASS: 1(9)

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 32

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (6'4")

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Human Cavalier

S:15 I:13 W:9 D:11 C:14 CH:11

Armor: Plate mail, *ring of protection* +1.

Languages: Common, Elven, Dwarfish.

Common skills: Armorer.

Possessions: *Ring of protection* +1 (always worn on right hand), broad sword +3 (2d4 + 3/1d6 +4), shield +1, knife (enchanted to transform into a short sword on command).

Weapons of proficiency: short sword (1d6/1d8), broad sword (2d4/1d6 +1), long sword (1d8/1d12), dagger (1d4/1d3), lance (3d3/3d6, double if mounted), mace (1d4 + 1/1d4 + 1).

Experience points: 65,000.

Money: 45,000 gp.

Combat: Mourngrm leads any battle he fights. He feels it his duty to bear the brunt of the assault, inspire his comrades to greater valor, and protect those unable to defend themselves. He attacks with the most powerful sword available, preferably his own broad sword. He always carries a knife that can transform on command into a short sword.

Mourngrm is dominated by concern for his wife. If she is in the same battle, he battles to a protective position in front of her. If she is directly attacked, he will ignore the rest of the battle in his effort to get to her. If Shaerl is wounded severely and falls unconscious, Mourngrm will enter a berserker rage centered on whoever harmed her. Holding Shaerl hostage will not work; even if she is threatened with immediate death, Mourngrm will attempt a rescue rather than give in to her captor.

Appearance: Mourngrm is a large, middle-aged man with dark brown hair, a hearty figure still blessed with the muscles he developed during his years of battle. His hair is well-trimmed. He is always clean.

Personality: Mourngrm likes to think he is benevolent and protective. He believes in the obligations of the nobility and the strong to protect and guide those weaker or in need of help. He knows what is right. If events suggest he might be wrong, he subconsciously denies it and rearranges things to support his belief in his infallibility. He does not consciously deny the truth, but he will deny truth the chance to be heard.

His opponents and few detractors hold him to be smothering, paternalistic, and condescending.

In the past, Mourngrm was privately bothered by his beloved wife's past. He rationalized it by believing that she stole only from evil people or monsters. In any event, he considers her retired, hence her past is irrelevant.

Relatives: Shaerl Amcathra (wife),

child (name unrecorded).

Allies: Elminster, Harpers, Randall Morn, Knights of Myth Drannor.

Patron deity: Tymora.

Home: The Tower of Ashaba, Shadowdale.

Personal history: He began as a young noble of Waterdeep and was a youthful ally of the Harpers. He admired Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, the arch-wizard. Mourngrm jumped at Khelben's offer to join Doust Sulwood, lord of Shadowdale. Mourngrm was an enthusiastic member of Blackstaff's adventuring band as they furthered the cause of good in the Dragonreach area. Mourngrm served ably in many small skirmishes and adventures and was able to amass a sizable fortune. The relationship was broken when Blackstaff and the others decided to renounce their holdings and return to full-time adventuring as the "Knights of Myth Drannor." Mourngrm wanted to join, but Blackstaff persuaded him to assume sovereignty over Shadowdale.

As a ruler, Mourngrm has proven to be a shrewd, cautious, and diplomatic lord of authority and foresight. He has periodically returned to the field of battle, such as the time he aided Randall Morn of Daggerdale in resisting Zhentil Keep, or his frequent battles against drow invasions from the subterranean realms.

Mourngrm was surprised and pleased when the new Cormyrian emissary proved to be the noblewoman Shaerl Rowanmantle. They became very friendly, then intimate, although Mourngrm felt his duties kept him from marrying. He was puzzled when she insisted on joining him on his forays in defense of Shadowdale. He felt this was unseemly and dangerous for a woman of the court. When she revealed that she was an extremely competent thief and combatant, Mourngrm was at a loss for words. He was inwardly torn between his strong adherence to the law and his love for Shaerl. He often rationalized his feelings in that it was all right for her to be



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a thief if her prey were Shadowdale's enemies. Still, he grew distant as time passed.

He was shattered when, in the midst of a fierce battle against devils, Shaerl died for him, but then the love in her sacrifice filled him with the power to seize victory. Later, Mourngrym discovered that Shaerl had kept from him the secret that she was carrying his child.

Mourngrym realized just how great a fool he had been. He spared no effort or expense in seeking her resurrection. He was the first sight her reborn eyes looked upon. Their wedding was a grand affair. She soon bore him a child, and it looked like a happy ending was finally upon them.

Mourngrym has long been an ally of the Harpers, but it was only recently revealed that he was in fact a Harper himself. It is unknown when Mourngrym actually joined their ranks.

As middle age and fatherhood took hold, Mourngrym's attitudes subtly altered. His normal self-confident benevolence has become smothering paternalism.

Shaerl Llairhavenn Rowanmantle Amcathra

ARMOR CLASS 6

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 31

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M(5'10")

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Human Thief

S:8 I:12 W:6 D:15 C:11 CH:12

Armor: None.

Languages: Common, Thieves' Cant.

Skills: Jeweler/lapidary.

Possessions: *Ring of protection* +3 (always worn on right hand), *dagger*

+2 (1d4 + 2/1d4 + 1), silver dagger (1d4/1d3), darts (8) (1d3/1d2), short sword (1d6/1d8).

Weapons of proficiency: Short sword, dagger, dart.

Experience points: 36,000.

Money: 45,000 gp.

Combat: Shaerl prefers to avoid combat. If possible, she will flee rather than fight. If her companions are threatened, she fights with cunning and skill. She usually remains in the rear, throwing darts and knives past or between her allies. When adventuring, she carries all her weapons. Even when she is at court, she is still a formidable foe. She always wears her ring of protection and carries her two daggers in places where she can get at them within an eye's blink.

Appearance: Shaerl is an attractive, patrician woman with a graceful body that retains a firm muscle tone into her mid-30s. Her russet hair is bound at shoulder length but actually reaches to her hips. In court she favors simple gowns with elaborate embroidery. When on an adventure or a nocturnal foray, she prefers loose, dark garments and binds her hair into a tight club.

Personality: Shaerl is adventurous and danger-seeking. She dislikes the mundane, unexciting life led by her parents and siblings. Although Shaerl upholds the obligations and duties of her station, she longs for her wild youth and the adventuring life.

She is fiercely protective of Mourngrym and their child. If the child is threatened, she will remorselessly deal with the child's captor in as painful a way as possible. She acts as Mourngrym's bodyguard and discreetly deals with threats to him.

Relatives: Mourngrym Amcathra (husband), child (name unrecorded).

Allies: Lord Thomdor.

Patron deity: Mask.

Home: Tower of Ashaba, Shadowdale.

Personal history: Shaerl was born into a noble Llairhavenn family of Suzail, a city in the kingdom of Cormyr. She had a normal upper-class upbringing,

ing, full of pomp and luxury, and she became utterly bored with it all. There were very few socially accepted outlets for adventuresome girls of her class. Frustration and a natural mischievousness turned her toward thievery. She became a self-taught cat burglar. She secretly practiced breaking into her parents' quarters and vaults, then moved on to break into other noble houses as her skills and self-confidence grew. She never stole that much; she mostly collected souvenirs of her escapades.

Her nocturnal activities were eventually detected. Unbeknownst to her, she was observed and identified by two captains of the city guard. They recognized the problems that might result from a simple arrest and reported their findings to Lord Thomdor. Thomdor himself was loath to punish the enterprising lass. He knew the problems inherent in a scandal involving a noble family. He knew her, her family, and especially the spirit that burned so fiercely within her. After deliberation, he summoned her to a secret, personal meeting; even her parents were unaware of it. Shaerl was immediately suspicious, but she knew she had no choice but to accede to his request. She was surprised at how long she had been under observation. She was even more surprised when Thomdor made her an offer. He offered her the chance to do something both meaningful and entertaining. She was to go to Shadowdale as an emissary of Cormyr and attempt to ally herself with Mourngrym, lord of the dale. There she was to learn all she could about both him and the dale, as well as spread Cormyrian views and explain their interests in the Shadowdale area. Then she was to report back to Lord Thomdor. The alternative he offered was public exposure, disgrace, and imprisonment.

She accepted, of course. Thomdor later made a public request for her services, which she dutifully accepted. No one was ever aware of the earlier meeting. Her parents were a bit puzzled by the sudden display of civic responsibili-



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ty, but soon turned their attention to the current social calendar.

Shaerl originally resented her mission since it was not her own idea. She found Mournngrym to be a heroic, charismatic figure, but she quietly blamed him for her misfortune. As time progressed, her feelings changed. Despite her inner misgivings, she took a liking to the man. They became lovers. When her mission was ostensibly completed, she decided to stay in Shadowdale.

Shaerl found that Mournngrym's forays in the defense of his realm offered her a chance to indulge in the excitement and danger she craved. She quietly gathered suitable equipment for an itinerant thief of her stature. When Mournngrym set off on one of his forays, she followed at a distance. That night she appeared in camp and announced she was going with him. Mournngrym was reluctant to have his lady love join him on adventures into the wild lands. He was extremely surprised to discover that she was a well-trained thief and combatant, though she had to knock him to the ground twice before the idea set in that she could take care of herself.

Shaerl's skills proved helpful in many an adventure. She grew far more skilled than she might have as a simple cat burglar. The danger of the quest gave her a fire she had not known. Even her love for Mournngrym gained in intensity. Mournngrym, on the other hand, grew increasingly distant as she gained experience. He grew cooler toward her; although he still loved her, he wasn't sure he liked her. Shaerl sadly realized that she had lost him. When she discovered that she was pregnant with his child, she chose not to tell him. She still loved him, though she kept her fire inside. The turning point came during a battle in the woodlands of Myth Drannor. In a move that surprised everyone, Shaerl sacrificed herself in order to protect Mournngrym.

She remembered little of what followed except for vague images of a mostly forgotten dream. When she awoke, she discovered that Mourn-

grym arranged her resurrection. The two publicly declared their love for each other and were married soon after. The first pregnancy was terminated by Shaerl's death, but she was determined to try again. Shaerl recently bore Mournngrym their first child, the future lord of the dale.

Thomdor is well pleased with her. She is welcome anytime in Cormyr. Her parents are still oblivious to her true activities. They are pleased that she is member of the ruling nobility somewhere and delighted that she has played an important part in the life of the Cormyrian king, Azoun, since this reflects well on their own family's status.

Motherhood made her take a hiatus from thieving activities. Within the year though, the old urges returned. Shaerl returned to practicing her more acrobatic skills on the night-shrouded rooftops of Shadowdale. She has also begun to publicly display some of her skills. She has become a figure of admiration for many daughters of the Shadowdale court.

Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun of Waterdeep

ARMOR CLASS: -3
MOVE: 12"
Hit Points: 70
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d6 + 2
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: M (6')
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
26th-Level Human Magic-User
S:14 I:18 W:16 D:16 C:16 CH:15

Commonly remembered spells

- First-level — *Burning hands, charm person, detect magic, identify, light, read magic.*
- Second-level — *Detect invisibility, flying fist* (see FR4, THE MAGIS-

TER), *knock, locate object.*

- Third-level — *Clairvoyance, haste, protection from normal missiles.*
- Fourth-level — *Dispel illusion, minor globe of invulnerability, Rary's mnemonic enhancer, remove curse.*
- Fifth-level — *Dismissal, feeblemind, sending, telekinesis.*
- Sixth-level — *Death spell, guards and wards, power word: silence* (see FR4, THE MAGISTER), *project image.*
- Seventh-level — *Khelben's warding whip* (see FR4, THE MAGISTER), *limited wish, teleport without error.*
- Eighth-level — *Demand, mass charm, power word: blind.*
- Ninth-level — *Astral spell, Elminster's evasion* (a spell learned from the sage of Shadowdale and described above under Elminster), *imprisonment, time stop.*

Blackstaff also has the spells *catapult, Detho's delirium*, and *decastave* in his spellbooks, but rarely uses them except in special circumstances. They can all be found in the description of *Detho's Libram* in FR4, THE MAGISTER. Similarly, his spell *dismind* is in his books, as described in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ sourcebook.

Physical description: Khelben is a tall (6'), well-muscled, bearded human male, with a receding hairline, black hair shot through with white, and a distinguished manner. He always carries his trademark black staff, which is his *staff of power*.

Equipment: Khelben has *bracers of AC2, a ring of protection +3, a staff of power, and a wand of banishment* (see FR1, WATERDEEP AND THE NORTH, or FR4, THE MAGISTER). No doubt he has many other items, scrolls, and potions available, but these items are always with him.

Among his possessions, Blackstaff has the *Libram of Lathintel*, which is described in FR4, THE MAGISTER.

Personality: Khelben is often thought (untruly) to be humorless. His public persona is gravely wise, but not



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pompous. He likes to encourage young magic-users, particularly those he thinks he can recruit into the Harpers.

Motivations: Khelben is dedicated to furthering civilization and making the world safe for everyone. He is always working to influence this or that incident or trend, looking years ahead. He is a forester and a painter, and has trained many mages of note.

Background notes: Khelben Arunsun has a long history on the Sword Coast. Now he is considered the most powerful and influential arch-mage of the Sword Coast and is one of the rulers of Waterdeep (though he does not admit this openly, most people in the North suspect it).

He is allied to the Harpers, and instrumental in keeping the Lords Alliance (of Silverymoon, Sundabar, Neverwinter, and other "good" cities of the North) with Waterdeep intact. He is learned in the history, lore, and traditions of magic as practiced by humans in the North since the rise from barbarism.

Other notes: It is suggested that DMs adjust Khelben's level upward to 10 levels above the strongest PC, for use in humbling runaway characters.

King Azoun IV of Cormyr

ARMOR CLASS: 0/ -7

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 105

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (5'11")

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

20th-Level Human Cavalier

S:18/00 I:15 W:14 D:18 C:18 CH:16

Weapon proficiencies: Lance, long sword, broad sword, horseman's flail.

Non-weapon proficiencies: Etiquette, heraldry, falconry, alertness,

horsemanship, reading/writing, music.

Those who have seen the good king of Cormyr report him to be a handsome man, standing just under 6' tall. He maintains the regimens of exercise and drill he adopted as a young cavalier and is in excellent shape for a middle-aged man. Azoun's brown hair and beard are only now beginning to show hints of silver.

He is happily married, and his wife, Filfaeril Selzair, is as strong-willed and as cultured as her husband. Azoun and Filfaeril have two daughters, Alusair and Tanalesta. Their only son, Foril, died when he was only 2. The loss of his only male heir remains a source of great anguish for Azoun.

Azoun's nickname — "The Purple Dragon" — is derived from his battle standard. The banner with the purple dragon on a black field has flown over Cormyr for many, relatively peaceful, years. This long period of prosperity, coupled with Azoun's reputation of being a just ruler, has made Azoun's subjects loyal and content.

However, Azoun himself has found the price of rulership difficult to pay. Because he is a devoted father and husband, he has often found the demands of state far too taxing on his personal time. Also, because Azoun is idealistic, he finds the idea of sometimes placing the survival of the state over the needs of its individual citizens very disturbing.

Vangerdahast, the royal court magician and Azoun's closest friend, will often advise the king on these difficult matters. Because "Vangy" does not share Azoun's Lawful Good outlook, favoring instead the tenets of Law and Neutrality, he will often attempt to persuade Azoun that his rigid belief in Good cannot always be functional in the "real world."

Yet, despite any momentary doubts Azoun may have about the conflicts of individual liberty vs. duty to the state, he will always make his decisions based upon loyalty and duty to the "higher" good of the state and the promotion of peace in the kingdom. In functional

terms, this means he expects all able citizens of Cormyr to serve or support the large standing army established in the kingdom. Any adventuring parties of four or more members based in Cormyr must be registered with the king and will likely have a set term of service they must fulfill in the army each year.

Azoun recognizes the sacrifice his citizens must make to support the state. Because of this, he is determined to make Cormyr the safest and most peaceful kingdom possible. Adventurers will encounter many facets of Azoun's "peace policy" every day they spend in Cormyr.

Azoun does not permit mercenaries or adventurers free rein in the city when they are not under binding contract to a local merchant or nobleman. Adventurers wishing to make their permanent residence in Cormyr must obtain a charter from Azoun. Public display of weapons is also limited, and adventurers who travel armed in public must have their weapons bound in "peace strings," ornate cords which are knotted around a weapon to deter its quick use.

Though Azoun does maintain his skills as a swordsman, he personally favors the finer things his position can offer him. He is a patron of the arts, and his court at Suzail is one of the most refined in all the Realms. He dabbles in both poetry and music, but is especially fond of drama.

This may account for his penchant for disguises. Often, when he ventures out of the court, he will try to pass himself off as a merchant. He is, in fact, quite adept at this and can sometimes fool even the most astute observer.

The other possible motivation for Azoun's use of disguises is his long-standing feud with the thieves and assassins guilds in and around Cormyr. Azoun detests thieves and assassins, and he went so far as to drive the Fire Knives, an organization of assassins, from Cormyr. There are many practitioners of the thieving arts who would be happy to see Azoun dead, and he has been the object of many assassination



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attempts. One of these attempts involved the creation of Alias by the Fire Knives, among others.

For their very substantial financial backing of Cassana as she prepared her experiment for life, the Fire Knives were allowed to include their sigil on Alias' arm and program her for one task. The Fire Knives decided their highest priority was the assassination of Azoun. As soon as she heard King Azoun's voice, Alias was instructed to attack and kill him immediately. The plot failed when Giogioni Wyvernspur, a Cormyrian nobleman, imitated Azoun's voice at a wedding. Alias attacked Giogi, and it was only luck, and the interference of Alias' friends, that saved Giogi's life.

Azoun has a very high regard for magic and magic-users, and he recognizes the great potential for good and evil among practitioners of the magic arts. Mages of fifth level or higher must register with the government. The magic-user's name, sigil, and abode are recorded with Vangerdahast. The royal magician and the Council of Mages in Suzail, also known as the "war wizards," will often call upon the mages registered with them for state service in times of crisis.

Azoun wears *bracers of defense* (AC 3), and a +3 *ring of protection* when not in battle. He also wears a *ring of free action* at all times. In battle, in true cavalier style, Azoun wears a magnificent suit of +5 *full plate armor*, and carries a +2 *shield* emblazoned with his standard. He owns a large number of enchanted swords but prefers to fight with either his *vorpal sword* or +4 *defender*.

In playing Azoun, GMs should remember that the king is committed to the safety and freedom of his people. He will deal harshly with troublemakers and will tend toward overgenerosity with those who want to help the kingdom. However, Vangerdahast will be at his side or very close by at all times to make sure things don't get out of hand.

Akabar Bel Akash

ARMOR CLASS: 10

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 15

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (6'2")

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Fifth-Level Human Human Magic-User

S:11 I:15 W:13 D:12 C:13 CH:14

Non-weapon proficiencies:

Direction sense, cooking, survival cold, reading/writing.

Commonly used spells: *Fly, pyrotechnics, wizard eye, magic missile, dispel magic, enlarge, continual light, magic mouth, cantrips, haste, deep pockets, bind.*

Akabar Bel Akash, from the rich and prosperous land of Turmish, is a merchant and "mage of no small water," as they say in that part of the Realms. Akabar deals in fine weaves and spices, and is known by all who deal with him as a fair and honest trader.

Like many Turmish merchants, Akabar sports a mustache and a long, square beard. He is dark-skinned, blue-eyed, and has curly brown hair which he often bands with gold cords. Though the merchant-mage is very thin, his true size is often hidden by the large, billowing robes he favors. He will often be found wearing robes of crimson highlighted with thin white stripes and a white cloak with red trim. His clothing cannot hide his height of 6'2", however.

Akabar has three blue dots tattooed horizontally across his forehead. These dots mark him as a Turmish scholar of religion, reading, and magic. He also wears a single sapphire embedded in his left earlobe. The earring signifies that Akabar is married.

In fact, Akabar has two wives — Akash and Kassim — and they are currently looking for a third wife to join

the family. This may sound a bit odd, but it isn't when you realize that Turmish businesses are run by women, and businesses are generally family operations. Akabar, in fact, is little more than a front man for his wives' enterprises.

This does not mean that Akabar is not self-sufficient or even strong-willed. Actually, he must have had both of those traits in order for his first wife to take him into her family when they married. He is very happy with his family and business arrangement. He enjoys traveling, and sees that his strengths as a persuasive and honest seller are being put to good use.

Akabar is generally very practical, and this fact is mirrored in the spells he commonly uses. The Turmishman will study spells that have specific uses in his travels as a merchant.

He will always know a number of useful cantrips, like *clean, dry, and spice*, and the higher-level spells he studies, like *fly* or *haste*, will be geared toward escape or self-preservation. Akabar commonly throws a *magic mouth* spell on his earring to alert him to danger as he sleeps.

The most offense-oriented spell he studies is *magic missile* — never *fireball* or *lightning bolt* — and that spell is used to skewer his dinner more often than it is to strike an opponent. His recent adventures, however, have made him quite proficient in the use of his chosen spells. In battle, he will often fly around his opponents, using his other spells to keep them off-balance until he and his party have a chance to escape.

The events that so radically changed Akabar's peaceful, prosperous life were the result of his desire to have one magnificent adventure before he got too old. He got far more than he bargained for and came very close to never growing old.

Akabar's adventure started when he was delivering fine weaves to an estate north of Suzail for a wedding; Dimswart, a local magic-user and sage, was finally marrying off his last daughter.

The caravan was attacked by Mis-



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tinarperadnacles, a red dragon, and one of the wagons was carried away, along with its occupants, the intended entertainment for the wedding – the “famous bard” Olive Ruskettle. Akabar’s spellbook was also taken in the raid, though it is unclear how Olive Ruskettle came to be carrying it when she was stolen away with the wagon.

Dimswart was intent on rescuing the lost entertainer and hired a mysterious swordswoman, Alias, and her saurial companion, Dragonbait, to save her. Akabar knew of a secret way into the dragon’s lair, and used that knowledge to force Alias and Dragonbait to take him along.

This was not his first meeting with Alias. Only a few days before Dimswart sent them to rescue Olive Ruskettle, Akabar had tried to discover the origins of the strange tattoo on Alias’ right arm. When Akabar cast a detect magic spell on the tattoo, a frightening blue light erupted from it. Alias was understandably upset by this and was not pleased when Akabar – the Turmite green grocer, as she sarcastically called him – was included in her foray against the dragon.

As time went on, and Akabar and Alias shared more adventures, the two grew very close. Akabar considered himself Alias’ protector for a long time. As Alias grew self-confident, and Akabar learned to trust her mute saurial companion, Dragonbait, he realized that he was not needed in that capacity.

His time adventuring with Alias, as she searched for the origin of her mysterious “azure bonds,” matured Akabar, especially in his use of magic. He became invaluable to Alias and was crucial in the eventual defeat of Cassana and Zrie Prakis.

For a time, Akabar was linked with the god Moander, when the deity escaped from his prison in Yulash. In the form of The Abomination – a mound of decaying earth and greenery that has the ability to grow a myriad of eyes and mouths – Moander captured the merchant-mage and possessed his mind, dragging him along like a puppet

and using his voice and form to communicate with Alias, who was also a prisoner at the time. The effects of this possession are still unknown, though, as Akabar noted, his part in the eventual defeat of the mad god will certainly gain him Moander’s eternal enmity.

In a game scenario, Akabar will be encountered as a merchant. He has had his magnificent adventure and is now content to spend the rest of his days trading his wares in the Realms.

However, Akabar Bel Akash now feels a strong kindred spirit with adventurers and will be helpful in any way he can – short of joining in their adventures. His travels as a merchant have given him an outstanding knowledge of the areas surrounding the Inner Sea, in addition to his vast knowledge of Turmish history and religion. He will be glad to talk, at length, on any one of these subjects, or just trade tales of adventures with friendly parties he encounters.

Cassana

ARMOR CLASS: -3

MOVE: 12”

Hit Points: 35

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

15th-Level Human Magic-User

S:11 I:18 W:12 D:13 C:13 CH:16

Non-weapon proficiencies:

Reading/writing, etiquette.

Commonly used spells: *Torment, repulsion, death spell, teleport, cloud kill, fear, animate dead, polymorph other, fireball.*

The first thing one notices about the strangely attractive sorceress is that her features seem like they have been etched irrevocably in alabaster. Her beauty seems too perfect to be real. In fact, it is not real at all.

Cassana is several hundred years old, but appears to be no more than 40. However, the sorceress is very proud and would never allow herself to seem anything less than beautiful. Her long, deep reddish-blond hair and hard, green eyes, her harsh, high cheekbones and soft, flawless skin, have all been preserved through a complicated *longevity* spell stored in the wand she constantly carries.

Cassana’s preserved beauty cannot hide her dark, perverted soul. Cassana is an irrevocably evil, sadistic woman. As she has survived for several hundred years, too, she’s had plenty of time to perfect her depravity and support it with her extensive magical ability.

The sorceress’s cruelty, though many call it insanity, is so legendary that an opera has been written about her. The story the opera tells, that of the warped relationship between Cassana and Zrie Prakis, is well-known in the Realms. The tale reveals a great deal about Cassana’s personality.

Cassana met Prakis while they were both magelings, just beginning their studies of the magical arts. They fell in love, pledged their eternal faithfulness, then were forced to part.

Different versions of the story give different reasons for this separation. In one version, Cassana and Zrie Prakis are sent on their journeyman quests to opposite ends of the Inner Sea; in another, Zrie Prakis gets lost on the Ethereal Plane and cannot return for many years. Typically, the opera has Cassana kidnapped by pirates and unable to return to her lover.

All versions of the story agree on what happened next. As the years pass and the lovers remain separate, both Cassana and Zrie Prakis grow vain and evil and very powerful. When they next meet, they duel over who is the more powerful. Cassana wins the contest, but only by killing Zrie Prakis.

Whether Cassana was already a depraved person by this time or the act of murdering her lover drove her insane, her actions after the duel reveal just how perverse she was. After she



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killed Zrie Prakis, Cassana gathered her lover's charred remains and placed them in a glass sarcophagus that she keeps by her bedside.

Eventually, Cassana helped to revive Zrie Prakis and now controls the lich through her wand, as she does all of her "creations." The sorceress loves to dominate and control beings and is only satisfied when she has broken an opponent's will. It is likely this is the reason she resurrected Zrie Prakis: His death was far too quick, and Cassana was left with no chance to gloat on the victory and break her lover's haughty spirit.

This desire for control was certainly Cassana's main motivation for the creation of the swordswoman, Alias – or "Puppet," as Cassana called her. In fact, the sorceress's desire for control over Alias was such that she made the swordswoman in her image, though Alias' features are far less harsh than Cassana's.

For the experiment, the sorceress gathered the support of Zrie Prakis, the Fire Knives, the mad god Moander, a mysterious, extra-dimensional halfling-shaped being named Phalse, and the Nameless Bard. While most of the beings involved in Alias' creation had a clear, specific goal for her, Cassana wanted simply to create something over which she had absolute control.

Of course, it did not work out that way. Alias was instrumental in Cassana's death on the plains outside of Westgate, where Cassana maintained her home. During a ceremony which was intended to destroy whatever free will Alias had achieved after her birth, Alias, Akabar, Dragonbait, Olive Ruskettle, and the Nameless Bard rallied against Cassana and her allies.

During the battle, Cassana's wand was tossed into the extra-planar Citadel of White Exile, where it was later destroyed. Though a formidable enemy even without her wand, the combined might of the heroes was too much for Cassana. The sorceress was apparently destroyed when Zrie Prakis' staff of power was broken while she was hold-

ing it.

GMs should emphasize Cassana's charisma and cruelty in game encounters. If she is resurrected in some form in a game, she will first recreate her wand and restore her youthful appearance. Also she will likely be even more insane and vengeful than she was in her earlier incarnation. She will then gather allies and will usually have at least two servants of notable power at her immediate call.

The sorceress's wand was 18" long, shimmering blue, and had three functions. First, it acted as a modified permanent *potion of longevity*, allowing Cassana not to age when she was in possession of the wand. The wand also allowed her to control Zrie Prakis. The lich's existence was somehow linked to the wand. When the wand was destroyed, it is assumed Prakis was destroyed as well. Finally, the wand allowed Cassana to control Alias and creatures she summoned from other planes, like the dreaded kalmari, as if they were puppets under her command.

Cassana's spellbook is still somewhere in Westgate. Though it is well protected, the book is very valuable and worth the time to recover. The book is bound in black leather with Cassana's sigil – an insect leg-shaped squiggle surrounded by a design of thorns – is on the cover and binding.

The thorns are a special defense. Anyone touching the book will cause the branches of thorns to come to life and attack the intruder, moving straight for his or her eyes. A failed save vs. magic will mean the character is permanently blinded. The book is also protected by *Xult's magical doom*, for those who make it past the thorns.

The spellbook contains 28 pages, each containing one spell. The book contains: *alarm, comprehend languages, magic missile, read magic, spider climb, bind, darkness 15' radius, ray of enfeeblement, ray of Ondovir waves of weariness, fireball, fly, lightning bolt, missile mastery, wind wall, confusion, dimension door, fear, ice storm, poly-*

morph other, animate dead, cloud kill, contact other planes, teleport, Xult's magical doom, death spell, repulsion, and torment.

CATTI-BRIE

ARMOR CLASS: 3

MOVE: 12" Hit Points: 22

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (5'4")

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Third-Level Human Fighter

S:12 I:14 W:16 D:16 C:15 CH:17

"Beautiful women were a rarity in this remote setting (Ten-Towns), and this girl was indeed the exception. Shiny auburn locks danced gaily about her shoulders, the intense sparkle of her dark blue eyes enough to bind any man hopelessly within their depths."

— from *Streams of Silver*

Beautiful indeed is the adopted daughter of Bruenor Battlehammer, but an enemy should take care not to underestimate the young woman. So innocent, she seems, and so full of kindness and gaiety. Yet she was raised among the hardened dwarves in the brutal land of Icewind Dale and knows which end of the sword is which.

Tolerant, though, Catti-brie is not quick to anger, and even then reluctant to fight. She prefers to talk through a problem, or to simply walk away.

Not for fear, though. Brave and able as any warrior, Catti-brie wades into battle with complete composure and a methodical approach to get the job done as painlessly as possible. She abhors violence and all the suffering it brings, but she is realistic enough to understand the practicality of knowing how to defend herself.

And she is well suited to do so. She wears a suit of elven chain mail (not magical) which Bruenor had acquired



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in a trade for some weapons he had forged. She wears no shield, nor a helm, and typically fights with a long sword in melee, but an approaching foe is likely to get stuck with Catti-brie's favorite dagger, which is always strapped to her hip, long before he ever gets to her. The dagger is +1 to hit and to damage in melee, but specially balanced to be +3 to hit when thrown, though the damage bonus remains +1.

Though formidable in battle, Catti-brie's heart is for the home. She places more value on people and feelings than on material possessions and exotic locations. By her thinking, the real struggles in life are internal battles — Bruenor coming to accept his present life in light of his obsession to find Mithril Hall; Drizzt Do'Urden (whom Catti-brie places upon a high pedestal of respect and admiration) finding worth in an existence of few friends and fewer comforts; and herself, reaching beyond the scars of her past.

She was born in Mirabar, the daughter of a miner. Her mother died in childbirth and her father, determined to make a better life for his baby girl, moved to Ten-Towns, the village of Termalaine, to find his fortune in the valuable knucklehead trout. For three years, he did indeed make great gains in his standard of living, and he even found a new wife and mother for Catti-brie.

But the lure of Ten-Towns' wealth blinds many to the dangers of the region. A goblin raid on Termalaine quickly ended the man's dreams and left Catti-brie orphaned. All of Termalaine might have fallen that day, except that Clan Battlehammer rushed out of their rocky valley and drove the foul horde away. Bruenor himself actually saved the baby girl from a goblin sword, and when the smoke had cleared away and the city was secured, he claimed the orphan as his own and took her back to the mines.

Catti-brie has no real memories of the time before Bruenor, just conjured images pieced together from stories she has been told. But she has lived a fine life with the dwarves and has no bitter

feelings about the tragedies of her past.

"Life is for livin'!" she always says. "And there be no worth in painin' over what ye cannot change!"

To Bruenor she remains his little girl, but in the short life span of a human, Catti-brie is now coming into adulthood. She is surrounded by colorful and heroic figures, has many dear friends and dozens of willing suitors (though even the most lovesick of these flinches whenever he thinks of her protective father's many-notched axe), but the man who intrigues Catti-brie the most is undoubtedly Wulfgar.

For the five years that the young barbarian served Bruenor, Catti-brie watched him grow into a complete human being. She helped strip the bonds of his misguided pride from the caring and compassionate aspects of his personality, and now sees in him many of the finer attributes of both Drizzt and Bruenor. Both human, and about the same age, Catti-brie and Wulfgar have shared much in their time together, their most personal feelings and fears, and their outlook on all the world. They have come to see that they are kindred spirits in many ways.

They haven't realized it, perhaps, but they are in love.

Roleplaying tips: Bouncy, and with a zest for living that only enhances her already awesome beauty, Catti-brie is much more than just an attractive centerpiece in a group of adventurers. Those that know her, respect her opinions (which she'll freely give) and trust fully in her judgment. With a hard background and a pragmatic upbringing by the down-to-earth dwarves, the young woman understands pain and the harsh realities of the world, but she refuses to give an inch with her optimistic view that even a single person can make things better.

And Catti-brie views each new person she meets as an enhancement to her life, dismissing Bruenor's teachings that a person must prove his worth. Quite the contrary, Catti-brie will be open and friendly to new acquaintances and believe the best of them until they do

something to teach her otherwise.

She's not fond of battle, even with goblins and the like, perceiving violence as the cornerstone of everything that is ugly in the world. Not that she'd walk into a goblin camp and try to make friends, she would just rather avoid them altogether.

And if a member of a party shows her an ugly, destructive side, she'll walk away. And if they try to bring harm upon another, she'll defend their intended victim.

Stubbornly, and without fear.

Fzoul Chembry of Zhentil Keep

ARMOR CLASS: 1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 80

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6 +4 +4 *mace*)

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

13th-Level Cleric

S:12 I:14 W:17 D:15 C:16 CH:13

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Bless, ceremony, detect magic, protection from good.*
- Second-level — *Augury, chant, hold person x2*
- Third-level — *Bestow curse, dispel magic, prayer.*
- Fourth-level — *Abjure, divination, tongues.*
- Fifth-level — *Cure critical wounds, raise dead.*
- Sixth-level — *Word of recall* (which takes him to his hidden refuge in the wastes of Thar).

Physical description: Fzoul is a human male, wily, glib-tongued, burly, red-haired-and-mustached, and handsome. He usually wears the full panoply of ceremonial garments of a high priest of Bane.



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Equipment: Fzoul commonly wears *bracers of defense AC2* and adds a suit of full plate when he goes into battle (making his armor class 0). He usually wields his *mace +4*, but uses a silver flail or a *morning star +1* if the situation seems to demand them. On his fingers he has a *ring of free action* and a *ring of spell storing*. He treasures the *rod of cancellation* which he keeps in a sheath inside his left boot.

In his temple, The Dark Shrine, he has three blocks of *incense of meditation*, and a *staff of the serpent* (adder) for personal use in emergencies.

Personality: Fzoul is a politician. He has something good to say for anyone who can do him good, and nothing but scorn for those who cannot affect his career. He is also quite patient. His exploitation of the intricacies of Bane politics to gain power has been slow, but sure.

Motivations: Fzoul is the leader of the minority of priests of Bane who follow Manshoon. He, and they, feels that the proper worship of the god of tyranny is to support a tyrant. He feels the most efficient tyrant around is Manshoon. Fzoul is careful to remain necessary to and friends with Manshoon, while keeping as much power as possible in his own hands, so that Manshoon will never consider him expendable, or a threat so powerful that he must be destroyed.

In fact, because of his command of the hierarchy of Bane within the Zhentarim, his influence with the everyday members of that organization is actually greater than Manshoon's.

His main ambition is to be, for now and always, the true leader of the worship of Bane in Zhentil Keep.

Background notes: Manshoon's rise to create and lead the Zhentarim is told elsewhere in this book. In Fzoul, he early found the ideal theological backing for his play for power.

Fzoul was an immediate convert to Manshoon's party — seeing in the charismatic magic-user the embodiment of the true nature of his god. Moreover, he could see that by holding onto Man-

shoon's cloaktails, he could create his own tyranny within the church of Bane, and surely that must be pleasing to the god.

By his machinations, Fzoul emerged at Manshoon's right side when the Zhentarim took over Zhentil Keep and then the Citadel of the Raven. The high imperceptor of Bane, a 19th-level cleric who has his headquarters in the Black Lord's Altar in Mulmaster, is now Fzoul's bitter enemy. The imperceptor, Szchulan Darkoon, continues to express his disdain for Manshoon as a priest and his belief that only Bane can be worshiped as the ultimate tyrant, and his priests should have the rule of the people of Bane. Many of those who follow these precepts are priests who theoretically follow Fzoul. There is some fear among Fzoul's followers that Szchulan is working with the eye tyrant Manxam, but Fzoul does not feel this is a significant threat, even if true.

Other notes: The ongoing struggle between the factions among the priests of Bane gives plenty of opportunity for adventures involving the machinations of Fzoul Chembryl, if not with the cleric himself.

The Red Wizards of Thay, inasmuch as they have a united policy at all (see FR6, DREAMS OF THE RED WIZARDS), support Szchulan and his adherents. This is not so much because of a belief in his version of the message of Bane, but because that can weaken their rivals, the Zhentarim.

Thus, the rivalry between Fzoul's faction and Szchulan's provides many opportunities for races to retrieve a special artifact before the other side gets it, rivalries with other (NPC) adventurer bands who have been hired by the other side, and involved confidence games where one side is played against the other while the characters actually work to deny both sides' goals.

And, of course, if characters manage to foil several of either side's schemes, they gain an ongoing enemy who will employ anything in his arsenal, including Zhentarim assassins, summoned monsters and demons, and even the

armies of Zhentil Keep (or mercenary armies hired by Thay, depending on the side involved) to rid themselves of these meddlesome adventurers.

One possible storyline would involve an agent of Fzoul offering the adventurers a contract to retrieve an important item from some ruin or the treasure house of a rival of Zhentil Keep. When the adventurers retrieve the item, they find that Fzoul has decided to reward them by enlisting them forcibly into his own select forces, binding them with *charm* spells to insure their loyalty. From there, we have an adventure of escape, rescue, and eventual revenge.

Cyndre

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 56

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d4

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

19th-Level Human Magic-User

S:12 I:18 W:14 D:15 C:15 CH:17

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Charm person* x3.
- Second-level — *Invisibility*
- Third-level — *Lightning bolt* x2.
- Fourth-level — *Polymorph others* x 2, *dimension door*, *transport* (other notes below).
- Fifth-level — *Cloud kill*, *wall of iron*, *telekinesis*, *teleport*.
- Sixth-level — *Death*.
- Seventh-level — *Power word: stun*, *reverse gravity*
- Eighth-level — *Trap the soul*.
- Ninth-level — *Power word: kill*.

Physical description: Cyndre is always wrapped in a dark cloak. When he drops the deep hood of the cloak, he reveals blond, curly hair and a cherubic smile in a wide, almost-childlike, face. Under the cloak he wears a soft cotton gown embroidered in gold. He rarely



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expresses any negative emotions on his face; pursing his lips is a strong display of feeling.

But his eyes are a pale blue — icy as death.

Equipment: *Ring of protection +2, ring of wizardry* (doubles first- and second-level spells), *staff of slinging, mirror of mental prowess, bracers of AC 5.*

Personality: Cyndre is always controlled and diplomatic. His voice is always pleasant and conversational. Like a diplomat, he is always looking for an advantage for himself.

Motivations: Cyndre desires to rule a large kingdom to prove to himself that the Red Wizards of Thay were wrong to ignore and disdain him. The Moonshaes had a weak ruler and divided peoples, but it is a large and rich land, ready for exploitation, just what he was seeking.

Background notes: Cyndre came to the Moonshaes from Thay about the same time as described in FR2, MOONSHAE. He did not get along with the zulkirs who rule Thay, and decided to carve out his own empire. The relatively uncivilized Moonshaes seemed like an ideal target.

The high king already had a Council of Sorcerers, an institution created by his father 30 years before. The current, and first, leader of the council was Curmavys, a 15th-level magic-user born in the Isles who had studied under the wizards of Waterdeep. He had eight mages under him.

Curmavys welcomed Cyndre, who was already almost as powerful as he, and Cyndre's companion Alexei, into the council with some misgivings. However, he felt that magic-users of their accomplishments and background should not be allowed to run around loose. Curmavys thought he could keep better control of the newcomers if they were part of the council.

Within three years Curmavys was dead, as were five other members of the council. Cyndre and Alexei subverted the other resident members and brought in some others, so that at the

culmination of his attempt to finally control the Moonshaes, Cyndre had six like-minded magic-users at his call.

In the meantime, Cyndre had struck up an alliance with the high priest of Bhaal, Hobarth. Each felt he was controlling the actions of the other. Together, they forged their master plan to conquer the Moonshaes from within.

After he arranged for the death of Curmavys and usurping the leadership of the Council of Sorcerers, Cyndre began his program of confrontation and extermination of the druids of Alaron. His first step was to enthrall High King Carrathal. Then the high king enrolled the ogres and outlaws Cyndre designated into his Scarlet Guard. With this force and his own magic behind him, Cyndre moved against the druids of Alaron.

The druids could not move fast enough to stop him. In a few years, the sacred groves had been desecrated, and the druids of Alaron had been wiped out far more thoroughly by Cyndre than they'd ever been by Kazgaroth's machinations.

In the meantime, his assassin, the half-orc Razfallow (seventh-level fighter, ninth-level thief), managed to eradicate the royal families and principal druids of Moray and Snowdown. Slowly, the kingdom of Corwell, which contained the principal druid of the Moonshaes, was isolated from the rest of the Ffolk. Bhaal knew his avatar, Kazgaroth, sought the dominion of that home of the druidic religion, and wanted to be sure the druid leaders would have no friends left when the beast's attack came. Cyndre did not understand these qualms, but humored his ally.

When Tristan Kendrick and Robyn the druid defeated and destroyed Kazgaroth, Cyndre became the main instrument in Bhaal's attempt to punish the Moonshaes for the destruction of his avatar.

In the meantime, he alienated his companion Alexei, who tried to warn him of the duplicity of Hobarth. This drove Alexei to the side of Tristan and

Robyn, and Alexei's intervention helped finally bring Cyndre's schemes down around his ears.

Other notes:

Transport (alteration)

Level: 4

Components: V,S

Range: 1"

Casting Time: special

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: 1 target.

Explanation/description: The magic-user must prepare a cell for the target of the spell ahead of time, and do part of the spell then. This takes one full turn. The rest of the spell stays in his mind (taking up the space of one fourth-level spell) until used. When used, multicolored streamers come from the hand and engulf the victim in one segment. The victim grows blurry and is banished to the pre-prepared cell.

Daryth of Calimshan

ARMOR CLASS: 3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 44

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

10th-Level Human Thief

S:13 I:15 W:13 D:18 C:17 CH:14

Thiefly skills: *Pick pockets 90%, open locks 83%, find/remove traps 70%, move silently 88%, hide in shadows 73%, hear noise 30%, climb walls 99%, read languages 50%.*

Physical description: Daryth is swarthy and quick, and his black eyes flash with humor and danger. He speaks heavily accented Common-speech and likes to wear a red cloak and, in dangerous situations, leather



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armor. He has an excellent rapport with dogs.

Equipment: *Gloves of thievery and escape*; these are like *gloves of thievery* (see UNEARTHED ARCANA), but they also allow the user to escape from any bondage on his hands. No rope, shackle, or chain can bind his hands if he wishes to remove that bondage. This has no effect on the rest of his body, if that is bound, but a thief with his hands free is likely to escape any other bindings in very little time. The gloves also contain an undetectable supply of wires and other lock-picking tools.

Daryth also uses a silver scimitar with a leather hilt that he found in the same firbolg treasure hoard in which Tristan found the *Sword of Cymrych Hugh*.

Personality: Daryth was determinedly light and amusing, refusing to take anything seriously if he could help it. In battle or dangerous situations, he became quieter and more serious, but could still see the light side of a situation and had time to mock an enemy.

Motivations: As a spy for the pasha of Calimshan, Daryth had no real motivations except to please his teachers and superiors. Once he severed that relationship, he was totally rootless, and embarked on a journey partly to avoid the reprisals of the pasha and, really, just to see what he could see and find another place for himself.

When he came to Corwell and met Tristan and Robyn, he initially found two good comrades. Then, as Kazgaroth's net began to tighten on Corwell, he found a cause in which he could believe, and he worked diligently for the good of the people of the Moonshaes and his friends. He felt more than friendship for Robyn, but realized that her preference was for Tristan, whatever her actions toward him at any time.

Background notes: Daryth was selected as a child to be a student in the pasha of Calimshan's Academy of Stealth, a school for spies. Every student of the school is taught the usual thievery skills as they apply to espionage, and is also trained in one other skill,

cover. Daryth was trained as a dog trainer, learning the trade as trainer of the desert racers of Calimshan.

However, he found himself in a dispute with the pasha about rights to some property he acquired on a mission, and thought it prudent to take an extended, and unofficial, leave of absence.

He embarked on a career as a sailor, but found that the ocean waves did not agree with him. After a stormy passage across the Sea of Swords, his ship docked at Corwell, and Daryth decided to find another career on dry land.

His career as a thief was short-lived. His first victim in Corwell was Tristan Kendrick, prince of Corwell, who realized he had been robbed immediately and chased Daryth down. In a fight with daggers they showed each other they were good fighters, and a bond sprung up between them, reinforced by Robyn's instant liking for Daryth.

At Robyn's instigation, Tristan hired Daryth as his master of hounds, and Daryth then shared their adventures throughout the Moonshaes. He survived the fight against Kazgaroth (though he may have died in the final battle against that beast but for the intervention of the Goddess). He journeyed to Alaron with Tristan and there fought High King Carrathal and the wizard Cyndre until both were slain, and Tristan was proclaimed the high king.

When the three friends returned to Gwynneth to confront Hobarth, Daryth was separated from his companions and hunted down and slain by a displacer beast sent by Bhaal to help destroy Myrloch Vale.

Other notes: At the time of events in FR2, MOONSHAE, Daryth is just finishing his training in espionage in the school of the pasha of Calimshan. Characters in that nation at that time may have cause to run into this young, but very promising, secret agent and perhaps rue the experience. If your campaign is set later, in the time of DARKWALKER ON MOONSHAE, Daryth can often be found in the company of his friend, Tristan, between the time

of Kazgaroth's attempt to destroy Corwell and the conflict with Cyndre and Hobarth. They provide an entertaining confrontation in any of the taverns they haunt in Corwell or on the trail if they are out hunting with Tristan's hound, Canthus.

If befriended, Daryth proves a true, if sometimes critical, friend. He also has an excellent memory for those who oppose him and, while he is willing to forget and forgive if given the opportunity, he is not an opponent one should continue harassing.

Daryth is a swordsman and dagger man. He has some ability with sling and short bow, but would rather show off his skill with melee weapons.

Dendybar

ARMOR CLASS: 7

MOVE: 6"

Hit Points: 22

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

SIZE: M (5'7")

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

11th-Level Human Magic-User

Second-Level Cleric

S:9 I:17 W:15 D:10 C:8 CH:9

By all appearances, Dendybar, the mottled wizard of Luskan's Hosttower of the Arcane, seems a weakly man, too frail to be of any threat. Yet there is a magical strength about this wizard that more than compensates for his physical frailties. His movements slow and deliberate, his voice a passionless monotone, and his hollowed face buried beneath the shadows of his robe's cowl, Dendybar creeps along from dark corner to dark corner, trusting no one and always ready with some form of magical attack.

He is a small man, barely weighing 100 pounds, and he seems to be no more than withered skin stretched over bones to anyone who has seen him



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without his robes. His eyes look out from within the cowl, a penetrating and dangerous glare, darker spots in deep and dark sockets. The few tufts of white hair he has left cling stubbornly in scraggly patches.

Perhaps as compensation for his physical inadequacies, Dendybar normally keeps several powerful offensive spells at his disposal, and most others he memorizes from day to day, whether he expects to leave the Hosttower or not, are designed to get him away from dangerous situations. The exceptions are those days when Dendybar plans to summon an otherworldly being, usually a demon. Then his repertoire is dedicated almost exclusively to spells pertaining to the situation (*protection from evil* and *dolor*, for example). On an average day, though, Dendybar typically would be armed with the following spells:

- First-level — *Charm person*, *magic missile*, *run*.
- Second-level — *Invisibility*, *ESP web darkness 15' radius*.
- Third-level — *Protection from normal missiles*, *lightning bolt*, *wind wall*, *hold person*.
- Fourth-level — *Dimension door*, *wall of fire*, *Leomund's secure shelter*.
- Fifth-level — *Cone of cold*, *teleport*, *passwall*.

In addition to this considerable repertoire, Dendybar wields several magic items, including a *staff of power* and a *ring of protection +3*. His mottled robe is really a *robe of eyes*, and just because he likes the chaos of rampant fire, he has fashioned a *wand of fireballs*, complete with a holster, for his belt. While Sydney is his present apprentice, Dendybar puts his full faith only in Bok, a flesh golem of incredible strength that he created as a defense against his fellow wizards.

For one so adept at the black arts, Dendybar started his career, not as a mage, but as a cleric serving Myrkul, the lord of bones. He switched professions in an attempt to better serve Myrkul, but has retained several

powers from his former days.

"The hood that constantly shadows Dendybar's features hides a face that is little more than a skin-covered skull, Myrkul's mark upon his most loyal servant."

"In addition to his magic spells, Dendybar may animate 1d6 skeletons or 1d3 zombies each round of combat, so long as bodies are available."

— from *The Savage Frontier*
by Paul Jaquays

The mottled wizard takes great care to keep his religion private, even to his closest confidants, understanding the mistrust that would naturally arise against someone serving such a god.

No one knows Dendybar's actual age, but he seems to have found a limbo state concerning aging, caught somewhere between life and death. Rumors say that, like Arklem Greeth, the archmage of the Hosttower of the Arcane, Dendybar seeks lichdom, an undead state where his magic and sheer willpower alone sustain him.

Perhaps to find that end, or maybe simply in his never-ending hunt for greater power, Dendybar has become obsessed with possessing the *Crystal Shard*, the mighty relic of unspeakable evil forged in a past age. Dendybar knows little about the specifics of the artifact, but realizes that the *Crystal Shard* brought Akar Kessell, a bumbling, inept apprentice to the verge of conquering the Far North. What might it do in the hands of a true wizard?

And the quest for power is at the core of Dendybar's every action. Now serving as the master of the North Spire, one of the four wizards closest in succession to Greeth's throne, Dendybar gained his title by arranging the murder of the former occupant of the post.

And he knows no loyalty whatsoever. Eldeluc, the budding wizard who was in on the conspiracy, has been targeted as the mottled wizard's next victim simply because Dendybar resents the other mage's fast climb through the lower ranks. Eldeluc was once Dendybar's

apprentice and was undyingly loyal. But now he watches over his shoulder for the strike he knows will eventually come.

And he shakes his head whenever he sees Sydney, Dendybar's apprentice, for he wonders how long it will be before Dendybar aims his foul temper at her.

Roleplaying tips: Dendybar says little, but hears everything that is being said around him, and always views the words of others in the most negative light. He will pursue any road or join any group that promises him a substantial gain in power, but otherwise has no desire to leave his small laboratory in the Hosttower. Normally, he sends Sydney out to do his work.

But even if an adventure is successful in bringing Dendybar all that he hoped it would, he is not likely to look favorably upon his fellow adventurers. Anyone who has witnessed his gains, he reasons in his perverted view of the world, serves as a potential threat to those gains.

And, in the true spirit of Myrkul, must be eliminated!

Dimswart

ARMOR CLASS: 3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 19

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1(FL) DAMAGE/

ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Magic-User

S:12 I:17 W:16 D:11 C:13 CH:14

Non-weapon proficiencies: Reading/writing, etiquette, fungus identification, healing, plant lore.

Commonly used spells: *Read magic*, *dispel magic*, *identify*, *message*, *ESP locate object*, *deep pockets*.

Since retiring from adventuring, Dimswart generally can be found in his



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beautiful home in the countryside north of Suzail. He lives in Manor Dimswart with his wife, Leona, and a large number of servants. At one time, the sage's five daughters lived at Manor Dimswart as well, but his youngest daughter, the last to be married, was recently wed to a Wyvernspur nobleman. Now it is only on holidays and special occasions that Dimswart's studies are interrupted by children.

The "Sage of Suzail," as Dimswart is known, is a short, good-natured, likable man. Though he is getting stout as he approaches middle age, he is quick-witted. He has taken his retirement from adventuring with the King's Men, a Cormyrian adventuring company, quite well. Though his hair is now almost totally gray, Dimswart's blue eyes still sparkle whenever he gets the chance to demonstrate his ready intelligence and wit.

Dimswart has sage knowledge of herbs and minor knowledge of magical items. The sage is far more interested in plants these days than in magic, however, and he can often be found rooting around the countryside in Suzail, looking for some rare species of herb or plant.

Another of the sage's great loves is gossip, or "public information," as he calls it. Though never a gossip-monger himself, Dimswart keeps track of any rumor circulating through Suzail. He is an excellent source of information on not only Suzail, but all of Cormyr and the lands nearby. When not pursuing his studies of flora, Dimswart will be found in local taverns or inns, usually in the company of his old friend Winefiddle, drinking and listening to the latest story about whatever anyone is inclined to discuss.

Dimswart is such a good source of information, he is an unofficial reporter for King Azoun IV. Dimswart and Azoun are old friends, and it is even rumored that Azoun occasionally adventured as a young cavalier with the King's Men. Neither Dimswart nor Azoun have ever admitted that ever occurred.

The Sage of Suzail generally uses his magical abilities to further his studies. In fact, Dimswart's life is devoted almost entirely to the pursuit of knowledge now that his daughters are all married and he and Leona can live at Manor Dimswart in peace.

Dimswart will always entertain parties of adventurers, however. The sage finds that traveling companies are an excellent source of information on far-flung parts of the Realms. In exchange for any information, adventurers can expect to pay with information and an exchange of services. And Dimswart is never lacking a task suitable for a party of adventurers.

Such was the case when the swordswoman Alias sought Dimswart's assistance with the mysterious azure sigils embedded in her sword arm. In exchange for his help, the sage sent Alias, Dragonbait, her saurial companion, and Akabar Bel Akash, to rescue Olive Ruskettle from the red dragon, Mistinarperadnacles. Olive had been traveling to Manor Dimswart to play at a wedding when she was abducted by the dragon.

Before the Sage of Suzail dispenses any information, he will try to impress the adventurers with a demonstration of his powers of reasoning. Before the party has a chance to introduce itself or explain its purpose in seeking Dimswart, the sage will rattle off as much information as he can about the company. He can gather a great deal about a party simply from their accents, visible scars, clothing, and the like, but he also has likely heard of the adventurers through rumor and story. Dimswart can usually surprise even the most traveled adventurer with the amount of knowledge he has about them, if they have traveled anywhere near Cormyr.

Players encountering Dimswart will find him a very friendly, helpful man. Unlike other sages of greater power and renown, like Elminster, Dimswart is very accessible. And though he may not be able to answer every question, his knowledge of Cormyr and the lands

nearby should make him a valuable source in any campaign.

When encountered in Suzail, Dimswart will often be found in the company of Curate Winefiddle.

Winefiddle

ARMOR CLASS: 10

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 21

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Fourth-Level Human Cleric

S:11 I:13 W:16 D:11 C:14 CH:13

Weapons proficiencies: mace.

Non-weapon proficiencies:

Reading/writing, etiquette, fishing.

Winefiddle is a curate in the Towers of Good Fortune, a huge temple to Tymora, in Suzail. The cleric retired to the temple after his adventuring company, the King's Men, disbanded several years ago.

Life in the temple has been very good for Winefiddle, and he has grown quite fat in the years since his retirement from adventuring. His brown hair is thinning, but like his companion Dimswart, his brown eyes still reflect an active, happy soul.

In fact, Winefiddle has found life in the temple in all ways superior to his time as an adventurer. In addition to being allowed to focus his attention on his duties as a cleric, and his favorite hobbies — relaxation and drinking — Winefiddle has found that the closest he has to come to monsters is in treating the victims of their attacks.

The curate is a compassionate, caring man, however, and is very concerned about the well-being of those for whom he cares. When encountered, Dimswart will be very interested in aiding adventurers in any way he can, as



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long as he is not put in any danger.

Durnan The Wanderer of Waterdeep

ARMOR CLASS: -3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 72 +

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8 + 8 (*battle-ax* +2, *gauntlets of ogre power*)

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

12th-Level Human Fighter

S:15 I:13 W:14 D:16 C:15 CH:14

Physical description: Durnan is an older man, still broad-shouldered and lively in step. His brunet hair is spotted with gray, and he is starting to bald. His usual garb consists of a brightly colored tunic and darker treads worn tucked into his fighting boots ("I've never known a more comfortable pair of boots.")

Equipment: In combat, Durnan uses a *battle-ax* +2, a *dagger* +1, wears *elfin chain mail* +3, and carries a *shield* +2. He also has *gauntlets of ogre power*, and a *ring of spell turning*. When he is not expecting combat, he wears the ring, and carries the dagger, a normal long sword, and wears his *elfin chain mail* +3 under his clothes. He always wears his *boots of striding and springing*.

Personality: Durnan is close-mouthed and prudent. Though he shouts in battle, Durnan does not get into arguments. He would rather retreat into silence than argue. If he does not want to answer a question, he simply looks at the questioner with a calm, expressionless face and says nothing.

In general, he is affable but not talkative. When he greets guests at his inn, he welcomes them simply and shows

them to a table or gets their drinks of choice, but does not engage in idle chatter or hyperbole about the virtues of his food or vintages. He always has a quiet smile for regular customers and old friends.

In conference with the other Lords of Waterdeep, Durnan lets the others speak and then, if he has anything to add, speaks quietly and to the point.

Motivations: Durnan hates unfairness and injustice, but is tolerant of the differing interests of others. As a Lord of Waterdeep, he tries to maintain the atmosphere of tolerance and fairness for which the city is known.

Durnan's tolerance does not extend to most of the goblinoid races. Goblins, kobolds, gnolls, orcs, and half-orcs are given little service and no acceptance at his tavern. He especially hates hobgoblins, for reasons unknown, because he refuses to talk about them.

Background notes: Friends speculate that Durnan's family was slain by hobgoblins when he was still a youth, but this is not confirmed. He was a lonely adventurer who traveled the North extensively, moving from one adventuring band to another before he met Mirt (see below), with whom he became fast friends.

When he decided to "retire" to Waterdeep — actually he was just accompanying Mirt because he did not want to adventure if Mirt was not — he was asked by Mirt and Khelben to become one of the Lords of Waterdeep. He provides one of the "voices of sanity" among the Lords, reining in the enthusiasms of the more fanatically Lawful Good among the members.

As a method of advancing the goals of the Lords with less regard for the "means" espoused by Piergeiron and Texter, he became "The One," the leader of the Red Sashes — an organization that thinks it is in opposition to the tyranny of the Lords of Waterdeep, but actually works to provide for the good of the city by capturing those the law cannot or refuses to touch, and freeing those who are imprisoned unjustly, despite the demands of the law. In

short, Durnan uses this organization to take care of pragmatic missions to which the paladins among the Lords would never agree.

Moreover, the Red Sashes are theoretically an independent organization willing to work for anyone, and thus are often contacted by other organizations to work "against" the Lords, giving Durnan a good grasp of the menaces to the city and the Lords.

Other notes: Durnan is the proprietor of the Yawning Portal inn in Waterdeep. This inn contains a well-like shaft leading down into the Undermountain, the subterranean ways under Waterdeep. As such, he can be the person to whom to talk about a mission to the Undermountain. Many adventurers have used this shaft as the first step of their exploration of the Undermountain. Some of them have even returned up the shaft. Others have come from other exits. Many have just not returned.

Durnan's connections with the Red Sashes and the Lords can frequently involve him with the characters' activities in Waterdeep. Also, the Red Sashes do not operate outside of Waterdeep, so Durnan might enlist the aid of the characters for a mission outside of the city that can benefit the Red Sashes, either by freeing or capturing some individual who is in need, or simply bringing in some wealth to help support the Red Sashes' expenses.

Suggested adventures: Some monster from the deeps wanders into Undermountain and then wanders up the shaft and attacks the Yawning Portal as the characters are having their evening meal. The characters deal with the monster, then accompany Durnan down the shaft to find out where the monster came from and to stop further incursions.

Durnan is, hopefully, impressed with the characters and keeps them in mind. Then, he has a mission for the Red Sashes within the city — the daughter of one of the magisters has been kidnapped to influence his decisions concerning the son of one of the noble families. The



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characters must get the girl out. If they are successful, Durnan considers them for other missions outside the city.

Artemis Entreri

ARMOR CLASS: -1 (-5)

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 80

NO. OF ATTACKS: 3

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Assassination

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Never surprised

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (5'4")

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Human Fighter

11th-Level Assassin

S:13 I:16 W:15 D:17 C:15 CH:14

Artemis Entreri, the prime assassin, is possibly the most deadly killer in all the Forgotten Realms. While not a big man, barely 125 pounds, his abilities to dance his sabre through the defenses of any opponent horrifies onlookers and leaves his victim gaping in disbelief as the last breaths flow from his body.

There is a strength about the man that defies physical abilities, an inner promise of death that gives him the upper hand in most encounters. Intimidated opponents do not usually perform to the best of their abilities.

Entreri's build and movements are similar to those of Drizzt Do'Urden, though the assassin is slightly heavier than the drow ranger. Together, they appear almost as negatives of each other; Entreri's skin, accustomed to lightless nights and shadows, is milky white to Drizzt's black; his hair is jet black to the drow's stark white; and his eyes dark and sinister to the sparkling and life-filled orbs of Drizzt.

The stark contrast between the two is even more evident in their emotional makeup. Drizzt is a passionate lover of life and peace, a warrior who gains his strength through his emotional dedication to his cause. Entreri is passionless, and would consider the drow's generous nature a weakness, a fatal flaw, not

to be tolerated by a true fighter.

"Catti-brie had seen this before, the trademark methods of the finest swordsman in all of Icewind Dale. The comparison to Drizzt Do'Urden was inescapable; their grace and movements were so alike, with every part of their bodies working in harmonious accord. Yet they remained strikingly different, a polarity of morals that subtly altered the aura of the dance.

"The drow ranger in battle was an instrument of beauty to behold, a perfect athlete pursuing his chosen course of righteousness with unsurpassed fervor. But Entreri was merely horrifying, a passionless murderer callously disposing of obstacles in his path."

— from *Streams of Silver*

So they achieve similar results despite their paradoxical views of life.

Entreri is every bit the equal of Drizzt in battle, even fighting with two weapons, a jewelled dagger and a cruel-edged sabre. His overall dexterity is 17, but his eye-hand coordination is near-perfect, and he suffers no "to hit" penalties when fighting two-handed.

Furthermore, as if he wasn't deadly enough of his own accord, the assassin has outfitted himself with powerful magic items over the years. His sabre is a +1 *sword of wounding* and his jewelled dagger, his most prized possession, a +4 *defender*. He wears only leather armor and no shield, but his black cape is actually a +4 *cloak of protection*, and the ring identifying him as a member of Pook's guild, a +2 *ring of protection*.

Even without all the magic, though, Entreri's background and unwavering devotion to perfection make him formidable. Like Regis, he grew up on the streets of Calimport, the bastard son of a prostitute, alone and depending upon his own resources for survival. His tactics, though, were much different from the subtle cons and coercions of the halfling. In the dark alleys of the city, Entreri learned the worth of a well-placed dagger.

And barely a teenager, an age when

most aspiring heroes are learning their very first parries with a sword, Entreri was already hiring himself out as a mercenary soldier whenever and wherever he could find the work. His reputation as a silent and deadly killer, as well as an incredible swordsman, leaked out through the underground of the city and caught the attention of Pasha Pook, guildmaster of a powerful thieves' organization.

Noted for his ability to surround himself with the very best henchmen, it didn't take Pook long to understand the unlimited potential of the young man. Accepting Pook's offer to join the guild, Entreri studied under many of the finest thieves in all the Realms, and combining his already considerable weapons' proficiency with the lessons, he has become doubly deadly, a pure assassin.

He still serves Pook — his present mission is to hunt down Regis and recover the ruby pendant — but only because he views his association with the thieves as in his best interests. In truth, Artemis Entreri gives his allegiance to no one, and has no loyalties beyond what is best at any given moment for him in his perverted pursuit to become the ultimate killer, in his view, the ultimate victor in a world of unending conflict.

Roleplaying tips: In his absolute confidence, Entreri exudes an aura of strength that intimidates most of the people who meet him. The way he holds himself, the way he walks, the set of his jaw, would give a PC the distinct impression that Entreri could kill him at any time, even if the character was of equal or higher level than the assassin. And this calm confidence and unshakable composure keeps Entreri at his sharpest, at all times.

He is reserved and observant, speaking little and weighing every single word carefully before uttering it. He is so perceptive that rumors say he has the power to read minds. This is not true, but Entreri can take a full measure of a person in a single meeting, and understands the motivations of the



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world around him well enough to figure out what course the person will likely take. In game terms, treat the assassin with a degree of omniscience. He will always be a step or two ahead of the others, anticipating, waiting, and is so alert to his surroundings that he is never surprised.

It is imperative to keep in mind that Entreri is not a wanton killer. He simply follows the most logical course to achieve his present mission, be it hunting Regis or acquiring some magic item that may have caught his eye.

But if someone were to happen to get in his way . . .

Finellen

ARMOR CLASS: 0

MOVE: 9"

Hit Points: 90

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8 + 1

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (4')

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Ninth-Level Dwarf Fighter

S:17 I:15 W:13 D:17 C:19 CH:14

Physical description: Finellen is a female dwarf, around 400 years old. She stands about 4' high and has a fine bristling blonde beard that drops past her beltline and an unruly mass of hair atop her rounded head. Like most dwarves, Finellen has a stocky body, short legs, long arms, broad and sturdy shoulders, and surprisingly large feet. Between her beard and body type, it is difficult to tell that she is female until you hear her voice, which is equivalent to a human woman's contralto.

Equipment: When traveling or scouting the actions of firbolgs, Finellen wears leather armor and carries a battle-ax and dagger. If she knows she is going into combat, she wears darkened plate mail armor and uses a short-hafted battle-ax two-handed. She always carries a long dagger, which she wields with great effect.

Personality: Finellen is gruff and aggressive and prickly about comments concerning her size and beard. To her mind, the only good defense is a strong offense, and she values good fighters of any breed.

Motivations: Her main motivation is the protection of the dwarven race. She has little inclination to mix in the affairs of humans, though she likes the opportunities to fight that her association with Tristan Kendrick provides. Mostly she feels that "if you see a human coming – you see trouble coming."

Background notes: Finellen lived as any other dwarf for 300 years, mining, guarding the tribe, and killing duergar and firbolgs. When the firbolgs started mining coal and taking to the valley floor of Myrloch Vale, Finellen was sent to discover why they were doing this entirely uncharacteristic activity. However, she was captured.

Shortly thereafter, the population of her cell was doubled with the addition of the bard Keren. Weeks passed, then the two prisoners were freed by Prince Tristan Kendrick and his friends, who had come seeking Keren.

Finellen fought beside her new friends during the escape, then left them, refusing to have anything more to do with humans and their problems. However, when she got back to her caves, she discovered that the firbolgs were aggravating the dwarves, and the dwarves had decided to take action after all.

Leading a force of 50 dwarves, Finellen found her new battle comrades again as they were about to meet Grunnarch's Northmen and the remains of the firbolgs who had imprisoned her before. The dwarves helped the humans defeat the raiders and let the Ffolk refugees get through to western Corwell. Then they aided the humans in the defense of Caer Corwell, saving the day on at least two occasions, at great loss of dwarven life.

Sometime afterward, Finellen was given another force of dwarves and sent to track down incursions of the

duergar to the east. The dwarves marched through deep caverns and came up in Alaron Isle. They found the duergar in greater than expected strength and helped Tristan and his comrades escape the dungeons of the high king. Then they went on to fight duergar.

Eventually, they were driven above ground by the overwhelming numbers of the duergar, and once again merged forces with Tristan and his rebels. They played a strong role in the final battle that slew Cyndre and routed the zombies, sahuagin, duergar, and king's Scarlet Guard. Finellen was one of those who cheered loudest when Tristan was proclaimed high king of the Moonshaes.

Then she and her remaining dwarven soldiers returned to the underworld to continue the fight against the now-depleted duergar and were not seen in the final battle against Hobarth and Bhaal.

Other notes: Finellen is adventurous for a dwarf, and probably the most likely to discover the problems of the dwarves of Norland, who are losing a war of extinction with the frost giants of the Jotunspine Mountains.

Since there are no dwarven caverns connecting Gwynneth and Norland (as there are between Gwynneth and Alaron), she might be a handy NPC to use to recruit an adventuring band to help her fellow dwarves of Norland.

The adventurers she would want would be dwarves, but her compatriots in Myrloch Vale are not interested in such a long trek in a human-built boat. If she can't find outlander dwarves, she has sufficient worldliness to enlist humans and even, perhaps, elves.

Finellen is a scrapper. Given any sort of weapon, she will tangle with opponents six times her size without a second thought. With her advanced age and experience outside the dwarven people, she finds herself more and more in positions of authority among her people. When it is time to send out an expeditionary force, the dwarven king singles out Finellen and dwarven



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warriors clamor to serve under her. This both gratifies and chafes her. She prefers the freedom of charging headlong into a foe, but has too much of a sense of responsibility to lead her followers in helpless charges. So she hangs back, directs her forces, and only joins the front line when they are committed and they need her as much as they need her direction. She much prefers acting as an independent scout or emissary.

Kappiyan Flurmastyr of Waterdeep

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 33

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d4

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

11th-Level Human Magic-User

S:10 I:18 W:13 D:16 C:14 CH:16

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Detect magic, identify, read magic, write.*
- Second-level — *Continual light, locate object, preserve.*
- Third-level — *Material, protection from evil 10' radius.*
- Fourth-level — *Plant growth, remove curse.*
- Fifth-level — *Fabricate, extension II.*

Physical description: Kappiyan is a distinguished looking, tall, thin, white-bearded wizard. He is always wearing a gray robe that is never stained or dirty, despite Kappiyan's usual activities.

Equipment: Kappiyan always wears a *gray robe of the arch-magi*, a *ring of wizardry* (first-level spells), and a *ring of protection +1*. His house, which he rarely leaves, always has many potions, which he makes. There are a homonculous and many magical

guardian creatures in his house.

At least once a year, the city watch is called in to remove some thief who thought to rob the helpless old man of his potions. Frequently after such an event, Kappiyan is seen visiting the purveyors of exotic creatures and magical traps for additions to his defenses.

Personality: Kappiyan is affable to other magic-users who want to consult with him about potions. He will also sell potions (using the prices shown in the DMG), but he becomes testy if continually asked for potions. "I am not running a potion shop," is his usual response when asked too often.

Characters coming to Kappiyan for potions undergo rigorous quizzing about how the potion is planned to be used. Purchasers are also asked to give an account later about the efficacy of the potion. Those who do not supply such a report or give inadequate reports are less likely to be sold future potions.

Also, Kappiyan had many years of experience as an adventurer before retiring to his current researches. He has a good eye for what is possible for a group, and will refuse potions to people he does not feel will use them properly.

Kappiyan sometimes provides free potions for a good cause, and has been called on by the Lords of Waterdeep for such upon occasion. However, he is just as testy toward the mighty Lords as he is toward beginning adventurers.

Motivations: Nowadays, Kappiyan is primarily interested in research, which he finances by selling potions. He is always interested in trying new versions of established potions in an attempt to extend their longevity, or change the effects slightly. He is never satisfied with the current version of any potion. There must be some way to improve it.

Background notes: Kappiyan came to Waterdeep from the South. He is believed to have originally lived in Cormyr, and left after a philosophical dispute with Vangerdahast. (This story comes from merchants from the Dragon Sea area who learned that Kap-

piyan lived in Waterdeep and told the story.) This has never been confirmed by Kappiyan, who occasionally lets slip references to the Dragon Sea area, but does not otherwise talk about his previous life.

However, it is obvious that, before coming to Waterdeep, he did adventure extensively. He knows very little about the conditions of the North, so his adventuring must have taken place in the Southern Realms.

Currently Kappiyan lives in Waterdeep on Anchoret's Court among the honest, if poor, working men of Waterdeep. He has lived there for more than 50 years, always looking much the same as he does today. His house is a former "grand residence" (see FR1, WATERDEEP AND THE NORTH), but every room in this palatial establishment, built when the Southern Ward was a bit higher class than it is now, is full of alchemical equipment. The great room has been turned into a zoo full of exotic animals that supply components for the various potions, most of the bedrooms are full of shelves of potion ingredients or scrolls and books that list esoteric formulations.

There are three servants, one of whose sole duty is maintenance of the animals, one of whom is both cook and cleaner, and one of whom is a supply clerk who maintains the other alchemy supplies. At this time, Kappiyan has no apprentices, though he has had some in the past. One of these (the most recent) died while trying one of Kappiyan's variant potions.

Other notes: PCs intent on robbing him should leave many of their fellows behind, fallen to his defenses. He is known to employ both traps and strange monsters in the defense of his house. Questioning former servants reveals that a new servant must spend a month learning the traps and getting acquainted with the monsters before he can be allowed to work alone in the house. The traps are changed every couple of years, and the monsters frequently die and are replaced.

When characters request potions



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from Kappiyan, the old mage will usually suggest they try one of his new potions, as he is always trying to simulate the effect of other magical items, such as *gauntlets of ogre power* or a *ring of spell turning*. He also tries to create potions that allow the user to cast a magic-user spell. He offers any of these potions at a nominal price.

These potions have a variable chance of actually working. DMs should adjust the chance of working to meet the situation, in the spirit of adventure literature.

Grunnarch The Red

ARMOR CLASS: 1

MOVE: 9"

Hit Points: 90

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8 + 1

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

14th-Level Human Fighter

S:16 I:15 W:14 D:17 C:16 CH:18

Physical description: Grunnarch's head is framed by flowing red hair and beard. He stands only average height, but seems much larger. There is an undefinable quality to the way he moves and talks that communicates his authority.

Equipment: Grunnarch uses a battle-ax one-handed, warding off blows with a shield in the other hand. He wears chain mail, giving him a good armor class when combined with his high Dexterity.

Personality: Grunnarch rules his people with an iron hand, but he is loved by his followers for his concern for their welfare and ready smile and wit.

There are stronger men among his followers, but his people realize that in Grunnarch they not only have a good war and raiding fighter, but a wise leader.

Motivations: Grunnarch is a prototypical Northman. His greatest joy is combat, and his second greatest joy is being on the sea in a long ship, on his way to a combat. However, he got his fill of slaughter when following the leadership of the disguised Kazgaroth, and is somewhat more temperate in his appetite for action now. Whether this attitude will continue is impossible to say.

Grunnarch likes a fight against a worthy foe. General slaughter can nauseate him. Fighting natural foes like beasts and weather eventually drags him down.

In general, Grunnarch is a gambling man, and fearless against normal foes. However, he knows when he must flee before a superior foe, and keeps the well-being of his people uppermost in his mind. Of course, for a great deal of his reign, the well-being of his fighting followers involved getting them into raids and fights at every opportunity. He did not have to worry about retaliation against his women and children because the Ffolk did not fight that way.

But when he realized that the alliance of Bhaal's priest and the sahuagin was a threat to all residents of the Moonshaes, he understood the benefits an alliance with the Ffolk, and he and Tristan forged the first united government of the Moonshaes since the Northmen first arrived so many hundreds of years ago.

Background notes: Grunnarch is the king of Norland, the westernmost kingdom of the Northmen in the Moonshaes. Norland is one large island with a wide expanse of pine forest and lakes protected from the storms of the Trackless Sea by the Jotunhammer Mountain range.

Grunnarch rules a dozen lesser kings whose domains make up the settled portions of Norland along the eastern coast of that island.

After gaining his kingship, Grunnarch consolidated his rule and gained a reputation as the second greatest of the kings of the Northmen in the Moonshaes.

At the peak of his power, Grunnarch joined with his fellow Northman kings to attempt to ravage Corwell. The king of Oman, Thelgar Ironhand, assembled all the the Northmen and used them in a master plan to utterly destroy the kingdom of Corwell. What none of the Northmen realized was that Thelgar Ironhand was dead, and his body taken over by Kazgaroth.

By the time Kazgaroth finally revealed himself in the heat of the final stages of the siege of Caer Corwell, Grunnarch was the only one of the Northman kings still alive. He led his panicked, routed forces from the scene and is now the main leader of the Northmen of the Moonshaes.

With his onetime opponent, Tristan, the high king of the Ffolk of the Moonshaes, Grunnarch forged the Moonshaes into a unified nation, with Northmen and Ffolk working together toward a new glory for the islands.

Other notes: DMs running a Moonshae Isles campaign can use Grunnarch as the leader for any Northmen encounter, as Grunnarch spends as much time as he can away from his duties and on the seas in his long ship. Until the time of the events of DARKWALKER ON MOONSHAE, Grunnarch also led the only cavalry force among the Northmen, a select group of 100 horsemen called the Bloodriders. These were taken over by Kazgaroth and their game statistics can be found in the write-up for that monster.

If player character dwarves have learned about the beleaguered dwarves in the Jotunhammer Mountains (see FR2, MOONSHAE), Grunnarch is the man with whom they will have to deal to get safe conduct into the mountains to try to save their kinsmen. However, considering the tolerant relationship between the Northmen and the frost giants who are oppressing the dwarves, getting that safe conduct may be very difficult.

The Northmen propitiate the frost giants with gifts and leave them strictly alone. They are not interested in having adventurers interfere with this peace-



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ful arrangement.

Grunnarch learned his battlefield skills by raiding the Ffolk, who tend to fight in a clear field in one line. Thus, his best position as a leader is in the front rank, where he can act as an inspiration to his men and strike the most blows. However, the raid led by Kazgaroth in Thelgar's body and the siege of Caer Corwell taught him some more lessons in military tactics, and he is less likely to lead his men headlong into a charge now. He watches the terrain and uses his troops as cleverly as one can use a gang of semi-berserkers.

Malchor Harpell

ARMOR CLASS: 3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 52

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (6'1")

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

18th-Level Magic-User

S:14 I:18 W:15 D:14 C:15 CH:18

The most powerful of the magic-using Harpell family of Longsaddle, Malchor Harpell is also the only one who has ever ventured out from Longsaddle for any length of time. He is a true thinker, a lover of the secrets of the universe, and combines that with an adventuresome spirit.

Unlike most wizards who perfect their craft well enough to earn the title of arch-mage, Malchor is a fine physical specimen as well. Tall and straight, he could have been successful at many adventuring professions. But there is no doubt that he chose right in undertaking a career as a magic-user. His attitude is that of the true wizard. While Dendybar and other power-hungry mages seek knowledge for the sake of personal strength, Malchor seeks knowledge simply for the sake of learning.

He is a painter, a lover of art, and considers his magic as another extension of his creativity. In his magic, he is a craftsman as surely as any dwarven smith. While the dwarf pounds the metal into beautiful objects, Malchor tunes his magical skills into creations of wonder and power. Included among his long list of magical creations are a *staff of the magi*, *rings of warmth*, and *rings of feather falling*.

When traveling, Malchor, usually astride a griffon, always brings his *staff of the magi*, a *+3 ring of protection*, *bracers of defense AC6*, and a *lurker cloak*, as well as several *rings of warmth* and *feather falling* which he might give to a helpful adventurer or use as barter for some new spell or arcane tome. His spell choice also reflects both his love of learning and the adventuresome side, typically consisting of a balanced blend of divination-type spells such as *read magic* and *legend lore*, and evocations, such as *Bigby's grasping hand* and *lightning bolt*. His favorite spells are the various *Bigby's hand* maneuvers, especially *Bigby's crushing hand*, which does exceptionally well as an interrogation tool. *Legend lore* also strikes a chord in his heart, especially when it reveals some knowledge long lost to the world. Everytime Malchor casts it, he tingles in anticipation of the mysteries he may be uncovering.

As an arch-mage, Malchor certainly has an ample day-to-day spell selection to remain a formidable adventurer and an inquisitive student of the world. So dedicated to his craft, his spellbooks are overfilled with spells that most mages have never even heard of. And with his own research and his family constantly working on new spells, Malchor's books continue to swell.

Malchor was born in the Ivy Mansion on Harpell Hill in Longsaddle, the small hamlet west of Luskan and Waterdeep. The town is principally known as the home of the Harpells, an extraordinary family of magic-users experimenting on the edge of reason and caution. Many a Harpell has fallen victim to an unsus-

cessful experiment, and others have lost their perspective on reality to a world of unprovable and incomprehensible theories. Therefore, when Malchor, a relatively straightforward mage, emerged to become a charter member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers, a wild band of young heroes dashing through the northern wilderness like a runaway tornado, many speculated that he was trying to escape the unsteady environment of his birthplace.

That wasn't completely true. Malchor did see limitations to life in Longsaddle. His family's singular line of reasoning (or unreasoning) had begun to stagnate for the lack of influx of new ideas and a new way of approaching the use of magic. He felt that he would achieve his potential only if he left, for a while, and saw the world from a fresh perspective.

He was the longest running member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers, then took up study under Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun. After long years and rising to the title of arch-mage, Malchor returned to Longsaddle to share some of his experiences with his kin.

Then, needing a place of study far removed from the constant explosions and interruptions of the experiments at the Ivy Mansion, Malchor traveled a half-a-day's ride to the west, to the edge of Neverwinter Woods, and built the Tower of Twilight, his finest creation.

Malchor rarely leaves his tower now, preferring the solitude of magical study. His present project involves the enhancement of stone guardians, golem-like creations that serve as guards in his tower. Malchor is a master at creating them, but is convinced that the art can be improved.

Sometimes Malchor's adventuresome side resurfaces and he'll take to the road for a short, whirlwind dash, but inevitably he finds his way back to the tower before the change of a single season.

Also, again on a whim of the complex mage's many moods, Malchor might take a younger mage under his tutelage. Though it is unlikely that any stu-



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dent will remain with Malchor for more than a year or two, the young mage will certainly be better off for the experience.

For he will have witnessed one of the true geniuses of the Forgotten Realms at work, a man of insight and foresight, of daring and reason, and a true lover of the art of magic use.

Roleplaying tips: For all of his hermit-like existence in the Tower of Twilight, Malchor Harpell is generally friendly and outgoing to new acquaintances. He has no reason not to trust anyone, for he knows that he is well equipped to defend himself if the need arises.

He is always willing to help out a party which travels with good intentions, and if Malchor gets involved in an adventure, hold on to your helmets! He has been known to level a mountain of goblin tunnels and drain a lake that housed a lizard man lair. Overkill is the key word here.

As for training younger mages, Malchar is quick to distinguish between a lover of learning and a lover of power. The former is likely to gain much from the arch-mage, the latter is likely to get a farewell handshake, complete with a kick in the rump!

Hobarth of Bhaal

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 13"

Hit Points: 75

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6 + 1

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

15th-Level Human Cleric

S:16 I:15 W:18 D:15 C:16 CH:13

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Ceremony, command, detect magic, purify food and drink.*
- Second-level — *Attraction* (new

spell, see other notes).

- Third-level — *Animate dead, create food and water decay* (new spell, particular to Bhaal, see other notes).
- Fourth-level — nil.
- Fifth-level — *Air walk, control weather, wound* (another spell unique to Bhaal, see other notes).
- Sixth-level — *Aerial servant, blade barrier.*
- Seventh-level — *Earthquake.*

Physical description: Hobarth is grotesquely fat; rolls of fat sag around his neck and tiny eyes gleam from beneath low, sinister brows and over-bloated cheeks. Several large warts — punishments from Bhaal for moments when he had been less than devout — mar his nose.

He usually wears his holy robes, which conceal the suit of chain mail he prudently wears underneath.

Equipment: When Hobarth came to Corwell, he was drawn to the *Heart of Kazgaroth*. This is the stone-like black heart of the avatar — all that is left after Tristan slew him. The *Heart of Kazgaroth* acts as a direct channel to Bhaal. It confers no further spells on its wielder, who must be a priest of Bhaal, but it allows the priest to use any spell without forgetting it.

The stone calls appropriate clerics to itself if it is not in the right hands. All plant life and small animal life within 15' of the stone withers and dies within a day. If Bhaal wishes to give specific commands to his priest, the stone implants images of the command in the priest's mind.

Personality: Hobarth is mean, petty, manipulative, and vicious. He has a short temper when thwarted that he tries to control. He has piggish personal habits and loves to eat.

Motivations: Like most priests of the death god, Hobarth fears Bhaal and propitiates him at every chance. He hates the sea. Next to the sea, he hates dogs. His loves are the exercise of power over people and the dealing of death.

Background notes: Hobarth, a

devoted priest of Bhaal, came from Amn to the Moonshaes. Bhaal realized that while Kazgaroth made Bhaal's presence felt in the islands, the monster was not a priest, and could not convert anyone to his cause and worship, except covertly and briefly.

Once in the isles, Hobarth discovered Cyndre was already starting his own master plan for dominion over the Isles. The two joined in a holy (in Bhaal's eyes, anyway) alliance to destroy the power of the druids, each intending to destroy the other when their conquest was completed.

Then Kazgaroth, heartened because Bhaal had so reduced the power of the Goddess, made his own bid to destroy Corwell (See DARKWALKER ON MOONSHAE). Bhaal stood aside to let his avatar make his bid for conquest.

When Kazgaroth failed, Hobarth moved the alliance to avenge him. While Cyndre attempted to destroy Tristan on Alaron, Hobarth journeyed to Gwynneth, where he found the *Heart of Kazgaroth* and used it to animate an army of undead. He led this army to attack Myrloch Vale, the center of the Goddess' power, for the purpose of destroying it and also securing Robyn of Corwell to sacrifice to Bhaal.

Hobarth succeeded in his first purpose, but Robyn got away to join Tristan in Alaron and help him defeat Cyndre and the high king.

Hobarth followed his god's dictates to destroy Myrloch Vale and confronted Tristan and his allies there on the bare bones of the Vale in the final battle, where Bhaal himself came to confront his antagonists.

Other notes:

Attraction (alteration)

Level: 2

Components: V,S,M

Range: touch

Casting Time: 1 round

Duration: 1 hour/level

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: 1 target



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Explanation/description: This acts as a combination of the magical spell *charm person* and the clerical *remove fear* and is much used by clerics of Bhaal because of their ambient air of death. It also has aspects of the magical spell *friends*. The spell replaces any negative emotions the target has toward the user with positive emotions. Repulsion becomes attraction, hatred becomes love, etc. It is reversible, as *disdain* and can be used in that fashion to cause the target to replace all positive feelings concerning a named target (which can be the caster if he really wants someone to despise him) with their opposites. A saving throw against this spell has modifiers of +1 through +5 if the emotions to be changed are really intense. As such, it is much more useful as a ploy to make a date with a barmaid (who is motivated to please customers, anyway) than it is to convert the feelings of one's enemies.

Decay (ALTERATION)

Level: 3
Components: V,S,M
Range: Touch
Casting Time: 1 round
Duration: Permanent
Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot/level

Explanation/description: This spell acts to accelerate the aging of any artifact. For every hour that passes, the object decays a day. Equally, any abrasion or strain to the article is increased twentyfold.

Wound (Necromantic)

Level: 5
Components: V,S
Range: 12"
Casting Time: 5 segments
Duration: Permanent
Saving Throw: Neg.
Area of Effect: 1 target

Explanation/description: This spell

does the damage of a *cause serious wounds* spell at the given range.

Jinchin

MOVE: 12"
Hit Points: 86
DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: M
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
13th-Level Human Samurai
Sixth-Level Shukenja
S:18 I:17 W:9 D:15 C:12 CH:14

Proficiencies: Calligraphy, etiquette, horsemanship, reading/writing, falconry, heraldry, administration.

Commonly used spells: *Levitate, deflection, aid, trance, dream sight, castigate, abjure, speak with dead, immunity to weapons, possess, raise dead.*

He was destruction incarnate. Was he evil? Or was he merely a victim of a darker power?

Physical Description: He is a huge, squat man (nearly 250 pounds), rippling with muscle and suppressed power. His clothes are the simple red robes of the monk, but his teeth are blacked and his eyebrows shaven to show that he is not unaware of courtly graces. His tread is menacingly light — subtle destructive power lightly reined by an iron will.

Personality: Brilliant, cold, and calculating, Jinchin is a consummate strategist. A master swordsman, far greater than either Doin Sanehiro or Prince Gisen, he is capable of besting any opponent. He has also mastered many of the arts of the shukenja, turning these to his own evil designs, and making him an extremely deadly foe in all aspects. Yet, he never kills needlessly. Mercy and murder are one the same to him, as long as they serve a greater plan.

Motivations: Emotion rarely if ever affects Jinchin's judgment. He can be a charming host or a ruthless killer, depending on which face is more useful

to him at the time. His greatest pleasure is in exhibiting his ability, whether as strategist or a fighter — a bold decision masterfully made fills him with the same heady feelings others might associate with passion or love.

Jinchin's history: Once a powerful counselor to the Imperial Court, the monk Jinchin (then known by the his clan name of Ieyasu Sabanada) was the eldest son of a major samurai family. But soon after the death of his father, he and his elder brothers fell to fighting each other. Stripped of his titles and ranks, Ieyasu retired to the distant Temple of Kagaii, renouncing his old name for the name Jinchin, and taking up the monk's robes of office.

Jinchin's original goal was merely to depose his brothers and once again rule the Sabanada Clan. But as he stayed long years at the temple, increasing his mastery of the shukenja's arts, his ambitions grew, until at last, nothing would do but complete dominion over the lands of Kozakura.

To this end, Jinchin began to gather to himself a great army — first, of discontented monks within the temple, then later, rebellious samurai and ronin circulating around the Emperor's Court. As his army grew, it began to attract even less savory recruits: monstrous oni, tengu, and legions of undead gakken.

The Earth Spider: In his quest for absolute power, Jinchin was willing to deal with the darkest of spirits. The most feared of these was the infamous Earth Spider. This terrible demon (once defeated by a great ancestor of the Emperor) held a special hatred of the Imperial Throne and all it symbolized. Coming to Jinchin in his dreams, it offered him all of its power, if the evil monk would in turn become the Earth Spider's avatar. The unholy alliance was consummated in blood, and the now unstoppable Jinchin poured forth his demonic legions upon the land.

It was in one of these battles that Jinchin first encountered Doin Sanehiro, then tactical adviser for the Shuramura Clan. Sanehiro was merely another



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samurai, until his strategies at the battle of Kiroshina threw back five of Jinchin's six attacks. On the sixth assault, Jinchin dispatched one of his most powerful oni to personally deal with Sanehiro. Thinking the matter ended, he was somewhat irritated to find Sanehiro alive after the battle and still a viable opponent. At each step of his orderly plan of conquest, Jinchin found himself blocked by Sanehiro, so that eventually killing the samurai became an obsession (or as close to an obsession as Jinchin would allow himself).

Jinchin's hatred of Sanehiro has grown even greater, as his dark master (the Earth Spider), will not let the monk slay the "Monkey" out of hand. As a price for gaining the demon spider's powers, Jinchin has been forced to use Sanehiro/Monkey as a pawn with which to capture the willow spirit Onoye.

Dungeon Master's information:

It is rare that an adventuring party will encounter Jinchin on the road; peons on the level of player characters will always encounter one of Jinchin's many minions. However, should the adventurers in some way thwart Jinchin, it is likely that they will come to his attention. Attacks by his monstrous allies will follow. Should the players survive these encounters, Jinchin may actually lead a force against them himself, hoping to capture and subvert them to his side.

There is one exception to this. Should the players already be allied with Sanehiro/Monkey or one of his friends, Jinchin will take very special notice of them. They will be singled out for attacks from his most powerful forces. Should the adventurers escape their fates, Jinchin will personally seek them out for destruction!

Jinchin has two aspects; that of his human self (a powerful samurai/shukenja double class), and the aspect of an avatar of the Earth Spider. As an avatar, Jinchin has access to any or all of the spells of the demon creature, although he may not use its bite and poison attacks.

Kazgaroth

FREQUENCY: Unique
NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: 0
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: 16
Hit Points: 120
% IN LAIR: 0
TREASURE TYPE: See below
NO. OF ATTACKS: 3
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d12/1d12/3d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 60%
INTELLIGENCE: High
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
SIZE: L (18' tall)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

The beast is a formidable foe in combat, yet whenever possible, it seeks to do battle through shrewdness and trickery rather than straightforward melee. When fighting in its true form, Kazgaroth attacks with its clutching foreclaws and vicious bite. It can, at the same time, swing its tail around to strike a foe from behind for 1d6 points of damage. A person thus struck must make a Dexterity Check with a -5 penalty, or be knocked from his feet. He can do nothing the next round except stand.

Kazgaroth can only be struck by magical weapons of +2 or greater enchantment. Its magical resistance applies to all magic-user and clerical spells, except for those neutral clerics whose powers are based on preservation of the balance of nature.

Kazgaroth can change shape at will, shrinking to as small as halfling size. It can assume the exact form of a creature (including a human or other intelligent creature) it has eaten. It cannot assume a form larger than its own — but then it doesn't really need to. It has a number of special abilities.

The beast can *cause lycanthropy* with its bite, if it chooses to do so. It can *detect magic* and *detect invisibility* in a 24" radius at will. It can cast a *permanent charm* upon a victim at a range of

1" or less. A side effect of this *charm* is that the victim must roll a successful saving throw vs. spell each week or permanently lose a point of Charisma (to a minimum of 3). Once per week it can cast a *death* spell at a character of seventh level or lower.

The beast has a unique ability to perform a corrupted type of *mass charm* spell, creating for itself a band of fanatically loyal undead troops known as Blood Warriors. A unit of soldiers, up to 500 individuals, can be thus corrupted as long as the unit has a strong commander to serve as the beast's lieutenant. The game stats of the Blood Warriors follow this description.

Kazgaroth draws power from the Goddess of the Moonshae Isles herself and thus chooses as a resting place a Moonwell (see FR2, MOONSHAE) that has been polluted or otherwise desecrated. The beast is the lord of the firbolgs (see MOONSHAE) and will often order a band of these giants to guard its well, and perhaps to pollute it, while it rests and gains power. If Kazgaroth is slain by any means other than the *Sword of Cymrych Hugh*, it will return within 3d6 years. If this sword is used to kill it, and the remains of the beast are burned to ashes, it is rumored that it can be destroyed permanently.

Apparently this happened when Prince Tristan Kendrick slew the beast, but a part of its heart survived the conflagration, and it may yet grow again.

Physical description: Kazgaroth looks like a tyrannosaurus rex with forelimbs that, while still short, actually match the rest of its body. It can run on all fours if it pleases, but usually travels on its hind legs. It has a broad, scaly body, and drools mildly acidic saliva from widespread jaws. Its feet are heavily clawed, and poisoned spikes project from its knees and elbows.

It, and most of its creations, such as the Blood Warriors (or Bloodriders) have hot fiery eyes. This continues in whatever form it assumes unless it very consciously controls itself.

Personality: Kazgaroth is evil and degradation incarnate. When it has a



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foe helpless it gloats, and even when masquerading as human it is cold and merciless and may kill someone on a whim.

Motivations: In the pantheon of the Realms, the beast is manifested as an aspect of Malar, the Beastlord. On the Moonshaes, however, this aspect has a specific purpose: the disruption of The Balance.

Background notes: The origins of Kazgaroth lurk in the past, nearly as distant as those of the Goddess of the Moonshae Isles herself.

Over the years, it has arisen many times to upset The Balance and create havoc. Most recently, it attempted to combine the firbolgs and Northmen into a conquering army set on destroying all the realms of the Ffolk on the Moonshaes. However, despite his depredations, Prince Tristan Kendrick and his friends Robyn the druid, Daryth of Calimshan, Keren the harper, Gavin the Smith, Finellen the dwarf, Brigit the elven knight, and Pawldo the halfling managed to stop him and slay him with the *Sword of Crymrych Hugh*, at the cost of Keren and Gavin's lives.

Other notes: The Blood Warriors (or Bloodriders) are a type of undead soldier corrupted from normal human warriors by Kazgaroth's power. They are fanatically loyal, never check morale, and rejoice in killing. The beast can create one such unit each time it emerges from hibernation to stalk the land.

Further information on this troop of undead can be found in FR2, MOONSHAE.

Kuang (Prince Gisen)

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 66

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Human Kensai

S:16 I:16 W:10 D:17 C:14 CH:17

Proficiencies: Calligraphy, etiquette, horsemanship, reading/writing, kung fu, poetry.

There are some things so fair to look upon, that they disguise their true power and dangerousness. These are the poisonous dagger shell of the Celestial Sea, the coral banded serpent of the Great Desert. And then, there is Prince Gisen of T'u Lung.

A thousand years of culture and wisdom have culminated in the young Prince Gisen — as he, proud of his lineage and history, would be the first to tell you. Or would, were he not constantly engaged in a life and death struggle to survive against impossible odds. This is one reason why he has chosen to hide his illustrious lineage behind the simple name of a traveling mendicant called Kuang.

A young man of 22, Kuang/Gisen stands out even among the many peoples of the Lands of Men. He is tall, well-built, and has the face and features that young women dream of and scholars talk of in their histories. With his grand and flowing motions, his long hair tied back in the fashionable style of the Eastern Court, his dark, flashing eyes and saturnine smile, he might well be considered too pretty to be taken seriously. As his many adversaries have discovered far too late, this is a fatal miscalculation.

The T'u Lung court is a hotbed of duels, assassination, and intrigue, and it is in this arena that Kuang/Gisen survived to manhood. As a child of 5, the innate savagery of his family line surfaced when he single-handedly killed an assassin with his own knife. Trained in the best dojos of both the Shou and T'u courts, he has grown to be a master of the blade, as well as of various more obscure weapons, including the much dreaded kung fu of the Eastern lands.

Unlike his good friend Doin Sanehiro, Kuang's skill is that of the formal duelist. This originally made him somewhat naive concerning battlefield combat, as he mistakenly believed his opponent would follow the same rules of honor and decorum in which he was trained.

Years of fighting pitched battles in desperate circumstances have taught him the errors in his thinking.

The legend of the princess: Destined to become a third son in the hotly contested T'u Lung succession, Kuang's plans were severely altered during a trading trip to the islands. While traveling as a trader captain (Kuang is inordinately fond of elaborate disguises), he chanced to rescue a young woman who had been kidnapped by pirates. It was only much later, after the two young people had fallen deeply in love, that Kuang discovered his "princess" was indeed just that — the youngest daughter, in fact, of the powerful emperor of Shou Lung. As their two nations had been embroiled in a civil war for the last two centuries, the lovers knew their affair was doomed — yet, under the sheltering hand of the divine Kwan Yang (mistress of lovers and compassion), they still attempted to secretly meet whenever possible.

This "love under the sword" came to an abrupt end when the traveling minstrel Tam Nong Hikong came to the Shou Court singing a new tale of kidnapped princesses, heroic princes, and forbidden love. While Hikong's new tale was a popular success, it didn't take long for the Shou emperor to deduce the participants and take action. The little princess was packed off to an unknown destination, and her enraged eldest brother set assassins upon Prince Gisen to destroy him for the affront.

Fleeing the agents of the most powerful nation under heaven, Kuang knows he lacks the power to directly oppose his enemies. Even if he should win the Southern throne (and with two powerful brothers opposing him, this is doubtful), the forces of T'u Lung would be unable to prevail against Shou Lung's mighty armies. For now, Kuang travels through Kozakura and Wa, seeking allies and magics which will give him some advantage in his struggle to win his princess.

Wisdom isn't Kuang's strong point — headstrong, impulsive, and charismatic, he depends on luck and wit to get



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him out of most scrapes, and his sword skills to carry him through when all else fails. While his goal is etched in his mind, his methods are sketchily outlined, and his plans even worse.

Kuang is very clever, quick-witted, and fanciful. His facility for disguise, learned from his elderly tutor, allows him to pass safely where most would fear to tread. His biggest problem is his natural arrogance — a prince of an arrogant nation, descended from the sea kings of Hai-Yuan, he finds it hard to swallow his pride in difficult situations.

Currently, Kuang/Prince Gisen is in the guise of a young physician from the Eastern lands; talented with herbs and healing lore (or at least enough to get by: DMs may grant Kuang up to second-level clerical ability as part of his guise). He wears flashy but slightly tattered clothes, and carries a bag of herbs and cures. A small monkey (a symbol of his calling) rides his shoulder — he never fails to make comparisons between his pet and Doin Sanehiro's unfortunate nickname.

On the road, and in his mendicant's disguise, the Prince wears no armor other than a heavily mailed kote on his left arm (he is a left-handed swordsman, adding an additional +1 to his abilities as a fencer). In battle, Prince Gisen wears a fine and honorable suit of armor in the Shou/T'u style (+4 magical armor). Its perfect finish has been covered by a cheap coat of black lacquer to disguise its ancestry.

Dungeon Master's information: Players may encounter Prince Gisen/Kuang almost anywhere within the Eastern Realms, as his search for allies and artifacts takes him to many strange places. If the PCs are overwhelmed in an attack, he will always lend his considerable fighting skills to their cause; if he trusts them, he may try to enlist them in his crusade. This may take the form of adventures to recover powerful items, free allies, or just fight a source of oppression or evil.

The Floating and the Shimmering Blades: The famous *Floating Blade of Shin Lu* is one of a matched pair of

swords, forged on the day of the two half-brothers' birth. The second sword is known as the *Shimmering Blade of Shin Gisen*. Both weapons are +3 long swords in the butterfly-tipped Shou style, and have the following powers: *vorpal blade*, *luck blade*, *illusion* and *charm* x 3 per day. However, when drawn in the presence of the matching blade, the swords become mere +3 blades, unable to tap into their greater powers. The two blades were on display in the respective capitals of Shou and T'u Lung, until 10 years ago, when both mysteriously vanished.

As legend has it, each of the twin blades is self aware, and that upon the death of each half-brother, his soul was captured and contained within his choice of weapon. The *Floating Blade* is said to contain the spirit of the Shou Emperor Shin Lu, and that his soul manifests itself as purity and light, teaching the blade's owner the way of peace and silent power. The *Shimmering Blade* of Shin Gisen manifests the spirit of its T'u Lung owner — it is violent, and possessed of quick, savage power. The *Floating Blade's* alignment is Lawful Good, the *Shimmering Blade* is Lawful Evil.

Kuang was given the blades by his sword mentor, the great Tong Fu Mei, who had replaced the blade guards and hilts. (How Tong Fu acquired the blades can only be speculated.) However, the old sword master wisely did not tell the young Prince their origin, telling him only that the blades had a long and glorious history. As a result, Kuang has little or no knowledge of the *Floating* and *Shimmering Blades'* abilities. This is as Tong Fu intended, for his plan is to see which of the two blades Kuang will favor, and thus determine the young Prince's chosen path. It is ironic indeed that the very artifacts Prince Gisen needs to carve his way to the Jade Throne are within his very grasp.

Lhaeo

ARMOR CLASS: 10

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 30

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Second-Level Human Fighter

S:15 I:18 W:16 D:17 C:14 CH:11

A green-eyed man with pale brown hair who looks to be in his mid-20s, Lhaeo has aged well. His actual age is not well known. When he lets his true personality be seen, he is a quietly confident man possessing a keen mind and a very dry sense of humor. Lhaeo sees a lot and says very little, a trait that Elminster values greatly, calling him "the very soul of discretion."

To most of the world at large, he is a lisping, simpering fop of a man, with an effeminate way about him. He speaks in a high, lilting voice, avoids direct eye contact, and never sits or stands upright. All of this is an act which he has been playing for around 10 years. He can slip back and forth between personalities with startling ease.

To the best of Lhaeo's knowledge, he is the last surviving member of a noble family in Tethyr. He is the son of King Alemander IV and the younger brother to prince Alemander V, traitor and kinslayer. Lhaeo's mother was sent on a long land and sea excursion for her health shortly after becoming pregnant with him. It lasted over a year, and she toured many kingdoms.

When the lad was but 6 months old, he was given into the hands of Elminster at the request of King Alemander IV. Since Lhaeo was the younger son, the king sought to protect him from the intrigues of court and get him the best education in all of Faerun, namely under the tutelage of the famous Elminster. The entire birth and giving over of



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the boy to the sage was kept a secret. Later, the secret was kept to protect his life.

Ten years ago, when the royal family was thrown down from power, the last person in Tethyr to know of the existence of the prince died. Elminster told Lhaeo of his true heritage on his 16th birthday. By that time, Tethyr was already in strife. To return would mean certain death for one only trained as a scribe. With time he has lost most of his desire to journey to a homeland he never knew.

His resemblance to the royal family is close enough, at least so Elminster says, that he has adopted a false personality to throw off any visitors from Tethyr who might pass through Shadowdale. Most men will not see past the voice and attitude to think that there might be a prince present.

Lhaeo has no desire to rule any nation, and is content to merely be the foremost scribe to the foremost sage and practitioner of the art in the Realms. He rarely leaves Elminster's Tower, except to get supplies and other common items in Shadowdale. On rare occasions he will accompany Elminster on a journey, but prefers to be left behind.

He has had few women in his years, and usually they have sharp, penetrating minds, and are not easily fooled by his act. Currently he is secretly trysting with Storm Silverhand, a former adventuress of considerable reputation, who cares not what others may think of her. They have kept their relationship secret from their friends, although it is almost certain that Elminster is aware of it.

If you use the DRAGON® magazine NPC class of scribes, Lhaeo would be an 11th-level scribe. As such, he has the trained ability similar to the *write* spell (first-level magic-user) without needing to cast any magic. Lhaeo can memorize and cast up to two of the following spells per day: *Comprehend languages*, *confuse languages* (reverse of previous), *erase*, *read magic*, *unreadable magic* (reverse of previous), *explosive*

runes, *secret page*, *encrypt*, *inscribe*, and *legend lore*. He has learned all of these spells from Elminster. After two decades of service, Lhaeo has learned a lot from them. He reads and writes every language in the Realms, and several from other worlds, and speaks Elvish. He is versed in codes and ciphers, and can forge most styles of handwriting. He is especially adept at imitating Elminster's writing, frequently leaving messages for the old sage written this way. This harmless practical joke has been known to produce quite a reaction, to which Lhaeo smiles and goes back to peeling potatoes.

He is particularly skilled at cartography and calligraphy. He has made several innovations in mapping now in common use throughout the Realms. Original maps of his can command a fair price in most civilized cities, and caravan masters pay a high price even for a copy of a copy.

Lhaeo has few possessions of his own. One is a *short sword of quickness* (+2) emblazoned with his original family crest, which he hides under a wrapping of leather. Rarely needed, he keeps it hidden in the bedroom of the tower. It is his only heritage from his royal lineage. With it he could prove his parentage to any in Tethyr, although he has no desire to do so.

Maaril of Waterdeep

ARMOR CLASS: 1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 45

NO. OF ATTACKS 1

DAMAGE/ATTACKS: 1d4 + 2

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

13th-Level Magic-User

S:12 I:18 W:12 D:17 C:15 CH:17

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Charm person*, *detect*

magic, *magic missile*.

- Second-level — *Forget*, *locate object*, *ray of enfeeblement*.
- Third-level — *Clairvoyance*, *haste*, *slow*.
- Fourth-level — *Charm monster*, *dimension door*, *remove curse*.
- Fifth-level — *Contact other plane*, *dismissal*, *hold monster*.
- Sixth-level — *Death spell*, *legend lore*.

Physical description: Maaril is a human male, a handsome, dark-eyed wizard with a jutting black beard curling from the point of his chin. Maaril is given to wearing dark green or purple robes and always carries a staff.

Equipment: Maaril always wears his *bracers of AC4*, his *amulet of proof against detection and location*, and a *ring of X-ray vision*. And he is never without his *staff of power*.

Personality: Maaril is a quiet, patient, behind-the-scenes schemer. He is known as an eccentric, but no one knows of his evil side. He rarely appears in public, but is known to spread the word to the taverns that he is having a party for those adventurers who have returned from their latest quests in the last three months. At these parties, he makes a point of meeting everyone and talking about their adventures with some animation, asking for particulars about how monsters were fought and what devices were used or found in the course of the adventure.

Motivations: Maaril's main interest in life is magic items, and he will do anything he can, in his own way, to obtain any items adventurers bring into Waterdeep. He throws his "welcome home" parties in order to find out about the latest items found by adventurers and what other items they may have in which he is interested.

He is also fascinated with other planes and continually researches the spells necessary to open up gates and the spells necessary to control denizens of other planes once he has opened up the gate. He is a careful planner, and is not likely to open up a gate full of mon-



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sters he cannot control.

Background notes: It is said that Maaril came from east of the Inner Sea, from Thay or Mulhorand or Aglarond or one of those other exotic lands that are known so little on the Sword Coast. However, very little is known of Maaril's life before he came to Waterdeep.

He has adventured with several of the adventurers of the city and has a reputation as a greedy but proficient magic-user who always wants magic items as his share of any loot. He is also stingy with his magic items, using spells before a magic item. Of course, if he is traveling with an adventuring band, his spell mix, as shown above, changes to fit the situation.

Other notes: Maaril lives in the Dragon Tower, which is so called because the top of the tower is carved into a dragon head and the smoke from the chimneys issues from the dragon's nostrils and mouth, an eerie sight.

Maaril rarely issues forth from this tower, except to attend the private parties of the nobles of Waterdeep or make arrangements for his own parties, which are restricted to the bottom floor of the tower. Guests climbing the stairs are stopped by animated statues (stone golems) who do not let anyone pass to the upper stories.

The tower is full of guardian monsters in the form of enchanted constructs, and they remain lifeless if Maaril has guests rather than intruders, unless the guests go where they are not wanted.

When Maaril wants to seize a magic item from its current owner, he sends gargoyles or clay golems by night. If adventurers prove pesky and persistent in wanting their items back, he hires (through intermediaries) bravos and assassins to do away with them.

When the golems and gargoyles secure the items for which they are sent, they return to the Dragon Tower by means of the sewers of Waterdeep. Maaril has a secret entrance to the sewers in his kitchen area, which is in the back of the first floor of the tower.

Maaril can be a good method of getting rid of a magic item that proves too disrupting to the campaign. If the characters are so enamored of the object that they try to get it back, Maaril can become a major menace to the party, growing in level as they do, and always ready to attack them with hirelings or constructs, or otherwise work against them. Remember that he is constantly acquiring new magic items from other sources as he deals with the player characters.

If he gets the characters mad enough, he can be used as an excuse for a trip to the other planes. As the characters close in on him, he escapes to another plane, and the characters must follow him (using some artifact that he had to leave behind in the rush). Once on the other plane, they must hunt him down, and deal with the inhabitants of the other plane. The DM can devise an elaborate society of other plane beings whose ways are totally foreign to the party members, and to Maaril. The characters may have to team up with Maaril to escape this plane, then finally deal with him back in the Forgotten Realms. And, of course, there is nothing to say that they will come out in the same place they entered.

Manshoon of The ZhenTarim

ARMOR CLASS: 3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 60

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

16th-Level Human Magic-User

S:10 I:18 W:16 D:16 C:16 CH:18

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Charm person, burning hands, shocking grasp.*

- Second-level — *ESP, ray of enfeeblement, whip.*
- Third-level — *Clairaudience, hold person, suggestion.*
- Fourth-level — *Charm person, confusion, polymorph other.*
- Fifth-level — *Cloud kill, feeblemind, magic jar*
- Sixth-level — *Disintegrate, project image.*
- Seventh-level — *Teleport without error*
- Eighth-level — *Trap the soul.*

Physical description: Manshoon is a human male of average size who always wears a mask. It is said that he has had his features changed from when he was last seen unmasked. In any case, no one knows his true face, and he is said to walk unmasked in the streets of Zhentil Keep to get a better understanding of the people. If so, his actions prove this deception is solely for the purpose of learning how to repress them better.

Equipment: Manshoon carries a *staff of the magi*, wears *black robes of the arch-magi* and wears a *ring of spell storing* and a *ring of wizardry* that doubles fourth- and fifth-level spells. If he does, in fact, walk the streets of Zhentil Keep, then he must have other magical items that protect him, or some sort of illusion to hide the appearance of his usual equipment.

Personality: Manshoon is cruel, calculating, and careful. He never lets his temper master his reason, and is always alert. He is quite content to flee danger.

Motivations: Manshoon learned at an early age that the best spot to occupy in a tyranny is the tyrant's seat. His tyrannical father abused his power over his children, and Manshoon decided that no one would again have that authority over him.

His ultimate goal is the total domination of the Realms from the Sunrise Mountains to the Sword Coast. Then, perhaps, he will feel safe and sure that no one will be able to tyrannize him again.

Background notes: Manshoon was born to a noble house of Zhentil



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Keep. After his father's death, Manshooon first slew his older brother Asmoth and then seized control of the city's governing councils by skillful intrigue, staunch allies (such as the city ruler, Lord Chess, a lifelong "friend"), and the aid of the beholder Xantriph and that faction of the priesthood of Bane led by Fzoul Chembryl.

Manshooon's alliances with the dark nagas, and his manipulations of the Cult of the Dragon, increased his influence and bought him the time necessary to build his personal mastery of the magical arts without allowing stronger rivals to assume control of the city until he was ready to take it.

Now he has virtual control of the city and he has flourished; his spell library is thought to be the equal of Khelben Arunsun's, and his arsenal of magical devices and weapons the largest held by a single mage anywhere in the Realms (although it is scattered, hidden, and guarded by spells and monsters).

Other notes: Manshooon heads the Zhentarim; its power and success are largely due to his efforts, and its collective control of Zhentil Keep, the Citadel of the Raven (and through it, dominance of Thar and the cities of the Moonsea's north coast), Darkhold (and through it, maintenance of the shortest overland trade route between the Inner Sea and Waterdeep) have made him very rich.

He seems an unbeatable foe; others face danger to do his bidding, but he is "never there."

It must be kept in mind that although the Zhentarim (known as "The Black Network" to its foes) is a powerful force, it does not, in fact, control Zhentil Keep. Manshooon has the ear of Lord Chess, but so do many other councilors, including representatives of Lord Bane who are not under the thumb of Fzoul Chembryl.

Thus, it is possible to enter Zhentil Keep to confront Manshooon (assuming anyone would want to do so) and not be stopped at the city gates. However, Manshooon has his own small fortress within the walls of Zhentil Keep, and

his alliance of all classes of being makes him well-nigh invulnerable. Anyone wishing to assault him directly will need help.

One interesting focus for adventure is Manshooon's many caches of equipment and provisions. Each of these would provide a rare treasure for an adventuring party. Of course, discovering a map to any of these caches is virtually impossible, but it would not be strange for Manshooon to hide them away in a dungeon where other creatures and treasures can serve to scare away or distract adventurers.

This situation could serve as a means of involving a party of adventurers who have had no dealings with the Zhentarim in a feud with Manshooon. In whatever dungeon they are exploring, simply set up a treasure of gems, jewelry, and a couple of magic items appropriate for a magic-user but usable by others (such as *rings of protection* or some miscellaneous magic item), guard them with monsters and/or traps that can sit in one place for decades without needing to move around, and let them be found by the intrepid adventurers. They slay the guardians, avoid the traps, and gain a useful treasure. Manshooon is very upset, and soon learns who looted his cache, and the characters gain an implacable foe, who will not rest until they are all dead.

Manxam

FREQUENCY: Very Rare

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: 0/2/7

MOVE: 3"

HIT DICE: XX

Hit Points: 70

% IN LAIR: 80

TREASURE TYPE: I,S,T

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d4

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Anti-magic ray

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Special

INTELLIGENCE: Exceptional

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

SIZE: L (5' diameter)

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Physical description: Manxam's physical shape is the same as any other eye tyrant: A large diameter sphere covered in chitin with ten eyestalks, a large eye in the forward part of the sphere, and a tooth-filled mouth below that, all of which floats about 3" above the ground.

Equipment: There is very little equipment that is of use to an eye tyrant, but Manxam has rigged a framework among his eye tentacles and had a *helm of telepathy* altered to let him wear and use it.

Like any eye tyrant, Manxam has extensive treasures, including several magical items. He likes to collect them for the sake of collecting them, and, of course, any magic item in his collection cannot be used against him.

Personality: Manxam is a very reasonable beholder, ready to deal with humans (as long as it is to his perceived advantage) rather than immediately attack them. For this reason, he first allied himself with Zhentil Keep.

He is particularly friendly to priests of Bane, and unfriendly to magic-users unless they demonstrate their friendliness to him. He will not negotiate with a magic-user, though he is willing to speak to one for the purpose of threatening him.

Motivations: Manxam is motivated by a desire to build up a private little fiefdom in Teshwave. He has servants and slaves, and is willing to help the humans of Zhentil Keep in order to accumulate more wealth to build up his own defenses.

Manxam, like most of the eye tyrants who have cooperated with humankind in Zhentil Keep prior to the rise of the Zhentarim, resents and despises the "upstart mages," vastly preferring the priests of Bane, who accord beholders the respect they see as their due. Moreover, he views the Zhentarim's bold expansionist policies with increasing alarm, thinking that they will lead to an inevitable battle union of all of Zhentil Keep's foes, and the resulting defeat



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and destruction of Zhentil Keep. If Zhentil Keep is destroyed, its allies will be destroyed, and Manxam is too intelligent to think he won't be one of the allies to go down.

For this reason, he is helping the opposing faction of priests of Bane, based in Mulmaster, to thwart the Zhentarim where he can, and still remain in the good graces of Zhentil Keep. It is a thin edge he walks, but he has supreme confidence in his ability to walk it.

Background notes: Manxam spent centuries in the shadow of Xantirph and Zorkha. However, since their deaths at the hands of adventurers, he is probably the most powerful eye tyrant in the lands of the northwest Inner Sea, including the Moonsea cities, Sembia, Cormyr, and the Dales. Manxam deals in the politics of men as Xantirph did, but with a far lower profile and fewer servant creatures.

Since the great dragon invasion of a few years ago, Manxam has lived in Teshwave, once a burgeoning riverside trade town, now a ruin inhabited by the remnants of its population and an eye tyrant who has taken this time of devastation as an invitation to settle himself into a nice little estate.

The Zhentarim leave him alone, but other residents of Zhentil Keep visit and keep him apprised of current developments.

Other notes: It is thought that the anti-Zhentarim faction is using Teshwave and Manxam as a focal point for assembling their forces and training recruits for the "great day" when they drive Manshoon and his followers out of Zhentil Keep. However, they are faced with the problem of being a relatively small force facing a large, successful, operation. Being the alignment they are, they cannot even depend on the support of the populace around Zhentil Keep, for they are just as terrifying and tyrannical as the Zhentarim.

This presents some interesting possibilities for adventures, as characters can be lured to Teshwave and persuaded to "strike a blow for freedom" against the Zhentarim and gain great

treasure at the same time. In this way, the anti-Zhentarim faction, which still is a great part of Zhentil Keep, is not seen as directly threatening the city, as long as no one realizes it is sponsoring the bandits who are giving the Zhentarim a bad time.

Of course, what the characters do when they realize that their patrons are led by an eye tyrant is a good question, as is the question of how long Manxam can stay in the background instead of coming to the fore and trying to enslave or kill the characters. After all, that has been the instinct of beholders for centuries, and centuries of instinct are hard to shake off.

The characters can realize the nature of their patrons in several ways, from spotting Manxam lurking in the background to making a deduction based on the condition of the people of Teshwave and what is being done toward recovery for the town.

Masakado

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 70

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Ninth-Level Bushi

Tiger Hengeyokai

S:18 I:12 W:7 D:18 C:16 CH:15

Proficiencies: Calligraphy, etiquette, reading/writing, survival, tracking, gaming, hunting, and running.

Anger drives him — a terrible, feral thing. For he has not yet decided which path to take; that of men or that of the beast. His greatest weakness is that he worships power in all its forms, and fears it most of all in himself.

Personal History: Born a shape-changer, the hengeyokai Masakado may assume human, cat-man or tiger aspects. He is beyond the bounds of normal society, but unlike others of his

kind, his aloneness torments him and drives him to associate even more with the world of men.

As a human, Masakado is thin and lithe — a cat in all but shape. His rich, lustrous hair is shot with golden streaks (a sign of his tiger blood), while his features are sharp and savage, as if roughly carved from stone. A soft, gentle voice and sleepy indolent movements belie an incredible awareness of his surroundings; his senses are far keener than those of others, and the slightest sound can jar him from torpor to instant activity. Moody, intense and headstrong, he finds it hard to plan or think ahead; instead, he lives for the moment.

Masakado is a creature of rage; dominated by the wild and savage side of himself, he is constantly struggling to subdue his animal nature. His manners are urbane; he is well-educated and intelligent. But his blood calls him to hunt at night and to seek the fury of battle and the kill. His soft voice sings with implied threat and menace, and his actions are violent and erratic. He takes offense at the smallest things, particularly if the slight is from a human.

Masakado's greatest secret is his alliance with the monk Jinchin, a human he loathes and hates, but serves willingly. Perhaps this is because each sees himself mirrored in the other. Ultimately, Masakado's fury will lead him to his destruction, as his anger drives him to honor no other will but his own.

Dungeon Master's information: Encountering Masakado is a risky proposition for any adventuring party. His violent mood swings and fearsome combat skills make him dangerous in the extreme. If the party ignores his markedly hengeyokai background, he may join them for a time as a companion; however, at the least hint of insult or notice, he will fly into a murderous rage.

Masakado wears fairly standard armor for a Kozakuran — lacquered deep black with diagonal stripes of gold on back, breast, and helm. He carries an extremely long no-dachi (the long horse



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sword), which he easily uses with one hand. Neither armor nor arms possess any magical properties.

Mirt "The Moneylender" of Waterdeep

ARMOR CLASS: 1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 75

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8 + 3

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Ninth-Level Human Fighter

Seventh-Level Thief

S:17 I:13 W:15 D:17 C:16 CH:14

Thief skills: *Pick pocket* 65%, *open locks* 62%, *find/remove traps* 50%, *move silently* 60%, *hide in shadows* 48%, *hear noise* 25%, *climb walls* 94%, and *read languages* 35%.

Physical description: Mirt is a human male — fat, casual in dress, and generally seen with a tankard in his hand. His face is round and red-nosed, his hair is an unremarkable brown, and he walks with a slight hitch in his step, as if being very careful where he puts his feet. Anyone who sees him for the first time assumes he is drunk.

Equipment: Mirt wears a set of stained *leather armor* +4 under a loose tunic and treads. This includes a hood that lies under the tunic unless he is getting into a fight. In a fight, he fights with two weapons, his *long sword* +2 and his dagger. He also wears a *ring of regeneration*. Around his neck is a gem on a chain which is actually a *periapt of proof against poison* +2.

Personality: Mirt is coarse-mannered and gruff, a hard-drinking man. In earlier days, he also had a reputation for being lusty and brawling. Anyone who has dealings with him realizes that beneath the beery exterior is a

very shrewd man.

Anyone who has closer relationships with him, such as his friends among the Lords of Waterdeep, know that he is also a romantic, and very soft-hearted.

Motivations: Mirt wishes to maintain the peace and prosperity of Waterdeep, and uses his power as a Lord of Waterdeep to insure this tranquility. At one time, Mirt was a money-grubbing mercenary, but once he had accumulated a fortune, he realized that he could not buy the peace and tranquility he wanted, that he would have to work for it. The calm he craved would not be possible unless the rest of the world was at peace.

So when Khelben and Sammereza greeted him when he moved to Waterdeep and asked him to become a Lord of Waterdeep, he accepted wholeheartedly. Now he makes his wheezing way around the streets of the city, looking for problems and trying to see what must be done to keep Waterdeep safe.

He is one of the most practical of the members of the Lords, though his innate romanticism sometimes clouds his views of the most practical ways to accomplish a purpose.

Background notes: Mirt is short for Mertonius, and as the son of a successful coaster (a trading concern along the Sword Coast), he was brought up with an appreciation of the legends of the great heroes of yore. He gravitated toward the life of a fighting man, and rapidly gained prominence under his nickname, Mirt.

Eventually, he became a successful mercenary general of the North and Sword Coast lands called "Mirt the Merciless," and accumulated a vast store of wealth. Along the way, he met Durnan the Wanderer, and they became good friends and companions.

Finally, Mirt decided he was tired, and determined that he would retire and enjoy it. The younger Durnan followed him into retirement, mostly because he could not conceive of continuing his adventuring without Mirt.

Within a month of his arrival in Waterdeep, Mirt was invited to become

a Lord of Waterdeep. He was already looking for a way to break his boredom, so he accepted immediately. A few years later, when another Lord died, he suggested that Durnan be brought into the Lords, and the other Lords agreed. It was something of a shock to Durnan to see Mirt there, as he had begun to fall away from his friend because of Mirt's strange behavior.

Shortly after becoming a Lord, Mirt decided to get closer to the people of Waterdeep. He figured the best way was to become a thief. So the old, fat, but surprisingly agile Tonius the thief appeared in the Dock Ward and became a member of the Thieves Guild. He advanced rapidly until the Lords, alarmed, among other things, at the success of thieves in robbing them, decided to close the guild down. Mirt acted as a spy for the Lords, discovering all the secret ways and safe houses, then in a week of flame and steel, the guild was destroyed, and most of its members slain, captured, or driven out of Waterdeep.

After that, Mirt returned to his craft as a fighter and continued in that class, gaining most of his experience on a few missions with other Lords that took them Undermountain and into other planes to defend Waterdeep.

Now, though he is often seen wheezing about from tavern to tavern in food-stained clothing, Mirt is actually a very rich man. He is also one of the most influential Lords of Waterdeep, though few beyond the Lords themselves know this. He is well-loved by his fellows, even the paladins, and is wise in tactics and in judging the characters of all races and creeds.

Other notes: Mirt's constant companion is the young fighter Asper, whom he rescued as an infant from a sacked city, and whom he regards as his little girl, despite her now-matured beauty. Asper is a fighter of about fifth level, (DEX 17, CHA 16, CG) worships Tymora, and is a lithe, petite beauty, soft-spoken yet merry. Her weapon of choice is the bow, and she has a *composite short bow* +1 and 13 *arrows* +1



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and four *arrows* +3 to use with it. She also has an *arrow* +3 of *slaying griffins* which is fletched with griffin feathers.

Mistinarperadnacles Haj Draco

FREQUENCY: Unique
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
ARMOR CLASS: -4
MOVE: 9"/11"
HIT DICE: 10
Hit Points: 90
% IN LAIR: 60
TREASURE TYPE: H,S,T,X
NO. OF ATTACKS: 3 (see below)
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8/1d8/3d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Breath weapon and magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
INTELLIGENCE: Exceptional
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil with Neutral tendencies
SIZE: L (45' long)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Commonly used spells: *Charm person, locate object, protection from normal missiles, hold person.*

Mistinarperadnacles, or Mist, as she is commonly known, is a typical venerable red dragon in most regards. She can speak and use magic, having gained two spells of each level from first through fourth level, and one fifth-level spell. Mist can breathe a cone of fire 9" long by 3" base diameter. Like all dragons in the Realms, she can use this breath weapon as many times as she sees fit in a 24-hour period, inflicting total damage not exceeding three times her hit points, or 270 total points of damage.

Where Mist differs from a standard red dragons is in her personality. While most red dragons are horrifyingly evil and avaricious creatures, Mist is rather refined and even a bit naive in her outlook on life. She is far from the terrifying force of evil stereotypically personified by red dragons.

This does not mean Mist is not deadly or evil. She is most certainly both. Mist,

however, is not prone to slaughtering parties for fun, or destroying villages for no reason other than to relish the chaos it creates. That type of wanton destruction bores Mist, and she feels there are more important things to be accomplished than simple demolition.

Mist discovered how boring – and dangerous – destruction for the sake of chaos can be when she flew south and west with a flight of dragons from the glaciers beyond Thar and attacked Yulash and Shadowdale. Though the destruction of Yulash was mildly amusing to Mist, the pitched battle over Shadowdale in which many of her comrades were destroyed by the river witch Selune was simply too dangerous to be enjoyed.

After the battle over Shadowdale, Mist moved to the Storm Horn Mountains, west of Cormyr. There she battled a younger dragon, driving him out of his lair and appropriating his hoard. During the battle, before Mist sealed her victory by tearing through her opponent's wings and grounding him, she grew overconfident, and the younger male struck a nearly fatal blow. Mist quickly defeated the other dragon after that, but it was not the last time Mist would pay for toying with her adversaries.

After the battle, Mist remained in the Storm Horns, perched over the trade route from Suzail to Waymoot, waiting for travelers and merchants to provide her with what she considered really important. In the lair, a flock of ravens constantly flutters about, and Mist seems able to read their actions, if not communicate with them directly, for the birds often warn her of approaching attackers when she is asleep.

Most of the things Mist deems important have to do with her personal comfort. She is very concerned with her diet and maintaining a schedule of regular and frequent meals. Her raids on villages or caravans usually occur around her numerous mealtimes.

Like all red dragons, Mist is interested in obtaining material wealth. But she is often bored by simple items of

gold or silver. The only things that really interest her, other than food, are, in fact, music and story. For this reason, Mist is likely to attack caravans that may be carrying magical items that can hold her interest – like mechanical singing birds or talking mirrors. Of course, adventurers can sing and tell tales, too, and Mist has been known to kidnap people and keep them around as long as they keep her entertained.

It was on one of her frequent raids on the caravans traveling to Suzail that Mist first got involved with Olive Ruskettle. The halfling thief was traveling as a bard to the wedding of the sage Dimswart's daughter in Suzail when Mist carried off the wagon she was in. Mist was delighted to have snagged such a wonderfully entertaining prize, and kept Olive in a cage in her lair.

Olive kept Mist entertained until the swordswoman Alias, with the help of Akabar Bel Akash and Dragonbait, rescued the halfling. Alias challenged and defeated Mist in a feint of honor. Though Mist was honorable enough to follow the rules of combat during the feint, she was set to attack the heroes when Alias escaped with Olive. The dragon was so offended by her loss to Alias that she vowed to destroy the swordswoman.

Though she came close on many occasions, Mist never saw Alias again. However, the dragon did catch up with Olive Ruskettle outside of Yulash. Again Mist delayed devouring the halfling so the pseudo-bard could sing for her. This time it was the saurial paladin Dragonbait who rescued Olive through a feint of honor – though with considerable help from Olive.

The defeated dragon agreed to help Dragonbait rescue Alias and Akabar from The Abomination of Moander. In the initial skirmish, Akabar was rescued from The Abomination. However, in a spectacular battle over Westgate, Mist and The Abomination destroyed each other.

This may not be the end of Mist's existence in the Realms. The Cult of the Dragon has certainly learned of Mist's



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demise and it is possible they may attempt to revive her as a dracolich. The huge amount of damage Mist must have sustained in the battle with The Abomination of Moander will certainly make any resurrection difficult, if not impossible.

If Mist were to return, however, she would certainly wish to revenge herself on Alias and her companions. In fact, she would very likely hold a grudge against most adventurers, blaming them all for her misfortune.

Mist will also retain many of the foibles that made her unlike most red dragons. Whether as a dragon or a dracolich, Mist will undoubtedly retain her interest in music and story. If an adventurer can't divert the dragon with a song or tale, Mist will likely give them plenty of time to escape anyway. She always toys with her adversaries before dispatching them, a habit that cost her her life.

Genna Moonsinger

ARMOR CLASS: 6

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 85

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

14th-Level Human Great Druid

S:11 I:15 W:18 D:15 C:17 CH:17

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Animal friendship, ceremony, speak with animals.*
- Second-level — *Barkskin, charm person, locate plants.*
- Third-level — *Call lightning, neutralize poison, protection from fire.*
- Fourth-level — *Animal summoning I, call woodland beings, plant door.*
- Fifth-level — *Commune with nature, insect plague, wall of fire.*
- Sixth-level — *Cure critical wounds,*

fire seeds, wall of thorns, weather summoning.

- Seventh-level — *Animate rock, conjure earth elemental, control weather finger of death.*

Like any druid of seventh level or higher in the Moonshaes, Genna can create a *rune stick*. The *rune stick* is a kind of magical wand that can be created by a druid of seventh level or higher who also has a Dexterity of 14 or better. The *rune stick* is a short piece of oak about 12" long, carved with a detailed pattern of runes, and then wrapped in mistletoe or holly. It normally can be used to store up to five spell levels of druidical spells. However, the great druid of the Moonshaes can put up to 20 levels of spells into a *rune stick*.

The stick takes 1d4 hours to create for every spell level put into it (roll separately for each spell). Upon completing the *rune stick*, the druid must cast the spells he or she wishes to store upon it. The *rune stick* crumbles to dust one month after creation. It cannot be recharged.

The spells stored in the *rune stick* are cast at the level of the druid who enchanted the *rune stick*. It can be used by any druid who knows the command word. It can also be used by any maiden of pure heart (use the unicorn test to determine this) who knows the command word. However, when used by a non-druid, the effects of the spells (radius, range, damage, etc.) are halved, and the victim receives a +4 modifier to his saving throw.

Physical description: Genna is a pleasantly rounded older woman. She has a plump, lined face, and a warm smile. Her hair is brown and worn short. As befits her position as representative of the Goddess, she is very motherly. She seems to be middle-aged, but she is older than she looks.

Generally, Genna wears the robes of her station as great druid of the Moonshaes.

Equipment: Genna usually has a *torque of the goddess* (see description of Robyn) and a *druid staff*. This staff is

like Robyn's *Staff of the White Well*, but has the head of a bear carved into its top and can only be used to summon bears. It cannot be used to summon a *fire storm* or *summon weather* as the *Staff of the White Well* can.

If she knows she is going into a fight, Genna wears leather armor. Genna will also enchant some *fire seeds* and a *rune stick* as needed.

Personality: Since she took over the position of great druid of the Moonshaes, Genna has maintained a low profile, preferring to maintain Myrloch Vale and lead her fellow druids by example rather than autocratic command. Her humble attitude is shown by her favorite shape-changes. She would rather be a sparrow than an eagle, a shrew than a wolf, a lizard than a viper.

However, she is fiercely dedicated to the defense of the Goddess, and brooks no opposition.

Motivations: Genna always felt inferior to her sister, the highly charismatic Brianna Moonsinger. When Brianna was slain, the Circle of Druids was surprised to discover that Genna was the best qualified to succeed her sister, but no more surprised than Genna herself was.

She buried her resentment of Brianna to be the best great druid the Isles had ever seen, but under her dominion, the druids of other isles were slain or driven out, the Leviathan was slain, and the principal Moonwell defiled despite all the efforts of Genna and the remaining druids.

Thus, when Hobarth managed to insert the *Heart of Kazgaroth* into Genna as she sat defenseless in the statue form created by the Goddess in a last effort to protect her servants, the heart fed on Genna's resentment and frustration to turn her into a willing servant of Bhaal, dedicated to destroying what she had lived so long to preserve.

Background notes: Genna is the sister of the former great druid, Brianna Moonsinger (Robyn's mother). She gained her sister's rank when Brianna was slain trying to stop Kazgaroth from manifesting.



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When Kazgaroth finally arrived, Genna organized the spiritual defense of Corwell against the monster, but she would have failed without Prince Tristan and Robyn to turn the tide with the *Sword of Cymrych Hugh* and Robyn's burgeoning druidic powers.

Recognizing that Robyn had potential to be the greatest druid the Isles had ever seen, Genna took her under her wing. But before she could finish the girl's training, Hobarth struck with his army of undead and managed to defeat the assembled druids.

After the fight at the Moonwell, in which the Goddess turned Genna and her fellow druids to stone to thwart Hobarth, he took the *Heart of Kazgaroth* and implanted it in her statue. This corrupted the great druid and turned her into an anti-druid, with all the powers of a druid but dedicated to the destruction of the Goddess and the ascendancy of Bhaal.

Okotampe

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 21

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: S

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Korobokuru Wu Jen

S:11 I:16 W:12 D:14 C:12 CH:8

Proficiencies: Chanting, fire building, survival, tracking.

Commonly used spells: *Animate wood, ghost light, secret signs, shield, animal companion, animate water, detect shape-changer, commune with lesser spirit, scry, shout, stone shape, and true sight.*

"There must be a special kami in Celestial Heaven that watches over such things as the korobokuru. For if there wasn't, I am certain I would have killed Okotampe years ago!" — Prince Gisen

A korobokuru dwarf only distantly related to men, Okotampe is small (shorter than 4' tall), wiry, and thin. From his bowlegged stance, to his wild beard and hair liberally coated in bear fat, he is almost a throwback to a time before the Celestial Ones taught men to walk upright and use fire. He never bathes, wears filthy rags, spits, curses, yells, and is invariably rude.

If others stare at him and call him names, it doesn't matter to Okotampe; he has little use for humans anyway, considering them little more than barbarian invaders. His culture is a far older one, with its own mystical rhythms and ancient powers.

Okotampe is a shaman — a sorcerer of skill among his people. Through their totem animals and legends which were old before the first kings, the korobokuru people have access to the Spirit World itself. To them, the Bear Gods and Owl Women walk the earth in invisible form, invisible to lesser beings, and visible to the korobokuru only through their use of their magical symbols and nature signs.

Okotampe is the only one of the companions of Monkey who knows of Onoye's true spirit origin. Believing her to be a guide from the Owl Woman, he travels with her, hoping Onoye will lead him to a new totem spirit to replace his tribes' old one. Because he believes the willow woman to be from the gods, he is understandably overly protective of her. He tolerates the other members of Monkey's group as associates of his spirit guide with their own arcane purposes in the gods' plans.

Okotampe wears no armor and usually carries no weapons, preferring to use whatever comes to hand. He is extremely fond of clubs and other large, heavy objects. These he wields with a strength far greater than his appearance warrants. During the battle for the village of Tomobiki, he acquired a rusting iron tetsubo, which he now uses exclusively, when he uses a weapon at all.

Dungeon Master's information: Players are likely to encounter Oko-

tampe in almost any locale, although he often returns to visit Monkey at his temple in Tomobiki. As an encounter, Okotampe is more likely to be an aggravation than an experience. He is likely to talk in riddles, refuse to divulge information, yell at the adventurers, insult anyone whom he meets, and generally make a nuisance of himself.

Okotampe has no fixed abode, preferring to live in the trees or in the nearest cave. His needs are few, and he will show little or no interest in treasure or possessions. In most cases, he will either ignore the adventurers or bore them to death with long, rambling stories about spirits, animals, and the korobokuru gods. The exception is if there are spirit people among the party members. These people he will treat with great deference and respect, taking time to talk to them while ignoring most of the other party members.

Onoye

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: Special

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Kami

S:18 I:16 W:10 D:17 C:14 CH:17

Though Onoye is technically immortal, she can be dispelled to her willow grove after 40 hit points of damage.

Proficiencies: Calligraphy, etiquette, music, reading/writing, singing, and cooking.

Commonly used spells: *Bless, detect evil, cure light wounds, commune with greater and lesser spirits, speak with plants.*

If there is perfection, then it is mirrored in a moving stream. And if there is perfection in woman, it is Onoye, for like a stream, she mirrors Heaven and yet has hidden, shifting depths below



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her peace.

The book of yan: A tiny woman of delicate grace and perfect bearing, Onoye is the embodiment of refined beauty. Her clear voice and simple, unpretentious manners belie a carefully sheltered upbringing, perhaps as the daughter of a great lord or even a dai-myō.

But Onoye is more than a mere ornament of a Shogonate castle. She has an innate understanding of the human soul, of the complexities of social relationships, of the inner meanings of conversation. Her passions run deep beneath her calm exterior; her endurance is astonishing, and her fury and savagery can explode without warning or source. At these times, she seems to be more than human, to be truly a force of nature.

Onoye's secret: This is not too far from the truth. For Onoye is actually a lesser nature spirit — an earthbound, minor deity more goddess than human. She has left her previous life to wander the earth in a mortal form, seeking fulfillment unattainable through any other path. Her fate is thus intertwined with Sanehiro/Monkey's, as he seeks to rise above his human weaknesses.

Willow and Monkey: The essential yin and yang of these two people is evident in their relationship to each other. Early in their travels, Sanehiro, rootless and seeking comfort, imagined that he was in love with the beautiful willow woman. Her gentle rebuff of his fumbling attentions caused Sanehiro to reconsider things, so that eventually he came to view her more as a daughter than a lover. However, as Sanehiro gained greater self-awareness, culminating in his rebirth as the shukenja Monkey, his courage and honesty touched something deeper within Onoye. This dimly realized feeling has blossomed into the fire of love — a love which can never be realized as Monkey is destined for greater things.

Onoye's kami powers are few but potent, and she is reluctant to reveal them, fearing that her secret might be divined. Without actually lying, she has

constructed an elaborate background, implying some things, agreeing to other things, and letting those around her supply the missing parts from their own imaginations. Sometimes this doesn't work; those who know her often discover disturbing gaps in her knowledge. She knows the working of nature and the seasons, but is confounded by such everyday things as the ceremonies of the Way of Enlightenment or the names of famous personages. She is strangely uncurious about the material world; food, money, or shelter mean nothing to her. Yet she is fascinated by talk of spirits, magic, and the affairs of Heaven.

Onoye fears little — not even death itself. Her greatest fear is of being discovered. It is forbidden for those not in communion with the Spirit World to know her true nature; should she be found out, she would be compelled to return to her willow spirit shape in shame. This would take her away from her beloved shukenja and end her tenuous visit on earth.

Dungeon Masters information: Onoye will always be encountered in the company of Sanehiro/Monkey; in fact, she will never be more than a few yards from his side if possible. She will take a polite and gentle interest in the adventurers, although she will not show any great interest in their affairs unless they speak of magic and the Spirit World. Her conversation will then become more animated, showing a bright and sparkling personality beneath her passive demeanor.

Onoye's sorcery enables her to appear as a non-magical being; an ordinary woman to all who meet her. Only those with some connection to the Spirit World will be able to perceive her secret. Other spirit folk within a party will know almost automatically, but will be constrained by the laws of Heaven from revealing her identity. Shukenja and other enlightened souls may have an inkling.

Onoye wears no armor, and carries almost no weapons. Her only armament is the slender dagger all high-born

women carry to defend themselves against dishonor. Her greatest powers come from her spirit ability to raise the force of nature against her foes. This ability, which may be used only once per week, covers a range of one mile, and has a duration of up to 1d10 rounds, acts as a combination of the following spells: *Elemental burst*, *animate water*, *cloudburst*, *move earth*, *whirlwind* and *call* (animals only). Onoye will only invoke this power if Sanehiro/Monkey is in severe danger — otherwise, she will not use her abilities, even to save her own life.

Orgauth of Zhentil Keep

ARMOR CLASS: -1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 45

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d4 + 3

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Human Fighter

S:16 I:15 W:16 D:16 C:15 CH:16

Physical description: Orgauth is a human male in early middle age. His dirty blond hair virtually masks his few gray hairs. He often wears the russet and scarlet colors of his livery; his arms are a russet raven striking, talons out, on a scarlet field. In combat he wears his plate armor and wields a bastard sword two-handed.

Equipment: Orgauth's armor is *plate mail* +2 and he usually wields a *bastard sword* +2, though he has a *crossbow of distance* with which he is equally proficient. He also has a *ring of human influence* and carries a set of *eyes of the eagle* in a pouch for using with the crossbow.

Personality: Orgauth seems to be a simple merchant-fighter, blunt in his ways and with just the bare cunning



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necessary to survive as a trader in an essentially evil city. Actually, Orgauth is a ruthless, subtle schemer.

Motivations: Orgauth is torn between his lust for control and his wish to maintain the trade relations that enrich him. Outwardly, he supports the Zhentarim (indeed, his goals and theirs often coincide), but he also supports activities that work against the Zhentarim, or betrays their more reckless or ill-founded projects.

He works to maintain the rule of Maalthiir in Hillsfar as a check against the expansionist policies of the Zhentarim. He believes that an empire centered on Zhentil Keep would overreach and weaken the city's military strength and earn it the enmity of those conquered, which would hurt his trade projects.

One of his major allies is Manxam the beholder.

Background notes: Orgauth started as the younger son of one of the nobles of Zhentil Keep. As a younger son, he devoted himself to warfare for 15 years, fighting many times in the armies of Zhentil Keep.

In the meantime, his father and older brother died, and Orgauth retired from the military to become one of the lords of Zhentil Keep. He earns much respect as a seasoned veteran of the Moonsea wars and is now a wealthy merchant in his own right.

He has built his ore-refining (mostly taking ore from a mine he discovered in a campaign against the orcs) and caravan-running concerns into much coinage, and he maintains, in the guise of a normal work force, a strong bodyguard of about 60 or 70 men-at-arms. This last shrewd measure undoubtedly has ensured his own survival in the noble hierarchy of Zhentil Keep throughout the rise of the Zhentarim. There have been several attempts on his life from rivals from among the Zhentarim, and all have failed, thanks to the watchfulness of his bodyguard.

Manshoon considers Orgauth one of his "loyal opposition," men who do not see the wisdom in Zhentil Keep's expan-

sionism, but support him still as the best person to really run the city. Orgauth is also consulted by Lord Chess, and Orgauth frequently argues the Zhentarim cause to him. He works against the Zhentarim on a more subtle level.

Other notes: Orgauth's bodyguard consists of five fifth-level fighters (the sergeants who lead the others), nine fourth-level fighters, 12 third-level fighters, 20 second-level fighters, and 30 first-level fighters. His real work force consists of about 50 more zero-level fighters who are being trained in both warfare and surveillance.

All of these fighters are trained in riding, spear, short bow, and broad sword and shield. They are not actually an effective cavalry force, but they can stay on their horses long enough to get to a fight and get off to fight.

Because of Orgauth's opposition to the Zhentarim, he can be a source of adventure for characters who are interacting with the Zhentarim.

He can warn (through indirect comments or agents, never by his own direct statement) people that the Zhentarim do not always live up to the *spirit* of their contracts.

He can hire adventurers himself to guard his caravans or perform special missions for him, particularly in times of stress when he wants all of his own guard around him to protect him.

Conversely, he can become the villain you hate to hate. He has a certain courtesy and gentility that most of the Zhentarim lack. He is an evil man, but he does not want to spread his form of villainy all over the Inner Sea, as the Zhentarim do. He wants to be left alone to oppress his workers, buy and sell slaves, and manipulate the minerals markets for his own profit.

If commanded by the Zhentarim to kill the characters, he will certainly try to do so. His first priority is his own well-being. Still, if he thought that the characters might put a spoke in the wheel of the Zhentarim advance, he might look the other way and let them continue, rather than reveal them to

Manshoon. After all, if Manshoon and Fzoul were destroyed, a man could get back to making a dishonest profit in peace again, and Zhentil Keep would be a much less stressful place to live.

He can be contacted through his offices in his citadel in the northeastern area of Zhentil Keep. He is generally in Zhentil Keep, though he occasionally accompanies his caravans elsewhere around the Moonsea.

If encountered with a caravan, he has one troop (25 men) of his bodyguard with him. The rest are minding the home front.

Pawldo

ARMOR CLASS: 3

MOVE: 9"

Hit Points: 60

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: S (3'1")

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Fifth-Level Halfling Fighter

Seventh-Level Thief

S:14 I:15 W:13 D:18 C:18 CH:16

Thief skills: *Pick pockets* 75%, *open locks* 72%, *find/remove traps* 60%, *move silently* 75%, *hide in shadows* 68%, *hear noise* 30%, *climb walls* 79%, *read languages* 30%.

Physical description: Pawldo is a male halfling, brown-haired, an inch or two over 3' in height. He is over 60 years old, with graying hair, but his smiling face is cleanshaven and free of wrinkles.

Equipment: Pawldo's usual equipment is a short bow and a short sword. When he knows he is going into combat, he wears leather armor as he finds metal too constricting.

Personality: Pawldo is brave but mildly pessimistic. He is likely to comment on the hopelessness of a situation before going forth to prove himself wrong. This is a last vestige of his heri-



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tage as a halfling, a race which, in general, prefers building a warm fire in a hearth at home to burning out an orc village.

However, unlike his more staid kinfolk, Pawldo is an adventurer. He goes where prudent halflings do not follow. He has found a merchant's life fits this penchant of his for exploration and excitement full well. However, he is likely to add a dash of larceny to his recipe for successful merchantry, and is as likely to running a confidence game as he is to deal in honest merchandise.

Motivations: Pawldo has three main motivations. The most important is friendship. In his early 50s he struck up an acquaintance with Prince Tristan and Robyn, and this ripened into a friendship that could not be broken by the most dire circumstances. Pawldo's other two motivations are thrill seeking and greed. In many ways, these are two aspects of the same motivation, for he often attempts confidence games more for the thrill of succeeding in fooling people four times his size (by weight, anyway) than for the monetary reward.

Background notes: Pawldo is a merchant who was born and raised in Lowhill in Corwell, but who has sailed all over the Sword Coast.

He first made the acquaintance of Prince Tristan when he sold the prince some weapons he had gained on a merchanting trip. They talked of weapons and hunting, and became hunting companions. Robyn, Tristan's constant companion as a child, found that she also liked the little man, and willingly included him in on any plans they made for adventuring.

But every year Pawldo left to make a trading voyage among the Moonshaes and sometimes to the Sword Coast. One year, he decided to deal in dogs and arranged to find a hunting pack leader for his friend, the prince. On his travels he found the great moor hound Canthus and sold the dog to Prince Tristan. Since his travels for the year were done, he resumed his usual non-traveling place at Tristan's side and became enmeshed in the battle against

Kazgaroth. He helped rescue Finellen and Keren the bard from the firbolgs, lent his archery skills against the Northmen invaders along the road to Caer Corwell, led the archers of his people in the defense of Caer Corwell, and accompanied his friends in the final battle against Kazgaroth — almost dying, except for the intervention of the Goddess when the monster was slain.

The next year, he was selling phony crystals in Alaron when he saw Prince Tristan and Daryth being arrested by High King Carrathal's Scarlet Guard, and acted to rescue them. From there, he spied on the high king and participated in the final battle against Cyndre, High King Carrathal, and their duergar and sahuagin allies.

Finally, Pawldo joined Tristan and Robyn in the final battle against Hobarth and Bhaal himself.

Other notes: Pawldo is an ideal introduction to the Moonshaes. His merchant adventures take him throughout the isles and to the Sword Coast, and his stories of the glories of the Moonshaes, and perhaps some hints of the possibilities of high adventure in the mountains of the Jotunheim, or against the troll-folk of Moray, could lure adventurers across the sea from the Sword Coast.

Moreover, Pawldo, while confident of his own abilities, is not unaware that the seas on which he travels can be full of dangers, and he has been known to employ adventurers as guards for his goods and person.

Pawldo is also inclined to get into trouble for a good cause. If a player character befriends him, then gets into trouble with the authorities or some powerful private citizen, Pawldo may well come to his rescue, preferably without having to directly assault any turnkeys.

Note that Pawldo is quick and sturdy, but not incredibly strong. He does not get involved in stand-up battles if he can help it — he'd much rather sit back and snipe with his bow and arrows.

Piergeiron

ARMOR CLASS: -1

MOVE: 6"

Hit Points: 102

NO. OF ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type (+1)

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (6'4")

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

16th-Level Human Paladin

S:17 I:14 W:16 D:14 C:15 CH:17

Piergeiron, "The Paladinson," is a tall and muscular, strikingly handsome man with a firm jaw and dark eyes. His hair, curly and brown, is flecked with grey at the temples, but this only adds to the regal aura of the noble man.

Of the reputed 16 Lords of Waterdeep, Piergeiron is the only one openly known and recognized, and as such, he speaks for the others in matters concerning the city. He is the commander of the watch, warden of the guard, and overmaster of the guilds. His word is law in the City of Splendors, even above the guild law, and thus he is in a position to make many enemies.

Even if a foe was to catch the young lord on one of the many instances that he is alone, he would find himself faced by an opponent quite able to take care of himself. Dressed in his full plate mail armor and his *shining shield* +1, emblazoned with golden scales atop the head of a war hammer, the symbol of Tyr the even-handed, the Paladinson fears no battle and has yet to be bested.

He wields *Clamorour*, a holy avenger, the sword of his father, and though he prefers diplomacy to battle, he fights with the knowledge that he is blessed by his god.

"Yet, within Waterdeep, Piergeiron has little to fear. He handles his position and authority with such caring and dedication to his responsibility that the Waterdhavians, even those with per-



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sonal grudges against him know that they could not find a better man for the position. The only ones who would want to bring harm to this Lord are those against the city itself.

“... and his decree is the only absolute law in this city of interpretation and subtle evasion. As such, he is very safe from Waterdhavians — and his life is threatened by foreign powers, such as Amn, Calimshan, and Luskan, for the same reason; he is so above reproach, and so able in his administration and justice, that the city flourishes.”

— from *Waterdeep and the North*
by Ed Greenwood

Piergeiron weighs his every word before he speaks it, and often, understanding the tact of silence, keeps his thoughts to himself. When he does speak, he enunciates every word slowly and deliberately, wanting those around him to fully grasp the exact meaning and connotations of what he has to say.

Because of this cautious manner of speaking, some snicker his other nickname, “The Thickskull,” behind his back. But they are unperceptive, or are the ones who should rightly wear the insulting mantle themselves. Far from stupid, Piergeiron never forgets the weight of his position and understands the many potential implications of his every word.

He has heard the degrading nickname, and he has even laughed about it, not confusing the pride and execution of his office and his code with the destructive pride of self. And Piergeiron is smart enough to use this misperception of his mental prowess to his advantage. If his political enemies underestimate him, he correctly reasons, they will often slip up in their dealings with him, not expecting him to pick up on the subtleties of the conversation.

Piergeiron was born with large shoes to fill. He was the son of Athar, “The Shining Knight,” an adventuring paladin who captured the imagination of the whole Northland with his daring and heroic accomplishments. Also called

“The Arm of Tyr,” Athar roamed throughout the North, vanquishing evil and rescuing whole towns from persecuting and unjust governments. The very name of Athar still brings a smile and a look of true love and admiration to the faces of elders all across the land.

It is said that Athar was once a Lord of Waterdeep, but this has never been proven. His son, though, seemed destined for the position from very early in his life. Piergeiron, less a wanderer than his father, always believed that the true fostering of the word of Tyr could be better achieved through a strong central location, and thus, as soon as he had earned respect through deeds of valor and conscience, he moved right into the position offered him, becoming the only visible Lord of the city.

Even his greatest skeptics soon came to understand the young man’s value and were silenced. In all the years Piergeiron has ruled the city, he has rarely angered even the most selfish of guilds, and has become so well-loved by the general populace that nobody, or no guild, would dare to strike against him in any case, fearing the inevitable, and brutal, reprisals that would surely befall them.

Roleplaying tips: Piergeiron is a gentle man who seems to walk secure in the truth and righteousness of his chosen course. Never will adventurers meet a man so comfortable in his way of life and in his every action. He is pleasant and warm, though he doesn’t speak much, and has a heart and manner that give new heights to the meaning of generosity.

He is comfortable in battle as well, knowing that Tyr supports his every move. He swings *Clamorour* easily and ably, and accepts the possibility of his own death without fear.

Though Waterdeep bears little semblance to Camelot, Piergeiron just might be the Forgotten Realms’ version of King Arthur. He believes in justice, even for the poor, and executes it with his every move and every word. “Might for right” would be an apt motto.

Certainly his father would be proud

of him, and no longer does he walk in Athar’s shadow. Even Athar’s most devoted admirers admit that his son excels in ways the elder did not, ways that might prove more important to the future of the Northland in general.

For Piergeiron is just the type of leader who will transform the savage Northland into a united realm of peace.

Zrie Prakis

ARMOR CLASS: 0

MOVE: 6’

HIT DICE: 11

Hit Points: 88

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d10

SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: +1 or better weapon to hit

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

INTELLIGENCE: Supra-genius

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

SIZE: M

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Commonly used spells: *Fireball, lightning bolt, cloud kill, feeblemind, mind blank, death spell, cacodemon, guards and wards, contact other planes.*

Zrie Prakis’ appearance is enough to strike fear into anyone’s heart. The 18th-level lich is covered with age-worn, rotting, translucent flesh, pulled tight over its skeleton. Its black, gaping eye sockets contain pinpoints of sharp, red light. The undead sorcerer’s laugh is hollow and deep. And like all liches, Zrie Prakis’ touch causes 1d10 points of freezing damage and paralyzes those who fail to make their saving throws. The *staff of power* he carries is equally deadly.

The story of Zrie Prakis’ death at the hands of his lover Cassana is quite well known in the Realms, and is even the subject of a popular opera performed frequently in The Living City. The opera makes the tale out to be a tragedy, though it is more commonly told as a horror story. Zrie Prakis is seen as a kind of bogeyman throughout the



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Realms, and parents often invoke his name to keep young children in line.

Zrie Prakis met the sorceress Cassana many years ago while they were both apprentices, just beginning their studies of the magical arts. They fell in love, pledged their eternal faithfulness, then were forced to part.

During the years of their separation, both Zrie Prakis and Cassana grew very powerful. The mage also grew obsessively proud of himself and what he considered his unique powers. Zrie Prakis adopted for his sigil three interlocking rings, a common enough symbol in the Realms, but decided that it should be his symbol alone. He destroyed an ale house in Sembia simply because the innkeep happened to choose three interlocking rings to grace his sign.

It is not surprising then, that when Zrie Prakis met Cassana again, he tried to prove himself the greater mage. He was not, and Cassana killed him in proving it. Cassana gathered Zrie Prakis' remains and kept them in a glass sarcophagus next to her bed. Eventually, she resurrected him as a lich.

Zrie Prakis' existence was linked to Cassana's wand, and the sorceress used it to control her undead lover. The closer Zrie Prakis remained to the wand, the greater his power. And though the wand kept Zrie Prakis from acting directly against Cassana, he plotted against her from the day she brought him back from the dead.

The lich was destroyed again in the battle that finally brought down Cassana. When the sorceress's wand was cast into a parallel dimension, the source of Zrie Prakis' existence was cut and he tumbled to dust. Liches are not so easily destroyed, however, and the Realms may hear from Zrie Prakis again.

Zrie Prakis was a vengeful creature, capable of great evil. He served Cassana well, though he constantly sought ways to be free of her control. The lich often contacted other planes and summoned horrible creatures to serve the sorceress. Those who seek to conquer Zrie

Prakis or his allies will certainly encounter creatures such as the crystal elemental he brought to this plane to capture Alias.

In his first incarnation as a lich, however, Zrie Prakis was a servant of Cassana, and thus completely subject to her will. In fact, he was only one of a number of creatures that served the dark sorceress. If encountered as a servant of Cassana, he will likely be only part of a larger force of monsters — like the kalmari.

Kalmari

FREQUENCY: Very Rare

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: -6 (see below)

MOVE: 6"

HIT DICE: 3

% IN LAIR: 100%

TREASURE TYPE: Nil

NO. OF ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d10/1d6

SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: +2 or better weapons to hit (see below)

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 100%

INTELLIGENCE: Average

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

SIZE: M

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

The kalmari in its natural state is an amorphous being of a mistlike consistency with a 3' long, tapering tail. The most striking thing about the kalmari is its jaws, which seem to stretch almost all the way around its body. Set below the kalmari's two unblinking yellow eyes, the mouth is filled with huge pointed teeth. However, adventurers are likely to first encounter the kalmari while it is possessing a host from this plane.

To be called to this plane, a kalmari must possess a body made of materials from this plane. It prefers to possess a living host, which it then devours from the inside, but will also be contained by a non-living shell created to give it full use of its terrible jaws.

The body being possessed retains its

natural armor class, but will only take 10 points of damage before it splits and falls apart. After the host is destroyed, the kalmari will emerge, making a noise like a thousand hissing snakes. The kalmari can only stay on this plane without a host or magical shell for 10 minutes. After that time, it is sent hurtling back to Acheron.

The kalmari's jaws inflict 1d10 points of damage and its tail only 1d6. However, the kalmari can entangle a victim with its tail when it hits with a natural 20. Only when the tail is severed, by doing 10 points of damage specifically to it, is the victim free. Otherwise the adventurer is helpless.

It is the mouth of the kalmari that is most feared, however. Though the kalmari's bite is not deadly, the monster can swallow a creature whole on any hit over 20% (4 or more over the required number to hit) or on a natural 20. The creatures will be digested in a number of rounds equal to its level or number of hit dice. After that time, the creature cannot be resurrected. The kalmari will not attempt to swallow anything else until the creature is dead.

The kalmari's one weakness is that it cannot digest magic. It will vomit up any magic item swallowed with a creature immediately upon the death of the creature possessing it. The kalmari can be slain with any magical weapon which it has eaten once and rejected. These weapons have an added +2 to hit the kalmari, and also gain +2 to the damage bonus they normally possess, but only against that kalmari. Note, too, that a kalmari can only be slain with a weapon it once ate and weapons eaten and rejected by other kalmari are treated as normal magic weapons.



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Rauglothgar

FREQUENCY: Unique
NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: -2
MOVE: 9"/24"
HIT DICE: 11
Hit Points: 88
NO. OF ATTACKS: 3 (claw/claw/bite)
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8/1d8/3d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Save as 22 hit dice monster
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
SIZE: L
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Created by the Cult of the Dragon, Rauglothgar was the second most powerful dracolich in the Realms, behind only the blue, huge great wyrm Shargrailar. He was a dracolich so long, that the preserved flesh and hide finally just wore out and fell apart, much like a man's favorite pair of shoes. He is now a huge skeletal form with glowing red lights floating in his eye sockets.

Rauglothgar was already old by the time man came to the Thunder Peaks. In his youth, he had flown and fought against many of his kind, completely clearing the air space above the Thunder Peaks of other dragonkind. His hoard was the largest ever assembled by a dragon.

He watched as men began to carve empires from the Inner Sea lands. He watched them battle the kobolds, orcs, and bugbears for passage through his mountains. He grew afraid, for man brought magic, magic even more powerful than he could wield. Magic powerful enough to slay Rauglothgar.

As men populated the Inner Sea lands, Rauglothgar flew less often, and other dragonkind began to return to the Thunder Peaks. When the cult approached him with their offer of eternal life, eternal strength, and immunity to many powerful magics, he readily agreed. It helped that they offered to increase his already staggering hoard.

He was one of the first dragons to undergo the complicated and lengthy ritual to become a dracolich. As the years passed, his hoard grew, and Rauglothgar began to become bored. Eternal life was an insidious curse, soon becoming eternal boredom. With the cult at his beck and call, and his lich status, no one could stand against him.

Then came a slip of girl, brought to him by the cult arch-mage The Shadow-sil, whose virgin blood he would use to maintain his lichdom. A puny female who was no threat to his lowest servant let alone the great Rauglothgar the Proud. But this nothing of a human could wield *spellfire!* The very touch of it broke down the magic holding his life force to his body. His mightiest magics and burning breath could not touch her, in fact they merely fed her power.

Rauglothgar died at the hands of Shandril Shessair, wielder of *spellfire*, in the caverns under the Tower Tranquil, his lair in the Thunder Peaks. Present at the time were the sage and arch-mage Elminster, and several adventurers of no consequence to him, the Knights of Myth Drannor. They plundered his hoard, leaving only the lesser coins and gems, and none of the magic items.

Powers of a dracolich: A dracolich has all the normal dragon powers it had in life, including spell casting ability, Physical attacks and breath weapons are as usual, and spells are cast as if by a magic-user of level equal to the dragon's hit dice. Therefore, Rauglothgar casts spells as if he were an 11th-level mage. They can detect hidden and invisible creatures within 1" per age level (8" for Rauglothgar), and cause fear in creatures under six hit dice.

Its new powers are largely immunities. Like human lichs, a dracolich is immune to *charm*, *sleep*, *enfeeblement*, *polymorph*, *cold* (of any sort), *electricity*, *insanity* and death spells or symbols. It can not be controlled by any item of *dragon control*, and it cannot be turned by a cleric regardless of level. In addition, the dracolich is immune to poison, paralysis, or being magically held.

Attacks by elemental means no longer get special bonuses due to its undead status. Once it wins a single battle as a lich, the dracolich is immune to fear of all sorts, including magical and psionic. As would be expected of any undead creature, it has no need to eat, except to fuel its breath weapon, and no longer sleeps.

All physical attacks made by the dracolich add 2d8 points of chilling damage, similar to human lichs. A save vs. paralysis is required, or the victim is paralyzed for 2d6 rounds by the touch. Once every three days the dracolich can attempt to *control undead* (as the potion) creatures within 6".

To meet the gaze of a dracolich (within 4" of it) can be dangerous. Creatures under six hit dice are paralyzed instantly, while the dracolich holds that gaze. All others must save at +3. Once a save is made, that particular dracolich can no longer paralyze that creature by gaze.

The cult plays an active role in the activities of all known dracoliches. They provide them with treasure and teach them the most powerful spells they can learn. A large and powerful party is always near the dracolich, frequently worshiping within sight of it.

When a dracolich dies, its life force flees to a prepared corpse of a dragonkin creature, in the case of Rauglothgar, a fire drake. If this animated corpse can consume 10% of the remaining flesh of the dracolich within one phase of the moon, it will slowly metamorphose into a body exactly like original dracolich. No one knows if this has happened with Rauglothgar, but it is sure that the Cult of the Dragon will do all it can to see that it does. If so, he will lose 1d8 hit points permanently to grow his new body, just like all dracoliches. His new body will be fully fleshed for decades to come, if it survives that long.



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Regis

ARMOR CLASS: 4

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 26

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Lucky streak; +2 to all saves and +10% to all thieving functions (see below)

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

SIZE: S (3")

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Fight-Level Halfling Thief

S:10 I:13 W:15 D:17 C:15 CH:15

Regis the halfling, or "Rumblebelly," as Bruenor calls him, is the most diminutive member of the Companions of the Hall. Barely 3' high (with the fluff of his curly brown locks) and with a belly too round and legs too short for the road, Regis may appear to be more of a hindrance than an asset to his fellow companions.

But Bruenor, Drizzt, and Wulfgar know better than to estimate the halfling's worth in physical stature alone. Witty, crafty, and blessed with more than his share of good luck, Regis always seems to land on his feet, in the right place, and at the right time. He wears leather armor and fights, when he absolutely has no other choice, with a little +2 *mace* that Bruenor made for him.

Regis has carried the weapon for several years, but it certainly isn't worn from use. He abhors violence, especially when it is directed at him, and if his words can't get him out of a fight, his little legs have been known to outrun a thrown spear. Many times, Regis has avoided battle by using his *ruby pendant*, a magical charm that casts a form of hypnosis over anyone viewing it, opening them up to *suggestions* (as the third-level magic-user spell) of the halfling. The ruby's magic is quite powerful and all saves against its hypnotic web are made at -2 (-4 if Regis is using the gemstone along with his charisma and

his disarming smile).

Of course, Regis is not above using the ruby to get other things that he might desire. He is a master of comfort, perfecting the fine arts of eating and sleeping. If he can charm someone into inviting him over for dinner, or into offering him some small trinket that they probably don't really want anyway, then what is the harm?

Yet not everyone adheres to this philosophy, and Regis runs from a dark past indeed.

He was born in or around the southern city of Calimport; exactly where or when, he does not know, nor does he have any idea of who his parents were. His earliest recollections are of a childhood spent alone on the street, begging and stealing, and then being adopted by some kind-hearted "ladies" of one of Calimport's numerous brothels. He lived in the house for several years, learning the ways and wiles of the world, until the ladies introduced him to one of their most prominent clients, Pasha Pook, master of a powerful thieves guild.

Regis intrigued Pook. With his innocent looks, diminutive size, and nimble fingers, the halfling showed great potential for the trade. Regis did not disappoint. His eyes at a person's belt level, he could slip through the packed crowd at Calimport's renowned open market, picking the fattest purses, and his ability to pull off a confidence scam was unsurpassed by any in the guild. He rose up fast through the ranks, becoming a burglar in only a few short years.

But except for those at the very top echelons of power, life in a thieves' guild is hard work. And Regis, too in love with comfort, soon ran out of patience for his climb to the top. He wanted a shortcut.

The opportunity came unexpectedly a few years later. Regis discovered that Pook employed a magical ruby in his dealings, a charm that lent him an advantage over his adversaries and influence over his allies. Regis promptly relieved his guild master of the ruby

and took out for the road, envisioning a life of comfort as a guild master in some other city.

But Pook proved more determined than Regis had anticipated, and wherever the halfling went, Pook's men soon appeared. Finally, after years on the run, Regis made his way to Ten-Towns, believing this remote frontier settlement to be beyond the long arms of Pook. He made many friends there, particularly his fellow Companions of the Hall and Catti-brie, earned a fine living as a scrimshander (especially after he learned just how effective the hypnotizing gem could be), and was even once elected a spokesman for one of the towns. And after the great victory over Akar Kessell's goblinoid army, Regis somehow came out as the hero and was awarded, again with a little help from the ruby, the finest palace in all Icewind Dale and uncoupled gifts of food and fine clothing. He had found his true calling, by his estimation, and thought that he would live out the rest of his life in comfort and luxury.

But it all came crashing down around him in the spring after the battle, when Artemis Entreri, Pook's prime assassin, arrived in Bryn Shander. Preferring life on the road beside his formidable friends to death in a palace, no matter how fine, Regis took Bruenor up on an earlier offer and rushed out onto the open tundra to join the Companions of the Hall as they began their quest for Mithril Hall.

Roleplaying tips: Regis is good-natured, good-humored, and not malicious in the least. Last in battle, and proud of it, he strikes only when he has run out of other options, or in defense of a friend (and hopefully from behind).

He does his share of mischief, though (more than his share), but never sets out to hurt anybody. And a good portion of Regis' extraordinary luck lies in his ability to temper his actions with good sense. He rarely outright steals anything, preferring subtle cons, and tries hard not to do anything that will set someone after him further down the road. He uses his ruby with similar



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caution.

But Regis is weak in the face of temptation, and if someone, even a friend, possesses something that he truly desires, and if the opportunity presents itself in the right way . . .

Olive Ruskettle

ARMOR CLASS: 6

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 29

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: S

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Pseudo Bard and Sixth-Level Halfling Thief

S:11 I:12 W:7 D:18 C:15 CH:13/17 to other halflings

Weapon proficiencies: Dagger.

Non-weapon proficiencies:

Reading/writing, alertness, running.

Adventurers familiar with bards and the limitations barding colleges put on the induction of halflings will realize instantly upon meeting the famous Olive Ruskettle that she cannot possibly be a true bard.

In fact, Olive not only isn't a true bard, she has never had formal bardic training, and the renown attached to her name has been slightly misplaced, though Olive has done all she can to foster the confusion.

The halfling who claims to be Olive Ruskettle is really a thief who has always aspired to a life of entertaining people and the easy living that profession can bring. Her name is not even Olive Ruskettle; the halfling won the name and the reputation of Olav Ruskettle, a true and famous bard, in a dice game. Since that time, "Olive" has done her best to maintain her image as a bard of great talent.

Olive's glib tongue, boisterous personality, and fair talent for singing and playing have carried her far. Though

she has been cornered many times by well-traveled folk who claim to have seen the "real" Olav Ruskettle perform, Olive always manages to lie her way out of the confrontation, often claiming that the person who claimed to be Olav Ruskettle was someone who was trying to steal her name and pass himself off as a bard.

Though she claims to be from the Cormyr, no one has ever been able to pin down Olive's true home. The hazel-eyed, red-haired halfling prefers it that way, too. Though she is charismatic and attractive, she realizes her past as a thief could cause her a number of problems if it were discovered.

But this does not mean Olive has forsaken her thieving abilities or retired as a practitioner of the thieving arts. In fact, Olive has found the ability to pick pockets with finesse and open locks with ease quite a benefit to her life as a performer. Patrons who refuse to pay her what she feels she deserves for her singing often end up missing their purses when Olive leaves.

Olive is only 3' tall, which is short even for a halfling. Because of this, and the taller races' general reaction to halflings as a cute — though somewhat prone to pilfering — race of beings, Olive tends to react strongly against anyone who treats her as less than an equal. For example, people who might pat Olive on the head or pick her up, would find themselves barraged by caustic insults and perhaps even fists and feet.

The halfling also hates those who rigidly follow the tenets of a specific alignment, and especially loathes paladins. Olive is insecure about her past as a thief and really doesn't consider herself a common pickpocket. She believes she is only taking what is her due, and often that is the case. Those who see the world through the blinders of a rigorous devotion to either Law or Chaos, Good or Evil, often fail to see the validity of Olive's perspective.

In fact, Olive finds she is quite often mistaken for a villain when she is simply taking care of herself the best way

she knows how. Such was certainly the case when she was convinced by the evil pseudo-halfling Phalse to help him track the swordswoman Alias. Though Alias had rescued Olive from the dragon Mist, who had kidnapped her, Olive had seen Alias attack someone for no particular reason, and had heard about her attack on a cleric. The swordswoman seemed, as Phalse pointed out, a very dangerous woman. While this was certainly a substantial incentive to aid in her capture, Phalse also offered Olive a great deal of money.

When Olive discovered she had allied herself with the wrong party, that Alias was not a menace and her creators were extremely evil and dangerous, Olive helped rescue Akabar Bel Akash from Cassana's dungeon, and then helped foil the sorceress's plans to gain complete control of Alias.

Olive's adventures with Alias gained her a myriad of new songs to sing, and Olive is even planning on composing a long work telling the adventures of Alias and her companions. The piece, entitled "The Magic Arm Chronicles," may take the form of a book or a lay. Olive has yet to start it.

In addition to a number of wonderful songs and a wealth of material for new tales, Olive gained another very special gift from her adventures with Alias. Because the halfling helped to rescue the Nameless Bard from Cassana's dungeon, the true bard, a Harper, gave Olive his small, silver harp and crescent moon pin, the symbol of the Harpers. The Nameless Bard was once banished to the awesome Citadel of White Exile for attempting to create a being to keep his songs alive forever. It is unknown if the Harpers will punish him even more severely when they learn of this act — one that could certainly cause more annoyance for the Harpers and the Realms than any of the Nameless Bard's earlier mistakes.

Dungeon Masters running Olive should emphasize her desire to become a true bard and, at the same time, the chaotic side of her character that prevents her from doing so. Players will



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find Olive interested in any stories or songs they can relate to her, though she will often get bored if the telling is long or the tale too philosophical.

In return for any stories told to her, or food and drink sent her way, Olive will regale the adventurers with the story of Alias' quest to discover the meaning of her azure bonds. Of course, the halfling will emphasize, and even expand, her part in the adventure.

Olive loves strong drink and has a very strong constitution. For a person of such small stature and slight build, Olive eats and drinks quite heavily. Player characters attempting to match her will likely find themselves far out-classed.

When the tales are over and the food and drink gone, Olive will depart, paying as little as possible of the bill.

Nymara "Kitten" Scheiron, of Waterdeep

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 42

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d4 + 2

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Human Thief

S:14 I:15 W:15 D:18 C:16 CH:16

Thief skills: *Pick pocket* 70%, *open locks* 67%, *find/remove traps* 55%, *move silently* 65%, *hide in shadows* 53%, *hear noise* 25%, *climb walls* 94%, and *read languages* 35%.

Physical description: Nymara Scheiron is a brunette, tousle-haired and lush-figured female of middle years.

Nymara can appear as a stunningly beautiful lady of high station if she wishes to do so (very rare), but is more often found heavily made up and per-

fumed, dressed revealingly and lounging in an alley or bar at the docks. She dons less distinctive garb to follow people in the streets without being noticed.

Equipment: Kitten always carries her *dagger* +2 and, if she anticipates combat or other physical danger, puts on her *leather armor* +1. Otherwise, she depends on her wiles, her dexterity, and her *ring of invisibility*

Personality: Kitten is fierce, with an occasionally savage temper. She is a hard-bitten entertainer and sometime thief of Waterdeep's docks, who is servile to no one. She regards Mirt, Durnan, Larissa, and Khelben as her dear friends and delights in relaxing with them when she is not on the streets or poking about in the goods of this or that suspicious visitor to the city. She distrusts such paragons as Piergeiron, Texter, and Caladorn (though she has found that Caladorn can enjoy a bit of slumming, if the conditions are sufficiently controlled that he doesn't come too close to the real world).

Motivations: Kitten is a practical person, and this outlook influences the details of many an action by the Lords. She knows how this or that decree will appear to, or work among, the common folk.

Kitten will not take a copper piece from her fellow Lords, fiercely rejecting any gifts or charity. Deep inside, she feels the ability to influence the work of the Lords is its own reward, though she prizes her reputation for toughness too much to ever say such a thing to her friends.

Background notes: Few people, even among the Lords of Waterdeep, know Kitten's full name. They just know her as "Kitten the Entertainer," and leave it at that. No one but her fellow Lord, Larissa Neathal, knows that she spent most of her younger years as an adventurer. Even Larissa does not know that she is actually the daughter of a noble house of Silvermoon, and ran away from an arranged marriage to become an adventurer.

After many adventures, including a year as a Zhentarim slave until she

killed her master and escaped, Kitten found herself fighting an evil demigod ("The Godson," son of Bane) toe-to-toe with blades when a summoning by a company of adventurers went awry. After that experience, she decided that a thief and entertainer's life in Waterdeep was preferable to taking on the likes of demigods. However, the Godson remembers Kitten, and may yet have occasion to pay her another visit.

Over 10 years ago, after Kitten had been back in Waterdeep for three years, she was recognized by Mirt and recruited by Mirt and Khelben to the ranks of the Lords of Waterdeep.

Kitten was never a member of the thieves guild. As a practical matter, she was happy when the Lords drove the thieves out. It made her life a lot easier.

Other notes: Kitten is familiar with the sewers of Waterdeep and the roofs in many districts, using them as highways that are faster and less crowded than the streets.

Kitten is an NPC that characters wandering the seamier side of Waterdeep could encounter any time. As an entertainer, she has lost the bloom of youth, but is well-experienced. Characters might also find her acting uncommonly nosy about the doings of passers-by or what is in their parcels. The passers-by would not notice, of course, but sharp-eye player characters would.

Alternately, if characters are being secretive about their doings, they might find Kitten nosing around their possessions and accommodations. An attempt to run off a nosy thief could suddenly land the characters in much trouble with the Lords. And, of course, if everything is settled amicably and the Lords are satisfied that there is nothing untoward in the characters' actions (as long as they haven't killed or maimed Kitten), then perhaps they will have impressed the Lords enough to make the Lords want to use them in some mission of interest to Waterdeep and the world.

Another hook to bring the characters into contact with the Lords would be for them to rescue Kitten from an over-



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aggressive would-be customer. Of course, she could have handled the situation herself, but she would appreciate the assistance, particularly if the rescuers are good-looking young men. Again, this puts the characters into contact with the Lords without realizing it, and gives at least one Lord a reason to keep an eye on them and possibly recruit them for future problem-solving.

And of course, for player characters with a taste for fighting demigods, there is the menace of The Godson (see FR6, DREAMS OF THE RED WIZARDS for statistics), who wanders the Realms on his father's business (and surreptitiously supports the Zhentarim to thwart his demanding father) and may find the chance to come to Waterdeep and look up old friends.

Storm Silverhand

ARMOR CLASS: -2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 74

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d8 + 4

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Human Bard

Fifth-Level Thief

S:18(27) I:15 W:15 D:17 C:16 CH:15

Thief skills: *Pick pocket* 65%, *open locks* 62%, *find/remove traps* 50%, *move silently* 60%, *hide in shadows* 48%, *hear noise* 25%, *climb walls* 94%, and *read languages* 35%.

Bard skill: *Charm person* 34% chance and *legend lore* 16% chance.

Commonly known druid spells:

- First-level — *Detect magic*, *pass without trace*, *speak with animals*.
- Second-level — *Cure light wounds* x2, *produce flame*.
- Third-level — *Cure disease*, *neutralize poison*.

Physical description: Storm is a tall, striking, well-muscled human female. She has hair of silvery hue and blue-gray eyes. She wears a silver ring and a tiara, and a silver bracer on her right wrist bearing her badge, a silver moon and a silver harp on a black field.

Equipment: Storm bears a *luck blade* +1, which has one wish left. Her silver ring is a *ring of protection* +2 and she wears a set of *elfin chain mail* +2 under her normal flowing robes. The tiara acts as a *ring of fire resistance* in all ways, including precluding the wearing of another magical ring. The bracer is just an item of jewelry that protects her arm when shooting a bow.

Storm also has a *sling* +1 and 12 *bullets* +2. She has recently acquired a *Methild's harp* (see FR4, THE MAGISTER) and is now learning how to use it.

Personality: Storm has always been adventurous and a lover of risks. She is quick with a laugh and a song, and has little of the grimness that marked her sister Sylune and still marks Alustriel of Silvermoon and The Simbul.

Motivations: Initially, Storm was motivated by a lust for adventure and gain. Later, she began to realize that the Realms needed a force to balance the evil of the Zhentarim and Red Wizards, and helped her sister Sylune found the Harpers. Now she works in her own way for the preservation of the Realms from those who would ravage them for their own gain.

Background notes: Of the famous five sisters (the others are the ranger Dove, Alustriel of Silvermoon, The Simbul, and the now-deceased witch Sylune), Storm is the youngest and most spoiled. Like all of the sisters, she was encouraged to follow the path that attracted her, and that was the path of the rogue, or thief. For several years she built up her proficiency in the roguish arts until she met Maxan, a fighter of Lawful Good tendencies who tried to persuade her that she would be a better fighter than thief. She denied his blandishments until they were involved in a battle in which all of her

thiefly skills were of no use, but her natural strength of arm (she is the strongest of the sisters) slew the foe.

She adopted the class of fighter and soon proved her natural talent for the fighting life. Then she met the druid Briadorn of the Circle of Shadowdale, and it changed her life, as he praised her voice and suggested that she pursue the life of a bard.

Normally, she would not have been accepted as a bard because she had pursued her two vocations of thief and fighter in the wrong order, but her talent and motivation were so obvious that the druids allowed her into their circle as a bard. Since that time, her voice has been raised in song in the cause of good all over the Inner Sea.

Long a resident of Shadowdale, she used her home as a base for long, far-traveling, adventures for her own gain (particularly when she was young and learning the arts of a thief) and to further the ends of the Harpers. Storm is sometimes referred to as "The Harper of Shadowdale."

Storm's longtime companion, Maxan, was recently destroyed by demons in the same adventure in which she acquired the *Methild's harp*, and Storm has turned away from the bold and wild adventures she enjoyed with him.

She still acts as an adviser to Doust of Shadowdale and stands ready to protect her village from invaders.

Other notes: Storm Silverhand is a fund of information for the adventurer operating from the Dales. While she has little inclination to adventure herself, she is still ready to assist the Harpers in any way she can, which includes training promising young bards.

Moreover, as a bard, she is a fund of *legend lore* information about magic items found by adventurers, and she will do what she can for those she feels fit the goals of her organization.

Since she is somewhat sedentary these days, Storm and her friends in Shadowdale, such as Elminster, have become something of a central clearinghouse for Harper information.

Also, while Storm's sense of adven-



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ture was quelled with the death of her longtime companion, the spark is still there, particularly because she now has an instrument that could be very useful in adventuring. She does not admit it to herself, but she is looking for a small band that could use her assistance.

The Simbul

ARMOR CLASS: -4

MOVE: 12'

Hit Points: 75

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d4 + 3

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: *Serten's spell immunity*

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Neutral (with Good tendencies)

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

27th-Level Human Magic-User

S:14 I:18 W:15 D:18 C:16 CH:17

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level – *Comprehend languages, friends, magic missile, read magic.*
- Second-level – *Detect invisibility, ray of enfeeblement, scare, web.*
- Third-level – *Clairvoyance, dispel magic, fireball, phantasmal force.*
- Fourth-level – *Charm monster, confusion, polymorph other, wall of fire.*
- Fifth-level – *Conjure fire elemental, extension II, telekinesis, wall of force.*
- Sixth-level – *Chain lightning, contingency, globe of invulnerability, project image.*
- Seventh-level – *Banishment, limited wish, Mordenkainen's sword, power word: stun.*
- Eighth-level – *Incendiary cloud, mass charm, polymorph any object.*
- Ninth-level – *Meteor swarm, shape change, The Simbul's synestodwoemer* (see FR4, THE MAGISTER, for description).

The Simbul has also placed *detect*

magic and *protection from evil* on herself with a *permanency* spell, and used a *wish* to give herself permanent use of *Serten's spell immunity*.

Physical description: The Simbul is a tall, silver-haired human lady with the striking good looks shared by her sisters. In court (which is rare), she wears purple and blue gowns with silver trim. When wandering, she wears gray exclusively. No one has noticed a change in her appearance since she took the throne of Aglarond, 38 years ago.

Equipment: The Simbul prefers to use her own magics and talents to using magic items, but she does carry an impressive array of magic items which she rarely uses.

In particular, The Simbul usually wears a set of bracelets which are *bracers of defense AC1* and a *ring of spell storing* and a *ring of shooting stars*. She has a *staff of power* which she used in earlier days, but it is largely depleted and usually resides in a (well guarded) place of honor in her apartments in Aglarond.

She also has a selection of wands, including several of the rare wands described in FR4, THE MAGISTER, and several other rings of magic. When she is in Aglarond, she will inscribe scrolls for her assistants.

Personality: She can be ruthless if necessary, but usually avoids combat if possible. She prefers the subtle use of magic to the blatant, but if cornered, will unleash her full arsenal.

Motivations: The Simbul's principal motivation is to preserve her small country of Aglarond against the might of Thay and the machinations of other surrounding realms. She also seeks to work mysterious ends understandable only to herself.

These mysterious ends take her on long expeditions, usually *shape changed*, to nations all around the Inner Sea – forming alliances and providing examples to those who might menace herself or her nation.

Background notes: When King Halacar of Aglarond died in the Battle of

Lapendrar (1260) and his sister, the sorceress Ilione, took the throne, The Simbul was a young woman, just starting out in her career as a magic-user.

However, Ilione had heard of her through The Simbul's sister, Sylune, and invited the young mage to join her as her apprentice and heir. The Simbul arrived shortly after receiving the invitation and immediately began learning all the knowledgeable Ilione could impart and gaining the confidence of the half-elves of her adopted country.

Ilione died during the Great Plague of The Inner Sea in 1320. The Simbul ascended to the throne, already mighty in magic, and is still the ruler of Aglarond. Her awesome magical powers have kept the forces of Thay from overwhelming her kingdom. She is a mysterious, lonely arch-mage whose proper name is known only to her sisters (Sylune of Shadowdale, now deceased; Alustriel of Silvermoon; the bard Storm Silverhand; and the ranger Dove), and whose true name is secret even from them. The Simbul travels widely in many planes, *shape shifting* constantly.

Other notes: Besides being an awesome opponent to any character coming from Thay, The Simbul is an excellent NPC for instigating player character activity in Thay. She is continually looking for information about Thay and agents to satisfy her needs for action in Thay. At this time, she is making a circuit of the Eastern Realms, looking for information and assistance. She can find the player characters and ask them to assist her. In the Realms, if The Simbul asks, you fulfill her needs. She's a good friend, and a deadly enemy.

Encountering the Simbul can happen at any time. While she prefers to wear grey, she can be garbed in anything, and uses her many contacts throughout the Realms, even in Zhentil Keep, to produce an identity in keeping with the land through which she is wandering.

Too, The Simbul is as apt to appear as a gray cat, or wolf, or dark-plumaged eagle or hawk. If the characters are acting surreptitiously in enemy territory,



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they may find a spider growing into a statuesque woman who wants to enlist their aid or assist them, if they are meeting her ends.

And her ends are as mysterious as rumored. In other words, the DM can make them whatever he pleases to fulfill the needs of his campaign. However, remember that they should be many-layered and convoluted, and she will never say what her *real* goals are.

Sydney

ARMOR CLASS: 9

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 16

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard

SIZE: M (5'5")

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Magic-User

S:8 I:18 W:14 D:15 C:12 CH:11

Not an overly attractive woman, the young mage Sydney devotes all of her energies to her obsession with power. She is heavyset and a bit too square-shouldered, her dress frumpy, and her hair unkempt, and she generally presents an indifferent, even antagonistic attitude to any advances on a social level. But though she is not the most likable person around, no one can deny the sharpness of her mind.

Certainly Dendybar, one of the most powerful wizards in all of Luskan, understands the potential in the woman. He took Sydney under his tutelage after only one encounter with her, moreso to prevent one of the other wizards from snatching her up than to fill any need he might have had for a protegee. Perhaps the best indicator of just how powerful Sydney might someday become is the measure of care and caution with which Dendybar is bringing her along. He has taught her mostly defensive spells and no destructive evo-

cations at all — her most powerful offensive spell is *web*. Sydney is his connection to the outside world, and is most effective in a manipulative role. Her spellbook, therefore is filled with spells such as *charm person*, and defensive spells such as *wizard lock*, *shield*, and *protection from normal missiles*.

Perhaps to make up for the limited offensive power he has granted her, Dendybar has bestowed great gifts upon his prize student, and Sydney, though she prefers to exercise her own magical prowess, is quick to grab at her *wand of lightning bolts* (83 charges) in a tight situation. Also, she keeps a *mirror of mental prowess* in her small room at the Hosttower of the Arcane. Her spellbook holds numerous spells for a mage of her level, and Sydney typically leaves the Hosttower after memorizing:

- First-level — *Charm person*, *comprehend languages*, *shield* x 2.
- Second-level — *Web*, *wizard lock*.
- Third-level — *Protection from normal missiles*, *haste*.

The “chicken-or-the-egg” dilemma applies wholeheartedly to Sydney. It is difficult to determine if her lack of physical attractiveness contributed to her burning desire for the magical arts, or if her obsession with power stunted her social growth. Certainly she is rather plain-looking, but what Sydney truly lacks is an inner glow of beauty.

Ironically, the absence of those social wiles hinders Sydney in her quest for power. Dendybar gave her the *mirror of mental prowess*, and the first spell he ever taught her was *charm person*, because he understands the special advantage a female mage in the Northland enjoys. Wizards like wizards; ordinary folk don't trust them or understand them, and men outnumber women 10-to-1 in the magic-user circles of the North. Sydney has many would-be suitors despite herself, one Harkle Harpell of the Longsaddle Harpells in particular, who offer her lessons, information, even minor magic items in an attempt to win her favor. But while Sydney has no reservations whatsoever about taking advantage of someone, she

remains clumsy and uncomfortable in such situations and with the *charm* spells, and has never fully exploited the possibilities open before her.

She has spent all of her 25 years in Luskan, the daughter of a weaver-woman and a merchant sailor. Her family was not rich, but neither was it poor, living a modest life in a comfortable apartment near the center of the city. Often young Sydney would stare out of her window at the wondrous, tree-like towers of the Hosttower of the Arcane and dream of studying the secrets of the universe. This was much to her mother's dismay, for the woman wanted only one thing from her only daughter: grandchildren.

But Sydney had other aspirations, and when she enrolled in, and clearly won, the Challenge of the Aspiring Wizards, a test of mental prowess conducted every fifth year by the Hosttower to discern if any potential wizards might be found among the general populace, the powerful lobby of the Hosttower came into play on her side. Even the controlling merchants in Luskan adhere to the few, but emphatic, demands of the city's wizards, and Sydney's parents had no choice but to give in to her wishes.

Her very first interview upon joining the order was with the tower's second in command, Dendybar, and thus the relationship was begun.

And now, fully convinced that the guiding fates have set aside a special and brightly burning star just for her, Sydney drives herself into her work with passion, absorbing every word her master utters and pouring through the magical tomes each night until her eyes sting from the candle smoke, sacrificing her very existence for the all-consuming obsession.

Roleplaying tips: Sydney is quickly bored with new people, having no interest in anything they might do unless it affects her future.

She is learning — slowly — the arts of manipulation, and will play up to any mage who might be of use to her. But any interest Sydney shows in anybody



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will be for selfish reasons. She is devoid of sympathy and empathy, caring not at all for the sufferings of others. In her distorted perception, her existence is all that matters, even to the point where she honestly wonders if anyone else truly exists when she is not around, as if all the other people in all the Realms live their lives simply to nurture the continuing experience that she calls her life.

She is undeniably loyal to Dendybar, though, but only because she perceives the Mottled Wizard to be her chosen tutor in this existence. In Sydney's delusions of grandeur, the gods have appointed Dendybar the vital task of training their shining star.

Sylune of Shadowdale

ARMOR CLASS: 3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 77

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

22nd-Level Human Magic-User

S:13 I:18 W:16 D:17 C:18 CH:15

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Comprehend languages, feather fall, protection from evil.*
- Second-level — *Continual light, locate object, strength.*
- Third-level — *Dispel magic, fly, protection from normal missiles.*
- Fourth-level — *Charm monster, hallucinatory terrain, plant growth.*
- Fifth-level — *Conjure water elemental, hold monster, telekinesis.*
- Sixth-level — *Globe of invulnerability, guards and wards, reincarnation.*
- Seventh-level — *Banishment, lim-*

ited wish.

- Eighth-level — *Maze, permanency*
- Ninth-level — *Shape change.*

Physical description: Sylune was a human female — strikingly beautiful, with long black hair that became silver early in her life. She dressed in a nondescript brown robe, and always carried her staff.

Equipment: Sylune's drab brown robe was actually a *robe of protection +4*. She carried a *staff of the magi* and wore a *ring of spell storing* and a *ring of fire resistance*. She had many scrolls with various protection spells on them, and possessed a *crystal ball* which is now in the possession of her old friend, Elminster (as, one assumes, are most of the scrolls).

Personality: Sylune was always gracious, gentle, and polite. Among the five sisters, she was the motherly one, and at the same time, the stern example to them all. Sometimes she seemed to feel the burden of being the example to the others, yet she was always willing to listen and lend herself to causes that needed her talents.

However, like any of her clan, Sylune could be short with fools and liars, and quick to point out their shortcomings. She had a tongue that mostly caressed the ears of her listeners, but it could blister the ears of those who would waste her time with foolishness.

Motivations: Sylune was motivated by the example of her lover and then husband, Aumry, lord of Shadowdale. They adventured together in their youth, and when Aumry was called upon to assume the mantle of lord, she married him and took on the burden of lady.

Her dedication was to the well-being of her people at all time. She was their most fierce defender, standing out among many other defenders, including two of her sisters, Dove and Storm Silverhand. She finally proved her dedication with her life.

Background notes: Sylune was born in the year of the Dancing Maiden (1202 DR), and was killed in the Year of the Worm (1356 DR).

Upon the death of her husband, Aumry, she fought against a number of evil usurpers, overcame them, and then kept peace in the dale, working to achieve this with Elminster, the bard Storm Silverhand (her sister), and Mane's Band, until a rightful lord, Doust Sulwood, returned. Sylune was slain by a huge ancient red dragon under the influence of the Cult of the Dragon. She slew the dragon as she herself perished, breaking her *staff of the magi* for a *retributive strike*.

Other notes: Sylune was a friend and ally to Doust and his companions. She lived in a hut in the woods south and west of most homes in the dale, where she served all dalefolk as midwife, comforter, and physician. Sylune was the eldest sister of The Simbul of Aglarond, Storm Silverhand, Alustriel of Silverymoon, and the ranger Dove.

One of her early feats was helping to form the Harpers, along with her sister, Storm Silverhand, and a group of other rangers and bards. This was almost a century ago, when Sylune was still young, but the organization has grown to become a major force for the propagation of "good" against such entities as the Zhentarim and the Red Wizards of Thay.

Since Sylune is dead, it is difficult (though not impossible) for characters to interact with her. Yet, her legacy does give characters some hooks for adventure.

Stories of Sylune are told by bards (particularly Storm Silverhand, but her saga is considered prime recruiting material by all the Harpers) as inspiration for the living. Thus, Sylune is still fulfilling her function. From her adventures, characters can gain inspiration (that is to say, the DM can give them hints) for dealing with problems that seem unsurmountable at any particular moment.

And, of course, her legacy of the Harpers provides plenty of opportunity for adventure as recruits to that elite network oppose the machinations of Zhentarim and Red Wizard alike.



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Vangerdahast

ARMOR CLASS: -1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 60

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d4 + 1

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

15th-Level Magic-User

S:12 I:18 W:16 D:14 C:16 CH:12

Commonly remembered spells:

- First-level — *Charm person, detect magic, friends.*
- Second-level — *Detect invisibility, ESP mirror image.*
- Third-level — *Detect illusion, hold person, protection from evil, 10' radius.*
- Fourth-level — *Charm monster, dispel illusion, remove curse.*
- Fifth-level — *Bigby's interposing hand, passwall, wall of iron.*
- Sixth-level — *Geas, globe of invulnerability*
- Seventh-level — *Reverse gravity*

Physical description: Vangerdahast looks like a middle-aged, paunchy, white-bearded man of kindly but stern manner. In fact, he has been around, looking much the same, for 30 years, so he is older than he looks.

Vangerdahast always wears long robes with capacious sleeves.

Equipment: Vangerdahast has a ceremonial dagger which is actually a *dagger +1*. He wears *bracers of AC2* and a *ring of protection+3*. He also has several magical wands, and generally carries a *wand of armory* (see other notes) and a *wand of force* in one of his copious sleeves. He has several other magical rings, and wears different ones depending on the situation. In court, which is where he is usually found, he wears a *ring of multiple wishes* with an unknown number of uses left. He has used it twice in times of disaster.

He is also known to have supplied the

king with magical rings, and resupplies him when he gives them away to people on special missions or who have done the king important favors.

Personality: Vangerdahast is quiet and unassuming, although during court ceremonies, he can be very dignified, solemn, and impressive. A studiously pragmatic person, Vangerdahast always tries to appear unflappable and ready to cope with anything. He is of kindly but stern manner.

Motivations: Vangerdahast is known for lifelong loyalty to Azoun IV, king of Cormyr. He feels that Azoun is the best possible ruler for Cormyr, and works to maintain Azoun's rule. He tends to take the most expeditious route, rather than the "good" path, which might be longer and less likely, in his view, to succeed.

However, he is concerned for the welfare of the entire nation, and realizes that repression and arbitrariness are the best ways to make the people want a change of ruler.

Background notes: Vangerdahast spent his youth, in the time of Azoun's grandfather's rule, as an adventurer — gaining many friends in the adventurer and retired adventurer circles. Since many of these people are now kings or advisers to kings, he has a network of friends and acquaintances throughout the Realms.

Azoun's father, Rhigaerd II, appointed Vangerdahast as Azoun's tutor in the history and lineages of Cormyr and in matters of magic and such rulership subjects as ethics. Vangerdahast used this position to become the king's most trusted adviser.

Vangerdahast aided the king in his youth and has supported Azoun's rule throughout his reign. He is respected by fellow mages and the people of Cormyr alike.

Vangerdahast is now the royal magician of Cormyr, court wizard of the Purple Dragon, and head of Suzail's Council of Mages. When he is not advising the king, he spends his time researching spells and enchanting magical items for him.

Other notes: As the adviser to the king of one of the major nations of the Realms, Vangerdahast is someone that player characters will almost inevitably meet or otherwise interact with in their travels. He is the man behind Cormyr's activities against the Zhentarim, and he is always interested when a party has found some item of magic that they want to identify or dispose of.

Parties sent on missions for the Harpers by Storm Silverhand or The Simbul may be told to talk to Vangerdahast about the subject of the mission and gain his counsel. Vangerdahast is not a Harper, but is generally sympathetic to their aims.

The wand of armory: This type of wand was originally devised by the long-dead wizard Hosta. His apprentices spread the method of making it far and wide through the North of the Realms.

When touched to a target creature or activated upon the user's person, this wand envelops the target with an invisible, magical field of force which affords the equivalent of armor class 0 protection.

The field of force can be destroyed by *dispel magic, limited wish, disintegrate* (which does not affect the person protected) or similar, stronger, spells. Otherwise, it lasts for six rounds. During this time it absorbs *magic missile* and all electrical (including magical) attacks, so the target is not affected, but the field does not affect any other spell going in or out of the field.

The "force armor" is used in addition to any armor worn. That means the attacker must attack twice, once against the armor class 0 from the wand, and once against the normal armor class of the target. It completely covers any size M or S creature (who need not be conscious, alive, or even willing to be protected). There is no saving throw. Size L creatures have their heads and torsos protected.

Any member of any class may use this wand. It cannot be recharged. Each use of the wand drains one charge.



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The Wanderer

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 56

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Enchanted sword
(see below)

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Seventh-Level Human Kensai

S:16 I:16 W:10 D:17 C:14 CH:17

He is the true wave man, driven by the winds, hammered to the Earth, shadowed by fire and eternal as death. Who is he? He is no one.

Background: It is possible that no one will ever know exactly who the Wanderer is — not even himself. Born from the ashes of the terrible battle of Kiroshina, he is a man without history, without name, and without family.

Slender and strong, with black hair and eyes, he is unremarkable among the peoples of Kara Tur. His face is young, without the wrinkles and marks of age or care. Found wandering the blasted battlefields of Kanazaki Province, he wore the garb of a soldier, but his armor was so torn that not even the side for which he fought could be determined.

Who he is is The Wanderer's least concern — in fact, his identity seems to be something from which he now flees. His motivation is to always keep moving, keep doing, so that he need not ever consider his past — a past perhaps too horrible to remember. If he is approached by someone from out of his previous life, he will rebuff them with angry words, or run from them in terror. Doin Sanehiro is the lodestone of The Wanderer's life. He follows the older warrior without question, giving the "Monkey" his loyalty and the responsibility for The Wanderer's actions. In turn, Sanehiro does not ask The Wanderer to explain his past or choose sides.

As the companions travel together,

The Wanderer has slowly accumulated the bits and pieces of a new identity; a livable fiction made up from the images his friends project upon him. This new self mirrors his increasing loyalty to Sanehiro, as the quintessential ronin becomes samurai again under a new lord.

Dungeon Master's information:

The Wanderer can be encountered on the road alone or in the company of Sanehiro/Monkey. His usual abode is a small woodcutter's hut on the edge of Tomobiki village, surrounded by a thick brake of bamboo and scattered fields.

The Wanderer rarely speaks, even to his closest friends. When encountering an adventuring party, he will watch them silently, a somewhat distant and considering look in his eyes. Should any player recognize him, he will go out of his way to avoid that person; if he cannot, he will rebuff the adventurer with loud words and curses. The Wanderer will only become violent if severely pressed.

The Wanderer normally does not wear armor or carry weapons, although he does have both at his hut and will wear them into battle. At first glance, the armor appears to be a battered mismatch from no determinable army; however, a careful use of the *detect magic* spell will prove the armor to be enchanted to +3. The Wanderer's swords are of uncertain antiquity, but are actually enchanted with the ability to cast the spell *protection from spirits* three times per day. If asked, The Wanderer will say that he found the sword and armor on the battlefield of Kiroshina and that he knows nothing of their histories.

Xanathkar

FREQUENCY: Very Rare

NO. APPEARING: 1

ARMOR CLASS: 0/2/7

MOVE: 3"

Hit Points: 75

% IN LAIR: 80%

TREASURE TYPE: I,S,T

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d4

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Anti-magic ray

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Special

INTELLIGENCE: Exceptional

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

SIZE: L (4 1/2' diameter)

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Physical description: Xanathar's physical shape is the same as any other eye tyrant: A large diameter sphere covered in chitin with 10 eyestalks, a large eye in the forward part of the sphere, and a tooth-filled mouth below that. His body color (which varies with every beholder) is a dark blue-gray which shades toward a dull yellow-orange around his cavernous mouth and underside. All of the above is usually floating about 3' off the ground.

Equipment: Xanathar, like all eye tyrants, has no particular faith in magical equipment. However, he has had specially made an *eyes talk ring of proof against detection and location* which is around his fifth eyestalk. He has similar rings around all of his other eyestalks, but they are simply jewelry, worth about 350 gp each.

Personality: Xanathar loves his position as the secret lord of Waterdeep's criminal underground. His great pleasure is chuckling over the vanity of the Lords of Waterdeep, who think they have eradicated organized crime in Waterdeep, while he prospers in the sewers beneath their feet.

Motivations: Xanathar is a creature of pleasures — it enjoys finely prepared foods, scented oils, and spiced southern tobaccos and herbs. His principal goal is to maintain his position as crime lord of Waterdeep.

Besides avoiding the scrutiny of the Lords of Waterdeep, Xanathar is keeping himself from common knowledge because he doesn't want his former masters of the Zhentarim to know where he is (see background).

Background notes: Xanathar came to Waterdeep as cargo in a trading caravan from Zhentil Keep. He was a follower of Xantriph, Manshoon's eye



MINOR CHARACTERS

tyrant ally, and initially, his mission was to work toward the destruction of the Lords of Waterdeep and the promotion of a ruler who would be friendly to Zhentil Keep and the Zhentarim.

However, after a couple of months of conspiracy and lurking about the shadows of the docks, the free market atmosphere of Waterdeep inspired Xanathar, and he defied his masters by disappearing from their view.

In no time he had a network of thieves working for him, and had found his hideout underneath Waterdeep.

Xanathar is now the master of the “unofficial” thieves guild of Waterdeep. He works solely through free-lancers who receive orders indirectly. Only his most trusted lieutenants have any idea that Xanathar exists, or is a beholder.

He has not left his hideout for years, allowing his lieutenants to supply all of his needs. The Lords of Waterdeep have no idea that there is an eye tyrant within 200 miles of Waterdeep.

Other notes: Xanathar makes his home is an opulent chamber that lies hidden behind a secret door leading from the sewers of Waterdeep. His

main chamber has yet to be located by the forces of Law, and indeed, few know of his very existence in the city. He has the best knowledge of the sewers and their entrances both into the major citadels and into Undermountain as well.

Xanathar’s abode is enmeshed in a net of trapped passages, of which only the four councilors know the safe passage. Most of the traps are non-lethal, primarily consisting of pits and nets and falling cages. Interlopers are taken from the traps and kept as pets briefly, wrung dry for information, then dispatched (for Xanathar’s appetite is enormous).

The chambers in Xanathar’s lair contain a number of treasure vaults and libraries (with information from Slink written in code). Xanathar himself reclines in a clear glass tank of scented water when planning criminal activities.

Xanathar is served by his central “four councilors” who meet with him regularly. They in turn deal with other underlings.

Slan Thurbel is his mercenary leader, a sixth-level fighter who arranges crimes of violence.

Slink Monteskor is Xanathar’s book-keeper and gatherer of information – he has a network of snitches scattered throughout the poor sections and among some servants of the upper classes.

Ott Steeltoes is a renegade of Ironmaster, a one-eyed and one-legged dwarven pirate, who is a fifth-level fighter and thief.

Darkeyes is a half-drow thief of seventh level, and Xanathar’s personal favorite. She is also a master at blackmail and extortion, and her information comes from the darker festhalls of Waterdeep and their more stylish patrons.

In his lair, Xanathar keeps a pair of *charmed* intellect devourers, and a winglet of six gargoyles for local defense.

Player characters may learn of Xanathar’s existence by running afoul of Zhentarim agents who are “looking for a beholder.”



ADVENTURING BROTHERHOODS

Bands of adventurers are common in the Forgotten Realms. They are composed of individuals united by a desire for money, magic, skill, fame and, most essentially, adventure. They are tolerated in most places and have a long tradition. Certain lands, such as Cormyr, require that bands register and receive a royal charter to operate within their borders; a few, such as Amn, forbid adventurers outright.

The number of adventuring companies is large and constantly changing. Such groups are established, vanish, and change names and locations constantly with the passing winters.

Two notable groups are described below. Both have shown remarkable longevity and are quite well known. The Knights of Myth Drannor, operating out of Shadowdale, are an example of a fairly typical group that started just looking for adventure; as they became powerful, they embraced a number of worthy causes, such as the defense of Shadowdale and the monitoring of the ruins of Myth Drannor. The Company of Eight, of Tethyr, is a group with a much more narrow focus; their expressed purpose is to provide stability in the state of near-anarchy in their country.

The Knights of Myth Drannor

These adventurers first came to prominence as rulers of Shadowdale, in their successful defiance of the armies of Zhentil Keep. They were instrumental in the defeat of Lashan of Scardale, and remain able foes of the Zhentarim and of the drow beneath the Dragonreach lands.

The Knights began in Espar as a nameless band of youths, young men and women who had grown up together. They received a charter from King Azoun of Cormyr allowing them to bear arms. The royal assent included a strong recommendation that the party of adventurers explore and clean out the "Haunted Halls," a bandit hold north

of the village of Eveningstar.

The group departed on the 28th of Tarsakh, Year of the Harp, and spent two months adventuring in the Halls. The group then moved on to the Stonelands, exploring assorted tombs and strongholds of evil creatures.

It was at this time that the Knights first ran afoul of the Zhentarim, who were engaged in taking control of the Stonelands in order to complete an overland caravan route from Zhentil Keep to the Sword Coast. The party slew Maglor, a Zhentarim spy, in Eveningstar, and later slew the renegade Zhentarim mage Whisper. A thief, Nith, whom the party rescued in the Halls during this time was actually a Zhentarim spy, Asbarode. He laid hold of a magical sword that compelled him to take it elsewhere, and left the band.

As with almost any beginning group, the Knights at first had several bad elements: companions who were uncooperative, and attempted to slay or steal from their fellows. Two of these in the Knights, the fighters Agannor Wildsilver and Bey Freemantle, met swift and brutal ends.

The party discovered a curious feature common to many ancient ruins in the Realms: permanent teleportation gates linking one dungeon with another, far-distant one. By chance they took one to the great city of Waterdeep, where they met Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, who had heard of their doings via Harper agents (such as Dove, later a Knight herself and the wife of Florin Falconhand). Khelben recognized a golden opportunity to hand the Zhentarim a setback: He gave Florin the pendant and title of lord of Shadowdale, to claim if he could. After strengthening and healing the band, Khelben teleported them all back to Eveningstar.

The party traversed the Stonelands to Shadowdale, where they took possession of the monster-infested Tower of Ashaba and met Sylune, Elminster, and other notable locals, including Mane's Band (adventurers) and a few drow agents. It was some time before the

adventurers had secured the tower, but by the time they had, they had found enough treasure to rebuild the structure. They also discovered the chilling secret of the Tower of Ashaba: It had been built not by men, but by the drow, to guard the entrances to the realms below. The drow had been coming up through the ruined tower to trade with the Zhentarim, who had a hidden stronghold in the woods near Shadowdale.

Florin declined the lordship of Shadowdale; instead, he asked that his fellow Knights elect one of their number to take the position. Doust Sulwood, cleric of Tymora, was chosen. Supported by the sage Elminster, the witch Sylune, Tamshan the bard, and the magic-user Boots "The Lucky" of Mane's Band (the latter two Harper agents), Doust established his rule. He called village meetings, democratic "lord's courts," to discuss matters great and small, and arranged to have elected a council of locals to advise him.

Troubles with the Zhentarim continued to plague Doust; caravan after caravan from Zhentil Keep, some carrying slaves, pushed through Shadowdale, and fought the Knights' guards. At the same time, the adventurers made forays against local giants, wiping out the Flaming Tower, tackled a beholder allied with the Zhentarim, and encountered "The Hand," a band of evil adventurers based in Voonlar.

All too soon, Zhentil Keep sent an army against the dale, supporting a false claim on the lordship from Lyran Nanther of Melvaunt. Astonishingly, the party's mercenaries and militia, with elven and Harper help, prevailed against 10 times their number; but it was recognized that Zhentil Keep had not yet given up the struggle.

The party members continued to establish themselves in the dale, uncovering Zhentarim and drow agents, identifying a weretiger, and discovering the talents of Illistyl Elventree. They solidified the dale's defenses and settled new farmers. Envoys began to arrive from local rulers and priesthoods; most were



ADVENTURING BROTHERHOODS



politely refused, but Tyche, Lathander, and Chauntea were granted land.

Before Zhentil Keep could make its next attack, the Knights made a lightning attack on Voonlar, a village up the road. There they razed and plundered the temple of the evil god Bane, taking over 400 prisoners, including drow and Zhentarim. While the Zhentarim recovered from this blow, the adventurers dealt another to the drow in the caverns below the dale.

This venture was highly successful, but as the adventurers themselves were recovering, Lashan of Scardale, secretly supported by the high imperceptor of Bane, suddenly invaded and conquered neighboring Harrowdale and Featherdale. He then took Battle-dale and Tasseldale beyond before anyone could mobilize their forces, and attacked Mistedale. Cormyr guarded its borders by annexing Tilverton to the west, and Sembia rushed its forces north to protect Deepingdale and prevent Lashan from turning south. It was left to Shadowdale, the elves (who were

leaving the Elven Court for the tranquility of Evermeet as fast as they could), the Harpers, and the druidic circles in the area to bolster Mistedale and hold Lashan's empire back. Hold they did — and Lashan's empire began to crumble as he was attacked from all sides.

The departing elves invited the party to enter Myth Drannor. There they found much evil, but also another gate to Waterdeep, as well as gates to other worlds. They found a treasure cache known as the Elfhold, and encountered renegade lords of Zhentil Keep, seeking allies to fight against the Zhentarim, and the goddess Mielikki.

Aumark Lithyl then left the party to take the throne of Ruathym, since his father had been slain in the war with Luskan. To replace him, Khelben sent a young Waterdhavian cavalier, Mourn-grym Amcathra. When Doust relinquished his title, Mourn-grym was named lord of Shadowdale.

In Myth Drannor, the band found a *deck of many things*, and Doust amazingly survived the drawing of a death

card. Soon thereafter, Islif gave birth to a son, Jhaok, and Mielikki appeared to Florin, commanding him to marry Dove.

The party guarded Shadowdale until the deep snows of winter made attack by Zhentil Keep impossible; then they made their way to Myth Drannor to take the gate to Waterdeep, where they wintered in a villa, dubbed "Cold Comfort" Jhessail gave birth to Veluthil, and Dove and Florin were wed.

When spring of the Year of the Prince came, the adventurers left Waterdeep to explore the Realms, having left the defense of Shadowdale to Mourn-grym, Elminster, and their army. They spent most of the next year exploring the northern Sword Coast, and then coming down the western edge of the Great Desert, Anauroch, to Westgate, then Cormyr and the Dales at last. Along the way, they found the lost city of Gauntlgrym, met with Alustriel, high lady of Silvermoon, and the wandering Simbul of Aglarond, and lost Jelde, then Doust and Islif, to retirement.



ADVENTURING BROTHERHOODS

Instead of returning to Shadowdale, the remaining party members elected to go to Myth Drannor, hoping to establish their own stronghold there. They found a nasty surprise there: hordes of devils, summoned by priests of Bane, infested the ruins. After hard fighting, the party retired to Essembra, there to rest and welcome Rathan Thentraver, cleric of Tymora, and Torm, a rogue, into their ranks. They also finally chose a name: The Knights of Myth Drannor.

The Knights have since had many adventures, exploring other worlds, battling the drow (and in the process gaining a new companion, Sharantyr), and continuing to fight the Zhentarim and their devil and orc agents. They have also had many battles in the ruins of Myth Drannor; adventurers flock there from the lands all around, searching for treasure, but finding instead swift death from diabolical claws.

The death of Sylune and the devastation of much of the Dalelands at the claws and fangs of dragons at the behest of the Cult of the Dragon gained the Knights a new enemy. Currently the Knights are fighting on against ever-more-powerful foes; and they are beginning to question the nature and aims of the Harpers.

Having renounced their official positions in Shadowdale, they remain "lords" and "ladies" of the dale, respected by all the dalefolk; and Elminster, and the bard Storm Silverhand remain staunch allies.

Currently the Knights are: Florin Falconhand and his wife, Dove; Jhessail Silvertree and her husband, Merith Strongbow; the druid, Lanseril Snowmantle; and four "junior members": the magic-user Illistyl Elventree, her lover Torm, Rathan Thentraver, and the ranger Sharantyr. Less active members are Jelde Asturien, Doust Sulwood, and Islif Lurelake, and Mourngrym Amcathra, with his wife, Shaerl Rowanmantle. Mourngrym and Shaerl are described elsewhere in this book; the rest are described below.

Jhessail coordinates domestic matters for the Knights, while Florin is battle

leader; but all party members are equal, and all important decisions are decided by a democratic vote.

The party does not currently have a permanent stronghold or base, although they are hoping to build one. They are always welcome at the Tower of Ashaba or almost anywhere else in Shadowdale; and there they keep a cache of communal treasure and magic, deposited in the days of Doust's lordship. It includes healing scrolls and potions and at least one *elixir of life*.

The Knights utilize no hirelings or henchmen; all who so offer their services are sent to aid Lord Mourngrym in policing Shadowdale.

Spellbooks: The spell-casting members of the Knights have pooled their resources, gathering all their known spells together. The books containing these spells are kept safe in the Tower of Ashaba in Shadowdale; any magic-using Knight can have access to them. Each Knight has a traveling spellbook, in which are recorded those spells listed in the character descriptions below as "spells commonly memorized." Some also have their own books of cantrips; such zero-level spells are not recorded in the shared books.

The Knights of Myth Drannor are always eager to find new spells to add to the communal books as well as their personal repertoires.

Jelde "Semoor Wolf Tooth" Asturien

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 57

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Eighth-Level Human Cleric

S:16 I:12 W:18 D:12 C:15 CH:12

Patron deity: Lathander.

Home city or country: Espar, Cormyr.

Current residence: Eveningstar.

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Elvish.

Weapon proficiencies: Staff, hammer, mace.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Endurance, fishing, rope use.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 7; Petrification/polymorph — 10; Rod/staff/wand — 11; Breath weapon — 13; Spells — 12.

Undead turning: Skeleton — D*; Mummy — 7; Zombie — D*; Spectre — 10; Ghoul — D; Vampire — 13; Shadow — D; Ghost — 16; Wight — T; Lich — 19; Ghast — T; Special — 20; Wraith — 4.

Spells per level: 5/5/4/3/—.

Spells commonly memorized: *Aid, bless, command, continual light, cure blindness, cure light wounds x 2, cure serious wounds, dispel magic, glyph of warding, hold person, know alignment, messenger, neutralize poison, remove fear, speak with plants, withdraw.*

Magical items and equipment: *Hammer +1, chain mail +2, potion of levitation, scroll of protection from illusions, ring of spell storing (with the spells control weather, item, Leomund's trap, lightning bolt, and water breathing, all at the 12th level of use), horseman's mace, shield, rope (65' long), holy symbol, prayer beads, fishing line and net, staff, backpack, bullseye lantern, three flasks of oil, water skin, two weeks' rations.*

A longtime member of the Knights, Jelde was one of the original members from the Cormyrian village of Espar. The name given to him there was Semoor Wolftooth; but now he finds himself called this only by acquaintances of long, long ago. His name is now Jelde Asturien: It is the tradition of clerics of Lathander, God of the Dawn, to take a new name, revealed by their deity, upon gaining the rank of priest (third level). This symbolizes the rebirth and renewal that Lathander also represents.

Another appellation from Jelde's past



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is the nickname, "Stoop." This name came from his favorite pastime, fishing; as a boy he spent long hours in that posture, waiting for a strike on his line. Now, so many years later, he has fewer occasions to pass an idle afternoon on a riverbank. But he still likes to fish, and on those occasions when he gets out of Eveningstar, he rarely fails to bring along his fishing tackle.

When Semoor came of age, he left Espar to seek his fortune. Among his companions were Florin Falconhand, Islif Lurelake, and Doust Sulwood, the nucleus of what would someday be named the Knights of Myth Drannor. Though sarcastic and scheming, Semoor was ever loyal to his companions, and ever a valued asset. In the course of their adventures, Semoor found his vocation as a cleric of Lathander, and earned his new name, Jelde Asturien.

Jelde became a noble of Shadowdale when the knights returned from Waterdeep with the pendant from Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun to claim lordship of Shadowdale. He took the title seneschal of the Tower of Ashaba, and served well in the conflicts with the drow, the Zhentarim, and the would-be-conqueror-tyrant, Lashan of Scardale. He retains the honorary title of a lord of Shadowdale.

At last Jelde tired of the adventuring life. He chose to retire from the life of wandering to better serve Lathander. He presently resides at his deity's temple in Eveningstar and is a prominent, respected member of the clergy. Most of his time is devoted to matters of worship, administration, and sharing his wisdom and experience with upcoming members of Lathander's priesthood. But he does equip himself on occasion and sally forth in the Morninglord's service to the Stonelands, or elsewhere; and if the Knights of Myth Drannor needed his service, he could hardly refuse their request.

Asturien dons magical chain mail and wields a magical hammer in combat. He is strong and hardy; but with his excellent spell-casting capabilities, aug-

mented by his *ring of spell storing*, he no longer would need so much to engage in hand-to-hand combat. He recently possessed, for a brief time, a magical tooth, but it was taken from him in battle. The tooth's powers had not yet been discovered; it may have been an artifact.

For his *glyph of warding* spell, Jelde prefers the magical rune named *telatha*. Nicknamed "Morninglow," *telatha* is favored by priests of Lathander, who claim that the Morninglord taught it to them ages ago. (Clerics of other faiths may learn and employ it; Asturien has taught his fellow cleric Knights, Doust and Rathan, to recognize and to use it.) When triggered, the *glyph* explodes with the intense brightness of the rising sun, automatically stunning for 1d4 +1 segments and blinding the creature that triggers it. The blindness is permanent unless a saving throw vs. spells is successful, in which case it lasts 1d6 turns.

Illistyl Elventree

ARMOR CLASS: 7

MOVE: 12'

Hit Points: 13

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (5'1") 96 pounds)

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: 242

Attack/Defense Modes: A,C/F,G
Fourth-Level Human Magic-User
S:12 I:18 W:16 D:17 C:14 CH:16

Patron deity: Mystra.

Home city or country: Shadowdale.

Current residence: Wanders (the Dalelands).

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Elvish.

Weapon proficiency: Dagger.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Animal training (horses), heal-

ing.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison – 14; Petrification/polymorph – 13; Rod/staff/wand – 11; Breath weapon – 15; Spells – 12.

Spells per level: 3/2/–.

Spells and cantrips commonly memorized: *Blue light, burning hands, fire finger, friends, mirror image, scare, unlock, untie.*

Magical items and equipment: *Brooch of shielding, slippers of spider climbing, potions of clairvoyance and polymorph self, two daggers, large pouch of medicinal herbs, tinderbox, 12 wax candles, backpack, small mirror.*

Of all the knights of Myth Drannor, only Illistyl is a native of Shadowdale. Her psionic abilities and aptitude for magic, noted in the Shadowdale census of the Year of the Harp, were discovered accidentally by the Knights, who were actually seeking the weretiger who had slain the thief Alura Durshavin, one of their number. Doust Sulwood, then lord of the dale, brought her to live in the Tower of Ashaba after her parents, Ilcort and Lasha Elventree, were killed in the battles with Zhentil Keep. Besides being concerned for the young woman's personal welfare, the Knights recognized her as an asset to be carefully protected and nurtured for the good of the dale.

Her tutor in the art, Jhessail Silvertree, is also Illistyl's good friend. Since Jhessail became a mother, a greater role as spell weaver for the Knights has fallen to this young theurgist. When the greater tasks are at hand, however, Illistyl steps aside and permits Jhessail to lend her full and formidable powers to the Knights' projects. Illistyl then takes care of the child of Jhessail and Merith Strongbow, and tends to the daily magical needs of the dale folk, as the deceased witch Sylune used to do, and calls for Elminster's aid if it is necessary.

Illistyl is young, small, and lithe – 17 winters old, 5'1" tall, and 96 pounds heavy. She is ambidextrous. Her straight, dark hair is cut just past shoul-



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der length, and her friendly eyes have an impish sparkle. She likes comfortable, colorful clothing, quickly taking breeches and a tunic instead of stuffy mage's robes or a lady's dress. She has a wry sense of humor, and is quite independent and sharp-tongued — very necessary traits for anyone who would be the lover of the thief, Torm, as she is. Beneath her often-cocky exterior, Illistyl is sensitive, reliable, and acutely perceptive.

In addition to a traveling spellbook containing the "spells commonly memorized," listed above, Illistyl has a book of 36 cantrips. This repertoire consists of the following:

Useful — *Chill, clean, color, dampen, dry, dust, exterminate, flavor, freshen, polish, salt, shine, spice, stitch, sweeten, tie, warm, wrap.*

Reversed: *Dusty, knot, tangle, untie.*

Legerdemain: *Hide, present.*

Person-affecting: *Blink, cough, giggle, sneeze, twitch, wink, yawn.*

Personal: *Blue light, fire finger, unlock.*

Haunting: *Footfall, rattle.*

Dove Falconhand

ARMOR CLASS: -3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 59

NO. OF ATTACKS: 3/2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use and see below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (6')

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

11th-Level Human Ranger

S:17 I:18 W:17 D:16 C:13 CH:16

Patron deity: Mielikki.

Home city or country: Unknown.

Current residence: Evermeet.

Languages: Common, Chaotic Good, Centaur, Dryad, Elvish, Gold Dragon, Thorass, Treant.

Weapon proficiencies: Longbow (specialization), long sword, two-handed sword, dagger, battle-ax.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Endurance, healing, swimming.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 7; Petrification/polymorph — 8; Rod/staff/wand — 9; Breath weapon — 8; Spells — 10.

Spells per level: Druid — 2/—; magic-user — 2/—.

Spells commonly memorized: Druid — *Entangle, invisibility to animals, predict weather, speak with animals.* Magic-user — *Enlarge, unseen servant.*

Special abilities: +11 damage vs. giant-class humanoids; surprise 50% of the time; tracking; may employ all non-written magical items that pertain to *clairaudience, clairvoyance, ESP, and telepathy*

Magical items and equipment: *Full plate armor +1, long sword +1 luck blade (with 2 wishes), three arrows +2, three arrows +3, one arrow +4, two potions of extra-healing, cloak and boots of elvenkind, rogue stone (see below), quiver, five silver-tipped arrows, dagger, shield.*

Dove is the second-youngest of a famous family of five sisters. Her three illustrious older siblings are Sylune, the late witch and lady of Shadowdale; Alustriel, high lady of Silvermoon; and the bard Storm Silverhand, a resident of Shadowdale. The youngest sister is The Simbul, witch-queen of Aglarond. All of these human sisters are very old (Dove is 142), but retain their youthful appearance and vitality through the use of *potions of longevity* and similar magic.

Besides being a Knight of Myth Drannor, Dove is, like her sister Storm, one of the Harpers. For many years even before the creation of the Knights, Dove fought the Zhentarim and their minions and other evil creatures of the Inner Sea lands.

A number of times in the course of these activities, she encountered a band of young Cormyrian adventurers, the nucleus of the Knights of Myth Drannor.

The battle leader of the group, one ranger named Florin Falconhand, was in need of training, and Dove served as his tutor.

Florin more than repaid the service. Later when Dove had become the prisoner of Orvar "The Unseen" of the Zhentarim, she ran into Florin in the Whistling Wizard Inn in Voonlar, and he released her from her captivity. Dove relocated to Shadowdale to join the Knights of Myth Drannor; not long thereafter she took to husband Florin, the most "noble" man she had ever met.

Soon after Doust relinquished his lordship over Shadowdale, the Knights moved on, concentrating their attention on Myth Drannor. Dove became pregnant, and she retired to Evermeet, the fabled island realm of elvenkind, to give birth and raise her child, Azalar Falconhand. She and Florin (and, of course, Azalar) are among the very few humans permitted to set foot in Evermeet. Dove and Azalar currently remain there, to be visited on occasion by Florin.

Beautiful, graceful, and quiet, Dove is a tall woman — at 6' in height, she is not much shorter than her husband. Like her husband and many other Knights, Dove is ambidextrous. She is kind, calm, and firm; her reserved air conveys a strong sense of strength, confidence and wisdom. She is probably the most shy and withdrawn of the sisters, but she is an accomplished singer and harpist, and in private she likes to dance.

Listed under magical items and equipment above, are only the most basic items that Dove would be found carrying. She also will have whatever equipment and provisions would be appropriate for the situation in which she is found, plus some cash or jewels. As all the long-lived sisters do, Dove has several secret caches of treasure about the Forgotten Realms, containing coins and jewelry, spare weapons and armor, as well as useful, common magic items (*e.g., potions of healing and longevity, magical arrows, and perhaps a protection scroll*).



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The *rogue stone*, which Dove Falconhand always carries, is a magical green gem. It will teleport her back to Evermeet, without error, when grasped and commanded.

Florin Falconhand

ARMOR CLASS: -4

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 66

NO. OF ATTACKS: 3/2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use and see below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (6'2"), 162 pounds

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Ninth-Level Human Ranger

S:17 I:17 W:10 D:17 C:10 CH:14

Patron deity: Mielikki.

Home city or country: Espar.

Current residence: Wanders (the Dalelands).

Languages: Common, Chaotic Good, Elvish, Dryadic, Treant.

Weapon proficiencies: Long sword, staff, two-handed sword, dagger, hand crossbow.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Armorer, riding, swimming.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 8; Petrification/polymorph — 9; Rod/staff/wand — 10; Breath weapon — 9; Spells — 11.

Spells per level: Druid — 1/—; magic-user — 1/—.

Spells commonly memorized: Druid — *Pass without trace*. Magic-user — *Jump*.

Special abilities: +9 damage vs. "giant-class" humanoids; surprise 50% of the time; tracking.

Magical items and equipment: Long sword +2, dagger +1, three bolts +2, *Reptar's Wall* (see below), *potions of extra-healing* and *sweet water*, *rogue stone* (see below), full plate armor, hand crossbow, quiver with 12 silver-tipped quarrels, staff, other appropriate equipment and provisions.

Florin Falconhand, an imposing and inspiring man, is a senior member and the leading figure of the Knights of Myth Drannor. He was born in Espar 26 years ago to Hethcanter Falconhand (fourth-level fighter), a retired Cormyrian army captain, and the half-elf Skydusk (fourth-level magic-user). Florin himself is entirely human.

In his youth, Florin was interested in nature (especially flowers) and elvenkind, and his mother encouraged him to learn about gardening. His father apprenticed him to the famous armorer, Hawkstone, believing the lad would need a more useful trade to get by in the world, but the boy ever preferred forest to forge. His long, solitary walks in the woods earned him the nickname "Silent," and allowed him to pick up smatterings of the Elvish, Dryadic, and Treant languages.

When he came of age, Florin set out to find his fortune with his companions, Islif Lurelake, Jhessail Silvertree, Doust Sulwood, and Semoor Wolftooth. Skilled with sword and tongue, the ranger emerged as a leader in battle and the diplomatic representative of the band.

After some time of adventuring with the Knights, Florin was considered fit by the wizard Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun of Waterdeep to be lord of Shadowdale. Florin declined the office, and allowed it to be bestowed upon his stalwart companion, Doust. Florin served as warden of Shadowdale, and represented the tiny state in diplomatic matters with neighboring lands and rulers.

Florin would seem to be very important to his patron deity, the forest goddess Mielikki — so important that she has appeared to him personally on at least seven occasions. In one such instance, she ordered him to marry Dove the ranger, telling him that it was "necessary." Dove had tutored him in the ways of the forest, and he had rescued her from a Zhentarim captor.

Dove was not the first woman with whom Florin had been involved. Among the many ladies before with

whom he had acquainted himself in his travels, Florin was enamored of the thief "Pennae," Alura Durshavin. Sadly, she was slain in Shadowdale by a weretiger. The lycanthrope turned out to be Lune Lyrohar, an unfortunate pleasure girl at Mother Tara's. (On the positive side, the search for her revealed the powers of Illistyl Elventree, who is now a member of the Knights.)

Florin remains battle leader of the Knights, a formidable warrior. When not in service to the Knights, he retires to Evermeet, the tree-cloaked elven realm across the sea where his wife, Dove, and young son, Azalar, presently reside. The members of the little family are among the few humans permitted in that island kingdom.

Spell ability of both magical and druidic nature is now available to Florin; he has been trained by his companions, the sorceress Jhessail Silvertree, and the druid Lanseril Snowmantle. Among the magic-user spells, Florin can never learn *magic missile*, but he has learned and used *find familiar* in order to acquire his familiar, the hawk Minstrel. Minstrel has 2 hp and customarily rides about on Florin's shoulder. Florin can telepathically see through the bird's eyes.

Florin also has a white charger, a heavy war horse named Firefoam. Gained by a magical *wish*, Firefoam is the equivalent of a paladin's war horse. The beast (AC 5, hp 37, MV 18", INT 7) can communicate telepathically with Florin on a basic level — feelings, yes or no, danger, recognition of beings, and so forth. Firefoam can fight alone with hooves and teeth, or with a rider on his back, and will serve Florin for six more years.

Among Florin's possessions are a unique, magical shield, *Reptar's Wall*, and a *rogue stone*. The *rogue stone*, just like the one possessed by his wife, Dove Falconhand, is a gift from the elves that can teleport Florin without error to Evermeet.

Reptar's Wall (detailed in issue #89 of DRAGON® Magazine and FR4, THE



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MAGISTER) is a *shield +1*. It can cause the wearer to become invisible for 2d4 rounds upon verbal command, once every 16 hours, or fly for two turns, once every 24 hours, draining a nearby magic item (charges from a chargeable item, all dweomer from a "one-shot" item, or negating a permanent item for a time) to do so. The shield makes no sound when struck or dropped.

Florin is 6'2" tall, broad-shouldered, 162 pounds, and ambidextrous. He has curly brown hair, blue-gray eyes, and a burn scar on his right hand (from petting a baby red dragon when small). He has a kingly demeanor, and is not as jovial as the other Knights; he is good-natured, but quiet and dignified.

Islif Lurelake

ARMOR CLASS: -4

MOVE: 12'

Hit Points: 48

NO. OF ATTACKS: 3/2

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M (6', 146 pounds)

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Eighth-Level Human Fighter

S:18 I:11 W:11 D:17 C:17 CH:14

Patron deity: Tempus.

Home city or country: Espar, Cormyr.

Current residence: Arabel, Cormyr.

Languages: Common, Neutral Good.

Weapon proficiencies: Ax, broad sword, halberd, long sword, scimitar, sling.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Alertness, riding, running, swimming.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 10; Petrification/polymorph — 11; Rod/staff/wand — 12; Breath weapon — 12; Spells — 13.

Magical items and equipment: *Long sword +1/+2* vs. magic-using

and enchanted creatures, *periapt of wound closure*, *potion of vitality*, *ring of protection +2*, field plate armor, great helm, large shield, sling, pouch with 30 sling bullets, bullseye lantern, four flasks of oil, tinderbox, backpack, provisions, and water skin.

Another member of the original party that came from Espar, at age 25 Islif Lurelake is a formidable warrior of high repute.

The parents of Islif are Tesha and Buckman Lurelake. Her father, Buckman, was a trader, often away from his family on business. Islif was often left free to roam as she would. At the local swimming hole she made friends with her future adventuring companions: Florin Falconhand, Jhessail Silvertree, Doust Sulwood, and Semoor Wolftooth.

She also befriended a scarred old fighter, Skuldi Wolfspear, who became her first tutor in the arts of battle. Skuldi still makes a living as a hunter and guide in the Espar region.

Adventuring, Islif proved herself a competent sword fighter, brave explorer, and a dependable companion. She gained skill rapidly and learned the use of many weapons, though she did not choose to favor any one with specialization. She normally uses her magical long sword in melee, and a sling for missile combat.

Not long after Doust Sulwood was selected to become lord of Shadowdale, he asked Islif to marry him, and she accepted. Islif also served as captain of the militia of Shadowdale, and proved an able leader in battle against Zhentil Keep and Scardale.

The couple's young son, Jhaok Sulwood, was born in Shadowdale on the 22nd of Marpenoth, Year of the Worm. The boy has black hair, clear silver eyes, and already shows interest in following in his mother's footsteps as a fighter.

After Doust gave up the lordship of Shadowdale to Mourngrym Amcathra, he and Islif retired, at least temporarily, to Arabel, where they are enjoying a peaceful life. For the present, they are content to take life easy and bring up their child well.

Islif is tall and brawny (6', 146 pounds), a fearless fighter with a devil-may-care attitude. As Doust well knows, she still has a streak of drill sergeant in her from the days of barking commands at Shadowdale's soldiers. Her boldness also makes her a good trader, as her parents were. She enjoys woodcarving and sculpting, and dislikes "macho" men.

Islif has silvery-blue eyes and shoulder-length hair, black and very straight. She is more commonly found wearing day-to-day clothes or fashionable evening gowns these days, but she still keeps her trusty suit of field plate armor well oiled and ready for use.

SharanTyr

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 24

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Second-Level Human Ranger

S:17 I:16 W:15 D:17 C:17 CH:14

Patron deity: Tempus.

Home city or country: Baldur's Gate.

Current residence: Wanders (the Dalelands).

Languages: Common, Chaotic Good.

Weapon proficiencies: Dagger, long sword, two-handed sword.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Riding, swimming.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 14; Petrification/polymorph — 15; Rod/staff/wand — 16; Breath weapon — 17; Spells — 17.

Special abilities: +2 damage vs. "giant-class" humanoids; surprise 50% of the time; tracking.

Weapons and armor: Long sword, two-handed sword, chain mail, shield, dagger.



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The female ranger Sharantyr is the newest member of the Knights of Myth Drannor. Her lack of a surname is quite common in the Realms. She has yet to choose one, and might never do so.

Sharantyr was born to a merchant couple in Baldur's Gate. Her father, Zunzyr Thalomm, traded textiles, and her mother, Nathla, dealt in embroidery and fine needlework. Sharantyr never saw much of her native town, since her parents' careers took them all over the North.

The life of a traveling merchant in the Realms can be as risky as that of an adventurer, as was demonstrated most tragically when Sharantyr was barely 2 years of age. Her parents' caravan was waylaid by trolls north of Scornubel, and both killed. Sharantyr escaped miraculously in the confusion as the caravan dissolved. She fled many miles into the forest, alone, until she collapsed from exhaustion after all the exertion and terror.

She was found by a gentle ranger, Thautyr, who treated her bruises and scrapes and nursed her back to health and vitality. He brought her up as if she were his own daughter, training her in wood lore and the use of weapons.

Twenty years after he had saved Sharantyr from the dangers of the forest, Thautyr passed away, victim of a fever. Sharantyr buried him, and then decided that she could no longer live alone in their little forest dwelling. She packed what possessions she could carry, including her adoptive father's great sword, and journeyed away to find her fortune.

She traveled south to Iriaebor, and then east, through Cormyr, to the Dalelands. She had the misfortune of encountering a group of drow raiders, who took her prisoner and carried her deep beneath the earth.

Luckily she was discovered and rescued by the Knights of Myth Drannor, who were on one of their forays against the evil elves of the Underdark. Impressed by Sharantyr's fighting skill, resourcefulness, and determination (she had the guts to face a beholder and

to bait drow into a trap), the Knights offered Sharantyr a place in their ranks, which she gladly accepted.

Sharantyr is graceful and beautiful, with long, silky, brown hair and gray-green eyes. Those eyes can almost smoke with silent anger; she has a hot temper, and though she has been through enough hardship to know when it is best to control her passions, it usually can be seen in her eyes. Sharantyr is quiet, a woman of few words but much battle skill, and she enjoys familiarizing herself with the Dalelands by traveling with the bard, Storm Silverhand, of Shadowdale.

She wears chain mail under her traveling tunic and cloak, and carries a long sword at her side. She has a shield, but usually keeps it on her riding horse, unless she is expecting a melee. Her two-handed sword gets similar treatment or, sometimes, is strapped to her back in its sheath. A dagger is concealed in each boot. Being ambidextrous, Sharantyr wields long sword, dagger, and shield equally well in either hand.

This ranger has amassed enough experience points to advance to third level, but on account of all the bustle and trouble in the Dales of late, Florin Falconhand has not yet had time to train her, as he has promised to do.

Jhessail Silvertree

ARMOR CLASS: 1
MOVE: 12"
Hit Points: 26
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: M(5'9", 91 pounds)
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
Eighth-Level Human Magic-User
S:13 I:18 W:18 D:14 C:9 CH:14

Patron deity: Mystra.

Home city or country: Espar, Cormyr.

Current residence: Wanders (the Dalelands).

Languages: Common, Chaotic Good, Dryad, Elvish, Treant.

Weapon proficiencies: Dagger, staff.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Animal training (horses), foraging, healing, plant lore, tracking.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 13; Petrification/polymorph — 11; Rod/staff/wand — 9; Breath weapon — 13; Spells — 10.

Spells per level: 4/3/3/2/—.

Spells commonly memorized: *Dimension door, ESP, Tenser's floating disc, fly, haste, ice storm, Leomund's tiny hut, mirror image, push, sleep, spider climb, strength.*

Magical items: *Bracers of defense AC 2, pearl of power (recalls third-level spells), potion of fire resistance, ring of wizardry (doubles fifth-level spells; not yet usable), ring of shooting stars, spell scroll with wall of force, wand of magic missiles (48 charges), wand of metal detection (74 charges).*

Small and motherly, but commanding, Jhessail Silvertree is the maternal leader of the Knights of Myth Drannor.

Like many of the senior Knights, Jhessail is a native of Espar, Cormyr. She is the daughter of foresters and elffriends, Criag and Lhanna Silvertree, from whom she inherited an undying interest in elves and woodlands.

As a child, Jhessail was fascinated by magic as soon as she discovered it. The elves, on good terms with her family, discovered that besides having any child's delight with conjurers' tricks, "Twoteeth," as she was nicknamed, had a real aptitude for the art. Even before she could read or write well, Jhessail had discovered how to use a few simple cantrips, just from carefully observing mages and their apprentices. She delighted her young friends with such petty magics as *blue light*. The elves, with her parents' permission, arranged for the precocious child to be tutored immediately by Hezom of Espar.

Formal training matured Jhessail's magical talents, even as nature and a



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healthy lifestyle developed her body into one of striking, near-elfin beauty. Her old nickname, Twoteeth, was replaced by "Flamehair," on account of her long, fiery, orange-brown tresses. She has a slim, exquisite figure (5'9", 91 pounds), a gentle mouth, and dark gray-green eyes. She came to favor simple apparel, such as plain, dark robes, that allows her natural beauty to shine.

After completing her apprenticeship to Hezom, Jhessail was encouraged by her parents to go out and see the world; so she set off with a band of friends, the nucleus of the Knights of Myth Drannor. One woman in the group, a magic-user named Martess, was soon killed; she too had been an apprentice of Hezom and a good friend of Jhessail. The loss hurt this sensitive, young sorceress; but it helped to harden her to the harsh realities of an adventurer's life. And she rose rapidly in power, reading a libram of silver magic and acquiring a familiar, a black cat named Jet (AC 7, hp 4, MV 12", INT 14).

Talents besides magic were cultivated by Jhess (as she now is usually called by her fellow Knights). She learned and practiced her skills of healing, animal training, endurance, and riding. Her wide range of abilities made her powerful and respected among the Knights.

Jhessail's first lover was one of the Knights, the cleric Jelde Asturien, who had also come from Espar. The elf Merith Strongbow contested Jelde's claims on Jhessail. Ultimately, the choice was, of course, Jhessail's, and she decided that she loved Merith more. Winning his hand in marriage before all the Elven Court was no mean task, but Jhessail proved herself well. By elven standards she is extremely young; and even though she seeks to extend her life span by magical means, she hasn't hoped to outlive even the youth of her husband.

The marriage, enacted on Alturiak 15, Year of the Worm, has produced one half-elven daughter, Veluthil Silverbow. The first name means "beautiful of the evening," in reference to the time of her birth on Mirtul 1, Year of the Prince;

"veluthe" means "beautiful," and "thil," "evening." Veluthil's surname is a combination of those of her parents, as is tradition for half-elves of the Realms; when she grows older she may keep this name or choose another.

Veluthil is cared for by Illistyl Elventree at least as much as by her mother; as the Knights of Myth Drannor member most experienced in the use of magic, Jhessail's services are often in demand, and she is not one to miss adventure.

She is warm, kind, and understanding, yet strict and proper. Her passion and strong will are tempered by great self-control. Jhess has undertaken to train Illistyl Elventree as her successor and to develop Florin Falconhand's new magical powers. She also is carefully nudging her infant into familiarity with magic.

Jhessail's spells, built up from spellbooks gained in the Knights' adventures, are shared freely with the other spell-casters of the group, particularly her husband. Besides her memorized spells, Jhessail has an impressive array of magical devices that make her quite formidable in combat.

In addition to a traveling spellbook containing the "spells commonly memorized," listed above, Jhessail has a book of 34 cantrips. This repertoire consists of the following:

Useful — *Chill, clean, color, dampen, dry, dust, flavor, freshen, gather, polish, salt, shine, spice, stitch, sweeten, tie, warm, wrap.*

Reversed — *Tangle, untie.*

Legerdemain — *Change, hide, mute, present.*

Person-affecting — *Blink, yawn.*

Personal — *Blue light, fire finger, gnat, mouse, smoke puff, unlock.*

Haunting — *Tap, thump.*

Lanseril Snowmantle

ARMOR CLASS: 4

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 54

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or

spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below

MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below

SIZE: M(6'2", 100 pounds)

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Eight-Level Half-Elven Druid

S:10 I:14 W:17 D:14 C:12 CH:16

Patron deity: Sylvanus.

Home city or country: Snowmantle.

Current residence: Wanders (the Dalelands).

Languages: Common, Elvish, Neutral, Centaur, Druidic, Dryad, Faun, Gnome, Hill Giant, Orcish, Treantish.

Weapon proficiencies: Scimitar, spear, staff.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Animal trainer (badgers), direction sense, fungus identification.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 7; Petrification/polymorph — 10; Rod/staff/wand — 11; Breath weapon — 13; Spells — 12.

Spells per level: 6/6/4/2/—.

Spells commonly learned: *Animal friendship, call lightning, call woodland beings, charm person or mammal, cure disease, cure light wounds, good berry, know alignment, plant door, predict weather, purify water, summon insects, trip, warp wood.*

Special abilities: Identify plant, animal, pure water; pass through overgrown areas without leaving discernible trail; immune to the charm of woodland creatures; change shape to animal up to three times per day; +2 on saving throws vs. fire and lightning; 30% resistance to sleep, charm; infra-vision 60'; detect concealed doors.

Magical items: *Bracers of defense AC 5, ring of protection +1, Firecrown (see below), druidic spell scroll with cure light wounds x 2, cure serious wounds, neutralize poison, and transmute rock to mud.*

Lanseril is a native of Snowmantle, a tiny village north of Daggerdale, on the edge of the Border Forest. When he came of age, he took his village's name



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as his own.

Raunaeril "The Rose," an elf, was Lanseril's father; his mother was a beautiful human maiden of Snowmantle, Nelael "Heth's Girl."

Lanseril loved to play in the forest with the elves, and hated what little he saw of cities. A druid who lived in the forest near Snowmantle, one Haemfaest "Holloweye" Sarthun (he had lost his left eye in a long-ago battle, but refused to wear an eye patch), took a fancy to the half-elven lad and introduced him to the worship of Silvanus.

Silvanus was to Lanseril a much more believable deity than Rillifane Rallathil, the elven deity favored by his father's tribe. This was in spite of the fact that Haemfaest and the elves believed that Lanseril had once, unknowingly, met Rillifane on the forest paths, and played tag with him around the trees until, in full view of Raunaeril, who was angrily approaching, the green-clad elf with the bow whom Lanseril was chasing turned into a great oak tree. Then one night, over a week later, that great oak tree vanished.

Raunaeril's was one of "The Lost," the elven tribe that inhabited the Border Forest; perhaps they still do, but they have not been heard from for over 30 years. They appear to have been killed off or forced to withdraw by the increasing strength of humankind in the North, and by the orcs who seized the mines of Tethyamar and began raiding from them into the lands about.

Both of Lanseril's parents perished, together, on the trampled banks of the river Tesh, in a bloody struggle with raiders from the Citadel of the Raven. Six-year-old Lanseril was left behind. Fortunately, the druid Haemfaest, looked after the half-mad, disconsolate boy; but one winter night, about a year later, the old druid fell prey to a pack of hungry wolves. The boy was pursued by the wolves, and was forced to flee south. He bears a near-obsessive hatred for those animals to this day.

Eventually Lanseril arrived in Deepingdale, where, in Highmoon, he was able to carve out a niche for him-

self. He worked for a local merchant, Braun o' the Beard, as a runner, errand-boy and animal keeper; even then he could train animals and identify their unique sounds, or "voices" as he always called them. Lanseril worked devotedly for Braun for 12 years, seeing much of the local roads and businesses. But in the end, he was made miserable by the jealous younger cousin of Braun, who hoped to inherit the business, and didn't want a competent, well-liked apprentice blocking his plans.

In a way, it was opportune that Lanseril was forced to seek new horizons. A ranger, Briadorn of the druidic Circle of Shadowdale, saw Lanseril gently caring for an injured hare, treating its wounds with herbs, and offered to bring him to the dale.

Lanseril accepted, and soon became a most valuable member of the Knights of Myth Drannor. Though quiet and gentle in appearance, he is perhaps the greatest strategist among the Knights (his clever use of an *insect plague* from a spell scroll was instrumental in defeating Zhentil Keep's reinforcements in the Battle of Shadowdale), and a shrewd, Machiavellian diplomat. He has an absolutely phenomenal memory, able to recognize faces, sigils, even handwriting years after seeing it last, and he can sometimes almost recite verbatim conversations overheard long ago. Lanseril sees all, remembers all, and thinks on his feet.

Lanseril has brown hair, delicate features and blue eyes. He is ambidextrous, 6'2" tall, 100 pounds, and 48 years old. He is generally friendly, but sometimes with a hint of condescension. Since becoming a Knight, he has developed a great attachment to Shadowdale and its people, whom he regards as being under his protection as much as the local woods are.

Possessions are few for this druid; he has no great longing for worldly goods, and he understands how easily they come and go. Of note among the things he does keep is the *Firecrown*, a magical treasure. It is a golden circlet whose gems, usable twice every 200 turns, can

emit two rays of fire, doing 18 points of damage (half if a save vs. spells is made). This enchanted coronet was won from giants in the Flaming Tower, a fortress that Lanseril and his companions destroyed with the aid of treants.

Lanseril also has two trained badgers, who can dig, fetch keys (or similarly small items), gnaw ropes, and the like upon telepathic command.

He has enough experience to advance to ninth level, if he could ever spare the time for the necessary training and communion with nature.

Merith Strongbow

ARMOR CLASS: 1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 42

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: 152

Attack/Defense Modes: A,B/F,G

Sixth-Level Elven Fighter

Sixth-Level Magic-User

S:17 I:17 W:15 D:14 C:12 CH:16

Patron deity: Rillifane Rallathil.

Home city or country: Elven Court.

Current residence: Wanders (the Dalelands).

Languages: Elvish, Common, Chaotic Good, Gnome, Halfling, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, Groll.

Weapon proficiencies: Dagger, long sword, longbow.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Animal trainer (deer), bowyer/fletcher, direction sense, swimming.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 11; Petrification/polymorph — 11; Rod/staff/wand — 9; Breath weapon — 13; Spells — 10.

Spells per level: 4/2/2/—.

Spells commonly memorized: *Affect normal fires, ESP fly, haste, mir-*



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ror image, read magic, sleep, Tenser's floating disc.

Special abilities: 90% resistance to *sleep, charm*; +1 to hit with bow, sword; detect secret/concealed doors; surprise.

Magical items and equipment: *Elfin chainmail +2, Sylabra* (intelligent long sword; see below), *shield +1, three arrows +1, arrow of slaying devils, wand of magic detection* (84 charges), *wand of wonder* (37 charges), *oil of fiery burning, potion of invisibility, scroll of protection from devils, longbow, quiver of 16 silver-tipped arrows*; other equipment appropriate to specific mission.

Merith Strongbow is a tall, black-haired moon elf, ambidextrous, with one eye blue and one green. He was born 184 years ago, on the banks of the River Duathamper in the Great Wood (more commonly called the Elven Court), to Laerune and Lianthorn Strongbow.

The elves train their folk carefully and well, and Merith was no exception. His father tutored him in the use of weapons, and they practiced their skills in battle against the men, from the developing Dalelands and Moonsea cities, who were trying to clear the forest, upon which the elves depended and which they cherished so dearly. Merith's first magical training came from the "Gray Ladies" of Semblerholme, an elven retreat on the shores of Lake Sember.

After the death of his parents 20 years ago, Merith sought to avenge their murder, but never managed to locate their slayer, a human mercenary warrior-captain named Todelyn. To this day he remains alert for any clue as to the whereabouts of that man, but he has become involved in pursuits more constructive than vengeance.

Central to those pursuits was Merith's joining the Knights of Myth Drannor. He was sent by the Elven Court, with the purpose of influencing the Shadowdale adventurers to steer them from actions harmful to the elven woods and ways. Carrying a letter from Luvon, a

elven ally of Doust Sulwood and company, Merith was instantly accepted and has remained in the company ever since.

Strongbow has served well among the knights; he is formidable as both fighter and mage. Augmenting his magical powers is a familiar, a black cat named Shadowclaw (AC 7, MV 13", hp 4, INT 12). He used to have a pseudo-dragon, Eshhkk, but that familiar perished in a battle with evil nagas in the ruins of Myth Drannor.

The most important things in Merith's life today are his wife and child. After joining the Knights, he fell in love with their sorceress, Jhessail Silvertree. They have had one daughter, Veluthil Silverbow (see Jhessail's description, above). Merith holds great respect for Jhessail's superior magical powers, and she in turn is impressed by his mixture of abilities as a multi-classed character. The two cooperate in combat, each lending the other whatever assistance might prove most efficient, and each also looking to protect the other. After adventuring together for so long a time, the two make a very effective team.

Jhessail and Merith are an effective team in every other way. They are deeply in love, each willing to sacrifice anything and everything for the other, or their child, Veluthil.

Merith is sometimes saddened by the thought of outliving Jhessail; but in typical elven manner, he will not let it interfere with his appreciation of the joys of the present. And he is comforted by the thought of seeing Veluthil mature and become as beautiful and formidable as her mother.

Associating with humans, Merith's lifestyle is certainly different from that of the typical elf in the Elven Court, but he enjoys it; and though the People (the elves) have left the Elven Court for the safety of Evermeet, Merith remains with the Knights. He knows well that, with elven longevity, provided he is not slain, he can expect to devote many future centuries to other activities.

Besides the typical elven affinities for woodlands, animals, etc., Merith enjoys

swimming a great deal and is interested in fine woodwork and carved adornment. At present, he only collects such items, but some time in the far future he might be interested enough to learn how to craft them.

Since the elves left the Elven Court, Merith has become increasingly reckless in battle. He particularly hates orcs, drow, and the Zhentarim. He dislikes dwarves, but in truth has had little contact with them.

Sylabra is Merith's favored weapon. It is a silver *long sword +3* of Chaotic Good alignment, with Intelligence 14 and ego 6. It can *detect invisible objects* (1" radius), *detect magic* (1" radius), and glow with a silvery-blue radiance at the bearer's will.

In addition to a traveling spellbook containing the "spells commonly memorized," listed above, Merith has a book of 35 cantrips. This repertoire consists of the following:

Useful — *Chill, clean, color, dampen, dry, dust, flavor, freshen, gather, shine, spice, sprout, stitch, sweeten, tie, warm, wrap.*

Reversed — *Dusty tangle, untie.*

Legerdemain — *Change, hide, mute, palm, present.*

Person-affecting — *Giggle, sneeze, wink, yawn.*

Personal — *Blue light, unlock.*

Haunting — *Footfall, groan, moan, whistle.*

Doust Sulwood

ARMOR CLASS: 1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 44

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Eighth-Level Human Cleric

S:16 I:14 W:17 D:13 C:14 CH:12



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Patron deity: Tymora.

Home city or country: Espar, Cormyr.

Current residence: Arabel, Cormyr.

Languages: Common, Chaotic Good.

Weapon proficiencies: Flail, mace, staff.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Alertness, swimming, tracking, weather sense.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 7; Petrification/polymorph — 10; Rod/staff/wand — 11; Breath weapon — 13; Spells — 12.

Undead turning: Skeleton — D*; Mummy — 7; Zombie — D*; Spectre — 10; Ghoul — D; Vampire — 13; Shadow — D; Ghost — 16; Wight — T; Lich — 19; Ghast — T; Special — 20; Wraith — 4.

Spells per level: 5/5/4/2/—.

Spells commonly memorized: *Aid, continual light, cure disease, cure light wounds, cure serious wounds, death's door, dispel magic, dust devil, find traps, magic stone, portent, protection from evil 10' radius, remove fear, sanctuary, silence 15' radius, spiritual hammer.*

Magical items and equipment: *Chain mail +1, ring of protection +1, shield +1, potion of clairaudience, clerical spell scroll (with hold person, speak with monsters and spike stones), mace, staff, holy symbol, holy water.*

Yet another native of Espar, Doust was born to Farflung Sulwood and his wife, Piirl. Doust's mother perished in childbirth. His father, a retired Cormyr-ian soldier, never remarried, nor even really recovered from the loss of his beloved, taking comfort chiefly in drink and, on rare occasion, in his son. Doust grew up lonely, afraid of a drunken father whom he never could seem to adequately please, and his awkwardness earned him the nickname, "Clumsy."

As soon as he was old enough to leave, Doust set off in search of adventure with the other youths of his age — Florin Falconhand, Semoor Wolfteeth, etc. Though he is by nature quiet and

careful, Doust embraced the religion of Tymora, hoping that service to this goddess of luck and adventure would help him break out of a life of drifting inactivity. His first tutor in clerical ways was Transtor Asberil.

Doust soon distinguished himself as a solid fighter in the ranks of the Knights. Within two years of departing from Espar, he found himself named by his companions to be lord of Shadowdale, after Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun of Waterdeep offered the rulership to the party.

Soon thereafter, Doust married Islif Lurelake, his companion-in-arms. They have had one child, a son named Jhaok Sulwood (see Islif Lurelake's description, above).

Lord Doust Sulwood proved himself an effective, popular leader, in spite of the chaos that accompanied his reign, with troubles from Zhentil Keep, Lashan of Scardale, and the Cult of the Dragon resulting in the deaths of many of Doust's subjects. A lasting contribution to the Dale was the "lord's court," a weekly meeting where the dalefolk could speak openly about their grievances and views, and internal affairs could there be decided by the vote of the Council of Elders.

In the end, Doust relinquished his rulership to the cavalier Mourngrym Amcathra, also a Knight. It was difficult for Doust to reconcile the fickle demands of Lady Luck and still make responsible decisions to ensure the safety of the dalefolk. Since he did not wish to forsake his goddess, he gave up the dale rather than rule poorly.

Doust has settled in Arabel with his wife and son. There they live peacefully, and Doust is free to worship his deity at the local temple, unharried by the heavy burden of leadership. He particularly enjoys the freedom of leisure time with his wife and raising his son.

Rathan Thentraver

ARMOR CLASS: 3

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 39

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M(6', 232 pounds)

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Human Cleric

S:16 I:15 W:17 D:10 C:12 CH:9

Patron deity: Tymora.

Home city or country: Arabel, Cormyr.

Current residence: Wanders (the Dalelands).

Languages: Common, Chaotic Good.

Weapon proficiencies: Club, flail, mace.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Endurance, fungus identification, slow respiration.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 9; Petrification/polymorph — 12; Rod/staff/wand — 13; Breath weapon — 15; Spells — 14.

Undead turning: Skeleton — D; Mummy — 13; Zombie — D; Spectre — 16; Ghoul — T; Vampire — 20; Shadow — T; Ghost — —; Wight — 4; Lich — —; Ghast — 7; Special — —; Wraith — 10.

Spells per level: 5/5/3/—.

Spells commonly memorized: *Command, cure light wounds x 2, detect evil, enthrall, find traps, locate object, meld into stone, messenger, sanctuary, silence 15' radius, slow poison, water walk.*

Magical items and equipment: *Footman's mace +1, ring of the ram, oil of earth elemental invulnerability, splint mail, shield, always carries several full skins of wine.*

A fat, jolly cleric, Rathan is the closest friend of the thief, Torm; the two are an effective and amusing team in their adventures, each ribbing the other as



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much and as well as they cooperate.

Rathan is a heavy drinker, much enamored of his ubiquitous wine; this makes him the butt of many of Torm's jests. But the cleric is not really a buffoon, as the light-fingered friend understands; his "drunken sot" act hides his sensitive, romantic character. Without alcohol, Rathan fears his sensitive and prudent nature would win out; but as a priest of Tymora, he needs to favor luck and live in danger. So he steels himself with drink; and to be able to drink much, he eats like a starving wolf. This makes him rather obese, but permits him to drink a great deal without staggering and slurring his jests.

Born to a merchant family of shoemakers in Arabel on Kythorn 6, Year of the Thunder, Rathan was the child of Rathmur and Ulla Thentraver. From Rathmur, Rathan inherited his jovial, bluntly honest manner, while his plump, homely features can be traced to his mother. Both parents died of cholera before Rathan had come of age, and the boy found himself quickly inducted into the priesthood of Tymora, so that his greedy uncles could acquire all the family wealth.

Segril, Rathan's superior in Tymora's temple in Arabel, commanded the young priest to go out to "spread the Lady's favor (and influence) among adventurers, those active in strife, change, and perilous deeds in the multiverse." Many speculate that Segril just wanted to be rid of him.

The Dalelands were where Rathan found himself, and he joined the ranks of the Knights of Myth Drannor in Shadowdale. Among them, he has proven stout and fearless in combat; in one particularly fierce battle with mages of the Zhentarim, he won a *ring of the ram*.

Rathan is 6' tall, 232 pounds, and left-handed. He has brown hair, a stubby mustache, rivetting brown eyes, and large strong features (which earned him the nickname "Strongjaws" in his childhood).

Torm

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 24

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Human Thief

S:13 I:12 W:12 D:16 C:11 CH:15

Patron deities: Mask and Tymora.

Home city or country: Westgate.

Current residence: Wanders (the Dalelands).

Languages: Common, Chaotic Neutral, Thieves' Cant.

Weapon proficiencies: Dagger, club, long sword.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Blind-fighting, riding, rope use, swimming.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 12; Petrification/polymorph — 11; Rod/staff/wand — 12; Breath weapon — 15; Spells — 13.

Thieves' abilities: *Pick pockets* 55%, *open locks* 52%, *find/remove traps* 45%, *move silently* 47%, *hide in shadows* 37%, *hear noise* 20%, *climb walls* 92%, *read languages* 30%.

Magical items and equipment: *Bracers of defense AC 4*, *bag of holding* (a backpack, actually with a contents limit of 500 pounds), *cloak of comfort* (detailed in FR4, THE MAGISTER), *two throwing daggers +1*, long sword, appropriate traveling gear, and miscellaneous equipment.

A smooth-tongued trickster, Torm is consistently and lightheartedly insulting, obscene, and outrageous in his speech. He is the cockiest of all the Knights, remorselessly goading even his adventuring fellows to the brink of belting him; the women often do hit him, hard and accurately. His best friend, Rathan Thentraver, is the most common butt of Torm's jests and jibes.

The thief is carefree and daring, never resisting the chance to add a dash of bold, flashy daring to a venture. When once asked about his brazen attitude to adventuring, he responded, "The war cries and all? Well, if you're risking death, why not have fun? If I wanted to risk death without having fun, I'd be a tax collector, not a thief." On another occasion, a person demanded of him, "Have you no honor?" to which Torm lightly confessed, "Aye, indeed. I keep it at the bottom of my backpack and take it out to shine it up and look at it on windy nights in the wilderness, by the fire. It looks grand, I tell you. But it is poor company, and doesn't keep one warm."

Perhaps to keep himself warm, Torm has cut quite a swath through the ladies of Sembia, Hillsfar, and (surprisingly) Zhentil Keep. Torm's charm easily wins him many fair maidens — and sometimes angry fathers and brothers when he departs in pursuit of another adventure or another lass. (He currently steers clear of all three of those places.)

One romance in which Torm is now involved seems to be gaining unusual (for Torm) longevity, and this is with Illistyl Elventree, a fellow Knight of Myth Drannor: Torm continues to dally with other women, but finds a particular attraction for that young sorceress, and she has helped bring out a softer, kinder side of the rogue. Some Knights speculate that if he ever grows most of the way out of his "perpetual adolescence," the two might settle down in some sort of stable relationship.

Torm is handsome, of slim build, with green eyes, black hair, and a fine mustache. He likes to dress extravagantly; on special occasions he wears a pendant of a king's tear (an extremely rare gem, unique to the Realms) set in a web-like mesh of electrum.

Netha, a prostitute of Westgate, bore Torm; it is generally believed that Dathguld, a lord of that city, was his father. This noble lineage is the reason that the Night Masks (a band of thieves and assassins) have on several occasions tried to end Torm's life. They



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probably have been hired by Orgule, a rival lord; Torm therefore avoids Westgate in his travels. His favored alias, "Rathgar," is becoming far too well-known for safe, continued use.

In battle, the thief prefers to wield a long sword, and sometimes one of his daggers as well. (He always carries one in each boot.)

Torm has a particular fascination with magical devices. Besides those listed above among his possessions, the thief normally carries 1d4 minor items. The following table may be used to determine them specifically:

d%	Roll	Result
01		Any item
02		<i>Beads of force</i> (1d3)
03		<i>Cyclocone</i>
04		<i>Dart of the hornets' nest</i>
05		<i>Deck of illusions</i>
06-08		Dust, magical (<i>appearance, disappearance, dryness, illusion, or tracelessness</i>)
09		<i>Eyes of minute seeing</i> or <i>Lens of detection</i>
10		<i>Fire gyregam</i> (see FR4, THE MAGISTER, for details)
11		<i>Keoghtom's ointment</i>
12		<i>Mist of rapture</i> (see FR4, THE MAGISTER, for details)
13		<i>Necklace of missiles</i> (1d4 missiles)
14		<i>Nolser's marvelous pigments</i>
15-59		Potion (any type, consult UNEARTHED ARCANA tables)
60-62		<i>Quaal's feather tokens</i>
63-97		Scroll (<i>protection</i> or not more than four spells; consult UNEARTHED ARCANA tables)
98		<i>Sheet of smallness</i>
99		<i>Sovereign glue</i>
00		<i>Ultimate solution</i>

The DM is encouraged to expand this table with items from other sources (such as DRAGON® Magazine, and his own imagination). Appropriate items are those with limited charges and/or relatively minor effects; in any case, avoid anything with an XP value greater than 1,000. Torm particularly likes

flashy items, and he has an interest in items with applications outside adventuring (e.g., a comb that grooms the user when its command word is spoken). The thief can rarely resist the chance to obtain a new item, by trade, trick, or theft.

(A special word of thanks must go to Ed Greenwood for providing reams of valuable notes on the Knights; also to be thanked are those players who first brought to life the personalities described above.)

The Company of Eight

The Company of Eight is an adventuring band of the country of Tethyr (see FR3, EMPIRES OF THE SANDS). Since its formation 13 years ago, the Company has risen in fame. The Company's efforts for justice in Tethyr's power vacuum have demonstrated that, even after the fall of the Tethyr kings, there may be the means and the will to achieve a political situation that is neither anarchy nor despotism. With perseverance and luck, the Company may also be instrumental in guaranteeing that Tethyr's next dynasty (if there is to be one) starts off on the path of righteousness, peace, and freedom.

When the Company was founded, it had eight members: Mirthal Aendryr (male elf magic-user/thief), Ralma Damond (human female fighter), Nestrun Farclutch (human male fighter), Chiaelin Frenel (female half-elf fighter/cleric), the brothers Alain and Tardeth Llanistaph (human male rangers), Thiel Ralmun (human male magic-user), and Kaleene Thalwood (human female druid). These people had all adventured together at one time or another, and they decided that they would do best to come together as an organized group. Some people — most notably Alain Llanistaph — believed right off that the Company ought to be devoted to a noble cause, like justice and peace in Tethyr; but initially, the

group was, by and large, most devoted to the ideals of profit and adventure.

It was a tragedy that changed the Company's orientation from profit to its present tripartite goals of peace, freedom, and justice. Within the Company's first year its leader, Alain Llanistaph, was slain and could not be resurrected. (See the description of his brother, Tardeth, below, for more details.) This led the other companions to wonder: Was Alain's death really worthwhile? Was profit really worth the life of so noble a man? Especially one who really wasn't himself interested in the money? Alain usually made large donations to charity, and it was no secret that he had hoped the Company would grow to work for higher ideals than profit. Kaleene Thalwood became the Company's leader, and her suggestion that service take precedence over profit was accepted. The companions swore an oath to each other and their cause; and they pronounced the new eighth companion to be their guide and guardian, the Lady of Truth and Justice.

After this reorientation, the Company became involved in a number of small projects: driving away humanoids and other lesser monsters, miscellaneous small tasks to assist individuals in need, plus the staple caravan escort work on the Trade Way that earned it its living.

The first real measure of fame came to the Company 11 years ago. A green dragon, apparently from the eastern depths of the Forest of Tethir, was feasting on caravans that traveled the Trade Way. Then it was so bold as to assault and plunder a small village north of Mosstone. Fear swept the region: Merchants couldn't find guards or drovers willing to risk the Trade Way, villages called meetings and tried to muster defenses against the rampaging lizard. Even before the lord mayor of Mosstone's decree offering a rich prize for the dragon's head was issued, the fledgling Company of Eight had quickly risen to the challenge.

The Company did slay the dragon (and discovered Chiaelin's sword to be a



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green dragon slayer; it is now a possession of the halfling, Paddy), but at the bitter price of Kaleene Thalwood's life. The Company earned a great deal of respect, however; perhaps as much of it came from the immediate donation of the lord mayor's reward to charity as from the actual defeat of the dragon. The dragon's hoard also found good use: With it the Company constructed a headquarters in the forest, and named it Cayr Thalwood, in honor of their late companion (see below).

Since then, the Company of Eight's renown has continued to rise steadily — especially after the disintegration of all royal and much noble power in the Ten Black Days of Eleint a decade ago. With the disappearance of central government, the Company's leader, Tardeth, has recognized the group's purpose as being all the more vital. The Company has continued to drive off monsters and marauders (including another dragon), and in slow times, the companions still may be found guarding merchant caravans as they traverse the forest. But political matters have also attracted the Company's attention. On the small scale, oppressive lords have been pressured into easing the burdens on their subjects, releasing persons wrongly imprisoned, and so forth. The most famous political endeavors of the Company (which have given it the leverage to do things like pressure leaders) were the successful effort to secure peace after a bloodbath in northeastern Tethyr eight years ago (an aftershock of the kingdom's fall), and, most notably, the Company's central role in the organization and leadership of the forces that crushed the rule of the late tyrant of Ithmong four years ago.

The Company's current object of scrutiny is again Ithmong and its present ruler, Ernest Gallowglass, who seems determined to follow in his predecessor's totalitarian footsteps. Of course, Tardeth and his fellows do keep an eye on all Tethyr, as well as surrounding lands; but Gallowglass has been flexing Ithmong's economic muscles of late, and is said to be amassing an

army, so he seems the biggest problem on the horizon. Though there is diversity of political views within the Company, all agree that tyranny under Gallowglass is entirely undesirable.

Changes have affected the Company over the years; only one of its seven current members, Tardeth Llanistaph, goes back to the Company's creation. Of the six characters who have been replaced over the years, three died and three retired. The retirees all remain on very good terms with the group, though contact is not very frequent.

Mirthal Aendryr (a Suldusk wood elf, fifth-level magic-user/seventh-level thief) departed only about a year ago and was replaced by Manny Arbustle, Arkaneus' druidic apprentice. Aendryr had wandered Faerun for a quarter century and then joined the Company, and simply wished to return to his people for a time. Besides attending to his own business, Aendryr takes care to maintain a sanctuary for the Company of Eight in the southeast of the forest.

Ralma and Nestrin Damond (human fighters of eighth and seventh level, respectively) settled down in Pailstone to marry and start a family. They now have three children: son Tardeth (age 5), daughters Kaleene (2 1/2) and Arkanea (1). After Ralma and Nestrin left six years ago, Marilyn Haresdown and Sylvanus Moondrop took their places in the Company. The young family still helps the Company by maintaining a sanctuary in the northeast arm of the Forest of Tethir, and by paying careful attention to all news and political developments in the country's northeastern region.

A list of the present members of the Company of Eight, in order of seniority, is as follows: Tardeth Llanistaph, Arkaneus Silvermane (human male druid), Marilyn Haresdown (human female fighter), Sylvanus Moondrop (elf male fighter), Lawantha Silendia (human female magic-user), Paddy Stoutfellow (halfling male fighter/thief), and Manfred "Manny" Arbustle (human male druid).

Tardeth is recognized as spokesman

of the group, and leader — the latter only to a certain extent, since any decision of significance is made by the vote of all the companions, but Tardeth's seniority and dedication gives his opinion much weight.

Friends and foes: Over the years, the Company has acquired quite a number of useful allies and at least as many enemies. Six brief examples follow; it is by no means a comprehensive selection, and the complete list is, of course, always changing. It should give the DM some ideas, though, of what resources the Company may have and what difficulties might appear in the future.

First some friends: Jordy Gallum (eighth-level human male fighter) is the chief of the constabulary of Mosstone. Almost everyone in that town holds the Company of Eight in high regard. What makes Jordy special is that he is a longtime friend of Tardeth; and, as an officer in the army of Tethyr, he was a comrade of Marilyn Haresdown years ago.

Tethirmin (13th-level half-elf druid) is the arch-druid of Mosstone, and an extremely powerful and influential figure in the area. It was he who tutored Arkaneus Silvermane decades ago, and the two remain close. Rumor has it that Arkaneus is to succeed Tethirmin if that druid ascends to a higher position, retires, or otherwise vacates his post. How this would affect the status of Arkaneus in the Company — if he would accept the position at all — is a matter of intense speculation in local druidic circles.

Garlokantha (small, sub-adult, female gold dragon) dwells in the east-central Forest of Tethir. The Company of Eight saved her from a band of evil adventurers three years ago. She would happily repay the Company with any favor she could grant.

And then some foes: Argrum Black-spear (ninth-level half-orc male fighter/10th-level thief) is a bandit chieftain operating along the Trade Way with a keen skill for organization. His own raiders have become the most successful — in part by learning early on that



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the Company of Eight is to be avoided. He wishes to form an alliance of the most powerful bandit groups; of course, such an organization would surely attract the Company's attention, and rumors of it are spreading already. That is fine with Argrum, because a second goal of his is to trap and eliminate the Company and thus make banditry easier for all.

Tleobar (10th-level female drow fighter/fifth-level magic-user) encountered the Company of Eight three years ago in the Forest of Tethir, when, with some companions, she was attempting to slay and rob a gold dragon, Garlokantha. Tleobar, unlike her compatriots, escaped and survived. She holds quite a grudge against the Company — especially when she realized that the elf, Sylvanus Moondrop, was the same one who had led a daring and successful assault on her home in the Forest of Mir 15 years earlier. The Company is totally unaware of Tleobar and her thirst for revenge.

Lord Voranwell of Lylburg (ninth-

level human male fighter) is a petty lordling who has often offended the Company's sense of justice and has been pressured into change. More than anything, this has wounded his pride. He therefore plots to make the lives of the companions miserable (especially those of Tardeth and Marilyn) in any way he can. Vain Lord Lylburg has even considered hiring an assassin, but hasn't quite mustered the boldness to do so.

Cayr Thalwood is the name given to the primary base of the Company of Eight, located about 30 miles southeast of Mosstone in the Forest of Tethir. It is named after the druidess Kaleene Thalwood, an original member of the company, who was killed by the green dragon 11 years ago.

Besides the main outpost near Mosstone, the Company maintains a dozen small sanctuaries, scattered through the forest. They are small, concealed locations (caves, hidden tree forts, camouflaged huts in dense portions of the wood, etc.), convenient for shelter and

respite. In each is a cache of food and weapons and some dry blankets, and materials for minor repairs (needles, cloth, bowstrings, etc.), and supplies of bandages and dried healing herbs for treating wounds, poison, and illness.

As was mentioned above, the one in the southeast is maintained by the Suldusk elf Aendryr, and the one in the northeast by Nestrin and Ralma Damond. A few of other sanctuaries far from the main base (the pair on the peninsula, for example) are stocked and kept in order by friendly elf tribes (who also use them when necessary); otherwise, the company members must themselves periodically check their upkeep.



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Manfred Arbustle

ARMOR CLASS: 8
MOVE: 1"
Hit Points: 16
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: M
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
Third-Level Human Druid
S:12 I:14 W:15 D:10 C:12 CH:15

Home city or country: Velen, Tethyr.

Languages: Common, Neutral, Druidic, Elvish.

Weapon proficiencies: Quarterstaff, sling.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Horse riding, plant lore, animal lore.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 10; Petrification/polymorph — 13; Rod/staff/wand — 14; Breath weapon — 16; Spells — 15.

Spells per level: 5/3/1/—.

Spells commonly memorized: *Animal friendship, call lightning, cure light wounds, detect snares and pits, entangle, flame blade, invisibility to animals, obscurement, shillelagh.*

Special abilities: +2 on saves vs. fire and lightning; identify plant, animal, pure water; pass without trace.

Magical items and equipment: Leather armor, quarterstaff, four throwing daggers, sling, 20 sling bullets, light war horse (AC 7, MV 24") hp 6), saddle and tack, large sack, one week's provisions, water skin, bowls, two small boxes of mistletoe, holly, etc.

Manfred Arbustle is a young fellow, who looks even younger with his boyish freckles. His hair is sandy brown, his eyes blue, and he likes best to wear olive or brown hooded robes over his leather armor. His weapon of choice, a quarterstaff that also serves as walking staff, is hardly more than an uncured

sapling — appropriately reflecting Manfred's status, perhaps.

This druid joined the Company only about a year ago, replacing the retiring elven mage/thief, Mirthal Aendryr. Manfred is Arkaneus Silvermane's apprentice; he was adopted into the Company of Eight chiefly on account of his mentor's words of praise. He shows a lot of promise and eagerness, but has yet to decisively prove himself.

Manfred's position in the Company of Eight is, from his perspective, uncomfortable. Manfred is quite insecure; he hasn't quite found a niche for himself among the Company members. He does not wish to be simply Silvermane's apprentice, nor does he enjoy feeling like a junior member, almost a child, on account of his relative lack of experience. This is why the diminutive nickname, "Manny," which everyone uses, grates on him so much. It makes him feel like he's on the level of the children who tag along after the Company whenever they pass through a village.

In his desire to prove himself, Manny is wont to be overeager, experimental, even reckless at times. But still, he is all too aware of his inadequacies; while he could hold his own against a few humanoids, he does not nearly approach the skill level of any other Company member. Being suspended between his eagerness and his insecurities causes Manfred sometimes to act sullen or rebellious. It is tragic that sometime, faced with an important task, his eagerness, or even his sense of duty, may succumb to a poor self-image.

Manfred is, naturally, very close to his mentor, Arkaneus. He is devotedly loyal to the older druid, and trusts him absolutely, though he may act as if this were not the case, for the sake of proving to himself that he is more than Silvermane's shadow. Manny also thinks highly of the elf, Sylvanus, and hopes to become better friends with him; he is a great admirer of elvenkind for their ability to coexist with nature.

He gets along well with most of the rest of the party, though they do make

him a little bit uncomfortable (especially the seemingly invincible Tardeth).

The one person Manfred trusts least of all is the "Calishite witch," Lawantha. His family in Velen imbued him with a prejudice against foreigners, especially Calishites; his father as a youth was captured by pirates and sold into slavery in Calimshan. Besides of this automatic distrust, Manny thinks Lawantha is arrogant, condescending, and very artificial. Unfortunately, he also finds her very attractive, and he is jealous of the fact that she has studied the flora of his home peninsula even more than he.

Manfred became a druid on account of his great love of nature; this love sustains him throughout the trials and tribulations of proving himself. Whenever he feels stressed, he finds great relief by going alone into the forest to be with nature, absorbing himself in fascination with its countless wonders.

Marilyn Haresdown

ARMOR CLASS: -1
MOVE: 12"
Hit Points: 69
NO. OF ATTACKS: 3/2
DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: M
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
11th-Level Human Fighter
S:16 I:12 W:16 D:14 C:14 CH:12

Home city or country: Castle Tethyr, Tethyr.

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Elvish, Dwarf, Orcish.

Weapon proficiencies: Broad sword (specialization), composite bow, battle-ax, dagger.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Bowyer/fletcher, horse riding, healing.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 7; Petrification/polymorph — 8; Rod/staff/wand — 9; Breath weapon — 8; Spells — 10.



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Magical items and equipment:

Scale mail +3, large shield +3, dancing broad sword +3, potion of extra healing, ring of swimming, broad sword, composite short bow, two quivers, 30 arrows, 10 silver-tipped arrows, battle-ax, dagger, light war horse (AC 7, MV 24", hp 9), saddle and tack, saddlebags, three large sacks, two weeks' rations, two water skins, three torches, lantern, tent, bedroll.

Of noble blood, Marilyn Haresdown was originally destined to be a lady-in-waiting in Castle Tethyr. She was much more interested in horses, archery, and swordplay than courtly matters and husband-seeking, however. Against her family's desires, she ended up with an officer's commission in the army of Tethyr rather than a noble's wedding band. She was a successful leader, well respected, and a skilled fighter. After a couple of years, she married a fellow officer, Dorian Haresdown.

Unfortunately, not long thereafter, came the fall of Castle Tethyr. Marilyn managed to escape the carnage; her husband, Dorian, was not so fortunate. As she fled to the northeast, Marilyn found little comfort in the knowledge that her love had died loyally defending his king.

For about three years, Marilyn adventured in the region of Cormyr and Sembia, and even visited Shadowdale. There she made the acquaintance of Elminster and his scribe, Lhaeo, and she related to them the tale of what had befallen the kingdom of Tethyr. They also discussed what might be the present state and the future of the country.

This conversation was a turning point for Marilyn. Afterward, she was determined to return to her homeland, there to attempt to right the wrongs of treachery in the last dynasty. She found that Tethyr had calmed quite a bit from the "Ten Black Days of Eleint," when she had left; still, there was much chaos. Six years ago, she quite readily joined the Company of Eight, to which she was introduced by a former fellow officer, Jordy Gallum of Mosstone, a friend of

Tardeth Llanistaph.

Marilyn's overriding concern is the restructuring of Tethyr — which is only understandable, since the dissolution of the old dynasty claimed the lives of most of her relatives, friends, and comrades-in-arms. She is almost certainly the person in the Company of Eight most devoted to the reunification of Tethyr. What she would like to see is a new dynasty — hopefully with blood ties to the old, for legitimacy. The Company, she believes, must serve to facilitate the establishment of a new, single, just government over Tethyr.

Of course, not everyone in the company agrees with her; Sylvanus Moon-drop has the most different political views, and the two often are at odds. Fortunately, all members agree that the group's cohesiveness and cooperation are paramount, and they are willing to restrain their own wishes and political convictions before the decisions are reached by the whole party. (Naturally this doesn't preclude a great deal of heated debate.)

Blonde, green-eyed Marilyn is a very active, energetic character. She is still very fond of horse riding and archery, and she likes to fashion her own bows and arrows, with greatest care and expertise.

Her closest friend in the Company is Lawantha, the Calishite sorceress. They share, among other things, a great interest in medicinal herbs. Often the two take long walks together, talking and collecting plants. Marilyn prefers the open plains of southern Tethyr to the forest where the Company is based, but she has come to appreciate the forest more and more through what she has learned from the other Company members.

Tardeth Llanistaph

ARMOR CLASS: 5 or 0 (see below)

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 100

NO. OF ATTACKS: 2/1

(5/2 with specialization)

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or

spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use and see below

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

15th-Level Human Ranger

S:18/23 I:15 W:16 D:13 C:17 CH:14

Home city or country: Ithmong, Tethyr.

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Thorass, Elvish, Halfling.

Weapon proficiencies: Long sword (specialization), longbow, spear, dagger, light crossbow.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Horse riding, animal handling, animal lore, blind-fighting, direction sense, fire building, weather sense.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 2; Petrification/polymorph — 2; Rod/staff/wand — 3; Breath weapon — 2; Spells — 4.

Spells per level: Druid — 2/2/—; magic-user — 2/2/—.

Spells commonly memorized: Druid — *Cure light wounds, pass without trace, reflecting pool, speak with animals*. Magic-user — *Invisibility, magic missile, protection from evil, read magic*.

Special abilities: +15 damage vs. giant-class monsters; surprise foes 3 in 6; surprised on 1 in 6; can use scrying magical items; tracking.

Magical items and equipment: Ring of protection +3, chain mail +4, "The Scales of Justice" (intelligent sword — see below), spear +1, amulet vs. undead, 13 arrows +1, six arrows +3, arrow of dragon slaying, arrow of giant slaying, longbow, large shield, quiver, 10 arrows, nine silver-tipped arrows, dagger, medium war horse (AC 7, MV 18") hp 12), light crossbow, case of 20 bolts, 50' rope, saddle and saddlebags, two water skins, wineskin, flint and tinder, tent, spellbook.

Tall, broad-shouldered, handsome Tardeth appears the archetypical mighty hero, and many people would



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regard him as such. He is indeed powerful, honorable, and just, but not without flaws.

Of the eight original members of the Company, only Tardeth remains. This is a result both of his devotion to the causes the Company espouses and of the fact that the Company runs quite smoothly under the ranger's implicit leadership. These two points are widely recognized, but in addition, Tardeth has a very personal reason for his total devotion to the Company and its endeavors.

This personal reason is wrapped up in the identity and fate of the mysterious "eighth companion." One can't help but notice that the famed Company of Eight has but seven members. Tardeth will quickly explain that this is a bit of superstition: seven is a lucky number, and the eighth spot is kept for "The Lady of Truth and Justice," who symbolizes the whole point of the Company's existence (as Tardeth sees it).

While that isn't untrue, it fails to convey the whole story. At its inception, the Company did have eight members. Tardeth's older brother, Alain Llanistaph, was the man who really gathered together the group in the first place. He believed that the Company needed to be more than a fraternity of monster-bashers; it needed to take a role in shaping the future of Tethyr and caring for its people's welfare.

Tragically, Alain was the first member of the Company to die, and barely a year after the group's creation. Equally tragic, it was not a necessary death, nor was it even directly for Tethyr's welfare; in fact, Alain was killed while trying to undo mistakes made by his young and (at the time) somewhat careless brother, Tardeth. Three beings witnessed the death and understood the blame that was Tardeth's: Tardeth himself, Alain's intelligent sword (see below), and the late half-elven druidess, Kaleene Thalwood.

Kaleene ascended to leadership of the Company. She didn't deepen Tardeth's wound by explaining the situation to the rest of the Company, but she did

support Tardeth's wish that Alain not be replaced in the Company's ranks.

The druidess met her own end hardly a year later, and the ranks were replenished by the addition of the druid, Arkaneus Silvermane. Tardeth became the Company leader, and has been ever since.

The empty eighth spot serves as a constant reminder to Tardeth of his own faults and weaknesses, and the gravity of his mission. He has almost single-mindedly devoted himself to his brother's ideals, as if doing so could change the fact of Alain's senseless death; at the least, Tardeth can find comfort in trying to do for Tethyr what Alain would have done (though, he fears, Alain would have done it better).

The whole issue remains a major psychological scar and weakness for Tardeth. There is no living person with whom Tardeth discusses the matter. The only way he eases his conscience is to devote himself more and more to Alain's goals.

Someone who pries too closely into the identity of the eighth companion could soon alienate Tardeth; the same would befall someone inquiring much about the ranger's family. He says only that he had a brother, but no one of his immediate family still lives. The Company is his family now.

Also, Tardeth is unusually possessive of his sword (formerly Alain's), which he calls "*The Scales of Justice*." This intelligent blade, a *long sword* +3 (Neutral Good, INT 15, Ego 8, *detect traps*, *magic*; heals once/day; speaks Neutral Good and Common), belonged to Alain, and witnessed his death. The man and sword understand each other well. Once, long ago, Tardeth became mentally unstable as a result of difficulty in dealing with guilt over his brother's death. Fortunately, "*Scales*" recognized what was happening, and took control of his possessor. It prevented a major catastrophe for the Company. Since then, Tardeth has come to rely on *Scales* as a sort of security blanket should such an event again occur.

None of the current members of the

Company know the true history of the eighth member. Arkaneus Silvermane knew of Alain, and suspects that he once was in the company. He has hypothesized to himself that Tardeth had something to do with Alain's no longer being with the Company, but is tactful enough never to have brought up the issue.

Tardeth normally wears leather and a *ring of protection* +3; if he expects to engage in combat, he dons his suit of *chain mail* +4. He is proficient and comfortable with a number of weapons (note especially his longbow and magic arrows), but always prefers to use *Scales*.

The ranger is affable and optimistic (but not overly so, belying the internal doubts and turmoil that he has almost even hidden from himself. In maintaining the group, he has always sought a balance of regions, races, and temperaments as well as skills among the companions.

Tardeth is on good terms with everyone in the group. He sees much potential in Manny, whom he thinks may lead the "next generation" of the Company; Lawantha and Arkaneus have taught him magical spells and druidic lore, respectively, and so forth.

Politically unlike Marilyn, Tardeth does not see himself so much as a builder; but neither does he adopt Moon-drop's vision of Tethyr politics. Tardeth is more certain of what he doesn't want — namely, tyrants such as Ernest Gallowglass of Ithmong. If a decent monarchy could be set up, Tardeth would lend it his support; but in the meantime, he thinks he is more than busy fighting injustice and trying to keep Tethyr from slipping into total chaos.



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Sylvanus Moondrop

ARMOR CLASS: 0

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 36

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

(2/1 with specialization)

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Wood Elven Fighter

S:15 I:13 W:13 D:17 C:14 CH:16

Home city or country: Forest of Tethir.

Languages: Elvish, Common, Neutral, Treant, Woodland Mammals.

Weapon proficiencies: Long sword, longbow (specialization), short sword, dagger.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Horse riding, hunting.

Saving throws Paralysis/poison — 10; Petrification/polymorph — 11; Rod/staff/wand — 12; Breath weapon — 12; Spells — 13.

Special abilities: 90% resistance to *sleep* and *charm*; +1 to hit with bow, short sword, long sword; 60' infra-vision; find secret, concealed doors; move silently.

Magical items and equipment: Longbow +2, long sword +1, boots of speed, eight arrows +2, two arrows +4, *potion of fire giant strength*, *stone of good luck*, *ring of regeneration*, splint mail, large shield, two quivers, 20 arrows, 10 silver-tipped arrows, dagger, short sword, light war horse (AC 7, MV 24", hp 13), saddle and tack, saddlebags, one weeks provisions, two water skins, 50' rope, small chest.

Sylvanus Moondrop, a wood elf of the Elmanesse tribe, has been a member of the Company of Eight for six years. Prior to joining, he adventured in Tethyr and some of northern Calimshan. In Tethyr, he is most familiar with the central and southern portions of the Forest of Tethir, and the Trade Way. In Calim-

shan, Sylvanus twice braved the Forest of Mir in assaults on drow holdings.

Moondrop is not unusual in appearance, among wood elves of the Realms. He is tall and slender, and his copper hair frames a long, smooth-skinned face, also of copper hue; the shadows in his face and hair seem to have a green tint, but perhaps that is only from the startling verdance of his eyes.

Sylvanus is unusually gregarious for a wood elf. He enjoys meeting people of all backgrounds, and he is delighted by the diversity he finds in the world. He enjoys Paddy's company best of those in the Company, and loves to plot jokes with the halfling.

Though ambivalent on most issues, Moondrop is unusually vocal and unyielding on the the question of Tethyr's political future. He does not wish to see a reunited Tethyr, under the rule of Ithmong or any other city. Rather, he desires a balance of city-states in a weak alliance. The "city-states" would include the human cities and the non-human lands — specifically, the elven Elmanesse tribe of the Forest of Tethir, and the halflings of the Purple Hills. These states would not only cooperate to mutual advantage, but would serve to check and balance each others' power. The duty of the Company of Eight, according to the elf, is to see that the balance is maintained, by keeping tabs on goings-on and taking action when necessary (as may be the case with Ernest Gallowglass of Ithmong), without too much interference in each city-state's business.

Archery is one of Moondrop's favorite activities, and this actually helps the group get along. Though he vehemently disagrees with Marilyn Haresdown in the political arena, and neither is willing to compromise his or her views (their "discussions" too often too quickly become shouting contests), Sylvanus does deeply respect her talent in fashioning bows and arrows; and she, in turn, respects his skill in their use.

When not involved in Company matters, Sylvanus can often be found traveling the forest, especially along the

Trade Way. There, he and elven friends, and sometimes Paddy Stoutfellow, make sport by playing vigilantes and driving away bandits who try to harass travelers. This has done much to increase Moondrop's personal renown, as well as, indirectly, that of the Company of Eight.

Lawantha Silendia

ARMOR CLASS: -1

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 33

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

12th-Level Human Magic-User

S:9 I:17 W:15 D:16 C:13 CH:16

Home city or country: Calimport, Calimshan.

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Elvish, Dwarf, Halfling, Orcish.

Weapon proficiencies: Quarter-staff, dagger.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Horse riding, swimming, fungus identification, sound analysis, rope use, healing.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 8; Petrification/polymorph — 6; Rod/staff/wand — 4; Breath weapon — 8; Spells — 5.

Spells per level: 4/4/4/4/4/1/—.

Spells commonly memorized: *Conjure elemental*, *dimension door*, *fly*, *hold monster*, *ice storm*, *invisibility 10' radius*, *knock*, *lightning bolt*, *magic missile x 2*, *mirror image*, *polymorph other*, *polymorph self*, *protection from normal missiles*, *read magic*, *sleep*, *stinking cloud*, *stone to flesh*, *telekinesis*, *teleport*, *wizard lock*.

Magical items and equipment: *Cloak of protection* +3, *wand of lightning bolts* (43 chargess), *dagger* +2, *bracers of defense* AC 4, *potion of*



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green dragon control, scroll of protection from undead, scroll of protection from demons, ring of air elemental control, crystal ball, gem of seeing, quarter-staff, four daggers, light war horse (AC 7, MV 24") hp 9), saddle and tack, saddlebags, tent, bedroll, two weeks' provisions, three water skins, wineskin, spellbooks.

Lawantha is a Calishite sorceress who has been with the Company of Eight for four years. Her predecessor, one Thiel Ralmun, was also a Calishite mage — her cousin, in fact. He was slain when the Company was leading the overthrow of the former tyrant of Ithmong. Lawantha came to Tethyr to recover her cousin's body and bring it home to Calimport for burial. The Company escorted her on this journey, and on the way, they faced numerous perils. Lawantha was impressed by the Company's skill, spirit and cohesiveness; and the company members, looking for an addition to their ranks, were impressed by the Calishite sorceress's prowess and loyalty to her family. After Thiel Ralmun's proper burial, Lawantha was invited to take his place, and she accepted.

Lawantha has proven herself with the group. Tardeth and Marilyn have become closest to her and understand her best; but the sorceress is sometimes a source of tension for other group members, particularly the young and somewhat xenophobic druid, Manny. There is some feeling that Silendia is a mercenary foreigner, not at all personally devoted to the cause of Tethyr's welfare. It is true, Lawantha is somewhat distanced by her nationality, but she is fiercely loyal to the group. She recognizes any matter of importance to the group — be it Tethyr's welfare or anything else — as being, by association, of importance to her, even if she may personally be somewhat disinterested. It is regrettable that, in a typical Calishite manner, she usually fails to hide such disinterest.

Fortunately, most members of the group have come to understand this woman, to recognize her basic benevo-

lence and loyalty. The person who understands her least is Manfred Arbustle, the Company's youngest and newest member. Manfred often thinks of Lawantha as an arrogant, condescending foreigner who must only be in the Company to show off her talent for magic, if not for some unknown, sinister end. Lawantha is unaware of Manfred's hostility (tinged, as is typical of such feelings, with a smattering of jealousy), and unaware that her frequent use of his nickname, "Manny," which seems to her a gesture of camaraderie, only makes her appear all the more condescending in his eyes.

Before she joined the Company, Lawantha had traveled and adventured far and wide, but most intensively in her native Calimshan. The Spider Swamp's secrets have particularly intrigued her, especially its botany: A number of useful herbs and fungi are apparently unique to that region of Faerun. Should contacts in the area ever be necessary, Lawantha has good friends living in both Almraiven and Volothamp. (Also, it may be noted, she comes from a large family of merchants that has scattered across Calimshan in pursuit of business; she could probably find a close relative in any major Calishite city.)

Tethyr was also a place in which Lawantha had traveled; in fact, she had met most members of the Company when visiting her late cousin, Thiel Ralmun. Her explorations in Tethyr focused especially on the peninsula forest, where the many varieties of fungi and their related slimes and molds attracted her scholarly interest. The same interest in fungi frequently brings Lawantha to Brost's "mushroom country," to the north of the Forest of Tethir.

As a naturalist, Lawantha is most interested in all sorts of fungi and medicinal herbs; she is very knowledgeable in the identification and uses of both. She also has experience with the dogs of Brost that are trained to sniff out particular mushrooms.

Arkaneus Silvermane

ARMOR CLASS: 8

MOVE: 12" Hit Points: 69

NO OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or spell

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below

MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below

SIZE: M

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

12th-Level Human Druid

Home city or country: Mosstone, Tethyr.

Languages: Common, Neutral, Druid, Centaur, Dryad, Elvish, Gnome, Hill Giant, Lizardman, Manticore, Sprite, Treant, Green Dragon, Halfling, Dwarfish.

Weapon proficiencies: Staff, dagger, hammer.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Healing, weather sense, animal handling, horse riding.

Saving throws: Paralysis/poison — 6; Petrification/polymorph — 9; Rod/staff/wand — 10; Breath weapon — 12; Spells — 11.

Spells per level: 7/7/5/5/3/2/1.

Spells commonly memorized: *Animal friendship, animal summoning I, call lightning, ceremony conjure fire elemental, create water, cure disease, cure critical wounds, cure light wounds, cure serious wounds, creeping doom, detect magic, detect snares and pits, dispel magic, entangle, fire trap, flame blade, good berry, heat metal, insect plague, invisibility to animals, know alignment, moonbeam, neutralize poison, plant door, speak with animals, speak with plants, tree, wall of fire, warp wood.*

Special abilities: +2 on saves vs. fire and lightning; identify plant, animal, pure water; immune to woodland charm; shape change thrice/day.

Magical items and equipment: *Staff of the Woodlands +2 (37 charges), leather armor, six throwing daggers, hammer, medium war horse (AC 7, MV*



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18") hp 12), saddle and tack, saddlebags, three water skins, silver sickle, bowls, five small boxes with oak, mistletoe, holly, etc.

The oldest human among the companions, Arkaneus also has seniority in the group second only to that of Tardeth. As a full druid of 12th level, he is also one of the most formidable characters in this group of adventurers. In spite of this, the aged druid takes a surprisingly low-key role; he sits back quietly as the fireworks fly between Marilyn and Sylvanus, for example, rarely intervening, and then subtly coaxing the two into a compromise.

Patient Arkaneus takes this approach to all of life. Nature always works itself out, he believes; his role as a druid is to see that it is allowed to do so.

As a druid of name level, Silvermane has three lesser druids as attendants, all of them initiates of the First Circle. Two of them, Leisha and Thastrun, are a married couple. They do not adventure at all; instead, they are devoted to the care of Cayr Thalwood and the surrounding woods.

The third attendant might be more suitably termed an apprentice. This is Manfred Arbustle, who has himself become a member of the Company of Eight. Arkaneus has a great deal of faith in and hope for his young apprentice — probably more than Manny has for himself. But Arkaneus realizes this as well, and believes that Manny will in fact have to prove to himself what he can make of his life.

Many human issues — say, politics — receive a sort of ambivalence from Arkaneus; or at least he isn't devoted fanatically to single points of view (except of course the protection of nature; but even here he is more willing than most of his profession to tolerate short-term abuse, believing it all balances out). He is a cool, rational decision-maker, without emotional attachment to many issues. For this reason, Tardeth relies heavily upon him for advice and wise guidance.

Arkaneus is quite devoted to the Company (were he not, he hardly would

have given it 11 years of his life). He does not have the personal, passionate devotion of Tardeth or Marilyn; nor is he as flippant as Paddy. The druid believes that chaos in Tethyr would be as bad as a rigid system of law; therefore, his service to the Company of Eight is in effect service to balance and true neutrality in Tethyr's present, near-anarchic state. Besides this "ideological" reason, Arkaneus feels that the Company's devotion to justice is noble and worthy, and he appreciates the good the Company has done for the Forest of Tethir (counteracting rampaging monsters, bandits, etc.). And, finally, he feels deep bonds with the others in the group as friends.

Another close associate of Arkaneus, outside the Company, is the half-elf Tethirmin, arch-druid of Mosstone, who was the human druid's mentor so many decades ago. Tethirmin has made it clear that Arkaneus could be his successor, but Arkaneus would be hesitant to become arch-druid, in spite of the power and prestige it entails. With its advantages would come many obligations, and these would be hard to reconcile with continued service in the Company of Eight.

Arkaneus' real wish for the future is to see Manny rise and eventually be able to take his mentor's place as druid, allowing Arkaneus to retire — to be full-time caretaker of Cayr Thalwood, to live as a hermit elsewhere in the Forest of Tethir, or perhaps to go and serve the great druid.

Paddy Stoutfellow

ARMOR CLASS: 4

MOVE: 12"

Hit Points: 44

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below

SIZE: S

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Sixth-Level Halfling Fighter

Sixth-Level Thief

S:11 I:10 W:14 D:15 C:16 CH:8

Home city or country: The Purple Hills, Tethyr.

Languages: Common, Neutral Good, Halfling, Elvish, Gnomish, Goblin, Dwarf, Orcish, Thieves' Cant.

Weapon proficiencies: Broad sword (specialization), light crossbow, dagger.

Non-weapon proficiencies/skills: Horse riding, alertness, fishing, rope use.

Saving throws Paralysis/poison — 11/7; Petrification/polymorph — 11; Rod/staff/wand — 8; Breath weapon — 13; Spells — 9.

Thieves' abilities (leather armor/elfin chain): *Pick pockets* 60%/40%, *locks* 52%/47%, *find/remove traps* 50%/45%, *move silently* 57%/47%, *hide* 52%/42%, *hear noise* 25%/20%, *climb walls* 77%/57%, *read languages* 25%/25%.

Special abilities: +4 on saving throws vs. rod/staff/wand, spells, poison; infravision 60'; detect slopes, move silently.

Magical items and equipment: *Broad sword* +2 (*green dragon slayer*), *five bolts* +1, *five bolts* +2, *five bolts* +3, *elfin chain mail*, *light crossbow*, *two cases*, *15 bolts*, *10 silver-tipped bolts*, *four daggers*, *pony* (AC 7, MV 12", hp 7), *saddle and tack*, *saddlebags*, *tent*, *bedroll*, *two weeks' provisions*, *two water skins*, *spare leather armor*, *thieves' tools*.

Black-haired, bushy-sideburned Paddy Stoutfellow is the clown of the Company of Eight. Besides being a valuable member in himself, his irreverent sense of humor serves a very important function in helping the party coexist smoothly and putting matters in perspective. And being annoyed by Paddy's friendly mockery can take one's mind off more serious worries, a most welcome break.

Paddy likes everyone in the group, but they're almost always too serious. He never misses a chance to point this out teasingly. Tardeth is too busy and



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worried about the welfare of the Company and Tethyr; Manny is too self-conscious; Marilyn is obsessed with the reestablishment of a kingdom over Tethyr; Lawantha appears stuffy on account of her Calishite manners and mannerisms. Arkaneus is pretty decent, but a little old and wrapped up in religion. Paddy gets along best with Sylvanus (though this does not spare the elf any ribbing); they are the two non-humans in the group, and both have very different perspectives on all the matters with which the humans are obsessed.

Though Paddy is very cheerful, light-hearted, and incessantly making sport of his companions and their worries, he is an uncompromisingly loyal group

member. This is not out of devotion to any particular cause, or some vague ideal of loyalty and honor, but simply because the members of the Company are his friends. And, all lightheartedness aside, friends are what Paddy values most, and he stands by them.

More than anyone else in the group, Paddy is here for adventure. He joined just over two years ago, hoping that he'd find thrills and excitement, stories to share with his grandchildren back in the Purple Hills a few decades down the line.

Paddy has never been particularly involved in politics; he is not sure whether a reunited kingdom, like Marilyn wants, or something more like a confederation, as Moondrop envisions,

would best suit Tethyr. The Purple Hills halflings will probably go along with whatever emerges, if it promises greater stability, security, and prosperity. These three things are Paddy's long-term goals as well; as to how to reach them, he's still undecided.

Stoutfellow is fond of drinking and games of chance, but rarely to excess. Thieving is his favorite game of chance, but here, too, he is careful. He is not greedy, just thrill-seeking. He would much prefer to attempt a difficult job for an almost worthless item — say, to steal the handkerchief of the Meisarch of Amn — over an easy burglary with great profit. And he is always more than happy to use (and show off) his talents for the party's benefit.



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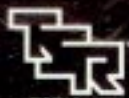
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by Jean Rabe



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Cities of Mystery

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Cities of Mystery*, a product designed to help you, the Dungeon Master, create colorful, exciting cities for your campaign—taking the mystery out of creating and using city environments in a fantasy role-playing game. With the aid of the building fold-ups included in this product, cities will come to life before your players' eyes.

Although the text of this book contains terms and specifics that pertain to the D&D® game, the AD&D® game, and the AD&D 2nd Edition game, the facts and principles can be used in conjunction with any fantasy role-playing game. A city—no matter what game system the city is located in.

Well-developed cities are an important part of every good campaign, because player characters must visit cities throughout their adventuring careers. Cities are ideal places for PCs to purchase equipment and to rest between adventures. Unfortunately, that is all cities are to many players, because their DMs concentrate on developing dungeons and wilderness scenarios to tax the abilities of the players' characters. But cities can be much more than waysides and watering holes. They are places teeming with life, and they hold as much mystery and adventure as the deepest, darkest dungeons.

Some of the chapters in *Cities of Mystery* begin with boxed text. These are designed to be entertaining and to help you get a better feel for some of the characters who might populate your fantasy cities. The characters in these boxed sections are Athormis, a mage, and Boliver, a dwarf. They are adventurers who have visited many cities and consider themselves experts. If you wish, you can develop statistics for these personalities and add them to your city campaigns.

Laying The Foundation

Cities of Mystery will teach you how to create vibrant cities that will become essential parts of your campaign. You will learn how to place cities on your campaign map, paying attention to geographic features and climate. You will find out how to determine the size of a city. In addition, an extensive list of merchants and shopkeepers is presented to help add life to your cities' business districts. And encounter charts will help you keep the action moving.

You also will be given an overview of various forms of governments which you can establish in your cities. A city can be nearly useless without a government; taking time to select a government for each city the PCs visit is worth the effort. In addition, you will learn how to create rulers and give them personalities that will affect how the city is run.

Other aspects that are covered include establishing city defenses; creating histories for cities; setting up celebrations and special events; determining the races that live there; deciding what a city's buildings are made of; and establishing neighborhoods for the various factions within a community. In addition, a tax system can be implemented, and a list of crimes and penalties can be set up. All of these aspects of city life need to be considered when constructing communities for your player characters' enjoyment.

Cities of Mystery will help you get player characters closely involved in your cities by putting them to work as merchants, guards, or in other professions, or by giving them roles in the government or defense of a city.

Sauter and The Adventures

In addition to all of the guidelines outlined above, *Cities of Mystery* contains a sample city, Sauter, which was created using the information presented in the product. Sauter can be used as a sample you can study when creating your own cities, or it can be more fully developed and added to your campaign.

Five complete city adventures are included with this product. Although they are written based on the AD&D game and the AD&D 2nd Edition game, with a little adjusting they can be used with nearly any fantasy game system. The adventures are for characters of a variety of levels, and there is room for you to expand the adventures based on the businesses and characters in your own cities.

Following the adventures is a page filled with adventure plots just waiting to be fleshed out for the pleasure of you and your players.

Building Fold-ups

The stars of *Cities of Mystery* are the street layouts and building fold-ups that can

be assembled to add a new dimension of gaming to city adventures. The buildings are easy to put together; the directions are on the back of the building diagrams. More than 30 buildings can be created from this packet. The buildings can be arranged many different ways on the street layouts, and many of the one-story buildings can be stacked to create multistory buildings or towers. The buildings are made to scale for 25mm miniatures and are sturdy enough to support miniatures on their upper stories and roofs. The buildings can be folded flat for easy storage and can be kept in the *Cities of Mystery* box and taken to game sessions. And the buildings and streets in this product can be added to; future accessories for the AD&D game, the D&D game, and the AD&D *Oriental Adventures* game will contain more buildings and streets that can be merged with the set in *Cities of Mystery*.

City encounters are more fun with the fold-ups. As DM, you can set up city blocks in advance of a gaming session, concealing monsters and characters under various buildings. As player characters explore the city or move through a preset adventure, they go from building to building. You lift up the buildings they enter to show the occupants. There won't be any arguing about where player characters and their adversaries are standing, because the fold-ups and miniatures detail the placements. More directions for using the fold-ups and the street layouts are presented throughout this product.

Getting Started

In planning the cities for your fantasy campaigns, you have all of history—and your imagination—to draw from. You might choose to pattern your cities after real ones of the present or the past. Cities have existed nearly as long as people, beginning when groups of cavemen, hunters, and foragers banded together to protect themselves from other tribes. Cities are responsible for the rise of commerce and industry, and they are also credited with advancing the arts, literature, and education. And cities will be attractive in your campaign as long as you keep them interesting and exciting for your players.



WHERE TO LOCATE CITIES

The dwarf tucked his long gray beard into his belt, looked up at his human friend, and sighed.

"We've been on the road too long, Athormis. It's time to spend some of our wealth in a city; dine on fine meals, ride on a riverboat, spend a few evenings in a tavern. Maybe there'll be a festival. And that city looks as good as any other," the dwarf said, pointing toward Sauter, a bustling city located at the juncture of a river and the sea.

"Ah, Boliver," the human mage replied. "Yes, I think you're right. A week away from adventuring would do us both some good. I'm getting too old to spend every night sleeping in the woods. Besides, I'm in need of some spell components. And I'm sure you're in need of some ale."

The pair walked toward the city, their backpacks full of treasure from their last adventure and happily weighing them down.

"I like river cities," Boliver mused. "Those kinds of cities have plenty of taverns and a good number of adventurers passing through. Barge captains and sailors always seem loaded with rumors of treasure to be gained and castles to explore. After a week or so here we'll be ready to pursue one of those rumors. And maybe after that we can travel up to a mountain village. We haven't been to the mountains in a while."



The first step in creating interesting cities for your campaign is deciding where to place them. It is not good enough to unfold your campaign map and make marks at random to represent cities. While it might look nice to have cities evenly spaced three to four inches apart on a map, that sort of placement might not be realistic or practical. The better judgment you use in locating your cities, the more enjoyment and satisfaction you and your players will get out of them.

Communities are established in certain locations for certain purposes, and a community grows to the size of a village, town, or city for a reason. For example, a lake-shore settlement of fishermen might eventually grow into a town that becomes involved in exporting fish to other communities. A seacoast village that boasts a deep harbor could grow into a major trad-

ing city because it has the best harbor within hundreds of miles. Or a mining community that began with a half-dozen dwarves could develop into a town of a few thousand people who have a dozen different livelihoods, but who ultimately are supported because of the presence of the mine.

If your campaign map is one that came with a fantasy game product, it probably already has several cities on it. Of course, you can always add more—as long as where you put them (and why you locate them there) makes sense.

If your campaign map is one you have created, look at the terrain features you have devised and compare them with terrain features and cities in an atlas. Study the features on a map, and you will be able to reason out why a town or city comes into being in a certain location. This knowledge will help you to place cities in realistic locations on your campaign map.

Lakes: Cities located along lakes frequently rely on fishing and hunting as their

prime industries or livelihoods. In addition, lakes provide a source of fresh water, which is a necessity to all communities. Some lake-shore cities are involved in farming, drawing water from the lake to the crops. And some become involved in forestry because of the profusion of trees which usually grow near lakes. If the lake is large enough, or serves as a source for a river, it can be used as a transportation route and will allow cities located on the lake to more easily engage in trade with other cities.

Seacoasts: Many large cities are found along seacoasts because of the opportunities the coast provides the populace. The coast is a source of industries, such as fishing and shipping. A city located along a portion of coast that affords a deep harbor can develop a shipbuilding industry and become a vital trading port, developing a myriad of industries and growing in population. A tourist industry can develop, since ship passengers and crewmen must do something with their time between jour-



WHERE TO LOCATE CITIES

neys. Many coastal cities are also on rivers, which provides an avenue for transporting goods inland.

Rivers: For many of the same reasons given above for lakes and seacoasts, cities develop along rivers. Rivers provide a fishing industry and are a source of transportation for taking goods to other communities. Grain mills and lumber mills can develop, powered by the river.

Plains: Many farming communities begin in areas of relatively flat, fertile ground. These communities are usually smaller than those found along waterways. They are often close-knit, with the populace having common concerns and goals. Other cities rely on these communities to sell them foodstuffs. In addition, sometimes towns will develop in plains areas because the location is a good stopping point on a trade or travel route between two larger cities. These “in-between” towns have a variety of industries or livelihoods, frequently providing goods which are picked up by merchants traveling between larger cities.

Mountains: Farming communities that concentrate on herd animals such as goats and sheep, and communities built around hunting and forestry, can be found in mountainous areas. Other industries such as fishing (from mountain streams) and textile manufacturing (from goat hair and wool) also thrive in mountain towns. In addition, some mountain “boom towns” can be found next to copper, silver, or gold mines. These towns could be filled with a mix of peoples and industries all dependent on the success of the mines.

Forests: Hunting and forestry industries are among the prime reasons communities develop in wooded areas. Like plains towns, these towns are often small and close-knit, and many of these towns also will be located along a river or lake.

Deserts: Towns in these arid places are few. Most of them develop around an oasis and must rely on trade from other cities to support them. However, towns in desert climates can develop industries, such as herding or selling animals native to the land—camels, birds, and reptiles. In addition, some of these towns could have developed because they were stopping points between larger cities.

Combination: Many cities will exist where more than one of the above geographic features are present. In any combination, water is almost always one of the elements. For example, a village of hunters nestled deep in the woods might be a short distance from a river. Or a town that developed because it was a convenient stop between two large cities could be near a small lake.

The Fantastic: Since the AD&D® game, D&D® game, and other fantasy role-playing games are filled with wondrous and fantastic things, cities in those worlds can be located in unusual, “unrealistic” spots. For example, a city populated by sages might thrive on a cold, lonely mountain peak; an isolated group of people could have built a stunning city with golden spires in the middle of a dormant volcano; a village built on stilts over a mist-covered bog could serve as the home for an austere and warlike band of fighters.

In a fantastic universe, not all of the standard “rules” need apply. If the residents of a town have some magical means of obtaining water, it wouldn’t be necessary for their community to be located near a lake or river. If they can likewise create food magically, then their community could be located in a barren, isolated spot (such as the city of sages described above) far away from any fertile land or trade routes.

However, even in a world where magic exists; it is important that fantastic cities be limited in number. If they are the norm instead of the exception, they will not be unusual and distinctive to your players, and their excitement and interest level will drop off. In order for the fantastic to be seen as fantastic, you must use such devices sparingly.

Even a fantastic city must have a reason for being located where it is. Perhaps the city filled with sages came into being on that mountaintop because a sacred item is wedged in a crack near the peak, and the sages congregated in this location so they could protect it. Perhaps a group of people discovered some great treasure in the dormant volcano and built a city there because they considered it an omen that their people should stay. And maybe the warlike tribe of fighters lives in the stilt village because they believe the place can be easily defended, and they hope their enemies will fall into the patches of quicksand that ring most of their buildings—but which the tribesmen,

because of their familiarity with the place, can easily avoid.

Other possible locations for fantastic cities could include the ocean floor, a stationary cloud, in the boughs of a huge tree, deep within the earth, in an interdimensional pocket, or on a solid patch of ground in the middle of a dark and dangerous swamp. Let your imagination run free, but remember not to overdo the number of “unearthly” cities you place on your campaign map. Even in a fantastic universe, the laws and principles of our real world will still apply for most of the communities that come into existence.

Climate: Weather conditions can have a significant impact on the location of cities. For example, it would not make sense to locate a city with a population of 10,000 on a polar icecap, or to put a farming community in an area where rains are brief and infrequent. Many of the cities on a continent will be found in temperate areas where the people can live comfortably—especially since people in medieval-flavored fantasy worlds do not have the modern-world advantages of heating and insulation.

Proximity: The locations of cities also affects where towns grow. For example, small towns can be found around larger cities. The towns produce raw materials for the large city to use in making more sophisticated items; for instance, a town provides hides and skins from livestock, which are shipped to manufacturing plants in the city and made into finished goods (boots, vests, and so forth). Some of the smaller towns around a city are usually farming communities that provide food for the city’s population. In turn, the city provides finished goods and opportunities for entertainment and employment to the townspeople.



HAMLET OR METROPOLIS?

Athormis eyed the people walking up and down the raised wooden sidewalks in front of the shops. The wooden sidewalks extended as far as he could see toward the ocean, and nearly every building had steps leading up from the raised sidewalks to the front doors. Boliver noticed the mage staring.

"This part of the city is very close to the river, Athormis. The people built their businesses up higher in case the river jumps its banks. They must have had a dwarf involved, because sometimes humans don't think about such things."

The mage scowled at his friend and changed the subject. "This is a real city, Boliver. Thousands upon thousands of people live here. There are not too many cities this large on the continent. And judging from my map, this is the largest city this far north. No wonder we passed so many villages on our way here. The people in those villages probably supply a lot of goods to the businesses here. And there's probably enough going on in this city that we could lose ourselves here for more than a week."

Size and The Social Climate

The size of a city is important, because that fact will help determine the number and types of industries or livelihoods found there. The size of a city could also determine how often the player characters in your campaign visit it and for what reasons. For example, PCs who are looking for good bargains on equipment or other necessities might find them more often in a village, where the shopkeepers' needs are simpler, and their prices lower, than those of similar merchants in a larger town. But if PCs are looking for excitement or employment, they're probably better off going to large cities, where there are many more opportunities of those sorts.

In medieval times it was common for a person to go through his entire life without traveling more than 20 miles from the town, village, or city where he was born. The community had everything these people needed—food, shelter, and a feeling of camaraderie. In many cases the people were so poor they could not afford transportation to

larger cities and found themselves tied to their village, land, and lieges. This isolation caused a community, especially a smaller community, to be more close-knit and protective of its members: Everyone knew everyone else. The larger the city, the more likely that many residents had not lived their entire lives there, and the less likely that the city enjoyed a close-knit atmosphere. It would usually be easier for a person to remain anonymous in a larger city, losing himself in the crowd. You should keep these facts in mind as you create and populate communities in your campaign.

Following are definitions of types of communities based on size. Once you have located a good spot for a community, the next step is to decide how large (in population) that community will be.

Hamlet: This is the smallest kind of city, and in a medieval-flavored fantasy campaign it is probably the most numerous type of community. A hamlet consists of no more than a few dozen homes that are grouped together in the country.

The population of a hamlet ranges between 50 and 250, with three to eight people per home. The people in a hamlet are likely to be of one race, to come from similar backgrounds, and to have similar livelihoods and interests. For example, all of a hamlet's residents could be wheat farmers who have built their homes next to each other for mutual protection and for a sense of community. Or, a hamlet could consist of a few homes belonging to silver miners, who have no desire to see their community grow any larger (because they don't want to share the wealth any more than it's being shared already).

It is difficult for outsiders to be accepted in a community as small as a hamlet. Although hamlets will not have temples or monasteries, many hamlets are within a few miles of a town or city which has such features.

Village: This is a grouping of more than two dozen homes, but fewer than 200, with a population ranging between 200 and 1,000. Like a hamlet, a village will have residents with similar livelihoods and who probably belong to the same race. However, there will be more of a variety in interests and a chance for some of the residents to be of a different race, but one which gets along with the predominant race. For example, a village of humans might have a few half-elf

residents.

If a village is the center of a farming community, the residents could be involved in herding livestock, spinning wool, farming wheat, and growing fruit. In comparison, the residents of a hamlet might all farm the same crop. A large village could have a small temple or monastery and a few stores which carry basic goods to meet the population's needs.

A small village is much like a hamlet in that outsiders are regarded as strangers and are not readily accepted. However, villagers can be friendly, and the actions of the outsiders will determine how long it takes for them to be assimilated into the village.

The people who live in villages usually have everything they need to sustain their rather simple livelihoods. However, adventuring player characters with other than basic needs could become frustrated with the lack of variety in the services and goods available in a village.

Town: Larger than a village but smaller than a city, a town consists of many homes and several public buildings, including a business district. The population of a town in a medieval fantasy world could range from 500 to 15,000, with the larger towns having a mix of races. There are a variety of industries in a town, with the larger towns having more different industries. In addition, some of the larger towns might be located near a large city.

Towns are large enough to support guilds, and members of the guild tend to congregate in neighborhoods. Towns are also large enough to support temples and monasteries. The larger the town, the more likely there will be a divergence in beliefs, meaning that temples and monasteries could be erected to support a variety of religions. However, it is possible, especially in the realm of fantasy, for a town to allow the official worshiping of only one religion.

Player characters might feel more comfortable in towns than in villages and hamlets, since more goods are available and there are more people to mix with. And because there are more people, the adventurers will feel less like outsiders.

City: A city is larger and is in many respects considered more important than a town. It boasts more public buildings, a larger business district or more than one business district, and is home to more industries. Cities draw many people from



HAMLET OR METROPOLIS?



the surrounding area because of the opportunities for work. In most cases, the larger the city, the more varied the opportunities, the wider the variety of industries, and the more cultures and races of people are represented. Cities can have a more complex administration than smaller communities, since there are more people to manage, more businesses to oversee, and usually more officials involved in the government. Although it is difficult to pin a population number to the definition of a city, for the purpose of creating cities for a campaign, consider the range to be from 15,000 to 200,000. It is impractical for a city with a medieval flavor to have a population larger than the higher number.

The Big Picture

When establishing the size of communities, you should also consider the number of cities in your world or in a country in your world. Unless you have a specific reason for doing things differently, apply these general rules when deciding how many communities of a certain size exist in your campaign world or in a country within that world.

At least half of the communities should be hamlets or small villages, one-quarter to one-third large villages or small to medium-sized towns, and the remainder large towns and cities. Only a very few of the communities in any area should be large cities with

populations in excess of 75,000; in fact, it would not be unbelievable to have only one city of this size in an entire country or even an entire continent.

Again, for a real-world reference, look at the list of communities and their populations that is generally provided along with a map of a country or state in an atlas. You will see that the vast majority of the communities are quite small in population, and only a very small proportion are major cities covering a lot of land and containing many thousands of people. It will take quite a bit more time for you to create dozens of small communities than it would to spot a half-dozen big cities and say that almost everyone lives in one of them, but the end result will be a more believable and more realistic world—which is important for the sake of your and your players' enjoyment.

Plausible Placement

Once you have determined how many cities of what size will go in a country, you must be careful to assign each community to a location that makes sense according to its size. The largest cities likely will be found along a coast or adjacent to a large river because of the opportunities for commerce that the waterways afford. This does not mean that small towns and villages should *not* be placed beside or near a river, lake, or ocean—everybody needs and uses water.

However, it would not make a lot of sense to put a very large city miles from a waterway in an area of the country that is nearly inaccessible. It would not make sense for a large city to have developed in such a place, because not very many people would choose to live in such a remote location, and the opportunities for business and commerce would not support an extremely large population.

Choosing a Capital

If you want to designate one of your newly placed cities as the capital of a country or a province, you do not have to choose the largest one. However, the capital of a country should be a city, not a town or a village. The capital is the center of government for a country or province and is usually also a nucleus of merchant or trade activity, so it should be placed where people can travel to and from it easily, which usually means locating it on the bank of a large river or along the seacoast.



WHAT KIND OF GOVERNMENT?

"I wonder what sort of political system they have here," Athormis said, brushing some of the dust off his robes and leading the dwarf into a large inn. It was a little past midday, and the mage hadn't eaten for several hours.

"You're always interested in that sort of stuff," the dwarf replied. "It only concerns me when the government taxes visiting adventurers."

The pair chose a table near the front window so they could watch the activity outside. Boliver opened his menu, grumbled under his breath about the prices, and proceeded to order for himself and the mage.

"You don't quite understand," Athormis interjected as he studied his menu, not realizing his meal had been selected for him while he was lost in concentration. "I'll have the roast duck and the boiled potatoes," he said as the cook walked past him, but failed to notice that the man wasn't paying attention. Then he turned back to Boliver. "A government is the most necessary element in any city. The government is linked to nearly all aspects of a city's operation and usually determines the atmosphere of a city; progressive, thriving, stagnant, decaying, friendly, or hostile. I know. I've studied such things. Besides, from our standpoint governments are a continual source of adventuring opportunities and—I suppose from your standpoint—can be a continual source of problems."

"The government "establishes taxes, which affect every city resident—and sometimes visiting adventurers. The government usually determines a city's relationship with neighboring cities, which also affects residents and visitors. The government establishes a city's militia, in which you might find yourself someday if you keep grumbling about the adventures I select. And what's more, the government is linked to mercantile activity, sometimes regulating commerce and determining who can sell and what can be sold."

"All right. Point made," Boliver said, watching the kitchen door and sniffing. "They're necessary. But most governments I've witnessed—and I've witnessed as many governments as I have hairs in my beard—levy too many taxes,

have too many regulations, and the officials in the government are too stuffy, overbearing, and unapproachable."

The pair continued to chat about politics and politicians, while an elderly elf with long white hair watched them from a corner table. The cook brought the pair their meal. The elf, finished with his, rose and walked past them.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen, and welcome to our city. I believe you're new to Sauter. My name is White William. I'm one of the city leaders. I hope you have a pleasant stay."

Whenever people band together to form a community, they will live under some form of government. One or more leaders will emerge from the group, and those leaders will have a lot to say about the quality of life in the community, by virtue of how they exercise their power.

Each community might have a form of government different from the government in the next closest community. Or, you might choose to have a dominant form of government in a country, with all the communities in that country having the same form of government. Sometimes the form of government you select for a city could also extend to the land surrounding a city, so that farmers, herders, miners, or other people living outside the city walls are affected by the laws.

Below are brief descriptions of various types of governments and examples of how each government could be used in a fantasy campaign. Some of the types have similarities, and you might want to consider combining similar types into a special hybrid. Please note that each example is just that—one possibility of what the rulership under a particular form of government could be. Following each example is a suggestion of how player characters could become involved with each form of government. This list of governments is not exhaustive, but should present you with several options for establishing city governments in your campaign.

Anarchy: This is basically a lack of government. It is marked by an absence of laws and an obvious state of disorder marked by violence, unrest, and assorted attempts to exert control. The wealthy or the physically powerful (or a coalition of both types of peo-

ple) usually have the most influence in this type of community, but they aren't leaders in the true sense of the word because the community at large doesn't recognize them as such. Anarchy can develop when a coup against the former government is successful, but the overthrowing forces cannot come into power. Chaos takes hold. Or a monarch could die without an heir, leaving the town to govern itself. The residents, unable to determine a form of government, decide on no government.

Example: A small town is in a state of anarchy because the populace overthrew a tyrannical leader. The populace decides it doesn't need to be governed, claiming each resident should live the way he wants to.

Player characters could be very frustrated in this environment and could feel like adults in a community of children who each demand their own way. If the PCs do not decide to get out fast, they might want to attempt to establish some form of government, putting one of the more responsible residents in charge.

Autocracy: In this form of government, one self-appointed person holds supreme authority. It is a form of dictatorship in which the ruler is sometimes considered a tyrant or a despot. The larger the community, the more people the autocrat likely will have beneath him to help control the populace. However, no matter how many subordinates the autocrat has, he still maintains control. An autocrat can come to power in many ways, such as by usurping authority in a military takeover.

Example: The head of a small city is an autocrat. He rules the populace with an iron hand, strictly regulating all commerce and movement in and out of the city. Foreigners can come into the city to do business and purchase goods, but few of the city's residents are allowed outside the gates. The population is heavily taxed, and is therefore kept poor and powerless.

Player characters visiting such a city could find the living situation uncomfortable and might find themselves embroiled in an adventure that involves an attempt to overthrow the tyrant.

Bureaucracy: This is essentially government by bureaus or departments, or it can be considered the consequence of another form of government which establishes bureaus. The departments establish laws and rules and expect adherence to the



WHAT KIND OF GOVERNMENT?

administration's guidelines. This government could be established by several means, such as by election by the populace. The tone of this government can be varied, based on the makeup of the bureaucrats. Perhaps the bureaus are really looking out for the public's best interests. Or perhaps the members of the bureaucracy are greedy and selfish, filling their coffers instead of the public's.

Example: The government of a large town is a bureaucracy composed of five departments responsible for maintaining the town's defenses and militia; dealing with all commerce activities; handling public improvements; setting up laws and handling judicial matters; and collecting taxes and distributing the money to the other bureaus.

Player characters in a town with this form of government might be a part of one of these departments or could find themselves affected by a department's decisions.

Collegium: This is government by an elite group of people, each of whom has approximately the same amount of power. The members within the group determine how members are replaced and whether the group should be expanded. Again, the tone of government with this system can vary based on the individuals involved.

Example: A collegium of 12 people governs a mid-sized town. Each member of the collegium is recognized as a wise and intelligent member of the community. Each member has the same authority and might be assigned the task of looking after a certain section of the town or a certain area of the town's operation. All decisions and rules are made by vote of the collegium.

Player characters in a town with this form of government might find themselves part of the collegium or could be asked by the collegium to perform various tasks.

Democracy: The residents of this community have established their own government, either by putting themselves in the government or by appointing representatives to rule for them. Each resident likely will be considered equal under the law each with the same rights and opportunities. This is also considered government by the majority.

Example: A large city has a democratic government. The populace holds an annual election to determine who among them will be the representatives charged with gov-

erning the city. The representatives set policies and enforce laws according to the majority of the people's wishes.

Player characters in a city governed by a democracy could be involved in getting a NPC elected or could campaign for a position themselves.

Dictatorship: Similar in some respects to an autocracy, a dictatorship is a very strict form of government in which authority resides in the hands of one individual. However, this person is not necessarily a tyrant or despot. The ruler could be wise and concerned about his people. Dictators can come to power in many ways, such as through tightly controlled elections or military coups; however, in most cases the masses have no voice in the choice of a dictator. A dictator will have others in authority beneath him—whom he appoints and maintains control over.

Example: The dictator of a town is a rigid individual with a military background who requires strict adherence to his laws. Although he is not an evil-aligned person, he is quick to have residents punished who do not follow his policies. The town is well kept up, with streets continually being repaired and storefronts clean and orderly. However, not all of the town's money goes for public improvements. This dictator enjoys wealth, living in a large estate and taking some of the residents' tax money to use for his personal wants.

A player character in this town could be working with residents to effect a change in the government so that the laws are not so stringent and the people not taxed so heavily. PCs in this situation are at great risk, for if they are caught the punishment could be severe.

Feodality: This is a form of government that is almost always coupled with another government type, with the officials in that government setting up a system of feudalism. A feodality is a hierarchy in which power is held by people in a "layered system, with each layer being responsible to the layer above it. In some respects this is like a historical medieval feudal system; serfs who worked the land were responsible to the vassals, who were responsible to more powerful lords or a king.

Example: A dictator who establishes a feodality in a town sets up three layers of authority. A group of businessmen are responsible to a group of wealthy land-

owners, who are responsible to a few very wealthy and very powerful nobles, who are ultimately responsible to the dictator.

Player characters in a community of this type could be tied to NPCs in any of the three layers and could be asked to perform various missions for that group and ultimately for the community. Or, the PCs could be dissatisfied with the government and seek to add another layer to the feodality, so that the laborers or farmers have representation.

Gerontocracy: This is rule by elderly men and women. The gerontocracy could consist of a council made up of town residents who are older than a certain age (perhaps 60 for humans, probably much higher for demihumans), or it could be a government where the elders in the community elect a leader from among themselves. This form of leadership could exist because the residents of the community believe that the eldest members possess the most wisdom and the most life experience, and are therefore the best to govern.

Example: The leader of a town is an elderly man elected by all the town residents who are of old age—at least 60 for humans, 67 for halflings, 83 for half-elves, 133 for gnomes, 167 for dwarves, and 233 for elves. The leader establishes town policies and seeks the advice of the town's other elderly residents. The older people in town receive more benefits and are taxed less heavily than the younger residents.

Player characters in this environment, especially those of young age, could be frustrated with the atmosphere and might become involved in a movement to reform the government or to get representation for younger individuals.

Gynarchy/Matriarchy: Women rule in this form of government, whether it be a council of several women or one woman who is in a supreme position of authority. This situation can come about several ways; perhaps women are dominant in this city or are in such greater numbers than men that they can establish the government. In a matriarchy, rule is held by older women; in a gynarchy, no distinction is made for age.

Example: A body of five women rule a mid-sized city. Although they work to benefit the city, not themselves, females in the city do receive better treatment and have more rights than they probably would experience under a different government.



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Male player characters might not want to stay in this environment long. The player characters could seek to change the status of men in the community—with or without overthrowing the government. Female player characters might enjoy this form of leadership and could get involved in keeping down attempts to overthrow it.

Hierarchy or Hierocracy: Clergy govern in this system, with the highest-level church leaders having the most authority. The tone of the government would be based primarily on the alignment of the clergy and the deity they worship. The leaders in this form of government most definitely would be wise (since all powerful clerics have high Wisdom scores), and if they are good-aligned likely would have the population's interests at heart. However, this form of government is not without its potential problems, since there would be no separation between church and state. The church is the state.

Example: The temple of Poseidon is the dominant religion in a small town and has charged itself with governing the residents. The highest-level cleric is the town's leader, with the other clerics in descending rank being lesser officials and advisors. The clerics' values are enforced upon the community, and there might be little or no tolerance for other religions.

A player character cleric in the adventuring party might worship another deity and could involve the entire party in an attempt to get religious freedom in the town. Or the player characters might not agree with the leader clerics' philosophies, especially if the clerics worship an evil deity, and the PCs could attempt to change the government or become involved in covert activities opposing the government's edicts.

Magocracy: Wizards, particularly mages, are the leaders in a community with this form of government. The mages, who vested themselves with political power believing that their great intelligence makes them fit rulers, establish rules and regulations and enforce them—if need be, through the use of spells.

Example: The three highest-level mages in a city decide all of the city's policies and use their spells and magic items to keep the population in line. The mages are fair, attempt to treat each resident equally, and are usually open to new ideas. The city is well defended, with flying patrols and magical

traps, and the citizens seem content.

Player characters might enjoy a good relationship with this government and might be among the appointed officials. Or the PCs could be the rulers' "champions," performing missions on behalf of the government.

Militocracy: The leaders of the community's military forces are in charge, and the residents are governed by the military. There are likely many laws, and they are rigidly enforced. In a city with such a government, residents could be required to serve for a period of time in the military. This form of government could be a variation of a dictatorship, if there is one supreme military leader, or an oligarchy (see below), if ultimate power is shared by more than one high-ranking soldier.

Example: The general of a small city's militia has assumed control of the government and is bossing the residents around just like they were his troops. He has imposed a mandatory draft and continues to develop a code of laws. Despite the unrest among the people, the city prospers. Its trade, upon which numerous regulations have been imposed, flourishes, and the people are enjoying their newfound wealth.

In an adventure involving a militocracy, the player characters could be sought out by a faction of the populace which cannot tolerate the military regime. They are asked to take steps to reduce the laws and regulations—without destroying the government, because the people are pleased with their economic state.

Monarchy: In this government, one person (the equivalent of a king, queen, sultan, emperor, etc.) has the hereditary right to rule. On occasion, a monarch will wield his power based on a claim of divinity, saying that he was chosen by or descended from the gods. Rule is sometimes passed on to the eldest male or eldest female child. A monarch will rule based on his or her alignment and the motives the DM has established for the character. In some cases a monarch is dependent on the nobility for support and allegiance. And in other cases a monarch could be simply a figurehead, with another form of government coexisting and having the real power.

Example: A city is ruled by a king whose family has been in power since the city was formed. The king has appointed several people to enforce his laws and favors the nobility and the wealthy. The peasants and

commoners are taxed heavily and not allowed to rise above their stations.

In such a city, player characters could become champions of the commoners, thwarting the king's plans to tax the people and becoming an irritating burr in the monarch's side.

Oligarchy: In this form of government, power rests with a few individuals, perhaps but not necessarily members of the same family. A government such as this is sometimes characterized as selfish, with the rulers' interests and desires coming before the welfare of the people they are governing. Such a government could come about because a previous government was overthrown or because a childless monarch died, leaving power in the hands of a small group of distant relatives.

Example: Twin brothers, descendants of a king, come into power. They share rulership of a city, although each would like to be the sole ruler. They are selfish and greedy, taxing the people and lining their own coffers with the wealth while public needs are not attended to.

This is another situation where PCs could be champions of the people.

Patriarchy: This is similar to a gerontocracy, but the rulers are men only. The atmosphere in communities with this form of government is again dependent on the personalities the DM has assigned to the rulers. When the leader dies, rule could be passed down to the next oldest man.

Example: The eldest man in a large town is the head of the government, and he appoints lesser officials to carry out his policies. However, this leader, once a kind and just man, has become senile and is creating laws on whims and punishing people for little reason.

The player characters in such a situation might be approached by the town's lesser officials and asked to find a cure for the leader's senility, or they may be asked to help overthrow him.

Pedocracy: Well-educated persons and scholars are in charge under this system, and they establish laws which they believe are in the best interest of those they govern. A pedocracy might be headed by one person, or by a group of people who share authority and responsibility. In a fantasy setting, these rulers would likely be either wizards (mages or illusionists), because of



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their typically high intelligence, or priests (clerics or druids), who generally have great wisdom—or perhaps a consortium of both types of characters. It is also possible for a member of some other class to be the leader of a pedocracy, particularly if the character has high charisma to go along with his high intelligence or wisdom.

Example: A small city is governed by a group of scholars, whose seat of government is a vast library. The scholars govern wisely and well, studying the community and instituting policies that improve the people's welfare. They assign residents to positions and tasks based on the residents' abilities. And the rulers are always searching for ways to improve the city.

Player characters could be under the employ of the leaders, who frequently send them on adventures to get information about the surrounding lands.

Plutocracy: The wealthy are the rulers in this form of government. Their power is derived from their wealth and holdings, and all the other residents of such a community are subject to their decrees. This government could also fall into other categories; it could be an oligarchy in which a few very wealthy individuals have supreme control. Or the leadership could be in the form of a council of the wealthiest individuals in the community, who have charged themselves with the responsibility of running the government. A plutocracy can come into being through several avenues; the wealthy people in a particular community could have always enjoyed a significant amount of power, and when a leader died they assumed his role. Or perhaps a few wealthy individuals established the community, and because of that precedent the wealthy have always held power.

Example: A seacoast town is governed by its four wealthiest landowners. Each landowner is in charge of a quarter of the town, and together they decide policies and programs for the entire town. However, there is disparity between the sections of town. One landowner favors the rich and lavishes his share of the tax money on them; another landowner favors the merchants and devotes his energies to bettering commerce in his quarter; the remaining two landowners are more fair, spreading out the tax money throughout their quarters so that all the people benefit.

Player characters residing in or visiting one of these quarters could be made quickly

aware of the differences and could be encouraged to do something to make living conditions more equitable. Or player characters visiting any city governed by a plutocracy could become the champions of the commoners, who want more of a voice in the operation of the city.

Republic: This is similar to a democracy, because it is a representative form of government. However, there can be differences. The representatives in a republic are elected by people entitled to vote. And those voters might only include men, the rich, or the learned. Commoners or women might be excluded. So while ultimately power rests in the hands of the citizens, it might not rest with *all* the citizens. The representatives might rule as a group, or there might be an overall leader elected from among those in the group.

Example: A town is governed by representatives elected by the male residents. For the most part, these representatives make decisions based on the wishes of those who elected them, although they sometimes create policies which they believe will better the community, even though the voters (adult males) might disapprove.

Player characters in this environment might be among those electing the representatives, although female player characters could be upset by this system. The PCs could also work to change the republic into a democracy, in which everyone has a say in choosing the representatives. In a non-evil republic government, the PCs could be charged with helping to keep the government in place by putting down attempts to overthrow it.

Syndicracy: This is government by a group of merchants and tradesmen. Each member, who might also be a guild leader, could represent an interest. For example, a syndicracy composed of six members could have one person representing the banking industry; one for the farm industry; one for manufacturers of clothing and other dry goods; one for service industries such as inns and taverns; one representing the general labor force; and one protecting the interests of pottery makers, silversmiths, and goldsmiths.

Or the syndics might not be specialists; instead, they might be the members of a council that concerns itself with making the best decisions for all the various members of the economic community. The tone of the

government will be derived from the alignments and personalities of the syndics, but in any case the thrust of the government's operation will be toward the betterment of commerce and economic standing.

Example: A syndicracy operating in a mid-sized city has implemented programs which have resulted in a booming trade business. Merchants and farmers are prospering; however, common laborers have not received a raise in pay or any other benefit. The laborers are disgruntled, but feel that they have no recourse because no one in the government is looking out for them in particular, and they can't afford to pull up stakes and relocate.

Player characters visiting or operating out of such a city could be asked to help a faction within the city, such as the laborers, get more power.

Theocracy: This is a form of government derived, or supposedly derived, from a deity. The ruler could be a person claiming to be the direct descendant of a god or the representative of a god, and he could claim to govern based on the deity's wishes. The ruler or rulers would not have to be priests (clerics or druids). The tone of this government will be based on the personality and alignment of the ruler or rulers, and the deity worshiped. If the deity is evil, the ruler could have an oppressive reign marked by acts of terror and violence. However, if the deity is good, the ruler could be understanding and beneficent, and the people could prosper. In some theocracies the ruler might not actually have any ties to the deity, claiming a relationship only so he could come into political power. There are several ways for a theocracy to be established in a community; for example, if the majority of people in a community worship the same deity, this could set the stage for a person who claims to be descended from the deity to step into control.

Example: A female dwarven follower of Moradin claims the god speaks to her and gives her direction on how to help the residents of the dwarvish town. Her power in the community grows until she is named the town leader.

If any dwarven player characters are involved with the adventuring party in this town, they could be sent on a mission for Moradin on behalf of the town's leader.



WHAT KIND OF GOVERNMENT?

Mixing Governments

You might want to have more than one form of government present in some of your cities. For example, a monarchy could be the major form of government, with a king being the overall ruler of a city. However, underneath the king are a few high-powered administrators who operate like an oligarchy, and beneath them a council of syndics. This form of government is also a hierarchy, with the council reporting to the administrators, who in turn report to the king. It is likely that only a large city would have a government as complex as this.

To randomly determine the form of government for a city you have placed, use the following chart—but reroll if the result is impossible or impractical (for instance, a magocracy in a hamlet that has no wizards, or a gerontocracy in a village formed just a few years earlier by a group of young and middle-aged settlers).

d20 roll Government

- | | |
|----|---------------------|
| 1 | Anarchy |
| 2 | Autocracy |
| 3 | Bureaucracy |
| 4 | Collegium |
| 5 | Democracy |
| 6 | Dictatorship |
| 7 | Feodality |
| 8 | Gerontocracy |
| 9 | Gynarchy/Matriarchy |
| 10 | Hierarchy |
| 11 | Magocracy |
| 12 | Militocracy |
| 13 | Monarchy |
| 14 | Oligarchy |
| 15 | Patriarchy |
| 16 | Pedocracy |
| 17 | Plutocracy |
| 18 | Republic |
| 19 | Syndicracy |
| 20 | Theocracy |

GOVERNMENT IN ACTION

To give you more ideas of how a community's government can be a source of adventures, here are a few situations that could occur under a number of different forms of government. In each case, player characters who visit or live in the community will be affected by—and perhaps themselves have an impact on—what happens as a result of these policies.

1. Officials want to expand the boundaries of the city and bring more people under the jurisdiction of the government. They hope this will make the city a more powerful force on the continent. A good-aligned or neutral-aligned ruler or rulers might accomplish this by meeting with the people outside the city's current boundaries and attempting to convince them that their way of life would be better if they were under the protection of the city and could enjoy the benefits the city government offers. In this situation, player characters could be among the delegation attempting to convince the outside people. An evil-aligned ruler could attempt to take the lands by force. In this case, the PCs might get involved in helping to keep the outer lands free.

2. The government wants to improve the physical appearance of the city and has implemented extensive public-improvement programs which will create schools and parks and will upgrade public buildings and storefronts. Goals such as this could fit with rulers of any alignment, and could have a significant impact on the population, which might be heavily taxed so the improvements can be made. Player characters in this situation could help find ways to accomplish the goal without forcing the citizens to suffer a crippling tax burden.

3. A ruler is determined to build up the military might of the city and improve the city's defenses. His plan calls for a draft to be implemented, forcing all healthy young men in the city to serve a stint in the militia. In addition, many citizens are put to work building a wall around the town. This plan can also fit with rulers of any alignment. Player characters involved with this city could be faced with conscription into military service, or being ordered to join the work force to build the walls.

Boliver coughed in surprise and spat out a mouthful of soup as the elf left the inn. "Wonderful. We're not in this city more than an hour, and already we've insulted the city officials. Wonderful."

Athormis smiled. "You—not we—insulted a city official. Besides, he didn't seem upset. He seems a likeable sort, and pretty sure of himself. I didn't see any bodyguards nearby, and he wasn't wearing any armor. Maybe the people are happy with him, and he's not afraid of

walking among them. And he said he is one of the city leaders, so be thankful we aren't in a city with some form of monarchy or dictatorship. This city looks in good shape, from what we've seen of it so far. That probably means the government is progressive. At the very least, the city streets look in good repair. Boliver, the leaders here are probably better at running this city than our cook is at running his inn. I ordered roast duck. This is beef stew. And where are my boiled potatoes?"

GOVERNMENTAL RELATIONS

As you continue to develop your cities and those cities' governments, you must decide how the governments relate to each other. For example, if the governments of two sea-coast cities that are within 20 miles of each other do not get along, the cities' officials might plant spies in each other's courthouses, take drastic measures to compete for harbor trade, or in an extreme case threaten war. On the other hand, if those two cities are on friendly terms, they could develop cooperative trade programs and have an agreement to combine militias if either city comes under attack.

The following table can help you determine relationships between cities. For random determination, roll d100 and assign the result to the two cities in question. In most cases, you should simply select one of the six possibilities that seems reasonable and likely in light of the cities' other aspects. Remember at all times that any facts about the cities in your campaign must have reasons to back them up, whether those facts were determined by a die roll or by a judgment you made.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 01-45 | Governments are cooperative and enjoy good, friendly relations. |
| 46-65 | Governments accept each other and under certain circumstances would aid each other. |
| 66-76 | Governments accept each other, but are neither friendly nor hostile to each other. |
| 77-87 | Governments ignore each other. |
| 88-95 | Governments are antagonistic. |
| 96-00 | Governments are hostile, and with some provocation could go to war. |



PUTTING LIFE INTO LEADERS

To make a city and its government be vibrant, realistic, and truly interesting, you must create personalities and goals for the city leaders and establish the leaders' alignments. The goals of a city's government frequently mirror the personal goals of the highest officials. If a city's government has no goals, the city will stagnate. And if the city officials lack depth, the government's goals will be shallow or nonexistent.

It is essential to put some thought into the makeup of a city's rulers, and to have the rulers' characteristics developed before the PCs come to a city and want to know about what they're getting into. You don't have to tell players everything at once, of course, but you should have all the facts worked out so that what you do reveal to them is consistent with other facts they may have learned or heard about. In a wilderness adventure or a dungeon expedition, you may be able to get away with making up some things as you go along. In a city adventure, it's much more difficult to "wing it" on a large scale, because you're dealing with an environment that is much more complex than an expanse of wilderness or a collection of rooms in a dungeon.

You may want to draw your officials' personalities from personages you have come to know through novels, movies, or history books. The rulers of Europe in the Middle Ages are rich with character, motivations, and foibles. You might be more familiar with leaders from the modern era—and you don't have to limit yourself to people who actually are or were leaders in government and politics. (Imagine how interesting it might be for PCs to enter a city governed by someone modeled after Al Capone or—at the other extreme—someone like Gandhi.)

Another source for creating full-bodied rulers is the NPC generation system in the AD&D® game *Dungeon Masters Guide*. In lieu of those tables, the following lists of traits can be used as a starting point to help you flesh out your city officials or to help create city officials quickly. Please note that the characteristics listed on the tables are only a few of the traits a leader might possess; many, many more are possible.

d100 roll Alignment of ruler(s)

01-15	Lawful good
16-30	Neutral good
31-40	Chaotic good
41-70	Neutral
71-75	Chaotic neutral
76-85	Lawful neutral

86-92	Lawful evil
93-97	Neutral evil
98-00	Chaotic evil

If an official's alignment is lawful good, neutral good, or chaotic good, roll on the following table (use d3 and d10) to help determine the official's personality traits. Roll three to five times for each official, discarding or rerolling traits which are not compatible.

1 Trustworthy	16 Cowardly
2 Considerate	17 Truthful
3 Understanding	18 Progressive
4 Domineering	19 Boastful
5 Generous	20 Open-minded
6 Scholarly	21 Optimistic
7 Proud	22 Even-tempered
8 Intelligent	23 Lazy
9 Energetic	24 Selfish/greedy
10 Honorable	25 Brave
11 Moody	26 Covetous
12 Temperamental	27 Shy
13 Virtuuous	28 Bold
14 Foolhardy	29 Loud
15 Aggressive	30 Passionate

Rulers who are chaotic neutral, neutral, or lawful neutral could have traits from the following table. Reroll or ignore traits which are in conflict.

1 Moody	16 Curious
2 Fearless	17 Cowardly
3 Intelligent	18 Gracious
4 Selfish/greedy	19 Haughty
5 Considerate	20 Warlike
6 Hot-tempered	21 Easygoing
7 Indecisive	22 Power-hungry
8 Diplomatic	23 Rude
9 Well-spoken	24 Driven
10 Careless	25 Soft-hearted
11 Kind	26 Foolhardy
12 Covetous	27 Brave
13 Unpredictable	28 Talkative
14 Compassionate	29 Humorous
15 Aggressive	30 Flamboyant

Officials who are lawful evil, neutral evil, or chaotic evil could have three to five traits from the following table. Again, reroll or ignore traits which conflict.

1 Malevolent	16 Brave
2 Greedy	17 Cowardly
3 Diplomatic	18 Scheming
4 Well-educated	19 Dishonest
5 Immoral	20 Egotistical
6 Vengeful	21 Jealous

7 Warlike	22 Power-hungry
8 Progressive	23 Cautious
9 Driven	24 Covetous
10 Lazy	25 Insensitive
11 Unpredictable	26 Maniacal
12 Flamboyant	27 Devious
13 Bold	28 Domineering
14 Secretive	29 Harsh
15 Deceptive	30 Cruel

Adding a Title

Each city official should have a title or two. A title will set the NPC leader above the rest of the populace and will help identify the NPC's role to player characters visiting the city. There are a great many titles to choose from, and you can probably think of at least a couple of dozen right away. A thesaurus is a good place to look for a long list of titles that people have given to their rulers. When assigning a title to a ruler, be sure it is consistent with the type of government and the personality or background of the ruler(s). For instance, it's improbable that the leaders of an oligarchy would all have the title of King, and the head official in a modest farming community would probably not be called Pharaoh.

Adding Depth

To more fully flesh out city officials, consider creating strengths, weaknesses, and a colorful background.

Strengths: Every official, in fact every character, has strengths integral to his or her being. A compassionate king's greatest strength might be his popularity. With the people behind him, peasants and nobles alike, he will have a strong reign, and those who oppose him will be easily defeated. The leader in a militocracy might have a brilliant military mind as his greatest strength. Perhaps this leader could unerringly lead troops against a neighboring city threatening war. Perhaps the strength of a leader in a democracy is his wisdom and an uncanny ability to make the correct judgment in establishing public policy. The strengths of a ruler are in many respects the strengths of a city, and should be fairly apparent to PCs who live in or visit the city.

Weaknesses: Every ruler should have at least one major weakness, which can add interest to city campaigns and could play a significant part in adventures where PCs come into conflict with the ruler or must aid him. Such a weakness could be a phobia,



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many of which are listed in the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. A ruler's weaknesses do not have to be as obvious as his strengths and could present a challenge for the PCs to discover. For example, perhaps a king refuses to consider new ideas because he fears the unknown. Because of this weakness, the city is not progressing, staying rooted in its age-old ways of operating. For the city to move forward, the ruler's weakness must be identified and overcome. Perhaps the weakness of an evil, tyrannical queen is her overconfidence. Discovering this could be the key to defeating her and freeing her subjects.

Influences: Does anything influence the ruler? Is he motivated to gain more wealth? Is he influenced by the opinions and advice of the wealthy in the city, ignoring the commoners' wishes? Is he influenced by the stars, putting his faith in astrology and seers? Perhaps the ruler has an attachment to mysticism, seeing events as omens which affect his plans for the city. Or maybe the ruler is wishy-washy, allowing himself to be influenced by many different forces at different times, which causes him to frequently change city policies.

Background: How did the ruler come into power? Was he elected? Did he overthrow the previous government, which causes him to be fearful of the same thing happening to him? Is he the last in a line of monarchs descended from the founder of the city?

Keeping the Power: How does the city's ruler retain his power? Is he popular enough with the people, or does he have a fair enough government that there is no serious threat to depose him? If he is a tyrant, does he have magical protection or an elite force of bodyguards to keep him on the throne? Is the ruler well defended or protected with wards and other magical devices?

A Ruler with Class: Perhaps the city's top official or officials are former adventurers. Making a ruler a member of a character class is not necessary, but doing so will give an official more hit points, a better armor class—especially if he has magic armor or protection devices from his adventuring days—and an edge in defending himself. In addition, it gives the official something in common with the player characters.

Abilities: You should determine what languages the ruler speaks and writes and what proficiencies the ruler has.

Underlings: The larger the town or city, the more officials the government will have. Because of that, you must determine how many underlings, or lesser officials, a ruler has. The number also should be dependent on the makeup of the ruler. An overconfident ruler who doesn't want to share power will have fewer officials under him than a ruler who recognizes the need for more administrators.

Favoritism: It is possible that a ruler might favor a segment of the population and create laws to benefit them. For example, a ruler who is partial to the wealthy could tax them less. Or a ruler who favors adventurers could look the other way if adventurers break a few laws.

Housing: You will have to determine if the ruler lives within the city walls or in an estate outside the city. Does he live in a castle, manor house, expensive apartment, fortified home? If applicable, you should decide how the manor or estate is protected. Planning this in advance will make it easier to deal with PCs who want to confront the ruler. It is a good idea to set aside a few of the building fold-ups which you can combine to create a ruler's estate. Determining which street layouts are around the estate will help you determine what kind of security the leader's office or residence has. Is it surrounded by other buildings (which would make a sneak attack easier to pull off), or does it stand alone on a hilltop (so that no one can approach unseen)?

Protection: You also must decide if the ruler has bodyguards, and if so how many and of what level. In addition, you should take into consideration magic protection. Even if the ruler is not of an adventuring class, he could still have magic items or protective devices to help keep him from harm.

Ties to the Military: Another consideration is the ruler's link to the military. In a militocracy, the city's leader is also the leader of the military. In other forms of government there may be other officials in charge of the military or city guards, and there may be several steps or layers of authority between the ruler and the military.

Popularity: One of the most important aspects of a ruler is how the populace views him. Is he a popular ruler? Is the populace split with a few classes favoring him and a few hoping for a new leader? Or do most of the people hope for a new leader?

"It's not bad stew," Athormis said, running a piece of bread around the bottom of the bowl to get the last bit. "But let's go someplace for dinner that serves duck. Boliver, your turn to pick up the bill." The dwarf threw a gold piece on the table, which was more than enough to pay for several meals at the inn, and the pair walked out to continue their exploration of Sauter.

"You know, Boliver," Athormis continued, "I really wish we would have known that White William was with the government. We could have asked him to eat with us. I wager we could have found out all manner of information about this city and the people who run it, their strengths and weaknesses, their plans. It would have been a fascinating conversation. Maybe we'll run into him again."

"Don't wager on it," Boliver said, dragging the mage toward a weaponsmith. "City's too big. And besides, he's an elf. I've never been overly fond of elves."

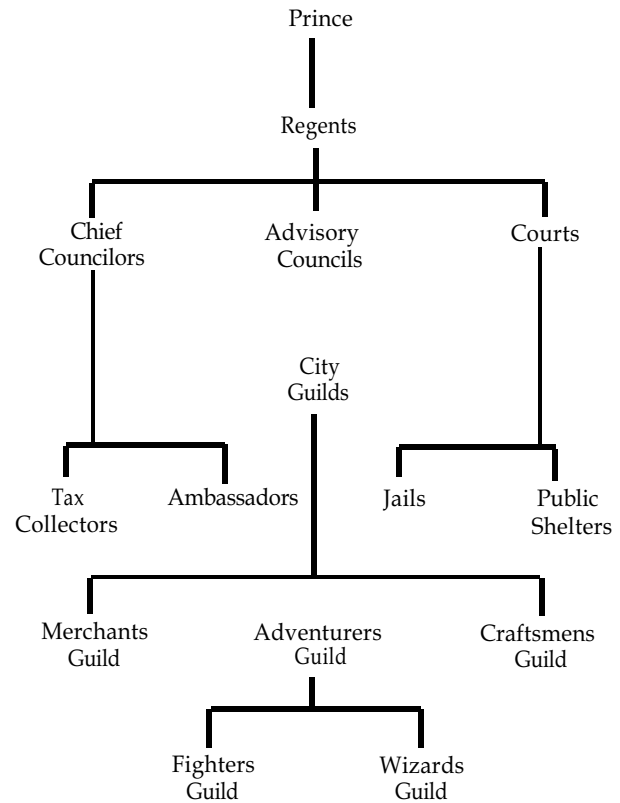
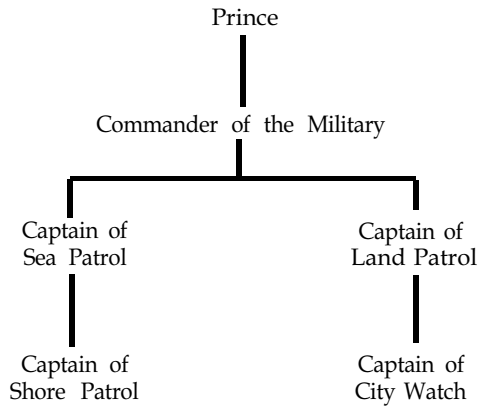
AN ELEMENT OF THE FANTASTIC

Although the majority of officials in your campaign should be human, half-elf, elf, or a member of one of the other humanoid races, a few officials could have a fantastic nature. Perhaps a silver dragon *polymorphed* into human form is the leader of a mountain town. Maybe a doppelganger has taken the place of a small-town mayor and has been running the town for the past few years. Or perhaps a lich or other evil creature is the ruler of a sprawling city and has an army of goblins and other creatures at his command. Whatever or whoever you decide to establish as a "fantastic" ruler should be unique and well crafted. And above all else, there should be few of these unique rulers. If monster-leaders are commonplace, there will be nothing fantastic about them.



CHARTING THE GOVERNMENT

Example: Oligarchy



One of the easiest ways to visualize the chain of command for any form of government you assign to a town or city is to create a tree of power, or an outline, as shown on this page, detailing which officials have the most power and showing whom they report to.

Creating such an outline for each major city and town that PCs frequently visit will help you keep the forms of government straight between your many communities. Each chart could also bear the names of the important NPCs you have assigned to various positions. In addition, if you choose to make information from the charts available to the players interested in your cities' governments, they will be able to easily tell which PCs their characters need to seek out when dealing with various aspects of the government. This also will help them keep the officials' names straight, especially if

their characters frequently visit several towns and cities.

Not all outlines will have the same structure. A democracy will have a different outline from a monarchy, which will have a different outline from an oligarchy, which will have a different outline from a military, and so forth. You likely will have to develop a different basic chart for each type of government you use.

The example here shows the possible outline for an oligarchy ruled by two brothers. The princes share power equally, and they are over everyone else in the government and in the city. Immediately beneath them are the commander of the city's military forces and the regents, the latter of whom oversee the chief counselors, the courts, and the advisory councils. Beneath the councils are the city guild council and harbor master. Beneath the chief counselors

are the ambassadors and tax collectors. And beneath the courts are the jails and public shelters. In addition, the major guilds are beneath the guild council. There are other guilds which report to the major guilds, but they are not listed.

You could choose to go beyond a basic chart such as this, creating additional charts for the military, merchants, courts, ship yards, and other areas within a city. In addition, you could create two charts for a city's government. The first chart would show the governmental structure as the public perceives it, complete with the names of officials. This chart would be available to the players. A second chart, which only you or your players whose characters are within the government would see, would detail the actual power structure and would reveal the real authority in the city, such as the power behind a puppet monarch.



THE CITY'S DEFENSES

Boliver stuck his new silvered throwing hammer in his backpack and waited for Athormis to buy a dagger. The mage was particular about his weapons, even though the dwarf considered a dagger scant defense. Athormis turned the dagger over and over in his long fingers before sheathing it at his waist. "All right. I'm ready," the mage said.

They walked out onto the city streets, where Boliver bumped into a uniformed guard. "Excuse me," the dwarf said, his face turning scarlet. "I wasn't watching where I was going, sir." The guard simply nodded and walked away to join another guard on patrol in the merchants district.

"Whew," Boliver said. "I've been in places where guards would accuse you of trying to pick their pockets or something. I wonder if there are a lot of guards here?"

"Oh, I do hope so," Athormis answered. "I feel safer in a city with a good, sturdy wall and plenty of guards around. Remember, we're toting considerable wealth around with us, and the presence of guards keeps our wealth that much safer. Maybe we should find a jeweler and exchange some of our gold for a few small but fine gems. Gems are easier to conceal and aren't as heavy."

"I hate to agree with you, Athormis, but you're right. I guess I do feel better with a few guards walking the streets. Every place needs some form of defense to make the citizens feel secure and to prevent the community from being overrun by invaders, disgruntled citizens, and ill-tempered adventurers—ourselves excluded, of course. A good defense prevents rowdy characters from walking into a village and doing whatever they please. And a defense, such as a militia, can also provide a good source of employment between adventures. Remember about eight years ago when we were in Delmarr and were hired on as guard sergeants? Ahhh, those were the days. . . ."

The Military

The size of a militia will depend on many factors, including the size of the population, the makeup of the community's leaders, and the community's stance with surrounding

villages, towns, and cities. For example, a city that has an uneasy relationship with its neighbors probably would have a large militia or more than one military force. A town whose ruler is frightened of potential threats from the outside also likely would have a comparatively large force. However, a town that has good relations with its neighbors, has never been invaded, and has a confident leader might have just a small militia.

Hamlets and small villages might have no protection other than the citizens themselves (principally, but perhaps not exclusively, the healthy adult males), who band together when a threat is posed. These citizens might also serve as the community's watch, taking turns patrolling the area. In addition, perhaps there is a community plan in which all the men rally to the community's defense if an alarm is sounded. However, it is also possible that a hamlet or small village will have a fairly well organized defense force, especially if the community has enemies.

Larger villages, towns, and cities should have better defenses because more people live there, there are more merchants who demand protection, and there are public buildings which officials will demand be defended. One of the major reasons people live in communities is for protection. And the larger the community, the more defenses and the larger the militia it will have. However, size of the militia is again dependent on some of the factors mentioned above, such as the confidence level of the community officials. Villages, towns, and cities also could have walls, a moat, magic, or perhaps a friendly creature or monster to help defend them.

You must select the added defenses for your communities in part based on each community's location. For example, a town on an arid plain is not likely to be protected by a moat (unless there is some fantastic reason for the water not evaporating). A frigid northern village is not going to be protected by a friendly monster that is native to warm climes. And player characters are not likely to see a village in the swamp surrounded by a thick stone wall—unless the ground in that part of the swamp is unusually solid (thanks to magic?). A little bit of common sense will help you develop your communities' defenses.

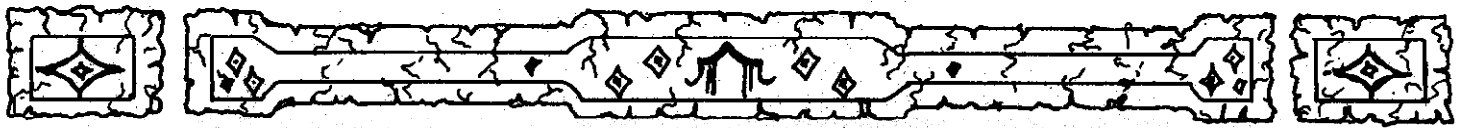
Following is a table you can consult for ideas on how a community might be defended. It also can be used to randomly generate

defenses. After the table are explanations of the types of defenses and guidelines for the size of militias.

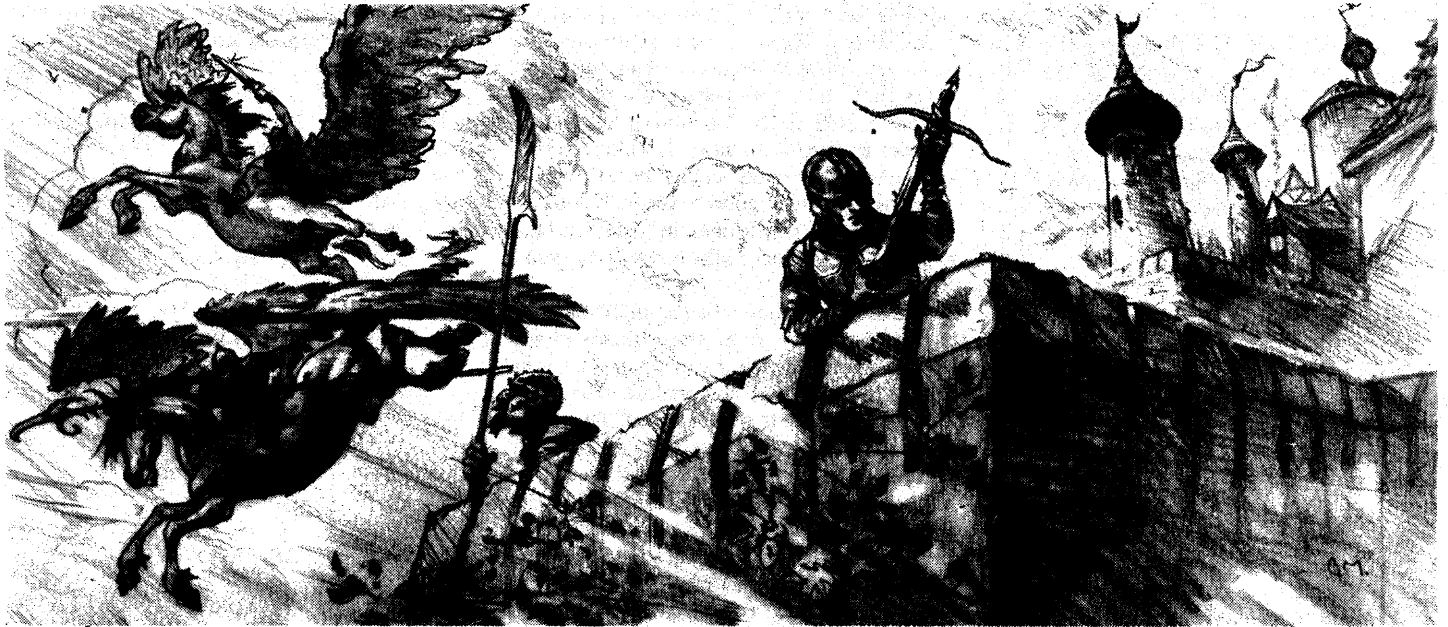
d100 roll	Type(s) of Defense
01-07	None
08-34	S only
35	S, M
36-50	S, CW
51	S, CW, M
52-59	S, W
60	S, W, M
61-71	S, W, CW
72	S, W, CW, M
73-75	F M only
76	FM, M
77-79	FM, CW
80	FM, CW, M
81-82	FM, CW, W
83	FM, W, CW, M
84-85	AP only
86	AP, M
87-88	AP, S
89	AP, S, M
90-92	AP, S, CW
93	AP, S, CW, M
94-96	AP, C, CW, W
97	AP, S, CW, W, M
98-99	AP, S, FM, CW, W
00	AP, S, FM, CW, W, M

S = Sentries/Guards/Militia: The most common form of defense a community will have is men trained to defend the public. From a hamlet, where a few residents act as sentries and volunteer defenders, to a large city with several guard forces, these men will be the first to combat whatever problems arise. There should be a base of 1 guard per 150 residents, with a minimum of 3 guards. If the community is on peaceful terms with its neighbors and has no known enemies, there will be 1 guard per 200 residents, with a minimum of 3 guards. If, however, the community is on uneasy terms with its neighbors, or has unrest within its own boundaries, there will be 1 guard per 100 residents, with a minimum of 5 guards.

Communities with less than 5,000 residents are not likely to have an army (militia), unless the community has known enemies or feels threatened. In an army, there should be a base of 25 soldiers per 1,000 residents. This number will double, triple, or quadruple, depending on the severity of the threat posed against the community. A standing army is responsible for patrolling a community's boundaries and the surrounding lands.



THE CITY'S DEFENSES



You must also consider the makeup of the forces. A village could have a guard force made up of 0-level humans, while a large town might have more than one force, each of which consists of personnel ranging from 0-level humans through 5th level fighters, with the higher-level NPCs having commanding roles. The larger a community is, the better chance that it will have relatively high-level characters in its militia.

You should consider specifically creating the NPCs who are in leading roles in a city's militia or guard force, since it is likely that player characters will interact with them. Rowdy PCs unwinding in a tavern after a long adventure could find themselves up against the leader of the guards. Or, PCs wanting to find work between adventures might have to deal with some of the higher-ups in the community's army.

CW = City Wall: This is one of the best defenses a city can create. A tall, sturdy wall made of brick, stone, or clay can serve a variety of purposes. Sentries standing on parapets along the wall can regulate who enters and leaves the city; can get a good view of the surrounding area and spot potential attackers at a distance; and can even survey the city, keeping an eye out for lawbreakers, fires, and trouble. In times of attack, guards and members of the city's militia can stand along the wall, raining arrows, spears, and oil on the assailants and

using the wall for cover.

How wealthy a community is and what kind of labor force it has will help determine how much the wall encompasses. For example, a wealthy community with a large work force could have a wall that circles the entire city. Other cities might only have a wall around a portion of the city, such as where the wealthy) merchants, city officials, and public buildings are located. A city that is small in area is likely to have more of its territory protected by walls than a city whose territory is sprawling and perhaps oddly shaped (it's easier to build straight walls than it is to make curved ones, or ones with lots of corners).

W= Water: A moat, especially one that is wide and deep and filled with water, will serve some of the same functions as a city wall. A moat will slow invaders, who must deal with the water before they can effectively attack the city. It will help the city regulate who enters and leaves, since people must either cross at designated spots or be good swimmers. Sentries stationed around the moat could watch the people going in and out of the city, being automatically suspicious of people choosing to swim rather than walk across at designated points.

In addition, you could choose to populate your water-filled moats for an extra defense by adding alligators, giant pikes, eels, lam preys, gars, quippers, giant crayfish, or

water snakes. Some moats might be filled with substances other than water, such as long spikes or viscous oil that can be set on fire. Or, a moat could be left empty—just a deep, wide ditch that visitors and enemies must contend with.

Another option for defense is to locate a town or city on an island in a lake or a river. This has the same effect as a water-filled moat, in that people must deal with the water to get to the city, and it also provides a source of fresh water and a foundation for some industries, such as fishing.

FM = Friendly Monster: You should restrict the number of communities that have friendly monsters or friendly creatures as guards so these cities can retain their fantastic nature. However, having a few communities that are guarded by such creatures will add fun to the campaign and could be a source of interaction with the player characters. First, there must be a reason why the creature is helping to protect the city. Perhaps the city official is a former adventurer who saved the creature's life, and the monster is expressing its gratitude. Maybe the good-aligned creature or monster likes humankind and does not want any ill to befall this particular community. Perhaps there is a joint agreement for protection, with the creature helping to defend the city in exchange for the city's militia agreeing to help defend it and its lair.



THE CITY'S DEFENSES

Here are some suggestions for good-aligned creatures or monsters that might serve as effective defenders for a community because of their special abilities: dragon (brass, bronze, copper, gold, silver), dragonne, genie, giant (cloud or storm), kirin, lammasu, androsphinx, and treant.

There are many other monsters you could consider, based on the game system you are using. Remember, the friendly monster might not always be obvious. For example, a village protected by a few treants might not appear to be guarded at all. However, people posing a threat to the village's safety could soon find themselves surrounded and entangled by trees. A city could appear to have only a lone sentry on the wall. However, an invading force would quickly learn the "lone sentry's" breath weapon is devastating—an instant after the silver dragon reassumes its natural form. The *polymorph* ability doesn't need to be innate; in return for some great favor or as a way of expressing their gratitude to the city for some reason, a friendly monster might be willing to subject itself to a spell that causes it to appear human. In most cases, shapechanging or concealing monster guards is probably a good idea, because cities with monster guards that are obvious could soon become the targets of non-good people who equate treasure and power with killing monsters.

You should also consider evil creatures for guarding cities with evil rulers. Such guards could include dragons (especially black, green, and red), bugbears, gargoyles, evil giants, and assorted undead. Again, there are ways to make these monsters, which indeed could be friendly to the city's rulers, seem something other than what they really are.

Even cities with good-aligned rulers might have evil creatures guarding them, if the people in power have a way to control those creatures.

M= Magic: Many possibilities exist for defending a city with magic. If there are mid- to high-level mages, clerics, and illusionists in residence, they can be called into action when the city is threatened. Perhaps the leaders have such spell casters in their employ and will routinely have the clerics cast *wyvern watch* at specified areas outside the gates in the evening, or have mages *wizard lock* a few key gates. *Magic mouth* spells could warn people away after certain hours. And high-level illusionists casting

programmed illusions could scare away people after dark.

Golems created by high-level mages and clerics make powerful sentries. An *aerial servant* conjured by a cleric could keep many enemies at bay.

Magic items are also useful in helping to protect a city. For example, a *ring of djinni summoning* can bring forth a high-powered protector, a *bowl of commanding water elementals* can make a city's moat very deadly, and a few *ropes of entanglement* in the hands of sentries can make short work of enemies. The possibilities are limited only by your imagination.

However, it is important that you regulate the use of magic as a defense. A small village isn't likely to have many (if any) high-level spellcasters to come to its aid. And magic items are not easy to come by; not every town surrounded by a moat will have a *bowl of commanding water elementals*. For city-design purposes, magic used as a city's method of defense should be treated like friendly monsters: if it isn't used commonly as a defense, it will be considered special and more fun for the players when their characters encounter a community that uses it.

AP = Air Patrol: Air patrols (sometimes a branch of magic defense) can consist of a few sentries periodically taking *potions of flying*, flying spellcasters, or guards on winged mounts. If a city has several alchemists or mages to concoct the mixtures, it might be a common procedure to have sentries imbibe *potions of flying* and scout the area. Mages in the city's employ might regularly fly invisibly around certain vulnerable locations. In addition, a few specially trained guards might possess *rings of flying* which aid them in their patrol of the city and surrounding lands; Cities with a budget to afford expensive magic items might place a few guard forces on *carpets of flying* which can be seen flitting about the city's neighborhoods or hovering above the city's walls.

Flying mounts can be used more often than many magic items and can last longer than *fly* spells. A city with a stable of pegasi, hippogriffs, griffons, or giant eagles has a formidable air patrol.

Adding a flying patrol can also improve a city's image and make it a place bards sing about and storytellers spin yarns about. It could be an attractive environment for player characters who enjoy the fantastic ele-

ment the city boasts.

Combinations: The most natural combination of defenses is a militia and a city wall, or a militia, a city wall, and a moat. These are things that can be created by normal people—which make up the bulk of the population of any city. Creating other combinations, such as those suggested in the tables, will also work well to defend a city, but the combination should: make sense when the size, location, and governmental nature of the city are taken into consideration.

The PCs' Role: To help make player characters feel like they belong in the community, they could be called upon to help defend it. Perhaps the PCs are part-time city guards or serve in the militia between adventures. Taking part in the city's defense will help the PCs learn more about the city and your campaign. In addition, scenarios can be built around the problem of defending the city. If the PCs are mid-level or above, the leader of a city or the NPC in charge of the city's defense could ask them to serve as a special defense force that would take on assignments too tough for normal militiamen. Serving in the militia would also be a source of inner conflict for player characters, and could test their alignments. For example, there could be a wonderfully deep dungeon filled with monsters and treasure that is just waiting to be explored. But it is going to have to wait a little longer, since PCs must serve another month in the militia before they can get time off.



FABRICATING A HISTORY

"Boliver, look at that statue. The bronze one at the end of the merchants district. It intrigues me. Maybe it has something to do with the city's history. I'm going to find out what it's about."

"Well, my friend, you go do that. See the tavern about a block from that enchanting statue of yours? That's where I'm going. You spend all the time you like studying the statue. I'll study a few tankards of ale. Come and get me when you're done with your history lesson."

The mage continued down the street to the statue of six figures—a tall male elven ranger, a male half-elven fighter, two female human clerics, and two other males, one of whom could have been of nearly any adventuring class, and the other who was obviously a spellcaster. The ranger looked vaguely familiar, but Athormis couldn't place him. The statue was probably a few hundred years old. A bronze sign beneath it read: "In memory of Sauter's Adventurers and Founders. The city lives in their memory." The mage reached out and touched the cool metal arm of the ranger and then went to join his companion in the tavern.

Establishing a history for a city will help you understand the city you are creating and will help you add color to it, populate it, and create adventures centered on it.

In the steps you have taken in the creation process so far, you have already gone a long way toward defining your city's history. Its location, its present population, and the type of government its people live under are facts that all have a great bearing on how the city began and how it developed. Now it's time to build more facts on top of those and give your city a past—make it exist in time as well as in space.

The age of the community is one of the most important basic facts you must now decide. If a town of humans has existed for less than two hundred years, it will probably have a rich and full history. Several generations of families will have lived there, passing down knowledge from one generation to the next, so that present-day residents will know all about the area and how the community came into being.

If the community is older than two hundred years, its history will be that much deeper—but there's also the possibility that

certain facts about its early existence have been lost in antiquity. In such a case, PCs might be approached by a sage who asks them to undertake an expedition to find a lost relic that will explain when and how the city came into being.

In contrast, a young community will naturally lack a lengthy history, and its people will not be as rooted to the land, still retaining some ties to their native communities. Knowing the age of the city you are creating will help you determine how lengthy and how detailed its history should be.

Tracing The Roots

After you assign an age to a city, you must determine what caused it to spring into being. Did the largest city on your continent start out as a humble fishing village that quickly turned into a major port? Maybe the city began as a farming community which concentrated on raising grains and then evolved into a trade center with farming now as a minor industry.

Player characters might be interested in who founded the city. A collection of fishermen or farmers? A group of adventurous pioneers who braved the hardships of the land and fought off a band of goblins which laired where the city now stands?

Maybe (as discussed above) the origin and age of a city are mysterious. The city residents and the residents of neighboring communities do not know how long it has been there. No one knows how it came into being, who founded it, or what caused someone to locate a city on that spot. This is all well and good—but you still have to know these facts, even if the residents don't.

You must also consider the initial mix of people who lived in the community as it was beginning. For example, a village nestled in the woods along the banks of a river originally could have been the home for a few hundred wood elves. However, something might have happened early in the village's life to cause the wood elves to disappear. Perhaps the ancestors of the humans who now live in the village drove them off, and the wood elves who live nearby resent the humans and avoid the village. Or perhaps a band of monsters drove the wood elves from their home, and the human adventurers who defeated the monsters are credited with establishing the village.

Another example: Perhaps a city started out as a human trading settlement, but

through the years demihumans moved in. It might be common to see dwarves, elves, gnomes, halflings, and humans walking together on the city streets, the tolerance for each other's races having grown through the years. A history for a community will help justify the current makeup of the population and the population's view toward strangers and members of other races.

You should also consider if the government of a city has changed through the decades. Did a city which began as a humble farming village, where everyone had a say in the day-to-day operations, retain the democratic form of government as it evolved and grew? Or is that city now ruled by a monarchy, and if so when did the form of government change? Charting the course of a city's government will help explain which groups of people support the current government and which groups wish for an alternative.

It does not take long to construct a brief history. You might want to consult other gaming products which feature cities to get ideas on how to create a history. For example, *The FORGOTTEN REALMS™* campaign setting contains a history in which major events are listed in a timeline. If your campaign world has some sort of calendar (and it ought to), you can establish dates when certain events occurred in a city's history. Alternatively, you can simply count backward from the present time (after determining when a city came into being) and then locate events at various points during the time that has elapsed since the settlement was founded. Significant events could include invasions, changes in the government, dates when famous dignitaries visited the city, major expansions, sweeping losses in the population because of disease, large festivals that drew people from miles away, and major disasters such as earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, or hurricanes.

Perhaps patterns exist in the city's history, such as a major earthquake hitting the area every 50 to 60 years, or the city being invaded by a band of fighters from the north every 20 years. Player characters interested in a city's history could note these events and try to take precautions so history won't repeat itself. Maybe the PCs are not able to do something about earthquakes or other natural occurrences, but they certainly can go into the mountains to see if the band of fighters is planning another raid.



MAKEUP OF THE POPULATION

Inside the tavern were a few dozen patrons—half-elves, humans, two halflings, and a gray-bearded dwarf. Athormis pulled up a chair next to the dwarf and waved to the barkeep. “Fruit juice, please.”

The dwarf looked embarrassed. “Athormis, couldn’t you have at least ordered wine?”

“Too early in the day, Boliver. Besides, I want to keep my wits sharp. There’s so much to see in this city. I do believe it was founded by a group of adventurers, or so says the plaque next to that statue I studied. This is a fascinating place. Just look at this tavern. There are people of several races in here, and they’re all getting along.”

“Imagine that,” the dwarf said sarcastically as he upended his mug of ale. “Yes, I’ve noticed it, too. This city, like most of the others we’ve been in, is dominated by humans. But this city has a good mix of races. I like it here.”

of classes from city to city; for example, establishing a higher percentage of lower-class residents in one city than in another.

Upper Class: This can include the city’s rulers, nobility, wealthy landowners, shipping magnates, and very wealthy merchants. Almost always, the upper class will comprise the smallest percentage of the population. These are the elite, and if there are too many of them, they lose their elite status.

Middle Class: Lesser city officials, leaders of the city’s guilds, rich merchants, ship captains, successful artisans and craftsmen, and well-to-do farmers fall into this category. In some cities, the bulk of the population is considered middle class. However, in other cities the middle class could comprise a third or less of the population, with the largest percentage of the population falling into the lower class.

Lower Class: This consists of poor farmers, sailors, journeymen, tradesmen, poor artisans and craftsmen, poor merchants, laborers, and any other persons who can’t be defined as belonging to a higher class.

Adventurers usually will fit into the middle class or lower class, depending on their economic condition as of their last adventure. Although some adventurers, including the player characters, could have enough wealth to put them in the upper-class bracket, they might not be considered as such.

The Population’s Age

Although most communities have residents of all ages, some communities have a predominant age bracket. If you choose to have a few towns or cities with a predominant age bracket, you should point it out to player characters who visit—it is a fact that is fairly noticeable. For example, a community which has stagnated or is on the decline, with few employment possibilities for the residents, might have a higher than average proportion of elderly people. (The young people might have moved to other cities to look for work.) Or perhaps you could create a town where there is an inordinate number of young people. (A plague might have wiped out most of the elderly.)

Predominant Races

Some cities in your campaign could be melting pots, where people of all races and ages come together for mutual protection

and to earn a living. Such cities likely will be along a coast or other major travel route where it is easy for people to journey there, and they likely will have relatively large populations.

However, many cities with a fantasy or medieval flavor will have a predominant race or heritage. For example, humans could make up the majority of the population in many of a DM’s cities. This could further be broken down into types of humans, such as fair-skinned, light-haired humans from the north; dark-skinned, dark-haired humans from the south; or tall, muscular, deep-voiced humans from the west. The same can apply to other races. For example, one town could be composed predominantly of wood elves, another high elves, and yet another half-elves.

In addition to the predominant race in a city, you must determine additional races present, with the overall mix of the population making sense. In the AD&D® game, dwarves and elves do not necessarily get along. Therefore, it would not make much sense to have a community made up of large numbers of dwarves and high elves—unless there existed a fantastic reason why the races are coexisting.

A city’s population base will also help determine how the player characters fit in. A city composed solely of humans might be suspicious of a group of player character adventurers who are dwarves, halflings, and gnomes. Or a community of dwarves could snub visiting player character elves.

You also must decide if “monster” races such as lizard men and half-orcs are allowed to walk the street. People live in a community in part for protection, so it is likely that they will not tolerate monsters walking around in their merchant quarters. However, you may allow such monster races in some of your cities, especially if there are valid reasons for their presence. For example, a band of neutral lizard men live a few miles from a trading community and once a month come to town to do business. Perhaps a city will allow members of such races to visit if they obtain permits or licenses or if some residents within the community will vouch for them.

The existence of demihumans in the AD&D® game universe gives you a tremendous opportunity to create a distinctive mix of residents for each of the cities you design—leading to a different atmosphere in every community the PCs visit.

Social Classes

There are three basic social classes: lower, middle, and upper. You might want to consider adding a fourth class, the nobility. Another possibility is to further break down the classes into divisions, with two (lower/upper) or three (lower/middle/upper) subclasses within each major section. It is up to you how many classes exist in your cities, but it is certain that some kind of class structure prevails. Among any group of people, there will always be haves and have-nots, even if the difference between the two groups is relatively small. At the very least, in any community with a government, there will be leaders and nonleaders—and in an anarchy, the richest and/or strongest members of the group will quickly establish themselves as the upper class, even if they aren’t actual leaders. It is also important that you mix the percentages



TAXES: A WAY OF LIFE

Few communities can exist without a tax structure to pay for public improvements, civic programs, the military, and the salaries of the leaders. Because of that, you will have to establish at least a rudimentary tax system for your major cities and the communities the player characters frequent.

To make the tax system easy to deal with, you could have all communities within a country adopt the same basic system. However, some communities might have taxes beyond the basic system, to support a growing army or the expensive tastes of a monarch.

Taxes are frequently something that player characters (and some DMs) do not think about. But the characters will learn about them quickly—and with mixed emotions—when taxes become a practice added to the campaign. It is possible that taxes will not affect player characters who travel from town to town, calling no place home. However, player characters who have a city or a town as a base of operations should be taxed like any nonadventuring resident. And traveling characters who keep some of their treasure in local banks or holding establishments also will be affected.

To prevent taxation from becoming a game detail that bogs down a campaign with unnecessary paperwork, you could levy taxes only once or twice a year and charge every resident a straight percentage of all their earnings and accumulated wealth, such as 5% or 10%. Taxing property as well as cash will keep player characters from spending all their gold pieces on items which they hope are not taxable.

However, you might want to adopt a tax system which affects classes of people differently. If a city's ruler favors the wealthy, the city might only tax members of the upper class 5%, and members of the middle and lower classes 10%. A city with a democratic form of government could tax everyone equally or could tax people according to their ability to pay—charging the rich 10% or more, the middle class 5%, and the lower class even less.

A city run by syndics could develop a tax structure involving the mercantile system. Farmers bringing grain to market could be charged by the wagonload, shop owners could be taxed on the goods in their store and on the income they receive, and peddlers could be taxed on the goods they want to sell and be charged a fee for a peddler's license. Player characters could be affected by the taxes, although not directly. Goods

could cost more in the community because of taxes; a sword a player character would pay 25 gp for in one town could cost twice as much in this community. And player characters trying to sell or trade some of the treasure they accumulated on their last adventure might be faced with merchants' taxes or be charged with breaking the law.

If you choose to have groups of people taxed differently in a community, you may want to place a stiff tax burden on adventurers. Many government officials, especially those who are former adventurers, realize that adventurers are frequently laden with gems, gold, and magic items that they have picked up in a nearby dungeon. These officials could see adventurers, including the player characters, as targets for special taxes—based on, of course, the fact that adventurers are more wealthy than the majority of the town's citizens. In such an instance, the government might choose to charge recognized adventurers a tax of 20% or more. This will certainly get the player characters to notice the tax system and other aspects of your cities. To take the tax system one step further, you could opt to tax magic items—with everyone paying a specified fee for each magic item they possess. However, you must be careful that you do not tax the city residents or the player characters too heavily, or your city will be faced with the threat of revolution or never will be visited by the player characters again.

To back up a tax system, each city must have laws to punish the offenders and ways to enforce the tax system and the laws. For example, a city run by a council of priests should have little trouble assigning clerics to go to the homes of people suspected of tax fraud and question them about their wealth and belongings (obtaining truthful information through *detect lie* spells and other magics). Or, a city which has a tax on magic items should have a means to ascertain who has magic and how much of it is possessed. A staff of low-level mages and clerics or a few officials with *wands of magic detection* should be able to find out where the magic is.

Tax rates also could be affected by events taking place in a community. If a war is brewing and a town needs to raise money for arms, and to feed and clothe its soldiers, taxes could go up. Or if the city rulers want to build more public buildings, a special tax could be created for that purpose.

How elaborate a tax system becomes will

depend on how much time you want to put in on it. You must be careful to not let a tax system take a commanding position within your city and mirror the real world too much, however, because players could soon become bored and decide to stay in the wilderness.

To add some variety without making things much more complex, think about unusual taxes or fees that a particular city might assess. A town might prohibit the wearing of weapons by civilians—unless the person is willing to pay a fee for the right to keep his sword strapped to his side. Another city has tax collectors stationed at all of the major street intersections, where they collect a small amount of money from everyone who wants to walk or ride down that street (the world's first tollway system?).

Taxes can also serve as an avenue for adventure. An oppressive city ruler can become obsessed with taxes—layering one tax on top of another until the city's poorer residents seek the player characters' help. A revolution could be in order. Or a city's tax money could be stolen by outside forces. If the player characters are not able to recover the money, another tax will have to be assessed to pay for the upkeep of the city's army. From a different angle, a town's new ruler, who campaigned to abolish taxes, did just that when he was elected to office. Although the populace initially liked the idea (and many within the city walls still do), the situation will cause havoc. Public improvements will fall by the wayside. And it is a mystery how the city officials will be paid. It could be up to the player characters to straighten out the mess and get the government and the tax system back on the right path. You can also set up the city's chief tax collector as a nemesis for the PCs, creating adventures around the collector's attempts to tax them.



A CITY'S BUILDING BLOCKS

To add more depth and realism to fantasy cities, you can detail the materials the city buildings are made of and describe the appearance of the structures to your players. The city will seem more alive if everyone knows what it looks like.

Many players like to hear descriptive passages about the dungeon rooms their characters enter or wilderness settings their characters chance upon. Roaming about a city should be no different. If you have taken time to establish what the city's buildings look like and what they are made of, you can regale your players with descriptions of the merchants' quarters where buildings are packed close together, the docks where workers hurry between ships, and the residential and government sections bustling with pedestrians. You can lavishly describe the differences between the spacious manors where the wealthy live and the dismal hovels occupied by the poor. And the player characters might be tempted to stay in the city longer because they can "see" it. Use of the building fold-ups and street layouts that come with this product will be a big help in getting players to visualize sections of a city.

The Raw Material

Wood, straw, brick, fieldstone, clay, and hard-packed earth are some of the materials people in a medieval period would have to work with in creating buildings. The materials could be held together with mortar, dung, nails, and twine and fashioned into homes, businesses, and public buildings. The more money people in a community have to work with, the better the materials they can afford, such as brick and fieldstone. You may have other materials in your campaign which can be used to build structures: special hardwood from exotic trees, a unique sort of thatch material that repels water, fantastic "airstones" that are very light but also very strong.

If you take some time to describe the various building materials that are used by residents and which ones are superior to others, player characters soon will be able to tell who in a community has money, based on the materials their homes are made of. The building fold-ups make it easy for players to see which buildings were more costly to make, and the colorful fold-up exteriors show at a glance what the buildings are made of.

In addition, the size of a building can help

determine the wealth of the occupants. Putting several of the fold-ups together to make an estate will make it obvious to the PCs that an important character lives there.

Adventures can arise out of building construction. For example, a gang of bullies could be setting fire to the wood homes in the community, threatening residents for protection money. Or a high-level wizard could be terrorizing the wealthy by turning their homes to mud with a few carefully cast rock to mud spells. A shortage of building materials also can suggest an adventure; the player characters could be hired to travel to a nearby town and bring back wagonloads of brick.

Ice Can Be Nice

The location of a city can help determine what its buildings are made of. For example, a fishermen's village in the far north could consist of several dozen igloos. If there are artisans in that village, some of the buildings could be quite elaborate, with large, shiny domes and sparkling, twisting spires, all carved out of snow and ice. Ice sculptures could ring the edge of town. The city would gleam in the sunlight, and the moon and stars would make the buildings glitter in the evening. Player characters would be attracted to such a city and intrigued by the people who created the buildings.

In contrast, most of the buildings in a town on the plains would be built of wood, reeds, and grasses—building materials that would be abundant in that environment. A town like this might take on the appearance of a frontier town from the Old West, where a main street runs through the middle of the merchants' district. In another plains community, the buildings might consist of wooden structures covered with animal skins.

A town or a village in the mountains actually might be built *into* the mountains, with homes being cavelike structures and their entrances covered with wood or stone fronts.

The homes in a village nestled in the woods might be built in the trees and made out of grasses, twigs, leaves, and other abundant materials.

Size and The Land

How much land a city covers, and the population of the city, are other factors that will play a role in what the buildings look like. If

a town with a relatively small population covers a lot of land, the buildings could be spacious one-story structures surrounded by big yards. On the other hand, if a city has a large population and not a great deal of land, the buildings will be close together, with only enough yard to permit people to walk between the buildings. There will be few one-story structures, and when a building needs to be expanded, the owner will have to take off the roof and add another level. The fold-ups in this product can accommodate a variety of city styles and layouts. You can create a town where all the buildings are one story tall. Another town could have only multistoried buildings.

Don't Forget The Wall

If a community is surrounded by a wall for protection, it is important that you establish what the wall is made of. A wooden wall might not be much protection if the enemy comes at it with siege machinery and flaming oil. However, walls made of brick, fieldstone, dried earth, and other more durable substances will last longer and afford the residents more safety.



WHERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD?



"Dwarf! You, dwarf!" said a halfling a few tables away. "Why aren't you at the feast for Moradin the dwarven community is having?"

Athormis and Boliver turned to the speaker. "My name's Boliver, not dwarf," Boliver said. "And I don't know anything about the feast you're talking about. But I'd like to hear more."

The halfling approached the pair. "I'm Sneezil Fastfingers—at your service. You must be new to the city. I had just figured you for locals. This tavern isn't frequented by many visitors. They prefer the places with fancy decorations and fruit in the drinks. The dwarven community, about a dozen blocks from here, is having a feast for Moradin. I'm going simply because I have a lot of friends in that neighborhood and they always invite me. You're welcome to join me. But your human friend might stand out a little."

Athormis laughed and began gesturing with his hands. In a moment a dwarf

with a long, brown beard sat in his place. "Let's go," Athormis said. "I'd like to see the dwarven neighborhood."

"Sauter has quite a few neighborhoods," the halfling said as he led them through the city streets. "But that's common. Almost every community that I've been in that was larger than a village had neighborhoods, sections of the community designated for various groups of people and businesses. Neighborhoods make cities more interesting. And lots of adventure can be found in neighborhoods."

"Some cities create neighborhoods through zoning laws, establishing specific locations where homes, businesses, and public buildings can be erected. Cities without zoning laws or building plans could have a nightmare landscape of public buildings wedged between private homes and merchants' shops scattered throughout residential districts and the government quarter. A patch-

work arrangement like that, which evolves with no regard to city planning, might not be the ideal place to live and certainly would present problems to visitors—especially people like yourselves. It could be difficult to find anything!

Most medieval cities did not have actual zoning laws. But it frequently happened that, over the years of the evolution of a city, sections of the population with something in common did end up being clustered in one general location—a neighborhood for a certain social class, people of a certain occupation, and so forth. You can apply the same principle when creating a fantasy city. If you put a little thought into establishing zones within a city, it will be easy for player characters to locate shops they want to go to and neighborhoods they want to investigate.

An easy way to begin developing neighborhoods is to sketch out the city bounda-



WHERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD?

ries and draw in some of the main streets. It is not necessary to draw in every building, and it is far from practical—especially if the city you are working with is large. After the sketch is complete, circle certain areas, designating them as business or merchants districts, the government quarter, residential districts, the entertainment quarter, and wharf area (if there is one for the city).

Many mid-sized and large cities will have several merchants and residential districts. This is because as the city grew, "spreading out from its original center," additional neighborhoods developed. In a very large city, there could appear to be cities within the city, because as that community grew to its great proportions large, self-sufficient neighborhoods developed. A person living on the east side of such a large city might never need to travel to the west side, since businesses, temples, and recreation areas are available on his own side of town.

A Place for The Wealthy

Members of the upper class like to live apart from the rest of society, building their homes in a portion of the city or an area just outside the city where they can have large yards and peace and quiet. They prefer not to associate with classes of people beneath them, especially the lower class. They want a section that is clean and better than the rest of the city.

Their homes will be manor houses, estates, or small palaces and castles. They will be made of the best materials, and many of them will be ornate and will have sculpted lawns. Some will have fences or walls around them for security.

There may be little cause for player characters to venture into a wealthy neighborhood, unless they are invited to a feast or are curious. The crime rate is low or nonexistent in these neighborhoods, because the wealthy can afford guards or have access to magic to protect themselves and their belongings. However, there are always avenues for adventures in any neighborhood. Perhaps a very crafty and very experienced thief overcame all the traps a wealthy landowner had in place and managed to steal a set of priceless jewels. Or perhaps a monster has found its way into a wealthy neighborhood and is killing the guards. Pulling the player characters into a wealthy neighborhood for an adventure will let them wit-

ness the opulence and extravagance of the neighborhood compared to the conditions in poorer sections of the city.

A Place for The Poor

The buildings are close together in lower-class neighborhoods, and the people are, too. Several families—as many as 40 or 50 people—could be crowded together in a large home. In the majority of poorer sections, the crime rate is high, and there is more violence, because the living conditions cause tempers to flare and people to become desperate. Because living conditions usually are not clean, there are vermin—rats and insects of normal and giant size—living alongside the people and competing for their food and shelter.

Because of these factors, player characters could frequently find themselves moving about in poorer "neighborhoods, especially if they are in the employ of the city and forced to deal with the crimes and giant vermin there.

And The Classes in Between

Members of the middle class live in a variety of buildings, based on how much money or property they have and what part of town they want to live in. Middle-class buildings range from rented quarters to fairly large homes.

The majority of player characters will fit into this class of society; and therefore could end up spending most of their time in middle-class neighborhoods. These neighborhoods are among the most colorful in the city, as the middle class is composed of a wide range of people of varying incomes and experience.

Merchants and Public Buildings

Merchants can be found in business districts in lower-class and middle-class neighborhoods, and should be located near roads so it will be easy for them to move goods in and out of town or to a river or harbor for shipping. If there are zoning laws in the city, merchants' stalls and buildings will be in designated areas and not scattered among residential buildings. The same can be said for public buildings, although most of those probably will be found near merchants'

quarters and near middle-class neighborhoods. Public buildings will consist of government offices, courts, guard and army barracks, jails, and public recreation centers. Grouping public buildings and merchants shops together is convenient for the public. City residents and player characters will find it easy to take care of their business if all the places they need to visit are located close together.

A Place for Demihumans

If a city is dominated by humans, other races who live there might have formed their own little neighborhoods for a sense of camaraderie and to feel more comfortable.

A large city should have a foreign quarter, where humans who are natives of different parts of the country live. It also could have an elven quarter, which further could be broken down for half-elves, wood elves, and high elves. A halfling district could consist of burrowlike homes and could be adjacent to a community of dwarves. It is important to note that not all elves, halflings, dwarves, or other demihumans in a large city would live in one of those neighborhoods. Many of the demihumans will live side by side with humans.

Demihuman neighborhoods within a large city can add fun to a campaign and will provide player character demihumans places to go to learn information about what is going on in the city and to feel more at home.

"Very practical—neighborhoods for people of like backgrounds and interests," Athormis said. "I think adventurers would fit in well in a demihuman neighborhood, since most adventuring parties are composed of a mix of races. And these neighborhoods would be great places to explore—like cities within a city."

The halfling nodded and took them to a neighborhood where the homes looked very sturdy and were constructed of stone. "This is it," he said, and immediately began to size up the crowd.



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

As the two dwarves and the halfling entered the dwarven community, they saw two city guards carrying away a struggling dwarf. Behind the guard stormed a dwarf in an apron, brandishing a meat cleaver. "And don't let him out for at least a year. Stealing from celebrants at the feast of Moradin is a terrible crime."

"Good thing when our adventuring group split up last year, the thief went with the ranger," Boliver said. Athormis nodded and headed toward the center of the celebration, where a large boar was roasting on a spit. The halfling gulped and stuffed his hands into his pants pockets. And the music and the crowd swallowed up the three.

Communities the size of a village and larger should have a code of laws which the residents are expected to live up to and which the community has a way to enforce. Some communities as small as a hamlet might also have a code of laws, although it may not necessarily be written down. How complex a community's laws are will depend on the type of government in the community, the predominant alignment of the citizens and the leaders, and the amount of time you are willing to spend to put the laws together.

It does not matter whether a city is run by good or evil characters; it still should have laws. Without laws and a means to enforce them, a city would be plagued by chaotic behavior, and bullies with enough power behind them soon would be in control. (This is basically the situation that would arise in an anarchy, where the only significant law is survival of the fittest.)

A point about chaotic alignment as it pertains to communities and laws: The leader of a city may be chaotic in alignment, but the philosophy of the city itself must be based on some aspect of lawfulness in order for a legal system to exist. The concept of a chaotic person governing a lawful community is not as strange as it might seem; the chaotic person is, by nature, concerned primarily (perhaps solely) with his own welfare, but he is willing to work "within the system" to achieve his goal. A chaotic good leader, for example, might want to treat his subjects well because by doing so he broadens the base of his own popularity and power. A chaotic evil leader will make no secret of the fact that he cares for no one

but himself—and woe to anyone who gets in the way of his selfish motives.

It is not necessary to consult law books or police logs to create a system of laws and punishments for a community. Common sense will yield a workable system that can be understood by the player: characters. Many PCs will never become involved with the law in a community, because they will attempt to stay on the straight and narrow and will only hear about the laws through listening to gossip and reports of events in the city. However, other PCs who are boisterous in town or who are quick to jump into fights with the local residents could quickly learn firsthand about the legal system.

Listing The Crimes

Some of the more obvious crimes that could occur in a medieval-flavored fantasy community include murder, attempted murder; kidnapping, treason, assault, burglary, theft, tax evasion, counterfeiting, defrauding the public or the government, attempting to overthrow the government, deserting from the army, vandalism, arson, public indecency, public nuisance, and public intoxication.

Some special laws should apply only to certain cities; it could be illegal to burn cooking or heating fires after midnight in a town where most of the buildings are made of wood or straw. Or it could be illegal to use more than a specified amount of water per day in a desert town where water is in limited supply.

In addition, you could add crimes such as bringing monsters—alive or dead—into the city, selling magic items without a permit, riding nonstandard mounts without a permit, and using magic or casting spells within the city walls.

Some fantasy towns, just like present-day cities, could have several unusual laws that are on the books but are no longer rigidly enforced, defining such crimes as spitting on city streets or walking on the right side of a street after dark.

Punishment

Penalties will vary with the crimes committed, with the more severe crimes such as murder, kidnapping, and treason having much stiffer punishments than crimes such as carrying a sword without a permit or public drunkenness. In addition, punish-

ments should vary between communities, since not all leaders view crimes the same and not all leaders have the same temperaments. For example, someone found guilty of kidnapping in one city might be hanged the next morning, while a person found guilty of the same crime in another town might be sentenced to 10 years in prison. Also, what is considered a crime in one city, such as public drunkenness or public indecency, might only be seen as an amusing or annoying act in some other city.

In some communities, you might decide that justice is harsh, with severe penalties for all crimes and capital punishment for criminals who are guilty of seemingly minor violations. Residents will be on their toes, to put it mildly, in these communities. In other cities, justice may be lax, and people might be prosecuted only if they robbed the wrong person or kidnapped someone of consequence in the community.

Possible penalties for crimes include death, prison sentences, monetary fines (which could be coupled with other sentences), assignment to work details, loss of a limb (such as losing a hand or arm for stealing), or being required to perform a dangerous mission for the government. This latter sentence could be used as a vehicle to propel player characters who are found guilty of breaking the law into adventures in and out of the city. A few penalties could also be based on a city's needs. For example, if a city is building a wall around its borders, the justice system would be more likely to sentence criminals to a work detail than to time in a prison.

Creating a Justice System

If a community has laws and punishments for breaking those laws, it should also have a court system or some type of recourse for hearing the cases. Such a system could be complex, with judges to hear the case, officials representing the accused and the accusers, and a jury of selected citizens to decide on guilt or innocence. Or it could be simple, with a judge or moderator appointed to consider the evidence and render a verdict. Some courts might not even allow the accused to speak in their own behalf. A community with a large number of clerics could put them in charge of the justice system. Their *detect lie* spells could eliminate the need for a jury in many cases.



CITY DESIGN SHEET

Name of community _____

Community type (check one)

_____ Hamlet

_____ Village

_____ Town

_____ City

Community population _____

Location _____

Prominent terrain features _____

Type of government _____

Government notes _____

Community ruler(s) _____

Rulers' titles _____

City flag/symbol

Government symbol/insignia

City defenses _____

No. of guards _____

No. of soldiers _____

Defense notes _____

Makeup of the population _____

Types of neighborhoods _____

Neighborhood notes _____

Taxes _____



CITY DESIGN SWEET

Customs and beliefs _____

Appearance of buildings _____

Major industries/livelihoods _____

Community's relationship with nearby communities _____

Community Ruler(s):

Characteristics/traits _____

Strengths

Weaknesses

Goals _____

Relationship with residents _____

Background notes _____

Age _____ Height _____ Weight _____ Hair/Eyes _____

Class/Level _____ Hit Points _____ Armor Class _____

Magic items _____

Other important possessions _____



CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS

"Praise Moradin!" the revelers shouted. Athormis reached for another hunk of roast boar while Boliver danced with his new friends. The pair had lost their halfling companion shortly after arriving at the festivities. "Praise to Sauter for letting people worship freely!" another celebrant added.

The dance ended and Boliver joined his *polymorphed* friend. "I'm pleased to be in a city that doesn't restrict people's beliefs," the dwarf said.

"We don't know that some beliefs aren't restricted," Athormis replied. "Maybe the Sauter officials don't permit the worship of evil deities. I halfway hope that's the case. I've had my fill of evil clerics and their fanatic followers. I've also had my fill of this roast boar. And I'm going to have to leave in a few minutes. My spell will be wearing off, and I'll be returning to my human form. The only other humans around here are city guards. And I don't want to cause problems."

ship will suggest themselves automatically. Following is some advice that will help you make logical and reasonable decisions about customs and beliefs.

Politics Plays a Part

The government within a city will have an impact on the number of temples and deities worshiped. A city governed by a hierarchy of priests may not be tolerant of other religions. Perhaps only the priests' religion is recognized, and all the known temples in that community are for that religion's deity or deities. In such a city you might want to establish other religions that operate underground, away from the prying eyes of the city rulers.

On the other hand, perhaps a large city governed by a democracy encourages freedom of worship, and there are many temples devoted to many different deities of many different alignments.

Another option, in the middle ground, is to establish two to five major recognized religions within a city. The majority of the population would worship one of these deities, and there would be temples built to them. However, other deities could be recognized by a minority within the population. These people might have to practice their beliefs in someone's home or business because they lack the money for a temple. However, they would not have to keep their beliefs hidden.

Still another possibility is to have many places devoted to a variety of deities. However, not all of these places will be large, inspiring temples. Perhaps one location is a shrine in a park with benches around it. Another place could be a storefront establishment in a lower-class neighborhood that passes out prayers and food to the residents. And yet another option could be a covered wagon that travels throughout the city, while the clerics who drive it spread their faith.

Alignment Makes a Difference

The alignment of a city's rulers will have an effect on the number of deities worshiped and the deities' alignments. For example, a lawful good monarch would prevent temples from being built to chaotic neutral or evil deities. If some of the city's residents wanted to worship these deities,

they would have to do so in secret. This monarch could declare one official deity for the city, while not prohibiting the populace from worshipping other good deities.

If a city is governed by evil rulers, the deity recognized would most likely be evil—with the worship of good deities frowned upon or prohibited. However, if the evil rulers are trying to hide their true natures, they might allow residents to worship good and neutral deities.

These are only examples of how government influences customs and beliefs. It is up to you to determine how—if at all—the political and religious factions relate. In some cities, church and state may be entirely separate; the government doesn't care who worships whom, so long as religious issues don't pose a threat to the general welfare or to the government itself.

Creating a Conflict

You should consider establishing a conflict in a community between worshipers. If a city or town has two major temples, the leaders of each establishment could be involved in a battle of one-upmanship and could continually try to recruit worshipers, both from within the community and from within groups of transient adventurers. Perhaps both temple leaders are of good alignment and do not go about their efforts maliciously, but are still causing problems within the community.

An opposing possibility could be cooperating temples, where the leaders work together and maybe even have a joint council where the community's concerns are discussed.

Conflict, of course, translates into an opportunity for adventure—and that's where the PCs come in. Perhaps some of the party members are devout followers of a deity whose worshipers are being persecuted. Maybe the PCs have no vested interest in any of a city's major religions, but will be hired by the government to help quell a disturbance between two rival factions.

Keep it Fantastic

No matter how many temples you establish in your communities or how many deities your NPCs and PCs recognize, you should remember to keep it on a fantasy level. Bringing real-life religions and beliefs into a fantasy campaign usually is not a good idea.



PUTTING THE PCs TO WORK

Boliver and Athormis left the revelers behind—and just in time, as the mage's *polymorph* spell ran out and he returned to his human form. "Mmmm, but that was delicious. And we didn't even have to pay for it," Athormis said.

"Don't feel bad about it. I donated ten gold to the temple they're building. That should just about cover what you ate! The friends laughed and headed to the center of the city, where they planned to find lodging. Along the way they spotted notices illuminated by the light pouring out of building windows. Boliver stopped to look at a few.

"Athormis, look at this. These are postings for work: merchant guards, street cleaners, teachers, sailors. If we ever run out of gold, we could always work for a few months."

Athormis chuckled. "Remember when we were sergeants? About eight years ago? That stint of employment lasted about two weeks. You had trouble keeping regular working hours."

A community is a busy place. There's always work to be done, and usually a shortage of people who are willing and able to perform that work. Whether for a diversion, a challenge, or a way to pick up some cash without risking one's life, player characters may decide (or you may decide for them) that getting a job in the city for a while is not a bad idea.

For people as skilled and versatile as the PCs, the possibilities are almost limitless. Joining the city guard, enlisting in the city army, hiring on as bodyguards for important and wealthy people or city officials, becoming bouncers for taverns and other establishments, becoming bounty hunters or spies, running for public office or assuming an official position, seeking a simple job in the merchants' quarter or along the docks, and opening a business are among the jobs that adventurers can consider. Some of the opportunities are described in a little more detail below, including suggestions about how to make the jobs interesting for your players and how to turn them into adventures for a campaign.

On Guard!

A job in the city guard will appeal primarily to fighters and clerics, characters who

typically have good fighting abilities. Thieves who successfully convince city officials that they are fighters also can find work on the guard force. Mages and illusionists are frequently seen as physically weak and would be encouraged to seek work elsewhere. Most city guards would prefer to hire characters who would wear armor. It is up to you to decide if your city's guard force is an equal-opportunity employer, hiring people of both sexes, or if the guard force is strictly a men-only or a women-only line of work.

The guard force in a town is composed primarily of 0-level and 1st level fighters, with a few higher-level fighters serving as the top-ranking officers. Player character adventurers of any level would be welcomed into the guard and probably would be given positions of authority. However, in a city, especially a large one, the guard force would be more experienced. Perhaps nothing less than 1st or 2nd level fighters would be accepted, and guard sergeants would be no lower than 3rd level. A larger city has a greater population to draw from, and therefore can be a little more choosy about who is hired to protect the citizens.

Before you allow player characters to join the city guard, you must decide how many people are in the guard and the ranks and numbers of the guard officers. You need to assign levels to the ranks, in part based on the size of the community. For example, in a city, sergeants might be of 3rd and 4th levels, lieutenants 5th and 6th, and captains 7th and 8th.

In a town, the levels of guard officers would generally be lower because there are fewer people to draw from and there would be a smaller guard force.

In a community of any size, you can have a little fun by creating an 8th level fighter who's still only a sergeant or an enlisted man because he has trouble following orders. At the other extreme is the captain who's a measly 3rd level fighter—the son of the commandant, who was given or promoted into a position he's not really capable of holding.

When a player character asks for a position on the guard force, you should look at the PC's level and decide what rank to assign the character. However, a 6th level character hoping to be hired as a captain could be in for a surprise. You might want to have the character start out as a sergeant to prove himself. To add a touch of realism, you can list how many men the PC officer is

in charge of and the amount of time he is expected to work. City officials might be tolerant of adventurers, allowing them to work on shifts of three weeks on and three weeks off, to accommodate an adventurer's "need" to make journeys to dungeons and wilderness areas. After all, the city will benefit because the fighter is gaining more experience, sharpening his abilities, and possibly picking up magic items to improve his ability to hold his own in combat.

It is important to establish the guard force's duties, which probably would consist mainly of patrolling the city and arresting lawbreakers. If a city has an adventurers quarter, the guard officials might station PC guards there, believing that adventurers can deal better with other adventurers than city-bred guards who lack the same life experiences.

You should award PC guards money and experience for their accomplishments and should promote PCs within the ranks as they rise in levels and perform well for the city. Guard work is an adventure in itself, and should bring rewards accordingly.

Concocting adventures that are related to a PC's stint on guard duty will give you more opportunities to use the street layouts and fold-up buildings that come with this product. The PC guards could be charged with stopping a riot in the merchants quarter, catching a notorious cat burglar, halting a ring of pickpockets, posing as victims to snare a band of thieves and muggers, or investigating a counterfeiting racket. In addition, player character guards could pick up a myriad of rumors while on their beats, learning about newly discovered dungeons or unearthed ruins from adventurers they meet.

Working on the city guard will also give PCs a chance to travel throughout the city, learning about all the neighborhoods and the people who live there. It is a perfect opportunity for you to show off your creation.

They're in The Army Now

Serving in a city's militia is in some respects similar to being in the city guard. PCs could be assigned ranks based on their levels. However, unlike in the guard, wizards would be sought after. Military leaders recognize that a well-cast fireball can do much more damage than a squadron of low-



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level fighters. You could choose to have the military pay spellcasters more than ordinary soldiers. But it would be unlikely that wizards would be named as officers. Fighters, most military officials would agree, have the best military minds and can plan the most successful strategies. Thieves might be welcomed into some armies if they agree to perform spying missions. And clerics would be in great demand because of their ability to heal the wounded. The army is a place where an entire adventuring party could find work.

How busy an army is—and the player characters enlisted in it—will depend on the city's relationship with nearby tribes and communities. An army in peacetime is more likely to grant the PCs leaves so they can

adventure. However, the adventuring likely will have to be short-term, since most furloughs might be for only a week or two.

Army duty is a continuous source of adventures and could keep the PCs so busy they will not have time to look for a dungeon. An army, or portions of it, could be called upon to help the city guard when disasters such as tornadoes, floods, and massive fires strike. In addition, members of the army could also be called upon to stop riots, to protect city officials, or to serve as added protection during festivals and celebrations.

Player characters can be encouraged to take an active part in a city's army by being made responsible for drawing up defense plans and determining how troops will be

deployed if the city comes under attack. If a city is located next to an ocean or a large river, the PCs could be expected to develop water-based defense plans.

If the city is aggressive and wants to use its army to wipe out tribes of monsters lairing nearby, the PCs would be called upon to develop attack strategies and may be asked to lead an advance force to learn the strength of the monsters. If the city learns that a neighboring city is planning a war, the PCs could be charged with helping to direct an attack against that city—taking the war to the enemy to prevent the PCs' home city from being damaged and innocent citizens from being killed. The player characters also could be assigned spying missions to neighboring cities. Or they could be



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asked to patrol the area surrounding the city, where they might find an adventure or two to undertake.

Being Bodyguards

This is another opportunity for the player characters to find work as a group. Wealthy merchants, rich landowners, and powerful city officials all need protection—or think they need protection. Some of these people have accumulated enemies through the years: people they have put out of business because of shrewd mercantile maneuvers, former landowners who have had their property absorbed, and former officials who were ousted from office or defeated in elections. The PCs could be asked to accompany these high-powered NPCs as they travel through the city or journey to other cities.

The job will provide rich role-playing opportunities, as the PCs will have to deal with haughty NPCs who are used to being waited on, greedy merchants who only care about making money, or political officials whom they might not see eye to eye with. It could test the PCs' loyalty to their employers. However, not all high-powered NPCs should have major character flaws. Some of them should be easy to get along with, and be people with whom the PCs could easily sympathize.

Adventure possibilities include protecting a political official from assassination attempts; accompanying a wealthy merchant who is traveling with a cargo of precious gems and other valuables; setting up defenses for a wealthy landowner who has been receiving threats from an unknown party; guarding the city's museum, which is filled with temptations for thieves; or escorting a nobleman's son to a wedding with another nobleman's daughter in a nearby city.

As with a city guard position, being a bodyguard will allow a PC to explore many sections of the city and will let you show off some of the work you have put into creating the city.

Bouncers and Strongarms

Although this is a viable form of employment for player character adventurers, especially fighters, there are fewer kinds of scenario possibilities you can develop. How-

ever, the job is not without merit. It will be an avenue for you to use some of the buildings in this product and stage elaborate bar-room brawls that will test PCs' abilities to subdue NPCs without killing them. You can create chase scenes that will have the PCs running after culprits through the twisting and turning streets of the city, over rooftops, and perhaps through dark and dangerous alleys.

It is likely that only strong-looking fighters will be employed bouncers for taverns and other establishments in the city, with the wages being dependent upon how well-to-do or busy the establishment is. And it is not likely that the entire party of adventurers can work as bouncers at the same establishment. However, while there are drawbacks to this type of work, there are a few advantages. PCs working as bouncers in the adventurers quarter could learn about dungeons, monsters lairs, pirates' plans to attack the city, or thieves discussing what establishments to rob.

Bounty Hunters and Spies

These professions could be used for adventures in and out of the city. PCs of any class, race, or sex could become bounty hunters or spies, working for city officials, merchants, or themselves.

As bounty hunters the, PCs could stalk the city streets or the area around the city, looking for NPC villains with prices on their heads. This could pit the PCs against powerful and cunning NPCs you have developed and could take the PCs almost anywhere you desire—in the sewers under the city streets, through the various neighborhoods of the city, and through the environs surrounding the city, testing their investigative and combat abilities. Player characters could come up with a considerable amount of treasure this way, or could end up losing out if their targets are more powerful than they are. They could even gain fame and fortune in the city. Of course, you always can add a few twists, such as the PCs' target being framed by the people who hired the PCs to catch him.

Spying assignments can also take the player characters to a variety of places and will test their ability to be stealthy information gatherers, rather than hack-and-slash adventurers who swing first and ask questions later. And they will allow you to care-

fully lay out encounters involving the streets and fold-up buildings.

Spy work in itself is an adventure, and has the potential to lead the characters into a string of further adventures as they uncover more and more information. Perhaps the PCs will uncover the location of a major thieves' guild; will learn about a plot to overthrow the government; will discover that counterfeit coins are being released in the city in an attempt to ruin the economy; or will discover that a band of evil adventurers is bringing monsters into the city through the sewer system and plans to use them to threaten merchants into paying protection money.

Spying is yet another profession which will help the PCs learn about your cities and the colorful NPCs who reside there. It can also put the PCs in peril as they accumulate enemies who might pursue them in adventures in the future.

Getting into Office

Politics is a line of work that could appeal to any player character, regardless of class, race, or sex—although in some fantasy campaigns it may be difficult for a woman or a demihuman to rise to a position of power in a human community. How player characters become involved in the government of a city or town will depend largely on the form of government you have established. For example, if a community is run by a dictator, the only way the PCs could get into power is to make good friends with the dictator and be appointed to a position, or to overthrow him and take a position by force. On the other hand, a democracy opens the door to all sorts of possibilities. In any case, three main factors have a bearing on how successful a PC might be as a leader or politician; these are discussed below.

Size of the Community: PCs wanting a position of power probably will have better luck obtaining it in smaller communities, where there are not as many adventurers and where they will be deemed as more important people. It will be easier for PCs to impress a community of 500 than one of 5,000. And if the community's residents are taken with the PCs, they may even ask the characters to lead them.

Race: Although many NPCs in fantasy campaigns are race-blind, communities as a whole are not. A half-elf seeking an appoint-



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ment as a city official may not be well received in a town composed primarily of humans. However, the half-elf would have a better chance of getting the position than a full elf, dwarf, halfling, or gnome. Of course, if the appointment is being made by the city's chief official, and the PC is in good favor with that official, race might have little impact.

Charisma: Politicians and officials tend to be charismatic. They have a way with words and can turn a phrase to get the public behind them or to get the public not to suspect them of wrongdoing. The public is drawn to charismatic people; they like to hear them talk, they like to watch them in action, and they tend to support a charismatic person over a mousy individual who doesn't present himself well. Obviously, a player character with a Charisma score of 16 should have a better chance of being elected or appointed to a position than a player character with a score of 6. It only makes sense to have a better-received or better-liked PC in a position of power than a PC who repulses a portion of the population.

Being the Top Dog: There are numerous ways for player characters to be appointed as lesser city officials or to be put in charge of a city guild or the city guard or army. Winning favor with the present leader or leaders is one of the best avenues. However, there may come a time when some of the player characters who have been involved with the city campaign for a while want a major position of power or want to become the city leader. How this will occur will depend almost exclusively on the type of government in place. For example, player characters will not be able to be in charge of a city with a monarchy unless they are related to the royal family or for some reason depose the monarch. PCs in a city with a tyrannical despot might be tempted to overthrow the government for the betterment of themselves and the rest of the residents, putting themselves in charge. In a militocracy, they might want to take over the government for similar reasons. However, in a democracy or a republic, they should have to campaign for a position, selling themselves to the people eligible to vote. All of these possibilities will provide adventures for the PCs. And many city adventures will abound once they are in office, as they must deal with some of the

extraordinary and fantastic confrontations facing the city.

However, once PCs come into power—something you might want to reserve for higher-level PCs—they will find their lifestyles drastically, and perhaps unfortunately, changed. Player characters who are lesser officials in a city or town government should still have plenty of time on their hands to adventure. Even PCs who are in charge of the city guilds, the guard force, or the army will be able to get away for a time, putting their next in command in charge in their absence. But PCs who are on top in the political structure will find their time taken up with city problems and concerns. They might be able to adventure once in a while, but not often. Some players could find that putting one of their characters into a supreme position of power is a good way to retire that character.

Setting up Shop

Becoming merchants might appeal to player characters who want to add a little financial security to their lives, establish a permanent place of residence, and have a place to sell all the treasure they have been accumulating on trips to the dungeon.

Setting up shop as a merchant can be as much fun as building a castle, since players have to determine how large a building they want, what they want to sell, and how many employees their characters will need to hire to watch the shop so the characters can still adventure. This may be one of the most convenient forms of employment in a city, because a merchant could set his own hours and close down the shop if he is away adventuring for an extended period of time.

Of course, this form of employment also will take a little extra work on your part, as you will have to determine how much to charge the player character for construction of a building, or how much rent to charge him for occupying an existing structure; how much to assess him for the business's operating costs, including the cost for hired help; and how much money he brings in monthly or annually from the goods he sells. Income will be tied to the goods sold. For example, a player character opening a bakery is not going to make as much as a player character opening a weapons shop that features a few magic items and baubles found on adventures. Some player characters could choose to open businesses based on their nonweapon proficiencies such as

gem cutting, carpentry, weaving, pottery making, and so forth. This would give the PCs a chance to use their non-fighting related skills.

Many adventures can spring from PC-owned businesses. For example, the player characters could be faced with a gang of thieves demanding protection money; could have to deal with belligerent customers who are not quite human, or could have to confront a ring of thieves bothering the merchants in a district.

Mental Labor and Odd Jobs

Some player characters might opt for manual labor, such as loading ships on the docks, loading and unloading merchant wagons, and hiring on construction crews. Or they might choose to seek part-time employment as clerks or private guards in the merchants quarter. These jobs are not as exciting as the others described in this section, and they will not yield the PCs much money. But they will serve to occupy PCs between adventures and can be used as a vehicle for claiming that some characters are occupied when those PCs' players are not able to attend a gaming session.

Still, if you're clever you can create adventures for these PCs in their mundane jobs. For example, player characters working on the docks could get pressed or kidnapped into labor on a ship, setting them up for high-seas adventures. Or, PCs working in shops in the merchants quarters could save the day when thieves and ruffians attempt to ruin the business.

Many other avenues for PC employment exist in a city, and will depend in part on the size of the city and the businesses and adventures you have planned. Some player characters could become so involved in their jobs that (for a time, at least) they will not want to look for adventure elsewhere.



KEEPING THE PARTY TOGETHER

One of the most difficult tasks that you will face when running city adventures is keeping a party of player character adventurers together—or, failing that, handling the play session during times when the PCs have separated. Frequently when a group of player characters descends upon a town, the temptation is great for them to split up. Each character wants to go his own way for a while, taking care of shopping and whatever other kind of “town business” needs to be done.

There’s nothing wrong with this from the standpoint of realism or practicality, but obviously a fragmented party can be very taxing for a DM. When a split occurs, you may be obliged to take turns dealing with each splinter group while the other players sit around the table and get bored or carry on a conversation, distracting you and the player(s) you are trying to pay attention to at the moment. It may be difficult for you to spend an equal amount of time with each player, which can cause hard feelings.

There are several ways to address the split-group situation. You can try to keep it from happening, or you can make the best of it and try to give each PC or small group of PCs the freedom they want without inconveniencing other players.

If PCs want to split up but you don’t think that the tactic is necessary or desirable, you can try to contrive some situation that will gently force them to stay together or rejoin into a group if they have already separated. Solitary adventurers would be more prone to muggings and robbery attempts than PCs traveling in a group. Merchants might charge exorbitant prices to adventurers who go shopping by themselves, but offer a lower “group rate” when everyone in a party comes into the store at the same time. Without being too blatant about it, you might be able to plunge the party into a threatening or tension-filled situation right after they come through the gates, so that their natural inclination would be to stay together in case real trouble breaks out.

If PCs insist on going their separate ways and you don’t really want to deny them the opportunity to do some looking around on their own, then you have to address your players and get them to understand and agree to some ground rules. Explain to them that it will take some time for you to deal with each of their characters individually, and that anyone who isn’t in the action at a given time should still pay attention to what’s going on—so that they can learn



from the other player’s experience, and none of the players will have to waste time later recounting what happened to his character while the group was split up.

For the utmost in realism, you can allow players to take their characters on solitary jaunts through the city, and conduct each session away from the sight and hearing of other players. Explain to the players that if they really want to go off on their own, then you’re willing to accommodate them—but what that means is that any player not presently involved in the action will have to leave the room. No one will be allowed to know what has happened to his comrades’ characters until those characters reunite and relate to each other what they’ve experienced in the meantime. This is the price they’ll have to pay for splitting up. By going off separately, they’ll be able to explore a lot more of the city in the same amount of game time than if they had all traveled together—but the tradeoff is that some of them might overlook clues or special features that other players’ characters would have noticed if they had been moving as a group. And all the players will have to

spend time later relating to each other what their characters discovered and learned while they were on their own. If you explain to the players ahead of time that this is what they can expect, then they will have no reasonable cause to complain if each of them is only involved in a fraction of the playing session during which all of their exploration, shopping, and other solitary activities are taking place.

In short, a split party doesn’t have to be a problem, as long as each player understands that along with freedom comes responsibility. You’ll have to be willing to put up with handling each PC or small group of PCs separately for as long as they decide to stay apart, but chances are that the players will soon tire of being lone wolves and will want to get back into a large group—because, as you and they all know, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.



SPECIAL EVENTS

Boliver and Athormis, tired from the festivities at the feast of Moradin, checked into the Golden Dragon Inn for the evening and paid extra for warm baths. As the proprietor brought them fresh linens and water, he assessed their condition. "Tired from traveling? You must have come a long way for the street festival that starts tomorrow. But you'll find the journey was worth it. Dancing, singing, merchants with items on sale, and all sorts of food. People will be celebrating into the early morning hours. You better get your rest."

Athormis sighed and took the bed by the window. "I've had enough celebrations."

Boliver laughed. "There are never enough celebrations, my friend. I could get to like this place."

Festivals, street fairs, and other special events will provide a continuous source for city adventures and will often induce player characters to stay longer in a city because they want to witness or participate in the upcoming events. Communities of all sizes have special events, with larger towns and cities having more elaborate events and usually staging them more often.

Using The Neighborhoods

Some events are limited to neighborhoods. For example, a halfling neighborhood in a large city might hold regular feasts, for which everyone in the community prepares something to eat and participates in the pageantry in some way. A dwarven neighborhood could hold a ceremony to revere the residents' deity, while an elven neighborhood could stage a festival to honor nature.

In general, lower-class neighborhoods would not have a lot of organized celebrations, either because the people aren't very jovial about their situation in life or because they really don't have much to celebrate. Upper-class residents would probably consider themselves above such unsophisticated displays of emotion. But middle-class neighborhoods could be home to a variety of events.

Street Festivals

One of the most common forms of celebration is the "ordinary" street festival. Such events draw spectators and participants from throughout the city and from neighboring communities. They are a boon to the merchants, fun for the residents, and a headache for city officials, who must contend with the noise, litter, and crime rate attached to such events.

Festivals also draw thieves. Crowds of people are to thieves like honey to a bear. The guild will be out in force, operating a variety of scams to take money away from the celebrants. Thieves will also visit the homes of: people who are away having a good time. Thwarting these thieves can provide the basis of several adventures for the player characters.

Bargain Days

Perhaps the merchants quarter will feature bargain days, when they take some of their merchandise out on the street and offer it at discount prices. Player characters could be drawn to the possibility of getting adventuring gear or magic items for less than normal price. Again, sales such as these will bring out the thieves. Bargain days could also give the player characters more than they bargained for: magic shops might put out less than reliable items, unidentified magic items, and Potions that do not quite live up to expectations.

That's Entertainment

Communities wanting to add a bit of culture to the lives of the residents could open their gates to bands of performers who offer to put on dramatic, musical, and humorous plays. Although sitting in an audience and watching performers recite clever dialogue might not be on the player characters' list of favorite things to do, the play can provide a vehicle for city adventures. Perhaps a member or two of the cast is something other than he seems—a spy working for a rival government or an assassin waiting for a chance at one of the city's leaders, who happens to be sitting in the front row. Maybe one of the actors plans to kidnap a prominent member of society, spirit him away disguised in a gaudy actor's costume, and ransom him.

Carnivals and Side Shows

This kind of special event is a vehicle to unleash monsters upon an unsuspecting community. A traveling carnival with a wagon train of unusual animals and monsters rolls into town to put on a performance. The event draws people from all of the city's neighborhoods, including a few mischievous youngsters who let some of the monsters loose.

However, carnivals offer other avenues of excitement to the player characters. Some carnivals include displays and attractions to test a character's strength, wit, or daring. What bold fighter would pass up an opportunity to show off his muscles in front of a crowd? Carnivals could also offer gambling games (some honest, some not), where player characters can bet some of their dungeon-earned gold pieces.

Celebrating The PCs

Perhaps the player characters are heroes to the town, and the residents want to show their affection and appreciation by holding a celebration to honor them. It is possible the town will be so proud of its heroes that the residents will begin fabricating great and wondrous tales of their accomplishments, making the PCs seem much stronger and more experienced than they actually are. This could translate into an open invitation for some high-level villains to take them on. Celebrations or feasts to honor the PCs also would pose good opportunities for any of the characters' enemies to come to town and wreak havoc or embarrass the PCs.

But Don't Overdo It

Whatever events you decide to establish in your cities, you must be cautious not to have something go wrong at every one. If a major problem occurred every time the city celebrated, there soon would be no more celebrations.

Of course, pickpocketing and other minor crimes always will occur—and sometimes player characters should be the victims. But kidnappings, murders, and other major incidents should not be a regular event. Let the residents and the PCs relax once in a while.



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The quality and size of a community is tied to the livelihoods of its residents. No village, town, or city could exist for very long if the people who lived there did not have a means to support themselves. In general, the smaller a community is, the more centralized its economy will be. In a village, the majority of the residents might make their livings doing the same sort of work (fishing, farming, mining, etc.), while in a large town or a city, there is liable to be a great number of different professions and a wide diversity between them.

The industries or livelihoods predominant in a community could be linked to the reason a community formed. For example, a town at the juncture of a river and the coast that was founded by a group of fishermen still could have fishing as its predominant industry—probably would have, unless something remarkable happened in the meantime to cause the fishing industry to be supplanted by something else. A city that began as a mining settlement still could have a large number of residents working in the mines—unless the mines have been depleted, in which case the city might be in serious economic trouble. You must determine the major industries or livelihoods in each community in your campaign world, basing them in part on the community's location, the nature of its population, and the major industries of other communities in the vicinity. On this last point: It would not make sense for two villages located just a few miles apart to both be primarily involved in mining, unless there's plenty of raw ore to be had in the surrounding hills and mountains or unless you want to create a conflict situation where both villages are laying claim to the same territory.

After establishing how the residents of each community (particularly the smaller ones) make their livings, it's time to think about the other important aspect of a community's economic health: the professionals who make, sell, and trade things—the merchants and craftsmen who provide all the items that the residents cannot make or otherwise obtain for themselves.

Commerce and Craftsmen

Communities grow into villages, towns, and cities as merchants and craftsmen set up stalls and shops. Merchants and craftsmen make a living off the residents and add

to the economic prosperity of a community because they hire workers) boosting employment prospects. As the job opportunities increase, more people move into a community looking for work, increasing its population. And as a community's population grows, more merchants and craftsmen open up stalls and shops, continuing the cycle.

Merchants and craftsmen are essential to a fantasy campaign, especially if you want your players to spend some time in cities. One of the main reasons PCs travel to cities is to purchase goods or trade some of the items they have acquired on their adventures. If you have not put some thought into the merchants and craftsmen in your cities, the time the PCs spend there will be brief and unrewarding.

Opening up for Business

Before you randomly set up shops in cities and towns, you must consider the population and makeup of the communities. The size of a community determines how many merchants and craftsmen have shops, and the makeup and location of a community could help determine the types of businesses. For example, a hamlet with 50 residents probably will not have any merchants or craftsmen. There simply aren't enough people to support a business. The residents will rely on farming, fishing, or other industries to support themselves, and will have to travel to larger communities to buy things that they cannot make. A large hamlet with 250 residents might have one craftsman, such as a blacksmith.

The larger the community, the more merchants and craftsmen it will have, and therefore the stronger the lure it will be for PCs who want to go on a shopping expedition. A very large city will have hundreds of merchants and craftsmen selling a wide variety of goods and offering many, many services. PCs could find a little bit of everything in a big city. You could find it easy, although time-consuming, to list the many types of shops and businesses available.

However, the situation is much different for you and the players when dealing with small communities. The smaller the community, the more care you might have to take in selecting the merchants and craftsmen. In a small town there will be fewer dealers, fewer choices for the player char-

acters. And because there are fewer shops, the merchandise those shops sell and the services dealers offer must make sense. For example, a small town with a dozen merchants and craftsmen is not likely to have a dealer of rare books and scrolls or a jeweler who sells expensive rings and necklaces. The merchants in a small community likely will cater to the basic needs of the populace, providing food, clothing, shoes, tools, and other essentials. A small community would not be likely to have a magic shop, although some merchants might have a magic item or two for sale.

A small community probably will have a blacksmith, an inn, and a tavern. There could be a dry goods dealer, a fabric shop, and a general store that sells a little bit of everything. While the residents might be able to purchase a few books from one of those merchants, there would not be much call for one merchant to deal exclusively in books; such items are expensive, and in a medieval fantasy setting would only appeal to a small portion of the populace. And a jeweler has to have a reasonably large population base to draw upon, since not everyone can afford his wares.

However, there is a pleasant medium. A mid-sized or large town will have merchants quarters that boast a variety of goods and services, although PCs looking for swords may not have a dozen weapon shops to browse through. And magic might be a little more readily available than in a small community, although it would be unlikely that a shop would deal exclusively in magic in any community smaller than a city.

Touching on The Merchandise

A community's location and population will influence the type of merchants and craftsmen that set up shop. Location is tied to a community's industries, or livelihoods; therefore location also affects a community's needs. For example, a city on a sea-coast would need several shipwrights, rope makers, bait shops, and sail makers—in addition to shops catering to the rest of the population's wants. A farming town on the plains would have a wainwright (wagon maker), barrelwrights, tool makers, animal handlers, and grain storehouses. A community that has an abundance of wealthy people will have shops that sell expensive



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fineries, jewelry, works of art, and silk clothing, while a community that has a large population of commoners will have several shops selling basic household goods. In addition, the makeup of the community, coupled with its location, will help the DM determine what goods are not available. For example, a peaceful farming community would be unlikely to have an armorer or a weaponsmith. And a dwarven mining town probably wouldn't have a silk merchant or a florist.

Availability and The PC

In many campaigns, player characters are used to walking into the closest town and purchasing any weapons they desire—while they wait for their armor to be repaired. Players expect weapons to be available at the prices listed in the game books, and some of them even expect to find a variety of magic weapons for sale.

However, not all of those goods and serv-

ices should be available in every city, especially if you have taken time to create commerce systems for the cities you have developed. PCs traveling in well-developed communities are going to soon learn that not everything is available everywhere, especially in small communities. PCs walking into a large village might have to be satisfied with going to a local blacksmith to have the dents taken out of their armor—and the work might not be guaranteed if the blacksmith is only used to making tools and shoeing horses. They might not be able to find



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any decent weapons for sale, and the residents could laugh at them if they ask to buy magic potions.

Some communities could have a version of what the PCs want, such as studded leather armor when they are looking for chain mail. A farming community would have a better chance of having leather armor than metal armor because of the livestock hides that could be used.

While initially you might have to deal with your players' frustrations in situations such as these, in the end the players should get more enjoyment out of the campaign. The PCs will learn which communities have the widest variety of weapons for sale, which cities have dealers in magic, and where they can get their armor repaired. Shopping for the goods and services they need could become an adventure in itself, since they might have to visit two or three towns to take care of all their needs. As the PCs familiarize themselves with your communities, they will learn which merchants quarters have the best prices and which shop owners know the most rumors that could lead to adventure.

If you make detailed maps of your cities, you will want to consider where to place the merchants. In most cases, a merchants district will be near a transportation route so it will be convenient to take goods in and out. Historically, in several medieval cities businesses selling similar goods were located near each other. For example, in a large town there would be a street of butchers, a street of potters, a street of dry goods merchants, and so on.

Gold Pieces and Common Sense

It is up to you to set the prices in the shops throughout your cities. Many game systems list prices for most of the items player characters typically buy. However, it is important that you realize those prices should not be viewed as law. And in some cases PCs will ask for items that do not have prices listed in the game books. When this happens, you will have to base the price of an item on the likely availability of it and the estimated value of it compared with other goods.

Prices for goods and services should vary between communities, just like they do between present-day cities. Many factors influence the price of merchandise, such as

taxes in a city, the economic climate of a city, and the availability of goods. For example, in a farming town grain and livestock could be considerably lower than "book price" because grain and livestock are abundant. However, in a large mountain village, grain could be very expensive, since there are no farmers in the community to grow it, and it must be brought in by traveling merchants. In a seacoast city, fish and products associated with the sea could be very inexpensive because of their availability; however, metal goods could be expensive because they have to be shipped in. A town located in the middle of a large plains area, with no other towns around for a hundred miles or so, might charge higher prices for everything because the residents cannot afford to travel elsewhere for better deals. On the other hand, two towns located within a few miles of each other could have fluctuating prices as they compete for area residents' business, making many goods less expensive than "book price."

Some communities could charge special taxes on certain merchandise, such as weapons and armor. Magic items sold in the open might have hefty taxes, because the city officials know that people who can afford to buy magic can also afford to pay extra taxes on it.

Another factor that influences price is demand. If residents in a community purchase a lot of a particular item, such as sailcloth in a seacoast town, the merchants could charge a fair price because the turnover of goods is fast and they keep plenty in stock. In addition, if there is more than one merchant selling the cloth, the buyers (perhaps seagoing player characters) could come out ahead as the merchants compete for business. On the other hand, if a player character is trying to buy an item for which there is little or no demand, such as a suit of armor in a farming town, that character could be forced to pay a high price. It could be considered a rare item, since bringing it to the town was costly, and the merchant could need to make a considerable profit from it because it took up shelf or storage space that could have been allocated to other merchandise.

The player characters themselves could play a role in the cost of goods. A half-elf looking for a short sword in a town filled with dwarves might have to pay a lot more for the item than a dwarf or human wanting to buy it. In addition, a PC with bargaining skill or a high Charisma score probably

could get a better deal than a crude PC who has a low Charisma.

You will have to review all these factors and perhaps more when determining prices.

Guilds

Many fantasy role-players are familiar with thieves guilds, fighters guilds, wizards guilds, and other such organizations because their characters come into contact with the guilds as they search for information, lodging, or training. But many players are unaware that guilds abound throughout cities for merchants and craftsmen, and they are every bit as important to a community as the guilds which deal with character professions.

Not all communities will have guilds. Hamlets and small villages will not have enough merchants and craftsmen to warrant a guild. Any problems that come up will be handled by the individual merchant(s) involved, unless the problems are severe, in which case the community's officials will be called in to help.

Merchants' and craftsmen's guilds are necessary in larger communities, where there are several dealers in the same merchandise or several people offering the same service. The guild deal with the external and internal affairs of their members, helping to keep the businesses running smoothly and helping to foster good relations between city officials and the merchants and craftsmen.

Internally, guilds monitor the wages of shop employees, the working conditions; and the duration and conditions of apprenticeship—if the merchants and craftsmen in the guild have apprentices. If the guild is dissatisfied with a business's practices, such as if the working conditions for employees are unbearable, it can fine the merchant or impose other penalties.

Some guilds also monitor the goods their member businesses sell. For example, a bakers' guild might want to approve the ingredients in the merchants' wares. A jewellers' guild could inspect the merchants' pieces to make sure real gems and precious metals are being used. Jewelers caught passing off colored glass as gems could be fined and their acts publicized to warn future customers.

Guilds also enforce customs, such as closing shops by a certain time of day or on holidays. They also try to prevent monopolies



THE LIFEBLOOD OF THE CITY

by keeping a larger shop from putting its competitors out of business or keeping it from absorbing smaller shops. In addition, they can attempt to regulate the price of goods and restrict competition, carefully monitoring the shops in the city and sometimes preventing shops from opening if they believe those shops would hurt the present merchants' business too much. Some guilds also exercise political power by raising prices, closing shops, or making labor unavailable unless laws to benefit the guilds are passed, or laws that would hurt them are stricken.

If there are five or more of a particular type of business within a city, it is likely there is a guild to represent that group of merchants or craftsmen. You also can create an overall merchants' guild, which oversees all of the individual guilds. PCs could be forced to deal with these guilds if they attempt to set up shops or if they come into conflict with some of the merchants and craftsmen.

Making Shopping Reasonable

Even though you have a well-developed merchants quarter, complete with detailed businesses and merchants' personalities, you should not force PCs to go shopping for every little item they need. For example, if an upcoming game session is going to center on a dungeon expedition, you should not play out each character's shopping for rope, iron rations, and torches—unless the PCs want to go through this.

Eventually, you will find that once your players become interested in cities you will not have to force any shopping expeditions; the players will initiate them—sometimes at nearly every gaming session.

Adding The Adventure

Hundreds of adventures can spring from encounters with merchants and craftsmen. Merchants are a source for rumors and information. Because they deal with the public every day, they know what is going on in the various neighborhoods. If a merchant has a politician for a customer, he has a way to find about general facts about the government's current affairs. If a merchant has adventurers for customers, he can learn about nearby ruins and dungeons,

who's hiring mercenaries, and if there are monstrous forces about. Some merchants could charge PCs for information. However, if the PCs are regular customers or do not quibble about prices, the merchants could provide information for free.

The merchants themselves can also be a source of adventures. For example, a merchant could hire the PCs to escort a valuable shipment to or from town because there are brigands about. Perhaps some of the merchants have had trouble with thieves and want the PCs to find the villains responsible for stealing their merchandise. One merchant might hire a PC or two to spy on another merchant in an attempt to learn his business secrets. A few adventures can come upon the PCs subtly, such as having a PC purchase an item from a merchant and later discovering the item is being sought by a band of cutthroats. Or a PC could accidentally purchase a cursed item that causes all sorts of problems until a way is found to lift the curse.

If the player characters are attempting to set up their own business, selling some of the merchandise they have been acquiring during their dungeon expeditions, they could be faced with several adventures: underhanded competitors, conflicts with guilds, and persistent thieves. The PCs could even find themselves involved in conflicts between guilds or between a guild and the government.

In addition, PCs traveling between towns could develop their own mercantile adventures, going out of their way to find goods to transport to the next town they plan to visit. Since they are planning on going there any way, they might as well make a profit along the way.

Giving Them Character

Merchants and craftsmen can develop into major NPCs that are visited by the player characters anytime they come into the city. Sometimes these characters will develop as the campaign progresses and the PCs find a favorite shop and eventually consider the merchant a good friend. The NPCs' personalities will grow the more time the player characters spend with them. However, you might want to establish in advance a few detailed NPC merchants with whom the PCs can interact and get leads for adventures. To help develop the merchants' per-

sonalities, you can consult the business tables (page 38) and ruler tables (page 13) in this product, the NPC tables in the *Dungeon Masters Guide*, or you can create your own personalities from scratch.

When a merchant becomes a major NPC, he also becomes a ready source for adventures. Such an NPC can readily locate the player characters to tell them about adventures brewing. Or, if the NPC gets in trouble, the player characters likely will come to his aid.

The Business Tables

Although you probably will want to establish your own merchants quarters and the businesses and personalities that populate them, the tables on the following page could be used to quickly generate businesses or could be used to give you a start at developing entire districts. These tables, which do not list all possible businesses, should be used primarily for larger communities; businesses in smaller communities should be hand-picked by you.

The tables can be used to flesh out a merchants district, but should not be used to determine all the businesses in a district. Rolling up a district entirely at random could result in several soap makers, a stable, a barrelwright, and little else. For example, you should establish for a village a blacksmith, an inn, a stable, and perhaps a few other businesses based on the major industries, location, and population of the village.

Table I is a guideline for the number of merchants and craftsmen that a community of a certain size could have. Table II lists a variety of merchants and professions and can be used to randomly generate some businesses, as mentioned above. Table III can be used to randomly determine the quality of the goods, or services, and Table IV determines the personality of the shopkeeper.



BUSINESS TABLES

Table I

Community	Population	No. of Merchants and Shop Owners
Hamlet	50- 250	0- 1
Village	200- 500	1- 3
Village, large	500- 1,000	3- 10
Town, small	500- 2,000	4- 20
Town, medium	2,000- 5,000	20- 50
Town, medium	5,000- 10,000	50-100
Town, large	10,000- 20,000	100-150
City, small	15,000- 30,000	150-250
City, medium	30,000- 50,000	200-300
City, medium	50,000- 75,000	200-300
City, large	75,000-100,000	300-400
City, large	100,000-200,000	350-500

Table III

d100 roll	Quality
01-05	Shoddy
06-11	Poor
12-16	Poor, but appears fair
17-20	Poor, but appears good or better
21-30	Fair
31-80	Good
81-90	Very good
91-96	Excellent
97-00	Superior workmanship

Table II: Type of Business

01 Accountant	35 Engineer	69 Money Changer
02 Alchemist	36 Fabrics	70 Music Shop
03 Animal Dealer	37 Farmers Market	71 Painter
04 Animal Trainer	38 Financer/Lender	72 Perfumer
05 Apothecary	39 Fishmonger	73 Potter
06 Bait Shop	40 Fletcher	74 Rope Maker
07 Bakery	41 Florist	75 Sage
08 Bank	42 Forger	76 Sail Maker
09 Barber	43 Foundry	77 Seamstress
10 Barrelwright	44 Freight Company	78 Scribe
11 Bathhouse	45 Furniture Maker	79 Silversmith
12 Beautician	46 Fortune Teller	80 Slaughterhouse
13 Bindery	47 Furrier	81 Soap Maker
14 Book Shop	48 Gambling House	82 Stable
15 Bordello	49 Gem Cutter	83 Sword Shop
16 Bowyer	50 Glassblower	84 Tack Shop
17 Brass Worker	51 Goldsmith	85 Tailor
18 Brewery	52 Granary	86 Tannery
19 Broom/Brush Maker	53 Healer	87 Tavern
20 Builder	54 Herbalist	88 Taxidermist
21 Butcher	55 Inn	89 Thatcher
22 Cabinet Maker	56 Jeweler	90 Tinker
23 Candy Shop	57 Kiln	91 Tool Maker
24 Carpenter	58 Lamp & Oil Shop	92 Toy shop
25 Carpet Maker	59 Lapidary	93 Trading Post
26 Cartographer	60 Lawyer	94 Undertaker
27 Chandler	61 Leather Worker	95 Wainwright
28 Cheese Shop	62 Limner	96 Warehouse
29 Cobbler	63 Locksmith	97 Weaver
30 Cooper	64 Lumber Dealer	98 Weaponsmith
31 Customs House	65 Magic Shop	99 Wheelwright
32 Dagger Shop	66 Mason	00 Woodcarver
33 Dairy	67 Metalsmith	
34 Distillery	68 Mill	

Table IV

d100 roll	Merchant's Disposition
01-10	Sour, gruff
11-20	Quiet and reserved
21-30	Boisterous
31-40	Pushy, aggressive
41-60	Friendly
61-80	Courteous
81-90	Talkative
91-96	Suspicious, distrusting
97-00	Shifty, dishonest

d100 roll	Merchant's Motivation
01-10	Greed
11-20	To support a family
21-30	Pride in his work
31-40	Striving for quality
41-60	Striving for quantity
61-80	To support himself
81-90	Hobby, something to do
91-96	Enjoyment, likes to work
97-00	Service, likes to help others



MAKING THE FANTASTIC REAL

Because fantasy role-playing games are filled with magical or mythical creatures, places, and events, cities in fantasy campaigns need a touch of the fantastic to make them special and appealing to the player characters.

These fantastic elements should not be numerous, or necessarily obvious, and they should not be present in every community in your campaign. As mentioned before, if the fantastic becomes commonplace in a city, it is no longer special or fantastic. It is routine and given little thought by the players.

There is basically no limit to what you can put in a community to add a touch of magic. Because it is magic, or fantastic, there are no physical laws that have to be observed. In effect, you are limited only by your imagination.

You can use the following objects and situations in your own cities, or you can use them as springboards for ideas.

Making it Noticeable

Some cities have a fantastic element that is readily noticeable by any character entering the city gates. For example, a fantastic or magical guardian that does nothing to conceal itself is pretty noticeable, such as a friendly dragon that sleeps just inside the main entrance to the city.

Other possibilities include a guard force mounted on pegasi or flying carpets, a city wall that is a shimmering, magical barrier, or a stream that surrounds the city and flows backwards after the sun goes down.

These obvious fantastic effects paint a magical picture of the city and could serve as a lure to player character adventurers. They are great fun to describe and could be used as foils to get PCs into city adventures.

Odd Inhabitants

Perhaps the fantastic element of a city is known to the occupants, but is not obvious to first-time visitors.

For example, perhaps a large town is home to a wizards' academy, where budding mages are being schooled in the arts of spellcasting. While the academy has been an economic boon to the town, because the instructors purchase goods in large quantities from the merchants, it is also a continual headache. Miscast spells have resulted in odd-looking animals wandering the street, a miniature mountain springing up

in the middle of the central park, and unusual and inexplicable weather. PCs visiting this town could find themselves in the middle of a magical experiment gone awry, or they could be asked to help get rid of a terrain feature that magically appeared or chase down a powerful and dangerous housecat that escaped from the academy.

A feature in town might be something other than what it seems. For example, a supposedly high-level wizard who had a tower constructed on the edge of town is avoided by the general populace because they fear him. In actuality, the man isn't a wizard at all. He's just a wealthy adventurer with a *wand of wonder* who wanted to build a reputation for himself by building a tower similar to one he saw in another town. That tower truly was constructed by a high-level mage, and the populace of that town really had a reason to avoid him. That tower serves as a gate to another plane and sometimes appears to fluctuate in size.

Some people within a community could be something other than what they seem, and it could take a band of adventurers to reveal their true natures. For example, a troupe of circus performers actually could be a group of monsters polymorphed to look like people. After the performance they could terrorize the city, then be polymorphed back into circus performers and leave town, with no one the wiser.

Shape-changing creatures, which could end up with prominent government positions, also can provide a fantastic element to vex the PCs.

On The Spot

The location of a community could provide the magical quality. If a city is built on a piece of ground that serves as the nexus between planes or worlds, all manner of unusual things could occur and a variety of bizarre creatures could appear and disappear with no warning.

PCs visiting such a community could find themselves walking down a city street one moment and end up in an alternate Prime Material Plane the next.

Or perhaps this nexus point works as a teleporter. Characters adventuring in a dungeon hundreds of miles away walk through a glowing doorway to find themselves in a crowded tavern where the patrons have heard nothing of the complex the characters were previously in.

Perhaps the effects of the nexus vary throughout the year, with the teleporter effect working only during the summer. At night the nexus might take on an entirely different function. For example, it could cause alleys and businesses to magically appear. The businesses can be shopped in, and the alleys can be walked in, but they disappear with the first rays of the sun.

The City is The Magic

You might want to create a city that you will not place on your campaign map because it moves or only appears every so many years or when certain conditions are met.

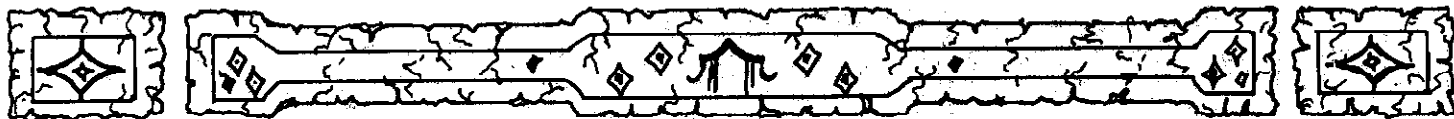
PCs could come upon such a city by accident, never realizing its true nature. If the city only appears every ten years, and the PCs (unknowing of that fact) decide to spend the night or several nights there, they could emerge to continue their journey—only to find that decades have passed and their friends and relatives have died of old age.

Maybe the city which magically appears is inhabited by spirits from throughout the history of the continent. Chatting with the residents could gain the PCs a lot of important, historical information. But if the PCs stay too long, they could become absorbed into the spirits' world.

Magical Features

Some communities could have a fantastic geographical feature that has been there for decades, and which the populace cannot explain. These features, such as a mighty waterfall that originates from a small, clear pool, could perplex visiting player characters and cause them to seek out the origin of the feature. The waterfall might be nothing more than a *decanter of endless water* left by a forgetful adventurer, but the search for the origin could provide an amusing adventure for the PCs.

There are so many possibilities when magical or fantastic elements are concerned. And because of the limitless number, you should create a different element each time you want to add something unusual to your campaigns' cities.



HOW TO USE THE FOLD-UPS

A new dimension will be added to your gaming when you use the building fold-ups and street layouts provided with this product. Players will get more enjoyment out of each playing session in a city, because they will be better able to visualize the action their characters are involved in. The buildings are sturdy enough to support figures on upper floors or atop roofs, so that the action can be truly three-dimensional. The fold-ups also introduce the element of surprise, because you can hide figures inside the buildings—only to be revealed after the characters have decided to enter the structure to see what's inside.

Where To Start

Begin by assembling the buildings according to the instructions on the back of the fold-up sheets. The fold-ups are designed to be collapsible, so they can be stored in the box this product came in and easily carried to a gaming session. With proper care, they will last a long time.

Before you start trying to use the buildings and street layouts, take a few minutes to read the rest of this page and get familiar with the components. A good way to “break in” to using them would be to set up a building configuration for one of the mini-adventures in the back of this book, or try to simulate the layout of a section of a city that's described in some other game product you own.

Future TSR products will include additional buildings with different designs and street layouts. These easily can be added to the buildings in this set to create even larger and more complex designs.

Using The Street Layouts

Cut each of the large sheets of street layouts into thirds, but don't trim around the edges of the grid patterns. (If you do, the sheets won't fit together the way they're supposed to.)

For the most part, the street layouts are modular; they fit together so that streets continue from one sheet onto the sheet placed adjacent to it. The biggest exception to this is sheet H, which was designed as a large courtyard surrounded by buildings that are tight against one another, with only one entrance leading into the courtyard. If you butt any of the other sheets against one

of the long sides of sheet H, you've created a dead-end street that stops when it runs up against the adjacent building.

Each of the twelve layout patterns is identified by a letter, so that you can refer to any combination layout by a simple key and easily recreate it for a later playing session. Simply take a small sheet of scrap paper and draw a series of rough rectangles to indicate the way the sheets are oriented. Put a letter in the corner of each rectangle, in the place that corresponds to the printed letter on the sheet itself, to identify which sheet is used and how it is aligned with respect to the sheets around it.

When setting out street patterns, be careful not to give away too much information to the PCs too soon. Assuming they're not airborne, they're seeing the city from ground level, so that they won't be able to view enormous sections of the community at one time. Plan out what street patterns you want to use, but don't put them all on the table at once. Start with one section, and don't add an adjoining one until the characters move to a spot from where they would be able to see farther down the street (into the adjacent section). If the PCs do come up with a way to view a large area at one time—by riding flying mounts or using magic—then it would be fair to show them several street layouts at once. But you wouldn't have to worry about filling all the layouts with buildings; since they're viewing the structures from a great distance, they wouldn't be able to discern any details or identify a specific type of building. (In effect, all they can see are rooftops.)

Using The Buildings

Cities of Mystery contains 33 building fold-ups—enough to fill at least two of the street layout sheets with single-story structures. (Sheets J, K, and L contain spaces for 15 buildings apiece, so even if you fill two of those three sheets, you'll still have three structures left over.)

Any building with a flat roof can be used as a one-story structure or as a lower floor in a multistory building; the structures are stackable up to three or four stories tall, or perhaps even higher. However, taller buildings won't have as much stability, especially if you put one or more miniature figures an upper floor or on the roof of a tall structure. Platforms in an inverted V shape are provided so that you can simulate “the positioning of a character on top of a peaked roof.

Instructions for how to fold and assemble each basic type of building are printed on the back sides of the building sheets (where they'll be out of sight after the building is put together). You'll find the construction to be simple and straightforward—not as an insult to your intelligence and dexterity, but because the idea is to spend a lot of time using the finished buildings instead of taking a long time to put them together.

Adding The Adventure

The most important point to remember when using these streets and buildings—when setting up any kind of city adventure—is Plan Ahead.

If possible, set up at least one street layout and put buildings on it before players arrive for the session that's about to take place. Getting ready ahead of time will enable you to “populate” the interiors of buildings with miniature figures to represent the monsters and NPCs that player characters will encounter. As you add new street layouts and buildings during the course of an adventure, you may have to ask players to turn their heads or leave the room so they don't see what you put inside the buildings—but if you've planned out ahead of time exactly what you want to do, the playing session will only be disrupted for the few seconds it takes you to prepare the next section of the city.

In the same vein, be prepared with answers to questions that may come up during play concerning details about the physical environment. If you're using a layout sheet that includes walled-in areas, pools, paths, or other special features (sheet B, for example), decide in advance how high the wall is, how deep the pool, how wide the path.

Of course, it's important for a DM to be prepared, no matter what kind of adventure the PCs are about to undertake. But in some ways, planning ahead is especially important before a city adventure, because the environment is much more complex than a dank dungeon corridor or a vast flat plain in the great outdoors. If you make all of your decisions ahead of time, you'll be able to deal quickly and fairly with the decisions that the players make when the action begins.



ENCOUNTERS IN THE CITY

There are three basic areas within a city in which encounters can occur: on the street, in a building, or in a subterranean location. On a street the action can move quickly from one place to another—down an alley, up the side of a building, across a rooftop. In a building the scope of the action is limited to the size of the enclosure. Encounters in underground places can be as widely varied in nature as those places themselves.

Where you want an encounter to happen is going to play a large part in determining what type of creatures or characters you can use. For example, it is not very likely that a player character walking down the main street of a city will run into a group of trolls. The city guard or army would have alerted the populace if monsters were in the city and would have immediately tried to dispatch the beasts. Of course, there are always avenues you can use to cause monster encounters to occur in the middle of the street; in a fantastic universe, nothing is impossible. But the key words are “not likely”—those types of encounters are not likely to occur, and should not occur with any sort of regular frequency. You have to remember that one of the reasons people live in communities is for safety.

Encounters also must make a modicum of sense. For example, creatures which are solitary and do not like civilization are not going to be found roaming in the midst of a large city. And creatures native to a particular climate wouldn't be found in a city located far from where that climate prevails.

You should examine the creatures detailed in the game system you are using before setting up city encounters. Many fantasy role-playing games, such as the D&D® game and the AD&D® game, have city encounter charts and lists of creatures—other than humans and demihumans—that can be found in cities. Some DMs develop their own charts.

You also can refer to the five city adventures and the adventure ideas presented in this product for suggestions on how to use creatures and encounters in a city setting. And following this section of text, on pages 44-45, are a set of encounter charts based on locations within cities and the time of day.

Encounters should be balanced—some friendly, some hostile, some mysterious. Not everything or everyone the PCs encounter should want to attack them. Using a mix of



situations and encounters will keep a city campaign interesting.

ENCOUNTERS ON THE STREET

Encounters occurring on city streets can be a great amount of fun, especially if the building fold-ups from this product are used. You can lay out a section of street, complete with several buildings, and plan an encounter or a series of encounters that can take the player characters in and around buildings, over rooftops, and down dark and dangerous alleys.

When using the fold-ups for encounters, you must decide if the NPCs or creatures the player characters will encounter are familiar with the city. If the NPCs know the streets very well, they can lead the player characters on a merry chase, putting the PCs at a definite disadvantage. However, if the NPCs are as new to the city as the PCs are, no one has an advantage, and any chase that results could be random. And if the PCs are more familiar with the city than the NPCs, they will have the upper hand and could direct the flow of the action.

The building fold-ups should be used to

set up elaborate street encounters. For example, an encounter with a NPC on a main street of the city could lead the PCs almost anywhere. If the NPC is a con man or a thief, he could coax the player characters on some wild pretense into an alley across town where an ambush is set up. Or a thief who is caught picking a player character's pocket could have an escape route carefully planned that will take him—and the player character—across rooftops and down side streets, to a spot where the thief has friends who will jump to help him.

Even if you do not have an elaborate street encounter set up, you should consider using the building fold-ups to keep your players from predicting the action. If you only use the fold-ups when you have an extensive and detailed encounter planned, the players will be tipped off that something is up when you get out the collapsible buildings. Using the fold-ups frequently; and for a variety of types of encounters, will keep the players guessing.

Street encounters can be simple occurrences, such as meeting some of the merchants or other city personalities. These encounters can be friendly, casual happenings in which the PCs can learn more about the city and the populace.



ENCOUNTERS IN THE CITY

Simple street encounters also can be much more. A woman selling fruit could be a spy trying to gather information about the player characters. A person in the uniform of a city guardsman could actually be a thief who has stolen the outfit and is strolling around town picking pockets. There could also be people who aren't *really* people moving through the streets.

Other encounters involving humans and demihumans can be obviously dangerous, such as a gang of muggers or ruffians.

Still other encounters can involve monsters or creatures loose on the city streets—but remember, you'd better have a good reason for why the creatures are there. It should never be commonplace for strange and dangerous creatures to be on the loose in a city. Perhaps a ship in the harbor which is transporting animals to a zoo could catch on fire, and the animals could escape or be let loose to keep them from dying. Or, a group of adventurers could bring a caged monster into town hoping to sell it, but the monster is able to break free and subsequently wreaks havoc. The city's location also can play a part in what kinds of creatures or monsters can be found. An anhkheg or other burrowing creature could erupt into the center of a city located in an arid climate. Or a city on the sea could be visited by friendly creatures, such as sea elves or selkies, or harmful creatures, such as weresharks and sahuagin.

Some street encounters are dependent on the section of town being visited. Player characters walking through a good section of town, where there are several patrols, are not as likely to run into a gang of thieves as they would be in a rough section of town. PCs along a wharf could run into disgruntled sailors, press gangs, and possibly pirates—but those NPCs would not be found in the government quarter.

Further, the time of day will influence the type of encounter found on a street. Merchants, businessmen, common citizens, and visitors will fill a city's streets from early morning to early evening. Late at night there are fewer businesses open and fewer people on the streets. Player characters walking through a city at night might find streetwalkers, sailors, other adventurers, and local residents on their way to their favorite taverns. And in the very early morning hours, the city streets might be nearly deserted. PCs wandering the city streets in the evening or very early in the morning present you with opportunities to

use more hazardous encounters, such as vampires, werereatures, and other human-appearing monsters that only come out when the sun is down.

ENCOUNTERS IN BUILDINGS

Encounters in buildings are much more limited because there is a fixed amount of space to work with. "However, there are advantages to having encounters in inns, businesses, warehouses and other buildings within a city.

NPCs and creatures encountered inside a building are probably familiar with the structure, and thus can make use of every dark corner, piece of furniture, and other features of the "terrain" to evade or delay the PCs. Thieves encountered in buildings may have prepared and set traps in the rooms, which can confound and possibly harm player characters coming inside. Creatures in buildings can hide in the rafters and behind doors, ready to surprise PCs who enter unawares.

Using the building fold-ups for inside encounters will help you surprise your players and will add a new dimension of fun to the game. For example, if the PCs say they are following a shady character into a run-down inn, you lift up the building fold-up and place their figures just inside the door, at the same time revealing the creatures or NPCs waiting inside. The fold-ups also will help you run building encounters more easily, since the players can move their miniatures across the floor plan—there won't be any arguments about where their characters are standing when things start to happen.

Encounters inside buildings, although limited because of the fixed space, provide a dimension of freedom not available with street encounters. For example, monsters or magical traps and devices can be hidden from the view of the PCs inside a building, not becoming evident until after they enter the structure. And buildings can be something other than what they seem. For example, a tailor's shop might be the base for one of the city's thieves guilds. The front room of the building could be filled with bolts of material, scissors, thread, and fitting dummies, but the back rooms (which are locked and probably trapped) could be filled with stolen property and bunks for the thieves.

Buildings filled with local residents also

can present a fun encounter. Player characters walking into a tavern could find themselves in the midst of a bar fight, where bottles of wine are flung through the air and chairs and tables are being wielded as weapons.

ENCOUNTERS UNDERGROUND

The first underground encounter area that comes to mind is that part of a city that most closely resembles the corridors and chambers of a dungeon—the city's sewer system.

It is not unusual for medieval-style cities to have some form of sewer system, which might have been dug while the city was being planned and built, or (if the city is especially old) might have been excavated after the street layout was in place. Since sewer tunnels generally run beneath streets, you can use the street layouts in this product to simulate the sewer network—or you can devise your own system of tunnels and chambers, similar to the way you might design a unique dungeon.

Sewers can be the home of giant crocodiles, monstrous slimes, dangerous puddings, smugglers, thieves, and outcasts of the city who have built their own society beneath the city streets.

If you are going to have adventures in the sewer, you should take time to populate the area—just like you would populate a dungeon or castle. Adventuring in a sewer system will allow you to use creatures you normally couldn't use in the streets and buildings above.

Unless players are anxious to go underground, it may take a little work to get the PCs into the sewer. They could be lured there while chasing a thief who operates out of the sewers. They could be hired by the city officials to clean out the sewer system (several city workers who were cleaning out the sewers have disappeared). They could overhear rumors of a smugglers' guild operating in the sewers, or they could hear someone say that the sewers lead to some great underground complex filled with monsters and treasure.

Other kinds of underground adventures are possible in a city environment. Perhaps there is a city beneath the present city, an ancient community that was covered over during a great natural disaster, and which the PCs hear legends of. The PCs will have



ENCOUNTERS IN THE CITY

to comb the present city to get information about the ancient complex, and then they will have to search to find a way down below. Maybe there is a network of tunnels (not necessarily sewer tunnels) beneath the city, being used as escape routes and hiding places by thieves and smugglers. Or maybe the tunnels are used by slaves escaping into the wilderness. Other possibilities include secret labyrinths constructed beneath a wizard's home or a series of chambers that were built beneath a warehouse to hold illegal goods.

The location of a city can provide ideas for other types of subterranean encounter locations. A city on the sea could have several sea caves nearby or beneath it. A city built near an abandoned mine could have all sorts of tunnels to explore.

Once you have determined what subterranean places are near or beneath your city, you must populate them with creatures and NPCs which can interact with or pose a threat to the player characters. Catacombs beneath a city will not be very interesting if they are empty.

You will need to vary the encounters beneath a city or beneath buildings so not all of them are hostile. For example, the PCs could have fun encountering a community of gnomes beneath a city of humans. And if the player characters broadcast what they find beneath cities, it could affect their well-being and the state of mind of the populace. If city residents learned there were a group of horrible monsters living underneath them, they might pack up their bags quickly and move to another town. Or if the player characters spread the news that they found thieves in a tunnel under the merchants district, they could soon be the target of revenge from the thieves guild.

Putting Them All Together

Some encounters could turn into mini-adventures and could encompass all three types of areas, taking the player characters from a building encounter, to a chase-scene encounter through the city streets—after which their quarry drops down a manhole and into the sewer system below. Encounters such as this require a little more planning and staging, but will be worthwhile for the players and you.

Remembering The Public

In running encounters in city streets and buildings, you need to think about the city residents who might be nearby. Adventuring in a city is definitely different from adventuring in a dungeon, where the PCs might be the only people around.

PCs who get into a fight in an alley could find there is a crowd forming to watch—members of which might get hurt if too many weapons or magic spells get tossed around. PCs could also find common citizens getting into the fray in an attempt to help.

People are curious; if they hear strange noises coming from a building, they might decide to investigate. This could cause the PCs to split their interest, as they must pay attention to the creatures or NPCs they are fighting, while they must also keep the nosy citizens from getting hurt.

Among the bystanders could be city guards and city officials, who are waiting for the fight to end so all the participants can be charged with causing a disturbance, endangering the public, and destruction of property. This could plunge the PCs right from one encounter into another, and they could realize that city officials are sometimes more difficult to handle than monsters.

Shapechangers in The City

Shapechanging creatures are very useful in developing city encounters and adventures. You should examine the creatures detailed in the game system you are using and list those that have the ability to alter their form to look human or near-human. There are also avenues to make monsters without this natural ability appear as common citizens. Magic items that allow creatures to polymorph, or spells cast on the creatures, will serve to create the desired effect.

There are many ways these creatures can be used in a city setting. For example, a doppelganger could be impersonating a city official and having fun creating all sorts of unreasonable and unusual laws. Or a monster that has assumed the form of the mayor could be stockpiling the city's taxes as its treasure while the public's needs are ignored.

If a group of shapechangers are operating together and are impersonating a variety of people, the PCs could become very confused trying to figure out who are the impostors.

The PCs may even be the targets of the shapechangers; impostors who look just like them are robbing merchants, beating up city guards, and threatening city officials—hoping that the real PCs will be caught and prosecuted.

Using Major NPCs

You also should consider creating major NPC villains for your cities which will provide ongoing encounters. An arch-nemesis, especially one who is a prominent and respected person in a community, can antagonize the PCs anytime they come into the community and can be used in encounters anywhere—in buildings, on the street, and beneath the streets and buildings.

Perhaps the NPCs are responsible for some of the encounters the player characters come across. The arch-nemesis may have been guilty of setting the fire on the zoo ship, which caused the creatures to be loosed on the city.

If the NPC is a spellcaster, particularly an illusionist, the PCs could encounter horrible (illusionary) monsters along Main Street or have to deal with tavern fires that don't really exist.

You might even want to designate a few buildings which are owned by such an NPC, and which the PCs will have to adventure through before they can confront him. Using the building fold-ups for encounters with the NPC will help the players visualize what is going on and will make it easier for you to run the encounter.

Getting Additional Help

If you want further ideas or examples for city encounters, you should refer to published adventure scenarios and articles in gaming magazines, and also should pay attention to other DMs' campaigns. Fantasy and science fiction books are also a good source for encounter ideas.



CITY ENCOUNTER TABLES

Lower Class

Day	Night	
01	01	parade
02-03	02	horse race
04-05	03-04	adventurers
06-07	05-07	town guards
08	08-09	spy/spies
09	10	loose animals
10	-	city officials
11-12	11	laborers
13-16	12-15	beggars
17-19	16-18	urchins
20-21	19	clerics
22-25	20-25	thieves
26-27	26-27	fighters
28-29	28-30	ruffians
30-31	31-34	muggers
32	35-36	mugging in progress
33-34	37-38	pickpockets
35-37	39-43	drunks
38	44-46	dead body
39-42	47	merchants
43-44	48-49	soldiers
45-46	-	construction workers
47-48	50	pilgrims
49	51	building fire
50	52	doppelganger
51-52	53	friendly monster
53-54	54-55	dangerous monster
-	56-57	undead
55-58	58-61	dissatisfied residents
59-61	62-63	lost child
62-64	64-66	escaped prisoner
65-69	67-68	peasants
70	69	fortune teller
71-73	70-74	bullies
74-75	75-76	giant vermin
76	77	insect swarm
77	78	pack of dogs
78-79	79	sports contest
80	80	circus
81	81	street fair
82-85	82-85	gypsies
86-87	86	dwarves
88-89	87	gnomes
90-91	88	elves
92-93	89	halflings
94-95	90	fortune teller
96	91	werebear
97	92-93	werewolf
98	94-96	wererat
99	97-98	weretiger
00	99-00	jackalwere

Middle Class

Day	Night	
01	01	parade
02-03	02	horse race
04-06	03-06	adventurers
07-08	07-10	town guards
09-10	11-12	spy/spies
11	13	loose animals
12-15	14	city officials
16-19	15	laborers
20-21	16-18	beggars
22-23	19-22	urchins
24-25	23	clerics
26-27	24-28	thieves
28-30	29-31	fighters
31-33	32-34	magicians
34-36	35-37	muggers
-	38-39	mugging in progress
37-39	40-42	pickpockets
40-41	43-44	drunks
42	45-46	dead body
43-50	47-50	merchants
51-55	51-56	soldiers
56-57	57-58	construction workers
58-61	59-60	pilgrims
62	61	building fire
63-64	62	doppelganger
65	63	friendly monster
66	64	dangerous monster
-	65	undead
67	66-67	dissatisfied residents
68-69	68-70	lost child
70-71	71-72	escaped prisoner
72-75	73	city rulers
76-77	74-76	fortune teller
78-79	77-79	bullies
80	80-81	giant vermin
81	82	unusual animal
82	83	friendly animal
83-84	84	sports contest
85	85-86	circus
86-87	87	street fair
88	88-89	gypsies
89-90	90	dwarves
91-92	91	gnomes
93-94	92	elves
95-97	93	halflings
98-99	94-95	fortune teller
00	96	werebear
-	97	werewolf
-	98	wererat
-	99	weretiger
-	00	jackalwere

Upper Class

Day	Night	
01	-	parade
02-04	01-03	aristocrat
05-06	04-05	adventurers
07-14	06-16	town guards
15-16	17-18	spy/spies
17	19	loose animals
18-21	20-21	city officials
22-24	22-23	laborers
25-27	24-26	clerics
28-29	27-29	thieves
30-31	30-31	fighters
32-34	32-34	knights
35-36	35	haughty men
-	36	drunken men
37-40	37-39	magicians
41	40	muggers
42	41	mugging in progress
43-44	42-44	pickpockets
45	45	dead body
46-50	46-48	merchants
51-55	49-56	soldiers
56-60	57-60	construction workers
61-63	61-64	gossip
64	65	building fire
65	66	doppelganger
66	67	friendly monster
67	68	dangerous monster
-	69	undead
68-70	70-72	haughty residents
71	73	lost child
72-73	74	visiting nobleman
74-76	75-76	city rulers
77-80	77-82	socialite
81	83	pet shop owner
-	84	giant vermin
82	85	unusual animal
83	86	friendly animal
84-88	87	sports contest
89	88	jousting match
90-91	89	reception
92-93	90	minstrels
94	91	dwarves
95	92	gnomes
96	93	elves
97	94	halflings
98-99	95	artists
00	96	werebear
-	97	werewolf
-	98	wererat
-	99	weretiger
-	00	jackalwere



CITY ENCOUNTER TABLES

Merchants' District			Docks/Wharfs			River Banks		
Day	Night		Day	Night		Day	Night	
01-02	01-02	parade	01-02	01-03	feuding captains	01-02	01-03	feuding captains
03-04	03-04	horse race	03-05	04-06	feuding sailors	03-05	04-06	feuding sailors
05-08	05-07	adventurers	06-09	07-10	adventurers	06-09	07-10	adventurers
09-14	08-11	town guards	10-13	11-16	town guards	10-13	11-16	town guards
15-17	12-14	spy/spies	14-15	17-18	spy/spies	14-16	17-19	spy/spies
18-20	15-16	loose animals	16	19	loose animals	17-18	20-21	loose animals
21-24	17-18	city officials	17-19	20	city officials	19-20	22-23	city officials
25-28	19-20	laborers	20-24	21-22	laborers	21-23	24-25	laborers
29-33	21-24	beggars	25-26	23	beggars	24-25	26-28	beggars
34-37	25-30	urchins	27-28	24-25	urchins	26-29	29-32	urchins
38-40	31-33	clerics	29-30	26-27	clerics	30-31	33-34	clerics
41-44	34-39	thieves	31-34	28-32	thieves	32-37	35-40	thieves
45-47	40-44	fighters	35-37	33-36	fighters	38-39	41-42	fighters
48-49	45-47	magicians	38	37	magicians	40	43	magicians
50-51	48-50	muggers	39-40	38-40	muggers	41	44	muggers
52	51-52	mugging in progress	41	41	mugging in progress	42	45	mugging in progress
53-55	53-56	pickpockets	42-44	42-46	pickpockets	43-44	46-47	pickpockets
56-57	57-58	drunken sailors	45	47-54	drunken sailors	-	48-49	drunken sailors
58	59-60	dead body	46	55-57	dead body	45	50-51	dead body
59-68	61-70	merchants	47-56	58-59	merchants	46-50	52-57	merchants
69-72	71	soldiers	57-58	60-63	soldiers	51-53	58-59	soldiers
73-74	72	construction workers	59-60	64	boating race	54-55	-	boating race
75-76	73	protestors	61-64	65-67	protestors	56-57	-	protestors
77	74	building fire	65	68	ship fire	58	60	ship fire
78	75	doppelganger	66-67	69-70	doppelganger	59	61	doppelganger
79	76	friendly monster	68-70	71-73	friendly monster	60-61	62	friendly monster
80	77	dangerous monster	71-72	74-76	dangerous monster	62-63	63-64	dangerous monster
-	78	undead	-	77-79	undead	-	65-67	undead
81-83	79	disgruntled customers	73-76	80-81	disgruntled sailors	64-69	68-70	disgruntled laborers
84-85	80	disgruntled merchants	77	82-83	stowaway	70-72	71-74	stowaway
86	81	escaped prisoner	78	84	escaped prisoner	73	75	escaped prisoner
87-88	82	peasants	79-81	-	city rulers	74-76	76-77	city rulers
89	83	fortune teller	82	85	visiting royalty	77	78	visiting royalty
90	84	protection racket	83-84	86	bullies	78	79-80	bullies
-	85	giant vermin	85	87	giant vermin	79	81-82	giant vermin
-	86	unusual animal	86-87	88	unusual animal	80	83	unusual animal
91	87	friendly animal	88	89	friendly animal	81-82	84	friendly animal
92	88	street fair	89-91	-	dock fair	83-85	85	river fair
93	89	sale days	92	-	ship sale	86-87	-	boat sale
94	90	witness robbery	93-94	90-91	press gang	88-89	86-87	press gang
95	-	gypsies	95	92-94	pirates	90-91	88-89	rowdy laborers
96	91	dwarves	96	-	dwarves	92	90	dwarves
97	92	gnomes	97	-	gnomes	93	91	gnomes
98	93	elves	98	-	elves	94-95	92	elves
99	94	halfings	99	-	halfings	96-97	93	halfings
00	95	fortune teller	00	95	fishing contest	98-99	94	fishing contest
-	96	werebear	-	96	werebear	00	95	werebear
-	97	werewolf	-	97	werewolf	-	96	werewolf
-	98	wererat	-	98	wererat	-	97-98	wererat
-	99	weretiger	-	99	weretiger	-	99	weretiger
-	00	jackalwere	-	00	jackalwere	-	00	jackalwere



SAUTER, CITY ON THE SEA

Sauter, a thriving city of 30,000 people, was created using the guidelines presented in this product.

"Personally, I think they would have been much better off if they had used Boliverburg for an example. I mean, Sauter is okay, if you like a city with elves in it. And not that there's that many elves, but give me a town loaded with earthy-minded dwarves and you've got something pretty spectacular. Hmmm. Maybe that's why they didn't want to use Boliverburg as an example. Boliverburg is just too special. They wanted to give you an example of an average city. Okay. That being the case, let's go to Sauter."

This is an outline that can be used to help you create your own cities for your campaign, or this description itself can be fleshed out and easily added to an existing campaign. No maps are provided for Sauter. However, you could easily create maps for the city and surrounding area.

Sauter was established on a sloping hill that leads to the sea. It has a fairly detailed and fascinating history; an oligarchy for a government; wise and intelligent rulers who are not without their faults; a thriving merchants' district; and a promising future.

Sauter's Seasons

Sauter is built on a slowly sloping hillside that reaches to the ocean. A swift-flowing river cuts through the hillside on the north edge of the city and empties into the sea. The city's two major mercantile districts rely on water for transportation of the goods; one district lies at the foot of the hillside near the sea, the other runs nearly parallel to the river.

Because Sauter is located on the northernmost shore of the continent, its residents are exposed to the four seasons. In summer, when the population swells slightly because of the festivals, temperatures reach into the high 80s. However, the summer is short, with warm temperatures lasting only two and a half to three months. The fall is likewise short, but it is considered the most beautiful time of year. Artists flock to the city during the fall to paint pictures of landscapes that they sell in other cities on the continent.

The winters are harsh in Sauter and last

four or more months. The cold air that comes off the sea causes heavy snowfalls, sometimes forcing shops to close and ships to remain in port for days. Still, trade activity continues. The river flows too quickly to freeze, and the people are a hardy lot not likely to be stopped or discouraged because of the bad winter weather. Many of the residents welcome the cold and find much sport in revelling on the snow-covered hillside. Residents in the towns to the south are amused at and perplexed by the Sauterians' behavior.

Spring begins abruptly in Sauter, and is called "The Awakening." It is the time when the populace begins preparations for the summer's festivals and the farmers spend weeks planting fast-growing crops.

Sauter's Glorious Past

Sauter, City on the Sea, was founded nearly three hundred years ago by a half-dozen adventurers searching for a lost dwarven gold mine. The adventurers were in possession of a map that supposedly showed the location of a mine rumored to have veins of gold as thick as a man's arm, and which was thought to be located in a cleft of a hillside above the sea. Carefully following the map's directions, the adventurers traversed the continent's northern coast for more than a year until they located the stretch of coastline that matched the drawing on the map. The adventurers spent the next couple of years unsuccessfully combing the face of the hillside and the sea caves, looking for some trace of the gold.

Throughout that time they lived with a handful of fishermen who traded much of their catch to passing seagoing merchants in exchange for furs and other goods. The fishing was very good along this coast because the water never got too warm and was filled with an abundance of plant life that attracted the fish. The adventurers became good friends with the fishermen and found themselves spending a few hours a day helping them catch fish and defending them from wandering monsters. And as the months wore on and their dreams of a gold mine faded, the adventurers realized that the real treasure wasn't the mine that might or might not exist. The treasure was this section of the coastline and the abundant sea life attracted to the deep harbor. They began to devote the majority of their efforts

to fishing, using their roping and trapping skills to create large nets that brought in hundreds of fish a day.

Merchant ships began to stop regularly to trade with the fishermen, and the small settlement began to grow. The adventurers were appointed the community's leaders, since they had the strongest personalities and provided the protection. By the time a decade passed, the community had reached a population of 800 and boasted a shipbuilding industry. A small farming industry also started, as farmers who had moved to the area developed fast-growing crops that could be harvested before the cold weather set in.

The adventurers still found time to spend a few days a month searching for the mine, and eventually they found it. News of the gold spread quickly and attracted more people to the village, which was now called Sauter after the adventurers' leader, a tall, blond-haired elven ranger who also was responsible for finding the gold. Several other prospectors struck small veins, but none as profitable as the adventurers' mine. Still, the small mines produced gold for several years and boosted the town's economy. The adventurers invested their newfound wealth back into the town. Merchants, commoners, and adventurers of all races moved to the prosperous community, which began to geometrically increase in size. The adventurers' gold helped support the growth and was used to fund public buildings, a courthouse, and an extensive dock system.

Now the city is the largest on the northern coast. Its primary industries are fishing, trading, shipping, and a little farming. Because there is a river on the city's edge, Sauter can transport goods inland, which further increases the city's importance. The future for the city looks bright, and the city's leaders are confident the population will continue to grow. It is at peace with its neighbors, and its government has served as a model for other communities.

Sauter's Government

As the decades continued to pass, the adventurers faded from view. All but Sauter died, because they were humans and half-elves with limited lifespans. It was rumored that Sauter went off into the wilderness in search of another gold mine. But many of the things the adventurers estab-



SAUTER, CITY ON THE SEA

lished remained, such as the strong trading industry and the residents' freedom. The city, which in its early stages had been ruled by a council composed of the adventurers and a few merchants, adopted a form of government that was a combination of an oligarchy and a republic, and which the people called the Sauter Triumvirate. All landowners were given the power to vote, and they elected the three leaders. Under this form of government, the leaders each served a nine-year term, with the terms being staggered three years apart to foster stability. Each of the three leaders held approximately the same amount of authority, with one being responsible for seagoing concerns, another being charged with land-based merchant and trade activity, and the third being responsible for the military, the guard force, and the general welfare of the people.

Together the three established laws and set taxes. Because the Sauter voters were content with the leaders they chose, they only elected a new leader when one of the current three died or chose not to seek another term of office. In the course of the city's history, power has been held by humans, elves, half-elves, dwarves, and even a halfling. Although the mix of rulers might have seemed unusual to outsiders, the Sauter residents were pleased, because their population was made up of a variety of races, and the triumvirate seemed to ensure representation for everyone.

Because of the city's size, several other officials are needed to closely monitor operations throughout Sauter. These officials, who number 27, are appointed by the triumvirate to terms ranging from one to three years. They are usually reappointed when their terms are up—unless their work is unsatisfactory or they did something to offend or upset a triumvirate member.

The current triumvirate consists of two humans and an aging white-haired elf. The elf, one of the major landowners in the city, is responsible for the military, the guard force, and the general welfare of the people. Although the triumvirate seats were designed to be equal, the elf tends to hold a little more sway. He goes by the name of White William, but a few very old elves in the community know his real identity and keep it their secret. He is Sauter, the leader of the adventuring party that founded the city.

White William, a 770-year-old retired ranger, is the most charismatic of the three

leaders and has been on the triumvirate for 20 years. He is generous to a fault, donating his wealth to fund public improvement projects. He is also open-minded, showing no bias based on race, social class, or gender, and he is willing to consider a variety of proposals before pushing to adopt laws or rescind them. However, perhaps White William's strongest trait is his moodiness. Sometimes the leader broods for days, looking out over the sea. Some say White William is restless and yearns to travel; others believe his age is taking its toll. The other two leaders believe his moodiness is linked to the city and the sea, climbing like the surf to an emotional peak when the city prospers and crashing like a wave to the shore when an economic slump strikes.

White William lives in a small manor house, which he commissioned the local builders guild to construct to his exact specifications. Unknown to the Sauter populace, the house sits on top of a vein of gold, the last remnants of the fabled dwarven mine. William takes gold from it when he needs money, or when there is not enough gold in the city coffers to fund a major public improvement. He knows the gold vein will not last much longer than another 50 years, but he is confident by that time the city will not need his financial help. He has willed his property and the cavern beneath it to the city. White William's life is indeed tied to the city. He feels he helped give it life, so he will devote the remainder of his life to it.

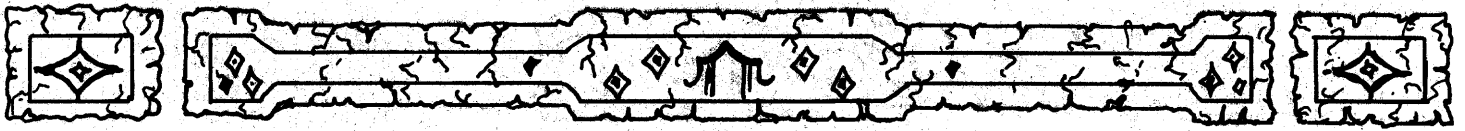
Emilia Loring, a 30-year-old human, is the newest member of the Sauter Triumvirate, having been elected two years ago after the death of a half-elf triumvirate member. She is only the fourth woman in the city's history to hold a triumvirate seat. While Emilia claims she was elected because of her wisdom and political ideals, many in the populace claimed they voted for her because the other candidates were too liberal-minded. She is bold and brassy, traits which have helped her lead the land-based merchant and trade business into great prosperity, but she is also very conservative, not making a move until she is certain that all angles of a problem have been studied. She spends several hours every day meeting with merchants and talking to other cities' officials to create new trade agreements. She revels in her authority and obviously favors the landowners who put her into power. Still, she is fair and even-handed and respected throughout the city. Emilia hopes to stay on the triumvirate for a very long time. She has

vowed not to marry, so she can devote all of her energy to the city's welfare. However, because of her position and her beauty, she is probably the most sought-after woman in town. While she does not accept the advances of the men who frequently ask her for dates, she does not refuse their gifts, which she enjoys displaying around her neck and on her wrists and fingers.

Tomas Tomathon, a 65-year-old former ship captain, is in charge of Sauter's seagoing activities. He is the most jovial of the three leaders, never having been seen in public without a broad smile. He has been a member of the Sauter Triumvirate for 38 years. His outgoing mannerisms have led him to be the most popular leader. Although he is somewhat domineering when dealing with port workers and ship captains, he is diplomatic and wise, and always puts the needs of the city before his personal goals. He has a wife, 10 children, and several dozen grandchildren, who he claims to never see enough of because of the amount of time he must spend with the city's government. However, frequently several of the grandchildren can be found in the government building, wandering the halls and pestering the officials and Tom. Although White William is in charge of Sauter's army, which includes its sea defenses, Tom is always consulted when plans for sea patrols are being made.

Each member of the triumvirate is given a badge of office—a pendant displaying the city seal, which is a magic item that grants the wearer an armor class of 3. However, White William has other magic items which improve his armor class significantly beyond that. In addition, each member is always accompanied by three bodyguards, even at home. This practice was started about 100 years ago when an assassination attempt was made on a triumvirate member. At public functions, especially those where the Sauter Triumvirate will be out in the open, more guards are present, including some disguised as common residents.

The Sauter Triumvirate's strength lies in the diversity of the leaders and the great care they take in establishing laws and governing the populace. Several nearby cities have adopted this form of government and frequently study Sauter's laws before expanding upon their own codes. Emilia tends to favor adding more laws to the Sauter books, to clarify every aspect of city life. White William, on the other hand, would prefer the city have fewer laws, to make the



SAUTER, CITY ON THE SEA

government seem less stilted. Tom is the balancing force between the two, and makes them consider each proposed law on its merits, rather than thinking about the number of regulations already in existence. Some of the appointed government officials realize how important Tom's role is in the triumvirate and are searching for ways to magically extend his life, such as through *potions of longevity*.

However, despite its good reputation, the government has a weakness—the voting procedure used to put the leaders into office. Only landowners are permitted to vote, and many of the city's merchants and workers rent living space. These people give much to the community, but they are frustrated because they are given no say in the government. A small and quiet movement has begun to reform the government. It is in a beginning stage, and the landowners and the Sauter Triumvirate are not yet aware what is happening.

The goal of the current Sauter Triumvirate is to expand the sea trade routes and to strike up trade agreements with inland cities far to the south. In addition, the triumvirate members want to take a portion of the profits from these planned ventures and upgrade and improve the wharf area.

The Sauter Triumvirate recognizes all neutral and good religions for human and demihuman deities. However, because of Sauter's location, most of the deities worshiped are associated with the sea, such as Poseidon.

Sauter's Defenses

The city is surrounded by an earth and stone wall on three sides, which was difficult to construct because of the sloping hillside, and is open to the sea on the fourth. However, the sea is patrolled by Sauter forces and a group of friendly narwhales (which White William/Sauter communicates with through *speak with animals* spells).

Sauter has a standing army of 800, which is trained, paid, and kept up by city taxes. There is no draft in the city, although laws allow for one in time of war. Instead, the army is composed of young to mature male humans, half-elves, dwarves, and a few elves, who enlist as a way to make a living. They are paid a monthly salary and provided room and board. The soldiers are stationed along the city's walls, patrol the coast

in six warships, and are responsible for patrolling the land within a seven-mile radius of the city. In addition, frequently the soldiers are used in public works projects and are used to complement the city guard force. In addition to the army, 250 male Sauter residents make up a volunteer force, which trains two to three days each month. This force will only be called into action if the city is attacked.

Many residents believe such a large army is not necessary for a city Sauter's size, especially because the city is at peace with all of its neighbors. At public meetings they have registered their protest of the large army, claiming residents' taxes would be lower if that many soldiers did not have to be supported. However, triumvirate members and appointed city officials are adamant about a strong defense. They contend that one of the reasons Sauter remains at peace with its neighbors is because of the strong army, which serves as a deterrent to war.

Sauter has a city guard force of 250. Unlike the army, the guard force has women members. Many members of the city guard are low-level adventurers who use the guard force for something to do and as a way to make money between adventures. The force also provides them a place to stay as part of the employment arrangement. The city accommodates the adventurers by letting them work in shifts, alternating one month on and one month off, or six months on and six months off (for those who want to plan an extended journey into the wilderness). The city officials believe that the city benefits from catering to adventurers in this way, because they get guards who are more capable than average men and who frequently carry magic weapons.

Unbeknownst to the Sauter citizens; the triumvirate also maintains a small network of spies who operate in the community and in several of the neighboring cities. The spies are usually low- to mid-level adventurers who find working for the city leaders more profitable than exploring dungeons—and sometimes more fun.

Population and Neighborhoods

About two-thirds of Sauter's population is human. The remaining third is composed of (in order of greatest number) half-elves, elves, dwarves, and halflings. There are three gnome families who live on the edge

of town, but they are not well thought of because of their small number and because they play tricks on the city census-takers. The races mingle well in Sauter. The city is considered a melting pot of sorts because of its trade base and its seacoast location. It is not uncommon to see dwarves and elves dining together. In fact, the largest ship-building company in the city is jointly owned by a wood elf and a dwarf who used to adventure together.

Despite the camaraderie that the populace tends to enjoy, there are distinctive neighborhoods within the city. A neighborhood composed primarily of dwarves is located at the top of the hillside, while a neighborhood of high elves and wood elves lies to the north of the merchant district on the river. A neighborhood of halflings is located nearly in the middle of the city, although when it originated Sauter was smaller and the neighborhood was on the edge of the city. In addition, there are neighborhoods composed almost entirely of humans scattered throughout Sauter, and they are further segregated based on the wealth of the residents. For example, the wealthiest humans live on the southern edge of the city. And nearly all the neighborhoods along the coast are primarily human. The small neighborhoods in and around the merchant districts are composed of a smattering of all races. The mixture came about in part because the merchants are of a variety of races, and all of them want to live near their businesses. There is even a neighborhood along the river that is composed of adventurers; long-time Sauter residents call it the Adventurers Quarter. It is a collection of two- and three-story apartment buildings, taverns, and small shops that cater primarily to adventurers.

Most of the buildings in town are made of stone and earth; however, many of the buildings along the wharf area are made of wood. A few of the new city buildings, which were designed by a dwarven mason, are being constructed of a stiff clay mixture. City officials will have more buildings made of this material, which is inexpensive to create, if these test buildings hold up well.

Taxes

Sauter has a rather extensive tax system which covers all residents, whether they rent homes or own land. Landowners are taxed based on the amount of property they



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own, and they are further taxed on the number of buildings on the property. All residents are taxed 10% of their income. This does not sit well with many of the poorer residents, who believe the wealthy should be taxed much more.

Resident adventurers are not excluded from the tax system. And adventurers who live more than 30 days a year in the city are considered residents. The city taxes adventurers 10% of the value of their property and wealth. In addition, they are taxed 50 gold pieces a year for each permanent magic item they own. The adventurers' tax came into being early in Sauter's history. The adventurers who formed the community knew how wealthy their peers could become by exploring dungeons and raiding monster lairs, and they also believed that adventurers rarely needed all the wealth they accumulated. Sometimes it is difficult to tax the adventurers because they are not always honest about their wealth and magic items, and it is difficult to get them to report what they unearth in dungeons and ruins.

Residents who do not pay their taxes, or who cheat and only pay a portion, are subject to heavy fines and jail terms. Sometimes low- to mid-level adventurers, who are known to be truthful in paying their own taxes, are hired to catch those who refuse to comply with the tax laws.

In addition to the taxes, Sauter officials have imposed fees and licenses which also generate income for the community. For example, all merchants must buy a business license, and seagoing merchants must buy dock passes. The license fees are not exorbitant, but because of the large trade industry they generate a significant amount of money.

Sauter's Merchants

The larger of Sauter's two merchant district stretches from the wharfs to a few blocks up the foot of the hillside. There are 150 registered merchants in the city, with 90 of them located in this district. The largest shops deal with sea business, such as the sail makers, shipbuilders, rope makers, and metal workers. Other shops rely on the merchant ships to support their businesses, such as jewelers who purchase pearls, coral, and other valuables from the sea; fishmongers, who in turn export some of the goods up the river; and the trading post dealers, who purchase oddities brought in by sailors, such as old statues, and clean

them up and sell them for high prices.

Some of the merchants have brought fame to Sauter. A dwarven jeweler is known throughout the northern half of the continent for the shell necklaces and rings he makes. The dwarf has a knack for selecting certain shells, which when etched will reflect the light and change colors. A rope maker, located in a small building near the docks, is renowned for the strong but thin ropes he makes, which are in demand by merchant ships. And a few of the inns have developed marvelous recipes for seafood.

The Sauter merchants instigated a series of summer festivals, which draw people to the city and boost sales throughout the merchant districts. Although the city officials and guard force find the festivals annoying, they realize the festivals are very important for the economic well-being of the merchants. When winter hits Sauter, most merchants' business drops dramatically, and the extra money they earn from the festivals tides them over until good weather returns.

Crime and Punishment

Despite its large guard force, Sauter has a crime rate which bothers the triumvirate members and lesser city officials. While the number of violent crimes, such as murder and kidnapping, is relatively small, there is a significant number of thefts, especially along the wharfs and near the two merchants districts.

The city officials realize that the large trade industry is a lure to thieves, many of whom they believe come in on merchant ships, steal goods, and leave on other ships. In addition, the officials know that there are many thieves in the Adventurers Quarter.

Part of the problem rests with the city officials, who until the past few years did not adopt harsh enough laws to deter the thieves. In the past, people caught stealing were merely fined or thrown in jail for a relatively short time. Now, however, a person convicted of stealing for the first time is penalized by a lengthy prison sentence with no possibility of parole. For a second conviction, the offender has his hand cut off. Thieves who establish themselves as habitual offenders—who continue to live a life of crime after losing a hand—are put to death. However, a few of the best thieves who are caught are sometimes put to work for the government, such as in the spy network

under the supervision of more trustworthy adventurers. Sauter officials are confident that the harsher laws will eventually reduce the crime rate.

Sauter's court system is composed of a council of five clerics, who can often determine the guilt or innocence of the accused through *detect lie* spells. Although the use of magic to determine the truth of a matter might seem to lead to a lot of open-and-shut cases, in fact there are many occasions when *detect lie* does not absolutely establish guilt or innocence. It is possible for two people to tell the truth and still leave an issue unresolved; this is where the wisdom of the clerics comes into play, because they must actually hear the case and judge it on its merits.

Offenses that are punishable by death include murder, habitual thievery, brutal assault (attempted murder), and treason. Except for second-time thievery, all other crimes are punished by prison sentences, hard labor, or fines.

Adventures In Sauter

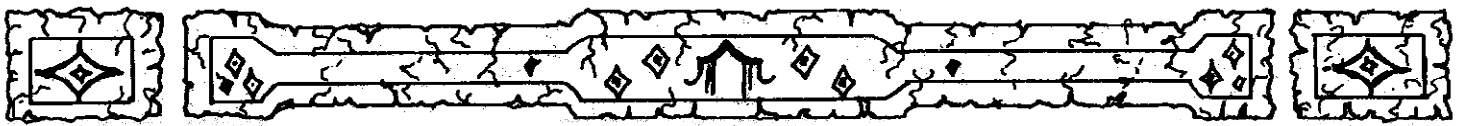
The sea caves that twist and burrow beneath the city, the deep forest to the north of the city, and the vast ocean where the ruins of ancient civilizations are said to be buried are all places that beckon to adventurers who frequent Sauter.

In addition, the city's great number of merchants, who come from many different places, are always a source of rumors and tips that could plunge an adventuring party into the thick of a mystery or into the depths of a dungeon.

Sometimes the city provides the adventure, as the city officials hire adventurers to deal with bands of monsters and creatures that lurk nearby. Because the city is located on the shore of the ocean, all manner of sea creatures—from sahuagin to sharks to marine trolls—could slip past the sea patrols and the friendly narwhales.

Sauter is also a starting point for adventure because of the great many ships that enter and leave port. There are always captains looking for new crew members, and there are always rumors of adventures waiting to happen on the islands miles away from the coast.

There is simply so much potential for excitement and fortune in and around Sauter that adventurers can't stay away.



ADVENTURING IN THE CITY

The following scenarios are written for the AD&D® game system, but can easily be altered for use with the D&D® game or with other fantasy role-playing games. All of these scenarios are intended to be used with the fold-up buildings and street layouts included with this product.

The Maltese Roc, the longest of the scenarios, can take several hours of playing time. The other scenarios — *Ike Likes Spiders and Snakes*, *A Slave to the Music*, *The Horrible Haunting of Mycky Fynn's*, and *A Grand Illusion* — can be used as simple encounters that can last an hour, or you can

flesh them out into adventures that could take up an entire evening apiece. Some of these scenarios can be used for player characters of any level by simply adjusting the level of the non-player characters provided, or by adding additional non-player characters and creatures.

IKE LIKES SPIDERS AND SNAKES

This adventure is for 1st and 2nd level characters composing a party with total experience levels of 6 to 12.

DM Background: Ike Ingleman likes spiders, snakes, insects, and other small creatures which the majority of the populace considers repulsive. Ike, who is a little eccentric, has been collecting these creatures for several years. In his one-story shop he keeps his prized insect collection, which consists of dozens of large, glass-covered wooden boxes filled with a variety of dead insects, each insect carefully mounted with a small pin and labeled. He also has an extensive mounted spider collection, which is kept in a similar fashion. On shelves about his shop are displayed stuffed frogs, lizards, and snakes, which Ike studies and offers for sale (although he gets very few takers). Ike also sells insects and parts of small creatures to help support his habit of collecting. Although his customers are few (consisting mainly of alchemists and mages who use his goods for elixirs, potions, and spell components), they pay well.

A few months ago Ike decided to expand his hobby by keeping live insects, spiders, snakes, and other creatures. He filled his basement with cages, crates, and large glass jars and began to pay adventurers to capture things for him. Of course, the adventurers were above collecting normal-sized toads and lizards, so they began to bring him giant-sized varieties. This delighted Ike, and although his savings dwindled his collection of live specimens grew. His basement became filled with giant frogs, killer frogs, fire beetles, giant centipedes, giant rats, and his favorites—huge spiders and constrictor, spitting, and poisonous snakes.

Ike started bragging to his friends about the big spiders he was keeping at his place. His friends were repulsed, but children in town who heard the stories were intrigued.

One night a few children crept into Ike's basement to make sure that Ike wasn't making up tales about his new collection. When they found the creatures, one of the bolder children thought it would be great fun to let the collection loose. Fortunately for the fast and dextrous child, he was able to unlatch the cages and uncap the jars before the creatures realized they were free. The child escaped and so, eventually, did Ike's collection, taking up residence in the surrounding buildings and alleys and creating a basis for this scenario.

Setup: This scenario requires the use of at least two street layouts, where encounters will occur along side streets; a 2"-by-3" two-story fold-up building to represent Ike's place; one additional 2"-by-3" fold-up building, and two 2"-by-2" buildings that should be placed in the general vicinity of Ike's place (these will be occupied by the creatures from Ike's collection). To draw the scenario out somewhat and provide for other possible encounters along the way, you can set up additional street sections and a few other buildings so the PCs will have to do a little exploring before they find all of the creatures.

How to Get the PCs Involved

1. The PCs are walking down one of the city's streets when they notice a giant centipede run out of a building and down an adjacent alley. The incident quickly will be followed with sobs and shouts of "Oh, no! Not my precious!" coming from inside the building (Ike's home). Ike has just realized that his entire collection has been let out and is in the process of escaping.

2. Ike and a few of his neighbors, who have had their buildings infested with his freed collection, seek the player characters' help in cleaning out the buildings. Ike will beg the PCs

to capture, not kill, the creatures; and he will give them nets to use for this purpose. He will caution the PCs that some of the creatures are poisonous, and will give the party enough doses of *elixir of health* to negate poisoning in each of them once.

Ike's House: PCs entering Ike's house will immediately notice his vast collection of insects and spiders kept in the wooden cases. If Ike is with them, he will expound upon the many varieties of insects and creatures he has accumulated. Almost all of the creatures on the first floor are dead. However, PCs looking through Ike's collection of taxidermied frogs and snakes will encounter two spitting cobras lying on a shelf. The snakes made a meal of a couple of overly large frogs and are resting. They will attack if the PCs get within 5' of them or appear menacing.

Spitting snakes (2): AC 5; MV 12; HD 4+2; hp 21, 23; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA poisonous spittle, which can be sprayed up to 30' at a single target; THAC0 15.

There are no other living creatures in Ike's house. PCs who examine the basement will discover all the empty cages, crates, and large jars. Many of these containers had been painstakingly filled with mud, grasses, and small insects by Ike to make his creatures feel at home. If the PCs appear interested, Ike will explain how difficult it was to recreate their natural habitats. He will tell the PCs (if they are willing to listen) which creatures were in which cages. Crafty players should take note of Ike's list, so they will know precisely what they are up against.

Ike's list includes the following creatures: giant centipedes; awfully long snakes, two of which he thinks are overgrown cobras and one of which he believes is a constrictor; giant frogs; large frogs with teeth (killer frogs); real big spiders, which resemble a



IKE LIKES SPIDERS AND SNAKES

wolf spider; a real, real big spider; oversized rats; and big beetles that glow red—he believes they are called fire beetles. Ike will apologize for not knowing the precise names of the creatures, explaining that he has not had them long enough (nor had enough extra gold pieces on hand) to be able to contact scholars who know about these things. He will tell the PCs that if they can return the creatures, he is certain he can find the correct names for their species soon.

Alley # 1: If the PCs have undertaken this adventure during the day, this encounter could prove to be the easiest, and might make the PCs believe that tackling Ike's collection will be a simple task. Their target in this location will be a very large constrictor snake, which will be sunning itself in the middle of the alley. However, if the PCs have undertaken this adventure during the evening, the snake will be curled up next to some trash containers and will be difficult to notice. This snake is not aggressive and will not make a move to attack the PCs unless they approach closer than 5' or appear to menace it.

Constrictor Snake: AC 5; MV 9; HD 6+1; hp 33; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4/2d4; SA constriction; THACO 13.

Alley #2: This alley has become the new home for a dozen giant centipedes, which are hiding among stacks of crates. The centipedes are aggressive and will rush out to attack the PCs if they approach the crates.

Giant Centipedes (12): AC 9; MV 15; HD 1/4; hp 2 each; #AT 1; Dmg nil; SA poison (non-fatal); THACO 20.

Alley #3: Only one member of Ike's collection has wandered into this alley—a hungry giant rat, which has encountered the resident of the alley, a bum named George. George doesn't have any friends and never had any pets, so he has decided to get one of each by attempting to befriend the rat. The rat isn't especially friendly, but George (who is a real pro at scavenging) has been feeding it, so it hasn't attacked him. If the PCs enter this alley, George will try to hide his rat. If the PCs are persistent in checking out the area, they will notice George's new friend. George will do his best to try to convince the PCs that the rat is actually his dog, Spike. The rat will try to run away if the PCs are aggressive. If the rat does escape, George will become belligerent and obnoxious,

demanding that the PCs pay him for damages for the loss of his pet.

Giant Rat: AC 7; MV 12//6; HD 1/2; hp 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA disease; THACO 20.

Building #1: One giant spider and six huge spiders have made this place their new lair. It is important that you pay attention to where the players place their figures in this building. The spiders will be above the PCs, hidden in webs and scuttling about in the rafters. The spiders will drop on the characters when at least one PC walks to the center of the building's main room. It is up to you whether all the spiders are in one main room or are divided between all the building's rooms. However, a party of all 1st level characters should not encounter all of the spiders at once.

Giant Spider: AC 4; MV 3 * 12; HD 4+4; hp 12; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SA poison; THACO 15.

Huge Spiders (6): AC 6; MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 3, 4, 5, 6, 6, 7; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA poison; THACO 16.

The spiders will break off the attack and flee if the PCs kill three of the huge spiders quickly.

Main Street: As the PCs exit Building #1, which contained the big spiders, they will hear screaming and will see a half-dozen commoners being chased down the street by five 2½-foot-long beetles. The commoners are staying ahead of the beetles, but it should be obvious to the PCs that the commoners cannot outdistance them.

Fire Beetles (5): AC 4; MV 12; HD 1+2; hp 4, 5, 5, 7, 8; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; THACO 18.

Building #2: This has become the hideout of a group of giant and killer frogs. PCs who examine the outside of the building before entering will notice something amiss—two windows are broken. The frogs had jumped into this building to escape the noise and confusion of the city streets. The giant frogs are on the small side, being only 2 feet long. However, because there are six of them, the two killer frogs have left them alone. If the PCs enter this building, the two killer frogs will attack immediately. The giant frogs are frightened by the city and will only attack if the PCs walk toward them.

Killer Frogs (2): AC 8; MV 6//12; HD 1+4; hp 6, 7; #AT 3; Dmg ½d4/½d4/1d4+1; THACO 18.

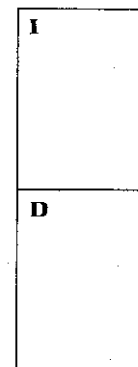
Giant Frogs (6): AC 7; MV 3//9; HD 1; hp 5 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA sticky tongue; THACO 19.

Building #3: This building contains a lot of foodstuffs, and for that reason has become the home of Ike's giant rats. The rats are very happy here and will aggressively fight anyone who enters their new domain.

Giant Rats (15): AC 7; MV 12//6; HD ½; hp 2 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA disease; THACO 20.

Finishing the Adventure: It is doubtful the player characters will have been able to recapture all of Ike's collection, and likely that they will have been forced to kill some of the creatures. Deep down Ike realizes that some of his pets were bound to die; even if the PCs do not capture a single creature, he will not blame them for what has happened, and will give them 15 gp each for their help. However, if the PCs were able to recapture at least some of his creatures, he will be in better spirits and will offer them a further reward—three of his wooden boxes filled with mounted and identified insects. This is a big sacrifice for Ike, as it took him a while to accumulate and identify them. If the PCs decline this offer, he will not give them anything else in its place, and in any event the monetary reward will not be more than 15 gp apiece because that's all the money Ike can spare. The PCs will eventually benefit if they do take the three boxes of insects. Sold to the right buyer, each box will bring 110 gp.

Suggested Street Layouts





A SLAVE TO THE MUSIC

This scenario is intended for three to six player characters of 2nd through 4th levels, composing a party with total levels of 9 to 14.

DM Background: Ahmal, a retired thief, is a merchant who sells carved wooden furniture, figurines, bowls, and wooden flutes in his rented shop. He has been at this work for nearly a decade, choosing it over his former profession because he was caught once too often and spent a few too many years in prison. His dextrous hands quickly turn out his wooden wares, gaining him a passable income, but not netting him enough to buy his own shop in a better section of the city. His wooden flutes were sought after only by commoners who did not have enough money to buy fine, well-made instruments. Ahmal feared he would never attain the fame and wealth he so desperately wanted and believed he deserved.

However, all of that changed a few months ago when Ahmal accepted a book about djinn and efreet from a customer in trade for a chair. The book explained how djinn can create soft wood and wooden items magically. The book caused Ahmal to become obsessed with getting a djinni. He spent all of his money, traded a few of the magic items he had been hoarding from his past thieving career, and borrowed 2,000 gold pieces from an unscrupulous lender (jeopardizing his business and his life) to obtain a *luck blade*. With the wishes the blade contained, he learned the location of a djinni and how to enslave it. Under the pretense of making a trading trip, Ahmal accomplished his task. And shortly after his return, his business picked up. Ahmal's djinni-sculpted furniture, figurines, and flutes are now in demand and command high prices, although the customers continue to believe that Ahmal is the craftsman. And his flutes have become sought after by professional musicians throughout the area. Ahmal has not shared the secret of his djinni with anyone.

Neighboring merchants are suspicious of the sudden improved quality in Ahmal's goods. However, the retired thief contends the change came about because he learned a few new carving techniques on his last trading expedition. Because of the suspicion, and Ahmal's usually suspicious nature, he is very careful in protecting his livelihood—the djinni—and has relied on the skills from his former profession to set up elaborate traps in his shop to keep thieves

and competitors from learning his secret and stealing the djinni.

Ahmal is nervously happy with his situation. He is confident that he will have enough money soon to pay back his loan, and within several months after that he hopes to have enough to buy his own large shop in the best section of the city. He has promised to the djinni that it will be released when his dream of a large shop and a very prosperous business is realized—hoping that this incentive will spur the djinni to continue producing items of unequalled quality, so as to hasten the day when it receives its freedom again. However, Ahmal actually has no intention of releasing the djinni, which he keeps in a specially magicked box.

To complicate the situation just before the player characters enter the picture, Rourk, the loan shark whom Ahmal borrowed money from, is curious about the merchant's improved business and has decided he wants his money paid back now—and with a higher interest rate than previously agreed on.

Setup: You will need a two-story, 2"-by-3" building fold-up to serve as Ahmal's shop and living quarters. Construct a handmade paper map of the building you select for your own reference, so you can mark where and what kinds of traps are placed inside and outside. In addition, you will need to set up several buildings of varying sizes nearby, spread across three or four street layout sheets to accommodate a chase scene. Create as many traps as feasible for Ahmal's building. However, be careful not to put them where customers normally would walk. Ahmal would not want to draw suspicion on himself by having an ordinary customer break his leg in a pit trap. Suggested traps include a trapdoor/pit trap, the bottom of which is coated with sleep poison (save vs. poison or be knocked unconscious for 1d8 turns); a thin but strong wire that when tripped causes a net or cage to fall down around the intruder; or a pressure-sensitive floorboard, which when stepped upon causes darts or daggers to be propelled at an intruder from a hidden panel in the wall.

How to Get the PCs Involved

1. The PCs are hired by Rourk to collect the money Ahmal owes him. Rourk tells the PCs that Ahmal is long overdue in paying

him back 3,000 gp (actually, Ahmal borrowed 2,000 and agreed to a 500 gp interest charge). Rourk says he will pay the PCs 200 gp if they can collect on the loan, and promises (untruthfully) that he will hire them for other collections if they are successful. He warns the PCs that Ahmal has a shady past—he knows that Ahmal has served time in prison for thievery—and likely will try to weasel his way out of paying the loan or will lie to the PCs.

2. A wealthy but jealous merchant hires the PCs to purchase some of Ahmal's best carved pieces. The merchant is upset with Ahmal's upswing in business and wants to carefully examine some of Ahmal's pieces so that he can reproduce them or somehow prove Ahmal stole them from somewhere and is reselling them.

3. The PCs are walking through the marketplace when they notice a crowd around a woodcarver's shop. If they investigate they will see the proprietor, Ahmal, showing off his latest creations and describing how painstakingly difficult it was for him to get the curved surfaces so smooth and shiny. The PCs also will notice a few disgruntled neighboring merchants looking on.

4. A merchant who deals only in musical instruments is suspicious of Ahmal's flutes. He knows the retired thief is no musician and hires the PCs to find out who is producing the instruments or from whom Ahmal stole the instruments.

At the first opportunity the PCs take to closely examine one of Ahmal's pieces of merchandise, you can give the PCs a clue (if you so desire). Have the examining character (or one of them, chosen at random) notice small scratches on the piece in an innocuous place that seem to spell out words. On the bottom of the base of a figurine, for instance, will be the words "help me." Further investigation of pieces will reveal words such as "prisoner" and "slave," scratched just inside the opening of a flute or seeming to be part of the decorative etching on the outer surface. The words are very difficult to read, and it might be very hard to convince a disinterested party that the scratches are nothing more than scratches. If Ahmal is confronted about the words, he will say the PCs are imagining things. Those scrawls are not words, he will contend. They are simply part of the decoration, or (if in a place not normally visible)



A SLAVE TO THE MUSIC

small scratch marks caused by the equipment he uses to hold a piece of wood in place while he carves it. If he gets a chance to do so out of sight of the PCs, he will gouge at the marks with one of his woodworking tools to blot out the words. If the PCs move away from the shop, Ahmal will begin checking all of his wooden items and removing from his shelves any pieces with scrawled words on the bottom or in some other out-of-the-way place.

The scenario's action eventually will take the PCs farther inside the building, past the shop portion, where they must contend with whatever devious traps you have set up. Ahmal, who can freely move about the building because he knows where all the traps are, will move to the back of the building, attempt to lure the PCs through his traps, grab the small brass magic box holding the djinni, and try to escape. You should run the action of this scenario so that Ahmal can lead the PCs on a chase from building to building, through alleys and side streets, and across rooftops, relying on all his thief abilities and his *boots of striding and springing*. Ahmal is very familiar with this portion of the city, so he will be able to run down dead-end alleys, using his boots to vault over fences and to propel him to rooftops. You might want to choreograph the chase scene in advance. A well-planned out chase scene will allow you to use several buildings and street plans.

Variation: If the PCs were not hired by Rourk, they could also encounter Rourk and his men, who are trying to catch Ahmal and who may end up fighting the PCs to prevent them from getting the box coveted by the little thief.

Cast of Characters

Ahmal: 10th level human thief.

Str 12, Int 16, Wis 10, Dex 18, Con 13, Cha 9. Hit points 39, Alignment CN, AC 4 (front), 8 (rear); THAC0 16.

Thieving abilities: PP 70, OL 70, RT 75, MS 70, HS 60, DN 25, CW 95, RL 35.

Ahmal is wearing or carrying a *ring of protection* +2, *boots of striding and springing*, a bag of caltrops (to slow pursuers), a bag of marbles (to trip pursuers), a sap, a *short sword* +1 (the *luck blade*), three daggers, 6 pp, 12 gp, and 8 sp. Hidden in his shop is a chest containing 540 gp and 2,300 sp (which he was accumulating in case he was forced to pay back his loan).

Ahmal is greedy, but not evil. He will try to

avoid killing anyone. If possible, he will flee rather than fight. However, he will fight if provoked. His most valued item is the djinni trapped in the small magic box. If he thinks the PCs are getting too close during a chase, he will stash the box someplace, try to lose the PCs, and come back later to get it. If Ahmal is caught with the box, and the PCs discover what is inside, Ahmal will plead with them, explaining about the loan shark and his need to keep the djinni so he can raise enough gold to pay off his loan. He will use all the trickery he can muster to keep the djinni and the gold and silver he has hidden in his shop.

Since Ahmal has worked as a merchant for several years in this city, he is generally considered a solid citizen. And because of that, the PCs could get themselves in trouble if they handle this situation poorly. If the PCs steal the gold and silver in his shop or break any of his wares, Ahmal will report them to the city guards. If the PCs forcibly take the djinni box from Ahmal with witnesses present, Ahmal will report them to the authorities and ask for a trial. Ahmal has done nothing illegal according to the city's laws.

Noonjab, the djinni: AC 4; MV 9/24; HD 7+3; hp 36; #AT 1; Dmg 2d8; AL CG; THAC0 13.

The djinni will be very grateful to the PCs if they release him. This is not a noble djinni; therefore, he cannot grant wishes. However, he will offer to appear before the PCs the next time they are in need of aid and will offer to make for each of them one of his wondrous flutes. These flutes will be of even higher quality than the ones he made for Ahmal's shop. Each flute will be worth 250 gp.

Rourk, the loan shark: 4th level human fighter; AC 7 (leather and Dex bonus); MV 12"; HD 4; hp 28; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword) or 1d4 (dagger); AL CN; THAC0 17.

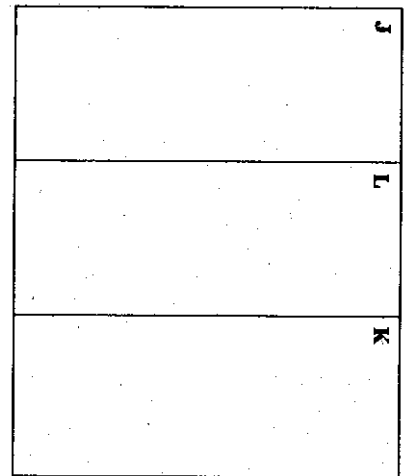
Rourk is a devious and greedy man whose sole ambition is to make more money. He has a ratlike visage with beady eyes and a long nose. Despite his mannerisms, Rourk should not be considered evil and does nothing that is overtly illegal. He is smart enough to order his bullies not to harass people in public and not to beat up on delinquent borrowers if there is someone watching.

Rourk employs five 1st level fighters as bully boys. They are AC 5 (chain mail); MV 9; HD 1; hp 6, 7, 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; AL N;

THAC0 20.

These fighters are loyal to Rourk, although they occasionally acquire a few gold pieces on their own from Rourk's customers through their bullying tactics. They dress in clothing of dark brown and gray and look unkempt. Their sinister and slovenly appearance helps to keep borrowers in line.

Suggested Street Layouts





THE HORRIBLE HAUNTING OF MYCKY FYNN'S

This scenario is designed for up to six player characters of 2nd through 7th levels.

DM Background: Mycky Fynn's is a bustling establishment located on the wharfs. Its customers include adventurers passing through town, sailors who have a few hours to spend before their ships leave, and town residents who enjoy the atmosphere and like to watch the sailors and adventurers clash in brash discussions fueled by tankards of ale. Its customers are also a brave and curious lot, as night after night they continue to return to the tavern— even though it is haunted by a very persistent and unpredictable “ghost.” None of the customers know why the ghost appeared, although they speculate that a ship brought the spirit in.

The establishment consists of a large tavern area on the first floor, which includes a stage and a few gambling tables, and several rooms upstairs, which the owner, Mychael Fynnygyn, rents to adventurers for a few silver pieces a night. Fynnygyn, a retired fighter, lives in one of the rooms upstairs. The three newest residents of the establishment—formerly destitute leprechauns—live downstairs behind a wine rack. The leprechauns, which have fabricated a ghost, are the cause of the horrible haunting and the subject of this scenario:

About a month ago, the leprechauns were tricked out of the majority of their treasure by a band of high-powered adventurers. Uncharacteristically saddened by their state of near-poverty (all they had left were a jar of *Nolzur's marvelous pigments* and a *ring of spell storing*), the trio wandered into town looking for a way to drown their sorrows. They quickly came upon Mycky Fynn's and overheard a group of adventurers talking about a dungeon they visited which was populated by a variety of undead. The leprechauns intently listened to the descriptions of the undead and the behavior the foul creatures exhibited, and they decided it would be great fun to “haunt” this tavern and the remains of the burned-down shop next door.

Their haunting techniques, which are detailed under the “Mycky Fynn's” and “The Ghost” sections below, have had mixed results. The ghost they created has scared away a few of the regulars, has kept superstitious sailors at bay, and continues to frustrate the city's clerics, who can only seem to “turn” the ghost for a few moments. How-

(ever, overall the ghost has increased business at Mycky Fynn's, as adventurers and several brave locals come every night to watch the spectacle and make bets on what the ghost will do next.

To complicate matters, Old Pete, the owner of a small tavern a few doors down, has decided to procure his own undead in the hope of increasing his business. He hired a cleric of non-good alignment to bring in several skeletons and zombies. The undead were directed to gyrate in a corner when music was playing. All was going well until a drunken sailor put his fingers in a skeleton's eye socket. The undead attacked, seriously injuring the sailor and resulting in the closing of Old Pete's Place.

Setup: This scenario requires the use of a 2"-by-3" two-story building fold-up to represent Mycky Fynn's, a 2"-by-2" two-story building to represent Old Pete's Place, and a variety of one- and two-story buildings to represent the burned-down store next to Mycky Fynn's. The leprechauns use their illusions to make this burned-down building appear different each time people enter its remains. For example, the first time PCs enter it, the building may appear on the inside to be a very large, once elegant establishment. The next time it could seem to be a one-story cramped business. This will give you an opportunity to use a variety of buildings that come with this set.

When using a two-story building to represent Mycky Fynn's and any building to represent the illusion-generated building next door, it is important to note where players place their miniatures. You must keep track of where the leprechauns are in relation to the miniatures. Certain illusions might not be noticed by some of the player characters, depending on where their miniatures are placed.

How to Get the PCs Involved

1. The PCs are passing through town and decide to stop at a tavern. The tavern just happens to be Mycky Fynn's.

2. If the PCs have a cleric in the group, that cleric is approached by representatives of the character's temple and told about the horrible haunting of Mycky Fynn's and the undead problem at Old Fete's Place. The cleric is asked to do something about the situation.

3. The PCs hear rumors about a friendly ghost at a local tavern and about skeletons

and zombies at a smaller tavern nearby which are not so amiable.

Mycky Fynn's: If the PCs visit the tavern in the evening, it will be crowded with sailors, adventurers, and townsfolk. However, the NPC adventurers should not be higher than 2nd level or they could potentially outshine the player characters.

Illusions within the tavern consist primarily of the ghost, in the form of a beautiful woman who looks strikingly like the woman in the painting above the bar. She puts on a floor show on the establishment's stage every night. The female in the group of leprechauns will use her ventriloquism to make the ghost sing and tell jokes. The ghost will assume a horrid visage to customers who insult her or clerics who try to “turn” her. However, the leprechauns are not stupid. They will let clerical turning work once in a while to help maintain the ruse that this is a real ghost. A successful turning attempt will keep the ghost away for at least a half-hour (while the leprechauns, to keep from getting bored, might steal drinks and coins from patrons) and will upset the customers, who have grown accustomed to seeing the beautiful spirit.

To simulate tricks that the ghost might play, the leprechauns use their *invisibility* to make drinks move from one end of the bar to the other. With their *polymorph* ability, they will make the woman in the painting appear to change clothes and hair styles.

The Ghost: The ghost appears every night from 7 to 11 p.m., taking breaks when the leprechauns get tired or have too much to drink. The ghost has never attacked a customer, although it once frightened away patrons who became too loud and obnoxious and a cleric who kept trying to turn it. The ghost was able to frighten the patrons because of the leprechauns' *ring of spell storing*, which contains several *fear* spells. Player characters asking about those who were frightened by the ghost will learn that the ghost was very kind, because it did not age those people.

Sometimes the ghost can be seen materializing right out of the painting above the bar, floating around the room, and coming to rest on the stage. At other times, the ghost wanders from table to table, sitting on the laps of the best-looking patrons and asking for their drinks. The drinks are consumed by the invisible leprechauns.

When 11 p.m. approaches, or earlier if



THE HORRIBLE HAUNTING OF MYCKY FYNN'S



the leprechauns are especially tired or bored, the ghost will ascend the stairs, yawning, and wave good night to the customers and Mychael Fynnygyn.

Burned-down Building: This is the remains of a small general store that caught fire two weeks ago. There were rumors the ghost had something to do with it. So the leprechauns, not wanting a good opportunity to pass them by, began to "haunt" it, too. Using a portion of their *Nolzur's marvelous pigments*, the leprechauns one night painted a fancy wooden door, which was the only standing object in the building. Angry at

what he thought the ghost had done, the owner of the property tore the door down, only to find a larger, fancier door in its place the next day. This door has remained, and the building's ruins have become a bit of an oddity. One of the leprechauns usually is stationed here, waiting for an unsuspecting person to come near. Using ventriloquism, the leprechaun lures the visitor into the building, which the leprechaun turns into an elegant manor, a bawdy inn, a stable complete with talking (by ventriloquism) horses, or the general store as it appeared before the fire. The leprechauns, of course, had nothing to do with the building burn-

ing. You can use as many of the buildings in this set as you want to represent the burned-down building which is covered up by the leprechauns' illusions. Please keep in mind that PCs going upstairs in an illusion-generated building will only *think* they are going upstairs. The leprechaun or leprechauns present will alter the illusion to make the PCs think they are on another floor. There is actually nothing of interest in the building's burned ruins, although a crafty DM can occupy quite a bit of the players' time with the illusory buildings. If the PCs spend a considerable amount of time here, have a second leprechaun join



THE HORRIBLE HAUNTING OF MYCKY FYNN'S

the action, and feel free to have the ghost from the tavern stop by for a brief visit.

Old Pete's Place: This small two-story building has been boarded up. There is not a window or door visible because of the numerous, thick boards and table tops nailed in place.

Pete, who frequently can be found in a stupor at Mycky Fynn's these days, hired a cleric to bring in eight skeletons and six zombies in an attempt to increase his business. It worked for a few days, until a sailor bothered one of the skeletons. When the undead attacked, the adventurers in the tavern began grabbing tables, chairs, and loose floorboards, which they used to board up the building. The eight skeletons and six zombies remain inside.

If the player characters ask about the boarded-up building or meet Pete inside Mycky Fynn's, they will be told the pathetic story of Pete's attempt to increase business. If the player characters seem sympathetic, Pete will ask them to take care of the skeletons and zombies. He cannot pay them for the task, since he spent most of his savings getting the undead and the remainder of his savings drinking at Mycky Fynn's to forget the undead.

You can place the skeletons and zombies anywhere within Old Pete's Place. This encounter will pose little problem to low-level adventurers and will be easy for mid-level adventurers. However, if the player characters deal with the undead at Pete's, a few residents who don't care for the ghost at Mycky Fynn's and a few clerics who couldn't turn the ghost will ask the PCs to handle that undead menace.

There should be little of value inside Old Pete's Place, as bottles, tables, and chairs were broken by the undead. However, you may feel free to add Pete's cash box, which should not contain more than 100 gp. If the PCs take his cash box, Pete will be very upset but will not press the matter since he was able to get rid of the skeletons and zombies.

Skeletons (8): AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 5 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; THAC0 19.

Zombies (6): AC 8; MV 6 HD 2; hp 10 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; THAC0 16.

Cast of Characters

Mychael Fynnygyn: 5th level human fighter; AC 8 (Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 5; hp 31;

#AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 2 (*long sword* +2); THAC0 16 (14 with sword).

Mychael, or Mycky as his regulars call him, is an easygoing, pleasant man with broad shoulders and an even broader smile. He is a well-to-do businessman who has been running this tavern for nearly five years. He treats all of his customers cordially. He especially enjoys talking to adventurers and listening to tales of their exploits.

Mycky has never had a problem with ghosts before, and he doesn't really consider this ghost a problem. The ghost has not harmed any of the customers, although it has scared a few of them away. The ghost has been good for business and is pleasing to look at. However, Mycky is concerned about the burned-out building next door. He hopes his ghost had nothing to do with it.

Mycky has given up his career as a fighter; however, he still exercises to keep in good shape. He does not wear armor or bracers. Mycky has a *long sword* +2 which he keeps behind the bar.

The leprechauns (Sherry, O'Tule, and O'Leerie): AC 8; MV 15; HD 1d4 + 1 hit points; hp 4 each; #AT 0; Dmg nil; MR 80%.

Special abilities: become *invisible* at will, *polymorph* non-living objects, create illusions, *ventriloquism*.

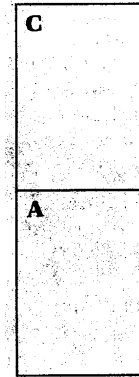
Sherry provides the voice for the ghost.. O'Tule, who has the *ring of spell storing*, usually fashions the ghost with his illusions. O'Leerie is responsible for keeping the burned-down building next door haunted.

Their current treasure consists of the *ring of spell storing* (which has 3 charges remaining, all of them *fear* spells), a half-full jar of *Nolzur's marvelous pigments*, 210 gp; 300 sp, 100 cp, and a silver and pearl ring worth 800 gp.

If the player characters catch the leprechauns and attempt to get their treasure, one of the leprechauns will try to paint a small pile of gems with the remainder of the *pigments* in an attempt to pass that off as the treasure. The leprechauns will not want to leave the tavern, since it has become a continual source of amusement, wine, and gold pieces for them.

Mychael Fynnygyn will be very upset to learn it wasn't really a good-natured ghost that was living in his tavern. However, depending on the outcome of the adventure, Fynnygyn could ask the leprechauns to stay—to help his business.

Suggested Street Layouts





A GRAND ILLUSION

This adventure is designed for four to six player characters ranging in levels from 2nd through 6th, composing a party with total levels of 9 to 14.

DM Background: A strange and horrible new creature has descended upon the town. It hides in alleys, behind businesses, and emerges from the shadows to threaten those who are alone or who are in numbers too small to pose it any threat. The leadership of the town is terrified that the creature will cause some of the residents to move to another city and will keep traders away if news of the attacks leaks out. The creature has been able to elude the city guard and several bands of townsfolk who joined forces to try to put a stop to the foul thing.

But unbeknownst to the populace, the creature isn't real. It is the fabrication of Elisha, a mage, and Thomoth, an illusionist. Elisha and Thomoth are the only surviving members of an adventuring party which used to travel in the lands north of the city. The two chaotic neutral adventurers, who were barely able to drag themselves out of a dragon's lair—leaving their dead comrades behind—decided it would be safer and easier to make a living in town. However, Elisha and Thomoth were not interested in working for their gold, at least not working in the sense of doing physical labor or putting in hours behind a store counter. The two decided to earn their wealth by using deception and magic.

Thomoth "created" a horrible dragon, which was the compilation of all the creatures they had seen in their last fateful outing with their adventuring band. The dragon is gray with sparse patches of black hair growing out of its black-scaled hide. It has dark yellow fangs and dark brown fur that runs in a strip along its back. The beast's great head is as large as two horses, and its emerald eyes are piercing and frightening. Its tail is long and barbed. Its feet end in long, curved claws that are tipped with dark red. Those who have seen the creature believe that the red color is from dried blood. The thing has no wings, but the witnesses are certain it can fly anyway—magically. The thing breathes fire, emits a green-gray gas, causes people to run in fear, and is apparently accumulating treasure somewhere, since the victims who somehow escaped with their lives were stripped of all valuables.

Actually, all of the victims have escaped

with their lives; Thomoth and Elisha have no desire to seriously harm someone. There have been a few occasions where an adventurer was burned by the thing, but that was because the adventurer was too close to discovering the mage and illusionist. In addition, Elisha and Thomoth have planted some burned clothes in a few alleys to further add to their dragon's credibility. The public believes there have been fatalities because a few people in town have disappeared. In truth, the people were victims of the dragon and fled town for fear of being attacked again.

The dragon attacks people who are walking alone or people in small groups who do not appear to be heavily armored. It always attacks at night (less chance of Elisha and Thomoth being noticed), and the attacks almost always occur in or near alleys. There is no pattern to the location of the attacks.

Sometimes Elisha and Thomoth have to lure people to an alley so the dragon can attack. To accomplish this, Thomoth on occasion has "created" a gambling game in an alley, "manufactured" a pretty girl who beckons to people, or has placed a sparkling gem in the beam of a street light.

Setup: The setup for this adventure is basically left up to you, since the interiors of buildings are not needed—the encounters will only occur in streets and alleys. However, you must set up at least a few buildings. This will help to give the image of shadowy streets and alleys. In addition, the player characters may want to visit an inn or tavern in an attempt to get more information about the dragon.

How to Get the PCs Involved

1. The PCs are quietly approached by town officials and asked if they can put an end to the threat of this dark dragon. The officials will offer each PC 100 gp and a week's stay in the city's finest inn in exchange for proof that the dragon is dead.

2. The PCs have stopped in this town between adventures and hear a few tales about the dragon. A few of the storytellers talk about the wealth the dragon must be accumulating and about how the town's economy will soon suffer as news of the dragon reaches traveling merchants.

The Dragon: The image of the dragon is the manifestation of a *spectral force* spell cast by Thomoth. Elisha helps to enhance

the apparent reality of the monster. When the dragon emits its green-gray gas, the mage casts a *sleep* spell. When the dragon breathes fire, Elisha moves close to the target and casts *burning hands*. And when the dragon radiates its aura of fear, Elisha casts a *scare* spell or a *fear* spell. This latter action usually happens when the two spellcasters hear other people coming and don't want to risk having their scam exposed. After the *fear* is cast, Thomoth casts *invisibility* on himself (unless he is using *dust of disappearance*), and the pair leaves.

Fighting the Dragon: If the PCs are dressed in their adventuring garb when they encounter the dragon, Elisha will use the *fear* spell as the first method of attack. She hopes to get some of the PCs to run away, cutting their numbers so the "dragon" will have fewer people to deal with. If the remaining adventurers appear to pose a problem, she will cast *stinking cloud* when the dragon breathes its green-gray gas. She and Thomoth will avoid using magic that could reveal their presence, relying on spells that resemble a dragon's capabilities. However, the pair will resort to their other spells if it appears the PCs are going to find them out. In addition, the pair will attempt to flee if there is doubt they can defeat the PCs. This latter possibility could result in a chase scene using the streets, alleys, and buildings the DM has laid out.

Cast of Characters

Elisha: 7th level human female mage.

Str 9, Int 16, Wis 12, Dex 17, Con 15, Cha 14.

Hit points 17, Alignment CN, Armor class 5 (front), 8 (rear).

Spells carried:

1st level	<i>burning hands</i> (x2), <i>sleep</i> , <i>charm person</i>
2nd level	<i>scare</i> (x2), <i>stinking cloud</i>
3rd level	<i>hold person</i> , <i>protection from normal missiles</i>
4th level	<i>fear</i>

Elisha wears or carries a *ring of protection* +2, a *ring of invisibility*, a *dagger* +2, a *potion of flying*, a *potion of healing*, a large carved wooden footprint (which she presses into the dirt in the alleyways to show proof of the dragon's presence), and three dozen black dragon scales (she used to have more, but she leaves a scale or two in the alley after each attack).

Elisha is greedy and is primarily responsi-



A GRAND ILLUSION



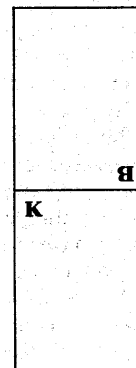
corner while he manipulates the dragon.

Thomoth is only slightly less greedy than Elisha. He thoroughly enjoys the scam about the dragon and is looking forward to leaving this town to try the setup elsewhere. Thomoth wants to branch out, creating a whole variety of these "city beasts" which attack from the alleys. He plans on spending some of their wealth to purchase more *dust of disappearance*.

Defeating the Dragon: If the PCs defeat the dragon but let Elisha and Thomoth escape, they will have a difficult time proving the scam, and they will not be able to recover the items the pair stole from the town residents. However, several days later you could leak information to the PCs about a dragon attacking residents in another nearby town. This will give the PCs a second chance at the mage and illusionist.

If the PCs are able to capture Elisha and Thomoth, the pair will initially claim to not know anything and could even try to pass themselves off as victims of the dragon the PCs chased away. Persistent questioning will yield the truth and their treasure: 4,500 gp worth of gems, jewelry, and assorted baubles; 1,000 gold pieces; and 2,000 silver pieces. If the PCs turn the treasure over, the 4,500 gp worth of jewelry will be claimed by the robbery victims, leaving the monetary treasure—along with the townfolks' undying gratitude and any magic items taken from Elisha and Thomoth—to the PCs.

Suggested Street Layouts



ble for coming up with this idea. She plans on keeping this operation going in town for another week or two and then will move it to another town. She is fearful that if they stay in one place too long, the officials will bring in some high-level adventurers who could expose them.

Thomoth: 7th level human male illusionist.

Str 11, Int 17, Wis 11, Dex 18, Con 12, Cha 16.

Hit points 19, Alignment CN, Armor Class 4 (front), 8 (rear).

Spells carried:

1st level	<i>audible glamer, change self, detect invisibility, phantasmal force</i>
2nd level	<i>improved phantasmal force, invisibility, ventriloquism</i>
3rd level	<i>spectral force (x2)</i>
4th level	<i>fear</i>

Thomoth wears or carries *bracers of defense AC 8*, a *dagger +1*, and *dust of disappearance* (8 uses left). He sometimes uses the dust to conceal himself when the dragon makes an appearance. If he thinks it is safe to do so, he will conserve the dust and merely crouch in a shadow or a dark



THE MALTESE ROC

This adventure is designed for four to six player characters, each of 5th to 7th level, composing a party with total levels of around 30.

DM Background: The Maltese Roc, an "everything shop," is a bustling business operated by a retired halfling fighter named Samuel Hart. It is a two-story establishment, with the shop on the first floor and Sam's living quarters on the second. A small basement holds pawned items, out-of-season merchandise, out-of-fashion wares, and Sam's considerable stockpile of food.

Sam dubbed the place his "everything shop," since he sells a little bit of everything—used weapons and armor, trinkets, odds and ends, household goods (that he'd get at a low price from traveling merchants), jugs of ale and crates of dried meat (which he had purchased before tasting, and after tasting decided to sell), and sometimes magic items. Sam can handle this great variety of merchandise because many of his customers are adventurers, and adventurers always seem to want to purchase a little bit of everything. Sam likes dealing with adventurers better than any other group of clientele because he likes to hear their stories. He will purchase the goods they find in dungeons, or let them trade their booty for other items he has in stock. Sometimes Sam will buy an ordinary or worthless item from an adventurer, such as a rusty dagger, if there is a good tale behind it.

Occasionally Sam also operates a pawn business, letting an adventurer put up a magic sword or other valued property in exchange for a loan. When the adventurer repays the loan—with interest, of course—the property is returned. Sam usually holds onto pawned items for a year or more, out of sympathy for adventurers who might be down on their luck and unable to come up with the money to reclaim their possessions.

All of the above describes the Sam that the townsfolk and visitors to the city have come to know and appreciate. But, unfortunately for the adventurers in town, Sam's business practices have changed. In fact, Sam has changed, too. He has been replaced by Humphrey, a boggart who (in halfling form) followed a group of adventurers into the city and straight into the Maltese Roc. Humphrey observed Sam's operation and decided that this kind of life would be an interesting change of pace from lurking in his wilderness lair. So he captured Sam,

brought in two of his boggart friends, and took over the business. The three boggarts, who alternately assume the role of Sam, began paying adventurers less for their goods, gave them less in trade, and occasionally killed a lone adventurer who wandered into the shop, so they could take all his money and equipment without paying out anything.

To complicate matters, The Maltese Roc's new practices have come to the attention of the local thieves guild—since a few of Sam's regular customers belonged to the guild and had disappeared after visiting the shop. Guild representatives confronted "Sam," fearing he was trying to start up a rival guild, and Sam revealed his true nature. However, rather than fight the guild in a battle the boggarts were certain they could win, Sam proposed that the thieves, himself, and his two boggart friends work together to increase profits. Sam saw this as an opportunity to increase his power and wealth. And he figured if the thieves didn't agree with his plan or became too difficult to deal with, the boggarts would kill them and resume operating the business. The thieves guild, loath to turn down a money-making proposition, quickly agreed to the scam, and a larger operation was created. The guild leaders plan to eventually eliminate the boggarts and take over the entire operation. The boggarts plan to gain the confidence of the guild members, kill the guild leaders, and take over the leadership of the guild.

To maintain the scam, the guild began to station three thieves inside the Maltese Roc. Wearing various disguises, they posed as customers and alternated shifts with others in the guild. When adventurers appeared singly or in pairs and did not accept Sam's new, stingier terms, the dissatisfied customers were followed out of the shop by the thieves, lured into an alley (as the thieves professed interest in the items the adventurers were trying to sell to Sam), knocked out, and robbed, with the wealth being divided between the thieves and the boggarts. Occasionally a fight would ensue. If the customer died, the thieves guild disposed of the body. If the customer escaped and went to the authorities, Sam remained blameless. He could claim he had never seen the customers before, and could not be responsible for them leaving the shop and assaulting someone else.

Adventurers who accepted Sam's terms for their merchandise sometimes had their

pockets picked in the store or were followed out of the store and waylaid so the thieves could steal the money Sam had paid them. The thieves are careful not to assault adventurers who seem well-seasoned or who display magic items for sale or trade.

Despite the change in business practices, Sam's shop remained busy. The thieves guild had bullied other merchants into steering some of their customers to The Maltese Roc. A few of the shop owners were *charmed* by a mage in the employ of the guild to especially direct low-level, yet reasonably wealthy, adventurers to Sam.

Setup: At the minimum, this adventure requires two 2'-by-3", two-story building fold-ups, a 2"-by-2" one-story building, and two street layouts, on which the buildings should be placed. You should also set up a few other buildings to throw players off the track, so they don't immediately realize that all the action of this adventure takes place in the three buildings mentioned above. It is logical for other buildings to be in the area, since the part of the city being portrayed is in the merchants district, where shops and other business establishments are liable to be constructed close together.

The buildings involved in this adventure include The Maltese Roc, a two-story building; the one-story Knife and Dagger Shop, a small weapons emporium operated by the thieves guild (the real Sam is being held in the basement of this shop); and the Blue Dragon Inn, a run-down two-story inn and tavern; which serves as a base for the thieves guild and is located next door to the Knife and Dagger Shop. The placement of these latter two buildings could allow for a rooftop chase, depending on how the action flows. The Maltese Roc can be placed anywhere you desire, depending on how long or complicated you want a chase to be (if one occurs).

How to Get the PCs Involved

"You new in town?" the bartender asks, leaning over the top of the bar and filling your glasses. "You look like adventurers from your garb. Well, if you're thinking about selling anything you picked up on the road or if you're looking to get some equipment, I can point you in the right direction. The Maltese Roc. That's where you want to go. Sam Hart, the proprietor,



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caters to people like you. He buys things from adventurers and sells the kind of odd things you people like to buy. He's a good, honest sort, to—for a halfling."

"That's not so," interrupts another customer. The customer, wearing a worn suit of banded mail and a carrying a scabbarded broad sword at his side, gets up from his table and approaches you. "Sam's upped the price of his goods, and he doesn't trade much anymore. He's not so friendly as he used to be. And besides, a fellow adventuring friend of mine went there to sell him a dagger, and he never returned. I don't think he ever made it out of the shop. It's like I always said, you can't trust halflings. They're all thieves."

"No. No. Not true!" came a small voice from the far end of the counter. A plump halfling nearly upset his drink as he jumped down from his barstool and joined the conversation. "Sam's a friend of mine. He's a fighter, not a thief. And he's just not himself lately. It's probably some adventurer's fault—sold him a cursed item. That's what happened. Hey, if you guys really are adventurers, why don't you go down to Sam's and do something about it? I betcha Sam would appreciate it if you found out what was wrong. Probably would give you the pick of something from his shop . . . just don't take the cursed item."

"There's nothing wrong with Sam," contradicts a scruffy-looking man cloaked in shadows. "The problem's with all of you." The gentleman gets up from his seat and leaves the tavern.

A setup such as that could spark the PCs' curiosity and make them realize there's an adventure in town just asking to be undertaken. However, there are several other possible ways to get the PCs involved:

1. If the PCs are regulars in this town, they probably have visited The Maltese Roc before. When they visit Sam's place now, they will not be greeted as pleasantly as before, will not get good deals, and should become very suspicious of Sam and the three customers who continue to linger in the shop but don't seem interested in buying anything.

2. If the PCs visit a merchant in town, they

will be urged by that merchant to shop at The Maltese Roc. The merchant, who has been *charmed*, will be very insistent that they should go there.

3. One of the PCs is pickpocketed by a thief who runs into The Maltese Roc. That same thief will escape through the basement and sewer pipes, but the incident should serve to get the PCs into the building. Of course, Sam and the other "customers" in the shop will claim not to have seen anyone run into the shop.

4. The PCs are asked by a party of low-level adventurers if they could try to sell a few items to the proprietor of The Maltese Roc. The adventurers say they just aren't very good at haggling, and they've heard that Sam isn't liable to give them any breaks. They are hopeful the PCs will have better luck.

5. The PCs inquire about buying merchandise or selling something and are directed to The Maltese Roc, where they will be offered less than ideal prices and will be pickpocketed or lured down an alley by the thieves.

Other Merchants: If the PCs visit some other merchants, roll d8 for each visit and consult the following list of outcomes to determine the merchant's status with the thieves guild.

1-2: This merchant has not been approached by the thieves guild and will conduct business as usual.

3: This merchant has been contacted by the thieves guild, but has ignored their bullying tactics. Because of that, his shop has suffered some damage. He will offer the PCs good deals and will treat them fairly. If the PCs ask him about The Maltese Roc, the merchant will tell them to stay away, because he has a feeling that something just isn't quite right there.

4-6: This merchant has given in to the thieves guilds bullying tactics. He will try to conduct some business with the PCs, since he has to make a living, but will recommend that they shop at The Maltese Roc for a better selection.

7-8: One of the guild's mages has *charmed* this merchant. His business is poor because he refers almost all of his customers to The Maltese Roc. He sells only enough to pay the rent on his shop and cover his necessary purchases of food and clothing. If the PCs

ask this merchant about The Maltese Roc, he will brag about the good deals and large selection available there and about Sam's virtues.

The Maltese Roc: The shop takes up the entire first floor of the building in which it is located. Wares are displayed on evenly spaced shelves throughout the center of the shop. Used armor, shields, and boots hang on the walls. Many weapons are displayed on the wall behind the back counter, from which Sam operates his business. A few of these weapons are magical. Sam also has finely crafted weapons on display in a locked glass case at the back counter. The real Sam kept nonmagical weapons in the case, hoping thieves would think common weapons were kept on the wall and magic weapons in the case. The magic weapon inventory consists of two *short swords* +3, one *long sword* +1, and a *dagger* +1/+3 vs. smaller than man-sized creatures. In addition, Sam has a pair of *boots of elvenkind* and a *shield* +1 hanging on the wall. The shelves in the center of the store contain clothes, belts, household goods, rope, lanterns, leather barding for horses and other mounts, tack, small statues, other odds and ends collected in dungeons and ruins, and many, many other items—a little bit of everything. Sam carries nearly every item on the equipment lists in the AD&D® *Player's Handbook* that is small enough to be easily contained within the shop, except for livestock, and there is a 90% chance he will have anything else, except magic items, that the PCs ask for.

Two boggarts are always in this building, one in the shop (disguised as Sam) and one in the basement. A boggart cannot retain a demihuman form for more than 10 to 12 minutes, so if the PCs stay in the shop for close to 10 minutes, "Sam" will excuse himself and go downstairs to get something. The other boggart will replace him, after being briefly filled in on what the PCs have said and done during their time in the shop. The PCs could become suspicious when their conversation with "Sam" resumes; since one Sam won't know the full details of what the PCs said to the other Sam. And the "Sams" will continue to trade off if the PCs stay in the shop for a while.

Boggarts (Humphrey and Bakall): AC -6; MV 18; HD 6; hp 30, 34; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA discharge a bolt of electrical energy every other round for 2d6 (save vs. breath weap-



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on for half damage), confusion; SD *invisibility*, immune to spells except *magic missile*, *maze*, and *protection from evil*; AL CE; THAC0 13.

Harcourt, 4th level human thief: AC 4 (leather and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 4; hp 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); SA double damage on backstab; AL NE; THAC0 19.

Thieving abilities: PP 50, OL 50, RT 35, MS 35, HS 35, DN 15, CW 80, RL 20.

Harcourt carries a long sword, a sap, and 23 gp. He is a hot-tempered bully who hopes to get a lot of personal wealth out of this operation. If he picks a customer's pocket, he will only report 80% of his take to the guild and the boggarts.

Alowishus, 5th level human thief: AC 5 (leather +1 and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 5; hp 25; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 1 (long sword plus Str bonus); SA triple damage on backstab; AL NE; THAC0 18.

Thieving abilities: PP 50, OL 40, RT 40, MS 40, HS 25, DN 20, CW 90, RL 0.

Alowishus carries a long sword, wine skin, 10 gp and 15 sp. He is sly and quiet. He will not talk to the customers or boggarts in the shop. He distrusts the boggarts and is carefully watching them, reporting their actions to the guild lieutenant.

Mergatroit, male half-elf 3rd level fighter/4th level thief: AC 4 (banded mail, shield, and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 4; hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 2 (long sword plus Str bonus); AL CE; SA double damage on backstab; THAC0 17 (includes Str bonus).

Thieving abilities: not applicable, because he will wear his armor throughout the course of the adventure.

Mergatroit carries a long sword, a sap, 5 gp, 10 sp, and a 120 gp pearl. He is reluctant about being involved in this operation. He is bored with posing as a customer. PCs who

stay 20 minutes or longer in The Maltese Roc will notice that Mergatroit figgets and looks uneasy.

If a fight breaks out in the shop, and the PCs appear to be at least holding their own, one of the thieves or one of the boggarts will try to escape to warn the thieves at the Knife and Dagger Shop and at the Blue Dragon Inn that the operation has been discovered and to prepare for a fight.

If either or both of the boggarts are reduced to less than 10 hit points, they will try to escape by turning into their wisp form, going invisible, and darting out through a wall. They will not fight to the death, preferring to run away and set up a similar scam in another town.

The thieves and the boggarts know that the real Sam is being held prisoner in the basement of the Knife and Dagger Shop, but it will be difficult for the PCs to get this



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information out of them. The thieves will reveal as little information as possible about the operation and the thieves guild. In addition, they will avoid mentioning the third boggart.

PCs searching The Maltese Roc will find the items stored in the basement plus 820 gp, 1,900 sp, three 100 gp base topazes, and a coral necklace worth 900 gp, all kept in a large barrel marked "good rum."

The Knife and Dagger Shop: This shop is managed by three proprietors: a thief, a mage/thief, and a 0-level human who sharpens blades for the thieves guild. The proprietors sell daggers and knives (and run a fencing operation for the guild). Sam is in the basement with the third boggart. The shop contains hundreds of knives and daggers—all nonmagical, stored in locked cases—ranging in price from 1 gp to 500 gp, depending on the quality of the blade and the decoration (gems, etc.), if any, on the hilt. No magical daggers are for sale.

The proprietors will not be immediately wary of the PCs unless a thief or a boggart escaped from The Maltese Roc to warn them. If the proprietors were forewarned, the 0-level human will have gone downstairs to inform the third boggart, and then take the real Sam through the sewer pipe that leads to the basement of the inn next door.

If the proprietors were not forewarned, but become suspicious of the PCs because they ask too many questions or make threats, the 0-level human will attempt to go downstairs and move Sam or have the boggart move Sam to the inn. If he is prevented from going downstairs, he will call out a warning. In this case the boggart will take the real Sam into the sewer pipe and to the inn next door if possible. In either case, the boggart will come back to the basement, ready to look like Sam if the PCs come downstairs. The thief and the mage/thief will attempt to avoid a fight with the PCs, either by professing ignorance about a thieves guild or by ordering them to leave the establishment. If the PCs leave, the thief and the mage/thief will go downstairs and into the Blue Dragon Inn to prepare for a fight. The boggart will head back for The Maltese Roc.

If a fight ensues in The Knife and Dagger Shop and the PCs defeat the thief and the mage/thief upstairs, they will find "Sam" in the basement. This Sam is the third boggart. The real Sam is next door. Sam will appear

very grateful and will want to get back to his business right away (to start the scam all over again). Sam will try to avoid staying with the PCs for more than 10 minutes, because he cannot keep his halfling form longer than that. If discovered, this boggart will try to escape rather than fight, because he does not want to take on the PCs alone.

PCs searching the basement will find the sewer grating and marks in the dirt leading up to it, indicating that something or someone has been recently dragged up to the entrance to the pipe. The sewer pipe leads to the inn, where the 0-level human or the boggart will have taken Sam (if successful).

Morris, 6th level human thief: AC 4 (*ring of protection* +2 and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 6; hp 28; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword) or 1d4 (dagger); AL NE; SA triple damage on backstab; THAC0 18.

Theiving abilities: PP 70, OL 50, RT 50, MS 35, HS 30, DN 20, CW 95, RL 30.

Morris carries a long sword, four silvered daggers, 2 pp, 8 gp, and 5 sp. On the surface, he appears to be a very pleasant businessman, always eager to help a customer. He is clean-shaven, good-looking, and has a charming smile. However, Morris is deceptive and underhanded. If a customer appears to have no idea about the value of knives and daggers, Morris will sell him a weapon for 50% to 100% more than the actual price and pocket the difference. Morris is out for himself, having little loyalty to the guild. If his life becomes endangered, he will betray the guild in exchange for his safety.

Lewis, male half-elf 5th level mage/6th level thief: AC 3 (*bracers of defense* AC 6 and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 6; hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA spells, triple damage on backstab; AL CE; THAC0 18.

Theiving abilities: PP 70, OL 60, RT 45, MS 25, HS 25, DN 20, CW 95, RL 30.

Spells memorized:

1st level	<i>charm person, magic missile, shocking grasp</i>
2nd level	<i>invisibility, stinking cloud</i>
3rd level	<i>slow</i>

Lewis carries five daggers (one of them +1), 10 sp, 5 gp, and wears a silver ring worth 230 gp. Despite his chaotic nature, he is very loyal to the guild—perhaps its most loyal member. The guild leader has saved his life on three occasions, and Lewis is repaying the debt by operating the shop. However, Lewis has no such loyalty to indi-

vidual members of the guild. Lewis spies on other members to make sure they do not betray the guild leader. He hopes to rise to a position of power within the guild.

Mac, 0-level human: AC 9 (Dex bonus); MV 12; hp 5; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); AL NE; THAC0 20.

Mac is a very young human who wants to be accepted as a member of the guild and taught theiving skills. He works very hard to please Morris and Lewis.

Boggart (Heppbyrn): AC -6; MV 18; HD 6; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA discharge a bolt of electrical energy every other round for 2d6 (save vs. breath weapon for half damage), *confusion*; SD *invisibility*, immune to spells except *magic missile, maze, and protection from evil*; AL CE; THAC0 13.

The Blue Dragon Inn: If the 0-level human or the boggart was successful in getting Sam to the inn and warning the thieves there about the PCs, the thieves will prepare for a fight. They will not want the PCs to escape and reveal the scam to the authorities. The thieves will take Sam upstairs, put him in a guest room, securely tie him, and knock him out with a sap. They don't want to take any chances. The thieves will put a "Closed" sign in the window of the inn, pull all the shades, and sit in the establishment waiting for the PCs to come upstairs from the sewer pipe.

There are nine opponents in The Blue Dragon, two of whom will be sprinkled with *dust of disappearance* (if they had any warning). These two, both thieves, will be hanging on the railing of the steps leading up from the basement, waiting to jump on the backs of PCs entering the main inn room. In addition, the cleric will be preparing a silence spell to cast on a PC spellcaster's robes. The opponents are crafty. They want to fight the PCs in this large room, where all of them can join the fight, rather than in the basement near the sewer pipe, where only four or five could fight. Thieving abilities are not given for the thieves (with one exception; see Opponent #9), since those skills would not come into play in a combat situation, and that is the only circumstance under which these opponents will be encountered.

Opponents #1 and #2, 3rd level human thieves (coated with dust of disappearance): AC 6 (leather and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 3; hp 12, 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); AL



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CE; SA double damage on backstab; THAC0 19.

These thieves are carrying 10 gp apiece. In addition, each has two more applications of *dust of disappearance* that he can use.

Opponent #3, 5th level human thief: AC 4 (leather and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 5; hp 21; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 1 (*long sword* +1); AL CE; SA double damage on backstab; THAC0 18.

This thief has 15 gp, 10 sp, wears a bronze and silver wristband worth 200 gp, and carries a *potion of flying*.

Opponent #4, elven 2nd level fighter/2nd level mage/3rd level thief: AC 3 (leather, *ring of protection* +1, and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 2; hp 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (*dagger*); SA spells, double damage on backstab; AL NE; THAC0 19.

Spells memorized:

1st level *charm person, taunt*

The elf carries 2 gp and a 110 gp gold ingot.

Opponent #5, 6th level halfling thief: AC 5 (leather and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 6; hp 24; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1 (*short sword* plus Str bonus); AL NE; SA double damage on backstab; THAC0 18.

The halfling carries 10 pp, 18 gp, and a *potion of healing*.

Opponent #6, 4th level dwarven thief: AC 5 (leather and Dex bonus); MV 9; HD 4; hp 21; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 2 (*short sword* plus Str bonus); AL CE; SA double damage on backstab; THAC0 18.

The dwarf carries 21 gp and a hunk of coral worth 20 gp.

Opponent #7, 6th level human thief (Mugly, the guild lieutenant): AC 4 (leather, *ring of protection* +1, and Dex bonus); MV 9; HD 6; hp 33; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + 2 (*long sword* +1 plus Str bonus); AL CE; SA triple damage on backstab; THAC0 18.

Mugly carries 20 gp and a chunk of quartz worth 75 gp. In addition, he has a *potion of healing* and a *potion of sweet water*.

Mugly is very crafty, careful in a fight, and very protective of his own neck. He enjoys his position of second in command in the guild, and has no desire to become the guild leader. He will protect the leader (see Opponent #9), and if the fight is going too quickly against the guild he will try to escape with the guild leader in tow.

Opponent #8, 4th level human cleric: AC 5

(chain mail and shield); MV 9; HD 4; hp 23; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1 (*footman's mace*); AL NE; THAC0 18.

Spells carried:

1st level *cause fear, command, cure light wounds, curse, darkness*
2nd level *find traps, hold person, silence 15' radius*

The cleric carries 10 sp and two pearls each worth 50 gp.

After casting *silence* on the robes of a PC spellcaster, the cleric will cast *hold person* on two or three PCs, depending on their locations in the inn. He will cast *cause fear* on a remaining fighter or spellcaster, followed by *command* ("Sleep!") and *curse*. If the cleric feels too threatened, he will try to escape with the lieutenant and the guild leader.

Opponent #9, 12th level halfling thief (Drolo, the guild leader): AC 2 (*bracers of defense* AC 6 and Dex bonus); MV 12; HD 10+4; hp 44; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 2 (*short sword of quickness* +2); AL CE; SA quadruple damage on backstab; THAC0 15. He has a 95% chance of hiding in shadows, and will use this ability when fighting the PCs.

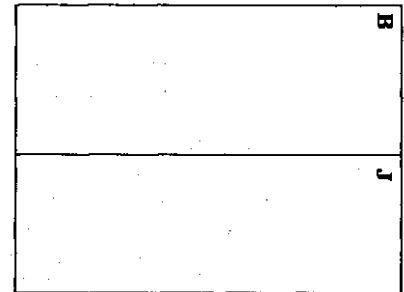
Drolo carries 5 pp and 5 gp, and wears a platinum and ruby ring worth 8,200 gp. In addition, he has a *potion of extra healing*, a *potion of invisibility* (which he will use to escape if necessary), and a half-used jar of *Nolzur's marvelous pigments*.

Drolo hates to have his plans ruined, and will do everything he can to stop the PCs from revealing his scam and threatening the existence of his guild. Drolo will not initially enter the fight against the PCs, opting instead to spend the first two rounds watching them to learn which characters pose the most threat. He will attempt to backstab the character who appears to be the toughest. However, Drolo is not stupid. If the fight is going too quickly against the guild, he will leave the inn in the company of his lieutenant, and possibly the guild's cleric. He knows it is better to run away and build a guild in another city than to be killed or risk exposure of his guild and his plans in this city.

Aftermath: If the PCs search the inn following the fight (provided they win), they will find a total of 1,800 gp and 13,200 sp. The best treasure consists of the magic items carried by the guild members. The PCs will have to search the inn to find the unconscious Sam. If Sam is rescued, he will

be extremely grateful and will offer the PCs a one-time 35% discount on anything in his shop. If the PCs haven't figured everything out, he will tell the PCs all about the bog-garts and the thieves guild's plan and will explain that they didn't kill him because they wanted to find out more information about operating a shop and about his business contacts. In addition, the bog-garts wanted him kept alive so they could study him and better perfect his mannerisms.

Suggested Street Layouts





ADVENTURES FOR THE CITIES

Here are some basic plots for city adventures which can be used in almost any fantasy role-playing game system.

Looks Can Be Deceiving: The most powerful government official in town is acting strangely. He's implementing odd and unreasonable taxes and planning to start programs which will benefit himself, but will do nothing to better the city or its people. Actually, the official is not himself. He has been replaced by a shapechanging monster that is having fun trying its hand at politics. The player characters will have to catch the shapechanger and rescue the real politician.

Pickpocket Peddlers: A gang of thieves are masquerading as street peddlers. The owner of a trinket shop provides the thieves with goods to sell on the street, and the thieves pick the pockets of the people who look over their wares. The trinket shop owner gets a percentage of the stolen money. The player characters hear rumors about a gang of pickpockets operating in the merchants quarter and are asked to find the thieves and put a stop to their activities.

Feathering His Nest: A merchant has purchased a cockatrice from a band of adventurers and is keeping the thing caged up in his basement. The merchant is using the monster to get rich: he *very* carefully gathers the beasts' feathers and uses them to turn animals into "amazingly lifelike statues" which he sells to the public. Unfortunately for the fraud, a few of the neighbors have begun to miss their pets. A wealthy pet owner hires the PCs to find her favorite dog, and the PCs must ultimately deal with the merchant and his monster.

A Good Right Arm: A man new to town (a giant *polymorphed* to human form) has been visiting the local taverns and winning money from the locals in arm-wrestling contests. The citywide arm-wrestling championship is coming up next week, and a few of the locals look to the PCs to find a champion who can best the newcomer.

There Is No Honor: Horton, a thief who has served his time for a series of burglaries he committed 10 years ago, is finally free on parole and intends to lead an honest life from now on. But the thieves guild he used to belong to doesn't like his change in careers. Several members of the guild have

begun a series of burglaries—using the same method of operation Horton was known for. Horton is arrested for the crimes, and it is up to the PCs to prove his innocence and bring the real culprits to justice.

Protection Racket: A group of hoodlums have enlisted the aid of a local cleric of non-good alignment to help them with a protection racket. The cleric controls a small group of undead, which he and the hoodlums take to merchants' homes after dark. The hoodlums demand that the merchants pay protection money, or their businesses will be ruined by the undead. Most of the merchants agree to the mob's terms. However, one merchant won't put up with the threats and contacts a group of low-level adventurers to handle the threat.

Defacing The Face: A statue has been made to honor the town's leading official, and it has been placed in the center of the park. The day after the dedication ceremony, the statue's head is missing. It is found a day later, high up in the branches of a large tree in the park. The statue is repaired, only to have it covered the next day with bright red paint, and the next day adorned with leaves and pinecones. The town official hires the player characters to catch the person responsible for defacing the statue. The problem is, no one person or group of persons is responsible. A thieves guild, a group of teenagers, three elderly men who don't like the official, a whimsical leprechaun, and a group of drunks from the tavern across from the park are all responsible for the assorted acts, and the player characters will have their hands full catching all the culprits.

Election Hysteria: The mayor is a very popular man who has been very good for the city. It is certain he will win the next election. However, the mayor's opponent has a few mages working for him, who are *charming* people to vote for their candidate. The mayor loses by an incredible margin and asks the player characters to look into the voting process.

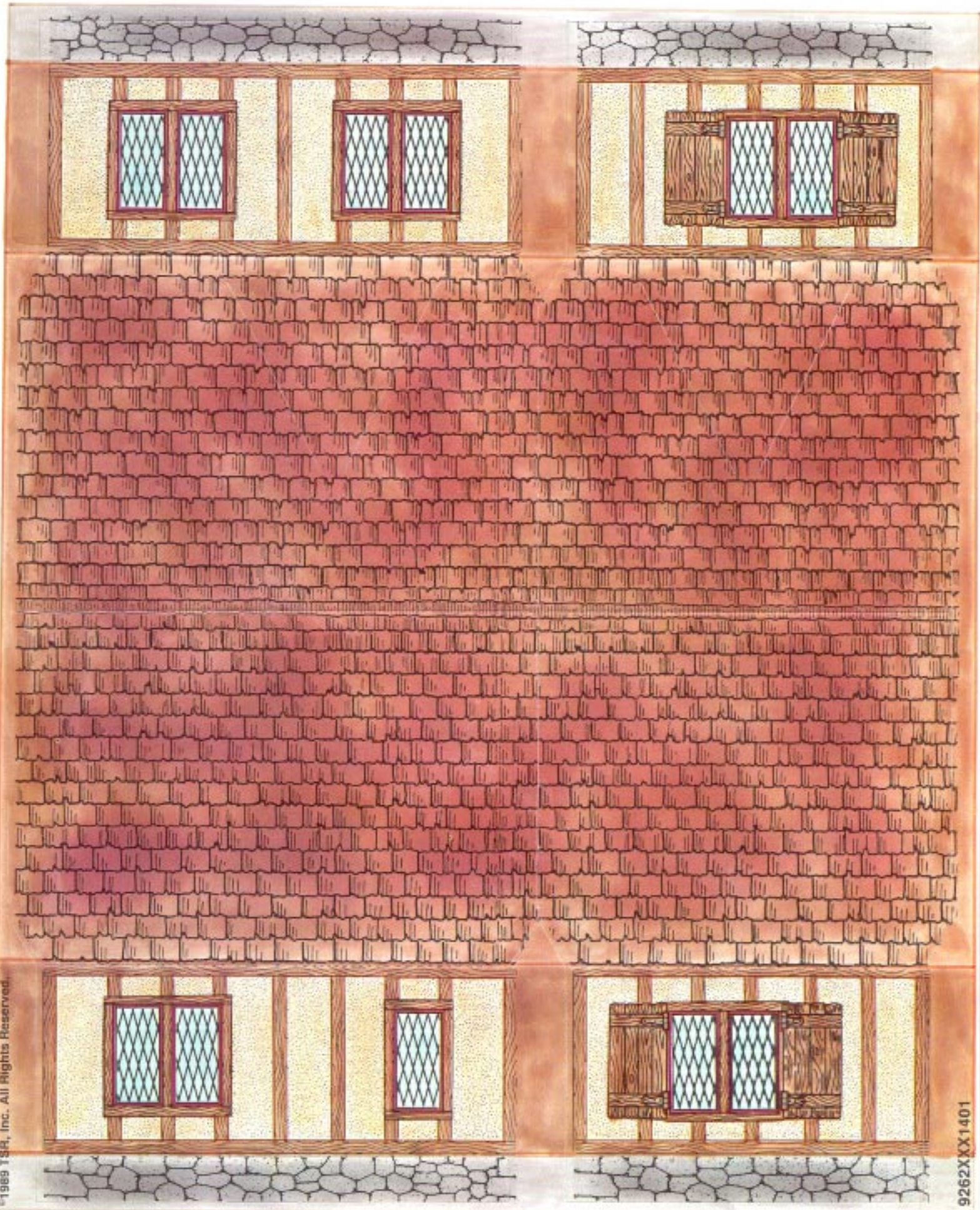
Monsters in the Street: A bum who "acquired" a pouch filled with a few coins and a beautiful gem from a dead man in an alley has actually acquired a *jewel of attacks* (or a similar magic item which draws monsters and always returns to its owner). The

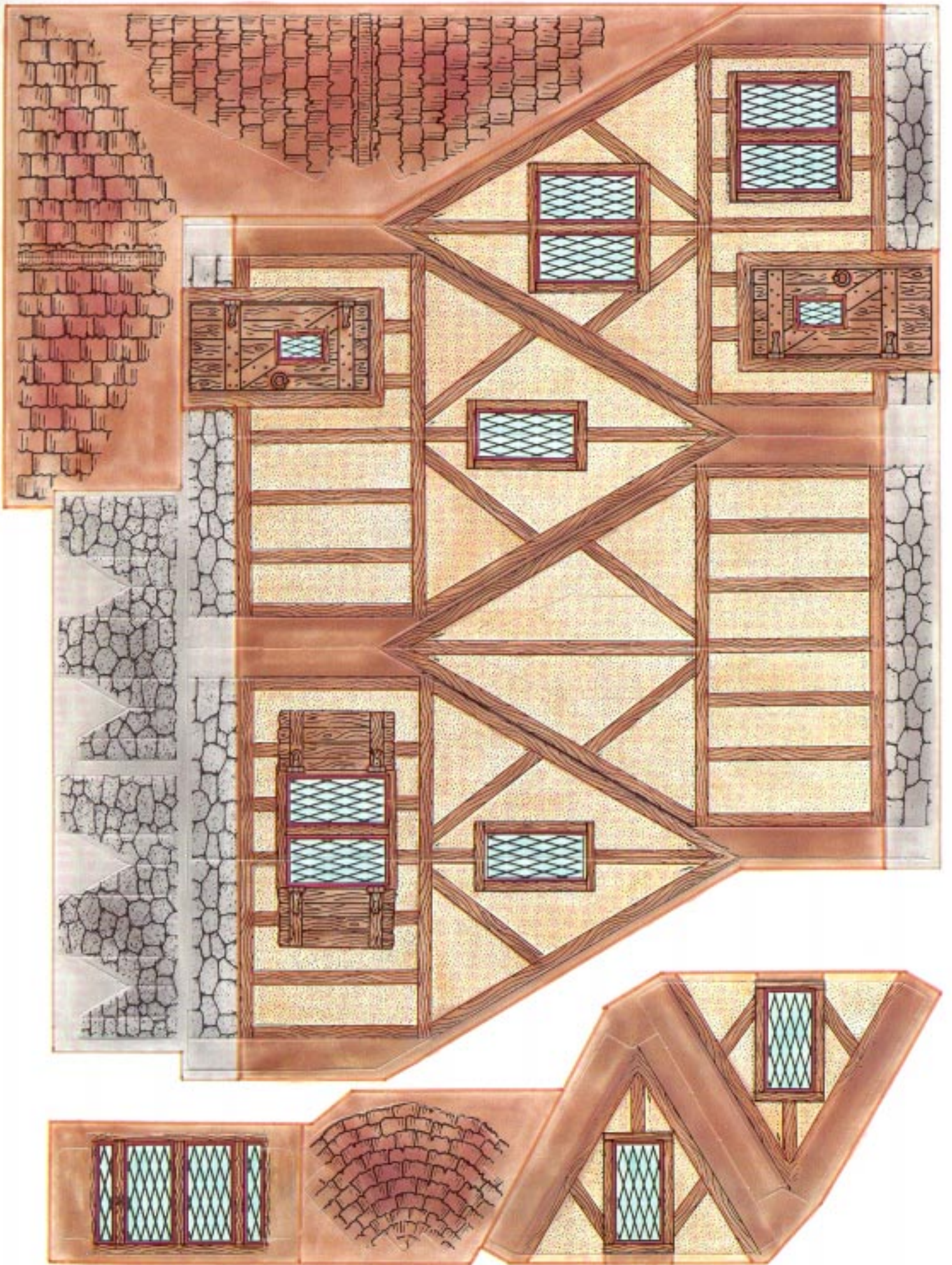
bum sold the gem to a jewelry shop, which during the night was attacked by a monster. The next morning the gem appeared back in the bum's pouch. The bum believes the pouch is magical and will produce a gem every day. He continues to sell a gem each day to a jeweler, pawnbroker, or some hapless gent he meets on the street. The city begins to be plagued by monsters, and the player characters are called in to find a way to keep the monsters out of town.

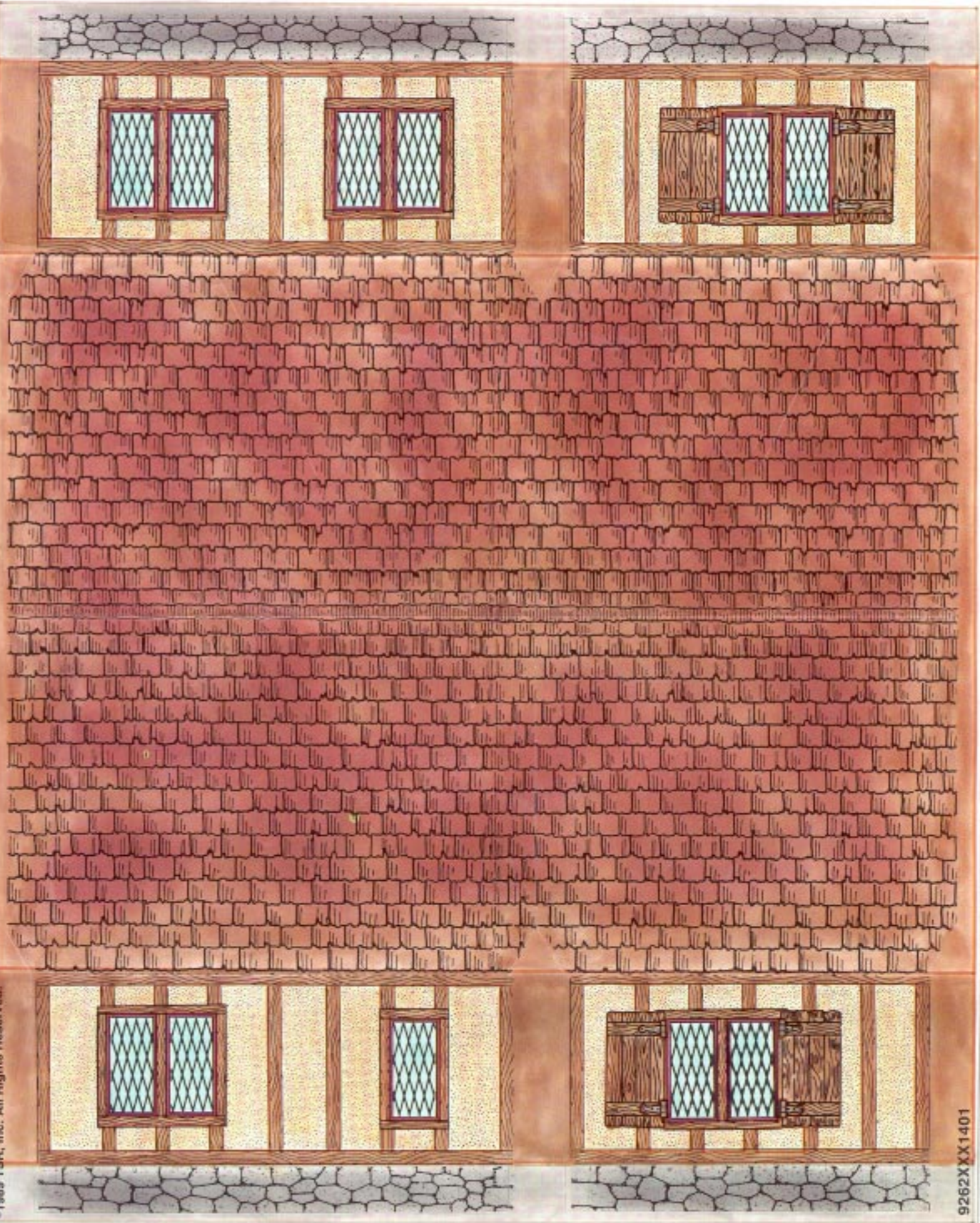
The Water Doesn't Work: A few unscrupulous adventurers with *potions of animal control* have instructed several giant beavers to dam up the river that flows through town. The adventurers are holding the water for ransom, threatening to keep the city dry if it doesn't come up with 5,000 gp. The player characters are asked to find a way to turn the water back on.

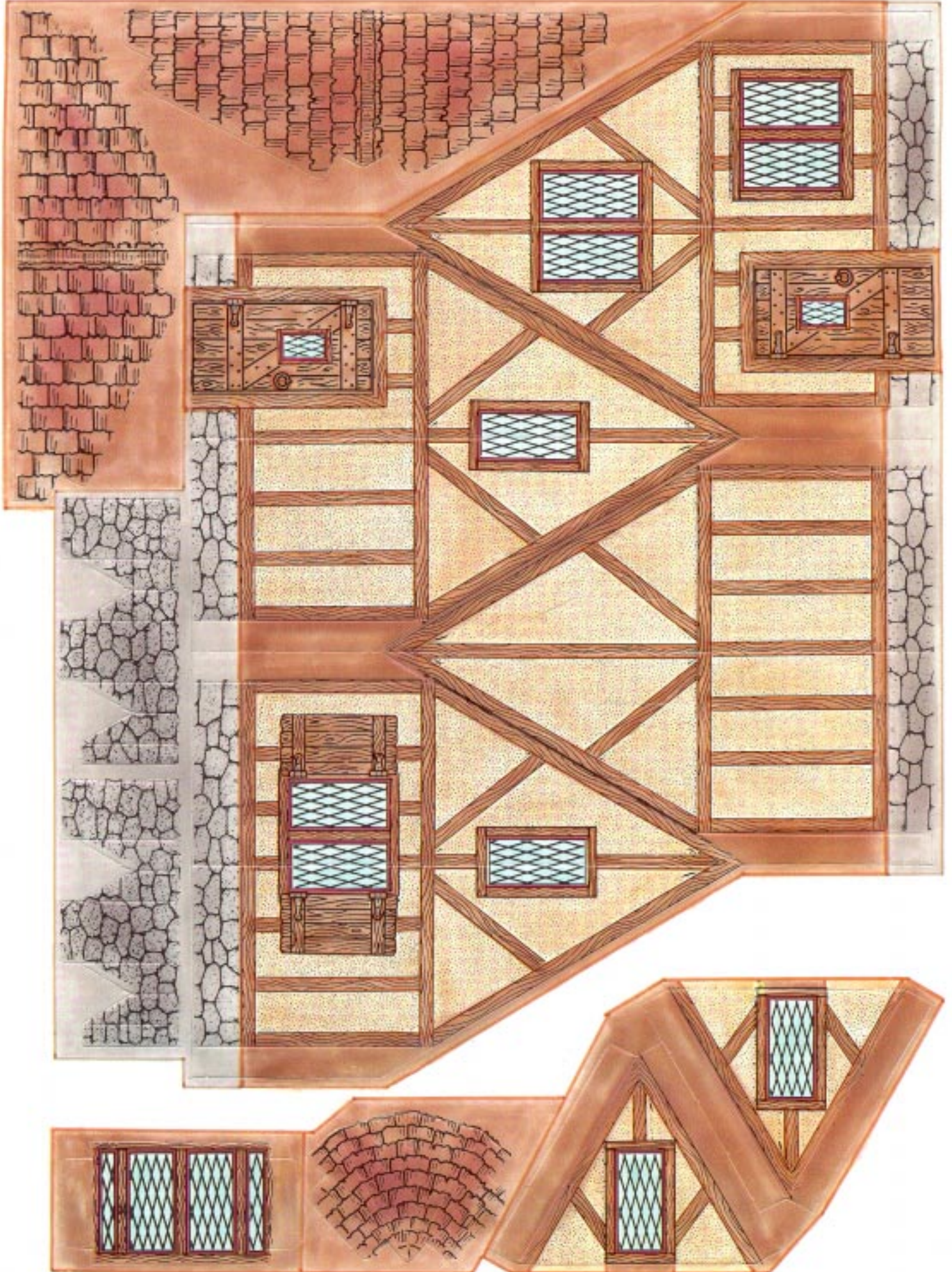
There Goes the Neighborhood: A wealthy landowner anticipates the city's business district growing and wants to acquire land next to the business district so he can cash in on the expansion. To accomplish this, he has hired a few down-on-their-luck fighters to bully the locals into selling their property. He has set fire to a few homes—the owners of which would not sell—and has had the fighters threaten that there will be more fires. A few businessmen have noticed that several locals are moving from the area and that the land is being bought up. They ask the player characters to investigate.

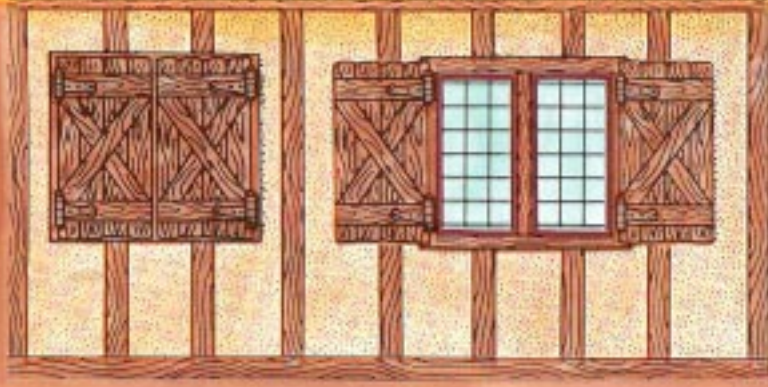
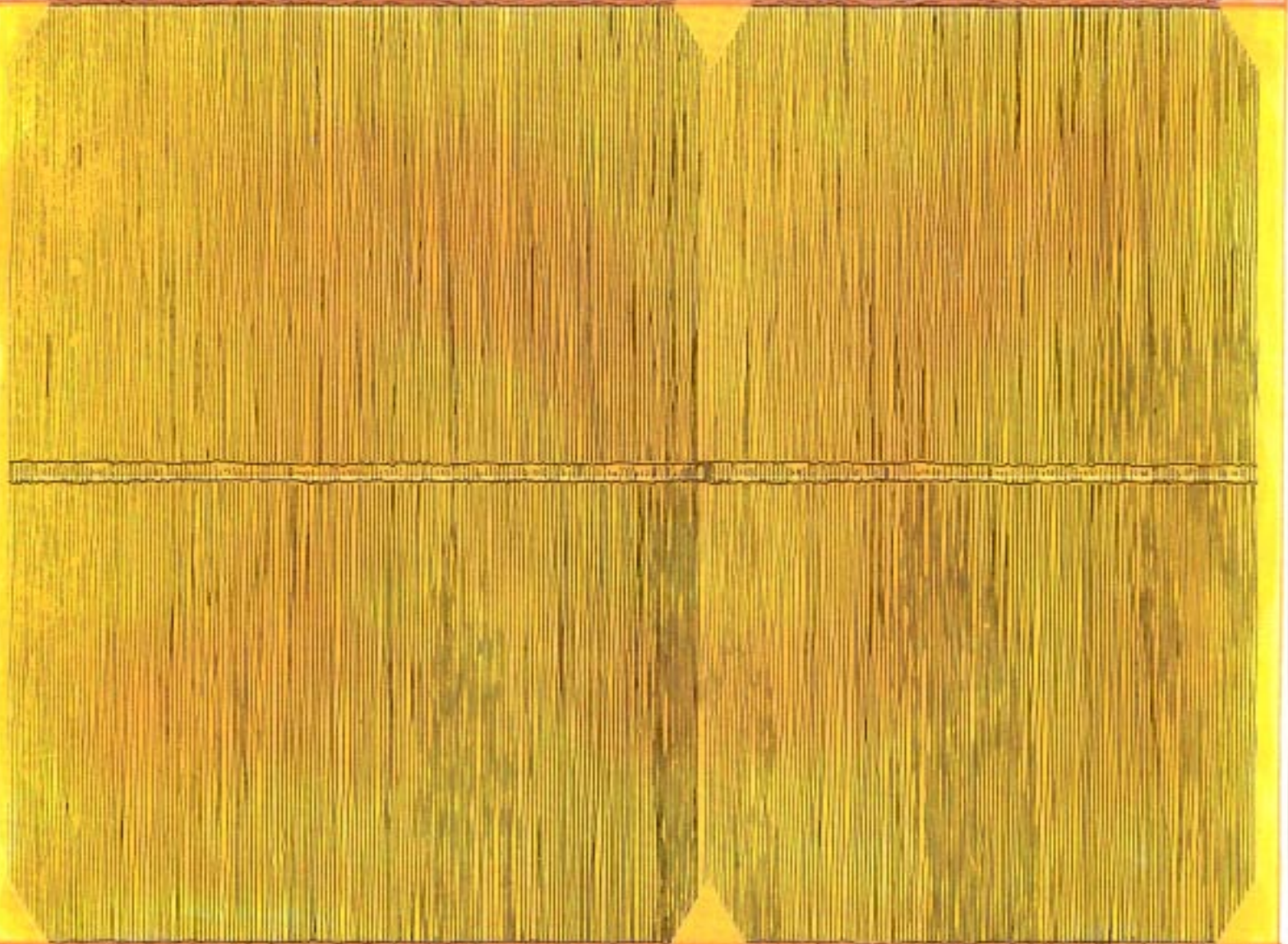
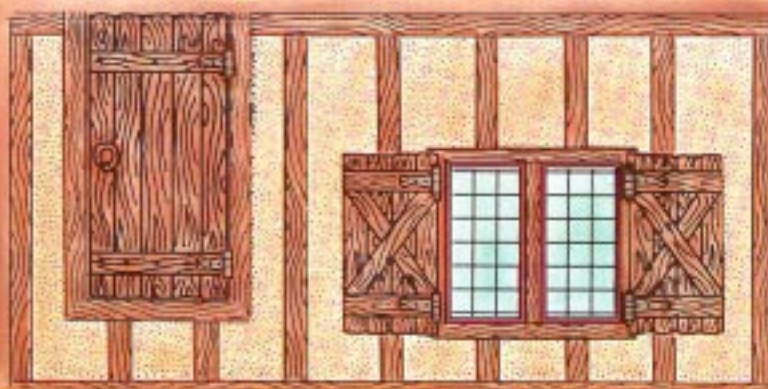
Rats, Rats, Rats: A pawn shop owner unwittingly acquired *pipes of the sewers* and has been playing them to pass the time when no customers are around. This has brought hundreds upon hundreds of rats into the city, and the player characters are hired to exterminate them.

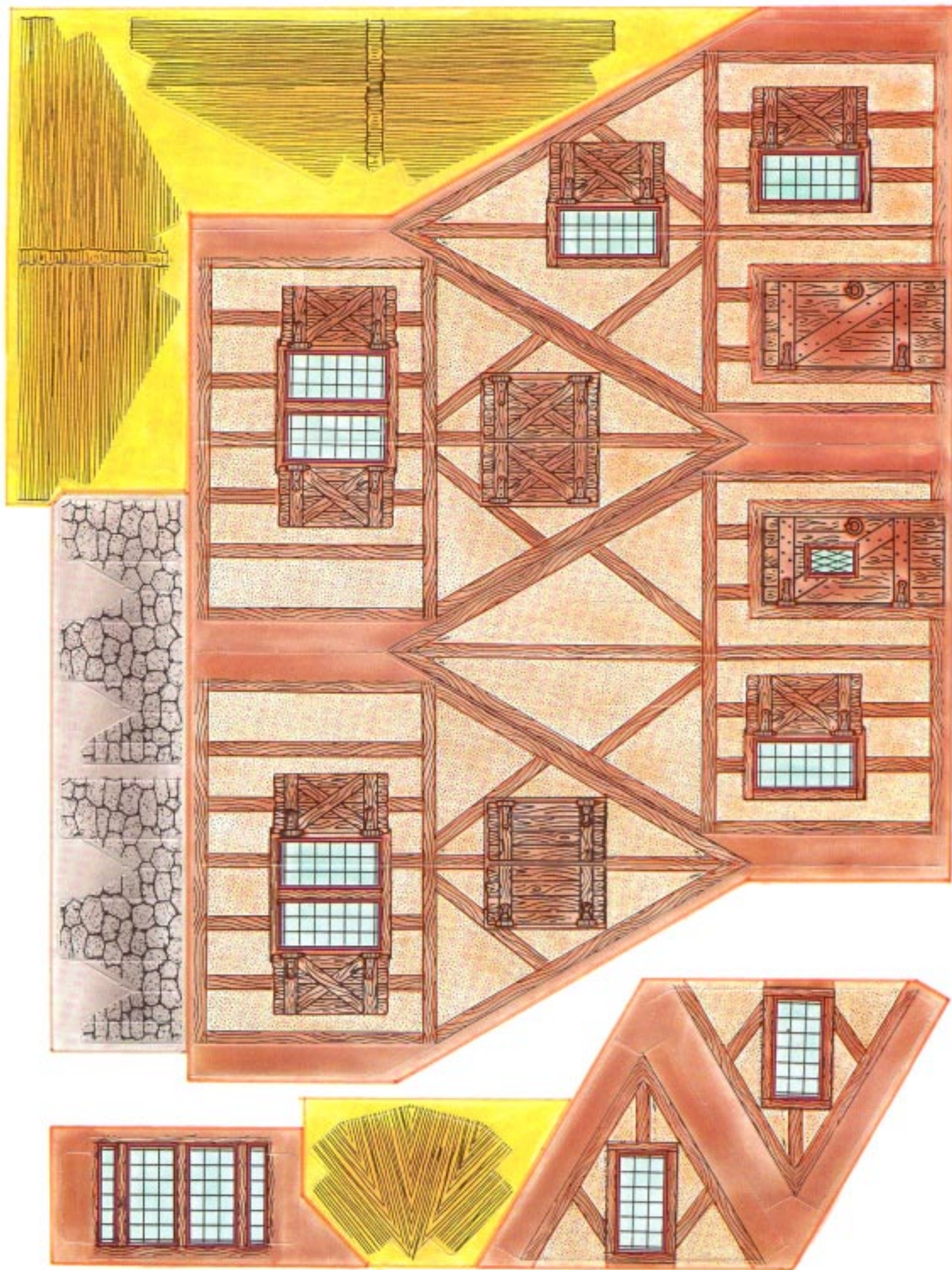


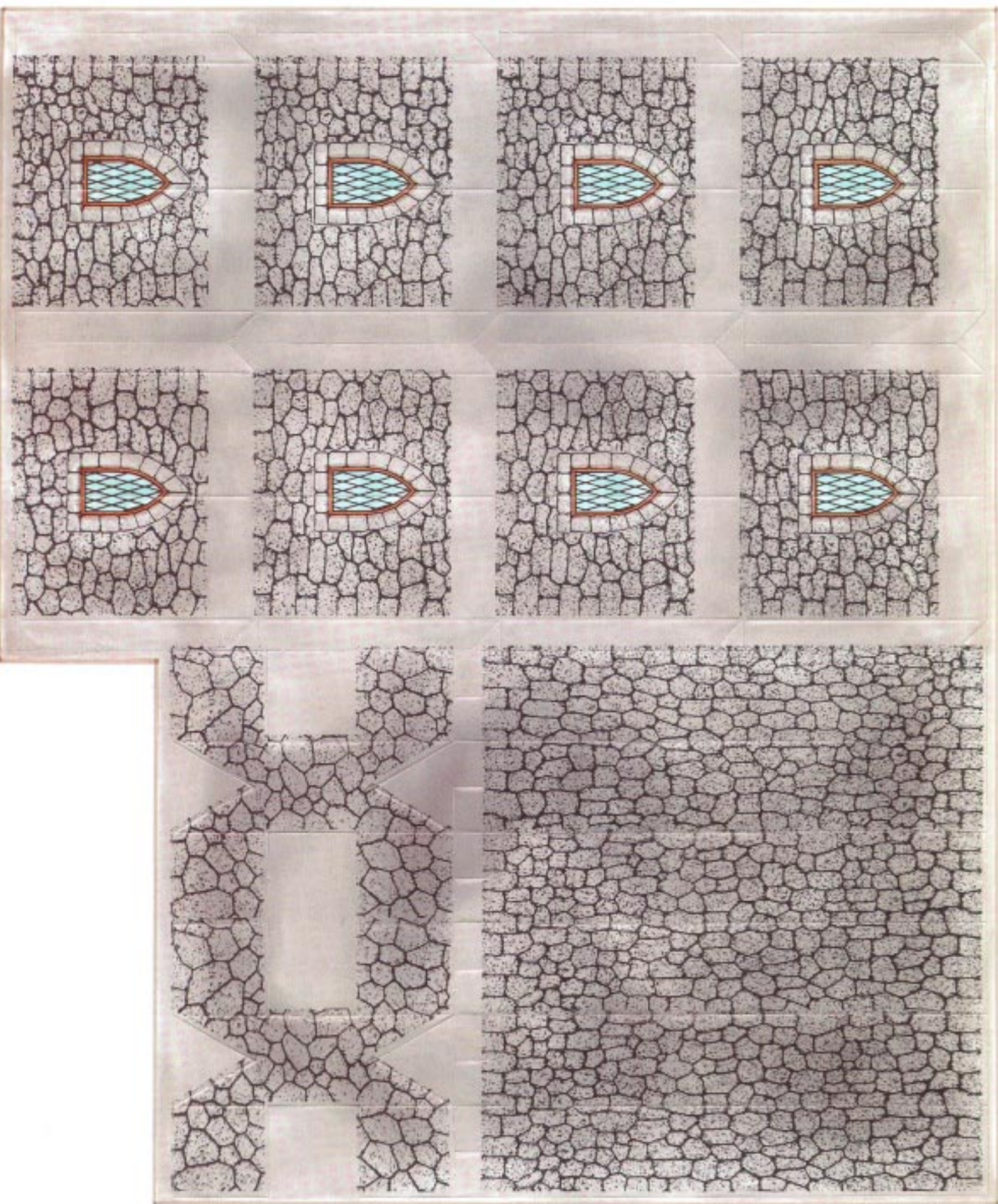


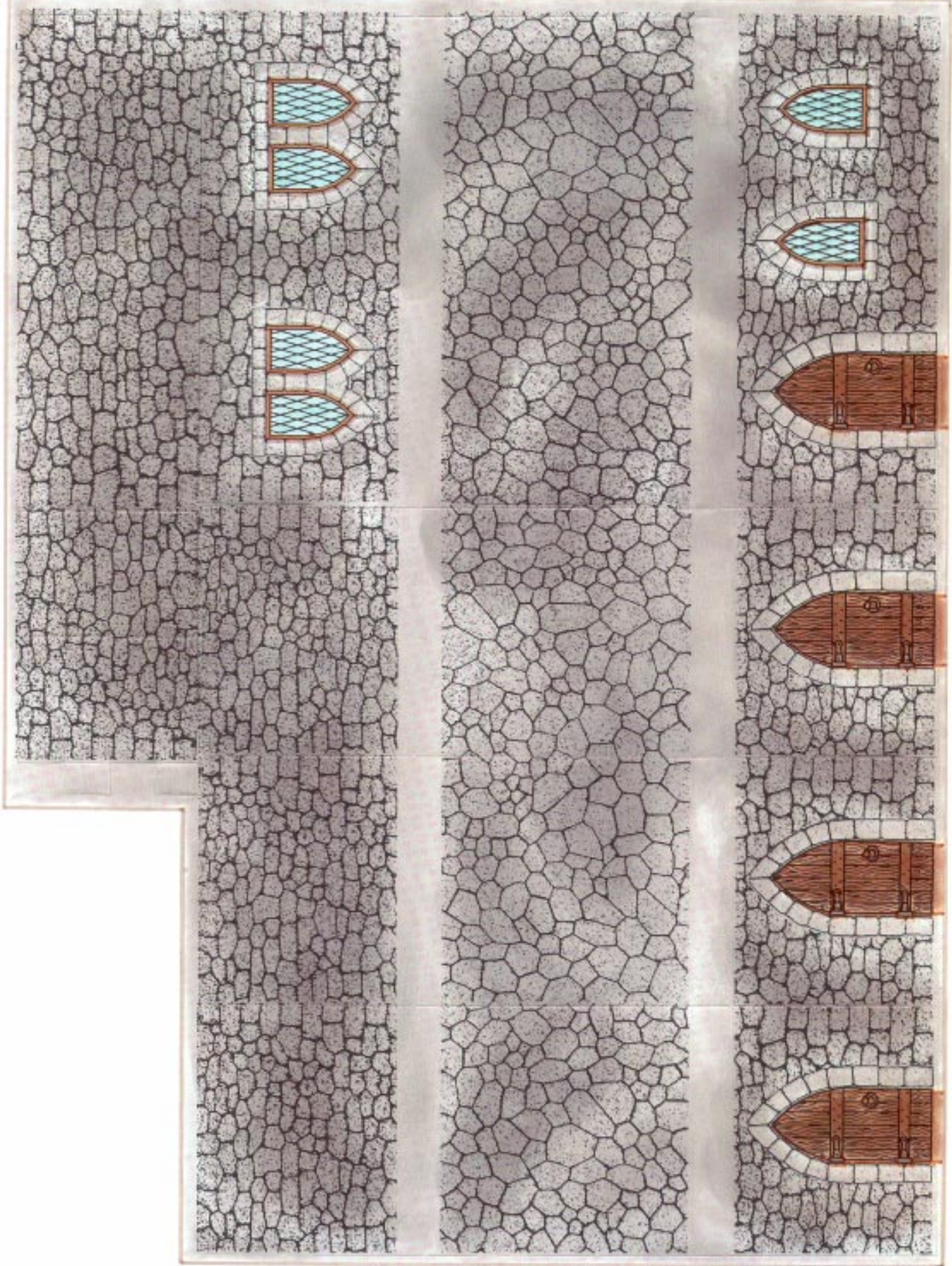


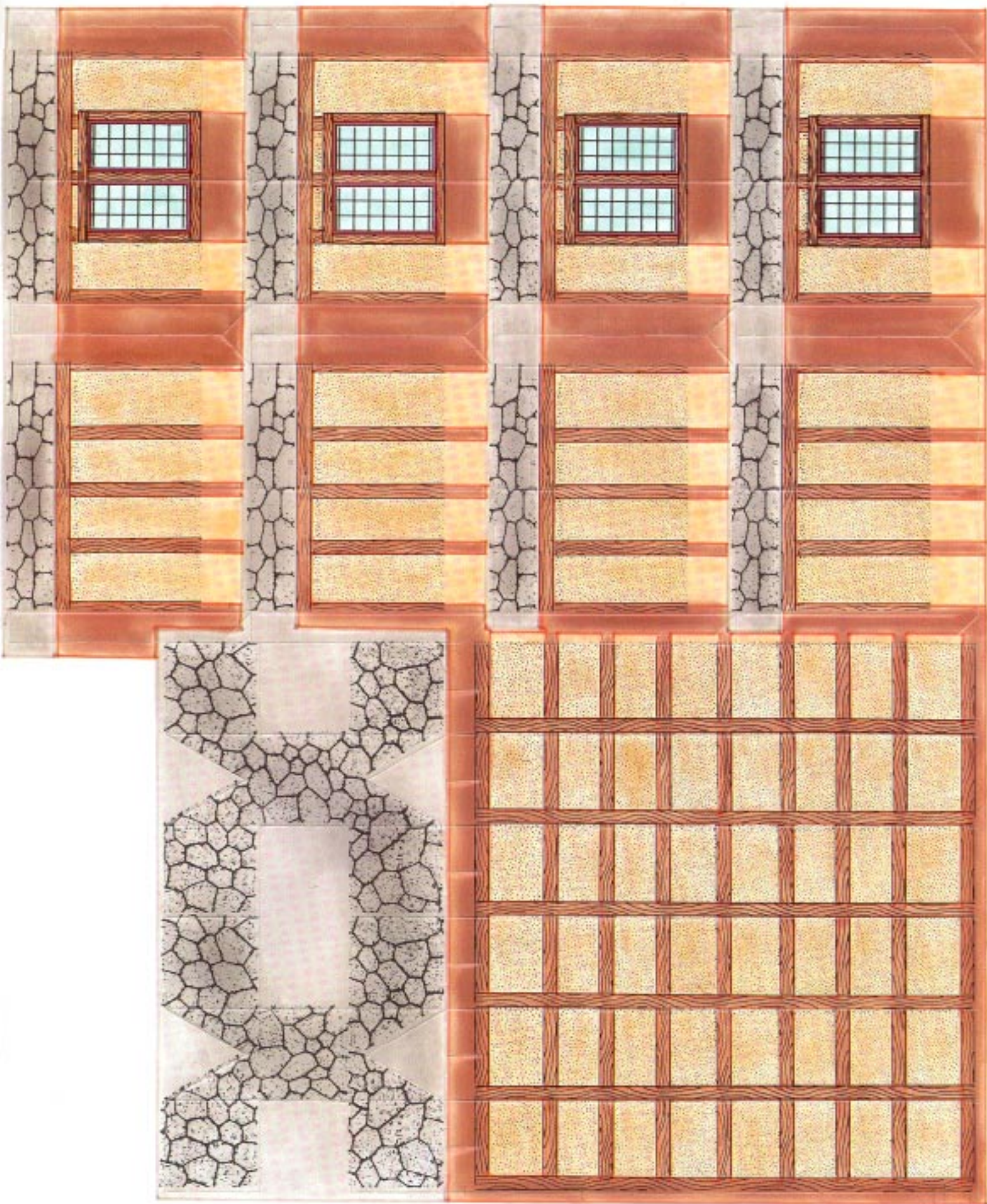


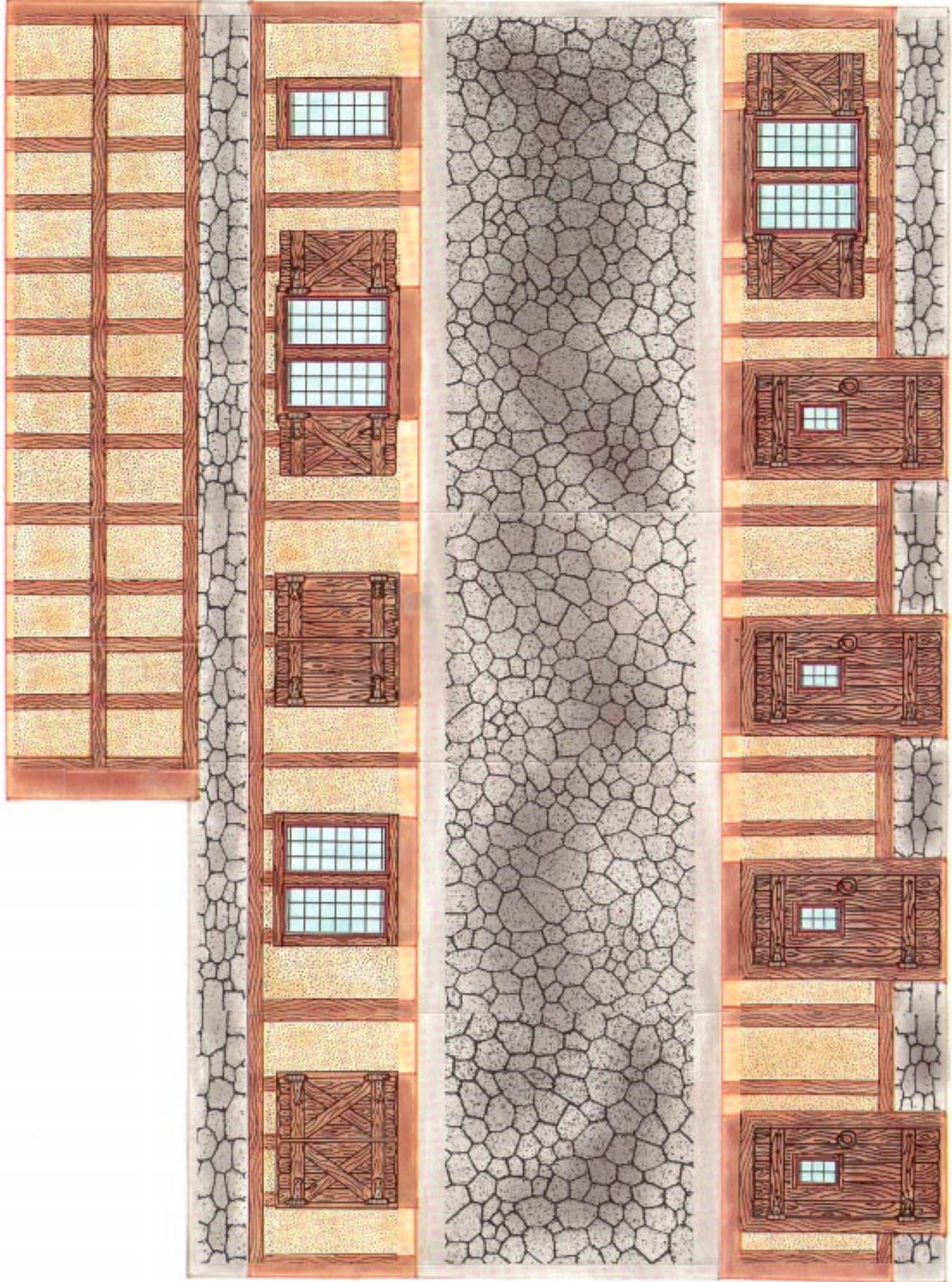


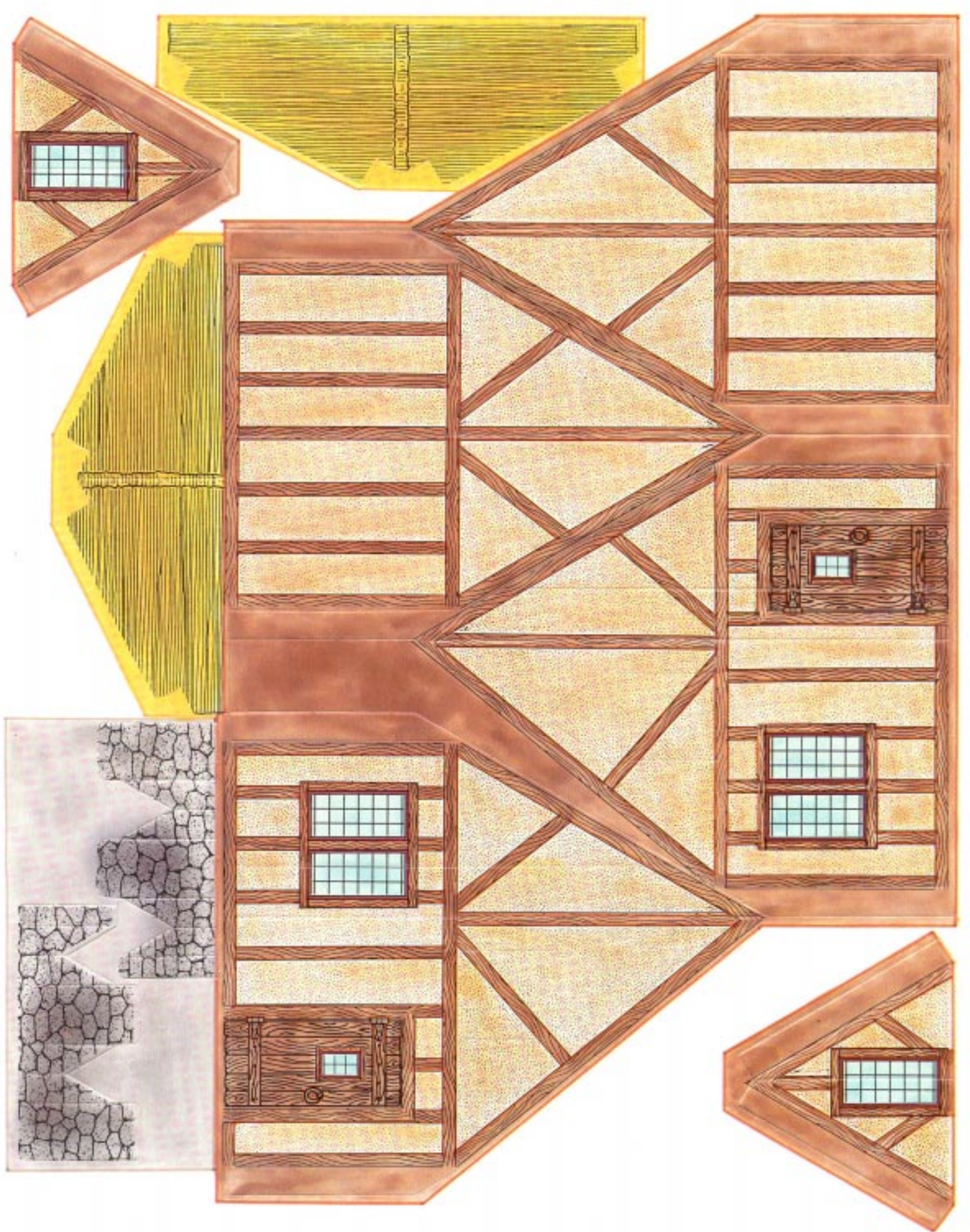








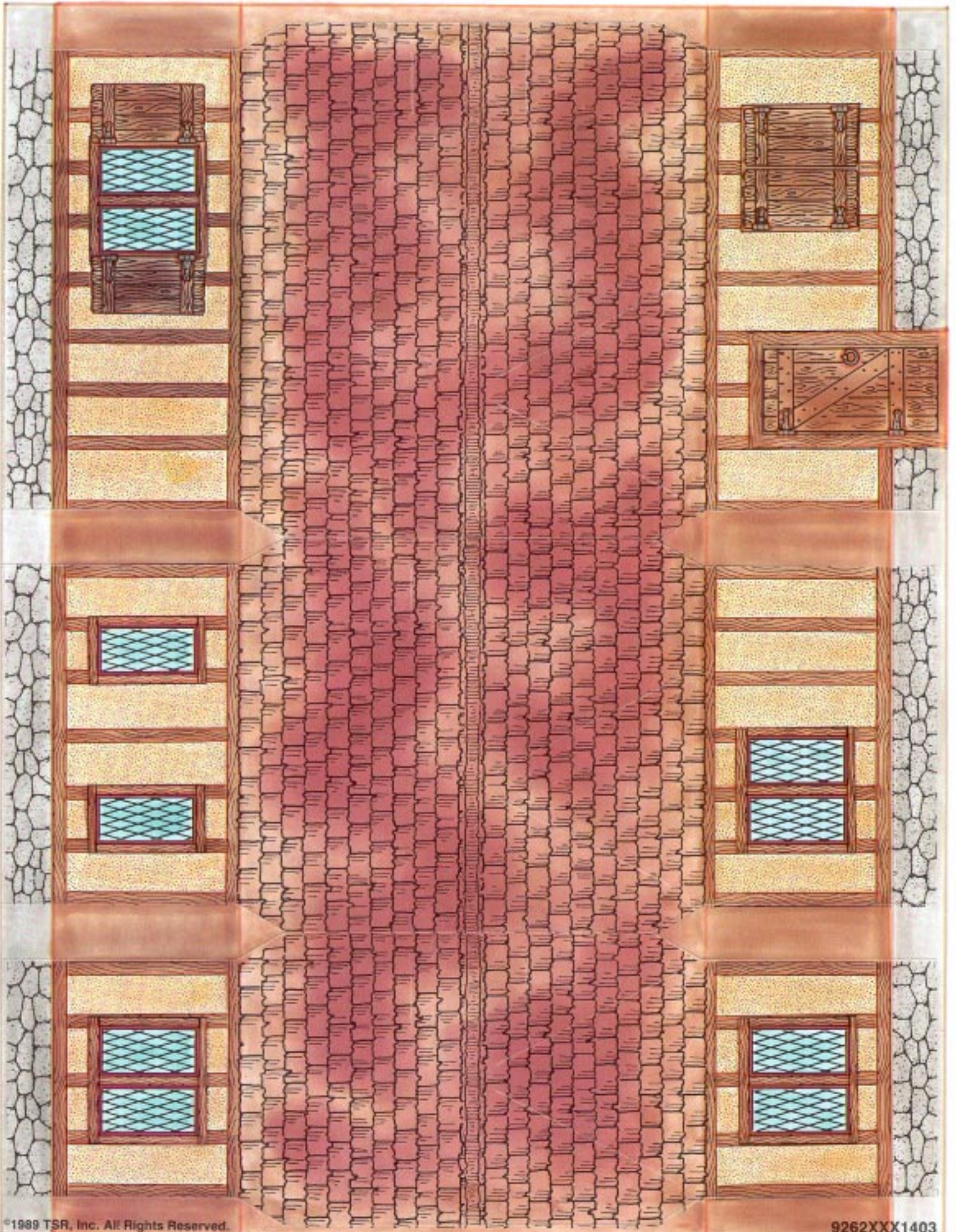


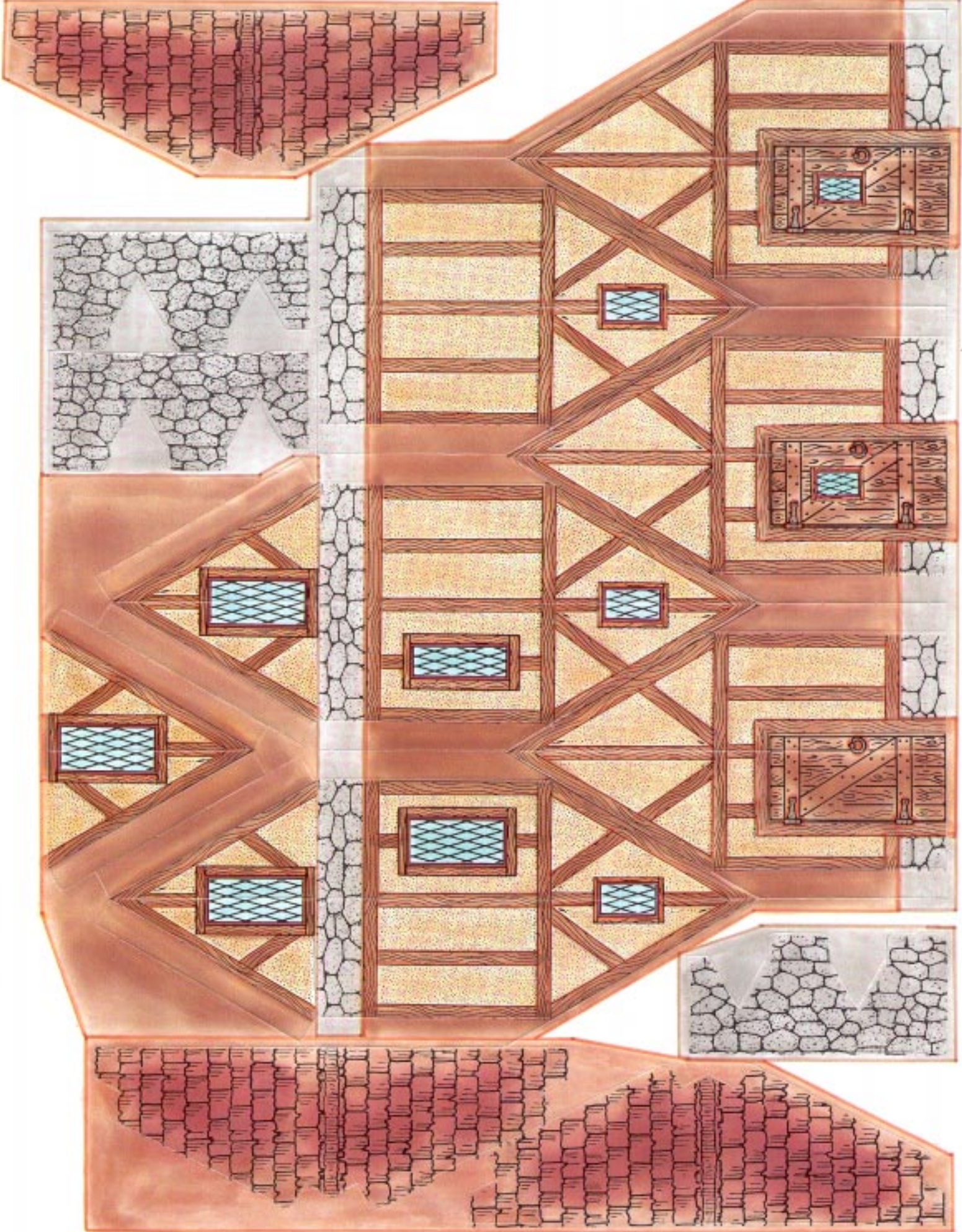


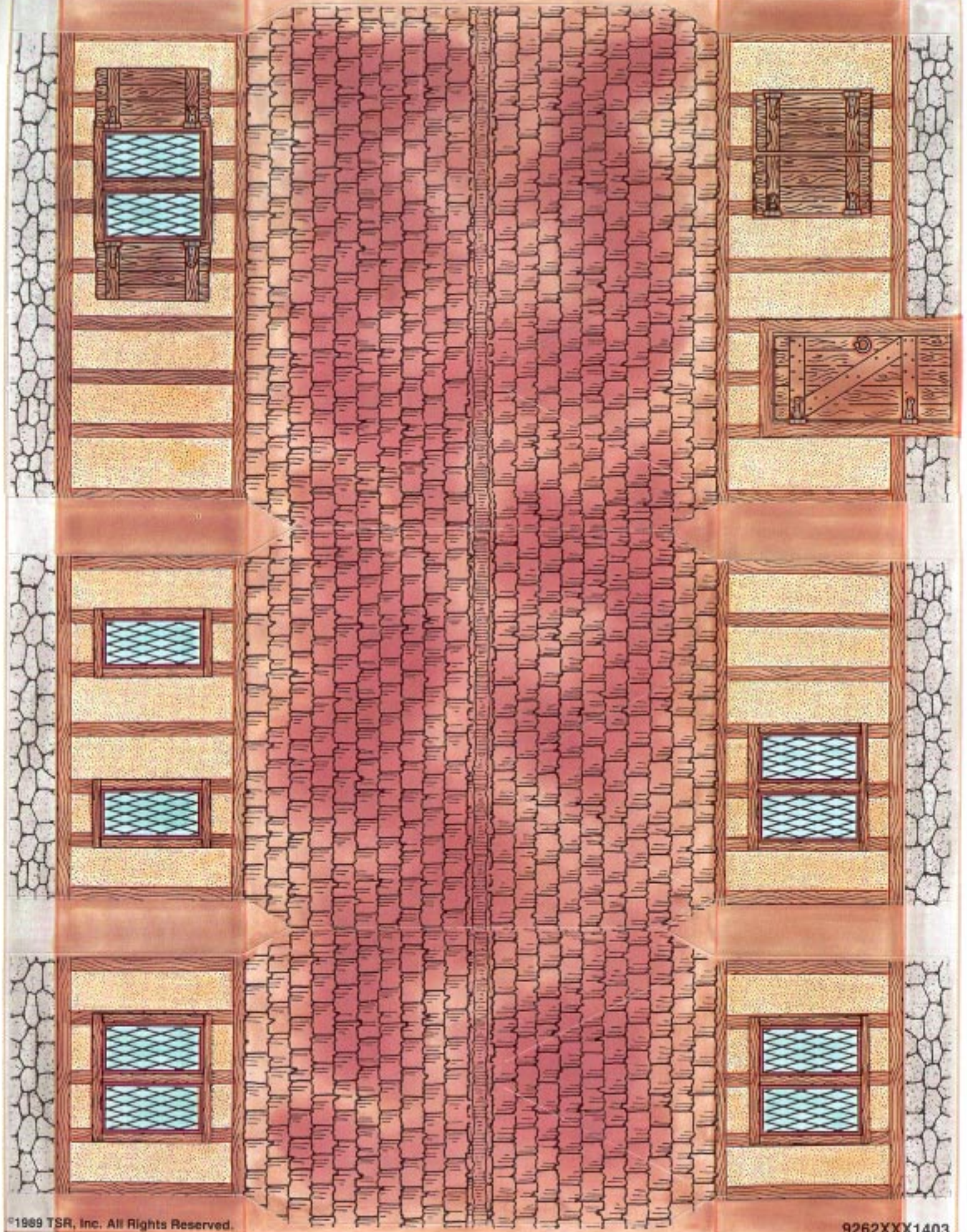
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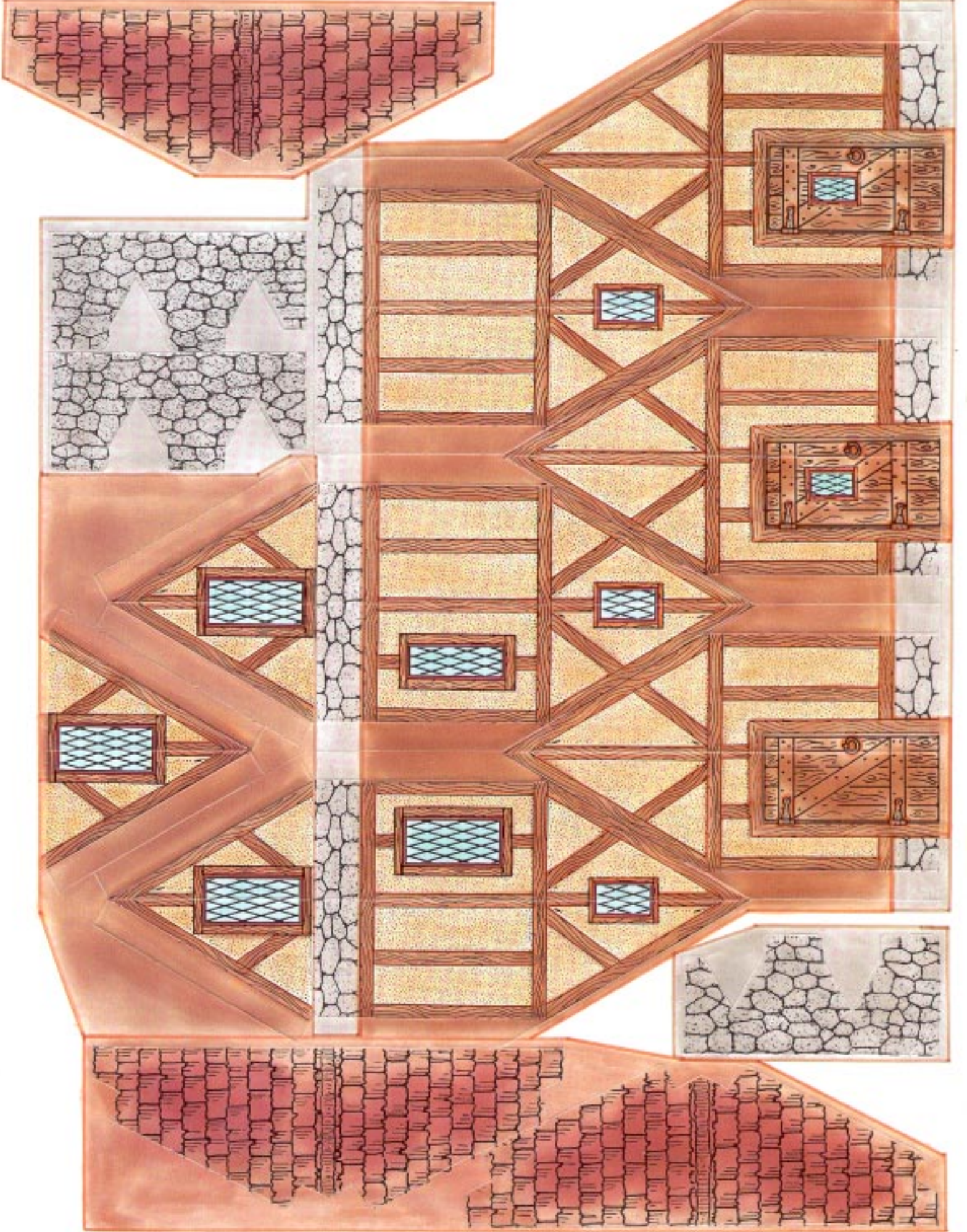
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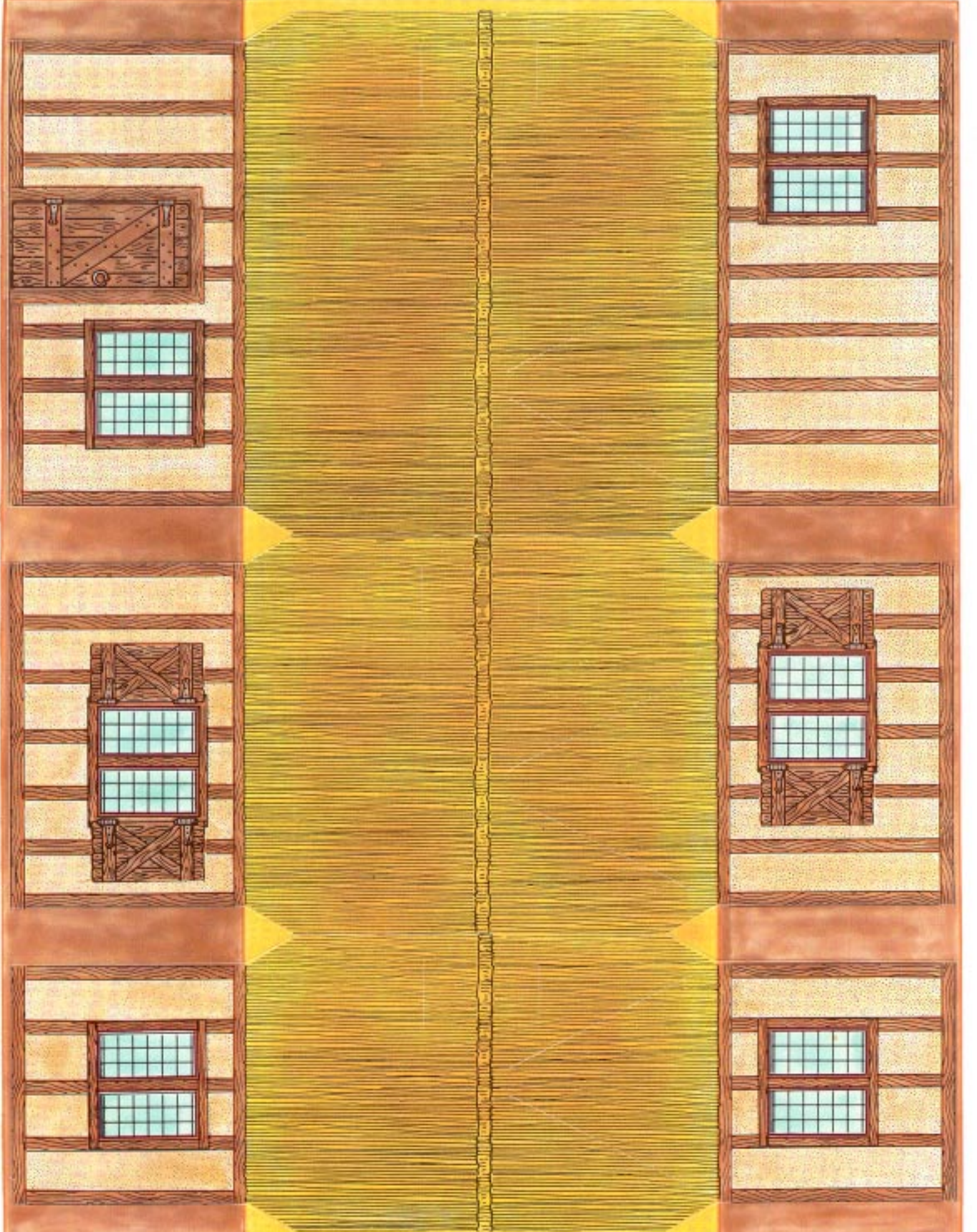


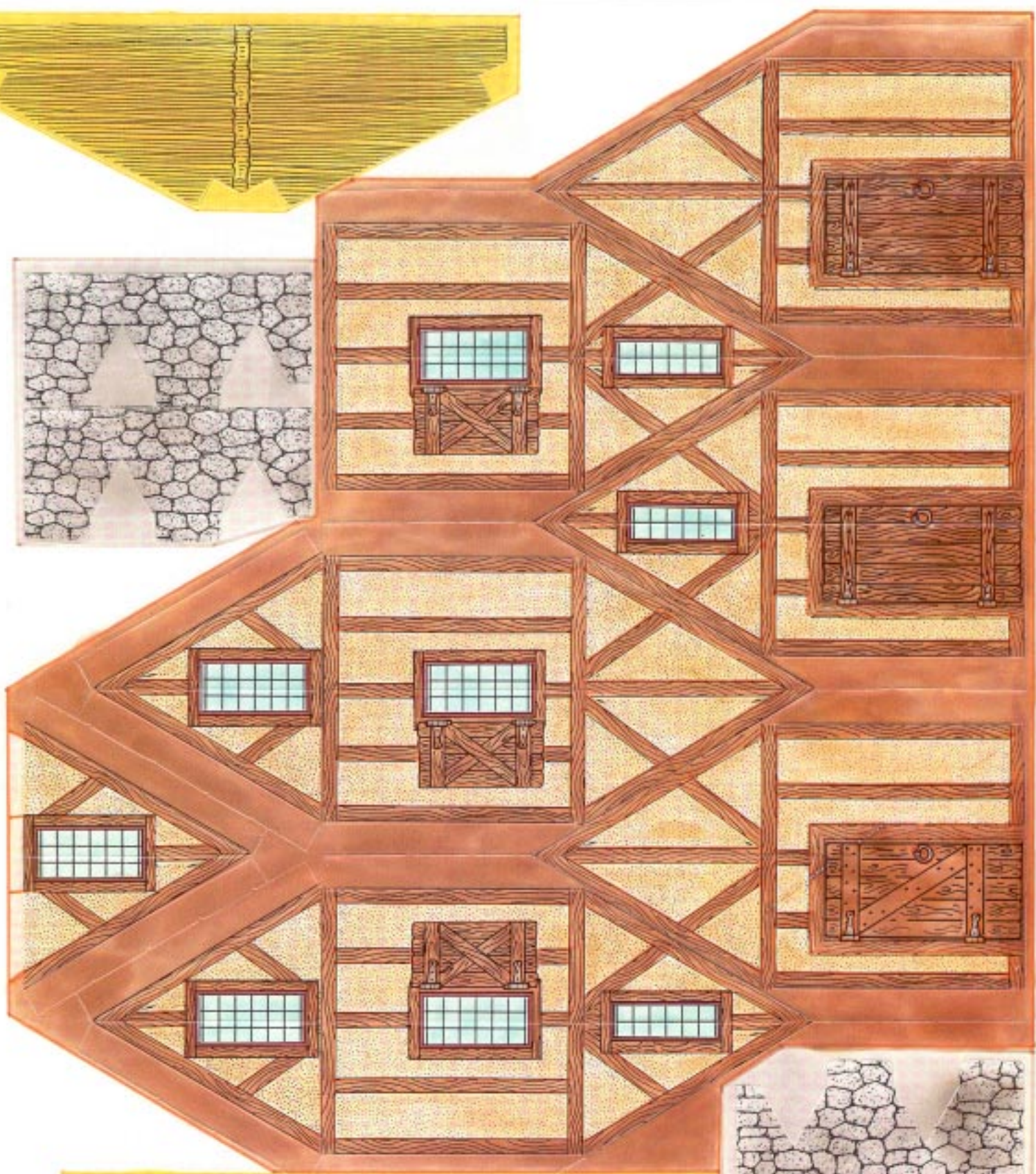
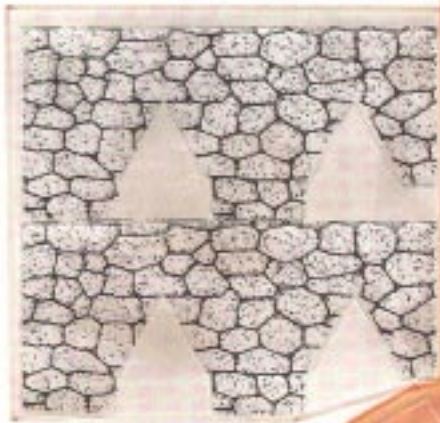


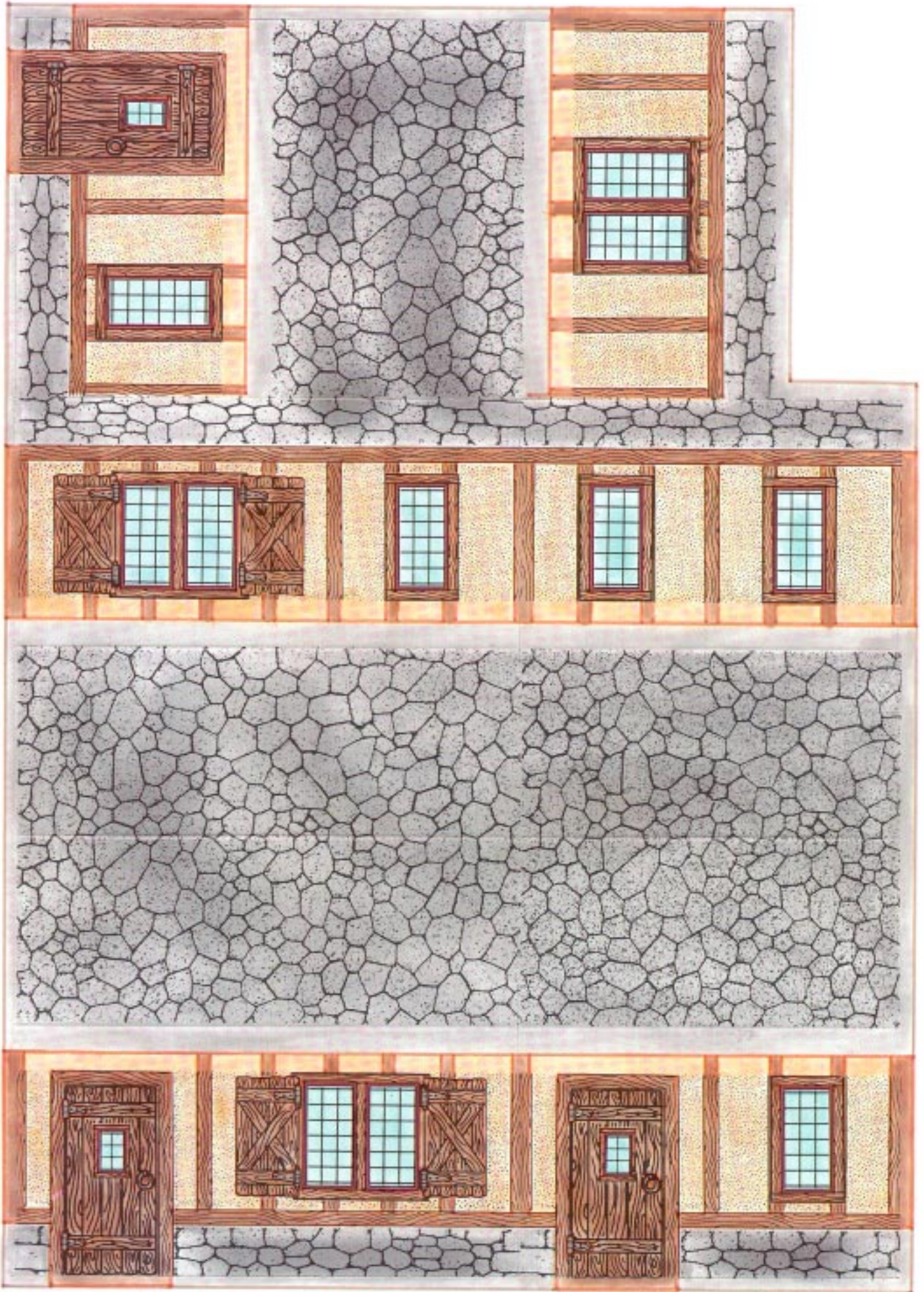


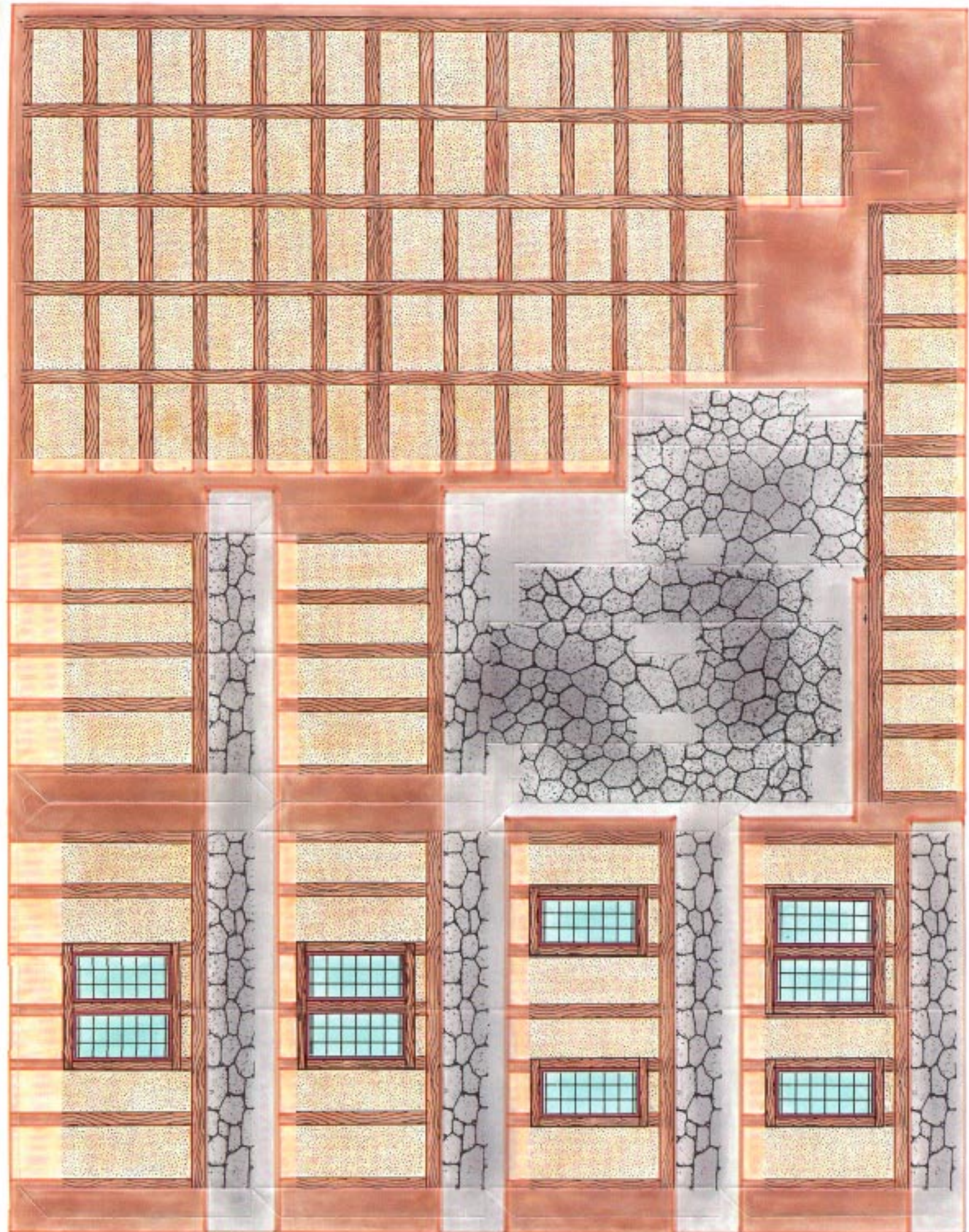


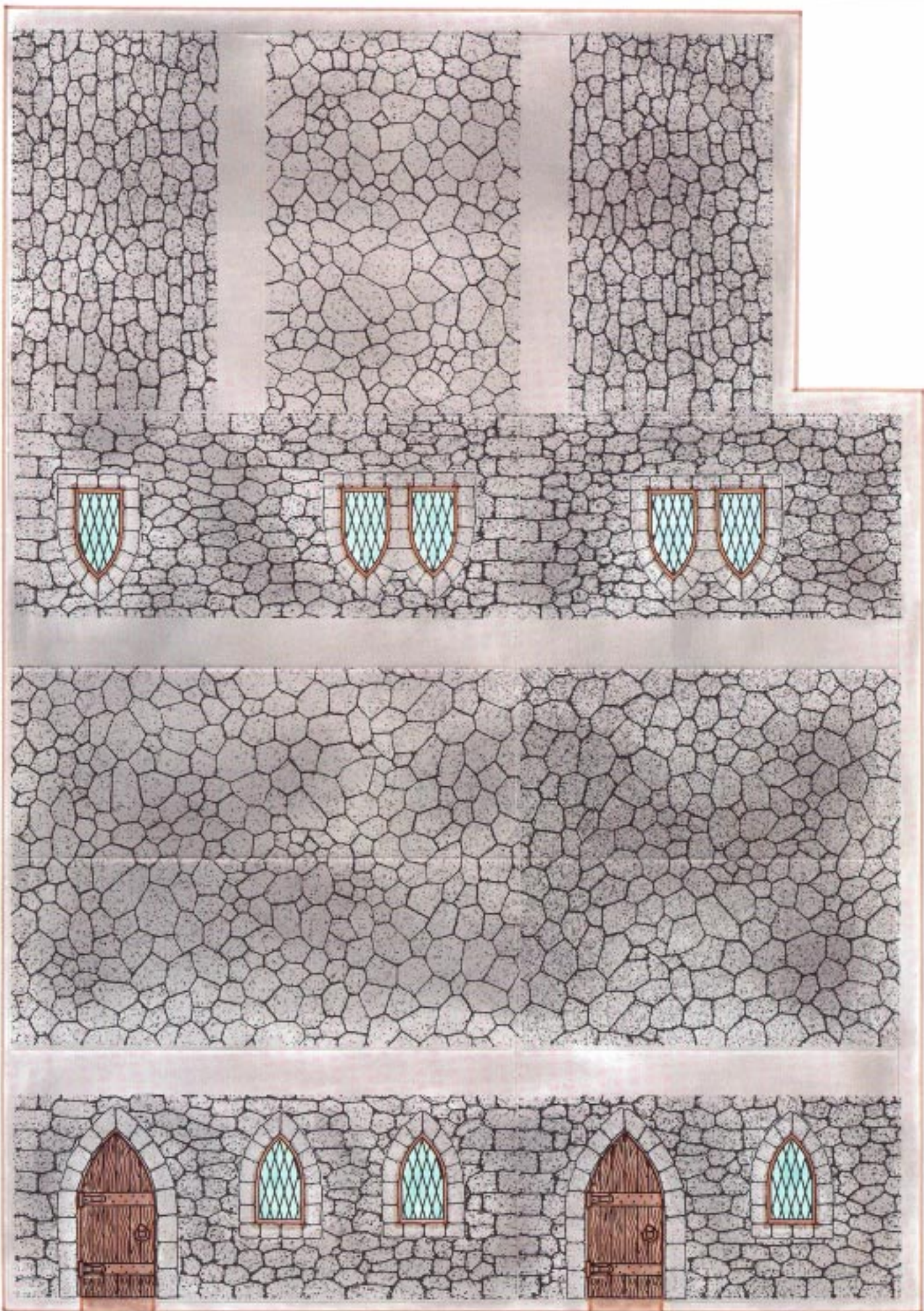


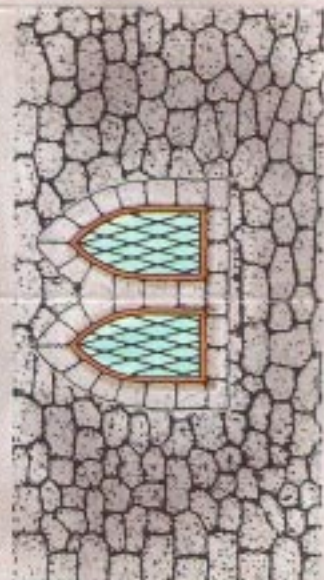
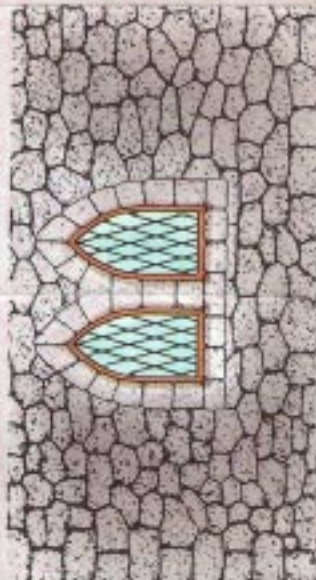
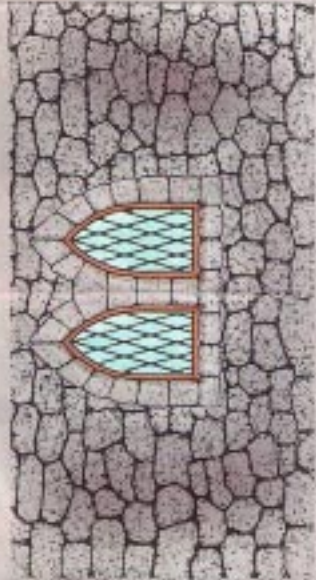
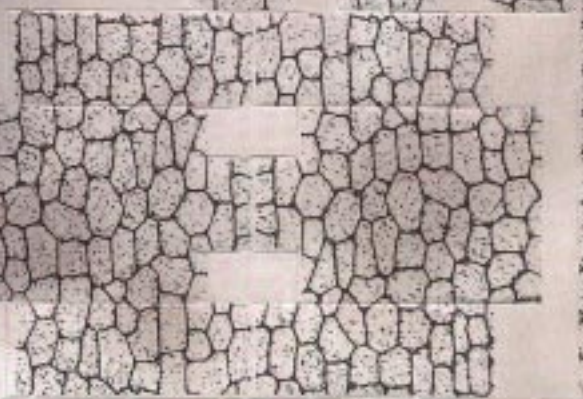
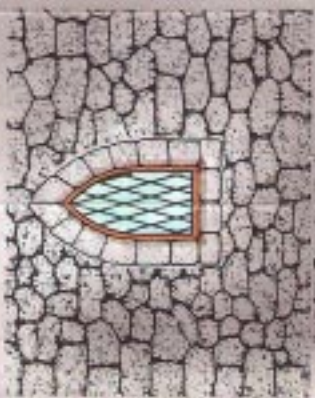
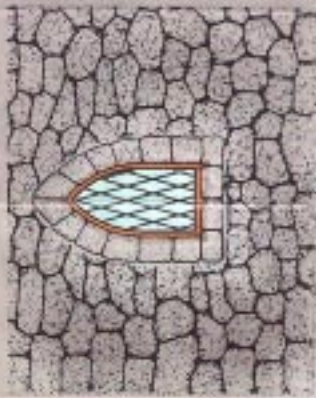
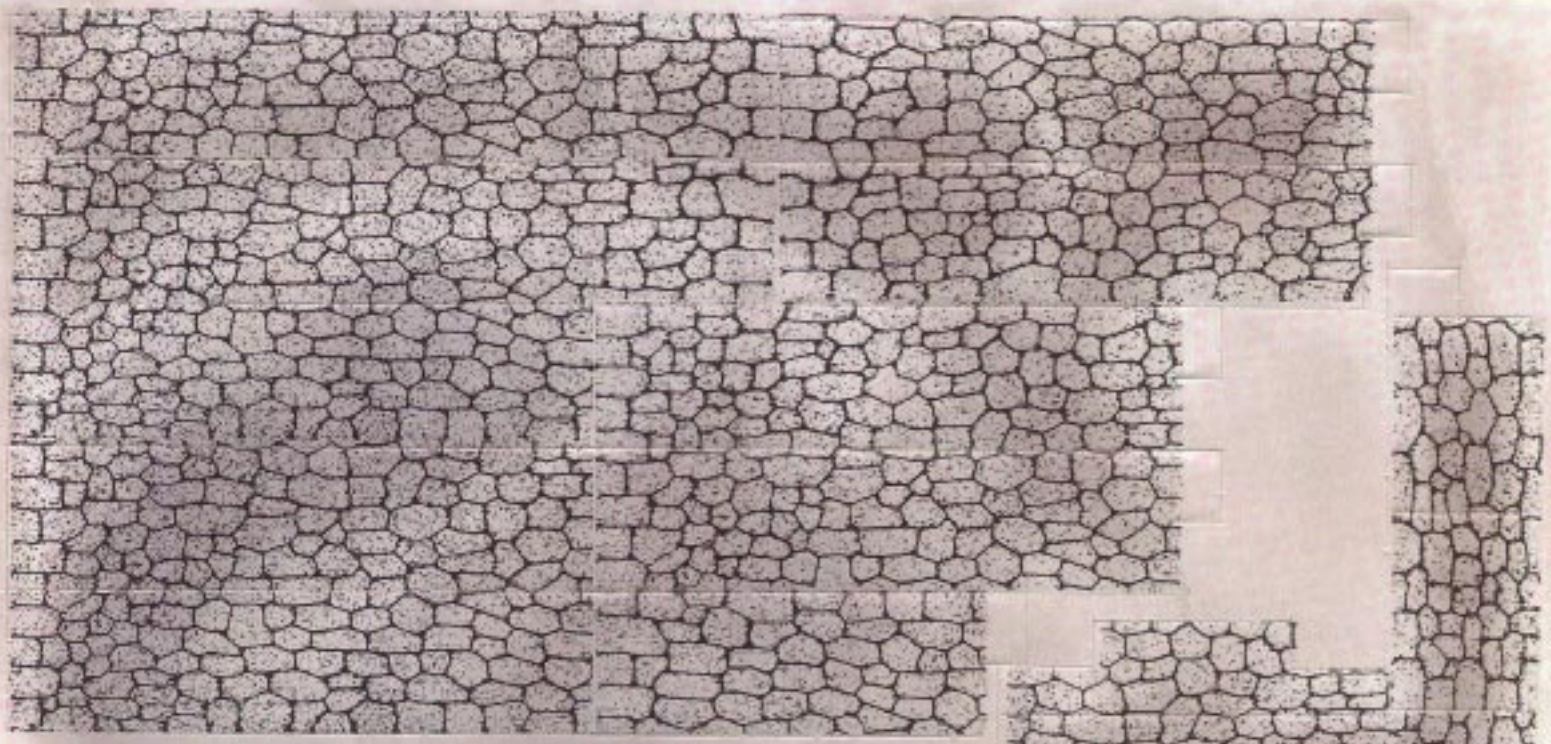


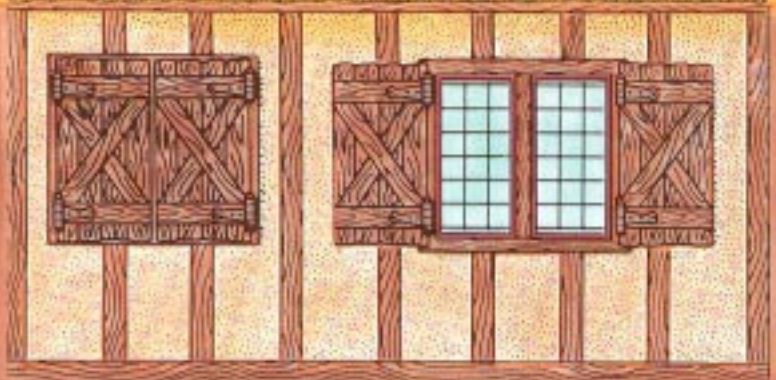
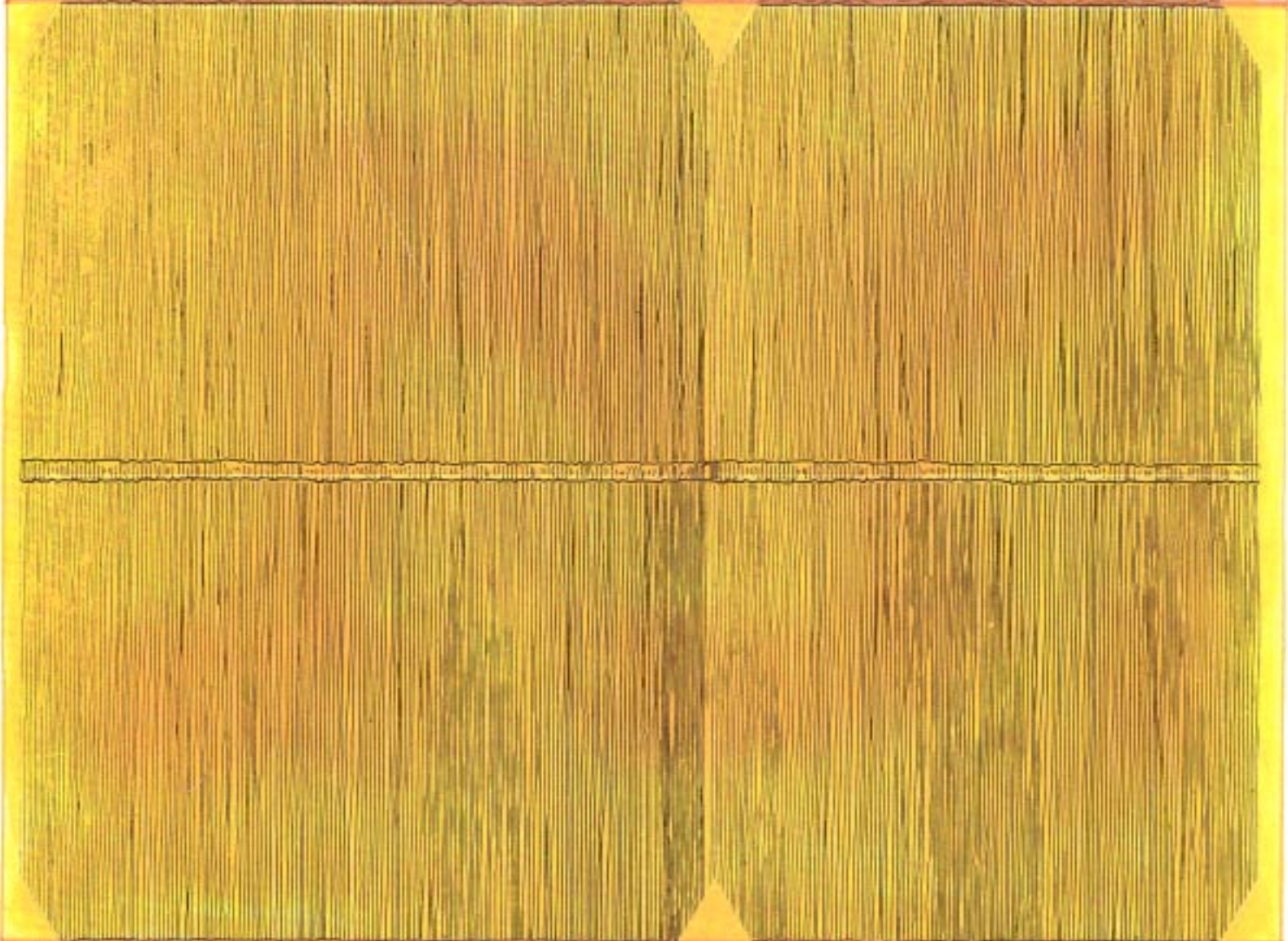
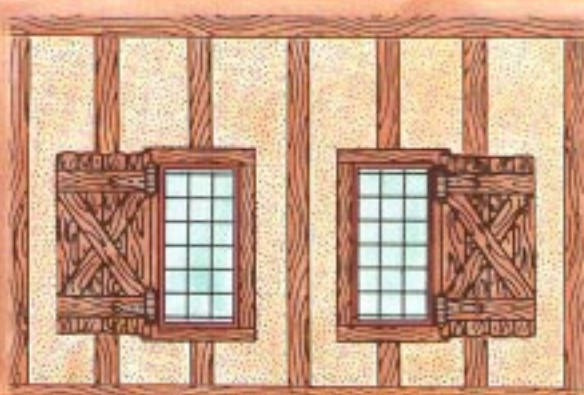
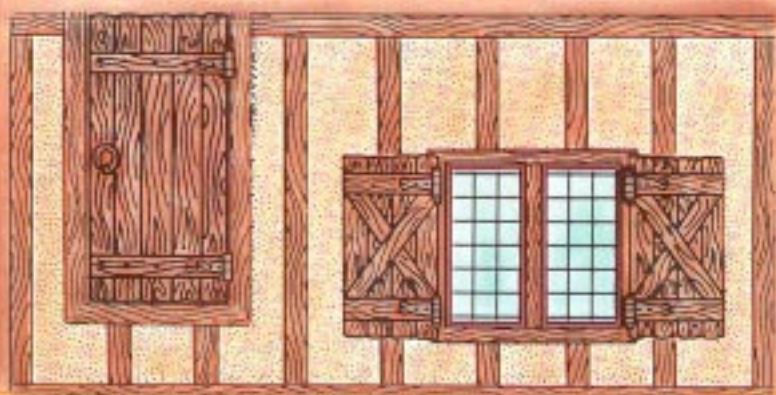


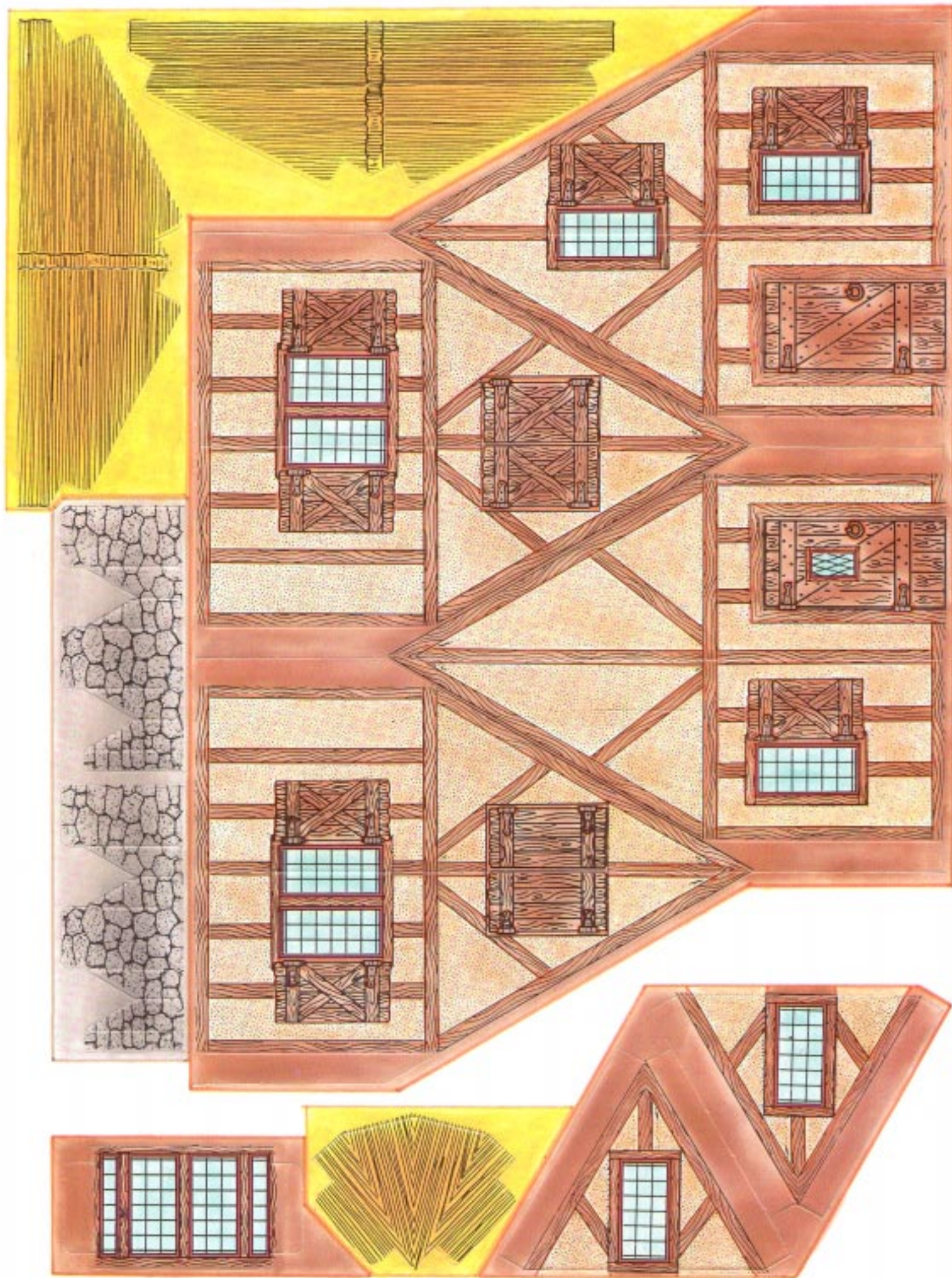


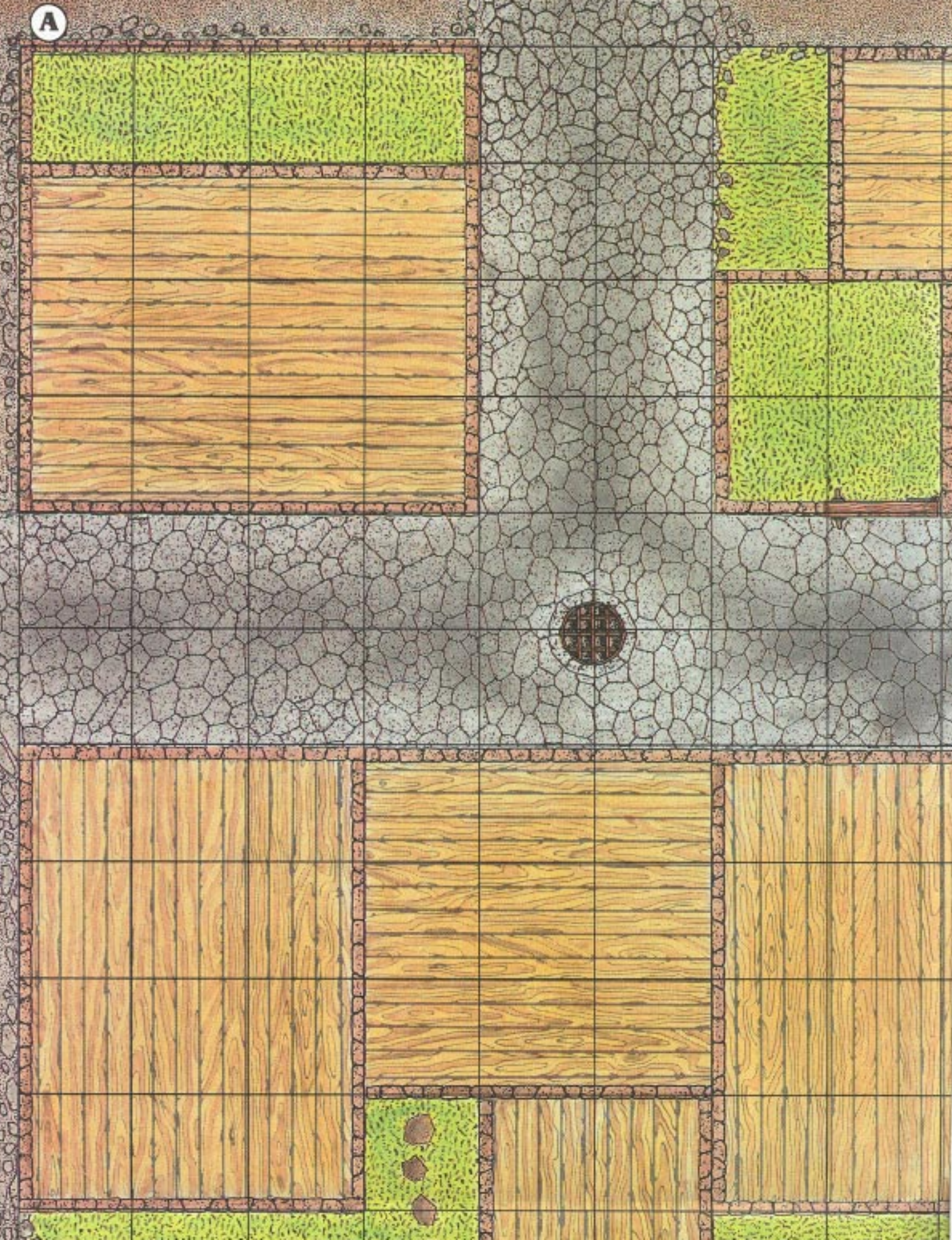




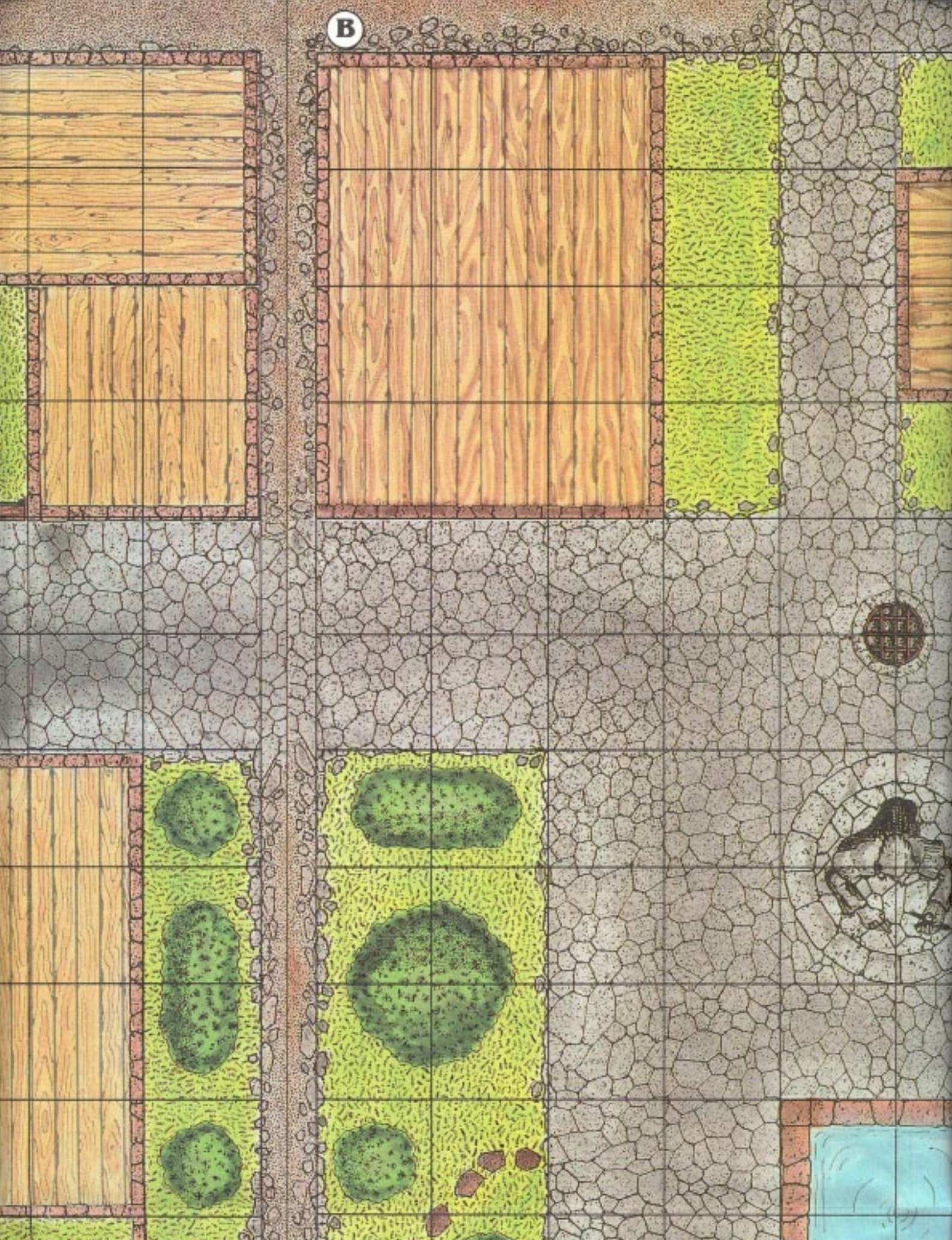






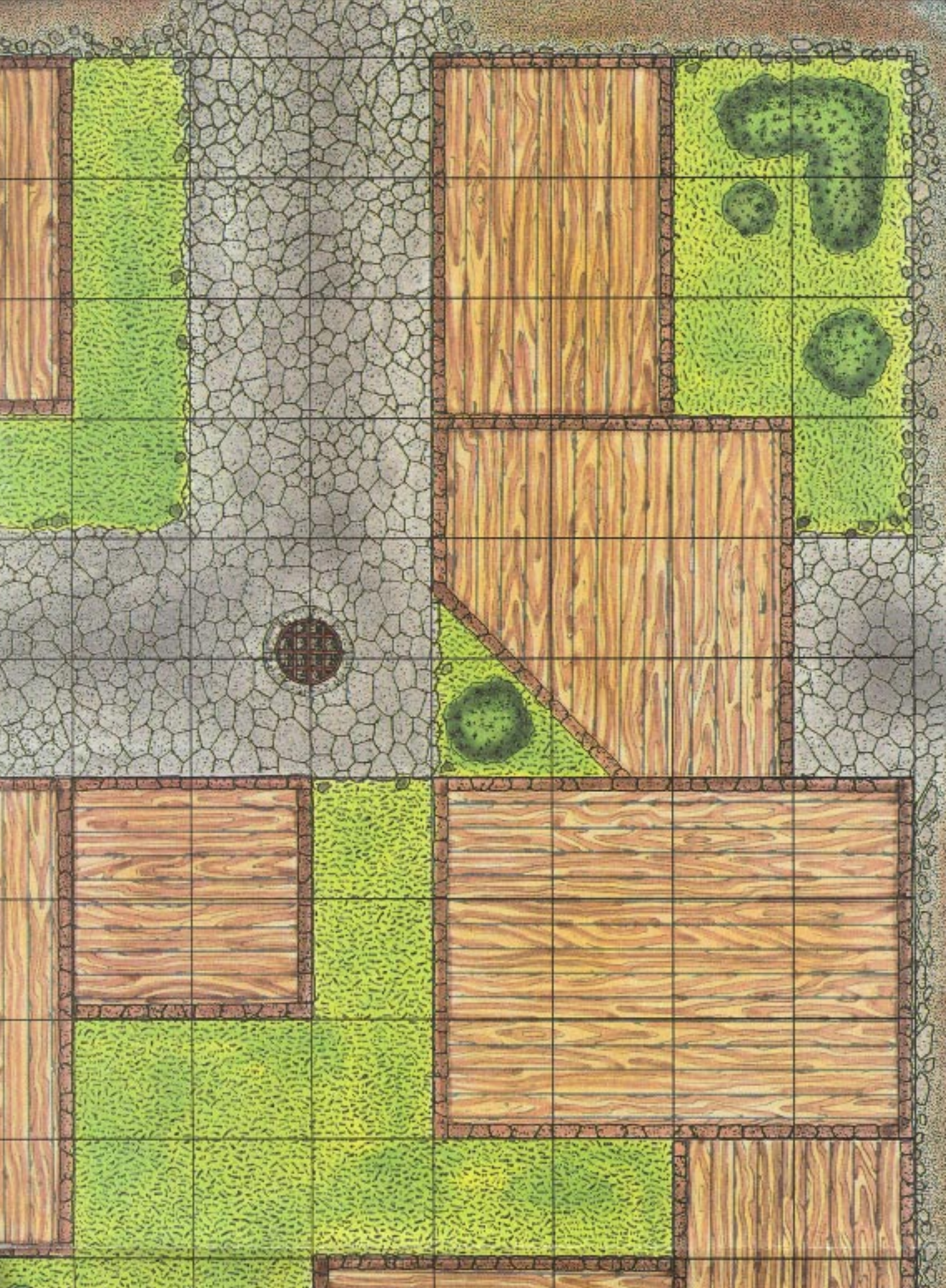
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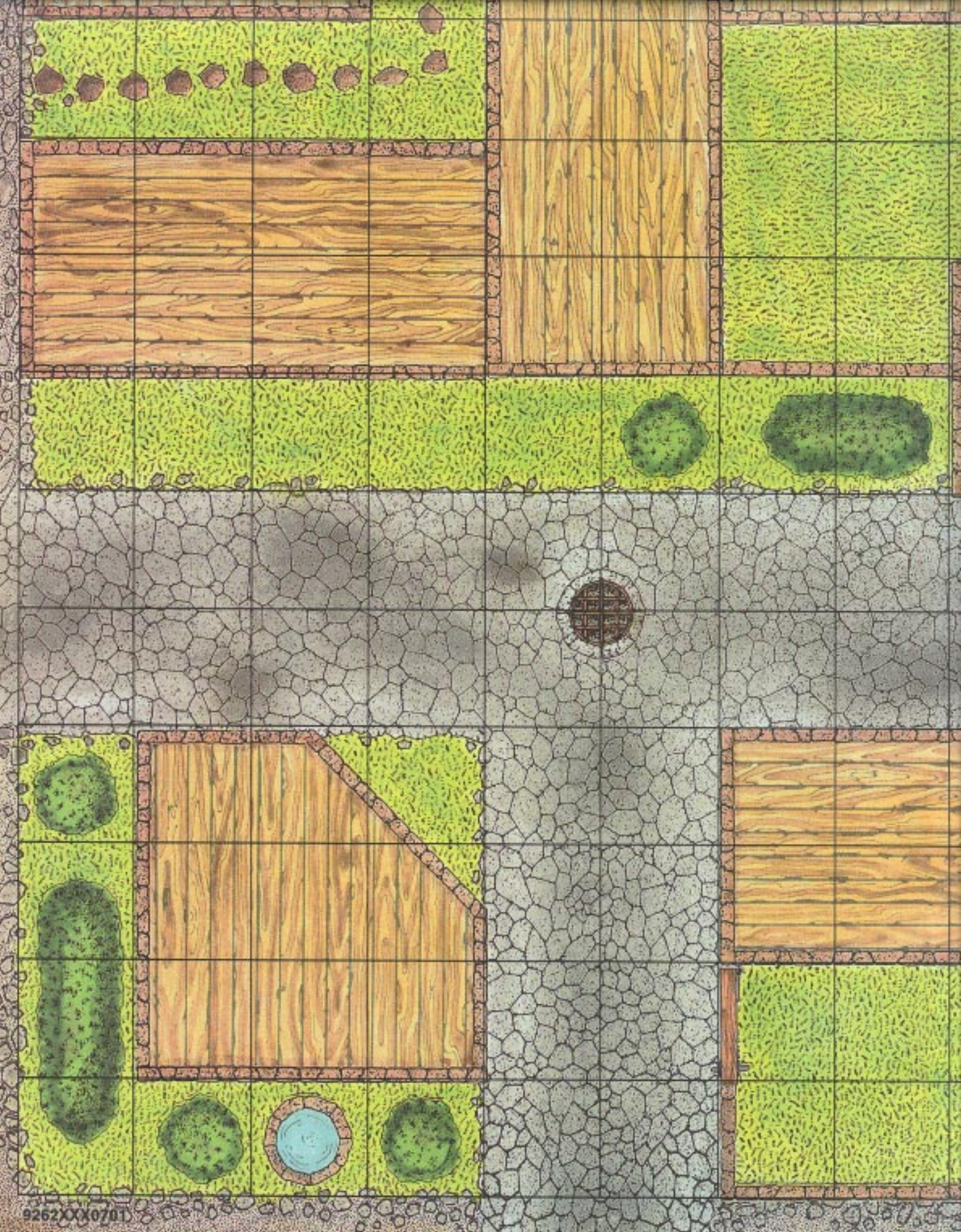
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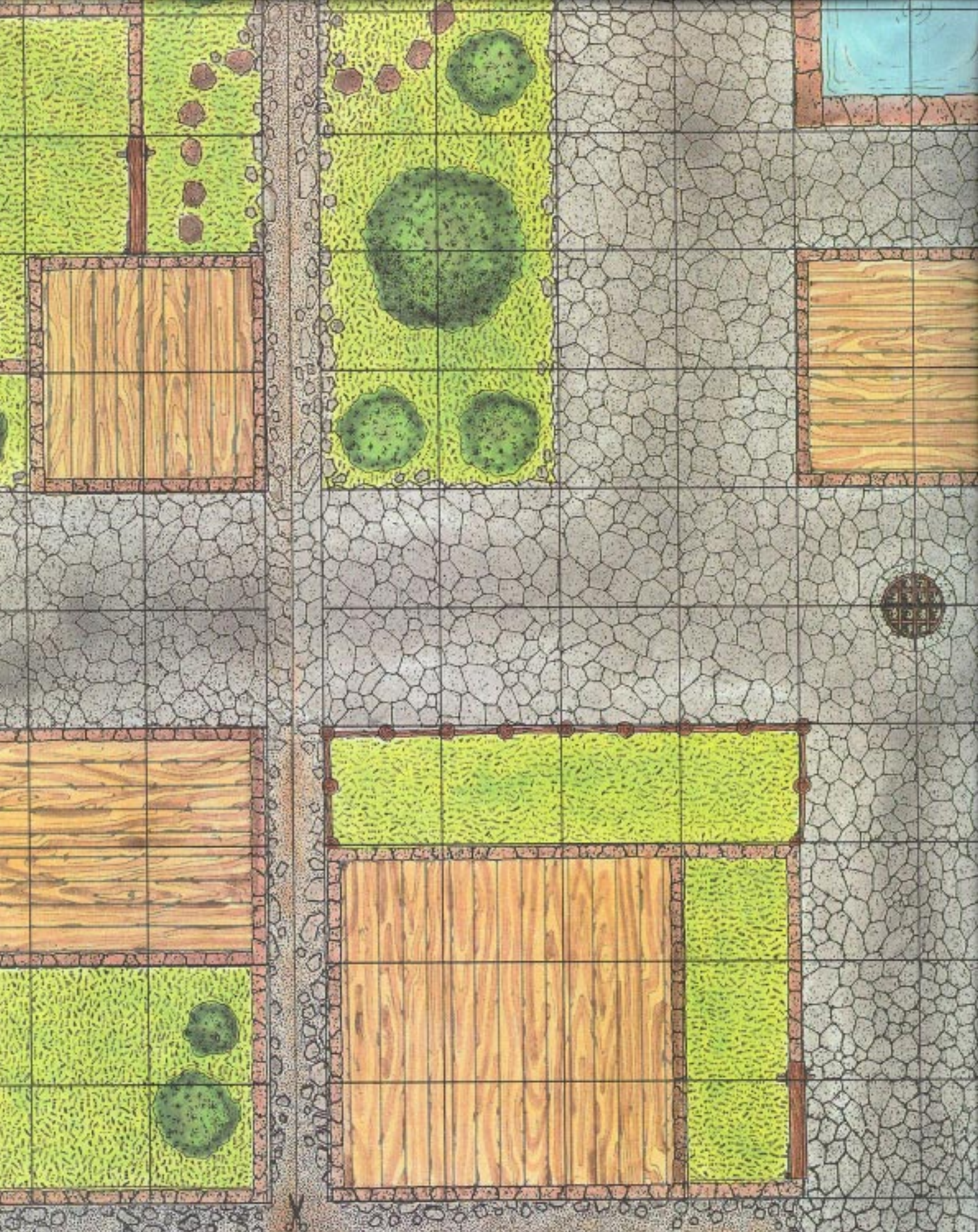


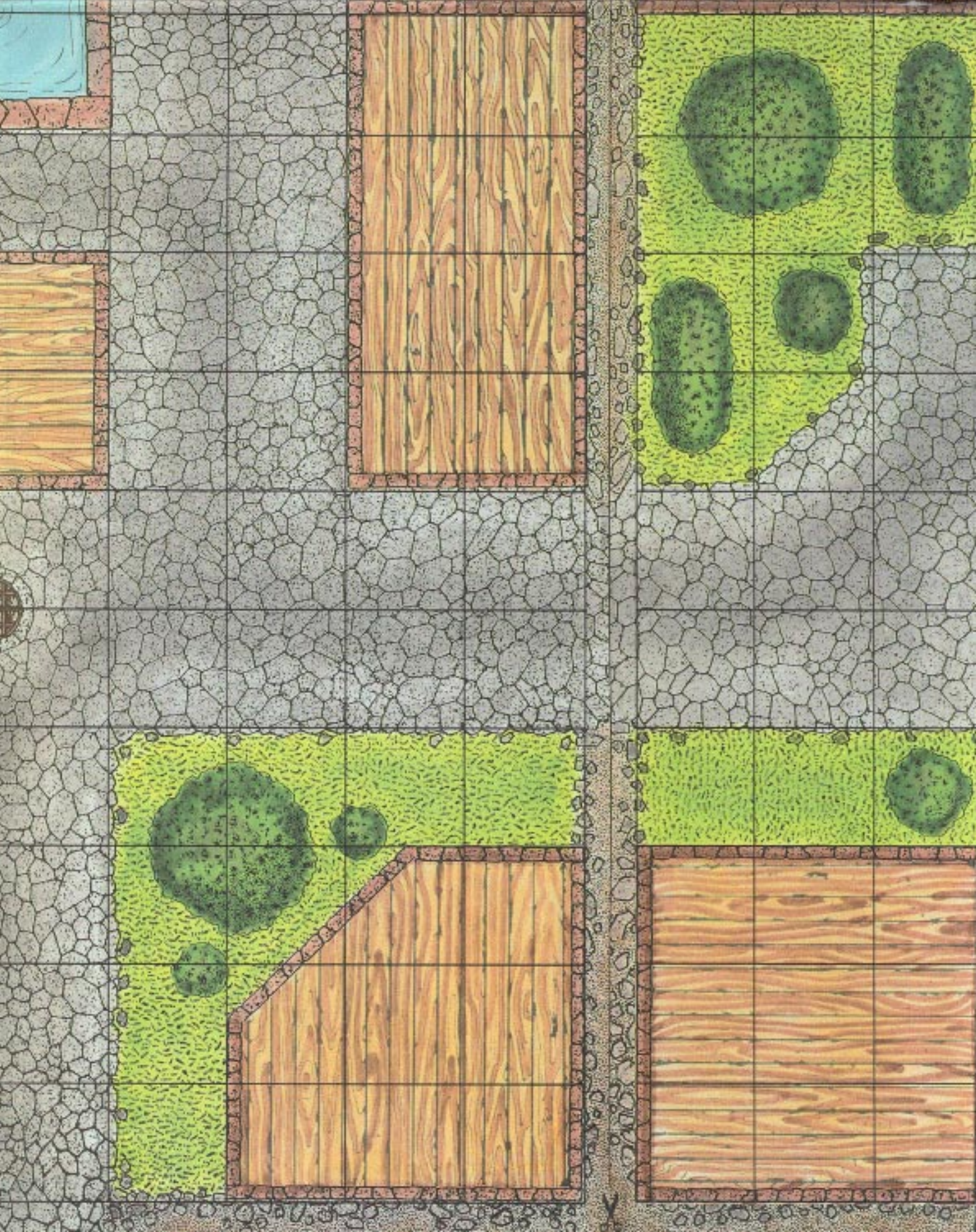
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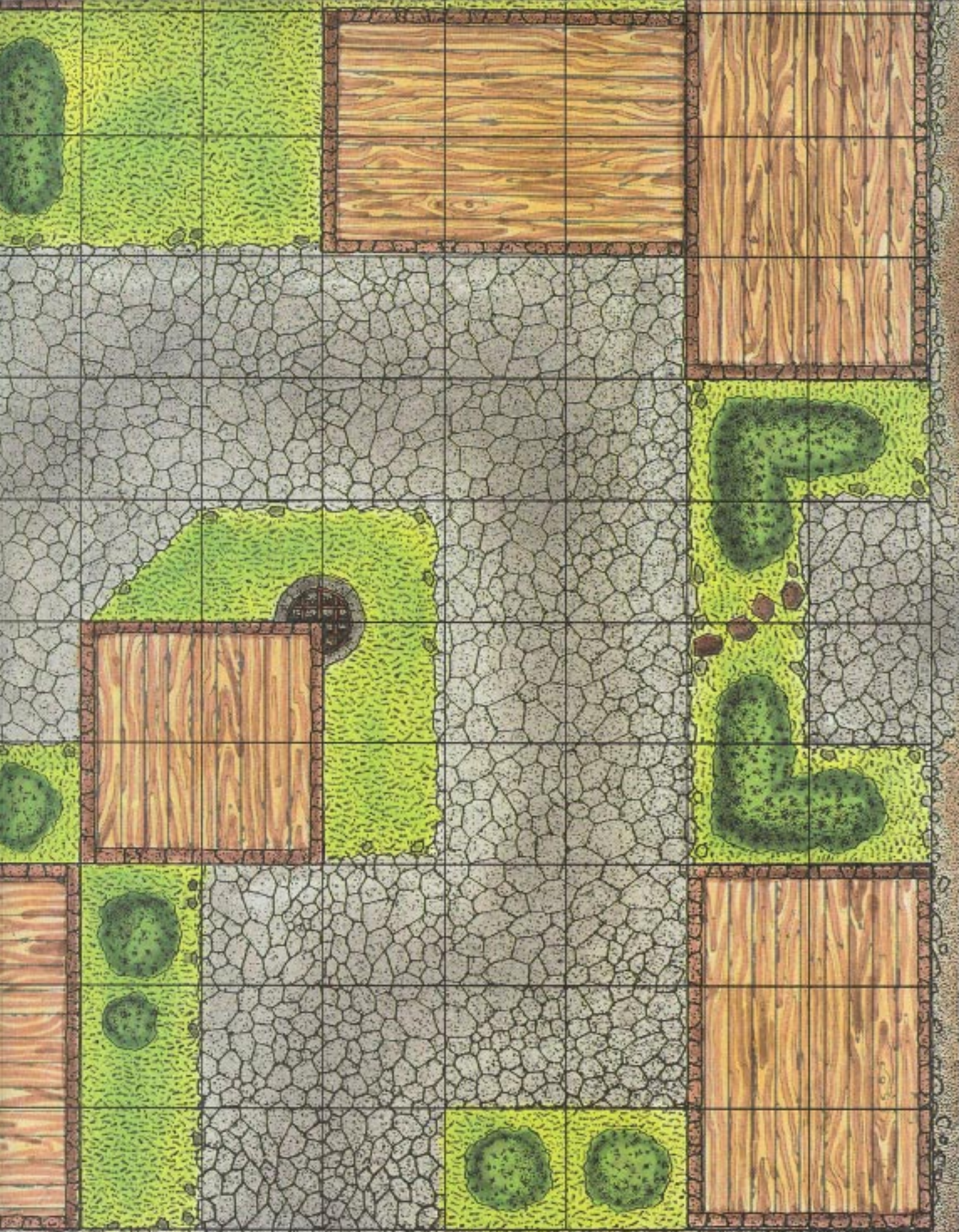




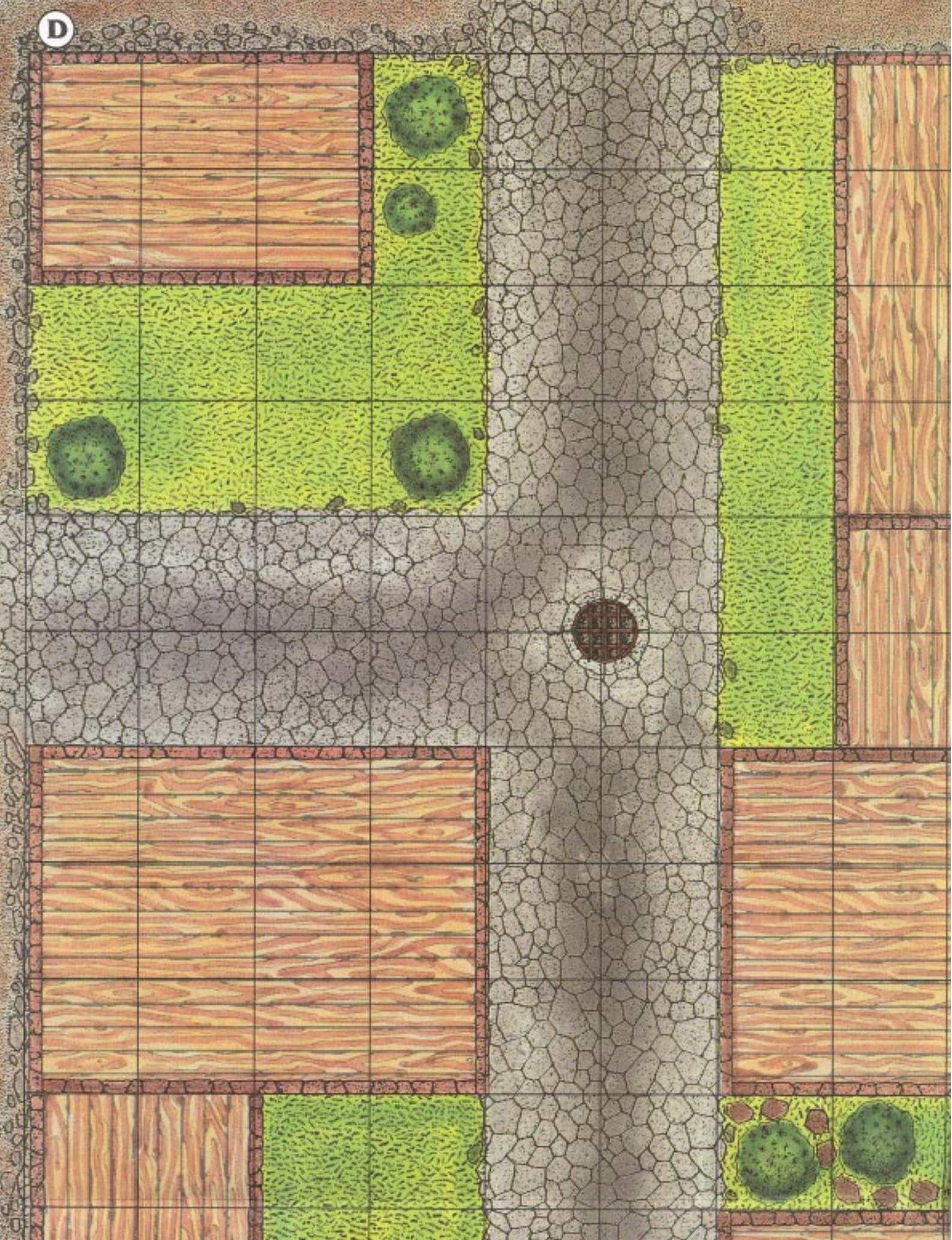




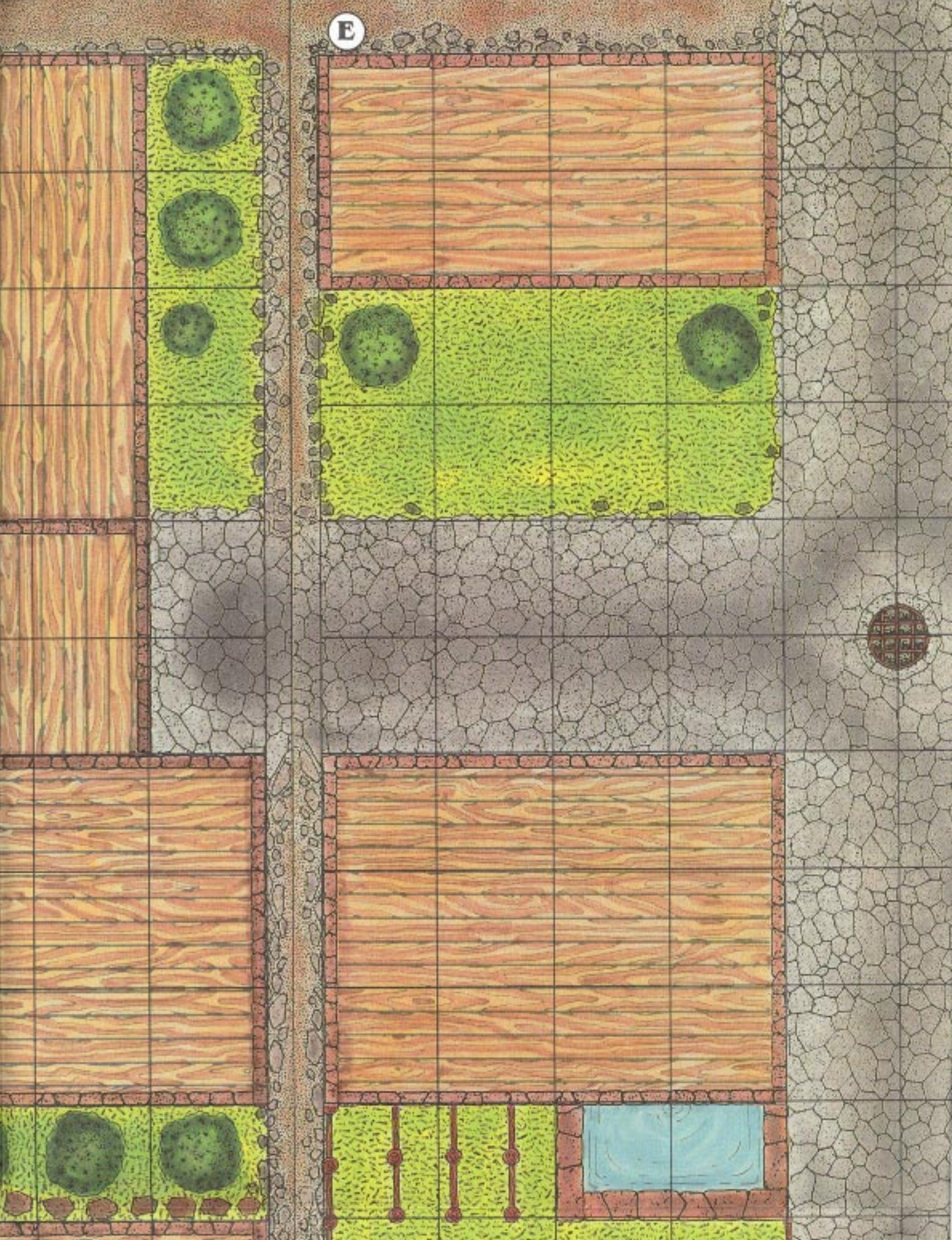


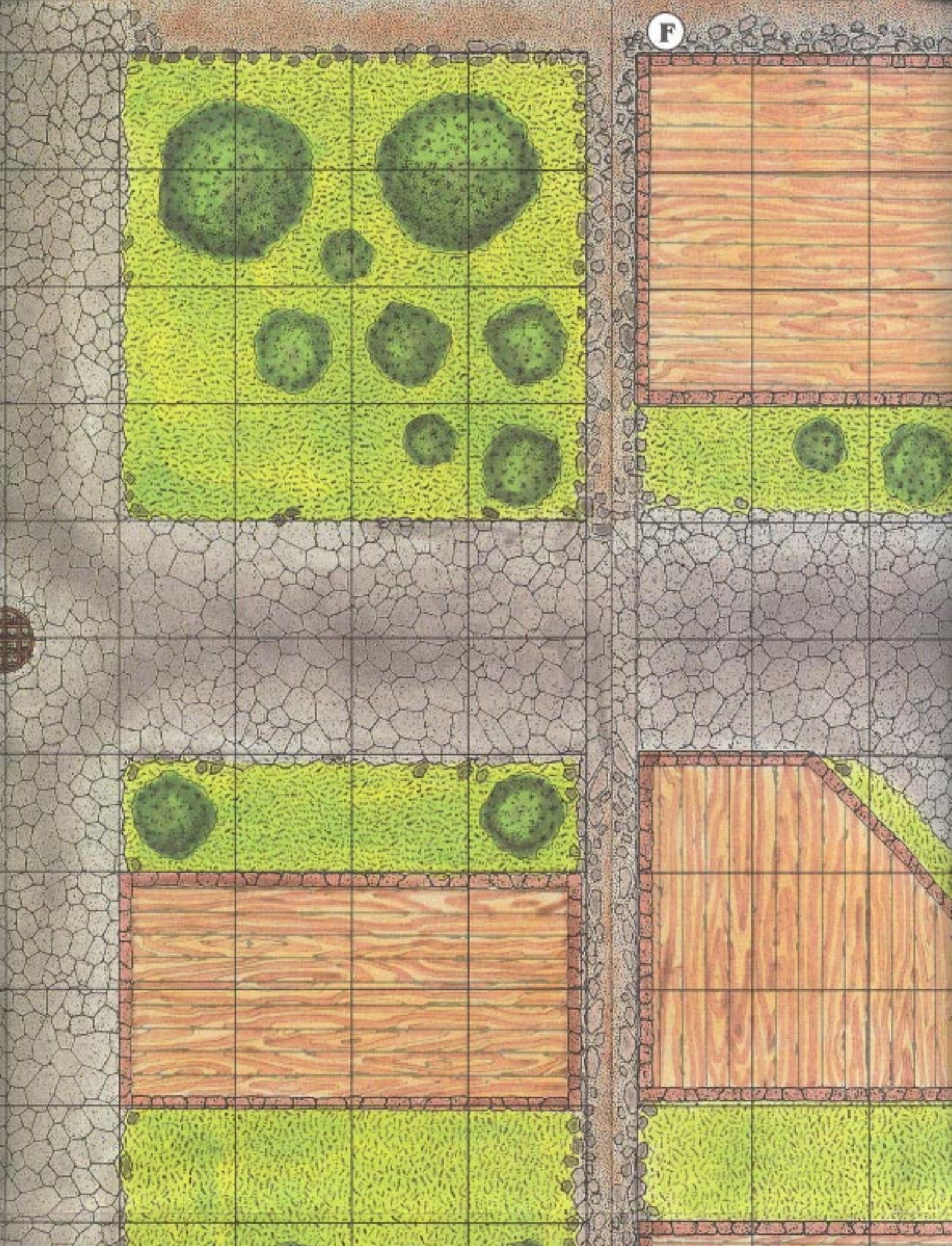


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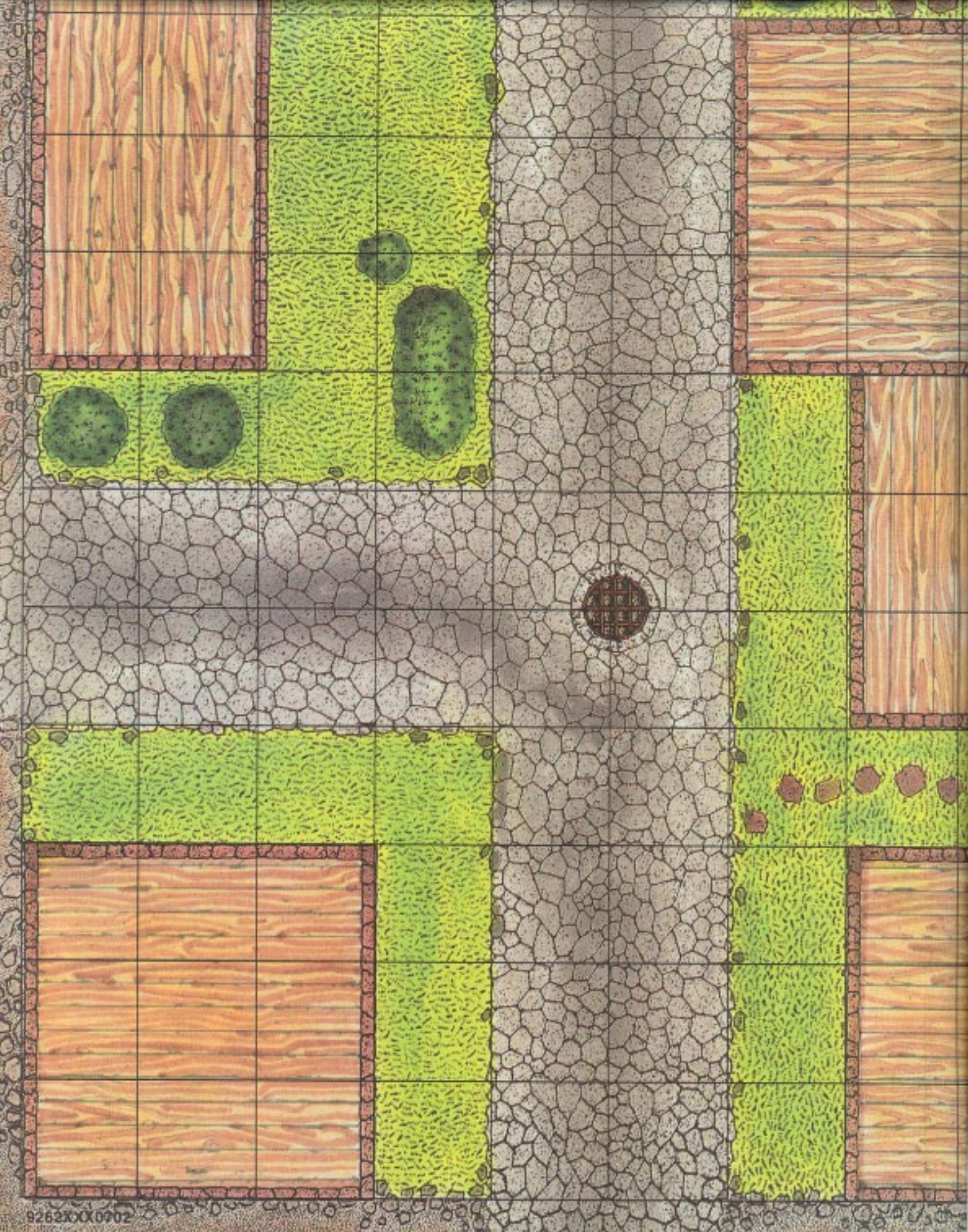


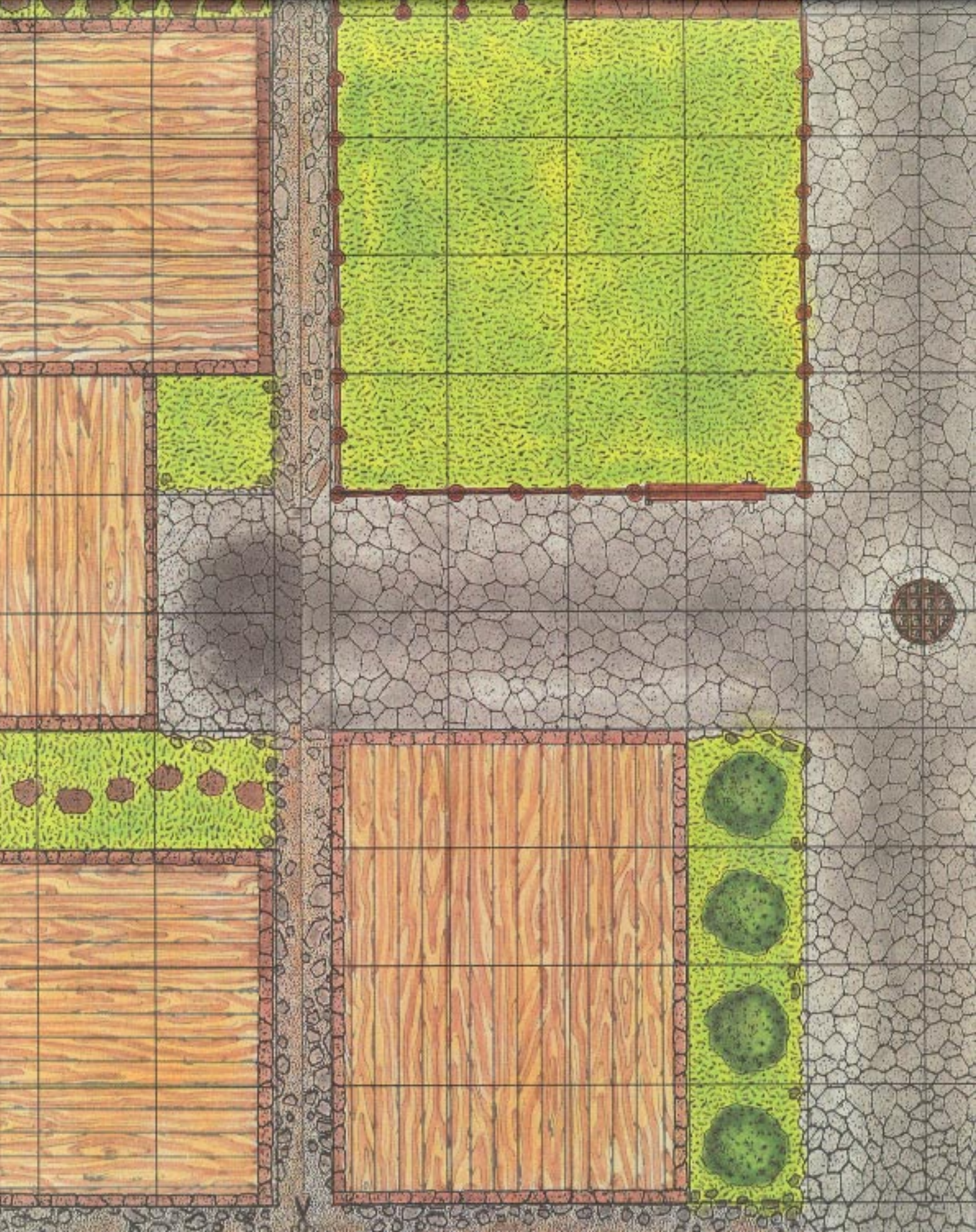
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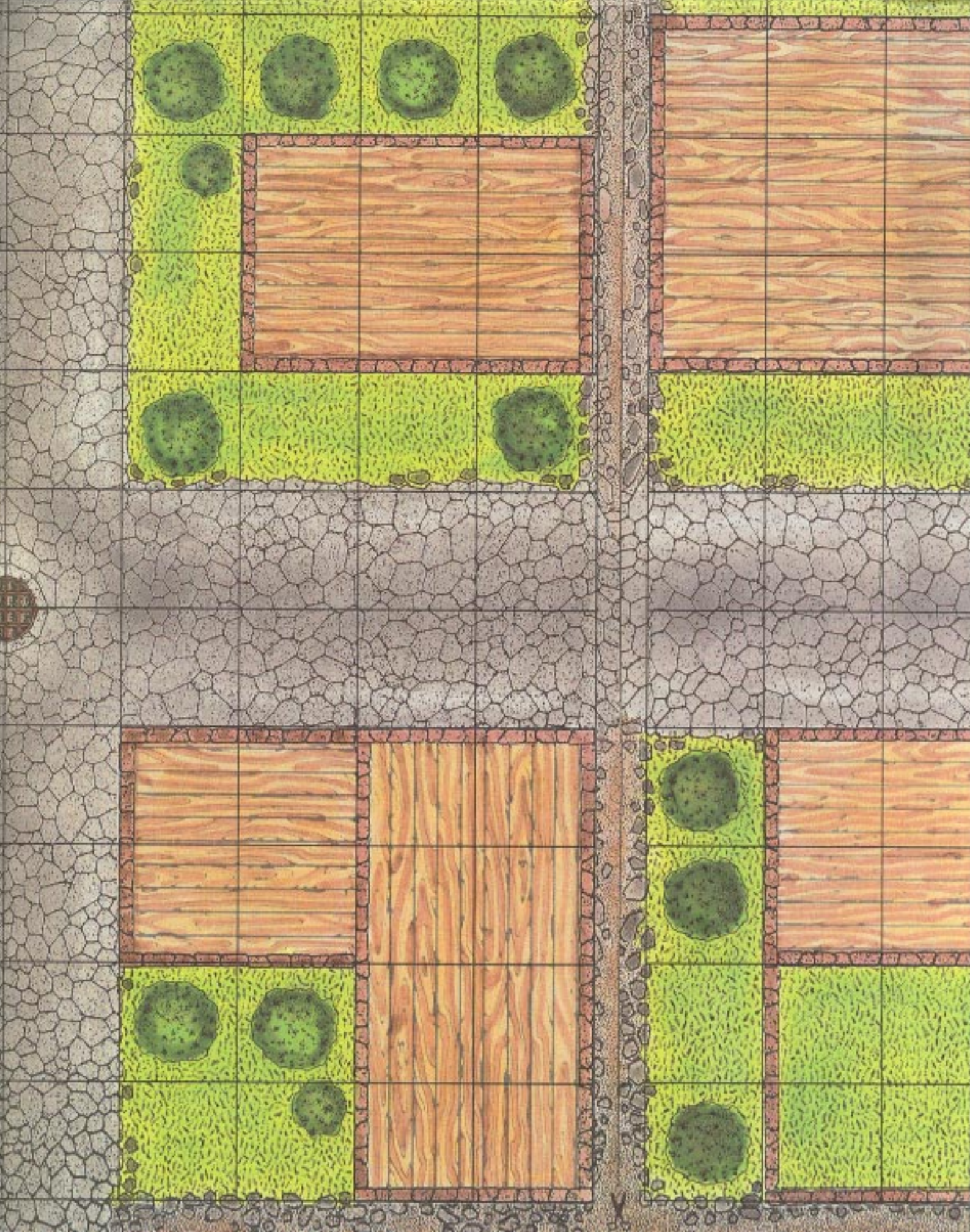


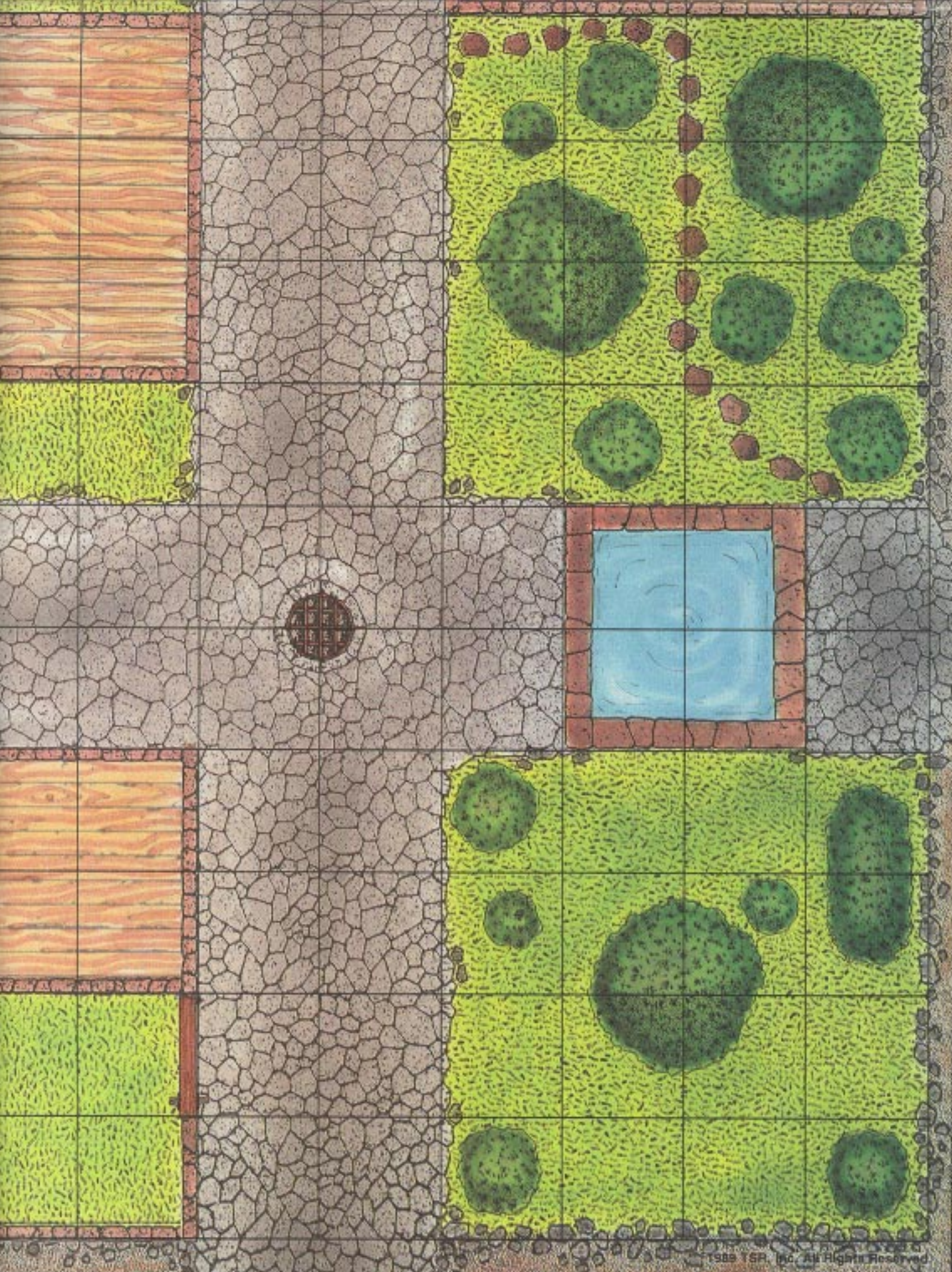


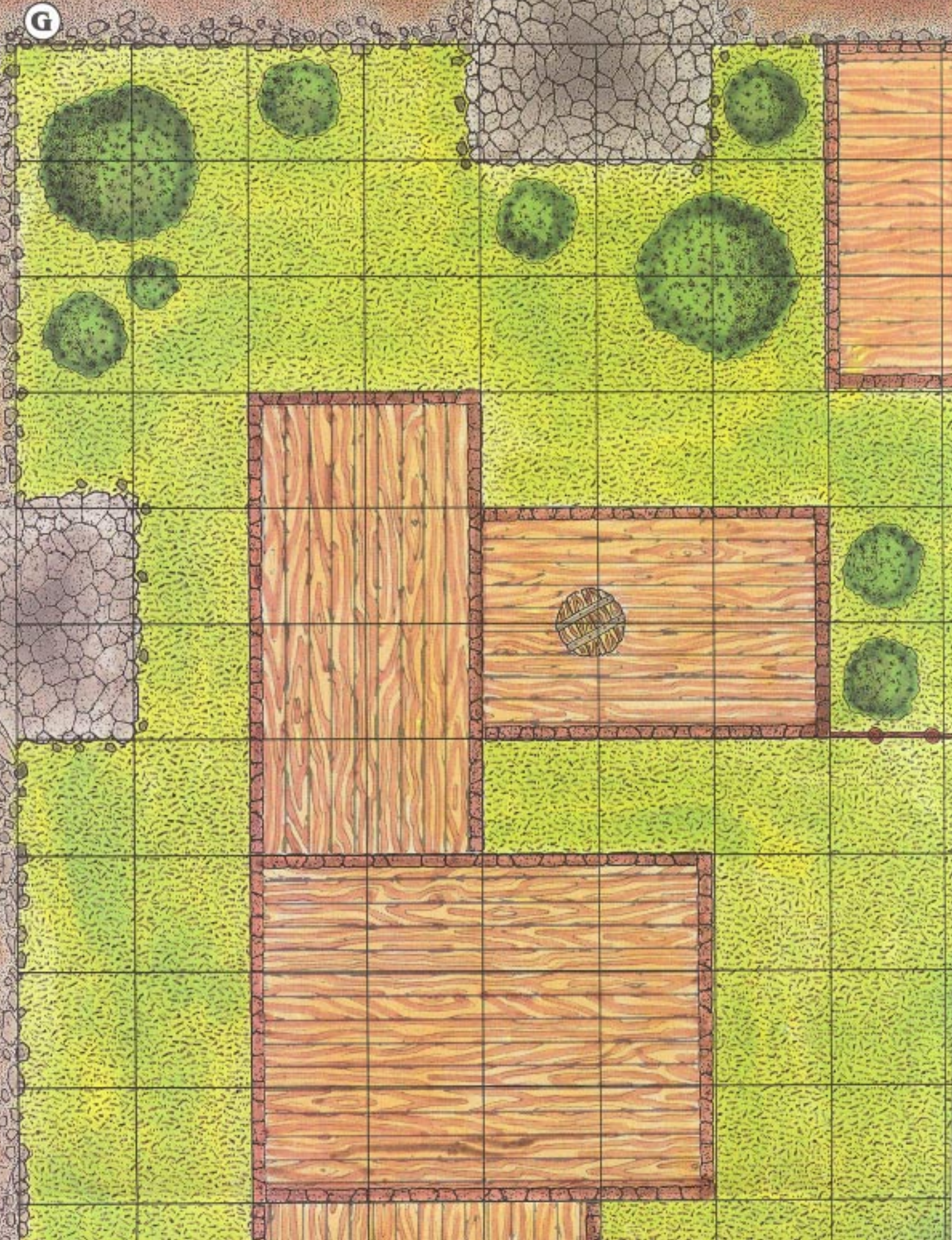


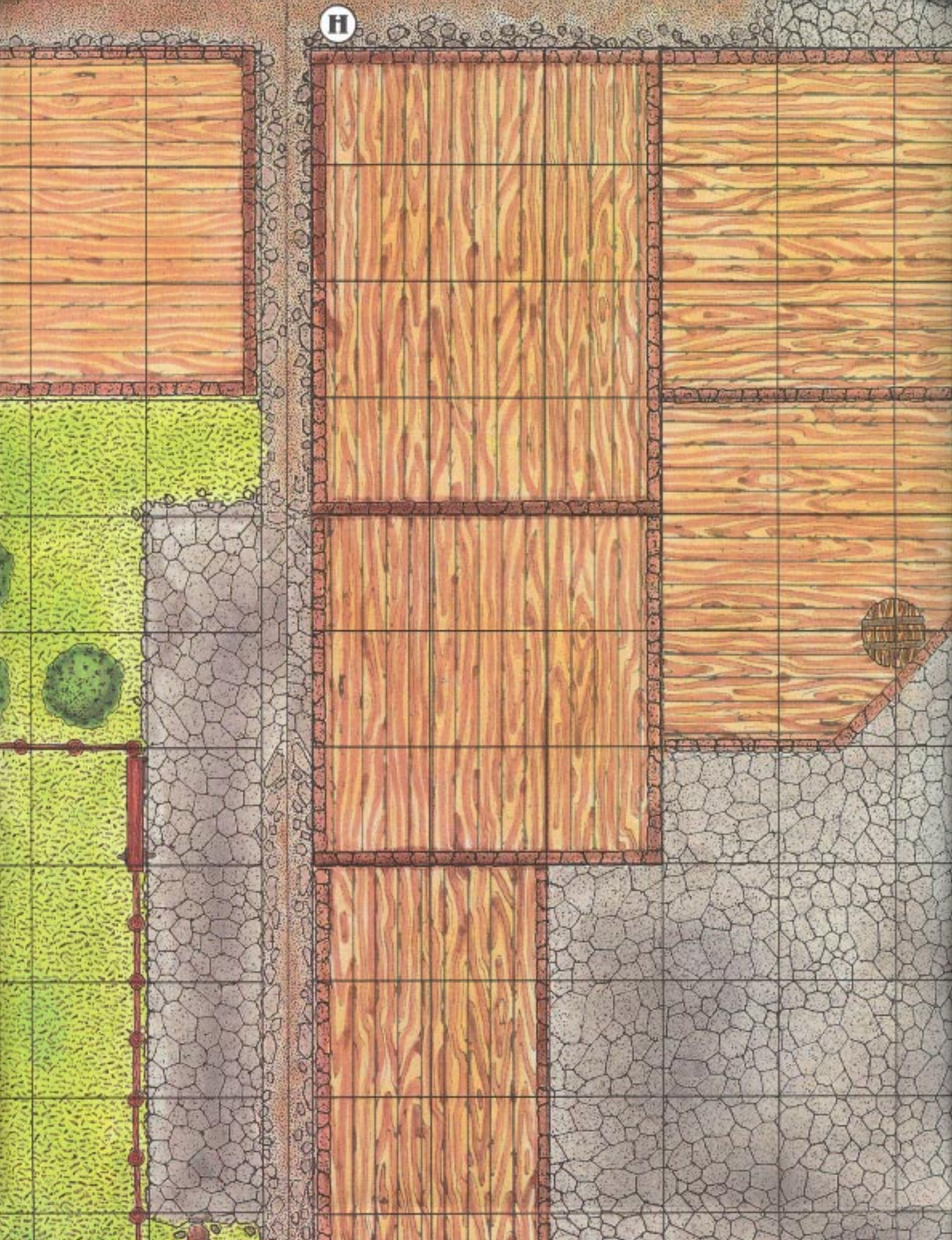


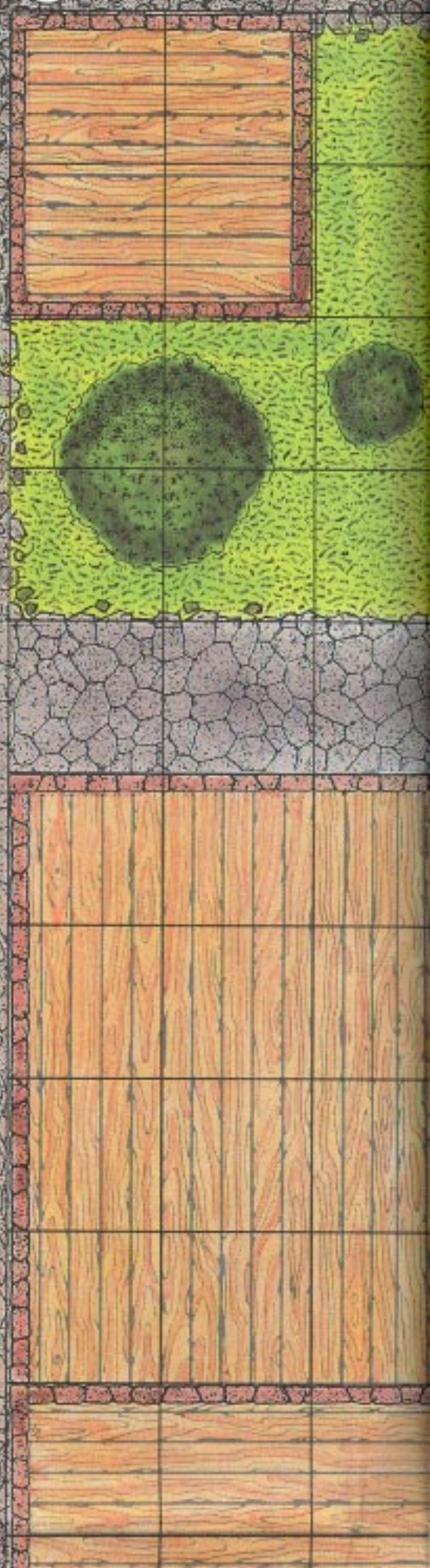
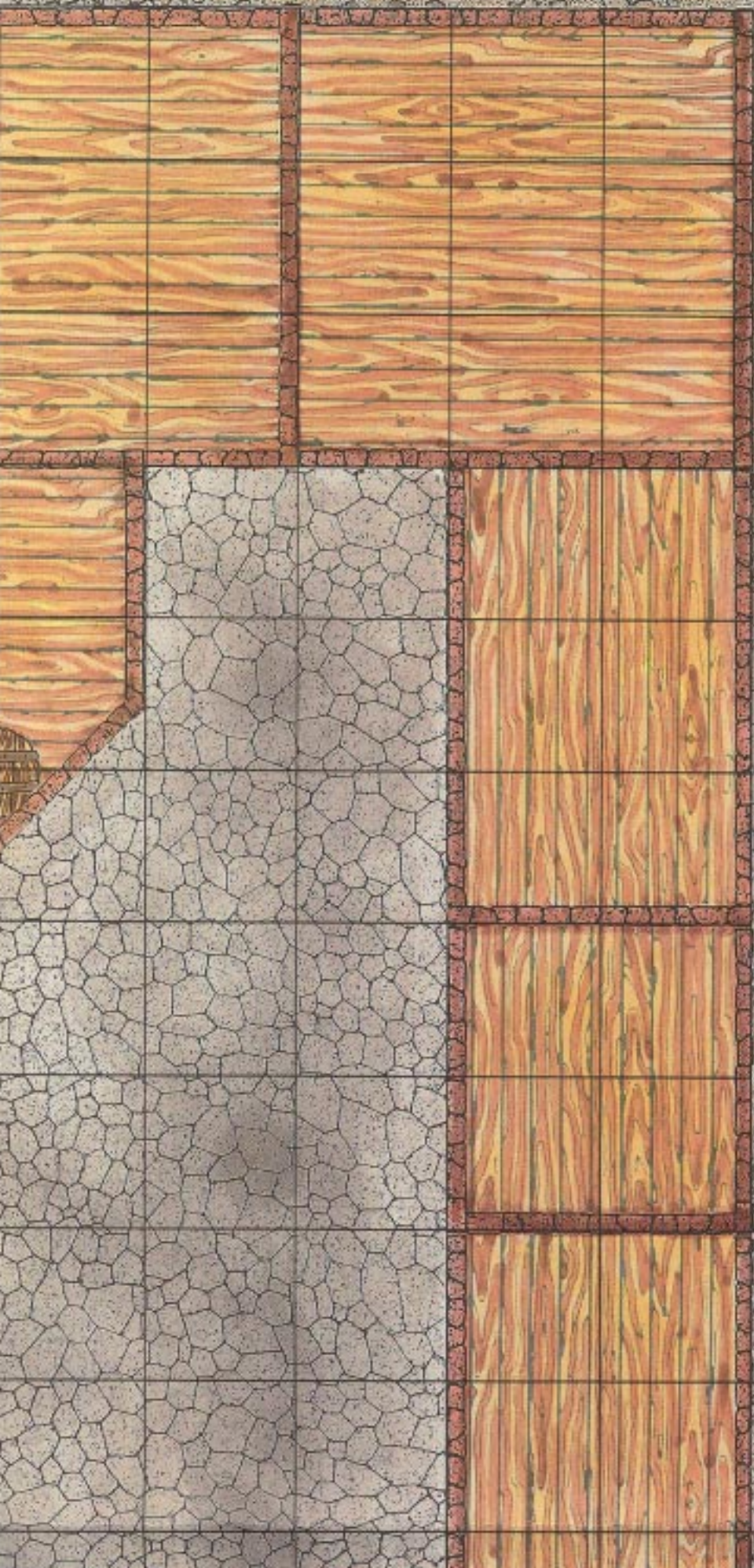


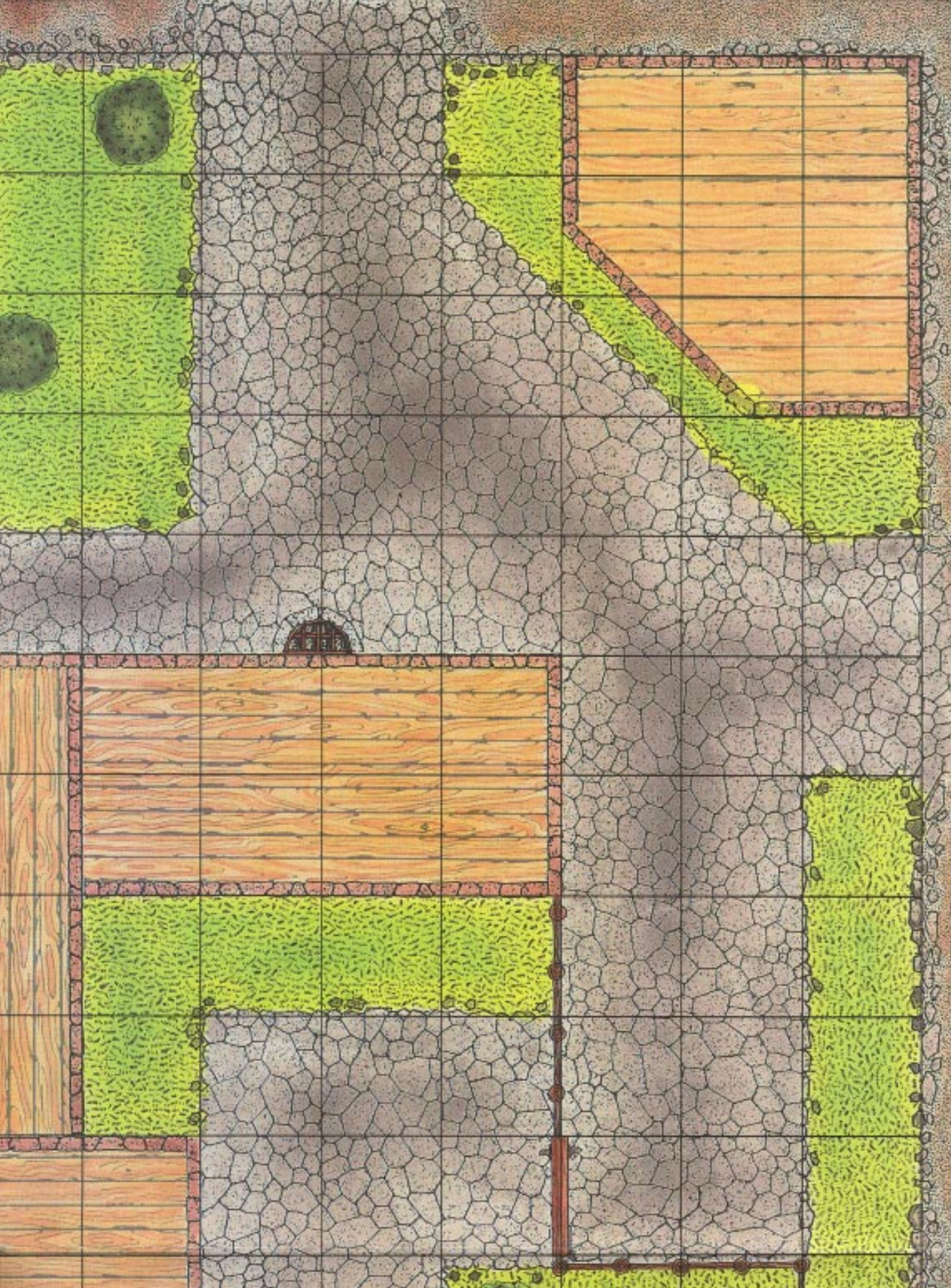


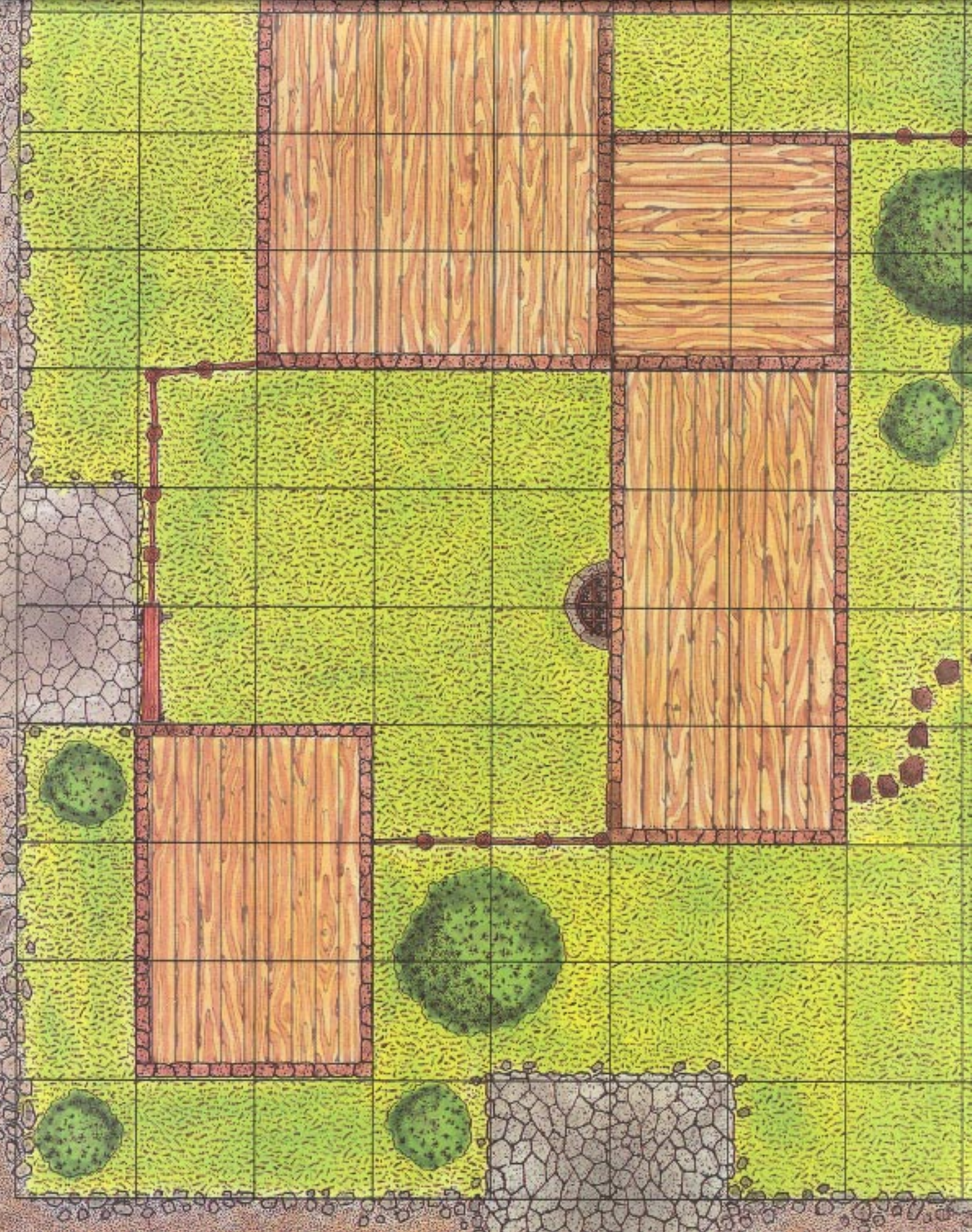


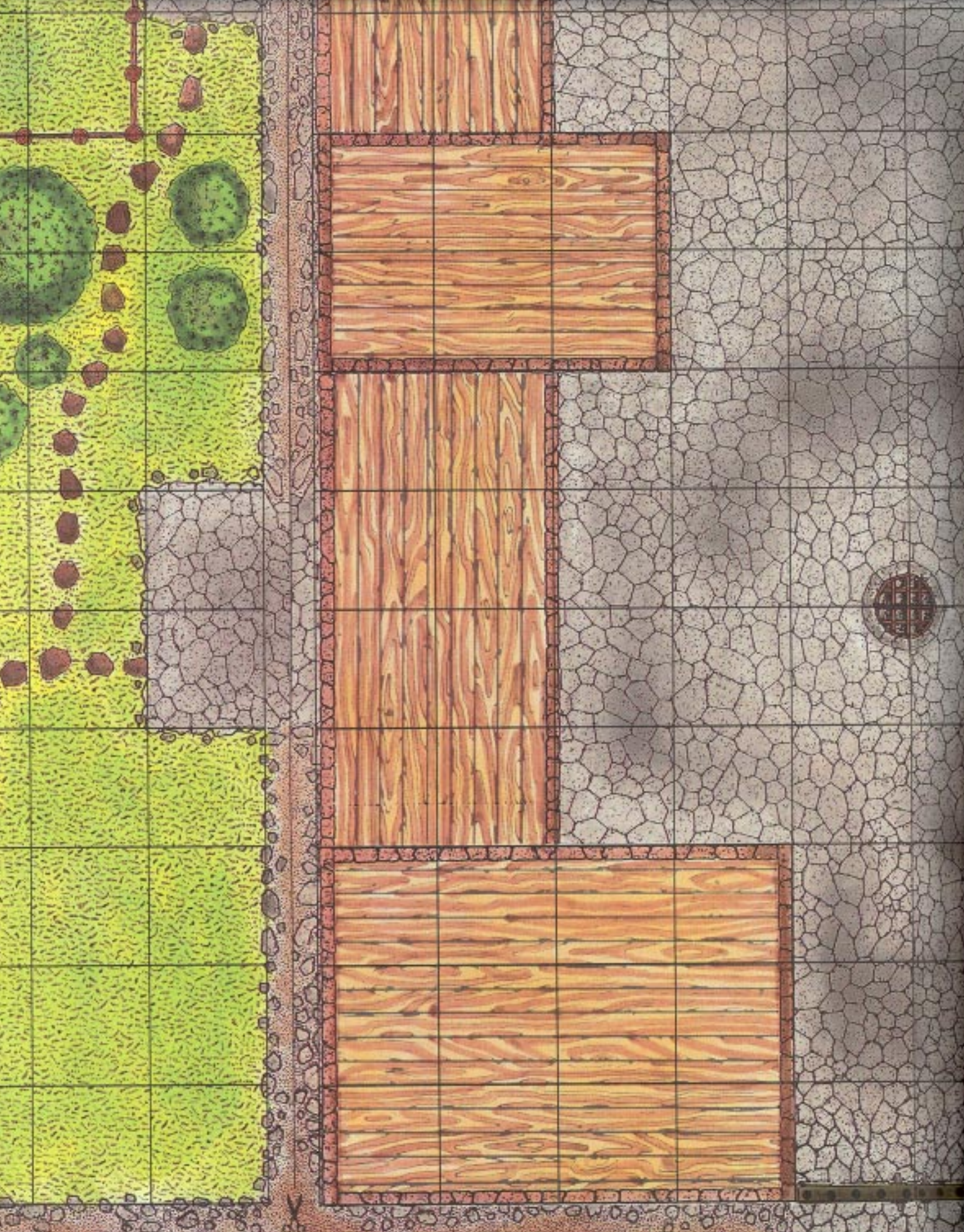


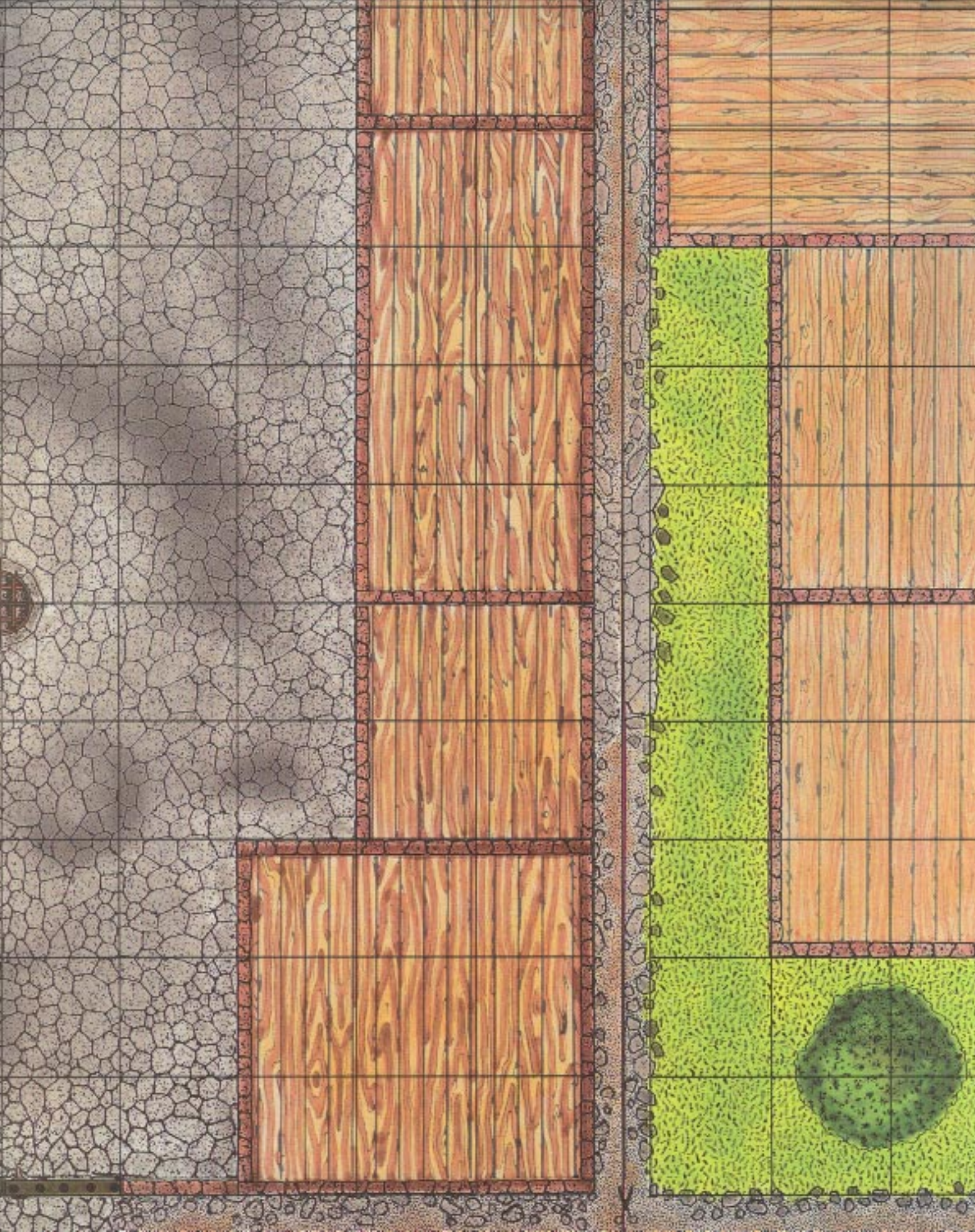


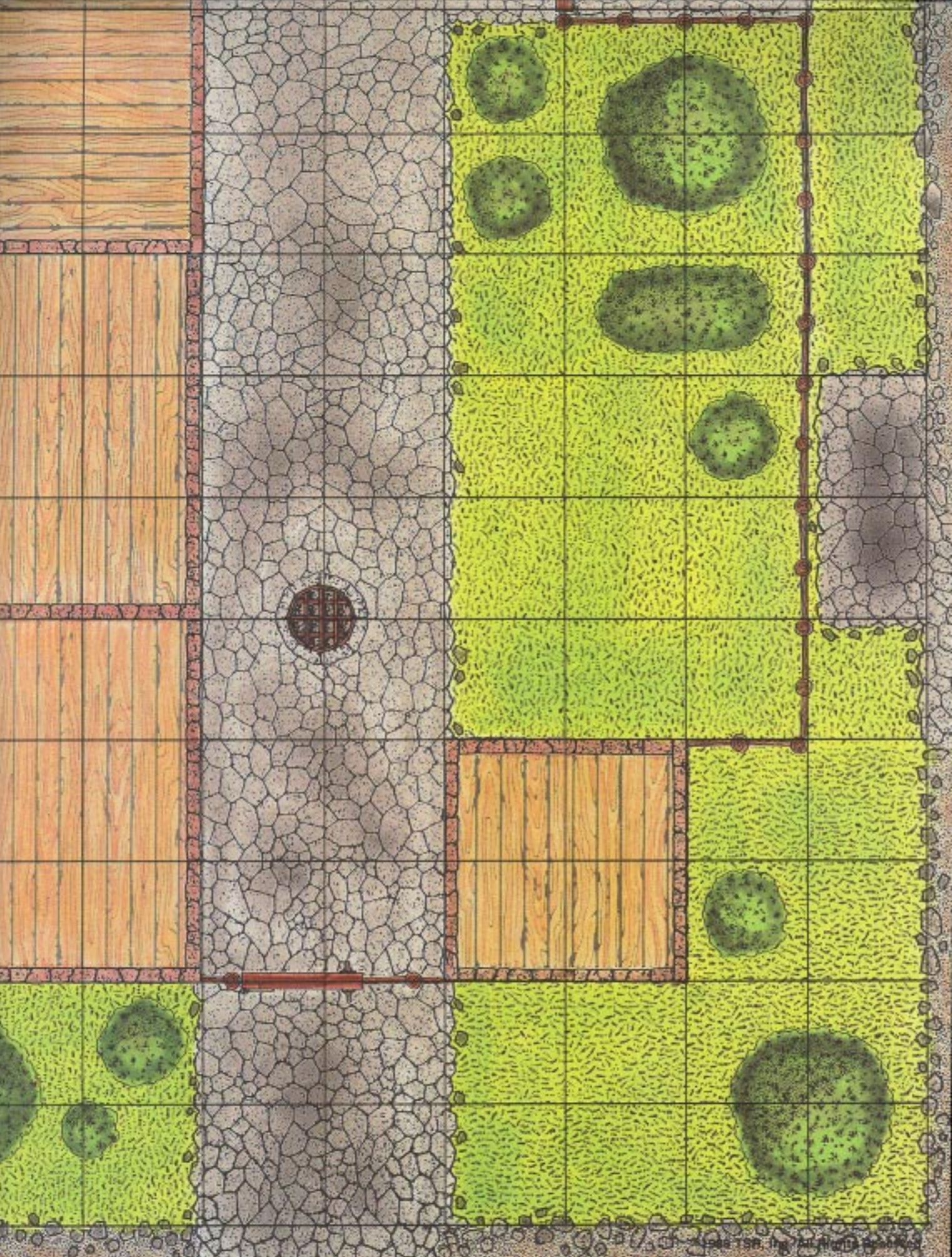


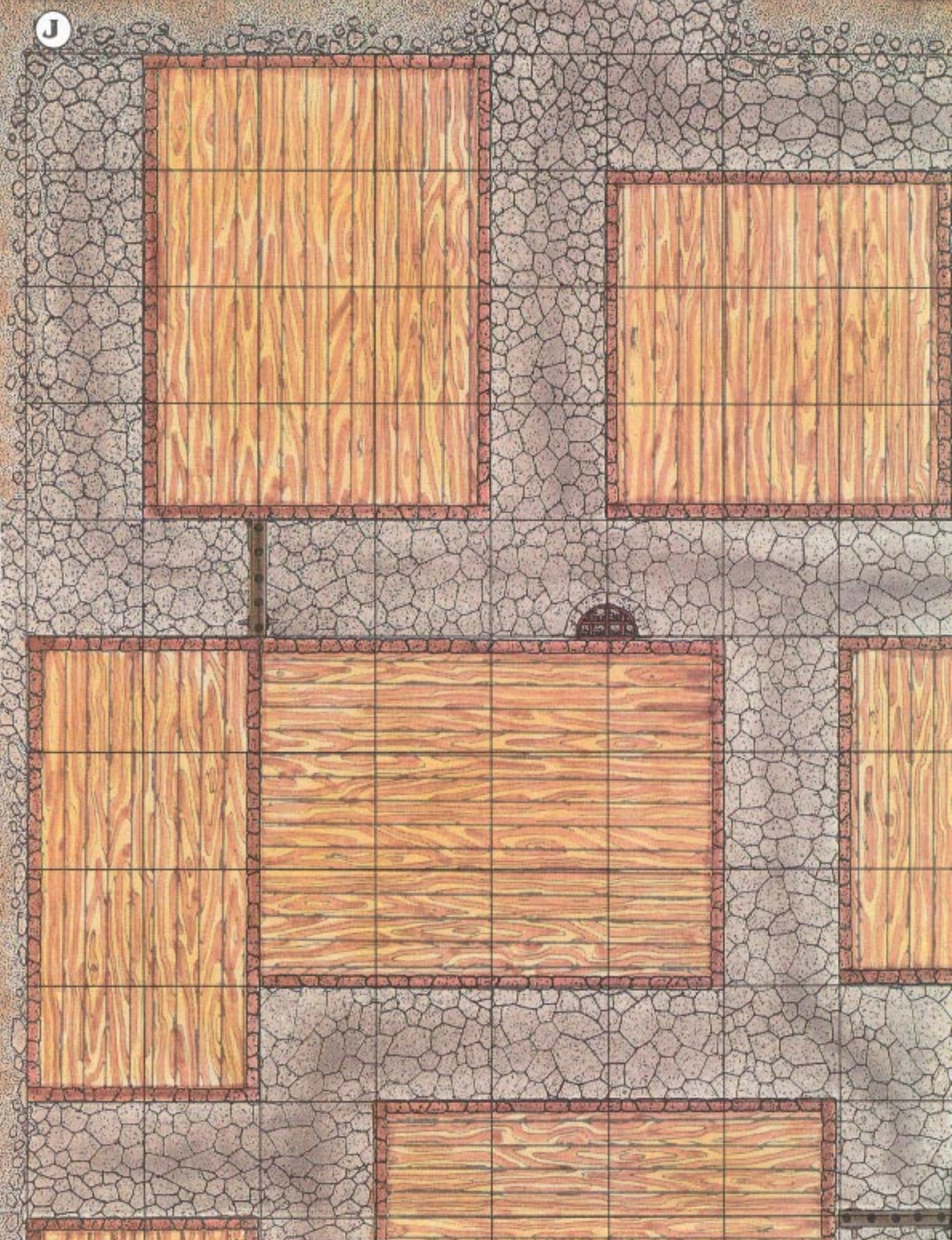




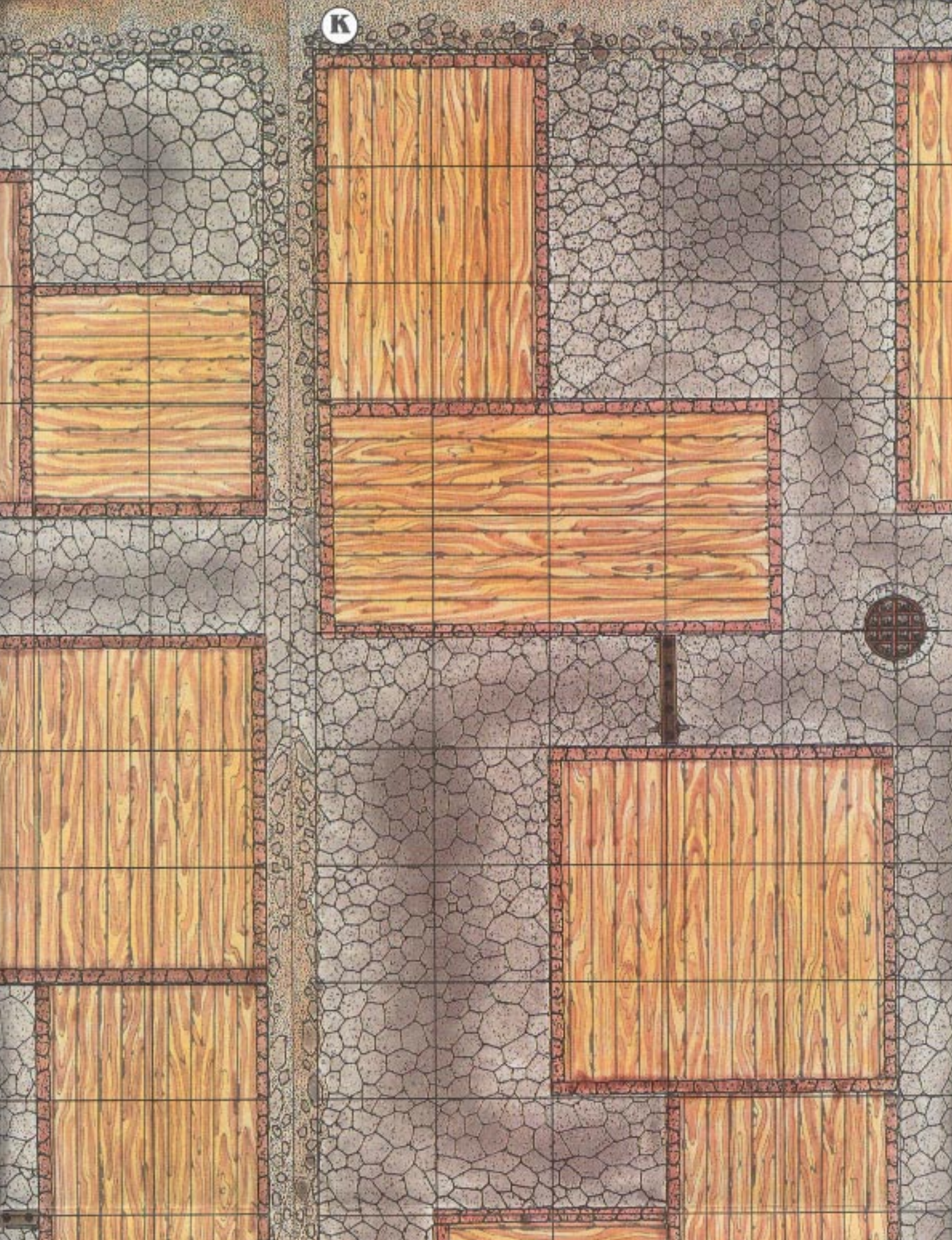


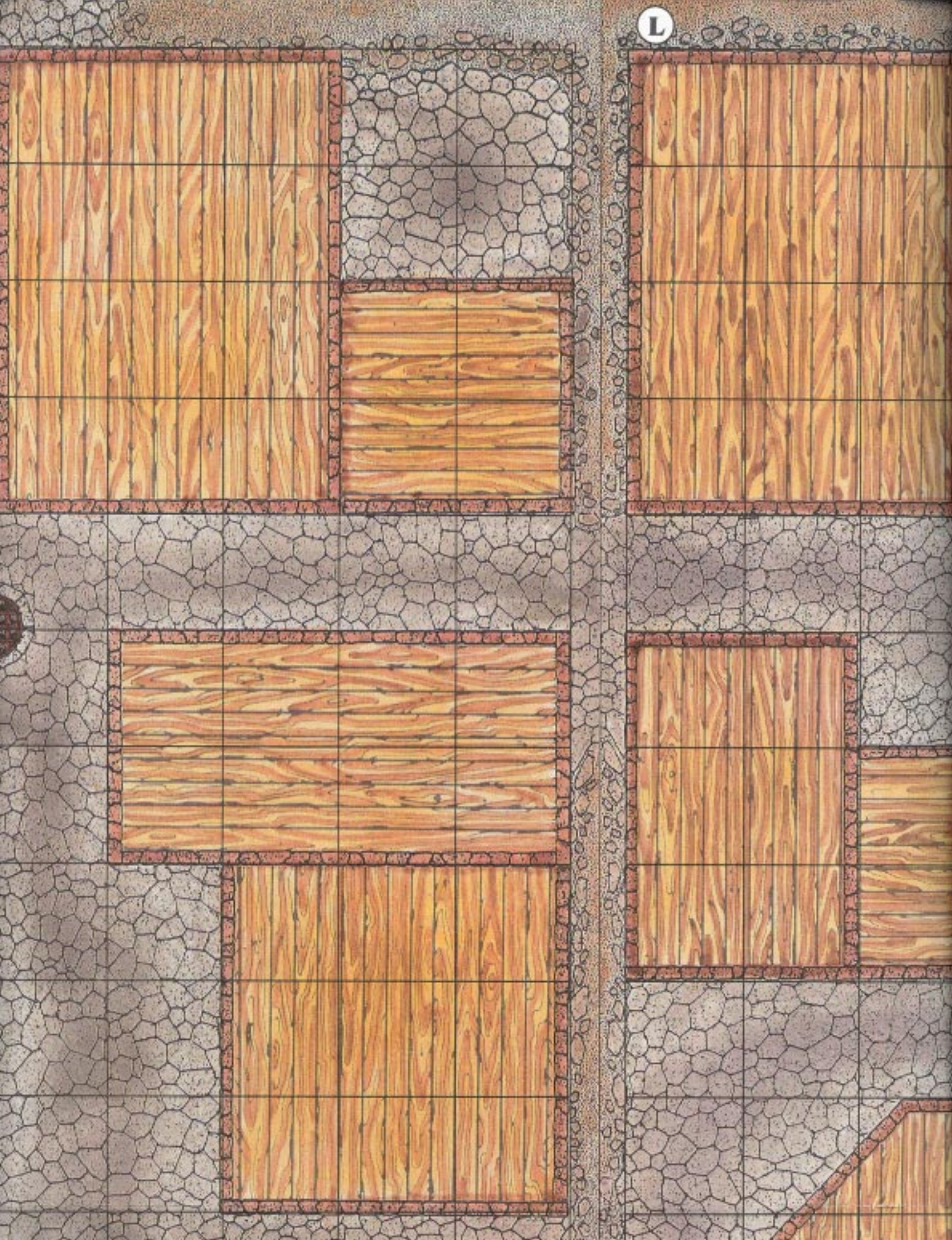


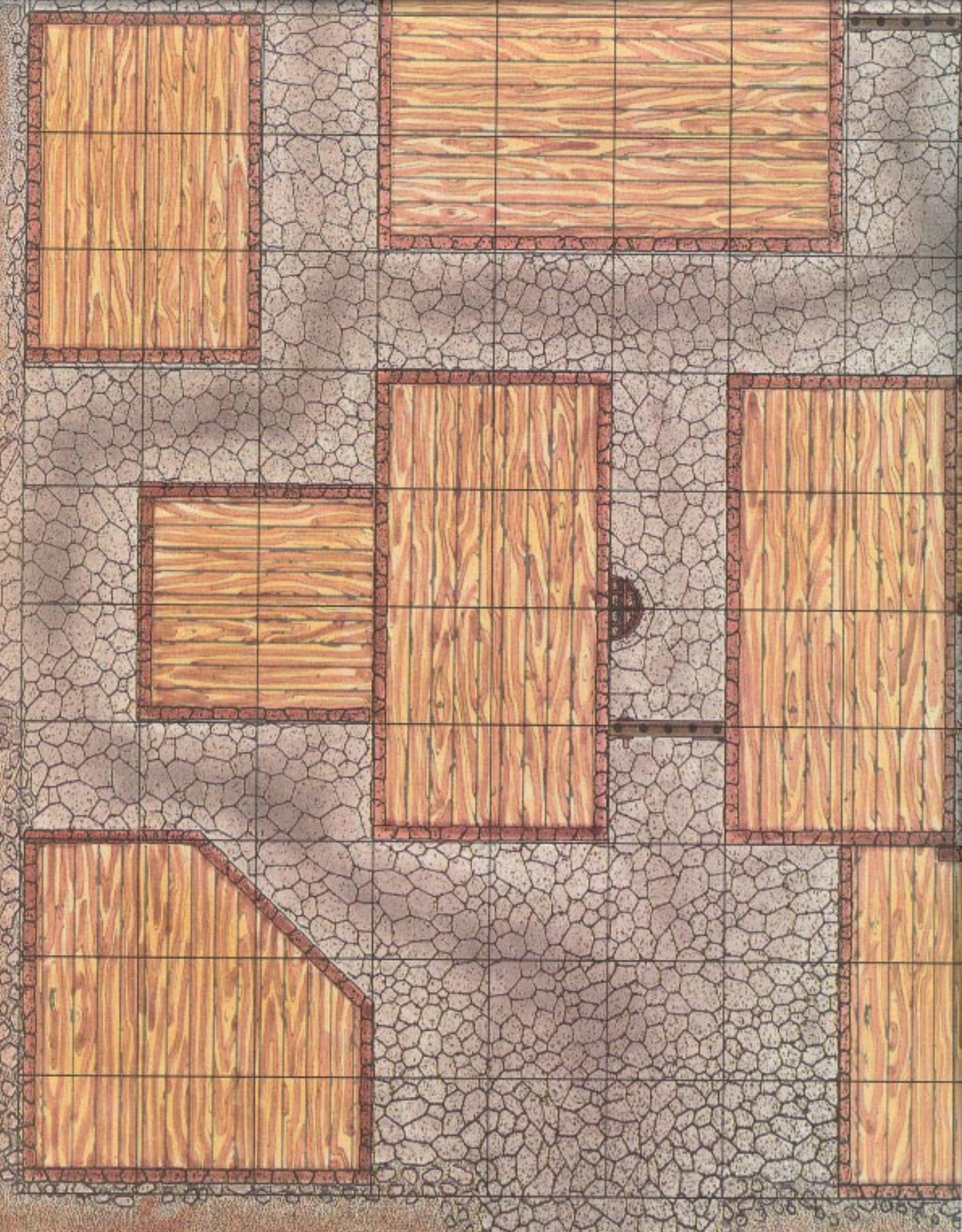


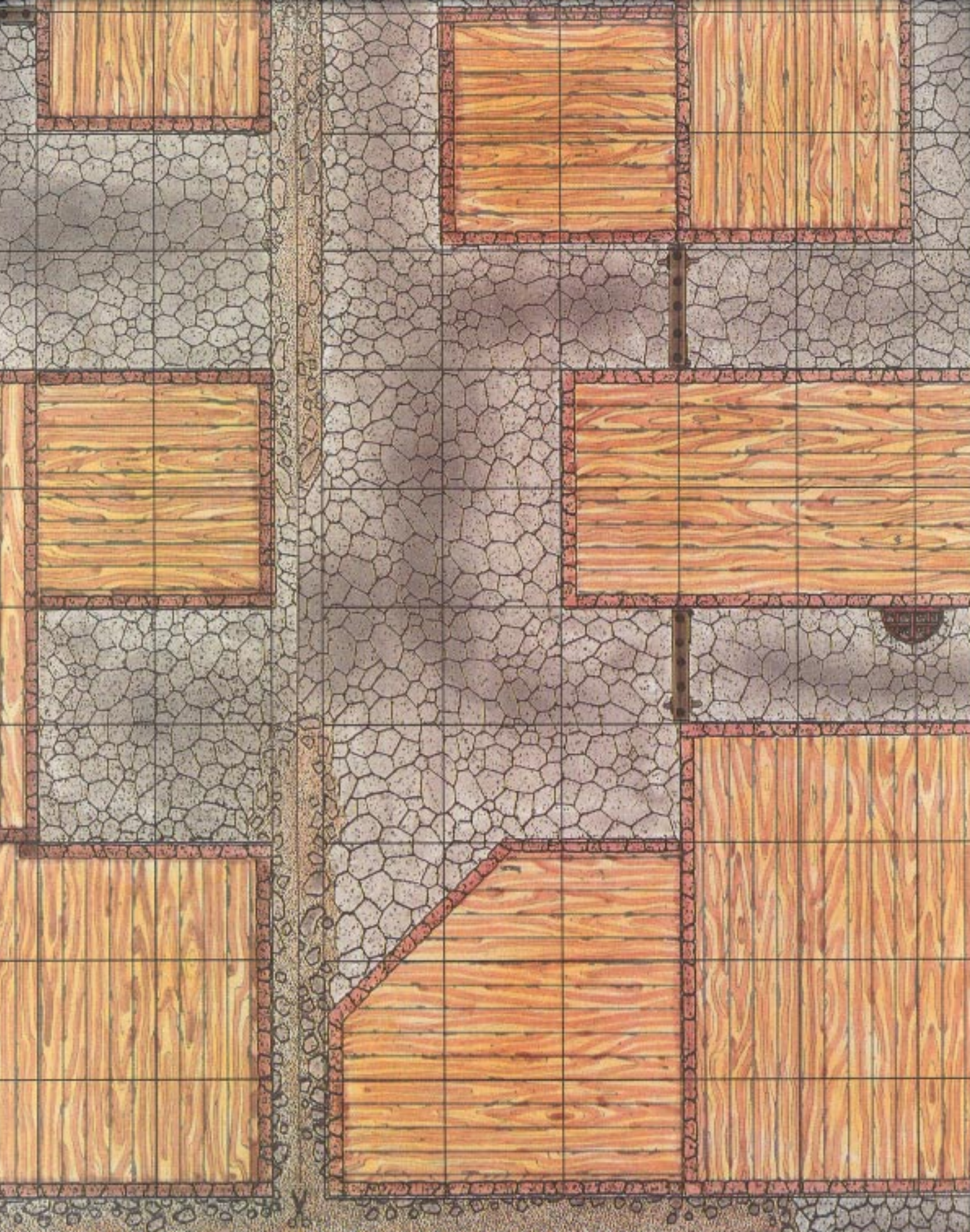


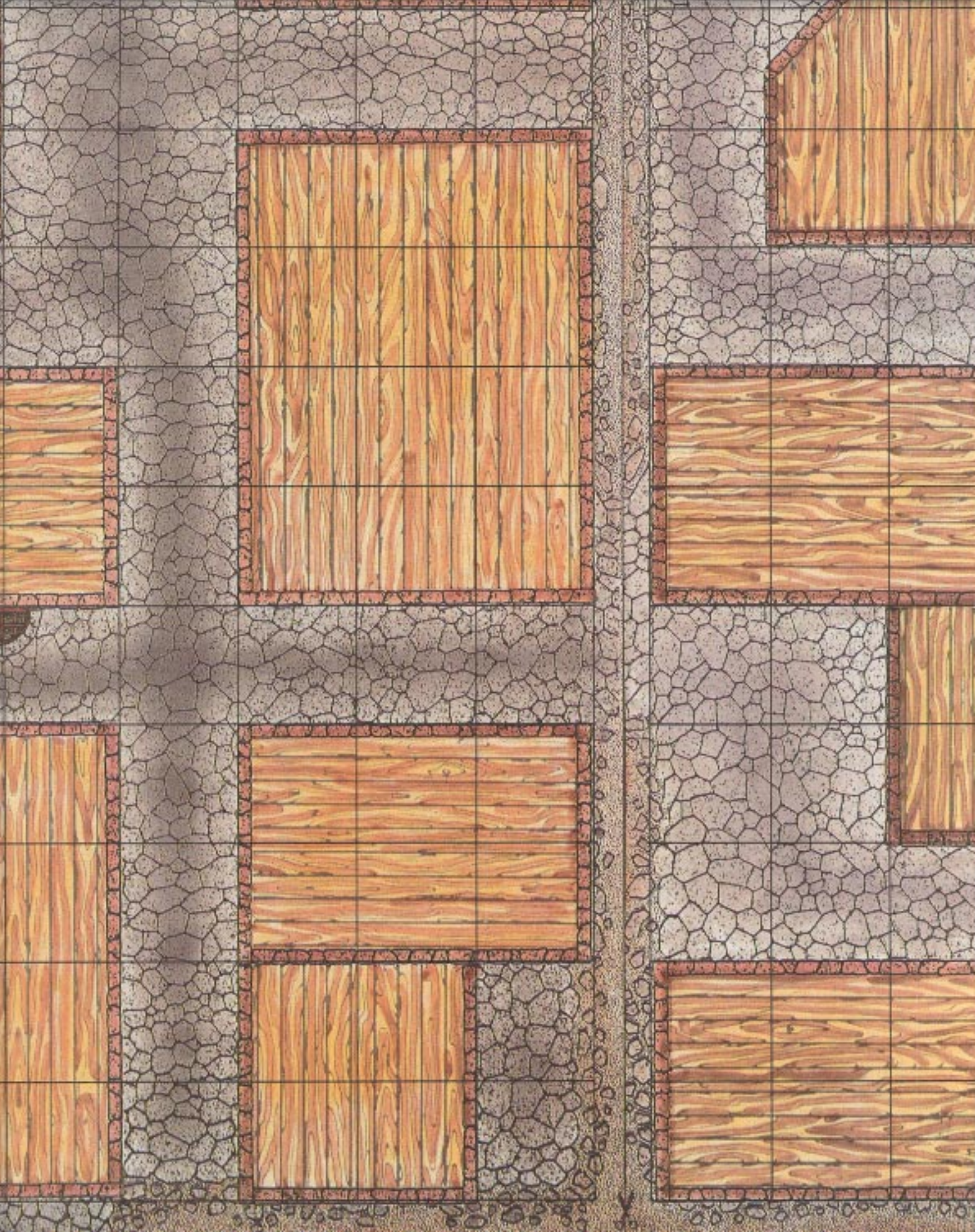
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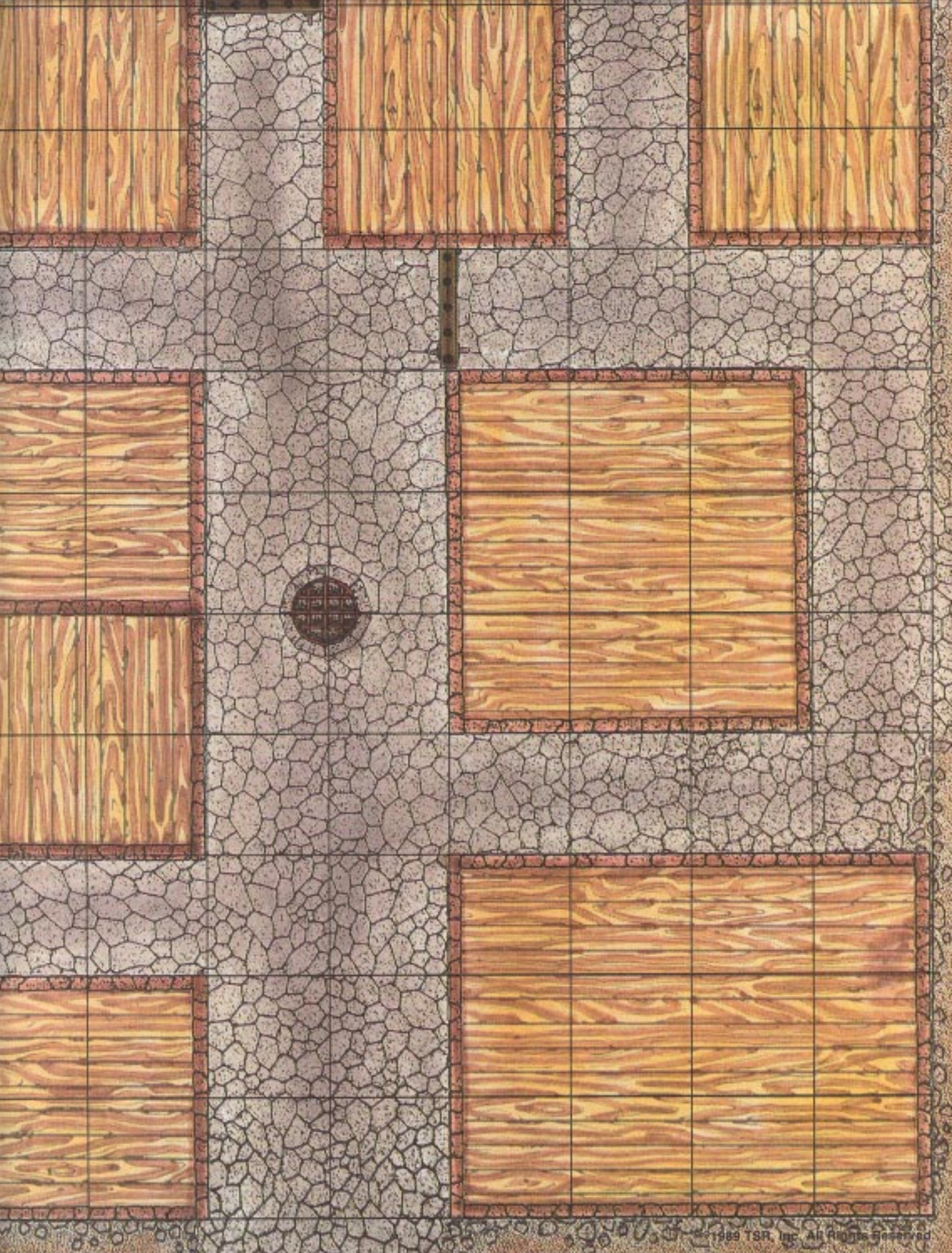














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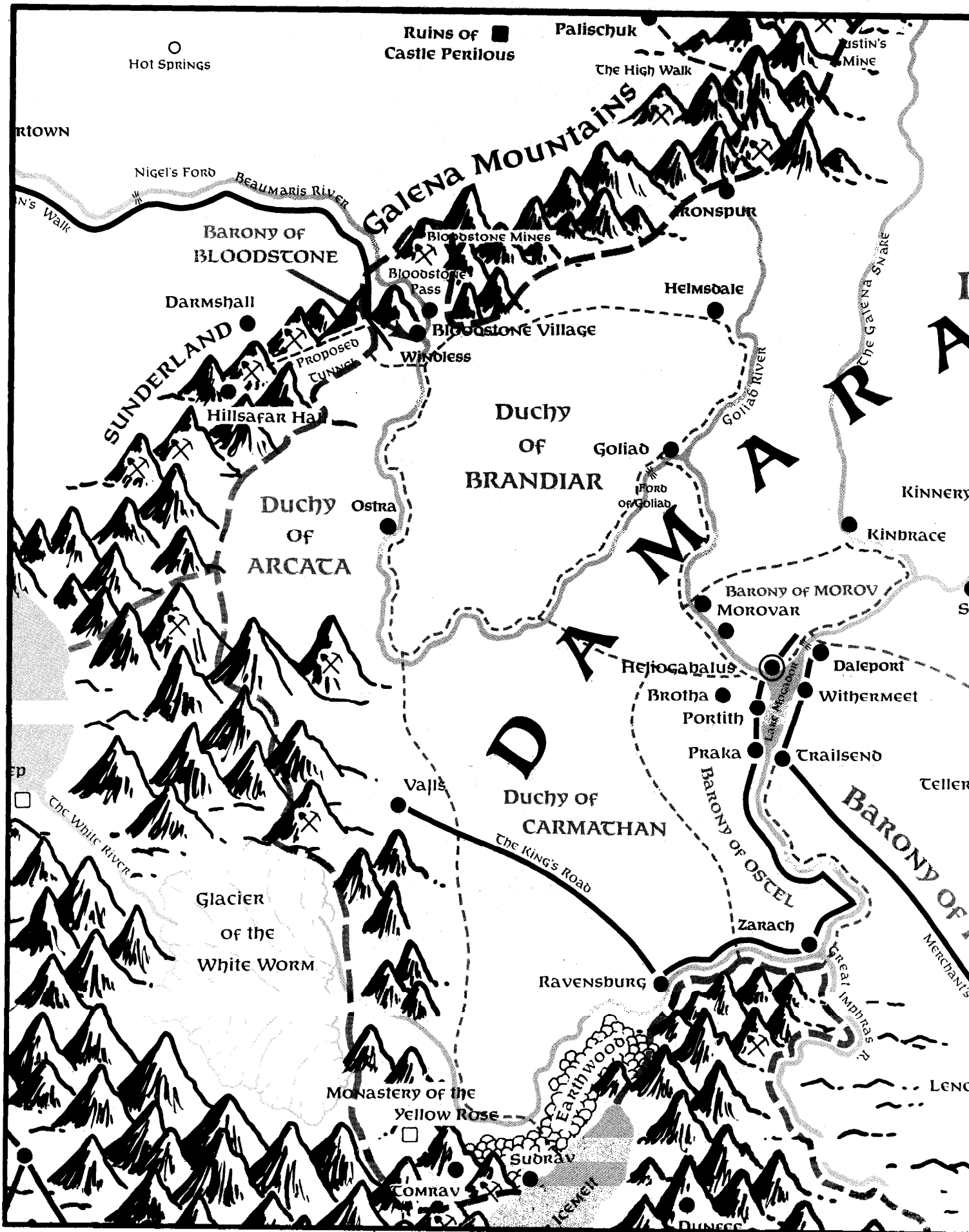
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The Bloodstone Lands

by R.A. Salvatore

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THE BLOODSTONE LANDS

by Bob Salvatore

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INTRODUCTION: THE BLOODSTONE LANDS

Using This Book

This sourcebook is divided into nine sections. These offer the Dungeon Master a solid overview of the region, plus details of some specific places and personalities.

Section 1: *Overview of the Bloodstone Lands* introduces a Dungeon Master to the region, particularly to Vaasa and Damara. This section covers the history of the region, with a close-up on the last two years—the Year of the Prince and the Year of the Shadows (FR1357 and 1358). Present day is 1359, the Year of the Serpent. Recent events, created by playing the H-series through to a logical conclusion, have reduced Vaasa to its former status as an unclaimed wilderness (rich adventuring territory!). The various provinces of Damara weave a web of political intrigue that should provide plenty for PCs to disentangle.

Section 2: *What the Neighbors Think* introduces Narfell and Impiltur, neighboring kingdoms with a vested interest in Vaasa and Damara. Narfell and Impiltur could themselves support a fine campaign. For this book, however, and in the context of the Bloodstone Lands, they are treated as icing on the cake that is Vaasa and Damara.

Section 3: *Societies of the Bloodstone Lands* presents the culture and flavor of the land. This section details religion, currency, races, and classes, all of which transform a campaign from a dice-rolling exercise into a role-playing event worthy of daydreams.

Section 4: *Cities, Towns, and Villages*, and Section 5: *The Geography of the Region* look at the physical geography and locales that PCs will encounter. Included are descriptions of various communities, their usual attitude toward strangers, and a general feel of the more distinctive locations.

Section 6: *Strongholds, Ruins, and Dungeons* goes a step further, providing specific adventuring sites and “home base” locations for the players. In the Bloodstone Lands, knowing where to find trouble, and where to go to escape it, can mean the difference between a successful adventure and disaster.

The next two sections, Section 7: *Movers and Shakers* and Section 8: *Traveling Bands and Organizations*, give a Dungeon Master many of the NPCs that his players will encounter in the region (or PCs they may choose to run). These are the characters who might help the PCs out of a jam—put them into one!

Finally, Section 9: *The Bloodstone Lands Campaign* gives some suggestions for potential adventures. It must be noted that one of these involves having your players run through the H-series of modules, rewriting the last two years of history. This could pose a problem to Dungeon Masters using this sourcebook, as the outcome of the game may alter the situations described herein.

Therefore, this section also offers tips to less-experienced Dungeon Masters. The Dungeon Master may have to deal with his players deciding on different life-courses for the major PCs, particularly for Gareth Dragonsbane who is regarded here as the central power figure of the entire region. Crafty Dungeon Masters will slip around this by focusing on other NPCs. For example, Baron Tranth or Lady Christine can fill in any gaps in the political structures left by an uncooperative Gareth.

Enough said. Let us now explore this dangerous and exciting region called the Bloodstone Lands. All the ingredients are here for a long and enjoyable campaign, or for a welcome diversion from the mainstream events of a campaign set in some other region of the vast Forgotten Realms. Go to it!

Overview of The Bloodstone Lands

The phrase “Bloodstone Lands” refers to the region between the Great Glacier and Impiltur, particularly the two states of Vaasa and Damara. The whole area encompasses roughly 150,000 square miles in a roughly triangular shape, using the southern line of the Great Glacier as its northernmost boundary.

To the west, beyond the Earthspur Mountains, is the wicked land of Thar, the Moonsea, and the independent city-state of Mulmaster. To the south is Impiltur and beyond that, the Sea of Fallen Stars. To the east looms Narfell and the Great Dale.

One might assume that the nickname of this rugged region comes from the quantity of blood spilled in the area, especially in and around the Galena Mountains. There have been numerous battles with goblin and giantkind. The sturdy inhabitants have also faced the relentless forces of the climate, and even fought among themselves over the years. In truth, this would make “bloodstone” an apt label.

However, the phrase refers to the uncountable mineral wealth found in the area, a deep-green chalcedony flecked with red jasper. Bloodstones were once mined throughout the Galenas and the Earthspurs, luring men here in droves. Bloodstones established Damara as a major power in the Forgotten Realms.

Geography and Ecology

The Bloodstone Lands are a cold region. Freezing winds roll down from the Great Glacier and swirl through the mountain peaks, making the long winters of Vaasa and Damara longer still. Yet though their temperature ranges are similar, the geography of these two states is vastly different.

Vaasa

The northernmost of the two states, Vaasa is also the smaller. The kingdom lies in a triangular region bounded by the Earthspur Mountains, the Great Glacier, and the forbidding Galena Mountains. For centuries untold, Vaasa remained an unclaimed wasteland of frozen moors and broken clumps of tundra, a captured pocket of deep winter.

Summer does come here, if only for a few short weeks. Even then, Vaasa feels the edge of its climate’s wickedness. When the moorwaters melt and the top layers of tundra soften, the entire re-



gion becomes one vast bog of sludge and mud where "the tallest horse would wet its belly," as the saying goes in Damara.

Even more insidious, many bottomless bogs open up, particularly in the central region, above the Beaumaris River. These deadly moors would do much more than "wet a horse's belly!"

Where small farms have been scratched in Vaasa's rocky soil, harvests show a somewhat fertile land. However, nowhere in all the kingdom has a large enough stretch of arable land been found capable of supporting a large-scale community.

Few people live in Vaasa. Even they probably wonder why.

Damara

More hospitable is the land of Damara. The hardy people of Damara get along fairly well overall, but even so, deadly winter takes its toll among the folk who live here. Summer brings a short but fruitful farming season. Game is plentiful and the rivers tame enough to be useful. Generally speaking, the lands south and east of the Galenas provide a tolerable life, if not a comfortable one.

Damara's northern border runs along the Great Glacier, while the Earthspurs demark most of Damara's western and southern border. Impiltur is an important neighbor around the southern tip of this mighty mountain range.

Natural boundaries separate Damara from Narfell to the east. Huge Rawlinswood, the Giantspire Mountains, and Icelace Lake have kept the two nations further apart than their literal proximity would seem to indicate.

History of The Bloodstone Lands

For centuries, the story of the Bloodstone Lands was simply the story of Damara. The cold wastes of Vaasa attracted little attention from scholars (or anyone else!) outside the mountainous barricades of the region. The people of Vaasa gathered in scattered communities of hunters, trappers, and

farmers, all pitifully poor and eking out a squalid, uninteresting existence.

Damara, though, had a different tale to tell. This kingdom traces its noble lines back almost three centuries, to the time when Heliogabalus was founded by Feldrin Bloodfeathers, the first king of Damara. Thereafter, his long, unbroken line of kindly heirs ruled Damara well, only ending with King Viridin's death. Until the most recent generation, the kingdom was a force on par with Impiltur.

Damara maintained strong trade relations with the city-states along the Moonsea and along all the reaches of the Sea of Fallen Stars. The narrow gap between Rawlinswood and the southern expanse of the Earthspurs is still known as Merchants Run, though few merchants use it today.

At the height of Damara's glory, long caravans of merchants transported chalcedony down this pass to the fortress of Ilmwatch along the Easting Reach. They were welcomed and even protected by the legions of Impiltur. Fortified by brigades of Impilturian soldiers, the Damaran merchants then crossed through the Traders Bay region and into the great port of Sarshel. Ships from Thesk and all the nations floating vessels on the the Sea of Fallen Stars met the merchants with open arms and open purses.

A second trade route, shorter but more difficult, carried the precious stone through Bloodstone Pass, the only sensible trail through the mighty Galenas. From there, the stone went to points north and west. Because it crossed through the wilds of Vaasa and through the Earthspur Mountains along Garumn's Climb, this route was not preferred. But Garumn's Climb has proven invaluable to Sembia and the city-states on the Moonsea, especially in times of heavy pirate activity, or on such occasions as when the Moonsea was cut off from the main waterway by a particularly nasty dragon turtle, as happened a few decades ago.

The bloodstone was traded in bars, each measured at 25 gold pieces in

value. The crest of a Damaran noble house marked every bar, and on the opposite side was the year in Damaran reckoning. Nearly 1,000,000 gold pieces worth of the stone was taken annually from the mines in the Galenas alone. Particularly rich was the small region surrounding Bloodstone Pass, aptly named the Barony of Bloodstone. This annual yield of raw wealth more than kept the interest of merchants and speculators, and therefore the craftsmen, farmers, and ordinary folk of Damara lived quite well.

Furthermore, Damara had little to fear from its neighbors. Protected by imposing natural boundaries, with the noble houses united under the rule of a single well-accepted king, there was little cause for unrest. The king maintained an army only to protect the caravans, and to defend the outlying rural communities from bands of raiding goblins or other wretched creatures. Certainly, the scattered tribes of Vaasa could never unite or pose more than a marginal threat. Peace was the norm, and the expectation of future prosperity, obvious.

Or so the Damarans thought. The merchants could never have guessed that the bloodstone bars would in time be called "cursed money," shunned by all outside the region for fear that it would bring to the user the same disastrous fate that befell Damara!

The Rise of the Witch-King

Barely twelve years ago, in FR1137, a calamitous event in the wastes of Vaasa rocked the stability of the entire region. In a single night, the evil fortress Castle Perilous arose on a lonely crag only 60 miles north of the Galenas and the Damaran border.

Out from this bastion of wickedness stepped Zhengyi the Witch-King, a lich of unspeakable powers. The Witch-King claimed the sovereign powers of the kingdom of Vaasa. Winning the cold hearts of the countless goblins, orcs, and giants living in the mountains, the Witch-King pulled them all into his fold. Zhengyi enlisted the aid of powerful



denizens of the lower planes and surrounded himself with the foul priests of Orcus, who could raise and command legions of undead. With this vast army swiftly assembled, and further aided by the infamous Grandfather of Assassins and his foul guild, the Witch-King prepared for war.

Damara's eyes were blind to the sudden rise of Zhengyi. At the time of the Witch-King's rise, the kingdom was suffering a series of catastrophies—events which, in hindsight, seem suspiciously connected with the Witch-King.

First, a nameless evil awakened in the Mines of Bloodstone, a force that drove the men and dwarves from the place in terror. These mines had been the primary source of wealth for the northern barony. Indeed, up to that time, the wealth rolling out of them—more than 400,000 gold pieces annually—represented nearly half of all the bloodstone flowing out of Damara. Hundreds of brave men tried to reclaim the mines in the next few months, but none returned.

Wolf Winter fell that same year. Early frosts destroyed the harvest and the winter that ensued was therefore doubly terrible. Starvation was common among man and beast alike. Packs of dire wolves swept into northern Damara from the Galenas, leaving little but bloodied snow in their wake. Even worse, many of the wolves were infected with lycanthropy.

The Witch-King's armies roared down to the Galenas the very next year, cutting off Bloodstone Pass and effectively shutting down all the mines on the Vaasan side of the mountains. The horrid army pushed on, driving hard into Damara and committing one massacre after another.

But the people of Damara were a tough people. After they recovered from the initial shock of Zhengyi's lightning attacks, they fought back bravely. For ten brutal years, Vaasa and Damara fought. Neighboring nations, notably Impiltur and Narfell, looked on with more than passing interest, fearing the shape of their own future if Zhengyi

proved victorious. Yet though they sided with Damara in principle and for practical reasons, the nearby kingdoms of the region had problems of their own. In turn, they had too many opportunistic neighbors just waiting to gain their own advantage. Neither Impiltur nor Narfell offered Damara any substantial assistance. Their paralysis almost cost them dearly.

In the summer of FR1147, Zhengyi's forces faced off against King Virdin at the Ford of Goliad. Neither side could gain any advantage through the month of June and many thought that the war would hold in stalemate until the next winter, when the river would freeze.

Then came the day that Damarans will ever despise. No one can say for certain what occurred that foul day, but it seems obvious that treachery led the way for Zhengyi. Most scholars agree that the scoundrel was Felix, King Virdin's chief lieutenant. Long afterward Felix was discovered to be a member of the Assassins Guild of the



Galenas, Zhengyi's cohorts. Nothing was suspected at the time.

Felix—if it was him—tricked young King Virdin into believing that a magical wand he had acquired would allow the Damaran army secret passage across the river. Actually the “wand” was a cheap stick stacked with twelve *Nystul's magic aura* spells. Virdin desperately grasped at the chance to end the long and costly conflict. Already aware of the deception, Zhengyi held his forces in check for several tense minutes, coaxing in the Damarans. Then the lich-king struck hard, trapping the bulk of the Damaran army in the river and shattering Virdin's forces. On a hillock a short distance away, the young king watched his kingdom fall. His grief ended when a dagger (wielded by Felix?) found its way into his back.

Zhengyi had spent ten years preparing for this day, and he didn't hesitate. Calling on the forces of the Grandfather of Assassins, the Witch-King instituted the second phase of the destruction of Damara. It took only one bloody night for the most loyal and powerful nobles of Damara to be slain.

The “peace” that ensued was not favorable to the conquered. The Witch-King granted a veneer of independence to the feeble remnants of the Damaran houses, dividing the southern reaches of the old kingdom into six poor baronies—poorer still after paying tribute to their conqueror, the Witch-King.

Zhengyi gave control of the Galenas to the Grandfather of Assassins, then tightened his own evil clutch on the north. A stream of refugees trekked south as best they could.

With Damara spiraling into economic ruin and Zhengyi's power growing every day, the neighboring states could only sit tight and hope that the Witch-King would be content with his new domain.

That was only two years ago. How swiftly things can change!

RECENT EVENTS IN THE REGION

Two Tumultuous Years

“Pray tell, fellow bard, where will thy horse fly?” asked the first. “To Damara to busy my pen. 'Tis said that more has happened in the last two years than in the last two centuries!” The second bard twirled his lute in excitement at the mere thought of entering the Bloodstone Lands.

“Then surely you have missed your time, good fellow,” said the first, “for the Witch-King is dead and his armies scattered.”

“Not so, not so,” argued the second. “The issue is far from settled. And although the new heroes have lived more adventures in two years than most will see in a lifetime, they have many more before them.” He spurred his horse and galloped away. The call, “Many more!” echoed back as he went.

This may be a typical scene among the bards of the Forgotten Realms these days, for indeed the bloodstone region has undergone tremendous changes since the victory of the Witch-King. Still more lie ahead before the situation stabilizes.

After the Witch-King secured his hold on northern Damara, he disappeared for a time, presumably to reevaluate the remaining strength of his forces and to plan out his next moves. Deliberately, he left a nation in disarray.

Zhengyi's decision to divide southern Damara into separate, independent baronies was shrewd indeed. In spite of the hardships descending on the conquered land, the puppet rulers of these baronies squabbled, conspiring against each other. Each one would gladly fight another over whatever might add to his own power and meager wealth.

Combined with the terrible tribute to the Witch-King, this disarray crushed the pride of the people of Damara. Under such ineffective rule, the entire southern region was quickly thrown into chaos, both political and economic.

As he had planned, Zhengyi was left in peace to concentrate on his next moves.

In the security of his arrogance, Zhengyi took no notice of the actions of his cohorts, the bandit army of the Galena Mountains. Led by the Grandfather of Assassins, a High Priest of Orcus, and an Arch-mage who had once been Zhengyi's own personal advisor, a tribute of gold and even slaves was demanded from the poor people of the Barony of Bloodstone.

This proved to be the proverbial last straw. The bandit army's depredations bred an angry resolve in Baron Tranth and in all the people of Bloodstone. Perhaps because arrogance and evil so often go hand-in-hand, Zhengyi did not imagine mighty heroes might arise, but proud people can only be pushed so far. When a group of heroes emerged to lead them, the people of Bloodstone rose up and fought for their homes.

The heroic leaders were Gareth Dragonsbane and his company of six: Emelyn the Gray Friar Dugald, Celedon Kearney, Riordan Parnell, Olwen Forest-friend, and Kane, monk of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose. Men, women, and even children of Bloodstone Village followed them, and boldly faced the bandits, even standing proud against the horrible undead brigades of the evil priest, Banak. The sheer courage of the villagers rallied support, and groups of dwarves, halflings, and centaurs rolled up from the woodland clusters just south of Bloodstone Village. The Grandfather of Assassins was slain by the monk, Kane, and the bandit army was soundly defeated.

The most important result of the battle was that the races of the region had come together and mighty new leaders had been found. Quiet whispers spoke of hope when rumors circulated that Gareth Dragonsbane had fallen in love with the Lady Christine, Baron Tranth's daughter.

But just when Gareth and his friends seemed to have the region turned back toward the right course, bad luck and an unspeakable evil once again came crashing down.



First, torrential rains swept through Bloodstone for a full week in September, and after the storm came a sudden freeze. Unharvested wheat and hay rotted and died in the fields and the town feared another Wolf's Winter of hardship and starvation.

Second, a scream in the night came from the Abbey of St. Sollars, rousing the village. What looked like a simple worg attack was soon found to be something much more insidious when the symbol of Orcus, a horned goat's head, was discovered painted in blood on one of the Abbey's walls.

Everything pointed to the long-closed bloodstone mines as the source of the horror, prompting talks of a heroic adventure. Furthermore, all the people of the barony could see the possibilities of wealth if the mines could somehow be reopened. Although the monk Kane had been called back to the Monastery of the Yellow Rose, Gareth and his five remaining friends went boldly into the mines. With the help of a community of svirfneblin gnomes, they routed the minions of Orcus, a tribe of duergar dwarves.

The mines were promptly reopened and King Ruggedo, head of the svirfneblin, swore eternal friendship to the barony. Baron Tranth, confident of Bloodstone's bright future, gave to Gareth the hand of his daughter in marriage. As a dowry, he turned over rulership of the barony itself.

The people of Bloodstone dug in and fought through the savage winter. Under the leadership of the new baron, they were confident that the spring would bring new growth and hopeful about the wealth to be dug anew from the mines. The very next spring, the dwarves of Clan Orothiar and the svirfneblin brought out a million gold pieces worth of the fabled bloodstones.

With new wealth came new trouble. The promise of riches attracted thousands of new citizens to the barony. Perceptively, Gareth understood what was to come next. He promptly put the newcomers to work building new towns and new fortifications. Then the baron commissioned his friends as gen-

erals and bid them to build a great army. He recognized that Bloodstone was surrounded by the jealous lords of the other baronies and, of course, there was still the Witch-King.

William the Lazy, eighth Duke of Arcata, was first to strike. In league with the Grandfather of Assassins, his move began the Bloodstone Wars.

But William and the other leaders had no concept of the resolve of the barony, nor of the strength of its new-found leaders. Arcata fell, then Carmathan, and finally, the minor baronies of Ostel, Morov, and Polten. In a few short weeks, the southern provinces of the old Kingdom of Damara were united once again.

With so much in flux, the Witch-King finally turned his eyes back to Damara. Assessing the problem, Zhengyi sent his vast army south. He pulled the bandit army back into his fold, and attacked across the Galenas. But the swelling army of Bloodstone fought fiercely and drove back the Witch-King's soldiers. The forces reached a stalemate at the Ford of Goliad—ironically, the very site of the Witch-King's first victory over Damara. With each army in firm control of one bank of the river, there seemed no end in sight.

The stalemate was shattered by Gareth, Emelyn the Gray, Dugald, Celdon Kierney, Riordan Parnell, and Olwen Forest-friend. The six brave friends struck out at the heart of the Witch-King's power: at Orcus himself, ruler of the lower planes. The friends traveled to the Abyss and stole the demon-lord's wand, taking the vile instrument to the Seven Heavens where it was ultimately destroyed.

The adventure did not end there. Bahamut, the Platinum Dragon, gave Gareth the Tree-Gem, and sent the victorious heroes back to Bloodstone. Once planted, the gem grew into a beautiful white tree, a symbol of hope with the power to forever banish Orcus and the other monsters of the Abyss from the Bloodstone Lands.

With the defeat of the demon-lord, the Witch-King lost the source of his

dark power. Castle Perilous crumbled into ruins, the priests of the goat's head religion lost their strength, and the undead of the Vaasan army fell to dust. Gareth drove the confused remnants of the wretched forces of Vaasa back through Bloodstone Pass and into their dark holes in the north kingdom. Peace seemed, at last, to be at hand.

WHERE THE REGION STANDS NOW

Peace in Damara is far from secure, although the prospects for it seem much more promising. Still, difficult problems face the people of the land.

First of all, although it united under Gareth for the strike against the forces of Vaasa, Damara remains divided, in spirit at least. The petty barons and dukes who tasted power in their pseudo-autonomy under the Witch-King are reluctant to relinquish control of their lands to a single king leading a reunited Damara. Several of them have a claim to the throne left empty when King Virdin was slain, particularly Tranth of Bloodstone and Dimian Ree of Morov. None are of direct descent, however, and the ascension of any claimant would be fraught with uprisings and covert coups.

Perhaps the most popular plan has been outlined by Tranth, the former Baron of Bloodstone. Rather than returning to the old kingdom, Tranth would like to see a new state formed that encompasses both Vaasa and Damara. The new kingdom would be called Bloodstone, and its first king, Gareth Dragonsbane.

At this time, this plan is only a topic of discussion. While retaining full control of the army, Gareth will not even hear of any permanent plans for the region until the business at hand is finished. Still, it seems obvious that the heroes are taken with Tranth's plan. At the very least, they are determined to prevent one of the petty barons from grabbing control.

The northern provinces remain in the clutches of the Vaasan scum. Al-



though twice defeated, the bandit army has yet to be destroyed. Furthermore, Vaasa itself remains unconquered by any, and that forsaken land holds many holes filled with goblins, giants and other reminders of the Witch-King's reign.

Furthermore, two strange events have Gareth and all of his friends worried about the future. First, three flights of dragons—reds, blues, and blacks—have flown high through Damara and over the Galena Mountains, heading generally in the direction of the ruins of Castle Perilous. It is rumored that a flight of green dragons will soon follow, and thereafter they will all be joined from a huge group of whites from the Great Glacier.

The second disquieting situation is that a strange cloud has engulfed the top of Suncatcher Mountain, a tall peak found where the Galenas join the Earthspur range. This cloud seems to defy the winds, for it does not move. Witnesses have said that if the mountain is viewed at the proper angle when the sun is low, the shining spires of an immense castle are clearly visible.

Undeniably, the people of Damara still have much to do before the area settles back down. Gareth and his friends are working to enact a four-part plan designed to stabilize the region.

1. At home:

Gareth and Friar Dugald remain in Bloodstone Village, securing their home base. Gareth is determined to provide the people of Damara with strong centralized power. To do this, he strengthens the ties to his closest allies. Baroness Christine, a druid, has links with the centaurs and halflings of the woodland south of the village. Gareth visits the dwarves and gnomes of the mines every week. On Kane's advice, Gareth has spent some effort soliciting the goodwill of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose. He has invited Cantoule, the new Grandmaster of Flowers, to visit Bloodstone Village. If the Monastery throws its support behind the new baron, as expected, Gareth's power will be greatly increased.

Perhaps the most notable event in Bloodstone is the construction of "the Gates." These two massive fortresses will secure the entrances to Bloodstone Pass and protect the mines. Whatever the future of Damara holds, when the Gates are complete, the valley around Bloodstone Pass will be secured as the mightiest region of the Bloodstone Lands, with a guaranteed source of wealth.

2. The northern provinces:

A large contingent of the Bloodstone army under the command of Olwen Forest-friend has been working to secure the northern provinces of Damara. Never free of the Witch-King, the people of this region have no self-proclaimed leaders and should readily swear allegiance to their rescuers. Gareth is determined to get there before one of the other dukes or barons takes it upon himself to invade. In particular, he seeks to head off the designs of Dimian Ree of Morov.

Olwen's mission is described as the "five S's": *squash* the remaining Vaasan scum; *supply* the poor people of the region; *secure* the region and give it over to the people; *seed* them with hints of what is to come and with news of Bloodstone; and *scout* out the happenings over the borders in Vaasa and Narfell.

The first reports from the region indicate Olwen is having great success. He is rallying support for the instigation of the Kingdom of Bloodstone. Cries of "King Gareth!" resound through the streets of every rescued hamlet.

3. Preparations for Vaasa:

Certainly Gareth intends to strike hard into Vaasa after the situation in Damara settles down. ("But not until the region has been reunited—in the old kingdom or the new," Gareth has been heard to say with a sly wink.) The baron and the people he rules do not desire a return to the skirmish-filled days of the past. Formerly, Bloodstone Village and indeed all of northern Damara had to constantly seek out and destroy individual tribes of goblins or giants that had descended upon one of the farm com-

munities, thinking them fair game. The Damarans want Vaasa put down, once and for all, and they envision a line of fortress-cities along the northern edge of the Galenas, each pulling its share of gemstones from new mines and patrolling the border.

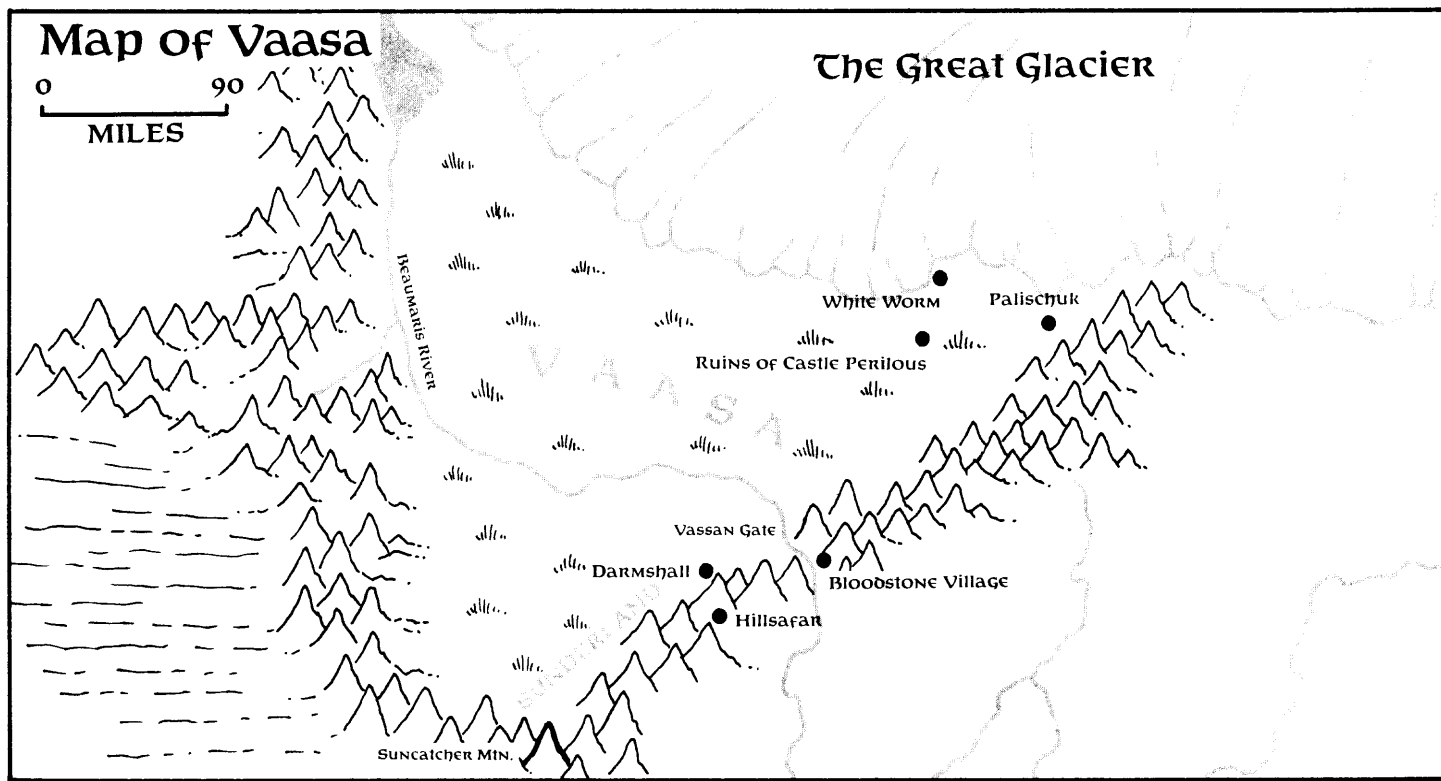
For the present, Gareth keeps a wary eye on the scattered forces of his northern neighbor. He wants to make sure that no army can organize against Damara. Moveover, he recognizes the importance of having a full understanding of what he will be up against when he commits his troops to a campaign in the hostile land. He seeks news of the gathering dragons, the bandit army, and that mysterious cloud over Suncatcher Mountain.

To these ends, Gareth has commissioned Spysong, a network of scouts led by Kane, Celedon Kearney, and Riordan Parnell. Spysong has infiltrated the Galenas and traveled far into Vaasa itself. The network relays information back to Gareth and his allies in the form of coded, bard-spun ditties understandable only by the right ears.

4. The baronies:

Arguably, the biggest threat to Damara is the splintered spirit of Damara itself. The people of southern Damara generally aren't so supportive of the goings-on in the Barony of Bloodstone. This is particularly true in Heliogabalus and the other cities of Morov. They see Gareth Dragonsbane mainly as a conqueror, although so far a kindly one. The southern nobles have been capitalizing on their wounded pride to keep them from falling into the "King Gareth frenzy."

Here is where the "Twilight Riders" come in. Led by Emelyn the Gray and his fellow mage, Myrddin Viligoth, this mighty group races through the southern provinces after the sun has set. Astride magically-conjured steeds of light, they aid those in need and spread the truth about the happenings in the north. They take no payment from those they help, and ask for no oaths of allegiance. But their message is clear to



the people. Cries of "King Gareth!" do not echo through the village streets in southern Damara, but those words are whispered door to door after the Twilight Riders have passed.

Whatever their official words might say, Gareth and his friends are determined to make Damara, hopefully Bloodstone, their home. Most agree that Gareth desires the kingship of a united nation. But even above that wish, scholars agree that the kindly Baron desires what is best for the people of Damara. He wants no further bloodshed, certainly no repeat of the Bloodstone Wars, and seeks an ascent to the throne on a wave of popular outcry so overwhelming that the other nobles won't dare oppose him. The power-hungry dukes and barons can see what is happening, and they aren't happy with the way the wind is blowing. In truth, though, there is little they can do to turn the tide.

It must be firmly stated that those who know Gareth Dragonsbane best are fully

confident that it is not overweening ambition motivating the paladin. If the tide of opinion flowed another way; if the people opposed the formation of a Kingdom of Bloodstone; if they desired the return of the old Kingdom of Damara with one of the blooded heirs sitting on the royal throne, then Gareth would step down. The Baron of Bloodstone and his mighty friends will put their personal desires aside and willingly, faithfully serve the new king in the establishment of his realm.

Ironically, the people's faith only adds to his support. Few are those who think that Gareth and his companions act from self-serving ambition.

Politics of The Bloodstone Lands

The BARONIES

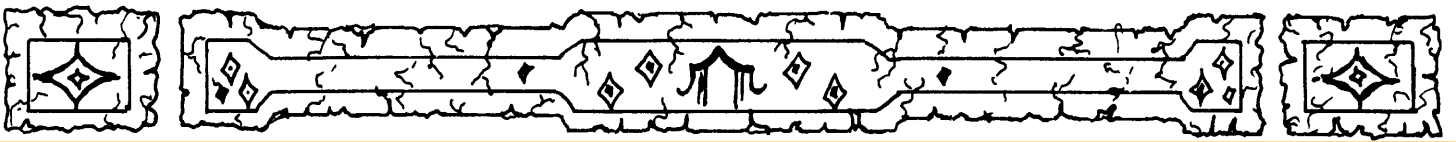
To understand the Bloodstone Lands, a Dungeon Master must have a grasp of where Damara stands among its neighbors, and the dynamics at work within

the kingdom itself. Present-day politics in Damara have their roots in the past.

Although the Bloodstone Wars brought the armies of the land together, the people remain divided. Each barony fared a little differently during the recent wars, and therefore everyone has their own opinion about goings-on in the north, and of the rise of the new heroes. The selfish and deceitful rulers Zhengyi put in place have only served to aggravate the already-volatile situation.

Before the Witch-King, and from the days of its earliest origins, Damara was a single harmonious nation. An acknowledged, accepted king ruled all from Heliogabalus. The provinces existed as counties, all solidly behind the trusted decisions that issued from the throne. Each county was ruled by a noble house of long standing.

The counties were of two types: the city provinces and the supply provinces. The city provinces of Morov, Ostel, and Polten serve primarily as trade markets and launching sites for merchant caravans, and here dwell Da-



mara's finest craftsmen. Farming is only on a small scale, and there is no raw mineral wealth here. These provinces are wholly dependent on the other regions to keep them from being more than simple trading communities suffering stoically in a cold frontier.

The supply provinces of Arcata, Bloodstone, Brandiar, Carmathan, and Soravia are less densely populated than the city provinces. These provinces support Damara's large-scale farmers and miners, the backbone supporting the cities' economies.

Zhengyi could not change economics, but he shattered the ruling class that kept everything working. After the bloody night when the flower of Damaran nobility was slaughtered, Zhengyi began replacing the nobles, hand-picking his puppets, and he got some doozies indeed!

The Duchy of Arcata

Ruling House: Horgath

Present Duke: William, 8th Duke of Arcata

Family Crest: Diving Dagger and Mountains Three

Province Population: 15,000

Capital: Valls (1,300)

Most of the people of Arcata are either farmers or miners. The farms are predominantly in the south, around Valls. Bloodstone is not common along the Arcatan stretch of the Galenas and the Earthspurs, but several silver and iron mines have been opened.

True to St. Sollars and the ethics of endurance and perseverance, the proud Arcatans work on in the face of any hardship. Tomrav, a mining and farming community deep within the Earthspurs, is a testament to this determination. This tight-knit city is entirely self-sufficient, often cut off from the rest of the land by deep snows for eight full months.

Arcata's House of Horgath had been in decline even before the rise of the Witch-King. The common Arcatans recognized this fact, but they were con-

cerned mainly with day-to-day survival. Little attention was paid to the failings of House Horgath, which seemed harmless enough. William sent House Horgath to the very nadir of disrespect and indecency.

The opening salvo of the Bloodstone Wars was the conflict between Arcata and Bloodstone. In league with the Grandfather of Assassins, Duke William tried to take the wealth of the bloodstone mines by force. More than 1,600 strong, William's army forged straight in toward Bloodstone Village, marching through the foothills between Sleepy Wood and the Galenas. On their first night encamped on the outlying hills, Gareth sent a simple note to the Arcatan generals: "We are of common heritage, common suffering, and common goals. Why, then, do we fight?"

The Arcatan generals did not know of the massive fortifications that had been built in Bloodstone, and they could not appreciate Gareth's magnanimity. They thought the note was a desperate plea for mercy. The next day taught them a bitter lesson.

When the sun rose on the forces of Bloodstone, they were 1,200 strong, fully arrayed, and entrenched in cunning fortifications. There was worse news yet for the Arcatans. Centaurs, halflings, and dwarves had crept out of the tunnels of the Warren to encircle the Arcatan army from behind. Still loyal to the wishes of their duke, the Arcatans attacked the walls of Bloodstone anyway and battle was joined—but only briefly.

In a matter of minutes, 300 Arcatans lay dead or wounded, and the remainder of the army was pinned down in the little vale against the outer wall of Bloodstone Village. Now Gareth and the people of the new Bloodstone showed their true strength of character. The paladin and his friends raised a white flag and rode through the Arcatan lines, unarmed and unescorted, and sued for peace.

The terms were simple. The Arcatan army would collect its casualties and return home, swearing not to renew the attack. Duke William could remain on

his throne, and no penalties would be imposed, no reparations demanded. Gareth only asked that the Arcatans allow him to move his forces along the border of Arcata and Brandiar to meet Carmathan, a new threat growing in the south.

The peace was quickly accepted. The new land of Bloodstone based its own hopes on the precept of self-determination. The Baron of Bloodstone gambled that Arcata would realize that its best hopes lay on the same path. The terms of the peace, which have come to be known as "Gareth's Gamble," apparently worked their magic. Nearly half of the Arcatan army fell in behind the marching army of Bloodstone. Three hundred more troops joined in along the trek to meet Carmathan.

William's power has decreased in proportion to the increasing popularity of Gareth Dragonsbane and the proposed Kingdom of Bloodstone. The majority of Arcatans fully support the idea of a new kingdom with Gareth as king of a united, self-directing people. Not too stupid to understand the tide of opinion around him, William does not oppose the populace, covertly or overtly.

It is believed that the Ducal Guard in Valls regularly runs a secret emissary to Bloodstone Village. Although the Guard traditionally bears a fierce loyalty to the Horgaths, they express the Arcatans' desire to preclude even the smallest possibility of renewed conflict.

The Barony of Bloodstone

Ruling House: Tranth

Present Baron: Gareth Dragonsbane, 6th Baron of Bloodstone

Family Crest: Crossed Pick and Sword

Province Population: 12,000

Capital: Bloodstone Village (7,500)

For many centuries, this area in the Galenas was considered merely an extension of the Sunderland of southern Vaasa, unwanted by all but a handful of brave frontiersmen and miners. But the miners had a secret: knowledge of a



verdant valley nestled in the sheltering walls of Bloodstone Pass. When the mines' vast potential was finally understood, this valley became the site of Bloodstone Village, and the seat of the House of Tranth.

Bloodstone is the smallest of the Damaran provinces, and the most recently founded. When Gareth Dragonsbane married Lady Christine of the House of Tranth, he became only the sixth baron of this land. Although the people of Bloodstone have always had a high regard for the Tranth bloodline, they were certainly not disappointed when Gareth was granted the barony.

Historically, Bloodstone has experienced dramatic population swings. People flock here in good times, seeking the obvious wealth to be garnered from the mines. Then some disastrous event sends them running southward. The Wolf Winter and the coming of the Witch-King are only two recent examples of a long series of afflictions. However, with the rise of Gareth and his friends, and with the construction of the Gates, the folk of Bloodstone believe their days of running away may be over forever.

Bloodstone will soon surpass its previous glories. In the year and a half since the mines reopened, the population of Bloodstone Village has exploded from less than a thousand to 7,500, making it the fourth largest city in all Damara. It is long overdue for a name change—"village" just doesn't seem to fit any more—and more people arrive daily!

If the new kingdom comes to pass, Bloodstone Village will obviously be the seat of power. With its swelling population and growing prosperity, its gateway controlling access to Vaasa, and its virtual annex of Arcata, the Barony of Bloodstone will certainly play a major role in whatever the future brings.

In addition, two new towns have sprung up. Windless lies in the sheltered valley south of Bloodstone Village. Virdin, named after the last king of Damara, prospers in the foothills near the mines.

The Duchy of Brandiar

Ruling House: Brandebury

Present Duke: None, currently represented by Dormythyrr, Steward of the Duchy

Family Crest: Spear-tipped Windmill

Province Population: 8,000

Capital: Goliad (900)

Brandiar is a land of scattered villages, and farming is the primary occupation of the people. Once loosely ruled by the Duke of Brandebury in Goliad, that position is now empty. Ebelard, last of the Brandebury line, died of a broken heart soon after Zhengyi's ascent, for Ebelard was the first to concede defeat and surrender to the evil forces of Vaasa.

The people of Brandiar had no successor at hand, and the Witch-King never bothered to appoint one. Brandiar remained neutral during the Bloodstone Wars. Armies from Bloodstone crossed Brandiar's borders as freely as those from Morov, Ostel, and Polten. The unorganized farmers could have done nothing to stop either side, even had they tried!

After the Bloodstone Wars, when Vaasa reared its ugly head again, Brandiar did join in the Damaran rebellion. A common farmer from Goliad, Dormythyrr by name, assumed stewardship of the duchy. He gathered an army, then turned his forces over to Gareth, serving thereafter as an able commander in the Bloodstone army.

Today Brandiar is a divided land. More than any other province, Brandiar suffered under the Witch-King. "Eight of the ten" is a saying in the province: eight of the ten long years of the first war were fought almost exclusively within Brandiar's borders. The people won't soon forget what Gareth and the army of Bloodstone accomplished. Moreover, the security promised by the new Kingdom of Bloodstone is deeply appealing.

However, the southern villages of the province retain old ties to Morov and Ostel, who do not favor the new Bloodstone kingdom. Dimian Ree, the Baron

of Morov, takes it for granted that Brandiar will support him, but the province is actually leaning strongly toward Gareth.

The Duchy of Carmathan

Ruling House: Devlin

Present Duke: Helmont the 15th, 22nd Duke of Carmathan

Family Crest: Bloodied Scythe

Province Population: 20,000

Capital: Ravensburg (3,500)

Carmathan is one of the southernmost Damaran provinces. Like Polten and Ostel, it shares a long border with Impiltur to the south. Although several mines along the rim of the Earthspurs in the west have shown promise, Carmathan is Damara's chief farming province. In years of good harvests, Carmathan alone can feed all the peoples of the entire kingdom, making it an important province indeed.

The ruling house of Carmathan has been in turmoil the last two years. When the Witch-King set his assassins loose in the night, the first victim was Helmont the 13th, 20th Duke of Carmathan. The assassins killed more than 50 members of the family, leaving only Zhengyi's chosen puppet in line for the succession. He was swiftly appointed.

Thus did Dashard Devlin, an incompetent coward, ascend to the seat in Ravensrock. Dashard was Helmont's fourth cousin, and he took the title Helmont the 14th. The puppet played his role as head of an "independent state" well enough to keep the loyalty of the people of Carmathan. Guided by his overlord, Dashard set up a very successful propaganda network throughout the duchy. He also planned to move against Bloodstone.

When the Bloodstone army learned of Dashard's plans for an invasion, they marched south to meet the evil duke head on. Dashard's propaganda network whipped Carmathan's people into a patriotic frenzy of defense against the invaders.

The armies met 20 miles east of Valls, on the edge of the Brandiar Moor, in a



battle that came to be known as the Fight of Three Borders. From the outset it was apparent to the generals of Bloodstone that this battle was going to be much different than the diplomatically-engineered victory over Arcata. Believing Gareth to be the invader and usurper, the Carmathans advanced with fire in their eyes and a song on their lips. Fortunately, the Bloodstone army was equally well-motivated. Battle-hardened, and supported by the remnants of the Arcatan army, the forces from Bloodstone battled the Carmathans for almost three full days.









Finally Gareth achieved a hard-fought victory after the bloodiest battle of the Bloodstone Wars. Five hundred of the Bloodstone forces were cut down. More than two-thirds of the 1,800 Carmathans died on the field. Dashard himself was slain when he got in the way of a lightning bolt conjured by Emelyn the Gray.

Gareth would have continued south to put things right in Carmathan, but the alliance of Morov, Ostel, and Polten had united and was marching to cut off the Bloodstone army's return home.

Thus, Dashard's propaganda network remained intact, as did the internal structure of the court. Then unheralded came Theodorus, the heretofore unknown brother of Dashard. Theodorus took the ducal seat as Helmont the 15th, and quickly rallied the duchy behind him.

The new duke in Ravensrock has used the misinformation network well. Many Carmathans are quite convinced that Gareth was and is a power-hungry dog seeking conquest, not cooperation. Carmathan may prove be Gareth's toughest nut to crack in his quest for a united kingdom.

Also, Carmathan has deep roots in the old kingdom of Damara. Carmathans were, by tradition, deeply loyal to the throne in Heliogabalus. Ravensrock was actually Damara's first settlement, the original home of Feldrin and the founders of the kingdom. Fiercely independent, the Carmathans consider themselves the true Damarans, founders of the kingdom.

	New Kingdom	Quillan's Wall Neutral			Old Kingdom
Arcata					
Bloodstone					
Brandiar					
Carmathan					
Morov					
Ostel					
Polten					
Soravia					

And yet, in the chamber of Quillan the Sage, the standard of Carmathan is placed squarely in the middle of the Measures of Power Scale as an undecided province. There are several reasons to believe that Gareth will yet win over this southern region, detailed below.

Helmont the 15th sees an alliance with Morov as preferable to competing with Gareth's rising tide of favor, but the people of Carmathan have displayed no love for Dimian Ree. The Carmathans do not like the rumors they hear, particularly Ree's apparent ties to the thieves' guild and to the Grandfather of Assassins.

Second, the twilight Riders recently passed through the area, and Emelyn's company helped many. They even rescued the farming region of Halfling Downs from a ravaging bulette without a single life lost. Their aid has been noted and remarked on by all who encountered them.

A third boost lies in Carmathan's close ties with Impiltur. Once Gareth opens relations with Impiltur, he can work on Carmathan from the back door.

But a rumor may have supplied Gareth's strongest potential wedge. When the Twilight Riders were in Halfling Downs, they heard a tale from an old woman claiming to be a midwife to the House of Devlin. This midwife remembered no Theodorus, nor any

brother of Dashard ever being born. She doubted the authenticity of the new duke's claim.

Gareth would not allow the Twilight Riders to foster this unsubstantiated rumor. Instead, he brought in the well-respected Monastery of the Yellow Rose. The Monastery's genealogical archives are quite complete but, in fairness, they sent an expedition to Carmathan to investigate on the spot. Early reports seem to lend credence to the midwife's tale. Woe to Helmont the 15th if the proud people of Carmathan learn he is an imposter!

The Barony of Morov

Ruling House: Banacath

Present Baron: Dimian Ree, 27th Baron of Morov, Mayor of Heliogabalus, Presider of the Market, Overlord of the King's Road, Successor-in-line King of Damara

Family Crest: Stones and Scales (the standard of the Kingdom of Damara)

Province Population: 33,000

Capital: Heliogabalus (25,000)

Located in the fertile river valleys of south-central Damara, Morov had always been a major player in Damaran politics. Zhengyi knew the importance of the region, and set up Dimian Ree as the baron.

Dimian Ree's first act was to move the seat of the barony from Morovar to He-



liogabalus, once capital of all Damara. Previously, Heliogabalus had belonged to no single province, existing rather as an independent entity. Co-opting the city's status to make it the "capital" of Morov clearly stated Ree's ultimate aims.

Yet Dimian Ree has not openly claimed the throne of Damara, though he is a true descendant of Feldrin—one of only three surviving members of the line. (The others are Tranth, former Baron of Bloodstone, and his daughter, Baroness Christine.) To understand Dimian Ree's hesitation, one must understand the dynamics of Heliogabalus, for fully three-quarters of the people of Morov reside in that city.

Heliogabalus is a city of independent merchants, with no army, only mercenary guards controlled by those merchants. The people of Heliogabalus were loyal to the throne out of simple expediency. The merchants are only concerned with the flow of trade, and they care little whether Dimian Ree or Gareth Dragonsbane rules. Wealth is the key, and any upset of the status quo makes the merchants nervous. When the debate does arise concerning the new kingdom versus the old, the inevitable punchline here is: "Morov the same!"

In the Bloodstone Wars, the merchants' political indifference proved to be a great weakness. Morov and Ostel allied with Polten, and they should have fared better. After all, Morov and Ostel alone counted for more than one-third the total population of Damara! But these three provinces did not raise even 2,500 soldiers to battle the army of Bloodstone.

The wars were also disastrous for Dimian Ree. His first mistake came when he and his allies, the Baron of Polten and the Baroness of Ostel, planned to entrap Gareth and his men as they marched back to Bloodstone. The three-nation alliance set 1,200 men on Gareth's heels, while another 1,000 prepared an ambush ahead of the Bloodstone army.

Unfortunately for the alliance, the ambushers laid in wait in Warrenwood, right on top of that bees' nest called the

Warren. In a day, the halflings of the Warren killed 100 men and captured the other 900. When the main body of the allied army attacked Gareth's flank, they found themselves outnumbered two to one. The results can be imagined.

Ree made an even greater blunder after the allies surrendered. By then it was known that the Witch-King was on the move and that Gareth meant to fight him. Dimian Ree would not assist Bloodstone in a battle against his true master. The baron called his forces back to Morov.

But more than 1,000 soldiers of the alliance disobeyed their orders and stayed. These were primarily the 900 who had been spared and treated so well by the halflings. After Gareth's victory, many soldiers went home only long enough to collect their families before relocating in Brandiar or Bloodstone.

Morov would be tricky to fight in any event. Although the province couldn't raise much of an army itself, neither could Bloodstone's forces easily take Heliogabalus. The merchants would oppose any army just walking in, the thieves would hold every alley, and the battle would no doubt devolve to bloody house-to-house fighting. Gareth, therefore, is determined to be patient, waiting for his popular support to force Dimian Ree's hand.

Dimian Ree is also in a predicament. He sits in Heliogabalus with a legitimate claim, but his reign will be short if he cannot gather enough support to revive the old kingdom. Baroness Sylvia of Ostel remains his staunch ally, but Polten is slipping away. The merchants of Heliogabalus will not tolerate uncertainty in the region for long if that uncertainty sends the goods from the supply provinces flowing around, and not into, Morov.

With no substantial army and with a rising tide of support for the new Kingdom of Bloodstone, Dimian Ree's only chance may be to eliminate Tranth, Baroness Christine, and Gareth. It is whispered that he is a personal friend of the Grandfather of Assassins, and he may rely on that bond in the near future.

The Barony of Ostel

Ruling House: Praka

Present Baron: Baroness Sylvia, 23rd Noble of Ostel

Family Crest: Drawn Blade

Province Population: 26,000

Capital: Praka (11,000)

Ostel is a small city province south of Morov and bordering on Impiltur. In the heart of the Damaran waterways, Ostel is rich in farmland, but trade and crafting are the staples. Two major cities, Praka and Portith, are located on the King's Road, and they have always been the first stop for goods arriving from the west.

Before Morov and Heliogabalus combined, Ostel was Damara's most populous province, with more than twice the population of Bloodstone. By itself, it should have been able to raise an army sufficient to defeat Gareth's forces. But Ostel actually provided the least number of men to the alliance, and most of those had to be pressed into service.

Sylvia, Baroness of Ostel, is the whole reason, for she is hated by her people. Appointed by the Witch-King after House Praka was murdered, Sylvia was the most personally powerful of the provincial rulers. (She is a 14th level magic-user.) She consolidated her position quickly by using her magic and her wiles (16 Charisma) to charm the most influential merchants and landowners of the barony.

But among the common folk of Ostel Sylvia is despised. They see her for what she is, an evil, power-hungry sorceress who cares nothing for them. If Gareth does consolidate Damara into the new Kingdom of Bloodstone, he will have to forcibly remove Sylvia. Chances are, the good people of Ostel will lead him to her palace, and help him throw her down.

Sylvia clutches Dimian Ree's coattails for support. On the whole, Ostel remains loyal to the old Damaran kingdom, and as long as Dimian Ree holds some claim to the throne, Sylvia can keep the people under her thumb. With



Gareth's popularity rising, though, Sylvia fears that her day of reckoning is approaching fast.

The Barony of Polten

Ruling House: BelMaris

Present Baron: Donlevy the Young, 20th Baron of Polten

Family Crest: The Open Palm

Province Population: 14,000

Capital: Trailsend (8,000)

Completing the river-valley triangle of south-central provinces is Polten, sited across Lake Mogadore from Ostel. Its capital, Trailsend, is the sister city of Praka, though few polite words have been exchanged between the two since the Bloodstone Wars.

Like Carmathan, Polten retains strong ties with Impiltur. Trailsend was once the final stopover for caravans heading to Damara's southern neighbor, and the first stop for Impilturian caravans coming north.

Baron Donlevy the Old was a wise man, beloved in the province before Zhengyi's rise. When the Witch-King's war was joined, the baron understood what it would mean to be defeated by so wicked an enemy. He sent his infant son into hiding. In Tellerth, the young heir Donlevy lived disguised as a farmer's boy. Official word said only that Donlevy the Young had been taken ill and died and a state funeral was even held.

After Zhengyi won the first battle at Goliad, Donlevy the Old's fears were realized. All of House BelMaris was slaughtered and Zorth, a pretencousin, took the seat as Baron of Polten. The impostor wholeheartedly supported Dimian Ree and Sylvia against Bloodstone.

Zorth fell from power when the alliance failed to defeat Gareth's forces. Polten had supplied half of the troops who fought, specifically the contingent of 1,000 who were ambushed in Sleepy Wood. The survivors returned to Polten telling their kin of mercy and great courage of the new rulers in the north—quite a different tale than was

heard out of the capital. Many were angered by Zorth's refusal to join Gareth and stand up to the Witch-King. Most of the soldiers gathered their families and left Polten soon after the war.

Still only a boy of 14, Donlevy made his return from Tellerth at this time. To save his own hide, Zorth quickly stepped aside for the rightful heir. However, the youth's Tellerth counselors did not understand the situation in the capital, so Zorth remained as an advisor, as did many of his cohorts. Those faithful to Donlevy recognize the peril, but Zorth has placed himself close to Donlevy. So far, he has deflected all warnings to the new baron. Therefore, Polten remains loyal to Dimian Ree and the throne in Heliogabalus. It is widely believed, however, that if the new baron understood the situation, he would throw his allegiance to Gareth.

The barony's best hope seems to lie in the efforts of the Twilight Riders, and swaying Polten is the group's chief goal. Emelyn seeks to win people's hearts, and to do so, he has led the Twilight Riders all the way to the eastern border, to Tellerth. From there, the group will make its way back across the land, hopefully raising a tide of support behind them.

Additionally, the Twilight Riders have placed an agent inside the castle to keep an eye on Zorth. And if they learn that the former baron plans a coup, they will rush to Donlevy's side, prepared to crush the enemies of the rightful baron.

The Duchy of Soravia

Ruling House: None

Present Duke: None

Province Crest: Ice Mountain

Province Population: 12,000

Capital: Kinbrace (4,500)

Soravia is the newest of the Damaran provinces, created by the Witch-King as a buffer zone between his armies and the more populous sections of Damara. Originally, Soravia was about the size of Carmathan, occupying the southern sections of the wide valleys between

the three rivers. But when the Witch-King was defeated, Soravia expanded. It now includes all the lands west of Brandiar and north of Morov and Polten.

This sounds more impressive than it really is. The vast proportion of this province is rough grassland and barren tundra. Although it occupies nearly half of all Damara, Soravia can barely support the 12,000 hardy souls who live there.

The Witch-King set up one Ygor as the first Duke of Soravia, but he was dragged through the streets of Kinbrace as soon as Zhengyi was thrown down. The people are determined to maintain their independence, and they do not want their territory returned to its previous status as squatters' land (see the notes concerning Vaasa, below). Rumors indicate that the dukeship will be offered to Olwen Forest-friend, who is sweeping the last remnants of the Vaasan army from the vicinity.

Whether these rumors are true or not, Olwen and his soldiers are bringing freedom to the province. Where they pass, they spread news of Gareth Dragonsbane, and the scattered villages of Soravia are lining up solidly behind Gareth and the notion of the new Kingdom of Bloodstone.

This could prove quite important to the creation of the new kingdom. Soravia alone borders Narfell, Damara's quiet neighbor in the east. Only the people of eastern Soravia know anything at all about the rugged Nars. Furthermore, if Soravia and Brandiar swing completely into Gareth's fold, the Baron of Bloodstone will have a lock on the north and on all the major river systems in the region.

Looking at the overall situation, Gareth and his friends have to be pleased with what they have accomplished in the few months since the fall of the Witch-King. Arcata is squarely behind them, and Brandiar and Soravia seem only one step from pledging their allegiance to the new kingdom. If the monks of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose prove rumors, the Duke of Carmathan is going



to take a hard fall. With Polten slipping away from the three-province alliance, Ostel and Morov are on the verge of isolation from the rest of the kingdom—not a comfortable position for those that depend on the supply lines for their prosperity.

But Gareth is too farsighted to limit his plan to dealing with the internal politics of Damara. Damara is but one nation in the heart of a potentially prosperous, but often dangerous region. Rebounding from the devastating wars with the Witch-King will not prove an easy task for anyone.

VAASA

With the defeat of the Witch-King, Vaasa has quickly returned to its previous state of being unclaimed wilderness. There is no ruler here, and no formal governing body. Vaasa has become again a squatters' land, where people can claim any empty niche as their own. The only price is allegiance to the informal alliance of the people of the Sunderland. Cooperation is essential in this wilderness. Every house is a refuge, and every individual, a soldier in the common cause of survival.

The only true city is the castle of Darmshall (pop. 600) which serves as a waymeet for the miners and farmers, and a launching pad for those taking the road to Bloodstone Pass. Only about 8,000 humans and dwarves inhabit Vaasa, and these live primarily in the Sunderland along the Galena Mountains in the southernmost section of the country. They are a hardy folk, constantly fighting bands of goblins and orcs, and battling horrible weather.

Vaasa holds a goblinoid and giant population in excess of 200,000. Although these monsters are scattered in small tribes often fighting amongst themselves, their numbers alone make them a threat to the well-being of the goodly folk. Moreover, scores of evil

dragons have settled in the ruins of Castle Perilous, the former stronghold of the Witch-King, and dragons can only mean trouble.

Gareth Dragonsbane is the only ruler in the south who has any say about what happens in Vaasa. Bloodstone is the only Damaran province which extends through the Galenas, and Bloodstone Pass is the single easy route to Vaasa. For now, Gareth has not the time nor the manpower to undertake an expedition into the Vaasan wastes to formally claim and tame the land. However, construction of the Vaasan Gate at the north end of Bloodstone Pass significantly affects Vaasa's future.

This mighty fortress has become an important home base for adventuring companies looking to probe the northland. The Baron of Bloodstone has even placed a bounty on the heads of the evil humanoids. A goblin's ear will earn 2 gold pieces; a bugbear's, 7; and a giant's as much as 100 pieces of gold. In addition to taming the wilderness, Gareth hopes that adventurers will decide to settle down there. The Vaasan Gate has already attracted a number of hardy souls, many of whom have made their way to Darmshall.

Central and northern Vaasa is home to little but foul beasts, and not much of importance is heard from this area. Gareth is interested, however, in a large tribe of barbarians who stalk the frozen steppes in the shadow of the Great Glacier. This tribe, called "White Worm," fought beside Zhengyi in the war with Damara, but seemed to break away from the Witch-King near the end of his reign. The few adventurers who know White Worm speak of them as fierce but honorable warriors. White Worm may have lost faith in Zhengyi when they discovered his true, evil nature.

Gareth is more interested in opening diplomatic relations with White Worm than in meeting them on the field of bat-

tle again. In pursuit of this end, Kane the monk has reportedly used his spirit-walking ability to go among the tribesmen as an emissary. (See p. 50 and 57 for more details about Kane's mission.)

However, the most dangerous threat to peace in the north is not the dragons nor the barbarians, nor even the rise of a giant-king. Gareth and his friends fear that Zhengyi's early success may have drawn the interest of the Red Wizards, a powerful society of evil mages from the distant southern land of Thay.

The Witch-King was himself once a member of the Red Wizards before he broke away, eventually to become Damara's nightmare. Before Zhengyi, the Red Wizards had shown no interest in the Bloodstone Lands. Now, one or two individuals in the order might decide that Zhengyi had the right idea when he consolidated the vast army of Vaasan scum, even if the group as a whole kept its business elsewhere.

Although presently a member of the Twilight Riders, Myrddin Viligoth originally came to Bloodstone Village from the land of Thay. There he had been a member of the Red Wizards himself until he came to understand their vile beliefs. Although unconvinced that Thay or the Red Wizards will take any action in Vaasa, Myrddin has advised the heroes of Bloodstone to be wary.

Gareth and his friends would like to shut the door against the Red Wizards, or against anyone who might have designs in Vaasa. But with energy and resources tied up coping with the politics of Damara, they must rely on less direct methods. Most important are the efforts to establish good diplomatic relations with White Worm, the construction of the Vaasan Gate, and a bounty policy to attract and support companies of adventurers. These are small deterrents to the plans of the ill-intentioned, but vital nevertheless.



WHAT THE NEIGHBORS THINK

The events in Vaasa and Damara have not gone unnoticed outside the two countries. Of the other nations in the area, only Impiltur and Narfell seem likely to directly affect Vaasa and Damara.

Northern Impiltur and western Narfell are also considered “Bloodstone Lands,” though their mines produce nowhere near the quantities taken from either Vaasa or Damara. But Impiltur in particular plays a major role in Damara’s economy. Both Gareth Dragonsbane and Dimian Ree understand the roles that Impiltur and Narfell might play in their struggles. So far, Gareth has made a better impression.

The territories west of the Bloodstone Lands will be detailed in a separate sourcebook. For a Bloodstone Lands campaign, simply consider Thar and the city-states of Mulmaster and Procampur to be secondary to Vaasa and Damara.

Impiltur

Across the rushing waters of the Sidewinder Rivers sits Damara’s most important neighbor, Impiltur. Not a large nation, Impiltur is bordered by the Earthspurs and Damara on the north, the Sea of Fallen Stars to the south; it stretches from the Earthfasts on the west, east to the Easting Reach.

Some two-and-a-half centuries ago, the city-states were invaded by hordes of hobgoblins rolling out of the Giant-spire Mountains. The largest of the four cities took the boldest action. Imphras, War-Captain of Lyrabar, called up an army from all the states. When the dust cleared, the hobgoblins were smashed and Imphras was a hero. Seeing firsthand the value of working together, the four city-states united, forming Impiltur with its seat of power in Lyrabar. Today the crest of Impiltur—crossed sword and wand on a dun field trimmed in flaming scarlet—is a standard to be reckoned with.

Impiltur is a land of 100,000 citizens, more than 90% human. Only scattered groups of halflings and dwarves thrive in the nation.

Impiltur maintains a strong militia, and each of its four primary cities is a veritable fortress. A fifth city, Ilmwatch, houses only a few common folk, but more than 500 battle-ready troops.

The kingdom is ruled by Queen Sambryl, a 17th level magic-user who gained her position by marrying the great, great-grandson of Imphras, Imphras IV. Queen Sambryl has no taste for the duties of rule. She is a lover of knowledge and finds the tedium of day-to-day politics and formal engagements an absolute bore.

Nevertheless, Impiltur is well-ruled. Sambryl willingly acts as a figurehead, relinquishing her power to the council, the Lords of Imphras II, twelve indirect descendants of Impiltur’s noble founder. War-Captains all, each one is known to be of good alignment and all are high level paladins (not less than 11th level). Their leader is Kyrtraun, a 20th level paladin, who advises the Queen on every matter.

The Lords of Imphras II disperse to oversee events throughout the nation. With Kyrtraun are three other War-Captains: Rilimbraun, Limbrar, and Haelimbrar. Haelimbrar normally spends his time in the town of Laviguer, between the Earthspurs and the Earthfasts. His responsibility is to secure the western and northern borders of Impiltur. Presently, however, he is on a secret mission in Damara.

The city of Sarshel is home base to Silaunbrar and Rilaunyr. The cities of Hlammach and Dilpur are home to three paladins each: Imbra, Silmgar, and Lashilaun guard Hlammach. Imbraun, Soargilm, and Sambrar watch over Dilpur.

Impiltur’s wealth lies in trade, for all its major cities are seaports. Before the days of unity, the four cities had close ties with Procampur, Sembia, and with their fellow city-states along the Sea of Fallen Stars. Now the ships all sail under the Impilturian banner, and the traders manipulate the market quite to their own advantage.

Furthermore, Impiltur has become the gateway between east and south.

The nation acts as liaison between the Bloodstone Lands and the powers of the Sea of Fallen Stars. Ashanath, Narfell, and Rashemen beyond the Great Dale also conduct much business through Impiltur. The strange goods that flow into Impiltur from these lands can bring high prices.

Recent events in Impiltur

Over the last few years, the Lords of Imphras II have faced a few challenges within their own borders. In Rawlinswood, strange events have raised a few eyebrows. A bandit-lord called Lothchas has been operating in the area with a small, high-level band of marauders. Rumors also whisper of the Nentyarch, a mighty wizard living at the heart of the wood in a tree-lined fortress called Dun-Tharos.

However, Impiltur’s greatest concerns have undoubtedly been over the recent upheavals in Vaasa and Damara. Impiltur’s War-Captains watched the rise of the Witch-King uneasily, and as Zhengyi smashed through Damara, they kept one hand on their sword-hilts. Throughout the ten-year war, the debate raged over whether Impiltur should come to King Virdin’s aid.

All hoped that Damara would defeat Zhengyi, but officially the nation was neutral. A local rumor implied that some “Carmathan” troops who marched to aid the Bloodstone army were in fact a division sent secretly by Impiltur, but no truth to the rumor was ever found. Privately, the rulers feared that their entry into the war would instigate action by their more opportunistic neighbors.

When Damara surrendered at the Ford of Goliad, many of Impiltur’s Lords regretted their political paralysis. They talked of annexing Carmathan and Polten to be a buffer zone, and this was almost carried out. Impiltur finally opted for patience and discretion, fearing the consequences of angering the mighty Witch-King.

The two subsequent years of Zhengyi’s reign were an anxious period for



the people of Impiltur. Those in power understood the limitations on Zhengyi's strength and few feared an immediate invasion. Zhengyi would not risk another campaign against a major power too soon. The knowledgeable in Impiltur expected the Witch-King to strike to the east, where his long arms had already found Icelace Lake and the border with Narfell.

Although it did not fear invasion, Impiltur was still badly hurt, for the conquest disrupted all trade with Damara. Even the value of the now-"cursed" money dropped, and mine production fell off. In the past, nearly all of Damara's bloodstone passed through Sarshel. The Damaran merchants paid a percentage to Impiltur, as protection money, to pay for trading rights-of-way, and for the use of Impilturian port facilities. A substantial proportion of her fleet once sailed exclusively for bloodstone. Impiltur's ready wealth disappeared.

Where Impiltur now stands

Impiltur's official stance toward Damara continues to be "wait-and-see," at least officially. The War-Captains say little of their feelings about Gareth Dragonsbane in Bloodstone, or about his potential conflict with Dimian Ree in Heliogabalus.

After the fall of Zhengyi, Dimian Ree secretly pleaded for Impiltur to furnish

him the men he would need to put things aright in Damara. But on unanimous advice from her War-Captains, Sambryl politely refused. Her statement wished Dimian Ree the best, but firmly reminded him that Damara's business was Damara's alone.

Outraged, Dimian Ree saw the refusal as another nail driven into his coffin, even though his closest advisors had told him to expect no help from Impiltur.

But Dimian Ree won't give up easily. Using his elaborate underground network, the Baron of Morov spreads promises of wealth and trading benefits to the merchants of Lyrabar and Sarshel, but only if he is on Damara's throne. Ree hopes that this will encourage them to appeal on his behalf to the leaders of their cities.

In fact, Impiltur's neutrality is still more official than real. One of Impiltur's War-Captains, Haelimbrar, is secretly riding with the Twilight Riders, hoping to learn more of the methods and ambitions of Bloodstone's new baron. Emelyn the Gray denies it—with a wink.

Just like Dimian Ree, Gareth actively hopes to sway Impiltur's opinion into his own camp. To embellish his reputation in the southern kingdom, he has laid the foundations of his own communications network. Furthermore, the Baron of Bloodstone is taking advantage of his relationship with the Monas-

tery of the Yellow Rose. Long respected by the Lords of Imphras II, the Monastery supplied emissaries to speak on Gareth's behalf.

It seems logical that Gareth would be the Lords' first choice. Though from a different order, he too is a paladin and above reproach. Paladins understand and trust fellow paladins, and it is doubtful that cries of anguish would be heard on the streets of Impiltur's cities if Gareth were named the first Bloodstone king.

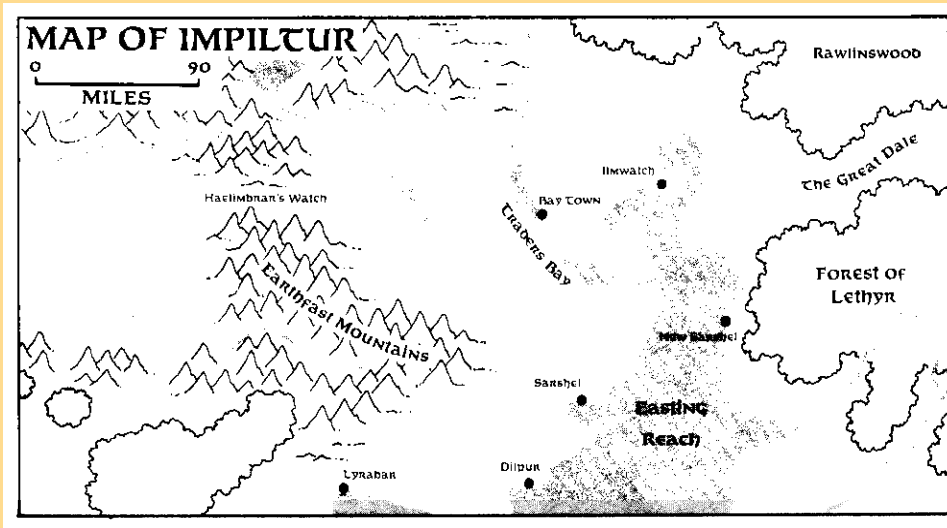
The people's feelings about Gareth are certainly colored by the parallels with their own hero. But more importantly, the powers of Impiltur want what is best for their neighbor. The recovery of the northern kingdom will restore the traffic of profitable merchant caravans.

Narfell

Beyond the eastern border of Soravia, beyond Icelace Lake and the Giantspire Mountains, lies the kingdom of Narfell. Larger than Damara, Narfell stretches from the Giantspire Mountains north to the far reaches of Icelace Lake, east to the borders of distant Rashemen, and down to the northern shore of the Ashane, the Lake of Tears. Rawlinswood forms Narfell's southernmost boundary, although the Nars consider the waymeet of Bezental and the Great Dale to be in their territory. The Great Glacier bounds Narfell in the north.

Overall, Narfell is a dry, flat grassland. There are a few central lakes called the Teardrops, with some connecting rivers. Other than the Giantspires, the kingdom has only a few lonely mountains, that do little to deflect the biting winds coming off the Great Glacier. These stony lumps are almost always crawling with fearsome monsters, with tundra yeti and hobgoblins poised behind every rock.

The soil in Narfell is not fertile; scraggly grass is about all it will support. The people here live as nomadic hunters, preying on the vast herds of reindeer and wild ox.





Though more tamed than Vaasa, Narfell can best be described as “savagely civilized.” Certainly its culture is far different from that of Damara and Impiltur. The tanned horsemen who ride the tundra, the Nars, live in large tribal communities. Temporary tent villages called waymeets appear along the worn paths the Nars call roads, most often springing up wherever a tribe might be when the sun finds the western horizon and the vicious night wind begins to blow.

Tales speak of at least 20 Nar tribes (see the extended descriptions below). Each tribe is called by the family name of their current chieftain. The largest tribe is Abordabe, numbering 4,000, but most tribes have only a few hundred members.

When unity is required, the Nars will abide by joint decisions made for the common good. Thus, in dealing with representatives of foreign merchants or threats of war beyond the borders, the Nars rely on decisions made by a tribal council led by Chieftain Abordabe.

There are no permanent cities in Narfell, but once a year, the tribes briefly gather in a single location—a huge marketplace they call Bildoobaris, but more commonly referred to as the Trade Fair. This gathering is occasioned by the merchants’ arrival from Impiltur and other lands, an effort which these traders make only once a year. The Trade Fair is a vast tent city that houses nearly all 30,000 men, women, and children of Narfell.

Narfell’s primary wealth is, without doubt, its horses. The Nars are among the finest horsemen in the Forgotten Realms, and they demand much of their steeds. Over time, the tribes have bred exceptional quality into their horses. Tall, sinewy, and tough, these steeds possess an endurance and raw strength unequalled in the region.

The Nars love to deal, and the Trade Fair is one of the great pleasures of every tribesman and woman. They have a weakness for sparkling jewelry and colorful clothes (especially the men), and every year they eagerly trade

horses for trinkets. A caveat to those who would make a quick coin: their taste has improved since Impiltur joined the trade circuit.

But in essence life in Narfell remains as it has always been: a day-to-day war against the elements and the monsters. These are a tough people—Nar women can outfight most men of the civilized realms. As it always has been, Narfell is a land where only the strong survive.

Recent events in Narfell

Even the rise of the Witch-King could not bring dramatic changes to this kingdom which has remained much the same since its earliest days. But the Nars did notice Zhengyi, and watched him closely.

The Nars had never involved themselves with Damara, and certainly they had never considered the possibility of war with their western neighbor. Only a few tribes had any contact with the east, and that only with frontiersmen in eastern Soravia. So the people of Narfell were not pleased by Zhengyi’s evident taste for conquest. The Witch-King’s army camped on the banks of Icelace Lake, and there was talk that, with its large numbers of unrecruited humanoid, Narfell would be the focus of Zhengyi’s next campaign.

A group of Nar horsemen were sent on a scouting probe by the tribal council. They crossed over the Frozen Ford into northern Soravia and skirmished with a contingent of the Vaasan army. The fierce Nars thundered through Zhengyi’s goblins, even cutting down several hill giants.

But a cleric of the Order of the Goat’s Head saw the horsemen as barbarians (and it can be argued that the Nars are indeed barbarians). Some say the evil cleric was high priest Banak himself. This priest brought forth a legion of undead against the Nars. Like most barbarians, the Nars have a definite aversion to things they do not understand, and the proud warriors swiftly lost their taste for battle. Although Nars rarely retreat, the few survivors fled

back across the frozen expanse of Icelace Lake carrying tales of impending doom to their people.

The tribes gathered in the shadows of the Giantspires preparing for war, and watched the rise of Gareth Dragonsbane with sincere relief. Zhengyi never crossed into Narfell, for the army of Bloodstone arose and threw him down. However, if the second battle at the Ford of Goliad had shifted in Zhengyi’s favor, the Nar army would have charged across the fields of Soravia to oppose the Witch-King.

Where Narfell now stands

Little is known of the Nars’ present feelings toward Damara. It seems likely that these proud and fierce people would lean in favor of Gareth Dragonsbane over Dimian Ree because there is a mentality of survival-of-the-fittest among the Nars. “Deed, not blood,” is the rule, and all Nars are judged by their actions. Even the tribal chieftains constantly face honorable challenges from rivals. The winner of these hand-to-hand battles becomes the newly-accepted chieftain, while the loser (if he lives) willingly takes a lesser standing and pays all honor to the victor. By bravely opposing Zhengyi, Gareth has probably won the approval of those Nar leaders who have noted the events in Damara.

Conversely, Dimian Ree has done nothing to make the Nars think well of him, and he hints that he will claim the throne of Damara by right of blood-not deed. Moreover, Narfell’s closest neighbors, the people of Soravia, owe their freedom and their allegiance to Gareth. Therefore, when they have occasion to speak with the Nars, the Soravians laud Gareth, not Ree.

The Nars know that Dimian Ree did not fight nor even offer support at the second battle at the Goliad ford. Even their own people were more battle-ready than the man who would succeed to the Damaran throne by bloodright. Therefore, Dimian Ree’s only hope would be to dishonor Gareth in the eyes of the Nars: not easy! Gareth has shown



himself a man of honor and courage, virtues highly valued by the Nars.

Gareth himself values the Nars' respect, and he has some preliminary plans for a balanced relationship with his eastern neighbor. If he should come to power as the first King of Bloodstone, Gareth sees Narfell as an ally mustering a powerful cavalry. In return, he believes that he can offer much to the tribesmen in the form of mining expertise.

The Giantspire Mountains are known to be rich in certain minerals, bloodstone included. The Nar hunters have never learned to pull ore from the ground profitably, and it seems unlikely that all the tribes would change their nomadic ways to learn. However, for a tithe of gems and jewels, the tribes might allow Damaran companies to mine in the Giantspires. Damara has the people to set up lucrative mines in Narfell, and to teach the Nars who so desire how to do their own mining. Gareth believes the arrangement has the makings of a solid partnership.

The known tribes

For the purpose of this description, each tribe has been categorized as being one of four dispositions: *Savage*, *Hostile*, *Ambivalent*, and *Tolerant*. A Dungeon Master should keep in mind that these ratings are generalizations.

A tribe rated *Savage* is likely to attack foreigners on sight, asking no questions. One regarded as *Hostile* would be more interested in capturing, or at least surrounding, foreigners before attacking. PCs caught in this unenviable position had better do some fast talking if they ever hope to leave. An *Ambivalent* tribe judges foreigners solely on their immediate actions. This tribe won't take any action, favorable or hostile, toward strangers until provoked—one way or the other. Finally, a *Tolerant* tribe will accept foreigners unless they do something to anger the tribal chieftain.

Most Nars fit somewhere between *Hostile* and *Ambivalent*. Even the most savage tribes come to the Trade Fair each year with open arms and wide

smiles, while even the most tolerant would not hesitate to put a pushy foreigner to a slow and painful death.

Tribes are usually difficult for outsiders to identify. They wear no distinctive colors or clothing, and the name of a tribe changes whenever a new chieftain takes command. While tribes are often found at waymeets within their territories, these locations are open to all the tribes and are freely shared. A traveler wandering to Peltarch, south of Icelace Lake, could not be sure whether the Nars camped there belonged to Abordabe or Creel—a dangerous confusion indeed!

Abordabe

Population: 4,000

Locale: Central Narfell between Hark's Finger and the western banks of the Teardrops.

Disposition: Tolerant

The largest of the Nar tribes, Abordabe oversees the Trade Fair each summer. The tribe views foreigners more as a source of added wealth than as enemies.

Aingst

Population: 1,700

Locale: Western Narfell, in the shadows of the Giantspire Mountains.

Disposition: Ambivalent

Aingst has had quite a bit of contact with farmers in eastern Damara. Still, this tribe is friendlier with strangers if they remain outside Narfell's borders.

Creel

Population: 750

Locale: Northwestern Narfell, on the banks of Icelace Lake.

Disposition: Savage

In the past, Creel might have been regarded as merely *Hostile*, but recent events changed that. The contingent of warriors routed by the Witch-King's undead came from this small tribe. Since their humiliation, Creel sees every foreigner as an enemy and will usually attack on sight. Even the other

Nar tribes make an effort to stay out of Creel's way these days.

Dag Nost

Population: 3,200

Locale: Southwestern Narfell along the borders of Rawlinswood, and as far as the northern fringes of the Forest of Lethyr.

Disposition: Tolerant

Dag Nost is considered by travelers to be the most civilized of the Nar tribes. Members of this tribe have occasionally traveled to the Impilturian village of Uthmerg to gain an edge in trading before the official Trade Fair gets underway.

Far Quey

Population: 2,300

Locale: Northern Narfell along the Great Glacier and on the northern banks of Icelace Lake.

Disposition: Hostile

Far Quey is a powerful tribe of exceptionally tough warriors. While this tribe can be more brutal than others, they are regarded as *Hostile*, not *Savage*. They have little contact with outsiders, and it may be that they are simply curious when a foreigner shows up in their inhospitable region. This hypothetical curiosity may be the PCs' only hope, should they wander into the clutches of Far Quey.

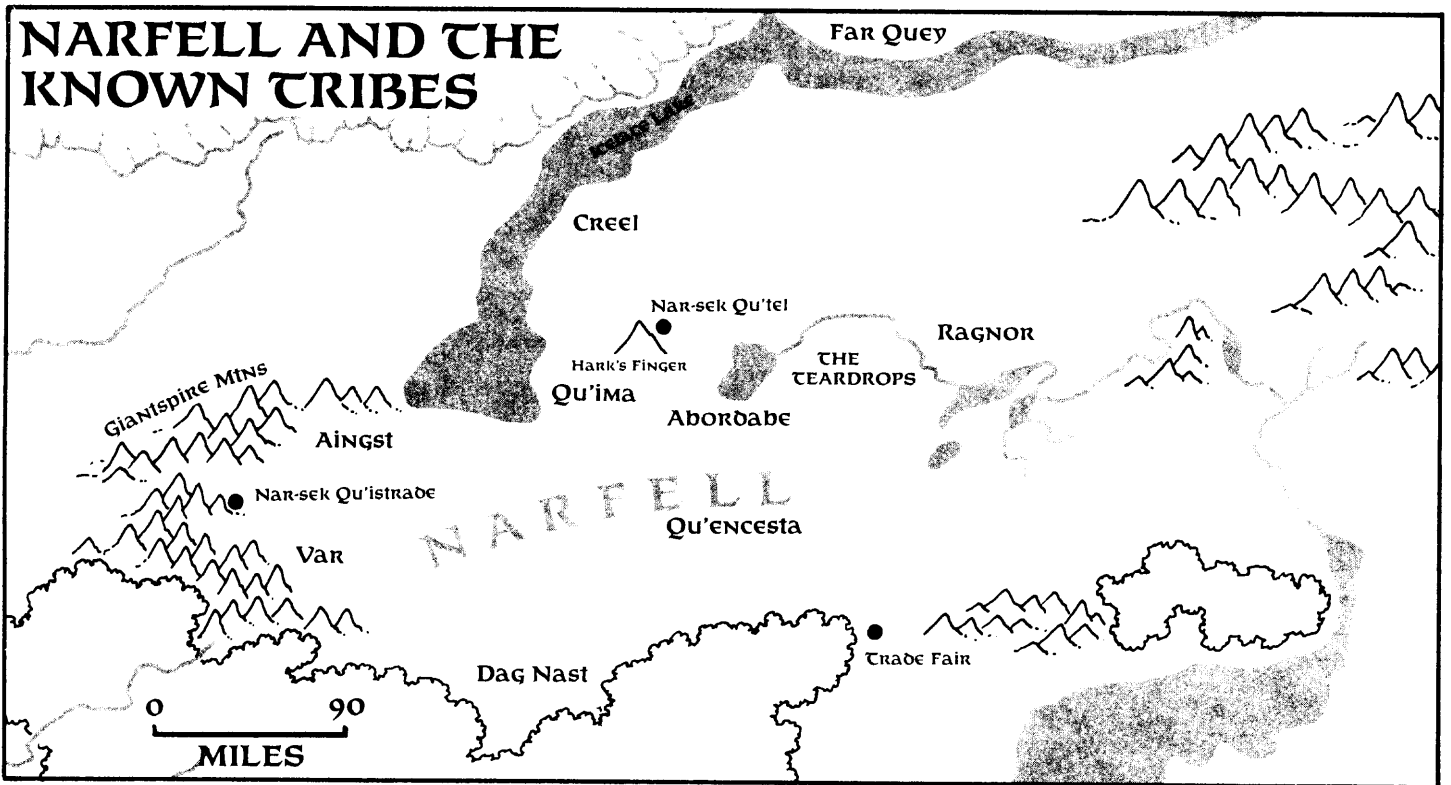
Qu'ima

Population: 1,900

Locale: West-central Narfell between Hark's Finger and the Giantspires.

Disposition: Ambivalent

Qu'ima is a middle-of-the-road tribe in all of their actions, with a tendency to blend into the background of events. Conservative by nature, they carefully weigh situations before acting, and this pause gives PCs a fair chance to walk away from Qu'ima without incident. If the PCs hoped to receive aid from this tribe, the task might prove to be more difficult!



A good example of Qu'ima's actions can be seen in their disassociation with Horse (see *Movers and Shakers*, p. 50). Horse is a particularly violent and anti-social renegade. Were he in the Abordabe tribe, Horse might have been executed; in a savage tribe like Qu'encesta, he would probably have become the chieftain! In a typically non-committal act, Qu'ima simply cast him out.

Qu'encesta

Population: 2,700

Locale: Central Narfell, from Icelace Lake to the northern borders of Rawlinswood.

Disposition: Savage

Qu'encesta takes the same hard line toward foreigners as does Creel, although they are on better terms with their fellow Nars. Qu'encesta firmly believes in the sovereignty and purity of

Narfell, and accepts no outsiders beyond the formal gathering of the Trade Fair. PCs coming in sight of Qu'encesta will be attacked by tribesmen outnumbering them five to one. If the PCs fight bravely and survive, they might be allowed to flee over Narfell's border. (The PCs should hope the skirmish takes place near a border!) In the worst case, they would be attacked again, this time outnumbered ten to one.

Ragnor

Population: 1,900

Locale: Eastern Narfell along the Tear-drops.

Disposition: Hostile

Most of Ragnor's outside contact is with the warlike people of Ashanath and Rashemen, and there has never been any love lost between the Nars and these groups. However, if the tribe encounters PCs from elsewhere —

Damara, for example—they might talk before attacking. Brave and proud PCs could win them over, but any cowardice or hostility will be dealt with in the severest of terms.

Var

Population: 2,400

Locale: Western Narfell, in the shadows of the Giantspire Mountains.

Disposition: Tolerant

PCs would do best if their first Narfellian encounter was with Var. The large tribe is the one most often seen in Damara, even as far west as Steppenhall. Var may prove to be Gareth Dragonsbane's link to this savage land, for Chief Var appears to be quite interested in the mining gemstones out of the Giantspire Mountains. In this light, the chief eagerly questions anyone he can meet from Damara, which he views as a rich kingdom that Narfell would do well to imitate.



SOCIETIES OF THE BLOODSTONE LANDS

Those who come to the Bloodstone Lands with a self-centered and possessive attitude have learned the errors of their ways—or they have perished.

Humans dominate the region. The other, less-populous races congregate in groups of their own kind. Nevertheless, as in most frontier regions, every house may be a sanctuary to a stranger, and every door is open to a fellow in need. A halfling wandering in the Galenas would find the dwarven village of Clan Orothiar a fine stopover on his travels.

The Races

Centaurs

Centaurs are not normally thought of as one of the goodly races, usually being relegated to a description as “monsters.” The centaurs of Damara have nevertheless played an important role in the recent events of the region, though their numbers are few. Fast and stealthy, the centaurs of Bloodstone Valley provided the Bloodstone army with field communication runners and an effective contingent of archers. This centaur group is presently led by Kiros, Chief of the Council of Elders, and cannot be taken lightly when examining the delicate balance of affairs in this region. The centaurs have the allegiance of the halflings living in the Warren below them, and of the dwarves who control the Bloodstone Mines.

A second group of centaurs inhabits the edge of Rawlinswood, just beyond the fields of Tellerth in the province of Polten. They are led by the Prancer, a 5th level fighter. The Prancer has a reputation as an unpredictable, and some say dangerous, centaur with a definite distaste for the humans who have come to the edges of his domain. He exhibits tolerance only for the druids of Rawlinswood.

Dwarves

More than 5,000 dwarves inhabit Vaasa and Damara, living primarily in that stretch of the Galenas noted for rich

lodes of bloodstone. The dwarves claim to have been practically the first settlers in the Bloodstone Lands, a claim that is generally accepted by the other races. They gracefully acknowledge that some folk had arrived before them: specifically, the barbarian tribe that followed the receding ice of the Great Glacier, and the monks of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose.

A number of the bearded folk earn a fine living as craftsmen in the cities of Damara, primarily in Heliogabalus and Trailsend. Armor brings a high price in a land so wrought with danger, and even the least skilled dwarves easily sell their services to those who can afford their inflated prices.

However, most dwarves are miners—wealthy miners. The largest clan, called Hillsafar, operates in the Sunderland, on the Vaasan side of the Galenas. Numbering 2,000, these mountain dwarves take mounds of bloodstone and copper from their mines, bringing most through Bloodstone Pass to Damara. They also move a fair amount through the Earthspurs to points west. Their leader, Garumbelly Hillsafar, is better known as “Grumble.” A 7th level fighter, Grumble is probably the most powerful individual in all of Vaasa at the present. Gareth Dragonsbane is anxious to parley with the dwarf as the baron develops his plans for taming the land.

The region’s only hill dwarves are those of Clan Orothiar of Bloodstone. Led by tribal chief Tokan, an 8th level fighter, this clan has perfected the art of taking and shaping the chalcedony bars, Orothiar’s numbers shrank to under 500 when the duergar closed the Bloodstone Mines. Now that the mines have been reopened, many of Clan Orothiar who wandered away are returning. The community is back to a healthy and prosperous 800 members.

There are smaller, lesser-known clans of dwarves as well. A third clan of the bearded folk operates the great forges of Ironspur, a rugged city in Groavia, on the southeastern edge of the Galenas. A fourth group works in the Earthspurs west of the Arcatan town of Tomrav, in

the unclaimed region beyond the Damaran border.

On the flip side, evil duergar are known to tunnel beneath the Galenas. Uncounted but certainly numerous, these gray dwarves remain a constant threat to those who work the rich Bloodstone Mines.

Elves and Half-elves

There are no communities of elves in the Bloodstone Lands, only wandering bands, or lone travelers from the elven strongholds in the forests of Sembia across the Moonsea to the west. Elves have had no role to speak of in the building of any of the four kingdoms of the Bloodstone Lands.

More prominent here are half-elves, who are better suited to live in the company of humans. Two individuals in particular have distinguished themselves: Celedon Kierney and his cousin Rior-dan Parnell. Word has it that if these two swashbucklers had things their way, they would personally account for a dramatic increase in the numbers of their race in the region!

Speaking again of the flip side, rumors identify a large community of drow elves serving the mysterious Nentyarch under the dark boughs of Dun-Tharos. The story remains unsubstantiated, though, and the idea may simply be the logical assumption made by those who fear that the Nentyarch is a mad and evil sorcerer.

Halflings

Although no halfling would prefer this region’s brutal climate, still the small folk have managed to make for themselves a pretty good living in the Bloodstone Lands. Like the dwarves, some halflings work as craftsmen in the cities, but mostly they live in their own communities, concentrated in two distinct groups.

Halfling Downs, along the Impilturian border, is probably the highest producing farm community (per capita) in all of Damara. The tallfellow halflings here pride themselves on hard work and



hard play. They live an existence well apart from the tumult of the squabbling politics of the humans.

The Waukeshire lies far to the north, in Bloodstone Valley. It is home to several hundred of the little folk who work in close association with the dwarves of Clan Orothiar and the centaurs of Warrenwood. This community makes a fine profit from the mines and the three races have built a defense pact, the Alliance of Beltwatchers, centered in the miles of formidably trapped tunnels of the Warren.

Half-orcs

Half-orcs fare better and are more plentiful in the Bloodstone Lands than in most areas of the Forgotten Realms. Though not especially favored by the people of the region—certainly the men and dwarves here have no love for orcs!—half-orcs are generally tolerated as a fact of life in every province and every city.

In mountain settlements such as Tomrav and Sudrav, half-orcs live among the humans and act as go-betweens. Their efforts smoothe humans' relations with the goblinoids of the surrounding mountains. Without the efforts of these half-breeds, these settlements might not have survived.

The breed has evolved one step further, with half-orc marrying half-orc. Thus, they are developing a culture independent of conventional orcish heritage. In the blasted ruins of the Vaasan city of Palishchuk, half-orcs are carving out their own independent community, and they live in harmony with their neighbors in Damara. Amazingly, these civilized half-orcs carry on good relations with the dwarves across the Galenas in Ironspur.

Humans

The dominant culture in the Bloodstone Lands is mankind's, with humans comprising more than 90% of all the goodly folk in the region. Damara's wealth attracted fortuneseekers and rogues from every corner of the Forgotten Realms, and the nation has

long been a melting pot. Over the years, people from different backgrounds have brought to Damara a piece of their own culture, even as they were assimilated into the general milieu.

The largest group of humans resemble the Dalemen across the Dragon's Reach in both appearance and attitudes. Included in this type are most of the people of Impiltur and Damara, not excluding the noble lines of Damara. Indeed, the line of Bloodfeathers, and that of Damara's founder Feldrin, can trace bloodlines directly back to Sembia.

The tribes of Narfell represent a different group altogether. Short and stocky, their tanned skins are much darker than the average Damaran's. A Nar's hair is almost always raven-black and straight to the shoulders.

The last group of men in the Bloodstone Lands were probably the first humans in the region: the barbarians of the Great Glacier. Their hair is light, usually blond, and they have a tall, strong build.

The barbarians themselves know nothing of their history before coming into the region, and no direct evidence shows them to be related to any of the other barbarian tribes in the Forgotten Realms. However, their customs and physical appearance are too much like those of other known tribes for the similarity to be dismissed. Scholars believe that this tribe is more closely related to the tribes of Icewind Dale, whom they resemble physically, than to the more common Uthgardt tribes of the north.

Like other barbarian tribes, the people of the Great Glacier have an almost mystical symbiosis with Nature. Their totem beast, the white worm, honors a monster that presents a real and ever-present danger to their existence.

This bond with Nature, exhibited by all the barbarians of the north, may be the evidence for a common ancestry. However, all these people live a harsh, savage existence. They may simply have developed similar ideas based on a reverence for and an understanding of the awesome power of Nature such as no "civilized" man could ever experience.

Gnomes

Surface gnomes are an uncommon sight north of the Sea of Fallen Stars. No community of these little people can be found anywhere in Vaasa, Damara, Impiltur, or Narfell. Like elves, those gnomes who come to the Bloodstone Lands are wandering bands or solitary fortune-hunters.

The svirfneblin, the deep gnomes, are a different matter. In a huge cavern under the Bloodstone Mines sits Deep-earth, a city of more than 800 svirfneblin. Ruled by good King Rugardo, these svirfneblin are intricately united with the societies of surface dwellers in the area, and the relationship is one of mutual benefit.

Other groups of deep gnomes are reported to live in peaceful solitude under the Earthspurs.

MONSTERS

Goblinkin and Giantkind

Goblins and orcs are more numerous than all the other races in the Bloodstone Lands combined. Yet they have failed to dominate the region because, like their kin everywhere, they are too petty and self-centered to organize themselves into a united force. The tribes are countless; every mountain seems to support its own clan. Induction into the Witch-King's vast army hardly made a dent in the numbers of potential recruits living in the dark holes of the mountains.

The Giantspire Mountains, on the Damara-Narfell border, are a veritable breeding ground for hobgoblins, bugbears and ogres. Travelers to the mountains in the region had better be prepared to face these formidable enemies. This is their territory, and they tend to travel in groups of a dozen or more.

Giants are also prevalent in the mountains. Most common are the stone giants, and there are a few scattered bands of hill giants. Generally, these monsters don't bother the villages, hav-



ing enough sport harrassing the goblins and orcs crawling all about them. On the rare occasions that they do come into human territory, the giants create serious problems, because even a small band can do an incredible amount of damage in a very short time. One particularly nasty group of stone giants, called the Thunkers, has been making trouble more frequently in the area.

Tundra yeti

If the uncivilized mountains belong to the goblins and giants, then the empty grasslands and tundra of the north are the domain of the fearsome tundra yeti. Not a gregarious creature, the tundra yeti usually roam alone or in small bands. Their shaggy coats camouflage them, and they hide unseen until it is too late for the victim.

The tundra yeti are a serious, seemingly unstoppable problem. On Narfell's grasslands, they kill more than 200 people and twice that number of horses annually. The Nars have launched numerous efforts, coordinated among the tribes, to clear specified areas. Long lines of horsemen sweep across miles of grassland and dozens of the savage beasts die. In no time, this "newly-tamed land" reverts to being dangerous wilderness, and the yeti seem no less numerous.

Remorhaz

Among the broken blocks at the fringes of the Great Glacier live the remorhaz, the polar worms. They are even more prevalent among the high frozen peaks of the Earthspurs. Rarely seen outside of these isolated areas, the remorhaz remain a popular symbol of the far cold reaches of the Bloodstone Lands. Within the boundaries of their predictable domains, the polar worms are supreme and unconquerable. The people who live nearby survive by understanding and respecting them.

The barbarians of the Great Glacier worship the remorhaz as a patron deity, and the glacier in the Earthspurs is

aply named the Glacier of the White Worm. The monks of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose use the remorhaz to test their discipline. The monks share the worms' environment, living not in conflict with the creatures, but in harmony. They have even perfected a technique for riding the beasts!

Dragons

Until very recently, dragons were not a familiar sight in the Bloodstone Lands. An occasional white would come down from the Great Glacier, or some other terror would drift in from the desolate wastelands north of Thar. But these solitary monsters never found much plunder, and they usually flew off before they became much of a problem.

Things have changed. In the ruins of Castle Perilous, evil dragons of all colors are congregating. One estimate puts their number at 50, and a huge group of whites is reportedly preparing to come down from the frozen wastes of the Great Glacier. Such a flight would double that number. The evil dragons are enraged by the defeat of Tiamat, their Queen, and are gathering to seek revenge on Tiamat's conquerors, Gareth Dragonsbane and his friends. Clearly, dragons are about to become a major influence in the area.

Other Nasty Things

The Bloodstone Lands are filled with danger. Gblinkin and giantkind, tundra yeti, remorhaz, and dragons comprise the majority of foes for the daring adventurers to deal with, but these are not the only monsters roaming the region. White-furred snakes, polar bears, white puddings, moon dogs, winter wolves, and nearly every other animal and monster found in a cold wilderness area can be encountered here. Any one of them would enjoy making a meal of an unlucky fool. And, like every other place in the Forgotten Realms that men have not brought the land fully under control, the stench of troll is not an uncommon odor.

Language

Modern common tongue is the predominant language of Damara, Impiltur, and Narfell. A bastardized form of the language, mixing common and dwarvish, is the argot of Vaasa. PCs speaking only common will be understood when visiting in Darmshall and other communities of Vaasa, but they may have a hard time understanding this odd dialect when it is spoken to them.

In remote mountain settlements such as Tomrav, orcish has become the second tongue, taught to every child. This is a simple matter of survival. More than one person from Tomrav has had to talk his way out of an orcan stewing pot! Language eases communication between the races, and has led to a quieter, if not completely peaceful, coexistence between man and orc in this region.

Currency

"If it's good anywhere else, it's good in Damara!" This popular saying spread among Damaran vendors since the currency of bloodstone bars collapsed. Damaran merchants are true traders, and they will deal in almost any country's currency. They will usually accept even the old chalcedony bars, for many Damaran merchants foresee the return of the bloodstone bar currency with the restoration of the kingdom. A few are even hoarding the stuff!

Vaasan attitudes towards currency are similar to those found farther south. However, bartered supplies are more welcome than coins—gold pieces make terrible windbreaks against a winter wind! Similarly, the people of Narfell prefer barter to coins. Recall, however, that the Nars have a definite weakness for gems and jewels, and a crafty jeweller may get twice the worth of his goods in trade for Narfellian stallions.

Impiltur mints its own money in the city of Hlammach. The coins bear the crossed sword and wand on one side, and "Imphras" etched along the bor-



der. Like everyone else, the merchants of Impiltur will deal in any currency, but the government levies a 3% Kingdom Tax on all purchases made with outside coinage.

Religion

Religion plays an important role for the people of the Bloodstone Lands. Rare is the individual who, over a span of years, has not seen death close at hand in this harsh territory. But though the people follow their chosen gods with dedication, they generally tolerate the ways of other religions. In this land, deadly monsters and deadlier weather are never far away, and there is no room for religious persecution, or religious separatism.

Baron Gareth Dragonsbane and Baroness Christine of Bloodstone are choice examples of this tolerance. Gareth is a lawful good paladin serving Ilmater; his wife Christine is a practicing druid of Silvanus! Simply put, the people of the Bloodstone Lands never let religion get in the way of living.

Ilmater, god of endurance and suffering, is a favorite of Damarans. The yellow rose, symbol of St. Sollars the Twice-Martyred, is a common sight in the land. Even those who live by other faiths feel a closeness to this long-dead patriarch. Anyone who has lived in this land of hardships knows the virtue of endurance in the face of suffering.

St. Dionysus is also honored here. Recently, construction of a huge cathedral has begun in Goliad. The construction was financed by a gift of gems and gold plundered from the lair of Tiamat by Friar Dugald, who is an associate of Baron Gareth. Some say the church is Gareth's political move to win over the people of Brandiar. However, those who know Friar Dugald do not question his dedication to St. Dionysus, though they might wink at the secondary motives behind the location of the church.

Impiltur sustains numerous sects and factions. The Lords of Imphras II call themselves "Holy Warriors of Suffering," a clear reference to the god Ilma-

ter. However, their choice does not constrain others, and Impiltur is truly a land of choice. Every city has many different places of worship, all tolerated by both the people and the leaders of the kingdom.

Among the fierce Nars it is Tempus, the Lord of Battles, who rules supreme. Speculation proposes that the barbarians of White Worm also pay homage to the Lord of Battles. This would link them yet more tightly with their suspected kin, the barbarians of Icewind Dale, but this preference has not yet been proven.

Evil beings have their own gods and their own interests in the region. Although Orcus and his foul kind have been forever banished from the Bloodstone Lands, priests of the goat's head continue to flourish among the goblinoids and evil humans. Their power structure was simply too entrenched to be thrown down, even with the defeat of their wretched god-figure.

In the wilds of the Galenas and the Earthspurs, another favorite is Skoraesus Stonebones, King of the Rock and god of the stone giants. Travelers in the mountains will often come across huge stone cairns built in honor of Skoraesus. His followers view the numerous stone giants as the true rulers of the mountain passes, and include many goblinoids as well as giants. Those goblinoids whose tribes worship Skoraesus have a longer life expectancy than others in stone giant country, so one wonders how much of their piety to Skoraesus is sincere, and how much is simple pragmatism!

Character Classes

Nearly every character class has made some mark in the Bloodstone Lands, but fighters are particularly noted. After all, everyday life in these lands is an adventure in itself! Almost everyone not practicing some other adventuring profession is at least a 1st level fighter.

PCs of any character class can adventure themselves in this yet-untamed region. Vaasa particularly needs adven-

turers, and experience is not a hard thing to achieve—though survival might be a different story!

Clerics

Every community in Impiltur and in Damara supports at least one chapel, and often several. As noted in the previous section, religion plays an important role in the lives of these people, and clerics are well-respected even by those not of the same faiths.

Like anywhere else, individual clerics in the Bloodstone Lands differ widely in their views on the proper lifestyle for a man of the cloth. Given their honored status, high-level clerics can pretty much decide for themselves the magnitude of their personal wealth and possessions. Many remain ascetic paupers, going among their flock as friends and advisors. But some, mostly in the larger cities, number among the wealthiest and most flamboyant people in all Damara.

Other pious individuals strike out into the mountain regions as missionaries for their chosen faith. Often they try to convert even the goblinoids to their viewpoint, and sometimes they meet with success. Often, though, missionaries simply disappear.

But whatever their faith or their practices, clerics thrive in the more civilized areas. The people here are eager to establish a good position in the afterlife, and most will go out of their way not to anger anyone in contact with the higher planes.

Among the Nars, shamans are honored even above the tribal chief. Tempus is the sole god of these people, and the Nars do not exhibit the religious tolerance common elsewhere. Clerics of other faiths would be wise to keep their beliefs very private when venturing into Narfell.

Evil clerics, like those of the goat's head religion, now find themselves severely limited in spell selection, especially in the higher level spells. With Orcus banished, there's no one left for them to commune with! Nevertheless,



these foul priests continue to recruit promising acolytes.

Druids

Druids are fairly common in the Bloodstone Lands, compared to their presence in other parts of the Realms. They worship Silvanus, and may be even more prominent than suspected, for such people tend to be secretive about their beliefs and practices, and they are rarely interested in the affairs of state. The Baroness Christine seems to be an exception.

Baroness Christine and her friends practice this most ancient religion in the Waukeshire of Bloodstone. A second community of druids is said to operate beyond Tellerth in Rawlinswood.

Fighters

The sword is more common than the hoe in Vaasa, Damara, and Narfell, and even in many regions of civilized Impiltur. This should come as no surprise, since most of this region has been at

war to a greater or lesser extent for the last 12 years. Even before the Witch-King, most villages saw trouble from evil humanoids or monsters at least once a season.

So, rare is the person in this region who is unfamiliar with the use of a weapon. "Zero-level" NPCs are unusual, greatly outnumbered by more advanced individuals. Common are first, second and even third level fighters. Training is mostly a thing of trial and error—if you win, you live to fight another day.

Rangers

Foremost stand the rangers among the successful heroes of the land. Wilderness knowledge is a survival trait, and an understanding of goblinkin and giantkind confers a major advantage.

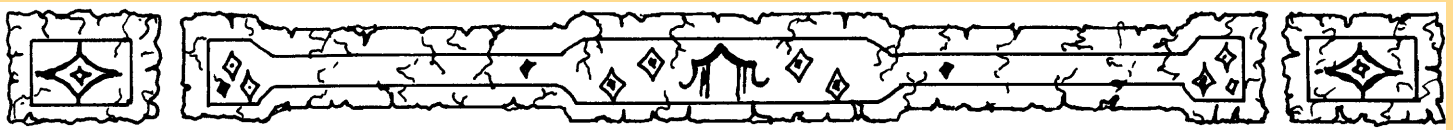
Mining towns treat rangers well, even those that are exclusively dwarven. Town leaders will usually hire wandering folk of this profession for some mission or other. A common saying:

"Goblins are never more than a peak away!" expresses reality of life in the Galenas and the Earthspurs. Thus, knowledge about these creatures, and of how to defeat them, is never treated lightly.

Paladins

Paladins do surprisingly well in both Impiltur and Damara. The Lords of Imphras II are holy warriors, as is Gareth Dragonsbane. When construction is complete, the Damaran Gate will be a fortress of the Order of the Golden Cup, Gareth's order of paladins. According to plan, this immense castle at the southern end of the Bloodstone Pass will house 500 fighters. The more paladins Gareth can attract to his ranks, the better.

Generally, paladins of the Bloodstone Lands are more tolerant of "common folk," than their snooty peers elsewhere in the Forgotten Realms. That might account for their success here, for aloof people in Damara tend to find themselves alone; and people alone tend to wind up dead!



In Narfell, where Tempus reigns supreme, a fighter closely tied to some other god might find himself unwelcome, to say the least. But the Nars are pragmatic, above everything else. They accept the Lords of Imphras II, and don't seem opposed to the rise of Gareth in Damara. This "tolerance" is extended to these rulers just so long as they keep their heresies within their own borders!

Magic-Users and Illusionists

Generally, practitioners of the magic arts tend to thrive in more civilized regions, where day-to-day needs do not outweigh the pursuit of higher learning. Still, those wizards casting spells in the Bloodstone Lands often find great pleasure and support in their unique status among the people.

The cities of Lyrabar and Hlammach in Impiltur both house minor schools of magic. These schools mostly dedicate themselves to the arts that can benefit the trading fleets. A wizard proficient in gusts of wind, for example, can make a small fortune hiring onto a merchant vessel whose captain fears pirates and still air.

No wizards' schools currently exist in Damara, although that may change once the politics of the kingdom are settled. Emelyn the Gray and Myrddin Vili-goth have talked of the need for such a school in the area. Vaasa and Narfell are too wild for such sophisticated arts, although a magic-user could certainly find ways to be useful, and ultimately accepted, on the Vaasan frontier. The clannish Nars might be a bit tougher to win over.

Illusionists here, as elsewhere, are quite rare, but there seems to be some potential for the class. The *svirfneblin* gnomes of Deepearth are skilled in the art, and they are anxious to tie themselves closer to the surface dwellers of the region. One possibility that has

been discussed in their caverns is to open a school for would-be illusionists. Even if there is no school any time soon, an aspiring illusionist could find a willing mentor among the friendly *svirfneblin*.

Thieves

The hard-working people of Damara and Vaasa and the fighting Nars have little tolerance for common thieves. But sneaky folk using their talents to scout for a community's enemies usually find themselves as much in demand as rangers are. Bloodstone's growing network of scouts, known as *Spysong*, is always willing to sign on a new thief, providing he or she can stand up to tests of honor and truth. *Spysong* has no room for double agents slipping into their intelligence organization.

Thieves have strong guilds in Heliogabalus, and in the major cities of Impiltur. Every large city in the Forgotten Realms has come to accept thievery as an unavoidable fact of life, and the cities of the Bloodstone Lands are no different. City-dwellers co-exist with thieves who confine their activities to grudgingly-accepted guidelines, preferring that to battling the miscreants for every inch of turf. On occasion, the connections are less hostile—Dimian Ree, heir-apparent to the Damaran throne, is reputedly a close friend to the thieves in Heliogabalus, specifically the guild called *Tightpurse*. That tie does not reflect well on the Baron of Morov's reputation among the folk of the outlying rural settlements.

For the more evil thieves and thugs, the assassins' guild remains a prominent force in the Galenas. Even the most optimistic citizens of Damara doubt that the bandit army will ever be completely eradicated from those mountains.

Monks

Only one order of monks exists in the Bloodstone Lands, the disciples of St.

Sollars. High up in the Earthspurs, the Monastery of the Yellow Rose is a massive fortress housing as many as 750 monks. The brothers of this monastery receive the greatest respect wherever they travel, even among the Nars in Narfell. They are known to all as loyal allies and deadly enemies.

Delicate matters are routine to the monks. A contingent of brothers from the monastery traveled to Carmathan to examine the authenticity of Helmont the 15th's claims of royal lineage. Even those with no love for the monastery are careful to keep clandestine any activities directed against the monks, and thus, Helmont had no choice but to accept them with a facade of cooperation.

Generally, the monks of the Bloodstone Lands do not try to force their beliefs on anyone. In this, they are like the clerics and paladins of the region, going about their business secure in their faith.

Wandering monks traveling in the region will usually receive the same high respect given to the Order of the Yellow Rose. That is, unless they act in a way unbecoming one of their station!

Evil monks have never been a factor here. The Grandfather of Assassins would nevertheless be delighted to get someone in his court who could infiltrate the Monastery of the Yellow Rose!

Bards

Bards are somewhat rare all across the Forgotten Realms, and they are not a commonly-seen class eaten today in Damara. However, they are as well represented here as anywhere else in the Realms.

One notable bard, Riordan Parnell, heads *Spysong*, the scouting network working for Bloodstone. Parnell would be more than willing to recruit others of his profession into the business.



CITIES, TOWNS, AND VILLAGES

With scanty farmland and wide-spread mines, the Bloodstone Lands support numerous small-scale settlements. Farming and mining communities dot the Damaran countryside. Many are unnamed clusters of houses, but others are formally established, and continue to endure as long-standing communities.

Impiltur's population is concentrated in the cities. Once independent city-states, those four large cities house approximately three-quarters of the kingdom's entire population. The Nars of Narfell are nomadic, with no permanent settlements to call home. Untamed Vaasa is mostly uninhabited bogland.

Bay Town

Population: 1,750

Bay Town is the community that the twelve Lords of Imphras II would most like to forget. Dominating Traders Bay in central Impiltur, Bay Town shelters thieves and pirates, smugglers and other unseemly types of every profession. The leaders of Impiltur acknowledge that thieves and rogues will carve a niche for themselves somewhere, so they simply turn their eyes away from the goings-on. In truth, they prefer to keep the scum confined to one area, preferably one of minimal importance, and Bay Town fits that bill. PCs wandering into the town are likely to be "invited" to serve as slaves on one of the many pirate ships—an offer they may find difficult to refuse!

Bloodstone Village

Population: 7,500

The seat of the House of Tranth, Bloodstone Village is more notably the capital of the Barony of Bloodstone. The city is as rich in heroes as in chalcedony, and undoubtedly the fastest growing power center in the region. Bloodstone Village would certainly become the capital of the Kingdom of Bloodstone if Vaasa and Damarara are so united.

A high wall surrounds Bloodstone Village, but its gates are always open. In the past, the people of Bloodstone Village were either miners or tradesmen, but today the city has a more balanced fla-

vor because of the recent influx of merchants and adventurers.

All the goodly races are welcome here. More than 6,000 of the citizens are human, but halflings and dwarves abound. Even the half-orcs from Palishchuk appear with increasing frequency.

Bloodstone Village keeps no formal militia at this time, except for the Baron's palace guard. However, the most formidable and loyal army in all Damara is only a few hours away, at the Vaasan and Damaran Gates.

Brotha

Population: 400

Brotha is an agricultural community five miles west of Portith in the Barony of Ostel. The farms here are quite productive, making this mid-sized town an important factor in Ostel's independence.

The people of Brotha truly despise Ostel's ruling Baroness Sylvia. These proud and honest farmers view the sorceress as a trickster and a liar, with no allegiance to anything but filling her treasurehouse. Rumor has it that Mayor Tom Haystacks has sent a secret note to the Twilight Riders, asking them to aid Brotha in its struggle to dethrone Sylvia. At the very least, Brotha is developing closer relations with Brandiar, whose people are lining up against Dimian Ree, the ruler who is Baroness Sylvia's closest ally.

Daleport

Population: 125

Daleport came into being when a group of ambitious bargemen saw the opportunity to offer merchants and travelers crossing the Morov-Polten line a better option than to take the King's Road or Dalen's Ford (both of which pass through a stretch of bogland). The road is so bad that the extra ten miles up the Icelace River to the Ford can take a laden caravan as much as two hard days of travel, so until recently the bargemen have done well.

Ever since Polten began slipping away from its alliance with Morov and Ostel, business for the Daleport barges has been slowing down. The people of Daleport fear they may soon be pressed into a

more ominous service—transporting troops—if the baronies go to war.

On a lighter side, Daleport is also known for the Barge House, a tavern of wild reputation. Formerly a warehouse, the Barge House is a huge establishment, seating 500 comfortably. The majority of the Daleport population can be found here each night making quiet deals with those passing through. Barge owners are known to engage in some smuggling with certain less-than-reputable patrons. In fact, during a visit to the Barge House, a person can get, or can find out where to get, anything he or she desires.

Darmshall

Population: 600

As much a fortress as a city, Darmshall is a bastion of security in the hostile land of Vaasa. Its usual population is only 600, but Darmshall has sheltered nearly ten times that number for extended periods in times of peril. A towering wall surrounds Darmshall, lined with weapons of war and grim-faced guards. Huge storerooms of food and supplies fill a secret tunnel complex beneath the city, stockpiled against times of need.

The construction of Darmshall was funded by an adventuring band called Tenblades, a group active during the early explorations of Vaasa. After two members of Tenblades were murdered, the group's stubborn leader Romas Thunderclap wanted to get back at the vile inhabitants of the district. He built Darmshall, a mighty fortress, to be a perpetual thorn in the side of those evil beings claiming dominion of the land.

Romas must have been smiling in his grave for the last decade. Although the Witch-King claimed all of Vaasa, he never conquered Darmshall, though 1,000 goblin corpses rotted on the fields surrounding the city.

Dilpur

Population: 15,000

For a very long time, Dilpur was the smallest and least important of the Impilturian city-states. When trade from Damara declined, and Sarshel fell, many of the refu-



gees from Sarshel settled in Dilpur, the next closest city. The population nearly doubled. Dilpur quickly expanded its docks, and a new wall is under construction to encompass the sprawling additions built onto the city over the last few years.

The three lords who rule Dilpur are concerned for the future of their city. The Lords Imbraun, Soargilm, and Sambrar recognize the potential for renewed trade with Damara. While Impiltur as a whole would benefit greatly, a renewed flow of bloodstone from the north might prove disastrous for Dilpur. The lords must wonder how many citizens might return to Sarshel if trade resumes. Therefore, when planning new additions to the city, the lords are proceeding cautiously. Their efforts focus on improving areas like the docks, areas that will prove useful even if the new arrivals do not remain.

Dunfee

Population: 1,100

Dunfee is Impiltur's most important mining town. Located in the southeastern corner of the Earthspurs, Dunfee is barely a stone's throw from the Damaran border. The people of Dunfee have close ties with their neighbors: their fellow miners in Sudrav, the Carmathan nobles in Ravensburg, and the farmers in Zarach. In fact, they are becoming Zarach's principal market for foodstuffs.

Dunfee's proximity to Damara brings watchful eyes and ears into the town. One or more of the Lords of Imphras II are almost always present. If not one of them, then their Heralds are here. They watch the continuing political struggle in the north and patiently gather information.

Goliad

Population: 900

A closely-walled city amid sprawling fields and scattered farmhouses, Goliad is both the seat of power for the Duchy of Brandiar, and a war-time refuge for the nearby farmers. Only 250 people regularly reside within the walls, but its stated population includes the many farmers who rely on it to be home base and a shelter.

Twice battered, Goliad serves as a testament to the teachings of Ilmater, the god of endurance and suffering, simply be-

cause it continues to exist. When the Witch-King proved victorious at the first battle at the ford, Goliad was literally flattened and its people sent fleeing across the land. But they returned and rebuilt—only to have it flattened again when the armies returned for a rematch.

This time, though, the good guys won. The people of Goliad received considerable assistance pulling their city back together for the second time. The Church of Dionysus will soon be completed, and it is sure to be one of the most impressive structures in the region, a symbol of the unyielding will of the brave people of Goliad and all Brandiar.

Heliogabalus

Population: 25,000

Second-largest city in the Bloodstone Lands, Heliogabalus has long been Damara's center of power and trade. Like large cities elsewhere in the Forgotten Realms, Heliogabalus is a place of many textures. The guilds are here: the Damaran thieves' guild, the merchants guild, and the various trade guilds. Here also may be found the lures of the underworld, easy to contact in the many darkened taverns.

Until the reign of Zhengyi, Heliogabalus enjoyed the singular status of being a separate province of Damara. When the provinces were proclaimed independent, Dimian Ree moved his seat of power from Morovar to Heliogabalus, and annexed the city into Morov's realm.

The people of Heliogabalus raised no objections to Ree's actions. Independent, and loyal to no one outside their respective guilds, the people here rarely object to anything unless it interferes with day-to-day business.

Heliogabalus has its finger on the pulse of Damara's economy. Astride every trade route of road and waterway, Heliogabalus will always have a dominant role in the region's politics, even if the official seat of power moves to Bloodstone Village. The merchants' power, bolstered by their ties to foreign lands, cannot be threatened by proclamation of a new capital city. If the new baron expects his Kingdom of Bloodstone to succeed, he will have to coax the powerful guildmasters of Heliogabalus into his fold.

Helmsdale

Population: 80

Helmsdale suffered greatly throughout the reign of the Witch-King, serving as Zhengyi's base of operations in Damara from his first invasion until his defeat almost 12 years later. Now the town is often referred to as "the cursed village."

Originally a quiet farming community, Helmsdale once harbored a population of 500, mostly farmers whose produce largely went to support the dwarves of Ironspur. The Last Outpost was a favorite tavern for anyone traveling the King's Road north of Goliad.

Helmsdale's population exploded to 4,000 when the Witch-King's army rolled in. None of the original inhabitants of Helmsdale managed to get out before the army overran the city. Of the 500 who surrendered to Zhengyi during the first year of the Vaasan War, only 78 survived to see the Witch-King defeated. Most of those have since remained in Helmsdale, and a few newcomers have trickled in.

Like every other community in Damara, Helmsdale is stubbornly determined to survive. With help from Ironspur and from the Bloodstone army, the final reminders of Zhengyi's vile reign have been swept from the village. On unanimous decision of the people of Helmsdale, the first structure rebuilt was the Last Outpost.

Hlammach

Population: 21,000

Like all the important Impilturian cities, Hlammach is a major seaport. Walled and compact, the city is home to merchants, tradesmen, and sailors. Her docks are extensive and always filled with laden ships, for Hlammach is the final stopover before the village of Uthmerg and the trade road going east.

Before the unification of Impiltur, Hlammach was second only to Lyrabar in importance, because the city controlled the entire northwestern corner of the Sea of Fallen Stars. Hlammach's principal rival was Sarshel, and relations between the two cities were never friendly. Even today, under the united banner of Impiltur, relations between the people of Hlammach and Sarshel remain cool. (This



partly explains why those who deserted Sarshel when trade fell off settled in small, unimportant Dilpur.)

Hlammach retains great importance today as the center of Impilturian economic planning, being the location of the kingdom's mint. War-Captains Imbra, Silmgar, and Lashilaun work to maintain a level of currency proportionate to the true wealth of the kingdom.

Ilmwatch

Population: 560

More a fortress than a city, Ilmwatch stands on the north bank of the infamous Buzzard Beak Harbor. It protects merchants traveling to and from Damara, and those who cross the Easting Reach to Uthmerg. Patrols from Ilmwatch regularly visit Uthmerg and the string of small villages that dot the road north. Mulltown, Guidodale, Maracrath, and Cairnpur are overnight stops along the Merchant's Run, part of the Herald's Road. Contingents from the garrison often accompany merchants journeying south.

Kinbrace

Population: 4,500

Kinbrace covers more than 25 square miles of land. Nestled in the verdant valley of the Galena River, the city is surrounded by productive farms scattered across the broad grasslands of Soravia. Farmers often informally joined forces in Kinbrace before continuing south with their goods. This gave Kinbrace a solid lock on shipping coming down from the northern reaches of Damara.

Unlike most of the towns in this hostile land, Kinbrace has no wall. Instead, its perimeter is anchored by six impressive castles. Each of these is ruled by an independent landowner. Generally, the owners work together, understanding the advantages of unity. But feuds have occurred in the past, and the ruling families have been as interested in their own profits as in the common good.

This shortsightedness contributed to the ease with which Zhengyi took Kinbrace. He named it as the capital of Soravia, but his puppet-Duke was quickly thrown down. With the Witch-King's fall,

Kinbrace has returned to its informal existence, as has Soravia in general.

Lyrabar

Population: 32,000

The great port of Lyrabar is the largest city in the Bloodstone Lands. Impiltur's capital, the city is ruled by the twelve Lords of Imphras II. The castle of Kyrtraun stands within its walls, as does Tower Pureheart. The rising spire of the Tower can be seen for many miles. The most beautiful and dominant structure in the city is the golden-domed palace of Queen Sambryl.

Lyrabar is long and narrow, a strip city arrayed along the waterfront. Her docks are extensive and her fleet is the envy of all the region, floating numerous warships and merchant vessels.

Westernmost of the major cities of Impiltur, Lyrabar maintains good relations with the independent city-state of Procampur. Good relations also exist with the nations bordering the Dragon Reach, and those on the western banks of the Sea of Fallen Stars.

Morovar

Population: 4,000

Once the thriving capital of the Barony of Morov, Morovar is on the decline. Forsaken by Baron Dimian Ree when he moved the seat of power to Heliogabalus, the city seems to have lost its spirit. Most of Morov's nobles have abandoned Morovar to follow the baron, and no ruling body remains. In times of trouble, the remaining militia are hard to organize and workers are slow to respond.

Not surprisingly, many citizens resent Dimian Ree's move south. They feel deserted and cheated, and malcontents are quite common in this once-proud city. Some even say Morovar should transfer its loyalties to the province of Brandiar, though most know that would be a daring and dangerous move.

Regardless of its present difficulties, the high-walled city retains its importance as a port on the Goliad River. Morovar also serves as a collection market for the produce farmed in the fertile lands of the barony.

Mulltown

Population: 250

Typical of the Impilturian villages is Mulltown, the first stopover for caravans moving south down Merchant's Run from Damara. Many of the smaller cities in Impiltur support the trading routes to and from the four major city-states. Defensible Mulltown offers well-managed inns and skilled smithies, and is a perfect example of a community whose role is service to visitors.

New Sarshel

Population: 1,500

The recently-completed structures of New Sarshel stand across the water from the city of Sarshel. Built out of defiance for the old city, New Sarshel does its utmost to steal merchants and sailors away from its namesake.

The construction of New Sarshel was financed by a committee of fifteen merchants, disgruntled by the city's apparent indifference to its decline in the wake of the Damaran disaster. The founders of New Sarshel have an aggressive hunger for trade from the east. But convincing trade to come to the new city is not an easy task. Certainly the great port of Hlammach will offer no assistance! Bettors get even odds that the new city will not survive the next winter.

Ostrav

Population: 200

Isolated in the grasslands of Arcata, the small farming community of Ostrav has weathered the winters and the Witch-King without breaking a sweat. Politically neutral, Ostrav has some of the friendliest inns in all the land. The townspeople of Ostrav plod trustingly from day to day, cordial to strangers who wish to stop over and wipe the dust of the road from their boots.

Palishchuk

Population: 750

One of the most unusual settlements in all the Realms, Palishchuk is inhabited by half-orcs. After the fall of the Witch-King,



the half-orcs of the region claimed the ruined city of Palishchuk and rebuilt.

What makes this settlement doubly unusual is the half-orcs' determination to integrate themselves with the goodly societies of the land. The rulers of Palishchuk have made peaceful overtures to all their neighbors. They have extended their hands to their Vaasan kin in Darmshall, to the rising powers in Bloodstone, and even to the dwarves across the Galenas in Ironspur. Remarkably, the people of Darmshall and Bloodstone fully accept Palishchuk as a neighbor and ally.

Even most of the Ironspur dwarves have learned to place a little trust in the half-orc community. Only Clan Hillsafar refuses to put aside the long-standing antipathy between dwarves and half-orcs, but even that may be changing. Surly Grumble, head of the Hillsafar dwarves, seems to be mellowing in his attitude, and his fellows are likely to follow his lead. With everything initially against it, Palishchuk may yet become one of the region's greatest successes.

Portith

Population: 1,200

Portith is a medium-sized town on the west bank of Lake Mogador in the Damaran province of Ostel. A convenient stopover between two prominent Damaran cities, Praka and Heliogabalus, Portith is known for fine inns and craftsmen.

Portith may be the only Damaran city that could flourish without help from any other community. In addition to the fine trading and crafting facilities, fishing and farm yields are productive enough support Portith's population in the worst of years.

Praka

Population: 11,000

Smaller only than Heliogabalus, Praka had long been Damara's second-loudest voice in government. A city of tall walls and sky-reaching towers, Praka is a beautiful settlement, aesthetically pleasing and readily defensible. Here live many of Damara's true artists, and their work touches everything. Even the regalia of the Prakan militia is richly decorated.

In olden times, the head of House Praka was well-beloved by his or her subjects. Usually the ruling Baron of Ostel would be appointed steward to Damara's throne in the absence of the king. Those days are gone.

Today Praka finds itself more and more isolated, even from the cities in its own province. The Baroness Sylvia was put in place by the Witch-King's agents, and she is generally despised. Her arrogant and selfish policies have embarrassed the loyal people of this proud province. She has been particularly criticized for her unsympathetic attitudes toward the brave soldiers who helped defeat the Vaasan army and free Damara from the Witch-King's foul clutches. Huddled and desperate behind Praka's walls, Sylvia and her cohorts find only one hand held out to them: the equally desperate grasp of Dimian Ree.

Ravensburg

Population: 3,500

Ravensburg, capital of Carmathan, faces a dilemma similar to Praka's: the Duke of Carmathan, Theodorus, is not loved. Now formally named Helmont the 15th, Theodorus has used misinformation to deflect any outward signs of that hatred, but the people are unhappy nevertheless.

In fact, the Carmathans are unhappy with the whole lot of would-be rulers. Gulled by the web of their Duke's constant lies, they distrust Gareth Dragonsbane and his proposed Kingdom of Bloodstone. Yet, for all that the people dislike Theodorus, they hate Dimian Ree even more.

So today Ravensburg is a city of intrigue and whispers. Agents of Dimian Ree and Gareth Dragonsbane stalk the alleys, spreading their tales to anyone who will listen. The monks of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose are closely investigating Theodorus' claim to the duchy. Like Ostel, Carmathan is a proud and noble province with a long history of loyalty to the old Damaran kingdom. The people are determined to do the right thing—if they can find out what it is!

Beyond the intrigue, day-to-day Ravensburg devotes much of its energy to warehousing the produce from surrounding

farms. Like Kinbrace in Soravia, which has a similar economic slant, Ravensburg's long, low warehouses sprawl over many square miles. The city proper bustles with tradesmen, mostly leatherworkers and metalworkers crafting farming equipment.

Ravensburg hosts a well-known springtime horse market. A huge equine breed known as the Carmathan Red, or the Carmathan Horse-Ox, is dealt almost exclusively during this fair. The reputation of the Carmathan Red is that of an exceptionally strong and durable plowhorse, and the beasts have been favored by farmers throughout the Bloodstone Lands for a long time. The horses were starting to draw interest from traders and farmers all along the Sea of Fallen Stars until Zhengyi's wars isolated Damara. As conditions have stabilized, that interest has been rekindling.

Sarshel

Population: 6,000

Sarshel is a walled city with extensive dock facilities. Seaside Palace is the city's main structure and governing house; the palace houses Lords Rilaunyr and Silaunbrar. The 200-room complex includes a covered wharf complex, which harbors Rilaunyr's Warship, the flagship of the extensive Sarshel fleet.

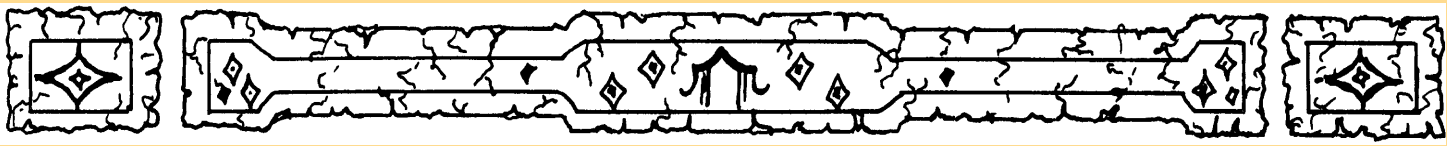
Sarshel is the largest Impilturian city close to Damara and points east, and for many years it served as the primary port for Damaran merchants. Since the Witch-King's rise halted Damaran trade, the city has suffered. Once a flourishing city of 18,000, Sarshel has shrivelled to only a third its former size.

Lately Sarshel has been eclipsed by Hlammach, a city better equipped to handle the east-west trade routes. Still, the people remaining in Sarshel are proud and stubborn. They sail onto the Sea of Fallen Stars often enough to bring them an ample piece of the trading pie.

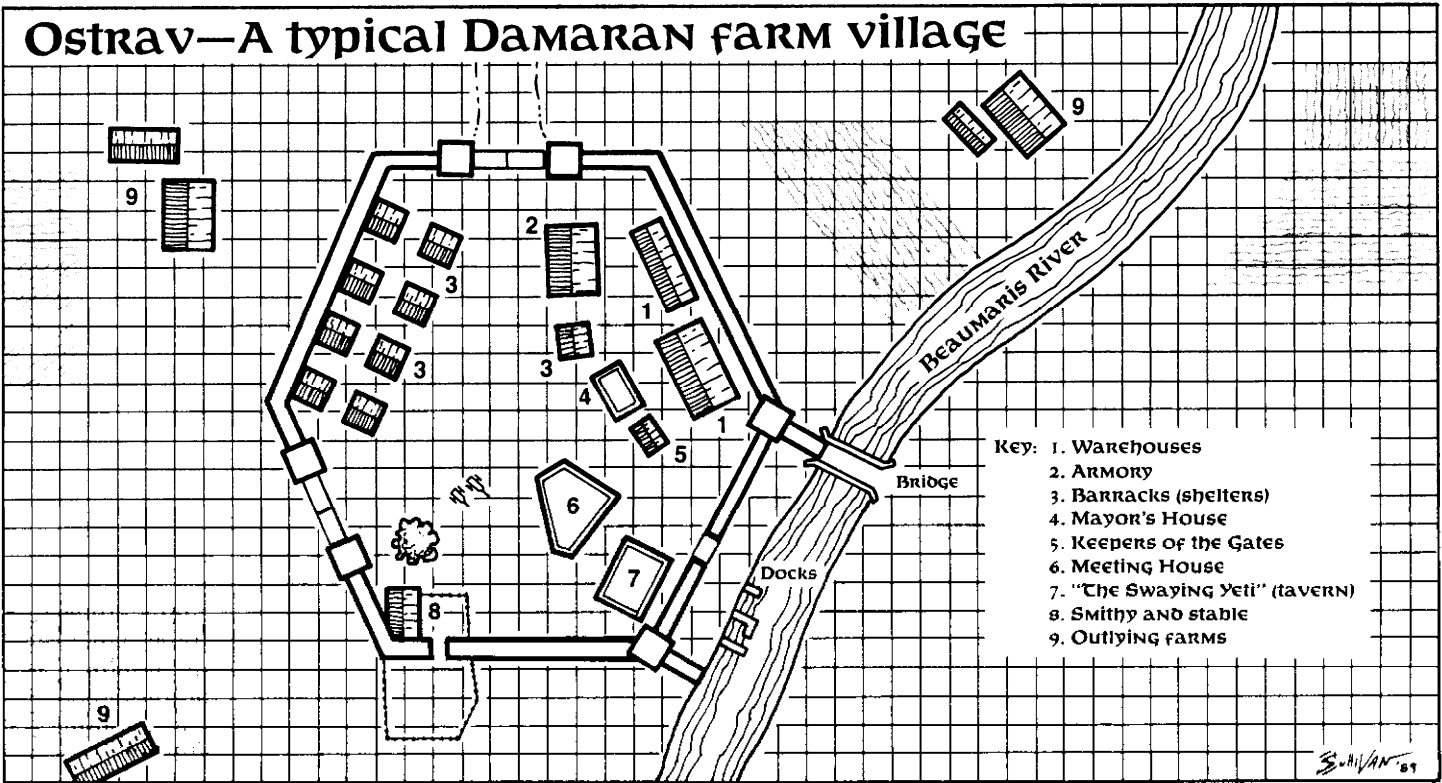
Steppenhall

Population: 70

Steppenhall is often called "Little Narfell" because of its relatively close ties to the Nar tribesmen across the border. The



Ostrav—A typical Damaran farm village



tribesmen of Narfell have actually visited the town on occasion, seeking news of the happenings in Damara. As such, Steppenhall has an important role to play in the future of modern Damara.

The town is an informal gathering-place, a watering hole for Damara's remote northeastern farmers. Many nearby "towns" are just farmhouses loosely clustered together—places like Kinney, Merkurn, Newbelle, and Hinterford—and Steppenhall is where the inhabitants come together. Steppenhall also routes supplies to nearly half the Damaran region, even though this vast wilderness is settled by less than 7,000 people.

Sudrav

Population: 600

Sudrav is the southernmost Damaran city. Formally located in the Duchy of Arcata, the city has stronger ties to Impiltur than to Damara.

The hardy iron miners of Sudrav are generally disgusted with the events of Damara. Effigies of Duke William are openly burned in the city streets, and the miners distrust the petty nobles as well.

Unrest is such that the council of Sudrav sent a formal (and secret) request to the Impilturian rulers, asking them to annex the city into that kingdom. In the interest of good relations with Damara, the Lords of Imphras II refused that request. However, they did promise aid if the lesser nobles of Arcata or Carmathan oppressed the people.

Tellerth

Population: 2,300

Tellerth is the easternmost Damaran city, situated in the Barony of Polten on the fringes of Rawlinswood. Another city of independently-minded folks, the angry people of Tellerth closed down their city when the Morov-Ostel-Polten alliance refused to send aid to the army of Bloodstone. Later, when Donlevy the Young made his way to Trailsend, the people of Tellerth reestablished their ties with the rest of the barony. But even today, the folk of Tellerth are not quick to welcome strangers. They are, however, excited that the Twilight Riders are coming.

Tomrav

Population: 450

Tomrav is a lonely mining settlement high up in the Earthspur Mountains of southwestern Arcata. The secret of this town's success is its ability to coexist with its various neighbors. Tomrav finds it natural to host the monks of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose, but the city also maintains good relationships with neighboring goblinoid tribes!

Tomrav's population is a mixture of humans, dwarves, and half-orcs. The half-orcs act as liaisons between the townsfolk and the nearby goblin tribes. This relationship has been good for all, with only minor skirmishes between the miners and the goblins. In one such battle, one goblin tribe actually came to the aid of the town in its struggle against a second goblin tribe!

Trade Fair

Population: 20,000-30,000

For a few brief weeks each summer, the tribes of Narfell congregate. The massive Trade Fair would hardly be called a "city"



by any ordinary standard, but Bildoobaris is as close as the Nars get. Skin tents cover miles of grassland as the entire population of Nars welcome western merchants – the only time of the year that foreigners are welcome in Narfell.

Trailsend

Population: 8,000

One of the mightiest fortresses in the Bloodstone Lands, Trailsend is Polten's capital. The huge castle in the city's center was one of the earliest buildings in Damara, constructed by the associates of Feldrin Bloodfeathers. Donlevy the Young sits in the ruler's seat today.

For many years, Praka and Trailsend were sister cities. Facing each other across the mouth of the Great Imphras River at the southern shore of Lake Mogador, Trailsend provided the muscle protecting Praka's artisans. Today, the two cities go their separate ways. The Barony of Polten has pulled out of its alliance with Ostel and Morov, and Donlevy the Young has no love for Baroness Sylvia ruling across the water in Praka.

Valls

Population: 1,300

A profound hush has fallen over the city of Valls, the capital of Arcata. Once the bustling trailhead to the King's Road and all western Damaran trade, Valls now waits in quiet anticipation. The people watch with great curiosity the ebb and flow of the powers struggling for dominion over the kingdom.

In local politics, Duke William is a mere figurehead, pinned by the constant scrutiny of his own Ducal Guard. If rumors are true, the Guard is now loyal to Baron Gareth Dragonsbane. Strangers are still welcome in Valls, but whispers will follow them down every street. Suspicious townspeople will make every effort to figure out what role a stranger may have in the shadowplay of intrigue.

Viridin

Population: 1,500

Viridin is named after the last King of Damara, and acts as the natural link be-

tween Bloodstone Village and the Bloodstone Mines. The town has one large inn, the Snoring Giant. The inn's best customers are those visitors to the mines who feel more comfortable sleeping above ground than under. A half-dozen supply stores compete for business, offering gear for both mining and adventuring. Marko Orothiar, a master weapons crafter, has put up his forge in Viridin. Although Marko spends most of his time outfitting his clansmen in the mines, the right amount of gold could persuade him to create an exceptional weapon for a stranger.

Wassen

Population: 250

The little farming and river town of Wassen is situated in northern Morov on the Goliad River. Wassen offers river travelers a comfortable alternative to a stop in the larger city of Morovar. This town is firmly neutral, stating no preference among the contenders. Wassen's townsfolk consider themselves independent, a community doing its duty to the concept of kingdom but not as anyone's unthinking serfs. People here are wary but friendly, and always listening for a good story.

The Waymeets

Population: variable

Throughout the Narfellian grasslands are camping grounds known as the waymeets—really, just wide spots along the worn paths the Nars call roads. More than a dozen of these informal campgrounds exist, but the ones most frequented are called Jiyd, Peltarch, and Nobis, just south of Icelace Lake. Bezentil lies along the trade route of the Great Dale.

Windless

Population: 2,500

The newest town in Damara, Windless actually considers itself a sort of suburb of Bloodstone Village. Bloodstone Village bustles with new growth and vitality, but many of the former inhabitants of the Village preferred the quieter times before Zhengyi. The rise of Gareth Dragonsbane has also created quite a clamor. The people of Windless bear no ill will toward the

Baron or the changes he has wrought in Bloodstone Village and in the barony as a whole; they simply choose to live a quieter existence.

Windless has a council, but no formal government. This new town retains tight ties to its mother city, and many of its people loyally serve in the Bloodstone army. Windless citizens are particularly well-represented at the Damaran Gate.

Withermeet

Population: 100

The village of Withermeet is highly conservative, resisting change of any kind since its inception more than two centuries ago. The town continues along its chosen path, oblivious to the dramatic forces at work in the kingdom.

Withermeet welcomes visitors, thriving in its role as a stopover between Trailsend and points north. The village proper is no more than three dozen structures: mostly inns and workshops, including several good smithies. Nevertheless, the people of Withermeet own many square miles of land.

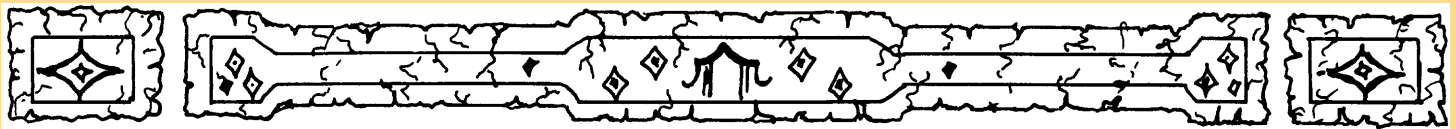
Land speculators see Withermeet as another Portith, and some have offered serious gold for Withermeet's land. The townspeople are interested mostly in preserving their peaceful lifestyle, and they have firmly rejected all advances.

Zarach

Population: 600

A flourishing farm community in Ostel, Zarach's biggest problem is deciding which markets to concentrate on. The people here are capitalists in the extreme. Unless Baroness Sylvia forces it, they will show no favoritism to Ostel so long as some other market offers a higher price.

Trade opportunities are good along the King's Road one way to Praka; Ravensburg offers good trade the other way. The Impilturian town of Dunfee sends a constant stream of wagons to the vast warehouses of Zarach. And the community is the first stopover for goods being shipped from Halfling Downs in Carmathan! The people of Zarach have no shortage of work.



GEOGRAPHY OF THE REGION

Nowhere in the Forgotten Realms is the awesome power of nature more prominently displayed than in the Bloodstone Lands. The geography of this area plays a major role in shaping the lives and attitudes of the hardy souls who reside here. All respect the forces exemplified by imposing features such as the Great Glacier and the towering peaks of the Galena Mountains.

Buzzard Beak Harbor

Buzzard Beak Harbor is a sheltered arm of water jutting into Impiltur from the Easting Reach. Weedy and full of treacherous reefs, the place has long offered a treacherous sanctuary to the smugglers and pirates of the region. These evil sailors know Buzzard Beak Harbor like their own back yard, and are always quick to flee there when pressed by a superior vessel such as Rilaunyr's Warship. The pirates and smugglers have come to know the dangerous harbor out of necessity. No sane captain would take the risks to follow them unless he absolutely had to.

Beaumaris River

The Beaumaris River is the longest waterway in the Bloodstone Lands. It cuts across the breadth of Vaasa, through Bloodstone Pass. Thereafter it swings south, then east, finally joining the Goliad River on its way to Lake Mogador. Barely a trickle in the fall and frozen solid through most of the winter, the Beaumaris sparkles with snowmelt in the warmer seasons. Its smooth-flowing waters glisten dreamily under sun and moon, and its taste revitalizes weary adventurers with a bone-chilling tingle.

The river does not run deep. It is suitable only for small rowboats or canoes, and there are many shallow fords around which boats have to be carried. Since the river is frequented by goblinoids and other monsters, only the very hardy or the very foolish follow it when traveling north of the Galenas.

Bloodstone Pass

As the only real pass through the forbidding Galenas, Bloodstone Pass is of vital strategic importance to the kingdoms of

Vaasa and Damara. Controlling the pass means controlling trade between the kingdoms. No invading armies may cross in either direction except through the pass.

The pass is in the heart of the Barony of Bloodstone, housing Bloodstone Village and the towns of Windless and Viridin. Also located here are the fabulous Bloodstone Mines and the deep waters of Lake Midai.

Bloodstone Pass was cut by the raging Beaumaris River during the hasty retreat of the Great Glacier nearly 300 years ago. (In fact, the glacier's retreat was so abrupt, only magical interference offers a sensible explanation.) If the river swelled to those proportions again, all would be washed away. Those living in the valley of the pass would be wise to take note should the glacier exhibit any strange behavior in the future!

The Easting Reach

The Easting Reach is a broad, sheltered harbor located on the northeastern shore of the Sea of Fallen Stars. The waters are deep and usually calm, with few reefs and predictable currents. The harbor is the best tradeport for goods coming into and out of the Bloodstone Lands. The city of Sarshel guards the harbor's mouth, and provides extensive docks; many merchant vessels fly Sarshel's banner. The fortress-city of Ilmwatch keeps an alert navy afloat from further up the reach.

Earthfast Mountains

This small range of mountains marks the western border of the Kingdom of Impiltur. Not as high as the Earthspurs, the Earthfast Mountains are equally difficult to traverse, with steep slopes and sudden gorges. Mines in the Earthfasts have yielded moderate amounts of iron and silver in the past. However, none of the mines were productive enough to balance the hardships miners endured. Today, only a few dozen stubborn, solitary prospectors roam the rocky peaks.

Earthspur Mountains

More important are the Earthspur Mountains, the imposing western barrier of Vaasa and Damara. With few trails, numerous monsters, and peaks reaching up

nearly four miles, the Earthspurs are dangerous indeed. When the founders of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose sought the most imposing location for their order, it is no accident that they chose the highest peaks of the dangerous Earthspurs.

Mining is lucrative in the Earthspurs, and miners withstand great hardship to delve into lodes of iron and silver that seem endless. The fortunate occasionally tap a vein of bloodstone. The Arcatan towns of Tomrav and Sudrav, and the Impilturian community of Dunfee exist largely because of their mines and miners. Unfortunately, survival is difficult, and many do not live long enough to enjoy the wealth they've pulled from the ground.

Earthwood

Sheltered in a pocket of the Earthspur Mountains is Earthwood, a small, thick forest of evergreens and birch. The soil of Earthwood is stony and rocky, broken and hilly, yet the trees grow thickly. There seems no end to the fertility of the soil, for land cleared by woodsmen just a few years ago is already springing with new life, promising groves of trees even thicker than their predecessors.

Legends say that the land under Earthwood was enchanted by a great druid centuries ago, in defiance of the Great Glacier which then covered the land. The trees prospered in spite of the onslaught of ice. Legend predicts that the forest will thrive in the face of any hardship.

Few people live here, though some woodcutters have made a fine profit. More folk have moved in since Rawlinswood become so unfriendly to outsiders. The place is surprisingly safe: for some unexplained reason, the goblins and other monsters of the Earthspurs avoid the wood.

Forests of The Great Dale

Collectively known as the Forests of the Great Dale, Rawlinswood and the Forest of Lethyr comprise one of the largest tracts of woodland in the Forgotten Realms. The forests encompass nearly 70,000 square miles. Rawlinswood is the larger, but the Forest of Lethyr is "small" only by direct comparison!



These forests once provided lumber for buildings in Impiltur and Damara, but few woodsmen travel here today. Thickly packed with firs and huge, ancient oaks, these woods are darkened by a thick canopy and a pervading aura of doom. Fireside tales speak of the woods as remnants of a past age, and legends tell of sentient trees that stubbornly hold onto the Forests of the Great Dale as their last stand in a world of shrinking woodlands.

Outsiders consider these tales to be fanciful superstitions, but the people living near the woods take the stories seriously, and rarely venture under the thick boughs. Druids reside here in large numbers, and the priests of this ancient order do not welcome strangers—particularly strangers bearing axes.

In the heart of Rawlinswood lies Dun-Tharos, the imposing home of the mighty Nentyarch. It is not known if he is a wizard or druid, or even if he is a man or something dire. Few doubt his disdain for trespassers, however. Hardy souls have ventured into the gloom of Rawlinswood, but only a handful ever came out. These few have expressed no desire to return!

Galena Mountains

If a violent, powerful force brought two land masses smashing together, the result would surely resemble the jagged, broken peaks of the Galena Mountains. Two hundred and fifty miles long, this narrow range averages only twenty-five miles in width and Bloodstone Pass offers the only sensible way through. Adventurers walking in the range find themselves plodding 10 miles up, down, and around for every mile they move in their desired direction.

The Galenas define the border between Vaasa and Damara as sharply as any border in the Realms. The mountains are laced about with ice and snow, with a year-round wind howling down from the Great Glacier. The Galenas are home to hundreds of thousands of goblinoids and giants, and countless other monsters.

But people come to the Galenas by the thousands. They cannot ignore the lure of wealth promised by some of the richest mines in the world. Miners bring out millions of gold pieces worth of bloodstone, and tons of iron and silver.

Dwarves love the Galenas, and have three major settlements well established: Ironspur, the Bloodstone Mines, and Hillsafar Hall. The stone here is hard and pure, and dwarven hammers chime silvery notes worthy for the ears of Moradin.

Only the strongest survive, be they dwarf or human. Mines are often closed down by monsters and other calamities, but many new ones open up. Miners run the constant risk of breaking into the lairs of the dark denizens of the underworld: the duergar and derro, and the drow. But the lure remains, and the hammers ring.

The Galena Snake

The Galena Snake is no reptile, but a twisty river rushing down from the Galena Mountains to link with Icelace River before spilling into Lake Mogador. The river is seasonal, with the melt-off bringing it to life each spring. The dance of bright water twisting across the grassland resembles a glistening snake wriggling through a meadow. Any observer can see where the river got its name.

The Galena Snake is rarely navigable. A canoe can pass during the first couple of weeks of the melt, but nothing larger. Nevertheless, the river is an important route for its brief life. The tiny farming communities of northern Damara rely on it for transportation to Kinbrace, and adventurers use it for a fast trip south from the eastern reaches of the Galenas.

Giantspire Mountains

On the border between Damara and Narfell, the Giantspire Mountains are the least populated range in the region—unless you count the hobgoblin population! The Giantspires would seem to be an appealing hunting ground for prospectors. There are fewer natural barriers and more usable trails than the other nearby ranges, and the Giantspires are reputedly rich in precious minerals and gemstones. But the mountain range is a veritable breeding ground for hobgoblins. The hooting and hollering of savage tribes echoes off every mountain wall and resounds through every pass.

In more prosperous days, the King of Damara tried working with the Lords of Impiltur to sweep the Giantspires clean of

vermin. Politics interfered when the wild Nars wanted no part of the invasion. The tribes even warned their more civilized neighbors not to violate Narfell's border. The most optimistic of generals yielded to the litany of difficulties, shuddering at the likelihood of disaster.

In the end, the Giantspires remained unconquered, and may remain so for some time. Even though he hopes to forge an alliance with the Nars, Gareth Dragonsbane shies away from questions about the Giantspires. He would like to be able to exploit the riches of the mountains, but it seems unlikely that he alone could commit the vast army needed to pacify the massive hobgoblin population.

More likely, any reasonable assault on the Giantspires would have to be a joint effort, uniting forces from Damara, Impiltur, and Narfell. Even if that were managed, it's likely the hobgoblins would remain numerous. If the nations want the wealth of the Giantspires, then miners will have to seek out inconspicuous and defensible positions in spite of the dangers. At present, there are only two working mines in the range, struggling on in the northwest corner of Soravia.

Glacier of The White Worm

Draped across the highest peaks of the Earthspur Mountains is the Glacier of the White Worm, perhaps a remnant of the Great Glacier that once covered the land. The altitude of this icesheet does not justify its presence some 400 miles south of the larger ice mass. Some dweomercraft may be involved to maintain its existence.

The glacier gets its name from the pale breed of remorhaz roaming across the vast fields of ice. The remorhaz territory covers the glacier's expanse, some 1,200 square miles, and the beasts occasionally travel in herds of a dozen or more. A variety of other polar creatures make their home on the glacier as well. Of goodly folk, only the monks of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose reside here.

Goliad River

The Goliad River is more important to shipping than the Galena Snake. Except when its waters are frozen solid, the Goliad runs wide and deep, eminently suit-



able for the network of barges that control transport on the river.

The river cuts through the heart of Damara. Barges run the length of the Goliad, bringing farm goods and minerals south to Morovar and Heliogabalus. From there, the goods move through Lake Mogador, into the Great Imphras River on their journey south to Impiltur.

On the northern half of the river shipping is sporadic. South of where the Beaumaris joins the Goliad, the barges run daily. The city of Goliad dominates this junction, and its opinion influences the people of the south. As Goliad warms to the idea of a new Kingdom of Bloodstone, the city's power hangs like an imminent disaster over the head of Dimian Ree.

Great Imphras River

The Great Imphras River network is comprised of three major rivers. The Great Imphras River itself flows out of Lake Mogador, and the two Sidewinders stream along the Damara-Impiltur border. The rivers are rough, with many dangerous stretches of white water, especially along the southeastern fringes of the Galena Mountains. The rivers end at Traders Bay, a series of connecting lakes that lead into the Easting Reach halfway between Sarshel and Ilmwatch.

The river is frequented by Damaran merchants anxious to beat those who use the more conventional land route down the Merchants Run. The southern stretch of the rivers, and Traders Bay particularly, are much used by smugglers and thieves. The waterway enables these miscreants a route to the Sea of Fallen Stars, and a chance to escape the fleets of Impiltur.

The Great Glacier

The Great Glacier remains one of the major mysteries of the Forgotten Realms, on par with the desert of Anauroch. Whereas Anauroch has expanded, though, the Great Glacier has receded. Just three centuries ago the glacier covered all of what is now Vaasa and Damara, as well as most of the grasslands of Narfell. Today the lands are free of constant ice.

Even though the ice has recently receded, the Great Glacier remains an awesome natural spectacle. It measures more

than 1,200 miles across in some places and is fully 700 miles wide.

This vast icesheet plays an important role in the lifecycles of the Bloodstone Lands. Spring meltoff from the glacier waters the grasslands, and makes river transport possible. In winter, the cold winds blowing down from the north keep the nights long and bitter.

Halfling Downs

Halfling Downs is a fertile stretch of rolling farmland in the southeastern corner of Carmathan. Just across the border is the Ostel town of Zarach, and immediately to the south of the Downs is the border of Impiltur.

This farmland is inhabited almost exclusively by tallfellow halflings, with only a few men scattered among them. Per capita, Halfling Downs is the most productive farming community in all of the Bloodstone Lands, and the halflings here pride themselves on their hard work.

Halfling Downs is a relatively closed community. Until very recently, visitors were tolerated but not welcomed. The halflings became more hospitable after the Twilight Riders came through. Those heroes put down a rampaging bulette that had been terrorizing the community, and local folk remember those strangers warmly.

Hark's Finger

Hark's Finger is known as Mount Jiksidur to the Nars. The singular spire serves as a landmark for anyone traveling through the flat, empty grasslands of central Narfell. The mountain is sacred to the Nars, who see its guiding influence as a gift from the gods.

The High Walk

The Galena Mountains are difficult to pass through anywhere except Bloodstone Pass—difficult, but not impossible. The High Walk is the only other trail with a name, and it is a treacherous up-and-down trek. The High Walk is used primarily by the half-orcs of Palishchuk on their way to deal with the dwarves of Ironspur.

This is not a journey for the weak. A barely-marked trail spiders up sheer cliff

faces and through boulder-strewn canyons dominated by evil monsters. For every ten hardy souls who begin the journey, whether leaving from Vaasa or Damara, one will not arrive at the other end. No wagons can get through, and riders prefer mules to horses. To add to the troubles, rumors suggest that the new Citadel of Assassins is not far from this trail.

Icelace Lake

Glistening along the northern Narfellian border is the crystalline beauty of Icelace Lake. The waters are sparkling pure, teeming with trout and salmon. Ultimately, the waters can be deadly. Anyone who falls into Icelace Lake will be chilled to death in minutes, even during the warmest months of the year.

In spite of the danger, the Nars come here in summer, venturing out on the lake in deerskin canoes. The nomadic Nars feast on the delicious fish, but many dangerous creatures are equally drawn to the feast. Even the finest boatmen must beware, for the great northern bears consider a man in a feeble boat to be a welcome change, and his catch, a particularly easy meal.

Icelace River

A shimmering run of frigid water, Icelace River floods eastern Damara each spring with melt from the Great Glacier. The river does not run to Icelace Lake; rather, it culminates in the more southerly waters of Lake Mogador.

Icelace River is as dangerously cold as Icelace Lake, but swift with many twists and turns. The Damaran farmers in the wilderness of the province of Soravia have learned to ride its rapids at the end of each summer. Traveling on Icelace River enables the farmers to market their harvest before the frigid winter sets in.

Lake Midai

Situated in the center of Bloodstone Valley, Lake Midai provides fresh water and fish to the folk of Bloodstone Village. The lake is only a few miles long and barely one across. However, it is very deep, beyond the measurements of those who



have dropped as much as a mile of line before giving up seeking the bottom!

Midai is mostly seen as a peaceful, pleasant rest area for the miners of Bloodstone. Recently, the lake has taken on a vital strategic role. Bloodstone's farms cannot feed its burgeoning population, nor keep pace with the many newcomers. But the deep waters of Midai, fed by the unharvested waters of the Beaumaris River, promise an endless supply of fish. With Midai close by, Bloodstone is self-supporting in times of trouble. Although a steady diet of fish might prove boring, the people's self-sufficiency is a distinct advantage in these hostile lands.

Lake Mogador

The most important body of water in Damara is Mogador, the large lake surrounded by the city provinces of Morov, Ostel, and Polten. All shipping that comes down Damara's four rivers culminates here, and the lake is a beehive of activity. Merchant vessels zip in and out of the port cities. Any goods leaving Damara by water pass through Mogador, and thence down the Great Imphras River to Impiltur.

With the tense situation in today's Damara, Lake Mogador may become a hotly-contested battleground. Heliogabalus, Trailsend, and Praka all sail fleets on the lake. With Polten slipping out of its alliance with the other provinces, these fleets have become more heavily armed. Ships from Trailsend and Praka have already skirmished on the lake. More violence seems inevitable.

Sidewinder River

The Sidewinder is actually two rivers: the River Lench flowing west from Rawlinswood; and the original Sidewinder, rushing east from the Earthspurs. Both feed into the Great Imphras River network, and are considered part of that network.

Little shipping is done along the Sidewinder. Nothing comes out of Rawlinswood, and the river from the Galenas is too wild and treacherous.

The Sidewinder's primary importance is to mark an indisputable, easily defensible border between Impiltur and Da-

mara. The border has gone unchallenged throughout history. When Zhengyi had conquered Damara, Impiltur massed its forces not know which way the Witch-King would turn. They could only be sure Zhengyi could not cross the Sidewinder. Had he chosen to invade Impiltur, the Witch-King would have had to march west and pass through the difficult Earthspurs, or go far to the east, braving the dangers of Rawlinswood and Dun-Tharos. Clearly, the Sidewinder provided a measure of security to the people of Impiltur in that dark time.

The Teardrops

The Teardrops are a series of lakes lying across the eastern half of Narfell and the northern reaches of the eastern land of Rashemen. Fish and game are plentiful here, and many tribes of Nars spend most of the year in the vicinity. Few monsters lair here except for the ever-present tundra yeti.

Traders Bay

Traders Bay is more commonly known as Traitor's Bay. The boats riding out over the Bay usually carry fugitives or pirates seeking an easy escape out into the Easting Reach beyond the attention of Sarshel and Ilmwatch.

Traders Bay is the only interior waterway in the Kingdom of Impiltur. It encompasses the southern stretches of the Great Imphras River system and two large lakes, Bluefang Water and the Old Water.

The only settlement on Traders Bay, Bay Town, has never gained prominence. The town cannot compete with the major cities located on the seacoast. The harbor of Easting Reach meets the legitimate needs of caravans coming from Damara and through the Great Dale. Bay Town survives by serving best those who do frequent the area: the scum.

The Vaasan Bogs

In central Vaasa, north of the Beaumaris River, one must beware of the many wide stretches of bottomless bogs. More than one party adventuring in this area has simply vanished from the face of the world. But adventurers continue to ex-

plore this dangerous wetland, for there are reportedly several magical hot springs in the area. Their waters are said to enhance abilities, restore frail bodies, or even grant an occasional *wish!*

Warrenwood

A small but incredibly overgrown wood in Bloodstone Valley, Warrenwood is home to the centaurs of the region. The forest takes its name from the nearby Warren, an intricate underground fortress which extends under its boughs.

Warrenwood drew notoriety during the Bloodstone Wars, when an invading contingent of the Morov-Ostel-Polten alliance camped in the wood to ambush the Bloodstone army. The forces of the Warren put a swift end to that threat, aided by the centaurs. The invaders were utterly defeated in a single night.

Warrenwood will have a new celebrity-resident once the situation in Damara settles down. Long ago, Emelyn the Gray had his famed centaur school in this forest, but the original school was destroyed at the coming of the Witch-King. Emelyn has vowed to rebuild the school to be tenfold more than it was, assisted by his apprentice Gabrielle. If it is half that, the school will be the most prominent center of learning and wizardry in all the Bloodstone Lands.

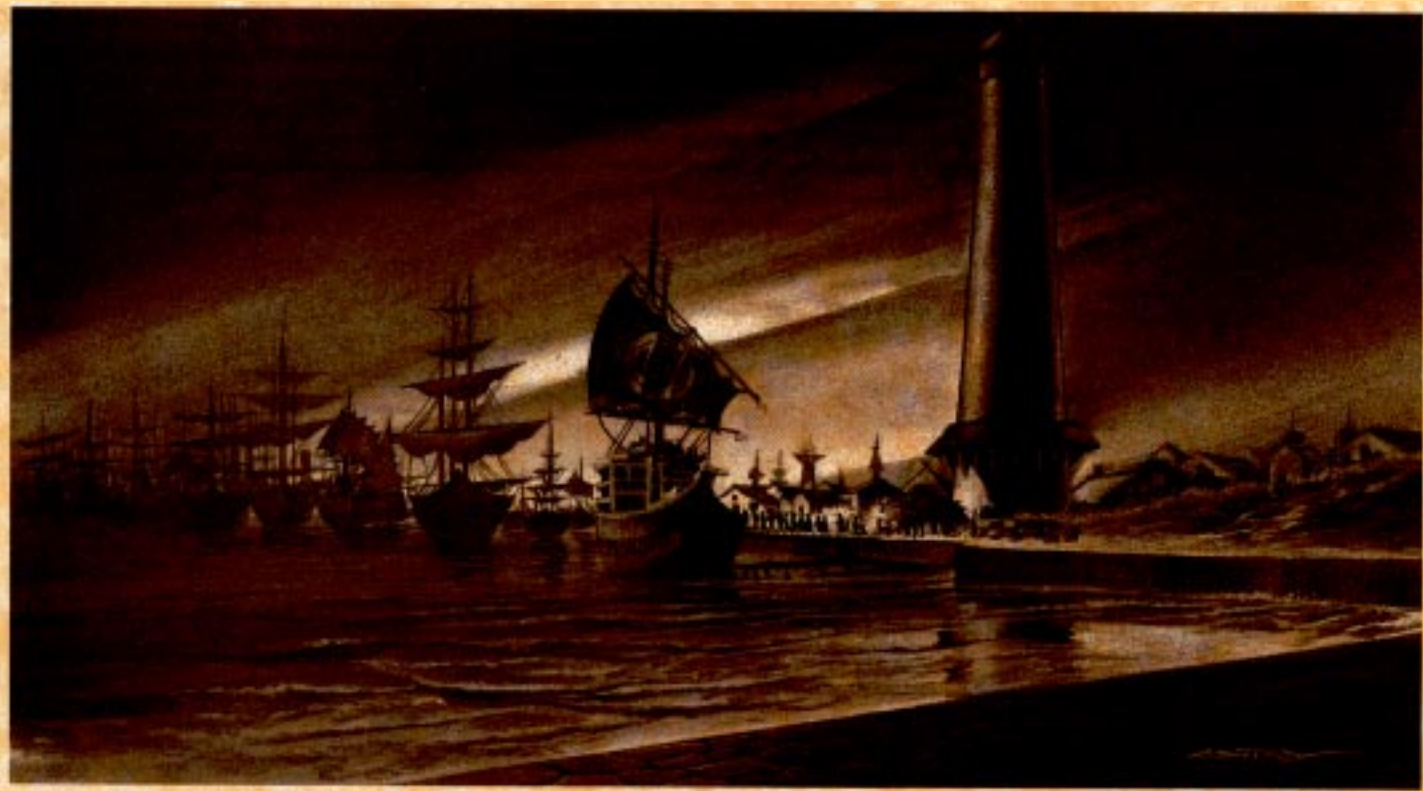
The Waukeshire

Sister-forest to Warrenwood is the Waukeshire, home of the halflings of Bloodstone Valley. The major tunnel-complexes of the Warren lie beneath the Waukeshire, and tunnels cross under the Beaumaris River to connect Waukeshire to Warrenwood.

Unlike Warrenwood, the Waukeshire is a tidy forest of straight-limbed trees and manicured underbrush. Visitors are welcome, and many adventurers traveling to the Barony of Bloodstone stop here for a sorely-needed rest. But visitors must be careful not to litter the grounds or destroy the foliage. The halflings pride themselves on keeping their land neat and orderly, and they do not take kindly to strangers messing things up!



STRONGHOLDS, RUINS, AND DUNGEONS



In a land so filled with monsters, one does not usually have to look far to find some dangerous, enticing dungeon for the adventurous to try their luck in. This section details some of the strongholds, ruins, and dungeons to be discovered in the Bloodstone Lands.

The Black Holes of Sunderland

Along the slopes of the Galenas in the Sunderland of southern Vaasa loom the monster-filled caves known as the Black Holes. Some are shallow caves, others deeper and darker. Still others are long tunnels that lead into vast underground networks of interlocking chambers of horrors.

But whatever the depth and dimensions of these caves, they invariably have one thing in common—unfriendly inhabitants. Monsters in this harsh region need shelter as much as humans do, and many of the vile denizens of Vaasa have made their homes in the Black Holes. Monsters

here range from goblins and giants to leucrotta and owl bears.

Many of the Witch-King's troops fled to the Black Holes after their defeat at the Ford of Goliad. Some who fled from that defeat carried treasures they had looted during Zhengyi's better days.

The Black Holes of Sunderland offer hardy adventurers the opportunity to gain experience and treasure. If the adventurers are not as hardy as they believe, the Black Holes offer a cozy place to retire—permanently!

The Bloodstone Mines

The ever-expanding tunnels of the Bloodstone Mines frequently link up with the natural tunnels and holes found under the Galenas. The dwarves of Clan Orothiar and the svirfneblin gnomes of Deepearth understand the danger of delving, but the mines are simply too rich in chalcedony to be forsaken.

Opportunities for mercenary adventurers are as rich as the ore to be found here. The dwarves and gnomes are too

busy hauling out the precious gemstone to explore every new tunnel they break into. They leave that work to those better accustomed to it.

In the Bloodstone Mines, adventurers may find the monsters of the darkest underworld. The depths harbor those denizens of the Forgotten Realms who never come out to see the sun. Duergar are often encountered, remnants of the grey dwarf community that was smashed in the battle for the mines more than a year ago. Their derro kin have also been spotted, as have ropers and several of the deadly puddings. Svirfneblin legends speak of even more ominous creatures, such as the kuo-toa and the drow, being found in the lowest chambers.

Castle Perilous

When the Witch-King fell, so did his stronghold, the Castle Perilous. What was once an iron extension of Zhengyi's power crumbled swiftly into ruin. Today, Castle Perilous is just a blasted



mound of rubble on a lonely crag in the Vaasan wasteland. But those who believe that the perils of the evil fortress fell away with its iron walls would be rudely awakened were they to venture there!

Evil dragons lair amidst the broken stone and shattered iron. The flights that have been seen soaring northward over Damara chose the ruined castle to be their base from which to hatch their wicked plans. Huge reds occupy the top of the crag, lairing in the rubble-strewn foundations of the castle. The blues, greens, and blacks each have taken a slope of the crag for their own. The northern face of the crag remains unoccupied thus far. Cautious observers speculate that the space is reserved for the enormous flight of whites that is believed to be coming down from the Great Glacier.

Castle Perilous should be avoided by all but the most powerful of adventurers; even these might find themselves overwhelmed. Yet if some group fought their way through the gathered dragons, they would find their work just beginning! Under the rubble of the castle lies a vast underground dungeon. Here Zhengyi housed his darkest champions, creatures of unspeakable evil and power. Many were tied to the lower planes, and so banished by the Treegem that Bahamut gave to the heroes of Bloodstone. But many hideous things remain, monsters of this plane little known among surface dwellers.

Anyone powerful, brave and stupid enough to challenge the foul inhabitants of Castle Perilous will find threats aplenty. Before his demise, Zhengyi laid glyphs and wards and wicked traps throughout his dungeons. One of the Witch-King's favorites is reputedly an oil-slick tilting floor which ends in a pitfall. A high-level adventurer would not find a twenty-foot drop too discomfiting, but when such a pit is blocked, halfway down, by a hungry gelatinous cube...

The Cave of The Whispering Wind

In the heart of the Galenas, entered through a hidden ravine in a secret valley is the Cave of the Whispering Wind. For goodly folk who stumble upon it, this cave represents a haven; for monsters who chance upon it, it offers only disaster.

It is a natural cavern, found by the cousins Riordan Parnell and Celedon Kierney on one of their early treks into the Galenas. They recognized its potential and made it the home base of Spysong, a secret organization.

With the help of their friends, the two master scouts fortified the place. Emelyn the Gray and Friar Dugald laced the area with defensive glyphs and runes. The druid Baroness Christine of Bloodstone altered the nearby terrain to make the pathways, already difficult to find, even harder to discover.

At least two fighters no less than third level are continually on guard at the cave entrance, strategically placed to spot the approach of any friend or foe long before they reach the enchanted areas. If these guards spot unknown travelers of the accepted races, the guards will warn them of the dangers ahead and ask them their business. If the response bears any hostility or rudeness, the travelers will be turned away. Further attempts to approach can only be taken at great risk.

After asking unruly travelers to leave, the guards take up positions at the mouth of the cave, ready to operate a deadly ballista. But the glyphs and wards of Emelyn and Dugald are formidable indeed. Although many evil-hearted beings have approached the Cave of the Whispering Wind, the ballista has yet to be fired. Thus far, the guards have only been constrained to dispose of some blasted and charred bodies.

However, if any traveler is wounded or seems to be in need, or if the response is satisfactorily benign, the guards invite the person in for rest and recuperation. The Cave of the Whispering Wind is fully stocked with fine food and drink,

medical supplies, and adventuring gear of every type. Good souls will get a good rest, and find their packs restocked for the road ahead. The guards will not discuss the mission of this unusual mountain refuge, nor even hint that any such a hidden motive exists.

The cave is home base for Spysong, which operates and thrives in secrecy. However, the organization is open to new recruits. If the guards host an individual or an adventuring company that shows the proper demeanor and abilities, Riordan Parnell will be told about them. The bard may visit personally, or send one of his agents to further question the potential recruits. A willing and able character could find thrilling adventures by signing on with this daring organization. And forever after, he or she could be sure of having powerful, loyal allies in the Bloodstone Lands.

The Church of Dionysus

Using the money he looted from the lair of Tiamat in the Abyss, Friar Dugald of Bloodstone has begun construction of a massive cathedral. Dugald does not intend to pastor the church, however, and it is not even being built in his home province. The church is located in Goliad, in the province of Brandiar. Some see this as a political move by Dugald and his close friend Baron Gareth to buy Brandiar's allegiance. But whatever the reason, the city of Goliad is grateful.

As much a fortified castle as a chapel, the Church of Dionysus will provide the people of this region with a shelter from the elements and from rampaging monsters. Dugald has poured more than a million gold pieces into the construction. He has bought assurances from the builders that the cathedral will be able to house the local populace for an extended period in comfort. This represents a considerable effort: there are some 900 people in Goliad, and another 250 or so would come in from the outlying farms. It will take another full year to complete the superstructure of the church, and several more to finish the fine details.



Already the church has attracted a score of clerics to the order, and dozens of applicants for the church guard. Brandiar suffered for so many years under the thumb of the Witch-King, that the province has responded to Dugald's gift with overwhelming support. Even those of different religious persuasions view the Church of Dionysus as both the symbol of and the means to enforce their resolve never to be kicked around again.

The Citadel of Assassins

Hidden in the most difficult terrain of the unconquerable Galenas is the dreaded Citadel of Assassins. Somewhere between Bloodstone Valley and Ironspur, the bandit army has made its home base.

Like the proverbial bad habit, this bastion of wickedness and its foul adherents seem unconquerable. Twice the bandit army has been routed; twice its troops have been cut down, and the survivors sent scampering into the mountains. Even the Citadel itself was blasted. But the bandits, and their home base, have returned.

A new Citadel was built somewhere in the same general vicinity as the old. Rumors say that parts of the old building were magically transported to the site of the new. The Grandfather of Assassins is no fool, either. By observing how his fortress was thrown down by Gareth and his friends, he learned from earlier mistakes. This new Citadel is even nastier than its predecessor, making it a powerful fortress indeed! Every corridor houses at least one trap, and every room is designed to destroy an unwelcome guest as painfully as possible.

The Citadel is no place for a novice burglar to learn his trade. Even a master thief would find himself testing wit and skill against the most devious and dangerous minds in all the Bloodstone Lands.

The bard Riordan Parnell composed a song now popular in northern Damara. Although he has not seen the new Citadel, he describes it fittingly:

*"A series of rooms,
Built in the gloom
With wedges and cracks
To hide all the traps."*

Spysong is presently engaged in a massive effort to locate the new Citadel. Unfortunately, few of the hardy souls who have ventured into the area have returned.

Dun-Tharos

Buried in the ever-evening of the depths of Rawlinswood is a tree-lined fortress known as Dun-Tharos. Knowledge of the place remains more rumor than substantiated fact, but one thing is known: the Nentyarch dwells there. Little more than that is known about this powerful wizard, for he does not take kindly to intrusion. Even the centaurs of the fringes of Rawlinswood take great pains to avoid him.

Dun-Tharos itself is said to be a hundred square miles of permeating evil. Local druids are quick to point out that darkness and evil may go together symbolically, yet they are not one and the same. Still, even the druids agree that the Nentyarch should be viewed with suspicion. Whispers through the trees speak of grim beasts, perverted creations, and horrid slaves of the mighty wizard.

Neighboring nations view the place with suspicion. Impiltur keeps a wary eye on the region, and the Nars will not go anywhere near the forest. With all that has happened in Damara recently, Dun-Tharos remains unexplored by any of that nation's heroes. The twelve Lords of Imphras II would eagerly hire any adventurer willing to delve into the forest and enlighten them on Dun-Tharos and its suspicious and powerful ruler.

Ephran's Skinny Tower

It starts when a thirty-foot high pole appears mysteriously on the outskirts of a city somewhere in Impiltur. A yellow banner flies over it, emblazoned with a picture of a stick man. A few years ago, the people would have scratched their

heads and wondered what this was. Now, almost everyone in Impiltur recognizes the home of Ephran, an incredibly thin, cheerful, and eccentric magic-user.

The tower is actually a dimensional trick. What appears to be a pole just inches in diameter is actually a comfortable home on the inside of a cylindrical tower. Fifty guests could congregate without bumping elbows!

Ephran's story is an odd one. While still a simple apprentice, Ephran was ensorcelled by the Red Wizards of Thay, forced to make a harrowing journey through the planes of existence. Sometime during this ten-year trip, Ephran stumbled into a world between the planes, a place where everything and everyone was distorted into nothing more than a series of connecting lines.

In this home of "stick-men," Ephran found a means to escape the wrath of the Red Wizards. He returned home bringing his pole-tower, a gift from the friends he made in the stick-world. Apparently, however, Ephran was personally affected by his stay there! His waist measures a scant ten inches around, his shoulders no more than twelve, and his neck only four! Those who know him say these measurements decrease month by month.

But Ephran retains his jollity, the same gift of mirth that got him into the soup with the grim Red Wizards in the first place. He takes his tower around the land of Impiltur in a cycle of unending parties and merry-making. People smile and nod whenever they wake to the sight of the yellow banner.

The Bloodstone Gates

With barely half of the construction completed, the Bloodstone Gates are already being regarded as one of the wonders of the Forgotten Realms. Even skeptics grumbling over outrageous costs agree that these two incredible fortresses may forever change the complexion of the region. At the very least, the Gates guarantee that the Barony of Bloodstone will remain a major factor in



events occurring in the territory. The only sensible route through the Galenas, Bloodstone Pass is soon to be secured.

Baron Gareth Dragonsbane and his friends funded the project with quantities of the treasure they found on their adventures in the Abyss. Thousands of men and dwarves toil long hours every day (and they are well-paid) to speed construction. All the inhabitants of Bloodstone understand that when the Gates are completed, their own existence in this hostile land will be secured.

The Damaran Gate

The most ambitiously-designed of the Gates is the Damaran Gate, which will seal off the southern entrance to Bloodstone Pass. The completed wall will stretch for more than three miles, stand thirty-five feet high and twenty feet thick, and be sectioned by flat-topped guard towers every 300 yards. The entire length of the wall is hollow and will be patrolled. Each guard tower supports a contingent of 50 soldiers. All told, only three entrances are planned for the Damaran Gate. Massive iron doors are well-defended, standing in the shadows of imposing fortresses at the eastern and western ends of the Gate. One much smaller entrance passes between the central guard towers of the wall. This last is designed for small parties, single riders only.

The western end of this construction is anchored by a castle. Three towers and a courtyard are built in the shadow of a tall mountain, and two hundred chambers are cut into the mountain. This castle houses the Order of the Golden Cup, Gareth Dragonsbane's order of hold warriors dedicated to Ilmater. These well-equipped and well-trained paladins represent the cornerstone of the Baron of Bloodstone's militia. The final number of soldiers in the militia is intended to be between 500 and 700. How many will be paladins, and how many ordinary fighters, has yet to be determined.

Expectations are less ambitious for the fortress at the east end of the Da-

maran Gate, although it is strategically vital. The eastern Gate has entrances leading into the tunnels of both the Warren and the Bloodstone Mines. The east headquarters will be the primary supply route for the entire Gate in times of siege and severe winter weather. No more than 300 soldiers, militiamen, will be quartered at this location at any given time. These soldiers will rotate among the guard towers along the wall.

The duties of the Bloodstone militia and the Order of the Golden Cup extend beyond the maintenance and security of the Damaran Gate. Patrols ride a 30-to-40 mile circuit to keep a constant watch on the lesser-known tracks leading into Bloodstone Valley from the Galenas. Every day, patrols depart from each end of the Damaran Gate at the same time. They travel opposite sides of the Bloodstone Pass north to the Vaasan Gate, arriving there at nightfall. The two groups meet and exchange news. At dawn, they cross to the opposite side of the Pass, and head south again.

The Damaran Gate is hardly more than a skeleton now, but is expected to be completed by the end of next summer. Already the fifteen guard towers are operational: each bears ballistae and pivoting catapults.

The Vaasan Gate

Counterpart to the Damaran Gate, the Vaasan Gate bars Bloodstone Pass from invasion from the north. It is a smaller structure, but no less sturdy. The wall of the Vaasan Gate is barely a half-mile long, but is fully sixty feet high and thirty feet thick. The top of the wall, from mountain to mountain, is a jumble of heavy weaponry—mostly ballistae and catapults of various sizes. Only one entrance passes through the gate, on the western end.

Like its southern counterpart, the Vaasan Gate is anchored on both ends by fortresses built into the sides of the mountains. Both the wall and the eastern fortress of the Vaasan Gate are complete, except for the little details.

Construction on the western fortress will continue through the coming winter and should be finished by early spring.

The total Bloodstone militia stationed here numbers only 500, but they are superbly equipped. Furthermore, they have few responsibilities but the Gate itself. Only a minimal amount of patrolling is done around the immediate area of the anchoring fortresses.

The Vaasan Gate's primary mission is to block invasions from the untamed kingdom to the north. Its role is more than that of defense, however. The Gate also provides a forum for trade and diplomacy, and serves as a home base to adventurers.

Many interior chambers of the Vaasan Gate house traders, merchants, and craftsmen. The Gate itself has become an important marketplace. Miners and farmers from Vaasa can get fair market value for their goods, which frees up time for more production of those goods. The dwarves of Clan Hillsafar are being encouraged to trade through the Gate. Plans have been drawn for a tunnel fifteen miles long, which would connect the Vaasan Gate to the easternmost digs of Clan Hillsafar. The dwarves could then bring their minerals direct to market without risking surface transportation—a distinct benefit over crossing the wilds of Vaasa!

The Vaasan Gate fulfills another purpose by providing a haven to the hardy people who brave the dangers of the northern kingdom. Food and supplies are stockpiled here, and temporary shelter is always available. All this is offered at no charge. Even weapons can be purchased at below-normal costs.

The baron's generosity is founded in good politics. Gareth believes that through such tempting offerings, Damarara can move closer to taming Vaasa. He is determined to win over the hearts of the people of the Sunderland. Finally, if Vaasa's meager farmland can be made more prosperous, Bloodstone will benefit. Although the Barony can support itself on the fish from Lake Midai if it must, a broader support system is desirable.



The Vaasan Gate serves a related purpose, one that is, perhaps, the most important mission of all. While its counterpart, the Damaran Gate, is manned solely by Bloodstone soldiers, an open invitation has been extended to adventurers and mercenary companies to come to the Vaasan Gate. These folk may use the Gate as a home base for their expeditions into Vaasa. To further encourage these people, bounties have been placed on the ears of certain creatures, as follows:

Goblin: 2 gp
Orc: 3 gp
Gnoll: 4 gp
Hobgoblin: 4 gp
Bugbear: 7 gp
Ogre: 10 gp
Giant: 50 - 100 gp (by type)

Rates for other monsters are negotiable, but usually quite generous. Officials will also pay well for valuable information, such as the whereabouts of a certain bandit army...

The Vaasan Gate truly provides a Dungeon Master with the opportunity to continue a campaign with PCs of any level. The northern slopes of the Galenas are teeming with monsters of every strength and number (see *The Black Holes of Sunderland*, p. 36). The Vaasan Gate gives PCs a sanctuary at which to resupply and heal up. The Gate even allows for the possibility of mentors and instructors to aid PCs advancing through the levels.

Hermit's Hill

Stories about Hermit's Hill are favorite fireside tales told throughout the small farm villages of eastern Soravia. Though surely exaggerated, these stories of a crazy old man with the strength to throw huge boulders actually have a basis in fact.

On the high slopes of Candle Mountain on the western fringes of the Giantspires lives an old recluse. His only friend is an equally aged stone giant. Their home is a cave atop a steep spur of the mountain. The place has been

chosen, then modified, for the inhabitants' solitude, so trespassers had better be wary!

The climb up to the cave itself is a barrier; at times, the way seems almost vertical. Other defenses of Hermit's Hill have been made quite formidable. Three rings of boulders circle the spur below the cave. These may be dropped, section by section, activated by levers inside the cave or by automatic trap mechanisms rigged along the mountainside. Tree stumps and rocks which might have offered cover from such a landslide have been torn away by the stone giant. Trespassers are defenseless in the face of the onslaught.

Quite simply, the two recluses just want to be left alone. No one, man or giant, is welcome. Why would anyone bother these two? It is believed that the hermit knows more about the inhabitants of the western Giantspires than anyone alive. He even knows secret tunnels to some hobgoblin lairs that the creatures themselves don't know about. But a party of PCs would have to do some very fancy talking and creative bribery to reach the top of Hermit's Hill!

Hillsafar Hall

The most impressive fortress in all of Vaasa is not the city of Darmshall nor even Castle Perilous. Hillsafar Hall wins that honor. Hillsafar Hall is the name for the entrance caverns to the mine complexes of the dwarven Clan Hillsafar. These outer chambers were built for just one purpose: defense. A long tunnel leads into the first chamber. The tunnel walls are lined at varying heights on both sides by arrow slits, and murder holes loom above. The tunnel floor holds no less than ten cunning stonework traps. Every section of every floor in the entry is in the sights of some wickedly effective war machine.

Though they are primarily concerned with their lucrative mining operations, this clan of dwarves has lived in Vaasa too long to be caught with their guard down. At least fifty dwarves are always on active guard duty, and usu-

ally there are twice that number. Since the clan works the mines around the clock in shifts, several hundred other dwarves are usually in the immediate area. As one might expect of dwarves, their armor and weapons are always close at hand. Even the youngest fighters of Clan Hillsafar have attained at least the 3rd level.

The House of Hurl

An increasingly frequent, always welcome sight in the Galena Mountains is the glowing red chalice beacon atop the House of Hurl. This unusual place is home base of the equally unusual "Thinkers of the Thinkers." This portable tower is a variation of Doern's Instant Fortress, and it has all of the defensive and structural strongpoints of the more common version. However, Hurl takes things one step further.

Hurl uses his place to forget about the hardships of the road as only a dwarf can. To get through the iron door, the password is "Party!" and it must be spoken with gusto. Inside, guests find a lavish lounge and restaurant, complete with magical bartenders and barmaids, and a ten-piece band. Casks of fine wine and strong ale are magically restocked every time the tower is closed down, as are the stores of meat and other good foods.

Hurl sets the place up each night—even if he's in a dungeon complex! He and his companions welcome any who come in the name of fun. Guests will find themselves well-treated (even elves!) but they will be taunted mercilessly if they refuse to compete in the nightly arm-pulling contests. These competitions almost always result in an all-out barroom brawl. Things usually begin with a fight between Hurl and his twin brother Burl. Both dwarves possess *girdles of stone giant strength* and they therefore wind up in an unresolved draw—which inevitably leads to fisticuffs!

The House of Hurl did not originate in the Forgotten Realms. It was brought here by the dwarf from his original home in some distant world. The Red



Wizards of Thay have offered a reward of 50,000 gold pieces to anyone who can obtain it for them.

The Ice Run

Any adventurer wandering to the Vaasan stretch of the Great Glacier would be wise to avoid the maze of ice-walled pathways known as the Ice Run. The twisty Ice Run snakes its way all along the face of the Great Glacier, and encompasses several hundred miles of trails. Most of the paths are open to the sky, but this only makes things worse for a person trapped in the maze, for the light of the sun glitters dizzily off the crystalline walls. The danger does not stop there, however. Anyone trapped in the Ice Run had better be handy with a weapon, for the area is the haunt of northern bears and remorhazes.

The only people who know how to navigate this maze are the barbarians of White Worm. They use the place as a defensive retreat, hiding in the twisty corridors. The White Worm tribe considers the Ice Run holy ground. They would not be kind to uninvited intruders.

The Monastery of The Yellow Rose

Also known as the Citadel of the White Worm, the Monastery of the Yellow Rose was founded before either Vaasa or Damara. The monks who established the monastery more than a thousand years ago crossed over land that would become Damara when that unborn nation was still overlain by the Great Glacier.

Their order is devoted to Ilmater, the god of suffering and endurance. These fanatical devotees sought the most inhospitable and difficult region they could find as the place to locate their temple. Not surprisingly, they eventually came to the highest peaks of the Earthspur Mountains.

The building itself is enormous. Each generation of monks adds new structures and digs out deeper chambers. Built on the stony side of a jagged mountain peak, the monastery overlooks the Glacier of the White Worm. About half

of the rooms look out into the daylight; the other half are underground chambers dug right into the mountain.

The monks of the Yellow Rose are ascetic and simple, but they are determined to create beauty in hardship. Their toils are matched by their stamina, and both seem boundless. No monk works less than 16 hours each and every day. The lower initiates are responsible for the bare necessities of survival. They labor in the meager gardens, haul ice to be melted for water, or forage on the bleak mountainsides. Their efforts enable their more skilled superiors time to concentrate on creating sculpture and tapestries.

Few visit this place casually, for the trails are not easily found or followed. Those who do manage it, find the journey worthwhile. The monastery is a spectacular museum, with every room exhibiting artwork and architecture reflecting the supreme discipline of the order. It is a monument to the ages, an ever-growing tribute to the painstaking stubbornness that has allowed mankind to rise to dominance in the Forgotten Realms.

Extensive catacombs twist through the mountain under the monastery, threefold in purpose. Some sections serve as burial vaults for deceased monks. In another wing, a vast cellar holds vats of wine that the monks make from blueberries they collect. Finally, the catacombs house the most complete archives of the Bloodstone Lands to be found anywhere.

Each year, mid-level monks lead expeditions down the mountain to gather data in the cities of Damara, Impiltur, and in even Vaasa and Narfell. They concern themselves with news of local births and deaths, travelers passing through and newcomers settling in the region. It is no wonder that Gareth Dragonsbane asked the Monastery of the Yellow Rose to verify the lineage of the Duke of Carmathan! And it is no more a wonder that the man is just a little worried.

Riding the Remorhaz

The monks of the Yellow Rose have a spectacular and dangerous initiation-adventure. PCs will want their rightful shot at this exhilarating enterprise!

Before any monk can challenge to become a Master of Dragons (8th level), he or she must pass one of the most astonishing initiations ever devised. Armed with magical iron-and-leather spurs and a simple lasso, the monk must attempt to ride on the back of a remorhaz. This is done by lassoing the monster as it rambles past an appointed outcrop of rocks. The monk leaps to the white worm's back, plants the spurs firmly, and rides along (still standing, of course!) for a distance of at least one hundred yards.

In game terms the procedure is straightforward. The monk must make a "to hit" roll with the lasso against Armor Class 10. Failure does not mean the attempt to ride has been botched, simply that the monk must wait for another remorhaz to come by. However, if the monk misses three times, he or she loses experience. The monk is reduced to the middle of the 7th level, and cannot challenge for the 8th level until the lost experience has been re-earned. The monk may, however, attempt to ride the white worm again after one week has elapsed.

Once the monk has lassoed the beast, he or she leaps on, stamping the spurs into the white worm's back. This means two separate attacks. A remorhaz is normally Armor Class 0 in this area, but due to the special design and magic of the spurs, the monk need only hit Armor Class 8 to plant a foot.

At least one spur must be planted for the monk to have any chance of success. If one or both are planted (doing damage equivalent to the monk's open hand damage: 3-9 for 7th level), the chance for success is



determined by the extent of damage. Ten points of damage offers a base 40% + 5% per point of dexterity over 15. For every point of damage over 10, add 5%. (This gives a 7th level monk with an 18 Dexterity a maximum 95% chance of success, doing total damage of 18.)

Conversely, for every point of damage under 10 inflicted by the spurring attacks, subtract 5%. (Thus, a 7th level monk hitting with both spurs but doing minimum damage of 3 points each, for a total of 6, would have only a 20% + Dexterity bonus chance of success.)

If only one spur is successfully planted, or if the monk attempting the manoeuvre is lower level, the chance might be less still. The proposition gets even more grave, for any monk missing with both spurs, or failing the ride, takes the full consequences of touching the back of a white worm: 10-100 hit points of damage with *no saving throw!* Generous Dungeon Masters may allow PC monks of the Yellow Rose to score double damage on an attack roll of 20 when spurring.

It should come as no surprise that the burial catacombs under the Monastery of the Yellow Rose house the remains of many would-be Masters of Dragons.

Riding the remorhaz is one of the toughest tests of skill and courage in the Forgotten Realms. Yet no monk at the monastery who had earned enough experience has ever refused to attempt the challenge. Most monks will try their skill at least once, even if they are of a much lower level. Many of the younger masters ride the remorhaz on a regular basis, sometimes as often as once a week! For the monks, this is more than a test. To them, the white worm symbolizes the courage and determination that marks their order. Conquering the beast, riding inches away from death or serious injury, is a statement of their devotion to St. Sollars the Twice Martyred. This inner strength is greatly respected by everyone in the Bloodstone Lands.

Nar-sek Qu'istrade

Nar-sek Qu'istrade is one of the few neutral meeting grounds among the tribes of Narfell. Also called Horseshoe Canyon, it is located on the northeast spur of the Giantspire Mountains, a circular bay of waving grass, sheltered by high, sheer cliff walls. Five square miles in area, the single entrance to the place is a crack only wide enough for two riders to go abreast.

Shallow caves line the rear walls of the canyon. The hardy Nars frequently sleep out under the open sky and put up their horses in the caves. Superbly defensible and protected from the harshest storms, Nar-sek Qu'istrade is often visited by the various Nar tribes. In the coldest days of winter, several tribes may congregate together, despite being fierce rivals out on the open grassland. An unbroken truce exists in Horseshoe Canyon and peaceful friendship is the norm.

On the occasions when a tribe comes under attack by a foreign invader, the people try to make their way to Nar-sek Qu'istrade where they light special arrangements of fires. These beacons signal an SOS to other tribes in the area, and help is sure to come quickly. When the Witch-King began massing his armies along the banks of Icelace Lake, the Nars gathered their own forces, using Nar-sek Qu'istrade as their home base.

Nar-sek Qu'tel

Similar to Nar-sek Qu'istrade, Nar-sek Qu'tel is a smaller canyon, only a few hundred square yards of area. It is located on the western slopes of Hark's Finger, the solitary mountain jutting up from the flatlands of central Narfell. Nar-sek Qu'tel is used by tribes caught unexpectedly in exceptionally bad storms on the open grassland. There are no caves here, and the entrance is wide, allowing both the wind and enemies easy access. Although the canyon is so small, the same principles of neutrality hold here and no tribe is ever denied access, no matter how crowded the canyon becomes.

The Pit

Strange indeed is the nasty phenomenon known as the wandering pit of Vaasa, or simply, the Pit. The Pit is believed to be a creation of the Witch-King's, let loose when Castle Perilous crumbled. No one has determined the Pit's true nature. It may be a portable, inanimate trap, or several separate but similar traps, or some weird living being. Whatever its nature, the thing cannot be ignored. Even the dwarves of Clan Hillsafar, ever doubting and suspicious, recognize the thing's existence, and they have put up a bounty of 500 gold pieces for information leading to its destruction.

Apparently, the Pit can blend into any landscape. It has caught people walking, and even riding. It has appeared in the bogs of Vaasa, in the grassland of Sunderland, and in the rocky foothills of the Galenas. The Pit shows up as a 20' square hole that opens abruptly underfoot, as if spring-loaded. Victims drop ten feet to a floor of spikes dripping with poison, and then the trap's ceiling springs shut.

One adventuring party saw their point man fall in and land on the spikes. But before they could get to his aid, the trap closed. Desperately they dug for their friend, cutting a trench fully eight feet deep. But they never found the Pit, or their doomed friend, again.

Rilaunyr's Warship

Now in dry dock at Sarshel, Rilaunyr's Warship was once known as the scourge of the Easting Reach. Swift and strong, it patrolled the length of the Reach and out into the Sea of Fallen Stars.

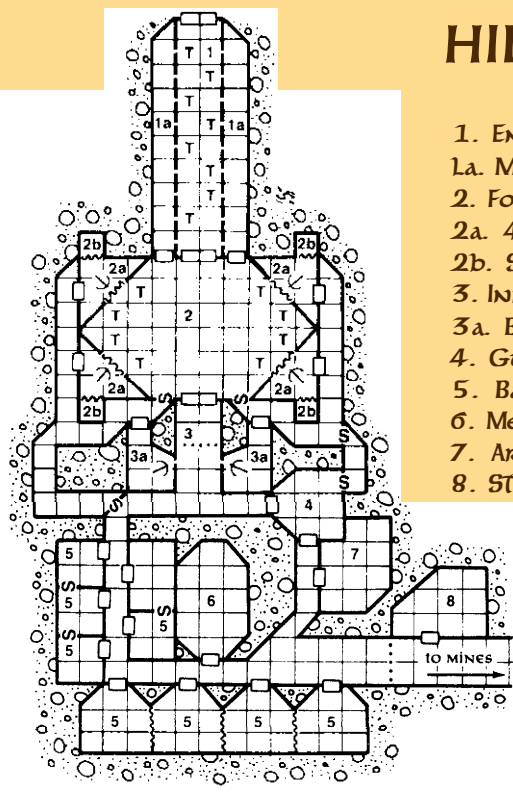
In the heyday of the Impilturian port city, the ship protected merchant vessels putting into or out of Sarshel. Then the shipments of bloodstone bars stopped flowing down from Damara, and Sarshel's importance waned. The Lord Rilaunyr could see how the winds were blowing, and brought his pride into dry-dock for refurbishing.

Rilaunyr longs to get back to sea. He hopes that the flow of bloodstone will



HILLSAFAR HALL Scale: 1 Square = 10 feet

1. Entry Hall: Traps are depressed blocks releasing spring blades
- 1a. Murder corridors: arrow slits to entry hall
2. Formal Hall: traps are pits, also dropping grates to block entry to 2a.
- 2a. 45-angle ballistae.
- 2b. Storage ballistae bolts.
3. Inner Hall: portcullis crank in 4.
- 3a. Ballistae.
4. Guardpost liaison to barracks.
5. Barracks.
6. Meeting hall.
7. Armory.
8. Store-room (Mining equipment and Gems for Market).



soon resume, and restore his city to its former prominence. When trade is restored, Impiltur's crossed wand and sword banner will once again fly proudly above the deck of this formidable vessel, to the dismay of pirates hungry for merchant prey.

The ship herself is a three-masted ninety-footer. She carries a sailing crew of thirty, and a hundred fighting marines. Mini-ballistae line her ironbound sides; a catapult shoots from the flying deck in the rear, and two massive ballistae are directed over the prow.

The real power of Rilaunyr's Warship lies in magic. When fully manned, she carries six magic-users, levels 7-13, and a complement of twelve clerics of Poseidon, one of whom is a 15th level high priest.

Three of the magic-users possess *rings of air elemental control*; they keep the sails filled with enchanted wind. The other three handle the offensive and defensive chores, surrounding vulnerable areas in *globes of invulnerability* and laying low pirate ships with fireballs and

lightning bolts. The clerics provide supplies and heal the crew when they are ill or wounded. Daily, they commune with their deity to keep Lord Rilaunyr informed of the fickle attitude of the god of waters, and of his domain.

The Ruins of Monte Veldelio

One of the first mining towns run by humans in Damara was Monte Veldelio. The rugged community was located in the mountains of Arcata near the junction of the Galena and Earthspur ranges. For ten years, Monte Veldelio prospered, with miners trading large hauls of silver and iron each spring and fall.

But then something happened. Like all mountain mining communities, Monte Veldelio spent each winter in isolation, cut off by snow-blocked passes. But one spring, the miners did not return to market.

An expedition was sent out from Valls, but when the few survivors of that party returned, they had literally

aged with terror. The winter, the wolves, or something more evil had apparently killed every person in Monte Veldelio. The group found no survivors of the devastated community, and no bodies. Nevertheless, they said that the people of Monte Veldelio returned to dwell in the empty buildings of their town every night—as ghosts.

The empty town stands in the mountains still. Some of the buildings are falling down, but most are still in fair condition. The town offers a false welcome to weary travelers passing through the mountains. PCs might find Monte Veldelio a pleasant and convenient campground . . . until the sun goes down.

The Warren

The Warren is one of the most ingenious and defensible complexes in all the Forgotten Realms. Located in Bloodstone Valley, the Warren encompasses more than three hundred miles of interconnecting tunnels.



The Warren was dug during the reign of the Witch-King by the Alliance of Belt Watchers, a partnership of the dwarves of Clan Orothiar and the halflings of the Waukeshire. The industrious little folk worked day and night, completing the initial network of tunnels in less than a month.

The dwarves of Clan Orothiar have moved on to reopen the Bloodstone Mines, but the Warren's defenses are no less formidable for their absence, and more tunnels are always being added. One now being worked on will connect the Warren to the eastern fortress of the Damaran Gate.

The main nest of tunnels lies under the woods of the Waukeshire. A secondary labyrinth leads through three connecting tunnels to Warrenwood. These tunnels delve under the Beaumaris River and include several flood pits to destroy invaders. Fredegar and his halfling militia now run the place, and their primary goal is the perfection of the interior traps and defenses.

Though an extensive project, construction of the Warren was kept secret for more than a year. Only the dwarves and halflings, and the centaurs of Warrenwood and the Waukeshire knew of it. The diggings only came to light during the Bloodstone Wars.

The Polten-Morov-Ostel alliance sent a force to Bloodstone Valley, to ambush the returning army of Bloodstone. The invaders camped beyond the banks of the Beaumaris, in Warrenwood. Centaur sentries alerted the forces of the Warren, and a plan, drawn up months before, was immediately put into motion. Sneaking up to ground level through trapdoors disguised as tree trunks or boulders, the halflings cut the invading army into isolated groups. The invaders' threat ended in a single night when 100 southerners died, and 900 were captured and held in underground caves. Not a single invader escaped.

The Warren is well-defended still. Any would-be invader would be smart to raise an army of kobolds or pixies. The tunnels of the place are designed for little folk, and most are cramped even for halflings. Orcs or men would have to crawl—an unpleasant position from which to face a halfling warrior specifically trained to fight in tight places.

Catching the halfling community unawares would prove equally difficult. This is a wary bunch, who learned bitter lessons in the past. At the first sound of trouble, be it a centaur horn or a halfling shout, the folk of the Waukeshire disappear into tunnels within their own homes—tunnels which all connect by a single passage to the Warren. This long entry has more than 20 doors leading out of it, 19 of which are cunningly trapped. Only the halflings and their allies know which is the right entrance.

The centaurs have formally allied with the halflings, and centaur sentries constantly patrol the two woodlands. In return, the defensive needs of the centaur community have been attended to. Two secret chambers have been recently constructed, one in Warrenwood and one in the Waukeshire. With their entrances hidden under brush, these chambers provide the centaurs with a shelter for their weak and young, or for all of them in times of desperation. Iron doors seal off the chambers from any menace outside. Once these are bolted, only the halflings within the Warren can approach, making their way through back tunnels to their centaur allies.

Watcher's Mounds

The Watcher's Mounds are a series of encampments built by the monks of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose through the southern stretches of the Earthspur Mountains. Construction of new campsites continues along the trails down

from the monks' mountain home. The exact number of these places is not known, but is estimated to be well over a hundred.

The Watcher's "Mounds" are not necessarily mounds at all. They might be a lean-to, or a hidden firepit in a tiny cave overhung by a cluster of boulders. In whatever form, Watcher's Mounds remain an open invitation to travelers in the Earthspurs. To goblins and orcs, these are simply pre-built, defensible campsites, which they often use.

The goodly folk of the surrounding kingdoms know that a Watcher's Mound might provide much more than just a place to stay for the night. Somewhere on every site lies a secret cache of dried foods, water, even adventuring supplies such as a tinderbox or a knife. These goods might be hidden under a stone or perhaps in a tree hollow. Even PCs unfamiliar with the Bloodstone Lands are likely to have heard of this, at least as a rumor.

Aside from the monks, rangers are the most common visitors to a Watcher's Mound. Rarely short of supplies, rangers are more apt to leave goods behind than to deplete the stores. Thus, any mound visited by PCs is likely to be well-stocked (90% chance that this is so).

Dungeon Masters should note that supplies in the mounds are intended for necessity, not convenience. PCs of Good or even Neutral alignments should not simply loot a mound. In fact, if they have extra supplies, they would be wise to leave something behind. The rangers and monks take note of looters, and often form opinions about parties being considered friend or enemy based on their behavior at one of the mounds. Although the rangers and monks have better work than to seek retribution on a party of casual looters, they would be quick to come to the aid of a party in danger who previously had behaved better.



MOVERS AND SHAKERS

This isolated region is so filled with interesting and powerful individuals that it would require a sourcebook much larger than this to list them all. Most of the Damaran provinces, all of Impiltur's great cities, and each tribe of fierce Nars are led by noteworthy individuals who have surrounded themselves with mighty friends. Add to this the large number of colorful adventurers now roaming the opening frontier of Vaasa, and you have an impressive group indeed!

For the purposes of this work, then, here are the leaders and wanderers most likely to add color to an adventure or campaign in the Bloodstone Lands. They might appear as NPCs, or even as PCs (in the case of those characters which first appeared in the H-series of modules).

Abordabe

Central Narfell
30th level fighter
LN, Tempus
Human male
ST 17, DEX 18, CN 16

As leader of the largest tribe in Narfell, Abordabe supervises the massive Trade Fair each summer. He is at least 65 years old, but seems in no way ready to relinquish his command to a younger, stronger warrior.

Abordabe is not a big man, only 5'3" and 145 pounds. What he lacks in size he more than makes up for in skill and experience. His tribe numbers nearly 4,000, but few would even imagine challenging him for the throne. All the folk of Abordabe rightly believe that their leader is the finest warrior in Narfell. However, when time finally takes away their venerable ruler, at least 100 warriors will vie for the chieftainship.

Abordabe is as wise as he is battle-skilled. He is slow to anger and quite tolerant of outsiders (for a Nar). PCs caught by tribe Abordabe will have a fair chance of being released. They may even get permission to continue adventuring in the region, so long as their actions are honorable, with no malice.

Afrafa

Wanders (Arcata)
11th level monk
LG, Ilmater
Human female
WIS 16, DEX 17, CHA 17

Afrafa is the highest ranking female ever among the monks of the Monastery of the Yellow Rose. She is also the youngest monk ever to ride the remorhaz, a deed accomplished when she was 15 years old and only 2nd level! But that is only one feat in a long line for this courageous and energetic woman. Now 25, she is Master of the South Wind and preparing to challenge for 12th level.

Afrafa idolizes the monk Kane, viewing him as the epitome of what it means to be a monk of St. Sollars. She has followed Kane's lead and now wanders the foothills of the Galenas and the Earthspurs in Arcata. She lives a subsistence-level existence and helps wherever she might. Her dark hair and saucer eyes shine past the squalor of her lifestyle, and her looks often get Afrafa into trouble with scoundrels. But her beauty obscures her toughness and inner strength, and she can take care of herself. At heart a romantic, Afrafa does not hate men, but those who pursue her with twisted smiles and beery breath find themselves much the worse for the experience!

Bahooa Shortsleeves

Wanders (Impiltur)
3rd level fighter/4th level thief
LN, Brandobaris
Halfling male
ST 17, DEX 18, CN 16

Bahooa Shortsleeves, "Bahoo," is the best friend and traveling companion of the gnome Bistro Battenrooj. Unlikely as it seems, Bahoo fancies himself a barbarian fighter. Folks in the know believe that the illusionist gnome uses *hypnosis* spells to foster Bahoo's delusions.

Whatever the cause of his fantasies, Bahoo is extremely gifted for one of his race. Strong, agile, and tough, Bahoo has the physical attributes to back up his boasts, although he is bravest before the fight begins. His mentality remains pure halfling. For all his huffing and puffing, Bahoo would rather run than fight.

Banak

Citadel of Assassins
20th level cleric
CE, Orcus?
Human male
WIS 18

Banak was once the reigning evil priest in all the Bloodstone Lands. He had attained 24th level, but his power has declined with the fall of his vile deity. Nevertheless, his experience and obsessively evil nature keep him in power and he remains one of the commanders of the Grandfather of Assassins' bandit army. Banak retained his 1st through 3rd level spell abilities in full when Orcus fell, and somehow he still manages to use a higher level spell now and then. No one knows whether he found a new god-figure to replace his deposed deity, whether he had a stockpile of scrolls hidden away, or whether some magic item empowers him with the more important spells. His associates never doubted that Banak would find some way to reclaim his lost power.

Banak's speciality and love is for the realm of undead. Every day he casts *animate dead* spells on whatever corpses he has managed to acquire. The Grandfather of Assassins and his chief advisor, Knellict, are worried that Banak is trying to create his own separate army. The Grandfather and Knellict have simple plans: they pursue wealth and security working with the thieves' guild of Heliogabalus. Banak's agenda would first see the bandits conquered, then he could claim Vaasa as his own. The evil priest craves another try at conquest.

PCs wandering in the Galenas east of Bloodstone should be wary of Banak. While the cleric is unlikely to risk a personal face-to-face battle, he might order his zombie and skeleton forces against an encampment. Alternatively, he might send his *staff of the adder* to crawl in unnoticed among a sleeping group. In his endless quest for cadavers, Banak is not averse to creating a few on his own!



Bistro Battenrooj

Wanders (Impiltur)
4th level fighter/4th level illusionist
NG, Garl Glittergold
Gnome male
INT 16, DEX 16

One of the few surface gnomes in the region, Bistro Battenrooj is possibly the most colorful character PCs will ever encounter. He is a fighter/illusionist by trade, but proclaims himself a monk. He does manage to look the part, despite his diminutive stature and his outrageous hat—yellow and green, wide-brimmed, and feathered. He wears plain clothing and travels light, thanks to a belt pouch that is really a *bag of holding*. For weapons, he uses only a dagger, a crossbow, or his walking stick (jo stick), all suitable for a monk.

But under Bistro's plain robe and cape is a form-fitting, custom-made suit of fine elven chain mail (+3). Bistro is quick to cast a *phantasmal force* if the armor is in danger of being discovered. Thus he explains his incredibly hard skin as "a testament to his deep levels of concentration."

Typically, Bistro utilizes all his illusionist tricks to support his disguise. In battle, he will try to slip in on the enemy's flank and launch a *color spray*. Then he will wade in among his stunned and unconscious opponents, punching and running about. His allies get the impression that he took down his opponents with his deadly open hand combat style, as Bistro camouflages this maneuver with *phantasmal force* spells. If his allies are also engaged in combat, they have very little chance of discovering his tricks.

When Bistro first encounters adventurers, he will play his other favorite game, especially if the party shows any doubt of his claims to be a monk. Casting a *phantasmal force*, Bistro goes through an open hand and jo stick attack routine. The spell makes him appear as if he had six arms, all moving in a coordinated blur.

Whether Bistro really believes his claim, or whether he just enjoys the challenge of maintaining the disguise has never been determined. Insiders suspect the latter. After all, Bistro is responsible for the *hypnosis* spells that delude his halfling traveling companion, Bahooa Shortsleeves.



Cantoule

Monastery of the Yellow Rose
17th level monk
LG, Ilmater
Human male
ST 17, WIS 17, DEX 18, CHA 16

At 40, Cantoule is young for his station as the reigning Grand Master of Flowers. He was pressed into the position when Grand Master Poke died, and Kane professed no desire to hold the station for any extended period. Even then Cantoule was not the next most obvious successor. Unfortunately, the man who was next in line, a 15th level monk named Temmenische, was also 95 years old. Kane and Temmenische realized that Cantoule would be the most appropriate successor, so they put him through a crash course of the higher level lessons.

Cantoule continues his lessons even as he presides over the monastery. Times are peaceful, tradition keeps things running smoothly, and the young Grand Master seems up to the task. His first serious test will come in the near future when he must decide who the monastery will support among the would-be kings of the Damaran region. All indications point to Gareth Dragonsbane as his choice.

Cantoule freely accepts visitors to the monastery. If they are worthy (Good alignment), he might give them a private audience. Cantoule will be directly or indirectly involved with any significant actions that PCs take in the southern Earthspur Mountains.

Cat One-eye

Wanders (Damara)
21st level thief
NE, None
Half-elf female
IN 16, DEX 18

Cat One-eye is a dangerous agent of the Assassins Guild. She is a "snuffer," a contract murderer who finds the most difficult hits the most appealing.

Cat One-eye is a diminutive woman, standing only 4'6" and weighing perhaps 85 pounds soaking wet. She is not unattractive, with long dark hair and deep brown eyes, but anyone looking closely will spot the coldness within, the passionless void common to one of her vile trade.



Unlike many professionals in her trade, Cat One-eye simply enjoys killing, whether or not money is involved. If she encounters a band of PCs on the road, she is apt to attempt their demise for the challenge of it, or for any attractive treasures they might be carrying.

Whenever she is about to make a hit, Cat One-eye dons a magical eye patch. This item casts a continual *silence 10' radius* when worn. It also has the power to *hypnotize* one victim (save at -4).

Given Cat One-eye's penchant for dangerous challenges, it is feared in Bloodstone Village that her latest target may be Gareth Dragonsbane himself. When she has a target on the agenda, she is less likely to engage in casual killing. No one knows where this killer is now, but she was last seen in Heliogabalus.

Celedon Kierney

Wanders (Galena Mountains)

8th level magic-user/

24th level thief-acrobat

CG, Dionysus

Half-elf male

IN 18, DEX 18, CHA 16

Handsome, young, and adventuresome, Sir Celedon is a hero in the truest sense of the word—he always shows up when he is most needed. A master thief and a skilled magician, Celedon is a powerful ally. He possesses many magic items, including an ebony fly *figurine of wondrous power* and a *defender sword +4*.

But when the trouble is over, Celedon's true character shines through. He is a lover of wine and women, a prankster who often enrages his closest friends, particularly the somewhat stuffy Gareth Dragonsbane. Celedon has little regard for titles or station, and views "etiquette" as an invitation to have fun.

An original member of the company of heroes that rose against the bandit army in Bloodstone, Celedon served as Commander and Chief Scout in the Bloodstone Army throughout the war years. In the final battle with the Witch-King, when Gareth and company traveled to the Abyss, it was Celedon who stole the Wand of Orcus and delivered it to the Seven Heavens for its final destruction. This heroic act effectively ended the war.

Today Celedon continues his heroics as a leader of Spysong, the Bloodstone scouting network. As chief spy in the Galenas, Celedon has been working to discover the whereabouts of the new Citadel of Assassins and the bandit army. However, he is presently encamped on Suncatcher Mountain investigating the strange cloud that has enveloped the spire. Celedon suspects that the cloud is a magical kingdom of cloud giants, but he wants a closer look before reporting to Riordan Parnell. He tells himself, "It's not wise to make assumptions," when he feels the need to justify his delay. In fact, he knows that cloud giants might have a bauble or two he could take before the army rolls in.

Christine Dragonsbane

Bloodstone Village

7th level druid

N (G), Sylvanus

Human female

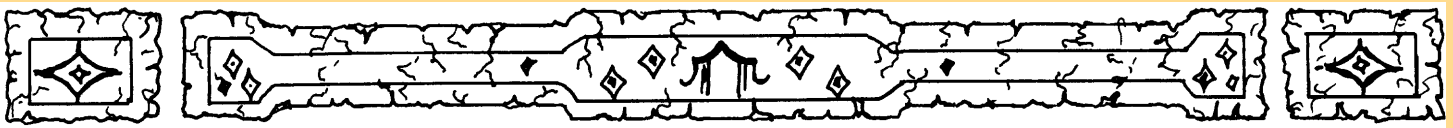
CHA 17

Lady Christine, Baroness of Bloodstone, is possibly the most influential woman in Damara, even above Baroness Sylvia of Ostel. Somewhat aloof and haughty with most people, Christine nevertheless understands the diplomatic demands of her station. She is the wife of Gareth Dragonsbane and would become Queen if the new Bloodstone kingdom comes to be.

Christine inherited her title when her father, Baron Tranth, gave the throne of Bloodstone to her new husband. Had she not married, Christine would soon have become the Baroness anyway. Tranth could see she was ready to rule, and no one in Bloodstone doubted her ability to lead them. When the bandit army first appeared, before Gareth and his friends arrived on the scene, Lady Christine was the first to stand up to them. By the time Gareth and company rolled into town, she had already organized the militia.

Gareth knew when he married Christine that she would be his partner, not a subservient wife. Christine has taken an active role in Bloodstone's rise to power, acting as the principal emissary to two very important allied groups, the centaurs and halflings of the region. She is a druid, and Gareth a paladin, but neither one considered that either of them should change their religious callings. Gareth





and Christine have a wonderful marriage and plan on a large family as soon as the situation in Damara settles down.

Dimian Ree

Heliogabalus
11th level thief
CN, Ilmater?
Human male
IN 16, CHA 16

As Gareth Dragonsbane's principal rival for the throne, Dimian Ree is deeply and firmly rooted on the seat of power in Heliogabalus. He bears the title of the Baron of Morov and is a rightful, though distant, heir to the title of King of united Damara. Cruel and ruthless, Dimian Ree wants power and will stop at nothing to achieve it. To this end, the Baron of Morov surrounds himself with powerful but vile allies, and enthroned behind a wall of murder and intrigue.

It is no secret that Dimian Ree is first cousin to Tarkos Ree, head of Heliogabalus' infamous thieves' guild. This tie hurts Ree's esteem in the farm communities, but actually strengthens his position in the city provinces. Few wish to cross the thieves' guild, especially not the merchants of Heliogabalus.

Dimian Ree claims Ilmater as his god, as he must in order to win the allegiance of the Damaran people. He attends services regularly, but actions speak louder than ritualized words. It is apparent, to his critics at least, that this man is a godless tyrant, without concern for punishment to come in some unknown afterlife.

Ree blundered badly when he refused to send his army to support the army of Bloodstone in their struggle against the Witch-King. Ree expected Zhengyi would prove victorious once again. When the Witch-King fell, Gareth was hailed as a hero, and the Baron of Morov had to work furiously to salvage his position.

Presently, Dimian Ree appears to have recouped his losses; his position is strong once again. His primary ally after the thieves' guild is Baroness Sylvia of Ostel. Sylvia's allegiance is assured by her certainty that, if Dimian Ree falls, she will surely follow.

While Gareth's support swells, Dimian Ree cannot rest. He has reached out to a third ally, the Grandfather of Assassins.

This move is a gamble—many of Ree's followers would turn away from him if they knew he was associating with the wicked Citadel of Assassins. But Dimian Ree seeks a way to strike out against the rise of Bloodstone, as he must if he hopes to reestablish the Kingdom of Damara with himself as its king.

Dormythyrr

Goliad
5th level fighter
LG, Ilmater
Human male
ST 17, CHA 16

When times seemed darkest for Brandiar, when the Witch-King had once again sent his forces crashing through the province, a single man rallied the Duchy into unity and brought precious reinforcements to the army of Bloodstone. That man was Dormythyrr, a simple farmer tilling his fields on the outskirts of Goliad.

Brave and handsome, and wise beyond his 25 years, Dormythyrr won the hearts of Brandiar's people, and the friendship of Gareth and company alike on that fateful day. He assumed the stewardship of the empty Ducal seat, and he remains there today. But the Witch-King completely eradicated Brandiar's noble line, and it is increasingly obvious that soon Dormythyrr will be officially declared Duke of Brandiar.

He is a thoughtful man, slow to anger, one who trusts his common sense. Most importantly, Dormythyrr is absolutely dedicated to the Duchy and to its place in the region as a whole. He is firmly behind Gareth Dragonsbane and the proposed Kingdom of Bloodstone.

Emelyn The Gray

Wanders (southern Damara)
21st level magic-user
LG, Ilmater
Human male
IN 18, DEX 16

The most powerful mage in the region, Emelyn the Gray would like nothing better than to settle down among the centaurs of Warrenwood and pursue mild scholastic challenges. This is quite a change from his youth, when he was an ardent adventurer looking for excitement

and the acquisition of knowledge and spells. When age started to catch up with him, he retired to teach magic in the centaur academy he founded.

The war with Vaasa destroyed the school, and ended his hopes for a peaceful place in which to pass his twilight years. Nearly 60 at the time, Emelyn took up his *staff of the magi* and set out. He joined up with Gareth and company soon after, rounding out the group with his powerful magic.

During the ensuing rise of Bloodstone, Emelyn took as his apprentice the daughter of a baker, Gabrielle, who hopes eventually to become Emelyn's wife. With the help of Lady Christine, they began rebuilding the centaur school, seeking the quietude Emelyn desires.

Events continue to interfere, however. Gaunt and white-haired, Emelyn finds himself chasing adventure once again. As leader of the Twilight Riders, he rides through southern Damara delivering Gareth's hopes and promises to the people.

It is a testament to his loyalty and intelligence that Emelyn is able to pull off this often difficult diplomatic mission, for he has never been known as a tactful man. He is and always has been a complainer, to say nothing of being absent-minded and sometimes bumbling. But in times of true danger and need, Emelyn is as powerful an ally and as deadly a foe as anyone would ever know.

Friar Dugald

Bloodstone
22nd level cleric
LG, Dionysus
Human male
WIS 18

Bald, immensely fat, and with a constant smile stamped on his face, Friar Dugald's appearance hardly hints at the man's power. Always up for a good meal and a good drink, the friar has waded into more than one barroom brawl in his days. Of course, his behavior is frowned upon by the more stodgy members of the clergy. But while those stuffy ministers remained secure behind their chapel walls, Friar Dugald was out fighting for the cause of good, even traveling to the Abyss to thwart the rulers of the lower planes!



Dugald resides in Bloodstone these days, supervising the growth of the barony and ministering to his swelling flock. He is arguably Gareth's closest advisor, and in his own simple manner he has done as much to solidify the possibilities for a new and better kingdom as has the Baron paladin himself. The funds he has donated to the city of Goliad will build the greatest church in the land. If the loyalty of the Duchy of Brandiar had been in doubt before, Friar Dugald's actions guaranteed the province's earnest enthusiasm. The money was given anonymously, although his identity leaked out (conveniently).

Now Dugald walks among the common people. He inconspicuously listens for any news indicating an attempt might be made against Gareth's life. He is anxious about the bandit army, and eager for word of their whereabouts. With his *mace of disruption* comfortably in hand, he wants to personally end the threat of the evil priest Banak and his undead legions.

Gareth Dragonsbane

Bloodstone
21st level paladin
LG, Ilmater
Human male
ST 18/30, CN 17, CHA 18

Gareth Dragonsbane, Baron of Bloodstone, is undoubtedly the most important and impressive man in all of Damara, perhaps in all of the Bloodstone Lands. A holy knight of the Order of the Golden Cup, Gareth had a glorious and prosperous adventuring career until he settled on a large estate in northern Damara. But then arose the Witch-King, and Gareth Dragonsbane's life would never be the same. His comfortable home was destroyed while he was fighting the war as a Brigade Commander in the Damaran army.

When the first phase of war was over, and the Witch-King victorious, a despondent Gareth met six special friends: Olwen Forest-friend, Friar Dugald, Celdon Kierney, Riordan Parnell, Emelyn the Gray, and Kane, the wandering monk. This powerful group came to Bloodstone where they spearheaded the defeat of the bandit army, the fall of rival provinces, and finally, the overthrow of the Witch-King himself.

During this period, Gareth fell in love with, then married Lady Christine, daughter of Baron Tranth of Bloodstone. Tranth was weary of rule. Seeing the mettle of his new son-in-law, he abdicated, relinquishing his title to Gareth.

The new baron remains as energetic a ruler as he was a fighter. He has engineered the unprecedented rise of Bloodstone, and on him lie the hopes that this once-flourishing kingdom may be restored. It is no accident that Gareth would rise to such heights. Unlike many of his profession, he is quite tolerant of others, viewing the range of goodness as wide enough to include those who may falter occasionally. Gareth has won the hearts and the loyalty of people all across Damara, a devotion that grows as his reputation spreads. He understands the value of his friends and his allies, and takes great care not to offend those whose ultimate goals are also directed toward the overall benefit of the kingdom.

Despite the protests of his over-protective friends, Gareth refuses to rule from the security of an "ivory tower." He frequently rides among his people on his warhorse Glendan, crying out for the cause of good. He bears Crusader, his holy sword, raised high above him (see below).

Crusader

- +5 *holy avenger* long sword
 - All holy avenger abilities as described in the Dungeon Master Guide, plus:
 - Heal 1/day
 - Strength 1/day
 - Charm person* on contact 1/day
- Furthermore, Crusader will *disintegrate* any minor creature from the lower planes on an unmodified "to hit" role of 20.

Garumbelly Hillsafar

Sunderland, Vaasa
7th level fighter
LG, Moradin
Dwarven male
ST 18/50, CN 18

As leader of Clan Hillsafar's 2,000 sturdy dwarves, Garumbelly "Grumble" Hillsafar wields great power indeed. Gruff and surly in appearance and attitude, Grumble is really a generous and

compassionate leader. He is always thinking of the good of the clan and ready to help out wherever he is needed.

Grumble got his nickname through his habit of constantly mumbling to himself mostly complaints or uncomplimentary comments. He is a straight-shooter, saying exactly what is on his mind and the consequences be damned! If he doesn't like someone, he'll tell them so in no uncertain terms. Conversely, if a PC makes a friend of Grumble, that character will have gained the most powerful and loyal ally in all of Vaasa.

Hedweck

Wanders (Vaasa)
14th level barbarian fighter
LG, Tempus
Human male
ST 18/00, DEX 18, CN 18

An incredibly impressive physical specimen, Hedweck stands 6'5", weighs 260 pounds, and has 125 hit points. White Worm's "spirit hunter," the barbarian spends his days roaming the Vaasan bog. A spirit hunter is always the greatest warrior of the people, sent out by the shaman to battle "evil spirits" that would invade the tribe's domain. As it happens, a spirit hunter considers any one he meets to be an evil spirit! Thus this magnificent man is doomed to a solitary life of endless battle by his own physical prowess, and by such enhancements as are worked by the shaman.

Hedweck wields Bonecrusher, a gigantic +3 *magical maul* (damage 2-20), and wears the sacred wormskin vestments of White Worm (treat as AC2, not including dexterity bonus). The shaman's tinkering makes matters even worse for potential enemies: the barbarian is under deadly hypnotic influences. He fights in an absolute rage: +2 to initiative, +2 to hit, and 3 swings/round. He will continue battling for three rounds after reaching 0 hit points, regardless of the extent of further damage.

If Hedweck is defeated, his corpse transforms into the semblance of a remorhaz then dissipates to be carried on the cold winds back to the tribe on the edge of the Great Glacier. Another spirit hunter will then be chosen and augmented by the shaman's hypnosis (raising his ability scores appropriately). Naturally, this new war-



rior's first mission will be to hunt down and kill the slayer of his predecessor.

Hobart Bracegirdle

Wanders (Damara)
5th level fighter
LG, Yondalla
Halfling male
ST 18/00 (gauntlets), CHA 17

Snorting commands from astride his prized war-pig, Hobart Bracegirdle and his fellow Kneebreakers scour the Damaran countryside in search of wrongs needing righting. This tough-talking halfling warrior inspires his fighters to new heights of bravery—almost to the point where they will engage in combat even when they're not actually cornered!

In truth, Hobart is a fine leader for his band. He is a long-spittin', rootin'-tootin' ruffian (in the halfling context) and he wants to make his name rank with the names of such heroes as Olwen Forest-friend or Kane the monk.

PCs encountering Hobart's band will be in for an adventure for sure. Once it is decided that the groups are on the same side, the Kneebreakers will join up with the PC party, bringing with them endless tales of heroism and courage. In the end, Hobart will probably lead the entire group into a complete mess and then fight a retreating action with his band as the PCs scramble to put things right. When the fighting is winding down, the Kneebreakers will roar in from the flank, crying out their goddess' name, waving shining weapons above their heads.

If forced into honest battle, Hobart and his companions will actually prove themselves to be able fighters. Hobart wears *gauntlets of ogre power* and wields a +4 *defender* short sword. (He always uses the bonus for defense!)

Horse

Wanders (Narfell)
8th level fighter/12th level thief
NE, None
Human male
DEX 18, CN 16

Horse has been the bane of many individuals caught out on the open Narfellian grassland, and even small groups are not safe from him. Small and dirty, Horse was

named for his smell. Even his fellow Nars, brutal people in the truest sense of the word, cannot fathom the depths of this man's cruelty. He was kicked out of the tribe because of his unbridled savagery. His people would have killed him, but they fear he is possessed by some mighty evil spirit.

Horse is as proficient in camouflage as a tundra yeti (surprise on a 1-5). He will attack whenever it is convenient to him, day or night. If the day grows long, or if a party outnumbers him by more than 3 to 1, he will wait for darkness.

If the sun is high, Horse often employs deadly hit-and-run tactics. His favorite move is to spring up right in the midst of a traveling band and plant a poisoned, barbed spear in the back or side of the nearest rider. This spear will be attached by cord to a nearby rock or stump. Having little slack, the cord pulls taut within a round, dismounting the rider nine times out of ten. Horse disappears into the landscape before the party can even get their mounts turned around.

If caught in open battle, Horse fights with two hand axes. His weapons are doubly deadly, whether axe or spear. Horse has learned the secret of passawaw grass, the primary ingredient in a very virulent poison. The barbarian dips each and every one of his weapons in this evil concoction before battle. The gummy substance remains on the speartip or axebled for one full turn + 3-12 rounds. Anyone struck by these coated weapons must save vs. poison at + 2, or take an additional 4-24 points of damage.

Kane

Wanders
17th level monk
LG, Ilmater
Human male
DEX 17

Taken in as an orphaned infant by the Monastery of the Yellow Rose, Kane became their most successful student. Life among the monks of the Order of the Yellow Rose is an exercise of self-restraint and self-sacrifice, and Kane is devout even by their high standards. He spends no less than four hours meditating and four hours practicing his skills every day.

Shortly after he attained the Master of Spring rank, the second highest in the order, Kane took a vow of poverty and set out into the world. No one seeing him on the road would ever guess at the real power of the man. Dressed in rags and leaning on his walking stick (jo stick), he deliberately works at the most menial and physically demanding jobs to earn his daily bread.

Kane's lifelong quest is to discover a higher plane of existence. It seems that he is reaching this goal, for rumors say that he has attained a "spirit walking" ability. In his meditative position, Kane can send his mind across any physical distance or into any plane. Then, through sheer concentration, he brings his corporeal body along.

Kane distinguished himself at the Battle of Bloodstone Village. He joined up with Gareth and company in their struggles against the bandit army. Dodging wizards' lightning bolts and boulders cast by giants, Kane cut through the hand-picked bodyguard of the Grandfather of Assassins and brought the man down with his bare hands. After the battle, Kane left Gareth's entourage because he was called back to the Monastery of the Yellow Rose. The monastery's leader had died suddenly, and Kane was considered next in line. The monk accepted the responsibility thrust upon his shoulders and temporarily took over the leadership of the monastery until a new Grand Master of Flowers could be trained.

That duty done, Kane is back on the road again, working as Spysong's principal agent in Vaasa. Using his *carpet of flying* and his spirit walking ability, he has traveled to the farthest reaches of this desolate land. Presently, he visits the barbarians of White Worm, the only foreigner to do so since the downfall of Zhengyi. Kane used his talents at riding the remorhaz to awe the superstitious barbarians into accepting him as an emissary.

Knellic

Citadel of Assassins
21st level magic-user
NE, Orcus
Human male
IN 18, DEX 17, CHA 16

There may be no more dangerous a man in all the Forgotten Realms than this



quiet, unassuming wizard. Perhaps the biggest regret of Gareth and his friends is that, although they have twice routed the bandit army, the Arch-mage Knellict continues to elude them.

Knellict rose to power over years, or perhaps centuries, of obsessive study. Nevertheless, he remained fairly anonymous until he became the Witch-King's principal advisor. Zhengyi himself learned to fear this emotionless mage, and shipped him off to the Grandfather of Assassins.

Knellict enjoys his present role in the Grandfather's organization. It was Knellict who first suggested that the Citadel go underground and knit ties with Tightpurse, the thieves' guild in Heliogabalus. His advice is never taken lightly, even by the Grandfather of Assassins, and Timoshenko rapidly set the plan into motion. The Grandfather might have seen the wisdom of the mage's plan, or perhaps he was simply afraid to argue the point. Knellict has a very free reign, and the whole bandit gang is devoted to the service of evil.

Kyrlraun

Lyrabar
20th level paladin
LG, Ilmater
Human male
ST 17, WIS 17, CHA 18

Leader of the Lords of Imphras II, Kyrlraun is, in effect, the governor of all of Impiltur. Queen Sambryl, less interested in affairs of state, rarely makes decisions or even a public statement without Kyrlraun's knowledgeable advice.

Kyrlraun's success stems from the same traits that serve Gareth Dragonsbane so well. He is a paladin, but tolerant and understanding of those of an inferior station. The present situation in Damara is his biggest concern. If PCs of any importance came into Impiltur from Damara, Kyrlraun would surely arrange a secret meeting, probably in the mining town of Dunfee, to seek current information from them.

Marco Wildfeet

Soravia
8th level ranger
LG, Ilmater/Mielikki
Human male
ST 16, WIS 16

Marco Wildfeet finds himself in a situation similar to that of Dormythyrr, the Steward of Brandiar. Both men have been unofficially placed in a position of power and, like Dormythyrr, Marco has come to fame through deed, not blood. Leader of the Soravian Talebringers, Marco draws the hopes of the people of Soravia. They look to him to unite the province, a task he seems well on his way to accomplishing.

A humble man, Marco wants to do his duty to his countrymen and then fade into the background of peacetime politics. He is not comfortable being in the public eye, and has every intention of nominating Olwen Forest-friend, the general from Bloodstone, to be the next Duke of Soravia. PCs in Soravia would benefit greatly from any meeting with Marco and his charges. They will find Marco pleasant and engaging, a valuable source of information and a loyal ally.

Mariabronne The Rover

The Vaasan Gate
? level ranger
CG, Mielikki
Human male
DEX 17, CN 18

Mariabronne the Rover is a wandering ranger who knows the Vaasan wilderness as well as any man alive. Dark and rugged-looking, his face wears a perpetual scowl although he is really an easy-going, unjudgmental man. Mariabronne can often be found at the Vaasan Gate, looking to sell his services as a scout to parties venturing into Vaasa. He believes in the policy of taming this wild land and will adjust his fees to accommodate the wealth of the party involved.

Mariabronne's level is flexible, giving Dungeon Masters an opportunity to bring this NPC into any campaign. As a general rule, he should be two or three levels above the party average. For inexperienced Dungeon Masters, this can serve as a convenient "out" if they create foes who overmatch the PCs. Mariabronne's magic can likewise be manipulated to fit the campaign.

Whatever his level, this scout's most important aspect is his knowledge of the Vaasan wilderness. Mariabronne knows where to find adventure, and if the party gets in trouble, Mariabronne will know

the fastest route to a sanctuary such as Hillsafar Hall or the Cave of the Whispering Wind.

Mykros

Valls
10th level fighter
LG, Ilmater
Human male
ST 18/26, CN 16

As Commander of the Arcatan Ducal Guard, Mykros is Duke William the 8th's right-hand man. However, Duke William does not control the man, for Mykros' undying loyalty is directed to the kingdom as a whole. He feels that its brightest hopes lie with the heroes who threw down the Witch-King and Mykros is actually in league with Baron Gareth of Bloodstone.

Commander Mykros is a quiet, observant man. He will take an interest in a party of any note who comes into the Arcatan capital. If he judges a party to be honorable and worthy, he will inform them of the opportunities awaiting them at the Vaasan Gate and steer them toward Bloodstone.

Myrddin Viligoth

Wanders (Damara)
14th level wizard
CG, Ilmater
Human male
IN 18

Myrddin Viligoth was raised in the strange eastern land of Thay and came to practice magic in the towers of the vile Red Wizards. Like so many of their very young recruits, Myrddin did not realize the true nature of these evil wizards until he had been among them for many years.

Unlike many others, Myrddin had the strength and courage to flee this evil band and their wicked land. He came to Damara shortly after the fall of the Witch-King and sought out the heroes who had defeated Zhengyi. Powerful beyond his years, he carried warnings to them of the potential threat represented by Thay. Emelyn the Gray took the still-young wizard under his wing.

It was Myrddin who saw that Gareth's plan for a new kingdom needed grassroots support in the south. With Emelyn, he founded the Twilight Riders. The Riders straddle magical steeds which



Myrddin creates using a *sunhorse* spell, magic he devised while in Thay. With this spell, Myrddin creates enchanted steeds from the last rays of sunset or the first rays of dawn, one for every level of his experience. These magical mounts last 24 hours, until the next respective setting or rising of the sun.

Myrddin is a very private person. He only recently took the god Ilmater as his patron deity and is enthusiastic, if not preachy, about his new faith. He accepts those whose ways deviate from his own personal code, but he has no tolerance whatsoever for evil.

Olwen Forrest-friend

Soravia
21st level ranger
LG, Mielikki
Human male
ST 18/24, DEX 17

A hearty outdoorsman with a bushy black beard and a laugh that shakes the walls of inns, Olwen Forest-friend wandered into Damara at the kingdom's darkest hour and helped bring back the light. Olwen was no stranger to battling evil wizards when he joined up with Gareth and the others. He had lost all his followers in a desperate battle to save the race of treants and had taken to the road alone and despondent. But sorrow could not bow down this boisterous ranger for long. Tidings of evil days in Damara brought new fire to his deepset eyes.

Olwen always remained in the background of the exploits of Gareth and company, but they acknowledge his value as the solid anchor to the group. Presently, Olwen leads a large contingent of the Bloodstone army on its rescue mission through the last Vaasan strongholds in northern Soravia. The ranger makes friends wherever he goes, particularly among the children of these war-torn villages. He presents a very positive image in Soravia, an example of what the new Kingdom of Bloodstone might have to offer. There are even rumors that Olwen will be named the next Duke of Soravia, a position he secretly desires.

Olwen bears *boots of speed*, a *cloak of elvenkind*, and a *longbow of the forest* (+1 strength bow with double normal range). His favorite battle tactic is to run

all around his enemies, hiding in optimum positions and raining destruction upon them from afar. From the treants he rescued, Olwen learned the secret of creating magical arrows, even *arrows of slaying*, so he is particularly deadly in this type of guerilla warfare.

His current exploits are not quite enough to engage all his attention. Olwen hopes that he will meet up with Hurl and Burl and Rangers Three (the Thinkers of the Thinkers) before they engage in their climactic battle with the rampaging band of stone giants known as the Thinkers.

Quillan The Sage

Bloodstone Village
Sage
N, Sylvanus
Human male
IN 16

More than 70 years old but hardier than he looks, Quillan the Sage is an advisor to Gareth Dragonsbane. His pride, though, lies with the time he has worked with Lady Christine, now Baroness of Bloodstone, for it was he who trained Tranth's daughter in the druidical ways.

Quillan's areas of knowledge include legends and folklore, history, and flora of the Bloodstone Lands. While the legends, folklore, and history of the region are the most valuable to the reigning Baron, it is the flora of the Bloodstone Lands which most fascinates Quillan. When asked any question, he will undoubtedly work in some remark about local plants.

Riordan Parnell

Wanders (Galena Mountains)
21st level bard
(8th level fighter/9th level thief)
Half-elf male
DEX 16, CHA 16

Handsome and dashing, Riordan Parnell is as mischievous and adventurous as his cousin, Celedon Kierney. His life has been a rollercoaster ride between riches and poverty, but whatever his present financial state, Riordan is always ready for adventure. He enjoys equally stealing a kiss from a fair lass or hunting down the bandit army. He is a thrillseeker, living his life to the fullest and always on the edge of disaster.

Riordan's value to Gareth and company over the last few years cannot be underestimated. In addition to keeping a short rein on Celedon (something only Riordan seems able to accomplish), the bard's rousing songs kept the fires of hope burning in the face of the most terrible setbacks.

Riordan continues to serve the cause today. His melodies echo off the rocky mountain walls as he wanders the passes of the Galenas. He is the cornerstone of the Spysong scouting network, and considers himself personally responsible for all of its members. As if he weren't busy enough designing the infrastructure of the spy network, Riordan also weaves most of the ditties that carry the coded messages back down to his allies in Damara.

PCs encountering Riordan in the mountains will probably find him alone or with one other member of Spysong. He will be pleasant and friendly. Because he is so knowledgeable in regards to the goings-on in the region, he might have a suggestion for those who are seeking shelter or adventure. In spite of his overwhelming workload with Spysong, Riordan might also be tempted to tag along with a party—just for the fun of it.

Sylvia

Praka
14th level magic-user
LE, Ilmater?
Human female
IN 16, CHA 16

Like her closest ally, Dimian Ree, Baroness Sylvia of Ostel proclaims Ilmater as her god. Most people seriously doubt this, for the wicked baroness hardly behaves like a follower of the god of suffering. She surrounds herself with luxury at the expense of her hard-working people, and has personally witnessed more than two dozen executions of her political opponents. Others present at the time report she wore a vile look of satisfaction on her face.

Sylvia's power in Praka is firmly rooted; she has charmed or frightened all the landowners in the city to her side. But outside of that city, the baroness is truly despised, especially within the boundaries of her own province. Sylvia is not blind to the opinions around her, nor is she stupid enough to believe that the shelter of Praka's walls will protect her for-



ever. She is a desperate woman, grabbing onto Dimian Ree's coattails as though her own life depended on his success—as it probably does.

Similarly, the baroness will grasp for any party of PCs near Praka who have attained any notoriety at all. If they are obvious supporters of Gareth Dragonsbane, she will seek to have them captured or killed. If they have professed no allegiance, Sylvia will try to use her considerable wiles to woo them into her court.

Tarkos Ree

Heliogabalus
24th level thief
LN, none
Human male
IN 16, DEX 16, CHA 16

As Guildmaster of the thieves of Tightpurse, Tarkos Ree wields as much power in Heliogabalus as his cousin Dimian, and possibly more. Merchants allow him free run of the city, and most Damaran nobles fear to cross him. The underground guild's defensive structure has withstood all attacks and sabotage for more than two centuries.

Tarkos leads his guild with simple logic, an attitude which is not so much evil as purely pragmatic. If someone gets in the way, Tarkos will have him eliminated in

the most efficient manner possible. The fighters and thieves of Tightpurse are expected to follow the Guildmaster's lead in their approach to business, and if is a guild member steps too far out of line, he will survive no longer than anyone else. If the miscreant remains within the city walls, that won't be for very long. The thieves' guild has its limits. Tarkos must keep the merchants somewhat appeased, and so he cannot afford to protect renegade rogues.

Tarkos will, however, throw the full weight of his organization in the path of anyone moving against Dimian Ree. His cousin has dangled a large carrot before his eyes, promising the guild a greatly expanded sphere of influence. If the old Kingdom of Damara is reinstated with Dimian Ree on the throne, Tightpurse will greatly prosper.

Timoshenko

Citadel of Assassins
19th level fighter
LE, Orcus
Human male ST 18/90, CN 18

Before the rise of Bloodstone, Timoshenko served the bandit army as the commander of a brigade dedicated to punitive expeditions. This savage and cruel fighter was perfect for the role! With his

imposing size and strength, and a perpetual snarl on his lips, he fights with a wickedly-edged two-banded sword (+5!).

When the bandit army was thrown down and the monk Kane killed the Grandfather of Assassins, Timoshenko rose to new heights of power. Backed by Arch-mage Knellict, the mighty fighter stepped in as the new Grandfather of Assassins ahead of the cleric Banak. With his power diminished by the fall of his deity, Banak could not openly challenge the awesome power of Knellict and Timoshenko together.

As Grandfather, Timoshenko has outperformed even Knellict's expectations. He has proven thoughtful and conservative, making each move carefully in an obviously delicate situation. He is wise enough to heed Knellict's advice, and tactful enough to keep Banak appeased, although he is ready to have the priest killed if Banak shows any hint of revolt. Moreover, Timoshenko is strong enough to keep his legions squarely in line.

Presently, Timoshenko's main concern is protecting the secrecy of his new Citadel. He knows that Gareth's eyes are watching for him, but he is not sure what the Baron has already learned. He dearly wants a member of Spysong captured for interrogation.



TRAVELING BANDS AND ORGANIZATIONS

Just as there are many strongholds in the hostile Bloodstone Lands, so there are many alliances and defensive pacts. Friendships may be built long and lasting among allies facing a common foe, and certainly the people of the Bloodstone Lands have enough foes in common to go around.

Those with ill intent also band together for strength. After the demise of the Witch-King and the ensuing chaos, adventure and booty have been easier to locate, if no easier to take! Damarara and Vaasa have attracted many traveling bands, adventurers both good and evil.

Alliance of Belt Watchers

The communities of halflings and dwarves lived in Bloodstone Valley long before any organized settlement of humans arose. It is only natural that the centuries of co-existence would forge a strong bond between the two peoples. This bond was made official with the formation of the Alliance of Belt Watchers, an organization for mutual defense set up during the first year of Zhengyi's reign. Mayor William of the halflings of the Waukeshire worked with Tribal Chief Tokan of Clan Orothiar to draft an official document spelling out each side's responsibilities and expectations. All the halflings and dwarves accepted the terms; all hoped the alliance would help secure their prosperity against an otherwise dismal-looking future.

The Witch-King eventually fell, but the Alliance of Belt Watchers has not been weakened. Both groups have signed separate treaties with Bloodstone Village, both groups also consider their mutual relationship as the cornerstone of their security. Clan Orothiar had an extensive agenda when they returned to the Bloodstone Mines, but the dwarves' first move was to construct a connecting tunnel to the halfling burrows of the Warren.

The halflings have brought into the alliance a third powerful group, the centaurs. This move met grudging agreement from Clan Orothiar, but

even the dwarves are looking to expand on the alliance's strength. King Ruggardo and the svirfneblin of Deepearth are on fine terms with Clan Orothiar, and the gnomes may soon come into the fold as well.

The Alliance of Belt Watchers is a significant force, one to be reckoned with. Gareth Dragonsbane pays particular attention to keeping the favor of Tokan, William, Ruggardo, and Kiros of the centaurs. With nearly 500 toughened dwarven fighters, 200 halfling archers and trained tunnel fighters, 150 mobile and deadly centaurs, and possibly 500 svirfneblin warriors, the army of the alliance is superior to forces mounted by most of the Damaran provinces!

In spite of their apparent power, the pact is strictly intended for defense. No group has designs beyond their own borders; the halflings and centaurs did not even travel south with the Bloodstone army during the wars. They simply do not want intrusion into their homelands. Their defensive strategies are intricate, cunning, and well-rehearsed.

Moreover, their defenses strengthen every day. The groups' leaders are brilliant tacticians. Gailan commands the Dwarven Guard, Fredegast is Sheriff of the Halfling Militia, and Valon is the centaurs' War Chief. The centaur leader is particularly able. These three have the responsibility and the reserves to improve security in Warrenwood, the Waukeshire, and the Bloodstone Mines. These communities have seen too much hardship and devastation to let down their guard again.

The Bandit Army

The bandit army provides perhaps the greatest impetus for keeping the Alliance of Belt Watchers together. This resilient force continues to exist, even to thrive, in their secret valleys of the Galena Mountains, even though they have been twice defeated, with their fortress reduced to rubble. The leaders of the bandits continue to elude pursuit from the Bloodstone army, and they have

even managed to reclaim many of their losses.

Nevertheless, they are significantly weaker than they were during the reign of the Witch-King. Two factors in particular the bandits' leaders cannot wholly undo.

First, some of their most powerful troops deserted when the stone giants left, taking along many ogres to form an independent force called the Thinkers. Second, when Gareth and company crushed Orcus, the bandits' High Priest Banak literally lost his god. The evil cleric lost his higher level spells, and the Amulet of Orcus crumbled into dust when the foul god was banished. This powerful magic item had allowed Banak to raise hosts of skeletons, zombies, ghouls, and wights, and to summon more powerful allies from the lower planes. Its loss eliminated the Undead Brigade, one of the primary fighting brigades of the bandit army.

Like the army itself, Banak is weakened but he still remains a powerful figure among the bandits. He has used simple *animate dead* spells to rebuild the skeleton and zombie contingent of his once-mighty brigade.

Today's bandit army consists of approximately 100 goblins, 50 orcs, 12 bugbears, 15 ogres, and 6 hill giants, along with the 50 fighters and thieves who make up the assassins' guild. The bandit leader Timoshenko, a veteran fighter, understands that only disaster awaits if the bandit army tried to operate as openly as they had when the Witch-King stood behind them. Gareth and the unified forces of Bloodstone are simply too powerful for the bandits to face. By going underground, the bandit army has managed thus far to keep a profile low enough to elude Bloodstone's determined search.

Banak cannot see this. He dreams of reorganizing the scattered forces of Vaasan scum and subduing the region. Many around him think Banak has slipped a bit from reality since Orcus was banished.

Therefore Timoshenko has followed the advice of Arch-mage Knellict, much



to the dismay of Banak. Always an opportunist, Knellict showed the Grandfather of Assassins a better way to restore the bandits' prominence. Calling in some old debts, the bandit army has strengthened its ties to Tightpurse, the powerful thieves' guild of Heliogabalus. Rumors say that Tightpurse actually fronted the money for the new Citadel of Assassins.

Linking up with Tightpurse has given Timoshenko and Knellict new hope for the future. Tightpurse stands solidly, if secretly, behind Dimian Ree. Should the Baron of Morov actually become the new King of Damara, the bandit army and their allies in Heliogabalus stand to benefit greatly. Thus, Timoshenko is determined to clear the way for the would-be king. Many of his plans are directed to the elimination of the Baron in Bloodstone.

Gareth and his friends suspect the dark truth about Dimian Ree, and they have figured out the probable intentions of the Grandfather of Assassins. Therefore, Gareth's friends have made Spysong's primary mission to locate the bandits' new base, so the Bloodstone forces can deal with these evildoers once and for all. But even the optimistic Gareth doubts that the bandit army will ever truly be eradicated. A force like that will forever remain a thorn in the side of the goodly people living in and around the Galenas.

The Circus of Dr. Trundles

Traveling a circuit through the four major Impilturian cities, the Circus of Dr. LL. McV. Trundles provides the hard working people of the land with a welcome diversion. The highlight of this sideshow is an extraordinary collection of monsters, each held in a specially-designed *cage of imprisonment* which resembles a circus wagon.

Bundles has nine wagons of monstrous wonders: an ancient huge blue dragon, capable of speaking and spell using; a chimera; a foxwoman; a gibbering moulder; a lamia; a pair of leucrotta; a manticore; an umber hulk; and a xorn.

The special cages prevent any magical or breath weapon attacks and abilities from inconveniencing onlookers. Thus, the blue dragon cannot blow away the spectators with its breath, nor can the xorn transmute through the cage floor.

Unfortunately, the cages are not infallible. Two years ago, Dr. Trundles traveled in Damara, earning a good living visiting many of the scattered towns each spring and summer. But disaster struck in the Arcatan town of Valls when a bulette tore through the magical bonds of its cage. In its rage, it then ripped open the cages of the other monsters. All were recaptured except for the bulette, which subsequently terrorized Halfling Downs in Carmathan for nearly two years. Valls suffered only minor losses, but Trundles' reputation went sour. Hoping to regain his dignity and his way of life, Trundles moved south to Impiltur.

The Lords of Imphras II accepted Trundles and his traveling show on the condition that he strengthen his security. The circus now employs 27 medium to high level (6-13) fighters. Three are assigned to each cage, and all are specifically instructed in efficient ways to battle the monsters currently on display.

After the Valls incident, Dr. Trundles stepped aside as ringmaster to take a more passive role in the operation. He is a 7th level illusionist and possesses a *wand of wonder*, so he performs feats of illusion and wonder. The leader of the circus now is Trundles' faithful assistant, Tamaroo Quinson, a gnome fighter/illusionist (levels 5/5) with sparkling blue eyes and a knack for exciting a crowd.

Garuk One Ears

Dozens of goblin tribes haunt the slopes of the Galenas and the Earthspurs, but one merits special attention. Growing rapidly in membership, the Garuk One Ears have quite a scam. Every goblinoid who joins, even an ogre or bugbear, is paid cash upon initiation. Goblins and

orcs receive a gold piece, bugbears and ogres as much as five.

The payment scheme was the brainstorm of Garuk, a huge and cunning goblin (treat as a 5HD monster), and also exceptionally opportunistic for his race. The initiation upon joining the tribe is glossed over as a show of loyalty and savagery. Each new member cuts off his left ear and presents it to Garuk. The ears are then supposedly brewed into a foul stew shared by all.

Insiders know better. The stew is a concoction of rodents and roots, while the ears provide the wealth of the tribe. Garuk has half-orc connections from Palishchuk who regularly visit the Vaasan Gate. It is no coincidence that the money paid to new members is approximately one-half the bounty offered at the Gate for goblinoid ears.

Heralds of Imphras II

The leaders of Impiltur consider communication a key ingredient in successful rulership. Their policymakers, the twelve Lords of Imphras II, are dispersed among the four major cities in the kingdom. These officials keep in contact through the aid of magic-users. But the Lords of Impiltur also consider it vital to keep their common people apprised of important situations in the kingdom.

This is the main reason the Heralds of Imphras II ride the countryside. These bands of couriers serve as representatives of the Lords. They regularly bear news to the outlying villages from the major cities, but the Heralds are much more than simple messengers. They are always led by a fighter of not less than 7th level, and they are empowered to enforce the laws of the land, even if it means doing battle.

On their routes, the Heralds patrol Impiltur's main roads all the way to Haelimbrar's Watch located in the pass between the Earthspur and Earthfast Mountains. Travelers are likely to meet up with these men and women, and when a patrol of Heralds hears of newcomers, they seek them out. Generally,



the Heralds are courteous and helpful, but if they find the foreigners undesirable, their warnings will be both stern and unyielding. More than one rowdy adventuring party has been put out of Impiltur by the Heralds of Imphras II.

The Kneebreakers

One of the more interesting traveling bands in the Bloodstone Lands is the Kneebreakers. Comprised entirely of halflings from Halfling Downs in southern Damara, the dozen rowdies who make up the Kneebreakers charge across the countryside on saddled war-pigs.

The group was started by youngsters bored by the unchanging routine of a sedate halfling existence. These halflings are thrillseekers and brave warriors, at least by their own estimation.

In fact, the Kneebreakers are far more often boast than deed. They stand up to anyone—until anyone stands up to them! But they manage to hold onto their pride, rationalizing cowardice as “good tactics,” and vowing severe retaliation “someday” against those who chase them off.

Backed into a corner, the Kneebreakers could actually be quite formidable. They are led by Hobart Bracegirdle, a 5th level fighter who wields a +4 *defender short sword* and wears *gauntlets of ogre power*. Where this 16-year-old halfling got these powerful items has not been determined, and Hobart isn't talking (for a change). One theory supposes that the eccentric wandering wizard Ephran gave them to Hobart. Ephran is the sort to enjoy the irony of such a little fellow endowed with such strength.

The rest of the Kneebreakers include two 3rd level fighters, six 1st level fighters, and one 2nd and two 1st level clerics. They are the progeny—the sons and one daughter—of some of the more prosperous farmers of Halfling Downs, and therefore all are well-outfitted. All wear chain mail and are competent archers. Besides the telltale war-pigs, they are easily identified by their large,

purple hats, stylishly plumed, and their rich purple capes.

The Rocktappers of The Earthfasts

Roaming the mountain wilderness of western Impiltui are the Rocktappers of the Earthfasts. This is a very loose-knit association of solitary prospectors and trappers. The Rocktappers travel alone, but leave signs or supplies for their fellow Rocktappers to find. This is not altruism, but something more like a long shot at insurance.

The number of Rocktappers varies, depending upon how many new mountain men have recently climbed into the Earthfasts, how many oldsters have given up and left, and how many have been killed.

Each fall, the Rocktappers gather at a certain outcropping on the southwest corner of the Earthfast range. From this vantage point, they are within view of Tower Pureheart and the city of Lyrabar. After a week of high rowdiness, the band stumbles down to the port to sell their season's take, be it valuable ore or furs.

The Rocktappers generally take on colorful names like Bearface Giltch or Goldsniffin' Hoots. These people are typically outcasts or hermits, living in the unpopulated Earthfasts to get away from a society that shuns them, or one that they would themselves prefer to shun.

Soravian Talebringers

Similar to the Heralds of Imphras II are the Soravian Talebringers. This group, though, is self-appointed and has no official backing. An informal band of horsemen riding the eastern farmlands of Damara, the Talebringers are accepted by most Soravians, and are well treated wherever they go.

The Talebringers are led by Marco Wildfeet, an 8th level ranger, and his closest friend, Pastor Michael, a high priest of Ilmater. The band numbers 23, all battle-hardened fighters and clerics. They seek no trouble, but are quick to

aid Soravian citizens. They are quicker still to attack any Vaasan scum they find, for their hatred is high against those who devastated their homeland.

These last few weeks the Talebringers have been riding hard to spread the news of freedom. Because many of the group fought beside the army of Bloodstone as it liberated village after village, the Talebringers are great supporters of Gareth Dragonsbane. Moreover, many of them have come to know Olwen Forest-friend and consider him their friend and ally.

Because Soravia has no Duke nor any other formal leader at this time, the people of the scattered villages of Soravia look to the Talebringers for their direction. They are particularly heedful of the opinions of Marco Wildfeet. With his customary attention to diplomacy, Baron Gareth has formally invited Marco Wildfeet and Pastor Michael to an audience in Bloodstone Village. That Gareth has Alamo and company on his side will not hurt support for a new Kingdom of Bloodstone.

Spysong

The Barony of Bloodstone's scouting network has quickly become the envy of all the power groups in the Bloodstone Lands. Because of this organization, Gareth Dragonsbane is undoubtedly the best-informed leader in Damara, with a considerable edge over his rivals.

The cornerstone of Spysong's strength is the association of three powerful adventurers, each with abilities that perfectly complement the others'. With his *carpet of flying* and his *spirit walking* abilities, the monk Kane handles most of the long-range missions, especially those into Vaasa. Witty and resourceful, the magic-user/thief Celdon Kierney keeps an eye on situations closer to home, particularly the doings of the Grandfather of Assassins and his evil clan. Bringing it all together is Rior-dan Parnell, the master bard. Parnell meets with his partners to exchange information, usually in the Cave of the



Whispering Wind. He transforms their reports into coded songs that will be sung throughout the land. Thus, the news is conveyed to Gareth and Dugald in Bloodstone, and even to the Twilight Riders in the distant south.

The Grandfather of Assassins is particularly worried about Spysong, and has placed a 1,000 gold piece bounty for the head of either Celedon Kierney and Riordan Parnell. In Heliogabalus, Dimian Ree fears Spysong will sabotage his own spy network if they can infiltrate it.

These two would be even more concerned if they understood that, like the Barony it supports, Spysong is growing more elaborate daily. Fifteen bards are working alongside Riordan to convey the coded songs throughout the land. Celedon Kierney is only one of 50 thieves and fighters searching the Galenas and the Earthspurs. As protection, a number of rangers keep as close an eye as possible on the whereabouts of Kierney and the others.

If a ranger reports that one of his people is in trouble, Riordan Parnell has the means to rush to the rescue. A mobile strike force of 100 fighters has been commissioned in Bloodstone Village under the bard's exclusive command. The force includes a cavalry of 20 centaurs. This strike force has no set home base and is being trained in wilderness survival. This will enable them to remain in the vicinity of the expected hot spots.

Spysong's primary mission remains discovery of the location and the defenses of the new Citadel of Assassins. However, two of its chief scouts are engaged in adventures which may prove equally important. Celedon Kierney has camped on the slopes of Suncatcher Mountain in hopes of learning more about the mysterious cloud that has engulfed the peak. Meanwhile, Kane is somewhere up along the Great Glacier, acting as an emissary from Bloodstone to the barbarians of White Worm. The monk hopes to recruit the tribe as Bloodstone's allies, but the tribe is difficult to deal with. At the very least, Kane wants White Worm to agree not to interfere

with adventurers from the Vaasan Gate on their excursions into Vaasa.

The Thinkers

The Thinkers are, literally, one of the continuing headaches plaguing the people living in or near the Galenas. The dwarves of Ironspur are particularly beset by this gang.

This rogue band is led by stone giants who broke away from the bandit army after its first defeat in Bloodstone Village. The three stone giants who founded the Thinkers were once loyal servants of the Grandfather of Assassins. The Grandfather had promised Rocktooth, Boulderhead, and Bearcrusher they would win great wealth and have fine sport in the winning. However, the bandits' defeat at the hands of the Bloodstone army wasn't fun, and it wasn't very profitable!

The disgruntled stone giants deserted, taking a dozen ogres and a hill giant with them. They slipped back into the mountains, and little was heard from them for some time. Eventually, they became discontented with a peaceful existence foraging in the wilds, and the Thinkers were formed. They have traveled the length of the Galenas, raining rocks on towns from high peaks and burying adventuring parties in unnamed mountain passes.

The strength of the band has grown in proportion to its reputation. Many young stone giants have flocked to join the fun, and ogres and goblins who go along for the ride are living quite well. Recent reports speak of two dozen stone giants, two score ogres, and fifty or more goblins now calling themselves Thinkers.

Of course, notoriety has its flipside, too. The Thinkers pulled off a successful bombing of Bloodstone Village when the army was away in the south battling with Carmathan. This prompted Friar Dugald to place a high bounty on the heads of any Thinker. The gang was already marked by a considerable bounty offered by the dwarves of Ironspur, who are actually the Thinkers' favorite target.

Neither Ironspur or Bloodstone has the resources to deal with this pesty group right now, but both want the Thinkers put down soon. Bounties have attracted a few adventurers, notably the party described below.

The Thinkers of The Thinkers

The Thinkers of the Thinkers are an odd band of five hardy adventurers who came into the Bloodstone Lands recently. This group did not originate in the Forgotten Realms; rather they came from some alternate world in the multiverse. They seem normal enough, if a bit eccentric. For the last six years, the group has wandered across the land, all the way from the Sword Coast, seeking adventure and fun and leaving hundreds of dead monsters, particularly giants, in their wake.

With their unusual view of giants a objects of fun, the group naturally found its way into the Bloodstone Lands, an unrivalled playground for giants. In the wilds of the Galenas and the northern stretches of the Earthspurs, the Thinkers of the Thinkers have found almost daily enjoyment for the last few months.

The twin brothers Hurl and Burl are both 8th level dwarven fighters. They have befriended fellow dwarves, exchanging tales from their own lost world and comparing the histories of the parallel races. In the bloodstone region, they have become allies of Clan Hillsafar, and close friends with Grumble, leader of the clan.

But Hurl and Burl have no intention of settling down. They continue to lead a nomadic existence through the Galenas, and the red beacon of the House of Hurl is now a common sight east a Bloodstone in the vicinity of Ironspur. (See p. 40 for the description of the House of Hurl.)

The group's original name is "Hurl and Burl and Rangers Three." They have taken on the mantle "Thinkers of the Thinkers" in accord with their latest exploits. They make no secret of



their intention to hunt down and destroy the Thunkers, and they hope that spreading their reputation under their new taunting name will bring their intended victims out into the open.

If this seems a bit cocky and arrogant, it is true to the nature of this fearless bunch. They'll fight anything, any time, without the slightest hesitation. The three rangers, Andovar, Healthrow, and Heditrue, are the calming influence that maintains at least a bit of control over the wild dwarves. But the rangers, too, enjoy mixing it up with a goblin tribe or a giant clan.

Master tacticians, the band perfectly adapts its fighting style to its terrain, and to the type of monster they battle. In the mountains, especially when facing stone giants, Hurl and Burl engage the giants in rockthrowing volleys (both dwarves have *girdles of stone giant strength*). Andovar, Healthrow, and Heditrue then sneak in for a melee assault. All three rangers are high level (16th, 17th, and 18th respectively), are exceptionally strong (18+), and possess *giant-slayer swords* (Andovar's is a bastard sword). Once the real battle begins, Hurl and Burl rush to get in before the deadly rangers finish the job.

The group has yet to be truly challenged in the Bloodstone Lands. The largest band of stone giants they have yet encountered numbered six, and the rangers took them out before Hurl and

Burl ever got close—which didn't sit well with the eager dwarves! The group heard about the powerful Thunkers while in Hillsafar Hall, and set out straightaway, with wide smiles stamped on their faces.

Tightpurse

Tightpurse is the most powerful thieves' guild in the Bloodstone Lands. The guild has been around longer than the Kingdom of Damara, a natural human reaction to the wealth represented by the merchants who flocked into the area to deal for bloodstone bars. Housed in Heliogabalus, this underground society numbers several hundred, with branch organizations operating in every major Damaran city except Bloodstone Village. There is even an associated group in Sarshel in the Kingdom of Impiltur. The rumors imply that every Damaran town and village houses at least one scout who owes allegiance to the guild.

Only recently has Tightpurse become a political entity. The Master of the Guild is Tarkos Ree, first cousin of the Baron of Morov, Dimian Ree. If Dimian Ree wins the kingship of Damara, the implications for Tightpurse are grand indeed. "Truly," say Dimian Ree's opponents, "the thieves shall have free run of all the cities, without the normal restraints respectable thieves' guilds usually impose on themselves!"

It is no secret that Tightpurse backs Dimian Ree. Tightpurse spies for Ree, like Spysong works for Gareth Dragonsbane, and it even tries counterintelligence.

But Tightpurse may be overreaching its abilities. Severely limited outside Damara's borders, it is only truly effective in the major cities of the southern provinces even within the kingdom. Tightpurse lacks the wide-ranging network that serves Spysong. The thieves have no contact with the Monastery of the Yellow Rose, nor with Impiltur beyond the city of Sarshel. They know nothing of the Nars in Narfell, and they haven't a single agent in all of Vaasa. Their only move has been to open communications with the Grandfather of Assassins and his dark band. That gamble could cost them dearly, and could bring Dimian Ree crashing down if the truth is ever exposed.

The Twilight Riders

Every night at sunset, the wizard Myrddin Viligoth dances through the somatics of an enchantment; he catches the last light of day and transforms it into seven magical steeds. Myrddin and his six companions mount up and thunder off, searching for wrongs to right.

These seven are the Twilight Riders, emissaries of Gareth Dragonsbane in southern Damara. Their mission is to ride across the southland, helping wherever they may, and spreading the word about the rise of Bloodstone and the proposed kingdom. Even beyond that, they proclaim the return of pride and prosperity to the battered kingdom.

Now and again, their rescues are dramatic and heroic. Overall, though, the Twilight Riders concern themselves as much with little deeds as with great ones. A good night's work might be finding a lost puppy for a tradesman's son, or showing a farmer a more productive method of tilling his fields.

The Twilight Riders do not trade good deeds for allegiance. They help wherever help is needed. Only afterward do they speak up, and spread the word to those who wish to hear.



Alongside Myrddin rides the Archmage Emelyn the Gray, who is closely followed by his apprentice Gabrielle, a 5th level magic-user. The other members of the company include dwarven prince Tamal (6th level fighter/5th level cleric), the son of tribal chief Tokan of Clan Orothiar; Justin M'Dael, an 11th level paladin and long-time friend of Gareth; Tamarin Moonwisher, Justin's soon-to-be bride and a 14th level ranger in her own right; and Agarelth, a nomadic paladin who is really Haelimbrar, one of the twelve Lords of Imphras II and a 16th level paladin.

Haelimbrar sought out and signed on with the Twilight Riders deliberately to study Baron Gareth's emissaries secretly. By getting to know some of the people closest to Gareth, Haelimbrar hoped to learn more about the man who would rule if the proposed Kingdom of Bloodstone comes to pass. Haelimbrar has not been disappointed by the group's activities thus far.

The Twilight Riders set out from Bloodstone just ten weeks ago. Since then, they have come to the aid of many and never asked for political allegiance. Everywhere they've passed, they have set the fires of hope burning brightly all across the south. First, they charged through Arcata, crushing a rogue band of rampaging hill giants. Then the Riders came through Carmathan, where they destroyed the bulette that had been terrorizing Halfling Downs for months. And finally they rode into Polten. There, with no more pressure than their presence, the Twilight Riders convinced two bands of highwaymen to see the light and turn their hands to a more respectable calling.

Haelimbrar's reports to his fellow Lords in Impiltur speak highly of the heroes of Damara, who he considers potential leaders all. The paladin has enjoyed his stint with this band of do-gooders, a fall back to his own adventuring youth.

Emelyn and Myrddin, of course, suspect the true identity of this mysterious paladin. They are more than willing to have him along for as long as he wishes

to remain. In addition to his fine tales and worthy blade, Haelimbrar provides a kind of insurance policy for the group. Dimian Ree knows of the Twilight Riders and would pay very well to have them eliminated, but with rumors that a Lord of Impiltur rides among the band, no one would dare to strike at them, not even Ree himself.

Emelyn the Gray is the true leader of the Twilight Riders, and certainly the most powerful member. But the group works harmoniously, and each member strives to pick up where another leaves off. Even Tamal, a young and wacky dwarf, has become an integral and valued member of the group. Tamal's father, Tokan, cautioned Emelyn about including his inexperienced son, though he felt certain that joining the band would do Tamal some good. Emelyn brushed away all doubts, confident of the youth's potential. If anyone back in Bloodstone could see Tamal now, they would be amazed by his progress.

Presently, the Twilight Riders are heading for the town of Tellerth in the eastern part of the Barony of Polten. Emelyn the Gray wants to learn more about the druids and centaurs inhabiting the fringes of Rawlinswood. He hopes to forge better relations between them and the people of Tellerth.

Word about the Twilight Riders' destination has spread faster than the speeding strides of Myrddin Viligoth's magical mounts. The people of Tellerth look to the west each night, each one hoping to be the first to catch a glimpse of the telltale glow of the enchanted horses of the Twilight Riders.

The Watchers

Anyone who spends more than a few days trekking through the southern peaks and valleys of the Earthspurs is or has been under the quiet eyes of the Watchers. These monks from the Monastery of the Yellow Rose roam the mountains day and night. They know how best to survive here by learning the ways of this forbidding land. They pay particular attention to strangers,

especially adventuring bands they see in the region, though they rarely come into face-to-face contact with any of these folk.

The Watchers' ranks are the Brothers, Disciples, and Immaculates (3rd, 4th, and 5th level) of the monastery. These monks endure long stays in the wilds as their penance, and their ticket to earning experience enough to become a Master. They are always alone and never in the same place two nights in a row. A Watcher will travel 20 to 50 miles every day, regardless of the weather. The season, too, is of no consequence. Watchers are as likely to be encountered among the deep snows of winter as they are in the few weeks of high summer.

Typically, Watchers leave the monastery for three to six months at a stretch. Often, their only contact during this extended sabbatical is with the animals of the wilds. Many Watchers surround themselves with animal friends, using their *Speak with Animals* ability to broaden their vision and knowledge. Watchers have been known to spend nights in bear's dens (with the bear!) or running among wolf packs. At this stage of their development, their mission as monks is to build a symbiotic relationship with the wild world around them. It is a testament to the discipline and training of the monks of Monastery of the Yellow Rose that 99 out of every 100 Watchers return to the monastery unharmed.

White Worm

The land bordering the length of the Great Glacier is the territory of White Worm, covering the northernmost reaches of Vaasa. This tribe of savage barbarians is unlikely to welcome strangers, except at the end of a spear.

Three hundred strong, the White Worm people are nomadic within the boundaries of their realm. They rarely stray more than fifty miles from the Great Glacier, and most often travel among the winding turns of the glacier tunnel maze known as the Ice Run.



The tribe is led by Hea-Rem, a huge, tough veteran of fifty winters. Surrounding the chieftain is an elite guard of five warriors called Kura-winter, the Worm-Victors. Fierce and strong, each of these warriors has defeated a remorhaz single-handedly at least once in his lifetime.

The Ulk, or tribal shaman, actually wields more power than the chieftain, a situation often seen in barbarian tribes. The shaman has all the powers and spells listed in the Dungeon Masters Guide, and in addition, can call upon the spirit of the remorhaz to bring on an extraordinary trance. In his trance state, the shaman exudes the heat of a polar worm's back, and has been known to execute prisoners with a single hug. (Like touching the back of a remorhaz, damage from such a hug is 10-100.) In a typical tribal spiritual, the shaman evokes this heat power and kneels in the center of a warrior ring. The warriors then spend the night in prayer, heated against the vicious glacier winds only by the warmth of their priest.

White Worm sets no regular patrols, but hunting bands are often roaming the region. If they happened upon a stranger in trouble they would be unlikely to offer any aid. Injured or not, strangers are considered a threat. The barbarians treat injured strangers like they treat healthy ones: at best, they are to be captured, but more often killed on the spot.

The monk Kane is presently trying to change this hostile attitude while acting as an emissary from Bloodstone. He is working to change White Worm's ways, turning them into a helping hand for adventurers wandering into their lands. Though Kane seems to be having some success, the traditions of the barbarians have not yet been forsaken, and visitors are still not welcome. For now, the wilds of northern Vaasa remain a dangerous place to go.

White Worm's first line of defense is their present spirit-hunter, their wandering champion (see the description of

Hedweck, p. 47). Chosen for his physical prowess, this spirit-hunter roams the Vaasan wilderness just south of the Great Glacier, hoping to intercept and destroy any threats to his tribe. He is magically strengthened, magically outfitted, and intent only upon faithfully executing the duties of his position. His determination is fanatical to the point of willingly attacking a superior foe without regard for his own death.

Weird Wingham's Wacky Weapon Wielders

A wandering troupe based out of Palishchuk, Weird Wingham's Wacky Weapon Wielders travel throughout southern Vaasa and northern Damara. Their collection of unique and unusual weapons gives the band its name. The members trade for weapons and tales, and put on shows.

The troupe is all half-orcs, and all aligned to "good." Like most of the half-orcs from Palishchuk, they strongly opposed the Witch-King. In all, the troupe numbers perhaps a dozen young half-orcs, all acclimating themselves to Damaran ways, and working to better their lives.

Wingham is the half-orcs' leader and exceptionally intelligent for his breed. He has a penchant for rare weapons and, being quite wealthy, he has the means to pursue his collecting hobby. (His riches are said to have come from the abandoned loot of the Witch-King's crushed army.) Wingham's greatest treasure is a *staff-mace*, which he acquired on one of the many adventures of his difficult youth. Wingham says that this strange and magical weapon is what initially fostered his love of the unusual, and the surprising abilities of the *staff-mace* certainly have gotten him out of more than a few jams!

Wingham's tact cannot be underestimated. He has established a fine relationship with the dwarves across the Galenas at Ironspur. That the dwarves

of Ironspur talk to a half-orc at all is amazing, but Wingham goes even beyond a superficial trading relationship. He is openly welcomed by the bearded folk, and has spent many months living among them. Their relationship is mutually satisfactory, for the dwarven craftsmen love the challenge of creating unique weapons to Wingham's strange designs, and the half-orc pays them well.

The Wacky Weapon Wielders love to barter with adventurers. They have literally hundreds of uniquely-crafted weapons, and the half-orcs usually offer adventurers a fair deal. There is a mace headed by the sculpture of some unknown animal, a spear tipped with a real dragon's claw, and a sword with an invisible blade, to name only three. There is an 80% chance that the troupe will have in their possession any weapon listed in the expanded lists of the Unearthed Arcana (99% for the more common weapons such as swords, spears, and maces). Ten percent of the time they will have some magical weapon for sale.

Wingham's troupe has another aspect as well. They are minstrels and performers, re-creating battle scenes in dramatic fashion. Audiences pay well and have yet to be disappointed. The troupe has performed from Ironspur to Darmshall, and even in Hillsafar Hall. In pursuit of this line of work, the troupe has occasionally sold a weapon for a pitance plus a good tale of battle. They have turned many such deals with the Thinkers of the Thinkers. The Wacky Weapon Wielders can often be found performing at the House of Hurl.

The troupe no longer wanders throughout the year. Recently they traded a *holy avenger* to the Commander of the Guard of the Vaasan Gate. In return, the troupe was granted the rights and the chamber space to open a trade shop at the Gate during the winter months.



THE BLOODSTONE LANDS CAMPAIGN

As was noted in the introduction, the recent history of the Bloodstone Lands and the region in general was developed through the four H-series modules.

Thus, Dungeon Masters planning a Bloodstone Lands campaign are put in a unique situation. If you start with those modules, your players' characters can literally rewrite the history of the region. Gareth Dragonsbane and the other pre-generated characters might be used, or players might prefer their own high level PCs. The events of the last two years leading to present-day Vaasa and Damara can be re-cast by playing the modules. And woe to the region if the Witch-King should prevail!

However, the H-series modules are broadscale and high-level, and may be difficult for inexperienced Dungeon Masters or players. A more conservative approach, and one which should prove equally enjoyable, would be to introduce players to the Bloodstone Lands in the Year of the Serpent, which is present-day. Events in the region are as described in this sourcebook. After all, like the hypothetical bard said, "The issue is far from settled." The PCs will have no trouble finding wealth and adventure in the present-day Bloodstone Lands.

In this context, you should consider using the Barony of Bloodstone as the home base for your players. Bloodstone is a compact province, with everything a PC would need (including adventure) within a day's walk. Remember that the Vaasan Gate was designed specifically to be a base for adventuring bands.

Of course, other areas also have much to offer, from the other provinces of Damara to the other three kingdoms of the region. Heliogabalus and Lyrabar are as full of excitement and intrigue as a city like Waterdeep, but on a lesser scale which could be more easily handled. And Impiltur has plenty of heroic work to be done with the problems represented by Traders Bay and Buzzard Beak Harbor.

Wherever you choose to base the PCs, the following suggested adventures offer some exciting game-playing potential. The adventures are orga-

nized in ascending order of recommended character level, from low-level (levels 1-5), to mid-level (levels 5-10), to high level (level 10 +). No specific level is listed with each adventure because these scenarios can be adjusted to accept characters who have a wide range of experience.

1. INTO THE CATACOMBS

(low-level)

Visiting the famed Monastery of the Yellow Rose, your PCs suddenly find themselves in an unexpected adventure. Their initial motivation could be something basic, perhaps a mission directed by Gareth Dragonsbane to help determine the lineage of Helmont, Duke of Carmathan. While scouring the catacomb complex underneath the monastery, one of the party accidentally stumbles onto a secret stairway, blocked off for many years. The party descends into catacombs even more ancient, the burial tombs of the earliest monks of the monastery. Then the long and twisty stairway that led them down crumbles behind the party.

This place was sealed off deliberately, for evil broods here. A magical amulet somehow found its way into these dark and dusty tombs. This amulet is evil and, working of its own accord, continually casts *raise dead* across the level. The place has therefore become saturated with skeletons and zombies, and even worse horrors from the netherworld. Since no monks have come here in centuries, other monsters have inevitably crept in, with carrion crawlers and spiders being only the most likely examples.

With the party effectively trapped in this chamber of undead, their mission and their only hope is to find and destroy the evil amulet. To be fair, be sure they have previously heard of the item. Before discovering the staircase, they could have read an ancient book scribed by one of the monks who helped to seal off these lower catacombs.

Of course the party will eventually find another way out: an underground

river or a second secret stair. Before that happens, their days (or weeks?) lost in the hostile darkness of this evil place should give them a moment's worry, or even two. Imagine a group of second or third level characters running blindly through a maze of cobwebbed corridors after accidentally opening a crypt and finding a mummy!

2. THE HIGHWAYMEN

(low-level/mid-level)

Traveling through the Damaran southland on a pleasant sunny summer day, the party meets up with an interesting band. Riding their hardy war-pigs are the halfling heroes known as the Kneebreakers (see p. 55). The Kneebreakers are out to find and destroy a band of highwaymen who have been operating in the region. After they learn a bit about the PCs, they invite the party to join them on their heroic quest.

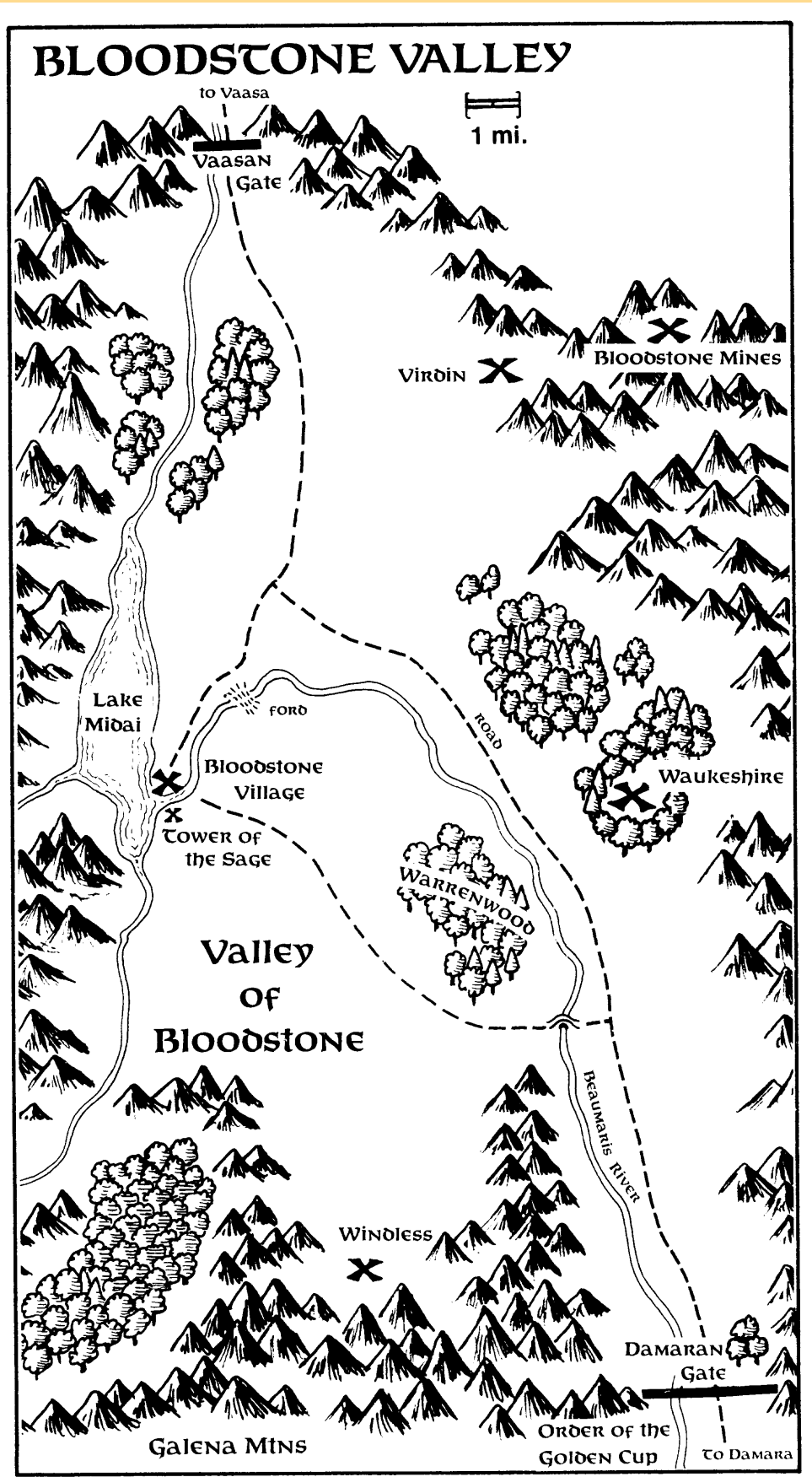
The PC party should be somewhere between 3rd and 6th level. Consequently, the Kneebreakers' offer leads to more trouble than the party might anticipate, for the halflings are more bluster than action. When the bandit lair is finally discovered, the party should believe that only with their new allies are they capable of taking on the bandits. But when the charge begins, they will find themselves rushing in alone, as the Kneebreakers embark on one of their deftly convenient flanking maneuvers!

Actually, this should give the PCs a chance to shine. They might valiantly overcome the suddenly-unfavorable odds on their own, but if they seem to be losing, the Kneebreakers will return. Hobart Bracegirdle and company are not the bravest lads in the land but, when the chips are down, they will help out.

3. BATTLE OF MOGADOR

(mid-level)

For a change of scenery and a different approach to warfare, send your PCs to Trailsend, capital of the Barony of Polten, as Gareth's emissaries. Once in the court of Donlevy the Young, the



good Baron of Polten, the PCs will find an opportunity for adventure.

Relations between Polten and Ostel, the province across Lake Mogador, continue to deteriorate. The fleets of Trailsend and Praka have had several skirmishes over the last few weeks. Since neither side possesses true warships, these naval battles are inevitably resolved in hand-to-hand combat. Donlevy would be eager to hire experienced adventurers to serve as armed soldiers on his ships, whether or not they have any previous shipboard experience.

This lake battle offers a break from the normal routine of land adventuring, and could lead the PCs into Ostel. There they would find further adventures against the evil Baroness Sylvia.

4. The Secret of Hark's Finger (mid-level)

Traveling in the northern wilderness of the province of Soravia, the PCs link up with Olwen Forest-friend and the Bloodstone army making their final sweep through the farming communities. After a few minor skirmishes with remnants of the Vaasan scum, the army comes to the town of Steppenhall.

Here the PCs meet Tremaine, owner and barkeep of the Freezing Fox, a local tavern. They'll also meet his beautiful daughter Meg, who has a Charisma of 18—at least! (If the party is all female, change Tremaine's daughter to a son to make the subsequent events sensible.)

From Tremaine, they learn about the Nars and the fierce land of Narfell to the east. The picture he presents should make the kingdom a tempting locale to any true adventure. After many meetings and toasts, shared tales and raised mugs, Tremaine takes a liking to one of the party and asks a personal favor.

He explains that his daughter Meg plans to marry a local "hero," a 5th level fighter named Thrund. Thrund has all the personality of an animated stone. He is overbearing and brutish (ST 18/86) and Tremaine can't stand



the sight of him. But the gentle barkeep does not wish to anger his precious daughter, who he loves more than life itself. If one of the PCs could woo the girl away from Thrund...

Winning Meg should not be a difficult task for a PC with any charisma at all, for Meg cares little for Thrund. She is only interested in him because he is the local hero and she thinks that her father would love to have him as a son-in-law! If a more dashing PC came courting, especially one who is obviously in her father's favor, she'd drop Thrund in an eyeblink.

The PC may have to fight a duel with Thrund before all is done, but his reward will be well worth the effort. Meg is a beautiful and intelligent woman, and Tremaine will be grateful. Out of sincere gratitude, he will present his new son-in-law with his second most-prized possession: a map of Hark's Finger, the solitary mountain in central Narfell. Tremaine gives this in part because he would like to see his daughter married to a rich man. Tremaine is no adventurer, but for a hero, the map promises considerable wealth. It is a treasure map, detailing a cache of gems, jewels, and gold hidden on Hark's Finger by one of the most successful pirates ever to sail on the Easting Reach in Impiltur.

Between the tribes in western Narfell and the ever-present tundra yeti, the journey to Hark's Finger will not be an easy one. Things won't get any more pleasant once the PCs find the secret pathways, for the long-dead pirate left many deadly traps behind to foil treasure hunters. Ultimately, the pirate's ghost protects his trove as he haunts the mountain.

5. Darkest Tunnel

(mid-level/high-level)

The dwarves of Clan Orothiar are working in a frenzy to bring out enough bloodstone to solidify the economy of the swelling population of Bloodstone Valley. They have broken anew into a deep tunnel complex. Having neither the time nor the manpower to explore this

shaft, the dwarves have, as usual, posted for the services of willing adventurers. Previous expeditions have found the work simple, a matter of expelling a wandering monster or two. Even when mercenaries have come back with no battles to report, the wealthy dwarves have paid them handsomely.

And since your party has gained some renown, Baron Gareth himself suggests that the PCs have earned the right to an easy and profitable adventure. Gareth thought he was doing the PCs a favor...

This new shaft will prove to be more than a simple expedition to relocate some solitary wandering monsters. The dwarves have breached a long-rumored, but never substantiated, lair of horror in the deepest bowels beneath the Galena Mountains: a city of drow elves.

The drow is one of the most dangerous opponents ever to come out of TSR's long list of monsters. The presence of the black elves here should bring excitement (and possibly terror) to the players' hearts. If the PCs show any intention of fleeing back to the Bloodstone Mines after their first encounter with a small patrol, stress the importance of their actions. Neither the dwarves nor indeed the barony could hope to defeat this new menace without more information, information that the PCs are well-positioned to learn.

Make sure that your players witness the terrible splendors of the black elves, the lightless cities and the evil societies that make the most deadly assassins' guilds of the surface world pale by comparison.

A Dungeon Master wishing to run this scenario might find *Dungeon Module D3: The Vault of the Drow* to be an excellent source of background material. Many ideas from the module could be incorporated into this adventure.

6. Cloud on Suncatcher

(high-level)

Returning from yet another mission in

the western reaches of the Galenas, the PCs stumble upon the Cave of the Whispering Wind, home base of the Spysong scouting network. Because they have been on the road for many days, they accept the guards' invitation to come in for a rest.

The remainder of the day is spent eating fine food and exchanging tales of the road. Slowly, the PCs get the impression that the three guards of the cave seem a bit nervous, although they remain polite. Soon after dusk, a new visitor enters the cave. From the bard Riordan Parnell, leader of Spysong, the PCs learn the cause of their hosts' anxiety.

Riordan's cousin, Celedon Kierney, is long overdue for a meeting at the cave. Celedon had been investigating a mysterious cloud hanging over Suncatcher Mountain, where the Galenas meet with the Earthspurs. During his last contact with Riordan's agents, Celedon requested a meeting, but he never showed up.

Unfortunately, Riordan's forces are tied up on the other end of the mountain range, searching out some promising leads to the Citadel of Assassins. The bard does not have the manpower available to go after his cousin—at least, he didn't until the PCs came wandering in.

Of course, if the PCs have worked with Riordan or the Spysong network previously, the prelude to this mission should be handled differently. Either way, the end result is the same: Celedon Kierney seems to be in trouble, and may need a rescue.

The mysterious cloud is a magical kingdom of cloud giants, a huge lair of the monsters and their pet cloud dragon(s). *Dungeon Masters* can vary the numbers according to the relative strength of the players. For added color, Riordan Parnell might lead the mission personally.

Actually, there's no proof that the sneaky Celedon is actually having a tough time. He just might be having a little fun in the cloud city, and could even show up at an opportune moment if the party gets into a jam.



7. Castle Perilous (high-level)

The most dangerous spot in the Bloodstone Lands remains the Castle Perilous, the shattered bastion of the Witch-King. Everyone in the land knows about the place, yet even the hardiest adventurers work hard to avoid it.

The dungeons of the castle are known to be filled with horrors beyond the imagination. Even if they were empty, the ruins above ground are populated by large numbers of angry evil dragons. That would dissuade all but the most brave or most foolish from entering. (See Strongholds, Ruins, and Dungeons, p 37.)

Yet the castle lures the lionhearted. Zhengyi's spellbooks are in the castle, along with many powerful magic items and perhaps even a relic. Not surprisingly, there is also a huge hoard of gold and gems.

To further pique the interest of hardy adventurers, even a single dragon's head will bring its taker great rewards and honors. Many of the mining moguls and landowners throughout Damara and Vaasa have offered great prizes, including Gareth Dragonsbane and Garumbelly Hillsafar of Clan Hillsafar. The problems rooted in the ruins of Castle Perilous are growing, and must soon be effectively dealt with if the people are not to sink into the darkness once again.

Anyone who disrupts the gathering dragons would earn a high place of honor and respect throughout the land. If they have the strength and the wiles, your players could take this opportunity to make the subtle shift from active adventurers to revered nobles and legends in the Bloodstone Lands. Of course, this dangerous adventure might also allow them to make the not-so-subtle shift from active adventurers to not-so-active cadavers.

8. The GiantSpires (high-level)

After your players have spent some time in the region and distinguished

themselves as heroes, they will probably be offered a position of command in the army (the Bloodstone or the Damaran army, depending on the present situation in the kingdom). Since the army is so highly regarded by the folk of the land, accepting a commission would be in the best interests of any PC who has long-term designs on making a good life in this region.

In this scenario, the hobgoblins of the GiantSpires have apparently found a powerful leader capable of banding their vast numbers into a singular purposed fighting force. Hordes of hobgoblins stream down from the GiantSpires, and the tribes of western Narfell have gone to war against them.

Three full tribes of Nars—Var, Aingst, and Creel—have been pushed into Nar-sek Qu'istrade (Horseshoe Canyon) and they are in desperate straits. It may be weeks before other Nar tribes can arrive to rescue their kin.

Gareth and the other leaders of Bloodstone desire better relations with their eastern neighbors, and mining rights to the GiantSpires. Therefore, they view the hobgoblin invasion as a wonderful opportunity to gain the trust and respect of the Nars by sending assistance.

The troops are already assembled in Steppenhall, but they lack a leader. Olwen Forest-friend cannot be spared to lead the expedition. Not only was he wounded in a recent skirmish, he is enmeshed in negotiations with Marco Wildfeet and the temporary leaders of Soravia. (If the PCs would be in over their heads, Olwen can lead and the PCs serve as Undercommanders.)

The army marching into Narfell can be adapted to fit the scope of your campaign, but it should include at least 750 troops, mostly 0 and 1st level fighters. There should be a contingent of 50 or more centaur cavalry, and 100 specializing as archers. To spice up the army, you can create colorful NPC squad leaders of medium (5-10) level.



The hobgoblin forces initially encountered on the southeastern slopes of the GiantSpires should outnumber the army

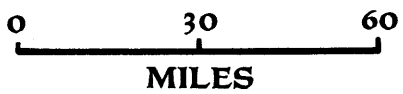
by 3-to-2. The hobgoblins will be anchored by ogre, troll, and hill giant squads. This will be a tough fight. Roused by their new leader, the morale of the hobgoblin army is quite high. The Bloodstone army may seem to be outgunned, but the high-level PCs must be tested and forced to use their considerable strengths and skills to optimum advantage if this adventure is to prove enjoyable.

Assuming that the PCs are victorious, they must continue along the foothills of the GiantSpires to meet the second force of the hobgoblin army, which is camped outside the entrance to Nar-sek Qu'istrade. This force will be even larger than the first. The PCs key to victory will be the characters' ability to slip messages into Nar-sek Qu'istrade and coordinate their assault with a breakout by the Nar warriors. If this maneuver is handled properly, the Bloodstone army and the Nars will hit the hobgoblins from both sides and should effectively smash the evil force. If victory is attained, the Bloodstone army will have served its kingdom well, for the three Nar tribes will swear allegiance to their rescuers.

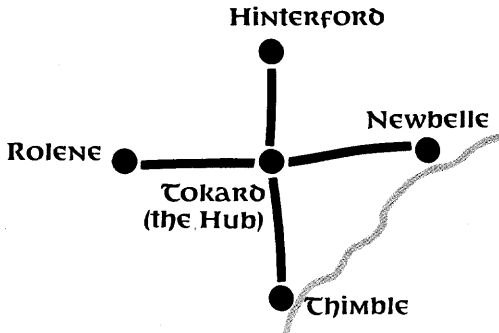
If you wish to continue this adventure, have the PCs take a smaller contingent up into the mountains to investigate the true source of the trouble. It would be wise to include some Nars as guides. The hobgoblins leader is Tem Redeye, an Arch-mage. Tem has a fortress set up in a tunnel complex high in the mountains. (The hermit of Hermit Hill—see p. 40—might be able to provide the PCs with further information.) A third contingent of the hobgoblin army, similar to the first group encountered, will be camped on the northeastern slopes. This force still must be dealt with.

Damaran Province Map

	COUNTRY BORDER
	PROVINCE BORDER



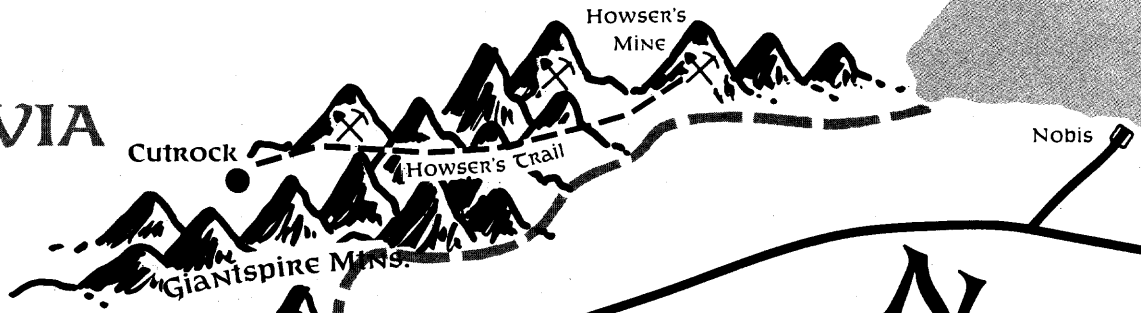
uchy



OF

SORAVIA

Merkurn
Iceface River



ppenhall

Nar-sek Qu'istrade

N A R

Druid's Grove

OLCEN

FORD

Mulltown

Sidewinder River

CIMBERTOWN

The Falls of Tumblingstars

RAWINSWOOD
(Forests of the Great Dale)

DUN-CHAROS
CO (The Nentvarch)

RAVER RIVER

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition



Official Game Accessory

The Bloodstone Lands

Setting for the Icewind Dales trilogy of novels (*The Crystal Shard*, *Streams of Silver*, and the upcoming *Halfpling's Gem*), and the H-series of adventure modules which culminated in a battle with Orcus himself, the Bloodstone Lands are one of the wildest areas of the Forgotten Realms.

In this sourcebook, the author of the Icewind Dales trilogy explores this frozen region. Presented for players and DMs alike are people, places, and events that shaped the Bloodstone Lands—the political movers and shakers who carved their own brand of civilization from rocks and ice. In addition to this insider information, there are 10 new adventure scenario suggestions for all levels of play, from beginner to advanced, allowing campaigning in the Bloodstone Lands to continue long after exploring the mines themselves and conquering Orcus.

Prepare then to enter the barbaric kingdoms of Vaasa and Damara—the Bloodstone Lands.

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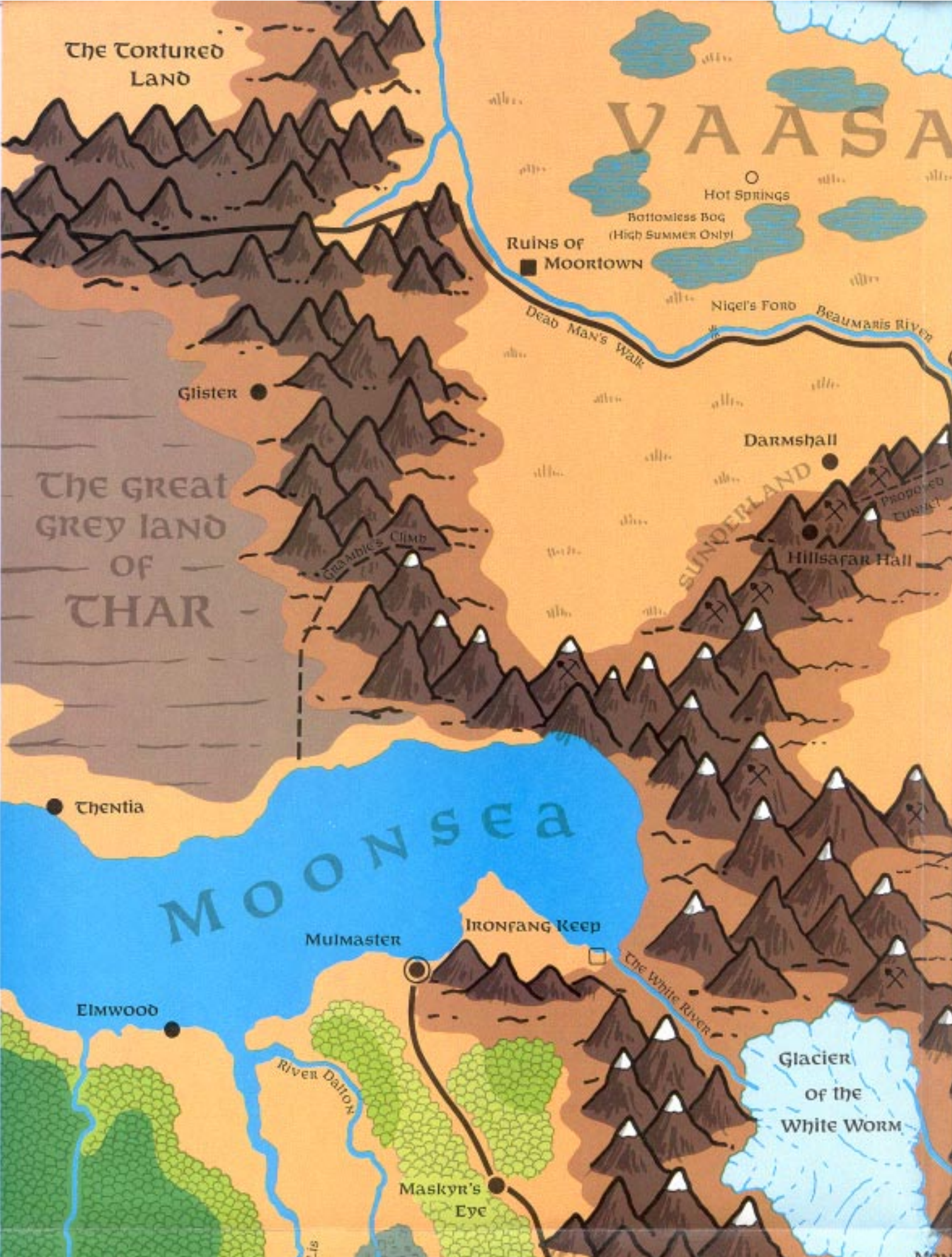
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The Tortured Land

VAASA

Ruins of Moortown

Hot Springs

Bottomless Bog (High Summer Only)

Nigel's Ford

Beaumaris River

Dead Man's Walk

Gliister

The Great Grey Land of Thar

Darmshall

Grandie's Climb

SUNDERLAND

Hillsafar Hall

Proposed Tunnel

Thentia

MOONSEA

Mulmaster

Ironfang Keep

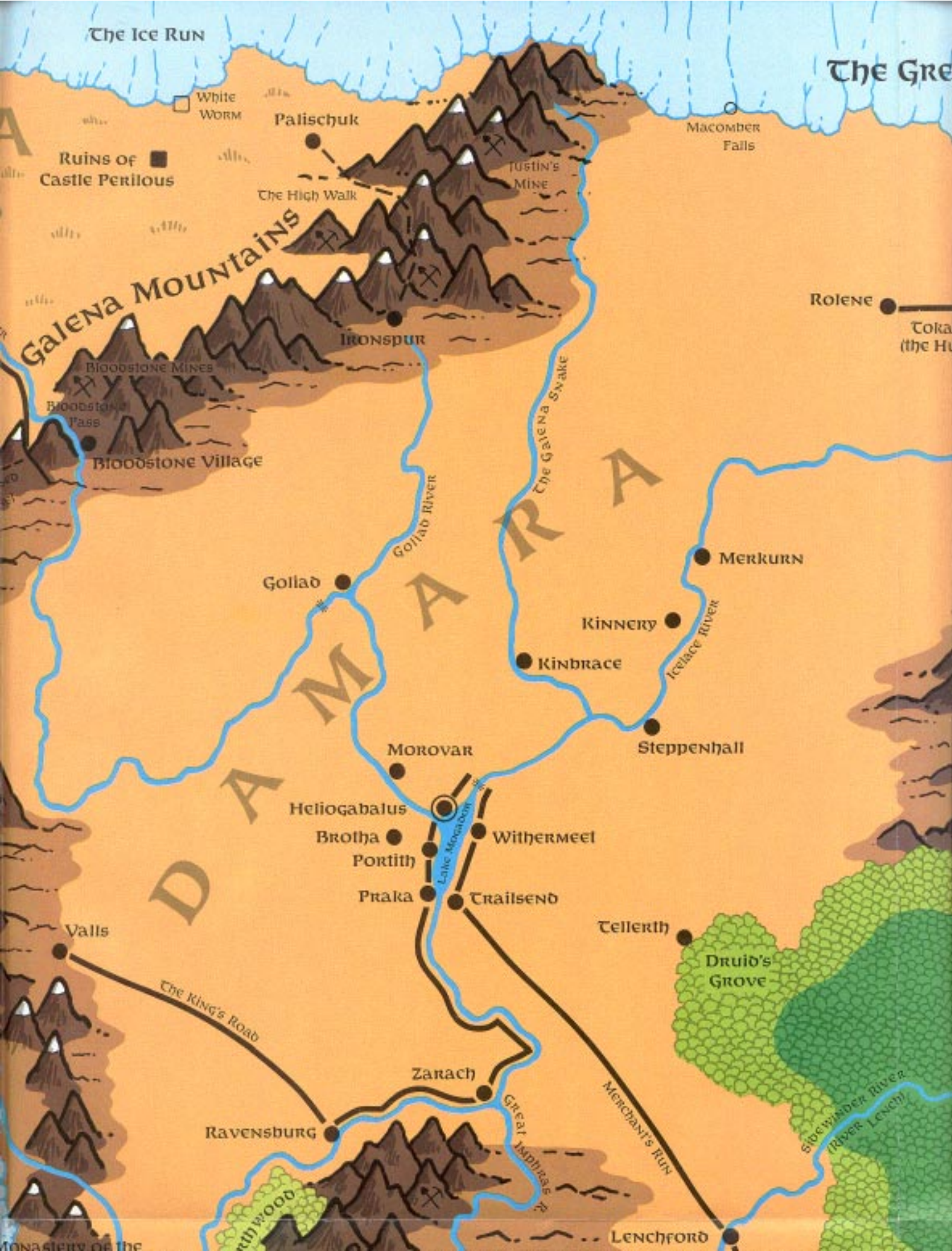
Elmwood

The White River

River Dalton

Glacier of the White Worm

Maskyr's Eye



The Ice Run

The Gre

White Worm

Palischuk

Macomber Falls

Ruins of Castle Perilous

Justin's Mine

The High Walk

Gaena Mountains

Ironspur

Rolene

Toka (the H)

Bloodstone Mines

Bloodstone Pass

Bloodstone Village

Gollab River

The Gaena Swake

Icelace River

Gollab

Merkurn

Kinnery

Kinbrace

Morovar

Steppenhall

Heliogabalus

Brotha

Portith

Praka

Withermeet

Trailsend

Tellerth

Druid's Grove

Valls

The King's Road

Zarach

Merchant's Run

Ravensburg

Great Ladders

Sipwinder River (River Lench)

Red Wood

Lenchford

Monastery of the

Great Glacier

Ice Lake

Hinterford

Newbelle

The Frozen Ford

Tokard
(the Hub)

Thimble

Hark's Finger
(Mt. Iksibunt)

Howser's
Mine

Cutrock

Howser's Crai

Nobis

Peltarch

Giantspire MINS.

Nar-sek Qu'istrade

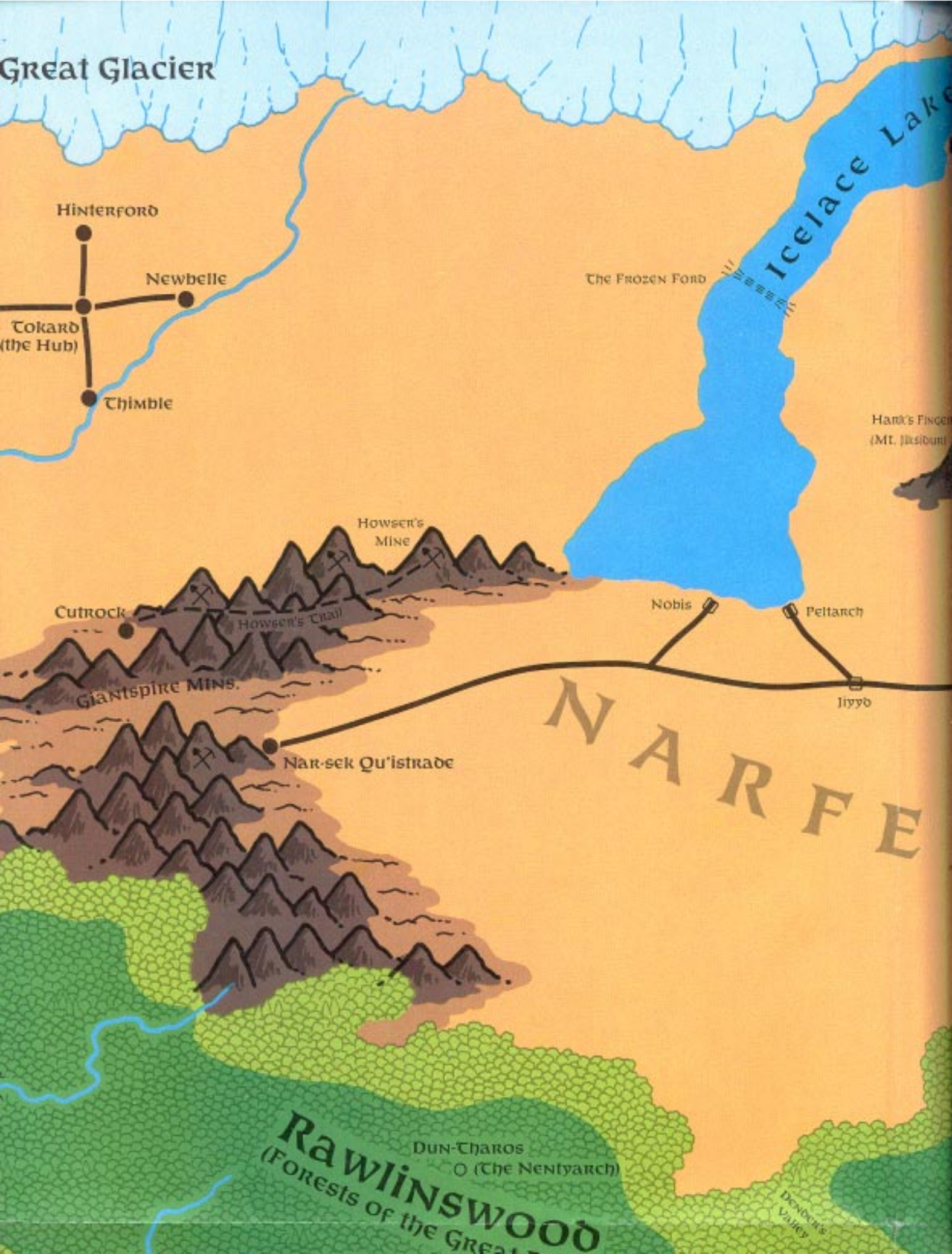
NARFE

Iyyo

Rawlinswood
(Forests of the Great)

DUN-CHAROS
(The Nentyarch)

Devter's
Vales





ake

Ruins of Neldertown

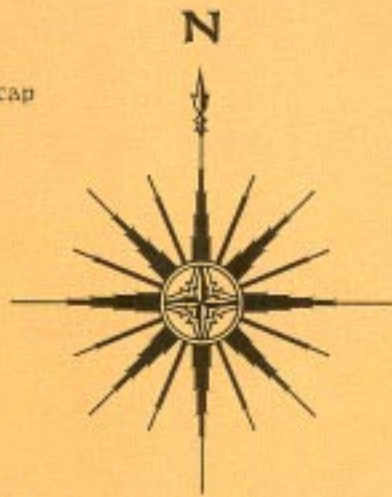
○ DUNGEON COOFOLE
(DUNCEONS OF THE YETI)



Nar-sek Qu'tel



The
Teardrops



Ormpur

N'fast

ELL

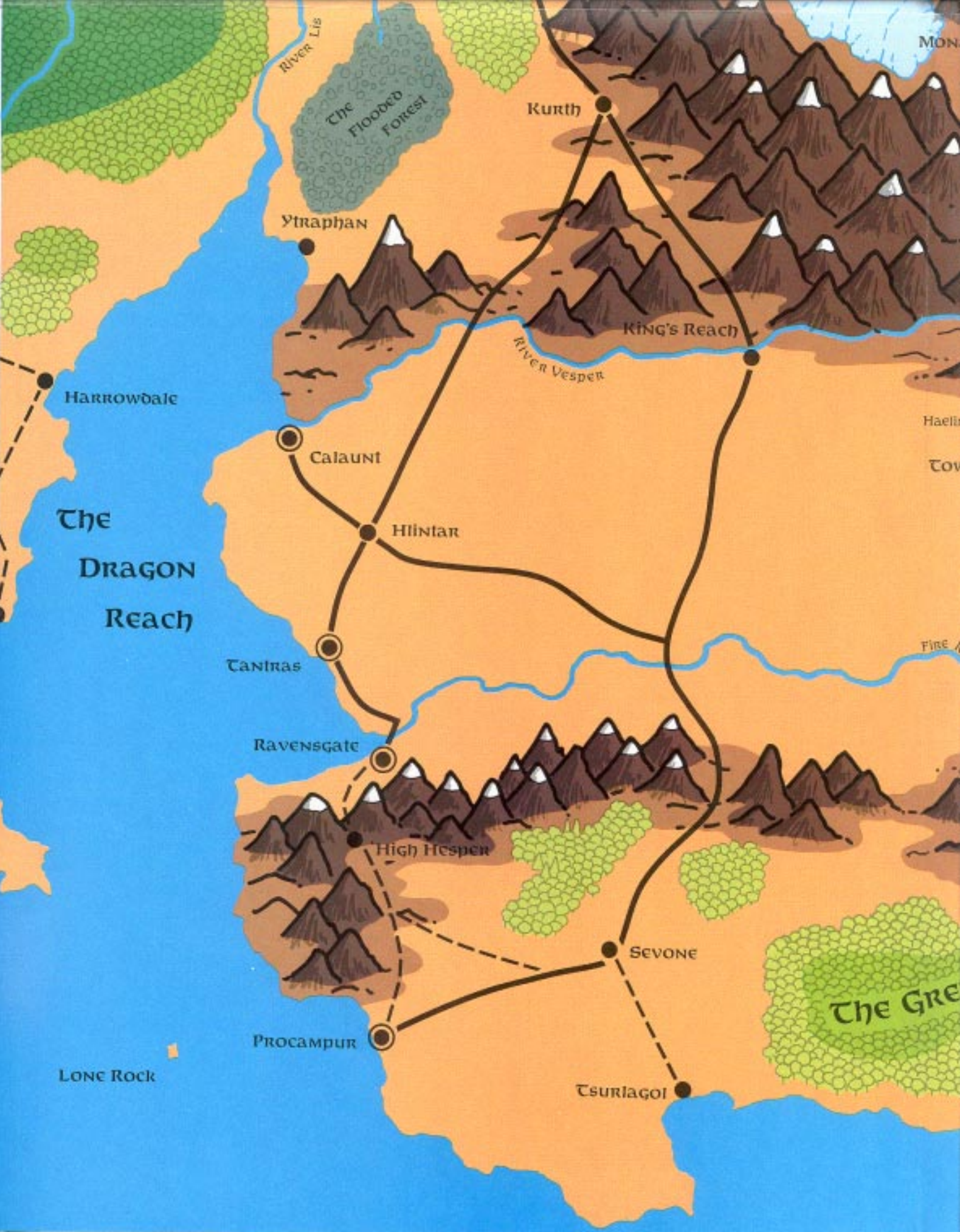
Bilboobaris
(trade fair)

Helena Gap



Nighthawk Tower

Ruins of
Fortress Clymbh



Harrowdale
The
DRAGON
Reach

Ytraphan

Kurthy

King's Reach

Calaunt

Hilitar

Tantras

Ravensgate

High Hesper

Procampur

Sevone

Tsurilagol

River Lis

River Vesper

MON

Haelis

Tov

Fire A

The Gre

Lone Rock



Lenchford

Mulltown

Guidobale

Timber

Mara

Cairnpur

Bay Town

Traders Bay

The Old Water

Kielba

Outentown

Sarshel

Filur

Dilpur

Alammach

Lyrabar

Fortress of Mal

Earthfast Mins

The Lost Lobes

Cold Mines

Pick'n'Axe

The Hill of Combs

Vordric-dun

Lariquer

Haellimnar's Watch Patrol

Tower Ithfell

Monastery of the Yellow Rose

Subrav

Tomrav

Dunfee

Lenchford

Earthfast

Lake Icehelm

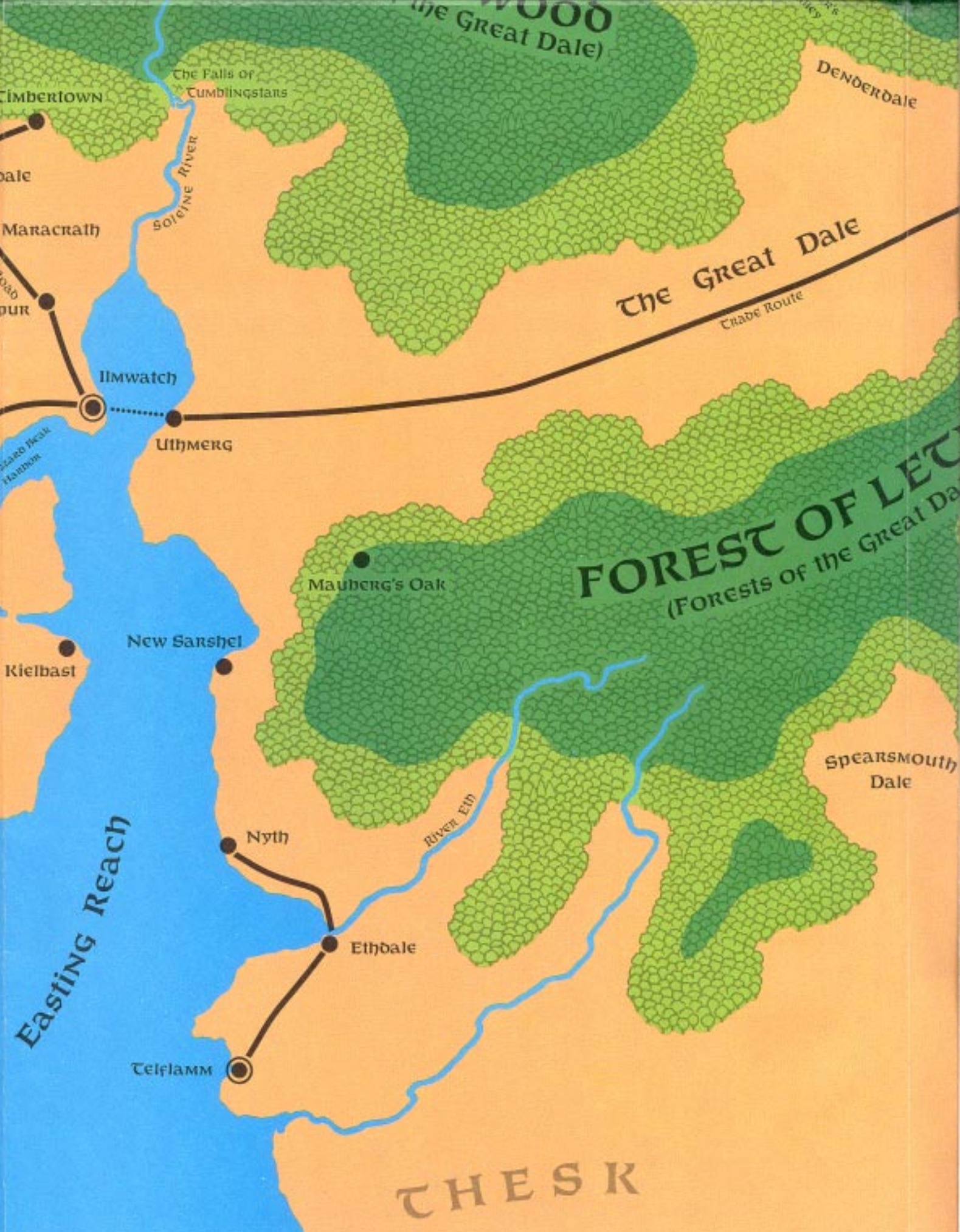
River Icehm

Buzards Beak Harbour

Grey Forest

East

IMPILTUR



WOOD (the Great Dale)

DENDERDALE

Timbertown

The Falls of Cumberingstair

Soreine River

dale

Maracrath

pur

The Great Dale
Crabe Route

Ilmwatch

Luthmerg

Harb Head Harbor

FOREST OF LET
(Forests of the Great Dale)

Mauberg's Oak

New Sarshel

Kielbast

Spearsmouth Dale

Easting Reach

Nyth

River Eth

Ethbale

Telflamm

THESK



FORGOTTEN REALMS

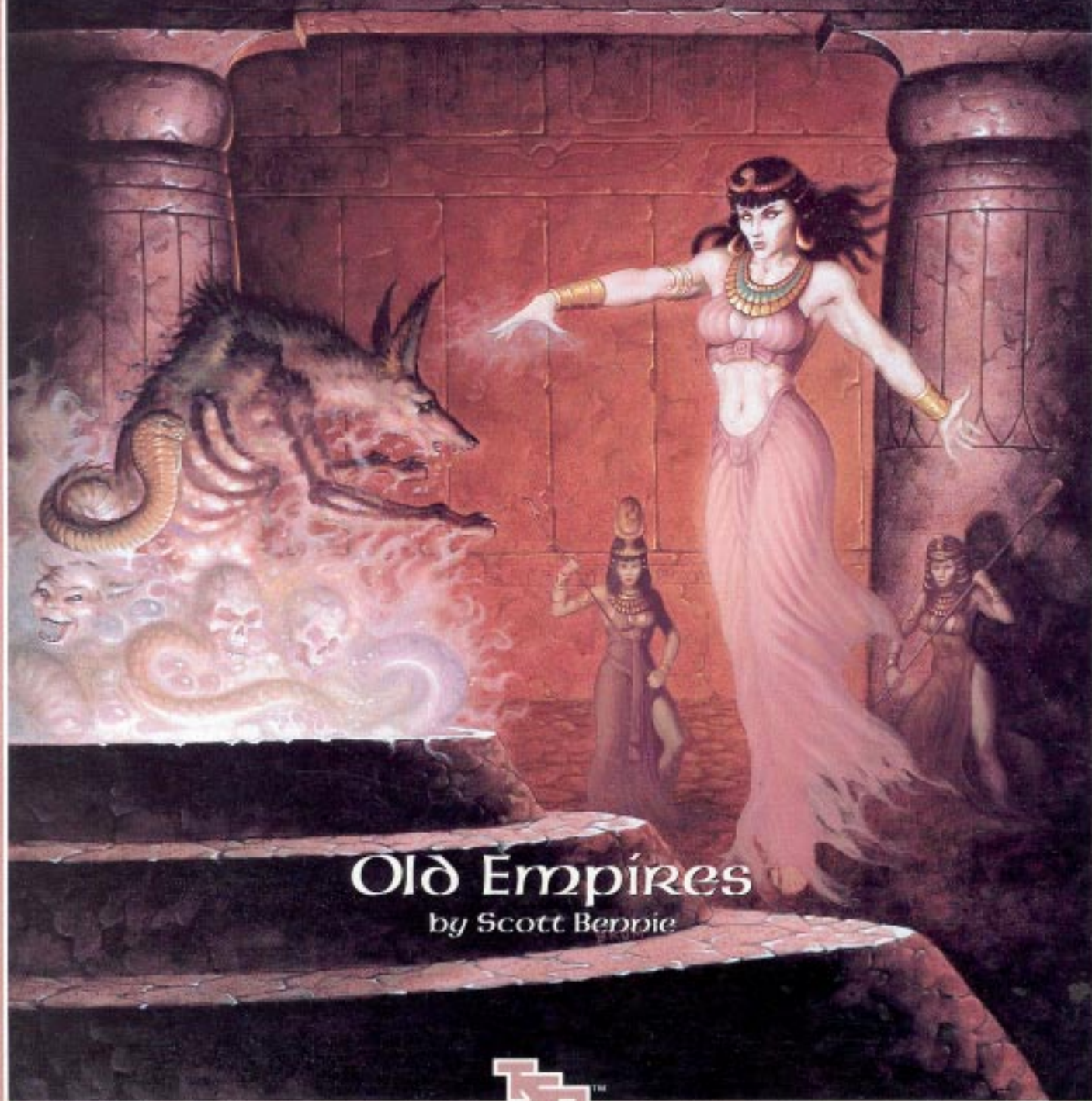
BLOODSTONE LANDS

Scale: 1 inch = 10 miles

	MOUNTAINS (high)		FOREST (heavy)		CITY
	MOUNTAINS (medium)		FOREST (medium)		TOWN
	MOUNTAINS (low)		FOREST (light)		CARAVAN
	FOOTHILLS		GLACIER		MINES
	ROLLING HILLS		SEA		WAYMARK
	BARREN		LAKE		SPECIAL INTEREST
	FLAMINGO WETLAND		RIVER		ROAD
	SWAMP		TRAIL LINE		CREEK
	CLEAR		FORD		MINES

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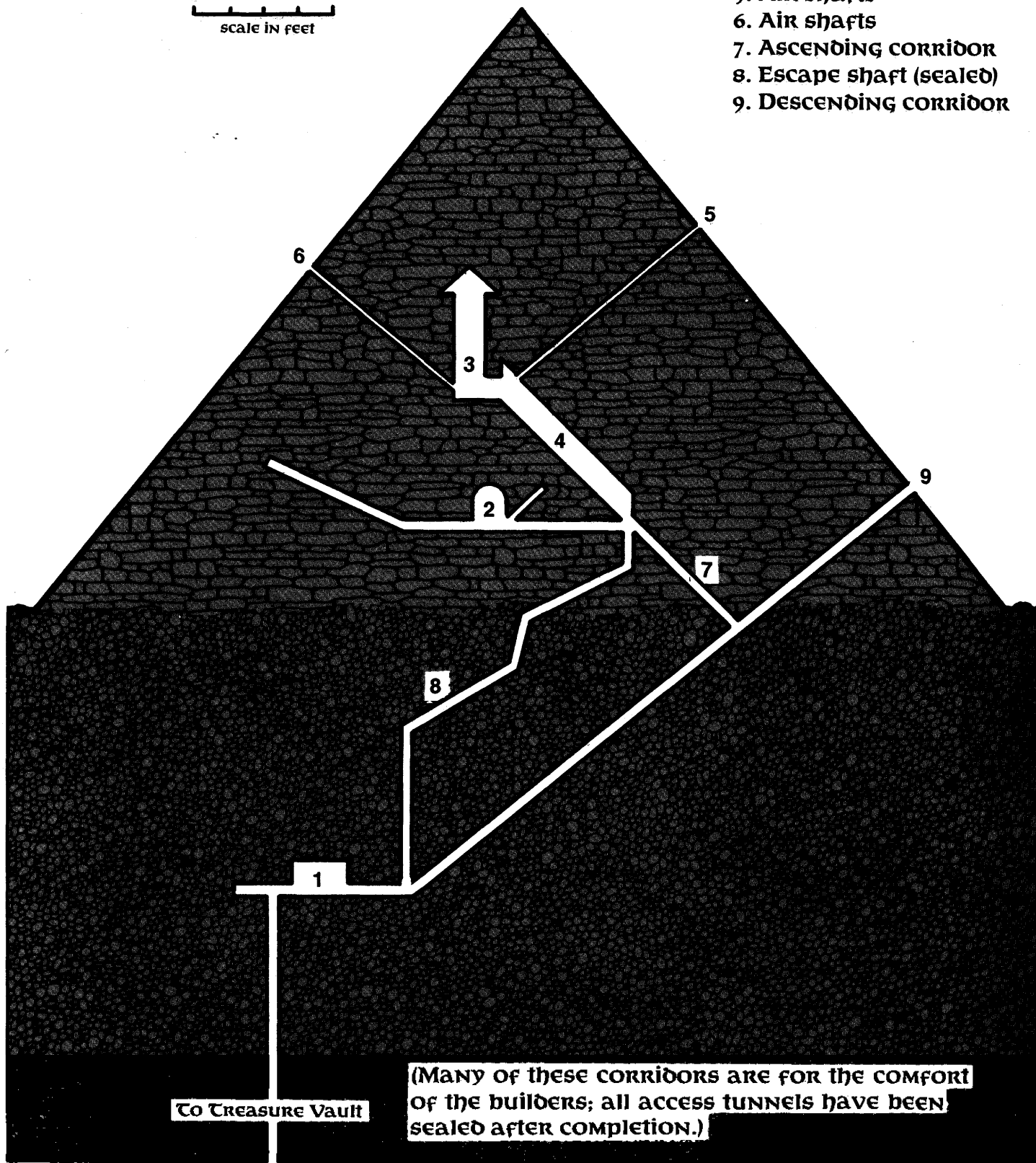
Old Empires
by Scott Bennie



The Pyramid of the Sceptanar



- 1. Burial chamber
- 2. Burial chamber
- 3. Chamber of the King
- 4. Grand Gallery
- 5. Air shafts
- 6. Air shafts
- 7. Ascending corridor
- 8. Escape shaft (sealed)
- 9. Descending corridor



To Treasure Vault

(Many of these corridors are for the comfort of the builders; all access tunnels have been sealed after completion.)



OLD EMPIRES

by Scott Bennie

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INTRODUCTION

“The span of earthly things is as a dream; but a fair welcome is given he who has reached the South.”

—Old Mulhorand saying

The South, the ancient South, is the place where mankind first reached greatness in the Forgotten Realms at the beginning of the age. The remnants of this greatness are the three kingdoms of Mulhorand, Unther, and Ches-senta, kingdoms of mystery and ancient empires.

This book tells of the rise and fall of great realms, of god-kings and ancient magic whose power is unmatched anywhere in the Realms. This is the story of the Old Empires.

The ancient south can be termed “a slumbering giant.” It is an extremely powerful land that wishes to be left alone to engage in its own self-indulgent, decadent pursuits, not caring what goes on beyond its borders.

Still, many of their neighbors do not see them this way. When a plague occurs elsewhere in the Realms, you can often hear whispers of Southern magic. The South is considered to be a place of twisted power, better left untouched. Even the most reckless adventuring parties give the South a wide berth.

Yet it is rich in magic, and on occasion outsiders venture to Mulhorand or Unther and become entangled in the labyrinthine politics of their gods.

Many things are unique to the Old Empires. They have strange gods. They wield weird and powerful magic. And there is a hint of the weirdest magic of all—technology, a word that causes hardened sages to shudder. There are strange monsters and strange men, great treasures and unknown delights, and life-ending perils. In short, nearly anything that an adventurer could want. This book documents all of these.

How To Use This Book

This may be the hardest section of this supplement to write, perhaps because

the answer is so easy that you have to be careful not to miss the forest for the trees. There are two ways to use any RPG supplement. One is to read through it solely for pleasure, enjoying the work for its own sake. The other way is to use it as a source of background and adventure in your campaign.

If you are running a campaign outside of the Forgotten Realms, this book can still be useful. This book contains dozens of new spells, magical items, characters, and monsters that can be taken out of this supplement and used in any campaign, regardless of setting. Cityscapes may be redesigned for use in other campaigns. Adventure ideas and rumors can be transferred to other settings. This is meant not just as a Forgotten Realms book, but as a source book for any inventive Dungeon Master running campaigns in any world.

The other use, of course, is as a FORGOTTEN REALMS™ game supplement. If you are running characters from outside the Old Empires who travel in these reaches, please make sure you read through the book carefully. Any land has its customs and taboos that seem strange to outsiders, and the Old Empires is no exception. How a character deals with culture shock can be as interesting as how a character handles a new monster, as both are unfamiliar challenges that test his ability.

If you are running characters from the Old Empires, be sure that the characters realize that the attitudes of their homelands are often quite different than other places in the Forgotten Realms. They should understand their homelands, and be able to imagine what it was like to be a child there, what they were taught, and what they were brought up to believe.

The Old Empires is known as a high-powered area. There is lots of magic, much of it quite strange. There are also major challenges in obtaining this magic, which is how it should be. The essence of an adventure is not casually

fulfilling a quest, but discovering a major challenge and using every resource you have, including your intelligence, to succeed.

As you read through *The Old Empires*, you will find that this supplement places a strong emphasis on the politics and the personalities of these kingdoms; this book is full of strange names and devious political factions, all scheming to achieve their ends. There are two reasons for this.

First, one distinguishing feature of the Forgotten Realms is the number of distinct and interesting characters that player characters can interact with; as it says in the Source Book of the Realms (p. 17) “more than anything, these individuals *are* the Realms.” In the same way, these characters are the essence of the Old Empires.

The second reason is the nature of high-level campaigns. Many high-level campaigns collapse very quickly when the emphasis is solely on monster bashing and treasure snatching. The secret to a successful high-level AD&D® campaign is to get the PCs to interact with the campaign world in ways other than combat. There is a lot of fun in getting involved in politics, making plans and alliances, and outwitting truly clever NPCs. It isn’t easy to run a good political campaign (and most players don’t want a campaign where the action consists only of political maneuvering), but when it works, it’s a real thrill.

If the details in the political sections seem too trivial, you can feel free to ignore them, but you might want to give it a try. It can be a lot of fun. The politics of the Old Empires, like its characters, operate on a grand scale.



HISTORY OF THE OLD EMPIRES

Toward the end of the previous age, tribes of humans were pushed out of the Great Kingdoms of the southeast, which were covered in desert. Legends speak of a great war in which powerful humans fought against the gods to wrest away their power. The humans won and became god-kings, but the war destroyed their kingdoms. These god-kings, Re and Enlil, led the shattered remnants of their peoples into Mulhorand and Unther. The two god-kings and their spouses became the leaders of the royal houses of these two nations.

The people of Unther, who prided themselves on the purity of their race, warred against “barbarian” peoples and drove them from their lands, but the god-kings of Mulhorand, who were openly worshiped by these people, took them in as full citizens. Since then, the peoples of Mulhorand have primarily been racially mixed Turami and Mulan (the race of Unther and Mulhorand).

Two thousand years before the start of the current age, Mulhorand and Unther began to develop huge cities in the river deltas of their lands. Magic increased the fertility of the already rich soils and the two nations prospered. Prosperity enabled the god-kings to build larger states and, over the course of centuries, large empires were established. The two lands clashed occasionally, but the rulers of Unther and Mulhorand both realized that warfare would result in mutual destruction, so all conflicts were carefully limited and the border of the Alamber Sea kept the peace.

Mulhorand expanded to the north and east, conquering the Priador Plateau (which is modern Thay), Thesk, and beyond even into Ashanath and Rashemen.

Lands farther north paid tribute to Mulhorand and its god-kings. At its peak, the Mulhorand Empire stretched as far east as Semphar. While the empire was not the kindest of masters, it did bring laws, culture, and magic to thousands of people who had not known these things before.

Unther was somewhat less kind to its

conquests. It expanded north as far as Yuirwood, where it warred for centuries against the elven tribes. It reached west as far as Chondath, swallowed most of the eastern Shaar, and even went to war against the southern dwarves in the Great Rift. Unther gained a reputation for having fierce and ruthless warriors who were hated by those they conquered.

At their peak, 1,000 years before the start of the current age, the First Empires of Mulhorand and Unther were at a level that has never been equalled since. Their magic was extremely powerful, and they had learned a new science—technology—that gave them greater power.

Two events brought the first great Age to an end. One was the rebellion of the archmage Thayd (after whom the later-day Red Wizards named their kingdom), who challenged the might of the god-kings, along with that of many of the most powerful wizards of Mulhorand and Unther. Thayd’s goal was to overthrow the god-kings and unite the empires into a single grand Overempire that would be able to achieve limitless dominion over the Realms. After much destruction, the god-kings triumphed and the wizards were slain. After that time, in Mulhorand, the god-kings placed magic under their strict control, and created a bureaucracy of priests to maintain its control. Mulhorand became the bureaucratic theocracy that it remains to this day.

The people of Mulhorand and Unther might have rebuilt their losses, except for the Orcgate Wars. Five years after the deaths of the wizards, a huge gateway opened in southwestern Thay. It was a gateway from a world of orcs. Millions of orcs had come from another world, seeking a new place to live. They immediately clashed with the empires of Mulhorand and Unther, and overran their northern and western possessions. The god-kings themselves stirred into battle, and orc-shamans summoned their pantheon in response. Gods died, cities were laid waste, and entire regions were devastated. In the

end, the orcs were either slaughtered or driven into the far north, but the holds of Mulhorand and Unther on their far-flung provinces were broken, and the two empires dwindled. The god-kings withdrew into their towers, creating continually reincarnating incarnations to lead their cities. Thus the First Empires of Mulhorand and Unther ended.

The lands lost by the southern empires were quickly retaken, but not by them. Instead, two new powers rose to prominence after the Orcgate Wars, the powers of Narfell and Raumathar. These were warlike nations that coalesced out of the migrating northern tribes that were paid to fight as mercenaries in the Orcgate Wars. They had weapons of iron (as opposed to the bronze weapons that Mulhorand and Unther used at the time) and soon developed powerful magic of their own. They quickly subdued large tracts of land, replacing Mulhorandi culture with their own.

Unther was never able to regain its southern empire after the Orcgate Wars, and soon its holdings in Chondath collapsed.

So proud Mulhorand and Unther were now reduced to small kingdoms, once-great powers that were twilight kingdoms in the brilliant shadows of Narfell and Raumathar, the two new great powers.

And, for the most part, the two nations were content, for both still prospered; their rulers still built great monuments, and their peoples never starved, and wise men prophesied that the fiery powers of the north would soon consume each other.

The prophecy came true. Eventually, Narfell and Raumathar went to war. It was a bitter and bloody struggle, full of the tales of great heroes: Rauthok, Jesthren, Halduplac, and many others who were naught but names to the kingdoms of the south.

Several times, the two northern giants tried to convince Unther and Mulhorand to join in the war, but the lords of the south merely shook their heads



and fortified their borders, waiting for the inevitable.

It came. Narfell and Raumathar held one final cataclysmic battle and destroyed each other. Netherworld fiends fought against dragons, cities were burned. One hundred and fifty years before the founding of Cormyr, the nations of Narfell and Raumathar were dead, their people scattered into tiny enclaves, their lands in ruins. Mulhorand and Unther decided to pick up the pieces.

Unther leaped across the Eastern Reach and founded cities on that body of water's northern coast. Mulhorand expanded northward under the military leadership of Anhurtep, a vigorous incarnation of the god-king Anhur, and founded the cities of Bezantur, Tyraturas, Amruthar, Delhumide, and Nethjet. Mulhorand offered to take in the survivors of the war and bring prosperity to the starving victims of the great war. Mulhorand heroes slew many of the monsters summoned by the wizards of Narfell and Raumathar, and once again the standard of Mulhorand flew over the battlements of the Priador. Thus began the Second Empire of Mulhorand and Unther.

Unther, which had declined greatly, could not reach the elves of Yuirwood with its traders or its armies. The cost of expansion bankrupted its treasury, and taxes were raised. Rebellions against the taxes were ruthlessly crushed, and harsh laws were brought down to preserve public order. Some of the hardest hit by these taxes and laws were adventurers, who were beginning to bring wealth from the ruins in Narfell and Raumathar and complained most bitterly against the confiscation of most of the fortunes that they fought so hard to acquire. Some of these adventurers turned to freebooting, becoming pirates in the Sea of Fallen Stars. Others led rebellions in a number of cities hard hit by the tax: Delthuntle, Laothkund, and Mourktar.

Eventually a large group of cities on the southern coast of the Wizard's Reach also broke away to form what is known as the Union of Chessenta,

though using the word "union" to describe Chessenta is a joke.

Chessenta achieved brief glory early in its history under the great general Tchazzar, the war god, who was actually a polymorphed red dragon. The Chessentan Empire held sway as far west as Chondath, and even subdued Unther and held it as its vassal. After the death of Tchazzar, the Empire broke up; Unther tore free from its influence, and its distant outposts were ruined. The union's confederation of city-states swore fealty to a central monarch, but each city-state seemed to have a different idea about who the monarch actually was. The union eventually deteriorated into a constantly changing network of warring factions; it remains this way to this day. There have been two Cimbar vs. Airspur Wars, an Akanax vs. Soorenar War, an Akanax vs. Luthcheq War, and three Mordulkin vs. Luthcheq Wars.

There has been so much warfare in Chessenta that mercenaries from all over the Realms have flocked to join; there is almost always at least one major war going on there at all times. For the last century, Chessenta has been reputedly one of the best places to go to get mercenaries; even Mulhorand regularly relies on their services.

And what of the other two lands? Mulhorand kept its Second Empire together for a little longer, until the Red Wizards rebelled four hundred years ago and created the nation of Thay.

Mulhorand made a half-hearted attempt to take Thay back, failed, and decided to concentrate on its bitter internal politics. Unther is even worse: Its military is gutted by corruption and archaic weapons and tactics, its immortal ruler (Gilgeam son of Enlil) has become embittered by misfortune and rules a small, wasted, overtaxed tyranny, aided by greedy administrators. As a result, Unther is on the brink of revolt.

Current Operations

At this time, there are a number of notable schemes and events taking place

in the Old Empires: Mulhorand, the oldest empire, is suffering from a recent spate of assassinations that climaxed in the assassination of Pharaoh Akonhorus. The assassins have not been identified and are known to use magic to charm the victims' friends or bodyguards into becoming their murderers. The new pharaoh is Horustep III, who is a child of 11. In most nations, this would mean that he would be easily manipulated by his advisors, but in Mulhorand it means that a Pharaoh is finally young enough and energetic enough to want to make changes. (The Fangs of Set, an organization responsible for Akonhorus's death, also has plans to deal with Horustep, and the priests of Horus-Re are not happy about the situation either.)

There is a major confrontation brewing between the priests of Horus-Re and the priests of Anhur in Mulhorand. The priests of Horus-Re, who have been the de facto rulers of Mulhorand for centuries, are blaming Anhur for past defeats and are trying to destroy his priesthood by stripping its leaders of lands and traditional power and appointing its greatest members to extremely dangerous positions. Anhur's followers are becoming more bitter in their opposition to the priesthood of Horus-Re. The priests of Anhur are also going to embark on a private enterprise to purge the Alamber Sea of pirates and the influence of the Thayvian fleet.

Unther is collapsing. The alliance of the bandit chief Furifax and the cult of Tiamat are plotting to overthrow the government, which is extremely unpopular. An incarnation of Tiamat schemes in the small town of Firetrees. Other factions are trying to align themselves with whomever they believe will be the winning side. Messemprar is in revolt; the palace is under siege, and the armies of Unther have been turned back, forcing the god-king to hire a force of Chessentan mercenaries to crush them. There is trouble even in Unthalass, the capital of Unther.

In Chessenta, the rulers of the city of Luthcheq are waging a war of terror



against wizards. They have invented witchweed to prevent magicians from operating in their city, and they have hired mercenaries to assassinate wizards across Chessenta. Their goal is to clear Chessenta of all wizards and march in with their army, unopposed. (This is a ludicrous notion, but the lords of Luthcheq are considered to be lunatics.)

Cimbar is under attack by an alliance of warriors from Airstpur and Soorenar, who plan to destroy the city and divide the spoils evenly.

Timeline

- 2488 DR The great kingdom of Raurin destroyed. Exiles flee into the west, eventually settling on the shores of the Alamber Sea.
- 2135 DR The god Re founds the city of Skuld and gives it the name "City of Shadows". This is Year 1 of the Mulhorand calendar.
- 2087 DR The god Enlil finds pearls on the west coast of the Alamber. He founds the city of Unthalass ("City of Gems").
- 1967 DR Unther and Mulhorand clash at the River of Swords. The first Mulhorandi/Unther War begins.
- 1961 DR Gods agree that the River of Swords will be the eternal boundary between Mulhorand and Unther. There are occasional clashes, but there is never a major war between the two southern powers again.
- 1500 DR Expansion of Unther and Mulhorand.
- 1250 DR Unther battles against the elves of Yuirwood and the dwarves of the Great Rift. Mulhorand, for the most part, ignores them.
- 1087 DR The Thurgist Adept Thayd rebels, along with most of the wizards in Unther and Mulhorand.
- 1081 DR Thayd and his conspirators defeated. Thayd is executed, but prophesies that Mulhorand and Unther will never be as great again.
- 1076 DR Orcgate opens.
- 1075 DR First battle of the Orcgate Wars. Orcs overrun many northern settlements, slaying thousands.
- 1071 DR Battle of the Gods. Re is slain by the orc-deity Gruumsh.
- 1069 DR Orc pantheon defeated. Orcs driven from the south.
- 1050 DR Power struggle between Osiris and Set to succeed Re. Set murders Osiris.
- 1048 DR Osiris resurrected by Isis. Horus-Re battles Set, casts him into the desert and becomes chief of the Mulhorand pantheon. Set worship is abolished. The tower of Set in Skuld is destroyed.
- 900 DR Rise of Narfell and Raumathar.
- 734 DR Enlil decides to leave the Realms. Gilgeam, son of Enlil, becomes King of Unther. This is Year 1 of the Untheric calendar.
- 623 DR Narfell attempts invasion of Mulhorand and Unther by sea. The two southern nations defeat the Narfell fleet. Neither northern empire attempts to invade the Old Empires again.
- 150 DR The great conflagration. Narfell and Raumathar destroyed in one final battle. Monsters and minor powers summoned in the last battle invade the south after the battle ends.
- 148 DR The god-kings' final battle. An alliance of the Summoned is defeated and they are sent back to their home planes.
- 135 DR Founding of Bezantur. Other cities soon built on the coastal areas of the Wizard's Reach as Mulhorand and Unther once again expand northward.
- 1 DR Founding of Cormyr. This year is 2134 on the Mulhorand calendar.
- 108 DR First Great Flood of the River Alamber nearly destroys Unthalass.
- 202 DR Tribes of "barbarians" from the south invade southern Unther and Mulhorand.
- 205 DR Mulhorand and Unther chase defeated barbarians back to their base settlement and exterminate them. A dying shaman prophesies that their empires shall soon crumble.
- 482 DR Delthuntle and Laothkund break free of Unther.
- 504 DR Teth and Nethra declare their independence. Unther begins a long campaign against the North Coast Cities.
- 643 DR The wizard Nezram leaves his tower on the shores of Azulduth.
- 679 DR Unther forced to recognize the independence of the North Coast Cities. Unther never recovers from this long, costly, and bloody campaign. End of Second Untheric Empire.
- 681 DR Nezram's tower destroyed by the green dragon, Chathuulandroth. Nezram's children scattered or slain.
- 731 DR Second Great Flood of the River Alamber devastates Unthalass.
- 823 DR Mourktar breaks free of Unther.
- 922 DR Battle of Thazalhar. The Red Wizards ensure their independence from Mulhorand. End of Second Mulhorand Empire.
- 929 DR Alliance of Chessenta drives Unther back beyond the Riders to the Sky Mountains.



- 976 DR Mulhorand invasion of Thay defeated at the River Thazarim.
- 1018 DR Death of King Tchazzar in battle against the sahuagin. His body is never found.
- 1030 DR Establishment of Zulkirs as ruling body of Thay.
- 1098 DR Thay attempts first invasion of Mulhorand. Thay is defeated at Sultim and withdraws.
- 1117 DR Mordulkin defies the king of Cimbar, beginning the break-up of Chessenta into squabbling city-states.
- 1154 DR Siege of Cimbar by the Lords of Akanax and Soorenar. The king is unable to get assistance from his allies and is forced to sign a pact imposing harsh limits on his power. Akanax refuses to sign, recognizing its lord as the true king.
- 1161 DR The Kurunak clan become the Lords of Luthcheq under suspicious circumstances.
- 1183 DR Paladins in the service of Osiris clear the River of Swords of werecrocodiles and Sebek worshipers. Werecrocodiles relocate to Adder River delta.
- 1248 DR Rehorusteb II becomes Pharaoh of Mulhorand.
- 1280 DR Thay's second invasion attempt overwhelms Mulhorand. Sultim is besieged and nearly falls before reinforcements arrive. Priests of Anhur are made scapegoats.
- 1301 DR First recorded resurgence of the Cult of Tiamat in Unther.
- 1311 DR Rezim becomes vizier of Mulhorand. He begins to persecute the church of Anhur. Chessentan mercenaries replace Anhur worshipers as guards of the city.
- 1317 DR Great Plague of the Inner Sea begins. Chessenta is decimated, Unther suffers, but Mulhorand is largely unaffected.
- 1320 DR Akonhorus II becomes Pharaoh of Mulhorand. Resurgence of the Cult of Set, as Seti is born. The Simbul becomes Queen of Aglarond.
- 1323 DR Great Plague ends.
- 1324 DR Luthcheq invades Mordulkin to take advantage of heavy losses in the plague years. Luthcheq loses war; losses are blamed on wizard-spies in the service of Mordulkin. Luthcheq begins persecution of wizards.
- 1346 DR Cult of Tiamat summons the Dark Lady.
- 1350 DR Cult of Set gains control of Sampranasz, though this remains hidden. Seti forms the Fangs of Set.
- 1357 DR The present. Fire elementals ravage the coastal cities. The Pharaoh of Mulhorand is assassinated by the cult of Set, leaving Horustep III, the boy-king, on the throne. Riots in Messemprar.





LANDS SURROUNDING THE OLD EMPIRES

"An old neighbor is a good neighbor."
—Old Mulhorand saying

During the course of their long history, the slumbering giants of the south have interacted with many different races and nations. This section details these nations and their current relations to the Old Empires. Note that several of these powers were dealt with in more detail in FR6, *Dreams of the Red Wizards*; a brief description of these nations is offered for readers who do not have that supplement, which is recommended for DMs running campaigns in that corner of the Realms. More information on the eastern sections, Raurin in particular, will be revealed in a future supplement.

Thay

The land of the Red Wizards has been the chief enemy of Mulhorand for centuries, ever since the Wizards overthrew its control. Thay is a magocracy, ruled by powerful wizards. The nation is divided into 11 provinces, known as Tharches; each Tharchion has virtually absolute authority over his province.

Overall, the nation is governed by a council of Red Wizards, whose authority supercedes that of the Tharchions. One wizard from each school of magic (necromancy, conjuration, enchantment, etc.) is represented on the council. These representatives are known as Zulkirs.

There are two factions in Thay: Imperialists, who want to expand their territory (at the expense of Rashemen, Aglarond, Mulhorand, or the nine cities of the coast), and the Researchers, who believe that a wizard should not engage in a military enterprise unless he can gain immediate benefits. Neither faction is well organized; most political results come from the actions of individual Zulkirs.

Thay has tried to invade Mulhorand twice, and has been soundly defeated on both occasions, but a Mulhorand invasion of Thay in 976 DR was also defeated, and the two powers are

stalemated. At present, only one of the Zulkirs harbors an ambition to destroy Mulhorand. Lauzoril, Zulkir of the school of Enchantment and Charm, has allied with the Cult of Set to assassinate the incarnations of the god-king. His activities are not sanctioned by the other schools of Red Wizardry, but they would not mind if he succeeded.

In Mulhorand, the priests of Anhur and Nephthys both actively advocate the destruction of the Red Wizards and the seizure of Thay. The priests of Osiris are also favorable to an invasion, but they do not press their opinions. The priests of Thoth are uncertain, and the priests of Horus-Re and Isis are against it.

There is some trade between Mulhorand and Thay, mostly in foodstuffs (which are sold back and forth) and slaves (which Mulhorand buys from Thay). Neither nation trades magical items or weapons with the other.

Semphar and Murghom

To the east of Mulhorand are two nations that have had many dealings with the great power through its history: Semphar and Murghom. Both nations were part of the great Mulhorand empire long ago. They have since won a certain degree of autonomy.

The people are renowned for their skill with horses; they boast one of the most skilled cavalry forces in the Realms. Each nation consists of semi-autonomous farming villages ruled by a single chief (usually a respected elder) known as an *ataman*. The atamans gather together only in times of war, plague, or other catastrophes.

Murghom is semi-independent. The god-kings of Mulhorand may demand food from them in times of famine, and men and horses in times of war. Mulhorand has not demanded either in centuries, leaving them in peace, and indeed most see Murghom as a nation with no ties to Mulhorand whatsoever. Semphar, though claimed by Mulhorand as its easternmost province, is entirely sovereign.

Murghom and Semphar are rivals; they have had many territorial disputes and minor wars in their histories, typically for the disputed lands between the River Ghaast and the River Haqar.

The lands on the north shore of Brightstar Lake are heavily infested with undead and other monsters, which have spread as far north as Shalhoond, "The Great Wild Wood."

To the east of Semphar are the historic eastern boundaries of the empire of Mulhorand at its height, the Godswatch Mountains. It is said that on the highest peaks, it is possible to find The Road to the Gods. None have been able to confirm this legend.

Aleaxtis, Kingdom of The Sahuagin

Perhaps the most predatory neighbor of the Old Empires is Aleaxtis, the Kingdom of the Sahuagin.

While the exact location of the kingdom is unknown, it is believed to exist somewhere north of The Ship of the Gods, a large volcanic island. The greatest concentration of sahuagin in Aleaxtis is the city known as Vahaxtyl, which is home to about 13,000 sahuagin. The ruler of Vahaxtyl is Kromes, an absolute tyrant who believes in sinking any ship, be it Mulhorandi, Untheric, or Thayvian. He also continuously raids the Unther cities of Messemprar and Mourktar. Kromes is a sahuagin prince with 8 + 8 Hit Dice, 8th-level shaman ability, and many magical items.

While the Cults of Set and Tiamat have approached the sahuagin for an alliance, the surly creatures have refused all overtures. Certain lords of Thay have paid them regular tribute to ensure that they do not bother Thayvian vessels, but the sahuagin do not often keep this bargain. The sahuagin are widely feared even by the pirate-chiefs and the Red Wizards.

Plains of Purple Dust

South of Brightstar Lake and west of the Sword Mountains is a vast, windy



desert that extends southward to Raurin. Elminster says that the forefathers of the god-kings of Mulhorand and Unther lived here, and this once-fertile land's destruction was the punishment meted out by other deities after victory in the god-wars. Other sages have other explanations, though Elminster's is likely the most credible.

By all accounts, though, the Plains of Purple Dust is a land as wonderful as it is terrifying.

The plain floor is covered with (as one might guess) purple dust, which radiates a faint magic (though no use has been found for it). This dust constantly blows into the air, giving the sky a reddish tint. Many giant animal bones can be found on the floor of the plains. The fierce winds howl as they whip through these remains of the long-dead. Those who enter the plains must cover their mouths with a wet cloth in order to breathe.

Very few creatures are native to the plains. Purple worms can be found burrowing through its surface, though other burrowing creatures, such as brown dragons, dislike its composition and avoid it. A nomadic tribe of sludar (mongrelmen) wanders the deep wastes and barely survives in these inhospitable lands. Human nomads stay close to the western border.

There are two oases in the plains: the Grinning Skull, where a large pool of water is shielded by the skull of a dead great wyrm, and the Lonely Lake, which lies to the east of the Sword Mountains. The Grinning Skull is usually frequented by mongrelmen, while the Lonely Lake is held by a family of wizards descended from the great Mulhorand mage Nezram, who disappeared mysteriously centuries ago. The Nezramites, as they are called, are suspicious of strangers, especially adventuring companies; their only friends are the human nomads that live in the western section of the plains.

There are many stories about hidden magic and wealth in the plains. The most famous is the story of the traveler who came upon the Purple Stair, an entrance

to a mysterious land under the earth.

This land was allegedly full of strange beasts thought long-dead. It was ruled by a race of cruel lizard people, twice as tall as normal lizard men, who wielded powerful magic. None have confirmed this legend, but the story of the Underrealm has scared many a child at bedtime.

The Coastal Cities

When Unther expanded to the north coast of the Wizards Reach following the fall of Narfell and Raumatathar, they rebuilt many of the cities of their previous empire, which had fallen in the Orcgate Wars. But Unther was not strong enough to hold them, and, like the other members of Unther's empire, the Coastal Cities declared their independence.

These cities are Delthuntle, Nethra, Teth, Laothkund, Hilbrand, Lasdur, Taskaunt, Escalant, Murbant, and Thasselen. They have been under the control of Thay at one time or another for most of the last 400 years, but they are currently free of Thay's control.

Each city is independent, but there is a loose association for purposes of mutual defense and some trade pacts. The western cities are usually slow to respond to a threat to their eastern neighbors from Thay.

Most of these cities are actually towns. Only Delthuntle, Laothkund, Hilbrand, and Escalant have populations over 5,000 people. Delthuntle and Laothkund have populations of about 50,000 each, while Hilbrand and Escalant have about 20,000 each.

Historically, these cities have been in conflict with Chessenta, pirates, Thay, and each other, in that order. Until this year, Chessenta was considered the biggest threat to the continued security of the Coastal Cities.

Recently, a plot has been hatched by several Thayvian nobles, the Zulkirs of Conjuraton and Summoning, and Hargid Tenslayer, Tharchion of Lapendrar. They plan to rid Thay of competition from the Nine Cities of the North Coast by creating a gate into the elemental plane of Fire and making a deal with

certain lords of that plane to destroy the cities. So far, Lasdur, Taskaunt, Murbant, and Thasselen have been destroyed, and Escalant is under siege. (For more details, see "Fire Time" in FR6, *Dreams of the Red Wizards*.) The future of the Coastal Cities is uncertain.

Aglarond

Originally, only satyrs and sylvan elves inhabited this forest west of Thay and north of the Nine Cities. Except for occasional skirmishes with the ancient Unther empire, this land had few encounters with men. It was shielded by Mulhorand and Unther during the Orcgate Wars, though the battles with the surviving orcs of that war took their toll on Aglarond's inhabitants, and evil monsters began to invade the depths of Yuirwood, Aglarond's forest.

At the beginning of the current age, human fishermen and pirates from the west moved into the area, settling on the rocky shores. They began to chop away at the Yuirwood, and over the course of generations eventually made their way into the heart of the forest.

Here they encountered the elves. The elves had been devastated by plague and by monster attacks. They felt that these humans, primarily hunters and adventurers, were their best allies against the drow and the trolls that threatened to destroy them. One generation later, the drow were driven underground, the trolls all but eradicated, and the satyrs driven westward out of the forest, where they settled in the Chondalwood.

The Yuirwood is now controlled by a strong and energetic tribe of half-elves. Aglarond remains under half-elven rule; its current monarch is the Simbul, the mysterious and powerful sorceress who has been linked with the Harpers and who is considered the greatest enemy of the Red Wizards of Thay. The Simbul has been seen in Mulhorand only once; while none know truly what her business was, many guess at an alliance between the Harpers and the priests of Anhur.



Aglarond is too far from Mulhorand and Unther to trade directly, but some of its products are shipped through merchant sailors of the Nine Cities.

The royal banner of Aglarond is three white stars against a blue field.

Raurin

The great southern desert is a vast wasteland of stone, sand, and dust. Two ages ago, it was the home of the first great kingdoms of Man, who grew to such power that they challenged the gods and triumphed. In that conflict, the entire region was ravaged, and the land is now virtually uninhabitable. The survivors of that conflict fled to the west, to the shores of the Amber Sea.

The land is home to a number of wandering tribes. Some of the sludr mongrelmen from the Plains of Purple Dust also inhabit Raurin, as do human nomads. On its far western edge is the chain of high mountains known as the Giant's Belt, a group of nearly impassable mountains. In the center of this chain is Fuirgar, home to hundreds of stone giants. Two passes allow travel through the belt—the treacherous Rolling Stone Gap and the supernaturally cold Midwinter's Pass (named because it feels like midwinter all times of the year).

To the south are the Dustwall Mountains, which shield Durpar and Thommar. To the north are the Plains of Purple Dust. To the east are legends—no account yet exists of someone returning from a land east of Raurin.

A number of creatures that originated in Raurin are known throughout in the Old Empires.

Brown dragons thrive. Blue dragons scour the skies near the Giant's Belt. There is known to be at least one settlement of efreet—in the ruins of an old city, whose riches they guard with extreme diligence. Then there are human and humanoid nomads.

There are many ruins, some containing artifacts of great power, lost and forgotten in the ancient god-wars. Many of these magical items have been gathered

for use by the Cult of Set. Somewhere in these lands is the great tower of Set, in which the manifestation of the most evil deity of the Mulhorandi pantheon sits and schemes. Many who have entered the desert have come out transformed into minions by his power.

Durpar

South of great Raurin is a much blessed body of water known as the Golden Water, the inland sea of the south. Surrounding this long, narrow waterway are a number of kingdoms, either long forgotten by the west, or the subject of wild myths.

Certainly the kingdoms of the southeast are very different than those of the west.

Durpar is a nation of traders. They make finished goods and specialty items, such as soap, spice, fine cloth, and rope, then sell it to the rest of the Realms. The merchants of Durpar travel in large caravans, moving north along the edge of Raurin, first into Mulhorand, then into Unther, and finally into Chessenta. These merchants thus distribute Durpar goods to the other nations of the Realms. The merchants of Durpar charge high prices for their goods, and each journey has the potential to make a fortune, or to get everyone in the caravan killed. Chessentan mercenaries are usually hired to guard the caravans on their journey.

The people of Durpar are a practical people, and they often provide Mulhorand and Unther with services that are normally beneath the two ancient powers (making soft goods). Durpar is reputed to be impossible to make "fair" bargains with (the merchant always wins in the end), but the merchants are unimpeachably honest and always produce goods of unequalled quality.

Durpar tends to keep its political and religious structure a closely guarded secret, even from the Chessentan middlemen. It is known that Durpar is governed by a council of merchants, that illusion magic most heavily predominates, and that Durparians wor-

ship the Creation Spirit. They claim that this being created the world, lives in all things, and is more powerful and wise than all the other gods combined. That they do not share this belief among other peoples is a testament to their ability to judge the reactions of others.

The cities of Durpar are small but thriving, and they always keep a well-defined and defended boundary with their eastern neighbor, Ulgarth. The capital of Durpar is called Heldapan.

Veldorn

In the far southwest corner of the Golden Water, the inland sea to the south that is home to a number of kingdoms, is the nation of exiles, Veldorn. Veldorn is a kingdom of monsters: beholders, dragons, vampires, half-orcs, were-creatures all dwell here.

No one knows how Veldorn came to be. The premise behind Veldorn is that each type of creature could establish a large domain where they could do as they pleased. Any who attempted to interfere in the affairs of one Beast-Chieftain, as the leaders became known, would incur the wrath of all of the other lords of Veldorn.

Several times, the peace of Veldorn has been violated, and in all cases, the invader has been destroyed.

The ruler of Veldorn, whose chief responsibility is to arbitrate disputes, is Saed, a centuries-old vampire. Saed is respected and feared by all of the other Beast-Chieftains, including the beholder-twins Xaoch and Veoyh, his main rivals.

Traders come to Veldorn on the Great Southern road and provide the Beast-Chieftains with goods and slaves at the city of Lastarr, a free city of the edge of Veldorn. The Beast-Chieftains have divided the kingdom into small city-states, each ruled by a different chieftain, with some enclaves of humanoids tolerated in the Bluetip Mountains and on the Beas-tlands Plateaus (home to many wild lycanthropes). Saed rules the nominal capital of Veldorn, Vaelan.



Eastern Shaar

West of the Golden Way is a huge expanse of grassland and rolling prairie, known as the Shaar. The Shaar has two sections; the rich and fertile Western Shaar (known simply as the Shaar), and the sparser Eastern Shaar, which is more of a wasteland. The Eastern Shaar is located directly south of Mulhorand and Unther. When the empire of Unther was at its height, nearly 2,500 years ago, the Eastern Shaar was under its control, and there were many great cities. Now its roads are buried under grass, and its cities are dead things, homes for nomads and bandits.

Many bandit tribes use the Eastern Shaar as a base, raiding southern Unther and Mulhorand or the rich farming towns of the Shaar. The largest bandit tribe is the Grey Ghosts, led by the outcast Chessentan mercenary Furifax (12th-level fighter). The Grey Ghosts have struck as far east as Durpar and as far north as Chessenta. Furifax has been trying to unite all the bandits in the Shaar into a consolidated fighting force and launch an attack against Unther; he has had limited success, but he has attracted the attention of the Cult of Tiamat.

Furifax's base is a fortress south of Unthangol Pass; his bandit tribe numbers at least 5,000 trained soldiers, each of whom rides one of the fine steeds that run wild in this region. He is the de facto lord of the lands between Hardcastle and Azulduth. The small trading towns of this area pay tribute to him.

In the northeastern portion of the Eastern Shaar is Azulduth, the Lake of Salt. This place is renowned by wizards for its healing properties. Many have made the journey southward to bathe in its waters, which are said to be so buoyant that it is impossible to sink.

This lake is the source of the River of Swords that forms the border of Mulhorand and Unther. On its far northeastern shore is the ruined tower of Nezram, who is accounted the greatest Mulhorand mage of this age. The tower was destroyed by the green dragon

Chathuulandroth seven centuries ago. There are, of course, rumors of untouched chambers in the tower's foundation that may contain Nezram's greatest secrets.

In the center of the Eastern Shaar is a huge rift, larger in size than Sembia and almost 1,000 feet below sea level at its deepest point. This is Underhome, the home of the southern dwarves. This very proud race lives by mining rare substances from deep under ground and trading them at the trading village on the outskirts of Eartheart, a city on the western edge of the rift whose thousand-foot towers rise from the floor of the rift to loom above the cliffs.

The dwarves raise domestic animals by the surface of the Riftlake, a large lake in the center of the rift.

Their greatest city is Underhome; its gates are sealed by a strange white metal called hizagkuur. None but dwarves are permitted to enter Underhome. The dwarves dislike outsiders; they are cold even to the traders to whom they sell their metals. They distrust adventurers and dwarves from the north. They have a historic enmity against Unther, due to the wars two millennia ago. The adage about dwarves never forgetting or forgiving a wrong done to them is especially true when it concerns the dwarves of the Great Rift.

These days, the dwarves mine their mines and forge weapons and other tools in peace. Occasionally, duergar nations from deep in the earth come across the tunnels of the southern dwarves and there is battle, but in the last two centuries, the dwarves have had no enemies.

Chondath

Chondath is a nation west of Chessenta, on the south coast of the Vilhon Reach.

It consists of a loosely federated group of towns and cities bound together in a defense and trading alliance; each city and town in Chondath is obliged to provide men for the nation's militia and free food and board for the army should it pass through. Goods

from Chondath may pass through each town without tax or tariff, though goods from other nations are subject to these charges.

There are two major cities in Chondath. Hlath, the eastern port, some 130 miles from the Sea of Fallen Stars, is a trading city specializing in wood products and lumber from the Chondalwood. It is heavily fortified to protect it from pirates and bandits. It has a population of 2,000.

The central government of Chondath is in Arrabar, a city of 5,000. Its economy is based on the trading that occurs in its large, open market. People come to Arrabar to buy goods from wandering caravans from the south, and then resell them to other people to the north and west. Arrabar is heavily fortified and has a small town militia as its guard.

Each town in Chondath sends representatives to Arrabar, who hold a week-long meeting once each year to discuss national problems. A lottery determines who chairs the meeting. In times of crisis, there are emergency meetings, and people from other nations (such as Turmish) are also invited.

Most of Chondath is covered by a dense forest called the Chondalwood. It is a thick, hot section of woods, home to treants, lone druids, and satyrs. Many of the satyrs that were driven from Yuirwood settled here, and the Chondalwood is also known as "the Satyr Wood."

Recently a fiend named Yrkhetepe, a powerful mage from the lower plane of Hades, entered Chondath and Turmish and began wreaking havoc. A number of major battles have taken place, and mercenaries from Chessenta have been hired by several towns for defense.

See I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*, for more details.



PEOPLE AND SOCIETY OF MULHORAND

“Compared to all other known nations, Mulhorand is paradise. The gods created Mulhorand to show the mortals of other lands what the afterlife could be like.”

—Old Mulhorand saying

The people who inhabit Mulhorand come from three racial stocks. The rulers of Mulhorand come from the tribes of ancient Raurin; they are sallow, tall (almost as tall as western men), and thin. They do not have much body hair. This racial type is called the Mulan.

The original inhabitants of Mulhorand were a mahogany-skinned people similar to those in Turmish. They are tall and muscular, with dark skin, flat faces, and short hair; this racial type is called the Turami. This race occupies positions in the upper hierarchy of several priesthoods and is renowned for its skill in architecture, art, and stonemasonry, which are considered middle-class skills in Mulhorand.

The third racial type is that of Amn, Tethyr, and the western nations of the Inner Sea. People of this racial type, which the Mulhorandi refer to as Tethens, make up the bulk of Mulhorand's slaves, since they usually come to Mulhorand through the slave markets of Thay.

The Population of Mulhorand

When a new pharaoh takes the throne, typically his first act is the commissioning of a census, which takes several years to complete. Since the last census was nearly 40 years ago, the following figures are only estimates.

There are about 900,000 sentient people within Mulhorand, including slaves (who are counted as 7/10 of a person in the census). The vast majority of these people are humans, as the god-kings long ago discovered that demihumans were unwilling to give their total loyalty to the god-kings; the god-kings thus expelled them from the land.

Approximately 250,000 people live in

Mulhorand's cities and towns; the rest dwell in the countryside. In the cities, there are nearly equal numbers of slaves and freemen, while slaves outnumber the landholders and their families in the countryside by a five-to-one ratio.

In general, there are three social classes in Mulhorand: the nobility, the middle class, and the slaves.

The Nobility

Bureaucrats are the most mobile of the group; it is possible to advance from a slave to a bureaucrat if one is in a position to get a good education. Bureaucrats include tax-collectors, scribes, messengers, and even spies. They take directives from the priesthood and generally carry out the priesthood's deliberately vague orders with great efficiency. For example, if a priest of Horus-Re wanted to discredit a rival, the priest would mention aloud that it was fortunate for him if something unpleasant happened to the rival; the bureaucrat is expected to interpret this order and carry it out without implicating his master.

Bureaucrats enable their masters to fulfill their ambitions without getting their hands dirty.

Wizardry is considered to be an honorable profession. All mages must swear allegiance to the god-king and to temples of Thoth and Horus-Re. They spend most of their time researching new magical items or examining old artifacts, so they stay out of the majority of the political affairs of Mulhorand.

The priests are the major power brokers in Mulhorand. They control vast tracts of land and thousands of slaves.

The pharaoh allows them to determine the policies of the land. By far the most powerful priesthood is that of Horus-Re, but other groups control large areas of land and slaves. Some of the more ambitious priesthoods, such as the priesthood of Anhur, have engaged in a number of secret enterprises devised to promote their visions of a more aggressive Mulhorand. (If it seems as though religion is the least im-

portant concern of the priesthoods, well, it is.)

The pharaoh, the incarnation of Horus-Re, sits on the throne in Skuld. He is more of a figurehead than a ruler, and this is mostly by choice, for reasons explained earlier. Theoretically, the priesthood, mages, and bureaucrats must obey every whim of the pharaoh, but he has yet to exert his authority. One notable quote from the priesthood is this: “The pharaoh wishes to be involved in the important affairs of the land. Design him a new temple so that he will take his mind off such a foolish notion.”

The pharaoh is always male and always an incarnation of Horus-Re [except for a brief time after the loss of Thay, when an incarnation of Thoth took the throne (all of the other incarnations of Horus-Re were dead)].

The priesthoods are hereditary; their members are almost always the descendants of incarnations of various deities, which are known as the divine houses. The houses are usually referred to by their Thayvian names, as listed below:

House of Horus-Re: House of Helcaliant
House of Thoth: House of Tholaunt
House of Osiris: House of Osriant
House of Anhur: House of Ramathant

Descendants of female incarnations are not given a House name, nor are descendants of Set incarnations.

Mulhorand is a thoroughly patriarchal society. The first two sons of a House are said to be nobles; the eldest is entitled to at least 2/3 of the father's land and slaves, while the younger son can have no more than 1/3. Other sons, and all daughters, must fend for themselves.

Nobles of all varieties must shave themselves bald, and typically paint one to three blue circles on their foreheads. These indicate learning, knowledge of magic, and familiarity with the laws, customs, and religious rituals of the land. (Very roughly, one circle means that the man is an educated freeman, two circles mean he is a mage, and three circles mean he is a priest.)

If a noble wishes to maintain his power in Mulhorand, it is almost always



necessary to have friends in the priesthood of Horus-Re. However, as it is possible to strike at a priest through his friends and the power struggles in that priesthood can be extremely treacherous, it is best to avoid having too many close connections. On the other hand, it is usually a good thing to help a person rise to power.

Priests regularly strip or reduce the landholdings of their enemies, and increase those of their friends.

Some of the current influential powers include the following:

- Horustep III, House of Helcaliant, Pharaoh of Mulhorand, incarnation of Horus-Re. Horustep is only a child; he tends to be demanding and more domineering than adult incarnations of Horus-Re. He ascended to the throne in the summer of this year, following the assassination of his father Akonhorus.

He seems determined to exercise power far more decisively than his predecessors.

- Rezim, House of Helcaliant, 14th-level priest. Rezim is the vizier of Mulhorand, its most powerful political position, and uncle to the current pharaoh (Rezim is not an incarnation). He is infamous for his ruthlessness and his cunning. He is sometimes called "the best vizier that treasures can buy," though he values political support and loyalty above all.

Lately, his recklessness has bordered on megalomania. His most recent proposal would allow the direct sale of slaves (who are normally leased) to noble families, who would be free to do what they willed to them without interference from the temples (working conditions are monitored by the priesthoods on a regular basis). Rezim argues that slavery would be more efficient without interference from the temples; critics believe this is a gift to the wealthy landowners who placed him in power. The new pharaoh does not approve; Rezim's influence is on the decline, but he is still a very powerful man.

- Brathes, 11th-level fighter, bodyguard of the new pharaoh. Brathes is a worshiper of Anhur and is actively

working to seal the breach between the pharaoh and that priesthood. This dismays the priests of Horus-Re, who hope to destroy the priesthood of Anhur. Brathes has been a friend of Horustep's since early childhood and is trusted by the pharaoh, but most believe he will eventually overstep his bounds and be destroyed. Few follow his fortunes, but the priests of Anhur are counting heavily on his influence.

- Mardikan, 10th-level priest, House of Helcaliant. He has been the chief rival of Rezim for years. Tall, proud, and impulsive, Mardikan is not nearly as shrewd as Rezim, and he has a vengeful streak that has played into Rezim's hands many times. Mardikan has been allowed to survive politically because he draws opposition to Rezim into the open and prevents him from being dethroned by more devious conspirators.

Lately, though, Mardikan has learned from his mistakes and senses that Rezim is no longer invulnerable. He intends to gather together a majority of priests of Horus-Re to follow him, thus preventing Rezim from giving the pharaoh to the Anhurites. It may work.

The political scene in Mulhorand is more unstable than it has been in centuries. Should Rezim be dismissed as vizier, there will be many factions rising from within the priesthood of Horus-Re to take his place. It is a situation that may be exploited by outside forces, most notably the priests of Set and the Red Wizards.

Noble Titles of Mulhorand

Mulhorand does not have a formal hierarchy of titles that are passed on from father to son. People who are recognized as nobles are referred to as "Lords," while their spouses or chosen concubines are referred to as "Ladies."

Provincial governors and the rulers of cities are referred to as "Precepts." Incarnations are referred to as "Divine Precepts." Since the internal politics of Mulhorand can be volatile, these titles are not hereditary.

The major honors given in Mulho-

rand are bureaucratic positions. Such titles as "Keeper of the Royal Comb," "Master of the Pharaoh's Horse," etc. are the major honors and sources of pride; without some sort of bureaucratic responsibility, no matter how trivial, a nobleman is said not to matter in Mulhorand.

Wizards are referred to as "Lord Wizards"; wizards that also belong to the priesthood of Thoth are referred to as "Lord High Wizards." Priests are referred to as "Lord Priests" and important priests as "Lord High Priests."

The Middle Class

There is a sizable middle class in Mulhorand. While the middle class owns only small tracts of land, it includes many skilled craftsmen whose talents are in demand. Artists, builders, traders, mercenaries, and scribes are the most noted members of this class (with horse groomers, navigators, and military commanders added to this list in times of war). There are also freeman farmers who lease slaves from the church to serve as their work force.

Because members of this class are often wealthy, they are seen as marriage prospects for the daughters of noble families.

Adventurers, often considered to be members of the middle class elsewhere, are treated with disdain in Mulhorand. Adventuring is seen as the same thing as grave robbing; no one honors adventurers in Mulhorand, and few consort with known adventurers. City guards and Preceptual militia keep a watchful eye on all adventurers.

Some craft guilds exist in Mulhorand, of which the Scribes' Guild is the most famous. Compared to the priesthoods, the guilds are honorable groups that fight to protect the rights and security of their members. They have a reputation for pushiness and making unreasonable demands in an attempt to get their own way. Some craftsmen attempt to work independent of the guilds, but they are subject to the whims of Mulhorand politics, since one



needs good connections to survive without (and against) the guilds.

Nearly all professional soldiers and guards in Mulhorand are Chessentan mercenaries. These are paid by the cities and precepts in which they are stationed. The priesthood of Anhur has purchased many slaves and is training them to be a military force, but this is not approved by the pharaoh.

Slaves

Most of the people of Mulhorand are slaves, the official property of the churches. Landholders are not permitted to buy slaves (yet) but may rent them from a temple. Each temple buys its own slaves, which it trains for its own purposes.

Slaves in Mulhorand are reasonably well-treated. Food is plentiful and no one starves. Killing a slave is a capital crime, and any slave who is unfairly punished is able to make a complaint to the priests of Osiris, who judge how slaves are treated in Mulhorand. Punishment for abusing a slave usually involves forfeiture of some lands and possessions. Work is hard and sometimes dangerous, but few masters are willing to be responsible for the accidental death of a slave.

All slaves must take an oath to obey the gods and whatever master the gods see fit to give them. It is not uncommon for a master to pay his slaves when they are returned to their priesthood; this often favorably impresses the priests who own the slaves. Life as a slave in Mulhorand is not easy or particularly pleasant, but it is better than a slave's life in other lands, especially Thay.

The Society of Mulhorand

Mulhorand is a lawful neutral society. It believes in order and discipline, and despises change. Each member of society is expected to obey the law without question, respect the authority of the priests without question, and honor the gods without question. Mulhorand rep-

resents paradise on earth—stability and security for all eternity. These concepts, in the eyes of a faithful Mulhorandi, cannot be challenged.

Underlying the society, however, is a great deal of corruption. The priesthood is an object of political domination rather than religious worship, and each priesthood suffers from infighting, power struggles, and useless bickering.

The unifying forces of the god-kings, tradition, and isolation from external forces prevents Mulhorand from disintegrating into petty city-states, as happened in Chessenta, or into an impotent has-been, as happened to Unther. While Mulhorand lacks the will and the manpower to regain its lost empire in the near future, it still is a power to be reckoned with in the eastern section of the Inner Sea.

Mulhorand is a land of arrogance. The nobles of the realm consider themselves superior to the people of every other nation. They believe Mulhorand to be more civilized, more prosperous, more creative, and (if they were ever interested in conquest again) more powerful than all of the nations on the outside. Of all the lands in the Realms, they reason, only Mulhorand is ruled by gods.

They do not hide this arrogance from outsiders; even the slaves are haughty, for they are not the property of men, but of gods. Mulhorand is hidebound in its belief that it will be eternal, that no enemy will ever be able to destroy it.

Customs of Mulhorand

Mulhorand has a number of unique customs, which are generally adhered to by all classes.

First, beyond all other things, Mulhorand is a theocratic state, ruled by the priesthood. Mulhorandi are supposed to be willing to submit to the authority of the priests in all things, and most of them do so willingly.

Mulhorandi always show great respect whenever a priest walks by, usu-

ally by bowing their heads or by turning away so as not to interfere in the priest's journey. Priests expect these shows of respect.

Mandatory prayers occur four times daily: at waking, at mid-day, at dinner time, and at bed time. There is one holy day each week, when all men, nobles and slaves alike, are expected to congregate under the balconies of temples and listen to the priests.

Priests are the only ones permitted to slay cattle for the consumption of meat. This must be done while performing holy rites (almost always by acolytes) or the meat is considered to be unclean.

Mulhorandi often seem to have an obsession with death, spending much of their time constructing their tombs and preparing for the afterlife. This is not as morbid as it sounds. Mulhorandi believe that the afterlife is a continuation of life, not a journey to paradise or damnation. Thus the people of Mulhorand do their best to prepare for the next existence.

Language of Mulhorand

The Mulhorandi language comes from a language family known as Rauric. Only Mulhorandi and Untheric survive from this linguistic family; Mulhorandi has preserved much of the old tongue, while Untheric has evolved greatly over the course of the millennia.

Mulhorandi is an inflected language with many verb tenses and cases; word order is relatively unimportant. It often sounds thick and slow compared to other languages; some say this is due to the heavy influence of priestly rituals on everyday speech. Basic Mulhorandi writing consists of complicated picture-glyphs, each of which represents a different idea; it has become somewhat more abstracted over the course of the last thousand years and consists of a vocabulary of tens of thousands of pictographs. Most Mulhorandi know a basic vocabulary of about 3,000 pictographs, while scribes, wizards, and priests learn a more extensive vocabulary.



GEOGRAPHY OF MULHORAND

General Description

"Mulhorand is the gift of its rivers. No other force of nature, not even the gods, is responsible for its greatness."

—Old Mulhorand saying

Present-day Mulhorand is only a fraction of the size it was when its empire was at its peak, but it is still a large and powerful kingdom. Its northern border is the River of the Dawn, though it claims the Priador and all of Thay as its rightful domain, and Mulhorand could march into Thazalhar unopposed if it so chose. Its eastern border is not established, but Mulhorand is thought to have mastery of lands as far east as the Sunrise Mountains and the River Murghol, though Mulhorand has no towns or outposts east of Ganathwood or the Fields of Ganath. The eastern border extends southward to the Sword Mountains, at the eastern edge of the Great Vale, as far south as Azulduth, the lake of salt. The western border extends from Azulduth along the River of Swords.

Within this expanse are desert, ruins, mountains, fertile fields, and cities that were great 2,000 years before the first stone was placed on Waterdeep, before the Zhentarim ever unleashed an evil scheme, before Bane was even aware that the Realms existed, a time when the world was young, even to the elves. The words Mulhorand and "eternity" are the same in the language of the Mulhorandi.

Mulhorand lies within a series of plains, plateaus, lowlands and valleys. There are four distinct geographic divisions:

The Menesankh, or Plain of Life, extends in a crescent around the southern tip of the Alamber Sea as far north as Skuld; this is a mainly dry area of flat plains, irrigated by rivers, with occasional marshland.

The Asanibis is the Mulhorand name for the Great Vale, which is a land of hills and plains that lies between the Sword Mountains and the Menesankh.

The mountainous areas, which include the Sword Mountains in the south

and the Sunrise Mountains in the north, are called the Furitep. These rugged peaks are said to be impassable, though this not quite true; one can get through them in the summer, with the help of a donkey.

The fourth distinct region, the Taranoth, is a series of high plains that rises from the sea between Skuld and Sultim; this area is known for its gloomy climate and spectacular cliffs and falls.

Despite its arid climate, there is a great deal of cultivated lands in Mulhorand along the edges of the rivers and in the Great Vale. Farmland is either owned privately by a noble or run by the church. Laborers on church farms are slaves owned by the temples.

Mulhorand usually saves its excess produce for times of famine, so it exports very few crops. Crops grown include wheat, hay, and barley, with figs, dates, grapes, oranges, and other fruits grown in the Great Vale. Cattle and pigs are the typical herd animals.

There are trees that are felled along the edge of the Sword Mountains, typically cedars and beech. One major forest, Ganathwood, lies along the border of the Murghom-Mulhorand border in the gap between the Sword and Sunrise mountains.

The River of Swords

This long river forms the border between Mulhorand and Unther. It is divided into two portions: The Lower Swords, which flow in two parts from their sources to their junction by the ruins of Sekras, and the Upper Sword, which flows from Sekras to the Alamber Sea.

The Lower Swords are named the Blue Sword and the Green Sword. The Blue Sword River lies entirely in Unther and has as its source a fresh water spring in the southeastern portion of that country. The Green Sword River flows from its source in Azulduth, the Great Salt Lake, and carries a considerable amount of salt with it. The Green Sword is undrinkable.

From the junction at Sekras, the river flows northward to the Alamber. This water is bitter but drinkable, and it carries a lot of sediments. A machine that pumps the river and filters the salt still operates at Sekras, though none but a handful of priests of Thoth know its workings. The river floods in summer time, though it is somewhat less predictable in its floods than the River of Spears, which lies to the east. Large, flat-bottomed boats carry cargo between Unther and Mulhorand settlements on either side of the river, and a canal bypasses the pumps and allows access to the upper river.

Sekras is a small city. It was once the center of the cult of Sebek, but now it is infested with werecrocodiles. Paladins in the service of Osiris, with the tacit approval of the priests of Horus-Re, destroyed the city and scattered the inhabitants.

Alongside the upper river are many small farms. The lower river is mostly uninhabited, except for hermits and wizards who choose to sequester themselves from the control of the priests of Thoth. This area is known to be the home of a number of sphinxes.

The River of Swords was given that name because it was here long ago that the god-kings of Unther and Mulhorand laid down their swords and swore an oath of eternal peace between the two kingdoms.

The Great Vale

The Great Vale, or Asanibis, is the breadbasket of Mulhorand. Here on great farms slavers and freeholders labor to produce food to feed the cities of Mulhorand. The Great Vale begins in the shadow of the Sword Mountains, where the god-kings and their servants are buried in elaborate tombs on the vale floor and on the mountainside. Ancient step pyramids mix with obelisks as 3,000 years of the honored dead find housing to continue their existence in the afterlife.

Ancient pumps provide continued irrigation for these farms, and the flooding



of the River of Spears provides these farms with much-needed sediment.

Priests of Osiris and priestesses of Isis travel into the Great Vale and use their magic to enhance the fertility of this land. Slave farms are owned by the churches, with individual faiths allowed to build their own farms and compete in the selling of goods, though the majority of these farms belong to Horus-Re and are sublet to the priests of Osiris (which gives the priests of Horus-Re the threat of revoking the leases on the farms if the priests of Osiris should turn against them).

Crops grown here include wheat (emmer) and barley (this is also the center of Mulhorand's ale, beer, and winemaking); sheep, goats, pigs and cows are the principal animals herded in this region.

The Great Vale is primarily a dwelling place of humans. There are four towns, Surbroar, Klondor, Ulzel, and Mishtan, each of which have between 2,000 and 5,000 people. Towns serve as a place of gathering during celebrations and trading; there are some slave farms with more people than the towns.

Near Mishtan is the Land of the Dead, to which thousands of slaves and freemen are brought at flood time to help with the construction of new tombs. Transportation in this region is by horse (for nobles), by river, or by foot (poorly tended roads lie some distance from the river in a parallel course, and a road connects Mishtan and Klondor). At the present time, Klondor is threatened by an attack of the dreaded Skriaxit (see the scenario "Rage of Dust" in the adventures section).

Sword Mountains

This chain of high, allegedly impassable mountains (no one in Mulhorand climbs mountains—"because they're there" has never occurred to them) separates Mulhorand from the Plains of Purple Dust; when the wind is very active on the Plains, it blows red dust over the mountaintops and onto the western slopes. Within these mountains are a number of fierce monsters that plague

southern Mulhorand, most notably Gestanius, a great wyrm blue dragon that has fed on the slaves working in the Land of the Dead for well over 600 years, the descendants of the wizard Nezram, and dracosphinxes.

On the edge of the Sword Mountains, in the Great Vale, are some of the tombs of the dead god-kings. The greatest tomb, that of Horuseres II, was carved out of the very mountainside and is said to lead into a treacherous series of natural caverns where the pharaoh and his riches were entombed. None have ever sacked his tomb, but several minions of Horus-Re (see new monsters, Divine Minions) guard it at all times.

River of Spears

This fast-flowing river has its source in the Sword Mountains and its mouth at Gheldaneth. It has two tributaries, the Mishtan and Klondor, named for the two towns nearest their sources. The river provides water for the Great Vale and its many farms. For large craft, this river is only easily navigable near Gheldaneth, though small vessels regularly race along the water near Ulzel and Surbroar, carrying small cargoes and passengers. It is considered a risky ride. The River of Spears floods regularly in the summer, providing new soil for the farmlands and moisture that lasts most of the year; these lands are irrigable ten months of the year.

River of Shadows

This long, winding river has its source at a spring near the Sword Mountains. It does not flow as fast as the River of Spears, but its waters are rocky and treacherous. It is also less predictable in its floods. At the delta, near Skuld, are large slave farms that raise flax and papyrus and herd sheep. The major cities along this river are Jhalhoran, which is connected to Maerlar and Surbroar by the Great East Road, and Skuld (City of Shadows), the capital of Mulhorand. It is from Skuld that the River gets its name.

The Cliffs of Leaping Horses

This is the horse land of Mulhorand, where great brown and white steeds run along the plains; some are captured and used as draft animals; since the decline of the priesthood of Anhur they are no longer taken for charioteering. This is a large area of high plains, several hundred feet above sea level. These plains are arid, but hardy plants thrive here. A number of less welcome beasts—hippogriffs and griffons—also use this area as hunting grounds. There are no major human settlements here, though some Mulhorandi have small outposts where they capture horses.

This coastline is also dotted with a number of sea caves that serve as bases for some of the pirates that roam the Alamber Sea.

River Rauthenflow

North of the Cliff of Leaping Horses is the great river Rauthenflow. It begins at Brightstar Lake in eastern Murghom, flows swiftly to its union with the River Murghol, and then rushes into the Alamber Sea at Rauthgor. These rainbow falls are considered to be one of the most spectacular sights in all the Realms, and the area is known to be a haven for mermaids. The Rauthenflow is an extremely swift river, noted for its cataracts, rapids, and whirlpools. Few boats attempt to ride the rapids of Rauthenflow; the river cannot be forded and the only bridge is at Rauthil, on the great Eastern Trading Road. Most of the countryside around the Rauthenflow is quite arid, inhabited only by the most nasty of monsters.

This river is considered to be part of the highland plain region called the Taranoth.

River of The Dawn

The River of the Dawn is the northern border of Mulhorand, though Mulhorand still claims to rule the Priador (Thay). This river separates Mulhorand from Thazalhar, the region of Thay that



was devastated when Thay broke free of Mulhorand 400 years ago. Thay has a small settlement in this region where the Tharch and his bodyguard enforce Thay's claim on this land, though Mulhorand regularly sends troops here to enforce its own claim. There are occasional clashes, but Thay does not wish to prod Mulhorand into a full-scale war, so conflicts are carefully limited.

The river is an extremely swift one, even faster than the Rauthenflow. There is but one bridge, which is part of the Great Eastern trading road; merchants use this to bring their goods into and out of Thay. Though both nation's rulers disapprove, there is active trade between Thay and Mulhorand.

The Alamber Sea

This body of water is the easternmost part of the Inner Sea. It serves as a border between Mulhorand and Unther and is the home of a major sahuagin kingdom, the Aleaxtis, which is at best an undependable ally of Thay. Many trading vessels use the Alamber Sea on the profitable trade route between the ports of Sultim and Bezantur. Unther and Mulhorand recognize this sea as open water, free for either nation to use, but neither country controls it.

The northernmost island in this sea is the Aldor, which is the Thayvian naval base. Currently, the dominant naval and merchant power in this area is Thay; both Unther and Mulhorand find it more convenient to ship their goods in Thayvian hulls and accept Thayvian goods than build their own ships and find their own markets.

There are also many pirates that live in small remote coves hidden along desolate stretches of the coast of both Mulhorand and Unther, and on islands south of the Aldor. They prey on smaller coastal trading vessels and occasionally surprise the crews of larger vessels who bring their ships into shore or make emergency repairs. Thayvian navy crews regularly raid these pirate bases; sometimes the pirates disguise themselves as fishermen and try to

avoid their notice, though Thayvian marines are not noted for caring who they kill, capture, or throw into slavery. This has resulted in a considerable number of Mulhorand fishermen being kidnapped by Thay.

Recently, the priests of Anhur have secretly built a large fleet, moored near Sultim. They have bought many slaves and have trained them in seacraft; they intend to sail against the Aldor and break Thayvian naval domination in the Alamber Sea. The priests of Anhur hope to persuade the new pharaoh to support this enterprise, as they believe Thay is now weak with internal strife and the Alamber is ripe for the taking. The result of this battle is yet to be seen.

The priests of Horus-Re are alarmed. The priests of Anhur are determined to sail in the spring; Thayvian spies have warned the ruler of the Aldor of the attack, but the administrators do not believe that Mulhorand, "the senile giant," has the will to fight.

Ship of The Gods

This small island in the Alamber Sea is an active volcano. Its last eruption was 400 years ago, killing thousands (the island was settled by Unther at the time). Now, it is used as a haven for pirates. The volcano has begun to come to life again, and the diviners in Skuld predict that it will issue a cloud of darkness within the next three years that will cover the city in ash.

Main Cities

Skuld

Skuld, City of Shadows, City of Eternity, is the oldest surviving city in the Forgotten Realms, with the possible exception of Underhome, the dwarven city in the Great Rift. In nine years, the city will celebrate its 3500th anniversary. It boasts that in that time no invading army has ever breached its walls, and that no invading army ever will, for Mulhorand is eternal.

While it is generally agreed that

Waterdeep is the most splendid city in the Realms, an inhabitant of Skuld would argue heatedly with that statement. The Skuldians say that no place in the Realms can match the grandeur of the City of the Gods, the great towers in which the manifestations of the gods are housed. This may be true, but the rest of Skuld is squalid and decrepit, especially by comparison to the inner city. Ancient homes with patchwork repairs line the city streets. The markets are small and cluttered in comparison with those of the northern cities; even the palaces of city officials are rundown. And, probably most damning of all, Skuld is not a cosmopolitan city.

Elves, halflings, and gnomes are forbidden in its streets, unless they have a letter of entry issued by city bureaucrats or one of the temples.

Half-elves and dwarves may enter, but they may not bear weapons or armor unless a special (and expensive—ten gp and up) permit is issued by the city authorities. As most half-elves and dwarves who do enter Skuld come as part of mercenary companies, this is a good revenue-generating rule.

Visitors to the city are confined to either of the two merchant's wards or the shipyards, and they may not enter the rest of the city. All wards are surrounded by high walls and heavy, well-guarded gates.

Trade comes in by sea or by the road to Maerlar. A low seawall serves as a break against tidal waves, natural or otherwise, and protects the city at a distance of three miles from shore. On the eastern side of the city, there is a large cluster of tenements that have built up around the walls. This is the slave section; though it's outside the main wall, it is considered to be part of the main city.

Entering through the sea gate, there are two shipyards: the naval yard, which contains Skuld's fleet of 20 old and rotting ships, and the merchant yard. Seagoing traffic docks at the merchant yard. Visiting crews are housed in inns located near the docks; this is a rough-and-tumble place.

Licensed merchants may operate busi-



nesses and store cargo in the adjacent warehouse district. The warehouse district was once accessible by drawbridges over the River of Shadows, but that gate has long been closed.

The merchant district contains shops, inns, moneychangers, and stores that supply adventurers, except for weapons and arms; only priests of Horus-Re or Osiris are allowed to sell weaponry.

The eastern gate leads to the road to Maerlar. This is the most heavily guarded of the gates. A garrison of 500 mercenaries from Chessenta are housed between an outer and inner gate as a precaution. The greatest threat to Skuld, in the opinion of its leaders, comes from adventuring parties, not armies. Adventuring parties can find some inns and stables, but at inflated prices. This opens into the palace district, where the wealthy of Skuld live, and the palace itself, from which the vizier of Mulhorand and his bureaucrats rule the city and advise the pharaoh. To the south of the palace district is the crafts district, where goods are manufactured (often by licensed foreigners), and the eastern merchant ward, where more goods are bought and sold.

The central ward is the people's ward. Here more than 40,000 people are housed—20,000 slaves (mostly slaves to the privileged) and 20,000 freemen. The dwellings can only be described as a sprawling slum, with a few dwellings preserving the distinctive decorative style of Old Mulhorand. There are temples and shops intermixed with the dwellings in this area.

The temple of Osiris, on the southern wall adjacent to the merchant and warehouse districts, is the gateway to the catacombs, where the dead of the city are buried. A number of monsters are known to live in the catacombs and, most notably several families of werecrocodiles and rakshasas. The most impressive building is the twin temples of Horus-Re, whose huge pillars rise well above the surrounding houses. Between the temples is the gate to the City of the Gods, shaped in the symbol of

Horus, and a large prayer tower from which the god-kings make pronouncements, usually once every century.

The god-kings dwell in huge towering palaces in the city where only priests may go. Each palace is an architectural marvel, built thousands of years ago by long-dead slaves. The tallest tower is that of fallen Re, where the corpse of his manifestation is entombed. A secret passage connects the palace of the pharaoh, incarnation of Horus-Re, with that of his manifestation, and here the incarnation comes for counsel. There are reputed to be arsenals of magic within this inner city.

Goods coming into the city are heavily taxed, unless the merchant is chartered by the god-king of Mulhorand, in which case his goods are exempt from taxes. The priests of Horus-Re control the charters and line their pockets with the moneys gained from them. Guards in the city are all mercenaries from Chessenta. They may not possess weapons or armor within the city unless they have a permit from the bureaucrats; they may not cast spells without permission from the temple of Thoth, which charges heavily to grant this right.

There are no establishments that cater to adventurers, though one can usually find work at taverns in the merchant district as a bodyguard or armed escort for caravans. It is possible to join the city guard, though one must swear total fealty to the god-king and his priests.

The punishment for crimes is often death by decapitation, performed publicly in front of the temple of Horus-Re. Capital crimes include murder, blasphemy, entering a forbidden area, lying to a priest of Horus-Re, assault against a priest, theft from a priest, cursing a priest, killing a slave without due cause, theft of a lord's property, entry onto a lord's estate without permission, and assault against a guard.

There are trials, and sometimes the defendant can get off with forced expulsion from Skuld and a *bane* spell (see new spells).

The city is supposed to be ruled by the vizier, the strong right hand of the pharaoh. In truth, the vizier is too busy to run the city, so its affairs are handled by a high-level priest of Horus-Re; it is not considered to be a very great honor.

The current chief administrator of the city is Ceianre of the House of Horus. The captain of the guards is traditionally appointed by the priests of Anhur, but the priests of Horus-Re have usurped that function, giving it to Teldartham (8th-level fighter), a champion of the Horus-Re priesthood. The city itself has an unofficial brotherhood of guardians from the priesthoods of Anhur, Osiris, and Isis: its leader is believed to be Halcaunt (13th-level paladin), a worshiper of Osiris. This brotherhood believes that the cult of Set has a base somewhere in Skuld, from which it is conspiring to destroy Mulhorand. The Brotherhood of Skuld has made some contact with famous adventuring parties and personalities, most notably the Simbul.

Skuld has a total population of about 95,000.

Gheldaneth

Gheldaneth is the second largest city in Mulhorand. Where Skuld is a contrast of high towers and ugly sprawl, Gheldaneth is mostly sprawl. There is a large port facility, as goods come by ship from Unthalass and foodstuffs come from the Great Vale by water or by land.

The city is governed by the priests of Thoth, and the largest building is not the palace but the great university whose towers line the northern wall of the city. It is compulsory for every citizen of Gheldaneth to learn how to read, write, count, and to be able to answer simple questions about the history of Mulhorand and its deities.

Even slaves are taught to read and write. The very best students in Gheldaneth may be accepted as apprentices to the Scribes' Guild, which is one of the most prestigious positions in Mulhorand. Social class is not a barrier to entry.



Adjacent to the university is the wizards' college, which is open only to initiates of Thoth. All new candidates for admission to the college are magically screened to ensure that they are not Thayvian spies trying to learn the secrets of Thoth. All wizards in Mulhorand must travel here or to the temple in Skuld to study wizardry.

Major temples in Gheldaneth are dedicated to Thoth, Nephthys, Horus-Re, and Isis. The population of this city is about 80,000.

Neldorild

The fourth largest city in Mulhorand is the coastal city of Neldorild. This is a city of the rich, where noble families who wish to get away from the politics and woes of the realm come to retire. It is a relatively new city and slaves and masons still work endlessly on new structures. It is ruled by the priesthood of Nephthys. There is also a small port, Rasolind, five miles down the coast,

which is used as a supply station for the Mulhorand fishing fleet based in Delgora (the docks used to be in Neldorild, but the fleet was forced out of the city once it became a place for the wealthy). Theft is a capital offense in Neldorild.

Including its slaves, the population of Neldorild is about 40,000.

Mishtan

One of a number of small towns in the Great Vale, Mishtan's major claim to importance is that it is the gateway to the Land of the Dead, the burial grounds of the Pharaohs and their families. New constructions are constantly being built, and the tombs of the pharaohs for the next three generations have been planned; at flood time, the town teems with masons, artisans, and slaves.

Mishtan is ruled by the temple of Osiris, which oversees the Land of the Dead. It has a population of 2,000, but booms to over 30,000 at construction

time; these temporary workers are housed in makeshift dwellings that surround the town.

Sampranasz

This small town is important only because it is the real center of the cult of Set. Sampranasz has been destroyed three times in its history (first during the Orcgate Wars, and twice since then by natural disaster).

There are many hidden ruins within these walls; these are used by the cult as meeting and worship places. The town ruler is a military governor (Sanuet, 13th-level LE fighter) who was appointed and trusted by the priests of Horus-Re but is secretly in the service of Set.

The town is a fishing port. Its coastline has some marshland where papyrus can be found in abundance. The town has a population of 3,000; those who do not serve Set disappear very quickly.





CURRENT ECONOMY OF MULHORAND

“Mulhorand prospers, as it has always prospered, depending not on the unreliable fortunes of other powers.”

—Pharaoh Akonhorus II

Mulhorand is a slave-based agrarian economy. Foodstuffs are grown on slave farms in the Great Vale. There are small farms that are owned by landowners, but the costs of slave leasing makes them prohibitively expensive. The slave farms are not an efficient system, but they provide more than enough food for the country's needs.

Food grown in Mulhorand is used in Mulhorand; food exports are almost nonexistent, though when the north suffers from drought some traders have bought grain from freeholders to sell elsewhere. While Mulhorand often has a food surplus, it is usually preserved by magic for years of drought, which, thanks to the interference of the Red Wizards of Thay in the weather of the eastern Inner Sea, come more frequently these days. Mulhorand is content to grow for its needs and does not try to compete economically with Thay; this is in perfect harmony with most of its political policies for the last three centuries.

Each slave farm is controlled by a temple, and temple bureaucrats carefully count and monitor distribution of grain. Some temples are bribed by freeholders to put them down as having less grain than they possess, thus enabling them to sell the surplus to traders and avoid taxes.

Mulhorand produces papyrus, a reed that can be spun into a variety of products including paper. Over the course of centuries, Mulhorand has increased the efficiency of this process, and Mulhorand paper is considered to be of extremely high quality, sought af-

ter by wizards throughout the Realms. The slave farms of papyrus harvesters in the delta of the River of Spears are run by the temples of Thoth and Nephthys; both temples have waxed rich from the proceeds. Flax grows in the north, from which fine linen is made; this has made certain temples of Anhur and Osiris quite rich.

While Mulhorand imports slaves (usually from Thay), it never exports them. Selling Mulhorand citizens into slavery, or even selling Mulhorand slaves to foreigners in Mulhorand, is a capital offense. The general belief is that being a slave in Mulhorand is better than being a freeman in other nations. It is considered an insult to the pharaoh to assume that temple property can be resold to outsiders. This is yet another example of Mulhorand arrogance.

Mulhorand does export wood to Thay, usually from the edges of Ganathwood. It is not a major business, and Mulhorand must rely on imports from the south for truly fine woods that are finding increasing popularity in furnishings.

Mulhorand has several major mines. Gold is plentiful in the rivers, particularly in the Great Vale, and there are several gold mines in the Sword Mountains. These mines are perhaps the most ancient ones ever devised by humans, using dwarven shaft-mining techniques. A good number of precious stones are mined in Mulhorand: agate, amethyst, and jasper are the most valuable. Granite is also plentiful; many foreign sculptors insist on Mulhorand granite for their works.

Mulhorand imports iron, fine timber, silver, incense, spice, and perfume. These scarce commodities are provided by traders from the south.

Coinage

Coinage in Mulhorand has been around for many years. Coins are primarily made of gold, dated and engraved with the face of the current pharaoh as a symbol of authenticity; the edges have demarcations to prevent further shaving. There are two major coins: the precept, a small coin worth three to five silvers elsewhere, and the pharaoh, worth one to two gold crowns elsewhere. The Mulhorand rate of exchange is six precepts to one crown.

Only nobles and the middle class use coins. Most goods in Mulhorand are bartered, especially among the lower classes and slaves, who are permitted to own property if given as gifts for good service (the temples are allowed to confiscate this money since technically the slaves are their property and therefore anything that belongs to them belongs to the temple).

Real property in Mulhorand comes from two sources, first being the ownership of cattle and livestock. Meat is considered to be a valuable commodity, and cattle farmers are among the most honored freemen. However, diseases plague herds and flocks on frequent occasions, so it is not always a stable source of wealth.

The second source of wealth is ownership of land. The drawback to this form of wealth is that the temples can confiscate land at any time. Were it not for the priesthood of Osiris, which allows a displaced freeholder to challenge the temples in a just court, the power of the priests of Horus-Re would be virtually absolute.



CURRENT POLITICS OF MULHORAND

“All thy affairs are sound and prosperous; every responsible incumbent has reported to me, saying that all the Pharaoh’s affairs are sound and prosperous.”

—Rezim, typical report to Pharaoh Akonhorus

There are two forms of government in Mulhorand—a central government based in Skuld and run by the vizier (who may be overruled by the pharaoh, but usually isn’t), and preceptual governments in cities and over wide areas. There are 16 precepts in Mulhorand, each of whom is appointed by the vizier, though in areas that are controlled by a priesthood, the vizier appoints precepts recommended by that priesthood.

The vizier is the most important individual in Mulhorand. He is always the most dominant priest of Horus-Re. He appoints or approves of the appointments of all high-level bureaucrats and all major officials. He can strip people of land, titles, and freedom as he wills. He is virtually a dictator, though sometimes a vizier who is too unpopular is removed by the pharaoh.

Aside from the pharaoh, the only challenge to the absolute authority of the vizier is from the justices, who are chosen from the priests of Osiris. It is a duty of Osirian priests to uphold the law, and a complainant may challenge even the vizier in a court of law. The burden of proof, of course, lies with the complainant. However, the judges in Mulhorand are honest and honorable men.

Because the leader of each priesthood wields a lot of political power, fighting for the high priesthood is the source of bitter rivalry in all orders, with the exception of that of Osiris. Favoritism and political opportunism is rampant in Mulhorand. The political leadership in Mulhorand is often extremely ruthless; there are few assassinations of person, but many of character.

The incarnations are mostly spectators to these power games. Incarnations are the religious heads of each priesthood, but they consider politics to be too mundane to be the pursuit of

gods, so mortals are given tacit approval for their political in-fighting.

Each priesthood can be roughly divided into three factions: conservative, mainline, and radical. There is often fighting for leadership of each of the factions of each priesthood. The conservative faction wants as little change as possible. The radical faction believes that change is essential. The mainline faction wants to preserve the power of its priesthood by avoiding violent disagreements between the conservative and radical elements.

Each faction of each priesthood plays a part in determining the goals and direction of Mulhorand. It is not uncommon for a faction of a priesthood to have more in common with a faction of another priesthood than the other factions of its own priesthood. These factions can be lumped together according to their general goals, as follows:

Status Quo: These people want to preserve the current state of Mulhorand and refrain from wars against foreign powers, including Thay. They believe that Thay will eventually rejoin Mulhorand on its own volition. Factions in this camp include the conservative and mainline factions of Horus-Re and Isis and the conservative factions of Thoth and Osiris.

Consolidationists: These people believe that a war should be waged against Thay, but that now is not the time to wage it. This faction wants to build up the Mulhorand nation and make careful preparations, which they believe will ensure that Thay falls quickly. Factions in support of this include the radical factions of Horus-Re and Isis, the mainline factions of Thoth and Osiris, and the conservative factions of Anhur and Nephthys.

Expansionists: This group believes in restoring Mulhorand to the property boundaries that existed at the height of the Second Empire. They wish to purge the Realms of all traces of Set, to destroy the Red Wizards, and to reclaim Thay as part of Mulhorand. They want to restore Mulhorand’s army and march on Thay as soon as possible. Fac-

tions in support of this include the radical factions of Thoth and Osiris and the mainline and radical factions of Anhur and Nephthys.

Current political issues in Mulhorand include the following:

- The Thayvian problem.
- Rezim’s plan to sell slaves directly to freeholders instead of leasing them. (This has raised strong opposition from the priests of Osiris, and there is growing strain between those two traditionally friendly priesthoods.)
- The sahuagin problem.
- The cult of Set problem.
- Complaints by traveling merchants about poor road conditions and lack of protection against bandits. Rezim wants to enact a stiff road tax (as in Thay) and promises to repair the roads later. The merchants do not trust him.
- Attempts by freeholders to expand their trade and produce more items, so they can compete more effectively with Thay. This is supported by Rezim and the church of Nephthys, but many within the church of Horus-Re see it as an attempt to destroy the traditional approach to handling goods in Mulhorand that keeps the nation safe from shortages.
- Attacks by monsters on the Eastern Road and in the Great Vale have been increasing, and the people are beginning to demand that the dangerous areas be cleared.
- Major conflicts between the priests of Horus-Re and Anhur are leading to increasing violence between their followers. The priests of Horus-Re have stripped the Anhurites of their traditional dominions, embarrassed them at every opportunity, and would like to destroy the priesthood outright.

The precepts in Mulhorand often have their own political struggles. The precepts are listed below and rated as major, minor, or no importance in political terms:

Aina (no): Includes the town of Aina, and the farms at the mouth of the River of Swords. Precept is Alakin (8th-level priest of Thoth).



Gheldaneth (major): Includes Gheldaneth and the area at the mouth of the River of Spears. Precept is Derlaunt (13th-level priest of Thoth); Tholaunt, Divine Precept of Thoth (his incarnation) can overrule Derlaunt's decisions.

Surbroar (no): Includes area around Surbroar. Precept is Kesia (5th-level fighter who serves Isis).

Klondor (minor): Includes area around Klondor and east to the Plains of Purple Dust. There are many monsters in this region, so there is a large garrison of Chessenta mercenary guards. Precept is Haskrayth (12th-level fighter, chief of the mercenaries, who serves Assuran).

Ulzel (no): Serves area around Ulzel and the immediate south. Precept is Nessisi (10th-level priest of Isis).

Mishtan (major): Serves Mishtan and the Land of the Dead. Precept is responsible for the tombs of the pharaohs and other important Mulhorandi. Its precept is Temis (12th-level priest of Osiris).

Jhalhoran (minor): Serves Jhalhoran and lands west; responsible for road patrols on the Great Eastern Trade Road. Precept is Ulara (13th-level priest of Nephthys). Nephita, the current incarnation of Nephthys, also dwells here.

Skuld (minor): The reason the precept of Skuld is only a minor position is that the vizier has the ability to overrule the precept on any matter, and the precept is really only second-in-command of Skuld. The current precept is Ceianre (11th-level priest of Horus-Re).

Maerlar (no): The main job of this precept is to make sure that the crossroads are continually guarded. Attaining this position is usually considered to be the vizier's way of telling a henchman that

the vizier is disappointed in him. It currently has no precept; one is expected to be appointed within the next six months, though Rezim may keep it open for a while longer in case someone disappoints him.

Rauthil (no): This position is identical to that of Maerlar, except that this precept has less territory to guard. Rezim likes to keep either Rauthil or Maerlar without a precept at all times, to have a place to put his enemies. Its current precept is Ethnestus (4th-level priest of Horus-Re).

Rauthgor (no): This precept looks at waterfalls all day, lives in a small isolated keep, and if the pirates don't get him, the sahuagin will. This position is given to an enemy that the vizier wants to eliminate. The current precept is Bokasin (10th-level fighter/6th-level priest of Anhur).

Ganath (major): This is a major post because it is located in Murghyr, capital of Murghom. It is mostly a diplomatic post, as the precept of Ganath is also the Mulhorandi ambassador to Murghom. It is considered a nice place to get away from the infighting of Mulhorandi politics, and is typically given to old, respected priests of Horus-Re. The current precept is Imthalos (17th-level priest of Horus-Re).

Sultim (major): This was once a minor post, but as Sultim is the fastest growing city in Mulhorand, the importance of this post is now equal to that of Gheldaneth. The precept is responsible for the safety of Mulhorand's largest port and is supposed to try to bring order to the chaos of Outer Sultim. None have come close to succeeding in the latter responsibility.

This was typically the post held by the high priest of Anhur, but Rezim has stripped the priests of Anhur of that privilege; the current precept is Koramon (10th-level fighter who serves Horus-Re).

Thazarim (minor): This precept has one major responsibility—to ensure the integrity of the northern border, since Thay has invaded twice. The precept lives in a small citadel just south of the River of the Dawn.

This was also traditionally an Anhur post, but they have been stripped of this as well. The current precept is Mulhortep (15th-level fighter). Mulhortep is a competent general and probably the best man for the job.

Sampranasz (minor): This precept is really in the service of Set. The precept controls the town of Sampranasz and the surrounding area. The current precept is Sanuet (13th-level fighter).

One may wonder whether a person can refuse the position of precept, given the lack of honor or the certain danger of various precepts. The answer is yes, but those who refuse have ruined their political careers. When a person refuses the vizier, tradition has it that he is expected to leave the bureaucracy forever.

In the case of Rauthgor, where an Anhurite holds the post, Bokasin felt that the priesthood needed to hold at least one precepthood to maintain a sense of honor; refusing would have been a serious blow to the integrity of the priests of Anhur. To protect Bokasin, the Anhurites are spending a lot of flax money on improving the fortifications.



LAWS OF MULHORAND

“The justice of a god is a lack of partiality. When you see one whom you know, treat him as though you know him not, and those who are close to your person as those who are distant from you. Do not avoid the petitioner, but hear his case with eagerness. Be not angered without justice. Great is justice when its justices are great; in the eyes of truth, a slave and a pharaoh are as one.”

—The Code of Justice of the priests of Osiris

In Mulhorand, there is no uniform code of justice; each precept has its own laws, which are for the most part similar but sometimes have unusual variations.

There are both good and bad aspects to Mulhorandi justice. The bad aspects are that punishments are very severe. They consist of banishment from Mulhorand with a curse, imprisonment, or execution. Property and goods are usually confiscated and lost forever. There are many deaths over what would elsewhere be trivial offenses.

On the other hand, the system of justice is very good. Justice is handled by the priests of Osiris, who often send priests from town to town to hear cases and render judgments. The judges are genuinely fair, reasonable, and incorruptible. On the other hand, the burden of proof is usually on the accused to prove his innocence, not on the accuser.

Capital crimes include murder, killing a slave, damaging church property, theft from a church, using a god's name in vain, grave robbing, teaching Mulhorand magical spells to foreigners, assaulting a priest, building a dam on the River of Spears, and espionage.

Imprisonment or banishment crimes include theft, insulting a priest, assault, selling weapons to foreigners, leading foreigners to grave sites, stating malicious falsehoods about the nobles of the realm, hurting a slave, lying to a priest, cursing a priest, and wearing armor without a permit. Wizards are never banished.

Civil disputes are handled by a tribunal of the priests of Osiris. Anyone may

request that a tribunal be called to settle disputes of property and marriage. They charge a rather expensive fee for this service.

The greatest power that a judge of Osiris has is the ability to call an independent inquiry. If a judge views any political situation as suspicious, he can call up to two other judges and determine if any laws were broken. The results of this inquiry are given to the vizier, who has the right to ignore them if he feels like it.

Magical spells and divinations are frequently relied on to determine the truth in Mulhorandi courts. Most recently, following the assassination of Akonhorus II, there was an inquiry to determine whether the guards who killed him were responsible for their actions.

ADVENTURERS IN MULHORAND

“Adventure? Ha! Excitement? Bah! A Mulhorandi craves not these things!”

—Yeda, high priest of Akonhorus I

Mulhorandi, being residents of paradise, are scornful of the idea that professional adventuring companies can do anything other than create chaos.

Most precepts and officials persecute all treasure hunters and adventurers, with the exception of mercenaries that have been specifically hired to guard or patrol the cities. The general belief is that adventuring companies do not fit into Mulhorand society, and thus they threaten its traditions.

There are a few ways that a PC adventurer can come from Mulhorand.

First, an adventurer might be a banished Mulhorandi (but a wizard is killed rather than banished so that he cannot reveal the secrets of Thoth to the enemies of Mulhorand).

Mulhorandi might be banished for minor crimes like spitting in the sight of

The inquiry concluded that they were magically controlled, had no awareness of their actions, and therefore weren't responsible. It was concluded that the cult of Set was responsible. In other nations, as the priests of Osiris are quick to point out, justice would have consisted of a summary execution and the real culprits would never have been discovered.

The major threat to the system of justice in Mulhorand is Rezim, the vizier. He eventually plans to strip the priests of Osiris of their ability to put any of his servants on trial; all crimes committed by the priests of Horus-Re would be tried by priests of Horus-Re. Given that Rezim has enough political problems at the moment, it's not likely he'll push this; he would very much like to free himself of the legal yoke of the Osirisians.

a priest, or saying an obscenity in a temple, which can be interpreted as affronts to the temple.

Second, a Mulhorandi can be an escaped slave; the life of a Mulhorand slave is better than a slave's life in most other places (especially Thay), but it still isn't that pleasant.

Third, a Mulhorandi might be sent by his priesthood (especially the priesthood of Anhur) to make allies in the west.

Fourth, a Mulhorandi might be intrigued by the different lifestyles of the west and wish to experience them firsthand.

It is not recommended that a wizard of Mulhorand be allowed outside of Mulhorand. If the DM allows this, the wizard shouldn't have access to the new spells listed in the Appendix of this book; player characters who want these spells must be very conniving and work very hard to wrest these secrets from Mulhorand.



RELIGION OF MULHORAND

“The gods are content and happy-hearted, and life is spent in glad laughter.”

—Old Mulhorand saying

From their very beginnings, the people of Mulhorand used the Egyptian pantheon as their own; the pantheons of Mulhorand and Unther are the only lands where worshipers venerate families of deities in the Realms. The gods of Egypt are for the most part god-kings of Mulhorand. The pharaoh of Mulhorand is almost always an incarnation of the god Horus, and the other members of the royal family are incarnations of the other gods of this pantheon.

To understand the gods, it is necessary to understand a number of basic concepts. The true gods of Mulhorand, Egypt, and the other cultures on other worlds that employ this pantheon live in the outer planes.

However, this pantheon prefers to dwell physically at a holy place within this plane. This physical form of the deity is called a *manifestation*. It is immortal, very powerful (sometimes of Greater Power status), and is the master of that deity's affairs on the plane.

For most purposes, the manifestation of a deity can be considered to be the deity, with one essential difference. A deity who leaves the plane may pass on the power of his manifestation to another; when the manifestation of Re (also known as Ra) was slain during the Orcgate Wars, he passed on his power to the manifestation of Horus, who took the name Horus-Re.

In more extreme circumstances, a deity who clashes with another deity and who has a greater following among mortals may demand that the rival manifestation surrender his power; if a war deity who had a greater number of worshipers than Anhur arose, he might force Anhur to surrender the power of his manifestation. When a manifestation is successfully challenged for his worshipers or destroyed in combat, he is forever banished from the plane, though a *gate* spell might summon the deity's true form.

Another important concept is that of an *incarnation*. The incarnation is a mortal form of a deity. An incarnation is very powerful, equal to a high-level character, occasionally possessing minor divine powers, but still capable of being slain (Tholaunt, an incarnation of Anhur, was slain 30 years ago by Valerios of Pyardos, one of the Tharchions of Thay). Incarnations compose most of a pharaoh's royal family, but the eldest is always an incarnation of Horus-Re. An incarnation has the general temperament of a manifestation, but it is not under the direct control of the deity and can be affected by mortal weaknesses and foibles.

A third term that is used in Mulhorand is the cult of a god. A cult is a group of worshipers devoted to a single god within a pantheon of deities. Thus a cult of Isis recognizes all deities of the pantheon but focuses devotion on the goddess Isis.

Mulhorand is an absolute theocracy. The priests are the instruments of the government of the pharaoh, who is responsible only to the gods for his action. All land that is not privately owned belongs to the god-kings. All slaves are the property of the god-kings and must be rented from the church of Horus. They must be treated well, for they are the property of the gods. All commands of the god-kings must be obeyed. This arrangement gives great power to the priesthood.

In spite of this, the deities of Mulhorand are not fanatics devoted to absolute control over the people. Most of the real power in Mulhorand belongs to the priests. The gods generally believe that mortals should be in charge of most of their daily affairs. They do not believe in exporting their worship to other nations: in Mulhorand, one worships the gods of Mulhorand, and in other nations, one worships the gods of that nation. This is seen as a reasonable and tolerant philosophy. The gods of Mulhorand place their trust in the priests to run the nation, intervening on very rare occasions, which gives the world the impression that the god-kings are

“slumbering” and “in their dotage.” It should be noted that Horus-Re and the other members of this pantheon consider Mulhorand to be a paradise that rarely needs the intervention of deities. It will be noted more than once in this text that the priests do not share their masters' disinterest in the day-to-day affairs of this land.

The goal of a Mulhorand citizen, of any social or economic class, is to have a good life and to make preparations for the afterlife. It is the belief of those who worship the gods of Mulhorand that life after death is merely a continuation of life; when one expects to die, one must prepare for a journey. This belief shapes much of Mulhorand culture, art, and architecture.

Mulhorandi worship many gods, but most of these are local cults that spring up and disappear every few generations. There are seven major deities, however, who have extensive priesthoods and influences. The following section is a brief description of this pantheon, their names, titles, and symbols, the spheres and weapons allowed their priests, and the power of their manifestations and incarnations.

CENTRAL PANTHEON

Anhur

(Ramathant in Thay, Rumathep in Unther)

God of War, Champion of Physical Prowess, General of the Gods of Mulhorand, Supreme Marshall of All Armies

Status: CG, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: A cord bound with a khopesh

Spheres: Major — All, Charm, Combat, Guardian, Protection; Minor — Divination, Elemental, Healing, Necromantic

Weapons Allowed: Any (though lance is the only allowable polearm)

Special Requirements: Minimum STR 13, DEX 14, CON 12



Special Abilities: At 10th level, priests of Anhur get 3/2 attacks with melee weapons. At 20th level, priests of Anhur get two attacks per round.

Ethos: Priests of Anhur are obliged to defend the territory of Mulhorand, out to its historic boundaries. They are to smite the enemies of the realm, and keep its people, high-born or slave, safe from evil.

In the days before the Orcgate Wars, at the height of Mulhorand's power, the god Anhur was one of the most respected in Mulhorand; he had a cult that was second only to Re's in size. After the death of Re, Anhur retained his title of general of the gods, but he gradually fell from favor. Horus-Re is the god of eternity and perpetual order, while Anhur is an aggressive advocate of change and conflict; the two gods do not get along well. Priests of Horus-Re have blamed Anhur and his priesthood for many of the losses suffered by Mulhorand (the priests of Horus-Re have hired Chessentan mercenaries to replace the armies, as most Mulhorandi soldiers worship Anhur).

Today, the cult of Anhur is small but extremely vigorous. Priests of Anhur have converted many of the Chessentan mercenaries to his worship, and the priesthood is growing. The bitterness between the priests of Anhur and Horus-Re has created more than its share of conflict, and there is much court intrigue between these two factions, though the priests of Anhur are not yet powerful enough to openly challenge Horus-Re.

The center of Anhur's worship is Sul-tim, though he has temples across Mulhorand and in Chessenta, where his cult is growing in popularity.

Horus-Re

(Helcaliant in Thay, Hokatep in Unther)

Lord of the Sun, Master of Vengeance, Ruler of Mulhorand, Protector of the Priador, Overseer of Thesk, Guardian of Semphar, Pharaoh of the Gods.

Status: LN(G), Greater Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: A hawk's head with a pharaoh's crown surrounded by a solar circle.

Spheres: Major—All, Astral, Charm, Combat, Sun, Summoning; Minor—Creation, Divination, Elemental, Guardian, Animal, Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Weather

Weapons Allowed: Mace, Staff, Staff-Sling

Ethos: Priests of Horus must provide leadership. They are sworn to use church property honestly. They are to guard the persons, property, and hallowed places of Horus-Re with their lives. They are the sworn enemies of Set.

Horus-Re is the chief deity of Mulhorand, a fusion of the gods Horus and Re. When the manifestation of Re was slain during the Orcgate Wars, he bequeathed his power to the young god Horus, who took the name Horus-Re.

Horus-Re then assumed the position of chief deity of the Mulhorand pantheon, banishing the usurper Set.

Horus-Re is a confident deity who believes strongly in the concept of *maat* (justice, honor, order, and righteousness). Horus-Re believes that Mulhorand is eternal, and to promote eternity, one must deny change, so Horus-Re tries to discourage change. The manifestation of Horus-Re is said to exist everywhere throughout Mulhorand.

The center of Horus-Re's worship is in Skuld, but there are many temples throughout Mulhorand devoted to him.

Isis

(Isharia in Thay, Ishtar in Unther)

Goddess of Weather, Lady of the Rivers, Mother of the Harvest, Lady of All Love

Status: NG, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: Ankh and Star

Spheres: Major—All, Animal, Charm, Creation, Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Plant, Protection, Weather; Minor—Divination

Weapons Allowed: Staff, Flail

Special Requirements: Isis is served only by priestesses. No men may be priests of Isis.

Special Abilities: At 10th level, a priestess of Isis gets a bonus spell: *control weather* (as per 7th-level priest spell).

Ethos: Priestesses of Isis are charged to protect the heroes of Mulhorand. They often fashion charms for those whose deeds have won her favor.

While Osiris is the god of the harvest, it is to Isis that Mulhorand prays at planting; her priestesses use their *weather control* spells to ensure a bountiful harvest.

Isis, wife of Osiris and sister of Thoth, is the most beloved deity of the common people. She has many aspects: wise woman, dutiful wife, joyful lover, mother of children, benign rainstorm, and nurturer of babes and harvests. Isis is always seen as a woman of even temper and great dedication.

The center of Isis's worship is in the Great Vale. There are many temples devoted to her elsewhere, including in Unther, where the manifestation of Ishtar surrendered her power to Isis (the people of Unther worship in the name of Ishtar, but their devotion really goes to Isis).

Nephtys

(Nesharia in Thay, Neselthia in Unther)

Goddess of Commerce, Wealth, and the Dead, the Devoted Lady, the Avenging Mother of the Gods

Status: CG, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: Horns around a lunar disk



Spheres: Major—All, Astral, Charm, Creation, Healing, Necromantic, Sun; Minor—Divination, Guardian, Protection, Weather

Weapons Allowed: Staff, Flail

Special Requirements: Nephthys is only served by priestesses. No men may be priests of this cult.

Ethos: Priestesses of Nephthys are charged to be faithful to their husbands and to encourage faithfulness in others. Priestesses of Nephthys are sworn to avenge the death of those Mulhorandi killed by the Red Wizards of Thay.

While Isis, Nephthys's sister, is goddess of love, Nephthys is the goddess of devotion and trust. Her trustworthiness also makes her popular with the wealthy, who pray to her to protect their fortunes. Nephthys is a sworn enemy of the Red Wizards of Thay, as the Red Wizards slew many of her followers in the fall of the Priador.

Thus Nephthys has assumed "the Avenging Mother" persona, that of a mother who will do anything to protect or avenge her children.

The center of Nephthys's worship is in Neldorild. Most housewives build a shrine to her in their homes, and they store goods for the afterlife in a chest or cupboard dedicated to her.

Osiris

(Osriant in Thay, Ozrikotep in Unther)

Lord of Nature, Guardian of the Dead, Judge of Mulhorand

Status: LG, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: White Crown

Spheres: Major—All, Animal, Combat, Creation, Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Plant, Protection, Sun; Minor—Charm, Divination, Protection, Summoning, Weather

Weapons Allowed: Staff, Sling, Hammer, Mace, Flail, Staff-Sling



Special Requirements: WIS 15

Special Abilities: Priests of Osiris may take an extra spell at each spell level, provided that it is in the Plant sphere

Ethos: Priests of Osiris are sworn to judge and mediate disputes honestly. They must use their powers to assist in the harvest. They must live by the code of maat, and perform all burial rituals for the dead.

Osiris is a respected deity in Mulhorand, but his cult is small. He was slain by Set but brought back to life by Isis and Nephthys, so he is the god of death, as opposed to Horus-Re, god of life. Priests of Osiris are the justices of Mulhorand, so a high Wisdom is a required attribute.

The priests of Osiris must follow the concepts of maat (justice, honor, order, and righteousness). Should a priest act in a manner contrary to maat, he is stripped of his powers and authority (much as a paladin who has gone off the path loses his paladinhood). Paladins and rangers in Mulhorand are all devotees of Osiris.

The priests of Osiris avoid court intrigue and adventure, preferring to deal with everyday concerns.

The centers of Osiris's worship are in Jhalhoran and Mishtan. While there are not many temples elsewhere devoted to Osiris, most tombs contain shrines dedicated to him, and decorations that venerate him.

Set

(Typhon elsewhere)

God of Evil, the Desert, and the Night, Lord of Carrion, Father of Jackals, Brother of Serpents, the Outcast of the Gods, King of Malice

Status: LE, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: Coiled Cobra

Spheres: Major—All, Animal, Charm, Combat, Elemental, Guardian, Necromantic, Protection, Summoning; Minor—Creation, Healing, Weather

Weapons Allowed: Spear, Staff, Mace, Whip, Flail, Hammer, Composite Bow

Special Requirements: Priests of Set must shave their heads.

Special Abilities: At 5th level, a priest of Set may create poison in the same quantity as a *create water* spell. At 10th level, he may summon one minion of Set (as per new spell *summon minion*, once per day). At 15th level, any pointed weapon they wield is automatically poisonous (opponents' saving throws vs. poison suffer a -2 penalty; those who fail die in 1d4 rounds).

Ethos: Priests of Set are charged to destroy the priesthoods of Horus-Re and Osiris, to bring Set to his rightful place as god-king of Mulhorand, and to spread the cult of Set throughout the Realms. They are to sacrifice sentient creatures and wealth to him.

Set, brother of Osiris, is the most evil deity worshiped in Mulhorand. He is said to have challenged the authority of Re and Osiris for the leadership of the



gods, slew Osiris (who was later brought back to life by Isis), and was then defeated by Horus and cast into the desert. While only evil people venerate Set, sometimes those who travel in the desert make offerings to him to appease his wrath.

The center of Set's worship is in Sampranasz (this is a closely guarded secret). There are many enclaves of Set worship, some of them outside Mulhorand. The manifestation of Set is said to reside in a tower somewhere in the desert Raurin.

Thoth

(Tholaunt in Thay, Thalatos in Unther)

Lord of Magic, Scribe of the Gods, Knower of All Secrets, King of Knowledge, Protector of Murghom

Status: N, Greater Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: An ibis head superimposed against an ankh

Spheres: Major—All, Astral, Charm, Creation, Divination, Elemental, Healing, Necromantic, Summoning, Sun; Minor—Animal, Guardian, Plant, Protection

Weapon Allowed: Staff

Special Requirements: Priests of Thoth must have Wisdoms of 17. Before entering the priesthood, they must have advanced to 5th-level wizard, then they must switch classes.

Ethos: Priests of Thoth are commanded to research magic, to protect the secrets of Thoth, and to spread magic throughout Mulhorand. They are commanded to protect Mulhorand from the traitors and necromancers of Thay. The priests of Thoth are to use weaponry as little as possible, for magic is their weapon.

Thoth is the lord of magic, one of the oldest deities of the Mulhorandi pantheon. He is also one of the most vigorous.

Thoth is vizier of the gods and scribe to the pharaoh Horus-Re. Incarnations

of Thoth have been given credit for the creation of many of Mulhorand's unique magical items and its experiments with technology.

The center of Thoth's worship is Gheldaneth, but he has temples across Mulhorand and in some parts of Unther.

The priesthood of Thoth is smaller than all other major deities, due to the difficult entry requirements.

Other Deities

Other deities from the Egyptian pantheon have very small cults or centers of worship, and do not play a part in the politics of the Old Empires. These deities include the following:

Hathor (Goddess of Childbirth, NG): Depicted as a woman with a cow's head, this is the goddess venerated by mothers. She is also the goddess of folk music, dance, and poetry. This goddess is worshiped in the farmlands by serfs and slaves, whereas Nephthys is worshiped in the cities and by the rulers.

Geb (God of the Earth, N): This god is mostly worshiped by miners, who set up crude shrines; his image adorns the openings of mine shafts.

Sebek [God of Rivers, N(E)]: This crocodile-headed deity is worshiped in the wetlands, away from the cities. This cult has been persecuted for several centuries. All crocodiles are said to be his children.

Mask (God of Thieves, N): This is the one deity not native to Mulhorand who has achieved any amount of popularity; his following is small and limited to thieves.

The God-Kings: These are blood relatives of the incarnations, but no divine spirits reside within them. They are mortals with exceptional god-given abilities (high stats and levels), but they do not possess divine power. There are many god-kings in Mulhorand (see "Personalities," page 30).

Powers of The Gods

In their physical forms as manifestations and incarnations, the gods of Mulhorand have a number of special powers that are available only to them. These are not as powerful as the abilities available to true Powers in their otherworldly forms.

Following is a listing of these abilities. A number in parentheses indicates how many times each day that power may be used. These are guidelines; all deities may not have access to all of these powers.

Manifestations

All have the following abilities:

- All Divination Spells (at will)
- Planar Travel/Survival
- Comprehend/Speak All Languages/Magic
- Continual Light/Darkness (at will)
- Geas (at will)
- Infravision
- Polymorph Self (at will)
- Remove Curse/Fear (at will)
- Teleport (no error)

Greater Powers have the following abilities:

- Command (three-round duration)
- Control Weather/Temperature (at will)
- Death Spell (2)
- Dispel Evil/Good/Magic/Illusion (6)
- Gate (2)
- Heal (2)
- Holy Word/Unholy Word (1)
- Improved Invisibility (at will)
- Polymorph Any Object (1)
- Polymorph Other (3)
- Protection From Evil/Good, +3, 30' radius
- Quest (2)
- Restoration (3)
- Resurrection (1)
- Time Stop (1)
- True Seeing (3)
- Wish (1)



Lesser Powers have the following abilities:

- Command (two-round duration) (2)
- Death Spell (1)
- Dispel Evil/Good/Illusion/Magic (3)
- Gate (1)
- Heal (1)
- Limited Wish (1)
- Polymorph Others (1)
- Protection From Evil/Good, +2, 20' radius
- Quest (1)
- Restoration (1)
- Summon Minion (2)
- True Seeing (2)

INCARNATIONS

All have the following abilities:

- Command (two-round duration) (1)
- Comprehend Languages/Tongues
- Detect Good/Evil Dispel Magic (2)
- Detect Lie (3)
- Know Alignment (at will)
- Polymorph Self (at will)
- Summon Minion (1)
- Teleport (no error)
- True Seeing (1)

The Gods

Anhur

Manifestation

AC: +5
 MOVE: 15, Fl 24
 HIT POINTS: 250
 THACO: 1
 #AT: 2
 DMG/ATT: 6d10 + 14/6d10 + 14
 MR: 20%
 CLASSES: Ranger 20, Mage 7
 STR 25 (+7, +14) DEX 25 CON 25 INT 19 WIS 12 CHA 12

SA: Special weapon (lance), negates enemy's strongest ability (no saving throw), destroys all undead within 50 yards.

Incarnation

AC: +5
 MOVE: 15
 HIT POINTS: 125
 THACO: 3
 #AT: 2
 DMG/ATT: 1d10 + 12/1d10 + 12
 MR: 5%
 CLASSES: Ranger 18, Mage 3
 STR 24 (+6, +12) DEX 24 CON 22 INT 18 WIS 11 CHA 12

SA: The incarnation of Anhur may turn undead as an 18th level priest.
 Weapons: Two-handed sword, or great spear.
 Armor: Scale mail.
 Other Items: Per individual incarnation.

The manifestation of Anhur appears as a muscular human, usually a heroic fighter.

Horus-Re

Manifestation

AC: +2
 MOVE: 15, Fl 15
 HIT POINTS: 300
 THACO: 2
 #AT: 2



DMG/ATT 3d12 + 14/3d10 + 14
 MR: 75%

CLASSES: Fighter 19, Priest 18, Mage 19
 STR 25 (+7, +14) DEX 25 CON 23 INT 25 WIS 21 CHA 24

SA: Double Power to any magical item or weapon he uses: 18d6 *fireball* (wand), *monster summoning VII*, *shape change*, and *project image* (each at will), spear kills all shapechanged creatures (no saving throw); awe effect stuns up to 10HD (or levels).

SD: Immune to 1st- to 5th-level spells when using sword. Immune to 1st- to 7th-level illusion/phantasm spells; many spell immunities due to high Wisdom score.

Incarnation

AC: +1
 MOVE: 15
 HIT POINTS: 150
 THACO: 6
 #AT: 2
 DMG/ATT: 1d6 + 12/1d6 + 12
 MR: 50%
 CLASSES: Fighter 15, Priest 14, Mage 16
 STR 21(+4, +9) DEX 22 CON 21 INT 21 WIS 20 CHA 21

Weapon: Staff +3

Armor: None (AC 4 is natural, plus DEX adjustment)

Other Items: Per individual incarnation
 SA: The incarnation of Horus-Re has an awe effect, at will, that causes all creatures up to 4HD (or levels) to be stunned while in his presence.

SD: High Intelligence makes him immune to all illusion/phantasm spells of 3d level or lower; high Wisdom grants him immunity to the following spells: *cause fear*, *charm person*, *command*, *friends*, *hypnotism*, *forget*, *hold person*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *scare*.

The manifestation of Horus-Re appears as a muscular man with the head of a hawk. The incarnations of Horus-Re are human in appearance but have facial features that suggest a hawk (sharp nose, glittering eyes). They may also speak with birds at will.



Isis

Manifestation

AC: +2
MOVE: 12, Fl 24
HIT POINTS: 200
THAC0: 11
#AT: 3/2
DMG/ATT: 1d10
MR: 90%
CLASSES: Ranger 10, Mage 20
STR 10 DEX 20 CON 19 INT 25 WIS 23
CHA 23

SA: May cast any spell as a 20th-level mage, an unlimited number of times. Magical headdress puts her in mental contact with any native Mulhorandi deity.

Incarnation

AC: +1
MOVE: 12
HIT POINTS: 100
THAC0: 13
#AT: 1
DMG/ATT: By weapon
MR: 70%
CLASSES: Fighter 8, Mage 18
STR 10 DEX 19 CON 18 INT 23 WIS 22
CHA 22

SA: The incarnation of Isis may use any Weather spell at will, as an 18th-level caster. She may, at will, stun up to 6 HD or levels with her divine awe.

SD: The incarnation of Isis is immune to 1st- to 5th-level illusion/phantasm spells and to the following spells due to her high Wisdom: *cause fear*, *charm person*, *command*, *friends*, *hypnotism*, *forget*, *hold person*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *scare*, *fear*, *charm monster*, *confusion*, *emotion*, *fumble*, *suggestion*.

Weapons: Magic khopesh or mace

Armor: Cloth

Other Items: Per individual incarnation

The manifestation of Isis appears as a beautiful woman, typically a sorceress.

Nephthys

Manifestation

AC: 2
MOVE: 12, Fl 12
HIT POINTS: 150
THAC0: 12
#AT: 3/2
DMG/ATT: By weapon
MR: 30%
CLASSES: Fighter 8, Priest 14, Mage 16
STR 17 (+1, +1) DEX 21 CON 20 INT 20
WIS 18 CHA 21

SA: Death rays (120-yard range, saving throw vs. spell with +6 penalty); divine awe stuns 4HD or levels, or lower.

SD: Immune to 1st- and 2nd-level illusion/phantasm spells.

Incarnation

AC: 2
MOVE: 12
HIT POINTS: 75
THAC0: 14
#AT: 1
DMG/ATT: By weapon
MR: 15%
CLASSES: Fighter 6, Priest 12, Mage 14
STR 16 (+0, +1) DEX 16 CON 19 INT 19
WIS 17 CHA 20

SA: The incarnation of Nephthys has divine awe that affects all creatures of 2HD or levels or lower, at will; may cast a deathbolt, as per the manifestation, once every two rounds, saving throw with +3 penalty.

Weapons: By individual incarnation

Armor: None

Other Items: Per individual incarnation

The manifestation of Nephthys appears as a beautiful woman in royal garb. Nephthys is the twin sister of Isis.

Osiris

Manifestation

AC: +2
MOVE: 12, Fl 24
HIT POINTS: 200
THAC0: 5
#AT: 2
DMG/ATT: 3d10 + 12/3d10 + 12
MR: 70%
CLASSES: Ranger 16, Priest 20, Mage 18
STR 24 (+6, +12) DEX 19 CON 23 INT
22 WIS 22 CHA 23

SA: Special weapon (scepter) negates all 4th-level or lower spells cast at him; awe effect stuns all creatures of 8HD or levels or lower; anyone who touches his body in battle must roll a successful saving throw vs. death or die; shapechange at will; controls all vegetation in a 200-yard radius, at will.

SD: Sees all invisible objects and illusions for what they really are.

Incarnation

AC: 0
MOVE: 12
HIT POINTS: 100
THAC0: 6
#AT: 2
DMG/ATT: 1d6 + 11/1d6 + 11
MR: 65%
CLASSES: Ranger 15, Mage 15, Priest 18
STR 23 (+4, +10) DEX 18 CON 20 INT
21 WIS 19 CHA 20

SA: The incarnation of Osiris may use any Plant spell at will, once per round; awe effect stuns all creatures of 2HD or levels or lower, at will.

SD: Immune to 1st- to 3rd-level illusion/phantasm spells; immune to following spells due to high Wisdom: *cause fear*, *charm person*, *command*, *friends*, *hypnotism*.

Weapons: Typically wields a magical mace.

Armor: None (base AC 4, plus DEX bonus)

Other Items: Per individual incarnation

The manifestation of Osiris appears to be a muscular green man, dressed in regal robes.



Set

Manifestation

AC: +4
MOVE: 18
HIT POINTS: 300
THACO: 4
#AT: 2
DMG/ATT: 7d10/7d10
MR: 50%
CLASSES: Fighter 17, Illusionist 20, Priest 15
STR 14 DEX 20 CON 24 INT 24 WIS 23
CHA +2

SA: Touch transforms victim into minion of Set (saving throw vs. spell); spear causes 7d10 points of damage; can create a lethal poison (saving throw at +4 penalty, those who fail die in 1d4 rounds) at will.

SD: Immune to 1st- to 6th-level illusion/phantasm spells; +3 or better weapon required to hit; any who touch Set must roll successful saving throw vs. poison or die; has appropriate spell immunities for high Wisdom.

Incarnation

AC: +3
MOVE: 15
HIT POINTS: 150
THACO: 4
#AT: 2
DMG/ATT: By weapon
MR: 25%
CLASSES: Fighter 17, Illusionist 18, Priest 12
STR 14 DEX 20 CON 22 INT 22 WIS 21
CHA +2
SA: The incarnation of Set has divine horror that affects all creatures of 2 HD or levels or lower at will; may create poison (saving throw at +4 penalty, those who fail die in 1d4 rounds) at will.

SD: Immune to 1st- to 4th-level illusion/phantasm spells; high Wisdom gives immunity to the following spells: *cause fear, charm person, command, friends, hypnotism, forget, hold person, ray of enfeeblement, scare, fear.*

Weapons: By individual incarnation (typically magical spear)

Armor: Scaly skin (natural AC 1, plus DEX bonus)

Other Items: Per individual incarnation

The manifestation of Set appears as a muscular man with a jackal's head.

Thoth

Manifestation

AC: +3
MOVE: 12, Fl 24
HIT POINTS: 280
THACO: 11
#AT: 1
DMG/ATT: By weapon type +8
MR: 95%
CLASSES: Fighter 5, Mage 30
STR 20 (+3, +8) DEX 20 CON 24 INT 25
WIS 25 CHA 18

SA: All spells inflict maximum damage; negates any single magical spell, item, or weapon in 100-yard radius; scepter has a *death* spell, usable by touch.

SD: See above.

Incarnation

AC: 0
MOVE: 12
HIT POINTS: 140
THACO: 12
#AT: 1
DMG/ATT: 1d6 +7
MR: 90%
CLASSES: Fighter 3, Mage 25
STR 19 (+3, +7) DEX 20 CON 21 INT 24
WIS 23 CHA 17

Armor: None (natural AC4, plus DEX bonus)

Other Items: Per individual incarnation
SD: High Intelligence makes him immune to all illusion/phantasm spells of 6th level or lower; high Wisdom grants him immunity to the following spells: *cause fear, charm person, command, friends, hypnotism, forget, hold person, ray of enfeeblement, scare, fear, charm monster, confusion, emotion, fumble, suggestion, chaos, feeblemind, hold monster, magic jar, quest*

The manifestation of Thoth appears as a thin but muscular man with the head of an ibis or a baboon. The incarnations of Thoth are human in appearance but have facial features that suggest an inquisitive and thoughtful mind.

Special Note

During the Avatar series of modules (*Shadowdale, Tantras, Waterdeep*), all of the gods of the Realms are affected by certain events that strip them of their abilities. This includes the gods of Mulhorand. All of the incarnations of the gods are in a coma while that series takes place, and the manifestations of the gods are reduced to the power of their incarnations.

Following that series, the gods are likely to be shaken from their complacency, seeing that events elsewhere can affect them, and that they may not be as eternal as they believe.

As usual, this is a matter for the DM to decide.



PERSONALITIES OF MULHORAND

The information on notable personages presented in this section is listed in the following order:

- Name
- Base of Operations
- Level and Class, and Title
- Alignment, Deity Served
- Race, Sex

This section details only those prominent fighters and adventurers and nobles who are not involved in the center of the political struggles in Mulhorand; the people in this section prefer action to politics. Information on Vizier Rezim, Pharaoh Horustep III, and other politically active people can be found in the "The Nobility" part of the "People and Society of Mulhorand" section.

Derlaunt

Gheldaneth
13th-level Mage, Precept of Gheldaneth N, Thoth
Human male

Derlaunt, cousin to Tholaunt (the current incarnation of Thoth) is the ruler of the city of Gheldaneth. He is a wizened old man, having attained the power he sought after many years of struggle, and now finds himself too old to enjoy it in the way he desired.

Derlaunt has found himself bored of late, and turned to alleviate his boredom through archeology. Hundreds of Statues-That-Walk (see "Colossus, Stone" in the "New Monsters" section) dot the landscape in Mulhorand; Derlaunt thought he found a way to animate one of them and put it under his control. If he had been successful, it would have given him a lot of prestige; unfortunately the ritual backfired and all of the statues were animated at once. And Derlaunt controls none of them (see "The Statues That Walk" adventure).

Derlaunt is an easily irritated old man. He is extremely snobbish toward all but Mulhorand nobles. Any attempt to accuse him of wrongdoing will likely cause him to order the town guard to throw the accusers in prison.

Derlaunt is a wrinkled old mulan who wears wizard's robes adorned with a scarab of life.

The Fangs of Set

The current incarnation of Set is Seti, who lives in disguised form in Skuld; he is a merchant who travels the coast of the Alamber Sea, corrupting those he contacts. His will is primarily carried out by four noted henchmen: Hodkamset, Nekiset, Hamsetis, and Sulyar, together referred to as the Fangs of Set.

This adventuring company exists to further the will of Set, sometimes independently on minor tasks, and sometimes as a single unified force on major endeavors. Each commands a number of high level henchmen (1-2 fighters, levels 7-12, 1-2 wizards, levels 7-9, and 1-3 priests, levels 5-11) and six minions of Set.

Hodkamset

Wanders
22nd-level Necromancer, Lord of Set
LE, Set
Human male

Hodkamset is the most powerful wizard in the service of Set.

Originally, his name was Sesostris; he was one of the most powerful wizards in the service of Osiris—a powerful necromancer in the service of the Lord of the Dead. He made enemies in the priesthood of Horus-Re, who feared his power and attempted to discredit him.

Sesostris's reputation was ruined, and since he received no help from his own priesthood, he faked his own death, changed his appearance and turned to the cult of Set. Since then he has become the right hand of Seti, the current incarnation of Set.

Hodkamset is an ambitious man. He has many contacts in Sampranasz, and he has spies throughout Mulhorand. He has an alliance with Zhentil Keep. He sends followers of Set throughout the Realms in search of items of power. Hodkamset has quite a few of his own,

including a *staff of the necromancer* (see the "New Magical Items" section) and a *jewel of Karathoth*.

Hodkamset's major schemes are twofold.

First, he intends to kidnap the boy pharaoh and replace him with an evil shapechanger, a rakshasa in the service of Set. This rakshasa would create chaos in the priesthood of Horus-Re, and allow Seti to take the throne and lead Mulhorand to its rightful place as the sole power in the Realms.

Second, Hodkamset has put together a team of resourceful and powerful servants of Set. This group travels the Realms in search of lost magic; he hopes to have enough powerful artifacts at his command that he could wage war against the manifestations of the gods themselves. This adventuring company is detailed later.

As one might guess, Hodkamset is something of a megalomaniac. He is determined to lead Set to glory, destroy the priests of Horus-Re, and bring down the gods themselves.

Hodkamset is also extremely devious; he should never be underestimated. He always travels in disguise and always makes his contacts under an assumed name, so that no one knows that Hodkamset really exists. He has magical items that prevent scrying, detection of alignment, and true seeing. Hodkamset uses spells to disguise his appearance; typically he travels as a little old lady, leaning on her staff. In his true form, he is middle aged, with long silvery hair that suggests age, but he has a young face. He is of mulan racial stock.

Nekiset

Wanders
19th-level priest, High Priestess of Set
LE, Set
Human female

Nekiset is a turami female of great beauty and evil. She is the leader of the Fangs of Set, an adventuring party in Set's service, which she controls by sheer ruthlessness. She is very close to



Hodkamset; the few people who know them both well have speculated that they are lovers.

Nekiset was raised in Sampranasz and spent her early days as a slave. She terrorized the other children and became the leader of the slave group when she was very young, a fact that impressed her master. While passing through Sampranasz she came to the attention of Seti, incarnation of Set, who was impressed by her devotion and her capacity for evil. Nekiset was ordered freed from her life as a slave so that she could join Set's priesthood. Nekiset proved to be extremely gifted; she rose in a remarkably short time to be one of the most powerful priests in Mulhorand.

Nekiset's goal is the same as Hodkamset's; to overthrow the pharaoh and the priests of Horus-Re. She was responsible for organizing the assassination of Pharaoh Akonhorus II, through careful use of charm magic on the pharaoh's bodyguards while the pharaoh slept. There are times when she wonders about Hodkamset's sanity, but she admires his brilliance and his cruelty. Eventually, she realizes that she will have to destroy Hodkamset to take her rightful place at Set's right hand, but she is willing to work with him until they achieve domination over Mulhorand.

Nekiset is a tall, dark-skinned turami female with a bald (shaven) head. She wears dark robes with the insignia of Set.

Hamsetis

Wanders
22nd-level fighter, Strong Arm of Set
LE, Set
Human male

Hamsetis is the third of Seti's three powerful human servants. He is probably the greatest fighter in the south. He was a slave of the Red Wizards, who used him as a gladiator. He constantly rebelled against their brutal treatment and was beaten severely. Nevertheless he continued to win his fights, even when nearly crippled. The priests of

Set were impressed by his physical prowess and purchased him from his masters. His spiteful former master decided to maim Hamsetis and make him useless to his new masters.

The priests of Set are not kind, but they know how to handle their commodities. Hamsetis was fully healed.

The young fighter swore vengeance against the Red Wizards, but he also swore an oath of loyalty to Set, who occasionally allies with the lords of Thay. Hamsetis has been encouraged by Seti to pretend to help the other priest-hoods of Mulhorand against Set; they consider him to be a good and honorable man and a matchless warrior, and he is trusted by the vizier and other high-level bureaucrats.

Hamsetis is an honorable man, but very bloodminded in his vengeance. He enjoys killing, especially in one-on-one duels, but treats worthy adversaries with respect. He has no political ambitions, except for a keen desire to destroy the Red Wizards. He belongs to the cult of Set out of a sense of gratitude. He is short, muscular, and dark-skinned, seemingly a mix of rashemi and turami.

Hamsetis typically attacks with long sword and dagger, which gives him three attacks per round. Attacks with the long sword suffer a -2 penalty to the attack roll, while attacks with the dagger suffer a -4 penalty to the attack roll (these penalties partially cancel the weapon bonuses and Hamsetis's Dexterity bonuses). In extreme circumstances, the dagger and the sword are poisoned.

Suliyar

Skuld
Rakshasa Lord in the Service of Set
LE, Set
Rakshasa male

Suliyar is a rakshasa rajah (lord), out-cast from its homeland east of Raurin. He was the ruler of a great tribe of rakshasas, but he was deposed and sent to

wandering. He was found by Nekiset, who recruited him into the worship of Set.

Suliyar is a proud and savage creature; he believes that serving Set will bring him the power and the prestige that he is due. He believes that Set has influences that extend beyond the Realms, and that one day he will conquer a large dominion and rule as a maharajah. Suliyar enjoys hunting and playing with humans, and regularly stalks the streets of Skuld.

He especially enjoys killing initiates of Horus-Re. He doesn't particularly care for the other members of the Fangs, but sometimes finds their deviousness amusing.

Suliyar is always accompanied by four rakshasa bodyguards. One of these rakshasas is to be used by Hodkamset to replace the child pharaoh Horustep III in his current scheme. Suliyar typically disguises himself as a young mercenary soldier.

Gestanius

Sword Mountains
Great Wyrms Blue Dragon
LE, Set (very loosely)
Dragon female

Gestanius is the greatest of the blue dragons of the south. Her lair is on the eastern edge of the Sword Mountains.

She is one of the most foul-tempered beasts in the Realms; she enjoys razing trading caravans and small villages for fun. One of her paws was crippled in combat with a brown dragon long ago, and she walks with a noticeable limp.

What drives Gestanius is her burning need for revenge against the brown dragons who murdered her children (even though the blue dragons started the battle, Gestanius still blames the brown dragons for the results). She will do anything to get back at them. She has a loose alliance with the cult of Set, but they haven't gotten the results she wanted.

Game Mechanics: Gestanius has 95 hp. Use the blue dragon statistics in vol-



ume I of the *Monstrous Compendium*. Due to her injury, her ground movement is reduced to 6, and she suffers a -3 penalty to her attack and damage rolls with her second claw attack.

Halcaunt

Skuld
13th-level Paladin, leader of the Brotherhood of Skuld
LG, Osiris
Human male

Halcaunt is the most tireless fighter against the cult of Set in all of Mulhorand. He continually warned pharaoh Akonhorus and his servants of the threat of Set; he is something of a pariah among the bureaucracy after his prediction came true. Nonetheless, Halcaunt continues to urge for Mulhorand to be purged once and for all of the influence of Set. He has formed the Brotherhood of Skuld, a group of adventurers, to assist in this purpose.

Halcaunt is known to be a grim, overly serious individual. In many ways, he's more like a Westerner than a Mulhorandi.

He is fanatically driven in his quest to purge Mulhorand of all traces of the cult of Set.

There are other members of the Brotherhood of Skuld, including Urius (11th-level wizard, based in Gheldaneth) and a number of low-level priests of Osiris who see Halcaunt as a leader. The main priesthood of Osiris treats Halcaunt as a fanatic, a source of embarrassment.

Halcaunt is a tall muscular mulan. He wears armor that has been painted blue and a helm shaped like the hawk-symbol of Osiris.

Hethhab

The East Road
Incarnation of Anhur (secret), Defender of the Eastern Way
CG, Anhur
Human male

Hethhab is the current incarnation of Anhur. He has disguised himself as a warrior of Anhur and has distinguished himself as a slayer of monsters. To prevent a personality cult from forming around him, Rezim, vizier of Mulhorand, has appointed Hethhab Defender of the Eastern Way. This post confers the responsibility to protect the eastern sections of Mulhorand from bandits and monsters. It is a job with a very high turnover rate due to death, as the monsters in the region are quite deadly.

Hethhab rides with a company of six disguised divine minions of Anhur, wandering the east to protect Mulhorand from monsters.

That Hethhab is still alive is a source of considerable annoyance to Rezim, who does not suspect his true identity.

Hethhab is present in the "Rage of Dust" scenario. Use the statistics for the incarnation of Anhur given in the "Religion of Mulhorand" section (under "Anhur" in "The Gods").

Knesha

Sultim (outer)
16th-level Bard
N, Hathor
Human female

Knesha was a scribe for the bureaucrats in Skuld when she made a mistake in calculating the taxes. This mistake cost the treasury thousands of pharaohs.

Knesha was imprisoned for her error, but she escaped and fled to the north. She is considered an outlaw, but as no law exists in Outer Sultim, no one bothers her.

Knesha's chief talent is satirical poems. Knesha's most frequent choice is Rezim (of course). She is rather bored with her life as a bard; she would rather go on great adventures. Knesha's favorite pastime is studying the places where magical items were lost in battle long ago. There is no greater authority (save for the incarnation of Thoth) on the lost relics and artifacts of the south in the entire Realms.

Knesha is a beautiful turami female known for high-pitched laughter (which has earned her the nickname "Hyena").

Knesha is willing to show parties of adventurers where these items are located, but her price is steep.

Shutep

The Great Vale
6th-level Thief
N, Mask
Human male

There are many people who have tried to rob the graves of the god-kings. Some have tried to use brute force, others have employed stealth. Few of these thieves have been as resourceful as Shutep of Jhalhoran.

Shutep is a confidence man. He likes to manipulate parties of non-Mulhorandi, especially greedy adventuring companies.

Typically he joins up with such a party, earns their trust, tells them a wild story that involves them breaking into a major tomb in the Land of the Dead, then he grabs a major treasure and leaves the company stuck with the consequences. He's not malevolent, just greedy and somewhat cowardly.

Shutep is a well-built mulan male with curly hair and a scar on his chest. He typically passes himself off as a merchant, and is skilled at disguise.

Shutep wears a *ring of dishonesty* on one of his toes; it enables him to tell lies that seem like the truth to *detect lie* spells.



CULTURE OF MULHORAND

Mulhorand has a distinctive culture that has developed over thousands of years. There is, however, a reluctance to experiment with new and foreign styles.

The Arts

Paintings in Mulhorand tend to be flat and well-detailed, but with very little sense of perspective. Many paintings deal with religious scenes, depicting the gods and their deeds. The most impressive aspect of these paintings in recent centuries is their sheer size; the belief is that the gods must be portrayed as fundamentally greater than humans or they will be insulted.

Therefore, the gods are usually much taller, more handsome, more heroically proportioned, than the humans in their paintings. This tradition does give the gods a rather bland and uniform appearance; the smaller, more varied humans are usually the most interesting figures in these paintings.

Sculpture has been a major art form in Mulhorand, though the last great period of sculpting was hundreds of years ago.

Stories and poetry in Mulhorand have evolved from great epics about the gods at the time of the First Empire, to household fables in the Second Empire, to the present-day hymns and chants of praise to the deities. These psalms, as they are sometimes known, possess a great deal of literary power. The latest trend is toward "realism"—mixing the old fables with hymns of praise to produce works of great diversity and beauty. Many verses are put into song. Mulhorandi music typically relies on flutes and reed instruments; stringed instruments are considered strange in Mulhorand.

Architecture

Great monuments line the streets of Skuld, support the roofs of major temples, and stare at pharaoh's graves in

the Land of the Dead. The greatest sculpture is the tomb of the pharaoh Houserer II, which is carved out of an entire mountain face. The great dracosphinx of Klondor is also an awesome sculpture. Monument building is as constant in Mulhorand as the flooding of the River of Spears.

While the majority of buildings in Mulhorand are made from bricks, there have been a number of monuments made from granite, sandstone, and limestone.

The earliest monuments were step pyramids, with a central crypt concealed by tiers of granite or limestone. By the time the First Empire reached its peak, the step pyramid had been replaced by the slope pyramid, of which the 600-foot-tall Tomb of Re in Skuld is the largest.

Pyramid building thrived for hundreds of years, even making its way into Unther. However, the First Empire was soon to come to an end following the Orcgate Wars, and Mulhorand's vigor for great projects diminished. The tomb of their god was the last great achievement.

But centuries later, at the beginning of the current age, Mulhorand had re-established its dominance in the eastern Inner Sea, and the Second Empire was born.

This new empire brought with it a new vitality. Monuments were again constructed, including the Face of the Gods, the previously mentioned tomb of Houserer. The main style of architecture was the Untheric style, which emphasized obelisk building. Tall towers rose into the air, and soon the gods in Skuld were building vast prayer towers to house their manifestations.

Following the loss of Thay and the end of the Second Empire, the building of prayer towers in Mulhorand ceased. It was more important to fortify the cities of Mulhorand. After about 100 years, the military period was over and Mulhorand once again went back to

building monuments, trying to recapture its lost glory. The new fashion, which remains to the present day, consists of tall, broad buildings of granite for ornate temples.

Tombs are no longer grand, but consist of underground chambers with elaborate interior decoration. The temple style of architecture, as it is called, borrows heavily from Unther, with huge stone columns supporting a massive roof. In typical Mulhorand fashion, the columns are sculpted to resemble the gods, and temples are painted with huge scenes commemorating the deities.

Athletics

Mulhorand is sometimes called the Land of Feasts, and this tradition is one that never stops. In Floodtime, there is a five-day festival in which eating, drinking, music, and sports are mixed in great celebrations. People flock to the cities to engage in and watch athletic competitions, typically running, wrestling, and charioteering.

Athletics have always existed in Mulhorand, but have never been as prominent as they are at this time.

Chessentan mercenaries have brought the Great Games from their land, and mercenary companies compete biannually in the Great Arena of Skuld, along with Mulhorandi who have a mind to compete.

The Chessentans usually win, but the Mulhorandi, stung by the challenge, are improving rapidly, especially in wrestling.

Clothing

Most Mulhorandi wear simple unadorned clothing, typically a white tunic, black headdress, a belt, and sandals. In colder weather more colorful garments may be worn, but the fashion in Mulhorand is for clothing to be plain.



TECHNOLOGY OF MULHORAND

Throughout its history, Mulhorand has been a tool-using culture. The invention of magic has substituted for some of the functions of tools, but magic is rare.

Only the dwarves can call themselves more technically advanced than the ancient Mulhorandi. Between the First and Second Empires, political stability and a historically secure border with Unther enabled the Mulhorandi to develop new technologies.

At this time, the ancient khopesh became a sturdier, scimitar-like weapon, and a number of swords were developed. Sages of Thoth, interested in the development of Mulhorandi weaponry, examined the ruins of Sekras and discovered that experimentation in weapons thrived between -700 and -200 DR. By the beginning of the Second Empire, the sword had become firmly established as the weapon of choice for the Mulhorandi armies.

Furthermore, there is evidence to suggest that trading between the dwarves of the Great Rift and Mulhorandi gave the humans the secrets of forging steel. It was steel weapons that enabled Mulhorand to carve out an empire in the north. This more or less ended Mulhorandi developments in weaponry. Meanwhile the gods, who were more conservative than their followers, still used weapons of highly enchanted bronze.

Most of the weapons employed in the west, with the exception of the pike and other polearms, are used by warriors in Mulhorand. The preferred ranged weapon has always been the composite bow, which came into prominence during the First Empire. It played a major role in the victory in the Orcgate Wars.

Armor in Mulhorand was typically scale mail, but has since evolved to include chain and plate mail. Full plate armor is exceedingly rare, possessed only by the greatest fighters. Armor may be worn only by authorized guards or by soldiers in wartime; if others are caught in armor, they are required to surrender it immediately. If they resist, they are imprisoned or exiled. Armor was

traditionally made from bronze, but now it is constructed from steel.

A number of other technical innovations occurred between the First and Second Empires, notably the invention of the wheel and the block and tackle. The wheel led to the invention of the chariot, which gave warriors additional protection in battle and enabled them to maneuver on the battlefield far more quickly. The block and tackle enabled buildings to be constructed more easily (the great pyramids of the First Empire were all constructed without these tools, relying instead on human strength and teamwork).

The most interesting of the technical innovations, though, was the invention of the pressure engine. The priests of Thoth devised a way to use dams and engines to harness the power of Mulhorand's rivers, which they used to grind grain and pump water into far reaches of the desert, fertilizing the desert soil. A period of desert settlement followed. It ended when the pharaoh disapproved of a plan to build a huge dam on the River of Spears, feeling that technological innovation had gone too far. He ordered all development on river and steam technology ended.

Eventually the engines fell into disrepair, though a few steam engines, powered by *stones of everburning*, yet pump water into isolated areas. There has recently been a rebirth of interest among a small faction of Thoth priests, known as the Technologists. They are defying the ancient order against working with steam technology and are trying to rediscover the secrets of the ancients, master them, then see what else can be done with this weird form of magic.

The traditional form of magic continued to thrive in Mulhorand. Even before the founding of the Old Empires, the mages of Raurin had discovered the existence of Great Magic—8th- and 9th-level spells. Like many others, their descendants in Mulhorand tried for centuries to discover 10th-level spells, but they eventually became convinced

that spell effects for mortals and immortals alike cannot go beyond the 9th.

Instead, the mages researched many spells, which eventually became part of their legacy to the Old Empires. Recently, they have developed numerous new spells (see the "New Spells" section), but they have altered the language of their magic to make it extremely difficult to teach these spells to non-Mulhorandi. Even the mages of Set, who have learned these spells, do not teach them to outsiders (they believe that they are destined to rule Mulhorand, and they have no wish to see these new spells fall into the hands of the Red Wizards, their arch-enemies).





PEOPLE AND SOCIETY OF UNTHER

“How great are the Mulan, of which Unther is the purest! How great are their works, how cunningly wrought! How skilled are their minds and how mighty is their magic! Let all nations praise the Mulan, of which Unther is the purest!”

—A hymn of the priests of Gilgeam

The people of Unther are divided into a number of different racial types. The most common race is the Mulan, which is also the race of the god-kings of Mulhorand. As mentioned earlier, a race of tall, slim, sallow-skinned humans known as the Mulan fled the destruction of their parent civilization in Raurin and settled around the Alamber Sea and the Wizard’s Reach. The Mulan cleared their land of demihumans, humanoids, and the native humans, the dark-skinned Turami. Many of the latter were taken in by Mulhorand, where they were responsible for most of the great achievements of that culture.

The upper classes of Unther consist almost entirely of Mulans, descendants of the lords of all. They have bred almost exclusively within their own families and claim to be “pure” Mulan (as opposed to those of Mulhorand). The middle classes of Unther consist of merchants and freeholders, whose forefathers were originally traders from many lands; they are always human, but vary greatly in racial type. The lower classes are either poorly paid servants of freeholders or slaves. These can be of any race—human, demihuman, or even humanoid (enslaved ogres are sometimes used to construct buildings).

The Population of Unther

There are three social classes in Unther:

The Nobility

The chief noble of Unther is the king, who is currently (and has been for over a millennium) Gilgeam the Great, the manifestation of an extra-planar Power.

Unlike the god-kings of Mulhorand, who are known to treat their dominions with benign neglect, Gilgeam is neither benign nor neglectful.

The administrators and major landholders of Unther are the priests of Gilgeam. Priests and prominent followers of Gilgeam hold every major position in the cities of Unther, in its armies, and in its bureaucracy. To worship another deity, even Ramman or Ishtar, whose worship is (reluctantly) approved by Gilgeam, is to exile one’s self from any possible position of political power.

Members of the noble class live very luxurious lives in the Palace District of Unthalass; their every whim is satisfied by their slaves—and by the treasury of Unther. It is a tradition in Unther that the gods are not always kind, that life is hard, and that one must worship the gods in spite of this, rather than relying on their beneficence. The idea that the people of Unther would not appreciate being taxed to pay for the extravagance of the nobility has not occurred to them. Their attitude is: yes, the cities of the North Coast and Chessenta did rebel, but they were ingrates with too much foreign blood in their veins. The words “it could never happen here” are often heard in the palaces of Unthalass.

The number of nobles in Unther is much smaller than in other nations. This is unusual, especially given the long history of the kingdom. Many noble families have fallen from favor; in a period of a few months a family could change from being the king’s favorites to having all of its lands confiscated and all family members sold into slavery. Families frequently fall from favor; someone must take the blame for the catastrophes that befall Unther (the blame cannot be directed at the king, as he is never wrong).

It is very rare for members of the underclasses to be promoted into the nobility. In these cases, the new nobles were all servants of the priesthood of Gilgeam who rose to favor (they must also be pure-blooded Mulan). Usually the new nobles were grandchildren of

fallen nobles and are being restored to their ancestors’ status after decades of faithful service.

Nobles in Unther wear the badges of their house and station and often paint their faces silver, especially on ceremonial occasions. They once used the forehead circles still displayed by nobles in Mulhorand, but those fell out of fashion.

Noble Titles in Unther

Titles in Unther include “Great Lord” (for the favorites of the King), “High Lord” (for the high priests of the King), and “Lord” (for other Mulan nobles). The first-born male in Unther is the heir of the estate and known as “Young Lord”; other children are sent into the priesthood, the military, minor posts in the bureaucracy, or the wizardry schools.

All nobles and their children are taught how to read, write, and do basic calculations.

The Middle Class

The middle class in Unther consists of low-level bureaucrats (scribes), guards and military commanders, traders, teachers, and freehold owners.

Unlike the situation in Mulhorand, the government of Unther does not have a stranglehold on its economy. It considers operating trading companies and mining operations to be a task beneath the dignity of any civilized Mulan, so it has allowed freeholders, who are wealthy foreigners, to run these operations, which are taxed heavily. There are about an equal number of freehold farms and temple-run farms. Due to recent drought conditions, Unther imports about 30% of its food from Thay, and there are often severe shortages.

The freeholders run their operations to make money and would rather let their slaves go hungry than buy enough food to give them a reasonable meal. Freeholders force their slaves (or hired freemen, in times of slave shortages) to work hard hours for little pay. It should be noted that there are more sensible and humane managers, especially near



Shussel, but these are the exception and not the rule.

Traders are more compassionate. A number of trading companies from Durpar and the far south travel through Mulhorand into Unther, but the expenses and risks of traveling make these goods very expensive. Most traders pay protection money to Furifax and some of the other prominent bandit chiefs of the Eastern Shaar. There are a number of trading companies stationed in Unthlass that buy goods from southern traders, then sell them in Chessenta or Thay.

A third middle class career is that of a soldier. A livable wage can be earned as a city guard, bouncer, bodyguard, or as an escort for a merchant caravan.

Most members of the Untheric middle class who enter the army become officers, although their battle tactics and methods are considered to be old-fashioned by the standards of the west (the army of Unther still uses mostly bronze weapons).

The middle class is generally incapable of prospering in Unther due to restrictive taxation. Those with contacts in other lands who still see potential business in Unther have been encouraging certain idealistic adventurers to come to Unther and fight against the government, in the hopes that Gilgeam and his priests will be overthrown and a more favorable regime will come to power.

Slaves

Slaves are the lowest form of life in Unther. Unlike Mulhorand, where slaves have the protection of the law and sometimes seem to have favorable treatment as church property, the slaves in Unther have no rights. If a freeman murders a slave, he may have to pay financial compensation to its owner, or give him a new slave, but the slave's life is not considered to be very important.

Slaves may belong to either freeholds or the temple of Gilgeam. It is a common practice to brand slaves on the backs of their left arms. This identifies the person as a slave (in the event he es-

capés) and who he belongs to. If the slave is purchased, he is branded again below the original mark. Some slaves may have as many as five or six brands. They are typically bought from other nations, or are given slavery as a sentence for some crimes. When there is a shortage of slaves, officials of the temple of Gilgeam sometimes convict people of nonexistent crimes and then sentence them to slavery on the spot. This is known as "Gilgeam's Justice."

Slaves perform nearly every function necessary for Unther to survive, from growing food, to mining, to building monuments.

The Society of Unther

In essence, the society of Unther is one of the most miserable tyrannies that the Realms have ever known. The Overall, the governing powers in Unther, are lawful evil, but many of their enforcers are chaotic evils with no respect for the law. Ruling this society is a once beneficent deity who has been corrupted by long years of absolute power. At his sides are his lackeys, who have no regard for human life and less regard for non-humans. The vast underclasses have no hope; their goal is not to prosper but to survive. They have finally begun to see that the only way to ensure their survival is the one thing their ancestors considered unthinkable—the forced removal of the god-king Gilgeam from power and the destruction of the nobility of Unther.

Thus at present Unther is an extremely chaotic society. Each member of the society is either trying to figure out a way to come out on top in the new regime, or how to survive the coming bloodbath. The only possible exception to this might be the king, who is so enthralled with his own personal pleasure and so convinced that he is invincible that he feels no force in the Realms could topple him. Perhaps even worse for Unther are the number of foreign powers that are looking on and waiting

for the resolution of this civil strife, in the hopes that they can plunder the ancient secrets of this once great land.

Current Economy of Unther

"It is Fate that wills that slaves must labor all their lives for the good of Unther. I know that it is folly for the gods to challenge Fate."

—Gilgeam

Unther is a slave-based economy that produces minerals for sale, serves as a trade route for southern merchants, and a market for foodstuffs.

While there are farms in the Greenfields that produce barley, rice, and other staples of Unther's diet, 25% of the food consumed in Unther is produced elsewhere. Half of the food in Unther is bought by the priests of Gilgeam for their use and the use of their slaves, and the other half is bought by freemen to feed themselves and their slaves. When food is in short supply, the slaves go hungry first.

The major products produced by Unther are raw metals, most notably iron, which is extremely valuable in its pure form, as well as some gold. It is this trade that allows the nation to survive. Although there are forests in Unther, they are too far from the trade routes to make lumber a profitable resource, and there are fierce monsters that would need to be eliminated first. This may become a commodity for Unther at some later date.

The coin of Unther is the sheka, a much-debased gold piece. It is not worth much to foreign merchants. True wealth in Unther is foodstuffs and cattle, which can be traded for virtually anything.

Politics of Unther

The center of power, as it always has been, and as the rulers claim it always shall be by the decree of Fate itself, is the god-king, currently Gilgeam.

Gilgeam is a symbol of eternity and constancy; even the oldest man in Un-



ther remembers Gilgeam as his king, and Gilgeam has not changed. The philosophy of Unther has always been that life is hard, and the ability to endure hardship is the greatest virtue, no matter how unfair that hardship may be. It is this philosophy of life that has allowed Gilgeam to survive as the king of Unther for so long, and it is this philosophy that makes Gilgeam so confident that he can continue to survive.

Since even a god cannot administer every affair in the entire realm, he gives much of his power to administrators. The priests of Gilgeam are the administrators of Unther. Much of Gilgeam's time is given to pursuing personal pleasures, so the priesthood does the majority of the day-to-day work, though the king insists that every major decision be made by him.

The nation is divided into 13 fiefs, each of which has a Great Lord who oversees that territory. Followers of Gilgeam who own large tracts of land are Lords, and they are expected to assist the Great Lords in the administration of the realm.

This is the nation's political structure in theory. In fact, many of the Great Lords live in Unthalass and rely on reports from administrators stationed in outposts to give them reports from their fiefs. Great Lords often maintain residences in each of the major towns and cities of their fiefs, but they usually ignore them, allowing the lesser Lords to bully the people whenever they want. The Great Lords' chief responsibility is to make certain that all taxes are paid. Great Lords are notorious for charging even more than the recommended tax and pocketing the difference.

At present, Unther is extremely unstable and may collapse. Here is a list of the major factions, the leaders of each faction, and their intended plans for the future.

Gilgeam: This faction includes the followers of the deity Gilgeam, who is the traditional god of Unther. Gilgeam doesn't believe that there is a political problem in Unther, and that if there

was one, he would defeat whoever challenged him in battle and then destroy their followers with great ease. He laughs at the cult of Tiamat and doesn't know about the Dark Lady. He is filled with hatred for the bandit Furifax, whom he wishes to kill with his bare hands.

His followers include the Great Lords of the cities:

Gudea (13th-level fighter, ruler of Ssintar): He knows that it is suicide to tell the king the truth about how desperate the situation is, so he's been talking in secret with Furifax and the cult of Tiamat trying to ensure his continued survival if Gilgeam falls. He is a natural pessimist who deals in worst case scenarios. He has no leadership ambitions.

Tukulti (10th-level mage, ruler of Firetrees): Tukulti is a fool who feels that the rebellions are minor problems, mainly because he hasn't been touched. He is jealous of all the other Great Lords, with good reason. He wants to be the King's right-hand man, but he hasn't a chance.

Teumman (6th-level fighter, ruler of Dalath): He is mostly concerned with lining his pockets from freeholders' money and crushing all local trouble. He doesn't care about what's going on elsewhere, and he has no ambitions.

Annunaki (10th-level cleric of Gilgeam, ruler of Messemprar): Annunaki is one of the most brutal of all the Great Lords, as well as the most scheming and ambitious. He would like the king to settle down and leave governing Unther to him.

At present, he is more concerned with surviving the siege of the palace district. He is too proud to negotiate with the "underclasses" and will never surrender.

Ekur (8th-level cleric of Gilgeam, ruler of Shussel): He is a marginally competent but vicious ruler. Ekur is promising concessions to the priesthood of Isis should they give the king their support in case of a rebellion. The priestesses of Isis are too smart to believe him. He believes that a catastrophe is at hand, and he wants to ally with someone who can protect him in case

Gilgeam is destroyed.

Karigulzu (4th-level cleric of Gilgeam, ruler of Red Haven): Karigulzu is a minor priest sent as a sacrificial lamb to the most dangerous town in Unther. He believes that he's more clever than he actually is. He sees himself as one day being the most powerful man in Unther, though he is too stupid to dream of being disloyal to Gilgeam.

Zimrilim (10th-level cleric of Gilgeam, ruler of Unthalass): Zimrilim is a brilliant man, the right-hand of Gilgeam. He is aware that he has a lot of rivals for his position and that he is the most likely scapegoat for the current difficulties that Unther is experiencing. Zimrilim plans to import as many Chessentan mercenaries as needed to crush all opposition, and then he hopes that the mercenaries will go away when the rebellion is crushed.

Shuruppak (20th-level fighter, 7th-level mage): Shuruppak is the executioner and assassin of Gilgeam. He wants to kill people. He doesn't have any ambitions, as long as he can kill his enemies. (See "Personalities of Unther" for his statistics.)

The Gilgeam faction controls the army, is loyal to Gilgeam, and is by far the richest faction in Unther.

The Cult of Tiamat: This cult believes that the gods are evil and therefore the mythological enemy of the gods, the Dragon Queen Tiamat, must be good. This is a rather simplistic view, but in harsh times, people tend to look at things in black and white. This cult is getting widespread support throughout Unther as the only ones willing to stand up against Gilgeam, though the priests of Gilgeam do not yet realize how powerful the cult is becoming, or that an incarnation of Tiamat is present in Unther. Its leadership and major allies are as follows:

Tiglath (14th-level cleric of Tiamat, Firetrees): Tiglath is a rather pleasant if vengeful woman. She isn't interested in political power, she just wants to destroy Gilgeam, and the cult of Tiamat is a



means to an end. (See “Personalities of Unther” for more detailed information.)

Shudu-Ab (10th-level cleric of Tiamat, Unthalass): Shudu-Ab is the leader of the cult of Tiamat in the city of Unthalass. She is a vicious woman who sees the cult as her means to power. She plans to assassinate Tiglath when the rebellion is over and take control of Unther as Tiamat’s regent.

Furifax (13th-level fighter, Eastern Shaar): While not a servant of Tiamat, he has allied his vast band of bandits (2,000 elite troops with horse, plate mail and shield, and long sword) with the cult and has already fomented revolt. (See “Personalities of Unther” for more details.)

Skuthsiin (Green dragon, Methwood): This beast has been ordered to be Tiglath’s mount in battle. (See “Personalities of Unther” for more details.)

The Priesthood of Ishtar: This priesthood is based in Shussel. At present this faction is trying to stay neutral in the growing rebellion against Gilgeam, but the recent attacks against her cult by Gilgeam’s priests have not endeared her to the group. The leaders of the priesthood are as follows:

Ibalpiel (10th-level cleric of Ishtar, Shussel): Ibalpiel is the high priestess of Ishtar. She is dismayed by any prospect of bloodshed and wishes to keep the cult away from the fighting. She is the most powerful priestess of the cult, but she has lost much of her authority since she took an unpopular stand on this issue.

Utuhegel (6th-level cleric of Ishtar, Unthalass): She is the chief priestess of Ishtar in Unthalass. She believes very strongly that Ishtar must oppose Gilgeam, and is trying to rally together the priestesses around her.

The Priesthood of Ramman: This priesthood is based in the Greenfields but has a large temple in Unthalass. They really don’t care about the revolt; they believe the priests of Gilgeam will crush it easily and sell the survivors to Thay. They are not a factor in the politics of Unther.

The Northern Wizards: This is one of the two factions of wizards in Unther; this order is based in Messemprar. Historically they have seen themselves as the protectors of Messemprar. They have sworn an oath to protect it and its citizens from those who would do them harm. When the revolt started in Messemprar, the wizards realized that their enemy was now the army of Unther.

Their goal is to keep the army out, try to quiet the rebellion, then negotiate with Gilgeam for a peaceful settlement and a guarantee of an increased food supply. Given that the Reaper is in Messemprar to hunt and kill down the members of the Northern Wizards, their efforts are probably doomed to failure.

There are six wizards of 10th level or higher, and about 30 apprentices of 5th-8th level. The leaders are as follows:

Shurlash (16th-level mage, Messemprar): Shurlash is easily the most powerful wizard of northern Unther. He is renowned for his honor and his honesty, but tends to be blinded to the wickedness of others, believing that everyone is really good inside.

Larsa (13th-level mage, Messemprar): Larsa is Shurlash’s closest friend and very much like him in philosophy.

Nimrud (12th-level mage, Messemprar): Unlike the other wizards, Nimrud is pessimistic and believes that Gilgeam is going to butcher everyone he can once the rebellion is done. He believes that Gilgeam must be overthrown for the continued survival of Unther.

Ziusudra (11th-level mage, Messemprar): A rather cowardly wizard, he would like to leave Messemprar as soon as possible and find someplace safe.

Asshurat (11th-level mage, Messemprar): This sorceress believes that a peaceful solution is the only sane answer to the problems of Unther. She also realizes that they should be wary of possible treachery.

Tammuz (10th-level mage, Messemprar): Tammuz is having fun; he thinks that the rebellion is much more exciting than studying spells all day. He’s childish, immature, and no one pays much attention to him.

Borsipa (7th-level mage, Messemprar): This apprentice, one of the most powerful, is actually a spy for Gilgeam and his priesthood. She frequently sends messenger birds to a Gilgeam outpost, and is the Reaper’s contact in Messemprar. Her current duty is to help him assassinate the Northern Wizards, and she has no qualms about carrying out that duty.

The Slave Revolt: There are a number of prominent leaders of the revolt against the rule of the Gilgeamites. These leaders are as follows:

Dama (10th-level fighter, Messemprar): Dama is a former gladiator from Chessenta who was captured by Thavian slavers, then sold to a wealthy freeholder in Unther.

He is a highly charismatic demagogue (Charisma 17) with great strength (Strength 18/84). His goal is to create as much trouble as he can and bring the priests of Gilgeam to their knees; he is ruthless in dealing with people who have more moderate views. He is chaotic neutral, with some evil tendencies.

Ruduk (8th-level enchanter, Messemprar): Ruduk is an agent of Lauzoril, one of the Red Wizards of Thay. Lauzoril wishes to destabilize Unther, in the hopes that Thay may capture permanent bases on the South Coast.

Lauzoril does not wish, however, for the Red Wizards to be associated with the current unrest, so he has given Ruduk a great deal of autonomy. Ruduk is working behind the scenes, using *charm* spells to sit up unrest. Ruduk isn’t really interested in Unther; he’s trying to advance his fortunes with the Red Wizards.

The Traders: The merchants of Unther form the bulk of the foreigners that live in the country at the present time.

The traders wish for lower taxes and tariffs, in the hopes that can buy and sell more goods. They have not, however, taken a united stand on the current unrest. Some merchants believe the only way to make things better is to overthrow Gilgeam; these traders are send-



ing agents to hire mercenary companies from Chessenta to aid the rebels in Messemprar. Others believe that if they support Gilgeam and he wins, they'll have greater influence in Unther. The majority, however, are taking a "wait and see" position. Some important characters among the traders are as follows:

Avid (1st-level mage, wanders): This young wizard is from Durpar. His father's largest caravan was confiscated by the priests of Unther due to "a local emergency." This caused his father's trading company to collapse and his father to take his own life. Avid has come to Unther for the sole reason of getting revenge on the priests of Gilgeam by encouraging the rebellion. He has been a leader among the foreign traders who want Gilgeam removed from the plain.

Jehokim (5th-level fighter, Unthalass): Jehokim is an old adventurer who found a great treasure and retired to run several inns across Unther. (There is at least one Grey Chimera inn in each major city of Unther and Mulhorand; Jehokim is the owner of each of these and rents them out to others for a share of the profits.) Jehokim is the leader of the "let's get on Gilgeam's good side" movement. He is willing to do anything he can to improve his fortunes, including naming traitors to the priests of Gilgeam.

The Enclave: This is the most powerful cabal of wizards in Unther; only the priests of Thoth rival them in the south. The Enclave feels that it should stay neutral in this conflict, but not all members agree. For more information, see "Personalities of Unther," Isimud and Esarhadden.

The Laws of Unther

"Justice is dead in Unther! The priests of Gilgeam mock its corpse and, drunk with blood, dance upon its grave!"

—Dama the Demagogue of Messemprar

It may seem like there are no laws in Unther; in practice, this is correct. Essentially nobles may do what they want, including breaking agreements

(just refusal of services), confiscation, murder (summary execution), and even more hideous deeds.

However, this has not always been the case. The ancient law of Enlil was the code that Unther has followed, at least until the last two centuries. Its principles called for "justice, the destruction of evil and wickedness so the strong shall not oppress the weak, and the land shall be enlightened." The code of Enlil is a collection of case laws, describing all sorts of crimes and the appropriate punishments.

Most of these punishments are of the "an eye for an eye" sort. Murder is punishable by death, in all cases. Thieves would have a hand removed if caught in an act of thievery. The code of Enlil also enforced the idea that a laborer was responsible for any accidents caused by the imperfections of his labors; if a house collapsed on a man because it was poorly constructed, the builder would be put to death. The code of Enlil was severe, even by the standards of the Realms, but at least it was consistent and fair. Laws applied to all classes of society, including slaves (who are now far more numerous than they were even in the days of the Second Empire). In the days of the Second Empire, slaves could be rewarded with money, and might even borrow money to purchase their freedom!

Justice was the province of the priests of Enlil. Upon Enlil's departure from the Realms, this duty passed to the priests of Gilgeam. Regional justices were appointed by the king to oversee justice and to protect the code of Enlil; these justices are still appointed and still swear an oath to uphold the code, but at best the judges of Unther are indifferent to injustice, and at worst they use their position to bully, steal, and murder as they will.

If two nobles have a quarrel, they take their dispute to the king, who has the right to decide the issue. The king generally supports his favorite of the two nobles, though he is lenient in his punishment unless he dislikes the losing noble. If a foreigner has a dispute

against a noble or freeholder, the foreigner always loses. If, on the other hand, two foreigners have a dispute in Unther, they may both end up as slaves for wasting the time of the king and his servants with trivial matters.

Because there is no real law in Unther, most freeholders and traders rely on assassins to resolve their disputes. These assassins are usually Chessentan mercenaries and cutthroats, many of whom are skilled poisoners. Some traders use mercenaries as hired muscle to threaten those who do not pay their debts on time.

The Army of Unther

The ultimate form of justice in Unther is the army. Lately the army of Unther has increasingly relied on Chessentan mercenaries (as does Mulhorand), but Unther still keeps a standing army.

The army of Unther is considered to be backward and poorly trained; its soldiers are little better than slaves and its officers are often bullies, second and third sons from noble families who were forced into a military career because they did not stand to inherit anything. The weapons and armor used by Unther are bronze swords and plate mail; missile weapons include a composite short bow that fires flight arrows. The only cavalry units are charioteers. There is no air cavalry.

The standing army of Unther is 10,000. Of these, 2,000 are bowmen and 1,000 are cavalry. The main force numbers 4,000 and is based in Unthalass, though recently it fought in Messemprar against the Northern Wizards. The army is typically divided into units of 60; 1st- to 3rd-level fighters lead each unit. There are also 12 mages, of levels 3-6, with the main force; these mages have sworn allegiance to Gilgeam.

The main fleet in Unthalass was attacked by pirates three years ago. All but five ships were destroyed or captured; one of the captured ships was one of the greatest magical relics of the realm, the *Ship of the Gods*.



GEOGRAPHY OF UNTHER

General Description

"This land is nature's plaything, one lives or dies according to her whims."

—Saying of the priestesses of Ishtar

Mighty Unther's land holdings are now only a fraction of what they used to be. Once they extended far to the west, north, and south. Unther was once considered greater than Mulhorand, for Unther was larger and more aggressive. Unther still cannot be considered to be a small nation, but it is truly a nation in decline.

Unther's eastern border is the Alamber Sea, which it shares with Mulhorand. The border extends from the west coast of the Alamber Sea down the River of Swords to Lake Azulduth, the Lake of Salt. West of Azulduth, Unther controls territory to Unthangol Pass, then the border turns north to the Smoky Mountains and Methwood. The Winding River and Lake Meth form the western boundary, which winds its way north to Messemprar at the mouth of the River of Metals, on the edge of the Alamber Sea. The Riders to the Sky Mountains are claimed by both Unther and Chessenta, though Chessenta is not in a condition to contest the claim.

Topographically, Unther is divided into a number of different regions. The lowlands around the crescent of the south end of the Alamber Sea, known as Menesankh, the Plain of Life, are shared with Mulhorand. These are fertile fields that are irrigated by the rivers at the southern end of the Alamber Sea, most notably the River of Swords and the River Angol; this region extends as far north as Red Haven.

The second region is the Marthessel, the Smoky Mountains, which extends in a chain as far east as Chondath, and includes the Adder Mountains. This is an area of rough hills, rugged coast, and active volcanoes. The mountains are high, but are not as high as the Sword Mountains in Mulhorand. There are frequent earthquakes in the southern portion of this region, and few humans

live there. The Ship of the Gods, the island in the Alamber Sea, is considered to belong to this chain.

The third region, which covers most of the realm, is the Methtir, or Northern Plains. These lowlands extend east from the Riders to the Sky Mountains to the Alamber. It is an area of wild woods and arid grasslands.

There are a number of agricultural products grown in Unther; the Turami peoples that first inhabited the Greenfields had been farmers and had farmed the Menesankh lands for thousands of years before the Mulan emigrated from Raurin. The primary grains are barley and rice (which was only recently introduced into Mulhorand). Sesame seeds are grown and made into oil, and flax is grown to make cloth. There are many herd animals; sheep (there are over 200 words in Untheric to describe sheep), oxen, cattle, goats, and donkeys are all raised for domestic use. Lately the fields have been less productive, and the Untheri have been forced to buy foodstuffs from Thay at high prices.

There are few trees in Unther, with the exception of the Methwood. None are felled, if only because the monsters of the Methwood make the practice highly unsafe.

River of Swords

This long river forms the eastern border of Unther. The western tributary, the Blue Sword River, lies entirely in Unther, as its border extends as far east as the Green Sword River and Lake Azulduth. There are no Untheric settlements or farms on this river, aside from a few small outposts. These outposts were recently captured by the bandit chief Furifax.

For more information on the River of Swords, see Mulhorand.

River Angol

This swift waterway has its source in the springs of the Unthangol Moun-

tains. It is famous for its unpredictable floods. Near the mouth of this river are large farms tended by slaves owned by the king. Dikes have been built to contain floods, but at least once in every ten years there is one flood that spills over, and at least once every 50 years there is a major catastrophic flood.

Recently the slaves of the River Angol farms were freed by Furifax, who intends to use them as part of his invasion force of the Greenfields.

The Greenfields

Historically, the Greenfields have been the breadbasket of Unther, especially now that the fertility of its extremely rich soil is enhanced by magic. The farms in this region are generally privately owned and tended by slaves. About 70% of Unther's food comes from this region.

This region is also known for being the home of androsphinxes and gynosphinxes, which occasionally raid cattle farms whose herds graze in this area. Large bounties are placed on the heads of sphinxes, but the moneys offered are so small that no one who has the power to challenge these beasts will accept the risk. Slaves are sometimes sent to hunt them; few that run into a gynosphinx return home.

This area is frequently raided by bandits, and a garrison of 1,000 militia soldiers is permanently stationed in the area. They are generally considered not to have the resources to challenge the strategically superior and better armed bandits.

On the west side of the Greenfields is a group of mysterious mages known as the Enclave. They have no known loyalties to any of the factions in Unther, though they have angered the king by refusing his summons on several occasions and not paying their taxes. It is said to be one of the most knowledgeable cabals of wizards in the entire Realms, but none have entered their chambers or knows their true power.



River Alamber

This very long and swift river forms the western boundary of the Greenfields. Its source is a network of streams on the northern side of the Unthangol Mountains. It provides needed sediment for the Greenfields, but, like the River Angol, it is unpredictable in its floods (except that its major floods usually occur in the same year as the River Angol's). Its floods are so severe that the city of Unthalass has nearly been destroyed twice by them in recorded history.

East of Alamber is the Greenfields, while west of Alamber is the desolation known as the Black Ash Plain. There are two settlements along the Alamber river: Unthalass, capital of Unther, lies at its mouth, while the town of Firetrees is downstream.

Black Ash Plain

This large area extends south from the Smoky Mountains as far as the Alamber River. The region gets its name from the ash spewed onto the plain by the Smoky Mountains, though "grey soot" would be a more appropriate name, except directly after an eruption, which occurs frequently.

There are no human habitations here. Brown dragons tunnel happily through the soot and through the rocky volcanic soil, and a tribe of black-skinned stone giants (locally referred to as ash giants) lives in the dormant mountains on the eastern edge of the plains. The soil is not fertile, though ash from these plains mixed with irrigable soil has been known to increase the soil's fertility.

The Smoky Mountains

The Smoky Mountains is a chain of volcanoes that run across Unther from west to east. There are two branches of these mountains. The eastern branch is dormant, with occasional puffs of steam exiting its vents, but few eruptions. The western branch is more active, with two volcanoes in particular, Mt. Fussel, and Mt. Temmikant, erupt-

ing frequently. A venerable red dragon lives on Mt. Temmikant; its name is Guy-anothaz. It is as harmless as a venerable red dragon can be—centuries ago, an adventuring company known as the Dragon's Bane attacked it, blinded it, and stole most of its hoard. It guards what few gems and coins it has left and survives by eating pumice stones. It knows every inch of its lair, but it is too frightened to venture into the open.

Mount Fussel is known to be the home of a number of flocks of dreaded pyrolisks, and it is said that salamanders swim in its molten core.

Methwood

This large, hot woodland is filled with cypress, date palms, cedar, juniper, and mulberry trees, with lots of vine growth. The vegetation is very thick and difficult to travel through without using a blade to cut the thick vines. In ancient times, Unther had a number of druids and nature worshipers who built great, tiered homes in the trees; now there are no intelligent creatures native to these woods.

Near the center of the forest are quite a few groups of vicious chimerae, each of which guards its territory fiercely. The old green dragon Skuthosiin scours the edges of Methwood and beyond in search of food.

There are a number of elephants, monkeys, leopards, and other, less dangerous, creatures within the confines of this forest.

It is said that within the heart of Methwood are the ruins of a great lost city of the original Turami inhabitants of Unther. If so, it has never been found, not even by the adventurers of Unther at its zenith, and most dismiss this legend as mere fancy.

Methmere

This long, narrow lake has a winding coastline. It is a clear blue lake, backed on the west by the Riders to the Sky Mountains. Several plesiosaurs swim in the depths of this lake, and bandits use

isolated settlements on this coastline as bases. A number of fishing vessels also ply the waters; at least two dozen registered craft sail the lake at peak time. The lake is known for its large population of salmon, trout, and bass. There are no major settlements near Methmere. The Winding River, an extremely swift and treacherous waterway, flows into Methmere, and the River of Metals, which is far slower than its western counterpart, flows from Methmere into the Alamber Sea at Messempar.

The Winding River

This is the longest and wildest river in the Old Empires; even the bravest of navigators refuse to travel on its churning white waters. The lands around the river are desolate, home only to monsters and beasts. There are rumors of hermits and trolls living near the water, but none have confirmed this. Its source is in the Adder Peaks.

River of Metals

This river flows from Methmere into the Alamber Sea at Messempar. It gets its name because there are large deposits of metals, especially gold, within its muddy waters. There have been at least two gold rushes at various points in the river, but few try to pan it these days. Messempar is its only settlement.

Cities of Unther

Unthalass

An age ago, Unthalass was the greatest city in the Realms, a town of flowering gardens, white streets, and beautiful homes. The city boasted of magnificent vistas of the Alamber Sea. The people of the city were confident and rich, dressed in bright clothing. Beneath the great ziggurats of the gods, there was neither poverty or misery.

What changes an age makes! Certainly no inhabitant of the City of Gems at its zenith would recognize Unthalass now.



Twice floods have nearly destroyed the city, and both times the city never fully recovered. The buildings are worn and cracked, and the paint of its ancient decorations has long since faded.

The city is divided into three districts: the port district, the main district, and the Palace. The port is sheltered by a sea wall that extends three miles from shore; there is one breach in the sea wall where ships may come through two at a time (depending on the size of the ships). The wall was recently damaged by pirates, but it is now nearly as good as new. The port district is relatively clean and well stocked with services for trading ships and their crew, including hostels and taverns.

There is, however, a heavy port tax that discourages many traders from using Unthalass.

The main district is also known as the Great Slums. Slaves and their masters alike operate in their rundown buildings, built on the ruins of previous tenements destroyed by flood.

The only bright objects on the streets

are the idols of Gilgeam that dot every corner. All citizens who walk the streets are obligated by law to bow their heads at his image as they pass.

These slums were built on top of the original city of Unthalass that was destroyed by flood; there are legends of great treasures buried in these ruins, but the undercity is also the home of a number of very nasty monsters, notably wererats. The undercity is said to be ruled by a tribe of lamia, led by the lamia noble Ereshkigal. None have encountered her and escaped alive, so the stories of the Queen of Tortures remain only hushed whispers that are usually spoken in barrooms.

The most spectacular section of Unthalass is the central mound of Gilgeam, which is raised above the city on the ruins of previous palaces. Behind the Imperial Wall are beautiful homes for the privileged, lush gardens, and the ziggurat of Gilgeam itself. This structure is a step pyramid whose levels are covered in gold, silver, brass, bronze, and other metals. At its peak is a shrine of blue-

enameled brickwork, capped by gold. The edges of the ziggurat are decorated with floral designs and studded with precious stones. The ziggurat of Gilgeam rises for 16 tiers and is nearly 800 feet in height, one of the largest structures in the entire Realms. Here Gilgeam lives in luxury while the rest of the nation crumbles.

The city is governed by Zimrilim (10th-level cleric of Gilgeam). The population of Unthalass is about 70,000.

Shussel

Shussel is a city on the northern trade route of Unther. It serves as a supply station for fishermen and other dwellers by the sea. It used to be a mining community, as there were large deposits of iron in nearby hills, but these were exhausted long ago. The plains to the north were once good farmland, but they are now desert.

Shussel is a city in decline. Three centuries ago its population was about 70,000; it has now diminished to 25,000.





The city is largely slums. It is ruled by Lord Ekur (8th-level cleric of Gilgeam) and a large force of Chessentan mercenaries. There is a major temple of Ishtar here; only their intervention prevents most of the inhabitants from starving. The port facility is small and does not receive much traffic, but is heavily fortified to guard against the sahuagin.

Messemprar

This city was once the largest city in Unther and was a regular stop on a trade route between Sultim, Bezantur, and Mourktar. Now ships avoid the west coast of the Alamber entirely.

The city is currently in chaos. The royal palace has been under siege by an angry mob for several weeks, as a tax revolt escalated into food riots and then a full-scale revolt. Many city guardsmen have been killed. The city is divided into several factions: The lord and his guard control the palace district, the Northern Wizards control the southern section (and the city gates to the outside), and the "non-slaves" (ex-slaves who have renounced their freedom) control the dock district.

Ships from Mourktar have been paid by certain adventurers in league with the slaves to keep supplying the city with food. A small army from Unthalass was turned away by the wizards' guild.

Gilgeam has sent his assassin, the Reaper, to kill off the wizards; he is also hiring a mercenary army from Mordulkin to march on Messemprar. He does not have the money to pay the mercenaries, which means the mercenaries will have to exact their payment from the treasures of the city. The army will arrive at Messemprar in three weeks' time. It is likely that the army will destroy the city, unless the slaves get some high-level assistance and arms.

In normal times, the leader of the city is Lord Annunaki (10th-level cleric of Gilgeam). The population of Messemprar (for now) is 30,000.

FireTrees

This small town is noted for the fire-trees, from which it takes its name. These deciduous trees have red blossoms that shine at night with a natural phosphorescence.

Firetrees is a farming community on the edge of the Greenfields; it has warehouses where grain is stored, as well as facilities to load caravans (the River Alamber is too fast for cargo to be shipped by water). The city holds feasts and festivals where the people of the Greenfields may relax from their labors. Firetrees is also the center of the cult of Tiamat, the most powerful group in opposition to Gilgeam.

The city's ruler is Lord Tukulti (10th-level wizard, in the service of Gilgeam). Tukulti is not a strong ruler; most of the people of Firetrees ignore him and his edicts, or insult them openly.

The population of Firetrees is about 7,000.

Dalath

Dalath is a small mining town in the interior of Unther, near the eastern Smoky Mountains. These mountains and the surrounding hills are rich in metals, gold, iron, copper, and lead. These are Unther's largest exports; without the income from these minerals, the economy would collapse.

Dalath is a rough-and-tumble place that distrusts strangers and despises the king and his taxes. Most of Dalath's inhabitants are slaves or freeholders who have left their families behind in the large cities to work here for several

years. The mines are run by freehold merchants who do not care for the safety of their miners. The town is chronically undersupplied; it went on strike ten years ago over lack of food, and the freeholders brought in mercenaries to slaughter the miners and then replaced them with more slaves.

The town is governed by Lord Teuman Bloodletter (6th-level fighter), who serves Gilgeam but is really under the thumb of the freeholders. The town has a population of about 6,000.

Ssintar

This is a small trading post set up near the edge of Methwood. The King has a garrison of about 1,000 troops stationed here. These troops are here to protect the coast from invasions from Methwood and to march into Shussel in times of trouble. There are mines on the edge of Ssintar with substantial deposits of copper and some iron. The town is governed by Lord Gudea (13th-level fighter) who is known for his toughness but is considered the most humane and honorable of Gilgeam's Lords.

The population of Ssintar is about 4,000.

Red Haven

This is a small fishing village that lies on the trade route between Shussel and Unthalass. It was once a much larger town, but recent attacks by sahuagin and pirates have decimated the population and sent many others fleeing to the safety of the large cities. It is ruled by Lord Karigulzu (4th-level cleric of Gilgeam), commonly referred to as "that fat fop." The population of Red Haven is about 1,500.



RELIGION OF UNTHER

"I am All Religion, I am All Worship, none may breathe in Unther without blessing Me."

—Gilgeam

In the beginning, the people of Unther used the Sumerian pantheon as their own; these were the manifestations claimed by the god-kings who fled the ruins of Raurin to settle in Unther.

Unlike Mulhorand, which cherishes eternity and unchanging continuity, religion in Unther experienced major changes during its history.

The first big change occurred when many of the Sumerian deities died in the Orcgate Wars. The Untheri found many new gods and goddesses to worship, all belonging to the Babylonian pantheon.

Enlil himself retired; he appointed his son, Gilgeam, as his successor as king of the gods. At first, Gilgeam was a just ruler. But sometimes even the gods can go mad.

Gilgeam was a proud god-king. As the centuries passed and Unther declined in prosperity and influence, as taxes rose and the people's hatred grew, Gilgeam became a cruel and jealous lord.

All other deities, with the exception of Ishtar and Ramman (who were too popular to persecute) were banished from the plane. Limits were eventually set on the number of worshipers that Ishtar and Ramman could have (and their temples would turn over half of their funds to Gilgeam), and all other Untheri were obligated to worship Gilgeam alone.

However, trade with the other Realms has imported a lot of foreign deities into Unther, which are worshiped in secret.

CENTRAL PANTHEON

Gilgeam

Master of Wars, Father of Victory, God of the Sky and the Cities, Supreme Ruler of Unther, Chessenta, Threskel, Chondath, Turmish, the Shaar, and Yuirwood

Status: LE, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: A red fist backed by a gold sun against black

Spheres: Major—All, Charm, Combat, Elemental, Guardian, Protection, Summoning, Weather; Minor—Creation, Divination, Necromantic, Weather

Weapons Allowed: Mace, Staff, Staff-Sling, Flail

Armor Allowed: Scale

Ethos: Priests of Gilgeam are to obey their lord without question. They are to enforce his will. They are to slay his enemies. They are to persecute all who will not worship him. They are to smite the enemies of Unther.

Gilgeam is the supreme leader of the gods of Unther (what few are left) and ruler of the land. His manifestation lives in Unthalass and has emerged from the citadel many times to smite his enemies with divine power. He is a god known for his jealousy, cruelty, and pride; he is covetous of wealth, taxing the people heavily.

Gilgeam himself is a god of physical prowess; if a warrior of great strength and fighting ability is captured, Gilgeam will offer him freedom if the warrior can defeat him in a wrestling match. Then Gilgeam will kill him with his bare hands.

Gilgeam has no incarnations, if only because an incarnation of Gilgeam might be filled with the sense of justice and honor that he himself lost long ago. Nor does Gilgeam have any heirs, though he enjoys the company of women (a son could prove to be a threat to the security of his throne).

The cult of Gilgeam is the most powerful in Unther, if only because few other cults are allowed. Idols to Gilgeam must decorate every street corner and every home, and those who deface his image will die. Gilgeam is a tall, handsome, very muscular man with long, golden hair and beard. He typically wears kingly robes, but goes into battle with his mace

and a bronze skirt that covers his lower torso and his upper legs.

The power of his manifestation is as follows (see the "Religions of Mulhorand" section for the abilities of a manifestation):

AC: -4

MOVE: 15

HIT POINTS: 350

THAC0: -5

#AT: 3

DMG/ATT: 2d10 + 12/2d10 + 12/2d10 + 12

MR: 50%

CLASSES: Fighter 26, Priest 15, Mage 18
STR 24 (+16, +12) DEX 25 CON 25 INT 23 WIS 20 CHA 22

SA: Wrestling (causes 2d10 + 12 damage with a bear hug, with a 35% chance of instantly killing any opponent with a Strength score below 20). Awe effect vs. all creatures of up to 6 HD (or levels).

SD: Immune to 1st-to 5th-level illusion/phantasm spells. Immune to the following spells due to high Wisdom: *cause fear, charm person, command, friends, hypnotism, forget, hold person, ray of enfeeblement, scare*

Weapons: *Mace* +4 inflicts 2d10 points of damage

Armor: None; natural armor class without Dexterity bonus is 2.

Ishtar

(Isis in Mulhorand)

Goddess of Weather, Lady of the Rivers, Mother of the Harvest, Lady of All Love

Status: NG, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: Female hand clutching a glowing crystal rod

Spheres: Major—All, Animal, Charm, Creation, Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Plant, Protection, Weather; Minor—Divination

Weapons Allowed: Staff, Flail

Armor Allowed: None

Special Requirements: Ishtar is only served by priestesses. No men may be priests of Ishtar.



Special Abilities: At 15th level, a priestess of Ishtar gets a bonus spell: *control weather* (as 7th-level priest spell).

Ethos: Priestesses of Ishtar are charged to aid farmers and the common people of Unther, to protect them from starvation. They may not directly attack the injustices of Gilgeam, but may try to soften their effects.

Ishtar is the goddess of love and fertility. She is the most beloved deity in Unther, but her priesthood has little power. Long ago Ishtar gave the power of her manifestation to the Mulhorand goddess Isis, and so the goddess worshiped in Unther is not the real Ishtar, but she allows them to use her name. Ishtar has one incarnation in Shussel, which is the site of her major temple.

Gilgeam is quite jealous of Ishtar and her popularity. He has recently decreed that neither she nor Ramman may train worshipers to learn priest spells of 6th level or higher. The priesthood of Ishtar is quite upset, and is considering giving support to the growing rebellion against him.

Ishtar is portrayed as a beautiful female with golden hair and blue eyes; her incarnation takes on this form and has the following statistics:

AC: -1
MOVE: 12
HIT POINTS: 100
THACO: 13
#AT: 1
DMG/ATT: By weapon
MR: 70%
CLASSES: Fighter 8, Mage 18
STR 10 DEX 19 CON 18 INT 23 WIS 22
CHA 22

SA: The incarnation of Ishtar may use any weather spell at will, as an 18th-level caster. She may, at will, stun up to 6 HD (or levels) due to divine awe.

SD: The incarnation of Ishtar is immune to 1st- to 5th-level illusion/phantasm spells, and to the following spells due to high Wisdom: *cause fear*, *charm per-*

son, *command*, *friends*, *hypnotism*, *forget*, *hold person*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *scare*, *fear*, *charm monster*, *confusion*, *emotion*, *fumble*, *suggestion*

Ramman

God of War, Thunder, Rain, Storms

Status: N, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: Lightning bolt through a storm cloud

Spheres: Major—All, Combat, Elemental, Guardian, Protection, Weather; Minor—Divination, Healing, Necromantic, Summoning

Weapons Allowed: Sword, lance, staff, short bow, spear, javelin

Armor Allowed: Chain

Special Requirements: Minimum STR 13, DEX 14, CON 12

Special Abilities: At 10th level, priests of Ramman may fire a 10d6 lightning bolt, once per day.

Ethos: Priests of Ramman are obliged to help defend Unther against weather magic used by other nations (notably Thay). They are to protect Unther from foreign invaders and to serve the King.

Ramman is a relatively new deity, introduced into Unther during the height of the Second Empire. The worship of Ramman complements that of Ishtar; Ishtar is the deity of fertile soils, while Ramman is the deity of the skies whose rains help crops flourish. Ramman is considered to be a less than caring deity. Recent limits on the spells usable by the priests of Ramman have severely hurt the ability of Unther to defend its crops from the Red Wizards, who are using weather magic to concentrate the available clouds in the eastern region of the Inner Sea over their territory.

Ramman is portrayed as a man with a homely face but a massive build. His incarnations are typically farmers and soldiers, and he is worshiped in the

Greenfields. There is often confusion between Ramman and Ramatep, the Untheric name for Anhur, but they are not the same deity (though confusion over names has caused other deities to merge their manifestations).

The statistics for Ramman's incarnation are as follows:

AC: -2
MOVE: 12, Fl 48 (A)
HIT POINTS: 150
THACO: 5
#AT: 2
DMG/ATT: 20/20
MR: 50% + Special
CLASSES: Fighter 15, Mage 15
STR 21 (+3, +8) DEX 20 CON 22 INT 19
WIS 15 CHA 15

SA: The incarnation of Ramman uses a *mallet of lightning* (it returns to him if thrown). This mallet always inflicts 20 points of damage per attack, even against targets that have protection against lightning.

SD: Ramman is immune to all 1st- to 4th-level spells. He is immune to the following spells due to high Wisdom: *cause fear*, *charm person*, *command*, *friends*, *hypnotism*

Weapons: Typically wields a magical mallet
Armor: *Scale mail* +3

Tiamat

Queen of Chaos, Nemesis of the Gods

Status: LE, Lesser Power, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: Five-headed dragon

Spheres: Major—All, Animal, Charm, Combat, Divination, Guardian, Necromantic, Protection, Weather; Minor—Animal, Elemental, Summoning

Weapons Allowed: All priest weapons
Armor Allowed: Any

Special Requirements: WIS 14

Special Abilities: 16th-level priests of Tiamat may summon a young adult dragon as a mount.



Ethos: Priests of Tiamat are sworn to destroy the power of the god-kings of Unther, to seize the realm for themselves, to get as much treasure as possible and sacrifice it to the Dark Lady.

Tiamat is a cult deity, born in opposition to the god Gilgeam. The gods taught the people that Tiamat was their major enemy, so when the gods became unpopular, veneration of their greatest enemy grew as a protest. In Unther, people of all alignments belong to the cult of Tiamat, even people of good alignments, because Gilgeam is such a tyrant they cannot see how Tiamat could be worse.

Tiamat's manifestation in this plane was destroyed long ago by the god Marduk (who is no longer in the Realms), but because of the summoning rituals performed by various priests, she has been able to send an incarnation. Her incarnation has added power in Unther because of the strength of her cult. It can change form at will, and usually poses as the Dark Lady, a sorceress with long, dark hair and dark robes, who lives in Firetrees. The other form is a three-headed dragon (all five heads are only available to the manifestation of Tiamat; the incarnation has the heads of a red dragon, a blue dragon, and a green dragon).

AC: -12

MOVE: 6, Fl 18 (C)

HIT POINTS: 192

THAC0: -7

#AT: 6

DMG/ATT: 3d8 + 12/2d10 + 12/3d10 + 12/2d8 + 12/1d6 + 12 (x2)

MR: 70%

SA: Each head may breathe once every three rounds, and no more than one head may breathe at a time. Breath weapon per head is the same as a great wyrm of each species (24d8 + 12 for the blue head, 24d6 + 12 for the green head, and 24d10 + 12 for the red head). The dragon form of Tiamat horrifies all

with 4 HD (or levels) or less. She has the following spells, cast as if she is 24th level: two each of 1st-, 2nd-, 3rd-, 4th-, 5th-, 6th-, and 7th-level wizard spells and one 8th-level wizard spell; and two each of 1st-, 2nd-, 3rd-, and 4th-level priest spells. Each head has the choice of breathing, spellcasting, or biting. Tiamat cannot attack with her claws, but can wing buffet and tail lash. Tiamat's tail stinger can also strike one creature; those who are struck must roll successful saving throws vs. poison (with a -4 penalty) or die in one round; those who succeed with their saving throws are slowed for 2d4 days, or until the poison is neutralized.

SD: Each head of Tiamat has 48 hit points; when full damage is inflicted on the head, it becomes useless and cannot attack. When two heads are immobilized, Tiamat teleports away.

Other Deities

There are a number of other deities worshipped in Unther; these deities were introduced by merchants from the other parts of the Realms or by immigrants. All worship of these deities is illegal and subject to persecution. These deities are worshiped by only a small fraction of Unther's population.

Anhur (CG): This war deity is worshiped mainly by a few Chessentan mercenaries who were converted to Anhur worship in Mulhorand, then journeyed to Unther to serve on freeholds. This deity is not as popular among the mercenaries as Tempus, but his following is growing fast.

Bane: There are agents of the Zhen-tarim everywhere these days, and Unther is no exception. A small group of Bane worshipers have set up in Unthar, trying to extend their contacts into Mulhorand and learn the secrets of the south for Zhentil Keep, as Manshoon has expressed an interest in learning southern magic and the secrets of the priest of Thoth.

Mask (God of Thieves, N): The number of thieves in the cities of Unther is increasing rapidly (especially when the riots in Messemprar provide excellent looting opportunities). Thieves usually pay homage to Mask.

Mystra (LN): This goddess of wizards is quite popular among the wizards of Unther. She is believed to be the patron of the mysterious Enclave.

The Old Gods (LN, LG, NG): This cult worships gods from the golden age of Unther: Enlil, Marduk, Nanna-Sin, and Utu. The cult of the Old Gods is mostly nostalgic; its priesthood cannot gain spells beyond the 2nd level. Gilgeam does not persecute members of this cult because he sees them as madmen with no power.

Sebek [God of Rivers, N(E)]: This crocodile-headed deity is worshiped in the wetlands, away from the cities. This cult has been persecuted for several centuries. All crocodiles are said to be his children.

Tempus (CN): This is the chief warrior god worshiped (aside from Gilgeam of course) in Unther. He is a favorite among the Chessentan mercenaries that many of the freeholders have brought in to protect their farms from bandits.

Umberlee (CE): Not commonly worshiped, pirates on the Alamber do pay homage to her, though usually their sacrifices consist of cargos they cannot salvage.

Waukeen (N): This god is worshiped, in private, by merchants who travel into Unther from abroad. A recent attempt to build a secret temple was foiled by the priests of Gilgeam, who razed the building in which the services were held. Since then, there have been a great deal of bitter feelings between the priests of Waukeen and those of Gilgeam.



PERSONALITIES OF UNTHER

"Can the gods make men mad in the land where the gods themselves are mad?"

—Isimud, leader of the Enclave

Isimud

Greenfields
24th-level Mage
LG, Mystra
Human male

Isimud is the leader of the Enclave, a group of wizards in the western Greenfields. He is an old man, nearly blind, relying on magical aids to help him continue his quest for new magic.

Isimud seeks the location of certain artifacts of the Old Unther Empire and wishes to recover them to prevent them from falling into the hands of Gilgeam, or the Cult of Tiamat, or Furifax and the bandits. He laments that there is no force of a more benevolent nature that promises to take control of Unther. He would be willing to support any benign faction that gathers public support, but none have as yet.

He appears as a wizened old man with a long, white beard and a cap with many mystic runes. He wears strange lenses on his face, and his familiar, a talking owl named Ibuth, reads aloud for him when his eyesight fails.

Shuruppak

Wanders
20th-level Fighter/7th-level Mage
NE, Gilgeam
Human male

Shuruppak is referred to as "The Reaper" in Unther, for his approach is death. He is a great fighter-mage, clad in black robes, protected by *bracers of defense* AC 2, who wanders from city to city, killing anyone he feels is an enemy of Gilgeam. Shuruppak is a psychopath prone to fits of extreme violence, known to take his sword to anyone when he's in a bad mood.

When Gilgeam orders him to kill someone, Shuruppak takes a group of high-level mages and priests in Gil-

geam's service with him. He has failed only once—when he was ordered to bring in the Enclave; he killed several of the order before he was driven back by the most powerful wizards of that order. He is currently in Messemprar trying to put down the riots, mostly by taking hostages and executing them in public until the people quiet down. This strategy has not worked.

Shuruppak wears black robes and a hood adorned with a red skull mask that covers the top half of his face. It is said that he was horribly scarred in battle long ago, but this is untrue. He has been a figure of dread for so long that he considers himself to be The Reaper.

Shuruppak has been given a number of special powers by Gilgeam. As there are plenty of opportunities for player characters to encounter him, his statistics follow:

AC: -3
HIT POINTS: 135
THACO: 1
#AT: 3
DMG/ATT: By weapon + 8
SA: Spells
SD: 50% magic resistance, mirror image (five images) three times per day, immune to enchantment/charm and slow spells.
STR 20 (+3, +8) DEX 21 CON 18 INT 16
WIS 17 CHA 16

Shuruppak typically wields a *two-handed sword* +3 and wears *bracers of defense*, AC 2.

Tiglath

Firetrees
14th-level Priest
N, Tiamat
Human female

Tiglath is the current high priestess of Tiamat. She was once part of Gilgeam's harem; she does not speak of her experiences there, but she is filled with hatred and a desire for revenge against the king. Tiglath's face has a large star-

shaped scar that surrounds her eyes, nose, and mouth.

Tiglath is not an evil woman, which may eventually lead her into conflict with her deity. For now, Tiamat is willing to accept her service, using her hatred to corrupt her and change her to Lawful Evil. She has been close friends with the bandit Furifax for many years and often rides to the eastern Shaar to coordinate his actions with that of the cult of Tiamat.

Furifax

Eastern Shaar
13th-level Fighter
LE, Tempus
Half-elf male

Furifax is the most famous bandit in the southern Realms; he is known for both extreme bravery and ruthlessness.

His plans are meticulous; he is an excellent leader who is respected and loved by his followers. He is also extremely cruel to his enemies, believing that the end justifies the means.

Furifax is a half-elf who strongly favors the human side of his heritage; he has no idea who his parents were, except that they were travelers slain by bandits in the eastern Shaar. He was not slain but raised by the bandits and eventually became their chief. On a raid into southern Unther he was captured and sold into slavery in the royal palace in Unthalass.

When he fell into disfavor with his master, he was slated to face Gilgeam in the arena, but he escaped before the match could take place. He vowed that he would decide the time and place for their contest. He returned to the eastern Shaar, killed several rival bandits, and became the leader of the largest and most successful bandit group.

Since then, he has placed agents in every major city in Unther, inciting dissent and spying on royal activities. He has begun his plan for rebellion, which may succeed. He needs a group of high-level adventurers to face the manifestation of Gilgeam and expel it from the



plane. He has allied with the cult of Tiamat, but he feels that this is not enough.

Furifax is tall for a half-elf, nearly the height of an average man, slim but wiry and muscular. His hair is sandy brown, and his eyes are auburn. He wears a sandy brown tunic and carries a long bow, a *long sword* +3, *boots of striding and springing*, and a *ring of armor*, AC 0.

When opponents surrender, he strips them of most of their weapons, arms, and treasure. He usually leaves them some food and sufficient weapons for them to defend themselves in dangerous territories.

AC: -3

HIT POINTS: 77

THAC0: 7

#AT: 2

DMG/ATT: By weapon +3 (x2)

STR 18/06 (+1, +3) DEX 17 CON 14 INT 17 WIS 17 CHA 16

SD: *Boots of Striding and Springing*

Weapon: *Long sword* +3 (named "The Companion")

Furifax has access to more powerful weaponry, but because he has had The Companion for many years, he would prefer not to have any other weapon; he also calls it "my brother of arms."

Esarhaddon

Greenfields

8th-level Mage

LG, Mystra

Human male

Esarhaddon is the youngest of the members of the Inner Council of the Enclave, the wizards who live on the edge of the Greenfields and attempt to preserve Untheri magic. Esarhaddon is Isimud's apprentice, but he has none of his master's patience. He is filled with hatred for the king and is trying to push the Enclave into military action to overthrow Gilgeam and take control of Unther and rule it as a magocracy.

Esarhaddon is the only one who wants to pursue this; the other wizards,

looking at the example set by Thay, wish to avoid politics. Esarhaddon does have a considerable following among the younger apprentices. His long-range plan is to get control of the Enclave and turn it into a political instrument, but he is so impatient that he may decide to join in Furifax's rebellion and aid them in their battle against Gilgeam. With the permission of the other wizards, he made contact with Furifax. He has solicited a promise that the Enclave's holdings will not be touched, in exchange for a promise that the Enclave will not intervene on the side of Gilgeam.

Esarhaddon is young and impulsive, brilliant but impatient. He is less interested in the pursuit of knowledge than politics, but his elders dismiss this as youthful exuberance. Esarhaddon is a golden-haired Mulan with blue eyes and a somewhat homely face.

Shulgi

Messemprar

5th-level Thief

CE, Mask

Vampire male

Shulgi was once a thief from Cormyr. He was searching an ancient tomb for treasure when the roof collapsed, trapping him with a sarcophagus opened, trapping him with a vampire. The inevitable result was that Shulgi also became a vampire. Shulgi was under his master's influence for several years, until an adventuring company called the Destroyers of Ghosts killed his master, setting Shulgi free. Fearing that he would be next on the adventurers' list of victims, Shulgi fled Cormyr, making his way east. Eventually he settled in the city of Messemprar.

Shulgi poses as a retired businessman, but he still enjoys thieving. Since freed from his master's influence he has not partaken of human blood, but he steals enough money using his vampiric abilities to pay for livestock, whose blood he drains. Shulgi enjoys thieving even more now that he is a vampire. He has begun to set up a

Thieves' Guild in Messemprar.

He is not a particularly evil vampire, but if anyone really annoys him, he'll kill in a slow and evil fashion.

Since he remembers how poorly his master treated him, he doesn't create other vampires. So far no one has noticed that Shulgi is a vampire. He has taken advantage of the riots to loot several places of value, but he feels that the situation is getting so out of hand in Unther that he may leave for Chessenta.

Shulgi is a short, fat vampire, with pale skin (he uses make-up to make himself appear more human) and a stutter.

Skuthosiin

Methwood

Very Old Green Dragon

LE, Tiamat

Dragon male

Skuthosiin, nicknamed "the Venomous" (for obvious reasons) is the greatest dragon alive in Unther at this time (with the exceptions of the incarnation of Tiamat and Guyanothaz, the blind red dragon of Mt. Temmikant). It claims to be the offspring of the infamous Chathuulandroth, who razed the tower of the archmage Nezram in Mulhorand, but no one believes this. Skuthosiin is an extremely egotistical beast that considers itself to be the most powerful creature in Unther, though it is somewhat more humble when Tiamat is around.

Skuthosiin has recently been forced by the cult of Tiamat to join them in their attacks; it serves as the personal steed for Tiglath. This is a recent development. The dragon and its rider are not close friends. Skuthosiin is not interested in politics, just food and a large hoard. The dragon bears a grudge against an archer from Ssintar that once pierced its armor and gave it a pain that lasted for weeks; it intends to destroy every living creature in that city when the time comes.

Skuthosiin is a wily creature. In battle it likes to lure its victims into an unsafe mountainous area, then start an avalanche. It has destroyed several adventuring companies this way.



CULTURE OF UNTHER

“For now, and forever, the world shall look upon the works of Unther and be filled with wonder.”

—Old Untheric saying

Unther is, despite its current low points, one of the richest cultures in the Realms.

In ancient Raurin, even before the war against the gods, there were two distinct nations, which scholars name proto-Unther and proto-Mulhorand. The proto-Unther culture was a more aggressive culture; it believed in achieving absolute supremacy over its dominions. The gods of Unther have, since their beginnings, been uncaring entities (as opposed to the gods of Mulhorand, who are merely neglectful). The philosophy of Unther has always been that life is hard and cruel, and only through hard work and submission to one’s deity can one survive. This seems to be its philosophy throughout history, even before the coming of Gilgeam.

Yet art and culture flourished in Unther, almost as well as in more-prosperous Mulhorand. Scholars debate how a culture whose major concern was survival could possibly produce such art. The answer seems to be that in struggling to survive, the Untheri created tools that enabled them to flourish and develop a wealthy civilization.

Arts that flourished in Unther include ceramics, sculpture, and architecture. The Untheri were not great workers in metals, nor is their land rich in precious stones, like Mulhorand, but in many ways the Untheri were more creative with their resources. Everyday objects like jugs were decorated in beautiful patterns and overlaid with colorful enamels. Walls were covered in mosaic tiles. Glazed inlaid patterns of great animals adorned city gates. There were statues in even the poorest of homes; most of these were idols of local gods who were worshiped in household shrines.

For the most part, art and architecture in Unther was smaller in scale but more inventive than in Mulhorand.

Early in its history, Unther developed the ziggurat, a step pyramid that was sometimes elaborately decorated with art and enamel plates.

Temples were square buildings supported by columns. There were a number of obelisks, tall narrow towers meant to mark important places, commemorate the gods, and serve as look-out posts.

Cities were built with high walls and ramparts on hills overlooking the sea, surrounded by moats of water from nearby rivers.

Horticulture and irrigation was also important to the people of Unther. There are accounts of elaborate gardens, watered by dams on the rivers, which covered many square miles. These arts have been lost, and the ancient dams were swept away by the force of the swift rivers they tried to control.

For centuries, all Untheri except slaves have learned how to read and write. Poetry is especially important to the old peoples of Unther. In Unther, poems are meant to be chanted, along with musical accompaniment (typical instruments include drum, lyre, harp). The lamentation, a verse full of melancholy expressions of sorrows, is an extremely popular verse-form in Unther.

Another popular form of literature in Unther is the epic poem. There are epics that describe the birth of the gods (highly dubious in their authenticity, but beautifully written). The most famous epic is the Epic of Gilgeam, which describes the life of the current king of Unther, and is required to be taught to all of the Untheri.

Gilgeam’s current unpopularity has led to a new and previously unknown form of poetry in Unther—the satire—as poets secretly parody many of the famous passages of the Epic of Gilgeam.

The Untheri are also noted for many books of proverbs and wise sayings.

In many cultures, the works of the ancients are valuable treasures. This is especially true in Mulhorand, whose jewelry and metalwork are considered

to be valuable by the peoples of the west. In Unther, the major treasures—pottery, buildings, and sculpture—are not considered to be valuable by most people.

There are those who admire art for its own sake, however, who consider the sculptures and pottery of Unther to be without equal.

Pursuit of the arts—and war—has always been the foremost recreation of the Untheri. In recent times, athletic competitions have been introduced by Chessentan mercenaries and are becoming popular in Unther. Gilgeam often portrays himself as a perfect athlete as well as a perfect king. In Unthalass, Gilgeam has recently instituted gladiatorial games, in which criminals fight each other for sport. This cruel practice has sickened even some of the nobility.

Clothing in Unther is similar to that in Mulhorand. Nobles do not wear as much jewelry, but their raiment is usually multicolored and displays elaborate patterns to reflect their high social status. Nobles also wear elaborate headgear. The skirt worn by both males and females is often frilled. Untheri males wear long, well-groomed (often braided) beards.

Language of Unther

The language of Unther is called Untheric. It belongs to the same language family as the language of Mulhorand, but it so greatly changed over the course of many centuries that there are now very few similarities between the two languages.

The runes used by the Untheri are entirely different from those used by the Mulhorandi; these runes pre-date their migration from Raurin. Early Untheric writing consisted of syllabic hieroglyphs (runes that represent one syllable, as opposed to the hieroglyphs of Mulhorand, which represent one word) and seems to have had at least minor influence on the alphabet of Thorass (Old Common).



PEOPLE AND SOCIETY OF CHESSENTA

“In Chessenta, the people are incapable of living a quiet life, or allowing others to live quietly.”

—Heptios the Archmage

Unther and Mulhorand are relatively stable and united societies, and the social structure does not vary much from region to region. In Chessenta, this is not the case; each city is a different society and may contain substantial differences in social mix, laws, and character. The peoples of Chessenta are of many races: common humans are the Mulani (Unther/Mulhorand), Turami (Turmish), Rashemi (Rashemen), and Amnite (Amn); there are also more than a few elves, half-elves, half-orcs, orcs, dwarves, and halflings mixed in the cities. Airstpur and Mordulkin are particularly well-known for their cosmopolitan mix of races.

As in the other nations of the Old Empires, there are three social classes: nobility, middle class, and slaves/serfs. The rulers are usually Mulan humans, descended from those who originally rebelled against Unther.

The Population of Chessenta

Chessenta is an ancient land, in many ways the most energetic of the Old Empires. While large sections of the country remain unoccupied (the Adder Peaks, for instance), it is estimated that the population stands at close to 1.2 million sentient beings, including the Flaming Spike orc tribe of the Akanapeaks, whose population is estimated at 50,000 (though they suffered heavy losses in the recent wars in Chondath). Of this population, about 300,000 live in the cities and 900,000 in the countryside.

Given its political divisiveness, there is no standing army to represent Chessenta as a nation. When outsiders threaten Chessenta, the armies of Cimbar and Akanax threaten each other into cooperating; so far this has only occurred on one occasion—when Unther tried to reclaim Chessenta 300 years ago

and failed miserably. There is no central council to discuss Chessentan affairs, though Cimbar sends ambassadors to all coastal cities except Luthcheq. This keeps a dialogue going among the Chessentan cities to discuss trade threats from the North Coast cities.

The social classes of Chessenta are as follows:

The Nobility

The nobles of Chessenta live in rich palaces in large cities. They can be of any class, though given the large number of wars that plague Chessenta, they usually belong to the warrior group.

Whereas Mulhorand worships the divine, Chessenta’s obsession is with physical conflict. Rulers are often retired warriors who place their sons at the heads of the army. They typically rule the city and send troops out into the surrounding countryside to collect taxes; taxes are kept and used by the city, not sent to a central authority.

To be cast out of the noble class, one must be outlawed. The punishment of banishment requires a public trial.

Noble Titles of Chessenta

There is no hierarchy of titles in Chessenta. The rulers of cities are generally known as kings; the Sceptanar of Cimbar uses the title Overlord or Great King to signify his claim as the one true ruler of Chessenta. (Of course, the other kings of Chessenta do not refer to the Sceptanar as the Great King.)

People who perform great deeds on the battlefield are officially known as “Hero of...,” with the name of the battle added to their title. This is considered to be part of their name; those given this title are permitted to add heroic emblems to their shields and wear a copper ring on the third finger of their left hand. It is possible to be a hero in more than one battle, and heroes often receive additional pay as a matter of respect for their deeds. Most importantly, a hero is considered to be part of the noble class; it thus is possible for a slave

to be elevated into the nobility.

To be a hero, one must perform great deeds in battle that are witnessed by a commander of noble rank. The title is not given out as a whim, and there is rarely more than one hero in a battle. Heroism is sometimes given out posthumously; the only benefit such heroes receive is a grave in the noble burial grounds with a marker to recognize their deeds.

There are no special titles for priests or mages, which are not the most respected classes in Chessenta. Both are considered to be less than noble professions, except in Cimbar, which recognizes teachers and philosophers from these classes as the pinnacles of human achievement. There is nothing particularly honorable or dignified about being a member of these classes; it is the act of teaching or philosophizing that is seen as dignified in Cimbar. One must also engage in public discussions and debates between philosophers to gain proper recognition.

The Middle Class

The middle class in Chessenta bears a greater resemblance to the tradesmen, merchants, and farmers of the western Realms, rather than the tightly controlled realms of Mulhorand, Unther, or even Thay. The middle class controls most of the money in Chessenta, and the city governments believe that it is in their best interest to let the middle class thrive so the governments rake in the taxes.

The majority of farmers are freeholders with serfs to help in the fields. Slaves typically fulfill household duties, while serfs are paid minimal wages and given land of their own to use while providing a portion of crops produced on the land to the owner. In actual practice, the differences between serf and slave are minimal.

The only city that places major restrictions on the merchant classes is Luthcheq. Businesses in that city are forbidden to use wizards, shelter wizards, or even have dealings with wizards



outside of the city. The penalties for violating this law are confiscation of all property and possessions and death by witchweed burning as a witch-friend. Merchants usually get around these restrictions by setting up other companies in other cities, selling to their other companies, and then hiring middlemen to sell to wizards. The lords of Luthcheq typically persecute one merchant every ten years or so to demonstrate that their laws may not be flouted. Then they move on to matters of greater interest. Naturally, many traders in the Inner Sea are extremely nervous during their visits to Luthcheq, and some merchants avoid that city altogether.

Members of the middle class in Chessenta typically dress in upper class style, but without royal insignias or signets of heroism. They are clean-shaven and their hair is cropped short. They wear short, white tunics with capes that fall to the knees and cover the shoulders. Only mages and the crippled are permitted to carry staves.

Slaves

Slavery in Chessenta is less widespread than in Mulhorand or Unther; farm workers are typically serfs, not slaves, though the differences are minimal. Slaves are often criminals who are forced into service in dangerous places, such as the mines, or serfs purchased from slave traders (some are Thayvian in origin).

Slavery is considered part of the natural order; philosophers claim that some men are naturally servile, and many of these servile men are slaves. Work conditions among slaves vary greatly.

Slaves in the mines work in a wretched, unsafe environment, but most slaves live hard but not unpleasant lives. It is considered a virtue to reward slaves for hard work or jobs well done; masters can give slaves their freedom at any time. Slaves are not branded as in Unther, but they are forced to wear a thread around their wrists to identify them as slaves. The threads are

easily broken, but escapes are for the most part a very rare occurrence. Slaves may shave or cut their hair, but most masters require them to wear a beard, at least until they are sure the slave will not escape.

Most slaves are kept illiterate, except in the city of Cimbar, where it is compulsory that all citizens and slaves be able to read and write.

Demihumans in Chessenta

The major enclave of nonhumans in Chessenta is the Flaming Spike tribe in western Chessenta. This tribe has a reputation, which seems to be exaggerated, for barbarism and cruelty.

These orcs often raid the cattle and sheep herds on the north shores of the Akanamere, but they rarely attack humans. Most battles between the Flaming Spike and Chessenta have been initiated by Chessenta; the garrison at Rodanar is especially eager to kill them. The Flaming Spike tribe is more aggressive in Chondath.

A number of orcs have left the tribe to become traders in Airspur, where half-orcs are fast becoming the dominant members of its society. Because of this, a large dwarven mercenary company has offered its services to Cimbar, which is currently at war with Airspur. For the most part, however, the orcs of Airspur have adopted human values and compete with human traders for business, not racial reasons. The archmage Heptios says that orcs who adopt human values may be the greatest threat the Realms have ever known.

The second source of demihumans in Chessenta are the mercenaries. While all of the peoples of the Old Empires share a congenital wariness of and unease with all things elven, half-elves are considered to be fully human and are rarely the object of discrimination. Dwarves are also commonly found in mercenary companies, though southern dwarves consider Chessenta to still be part of Unther and thus an enemy. "Even the most drunken dwarf never

forgets, even when he does not remember correctly" is a common (if unfair) saying in Chessenta.

One city that does not like demihumans, as one might expect, is Luthcheq. While orcs, half-orcs, and half-elves are tolerated, full elves are considered to be creatures of magic; any caught in Luthcheq are burned. Dwarves are considered to be earth magicians and also subject to burning.

Naturally, most demihumans avoid Luthcheq, and some demihuman companies have joined in battles against Luthcheq out of vengeance, which has only deepened the prejudice of the lords of Luthcheq against demihumans.

The Society of Chessenta

Chessenta is generally considered to have a neutral society, subject to regional variations. Cimbar is probably best described as lawful good, while Akanax is lawful neutral, and Luthcheq is lawful evil.

In Chessenta, there are a number of motives that drive people. The people of the outside see the Chessentan's feasts and wars and often view them as a riotous, drunken people. While it is true that Chessentans feast and fight often and long, this description misses the fundamental facet of a Chessentan's character-passion. Chessentans are an extremely energetic people who rarely do things except to an extreme. Competition is very important to their way of life, as is art. The Chessentans live for today, but without the fatalism or desperation of those who believe that the world will soon end.

This tendency toward excess and driven behavior enables them to create works of beauty that cannot be found elsewhere in the Realms. It also encourages them to engage in savage warfare with appalling frequency. Chessenta is a land that does not believe in doing anything half-way.



GEOGRAPHY OF CHESSENTA

“Chessenta is a mosaic of a nation that was made by ten different artists, all of them blindfolded.”

—Heptios, mage of Cimbar

In physical size, the alliance of Chessenta is the largest of the Old Empires. However, Chessenta is really a collection of city-states with no unity whatsoever, though each state has ambitions (some would say delusions) toward being the center of this virtually nonexistent nation.

Historically, the border of Chessenta in the west begins at the coast on the edge of the Akanapeaks, the mountains that border the Akanamere. This border goes south to the Adder Peaks, and then runs along the Winding River, Methmere, and the River of Metals to its mouth on the coast of the Alamber. The Untheric city of Messemprar lies across the border on the south side of the river.

The border then shifts northward, following the coast, as far west as the city of Reth. The region between Messemprar and Mt. Thulbane, Threskel, considers itself to be an independent nation, but most consider this area to be part of Chessenta.

Chessenta has numerous geographical regions. In the west are the Akanapeaks, and to the east are the Riders to the Sky Mountains. Between these two mountain ranges are the hills of Maerth, which separates the Adder River valley to the east and the Akanul Plains on the west. Threskel is low plains and beaches, with the exception of the lonely mountain, Mt. Thulbane.

The Riders To The Sky

This mountain chain is on the southeastern border of Chessenta. These are mostly hills ranging between 3,000 and 5,000 feet in height. On the southern end are a number of cliffs that are home to the tuuru, a race of giant bird-like lizards (pteranodons).

Legends exist that in ancient days these huge birds were used as mounts by the warriors of Unther. Given the

size, weight, and strength of the pteranodons, it is doubtful that they could support a human rider; either larger varieties once existed or the legend is a hoax.

There are also the ruins of an ancient aarakocra civilization on the slopes, but this tribe was hunted to extinction a century ago for sport by mercenaries from Chessenta.

The eastern portions of the Riders to the Sky have mostly been cleared, though some bandit and outlaw tribes use them as bases to wage raids on Unther and Chessenta. The western portions, along the edge of the Winding River, are much wilder. There are troll villages, and duergar inhabit underground caverns.

Half-drow who were exiled from Yuirwood long ago are rumored to live among the trolls.

Adder River

The Adder River is a wide, slow, muddy river that runs from the Adder Peaks to the Bay of Chessenta. It is known for the lush vegetation that surrounds it, and its deadly snakes (the king of Unther was once bitten by an adder while crossing this river). It would be easy to navigate, except for the Adder Swamp, which blocks the mouth of the river. The Adder Swamp is known to be home to a community of werecrocodiles, who are very protective of their territory. They are currently at war with a community of wererats.

The Hills of Maerth

Between Akanamere and the Adder River are the Hills of Maerth. These low but rugged hills are known for their rare minerals; a large number of ancient mines dot the surface of the hills.

Recently large tracts of the hills of Maerth were purchased by the well-known plane-wandering archmage Azurax Silverhawk (23rd-level mage), who is seeking a *philosopher's stone*.

The Akanul

The Akanul is the most fertile region of farmland within Chessenta. Large plantations of cash crops line the shores of the Akanamere; these crops are delivered by ship to Akanax and Soorenar. These lands have been farmed for centuries; they deliver over 50% of Chessenta's food supply. Many of the wars that have been fought in Chessenta have been over these lands and access to their crops.

Akanamere

This great fresh-water lake is the largest in the Old Empires. The lake is rich in fish, and its shores are fertile. There is also at least one active pirate vessel active in this area, as well as a family of vodyanoi and a small community of lizard men. Two small trading villages, Oslin and Maerduuth, are situated on the southeastern coast of the lake, while the town of Rodanar sits on the northern shore. The mercenary company, Lords of the Inner Reach, is stationed in Oslin; it has been employed by farmers who wish to displace rival farmers and take over their lands. The river Akax, which runs between the Akanamere and the Bay of Chessenta, is navigable down its entire length by small- and medium-sized ships.

Akanapeaks

These are the highest peaks in Chessenta, with the exception of Mt. Thulbane. The only known passage through the Akanapeaks is the gap of Reth. The western slopes of the peaks are home to a large orc tribe, the Flaming Spike, which inhabits ancient dwarven mines that were carved in the mountains over three millennia ago. The orcs raid into western Chessenta and Hlath and Nun in eastern Chondath.

Bay of Chessenta

This great bay is considered by many to be the best natural harbor in the eastern Inner Sea region. At its northeast-



ern end is the Watcher's Cape, on which stands a lighthouse that is nearly 800 feet high. This light, known as the Drakelight, is lit whenever a fleet of pirate ships is spotted entering the Bay. A garrison of 300 troops, 100 each from Luthcheq, Soorenar, and Mordulkin, maintain the lighthouse and guard against pirate and other attacks. This garrison is well supplied; by treaty all three of the cities maintain their troops here, even if the cities go to war against each other.

Mount Thulbane

This extinct volcano is the highest peak in Chessenta; it is said that the god Asuran, patron of Chessenta, lives on this peak. At the foot of the mountain are the fields of Pryollus, where competitions are held every two years to determine the finest athletes in Chessenta. These grounds are currently being used by the king of Mourktar, who is having an athletic competition to determine who will succeed him (see the "The Name of the Game" scenario).

Cities of Chessenta

Reth

Reth is the westernmost city of Chessenta—a fast-growing port and trading center. It forms a loose alliance with Hlath and Nun to protect each other from attack from the sea, though Reth failed to protect Hlath in recent battles against a powerful netherworld mage named Yrkheteq (see I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*). To the west of Reth is the forest of Nun, which is inhabited by the Autunuk tribe of hybsil.

Reth is ruled by a council of merchants, who keep tariffs here lower than in any other city in Chessenta, which makes it an extremely attractive port. Its disadvantage is its distance from the major production centers, though iron is mined in the Akana-peaks. The city is separated from the rest of Chessenta by the Gap of Reth, which is spanned by a wall (with a gate

for traffic to pass through) to protect from invasion. Being good merchants, the Lords of Reth wish to stay out of armed conflicts. The Wraith of the Inner Sea, a mercenary complement of four large vessels, uses this port as its home base. The population of Reth is 35,000.

Airspur

This trading port was once one of the most important in western Chessenta, but has since been overtaken by Reth. It is still a powerful presence in the region.

Airspur is known (some say infamous) for the many half-orcs that populate it—30% of the population of the city is half-orc. The city is currently in an aggressive phase, having allied with Soorenar in its current war against Cimbar. The city fields an army of 3,000 troops, of which 500 are archers and 500 are cavalry. The city has a population of 20,000. Three notable mercenaries use Airspur as its base—the Sailors of the Crimson Sea, the War-dogs, and the Sunlords. Many of these have fought recently in Chondath and have sustained heavy losses. The lord of Airspur is Khrulis (8th-level half-orc fighter), a crafty and pragmatic, though greedy, ruler.

Cimbar

Cimbar is commonly thought of as the capital of Chessenta, the place set down by the war god Tchazzar as the center of his nation's power forever (or at least for as long as the city's kings could prevent Chessenta from deteriorating into a group of warring city-states).

Cimbar is known for its rich culture. Participation in the arts, philosophy, and music is compulsory for its citizens. The way to eternity, it is said in Cimbar, is through a sound body, an inquiring mind, and a creative spirit. The streets are clean and the buildings are beautiful. Cimbar is the quintessential symbol of a rich, prosperous city in its golden age.

The city is divided into two major sections: Old Cimbar and New Cimbar. Old

Cimbar was built as a port by the Untheri 500 years before the founding of Cormyr. This section includes the Great Palace, the home of the Sceptanar in the shadow of an old Untheri pyramid, many libraries where books and works of art are kept, and the University, the largest center of learning in the Old Empires, larger than even the schools of Thoth in Gheldaneth. Cimbarians brag that it is the largest center of learning in the entire Realms.

There are three sections to the University. There is the college of mages, where magic is studied, the college of sages, where bestiaries and books of facts describe (with some contradictions) every known part of the Realms, and the artist's college, where poetry, painting, and music are taught to dozens of eager students. Studies also include mathematics and astronomy. Cimbar boasts one of the largest literacy rates in the Realms; even slaves are taught to read and write.

New Cimbar is a large cluster of residences and thriving shops. The port is the largest of any in the region. On the outskirts of the city are theaters, where plays are performed, the hippodrome, where horses and chariots race, and the arena, where athletes test their skills.

In spite of its tradition of arts, Cimbar is also a city of warriors. It has the second largest fleet in the eastern Inner Sea (only Thay's is larger), and the largest number of warships at any port in the region. The main enemy of the Cimbarian navy is not Thayvian vessels, but those of the cities of the North Coast; there have been numerous sea battles between Cimbarian and North Coast vessels as both attempt to dominate the seas and the valuable trading route.

The army of Cimbar numbers 15,000, of which there are 100 air cavalry (griffon), 100 mage artillery (3rd to 5th level), 1,300 marines, 9,000 infantry, 2,000 archers, and 2,500 cavalry. The population of the city is 90,000. There are usually at least six mercenary companies in Cimbar as well.



The king of Cimbar is the mage known only as the Sceptanar (15th-level mage); he holds the ancient scepter and crown of Tchazzar and is considered to have the best claim of all who claim to be king of Chessenta. He rules with absolute authority, though a senate elected from the land-holding males of Cimbar meets frequently to make proposals; the king usually at least listens to their advice.

Akanax

South of Cimbar is its philosophical opposite, the harsh city of Akanax.

Akanax is a city of warriors; its male citizens are bonded into the military and trained to be warriors; those incapable of fighting are slain. Men are forbidden to marry before the age of 20 and cannot live with their wives until the age of 30. Akanax scorns the arts of Cimbar but admires its fighting spirit.

The city is organized like a military camp. Women exist to serve the men, who eat at a common mess and train together constantly. Buildings are simple, practical structures without much ornamentation. Much of the population of Akanax lives outside of the city, in fields that have been converted into military camps. Children in Akanax are not raised by families, but belong to the state. Throughout its history, Akanax has had many wars; the Akanul pays regular tribute to Akanax.

Maerduuth was once a large city, until it was nearly totally destroyed in a war against Akanax 50 years ago.

Strangers are only barely tolerated in Akanax, and are generally viewed with extreme suspicion. Because of this, no mercenary companies are based in Akanax.

Occasionally warriors of Akanax desert to form their own mercenary companies; many of the mercenaries in Mulhorand are of Akanaxian origin.

The city has a population of 20,000; this is deceptive, as many of its citizens live in the camps outside of the city on its southern plains. The actual number of people in the region is 70,000. Much

of the city was destroyed ten years ago in a war against Soorenar.

The army of Akanax numbers over 20,000; there are at least 5,000 archers and 15,000 infantry. It has a very small navy of ten warships. The ruler of Akanax is the absolute tyrant Hippartes (19th-level fighter); he is considered to be the finest soldier in the south.

The city is currently at peace, though it expects war with Luthcheq any time now. Soorenar has invited Akanax to join in Soorenar's attack against Cimbar; Akanax is considering the proposal, as well as an invasion of Soorenar that would give Akanax control of the River Akax.

Rodanar

Rodanar was founded by the war god Tchazzar, as Chessenta needed a fort to defend itself against incursions from the orc tribes of the Akanapeaks. Two centuries ago it was a large city, but a war against Akanax destroyed it, and the small town that was rebuilt on the site is a vassal of Akanax. It serves as a trading center for the western interior of Chessenta, and as a garrison loyal to Akanax. It is run in stoic military style by Hyurkes (8th-level fighter).

The town's population is 5,000, of which 1,000 are in the direct service of the garrison.

Soorenar

This large, aggressive port city is at the mouth of the river Akax. The lords of the city are related to the Lords of Luthcheq (though without the latter's homicidal hatred of wizards). They are currently planning a grand alliance to destroy Cimbar and unite Chessenta under Soorenar's rulership. Its allies in this enterprise are Luthcheq and Airspur. It is trying hard to persuade Akanax to join the alliance, though many grudges remain from their last war.

Soorenar is divided into two sections: East and West Soorenar, which are separated by the Akax River delta. Only a

ferry service across the Akax provides transportation between them, as there are no bridges on the river. East Soorenar is the smaller of the two sections; it contains docks, storage facilities, and amenities for adventuring parties and mercenary companies. Most of the people in Soorenar live on the western side, which is heavily guarded.

Soorenar's attitude toward warfare is to purchase victory with money and treasure. It likes to buy the services of high-level wizards and use them to devastate the enemy; it is somewhat at odds with Luthcheq over this practice.

Soorenar's standing army is 5,000, of which 1,000 are cavalry, 1,000 are archers, and 3,000 are infantry. The army has been boosted to 15,000 for the current war against Cimbar. This huge increase has been accomplished by forced induction of its citizens and slaves, as well as the service of 5,000 mercenaries. The lords of Soorenar are Lord Thurik (10th-level fighter), Lady Yashur (8th-level mage), and Lord Brolkchant (8th-level fighter). These are the representatives of the three leading noble families. Any decision regarding Soorenar must be unanimous.

Luthcheq

This "city of madness" is one of the most troubled and destructive in the entire Realms. The lords of this city, the family Karanok, are devotees of the strange deity named Entropy, an entity that is devoted to the destruction of magic. As priests of Entropy, the lords of Luthcheq feel that it is their responsibility to hunt down and slay all wizards, not only within Luthcheq, but all over the Realms.

The lords of Luthcheq pay large bounties for captured wizards, who they burn at the stake in witchweed fires. Assassins in the pay of Luthcheq are stalking a number of prominent targets, most notably Elminster of Shadowdale. The lords have had secret talks with agents of the Zhentarim, in which the destruction of Elminster occupied most of the



discussion, though the use of magic by the Zhentarim and the Red Wizards prevents (fortunately) the formation of two dangerous alliances.

Luthcheq is a member of the northern alliance with Soorenar and Airspur. They have not yet, however, provided troops to the war against Cimbar; secretly the lords of Luthcheq hope that the alliance and Cimbar will destroy each other and allow Luthcheq to take control of the north. Luthcheq claims that it needs all of its troops to defend against Mordulkin incursions; Mordulkin is its historic enemy even from the days before the Karanoks obtained power.

The city is divided into the Port Section, the Trading Section, the Palace Section, the Temple of Entropy, and the Slave Farms, where witchweed is grown.

Priests of Entropy wander the streets carrying censers filled with burning witchweed to purge the city of magic.

The population of Luthcheq is believed to be about 50,000; there is no accurate counting made of the citizens except for the slaves. The army of Luthcheq consists of nearly 10,000 troops, with 8,000 infantry, 1,000 archers, and 1,000 cavalry. The navy consists of 15 large warships. No mercenary companies (or sane adventurers) use Luthcheq as a base; those suspected of associating with wizards are also burned. The current lord is Maelos, high priest of Entropy (18th-level priest).

Mordulkin

This city sits on the eastern shore of the Bay of Chessenta. It is a family enclave, ruled by the Jeeda ever since the rebellion that ousted Unther from Chessenta. The city is ruled by the most powerful mage in the Jeeda family and is a haven for wizards. These things alone would earn it the enmity of the lords of Luthcheq, but the city of Mordulkin has been Luthcheq's major enemy on the trade

routes and on the battlefields, and there is a good deal of enmity between the two cities that predates the rise of the Karanoks in Luthcheq.

Mordulkin is divided into sections which are run by guilds: The merchants' guild runs the merchant district, the craft guilds organize the crafts district, and the builders' guild runs the residential district. There is a central mercenary guild, and all adventuring companies and mercenary forces that enter Mordulkin must register with the guild within 24 hours or face imprisonment.

The city is wealthy and is subsequently home to the largest organized thieves' guild in the south. The second largest port facilities in Chessenta (only Cimbar's are larger) are located here. Mordulkin tries to keep its relations with the North Coast cities cordial, unlike other Chessentan cities. The king of Mordulkin is not interested in uniting Chessenta and will not willingly join an alliance against Cimbar.

The population of Mordulkin is about 35,000. The army of Mordulkin has 8,000 members—6,000 infantry and 1,000 each of archers and cavalry.

For every 100 members, there is also one mage, level 1-5 (roll 1d6, subtract 1, treat all results of "0" as a 1st-level mage). The city has an extensive school of mages, but not as large as Cimbar's. The current king of Mordulkin is Hercubes (12th-level mage).

Mourktar

The city of Mourktar is a free city on the edge of the flat, sandy plains of Threskel. Mourktar claims to be independent of Chessenta, while the other cities claim that Mourktar is part of Chessenta. Since the other Chessentan cities are generally too far from Mourktar to threaten it, Mourktar is for all purposes an independent city.

Mourktar is a small but aggressive trading city. It has a large port facility to handle goods for the farmers and

herdsmen of Threskel. Small mining communities in the Riders to the Sky Mountains sometimes ship their goods to Mourktar, as it is closer than Mordulkin to the major trade centers of Bezantur and Sultim. Troubles in Unther, however, have made the Sultim-Messemprar-Mourktar trade route less attractive to traders in the last century. There have also been major problems with pirates and the sahuagin.

Mourktar is full of traders and mercenaries who hope to profit from the riots of Messemprar, as well as from what they hope will be an upcoming civil war in Unther.

Mourktar's population is 10,000. It has a permanent army of 500 soldiers, and it drafts a force of 2,000 from the city's population and the surrounding region. In spite of its mercantile character, political power in Mourktar is held by the king, who is descended from the lords who led Mourktar's break from Unther. The current ruler of the city is king Theris (8th-level fighter). Theris is dying without an heir, and his god has instructed him to call a tournament to decide who will be his successor (see the "The Name of the Game" scenario).

Thamor

Thamor is a small trade city in the interior of Threskel. It was founded by merchants from Mourktar and Messemprar as a free city where goods could be exchanged between Unther and Mulhorand without duty or tax. Both Unther and Mulhorand objected, so Thamor was forced to abide by the trade laws of the two neighbors.

This certainly hurt its growth, but Thamor is still a sizable settlement of 3,000 people, mostly merchants trading goods with the miners in the Riders to the Sky Mountains and farmers in southern Threskel. The city is subject to controls by Mourktar. Its leader is Leppidon (3rd-level fighter).



CURRENT ECONOMY OF CHESSENTA

“The fields are rich with grain and fruit, the cattle are fat, the mines are rich, and the traders to the North are angry.”

—The Sceptanar of Cimbar

Were Chessenta a united nation under a wise king, it is said that it would easily dominate the Inner Sea area through economics. With the exception of the Greenfields of Mulhorand, there is no region of the Old Empires that is more fertile than the Akanul. The hills and mountains are teeming with valuable metals—iron, silver, copper, and gold. There are forests of fruit—trees and fields of grapevines. In short, Chessenta has all of the materials to be a trading power of the first rank.

However, given the disunity of Chessenta, it is unlikely that this potential southern super-nation will ever emerge; even if a conqueror did unite the city-states again as Tchazzar once did, he could only do so with a war that would devastate Chessenta for years to come.

There is no nationalism. Chessentans pride themselves on being members of their city-states, not of Chessenta. The city-states continue to fight, against each other as well as against their rivals on the North Coast.

This independence applies not just to city-states, but to individual farmers and merchants. Farms are run by a freeholder, who uses slaves and serfs to perform his labors. A farm in Chessenta emphasizes quality over quantity, which makes the produce more valuable. Much of the foodstuffs produced in Chessenta comes from the Akanul; the Akanul feeds Reth, Airspur, Cimbar, Soorenar, and Akanax. (Most cities keep a reserve of magically preserved food in case of war; this reserve can last up to three years.) There are farms north of the Akanamere, but they produce cattle and grapes for export, which brings great wealth to these farmers.

Merchants form merchant companies in one city, and try to ally themselves with the merchant guilds in other cities so they may have a broader market to sell their goods.

Chessentan governments usually place

a 15% tax on all exports, which accumulates as traders travel from city to city. This tax ensures revenue for the cities of Chessenta, which enables them to commission artists to make great statues—or mercenaries to tear them down.

The major imports of Chessenta include horses, which are used by the cavalry of various armies and mercenaries. (Oddly enough, many people think of Chessenta as a center of mercenary activity, so when mercenaries pass through to Mulhorand or Unther, they are always thought of as “Chessentan mercenaries.”) In times of shortage, Chessenta purchases food from Thay. Chessenta also imports slaves and occasionally exports its criminals to Thay to work there. The nobles of Chessenta also import foods and products not common to their land: cheese, pork, glass, and perfumes. Chessenta relies on other nations to supply the bulk of its magical weaponry, and enchanted trinkets from Thay (such as dancing figurines with musical accompaniment) are popular among the nobles.

Most cities have a reserve of treasure consisting of a large supply of gold, silver, and jewelry from the days when Unther first built the cities. This reserve is used in emergencies and enables the cities to pay for high-level wizards to assist them with magic in times of wars. Some reserves of treasure are hidden or inaccessible (see the “The Eater of Magic” scenario for one example).

Some cities have been plundered and have lost their treasure (most notably Akanax). Others are spending it so quickly that they will likely soon run short of funds (Luthcheq is paying large bounties for mages).

The Crafts of Chessenta

Chessenta has several interesting exports. The first is Chessentan wine, which is said to be among the finest in the Realms and is heavily in demand in the west for its rich character. The second is statues and art. The people of

Chessenta, especially those in Cimbar, believe that great art is the highest triumph of humanity. Sculptors in Chessenta venerate the human form, boasting that they have “taken man and made him as the gods.” Chessentan artists receive large commissions to make statues of prominent individuals and give them heroic qualities. Chessentan sculptors typically work in granite, which is imported from Mulhorand; the sculptures are painted when they are finished.

The quality of Chessentan iron is considered to be quite high. It is in demand from smiths in the west. There are also talented smiths in Chessenta who make finished products, most notably in Akanax and Maerduuth. Chessentan gold and silver are major exports.

Sheep are raised for their wool on the plains north of Akanamere. Olive oil is also a major export.

Chessentans rely on a network of merchants to provide them with their goods. Chessentan merchant companies place agents in distant lands to look for new products and markets and to represent the Chessentan merchant guilds to their nobility. There is an alliance between Chessenta and Durpar merchants; since a journey across the Inner Sea is considered to be too long even for industrious merchants, Chessentan merchants buy the surplus of the Durpar merchants and then resell it in Cormyr and Sembia for a large profit.

Coinage

The governments of each Chessentan city-state mint their own coins, typically from silver and gold. The silver piece is called a talent, and the gold piece is known as a drake. The coins are usually traded by merchants; any attempt to debase coins results in the merchants refusing to accept them as payment. Coins are minted with a ruler’s face on one side, and a divine symbol (usually commemorating a battlefield victory) on the reverse.



CURRENT POLITICS OF CRESSENTA

Regional Rulers

The land of Chessenta is controlled by the city-states, which do not accept a central governing body or ruler; the rulers of Cimbar, Akanax, and Mordulkin all claim to be the true Overlord of Chessenta and add this to their other titles; except for the purposes of protocol (where it creates strains between the governments), this claim is meaningless.

There are no regional divisions in Chessenta; city governments claim as much territory as they can reasonably govern, and sometimes more. Where territorial claims clash, there is frequently war. Territories and small communities are usually ruled by a local strongman or council. These territorial governments sometimes offer allegiance to city governments in exchange for troops in times of need. In wartime, the territories are expected to provide troops to the central government, but few ever do (though they complain quite violently when they are neglected by their parent city).

Cities are ruled by their traditional rulers, who are known as kings. The kings must usually listen to the advice of a council, which discusses the city's problems in a private forum. Council members are usually elected from property-holding male citizens. The king can ignore their advice, but when the advice is ignored too often, that king may be ousted from power. Akanax and Luthcheq do not have traditional councils, but they are run as absolute tyrannies with lip-service paid from military subordinates (in the case of Akanax) and family members (in the case of Luthcheq).

The politics of the cities in Chessenta are subject to frequent change. The current relationships between the cities can be described using the following terms:

Subjugated means that another city has gained control over the city being described.

Enemy means the city is at war with the city named.

Adversary means the two cities are

traditional enemies, but they are not currently at war.

Neutral means the cities have no particular historical hatred.

Rival means that there is a historic trade competition between the two cities, but no significant history of military conflict.

Allied means that they are currently allies, but not necessarily strong allies.

All the cities not mentioned in each city's listing are neutral to that city.

Airspur

Allied: Luthcheq, Soorenar

Adversary: Reth

Enemy: Cimbar

Akanax

Adversary: Luthcheq, Soorenar

Rival: Cimbar

Subjugated: Maerduuth, Oslin

Cimbar

Enemy: Airspur, Luthcheq, Soorenar

Rival: Akanax

Luthcheq

Allied: Airspur, Soorenar

Adversary: Akanax, Mordulkin

Enemy: Cimbar

Mordulkin

Adversary: Luthcheq

Rival: Mourktar

Mourktar

Adversary: Aleaxtis (sahuagin)

Rival: Mordulkin

Reth

Allied: Hlath, Nun

Adversary: Airspur

Soorenar

Allied: Airspur, Luthcheq

Adversary: Akanax

Enemy: Cimbar

The current major political question in Chessenta involves the position of Mordulkin and Akanax regarding the current war. Mordulkin is strongly tempted to attack its traditional enemy

Luthcheq, and should Akanax take the opportunity to avenge its losses in the last war against Soorenar, there could well be full-scale war in Chessenta between the Northern Alliance (Airspur, Soorenar, and Luthcheq) and the Triangle (Cimbar, Akanax, and Mordulkin) Alliance. Most military experts believe that such a war would certainly result in the defeat of the Northern Alliance and a hastening of what is viewed as an inevitable conflict between the two major powers of Akanax and Cimbar.

However, the city-states are not each other's only enemies. The cities of the North Coast are bitter trade rivals, but they have their own problems with an attack from Thayvian fire elementals (see the scenario "Fire Time" in FR6, *Dreams of the Red Wizards*).

Unther would like to avenge the loss of its territory, but the Untheric army also has more pressing problems. Should the Triangle Alliance decide to attack, they would probably defeat the Northern Alliance. Such a conflict would divide Chessenta into three powerful political regions: the West Coast, ruled by Cimbar, the East Coast, ruled by Mordulkin, and the Interior, ruled by Akanax.

The following is a brief description of the politics of each of the city-states of Chessenta.

Reth

Reth is ruled by a council of merchants, the leader of which is Murzig Hekkatayn (3rd-level mage). There are a number of important issues that concern Reth at this time:

Separatism: There is a groundswell of support for formal separation from Chessenta to officially become part of Chondath. This initiative is not supported by the council, which believe that the status quo works and that Reth doesn't need closer ties with Chondath.

Orcs: Raids from the orcs of the Akanapeaks are becoming more frequent. There are a number of people who wish to strike back at the orcs. The rulers realize that Reth would be destroyed in a war with the orcs.



Airspur: A number of traders would like Reth to ally with Cimbar against its old enemy, Airspur, in the current war. They believe that they would get a larger share of the merchant traffic with Delthuntle and Altumbel if Airspur suffered a major defeat. The council is strongly against a war with Airspur, if only because wars are expensive.

Likely Course: Reth will stay neutral in the Cimbar-Airspur conflict. They will not attack the orcs, though they will bolster their defenses. Reth will not join Hlath at this time, but close ties will continue between the two cities.

Airspur

This city is ruled by a military council led by the half-orc Khrulis (8th-level fighter). The town was previously a theocracy, belonging to the priests of Bhaelros (known as Talos in the north); these priests sacrificed a maiden every month to their deity and were extremely unpopular. Khrulis and his half-orcs are actually a considerable improvement, though there is a great deal of discontent in this city. Sources of dissatisfaction include the following:

The half-orcs: Many refugees of a bloody civil war between the orc tribes from the Akanapeaks came to live in Airspur. They are not particularly beloved, though they hold a lot of political power. Many humans oppose the war with Cimbar, and believe the half-orcs are sending the humans to die in battle so the Flaming Spike orcs can take over the city. This is actually nonsense, but human bigotry against orcs runs quite deep.

The war with Cimbar: There are many people in Airspur who have friends in Cimbar, and the war is not popular. So far pressure from the military, which is firmly controlled by Khrulis, has kept the peace. But this is not a popular war.

The priests of Bhaelros: To alleviate his present troubles, Khrulis is using the hated priests of Bhaelros as scapegoats. People opposed to his programs are accused of being supporters of the

sacrifice. People who are vocal in their opposition to Khrulis are sometimes charmed into performing Bhaelrosian ceremonies in public. In this way Khrulis can easily discredit his enemies. So far this has worked, but there is a danger that the cult of Bhaelros may become an acceptable opposition force (i.e., Khrulis may force people to join the cult of Bhaelros because it provides the only opposition!). All of the real priests of Bhaelros were killed long ago or fled into the wilderness.

Likely Course: Khrulis is already discovering that he is not likely to win the war against Cimbar. He is also starting to realize that it's ludicrous to wage a politically unpopular war for no gain.

He will probably sue for peace with Cimbar, perhaps offering them military assistance against the Northern Alliance. Half-orc tension will continue to grow, and refugees may flee to Reth or build a new city on the northern shores of the Akanamere. Khrulis will likely survive, though certain anti-orc factions may hire adventurers to assassinate him "to free Airspur from half-orc tyranny."

Cimbar

Cimbar is one of the most stable cities in Chessenta, with very few internal dissents. It is led by a king known as the Sceptanar (15th-level mage), who is advised by a large council.

Despite its relative stability, Cimbar has a few problems:

The war with the Northern Alliance: The current strategy of the Sceptanar is to let the enemy come to Cimbar, use Cimbar's naval advantage to keep the food supplies coming in, and wait for the alliance to fall apart (or for Mordulkin and Akanax to join the war against the Alliance). This is a good strategy but not a popular one, as many feel that the city should go on the offensive.

The Mob: This is a group of peasants and mercenaries and young people who like to get together to listen to demagogues, shout, and occasionally riot, pillage, and murder. This is the

dark side of Cimbar's enlightenment. The Mob members don't see themselves as a problem; instead they think everyone else is the problem. It is fairly easy to manipulate them into violent acts, though they have a strong distrust for foreigners.

The priests of Tchazzar: These priests are proclaiming that Tchazzar will return soon to lead Chessenta into a new golden age. Few people take them seriously, though their demagoguery makes them a hero to The Mob.

Slavery: A number of noted philosophers have been calling for a ban on slavery, which they view as immoral. Most people ignore them.

Likely Course: There is no real challenge to the Sceptanar's authority, unless Tchazzar did come back, which is not outside the realm of possibility since he is not dead (see the "Religion" section).

If no one comes to their aid in the current war, it is quite likely that Airspur will pull out and that Cimbar will then go on to crush Soorenar. The Mob and slavery will continue as they have done for many years.

Akanax

The city of tents, as it is referred to in contempt by the victorious Soorenar, is a military dictatorship. Any who disobey the orders of King Hippartes (19th-level fighter) is either executed or banished. Hippartes wants to stay out of the current conflict for as long as possible, in the hopes that Soorenar and Cimbar will weaken each other. Some generals support an attack on Soorenar, while a few view Cimbar as the major threat and are pushing for Akanax to join the Northern Alliance.

Hippartes's goal is to improve Akanax's markets and complete the rebuilding of the city.

Likely Course: There is no one who even remotely threatens the control of King Hippartes; unless he should die of a disease or in battle, Akanax will remain stable. Akanax will eventually join



Cimbar against Soorenar, but the two cities will argue over the future of that port. There are two possibilities: 1) Akanax allows Cimbar to control Soorenar with the condition that Akanaxian goods pass through without tariffs, and that Soorenar provide financial assistance for the reconstruction of Akanax or 2) Cimbar and Akanax go to war, with the winner becoming the dominant power in Chessenta for at least one generation.

Luthcheq

The city of madness has many political problems, all of them having to do with the mad Karanoks. This clan is determined to push their plan to destroy all mages in the Realms, regardless of how impossible their task may be.

To understand Luthcheq, it is necessary to know the Karanoks. Here is a brief summary of prominent family members and their abilities.

Maelos (18th-level priest of Entropy): He is a bitter old man who sees magic everywhere and knows only one way to deal with it. While he is the figurehead ruler of the city, most of the affairs of the city are run by his son.

Jaerios (13th-level priest of Entropy): Jaerios is the real ruler of Luthcheq. He loves to exercise power. He is not as driven to hate wizards as his father Maelos (though he still believes in the creed of the Karanoks), but he enjoys watching them burn. He is a debauched megalomaniac in the classic CE mold.

Naeros (12th-level fighter): Naeros is Jaerios's son. He is arrogant beyond belief. He loves to walk the street with his personal guard of high-level fighters and priests of Entropy, watching people run away.

Naeros is known as the Marker, because he likes to disfigure his victims before they die. Naeros believes that it is impossible for him to die, and that he can do anything he wants. He is an absolutely evil monster who particularly hates members of adventuring parties. He has been badly spoiled by his father and his grandfather; if anyone should

harm or kill him, the wrath of the entire Karanok clan would fall upon them.

Saestra (vampiress): Saestra, known as the Lady of the Night, was locked in a crypt by her brother as part of a cruel joke and left there for nine days and nine nights before the crypt was opened again. By the time she exited, she was a vampiress. She has successfully concealed this fact from her family even when she manipulated them into killing her vampire master. She has two personalities—one is sweet and totally innocent and loving, and the other is a savage killer. Either personality can come out at a moment's notice, depending on her hunger.

These are only a few of the members of the enchanting Karanok family. The DM can always come up with new members; as one Karanok is killed, a new Karanok will surface to take his place, each more repulsive than the last. There are a number of specific problems that Luthcheq faces that go beyond the Karanoks:

Merchant Revolt: The taxes in Luthcheq are quite high, and the merchants are tired of it. They may soon go on strike and withdraw their services unless the Karanoks agree to lower taxes to the same level as other cities in Chessenta.

The Magus Society: This is a group of mages and mage-friends devoted to the destruction of the Karanoks and to the destruction of the witchweed fields.

They are a secret society; unfortunately they have already been discovered by spies for the Karanoks. The spies are planning to trap the mages, as soon as they make a contact with a powerful foreign wizard.

Border Disputes with Mordulkin: The major enemy of Luthcheq, Mordulkin, is active on the borders of its territory. This could easily escalate into full-scale war.

Likely Course: The Karanoks have made too many enemies. They will be killed, most likely by adventurers trying to rescue or avenge friends. Luthcheq will be conquered by Mordulkin, which may destroy the city to prevent it from bothering anyone again.

Mordulkin

This is one of the most stable cities in Chessenta, ruled by the mage Hercubes of the Jedea family (12th-level mage). This is a large city with powerful guilds, which makes it perhaps the most "western" of all of the cities in the entire Old Empires. Politically, it wants to become the largest power east of the Adder River and develop the region into a city state that will rival Cimbar in wealth and culture. Luthcheq is seen as its major enemy, and the lords of Mordulkin would love nothing better than an opportunity to burn Luthcheq to the ground and sow its fields with salt so nothing could grow there again.

There are a number of important issues in Mordulkin. The most important is the war; even though Mordulkin is not yet involved, the people of Mordulkin for the most part believe that there can never be peace while a stone of Luthcheq stands.

Every day, a mob of hundreds of people march on the royal palace, chanting "We want war!" King Hercubes is hoping that Luthcheq will overextend itself in its war against Cimbar, and then Mordulkin can strike with a decisive advantage.

Likely Course: Mordulkin will declare war and suffer heavy losses. Luthcheq will be destroyed, but those Karanoks who escape the destruction will hire assassins to kill the lords of Mordulkin.

Mourktar

The city-state of King Theris has been a quiet place until very recently, when the king announced his imminent death and a tournament to replace him (see the "The Name of the Game" scenario).

The Tournament: The majority of the guilds believe that a tournament to replace Theris is insane, as Mourktar could be stuck with a totally inept ruler and quickly end up as part of Unther, Chessenta, or even Thay. The army, however, is fiercely loyal to Theris and is willing to put up with the successor produced by a tournament; if he's the wrong man for the job, they feel they can always replace him later.



The Sahuagin: The sahuagin of the kingdom of Aleaxtis are a major threat to the continued safety of Mourktar. They sink trading ships and raid fishing boats and coastal farms. The people (especially fishermen and farmers) are demanding that the sahuagin be stopped.

Theris knows that the city does not have the military might to stop an attack by the sahuagin.

Likely Course: Anything could happen with a tournament deciding the fate of Mourktar. A great leader could bring about a rebirth of trade with Mulhorand and Thay, resulting in renewed prosperity; a terrible leader might destroy the city.

SOORENAR

The rulers of Soorenar are descended from the three founding families that defeated the armies of Unther and pushed them out of Chessenta. Soorenar is an aggressive city whose lords believe that it is destined to rule Chessenta; it is a city of grand, unrealistic designs. Its rulers view Soorenar as the dominant power of the region due to its recent triumphs against Akanax. They believe that once they conquer Cimbar, the rest of the nation will bow to them.

Given that Airspur and Luthcheq are willing to follow its lead, this isn't a total fantasy, but the lords of Soorenar have underestimated the might of Cimbar. They have also seriously underestimated the resolve of Akanax, which Lord Brolkchant believes is a conquered people who will obey their masters in Soorenar when ordered to attack Cimbar. Fortunately for Soorenar, the other lords are less provocative and believe that the cooperation of Akanax can be acquired through diplomacy.

There are no major centers of internal dissent in Soorenar. There is a family of werecrocodiles that inhabits the sewers and comes up to eat people; so far the werecrocodiles just eat peasants and tradesmen, so the nobles have ignored them.

Likely Course: With the war against Cimbar stalled and Airspur's support uncertain, Soorenar will hire high-level mages to attack Cimbar itself. This will likely alienate Luthcheq and antagonize Akanax by bringing back memories of their own bombardment. The war will end in a crushing defeat for Soorenar, the lords will flee, and the city will either be destroyed or occupied. Akanax and Cimbar may go to war over its control.

Laws of Chessenta

The legal system in Chessenta uses a revised version of Unther's Code of Enlil. There is a long list of punishable offenses, but Chessenta adds the concept that a man convicted of a capital crime has the right to defend himself before a jury, which must render a unanimous verdict. According to the laws of Ches-

enta, when a tyrant oppresses the people, a person who slays him is blameless. Some say this is the most enlightened concept of justice in the Realms.

Unfortunately, not all of the cities in the Old Empires follow this code. Sentencing in Luthcheq is decided by the whims of the Karanoks. Sentencing in Akanax is decided by a less-than-unbiased military tribunal. However in Reth, Airspur, Cimbar, Soorenar, Mordulkin, and Mourktar, the revised Code of Enlil is applicable.

Punishments for crimes are not as harsh in Chessenta as in Unther; they consist of four levels: fines, imprisonment, banishment, and execution. Murder and treason are punishable by execution; public troublemaking is punishable by banishment (starting a fight or causing a riot are examples of troublemaking).





RELIGION OF CHESSENTA

"The gods forgive Chessenta, but we have better things to do with our time than pray."

—Hercubes of Mordulkin

Chessenta has no basic alignment; religion is not as important to Chessenta as it is to theocracies such as Unther and Mulhorand. Nonetheless, religious worship has its place in this society.

Anhur

God of Might, Warrior of the South

Anhur is the same deity as in Mulhorand. He has been brought back into Chessenta by mercenary companies who have spread his worship. Mordulkin is its center, but many of the soldiers of Akanax have adopted him as well, though he is chaotic by military standards. His Chessentan worshipers portray him as a southern power, not a Mulhorand deity, and the current persecution of the cult of Anhur in Mulhorand has bolstered his image as a non-Mulhorand deity elsewhere. The priests of Horus-Re do not like this, as it will be harder to displace Anhur from Mulhorand if he has a broad base of worship.

Assuran

Lord of the Three Thunders, God of Revenge, Doombringer, Hoar

Status: LN, Lesser Power, Nirvana

Symbol: Three lightning bolts

The worship of Assuran is an ancient one; he is an Untheric deity whose worship was driven from that realm by the priests of Ramman, but who was revived in Chessenta. The center of his popularity is Akanax, among the officers (many of the soldiers are turning to the worship of Anhur).

Azuth

The High One, Patron of Mages

Status: LN, Demipower, Arcadia

Symbol: A human hand, forefinger pointing upward, outlined in a nimbus of blue fire

Azuth is worshiped by mages in Cimbar and Mordulkin, the two centers of magic in Chessenta. Once every year, his worshipers sacrifice specially created magical items in his honor. His form has only been seen once in Chessenta, in the company of the archmage Heptios. The main temple of Azuth is in Cimbar.

Entropy

The Great Nothing, Swallower of Gods, Magechill

Status: NE, Greater Power, Unknown

Symbol: A field of pure black

Entropy is the deity of the Karanoks. It is an extremely weird entity, a gigantic sphere of annihilation that no force—divine, magical, or mortal—may stop.

Worship of Entropy consists of eldritch rites and human sacrifices, preferably of wizards. Priests of Entropy are brought up to hate magic.

The only known temple in the Realms dedicated to Entropy is in Luthcheq; the temple is encased in a large hemisphere of black glass.

Lathander

Morning Lord, God of Youth, Vitality, Self-perfection, Athletics

Status: NG, Greater Power, Elysium

Symbol: A wooden disk of rosy pink hue, or a statue of two wrestlers

Lathander is worshiped in Chessenta, though not as the commander of creativity (that sphere belongs to Melith) but as the perfect athlete.

Sacrifices to Lathander begin all athletic competitions, and athletes pray to him to ensure that they perform at their best. Lathander is portrayed in statuary as a runner or a wrestler, competing against great heroes. He some-

times comes to test great athletes; he never loses, but if his opponent demonstrates great ability, he grants a boon. Lathander's priesthood is small, but many pray at his shrines.

Tchazzar

Father of Chessenta, the Invincible Warrior

Status: CE, Demipower, Prime Material Plane

Symbol: Red dragon against a mountain

Tchazzar was the father of Chessenta. He was also a polymorphed red dragon, who began an interesting experiment.

Tchazzar believed that if he were to take on human form, unite and rule Chessenta for a time, and then disappear mysteriously, a cult would be created to worship him. It did.

Tchazzar is still alive, and he feels that the power of his followers beliefs will give him god-like powers. Tchazzar is a great wyrm red dragon with the abilities of a demipower (use the incarnation abilities in the "Religions of Mulhorand" section). Priests of Tchazzar may cast only 5th-level or lower spells. Tchazzar's worship is concentrated in Cimbar and Soorenar.

Waukeen

Merchant's Friend, Goddess of Trade, Money, Protector of Traders

Status: N, Lesser Power, Concordant Opposition

Symbol: A woman's full face or profile within a circle of gold

Waukeen is the most popular deity of the middle class in Chessenta. She is worshiped as the protector of traders by traveling merchants, who have spread her worship as far south as Durpar.

There are temples to Waukeen across Chessenta; the largest is in Reth.



PERSONALITIES OF CHESSENTA

Heptios

Cimbar
17th-level Mage
NG, Lathander
Human male

The most powerful native magician in Chessenta is Heptios of Cimbar. Heptios sees himself as a philosopher; he has abandoned the wizard's life to wander the streets of Cimbar and speak to the crowds. Heptios believes that rational thought must always overcome emotion, that passions lead people along irresponsible and dangerous paths.

Heptios is despised by the Mob (and the feeling is mutual); the Mob has tried to kill him several times but, due to his *cube of force*, they have never been able to touch him.

Heptios leads a small band of philosophers, known as the Heptain. They teach about the importance of rationalism and philosophy over superstition. Heptios has been linked to a secret society known as the Numbers Cult, which attempts to translate magic into mathematics and then create equations that will conquer the world. Heptios has disavowed any involvement in this cult, whose basic premise is based on a fallacy.

Heptios lives with his friends in small homes, moving from house to house. He has his own quarters in the University where he keeps his magical items and spells, but he rarely visits it; he prefers the company of people and interesting conversation to the isolation of magic. He is a short old man, fat and bald; he wears brown robes and a hood.

Hippartes

Akanax
19th-level Fighter
LN, Assuran
Human male

The current king of Akanax is its greatest warrior—Hippartes. He first distinguished himself in a number of wars against Maerduuth, and he was responsible for the final victory of Akanax that

brought the city to its supremacy in the Akanamere region. But then Hippartes became involved in politics, fell into disgrace, and was banished from the city. He worked as an adventurer for a time (a profession that he holds in contempt these days).

Eventually he learned that Akanax was faring badly in its war against Soorenar. He gathered together a small army and marched across Unther and Chessenta to join in the battle.

Hippartes then saved Akanax from being totally burned by Soorenar. The ruling council, against the advice of Hippartes, sued for a shameful peace against Soorenar; they were soon ousted by soldiers who made Hippartes their king.

Hippartes believes that through discipline and courage, Akanax can become the major power in Chessenta. He is taking steps to guide Akanax to that destiny over the long term. He will bring Akanax into the Cimbar-Soorenar war, but not before it is to Akanax's maximum benefit. He would like control of Soorenar when the war is over, but if that isn't possible, he'd settle for improved access to trading markets.

Hippartes is a gruff man who tends to intimidate people. He has three sons, Phillipus (10th-level fighter), Cassarian (8th-level fighter), and Themothys (7th-level fighter), who serve as his chief lieutenants. He is a strong man in his early 50s with dark red hair.

Kreodo

Reth
9th-level Fighter/6th-level Thief
N, Assuran
Half-orc female

Kreodo is the leader of the Wraith of the Inner Sea, which is essentially a group of privateers. She began her long career as a slave of the Flaming Spike orc tribes, then escaped and fled to Reth.

After numerous adventures, she made her way to Mordulkin and joined the thieves' guild. She decided that she

would like to live on the sea, so she purchased a ship, hired a crew, and became a pirate.

Kreodo appears to be almost entirely human, with long, black hair and blue eyes (very rare for a half-orc). She is a cruel enemy, but usually treats her victims with courtesy; if they surrender, she'll make certain they are treated fairly until they can be returned home.

Therescales

Luthcheq
3rd-level Mage/10th-level Thief
NE, Entropy
Human male

Therescales is an agent of Jaerios Karanok; though he is a practiced mage, he is a mage who is willing to betray the Mage Society for the promise of power. Therescales (pronounced Thur-ESK-el-eez) poses as a lawful neutral mage in the society. He is urging the society to bring in powerful mages from other nations to deal with the Karanoks (of course he's leading them into a trap).

Therescales enjoys betraying people for fun and profit; he is also a coward who will cringe and confess to anything if threatened with physical force. Since it is likely he will meet characters involved in rescuing friends from Luthcheq, here are his stats:

AC: 1
HIT POINTS: 30
THACO: 16
#AT: 1
DMG/ATT: By weapon
STR 12 DEX 17 CON 14 INT 16 WIS 11
CHA 12
SD: *Ring of false alignment*

Therescales wears *bracers of defense*, AC 4 and has a *ring of false alignment* tuned to lawful neutral; this masks his true alignment and makes any alignment detection magic read lawful neutral.

Therescales is a young, thin blond man (he claims to be a half-elf) with a dark cloak and a dagger at his belt.



MERCENARY COMPANIES OF CHESSENTA

Chessenta is famous for, among other things, the large number of mercenary companies that flock from across the Inner Seas to fight in its conflicts.

Some of the mercenary companies have achieved reputations that have gone beyond the borders of Chessenta. These companies are detailed here.

The Wrath of The Inner Sea

This is a fleet of four ships that serve as privateers along the coast of Chessenta. Their commander is the half-orc "Sea Queen" Kreodo, who is documented in the "Personalities" section.

Her ships are the following:

Sea Queen (dromond): 200 Crew, 50 Marines, and eight 3rd-level mages and five 6th-level mages. This Kreodo's flagship, captained by Kreodo herself. The first mate is Rutters (8th-level fighter).

Sea Horse (dromond): 200 Crew, 30 Marines, and five 4th-level mages and one 9th-level mage. This ship is commanded by Captain Morgalshym (11th-level thief), and its first mate is Brawn (8th-level fighter). The mage is Curnetheres, an outlaw of Luthcheq who decided to join the crew to get revenge against the city.

Sea Jewel (dromond): 200 Crew, 100 Marines, and three 5th-level mages. This ship is a heavy marine support vessel. Its captain is Bendensar (6th-level thief), ex-thieves' guild assistant of Mor-dulkin, and his first mate is Lorien (5th-level mage), a female elf who ran away from Yuirwood for a life of adventure.

Sea Quest (dromond): 200 Crew, 50 Marines, and two 7th-level mages. This is a fast attack vessel whose mages have *gust of wind* spells for the sails; the ship has a reinforced hull for ramming. This vessel is meant to cut off a ship if it tries

to flee. Its captain is Sturion (10th-level fighter) and his first mate is Perithor (7th-level fighter).

When the Sea Queen's fleet gets within attack range of a vessel, they fly her colors (a black crown against a blood red field) and attack. Their favorite tactic is to try to surround their prey from all sides, then close in for the kill.

The Renegades

This mercenary group is formed from soldiers exiled from Akanax. It is led by the infamous Helyos (13th-level fighter, see the "Name of the Game" scenario for his stats). The full complement of the renegades is as follows: 70 cavalry (F3, lance, AC 2 with shield), 20 infantry (F2, long sword, AC 4), and 90 archers (F1, long bow and broad sword, AC 8). Lieutenants of the company include Pyrimestes (10th-level fighter) and Hamilcar (8th-level fighter). There are ten 1st-level mages who stay behind the infantry and cast *sleep* spells behind a shield wall. The company uses heavy warhorses.

The Renegades are known for their ruthlessness when they pillage their victims, and for demanding a high price (double normal price for mercenaries). Their reputation makes them the subject of fear throughout Chessenta. They have no base city; they wander Chessenta in search of opportunity and plunder. They have most recently been employed by Soorenar, though they are currently at Mount Thulbane for the Mourktar tournament, where Helyos hopes to become king of Mourktar.

Sailors of The Crimson Sea

This mercenary company recently saw action in Chondath at the battle of Thurgabanteth and had many casualties.

Their name is an elaborate metaphor: "the crimson sea" refers to a bloody battlefield, and "sailors" refers to soldiers who ply their trade on that crimson sea.

Their current complement is as follows: 60 cavalry (F2, lance, AC 2), 20 infantry (F2, long sword, AC 4), 60 infantry (F3, long sword, AC 2), and 40 archers (F1, long bow, AC 8). Their leaders are Lhrek Jarsyn (7th-level fighter) and his assistant Iarnan Chall (7th-level wizard).

The Sailors pride themselves on being on the "right side" of the conflicts they become involved in, though they never work for free.

The Society of The Sword

This is the largest and most famous mercenary force in Chessenta, currently based in Cimbar. Its complement includes the following: 200 cavalry (F4, long sword, AC 2), 100 infantry (F4, long sword, AC 2), 500 infantry (F2, long sword, AC 2), and 200 archers (F2, long bow, AC 7). There is also a complement of five 5th-level and ten 3rd-level mages, and the wizard Belvorides (11th-level illusionist). The company is led by Stilmus (13th-level fighter) and his lieutenants Thareus (10th-level fighter) and Aronidas (8th-level elven fighter/mage).

The society's first rule is that a good mercenary should be worth twice the price he charges. Stilmus is obsessed with honor and challenges to that honor. He is a hated enemy of Helyos, who was his lieutenant in one of his old mercenary companies; Helyos tried to kill Stilmus to gain control of that company.



CULTURE OF CHESSENTA

“Our love of things of the mind and things of beauty should not lead to extravagance, nor to softness of the mind or body. In Chessenta, we avoid all excesses.”

—Heptios

Of all of the human nations in the known Realms, no other nation has ever achieved the cultural level that Cimbar and many of the other cities in Chessenta have attained. This may seem like an outlandish claim, but even in Waterdeep, philosophy, astronomy, poetry, theater and other forms of culture seem backward compared to the achievements of Chessenta.

The people of Chessenta are known for their confidence and energy. For the most part, this energy is spent on useless wars, as the city-states try to avenge long-ago defeats, or fight to acquire access to trade routes. On the other hand, the peoples of Chessenta, especially those of Cimbar, are filled with a tremendous love of literature and beautiful things, of knowledge and free-thinking.

In the west, exploring the nature of the universe is done in a very practical style: one travels to the outer planes, makes observations, and then writes a treatise to be kept in the dusty library of a sage such as Elminster. In Chessenta, study of the nature of the universe is done in an abstract, philosophical way. One need not wander the planes to discover the nature of things; one can find it in the structure of a blade of grass.

Theater, which is not a major art form elsewhere in the Realms, thrives in Chessenta. Authors produce plays (tragedies, comedies, etc.) for acting companies, which perform for large audiences in the theater districts of Cimbar, Soorenar, and Mordulkin. Poets read poetry in public squares, and philosophers debate in the centers of busy streets.

For warriors, the major pastime is athletic competition, which is extremely important for the people of Chessenta; all wars cease during the

one-week period every two years that the Thulbanian Games take place.

Competitions are always individual events, as Chessentans prefer solitary heroic figures to teams. Champions of the games are great heroes in their home cities; a slave can become as famous as a noble if he performs well.

The most popular sport is wrestling, which comes in two styles: traditional (equivalent to modern greco-roman) and the pankration, which is a combination of wrestling and kick boxing in a fight to the finish; only biting, eye-gouging, and breaking fingers is illegal. Other sports that are popular are chariot racing (over a grueling obstacle course), boxing, running, long jumping, javelin throwing, and the discus. During the nights, poets and theater groups entertain crowds, and there are great feasts. In feasting, even the Mulhorandi are not as adept as the Chessentans.

Though Chessentans are not great monument builders, they are nonetheless considered the most skilled architects in the Realms. Their main palaces

are built in what is known as temple-style: a large square roof supported by elaborately decorated columns. These buildings are typically made from marble or granite.

As Chessenta has a slightly cooler climate than the other nations of the Old Empires, its people are usually clothed in long, flowing robes and tunics. Athletes compete in the nude, which non-Chessentans believe to be very strange (this contributes to the widespread perception that Chessenta is a nation of wild men).

Language of Chessenta

Chessentans once spoke Untheric, but abandoned that language 200 years ago for the common tongue of the west (using a variation on Untheric writing in their written records, though they have reduced the runes to an alphabetical writing scheme). Untheric is often known as a second language, if only to understand ancient writing.





ADVENTURES IN THE OLD EMPIRES

Snake Dance

Location: This scenario takes place in a large city in the west. It is meant to introduce the players to some of the conflicts of Mulhorand.

The Rumor: There is a strange, evil southern cult making its presence known in the west. This group is rumored to be making contact with the Zhentarim and the Cult of the Dragon.

The Facts: The cult is the Cult of Set, of course. Hodkamset, leader of the Fangs of Set, has sent a number of operatives into the west for the purpose of spreading the Cult of Set, and to acquire magic.

In the course of one of their thefts, Mefraset, a female mage, put a *ring of reverse alignment* on her finger, which suddenly transformed her to chaotic good and filled her with loathing for the Cult of Set. She knows many of Hodkamset's diabolical plans and intends to stop them. The other cult members, on the other hand, have figured out what happened to Mefraset and want to capture her and reverse the effect of the alignment switch.

Encounter: The encounter can be one for characters of any level; just adjust the levels of Mefraset and the pursuers accordingly. Low-level characters will be facing ordinary fighters and clerics who are either in the service of the Cult of Set or whose services have been bought by the cult. High-level parties can face minions of Set and a rakshasa.

The characters are walking down the street when a tall, bald woman pushes them aside and runs past them. She is being chased by men who obviously don't have her continued health in mind.

If the player characters do nothing, then they've blown the scenario. Move onto another encounter. If the characters rescue her (and it should be an easy fight at this point), the woman identifies herself as Mefrahur, a mage of Mulhorand, who has been gathering information on the activities of the Cult of Set outside Mulhorand. (This isn't really true, but Mefraset has no idea what she's doing outside Mulhorand in the company of someone as evil as the Cult

of Set; she has made up this story because it seems like the only logical way to explain what happened. She also changed her name, because she cannot see herself as having anything to do with Set.) She mentions the name Hodkamset as the leader of a company of high-level adventurers in the service of Set. She says that they have a scheme to overthrow the pharaoh of Mulhorand and replace him with Set, and that they are looking for magical items to aid them in their conquest. She also tells the characters the location of her hiding place.

At this point, a larger party of assassins attack. Use as many as you need to engage the entire party; Mefraset will run away during this fight. After the fight, the characters can track Mefraset to her hide-out.

In the meantime, the Cult of Set found Mefraset and neutralized the alignment switch. She realizes that she told the PCs too much, and that they must die to protect the cult.

When the PCs find Mefraset, she will pose as Mefrahur, doing her very best to appear convincing in the role. A member of the Cult of Set will appear to be holding a sword to her throat. She casts a spell on the PCs when she feels she can achieve surprise, and the rest of the cult joins in the ambush.

If the PCs have a recurring nemesis from within the Zhentarim, then he may be substituted for the Cult of Set member as the one holding Mefraset "hostage." Or, if you don't want to employ the nemesis here, use one of his chief minions.

This should be an extremely tough fight that the PCs will be very hard pressed to win, all the more so because Mefraset will be using weird southern magic (see the "New Spells" section). If the PCs win, they find Mefraset's spell book, in a totally undecipherable language (Mulhorandi magic, which non-Mulhorandi can read only with a Mulhorandi *read magic* spell), and the *ring of reverse alignment* in a box. They will also have had their first taste of the south.

The Eater of Magic

Location: Chessenta, centering on Cimbar.

(Note: This rumor was first mentioned in the DM's Sourcebook of the Realms, p. 43. It is dated Eleasias [August], Year of the Prince [DR 1357].)

The Rumor: The Sceptanar, self-proclaimed ruler of Chessenta (his home city is Cimbar), has sent an envoy to Sembia, Cormyr, and the Dalelands, seeking word of those who unleashed the magic-eater in Scornubel two winters ago. The Sceptanar has a similar creature imprisoned in an ancient globe in the Crypt Royal. He is offering gold, magical treasures, griffins, or noble maidens of his realm to anyone who can safely unleash the magic-eater without harming the people or treasures of Chessenta. He also wants it returned to its own home plane, or controlled to do his bidding in a certain task.

The Facts: The Sceptanar is less interested in dealing with the creature than in luring adventurers to Cimbar, where he hopes they can be persuaded to help defend the city against its current enemies. If he could get the magic-eater under his control, though, he would be very happy.

The magic-eater is really a hakeashar (see the "New Monsters" section). It is trapped in the heart of a pyramid built in the days when the city was under the control of Unther; the pyramid was a deliberate attempt to recreate the Mulhorandi style.

The hakeashar is trapped in a glass sphere that is welded to the floor; no physical force can release the sphere.

The sphere is directly over a concealed plate in the floor that leads to the treasure vault, which the Sceptanar would like to get into. The plate cannot be opened by physical force or by magic (thanks to a *wish* spell) — this includes *phase door* and *passwall* spells. There is a tiny engraved impression with the coat of arms of Cimbar imprinted into the floor. The plate can only be opened by pressing the royal



signet ring of Cimbar into the floor plate (it is currently on the left hand of the Sceptanar). What riches and dangers lie beneath the plate are for the DM to decide; they should both be very great.

The Sceptanar would like to use the hakeashar as a weapon in the current war. He is also worried that the creature might fall into the hands of the lords of Luthcheq, who hate magic and would do anything to get their hands on a creature capable of destroying magic. If the characters succeed in their quest, they will find that the Sceptanar is a fair man, but rather stingy; he would prefer to short-change the characters as opposed to cheating them entirely out of their reward.

Rage of Dust

Location: Klondor, Mulhorand, Plains of Purple Dust

The Rumor: A swirling sandstorm has formed in the heart of Raurin, the great desert, and is said to be heading northeast into the Plains of Purple Dust. The storm is nearly a dozen miles across. Some say this is the coming of the dreaded skriaxit, the storm of death, and some are leaving the Great Vale for safer ground.

The Facts: The dust cloud is indeed the skriaxit; in fact, it is a full strength skriaxit storm with 18 members.

The black storm has generated a large sandstorm around it. It is carrying that dust with it as it heads toward the Great Vale. It will strike the town of Klondor in a week's time, undoubtedly killing everyone in the town unless it is stopped.

The skriaxit has a reputation for slaughtering mages and warriors of extreme power. The PCs should be warned, very strongly, that the skriaxit has been known to swallow parties of extremely well-armed, high-level adventurers. If the PCs ignore that warning, well, it is their choice to walk into almost certain death.

There is an easier way to still the skriaxit. The skriaxit loves to cause

death and destruction, but is not necessarily very discriminating about what it kills, except that the victims should be reasonably intelligent mammals. If the PCs were to drive a very large herd of cattle or pigs into the heart of the storm (at least 5,000 head), that would be sufficient to quiet it.

Where can the PCs get this information? The priests of Thoth might know. To get access to the priests of Thoth, the PCs may need the assistance of Hethhab, the Defender of the Eastern Way, a man in the service of Anhur who is very concerned about the skriaxit.

Hethhab is really an incarnation of Anhur (see the "Personalities of Mulhorand" section); as such, he can get the players access to Tholaunt, incarnation of Thoth, in Gheldaneth.

The answer is not written in the tomes of Thoth, but Tholaunt, incarnation of Thoth, says that there is a legend that the archmage Nezram once quieted a skriaxit without being harmed; this knowledge might be known to the Nezramites, the descendants of Nezram.

The PCs would have to travel to the Plains of Purple Dust, where the Nezramites live, and persuade them to tell them how. There is one problem—the Nezramites don't like strangers! It is up to the PCs to figure out a way to deal with their hostility, then get enough animals together to stop the skriaxit.

Optional Complication: When the PCs feed the skriaxit a herd of animals, it is not enough. That is when Hethhab, the incarnation of Anhur, reveals himself for what he truly is. He and his minions ride into the heart of the storm; before he rides he asks the PCs to stay out of the storm, but to ride to Sultim to tell his priesthood of what happened. A minute after Hethhab rides into the storm, it is stilled. The deity and his minions are dead.

Rezim's spies learn what happened. Rezim worries that if the priests of Anhur learned that an incarnation of Anhur died a heroic death while on a suicide mission that Rezim gave him, there will be open warfare as the Anhurites

try to avenge their martyr's death. Rezim will try to bribe the PCs not to fulfill Hethhab's dying request; failing that, he'll hire assassins to deal with them. If this also fails, he will have the PCs outlawed to make their words seem less credible. It is up to the PCs to escape with their hides and integrity intact.

Magic Quest

Location: Outer Sultim

Rumor: A rather shady merchant named Verdegond claims that he has a spell book with translations of over a dozen Mulhorand magical spells into the magical language of the west. He is willing to sell this book to the highest bidder. He is currently in Outer Sultim, where he plans to make the sale.

The Facts: The majority of these spells are variation of the *cantrip* spell, which has no real value. However, there are at least five Mulhorand magical spells, including the extremely valuable *read Mulhorand magic*. It is worth a lot.

There are several complications. The priests and mages of Thoth are after it, and they are very upset. Agents of the Thay Zulkir Lauzoril are also after the book. The player characters are going to have to deal with them and Verdegond, who has a habit of stealing back his sales and selling them twice.

This scenario should keep the player characters on their toes, as fake spell books, angry mages, and deadly assassins await at every turn. Every time they turn around, there is someone with a sword or staff pointing at them saying: "Okay, pal, where's the book?" If the DM desires, the chases can take on comic overtones, but the scenario—and the prize—is a very serious one.

Terrible Swift Sword

Location: Shussel, Unther

Rumor: Mysterious murders have been taking place among the merchants in the city of Shussel. There is one report which claimed that a sword without a wielder slew one of the



merchants, then flew into the shadows and could not be pursued.

The Facts: Havell (4th-level fighter), a merchant from Shussel, has a fanatical hatred of travelers from other lands (such as Durpar) who exposed him as a fraud and drove him out of business. He discovered a cache of magical potions that enable him to turn ethereal for 1d4 +1 hours. These potions also enable him to handle objects that are not ethereal as long as they remain in the Prime Material plane.

Thus Havell can wield a sword and the sword appears to be wielding itself.

Merchants may hire player characters to serve as bodyguards. The characters will be hard-pressed to defeat a sword whose wielder is ethereal, whom they cannot harm except from the Ethereal plane (give Havell a +4 attack roll bonus with the sword while he's ethereal).

They might talk to relatives of the sword's victims, who would likely name Havell (among others) as someone who held a grudge against the victims. A search of Havell's quarters uncovers the potions.

City On The Edge of Oblivion

Location: Messemprar, Unther

Rumor: There is trouble in Messemprar, one of the major ports in Unther, due to severe food shortages. Ships bearing food to Messemprar can make a big fortune, if they can get past the sahuagin and the pirates and make it into port.

The Facts: This scenario can begin at any coastal city on the Inner Sea, such as Selgaunt, Suzail, Procampur, or Telflamm. The player characters could purchase a ship, buy lots of grain and other foodstuffs, and then make the perilous voyage to Messemprar. Or the player characters might sign on for such a voyage with a merchant captain.

During the voyage, the player characters have to deal with the dangers of the Inner Sea. The crew could have an evil

sailor on board who is urging them to mutiny and sell the cargo to his masters (the pirates or the Red Wizards). Pirates might attack, sahuagin might try to board the ship and capture it. This is up to the DM.

When the ship gets to Messemprar, there are two Unther naval boats with orders to board any ship that tries to enter the harbor of Messemprar. They are also instructed to sell the survivors of its crew into slavery (the crew knows of this policy). The ships are too far away for the Northern Wizards to assist; the PCs must defeat the Unther vessels on their own.

If the ship makes it into Messemprar, the PCs find that they are already too late. The food riots have escalated into a full-scale revolt; the authorities of the city are either dead or under siege in the palace district. The hungry townspeople try to seize the ship, distribute its cargo, and impound the vessel.

Any resistance results in the player characters becoming hunted by the rebels. The player characters might find sanctuary with the Northern Wizards' Guild, but then maybe the elders of the guild are murdered one by one. The PCs are (naturally) the prime suspects. Can they clear their names? Can they escape the madness of Messemprar? These questions can only be answered by the ingenuity (or lack of it) of your players during the campaign. "City On The Edge of Oblivion" is intended as a novel-sized adventure for the characters.

The Weed That Kills

Location: Luthcheq, Chessenta

Rumor: The lords of the city of Luthcheq in Chessenta are mad (in Chessenta this is not considered to be rumor, but fact). Their goal is the destruction of all magic, and the painful deaths of all who wield magic.

Their agents are suspected of kidnapping some of the most powerful mages in the Realms, intending to burn them to death in a big bonfire.

The Facts: This rumor is absolutely accurate.

This scenario is a "friend in need" scenario: the PCs are friendly with a mage who has been kidnapped. The kidnapers were spotted chartering a ship to somewhere east in the Inner Sea region. To rescue their friend, the PCs must get their own ship and chase after the kidnapers. They may pick up the trail of the kidnapers at several ports, but for maximum dramatic effect the chase should end in Luthcheq, with the PCs arriving just hours before the burning is to take place. The PCs then have to sneak into the castle where the wizards are being held captive, free them, and escape.

Aggressive PCs might want to slay the royal family of Luthcheq, which will create a rather large vacuum in the politics of Chessenta. But this wouldn't be the first time that adventurers changed the destiny of a nation, and it would be hard for any new ruling family to be worse than the old one.

The Name of The Game

Location: Mourktar, Threskel, Mt. Thulbane

Rumor: Theris, king of Mourktar, is dying and he has no heir. On the instructions of his god, Assuran of the Three Thunders, he is leaving his throne to the most worthy successor. To find this successor, he is holding a tournament of athletic skills at the base of Mount Thulbane. This tournament is open to any who choose to participate. The winner of this tournament will be the new king.

The Facts: There is indeed a tournament to be held by the slopes of Mt. Thulbane. It is open to both human and half-elven men and women; women are forbidden to compete in boxing and wrestling and thus labor under a handicap. To qualify, one's Strength and Dexterity must both be 14 or better; each competing character must also roll a Strength check and a Dexterity check



(roll 1d20 for each). If either roll fails, the character fails to qualify.

The events in the tournament are wrestling, discus-throwing, running, chess, boxing, swimming, jumping, riding, archery, and charioteering.

Whoever gets first place in each event receives five points, whoever gets second place gets two points, and whoever finishes third gets one point.

The two competitors with the highest point total must then meet in a duel to decide the winner.

The winners of these events are usually judged by rolls against their proficiency scores. A failed skill roll means that the character loses the event. If the character succeeds with his roll, he records how much he exceeded what he needed to roll. If, for instance, Sir Jheol needed a 16 to make his Charioteering proficiency, and he rolls a 5, he made his roll by 11. If no other person made his roll by more than 11, Sir Jheol would win the contest.

Throughout the event descriptions, the term "Difference Score" (DS) will be used to mean the difference between the score needed to succeed and the actual roll of a successful check. In the preceding example, Sir Jheol's DS is 11.

Some characters have no proficiency with the skill in question. In this case, take the appropriate ability score and halve it (round fractions down) to get such a character's score in the proficiency. For example, a chess player needs the gaming proficiency. Tendros doesn't have it. He has an Intelligence (the necessary attribute) of 15. His proficiency score is therefore 7.

Since there should be 64 competitors (including any PCs who are in the contest; see the "Running the Tournament" section) entered in each event, this rolling could get very tedious. As an alternative, assume that each PC entered has a 2% chance of finishing in each scoring position (i.e., roll percentile dice; a roll of 01-02 means that PC came in first, 03-04 means he came in second, and 05-06 means he came in third. If more than one PC ends up in a particular scoring position, just give each PC

the points for that position).

If no PCs are entered in the competition, then it really doesn't matter who wins (unless the PCs know someone in the contest). Just give the players the impression of exciting contests and many deeds of skill and valor, then just make up a winner and move on to things the players are more interested in.

Magical aids are forbidden in this contest. All contestants are forbidden from having magical assistance. If such is discovered, the character is disqualified. All characters are inspected for magic before the contest (with a weapon or wand that has the detect magic ability); if magic is detected, the character is disqualified.

Rules for Competition

Wrestling: This contest is resolved using the nonlethal combat system (2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*, pages 97 and 98).

These matches are of a very brutal style called the pankration. When an opponent is knocked unconscious, the match is over. All damage sustained is healed by priests.

This event is done tournament-style, with winners fighting winners until the final round, and a consolation match between the two semifinalists. The losers in the first round of the wrestling match are eliminated from the entire tournament.

An optional rule: One round after being put in a hold, a character may break out of it by rolling a Strength vs. Strength check. Both competitors must roll Strength checks; if the person in the hold succeeds and his DS exceeds his opponent's, the hold is broken.

Discus-Throwing: This is purely a Strength check. There are three throws; any who fail even one check are out of this event (any who fail two checks are out of the competition entirely). If all three checks are successful, the Difference Scores are added together, plus the character's level if he is a member of the fighter class. The highest score wins.

Running: Characters must make a long distance running check. Highest DS wins.

Note: Unless a runner is protected by his comrades, friends of one of the other competitors will try to cheat, giving a -5 penalty to the unprotected character's roll.

Chess: This contest is a straight gaming proficiency check (1d20 vs. each character's Charisma).

Boxing: This contest uses the nonlethal combat rules on pages 97 and 98 of the 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*. The object is to knock the opponent unconscious. This event is done tournament-style, with winners fighting winners until the final round, and a consolation match between the two semifinalists. The losers in the first round are eliminated from the rest of the tournament.

Swimming: Those competitors without the swimming proficiency cannot compete. Each contestant makes two swimming proficiency checks; if either fails, the character is out of this event. The two DS's are added together to determine the winner.

Jumping: Competitors are performing a running broad jump (see the jumping proficiency in the 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*, page 61). Highest jump wins. Characters without this proficiency cannot win.

Riding: This is a long-distance event; characters must ride bareback and unarmored. They may provide their own horse, or ride steeds provided by the Mourktarians. There is an assassination attempt against the current top two leaders of the competition. They must fight against the assassins, and suffer a -1 penalty to their proficiency check for each round they spend in battle.

All except those prominent characters who are designated as cheaters have a -3 penalty to their riding check; highest DS wins.

Archery: This competition uses the composite long bow (appropriate non-proficiency penalties apply).

Characters must hit AC -4 to score a bull's eye; the character with the most bull's eyes in 20 shots wins.



Charioteering: The eight highest scoring contestants qualify for the final event—the chariot race. It can be resolved by making charioteering checks and seeing who has the highest DS, or it may be resolved using a more complicated system.

The DM uses a copy of the chariot race oval provided on the back of the cover. Place figures or other pieces to represent each rider and position them on spaces 1 to 8 (starting positions go by DS score totals coming into this event—highest total in position 1, etc.).

There are ten laps; after each lap, each chariot's position changes as follows:

Successful Charioteering Checks *

DS **	Position Change
12+	Gain 3 Rows
7-11	Gain 2 Rows
3-6	Gain 1 Row
0-2	No change

Failed Charioteering Checks *

Roll Failed By	Position Change
1-2	Lose 1 Row
3-4	Lose 2 Rows
5-6	Lose 3 Rows
7+	Crash!

* A roll of "20" always fails and always loses at least three rows (and may cause the chariot to crash, if a roll of 20 indicates failure by 7 or more). A roll of "1" always advances the contestant three rows.

** This is the DS for this lap's roll only.

For example, Milfur of Chondath has a Dexterity of 13, which (with the charioteering proficiency's +2 modifier) gives him a charioteering proficiency of 15. He is in 5th place at the start, which means his marker is on the #5 space. After the first lap, he rolls a 4, for a DS of 11. Checking the above chart, Milfur advances two rows, to the row of position 3.

Up to three chariots can be in each row, one per lane. If there is another chariot already in lane 1 of row #3, then Milfur can move to lane 2 or 3 of row

#3. If there are already three chariots in row #3, Milfur cannot advance (by the same token, if a chariot loses ground but the row it is supposed to fall back to is filled, it does not fall back).

Charioteering checks are made in order from the front of the pack to the back (i.e., the lead contestant rolls first and moves, then the second-place contestant, etc.).

Contestants can advance beyond row #1 and they can fall behind row #8.

If two chariots are in adjacent lanes, they may attack each other after all contestants have rolled their charioteering checks for that lap. The only weapons available are whips, which are supposed to be used on horses. Due to the difficulty of the attack (chariots bumping, opponents also attacking, having to steer, etc.), the targets of whip attacks are considered to be AC 0). If an attack is successful, the victim must roll a successful charioteering check to prevent the chariot from crashing.

Example: Murzul of Thay is in Position 1, Lane 1. Milfur of Chondath is Position 1, Lane 2. They may attack each other. Naturally, they both do. Milfur misses but Murzul hits. Milfur rolls a successful charioteering check and avoids crashing.

A charioteer, if he wishes, may voluntarily reduce any gains made on his charioteering check or even move back one row to make an attack against another charioteer. For the chariot to voluntarily move back, it must be able to fall back to the position directly behind it, staying in the same lane, to make the attack.

It is possible for someone in lane 1 and someone in lane 3 to both attack someone in lane 2.

If a chariot crashes, the charioteer suffers 1d4 points of damage, plus 1d8 points if there is a chariot in the lane directly behind him.

If all but one contestant are out of the race before the last lap, the last remaining contestant is the winner. The last contestant eliminated would come in second place, and the next to last to be eliminated would end up in third place.

If two or more chariots are tied for a position, the inside chariot wins.

The Final Duel: This is meant to test the combatants' ability in a real fight.

Both contestants must agree beforehand that the loser's body will be burned and placed in an anti-magic field so he can never be resurrected; this fight is to the death. A contestant may back out of the duel beforehand and forfeit his claim. Theris, king of Mourktar, believes that the crown should be worth the ultimate risk, and that anyone who wants it must be willing to accept that risk.

If one of the contestants forfeits, the character who is in third place may challenge.

Running The Tournament

DMing a tournament of this size is a major undertaking. A DM must have a roster of at least some of the major contenders for the tournament; examples of four of these competitors with all necessary information is provided below.

Allow 64 competitors to compete in the tournament at the start. At least 32 will be eliminated in the wrestling, and another 16 in the boxing. A list of at least 16 contenders, including PCs, will be useful. When running the first two rounds of boxing and wrestling for the PCs, use the following table. After that, roll randomly and fill out the final 16 positions:

- 01-60 Easy opponent (1st- to 3rd-level fighter, Strength 14-15). Should be a victory.
- 61-85 Tough opponent (4th- to 6th-level fighter, Strength 16-17). A tough fight.
- 86-00 Major opponent. Roll randomly on the list of tough guys.

If the DM trims down the list to an elite of 16 competitors, it should be less cumbersome to score the tournament, and easier for each competitor to come across as a distinctive personality.



It should be noted that this need not be the only thing happening during the tournament. Players who are not involved can make deals with other non-competitors, make friends, place bets on the competition, pick pockets, or watch out for sneaky plots. The throne of Mourktar is at stake, and there are a lot of people who will do anything to get it.

The tournament is an opportunity for the DM to introduce new friends and enemies to the player characters. Let the characters role play and interact with other characters.

Prominent Contestants: The following are men who are major contenders for the crown:

Therihab (Mulhorand, 9th-level paladin): He is cousin to the current incarnation of Osiris. He is an extremely honorable man, if aloof, and a fierce competitor. LG, STR 17 (+1, +1) DEX

16 CON 14 INT 13 WIS 16 CHA 17, hp 79, THAC0 12, NWP: Riding 19, Charioteering 18, Swimming 17, Etiquette 17, Riding (airborne) 14. No missile weapons. Will not cheat.

Helyos (Chessenta, Akanax, 13th-level fighter): Helyos is a mercenary for hire. He is considered one of the toughest fighters in Chessenta, and one of the meanest too. Under his rule, Mourktar would become a haven for pirates. N, STR 18/70 (+2, +4) DEX 14 CON 17 INT 10 WIS 12 CHA 14, hp 89, THAC0 8, NWP: Riding 15, Charioteering 16, Swimming 18, Blind-fighting, Gaming 10 (with chess). Weapon specialist in long sword, proficient with composite long bow. Will cheat.

Nebuseddar (Unther, 11th-level fighter): While Gilgeam didn't wish to leave his kingdom, he welcomed the opportunity to add Mourktar to his king-

dom once again, and he sent one of his finest champions. Nebuseddar's high characteristics are a divine gift. LE, STR 19 (+3, +7) DEX 18 CON 17 INT 14 WIS 10 CHA 13, hp 104, THAC0 10, SA +2 to attack roll with all wrestling moves, -2 on initiatives for wrestling, NWP: Charioteering 20, Riding 13, Swimming 19. Is not proficient with composite long bow. Will cheat.

Sorn (Thay, 14th-level fighter): Though he is posing as a simple trader, Sorn is really a servant of Lauzoril, a Zulkir (Red Wizard) of Thay. His orders are to win the crown or assassinate the winner. CE, STR 18/55 (+2, +4) DEX 16 CON 15 INT 10 WIS 12 CHA 15, hp 74, THAC0 7, NWP: Charioteering 18, Riding 14, Swimming 18. He is proficient with composite longbow. Will definitely cheat.





SOUTHERN MAGIC

"Magic is the essence of life"

—Saying of the priests of Thoth

Spells from southern nations, such as Thay, Mulhorand, and Unther, have always been a source of dread and superstition to the peoples of the north. The reasons for this fear are clear. Southern magic is strange and powerful; northerners who battle a party of southern mages should be ready to face spells they have never seen before.

There is one fundamental difference between the magic of the south and that of the north: its writing system, known as the Thoth mage-script.

Following the rebellion of the Red Wizards of Thay, the priest-mages of Thoth decided to create a new magical script with which to write their spells. This writing was meant to prevent the Red Wizards from learning the priests' secrets.

This writing is undecipherable to a standard *read magic* spell. A *read southern magic* spell is required to perform this function; these can be learned only from southern mages. Since the creation of mage-script, it has spread and been adopted as a standard by all mages of Mulhorand and Unther, and by some in Chessenta. While southern mages also have standard *read magic* spells, these are rarely used.

Southern mages have all spells listed in the *Player's Handbook*, but none listed in the *Magister* or other FORGOTTEN REALMS™ modules.

Southern mages have developed many spells that are not known elsewhere in the Realms. Most of these spells were devised by the priest-mages of Thoth during the reign of the Mulhorand Pharaoh Thothibistep II, following the loss of Thay to the Red Wizards. Some of these spells are described in the following section:

Wizard Spells

Level 1	Level 2
Barrier	Damage Mirror
Breathe	Move Object
Ignite Flame	Run

Ladder
Ward

Level 3
Foothold
Prot./Telekinesis
Target
Witchweed

Level 5
Deathguard
Etherealness
Mummy
Sandstorm

Level 7
Resist Injury
Time Loop
Trick

Level 9
Army
Call
Soul Shift

Priest Spells

Level 1
Beckon
Cleanse
Stumble

Level 3
Detect Ambush
Detect Curse
Chill

Level 5
Major Curse
Summon Minion

Level 7
Bane
Timewarp

Italicized spells are reversible.

Wizard Spells

First-Level Spells

Barrier (Abjuration)

Range: Special
Components: V,S,M

Thunderball
Tumble

Level 4
Agitate Wounds
Comm. Elemental
Dune
Slumber

Level 6
Enfeeble
Javelin
Reverse Missile
Worship

Level 8
Bombard
Deathbolt
Devastate

Level 2
Inscribe
Omen
Stormvoice

Level 4
Animal Vision
Thunderstroke
Weapon Immunity

Level 6
Dying Curse
Resist Magic

Duration: 2 rounds/level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: 10' radius
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster to create a magical barrier that protects him from damage. This barrier is a magical wall that surrounds the wizard in a ten-foot radius. This wall can withstand 5 points of damage per level of the caster, to a maximum of 25 points, before it goes down and attacks may go through. The wizard may not cast spells that cause hit point damage through the barrier, nor may he physically attack through the barrier.

The barrier is considered to have the caster's Armor Class, but it does not get a saving throw against spells—it automatically suffers full damage from spells. (But, if a spell knocks down the barrier, the wizard within is entitled to a saving throw vs. the excess damage.)

The material component for this spell is a piece of jade or amethyst worth 50 gp or more; this is consumed in the casting.

Breathe (Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 2 rounds/level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the creature touched to breathe normally in places where it would normally suffocate (in water, under an avalanche, while buried by a sandstorm, etc.).

The material component for this spell is a cloth that must be held over the caster's mouth during the casting of the spell.

Ignite Flame (Evocation)

Range: 10 yards
Components: V, S
Duration: 3 rounds or less
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: Negates



With this spell, a wizard can create a small area of hot flame, typically a three-inch-square area. If cast on exposed flesh, this causes 1d3 points of damage per round for three rounds before being extinguished. The victim may put out the flames by spending one round smothering them (he receives damage for that round, but the flames are automatically put out).

If this spell is cast on flammable material, it grows into a small fire, automatically destroying flammable materials such as paper, causing exposed flasks of oil to explode, and creating a bonfire. These targets still receive a saving throw.

The fire produced by an *ignite flame* spell is considered to be normal, not magical, fire.

Ladder (Alteration)

Range: 20 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

By means of this spell, the caster creates a firmly anchored ladder of force, one foot wide, and ten feet long, + ten feet per level of the caster, to a maximum length of 60 feet. This ladder is easy to climb (no Dexterity check is required). This ladder may be used to climb walls and pits, or it may be laid horizontally and used to cross chasms.

The material component for this spell is a knot of wood.

Ward (Enchantment)

Range: 0
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 2 rounds/level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: 10-foot cube
Saving Throw: Negates

This spell enables the caster to set up an area with an invisible magical barrier. Those who enter the warded area have

a strong compulsion to turn back and not pass through again (a successful saving throw vs. spell is required to avoid retreat). Creatures of 5 Hit Dice (or levels) or more are unaffected.

Anyone with magical protection from fear may pass through without having to roll a saving throw. This spell does not affect undead of any level.

The material components are the feathers of a vulture.

Second-Level Spells

Damage Mirror (Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level + Special
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: 10' radius
Saving Throw: None

This spell is the bane of those who like to melee wizards. If a *damage mirror* spell is active, the wizard is not protected against attack, but if the wizard is struck by a weapon, every creature within a ten-foot radius of the wizard suffers an identical amount of damage. Thus an archer firing at range against a wizard is not affected, but a swordsman ten feet away from the wizard is. This spell affects all creatures within that ten-foot radius, including the caster. The spell is canceled once it has been triggered; if the opponent has multiple attacks in that melee round, only the first successful attack triggers the *damage mirror* spell. This spell is not affected by spells or magical attacks, except for *dispel magic*, which has a normal chance of negating it.

If the caster is somehow immobilized and then assassinated by an instant kill attack (e.g., slitting his throat), the assassin is also affected (he will kill himself as well as the wizard), but he may roll a Dexterity check to avoid killing the wizard when he realizes what is happening.

The material component for this spell is crushed glass from a broken mirror.

Move Object (Alteration)

Range: 10 yards
Component: S
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: 1 object
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster to point to a single small object and move it. The wizard may move an object weighing up to two pounds per level. He cannot perform complex movements with this spell (he can pull a dagger from its sheath, provided that it is not chained, but he cannot unbuckle and unloop a belt). A wizard can use this spell to activate levers from a safe distance. This spell cannot be used to animate weapons and make them attack from a distance.

Run (Alteration)

Range: 60 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 2 rounds/level
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell causes a single creature to run at triple ground movement. Thus a creature with a normal running movement of 12 will have a ground movement of 36 while under the effect of this spell. This spell can affect any creature, including horses and summoned creatures, but it is not cumulative with *haste* spells.

Creatures moving at their maximum movement gain a -2 bonus to their Armor Class while under the effect of this spell. This spell does not affect other movement rates, including flight, burrowing, swimming, and climbing.

The material component is a rabbit's foot.

Thunderball (Evocation)

Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Special



Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: 20' radius
Saving Throw: Special

The *thunderball* spell is an explosive burst of lightning accompanied by a clap of thunder. This spell causes 1d6 + 1 points of damage to all creatures within its area of effect (no saving throw) and all within its area of effect must roll successful saving throws vs. spell or be deafened for 1d4 rounds. In addition, the caster may elect to target this spell against a single creature. This creature is automatically deafened, and it must roll a successful saving throw vs. spell or suffer double damage.

The material component for this spell is an amber rod.

Tumble (Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 3 rounds +1 round/level
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Negates

This spell causes a single creature to trip and fall to the ground. The victim continues to tumble and roll about for the duration of the spell. The target cannot attack or cast spells while under the influence of this spell. The target retains all Dexterity bonuses to his Armor Class. The victim is allowed a new saving throw each round; a successful saving throw negates the spell.

The material component for this spell is grease, which is consumed in the casting.

Third-Level Spells

Foothold (Alteration)

Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: 900 square feet
Saving Throw: Negates

A *foothold* spell causes stony hands to appear from the ground. These try to grab the legs of all creatures in a 30' by 30' area or 90' by 10' area (depending on the desire of the caster). Creatures successfully held by this spell cannot move, but they may attack normally and cast spells. Characters trapped by this spell are considered to have an effective Dexterity of 1.

The *foothold* spell cannot affect airborne or invisible creatures. A successful saving throw negates the effects of this spell on a target, but a new saving throw must be rolled every round the target is in the area of effect.

The material component for this spell is a vulture's claw.

Protection From Telekinesis (Abjuration)

Range: Touch
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell protects the target against magic that moves its physical form, most notably *levitate*, *repulsion*, and *telekinesis* spells, but not *reverse gravity*, which is a fundamental alteration of the laws of nature. This spell adds a +4 bonus to any saving throws involving these kinds of magic, or allows a normal saving throw against attacks that have none, such as *repulsion*. This does not protect individuals from spells that involve teleportation.

The material component is a block of black granite.

Target (Alteration)

Range: 50 yards + 10 yards/level
Components: V,S
Duration: 1 rounds/level
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Negates

This spell enables the wizard to affect a single target. If the victim fails his saving throw, he becomes marked so that all missile attacks, including arrows, bolts, javelins, and ballistae attacks gain a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls against him.

Witchweed (Evocation)

Range: 50 yards +10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: 40' radius
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a cloud of smoke that is utterly inhospitable to wizards. All wizards caught in this cloud cannot cast spells; they also suffer 2 points of damage per round they remain in the cloud. The cloud is stationary; once in place, it may only be moved by a *gust of wind* spell.

The material component for this spell is burning tobacco (or some other noxious, fume-producing plant).

Fourth-Level Spells

Agitate Wounds (Necromancy)

Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Special

By means of this spell, the caster can affect a creature that has been wounded by an edged weapon. This spell reopens bound wounds (or causes unbound wounds to bleed severely), inflicting 2d6 points of damage. Those who roll successful saving throws vs. spell suffer no further damage from this spell. If the saving throw fails, however, the victim suffers 1d3 additional points of damage per round until the wound is dressed and bound (or bound again, as in the case of reopened wounds).



Creatures without blood, such as skeletons, are unaffected by this spell, as are those with regeneration abilities and those under the effects of a *periapt of wound closure*.

The material component for this spell is a pinch of salt.

Command Elementals (Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 40 yards + 10 yards/level
Components: V,S
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Negates

This spell enables the caster to command (or wrest command of) a single creature from one of the elemental or para-elemental planes.

The target is permitted a saving throw, but elementals of low intelligence or lower suffer at -4 penalty to the roll. If the saving throw is failed, the wizard can maintain his control over the elemental for the duration of the spell, overriding all other controls on that elemental, including other *command elemental* spells.

Dune (Conjuration)

Range: Touch
Components: V,S
Duration: 1 hour/level
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

When this spell is cast, the wizard creates a magical sand dune that can carry one man-sized creature per two levels of experience of the caster (e.g., 3 creatures at 6th and 7th level, 4 creatures at 8th and 9th level, etc.) through any sandy area with a movement rate of 4 per level of the spellcaster. This dune can move only through sandy areas.

The material component for this spell is a pinch of sand.

Slumber (Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 60 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 5 rounds/level
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

When a wizard casts a *slumber* spell, he causes a comatose sleep to come upon one or more creatures (other than undead and certain other creatures with immunity to sleep effects). All creatures to be affected must be within 50 feet of each other.

The number of creatures that can be affected is a function of Hit Dice or levels. This spell affects 4d10 Hit Dice (or levels) of monsters. Monsters from other planes of existence and monsters with more than 9 Hit Dice are unaffected.

The center of the spell is determined by the spellcaster. Creatures with the least Hit Dice in the area of effect are affected first; creatures that would be only partially affected are not affected at all.

The material component is a pinch of dust.

Fifth-Level Spells

Deathguard (Abjuration/Necromancy)

Range: Touch
Components: V,S
Duration: 2 rounds/level
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a guardian spirit that protects the character from attacks from the Ethereal plane.

The guardian has one function: Should any attack reduce the hit points of the creature it has been assigned to guard to zero or below, the guardian intervenes and suffers the damage instead of the character, saving the character from death. Once the guardian saves its master's life, it is destroyed.

The character does not suffer any damage from the attack that would have killed him, be it damage from falling from a cliff, dragon breath, or a weapon strike. Note that if the attack doesn't bring the character to zero hit points or below, the character takes full damage (the guardian prevents only lethal blows).

Etherealness (Alteration)

Range: Touch
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Negates

This spell temporarily sends one creature into the Ethereal plane.

The target must remain in the Ethereal plane during the duration of the spell; any attempt to return to the Prime Material plane will fail, except by the intervention of Powers or a *wish* spell. If the wizard attempts to shift the target into the Ethereal against its will, the target is entitled to a saving throw.

The material component for this spell is a drop of *oil of etherealness*, or oil from a creature native to the Ethereal plane.

Mummy (Necromancy)

Range: 50 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

With this spell, the mage can animate up to one corpse per four levels of experience he possesses (all fractions are rounded down). These corpses have all of the abilities, including hit points, of a mummy (see volume I of the *Monstrous Compendium*).

When the spell has run its course, or when the mummies are slain, the corpses crumble to dust.

The material component is mummy dust.



Sandstorm (Evocation)

Range: 10 yards/level
 Components: V,S,M
 Duration: 1 round/level
 Casting Time: 5
 Area of Effect: 60' radius
 Saving Throw: None

By means of this spell, the caster creates a vortex of violently churning sand. All creatures within the area of effect suffer 3d10 points of damage. The sand also blinds creatures while they are within its area of effect, and there is a 50% probability that any creature trying to move in the area falls down.

The sandstorm also extinguishes torches and small fires.

The material component for this spell is a fistful of sand.

Sixth-Level Spells

Enfeeble (Necromancy)

Range: Touch
 Components: V,S,M
 Duration: Permanent
 Casting Time: 6
 Area of Effect: 1 creature
 Saving Throw: None

This spell enables a wizard to weaken the physical characteristics of his target, making him weaker and less agile. The wizard must touch the victim within three rounds of casting the spell. If he connects, the victim loses 1 point each of Strength and Dexterity, permanently. Characters with exceptional Strengths have their Strengths reduced to 18. One point of Strength or Dexterity may be restored by a *restoration*, *limited wish*, or *wish* spell. Characters who have either characteristic reduced to 0 become shadows.

The material component for this spell is essence of shadow.



Javelin (Evocation)

Range: 80 yards + 10 yards/level
 Components: V,S,M
 Duration: Instantaneous
 Casting Time: 6
 Area of Effect: 1 creature
 Saving Throw: ½

This spell causes a javelin to become filled with deadly energy. The caster may hurl this bolt at any creature within range of this spell. The javelin strikes without error and inflicts 1d10 points of damage for every two levels of experience of the caster, to a maximum of 10d10 at 20th level. The target is entitled to a saving throw vs. spell with a -3 penalty; success indicates that the target suffers only half damage.

The material component of this spell is a javelin.

Reverse Missile (Abjuration)

Range: 80 yards + 10 yards/level
 Components: V,S
 Duration: 3 rounds/level
 Casting Time: 6
 Area of Effect: The caster
 Saving Throw: None

This spell reflects attacks from all missile weapons, including spells such as *magic missile* and *Melf's acid arrow*, and large missiles such as ballistae at-

tacks (but excluding non-missile ranged attacks, such as *fireball* and *disintegrate* spells). The missile returns to strike the person who fired it, as long as that person is within the range of the spell (if he is beyond range, then the missile drops to the ground upon reaching the range limit). All reflected missiles automatically strike their targets (no attack roll is needed) and always inflict double damage.

Worship (Enchantment/Charm)

Range: 0
 Components: V,S
 Duration: 2 rounds/level
 Casting Time: 7
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: Special

The *worship* spell raises the effective Charisma of the caster to 22. Characters of 3 Hit Dice (or levels) or less who are in clear view of the caster automatically fall to their knees and praise the caster. Creatures of 4-6 Hit Dice (or levels) get a saving throw to avoid the effect. Creatures above 6 Hit Dice are unaffected. Unwilling victims of this spell roll a reaction check when the spell is finished, with a +8 penalty to the roll.

Using this spell to impersonate a Power is very dangerous.



Seventh-Level Spells

Resist Injury (Abjuration)

Range: 0
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 2 rounds/level
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell protects the caster from injury, so that all attacks cause only half damage against him (rounded down). For instance, if a warrior inflicts 13 points of damage with an attack against a wizard who has an active *resist injury* spell, the attack is reduced to 6 points of damage. (Attacks that already get a saving throw, such as a *fireball* spell or dragon breath, inflict half damage if the saving throw fails, or one-quarter damage if it succeeds).

This spell does not help the caster against attacks that charm, drain life levels, or totally destroy (such as *death* or *disintegration* spells).

The material component for this spell is an amethyst or jade pendent, which must be worn for the duration of the spell.

Time Loop (Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: 20-foot cube
Saving Throw: Special

This spell creates an area within which the flow of time repeats itself continually, until the duration of the spell (as timed in the outside world) expires.

Creatures caught in the time loop see the world as flickering chaos, and are unable to affect it in any way. Characters outside the loop perceive those trapped as endlessly repeating one set of actions; those outside may affect the characters within the time loop with ranged spells and attacks, but if they physically enter the loop, they too are trapped.

The material component for this spell is a powder of crushed diamond, ruby, emerald, and sapphire dust, with each crushed stone being of at least 100 gp value.

Trick (Alteration/Illusion)

Range: 80 yards + 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This powerful illusion enables the wizard to exchange his appearance and position with that of any target within range. The wizard and the target are both teleported to each other's positions. To others, the target and the caster seem to have the voice and physical appearance of the other; in effect, none knows that a switch occurs unless the caster has warned them beforehand. A *true seeing* spell will detect this. Note that the teleport is not without error, and thus this spell entails some risk on the part of the caster and the target.

The material component for this spell is a ball of wax.

Eighth-Level Spells

Bombard (Evocation)

Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 8
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: ½

When this spell is cast upon a single creature within spell range, giant stones appear and bombard the target, inflicting 10d6 points of damage per round. A successful saving throw vs. spell reduces the damage by half. Each successive round, a new bombardment strikes the target, causing 10d6 points of damage.

This spell lasts one round for every

four levels of the caster, rounded down (thus a bombardment from a 16th-through 19th-level wizard lasts four rounds, a bombardment from a 20th-through 23rd-level wizard lasts five rounds, etc.). Each new bombardment strikes before any other actions take place in the round.

The spell is ended if the target moves out of range. A successful *dispel magic* spell cast on the target also negates this spell. A creature with magic resistance checks this each round—a successful magic resistance roll ends the spell; this check is rolled before the damage for the round is rolled.

The material component for this spell is a piece of meteoric iron.

Deathbolt (Necromancy)

Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 8
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Special

This spell causes a bolt of death energy to strike its target, which may be any living Prime Material creature. When this bolt strikes, the target dies unless it rolls a successful saving throw vs. spell. Even if the roll succeeds, the victim suffers 10d6 points of damage.

The material component for this spell is vampire ichor.

Devastate (Alteration)

Range: 0
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 8
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell causes all of the caster's spells to strike with devastating effect. All targets suffer a -5 penalty to saving throws against the caster's spells, and all damage done by the caster's spells is increased by +2 per die (but the total damage cannot exceed the maximum



possible rolled damage without the bonus—e.g., a *fireball* spell cannot cause more than the 60 points of damage that is the maximum possible to roll on the *fireball* spell's limit of 10d6).

The material component for this spell is a solid gold pendant with the insignia of the caster, which must be worn around the caster's neck for the duration of the spell.

Ninth-Level Spells

Army (Conjuration/Summoning)

Range: 500 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 2 turns/level
Casting Time: 9
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

By means of this spell, the caster is able to create an instant army, which rises from the ground in the form of earth, stone, or sand soldiers. These soldiers are AC 4, have a movement rate of 3, have 2 Hit Dice each (THAC0 19), have one attack per round, inflict 1d6 + 2 points of damage per hit, and have 20% magic resistance. They are immune to all enchantment/charm spells, and they serve only the summoner. It requires a +1 or better weapon to affect them. The caster can summon one unit of ten soldiers for every four levels he possesses (round all fractions down). The units must appear within a 250-yard radius, placed as the caster sees fit. When the spell duration expires, the units vanish.

The material component of this spell is a diamond of at least 5,000 gp value, which must be crushed in the casting.

Call (Conjuration/Summoning)

Range: Special
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell is a variant of the *gate* spell. It attracts the attention of a single native of the Prime Material plane. The caster calls the name of the being, who becomes aware that someone wants him to appear. That individual is free to accept or reject the call. If the offer is accepted, the being is instantly teleported without error to a spot of the caster's choosing, within 200 feet of the caster. If the offer is rejected, the call is silenced, and no teleportation takes place. A *demand* spell may be used prior to this spell to persuade the target to accept.

The target need not be known to the caster, but his exact location must be; this spell does not provide the caster with that information. A call can only affect Prime Material creatures on the Prime Material planes. (It can reach parallel Prime Material worlds, but cannot reach into the Ethereal, Astral, or other planes of existence.)

The material component is a miniature wax statue of the target.

Soul Shift (Necromancy)

Range: 10 miles
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 9
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: Special

This extremely powerful spell will transfer the soul of the necromancer from his own body into a previously prepared corpse. This corpse must be within the area of effect of the spell and be unmarred by disease, wounds, or injury. At any time during this spell's duration, the necromancer may choose to abandon his body and travel into the corpse. The necromancer's true body remains alive, but in a soulless, zombie-like state.

When the necromancer's soul reaches its new home, he must immediately roll for resurrection survival; he dies if he fails. If the necromancer succeeds, his new body is restored as it was before death, except for the loss of 1

point of Constitution, which is sacrificed in the transfer. The necromancer retains the knowledge of all of the spells he knew prior to transfer. This transfer is one-way; he cannot return back to his former body.

The material component for this spell is a crushed ruby of at least 1,000 gp value.

Priest Spells

First-Level Spells

Beckon (Conjuration/Charm)

Sphere: Animal
Range: 1-mile radius
Components: V,M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell affects one creature of semi-intelligence or lower. This creature must either be able to be affected by an *animal friendship* spell, or be a domesticated pet of the caster. When a *beckon* spell is cast, the creature hears the caster calling and rushes to his side as fast as possible. If the creature is farther than one mile from the caster, it will not come.

The material component is a piece of food that is favored by the pet.

Cleanse (Alteration)

Sphere: All
Range: 0
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell causes all grime, dirt and stains to be removed from the caster and his vestments, enabling the priest to present himself to his congregation in immaculate condition. All clothing that the caster wears is restored to its original color. If the caster was exposed



to any minor, incidental diseases, the diseases are cured, provided they had not already reached a noticeable level. This does not affect diseases such as mummy rot, rat bites, or lycanthropy. Even wounds are cleansed and infections are purified (healing 1 point of damage, if no *cure wounds* spells had been applied previously).

The material component for this spell is a piece of soap.

Stumble (Charm)

Sphere: Combat
Range: 20 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Negates

This spell causes one creature within its area of effect to stumble. While the victim is affected by a *stumble* spell, he suffers a -4 penalty to his attack rolls, his movement rate is halved, and he loses all bonuses due to Dexterity. If the target roll a successful saving throw vs. spell, he is completely unaffected.

The material component for this spell is a drop of oil.

Second-Level Spells

Inscribe (Alteration/Conjuration)

Sphere: All
Range: 10 feet
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the words of the caster to be directly etched on a piece of paper, vellum, or papyrus. All the caster need do is speak the words, and they are inscribed in the appropriate language on any appropriate writing surface within ten feet.

The material components for this spell are squid ink, a hawk's feather, and papyrus.

Note: In Mulhorand, this spell may be used only by the priests of Thoth who are appointed to be scribes.

Omen (Divination)

Sphere: Divination
Range: Special
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

When a priest casts this spell, he is asking for the approval of his deity regarding an action. This does not tell the caster whether the character is in danger, merely if the deity approves of him performing the action. For instance, a good character may want to know if bribing a government official into adjudicating a land dispute in his temple's favor meets with his god's approval. The deity disapproves of bribery, so the answer is "no."

The caster has a chance equal to 60% + 2%/level of getting a correct answer. The answer is an obvious "yes" or "no," though it is likely to be expressed by a symbol; seven swans flying overhead may mean "yes," while a clap of thunder in a clear sky may mean "no."

The material component of this spell is a gem of at least 100 gp value, which must be sacrificed to the deity in the casting.

Stormvoice (Alteration)

Sphere: Weather
Range: Special
Components: V,S
Duration: 1 round
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: Special

This spell enables the caster to speak with the voice of a storm. The caster can be heard clearly at ten times normal distance. All creatures within a 20-foot radius of the caster must roll successful saving throws vs. spell or be

deafened for 1d4 rounds and be knocked from their feet.

Third-Level Spells

Detect Ambush (Abjuration)

Reversible

Sphere: Divination
Range: 50 yards +10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: Negates

This spell detects people of hostile intent who mean to do harm to the caster by lying in ambush. It doesn't detect traps that will surprise the caster, or individuals who might do harm to the caster if they were encountered; the target of this spell must be expecting the caster to come and be lying in wait to harm him.

The target gets a saving throw, modified by the caster's Wisdom bonus; for instance, if the caster has an 18 Wisdom, the target suffers a -4 penalty to his saving throw.

The reverse of this spell, *undetected ambush*, makes a person waiting in ambush proof against this spell.

The material component for this spell is a possession taken from an enemy (not necessarily the one who is lying in ambush).

Detect Curse (Divination)

Sphere: Divination
Range: 10 yards
Components: V,S
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: 1 object
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster to magically examine an item or creature to see if it has been subject to a *curse* spell. At 12th level, the caster is able to determine if the spell is *bestow curse*, *major curse*, *dying curse*, or *bane*. This spell



does not detect magical items that are designed for malign effects, such as a *necklace of strangulation*, which was designed to have a lethal effect.

Chill (Alteration/Evocation)

Sphere: Combat
Range: 50 yards + 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: ½

This spell creates a 30-foot-radius area of cold air. The caster can center the coldness on one creature in that area, causing 1 point of damage per caster level, to a maximum of 10 points. A successful saving throw vs. spell reduces damage by ½.

Each succeeding round, the caster can continue inflicting 1 point/level of damage to any creature that is still within the area of effect. If all creatures leave the original area of effect, this spell is negated.

The material component for this spell is a feather.

Fourth-Level Spells

Animal Vision (Alteration)

Sphere: Animal
Range: 100 yards + 20 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell links the vision of the priest to that of a single animal, be it mammal, reptile, or insect. Typically, the animal is one sacred to the priest's religion, but it need not be.

As long as the animal remains within the range of the spell, the caster can see through its eyes, using whatever special visions it possesses. There is no other link between the caster and the animal: The priest has no control over

where the animal goes (unless he employs other spells for this purpose), and he suffers no damage if the creature is killed.

The material component for this spell is a morsel that is desired by the animal (e.g., if it is a cat, then catnip is a suitable component).

Thunderstroke (Evocation)

Spheres: Combat, Weather
Range: 40 yards + 10 yards/level
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: ½

This spell enables the priest to call upon the wrath of his deity and summon a bolt of lightning to strike a single target.

This bolt causes 2 points of damage per level of the cleric, to a maximum of 40 points. If the target rolls a successful saving throw vs. spell, the damage is halved.

The material component for this spell is the priest's holy symbol, which is not destroyed in the casting.

Weapon Immunity (Abjuration)

Sphere: Protection
Range: 0
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 2 rounds/level
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the priest to become immune to one particular weapon. This may include such weapons as long swords, bastard swords, maces, or heavy crossbow bolts; it must be a specific weapon.

When the priest is struck by that weapon, it will do no damage to him. This protects the priest even from magical weapons. Monster attacks, such as claws and fangs, are not included in the effect of this spell, nor are magical attacks, such as *fireball*

spells. Only one weapon immunity may be active at a time.

The material component for this spell is a piece of amethyst, jade, or lapis lazuli.

Fifth-Level Spells

Major Curse (Abjuration)

Reversible

Sphere: Protection
Range: Touch
Components: V,S
Duration: Permanent until dispelled
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: 1 creature or item
Saving Throw: Special

This spell is similar to the third-level *remove curse*, except the spell effect is permanent. The curse can have one of the following effects (roll percentile dice):

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 01-50 | Reduces one ability score to 3 (the DM determines which randomly) |
| 51-75 | -4 penalty to victim's attack and saving throw rolls |
| 76-00 | Makes victim 50% likely to drop whatever he is holding (or do nothing in the case of creatures that don't use tools); roll each round. |

If the victim fails a saving throw vs. spell, the curse becomes permanent; if the saving throw is successful, the curse lasts only one turn per level of the priest who cast it.

The spell can be cast on an item, typically in a tomb where the item is not to be disturbed. Those who touch it fall victim to the curse.

The reverse of this spell, *remove major curse*, removes the effects of a *major curse* or *bestow curse* spell.

Summon Minion (Conjuration/Summoning)

Spheres: All, Summoning
Range: 10 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: 1 turn/level



Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster to summon one divine minion (see the "New Monsters" section for a description of divine minions). The divine minion serves the priest faithfully, performing any command that does not violate the dictates of its deity; this includes giving up its life in combat. Only one minion may serve a priest at a time.

The material components for this spell are the priest's holy symbol and a large gem of at least 1,000 gp value, which must be sacrificed to the deity in the casting.

Sixth-Level Spells

Dying Curse (Abjuration)

Sphere: Protection
Range: Unlimited
Components: V,S
Duration: Permanent until dispelled
Casting Time: 2 turns
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

When the priest casts a *dying curse* spell, he is avenging himself against future death. Anyone who kills the priest, even if the priest is later resurrected, becomes the victim of a *major curse*, with no saving throw. Only a *wish* or a *remove bane* spell can remove this curse.

Resist Magic (Abjuration)

Sphere: Guardian
Range: 0
Components: V,S
Duration: 2 rounds/level
Casting Time: 8
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell grants the priest 2% magic resistance per level of the priest, to a maximum of 40%. This magic resistance functions identically to the magic resistance possessed by certain monsters and bestowed by certain powerful artifacts and relics. This spell effect can be cast only upon the priest, not upon others.

Seventh-Level Spells

Bane (Abjuration)

Reversible
Sphere: Protection
Range: Touch
Components: V,S
Duration: Permanent until dispelled
Casting Time: 9
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Special

When a priest casts a *bane* spell, he bestows an extremely powerful curse on the target.

After casting the spell, the priest must touch the intended target within one turn, or the spell expires. If he makes contact, the target gets a saving throw. If the saving throw is successful, the victim receives a *major curse*, which only a *re-*

move curse spell (if cast by a Power), or a *reverse bane* or a *wish* can remove. If the saving throw fails, the victim suffers the following effects: a -5 penalty to all attack and damage rolls, while opponents receive +5 bonus to their attack rolls against the victim; the victim fails all saving throws, and all attacks against him cause maximum damage.

The reverse of this spell, *reverse bane*, removes the effect of any curse spell, except for instantaneous curse effects (e.g., it won't teleport the party back to the dungeon after they've opened the cursed scroll).

Timewarp (Alteration/Divination)

Sphere: Divination
Range: 0
Components: V,S
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the priest to send a being back in time. The timewarp has a maximum range of two minutes, which enables the character to go back to an action he made in the previous round and negate it. It also grants new saving throws, attack and damage rolls, and forces opponents to make similar rolls. Note that this affects only those directly involved with the target; it does not give everyone in melee new rolls, just the target and those attacking him. This spell ages the caster one year.

The material component is sand.



MAGICAL ITEMS

“An item of great utility is one to be cherished into eternity.”

—A saying on the tomb of Pharaoh Ramenhorus III in the Great Vale

Potions

While not renowned for their skill in alchemy, the mages of Mulhorand and Unther have long experimented with devising potions, oils, and other similar products. Here are a few of them:

Oil of Agelessness: This oil is made from the nectar of roses from the gardens of Ishtar in Unther. When one vial of this oil is applied to the body of a human or demihuman, the normal aging process halts for six months.

Continued applications, therefore, can keep one young indefinitely. The secret of this oil is known only to the priestesses of Ishtar. It is one of the most eagerly sought secrets of southern magic.

XP Value: 800

Oil of Armor: This thin, nearly invisible oil is applied to skin to give it the toughness of armor. Each application lasts 6 + 1d6 hours. Its base AC is 4, modified by Dexterity and rings of protection. There are no cumulative effects with armor.

Oil of armor is used in Unther, where certain priesthoods forbid the wearing of armor.

XP Value: 400

Oil of Beauty: This oil, a mixture of olive oil, crushed pearl, and ash from the Purple Plains, is used by the priestesses of Ishtar. When this is placed on their bodies, their Charisma increases by 1d4 points for 1 + 1d3 turns. This does not ensure that those who view them will fall madly in love with them, but it does enable them to make a good impression.

XP Value: 400

Powder of Obsession: This pink powder is used as a defense by the priestesses of Isis, though only on rare occasions. This magical powder is cast

into a ten-foot-radius sphere, at a range of 30 feet. When it is cast, those who are caught in its area of effect must roll successful saving throws vs. spell or they pursue their actions mindlessly. If they fail the saving throw and are in combat, they do not care who they attack, even if it one of their comrades; they continue to attack the nearest target for 4 + 3d4 rounds.

If the target is eating or drinking, he continues that activity for the duration of this oil's influence, even to the point of eating or drinking other people's beverages, not stopping even if attacked.

XP Value: 500

Rings

Rings are a common decoration among the nobles of Mulhorand, and most wear at least one magical ring. Rings are often handed down from generation to generation as a token of remembrance, though in Mulhorand many of the most powerful magical rings are buried with nobles at death.

Ring of Dizziness: This cursed magical item is sometimes found in the tombs of Mulhorand, placed there to punish grave robbers. This appears to be a normal magical ring, perhaps a ring of protection. When used in an actual combat where the wearer may be hurt, the wearer becomes violently dizzy. The wearer must roll a successful saving throw vs. spell or be unable to attack. Even if the saving throw is successful, all of the victim's attacks suffer a -4 penalty to the attack roll, and all attacks against him gain a +4 bonus to the attack roll.

XP Value: None

Ring of Immunity: When this ring is worn, the wearer becomes immune to all diseases and infections. This includes magical diseases, such as lycanthropy and mummy rot. The character regains the maximum number of hit points per day (3 hit points) from rest, as he need not be bothered by fever or infection, regardless of his level of activity.

This ring is a simple silver circle, and is another creation of the incarnations of Thoth.

XP Value: 1,000

Ring of Protection From Undead:

This charged magical item is a band of white gold, with the insignia of Horus-Re on its front. When any undead tries to touch the wearer, the wearer has the option of using one charge to prevent contact. Use of a charge must be declared before the undead rolls its attack against the wearer. Each charge prevents the wearer from being struck by any undead in that round (if the wearer is being attacked by two wights, one charge prevents contact from both of them).

This does not protect the character when he is surprised. The ring contains 25 + 3d10 charges.

XP Value: 2,500

Ring of Strength: This ring, made from the finger bone of a stone giant, gives its wearer exceptional strength. Those who wear a *ring of strength* gain the following Strength (depending on which ring they have):

D100 Roll	Strength	XP Value
01-35	18 (00)	1,500
36-65	19	2,000
66-80	20	2,500
81-00	Cursed!	—

A *ring of strength* may be worn by all classes. A cursed ring has the equivalent Strength of 21, but if the wearer is in melee, he sees his friends as his enemies (and vice versa) and attacks his friends. A *ring of strength* is not cumulative with other forms of Strength enhancers (girdles, gauntlets, etc.)

Ring of Thunder: This charged magical item was a gift to Jurnail, a high priest of Anhur, from his friends in the priesthood of Thoth several centuries ago. It was almost certainly crafted by Azonthoth, an incarnation of Thoth. The ring is silver with a lion's face engraved in gold with a topaz mane.



This ring is a powerful defensive and offensive weapon. It can emit a bolt of lightning that inflicts 10d6 points of damage (successful saving throw vs. spell cuts this damage in half) per round to all creatures in a ten-foot radius except the ring wearer. Each charge lasts one turn; a *ring of thunder* typically has 25 + 6d6 charges.

XP Value: 4,000

Ring of Windwarding: When this ring is worn, a ten-foot-radius area around the bearer is protected from all winds. All within its area of effect are shielded from wind storms, *gust of wind* spells, attacks by air elementals, etc. If the wearer is caught in the middle of a sandstorm or a blizzard, this ring prevents the wearer from being affected.

XP Value: 1,000

Rods, Staves, and Wands

The staff was the original symbol of authority in the Old Empires, so it is not surprising that many of these items were first developed in this part of the Realms.

There a number of new and deadly staves, rods, and wands that have recently seen use:

Rod of Generalship: This magical rod is a two-foot-long scepter of pure gold, decorated with rubies, diamonds, and pearls. When this rod is raised in battle, the troops commanded by the general gain a +2 bonus to their attack and damage rolls and morale, and a -2 bonus to their Armor Class.

This effect lasts 3d4 turns and may be used only once per day. This rod may be used once per day; it has a 200-yard-radius area of effect. It is a favored battlefield item of the priests of Assuran of the Three Thunders. It has also been used by the priests of Horus-Re and Anhur. Three of these items are known to exist.

XP Value: 5,000

Staff of Fury: This staff is used in conjunction with a wizard's normal arsenal of spells. When a wizard casts spells and holds this device, all spells add +1 to their casting time, but become devastatingly powerful. Damage spells gain +1 per die, even exceeding maximums. All saving throws against the wizard's spells suffer a -2 penalty. Each time this function is used, it drains the staff of a charge.

This staff can also be used as a defensive weapon. In this case, the caster cannot perform any offensive action that round, but he may use the staff to block up to three successful attacks each round, be it with a weapon in melee, or at range with a missile weapon. Each block drains the staff of one charge; the wizard must specify how many potential attacks he is blocking at the start of the round. The staff is rechargeable.

XP Value: 8,000

Staff of the Necromancer: This staff belongs to Hodkamset, the most powerful mage in the service of the god Set (with the exception of his incarnations). Hodkamset made this alabaster staff from the spine bones of a dragon.

Hodkamset pursued the art of necromancy and built this item to aid in his spellcasting. It was stolen from him by the priests of Osiris in battle two years ago, but assassins of Set retrieved it before the priests could destroy it, and once again Hodkamset wields it.

It has a maximum of 25 charges, and absorbs magic as a *staff of the magi*. In addition, it has the following powers, which cost no charges: *detect magic*, *speak with dead*, *protection from good*.

The following powers cost one charge per use: *animate dead*, *darkness 15' radius*, *dispel magic*, *hold person*.

The following powers cost two charges per use: *command undead*, *enfeeble*, *feeblemind*, *life level drain* *.

* This attack drains one life level, has a 100-foot range, and automatically strikes one target within that range, no saving throw.

XP Value: 13,000





Wand of Salt: This evil wand is used by the followers of the Cult of Tiamat.

This item produces powerful cramps and thirst pangs in any who are struck by its beam, so they suffer 2d6 points of damage per round (half if a saving throw vs. wand is successful, with a new saving throw applicable each round). This continues until they spend one full round drinking water, in which case the cramps stop. This wand can also render a 50' by 50' section of land infertile. This wand is made of saltsteel, a magically hardened salt whose making is known only to the mages of Unther. The surface is overlain with sand to give it a sparkling appearance. Only two of these cruel weapons are known to exist.

XP Value: 5,000

Wand of Sleep: This wand is constructed from green willow vines from Ganathwood that are entwined and enchanted to become hard as stone. When the command word is spoken, the wand emits an 80-foot-long cone of sleeping gas, ten feet wide at its base and 30 feet wide at its end. All caught in this cone must roll successful saving throws vs. wand or fall asleep for 3d4 rounds.

Creatures with immunities to sleep have their normal resistance against the effect of this wand. This wand may be used only by a wizard.

XP Value: 4,000

Wand of Water-Finding: This useful item has saved many travelers in the desert heat. If this wand is activated within 50 miles of any source of drinking water, the wand begins to vibrate; the closer the wand is to water, the stronger the wand vibrates. If water lies beneath the surface at a depth of 500 feet or less, the wand shoots a beam into the earth that draws water to the surface. The water found by this wand is always drinkable; it may not be pure, but it generally does not adversely affect the health of the character.

XP Value: 2,000

Miscellaneous Magic

As one might expect, miscellaneous magical items of new and unusual types are plentiful in the south. Here are only a few examples:

Amulet of Protection From Alignment Change: This magical talisman has a ruby as its centerpiece. This amulet protects the wearer against the effects of magic designed to fundamentally alter a person's alignment. While this does not protect a character from spells that charm the character into actions that he wouldn't normally do, it does prevent the effects of a *helm of opposite alignment* and similar items. It cannot stop the alignment reversal process of an artifact or relic, but may (at the DM's option) slow it down.

XP Value: 3,000

Book of Thoth: This is not one of the three famed tomes of the god Thoth, but rather a tome written by his incarnation. It is a large, worn, leather-bound brown volume without a title, fixed with a lock in the shape of a baboon's head. Once per day, it can perform a *legend lore* spell on any item that is placed on its cover; when this occurs, the book opens and turns to a page where the legend of the item is described. The book closes once the entry is read and locks itself. Should the book be forced open, the caster finds that all pages are blank, and the book is never useful again.

XP Value: 3,000

The Claw of Nezram: The great wizard Nezram made a number of unique magical items before he left the Realms for parts unknown. One of the most unusual is the *claw of Nezram*. It is a replica of a humanoid hand made from ivory, studded with rubies, with sharp claws instead of fingers.

The claw has several functions. Its mundane function causes it to scratch any part of the wielder's body on command, to relieve an itch. If ordered into combat, the claw has two options. First,

it may slash at an opponent, causing 1d6 points of damage; if it inflicts maximum damage on any attack, it grabs the target around the throat and causes 2d10 points of damage per round until the target is dead. Second, it may grab at a target's weapon hand, negating one attack each melee round (e.g., if a victim has 3/2 attacks, he loses his first-round attack and one of his second-round attacks). The claw is AC 0. If 50 points of sharp-edged damage is done to it, it stops attacking for 24 hours; 200 points of such damage completely destroys it.

The claw is intelligent; any new master trying to control it must battle against a neutral alignment, 12 Int, and 16 Ego (as per intelligent swords). The hand glows red if rubies (other than the ones embedded on the hand) are within 50 feet.

Nezram is known to have constructed at least five claws, one of which is in the possession of Hodkamset, the most powerful wizard of the Cult of Set.

XP Value: 3,750

Dice of Chancelessness: This insidious magical item was created by Huriot, an enterprising follower of Mask and the greatest Prince of Thieves that Skuld has ever known. Five centuries ago, he was captured, convicted of grave robbing, and brought to the pharaoh for his final justice. Huriot persuaded the pharaoh to let a game of chance decide his fate: If he won, he would be sold into slavery, and if he lost, he would be executed. He brought out a pair of dice.

These dice were magical, created by a great wizard. They would roll any number that the owner desired; in the hands of the owner, they would roll what he wanted, while in the hands of another, they would roll as the original owner desired. The pharaoh detected the magic, discovered what they were, and used his divine powers to reverse the effect.

Huriot had planned to lose the game, gambling that a display of honesty might earn a pardon from a magnanimous pharaoh. He won instead and was placed



in slavery for the rest of his days.

No one ever heard of Huriot again, except for an inscription in that pharaoh's tomb: "Huriot was here."

XP Value: 500

Gloves of Lightning: This magical item, usable by all classes, is a powerful weapon. Once every three rounds (up to three times a day), the wearer may point at a single target and fire a strong burst of electricity that automatically strikes. This burst inflicts 8d6 points of damage (a successful saving throw vs. wand cuts this in half).

Gloves of lightning cannot be worn with gauntlets; both gloves are necessary to fire the lightning.

XP Value: 2,000

Horn of Command: This horn amplifies the sound of one's voice so that it can be heard three times farther than normal.

The greatest ability of this item, however, is its suggestion power. Once each day, a person using the horn can issue a suggestion to all within a 60-foot radius. A successful saving throw vs. spell negates this effect (but only for that individual). The person using the horn may direct the command at a single being (giving a penalty of -3 to the saving throw) or at all of the beings within the radius (each gets a saving throw). The suggestion must be in a language the affected beings understand.

XP Value: 2,000

Jewel of Karathoth: This powerful item, one of the greatest creations of the incarnations of Thoth, is a jewel with 1d3 + 4 facets. Activating this jewel creates an exact duplicate of the activating character, which under the character's complete control. This duplicate fights, casts spells, and uses magical items as the user wills. This duplicate lasts for 3 + 1d4 turns, then vanishes.

Once a duplicate is killed, or once he disappears, one facet of the jewel cracks and cannot be used again. Once all facets are cracked, the gem is useless. Only one character can be sum-

moned out of the jewel at a time; a new duplicate cannot be summoned until 48 hours have passed. When a duplicate disappears or is killed, all of his magical items disappear.

The effects of all spells cast by the duplicate disappear with the duplicate, excluding spells with an instantaneous effect (the effects of a duplicate's *fireball* spell do not disappear, but the effects of his *haste* spell do). A duplicate is also forbidden to use any sort of creation magic, including wishes.

The jewel is typically one of the more valuable gemstones (no specific variety is needed), and when one glances into it, one can see the faint impression of an ibis, Thoth's symbol.

XP Value: 5,000

Necklace of Protection Against Charm: This beautiful item is worn by the Precepts of Mulhorand. It is a gold collar that hangs down to the chest, studded with gems. It provides a +4 bonus to all saving throws against charm/enchantment magic. Furthermore, by looking into the gems of this necklace, the wearer is aware of the identity and location of the spellcaster. Protections against scrying prevent this effect.

XP Value: 2,000

Robes of Protection: These robes were typically worn only by the priests of Horus-Re, but they are now worn by priests of many different religions. They are said to be sewn by priestesses of Nephthys.

These robes, soft to wear but solid against the blows of the enemy, are emblazoned with the symbol of the appropriate deity. They provide protection for Mulhorand priests in battle and in places where it is not acceptable to wear armor. Roll on the following table to determine the Armor Class protection of a particular robe:

D100 Roll	Armor Class	XP Value
01-05	6	2,000
06-15	5	2,500
16-35	4	3,000
36-50	3	3,500
51-70	2	4,000
71-85	1	5,000
86-00	0	6,000

Only members of the priest class may wear these robes. They are almost never seen outside of Mulhorand.

Scarab of Life: This is a jeweled beetle inset on an ankh. When this is worn on the brow of a priest, it enables him to cure critical wounds, once per day, and raise dead once per week. Any use of this item has a 10% chance of rendering it inoperative; command words are necessary to use either function.

XP Value: 3,000

Scarab of Venom: This is a scarab-shaped gem, much favored by warriors in the service of Set. When placed on the hilt of their swords, it coats the blade with a poison, up to two times per day (wielder decides when). This poison causes an extra 3d4 points of damage immediately (no saving throw), and the victim must also roll a successful saving throw vs. poison or die in 1d4 rounds.

This poison lasts 1d4 rounds on the blade, then evaporates.

XP Value: 2,000

Stone of Everburning: This stone is unremarkable, except that it radiates searing heat at all times. If a *stone of everburning* contacts exposed flesh, it inflicts 1d3 points of damage for each round of contact. The stone's most remarkable property is its longevity; some have stayed hot over 3,000 years, even when continuously immersed in water. These items are used in the steam engines of Mulhorand.

XP Value: 500

Talisman of the Beast: This item was created by the Beast-cults, which were quite popular in Mulhorand and Unther at the height of their second em-



pires (circa 1 DR), but have since been forgotten.

These talismans have two functions: first, they enable their wearers to communicate with animals at will, and second, they enable the wearers to change into the form of an animal three times per day. These animals cannot be monsters or giant-sized animals, simply normal beasts, from the size of a fly to that of an elephant, bear, or tiger.

While in animal form, the character has the hit points and Armor Class of his human form, but all the special abilities of the beast that he has transformed himself into. The wearer must revert into his human form (or demihuman or humanoid form) before taking on the characteristics of an animal again.

The talisman is a string of multi-colored beads strung on papyrus reeds, which spin to form animal pictures. Only two of these talismans are known to exist.

XP Value: 2,500

Talisman of Tongues: This medallion enables an individual to understand all languages and their writings, as per a *tongues* or *comprehend languages* spell. The *talisman of tongues* also enables the wearer to speak these languages. Furthermore, it enables the wearer to read magic and read Mulhorand magic, at will.

Only one of these talismans is known to exist, since the priests of Thoth have been hunting them down and destroying them to prevent foreigners from being able to decipher the secrets of Mulhorandi magic.

XP Value: 3,500

Talons of the Danse Macabre: These items were created by the priests of Hoar/Assuran in Chessenta; eight pairs are known to exist, most scattered among treasure hoards across the Realms. These magical items appear to be eagle's talons, plated in a dull silver that resembles pewter. When two of them are thrown down, and the proper command word is given, they immediately attack, causing 2d4 points of dam-

age per round for one turn before they become inactive for 24 hours. They can be stopped with the proper command word, or a successful *dispel magic* spell cast against 12th-level magic (which also neutralizes them for 24 hours). No weapon can touch them in combat and they appear to be indestructible.

XP Value: 3,000

Weed of the Witch (Witchweed): The foul fumes of this weed affect all wizards. When burned, it produces a 30-foot-radius vaporous cloud. Any wizard within its vapors begins to cough violently, is unable to cast spells, and suffers 2 points of damage per round. The weed burns for 10 + 1d6 rounds.

This long green weed is grown and used frequently in Luthcheq, a city in Chessenta where wizards are forbidden. When burned, it produces a foul stench similar to burning tobacco.

Witchweed is typically bundled in shipments of 13 stalks.

XP Value: 1,000

Swords, Daggers, Miscellaneous Weapons, and Armor

While the people of the Old Empire are powerful mages, they are not renowned for creating weapons of might. Nonetheless, a number of noteworthy weapons have been produced in Mulhorand over the course of time.

Armor of Horus: This armor is *scale mail* +4. It is the equivalent of AC 2, and also gives the wearer resistance to all fire and lightning attacks (fire and lightning attacks automatically inflict only ½ damage, ¼ damage if the appropriate saving throw is successful).

XP: 3,500

Dagger of Set: This horrible, snake-shaped blade is a throwing dagger used by warriors in the service of Set.

It is a *dagger* +2, with a typical range. Should it roll a natural 19 or 20, it has found a vital organ of its victim and kills

him instantly. Furthermore, it remains in the wound and continues to inflict 1d4 + 2 points of damage each round, until it is pulled free (an 18 or greater Strength is required to pull it from the wound; the action takes one round). For each round it is in the wound, roll 1d20; if a 19 or 20 is ever rolled, it has found a vital organ and killed its target.

The number of *daggers of Set* that exist is unknown.

XP Value: 2,000

The Bladeless Sword: This sword was created by the smith Holin. It has a hilt of solid silver (a much rarer metal in the south than gold) and is encrusted with opals. The blade itself is magical; it is invisible and intangible, seemingly without existence. The blade is really in the Ethereal plane; it harms only those creatures that require magical weapons to strike them.

It causes double damage to any creature affected only by magic, and it inflicts triple damage to undead. For the purposes of calculating damage, it is considered to be a *khopesh sword* +4.

XP Value: 4,000

Staff of Osiris: This staff is made out of dark brown mahogany and is covered with painted hieroglyphs. It is a *quarterstaff* +3. It is a favored weapon of the priests of Osiris; at least 20 are known to still exist today.

In addition to its attacks, the staff blocks one successful attack each round; the first successful melee attack against the wielder is automatically negated. This does not prevent ranged attacks, such as missile weapons and spells, from causing damage but it does stop sword thrusts, other staves, daggers, and other melee weapons.

In spite of its name, a *staff of Osiris* may be used by any priesthood, including Set's.

XP Value: 1,500

Staff of Stunning: This is a *quarterstaff* +3, with the added benefit that, on a natural roll of 18-20, a blow from this quarterstaff knocks the opponent



unconscious (no saving throw) for 3d4 rounds. If a natural 18-20 is not a successful attack against the opponent, the staff has no effect.

These staves are typically made from yew; many of them are used by sailors on the Alamber Sea.

XP Value: 1,000

Artifacts and Relics

There are many artifacts and relics native to the Old Empires; this entire book could easily be filled with these items. Here are only a few of the most famous ones:

Ankh of Life: This powerful symbol of divinity was lost millennia ago in the Orcgate Wars. It was the holy symbol of the manifestation of Re. It is a worn and dirty rod of birch wood, without any ornamentation, one foot long, in the shape of an ankh.

It has the following powers: *resurrection* (2/day), *restoration* (3/day), *regenerate* (3/day), *destroy undead*, 30' radius (3/day), *continual light* (at will).

The *destroy undead* power slays all undead of less than 7 HD (or levels), and inflicts 12d8 points of damage (no saving throw) to all undead of 7 Hit Dice or higher.

If used by a mortal, the ankh drains one level of experience each time a power is used (and only a wish directly granted from a deity can restore the lost level).

This relic is sought after by the priests of Horus-Re and Osiris, as they wish to place it with the mummified body of the manifestation of Re in the Tower of Eternity in Skuld. Any who present it to an incarnation or manifestation of either god would be richly rewarded.

Chariot of Re: There were originally three of these artifacts, the chariots of the gods Re, Horus, and Osiris, in the days before the Orcgate Wars. Only one is known to still exist; the Chariot of Re is the oldest of the artifacts of great

magic still in active use in Mulhorand. Legend speaks of it being constructed by a god named Ptah, who has never been worshiped in the Realms, even in the old days of Mulhorand.

The Chariot of Re is constructed from gold, emblazoned with Re's solar disc against an ankh. The chariot can move, without horses, at a speed of up to 96; any who fight from it receive a bonus of -4 to their Armor Class, and those attacking them receive a -4 penalty to their attack and damage rolls. Those who ride in the chariot are 75% magic resistant. Anyone struck by an attack from the chariot has to roll a successful saving throw vs. spell or suffer blindness for 2d4 turns. The chariot also grants a +4 bonus to the morale rating of all friendly troops within a 200-yard radius, and it gives a -4 morale penalty to enemy troops within that radius.

Font of Time: This powerful artifact is located somewhere in eastern Mulhorand. Little is known about it, except for a few words in the *Unique Mageries*, a book of spells belonging to the wizard Nezram:

"Of all the artifacts created by the ancients, the most marvelous and terrifying was the great Font. This was a pearl-white pool, contained in a milk-colored crystal that appeared in a mirage in the eastern wastes. The waters were too bitter to drink. But if one looked into the font in the light of a full moon, one could see scenes from the antiquity of Mulhorand that one would swear were real. And indeed they are. For if one concentrates on that image—...but I shall say no more, in hopes that none shall follow where I have traveled."

No knowledge exists about the origin of the font, except in the archives of Thoth. The *font of time* can enable any who look into it, during a full moon only, to see images of Mulhorand in the days of its original empire. It is possible to possess the body of an individual from that image, and thus experience

life in Mulhorand at the height of its power. To return home, one must find one's way to the font at the time of the new moon, when it is possible to look back at one's self, and return to one's own form.

Galley of the Gods: This ship was used by the people of Unther in several naval battles, most notably in the defeat of the Narfell Armada. It is said to have been constructed by a deity named Enki, though he has never been actively worshiped in the Realms. This galley is 200 feet long, 30 feet wide, and requires 150 oarsmen. It has a cargo capacity of 250 tons and can support up to 300 marines for an extended trip.

The ship has a 95% seaworthiness rating, and a movement of 15 mph when fully crewed (450 yards per round), or 25 mph at emergency speed (750 yards per round). In extreme emergencies, the ship can sprout dragon wings and lift off the water at emergency speed.

This flight lasts a maximum of one turn. At least 120 oarsmen are required for the ship to fly.

The ship has a dragon prow with multiple heads chained together (the symbol of the ancient gods' victory over Tiamat). The prow is magical; it can shoot a 6d6 lightning ball (20-foot diameter) up to 400 yards, once per turn. The lightning ball can be fired only when the prow is facing its target. Those caught in its area of effect can roll saving throws vs. spell; success means that the victim suffered only ½ damage.

The ship and those within the ship are immune to fire and lightning. The ship itself has a 35% magic resistance. In times of war it is armed with four ballistae (two on each side) and a rear catapult. The Lords of Unther have used this as a military and a cargo vessel.

Recently, this vessel has been stolen from its berth in Unthalass by pirates. It is believed to be hidden somewhere in the waters near the Ship of the Gods.



ENCOUNTERS IN MULHORAND

Roll 1d8 and 1d12 and add the results to determine the creature encountered on the appropriate random encounter table.

Civilized (Day)

Roll	Creature(s) Encountered
2	Minions, divine
3	Rake
4	Noble or official
5	Snake, poisonous
6	NPC, notable
7	Rat
8	City guard
9	Merchant
10	Tradesman
11	Tradesmen (2d4)
12	Laborer
13	Pilgrims
14	Priest
15	Ruffians
16	NPC party
17	Thieves
18	Gentlemen
19	DM special
20	DM special

Civilized (Night)

Roll	Creature(s) Encountered
2	Vampire
3	Rakshasa
4	Press gang
5	NPC, notable
6	Courtesan
7	Minions, divine
8	Mercenary
9	Drunk
10	City watch
11	City watch
12	Carousers *
13	Thieves
14	Bandits
15	Jackals
16	Assassins
17	Wererats
18	Mummy
19	DM special
20	DM special

* 3d4 men (0th- to 2nd-level fighters) who are interested in a good time and will not bother people unless provoked.

Great Vale

Roll	Creature(s) Encountered
2	Dragon, brown
3	Dracosphinx
4	Wraith, desert (night only)
5	NPC, notable
6	Lions
7	Merchants
8	Rats
9	Laborer
10	Herd animals
11	Herd animals
12	Pilgrims
13	Slaves
14	Minions, divine
15	Rats, giant
16	Scorpions, large
17	Mummy
18	Colossus, stone (10% chance of being active)
19	DM special
20	DM special

Wastes

Roll	Creature(s) Encountered
2	Efreeti
3	Dragon, blue
4	Dracosphinx
5	NPC, notable
6	Jackals
7	Minions, divine
8	Mercenary
9	Snakes, poisonous
10	Patrol
11	Dogs, wild
12	Scorpions, huge
13	Sahuagin (coastal only)
14	Bandits (slavers)
15	Rats, giant
16	Gynosphinx
17	Scorpions, giant
18	Dragon, brown
19	DM special
20	DM special

Colossus, Stone

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any/Outdoors
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	Non- (0)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Nil
(RF)	

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	22 (100 hp)
THACO:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-30
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Fear
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	H (18' diameter sphere)
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)
XP VALUE:	18,000

Long before the coming of the lizard folk, a race of giants walked the Realms. They were destroyed by a great plague, but during their days of glory they built many magical marvels, among which were magical warriors that fought their battles for them. These warriors would defend their monuments, of which they were extremely proud, so that no creature who came after them could destroy the memory of their race.

Of the magical warriors, the only ones that survive are the Statues-That-Walk, also known as stone colossi. Each colossus is really an extremely powerful stone golem.

Combat: The colossus is similar to a stone golem, except that it is larger and cannot cast a *slow* spell. A colossus is programmed only to attack with its fists; it never uses a weapon. It has a Strength of 23 for the purposes of breaking or throwing things.

A +2 or better weapon is needed to harm a colossus. A *rock to mud* spell slows them for 2d6 rounds. Its reverse, *mud to rock*, heals all damage inflicted upon the colossus. A *flesh to stone* spell does not harm a colossus, but it renders the colossus vulnerable to normal attacks in the following round. All other magic has no effect against it.

The stone colossus has one special attack form. Its march is so terrifying that all creatures of less than 3 Hit Dice immediately flee for 2d6 rounds, dropping whatever they have in their hands, while those between 3 Hit Dice and 5 Hit Dice must roll successful saving throws vs. wand to resist this fear. Any creature above 5 Hit Dice (or levels) is automatically immune.

Habitat/Society: A colossus is an automaton, artificially created and under the direct control of whomever is able to manipulate the runes of its creation. Once it is activated, a colossus tries to destroy any edifices it discovers that were not constructed by its creators; this is part of its programming. Its programming may be altered, but none have discovered the ritual as yet. To stop it when it is on a rampage requires a ritual that takes days to perform and glyphs to be drawn on every single colossus, active or inactive.

Ecology: Colossi are not natural creatures. Thus they play no part in the ecology of the world. They neither eat, sleep, nor really live. They perform their assigned tasks until they are destroyed, deactivated, or the tasks are completed.

Dragon, Brown

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any arid/Desert
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary or clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Spécial
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13-14)
TREASURE:	Special
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (evil)

NO. APPEARING:	1 (2-5)
ARMOR CLASS:	2 (base)
MOVEMENT:	12, Br 24
HIT DICE:	14 (base)
THACO:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 + special
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4/1-4/3-30
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Variable
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	G (54' base)
MORALE:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP VALUE:	Variable



Age Category	Body Lgt. (')	Tail Lgt. (')	AC	Breath Weapon	Spells (Wizard)	MR	Treasure Type	XP Value
1 Hatchling	7-19	6-16	5	2d6 + 2	Nil	Nil	Nil	1,400
2 Very Young	20-31	17-28	4	4d6 + 4	Nil	Nil	Nil	3,000
3 Young	32-43	29-38	3	6d6 + 6	Nil	Nil	Nil	5,000
4 Juvenile	44-55	39-50	2	8d6 + 8	1	Nil	Nil	7,000
5 Young Adult	56-67	51-60	1	10d6 + 10	2	20%	½ H	9,000
6 Adult	68-80	61-70	0	12d6 + 12	3	25%	H	10,000
7 Mature Adult	81-93	71-84	-1	14d6 + 14	3 1	30%	H	11,000
8 Old	94-106	85-95	-2	16d6 + 16	3 2	35%	H	15,000
9 Very Old	107-120	96-108	-3	18d6 + 18	3 3	40%	H x 2	17,000
10 Venerable	121-134	109-120	-4	2 0d6 + 20	3 3 1	45%	H x 2	18,000
11 Wyrms	135-148	121-133	-5	22d6 + 22	3 3 2	50%	H x 2	19,000
12 Great Wyrms	149-162	134-146	-6	24d6 + 24	3 3 2 1	55%	H x 3	20,000

Brown dragons, also known as great desert dragons, migrated from the desert Raurin and now frequent much of the wastes in Eastern Mulhorand. Brown dragons prefer to tunnel deep into the desert sands, where they sleep in a burrow at night, surfacing to attack prey. While they can survive indefinitely on a diet of rock and sand, live meat is their preferred game.

Brown dragons are ferocious beasts; while they are intelligent, they view human beings as food, and they believe that it is strange to talk with one's meal.

Brown dragons do not have wings and cannot fly.

Brown dragons have a coloration similar to that of desert sands, ranging from dim brown at hatchling stage to almost white at great wyrms stage. They have small, webbed claws that are well developed for digging, and very large, long mouths. Their scales are leathery and not as hard as other dragon armors.

Brown dragons have their own tongue, and they speak that and the language of blue dragons. They have a 5% chance per age category of being able to communicate with any intelligent creature.

Combat: Brown dragons prefer to dig deep trenches in the sand, waiting for prey to appear so they may ambush them.

When absolutely still, they have a 9 in 10 chance of hearing a man-sized creature's footsteps on the desert sands, even from a depth of 500 feet below the surface.

When they breach the desert sand, they do so with incredible silence, imposing a -5 penalty to opponents' surprise rolls. Older brown dragons use illusions, or even *invisibility* spells to conceal themselves from unwitting prey.

When brown dragons grab their prey, they hold it in their jaws, taking it to their lairs to be eaten when it is most convenient.

The brown dragon's breath weapon is a powerful acid, which it spews in a five-foot-wide spray that extends in a 60-foot-long straight line from the dragon's head. All creatures caught in this spray can roll a saving throw vs. breath weapon for half damage.

A brown dragon will use this spray against large numbers of individuals, but not against mounted foes, since it knows that horses are good eating and don't put up as much struggle as humans. Brown dragons cast spells as 8th-level wizards.

Brown dragons are born immune to acid and the effects of the desert heat. They may survive in airless environments nearly indefinitely.

Dragon, Brown

As they age, brown dragons gain the following abilities:

Age	Abilities
Young	Cast <i>create sand</i> to cover up their burrows
Juvenile	Cast <i>create water</i> once per day
Adult	Cast <i>sandstorm</i> , as per the Mulhorandi spell, once per day
Venerable	Can summon a 12-HD earth elemental
Great wyrm	Cast <i>disintegrate</i> once per day

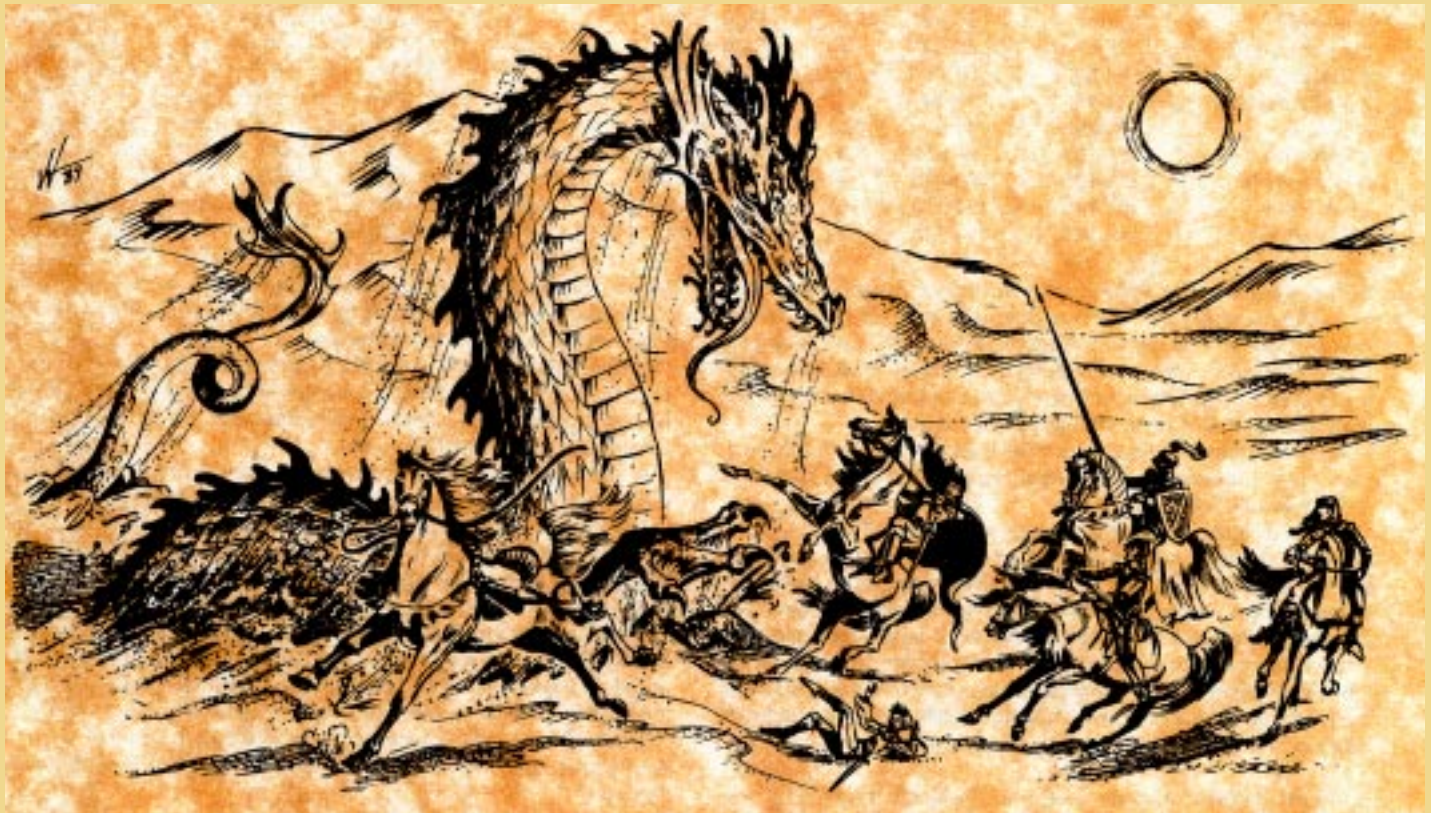
Habitat/Society: Brown dragons are found in deserts, often close to settled areas. They are fierce and savage creatures, who equate their own cruelty with that of the desert heat. They typically dwell in deep burrows nearly 1,000 feet beneath the sand, where they carve out vast chambers, often looting ancient forgotten treasures for their hoards. During the day, they tunnel upward, listening silently for hours, waiting for food to come.

The brown dragon mates and raises a family for only a short period of time; all parents encountered are in the mature adult stage of development. Many brown dragons do not mate, but live their lives in solitude.

Man is the main enemy of brown dragons. Humans hunt them for their hide and treasure. Blue dragons, which like to burrow into the desert sand, also attack brown dragons.

Battles between brown and blue dragons are legendary for their ferocity. The people of the desert have a curious respect for the brown dragon, so these tales often make the blue dragons look more evil than the brown.

Ecology: Brown dragons are able to digest sand and other mineral materials to sustain themselves over long periods of time. However, meat is their preferred diet, with horseflesh being a particular favorite.



Hakeashar

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Alternate Prime Material Plane
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Magic
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13-14)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	3
HIT DICE:	9
THACO:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	0
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Absorb magic
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	L (12' diameter sphere)
MORALE:	Elite (16)
XP VALUE:	2,000



A hakeashar, also known as an eater-of-magic, appears as a bright red sphere. Their bodies pulse and glow as they drift about. They can seep through finger-width cracks with great ease.

Hakeashar are relatives of the nishruu. These weird, thankfully rare creatures are believed to come from an alternate Prime Material plane. Within the red mist comprising the body of a hakeashar are hundreds of grasping hands, probing eyes, and gaping hungry mouths.

Combat: Hakeashar have no attacks. Fire and physical attacks affect them normally; those who are wrapped in a hakeashar are automatically hit by these attack forms.

Hakeashar can sense magic within a 600-foot radius; they always move toward the greatest concentration of magic within that area. Hakeashar move fearlessly and relentlessly toward sources of magic, taking full damage from physical attacks. Mind control spells and illusions have no effect on them.

Spells cast at a hakeashar are absorbed by it, having no effect except to give the creature hit points of life energy equal to the damage the spell normally does. A non-damaging spell gives a hakeashar extra hit points equal to the spells level.

Chargeable magical items are drained of 1d4 charges upon contact with a hakeashar. If contact is continued, the 1d4 drain occurs at the end of every second round.

All magical items and artifacts are nonoperational while in contact with a hakeashar. Artifacts do not function for one round after such contact ceases; magical items have their powers negated

for 1d4 rounds after contact ends. If a potion or scroll is used while in contact with a hakeashar, it does not take effect until 1d4 rounds after the contact is broken.

Spellcasters of all classes who are enveloped by a hakeashar lose one memorized spell, determined randomly, at first contact, and one per round after.

Each time a loss occurs, the spellcaster must roll a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon or become feebleminded.

When a hakeashar is slain, its body dissipates, losing luminosity and hue, seeming to sink to the ground. Any magical item within its body area when it is slain, or any magical weapon slaying it, even if no longer in contact with the body, receives a magical bonus of 1d6 additional charges, or a second use in the case of a one-shot item, such as a scroll or an arrow. Potions, memorized spells, artifacts, and items that do not have charges are not augmented.

Habitat/Society: Hakeashar are not native to this Prime Material plane.

They are solitary creatures.

A hakeashar has the ability to give 20% of the number of spells or charges absorbed to a person. This is done very unwillingly, usually in exchange for being brought to this Prime Material plane.

Ecology: Hakeashar feed on magic. Their life spans are measured in centuries.

Lycanthrope, Werecrocodiles

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Desert/swamp
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
<hr/>	
NO. APPEARING:	1-3
ARMOR CLASS:	1
MOVEMENT:	3, Sw 12
HIT DICE:	5+5
THACO:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-12/1-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Infection, Control 1d3 crocodiles
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Hit only by silver and magical weapons
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M-L (6' human, 8-12' long crocodile)
MORALE:	Very Steady (13-14)
XP VALUE:	650
Priest, 1st-4th	975
Priest, 5th	1,400

Werecrocodiles are the creations of Sebek, a crocodile-headed minor deity in the Mulhorandi pantheon. Very few Sebek-spawn remain in Mulhorand, having been driven off by the servants of the god-kings five centuries ago, but they thrive in Chessenta's Adderswamp.

In their human form, werecrocodiles are tall, thin creatures with sharp features, a long nose and chin, and a thin face with a noticeable overbite. In their crocodile-form, they are very long, big, and powerful monsters. They speak Mulhorandi and the common tongue, and can speak with crocodiles at will.

Combat: In combat, werecrocodiles prefer to assume their human form. They try to trick their prey into assuming they are harmless. Werecrocodiles are infamous for playing on people's sympathy by pretending to be grieving. Once the prey is in close range, they change to crocodile form and attack. They can bite with their huge jaws and sharp teeth for 2-12 points of damage, and lash out with their tails for 1-8 points of damage.

Werecrocodiles have an 18 Strength. They use this to sometimes grab their opponents, drag them deep underwater, change to crocodile form, and attempt to drown them. Every point of damage received from a werecrocodile bite equals a 1% chance of turning into a werecrocodile at the next full moon (if a victim takes 20 points of damage, there is a 20% chance of contracting lycanthropy).

Werecrocodiles are able to summon 1d3 regular crocodiles, which obey their every command.

Habitat/Society: Werecrocodiles live in small family groups. The mother is usually the leader of the family pack.

Mating occurs within their own kind, and werecrocodiles are born live from the mother's womb; they attain the ability to transform into a crocodile at the onset of puberty.

Werecrocodiles live in mud shacks by the edge of rivers or in swamps. They usually assume crocodile form to find prey, then assume human form at night to sleep. They are very territorial and attack any human, demihuman, or humanoid that enters their territory, though they will try to be as subtle as possible before springing their trap.

Werecrocodiles worship the god Sebek. Clerics of Sebek can advance to 5th level as priests; they receive 1d4 extra hit points per level.

Werecrocodiles do not collect treasure or possessions. They stay away from populated human settlements. They do not particularly enjoy killing humans, but humans are too tasty to resist.

Ecology: Werecrocodiles are biologically identical to humans, except for the curse of lycanthropy. They prey on both warm-blooded creatures and fish native to the swamps. They eat any wererats native to the swamps. No one preys on werecrocodiles except humans, so werecrocodiles try to have as little conflict with large bands of humans as possible.

Minions, Divine

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any/Desert, arid, or cities
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Group
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13-14)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil

NO. APPEARING:	1-20
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
MOVEMENT:	12 or see below
HIT DICE:	6 (25 hp)
THACO:	11 (15)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 or see below
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-12 or see below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Polymorph self
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	Variable, M (6½' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (16)
XP VALUE:	1,400

Each divinity of the Mulhorandi pantheon has a number of magical servitors, known as minions. Each minion is a fanatical follower of the deity and serves his ends at all costs.

Divine minions serve as messengers of the deities. In the case of the minions of Set, they also serve as assassins and as military assistance for his mortal worshipers. They appear as great warriors, well over six feet tall and quite broad, in bronze plate armor that is decorated with the symbol of their deity.

Combat: Divine minions are capable of taking a number of different forms. Armor Class, Hit Dice, and hit points remain the same, while they acquire the movement rate, attacks, and special attacks of each form. The stats of these forms are as follows:

Form	Move	#AT	Dmg	SA
Baboon	12	1	1-4 +1	Nil
Bear	12	3	1-6/1-6/1-8	Hug
Crocodile	6, Sw 12	2	2-8/1-12	Nil
Hawk	3, Fl 24	3	1-3/1-3/2-8	swoop
Ibis	Sw 6, Fl 12	1	1-3	Nil
Jackal	15	1	1-2	Nil
Lion	12	3	1-4/1-4/1-8	Rear claws
Scorpion	12	3	1-8/1-8/1-4	Sting
Snake	15	1	1-3	Venom

All minions roll their attacks and saving throws as 10th-level fighters; this is reflected in the THACO stat above.

The minions of each deity in the Mulhorandi pantheon can assume a number of different forms, as follows:

Anhur: Lion
 Horus-Re: Hawk, Lion
 Isis: Hawk
 Nephthys: Hawk, Crocodile
 Osiris: Hawk, Bear
 Set (any 3): Bear, Jackal, Snake, Scorpion, Crocodile
 Thoth: Ibis, Baboon

Habitat/Society: Divine minions are creatures touched by divine power. They serve the deities of the Mulhorandi pantheon; hundreds live in the deities' towers in Skuld. With the exception of Set, all minions are willing volunteers to divine service; they forfeit life in return for the honor of working for their deity throughout eternity.

Set's volunteers are less willing, as his touch can transform its victim into a minion of Set. These lawful evil creatures are by far the most active divine minions, as the others prefer not to be noticed by mortals unless specially called by magic.

Ecology: Divine minions are supernatural creatures; they need not eat or drink.

Their armor and all possessions disappear when slain, and they carry no treasures.

Skriaxit

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subtropical/Desert
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Destruction
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (15-16)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil

NO. APPEARING:	3-18
ARMOR CLASS:	-5
MOVEMENT:	12, 18, or 24 (see below)
HIT DICE:	16+16
THACO:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-20/2-20
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Sandstorm, dispel magic
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+ 2 or better weapon to hit, immune to slow, acid, fire, lightning

MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
SIZE:	L (10' tall)
MORALE:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP VALUE:	
16 + 16 HD:	16,000
24 + 24 HD:	24,000

Skriaxits, the blackstorms, the living sandstorms, are the most feared creatures in the deserts of the east. When the ancient gods were defeated by those lords of Raurin who would later become the god-kings of Mulhorand, the ancient gods summoned spirits of retribution that destroyed all that had not been demolished in the war. When the god-kings fled Raurin, these spirits took the land as their own domain, with each pack stirring from slumber every century to wreak havoc on all that oppose them.

Skriaxits are powerful and intelligent air elementals that take the sand and dust of the desert and whirl it to create their ten-foot-tall forms. It is as a pack that they create their greatest terror, generating huge winds and a fierce sandstorm that can render a human fleshless in minutes. They speak the tongue of air elementals and their own language, a howling, shrieking tongue that frightens most humans who hear it.

Combat: Skriaxits move by creating a large vortex of wind that propels them at tremendous speed. If there are one to six skriaxits together, their speed is 12; if there are seven to 12 skriaxits, their speed is 18, and if there are 13 or more skriaxits, their speed is 24. The skriaxit vortex creates a sandstorm in a 200-yard radius around them; those caught in this storm suffer 1 point of damage per round per skriaxit (thus if there are 12 skriaxits, those caught in its whirlwind receive 12 points of damage per round).

Within the confines of this sandstorm, the skriaxit group continuously dispels magic, as a 16th-level wizard.

Each skriaxit can form its winds into a razor sharp lash, inflicting 2d10 points of damage on a successful strike.

Though skriaxits were originally summoned from the elemental plane of Air, the Prime Material is now considered to be their home and they cannot be dispelled.

Habitat/Society: Skriaxits are a society of highly intelligent, but extremely evil, air elementals. They feed on causing destruction and terror; once they have caused enough catastrophe, they sleep for 1d3 centuries. While asleep, they have removed themselves from the confines of existence and not even the gods can affect them. They reawaken when hungry. They view humans, demihumans, and humanoids as playthings, with the same sadistic attitude as a human child playing with a fly. They hate nothing and fear nothing; they just delight in destruction. They may amuse themselves by listening to humans bargain with them, but humans have nothing to offer them of interest. The skriaxit pack is ruled by the Great Skriax.

Ecology: Skriaxits are creatures of magic, now considered to be native to the Prime Material plane. They feed on the feelings of superiority they gain by destroying and killing. No known magic is has been able to control them, though they are susceptible to wards against air elementals.

The Great Skriax

The leader of the skriaxit pack is the Great Skriax. It has 24 + 24 Hit Dice and attacks with a +4 bonus to all attack and damage rolls. The Great Skriax is considered the most evil of the pack.

Sphinx, Draco-

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Desert/Plain
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (17-18)
TREASURE:	F
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-1
MOVEMENT:	9, F1 24 (MC C)
HIT DICE:	11+11
THACO:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-12/3-12/5-20
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Breath weapon, spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	H (9' tall)
MORALE:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP VALUE:	12,000



The dracosphinx is native to the desert highlands, where it competes with the more numerous hieracosphinx for territory. This fierce, sly predator scours the wilderness for prey, be it small game or humans.

The dracosphinx has a lion's body, a red dragon's head, and a mane of colorful feathers. Its long paws have very sharp dragon claws. The dracosphinx speaks the language of red dragons, to whom it is distantly related.

Combat: A dracosphinx attacks with its large claws and its teeth, causing 3d4 points of damage with a successful claw strike and 5d4 points of damage with their fangs. They have a breath weapon that they can use once per turn; this spews forth flaming gas in a 100-foot-long cone that is 20 feet wide at its far end. This gas inflicts damage equal to the number of hit points possessed by the dracosphinx when it is uninjured (e.g., a dracosphinx with an uninjured total of 65 hit points inflicts 65 points of damage with its breath weapon, regardless of its current hit point total). A successful saving throw vs. dragon breath cuts this damage in half.

Dracosphinxes are excellent wizards, specializing in illusions; they have the spells of a 9th-level wizard but cast as 12th-level spellcasters.

They like to use their illusions to fool prey into a false sense of security, then strike when it is least expected.

Habitat/Society: Dracosphinxes live solitary existences on bleak cliff sides. They spend their days looking for prey and lying in the sun.

Each dracosphinx carves out a territory of approximately five miles in diameter. It does its best to keep out major predators from that territory: dragons, men, hieracosphinxes, and the occasional wyvern. Its philosophical ideas include "only the strongest deserve to survive" and "the weak get what they deserve."

Dracosphinxes know that humans like to seek them out, talk to them, then slay them; they enjoy tricking humans with riddle contests and conversation that leave the humans unaware for a sudden attack. Dracosphinxes pride themselves on their cunning. Like dragons, they like to hoard coins, jewels, and other valuables.

Ecology: Dracosphinxes are egg-laying mammals. They mate once in a lifetime, with the female flying away to raise a clutch of three to five large, brown eggs. The eggs are laid in separate areas and buried, since hatchlings are likely to eat each other. The hatchlings are one foot long at birth and are capable of hunting small game. They grow to nearly full size within a year. They have life spans of about 60 years. Dracosphinxes cannot be tamed except through magical means.

Wraith, Desert

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subtropical/Desert
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary or Group
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night
DIET:	Life energy
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil

NO. APPEARING:	1-3
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	9 (18 in jackal form)
HIT DICE:	6+3
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4 (in human form) or 1-6 (in jackal form)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Energy drain
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+1 or better weapon to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30%
SIZE:	M
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	2,000

Creatures killed by skriaxits are animated three days later as desert wraiths, malevolent spirits of the sands.

These creatures have two forms—that of a human and that of a jackal. Their goal is to destroy any living creature that they encounter.

Combat: The desert wraith shifts between its two forms as it sees fit; it uses its jackal form to charge at its prey, then transforms itself into human form to attack. The human form inflicts 1d4 points of damage on a touch and drains the victim of one life level (no saving throw allowed), as per a wraith, with appropriate reductions in hit points, spell abilities, etc.

A desert wraith is undead and can be turned, on the same column as a spectre. Daylight destroys them utterly, and holy water inflicts 2d4 points of damage per vial.

While they have only low intelligence, they are capable of cunning (e.g., burying themselves in the sand, then attacking their prey by surprise).

They can see in total darkness as if it were noon.

Habitat/Society: A desert wraith is totally evil. It lives only to feed off the life forces of others. Desert wraiths dig barrows for themselves in the sand; they retreat to these during the day.

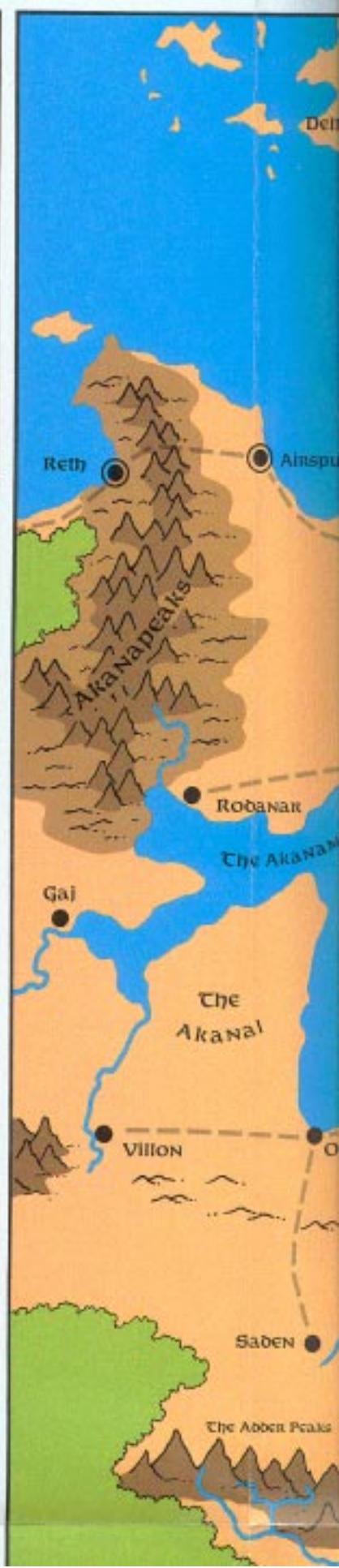
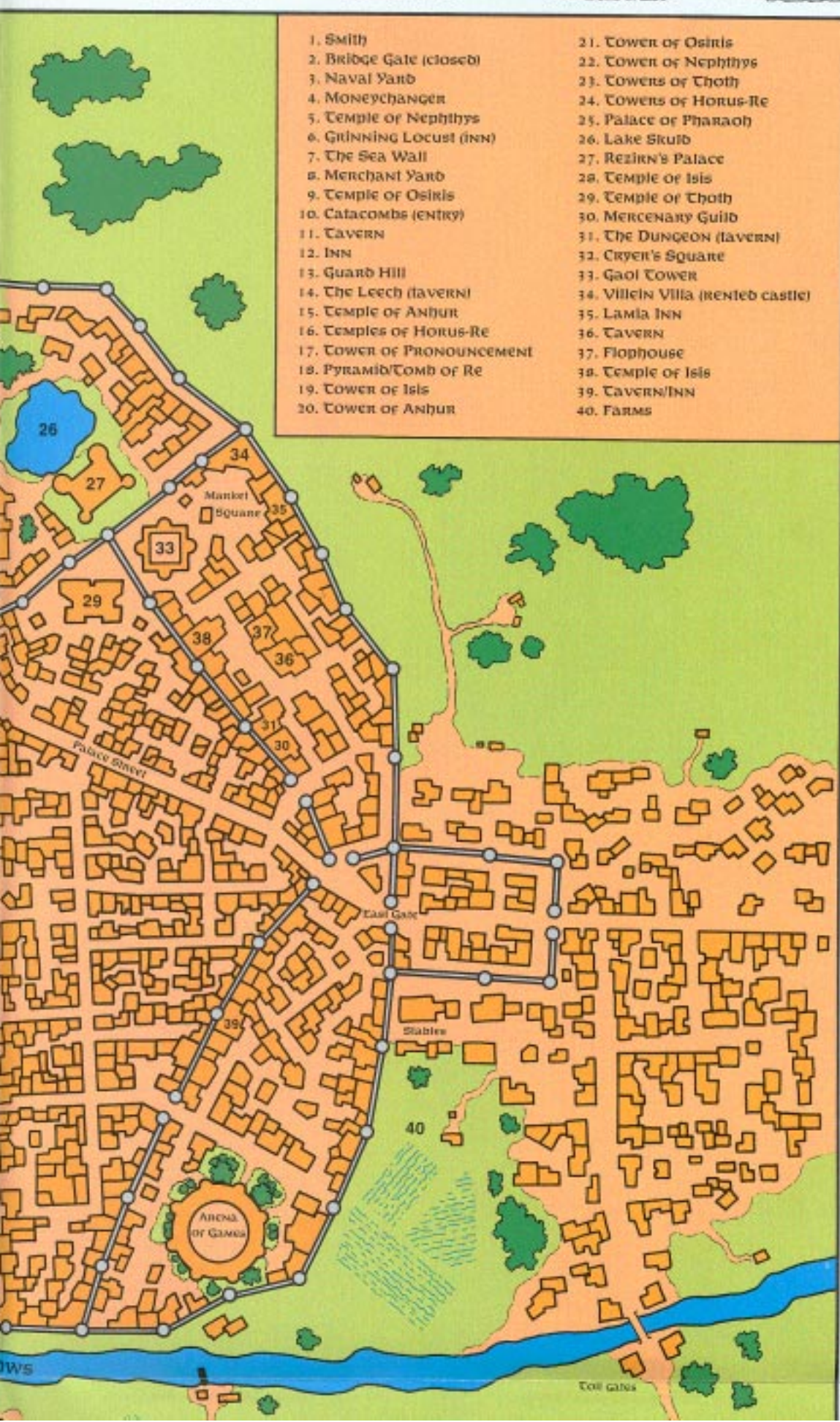
Ecology: Desert wraiths feed off life force energy. No creatures exist that prey on them. Creatures brought to 0 life levels by a desert wraith are transformed into zombies within 48 hours, even if raised, unless their bodies are washed in holy water.

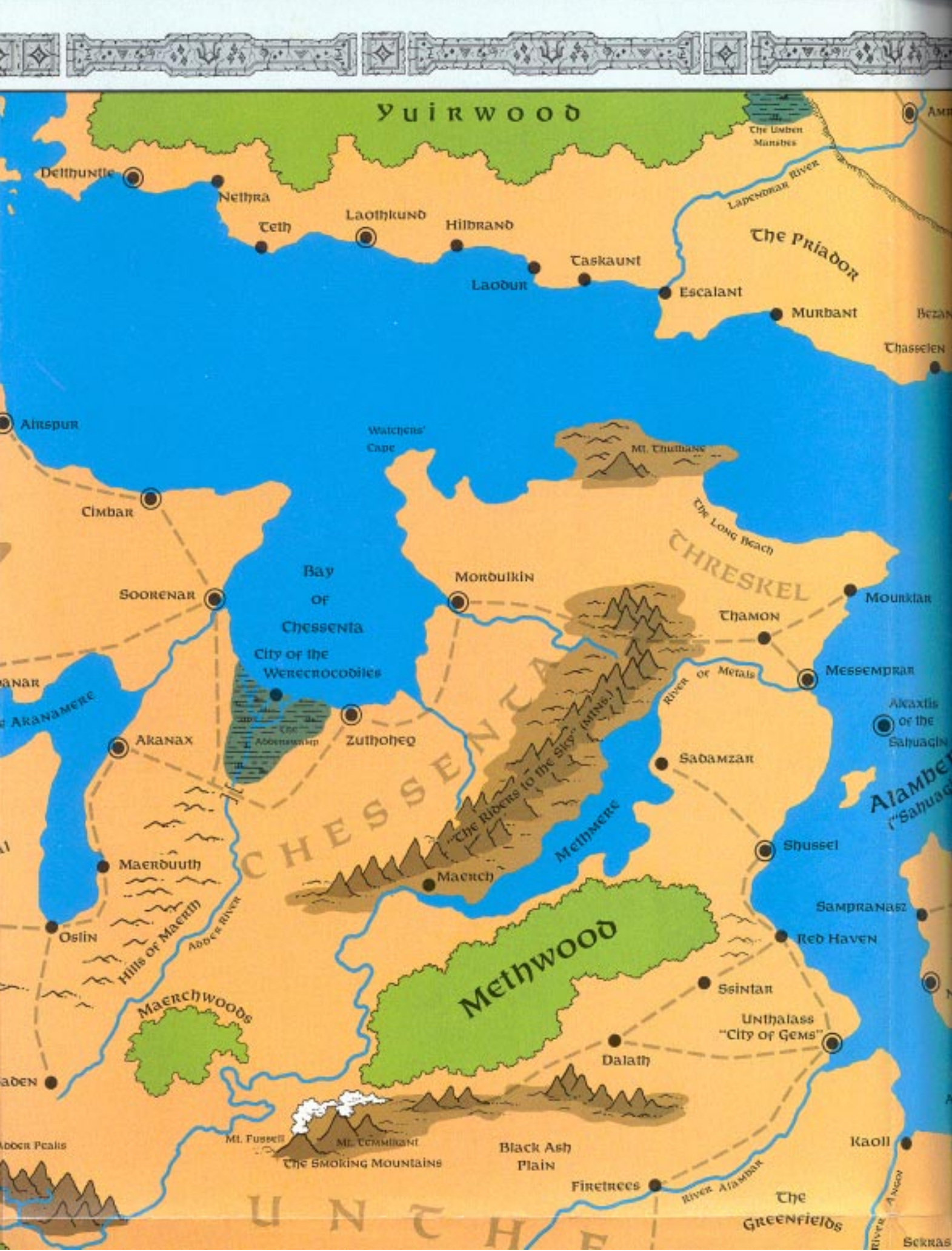
SKULD City of Shadows





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|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Smith | 21. Tower of Osiris |
| 2. Bridge Gate (closed) | 22. Tower of Nephthys |
| 3. Naval Yard | 23. Towers of Thoth |
| 4. Moneychanger | 24. Towers of Horus-Re |
| 5. Temple of Nephthys | 25. Palace of Pharaoh |
| 6. Grinning Locust (inn) | 26. Lake Skurb |
| 7. The Sea Wall | 27. Rezin's Palace |
| 8. Merchant Yard | 28. Temple of Isis |
| 9. Temple of Osiris | 29. Temple of Thoth |
| 10. Catacombs (entry) | 30. Mercenary Guild |
| 11. Tavern | 31. The Dungeon (tavern) |
| 12. Inn | 32. Cryer's Square |
| 13. Guard Hill | 33. Gaol Tower |
| 14. The Leech (tavern) | 34. Villain Villa (rented castle) |
| 15. Temple of Anhur | 35. Lamia Inn |
| 16. Temples of Horus-Re | 36. Tavern |
| 17. Tower of Pronouncement | 37. Flophouse |
| 18. Pyramid/Tomb of Re | 38. Temple of Isis |
| 19. Tower of Isis | 39. Tavern/INN |
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Fields of Ganath

AMBER SEA
SAHUAGIN SEA

MULHORAND

SWORD MOUNTAINS

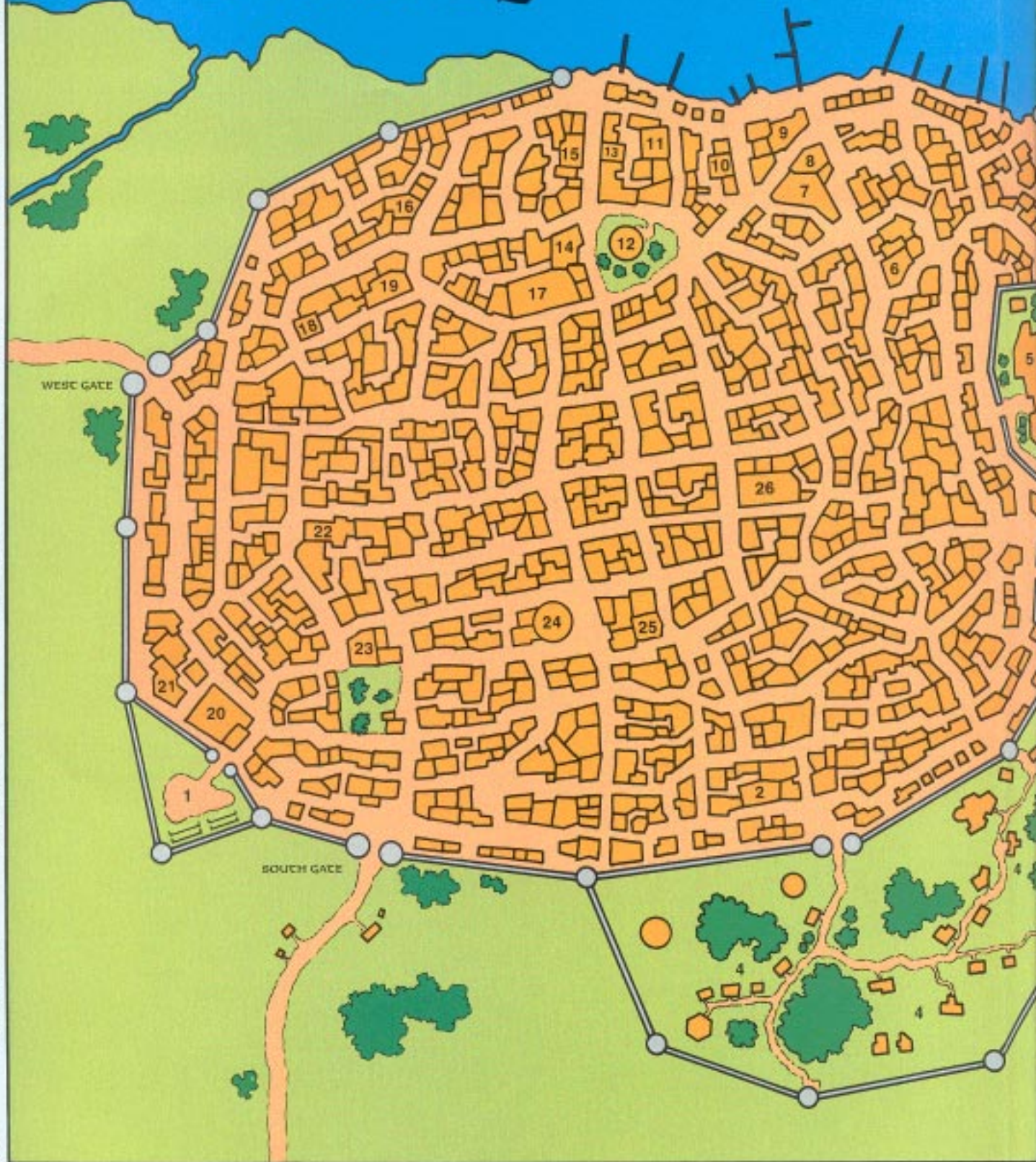
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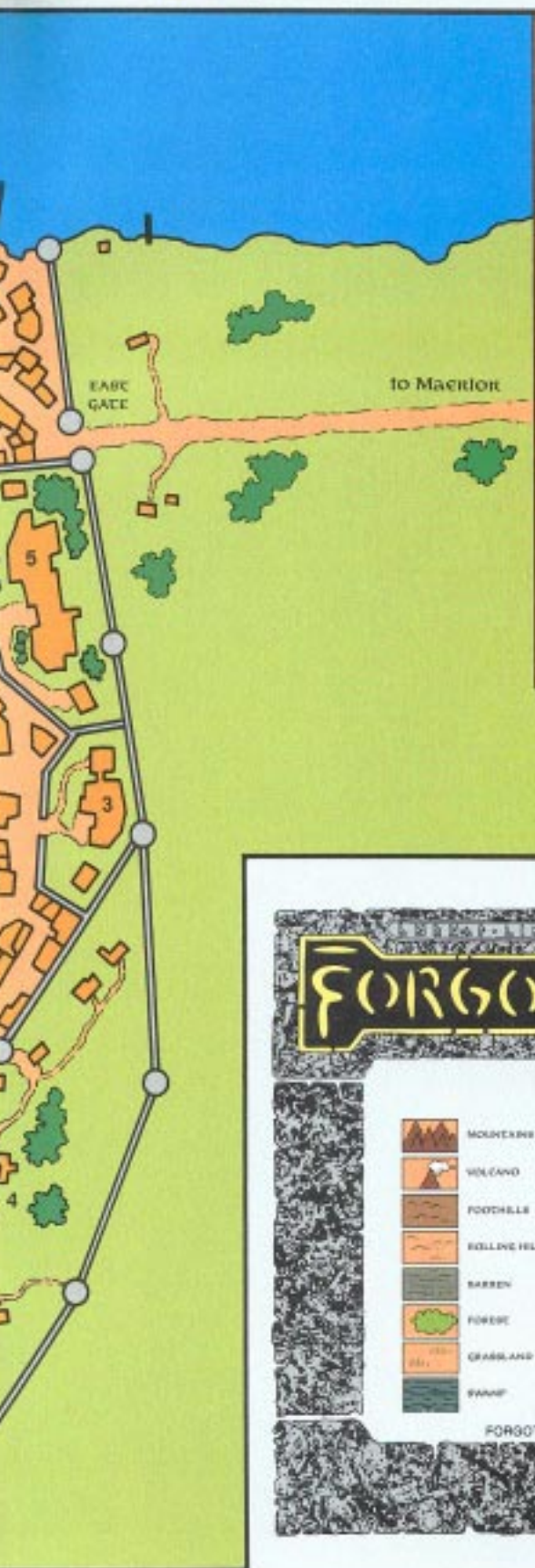
The Great Vale

Sekras

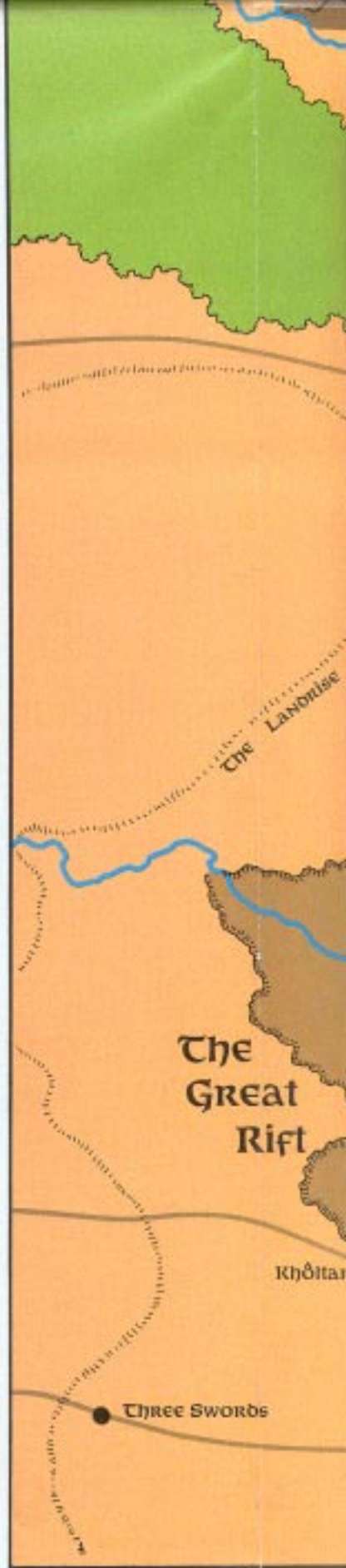
Mishtan

LUTHCHEQ





1. Execution yard
2. Burning Mage (INN)
3. Temple of Entropy
4. Witchweed Farms
5. Palace of the Karanoke
6. Black Mercy (Tavern)
7. Trading Center
8. Bloody Roger (INN)
9. Vampire's Tooth (Tavern)
10. Secret Meeting Place of the Mage Society
11. Merchants' Club
12. Tower of Naeros
13. Moneychangers
14. Distressed Damsel (INN)
15. Gaol of Lost Souls (INN)
16. House of Ill Repute
17. The Crypts
18. Tyrol (barber)
19. Temple of Waukeen
20. Stables
21. Barracks
22. Society of Free Swords (Mercenaries)
23. The Forge (Metalworker)
24. Old Wizard's Tower (Ruins)
25. Bale's Bones (Tavern)
26. Castle Theatre (closed)



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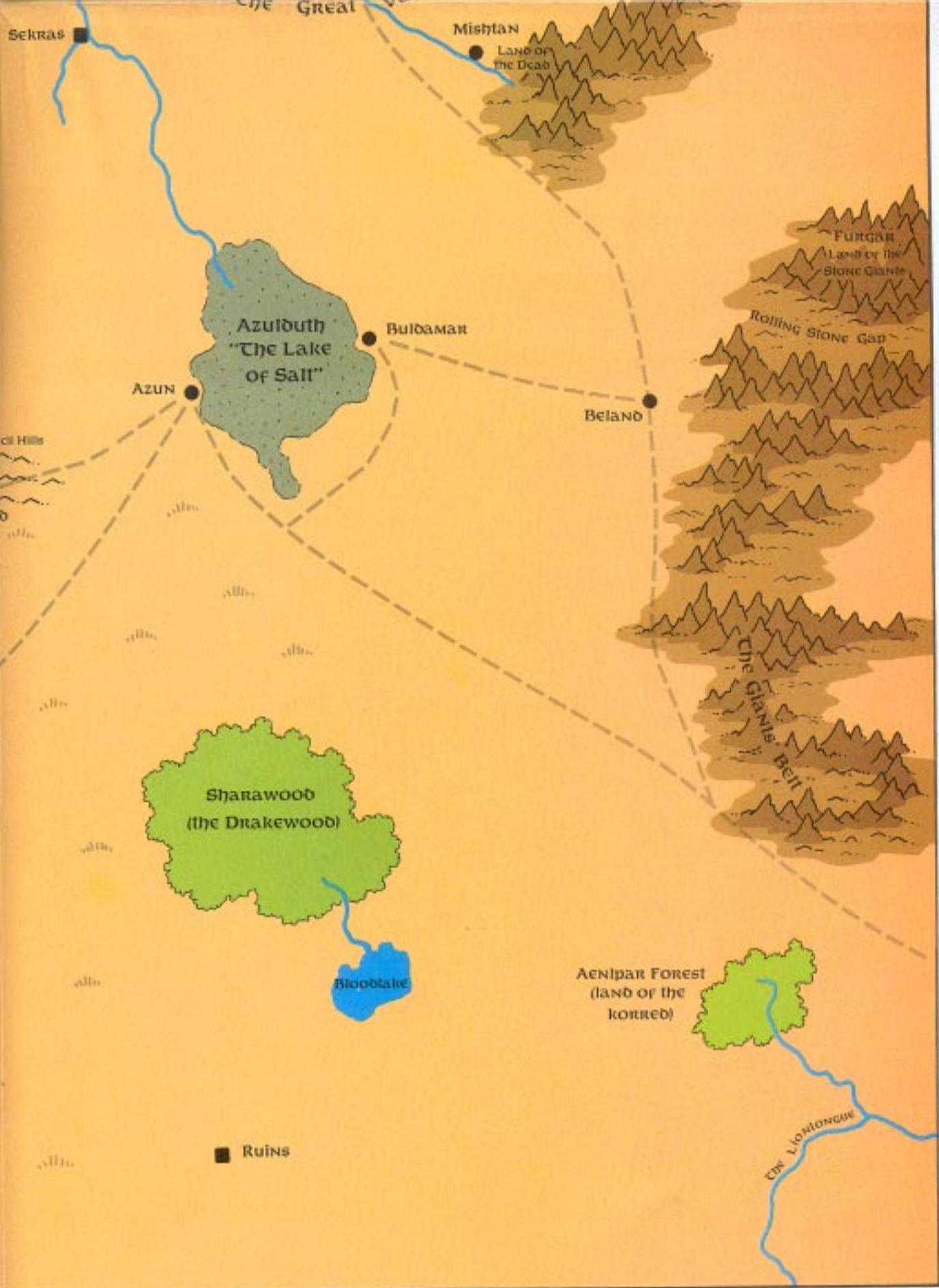
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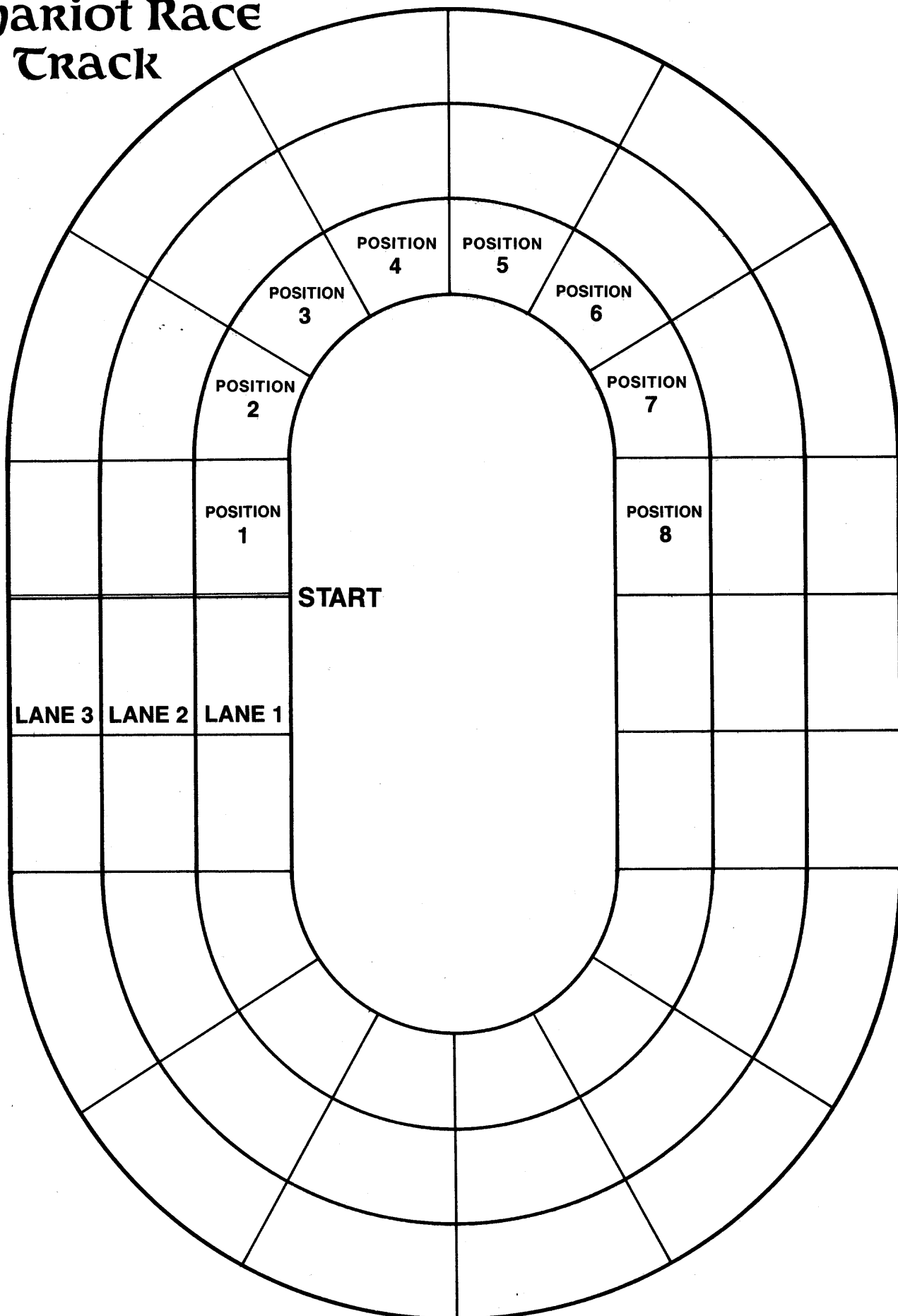
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Dwarves Deep

by Ed Greenwood



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DWARVEN NAMES

Dwarves in the Realms bear only a first name (for example, "Dorn"), to which are attached qualifying names and phrases. Humans can find dwarven names both long and complicated, so a brief exploration of how they come about is both valuable and necessary.

A clanless or outlaw dwarf, or one ashamed of his clan or wishing to conceal its identity, commonly uses only the name of his kingdom to distinguish him from others with the same name. Surprisingly, the legitimate reasons for concealing one's clan, especially from nondwarves, are many. To a traveling dwarven merchant, for example, revealing his or her clan only affords competitors a chance for blackmail, deception, and time-wasting entreaties—false or hopeless—to others in the clan, attempting to use the merchant as a go-between, spokesdwarf, or agent.

If our Dorn was a traveling merchant, he might call himself "Dorn of the Deep Realm." The kingdom is commonly used only when the dwarf is not within it. Inside the kingdom, the dwarf must be more specific (e.g. "Dorn of the Firecaverns"). Use of a mythical or extinct kingdom may be either a matter of pride, or an attempt to deceive. Among nondwarves, some dwarves merely use the name of a known location ("Dorn of Amphail").

A dwarf deliberately concealing information (i.e. to a hostile questioner) will often say he is merely "of the dwarves," which to another dwarf is an insult. For example, "I am Dorn, of the dwarves," typically delivered in a flat tone that adds the unspoken, "Any problems with that?" or "Want to make something of it?"

Among dwarves, it is more common to use one's clan name ("Dorn Bladebite"); the kingdom name is necessary only when a clan is established in more than one realm—a very rare thing, today.

Dwarves are proud of their heritage; if a dwarf is descended from a dwarven hero, he or she will use the qualifier "son of" or "grandson of" ("Dorn, son of Tyrtaar"). Females sometimes use "son of" when trying to conceal their sex from nondwarves, but usually prefer "daul of" (dwarvish for "daughter of"); thus, "Dorna, daul of Tyrtaar."

If the descent is further removed than two generations, the phrase "blood of" is employed—but only in the case of the most famous heroes or rulers. Thus, "Dorn, blood of Gordrimm."

In all cases, a personal descriptive qualifier is added if two or more dwarves can be confused. This is a common situation in the ranks of a clan dwelling in one spot, where two dwarves with the same first name also share bloodlines, clan, and location. The qualifier may be something as simple as "The Younger," or "One-Eye," or may refer to a deed or interest ("Worldwalker" or "Wyrmhunter").

Some of the most common qualifiers are: the Bloodaxe; the Dauntless; Dragonhunter; Fardelver; Firebeard; Foeflayer; Forkbeard; Giantsbane; the Grim; Hammerhand; the Older; Orcslayer; Wildbeard, and the Younger.

One last wrinkle: some dwarven families use combined

names as an alternative—or even in addition—to qualifiers. The clumsiness that can arise from this practise has made it little practised today, but some dwarves still bear its results.

For example, in a large dwarven family, two or three of eight sons may be called "Dorn." As the father is probably also called Dorn, qualifiers such as "the Younger" are avoided; instead, the three sons each receive another dwarven name, tacked onto their "Dorn." The three brothers could be "Dornadar," "Dorndaggan," and "Dornidrin." An examination of the *Dwarven Name Tables* provided herein can turn up unwieldy or ludicrous examples fairly quickly; DMs are advised to use these only for comical NPCs, such as unscrupulous and colorful peddlers and others who want their names to travel far and acquire a reputation.

All of these name-phrases may of course be strung together (along with any titles the dwarf gains along the way). Looking back at our example, Dorn, we see that in full he could be "Dorn 'the Younger' Bladebite, son of Ahrdagh, blood of Gordrimm, of the Firecaverns of the Deep Realm."

This ensures that challenges, messages, and bills belonging to Dorn don't arrive at the door of his uncle, "Dorn 'the Old' Bladebite, blood of Gordrimm, of Glitterdelve in the Deep Realm."

Adventuring companions of dwarves usually find it easier to give a dwarf a nickname, to use commonly as a surname when among humans; thus, Dorn is "Dorn Firedrake" when on the trail with the Company of the Crown of Stars. If he wasn't so ashamed of the Company's ribald exploits, Dorn might call himself simply "Dorn Bladebite" when among them, but he doesn't want to anger or shame his clan.

Dwarves who wander the Realms or dwell exclusively in the company of humans, and who are outlaw or have no clan affiliations from birth, usually adopt human last names (see the section on Brotherhoods; most of their leaders are so named).

In short, the fragmentation of the dwarven kingdoms in the north allows players and DMs to adopt any name they choose for a dwarven character—the only names that need explanation are obviously elven names, or clan names used when the dwarf is not part of that clan (a dwarf of the right clan will always happen along or get wind of it, and there will be trouble; trouble that no dwarf would willingly bring about).

Literary and game sources have given us a wealth of names accepted as "dwarven." Every player will have favorites. For those looking for something less familiar, the *Dwarven Name Tables* in this sourcebook list some of the dwarven names in use in the Realms, concentrating on lesser-known ones, to give players and DMs alike a reference source of new character names (with a bit of twisting, these can be applied to gnomes, halflings, humans and other beings as well).

For ease of use in naming "innocent bystander" NPCs during play, the tables of dwarven names are provided here for DM reference.



DWARVES DEEP

by Ed Greenwood

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Dedication:

To Jenny, who puts up with all of this.

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INTRODUCTION

"Greeting, unknown dwarf. I am Elminster of Shadowdale, friend to six clans, bloodbrother of the clans Rucklebar, Deepaxe, Gallowglar, Horn, and Worldthrone. I come in peace, no blood to spill save in answer. May your axe be ever bright. Reveal yourself to me, if you will."

It was with these words that Elminster recently greeted one of the Stout Folk, whom he encountered atop the Hill of Lost Souls. The dwarf, by the way, turned out to be Rallagar Blackbeard of the Wanderers, a clanless adventurer who recently explored lost Gauntulgrym.

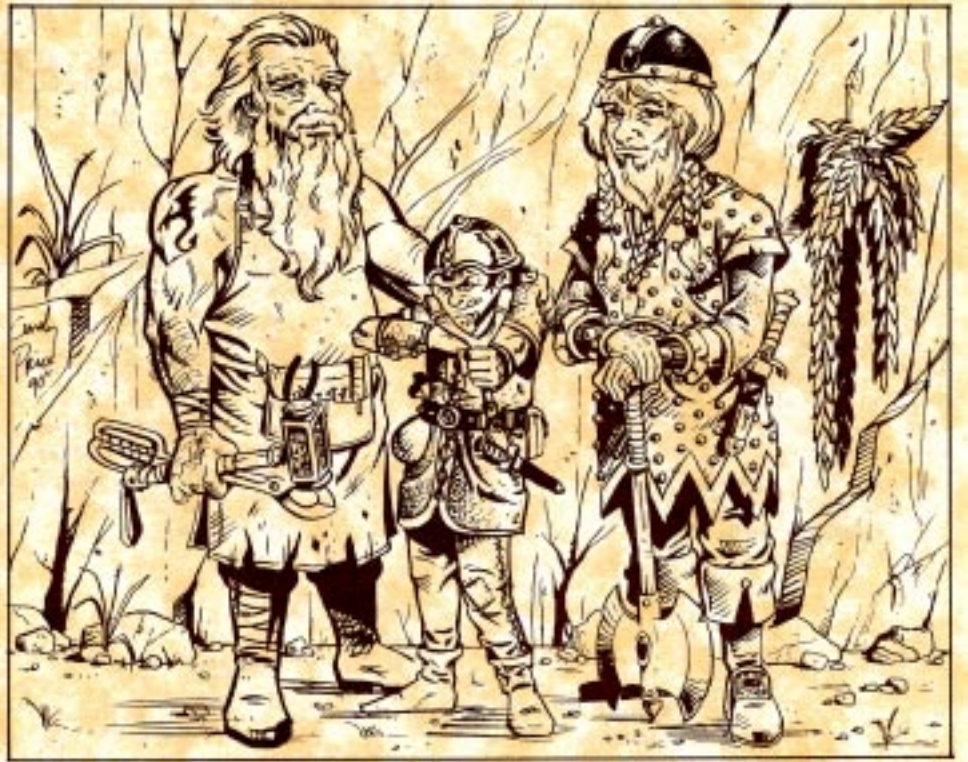
This sourcebook begins to explore the present state of dwarves and dwarven society in the Realms. Elminster stresses that it cannot be all-encompassing. Much remains to be learned about the very private Stout Folk, sometimes also known as the Deep Folk of the Realms. They are definitely a race in decline, crippled by a low birthrate and many enemies. Much of their past greatness is now lost and mysterious even to the dwarves themselves.

Dwarves in The Realms

Despite their dwindling numbers, dwarves are an important and influential race, who have by and large forced other beings in the Realms to take them on their own terms. The works and inventions of dwarves are everywhere in the human societies of Faerun, and dwarves remain in the forefront of explorers and craftsmen in the Realms today.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of their gods to the dwarves. Much of the space herein is devoted to the deities and their priests, because the lives of dwarves are dominated by the deeds and directives of the gods, more than any other intelligent race of Faerun.

This work explores something of the magic and deeds of the dwarves, and



the nature of their societies. A dwarf reading this work would be enraged not only by the laying out of far too many of his Folk's secrets, the long and colorful past of the battling dwarven races on Faerun in The Lost Kingdoms chapter, and more practical information on spells, priests, magical items, and so on. Elminster knows this to be true: He had a dwarf of Faerun that he knows well read it. It's a good thing he dodges hurled axes and tankards quickly!

What's New FOR Dwarves

In these pages, a DM will find details of dwarven priests and gods, dwarven spells and magical items, current news and important dwarves, and background information on the dwarven realms. The emphasis here has been to provide rules and lore likely to be useful to a DM in running dwarves in a campaign set in the Realms.

If a DM is interested in running a

"dwarves-only" campaign, or adventures delving extensively into dwarven society and doings, he may easily do so. Much of the information in this Realms sourcebook can be combined with, or used alongside, the information in D&D® Gazetteer 6, *The Dwarves of Rockhome*, by Aaron Allston. This sourcebook is intended for Dungeon Masters, who can 'screen' the information in it, passing on to players only what fits the campaign or characters.

Dwarves—like humans, or any other race of intelligent beings—are far too big and complex a topic to ever fit entirely between the covers of any book. In these pages, I've tried to set down what is most useful in starting to use dwarves and their holds in play, gleaned what I could from the often spotty information Elminster has given me.

Fun and good times—even for dwarves—are what adventuring careers in the Realms are all about, or should be. Don't we agree?

Axe high, friend. I go.



WHAT IT IS TO BE A DWARF

"A grudging, suspicious race."

—Alaundo the Sage

Grim mystery, laced with sadness and pride—these are the images that come to mind when one thinks of dwarves. They are the images that should come to players' minds when dwarves come onstage during play in the Realms. In this chapter we'll look at some things that help bring a dwarf to life in play.

Dwarven Character

Dwarves are dour, proud, taciturn, and markedly inflexible. They hold grudges and lust after gold. Dwarves have a deep-seated, morbid dislike and mistrust of all strangers, nondwarves in particular: More than simply wanting to greedily amass all the wealth they can, which is the common human and halfling view of dwarves, the Deep Folk love worked beauty. They prefer beauty through skill, somehow improving on nature, rather than the beauty of nature "as is," the beauty prized by "lazy" elves.

Dwarves are also a devout folk, a race in decline that looks often to its gods who, in turn, serve their steadfast worshippers diligently. Dwarven traits such as grim defiance and greed are not implanted or forced upon the dwarves by their deities, but are things inherent in a dwarf that the gods recognize and play upon.

Dwarves are usually pessimists, as is revealed by their common sayings "every fair sky hides a lurking cloud" and "the gold you have yet to win gleams the brightest". As such they always prepare for the worst, preparing back-up weapons, food caches, escape routes, and 'booby traps' for potential enemies.

Some even see the hand of fate as a real, powerful force that acts upon their lives. Some dwarves have been known to feel their own deaths approach. Others have glimpsed tantalizing images of important scenes in their lives to come. These images are given, it is said, by the gods, to ensure that each dwarf knows when an encounter, decision, or deed is especially important to the Folk as a whole, so he might act accordingly. These fateful images make the dwarves respectful and

obedient to the gods, willing to obey their laws and rules.

Dwarves therefore tend to keep their word, whatever the cost. By way of example, the village of Maskyr's Eye, in the Vast, is named for a wizard who asked the dwarven king Tuir for land. The king, not wanting to give up any land to humans, but also not wanting to face the attacks of an angered wizard, said the land would be Maskyr's only if the wizard plucked out his right eye on the spot, and gave it to Tuir. Maskyr, to the astonishment of the court, did so, and Tuir then respectfully kept his end of the bargain.

The dwarves have always had close relations with gnomes, and workable relations with halflings. They have always harbored a special hatred for orcs and other goblin-kin, and they have never gotten along with their own deep-dwelling kin, the duergar.

Everyday Beliefs

The deep religious beliefs of the dwarves—that their gods are real beings who will aid them if they have performed acceptably, and who want them to do thus and so—are not dealt with in this chapter. For religious topics, see instead *The Gods of the Dwarves* and *The Priests of the Dwarves*. Rather, we look here at things that most dwarves believe to be true about life and Daerun, whether these beliefs are true or not. Player characters may, or may not, know the truth of these matters, or may learn them during their careers, at the DM's option.

All giants, orcs, and halflings are liars.

Humans and orcs both mate constantly, whenever they have opportunity and with any partner. That's why they are so numerous, where we are so few.

Elves secretly lust after beautiful things fashioned of metal as much as dwarves do. They only pretend they don't, so as to get the best price-or opportunity to steal—such things in their dealings with other races.

Elves can steal magic out of items simply by touching them.

Humans can tarnish some metals merely by touching them.

Drinking the blood of a dragon heals

wounds, banishes disease and poison, and may add a year or four to a dwarfs life. Hot dragon blood, freshly taken from the dragon, is best.

Somewhere deep beneath the earth is a river of pure, molten gold. Those dwarves who find the River of Gold can simply dip out all they can carry, but they must use stone containers, for the molten gold is so hot it will melt all other metals. The river is dangerous; it seems to take dwarven lives in payment if too much gold is taken. It will never be found in the same deep caverns twice, but must be hunted anew in the deepest and most remote delves and cracks.

Some dragons excrete gems, and these fall about the dragon's lair and the terrain under which the dragon flies. The gems can usually be found on mountain pinnacles.

Dwarven Manners In Brief

To call someone a 'longbeard' means that he or she is wise, experienced, a dependable veteran, and is a compliment. To call someone a 'no-beard' or 'shorthair' is an insult. All dwarves grow beards, male and female, but some dwarves, usually females, shave.

To call a dwarf 'little' or 'human' (or to combine the two, as in 'little man') is to issue a nasty insult. Conversely, 'standing tall,' as in 'You stand tall among us, Thorgar,' is a term of admiration and respect. Strangely, the actual height of a dwarf does not influence his or her treatment by, and relationships with, other dwarves in any way.

A dwarf may introduce himself to a stranger of another race, as 'Narnden, of the dwarves' If Narnden is his real name, this is only a subtle insult, reflecting that the dwarf doesn't trust the stranger well enough to give his clan (last) name. If the stranger is a dwarf, it is an unfriendly greeting. If the dwarf gives the name 'Narnden' falsely, it is meant as an insult.

Customs

Dwarves have many customs that appear strange to humans. Those immediately apparent to any visitor to dwarven



habitations is that dwarves prefer to live underground or, if aboveground, they prefer dark, massive stone structures that mimic conditions underground. Dwarves seem to hate and fear the sea.

Dwarves also speak as little as possible, and tend to be surly or sarcastic. Dwarves tend to like games even gambling, of all sorts. They enjoy rhythmic drumming in music, disliking flutes and other wind instruments. Dwarves enjoy dancing, either among themselves or watching others when in human-dominated communities.

Dwarven Nature

Dwarves are hardy by nature, resistant to magic and toxic substances, as described in the *ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS*,[®] 2nd Edition, *Player's Handbook*. However, there is at least one substance especially poisonous to dwarves and duergar: dwarfbane. Dwarfbane is a rare, gummy oil that is poisonous only to dwarves. Insinuating, it is commonly smeared on weapons. It does not dry out, but prolonged exposure to air lessens its potency; it is effective only for 26-31 (1d6 + 25) days. Upon contact, dwarfbane does 1-8 points of damage with a pain "like blazing skewers," and a further 1-6 points on each of the following three rounds. A successful saving throw will halve all damage suffered by a dwarf from dwarfbane.

The Doom of The Dwarves

The tragic 'secret' of the dwarves is their low birthrate. Fear of clan extinction sometimes drives dwarves to raid human settlements for mates, or even to deal with slavers. The dwarves are usually in search of human women, because the low dwarven birthrate is thought to be due to low fertility among dwarven women.

The offspring of a human and a dwarf is always dwarven enough to pass for a true dwarf (although it may be a foot taller than other dwarves). Any offspring it may in turn have with a dwarven mate will be fully dwarven, reverting to usual dwarven height. The taking of human mates is

"the secret salvation of the race" referred to by some dwarven elders.

Festivals and Moots

Moots are business meetings between dwarven clans or professions, or between dwarves and nondwarven traders. Current known moots in the Realms include periodic Tradesmoots near Baldur's Gate, the annual High Moot northeast of Waterdeep, and the Deep Moot in the Great Rift, held every ten years and open to every dwarf.

Dragonmoots are a proud but vanishing tradition, in which bands of adventuring dwarves are called together to fight specific dragons, and plunder their hoards. They were once something of a ritual of passage for young dwarves aspiring to be warriors.

Festivals are annual celebratory feasts which tend to involve lots of drinking and dancing. The most famous festivals include the Festival of the Forging (in honor of the great smithies), the Night of the Thirsty Axe (in honor of great warriors), and the Remembering (in honor of dead dwarven ancestors).

Professions

Dwarves have professions not unlike those of other races, so visitors from human or even elven communities will not be completely lost in the dwarven realms. However, several honored dwarven professions are unique to their culture. These include loremasters, diplomats, and smiths.

Loremasters are the Keepers of the High History of the Dwarves. Their task is to remember dwarven genealogies, history, and decisions down the ages. In the Deep Realm, the most sacred, central part of Underhome is the Vault of Mutterings, where old dwarves endlessly tell each other the lore they know, in a sort of endless chanting and drinking party.

Diplomats are also honored professionals among the dwarves. Skilled diplomats are either negotiators or messengers. The latter memorize messages exactly and can deliver them in precisely the voice and tone in which they were first enunciated. They can't deliver spells this way, but can

impart command words. Messengers are used throughout the Deep Realm as a matter of course, and on the surface when matters of import must be communicated (i.e. news of the death of a dwarf to his or her kin). Dwarven messengers carry small iron bucklers as badges of their office, and may also bear a circle-inside-a-circle tattoo at the base of their throat.

Far and away the most important profession among the dwarves is, of course, the smith. Smiths vary widely in skills and specialties, and not all of them can fashion magical items. These skills are not detailed in this sourcebook, because it is recommended that smiths not be player characters.

To advance in smith-craft, a dwarf cannot spare the time for adventuring. Nor would a smith voluntarily risk his skilled hands and other faculties to the dangers of battle—they are simply too valuable to the smith and to his people.

There is a dwarven saying: "Smiths die rich, but warriors die with only what they've managed to seize and hold onto." It vividly illustrates the relative lack of profit in being an adventurer, compared to the sure gains of being a dwarven smith.

Most human fighters in the Realms know the basics of forging weapons and armor; the favored and necessary metals, what tools are commonly used, and so on. They can tell when someone is trying to deceive them over the making of a blade, but would probably produce a brittle, unbalanced weapon unable to hold an edge if they tried to make a sword themselves.

Most dwarves can do a little better than that. They can tell you exactly what metals and tempering substances their local smiths used, and know when a forge or blade-in-progress is hot enough simply by its hue.

A player character dwarf may not be able to turn out a fine, tempered sword if he is not a smith. However, virtually any dwarf can, if given time and the right materials, produce a serviceable blade, of the proper weight, size and balance for a given user, that can be sharpened to a cutting edge. It may not, however, hold an edge or take the battering a good weapon could without shattering. The DM must



adjudicate such situations on a case-by-case basis.

Magical forging is also a matter for the dungeon master to rule on, to match conditions in a particular campaign. Dwarves are intensely secretive when it comes to smithy-work; no player character dwarf will be able to learn how to make and enchant a weapon from any dwarven tutor. A few hints may be picked up from crumbling texts, examination of magical items, and the last gasped words of dying dwarves indebted to the PC, but by and large PCs of any race wanting to learn the dwarven ways of creating magical things are going to have to experiment for themselves.

The player character must prepare a process, with ingredients and conditions, and submit it to the DM. The DM will rule on what occurs. While creating a magical item under such conditions is a thing to be proud of in itself, if properly run, eat up so much time and wealth that the character effectively retires from adventuring, even if only temporarily.

As the dwarven sage Holoengor of Earthheart has said, "Adventuring is one grand career and craftwork is another. It's a rare dwarf that's tall enough to manage both."

The Handsome Dwarf

Almost all dwarves are hirsute, covered with at least some hair all over their bodies. Jungle dwarves have the least hair, and shield dwarves the most. Dwarves of both sexes may shave, perfume, trim, and comb all their hair, or tattoo themselves. Their growth may be inhibited by treating areas of the body with a paste of secret ingredients, then searing the area in open flame. Tattoos also inhibit the growth of hair.

Many dwarves, particularly females, oil and shave their bodies regularly. A non-dwarf seeing a shaggy-bearded dwarf in heavy armor and furs that conceal the betraying lines of the female figure may have trouble determining the dwarf's sex.

Most dwarven females dress, walk and fight as males do, and have similar low-pitched, gruff, husky voices. Like males, they naturally grow beards, and only

some shave. Dwarves of both sexes may trim, perfume, or even hang their beards with gems or gold ornaments. The latter is particularly true in the south, among surface-dwellers near the Rift.

Metals Most Marvelous

Much of the wealth of dwarves, envied and sought by those of other races in Faerun, exists in the form of fine metals. Understanding the metallurgy of the dwarves would be absolutely enormous undertaking, taking a lifetime or more. The devising of alloys is one of the chief dwarven sciences, and it would take a book thrice the size of this one even to name and describe the various successful and failed amalgams and alloys tried by the dwarves. Interestingly, some sages believe the low fertility of dwarves is due to exposure to heat, bizarre alloys, and metal toxins.

Any good library can tell those interested the sources (and the differences between) copper, bronze, electrum, gold, and so on. A library in the Realms (Elminster has a good one, I've been led to believe) will yield lore about more than a dozen metals unique to the Realms—and alloys made from them, besides. Perhaps another day....

Here we note only a few bare basics:

Mithril: Mithril, a pure, silvery-blue, shining metal especially prized by dwarves, who call it "truemetal," is astonishingly resilient (durable and flexible under stress), and very resistant to corrosion. It is mined in various places throughout the Realms, in veins and pockets, and is always rare. Dwarves have become experts in smelting pure mithril from its glittering, soft silvery-black ore.

Mithril is combined with *steel* (to the dwarves to us, varying alloys of iron and carbon, which have always yielded the greatest strength and hardest edge in metal-work) to create an extremely hard and durable known as *adamantine*.

Adamantine: This alloy, a stable metal in its own right, is found (very rarely) in nature: in hard jet-black ferrous ore known as "adamantine," and occasionally (in hardened volcanic flows) in deposits of

purier metal, known as *adamant*. The god Hephaestus, in his volcanic mountain abode on the Outer Plane of Olympus, prefers to work with adamant.

The hardness of adamant is approached only by another alloy (whose precise make-up is—or perhaps was—a secret of the Ironstar dwarven clan): *darksteel*.

Hizagkuur: One other metal used by the dwarves is so important as to demand note: a rare white metal known as hizagkuur after its long-ago Gold Dwarf discoverer. It reflects back all magic cast at it (or items plated or sealed with it, such as the Gates of Underhome) 100 percent, and deals a 2d12 electrical damage per touch (or round of continued contact) to all beings touching it, once it is cast, worked, or forged, and has cooled and hardened.

Metal Saving Throw Bonuses: When items fashioned of these special metals must make saving throws, the DM should modify the "metal" scores needed according to the *Item Saving Throws* table by the following factors (to a minimum of 1):

Adamantine/Adamant: -4

Darksteel: -3

Mithril: -2 (-4 for "Crushing Blows and Falls" saves)

Hizagkuur: -1 (-6 for "Magical Fire," "Lighting Bolt" and "Electrical" saves)

Treatments

Dwarven smiths know many treatments for metals, chiefly concerned with inhibiting oxidation and other forms of corrosion, or in altering appearance (shine and hue). Two deserve mention here: the common *blueshine* treatment, used for all metals to resist acid (+1 bonus to saves) and rust (especially "blood-rust") and to give them a beautiful gleaming deep blue appearance, and the *everbright* treatment. This gives all metals an enduring, bright shine (like chromium) and absolutely prevents any tarnishing, discoloration, rusting (even by a rust monster), or corrosion of a blade, unless the blade is actually broken, or subjected to forge-fire, earth-fire (lava) or dragonfire.



LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Dwarven courtship is a mystery to most other races. Others see dwarves as a hard, grim, largely humorless race. To outsiders, dwarves never appear to show love, kindness, or caring if they can help it.

These misconceptions only substantiate how intensely dwarves value their privacy, and how well they guard it. Dwarves are slow to strong emotion, but their feelings run deep. When moved to anger, hatred, love, or friendship, they hold steadfast throughout their lives. In fact, their low birthrate and dwindling numbers makes dwarves pursue love more fiercely now than in elder days.

Changing Roles

Dwarves were once more carefree. Though they lived in danger, beset by enemies in the Deep Realm, they were far more numerous. No dwarf thought of his Folk as a people in decline, or that someday there might be no dwarves. Clan rule was stronger, and females were kept busy in the home, all the while guarded by males who mined and fought.

Some say the heat of the forges and the strange metals dwarves have experimented with over the years have made many of them barren. Others scoff at this notion. Whatever the truth, dwarven fertility has steadily declined.

The rule of clan elders over everyday dwarven lives has also waned, particularly in the north, where once-proud dwarven kingdoms are gone, the Folk scattered in lands now held by men.

Females, who from a cold-blooded view of breeding to preserve the race should now be guarded more than ever, have taken advantage of failing clan power to achieve equality with their malefolk. She-dwarves today fiercely hold roles as warriors and adventurers, often paying with their lives. As fertile mothers grow fewer, dwarven power continues to fade.

Today, male and female dwarves are identical in rights, except in the clergy. Strong personalities of either sex dominate family and clan life.

Courting

Courting, romance, and fertility are sacred to the goddess Sharindlar. Courtship begin with a time of living apart, exchanging

poems and gifts, the latter often battle-spoils or personally-crafted jewelry. This may last for years, as participants try to impress each other. If interest grows sufficient, the two live together for a time, often adventuring side-by-side or working together as artisans. This allows both to fully learn the personality of their chosen one. If deep love develops, marriage follows.

Marriage

Betrothal and married life are the province of the goddess Berronar. Lawful good dwarves follow her custom of exchanging rings with those for whom they feel deep, mutual trust and love. The rings are often of silver, matching Berronar's symbol, are treated by dwarven smiths to be everbright (never to tarnish), and are blessed by priests of Berronar. If one of the parties participates with deceit in his or her heart, Berronar's power makes one of the rings crumble during the blessing (both rings, if both are false!). Both participants must be lawful good, and the ceremony is never entered into lightly.

Rings are also ceremonially exchanged between betrothed royalty of different dwarven kingdoms, regardless of their alignments. Dwarves almost never exchange rings with nondwarves, although there have been cases, especially in the north, where human females and male dwarves have united in happiness, to further dwarven bloodlines and preserve what remains of crumbling dwarven clans and holdings.

Dwarven marriage need not involve a ring exchange. An older, more popular ritual, particularly among adventurers and wanderers, is blood-betrothal. The participants may be of any alignment, and require only a noble of any race as a witness. The witness should be a dwarf, and preferably a clan chief, elder, or priest, but could technically be any noble. The two mingle blood, while they kiss, and whisper their truenames to each other. They then solemnly declare themselves, by their full public names, as mates for the benefit of the witness. They are then considered married in the eyes of all dwarves. Divorce is unknown.

Adventurer-dwarves have always been the Folk of widest experience and tolerance, being most likely to meet and marry

dwarves of other clans and interests. Nonadventurers, especially in the past, tend to marry others of their own profession, which can prove to be a weakness; when sudden death comes to dwarven holds, a whole field of expertise could be irreclaimable with the loss of a single family. Marriage does not, these days, mean living together thereafter-many couples carry on separate careers, meeting only a few times a year.

Having Children

A pregnant wife is cared for by her husband, seeks clan midwives, or returns to a clan hold to live until the birth. This last practice is common when married dwarves live apart, and the male is a roving adventurer or otherwise difficult to get word to. Once the wife is safely in clan care, a messenger is sent to inform the husband. It is considered great good luck for the child if the father is present at the birth. In some clans, an axe or other item of his is brought to the birthing to represent a dead or absent father.

It is rare for dwarves to give birth to more than one baby at a time. About 70% of all births are males. Only about 55% of dwarves, of either sex, are fertile.

Halfbloods

Humans, gnomes, and halflings are cross-fertile with dwarves. Elminster says elves and dwarves can have issue as well. Common in Ardeep, Eaerlann, and Myth Drannor of old, this is unheard-of today.

Mates who respect dwarven customs and traditions are honored for their courage (in entering a strange society), loyalty (to the customs of dwarves) and aid (in preserving the Folk).

"Half-dwarves" are not a distinct race. Save for their height (a head taller than most dwarves) all offspring of unions between dwarves and other races look and act (and are treated in the rules) as pure-blood dwarves. Dwarven halfbreeds always have the stocky build and hirsute appearance of purebloods.

If halfbloods mate with pureblood dwarves, the offspring will be a pure-blood. If halfbloods mate with another halfblood or a nondwarf, the offspring will be a halfblood.



DWARVEN RACES

The dwarves of Faerun are of four distinct races, only two of which are widely known in the surface Realms. These are the Northern (Shield) Dwarves, the Southern (Gold) Dwarves, the duergar (Grey), and the Wild Dwarves.

Shield Dwarves

The Shield, or Northern Dwarves are of mountain dwarf stock. They are wanderers, their kingdoms lost long ago in endless struggles with successive orc hordes, which weakened both the dwarves and elves of the North so that they were unable to withstand the coming of men to the region. So weakened, they were forced into hiding, flight, or bloody defeat.

The surviving Shield Dwarves are of two types. The first type, known as "The Hidden," are isolationists who shun all other dwarves except in emergencies, and keep to the mountain heights. These are the classic "Mountain Dwarves" described in the *Monstrous Compendium Volume 2*, under "Dwarf." The second type are "The Wanderers."

The Wanderers are the most numerous dwarves in the Realms-but they never gather together or share the same interests for long. Friendly with gnomes, and tolerant of humans, halflings, and even elves by necessity, the Wanderers are self-reliant craftsmen, most often smiths, but sometimes merchants, guards, and adventurers. A player character Shield Dwarf is almost certain to be of this stock.

Attitudes: The Shield Dwarves of today are slow to trust and slow to forget slights, but they will ally with, and even fight alongside, anything up to an including elves and half-orcs. If clan elders or the pompous Gold Dwarves of the south are too stiff-necked to see how close the dwarves are to extinction, the youngest and most traveled of the Shield Dwarves are not nearly so blind. To the Wanderers, the urgency of the dwarven plight is as plain as an axe in hand. To them, the time for racial prejudices, clan bans, and hard-headedness is past; the Stout Folk must bend or perish.

Wanderers are generally dour and cynical, and tend to speak little when in the presence of large numbers of humans or other races. Those who really do live ad-

venturesome lives tend to be rugged and world-wise, experienced in living off the land and in fighting. They are practical and self-reliant folk of action.

Tolerance. It is clear, especially so to Wanderers, that the dwarves must have younglings—many younglings, and soon. They must hold high their traditions while at the same time plunging with energy and good will into the daily life of the human-dominated Realms, or dwarves will become but a memory. It has become common knowledge that dwarves are cross-fertile with other races, and that dwarven blood predominates to make the offspring wholly dwarvish in two generations. Many young Shield Dwarves regard it as their duty to find a mate of any race that will have them-not, as in the old days, a dwarven mate of the right age and family connections to please all the parents and clanmasters involved.

This new and sudden interest in survival is coupled in many young Wanderers with a heightened awareness of how godly balances and the lives of all creatures work in the lands. This ecological understanding, once very foreign to dwarves more comfortable with stone and metal and working with them to the exclusion of all else, has been fostered and furthered by the Harpers, particularly through the High Lady Alustriel of Silverymoon, who rules elves, humans, dwarves, and other races alike.

In turn, this companionship between many young adventuring Wanderer dwarves and other races has brought increased mutual tolerance and an increased easiness among the demi-human races. This is true among elves and humans, who have learned that cruel sarcasm is natural speech for most dwarves, not to be taken at face value as an insult.

There are dwarves who believe that this tolerance and peaceful interracial cohabitation in the north will soon bring a weakening and submergence of the dwarves, and hasten their extinction. However, as clan law and power loses its grip on the minds and actions of the young dwarves, so, too, do such opinions lose their weight, and more and more dwarves find themselves as friends, shield-companions, and even mates to folk of races their grandfathers would

have slain upon first meeting.

Appearance: A typical Wanderer dresses simply, is tall (for a dwarf; standing just over four-and-a-half feet in height), has white or suntanned skin, and brown to fair hair. The hair of Wanderers is prone to go grey and white early in life, unless they are of the rare red-haired sort. As Wanderers age, their skin tends to go grey in hue, until, after three hundred years or so, they match granite and blend in with it. In game terms, they become 75% undetectable to normal vision when standing motionless against granite and not wearing armor or brightly-colored clothing.

A typical adventuring Shield Dwarf wears furs and a horned helmet, and uses crude but well-made weapons.

By choice, most of today's dwarves would go into battle in full plate armor, but would otherwise generally dress as humans do. Just about every established dwarven smith or drover active in human cities has a hidden suit of plate armor and several good weapons, even if they are only modified human gear.

Dwarven females, especially if burly and bearded, tend to dress and act as males when outdoors in human cities. They tend to receive better treatment than they would if visibly female.

The active lives of most younger Shield Dwarves (200 years old or less) makes them hardened, fit, and experienced in dealing with danger. If the DM deems it appropriate to the campaign, a bonus of +1 to the initial hit points roll is suggested (do not apply this if the maximum possible hit points are rolled).

Gold Dwarves

The Gold, or Southern Dwarves are of Hill Dwarf stock, as described in the *Monstrous Compendium Volume 2*, under "Dwarf." They are powerful, proud, and xenophobic, shunning even other dwarves, and traveling little in the surface world. Southern Dwarves hold grudges longer than Northern Dwarves, and know (and care) much less about happenings in the world around them.

Gold Dwarves dwell in the Great Rift, the Deep Realm and the Deep Lands that fan out beneath the Shaar for many thousands of miles. They are seen little outside



these areas. Southern Dwarves delve deep in search of new gems and ores, and have loosed several fearsome monsters, as well as training other monsters to their service. Some of these are described later in the chapter *The Deeps*.

Appearance and Wealth: Their collective name comes from their habit of wearing lots of gold—bracers, gorgets, pectorals, belts, multiple rings on the fingers, toes, and ears, and all manner of other accoutrements—as everyday clothing. Such apparel is always intricately chased and fluted, and adorned with gems and inlays of other precious metals.

Almost all Gold Dwarves are rich beyond the wildest dreams of most humans, but one can't eat gold. Gold Dwarves of the Deeps have grown accustomed to many foods that cannot be grown below the surface (especially fruit), and spend money constantly on such produce.

A typical Southern Dwarf will have long, luxuriantly braided hair and beard, wear many rings, gold earrings and toe-rings. Their beards are hung with a net of dangling teardrop pearls or other gems, and they will wear gold armor enamelled with fantastic curlicued designs and a clan marking or personal totem.

Gold Dwarves are dusky-skinned and dark-haired—their hair is usually black. Some have mahogany-hued, brick-red or even deep-red skin instead of cinnamon-brown. They tend to be both shorter and more heavysset than Shield Dwarves, and most are fatter through good eating and a more indolent lifestyle.

Even their warhammers tend to be plated with gold, and both armor and weaponry tends to be upswept into curling horns at every corner or projection. These things a Northern Dwarf would regard as a waste of good gold. To this a Southern Dwarf would reply, "This? We pick our teeth with it!"

Dwindling Numbers. The low birthrate of the Gold Dwarves is even worse than that of their northern cousins, the Shield Dwarves. This is due in part to the unwillingness of Gold Dwarves to take anyone as a mate who is not also a Gold Dwarf, of the right clan, family, social position, and agreeable to both sets of parents and the clan elders—a collective gauntlet that makes happy marriages few.

Elminster and some other sages concerned with things dwarven believe that the birthrate may also be low because the fertility of the race may have been harmed by exposure to underground radiations. 'Glowstone' and 'hot-melt rifts' (lava flows) can both be found in the Deeps, and Elminster believes that both can have invisible but harmful effects on all races long exposed to them.

Most Gold Dwarves don't know this, wouldn't believe it if told, and wouldn't care even if they were somehow convinced that they were being told something that might 'lengthen their beards'.

Intolerance. Southern Dwarves are the most proud (no help needed, thank you) and inflexible (the dwarves' way or no way) of dwarves. Their elders, called the Loremasters, preserve the lore of the race in deep caverns, collectively known as the Vault of Muttering, continually instructing junior scribes as to the dwarven decrees—most importantly, who the dwarves are beholden to, and who they hate and will never aid or deal with. They see themselves as the oldest and wisest culture in the Realms, ages advanced beyond the barbaric humans, effete elves, weakling gnomes and halflings, and their degenerate northern dwarven cousins.

The Gold Dwarves are the proudest of dwarves. They are slow to forgive and unable to forget an offense against them. They treat all nondwarves except gnomes coldly, especially those of proud pretensions or manners, such as the men of Calimshan. Men, particularly proud men who rely overmuch on magic, are thought of as overblown, tasteless lackwits. Halflings and adventurers (who are, of course, all brigands or thieves) are regarded with suspicion. Even visitors of their poor-cousin race the Shield Dwarves are suspect—why come to the rich realms of the south, if not to steal?

Gnomes are the exception to this general contempt. Gold Dwarves regard gnomes as useful hirelings for dirty work, and well-meaning if inferior folk. A human analogy would be how some human nobles think of their trained war-dogs. Their usefulness earns them polite, if distant, treatment. Elminster reports dryly that the gnomes he's met all seem overjoyed by this.

Gold Dwarves generally live far safer lives than their northern cousins, and so live longer. However, careful scrutiny of dwarven records indicate that the race as a whole seems only a little more long-lived (425-475 years) than Shield Dwarves. Such a careful scrutiny is possible because Gold Dwarves are very concerned with social status, which is linked to personal wealth, influence, and birth. They keep careful genealogies that reach back thousands of years.

A typical Gold Dwarf knows the full name of his great-great-grandmother, and *her* social standing. If asked, he will also probably be able to tell you where his clan originated, in a hold now dust, some twenty thousand years ago! If annoyed, he will probably add, "When your ancestors were hairy things crawling in the mud!" If merely irritated, more subtly snide variants will be uttered.

Gold Dwarven names tend to be longer, more elaborate, and more of a touchy subject than those of other dwarves. Ralython Shaversham "The Elder" du Undergarr, blood of Alathann, blood of Murueen, of Upper Goldgate Caverns is a full head shorter than Dundold Battlehammer of Fireshear. However, Dundold might snort if you pronounced his name wrong, whereas Ralython would coldly correct you, challenge you over the insult if he thought it was deliberate, and place a careful mental black mark against you in any case, just to be sure. And that's if you're a dwarf!

As the Shield Dwarf Berinthar Deepdelve remarked wearily, after a recent diplomatic meeting in Eartheart with the haughty envoys of the Gold Dwarf Clan Ghalkin, "Those of us who live in the real world have less and less time for this sort of nonsense, know you."

Gray Dwarves

The duergar are not dealt with in these pages. Elminster warns that much more needs to be learned about the evil 'Gray Dwarves'; their aims and powers outstrip those generally known.

Wild Dwarves

The little-known "Jungle Dwarves" are described in this book in *Monstrous Compendium* format, on the next page.

Dwarf, Wild



FR11

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean, tropical jungle
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	One family
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivorous
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	K, L, M, Q or V
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral

NO. APPEARING:	20-200
ARMOR CLASS:	8 (10)
MOVEMENT:	8
HIT DICE:	1+1
THACO:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1

DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	S (3')
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	270

Wild Dwarves are a reclusive race of dwarves. Also known as "Jungle Dwarves," they are found only in remote, hot jungle areas in Chult and the nearby lands to the east.

Wild Dwarves are dark-skinned, short, and stout. Their bodies are covered with tattoos and grease which serves to keep off insects, and also makes them hard to hold (reflected in their armor class). They wear nothing except their long, woven hair which serves as adequate clothing, which they plaster with mud into crude armor when going to war.

Wild Dwarves forge weapons and tools from mined metals. In this and in infravision, 'underground skills,' and lifespan, they are like other dwarves. Sturdy (+1 to Con scores) and muscular, they distrust intruders and will avoid confrontations unless they are attacked or provoked. Wild Dwarves speak their own clicking, trilling tongue, a smattering of the common tongue, and the language spoken by most Wanderer dwarves. They use and understand Dethek runes.

Combat: Wild Dwarves are armed with blowguns that can fire 2 darts per round (ranges 1/3/5). Each dwarf carries 1d10 +6 barbed darts which do 1d3 (1d2 vs. large creatures) damage and has a sleep-inducing venom-save vs. poison or be slowed for 2 rounds, then fall asleep for 2-5 rounds; slapping does not awaken. Each dart can be used twice before venom is exhausted. All adult Wild Dwarves are specialists with their darts; at short range they gain an attack bonus of +2, whether using a blowgun or tossing it. They are immune to the effects of their venom. Each Wild Dwarf also carries a spear (1d6 damage) and a spiked throwing club (1d6) or hand axe (1d6).

Wild Dwarves like to use pits, snares, deadfalls, and other traps to defend their home caves. All of these are tailored from the jungle surroundings and are very effective, even against victims of high levels, especially those uninitiated to jungle combat. They prefer to attack in large groups, firing darts from behind cover until an angered target charges them—whereupon they attack from all sides.

Wild Dwarves have the same poison saving throw bonuses and magic-handling abilities as a normal dwarf. Centuries of battling poisonous snakes have given them a natural poison/venom resistance; they make all poison saving throws (against poisons and poisonous vapors) at an additional +1. They are less likely to suf-



fer from debilitating disease or parasite effects than those who aren't jungle dwellers (DM must adjudicate), and receive a bonus of -1 per die damage on insect swarm and heat-related attacks, even if magically induced.

Habitat/Society: Wild Dwarves dwell in jungle trees and caverns, calling themselves "dur Authalar" (the People). They are polygamous and do not form tribes or clans, but live in hunting bands with ever-shifting membership. Each group carries a large water-bladder and a 'talking drum,' to call other bands to a 'big kill' or 'great danger.'

A typical hunting band knows of three or four watering-holes, a bathing-place, a shaded eating area with a firepit and several lookouts, a sleeping-cavern and several sleeping-trees hung with nets of interwoven vines. They also know of at least five 'refuge-caverns' that run deep into the earth.

Wild Dwarves think of themselves as one big family, "dur Authalar." They follow their "talkers" (planners and tacticians, of both sexes, all ages, and all levels), "war leaders" (treat as 5th to 7th level warriors), "bloods" (experienced warriors of 2nd through 4th level), and "priests" (clerics of all levels up to and including 10th). All Wild Dwarves worship Thard Harr, but rarely make offerings to other dwarven deities.

Wild Dwarves wear carved bone earrings, bracelets, and necklaces for adornment, reserving mined metal only for use in weapon- and tool-making or barter.

Ecology: Wild Dwarves eat certain fruits, berries, roots, leaves, and saps, and all manner of insects, worms, jungle birds, reptiles, and animals. Some have been known to eat humans, but they are not cannibals and do not usually eat intelligent beings. They consider most snakes delicacies, and make fermented fruit-wines in earthenware jugs.

Wild Dwarves are cross-fertile with all demi-human races, and with humans. They mistrust folk of other races, though, and rarely leave the confines of their hot, shady jungles willingly.



DWARVEN CRAFT

Dwarves are famous throughout the Realms for their mastery of technology. Their gifted hands have shaped stone and metal to form elegant and sturdy monuments of engineering: elaborate pumps, sluices, elevators, taps, bridges, locks, and other feats of mechanical skill and handcraft. The dwarves are peerless experts at draining or pumping water into underground areas, and at providing fresh air and sunlight to their deep domains. Their forebears developed gigantic “engines” that still power enormous mechanical devices in use today, some constructed as much as two thousand years ago!

Feats of Dwarven Engineering

The great old dwarven engineering feats include the Chasmleap Bridge, the Wailing Dwarf (called by some “the battered dwarf”), and the Pumps of Pyrad-din.

The Chasmleap Bridge

This railless, smooth stone arch is over a thousand paces in length, but only six paces wide. It spans The Long Chasm, a great gorge in the Northdark, those subterranean realms that underlie the Sword Coast North. The Long Chasm runs for some sixty miles, roughly northeast to southwest, from west of Everlund to under the Woods of Turlang.

The Chasmleap Bridge is smooth to the touch, so cunningly finished that it appears to be fashioned of a single, solid piece of stone. Here and there along its deck are carved old and intricate runes, their meaning unknown to the dwarves of today. Legends hold that these runes mark the sites of gates to other worlds or planes, or the locations of storage cavities hidden in the bridge itself—cavities holding powerful magical weapons.

If these legends are true, the means of activating or entering these magical openings is forgotten. Still, some adventurers still vanish on the Chasmleap Bridge from time to time, and not all are found to have simply fallen the half mile down to their deaths. At the same time, their disappearances cannot all be attributed to the monsters that lurk on or fly near the bridge, waiting for dinner to come trudging up

towards them. Undoubtedly the Chasmleap Bridge holds other sinister secrets that have cost many their lives.

The Wailing Dwarf

On the eastern face of the Troll Mountains (north of Eshpurta, in eastern Amn) is the huge, crumbling stone statue of a helmed dwarf, holding an axe and looking east. Of great antiquity (the time and specifics of its making lost to the memory of the dwarves), this 4,000-foot wonder has been carved from the side of an entire mountain. It contains numberless chambers, staircases, and elevators, all now deadly, the shafts inhabited by spiders and flying things, cloak-ers and stirges of huge size. The Wailing Dwarf is in fact an entire abandoned dwarven city.

The male dwarf stares east towards Breakback Pass in the Giant’s Run Mountains, across Giant’s Plain. The massive statue is so carved that when the wind is from the east, gusts enter his ears and the pupil-holes of his eyeballs, and escape from his lips in a deep, eerie moaning—hence the statue’s name.

The statue’s nickname, ‘the battered dwarf,’ comes from its weather-torn, yet defiant, appearance. Some say that it looks towards a lost dwarven homeland, others that it marked a sentinel-post against orcs or other enemies who lived to the east—perhaps the long-vanished giants for whom the mountains and plain are named.

No dwarves live there today, but for many wanderers traveling to it their journey is a pilgrimage. Such a trek to the Wailing Dwarf is sometimes to be made with dwarven fellows or adventuring companions of other races when a dwarf’s apprenticeship is ended. In searching its empty rooms for lost secrets and treasure, they rid them of some of the present monstrous inhabitants. Among these, it is said, are the trolls for which the mountains in which the Dwarf stands in are named.

The Pumps of Pyrad-din

Located deep under Azulduth, the Lake of Salt, these gigantic, deafeningly noisy devices continually drain the welling springs that ring the lake. They then filter

the water through lakes of chalk and charcoal, settling basins and airjet bubble-rakes, and finally pump it down to the Deep Lands below, on the northeastern edge of the Deep Realm.

There, the water forms a river, Seldar, ‘the River of the Depths,’ and flows away southeast to eventually rise in Aerialpar Forest, Land of the Korred. The Pumps (named, it is said, for the long-ago chief engineer and supervisor of their making) introduce enough air into the descending waters that breezes constantly blow southwest through The Deep Realm, keeping its air fresh and moist.

Passive vent-shafts located in the mountain heights of Fuirgar, Land of the Stone Giants, far to the east, bring air down into the Deep Lands.

Dwarven engineers have also had spectacular failures, in which bridges have collapsed, aerial ships have crashed, etc. By and large, however, the evidence has survived the ages, testifying to dwarven ingenuity through the generations.

Individual Abilities

The mining “detection skills” given in the Player’s Handbook shared by dwarves of all races, the average Northern Dwarf of today can unerringly identify various ores, in their natural state.

The average Gold Dwarf of today can evaluate the fair market price of worked metals and gems, within 10%, and detect forgeries, flaws, and counterfeits with a 95% degree of success.

The average Wild Dwarf of today can, given sufficient light, unerringly find groundwater in jungle regions by following the water table. They also have tracking ability (-3 on proficiency checks outside jungle areas).

However, it should be noted that these racial feats do not mean that any dwarf is able to walk up to a strange lock and devise a foolproof lockpick on the spot. Nor can one fell the only two trees on a mountainside and make from them a safe, and roomy bridge capable of taking wagons across a wide chasm. Dwarves have inherent capabilities and traditional interests, but these do not bestow expert status upon every individual.



DWARVEN LANGUAGE (DWARVISH)

The dwarven language in use today is descended from the Elder tongue, a speech of great antiquity. The Elder tongue is thought by some to be the source of the word “Faerun,” derived from the word “runedar,” meaning home or familiar place. It has a long and complicated vocabulary—little used by any dwarf alive today, save for the record-keeping elders. The most commonly-heard words of present-day dwarvish are presented on the opposite page.

Some of the words given there are of use to humans deciphering dwarven place-names, some of which survive in present-day use. Those trying to interpret old treasure-verses or dwarven lore are in even greater need of an elder dwarven vocabulary.

Dwarven speech can be simulated in play by speaking as most Wanderers do these days: that is, they use human common-speech, studded with words of dwarvish.

RUNESTONES

Dwarves prefer to write on stone rather than on more perishable materials. Stone walls, pillars, cairns, and standing stones all over the Realms today bear the Dethek runes used by dwarves down the long ages since history in Faerun began. A few dwarven writings are in ‘dead tongues’ or in clan codes rather than Dethek runes, which, thankfully for the scholar, few clans use nowadays.

Most often, dwarves write on flat stones, known as ‘runestones.’ A typical runestone is flat and circular or diamond-shaped, about an inch thick, and of a hard, durable rock. One or both faces of the stone are inscribed with Dethek runes in a ring or spiral around the edge. Runestones are usually read from the outer edge to the center along the spiral. This spiral encircles an identifying rune or picture, such as a clan mark or personal rune. Occasionally, runestones have been made of metal, but only the finest metals of the most pure and perfect manufacture will do.

Runestones telling a legend or tale of heroism usually bear a picture of the climactic scene described in the script. Grave markers or histories usually repro-

duce the face or mark of the dwarf or dwarves described. The central symbol may also be a commonly-understood rune (e.g. a foot for a ‘safe trail’ marker, or an inverted helm to denote safe drinking water), or may be a simple decoration. Some runestones have pictures in relief, and are used as seals or pressed into wet mud to serve as temporary trail markers.

The Dethek runes are reproduced on the gatefold of this accessory for easy DM reference during play. They can readily be used to decipher the message on the “typical runestone” shown there. It reads: “This place is Dhurri’s Bridge. Here forty-two of the best warriors of (the House of Helmung) fell, to keep orcs from the Halls. We slew six hundred and eight. (Day) 218, (year since the founding of the House) 377.”

The central rune of a hammer identifies the writer as a warrior, the shield indicates he was of the House of Helmung, a house now thought to be extinct. The writer’s name, “Nain,” is written, as is the custom, above the shield. A dwarf of greater importance would use his personal rune instead.

No punctuation can be shown in Dethek, but sentences are customarily separated by lines crossing the script. Words are separated by spaces, and capital letters have a horizontal line over them. Numbers enclosed in boxes are dates, the day preceding the year by convention. Clan, kingdom, family, and individual runes are incorporated into Dethek script. If any runes are painted, the names of beings and places are commonly picked out in red, the rest colored black or left uncolored.

Runestones can serve as genealogies and family burial markers, portable tombstones, to which additions are added each time a new burial is made in a family crypt. They can also serve as inventories of the wealth of a clan, family, or brotherhood, as private messages, and as records of great events and deeds of valor.

One stone was found in a labyrinth of dwarven caverns, serving as a very plain warning—plain to those who knew the script, that is-of a pit trap just beyond. Another, somewhere in the same abandoned mountain dwarf-halls in Delzoun, is reputed to hold a clue to the where-

abouts of the *Hammer of Thunderbolts*, a terrific weapon once borne in the Battle of the Drowning of Lornak.

The runestones most eagerly sought by nondwarves are ‘treasure stones’ According to Elminster, these tend to give treasure directions “hidden in those cryptic verses that the Stout Folk write when they think they’re being clever”

Some rare stones are adorned with gems, or are themselves magical. Magical runestones may function as *arrows of direction*, as the *Book of Passing Years* in Elminster’s library tells us. Others might, as many folk tales and ballads of the North attest, speak messages by *magic mouth* when certain persons are near, or when certain words (sometimes nonsense words, carved on the stone) are said over it. Some of these magical stones chant warnings or poetry, but most utter treasure-verses. A few such verses are given on the gatefold of this accessory. As far as Elminster knows, the treasures these hint at all await an adventuring band that is strong and brave, of keen wits and good luck. (“That’s why,” he added dryly, “they haven’t been found yet.”)

DWARVISH WORDS

ae: gold

aelin: gold-work

agland: sword

alagh: battle-glory, valor

ar: to cut, slash, or lay open

arglar: to butcher; “a proper arglary” means a proper butchering, or a good fight, and is often used to describe vicious struggles with orcs

arau: great, huge, gigantic

arauglor: sea, ocean (literally, ‘great-lake’)

barak: backbone, strength, shield

bedorn: disbelief, lies, mistakes, exaggeration, distortion

beldarak: treachery (hence, “beldarakin” means treacherous beings)

burakrin: way through, passage

calass: thief, miscreant, untrustworthy one

caurak: cavern (large size, underground only)

corl: to kill

corlar: killer



daern: familiar, known (place, feature, or being)

dauble: treasure or valuable (plural "daubles")

deladar: to descend, to go down (hence, "deladaraugh" means to die in battle; literally, 'to go down to the death')

delvar: to dig (hence "delve" means a digging; mine, tunnel, or underhome)

donnar: metal ore

dunglor: underground lake

dunlur: underground river

endar: cave (surface world; one not linked to extensive underways)

faern: home

findar: good luck, good fortune, favorable chances

glor: lake

gordul: gods forfend! or gods, look at this! (an oath of amazement or despair)

glander: gems, including uncut natural stones

halaur: gift

hurnden: payment

ilith: deal, agreement, trust of one's word or honor

jargh: jokester, idiot (often applied to halflings)

kuldjargh: a berserker, or one who is reckless in any battle (literally, "axe-idiot")

kuld: axe

kuldar: warrior (literally, "axe-cutter")

levasst: passage linking surface and underground

lhar: gap, (mountain) pass

llargh: loose stone, bad to work or unsafe

lur: river, creek, stream

llur: large (wide) river

lurgh: marsh, fen

lurmurk: bog, muskeg (concealed waters)

morndin: peak, height (especially of mountains, but sometimes also used to speak of high ledges, ranks of individuals, or tall creatures)

mrin: to climb (hence "mriding" means climbing)

mur: to disagree (hence "murmel" means to argue, debate)

murmelings: arguments, criticism, words of dissention

norogh: monsters, evil or dangerous beings or forces (especially unknown or unidentified)

noror: enemies (known)

noroth: enemy land, area, or lair (plural is "norothin")

ol: magic, magical power or items ("olara" refers to natural magic, not used or influenced by beings)

olor: world, all lands, the entire territory of Toril seen by, and known to, the dwarves

parlyn: clothing, especially usual or expected (proper or fitting) adornment

raugh: death, an ending, it's over (especially feuds and love-affairs)

rrin: over, above

rorn: destruction, devastation, war (thus, "rorntyn" means battlefield)

rune: familiar, known

runedar: home, familiar place, haven

sabrak: crack, flaw

samman: trusted friend, shield-brother (battle companion)

samryn: trustworthy, honest, honorable, or favorable

sargh: disgusting thing or occurrence; filth; orcs or orc-work

sonn: good stone

splendarr: bright, shining, beautiful, hopeful

taerin: love (true love, 'deep' love)

thalorn: kindness, caring, good deed

tharn: love, lust (hence "aetharn" means gold-lust)

thord: bone ("thorden" means bones)

thork: death, excrement, decay, carrion

thuldul: fate, doom, ill luck, or (spoken in irony) everyday cheery tidings or good fortune

tindul: clumsiness, clumsy work (especially smithcraft)

tor: hill, knoll (especially if bare rock in places; smaller than a mountain or crag)

torst: adventure, fun, welcomed danger

tyn: field, open place (aboveground)

ultok: meeting-place, coming together, rendezvous

ultokrinlur: ford (literally 'meeting-place over river')

undivover: hope, future plan, strategy

veltet: romance, courtship, social games and manners

vallahir: mountain-meadow (high valley, especially a 'hanging valley' or alpine plateau)

vudd: wood, forest

vruden: wood (thus, "vrudenla" means wooden or of wood)

wurgym: ugliness, ugly thing or being

wurlur: current, racing water (danger)

wurn: water (especially useful or drinking water)

xoth: knowledge (especially dwarf-lore and secret or special knowledge)

xunder: secrets, dark deeds or treasure-talk

yaugh: a climb (thus: "yaughadar" means stairs or steps, "vauthlin" means rope, "yauthmair" means handholds or no clear way, and "yauthtil" means an elevator (if magical, it is a "olyauthil"))

zander: adventurer, rogue, foolish youth, happy-go-lucky or reckless being

DWARVEN CLAN NAMES

Northern Clans

Arnskull	Horn
Battlehammer	Jundeth
(see FR7)	Narlagh
Blackbanner	Orothiar (FR9)
Blackhammer	Quarrymaster
Bucklebar	Rockfist
Darkfell	Stoneshoulder
Deepaxe	Stoneshield
Deepdelve	Trueforger
Eagleleft	Watchever
Foehammer	Worldthrone
Gallowglar	Wyrmslayer
Hillsafar (see FR9)	Yund

Southern Clans

Belindorn	Malthin
Bladebite	Mastemyr
Breakadder	Sorndar
Crownshield	Talnoth
Gemscepter	Undurr
Ghalkin	Velm
Goldthumb	Zord
Gordrivver	



DWARVEN CLANS

The clan was once all-powerful in dwarven life in Faerun, but over the last thousand winters, the power and influence of all clans, particularly in the North, has dwindled. Many are now little more than drinking societies or clubs, with virtually no influence over their member dwarves' lives, though clans do not allow members to also belong to another clan. Many isolated dwarven communities, particularly in the North, are now clanless, or have only the weakest clan affiliations.

Clan Organization

All dwarven clans have chiefs. In the north, dwarven chieftains are sometimes known as "clanmasters" or "lairds." Their southern counterparts are often known as "ardukes." These ranks give us "the word of the laird shalt be the whole of the law," "for the arduke," "all honor to the chief," and other sayings. The term "house" refers to the ruling family in a clan, or the ruling clan of a land. This term is most used when there is no single monarch, the ruler uses a lesser title (such as Iron Duke), or when a king is elected rather than inheriting the title.

Almost all positions of clan leadership are obtained today by election from among, and by, the clan's elders. In olden days, dwarves had kings who could trace lineage through generations of previous hereditary rulers. A few kingships survive today, but all rely on the monarch's personal popularity and fitness to rule, not on an automatically-acknowledged blood-right to rule.

Every clan has its elders; dwarves of influence, wealth, and personal might—and almost always, distinguished age. Their thoughts and plans aim and shape the lives of clan members; their votes determine clan policy, laws, and justice. Clan elders once held the right to approve or deny marriages in a clan, renouncing the membership of any who married against their will, or married out of the clan. However, the dwindling birthrate of the Deep Folk has put a stop to such influence by the elders.

Most clans have clan champions, who offer themselves in tests of personal combat in the clan's name. They also maintain the clan's police-forces, gathered clan

warriors, often called "the fists of the clan," or "the hammers of the clan."

Outcast dwarves remain, however, outcast to this day. "The memory of a dwarf is long and strong," as the old saying goes.

Clan Law

Dwarves value law and order above all else; usually content with their place, they see an iron maintenance of the status quo as the best way to preserve the Folk. In the eyes of a dwarf, clan rules and law must prevail. The DM should devise local dwarven laws (often rigid and harsh) which are always built on the following principles:

A dwarf shall not speak falsely to another dwarf.

A dwarf shall not steal from another dwarf, nor keep from another dwarf that which is his or hers by right, whether through force or deceit.

A dwarf shall not conceal personal injury or illness from fellows of the same clan.

A dwarf shall never act against any other dwarf, of any clan, by aiding or using the aid of nondwarven creatures.

A dwarf shall not refuse to aid another dwarf of the clan, when the life or health of the needy dwarf is in danger.

Clan justice is done through trial by at least twelve dwarven elders, none of whom can have a blood-interest (direct relationship to either the accused or injured parties). Verdicts are limited to "innocent," "not proved" and "guilty." Obtaining "not proved" verdicts is far from an acquittal, however; they are a black mark against a dwarfs name—those who collect more than six such verdicts are cast out of a clan. Punishments for a "guilty" verdict range from service to injured families to death, and are at the whim of the elders—there are no set sentences for given crimes.

Clan Professions

Clans usually specialize in particular crafts or skills, but dwarves skilled in almost anything can be found in the ranks of every large clan. Specialties include

blacksmithing, silversmithing, goldsmithing, armor-making, weapon-making, gemcutting, soldiery, and diplomacy (negotiators and messengers).

The Known Clans of The Dwarves

There is no space here to list the specialties, current chiefs, and all important holds of clans. All clans practice vigilant patrolling of their territories against surprise orc-horde onslaughts that annihilated many clans in the past. Such patrols will do their utmost to ensure that intruders (such as player characters) never actually see or discover the location of important clan holds and settlements.

In the lists below, references to other Realms source material are given when clans have been mentioned elsewhere. The strongly-held privacy of dwarves forces any list of clans to be incomplete.

Most clan names resemble dwarven nicknames—many probably originated as the nickname of a famous dwarf who founded the clan.

Wild dwarves are polygamous and do not have clans. They see themselves as one big family, "dur Authalar," or, 'the People.'

The Ironstars

The Ironstar clan is believed to have become extinct when the Fallen Kingdom passed away (see the entries for Besilmer and Ironstar in the chapter on The Lost Kingdoms). Yet rumors persist that some few dwarves bearing the Ironstar name have a secret hold-caverns on Mintarn, perhaps, or beneath Mount Helimbrar, or even in Evereska, allied with the elves still in that misty, mysterious land-somewhere in the Realms. Ironstar dwarves, it is said, take other names when they go adventuring, to conceal the existence of their clan.

The Ironstar clan sign is (or was) a four-pointed white star gleaming atop a ritged black iron anvil. Ironstar maces are said to shatter armor at a blow.



BROTHERHOODS

Dwarven adventuring bands are known as “brotherhoods,” and have a long and colorful history in Faerun. Traditionally crossing clan boundaries and memberships they give other dwarves heroes to look up to and, occasionally, scapegoats. They are a source of news to talk over with tankard in hand, the crux of endless stories, rumors, and entertainment. Like sports teams, they have their fans and supporters, and some dwarves bet on their anticipated successes.

The term ‘brotherhood’ originated when young dwarven men began banding together to seek dangerous adventures in the world beyond dwarven lands. Their exploits were intended mainly to impress dwarven females during courtship. However, the fiery-spirited dwarven females saw no reason why their mates should have all the fun. They rapidly gained adventuring experience themselves, rescuing dwarven men who’d gotten into trouble while adventuring. Some founded their own bands, and have found great success as the increasingly rare dwarven women have gained power and influence to become equal partners to the menfolk in every way. There are now all-male bands, all-female bands, and mixed bands. Most bands tend to have several pairs of mated or courting dwarves in their ranks, as well as a few more unattached males.

It is understood that brotherhoods stand apart from clan law, and that their rights, earned by naked battle-might, include the right to temporary refuge and lodging in dwarven holds as guests. Brotherhoods who ‘break their honor’ by wantonly killing hosts or other dwarves, stealing from dwarves, or committing other crimes against dwarves are branded outlaw. However, other clans may continue to hold an outlaw brotherhood in high regard, such as in the case of northern brotherhoods raiding southern holds, and vice versa.

Famous Brotherhoods

The names of famous brotherhoods are many, especially those now dead and gone, part of the glorious dwarven past. These are a few brotherhoods currently active in the Realms.

The Blades of The Axe

This adventuring group is based in an old, half-ruined keep near Triel. The Blades of the Axe is active on the High Moor, into Amn, and throughout the Sword Coast North. Usually 16 to 20 in number, they explore subterranean ways, seeking old treasures—particularly in lost dwarven delves. Occasionally they take on a dragon for its hoard, or, when in need of cash, hire on as caravan guards and guides. They work throughout northern Amn and on the dangerous overland run from Amn or the east through Scornubel, or the coastal downs to Waterdeep and the cities of the North.

The general alignment of the Blades varies from chaotic good through lawful neutral. They are presently led by Snorogh Blackhelm (a CG dwarven male F9) and his lady Thriia Bressildan (a CG human female W8).

The Glittering Sword

Active in the Sword Coast and Dragonreach northlands, this band is famous for its daring exploits. They’ve accomplished much, from seizing the ships and loot of pirates in the Inner Sea to robbing Zhentilar pay-caravans bound for the Citadel of the Raven. Its wild and colorful adventurers are currently 14 in number, and use aerial steeds won in their adventures. They flit about the Stonelands and the Inner Sea, raiding evil merchants on the Zhentish overland routes and taking especial delight in tangling with wizards of Thay, orc slavers selling to them, and Calishite slavers operating into Westgate.

They include at least two halflings, a gnome, a half-elf, and three humans, and is led by Artham “Darksmite” Evercloak (a CN dwarven male F12).

The Holy Hammer

This band is not affiliated with any single deity, despite its name, and does not follow the dictates of any clergy. Rather, it is an ever-changing vigilante group, who rally at specific locations to work deeds outside the normal behavior of dwarves. For instance, they pillage human settlements, raid other dwarven holds, and ambush dwarven allies suspected of treachery.

Members of the Holy Hammer can be

dwarves of any age, class, and clan. The leaders of the Hammer are three: Muragh Thomador (a middle-aged, wary CN male F15), Aungaeril Whitehawk (a young and fierce-tempered CN female F11), and Sondaerl Thunador (a silent, cunning CN male T12). All are dedicated to the survival and improvement of the dwarven races and the lot of dwarves, at all costs.

Twice in the past the Holy Hammer has moved to slay merchants of Lantan who had begun to sell Lantanese inventions that threatened to compete with artifices of the dwarves. They have also on several occasions meted out harsh justice to satraps of Calimshan who thought dealing with the dwarves for gold was not enough, and secretly laid hands on dwarves to sell elsewhere as slaves.

The leaders of the Hammer travel quietly about the Realms from one dwarven settlement to another, gathering support for their latest causes. Rallying-points for the Hammer vary across the Realms: the Stone Bridge, the Halls of the Hunting Axe, and the Halls of the Hammer (abandoned dwarf-holds) in the Sword Coast North; the Hill of the Helm northeast of Triel (north of Scornubel in the Sword Coast midlands); a stone plateau at the foot of Needle Peak, which overlooks the eastern end of Breakback Pass, above the Lake of Snows (south of Teziir); the summit of Firesleap Pass (south of Innarlith, on the road linking it with the Shaar); the Council Hills in the Eastern Shaar; and a secret landing-place and cavern-network on the southern side of Cape Dragonsfang, northwest of Milvarune.

Any rallying-point of the Hammer can be identified by the upright, carved black stone (usually slate or obsidian) image of a warhammer. These are usually 7 feet or more in height. Rallying-points are also given away by encamped dwarves, whose sentinels usually attack nondwarven intruders without hesitation!

Members of the Holy Hammer engaged in actual missions (“blood-runs”) can be recognized by their upraised open-hand signals (“the Hammer”) and by the black or purple hoods they wear to conceal their identities.



THE GODS OF THE DWARVES

The gods of the dwarves are a pantheon of powerful beings whose line-up and powers vary slightly from clan to clan in the Realms. Their powers vary widely between the Realms and other fantasy worlds. Details of avatars and *manifestations* of the most important dwarven gods are given here, presented in rough order of importance to dwarves in the Realms.

The differences in dwarven pantheons from clan to clan and world to world allow a DM to easily change anything about the pantheon presented here, as desired. He may even introduce new dwarven gods (particularly demigods).

Dwarven gods tend to be concerned with the earth and its natural powers, smith-craft and other dwarven activities (such as warfare) and attributes. There are no dwarven deities known in the Realms concerned with the sea, air, stars, clouds, rain, plant and forest life, or animals. Lightning has been controlled on occasion by the greater dwarven deities, but never evoked by them. The DM can freely modify the minor powers of avatars used in play to explain spectacular magical effects, physical feats, powers, and so on.

Avatars

Avatars are earthly forms of the gods themselves; they *are* the gods, albeit with limited powers but all of the god's knowledge. If slain, the god's power in the Realms is temporarily lessened, but the 'true' body and essence of the deity survives on its otherplanar home.

All dwarven avatars have automatic *regeneration*, like a *vampiric ring of regeneration*, except that the hit points gained equal 100 percent of the hit points lost by a victim to the avatar's attack. Avatars also have their physical attacks and their magical abilities. An avatar may use any one of these three abilities (regeneration, physical attack, or magic) one at a time and one per round.

Magical abilities unique to an avatar are listed in the deity's avatar entry; abilities shared by all the dwarven avatars follow. These powers can be bestowed on any being by the touch of an avatar, for a single use; this is done only rarely, and only to dwarves (unless there is no dwarf at hand

when needed). Unless otherwise noted, all avatar magical powers are wielded as if by a 14th level spellcaster.

Avatar Abilities

Usable at will.

All divination spells
 All dwarven spells (introduced in this book)
 Automatic initiative
comprehend languages
continual light/darkness
cure light wounds
feather fall
geas
infravision
planar travel/survival
polymorph self
protection from evil/good, + 2, 20' radius
regeneration, 1 hp/2 rounds
remove curse/fear
teleport without error
tongues

Usable thrice per day.

flaming sphere
polymorph other
restoration
shatter (metal only)
wall of fire

Usable once per day.

command (two-round duration)
cure serious wounds
gate
heal
meteor swarm
polymorph any object
quest
resurrection
reverse gravity
time stop
true seeing
wish

The DM should note that no truename, *glyph*, or *symbol* spells or other magics have any effect on avatars (except to attract their attention). All avatars can hear any of their names spoken anywhere in Faerun, and the next nine words spoken by the speaker, along with the speaker's voice-likeness, distance, and direction. However, they usually ignore the ceaseless babble this creates in their minds.

Avatars can be slain, but unless *energy drain*, *wish*, or similar spells are employed to drain the avatars of their divine energy, magical safeguards prepared beforehand by most deities enable them to survive a 'death' that destroys their physical form. The scattering of their energies may, however, prevent them taking another avatar for 1-6 weeks or even longer.

The deities Moradin, Clangeddin, Sharindlar, and Gorm, upon the death of their avatar form, become entities akin to ghosts. Such ghost-like 'anima' forms cannot be turned, and can become *invisible* at will. They can work magic, have a ghost's attacks, and have half the avatar's hit points.

It is recommended that a DM use direct appearances by avatars in play sparingly, to preserve the awe they should evoke in true role-players.

Abbreviations. Abbreviations used in the avatar entries are as follows.

AL: Alignment. This indicates the deity's behavior, as per the *AD&D® Player's Handbook* and *Dungeon Master's Guide* for notes on the various alignments. A second listing in parentheses after the alignment indicates a deity's tendency to stray from the primary alignment.

Symbol: This is the sign by which the deity is known. An avatar may or may not choose to display it.

AC: Armor Class. This is the avatar's frontal armor class, taking into account dexterity, magical protections, and innate durability. The AC may be worse if the avatar is attacked from behind or from the flank.

MV: Movement. This is how fast the avatar moves, per round.

HP: Hit points. This is the number of hit points possessed by the deity's earthly avatar (usually less than the deity's full hit points).

THAC0: Acronym for 'to hit armor class 0': the score needed on a 20-sided die to hit an opponent who has an Armor Class of 0. The score needed to hit other Armor Classes is easily calculated from this number. Note that THAC0 does not take into account 'to hit' adjustments due to strength, skills, or magic.

#AT: Number of attacks. This is the number of physical attacks that the avatar can launch in a single round.



DMG: Damage. This is the hit points of damage inflicted by a single physical avatar attack.

MB: Magic Resistance. This is the percentage chance of a spell failing when used against the avatar.

SZ: Size. An avatar can cause its body to grow larger (or shrink smaller) by 50% of its normal size at will.

CL: Classes. This is deity's powers, expressed in character class form. These determine attack and saving throw tables to be consulted and define minor abilities.

Str, Dex, Con, Int, Wis, and Cha: These are the standard abilities.

SA: Special Attacks.

SD: Special Defenses.

Manifestations

Manifestations are signs or effects of a deity's power. They occur either as unusual magical or physical happenings, or as temporary aid infused in the body of a worshipper, or even into an item such as a warhammer. They usually occur as the result of fervent prayer or entreaty by a dwarf (who need not be a dwarven priest, although clergy are more likely to attract the attention of a deity). They might, however, occur spontaneously, through the ready will and attention of the deity, who is able to work through any being whose blood has mingled with that of a dwarf, or any object a dwarf has crafted, altered, or repaired.

Typical manifestations are accompanied by a white radiance, and sometimes by a deep, echoing clangor-somewhat like the sound of a great metal hammer falling upon an anvil far, far away.

Manifestations include:

- healing or raising one who is serving dwarven causes,
- temporary enchantment of a weapon, conferring a +3 bonus,
- conferring a temporary +3 *protection from good/evil* aura, as well as immunity from a specific attack form (e.g. fire) or spell,
- temporary *fly*, *feather fall*, *infravision*, or *invisibility* powers conferred
- magical mending of normal or magical items,
- the shattering of a barrier or prison

- *levitate* and/or *telekinesis* of objects, particularly holy objects of the dwarves,
- communicating the deity's wishes by actions or by writing actual messages.

Favored manifestations (those most commonly used by deities) are listed in the deity descriptions that follow.

The Dwarven Gods

Moradin

The Soul Forger, Dwarffather
Greater Power

The tallest and most powerful of dwarven deities, Moradin is the leader of the dwarven gods. He is said to have created all dwarves, forging them from metals and gems in the fires that lie at the "heart of the world," and breathing life—the first dwarven souls—into the cooling forms.

Moradin is said to inspire dwarven inventions, and to be constantly seeking to improve the race—increasing dwarven good nature, intelligence, and ability to exist in harmony with other living things. At the same time he battles the pride and isolationist tendencies that naturally occur within his elite creations.

Moradin seldom appears in the Realms, preferring to work through manifestations rather than avatars. His usual reason for an appearance (in either form) is to encourage dwarves to follow the correct paths or make the best decisions, at critical times. He will also appear to aid or inspire dwarves that he wants to survive to serve the race in the future, or as an example or encouragement to nondwarves who aid the dwarves.

Favored Manifestations: Moradin prefers to create a white radiance that surrounds a being to be healed or aided or an object that is animated. He projects his power by temporarily imbuing the individual, who is almost always a dwarf, with the ability to use one of Moradin's avatar spell abilities. Moradin will always choose a warhammer over all other objects for manifestations, if one is available. Animated objects serve as weapons, such as battering rams (to free imprisoned folk or reveal a hidden way), or guides floating along to show a route.

Avatar: Moradin appears as a 20-foot-tall dwarf, plainly-dressed and with a long white beard that reaches his knees. He wears furs and a smith's leather leggings and aprons, plus bracers of pure gold on his forearms. He exudes an aura of power that is visible as a faint white radiance, though he can cloak this if he wishes.

AL: Lawful good

Symbol: Hammer and anvil

AC: -4

MV: 12

HP: 144

THACO: 3

#AT: 2

DMG: d4 + 6 (warhammer) + 8

MR: 30%

SZ: H (20')

CLASSES: Fighter 18, Priest 12

STR 20 **DEX** 17 **CON** 20

INT 19 **WIS** 18 **CHA** 17 (23)

SP: all combat, creation, divination, healing, protection, sun, astral*, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*.

SA: Moradin wields a huge, glowing *warhammer* +5. If touched by any other being, it vanishes and returns to the god. If his avatar is slain, the hammer returns to Moradin's home—a great cavern beneath the mountains in Solania, in the Seven Heavens.

Twice per day, Moradin can work *imprisonment* on a being by touching him. By the same means, he can also *banish*, as the wizard spell, but effective on the Prime Material plane and not requiring any naming or components.

When Moradin himself leaves a plane or *teleports*, he can at will leave a *fire storm* (as the priest spell) behind him, centered on his last location. This effect does 2d8 + 15 damage.

SD: No forged weapons of any type or source can harm the avatar of Moradin.

Moradin wears magical armor of his own making. When encountered in the Realms he never bothers to carry his shield, and the power of his armor is lessened, giving him less than his usual AC of -9.

Any weapon striking his bracers will transmit an energy discharge causing 2d6 points of damage to the wielder. Any frontal attack roll that misses by 1-3 points is deemed to have been parried by Mora-



din's bracers. The bracers vanish if removed from Moradin, or if he is "killed."

Clanggedin Silverbeard

The Father of Battle
Intermediate Power

Patron of dwarven warriors and their exultant leader in war, Clanggedin is a resolute warrior who never backs down from danger and who refuses to surrender even when all seems lost. He is known for often snatching victory from the narrowest of margins in battle.

Clanggedin watches over the battle-related skills and the performances of dwarves from his mountain fortress in Arcadia. There, he is attended by his Host, the souls of the finest dwarven warriors. He encourages valor in battle, weapon-mastery and training, wisdom in war, and most often manifests his powers only to further these aims. The aptly-named Father of Battle especially hates giants, and has taught the dwarves-and the gnomes, through their gods-special ways of fighting giant-type creatures.

Clanggedin uses his magic only to influence events indirectly, never in battle. He will only resort to influencing a battle with his magic when the very existence of his avatar in the Realms is threatened. He always prefers force-of-arms to spells.

Favored Manifestations: Clanggedin's power is usually seen as a flickering amber, red, or white radiance around a dwarf or weapon that is temporarily imbued with the god's power. This power typically gives any or all of the following benefits:

- double damage, or triple against giant-type creatures;
- immunity to breakage or other damage, (automatic successful item saving throws). This power can give any or all of the following for one turn;
- first strike in any combat round;
- an increase in Armor Class of 8;
- a temporary level increase for warriors of 7 levels, with resultant saving throw and THAC0 changes. The warrior also receives 'temporary' hit points-all damage taken is subtracted from these points first;
- the immediate breaking of any *charms*

or other magical controls, recognizing them for what they are;

- the ability to stand upright and unmoving against any charge, force, magical effect, or blow-damage suffered, but falling or overbearing impossible;

Avatar: Clanggedin appears as a tall, burly dwarf, fierce and indomitable in his battered, bloodstained, and rusty chain mail. Bald and silver-bearded, he is always alert, his eyes darting here and there, his gaze as sharp as that of a hunting hawk.

He is merry in battle, roaring appreciation of shrewd strategies, bravery, and feats of skill even when directed against him. He often sings, both stirring battleballads and taunting little ditties to unnerve enemies, in the midst of a fight, and dwarves have learned to listen for hints, cues, and warnings in his lyrics. He is a master at turning the tables on enemy armies by anticipating their movements on the battlefield, and singing directions to dwarves fighting with him.

Like most dwarves, Clanggedin admires most those who help themselves. He typically appears at a battle only to right hopeless odds against dwarves, to balance treachery (and punish the treasonous), and to aid the weak of all races against evil, especially the acts of giants.

AL: Lawful neutral

Symbol: Two crossed battle axes

AC: -4

MV: 12

HP: 144

THAC0: 3

#A7: 2

DMG: *d8* + 4 (*battleaxe*) + 10

MR: 5%

SZ: H (17')

CLASSES: Fighter 18, Bard 9

STR 22	DEX 16	CON 20
INT 16	WIS 17	CHA 14 (20)

SP: All, combat, guardian, protection, sun, charm*, creation*, divination*, elemental (earth)*, healing*, necromantic*.

SA: Clanggedin does double damage against giant-class creatures, and wields two mithral *battle axes* +4. He can throw these up to 100 yards, and both strike with full bonuses, as though he was swinging them directly.

His touch can, at will, *mend* any metal weapon or armor as though it had never

been broken, even restoring missing pieces. Any nonmagical weapon that he touches will strike at +9 to hit (normal damage) for seven rounds thereafter; this power is typically used to aid dwarves he is fighting alongside, or as a manifestation when Clanggedin does not choose to appear directly.

SD: Giant-class creatures attack Clanggedin at a -4 penalty to their attack rolls. He wears steel *chain mail* +5.

Sharindlar

Lady of Life
Intermediate Power

This dwarven lady is widely known as the goddess of healing and mercy. Dwarves wounded in battle are often healed in her name, and sick dwarves pray to her. However, kept secret from nondwarves as much as possible is her more important role in the eyes of today's dwarves: her patronage of love, courtship, and fertility.

When dwarves dance, they pray to Sharindlar to guide their feet, for she is said to be the greatest dancer the dwarves have ever known.

Favored Manifestations: Sharindlar rarely appears in avatar form in the Realms, but quite often aids dwarves by manifesting as an amber or rosy radiance and warmth. If healing herbs or plant antidotes are required and exist nearby, Sharindlar will illuminate them with her radiance, to mark them for searching dwarves. If a sick dwarf seeks shelter or water, Sharindlar's radiance will guide them. If dwarves are cold and lack shelter, Sharindlar's warmth and light can keep them comfortable while they rest, even on glaciers or rock ledges in blizzards. Her light is bright enough for wizards to study by, and for maps and books to be read.

At dances, moots, and other meetings when dwarves may be conceived, Sharindlar will often attempt to sway the thoughts and actions of dwarves by her warmth and radiance. Dwarven sages still argue over whether this is purely the result of her presence, serving as a hint and sign of her approval, or if she can manifest subtle aphrodisiac powers.



Avatar: Sharindlar appears as a slim, spirited, full-bearded and flame-haired dwarven maiden. She possesses arresting eyes that seem to change color often—different observers down the centuries have reported them as being of differing hues. To human observers, Sharindlar's beard may seem to vanish, or appear and reappear like a flickering flame.

She never wears armor, and is usually barefoot and clad in diaphanous gowns. Occasionally she will appear at parties wildly garbed in boots or high-heeled shoes, with rich gowns and ornate accoutrements.

If Sharindlar is attacked, flames rise around her body to armor her in flame. Her clothing always vanishes, reappearing unharmed as the flames die.

AL: Chaotic good

Symbol: A flame rising from a steel needle

AC: 4 (2)

MV: 12

HP: 120

THACO: 5

#AT: 2

DMG: 1d6 + 3 (mace) + 3; 1d2 + 6 (whip) + 3

MR: 20%

SZ: H (13)

CLASSES: Priest 15

STR 18/20 *DEX* 19 *CON* 18

INT 18 *WIS* 17 *CHA* 19 (25)

SP: all, charm, creation, divination, guardian, healing, protection, sun, combat, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*, plant*.

SA: Sharindlar can, by touch, enact the effects of *forget*, *friends*, and *charm person* on other beings (all allowed saving throws are at -6 penalty). She may do this seven times each per day.

She fights with a *whip* + 6 that is studded with adamantine barbs and chaotic good-aligned, and a *mace* +2 that never makes any sound when it strikes. The mace forces ethereal and invisible creatures into full presence and visibility on the Prime Material Plane by touch, for at least two rounds.

SD: At will (and in addition to *regeneration*, magical, or physical attacks in the same round), Sharindlar can cloak her

body in flames. These affect flammable materials as normal flames do, deal 2d8 damage per round of contact to any creature entering them (such damage is gained by the goddess through her regenerative ability), and improve her Armor Class by 2.

Sharindlar cannot be *charmed* or fooled by magic that works on the mind or senses. Her touch is said to *neutralize poison*, which she can do thrice a day. Sharindlar herself is said to be immune to all known poisons.

Vergadain

God of Wealth and Luck
Intermediate Power

Vergadain is sometimes called 'the Trickster,' though not by dwarves who worship him, and even 'the Laughing Dwarf,' though a dwarf would never use such a term.

The patron of dwarven merchants (and most nonevil dwarven thieves), Vergadain is a schemer and a rogue. His home plane is that of Concordant Opposition, but he seems to spend little time there. He instead restlessly roams wildspace and the worlds that can be found in it. He concentrates his efforts wherever there are humans, giants, demi-humans, and humanoids to be bilked of their belongings by his tricks, and dwarves to appreciate his cleverness and daring—and to profit by it.

Vergadain delights in showing up at desperate dwarven settlements with exactly the unique, rare, or hard-to-find object or substances they are lacking. If the dwarves are not in dire straits, the treasure gained by Vergadain will also be hidden by him, and he will give the dwarves clues to its location—often hidden in the lyrics of a song or two, as he poses as a traveling minstrel.

Favored Manifestations: Vergadain likes to appear in avatar form in the Realms; he manifests only rarely, and always in one of four ways:

1. Vergadain may appear as an unseen dwarven singer or musician, whose song, drumming, or piping leads lost dwarves to safety, an escape route, or treasure.

2. He may appear more subtly, seizing

control of a singer, prophet, or sage for his own purposes. That person will utter, speak, or sing words to leave clues or directions to the whereabouts of great treasure. At times, Vergadain will signal his presence by animating a gold piece, his symbol, to orbit the head of the possessed being; he does this particularly when the being is not a dwarf, and he wants only dwarves to notice the message.

3. Vergadain can appear as an animated, endlessly-rolling gold coin that travels along the floor or ground. It can travel even uphill, or bounding up steps, to lead beings to treasure; the coin will settle only to mark a hiding-place or route onwards (a loose flagstone leading to a tunnel, for instance), and gives no warning of guardian monsters or traps.

4. Finally, he can appear as a long rope that comes to hand unexpectedly when a dwarf needs it most (e.g. to escape down a cliff or castle wall, or to rescue a fallen companion). The rope later vanishes.

Avatar: Vergadain appears as a tall dwarf clad in brown and yellow merchant's clothing, which is often tattered or dusty. Underneath these garments, he wears armor, and often carries musical instruments, disguises, and treasure (such as gems) in sacks. He guards these sacks by thrusting poisonous snakes and similar creatures into them with his valued belongings.

He has a great singing voice, is a master of disguise and mimicry. Vergadain smiles more than any other dwarf deity—or living dwarf! His eyes are actually seen to twinkle enigmatically more often than he shows his smile to the world.

Vergadain delights in con games, even simple tavern-tricks, and admires someone who bests him rather than punishing them or trying to get even. He is always looking for new techniques, and when he detects a 'con artist,' will often watch and follow for a time, to see what he can.

His footwear always contains concealed weapons (such as knives or garrotes), or hiding places (such as hollow heels), or both.



AL: Neutral (chaotic)

Symbol: Gold piece (always a circular coin)

AC: -5

MV: 18

HP: 218

THAC0: 5

#AT: 3/2 rounds

DMG: 2d4 + 4 (broadsword) + 3

MR: 20%

SZ: L (10')

CLASSES: Bard 16

STR 18/30 DEX 19 CON 17

INT 18 WIS 18 CHA 17 (23)

SP: all, charm, creation, divination, guardian, combat*, healing*, protection*, sun*.

SA: Vergadain can use *improved invisibility*, lasting for up to one turn, once per day. He can *mislead* once a day. He can also *see invisible creatures* at will, but only if they are living (not dead or undead) and within 20 feet.

Vergadain wields a *broad sword +4* that detects all treasures within 20 feet of his person when grasped. It has a normal, well-used appearance, and communicates the precise location and rough size of treasures telepathically. The weapon can be used by anyone, but Vergadain is very attached to it, and will seek to regain it from anyone who takes it from him.

SD: Vergadain wears a concealed suit of golden *chain mail +5*, and a necklace that allows any wearer to change his or her height at will between one foot and 15 feet. Vergadain can always tell where this necklace is, even several planes distant (he helped to enchant it, and it is linked to him) and can override the control of any other being wearing it when he is within a mile of the necklace. The necklace is of nondescript appearance, apparently limitless powers, and changes to fit the wearer with the change in body size. It cannot be made to power or enact any other magical effect, and does not alter the wearer's appearance or the size of any clothing or gear.

If someone stole the necklace, it might go something like this:

A human female thief who stole the necklace could shrink to a foot in height, but would probably be instantly entangled in her clothing, or even pinned un-



der her own falling dagger, belt, or boots. At that point, Vergadain would probably instantly force her to 15 feet in height, ruining the clothing as she shot up through it, attracting his and everyone else's attention to her exact location, and braining her (1d2 points of damage plus 1d2 rounds stunned) on any normal ceiling present.

If the thief was smart enough not to wear the necklace or allow it to touch her bare skin anywhere, only the necklace would change size. Attention-getting and harmful to any clothing concealing it, of course, Vergadain could still track her by the necklace, until she got rid of it.

Vergadain can *spider climb* at will. Nine times a day, he can by will create *silence* in any 20 foot-radius or smaller area, altering the size of the area at will. Such silence remains in effect for one turn (or less if dispelled by the avatar; it will resist all mortal *dispel magic* spells and abilities).

Dumathoin

Keeper of Secrets Under the Mountain
Intermediate Power

"The Silent Keeper" never speaks, although he may set subtle clues as to his purposes and the nature of the world beneath the surface, for those with keen eyes and wits to perceive them. Du-

mathoin is the protector of all mountain dwarves, and the keeper of all metals. His priests believe that he lays veins of iron, copper, gold, silver, and mithral where they will most benefit his followers, when found. He is said to hide the secrets of the earth until they are ready to be uncovered by the diligent and the deserving.

Dumathoin created a paradise under the mountains for the mountain dwarves, when Moradin named him their protector. He shaped natural caverns of great beauty, studded with rich and beautiful deposits of shining metals and glittering outcroppings of crystalline gems. He was angered when the dwarves began to mine the mountains, destroying the beauty he had created.

Dumathoin was pleased, flattered, and a little awed, however, when he saw the finely crafted items the dwarves produced from the ores they had mined. He no longer objects to tunneling, mining, or the keeping of treasures underground.

The Keeper frowns, however, on clumsy or crude rock-cutting, activity that does not smooth and follow the natural flows and highlight the natural features of the rock. Cutting that causes cavern collapses and floodings are even less to his liking, and he is openly angered by those who pillage. He will typically manifesting his displeasure in small earthquakes or dreaded 'rumblings in the deep: Pillagers, in Dumathoin's eyes, are



beings of all races who take the earth's riches away (i.e. to the surface) for unfair or selfish purposes, taking more than their share, and leaving rubble and other messes in their wake.

Miners of all races in the North (and dwarves south of the Sea of Fallen Stars) regard Dumathoin as their patron, and often carry a small diamond, agate, or other gemstone (of about 10 gp value) with them, to attract his favor. (Certain types of gemstones are not used for this purpose: see Berronar, below.)

Dumathoin is friendly with Hephaestus and other nondwarven gods of the earth and smithcraft. He supplies nondwarven gods of blacksmiths with adamantine ore, and sometimes does business with the other gods (through his and their priests) for metals and ores as well.

Although Dumathoin spends much of his time in his home plane of Concordant Opposition, he uses a unique power to keep underground and mountainous areas of several worlds under almost constant surveillance. This power is *stone seeing*, in effect a *wizard eye* usable from Dumathoin's own plane into any location on the Prime Material Plane, with unlimited range so long as it can extend through solid rock. Dumathoin can 'see' various veins and inclusions in solid rock, including moving xorn. However, he can only see as well as humans or dwarves do from a rock surface; i.e. from any cavern floor, wall, or ceiling.

Favored Manifestations: The Keeper of Secrets commonly manifests in two helpful ways and two harmful ways, treating dwarves and nondwarves equally.

Often when miners or other creatures are lost underground, particularly when their light sources are all gone, the power of Dumathoin will guide them to safety by causing rock crystals exposed in the stone walls to silently and suddenly sparkle or wink in sequence, beckoning and outlining a route. Where crystals are lacking, areas of bare rock may glow for a time.

Many miners pray to Dumathoin in thanks for another underearth phenomenon: the sudden, spontaneous shifting of wedged boulders or rubble blockages that have trapped miners or prevented their further exploration.

In the same way, they call rumblings and other earth tremors 'the warnings of Dumathoin,' and heed them when they occur as a cavern is first entered, or a rock-face first struck with pick or hammer. If warning tremors are ignored, or Dumathoin's anger is severe, a cave-in will occur above the offenders, typically a minor one doing 4d8 damage (a successful save vs. petrification reduces this damage to 2d8). Dumathoin also uses this technique to punish individuals who offend him by their actions. In such cases, the Keeper typically causes a "localized rockfall" (i.e. down on the head of one offending character), from either a rock ceiling overhead, or, if on the outside of a mountain, from a peak or ledge above. The damage is the same, but no saving throw to reduce it is allowed, and there is no chance of other characters being hit, or a further collapse occurring; Dumathoin's power is precise.

Avatar: Dumathoin appears as a tremendously powerful dwarf. His shoulders are as broad as most barn doors, and his arms are knotted and bulging with corded muscles. His skin is earth-brown, his hair and beard the hue of grey stone, and his eyes are of silver fire.

He gestures rather than speaking, and has never been known to do more than grunt in exertion or pain, or sigh, in the presence of mortals. The Keeper has a stolid patience and tolerance of nondwarves and hasty behavior lacking in most other dwarven deities, but he is just as patient and implacable an enemy, when angered. Most who offend Dumathoin and realize what they have done set at once to loudly and fervently pray for his forgiveness. They often offer to make amends by bringing back gems and metal treasures to the place where they offended him-immediately, if possible, or by a specified time, if not. If they keep this promise, Dumathoin is usually appeased. If they seem forgetful, they'd better not ever go near a mountain or cave again!

AL: Neutral (lawful)
Symbol: A cut, faceted gem inside a mountain (silhouette)
AC: -2
MV: 9

HP: 128
THAC0: 5
#AT: 2
DMG: 1d6 + 6 (mattock) + 7
MR: 20%
SZ: H (18')
CLASSES: Fighter 16, Thief 12
 STR 19 DEX 15 CON 20
 INT 18 WIS 19 CHA 13 (19)

SP: all, combat, creation, elemental (earth), protection, animal*, divination*, guardian*, healing*, necromantic*, plant*, sun*.

SA: If encountered underground, Dumathoin has the power to directly attack by "localized rockfall," the same way he manifests (see above). He can cause such a fall once per round by a simple gesture, unerringly doing 4d8 damage to all in a 20 foot-diameter area.

Once per day, the Keeper can instantly summon 3-18 earth elementals at will. They will fight for him to the death and will all have 16 hit dice.

The Keeper himself wields a great, two-handed mattock of solidified magma, a *mattock* + 5.

Dumathoin also has the power to use all earth-, stone-, and metal-related wizard spells as if he was a 30th level wizard, but can't use any other wizard spells.

SD: A magical weapon enchanted to +3 or better is required to hit Dumathoin.

AbbaThor

Great Master of Greed
 Intermediate Power

Although his home is a gold-lined cavern complex, the Glitterhell, deep in Oinos, the first gloom of Hades, this fell and evil dwarven god sometimes roams the Realms in search of more treasure. He is governed by his lust for treasure, and is treacherous in his dealings with dwarves. He will never help any nondwarven deity or being.

AbbaThor was once interested purely in the natural beauty of gems and metals, but became embittered when Moradin appointed Dumathoin the protector of mountain dwarves, a position AbbaThor felt should be his. From that day onward, AbbaThor has become ever more devious



and self-serving, in a continual effort to wreak revenge on the other gods by establishing greed, especially evil greed, as the driving force in all dwarven lives. He especially hates and works against both Dumathoin and Moradin.

Abbathor's greed governs him: should he see treasure worth more than 1,000 gp, or any magical item, he will attempt to steal it outright or slay the owner and then take it anyway. If frustrated in an attempt to steal an item, Abbathor will try to destroy it, so as not to be tortured by the memory of his failure.

Abbathor maintains an uneasy truce with the god Vergadain, and sometimes roams the Realms or other worlds (such as Oerth or even Krynn) in search of treasure.

Favored Manifestations: Abbathor manifests purely to work his own ends, typically in one of four ways:

1. He can create a sudden *treasure lust* for gold or gems, in dwarves, gnomes, humans, or halflings (to avoid, save vs. spell at a -2 penalty; -4 if dwarven). Affected beings will do anything Abbathor (i.e. the DM) wants for 6 rounds, provided it is in an attempt to seize known treasure and keep it, slaying all witnesses if that seems necessary. Combat with friends or loved ones allows repeated saves, each round, to break free of Abbathor's power.

2. Abbathor can cause any dwarf to be suddenly made aware of the precise location, nature, and value of hidden gems within 10 feet.

3. Abbathor can cause magical *silence*, *15' radius* and *darkness*, both lasting one turn, to aid the escape of a dwarf who has stolen something.

4. Finally, whenever a treasure chest is opened or a hoard-pile is disturbed while the god is watching, Abbathor will try to cause gems and/or coins to 'leap' of their own accord. He will make them fall and bounce or roll away into crevices or other hiding-places where the god may recover them later. Allow a 2 in 6 chance of this happening; if it occurs, roll 1d12 to determine how many valuables are affected, and allow PCs Dexterity checks to trap, catch, or retrieve them, according to how they act.

Sometimes, when Abbathor's avatar is present in the Realms, two other manifes-

tations will occur.

First, when Abbathor hears his name spoken (in the way all avatars can), a hand-like invisible force will snatch and clutch at the purse, pockets, worn jewelry or sacks of the speaker, by way of warning. If anything comes loose (apply item saving throws, and/or Strength and Dexterity checks, as the circumstances suggest), treat the objects as 'leaping into hiding' (as above), for Abbathor to claim later.

Second, when Abbathor's avatar or a being (almost always a dwarf) he is concentrating upon walks close to gems, cut or natural and still embedded in stone, they will 'sing' with a high-pitched, multi-toned chiming, rather like the sounds made by the glass and metal wind chimes popular in the South. This singing is audible to all, and serves to guide Abbathor or his chosen being to the gems.

Avatar: Abbathor is squat and hunched, despite his height, and seems to slither and sidle along as he walks, never making much noise, but often rubbing his hands together. If carrying gems or gold, he often caresses these in a continuous, unconscious, overwhelmingly sensuous manner. At times this has made many ignorant folk attack him, overcome by lust to gain the treasure he holds.

The Great Master is said to have burning yellow-green eyes (blazing yellow when eager for treasure or when pouncing upon it, hooded and green while scheming or when thwarted). He has a sharp hooked nose like a giant eagle's beak, and always dresses in leather armor and furs, both fashioned from the skins of creatures who have opposed him, and died to regret it.

He is said to have a harsh, husky, wheedling voice, a quick temper. He tends to hiss and spit when angry.

AL: Neutral evil
 Symbol: Jeweled dagger
 AC: 0
 MV: 12
 HP: 128
 THACO: 5
 #AT: 2
 DMG: 1d4 + 5 (dagger) + 6
 MR: 15%
 SZ: L (8')

CLASSES: Wizard 16, Thief 16
 STR 18 (00) DEX 18 CON 19
 INT 17 WIS 16 CHA 8 (14)

SP: all, charm, combat, divination, guardian, healing*, necromantic*, protection*, summoning*, sun*.

SA: Abbathor wields a diamond-bladed *dagger* +5 with jewels set into the hilt. It does 2d12 (base) points of damage, and can detect the presence (type and amount) of precious metals in a 20 foot radius. It repowers itself by draining life energy from all mortals who touch it: one experience level is lost at the first touch, and one per round or partial round thereafter if the blade continues to be held.

When expecting trouble, Abbathor also bears a shield that can cast a 30 foot-range *blindness* spell at any one creature, once per round. Targets must save at a penalty of -6 (-3 if continually facing away from the shield, which forces them to fight at with a penalty of -4 to their attack rolls and armor class.

SD: Abbathor often carries a pair of golden lions, *figurines of wondrous power*, concealed in a pocket. If hard-pressed, he will hurl these, commanding them to fight for him. If they're overpowered and the god must flee, he simply returns to steal them back, and slay their new owner, as soon as is convenient.

BERRONAR TRUESILVER

Mother of Safety, Ruth, and Home
 The Revered Mother
 Intermediate Power

Berronar is the bride of Moradin, and dwells with him at the Soul Forge beneath the mountains in Solania (fourth of the Seven Heavens, called "Khynduum" in the oldest dwarven writings). She is seen as the patroness of marriage and love (but not necessarily romance; courting dwarves usually pray and make their offerings to Sharindlar, instead). Berronar is the tireless foe of Abbathor; her name is often invoked in small home rituals, for protection against thieves and duplicity.

Although Berronar's avatar is rarely seen in the Realms, she works ceaselessly to preserve and protect dwarven culture and civilization. Her favorite techniques



are to manifest her powers in dwarven mortals on occasions crucial to the survival of a clan, people, or lore-records. She does so either to guide and empower them to protective feats of arms, or to lead them to the discovery of forgotten records, facts, and truths.

Certain gems, including octel, shandon, and sphene, are said by dwarves to be the hardened tears of Berronar. Also, rock crystal qualifies, but only when clear within, and found naturally smoothed by ice or water. These sorts of gems cannot be carried to attract the favor of Dumathoin (see above).

If a braid of Berronar's beard is cut off, it will regrow in a single day. At the end of that day, the lock that was cut off will turn to gold (worth 10,000-40,000 gp). This ability is shared by the goddess herself and her avatar form in the Realms.

Dwarves revere Berronar for her caring and loving service to all dwarves. On very rare occasions, when the most powerful priest of Berronar in a community makes humble supplication to the goddess, Berronar will give such locks of hair to mortal dwarves. This gold is given only to dwarven communities that are exceptionally poor or hard-pressed, and unable to otherwise recover economically.

Favored Manifestations: Berronar can, at a range of one mile or less, use *suggestion* on any intelligent creature. The saving throw is made at a penalty of -7 if the creature is of lawful good alignment, -5 if of another good alignment, -3 if of a neutral alignment, and at -1 if of an evil alignment. Berronar will employ this power to lead chosen dwarves to open certain chests, go to certain locations, and so on to uncover the secrets she wants known again. These secrets are usually about the past glories of the dwarven civilizations.

In more pressing conditions, Berronar can empower an individual dwarf with her favor, which appears as an aura or radiance of bright silver. While so imbued (a condition typically lasting 1 or 2 turns), a favored dwarf can gain three benefits. First, he has the armor class of Berronar's avatar, -4. Next, he is affected as if by a *haste* spell for which no aging occurs. Finally, he receives attack and damage bonuses of +2, but this 'brute force' aid is

done only in emergencies.

Berronar prefers to work through lawful good dwarven fighters, using *suggestion* to encourage appeals to her. If such a warrior appeals to the Revered Mother for aid for a particular purpose, and makes an appropriately large sacrifice, there is a 5% chance Berronar will imbue the warrior with power. The sacrifice should consist mainly of the dwarfs of wealth, which Berronar causes to vanish from her temple altars, and personally distributes to the poorest dwarves throughout the Realms. DMs might want to secretly raise this chance to around 45% for nonplayer characters. Only dwarves of exceptionally pure heart will be considered for this honor, and Berronar almost always grants it only once in every 10 years to the same individual.

Avatar: The Revered Mother appears as a huge dwarf, fearless of aspect but gentle in speech, whose brown beard is braided into four rows. She has the power to take the shape of an aged dwarf of either sex, or even a short, stooped human crone—and when in such a form, no god or mortal can detect anything of her divine nature or powers (although she retains full use of them). Berronar often uses this lesser form to watch and judge dwarves, walking among them to learn what treatment she will receive.

AL: Lawful good

Symbol: Two silver rings

AC: -4

MV: 12

HP: 144

THACO: 7

#AT: 2

DMG: 1d6 +4 (mace) +3

MR: 20%

SZ: H (19')

CLASSES: Fighter 14, Priest 12

STR 18 (01) DEX 16 CON 20

INT 19 WIS 19 CHA 18 (24)

SP: all, charm, creation, divination, guardian, healing, plant, protection, sun, animal*, astral*, combat*, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*.

SA: Berronar wields a *mace* +4 of steel chased with gold. The mace will slay all evil thieves and anyone currently engaged in killing for a living (e.g. mercenary warriors, hired murderers, and

priests or other officials knowingly on a mission that will involve their deliberately causing the death of another) on contact. This property will fail if the struck target saves vs. death magic with a penalty of -4; one successful save means that the being is immune to the mace's power.

SD: Berronar wears *everbright* silver *chain mail* +5 that cannot be harmed by fire. It protects its wearer from all fire, heat, and electrical (lightning) attacks.

She also wears two silver rings of great power; one prevents anyone from knowingly telling a falsehood within 100 feet of her. The other prevents the use of all thieving abilities by mortals within 100 feet of her. A thief may avoid this if he successfully saves vs. spell with a penalty of -2 in every round in which he attempts to use any thievery skill.

If either of these rings is removed from Berronar's possession, they will crumble into nothingness forever in 2-12 days. Their magic will become only 33% reliable in the last 2 days before they fall apart.

Marthammor Duin

Finder-of-Trails

The Watcher over Wanderers

Lesser Power

The Watcher over Wanderers is the protector of dwarves who make their lives in human society in the North, rather than keeping to mountain or deep-delve enclaves. He is the patron of adventurers and explorers, allowing them to find escape routes or leading them to victory in their travels. He also watches over dwarven craftsmen of any good alignment, keeping their homes and persons safe.

Marthammor is seldom at home in his Cavern of Rest, which is guarded by the souls of those dwarves who perished while traveling aboveground, and by boars and war-dogs trained by the god himself. The Cavern lies in the ever-shifting underways of Nidavellir, third layer of Gladsheim. Marthammor spends most of his time wandering the northern reaches of Faerun in his avatar form.

Favored Manifestations: The Finder



of Trails almost always manifests himself in one of four ways helpful to dwarves and to their companions and friends. He is far less xenophobic than most dwarves or their deities.

In the wilds, Marthammor will indicate to troubled dwarves the safest or best way to proceed by appearing as a glowing upright mace, floating in midair. His image is a bright, blue-white translucent mace which has no tangible existence, but which is not destroyed by being 'passed through.' It is unaffected by *dispel magic* or other magical attacks and effects. The *Mace of Marthammor* gives off enough light to read by, and floats along in front of dwarves, patiently guiding them along his chosen route.

In situations where precipices, pit-traps or other dangers lurk, or when a wrong choice of route has been made, Marthammor will manifest as a glowing, blue-white, disembodied hand. The hand will signal 'stop' by appearing fingers together and palm open in warning. It will point back or in other directions to outline traps or to indicate a better way. The hand can even trace clan symbols or dwarven runes to establish its identity or to communicate messages.

In the homes of dwarves, Marthammor manifests as a mace of pulsing light that strikes unseen surfaces in midair to make a ringing, crashing sound audible only to dwarves. This alarm warns of thieves or other intruders, and will strike one blow against an intruder (normal mace damage, automatic hit) before vanishing.

In cases of imminent invasion (i.e. by an orc horde) or other natural disaster that dwarven residents cannot hope to defeat, Marthammor can appear in the dreams of dwarves to warn them to move away in haste. If no dwarf is asleep, Marthammor manifests as a glowing *magic mouth* floating above the image of his symbol, and warns the residents directly. Any wizard who attempts to duplicate Marthammor's *magic mouth* symbol will invite an immediate personal attack by the god. If such an imposter has trap planned for the god, Marthammor will sense it and bring several other dwarven deities—such as his friends Clangedin and Gorm—with him.

Avatar: The Finder appears as a thin, raven-bearded dwarf dressed in leather

armor and furs, cloaked in natural colors (usually green). He may carry a walking stick of rough wood, and often leaves it behind "accidentally" after encountering dwarves.

Treat the walking-stick as a *quarterstaff* + 1. When in the hands of a dwarf, it will furnish one *limited wish* if that wish is spoken aloud as the stick is broken. The walking-stick will then crumble into dust as the wishing-magic is expended, accompanied by the ringing tone of a mace crashing against metal in the distance. A nondwarf who breaks one of Marthammor's staves will merely destroy its magic, ending up with two or more splintered pieces of wood.

AL: Chaotic good (neutral)

Symbol: An upright mace, over a single leather boot trimmed with fur, toe to the right

AC: -1

MV: 12

HP: 120

THAC0: 5

#AT: 1

DMG: 2d20 (mace) + 3

MR: 10%

SZ: L (12')

CLASSES: Ranger 15

STR 18/65 **DEX** 16 **CON** 17
INT 17 **WIS** 16 **CHA** 14 (20)

SP: all, combat, creation, divination, guardian, healing, protection, sun, animal*, charm*, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*, plant*, summoning*, weather control (lightning)*.

SA: The Finder wields a huge mace of steel, that glows and pulses as if still red-hot from the forge. It is not in fact hot, and does 2-20 base damage by its impact only, not through heat or flame. Marthammor can swing this weapon, or another, in a round, and also employ one of his magical powers every second round, without affecting his physical activity.

Marthammor can create one quarterstaff (see above) at the end of every 6 turns. The creation requires a physical staff be cut from a tree (a physical activity), and then enchanted (the Finder's magical activity for that round; it requires continual grasping of the staff and concentration, but does not preclude other

physical activity). Marthammor can use the staff himself, including its *limited wish*.

SD: Marthammor can *blink*, *dimension door*, *pass without trace* or *passwall* at will, one power per round. There must be a round of power inactivity on Marthammor's part between each round in which he does use magical powers.

Marthammor can cast *freedom* (the reverse of *imprisonment*) at will, by touching the ground. He is at all times himself immune to the effects of petrification and polymorph spells cast by others, as he is to *charm*, *entangle*, *maze* and *trap the soul* magics. In addition to his conscious powers, has continuous, natural *free action* (as the ring).

Gorm GulThyn

Fire-Eyes

Lesser Power

The guardian and protector of dwarvenkind the Realms over is a tireless defender of the Stout Folk. Although he nominally dwells in Watchkeep, his tower home in the blizzard-whipped mountains of Shurrock, he returns to it only when he needs the armory he has amassed there, or his magical *Seat of Healing*. The rest of the time, Gorm is in the Realms, *teleporting* from place to place to aid dwarves in withstanding armed attacks or powerful monsters.

Favored Manifestations: Gorm prefers to act directly (see below), husbanding his power for personal combat. He therefore manifests seldom, except to imbue dwarven individuals with temporary fighting powers. These powers are described above under *Manifestations*, at the beginning of this chapter.

On occasion, he will rouse sleeping dwarves or otherwise warn of intruders or impending attack by causing a disembodied metal gauntlet to appear. The gauntlet will strike any handy metal shield or breastplate. The struck metal will ring with a terrific rolling, gong-like noise, and will sport two burning eyes for the next turn. When the eyes fade, two eyeholes will have been burned in the metal. Dwarves treasure such damaged shields and armor, and always display



them as trophies, rather than melting them down to make a whole item again.

If Gorm must leave a battle (see below) knowing the dwarves there still face a grave challenge, he will manifest later as a glowing hand. His hand will break ropes, hurl back siege ladders, and strike blows (one a round, for 1-6 damage + 14). It operates with Gorm's full strength, and 'sees' by means of two burning eyes in its palm.

Avatar: Gorm appears as a dwarf clad in full plate armor of golden-brown hue, chased and decorated with red, crawling, ever-changing runes that allow it to act as a *ring of spell turning*. He says little, but has a stern, booming voice when he does speak.

Gorm's power is such that he can remain in one place for only a turn at most. He therefore acts only when dwarves are already engaged in combat, and need his aid. At such times he appears, engages in a frenzied, all-out attack, seeking to do the most damage to the enemies of the dwarves as he possibly can, and then vanishes again. He cannot return to a given place in avatar form twice in the same day (24-hour period), but can manifest himself in between his appearances, in a continuing battle.

AL: Lawful neutral (good)

Symbol: A shining bronze or brass metal mask with two eyeholes of flame

AC: -1

MV: 12

HP: 120

THACO: 5

#AT: 2

DMG: weapon + 7

MR: 15%

SZ: L (11')

CLASSES: Paladin 15

STR 19 DEX 16 CON 18
INT 16 WIS 16 CHA 15 (21)

SP: all, combat, divination, guardian, healing, protection, sun, animal*, charm*, creation*, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*, summoning*.

SA: Once every second round, Gorm can emit a short-duration fiery beam from his eyes. This thin beam can attack up to 2 opponents in a round, striking with Gorm's normal 'hand-to-hand'

THACO, and replacing Gorm's magical activity in the round. Gorm can use it in combination with physical attacks and ongoing magical effects. The beam reaches up to 90 feet away, and does 2d8 fiery damage to all creatures struck by it (1d8 if a save vs. spells is successful). Creatures immune to flame damage will be unharmed.

The beam acts as an instant ('searing' level) *heat metal* on all metal that it touches. A second beam striking the same piece or area of metal will *melt* the metal, unless it saves vs. lightning (magical items gain saving throw bonuses equal to any attack bonuses they possess). Note that an armored character struck by the beam would suffer both direct beam damage and the 'searing' damage as from a *heat metal* spell. If the beam strikes again, both types of damage would be suffered again, and the armor would collapse into liquid metal blobs, falling from its wearer's body!

SD: Gorm is protected by a permanent *protection from normal missiles* effect natural to his body. It cannot be affected by *dispel magic*, nor can it be temporarily negated, and operates constantly and independently of the god's magical activity.

Once per turn, Gorm can by silent act of will use *spell turning*. In Gorm's case, however, he can reflect back the effects of any spells, spell-like magical powers, or effects from magical items directed at him back up on the casters or wielders. *Spell turning* counts as Gorm's magical activity for the round, but cannot be stopped by physical restraints or attacks, operates instantaneously, and can deal with any number of attacks launched at the god, simultaneously.

Gorm's magical *Seat of Healing* at his home in Watchkeep can restore all lost hit points to the god or any being he allows to sit on it. The *Seat* also *regenerates* extensive damage, in 1d4 + 1 turns.

Haela Brightaxe

Lady of the Fray, Luckmaiden,
Battle-sister
Demipower

Dwarves who wander Faerun and who must face unknown dangers, particularly

in the north, often worship Haela "the Hard," whose specialty is luck in battle. She is the patron of those dwarves who love the fray, and aids those who battle monsters.

Haela dwells in a simple cave, hidden by everpresent mists in the depths of a forest. Her cave is guarded by seven high-level dwarven warriors. They wield normal weapons, and have *true seeing*. These guardians cannot be turned. If slain, they dissipate, only to re-form 1d4 + 1 days later. Haela's cave is on Brux, in the Happy Hunting Grounds, but she bothers none of the animals who dwell there, keeping to herself. She is usually to be found in Wildspace or on a world such as Toril, wherever dwarves are enjoying a battle but in need of aid.

Favored Manifestations: Haela manifests only rarely, preferring to appear directly instead. When she does manifest, it is either in cases where she will not be otherwise needed, or to help dwarves 'hold on' until she can deal with other matters and arrive to help.

Haela's manifestations always involve an aura of silvery flames, shot through with blue-white and amber sparks. These are images only, not true flames or sparks, and cannot ignite anything.

If Haela's aura surrounds a dwarf, her power *heals* the dwarf of all injuries, and allows the dwarf to strike at + 4 to hit for 1d4 + 1 rounds. This imbues the dwarf with power enough to consider any weapons wielded to be "silver" or "magical, +4," or both, for purposes of damage that can be inflicted by the empowered dwarf.

If Haela's power surrounds a weapon, it is rendered "supreme" for 1d4 + 1 rounds: any attacks made with it during this time cannot miss, and do full normal damage. If a weapon empowered by Haela is already magical, its magical properties are suspended by Haela's magic, and cannot operate (or be harmed or drained): the weapon will do only physical damage until Haela's power fades.

Avatar: Haela appears as a powerfully-muscled female dwarf, clad only in her long, flowing silver hair and beard. She dances and twirls about constantly, wielding a two-handed sword that cannot cut her. She often hurls it into the air and



catches it by the blade, vaults upwards to a high ledge or balcony with a hand upon its point, or slides down it exuberantly in play.

Haela usually appears in a spectacular blue-white burst of flames, which blossoms from nowhere, and does no fiery damage. Once present, she engages the fiercest foe of, or the creature offering the most pressing danger to, the dwarves that she can find. She will battle it for four rounds and, if it is slain, attack a second opponent of the dwarves for the remaining round or rounds. She will then empower a dwarf (see Manifestations, above) and/or a weapon, then disappear with a hand held high.

Haela's sword is encircled by tongues of spiraling flame while she fights; she can will these to vanish or reappear freely and they will do so instantly, but cannot reappear on the same round in which they vanish. The flames themselves are harmless. The weapon does 2d12 points of damage. Haela does 1d10 damage barehanded, and can parry just as well when weaponless.

Haela's presence causes such exultation in dwarves that they fight with a + 1 bonus on all attack rolls while they can see her. In cases where Haela aids beleaguered dwarves, she usually dances in front of their enemies, engaging and parrying rather than striking to do damage, allowing the dwarves time to regroup and drag their wounded to safety. Then she will heal 2d4 dwarves (see Manifestations, above), strike one blow in earnest, and vanish, hurrying on to the next conflict.

In such cases, consider Haela able to engage 1d8 creatures while parrying their attacks in her 'battle dance.' She cannot stop magical attacks, but automatically ruins all spellcasting, and lessens/thwarts physical attacks upon her or the dwarves she is protecting as follows:

If Haela faces one or two opponents, all attacks are automatically thwarted, and the creatures cannot advance against her.

If Haela faces three, four, or five opponents, all their attacks are made at a penalty of - 3 to hit, and - 1 on damage.

If Haela faces six, seven, or eight opponents, all their attacks are made at a penalty of - 1 to hit (no effect on damage).

Creatures in excess of eight are unaf-

ected by Haela's dance of battle: they get through to attack normally. Count flying creatures as two opponents when using these totals. If Haela deems it necessary to heal (once per round) while dancing, her healing action lessens her parrying ability by two opponents.

Any successful attacks on Haela while she is parrying do half damage whether she is armed or unarmed.

Haela is seldom in any one place for long, and almost never returns to the same fray or dwarven individuals twice in a day. However, she favors especially bold or valiant dwarves, and may, in the course of their lives, aid them repeatedly. It is said that she appears when her favorites die, to carry their souls away to become her Guardians, and to avenge their deaths by pursuing and slaying their killers, however long it takes and no matter how powerful they are. If such killers are subsequently raised, Haela takes no further action against them; their payment has been made.

AL: Chaotic good (neutral)

Symbol: A naked sword encircled by a flaming bolt (a two-ended spiral of flame)

AC: 0

MV: 24

HP: 112

THAC0: 7

#AT: 2

DMG: 2d6 (sword) + 3

MR: 10%

SZ: M (6')

CLASSES: Fighter 14

STR 18/01 DEX 19 CON 17

INT 16 WIS 15 CHA 16 (22)

SP: all, combat, guardian, healing, protection*, necromantic*, sun*.

SA: Once per turn Haela can call into being her *Brightaxe*, a shining silver throwing axe as tall as a man. It appears in midair in one round, and flashes through the air in accordance to her will in the next round (preventing Haela from using any other magical powers for both rounds). The *Brightaxe* flies up to 140 feet distant within the second round, attacking at THAC0 1, and dealing any creature struck by it 3d12 points of damage (no save), and (if mortal) *stunning* them (no voluntary activities, including spellcast-

ing or magical activations of any kind) for the following round.

SD: Once per day Haela can call up *immunity to blades*, a power that lasts for nine continuous rounds. It allows all metal weapons to pass through her body as though through empty air, doing her no damage. Note that she cannot use, grasp or deflect such weapons during her immunity, except by use of a nonmetal club or other aid. She can by touch transfer this protection to another creature at any time.

Once per day, Haela can employ *resurrection* (as the priest spell) on any one being, without apparently suffering any aging effects. Creatures so restored to life automatically make successful survival saving throws. Haela customarily does this only to dwarves who died valiantly in battle, although if dwarves beg her to, she will use this power to aid nondwarven companions and allies of the dwarves.

Thard Harr

Lord of the Jungle Deeps, Disentangler
Lesser Power

This deity is revered only by the wild dwarves of the jungles of Faerun. Thard Harr appears seldom in the Realms, preferring to roam the Beastlands (the Happy Hunting Grounds), aiding his worshippers through his manifestations instead. He is said to have no permanent abode, but to wander all three layers of the Beastlands constantly, stalking, hunting, and frolicking with the beasts who dwell there, running as one of them rather than preying upon them.

Thard Harr is the protector of the Jungle Dwarves, aiding them against intruders and marauding beasts.

Favored Manifestations: Thard Harr's manifestations involve low, continuous thudding and snarling sounds that apparently emanate from the empowered beings. The sounds are unstoppable and have no special effects. Empowered beings begin to glow with a crawling, pulsing nimbus of cherry-red light, and they are imbued with power from the god for up to one turn.

Thard Harr empowers only one being at a time, either a Wild Dwarf or a jungle



beast. Beasts simply use their natural attacks and abilities to fight for the Wild Dwarves to the death. They are rendered immune to natural or magical *entanglement*, including snares, any form of *charm* or mental influences (including illusions), and become fearless, attacking despite fire, spells, or opponents of large size or demonstrated ferocity.

Empowered dwarves gain a temporary bonus of four levels (affecting THACO, all saving throws, and hit points). Temporary hit points gained in this way are lost with the withdrawal of Thard Harr's power, but all damage suffered by the dwarf is taken first from these.

Empowered dwarves also gain "the Claws of the God": their hands become rending talons, each doing 1d4 + 2 damage. Roll two attacks per round for dwarves with "the Claws." Empowered dwarves toss weapons aside, preferring to fight with their hands.

Thard Harr often manifests in one dwarf after another in the same conflict, so that intruders may face one empowered dwarf for a turn, another for the next turn, and so on. The god never aids

the same dwarves for more than six turns in a day, but may aid them in separate 'visits' (either actual, or in manifestations), to make up this total, if danger persists.

Avatar: Thard Harr appears as a dark-skinned, potbellied dwarf covered with tattoos and tufts of long, matted hair. He cannot be caught in any web, shrubbery, vines, jaws, or glues (of monsters or plants), and can *feather fall* any distance.

The Disentangler is naked, except for the thick growth of hair that covers his torso, his long beard, and the ornate copper helm he wears, that conceals his face at all times. It is fashioned in the shape of a crocodile's head, and is festooned with a fringe of dangling teeth, reportedly torn from creatures the god has slain.

Thard Harr wears scaled, adamantite gauntlets strapped to his forearms at the elbow (as high as they reach). These gauntlets end in jointed, razor-sharp claws that can rake or spear for 2d8 damage each, and are reputedly unbreakable. Wild Dwarves speak of opponents or natural forces so powerful and dangerous that they might well "blunt the claws of Harr himself," but never allude to the

breaking of any claw, or the defeat of their god in any fight.

Thard Harr seldom speaks, but has been known to purr, growl, snarl and roar like a great cat.

AL: Chaotic good (neutral)

Symbol: Two crossed, metal gauntlets of silvery-blue, luminous metal, ending in claws and covered with lapped scales

AC: 2

MV: 14

HP: 112

THACO: 7

#AT: 2

DMG: 2d8 (claws) +4

MR: 15%

SZ: M (6')

CLASSES: Ranger 14

STR 18/90

DEX 16

CON 18

INT 14

WIS 15

CHA 14 (20)

SP: all, combat, guardian, healing, plant, protection, animal*, creation*, necromantic*, sun*.

SA: Thard Harr can breathe out a spicy, greenish-blue gas once per day. The cloud is a cone 5 feet wide at its base and 20 feet wide at its furthest extent (20 feet away). All creatures in this cloud when it is released and on the round following must save vs. breath weapon or be unable to unleash or activate any spells or magic items for the next nine rounds. Ongoing or already-activated magic will continue to function, but cannot be altered in target, power level, or attitude, as the DM judges appropriate.

SD: Thard Harr is immune to *charms*, *holds*, illusions, and poisons of all sorts. He is fearless, oblivious to pain and all its effects, and can reattach severed limbs or torn body parts just as a troll does; his touch can empower any dwarf to do this (including *regeneration* of 1d4 + 1 hp per round) for three rounds.



PRIESTS OF THE DWARVES

The gods of the dwarves aid their dwindling, beleaguered worshippers more directly than the deities of any other race. This makes dwarven clerics at once more important and less prone to corruption than priests of other races. The dwarves and their priesthoods are explored here.

Divine Aid

Any cleric, of any level, can call on his or her deity for aid. Among the dwarves, however, they may expect, sometime in their careers, to be answered. How likely the coming of divine aid is depends on the situation. The identity of the dwarf entreats plays a part. Dwarven deities value faithful and diligent followers, and acquire favorites among their priests, who will get special attention. The major consideration, however, is how helpful the aid will be to the survival and betterment of the dwarves in the long run.

It is recommended that the DM personally decide on all cases of requested divine intervention. This is in order to make for the most exciting adventures possible, and to prevent abuse of this potential 'helping hand'. Such aid should be a last-ditch refuge, not a preemptive weapon. In general, dwarven clerics should be guided by the thought that dwarven gods are most pleased by worshippers who help themselves, not by followers who expect their gods to pull them out of every dangerous or merely uncomfortable situation.

It may be wise for the DM to pretend to roll dice to decide on all cases of requested divine intervention, and in some cases, a DM will undoubtedly want to randomly determine such aid. Roll percentile dice (results hidden from players), and allow a base 5% chance of aid, rolled whenever a plea is made. If the gods are called upon, there is a maximum of one roll per supplicant for each deity named. Such pleas should only be allowed at the height of the conflict.

If any percentile roll is successful, aid comes. Roll 1d20. Any result of 13 or less means the god will intervene with a *divine manifestation*. A result of 14 through 16 means multiple *manifestations* occur. A result of 17 through 20 means a direct appearance of the divinity's *avatar*. The

manifestations and avatars are detailed under the entry for each god; choose the god called upon, or the one with the most appropriate portfolio.

Some gods are prone to taking a direct hand. Others prefer to work through manifestations, appearing in person only rarely. The chances given here should be adjusted by as much as three or four points on the dice to reflect this.

As a general rule, deities avoid giving aid in cases of conflict between dwarves. None of the deities encourage such conflict, and dislike taking sides openly before their faithful. They will aid dwarves against duergar, however, by manifestation only. The exception to this is Abbathor, who, by manifestation only, will aid duergar against other dwarven races.

Who Worships Who

Throughout the Realms, a traveler may find oddities among worshippers: a dragon who worships the dwarven deity Dumathoin, for example, or a human who prays to the elven god Solonar Thelandira. There are exceptions to all generalizations as to the nature of worshippers in Toril, and, one suspects, on almost all worlds and planes. DMs should not, therefore, feel constrained to place the same limits on the classes, alignments, and races of NPC worshippers that game balance dictates must apply to player-character worshippers.

Generalizations are useful as a ready guide to rational and accepted worship for player characters, and to DMs for the quick creation of background for NPCs. Here, then, is a "worshipper list" for the dwarven gods of the Realms:

Moradin: All dwarves appease Moradin, even if they do not wholeheartedly support him. All lawful good dwarves support and work openly to serve the Soul Forger, even if they also worship another deity.

Clangedin Silverbeard: All dwarves who must fight, especially dwarves who are warriors by profession, worship Clangedin Silverbeard. The Father of Battle is especially the deity of choice among lawful neutral dwarven warriors.

Dumathoin: All dwarves who live in, or venture into, subterranean areas or

mountains, and who work directly with the riches of the earth worship the Silent Keeper. All dwarven miners and many nondwarven miners at least appease him, even if they do not fully support him.

Abbathor: Most evil dwarves and all dwarven thieves worship the Great Master of Greed. Many dwarves and even nondwarves consumed with treasure-lust and greed, or who seek to steal valuables make offerings to him.

Vergadain: Dwarves of all neutral alignments engaged in commerce and concerned with wealth, especially merchants and thieves, worship the Trickster.

Berronar Truesilver: Lawful good dwarves who value their families, clans, and the common strength and security of dwarven society worship the Revered Mother. All dwarves of any alignment who seek a safe refuge, or who want their loved ones or relatives kept safe offer her appeasement, as well.

Sharindlar: All dwarven healers, midwives, physics, and lovers pray to the Lady of Life. In appeasement, dwarves of ail alignments and races who are courting and those who must sentence others in the cause of justice make offerings to her, as well.

Marthammor Duin: All dwarven craftsmen of any good alignment, and dwarven adventurers and explorers, particularly those of chaotic or neutral good alignment, are devout followers of the Finder-of-Trails. For good fortune, respect is given Marthammor by all Wanderers.

Gorm Gulthyn: All dwarves who serve as guardians worship Fire-eyes. Also, in appeasement, those who require protection or armed aid pay tribute to the protector of dwarvenkind. Lawful neutral and lawful good dwarves in particular turn to Gorm.

Haela Brightaxe: Dwarves of any alignment who love battle, who wander the surface lands (especially in the North), and who must battle monsters turn to the Lady of the Fray. Love of battle or berserker tendencies and chaotic or neutral good alignment in particular lead dwarves to embrace active worship of Haela.

Thard Harr: Jungle or Wild dwarves of all alignments beat their drums for Thard



Harr. Some hunters of all races and alignments operating in jungle areas look to the Disentangler for guidance, as well.

Priests

Dwarven priests are individuals who feel a special affinity for a particular god, usually from birth. They must want to further the aims of the god, feel a love and kinship for the god, and will often hear the god speak, feel the god's emotions, or (by vision) see the god act, in their minds.

There is a particular 'look' about the eyes and face of a dwarven priest, that is readily discernible (in good light, and within 20 feet) to another dwarf of the same race, but never to strangers or nondwarves. This is a subtle look of devotion, not a flashing sign that proclaims a priest's level and deity.

dwarven priests try to hide their class from nondwarves. When they must cast spells, they do so from hiding or from a distance. They have generally succeeded in keeping understanding of their spells or even recognition of their existence secret from most nondwarves in Faerun. This is particularly true in the north, where dwarves walk more softly, and more often live among nondwarves.

The rarely-identified dwarven clerics generally function (in terms of spell use, level advancement, and the like) as clerics of all other races do. They do, however, differ in behavior from most human priests. Dwarven clerics may dress and act as nonclerical dwarves do, and often try to keep worship and rituals hidden from nondwarven eyes. Only male dwarves may become clerics of the male dwarven deities, and only female dwarves may become the clerics of the female dwarven deities.

Dwarven clerics are allowed the use of any armor and all bludgeoning weapons. The exceptions are clerics of Abbathor, Clangedin, Haela and Thard Harr, who are allowed the use of all sorts of weapons. The dwarven clerics are allowed to use all magical items not specifically denied to clerics, the usual chances for malfunctions (as described in the *Monstrous Compendium, Volume 2* entry for Dwarf) apply.

No dwarven deity has a sacred or totem animal. Most dwarven clerics cannot turn or dispel undead, but in direct battle with undead creatures, dwarven clerics strike at + 2 on all attack and damage rolls.

Dwarven priests of seventh level and higher are known as "High Old Ones," and gain some special powers, including the ability to turn undead. They are the 'specialty priests' of the dwarves, and often function as direct servants and speakers of the deities, Dwarves of all races and faiths respect High Old Ones, and (unless mentally controlled or unable to identify such a dwarf) will never willingly attack a High Old One, whatever the situation.

The powers of High Old Ones are described after the priesthood details that follow.

Clergies of The Dwarven Gods

Moradin

Portfolio: The dwarven race, its survival, renewal, and advancement.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Astral, Elemental (earth only), Necromantic.

Clerical Raiment: Any, though ceremonial garb includes flowing, shining robes of woven wire of electrum, treated with *blueshine*.

Holy Days: At decree of a High Old One (usually to celebrate something), and at the time of the full moon.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Offerings of common or precious metals, especially those already worked by dwarven hands into items of beauty, experimentation, or practical use, such as tools or ornamented hardware.

Ethos and Current Aims: To restore the dwarven races to strong numbers and a position of influence in Faerun, by founding new dwarven kingdoms and increasing the status of dwarves within the wider human-dominated society prevalent in the Realms today.

The center of any shrine to the most powerful of dwarven gods is always a hearth and forge. Temples have ever-burning hearths and forges of the finest workmanship, and are always under-

ground, carved out of solid rock. Sacrifices of common or precious metals are melted down at the forge and reformed into shapes usable by the clergy. Rituals involve chanting, kneeling, and reaching bare-handed into the flames of the forge (Moradin prevents harm to the truly faithful), to handle red- and white-hot objects directly.

Priests entering a temple of Moradin must bow to the forge and surrender all weapons. If they are priests of another faith, they cannot advance beyond the "wall of fire," a knee-high, permanent magical effect, without permission of a High Old One or the avatar of Moradin. Priests of Moradin always strike an anvil standing by the entry once with their hammers, before surrendering them to everpresent dwarven warriors faithful to Moradin: there are always at least four present, and usually seven at any shrine.

Priests of Moradin engage in humble, verbal prayer and in open, earnest discussion of current dwarven problems and issues, more so than any other priesthood. Such discussion is considered to be between equals (even if nondwarves participate), save that the ranking priest of Moradin has the sole authority to open and close discussion on a particular topic.

Worship usually ends with a rising, quickening, fervent chanting in unison of "the dwarves shall prevail, the dwarves shall endure, the dwarves shall grow!" This is repeated ever more loudly, until the plain, massive, battered smith's hammer on the largest anvil of the forge rises up off the anvil of its own volition (moved by the power of the listening god). The hammer may or may not move about or glow to denote the god's will, marked pleasure, or agreement. It always descends gently to the anvil, although when it comes to rest, it makes a thunderous ringing sound, as if brought down on the metal with all of a powerful dwarf's strength.

Clangedin Silverbeard

Portfolio: War and battle.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Guardian, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Charm, Creation, Divination, Elemental (earth), Healing, Necromantic.



Clerical Raiment: Silver chain mail armor, always worn with a war helm. Priests of Clanggedin seldom take off their helms, although there is no prohibition against doing so. Priests of Clanggedin never like to fight with shields, but will do so to protect other dwarves.

Holy Days: Before battle.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: On holy days or during battle, always on a known (past, present, or immediately pending) battlefield. Priests of Clanggedin chant, pray, and break weapons, which they have anointed with a single drop of their own blood. The god often manifests as a glowing radiance to consume the weapons, and this radiance may be extended to worshippers as a temporary protective aura in battle. Offered weapons not consumed by the god will either be twisted and shattered (whereupon they must be melted down, and used for other things), or left untouched (whereupon they may be used again, with the god's approval).

Ethos and Current Aims: To ensure dwarven victory in every open fray. In that light, priests of Clanggedin try to further the weapons-training, tactical training, and battle-skills of every living dwarf who will listen to them. Weapons-crafting and training is a requirement for all worshippers of the god, and priests of the god pass on their battle-knowledge at an almost frantic rate, to all dwarves who will listen. Such dwarves know that the highest service a priest of Clanggedin can do is to sacrifice himself for the cause, on the field of battle.

The god sometimes consumes such dwarves in a bright radiance; dwarves believe that the dying servant is restored by Clanggedin, and taken to serve the god as a guardian. Such guardians sometimes appear again briefly in the Realms as "Ghost Dwarves" to guide lost or defend weak dwarves in the wilds. Such ghosts are easily recognized by those who knew them in life.

Death on the field of battle is never welcomed; a priest of Clanggedin may be personally foolhardy, but his aim is always to protect as many other dwarves as possible, and to go down fighting only when necessary for victory. He will never throw his life away foolishly.

The Father of Battle is often wor-

shipped by frantic prayers in the midst of the fray. At such times, the god answers best those who fight on, fearlessly. When time permits, however, either on the evening before an anticipated battle, or at the burial of a great dwarven warrior, the rituals of worship include a procession of faithful onto the battlefield or gravesite. This procession is led in a mournful dirge, a wordless rising and falling chant, conducted by the priests. The dirge rises slowly into an exultant roaring, and ends in a single, high, clear singing note—an odd, eerie contrast to the rough-voiced 'bloodsong' that has preceded it.

The slow-marching procession is always accompanied by slow, steady drumbeats (the drums carried by lesser priests), and consists of dwarves wearing their most battered armor (freshly used, if possible). These faithful are led and followed by chain mail-armored priests, who may echo the drumbeat by crashing weapons against shields. When the procession reaches its goal, the priests cast down their shields, hold their weapons high, and begin to whisper the god's name.

They then close their eyes and continue whispering, concentrating on whatever image each one has of Clanggedin, which is always the appearance of the avatar or manifestation, if the dwarf has witnessed the direct acts of the god. The priests begin to move towards wherever they feel the god's presence is strongest, and so blindly draw together, until they collide. At that spot, they make the weapon sacrifice, speak the names of the valiant fallen that they wish the god to remember and hold in esteem, and kneel to await a sign from the god. And an answer is often given, from a roll of thunder to a shield speaking a blessing, command, or answer. With this the priests conclude the ritual. If the ritual was a burial, it is concluded with the burial and a solemn march away. If, instead, it was a preparation for a battle, it is concluded with a war-chant and a 'wild run,' waving weapons and emitting whoops and war-cries.

Priests of Clanggedin seek to make the dwarves ever stronger on the battlefield, and are always alert for new tactics, traps, and weapons. For instance, they took great interest in such as those de-

vised by the Lantanna and other worshippers of the human god Gond.

Sharindlar

Portfolio: Healing, mercy, love and fertility.

Major Spheres: All, Charm, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Combat, Elemental (earth only), Necromantic, Plant.

Clerical Raiment: Any clothing (armor if necessary), accompanied by a blue scarf tied around brow, upper arm, wrist, or ankle. In ceremonial functions, red robes with a blue girdle and scarf are worn. The head is left bare except for scarf.

Holy Days: When the moon begins to wax (the night after the new moon), at Greengrass and at Midsummer Night, and whenever the moon is full

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Gold mixed with the blood of dwarves (see below).

Ethos and Current Aims: The increase of dwarven numbers and health all over the Realms.

The worship of Sharindlar has been kept as secret as possible from non-dwarves in the Realms, especially with respect to her control over fertility. Dwarves in general refer to her as "the Lady of Mercy" whenever they know nondwarves to be listening. Dwarven priests of all faiths who are caring for the wounded or sick, or who are about to cast a healing spell, will often pray briefly for Sharindlar's favor.

The more secret rituals of Sharindlar take place in hidden caverns, wherever there is a pool of water.

Gold is heated until molten, and dwarves let blood from their own forearms into the mixture, which is then poured into the water, as Sharindlar's name is chanted and the dwarves dance about the pool in a frenzy. During their crazed dance, their armor and weapons are kept near at hand but not worn or carried.

In The Deep Realm, these rituals take place around the "Lake of Gold," a lake whose rocky bottom is streaked with gleaming veins of gold. The dwarves never take gold from the lake, whose bottom is now carpeted with the sparkling gold dust of long ages of worship, all from



rituals performed in an effort to raise the low birthrate of the race. Couples, married or not, let blood together over braziers of melting gold, their arms entwined as they ask Sharindlar's blessing.

Rituals in honor of Sharindlar's fertility aspect celebrated here always end with splendid feasts, and courting chases through the underways of the Deeps.

Rituals invoking Sharindlar's healing strength enacted by two or more priestesses of the goddess involve their gathering over injured or sick beings. They sprinkle the ill with drops of their own (the priestesses') freshly-let blood (usually drops from their palms), and with a vial of water from The Lake of Gold, while whispering secret names and descriptions of the goddess.

This ritual has a 20 percent chance per priest taking part of aiding healing, increased by a further 10 percent if water from the Lake of Gold is used, and another 20 percent if the injured being is favored by Sharindlar. For the latter, the DM must decide secretly; Sharindlar has been known to favor nondwarves, pack animals, and even monsters. The healing aid consists of increasing the potency of healing spells and potions to the maximum possible effect, doubling the "at rest" healing rate to two hp/day, and halting the spread or effect of parasites (including rot grubs), diseases, and poisons completely for 1d4 + 1 days.

The DM should decide on beneficial effects of this ritual according to the circumstances. Sharindlar's name, whispered or repeated silently in the mind, has a calming effect on upset or pain-wracked dwarves of all faiths, allowing them to sleep.

Vergadain

Portfolio: Wealth, luck, and entrepreneurial skills such as suspicion, trickery, and deal-making.

Major Spheres: All, Charm, Creation, Divination, Guardian.

Minor Spheres: Combat, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Clerical Raiment: Any, always adorned with a string of linked coins. If armored, chain mail is preferred, always with a helm, and with a gorget bearing the god's symbol. Armor and clerical

robes are always of obvious cost, with ornate trim, gold-leaf work and gem-studded fabrics. A gold color or plating for robes and armor is preferred, especially by priests of higher ranks.

Holy Days: The days before and after a full moon, Greengrass, and all days proclaimed holy by a High Old One of the faith are all considered "coin festivals."

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Monthly offerings of gold are made to Vergadain, at the altars of the god. These altars are huge stone cauldrons, over which hang the symbol of the god: huge gold coins fully five feet across. These coins are actually guardian "anators," which emit *lightning bolts* and *magic missiles* at unauthorized beings taking things from the altar. One of the correct alignment can avoid this magical wrath by whispering the anator's password.

The priests of Vergadain spend or trade this gold shrewdly, to better the lot of dwarven merchants. They use it to bail them out of debt where possible, place bribes to help dwarven trade and commerce with other lands and races of Faerun, and so on.

Ethos and Current Aims: Vergadain's priests are dedicated to further the success of dwarven merchant commerce with other races, especially humans. They are intent on increasing general dwarven influence and prosperity, and on enabling the dwarves to further their craft-work, weapons-mastery, and inventions. Through these means the priests of Vergadain hope to increase dwarven importance in the Realms.

Priests of Vergadain work tirelessly to support and promote dwarven merchants and craftsmen throughout Faerun. Whenever they render aid or handle material wealth of any sort, they mutter Vergadain's name in homage. Most of Vergadain's faithful also do so, and this makes up the bulk of Vergadain's daily worship. It is said that Vergadain can see into the minds of all creatures within ten feet of wherever his name is uttered, and sometimes warns a dwarf of treachery in dealings by presenting visions or a preventative manifestation.

The proper rituals of worship to the god consist of meeting in windowless rooms or underground, around torches,

braziers, or other flames. The rituals call for dancing in slow, stately shiftings around the flame, wearing and displaying gold and other objects of worth. Every dwarf who worships the god must throw at least one gold piece into the flame as the dance continues. The flame always consumes valuables placed in it utterly, sometimes dying away to reveal a map, clue, scroll, potion, or other sending from the god. These sendings are rare, and although always helpful, they are rarely powerful, and even more rarely weapons. Perhaps the most common sending of Vergadain is a duplicate key to a strong-chest, vault, or barrier which prevents dwarves from reaching wealth rightfully belonging to them, or stolen by cheating them over a period of time.

The dance ends when the flame flares up, signifying the god's attention and thanks. The priests then light candles or conjure up light, and discuss business, usually current ways of furthering dwarven wealth. Transfers of necessary fees, bribes, aid, or other funds from one dwarf to another occurs next, usually from priests to the faithful they have called to worship. Then the ranking priest present passes his hand through the flame, which will slowly diminish. As it does so, all dwarves present kiss a gold coin in farewell, and then depart.

DumaThoin

Portfolio: Keeper of metals and other buried wealth ("secrets"), the earth's riches, and protector of mountain dwarves.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Creation, Elemental (earth only), Protection.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Plant, Sun.

Clerical Raiment: Leather garments, either armor or mining gear, with bare heads and brown cloaks and over-robes.

Holy Days: Nights of new moons and the days either side of each such night are considered holy days. Also, holy days can be decreed by a High Old One of the faith, usually when dwarves discover a major new lode, lost subterranean treasure-cache or delve, or something of the sort.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Gems and jewelry are sacrificed each month, on holy



days, to Dumathoin. These are offered up on altars dedicated to the god. Such altars are always stone blocks or natural boulders, in the deepest and best-hidden natural caverns underground. Note that dwarves may dig to open up or improve a natural cavern, without disqualifying it for use as a temple.

Ethos and Current Aims: The priests of Dumathoin seek always to uncover the buried wealth of the earth, without marring the beauty of the ways beneath the surface. They work to clean up the rubble of mining, grow and put in place luminous fungi and edible deep-mosses, and direct water through the earth to best serve the underlife which includes, of course, the dwarves.

Priests of this faith are always hunting for new veins and lodes of ore, new sources and species of useful fungi, and new delves or underways never explored before. They try to identify encountered dangers, and determine strategies to best deal with these menaces of the deep places.

Gems sacrificed to the god are pulverized and mixed with certain herbs and fungal secretions to derive a paste. The paste serves to make rock porous, make plant material adhere to it, and provide nourishment for plant materials in contact with it. With buckets of this acrid, purple-and-green fibrous paste, priests of Dumathoin creep about the underways, 'painting and planting' fungi and other plant life to best improve the underground environment. They can use it to conceal stone dwarven doors, redirect watercourses to turn water-wheels and fill reservoirs, and so on.

A priest of Dumathoin is always learning the tiniest details of conditions and life underground. Most priests are therefore invaluable in leading companions through the underways in darkness. Among their specialties are finding water, veins of ore, and cracks or fissures that provide a way out or can be mined to yield a way from one cavern to another.

Abbathor

Portfolio: Greed, evil among dwarves, thieving.

Major Spheres: All, Charm, Combat, Divination, Guardian.

Minor Spheres: Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Summoning, Sun

Clerical Raiment: Priests of Abbathor always dress in red—a brilliant scarlet, worn as underclothing for everyday use, and as over-ropes for ceremonial occasions. Over this they wear leather armor, with leather caps (never helms). If this armor must be discarded, dark crimson robes are worn to echo-and yet conceal-the scarlet underclothing.

Clergy of Abbathor never wear wealth openly, following the god's saying: "The best is always hidden."

Holy Days: Solar eclipses and days when volcanic eruptions or other causes bring darkness during daytime are always considered holy days.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Once a year, priests of Abbathor sacrifice a creature on an altar. It must be an evil enemy of dwarves, but can be anything from an elf to a boar. Orcs, trolls, and giants are the most favored sacrifices. The faithful of Abbathor then bring gems in offering to the god, and these are placed upon the body; they must touch the blood of the sacrifice. The value of the sacrifice is said to determine the amount of Abbathor's favor that will benefit the offerer in the year to come. Even the priests refer to this practice as "buying grace." The sacrifice is then burnt to ashes, gems, and all. If magic or especially valuable gems are sacrificed, these sometimes disappear before the body is consumed, taken by Abbathor to be his own (pocketed by the priests for their own use, some say).

Abbathor's favor is said to include minor things like causing guards to sleep or become distracted, shaping shadows and moon-cloaking clouds to hide the features or exact position of a fleeing dwarven thief, and allowing a trapped thief an occasional battle-aid (in the form of an initiative roll bonus).

Dwarves in need of Abbathor's immediate favor may make offerings at other times throughout the year. It is also customary to make an offering when one first worships at a particular temple. Temples of The Great Master of Greed are always in underground caverns or secret, windowless rooms. Sacrificial altars are massive, plain blocks of stone, blackened by the many fires laid and burnt upon

them. Note that nondwarves tend to panic when priests of Abbathor light fires indoors and the smoke begins to billow!

Ethos and Current Aims: Like their deity, priests of Abbathor strive to enrich themselves, taking personal advantage of their positions and influence to steal or deal themselves some personal wealth. Such funds are typically cached in remote, fiendishly-well-trapped hideavvays. Amassing enough loot to retire in luxury is a game and a driving motivation among priests of this god.

There is one strict rule, however: no priest of Abbathor will steal from any other dwarf, nor help or influence events to cause harm to come to the person or wealth of any rival priest of Abbathor. This is the infamous Abbathor's Commandment that dwarven thieves are often reminded of. Priests of Abbathor don't like to remember so readily that it was uttered purely in order to preserve some followers of the god, after angry fellow dwarves had slaughtered thief after thief in the robes of Abbathor's clergy.

The wider aims of the priesthood are to enrich all dwarves, working with the priesthods of Vergadain and Dumathoin where possible.

Across the Realms, priests of Abbathor are always looking for a chance for common dwarven profit, and their own personal gain, through underhanded and shady arrangements. The underground ways known to dwarves make them ideal smugglers, and there is many a border literally undercut by a dwarven tunnel that avoids duties and restrictions from one land to another. Dwarves are prevented from dominating the smuggling trade purely by their aversion to water and the resulting lack of dwarven shipborne activity.

Priests of Abbathor will trade (on the sly) with anyone, including duergar, drow, illithids, Zhentarim, orcs, giants, and other undesirable creatures or traditional enemies of the dwarves. Dwarves have been slain by axes sold to orcs by priests of Abbathor on more than one occasion. This contrariness, however, is an essential part of the nature of dwarves, as is the 'goldlust' that drives many dwarves on occasion; times when they are said to be "under the spell of Abbathor" or "in



Abbathor's thrall" Priests of Abbathor can be considered to be permanently in this condition, but to have learnt subtlety and devious cunning in its pursuit, rather than simple, crude acquisitiveness.

Beings who need something underhanded done can always contact priests of Abbathor, if they know where to find them. Usually only dwarves know how to do so. A known worshipper of Abbathor will often arrange a meeting between an outsider (such as a human) and a priest of Abbathor, for a fee. The priest and the worshipper will both work to arrange the meeting so that the priest is in little danger of attack, kidnapping, or arrest.

Berronar Truesilver

Portfolio: Safety, truth, and dwarven home life.

Major Spheres: All, Charm, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Plant, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Astral, Combat, Elemental (earth), Necromantic.

Clerical Raiment: Silver chain mail with a silvered (*everbright*) helm is common. Ceremonial garb includes white underrobes with cloth-of-silver overtunics, with the priest remaining bareheaded.

Holy Days: Midwinter day and Midsummer night are Berronar's holy days.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Annual offerings of silver are made to Berronar in the form of coins, jewelry, drinking vessels, or trade-bars. White flowers sometimes adorn the offerings, in token of dwarven love and affection for the Mother Goddess.

Incidentally, "merchant trade-bars" were originally devised by the dwarves of Faerun.

Ethos and Current Aims: The clergy of Berronar exists to further the good health and good character of all dwarves. They heal the sick and injured, attempt to treat, eradicate, and stop the spread of disease, develop antidotes to dwarfsbane and other poisons that can affect dwarves, and encourage truthfulness, obedience to law, peaceful order and harmony, and governance of greed and goldlust.

No dwarf in need of aid can be ignored by a priestess of Berronar. All must be helped to the best of a priest's abilities; if

an individual priestess lacks any more healing spells, he or she must find someone who can heal, or provide all the non-magical care possible. The duty of a priestess of Berronar is to keep dwarves alive, whatever the cost.

Priestesses of Berronar worship the Mother Goddess by kneeling, closing their eyes, picturing the goddess, and whispering prayers that begin and end with her name. They typically do this whenever asking for her guidance or when about to heal in her name. Her guidance is often given by an inner feeling or decision.

More elaborate rituals to Berronar take place aboveground on Midsummer night only, and underground the rest of the time. A temple to Berronar aboveground consists of a circle of stones, usually in a wooded area, in which small fires are kindled in a random pattern, and gems and metal sculptures are set up among them on metal poles, to sparkle and reflect back the firelight during worship. Actual 'sparkler' fireworks are used on the two big holy days, to mark the ending of each prayer, chanted in unison.

An underground temple to Berronar is a cavern in which the priestesses have carefully arranged mosses, lichens, fungi, and the like brought by the hands of faithful. They keep these watered and nourished to form a lush carpet all over the floor and climbing the walls as high as possible. Luminescent fungi are favored, to give the cavern as much natural light as possible. Magical items with the power to create *dancing lights* are valued by priestesses of this faith, and nondwarven wielders of such items are sometimes even hired to illuminate such a temple by this means.

Such 'lighters' must come to the temple naked and blindfolded, but are treated with the utmost care and courtesy, and are taken safely back to the surface and guarded, in such a way that their dignity is maintained, but the location of and way to the temple remains hidden from them.

Rituals honoring Berronar typically begin with a chanted prayer, and continue with an address from the High Old Ones, which ends in a responsive prayer led by a High Old One or chosen priestess. This is followed by a report of the good works and successes of the priesthood, and an

identification of failures and problems still to be dealt with. Another responsive prayer follows, and is followed by a rising, spirit-lifting unison prayer.

If a very sick dwarf or dwarves are present, unison healing then takes place. The entire assembled clergy lays hands on the afflicted ones and call on Berronar. Healing does not always occur, although the deadening of pain (for 1d4 + 1 days) always will—the assembled priestesses take the pain upon themselves. If healing does take place, it is a manifestation of the goddess, and not a cast spell. Berronar's Touch, as this is known, has in the past cured blindness, insanity, lycanthropy, poisonings, life energy loss, bodily transformations due to parasitic or symbiotic plant life, tissue corrosion, and the like, in addition to more simple wounds.

Marthammor Duin

Portfolio: Guide and protector to adventurers, explorers, and Wanderer dwarves.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Charm, Elemental (earth only), Necromantic, Plant, Summoning, Weather (lightning control only).

Clerical Raiment: Grey or mottled green, brown, and grey cloaks, over any sort of armor. For ceremonial purposes, the priests go bareheaded, in grey robes, with a maroon overtunic emblazoned with a watchful eye front and back, the symbol of Marthammor.

Holy Days: All festival days in the Calendar of Harptos, and nine days after each festival day. On years when the Shieldmeet occurs, the holy day follows it nine days after; there aren't two adjacent days, one following Midsummer and one the Shieldmeet.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Used ironwork and footwear (which must be of dwarven make), burned on altars. This must be done once a year per worshipper.

Ethos and Current Aims: The safe guidance and guardianship of Wanderer dwarves, and all dwarves who must wander the wilds, particularly aboveground.

Priests of Marthammor make marked trails in the wilderness northlands of the



Realms, from Uttersea to the Great Ice Sea. They also establish way-caches of food and supplies (spare boots, clothing, weapons, drinking-water, bandages and splints, firemaking supplies, and the like) along these trails.

Priests of Marthammor patrol these ways, healing and guiding dwarves they meet, providing a warm fire, a warm meal, and companionship to exhausted, lonely, lost, or hurt dwarves-of any faith or race. "Help however you can, give all that is needful!" runs the temple creed.

Priests of Marthammor will work with healers and priests of all races to help dwarves, allies, and companions of dwarves. While they do not accompany adventurers, they are in a sense adventurers themselves, often fighting monsters, discovering ruins, and facing the same perils that adventurers do. Travelers in the north-especially the Sword Coast North-often encounter small bands of 3d4 dwarven priests of Marthammor. Such bands will not reveal their clerical status unless they are dealing with dwarves or those known to be dwarven allies or companions.

Marthammor is worshipped on the bare heights of stony tors on moonless nights, or, on holy days and for important rituals, in underground caverns. The caverns must always be natural, unaltered by the hands of intelligent beings.

Underground or on top, an altar to Marthammor is always a simple stone cairn or wooden tripod, supporting a stone hammer, upright and head uppermost. Priests of Marthammor stand looking at the hammer, praying to their god for guidance as to where they are needed and what they have done wrong, or poorly. The god places visions in their minds, choosing which priests will guard temples, which will explore particular areas, and so on.

The ghosts of diligent servants of Marthammor are said to haunt certain trails, old abandoned delves, and mountain passes. When dwarves or dwarven allies or companions are lost in such places, particularly in blizzards or storms, the phantom priests appear, gesturing silently, and guide the travelers along a safe route to refuge or their destination.

Gorm Gulthyn

Portfolio: Guardian and protector of all dwarves.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Charm, Creation, Elemental (earth only), Necromantic, Summoning.

Clerical Raiment: Red and black cloaks and helms, worn over armor of the finest metal and type available. Priests of Gorm never remove all their armor or lay aside all their weapons unless sorely wounded and in need of care.

Holy Days: Every festival in the Calendar of Harptos (as in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set).

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Blood, sweat, tears, and weapons.

Ethos and Current Aims: Priests of Gorm serve as protectors and bodyguards for all dwarves, especially the young, and child-rearing parents of both sexes. They instruct dwarven warriors fulfilling such roles in the arts of alertness, blindfighting, and weapons-skills (i.e., in campaigns using proficiencies, the priests of Gorm can tutor dwarves in all proficiencies useful to guardians).

The foremost aim of any lesser priest of Gorm is to protect the dwarves assigned to him. Veteran priests of higher rank may choose who they protect. If this involves sacrificing one's own life, so be it; that is "Gorm's Greatest Price:" as every priest of Gorm knows.

Priests of Gorm who are serving as guardians are never "surprised," and are able to interpret noises, half-seen movements, and other symptoms of approach and movement correctly with an accuracy of 10% per level. For instance, a priest of Gorm might hear a faint scuffling, and identify it as studded leather worn by a crawling man, against a particular stone the priest noticed earlier.

A priest of Gorm will always check around his feet and overhead often, and always takes care to know the distance and exact direction of features in his surroundings. The guardian-priest described above, for instance, would know exactly where, and how far away, the unseen intruder in studded leather was-and just where to throw an axe in order to hit him.

These carefully-developed skills give guardian-priests of Gorm an attack bonus of +5 with missiles of any sort, against any target within 60 feet of their guardpost. If they've not had time to examine the surroundings, this bonus drops to +2. In addition, guardian-priests of Gorm always win initiative rolls, even when they are charged by multiple opponents coming out of the darkness.

Guardian-priests guard most clan-hold entries, the Gates on the borders of The Deep Realm, and temples of Gorm.

Temples of Gorm are always plain, unadorned stone caverns or rooms quarried from solid rock. The altar is a stone bench in front of a closed, locked door of massive construction, representing a location that a dwarf might have to guard. Instead of a stone bench, a temple might use an old tomb casket; if occupied, it must be by a fallen, not undead, priest of Gorm.

Offerings to Gorm are of weapons used, even broken, in the service of guardianship, anointed with tears, sweat, and drops of blood of the dwarf making the offering. Rituals involve silent vigils, muttered prayers, and answering visions from the god.

On holy days, guardians of Gorm gather for a salute, a ritual involving the rhythmic grounding of weapons and a responsively-chanted prayer. At the height of a salute, the door behind the altar sometimes opens by the power of the god, and through it may come instructive phantom images, scrolls or potions, weapons, pieces of armor, or even maps-small aids from the god, to help his faithful fulfill their duties. When this happens, increase the morale of a worshipper of Gorm who is wearing, carrying, or using any gift from the god by a bonus of +4.

Haela Brightaxe

Portfolio: Luck in battle, patron of dwarves who love to fight, and who fight monsters.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Guardian, Healing, Protection.

Minor Spheres: Creation, Necromantic, Sun.

Clerical Raiment: Armor of any sort can be worn, but chain mail preferred. A helm is always worn. For ceremonial purposes, armor or plain robes of steel-grey



are worn, with an overcloak of scarlet, with crimson footwear.

Holy Days: Greengrass, the Feast of the Moon, and Midsummer.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: The blood of the worshipper and that of enemies of the dwarves is commonly offered to Haela.

Ethos and Current Aims: Priestesses of Haela wander throughout the Realms, aiding dwarves in battle. They wander because no priestess knows where or when she will be needed—they rely upon Haela's guiding hand to position them as necessary.

Priestesses of Haela aid beleaguered dwarves (and known allies and companions of dwarves) against creatures of all sorts, by healing, casting spells, and fighting alongside them. Their objectives are to achieve victory for the dwarvish side and to allow the maximum possible number of dwarves to survive. The priestesses wish also to make all dwarves comfortable with their own skills in combat—to Haela's worshippers, battle-skills are needed to guide the hands of all dwarves if the Deep Folk are to survive.

Priests of Haela are always heavily armed, and are often skilled at weapon and armor repair. They freely give away the weapons they carry to dwarves in need, always keeping at least one weapon for themselves, although it may be well hidden. They practice throwing weapons in a variety of ways, such as onto ledges,

to cut ropes, and to land upright, points buried in turf, beside those needing them. Priestesses of Haela who attempt to deliver a weapon in such a manner gain a +3 bonus to their Dexterity checks.

The senior priestesses of Haela teach their juniors much concerning tactics, secrets and hints for fighting specific monsters, and knowledge of their habits, lairs, and weaknesses. A DM can impart detailed Monstrous Compendium information to PCs who ask a priestess of Haela the right questions.

All individuals or groups aided by a priestess of Haela are expected to pay for the aid with a spare weapon that the priestess can give to some other needy band. Failing that, a shield, pair of gauntlets, or other armor or useful gear can be substituted. It is considered bad form to give the priestess back a weapon she just gave you.

One interesting example of this is among the halflings of Secomber. When Ardeep was crumbling as the Fallen Kingdom fell apart around them, the halflings continually repaid priestesses of Haela with bags of caltrops—typically three at a time. It is now both a joke and an affectionate tradition for both sides, and priestesses of Haela are forever toting large sacks of caltrops around, hoping to get a chance to use them. (Treat a caltrop that is hurled in battle as a hand axe for range and damage.)

Temples of Haela are caves or underground rooms, sometimes in old, abandoned holds or in the cellars of human ruins. They are also typically storehouses of food, small smithies, and armories crammed with odd weapons and armor. Her temples are never guarded by fewer than a dozen priestesses (more often, 1d4 +16 are in residence). There is always an explosive trap set somewhere in such a temple: if the dwarves are slain or forced out, no enemy of the dwarves will get the store of weapons without taking heavy losses.

One famous temple of Haela, overrun by orcs near Amphail, proved to have a trap of six separate *blade barriers*. These came into being one after another, using the cached weapons of the temple as the whirling weapons.

Thard Harr

Portfolio: Protector of Wild Dwarves.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Guardian, Healing, Plant, Protection.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Creation, Necromantic, Sun.

Clerical Raiment: The skull of a large jungle beast, such as a rhinoceros, great cat, or giant crocodile, is worn as a helm. For ceremonial purposes, the pelts or skins of jungle monsters are worn as robes.

Holy Days: New moon and full moon nights.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Blood sacrifices of beasts and/or intruders are commonly made to Thard Harr. At least one creature is offered each full moon.

Ethos and Current Aims: Priests of Thard Harr represent the god, protecting their dwarves with powers given them by the god, leading them on prosperous hunts and careful explorations. Persistent intruders (unless dwarven) must be eliminated, and the priests must lead the attack, as fearlessly and diligently as Thard Harr himself.

If the foe is too strong, the priest will try to mentally call Thard Harr himself to the scene. Jungle Dwarves speak of opponents or natural forces so powerful and dangerous that they might well "blunt the claws of Harr himself," but never allude to the breaking of any claw, or the defeat of their god in any fight.



Thard Harr's wisdom teaches that one can best defeat an enemy that one knows well. Seasoned Wild Dwarves always try to capture at least one intruder alive for questioning, before sacrificial use. If sparing the intruder seems to bring possible future benefits to the dwarves, they will do so. The Wild Dwarves are interested in trade, metal and glass objects and tools, in return for pelts, meat, or even live beasts. They conduct trade so long as they can conduct it on territory of their choosing, to set up traps and ambushes to guard against treachery under the direction of the priests of Thard Harr.

Priests of Thard Harr are the leaders and generals of, and speakers for, their people. Priests of Thard Harr always bear the god's crossed-gauntlets sign as a tattoo, usually on one shoulder or on the scalp, overgrown by their hair. Priests of Thard Harr must never cut their beards, but instead braid them into ropes that they tie around their waists or shoulders. If an enemy or beast cuts a priest's beard, there is no penalty; if it is done by the priest himself, it is a sign that he is turning away from Thard Harr's service, and can no longer expect aid from the god.

High Old Ones

Dwarven priests of 7th or greater level are known as "High Old Ones" They gain special powers from the dwarven gods. Of course, such powers can be suspended, denied, or removed if a High Old One displeases his or her god. The High Old Ones are the most respected elders of the Folk, especially in the north, where clan power and the pride and prosperity of young dwarves is weakest.

High Old Ones can identify themselves as members or friends of particular clans by the use of secret hand-signs. In rare cases, some trusted nondwarves (such as Elminster of Shadowdale and Mirt of Waterdeep) have been taught these signs for use when among dwarves.

High Old Ones gain the power to affect undead as other clerics do, turning as a 3rd level cleric when they are 7th level, a 4th level cleric when they are 8th, and so on.

High Old Ones gain special spells from their gods (detailed fully in their own section of this sourcebook). These spells are as follows, by priesthood:

Moradin: *stonefire*
 Clangedin: *rockburst*
 Sharindlar: *floustone*
 Vergadain: *stone trap*
 Dumathoin: *stonefall*
 Abbathor: *maskstone*
 Berronar: *guardian hammer*
 Marthammor: *glowglory*
 Gorm: *fire eyes*
 Haela: *hurl rock*
 Thard Harr: *lesser guardian hammer*

High Old Ones also gain a detection power, different for each priesthood. This magical ability always operates properly, and requires no spellcasting. It does, however, require concentration (prohibiting spellcasting or even reading in the same round) and is not continuous and automatic in its effects.

Moradin: *true seeing*, as the priest spell, reverse not granted.

Clangedin: *detect magic*, range as priest spell, holy symbol not required.

Sharindlar: *detect dwarves*, range and blockages as a priest's *detect magic* spell—detects living dwarves, dead dwarves, duergar, spilled dwarven blood, invisible dwarves, *shape changed* dwarves, dwarves concealed by illusions, and so on.

Dumathoin: *identify*, as the wizard spell, but needs no material component; the ability works as if the High Old One was a wizard of the same level.

Vergadain: *enemy location*, as the wand; the High Old One feels a compulsion to face each enemy in range; he need not do so, but unerringly knows who and where such enemies are.

Abbathor: *detect illusion*, up to normal sight limits, the High Old One knows all illusions for what they are, seeing them as rainbow-hued, translucent images superimposed over the real creature or object. The High Old One can concentrate on either the illusion or reality to see it as normal, and examine it in detail; whenever this is not done, the double images will be seen.

Berronar: *detect wound*, the High Old One must touch the creature. Even if it is an unfamiliar monster, this ability tells the dwarf if the creature is suffering from any internal or external physical damage—and its approximate severity. The ability identifies the presence of poison, magical charms, curses, diseases,

mental damage, and other abnormal conditions, but does not heal in any way.

Marthammor: *find the path*, as the priest spell.

Gorm: *know alignment*, like the priest spell, but unerring, overriding even the strongest magical concealments and misdirections. The High Old One can scan only one person per round, and cannot cast spells during that time, but need not remain stationary, and can even participate in strenuous, acrobatic combat.

Haela: *detect weapons*, range and blockages as a detect magic priest spell; detects concealed, invisible, and improvised weapons that have been used to harm or are carried with intent to harm. Broken weapons are detected only if still usable. In some old ruins, this ability is rendered useless by the sheer number of abandoned weapons.

Thard Harr: *detect snares & pits*, as the first level priest spell, but needs no holy symbol. Using this detection ability precludes spellcasting while it is maintained.

Most High Old Ones pray directly to their god or goddess, and enjoy a good chance of being heard. While a deity may not show up instantly when aid is requested, such prayers do serve as a valuable source of information to the gods, and are encouraged. A priest who warns a deity of six hostile adventurers, by name, class, and description, may ensure that the deity warns dwarves in the adventurers' route—and will certainly affect the deity's reaction if its avatar ever meets the adventurers.

Dwarven Cults

Some dwarves who blame the gods for the present decline of the race, or who feel that the old gods are simply too weak or too out-of-touch with the wider world in which the dwarves must live to aid their Folk successfully in the ages to come. Many dwarves have dabbled in new beliefs, including ones which advocate mastery of wizardry as the key to the race's survival, one which promotes interbreeding with men and gnomes coupled with secretive diplomacy, so as to dominate and eventually absorb these more fecund races, and so on. Most of these new beliefs have tended to come and go as



passing fads, embraced for a time by each successive generation of young dwarves.

Details of such cults, down the long history of the dwarves, could fill a work many times the size of this one. DMs are urged to devise their own cults, particularly for use as the sources of relics found in old, abandoned dwarf-holds, and as active religions in isolated dwarven communities.

Only two long-established or recurring cults are briefly described here. These have been successful enough that some divine power has come to support their pleas and deeds, giving their clerics spells, for instance.

The Wyrms Cult: This cult can be found in isolated dwarven communities anywhere, but seems more common in the north than in areas south of the Inner Sea lands. Its clerics are few and secretive, employing dwarven sympathizers as spies, and rewarding them for their aid by allowing them recreation or revenge opportunities in beast-form.

The Wyrms Cult worships various beasts, especially dragons and other powerful creatures that dwarves treat with respect. The cult seeks to further the power and wealth of its adherents by using the powers of beasts to slay and confound enemies.

The priests of this cult gain the power to *shape change* into beast form, as the 9th level wizard spell, but requiring no material component. This ability can be used up to three times a day, for a period of one turn. Favorite shapes assumed include snakes, wyverns, dragons, boars, bears, and various large cats (tigers, panthers, mountain lions, and so on). The DM should consult various volumes of the *Monstrous Compendium* for creature abilities.

Wyrms Cult priests can only take the shape of creatures and other living things that they've seen personally. Currently in need of both wealth and power, they have taken to attacking all nondwarven adventurers who wander within their reach, throughout the wilderlands of the north. They seek power through increased influence and worshippers and through the acquisition of magical items and controlled territories. Consider most Wyrms Cult priests to be chaotic neutral to evil in alignment, consumed by a burning anger

against all types of creatures who have oppressed or slain dwarves in the past.

The Living Axe: Because magic seems to go awry in their hands, and they can never control real power like human wizards, dwarves have always been fascinated by magic. They are most intrigued by the capturing of magical powers within an item that a dwarf has created and can wield.

Down the ages there have been over a thousand thousand dwarven smiths of skill in working with magic. They have always been among the wealthiest, more powerful, and most respected dwarves. Some dwarves have gone further than that, looking beyond dwarven skill to the inspiration that guided them, and seeing in it a divine presence—a presence that, they believe, lives in the magical items themselves.

Dwarves of the Living Axe worship and obey sentient magical weapons (many of which are controlled by malevolent or insane spirits imprisoned within them), and have gone to war to extend the rule of these sacred items over other dwarves and even over small communities of humans, halflings, and gnomes. Living Axe priests are always armed with multiple throwing axes and a variety of other weapons, they wear high, spired, and spiked helms of fantastic design.

Devout "Axe Dwarves" also seek to create more magical weapons, and have fashioned many specimens of two particular types, in imitation of ancient, still operable items found in the ruins of fallen Myth Drannor: *guardian blades* and *watch axes*. One or both of these will be found accompanying any group of Axe Dwarves. They are typically used in pairs or threes to guard doors, gates, crawl tunnels, and the like around major Axe Dwarf settlements or temples.

Guardian Blades: These are two-handed bastard swords of the finest make and metals. They do 2d4 points of damage when striking, attack twice per round (first strike and last), and fly about (MV 15, Class A). They cannot be *held* or grounded by anti-magic spells or effects. Guardian blades attack all nondwarves, unless otherwise instructed by a helmed Axe Dwarf priest. They operate with *true sight*.

If grasped, guardian blades will struggle to break free, dragging the holder along with them. In such instances, roll a d20 each round, and if the roll is higher than the wielder's Strength, the blade breaks free. A blade that is held for five continuous rounds will burst into shards at the end of the fifth round, self-destructing in a lightning discharge that does 7d6 damage to all creatures within 10 feet (no saving throw allowed beings holding it).

Watch Axes: These weapons are also permanently-animated and behave just as a *guardian blade* does. They move more slowly (14), but do more damage (1d10). If forced to self-destruct, they explode, the blast and shards doing 4d10 damage to all within 10 feet, 3d8 damage to those from 10 to 20 feet away, and 2d4 damage to those from 20 to 30 feet away. Saving throws for half damage are allowed for all beings except those in direct contact with the axe when it explodes.

There are some *guardian blades* and *watch axes* in the Realms still, lurking in forgotten tombs and mines, that have no connection to the Axe Dwarves, and are controlled by no one. Elminster once tried to establish magical control over one blade "as an exercise," and still winces and rubs his ribs at the memory of his failure.

These sorts of weapons self-destruct when held or pinned. If struck in combat and broken, they self-destruct only 20 percent of the time. The rest of the time, they merely disintegrate harmlessly.

The most fearsome *watch axe* is the *Living Axe* itself. It is said to be an animated, double-bladed *battle axe* of great size, fashioned of bronzed adamantine. It is probably neutral evil in alignment, and delights in killing, periodically flying amok among orcs or whatever creatures it chances upon. It does 2d6 damage per strike, attacks twice a round, flying at MV 18 (A), and is known to be immune to all *enchantment/charm* spells. Its origin and precise powers are unknown, but it is said to be very old, and has been known to hunt beings across the Realms. It might capriciously spare some who openly defy it, or butcher others whom it surprises before they even realize what is happening.



DWARVEN MAGIC: SPELLS

This section details the more common priest spells unique to the dwarves. Elminster warns there are others, although he knows of no dwarven wizards, and believes the inherent magic resistance of 'trueblood' dwarves makes their mastery of wizardry impossible. Strangely, this applies to learned, memorized spells, not to spell-like natural powers. Such powers are possessed by all duergar and High Old Ones (high-level dwarven priests), and, apparently at random, by a few dwarves of other classes and sub-races.

Dwarven priests cast spells as clerics of other races do, with one important difference: spell energies are always channelled through a stone holy symbol worn next to the skin or grasped by the cleric. Without this stabilizing spell focus, dwarven clerical spells are 40 percent likely to go 'wild' when cast. This instability is also the reason most dwarven clerical spells involve material components, fragments of the prime material plane not subject to any innate magical resistance.

Wild Spells

To determine the effect of wild spell energies, the DM should consult the *wand of wonder* effects, using the table of suggested results given in the *DMG* and devising new ones. It is not unheard of for a wild spell to duplicate the effects of *chain lightning*, *reverse gravity*, *Mordenkainen's disjunction* and *dancing lights* all at once. They have also been known to cause other upheavals of nature that are just as dramatic and deadly.

Wild spells may be even more deadly attacks than the standard spells they started out as. They are not deliberately caused by priests simply because they can be as deadly to friend as to foe, having unpredictable side-effects. Moreover, most dwarven deities think such behavior reckless and disrespectful of their grace (in granting the spells in the first place) and of the safety of the dwarven people.

A dwarven cleric will cast spells without a stone holy symbol only unwittingly, or when desperate.

An attack that damages or removes a holy symbol during casting does not ruin the spellcasting, but always causes the

spell to go wild. Most dwarven clerics carry spare holy symbols with them at all times, to prevent their magic from becoming ungovernable due to loss (or theft) of a holy symbol.

Known Spells of The Folk

Spells used by dwarven priests identified to date are detailed here in the new *ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS*®, 2nd Edition game format. Material components are consumed in spellcasting unless otherwise noted. Holy symbols are never consumed by spells.

Second-Level Spells

Hurl Rock

(Alteration)

Reversible

Sphere: Combat

Range: 10 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: One rock (see below)

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows a dwarf to suddenly and violently use *telekinesis* on a loose rock, using it as a missile. Only stone can be used, either natural stone or petrified objects. The stone must be loose; it cannot be a block that is part of a wall, or a piece of a rock face or ceiling. The rocky projectile leaps from its resting position to attack with the caster's THAC0. The "range" of this spell refers to the distance between the priest and the potential stone missile. The projectile can leap up to 45 feet vertically and up to 45 feet horizontally. Determine where misses land using the "Grenade-Like Missile Effects" table in the *DMG*.

The caster can move up to 2 cubic feet/level. Rocks that are too large will be felt as such; the priest can choose another rock in the same round, but if it is also too large, the spell is wasted.

At times it will be important to know what damage the missile itself sustains after being hurled; for instance, if it is a fragile, valuable object, or, say, a petrified companion. The missile itself suffers 2d4

points of damage from its use in this spell and double that damage if it falls more than 50 feet in the process. This shatters the missile if it is brought to zero hit points. Assume rocky missiles to have an average hp total of 6 per 2 cubic feet, so that a rock of the maximum size that a 3rd level priest can move (6 cubic feet) will have 18 hp.

Rocky missiles that shatter spray shrapnel; all creatures within 10 feet of the landing site of a missile must save vs. spell or suffer 1d4 + 1 points of damage.

Any item struck by the missile or its shrapnel (see above) must save against "crushing blow." A being struck by the missile is hurt as follows:

Rock volume (in cubic feet)	Damage
1-2	2d4
3-4	2d8
5-6	2d10
7-8	3d8
9-10	3d10
more than 10	4d12

The reverse of this spell, *rock shield*, allows the caster to deflect rocky missiles of all types and from all sources. The shield remains in effect for one round/level, infallible against all missiles whose edges contain or are made of stone. Once cast, it does not require continued concentration or further action. The deflections are in directions uncontrollable by the user of the shield. Use the "Grenade-Like Missile Effects" table, noting that deflections may hit companions of the *shield*-user or his companions.

The material components of this spell are a suitable rock to serve as the projectile, and a tiny pebble, held in the priest's hand and not consumed during casting. The reverse of the spell requires two small pebbles and a translucent piece of glass, mica, ice, crystal, or a gem.

Maskstone (Illusion/Phantasm) Reversible

Sphere: Guardian

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 year/level



Casting Time: 2
 Area of Effect: 1 square foot of surface area/level
 Saving Throw: None

This spell alters the appearance of stone to hide seams, openings, traps, runes, doors, and so on. The priest touches the central point of the area to be masked, and visualizes what appearance is desired (i.e. hue, fissures, shape and general appearance). The spell cloaks the stone with the visualized, long-term illusion.

Features of the stone under the maskstone spell remain physically unchanged and traceable. A known door can be felt for and located in 1d3 rounds. Unless it has been used by the searcher before, determining how it opens, in what direction, and the location of locks or catches will be impossible without a *dispel magic* to end the cloaking effect.

A dwarf, duergar, gnome, xorn, or other subterranean dweller encountering the spell effect can tell the stone's surface has been magically masked, but not what the true surface appearance is. Features affixed to the stone's surface (such as maps or inscriptions) are hidden by this magic.

The reverse of this spell, *reveal stone*, will clearly outline (momentarily illuminating) secret or hidden doors, panels, cavities, storage niches, catches, locks, and other deliberately-hidden features. These features will be revealed if the stone has a *maskstone* spell on it or if it is simply in poorly-lit or confusing natural conditions.

The material components are an eyelash (from any creature) and a pinch of dust or sand. The reverse of the spell requires a scrap of gauze and a piece of phosphorous or a handful of iron filings.

Rockburst (Alteration)

Sphere: Combat
 Range: 10 yards/level
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 1 round
 Casting Time: 2
 Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot/level
 Saving Throw: Special

This spell allows the caster to cause a boulder or rockpile to suddenly explode,

propelling jagged shards in all directions. If the desired spell focus is larger than the volume the priest can affect, only part of it will fly about.

Shrapnel endangers all beings within 20 feet of the spell focus. Beings within 10 feet must save vs. spell for half damage. Beings between 10 and 20 feet distant who save successfully are allowed a second saving throw. If both rolls are successful, they avoid all damage (due to luck, dodging, and cover). If only one roll is successful, they take half damage. The presence of cover or armor does not automatically lessen damage due to the unpredictability of ricochets, bounces, and the like.

The shrapnel does a base damage of 1d4 + 1 points per level of the caster (i.e. 1d4 + 1 points per cubic foot of rock). In rare cases, the explosion will remove enough rock to cause an avalanche or cave-in, but such results can rarely be deliberately caused with this spell.

Third-Level Spells

Glowglory (Alteration, Evocation)

Sphere: Combat
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Special
 Casting Time: 3
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: None

This spell allows priests to unleash *beams of power* from *glowstones*, or make normal stone (in a surface area of up to 1 square foot per level of the caster) radiate a *continual light* radiance, for 1 turn/level. If the priest desires, the radiance of normal stone can be accompanied by a gentle release of heat, enough to warm chilled beings to prevent frostbite, death from exposure, and ensure comfortable sleeping and activity in exposed or icy-cold conditions.

When used on a *glowstone* touched by the caster, this magic unleashes a *beam of power*. For more details of *glowstones*, refer to the chapter on magical items in this sourcebook. A *beam of power* is a cutting beam of radiant force that rends stone, wood, and flesh alike. It is typically used as a weapon or a tool, to quarry stone or

open passages in solid rock.

A *beam of power* does an automatic six points of structural damage (see the *DMG*, p. 76) per round to wood or stone objects or surfaces. It deals 6d6 hp of damage per contact to living things. In either case, a *beam of power* is mentally aimed with the same THAC0 as if the priest were attacking directly. It lashes out to its furthest extent (30 yards) in a single round, and can be directed as a continuous stream or pulsed (interrupted and resumed). In either case, other spellcasting, death, or unconsciousness on the part of the caster ends the *beam of power* and the spell instantly. *Beams of power* can be tracked in any direction while cutting or to follow a moving target (at MV 15). A *beam of power* lasts for 1 round/level of the caster, or until ended by deliberate will of the caster (whichever occurs first).

The material components of this spell are the *glowstone* or normal stone to be used (which is not itself altered by the spell) and a pinch of gold- or gem-dust.

Lesser Guardian Hammer (Invocation)

Sphere: Guardian
 Range: Touch (of area to be guarded)
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Special
 Casting Time: 3
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: None

A *lesser guardian hammer*, is an invisible, hammer-shaped field of force that appears when a guarded door, lock, threshold, or area is disturbed (even years after the spell was cast). When activated, it charges through the air to strike the living thing nearest to the disturbed guardian area, or any being in the area (if there is more than one, determine target randomly). A guardian hammer strikes only once, but does not miss. When it hits, it appears momentarily as a glowing, translucent hammer, and then fades away into nothingness. Its unavoidable strike does 2d12 damage. Beings struck must make a strength check to avoid being knocked down.

Lesser guardian hammers can be destroyed before activation by casting a *dispel magic* on the guarded area, or by



totally destroying (e.g. by *disintegration*) the guarded area without entering it. Once activated, a *lesser guardian hammer* can dodge all magical and physical barriers, phasing in and out of the ethereal plane if necessary, and cannot be destroyed or diverted to another target.

The material components for this spell are a drop of sweat or spittle or a tear from the caster, a hair (from any creature), and a pebble or lump of ice.

Fourth-Level Spells

Fire Eyes (Evocation)

Sphere: Combat
Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: ½

This spell allows the priest to emit a fiery beam from either one or both of his eyes. This thin, ruby-red beam can strike up to two opponents per round, attacking with the priest's normal THAC0. Its use does not stop the priest from engaging in physical activities (including combat) in the same round.

The beam deals 2d8 fire damage to all creatures struck by it (1d8 if a save vs. spells is successful). Creatures immune to flame damage are unharmed.

The beam acts as an instant ("searing" level) *heat metal* on all metal it touches. A second beam striking the same piece or area of metal will *melt* the metal, unless it saves vs. lightning (magical items gain saving throw bonuses equal to any bonuses they possess).

Note that an armored character struck by the beam would suffer both direct beam damage and the "searing" damage as from a *heat metal* spell. If the beam strikes again, both types of damage would be suffered again, and armor that does not save would collapse into liquid metal blobs, falling from its wearer's body!

The material component of this spell is the priest's holy symbol, which must be touched during casting. It is not harmed, and need not be continuously touched as the spell continues.

Guardian Hammer (Invocation)

Sphere: Guardian
Range: Touch (of area to be guarded)
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a *guardian hammer*: an invisible, hammer-shaped field of force activated when a guarded door or other area is disturbed (even years after the spell was cast).

When activated, it charges through the air to strike the living thing nearest to the disturbed guardian area, or any being in the area (if there is more than one, determine target randomly). A *guardian hammer* strikes only once, but does not miss. When it hits, it appears momentarily as a glowing, translucent hammer, and then fades away into nothingness. Its strike does 4d12 damage, and stuns (no voluntary actions possible) its victim for 1d4 + 1 rounds. Struck beings must make a strength check to avoid being knocked down, forcing possible "fall" saving throws for fragile carried items.

Guardian hammers can be destroyed before activation by casting a *dispel magic* on the guarded area, or by totally destroying (e.g. by *disintegration*) the guarded area without entering it. The latter method destroys all *guardian hammers* attached to an area; the former method destroys only one *guardian hammer* per *dispel magic*, if multiple spells exist. Once activated, a *guardian hammer* can dodge all magical and physical barriers, by way of the ethereal plane (phasing in and out) if necessary, and cannot be destroyed or diverted to another target by such means.

The material components for this spell are a drop of sweat or spittle or a tear from the caster, a hair from a dwarven stone mason, and a pebble or lump of ice.

Stone Trap (Alteration)

Sphere: Combat
Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent until discharged

Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot/level
Saving Throw: Special

This spell renders stone invisible and moves it to a mid-air location (within range) chosen by the caster. It levitates in place, sometimes for years, until the spell is released, either by will of the caster, or by the caster's death. Release is accomplished by the utterance of a word or phrase, which may be any nonsense or catch-phrase spoken in the original spellcasting, or by fulfillment of specific conditions (i.e. "when the lock on the door is broken or picked"), in the same way as a wizard's *magic mouth* spell (q.v.) can 'go off' when specific conditions are met.

When the spell is triggered, gravity takes over and the stone turns visible as it falls. This spell is often used to devise a trap, holding boulders as deadfalls above archways (including castle or delve entrances), vault doors, thrones, bathtubs, beds, or other strategic areas.

Creatures in the area are allowed a save vs. spell. If it fails, they take full damage. If it is successful, they are also allowed a dexterity check. If the check succeeds, they escape without any damage. If the check fails, they suffer half damage.

The base damage done by this spell is 2d4 points per level of the caster (i.e. per cubic foot of suspended rock).

Note that skilled dwarves often fashion false stone ceilings of smooth-finished stones, and raise them overhead to serve as *stone traps*. *True seeing* will reveal the levitating stone clearly, but if the caster has prepared it with enough skill (using shaped stone blocks, or carved ornaments such as gargoyle-heads or vault arches), the viewer may not recognize the viewed stone as any sort of trap. The levitating stone does radiate magic, faintly—but then, many dwarven delves radiate magic from most of their stone surfaces, if spells have been used in their shaping or subsequent use.

The material components of this spell are a speck of dust or grit, a tear or drop of water or blood, the sleep from a dwarfs eye, and a pebble.



Stonefall

(Alteration)

Sphere: Elemental (Earth)

Range: 120 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 3 cubic feet/level

Saving Throw: Special

This spell causes rocky materials to attack at the priest's direction. If cast underground, it causes stalactites to fall or causes a cave-in. If cast indoors, it causes a ceiling collapse. If cast in open air, it causes one fist-sized stone to fall rapidly out of the sky and strike the intended target, causing 3d4 points of damage (the target is allowed a saving throw vs. spell to avoid the missile and all damage).

A fall of stalactites forces the intended target to make 1d6 dexterity checks, depending on how many fall. Each failed Check equals one hit, for 2d6 damage. Fragile items may well have to make saving throws. This sort of attack is relatively unlikely (roll 1 on 1d61 to cause a more general cave-in).

A deliberate cave-in causes 4d8 damage to all below it (save vs. petrification for half damage). If the situation makes it possible for a cave-in to miss intended targets, the priest must make a successful attack roll (at +5 to hit), as if attacking directly. A miss means that the target scrambled adroitly enough to avoid all damage.

An indoor ceiling collapse causes only 3d8 damage (save for half, as above), but damage to breakable items in the room and the space above the ceiling must be considered, as well as 3d6 or more falling damage to beings coming down with the ceiling (a save vs. spell will lower this damage to 2d+ + 11).

If this spell is cast within 3 rounds after a *stonefire* spell has been cast, the fiery damage of the falling stone will be added to its striking damage.

The material component of this spell is a handful (at least three) of fingerjoint-sized or larger stones or pebbles.

Stonefire

(Alteration)

Sphere: Elemental (Earth, Fire)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot/level

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to ignite stone into roaring flames. The stone blackens, stretches to reveal holes, burns away from the edges of these holes in ever-widening cavities until large amounts of stone have actually been burnt away, and then smoulders into quiescence again, creaking as it cools.

The *stonefire* gives off an acrid, billowing white smoke, an earthy, metallic stink, and flames that do 2d6 points of fire and heat damage (per round) to creatures within 10 feet. Actual contact with *stonefire* causes 4d4 points of damage, and forces a system shock roll to avoid collapsing, unconscious, from the pain.

Creatures especially susceptible to fire damage may suffer as much as double these effects, while creatures resistant to fire may suffer as little as 1-2 hp damage from contact with *stonefire* (they suffer some damage due to the corrosive effects of the burning). Stone burned away by this spell is consumed, forever gone.

If key areas of stonework (such as pillars) or natural stone walls, ceilings, or supporting floors are burned away, collapses and cave-ins may occur. The effects of cave-ins are detailed in the spell description for *stonefall*, above. Collapses entail the same damage, plus falling damage (and item saving throws) for beings and things that fall as a result of the spell. It should be noted that this spell cannot be precisely controlled, even with long practice; it is not recommended for stone-carving or decorating uses.

The material components of this spell are a chunk of any type of stone and a small piece of saltpeter, which are rubbed together.

Fifth-Level Spells

Flowstone

(Alteration)

Sphere: Elemental (Earth)

Range: 10 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: 3 cubic feet/level

Saving Throw: Special

This spell makes stone flow like syrup, and then rehardens. The stone flows in response to gravity, but may be directed by beings (such as skilled dwarves) wielding wooden paddles or erecting temporary dams. The flowing stone is not heated or altered in hue.

Dwarves often use this spell to shape stone conduits, by flowing stone around logs that are later burnt away, and to sculpt stone into smooth door surrounds, covering or shielding embedded locks and the like.

The spell can also allow escape from stone prisons, by using wooden poles to open holes in the molten stone of walls, and to uproot manacle-bolts or other entrapments. Its most deadly use is to trap beings by entombing them or encasing their feet or other body parts in the hardening stone.

Allow any being in contact with "flowing" stone a saving throw vs. poison. If successful, the being entirely avoids having stone cling or envelop any part of them. They are completely free of the affected area without harm (but must save again if they re-enter it).

A being who fails this save is partially encrusted with stone, and will be slowed in movement rate and suffer a two point dexterity penalty until the stone is washed off (within 2 rounds) or shattered and scraped off (thereafter).

If an encrusted being is immobile, or is in the center of an affected area more than 10 feet across when the round of flowing ends, a saving throw vs. spell is also necessary. If it fails, the being is stuck. A strength check is allowed beings struggling against the hardening stone. If successful, they will reach the edge of the flow area, and emerge with one or more limbs encased in immobilizing blobs of stone.

If failed, they are trapped in the hardening stone. If stone covers breathing organs (in most beings, the head), death will occur in 1d4 + 1 rounds. If stone merely prevents movement, the being will die of starvation in 1d10 + 10 days, or whenever overcome by rising water, attacking beasts, or the like.



Attacks on the stone transmit half damage directly to the trapped person; an encased limb can typically be freed by either amputating it (loss of one-quarter hit points, plus a forced, immediate system shock roll), or doing the stone 20 points of crushing or piercing damage (10 points to the trapped being). A second *flowstone* spell can free trapped beings without harm.

The material components of this spell are a drop of water, a daub of mud, a grain of sand, and a pebble.

Spells Usable by Most Dwarven Faiths

Fifth-Level Spells

Circle of Stone

(Evocation)

Sphere: Protection

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level of lowest dwarven caster

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell can be cast in any location in which there are pieces of stone larger than the caster surrounding him on at least three sides. The spell involves a short chant and the physical linkage (touching) of all the beings to be encircled, and creates an invisible magical field around them.

The field is spherical, with a 10 foot radius per caster involved. While it lasts, it confers a bonus of +4 to the saving throws of all beings in the circle (friendly or hostile), and a 5 in 6 chance (per attack) of a spell or magical item effect being reflected back at full power on its caster or source, even if outside the circle.

Dwarves within a *circle of stone* gain a +3 bonus to attack (not damage) rolls, and can hit all opponents, even those normally struck only by magical weapons of certain bonuses.

Doom Curse

(Alteration)

Reversible

Sphere: Necromantic

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 day/level of caster

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: One being

Saving Throw: Neg.

The effects of this harmful spell can be brought down on any being touched by the caster, even by means of a hurled axe or other missile weapon. The spell has no effect if the target saves vs. spell, and can be ended by a *remove curse* or this spell's reverse, *lift doom*.

The exact effect of the spell varies with the curse chosen; some typical dwarven curses are given here. The DM should feel free to devise new effects, in keeping with the ethos of the casting priest, and generally of the same level of power as those given. Typical *doom curses* include:

- temporary loss of 3 levels, including hp, THAC0, spell wielding, etc.
- *slow* effects, as the third-level wizard spell.
- 4 point penalty on all saving throws and ability checks.
- inability to speak clearly (i.e. spellcasting impossible, messages are garbled and communication difficult, possibly causing misunderstandings with, and hostility in, encountered creatures).
- recurring blurred vision or blindness, lasting one round, and occurring in a 1 in 6 chance, rolled each round. AC and attack penalties apply, and certain activities will be endangered (e.g. walking along narrow paths without falling or bumping into surroundings) or rendered impossible (e.g. catching things).

Passage

(Alteration)

Sphere: Elemental (Earth)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Priest (caster) only

Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster (only) to pass through solid stone or metal, as a xorn does. Movement rate through metal or solid stone is 6, rising to 9 through earth, loose stone, or mud. During such *passage*, breathing is unnecessary, but navigation is difficult (intelligence check

each round or inadvertently turn astray 45 degrees to one side or other, at random). If the spell expires while the priest is still entirely within stone, the priest is trapped (as in the *imprisonment* wizard spell), and can be freed only by digging or by a *free action* spell.

If any part of the priest has reached out of the stone, the entire body can be made to follow, in 1d4 + 1 rounds. On the second round and each round thereafter, the character is allowed a strength check. If successful, the character frees himself. On the first round, and on any round thereafter that freedom is not gained, the priest suffers 2d4 points of constriction, suffocation, and friction heat damage.

The priest cannot carry any items through the stone with him—clothing and all will be left behind. Living creatures cannot accompany the priest, and there is no known way that a priest can confer this spell effect on another being.

Rune of Power

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Sphere: Guardian

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Permanent until discharged

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This special type of magical inscription, more powerful than a *glyph of warding* but less powerful than most *symbols*, was once the heart of all dwarven magic, usable by all dwarves (with differing degrees of power and reliability—note that modern dwarves do not have this power). Adventurers who have explored some of the remotest northern and southern depths and mountain-caverns report that either there are dwarven monasteries (clerical communities) or that a few dwarven clans or bands retain the use of rune magic.

Runes of power as used by dwarven clerics throughout the Realms are described here. They increase in power according to the level of the dwarf casting them. A successful saving throw vs. spell enables a creature violating a *rune of power* to escape its effects.

The priest casting the rune sets the exemption conditions; that is, the situations



or creatures that will not cause the *rune of power* to operate. Otherwise, any being passing, entering, or opening the surface on which the *rune of power* is inscribed will suffer its harmful effects. Touching or attacking the *rune of power* itself will also certainly activate it.

A *rune of power* can be set to avoid discharging when creatures of certain races, alignments, faiths, and sizes try to pass it. It cannot be set to avoid specific levels, hit dice, or classes of creatures, and cannot be combined with other *runes*, *glyphs*, or *symbols*.

Runes of power can be drawn to any size larger than the caster's hand, and their trigger lines can be extended to encompass any size of protected area on a single surface. *Dispel magic* spells will remove *runes of power*. Find and remove traps by thieves will locate *runes of power*, but not identify or foil them.

Most *runes of power* duplicate or resemble the effects of wizard spells. The most widely-known of these "killing" *runes of power* are:

Alhalbrin: This *rune of power* melts metal on all metal items that contact or pass it, within 3 rounds of its activation. The metal receives a saving throw vs. magical fire (with a penalty of -3 if not elven chain or magical in nature). Whether the metal melts or not, it grows hot, doing any being in contact with it 1d4 points of damage.

Faerindyl: This *rune of power* causes a *flaming sphere* to come into being out of the protected surface. The *flaming sphere* rolls directly away from the protected surface with a movement of 18. It will pass around all immovable objects in its path, bursting only when it contacts a wall or other surface larger than its own 10 foot radius. Creatures within 5 feet of the sphere must save vs. spell or suffer 1d4 points of heat damage. Beings struck by the spell must save or take 2d4 points of fire damage. Objects in contact with the sphere must save vs. magical fire. When the sphere bursts, all creatures within 10 feet must save vs. spell or take 3d6 fire damage. Note that this sphere is quite different in behavior and effects from the wizard spell of the same name. The only known way to stop a *flaming sphere* is with a *wall of fire* (which it will

merge with), a *wall of force* (which will cause it to burst), or a *dispel magic*. Otherwise, it will flow around and through all obstacles, including creatures in its path.

Sabras: This *rune of power* creates a miniature *blade barrier* effect, across (and in line with) the protected surface on which the *rune of power* was inscribed. It lasts for only one round, but does 4d6 damage to all creatures within 10 feet of the protected surface (a successful save vs. spells allows a dexterity check; if successful, the being escapes with no damage; if failed, the creature takes only 2d6 damage).

Thundaril: This forceful *rune of power* acts as a *polymorph other* spell on creatures activating it. Unlike the wizard spell of the same name, intelligence retention and system shock survival are automatic. Otherwise (equipment, class skills, and the like) the change functions as the wizard spell. The priest casting the *rune* sets the form to be changed into; Elminster reports that dwarven priests seem to like populating guarded areas with snails, slugs, and toads.

Velurdyn: This *rune of power* acts as a *reverse gravity* spell, flinging all beings within 20 feet of it (when activated) upward for 30 feet, and then immediately back downward. Creatures unable to fly suffer 3d6 falling damage, plus 3d6 (or less, if the ceiling is lower) impact damage for striking the ceiling, provided the ceiling is within 30 feet of the floor. In some cases, stalactites, piercer monsters, or even artificial spikes have been set into ceilings to augment such a trap.

Some *runes of power* are named by the caster as they are inscribed, and take immediate effect.

The most widely-known of these 'fast' *runes* are:

Bhelaerak: Acts as the 8th level wizard spell *glassteel*, affecting 10 pounds of weight per level of the priest.

Corsimmyr: Acts as the 5th level wizard spell *passwall*.

Delhaubrin: Acts as the 2nd level wizard spell *shatter*

Elemysr: Acts as the 2nd level wizard spell *invisibility*, affecting a single living or nonliving body or object. If an *invisible* creature launches a successful attack, it immediately becomes visible.

The material component to create any *rune of power* is the priest's holy symbol, which is used to trace the *rune*. Unlike similar priest spells, no other material components are necessary.

The Lost Runes of Power: Legends persist of *runes* once known to the dwarves that were far more powerful than the existing ones. A single *rune of power* was used to level the ancient city of Dhar-maghongh in Murghom, long ago. Elminster warns that although such *runes* definitely existed, no dwarven clan controls such power now—or recent dwarven history would be far different.

Seventh-Level Spells

Rune Chant

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Sphere: Guardian

Range: 10 yards/level (of caster's class)

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 2 rounds

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

Since dwarves cannot normally progress beyond 10th level as priests, this spell is beyond the normal capabilities of dwarven clerics. It is sometimes granted to High Old Ones, clan leaders, or great dwarven heroes in times of need, by manifestation of a dwarven deity. It is not otherwise usable by dwarves.

It causes a *rune of power* (see above) to form anywhere in range, in midair, without the caster inscribing it. The *rune of power* takes immediate offensive action against a target or area selected by the will of the caster. A successful save vs. spell on the target's part will cause the *rune of power* to affect an area adjacent to the one intended (perhaps endangering another friendly or hostile creature, which does not receive a saving throw).



DWARVEN MAGIC: NEW MAGICAL ITEMS

Olimbis “the Old,” greatest sage of the dwarves, whose clear memory spans six centuries, tells us that dwarves learned the secret of forging steel before the time of his grandfather, Ohrlin “Orckiller” Talanath—in other words, well over three thousand years ago. Elminster suspects that it was far earlier than that; old elven legends hold that dwarves were the first to work magic, but so greedily and wildly that it twisted their very nature, which rebelled against magical forces.

Whatever the truth of those legends, dwarves have always had trouble working with magic, for some reason inherent in their nature, and have instead concentrated on technology: the mastery of engineering feats such as elaborate pumps, sluices, elevators, taps, bridges, locks, and other feats of mechanical skill.

The great artisans among the dwarves have always envied other races, notably elves, humans, and halflings, for their ability to handle magic. The dwarven artisans have worked with individuals of these races on occasion to wield their magic to common advantage.

One such joint development, “*glowstones*” (artificially-created gemstones that entrap magical energies and serve as power sources), were devised by dwarven master smiths in the workshops of Myth Drannor. The secrets of making glowstones are now thought to be lost, but they remain one of the most highly-prized dwarven magical items, known to all races across the Realms.

A few of the most common and famous magical items devised and used by dwarves appear here for DM reference. Experience point ratings provided are for making a single item, not finding or using it. An asterisk denotes an item whose making is no longer known; these tend to be rarer and more valuable. The XP values of such lost magical items are bracketed, to denote the small likelihood that they will be attained.

Air Hammer:

These nondescript stone hammers are marked with a certain dwarven rune: two circles, one inside the other. They are found throughout dwarven delves, lying on ledges and wedged in rock fissures, as though discarded.

They are actually emergency aids. If an *air hammer* is broken, or the rune upon it struck sharply (i.e. if it is used to strike a blow), it activates. A loud, repetitive knocking noise is heard, and the *air hammer* (or its shards) begins to vibrate rapidly, swinging back and forth, as it diminishes in size. The stone hammer is actually the stopper or portal valve to an extra-dimensional space, filled with pressurized oxygen from the Elemental Plane of Air. When it is activated, the extra-dimensional space rapidly collapses, pumping its contents into the surrounding atmosphere.

Dwarves use this to escape underground smoke, poisonous gases (including *cloudkill* effects), or floods (an *air hammer* will create a bubble of air). The oxygen will forcibly drive out existing atmosphere, providing clean air in a 30-foot radius globe around the activation point. There is enough air to last eight man-sized creatures (or twelve dwarves) for 1 turn, given normal exertion (the air will last half that time if combat occurs).

This clean air cannot be moved as an intact globe, once released, and is highly dangerous if brought into contact with open flames, typically creating an instant 30'-radius, 5d6 ball of fire. Magical *fireballs* that contact an *air hammer's* oxygen globe will instantly double in radius, and gain 6d6 additional damage power.

XP Value: 600

Blast Spike:

These dwarven mining tools are used to split or shatter rock in specific, dangerous situations, such as removing blockages from underground cascades or rivers. They can also serve as weapons. *Blast spikes* are simple metal spikes, about as long as an adult human's hand. They are three-sided, pointed wedges of fine steel, with wide, circular heads for hammering, like giant tacks.

They can be dropped any distance, used as weapons (1d4 damage), or hammered into rocks, stone walls, or even trees or wooden walls without incident. Many have served as climbing holds in deep dwarven caverns for years.

A *blast spike* can only be activated by striking it with another *blast spike*. Upon contact, both spikes explode violently,

causing a total of 5d4 shrapnel damage to all within 30 feet (save vs. spell allowed for half damage, except for any creatures touching either spike at the time of explosion). Obviously, if one wishes to avoid damage, the second spike must be thrown or rammed with a very long pole; a successful attack roll (with nonproficiency penalties) is required.

Anyone holding onto a spike when it is struck, or attached to it via a line or other means, must make a successful dexterity check *and* a successful strength check to avoid falling (with attendant damage). If both checks fail, the unfortunate being does not merely fall: he or she is flung violently away from the location of the two spikes, possibly striking other beings or obstacles, and in any case incurring an extra 1d8 impact damage in the process.

XP Value: 1,000

***Fist:**

These prized items are traditionally used only by dwarven priests without regard to faith. Dwarves frown on beings of other races using them, and will seek any excuse to challenge or attack the owners to gain them. Fists magically alter in size to fit any hand brought into contact with them, and can even be worn and used by dragons, giants, and other gargantuan creatures!

A *fist* is an adamantine chain mail glove with pointed knuckles of solid metal. They are used like brass knuckles, but augment the power of the wearer's blows.

A *fist* adds one point of damage to the wearer's barehanded damage in normal use, and also protects the hand against weapon attacks. It can be commanded to deliver a pile driving blow.

Each such blow drains the wearer of 1d2 hit points—it is the user's life energy that powers the extra impact. A pile driving blow can be used, as the name suggests, to drive piles, or shatter doors, armor, weapons, shields, and the like.

If the target is mobile, a successful attack roll is required. If a blow occurs, the target must save vs. crushing blow at - 6. (If directed against walls and the like, consider the *fist* a “giant fist” on the Structural Saving Throws table in the DMG, to which the -6 penalty to the save applies.)



Against creatures, a pile driving blow does 2d12 points of damage, automatically stuns for the following round, and knocks the target down.

To avoid being knocked down, allow a strength check at - 3 penalty (- 2 if the target is large, - 1 if huge, no penalty if gargantuan). A saving throw vs. spell will avoid stunning; otherwise, the struck being can make no voluntary action on the following round.

Fists are unaffected by heat metal and similar attacks directed at them. If struck by any spell effect of 7th level or higher, or any magical item effect dealing more than seven dice of damage, they fly off, landing at random. Damaging a *fist* requires concentrated, deliberate magical attacks, or disintegration-normal combat attacks, even severe ones, simply won't affect a *fist*. A *fist* neither has nor uses charges.

(XP Value: 900)

*Glowstone:

These famous "gems" are synthetic crystals. Clear, faceted, and oval, as long as a man's hand, *glowstones* glow with a continuous, heatless white radiance equal to a continual light spell.

This radiance cannot be dimmed by magical darkness, dispel magic, or other means, with the exception of draining the stone of all power. When power is being drained from a *glowstone*, it pulses and flickers.

Glowstones are used to power all magical items requiring charges. A glowstone that is brought into contact with an item sticks to it. This is an attraction akin to magnetism, which can be broken by a strong pull, but not by an accidental contact. Once attached to another magical item, the *glowstone* begins to recharge the item, restoring one charge per full turn of continuous contact. If the item is used during this time, it loses no charges, the required magical energy being drawn from the *glowstone* in addition to the recharging energy being released.

Magical items which do not use charges but which can normally be used only a limited number of times in a set period gain one additional use (of each power or function) after they are exhausted. They must be touched to a *glowstone* for five

continuous rounds. This boost cannot be fed into an item before a given power is exhausted, storing the energy for later use.

In addition, dwarven clerics can release the power of a *glowstone* which they are touching by means of a special spell, *glowglory* (presented in the previous chapter, *Dwarven Magic: Spells*). This potent magic allows them to unleash *beams of power* from a *glowstone*, as weapons or tools. A *beam of power* is a cutting beam of radiant force that cuts stone, wood, and flesh alike—doing an automatic six points of structural damage per round to the former two objects (see the *DMG*, p. 76), and does 6d6 points of damage per contact to living things. For more information on *beams of power*; please refer to the spell *glowglory*.

Unleashing a *beam of power* from a glowstone drains it of 20 charges per round. Charging an item from a *glowstone* drains however many charges are transferred to the item, at the rate given above. Boosts for chargeless items cost 7 charges each.

Glowstones have 1,000 charges when made, and can never be recharged, but charges can be transferred from one *glowstone* to another. A little-known side benefit of this last practice: any being holding two *glowstones* together and willing one to give the other energy experiences the energy flow through his or her body. It does not heal hit point damage, but does burn away poisons, diseases, parasitic infestations, and embedded foreign materials, purifying the body.

To destroy a *glowstone*, one must strike it with a *disintegration* spell or magical effect, or deal it physical or magical damage (or a combination of the two types) totaling more than 66 hit points in one round (cumulative totals are ignored). Even when *disintegrated*, a *glowstone* explodes in a violent blast dealing 1d10 points of damage per charge it had left, to all creatures within 70 feet (save for half damage, allowed only if at least 25 feet distant from the stone). *Glowstones* that are entirely drained do not explode. Their light simply fades silently, and then they crumble away to worthless dust.

(XP Value: 1,400)

Ironstar Mace:

These all-metal weapons are fashioned by the fabled Ironstar dwarven clan, and are both rare and costly. Always of the "footman's" variety, and always made of a single piece of darksteel, *Ironstar maces* are said to be able to shatter armor at a blow.

What they actually do is deal double damage (2d6 + 2 versus small and man-sized, 2d6 versus large), seem almost weightless (weighing less than one pound) and unbreakable (see "darksteel" in the chapter *Dwarven Craft*), and have a special power: the shattering strike.

A shattering strike can only be called upon successfully once in every 2 turn-period. If an intended strike misses, the power is not wasted, and can be used on a subsequent attack. A shattering strike causes a dull, rolling booming, like distant thunder.

A struck target suffers 2d12 damage and must save vs. spell or be stunned (unable to make any voluntary action) for 2d8 rounds. Even if the save is successful, the struck being is stunned for the round following the strike.

If a target is wearing field or full plate (rigid) armor, the damage taken by the target is halved, but the armor must save (metal vs. crushing blow with a -4 penalty) or shatter and fall off. If armor has resisted an earlier shattering strike successfully, its penalty is - 5. If multiple strikes have been saved against (note that this requires a passage of considerable time), the armor's saving throw penalty is cumulative.

XP Value: 800.

Pickaxe of Piercing:

This rare item is simply an enchanted adamantite pickaxe, used in mining. It does 1d6 + 2 damage (2d6 against larger than man-sized creatures), and has a special property: it can pierce magical defenses.

A creature with a high (20% or more) natural magic resistance (such as a dragon of advanced age) suffers a temporary 10% loss of personal magic resistance, lasting for one full turn, after suffering a blow from a *pickaxe of piercing*. Such losses are cumulative: three



blows of a *pickaxe of piercing* robs a creature of 30% magic resistance. This loss is always temporary, even if the creature's resistance drops to zero. (A *pickaxe of piercing* will not cause negative magic resistance.)

Besides shattering dragonscales, armor, or solid rock, and sundering magic resistance, the pointed, double-ended head of a *pickaxe of piercing* is also effective against magical barriers of all sorts—walls, shells, spheres and mantles. Each contact between the head of the *pickaxe* and a barrier has a 10 percent chance (not cumulative) of causing the magical field to instantly collapse, *dispelled*. If the field survives, it is unharmed, and has normal effects. A single field can only be tested once per round by a single *pickaxe of piercing*, but multiple *pickaxe of piercing* blows will force multiple checks.

XP Blue: 2,000.

*Runehammer:

These rare darksteel warhammers do normal damage in combat. Each bears a *rune of power*, inscribed upon its head. If the elder dwarven name of the *rune of power* on the hammer is spoken aloud as the hammer is hurled or swung, the effect of the *rune* is delivered on any target struck in the same round.

The various *rune of power* effects are detailed under the description of the spell (in the chapter *Dwarven Magic: Spells*). A *runehammer* will only unleash the power of its *rune* six times in a day. However, they may be used in six consecutive rounds. *Runehammers* neither have nor use charges, but each time the *rune* power is used, there is a 7 percent chance (not cumulative) that the *runehammer* will vanish, shifted away to another plane by the will of Moradin. (Beings wielding a hammer at the time may or may not be carried along with it; the DM should decide, either randomly, or based on the situation and the willingness of the being to accompany the weapon.)

XP Value: 2,500

Stun Bolt:

This special crossbow quarrel, which can be fired from any size crossbow from hand to heavy, looks like a stone door-

knob on a short, thin shaft.

When fired, a *stun bolt* behaves in all cases (ranges, ROF, etc.) as if fired from a hand crossbow. However, on impact, it shatters into dust-sized motes, releasing a stunning magical shock of force that does 2d4 damage to any being struck. Victims of a *stun bolt* strike are unable to think or act coherently for the round following the hit (no saving throw). Only living things are affected—undead and objects suffer no shock effects. Such weapons are often used by dwarven guards.

XP Value: 200.

Whip of Amatar:

Named for the famous dwarven smith who first devised them, these rare weapons are long, coiled, flexible whips of lovingly-crafted metal, usually adamantine. They look like giant metallic centipedes, with ringlike segments. In battle, they do damage as a normal drover's whip (1d4 + 1 plus the victim must make a strength check or be knocked down, dropping held items or weapons), but they have several additional useful properties.

The metal whip resists being cut or broken (it will suffer up to 17 points of damage on a single segment before parting, and, if it does, its magic is lost).

Moreover, its touch can act as a *stone to flesh* spell by utterance of a secret command word, affecting both petrified things and natural stone (creating a fleshy cylinder, as the spell) as though the whip was a 12th level wizard. Thus, 108 cubic feet of stone can be affected per touch. This special power can only be called upon once a turn, and only three times in all per day (any continuous 144-turn period, even underground).

Some 10 percent of these whips can function as a *flesh to stone* as well, if the command word is known. Their XP Value appears in brackets, below.

XP Value: 650 (950).

*Winged Hammer:

This double-ended stone *warhammer* is heard of more often in tales than it is actually seen today. Once a favorite weapon of northern dwarves, its use has dwindled with the passing of the Lost Kingdoms.

A *winged hammer* functions as a normal warhammer. However, if thrown, it follows a moving target with its wings (MV 21, Class A), striking at +2 to hit and then returning to the hand of the being who launched it. If grasped or prevented from returning by barriers, it simply *blinks* in an extra-dimensional space for three rounds, and then appears in the hand of the one who launched it at the end of that time.

Upon verbal command (by use of a secret word, which must be uttered by a being touching the hammer), a *winged hammer* will dart away to fight by itself, selecting victims according to the will of the being who sent it. If its sender is slain or rendered unconscious, the hammer simply attacks the nearest living creature until that creature falls, and then returns to the sender, even if the sender is in no condition to do anything with it thereafter. If the hammer is grasped by one other than its owner, it *blinks* as described earlier.

A *winged hammer* can fight by itself, switching opponents as often as its sender wills, for up to one turn. It will then automatically return to the sender, and cannot be sent away to fight again (or thrown, for a flying return) for one full turn. A *winged hammer* cannot be sent off to fight by itself more than three times a day.

Its sender can be bound or otherwise helpless, or can be casting other spells or wielding other weapons, without harming the *winged hammer's* activity. A returning *winged hammer* never spoils spellcasting, but floats just out of the way until the casting is complete, and then (if possible) smacks neatly into the sender's hand. A *winged hammer* cannot follow a sender onto another plane, unless carried there directly; if abandoned, it will simply fall to the floor until reactivated later, by the same or another being. The "wings" of a *winged hammer* are self-regenerating magical constructs; it cannot be grounded by destroying them, even for a round.

A *winged hammer* is AC 4 when stationary, AC - 1 when in flight, and will suffer 45 hp of damage before shattering. When destroyed, its magic is forever lost, but there is no harmful explosion or magical side-effect.

XP Value: 2,400.



THE GREAT RIFT

The center of the Eastern Shaar is cut open as if by a gigantic sword, in a curving, southeast-to-northwest canyon: the Great Rift. The Rift plunges to almost a thousand feet below sea level at its deepest point, the southernmost basin of the Riftlake. Including the lands around it claimed and patrolled by the dwarves, the Rift just outstrips the realm of Sembia in size. Its rolling plains are a day's ride in all directions from the edges the Riftlake.

Quarried by dwarves for centuries, enlarged from an impressive natural canyon to its present awesome size in the process, the Rift is the most powerful surface kingdom held by dwarves today.

The Great Rift is known as "The Crack" in everyday speech. Among themselves, dwarves refer to it as "Aglandar." In the elder tongue of dwarves, this means "sword-slash" or "sword-cut," from 'agland,' the word for sword, and 'ar,' to cut, slash, or lay open; please refer to the chapter "Dwarven Language."

The Stout Folk rule the Rift's depths, walls, and heights alike, and the land all around for a day's ride (by a dwarf, on a mule or pony). They enforce their claim from 60 massive stone guard-towers sited along the edges of the Rift. These Riftingedgers are entered only by tunnels from beneath, and house all manner of catapults and ballistae. In an emergency, frantic supplicants can be lassoed and drawn up on lines to sliding stone ports high on the walls, normally used for aerial steeds. Each tower has a standing garrison of at least 60 dwarven warriors of 3rd to 7th level. Elminster adds that each also has enough line in its strongrooms to let idio—er, intrepid adventurers down from the battlements to the floor of the Rift, far below.

The Gates

The Rift provides entrance to the Deep Realms by means of the Gates, a huge stone arch as tall as 16 men, filled by two titanic metal doors. These gates, by tradition, open only when the dwarves go to war. They are sealed with a rare white metal, hizagkuur, which reflects back all magic cast at the doors with 100 percent accuracy, and deals 2d12 electrical damage per touch (or round of continued contact) to all beings touching the Gates. The two massive doors are locked and barred

from within, the hinges, panels, and bars reinforced by alternating wedge-beams of metal and stone. They have withstood direct hits made by suicidally-ramming great dragons and squid ships (see the SPELLJAMMER™ boxed set) in the past, without apparent damage. Some whisper that the Gates themselves are alive, holding the spirits of dwarven heroes who sacrificed themselves to give the Gates eternal vigilance and resiliency.

Each Gate contains a smaller door within it, a sally port that enables individual dwarves or laden pack-mules in or out. Beyond the Gates opens the gigantic Guardcavern, where dwarven caravans muster for their trips into the surface Realms. It is also in the Guardcavern where, upon returning, the caravans are checked for the presence of spies and other undesirables.

Underhome

Underhome, also known as "Underholme," its name in all old accounts, is guarded by many traps and engines of war. Potent magical detection fields and barriers bartered from the Sun Elves in the days of Myth Drannor guard its walls, and no nondwarf allowed into it has been allowed out again within living memory, the sole exceptions being Elminster the Sage and Harpers of power who do not talk loosely.

Hopeful visitors to the lands of the Gold Dwarves are directed to the chapter "Dwarven Races." The Southern Dwarves are very unwelcoming. They tolerate the entry of nondwarves into the Rift, and their business within, but closely watch them, often searching and confiscating weapons or suspicious materials. The dwarves fear the loss of gems and ore from the exposed walls of the Rift itself, and damage to the great herds of sheep, goats, and hogs that the dwarves herd on the shores of the Riftlake.

For more details of Underhome, see the chapter "The Deeps."

The Riftlake

The Riftlake's icy-cold waters are clear, though often shrouded in morning mists, and drinkable, though dissolved minerals lend them a metallic aftertaste. Dwarves

do not permit exploration of the Riftlake's depths (the penalty is death), for it is said to have connections to drinking-water supplies in the Deep Realms, and to drowned dwarven tombs that still hold magical weapons and other treasures. They will usually turn a blind eye to a little bathing, however.

Adventurers are warned that any who approach the Riftlake's waters will receive swift and sure punishment. Those who ignore such warnings will discover that it is inhabited by a family of four water nagas (three of 8 hit dice, one of 7). These creatures have been deliberately tormented and starved by the dwarves until they will attack any living creature that enters the lake. If strongly resisted, they will fight with spells, and then flee into several of the flooded dwarven tomb-tunnels, where they will use magical items (of the DM's choice) buried with the dwarves there long ago to defend themselves.

The water nagas (see *Monstrous Compendium* Volume 2) wield magic as 5th level wizards, commanding the following spells: 4,2,1: *chill touch*, *magic missile* x3/*blindness*, *ESP/lightning bolt* (acts as a *fireball* in terms of area affected, when cast underwater).

Dwarven shepherds (typically 16 to 20 per herd, fully armed and armored at all times, by order) attend the sheep, goats, and hogs in the Rift bottom night and day. They keep a close eye on nondwarves in the Rift, and their horns can rapidly summon a 'peacehammer' force from the Gates or the Riftingedgers Towers. If a dripping band of adventurers crawled out of the Riftlake carrying things, for example, horns would ring out in the Rift immediately.

Such police forces are typically 1d4 + 13 dwarven fighters of 3rd to 5th level, in chain mail and armed with multiple throwing axes, a battle axe each, and a few blades. Each also carries a horseman's lance, and is mounted on a hippogriff.

The hippogriffs are trained with skill and iron discipline, and the dwarves have harness-clips on their armor that enable the dwarves to fight when flying upside-down, cartwheeling across the sky in an aerial battle, and so on.

Each dwarven "sky rider" has a pleated cloak strapped to his or her back. If the



dwarf has to bail out of the saddle of a falling mount, the cloak spreads into a gliding batlike wing. Like a drogue parachute, the wing slows the rider's descent from a killing thing into a merely bruising, bone-snapping affair (assuming, that is, that the drogue wing has time to operate).

There always seems to be a shortage of volunteers to be trained as replacement skyriders. However, the dwarves who are skyriders are a Haela-praying, hearty, reckless lot who like nothing better than a fight. They particularly delight in swooping down to pinion ground targets with their lances. To pvermit this, each skyrider's saddle has a high, rigid back which also cuts down on deaths from enemy archery. At least three skyriders use magical lances that fire *magic missiles* or flame upon command.

Hammer and Anvil

The Gold Dwarves prefer that non-dwarves come no closer to the Rift than the trading-village of Hammer and Anvil. The village is a place of tents, moveable huts, and watchful dwarven guards armed with *stun bolt*-loaded crossbows, against the western wall of the city of Eartheart. Hammer and Anvil is the trading-moot established by the dwarves, in which they meet with surface-dwellers, trading their metal goods (most often weaponry) and work (especially armor-fitting and refitting, and on-the-spot gemcutting and setting) for fruit, vegetables, cheeses, fine textiles, paper, lamp oils, livestock, and other goods the dwarves need or prize.

Among Wanderers, Hammer and Anvil is often known as "Scutterbotch." The name stems from a famous prank in which a Gold Dwarf tried to publicly discredit the honesty of a Shield Dwarf there, but did it so poorly that he brought ridicule upon himself, not his target. This name is often used when Shield Dwarves do not want a bystander to recognize where they're talking about.

The population of Hammer and Anvil varies wildly. It is governed, loosely, by the Shield Ring, a council of about 40 clan elders: every dwarven clan that can get an elder to "the Hammer" and support him, gets representation on the Shield Ring. Every clan may have only one dwarf

on council. In cases of rival claimants for the same clan seat, the Ring votes to decide which one to accept. Clans have the authority to remove and replace their representatives, but in practice, a High Old One or clan leader must come before the Shield Ring in person to do this.

The Shield Ring hires about 70 dwarves (fighters of 3rd or higher level) to function as watchguards. If larger troubles develop, they merely call on the forces of Eartheart, or the Deep Realm.

It is rumored that at least one secret tunnel links backways of the Deep Realm with the heart of "the Hammer." However, such a route has been sought by human adventurers and thieving guilds of Amn many times, and never found.

Eartheart

Population: 39,000 (average)

Government: The Lord Scepter of Eartheart, a dwarf elected annually by The Deep Lords (governing council of Gold Dwarf clans, who administer the affairs of the Deep Realm). For the past dozen years, the post has been held by Mariochar "Bladebeard," a clanless dwarf of high, wrinkled forehead, jet-black pointed beard, mincingly polite manners, and a shrewd, steel-trap mind. Mariochar governs Eartheart in the name of the Gathered Clans of the Dwarves (that really means the Gold Dwarf clans), and is aided by Eartheart's standing army, "The Steel Shields."

The city of Eartheart gives the dwarves a secure place to stash their trade goods, a defensive base to defend their trading and the borders of the Great Rift, and a place for all non-Gold Dwarves to come, who have dealings with the Dwarves of the Deep Realm. This combination refuge and diplomatic residence function has given the city its informal name, "Dwarfhome." Here can be found many dwarven adventurers, whom the Gold Dwarves do not trust in their cities in the Deep Realms, but whom they find useful as hirelings to carry out missions in the surface world away from "the reach of the Rift."

Aerial steeds (hippogriffs are especially favored by the dwarves) often fly to and from the thousand-foot-high towers of the city walls. On the Rift side of the city

walls, these towers descend (by means of interminable corkscrew staircases) from their lofty heights straight down the Rift side, almost 2,000 feet. A small pile of bones along their bases attests to the numbers of folk who have accidentally—carelessly, despairingly, or with undesired help—fallen from Eartheart to their deaths, over the years.

Eartheart is an impressive city of soaring stone towers, flying bridges, minarets and needle-spires, raked overbalconies, and ramp-linked, many-leveled streets; a place where dwarves have set out to impress the Realms with their stonework—and succeeded. It is said to have secret doors and spy-tunnels everywhere, and to be stealthily policed continuously, to prevent thefts and violence. Troublemakers, it is whispered, are helped by the dwarven police to try their arms at flying-out a chute or window, straight down to join the bones at the bottom of the Rift.

Economy: Eartheart's economy is driven by trade. Its inhabitants specialize in forged iron goods, wagons, caravan services, cattle, and all manner of stonework.

Militia: The Steel Shields, 14,000 dwarven fighters who police the city on foot, man its walls continuously as though at war, check all who enter or leave by air, and patrol the surrounding farmlands for a day's ride out.

In BATTLESYSTEM™ game terms, the Shields will take the field to counter any large attack with the following troops (divide them into units as the referee or players see fit, according to the scenario):

Dwarven Axemen: 9,200 in all, these are the wall-guards, "in the wall" spies and guards, defensive engineers, and trainee warriors. AD 8, AR 7, Hits 1, ML 13, MV 6.

Dwarven Heavy Crossbowmen: 2,000 total, they customarily patrol the outlands, mounted. AD 8, AR 6, Hits 1, ML 13, MV 6, Range 8/16/24.

Elite Dwarves: 2,800 in all, the skilled and well-equipped city police. AD 8, AR 6, Hits 2, ML 14, MV 6.

(These numbers do not include the skyriders and garrisons of the nearby Riftedge Towers.)



THE DEEPS

“The Deeps” is a vast underground region underlying the lands east of the Shining Sea and south of the Sea of Fallen Stars. It has always been heavily-populated and dangerous, with many races vying for supremacy in the Lands that Never See the Sun.

Drow kingdoms have risen and fallen several times, and duergar have made steady advances, the latter at the expense of illithids and svirfneblin, whose numbers have dwindled. Cloakers and aboleth lurk on the fringes of the Deeps, scheming to control key rivers, lakes, and mines. Intelligent fungi are plentiful, and this ready source of food has made the Deeps sought by many.

The term “The Deeps” refers to the Deep Lands, which are areas not ruled by the dwarves, and the Deep Realm, the rich land of Gold Dwarves under the Great Rift and the Shaar east and north of it.

The Deep Lands

These dangerous regions are not fully detailed here. DMs interested in expanding these notes to create their own Deep Lands are directed to the AD&D® *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide* for useful background material. A creature native to the Deeps, the Deepspawn, appears in this chapter. Notable Deep Lands features include:

The Deepfall: The Deepfall is a waterfall that takes the River Raurogh to great depths, to levels haunted by cloakers, aboleth, and worse.

Helmstar: This is an independent, fortified trade-center, home to gnomes, halflings, humans, and outcast dwarves as well as more enterprising, generally poorer dwarves of the Deep Realm.

Blackrock Anvil: The Blackrock Anvil is a natural lava cascade, used by dwarven smiths willing to brave the dangers of getting there. They insist its age-old forges yield the best temper and refinement of steel. It is said to be haunted by salamanders.

Velm's Brace: This is a ghost-haunted, ruined dwarven stronghold frequented by monsters. Of course, it also draws bands of adventuring dwarves, searching for weapons of mighty magic said to lie in

the lost tomb of the dwarven hero Velm Dragonslayer.

Bluesky Cavern: This is a landmark cavern adorned with a small rainwater lake. The Bluesky Cavern is lit by a shaft to the surface that is thankfully too small for dragons to fly down, so to date none have made the cavern a lair.

The Wyrmcaves: The Wyrmcaves are a series of linked dragon lairs reached by surface shafts from the heart of Sharrowood (the Drakewood) in the Eastern Shaar. Home to a powerful family of black dragons who for years feasted on the most noble bones of Unther, the caves are where the dragons have slept on gold and riches of all the rich human empires around the eastern Alambar Sea. They have roasted many greedy dwarves who came seeking their wealth; few try, anymore.

Wildstar: This small hold is named for the now-vanished clan who carved it out of a drow kingdom long ago. It is home to some brotherhoods, independent-minded dwarven craftsmen and freethinkers who dislike the haughty ways and prejudices of the Deep Realm. It is also home to many half-breeds of the demi-human races. Wildstar is infamous for strong, fiery mushroom wine and wild dancing-parties that are fuelled by the burning amber-hued vintage. “As wild as a night in Wildstar” is a common saying among dwarves anywhere in the south.

The Whistlecavern: Fissures leading to the surface here let the winds that lash the grasslands of the Eastern Shaar howl and keen down into the depths. They bring much-needed fresh air and allow lost dwarves to ‘follow the winds’ to this place. The Whistlecavern is a frequent destination for Deep Realm army patrols and traders.

Needle Leap: This is a narrow, natural stone spar that almost spans a deep chasm. In the depths below, cloakers and ‘night slugs’ (giant black subterranean slugs) dine on the shattered bodies of dwarves who thought they could leap the gap, rather than journeying two days’ travel around the chasm. Giant spiders lair nearby, preying on the trade passing this strategic location.

The Deep Realm

The Deep Realm is a rich and proud land, the home of the Gold Dwarves. It abounds in hanging spiral staircases, pumped waterfalls and cascades, glowing, ever-shifting sculptures of magically-radiant metal, and similar marvels. It is much too large to be explored in the pages of this book, but the map supplied in this sourcebook gives the locations of its largest features.

The affairs of the Deep Realm are administered by the Deep Lords. The Lords are the governing council of Gold Dwarf clan elders. Each clan may place four representatives among the Lords. They dispense justice, command the dwarven armies, and decide matters of policy. This government-by-council is made necessary because the Deep Realm is a land awash in royalty—petty, decadent royalty—from whom all real power has been taken away. Their endless feuds, bickering, and private wars prompted the creation of the Lords, since such activity threatened the survival of all the dwarves, as the drow and duergar of the Deeps grew in power, some seven hundred years ago.

Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, and Dukes can be found everywhere, resplendent in mithril and golden finery, fanciful costumes and barbed, curlicued armor more ridiculous and ornate than the wildest dreams of human smiths. The Princes include High Princes, Princes Royal, Axe Princes, and still others. Princesses encompass Princesses Royal, War Princesses, and more. Dukes rank above the ardukes of the clans, and act as field generals of the dwarven armies and garrisons. Among the most powerful of all these nobles are King Gnarlgar “Half-Gnome” of Glitterdelve, and King Anthon Sunderaxe of Tarnhall.

Gold Dwarves are well-fed, well-indulged, largely happy (except for their never-satiated grasping after ever-more riches) folk of haughty pride. They have a strong faith in their own superiority to “lesser dwarves” and “non-Folk” (other races). Other dwarves may be in a decline; the Folk of the Deep Realm certainly are not. To this, Elminster merely smiles sadly, and murmurs, “They were this fool-



ish in Ardeep, and Myth Drannor, and Delzoun, too – and those are just the ones I was around to see. Dwarves learn some things very slowly, it seems.”

The dwarves of the Deep Realm are at peace these days, save for occasional skirmishes with the drow and duergar of the depths. They have not waged war in earnest against surface lands for two hundred years, but they never forget foes of their forefathers, and to this day will not trade with the humans of Unther. “A dwarf never forgets his grudges,” as the old saying goes.

The Armies of The Deeps

Much of this peace the Deep Realms have enjoyed has been bought by the sheer military might of the dwarves. Their shrapnel grenades, metal rams, and siege-engines beyond number, “attack spider” mechanical climbing-shields and levitating armored battle-barges to name but a couple, have terrorized many a foe.

The four armies of the Deep Realm are known as “Serpents,” and are named for the cardinal compass-points (of the borders of the Realm they are stationed in); thus, “The Northserpent,” “The Southserpent,” and so on. Each has a duke as a general, and at full strength, the following troops, given in BATTLESYSTEM™ miniature rules terms:

Elite Dwarves: A Ducal Bodyguard of 600, and two Hammers (strike forces) of 2,000 troops each. AD 8, AR 6, Hits 2, ML 14, MV 6.

Dwarven Axemen: The “troops of the line,” some 29,000 strong. AD 8, AR 7, Hits 1, ML 13, MV 6.

Dwarven Light Crossbowmen: The patrols and skirmishers of the army, some 16,000 strong. AD 6, AR 8, Hits 1, ML 12, MV 6, Range 6/12/18.

Dwarven Heavy Crossbowmen: Some 6,000 strong, these are the garrisons and ‘shock troops’ of the army. AD 8, AR 6, Hits 1, ML 13, MV 6, Range 8/16/24.

Dwarves: The militia and trainees; within the Realm, the army can typically muster up 4,000-5,000 of these, as needed. AD 6, AR 7, Hits 1, ML 12, MV 6.

Important Settlements of The Realm

Underhome

Population: 44,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: The Deep Lords (council of elders)

The heavily-fortified Great City of the Dwarves is home to the greatest treasure vaults, most powerful arsenals, and the busiest, richest trading families of the Deep Realm. It consists of three great caverns, crowded with spired, turreted buildings like those found in surface cities, overhung by flying bridges, multi-levelled walkways, and elevators.

Clan seats in The Great City include Belindorn, Ghalkin, Gordriver, and Malthin.

Economy: The trading-center of the Deep Realm, Underhome is home to moneylenders, caravan-owners, armorers, weaponsmiths, jewelers, clothiers (who set dwarven fashions throughout the Realm), butchers and boar-breeders (whose herds are out in The Rift), and cheese-makers.

Daunting

Population: 12,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: Queen Haraura Shimmerhand (LG dwarven female, F13)

This prosperous, clean, well-built and rather quiet town is known for the carefully-tended trees and shrubs that rise in its cavern galleries. Its stone houses, similar to surface dwellings, crowd some caverns, rather than the usual ‘caves with ornate stone front porches’ dwarven homes

Daunting is the seat of the clans Crownshield and Gemscepter, and is thought of as a stable, sensible place.

Economy: Daunting is a prosperous center of stonemasons and farmers – mushroom farmers, fungi farmers, lichen farmers, snail farmers, and puff-lizard farmers. More than any other place, “Daunting feeds the Deep Realm.”

Incidentally, puff lizards are named for their speed in putting on meat as they devour wild lichens and cave insects; as suc-

culent white meat, puff-lizard is highly prized on dwarven tables.

Firecaverns, The

Population: 39,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: High Princess Royal Rathauna Forgesilver (LN dwarven female, P9 of Berronar)

This long, narrow rift stretches for miles in the depths, linking many side caverns. Warmed by nearby lava-flows, the Firecaverns are lit by (and named for) a distinctive fungus that grows thickly on the rift’s walls and floor, and gives off a strong, steady amber hue. The inedible fungus feeds on the rock itself, on dwarven wastes, and on airborne moisture, spores, and insects. It is unlawful to destroy any of this ‘fire-fungus.’

The Firecaverns are home to many craftsmen and musicians who dwell in cave-homes opening off the side caverns. The clans Bladebite and Mastemyr have their seats here.

Economy: This rather easy-going, tolerant settlement has little heavy industry. It is home, however, to the forging of the many small, independently-sprung metal wheels used by dwarven deep-wagons and mining-carts. Lots of dwarves keep ‘second caves’ here, or retire here from surface life. It is perhaps the most welcoming community of the Deep Realm to outsiders and nondwarves, and therefore a place of wealth and quiet trade-dealings that affect commercial activities in the surface lands, and elsewhere in the Realm.

GLITTERDELVE

Population: 26,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: King Gnarlgar “Half-Gnome” Flamebeard (LN dwarven male F15)

This bustling, dirty cluster of caverns is a smoky, noisy, always-busy place of ringing hammers and hot forges. The richest metal-mines of the Deep Realm are here – iron, silver, copper, and lead are plentiful, and gold is also found.

Home to the clans Undurr and Zord, Glitterdelve is a wealthy but hard-nosed place, full of pushy dwarves. Scenes of many drunken fights between miners are not uncommon.



Economy: Glitterdelve is a wealthy, grasping place, its prosperity founded on the abundant, unusually-pure metallic ore-veins that meet here. Dwarven miners have enlarged the delve six times over in the last 400 years, and still the metal shows no sign of running out. Metal is mined, smelted, and forged into trade-bars, shields, and swords here. The work is not considered first rate: most dwarves prize its good metal, but rework what they get from Glitterdelve into their own blades and armor, with better temper and shaping. It's commonly held that the dwarves of Glitterdelve are always in a hurry-too much of a hurry to do the best work.

Hall of Echoes, The

Population: 9,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: War Princess Uranda Rythyn (LE dwarven female T12)

A place with a 'haunted' reputation. Once far more populous, the Hall of Echoes has been decimated by recurring monster attacks. It is home to the clan Talnoth. It is also, whispers say, home to evil human, half-elven, and even drow wizards. Its name comes from the eerie echoes caused by sounds made in the central cavern of "The Hall"

Economy: Miners and weaponsmiths call the Hall's many labyrinthine crawl-passages home. Their output is beautifully adorned and of the best quality. "Echo Blades" are eagerly sought by human warriors in the south.

Harlending

Population: 11,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: Deep King Hauroch "Swordbeard" Deathhammer (LN dwarven male F13)

A reclusive, suspicious community of smiths and potters, Harlending is home to the clan Breakadder. It faces constant attacks from duergar, drow, and less intelligent monsters of the Deeps. These come up nearby long, reaching mines and rifts that open into deeper, darker levels.

Harlending is a Serpent base, and often seems a city at war. Soldiers and armories are everywhere, and much of the everyday, serviceable-but-unspectacular output of dwarven arms, armor, and tools

comes out of Harlending's ever-busy smelting-furnaces and forges.

Economy: The smiths and potters of Harlending live well but see little extra coin, and never cease to grumble about it. Harlending is therefore seen as "poor" by the rest of the Realm, but also as a "cutting-edge" frontier city where all must be heroes, and young dwarves at loose ends could prove themselves worthy warriors of the Folk.

Rimmator

Population: 10,500 (average)

Titular Ruler: High Duke Dunderlau Bloodaxe (LG dwarven male F14)

The fat, rollicking ruler of Rimmator sets the tone for his folk: they party and jest their lives away, delighting in jokes, pranks, and general merriment. Dwarves of Rimmator enjoy their work, are always eager for news from all over Faerun, and take a lively (betting) interest in surface politics and adventuring-careers. They are known for laying odds on the Zhen-tarim managing to control this or that place, or the Harpers foiling this or that Shadow Thief plot in Amn.

Home to the clan Sorndar, Rimmator welcomes all races of folk, and is famous for its hospitable inns and taverns.

Economy: Rimmator is an easy-going, prosperous town of traders, miners, and 'river-hunters' (fisher-dwarves; a dangerous trade thanks to water-monsters). Its mines have yielded only copper, tin, and iron, thus far.

Rimmator's major exports are its fiery red wine and thick, "rooty"-flavored brown ale. Both are prized by dwarves, but are acquired tastes for humans.

Sundasz

Population: 8,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: Axe Prince Ansal Thundermace (LN dwarven male F12)

This rather unfriendly, aloof city is home to clan Velm. It is a place of private jokes, cliques, and secrets, and, some say, trades with duergar and even drow on the sly. Certainly Sundasz dwarves seem to find odd magical items up their sleeves when trouble erupts.

Economy: Sundasz is home to a few tireless caravan-masters who ply a steady

trade to and from Underhome. Most locals sell their wares to these enterprising Velm drovers, and stay at home, keeping to themselves. The smiths of Sundasz are known for their well-made tools, which are sold even in surface lands. The farmers of Sundasz grow fungi "greens" that are part of the staple diet of Realm dwarves (but taste a little nutty and salty to most human palates). The community is merely well-to-do, except for the hints of great wealth that must have bought its magic. There is a mystery about Sundasz that certain Folk are coming to believe needs investigating. Perhaps a few hired (and expendable) adventurers could serve...

Thuulurn

Population: 5,600

Titular Ruler: First Hammer of Moradin Thungalos Truetemper (LG dwarven male P10)

This is a small, fortified monastic enclave of priests dedicated to Moradin. Keeping aloof from most Gold Dwarves, they work continuously to influence events in the Deeps and surface lands, to better the lot of all dwarves.

They have been known to hire or make deals with adventurers of all races to carry out their aims. A common payment for healing badly-beaten adventurers, or raising one or more slain party members, is to undertake a mission. Typical missions include a strike against the duergar, freeing dwarves from drow slavery in the Depths Below, slaying an aboleth at a certain underground lake, or finding and slaying the latest cloaker overlord with designs on the Deep Realm.

Economy: Thuulurn is self-sufficient. What it lacks, its priests go out and get, or worshippers bring from elsewhere. Dwarven offerings have made the temple-city very rich, but wealth is seen only as a means to bringing about the Soul Forger's ends.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any/any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivorous
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (17-18)
TREASURE:	K, L, M, Q x2, V x2, X
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
<hr/>	
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	6, Sw 8
HIT DICE:	14
THACO:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	6
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-12 x3 (bites)/2-5 (slap) or by weapon type x3
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	77%
SIZE:	H (14' diam., tentacles to 20' long)
MORALE:	Elite (15-16)
XP VALUE:	12,000

Deepspawn are infamous horrors who give birth to many other types of monsters, so a single Deepspawn can make a large area perilous to even alert, well-armed adventurers.

Deepspawn look like large, rubbery spheres of mottled grey and brown. Six arms project from their bodies; three are tentacle-arms, and three are jaw-arms, ending in many-toothed mouths. A Deepspawn also has over forty long, retractable, flexible eyestalks (only extending three or four at a time, well away from harm).

Combat: When found, Deepspawn are usually half-buried in a pile of slippery, shifting coins and other treasure. This may conceal their arms, so that tentacles and mouths erupting from the treasure may seem at first to be the attacks of separate creatures. The treasure may hamper opponents and even shield the Deepspawn from some damage (as determined by the DM).

A Deepspawn attacks by casting hold spells at intruders, casting such spells once every three rounds. Victims under a hold spell are grasped by tentacle-arms and constricted, as other tentacles fight off other intruders by wielding weapons (including any magical items usable by fighters accumulated from earlier victims). Deepspawn love to engage prey with weapons, and then bite them from behind with a jaw-arm.

A tentacle-arm can slap for 1d4 + 1 points of damage, grasp items or beings and move them about (with 17 Strength), wield delicate keys or weapons, or constrict.

Constriction requires a successful attack roll (automatic if the victim is under a *hold* spell), and does 1d4 points of damage, plus 1d4 + 1 points per round thereafter. In any round in which a being gets free, it takes only one point of constriction damage. Constricted victims can be swung about by the Deepspawn as bludgeons (doing others struck 1d2 damage, ruining spellcasting, and forcing saving throws for fragile carried items). This causes the constricted being no extra damage unless driven onto points or blades (determine damage on a case-by-case basis).

Victims may only escape constriction by severing the tentacle-arm or tearing free. Tentacle-arms let go if severed. Each arm has 2 HD; severing occurs if damage equal to half a tentacle-arm's hit points is dealt in a concentrated area by edged or pointed weapons. To tear free, roll a d20 for both victim and Deepspawn on each round of constriction, adding their respective strengths (17



for the Deepspawn). If the victim has the higher total, it wins its freedom.

Deepspawn can also cast *ESP* and *water breathing* at will, and may employ a heal spell (self only), once a day. If a Deepspawn's life is threatened, it hurls caches of seized weapons as missiles, unleashes any magical items it has, and tries to escape by a planned route. Deepspawn seem immune to all known venoms (perhaps because they are able to create many poisons in their offspring), and regenerate lost arms and stalks, though slowly, healing 2 hp/day.

Habitat/Society: Deepspawn prefer to let their offspring fight for them, lairing in caverns, dungeons, or ruins amply protected by traps and guardian monsters (their 'spawn'). If these defenses are penetrated, the Deepspawn is usually found in a readily-defended room or area, always with at least one or more escape routes.

Deepspawn are native to the Deeps, and have successfully resisted the attempts of dwarves, drow, duergar, cloaklers, illithids, and aboleth to exterminate them. Deepspawn seldom lair within 30 miles of each other, but individuals may be much closer together underground (e.g. on different levels).

Ecology: Deepspawn eat anything organic, but prefer fresh meat. By some as-yet-unexplained natural means, a Deepspawn can 'grow' and give birth to any creature native to the Prime Material Plane it has ever devoured (but not undead or other duo-dimensional creatures). The 'spawn' have the natural attacks, including spell-like powers, alignment, and intelligence of their forebears, but class abilities and other learned skills are not gained. A spawn 'grows' in 1d4 days (varying with size and complexity) in a Deepspawn, which must ingest meat, vegetable matter, and water or blood to fuel the birthing. The Deepspawn then splits open to emit a fully-active spawn. Spawn are never hostile towards their parent, and cannot be made to attack them, even by magical means. Spawn can attack or defend themselves within one round of emerging. At the DM's option, they may use certain powers or abilities clumsily for a few rounds.



THE LOST KINGDOMS

In the northlands of Faerun, humans with little interest in dwarves, who have seldom even seen one, have heard about the Lost Kingdoms.

In taverns and inns, on nights around crackling fires when the hour is late and the tankards seem to leak constantly, many mouths down the years have told and retold the tales of the slow eradication of the once-proud dwarven kingdoms of the north, fallen before tireless orc hordes, the depredations of magic-using men, and worse.

All that is left today are crumbling ruins, the names and tales, and the whispers of still-waiting treasure. The tales tell of shining achievements, bright treasure, and fell curses—the tales can go on for several straight nights, if travelers are snowed in together at an isolated inn or hold.

The Lost Lands

A survey of what is known and what remains today of the vanished northern realms of the dwarves is helpful to adventurers seeking treasure, and to all who want to learn something of the ‘feel’ of things dwarvish. Landmarks that remain are listed under the kingdoms that they were once part of. If this seems a lot of space to spend on yesterdays, bear in mind that the glorious past of the dwarves is the key to the surviving Stout Folk of today.

Access to maps of the Realms will be helpful in understanding just what dwarven lands lay where. Maps of particular importance are TM4 *The City of Waterdeep Trail Map* and the maps in FR5 *The Savage Frontier* and FR9 *The Bloodstone Lands*. Those without maps can still follow the text just as most travelers in the Realms, who may only have glimpsed a map from afar in a temple, or clutched in an officer’s gauntlet. Others must listen in a tavern, learning borders from landmark to landmark.

Here, then, is a traveler’s introduction to The Lost Kingdoms.

Ammarindar

This weak dwarven realm was centered in the Greypeak Mountains, and flourished when the human land of Netheril was strong, supplying many needed metals to that land. Much of dwarven knowledge and techniques of enchanting items and combating hostile magic date from observations and the teachings of Netherese sorcerers at this time.

Ammarindar’s greatest rulers were haughty King Azkuldar and the much later King Olaurin, a great warrior. Also, Queen Helmma, who skillfully saved most of her subjects and saw them safe to southern deeps as her realm crumbled about her, ruled this land.

Ammarindar fell when Ascalhorn became Hellgate Keep, and evil creatures overran the surface lands and the underways all down the valley of the Delimbiyr. Most of its folk escaped to Oghrann, only to be scattered when that realm fell soon after. Many died in the savage fighting, especially the valiant rearguard led by Queen Helmma, who perished to the last dwarf, their queen among them. They bought with their lives time for the less warlike of their people to flee south from raiding orcs in the Vale of Naurogloth, known today as Bleached Bones Pass.

Ammarindar was abandoned in such haste that cartloads of treasure were left behind. Among the riches were coins and gems, metal-work of all sorts, and armor and weaponry of beauty and the highest quality. Cartloads of it were soon brought to Hellgate Keep.

Human scavengers brought more out via Loudwater in the years after the kingdom’s fall. However, more is thought to lie, yet undiscovered, in caverns and caches all over the Greypeak Mountains (now a dangerous region of roaming monsters, desperate outlaws, and Hellgate Keep patrols).

In particular, the dwarves of Ammarindar were known for their everbright adamantine armor. They fashioned suits of full plate worked into horns, ridges, barbs, and crests of a shining blue-silver hue. The undead riders of Hellgate Keep are known to wear pieces of some of this armor, when they hunt humans for sport around the Shining Falls. However, most

of this armor has gone missing, not in the hands of dwarves, nor of any other known plunderers of fallen Ammarindar since. Several fortunes in adamantine must still lie waiting to be found. The greedy are warned that the adventuring companies of the Black Band, the Company of the Horse, and the Company of the Scaled Tail have all perished in the search for Ammarindar’s lost riches.

The Harpers have sent a general warning to adventurers of the North. It states that the Royal Caverns of Splendarmornn have been stripped of all treasure, probably by those of Hellgate Keep, and are now home to undead and fell creatures of even greater evil.

The borders of Ammarindar were always less clear than those of more northerly and westerly dwarven realms, but at its height, the Throne of Ammarindar’s rule extended over much of the upper Delimbiyr valley. The King’s seat was at Splendarmornn, the Shining Mountain, westernmost peak of the pair that stands west of the Shining Falls.

The borders of the realm were the tree’s edge all along the High Forest (then part of the elven realm of Eaerlann) south to Dahaurock, a hook-shaped bare rock crag just upriver of present-day Loudwater. From there, the border crossed the river and followed the present-day trade road from Loudwater to Llorck, turning south at the eastern edge of what is now known as South Wood, to take in the mountains.

Naurogloth (Bleached Bones Pass) then marked the southern edge of the realm, which took in all the Greypeak Mountains, east almost to Dekanter, and then north as far as Horindon Lhar (High Gap). The realm then took in the eastern bank of the Delimbiyr (and the lands up to the mountains, to the east) as far south as the confluence of the Delimbiyr and the Heartsblood, a place known as Karscrag to the dwarves. There of old, two leaping stone bridges spanned the Delimbiyr, and the realm of the dwarves crossed the river with them, to command the western shore as far as tree’s edge, past the Shining Mountain to Dahaurock.

The Sign of the Realm of Ammarindar of old was a side-on, three-horned crown, points uppermost, a four-pointed star



floating above each point of the crown. This can be found carved on some trails high in the Greypeak Mountains, and in tunnel-passages in the dark hearts of those mountains, but the dwarves of Ammarindar seem not to have marked their borders with it, or with anything else.

Besilmer

This dwarven realm's name and history is forgotten even by most dwarves, although two of its proudest works remain as landmarks known throughout the Sword Coast North today: the Stone Bridge and the Halls of the Hunting Axe.

Besilmer was founded almost as long ago as Gharraghaur, by dwarves under Torhild Flametongue. Torhild and his followers believed that the dwarves would always be a beleaguered race, so long as they mined in the mountains and fought the other creatures who dwelt there, most notably giants and orcs.

The future of the dwarves, Torhild believed, lay in learning to farm, reshaping the downlands, not the mountains, to form beautiful, pastoral, stable communities, living in peace with neighboring men and elves. In his vision, they would use the native innovations and craft-of-hands of dwarves to prosper as inventors, builders, and repairers.

Accordingly, Torhild founded his realm in the troll-infested hills of the fertile Dessarin valley, where no elf or other civilized folk laid claim, and set to work. The trolls were eradicated, though they continued to raid, each year, from the Evermoors to the north. Irrigation was begun, and livestock herds accumulated and bred.

Unfortunately, the unfortified realm made a tempting target to all hungry predators of the north, from wolves in winter to giants in summer. The land also suffered from being a dream held most strongly by one dwarf, Torhild the Far-Sighted. When he fell, slaying a hill giant in single combat at the Stone Bridge, the realm soon crumbled and was overrun. Its farm-buildings were plundered and burned, its two great stone structures, the Bridge and the Halls, battered and abandoned. Torhild's people fled south, to join in another realm doomed to fail: the

Fallen Kingdom. Dwarves fleeing from Delzoun (see below) occupied the Halls for 40 winters more, but succumbed to harsh winters, wolves, and orcs in the end.

Persistent rumors tell of great riches buried hastily by the fleeing dwarves, and of magical treasures hidden somewhere beneath the earth near or under the Halls, but no such treasure has yet been found. Besilmer is today forgotten, although its sign, a wheel over a plow, can be found on rocks at Ironford and on the pylons of the Stone Bridge, as well as here and there around the Sember Hills (the modern name for the hills bisected by the Dessarin, which lie just south of the Stone Bridge).

Its borders extended from tree's edge of the Westwood, east to Ironford, and from there due east to the edge of the High Forest. At that time, the High Forest extended further westwards than it does today. From there its borders went north along that tree's edge to the short-lived lumbering town of Caddarak, now marked only by the stone hall of its lord, Darthurn, called by humans the Hall of Four Ghosts.

From there, the realm's borders ran due west, skirting the hills that lie south of present-day Yartar, to Tsordvuudd (known today as Kryptgarden Forest).

The Stone Bridge: This massive stone arch spans the River Dessarin without ceremony or accompanying settlement, rising lonely and weathered in the midst of rolling grasslands without a road or building to be seen as far as the eye can scan.

Built long ago to link the two halves of Besilmer, it was fashioned to span the broadest imaginable spring flood of the Dessarin. It rises in a great arc, without supporting pillars, some two miles in length. It reaches a height of some 400 hundred feet above the waters of the Dessarin.

The dwarves explain the awesome size and continued survival of the Bridge to the fact that it is also a temple to Moradin. Lawful good dwarves still make pilgrimages to the Bridge, said to be one of the Soul Forger's favorite spots on Faerun. On at least one famous occasion, the god appeared on the Bridge to aid dwarves in need.

It occurred in the waning days of the Ironstar clan. Driven out of their holds by orcs, the pitifully few surviving dwarves fled south from their kingdom, down the west bank of the Dessarin, harried by trolls and orcs. They were led by their King, Daurvos Frostbeard, an old and wounded warrior-lord who had lost his sons in the savage fighting when Ironstar Mountain was taken by the orcs.

Daurvos continually led the young dwarven youths, his great-grandchildren among them, in rearguard skirmishes to protect his people. His daughter Tammas Forkbeard led the dwarven wives and infants on to the south.

On the Stone Bridge Daurvos fell to orcbldes, and was ridden over as the orcs routed his shocked companions and swept south after his kin. After they had gone, the mortally-wounded King crawled to the very top of the Bridge, and cried aloud to Moradin to protect the Ironstar people out of his mercy, as there were none now left in the Realms to do so. And with that plea the old King fell from the Bridge, dead, into the waters below.

There was a flash of red light, and a clang as of metal struck, that smote the ears and reverberated like the tolling of a great bell for some minutes. Looking back, orcs and fleeing dwarves alike saw a great dwarflike figure, fully 20 feet high, standing upon the height of the arch outlined in red flames.

The dwarf upon the bridge had eyes like leaping red flames and a sweeping beard, and bore a red-glowing hammer in one bare hand. He swung the hammer in a circle above his head, faster and faster, and then hurled himself down from the Bridge like a meteor, to land hissing in the water below.

There his light faded, and he rose from the waters bearing the limp body of Daurvos like a doll in one hand. Cradling it carefully against him, the armored dwarf wept, silent tears streaming down his face, and as he wept, he ran towards the orcs. Muttering in fear, they turned to meet him as one, and he charged into their midst without a word.

At that, Tammas Forkbeard rallied her people to fight, and led a charge back at the band of orcs, to aid the newcomer. But even as she reached them, she saw that



the lone dwarf among them was smiting right and left tirelessly, ignoring the blades of the orcs, and they were falling like rain around him. Soon the last of them fell at the feet of Tammias, from a blow of that awful hammer.

As Tammias looked at the dwarf, the sign of a hammer and anvil appeared in outlines of fire upon the breastplate of his armor, and she knelt in the midst of her thanks, recognizing that this was indeed Moradin.

But the Soul Forger merely held over her his hammer, sternly pointing south. She scrambled up, and led her people on. And all that day, as orcs rode after them, Moradin strode at their back. The dwarf who towered 20 feet tall smote down all who threatened the last of the Ironstars, slaying orcs as a farmer threshes wheat, until no more came, and the dwarves came to Ironford at sunset, and could go no further.

Then a flash and clangor came once more, and the survivors of the Ironstar clan were alone again. On the turf where the god had stood they found the hammer and crown of Daurvos, but his body was gone. It was this crown that the first of the dwarven Kings of the Fallen Kingdom wore, and it was to the Fallen Kingdom that the last of the Ironstars went.

Dwarves revere the Bridge for this reason, and will not suffer anyone to settle near it nor control who may cross it. The bridge is of weathered granite, so skillfully fitted that it seems almost of one

piece, and is six paces broad. It has no parapet or railing on either side.

The Halls of the Hunting Axe: The rubble-strewn Halls of today rise out of thick brush that cloaks the moat and gardens that surround the stone walls of this sprawling building. Roofless and windowless, the arched walls of the Halls reach into the sky like dead fingers, pillars here and there rising out of the brush.

Colored glass can be found amid the rubble, suggesting that the huge arched windows piercing the walls of the labyrinthine Halls were once mosaics of colored light, like the rich temples of Waterdeep and more southerly lands. Today this glass is gathered and sold by peddlers, and is popular in the north for use in making bottles.

The Halls themselves are said to be stripped of any valuables reachable without digging. Tons of stone have collapsed atop the cellars in several places, and fantastic wealth may lie buried below. Monsters—particularly leucrotta and doppelgangers—haunt the ruins, and make searches perilous indeed. These inhabitants both seem to prefer to attack by night.

The Hall of Four Ghosts: The Hall is a high, slate-roofed, leaking structure with a beautiful vaulted ceiling, and several rail-less spiral stone stairs ascending to galleries and hanging apartments. It is haunted by the ghosts of four lovers (two dwarves, an elf, and a human), whose mounting mistrust of each other led to

murder. It is known as The Hall of Four Ghosts today, the presence of the dwarven lumbering town forgotten.

From the vast storage cellars of the Hall, tunnels run eastwards beneath the High Forest, under lands then settled by elves, to interior areas inhabited then only by monsters and a few dryads and korred.

The dwarves built several fortress-holds to retreat to, for protection if attacked while working in the woods. Most are lost and overgrown, but those known to men include the Stronghold of the Nine and Hammer Hall.

Dareth

This vanished realm of the dwarves lay north of Rashemen, in the mountains that divide the Great Glacier from the Great Ice Sea. Settled by dwarves who first came to the Bloodstone Lands from the south (from worked-out, individual clan holds in the mountains south and west of Unther and Mulhorand), and reinforced by later arrivals who fled from eastern Delzoun, Dareth was a briefly prosperous land.

Dareth was founded almost 4,000 summers ago as a realm of linked caverns under the rule of its first King, Orloebar Snowbeard, who renounced his clan membership to found the ruling house of Dareth. The mountains held few gems, but rich veins of metal-bearing ores, and the forges of the dwarves worked tirelessly.

Men came to what is now Hoarbridge to trade with the dwarves of Dareth, "The Ice Kingdom." The dwarves tunnelled ever further into the mountains, and even cut into the depths of the Great Glacier, following rich ore-veins.

One spring, no dwarves came to trade with the men—without word or explanation. The Stout Folk simply "came no more." Their work, mainly armor and weaponry, was still avidly bought and sold around the lawless, fledgling human settlements in the area, and word of their sudden silence was slow to get around.

When Delzoun began to crumble, dwarves who lived and mined the easternmost reaches found themselves cut off from their brethren by the fall of Felbarr. Some fled south down the De-



sertsedge, but others made a titanic trek across frozen Anauroch to the Moonsea North, and thence through the Bloodstone Lands to reach the Mountains of Dareth.

They soon learned why little had recently been heard of the dwarves from the Inner Sea South who'd first founded the kingdom. A realm of white dragons (and bestial servant creatures) was located at the northern end of the mountains. Once the dwarves had broken through into their caverns, brutal war had begun. In the end, the dwarves of Dareth had been driven into a few deep caverns.

The Mountains of Dareth had become "the Peaks of Cold Death" to human traders, who sought the besieged dwarves in vain, but found white dragons on the wing all too often.

The dwarves from Delzoun rescued the surviving folk of Dareth with a vicious attack upon the dragons' besieging servant creatures. The dwarves fled to a lone mountain that stood apart from the rest, which they named Mount Sundabar in honor of a city in the Northkingdom that they'd left behind. There they founded a new citadel, electing as King one Embryn Shattered-shield, who left his clan to take the name of Dareth.

The white dragons soon attacked Mount Sundabar, employing magical items of great force and unknown, elder origin. In the end, the Mountain was shattered, the dwarven hold laid waste. The dwarves fought on, however, slaying dragons whenever they could reach them. They became skulking attackers who swarmed all over the Mountains of Dareth, until no dragon was safe in its lair, and the bones of both dwarves and dragons littered the mountain range.

In the end, the dwarves and dragons destroyed each other, in a final confrontation on the broad mountaintop now known as Heroes' Height. This opened the way for humans to hunt and cut lumber in the rich lands that became Armridge and Sossal. The caverns of Dareth were explored and plundered of all valuables left by the dwarves, but recurring monster attacks made the mines too dangerous to work. And so they remain today, home to dangerous creatures who feed

on the occasional humans or dwarves desperate or reckless enough to try mining the riches of lost Dareth again.

Dareth's borders lay within the mountain range named for it, plus Mount Sundabar, Heroes' Height, and the high valleys between.

The Sign of the Realm, almost unknown today, was a row of three peaks with a stone hammer, head to the right, horizontal above them.

Delzoun

The famous Northkingdom of the dwarves, named for its heroic founder, Delzoun is only a shining memory today. Once it stretched from the Ice Mountains in the Utter North to the Nether Mountains in the south. It was bordered on the east by the Narrow Sea (now vanished; the Great Desert lies there today), and on the west by Silver Moon Pass (just east of present-day Silvermoon) and the Dharnvudd (the Moonwood). The world was 2,000 years younger then.

Delzoun was a rich and proud land, perhaps the pinnacle of dwarven power. Its smiths crafted intricate and beautiful mechanisms to ease every task, the great dwarven families grew rich and famous, dabbling in poetry and even fashion, and gold shone everywhere about the persons and homes of the dwarves of Delzoun. The dwarves ranged across the North, building holds for themselves and (for hire) for men, such as recently rediscovered Gauntulgrym. Their work endures still. They were a happy and hearty people, but that is all gone now.

Today, Delzoun is largely wilderlands, fought over by dwarven patrols and orc raiders. Citadel Adbar guards the richest mines still known to the Longbeards (the dwarven elders of Adbar), and the orcs harry and menace dwarves and men alike on all sides. The ancient trade-road of fitted stone blocks, built by King Adbarruns so long ago, still runs from the Citadel to the Fork. There it splits, running east and west.

One road runs east to ruined Ascore, once a port on the Narrow Sea. It is still rumored to contain treasure, and some fell evil that keeps even orcs away from it. Its stone towers are a landmark for ad-

venturers doing "The Long Run" up or down the edge of Anauroch, seeking to avoid the worst predators (human and otherwise) that infest the lawless eastern Sword Coast Northlands.

The other road runs west to Sundabar, now a city of men. The Fork itself was once marked by the grand mansion of the dwarven hero Gaurin, but today every stone of that place is gone, and the land hides its cellar-caverns, so that the roads remain. They simply meet, without marker or sign of any habitation, in the wilderness.

The old western Delzounian hold of Felbarr is now held by orcs, and known as "The Citadel of Many Arrows," and the central dwarven villages of Osstkar and Meruindelve have utterly vanished, even their locations known only to a few of the oldest Longbeards. Save for many forgotten dwarven tombs tunnelled into the mountains all about, nothing else remains of the once-mighty Northkingdom.

The Sign of the Realm was a double-headed, horizontal hammer, in a triangle of three cut, gleaming gems. It can be found on mutilated way-markers here and there within the old borders of the land. No human explorers have yet found a marker that someone-probably an orc, in most cases-hasn't pried the gems out of.

CITADEL ADBAR

This mighty fortress is named for the ancient dwarven king Adbar (actually "Adbarruns" in full, though only dwarves and sages know that), who built it over 1,000 years ago when the lands about were Delzoun, the Northkingdom of the dwarves.

Quarried of granite, the Citadel can house up to 60,000 dwarves in comfort; men will find its defensive tunnels and wall-ways too dark and too cramped. Beneath its towers lie miles upon miles of linked rooms, on many levels: the storehouses and living quarters of Adbarrim.

The Citadel is ruled today by King Harbromm, whose ceaseless patrols keep the nearby mines and this last large hold of the dwarves in the North from being overrun by the everpresent, numberless orcs. Perhaps another 2,000 dwarves in



the mines and mountainside holds submit to his rule, and their numbers dwindle every year (births simply do not keep pace with battle losses).

Citadel Adbar still produces the finest metals in the North, shipping out axe- and pick-heads, 'forge-bars' of unworked metal, and sword-blades by caravan to Sundabar. Orc attacks on the dwarven miners and the caravans have cut down on the Citadel's output in recent years, raising market prices for its top-quality goods throughout Faerun.

The banner of Citadel Adbar bears the Forge-Mark of the King in red upon a silver field: an upright single-bladed hand-axe enclosed by a circle of flames.

The Fallen Kingdom

This now-vanished realm was a short-lived effort to stem the demi-human decline in the North by uniting elves and dwarves and humans in a commonly-held land. The kingdom was smashed by the repeated attacks of vast orc hordes, although the slaughter done to the orcs drove them back north for generations.

The Fallen Kingdom had many names; the 'real one' has been lost with the passage of time, mixed up with the names of the Kingdom's various districts (such as Ardeep, Delimbiyran, and Thaltekhth). The term 'Fallen Kingdom' today refers to the rolling wilderlands due east of Waterdeep, although this was only the north-western end of the long-ago united realm.

When founded (at the famous Council of Axe and Arrow in The Laughing Hollow), the Kingdom had Three Kings at once: an elven King, Ruardh Lightshiver; a dwarven King, Torghatar blood of Bharauin; and a human King, Javilarhh "the Dark" Snowsword. It also had two Dukes, a gnome and a halfling: Ulbrent Handstone and Corcytar Huntinghorn, respectively.

All three of the original Kings perished in battle, as did two elven successors. Finally, at the collapse, the dwarven replacement, Oskilar son of Fauril died, as well. The two Dukes survived the collapse of the kingdom, and led their peoples in battle in the area for many more years.

The Fallen Kingdom collapsed when most of the elves gave up the endless warring (which sickened them), and took ship

westwards to the realm established ages before by the most farsighted of the elves, Evermeet. There were too few dwarves left to continue open warfare with the endless orcs; they retreated to more southerly holds, or to human cities.

The humans had grown ever more numerous over time. They had outgrown, in fact, any need for an alliance with other peoples. When their demi-human partners left, the humans continued to hold the land, inviting displaced halflings from the Calishite lands to settle (particularly in the lands about Secomber), and bolster the weakened strength of commerce and settled civilization in the area.

In this, the humans of Waterdeep were aided by a small group of moon elves, who lingered on for another age in Ardeepforest. These elves believed in working with humans—particularly adventurers—to respect and guard the land together. It is thought that the Harpers began under their guidance.

The borders of the Fallen Kingdom, when it was first formed, are known to have been as follows: from Mount Helimbrar at the sea northeast to what is now Ironford, an area known of old as Rarg's Hold, due to an old bandit-keep located there, one of the first human habitations in the Sword Coast North. From there the border ran southeast to the Dark Hills, the stony, broken hills that lie between Waterdeep and Secomber, and to Secomber, where the riders of the Kingdom commanded the lands perhaps a day's ride around the fledgling settlement. From there, the Kingdom's borders followed the southernmost tributary of the Delimbiyr, the Ulbanlur (Highmoorflow), south and east along the edge of the High Moor, up to Evendusk Lake (The Mirror of the Moor, the lake due south of South Wood). The border then ran southwards with the edge of the Moor, taking in the Serpent Hills before turning back north around the western edge of the Moor, which it followed, along a string of now-vanished human castles, north to about where the Way Inn now stands. There it turned westwards to the sea, to the Seatower of Ilinyth.

Before this fortress was blasted to rubble by fell magic, it served as a watchtower seawards, and as a base for

mounted patrols defending the Kingdom against troll and bugbear attacks in the area. It also allowed elves to quietly take ship there by night, flying by magical means down the rugged cliff to board vessels that then slipped away towards Evermeet. It is thought that over 7,000 elves slipped away from the faltering Kingdom before its fall in this way, leaving the bloodshed and tumult of Faerun behind.

There is one old legend attached to the Kingdom that still seems active today: the tale of the Ghost Dwarves. The ghosts of its first dwarven king and his bodyguard are said to still roam the lands. They were ambushed and slain by hired duergar in the heart of the kingdom while on their way to answer a (false) call for aid. The dwarves are said to still ride to aid those in need near the River Dessarin, from its mouth as far north as Ironford.

The Ghost Dwarves appear as shining white translucent figures in plate armor, on horseback and armed with great two-handed war axes as long as spears. They strike silently but viciously at orc-kin and other evil creatures only, and the bite of their phantom weapons visits the effects of magical *fear* and *repulsion* on their targets. Many travelers swear that the Ghost Dwarves have come to their aid, when they were attacked by ghouls, brigands, or goblin-kin raiders near the Dessarin.

The Sign of the Realm was a circle, usually inlaid with white quartz or marble chips, around three side-on spired crowns. It can still be found on toppled, overgrown way-markers around the edges of the High Moor, but only by those who seek them out; bugbears and goblin-kin raiders seem to hate the Sign, and always tear down markers that bear it.

The House of Stone: East of Ardeepforest, near Waterdeep in the Sword Coast midlands, rises a huge square tower. It has come to be known as 'The House of Stone' after an old (human) children's rhyme:

*An elf calls the deepest wood his own
A human everywhere may roam
But a dwarf just wants a house of stone.*

The fortress was built a thousand years ago by dwarves under Turgo Ironfist, a huge citadel to help defend the shared hu-



man, dwarven, and elven kingdom against attacking tribes of orcs, hobgoblins, bugbears, and trolls. The dwarves excavated huge, many-levelled storage granaries out of the rock, and over them built a fortress cunningly crafted of fitted stone.

In old tales, the House of Stone is said to have many hidden doors, sliding rooms, and chambers that rise or fall in shafts like buckets in a well. It also is said to have dangerous traps designed to capture intruders. Rumors persist of rich treasures, such as entire rooms full of gleaming gold coins, and closets crammed with gems mined by dwarves who were dust long ago, all over the north when the mountains were still young. Most importantly, an armory for the defense of the kingdom is said to have been collected here, including weapons of powerful magic crafted by the elves and by the mighty smiths of the dwarves of long ago.

Until they vanished recently (presumably gone to Evermeet), the moon elves of Ardeepforest guarded the House of Stone closely, letting no one near it. Several adventuring groups have set out from Waterdeep to explore it in the last three summers, but none have yet returned.

The famous bard Mintiper Moonsilver was allowed to see the House of Stone some years ago by Eroan, archmage of the elves of Ardeepforest. He reported to the Lords of Waterdeep that its gates were open.

"A hill giant had forced them apart some months before my visit," he said, "for its huge corpse hung just beyond, impaled on a massive, ram-like stone claw the length of a warship that had sprung out into the space beyond the doors. The elves just smiled when I asked if the place was full of such traps, and said it was best to assume so from safely without its walls."

It seems unlikely that later visitors will bear Mintiper's report in mind; even now, talk in Waterdeep holds that several bands of adventurers are equipping themselves in the city for assaults on the citadel's fabled defenses, despite others' recent failures.

Illefarn Mountain: East and north of Daggerford on the Sword Coast, up the river Delimbiyr, stands Illefarn Mountain.

Once it was an important metal-mine and stone quarry for the dwarves of the Fallen Kingdom. It was the seat of King Devin in those long-ago days, but is presently a dangerous place.

Gharraghaur

This small but prosperous dwarven land was named for its principal city, which stood where Mirabar is now. It in turn was named for its founder, a mighty dwarven warrior.

Enriched by the most accessible of the rich mines developed by the dwarves, this dwarven realm was centered around the Tanlur (the dwarven name for the River Mirar), and ruled by the Royal House of the Helm, a now-extinct dwarven family whose greatest kings were Anarok (whose name is echoed in Anauroch; it is not known if the two names have any connection) and his son Relavir. Their seat was the Iron Tower in the center of Gharraghaur, which has utterly vanished. Its great storage-caverns, however, still serve as the granaries and safe-caverns of rich Mirabar.

Gharraghaur was the first of the great dwarven kingdoms to fall to orc attacks; its people were too busy mining to arm themselves in numbers enough to withstand the orcs before it was too late.

At its height, the borders of this realm were as follows (using the old dwarven names wherever possible): east from the sea at Lyntara, a blue-veined, uninhabited rocky headland north of present-day Port Llast, to Glaurimm, the lofty volcanic peak known today as Mount Hotenow. Thence east down the Nethlur (Neverwinter River) to Nethultok (its forks), and from there northeast to Anaurdahyn, now known as Twilight Tor, the northernmost hill of the range of knolls that ends in the south at Berun's Hill. From there, the border ran east to the meeting of Shardylnur (Shining Creek) and Gaurlynlur (the Goblintide River). North from there, the land of Gharraghaur continued up the western bank of Shardylnur, into the depths of Vurykvudd (the Lurkwood), tending northwest to the isolated drumlins of Marak's Tor and Havyltor, whose bare rock heights rise out of the green depths of the great wood. From

there, the border ran north to the open Vale of Khedrun, named for the legendary dwarven hero whose warriors first secured a foothold on the surface of the Northlands for the dwarves. The valley runs northeast to a high meadow, Khedvallahir, deep in the mountains of Barakmornolor. Barakmornolor, incidentally, means the Spine of the World, a translation preserved as the formal modern-day human name for the mighty range, also known colloquially as "The Wall." The realm encompassed it and the many mines reached by it.

These were the earliest of the rich dwarven mines of the Sword Coast North. Many, particularly in the upper Vale, are now worked out or strongly held by orcs and worse. However, those to the west, along the Wall, provide much of the riches of Mirabar to this very day. A summer seldom passes without another find being made, somewhere along the western half of the Wall. All races in the north generally refer to the Wall as being divided into eastern and western halves by the Mirar, and the Vale that flanks it. The borders of Gharraghaur followed the Wall west, claiming on average two peaks northwards from the edge in all places, until the border reached Velaunlur (Blackraven River).

The Ice Lakes region served of old, as they do now, as mating and nesting grounds for many beasts. They were also home to many kobolds then. The little terrors, coupled with the many monsters, made the region too dangerous for busy dwarven miners interested in gems and metal, not in downing tools every third breath or so to fight off some new attacker.

Gharraghaur's borders accordingly followed the eastern bank of the Velaunlur down to the Tanlur, and the south bank of that river down to the sea. Gharraghaur had no port, trading instead with Haunghdannar to the south, and underland with more southerly realms.

It did have two large surface fortresses. The first were the keeps of Orglaunt, which stood where the Blackraven joins the Mirar, in the northeastern angle of the confluence. The other was Halanaskarr, which stood just south of the Lurkwood, at the headwaters of Shining Creek. Both



have been robbed of their stones by later builders, and are marked now only by overgrown, water-filled cellars carved out of solid bedrock.

The few adventurers who have probed these watery ruins and lived to tell of it report that the dwarves may have forgotten to leave any treasure behind, but more evil creatures have found the flooded depths to make admirable lairs.

The Sign of the Realm can be seen on markers that still flank the Mirar trade-road: four vertical, diamond-shaped gems, in a triangle with the largest gem in its center.

Haunghdannar

This small and little-known realm was centered on the mountains east of Leilon, and home to the only known dwarven seafarers.

The sea is thought to have driven the dwarves of Haunghdannar mad; the realm rapidly dwindled, as ship after ship that put out did not return, except for small fishing-boats that never left the sight of land. The land was overrun by bugbears, trolls, ogres, and orcs.

The remnants of the Haungh Dwarves are thought to be the Madbeards of today (see the chapter *Current Clack*). The stone keeps of the realm are long gone, their stones used by later humans to build cruder, lesser houses. The names of the three most important keeps survive: Alogh, Mnerim, and Olphrintar. The names of all of the land's kings, however, have been forgotten.

Haunghdannar's port now lies beneath the sea, off Leilon; it was known as Barhindhun. Some intrepid adventurers have searched the depths for it, but if any found it and survived, they've made no sound about it in the Northlands.

The remnant of the realm most important to the folk of today is Southkrypt, an underground hold that once defended the eastern border of the realm. The dwarves of Haunghdannar are thought to have come from some larger, wealthier kingdom, for they used a vast array of magical weapons in fighting off the orcs, bugbears, leucrotta and trolls numerous in the region. Legend whispers that Southkrypt still contains many of these

magical weapons—adventurers add that it is also home to many fearsome creatures that have taken up residence in recent times.

Haunghdannar's borders are somewhat uncertain; it is thought that the dwarves never marked or fortified them. Elminster believes that they curved in an egg-shaped arc inward from the sea just south of Leilon, inland to take in the mountains in which Southkrypt can be found, known as the Maruutdin to the dwarves. From here the border turned sharply west at the end of the mountains, though excluding the troll-infested hills that continue northwards, to seek the sea again, south of Neverwinter Wood.

The Sign of the Realm is found on the doors of Southkrypt, and can be found by the observant on some of the stones used by men to build Leilon's walls: it is a seven-pointed star, over a fish facing to the left, floating above a mountain peak.

Ironstar

This short-lived realm grew around the holds of only one clan—the Ironstar clan. They became very rich from their delvings, and mastered the art of instilling magic in items better than any previous dwarven smiths.

The Ironstar Masters were famous in their day, as they worked under Ironstar Mountain and its sister peaks of Northlook and Wyrmtongue. Together these are the three most southerly peaks of the range of mountains north of the River Surbrin, just above its confluence with the Rauvin. It was here that gnomes and halflings came regularly with barges to trade with the busy dwarves, taking the famous armor and weapons away south for sale to humans up and down the Sword Coast.

These mountains, and the land south from them to the river, were all the land that the Throne of Ironstar ever commanded. Yet Ironstar is regarded today as the most mighty of the dwarven kingdoms, after Delzoun.

Its smith-craft was matchless, and its people industrious. Yet in the end, the throne failed to hire mercenaries enough to hold their caverns against the ever-attacking orcs, and they were routed.

The last remnants of the Ironstars were rallied by their aging king, and led south, to eventually join The Fallen Kingdom. That sad story is better related by The Stone Bridge, under the entry for Besilmer, above. Also, please refer to the chapter *Clans* for their eventual fate.

The Sign of the Realm was the Ironstar clan sign: a four-pointed white star gleaming atop a rugged black iron anvil.

Oghrann

This realm lay in what is now the Plain of Tun and the surrounding mountain ranges. It claimed the Helbryn as its own, a hunting-range north of the Laurvinlur, the River Reaching, east of present-day Hill's Edge. The Helbryn was a great open area of rolling plains, extending north to the elven lands of Evereska.

Oghrann was founded by the mighty warrior Thorbard Firebeard, who was its first and greatest king. Over the years that followed, beset on all sides by enemies—lizard men, nomadic human tribes, wemics, and the usual bugbears, trolls, and goblin-kin races—the kingdom declined. The realm was swept away by disease and war even before the more northerly kingdoms of the Stout Folk fell.

Oghrann encompassed all of the great circle of Tunland and the mountain ranges that surrounded it: the Stormhorns on the east, and the Sunset Mountains, Far Hills, and Easting Peaks on the west. These mountains were known to the dwarves of the time collectively as 'ol Araubarak: the Great Shield.

Thorbard established regular mounted patrols into the Helbryn, although he forbade settlement there. It was to be the hunting-preserve of the kingdom, whereas Tun Plain was to be its livestock farm. The Helbryn ran northwest from Wind Peak to The Winding Water, taking in Skull Wood, the woodland northwest of present-day Hill's Edge. The Wind Peak is the westernmost peak of the Sunset Mountains, just north of present-day Corm Orp; it is named for a hole in its spire through which the wind howls and whistles. However, the border skirted Boareskyr's Forest, the large woodland further northwest, known to the dwarves as Wurgymvudd, or Ugly-Wood



because of the large numbers of evil and rapacious creatures that roamed there.

The Helbryn's border followed the Winding Water northeast as far as the Tor of Swords, which stands just east of the most northerly of the easternmost loops that the ever-twisting river makes, roughly north-northwest of the Hill of Lost Souls. From that tor, the dwarves' hunting preserve ran westwards to the ever-expanding Anauroch, skirting Evereska by a day's ride, and followed the edge of the sands southeast to the mountains of the kingdom proper, encompassing all the rolling plains within an area as large as Oghrann itself.

Such a large territory was impossible to defend, especially for only 26,000 dwarves, at most. It was soon lost. The realm's very existence is forgotten even by most dwarven elders, to say nothing of human sages.

The Sign of the Realm can be found in deep caverns in the Sunset Mountains. It can also be found here and there in the Stormhorns, such as Dark Wind Pass, a high and perilous trail known to few beings alive today, that crosses the Stormhorns by way of old tunnels cut by the dwarves, east of Skull Crag. It is a curved hunting horn, open end to the left, with a six-pointed star above it, and another beneath it.

Hill Of Lost Souls: This isolated, grass-cloaked peak was an armed camp at the time of the Battle of Bones, where the armies of men raised their standards and tended their wounded. That was the Year of Tattered Banners, just over two centuries ago. From here they went down to the plain to make war on the goblin-kind races that had overrun the dwarven Helbryn. It was to here the dying returned, to gasp their last or to be healed if possible. Several haunts are said to linger here still, long after the dead have been buried and the armies are gone.

In more recent times, the Hill of Lost Souls has been used by spellsingers as a meeting-place, and by the Hierophant Druid Phezeltan to work mighty weather magics.

It is a place sacred to Wanderer dwarves, who believe that the gods often walk here. Here the famous dwarven adventurer Thelarn Swifthammer is buried;



he is said to have been entombed with a *hammer of thunderbolts* and a great war axe that can call lightnings when wielded, as well as being buried with a fortune in gold. At least one group of adventurers, the Men of the Blue Blade, has met grief at the hands of orc bands while looking for Thelarn's riches. The Hill is said by some to be an extinct volcano, and to have, deep in its interior, a great shaft with gmelined cavities opening off of it.

The Far Hills: The remnants of the dwarves of Oghrann dwell in subterranean 'wells' beneath the Far Hills, and number some 7,000 in all. There are three large wells, and two smaller ones. The large ones are Thelarn's Fist, Sabrishon, and Iritasker. The smaller ones are Uestingpool and Tunthryn. Each well is dominated by a single clan, and ruled by an elected council, which must have representatives on it from all clans whose members dwell in the wells.

The "wells" are so named because they are gigantic caverns shaped like inverted cones. The walls of the cone are ringed with a spiral road or path, off of which open the dwelling-caverns, halls, and

store-caverns of the dwarven community. The bottom of the cone is filled with water, natural underground lakes, which are prevalent in the area, and whose waters eventually feed two great rivers: the Chionthar and the Tun.

The dwarves fly about the inside of the cones on giant, trained bats and pass cargo across the great bowl slung on cables, and pulled by the recipients. These bats also emerge into the countryside to hunt at night, sometimes with lance-bearing, foolhardy dwarven riders. Fish are carefully raised and bred in the wells, for the dwarven dining-tables. Hanging fungi gardens, enriched by the guano of the bats, who lair on the cavern's high ceiling, both light the well and augment the dwarven diet. Nets hung low above the well catch any falling folk, debris, or carrion, keeping the water clean. Dwarven moving-stone pumps and endless circular bucket-chains bring water up from the well to tap-tanks all around the spiral road.

Fried fungi are a delicacy among the dwarves of the Far Hills, who sell the giant, fleshy mushrooms they grow in Easting. Many subterranean creatures attack



the wells, but thus far the Zhentarim agents active in the area have not bothered the dwarves.

The dwarves of the wells do not openly use the Sign of Oghrann, but each well proudly preserves a way-stone in its Council Hall. These way-stones were once part of a line of boundary-markers that crossed Tun Gap near the present-day Bridge of Fallen Men.

Sarphil

Of old, this realm encompassed the eastern end of the Moonsea, and the mountains running north to what is now Glister. Beset by orcs and elven resistance to surface expansion, the dwarves of Sarphil tunnelled under what is now Mulmaster, going deep to pass under the Lis. Their delves, sought by adventurers in the Mulmaster region, are called "The Lost Ways."

Dwarves of Sarphil developed special moving-stone pumps to keep the waters of the Lis at bay, as they extended their underways westwards to the rocky heights north of present-day Elventree.

The Scarp sought by the dwarves is today much reduced in height; the dwarves quarried it from the top down for its rich veins of copper. They were perhaps the purest and largest deposits in the known North.

The elves of the Elven Court resented this intrusion, and repeatedly attacked the dwarves. Before their numbers and magic, the dwarves were forced back. In the end they had to abandon all of the southern shore arm of Sarphil, retreating east and north into the mountains.

The only trace they left behind is the name of the city of Hillsfar, after Clan Hillsafar of Sarphil, principal miners of the Scarp. Clan Hillsafar can be found today in the land of Vaasa, on the other side of the Dragonspine Mountains (see the chapter *Clans*).

Sarphil was founded by Nilythra Namarforge, who became its first Queen. Her son, Raulauntar, proved to be an able and astute warrior, and is said to have personally slain over 20,000 ogres, as he defended the fledgling realm against attack.

Sarphil's fall is a story common to most of the other Lost Kingdoms; its warriors

were too few to hold what they had seized, and faced too many enemies. The last king of Sarphil was Dauringogh "the Doomed." He disappeared in deep caverns under Mount Throndor, in the Dragonspine Mountains just south and east of Glister, as duergar and drow, in a rare alliance of the depths, harried the Sarphilan warriors northwards.

Sarphil never had clear borders. Its hastily-abandoned caverns, the Lost Ways and all of the many linked caves and passages that honeycomb the Dragonspine Mountains, are said to hold enough wealth to buy at least six kingdoms (or so the minstrels say).

The Sign of the Realm was a crossed (double-ended) pick and hammer, above an anvil. It can be seen to this day cut into the westernmost face of the Scarp, facing Hillsfar across the bay.

Many dwarves, perhaps 16,000 in all, still dwell in the Dragonspines today, hidden away in small, isolated caverns and high holds among the peaks. They have no king nor organization beyond clans and families, and do not trust each other enough to do more than trade.

An adventuring brotherhood, the Axe By Night, provides messenger and monster-killing services, and peddles tools, needles, cheese, sausage, beer, and other goods desired by the dwarves. They buy what each hold has to offer, and sell it to other holds. They travel up and down the mountain range, but they operate mainly in summer, and take care not to lead Zhentarim or orc patrols to the hidden holds.

Shanatar

The only known lost realm of the dwarves in the South is Shanatar, a land that flourished over 5,000 years ago.

Dwarves from Shanatar first explored the Sword Coast North, seeking new sources of metal to replace their worked-out mines. To the north most of the Shanataran dwarves fled, when human settlement, duergar, drow, and monster attacks drove them from their land. Particularly troublesome were the dragons and deep worms, both of which the dwarves had disturbed as they delved ever-deeper and climbed ever-higher af-

ter new riches.

Shanatar was a wealthy, prosperous land, where dwarves farmed the surface with hired gnomes and halflings. These dwarves grew taller and stronger than their cousins in the Deeplands to the east.

Ruled by a succession of wise, strong Kings, the Shanatarans kept a strong, vigilant army, a vibrant society with music, fashion, high cuisine, and happiness valued as much as wealth. Their inquiring, philosophical minds were always busy. Shanatar is rightfully regarded by wise dwarves in the north as the pinnacle of dwarven society, whereas Myth Drannor represented the height of their social cooperation with other races, and Dezloun at its zenith was the most populous and wealthiest of their kingdoms.

Most Gold Dwarves see Shanatar somewhat differently. They see it as a frivolous, decadent place where "dwarves grew weak as elves," and eventually paid the price for it. They also discount the glories of Myth Drannor for the same reason, and believe that Delzoun's population and riches have been exaggerated with the passing years.

The last King of Shanatar was Orligrimm Stormbeard, of the ruling house of Stratha. The house of Stratha admitted dwarves of any clan to its ranks, and chose kings by council, to keep the crown in the hands of the most worthy, rather than having the crown pass by blood succession. In Orligrimm's time, fell sorcery given to men by the drow and duergar first made human power in Calimshan great—at the cost of the kingdom of the dwarves.

Where the dwarves had taken over an uninhabited land ravaged by warring elements, the nomadic tribes seized the rich holds of the dwarves. These stretched from present-day Calimport to Volothamp, roughly the entire southern watershed of The Marching Mountains. Thus began a struggle of swords and magic that was to last over 3,000 years, ere the Shoon Empire rose to power, enforcing stability again in the region.

Dwarves flooded north, on a long and often bloody trek to the holds that their most daring merchants and adventurers had built. There they founded new kingdoms: the Lost Kingdoms of the north that we've looked at earlier in this chapter!



DWARVES IN THE NORTH TODAY

In general, dwarves remain in the Sword Coast North today only near the richest delvings in all Faerun, those deep and dangerous metal mines known collectively as 'mithril mines.' These diehards of the Stout Folk usually dwell in heavily-fortified holds on the surface. Their citadels, ready military might, and savage courage keep the orcs at bay from year to year, between the onslaughts of the great orc hordes.

In the Moonsea North and Easting North, dwarves are less threatened by orc attacks, but still tend to live in fortified communities, generally with humans, or in their own well-guarded holds, near mountain mines.

The remaining fortified cities of the north ruled by dwarves include Citadel Adbar, Ironmaster, and Ironspur. These settlements, and others having important dwarven populations, are detailed in previous Realms sourcebooks: the boxed FORGOTTEN REALMS™ game boxed campaign set, FR1 *Waterdeep and the North*, FR5 *The Savage Frontier*, FR7 *Hall of Heroes* (the entry on Bruenor Battlehammer being the chief source of dwarfish information therein) and FR9 *The Bloodstone Lands*.

Very briefly, the latest figures on significant (either large, or a large proportion of a settlement's citizenry) urban dwarven populations in the North are as follows:

Bloodstone Village: 880 dwarves (out of 7,600, almost all human).

Citadel Adbar: Dwarven rule under King Harbromm; 14,360 dwarves.

Fireshear: 7,900 dwarves (out of 15,400, the rest mainly human).

Helioga balus: 5,100 dwarves (out of 26,460, mainly human).

Ironmaster: Dwarven rule under Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar (LG F9); 9,200 dwarves.

Ironspur: Dwarven rule under High Iron Duke Murnaros (LN F11); 3,890 dwarves (out of 4,700, the rest human).

Llorkh: 300 dwarves (out of 2,400, almost all humans).

Mirabar: 4,100 dwarves (out of 23,700, the remainder human).

Mulptan: 2,030 dwarves (out of 6,900, the remainder human).

Neverwinter: 4,600 dwarves (out of 17,990, the rest mostly human).

Praka: 2,020 dwarves (out of 11,790, the remainder mainly human).

Silverymoon: 4,200 dwarves (out of 29,990, of all demi-human races and humans).

Sundabar: 6,600 dwarves (out of 36,000, the remainder mainly human).

Tomrav: 210 dwarves (out of 470, the rest humans and half-orcs).

Trailsend: 2,100 dwarves (out of 8,280, the rest mainly human).

Viridin: 360 dwarves (out of 1,520, the remainder mainly human).

Waterdeep: 7,100 dwarves (out of 149,890, of all races, mainly human; permanent residents only-summertime rise to 8,600 out of 509,000 +).

Individual dwarven clan holds can be located wherever a DM desires. They will always be in rough terrain or underground, usually far from coasts, and seldom near marshes or large lakes.

Landmarks

The Stout Folk, the greatest builders of all races in Faerun, have left many traces of their presence in the Realms. Even above the ground, they have left an impressive number of landmarks, not part of any dwarven kingdom past or present, but of interest to dwarves (and adventurers of other races) nonetheless.

Some of these landmarks are detailed below. Others appear in the sourcebook FR9 *The Bloodstone Lands*.

Durlag's Tower: This stout tower rises amid in gently-rolling hills near the southern edge of the Wood of Sharp Beth, in the Sword Coast midlands. It is the keep of a dwarven hero of old, the mighty warrior Durlag 'Trollkiller,' son of Bolhur.

Durlag amassed treasure of legendary proportions during his adventuring career, and stored it here, protected by many magical wards and self-devised mechanical traps.

Durlag took a lone, spired crag for his own, and with the help of dwarves hired with gold and gems, he hollowed it out and raised his tower atop it. Durlag is long dead, and many have come seeking his treasure over the years. However, some fell power (a lich, some say, with undead servant beholders) has recently taken up residence in the tower. Its defenses keep

Durlag's treasure safe.

The Dungeon of Death: This abandoned dwarven gem-mine was developed by intrepid adventurer-dwarves of the Deepdelve clan. They took to this industry after the dwarven kingdom in the area had fallen, and the land was overrun with trolls, orcs, bugbears and worse.

The Deepdelvers were slain and driven away by a small band of medusae, and they in turn fell to a troll invasion. The gem mine got its present welcoming name from this time. A self-styled 'Troll King,' one Glarauuth (a giant two-headed troll) took up residence in the former dwarven living-quarters (uppermost levels), and sent out raiding-parties across the north. They took human slaves, who farmed the land around for their own sustenance, and were imprisoned between shifts in the old gem-mine. The borders of the nameless troll kingdom were great pens, patrolled by captive catoblepi.

Because the sole purpose of the slaves was to produce babies for troll dinner-tables, the grim place became known as "The Dungeon of Death." It was reclaimed by dwarves of the Foehammer clan some 90 years ago, but these brave beards were too few to hold the rich gem-mines, and it has changed hands many times since, acquiring bone-chilling legends of crawling evil down the years.

The Dungeon of the Ruins: This ancient dwarfhold was sited atop three adjacent hills, hills whose rock was rich in gems! Mined by dwarves over the years, the hold fell long ago in a bitter clanwar, and gnomes, halflings, and humans all fought over (and dug away more of) the hills in the years that followed. After that, there were only a few pillars, walls, and stairs remaining of what were once three linked hill-forts atop labyrinthine mining delves.

Legend still whispers that gems galore lie waiting to be found among the ruins, but few have returned from recent explorations. A thessalhydra is said to lair there now, surrounded by its giant, frog-like offspring, and various monsters it has mated with, in a bestial colony of savage, far-ranging predators.

Earthfast: Once a thriving community of 100,000 dwarves, this dwarven city now holds only a tenth of its former



strength. Located in a high mountain valley in the midst of the Earthfast Mountains of Impiltur, Earthfast seems a grim, doomed city.

Few women and children live there today. The bustling trade that once went on is now limited to a few brave peddlers from other cities who slip through the goblin-kin patrols to reach the city, bringing seeds and fruit, cheeses and textiles to trade for the famous war-goods of Earthfast.

The dwarves that remain in the city mine and fight valiantly, beset by orcs and goblins who have recently gathered together in attacks aimed at eradicating the remaining dwarves. The city is a gloomy, silent place, but for the noises of smithy-work and war. The dwarves of Earthfast fight silently, too, though they do utter an eerie low, rumbling roar of victory when a battle is won.

Earthfast is ruled by a single hereditary leader, the ironlord. The current lord, Torg mac Cei, commands the army and keeps law and order in the shrinking city. A black-bearded, foul-tempered dwarf, he is prone to bombast and overstatement, and has recently trained his troops in the use of polearms to augment their traditional crossbows, axes, and swords.

Torg has taken a liking to the canaries used by dwarven miners in the north. In warmer caverns of the south, glowing fungi betrays bad air by a change in hue, but it dies in the chill air of northerly delves, so they have turned to these winged companions. He can often be seen carrying a beautifully-wrought birdcage with him about the city, even in the midst of battles. The ironlord lost both wife and son to orcs some time ago.

Very few creatures of any race earn the trust of the dwarves of Earthfast. This is true even of most other dwarves. There are notable exceptions, including King Azoun of Cormyr, who has a long-standing treaty of alliance with Earthfast. King Azoun is said to have helped the dwarves in the past.

Recently, a mysterious human female warrior of great fighting-skills has been seen fighting alongside the dwarves. Some say that she is a renegade witch of Rashemen, and others that it is one of the Knights of the North, cast out of the Cita-

del of the Raven by the Zhentarim. Other traders who have seen her say that it is a woman of fierce temper and a regal manner, possibly a petty ruler or courtesan of a more southerly land. The pirate “queen” Shandagara recently vanished from the waters of the Vilhon Reach, leaving her abandoned ship wallowing in the waves still laden with treasure—spirited away by magic, obviously. Perhaps she came to Earthfast. Pressed on this point, Elminster merely smiled enigmatically and said that some things were best revealed in good time—and revealed they would be, though the time might not be good.

The dwarves of Earthfast are skilled weaponsmiths, and their axes are especially valued. A full suit of Earthfast plate can fetch a staggering price, for it is said to be the equal of Ironstar-work: the equivalent of *full plate* +2 (conferring an Armor Class of -1), without being magical. Armor from Earthfast is extremely rare, however, and under no circumstances can the city’s dwarves be commissioned to make new armor for outsiders (they are far too busy fighting and repairing their own armor for the ongoing fray). Most of the Earthfast armor in existence fits only dwarves; the few suits that are larger tend to be close-guarded family treasures, in Sembia, Amn, Waterdeep, and other wealthy places (such as the Palace of King Azoun, in Suzail).

The dwarves of Earthfast have been fighters beset by enemies for so long that they all consider their forebears to be heroes. Thus, every dwarf bears the name of his father: “mac” means ‘son of,’ so a typical dwarf of Earthfast will be a silent, moody, usually grim miner named Lleumat Gwydython, or Pryderi mac Immath.

This city is described here because much of it is abandoned already, and because the rest of it seems doomed to fall from the hands of the dwarves sooner or later. It will then be one more dwarven casualty in the long wars with the orcs.

Gauntulgrym: Recently rediscovered by a Waterdhavian adventuring band, this long-lost underground human city was built by the dwarves of Delzoun long ago. It lies somewhere under the Crags south of Mirar Vale, the valley of the River Mirar. It is just west of the road linking Mirabar with Longsaddle. Gauntulgrym

is known to have an underground river in which troglodytes lurk, at least one dragon-lair accessible on the wing, and a still-functional magical forge.

Halfaxe Trail: The tragic tale of the nail is in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set; space forbids us to elaborate here. Elminster attests that the withdrawal of the elves from the area has seen immediate dwarven activity here. They try to reclaim the Trail as an overland trade-link from the port of Harrowdale, sponsored by a small but rich dwarven brotherhood there, the Black Helm. He suspects that amid the gnome- and halfling-crewed caravans are more than a few mining-wagons, as the dwarves resume their long-ago-interrupted task of tunnelling into the treasure-filled depths of ruined Myth Drannor. Elminster warns those greedy enough to follow the dwarven tunnels that Myth Drannor’s deeps contain more strange beasts, and powerful undead than any other known underrealm of Faerun.

Settlestone: The ruins of this northern city, in the mountain spurs near the headwaters of the Surbrin, mark the route to the long-lost glories of fabled Mithril Hall. More of the Hall is told in FR7 *Hall of Heroes*, and in *The Icewind Dale Trilogy* of novels.

Even for those not daring the dangers of the mountain caverns in search of the riches left by the fleeing dwarves long ago, the crumbling towers of Settlestone provide a landmark, meeting-place, and temporary shelter for many prospectors, hunters, and adventurers in the north. Orcs seem to avoid the place, and so it provides a refuge for dwarves, humans, halflings, and elves.

It has its own legends, too: somewhere in the walls of one of the deep wellshafts beneath Settlestone’s towers is said to be the hidden entrance to a rich treasure-crypt. The dwarves who knew the way in all perished long ago, and the riches wait there in the dark. They are guarded, it is said, by a mechanical giant of metal and gems, who wields magic but cannot be harmed by magic. Adventurers, Elminster assures us dryly, are still looking.



CURRENT CLACK

Duergar seem to be massing under Turmish, on the southwestern coast of the Sea of Fallen Stars. They gather for a great strike north into the underlands of the Dragonreach, currently held by the drow and studded with isolated dwarven and svirfnbelin enclaves.

The duergar are said to be led by a dark-skinned dwarf of great height—perhaps twelve feet—who has strange magical powers, including the ability to hurl gusts of wind with his gestures. The gusts can pick up and hurl fully-armored duergar into cavern walls with crushing force. This self-styled “WarKing” is called Olorn Ridaugaur, and claims to be the son of Deep Duerra, apparently a demigoddess worshipped by some duergar.

Blihkarr Touchstone, a dwarven smith of Neverwinter, reports that the Madbeards have returned. This crazed band of berserker fighting-dwarves is thought to dwell somewhere on an island near Utersea, in the Trackless Sea north and west of Ruathym. From time to time they successfully raid ships of the Northmen, and sail such ships on to attack Sword Coast shipping and even the smaller harbors up and down it.

Such ‘deathships’ are eerie sights: wallowing, wild-sailed longships, their human crews slumped dead at the oars, while howling, laughing dwarves with beards longer than they are tall caper naked up and down the decks, waving bloodstained weapons and singing strange songs when they see prey nearby.

Madbeards are crazed and fearless, and will attack anything living that they can reach, from shipwrecked men clinging to floating wreckage to fully-manned Waterdhavian warships. They are a menace to all who sail the icy seas of the Sword Coast north of Mintarn. So far this season, according to Blihkarr, they have rammed and sunk three wool-trading boats bound for Mirabar, set fire to a Luskan warship and slaughtered its crew, and battered a merchant caravel racing for the safety of Waterdeep in a rail-to-rail boat race that went on for three days and nights, until the caravel ran onto rocks and had to be abandoned.

Luskan and Waterdeep are said to be readying scouring-fleets, and merchants sailing into Mirabar are hiring escort war-

ships, for, as the saying in Neverwinter goes, “You never know with a Madbeard.”

The adventuress Lurath Thoenabar of Hillsfar returned to that city three rides ago in wild high spirits, making the rounds of the taverns with a boastful tale of finding a lost dwarven hold in the Eastwall, that towering peak of the Dragonspine range that rises above all the rest at the eastern end of the Moonsea, near the mysterious Ironfang Keep. She answered disbelieving comments in *The Flouncing Firedrake* by opening her tunic to reveal a mithril pectoral emblazoned with the sigil of an axe, set out in gleaming rubies each as big as a man’s eye.

In the general lunge for her that followed, she slew three men with steel needles that seemed to leap out of the pectoral like crossbow bolts, at her will. She then battled her way clear of the place with her usual blade and by hurling a shining axe that spun through the air like a striking stirge, darting back to her hand repeatedly despite obstacles and attempts to grab it.

Lurath has sworn to return to Hillsfar with more dwarven treasures, and buy up her favorite parts of the city! Since making that boast, she has vanished. Her present fate and whereabouts are unknown, though there seem to be many newcomers in the city of late, searching the streets after dark. Some have whispered that they recognize agents of Calaunt, Zhentil Keep, Mulmaster, and even certain rich Sembian merchant concerns. However, their arrival in the city may not be connected to Lurath’s revelations. Though as locals of Hillsfar have been heard to say, even the gods probably think otherwise.

Somewhere in the mountains east of Glister, the dwarf Helarn Hammerblood the Younger, of the Black Peak (which rises near The High Dale, in The Thunder Peaks that separate Sembia and Cormyr), slew a white dragon of monstrous size. Its lair was a deep blue ice cavern carved out of the heart of a living glacier, choked with the bones of eaten prey and the gold and gems they’d carried. Many of the dead seemed to be dwarves of long ago, still clad in gleaming mailshirts and ornate armor of chased metal set with

gems, feeble magic still glowing about it despite the passing of ages. There were also dragon bones to be seen: the remnants of at least three previous owners of the glacier-cave hoard.

Helarn brought out just one treasure: a *glowhammer*, as made by the dwarves in the days when Myth Drannor was being built and peace between the Three Peoples (elves, dwarves, and humans) held sway over the Moonsea North, as together they fought off orc, flind, and ogre attacks.

Helarn plans to go back, but hunters out of Glister have already reported seeing armored riders on griffonback winging their way north. They have also seen at least one dragon—a large black wyrm, according to the observer—in flight over the glacier; fighting over the hoard freed by Helarn may have begun already.

Helarn’s companions, a small band of dwarves known as the Silent Axe, are thought to still be near the glacier, in hiding. Helarn has met with several respected dwarven craftsmen in Sembia, and whispers have begun the rounds that he has discovered some long-lost magical weapons of the dwarves of the North.

Adventurers returning to Tilverton from explorations in the Desertsouth Mountains report that a full-scale war has broken out between the orcs that have long infested the mountains, and dwarves, presumably those of Tethyamar ruled by Ghellin, seeking to reclaim the ranges and caverns that were once their own.

Despite the vast numerical superiority of the orcs, the human observers (16 Cormyrean men and women, of the Company of the Bald Skull) believe that the dwarves have the upper hand. “Not a valley or gully did we see that didn’t have a dozen or more rotting orcs in it,” said the warrior Guthryn of the Company. “In seven days scrambling in the mountains, we must have seen 6,000 or more dead orcs. I counted only 11 dwarven bodies.”

The Company witnessed two skirmishes, and reports that the dwarves seem to be armed with warhammers that glowed with light, and were often thrown. They were armored in ornate full plate armor, and waded stolidly through howling, stabbing orcs with their



axes, as though cutting firewood, until the surviving 'grunt-goblins' screamed and fled.

Some sages in Cormyr believe that the Iron House may have succeeded in retaking their long-ago realm of Tethyamar, driving out the orcs. Reportedly, the orcs have recently lost much of the fell magical support of the Zhentarim, now that Daggerdale has largely fallen, and Cormyr is consolidating its hold on Tilverton rather than raiding into Daggerdale. Others say that it is far too early to tell what has occurred, and that speculation, while both inevitable and fun, is dangerous and irresponsible, on such slim information.

Adventurers seeking a way around The Great Glacier on the east, from the Bloodstone Lands to Armridge and Sossal beyond, have arrived safely in Sundice. There they told tales of finding dwarves frozen into the Great Glacier, armed and armored with gear of an excellence and design rarely seen in the Realms these days.

The adventurers, the Men of the Red Kestrel, produced a long sword and a warhammer to support their story. These have been purchased by Eldaerim of Sossal, who has also offered to sponsor the Men for another foray into the Glacier, in return for the first three items of worth that they find.

The news has spread from Telflamm, where the wizard Nathlaeris maintains a regular *sending* service to and from the mage Anothaer of Sossal.

Baelakkin of Phelzol, who calls himself "The Easternmost Smith of the Dwarves," reports seeing a flight of dragons low over the city, flying westwards by night. Baelakkin has recently sponsored several expeditions of human adventurers into the eastern mountains of Semphar, where he believes rich dragon-hoards lie. Baelakkin believes that dwarves once lived in great numbers in Semphar, over 10,000 years ago, and some of their wealth and work could well lie in those hoards.

An abandoned dwarven hold has been discovered high up in the Star Mounts, that almost inaccessible mountain range in the heart of the High Forest, in the Sword Coast Northlands. The discover-

ers, an intrepid band of adventurers called the Drawn Dagger, who flew over the forest on griffonback, found the hold only when they landed on a wide mountain ledge to rest their mounts, and found carved door openings into the mountain.

The dwarves evidently used aerial mounts too, as well as elevators and spiral stairs. The extensive hold is being used as a lair by a large band of harpies, and the adventurers had to flee before they could explore it. However, their spokesperson, the female human warrior named Maranthra Shaunsalyn, swears that some of the harpies wore everbright gorgets and strings of gems and metal targes (shaped and decorated metal plates strung amid gems for body adornment, used only by dwarves and barbarian human tribes). They reportedly wielded metal maces and warhammers of fine make, almost certainly plundered from the hold.

No sage of Secomber (where the adventurers landed) or of Waterdeep knows what dwarves made the hold, or when. The entrepreneur Onthiir Athklut of Amn has offered a 3,000-gold piece fee to any member of the Dagger who will guide an expedition mounted by him to the hold.

The elven sorcerer Anlyth of Secomber has warned all interested parties that great dangers—probably far worse than a few harpies—lurk in the area, and it is wise not to disturb them, if one would live.

When the ancient dwarven kingdom of Shanatar fell, the throne of its king was lost in the ruins of Brightaxe Hall. The Hall stood near present-day Keltar, and was razed hundreds of years ago. In the confusion of the fray, no one knows what became of the Wyrmskull Throne.

It was fashioned of smooth-polished black obsidian, its feet impaling the skulls of four elder great wyrms, all blue dragons, sages say. It had magical powers, including the ability to *teleport* on command, but always to a levitating position above the ground, somewhere chosen by the throne's original enchanter, not the person on it!

Sages have long thought that a foolhardy human warrior or shaman sat on the throne while battle still raged in the Hall, only to vanish "elsewhere" after

commanding the seat in ignorance.

Recently a pirate hauled out of the sea off Zazesspur was interrogated as to the whereabouts of treasure by greedy merchant captains employing magical aid. He told a wondrous tale. Somewhere in the Race, near the Sea Tower of Nemessor, is a small, tree-clad island with the shape of a horseshoe, the open end facing towards distant Rilmere.

In the lagoon, guarded by the arms of the isle, a fantastic collection of seawrack has collected over the years, brought in by waves and trapped in the already-choked waters.

Masts, decking, and the broken prows of ships are tumbled together with smaller debris. Gleaming coins and shattered seachests, and barrels galore litter the waters. Underwater in the center of the pool, a black arch-backed throne, with four huge, toothed skulls as feet.

The throne floats at mid-depth, unmoving yet not touching anything, as the waters swirl around it. Seated in it, as though held there by some invisible force, is a human skeleton clad in still-bright robes. He was upright, clutching at the arms of the chair and staring endlessly into nothingness.

There must be some magic to this, the pirate swore. In all the time he was on the island, neither skeleton nor throne was moved by even the fiercest waves. Two tendays passed ere the sea brought the pirate a small skiff, in which he made a perilous run for the coast.

The pirate, one Havilos Thrunn, was promptly jailed, still soaked and more dead than alive. The next morning his jailers found the cell still wet with seawater, but empty, the door locked. The man has not been seen again.

The tale of the throne is all over the Sword Coast. At least one Calishite merchant ship was seen making for the treacherous shoal waters on the southwestern side of the Race, waters usually avoided by all but pirate ships. The Calishite vessel, *Haerno's Hippocampus* successfully slipped between two islets known as the Tusks for their sharp rocks and ran straight into an ambush involving at least three pirate vessels. The vessel's fate is unknown, but it is now six days late at its expected port-of-call.

DWARVEN NAME TABLES

Northern (Shida)

Male

Female

Adlon	Abryn
Arace	Arcleea, Arcleia
Arn	Acantha
Agamm	Aglaya
Anthan	Aourne
Arnvald, Arnwold	Arndaera
Babras	Balarba
Baern	Baerna
Barr	Bareena
Barundar	Baruina, Baruinlla
Beldas	Belbrina
Belgin	Belmaera
Besendar	Beressyn
Bettargh	Bethrin, Bethryn
Blaeth, Blunth	Blaeress
Boront	Boryl, Borylla
Bran	Breena, Breenara
Bucklai	Bucklynn
Bryth	Bryara
Cernd	Cliara
Cindarm	Cyrlinn, Cyrlyn
Dagan, Daggan	Daggda, Daglara
Daurant	Dauraela
Delg	Delemara
Dennin	Della, Dellyna
Dobyn	Desmil
Donabar, Dunnabar	Donara
Dorn*	Dorna
Durl	Dyarna
Ebersar	Eberynnil
Elmryn	Elmuthae
Elshar	Elshae, Elshaen
Emerlin	Emerynn
Erden	Everild
Faern	Faernuu
Fyrfar	Fyrlynn
Gadlyn	Gaena
Garn, Garntar	Gareena
Glyir	Gwythiir
Grysygonth	Guthniia
Haeil	Haegara
Hathar	Hathlia
Helmaer	Helmyrra
Idrin	Ilisar
Immar	Ingaret
Iolar	Isant
Isilar	Isdlara
Isinghar	Isleen
Jalabar	Jaclyn
Jangarak	Jessra
Jhaster	Jhannon
Jhoebryn	Jhone
Joyin, Joylin	Joya, Joyuin, Joyune
Keldorn	Keely, Kealae
Maegar	Maegara
Mairin	Marlvae
Mith	Merul

Morinn
Nor
Obryn
Osk
Pheldynn
Rindol, Rindolph
Roryn, Rorn
Sharn
Tasster, Teszter
Therlarn
Thirig, Thirag
Tinder
Tol
Ttrir
Turbaern
Uldred
Ulnorn
Valdyr
Velm
Ygdal
Zuth

Miira
Nandae
Oralinn
Othyl
Phaeba
Rethusra
Rorrina
Shalagha
Teshura
Thelarna
Thrindel
Tithmel
Tolantra, Taulantra
Tuara, Ttrathra
Tuvala
Uldredda
Ulurandra
Varuna
Veldine
Yanthaera
Zarna

Madryk
Maelagar, Maergar
Maimyr
Mondrak
Mongor, Mongoth
Nebir
Obar
Orablyn
Pyradar
Rathagos
Rhamildar
Rindorn
Rornagh
Sandor
Shendar
Sobryn
Soren, Sorn
Starag
Sunder
Taldor
Tybult
Uindolfin
Vapryn
Vorn
Yoth
Yurdan, Yurdag
Zindragh
Zundrin

Maerit
Maethe
Mairha
Mondraethe
Muliira
Nethrys
Olnaethe
Olosae
Pyrdythil
Rachne
Ramilda, Ramilde
Rhandace, Rhandys
Runa
Sabrenna
Shymra
Siolfor
Sorniiril
Steora
Srymsha
Tynclen
Typhane
Ulaemae
Vakna
Vranta
Yaclana, Yakla
Yaunyna
Zintra
Zuthla

* = A famous dwarven warrior-hero of the North; many, many dwarves have been named after him, down the ages.

Southern (Gold)

Male

Female

Adalaer
Adiir
Ambert
Amhaer
Anbar
Anadarn
Ariol
Askel
Athryindos, Athrys
Baergurn, Baervard
Balund
Bardulph
Belaer
Bernndo
Blodkuir
Cael
Cathor
Chund
Elgyth
Ghaern
Haod, Haoddan
Gwarr
Inder
Iprym
Hyndbruin
Jhorn, Jorn
Karlynn
Khyndri
Khondar, Khondarl
Kieradyn
Lambryn

Abaerl
Adriina
Alane
Altindos
Ambril
Andreena
Aselma
Asrynda
Athale
Baerla
Balgarae
Barluski
Belaril
Belbara
Blythrynn
Caenna
Cathlynn
Chaera
Elwyinde
Guuliira
Haethe
Huaka
Ingel
Inymbara
Hallasa, Hallasri
Juindaere
Karrivva
Keshil
Khanosilar
Kiira
Llorrii

Jungle (Wild)

Male

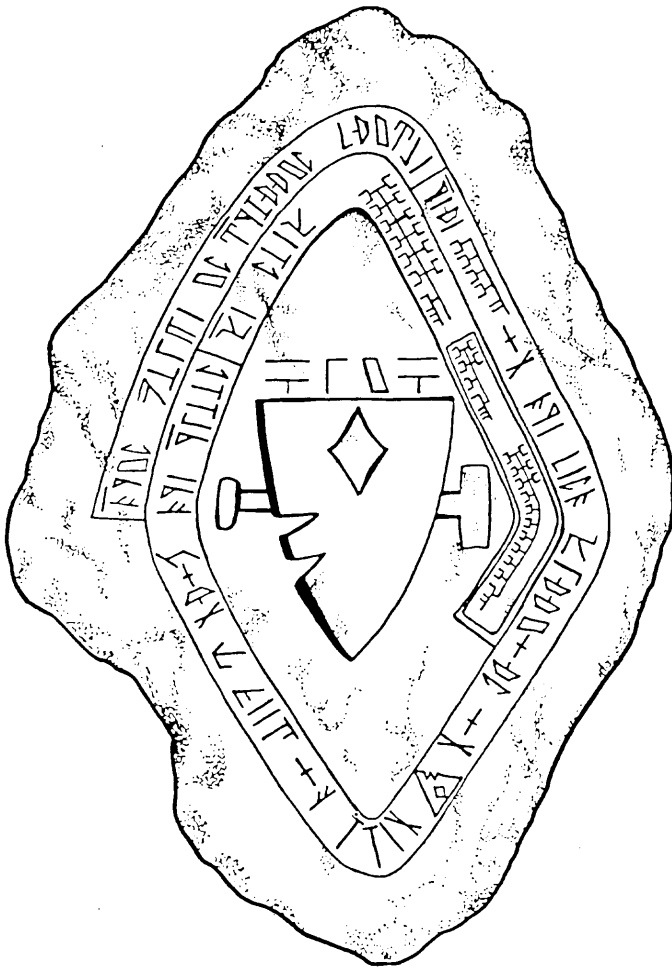
Female

Abbaer
Athlur
Baval
Blaes
Breshan
Cuadaulyn
Igilar
Irl
Olagondir
Rahaer
Riblys
Storn*
Tagar, Iaghar
Ialdyn
Rmsiir
Tantryn
Telmarg, Thelmarg
Thryth
Ulric
Urit
Wynd
Yanin
Zond

Angathea
Ataiya
Bardda
Blaerinnnd
Briiss
Chethri
Indarina
Irlinga
Olone, Olauntha
Rhaere
Rynna, Rynnyth
Tace*
Taegann
Taloma
Tamath
Tassarli
Thasslume
Thuskra*
Ulume*
Urice, Urith
Wyth
Yithra
Zobrora

* = Very popular names. Elminster believes that there are many other, as yet unreported, wild dwarf names.

The Runestone



Here is a drawing of a typical runestone:

This translates as:

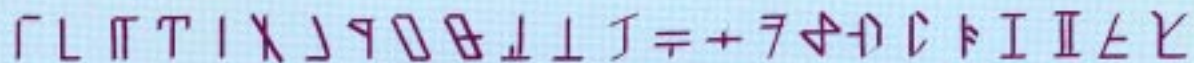
"This place is Dhurri's Bridge. Here forty-two of the best warriors of (the House of Helming) fell, to keep orcs from the Halls. We slew six hundred and eight. (Day) 218, (Year since the founding of the House) 377."

The Dethek alphabet appears on the outside cover of this sourcebook. With it are several sample runic inscriptions, from a variety of runestones.

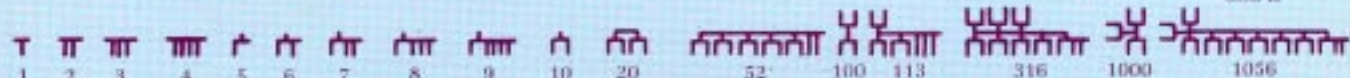
The script on this stone, written in horizontal lines as most humans of Faerun do, is:

ƒ900 7171100 791-0-000 1-0071
 91-01 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110
 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110
 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110 ƒ91 110

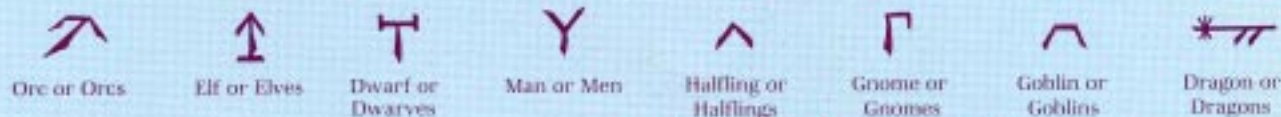
The Dethek Runes



A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W, X, and Z



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 20 52 100 113 316 1000 1056

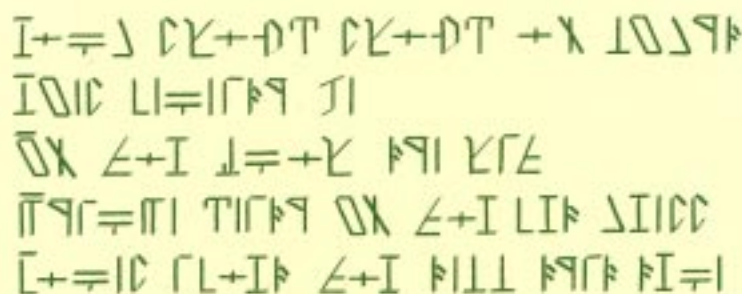


Orc or Orcs Elf or Elves Dwarf or Dwarves Man or Men Halfling or Halflings Gnome or Gnomes Goblin or Goblins Dragon or Dragons

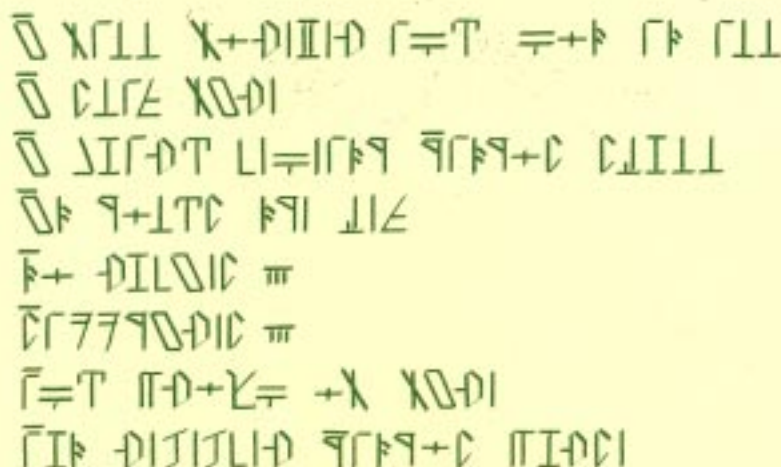


Safe Trail Safe Drinking Water Bad Water Danger: Be Alert Safe Place (Shelter or Refuge) "Marthammor Mark" (Safe Trail) "Marthammor Mark" (Hidden Storage Cache)

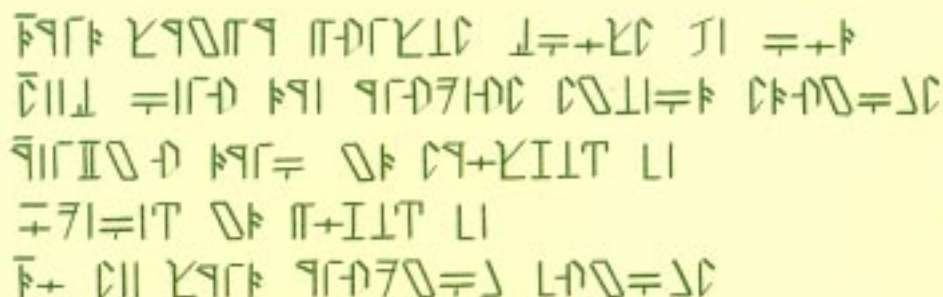
*"Long sword, sword
of light
Lies beneath me
If you know the way
Chance death if you
but guess
Bones about you tell
that tale."*



*"I fall forever and
not at all
I slay fire
I guard, beneath,
Hatho's skull
It holds the key
To rubies three
Sapphires three
And crown of fire.
But remember
Hatho's curse."*



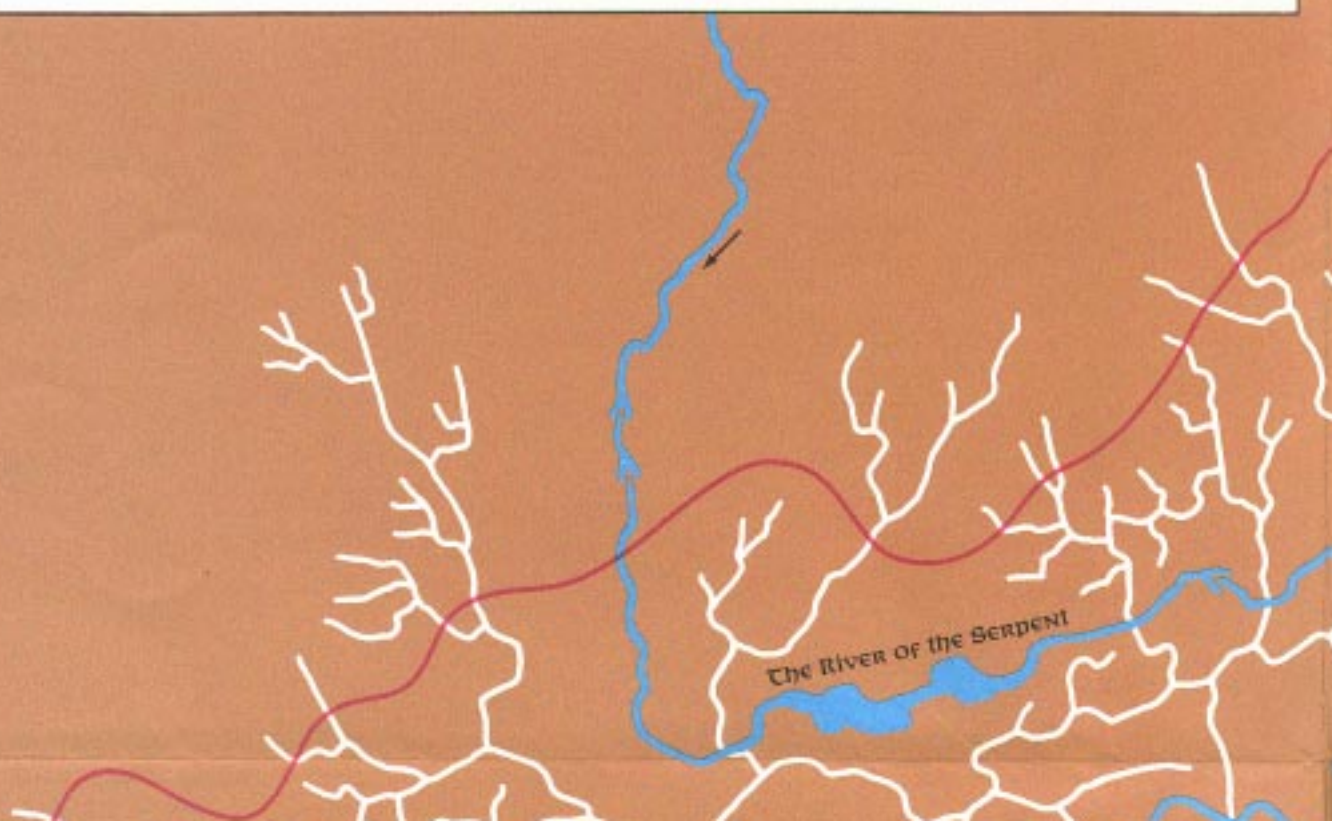
*"That which crawls
knows me not
Seek near, the
harper's silent
strings
Heavier than it
should be
Opened it could be
To see what harping
brings."*



RUNES of the Northern Clans

Clan Ru

				
ARNSKULL	BATTLEHAMMER	BLACKBANNER	BLACKHAMMER	BUCKLEBAR
				
DARKFELL	DEEPAxe	DEEBELVE	EAGLELEFT	FOEHAMMER
				
GALLOWGLAR	HILLSAFAR	HORN	JUNDETH	NARLAGH
				
OROTHLAR	QUARRYMASTER	ROCKFIST	STONE SHOULDER	STONE SHIELD
				
TRUEFORGER	WATCHEVER	WORLDTHRONE	WYRMSLAYER	YUND



INES

Runes of the Southern Clans

Su


BELINDORN


Bladebite


Breakadder


Crownshield


Gemscepter


Ghalkin


Goldthumb


Gordrivver


Malthin


Mastemyr

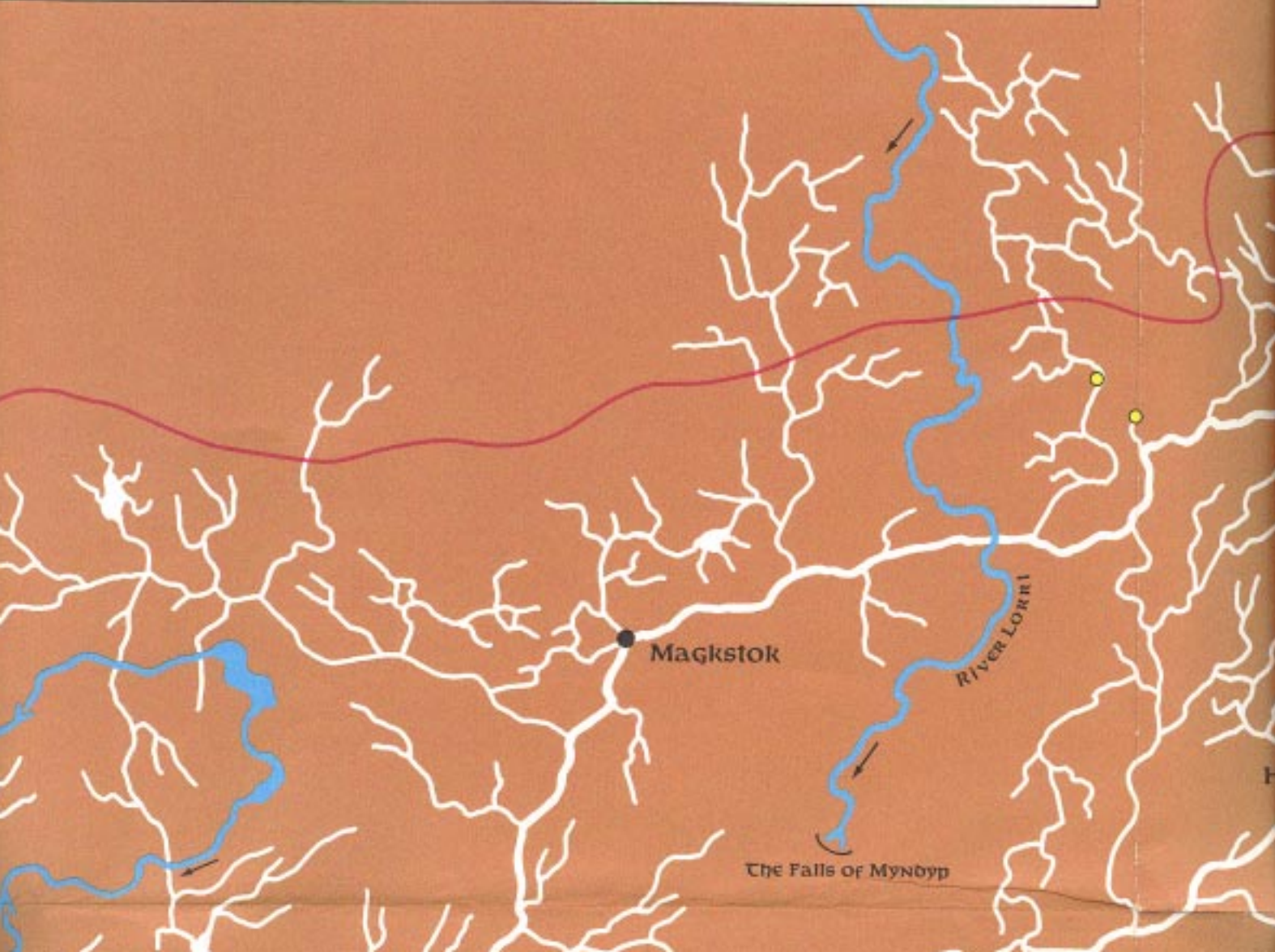

SORNBAR


Talnoth


UNDURR


VELM

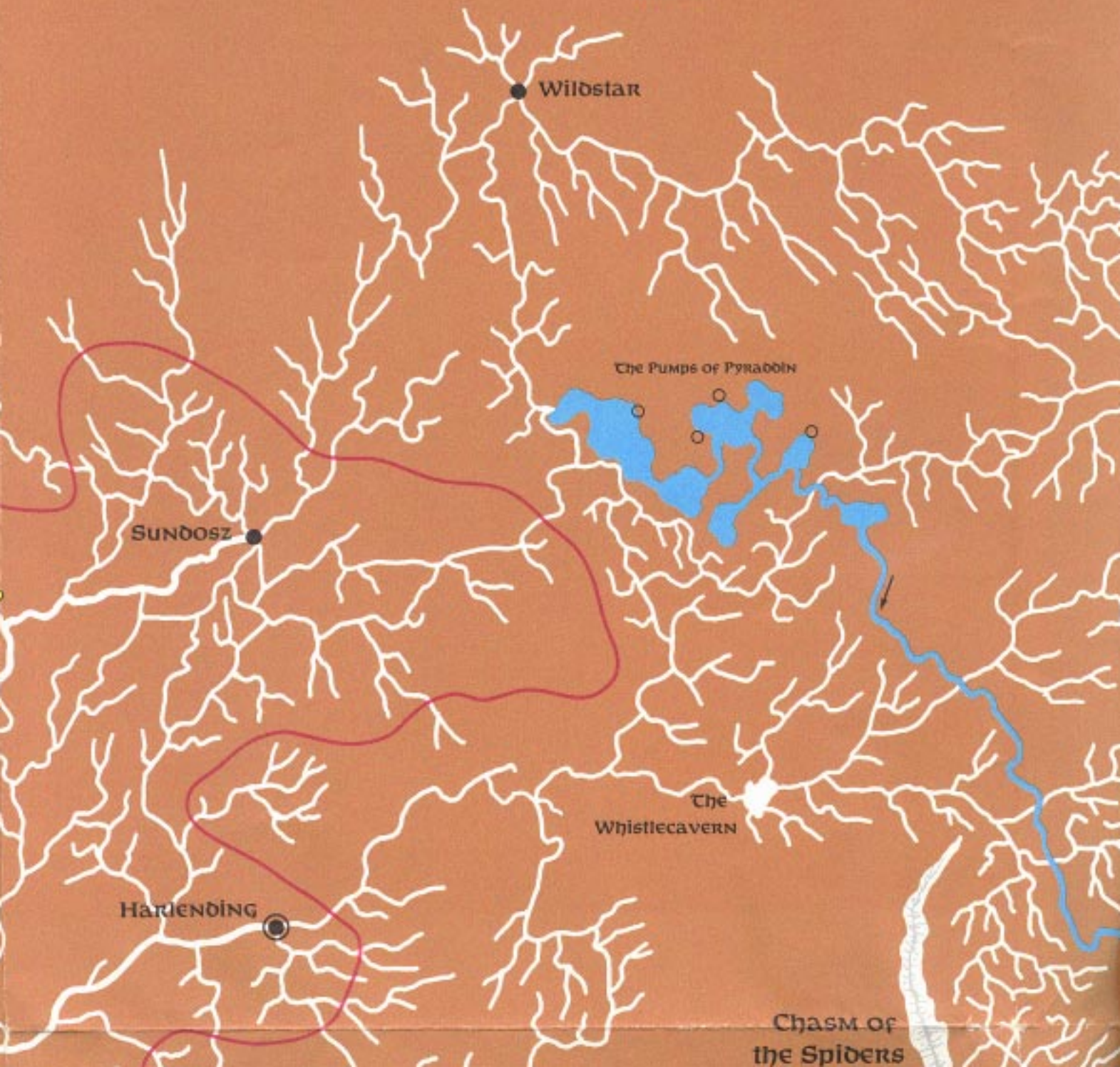

ZORD





Subterranean Map of the Deep

Showing the area and levels ruled by the dwarves

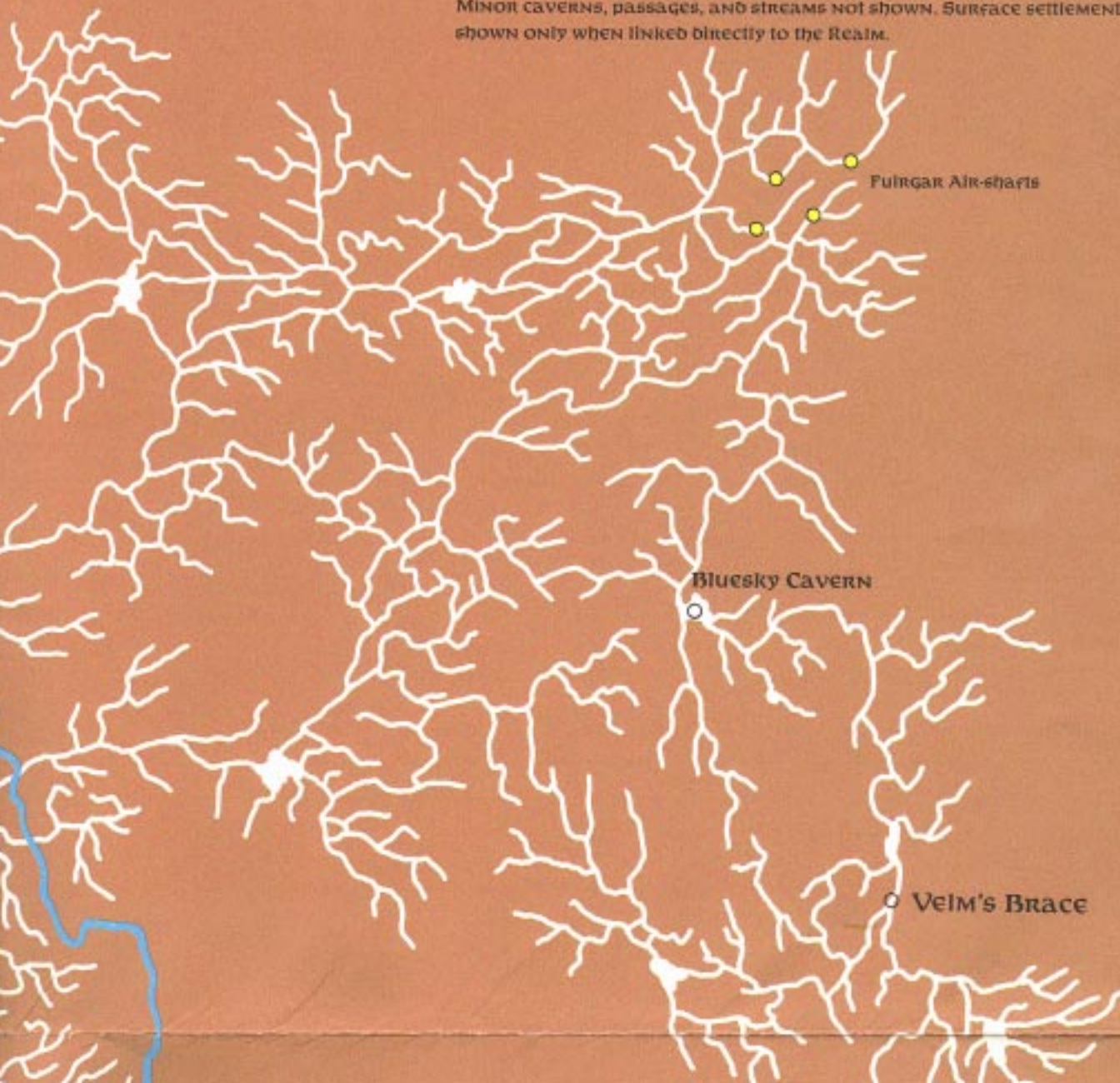


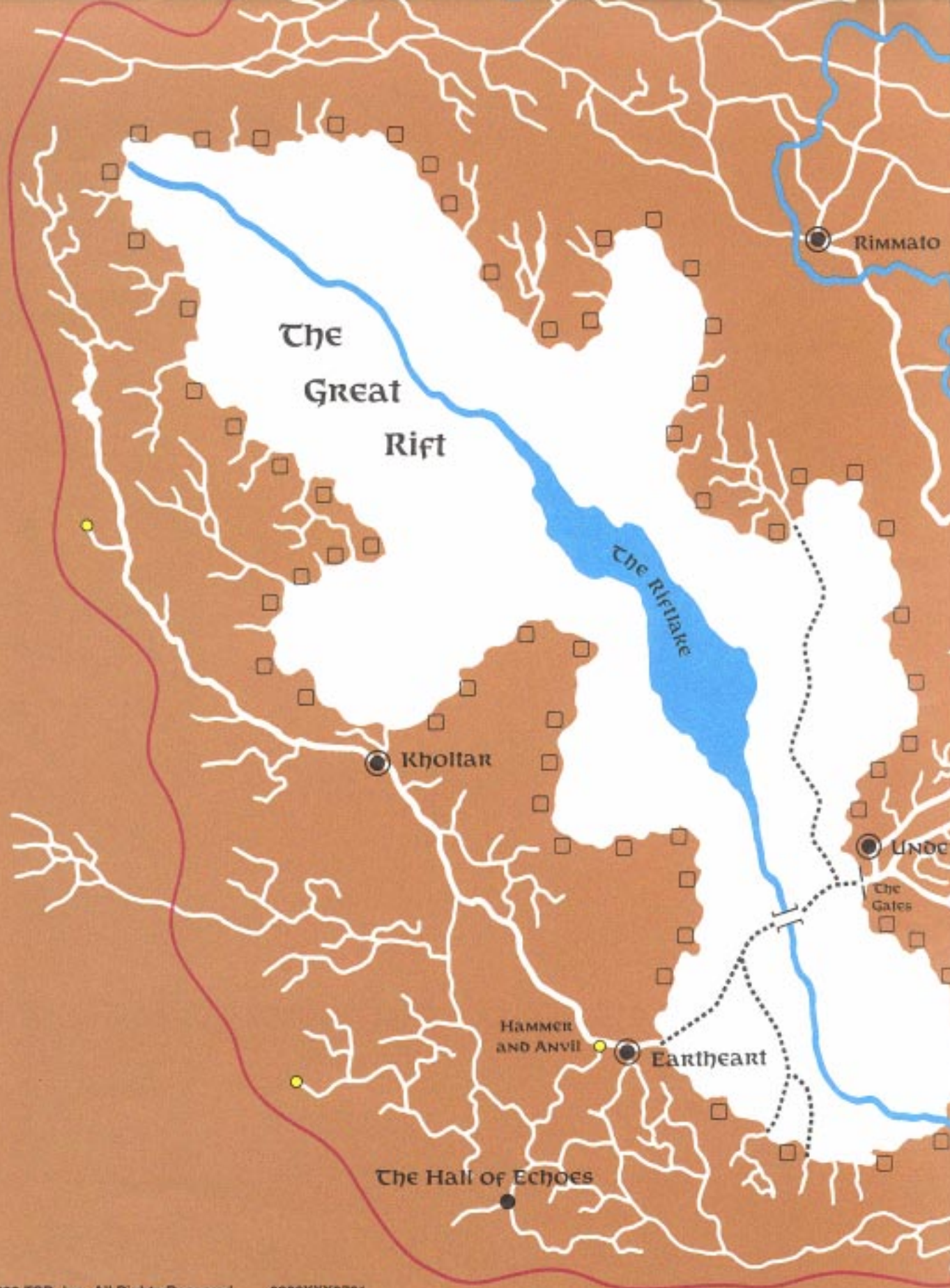
Deep Realm

CAVERNS

- City
- Town
- Village, feature
- Trail
- Underground river (arrow shows direction of flow)
- Waterfall
- Grand Cascade (river disappears into the depths)
- Major Passage (tunnel)
- Major Cavern
- Connection to the surface
- Rift Tower (fortress)
- Approximate borders of the Deep Realm

MINOR CAVERNS, passages, and streams NOT shown. Surface settlements shown only when linked directly to the Realm.





The
Great
Rift

The Riftlake

Rimmato

Kholtar

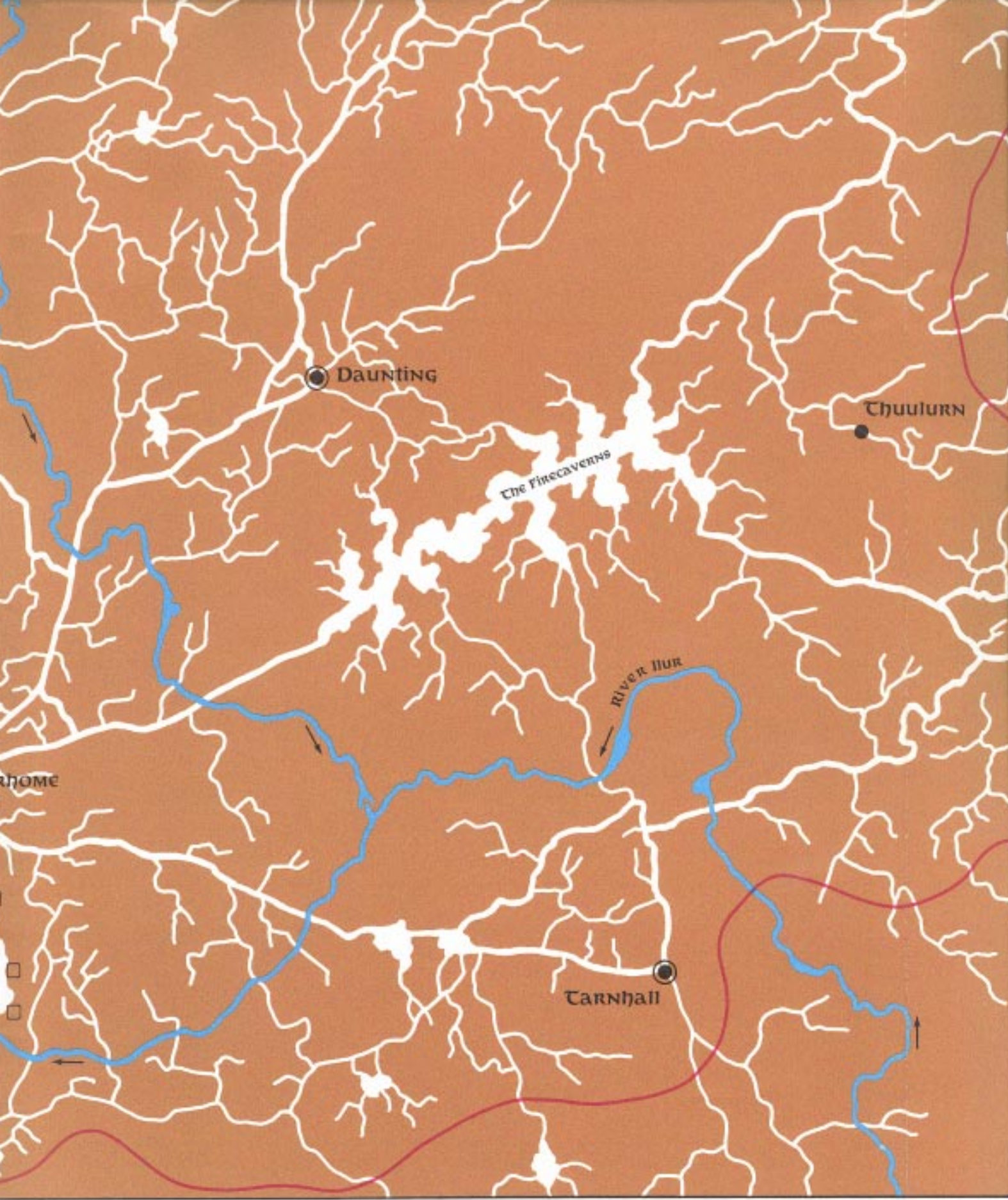
UNOC

The
Gates

HAMMER
AND ANVIL

Earthheart

The Hall of Echoes





The
Wyrmcaves

Needle Leap

Helmstar

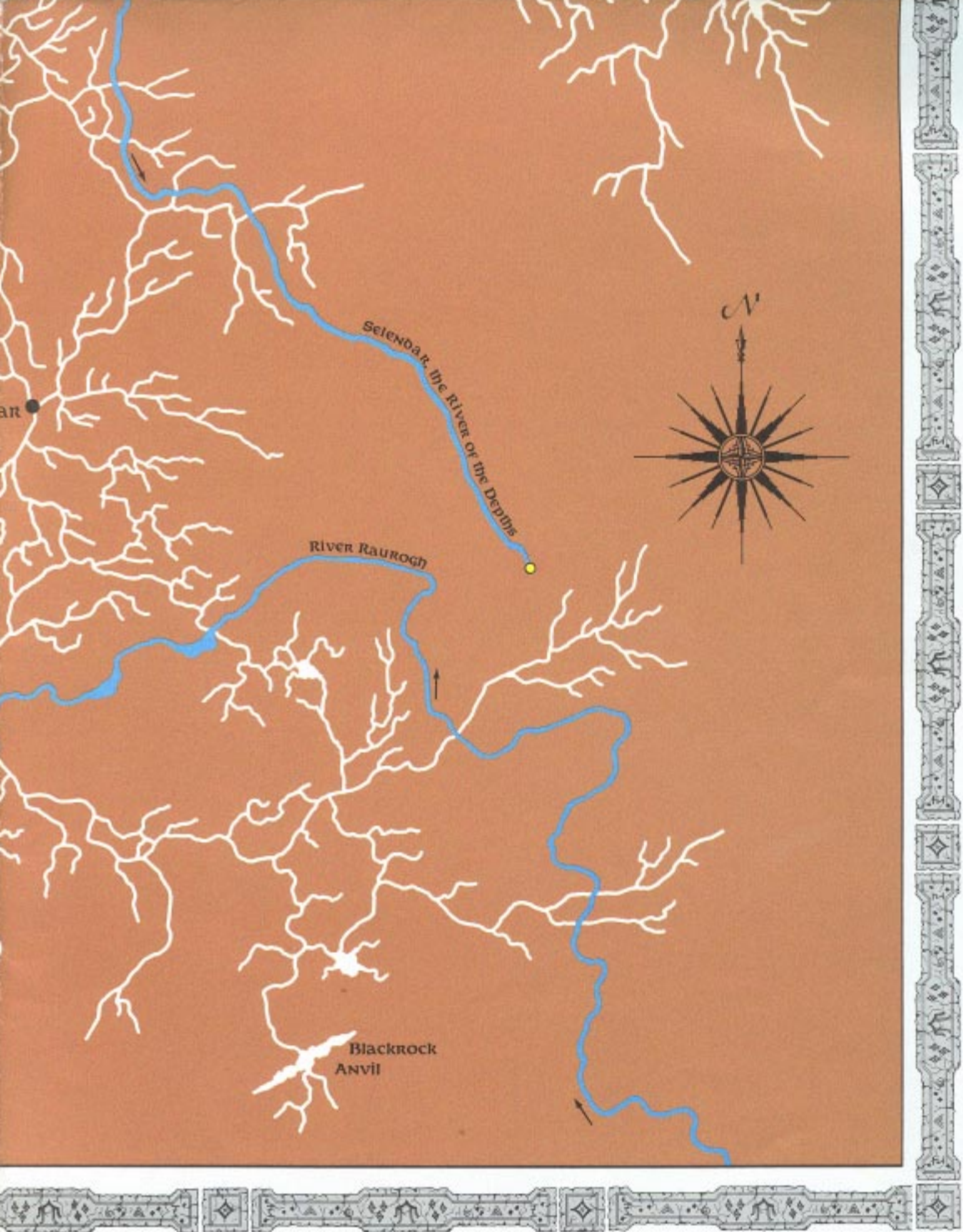
Glitterdelve

The Well of
Darkness

Runbego
Stair

The Deepfall







Official Game Accessory

Dwarves Deep

It takes most adventurers in the Realms a lifetime to learn more than a handful of the secrets of the dwarves.

The seeking costs some their lives.

But Elminster's agreed to change all that.

Welcome to Dwarves Deep.

Welcome to the secrets of the dwarves.

This sourcebook is one of a series that belongs on the bookshelf of any dungeon master exploring the rich lands (and dark under-realms) of the Forgotten Realms. It presents an introduction to the Deep Folk of Faerun, three unique races of dwarves. Virtually all of the famous "dungeons" of the Realms, explored by adventurers seeking treasure, magic, and lore, were built—and in most cases, once occupied—by the dwarves. Learn their ways and unlock their secrets.

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- Details of the dwarven language, their names and runes,
- Details of dwarven clans, priesthoods, and adventuring brotherhoods,
- Details of dwarven lands and settlements, including the fabled riches, ways, and armies of the Great Rift, the Deeps, and the Lost Kingdoms,
- New monsters and notes on dwarven halfbreeds and the special powers wielded by dwarven High Old Ones,
- Special metals and alloys used by the dwarves to hone the blades that slay their enemies,
- Dwarven beards...and much, much more!

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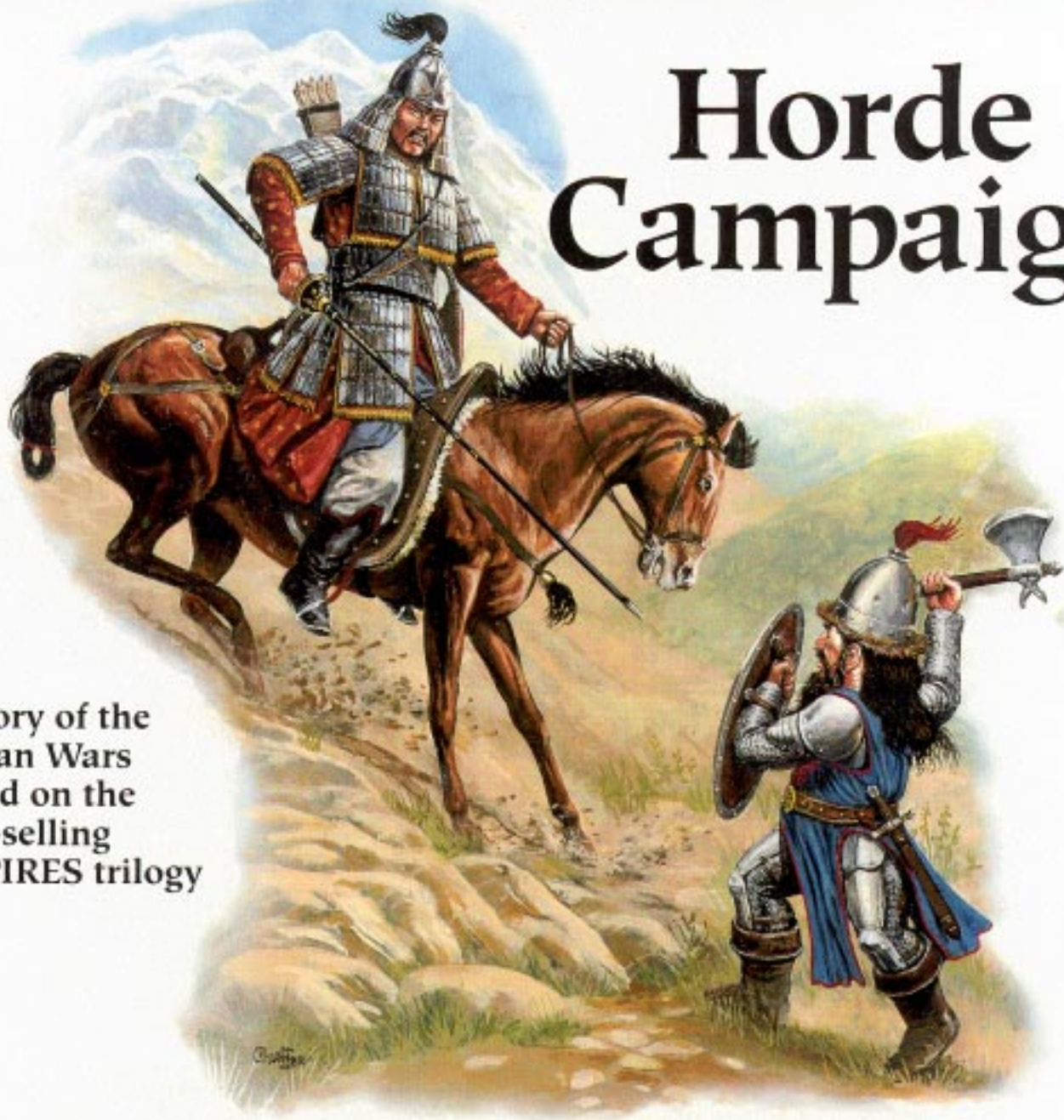
Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

9324



Horde Campaign

History of the
Tuigan Wars
Based on the
best-selling
EMPIRES trilogy



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons® 2nd Edition



Horde Campaign

by Curtis M. Scott

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I n t r o d u c t i o n

The steppe nomads have existed for millennia. References to the

horse people are found in the scrolls of lost Imaskar and the silver glyph plates of the First Emperor of Shou Lung. In each age they seem to live an unchanging existence; their customs, gods and way of life never varying for centuries.

This is no more true of the nomads than of any other people. Tribes appear and disappear, wars change grazing grounds, leaders come and go. Life on the steppe seems changeless because of the rigors of the steppe itself.

For thousands of years the peoples of Faerun and Kara-Tur dismissed the nomads as barbarians. No longer.

The Horde Wars, the Tuigan invasions of Kara-Tur and Faerun, have had a major impact on East and West. Landscapes have changed permanently, the Dragonwall is broken, and Khazari is no more. Zhentil Keep established two new outposts deep in Faerun. The consequences of Faerun unity, the result of the Tuigan threat, have yet to be assessed. No event in recent memory, save the Time of Troubles, had such an impact on the future of the Realms.

This is a history of the Horde Wars from a military perspective. It is too soon to determine what the long term effects of the Horde Wars will be, but a careful accounting of the military practices of the Horde and its opponents, and an assessment of events leading to the Wars, should provide military and political scholars with employment in the years to come.

This history follows the life of Hoekun Yamun, Khahan of the Tuigan, "Emperor of All The World", whose fortunes rose and fell with the Horde Wars. Perhaps the most striking element of the Wars is that they began with the ambitions of one man, rather than political and economic tensions. Koja of Khazari said,

"Yamun Khahan tried to make the world over in his image, to weave a picture that would encompass the entire globe!" Even in failure Yamun's name is forever engraved in the history of the Forgotten Realms.

The author is indebted to the careful renderings of events painted by Thom Reaverson's *History of the Crusade* and Koja of Khazari's *Life among the Tuigan*. Without the careful, unbiased chronicles of these scholars, none could undertake a history of the Wars with accuracy.

The author also acknowledges the assistance of the temple of Deneir in Procampur and Prelate Wenslan Amthur, for allowing him to examine the complete manuscript of Vilhiard of Procampur's *A Discovery of the World*. It is only with this older manuscript that nomad life can be understood and the rise of Yamun Khahan placed in context of the history of the Endless Waste.

How to Use This Book

This single 48 page history can be understood best if it is read in context with other material of the Horde Wars: the Horde boxed set, the Empires Trilogy (*Horselords*, *Dragonwall*, and *Crusade*), and the Empires Adventures Trilogy (*Storm Riders*, *Black Courser* and *Blood Charge*). Enough information is given here, however, to allow military gamers and FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign enthusiasts to understand the scope of the Horde Wars without them.

Miniatures gamers will also find AD&D® BATTLESYSTEM™ statistics for all participants in the Horde Wars. They will allow miniatures gamers to recreate the battles of the Horde Wars, of Yamun Khahan, General Batu Min Ho, and King Azoun. Enough general information about troop dispositions and terrain is given in each chapter to allow miniatures gamers to devise BATTLESYSTEM™ scenarios.



Chapter 1 The Coming of the Horde

"The greatest joy a man can have is victory; to conquer one's enemies, to pursue them, to deprive them of their possessions, to reduce their families to tears, to ride on their horses, to make love to their wives and daughters!"

Yamun Khahan

The Grand Army of the Tuigan, known as the Horde, was born in the violence of tribal warfare and the betrayal of a single man. Yamun, a noyan of the Hoekun (a minor tribe of the Tuigan people), son of the Khan, strangled his father in battle to gain the title. The murder was the first in a long string of draconian measures which made Yamun Khahan and "Emperor of All The World!"

Gaining control of the Hoekun (probably in 1334 DR), Yamun led his tribe against his Tuigan neighbors. He gained the alliance of another minor tribe (the Basymits), and together they raided the Jamaqua, the Dalats, and the other Tuigan tribes. After each raid, the Khahan sent emissaries with a simple offer: join him or die. Through a combination of diplomacy, treachery and warfare, Yamun secured the alliance of most of the Clan and was elected Khahan of the Tuigan.

After asserting control over his own clan he conquered the Naican, the Commani, and the Oigur. The other tribes soon joined his growing army.

This was Yamun Khahan's secret: instead of



crushing his enemies and starting blood feuds, Yamun gave the khans of the clans a chance to join him. In these ear-

ly days, dreams of world conquest governed his actions. We have little documentation of the battles among the steppe tribes. No reliable observers were there, and the Tuigan themselves have no written language. Therefore, the details gleaned by Koja of Khazari during his stay with the Tuigan must guide our analysis.

Organization of the Tribes

Those who have not lived in the Endless Waste often view the nomads of the steppe as a single people. The truth is that the barbarians are divided into many different tribes, each with its own customs, alliances, and hatreds.

The tribes of the steppe tend to follow the same organization. The basic unit is the yurt, ruled by the head of the household. A number of grouped yurts become an *obogh* (horde). The households of a single obogh typically travel, hunt and herd together, though each yurt tends its own livestock.

Three or four oboghs normally made up a small *ordu*. Larger ordus contained as many as 30 oboghs, though ordus of this size were usually found only in the more prosperous regions of the steppe. Within the ordu, certain families are considered *noyan* (noble). The hereditary leader of the ordu was the *Khan*.

Khans ruled their ordus, and each khan did as he pleased, so long as his obogh would obey him. The nomads were more likely to follow a strong leader. In the face of a weak khan, oboghs rarely separated from their ordu, waiting instead for a more ambitious scion of the noyan to come to power.

The power of a khan was determined by the military force he commanded, or the allies he

could call upon. Some khans of small ordus were greatly respected because they allied with larger ordus and could call up the warriors of allies in time of war.

Regardless of their power, khans commonly had rights and privileges granted to no other member of the ordu. It was not permitted to challenge the khan to a blood duel, and many tribes maintained that it was an ill omen to spill the blood of a khan. In return for his service to the ordu, the khan was provided the best food and lodging, although this was likely no better than that enjoyed by the head of a yurt.

Most disputes between ordus were managed through a complex web of blood ties, marriage, and obligations among the noyan. In theory, disputes between ordus were settled by peaceful means. In practice, disputes were usually settled in favor of the most powerful khan.

Despite political effort, warfare was waged between ordus. Ordus battled for grazing or water rights, raiders descended upon the oboghs of neighboring ordu to steal livestock or wives.

A tribe was made of many ordus. Tribes ranged over specific geographic areas. Although the boundaries were fluid, ordus often crossed into the territory of a neighboring tribe, creating border turmoil.

Khan was not the greatest title which could be achieved. At rare moments when faced with an outside threat or when a charismatic leader arose, the khans might "elect" a *khahan*, a great khan. Once awarded, the title could not be taken away except by force. The khahan was the ruler of all the khans of a tribe, a title of great prestige and power. It normally went to the khan having the most power and political savvy. Unless there was an obviously superior candidate, (or a crucial outside threat) even a powerful khan was not always named khahan. Only a few of the tribes had a khahan, and two in one century was extremely rare.



Rarely, a single khahan did unite the tribes by conquest and diplomacy, conquered tribes became his and others gave allegiance out of friendship or fear. Prior to Yamun Khahan, this had not happened in many centuries.

The warriors of the tribes were organized by ordu. In war, the ordu's troops were led by the khan, and the headman of each obogh led his troops obedient to the orders of his khan. Without a strong force of his own, even a khahan was hard pressed to control the disposition of an ordu's forces.

Organization of Yamun Khahan's Army

When Yamun Khahan created the Great Horde, one of his innovations was the regularization of units under his command. Without a system of regular units, managing a force of 300,000 troops would have been impossible.

It is unlikely that Yamun created the organi-

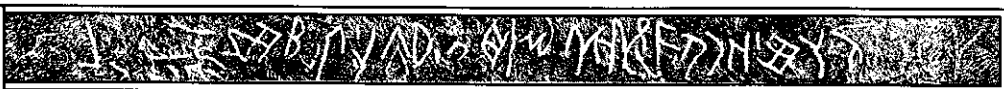
zation of his troops himself. The Lady Bay alun, Yamun's mother, had studied the philosophical writings of

Shou Lung and Khazari, and she was powerful in Yamun's councils. She probably learned the Shou system and explained it to the khahan.

The basic unit of Yamun Khahan's army was the warrior. Each warrior was assigned to an *arban*, a group of ten men. The arban chose a sergeant to command them. If one man committed a crime, all suffered. If one man was a hero, all benefited. Deserting a comrade was punished by death.

Ten arbans made a *jagun*, 100 men. The jagun acted as a single group, the sergeants choosing a commander for their jagun, the commanders were almost always noyan. Com-





monly, all men in an arban were members of the same obogh, although an obogh's warriors were often allo-

ated to more than one jagun.

Ten jaguns formed a *minghan*, 1,000 men. Minghans were commanded by a khan (or at least a noyan), the warriors usually of the same ordu.

Ten minghans were a *tumen*, 10,000 men. This was the largest unit in the Khahan's army. Commanders of the *tumen* were appointed by Yamun Khahan himself, serving under army commanders. Tumens usually held men from a single tribe, although several ordus might be represented. Army commanders were Yamun's sons, *andas* (blood-friends), and trusted generals. An army commander had two to six tumens (20-60,000 men) under his command.

These troop strengths were of course ideal. At the beginning of the Horde War, Yamun Khahan's army numbered over 30 tumens, half of which were led by Yamun Khahan himself, and all fully staffed. As the war progressed and casualties increased, it became increasingly difficult to merge depleted tumens without encountering inter-tribal or inter-ordu conflicts. There were 17 tumens at the invasion of Rashemen, but the army was only about 100,000 strong.

Yamun himself was in command of the army commanders, and in addition led his own *tumen*: the *Kashik*. This special bodyguard was divided among day guards (*turgut*) and night guards (*kebtut*). They were easily identified by their black kalats, a uniform no others wore. Many of the *Kashik* were members of the Hoekun ordu; others were warriors whose courage or devotion caught Yamun's attention.

Discipline in Yamun's army was very different from the tribal rule which it replaced. Yamun Khahan was the ultimate appeal: only

he could sentence a man to death. But Yamun, cruel as any other Tuigan, routinely held for the commander making the fatal request.

Much of the Khahan's discipline was meant to transform the nomads from bands of raiders into a world conquering army. To stop inter-tribal warfare, Yamun outlawed plunder and raids, punishing violators with death. Minor infractions, failing to attend the Khahan, were punished with wooden rod beatings; more severe infractions (sleeping on guard) were punished with maiming or death.

Arms and Armor

Typical nomad warriors were well equipped for warfare on the steppe, but the type of armor he wore depended upon his resources. The common warrior wore a leather or horsehide *kalat*, a long coat. Kalats, heavily padded, usually extended down below the knees. A fur cap with long ear flaps served as a helm. A few carried light wicker round shields, mounted at the saddle side or across the warrior's back. Most rejected the shield; it interfered with the bow.

Wealthy warriors acquired armor made in neighboring civilized lands. Scale mail was most common, and chain mail tunics were not unknown. Some khans had banded mail made of plates tightly overlapping and riveted to a leather undercoat. This was not universal. Yamun himself had a steel gorget and bracers tooled with tigers and dragons.

Most nomads who could afford it wore conical bronze helms or fur trimmed skullcaps supporting narrow bronze or iron plates. These occasionally trailed tassels of chain mail to protect the neck. These helms were characteristic of the steppe, where warriors often cut at enemies' necks as they rode by.

Although the steppe warriors did not generally make their own armor, there were exceptions. The warriors of the Oigur tribe constructed loose fitting scale mail by stitching large bronze plates outside their kalats. The Pazruki of the Ama basin cured elk hides into



thick, inflexible leather armor.

The weapons of the steppe were designed to be used from horseback. The favored weapon was the composite bow, its length and power suited to horsemen. The bow was made of short pieces of springy wood fastened firmly around a central core of sinew. Light arrows were used for long range fire, heavy broad-headed arrows for close range; 100-400 of each type were carried.

The grip of the composite bow was set low, rather than being centered as in most bows. This allowed the bow to be easily used on horseback, the lower portion of the bow less likely to foul in the horse's tack.

The slender, curved sword was the preferred melee weapon, though most nomads carried daggers of one form or another. Knife fighting was an honored art among the yurts of the steppe. In cavalry charge and attack, the most terrible Tuigan weapon was the lance. A thin pole, 9'-12' long, was slung over the neck of the small nomad pony and used to attack slower animals.

The Tuigan were fond of lance contests; accuracy was a prized ability in a Tuigan warrior. Contests included ring capture and birding. Rings of narrowing sizes were snatched by lance from a full gallop. In birding, small birds were released before a galloping rider to be plucked from the air.

Other weapons of the steppe were primarily used for hunting. The most common hunting weapon was the pole lasso. A length of rope was fastened to the far end of a pole 12 to 15 feet in length, then formed into a loop and run back down the pole to the rider. The hunter slipped the noose over the head of a herd animal and closed the loop. It was also used to capture an enemy. Urging a mount to full gallop, the victim was dragged to his death.

The other major "weapon" of the steppe was the horse. The Tuigan rode ponies thirteen or fourteen hands high, which were watered once a day and mostly fed on wild grasses. An army on the move had four times as many

horses as men, that their horses need not be ridden every day. Spares were left behind in battle, insuring fresh

mounts. This accounted for the phenomenal speed of the nomads. Their horses were not barded nor were they trained to battle, as Faerun war horses. But a steppe pony did not shy from clashing swords.

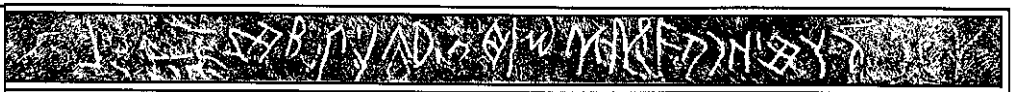
The nomads did not have siege equipment, though they saw it used in the Shou invasion (Chapter 4). Moving heavy siege engines would have slowed the army, and the nomads greatest weapon was speed. During later events in the Wars, the Yuigan were to use captured siege equipment (rams and catapults), serviced by captives.

Tactics of the Tribes

Tactics in tribal warfare were usually hit and run. An ordu typically sent 50 to 100 warriors on a raiding party, striking at outlying herds or a central encampment of yurts. The purpose was to steal as much as possible and escape with the spoils.

With the tactical speed possible only to horse warriors, the nomads were masters of the feint, feigned retreat, and forced encirclement. Children learned the ebb and flow of horse combat as youth of Faerun learned to thrust and parry with a sword. Although some Shou scholars referred to nomad tactics as "cowardly," they were in fact carefully constructed stratagems.

The feint practiced by the steppe warriors involved bringing a credible force to bear on but one side of a defender's camp. Enemy warriors would then concentrate their forces to defend against the attack. A second force of nomads would then appear and descend upon their unprotected rear. Mounted, it was a simple matter for the warriors' party to circle just out of sight of the camp, and strike at any per-



ceived weak point. If a camp was too well protected, the horsemen of the steppe devised the

feigned retreat to

draw them out. A small raiding force would assault the camp, then, when the defenders came to drive them off, the warriors would "rout". The defenders would pursue the "defeated" force into the swords and lances of the counter attack force.

Against less mobile forces, the nomads employed forced encirclement. In this maneuver, the faster nomad warriors surrounded the enemy, simultaneously attacking the enemy force from the front, the flank and the rear.

Commonly, the nomads attacked in force, choosing weak and undefended targets. In these assaults, the nomads were canny. If a particular point was too strong, they would break off, depending on their speed to bring them to another camp, caravan or village with less stubborn defenses.

Nomad charges were initially carried with lances, but once through the defender's lines the Tuigan quickly switched to swords, hacking their enemies' reserves. Some charges were intended to position attackers inside massed forces, creating havoc and forcing the enemy to break formation. This type of tactical charge left large numbers of nomad casualties; surrounded by the enemy, they died. Still, the Tuigan used them against those they believed to be weak or demoralized.

Another element of the nomads tactics was an almost complete avoidance of the use of war magic. Part of their reluctance was due to the khahan's poor relationship with the shamans, though even before the Wars, nomad distrust of magic was common knowledge.

Not only did they not use magic, but it tended to frighten them. Several times during the Horde Wars, when magic was used against them, their attacks ceased. The magical at-

tacks terrorized horses and panicked warriors. Only twice (the battle of Shou Khan and the Battle of Dragonwall) did the nomads use any extensive magic in battle. Most of the army were uninvolved with shamans.

Tactics of Yamun Khahan

Yamun Khahan's tactics were typical of the steppe. In addition to multi-pronged attacks and feints, Yamun Khahan initiated several strategies extremely useful against foot soldiers.

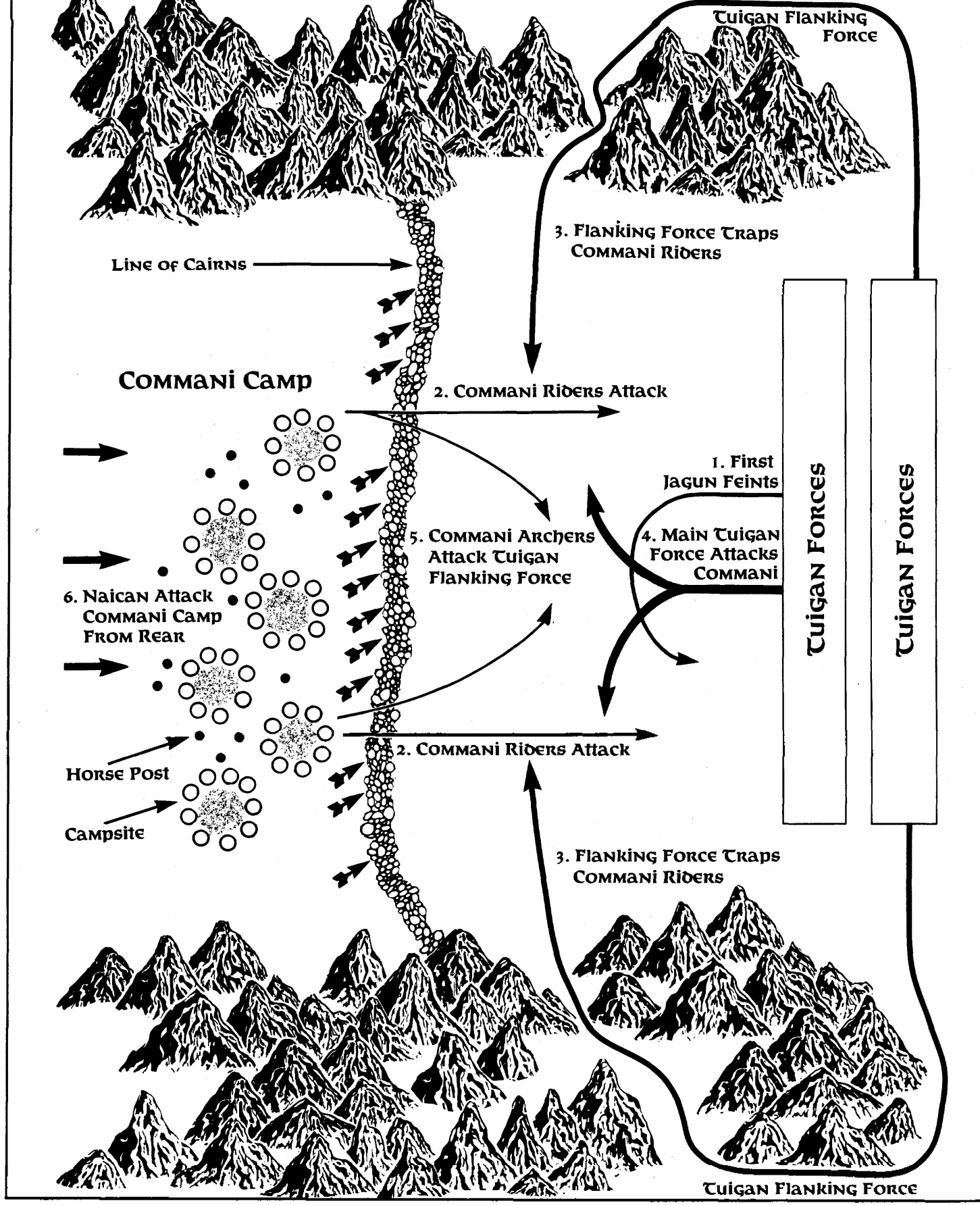
The Khahan pioneered the use of war drums, horns, and waving standards as signaling systems. Prior to Yamun's rise to power, few nomad forces ever became large enough to require coordination. Yamun developed a complex set of horn calls and other signals to communicate his commands to his men. It should be noted that he may have acquired this technique from the Shou, as he did his military organization. Each minghan had a set of war drums which allowed the commander to relay information to his own troops and to the Khahan.

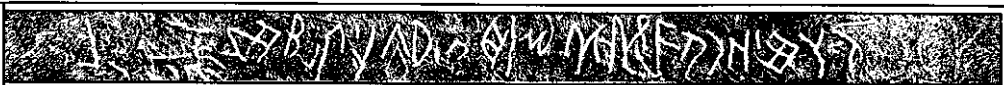
Yamun Khahan also developed a variation on the feinting charge. Checking his forces at missile range, he fired volleys of arrows at the enemy, using these feints to gather intelligence about the enemy's bowmen and magic. The sight of so many warriors raining death on their troops often prompted commanders to commit their most mobile or highest ranged forces.

Strategically, Yamun Khahan was clever and innovative. He established a network of Imperial messengers who would ride across the steppe changing horses at pre-arranged way stations. Through this network messages could travel nearly 100 miles in a day. A message could be brought from the farthest extent of the steppe to Yamun's capital at Quaraband within two weeks.

He managed the morale problem of maintaining a large army on the steppe by ordering

Battle of Mount Bogdo (Tuigan/Naican vs. Commani)





each commander to rotate a portion of his troops home while they were not engaged in campaign. Ordu then were not

left without men, and the limited grass of the steppe, near army campsites, was not overgrazed. Yamun established a corps of special officers assigned to select camps and arrange supplies. These “yurtchis” formed the nucleus of a disciplined logistics corps, maintaining mobility despite the increasing size of the nomad armies.

The Conquest of the Commani: Tarsakh (April) 11, 1338.

The Commani were one of the first tribes to fall to Yamun Khahan. A powerful tribe, they had been divided for several years. Three different contenders vied for the Khahanate, and none could arrange the necessary support without an external threat.

The future of the Commani was forever changed when Yamun became khan of the Hoekun. Abatai, one of the most powerful khans of the Commani, promised his daughter to Yamun when he came of age. When Yamun strangled his father, Abatai refused him his bride.

The rise of Yamun and his strong alliance with the Naican tribe alarmed many Commani khans. When raiders from the Tuigan began picking off ordus on the Commani’s eastern border, a council was hastily called. Abatai was elected Khahan of the Commani and given the task of defeating the Tuigan upstart.

Before Abatai could assemble an army, Yamun Khahan decided to take revenge. Revenge for the insult of having been refused Abatai’s daughter. He assembled an army of four minghans (4,000 men) of the Naican and Tuigan tribes to destroy the Commani.

The Commani camped on the Rusj River,

near Mount Bogdo. A storm on the steppe allowed Yamun to move his army close to the Commani, undetected.

The Disposition of Forces

The Commani were camped in a low, narrow valley in the foothills of Mount Bogdo. Their camp was fortified with cairns erected hastily, drawing a rough line across the center of the valley. When the Tuigan reached the camp, 3,000 warriors were mounted and camp was being struck. Many were not mounted, and most were neither in armor nor prepared.

The Tuigan were more than prepared. Yamun had taken advantage of a moonless night to send the Naican to the other end of the valley. Once the Commani were drawn out, they would be crushed between the Tuigan and the Naican.

The Flow of Battle

The first charge was at dawn. One minghan of Tuigan entered the valley from the east to draw the Commani out of the valley and prevent an ambush. After a brief exchange of arrow fire with the fortified nomads, the jagun retreated, apparently in disarray.

Abatai, not entirely sure of the size of the force he was fighting, committed 700 men to driving the jagun from the valley. Seeing the success of their stratagem, the Tuigan went into a full false rout, hoping to draw the Commani into their trap. They succeeded. From the point of view of the Commani remaining at the camp, 700 men routed a much larger force. Abatai was about to give the order for the remainder of his forces to commit when his attacking force suddenly realized the size of the Tuigan army. Nearly 2,000 Tuigan waited at the end of the pass. The Commani spun, fleeing the countercharge.

The escaping Commani quickly came under the umbrella of the archers who remained in camp. A withering curtain of arrow fire began



to slow the charge. The Tuigan committed, sure that the Naican were coming to support them. They were severely hurt before breaking off.

Lack of the relief force quickly cost Yamun nearly 300 men. Yamun considered sounding retreat, but decided against it. He assumed that his rear attack force had been detected and lost, and decided to gamble the remainder of the battle on a desperate strategy.

He sent 400 men into the foothills around to the north and south of the pass. The remaining Tuigan would taunt the Commani into coming out of their fortifications. If it worked, the main Tuigan force would stand at the east end of the pass and fire into the trapped Commani; the men in the foothills would prevent them from escaping north or south. Simultaneously, the trapped warriors would block the archers.

The Tuigan warriors succeeded in drawing nearly 1,000 Commani into the valley, but they did not stop the Commani archers for long. The trapped Commani realized their danger and a few fled back across the cairns to the safety of the western side. Most charged Yamun's main force.

The warriors in the foothills saw a chance

for glory by charging the attacking Commani, trapping them between two Tuigan forces.

Disobeying orders, they charged into the valley, right into the Commani archers' line of fire.

Fortunately for the Tuigan, the Naican force which had worked its way around the pass had finally arrived. Two thousand Naican warriors fell upon the barricaded Commani from behind, dealing enormous destruction, and preventing further Tuigan losses.

Final Outcome

When the second wave arrived, the Commani fell. Yamun lost over 1,000 men but the Commani were defeated.

After the conquest of Abatai's army, Yamun offered terms: acknowledge Yamun as khahan of all the tribes or die. Ordus whose Khans acknowledged Yamun were accepted as members of the glorious army of the Tuigan. Those who did not, he executed or enslaved all males who could not pass beneath a cart hitch.

Chapter 2 The War of Semphar

"The brave man's word is a coat of mail."
al-Hamid, the Lion of Semphar

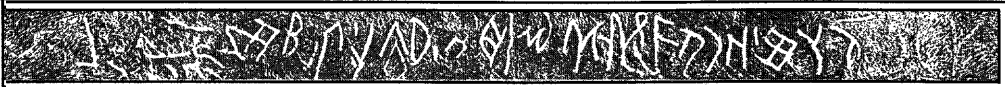
"Towers are measured by their shadows;
great men by their slanderers!"
Abu Bakr, Caliph of Semphar

Although the rise of Yamun Khahan was one of the pivotal events in the history of the Endless Waste, it went virtually unnoticed until the Year of the Dragon (1352 DR). That year,

the armies of Yamun Khahan turned their attentions to the wealthy caravans of The Silk Road and The Golden Way.

The first raids were minor, and the caravan masters wrote off lost caravans as accidental. As the number of lost caravans increased and survivors made their way back to civilization, the tale of the lost caravans was told.

By the beginning of the Year of the Serpent (1359 DR), the nations bordering the trade ways decided that a meeting was necessary to discuss the Tuigan threat. A council was called by the Caliph of Semphar on Alturiak (February) 15, at his palace in Dhaztanar to resolve the problem. Cormyr, the Dalelands, Sembia, Impiltur, Thesk, Rashemen, Mulhorand, even far Khazari and Shou Lung all sent emissaries.



When Yamun Khahan was told of the council by his agents he sent his own envoy: the anda General Chanar Ogh Kho,

and an "honor guard" of 10,000 warriors. There, Chanar Ogh Kho presented Yamun Khahan's proposal to the assembly: a tax on all caravans and acceptance of the Khahan as emperor of all, or die.

The Lords were defiant. King Azoun of Cormyr was most eloquent in rejecting the Khahan's proposal, the other Lords agreed. General Chanar was told that the lands of Faerun and Kara-Tur were not under the rule of the Khahan, nor was Yamun "Emperor Of All The World."

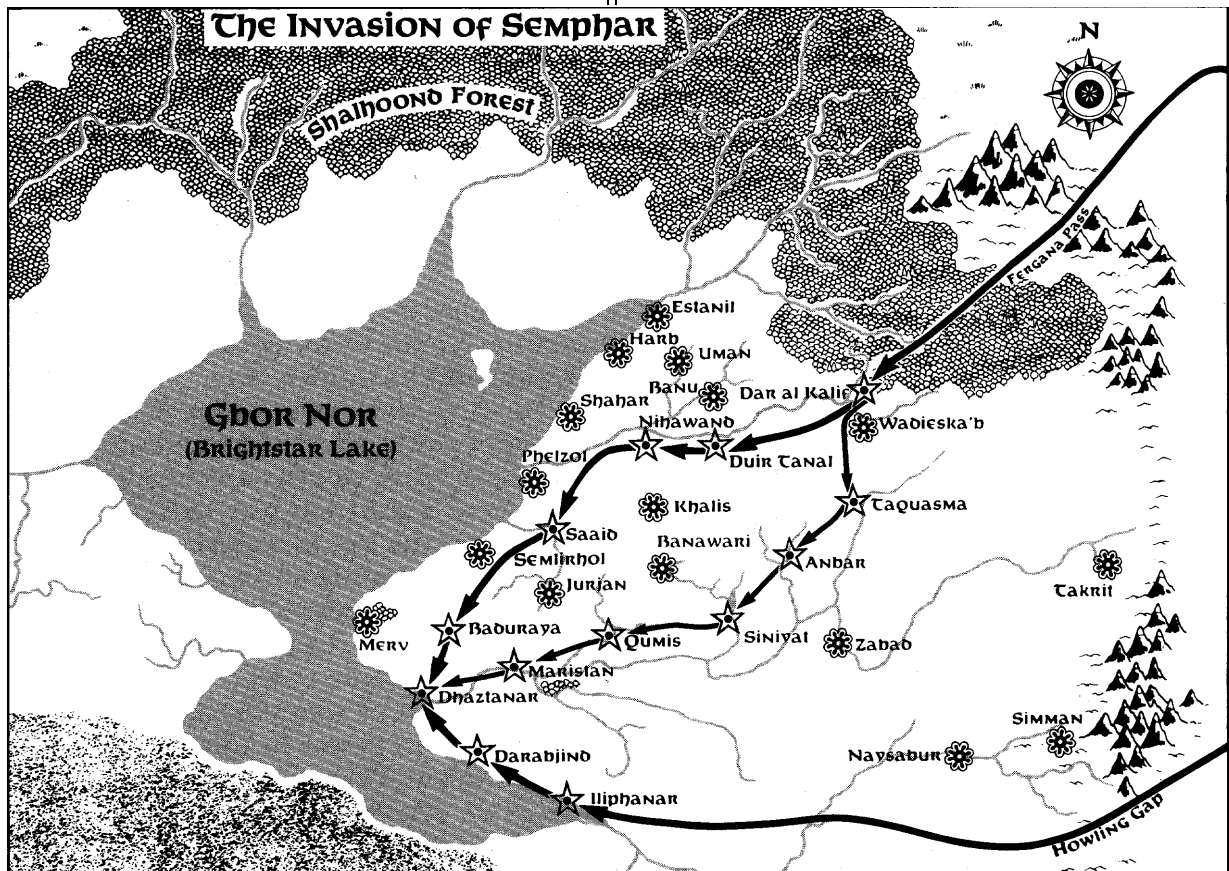
Abu Bakr, Caliph of Semphar, sent five *changs* of cavalry to escort the "honor guard"

of General Chanar out of Semphar. The council then decided to increase troop strength for caravans, and tentatively agreed to band their caravans together for defense.

Once rebuffed, the Khahan did not merely continue to raid caravans. When he learned of the council's decision, he ordered his son Hubadai to attack and conquer Semphar.

Hubadai's army comprised five tumens—50,000 men. He divided them into three detachments. The first, of 20,000 men, poured through Howling Gap, along the Silk Road, through Iliphanar and Darabjind. The second and third defeated the garrison at Fergana Pass on Ches (March) 7, 1359 DR, and headed southwest into the Shalhoond forest.

The two forces then split. The second force of 10,000 men headed south through Taquasma, then southwest through Anbar and Siniyat, subduing resistance there. After Siniyat, they turned west through Qumis and Maristan.





The third force, consisting of 20,000 men, led by Hubadai himself, swept west through Duir-tanal and Nihawand. After conquering these insignificant towns, they turned southwest again, passing through Saaid and Baduraya.

The three forces met at the Semphari capital of Dhaztanar. Hubadai's arrived first, reaching the city on Ches 30, the remaining troops arrived within the next few days. A brief siege, and the nomads burst into Dhaztanar under false flags of truce, plundering the outer city.

Despite their determination, they could not penetrate the Madinat, the central keep which protected the crystal palace of the Caliph. They made several attempts, but the narrow brick streets and high stone walls stymied their limited siegecraft. Hubadai contented himself with plundering Dhaztanar and declared Semphar to be part of the empire of Yamun Khahan. He appointed administrators to rule in the name of the Khahan, and left a small garrison to besiege the Madinat. Hubadai returned with the remainder of his forces to the steppe. The Tuigan garrison used the Semphari's own siege equipment and sappers against the Madinat. By Mirtul (May) 19, the Caliph conceded the Madinat to the Tuigan commander, yielding Semphar to Yamun Khahan.

Organization of the Semphari Army

The army of Semphar was a professional army; most of its troops made the military a career. It had been restructured by the great Caliph al-Hamid, the Lion of Semphar, who was succeeded as Caliph by his son, Abu Bakr. Abu Bakr had allowed the army to decay into a cadre of sycophant officers and demoralized troops.

In organization, Semphari armies followed the model established by the ancient Imaskari Empire. Each unit was organized by category. There was a High General of Cavalry, a High General of Infantry, a General of the Siege, a High Wizard of Warfare, etc. When a force was

formed, a Commander of the Faithful was appointed by the Caliph and furnished with troops from each service. To drive off bandits, the Commander of the Faithful might be allocated cavalry, some infantry, and a few wizards, each unit having its own commander.

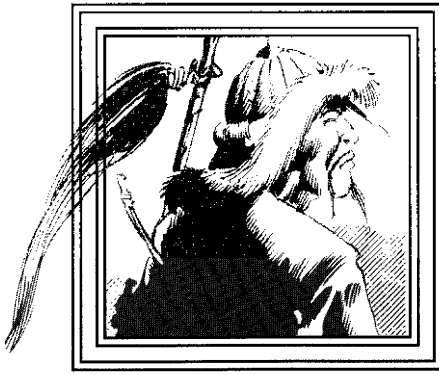
Branches of the army were organized differently. The infantry was divided into companies of 120 men. Thirty companies formed a *niqom*, or legion, of 3600 men and staff officers. The basic cavalry unit was a cadre of 60 horsemen. The *chang*, or march, consisted of 60 units. The mages of Semphar fought in units of 12 sorcerers, led by a wizard of great power.

Even within a branch, units specialized. The infantry was comprised of skirmishers, slingers, spearmen, heavy infantry and archers, each in their own *niqom*. The cavalry had *chang*s of both heavy and light cavalry.

Under al-Hamid, this prospered into a potent system for the deployment of forces. Commanders of the Faithful were selected from all of the services. They were well known for personal bravery and tactical skill. Entering the ranks of the Commanders of the Faithful was a high honor, the achievement of lifelong service and loyalty. The individual forces assigned to a Commander were each led by an officer familiar with their capabilities and best able to advise the Commander on the use of his troop.

After the rise of Abu Bakr this practice was neglected. Officers were promoted by the Caliph, and Abu Bakr paid most attention to those who flattered him. He became enamored with the cavalry and their grand spectacles. He filled the ranks of the Commanders of the Faithful with cavalry officers, creating hard feelings and diminishing the cooperation of the various units. Many of these Commanders were less than inspired and others





refused all advice and assistance from their subordinates. They trusted instead their own innate abilities and stud-

ied of the art of war, often from a scroll in the library!

The wizards in particular resented the loss of their favored status, and refused to cooperate with the haughty cavalry commanders. The Caliph in turn punished the wizards and scattered them. Retiring the few wizard Commanders remaining, he prevented the formation of an organized mage opposition.

It was this last action that left Semphar and Dhaztanar open to Tuigan invasion. Only a handful of wizards were available to oppose the Tuigan. The Caliph's favored cavalry, in all its finery, were inadequately trained—no match for the savage power and skill of the nomads. Many of the infantry were lost in a foolish sally, led by a glory seeking Commander, against the Tuigan. Still, nearly two niqoms remained to fight the nomads in the city streets and defend the walls of the Madinat.

Arms and Armor of the Semphari

The warriors of Semphar were well equipped. Even the most humble foot soldier (except skirmishers) wore a long tunic of ring mail. Officers wore brilliantly polished chain mail. Heavy Cavalry Officers wore plate mail and their horses were barded.

All soldiers wore the traditional robes and turbans of the Semphari; colors indicating service and rank. Infantrymen wore white, cavalrymen yellow, sappers grey, and mages wore a light blue. Darker turbans also indicated rank. The Caliph wore a black turban marking his exalted rank.

The weapons of the Semphari displayed lit-

tle of the variation seen in the nomad army. Soldiers were issued weapons appropriate for their niqom or chang and, officers excepted, were not permitted any other. Preferred were the spear and scimitar. The Semphari trained to use the scimitar in an unusual back handed style. The hilt was gripped so that the blade extended forearm to elbow, then slashed as if the blade were part of the forearm. This style was somewhat difficult for the nomads to defend against when first encountered, but was not appreciably superior to the normal extended sword position.

Some chang had experimented with the unwieldy khopesh for its exotic look, but in the face of its shortcomings, its use was abandoned in Semphar.

Semphari skirmishers used the sling, and were widely known for accuracy with the special form of shot which they used. Rather than round, the shot was long with a sharp end, shaped much like a miniature war dart. It was heavy, and could do considerable damage even to an armored opponent. Semphari archers used the short bow, but archery was not common in Semphar. Having little timber of their own, the wood for their bows had to be imported from Shalhoond.

Semphari light infantrymen carried medium size round shields charged with the emblem of their company. The heavy infantry carried war shields protecting most of the body. Cavalrymen favored light bucklers which could be carried on the saddle and used in close combat.

Fighting Tactics of the Semphari

Under al-Hamid, the Semphari were talented and imaginative warriors. Their battles were marked by the precision of their troops and their flexibility. The Commander of the Faithful employed extensive signals using giant, bellows blown ram's horns to control even the largest force. Horn codes were assigned to each unit and order, so that in a matter of seconds, the Commander of the Faithful could



deliver precise commands to any unit on the field. This gave him excellent control of each individual unit, while maintaining enough unit autonomy to fight effectively.

One problem with the signaling system was that it sent messages only one way. The individual units had no method of signaling the Commander of the Faithful except by messenger or magical notice—a service not usually available to every unit. Thus, even when one of the units had information which the Commander might need, he often did not receive it. To balance this, a diviner was generally attached to the staff of the Commander, providing a mage's eye view of the battle, and helping to gather intelligence.

Coordination of forces suffered under Abu Bakr. The hostility between service branches, and within some branches, led to an intense rivalry for glory within Semphar's military. In battle each unit acted with almost total autonomy. Coordination with other units occurred only when necessary. Abu Bakr confused the divisiveness in his army with increased military ardor, encouraging such action on the part of his troops as heroic, despite the protests of his Commanders.

In terms of individual unit tactics, however, the Semphari were still to be respected. Their infantry was well led and capable of precisely executing complex maneuvers—the single benefit of precision drilling for Abu Bakr. The cavalry was less talented, having spent little time in actual battle, though the occasional chang could still be found which had been hardened in battle with bandits of the Raurin desert. The wizards and sappers maintained their skills, but both groups were out of favor with Abu Bakr; the wizards for the reasons stated above. The sappers were ignored because the Caliph considered their traditional work to be beneath a soldier's dignity. His attitude insured they would be unlikely to have much influence on the course of battle.

The Battle of the Eastern Gate: Tarsakh (April) 2, 1359 DR



Hubadai's forces seized the city of Dhaztanar in mid spring, in the Year of the Serpent. During the attack, a large force of nomads under Gugan Cho Han, a subcommander, made a forced rush at the Eastern Gate of the Madinat, hoping to burst through it and take city. It was the battle for the Eastern Gate which determined the fate of the Madinat, and of the nation of Semphar.

The Disposition of Forces

Three minghams of nomads (3,000 men) charged through the *Shari-souk*, the Market Quarter of Dhaztanar, trying to reach the Eastern Gate before it was closed. The Gate had been opened by one of the infantry niqom which had been guarding the Shari-souk and attempting a strategic retreat into the Madinat.

Within the Madinat, Abu Bakr watched the battle beside the Commander of the Faithful for city defense. With the nomads approaching, Abu Bakr ordered the Commander to seal the Madinat, knowing that this would trap Semphar's own soldiers outside the gates to face the steppe warriors alone. When the Commander refused to condemn his own men, Abu Bakr executed him and ordered that the gates be closed. This prevented the nomads and the friendly infantry from entering the citadel, and assured the destruction of the niqom.

In this instance, the disobedience of the separate forces worked to Semphar's benefit. The wizards, outraged at the sacrifice of the infantrymen, began firing spells into the nomads hoping to give the infantry more time. Meanwhile, the palace guard approached to close



Chapter 3

The Conquest of Khazari

“A sheaf without a sheaf band is straw!”
Prince Ogandi, to a council of his nobles.

While Hubadai rained misery on the forces of Semphar, the main body of Yamun Khahan’s army, nearly 50,000 strong, moved across the steppe toward the eastern land of Khazari. Yamun Khahan sought to conquer Khazari as he had Hubadai conquer Semphar. He wanted to punish the impudence of the lands which had met in council against him and to secure dominance and control of east/west trade.

The border between the Endless Waste and Khazari was marked by Katakoro Shan, a vast mountain range dominating the eastern border of the steppe, south of the Dragonwall. Steep and treacherous, only two passes would allow an army the size of Yamun Khahan’s to enter Khazari—Alashan and Manass.

Alashan was the main western gateway to Khazari. The Silk Road passed through the city at the pass, and Alashan’s immense fortifications were a man made mountain blocking the pass. In addition, smaller fortresses, strategically placed, dotted the pass approaching the city. Large forces, filing through the narrow pass, could be held at bay by small groups of archers.

Between the garrisons of the pass fortifications and the city defenses, nearly 7,000 men were on active duty in Alashan. Reserves who could be called to war could double that number.

Manass, on the other hand, acted primarily as a barrier to prevent passage through the natural breach in the Katakoro Shan. The city was situated roughly in the center of the pass, so that Manass’ archers commanded the passage to either side. Manass did not block the entire pass as the wall at Alashan did. A complement of 5,000 men could be called up to

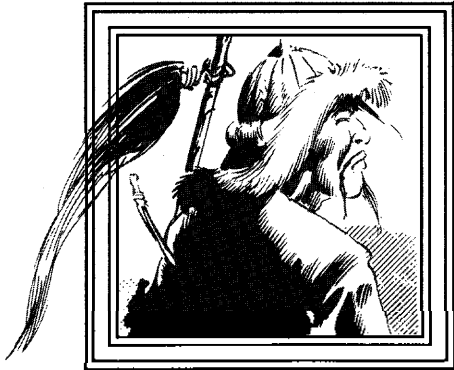
garrison the walls, including 3,000 regular cavalry and 2,000 irregular infantry. The cavalry often raided nearby nomad villages to keep them from encroaching too closely on civilized domains.

Yamun Khahan selected Manass as his entry point into Khazari. He arrived on Ches (March) 19, 1359 DR with 6,000 men, leaving the rest to infiltrate other, narrower, passes through the mountains. An envoy was sent to demand Manass’ surrender. The governor, Sanjar al-Mulk, thought the Tuigan a small bandit force, and executed the Tuigan honor guard. He sent the envoy back to Yamun, with the guards heads as his refusal. Thus, Yamun Khahan came to fight his first great battle against a walled city.

Organization of the Khazari Army

The armed forces of Khazari were divided into hundreds of independent companies, each led by a single knight or governor. Leadership positions were hereditary, and feuding between rival nobles was common. Khazari was divided into opposing factions.

Each private army was organized differently. As would be expected in a former Shou protectorate, most nobles copied the Shou system of military units based on the number 20 (Chapter 5). Many of the weaker nobles did not bother to structure their forces so rigidly. Some used the same system as the Shou, but based them on 16, 15, 12, or even 8 men. This was especially common in older houses whose wealth had diminished, but who had no desire to lose the honor of their ancestors. A Khazari noble leading three Peng-ta may have had anywhere from 1,536 to 24,000 men!



Separate from these noble forces were the forces of the monasteries of Khazari. The monasteries of Khazari, like

those of Shou Lung, are among the most skilled in Kara-Tur. Each monastery led its own warriors, in small groups of 10 to 20, the most senior monks in command. Pull time monastery living made these warriors among the most highly coordinated in Khazari's arsenal.

In theory, Prince Ogandi, ruler of Khazari, had authority to call up both noble and monastery forces in defense of the kingdom. In practice, the Prince had to garner the support of the nobles and the monasteries before calling for their support. The Prince's personal troops were inadequate to enforce his will or to defend the kingdom. On the eve of the invasion, the monasteries supported the Prince,

while the knights and governors tried to subdue his power.

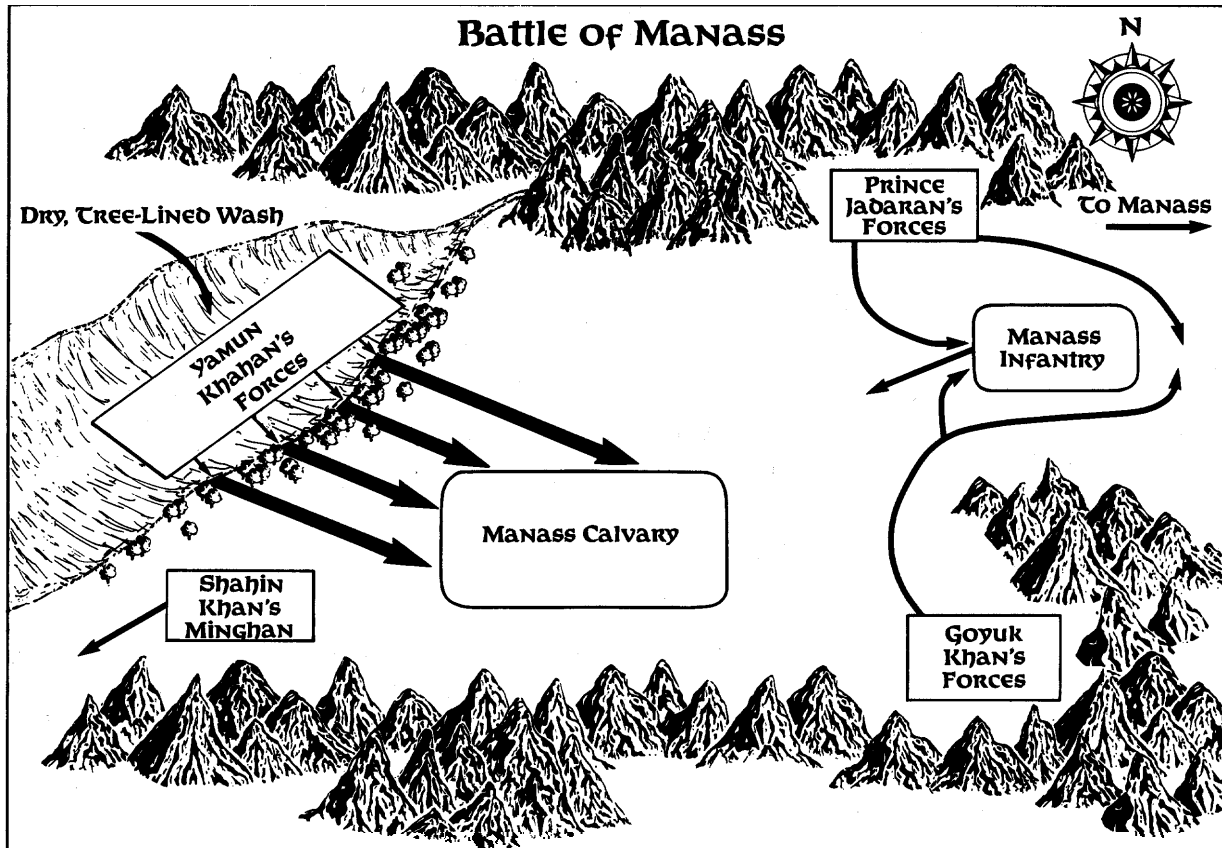
Prince Ogandi was also opposed by the mandarins of Shou Lung. Most nobles possessing forces of any size had one or two Shou advisors. The main purpose of these 'advisors' was to ensure Khazari remained disunited—just the way Shou Lung Mandarins wanted it to be.

The Prince spent much of his time in political maneuvering and conciliation, trying to unite the warring leaders of his kingdom into a single force.

If not aborted, the Prince's labors were at least delayed by the Tuigan invasion. Once the Manass garrison had surrendered, Khazari was left open to Tuigan raiding. Without a strong military to defend his country, Prince Ogandi was forced to sue for peace.

Arms and Armor of the Khazari

The typical Khazari soldier wore leather armor or ring mail under a loose fitting cotton





robe. Colored, padded armor, extending from shoulder to ankle, was also quite common. Colors denoted the noble who commanded the unit; vibrant reds, blues, and greens were standard. The most consistent item of the uniform was the helm. This was a peaked affair with long ear flaps, much like the Tuigan helm, studded with metal and decorated with colored plumes.

Officers were better armored, with scale mail and a steel helm open at the face. Although regimental plumage was usually worn, officers limited their outer mantle to simple tabards or perhaps just a colored belt.

The most characteristic Khazari weapon was the *krisna*, a heavy knife having a wavy blade. The *krisna* was the standard close fighting weapon of almost all Khazari military groups. The sharp point allowed it to penetrate armor easily, and the wavy blade created a wound wider than the blade.

Another melee weapon used by the Khazari was the swordstaff. This weapon resembled the glaive of Faerum, and was similarly used, though the Khazari used the blunt end of the pole like a quarterstaff. An excellent parrying weapon, most Khazari troops carried the swordstaff in lieu of a shield.

The Khazari medium bow was an undistinguished weapon. The Khazari themselves were indifferent archers, although the guardians of the western passes had more skill than most. In the battle of Manass, nearly 1,000 Khazari archers only slowed a Tuigan charge of 1,000 men—a deplorable showing. It can only be assumed that the Alashan garrisons would have fared better.

The monks of Khazari rarely wore armor, their primary defenses were the religious tenets of the Path of Enlightenment. However, as warriors, they were nearly as skilled as their Shou counterparts. The monks placed more emphasis



on weapon based fighting forms. Particularly favored were the Khazari *naginata*, the sang *kauw* (a double headed

spear with a crescent shaped blade projecting from the center) and the *jitte* (a tapered iron bar with a projecting short hook near the handle). They did not use shields.

Fighting Tactics of the Khazari

The Khazari practiced two distinct forms of warfare, depending on the threat. An external threat required the defense of the mountain passes from fortified positions. Under these conditions, tactics were simple. The Khazari remained inside their forts pelting the enemy with missile fire until he left. Occasionally, cavalry forces would ride out to drive off particularly persistent bandits, but only when the commander was sure there was little chance of defeat.

This earned the Khazari an undeserved reputation as cowardly fighters. The Khazari had no interest in territorial expansion into the steppe, or into Shou Lung which would be foolhardy at best. Their interests were best served by defending their well defined, natural borders from invasion. It was not in the Khazari interest to engage a foreign enemy on "honorable" terms.

An internal threat required different methods. The frequent feuding of noble houses, often prompted by their Shou advisors, developed its own system of honor. Hiding behind fortifications was dishonorable behavior, even when challenged by a superior force. Accordingly, few of the fortresses and castles in the remainder of Kara-Tur in Khazari were fortified. Most villages did not even have a protective moat; though many of the monasteries were fortified. Often located on remote mountainsides or at the edges of civilization, the forts were necessary. They were not, however, a defensive network across all Khazari.

The Battle of Manass: Ches 19-20, 1359 DR

According to Koja of Khazari, the Khahan had no knowledge of what he was going to find in Khazari. Certainly he knew of the walled cities on the border of the steppe, but never before had a Tuigan attempted to conquer one of these mighty fortresses. Had it been a city of yurts, like his capital Quara-band, Yamun Khahan would have known exactly what to do. Instead, he found himself facing an impenetrable wall of stone.

Against such battlements, the Khahan applied his notorious, devious tactics. He sent a minghan to the walls, trying to ascertain the strength and skill of the garrison. After a few preliminary feints, he retreated the force, causing an advance by the Manass forces. Although his own troops were too far away to take advantage of this, the eager attack of the Manass garrison led Yamun Khahan to his eventual strategy.

The Khahan pulled the majority of his forces away from Manass and, early the following morning, Ches 20, staged the rout of a single minghan led by Shahin Khan. To ensure that the Manass garrison would take notice, Shahin Khan burned everything he encountered on the steppe side of the Manass fortification. As anticipated, the garrison of Manass charged out of their battlements to drive off the 'defeated foe'.

The Disposition of Forces

Unfortunately for the Khazari, the rest of the Khahan's army was not far away. Shahin Khan led his pursuers, all 5,000 men of the Manass garrison, directly into the valley, trapping them between the Khahan's forces.

The Khahan had divided his remaining forces into three sections. His own section of 2,000 men was concealed in a gully at the western most end of the small valley. Goyuk Khan and Prince Jadaran, each with 1,500 men, waited, hidden on either side of the valley.



Tactics of the Combatants

The Manass garrison entered the trap and divided in two as the Khahan's forces attacked. The cavalry, which had been closely pursuing Shahin Khan's minghan, rode past Yamun Khahan's forces. The infantry, struggling to keep pace with the mounted warriors, were trapped between Prince Jadaran's and Goyuk Khan's troops.

The Flow of Battle

When the trap was sprung, the first sign the Manass garrison had was the impact of volley after volley of arrows into their ranks. The infantry, outnumbered two to one, were quickly shaken by the onslaught of the archers. The cavalry, in turn outnumbering the khahan's, was so intent on its pursuit of Shahin's force (and so masked by the dust of their passage) that they did not know where the arrows came from.

Once the cavalry had passed, Yamun Khahan's 2,000 men poured into the pass, charging into the rear flank of the Manass cavalry. Shahin's men turned to stop the cavalry advance. It took but a short time for the Tuigan to push way their way through the cavalry's ranks, disrupting the close formation and crushing the majority of the Manass horsemen. The cavalry battle devolved into small knots of fighting, and the riders of Manass were quickly overcome. The infantry fared worse. Prince Jadaran sent 500 nomads to cut off any retreat, using the remainder of his forces to rain arrows onto the Manass infantry. Outnumbered and trapped between two forces, the infantry surrendered.

The Final Outcome

The Manass garrison was rapidly defeated, although not without cost. Minor damage was inflicted on the nomads. Yamun Khahan was wounded in the battle, likely by a Shou assassin.

Yamun quickly recovered from his injuries and again approached the city, demanding surrender of all of Khazari. Dismayed by the defeat of the garrison, Sanjar al-Mulk sent an urgent message to his cousin Prince Ogandi,

begging for aid against the barbarian invasion.

Prince Ogandi realized that without the garrison, the nomads

would take Manass within a few days. Worse, this would allow them access to the entire nation, including Alashan's undefended eastern side. Rather than subject Khazari to ruin, Prince Ogandi surrendered on Ches 23, 1359.

Not all of the nobles complied with the order. Several declared independence from Prince Ogandi, branding him a traitor to Khazari. The Tuigan, under Prince Jadaran, scattered across Khazari, subduing resistance and quickly settled Khazari into the role of a nation in fealty to the Khahan.

Conquest of Khazari was not enough for Yamun Khahan. He demanded the lives of all responsible for the death of his envoy's honor guard: the governor, his wizard, and two mandarins from Shou Lung. During negotiations he reduced terms; the governor, Sanjar al Mulk, was held hostage and the other three executed. Prince Jadaran was appointed governor of Khazari and the khahan proceeded to his next target: Shou Lung.

Author's Note

The battle of Manass is depicted here as "typical" of Khazari and Tuigan forces. In fact it was the only battle, as Prince Ogandi surrendered once Manass was defeated.

What might have happened had Khazari been unified? Their armies numbered over 75,000 men, and the steep, rocky terrain of Khazari was not suited to horsemen, which hampered the effectiveness of the Tuigan cavalry. Hubadai's army, which later entered Khazari (Chapter 4), must be weighed in this speculation, as must the interests of the Shou in protecting the Khazari buffer state. With the monasteries committed, the Khahan might well have been stopped here.



Chapter 4 Invasion of Shou Lung

“Those who have made no errors have arranged for certain triumph.”
The Book of Heaven

The Tuigan’s next objective after opening the Khazari western border was the Empire of Shou Lung.

Yamun Khahan considered entering Shou Lung via the Repo La Pass. However, the pass was blocked with snow and would remain so for several weeks. Yamun’s troops would not tolerate a delay of that length, nor would he wish to give the Shou that much time to prepare. He decided to attack the Dragonwall.

According to legend, the Dragonwall is a petrified dragon laid across the foothills of the western border to block invasions from the steppe for eternity. Despite the dubious veracity of the legend, the Dragonwall had rarely been penetrated for millennia.

Before leaving Khazari, Yamun Khahan recalled the balance of his forces. By the time he reached the Dragonwall, he had more than 60,000 men, and another 150,000 on the way.

He proceeded to the southern end of the Dragonwall, near the trading city of Lo Tu. Much of Mai Yuan’s Army 20,000 troops, defended its southern tip.

Koja of Khazari was the only historian traveling with Yamun during the invasion of Shou Lung. In his works, Koja is strangely silent about the methods Yamun Khahan used to breach the Dragonwall. Despite protestations as a man of peace, Koja shows an uncanny eye for the details of war in describing the Khahan’s battles. Perhaps, despite Tuigan prejudice, magic was used.

On Tarsakh (April) 19, 1359 DR, Yamun Khahan’s army, 210,000 strong, penetrated the Dragonwall—to the astonishment of the Shou

army—just west of the city of Lo Tu. The garrison crumpled at the onslaught. The Khahan’s troops began their ride across the Plain of Horses (Mai Yuan) toward the capital of Tai Tung, stopping only to sack the undefended city of Lo Tu.

The Mandarins of the Forbidden City took the Tuigan threat seriously, after Khazari’s fall and the failure of the Dragonwall. They still thought the Tuigan witless barbarians, but an army of 25,000 under Shou Lung’s Minister of War, Kwan Chan Sen, was gathered to block their march across Mai Yuan. Kwan Chan Sen’s army met the Tuigan on Tarsakh 30, along the Tsen-Ching, a tributary of the Sheng-Ti river, at the Battle of the Sorghum Field.

Kwan underestimated both Tuigan cunning and troop strength, and set a trap which the Tuigan turned against him. By the end of battle, the Shou had lost nearly 20,000 men, the Tuigan fewer than 5,000. The Shou retreated before the Tuigan horde, which had turned south toward the city of Yenching.

Under General Batu Min Ho’s orders, the Shou burned everything in their path. They fired the grain fields, as well as stored grain which could aid the Tuigan, and ordered the peasants to do the same. Thus, instead of Shou fodder, the Tuigan found only scorched earth. Dispersing forces to accomplish this crippled the Shou fighting force.

It did, however, slow the Tuigan advance to a crawl. The nomads, rather than advancing up to 50 miles a day, were slowed to less than 10. They were barely able to forage enough grain to feed their horses.

The survivors of the Battle of the Sorghum Field regrouped and returned to Tai Tung. The Emperor called 50,000 men from the personal armies of his nobles, the Twenty-Five Armies, and 100,000 men from the provincial armies.



After hearing reports from veteran officers, the Emperor gave General Batu command of the assembled forces as the Army of the Northern Marches. General Batu placed the Twenty-Five Armies under the command of a mandarin, Tzu Hsuang.

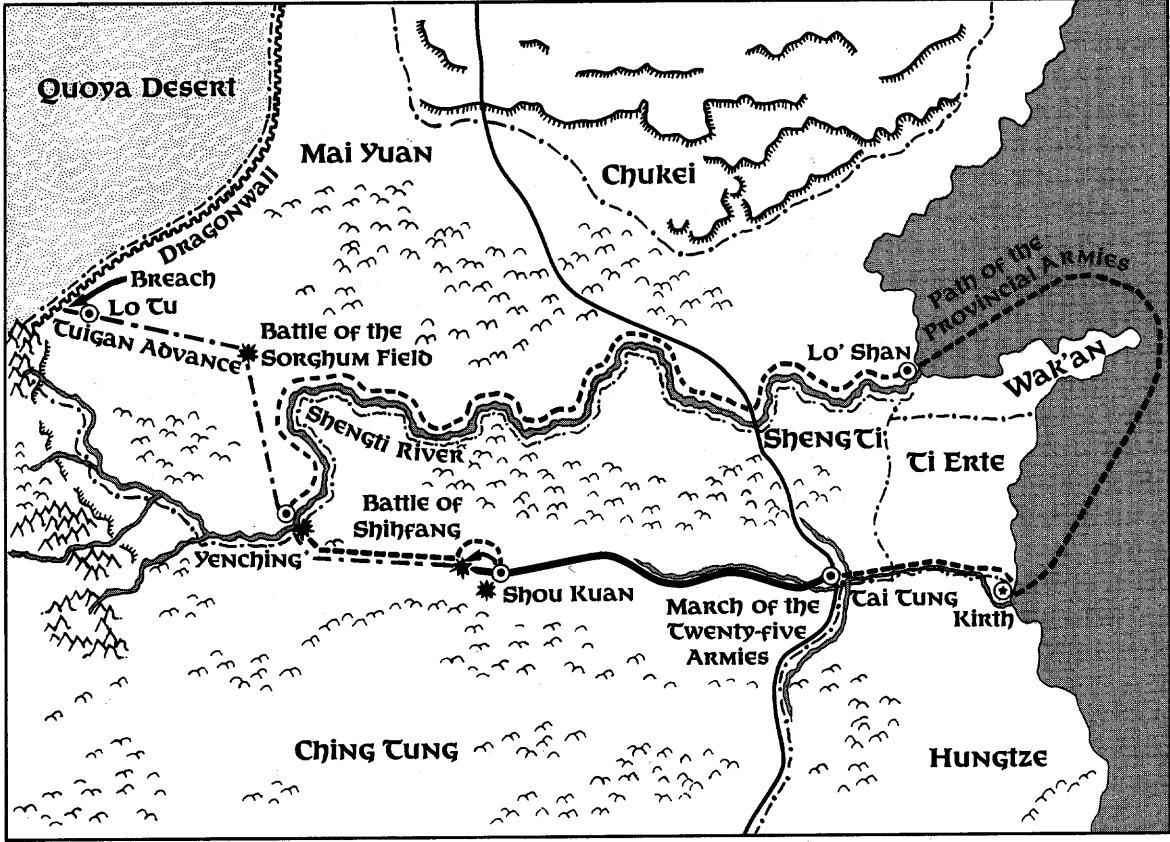
The Battle for Shou Lung

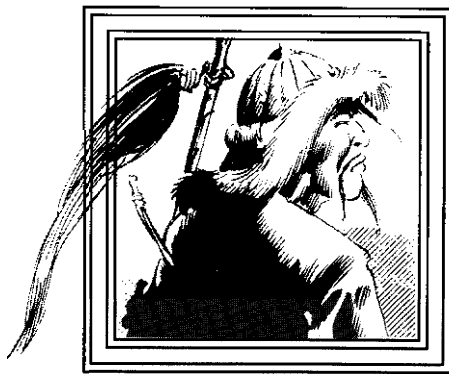
General Batu's army was outnumbered two to one and the enemy had better mobility. His own troops had suffered a serious defeat; nevertheless he developed a plan to stop the Tuigan.

Continuing the destruction of grain in the invasion area, he hoped to slow the Tuigan further and buy needed time. He split his forces into two divisions. The Twenty-Five Armies were sent west along the Kuan Post Road to Shou'kuan. Simultaneously, General Batu led the provincial armies by ship up the Shang-ti River to Yenching.

His plan was to entice the nomads to chase the Twenty-Five Armies as far as Shou'kuan and besiege them, waiting for the provincial armies to arrive. When the two armies met they would catch the Tuigan between their forces.

Although General Batu correctly assessed the speed of the Tuigan and their destination, he underestimated their savagery and cunning. The Tuigan received further reinforcements from Yamun Khahan's son Hubadai when his army of 40,000 joined them. When the Tuigan army reached Yenching on Mirtul (May) 21, they smashed the city in a surprise attack, giving the local governor no time to destroy the granaries, finally providing fodder for Tuigan horses. In retaliation for the





“scorched earth” defense tactic, Yamun Khahan put the citizens of Yenching to the sword.

The capture of Yenching’s granaries simplified the Tuigan logistic problem. Yamun Khahan left most of the horses at Yenching along with a garrison of 75,000 men. He then proceeded with his remaining troops along the Kuan Post Road to Shou’kuan.

By Flamerule (July) 10, General Batu’s plan blossomed. Simultaneously, the provincial armies under General Batu attacked the garrison at Yenching, and Tzu Hsuang’s Twenty Five Armies first encountered Yamun Khahan’s main force. The Twenty-Five Armies were unable to hold against an overwhelming force. Instead of making an orderly retreat to Shou’kuan, however, the Armies were demolished and routed. Only 15,000 remained when the Twenty-Five Armies stumbled back to Shou’kuan. Worse, the Mirror of Shao, the ancient magical device which General Batu had used for communications, was destroyed.

General Batu drove the Tuigan out, stampeding the nomad horses and firing Yenching, and losing only 20,000 men. Having re-taken the city, he began the march to Shou’kuan.

The siege of Shou’kuan began on Flamerule 21, 1359 DR. The city prefect had burned the granaries when he saw the Tuigan army. Although weakened and hungry, the Twenty Five Armies were sufficient to hold the sturdy walls of Shou’kuan against a Tuigan assault. The Khahan could not risk leaving a garrison to hold them, nor could he allow them to attack his rear in a later battle. Thus, as General Batu had anticipated, the Tuigan were forced to wait for the Twenty-Five Armies to surrender.

Yamun Khahan was not a commander with the patience for protracted siege. After a few aborted forays against the walls, the khahan

overcame his troops’ hesitation concerning the use of magic. On Eleasias (August) 2, his shamans created a magical smoke bridge over the walls of Shou’kuan, allowing a small force to enter the city and take the main gate. Once the gate was taken the city, and its defenders, were lost.

General Batu’s Provincial Armies had arrived the previous night from Yenching. The General disguised his men as Tuigan and appropriated some of their horses. He reasoned that a large band of nomad warriors would provoke less comment from the khahan’s scouts than a Shou Army. On horseback, with minimal training, it took almost three weeks to make the 300 mile trek. They had yet to approach the city, waiting for daylight to attack the Tuigan.

Although the Provincial Armies were able to attack the besieging force, they could not prevent the Tuigan from taking the city. Rather than being besiegers, the Tuigan now became the besieged, though by an inferior force. After the battle, Yamun Khahan’s horse warriors numbered over 120,000, and 60,000 of General Batu’s troops remained.

Even though he still outnumbered the enemy, Yamun Khahan’s position was unenviable. While the Shou could not attack him in Shou’kuan, they could keep him caged in the city until his men starved to death. If he attacked, he could probably conquer the Shou army, but at terrible cost to his own men. Worst of all, he had no reserves.

General Batu’s position was not much better. He had stripped the northern provinces of troops to fight the Tuigan. To gain additional troop strength he would have had to pull valuable troops from the southern provinces, leaving the south undefended and inviting invasion by Shou Lung’s traditional enemy, T’u Lung. Cold weather was coming, raising the possibility of disease should a prolonged siege be required. After twelve days trapped in Shou’kuan, Yamun Khahan sued for peace on Eleasias 24. He agreed to leave Shou Lung and cited as his only demand the lives of two Shou



ministers who had offended him: Mandarin Ju-Hai Chou and Minister of War Kwan Chan Sen. General Batu agreed, subject only to the approval of the Emperor.

Yamun Khahan's envoy was escorted to the summer palace at Tai Tung, where the Emperor assented to the treaty. On Eleint (September) 9, 120,000 Tuigan left Shou Lung, not to return in Yamun Khahan's lifetime. General Batu Min Ho, with a nomad's contempt for the politics of the Empire, quit the army of Shou Lung and joined the Tuigan.

Organization of the Shou Army

The regular Shou military forces were divided into fourteen provincial armies, one for each of the provinces of Shou Lung. The size of each army was determined by the needs of the province and its susceptibility to invasion. The province of Mai Yuan, on the borders of Khazari and the steppe, had one of the largest armies; Sheng-ti, an interior province, had one of the smallest.

Each provincial army was divided into *Cheng-ti* (legions) of 8,000 men. These were mixed forces of cavalry, infantry, archers, and sappers. They were further divided into twenty *Cheng-lo* (cohorts) of 400 men each. A *Cheng-lo* of infantry or archers was divided into twenty *Cheng-wa* (platoons) of twenty peng (warriors). A *Cheng-lo* of cavalry or sappers comprised 200 peng with horses or siege equipment. Troop types were not mixed within a *Cheng-lo*. In addition to the regular troops, each level of troop—*Cheng-lo*, *Cheng-wa*, and *Cheng-ti*—had its own commanding officer, who was exempted from the troop count. Larger units had an adjutant as well. In addition, *Cheng-ti* often had a contingent of *wu jen* (mages), who provided surveillance through clairvoyance spells. The *wu jen* also supplied weather control and magical attacks.

This arrangement of units, based on the number twenty, inscribed in the Shou *Book of Heaven*, has survived in Shou Lung for over 2,000 years.

The provincial forces of the Army of the Northern Marches led by General Batu Min Ho were drawn from the northern provinces of Chukei, Ching Tung, Ti Erte, Hungtse, and the capital province of Wang Kuo. Mai Yuan's army was destroyed at the Dragonwall. The thirteen *Cheng-ti* which comprised General Batu's provincial forces represented slightly under two-thirds of the active military force of northern Shou Lung. A total force of over 300,000 men was spread across the empire.

The remainder of the Army of the Northern Marches were the Twenty-Five Armies, including the personal cavalry of nobles from across the empire, mostly from the north. The noble armies were not as standardized as the military. An army could range from 500 cavalrymen to 5,000 infantrymen, with artillery and racketeers. Neither were the noble armies as well trained, having devoted most of their lives to defending the compounds of their lords. Worse, nobles insisted on leading their forces, making the Twenty-Five Armies a fractious force of questionable military ability.

Regardless of origins, the majority of the Shou military consisted of infantry and archers. Within a *Cheng-ti*, the usual ratio was three infantry to one bowman. Cavalry was rare since most grain was required to feed the huge population of Shou Lung, with little left to support large herds of horses. Sappers are uncommon, except in some of the noble armies and the southeastern provinces, bordering directly on the fortifications of T'u Lung.

Arms and Armor of the Shou

The standard arms of the Shou infantryman were the *chien*, a double edged sword with straight sides, and a heavy crossbow. Shou warriors were taught to thrust and slash with their *chien*. The crossbow was used to stop



charges and to sweep the enemy just before the crash of a charge.

The armor of the Shou included a leather helm

and a *lun'kia*. The *lun'kia* was a war corselet made of fifteen layers of paper and glue. Inexpensive in large quantities (as required by the Shou armies), it provided protection comparable to Faerun ring mail. When not engaged on the field, soldiers wore *waitao*, heavy quilted coats which provided protection similar to that of leather armor. Shou infantrymen also carried war shields which extended from the shoulder to the knee, primarily used for protection against missile fire.

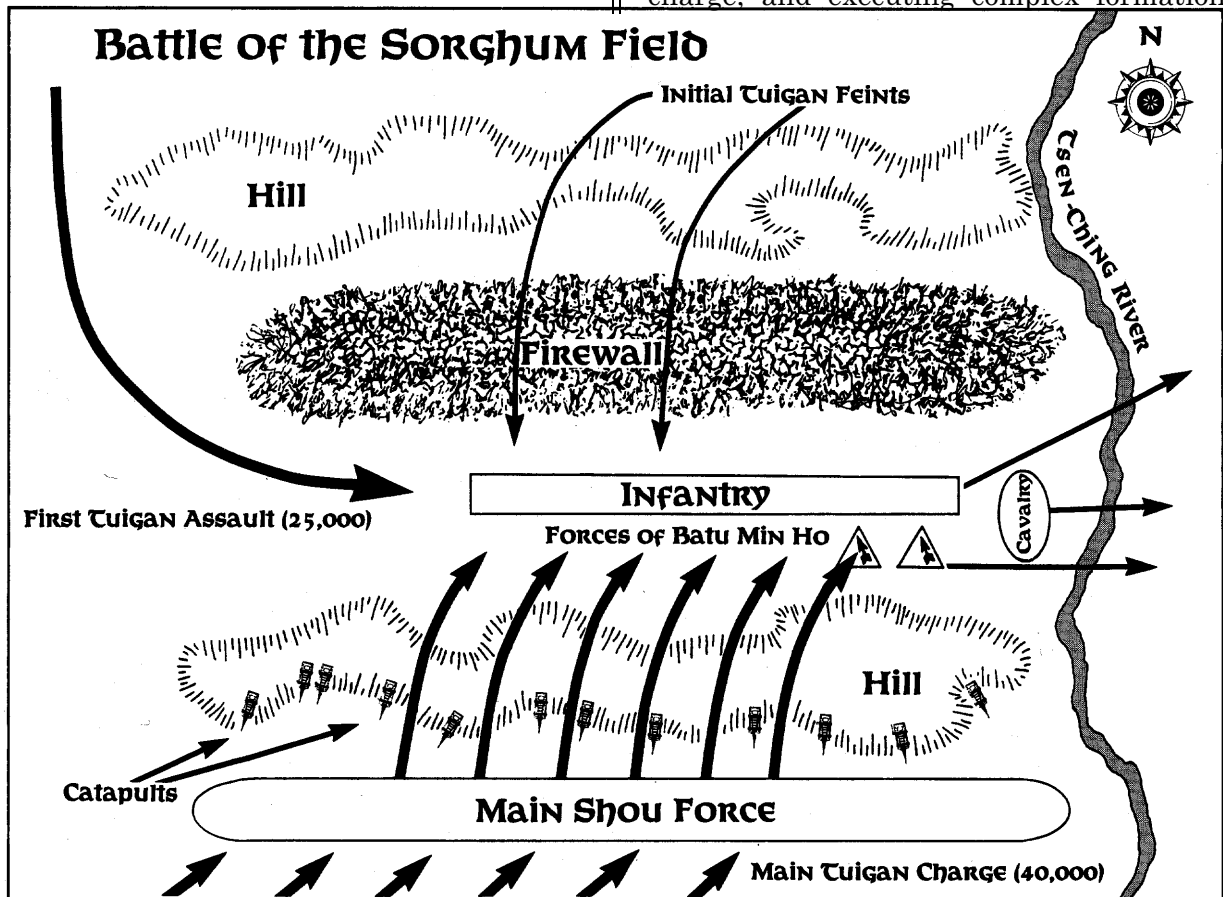
Archers were lightly armored, and wore leather helmets. The *t'ai po*, a five-foot Shou longbow with a maximum range of nearly 200

yards was deemed protection enough. Cavalrymen wore ring mail and carried short lances and swords. Their horses were not barded, which made the rider a less tempting target than his mount.

Officers' *taos* were single edged swords with square tips. Although used for fighting, their primary purpose was the execution of deserters. Shou officers wore plate armor called *ki'a*, and were adorned with bright plumage on steel helms. Adorned with symbols and reliefs detailing the history and past glory of the officer's family, the expensive *ki'a* were handed down from generation to generation. To lose the family *ki'a* brought dishonor upon the name.

Fighting Tactics of the Shou

Shou military training stressed the skills of moving in formation, holding against a charge, and executing complex formation





changes. Given such a large and disciplined force, it was necessary that the Shou doctrine of war be based on the tenet of sacrifice. A Tuigan force might simulate a rout, or even sacrifice a few men to gather important information about troop dispositions. The Shou, on the other hand, would send men into positions where they could easily be destroyed, hoping to draw the enemy into an inferior position.

A typical Shou battle plan would situate a small force in an untenable tactical position, enticing the enemy to attack. Once engaged, reserves struck the enemy's flank and rear.

The Battle of the Sorghum Field Tarsakh 30, 1359 DR

The Battle of the Sorghum Field was the Tuigan's first encounter with a ready Shou force. The outcome determined the course of the Shou/Tuigan war.

The Tuigan had penetrated the Dragonwall on Tarsakh 19, destroying the Army of Mai Yuan. It took until Tarsakh 30 to assemble a force of regular armies from Chukei and Ching Tung to stand between the barbarians and the Shou heartland. Led by Minister Kwan, they were situated in a series of low hills east of Lo Tu, along the banks of the Tsen-Ching River.

The Disposition of Forces

Minister Kwan's plan was simple. Nine Cheng-lo of infantry (3,600 men), one Cheng-lo of archers (400 men), and eight Cheng-lo of cavalry (1,600 men), were placed in a marshy area on a bend in the Tsen-Ching River. The force was led by General Batu Min Ho.

The infantry formed the forward line, supported by the cavalry behind them, with the archers in the rear. Their position was established facing north, with their backs against a hillside. The Tsen-Ching River bordered their eastern flank; the western flank exposed. A second hill lay ahead of them to the north, about 600 yards away.

The remaining Shou, nearly 20,000 strong, were hidden behind the southern hill in a protected ravine. Kwan's

battle plan assumed that the nomads would charge the obviously weak force on the riverbank along the exposed western flank. Once engaged, the remaining Shou force would swarm to the attack.

In support of his plan, Batu had the catapults of the main force hidden at the top of the hill and loaded with balls of pitch ready to light.

Minister Kwan had grossly underestimated both the size of the Tuigan horde, and the thoroughness of its scouts. Yamun Khahan committed 3 tumens (30,000 men) to enter the trap, sending another 5 tumens around to the south to assault the hidden force once they left the ravine.

The Flow of Battle

The initial Tuigan probe was a single minghan (1,000 men), which feinted at General Batu's forces from the north, trying either to trigger the trap prematurely or to pull the forces at the riverside out of the range of their support. After a few exchanges of arrow fire, the probe retreated.

Moments later, a second probe of 3,000 Tuigan horse came over the hilltop, attacking from the north. They charged General Batu's force, drummers thundering a strong beat, warriors taking punishing casualties from crossbow fire, but still devastating General Batu's infantry.

General Batu recognized the signal in the drumming, but knew not the code. He ordered his archers to fire at the drummers. When the drums stopped, some Tuigan pulled away, others were suddenly outnumbered and destroyed.

Yamun Khahan's plan was quickly revealed.



Charging the exposed western flank of General Batu's trapped force, 25,000 Tuigan poured along the western

edge of the northern hill.

As the Tuigan hit Batu's army, it crumpled into retreat, fleeing up the southern hill and down to the river's edge. General Batu had the foresight to arrange reed bundles to be placed at the river's edge for those who fled east. As they reached the river, General Batu had them grab a bundle and jump in.

As the Tuigan force became strung out along the northern edge of the hill, 4,000 archers of the Shou came to the hilltop and fired into the mass of Tuigan. Simultaneously, catapults fired flaming balls of pitch beyond the Tuigan force, trapping it in the low valley with only one exit, directly through the Shou force. Behind the archers, 15,000 infantry awaited orders to charge.

The Tuigan rained a heavy curtain of death on the trapped forces of General Batu, while the majority of their forces charged up the hill engaging the main Shou army. At that precise moment the remainder of the Tuigan force attacked from the south, behind the main Shou army. Now, instead of the Tuigan force being trapped against a wall of fire by the Shou, the Shou were caught between two forces of Tuigan and the river.

The Final Outcome

Trapped, outnumbered two to one, the Shou army died. General Batu's foresight saved nearly 2,000 men. Of the other 20,000 troops in the Shou army, fewer than 500 lived to reach Yenching.

Tuigan losses were low. Of the 80,000 nomads in the battle, fewer than 5,000 were lost. The Tuigan advanced, sure of their ability to conquer.

Chapter 5 The War With Thay

"Where others see misfortune, I see only opportunity."

Zulkir Szass Tam

For two months, the Tuigan army travelled east, seeking new lands to conquer. At the beginning of the month of Uktar (November), Yamun Khahan's army reached the Sunrise Mountains.

He wanted to get through the mountains before the winter snows closed the passes. Finding one open pass, the khahan sent 5 minghans (5,000 men), led by General Chanar Ogh Kho, to scout the far side of the mountains. One week later, on Uktar 11, Chanar returned with 100 men and tales of a wealthy and powerful land, the kingdom of Thay.

Thay was one of the most feared kingdoms in Faerun. The ruling Red Wizards were powerful, and brooked no interference in their affairs.

Chanar's scouting party entered Thay through a pass at the eastern border, north of the city of Pyarados. They raided several villages along the River Surague before encountering a foot legion of the Tharch of Pyarados.

The initial battle, with relatively untrained garrison troops, went well for the nomads. The 1,500 soldiers of the Thayvian Legion of Shar's Kiss were on a punitive mission to a small village which had failed to provide the appropriate taxes to the Tharchion. The Legion was not prepared to find 5,000 horsemen raiding deep within Thay. The Legion fled back to the city to report to Valerios, Tharchion of Pyarados.

The Tharchion immediately saw what damage a force the size of Yamun's could do in Thay. He ordered two heavy infantry legions (4,000 men) and one cavalry legion (1,000 men) into action. He requested magic support from



the Zulkir of Conjuraction/Summoning, and was provided two Circles of wizards.

They tracked down Chanar's 5 minghans, and on Nuktar 9, attacked with cavalry and then heavy infantry. The Thayvians left only one route of escape. The Circles summoned elementals of fire and earth, devastating the nomads.

Chanar and 100 men escaped to return to Yamun Khahan. General Batu Min Ho offered to lead a war party to Thay.

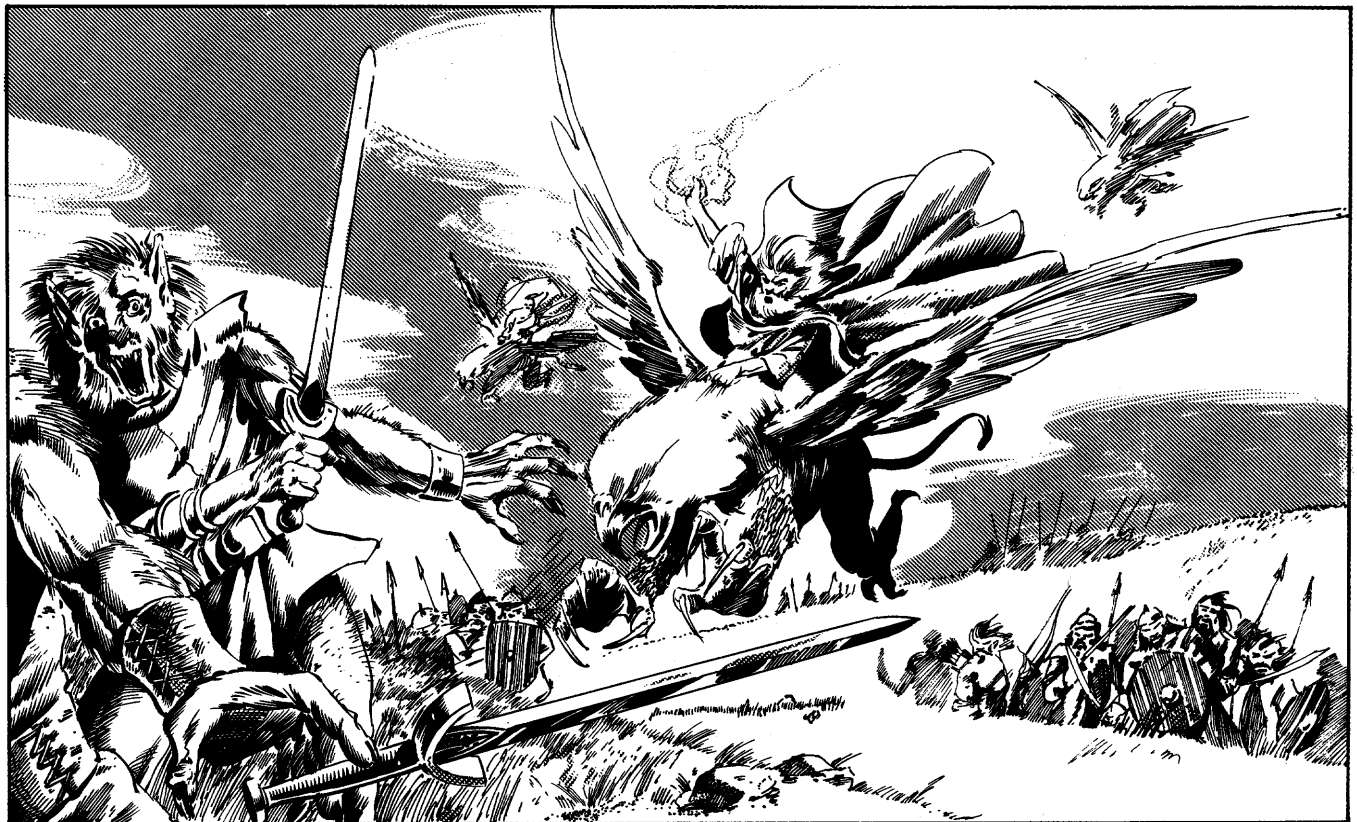
Organization of the Armies of Thay

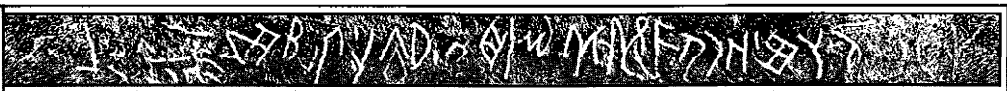
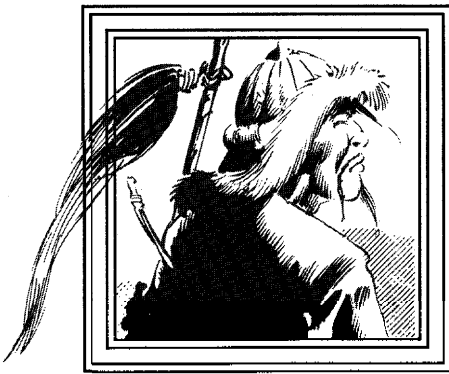
The army of Thay was a mixed collection of troop types and organizational structures. Military Legions were sponsored by the Red Wizards and Tharchions of Thay, and each patron organized his Legion to his personal taste and method. Therefore, any statements about the Thay military will be generalizations.

Thayvian foot legions embraced between 800 and 2,000 soldiers.

Foot legions would be skirmishers, light foot, heavy foot, or garrison troops. Each had its own armor and banners.

Cavalry legions were based on any sort of mount. Horses were common, but nearly any other creature that could be ridden had been tried in Thay. The most famous of the exotic cavalry was the Griffon Legion of the Tharchion of Pyarados. Before their devastation at the hands of the Tuigan, 350 mages rode griffon steeds. Even dragons were tried as mounts, but not successfully. Dragons willing to assist the Red Wizards were found to be untrustworthy, and there were never enough dragons in Thay to form more than a





token flight.

Thayvian cavalry was known for its skill throughout Faerun. Almost all cavalry was heavy. The

mounts were fully barded, and most cavalry men were trained in archery. A few were mages trained to cast magic while mounted.

The Thayvians made extensive use of humanoid troops, segregating them into their own legions to prevent friction with humans and for better control. Skirmishers were usually goblin troops, human or orc light foot, and heavy foot predominantly gnoll. There were no nonhuman cavalry legions, unless the centaur legion of the Tharch of Thaymount is counted.

They utilized undead troops, notably the Legion of Cyric, comprising over 1,000 zombies led by priests of that baleful god. While not exceptional fighters, the fear they generated on the battlefield more than made up for their lack of military prowess. Moreover, enemies of the Legion knew that if they died without totally disabling wounds, they might join the Legion.

There were rumors of a skeletal cavalry, the Legion of Bones, sponsored by Zulkir Szass Tam. These warriors were reputedly the remains of a Mulhorand cavalry unit which was sent to Thay to put down the rebellion when Thay won its independence. They were armed with fell weapons from that ancient empire.

Given the Thayvian focus on the power of wizards, it is not surprising that mages played an important role in the military. Other than the cavalry, most mages in military service were part of small groups known as Circles. A Circle consisted of a Wizard and his apprentices. Through rituals, apprentices added their power to the Wizards', allowing more spells to be cast during a single day.

When combined, the power of a Circle was greater than that of all but the most potent

mages in Faerun. Fortunately the rituals to establish a Circle were time consuming and easily disrupted. Magic was only useful for fixed battles, when the Wizard was aware of his enemy's approach, and had time to prepare.

The peoples of Faerun feared the Circles with good reason. Ten or twelve mages working together, even without a focus to drive their magic, could still do tremendous damage. Hundreds of mages, which Thay brought to the battlefield when the need arose, could destroy tens of thousands of unprepared infantry.

Fighting Tactics of Thay

They made heavy use of battlefield magic. A few mages, capable of at least one or two spells, were sent into battle with the smallest legion of skirmishers. But Thay also heavily supplemented every large force with Wizards.

This magical ability made up for the poor quality of most Thayvian troops (cavalry excepted) and the limited tactical ability of their generals. The Armies of Thay could tolerate enormous casualties, particularly among humanoid legions, to accomplish a strategic goal. Humanoids bred quickly and provided a constant source of new recruits.

Armies led by the Red Wizards considered anyone not a member of their order to be someone less than essential. To accomplish their purposes, they were quite willing to allow lesser mortals to die. Red Wizards were known to sacrifice their own troops along with the enemy to insure victory.

The Battle of the Griffon Legion: Uktar 15, 1359 DR

General Batu's men entered Thay on Uktar 12 through the same pass used by General Chanar. Where Chanar had found only light resistance, General Batu met repeated ambushes. Not powerful enough to seriously injure his force, they did slow his progress

to 15 miles a day.

It took three days to travel through the pass. When General Batu's force reached the other side, the famed Griffon Legion was at the mouth of the pass waiting for them.

The Griffon Legion comprised 350 griffons, each trained from birth to bear wizard riders. Aboard each were mages capable of unleashing devastating spells against their enemies.

To provide the Griffon Legion with ground support, the Tharchion added 10,000 gnolls from his personal heavy infantry Legions. He also requested and received several Circles of wizards from the School of Evocation/Invocation. Bowing to pressure from senior family members, and knowing Thay outnumbered the Tuigan, he gave command to his nephew, Gavros Mediocros. To assist Gavros, he appointed an old adventuring companion, Hovros Balmavos.

The Tuigan force led by General Batu Min Ho into Thay was no larger than that of General Chanar. Also, the Thayvians were alerted to the Tuigan presence by General Chanar's earlier indiscriminate raiding. Considering how few of General Chanar's forces came out of Thay, General Batu and his nomads would be lucky to leave Thay alive.

Disposition of Forces

Thay's primary obstacle was the sheer size of the pass. At its mouth the valley was nearly 10 miles across. Even with 10,000 gnolls it was a challenge to cover that much terrain effectively.

Gavros showed remarkable military skill in arranging a trap for the Tuigan. He distributed his gnolls in groups of 50 along a thin line across the end of the pass, and sent the Griffon Legion high above and to the rear as a reserve. The spacing of his gnoll units allowed him to cover the entire mouth of the pass with arrow fire from several overlapping units. A more concentrated force would not have been able to cover so large an area. Assuming the Tuigan would attempt to penetrate the thin

line somewhere near the center, he would envelop the nomads and send the Griffon Legion to destroy them.



The Flow of Battle

When General Batu realized what he was facing, he spread his main force of 4,000 Tuigan into a widely spaced skirmish line so only a few horsemen would be caught by any one spell. Widening the line until it spanned the pass, there was no way for the Thayvian commanders to guess where he would strike. He sent 1,000 men up the canyon walls to take firing stations on both sides of the narrow canyon.

Upon a signal, the line charged. Instead of forming a wedge and attacking a single point on the line, as Gavros had expected, the Tuigan divided into groups of 20 and attacked all of the gnoll units simultaneously. Thus, the Tuigan prevented unengaged units from pinning them in a web of arrow fire.

Even so, this tactic could not work for long. Each 20 Tuigan fought 50 gnolls—an uneven contest despite Tuigan prowess. Fortunately, General Batu's plan did not require the Tuigan to destroy the gnolls.

After brief fighting, the Tuigan began to rout from the center, then rippled outward, to north and south. Although the Tuigan fired arrows with withering effect as they fled, the gnolls pursued them. The Griffon Legion advanced, raining destruction.

At this point, the Tuigan atop the canyon walls entered the fray. When the Griffon Legion came between the two halves of the Tuigan force on the sides of the canyon, the Tuigan opened fire. Fully half of the Griffon Legion fell from the sky in the first volley, rider or griffon mortally wounded. The remainder wheeled to escape, but before the volleys ceased, nearly 250 of the Griffon Le-



gion lay on the valley floor. The Tuigan rout instantly reversed. The gnolls found themselves with Tuigan on three

sides. Despite their numbers, they could not get at 1,000 archers who were too high and too fast to catch. Most of the gnolls died; the rest fled.

The Final Outcome

After the battle, Szass Tam, Zulkir of Necromancy in Thay and the most politically prominent of the Red Wizards, approached General Batu Min Ho. Upon learning the true Tuigan strength, he magically summoned Yamun Khahan and offered him a truce—the Thayvians would not assault the Tuigan, if the Tuigan would attack Rashemen.

Although his advisors recommended attacking Thay, the khahan had other considerations. He realized that even if the Zulkir was bluffing, battling the magic of Thay would sap the morale of his army. The nomads were uncomfortable battling sorcery; a few battles with the enchanted armies of Thay would drive his men home to their ordus.

The khahan also knew that winter snows would shut the pass which had admitted General Batu to Thay. Although there was enough time to return his troops, he could not bring 100,000 men through the pass in the time remaining. The possibility of avalanches destroying a large portion of his force, perhaps assisted by Thayvian magic, was dangerously high. Therefore, after due consideration, and gaining the concession of three Red Wizards to support the Rashemen campaign, the khahan agreed to the Zulkir's proposal. The Tuigan forces turned north.

Chapter 6 War in Rashemen

"If we run after two hares, we will catch neither."

Hyarmon Huzzilthar, Iron Lord of Rashemen

Yamun Khahan left Thay and returned to his main force east of the Sunrise Mountains. Guided by the Red Wizards, he moved north along Golden Way trade route to Citadel Rashemar.

Impervious to attack, the Citadel squatted over the trade route; its stone walls stood 25 feet above the Golden Way. From the parapets a garrison of 2,000 warriors allowed caravans to pass and repelled bandits. The snows had been late that year, but bandits and caravans never risked the passes in winter.

Citadel Rashemar was a paper tiger. The Tuigan force swept past the fortress on the Feast of the Moon (November 31), and left a small force of 5,000 to besiege the garrison. They proceeded as if it were not even there.

Simultaneously, 40,000 Thavyian troops made an assault across the Gorge of Gavros into Rashemen. Hyarmon Huzzilthar, Iron Lord of Rashemen, led the defending forces. The Iron Lord drew all his forces away from the north to hold Thay at the Gorge, leaving the way open to the Tuigan.

Caught between the armies of the Tuigan and the Red Wizards, the Iron Lord focused his forces on stopping the Thayvians, leaving the harassment of the Tuigan to the Witches.

The Witches, although numerically weaker than the Red Wizards of Thay, were a united group of powerful mages with centuries of experience fighting the legions of Thay. They sent clouds of poisonous gas and flame, elementals and enchanted creatures, even enchanted bands of Tuigan, to attack the nomad army. Their tactics caused only minimal casualties to the Tuigan but prevented the nomads



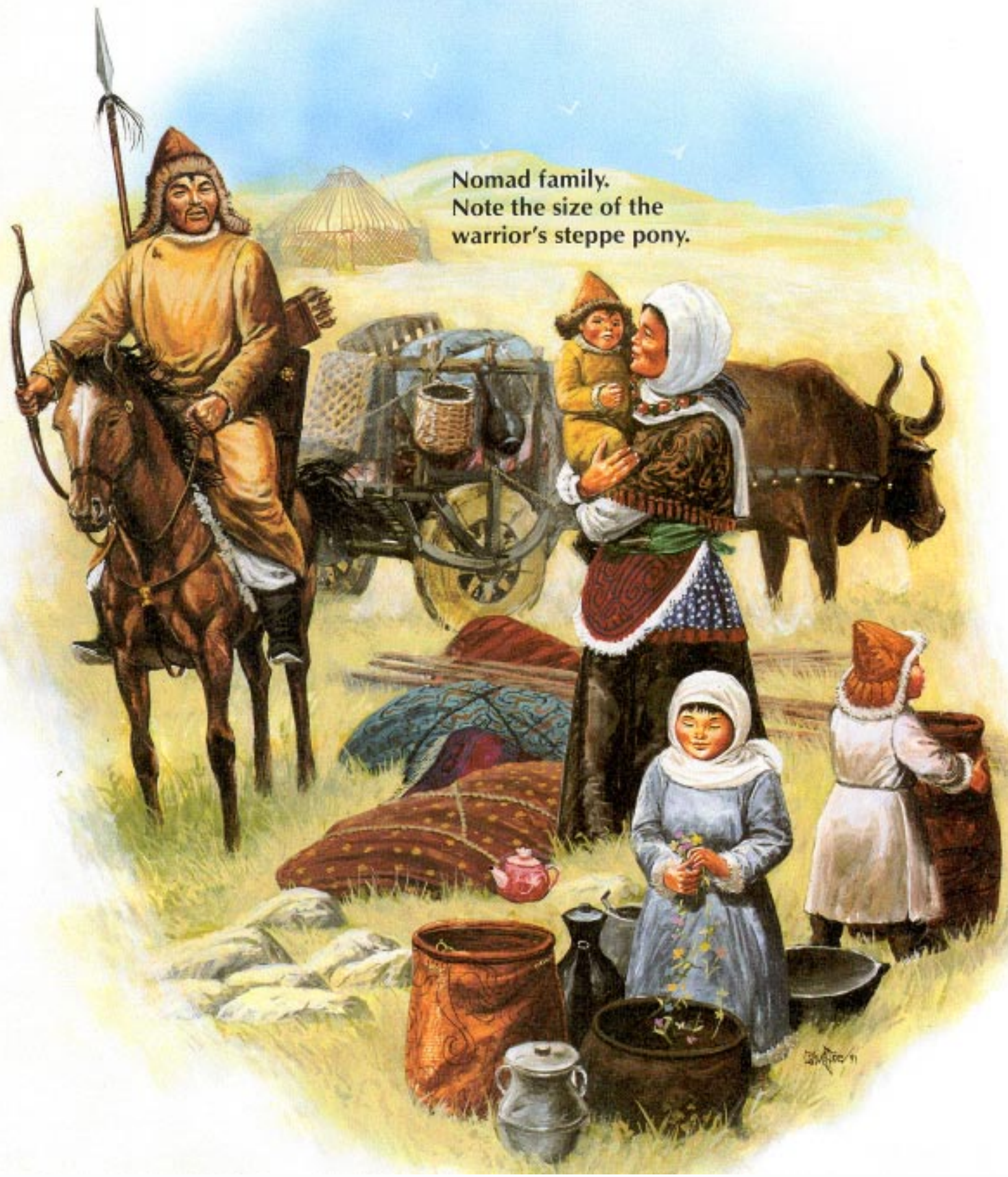
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A Purple Dragon of Suzail and a Red Plume of Hillsfar.

Princess Alusair of Cormyr, King Azoun of Cormyr,
and Vangerdahast, Azoun's wizard.



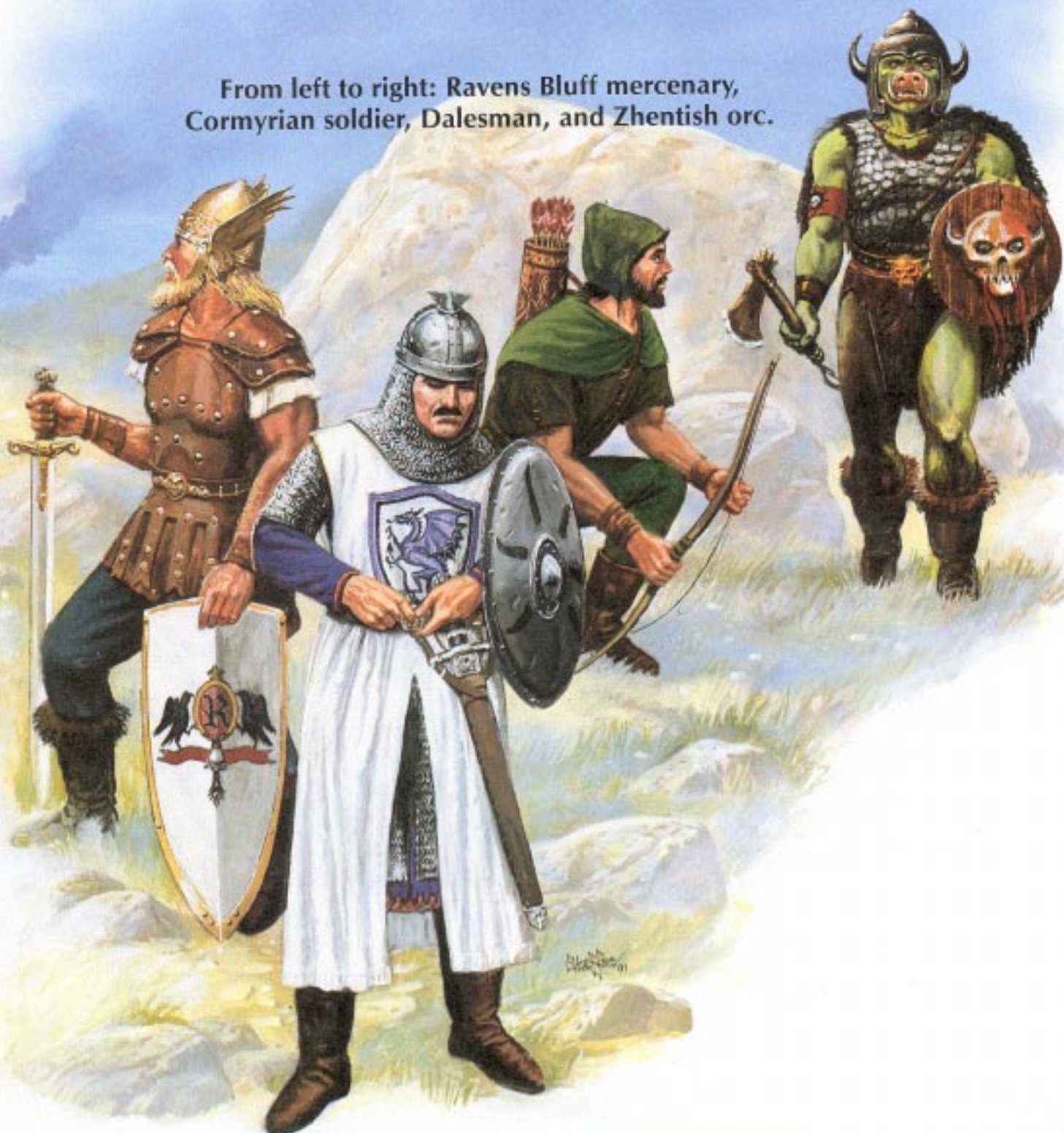
Nomad family.
Note the size of the
warrior's steppe pony.



Semphari officer and wizard reviewing troops.



From left to right: Ravens Bluff mercenary,
Cormyrian soldier, Dalesman, and Zhentish orc.





Tzu Hsuang seeing a vision of
Batu Min Ho in the Mirror of Shao.

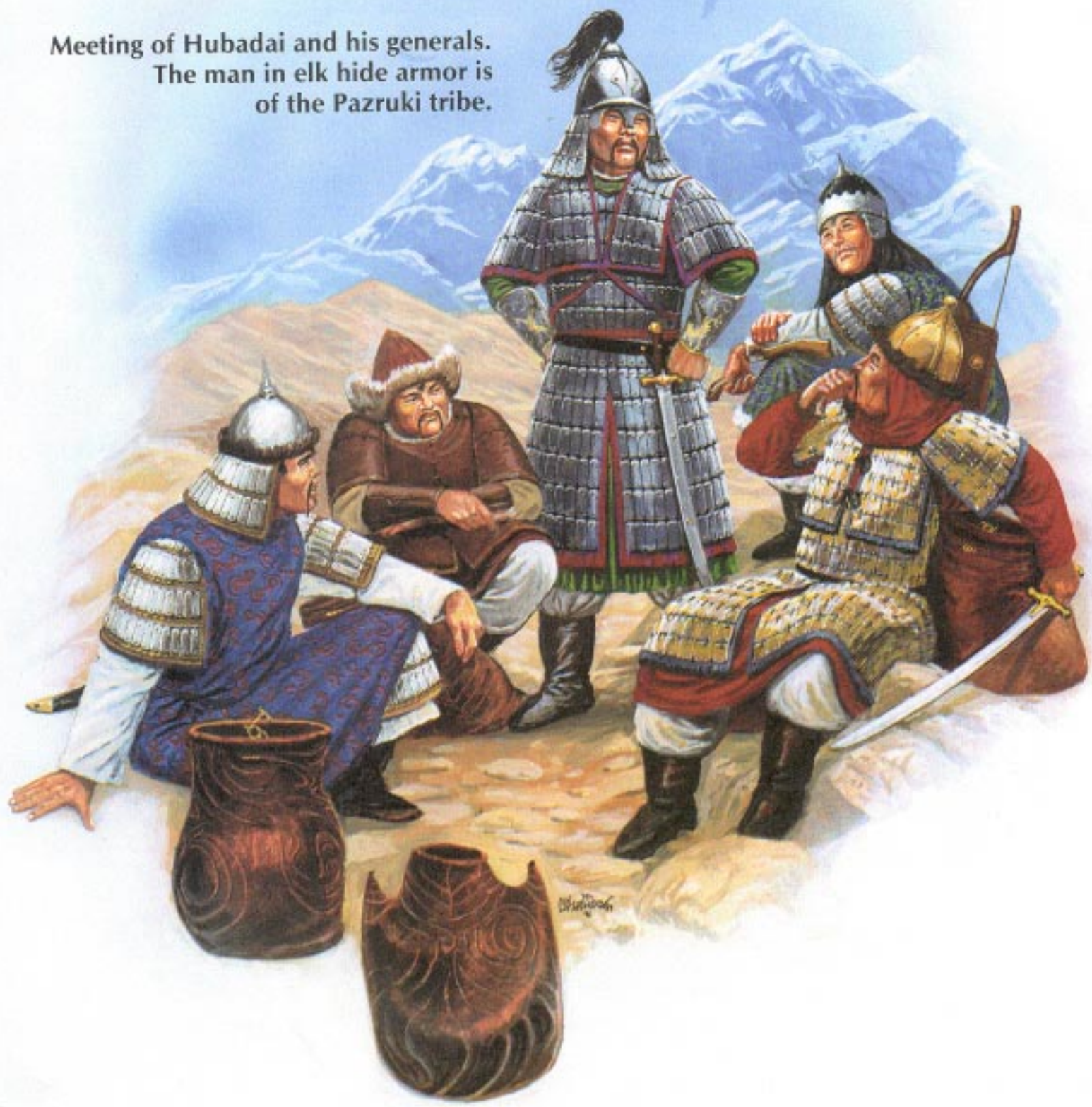


From left to right: Cormyrian mage,
Zhentish orc shaman, Hillsfar wizard.

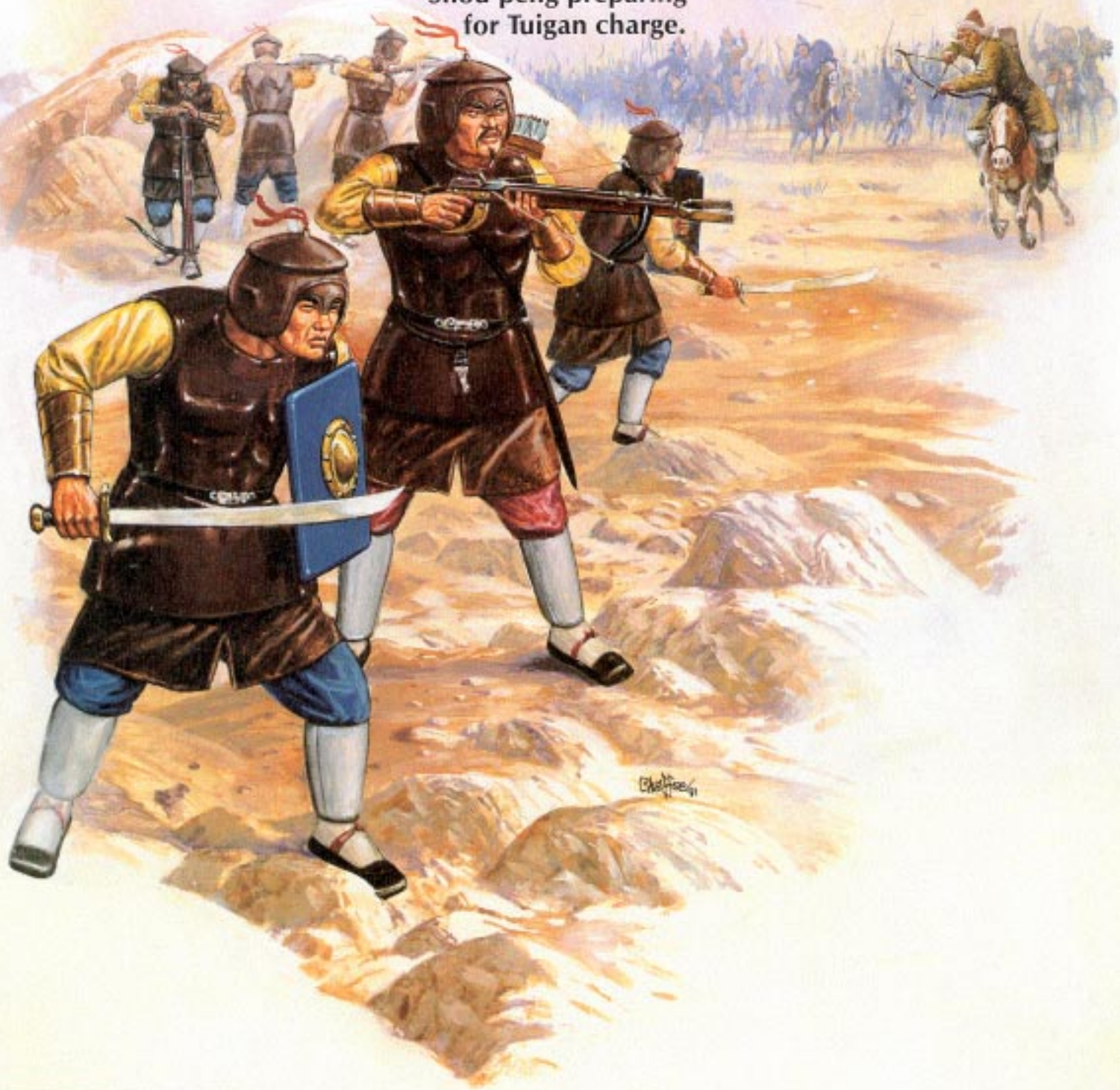
Tuigan warriors attacking Raumviran peasants.



Meeting of Hubadai and his generals.
The man in elk hide armor is
of the Pazruki tribe.



Shou peng preparing
for Tuigan charge.



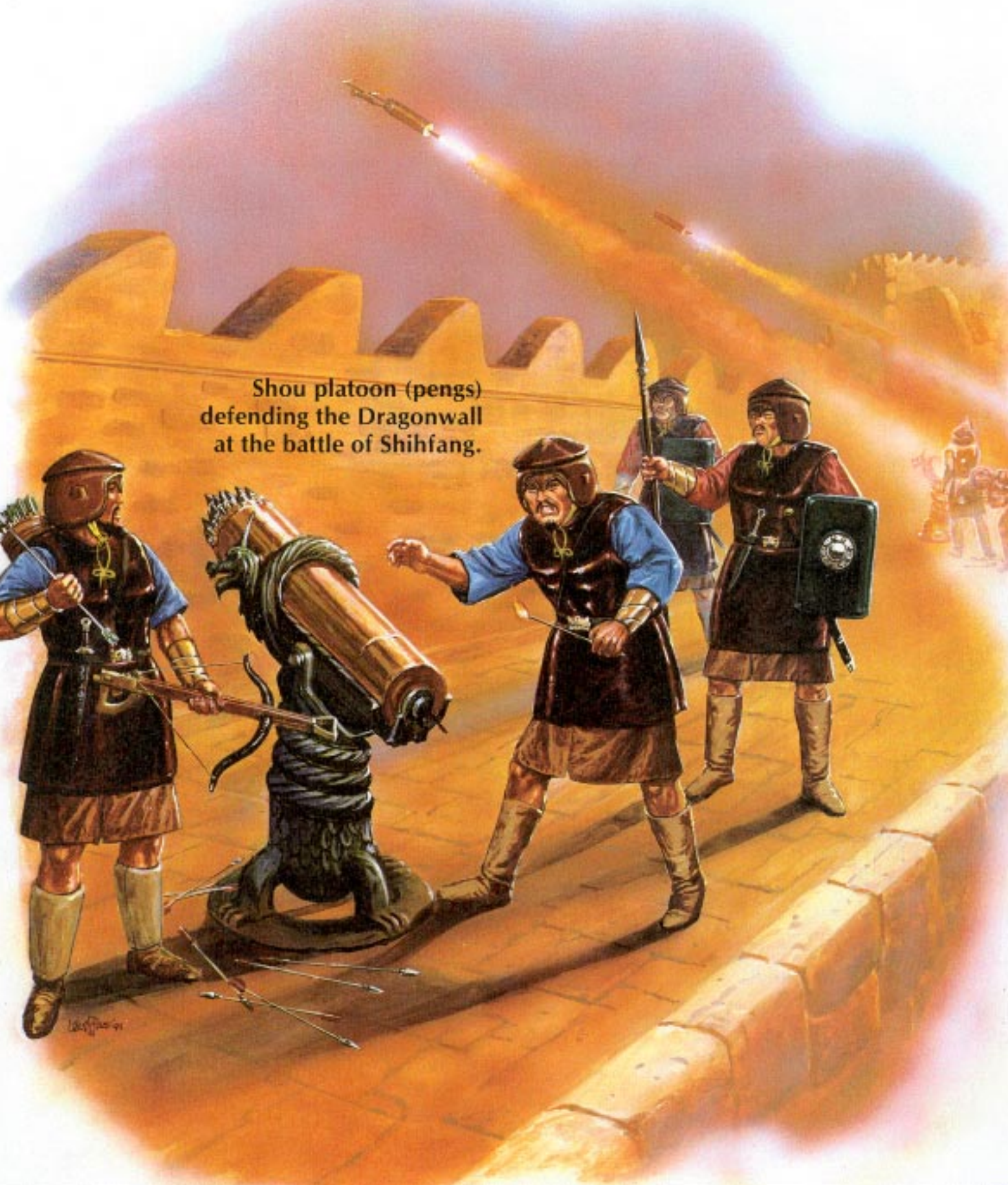
Khazari knights.
Note the hara-ate they wear.





Semphari troops preparing to load ballista.

SHARON 11



Shou platoon (pings)
defending the Dragonwall
at the battle of Shihfang.

Monks fighting Tuigans.





**Hubadai
faces off with an
Earthfast dwarf.**



The dwarves of Earthfast.



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from spreading across Rashemen to the southern front.

Despite containment, the Tuigan sacked much of Rashemen. The Witches sent warnings, but they could not stop an army 1,000 times their number.

The Tuigan eventually made their way across Rashemen, By Hammer (January) 27, 1360 DR, most them had reached the edge of the Lake of Tears, at the headwaters of the River Mulsantir. The river was too wide for the Tuigan to cross and much of it was filled with large chunks of ice. Advised by the Red Wizards, they started to build ships to cross the Mulsantir after the spring thaw.

On Alturiak (February) 16, when Thay had still not attacked, the fangs of Rashemen turned their attention to the Tuigan. The Witches led a detachment of forces to the enemy encampment.

On Alturiak 29, they attacked the Tuigan. The witchboats of Rashemen deposited 35,000 berserkers north and south of the Tuigan force, pinning 100,000 Tuigan against the River.

Organization of the Armies of Rashemen

The warriors of Rashemen were divided into small bands, each swearing fealty to one of the chieftains of Rashemen. A fang (a chieftain and his warriors) came together for adventure and to defend their territory.

The chieftains swore fealty to the Huhrong, the “Iron Lord”, who was effectively “king” of Rashemen, administering justice and leading its troops in battle.

The Iron Lord was Hyarmon Huzzilthar, a grizzled veteran of seventy-nine winters. He was chosen by the Witches of Rashemen in secret, by consensus. His predecessor, Targuth Athkarr the “Old Wolf”, was removed by the Witches when he became senile. Targuth was taken by them and never seen again and it was believed, in Rashemen, that the Witches cared for him for the rest of his life.

The Rashemen were not an aggressive peo-

ple. They had never invaded other lands and their only wars had been to stop Thay incursions.

When not under attack, the chieftains were fairly independent, having no concept of a “professional military.”

The true rulers of Rashemen were the Witches. They were revered and heeded and it was certain death to harm or to disobey a Witch. Rashemen believed that there were between 60 and 100 of them, all female, and that they possessed feared and unknown power.

Arms and Armor of the Berserkers

The berserkers of Rashemen were tall, strong people who dressed in furs or hides in winter, and wore only thin leather tunics in summer. Disdaining armor, they preferred to trust their own prowess and speed.

The weapons the berserkers preferred were swords and axes, short bows, and lances. They rarely used shields and fought mounted on small ponies, nimbler than steppe ponies but not as fast.

Another important “weapon” of the Rashemen berserker was *jhuild* (firewine) made by the Witches, and drunk by the warriors before battle. Jhuild deadened pain and inflamed passions, bringing the berserker rage which drove the Rashemen to battle.

The Witches of Rashemen wore black robes and face masks, and bore magical rings, wands, and whips. If Witches left Rashemen, they had to abandon their robes and conceal their powers. Prior to the Horde Wars, none did so.

Fighting Tactics of the Rashemen

The berserkers of Rashemen were vicious fighters with little sense of subtle tactics. The



chieftains were savvy enough to avoid obvious traps.

The Battle of the Lake of Tears: Alturiak 29, 1360 DR

The Tuigan waited at the edge of the Lake of Tears for the spring thaw. Fully 75,000 men labored on ships intended to carry them across the lake in the spring. The remaining 25,000 foraged across Rashemen, gathering food and supplies for the Tuigan army.

Yamun Khahan was unconcerned about attack. He had roamed Rashemen for two months and had rarely seen more than 50 warriors at a time. Even the Witches would not attack a force the size of Yamun's. He had

sent out scouting parties to warn him of the approach of any sizable threat.

The khahan did not know much about ship transport. General Batu Min Ho had advised him that an assault was impossible; the river was too filled with ice to allow it. This assumption was the cause of the greatest rout of the Horde since its formation, for the Tuigan knew nothing of the Rashemen witchboats.

The Disposition of Forces

The Witches of Rashemen deposited 35,000 berserkers in two major armies to the north and south of the Tuigan camp. The boats had passed the scouts, who were looking for a land bound force, and left their troops inside the Tuigan lines, undetected.

The camp was unprepared for battle. Most of the horses were tethered in a large herd to the south of the camp. The nomads were scattered across the hillside, away from the bone





chilling cold of the lake. Some remained in camp, others labored to the west on the skeletons of ships for the spring.

The Flow of Battle

The forces of Rashemen attacked in three groups. The first strike of 10,000 men hit the southern edge of the camp, trying to reach the ship skeletons and separate the Tuigan from their horses. The second came down in a broad line to the north to block that escape. The third mass of 15,000 berserk warriors poured into the camp and slaughtered every warrior they encountered.

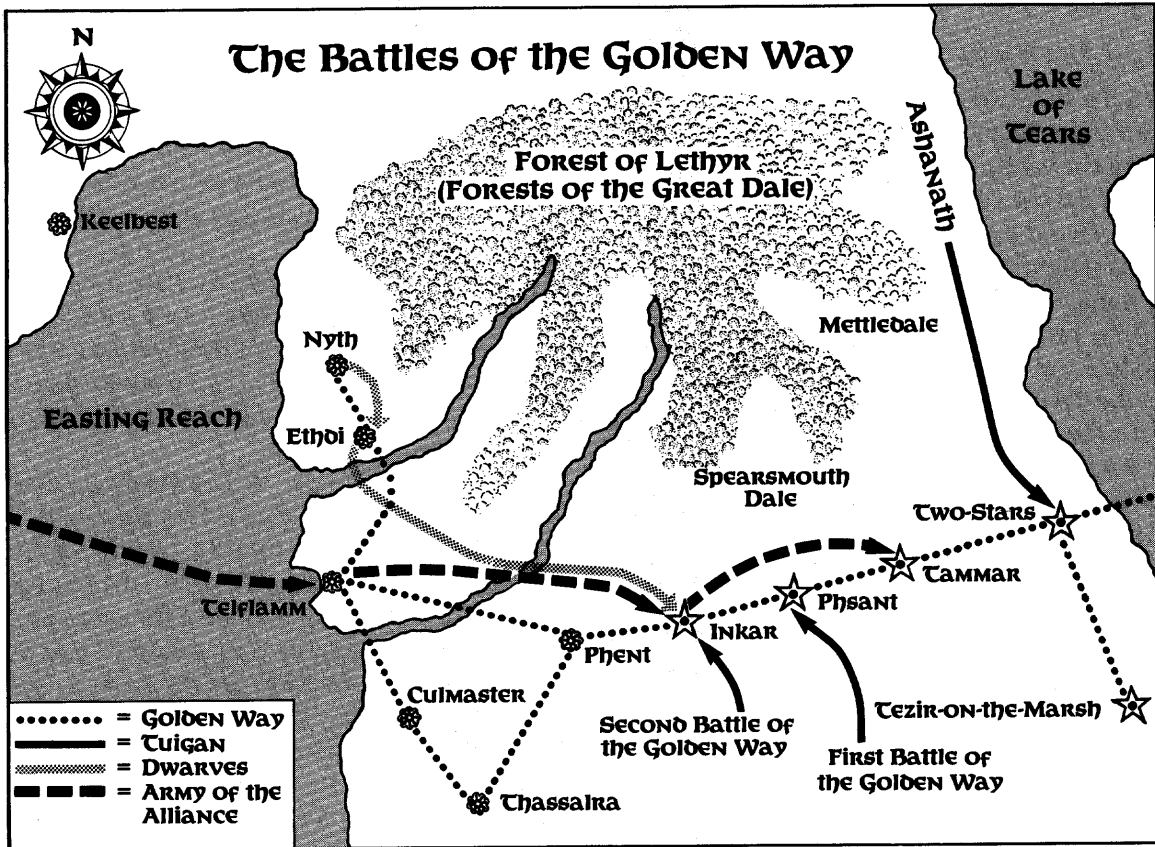
The Tuigan were in immediate peril. They outnumbered the Rashemen, but their indefensible position made them easy targets. Here and there nomads rallied to their khans and fought effectively, but overall there was chaos.

Then Yamun Khahan took charge. He ordered a jagun (100 men) to loose most of the

horses, stampeding them into the southern Rashemen force to delay them. A second jagun, with extra weapons, was sent to reinforce the shipworkers. Finally with two minghans of dayguards, he rushed forward to engage the enemy. The uncoordinated knots of men rallied to the kha-han's standard as it passed; the tide of battle began to turn.

As the Rashemen forces faltered, the Witches entered the fray. Sailing crewless witchboats down the river, the ice floes moving out of their way, they hurled fire, ice, and creatures at the beleaguered Tuigan.

Trapped between the river and the Rashemen, the Tuigan began to panic. Horses circled about the battlefield, a few Tuigan managed to





regain their mounts, but most remained afoot.

The Red Wizards then entered the melee. Rather than engaging the

Rashemen force, they turned their magic on the Lake of Tears and formed a wide dry path across to Ashanath. The rush of water escaping the parted river thrust the witchboats away from the battle, dashing one or two against the ice.

Overcoming their dread of magic, the Tuigan retreated across the river. Yamun Khahan managed to regroup most of his forces and recover their mounts before they fled. The Rashemen pressed them inexorably across the Lake of Tears. The remaining Witches attacked, dispelling the Wizards' path across the river, drowning the Tuigan who had not reached the Ashanath shore.

The Final Outcome

The Tuigan lost nearly a quarter of their forces on that wintry shore. Most fell in battle with the Rashemen, but nearly 5,000 drowned, trapped on the lake when the Witches reversed the Wizards' spells. The remaining 60,000 stood shivering on the eastern shore of Ashanath. There they camped, awaiting spring to resume their campaign.

The Rashemen, having driven the main Tuigan force from their soil, divided. Half were sent across Rashemen to capture or eliminate the remaining Tuigan forces, and the rest were rushed back to the Gorge of Gavros to face any renewed Thayvian threat.

Chapter 7 The Crusade

"My duty to Cormyr demands that I help avert a crisis that could threaten any part of the continent."

King Azoun of Cormyr

The Tuigan force wintered in Ashanath and eastern Thesk. During the coldest months, though the nomads were not raiding, they had not been forgotten by the people of Faerun.

On Tarsakh (April) 10, King Azoun of Cormyr summoned a council of the leaders of the Heartlands of Faerun, to discuss the Tuigan threat. The Dalelands, Sembia, Cormyr, and the free cities of Tantras, Hillsfar, and Ravens Bluff sent envoys. There, a woman of Rashemen, reputed to be one of the Witches, reported on the Tuigan threat.

Although they were still over a thousand miles away, the leaders of the Heartlands decided to take the war to the Tuigan. Led by King Azoun, Heartlands began a crusade. To the 28,000 troops of the Heartlands, King Azoun added 2,000 dwarven warriors from the Earthfast mountains and 1,000 orcs from Zhentil Keep.

By Tarsakh 17, 1360 DR, the Tuigan army was again on the move. They took the city of Tezir-on-the-Marsh on Tarsakh 25, and Two Stars on Mirtul (May) 17. Thousands of refugees poured westward, flooding the streets of Tammur.

By Kythorn (June) 8, the Western army had assembled in Telflamm. The dwarves and orcs, who had come separately, met King Azoun just south of the trading city of Uthmerg. Azoun's ships then carried the orcs south to Telflamm. By mutual agreement, the dwarves of Earthfast marched on their own, both because traveling by ship was repellent to them and because of the presence of the orcs from Zhentil Keep. The main force of the Alliance marched south from Telflamm, along the



Golden Way toward Phent. The dwarves came south and southeast, skirting the southern end of the Forest of Lethyr.

The Tuigan army marched on, unconcerned by the Alliance forces ahead. They overwhelmed the road fortresses in eastern Thesk, besieging and conquering Tammar on Kythorn 15, and the city of Phsant on Kythorn 20.

The Alliance forces reached the town of Inkar on Kythorn 24. Scouts located the nomads' encampment in a valley west of Phsant, just north of the Golden Way. King Azoun sent emissaries to the Tuigan camp. Although one was slain, the other returned with the khahan's demand to meet with King Azoun in person.

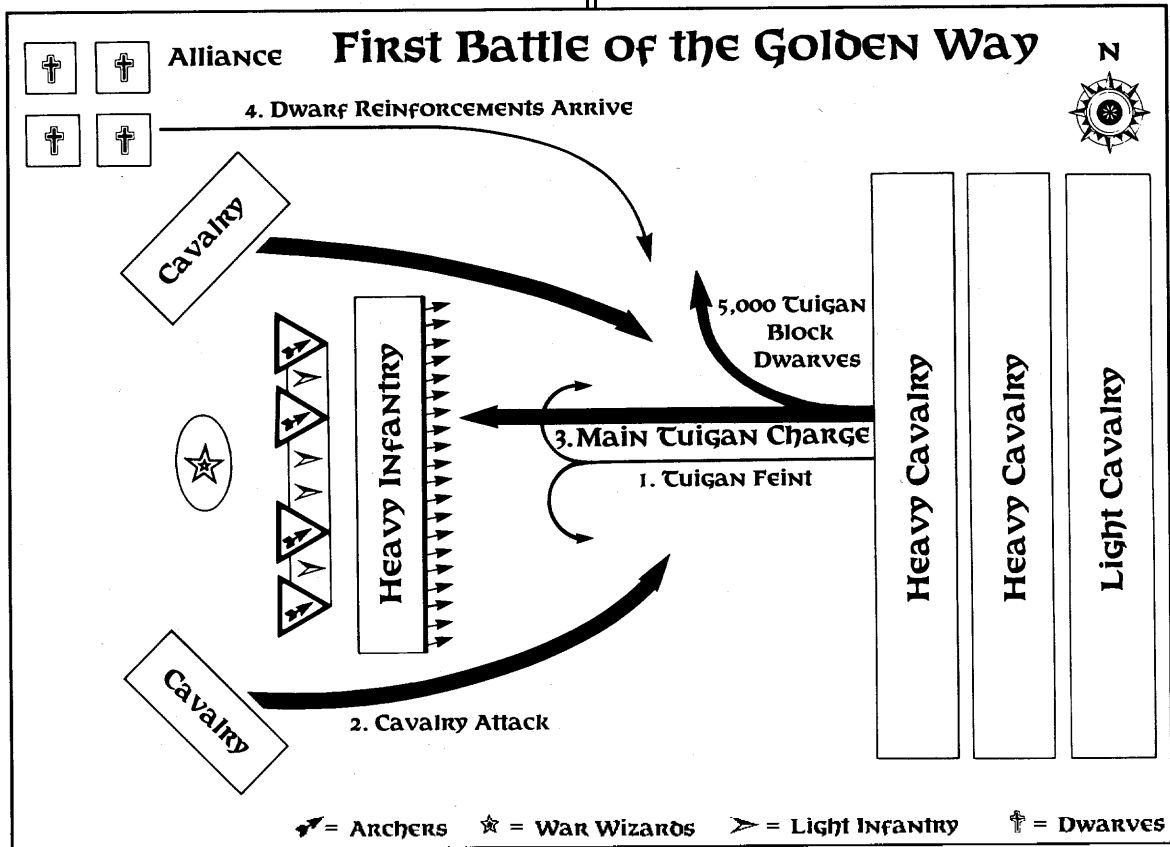
On Flamerule (July) 2, King Azoun and his advisors entered the Tuigan camp in an unsuccessful attempt to avoid battle. The 100,000 Tuigan troops who remained, outnumbered the Alliance forces by more than two to one, but King Azoun did not back down. Although

the Alliance would have preferred to wait for the arrival of the dwarves, battle was joined on Flamerule 3, 1360 DR.

Organization of the Army of the Alliance

The Army of the Alliance was not a unified military force. In this single army, men of many nations and races fought side by side against a common enemy.

The forces of Cormyr formed the heart of the Army of the Alliance. They were divided into professional soldiers from the army, and troops from the noble houses of Cormyr owed to the King through scutage (shield tax). Volun-





teers from the Cormyrian cities of Suzail and Arabel, and wizards from the cities of Cormyr made up the remainder of

their forces. The professional soldiers were predominately pikemen. Noble troops, often personally led by Cormyr's nobles, were comprised of heavy cavalry. Most of the volunteers could, at best, have been described as skirmishers, light infantry and archers and few had any military experience.

The wizards of Cormyr were focused around the famous Council of Mages, the "War Wizards" of Cormyr. This council included over 300 wizards from the cities and noble fiefs of Cormyr who had been drafted for service in Cormyr's army during time of war.

Sembia did not provide any of her own troops. The kingdom maintained only a small army and there were no troops available to spare on the quest. Instead, Sembia provided sufficient funds to hire 4,000 mercenaries. Most of these were heavy infantry selected to stiffen the Alliance lines.

The Dales sent 4,000 men, primarily archers. Hillsfar sent only 600 men at arms, most of them cavalymen from the Red Plumes. Their numbers bolstered the noble troops of Cormyr. Tantras, Ravens Bluff, and the other cities of the Heartlands sent 7,400 men between them. These were primarily volunteers like those from Cormyr. The cities also provided more than 300 wizards to aid the Cormyr contingent.

Zhentil Keep sent 1,000 orc medium infantry with their own leader, Vrakk. The orc troops had considerable battle experience, much of it against the Dales, but were unused to fighting in a large army.

The dwarves of Earthfast sent 2,000 heavy pikemen, trained in the use of square and massed formations. Since much of their training had been designed to fight cavalry, these

troops had a value to the Alliance forces far exceeding their number.

The infantry, including the troops from Zhentil Keep, was placed under the command of Farl Bloodaxe, the ranking general of the Cormyrian army. General Brunthar Elventree of Battledale led the archers, who were predominately Dalesmen. The cavalry were led by Lord Harcourt, a noble of Cormyr who was well respected by the other nobles. Vangerdast of Cormyr, King Azoun's advisor, led the War Wizards.

Within each branch of the Army, the organization followed traditional Cormyrian chains of command. Sub commanders were appointed for each thousand men, with sergeants in charge of each hundred.

Arms and Armor of the Alliance

Unlike the professional armies of Shou Lung, the Army of the Alliance showed little unity in appearance or weaponry. There was no time, after the formation of the army, to create uniforms or even to train together, so each unit dressed in its regular battle gear. Except for the professional military, there was little unity even within a given section.

The king's bodyguard wore chain mail and tunics emblazoned with the Purple Dragon. They carried long swords and medium shields. The other Cormyrian professionals wore studded leather armor and carried pikes, short swords, and body shields. The mercenaries were better armored, usually with scale or chain mail, and carrying medium shields. The volunteer infantry armed itself with spears, swords, or axes and carried makeshift shields. Armor was either of leather or they wore no armor.

The wealthier nobles of Cormyr commonly wore plate mail with full plate barding for their horses. Nobles of lesser means settled for banded mail and full scale barding. Their troops typically wore chain mail with chain or leather barding. Weaponry included lances, swords, and medium shields.



The warriors of the Dales wore leather armor and dressed in the light green unofficial uniform of the Dalesmen. Their arms included the long bow, of which they were masters, and short swords.

Hillsfar's Red Plumes were as well armored as the mercenaries; many of them even wore banded mail. Their horses were barded with chain or leather, much like the noble troops of Cormyr. Weapons varied, but maces, axes, and short bows which could be used from horseback, were common. The Red Plumes of Hillsfar did not use lances.

The volunteers from Tantras, Ravens Bluff, and the other cities of the Heartlands varied between the formal uniforms and regular armor of the Cormyrian soldiery to the sparse equipment of the volunteer warriors. The dwarven pikemen wore dwarf forged full plate armor, and carried crossbows as well as pikes. The orcs of Zhentil Keep wore greasy

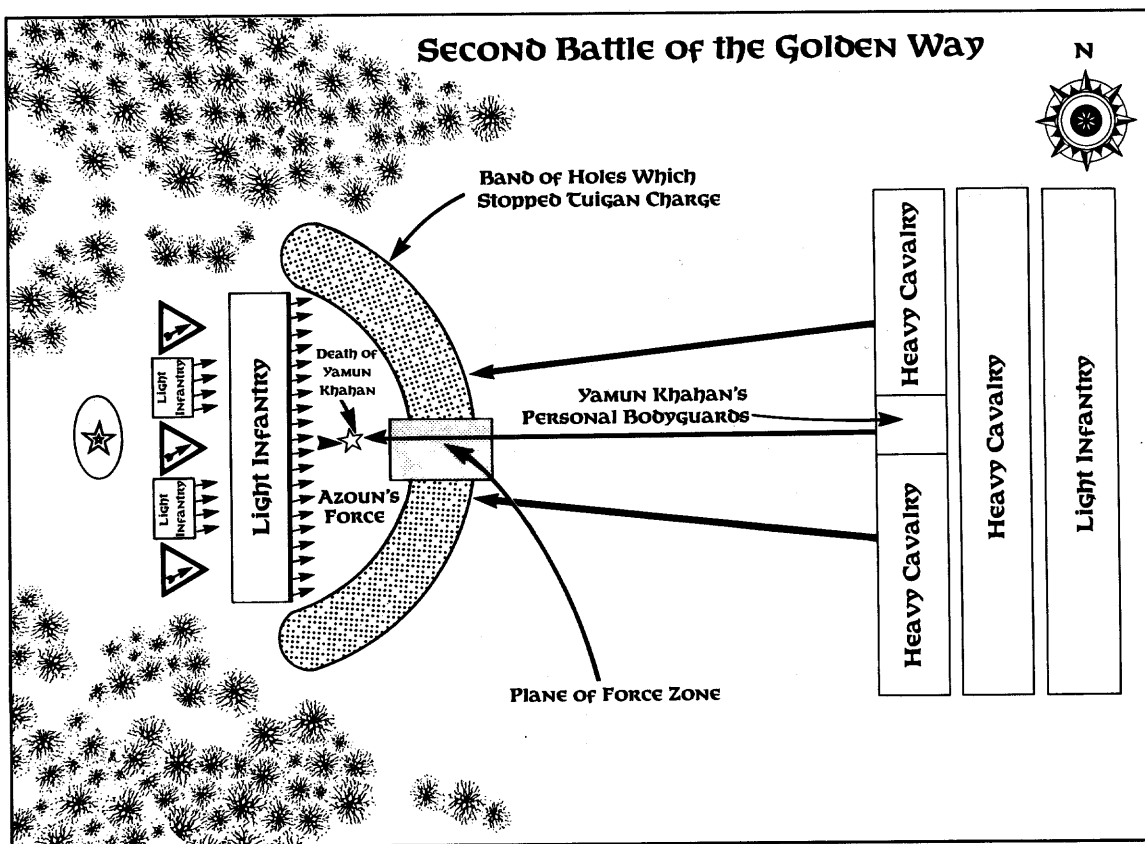
black leather armor, occasionally supplemented with bits of chain or plate. They used a wide variety

of crude weapons: swords, flails, maces, axes, spears, and polearms.



The Battles of the Golden Way: Flamerule 3-5, 1360 DR

The armies of King Azoun and Yamun Khahan camped thirty miles apart, just west of the city of Phsant. On the morning of Flamerule 3, King Azoun's forces arrayed themselves across the Golden Way, the trade road which was Thesk's lifeblood. There they awaited the Khahan's attack.





The Disposition of Forces

The forces of the Alliance were deployed in the traditional fashion of Heartlands armies. The center of the force was held by two lines of infantry. The first line, four men deep, consisted largely of pikemen and spearmen in close formation. The second line, shorter and to the rear, comprised swordsmen and axemen who would fall upon the Tuigan if they penetrated the main line.

The cavalry was deployed in wings to either side of the frontal line, ready to sweep forward into the Tuigan flank once the infantry had stopped the charge. The archers stood in four groups within the second rank, prepared to fire at the advancing Tuigan force over the heads of the infantry before them.

The wizards remained behind the infantry, their spells ready for the Tuigan charge. Vangerdahast had fallen ill. He had accompanied King Azoun on his visit to Yamun Khahan and the spells staving off his old age had collapsed when he entered the magic-dead area the Tuigan had chosen as their campsite. While Vangerdahast was unavailable, his second in command took up leadership of the War Wizards.

The Tuigan approached the outnumbered Alliance in three lines of horsemen, three deep, and spread completely across the Golden Way.

The Flow of Battle

The first Tuigan assault was 15 minghans (15,000 men). Typically, the first assault was to gauge the archery of Yamun Khahan's opponent. The nomads charged to a distance of 50 yards from the Alliance lines, absorbing three volleys from Alliance longbowmen before returning fire and fleeing. In the first charge, the Tuigan lost 4,000 men to the Alliance's 300.

The second charge of 30,000 further ravaged the nomad army. In addition to the archery, which claimed 4,000 Tuigan lives, the War Wizards fired their first volley. They hurled hundreds of fireballs into the Tuigan line just as they turned to fire bows. The wizards followed the fireballs with an assault of dozens of earth elementals. Instead of raining more arrows on the Alliance, Tuigan horsemen died by the thousands.

The cavalry, against orders, decided to charge the weakened ranks of the nomads. The Tuigan commander of the assault quickly began a rout back to the main Tuigan force and the Alliance cavalry obligingly followed, leaving the infantry to fend for itself.

King Azoun ordered the infantry to fall back, but the uncoordinated efforts of forces from half a dozen armies were unable to prevent the Tuigan from encircling the Alliance.

The cavalry managed to defeat the fleeing nomads, but in the process isolated themselves so badly that the khahan's main force easily encircled and destroyed them.

The infantry might have been wiped out as well had the dwarves not arrived at the battle site at that moment. When the Tuigan commander saw this small force coming from the north, he dispatched 5,000 horsemen to eliminate them.

Many of the Tuigan fell to the dwarven crossbows, but more fell to the dwarves' pikes. The dwarves were using formed squares which the Tuigan could easily encircle, and did, but they could not easily defeat them. The Tuigan horses were vulnerable to the dwarven pikes. The Earthfast dwarves were well enough trained to crush much of the Tuigan assault force between their own formations.

The dwarves then advanced to assist the armies of the Alliance in fending off the majority of the Tuigan attack. The Alliance's position had always been defensive, though the wizards and archers had been able to prevent the Tuigan force from establishing a complete



encirclement. The dwarves acted where they could, assaulting the Tuigan archers from behind initially, then working within the Alliance forces to stiffen the human infantry.

By afternoon, the Tuigan had had enough. Yamun Khahan ordered a retreat, and his forces returned to their magic-dead campsite to consider their alternatives.

The Aftermath

Nearly 30,000 Tuigan died at the First Battle of the Golden Way, leaving 70,000 at large in Thesk. Some Tuigan were captured, including General Batu Min Ho, one of the khahan's ablest commanders.

The Army of the Alliance, however, had suffered more severely. Fifteen thousand men had died on the first day of battle, including almost all of the cavalymen and most of the front line mercenaries. Nearly a quarter of the wizards were also slain. The soldiers remaining were primarily light to medium infantry men, and only dwarves were left to provide any heavily armored force. Perhaps worst of all, King Azoun himself was injured in the battle, felled with a leg wound. His daughter, Princess Alusair, then took command of the Alliance forces.

The Tuigan force had retreated to regroup and plan a new assault. They had not been defeated, and Princess Alusair knew that they would return. That night she pulled the Western forces back, west along the Golden Way, to a more defensible position between two wooded areas. The woods would prevent the Tuigan from encircling the Army of the Alliance, while the narrow front that remained would offset the numerical advantage of the nomads.

By the morning, King Azoun was better, although his leg wound was still serious. Vangerdahast had also improved, enhancing the morale of the War Wizards. Nevertheless, the Army of the Alliance was in desperate trouble. King Azoun offered each man in the army the opportunity to leave without recrimination. Only 100 out of 15,000 accepted his offer.

The Second Battle of the Golden Way

Despite their more defensible position, the Alliance was still heavily outnumbered. Nearly 70,000 Tuigan still opposed their 15,000 man army, and they had lost their best troops.

King Azoun and his generals came up with a plan that would defeat the Tuigan. Azoun had the dwarves of Earthfast dig hundreds of small holes, in a semicircular band, in front of the Alliance forces. The holes would be extremely dangerous for the nomad horsemen, for they would break the horses' legs and stop any Tuigan charge. He then directed the War Wizards to cover the holes with an illusion so that the ground appeared the same as the rest of the terrain.

The Alliance infantry established themselves in two strong ranks across the narrowed Golden Way. The dwarves anchored the left end of the line with the remaining heavy infantry in the center. The archers and wizards were stationed within the second rank of the infantry.

The Flow of Battle

The Tuigan began their onslaught with a small foray. They charged the Alliance lines with 1,000 riders, too few to make an effective attack on 15,000 men. Many fell from arrow fire, but the remaining few pulled up just a few yards from the illusion shrouded holes. They shot fire arrows into the woods to drive the Alliance from its flanking position.

As the Tuigan raiders retreated, the Alliance wizards responded. They summoned up a storm to extinguish the small fires which had sprung up and further muddied the embattled field.

Yamun Khahan lost patience with the Alliance. The Tuigan horde charged the westerners, still unaware of the horse destroying terrain hidden just beneath the illusion.







King Azoun's scouts identified the khahan's own standard in the center of the line. He had Vangerdahast conjure a barrier of force which allowed the khahan and his bodyguard of 50 men to ride safely above the trapped field. Then the Tuigan charge hit the line of holes at full speed. Wave after wave of Tuigan horses were stopped at the edge, their legs broken by holes or collapsing atop other less fortunate riders. Once the trap was revealed, the wizards allowed the illusion to fade. The khahan and his bodyguard escaped the devastation, only to be isolated from the remainder of the Tuigan horde. Separated from his main force, Yamun Khahan found himself trapped between the Alliance lines and the wall created by fallen Tuigan mounts.

King Azoun and his hand picked bodyguard of 200 charged; their target was the small knot of Tuigan around the Khahan. Simultaneously, Alliance archers opened fire on the twisted pile of Tuigan at the edge of the trap. King Azoun's small force surrounded the khahan and his bodyguard. After a brief and fierce combat, Yamun Khahan, "Emperor Of All The World", was dead. He had been killed in single combat with King Azoun of Cormyr himself.

The Final Outcome

Without Yamun Khahan, the Tuigan's spirit was broken. The

Horde was routed, fleeing eastward along the Golden Way and disintegrating into squabbling tribes before they even regained sight of the steppe. Factions developed around General Chanar Ong Kho, the khahan's sons, and other warriors, as each gained or lost support to become the Khahan's successor. The lack of a unifying leader tore the Tuigan horde apart.

The Alliance was not unscathed. Although there were few casualties in the Second Battle of the Golden Way, Torg mac Cei, Ironlord of Earthfast, was killed in the final fighting.

The remainder of the Alliance stayed in Thesk for another month caring for the Tuigan prisoners, making certain the barbarians had left Thesk, and helping where they could to rebuild the devastated kingdom. Eventually Rashemen reported that Thay had withdrawn back across her borders, and the Iron Lord could devote his total attention to eliminating the Tuigan threat. The Army of the Alliance could go home.

Conclusion

The defenders of Faerun won a tremendous victory on the rolling plains of Thesk. Like most tales of life and conflict, however, the story did not end there. The dwarves of Earthfast buried their leader, Torg mac Cei, in a stone cairn at the battle site. The remaining dwarves then marched back to Earthfast, having met their obligations of honor. Although at one time it appeared that the Alliance would bring the somber dwarves into closer contact with the Heartlands, this did not come to pass.

The orcs remained in Thay against King Azoun's wishes. Their orders from Zhentil

Keep were to establish a new outpost in Thesk, and there they were to remain, despite the Theskan government's best attempts to be rid of them.

The peace with Zhentil Keep persisted, in part because of King Azoun's agreement to leave the Zhentish garrison at Darkhold unmolested for one year. The Zhentish have taken full advantage of this agreement, strengthening their fortifications and ensuring that, when the year is over, Darkhold will be able to take care of itself.

The warriors of the Dales returned home and once again took up the watch against Zhentil Keep. Despite their evil deities, the Zhentarim were true to their agreement and



left the Dales unmolested during the crusade. No sooner were the Dalesmen back, however, than the Zhentarim resumed their usual efforts to add the Dales to their growing territory.

King Azoun and the Cormyrian army returned home to a heroes' welcome. All those who participated in the campaign became members of the Order of the Golden Way, and the people of Cormyr have rewarded them in countless ways. King Azoun has also established the Hostels of the Golden Way, where the families of those who fell in the Crusade could get food, shelter, and assistance.

The horse warriors of the steppe exploded into a host of factions and seemed intent on battling one another, rather than their neighbors, for a time. Semphar and Khazari, both satrapies of the Tuigan under Yamun Khahan, strengthened themselves so that the Tuigan yoke could be thrown from their kingdoms.

From a historical perspective, the Horde Wars caused significant changes in the Realms. Faerun and Kara-Tur resumed active communication for the first time in centuries. Trade along the Silk Road became greater than it had been in anyone's lifetime, except perhaps dur-

ing the long life of the Sage of Shadowdale himself.

The most important change was in the way the Heartlands viewed themselves. Before the Horde War, the individual nations of the Heartlands were content to remain within their own borders, facing their own internal challenges. However, since they have been involved in "Deeds of Greatness," their minds have turned to more ambitious thoughts.

Some whispered that King Azoun would again unite the Heartlands, this time creating a new empire in the heart of Faerun. Others spoke of a crusade against Thay, or perhaps Zhentil Keep. Still others, all too few, spoke of the dangers of overweening pride.

This is a history. It can only show us what has gone before, it cannot predict what will come after. If empire is the destiny of the Heartlands, this history will become cautionary, telling the tale of one would be "Emperor of All The World."



BATTLESYSTEM™ Statistics

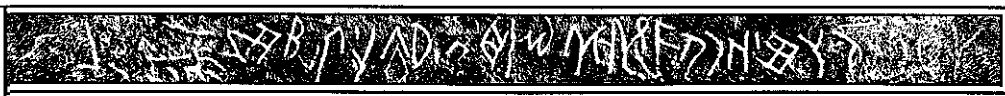
The following information will provide AD&D® game BATTLESYSTEM™ statistics for the armies and leaders of the Horde War. These may be used in a miniatures campaign as a troop list, and in a role playing campaign as a basis for portraying the participants in the Horde War in game terms.

The numerical abilities given in this section are typical for the armies listed. Of course, a specific unit could easily have different ratings than those provided here. Players will have to do their own conversions for specific units.

The basic listing for each troop type provides the five principal ratings—attack dice, armor rating, hits, morale rating and movement allowance. Below that line are given any additional information which applies, such as range of missile weapons, whether the unit is regular or irregular, and so forth.

It should be noted that in standard BATTLESYSTEM™ games all figures (except leaders and commanders) represent 10 soldiers. Thus, a troop of 1,000 soldiers would be represented by 100 figures on the tabletop.

Some of the battles of the Horde War involved tens of thousands of soldiers, and would require thousands of figures to represent. You may wish to use a scale of 100 soldiers to the figure instead. Should you do this,



the following special rules should be used:

1) In order to keep the battle in scale, divide all movement rates and missile ranges by 3. Thus, a figure with a move of 24" would move 8" on the tabletop, and a commander with a CD of 15" would have an effective CD of 5".

2) Although commanders are still used to establish which units are under command, individual combatants (such as leader figures) are not counted as doing damage when fighting in mass formation. However, heroes can still challenge one another to Heroic Combat and such combats are resolved normally.

Tuigan

Light Cavalry: AD 6* 8; AR 8; Hits 2; ML 14; MV 24" ; Range 5"/10"/18"

Heavy Cavalry: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 3; ML 15; MV 15"; Range 5"/10"/18"

Yamun Khahan: AD 12 + 8; AR 4; Hits 8; CD 25"; MV 15"

General Chanar Ong Kho: AD 12; AR 5; Hits 6; CD 18"; MV 15"

Prince Hubadai: AD 12 + 8; AR 4; Hits 8; CD 16"; MV 15"

Prince Jadaran: AD 12; AR 4; Hits 6; CD 20"; MV 15"

Typical Khan: AD 8* 10; AR 6; Hits 5; CD 10" ; MV 15"; Range 5"/10"/18"

Semphar

Cavalry: AD 7; AR 6; Hits 2; ML 12; MV 18"

Heavy Infantry: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 1; ML 12; MV 6"

Light Infantry: AD 6; AR 8; Hits 1; ML 11; MV 12"

Archers: AD 6 * 4; AR 8; Hits 1; ML 11; MV 12" ; Range 5"/10"/15"

Skirmishers: AD 4; AR 8; Hits 1; ML 11; MV 12"; Range 5"/10"/20"

Sappers—Heavy Catapult: AD 2dl2; Hits 15; Crew 6; MV 3"; Range 18"/36"; Rate 3

Wizards: AD 8; AR 5; Hits 5; CD 7"; MV 24"; Cause horror, -1, range 3"; Can use 2 1st, 2 2nd, 2 3rd, 1 4th, and 15th level spell

Caliph Abu Bakr: AD 10; AR 4; Hits 5; CD 11"; MV 12"

Commander of the Faithful (under Abu Bakr): AD 8; AR 4; Hits 4; CD 9"; MV 12"

(These notables are relatively unskilled (8th level), as Abu Bakr had been promoting by heredity as opposed to ability.)

Although al-Hamid had been dead for several years at the time of the Horde Wars, statistics are provided for al-Hamid and his commanders for those wishing to recreate battles set during the height of his reign.

al-Hamid: AD 12; AR 2; Hits 8; CD 20"; MV 12"

Commander of the Faithful (under al-Hamid): AD 10; AR 3; Hits 6; CD 15"; MV 12"

Khazari

Heavy Infantry: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 1; ML 11; MY 6"

Medium Infantry: AD 6; AR 7; Hits 1; ML 10; MV 9"

Cavalry: AD 8; AR 7; Hits 2; ML 12; MV 18"

Monks: AD 8; AR 9; Hits 2; ML 14; MV 24"

Prince Ogandi: AD 10; AR 4; Hits 4; CD 9"; MV 12"

Knight of Khazari: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 3; CD 6" ; MV 12"

Shou Lung

Infantry: AD 6; AR 7; Hits 1; ML 12; MV 9"

Archers: AD 6 * 4; AR 8; Hits 1; ML 11; MV 12"

Cavalry: AD 8; AR 8; Hits 2; ML 12; MV 24"

Higher Officer: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 5; CD 10" ; MV 12"

General Batu Min Ho: AD 10; AR 7; Hits 6; CD 15"; MV 12"



Thay

Goblin Skirmishers: AD 6; AR 8; Hits 1; ML 11 ; MV 6"; Hated foes: dwarves, gnomes; Goblins are hampered in daylight, which causes them a -1 modifier to morale and gives any opponent a -1 benefit to AR when being attacked.

Medium Human Infantry: AD 6; AR 7; Hits 1; ML 11; MV 9"

Heavy Human Infantry: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 1; ML 12; MV 6"

Gnoll Infantry: AD 8; AR 7; Hits 2; ML 11; MV 9"; Irregular only; Chaotic; Hated foe: minotaurs; The gnolls' brittle morale is directly related to their hyena origin. Gnolls must check morale during every step in which the unit loses even a single figure, and at any other time when a morale check would be required. However, gnollish savagery is reflected in the creatures' ability to function as berserkers—gaining double attack dice in melee combat after they have made a positive morale check. **Legion of Cyric (undead legion):** AD 8; AR 9; Hits 2; ML N/A; MV 6"; Irregular only; Cause horror, -1; Zombies not only move slowly, they have poor reactions. Any opponent attacking the Legion of Cyric in melee always attacks first.

Light Cavalry: AD 8; AR 8; Hits 2; ML 12; MV 24"

Heavy Cavalry: AD 8; AR 8; Hits 3; ML 14; MV 15"

Griffin Legion: AD 12; AR 6; Hits 4; ML 11; MV 12" /30"; Maneuverability Class C; The Griffon Legion is treated as flying cavalry; they can charge, receiving the appropriate bonuses—they are still not capable of regular formation. Note also that many of the riders of the Griffon Legion are mages, albeit weak ones. Each figure (representing 10 riders) can cast 2 1st level, 2 2nd level, 2 3rd level, and 1 4th level spells. In addition, a figure may cast up to 2 spells in the same turn.

Legion of Bones: AD 10; AR 8; Hits 2; ML n/a; MV 18"; Because of the monsters' fleshless forms, any hits inflicted on them by stabbing

or slashing weapons (including arrows, spears, swords, axes, etc.) are divided in half (round up) before rolling armor

checks for the skeletons. For example, if an archer unit inflicts 9 hits on a skeleton unit, the skeletons only make armor checks for 5 hits.

Wizard's Circle: AD 6; AR 6; Hits 4; ML 14; MV 12"; A Wizard's Circle represents a Red Wizard and his apprentices combining their magical powers. Their concentration is so great that despite the power of the wizard, he cannot be used as a leader on the battlefield (thus no CD). A Wizard's Circle can cast four 1st, three 2nd, three 3rd, and two 4th level spells because the combining ritual increases the number of spells.

Valerios Theokillos, Tharchion of Pyrados: AD 10; AR 4; Hits 5; CD 11" ; MV 12"

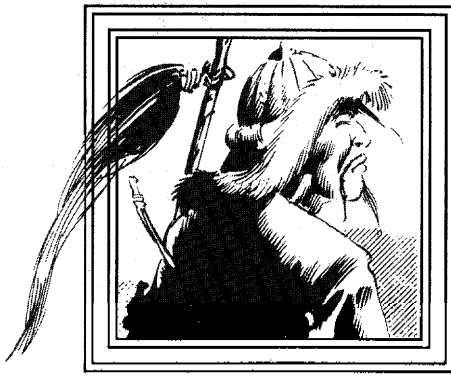
Zulkir Szass Tam: AD 8; AR 3; Hits 8; CD 12"; MV 18"; Can only command wizardly or undead troops. Szass Tam can cast 2 1st, 2 2nd, 2 3rd, 2 4th, 2 5th, and 2 6th level spells.

Rashemen

Berserkers: AD 6; AR 8; Hits 1; ML 12; MV 12"; A fang of Rashemen in good order when using *jhuild* (Rashemen firewine), earns double AD when engaged in melee combat from the fanatical intensity of its attack. (This is not cumulative with a charge benefit; x2 AD is the greatest bonus the unit can receive.) Rashemen berserkers are exempt from morale checks until the unit is reduced to 50% or less of its original size; thereafter it checks normally.

Witch: AD 8; AR 5; Hits 5; CD 7"; MV 24"; Cause horror, -1, range 5"; The mighty witches of Rashemen can each use 2 1st, 2 2nd, 2 3rd, 1 4th, and 1 5th level spell. Note that unlike the Circles of Thay, each figure represents only a single mage.

Chieftain: AD 10; AR 4; Hits 4; CD 8" ; MV 9"



Cormyrian Infantry: AD 8; AR 7; Hits 2; ML 12; MV 9"; Second rank can attack in melee

Cormyrian Volunteer Irregulars: AD 6; AR 9; Hits 1; ML 10; MV 12"; Irregular only

Noble Cavalry: AD 8; AR 5; Hits 4; ML 15; MV 12"

War Wizard: AD 4; AR 7; Hits 3; CD 5"; MV 12"; Cause horror, -1, range 3"; A typical Cormyrian war wizard can cast 2 1st, 2 2nd, and 1 3rd level spell.

King Azoun: AD 10; AR 3; Hits 10; CD 20"; MV 9"

Farl Bloodaxe: AD 10; AR 4; Hits 6; CD 12"; MV 9"

Lord Harcourt: AD 10; AR 4; Hits 5; CD 10"; MV 12"

Vangerdahast of Cormyr: AD 8; AR 5; Hits 5; CD 8"; MV 24"; Vangerdahast can use 2 1st, 2 2nd, 2 3rd, 2 4th, 1 5th, and 1 6th level spell.

Dalelands

Archers: AD 6* 6; AR 9; Hits 1; ML 12; MV 12"; Range 7"/14"/21"

General Brunthar Elventree: AD 8*8; AR 5; Hits 5; CD 16"; MV 12"; Range 10"/20"/30"

Free Cities

Mercenary Heavy Infantry: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 1; ML 11; MV 6"

Earthfast

Dwarf Heavy Infantry: AD 10*B; AR 6; Hits 2; ML 14; MV 6"; Second and third rank can attack in melee. When dwarves are engaged in melee combat with one of their hated foes, the enemy monsters suffer a +1 penalty to AR. An orc with an AR of 6 becomes AR 7, for example. However, dwarves are still subject to discipline checks in battles involving these foes.

Ironlord Torg mac Cei: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 7; CD 18"; MV 9"

Zhentil Keep

Orcish Infantry: AD 6; AR 8; Hits 1; ML 11; MV 9"; Orcs suffer in direct sunlight, receiving a -1 Morale Rating modifier and giving opponents a -1 benefit to AR under such conditions.

Vrakk: AD 8; AR 6; Hits 2; CD 12"; MV 9"



Horde Campaign

This is the first in a series of reference books aimed at the recreationist. In these pages are the battles fought by Yamun Khahan, Batu Min Ho, and all the others caught up in the sweeping Horde campaigns. The strategies and disposition of forces are set forth in plain terms. Sixteen color plates show the arms and armor used by each army. BATTLESYSTEM[™] Rules statistics allow for the complete recreation of each battle fought in this massive campaign. Ten interior maps delineate the terrain and forces involved in each major confrontation. With this book you, too, can fight from the edges of far eastern Kara-Tur across the steppes into the heartlands of Faerun. Whether you wish to replay the wars in precise detail, or try your own strategies, this is the book that will help you achieve your goal.

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Anauroch
by Ed Greenwood



BEDINE LANGUAGE AND NAMES

Names

Bedine do not use surnames; if there is a possibility of confusion between two individuals of the same tribe, who share the same name, nickname, "son of," or "wife of" designation is added to one man's name by the elders, in everyday speech—or, if the two men concerned are of greatly differing ages, "the Young" and "the Old" may also be used. Here follow some sample Bedine names; roll 1d20 to select a name at random. A better practice is to select names from the list, and make up different names that "sound right" (such as Brudrin, Fuulam, and Shariim, for men, and Alasharra, and Tsethli, for women) as often as possible.

Male

1. Ajaman
2. Al'Aif
3. Assam
4. Bhadla
5. Dahalzel
6. Dawasir
7. Didaji
8. Farim
9. Haushi
10. Kabina
11. Kadumi
12. Musalim
13. Nata
14. Rahid
15. Rata
16. Sa'ar
17. Sabkhat
18. Utaiba
19. Yatagan
20. Zarud

Female

1. Abala
2. Aglavia
3. Alethra
4. Bujauna
5. Dajala
6. Dizsa
7. Duthrala
8. Fiirria
9. Ilyouma
10. Kalastiira
11. Lajarama
12. Nathla
13. Qoha'dar
14. Rahalat
15. Ruha
16. Saalariira
17. Shalira
18. Tuibaila
19. Vayess
20. Yamala

Known Bedine Tribes

Alaii
Artinn Ruabi
Bai Kabor
Bait Mahwa

Binwabi
Bordjia
Clelarra
Dakawa
Dursalai
Felfaarin
Goldor
Iriphawa
Ju'ur Dai
Kellordrai
Lalajar
Mtair Dhafir
Mahlajai
Qahtan
Raz'hadi
Ruwaldi
Shremala
Ulaarjar
Yethtai
Zazalaar

A Few Words In Uloushinn

The Bedine tongue, called "Uloushinn" by sages, though the Bedine themselves seem to have no name for it, is old, and boasts a large vocabulary. A few words are given here, for the use of DMs in "spicing up" the speech of encountered Bedine. This is not a grammatical guide to Uloushinn.

aba— a loose-fitting robe; the basic garment of the Bedine, worn by both sexes. Over it, a dark (usually black), billowing over-robe (called a jellaba or "night cloak") is worn at night, for warmth and concealment

akeud— a blood-oath

akh— brother

akuna— a promise, debt owed through an agreement or obligation to the dead

amarat— a curving horn, hand-carved and worn at the belt. Its brazen tones carry on the desert winds, to cry warning to other Bedine

'ali— high

'amiq— deep

ard— land, territory, hunting-ground

'arif— know

asad— lion

asan— (temporary) shelter or refuge

'atshan— thirsty

'avn— spring (of water)

aziir— scimitar

aziirla— killing, murder (however done)

'azim— great (in power, rank)

ba'id— away, far away

bakia— a wooden cup, used for drinking water or tea

berrani— stranger

bi— prefix, meaning: 'at,' 'in,' or 'with'

bir— well (of water)

dahab— gold

da'if— weak

darab— strike, hit

difa— code of behavior, decree or judgement

djebira— a saddlebag

dukhhkhan— smoke

el— lord (or sir) a title of respect preceding the person's name e.g. "El Zorah," although it actually as something close to "The")

fadda— silver

fagr— dawn, day-break

fahim— understand

fakha— fruit

fulquu— above

gab— bring (a thing)

gazma (plural: gizam)— boot

gedid— new

gemel (plural: gimal)— camel

ghani— rich

ghashim— foolish

ghazal (plural: ghozlan)— gazelle

gooud (plural: goouds)— mature camel (not to be used to describe any other sort of camel; this means a full-grown, trained riding variety, the 'top quality' animal)

gu'an— hungry

habib— bad

habl— rope, tether

haddad— smith

haddir— bring (a person)

hadid— iron, steel (weapons-metal)

hagar— stone

haouadjejs— elaborately decorated box-shaped camel-litters used only by the wealthiest Bedine families, for their women and

baggage to travel in, in (relative) comfort

haram— forbidden

harr— hot (to be)

hat— give (to me)

hawa— air

heya— up (also "get up")

hiram (plural: ihrima)— blanket

ibn awa— jackal

ibn haram— rascal (= son of thieves)

ibriq— jug

ihteres— be careful

ila— to

inzil— dismount get (or go) down (from there)

jambiya— a curved, double-edged dagger, worn in a belt scabbard by both sexes (customarily the only weapon of a woman)

jellaba— a "night cloak," or heavy camel's wool robe, worn by Bedine over their abas

kalam— talk

kasar— break (kesser: broke; kessrin: broken)

kebir— large

keffiyeh (plural: keffiyehs)— a head-cloth, usually white to soak up as little of the sun's heat as possible; worn by Bedine when outside their tents

khabbir— tell

khowwan (plural: khowwans)— tribe;

"people of..."

khreima— home (tent)

kitab (plural: kutub)— book

ksur— fortress

kuerabiche— a shoulder-sack, or carry-



B. R. C. M.



ANAUROCH

by Ed Greenwood

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Dedication:

For John and Ghislaine
 That your adventures together be eternal.

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INTRODUCTION: ANAUROCH, THE GREAT DESERT

When we learned their aims, it was too late. We could not strike down what had been done without laying waste to all Toril. Too high a price, we judged—and left them the harsh sands they had created. But for humans, memory is a failing thing, and today we see a savage desert that makes men as cruel and keen-sharp as swordblades, or leaves their bones to bleach in the sun. Not even legends remember fair Netheril as it truly was; folk think of us as decadent, idle, wholly evil necromancers.

I wonder how, much else of the history we hold to be true is twisted thus?

—Rhaugilath “the Ageless,”
Lich-King of Orbedal
Of the Fall of Netheril

To folk in the Realms today, Anauroch (pronounced: “An-OAR-ock-hh”) is a fierce, unconquerable desert, a vast, sundering shield between the Sword Coast North and the Moonsea North. It forces trade and travel into long, torturous overland routes between the westernmost ports on the Sea of Fallen Stars (chiefly Westgate, Suzail, and Teziir) to Amn, Baldur’s Gate, and Waterdeep, mostly by way of Iriaebor and the River Chionthar.

These strategic places are enriched by the endless stream of caravans, but merchants have always sought shorter, cheaper routes, often braving the “flat” but harsh Great Desert.

Always? Not so, say the sages: little more than five hundred years ago, Anauroch held little sand, and several verdant, wealthy human realms—with lakes and merchant ships of their own. At least one of these lands, Netheril, was then the height of human achievement in magic and the arts.

What happened to so suddenly and thoroughly sweep all this away? DMs will find the answer in “The Secret of Anauroch” chapter; players perusing these pages should resist the beckoning temptation to peek at it, so as to fully enjoy the perils that lurk in Anauroch—

and even reach out to those who sneak along the Desertsedge.

Most folk of Faerun see Anauroch as a scorching waste of sand, “The Wall That Near Divides The Heartlands,” a good place never to go near. What can be found in a barren desert, to be worth the dangers of the trip?)

Most folk, as is often the case, are wrong. The first things Elminster said of Anauroch was that it is not a natural desert, and is not all hot sands. Anauroch today is three deserts: the hot, sandy place most imagine it all to be, called “the Sword” by sages because of the fierce human Bedine nomads who dwell there; a higher, wind-scoured land of bare rock, called “the Plain of Standing Stones,” though very little of it is a flat plain: and in the north, a vast, rift-scored ice sheet overlying bedrock, known as “the High Ice.” These three areas were once very different. All held proud, rich cities of elves, men, dwarves, and others; cities that may still stand, buried or merely hidden by the vast desolation, their riches waiting. Elminster says Anauroch is “the largest—and probably wealthiest-treasure-house in all Toril.” Even those who agree can show fell, treasures recovered from it, but when this was pointed out, Elminster merely shrugged and held up an ornate, hand-sized carving of a spired castle. Strolling to the door of his ramshackle tower, he tossed it into the air, whispered a secret word—and in the meadow beyond his pool, a huge castle of black obsidian suddenly stood, tall and splendid and very real.

“When too many guests come calling to sleep here,” the Old Mage of Shadowdale said mildly, “I always have this; one of the least powerful magics of the Netherese, but the only one I’ve found in Anauroch. I haven’t much time to go wandering about there, mind—this was just lying on a table, in an old house half-buried in sand. Where?” He smiled, and waved northwards. “Oh—just out there.” This book explores all three regions of Anauroch, for those who want to go “just out there.”



A WHIRLWIND TOUR OF ANAUROCH

The accompanying map provides a quick overview of Anauroch. Folk of Faerun have a tendency to think of the Great Desert simply as an empty but impassable place-and explorers interested in it may hear lots of wild tales about its dangers, but will find almost nothing in the way of hard information about an area that is at least as big as the Inner Sea! Hence this guide. At a glance, one can see that Anauroch has been divided into three regions: the Sword, the Plain of Standing Stones, and the High Ice.

These vast areas (which are admittedly artificial divisions, made by human sages for their own convenience) vary widely in their dangers and character, and are detailed in separate chapters of this sourcebook. Their characteristics are summarized here.

The Sword

The southernmost band of Anauroch is a desert of sand dunes, scorching hot by day, and icy cold at night. Its winters are as harsh as those of the other lands in the North-but in summer, it is a land of killing heat. The most populous part of Anauroch, it is the area most visited by outsiders (usually human merchants trying to find a shorter trade-route from the Moonsea cities to the Sword Coast lands, or adventurers seeking the lost riches of long-buried kingdoms). To them, the hot sands resemble the Dust Desert of Raurin, and other, more southerly deserts of the Realms-and because all most folk elsewhere in the Realms know of Anauroch is what such travelers tell of it, most in the Realms think Anauroch is all one Great Sand Sea.

This sandy region is certainly the area of most interest to outsiders-partly for its strategic importance (to those seeking a trade-route, or a way past a certain realm, or an invasion route into a land), and partly because of The Lost Kingdoms that lie beneath it, whose buried ruins are widely believed to hold great riches and magic. (Something of the

present-day truth of these fallen realms is explored in the chapter entitled "The Lost Kingdoms.")

One might expect, given the ready supply of slaves employed by the goblin races and some human peoples, that The Sand Sea would have been dug up into a succession of mounds of sand between huge quarry-pits, long ago, searching for this lost wealth.

Almost every year, some daring adventurers do venture into the sands to seek their fortunes-but large-scale mining has never succeeded.

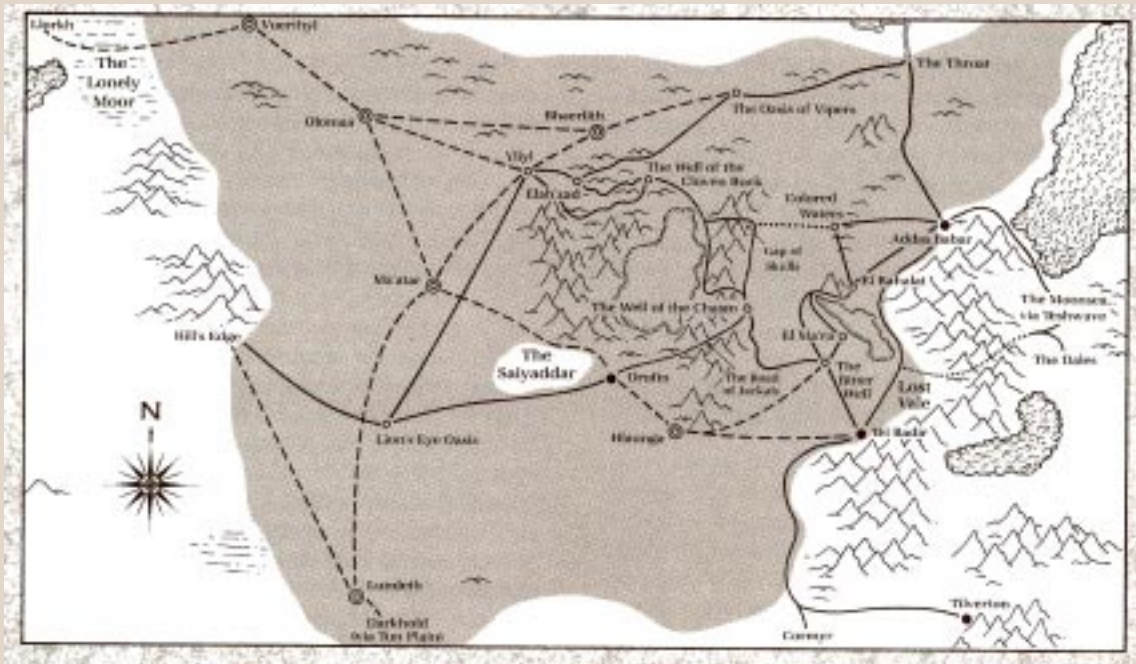
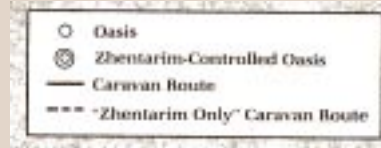
It fails underground because dwarves and others who try to enter by underground ways are never heard from again. Something (or a lot of somethings) slays them. The tunnels known to exist are ancient ways, and come up in the fiercely-defended elven hold of Evereska, the mountains of Tethyamar, and at various hidden places in the Stonelands.

It fails on or above the surface for two reasons: the harsh conditions (both the elements and monsters; the mountains that ring Anauroch are home to many wyverns and dragons, who customarily hunt for prey over the sands), and the Bedine.

The Bedine (described later in this book) are fierce, nomadic human tribes. Although they fear "sorcery," some among them are masters of desert magic, and their fearlessness, warlike nature, and expert knowledge of the desert make them deadly foes, in Anauroch. It is their ways (raiding both each other and any outsiders who venture into the sands they roam) that have given the sandy southernmost region of Anauroch its colloquial name: "The Sword." The Sword stretches from the midst of The Lonely Moor in the west to the northern end of the Border Forest in the east, and from west to south to east (ignoring mountain ranges and the broken Desertsedge borderlands) borders on the Sword Coast "backlands" (once the dwarven realm of Delzoun, in the north, and the human realm of Netheril, south of that), the elven fortress-realm of Evereska,



Trade Routes of Anauroch



and areas that once made up the dwarven realm of Oghrann: the human settlements of the River Reaching Highlands, the Zhentarim-controlled Sunset Mountains area, and the nomad-roamed Tun Plain.

Then it touches on the kingdom of Cormyr (through the Goblin Marches and the Stonelands, which Cormyr has always claimed but never really ruled), the independent Dalelands (including Lost Vale, the ruins of now-vanished Tarkhaldale), the long-vanished dwarven realm of Tethyamar (now peaks roamed by goblins, orcs, and bugbears), and the Border Forest. The Goblin Marches is an ill-defined area of crags, drumlins, and bogs, cloaked with many thorny thickets-and home to goblins, orcs, and kobolds.

It lies below the heights of the Stonelands, which is a broken region of pine forests, ridges, tors, and tangled ravines that surrounds the Stormhorns mountain range, and runs east of it almost as far as Shadow Gap.

Most merchants reach the dwellers in the desert by means of a narrow, long-dry river valley that divides the broken heights of the Stonelands from Alauthwaerd, "the Watcher," southernmost peak of the Desertsouth Mountains. This valley, Raudilauth (which means "Desertdoor" in an ancient tongue; but the language and its speakers are forgotten, but the meaning has survived) links the overland trade-road through Shadow Gap with the lands of the D'tarig (a race described in the "Other Peoples of Anauroch" chapter).



Let us see the Sword briefly through Bedine eyes. The Bedine know that the sand sea where they live is vast indeed-and although a hard land, it is alive. Many plants, insects, birds, and animals live on or burrow under the endless dunes-and there is a dark, dangerous world lurking below: the catacombs of the Buried Ones. The meager pastures of Anauroch support few men and camels: in a year of riding from pasture to pasture, a Bedine tribe might meet as many as two other tribes. In this harsh land, such meetings are seldom friendly.

Most Bedine know that the desert gives way to a wind-scoured land of barren rock on all sides. In some direction-probably to the south-this must give way to areas settled by men for occasionally non-Bedine "paleskins" or "bonehide" men come into the desert. These intruders (most Bedine use the term "outlanders") seldom live long.

The Desertsedge

In actuality, the edges of the Sword rise into rocky foothills, dotted with scrub plants and marked by caves, breakneck ravines carved out by small, rushing streams (that plunge down into the desert, where they soon vanish, drunk down by the thirsty sands). This uneasy border area is lashed by winds and frequent storms (where hot and cold air clash), and roamed by many fearsome monsters. It is known as the Desertsedge (or "Desert's Edge," depending on the cartographer), and aside from temperature, varies little from the northern- and easternmost explored mountains of the Sword Coast lands, to the infamous Stonelands, to The Glittering Snows.

The Plain of Standing Stones

The middling region of Anauroch begins where the sands of Anauroch give way to bare rock, and rises in a plateau-a plateau broken

by so many rifts, and sculpted into so many spires and fantastic crags that its name of "plain" is a bitter travelers' joke.

The "Plain" is considered to end where the ice begins: the icy cliffs that are the southernmost edge of the massive glacial ice sheets that make up the High Ice.

This wind-lashed, cold, rocky region is known for its mineral wealth and many monsters. Comparatively few folk know that it also holds hidden valleys, many of which have water, rich meadows, and even support large wild herds of crag sheep. The outlaws, dwarven bands, human and hobgoblin barbarian tribes, and ogre, hill giant, and verbeeg groups who dwell here don't welcome intruders—except as food or victims.

The Plain is bordered on the west by the "Frozen Sea" (discussed in the chapter on "The High Ice" in this book), which runs down the Desertsedge as far as the northern Lonely Moor. On the eastern side of Anauroch, there is no real boundary between it and the Tortured Land—except that the latter holds far more moisture, and with it both wind-sculpted ice and many more plants. Where the plants end and bare rock begins, going west, travelers consider Anauroch to have begun. Few stay long enough to map or even get a good look at the border area; it is a cold and savage wilderness of marauding monsters.

The High Ice

Least known of the three regions of Anauroch, this glacial wilderness has no known (as yet) northern border—it is said to stretch on forever. Although a traveler would search in vain for trees, there is a surprising amount of life here, growing scant inches upwards from the ice and rock. Here yeti, remorhaz, white dragons, and other chill horrors reign over a frigid land that few humans have ever seen—and fewer want to.



THE SECRET OF ANAUROCH

The name “Anauroch” once meant just what now called the High Ice: a rift-scarred glacial ice sheet, that gave way (as one traveled south) to rocky uplands where many wild sheep roamed, and thence to thick forests where stags reigned and dryads dwelt. Those uplands, now scoured to bare rock, are known today as the Plain of Standing Stones.

South of them were rich, verdant human kingdoms and independent cities—small, but governed by long years of peace and plenty and bustling with trade. These, whose very names are forgotten by most in the Realms today, are the Lost Kingdoms (and are described in the chapter of that name, later in these pages).

That was less than five hundred years ago—but since then, the meadows and forests of the wild uplands have been swept away, and the woods, farms, lakes and cities of the Lost Kingdoms all buried in the howling sands of the Sword.

Impossible, sages who know little of magic might say—and have. No desert comes out of nowhere, to cover so much of Faerun, so fast,

True enough; no *natural* desert grows so large, so quickly. A magical change, however, can be as sudden and violent as its maker has the power and will to cause.

The Phaerimm

In caverns under the rich human kingdoms, in an area of the Underdark known as the Phaerlin, dwelt a race of ancient, fell beings who had long worked at mastering magic to defend themselves against the predators of the Realms Below. This race, known as the Phaerimm (they are fuller detailed in an entry in the “Monsters of Anauroch” chapter of this book), are foul and dangerous to human eyes, but they work magic as dragons do, and in aggressiveness and intelligence are not very different from humans.

The Phaerimm thought of the area as their own realm and ignored those who dwelt on

the surface (in which they had little interest). That changed when the human residents of one of those surface territories rose suddenly in magical strength, to challenge (however unwittingly) the power of the Phaerimm. Phaerimm magics were interfered with, or destroyed. Magic (in the hands of the human wizards of Netheril) was used to slay encountered Phaerimm “monsters” as the humans began to explore, mine, and alter the underways, seeking gems and metal-ores.

They found death. The most powerful Phaerimm worked together to develop a mighty spell that would destroy the things that humans lived on: the *lifedrain*.

The Lifedrain

This spell was cast, and cast again, by brave Phaerimm venturing onto the surface by night, over all the lands of men that menaced the realm of the Phaerimm. Once it was set in motion, the Phaerimm hurled themselves into a spellwar, attacking Netherese wizards, trying to steal or destroy their spellbooks, and trying above all to disrupt their researches, thin their ranks, and keep them too busy fighting to have time enough to learn the secrets of the mightiest Phaerimm spell—or to have time to act against it.

The Phaerimm prevailed. As the well-protected Phaerimm struck magically at each Netherese wizard and every simple everyday magic practiced by the Netherese, and the realm erupted in ceaseless chaos, the drying effects of thousands of *lifedrain* spells spread. Castles were made uninhabitable by bold Phaerimm casting the spells within their *liralls*—and the folk of Netheril who could not work magic were slaughtered and terrorized by the score in the magical fray. The Phaerimm did not care what happened to the surface, and lashed out with spells or laid them in waiting as traps, freely.

The bewildered Netherese fought back—but they had become a decadent, refined, wealthy



race of self-interested, independent individuals, with interests all over Faerun, and all too little time to spare for anything save what they chose to spend it on. The Netherese had lost the need to stand and fight together, and were given no time to regain it. As the magical onslaught continued, the desolation of the *lifedrain* spells continued, driving folk from their homes and farms. Dust storms lashed Netheril for the first time, and displaced beasts of all sorts, from harmless scurrying things to dangerous monsters, roamed the land that was left, desperate and bewildered, quick to lash out at the disorganized humans.

The Netherese began to flee. First the common folk, with no leadership or salvation from the wizards in sight, little food and water, and the land risen against them, fled with what they could carry, south and west, to Amn, the Sword Coast, Irieabor, Cormyr, and the cities all about the Sea of Fallen Stars.

Then the mages left, deserted by those who fed them and provided for their needs, and in most cases intent on their own researches and aims over everything else. They scattered all over the known North, settling alone in a thousand remote valleys and hidden fastnesses. Large bands of them flew far to the south in the magical flying ships devised a decade earlier, to found the wizards' realm of Halruaa.

The desolation continued; east of Netheril, a desert formed as the Narrow Sea dried up, and winds carried away the dried-out soil. This devastation was viewed with alarm by the elves of Evereska and the Elven Court, who-like the Netherese wizards before them—could find no way to check the advance of the spreading desert.

After this foul magic destroyed the land's flora and fauna, and stripped it of the ability to retain water and grow new things, the winds and the harsh climate did the rest, creating the Great Sand Sea we know now.

The Sharn Act

Fortunately for all surface life on Faerun, the Phaerimm were not the only magically-powerful race who dwelt in the North. To the west of Phaerimm territory, across a vastness of "wild" Underdark, were the tunnels claimed then by the Sharn (from about Secomber to the Sword Coast, in a narrow region centered on the channel of the lower Delimbiyr, reaching about as far north as Sarcrag). A mysterious, whimsical spellcasting race, the Sharn are sometimes encountered in the great dungeon of UnderMountain today, and are detailed in their own *Monstrous Compendium* entry in *The Ruins of UnderMountain* boxed set.

Most Sharn only dabble in magic; beyond personal abilities (detailed in their monster entry), they command only what magic they can seize in the form of items, potions, and scrolls. A few Sharn, however, study magic, and these can rise to rival the most powerful human wizards in magical might.

Elminster warns that Sharn wizards avoid human contact, and should not be pursued if they are inadvertently discovered. In game terms, most range in power from about the strength of a 19th level wizard to a match for a 26th level mage, most employ magics not known to humans, and some seem able to cast two separate spells in a round! It is certain, however, that the magical efforts of certain Sharn, five hundred years ago, saved Faerun for all surface-dwellers—and that the Sharn have made no move to rule or even influence what they saved since. The Sharn wizards checked the advance of the Phaerimm-invoked devastation with newly devised, awesomely powerful spells of their own.

These unidentified spells halted the advance of *lifedrain* spells, and somehow confined the Phaerimm within the area they had already devastated. The Sharn took no further interest in the Phaerimm, and windswept, desolate Anauroch today remains the prison of this proud, terrible race.



The Phaerimm, Now

Like all caged beasts, the Phaerimm want out of their underground prison. They are working tirelessly to overcome the Sharn spells that bind them in a certain area of the Underdark, using magically-influenced agents (laertis, Zhentarim who foolishly venture into their reach, and far worse creatures) to reach out beyond their prison. These agents seek out and bring back whatever magic they can seize, and spread rumors of rich treasure, to attract humans to Anauroch. The Phaerimm await the prey that their agents send-waiting to devour, enslave, and interrogate, in hopes of learning ways to defeat the Sharn magic.

More details of current Phaerimm life, aims, and affairs are given in a later chapter of this hook, "The Phaerimm,"

Restoring Anauroch

Beings who want to destroy the desert conditions of Anauroch will find that even the most powerful spells will not prevail against *life-drain* effects until the Phaerimm are gone. Even then, expunging those deadly magics will necessitate great amounts of magical power (perhaps involving the sacrifice of mortal wizards' lives, magical items and artifacts, and perhaps even divine aid).

The result will be large "magic-dead" areas, their effects as described in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures* sourcebook. They will make restoration of living things all the more slow and backbreaking: water, grasses, and all must be brought in by hand, with weather magic (to bring rains and stop soil-blowing winds) available only on the borders. Decades—even centuries-of work will be needed to make the desert only a memory.



BEDINE SOCIETY

Enslave the Bedine? They would find it easier to cage the wind.

Bhadla of the D'tarig,
from *The Parched Sea*

The Bedine are always more concerned with vengeance than with what is right-and always is far too often for any folk to live long, or live untwisted.

Elminster of Shadowdale
(interview for this sourcebook)

The Bedine do not plan everything out in advance.

Ruha of the Bedine,
from *The Parched Sea*

Few in the Realms have even heard of the Bedine of Anauroch. Fewer still know the true nature of Bedine society.

Legends speak of fierce men who dwell in the dry, sun-baked sands of Anauroch, swathed in long robes against the sun. These ruthless men ride camels, force their women to cover their faces, and wage endless war on each other with scimitars, for possession of camels and women (who may change hands hundreds of times in their brief, brutal lives). The Bedine hate magic, and kill all wizards they discover. When they need magical aid, they call on the gods-and often, the gods answer them directly.

More reliable sources (such as sages) tend to believe that the Bedine live in nomadic tribes, ruled by rival sheikhs, and that their male-dominated society is warlike, hardened by the harsh desert life. They are experts on living in conditions that swiftly kill those not used to the perils of Anauroch. These Bedine are cruel, backward people (after all, they choose to live in a harsh desert, and fear and avoid using magic). They dwell in tents, wear loose, flowing robes and cover their heads against the sun, cover the faces of all the women, herd camels, and butcher each other (and, with even more enthusiasm, any intruders unlucky

enough to come within their reach) with scimitars. Except when they are fighting, Bedine move slowly, and are very lazy.

What more can be learned, with the aid of Elminster's library, Harper contacts, and his years of snoop—er, exploring the Realms?

The Nature of The Bedine

An outsider's view of any people is often distorted. This is especially true of the Bedine, for few folk of Faerun know enough of harsh desert conditions to understand why Bedine are as they are, and do as they do.

Bedine are brown-skinned, proud, warlike humans, who live a nomadic, tribal existence in the Sword, the hot "sand sea" which makes up the southernmost part of Anauroch. They dwell in tribes who will freely share food and water with those in need, but who otherwise carry on endless, deadly rivalries.

The largest known Bedine tribe is about three hundred men, women, and children strong. There are over a hundred Bedine tribes; some of them have never even heard of each other, let alone seen each other in the vastness of the Great Desert.

Most Bedine have brown eyes, and almost everyone has black or brown hair: blonde hair, blue eyes, and white skin are great rarities, marking outsiders, or "outlander blood." The apparent laziness of Bedine is due to a practice of wise desert-dwellers: to avoid excessive water loss (sweating) or "the heat-faints" (sunstroke), never run in the heat of the day. To shield themselves from the baking sun, Bedine of both sexes wear loose robes, known as *abas*, cover their heads, and dwell in tents.

Women of almost all Bedine tribes cover their bodies (except for hands, feet, and eyes), unless they are alone, or with only their husbands, in their tents (see "Customs," later in this chapter).

Most Bedine consider honor more important than life. They see much death, and believe the gods measure Bedine by their behavior in



life. Among the Bedine, ending a man's life is not considered much different than killing any other animal (save that a man's family may avenge his death, so one must be more prudent in killing).

This pride and ruthlessness is balanced by a pragmatism usually voiced by the harsh tongues and long memories of the elder women of a tribe—an attitude reflected by Ruha, heroine of *The Parched Sea*, when she says, "You do what you must to survive, and I will do the same." Bedine live in the Mother Desert by choice, and understand little of other lands, or those who come from them. How could other places be better—or different—than the great Mother Desert? Tales of vast stretches of water, of trees so thickly grown that one cannot see through them, stretching for a day's walk or more—all of these may well be purest fancy. If they do exist, they must be the twisted result of magic, or the work of evil gods, turning the land into an unnatural state. A place without sand and the fierce heat of At'ar (the sun, worshipped by Bedine as a goddess; Bedine religion is discussed in "The Gods of Anauroch" chapter) is a strange place, where things are not as they should be, and men who dwell there become perverted and soft. Bedine dealings with outlanders (see "Bedine Dealings With Others," below) reinforce this belief; the outlanders they encounter tend to be gentle, foolish in judgement and in the ways of the desert, and to trust overmuch in cursed magic (see "Magic and the Bedine," later in this chapter).

Something of the character of Bedine can be gleaned by quoting some of their sayings: "A careful warrior will make a wise elder." "It is honorable to help a stranger, but remember that no friend is ever a stranger" "The enemy of my enemy is a friend." "If strangers speak with the honeyed tongues of bees, beware: their bite may carry the venom of the scorpion." "I would rather die with my enemy's blood on my blade, than live a slave?" "With Kozah's wind, we drove the enemy before us

like gazelles before the lion' A Bedine compliment: "You think like a camel thief."

Rank, Status, and Rule

Bedine live in tribes, ruled by sheikhs. In Bedine society, men rule and dominate. In many tribes, a man may have more than one wife at a time (so long as he can support every woman he claims as his own).

The organization of tribes varies, but most work something like this: the word of the sheikh is law, so long as he stays within fairly strict limits of "tradition," which outline a code of what a Bedine (sheikh or child) can and cannot do.

Important decisions are made by a council of the tribe's elders (in practice, these are almost always exclusively male warriors of the tribe, but older women exert much influence on their mates, and their words are often voiced by their husbands in council). There are typically six or so elders, but in a large tribe there may be twice that many. A council, traditionally held in the sheikh's tent and guarded so that women and strangers camped with the tribe cannot get close enough to hear, is usually one long-drawn-out argument.

If the elders cannot decide on a matter, the sheikh's duty is to decide for all. The sheikh's word is law, so long as he breaks none of the important traditions of the Bedine (these rules by which all live include, for example, the requirements that water must be given to the thirsty, and that oaths must be kept). Non-Bedine guests, at the sheikh's option, may be exempt from some Bedine traditions—such as a warriors' challenge: a fight to the death over possession of a woman.

The sheikh's ultimate threat to secure obedience to his will is banishment from the tribe. If a sheikh uses this unwisely, the tribe will dissolve, as all who disagree with him leave. More than one sheikh has been left alone (or accompanied only by family members or a few loyal retainers) after misjudging the extent of his au-



thority or the wisdom of his judgements. A good sheikh always thinks first of the welfare of the tribe -but that phrase has been the refuge of many a foolish, indecisive, or overcautious sheikh, down the long, dry desert years.

Most sheikhs function as generals in battle, directing their warriors from a vantage point, or from the rear, or in the center of their forces-but many have been known to lead charges (often dying in the process, as every enemy warrior wants to be the first to slay a rival sheikh, and risks all to bring down the enemy).

For men, success in Bedine society is measured in honor (battle-prowess), and wealth is measured in camels-or wives. A woman's status is linked to that of her husband, augmented by any additional influence she may have in the decisions of a tribe due to special regard for her, or for knowledge she possesses. For example, a woman who has fought well as a warrior will be regarded more highly by male warriors than other women; a woman who carries the memories and desert experience of great age is given more respect than even the most desirable young woman of the tribe—and a sheikh facing a beast he has never seen, or a problem he has never faced, will defer to the judgement of any woman of the tribe who knows more about the matter at hand.

Bedine Dealings With Others

The Bedine are concerned with survival; their daily existence is a long struggle with the desert, with a Bedine victory being a chance to see the sun rise over the desert tomorrow.

Most Bedine know that Anauroch is vast indeed, and gives way in the north to a land of hard-baked earth and wind-scoured stone. Used to desert ways and life, they believe that this Stone Sea is more lifeless and desolate than the sands of the Sword. Few Bedine have ever ventured far into it-and even fewer

have seen the world outside the desert: the Lands of Many, Many Men and Savage Beasts. Bedine know that such a place exists, because the various light-skinned and strangely-garbed intruders must come from somewhere-but most Bedine would flatly deny that any land is water-rich enough that people could always dwell in one spot, farm crops from the land as well as pasture animals, have enough water to waste it in ornamental fountains or to bathe freely, live amongst trees so plentiful as to block one's sight-or could be as numerous as the intruders say; if hundreds of Bedine ever lived crowded together in a space as big as a large dune, they would soon all perish for lack of food and water-or slay each other in desperate bids to gain these necessities for themselves.

Bedine tend to judge other lands by the outlanders who have come to Anauroch—who tend to be desperate outlaws or reckless adventurers, schemers with plans of their own for the Bedine (such as the ruthless Zhentarim and the grasping D'tarig), or lost and feeble madmen. Few of these berrani know all that much of desert ways, and few impress the Bedine. It is not surprising that few Bedine think much of the world beyond Anauroch's sands, or want to see more of it.

Among Bedine who have not fought them, or detected their magic yet, the Zhentarim or "Black Robes" are considered rich, polite, very useful merchants: traders who always seem to have just the things that the Bedine need most. More than one Bedine sheikh has acquired a magnificent scimitar as a gift from a Zhentarim "Lord": a magic weapon that will influence him to evil ways, or even allow a Zhentarim mage to directly guide his actions through mind-altering magic.

The Zhentarim have spent much time, and many lives, in pursuit of the goal of establishing a trade route across the desert, either with Bedine aid, or with the Bedine exterminated or serving Zhentarim masters. (They have been countered by a few brave Harpers and the



meddling archmages of Faerun, such as Elminster of Shadowdale, The Simbul of Aglarond, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun of Waterdeep, Vangerdahast of Cormyr, and the like.) It is a measure of the stubbornness and savage strength of the Bedine that the magically-aided Zhentarim, working against a people largely without magic of their own, have not yet succeeded in making Anauroch their own.

In turn, the Bedine tribes have never gathered enough strength to menace Cormyr, the Dales, Hill's Edge, and other lands and settlements within their reach because they are always fighting among themselves, and because of the harsh desert winters.

Each winter, when the Snowwinds (great, howling fall snowstorms) come, every tribe has to invade one of the subterranean "buried kingdoms," or perish before the fury of winter. Most of these subterranean areas have inhabitants already, or contain predators who are waiting for the expected arrival of mobile food (the Bedines).

Every year, the Bedine must fight these monsters-beholders and worse!-for shelter, or perish. With death at their backs, they succeed more often than not, but the endless warfare saps their strength.

Bedine speak of men they have no respect for as "jackals," and especially despise smooth-tongued, deceitful tricksters or dishonest traders: "jackals with tongues of sugared water." They see enemies among other Bedine tribes as often as among outlanders-and it seems very unlikely that an "oversheikh" or "emir" would ever arise to unite more than a half-dozen tribes. Most tribal army gatherings (as opposed to temporary alliances, or non-aggression-pact friendships) have been made in response to specific "outside" threats, such as Zhentarim-led or lamia attacks, laerti invasions, and the like.

Bedine privately consider outlanders to be strange in their ways, sometimes dangerous, but at heart weaker than Bedine. As a result, they give non-Bedine a chance to surrender

where they would not expect a Bedine to do so; men who have no honor cannot lose it. At the same time, Bedine tend to keep an open mind; an outlander can acquire honor in their eyes by his words and deeds.

The Nomadic Existence

Very few places in the Sword are verdant enough to support permanent residents-and the few places that are (such as the oasis of Elah'zad) tend to be held sacred by all Bedine, and the property of no single tribe. Safety is another reason for the nomadic Bedine existence: a tribe that is always in one place can easily be attacked by rival tribes or by predators, who always know exactly where to find them.

A Bedine camp at peace is generally a circle of tents, their entrances facing inward. (A few tribes, such as the Ruwaldi, pitch their tents in a series of parallel rows, the mouths facing inward, to confront each other across a narrow corridor. They believe this more orderly arrangement is more secure.) In all cases, a Bedine camp is a guarded stronghold against desert perils, such as predatory monsters and rival tribes.

In a peaceful camp, the youngest children run about between the tents or wrestle within the circle. The older girls watch them, or help their mothers spin camel's wool, repair carpets, boots, and robes, and do other domestic work-such as gathering camel-dung (consisting almost entirely of very dry plant fibers), which is shaped into patties, and later lit with flint and steel and a little tinder, such as torn cloth, to make cooking-fires. Visitors are welcomed by the women whistling from beneath their veils; this sound also serves to alert everyone in the circle that intruders have arrived.

Young boys practice fighting, stalking, or caring for weapons. Older boys hunt for desert game and scout outside the camp, learning landmarks and watching for intruders.



The men take turns keeping watch, posted all around the encampment, well outside. They carry warning horns to signal danger or their need for aid, and need not be within sight of each other or the camp. Warriors not on watch practice with their weapons, attend to the sheikh and elders, and act as go-betweens, running messages, reports, and comments between the sheikh's tent, the tents of waiting warriors, and those keeping watch. The "waiting warriors" (those sleeping after watch, or too sick or wounded to serve on watch, or merely "extras" not needed at present for such duties) may spend their time in gambling, chatter, and tale-spinning, but they are ready to act as needed, to defend the camp, hunt for game, or carry orders.

A typical Bedine tent is conical, made of thick-woven camel hair, and is held up by wooden tentpoles, with (if the owner is wealthy enough) one or more additional "fly" pieces erected over it, to shade and cool the tent as much as possible, and to deflect blown sand from the tent itself. These extra tent sheets are called "flies" by most merchants of Faerun, but are known as *rihba'ids* (= "wind-aways") to Bedine. Tents are usually dyed with henna, rubbed coffee-grounds, or other juices, and may be decorated with patterns or (rarely) with tribal symbols.

A tent has a ground-carpet (a sheikh's is very richly colored), to keep as much sand as possible out of everything. Tents are encircled by *nabat-shef-habls* (= "plant-sword-ropes"), or thorn-girdles. A thorn-girdle is made of thorns, sharp bones, metal scraps too rusty to use, glass shards, sharp twigs, and the like, woven into a string of vines, cloth scraps, or rope. It is put all around the inside of a tent, to keep out scorpions, snakes, and other small desert wanderers.

Inside a Bedine tent, one generally finds cushions to recline and sleep on, blankets, a low table (used while sitting, kneeling, or reclining), and several packs. Most Bedine women set up their ground-loom and get out their

cooking pots at every opportunity. Weapons and garments are hung from hooks on the tentpoles—the garments high up or around the edges of the tent, and the weapons within easy reach and near the center.

Most Bedine sleeping tents are triangular in floorplan, the overlapped and sewn "skins" of each tent held up by three upright cornerpoles, linked by a triangle of floorpoles (to which the ground-carpet is hooked, lashed, or pegged) and another triangle of ceilingpoles.

Blankets and garments are sometimes hung to create viewblock "walls" within a tent, to permit some privacy, or to conceal belongings or disorder from visitors. Folk of more than one family (such as a group of unmarried warriors) who are sharing shelter typically sleep six to a tent, their sleeping-carpets in a rough circle with their heads at the center, using *kuerabiches* as pillows,

The most precious belongings in any tent are the skins of milk and water, hanging from the poles in the center of the tent. When the Bedine are camped at an oasis with a pool or stream of water, as many skins as possible are submerged, to keep them cool and to make the skins themselves thoroughly damp (so as to stay supple, unwithered, and resistant to punctures, a while longer).

Even in summer, nights can be cold. Bedine who lack a tent or time to safely erect one (for example, when raiding another tribe) customarily dig out a little room, walled and roofed with their shields, in a dune. This sleeping-space is known as an *asan-shurr*, or "sand-shelter." In contrast to the simple sand-shelter is the grand tent of a sheikh. A rich sheikh has a large pavilion, usually made of blond camel's wool. It has several "rooms" separated from each other by tapestries, so that a council can be held in one, cooking can go on in another, and women can meet in a third, with yet another used for storage, another for dressing and wardrobe, and another for private one-to-one discussions, separate from the larger council.



When necessary, a tent is illuminated by butter-lamps, which provide a dim, flickering light. Rich Bedine may tint or scent their lamps with oils, perfumes, and the like, or even have tinted, shuttered glass oil lamps, used for special occasions. A sheikh holding a feast may even have a central smoke-hole open in the roof of his tent, and roast the meat for the feast in a hearth under it, inside the tent. This is a common way for one sheikh to entertain another, when tribes meet in friendly circumstances.

A Bedine encampment is lit by campfires by night. Each campfire resembles a “star” of branches, the fire burning at the center; as they burn away, the branches are carefully pushed inward, toward the center. Those planning to sneak up on an encamped Bedine tribe are warned that the sentries are posted well outside the reach of the firelight, where they can be part of the night, and not targets outlined by the light, or blinded by it.

When Bedine are searching for someone after dark, or an attack is underway, they use torches. These are long, resin-coated branches, deliberately placed to project from the star-shaped campfires, to give an easy handhold, and to keep them from burning away too quickly.

Pulled out, they are used to give light, and thrown as weapons against robed attackers. If their light endangers their wielders, torches are quickly smothered by burying the blazing ends in sand.

Bedine campfires must be constantly tended to prevent their going out, but this is better than wasting any more precious wood than is absolutely necessary. If a fire is left untended during a battle, it often burns outward until all that is left is a circle of ash, encircled by a ring of smoldering woody ends.

Bedine keep camels (the most important desert animal to them, detailed in their own section later in this chapter) and splay-footed, sand-running dogs. Bedine dogs fight off jackals and snakes, warn of intruders with their

keen noses and loud barking, and help herd camels; they are not regarded as pets.

Bedine have little medicine (and no magical healing, thanks to their discomfort with magic in general). Their lack of dentistry and hard lives make many of them toothless in middle age and elder years.

Customs

There are too few pages in this book to explore all the complex, half-remembered Bedine customs, which often vary from tribe to tribe, so this section presents a handful of common Bedine customs likely to be useful or important in play.

The first customs to affect visitors (such as PCs) to a tribe are those surrounding the treatment of guests. Only a sheikh can offer strangers full guest-right, which includes the right to sleep within the tribe’s encampment. Guests are asked to share black tea or (if they are honored, and it is the evening) hot salted coffee. A Bedine typically makes such drinks in a battered, blackened pot (metal is scarce; such a thing might cost as much as two camels), and serves it in a carved wooden cup; a sheikh may serve drinks to honored guests in silver cups.

In early evening, when the sun is down, Bedine men like to sing ballads to the accompaniment of their plucked *rebabas*, sitting outside their tents in small groups, while their wives serve them hot, salted coffee.

Bedine do not express gratitude for food and water. They regard these two essentials as the property of whoever needs them at the time. To “civilized” outlanders, this may seem a strangely charitable custom for a people who think it praiseworthy to kill a man in order to steal his camel.

Honor dictates that the sheikh banish or execute anyone who assaults his guest (unless the assault is justified by another Bedine custom or tradition—such as a warrior attacking a guest who tries to use magic against the sheikh).



Any warrior of a tribe has the right to enter the sheikh's tent without announcement. Women and guests do not, unless bidden to do so by a warrior.

Only men can welcome guests to a tent. The traditional greeting is: "Has somebody come to my *khreima* in need of help?" Wives must remain silent; if they are alone, and another man asks for entry, most women sing one of the traditional Bedine songs, to signal that the husband is not present—and, if they wish (by choice of song and lyrics), to tell the man outside if he is welcome to enter, or not, what is happening within, or where the husband is and what he is doing.

Angry, sly, or hostile Bedine women may comment aloud (pretending that they cannot be heard by the man outside) on what they or their husband are doing, or about strangers or unwelcome guests who come calling, or something of the sort—without ever acknowledging or directly replying to the person outside the tent. If they are unmarried, it is permissible for them to call, "Is there someone at my door?" Bedine women wear the veil from puberty (or in some cases, earlier), and once veiled, are not supposed to come close to men of another family, even when riding camels; such behavior is considered "brazen." Men, however, are free to approach women closely, although an unwelcome advance causes anger on the part of the woman's family. A woman should not speak to a man of another family without either several other men present, or in the hearing of a man of her own family; unrelated men and women should not have secret conversations together.

It is common for cousins and more distant relatives to marry each other. Both women and their fathers have a veto over marriage choices in most Bedine tribes, and women seldom have any chance to get to know men of other families. Families already related by marriage are likely to be friendlier together, giving men more opportunities to court women.

Fathers typically arrange matches for their daughters. Bedine men who court women without the approval of the family are usually challenged by men of the woman's family. The fight is to the death; the winner gets the woman (or retains possession of her as a free woman, in her own family). When a match is made, the husband-to-be (or his father or tribe) pays a bride-price to the father, typically in camels. There is a wedding feast, at which the couple drinks together from a marriage cup filled with honeyed camel milk by the groom's father.

This system often results in stormy marriages, where the husband and wife only really get to know each other after they are wed. There is a "honeymoon" period after marriage known as *pardah*, in which the new bride is confined to her husband's tent. She is forbidden to speak directly to any man except her husband, and must stay in the tent unless brought forth by her husband, or at the orders of the sheikh (conveyed through elder women of the tribe). Some tribes call this "the seven days of bliss" (the actual time period varies from tribe to tribe), but the custom probably arose to stop frightened brides from trying to flee back to their fathers' tribes.

A Bedine man is obligated to care for a dead brother's wife for two years, after which time he has the choice of sending her away or marrying her himself.

Aside from the requirements of both personal and family honor (such as caring for a brother's widow), Bedine men have far more personal freedom than their women—when they aren't scrambling to obey the orders of the sheikh, as warriors must. Although many men resent the orders of sheikhs who are foolish, or confused by age, only veterans dare to question orders—the younger men gain rank within the tribe only through eager obedience and splendid battle-performance, and find hesitating over orders hard, as it goes against their childhood training.

Boys are trained to obey orders, use weap-



ons, and learn the ways of the desert as soon as they are old enough to understand what is happening around them. They are schooled to fight, and fight well. Even young boys are taken on raids, expected to stand watch (with a veteran warrior, as his message-runner), and to help in any fight when the tribe is attacked, usually by protecting the camels and the women. After a boy kills his first man, he undertakes a solitary camel raid on another tribe, the el a'sarad, as a rite of passage.

Bedine are sometimes labelled "superstitious" by outlanders. They ascribe storms, disasters, and all strange happenings, as well as everyday desert conditions, to the whims and stills of the gods.

The Bedine gods are detailed in "The Gods of

Anauroch" chapter, and are worshipped by prayer, ritual sacrifices (usually of camels), and by obedience to what the Bedine know is favored behavior. The Bedine tribes have "holy men," wise in the lore of the gods and at interpreting divine will through natural signs, but there are no Bedine spell-wielding priests (as the rest of the Realms and other AD&D® game worlds know them). The Bedine are so concerned with daily survival that they have no time for divine aims and precepts; their relationship with the gods is generally one of fear and appeasement.

Most Bedine have seen too much hardship and death to be anything other than fatalistic toward the gods-and even if one avoids the wrath of the gods, there are always the djinn.



The djinn (detailed in Volume 1 of the *Monstrous Compendium*, under “Genie”) are feared as evil spirits who roam Anauroch, and who have the power to shape-shift or turn invisible, move with uncanny silence, cast dangerous spells, and devour living men even as jackals will fall on a dead or badly wounded one.

Djinn are evil, but they are not always cruel or predictable; they may aid one person on a whim, or merely cause “impossible” things to occur in a sort of entertaining chaos, to stir things up for their own amusement. This makes appeasing a djinni impossible, and avoiding crossing them in an encounter a matter of luck-and rather short luck, at that.

The Bedine tend to respect, but not fear, most desert predators. Those that they are afraid of include lamia, laertis (whom they call *asabis*, or “The Evil Ones Below,” a fell, magic-using race that most Bedine know only as a name-and the reason why, they are told in childhood, they must never dig too deeply. These are the Phaerimm, but their true name and powers are unknown to all Bedine alive today.

Perhaps through unconsciously resisting the mind-influencing spells of the buried Phaerimm for many generations, Bedine loathe the very thought of slavery, and tend to fight on in helpless situations, preferring to die with honor rather than suffer the shame of defeat. It is not unknown for such bravery to be admired by rivals; an elder warrior of a tribe, or a sheikh, may offer an embattled rival the chance to become one of the tribe-a warrior with the same rights and duties as all others.

It is dishonorable to beg for this-but not at all shameful to agree, if it is offered. The embattled one kisses whatever weapon he or she bears (his open hand, if he has no weapon), and lays it at the feet of the sheikh, who kisses the embattled one’s forehead, offers him wine, and into it introduces a few drops of blood from them both. They share the cup together, and the embattled one is thereby considered a

new member of the tribe. He is now duty-bound to fight those of his former tribe to the death, and is not well regarded by anyone if he changes allegiance again (ways of achieving this with honor include being the last survivor of the new tribe, free to take up with anyone, or in convincing members of the tribe one wishes to rejoin that one was persuaded to join the new tribe through “evil magic”).

Bedine fear magic, and shun or cast out “witches” who wield it. Beyond small, useful or healing effects (“the favor of the gods”), magic is regarded as treacherous against friends and wielders, and a dishonorable weapon to use against enemies. Even the most fearless Bedine are wary of those who can work magic, either by spell or item. A being must be insane, very brave, or very evil to touch or even willingly draw near a magical item.

The Bedine aversion to magic is more fully described in the next section of this chapter.

Most Bedine want to become rich and acquire much honor, have many descendants, and perhaps to discover a rich oasis, found a tribe, or become a sheikh. These aims usually fade into the background in the daily struggle to survive—and the aim of most Bedine, in the end, is to die honorably, or to be respected and cared for, in old age. Few Bedine want to leave the desert, although there is the occasional one who wants to explore to the ends of the earth.

Some Bedine women want more independence, and there are rumored to be all-female, or female-dominated, Bedine tribes (these rumors are true; the Shaara and the Lilithai are tribes of female warriors, who subjugate men and herd camels-but these tribes are small, isolated in the northern Sword, and remain mere talk to most Bedine).

Although love is a luxury in Bedine society, many Bedine are romantics at heart, and dream of the perfect passion between a man and a woman “made for each other by the gods,” who will share a splendid life in the desert together.



Bedine have few days dedicated to the gods, but some tribes hold annual feasts to commemorate great battles, or the founding of the tribe, or the birthday or anniversary of ascension of the current sheikh.

When Bedine die, their relatives bathe them, sacrificing precious water so that the deceased can meet the gods cleansed and at peace. Bodies are stripped of useful gear, and buried deeply, with rocks atop them if possible. Enemies and non-Bedine are simply left for the vultures.

Food

Everyday Bedine fare consists of camel-milk, a handful of bitterleaf grass, and "sand stew," a slow-cooked broth of palm-leaves, sand-grass-roots, desert lizards and bats. Onionlike root tubers are also dug up from the sand and eaten.

Meat of any sort is a delicacy. Roast hare and figs is a fine meal; a gazelle buck basted in honey and spices is a rare feast. Apricots and milk are another "special meal." Camel-milk and water are carried in skins; butter travels in tubes made of dried lizard skins. Bedine women prize their cooking pots—which they clean by scouring with sand—highly. To give a Bedine woman a new, strong pot is to bestow on her a great gift.

Garb And Adornment

Burnooses (hooded cloaks) are not unknown in the desert, nor are turbans, but most Bedine cover their heads with flowing head-scarves (*keffiyehs*), held on by brow-bands. Bedine can tell the tribe of another Bedine by the color and pattern of his *keffiyeh*, which may for example have red and white checks, green stripes, blue lightning-flashes, lines of red spots, or be solid brown or black.

There are exceptions to this "norm": some northerly Bedine tribes wear trousers, loose shirts, and vests, not *abas*. There are even Be-

dine tribes (who dwell in the eastern central stretches of the Sword) whose men wear turbans and cover their faces with scarves, and whose women go without veils.

Many Bedines wear their wealth as finger-rings, or jewels adorning their sword-scabbards (to a nomad, wealth that is not portable is worthless).

Bedine have no way to forge or refine metal, and must trade frankincense and myrrh (both tree gums) to get it. Metal is therefore valued highly—even a rusted, useless pot may be fashioned into an ornamental necklace of medallions.

Bedine women of some tribes tattoo their cheeks for personal adornment, or paint their hands and cheeks with henna. Many use frankincense as perfume. Its sweet odor can pervade entire tents on festive occasions when a few grains of powdered frankincense are cast on a fire or lamp-flame.

Arts

Skilled Bedine dye or paint themselves and the cloth of their clothing and tents; some make "sand-pebble-scenes," usually when telling tales.

Bedine preserve much of their tribal lore in songs that are chanted together. Some of these tunes are eerie and mournful, telling of the dead, lost love, or disaster; there are also war-songs and feast-songs (such as "Tlinlyn, Fool of the Desert") full of jokes and rollicking choruses that all join in on.

Slaves

Slaves are not kept by the Bedine—to become a slave is regarded as a "fate worse than death" by Bedine. Bedine take pleasure in slaying outlanders whom they know to be slavers. Freed slaves are left to wander in the desert, or-if they fight well—are offered a place in the tribe.

Those who are obviously unhappy, or who are a burden to the tribe, are cast out the next



time the Bedine travel near the edge of Anauroch (for example, to trade with the D'tarig). Such "guests" of the tribe are expected to work for their food by carrying packs of belongings when the tribe is traveling, for example.

Magic and The Bedine

No tribe of the Bedine has abided magic in all the generations (there have been at least twelve, and probably many more, but the Bedine have lost count) since the Scattering.

Bedine myth holds that there were once Three Ancient Tribes of Bedine. The sheikhs of these three tribes dreamed of ruling all the people, and so they had their sorcerers summon N'asr's djinn to make war upon each other.

The war destroyed the land and gave birth to Anauroch. It took the gods themselves to set the world right again, and some of them died before the carnage could be stopped. The surviving gods scattered the Three Tribes to the corners of the world and forbade them ever to use magic again.

That is why the Bedine think ill of any who use magic. Any member of a tribe caught working magic must leave the tribe; honored guests must leave the tribe's encampment.

Even if a user-of-magic aids a tribe, tradition is clear: witches and sorcerers are to be outcasts. If they are consorted with, the gods will surely deliver the Bedine who do so into defeat and slavery. Magic is for the gods, not men.

Bedine women, in particular, are feared if they wield magic-men rightly see them as a threat to the "peace of the tribe" (i.e., the status quo social order, with men on top). As "witches," they are driven out of the tribe to make their own way in the desert. The desert is expected to kill them; they are not expected to flourish alone, nor to someday return to work vengeance on those who cast them out.

This seemingly unlikely survival happens all too often; many a sheikh sends his best warriors out soon after a witch has been driven

forth, to hunt her down and kill her before her night raids and food thefts cause his fearful tribe to question his decision or his competence to rule. (Typically a witch who is stalking a tribe attacks one tent a night, slaying its inhabitants with magic, and taking what goods can be had.) There many tales of "shunned women" taking revenge on those who harmed them or drove them out-and Bedine always keep watch for the "lurking magic" of bitter, insane, or desperate "witches and wizards of the sand" (Bedine cast out for using magic).

Bedine mages employ a strange mixture of spells gained from intruders and developed for desert needs; these are detailed further in the chapter "Wind and Sand Magic." To avoid being cast out, Bedine mages try to conceal any magical powers they may have, often sewing their written spells (the runes burned or scratched into scraps of hide) into their *abas*, between two layers of cloth.

Most well-made *abas* are reversible, with a darker side, for night concealment, and a lighter, dun-colored side, for use by day. Scraps of hide or cloth are sewn into high-stress areas (elbows, cuffs, and shoulder-yokes) for extra thickness and durability-and all but the finest *abas* have been patched and mended a few times-so a spell or six can be readily hidden by any Bedine skillful with a bone needle in this way.

A Bedine mage openly casts spells only to avoid certain death, or when death seems inevitable. In all other cases, magic is worked "on the sly," so that results can be attributed to the capriciousness of a djinni, the aid of the gods, or some other explanation.

As always with the Bedine, there are exceptions to this abhorrence of magic. There are tribes whose sheikhs have come to tolerate magic; tribes who have found magical weapons and items uncovered by the sands, and see no wrong in using these "gifts of the gods" so long as they don't cast spells and seek to learn magic; and bands of Bedine wizards, such as the Asheira ("Shunned Ones").



Camels

The most important creature in all the Realms to a Bedine tribesman is the camel.

Camels provide Bedine with emergency food and water, and work as their everyday beast of burden and steed. Camels are fairly common in Anauroch, and plentiful in the far-off deserts of Calimshan and Raurin.

Camels are bad-tempered beasts, given to biting, groaning, breaking wind, kicking, rolling to rid themselves of a rider, and even spitting.

The camel is detailed in Volume 1 of the *Monstrous Compendium*, under "Animal, Herd," and can be summarized as follows: INT 1-4; AL N; AC 7; MV 21; HD 3; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA Spitting: no hp damage, but 25% chance of hit targets being blinded for 1-3 rounds; SZ L (8' tall); ML 3; XP 65.

A well-watered camel has a firm hump and bloated belly; the camel takes a better part of a day to drink its fill-but once "full," it can work for 12 + 1d10 days without getting another drink, if it has to, and isn't injured at some point. If the thirsty camel has regular access to food, roll 3d4 dice instead of 1d10; if the camel is idling or resting and not working, it can go without water for 20 + 1d10 days.

A camel working hard in full sun, without access to water, loses a quarter of its body weight (and Strength, and carrying capacity, and MV rate) every 7 days. It can't drink vast "extra" quantities of water, and only accepts sufficient water to restore its body weight. A full-grown camel weighs around 500 pounds.

A camel ridden to water-exhaustion will collapse, and will die if it doesn't immediately get water and at least three full days of rest (two days will do, if it gets a full meal as well). Camels nearing dehydration begin to stumble, snort and groan constantly (instead of merely most of the time, their normal complaints), and they roar, roll their eyes, and collapse if ridden too far. When water is short, Bedine give it to their camels, and drink camel-milk

themselves (from the she-camels; Bedine drink directly from the teats, to minimize evaporation).

The broad, fleshy pads of a camel's feet allow it to walk on the surface of even loose, shifting sand, sinking in only a few inches, rather than going in deeply (and exhaustingly), the way men on foot, horses, and other non-desert beasts do. (A Bedine fleeing a fight with outlanders sometimes lashes shields he has seized from the fallen to his feet for the same reason-the broad, hard surfaces of the shields allow him to run along the surface of the sand faster than he might walk through it.) In mud, a camel's movement rate drops to 16; deep mud or quicksand will reduce it to 12—note that camels perish in quicksand only if it is so large a bog that they can't swim and thrash across it in 4 rounds; a laden camel can carry a rider and gear through quicksand in this way.

Some camels are gelded when young, which improves their disposition and usually makes them grow larger and stronger, as they burn less energy through nervousness or fighting. The camels of northern tribes have longer "wool." The sheikh's camel, alone of all the camels in a Bedine *khowwan*, is usually adorned with bells. These warn others of his approach, mark the sheikh's camel for precedence in conditions of bad visibility and confusion (dust-clouds, for instance), denote wealth, and have the practical use of concealing whispered words shared by the sheikh with scouts and elders from eavesdroppers riding nearby.

When a tribe is camped, most camel-tending is done by the Bedine children, the "herdboys" (young girls also do this work, but are more often kept busy doing the dirtiest camp jobs, or carrying water, and usually herd camels under the command of a chosen boy).

The camels graze on the best grassland that the Bedine can find by day, and are herded to a guarded area (a waterhole, if there is one) at twilight, and tied up to stakes or large boulders, or hobbled.



A hobble, called a “breakstride” by the Bedine, is a length of rope just long enough to prevent the camel confined by it from taking a full stride. The camel has one or both pairs of opposing ankles tied together with hobbles, which are usually woven with thorns or covered with a bitter paste of crushed insects, to prevent the camel from gnawing them through. The paste is better than the thorns, which can harm herdboys, dogs, other camels, and also cut through the hobbles themselves. Strong camels, or those with a tendency to wander, may have stones bored through with holes threaded onto their hobbles.

The task of the herdboys is to keep a sharp watch out for snakes, scorpions, other digging, flying, or surface predators of the sands (including raiding Bedine from rival tribes, although it is rare for any of these to slip through the adult Bedine sentries that every tribe posts, day and night, whenever the tribe is encamped), and drive these away from the camels, or to cry the alarm and bring the men of the tribe to deal with greater dangers.

The herdboys must also prevent camels from straying, fighting with each other, drinking too deeply, and wandering into areas of rocks and leg-breaking ground fissures. Herdboys (and girls under their direction) gather camel-dung for the making of fuel-patties.

Diseased camels must be kept apart from the others, and in areas where grasses are few, the whole herd must be kept slowly moving (in the same direction, not each camel following its own head in search of better grazing). The need of camels for fresh pasturage, more than anything else, is what forces Bedine tribes to live nomadic lives; rare is the oasis or pasture that can provide enough forage for a tribal camel herd for more than sixty continuous days.

Traveling camels always try to sample any vegetation that looks as if it has any moisture or life left in it at all, as they bellow and grunt their way through the desert.

Camels traveling in the dry sands are watered nightly, by emptying waterskins into large

camel-skin buckets. A typical waterskin holds four gallons of water; two skins is a meager daily water ration for a camel.

Desperate Bedine will ride their camels to death, milk, skin and then butcher the dead and dying, and catch all the blood they can in the skins. Eating meat makes one thirsty for days, so the camel blood, milk, and a little desert salt are mixed together for a drink to go with it.

Desert Travel

Camels are ridden by means of halters and saddles. An experienced rider can sleep in the saddle as he rides, without falling off (though this would be foolish except in the center of a large Bedine party, traveling in good weather). A trained camel can be tethered for a short time by driving one’s lance deep into a dune, and wrapping the camel’s reins around the lance-shaft.

When warriors travel in the desert, it is the duty of their women to lead the string of baggage camels, by means of long reins.

A Bedine *khowwan* on the move may seem a disorganized herd to inexperienced eyes, but there is a deliberate order to the group. Riding far ahead of and behind the main group, mounted on the fastest camels and well beyond sight, are the youngest and most daring warriors. They are scouts, who will use their *amarats* (warning horns) to alert the tribe of any dangers lurking ahead—or approaching from behind. These horns have distinctive tones; Bedine can tell the horns of their own tribe, and even those of specific individuals (such as the sheikh and prominent warriors).

Ringling the tribe at a distance of about a thousand yards are the rest of the warriors, accompanied by their eldest sons, with well-trained hunting dogs and falcons.

Bedine hunting dogs are generally “Wild Dogs,” detailed in Volume 1 of the *Monstrous Compendium*, under “Dog.” DMs should use the standard statistics for most Bedine dogs,



but switch to modified “War Dog” statistics for the best dogs the Bedine breed: the sleek saluki dogs.

These proud beasts can be summarized as follows: INT 4; AL N; AC 6; MV 17; HD 3; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SZ M (6' long); ML 12; XP 65.

Bedine falcons are the standard sort covered in Volume 2 of the *Monstrous Compendium*, under “Hawk” and are as follows: INT 1; AL Nil; AC 5; MV Fl 36 (B); HD 1 - 1; THACO 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1/1/1; SA plummeting dive: +2 on attack roll, talons do 2 hp damage each, but no beak attack possible (on later rounds, falcons attack target’s eyes, with a 25% chance of a 1d10-round blinding strike for each successful attack, with a 10% chance of permanent blindness in the eye struck); SD never surprised; SZ S (2' long); ML 6; XP 65.

As they travel, the sons watch the desert around for signs of game. Periodically they release a hound or bird, or burst into a gallop themselves, riding to the hunt. They usually ride back to the center of the caravan with a hare, lizard, or some other meat (such as a gazelle, or plump desert bird) for the evening’s pot, before resuming their places in the watchful ring.

At the center of the caravan ride the mothers and sisters. The wealthiest women ride in elaborately decorated litters (known as *haousdjejs*), but most families cannot afford the extra camel’s wool needed to make one of these box-shaped litters.

Around them, watched and guided by walking children and by women holding long reins, are the baggage camels, tribal belongings lashed to them with leather thongs. The women and children usually walk to avoid tiring the camels, but when a tribe is moving in haste, everyone rides camels, the youngest children clinging to the baggage atop the baggage camels. With everyone doubled up on camels, and the whole group moving at a deliberate, steady rate, a large tribe can cover as much as forty miles a day across the sands.

Warfare

Bedine use scimitars, daggers, lances and arrows (all of which they may employ from camel-back) in their struggles against each other and other desert predators. Desert wind and heat shimmer (by day) and poor visibility (by night) limit the usefulness of archery at long range; most combat is decided at swords’ points. Most fighting occurs at night—not only does darkness allow attackers some concealment, but the lack of a blazing sun makes it more likely that anyone can survive the exertions of combat. Battle is usually marked by loud battle-cries; raiding is usually silent and deadly. The use of magic is frowned upon, even in battle.

Most fighting between Bedine tribes occurs when one tribe tries to raid another, to seize camels, wives, and food and other goods. This typically occurs in the coolness and concealment of night, and although there is something in the practice of recreation and even (for younger, hurt, or low-status Bedine) of “proving one’s manhood,” it is often a matter of desperate necessity: a tribe must take the food and water it needs, or perish.

“Waterless summers” (droughts) are all too common in the Sword. Settlements outside the desert but near enough to be reached, and weak enough for Bedine tribesmen to successfully raid, are nonexistent. So one Bedine tribe must attack another. Although most Bedine accept raiding as inevitable, years of bitter fighting between certain rival tribes have built up feuds that may cause battle at any time, whenever a tribesman of either side encounters the other.

The only reason that all the Bedine tribes are not constantly at each other’s throats in an unending desert war is because of the custom of paying a blood price for any Bedine slain by friendly or allied tribes—a price, in camels and goods, or in the life of the murderer, given up to the other tribe—too high for most Bedine to want to pay.



Many Bedine have perished in hopeless fights they enter knowing death can be escaped only by some miracle. They go in, and die in vain, because it is a matter of honor for the entire tribe. This bravery makes them deadly foes-but it is also foolishness that allows non-Bedine opponents, such as the Zhen-tarim, to lead the Bedine into disaster and defeat, over and over again, once they have learned how the Bedine think and act.

Bedine Names and Language

For a selection of common Bedine names, see the inside front covers of this book. There the DM will also find a introductory glossary of words in Uloushinn, the Bedine tongue. DMs should remember that outlanders who use magic to understand or communicate with Bedine are likely to be attacked on the spot.



THE PHAERIMM

These sinister beings (detailed in the “Monsters of Anauroch” chapter) are the present rulers of the Buried Realms, and the creators of Anauroch as we know it today. Their mind-controlling spells hold even illithids in thrall, and influence-in a subtle but all-pervasive rule-all creatures beneath Anauroch. PCs in the Buried Realms must make Intelligence Checks at least once per turn, or fall under a Phaerimm charm or suggestion.

Through controlled minds, the Phaerimm rule an entire nation of beholders who think themselves independent, dwelling in several ruined cities of the Anaurian Underdark. The beholders are mighty, employing Death Tyrants (undead beholders) and orc, hobgoblin, and xorn slaves of their own, as they mine for wealth and scheme to expand their realms southward and up to the surface world. They are, however, loosely ruled by an Elder Orb (a spellcasting beholder of great powers; its type is detailed in *The Ruins of UnderMountain* boxed set)—and that Orb, Rilathdool, is the pawn of the Phaerimm.

So the Phaerimm rule-haughty, scheming always among themselves, but keeping behind a screen of mind-controlled slaves from mind flayers to giants, goblinkin of all sorts to humans. Ever they vie with each other for supremacy in non-violent, subtle confrontations of brinksmanship, one Phaerimm demonstrating the superiority of its strategy, forethought, and influence over that of another; and ever they seek to break the spell-bonds the Sharn have placed on them, and expand their influence over more and more of Faerun. Where the Phaerimm cannot (yet) go, their agents can reach. What agents? The Phaerimm are busily subverting the Red Wizards of Thay, any adventurers who come within reach (i.e., into Anauroch), and the Zhentarim who have intruded into Anauroch, too. Even Elminster must tread warily around these titans of magic and intrigue; he can tell us little of the spells they have developed.

Phaerimm enjoy magic, and exult in wielding its unleashed power. They are fascinated by new spells and effects, and admire those who show genius in the mastery and devising of magic: such as Phaerl, “The First.” Phaerl perished in the War Against the Sharn, but Phaerimm still venerate his memory, and obey Phaerl’s one-time colleague, Ooumraun “The Seeker,” a ancient, huge, wrinkled Phaerimm who developed many of the Phaerimm spells (and, it is whispered, others of awesome power not yet revealed to fellow Phaerimm, with which Ooumraun has defended itself against the challenges and treacheries of ambitious Phaerimm over the years).

Although Phaerimm memorize spells much as human wizards do, they cast spells by effort of will alone, and can also adopt a single spell of each level as “natural.” The spell (which cannot be changed, once chosen) is retained in their brain structure. Phaerimm regain “natural” spells without study every day. Phaerimm are true masters of magic; some sages believe that their meddling may have created most of the magic-using monsters that menace the Realms today (including, perhaps, the beholder races!). Even the least experienced and powerful Phaerimm are capable of developing strange and terrifying new magics (providing DMs ideal opportunities for testing or introducing new spells into a campaign), and the veterans of the race know or can anticipate every nuance and side-effect of magic they observe being wielded. No elder Phaerimm will be caught unawares by a spell’s range, precise effects, the results of its combination with other magics, or the like; but Phaerimm may be slow to unleash magic at intruders, for fear of playing into the plans of a rival Phaerimm.

The moisture-drinking magics of the Phaerimm that created the wastes of Anauroch hold sway over the surface, but rarely stray into the depths beneath.



THE ZHENTARIM IN ANAUROCH

The most violent, persistent, and numerous group of outlanders active in Anauroch today are the Zhentarim: the evil cabal of wizards and priests who have long ruled Zhentil Keep, and have spread their influence and rule over much of the North. The strength of the Zhentarim is their magic, but one can't eat a spell, or use it (often) to buy things. The wealth of the Zhentarim comes from the caravan-trade they control, carrying valuable goods of all kinds (including stolen goods, slaves, and other illegal, high-priced wares) from place to place.

The Zhentarim merchant reputation is built on their no-questions-asked practices of handling goods (even kidnap victims or stolen temple gold), of using magic and strong armored forces to guard their caravans, and always getting cargo through regardless of the perils of the road. The 'Black Robes' try to get goods where they're going faster than everyone else, and to do this, they have set about sabotaging competitors (an ongoing campaign of local vandalism, murder, and arson spread all over the Realms) and establishing strategic trade-routes under their own control.

The major route planned by the Zhentarim links the Moonsea (from the city of Zhentil Keep) with the Sword Coast, running just south of Anauroch. The map on page 30 shows the ways in which Zhent goods move, and future Zhentarim plans for caravan travel. Through the years, these plans have involved the Zhentarim in battles with Hillsfar (to control Yulash and to lessen Hillsfar's importance as a rival trade-center), and with orcs and brigands throughout the North. There have also been skirmishes with Cormyr (who annexed Tilverton to avoid having Zhentil Keep openly seize it), Shadowdale (which continues to resist Zhent efforts to conquer it, thanks to Elminster, Storm Silverhand and other Harpers, and The Knights of Myth Drannor), and Daggerdale. Local folk in the Corm Orp area, Hill's Edge, Llorkh, Loudwater, and the Dragonspear Castle area are also experienced

Zhent-fighters.

The Zhentarim continue to be enriched by trade with the drow (whose tunnels come to the surface near Shadowdale; only Thay and certain folk in decadent Mulhorand seem willing to compete with the Zhents in trading openly with the dark elves), but must spend a lot of money to maintain their present route, thanks to the aggressions of goblinkin and human brigands in the Stonelands, Cormyrean patrols, and the resistance of locals all along the chosen way. Darkhold, for instance (detailed in the Castles boxed game accessory), exists entirely to protect the trade route; there are many smaller cave strongholds protecting Yellow Snake Pass, that collectively cost more than Darkhold does to staff and provision.

To pile up gold pieces in numbers they love and foresee, over the long run, the Zhentarim need to establish a secure route that is shorter and safer than the present one: one that is less vulnerable to the whims and aggressions of strong nearby realms like Cormyr. Zhent agents work tirelessly to foment unrest in Sembia, Cormyr, the Dales, Hill's Edge, Iriaebor, and strategic Sword Coast communities, both to keep these places busy with their own troubles (and therefore unable to spare the time or arms to menace passing Zhent caravans), and to keep the present route profitable. This is not enough, according to the Zhentarim leaders: a shorter route must be found. That means crossing Anauroch.

The Zhentarim have been trying to do just that for more than twenty winters now, with (so far) decidedly limited success. They haven't stopped trying, however, and a player character who ventures into Anauroch today will almost certainly encounter Zhentarim agents, and (hostile to everyone else) Zhentarim activity.

The Zhentarim face the same harsh, forbidding conditions in Anauroch that have stopped everyone else from using it as a fast traveling route before the Zhents came along. At first, the Zhentarim assumed that they could neu-



tralize these perils with magic or use magic to avoid them, by flying over the desert, or digging a route underneath it.

They failed. Both the skies above Anauroch and the depths beneath its sands are home to magic so strong and complex that the Zhentarim have not yet managed to overcome it (and may never do so). The reasons for this can be found in the chapters on “The Phaeirrm” and “The Secret of Anauroch.” These magics continue to thwart Zhent agents, and in some cases subvert the minds of agents to make them unwittingly work against Zhent plans.

The only part of Anauroch useful for a shorter trade route is the Sword. The Stonelands, the Plain of Standing Stones, and the High Ice are all broken terrain, full of barriers—and with hostile aerial creatures ready to disrupt any regular trade that tries to fly over the natural barriers.

The Zhentarim tried establishing bases in the hidden valleys of the Plain, and flying caravans across. Each and every trip, once their attempts became regular, was imperilled by a gauntlet of wyverns and dragons that actually lined up in midair to await the intruders. Blasting a way through the skies with spells proved too costly in wizards (the Zhentarim are hated throughout the North; to survive at all, they need many healthy wizards active on the ground) for the Zhents to continue it—and a few forays over the Stonelands brought forth both an aerial Cormyrean cavalry, and a number of independent menaces (including flying Harpers, and dracoliches from the Thunder Peaks, alerted by the rival Cult of the Dragon) to endanger the air-way.

So, summing up the costs in magic, personnel, and supplies of all these longer detours by air or over the more northerly parts of Anauroch, the Zhents were left with only one choice for their route: the blazing sands of the Sword.

Crossing the Sword means dealing with the treacherous D'tarig (if there's to be any trade

across Anauroch, the D'tarig aim to control it and grow fat on it) and the fierce Bedine.

The D'tarig are foolish, disorganized, and selfish enough that the Zhentarim can treat them as they did the folk of Melvaunt, Phlan, and other rivals in the Dragonreach lands. They used magic to spy out D'tarig individuals and communities, hired certain D'tarig as their agents, and killed or impoverished (by vandalism, arranged misfortunes, and the like) certain others, to effectively persuade the D'tarig into leaving them alone or helping them. (The D'tarig themselves are detailed in the chapter on “Other Peoples of Anauroch.”) The Bedine, used to fighting each other and almost everything else they encounter, present a tougher obstacle to overcome. Very few of them can be bought, and none of them can be intimidated by threats or magic; the use of hostile magic by an outlander makes them determined to destroy that being, not to surrender or obey him.

The Zhentarim tried their usual bullying methods, and sending “strike teams” of powerful wizards heavily protected by magical items to slay key Bedine leaders; but these had little lasting effect (the new sheikhs were of the same essential nature as the slain ones, the Bedine will not tolerate an outsider as a sheikh, and the Bedine tribes are too small to fool anyone with magic, to install a Zhentarim agent as a sheikh in the magical guise of a Bedine), and even attracted the attention of Harpers, Dragon Cultists, independent meddlers such as The Simbul of Aglarond and Elminster. Some of these acted directly against the Zhents, or sent agents to work against them.

The Zhents then adopted a new, two-pronged strategy (anticipated by Harpers such as Lander of Sembia). This consisted of a velvet-gloved hand of friendship—and a strong, treacherous sword of force.

The Black Robes approach a Bedine sheikh, offer him a friendly trade-treaty (with bribes of steel, rare and valuable in the desert, used for making the best weapons, and gems), and find a pretext to invite the sheikh's family or



other important members of the tribe into their camp. Then they hold these 'guests,' controlled by magic, to guarantee the tribe's submission.

Zhentarim agents are then installed to watch over the tribe: magelings with enough magic to spy for signs of rebellion, and to crush it or call in magic-powerful reinforcements. At the same time, the Black Robes begin to enrich the tribe, introducing coins, gold, gems, wine, and rich food. The most troublesome tribesmen are plied with drink to keep them docile. Should their fighting fury be needed, there are other means to rouse them. By magic, the Zhentarim learn of any famous or respected elders of the tribe who have died, and use their magic again to send images of these dead by night to speak to the tribesmen and convince them that it is right to follow the way of the Black Robes. When the tribe is loyal to them, the Zhentarim move on to the next one.

At the same time, the Zhentarim hire armies of over three thousand man-eating, desert-dwelling laertis (detailed in the "Monsters of Anauroch" chapter of this book), and promise them protection by day against any Bedine who try to avenge fellows whom the laertis ate or slew at night (the laertis must hide from the sun during the day). This protection is provided by several hundred Zhentilar warriors, accompanied by Zhentarim priests and wizards. This human army goes into the desert carrying all the food and drink they need with them (when they defeat a Bedine tribe, they'll butcher its camels and roast them to gain a "free" feast).

If diplomacy fails or falters, the army is used to subdue a dozen tribes, and then use hostages, bribery, and violence to enslave the others. The controlled tribes are used to overpower the others, the laerti allowed to feed freely on Bedine so long as they leave Zhent caravans alone (if they become a problem later, the laertis can themselves be exterminated with spells) and the Zhentilar army leaves the desert, its task done. The Zhentilar

warriors are highly disciplined fighters, experts at defending fortifications against sieges and at performing "dirty tricks" in overland battles. They are not hampered by the rules and traditions of their Bedine foes, and can quickly acquire desert lore (if not the deep knowledge and instincts of a native Bedine) through magical interrogations and mind-control of captured Bedine.

The FORGOTTEN REALMS® novel *The Parched Sea* describes one Zhentarim campaign to defeat the Bedine. The silky-moustachioed, heavily-scarred warrior El Zarud, a Zhentilar warrior, is the spokesman of the Black Robes among the Bedine until slain. His superior (who posed as his assistant) is the Zhentarim wizard Yhekal, and under their direction, the hired laertis attack tribe after tribe, traveling by night, and accompanied by the human Zhentilar warriors, who establish protective camps (at the oases they have seized from the Bedine) by day.

With the help of magic and Harper agents, the Bedine fight back. Bedine war parties harry the Zhents from all sides with arrows, and scatter at night into small bands camped wide distances apart, so Zhents seeking revenge have to hunt them by night instead of traveling on to the next oasis; the invading army must travel on, or lose its riding and pack-camels to lack of food and water (the Bedine camel herds are limited in size by the available forage in the desert; the huge Zhentarim army needs far more beasts than any one oasis can support). To counterattack means to starve the camels.

The increasingly desperate Zhentarim do not hesitate to poison oases: the ultimate atrocity, in Bedine eyes, but one that may ultimately win the Zhents victory, if they have magic enough to *neutralize poison* for each and every one of their own caravans, once the Bedine have been wiped out.

If the present campaign fails to force a way through the Bedine, across the desert, the Zhentarim will mount another. The Zhentarim



leadership has, as usual, sent ambitious Zhentarim magelings into Anauroch to “prove themselves.” The reward is wealth, magical power (by items and even scrolls of spells, given by superiors) and rank in the Black Network, and to refuse means either instant death, or orders so dangerous as to make an inglorious death inevitable, so mages will continue to risk the perils of the Sword to conquer it for the Zhentarim.

Some of these Zhentarim agents use rings of *invisibility* and *blinking*, and (a Zhentarim specialty) rings that allow them *dimension door*. They always have magic enough to overwhelm and capture individual Bedine, and to interrogate them, and they have coins and metal enough to buy what loyalty they can. A few (such as the wizard Yhekal, who is at least a W9, and has skin and hair as pale as white sand, flashing blue eyes, and wears a hooded purple robe and silver wrist-bracers) are powerful or influential enough to have clones or other magical means of resurrecting themselves, should they be slain in the desert.

The Black Robes have offered D'tarig and some Bedine five hundred gold pieces “per head” for identifying Harpers to them (telling the desert folk that the Harpers are a tribe of meddling fools who stand in the path of free commerce and the growth of kingdoms). They know that Those Who Harp will be their chief foes in their attempt to set up a trade route across Anauroch.

This tendency of Zhent commanders to get things done with a minimum of risk and bother to the main organization by letting (or forcing) underlings to “prove themselves” by doing difficult things in any unsupervised, sloppy, and reckless manner they want to, just to get the job done, allows DMs to freely tailor Zhent forces to challenge PCs. A Zhentarim band can be a dozen warriors led by a W4 or W6, or anything up to an army of several hundred under a dozen wizards, each of up to 12th level.

DMs are also free to have Zhentarim acting personally against PCs in Anauroch, in run-

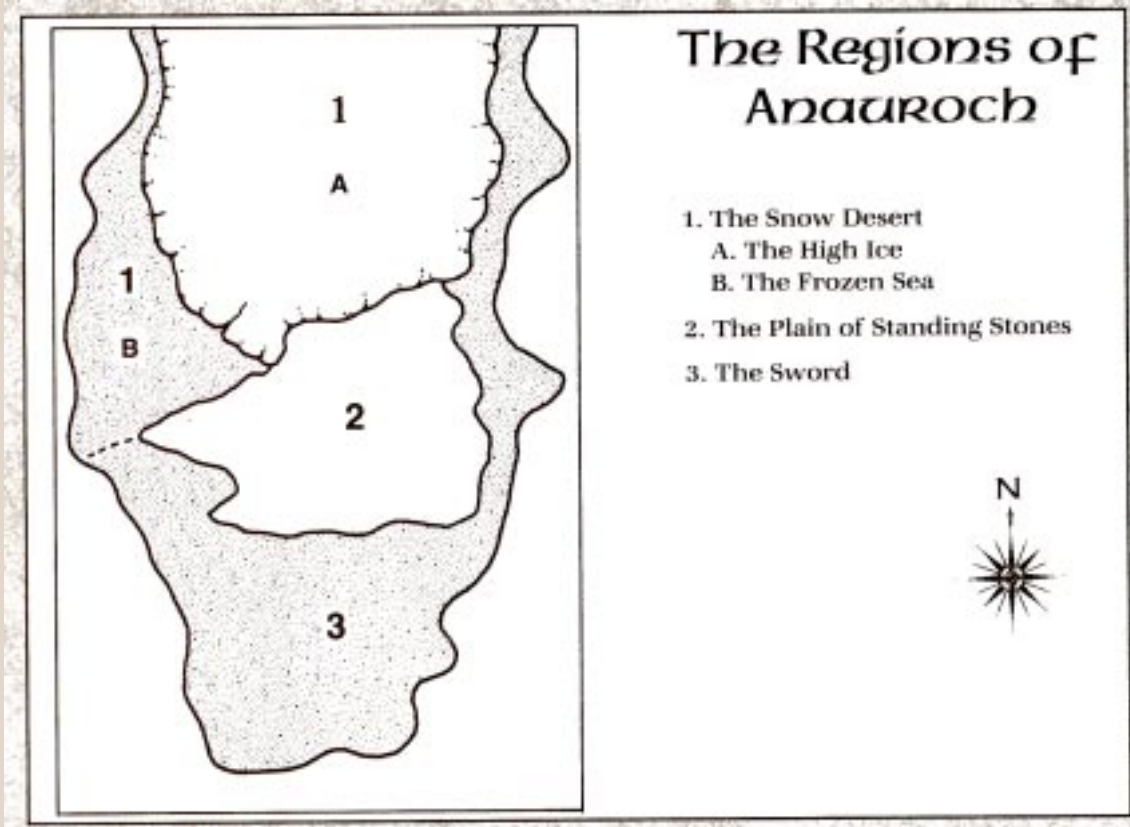
ning fights, without any efficient organization that alerts one group of Zhents when the PCs are fighting with another (necessarily, if the PCs are too weak to survive). Zhentarim can be of any rank or influence the DM wishes; not even Elminster knows what ambitious mages, wizards, priests of Bane, Cyric or the other evil gods, thieves, and warriors have joined the Zhentarim recently.

Please refer to “The Sword” chapter for details of Zhentarim bases established in the desert (including an ingenious practice of “growing” an oasis around a *decanter of endless* water). At least five such bases are known to exist in the desert: Bhaerlith, Haunga, Ma'atar, Olomaa, and Vuerthyl.

The Zhentarim can rely on supplies and reinforcements from a Zhentilar encampment in Arntethyl, the high alpine valley where the River Tesh is formed, and spills out of the mountains (down gorges to the valley of the Tesh, where the main Zhentilar and mercenary encampments are located, around the ruins of Teshwave) and from Darkhold (in emergencies only; the man who calls for these when they are not needed will pay with his head-after suitable torments have been visited upon him).

At least a thousand warriors are in Arntethyl, and at least twenty Zhentarim magelings (W3s to W9s). They are under the command of the wizard Ruatheene, Manshoon's latest favorite. She is only a W6, but maintains order with the help of a beholder of awesome size and powers, Araunglauth, whose abode Arntethyl has been for almost seventy years.

Ruatheene will not enter Anauroch, whatever happens-but she will unleash the eager magelings under her, if the Zhentarim suffer reverses in the desert. They include Mhaumask of Mordulkin (LE hm W9); Ologhyn of Voonlar (NE hm W7; known for his collection of rare and strange wands); Hlartenth of Procampur (LE hm W8, a wizard under a curse that changes him from male to female,



or vice versa, every few hours); Arachhar Sevenstar, of Yhaunn (NE hm W6, a young genius known for devising many new spells and for his frequent, giggling bouts of insanity); Aglast Thimm (NE hm W5, a grim man who has worked for the Zhentarim as a poisoner in many cities around the Inner Sea, until his skills became too widely suspected for continued usefulness); and Orauna Speldarnshar (CE hf W6, a one-time Calishite dancing-girl, who hates men and enjoys magically destroying them at every opportunity).

The Zhentarim intend to enslave the D'tarig even if their attempts to conquer the Bedine fail. When the Desertsouth Mountains are firmly in their control, they intend to gather and breed hill giants to unleash in Shadow Gap

and the Tilverton area, and begin a slow conquering of the desert by building forts and wiping out the Bedine tribe by tribe, advancing across the desert step by step. If this becomes necessary, Manshoon intends to send powerful Zhentarim to capture at least one Bedine sorceress, and learn from her (forcibly, if need be) the desert-related magic of the Bedine (the main spells of which appear in the "Wind and Sand Magic" chapter of this book).

When running Zhentarim forces, the DM should keep in mind two things: the Black Robes did not get as far as they have in Faerun already by being stupid; and, as Lander of the Harpers tells a Bedine sheikh, "Threats are the only truthful words you will ever hear a Zhentarim speak."



OTHER PEOPLES OF ANAUROCH

Many peoples, monstrous (to human eyes) and otherwise, dwell in or under Anauroch. Here we look briefly at some of them.

The D'tarig

These diminutive folk (averaging just over four feet tall) may be descended from marriages between humans and dwarves in the Tethyamar area. They are the desert folk most commonly encountered by outlanders.

The D'tarig dwell on the eastern and southeastern fringes of Anauroch, where they herd goats and sheep in the foothills, and make rare trips to Tilverton to trade. (Since the Zhentarim started coming to them, these trips have grown even rarer. Why go to the trouble and expense of travel, when it is easier to let greedy buyers come to you?) D'tarig tend to be self-serving and rather cowardly. They will switch loyalties readily, to those who pay them most highly.

They like to travel in large groups, well-armed with poisoned javelins and bolts for their crossbows. The sticky brown venom they have developed is a secret preparation, known only to a few elders of the people. It causes sleep in humans (save vs. poison to avoid), but tends to be fatal to orcs, goblins, and other related humanoid (save vs. poison at -2: success means 2d4 points of additional damage, failure means death in 1d4 rounds).

D'tarig have their own throaty language, and largely avoid contact with other humans. The exceptions to this are the most adventurous of the tribe, who tend to be younger. They are often hired by outsiders who want guides into the desert, for they typically claim to be experts who know every dune and oasis of great Anauroch. The unwary are warned of the Sembian merchant saying about D'tarig claims: "If you have an infant son, and the son dies when a D'tarig is in town, the D'tarig will show up claiming to be the son of your son, and try to take everything you own." In the desert, D'tarig wear white burnouses and tur-

bans, with splay-footed sandwalking boots,. Only their dark eyes, puggish noses, and leathery brows are exposed.

Older, more greedy D'tarig who are braver than their fellows are known as "desert walkers," for they venture into the desert to trade metal (usually metal weapons, though pots and other vessels are also valued) to the Bedine in return for camel-loads of collected resin from cassia, myrrh, and frankincense trees. Some D'tarig can collect these resins for themselves, from trees growing on the verges of the Sword, on the banks of streams that come down rocky ravines from the Mountains of Tethyamar to meander among the dunes, and ultimately sink into the sand, and vanish). But it is easiest to let Bedine do all the messy, hot, long work of gathering-and the demand for the resin far outstrips the supply provided by the few trees that the D'tarig can reach. The D'tarig sell their jars of gathered resin to merchants sponsored by the Zhentarim. The friendly Black Robes then sell it to temples all over the Realms for the making of incense.

D'tarig have been known to keep slaves, but tend to regard them as too much trouble. Slaves have to be watched constantly, for the D'tarig are a suspicious people. They boast that "no one and nothing can beguile the D'tarig? D'tarig are selfish, brutish folk. They have none of the land-lore and stone-skill of dwarves; most do not even know that lodestones (and therefore, compasses) exist, and must find their way in the desert by learning the oasis-trails and the stars. They tend to keep to themselves out of fear for trouble. More than one D'tarig has said, "Only a fool strays from his path to search out another man's trouble." On the other hand, D'tarig are not humorless or wretchedly craven in their fear of danger; witness this exchange between Bhadla of the D'tarig and Lander, a Harper (from the novel *The Parched Sea*, by Troy Denning):

Bhadla shook his head. "This is foolish business," he said. "It will probably get you killed."



"Perhaps," Lander agreed. "I'll try not to take you and Musalim with me." "Good. For that, we would charge extra," Bhadla said . . .

DMs should portray D'tarig as suspicious, taciturn, even sullen folk who are too short to wield long swords or longer and heavier weapons, and whose stature forces them into comical climbs into camel and horse saddles. Otherwise, they should be considered normal humans, save that a few (10%) seem to have inherited the uncanny sense of direction (even in dark, underground, or unfamiliar surroundings) possessed by many dwarves.

Oh, and one other thing—a D'tarig always has six or seven more tricks, double-crosses, escape routes, fallback plans, and poisoned weapons up his sleeves, down his boots, in his hair, or even up his nose. (Short-tempered barbarians of the Savage North have been known to cut down D'tarig on sight, just to avoid all the irritating, wearying intrigue and treachery they know will come.)

Most D'tarig that adventurers will meet with are fighters or thieves of 2nd to 5th (1d4 + 1) level. They tend to guide visitors to the trading villages of Tel Badir and Addas Babar. Most D'tarig have a house or place of business in one or both of these settlements, but keep their families safe in comfortably furnished cave homes higher in the mountains. Orc and goblin attacks have made regular patrols in the heights necessary; adventurers are warned that these patrols tend to employ ambushes, poisoned weapons, trip-wires, and boulder avalanches first, and ask questions of the survivors (if any) later.

The Laertis

These ruthless, aggressive, desert-dwelling, intelligent lizards are fully detailed in the "Monsters of Anauroch" chapter, but deserve mention here because of their dominance over the desert underways of the eastern Sword. Forced to shelter from the heat of the day, the

laertis can roam the desert surface by night, and over the years have slain many Bedine both for food (they eat the soft organs of humans) and for the pleasure of killing. The Bedine call them *asahis*, which means "The Evil Ones Below." Recently, the laertis have been hired by the Zhentarim as mercenary troops in a war of extermination against the Bedine as the Zhentarim try repeatedly and forcibly to create a trade route across the desert, controlled by themselves, to link the rich Moonsea trade with Waterdeep, Baldur's Gate, and the Sword Coast trade that those cities can reach. The Zhentarim see this "shortest and cheapest" route as the key to achieving supremacy over Amn in trade matters. Only the years will tell if they can forge and hold such a "golden road through the sands."

The Lamia

The infamous flesh-eating race of lamia are rarer in Anauroch than in more southerly deserts (such as those of Calimshan). Perhaps because flesh to eat is rare and the laertis compete for the same diet, lamia tend to be found in the western end of the Sword, and in the Frozen Sea.

The largest and most powerful lamia community is in the city of Hlaungadath (described in "The High Ice" chapter), but they are also known to roam the desert due east of Hill's Edge (where they often battle expeditions from that city and Zhentarim patrols out of Yellow Snake Pass), and to dwell at Lion's Eye Oasis, the most verdant spot in the western Sword.

The lamia of Lion's Eye are currently led by The Glaendra, a female lamia noble of striking height (9') and beauty. She is said to command both much wealth (in the form of rubies and emeralds looted from sand-covered ruins in the area controlled by the lamia), and a formidable arsenal of magical weapons and items, gathered over the years from Netherese tombs, abandoned towers, and storage-crypts.



Outsiders

There aren't many sane folk who choose to visit Anauroch more than once (most visitors perish on their first trip into the Great Desert). As might be expected, some of these are desperate outlaws trying to hide from pursuers, and others are adventurers overly convinced of their own heroic invulnerability. The most numerous group, however, are merchants: those who come to make a coin or two.

Some, notably the Zhentarim, come in force, and try to make their way by force. They must be powerful indeed to overmatch the fierce Bedine, the desert beasts, and the claws of the desert itself.

Some dream of the fabled wealth of the Lost Kingdoms, and hire adventurers or even try on their own, to scurry into the desert to scoop up the heaps of gold coins and rivers of gems that they fondly hope must be just lying around, guarded only by a few camels and vultures.

The wisest merchants set their sights on less grand dreams. They come to the desert verges, bringing coins, food, fine cloth, and iron-work such as chains, belt-buckles, drinking cups, buckets, cooking pots, knives, forks and ladles, and the like. They trade these to the D'tarig and others who dwell along the Desertsedge, for resins and the occasional caged desert beast or Lost Kingdom tomb-artifact. These incense traders travel along the Desertsedge, in well-armed groups, and then depart, leaving the dangerous task of trading with the Bedine out on the sands to the D'tarig. These merchants make much smaller heaps of coins than the other sorts, but they make them year after year, and may even live to retire on them (a fate that seldom befalls the other two sorts of merchants).

Prominent among the veteran independent incense traders currently active in the Anauroch trade are Bruithyn Ammacaster, of Selgauni (LN hm F6), and Guldagh Ironfist (NE hm P7) of Westgate.

Bruithyn is known to carry an iron bands of *Bilarro* sphere, to deal with those who threaten him. He is always accompanied by a loyal bodyguard of at least three Sembian mercenary warriors, and a priest of Lathander for healing purposes, hired at the temple in Eveningstar. These priests are always well paid, and Bruithyn is popular at the temple for the extra gifts he makes to the cause, when his trade goes well.

Guldagh is the sort of thug that one prefers never to deal with. He would steal the shroud off a corpse (and has). His band of nine or fewer (the number varies with the number of fatal skirmishes gotten into on the present trip) thieves are drawn from the poisoned-dagger boys of Westgate's dirtier alleys. Guldagh persuades them to take a chance to get rich quick (and usually, to flee certain death if they stay in the city, due to feuds they've gotten themselves drawn into), and then plunges across Cormyr or Sembia in an orgy of petty theft, vandalism, and muggings.

Guldagh then leads his band to D'tarig territory, does the same sort of thing there until he's gained as much incense as possible by illegal means, and then heads west along the Desertsedge, trading for as much more as he can get. If enemies show up, his band darts into the Stonelands. Increasingly, orcs have lain in wait for him. It is whispered that he has a fortified lair somewhere in the Stonelands, but no one has ever found it.

An organized bandit troop is also said to lair in the Stonelands, raiding orc-holds, Bedine encampments, and caravans in northern Cormyr with equal stealth and boldness. Known as The Desert Wind, this band is a myth, or a memory of a desperate band now dead in some misadventure, or able to lie low for years on end—for no one has seen them in recent seasons.



THE SWORD

This region lies like a broad swordblade across the southern end of Anauroch. Its name does not derive from maps, however; it comes from the chief human (and sometimes orc) activity of the area: carving up others, often and with gusto.

This is the hot, dry, sand-dune desolation that most outsiders think composes all Anauroch. It is the area that sees most outsiders: trying to find riches, escape foes, or shorten caravan costs by venturing into the desert. The Bedine nomadic human tribes dwell here, raiding (or rarely, trading peacefully with) each other and with friendly caravan-masters. Their presence makes this the most heavily populated area of Anauroch; and yet a Bedine riding across the Sword might meet with only three tribes in a year.

The Landscape

Outlanders see the Sword as an endless sea of crescent-shaped dunes that rise and fall like waves in a sandstorm (hence Anauroch's most popular nickname, "The Great Sand Sea"). It is indeed a hot, sandy region, but is in fact much more varied than that.

Sand dunes do cover most of its surface. All four types of desert dunes can be found in the Sword: "waves" (transverse), "troughs" (longitudinal), "crescents" (barchan), and "star" dunes.

Transverse dunes are wavelike ridges, formed by moderate winds blowing always in the same direction. These winds move only light sand; the heavier grains swirl aside in eddies, forming ridges across the direction of the blowing wind.

Longitudinal dunes form when stronger one-way winds are present. They move heavier sand, cutting long troughs (parallel to the wind direction) through the transverse ridges.

Barchan dunes form where sand is relatively scarce, lying thinly atop rock. A wind blowing in one direction (in the Sword, usually from west to east) blows the sand into ridges, as

with a transverse dune, but is able to move along the ends of the ridge more readily than the humped center. Thus, the ends advance and curve inward, forming a crescent. Novice outlanders should note that the ends of a crescent dune always point opposite the direction of the prevailing wind. (Westerly winds create east-pointing crescents.)

Star dunes, named for their shape, have ridges radiating from a central height, and are relatively stationary (whereas the other three types of dunes "migrate" steadily in the direction of the wind). Star dunes form when winds blow from all quarters, rather than predominantly from one direction.

Many dunes in the Sword are high indeed, but there are few *draa* (sand mountains, of over a hundred feet in height) among them; rocky pinnacles and ridges are the usual heights in this land.

Tall rock outcroppings are rare; far more common are small ridges or piles of weathered rock. Their crevices and shaded ledges give a home to snakes, lizards, nocturnal raptors, and desert bats.

A few of these rocky outcroppings overlie water, reached by crevices and fissures in the rocks. Larger creatures may lair here, deep beneath the hot sands, venturing forth in the chill night. Thorny salt-bushes and other scrub growth on a ridge tell of certain water somewhere beneath.

Even if there is no water to be found in a rockpile, it can provide shade to a creature able to slither through cracks, or dig out a resting-place by shifting rocks.

Distant booming sounds are not uncommon in the Sword. Sometimes these are caused by faraway thunder: the Stonelands, along the southern edge of the unnatural "dry" area in which much of Anauroch lies (see "The Secret of Anauroch" chapter), see many violent storms, fogs, and unsettled conditions. More often, the sounds are made by sand heavier than a castle keep, falling down the slip-face of a high dune. One slip may set off others, in a



chorus that causes the ground to tremble with a repeating beat.

Some superstitious Bedine attribute the rumblings to the knelling alarms of long-buried fortresses, the “ghost-haunted castles of the Buried Lands,” which is the term by which they know the Lost Kingdoms.

Not all of the Sword is sand. Besides the obvious exceptions of oases and mountain ranges, areas of the desert such as At’ar’s Looking Glass are plains (flat sheets) of pebbles or bare rock sheets. These are covered with glistening salt, evaporated from the infrequent rainfalls by the terrific heat of the sun beating on the stone. These salt pans gleam a dazzling white in the sun. Some salt pans, near the southern edges of the Sword, are treacherously thin crusts covering saltwater bogs deep enough to drown in.

In the rare cases where one finds a stream in the desert (almost always when it has sprung up on a mountain and run down into the sands, to soon vanish), it forms a gulch. If the water is sufficient, the gulch will be roofed with the droopy, twiggy branches of ghafl trees, and lined with tasseled sedges of qassis bushes. These crowd together around the water, offering animals down in the draw shaded shelter (and concealment from the eyes of all watchers not actually in the gulch). The tinkling of the stream can be clearly heard from afar when the wind is low, and at other times the wind carries the smell of the water to camels and other desert animals. Doves and quail live around such a watercourse.

Rain is too infrequent to keep streams and rivers flowing continuously in the Sword; where there is no natural spring causing it, the water dries up between rains, leaving dry *wadis* (dusty, open watercourses). These may become raging, muddy torrents when rain does fall-for there is nothing in this parched land to catch or slow the flowing water.

When a spring fails, streams may vanish altogether. The small ponds or lakes fed by such springs then dry up, forming *mamlahahs*, or

“dead waters:’ These appear as small, flat-bottomed valleys, their clay-rich soil cracked into a plain of irregular alabaster pentagons as hard as ceramics baked by humans. A muddy pond surrounded by acacia trees is left, at the last of the deep water; when the water fails entirely, these also die away.

The heated air of any sand desert causes mirages (false images of water, oases, or other phantom things, on the horizon) and heat shimmer.

Heat shimmer is a visual distortion that dwellers in the Sword are quite used to, but by day it still causes even veterans of desert life to fire missile weapons (at medium or long range) at - 2 to hit. This handicap increases to - 4 when the target is a *mirror image* (as caused by the wizardly spell), or a being engaged in *blinking* or wearing a *cloak of displacement*.

The Desert By Day

By day, the desert is a merciless oven, little suited to human existence. Wise desert dwellers hide in what shade they can find, or move only slowly and carefully, doing only light work (digging back into shelter if disturbed is commonly the only strenuous task most desert life undertakes). The desert winds provide a steady drone, dropping at sunset.

On a clear night, sunset in the Sword looks something like this: At’ar (as Bedine call the sun) sinks steadily towards the western horizon, a great disk of blinding yellow light that turns the sea of dunes ahead into a labyrinth of silhouettes and dazzling yellow reflections. The lowering sun darkens to scarlet, and as it sets behind the dunes, the western sky turns a spectacular amber and ruby. As the light fades, the troughs between the dunes turn velvety shades of ebony and indigo, while the crests of the dunes are tipped with a rosy ethereal glow. More level areas turn purple at dusk. Everything darkens: slowly at first, and then with increasing speed. Deep purple gives way to the blackness of night (unless or until



the moon rises, and the pale greenish-white moonlight lights the tops of the dunes). The temperature drops with the light, lingering in the sand for longer than it does in the air.

The Desert By Night

In the Sword, the desert is chilly at night, the sky usually clear. The winds die to gentle breezes, or fail altogether. The stars form a brilliant, glittering display overhead.

The constellations are many and varied—or at least, the countless stars visible in the clear desert sky are known by many names throughout the Realms, varying from race to race, realm to realm, and even from Bedine tribe to Bedine tribe. Here we will mention only those most useful for navigating. These “most prominent” stars are visible all over the North, and are used by travelers in many, many places outside the borders of Anauroch.

The west is marked by two “fuzzy” clusters of blue-white stars, which appear as two side-by-side crescents or arcs in the sky, points downward. To most Bedine, these are The Two Jambiyas (and this is mirrored in the Moonsea cities, whose folk generally call them The Double Daggers). To some Bedine, these are the Eyes of Elah (closed, only the lashes visible); in like manner, some barbarian tribes of the Sword Coast North call these the Eyes of the Watching Woman, and men of Hill’s Edge speak of “where Selune looks back.” Whatever one calls, them, true west can be found exactly halfway between the two arcs-heading “straight between the eyes.”

The North is marked by an awesome circle of large, bright stars with utter darkness between them, which is known to most folk today as Mystra’s Star Circle (her floating Castle of Night, in childrens’ fairytales, is said to float in the center of the darkness). Due north is marked by the brightest “Brow Star,” called Alagairtha by the Bedine, after a proud Bedine sorceress who is said to have challenged the gods long, long ago, and been imprisoned in

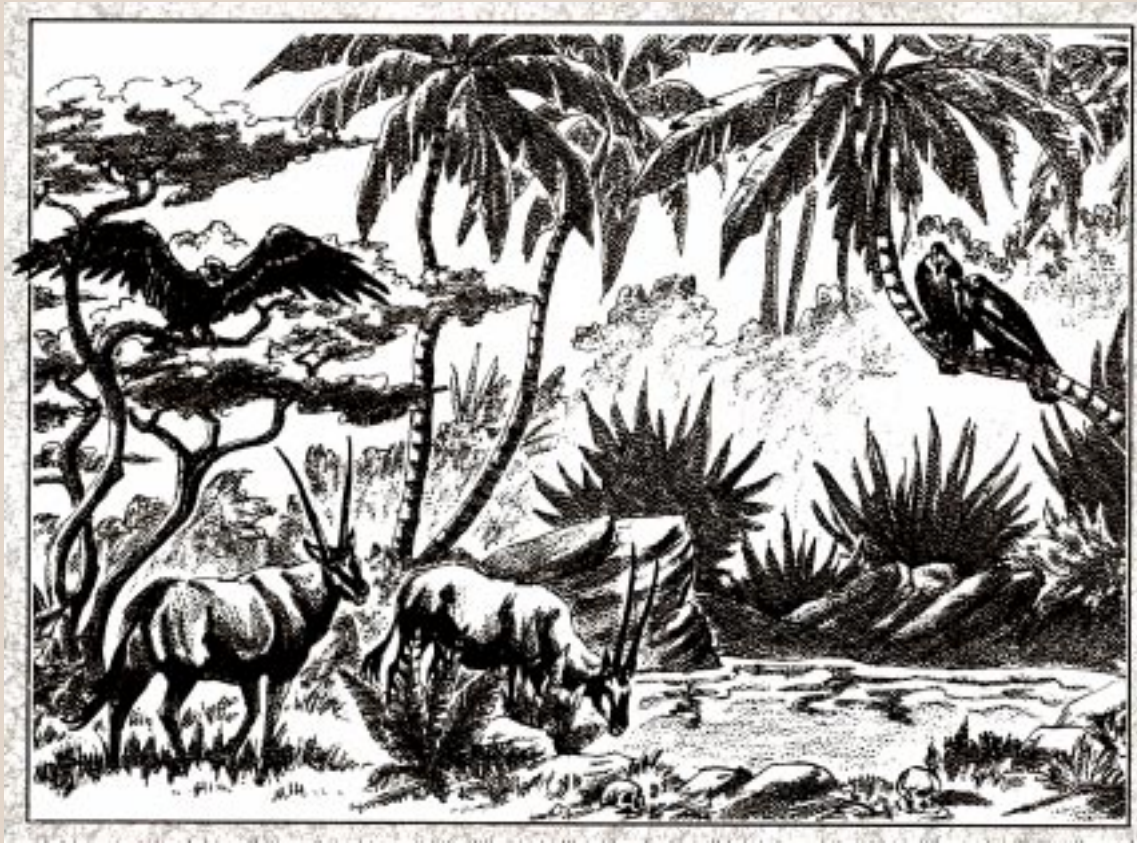
the heavens as a punishment: to preserve her breathtaking beauty, but keep her forever frozen and helpless.

Other folk in the Realms call this constellation the Crown of the North, or just the “Cold Crown.” Some believe it to be the Eye of Evil, or the Hole That Leads To Darkness; some Bedine tribes believe that this place is N’asr’s Tent, the dwelling-place of the Lord of the Dead. Most Bedine call it the Circle of Swords (the shining scimitars of the greatest Bedine gathered by N’asr) or the Circle of Coins (thrown on high by the gods, to taunt poor men).

East in the Sword’s sky is marked by At’ar’s Arrows: three converging lines of stars, each with a cluster of stars at its outward end, or “point.” Where the three lines come together is due east. The Bedine believe that these are three fiery arrows launched by the sun goddess, to clear and mark her way (as the sun rises here). To folk elsewhere in the Realms, these stars are called the Arrows of the Gods, the Sun’s Signpost, or the Caltrop.

South in the desert sky is marked by a zigzag line of stars that ‘crawls’ along the horizon, from west to east, beginning with an upswept “head” or bright starry cluster, and ending with a curving “tail” of stars. To the Bedine, this is the Serpent of the Sands, Urwath, “The Swallower.” The desert nomads believe that this creature is wild and amoral, older than the gods, and that it swallows mountains, trees, and grasses to create the desert, leaving only sand in its wake. Its presence in the southern sky, most Bedine believe, means that the desert will continually expand southward, as it eats its way across the Outlands.

Folk elsewhere in the Realms do not see this line of stars so clearly; not being on their horizon most of the time, it is enmeshed in a tangle of small constellations, and is not thought of as a unit. In Tunland, Cormyr, Iriaebor, and Westgate, however, it is recognized as a star configuration marking the direction “south:” and is known respectively as Faeraula, the



Sword of the South, the Southfires, and the Lightning Bolt.

Weather in The Sword

The Sword desert tends to be very hot and windy by day, and very cold and relatively calm by night.

This part of Anauroch rarely sees rain or snow, even when lands around are lashed by torrential rains, or locked in the grip of howling blizzards. The area is just too dry. Most “weather” consists of differences in wind direction and force, from still “dead air” to windstorms that reshape the desert landscape. Violent winds always catch up and carry along desert sand, and are detailed further in the

“Dangers of the Desert” section, under “Sandstorms” The main visible characteristic of sandstorms (or “duststorms,” as they are also called) is that the sky is obliterated: vision is typically reduced to only a few feet.

Rainfall is scarce and variable: one spot gets it, but a mile away, no rain may fall. The rare “wet storms” of the Sword tend to be both short and violent. Lightning strikes are common, thunder rolls, and the rainfall is hard (even battering) and fast. When the storms are small, and travel over hot salt pans, the heat may evaporate the rain before it reaches the ground, creating a “ghost storm” that sweeps across the desert, raining hard, without ever wetting the landscape land thirsty Bedine) below.



More often, the rare rainstorms lash the ground, transforming wadis into raging torrents that can drown camels and even larger creatures in moments. The sparse vegetation of the Sword cannot hold water; rain runs over the land, seeking the lowest elevations, until it sinks into a salt pan or is all evaporated away by the heat of the sun.

All over the desert, as the water falls on the sand, flowers open. Insects rush to them and swarm in the air to mate, lay eggs, and feed, hurrying to take advantage of the fleeting moisture. So too do the reptiles, birds, and mammals of the desert. Perennial plants blossom and set seed, and some plants spring up from seed to dot the desert with brief life; when the water is all gone, they will have grown, flowered, and produced seeds again, to wither and die in the dry heat that follows. Cacti swell up in these wet spells, storing water.

The desert is briefly a place of plenty, and the Bedine rush about, gathering all they can (many desert herbs and fruits can only be found at such times). Rains have even been known to halt battles, as everyone turns to gathering precious foodstuffs. With most of the desert snakes, lizards, and other animals on the move, they are plentiful, easily seen, and are relatively easy prey.

Desert Wildlife

Although conditions in the Sword are as harsh as those known in Raurin and other, larger hot sand deserts, the Swords' unnatural origins enable it to exist much closer to plentiful water, and very different climates, than other deserts. This allows more intrusions into the Sword than may occur in other deserts, both from so-called intelligent creatures (such as humans and orcs), and from lesser life, such as insects. Swarms of moths are not unknown in Anauroch, coming out of the Stonelands and the backlands of the Sword Coast. Insect swarms can be met with in spring and fall in

the hot region, and at all times except chill winter along the edges of the desert.

Insect Swarms These are fully detailed in Volume 4 of the *Monstrous Compendium*. DMs lacking this *DRAGONLANCE*[®] appendix can use the following simplification: Characters with AC 0 or less in contact with a swarm are 80% likely, each round, to be bitten for 1 hp of damage (plus 1% per point of Armor Class; i.e., a being with an AC of 6 has an 86% chance, an unarmored person [AC 10] a 90% chance of being bitten). Vision is reduced to 2d8 feet, and all beings caught in the swarm suffer -2 on attack and damage rolls due to pain, loss of clear vision, and the interference of the countless flying insects. Beings in a swarm are unable to speak (insects will clog their mouths), so most spellcasting is impossible. (For variety, use the effects of the insect *plague* spell.)

Insect swarms eat everything edible (i.e., the meager desert plants, and any available carrion) in their path; this can cause camels to starve, if forced to travel through the same area the swarm did. Smoke or fire scatters swarms, or turns them away. Other attacks totalling 60 points of damage crush enough insects to cause the swarm to move on. (Most insects are edible, and five handfuls can sustain a starving human, but eating them is not pleasant. Their acidity may cause sudden stabbing pains when the eater exerts himself; in combat, AC is reduced by 1, and attack rolls are made at -1.) Rolling in sand or dousing with water temporarily removes insects from a being. (If PCs manage to exterminate an entire swarm, award 2,000 experience points.) Insects are the most numerous desert creatures, but are not the most visible, except when swarming. Most Bedine will tell a questioner that they see the incessantly-tittering, nocturnal desert bats most often of all desert wildlife.

Desert Bats These bats wing over the dark desert (Fl 14, MC B) in search of insects of all sorts and sizes. They are AC 7, have 1d4 hp each, and can bite for 1 hp of damage (THAC0 20), but most avoid contact with large crea-



tures if at all possible. Some drink blood, and will bite sleeping camels or humans with needle-sharp fangs, fluttering rapidly away an instant later when their target awakens. Desert bats lair in rock crevices by day, and tend to be dark in hue, leathery and bony (a desperate man might need seven or more to make a meal). Very few (8%) carry diseases.

Daytime Desert Life Only a few wild desert creatures are active during the day, such as camels, grasshoppers, beetles, and spiders, which have long legs to hold them away from the hot sand.

Lizards, snakes, antelopes (particularly gazelles), asses (especially onagers), and lions can be found in plenty, if one knows where and when to look, in the Sword. The most common large animals are camels.

Camels Camels (also described in the "Bedine Society" chapter) are native to the Sword. Wild camel droves have become very rare, however: Bedine hunters have seen to that, scouring the desert in search of animals to capture and tame.

A wild drove typically consists of one or two males and three to five females, sleeping in the open at night and grazing by day on grasses, brushwood, and shrubs.

The males fight and bite savagely during mating times (right after the rains). Camels have a gestation period of 370 to 440 days, and give birth to single young. Infant camels are suckled for 3 or 4 months, and aren't fully grown until they are 16 or 17. Camels only live to be around 25 years old.

To stay in peak condition (full carrying or pulling capacity), a camel working in the hot desert needs to drink some water at least every third day. In cold winter weather, camels can go without drinking for several months. Contrary to the beliefs of most outlanders, camels do not have water-sac organs, although desperate nomads kill camels and drink both their pea-green, salty rumen-sac fluid, and their blood.

Pack dromedaries can carry 600 pounds,

and a Bactrian camel up to 1000, for around 30 miles a day. Normal walking speed is only 3 miles per hour. A fast walk (both legs on one side stepping forward, then the other side) is 6 miles per hour, but camels can only keep this up for a few hours at a time.

Racing camels can go almost twice as fast as pack animals, but to keep one moving at its fastest pace (the long trot) the rider must create a sore on the camel's neck, and prick it continuously.

The Strange And The Unknown Desert wildlife is little known to outlanders, and new forms are being discovered constantly. There are even rumors that a magical *gate* has been opened somewhere in the northern Sword, linking Faerun with the world of Krynn: adventurers have reported meeting with hatori, horax, skrits, and even tylors there. Explorers are warned: just about anything may be met with in the desert! Of interest to outlanders (only due to their odd appearance) are curious "fuzzy crawling brains" (as the adventurer Thayalin of Baldur's Gate aptly described them) seen after rainfalls. These are giant velvet earthmites: vivid, hand-sized, wrinkled, furry, red, crawling things. They are harmless, unintelligent, and inedible, and emerge during the rains to eat termites, mate, and then burrow back down under the sands until the next rains.

Even in "dead" central areas of the Sword, dried windborne vegetation supports a few insects, which in turn are fed upon by arachnids and reptiles. In some areas, the ground is white not with salt, but with the large shells of countless desert snails. The snails themselves slip out of their shells to spend the dry summer in a torpor, deep down in cracks in the ground, or among rocks. Their abandoned shells are sealed up with an exuded membrane, to trap as much moisture inside as possible, but a shell only holds enough moisture to sustain a thirsty human body for a day if that body (by means of magic, perhaps) is four inches tall, or less.



Wizards with pocketfuls of snail-shells and a spellbook with a *reduce* spell in it have walked alive out of the Sword, by moving (in normal size) at night, shrinking, drinking the moisture in a shell, and sheltering in it by day, studying to replace the used *reduce* spell and sleeping).

Desert Plants

Plants are far fewer in desert areas than elsewhere in the Realms, but they are present in a great variety of types and sizes. Most are thick and fleshy, and have small leaf and surface areas, so as to hold as much moisture as possible. Most also have features to discourage predators, such as thorns, unpleasant odors, or poisonous or laxative juices or secretions.

Desert plants tend to have short life cycles; like the animals, they must take advantage of brief periods of "wet" after rainfall. Some plants can grow, flower, and produce seeds in as little as a ride (10 days).

Typical Plant Varieties

The more numerous desert plant types are briefly described below for DM use in describing desert landscapes. Those that are especially edible (or dangerous to eat) are noted. The profusion of plant life found in oases is covered later in this chapter, in its own section, as are "desert crops."

Allium is an onion-like plant that grows up from a buried "crown" in spears, like asparagus. It is eaten by many desert-dwellers, both human and animal, and is always a good source of water. It is hardy; a dead allium withers but allium rarely rots or carries any mold, fungus, or disease.

Boojum Trees may grow to the height of a man's shoulder, but are more often only three feet or less tall. They resemble giant parsnips (or whitish carrots), growing upside-down, on the ground, because they have conical whitish trunks, that taper to their topmost point.

Bare for much of the time, boojum trees

sprout leaves in times of rain. In a few weeks, these leaves drop off; the stems they leave behind are thorns that can scratch humans for 1-2 hp of damage per contact, and which dissuade grazing desert animals from munching on boojum wood. The boojum trees of the Sword are not edible, but a desperate human could chew the woody flesh to get some water from plant juices.

Bunch Grasses grow in bunches or tufts, from bulbs buried in the sand. The tops (broad-bladed grass spears, a favorite food of grazing desert animals) wither and die each year, only to come up again from the bulb. The bulbs are edible but unappetizing; a man would have to eat about thirty of them every 24 hours to gain enough water for survival.

Buried Tubers are a valuable regular food-source for Bedine and other desert animals intelligent enough (and physically suited) to dig for them. These can grow as large as two men's heads, and hold much water (life-savers in times of drought).

On the surface, these plants are found by their grassy stems (which flower during rains), and tend to grow in a line, following the shape of the buried root beneath. The roots tend to be brown or golden-brown in hue, knobbly, and grow in a long, roughly straight cylindrical shape. They have hairlike roots growing out of them, all over: tough, stringy things that may be as long as seven men are tall, and are best gnawed or cut off, if one wants to take the tuber out of the sand and carry it away.

Cacti are the most impressive desert plants. They all tend to be bulbous and prickly, but range in shape from "prickly pear" ground-bud sorts to giant "saguaro" multi-armed upright types.

A staple to some Bedine tribes, cacti can be mashed to yield drinking syrup which will keep for months, or can be fermented into a drink. The cactus flesh can be eaten, the seeds made into a sort of butter, the stems of giant cacti used as tent-poles, the thorns used as



sewing-needles, and the dried husks of long-dead cacti can be burned as fuel.

Few cacti taste nice, and only a few can be cut open to yield plentiful “free” water; most must be mashed, or the flesh chewed, to extract moisture. The thorns dissuade most desert life from disturbing cacti, unless they have swords to cut it apart. No known cacti in the Sword can throw their needles at targets that aren’t touching them, but many have thorns that detach at the slightest brush of a solid body. Cacti thorn-damage ranges from 1 point for a single contact with a small cactus up to 2d12 points for a full-body fall or charge into a giant saguaro. Most contacts (e.g. being hit by a prickly cactus “club” wielded by a human opponent, or stumbling into an upright cactus) deal 2d4 points of damage.

Cereus grows from a buried bulb. The variety found in the Sword looks dead by day, its small cluster of leafy stems drooping and shrivelled. At night, the leaves open to reveal floral blooms that gather moisture, and are sticky enough to trap insects that light upon them, which the plant drains for food. Both the flowers and the bulbs are edible, but the gluey floral secretions make most humans who eat them violently ill, costing moisture and food value, rather than bestowing it.

Chenopods are grasses that grow in arc-shaped tufts. They are a vivid reddish-purple, and their juices are poisonous tall mammals who eat of this type of plant must save vs. poison or immediately suffer 2d4 hp damage, followed by a 2d12-turn period of nausea and mental confusion). Beings affected by chenopod poison make attack and damage rolls at -2, and suffer an Armor Class penalty of 3 points. At the onset of contact with the poison, the victim must make two successful Intelligence checks. If either or both fail, the victim is *feble-minded* until the poison wears off.

Chenopods have a biting, nose-stinging odor. They grow evenly spaced in the sand, because their efficient roots drink all the water for a

certain distance around them, and no other plants can grow in that space. To eyes not versed in desert ways, this always looks as though the chenopods were deliberately planted by human (or other intelligent) hands.

These hardy plants tend to be found in a ring around the outermost watered fringes of an oasis, spring, or other water source.

Creosote bushes found in the Sword are small, gnarled, many-branched things that are russet, rust, or purplish-black in hue; they are tarry, oozing black, sticky liquid whenever their jointed branches are broken. They are burned by Bedine over catchbasins to extract a sticky tar used for sealing water-containers.

Lichens are the scabrous, repulsive-looking grey-green growths on rocks. They are edible (but unappealing, and of very low food value), and grow on the sides of rocks closest to large bodies of water. In the westernmost third of the Sword, lichens grow on the western sides of rocks, in response to damp winds blowing in from the Marsh of Chelimber.

Mesquite trees provide Bedine with most of their firewood. These unimpressive trees may yield a surprising amount of wood, once uprooted and sun-dried: their roots may go down a hundred feet or more to tap deep water. In doing so, the trees stabilize sand dunes they are growing on, holding them in place against wind migration.

Ocotillo are root-based plants with leafless, dead-looking stems (except just after rainfall, when they sprout many tiny leaflets, which soon fall off). As a result, they escape many desert foragers, being dismissed as “dead.” The variety found in the Sword is not edible except as roughage for very hungry, antelopes and camels.

Puncture-Vines are thankfully-rare creeper plants that grow in rocky areas where some water is present. They flower in rainfalls, but otherwise look like mottled green ropes tangled upon the ground, marked every foot or so by a ring or “collar” of bristling thorns, which are sharp, sturdy, and almost impossible to



avoid. Contact with any collar of thorns does 1d4 points of damage; a being falling on several collars, or who is bound with a length of thorny vine, suffers damage per collar contacted, for every contact with, or movement to get out of, the vine.

Saltbush (or *Saltbrush*) are a variety of withered-looking shrubs that are the most numerous desert plants. They stud dunes all over the Sword, and form the main diet of camels on the move.

Windmills, named for their overall shape, are flowering plants that send out several stems along the ground, radiating out like spokes of a wheel, to gather water, and to send up other tufts. They anchor the sandy surfaces of dunes, and their tough stems can be used to tie things down (until they dry out and fall apart, which takes 3d10 days; add 1d8 days whenever a stem is wetted by rain, blood, or submersion in water).

Desert "Crops"

In addition to plants harvested for personal survival, Bedine (and others who venture into the Sword) can glean goods from the desert that can be sold for profit: desert "crops." The best-known of these are frankincense, myrrh, and salt (though few village folk in Amn or even the Dragonreach, for instance, know that these things come from the desert). Bedine selling such crops generally trade with D'tarig, but may sell these things to outlanders (if the outlanders have things the Bedine want, and seem too powerful for the Bedine to overpower and slay).

The most important "desert crops" of the Sword are listed here, in alphabetical order. They are the reasons why many merchants venture north from Arabel and Tilverton, and east from Hill's Edge, to meet with the Bedine—and they are spoils that more than one adventuring band has brought back from the hot sands.

First, there is the favorite drink of the Be-

dine: *coffee*. The plants whose beans yield the bitter brew (which increases in popularity across the North, as the years pass) grow wild in certain oases and mountain valleys in the central Sword, and some Bedine tribes have begun to cultivate it.

Certain trees, particularly in mountainous areas of the eastern and northeastern Sword (and westward, in hills along the southern edge of the Plain of Standing Stones, where many small, nameless streams rush down out of the rocks, to sink into the sands and be lost) yield another desert crop: an aromatic, amber-hued resin known as *dragons' blood*.

Its trees mingle with others, those types that produce the more famous frankincense and myrrh, and all three resins are used in similar ways.

It is difficult to put prices on resin crops, because "raw" resin is often bartered away by the Bedine, not sold—and commands far less than buyers must eventually pay for it in far-off cities of the Realms. Roughly, a Bedine sells a fist-sized lump of the finest raw frankincense for 1 gold piece. An identical lump of dragons' blood is worth 5 sp, and an identical lump of myrrh 3 gp.

Frankincense is derived from trees of several related species. All have very short trunks; they split near the ground into a fan of branches. The ideal growing conditions for these trees are a steady, hot sun, pale limestone soil, and heavy dew from a monsoon (wet, onshore coastal) wind, or from abundant mists. (On the watered northeastern edge of the Sword, these occur each morning, as the sun rapidly heats cold, damp ground.) Frankincense is harvested by chipping away bark from tree branches with a spatulalike chisel, scraping clean a patch the size of a man's hand. Milk-white sap "tears" well up in the wound immediately. The harvester moves on to other trees. When he returns, three weeks later, the ooze will have hardened into a translucent golden resin: frankincense.

The first scrapings are worthless; the sec-



and cutting, weeks later, yields low-quality frankincense (typically used by Bedine in their own bodyrub perfumes and aromatic “tent-smokes,” burned in braziers); only the third gives pure, sweet-scented frankincense.

Across the Realms, frankincense is used for rituals and health purposes. Specifically, it sees use in the scenting of incense, which is burned in various religious rituals (for example, to appease a god, to consecrate or cleanse a temple, to mask the odor of cremations, and so on). Its odor also makes it a valued ingredient in cosmetics, from simple Bedine pastes to the most intricate and costly spiced concoctions of Calimshan and Mulhorand.

Frankincense is also thought by many to be useful in curing gout, mental confusion, vision problems, and skin disorders. The almost white variety, known as *shihri*, is chewed by Bedine and some folk of Unther, Mulhorand, Raurin, Thay, Tharsult and Calimshan because it’s “good for the teeth and gums, and helps clear the brain.” (Just how effective frankincense really is in such endeavors varies from person to person, and in game terms, is left up to the DM.)

The desert hills and mountains yield another sort of riches: gold, which in the Sword tends to be found in pure, soft, large nuggets or lump-like inclusions in larger rocks. Many Bedine tribes make their own coins, using the sand as a mold, but more often, nuggets are melted into egg-shaped “trade-balls” or fashioned into heavier bars, called “fists,” that fit into a man’s palm, with a row of fingerholes, rather like a pair of “brass knuckles.” The value of either unit of gold varies with the market (supply), and the particular piece’s size and purity, but a ball tends to be worth around 15 gp, and a fist around 25.

The mountainous areas of the desert, particularly near permanent sources of water, give shelter to many birds. The droppings of these fowl (unlike, say, those splashed on a neglected stone statue in some ruin of the Sword Coast North) are not washed away by the infrequent

desert storms, and over the years may accumulate, on the rocks where birds nest or perch often, into thick concretions. This guano is a rich fertilizer, prized in large cities of the Realms. It is also burned as fuel by those who can stand the heavy, cloying smell. A sack of guano as big as a man’s head might fetch a Bedine the equivalent of 1 sp.

Other desert rocks yield deposits of *gypsum* (used in the making of plaster and alabaster). It is broken off into chunks, although the dust is as valuable and useful, and also sold in head-sized sacks (the D’tarig continually supply the Bedine with empty sacks), which command about the same price as guano.

Certain bushes, which grow here and there in the mountain foothills and knolls of the Sword, yield indigo. This dark blue dye is derived by stirring the crushed leaves of the indigo bush into water, which yields a mixture as thick as porridge. This mixture is used as a clothing dye; sun-baked clay jars of it are traded by the Bedine, who put it to their own use by putting purchased rolls of cotton cloth into the dye jars, soaking them for days, and then rolling the cloth out on a dirt surface and beating it for hours with wooden mallets, to work the dye into the cloth.

In winter, some Bedine tribesmen rub indigo mixed with sesame seeds (for their oil, when crushed in the hands) on their bare chests and legs. They believe it keeps them warm.

Myrrh is a resin harvested from a single thorny, squat species of tree that grows deep in the Sword. It is three times as expensive as frankincense, but only one-fifth as popular. When heated, this resin breaks down easily into an aromatic oil of many uses. Oil of myrrh is employed in religious purifying anointings; burned as a fumigant; added in tiny amounts to sauces in cooking; and used in embalming and as a medicine for pregnant Bedine women. The resin can also be formed into beads that are strung into necklaces, releasing the fragrance when warmed by the skin.

Bedine cooking-fires also yield *potash*, sold



“in the rough” and as the valuable Faerunian rarities glass and soap.

The conversion of potash (with other ingredients, such as sand) into glass and soap are processes held secret by certain Bedine tribes, although many in the Realms know them. An outlander who reveals he knows how to make glass, or soap, to such a Bedine tribe will be slain to “protect the secret.” The nomads simply won’t believe the arts of making soap and glass are widely-known.

Bedine signal-glasses (small, curved hand-mirrors) are made by such processes. Some signal-mirrors are curved to fit into a small earthen pot with a lid, for concealment and to prevent accidental flashes when riding in the sun.

Bedine also mine *salt* in the Sword. In some places—especially in the eastern Sword, where the sands cover the ancient, hardened remnants of vanished seas—salt can be cut from the ground in slabs. When working these deposits, Bedine tend to cut slabs as long as a man and that weigh as much as two men, so that one can be strapped to either side of a pack camel.

Salt is valuable in the North both for curing and preserving, and a camel-slab can fetch as much as 30 gp. Humans need extra salt to survive in the hot desert, so Bedine consume a lot of the salt they gather.

Small “veins” of salt can be found in many places in the Sword, in crevices between rocks. Salt can also be derived by evaporating



saline water on hot, bare patches of rock, although few Bedine tribes can safely reach the salt-pans that overlie water, to cut them open. No plants will grow where salt is too plentiful, even when water is abundant; to the experienced desert-dweller's eye, a spot where there is water enough for plants, but which has none, is a telltale sign of salt.

Sesame seeds can be gathered only by those Bedine near the Desertsedge, but they are used both as a food (roasted and eaten by the handful) and as a source of sesame oil, which has many uses (chiefly in cooking). It is sold by some Bedine tribes in clay jugs that taper at both ends, as long as a man's leg and as large around in the middle as a man's head, for about 1 sp a jug.

Sesame oil is derived by means of camel-powered mills. A camel is driven around and around in a circle, hauling a wooden beam counterweighted with stones. The hub of the beam turns in a mortar hollowed from a desert acacia, crushing sesame seeds to make the oil.

Desert plants also yield *tanbark* and *turmeric*, used by Bedine women as a makeup and sunscreen, and by many folk of Faerun as a dye and a spice-but supplies of these are intermittent, and they do not command high prices.

Oases

All creatures of the desert are more numerous where water is more plentiful. The oasis, or *shallah* (a word older than the Bedine tongue, and known in the Moonsea area and Amn, suggesting it came with mankind from the ancient South), is a name given to places where, in this most dry of deserts, there is always water. Oases are "islands of life" in the desert, readily recognizable by the green plants that grow in profusion about them. They are the areas that the Bedine (and in particular, their camels) depend upon, to survive. Almost all oases in the Sword are claimed by a Bedine tribe, or shared

(seldom at the same time) by several tribes.

Oases vary in size and characteristics, and some have become poisoned, so that their water gives aid only to those with magical means of purifying it, or immunity to the taint. There is such a thing as a "false oasis," where the water fails from time to time.

A typical oasis is centered around a pond, usually a spring-fed depression. Streams don't flow far in a sandy desert; the water sinks into the sand and is lost again, and the sun evaporates rainwater quickly from depressions. A lasting pool requires an additional source of water.

Around this watersource wild shrubs and trees spring up; often apricot trees and thornflower bushes, overseen by soaring palm trees. Oases undisturbed by man support more shrubs, oleander and tamarisk trees than date palms, fruit trees, and vegetables. But in the Sword, Bedine hands have worked on almost every oasis, carefully selecting date palms and fruit trees, and tending them so as to cover the maximum possible area. Trees are propped up, where possible, to maximize shade and to raise the nests of birds out of the reach of some predators (fresh eggs are a delicacy on Bedine tables). For the same reason, thorny vines are trained around the trunks of trees low down, but kept carefully cut back to avoid choking the trees.

Whatever artificial means are used to make the oasis larger, or more fertile (all garbage and human refuse, for instance, are buried in crescent-shaped beds located to feed existing trees and to encourage the spread of seedlings), a distance is eventually reached at which the heat and lack of water stop tree growth. The oasis dwindles around its edges to tufts of salty grass and spindly chenopods, before giving way to the endless sea of sand again.

Jackals, hares, gazelles, and even ostriches may be found at oases in the desert-and all desert animals come to oases to drink, when they must. Bedine and others who know how



can gain food in oases where there is apparently none to be had (and in many places along the less-dry sands of the Desertsedge), by digging up a staple diet of edible bulbs and roots. They also eat burrowing worms, insects, and eggs, both avian and reptilian (the empty eggshells are then used as water containers), found in oases.

New oases do occur naturally from time to time, as springs find their way to the surface in a new spot. These occurrences are rare, and the full life of an oasis is slow to develop around the newfound water, although some plants will quickly sprout in the hitherto barren sand.

Created Oases

The Zhentarim have hit upon an ingenious practice: “growing” an oasis around a decanter of *endless water*). At least five such bases are known to exist in the desert: Bhaerlith, Haunga, Ma’atar, Olomaa, and Vuerthyl.

The chosen sites are often bolsons (natural basins at the foot of mountains or ridges, and shielded by them from the worst of the desert winds). Wadis may already lead down into these sites from the mountains above; it is always easier to establish plants when water-hungry plants are already present.

On the other hand, the Zhentarim want to put oases where Bedine tribes won’t expect to find them (and so won’t come looking), and in strategic locations to create a trade route with abundant water, available often, so that camels are never worked to death. This leads some “created oases” to be founded in unprotected desert, or even on raised, windswept plateaus that overlook the surrounding sands.

The Zhentarim create artificial oases by digging out ponds where bedrock is near the surface, and sheltering rock outcrops are nearby, activating a *decanter of endless water* and dropping it in the excavation, and then bringing in seeds, plants, and the like by means of *teleportation* spells. This takes a lot of time

and gold pieces, so the Zhents do it only when an oasis is critical to the success of a caravan route. The Bedine quickly find such new desert features, and the Zhentarim have to defend them if they want to gain any benefit from all their work.

So such artificial oases are few—and all of them sport magical and physical traps, or even fortifications, and guardians. These are sometimes minor Zhentarim wizards, with a bodyguard of warriors (the Bedine fear of sorcery makes even weak wizards more effective than four times their number of Zhentilar warriors). The guardians may also be summoned or “placed” creatures, such as guardian daemons (detailed in Volume 2 of the *Monstrous Compendium*) or watchghosts (detailed in *The Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set).

Places In The Sword

Please refer to the color mapsheet provided with this sourcebook for the locations of features mentioned here. The preceding details of desert landscape and plants should help DMs “flesh out” such places, when they are visited in the course of play. Oases or cities that may become battlegrounds should be at least rough-mapped before play therein commences.

Addas Babar

Population: 2,600

In the foothills west of the northern end of the Tethyamar mountains is the D’tarig village of Addas Babar. Its sprawling mud huts and mud-and-beam inns (the tallest of which has three floors) can hold as many as 2,000 guests, and there is ample camping room in the area; the village sprawls over five or six ridges and the ravines and bowl valleys between them, with an open market area and only four streets that are lined with structures (as most human settlements are).



Addas Babar is the largest D'tarig settlement, and exists to serve them as a trading-center with the rest of the world; all of its D'tarig residents have "real" tunnel or cave-homes in the mountains and higher lands to the east, as well as their "village rooms." The village also serves outlanders as a hiring center for D'tarig, a refuge of sorts (and hiring center) for human outlaws from all over the Dragonreach, and a place where traveling merchants can set up shop to sell large amounts of goods without peddling wares up and down every hill of D'tarig territory.

Alagh's Pass

Named for a lone Bedine warrior who fell here long ago, heroically holding the pass against a rival tribe to allow his own tribe more time to flee, this barren mountain pass allows passage between the Saiyaddar (see below), on one side of the mountains, and the Hills of Scent (see below) on the other. On either side, the pass is entered through winding, rocky canyons whose cliffs are broken by many side-fissures-most of them ideal for ambushes.

Just below the pass, on the Hills of Scent side, is a nameless mamalahah (dried-up lake) no more than two miles across, its onetime floor now a patchwork of hard-baked alabaster pentagons. At its center is a muddy pond surrounded by acacia trees, that a Zhentarim army poisoned when fighting the Bedine.

At'ar's Looking Glass

This distinctive feature of the Sword is a roughly oval sea of burnished stones. It covers an area of about a hundred and forty miles (four and a half days of camel travel), east to west, and about two hundred miles north to south.

Its western edge is marked by a line of obelisklike mountain peaks, known as the Scimitar Spires (see below). Low, dun-colored dunes line the rest of its borders.

At'ar's Looking Glass is a flat, seemingly endless mosaic of coin-sized stones. The pebbles are mostly red, varying in hue from blond to dark brown. All are polished glass-smooth, giving these open flats a fiery, pebbled appearance. It captures the sun's heat, and is too hot for even camels to walk on for long without making them limp. A fallen Bedine, or a roast of meat, will literally cook on the stones if left motionless in the sun long enough.

There is no shade or water in the Looking Glass, and no known treasure, though there are persistent Bedine tables of gemstones scattered among all the other pebbles, polished and free for the taking to those who search diligently enough.

Azirrhath

This series of cloven and rocky spires rises out of dry desert, in the form of several barren ridges that form the shape of a gigantic chicken's foot, its toes pointing northeast.

Its name means "the Slashed Rocks," and comes from the cracked appearance of the peaks. Some Bedine have told of finding rich gold veins here, but few go looking; the deep crevices in these rocks lead down to caverns where laertis dwell (see the "Monsters of Anauroch" chapter). The laertis come each night to hunt, sometimes ranging east as far as merchant encampments around Addas Babar, where they devour the internal organs of camels and men alike.

The Zhentarim contacted the laertis to hire them as mercenary warriors in an attempt to seize control of the surface Sword (see "The Zhentarim in Anauroch"), here. It is a place avoided by the Bedine.

Bhaerlith

A rich oasis of date palms and fruit trees, recently created by the Zhentarim (see "Created Oases," earlier in this chapter). There is said to be a stone-lined underground storehouse and



sleeping-chamber here.

Bhaerlith is also said to be haunted by a guardian daemon, who will attack any not bearing (or drawing) a certain symbol, who try to approach the central oasis pool or the entrances to the underground areas.

The oasis also sports many spring-sword traps, buried in the sand around its perimeter (Zhents know the safe places to enter, by using trees within as landmarks). Triggering one of these by an unlucky step causes the blade to burst forth from the sands, doing its maximum normal damage, and striking at THAC0 6.

The bodies of Bedine and other trespassers are impaled on wooden stakes outside the oasis as warnings; several Bedine trying to steal these long, sturdy wooden poles (something rare in the desert) found out the hard way that these grisly markers are themselves trapped by fell magic and by spring-swords.

Colored Waters

This large, spectacular oasis fills a bowl-shaped, steep-walled ebony basin ten miles long, eight miles wide, and over a thousand feet deep. It lies in a region of small, yellow, transverse dunes, where the sand is only a few inches deep in the wide troughs between them. As one travels through these golden sands, the land slowly rises, until one reaches the ancient volcanic cauldron wherein Colored Waters lies.

Except for a few star dunes of golden sand, the basin is covered with fine, sable-colored silt. In its center is an amber-hued cone of cinders, nearly as tall as the basin's rim. The Bedine believe this was the site of the battle where the gods destroyed N'asr's servants from the Camp of the Dead, and that the amber cone is the heaped ashes of those servants.

Five lakes, each shaped like a scimitar's crescentiform blade, ring the base of the cone. The waters of each are a different hue: emerald-green, turquoise, silver, sapphire blue, and ruby-red. Bedine legend says the different col-

ors resulted when gods fell in that long-ago battle, and their dried blood was washed or blown into the water, and dissolved.

Around each lake are wild fig trees, tall golden grasses, and leafy green bushes. Over the entire basin floor, salt-brush and hardy lime-green qassis plants poke through the ebony ash. The shape and dark hue of the basin makes it a gigantic trap for the sun's heat; heat shimmer distorts vision above and in the basin, Colored Waters is warmed by volcanic activity from beneath, too: Bedine have brewed tea here simply by setting their pots on steaming rock-fissures. Colored Waters is the favored camp of the Mahwa tribe, under Sheikh Sa'ar.

El Ma'ra

This small but verdant oasis is named for, and marked by, El Ma'ra Dat-ur Ojhogo ("The tall god who lets men sit upon his head": see "The Gods of Anauroch"), a single, 100'-tall spire of yellow sandstone. El Ma'ra stands a mile outside the oasis that bears its name.

Encamped Bedine use the flat-topped spire as a lookout-place, their guards climbing up and down by means of ropes, and keeping watch armed and with mouth-blown "alarm horns." A fall from the spire will kill most men.

This was the favored oasis of the Qahtan tribe, until they were exterminated by the Zhentarim and their laerti allies.

El Rahalat

This gray-crowned mountain is referred to as the Shunned Mountain because of Rahalat, its resident goddess. In mortal life, Rahalat was a shunned woman (Bedine sorceress), abandoned here by her tribe. She claimed the oasis at the base of the mountain as her home, and used her magic to prevent any tribe from grazing here.

During a drought, the Dakawa tribe murdered her to gain use of the oasis, Legend



holds that its spring turned to blood, and for the next ten years, anything that drank from it perished. Now, every Bedine tribe that camps at Rahalat must sacrifice a camel to the goddess or the water goes bad (turns to Type J poison, for all drinkers except beings favored by the goddess).

Rahalat's herd of goats still lives high on the mountain slopes. The goddess warns away beings who approach them too closely with the hollow knell of goat bells ringing in the *minds* of those she is warning, not in their ears. When she desires, Rahalat appears directly to living beings at the oasis or on the mountain (see "The Gods of Anauroch").

Elah'zad

This out-of-the-way oasis is sacred to the Bedine. Its name means "House of the Moon," and that is also the name of the temple it holds.

The oasis well-hidden in a formidable maze of salt flats and rocky hills. It is not an easy place for an invader to reach or to attack.

A seemingly-endless chain of thousand-foot-high knolls slopes at last down into a small basin entirely surrounded by grayish ridges. Over a hundred small springs well up on the basin's sides and trickle down its gentle slopes. Crimson-leaved shrubs with blue stems and twiggy trees with copper and silver sprigs border each stream, forming vividly colored bands of vegetation that are strung about the basin like an immense spider web, each strand following a life-giving stream down the hill to a central lake, encircled by lush grass.

This sapphire-hued lake covers a full mile of the Sacred Grove at the bottom of the basin. In the center of the lake is a small, grassy island, and on the island stands an alabaster palace, built in the shape of a three-quarters moon: the House of the Moon.

The Bedine cross this lake by means of two round boats of their own making. These low, clumsy craft are fashioned of camel hide stretched over wooden frames; their stitched

seams let in streams of water.

The island is a small, grass-covered hill no more than a hundred yards across, topped by the three-quarter circle of the alabaster palace.

The House is made of a chalky, translucent desert rock cut so thin that anyone standing on the island can see the shapes of a throne and chairs inside, through the walls. It is entered through a gracefully curved foyer, carved from a single piece of stone shaped without any visible joints.

The foyer opens into a circular room. A huge throne covered with hammered copper sits at the far side of the room, flanked on either side by a row of stout chairs carved of dark wood. The floor is marble so black that it seems a bottomless pit; the ceiling is a single slab of translucent stone that filters sunlight into the chamber as a warm, creamy radiance. Blood spilled in the room vanishes into the black marble without a trace.

The House of the Moon is as old as the gods, and stood before the Scattering. The goddess Eldath can choose to speak through the mouth of any woman who enters it (the woman falls asleep, and the goddess directly and completely controls her body).

According to the Bedine, Elah'zad was the home of the moon goddess (Elah, or Selune), but At'ar (the sun goddess) drove her away and made it a prison for Eldath, the Mother of the Waters, because she was jealous of Eldath's beauty. Camels are not allowed to drink of the sacred waters (the streams and waters, where the Bedine believe that Eldath dwells); a separate camel well is provided for them.

DMs should consider this a place of power for Eldath, arid treat it as a temple for priests dedicated to her, wherein magical items can be recharged, faithful beings healed and cured of diseases, poisons, and mental or magical afflictions, at the DM's option.

If a DM has access to the module *FA1/Halls of the High King* consider The Sacred Grove to function as a "Major Grove" does, with all nine listed major grove powers, for priests and



faithful of Eldath and Selune. The waters of the lake will have all the powers of a Moonwell except that of corroding metal; powers that are given in that appendix as being exercised by a "druid or other cleric of Chauntea" function only for clergy of Eldath and Selune.

Haunga

This is a verdant oasis of date palms and fruit trees, recently created by the Zhentarim (see "Created Oases," earlier in this chapter). A tree-cloaked hill at its center hides a stone-lined well chamber.

The well chamber is said to be guarded by a watchghost (detailed in the *Ruins of Under-Mountain* boxed set), and the main oasis pool

outside watched over by a dozen skeletons who lie waiting in the water until an intelligent being tries to drink without muttering the proper password.

A water-bucket by the well and a "forgotten" blanket hung over a tree-branch by the pool are said to bear spell-traps that polymorph unfortunates (who touch them without giving another password) into frogs! More skeletal undead, the whispers run, lurk high up in the palms, waiting to hurl themselves upon intruders and bear them to the ground far below.

The Hills of Scent

This is a large area of trackless, interlocked stony sand-knolls. They are capped with



gnarled, tangle-branched frankincense trees. A few scrub bushes dot the stony ground, but it is otherwise bare of vegetation.

Bedine of certain tribes, it is said, know where to find four (or even more) small, unadorned watering-holes hidden in the Hills. Others who go looking for these water-sources tend to find the lions who roam this region of knolls first—or rather, the lions find *them*.

Lion's Eye Oasis

The most verdant spot in the western Sword, this large oasis is home to a community of several hundred lamia, currently ruled by The Glaendra (described under “The Lamia” in the “Other Peoples of Anauroch” chapter).

The western edge of the oasis consists of dunes topped by mesquite trees, which fall away into a forest of acacias and date palms. This belt of trees (which dwindles, as one heads for the sands, into saltbrush and then chenopods) forms the southern boundary of the oasis, running east to a long, bare rock ridge whose highest point is pierced through. The wind whistles and moans constantly through this hole in the rock, which is the Lion's Eye itself.

The Lion's Eye runs north to join a higher, level-topped ridge that forms the northern wall of the oasis. All along the inside flank of this ridge runs a high meadow, a rolling, flowered-speckled stretch of lush grass, the playground of the lamia. (From time to time, the lamia hide in rocks when outlanders approach, waiting for the ignorant intruders to lead their camels up to this rich grazing-land—whereupon it *really* becomes the playground of the lamia!)

This meadow slopes down to meet the palm forest, along a long, narrow lake that lies at the center of the oasis. There the lamia hide their gold and gems in sunken chests that can be drawn up by ropes tied to the roots of certain palms.

Old Bedine tales of a time before the lamia

came also speak of treasure in the depths of the lake—lost, ancient magical treasures, guarded by horrific water-monsters.

Lundeth

This village of sun-fire clay huts climbs the steep sides of a rock pinnacle within a day's ride of the southwestern edge of the Sword.

Surrounded by salt flats, and boasting its own deep well, it is a formidable, easily-defended stronghold.

Using magic, the Zhentarim seized it to serve as their western base of operations. Almost twenty minor magelings and underpriests of the Brotherhood currently inhabit Lundeth, served by the undead remains of the Goldor, the Bedine tribe who formerly owned and held the village.

Ma'atar

A rich oasis of nut trees and shaded vegetable plantings, recently created by the Zhentarim (see “Created Oases,” earlier in this chapter). It is encircled by a dry ditch and a stone rampart, and is said to be defended by a man who can hurl fire (a Zhentarim mageling with a *wand of fire*).

Ma'atar also has a guard of three underpriests and sixteen rathered bored Zhentilar warriors. They tend the tree plantations and a carefully-watered, newly-established grazing lawn inside the encircling wall. A tranquil pool fills the center of this small oasis.

Stone buildings house the Zhentarim; secret doors in their thick walls open into ladder-shafts, allowing one down into the tunnels where the Zhentarim are assembling caches of weapons, rows of magically-preserved and jointed skeletons (awaiting use as undead legions), potions and other magical supplies, and so on. The mage currently in charge of the place has also piped water down two of the tunnels, and is growing the finest frill-collar mushrooms there for use



both in the oasis kitchen and in his own alchemical researches.

The Oasis of Vipers

This ancient, well-watered oasis near the northern edge of the Sword is seldom visited by wandering Bedine, because of its ongoing infestation of extremely poisonous snakes.

The bones of camels and the skulls of humans lie entangled together in the thick, ungrazed underbrush of puncture vines; ocotillos, boojum trees, and dwarf cacti. More vines enshroud the stunted acacia and leaning palm and tamarisk trees alike in a webwork of shady concealment that is the slithering home of hundreds of serpents.

Birds, lizards, and small desert rodents are all absent here; any who do arrive are quickly eaten by the snakes, who prey on each other, on low-flying desert bats and on anything else unwary or desperate enough to venture towards the three small pools of the oasis.

Olomaa

A rich oasis of fruit trees and young frankincense trees, recently created by the Zhentarim (see "Created Oases," earlier in this chapter). Olomaa sprawls over two large hills and the valley between them, and is guarded by a palisade of giant cacti, inside a dry ditch.

The sand ditch is home to many waiting, buried spring-sword traps. Triggering one of these causes the blade to burst up out of the sands, striking at THAC0 6 for its maximum normal damage.

The ditch is crossed by two stone-slab bridges, leading to man-high gates of iron, bristling with outward-projecting spear-tips,

Within, Olomaa has a small, fenced pasture area, several bathing-pools and even a water-fountain, sheltered by arbors that bear many small hanging and creeping plants. A simple stone house at its center houses the four Zhentilar warrior-gardeners, their supervisor (a

priest of Cyric), and the main guardian of the oasis: a beholder by the name of Xualahuu. It has lost the use of several eyes (DM's choice of which ones), and is recuperating here, relatively safe from the intrigue of Zhentil Keep and the warring rival eye tyrants of the northcoast Moonsea cities. Fiercely loyal to Manshoon of the Zhentarim, it will guard its oasis cunningly and zealously, seeking any chance to destroy intruders, seize magic, and gather treasure and valuable captives for the Brotherhood.

Orofin

Orofin lies in a broad, grassy valley, overlooked by ridges. Once it was a mighty city, "Orolin" (for more on its glorious past, refer to "The Lost Kingdoms" chapter).

Now, it is just several acres of ruined buildings, with a crumbling fortress at its center. Signs of its lost splendor can still be seen: four canals radiate outwards from the fortress, dividing the city into quarters.

The canals are lined with thick greenbriar hedges, interspersed with acacia and wild apricot trees. These wild tangles were once lush strips of parkland, and more recently home to lions and other desert predators (before a Bedine tribe slew them, and took the city for their own). The Bedine were slain in their turn, by a Zhentarim army that made its last stand here—and fell before the angry Bedine (as described in the novel *The Parched Sea*). The Zhentarim did manage to poison the stagnant canalwaters, in an effort to deprive their besiegers of water; that taint (which was partially caused by the bodies of slain Bedine, and partially by magic) remains, making this onetime oasis a deadly wateringplace except for the still-pure deep well of the central fortress.

Wind-blown sand covers the foundations of long-fallen buildings at the outer edges of the ruined city; crooked lines in the sand mark where alleys and avenues once ran.

The edge of the city is marked by a circular



canal, that connects the four radiating canals together. A grand avenue encircles this canal, and from it four magnificent two-tier bridges leap the canals, to plunge into the center of each quarter of the city.

Each bridge is of granite, its mosaic-adorned pediments lifting two levels of roadway, each in three horseshoe-shaped arches, across the water. Every arch is crowned by a shallow point, and the central arch of each tier is decorated with a diamond-shaped mosaic. Of old, the underside of each bridge contained pumps that took water from the canals out into the surrounding fields; but the pumps are long silent, and the fields are beginning to expire into desert. Sand and bunch grasses can be seen here and there among the field grass.

The central fortress still looks magnificent, but eleven gaps now pierce its crenellated rampart-walls. Most of the buildings that lined the insides of those walls—stables, barracks, and armories—have collapsed into the inner courtyard.

This courtyard, about fifty yards across, holds a raised dais at its center, where a deep, high-pressure artesian well bubbles to the surface in a still-impressive fountain. The water empties through a small spout at the midpoint of each side of the fountain's square basin, into four ducts covered by rusty steel gratings. These ducts run to the inside edges of the walls, to form four shallow watering-pools (for long-vanished cavalry horses). Each pool has a spout at its bottom, that feeds one of the four radiating canals outside the fort. Beside each pool is a staircase up to the fortress ramparts.

There is an ancient escape tunnel from the fortress to the desert outside the city. Bedine lore holds that great treasure, perhaps the largest wealth in all the world, lies hidden somewhere in this ruined city—but so far, beyond a few gold coins, dusty gems, and ancient, cracked ivory inlays, no one has found any of it. In recent times, tales of ghouls haunting the ruins have spread across the Sword;

few Bedine feel the urge to go and see the truth about ruined Orofin for themselves.

The Quarter of Emptiness

In the center of the Sword is a region known as the Quarter of Emptiness, for its lack of food and water. It is simply mile upon stretching mile of bare crescent dunes, with bedrock exposed by the winds here and there between. Bedine seldom enter it; there is nothing to go in for, and it is expected that fools who do venture in will die of thirst, at about the same time as their camels starve.

In the heart of this region is an abandoned but intact ancient city, called Rasilith by Bedine elders (see below).

Rasilith

In the depths of the Quarter of Emptiness, an ancient city stands half-buried in a massive dune. Its encircling walls are of gray stone, as thick as a camel is tall. Inside the walls, the buildings stand intact, around a central fortress.

Some sages believe this city was once Tower Hlithal, westernmost of the settlements of Anauria. Others think that it lies too far west to be Hlithal, and is even older, a remnant of a human realm that preceded what are called "The Lost Kingdoms" today.

Few folk have explored Rasilith, to settle the matter. A generation ago, a Bedine tribe did come upon the intact city, and made plans to settle there—before disaster fell upon them.

In the central courtyard of the fortress was a well. Warriors descending to clean it out said it went down five hundred feet, opening into a great labyrinth of underground grottos filled with rivers of cool water.

A fantastic claim, that seemed—but hundreds of buckets of water, as sweet as honey and cool as the night, were drawn up in a single day, and the flow never slowed. The delighted Bedine had little time to enjoy their new home; when night fell, asabis (laertis, de-



tailed in the “Monsters of Anauroch” chapter of this sourcebook) climbed up out of the well, and slaughtered the greater part of the sleeping tribe. Only a few children (who had camped outside the walls because they were afraid to sleep in a place of so much stone) escaped, and the laertis pursued them until the full desert sunlight rose over the sands, savaging and devouring any whose galloping camels slowed or stumbled.

Laertis still lair in the caverns beneath the city, caverns ruled by the Phaerimm, who will direct forces of up to seven hundred laertis to pursue and slay anyone who finds this entry to their underground realm.

The Saiyaddar

These are the prized “Hunting-Lands” of the Bedine, not mentioned to outlanders, and by common agreement not the territory of any one Bedine tribe. These high, rolling grasslands are home to many gazelle, onagers, and a few lions that prey on them.

The Saiyaddar stretches east and west for almost a hundred miles, between a mountain range and the ruins of Orofin (see above). It is only about half as large north to south, but is the finest gazelle country in all Anauroch. Here and there in its depths, all the trees and plants of plenty that can withstand a hot environment grow, and many springs rise throughout the region, to keep its grass lush and tall. (Bedine who travel afoot here risk attack from snakes, who grow large and fat on a diet of many hares and birds.) Around the edges of the Saiyaddar, heaths of saltbrush crown the sand ridges.

The Scimitar Spires

The western edge of At’ar’s Looking Glass is marked by a line of obelisk-like rocky spires, that look like the teeth of some gigantic earthbound monster—or, as the Bedine name for them implies, like so many swords buried

hilt-deep in the sand, only their upright blades protruding.

The hulking spires rise out of dusty sand in a labyrinthine forest of stone without foothills, ravines, or any visible water and plants. The mountains simply soar sharply up from the sand.

Few Bedine know the ways through this dry barrier of soaring stone; few have explored the Spires. But those who do can find their way through the Spires in at least two places (the Gap of Skulls and the Road of Jackals), and can also find, between two of the Spires, the narrow, unmarked gap that is the upper end of the descending canyon known at its far, lower end as the Chasm (see The Well of the Chasm, below).

A certain wishbone-shaped spire is the landmark for the Chasm entrance. Less than two hundred yards from it is a flat-topped rock outcrop, and at its southern end is a 9’-wide gap: the Mouth of the Abyss, the beginning of the narrow, winding canyon that descends to the Well of the Chasm.

The Shoal of Thirst

The Shoal is a great basin, stretching for miles in all directions: a waterless, endless salt flat. It sparkles underfoot, “as fiat as a pan and as endless as the sky,” white and cloudlike in full sunlight, pearl-grey when the desert sky is overcast.

The table-flat basin is so scorching that most Bedine cannot survive a trip across it. A rider’s eyes and throat sting with the salt and grit, and no plants grow because of the salt, so camels cannot eat (and must drink more water than usual).

The rare daytime rainfalls appear as purple veils, that do not reach the ground; hot air rising from the salt flats turns the rain to vapor long before it reaches the ground. When the sunlit sky is clear, mirages of blue lakes (reflections of blue sky) are common.



The Sister of Rains

This ancient oasis is isolated from most Bedine by the dreaded Shoal of Thirst. Here outcasts, such as Bedine wizards, may dwell unmolested. The witch Qoha'dar, for example, raised and trained the witch Ruha here.

The Sister of Rains oasis lies at the base of the largest peak in the mountain range known as the Wall of Fallen Djinn (see below).

It is reached by traveling up a large plant-studded wadi, home to many hares. As one travels upwards, the sand walls rise into rocky cliffs, and grass carpets the sand.

Then one comes to an ancient stone wall, fifteen feet high and stretching across the entire canyon. A rusty gate of iron opens in its center, flanked by several huge breaches broken by rare floods.

The wall is the work of a now-forgotten, long-vanished Bedine tribe who once dwelt here. They also left behind a tower, long since fallen. On the northern side of the canyon is a wide, 30' high ledge where the tower once stood. Most of its stones are scattered and half-buried, but the foundation is still intact.

In one corner of it, a corner usually filled with blown sand, is a stone trapdoor. Beneath it is a spiderweb-shrouded, cramped pit, which opens into a bat-infested corridor. To the left, it runs to a hidden entrance down the canyon, near its northern wall (this is how the bats get in and out). To the right, the corridor ends in an old vault. The Bedine sorceress Ruha hid a spellbook here for years, in a box of sun-fired clay.

On the southern wall of the canyon, across from where the tower stood, a dozen springs spill out of the rock and cascade down the cliff-face, to collect in little pools. These tiny waterfalls are the Sister of Rains. Their water gives life to dozens of fig trees and a wild thicket of fruit-bearing plants (once a tended grove).

Human skeletons and graves are both scattered about the canyon, which rises into a blind end beyond the tower. At one time,

sheep and goats roamed this oasis, but jackals that visit from time to time dragged them down and devoured them, one by one.

Tel Badir

Population: 1,900

This D'tarig hilltop village stands on the eastern edge of the Sword, overlooked by, the Tethyamar Mountains. Its winding streets run along the tops of ridges in an area of ravines and trees, an arm of plenty that reaches out into the desert. This "arm" of watered ground lies between two large streams, and four smaller ones wind and cascade their ways through the arm. West of the village, the six streams gather into a river that runs out into the desert, but soon vanishes into the hot sands.

Here the Zhentarim trade regularly with the D'tarig, at least once using this place to gather supplies to equip a desert army (purchasing whole herds of camels, for instance). This is the village where most outlander merchants come to buy frankincense and other desert goods, but they are careful to keep a low profile, for Zhentarim magic rules here, behind the scenes.

The wiser D'tarig resent the brutal power of the Black Robes, seeing beyond the gleaming gold coins they offer so profusely, and quietly work against the Zhents, ambushing a lone or drunken mageling when they can, sabotaging equipment when possible, and even setting tents or storechests afire. So far, the Zhentarim have blamed such activities on the hated Harpers, but the D'tarig are walking a dangerous road, and they know it.

They would be only too glad to hire or assist (with hiding places and the occasional healing potion) any adventuring band that would come to Tel Badir and wipe out, or at least humble, the Zhentarim—but quietly, so as not to bring the massed might of the Zhentilar armies down on the D'tarig anytime soon.

D'tarig who are especially resolved to fight



the Zhents (i.e. who would fight to certain death) include Udlara Thaerintauhn (CN hf F4), a camel-breeder whose husband was slain by a casually-cast Zhentarim spell some years ago; Dyulatar Rhaumm (NE hm T7), a young but successful thief, who spent some time as a frog before escaping a Zhent magelings' *polymorph* spell; and the grim, grizzled D'tarig elders Thorn Abbalhar (CG hm F9) and Shandlara Iritymm (NG hf W6), both retired adventurers who have traveled far in the Realms, and know the Zhentarim for what they truly are. Thorn and Shandlara have some minor (healing) magic items, and some gold, hidden away from their adventuring days, and they will not hesitate to use it, to bring down the increasingly oppressive Zhent presence.

The strength and dispositions of Zhentarim in 23 Badir is left to the DM; Zhentarim are moved often by their superiors, and operate in an atmosphere of paranoid secrecy, as they are tested by cruel masters. It is certain that the Zhents have spies in the city posing as independent outlander merchants, and have bought some D'tarig outright. It is likely that in or about the city at all times are at least twenty Zhentilar warriors, and at least eight (usually twice that) low-level (3rd to 6th) Zhentarim magelings, sent here to await the missions in which they hope to prove themselves.

The major export of Tel Badir is good, sturdy, well-trained riding and pack camels. Even Bedine have been known to come shopping here, when they need replacement camels in a hurry. Much of the trade in Tel Badir consists of outfitting merchants with sand-sledges, sacks, waterskins, kegs and barrels, ropes, tents, and the like. Bedine come here often to buy metal cooking implements and (vastly overpriced) weapons.

VuerThyl

A well-watered oasis of fruit trees and acacias, recently created by the Zhentarim (see "Created Oases," earlier in this chapter). Extensive

underground storage cellars are located here, cut out of the solid interior of a rock mesa that rises to the south of the bolson where the Zhentarim set their decanter of endless water

In their excavations, the Zhentarim cut into a rich beryl gemstone vein, which yields beautifully-hued, clear emeralds of large size (most are about the size of a warrior's fist). They also cut into an ancient tomb, where a mummified body promptly collapsed into dust. Some Zhent agents stole certain items of ancient magic from this place, and hid them from their comrades, elsewhere in the oasis. (DMs note: these items are not specified here; use this as an opportunity to introduce magic of your own choice—perhaps new magic, of your own design—into play.)

The Zhents, who employed magic to do their digging, also unwittingly freed a powerful wizard from *imprisonment*: a very old and evil mind flayer, who is also a 23rd level wizard. This being, Oedachlo, is lurking about the oasis, concealed by his powerful magic, until he can learn more about where he is, and what is going on in the Realms today. He may tag along with a powerful party of adventurers, keeping out of their sight, to reach more civilized and hospitable areas. He will then start searching for the human wizard who imprisoned him—or the wizard's descendants—to take vengeance. (Just who that human wizard is remains up to the DM.) The oasis has a guard of low-level Zhentarim wizards and priests, and twenty-six Zhentilar warriors, all veterans of 4th level or greater, who react instantly to attacks and strange occurrences, and who work well together.

The only trap that the oasis has is a richly-pannelled "wizard's storeroom" at the back of the barracks, which is filled with a crystal ball, powerful-looking wands and rods, and rows of potion flasks. All of these things are dummies: but the entire room will be filled by a blade barrier spell whenever a certain word of activation is spoken in one of the adjacent rooms (where Zhentarim watchers are usually post-



ed, able to look into the storeroom via spy holes).

If a particularly strong foe is in the trap, a second word will cause a 7d6-damage *fireball* to explode halfway down the 60'-long, straight stone corridor that leads down one side of the barracks to the storeroom. This is usually used against a party that is fleeing the *blade barrier*, or standing and watching its effects.

Some of the Zhent wizards have minor "trap" magical items (left up to the DM), which they might place in the storeroom after its traps have been triggered, to catch a foe who returns thinking the place's fangs have now been drawn, and it is safe to plunder.

The Wall of Fallen Djinn

Bordering the Shoal of Thirst (see above) is a row of foothills cut through by wadis, and studded with sparse saltbrush bushes. They rise into a range of mountains five thousand feet high. The Sister of Rains oasis (see above) is located in a canyon at the base of the largest peak in this range.

From afar, the mountain range looks like a gray or dun-colored wall studded with dark spots (qassis and acacia trees). Its name comes from an ancient battle, in which a Bedine tribe that dwelt on the mountain slopes (then, it is said, well-watered by springs, and covered with a forest) perished to the last child, fighting off some djinn. Other Bedine later found



evidence that the Bedine had slain over twenty djinn, an unheard-of feat.

The Well of The Chasm

This oasis is habitually used by the Raz'hadi tribe. They are of the few Bedine who know where to find the Chasm, a canyon hidden in the Scimitar Spires mountain range (see above).

The chasm entrance, marked by a distinctive nearby wishbone-shaped spire is only 9' wide, and is known as the Mouth of the Abyss.

From the Mouth, a narrow, winding canyon descends to the Well of the Chasm. Its steeply-descending chute is often barely ten feet wide, but on occasion widens to eighty feet or more, before narrowing and bending again; a place few can defend against many.

Over a distance of several miles, the canyon descends some five hundred feet below the desert, between walls marked by ledges, shelves, and sand-slides, ending in a boulder-strewn hollow: the Chasm.

In the center of this small, sand-floored valley, a deep pit in the bedrock reaches an underground stream of rust-colored water.

The Well of The Cloven Rock

Amid the Hills of Scent (see above), no more than sixty miles from sacred Elah'zad (see above) is a large, well-known oasis.

A natural bowl-shaped valley amid the countless hills studded with frankincense trees contains a grassy meadow and several thickets of wild trees of all sorts. At the center of this meadow, is the Cloven Rock itself: a large tor, riven in two, out of which gushes a spring. The spring spills out into a long, narrow lake, shaped like a curving swordblade, that cuts across the meadow to its edge, where it drains into a little stream that wanders all around the outside of the grassy bowl.

There is a well here, too: a relic of times before the spring found the surface, when water had to be drawn up laboriously from a deep cave.

Lions make this oasis their home, hunting in the surrounding hills. Bedine arriving here to camp always send in a hunting-party to slay or drive out the lions first, and post doubled guards armed with spears as well as bows and their personal swords, all the time they are encamped.

Yliyl

This tiny, isolated oasis is little more than a small pool, a few palms and scrub bushes, and the bones of those who made it here too late, and were too weak to carry on before the sun killed them. Jackals and vultures are the most frequent inhabitants of this little hollow. There are persistent Bedine rumors of buried treasure here, but some elders say that those tales are misremembered: the sands around Yliyl really hide many, many graves, of a long-ago Bedine tribe who all died of some disease, and were buried with their belongings (gems, coins, and all) to prevent any spread of infection.

Making The Sword YOUR OWN

There's not space enough in any sourcebook to mention and describe all the features known to the Bedine who dwell in the Sword; for a "barren" land, it has a lot of landmarks, holds a lot of Bedine tribes not described here, and does so by means of many, many oases not named or described in these pages.

DMs should feel free to add their own oases, particularly in the more remote parts of the Sword, in the northwest and along its border with The Plain of Standing Stones. Most oases are like Yliyl, which can be considered a "typical" waterstop oasis. A few will be larger-and there are even rumors of hidden valleys where trees, grass, and other life is abundant, and some Bedine even fish to catch food! All of these wonders are left to the DM to explore; they will be needed only if the Sword becomes the setting for a long-running campaign.



THE PLAIN OF STANDING STONES

The central region of the Great Desert is not a sandy waste, but a wind-whipped, almost treeless rocky "plain." That word is a highly fanciful misnomer; although this broad, belt-like area does rise above the sand in a plateau, it is anything but flat, or smooth.

The howling, almost ceaseless winds have shaped and torn the rock of "The Plain" into spikes, pillars, and strange wave-like shapes, making it here into a tossed sea and there into a barbed forest of frozen, endless stone.

At first glance, all appears lifeless, but closer inspection reveals a few shrubs and stunted trees clinging to rock cracks and deep ravines.

Those who can fly will see far more greenery than those who must struggle on foot among the rocks: they can look down on pockets of growth in ravines, gullies, and cragtop basins.

The entire region is rich in minerals, and has lured many greedy prospectors to their doom. The dwarves of the North call it Turlaghh, "The Field of Broken Dreams," for this reason. No accurate maps of the Plain exist; DMs should add whatever features they wish (except human settlements) to the map. The whole area is a succession of spires, spiny ridges, cliffs and rockside rubble.

The larger valleys are splendors of lush grass and vivid flowers, providing forage for large herds of wild crag sheep. These in turn provide milk, wool, and meat for outlaws, renegade dwarven bands, and a few human and hobgoblin barbarian tribes. Handfuls of ogres, hill giants, and verbeeg also dwell in caves here.

The mineral wealth of this tortured land is great, but it boasts no rich ruins or treasure-caches; there were few settlements here even before Anauroch was a desert. Its ravines, pools, and rock pillars or peaks seem endless in numbers, but only a few have been named by outlanders. These few are described here; DMs are reminded that near a named feature there may be dozens more anonymous features very much like it.

Places on The Plain

Please refer to the color mapsheet provided with this sourcebook for the locations of features mentioned here. The preceding details of desert landscape and plants should help DMs to "flesh out" such places, when they are visited in the course of play. Oases or cities that may become battlegrounds should be at least rough-mapped before play therein commences.

Aerithae's Rest

Named for the long-ago adventuress who discovered it (and nursed her battered band of adventurers back to health, to sally forth and slay the orcs they'd been fleeing), this verdant valley is about three miles long and a mile wide, and consists of a deep, clearwater central lake (fed by an underground spring that wells up into it), surrounded by a thick, tangled forest that entirely fills the earthen bowl valley, and climbs a good way up the sheer rock walls that enclose it.

Foxes, raccoons, scramble-squirrels, and bears roam this tiny paradise; vultures avoid it because of eagles that lair above the valley.

Aerithae's Rest is hard to find; it lies between two knife-sharp ridges, that join in a three-pointed peak to the south. On this peak's crest the eagles lair, and in its base are at least three caves, one of which is home to the bears. Hard climbing is necessary to get into or out of the Rest, but the ridges and ravines around it hold several known rockfaces where iron-rich ore and nuggets can be mined with only a hammer.

There are persistent rumors of an entrance to the Underdark, hidden somewhere in the Rest and recently, an adventurers' tale of battling gargoyles in the Rest has come to the inns and taverns of the Dragonreach.

Fallen Giant Rift

This crooked, many-branched crack in the earth runs for almost a dozen miles through the Plain. It is several hundred feet deep, but



Over a mile wide, and its trampled earth is thickly-grown with lush grass. Goats, sheep, and long-horned oryx antelopes graze in this rift, but the giants who dwell here dine on them too regularly for them every to grow so numerous as to denude the grass.

Named for a 40'-tall monster among giants, slain here by dwarves in a bloody, long-ago fight, the rift is still home to many (at least forty, though estimates vary) hill giants, who slay the creatures they hunt by hurling weapons at them with deadly accuracy. Some adventurers have reported seeing burros and riding-ponies, still with rotting wisps of harness lashed to them, roaming the grass amid the herds-and the giants, who seem to wage endless feuds among themselves, are thought to post guards, whose task is to hunt down all intruders, and let none escape to betray the presence of the giants to men who may bring armies to clear them out.

A spring at one end of the rift feeds several pools along its length. Many caves have been dug in the rift walls above these pools, so that the giants who dwell therein can hurl rocks down at creatures coming to drink below. Gold veins can be found in at least one of the caves, for the giants of the rift adorn themselves with necklaces of skulls—human, dwarven, and those of various predators—that have been dipped in gold, and polished.

Heroes' Helm

At about midpoint in its flow, The River of Gems curls about a rocky pinnacle known as Heroes' Helm because its shape and pair of eyehole-like caverns makes it resemble a gigantic warrior's helm.

The two eye-tunnels lead into a lofty central cavern, home to Ghondalaath, a blue dragon of awesome size and powers, a great wyrm that commands unusual and mighty spells.

The Helm rises four hundred feet above the plain; the river gorge at this point is about another hundred feet deep. Ghondalaath's cavern

is about three hundred feet up the Helm and is known to have traps awaiting intruders, such as wands wedged in place to fire at certain triggers, guardian undead, and pitfall-chutes that drop victims out into a fall of several hundred feet, into the river gorge below.

The Hidden Valley of Srindin

Named for the elven explorer and adventurer who made it his home when he grew too old and gentle to roam the Realms with weapons to hand any longer, this tranquil spot is a hemispherical hidden vale, roughly two miles across. It is a picturesque combination of alpine forest and grassy meadows, watered by at least three streams that spring from its walls and rush down to the trees in ever-chattering cascades.

The three streams come together in a deep, well-like sinkhole in the center of the vale, and there can be found the two most distinctive features of the vale: Srindin's abandoned home, and a circle of corpses.

Both the home—a curve-walled, beautiful, miniature castle carved from a single great piece of stone—and the corpses are floating upright in midair, above the dark waters of the pool.

Some fell magic, or magic-using being, is present in the castle, which is said to still hold the relics and treasures amassed by Srindin during his adventuring career. The corpses are all skeletal, once-human, and clad in the rusting, disintegrating remnants of plate armor. They face each other in a circle perhaps thirty feet across. Bones and weapons that fall from them do not plunge into the water below, but sink only a few inches, and then hang in midair around the figures. Some unknown and very powerful magic holds them aloft: a magic that is demonstrably resistant to *dispel magic*.

The Pillar of Tauros

The distinctive crooked, hat-shaped form of this isolated rock pillar makes it a landmark



visible for great distances. It rises out of a steep (50' deep) gulch, to tower some three hundred feet over the surrounding land (which takes the form of smooth rock "swells," or gently undulating mesas).

The Pillar's crest often provides a nesting site for dragons, and there is a legend that these dragons are attracted by something of interest to dragonkind: a gigantic, ancient hoard, perhaps, or draconic spells or magical items. Whatever the truth of the matter, many adventurers have seen dragons flying from the top of the Pillar, to hunt-or to fight other dragons, who come to challenge them. Some spectacular midair battles have been witnessed by terrified adventurers, and the race of the dragons reported to have lairs atop the Pillar varies from year to year, so it

is hard to argue with the conclusion that something is attracting dragons strongly enough to cause fights for possession of this apparently bare, rocky height.

The Cult of the Dragon considers this a sacred place, and has begun to mount annual armed pilgrimages to it largely for the purpose of driving off or slaying adventurers who come too close to the Pillar.

The River of Gems

The fabled River of Gems is a clearwater river that runs from the edge of the Ice Wall (the northern edge of the Plain, and southern edge of the High Ice) to a sinkhole or huge crater on the edge of The Sword, called "The Throat"



(see below). Its route is one long, snaking gorge; the river is a shallow, sluggish flow trickling along the gorge bottom, which is home to many scrub plants and stunted trees.

Both gorge and riverbed are studded with many gemstones. A traveler lucky enough to reach the river can scoop up a fortune in half a day of scrambling around in the gorge (of course, getting it back to buyers is not so easy . . .). Dark cavemouths open here and there along the gorge, leading to the depths of the Underdark, beneath Anauroch. Giant bats lair within, waiting for greedy intruders to come into the gorge.

They are not the worst predators of the gorge. Legends of the River are spread by mind-controlled agents of the Phaerimm, to get the Phaerimm a steady supply of slaves and food. By night, or when intruders enter the caves, servant creatures of the Phaerimm will attack, heedless of their own safety.

At about midpoint in its flow, the river curls around a rocky pinnacle known as “Heroes’ Helm” (see above).

The Shattered Tower

This famous landmark of the Plain is a cracked stone castle that looks for all the Realms as if someone rammed it into the ground hard, at an angle, from above, breaking it with the impact.

That is indeed what happened. The Shattered Tower is actually a cloud castle that drifted too low, into reach of Phaerimm spells, and was brought crashing to earth, shattering into its present ruin.

Of old, the fabled Cloud Castles of the storm giants hung forever above the heart of Anauroch, well above the reach of the magic-draining spells cast by the Phaerimm. The giants moved their aerial castles elsewhere long ago (chiefly to the remote North, above the Spine of the World, some say), but this ruin was left behind.

Only the magic that constructed it keeps it

from collapsing into rubble. Adventurers would be wise not to use much magic while inside—unless they really want to bring the whole thing crashing down on their heads! This castle has been explored (and looted) by several adventuring companies, over the years, but the mouldering bones of giants who perished in its fall still lie in its rubble-strewn halls, and years of digging await anyone who wants to be sure that they’ve checked very chamber and corner for buried riches. Survivors of the expeditions that have explored the shattered castle warn that various monsters have found the place suitable as a lair, over the years.

The Swordpoint

This distinctive peak is a useful landmark: its soaring, clean-lined needle shape is unmistakable from afar.

Manticores are known to lair nearby, drinking at several natural wells (water-filled sinkholes) around the base of the Swordpoint. Intruders trying to use one of these water-sources are likely to face a mantichore ambush.

The Throat

The River of Gems runs from the edge of the Ice Wall to The Throat, a huge, circular crater or sinkhole on the edge of The Sword. The Throat is about three miles across, and is home to thousands of desert birds (such as vultures) who nest on its steep slopes.

The Throat’s deep blue waters are said to hold heaps of gemstones, rounded by their passage down the river, and also said to hide the bones of more than one overeager adventurer, who fell afoul of whatever aquatic monsters lurk in The Throat. These might be water nagas, or freshwater morkoths, or kelpies, or something else . . . the tales of survivors who made it back out to tell of their experiences have been too fearful and garbled to be sure.



THE HIGH ICE

No human has ever found the northern edge (if there is one) of the seemingly endless expanse of snow, ice, and finally, glacial ice that covers the northern reaches of Anauroch. As desolate and wind-flayed a wilderness as the more southerly and dry areas of Anauroch, the High Ice (sometimes called the "High Land" in old texts) is an ice plain broken by deep crevasses, and roamed by dangerous remorhaz. The remorhaz dine on the fabled yeti, crevasse-dwelling ice toads, packs of winter wolves, and scurrying snow snakes (a local, white-furred, icy-blooded species of "normal constrictor" snake; refer to the "Snake" entry in MC1). These all dine on the "icejacks," plump, hare-like furred herbivores who in turn feed on the abundant, tumbleweed-like "snowflowers," found in vivid purple, yellow-green, and pink hues in crevices in the ice and rock, or blown over the plain by the frigid winds.

Above all of these wing "great soarers" (white-feathered arctic condors, identical to their temperate cousins; refer to the "Vulture" entry in MC3) and smaller scavenger birds, who glide silently above the snow, riding the winds. Most of these winged hunters are harmless to anything larger than a dog, but blue dragons and wyverns are also known to hunt over the frigid waste.

The High Ice holds natural dangers aplenty for intrepid adventurers: falls due to ice, avalanches of ice and snow, suddenly-opening crevasses, and the biting cold.

The Frozen Sea

On the western edge of the High Ice the ice fails, giving way to frozen sands. Here, in ancient days, the Narrow Sea lay like a sword, running north and south along what is now the Desertsedge. Its basin is now filled with a wind-sculpted, desolate labyrinth of frozen sand dunes, marked here and there by the diggings of bold explorers who come seeking the riches of the lost port cities-and the lairs of those creatures who prey on such fools.

This region, called by some the Frozen Sea (due to its past; the present-day explorer will search in vain for any water or ice), is a breeding-ground for many birds in spring, when ground-hugging plants appear and briefly flourish. Little other life is readily apparent here to untrained eyes.

The Frozen Sea holds certain features of interest to adventurers, including the ruined cities of Ascore, Hlaungadath, and Oreme.

Ascore

In *FR5/The Savage Frontier*; mention is made of evil-haunted Ascore, once a port (of the dwarven nation of Delzoun, itself little more than a memory) on this now-vanished sea. The half-buried hulks of colossal dwarven stone ships rise out of the sands east of Ascore's abandoned docks.

Even orcs avoid the ruined city. Intrepid adventurers report that hags command legions of undead there. A circle of thirteen tall, five-sided red pyramids rises in Ascore's center, and seems to be used in covey spells of great power and in rituals of worship to some evil deity-or, some whisper, a vast evil creature that lairs *under* the city . . .

Hlaungadath

Due east of Ascore, perhaps forty miles into the desert, another city rises out of the sands. This one is old but largely intact; long cracks lace its spired towers, and here and there a dome has fallen to winter snowloads or howling windstorms. This onetime independent human city is inhabited, and kept more or less in repair. It is now a community of lamia, who dwell here in warped luxury, amid wines, clothes, apparati, and magics scavenged from Netherese ruins over the years. The city holds great riches, but these are little cared for; one escaped human captive spoke of gems tossed carelessly into corners like so many marbles, and magic armor piled in lightless, spiderweb-shrouded storerooms. Perhaps ninety lamia



dwell here, ruled by over twenty lamia nobles.

Armed with Netherese magical items (such as *ropes of entanglement* and *wands of paralyzation*), these nobles sally forth from the city in human form, whenever lamia patrols report intruders in the area. The nobles attempt to capture the intruders by magic and deception, and bring them to the city.

In the labyrinthine depths of Hlaungadath's lightless cellars and storage caverns, the lamia keep a breeding colony of human slaves, to which all captives are added. Lamia live on the cooked flesh of their slaves, especially prizing babies, but taking care not to "overeat" from the herd (depleting ranks and quality).

Ambitious nobles work on schemes for raids out of the desert, to take food-slaves from orc holds in the nearby mountains, and carry off whatever dwarves and humans they can find.

In the sands just west of Hlaungadath lies a crashed "ship of the skies." (For DMs interested in SPELLJAMMER™ campaigns, this is a galleon, its bow hopelessly smashed, but with an intact minor helm aboard. It cannot sail on water without extensive repairs, but its sturdy frame will serve for aerial voyages as long as major storms and collisions are avoided.) Its crew are long gone (fled or eaten, along with the cargo), and its origin and ownership forgotten.

The lamia know of its past use, and keep a watch over it as they search through all the records they can find, to learn how to make it fly (they simply don't realize the helm is what takes it aloft). They plan to use it for food-slave raids over the Sword Coast lands to the west, and in water-gathering expeditions to the southwest, to the rivers and marshes they know to be there. Adventurers who see the ship may figure out its power if they are familiar with other aerial ships of the Realms; the nose-down galleon, heeled over in the sand, is still tethered to the top of a high tower of the city by its long anchor-chain.

Spellgard

The Fallen Lands, a tortured, rocky waste of crumbling ruins, dense brush, and lurking, dangerous monsters, is the largest remnant of the vanished kingdom of Netheril. It boasts too many places of interest to adventurers to be detailed here, but one feature must appear in any guide to Anauroch: sinister Spellgard.

Where the southern edge of the high, broken region known as The Fallen Lands meets the western edge of Anauroch, a serpentine, rocky ridge rises from the sands. That ridge is crowned by a vast, grand castle, Spellgard.

Once the abode of Lady Saharel, of the High Mages of Netheril (a ruling elite in that kingdom of sorcery), Spellgard was called Saharelgard, and was a rich storehouse of wealth, mighty magic, and luxuries of dress, decoration, furnishings, and food.

Today it is a ruin, largely stripped of its riches by time, thieves, and abundant mosses, molds, and fungi that grow in its halls. It is a huge place of turrets, archways, balconies, and mile upon mile of interlinked stairs, galleries, and chambers. A few areas, such as the Fountain Hall, are unspoiled and luxurious.

Spellgard sits atop a well, and is cool, dim, and damp inside. This makes it ideal for fungal growth, a popular destination for desperate, parched desert folk, and a strategic "last known water" stopping-place for outsiders about to plunge into dry Anauroch.

Spellgard is said to be haunted by the Sorceress of Saharelgard, now an archlich (a rare, powerful type of undead detailed in the SPELLJAMMER™ accessory *SJR1/Lost Ships*). Saharel is said to be good in nature, but not welcoming to intruders, and not at all pleased to meet Zhentarim or any visitors who attack her on sight or despoil her halls.

A little known, one-way magical gate in a cellar-cavern of the High Castle in the High Dale (which pierces the Thunder Peaks to link Cormyr and Sembia, in the Dragonreach lands) leads to a grand inner hall of Spellgard.



Anyone taking this magical transport must step out over the reeking cesspool of the High Castle at just the right place, and in just the right direction. A misstep means a very unpleasant submersion in the pool; the proper step takes the user instantly into a cold, shadowed hall, lit by glowing mosses: Archmitre Hall, in the center of Spellgard.

The Hall is tall and dark and gloomy. Dark archways gape in walls all around, and moss hangs from stone balconies above. There is no other sign of life. The floor is an uneven tumble of marble, the stones punched upward as if by an angry giant from beneath.

Cold breezes blow from somewhere unseen, and dust is thick in the air. The only furnishings are stone seats, carved into the walls in little curl-ornamented niches.

A surprising number of adventurers have explored Spellgard's ways, in search of the great magic that must lie hidden here. If any have found powerful sorcery, no word has been whispered around the Realms of it. A few adventurers who survived the trip have spoken of large numbers of cunning, stealthy gargoyles hunting them around the castle, as they hunted for treasure.

An explorer today will find mushrooms and luminescent mosses growing here and there about the empty stone chambers. The torn, dusty cobwebs seem spun long ago, by now-vanished spiders. Yet there is a silent, watching feel to the place.

Room after room is empty save for little heaps of collapsed wood, gilt, and stone, where furniture has fallen before relentless passing years. Here and there are the scars of long-ago battle: scorched, blackened areas on the walls and floor, shattered stone panels, and buckled flagstones. Mold, moss, dust and rot overlay everything, and silence reigns.

Oreme

Another former port on the vanished Narrow Sea now stands isolated in the sands about two

hundred miles east of Weathercote Wood. Oreme of the White Towers was a city of artisans, ruled by proud, independent mages. All are long since fled—except, legend whispers, those who became lichens. The adventurer Steeleye told of fleeing from a demi-lich somewhere in the sand-choked streets and shattered towers of this city. Vultures nest on the towers that still stand. From afar, travelers have seen at least one tall tower still towering above the sands: broader about than many castle keeps, and as tall as thirty tall warriors. Others have fallen, crushing great gaps in the walls in their ruinous descent, and lie like the shattered skeletons of beached whales, broken and white amid the shifting sands.

This far south, the sands thaw in summer, and storms blow inland from time to time, bringing moisture into the desert. From Weathercote Wood in a giant arrowhead pointing northeast, scrub plants and sagebrush grow in scattered clumps, providing abundant forage for camels and other desert dwellers.

This forage not only enticed the Zhentarim (and others before them) into thinking caravans could easily cross the sands, but provided a relatively easy road for explorers bent on plundering abandoned Oreme.

The easy road is still there, but fewer pass that way, these days; Realmslore tells of the lichens of Oreme, and less terrible but no less fatal desert predators, and of many *spell trigger* magical traps left behind by the mages of Oreme, to bring ill on those who might come seeking to plunder. Whether or not anything of worth is left in Oreme remains an open question. Those who might answer it have not returned, or have chosen not to draw attention to themselves by telling tales.

The High Ice

Most of Anauroch—mile upon trackless mile, a space larger than any six Realms or so that one might combine, in one's mind—is covered by a vast, fissured glacial ice sheet. Its rifts and



heights are innumerable, and few bear names (or hold anything of interest) to any but the savage creatures who dwell there.

Legends whisper of cities locked in the eternal ice, buried forever—cities of great elven magic, and lost dwarven wealth, and proud orc splendor—but if any living being in the Realms has walked the hidden ways of such cities, they have not spoken of it (except, of course, for Elminster, who raised an eyebrow, and said, “Of course they’re there still: An-narath, Bhaulaea, and the rest.” When I asked him where they were, he merely smiled and said, “I do believe my memory is failing. It does that, ye know, after five hundred years or so, and I’m much older than that, now.”) A few landmarks, however, are known to folk of the Realms today, and appear on the maps. These include the Smokeholes, the Rift of Stars, and Llashloch, the Lake of Ice.

The Smokeholes

These large, round holes are eternally shrouded in cloud-like plumes of steam, created by the hot air that has melted through the ice here meeting the frigid upper air.

The Smokeholes are vents for hot, steaming, moaning air rising from underground caverns where ice meets lava flows. The hellish spaces below the ice here are known as the Caverns of Burning Ice, and particularly bold (or, if you prefer, stupid) gnomes and dwarves have mounted perilous expeditions to reach them, to forge or derive metals for the making of splendid weapons. Scalding jets of steam and noxious underearth gases make descents into the Smokeholes or the Caverns below dangerous indeed: when characters are in these areas, roll 1d12 once every three rounds. On a result of 1 or 2, apply natural effects equal to a *cloudkill* spell to a randomly-determined area.

Salamanders and other heat-loving monsters are said to lurk in the Caverns of Burning Ice, and dragons are known to lair in nearby grottoes warmed by hot gas escaping through tiny

vents in the rock. Just how extensive the Caverns are, and what other creatures may benefit from their warmth, is not known to the surface Realms.

The Rift of Stars

There are many rifts, or large crevasses, in the surface of the seemingly-endless sheet of High Ice. Many are as large as good-sized river valleys, and all offer some shelter from the howling winds; most are home to something. Several are distinctive enough to deserve special mention.

The Rift of Stars is one such. It is large but narrow, running for many miles northeast and southwest in the ice. The riven ice here reveals a corresponding gash or cleft in the underlying rock, so that ice gives way to rocky walls. These are studded with *beljurils*: those strange, fist-sized gemstones of Faerun that periodically emit a cold “flash” of light. By day, the Rift may seem alive with moving, winking reflections, but at night, it is an awesomely beautiful, evershifting tapestry of glittering lights (from which it gained its name).

Many adventurers embark on the long “Road to the Rift,” made famous by caravan-merchants of Amn, down on their luck, who came up with a ballad about the Road of Gems that would make them all rich. The Rift is studded with a wealth of natural gemstone outcroppings, bristling amid the *beljurils* in a natural, fantastic “lode of lodes” that can make the lucky prospectors who reach it—and make it to far-off gem markets alive—very, very rich. Travelers in the High Ice have even made fortunes coming upon sacks of rough-hewn rubies, sapphires, *bejurils*, and chunks of *amaratha* (both of these last two gemstones are detailed fully in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures* hardcover sourcebook) abandoned by dead adventurers—or still grimly held by their dead or undead remains.

There is too little food, warmth, and water for anything to live in the Rift for long, but it is



visited often by High Ice predators, and scavengers of the human sort often lurk amid the icy pinnacles near the Rift, hoping to slay other prospectors for their food, supplies, and gemstones.

The Rift contains many tiny caves and hollows, gouged out by eager miners over the years, and these may provide temporary shelter, and yield meltwater when a sunny day follows a snowfall. Bright sun turns the Rift into a blaze of reflections equal in effects to heat shimmer (see the chapter on “Dangers of the Desert”), and also causes cracking, singing sounds as the gem-laden, crystalline rocks heat up. In prolonged periods of sunlight, it is possible for unclad humans to sunbathe or even roast in the sun, draped in the right areas of the Rift.

Uashloch, The Lake of Ice

Another large glacial rift is shaped like a bent human arm. Its glistening, treacherous ice slopes descend to a lake of ice floes and steamy plumes. Hot springs bubble up from the depths of the earth here, and have melted a rift that almost freezes over, but whose icy crust never quite hardens entirely. Instead, a shifting tangle of canted, wind-sculpted ice floes covers the tepid waters that are home to many large fish and things like white-skinned coldwater octopi. The chance of good meals brings many High Ice predators (and intruders) down into the rift where they feed and are fed upon by denizens of the depths, other hungry visitors, and, some say, ice-dwelling “snow cloaklers”: a species of white-skinned cloaklers (detailed in Volume 3 of the *Monstrous Compendium*, the first FORGOTTEN REALMS® appendix) who dwell in the rift and nearby crevasses, and fly silently out over the lake to hunt.

The Taglorlar

All over the High Ice, rock spurs and the pressures of shifting ice throw up little pinnacles,

or wave-shaped frozen heights. These prominences provide handy lookout-points to see from (and be seen on) for desert-dwellers and visitors alike. Most are claimed as lairs or at least habitual perches by snow owls, great soarers, and other flying creatures, and may serve as windbreaks (or be hollowed out into small caves) for others.

One group of these pinnacles is named, and serve as a road of landmarks for outsiders trying to reach the Rift of Stars (see above). The Taglorlar, or “Beth of Taglo,” are a line of sharp rock tors that rise out of the Plain of Standing Stones below the ice-line, and run steadily northeast for many days of travel.

No one is known to have counted all the Teeth, but many beings have used them as a road across the ice, or as homes. Travelers planning to follow the line of peaks are warned that predators there are expecting them-and waiting hungrily.

Untrivvin

This lonely peak is the abode of many yeti, and is said to be haunted. Its name means “singing rock” in a long-vanished tongue, and the name and the haunted reputation both stem from the fact that this mountain rings like a bell from time to time from the blows of hammers in the depths: hammers wielded by thaalud, or “tomb tappers” (detailed in the “Monsters of Anauroch” chapter).

Tomb tappers dwell in the depths beneath the High Ice, and deeper underground elsewhere in the Realms. This mountain is the only known surface connection with their deep tunnels; it rings because it is honeycombed with smooth-carved, curving chambers and passages. Some sages say there is much treasure to be found in Untrivvin, of gems and rare metals; others say cynically that no explorer has returned laden with such-or, as far as they know, returned at all.



THE LOST KINGDOMS

Many have heard of the Lost Kingdoms, those fabled, rich realms of long ago, that lie buried somewhere beneath the shifting sands of The Sword, in Anauroch. These lands are the source of a lot of fanciful tales, a lure for lots and lots of adventurers who'd like to get rich, and a subterranean home for the sinister Phaerimm (see "The Phaerimm").

The Buried Realms are (correctly) said to be riddled with ancient, unmarked magical gates, allowing passage—often unintentional!—from the Realms to other planes and worlds, and vice versa. Many strange creatures appear hereabouts, and more than one famous (or infamous) being of Faerun has vanished here—such as Gondegal, who stumbled between two mist-shrouded standing stones and found himself in the demiplane of Ravenloft.

Stairs, shafts, ravines, and even broad roads lead down from the Stonelands and the sands of The Sword to the Lost Kingdoms below. The folk of those buried realms have become the nomadic Bedine, fearing and shunning the depths and the magic that was once theirs.

More is said of those dark underlands, the Buried Realms, in the chapter entitled "The Phaerimm." This chapter is a guide for DMs in placing treasures and features in the depths; here we explore the glory that was, surveying the lands that were once proud. Included in this sourcebook is a map from the Year of the Tusk (112 DR), showing these Three Realms—and the beginnings of the desert created by the Phaerimm, known then as the Great Sand Sea ("Anauroch" then meant the glacier to the north, called "the High Ice" today).

Time has stolen many of the hard facts and details of the Three Realms; here we do a "whirlwind tour" to catch a few ideas of what life in the Lost Kingdoms was like, then.

Anauria

Richest of the Lost Kingdoms, Anauria was a human-ruled land of humans, elves, and half-elves, where nobles hunted boar, stags, and

monstrous game while the farms of the commoners produced food for the Three Realms, and spare grain enough to sell to all the lands about the Inner Sea.

From its glittering capital, Amazandar, the City of Gems, Anauria dominated overland trade to and from the Three Realms. Rich gemmines lay underneath Amazandar, reached by well-guarded deep shafts that were kept as secret as possible by the noble families that owned them.

The most powerful noble families of Anauria were the elven houses of Nyntynel and Olyrnn, and the human lines of Thardresk (the royal house), Nemrin, and Maluradek. Anauria's greatest king was Thausimbel "The Wise" (a.k.a. "Greybeard" and "The Long-Lived"). He had elven blood, and ruled for three hundred and sixty-odd years, arranging alliances, marriages, and business dealings that wove long-lasting peace between elves, the dwarves of Oghrann, and humans in what was to become known as the Dragonreach.

The city of Anauril was noted for the making of fine steel swords, the best human smiths produced in the Moonsea North at that time. Anauria's best forges were here, working plentifully with iron and tin (but lacking much copper and zinc). Helvara was Anauria's main agricultural market and farm outfitting center. The prosperity of the land was guarded by the fortresses of Tower Hlithal (which guarded against the goblins of Araugul, nomadic ore hordes, and occasional outlaw raiders out of Asram) and Tower Ramanath (which patrolled against brigands and monsters out of the Hunters' Hills).

Asram

Second richest of the Three Realms, Asram was governed from rich Phelajarama, the City of the Serpent, known for its gold-leaf-covered carved serpents, but the most important city of the realm was Orolin, the City of Magicians. In this land, magic was used in everyday



things (not reserved for a ruling elite, as in Netheril). Magicians could be hired on every street of Orolin, and their wealth and works made the city a sprawling place of villas and orchards, clustered around a circular city core with canals, parks, and a fortress.

Spell-guarded expeditions went out from Orolin to secret places in the Great Sand Sea, and brought back much gold, rarer zinc, and the finest copper known in those days. If Anauria was proud, Asram was decadent. Parties went on for days, and every citizen pursued his or her own whims, trusting to the magic of the realm to defend them against foes. Jaded young nobles even invented a sport of "monster-baiting," wherein they wore outlandish costumes and sought out monsters in their lairs, to flee through the night for the excitement of it all, until searching friends laid the pursuing beast low with magic.

The Asramian city of Ulshantir was noted for its coppersmiths and fine brass goods, whereas the port of Miirsar was known for its finely-crafted ships. Many small-net fishermen dwelt in Miirsar, going out in the dawn mists of Lake Miir every day to fish for the blue-scaled brench and the spicy crabfin.

Hlondath

Least powerful of the Three Realms, northerly Hlondath was a land of loggers and herdsmen (who kept sheep, goats, and shaggy cattle). Its capital was Mhaelos, but its most important city was Rulvadar, a fortified refuge against marauding ogres, orcs, hobgoblins, bugbears, and flind for folk in the Moonsea North. Companies of spearmen made many forays into the Border Forest. Under their protection, Hlundites made sturdy wagons, fine furniture, paper, and lumber to ship to other lands.

Independent Cities

Port Miir was a lawless, roaring place, the center of commerce for goods entering and leav-

ing "the West Kingdoms" (as they were called then, being west of the Teshan Mountains, now known as the Desertsouth Mountains). The goods came and went east out of the port on Berothir's Trail (named for the ranger who established it, slain by orcs in doing so).

It was a city of moneylenders, caravan-masters, and "quick money," where a loose band of ruling wizards struggled to keep down the numbers and successes of thieves.

Oum was a crossroads-town, where roads and merchants met. It straddled the border between Hlondath and Asram, belonging to neither (and at times, was a source of tense hostility and confrontation between the two kingdoms). It became a place of bookshops, sages, and proud craft-folk, who made mirrors and glass windows (both rare in those days), fine clothing, jewelry, lamps, pottery and iron-ware.

Other Features

Mt. Shaddath (westernmost peak of the Desertsouth Mountains) and the Shaddan Hills (now lost in the sands of Anauroch) were both named for Shaddara, the legendary child-queen who was called "the Fair," and grew up to be a proud, keen huntress who often hunted boars and monsters in the Hunters' Hills. She was the greatest Queen of Anauria.

Mt. Shaddath is today known as Rausrawna, which means "westernmost" in the tongue of the D'tarig; its former name survives as "Shadow:" in the name Shadow Gap.

"The Burn" was once a goblin-infested forest, eradicated (with magical fire, that let no trees grow again for many a year) by an Anaurian army led by Olzogath "the Grim." Or-lath Wood, on the border between Anauria and Asram, was named for Olzogath's son, who chose to hunt goblins there, not raze a forest as his father had done. The everpresent goblins had a stronghold at Araugul (pronounced "Ar-ah-gOOL"), also known as Goblin-mount.



THE GODS OF ANAUROCH

The Phaerimm and the beholders of Toril do not venerate gods, though some of their races who dwell on other planes and worlds do. Some semi-intelligent Anaurian remorhaz worship Augaurath, a gigantic white dragon, who dwells in the High Ice (she in turn worships Task, detailed in the *FOR1/Draconumicon* accessory book). The lamia of Anauroch worship many different gods, both human and others, and are currently searching for a “true faith.” None of these deities are described here.

D'tarig worship the same gods as other humans, and the faith of “The Lord of the Sands” vanished with The Lost Kingdoms. Of old, the Bedine knew and worshipped all the human gods, but after the Scattering (see the “Bedine Society” chapter), they believe most of the gods turned away from the Bedine and in response, the Bedine turned away from them.

The Bedine do not have priests who are granted spells by the gods (although in rare cases, fervent prayers have caused a deity to manifest magically to aid a Bedine supplicant). Bedine are devout, following the dictates and wishes of the gods as interpreted by learned elders (“holy men”) and sheikhs, reading natural signs, but they do not have a priest “class” in the AD&D® game sense.

Recently, some Bedine have joined The Cult of the Sacred Skull, a splinter faith that worships a talking skull. (In reality, the skull is magically animated by a mind flayer High Priest, his nature concealed behind a skull mask; he is a tool of the Phaerimm, and utters what they bid him to). The Sacred Skull faithful are a ragtag band of fanatic Bedine warriors and thieves. This cult is especially active in the eastern Sword, as the Phaerimm try to offset growing Zhentarim influence.

Bedine tend to fear and obey their deities, rather than worshipping them. Chief among them is At'ar the Merciless, the “Yellow Goddess.” She is the sun, seen as a spiteful, faithless woman. Of old, “At'ar” was called “Amaunator” in full, and was the male sun deity of Netheril. At'ar tends to ignore the Bedine

completely; if a DM wishes her to manifest, use the entry for Horus-Re in the *FR10/Old Empires* sourcebook.

Elah is the Bedine moon goddess, and is the same deity known elsewhere in the Realms as Selune. Priesthood details for Selune are given in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures* sourcebook; clergy of Selune will be tolerated in Anauroch, but not obeyed.

Kozah is the Bedine god of tempests; he vents his wrath by causing sandstorms (the sand left in the air for days after a major storm, that colors the sky crimson as the sun rises, is known as “Kozah’s mark”). Desert storms show his fury at the faithlessness of his wife At'ar, as the harlot enters N'asr's tent night after night (= the sun goes down). Kozah is the god Talos; priesthood details are given in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures* sourcebook. Clergy of Tales who enter Anauroch will be tolerated but not obeyed.

N'asr, the Lord of the Dead, is the Bedine name for Cyric, the god of death, murder, and tyranny (who has taken the place of Myrkul). The great white-bearded vultures of the desert, known as “N'asr's children,” are said to ferry spirits to the camp of the dead, taking the dead to N'asr's tent (which is somewhere westwards, beyond the setting sun), where the Pitiless One awaits.

Djinn serve N'asr; he gives the dead who displease him or who don't measure up to them for sport, and then food. The worst fate of a Bedine is to wind up the slave of N'asr, so Bedine dead are washed to cleanse away the odor of life, to avoid offending N'asr. Clerical details for Cyric appear in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventures* sourcebook; the Bedine fear such priests, and will attack them.

The Bedine claim N'asr is the sun's lover. The sun, At'ar, forsakes her lawful husband Kozah every night to sleep in N'asr's tent.

Shaundakul, the Treacherous Lurker In The Sands, is the mischievous, malicious trickster of the desert. He appears as a jackal-headed man, but corresponds in powers to the deity



Beshaba. He blinds folk, causes oases to dry out, travelers to lose their way, and so on. Shaundakul is blamed by the Bedine for all misfortune. His servants, the capricious "Windghosts" of the desert, are actually mad watchghosts (detailed fully in *The Ruins of UnderMountain* boxed set, and described in the "Anaurian Adventures" chapter of this book).

Under these "great gods," who are not actively worshipped (and so take little interest in Anauroch) are the "spirits of the earth," or "little gods." These gods the Bedine have daily dealings with: they are the spirits that the Bedine believe to inhabit every place or feature of the desert. The Bedine worship these demigods (largely by the sacrifice of camels or treasure), and they are very real, if seldom seen. Every oasis except those recently created by the Zhentarim, or as yet undiscovered by the Bedine has its Place Spirit, as do most other major desert features.

As demigods, all Place Spirits have the following powers: 70% Magic Resistance (40% vs. other demigods, 20% against deities of greater power; the ability to know what is happening in their territory, be it a single tor, a mountain, or an oasis), and in the area around for up to a mile distant: and the ability to see and attack into those regions of the ethereal plane touching on their place of power. Some Spirits can project a single manifestation. It can do two things at once, but can't leave the place of power. If it is destroyed, the spirit needs a full year to create another.

Place Spirits have a base saving throw of 4, and can never leave their place of power. They can communicate by speech, from a manifestation or from a "focal point" in their place of power (such as a pool at the center of an oasis). Rituals to, and commandments of, these deities vary from one to another-but most Bedine know "the rules," and no place spirit will act vengefully against an intruder who is wholly ignorant of what is right or expected; blasphemy lies only in wilfully and deliber-

ately flouting the wishes of a spirit.

Every Place Spirit can temporarily imbue any being in their territory with spell ability, granting them any spell of 5th level or less (one spell per being, per day).

Through direct contact between the chosen being and a Place Spirit's manifestation or focal point (e.g. the being steps into the pool, or touches a certain standing stone), a spirit can also manifest its powers as follows: once a day, it can grant the *limited wish* of another being; twice a day, it can heal or raise dead (i.e. it can use one power twice, or use both of them once each); and it can also cast one of the following spells, once each day: regenerate, *reincarnate*, *restoration*, or *resurrection*.

In addition, all Place Spirits can by mental contact (within their place of power) guide beings to water, communicate its absence or hide it, and can turn water to poison or make it melt away from the body of a being trying to touch it. If they can appear as a manifestation, the manifestation can always at will emit effects equal to a *rod of terror* (described in the DMG) or a repulsion spell.

All Place Spirits also have an attack power related to their territory (the spirit of a mountain can hurl rocks or shake the entire mountain to cause climbers to fall off; the spirit of an oasis can cause all creatures there to be alert and hostile to an unfavored being, or cause trees to fall on the being), and so on.

These spirits are not given Legends & Lore format descriptions here because they are weak, retiring, and lack clergy; they are of most use to Bedine trying to resist outlanders.

Two sample Place Spirits are described here: El Ma'ra Dat-ur Ojhogo (= "The tall god who lets men sit upon his head") and Rahalat.

El Ma'ra inhabits the sandstone spire that bears his name. This is a lone spire of yellow sandstone (described in "The Sword" chapter of this book), which stands near an oasis, and serves Bedine as a lookout-place. A fall from the spire will kill most men, and El Ma'ra can try to throw an unv\anted being off. The un-



wanted one must make a Dexterity check at -4 every round, or fall from the spire. No companions or nearby beings are affected. Bedine lookouts atop the spire who pray to El Ma'ra and sacrifice a drop of their drinking-water to him (let it fall on him) can see the desert below clearly, even when the sands blow. (This ensures clarity of sight; it does not reveal what is magically concealed or extend one's range of vision.) Rahalat was a Bedine sorceress abandoned at a mountain oasis by her tribe. She used magic to prevent Bedine from using the oasis, until a tribe murdered her to get to the water.

The oasis spring turned to blood, and any who drank from it for ten years perished. Now, every tribe that camps at the oasis

(which bears her name) must sacrifice a camel to her, or the water goes bad (turns to Type J poison, except to beings favored by Rahalat).

Rahalat's herd of goats still lives on the mountain. The goddess warns away those who approach too closely by causing the hollow knell of goat bells to ring in their minds.

Rahalat's manifestation can appear in the oasis or on the mountain. She manifests as a silent, translucent white floating image, looking as she did in life: an unveiled Bedine woman her face young and strong-featured. Her face has a weary, lonely, heartbroken appearance. She cannot be turned or dispelled, and speaks only in the minds of those she meets. If she wishes, non-Bedine who are present cannot see her.



WIND AND SAND MAGIC

Here are some of the spells used by Bedine “sorcerers” and “witches” (wizards). These rare outcasts are often bitter, secretive, and not very sane. They learn magic from other Bedine, *ulugarr* wizards, ancient Netherese tomes, and experimentation.

Some sages argue the ability to work magic is a genetic trait, and the relatively high numbers of gifted “shunned ones” among the Bedine (given their suspicion and avoidance of magic) is due to Netherese blood.

Other sages argue just as strongly that sensitivity and aptitude for *dweomercraeft* is brought about by exposure to magical *dweomers*—and the strange (Phaerimm) spells that are part of the very existence of *Anauroch* have brought about the high magical aptitude of the desert-dwellers.

Whatever the truth, it is known that some Bedine, like the witch *Ruha*, have visions of beings and events (usually “bad” happenings) that will be met with in the future. This erratic ability can’t be learned or controlled.

Another uncontrollable Bedine “gift” is the ability to naturally *detect* magic by smell or feel or some unexplained sensory instinct. Most mature Bedine have this ability to some extent; in any case where a spell is cast within 60’ of a Bedine, roll 1d6 per Bedine; a roll of 5 or 6 indicates that the Bedine was alerted to the presence—somewhere near—of magic. Bedine cannot detect the presence of magical items or already-cast spells (due to the all-pervasive nature of Phaerimm spells in the desert), and cannot guess what powers a spell has, or its likely source, except by the same observation and reasoning that a *Zhentilar* soldier or *Calishite* mercenary would employ. Most Bedine have far less experience of magic than folk in the “civilized” Realms, and won’t anticipate even obvious spell attacks or effects.

Bedine spells take the form of incantations (these may be muttered, whispered, or shouted, without affecting spellcasting success) and gestures, and use material components from the desert and the Bedine themselves: spittle

and water; sand, salt, stones, and rock crystals; wind or blown breath, and so on.

“Wind and sand magic,” some sages call this, and Bedine with the proper learning and practice can duplicate the effects of most “standard” wizard spells of 1st through 3rd level. The Bedine versions of these spells use earth and air components (fire and water spells are rare indeed—the former because of the danger to the caster in desert conditions, the latter because of the scarcity and value of water), instead of the material components more familiar to wizards across the Realms—but Bedine casters still study and memorize written spells, as other wizards do.

Bedine magical progress is slow and halting (although a Bedine wizard, skilled at keeping magical aptitude hidden, will hungrily pounce on an unsuspecting *ulugarr* wizard if any good chance occurs, to gain spellbooks). Any equivalents of “standard” wizard spells a DM wishes to use may have been developed by this or that Bedine “shunned one.” Bedine mages are allowed to live, fight, and work magic with Bedine tribesmen only when they are facing a great foe together (such as the fifteen tribes who cooperated with the witch *Ruha*, against the *Zhentarim*). This is rare indeed; Bedine wizards are almost always encountered alone, or in the company of a few servitor desert creatures.

Selected Wind and Sand Magic Spells

First-Level Spells

Sand Jambiya (Evocation)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1d6 rounds + 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 item

Saving Throw: None



This spell turns a handful of sand into a keen-edged, metallic blade. It is as hard as steel, but can't be affected by magnetic forces or heat, and is not a good conductor. It cannot be larger than twice the length of the caster's hand, nor weigh more than twice the weight of the hand. It deals 1d4 + 1 damage, and is considered magical for the purposes of what can be struck by it. A sand jambiya crumbles into loose sand if dispelled, on the caster's mental command, or instantly upon the caster's death. This spell can be combined with a *flying jambiya* spell (q.v.)

Sand Whisper (Alteration)

Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1d4 rounds + 1 round/level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: One creature or item
Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell causes silence to reign about a touched item or creature (who may be the caster). All sounds created by the protected item or being (including sounds caused by other, unprotected items striking the protected item or being) are transmitted far away and emitted in a random, everchanging location (often fooling listeners there into thinking something unseen is present).

Whether willing to be silenced or not, a recipient item or being is allowed a saving throw. If it succeeds, the spell fails and is lost.

This spell does not prevent beings from speaking words of activation (of magical items), or uttering the vocal components of spellcasting (and so cannot hamper or prohibit the use of spells and magical items by "silenced" creatures). Noise-based attacks (such as the wail of a banshee or the roar of an androsphinx) are not prevented, but their effects are turned elsewhere, to random locations (and unsuspecting, unintended targets). These locations can be as far distant from the "si-

lenced" source as 2d6 miles plus 1 mile per level of the caster.

Wind Compass (Alteration)

Range: Special
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 hour/level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

By the use of sand and blown spittle, the caster creates a tiny moaning wind that sounds only in his or her ear. Its steady tone rises or falls if the caster turns aside (to the right or left, respectively) of a chosen direction. Returning to the proper course restores the proper wind hum.

This spell is most often used at night or in blinding sandstorms. It allows the caster to travel in an unerring, pre-chosen direction—but cannot guide along a non-straight route, or find features (it can point "northwest," but not "to the blue dragon's cave"). Casting another spell does not end a *wind compass*.

Second-Level Spells

Flying Jambiya (Alteration)

Range: 1 yard/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 3 rounds
Casting Time: 2
Area of Effect: One item
Saving Throw: None

This specialized spell works only on short metal-bladed weapons such as a dagger, jambiya, dirk, or knife, and the blade created by a *sand jambiya* spell. The caster whispers an incantation, blows on the chosen weapon (which must be held during casting), and then throws or lets go of the weapon. As long as the caster concentrates on the weapon, the weapon is animated by the caster's will, "flying" about to at-



tack foes at a distance.

The animated weapon strikes once per round, with the caster's normal THAC0, but receives a +2 bonus to its attack rolls, and is considered a magical weapon for purposes of what it can strike (if it is magical, add these benefits to its normal bonuses). Its damage, however, is at - 1 (to a minimum of 1).

While animated, the weapon is AC0, and is considered to have 12 hp. Striking it for more than 12 hp damage ends the spell, but doesn't actually damage the weapon.

A *flying jambiya* must be concentrated on continuously by the caster. The spell ends instantly if the caster dies, begins any spellcasting, falls unconscious, or goes out of range. The caster can move the animated weapon 60' per round. An injury to the caster will ruin casting of a *flying jambiya*, but won't by itself end control over an existing *jambiya*. If control is ever lost, the spell ends, and the weapon falls to the ground.

Pillar of Sand (Alteration)

Range: Touch
 Components: L, S, M
 Duration: 1 turn+ 1 round/level
 Casting Time: 2
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell causes a 10'-radius circle of sand under the caster's feet (or those of a touched being; only unwilling beings get a saving throw) to rise up. This spell is only useful in a sandy area; the rising level, stable circle of sand draws surrounding sand up underneath it to create a cylindrical pillar. The pillar rises as high as available sand allows, or as high as the caster desires, to a maximum of 10' per level of the caster. Beings atop the pillar can see a long way, reach high things, and possibly escape spells cast at "ground-level." The pillar rises or sinks up to 10' per round, as the caster wills. If physical attacks on the pillar

"kill" it (it has 50 hp at any one spot, and is AC5), or a *dispel magic* or *dig* spell are used on it, it will collapse. Beings atop the pillar can fall if winds are high (and they fail a Dexterity Check) or the pillar collapses; normal failing damage applies.

Beings atop a pillar can leave it and return to it (e.g. stepping onto a castle wall, moving inside the castle, and then returning to the pillar) without affecting its continued existence. The caster can collapse the pillar at any time by deliberate act of will, and it will fall when the spell expires—but even the caster's death won't cause an early collapse, if no mental choice to destroy the pillar is made.

Sand Shadow (Illusion/Phantasm)

Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Special
 Casting Time: 2
 Area of Effect: One creature
 Saving Throw: None

This spell renders one living being (usually the caster) invisible to all non-magical detection so long as the being is wholly or partially in any shadow. If the being moves from shadow to shadow across an unshaded area, the "invisibility" will vanish and reappear-and can do this repeatedly, until a *dispel magic* is cast on the protected being, or 3 hours elapse. Attacks do not affect this invisibility; attack rolls against the invisible being are at -4. The protected being's vision is not altered by the spell, which can't be ended prematurely by will of the caster or protected being. The casting of this spell includes tossing a pinch of sand into the air.

Third-Level Spells

Find Water (Greater Divination)

Range: 20 miles + 1d8 miles/level
 Components: V, S, M



Duration: 1d12 turns + 1 turn/level
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This magic involves the spittle of the caster, in an involved incantation that empowers the caster (or a touched recipient being) to “feel” the presence of water within range, sensing direction (includes down), approximate distance, and amount.

Whispering Sand (Alteration, Phantasm)

Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: 2-foot radius
Saving Throw: None

This magic allows a caster to leave a message at a particular desert location, or (choose during casting) on a particular volume of sand (e.g. in an urn). When conditions set during casting are fulfilled (these are identical to those governing a *magic mouth* spell; q.v., DMG), the sand “speaks,” uttering the message to all within hearing (typically, all beings within 20’. The message may be one word long for each year of the caster’s age, and is voiced with the pronunciations and tone used by the caster, during casting.

Wind Shadow (Alteration)

Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 9 rounds
Casting Time: 3
Area of Effect: One creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell changes the caster or a touched recipient being (and all worn or carried, non-living items) into a translucent, almost

weightless image. The affected being floats, moving as directed by its will, gliding on a magical wind.

The image flies just above the ground, silent and translucent, leaving no tracks or any magical path. It is 65% undetectable to creatures not expecting or watching for it (75% to creatures lacking an acute sense of smell, such as humans), but is only 40% likely to escape the notice of alert, watchful beings (chance drops to 10% if the image enters a guarded area or opening). This spell is typically used to cross small distances undetected, from “cover” to “cover,” or to cross crevasses or chasms. The wind generated by the spell trails behind the image, sending no betraying breeze or smell ahead. It is strong enough to make headway against strong natural or magical gales (at half move rate).

The image normally “glides” at the being’s usual movement rate afoot, but the being can also ascend or descend 70’ per round, by force of will. The movement is not stable enough to permit spellcasting in transit; aimed magical items and missile weapons are discharged by the gliding being at - 1 to hit. The spell can be ended prematurely by the caster.

Fourth-Level Spells

At’ar’s Fire (Evocation)

Range: 10 yards + 10 yards/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: 20-foot radius sphere
Saving Throw: 1/2

By means of an incantation and a ball of sticky gum, this spell creates an explosive ball of flame, equal in effects to a *fireball* (q.v., PHB). Creatures slain by this spell are typically turned to ash, and the spell consumes or melts flammable items in its area of effect—but unlike a *fireball* spell, the caster (and all worn or carried non-living items) are immune to the



spell effects; the spell can even be centered on the caster without the caster suffering any harm.

Conjure Sand Lion (Conjuration/Summoning)

Range: 10 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1d4 rounds + 1 round/level
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell transforms a handful of sand into a female spotted lion (detailed in Volume 1 of the *Monstrous Compendium*, under "Cats, Great"). The beast is AC6, MV 12 (and can leap 30'), 6 +2 HD, THAC0 15, and attacks with a 1d12 bite and two 1d3 foreclaws (rear claws rake for 2d4 damage each, only if both foreclaws hit). It roars and attacks only at the caster's direction, and the caster can "see" through its eyes, but need not maintain concentration to keep it in existence. The sand lion fights until slain or dismissed by the caster, and can be ridden as a steed at MV 10) or used as a pack animal. Enchantment/charm and necromancy wizard spells do not affect it; nor do priest spells of the animal, healing, and necromantic spheres. It can, however, be affected by those spells which affect creatures from the Elemental Plane of Earth (such as *phase door*).

Sand Healing (Necromancy)

Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: One creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster to use a handful sand, a drop of water, spittle, or tears, and a drop of blood or sap, to heal wounds. Applied to the wounds, the components cure 2d4

points of damage, but can't heal blindness, disease, insanity, or ongoing poison effects: only physical hurts.

Wind Blade (Evocation)

Range: Touch
Components: V, S
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates an invisible "sword" of solidified wind, extending from one of the caster's hands (which need not grasp it, and can hold something else). The blade can be heard as roaring wind (but does not disturb the air around), and is aimed by the caster's wrist. A *wind* blade vanishes if the caster wills it to, or begins spellcasting (not magical item activations). It batters and flays targets instead of cutting, dealing 4d4 points of damage per round-and strikes all visible, non-flying targets as if the caster is attacking a target of armor class 10. (Invisible or flying targets are attacked as if with a normal weapon.)

Fifth-Level Spells

Death Smoke (Evocation)

Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1d4 + 1 rounds
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: 20 foot-radius sphere
Saving Throw: 1/2

This spell uses a crushed insect or arachnid, a pinch of sand, and a drop of blood to create a billowing, opaque cloud of heavy vapors that can't burn or be blown away (fighting in darkness rules apply). Creatures in the cloud take 6d4 points of damage for each round of contact, unless they have no need to breathe (e.g. undead or non-living things) or are protected



against poisons. When the spell expires, the smoke fades harmlessly away. Cast underwater; this spell causes a harmless "burst" of vapor that rolls water away for 1 round.

Fist of Sand (Evocation)

Range: 20 yards
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 1 round/level
 Casting Time: 5
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: None

This spell causes sand to rise up and strike at a single chosen target, once per round. The "fist" or sandy tentacle smashes for 1 point of damage per level of the caster, and forces struck items to make saving throws against "crushing blows." It smites at THAC0 4, and does not cause any heaving or shifting of the surrounding sand (i.e. it cannot form a barrier, or throw a charging foe off its feet).

Flesh Mirage (Necromancy)

Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 1 round/level
 Casting Time: 5
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to "switch faces" with another creature (who need not be alive). The creature to be copied must be touched by the caster, who must also see the features to be copied. An area of the creature equal in surface to the caster's face is perfectly copied. This spell is often used to disguise the caster as another being, or even to wipe out all features by copying a featureless area. In such cases, the caster can only see by magical means (i.e. by an *infravision* spell or link to another creature's vision), but reduces water needs, by eliminating some water-emitting organs (breathing occurs through all exposed skin).

Sixth-Level Spells

Sand Shroud (Evocation)

Range: 10 yards/level
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Instantaneous
 Casting Time: 6
 Area of Effect: 1 creature or object
 Saving Throw: None

This specialized spell uses a lump of mud, clay, dried dung, or other powdery substance, which is crushed during spellcasting. It causes sand or loose earth that is present (for example, in a desert setting or barren field, but not cultivated land or solid rock) to open up under a target and swallow it up instantly.

The target must be dead, undead, or never living, and of L size or less. It is buried 60' deep, without any mark or trace on the surface of its grave. Intelligent undead, animated magical items, and those creatures able to assume *gaseous form*, are imprisoned for only 2d8 rounds by use of this spell. The spell is typically used to quickly hide treasure or the evidence of a fatal fight.

Seventh-Level Spells

Sand Gems (Alteration)

Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Permanent
 Casting Time: 1 round
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: Special

This rare spell turns a handful of sand into 1d12 real, permanent, cut and polished gems. They are always amber or red in hue, and of any type and size visualized by caster, so long as they are small enough to all fit in caster's closed fist. Their value is equal to 1d6 X 1000 gp, regardless of size. Each time this spell is cast, the caster must make three saving throws against a spell. Each time one of these



saving throws fails, the caster permanently loses 1 hp.

Sun Stones (Evocation)

Range: 5 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2 round

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: One or more creatures within
10 yd × 10 yd area

Saving Throw: 1/2

This spell uses a handful of small stones, held in sunlight by the caster as he utters an incantation. One stone per three levels of the caster is heated by the magic. These heated *sun stones* glow fiery red, but can be handled by the caster without harm. Thrown at an opponent, they streak through the air to strike at THAC0 9. Each burns its way into whatever it strikes, setting flammable substances afire. Beings take 4d4 damage from each stone (beings who touch "missed" stones in the round after casting take half damage, or 1 hp per stone if they save; after that, the stones become harmless). *Sun stones* can be thrown at multiple targets, and will swoop around corners to follow moving targets.

Eighth-Level Spells

Cleanse Water (Abjuration)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Permanent

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: 20-foot cube per level

Saving Throw: None

This spell uses a handful of sand and a drop of the caster's spittle, and temporarily drains the caster of 1d6 hp. When the sand is cast into water, it cleanses the water of any poison, saltiness, unpleasant taste, and so on, rendering it safe to drink and refreshing (cool even in full

desert sun). The water is permanently transformed, although future events can poison it or make it salty again. This spell can be used to remove alcohol (and dissolved drugs) from drinks, and to turn magical potions into pure water.

Sand Worm (Necromancy)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 6 turns/level

Casting Time: 8

Area of Effect: One creature

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell turns the caster or another touched creature (only unwilling ones are allowed a saving throw) into the form of a *sand worm*: a mouthless, mute, AC6 mottled thing that is MV 9, Br 15. It can burrow beneath the sands to hide or sleep, can feel temperature changes (i.e. the coming of cooler night, above it), does not need to breathe, drink, eat or eliminate, and is not harmed by temperature extremes.

Transformation into sand worm-form heals a being of 2d4 points of damage (if any exists; the passage of time in sand worm form also allows normal 1-point-a-day healing). A sand worm can carry things up to the size and weight of an armored man, if the burden is tied to it by another being who has the limbs to tie, and the means to tie with. A sand worm can fight only by rolling over or slapping at an opponent with its bulk, doing 3d4 crushing damage per round, and striking at THAC0 17. The spell recipient's intellect and senses are unchanged, but it cannot speak, and can escape worm-form before spell expiration only at the will of the caster, or upon application of a *dispel magic*.



Ninth-Level Spells

Create Water (Evocation)

Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: 20-foot cube/level
Saving Throw: None

Using a drop of the caster's spittle or tears, this magic creates pure, cool, safe water: fresh or salt, as the caster desires. The water pours from the caster's hand, and will run away and be lost without available container(s) to hold it (although beings can drink from the hand as if from a spout, or bathe in the flow). Once begun, the spell continues until the caster's maximum volume has been created; the caster cannot "turn off the flow" and then turn it back on again, or save any for later emission. (The caster can move about to fill various containers and water various plants, or to avoid flooding a specific area, without affecting the flow). The flow of water is not powerful enough to disturb the caster's movement or to cause damage as a weapon. Although the water thus created is permanent, it can evaporate as all water does in desert conditions, and sink into the sand and be lost.

Life Water (Alteration/Necromancy)

Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 9
Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot
Saving Throw: None

This spell transforms existing liquid (which may have been created by another spell) into a sweet-smelling serum that heals wounds, blindness, disease, *feble-mindedness* (but not insanity), poisoning, rotting (even "mummy rot"), and fungal growth (such as the transfor-

mation of flesh into green slime). Ellen serious wounds (lost limbs and organs) will regenerate at the application of *life water*: a one-foot cube of the serum entirely cures one man-sized being; a waterskin of average size will cure one condition, or restore 3d8 hp of physical damage. Usage actually causes *life water* to vanish; a pool can be left dry by several healings. Immersing even a partial body in *life water* will restore the complete form, but this magic cannot restore life, or change a magically-transformed creature back to a previous form.

Sandswallow (Evocation)

Range: 1 yard/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 9
Area of Effect: 20-foot radius
Saving Throw: Special

This spell can only be used in an area of sand, quicksand, mud, or bog. It causes a circular area of the surface to suddenly collapse 30' downward, so the surrounding sand or mud rushes in to fill the hole. Any creatures in the affected area must save versus spell to "swim" and avoid being buried (they end up atop the morass, reduced to half movement rate and lacking any items they were holding; these are buried).

Buried beings can dig traveling upwards 6' in each round in which they make a successful Dexterity Check. After the second round of imprisonment, any creature without a magical source of air, or the natural ability to exist in rock (e.g. an umber hulk) suffers 1d4 suffocation damage per round. This continues until death occurs or the creature digs its way free. In the round in which they emerge, creatures cannot move from the spot in which they come up, and all attacks against them automatically hit.



NPCS OF ANAUROCH

This chapter notes a few beings PCs exploring Anauroch may encounter.

The *Black Shadow Band*: A band of adventurers based in a cave in the Tethyamar Mountains, this group is chaotic neutral in general alignment. They will make temporary alliances and non-aggression pacts, but are best described as “always aggressive, always dangerous.” Cold-blooded treachery is not in their nature, but a love of violence and a heedlessness for consequences is. These are true ‘social misfits,’ who can’t abide the rule of any law and order.

The Black Shadows are human unless otherwise noted, and are: Tamaerl (female warrior leader); Jesslinn (female warrior); Barrin (male thief); Thurndas (male priest); Kyllyrd (half-elven male wizard); and Durve (half-elven female mage/thief). Their statistics, current alliances, and treasure are left to the DM, to tailor to best challenge PCs.

The Black Shadows have a powerful magical item (an Orcward Stone?), hidden in their cave, that seems to keep orcs away. It was recovered from one of the ruins of Anauria (and its true nature is left to the DM).

Individuals

The desert becomes home to many outlaws and loners, but most don’t live long. Here are a handful of exceptions.

Belarchass the Slaver, a notorious slave-dealer who captures humans and demi-humans at swordpoint to sell them into slavery in the South. Captives are drugged asleep with treated needles and weapons wielded by Belarchass’s Band (of twelve warriors, three priests, and two mages).

Belarchass keeps his(?) true identity secret, but is known to have powerful magical items. Slaves are taken by an ancient, secret *gate* linking a certain spot in Anauroch with a certain cellar in Westgate, to the holds of ships, which

sail to Chessenta and beyond.

Mavreen Mawklistyr, a half-elven female “bounty hunter” active in Anauroch, the Dales, and the Stonelands. She attacks at night, using *wings of flying* (q.v., DMG), snares, sleep-poisoned darts, and smother-hoods. She can call on two trained, fiercely loyal gargoyles: AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, Fl 15; HD 4+4; hp 30, 29; THAC0 17; #AT 4; Dmg 1-3 x 2/1-6/1-4; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M (6’ tall); ML 11; XP 650; MC2.

Mavreen Mawklistyr is AL CN; AC 0; MV 12; F12; hp 76; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2 rounds; Dmg by weapon: long sword 1d8, dagger 1d4, or 16 darts (specialty weapon: 5 dart-throw attacks/round, at +1 to hit); darts do 1d3+2 hp dmg plus save vs. poison at -1 or fall asleep for 1d3 turns, onset time 1d6 rounds); S 14, D 18, C 16, I 14, W 14, Ch 14; ML 18; carries a pouch of 2 pp, 22 gp, 2 ep, 5 sp, and 3 cp; wears leather armor and a *ring of protection +4 on AC, +2 to saving throws*.

“Tracker” of the Harpers, who aids “good” travelers and folk against orcs, lamia, and other dangers of the desert, is a mysterious individual much given to disguises, who lives in a cellar in a nameless ruined community south of Ascore. When not in disguise, he (actually, Tracker is a woman, but conceals this from all but close friends by magic and dress) appears as a wild-haired, grim man in the rotting remnants of much-patched armor. Tracker’s wry nature can be summed up by “his” cesspit, near his cellar home, which bears a sign: “Last Dungeon Before Waterdeep.”

Tracker (Alisheen Starnshield) is AL CG; AC 4; MC 12; R14; hp 99; THAC0 7; #AT 2 (fights with two weapons); Dmg by weapon: 1d8 long sword or 1d4 per dagger, 2 carried: S 14, D 18, C 16, I 14, W 14, Ch 12 (16 when undisguised); ML 18; HIS 93%, MS 99%; Spells: as 7th level priest: 3,2,2 (usually animal *friendship*, *entangle*, *in invisibility to animals* *goodberry speak with animals/hold animal, tree*; carries a pouch of 4 pp, 9 gp, 7 ep, 7 sp, and 4 cp, and wears leather armor.



NEWS AND RUMORS OF ANAUROCH

News tends to be old and poor in remote Anauroch, with Bedine tribes avoiding each other as much as possible (unless bent on killing each other; which is not likely to present good opportunities for chatter and gossip).

Whenever the PCs have peaceful encounters (e.g. with traveling merchants), the DM may pass on some of the following rumors. Role-playing should be encouraged; NPC merchants won't simply babble all the latest news whenever they see an unfamiliar face. If Bedine are passing on these bits of "news," the DM should alter the wording in light of Bedine knowledge of the Realms outside Anauroch. Some of these rumors could mask DM-prepared adventures: others can be simply wild fancies.

- Belarchass the Slaver, a notorious slave-dealer who captures humans and demi-humans at swordpoint to sell them into slavery in the cruel South, is hunting people again. He is somewhere north and east of Mabel, with "at least twenty" warriors.
- There is powerful magic awake in the desert: beware old stone pillars, and archways that lead to nowhere! Some who step wrongly, near such, have vanished in an instant, stolen away—by magic!
- Strange whirlwinds, seen in calm conditions, not just in storms, are growing more common everywhere on the sands. They are evil things, "Wind Walkers," who serve an evil Elder Race That Dwells Below, under the sands. The ancient evils must be awakening again!
- There is an oasis, somewhere deep in the Quarter of Emptiness, that is hidden by magic. Only women dwell there: cruel women, who use magic and can change their heads to take the forms of fanged, hissing serpents! They are ruled by a queen whose lower body is like that of a huge snake, but whose upper form is that

of a beautiful woman. She eats all men who fall into the hands of her subjects—after they have been forced to breed, to swell the ranks of the women of the hidden Oasis of the Serpent. All male babies are eaten; all females must master magic or be cast out into the desert.

- Certain stone pillars in the northern sands move about by themselves, when the nights are dark! They sometimes move as far in a night as a fast, driven camel does, by day—and they cry out to each other at times; horrible deep, groaning sounds that make one's teeth itch, to hear them! One is moving steadily toward The Oasis of Vipers!
- A great spiralling pit, like a sucking mouth, has been seen somewhere nearby, west of here. It moves along, in the sand, and things that tumble into it vanish, and are never seen again. It must eat them! A gazelle has been seen to disappear into the mouth, and so did a hunting dog that got too close!
- An oasis has been found where there has never been one before! It looks old, and well established, with several trees and a deep pool. It is no mirage—and camels who drank from the pool were well sated. Fresh-gnawed bones were found under one of the trees, though—human bones.
- In the sky, a few nights back, a ghostly camel and rider were seen, white against the velvet blackness, riding east. The rider wore a turban, and waved a naked scimitar. In his other hand, he carried a globe of spinning lights, like tiny stars, that whirled endlessly around. He rode on the air, but quite low down, and soon vanished below the horizon, to the east. No one knows who or what this apparition was; none can recall having seen it before.



ANAURIAN ADVENTURES

This chapter presents adventure ideas that use or lead Player Characters into Anauroch.

OLD BONES, OLD MAGIC

In an Anaurian locale where featureless dunes rise around an unimpressive rocky ridge, PCs find a gleaming, like-new metal door in the side of a dune. No tracks lead to it. It is locked. The door radiates magic (spells to prevent rust and windscur, and under them, a trap activation: a *dispel magic* cast on the door will remove the protective spells first; a second *dispel* must be used to deactivate the trap).

If the trap is not removed, seventy-odd jagged glass shards spray out in all directions when the door is opened. This is a magical effect; the trap only fires once, and leaves no trace or apparatus behind. All beings in a 180° field in front of the door, and within 30', must make two Dexterity Checks.

If both succeed, no damage is taken. If one fails, 2d4 points of damage are taken. If both fail, the being suffers 3d4 damage, and must save against breath weapon or be blinded by the flying glass (this "minor" blindness may repair itself in 1d12 days, and can be cured by a *cure light wounds* spell).

The door opens into a room lined with stone blocks, that is the head of a staircase. The stair descends below the sands, into a room carved out of the solid rock.

This chamber is a cool refuge from the desert heat, but the well it holds is now dry. (If PCs climb or fall down the shaft, it is 112' deep.) There is nothing in the room except dust, a dropped (normal) dagger, and a passage in the far wall, which runs 200 to another stair.

This second stair leads upward, into the interior of the nearby rocky ridge. There it ends in a 20' × 20' chamber, which contains only an ornate, closed stone coffin. The lid bears Thorass runes that read: "Here Sleeps Velror, Sultan of Rhentria." (Where or what Rhentria was is now lost in time; it was most likely one

of the short-lived kingdoms that followed the fall of Anauria before the advancing desert sands.) If the coffin is opened, PCs see the bones of a human stretched out within, hands on a scimitar, lying in a bed of loose, winking gems, including one ruby that's as large as a small man's head! The lid then levitates forcefully to the ceiling, and the bones in the casket rise up slowly, floating individually upwards to form a sitting skeleton. (This is a triggered spell effect, not an undead; PCs can bash the bones apart in all directions, but can't turn or dispel the forming skeleton.) Even if some are missing, or hurled far away, the bones drift back into their correct alignment, and the skeletal figure points a bony finger at the PCs.

A *magic mouth* inside the coffin then says: "Thieves! Vandals! Despoilers of tombs! Go from this place—or perish!" Once this warning is uttered, the bones fall back (if PCs have attacked or scattered them, they fall wherever they have ended up).

In the casket are 56 citrines, 33 amethysts, 244 aquamarines, 9 jacinths, 16 emeralds, and 21 rubies (all of average value; consult the DMG), plus the huge ruby (its apparent value is 95,000 gp). The sword is not magical or adorned with gems.

If any treasure is taken out of the coffin, *something* appears at the exit from the sultan's tomb (where the stair enters). It looks like a black, leathery bat standing upright on clawed, panther-like rear feet. It has a long, barb-ended tail, fangs, barbed forearms, clawed hands, and glowing red eyes that lack pupils. It silently winks into view, and just as silently blocks the way out of the tomb, fighting any PCs who try to leave, unless or until it is destroyed, or the treasure is returned to the tomb.

This horrific apparition is a "Least" Guardian Daemon, which can breathe fire three times a day (30' cone, with a 10' base diameter; it does 3d6 damage, 2d6 if a target saves vs. breath weapon). The barbs on its arms are harmless fleshy adornments.



The Daemon is AL N; AC 3; MV 9; HD 6; 48 hp; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-411-10 x 2; SA fire breath; SD immune to any sort of fire damage (but not heat or electrical); SZ L (11' tall); ML 14; XP 2,000; MC2. It wears a *brooch of shielding* (detailed in the *DMG*) that can still absorb 92 hp of magic missile damage.

By the use of a now-forgotten magic, the daemon's life force has been placed in the huge ruby (which is AC3 and has 12 hp; destroying it kills the daemon, which will wail and vanish in a shower of sparks, leaving the *brooch* behind).

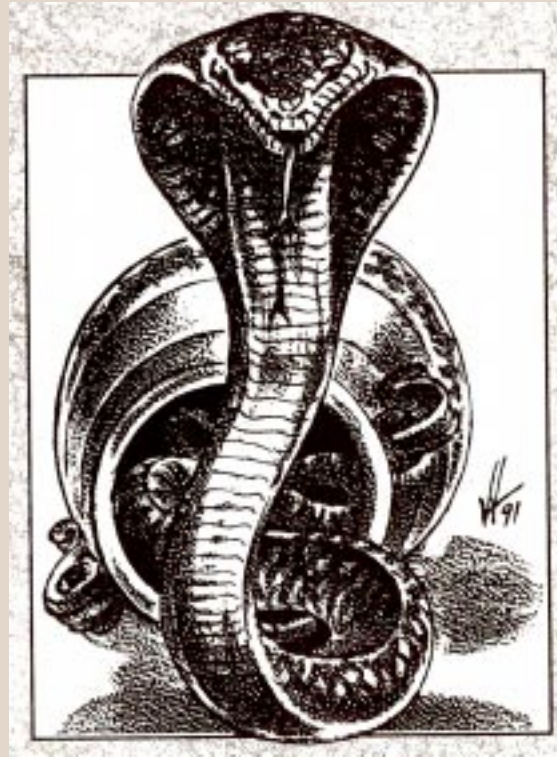
If the gem is not attacked, the daemon can fight to a loss of all hp, and then vanish-only to reappear a day later, completely healed (it can only emerge from the gem once every 144 turns). The daemon will fight any beings who move any treasure out of the tomb, until it is destroyed, they perish, or the gem is returned to the sultan's tomb.

Dispel magic spells cannot harm or hamper the daemon, and will not prevent its appearance from, or vanishing into, the gem. This process is a *blink* up to 90' distant, circumventing physical and magical barriers, and causing the gem to flash and sparkle with temporary light.

The Oasis of Handless Men

PCs reaching an oasis (guided by hastening vultures, perhaps) discover it strewn with the bodies of twenty recently-slain male Bedine warriors; a war-party of some sort. Some of these bodies hang from trees, some lie huddled half-buried in the sands, some have been torn apart by jackals and reduced to gnawed bones, and desert snakes slither through the eyesockets of the picked-clean skulls of others.

There are no camels, weapons, food, coins, or waterskins to be found anywhere in the oasis. There has also been a more grisly theft: ever; corpse has had both its hands cut off, and none of them are to be found, either.



PCs who search the area will come upon a trail (or see a glowing light over the dunes, by night, which can lead them in the same direction), and eventually reach an old stone tower, hidden among tall dunes.

The tower is half-buried in sand, and observant PCs will see that it has tiny slit-windows in its upper regions, and out of these come intermittent puffs of sand, for all the Realms as if someone was repeatedly throwing out handfuls of sand.

That is, of course, exactly what's happening. Inside the tower is an adventuring party of agents of The Cult of the Dragon, led by a wizard who's trying to find a lost, ancient magical item that he believes (from reading an old wizard's diary) to be there: a rod that can "heal" or regenerate undead, and can therefore be used to knit broken dracolich bones, or even replace bones that have been destroyed or gone missing! The strength of the wizard, Elphraun, and those who accompany him, and



even the presence of the coveted rod, are matters left to the DM. If the PCs are fairly powerful, the Cult party can be too, perhaps armed with poisoned weapons, magical rings of spell *turning* and *the ram*, and potions of *healing* and *invisibility*.

Elphraun's spells and equipage should also be tailored to challenge the party; a suggested item for him to wield is an *eye of shooting stars*. This has powers identical to the ring, except that it works in daylight, and has the form of a single large, dark cabochon-cut gem (the "Eye") worn as a pendant. When Elphraun releases it, it can float by itself, turning to emit its powers from the gem, under his "remote control" silent mental direction—something he can do in any round in which he uses a spell that doesn't require the entire round to cast, or does something else. One must be magically attuned to an eye; PCs who seize it won't be able to turn it on its master during the fray.

The Cult party has more practical treasure, too: all of the captured food, water, and camels. The latter will be recognizable to other Bedine, and PCs using them later may be attacked merely for possessing them (on the mistaken belief that the PCs slew the handless men).

Elphraun seized the hand so that he could create crawling claws to dig sand out of the buried tower. The Bedine yielded forty claws, and he can direct these to attack intruding PCs. These 40 Crawling Claws are AL N; AC 7; MV 9 (leap: 15'); HD 1/2; 4 hp each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 vs. armored foes, 1-6 vs. unarmored; SD undead spell immunities, cannot be turned, edged weapons do them only half damage; SZ T (human hand); ML 20; XP 35; MC3.

The Weeping Maiden

The Stushan, an influential D'tarig trader, contacts PCs with a business proposition. He has learned (from an old wizard's letter that has fallen into his hands) of a valuable statuette,

The Weeping Maiden, that is hidden beneath a certain oasis (of the DM's choice).

This statuette is in a spider-haunted tunnel complex, with "considerable other treasure"—and as long as the Maiden is brought back to the Stushan intact, the PCs can keep all that other treasure. In addition, the Stushan will pay each PC a 2,000 gold piece fee for their trouble (200 in advance), and give each two *potions of healing*.

If the PCs agree, the Stushan reveals which oasis, and provides a rough map to there, which also shows how to get into the tunnels. (If the PC party is strong, the DM may want to locate this adventure in a dangerous oasis, with lamia or Zhentarim inhabitants.) He warns them of the spiders, and not to touch, remove, or look into the tears of the Maiden, or they may be trapped by the deadly curse the tears carry! (He will not elaborate further.) The tunnels are in the form of three linked squares, with a side-tunnel branching off at right angles from the center of each side of every square. One of these branches is the entry; others form the linkages between the squares. The seven remaining branches are all dead-ends, with identical treasure-chests sitting in each.

One chest contains 600 gp; another holds ivory tusks, worth about 7,000 gp in all if sold in the right market; a third holds the Maiden.

All of the other chests are trapped. Touching two of the chests triggers falling block traps, and the last two contain poisoned darts that spring forth when the chest is opened.

Traps: Falling blocks come down just in front of the chests, to be drawn back up later on massive chains. They are large enough to strike down two PCs, hitting at THAC0 8 for 4d6 crushing damage. PCs who are hit are allowed a Dexterity Check; success means only "glancing blow" damage of 1d8 points is taken. These traps can be detected, but not deactivated: to avoid them, one must shift the chest with ropes or polearms, let the block fall, and then examine the (empty, locked) chest.



Poisoned dart traps can be detected and jammed, but if the chest is then unlocked, PCs will find only the darts inside. Trying to move them, or take one, will cause them to fire (even if earlier “deactivated”). The darts strike at THAC0 10, spraying out in random directions because their firing-springs are equipped with bent wooden “whips” whose recoils can slap the emerging darts in odd directions (such as down over the lip of the chest, at someone crouching below). They can reach up to 20’ distant, and do 1d4 damage plus Type C poison effects (refer to the DMG). The poison lasts for only one strike; if the dart misses, PCs may salvage it, but the poison will dry out and become forever ineffective in 2d12 rounds.

The tunnels, too, are also trapped. For every 10’ x 10’ floor-area explored by the PCs, roll 1d4. A result of 3 means that a “Kissing Maiden” trap springs up when the area is stepped into. The stone block tilts up and slides down with lighting speed, to reveal a stone bar that smites the PCs, driving the iron points it is studded with into the unfortunate victims. These Maidens do 2d8 damage, and strike once per entry of their trigger area. PCs expecting a Maiden attack are allowed a Dexterity Check, to take only 2d4 damage. Leaping over a known trigger area will avoid the Maiden-but can land one right on top of the next Maiden!

The tunnels also have, as advertised, spider inhabitants: 16 **Huge Spiders** in all. They are AL LN; AC 6; MV 18 (leap 30’); HD 2 + 2; 14 hp each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (bite); SA leap, bite poison (Type A, + 1 bonus allowed on saving throw); SZ M (6’ diameter); ML 8; XP 270; MC1. These cannot surprise PCs unless an unsuspecting character rounds a corner and gets leaped on. They will swarm; if one fights PCs, others will leap to join in, scattering only if fire or lightning are unleashed.

The Stushan is planning to double-cross the PCs. One of each pair of healing potions he gave them is actually a delayed-action poison (Type A, its effects detailed in the DMG), and

one coin of the 200 gp given to each PC is equipped with a *Shandaril’s* tracer spell. (This magic, detailed in the sourcebook *FR4/The Magister*, allows him to know the distance and direction of each coin from him, when concentrated on, and also the race, alignment, and presence of magical ability of any creature touching the coin.) This allows the Stushan to follow PCs’ movements.

He hopes the PCs will get The Weeping Maiden out of the complex and then all perish, somewhere in the desert-or that only a few will survive, and bring the Maiden to him. They should be weak and easily dealt with; the first thing the Stushan (who is a 10th level wizard, though he won’t advertise this to the PCs) will do is to *telekinese* the Maiden into an underground area guarded by a **Death Tyrant** (an undead beholder that serves him with absolute loyalty). It is AL LE; AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 2 (C); 75 hp; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (bite); SA eye powers (nine eyestalks, but three have lost their powers): *telekinese* 250 pound weight, *flesh to stone* ray (30 yard range), *fear* (as wand), *slow*, *cause serious wounds* (50 yard range), *death* ray (40 yard range); SD *anti-magic* ray (140 yard range, 90° arc, from central eye), “standard” undead spell immunities; SZ M (6’ diameter); ML 18; XP 13,000; *SJR1/Lost Ships*. This awesome foe appears as a rotting, mold-encrusted beholder. White film covers its three dead eyes, and here and there it has body plates missing (and is AC7 in those areas).

The Stushan will then *dimension door* to The Weeping Maiden, leaving D’tarig servants (some armed with one-shot magical wands) and the Death Tyrant to slay or drive off the PCs.

The Weeping Maiden is a beautifully-sculpted statuette about a foot high, of a long-haired, weeping maiden. From between her hands, which cover her face, spills a line of tears. The statuette is of solid jet, and is worth around 2,400 gp. The seven tears are not cursed (that was merely the Stushan’s deception, to keep the PCs from taking any), and are



clear, crystal-like teardrop-shaped stones: king's tears (detailed fully in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® *Adventures* hardcover source-book).

These tears are worth 7,000 gp each, for captured in the depths of every one is a clear, detailed image. These scenes show rich treasures, hidden long ago, in their resting-places. PCs who examine the scenes and do a bit of guesswork can learn where the riches lie (for example: one scene may show treasure lying in the interior of a hollowed-out stone block of a merlon (the upthrust "block" of parapet between two embrasures) on the crenellated battlements of the East Torchtower, on the walls of the City of Waterdeep).

The locations, type and amount of treasures is left to the DM; it is suggested that magical items be some of them. They need not be unguarded, and the DM can use these scenes to lead PCs into as many side-adventures as desired (or that the PCs decide to follow up on). In some cases, of course, the treasures can be gone-swept away by the ravages of time, or taken already the hand of another.

Spindleskull's Tomb

When PCs climb up or over a dune, they discover a hole in its top. The hole is the top of a shaft descending into the earth, filled by a spiral stair. Some magical force field keeps sand out (and warns those below of the arrival of intruders), but lets the PCs through.

The stair leads down into a large cavern, where PCs will see 2d4 mind flayers, clad in rich robes. They advance soundlessly as a voice from the darkness beyond asks, "Who comes to Spindleskull's Tomb? Speak, or join the great adventurer in his eternal rest!" The voice is that of Spindleskull, who has become a **Watchghost**: AL LN; AC 1; MV 9, Fl 9 (C); HD 7 + 2; 46 hp; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16 (chill touch); SA chill ray (12 times/day: 90' range, passes 4th level or less magical barriers, target must save vs. death magic or take 2d12 dam-

age, and save vs. petrification or be *slowed* for 2d12 rounds); SD cannot be turned, has undead spell immunities plus proof against poison, insubstantial, can pass through stone; MR 25%; SZ M (6' tall); ML 20; XP 4,000; detailed fully in *The Ruins of Undermountain*.

Spindleskull appears as a scimitar-wielding, bearded man with a bald, pointed head. His weapon is a *scimitar* + 1 with a special power: once a day it can bring forth 2d4 illusory images of mind flayers, which remain for 1 turn, and are silent but very lifelike (they levitate, and have flowing robes and undulating mouth-tentacles). Only *dispel magic* spells will destroy these illusions, not physical contact.

Spindleskull will fight if attacked, but is not hostile to intruders. Rather, he is lonely and curious, and warns PCs sternly away from the door at the back of the cavern: "Please-don't go in there! Great evil lurks beyond!" Spindleskull will not leave the room; his task is to guard the door, not allowing what is inside to break *out*. (If PCs go in after his warning, that's their decision.) If questioned about what's beyond the door, Spindleskull says, "The well" (of drinking water), "my gold, and something with many eyes, that swings a shining axe-it came by magic. There're traps, too. Don't go in!" If the PCs don't, Spindleskull is chatty, and proves a friendly source of information about Anauroch and the rest of the Realms (the DM can use him to point the way to other adventures), but can't remember anything more about his treasure, the traps, or the dangerous "something." Whoever made him a watchghost (he can't remember who, either) blocked his memories of these things.

The door opens into a 10'-wide, 10'-high corridor, its floor solid stone but the walls and ceiling made of stone blocks. Whenever the walls or ceiling are touched, rusty scimitar blades appear from the nearest seam between stones, thrusting out suddenly (make a Dexterity Check per weapon to avoid being struck; normal weapon damages apply).

Once the door closes, it cannot be opened



from the corridor side, and must be shattered (it is AC4, has 146 hp, and will reflect any spells cast at it back at the caster, completely and without fail).

After PCs have advanced 90' down the corridor, they notice that the floor, from this point onward, is covered with a slick, clear liquid. The liquid is tasteless, won't burn, and is very slippery.

If the PCs continue to advance, nothing occurs until they have traversed 60' of slippery corridor-whereupon the entire slippery area begins to tilt under their weight, dipping down to propel them helplessly forward in a slide, down and forward another 60', into a 10' drop into a room whose walls and floor are a rusty forest of old spear-points, swords, and other edged weapons, wired into place.

PCs unable to *fly* or *levitate* take damage as follows. Roll 1d12 for each PC; the result is the number of blades struck, each doing 2d4 damage in this initial fall.

Thereafter, as PCs clamber about in the forest of sharp blades, they must make a successful Dexterity Check each round or suffer 1d6 additional damage.

Anyone ending up in this forest of rusty steel is attacked immediately, from above. The ceiling of the room, 14' above the blade-adorned floor, is of stone tiles, held up on a massive iron grating. Two tiles are missing, and down through the gap will reach two fang-mouthed tentacles, one mouth wielding a battle axe (1d8 damage), and the other a halberd (1d10).

The pseudopods belong to an **Argos**: AL NE; AC 0; MV 9, Fl 3 (B); HD 10; 77 hp; THAC0 11; #AT 3 (weapons), or 3 per victim (pseudopods); Dmg by weapon or 1-4 (pseudopod mouth); SA eyes, swallows whole on a 20 attack roll (2d8 digestive damage/round), do 8 points to cut free; MR 25%; SZ G; ML 16; XP 6,000; MC7.

It has 96 eyes, and can bring 1d10 of them to bear on a single target (while attacking through the ceiling, it will hide its central eye

and only expose 1d10 eyes at a time). All of the eyes cast magic, as a 10th level wizard.

The large central eye can alter self cast a *color spray*, or cast a *ray of enfeeblement* each round. For all the other eyes, roll d20: 1: *blindness*; 2: *burning hands* (by eye gaze); 3: *charm monster*; 4: *clairvoyance*; 5: *confusion*; 6: *darkness*, 15' radius; 7: *dispel magic*; 8: *emotion*; 9: *ESP*; 10: *fumble*; 11: *gaze reflection*; 12: *heat metal*; 13: *hold monster*; 14: *improved phantasmal force*; 15: *irritation*; 16: *light*; 17: *slow*; 18: *suggestion*; 19: *tongues*; 20: *turn flesh to stone*.

This awesome monster is a huge, amorphous mass studded with many eyes and mouths. It can exude up to three pseudopods ending in fanged maws that can grasp items and wield weapons.

The argos was brought here by the magic of Baergil (CE hm W12), a deranged Zhentarim who plans treachery against his fellows. He set Spindleskull up as a guardian, to keep the argos free from molestation, and is quietly working his way here and there among the Zhentarim, trying to catch fellow wizards alone. When he manages it, he contrives to brush against them-and whispers the casting word of a special *teleport* variant spell he has devised. The spell hurls the unsuspecting wizard across the Realms to here: into the corridor, with Spindleskull's door closed behind them.

The argos provides the death-trap; it is up to the DM how much magic it has gained from Zhentarim victims already (and secreted inside its body). After initial annoyance at its imprisonment, the creature has come to enjoy slaying wizards, but is beginning to get restless again, and will co-operate in any PC breakout attempt-after trying to kill most of them, of course.

The argos can readily slide aside more ceiling tiles to gaze down at PCs, who must climb up to reach it. It can crash down on PCs who get up into its upper chamber, and even fly back above the corridor, to tear off its roof and



exude itself downward to block off any attempted retreat.

The “upper room” that the argos occupies overlies most of the corridor, and has a side-alcove that contains a few broken ceiling tiles and a well of good drinking water. The well’s bucket-rope currently holds a heavy cargo suspended in the well: Spindleskull’s treasure chest (which holds whatever treasure the DM desires).

Adventure Hooks

These are small encounters or intriguing events that can lead into larger adventures, as follows:

- PCs find a body in the sand—or rather, they find a pair of sprawled boots, leather armor, an empty helm, a sword and belt, gauntlets, and all-laid out as if a warrior had fallen on his face. There is no trace of the man who wore this gear: not a scrap of flesh or bone fragment, only the empty clothing. If PCs examine the belt-pouch, they find several gems DM’s choice of type and value), two brass keys (to unknown locks), and two scraps of parchment, bearing writing (in Thorass):

The Brotherhood will send a woman to meet you at the Lion’s Rest festhall in Mirabar. Go late; ask for the Emerald Whip. The words are ‘five black moons.’ Do not tell her of Taura’s death.

Ulbara is my daughter; she you may trust. Beware all others; both the shape-shifters and the Harpers seek the scepter, and they know it has been taken from Gauntulgrym to the Secret Place in the Sands. Most dangerous of those who seek it is the witch Elsura, who often walks in the shape of a mincing black cat with eyes of

gold-green hue. She knows the scepter by sight, and visited Gauntulgrym when it was a living city, at least once. There is also a man called Baelam, who has a metal hand. He commands strange magics; fight him from afar if you must face him. The Wizard of Waterdeep knows the way. Blood Creek is the place where Nerim is most often found. Let no one see you go.

- PCs come upon a snake (a giant cobra, perhaps) in the sand, striking repeatedly at something small and thin: a sword that moves by itself! The sword is animated by a glyptar (a gem-monster detailed in Volume 3 of the *Monstrous Compendium*, under “Maedar”), and if the PCs seize the sword, it will try (subtly) to manipulate one PC against another.

Alternatively, PCs reaching a tranquil oasis could come upon a scimitar floating motionless above the oasis pool. It does nothing until touched, whereupon it will “go with” the PC touching it until it has been carried into a good position to slay many PCs (in a tent with sleeping PCs is a “good position,” for example). This scimitar was magical before the glyptar possessed it, and has the following powers (which the glyptar can use): it is a +1 weapon and can fly (MC’ Fl 16 (A)), and can also *charm person* by touch, once a day; *dimension door* (self and if it wishes, one creature touching it, thrice per day); *invisibility* (self only, thrice per day).

- Any time the PCs use a spell of 5th level or greater while in the Sword that is not instantaneous, and does not duplicate a natural desert effect, they risk attracting the attention of a Phaerimm.

An alerted Phaerimm may send a servant creature to investigate. It will arrive in 2d12 turns, and may be anything that the Phaerimm has mentally controlled (usually a laerti, stingtail, or illithid). It will try to destroy PCs, or capture them and bring them underground



for Phaerimm examination. An intelligent creature will try to seize and carry below a valuable PC, knowing the others will follow in attempts to rescue their companion.

- A dying camel comes staggering into view over the dunes-exhausted, emaciated, swollen-tongued and unsteady. It is dragging heavy, battered packsacks, still strapped to it.

If they investigate, PCs discover (the hard way) that the “camel” is really a doppelganger, and the “packsacks” are another one. There is a real cargo carried by the “packsack,” however: that doppelganger will let fall an ivory coffer.

Inside the coffer is a wand, coated with some sort of paralyzing poison. Both doppelgangers wear tiny vials of the antidote, hanging from rings that pierce their ears.

- PCs come upon a slaughtered Bedine tribe, amid flapping vultures. If they examine the bodies closely, they see that all valuables have been taken, and that the nomads were all slain by magic.

Shortly afterwards (probably when they are next encamped), they meet a mysterious, black-robed, severe woman, who walks alone out of the desert to confront them, offering them water (if they seem in need of it) or gems and gold (which she is carrying large amounts of, hidden in her robes or in a *Leomund's secret chest*) in return for spell scrolls (or magical items . . .).

This woman is a desert witch, Shiluan, of some power (adjust her actual level, above or below 9th, to best challenge PCs). Her spells are almost exclusively those given in the “Wind and Sand Magic” chapter of this book. She battles PCs who attack or try to capture her, but need not be aggressive or evil. If rebuffed, she may stealthily follow the PC party, hoping to find a way out of the desert or to win their aid through gratitude by rescuing them from foes, later.

It is up to the DM whether Shiluan slew the tribe (and if so, why), or used her magic to flee from Zhentarim or other wizardly attackers who slaughtered her people (or perhaps she has no connection with the slain Bedine at all). If the PCs are already engaged in running fights with Zhentarim agents, Shiluan could prove a temporary PC ally against the Brotherhood.

- Vultures begin to follow the PCs, nearer attacking or even dropping down within reach, but always there. Their escort begins to draw the attention of desert predators (such as lions, laerti, or if this occurs in the Plain, even giants).

Most of the vultures are simply vultures, but at least two of them, the leaders of the flock, are *polymorphed* Zhentarim magelings, spying on the PCs and hoping to see them destroyed, so that they can rob the PCs of any magic or valuables they carry, and claim the defeat of “dangerous foes of the Brotherhood” for their own advancement.

The “false vultures” may abandon their disguises if directly attacked, or if the PCs are beset by powerful foes, and the Zhentarim think that their spells can bring certain defeat to the PCs.



	Laerti	Stingtail
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any temperate, dry	
FREQUENCY:	Rare	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Tribal	Tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Nocturnal (subterranean: Any)	
DIET:		Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	D	Q, R, U
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	6-48 (6d8)	2-13 (1d12 + 1)
ARMOR CLASS:	5	3
MOVEMENT:	18, Br 8	14, Br 10
HIT DICE:	3 + 3	7
THAC0:	17	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3	4
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-2 (or by weapon) × 2 (claws)/1-6 (bite)	2-5 (or by weapon) × 2/2-7/2-8 (tail)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil	Tail Poison
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil	spell immunities
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil	Nil
SIZE:	M (7' tall, 9' tail)	L (12'tall, 14' tail)
MORALE:	Champion (15)	Fanatic (18)
XP VALUE:	120	1,400

Called "asabis" by the Bedine, these desert-dwelling reptiles are superficially similar to the "lizard men" of the swamplands. Laertis tend to be brown or grey in hue, with dun or light green underbellies; their larger cousins, stingtails, tend to be brown or dark reddish-brown.

Laertis and stingtails both have yellow, egg-shaped eyes so bright that they flash in darkness, with horizontal slit pupils. They wear only leather armor, speak their own sharp, chattering language, and their sexes appear identical to human eyes. Laertis can run on all fours or stand upright, but their tails are not prehensile; those of stingtails are prehensile. Both laertis and stingtails closely resemble the tiny lizards of the sands: unlike "lizard men," their limbs protrude from their sinuous bodies at right angles, and they move with quick, ungainly gestures.

Their narrow skulls have sloping foreheads that end in a protruding brow, and swing from side to side atop a thin, awkward neck. They touch and smell partially with their flicking tongues, and have rough, pebbly skin, with gashes for ears and noses.

Combat: Laertis hire themselves out as mercenaries to surface beings, or hunt surface-dwelling Bedine and less intelligent creatures on their own, using any sort of one-handed sword they can fashion or capture, and crude crossbows (equal to "light crossbows") which they carry slung on their backs. Laertis are quite cunning, and enjoy ambushing prey. By strict rule, they do not fight among themselves.

Laertis can readily burrow into and out of the sand, rising silently from buried concealment to strike down foes. They can run swiftly on all fours, their serpentine tails twitching behind (increasing their effective armor class to 4 vs. opponents who are using missile weapons against them). At will they can rise upright on their rear legs to fight, or leap up to 20' horizontally or 16' upwards.

Habitat/Society: On the surface of desert lands, laertis are only encountered at night. They must spend the day hiding from the sun, either burrowed a few feet beneath the sand, or in a cave, or huddled in a rock crevice. Their body temperatures pro-



hibit them from activity in the hot sun: more than 2-5 turns of enforced marching or carrying in the sun will cause a laerti to collapse.

Left to themselves, laertis dwell in tribes, under the rule of a council of elders and a war-leader. They may ally themselves with dark nagas and other co-operative evil creatures for mutual gain, or even adopt these as members of the tribe. Every laerti tribe has at least 2d8 stingtail members. They have tunnels everywhere under the desert, and often emerge by night to raid surface locales.

Most laertis of Anauroch are controlled by the Phaerimm, and live in war-bands or other groups at the whim of their masters.

Ecology: Laertis eat the internal organs ("soft parts") of humans, camels, and other prey, tearing open the bodies and leaving the rest for vultures. They also eat certain subterranean fungi, such as lichens, mushrooms, and myconids, and certain taproofs that enter the depths from the surface world, above.

The same poisons affect laerti and stingtails as affect humans, except that both are immune to stingtail tail poison.

Stingtail: A rarer, related laerti variety, stingtails live peacefully with laerti brethren: the two species are cross-fertile, 10% of the young being stingtails and the rest laertis. Stingtails are less intelligent than laertis, but larger and stronger, and are usually content to follow the orders and aims of laertis.

Stingtails employ the same sorts of weapons in battle as laertis, but can also use their tails for 2d4 damage slaps or coil them around melee weapons, wielding them for normal damage. At will (to a maximum of six times/day), a stingtail making a successful hit with its tail (when not holding a weapon or using the tail to hang onto a ledge or branch) on an opponent can elect to release a spray of liquid poison through skin pores. This caustic, vinegar-scented secretion causes victims hit by it to be *confused* for the round of striking and the round that follows, and forces a save vs. poison to avoid Type M contact poison effects (see *DMG*).

Stingtails are of little use to Phaerimm and wizards seeking slaves, because they are immune to the effects of all known magics of the enchantment/charm school.

Naga, Dark

FR13

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Any except arctic/any land
FREQUENCY: Very rare
ORGANIZATION: Trios, pairs, alone or work with other lawful evil creatures

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE: Exceptional (16)

TREASURE: S, T,W
ALIGNMENT: Lawful evil
NO. APPEARING: 1-3 (usually 1)

ARMOR CLASS: 6
MOVEMENT: 13
HIT DICE: 9

THACO: 13 (11 if 9-HD)
NO. OF ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-4/2-8

SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: L (up to 12' long)
MORALE: Champion (15)
X.P. VALUE: 4,000

Dark nagas are fey creatures who have human-like faces (with fanged mouths) on leathery, snake-like bodies. They usually work with other evil beings for mutual gain or survival. Dark nagas tend to be black, purplish-black, or very dark blue in hue, and their crested heads and smooth, almost invisible scales make them look like gigantic eels more than snakes.

Combat: Dark nagas have natural *ESP* powers (80' range), and use this ability constantly.

Dark nagas have a (non-poisonous) bite and a poisonous tail-sting; the barbed stinger does physical damage, and any struck being must save vs. poison or take 1-2 hp additional damage and fall into a drugged sleep (onset time 1 round, sleep lasts 2d4 rounds).

The most feared ability of dark nagas is their power to wield magic. A dark naga casts spells as a 6th level wizard (4,2,2), and employs verbal-only spells. It may learn these spells from dragons, Phaerimm, or other creatures who can cast spells with but a word or thought (act-of-will spells, as opposed to spell-like natural powers, can easily be altered into verbal-release magics . . . but the devising of a verbal-only version of a spell that normally has somatic and material components is not nearly so simple a matter). It may devise new spells, or verbal-only spell versions, itself by means of experimentation. Either means of acquiring new magics is slow and expensive, and this can often force dark nagas into servitude to a stronger evil creature or anyone who hires them, or into the life of an adventurer.

Dark nagas are immune to the effects of all known (normal and magical) acids, venoms, and poisons. Some have been known to swallow poisons and act as a courier, spitting up the dangerous liquid when they deliver it to its destination. They can spit poison that they are so carrying up to 10' distant at any opponent; this requires a successful attack roll, and takes the place of their bite, though a naga can elect to bite and then release the poison as it does so, combining the damage.

In battle, a dark naga may use its sting and either a spell or a bite in the same round. If space permits, the naga can direct its sting and bite against the same foe, but it is quite intelligent enough to direct attacks at multiple opponents, even attacking foes in front of and behind it, simultaneously, if caught between them in a narrow passage.



Dark nagas cannot be mind-read; their *ESP* ability somehow renders them immune to the *ESP*-like probes of others. They are subject but resistant to *charm*, *sleep*, *hold* and similar enchantment/charm spells, receiving a +2 bonus to all saving throws against this school of magic.

Habitat/Society: Dark nagas lair in rocky places, such as caverns or ruins; they like to have a home where they can hide things (such as treasures and spellbooks), that has more than one entry or exit, and at least one place narrow enough that they can block it with their body, and singlehandedly fight off intruders. Dark nagas are fond of traps, and will devise these (or hire other creatures to install them) whenever possible.

Dark nagas tend to be loners, but can form stable family groups of two or three; they are bisexual, and give birth to a squirming mass of many wormlike young which they promptly abandon to fend for themselves. Intelligent enough to know they can prevail against few creatures in the Realms alone, dark nagas work with other evil creatures, such as orcs, hobgoblins, drow, phaerimm, beholders, and the like. They like to fill a "commander and magical strike force" role, perhaps in a sergeant-like intermediary rank, under a more powerful ruler—but they are wise enough to adopt the faith, beliefs, and rules of whatever group they join.

Ecology: Dark nagas do not willingly eat other dark nagas, but they will eat just about anything else, both alive and dead. They eat a few lichens and the occasional green plant, but their main diet is meat. They especially prize hot, still-fresh blood.

Dark nagas spend their lives outwardly working with, or serving, others. Whenever possible, however, they also pursue private goals, which may be as whimsical and odd as some human goals ("cover this desert valley with trees," for instance), but always include increasing their personal power by acquiring new spells and magical items. Dark nagas are quick to plunder fallen foe, swallowing items, scrolls, and spellbooks to spit forth later—for all dark nagas have a bag-like internal organ that they can use to carry things. This organ has thick, rubbery air-sac walls to protect the naga against harp points and the like, but it also protects the cargo against digestive juices, and has the unusual side-effect of shielding magic from all detection spells.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Temperate/any dry
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Hunting swarms
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Nocturnal (subterranean: any)
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	4-12 (usually 6 or 7)

ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT:	2, Fl 14 0
HIT DICE:	1+6
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	4-7/1-3

SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil

SIZE:	S (up to 2' "hornspan," 3' length)
MORALE:	Elite (13)
X.P. VALUE:	420

Orpsu, also known as "night stirges," are flying predators who feed on fresh blood. They are unrelated to the more common stirge, and do not grip victims to feed. An orpsu is a hairless, rat-tailed flying beast equipped with raking fangs and four bony, wing-like projecting "horns." Orpsu are mottled crimson, purple, mauve, or cinnamon-brown in hue, and have veined, leathery skin.

Orpsu are common in Kara-Tur and the steppes, plains, and deserts that lie west of the Eastern Realms.

Combat: Orpsu have 150 infravision, and hunt in darkness to avoid attacks from larger predators when flying in the open. Once per day, an orpsu can use a weak form of hold monster (as the fifth-level wizard spell, except that only a single living being within 60' can be attacked). If the target successfully saves (at +2) against this power, it is affected as if by a slow spell. Orpsu catch and overcome most of their prey by this means. They are relatively clumsy in flight, and usually swoop down on prey only after it has been *held* or *slowed*.

Orpsu have stout, razor-sharp fangs, but no lower jaws, and cannot bite, using their fangs instead to slash or rake. Orpsu also have prehensile tails, too weak to hold struggling prey or a weapon, but able to drag small objects or coil around a tree limb when the creature is at rest. Orpsu have no legs or feet, and can only move on the ground by clumsily undulating their bodies.

The most distinctive features of an orpsu are its razor-sharp, blade-like bone "horns," which project out of its body like two back-to-back crescents, the ends of one pair of horns curling forward on either side of the raking fangs, and the other two projecting backwards like wings on either side of the tail. An orpsu is at a disadvantage if knocked out of the air, and therefore instinctively swoops down to strike targets at an angle, as it passes—so only one side of its body menaces prey, and only one horn (either the front horn—or, if it misses, the angled, dragging rear horn) can strike an intended target per swoop (in addition to the orpsu's fangs). A horn attack does 1d4 + 3 damage.

Any wound caused by one continues to bleed (the victim losing 1 hp/round thereafter) until the wound is bound up (and the victim refrains from combat or other strenuous activity for at least 1 turn), or curative magic is applied.

Orpsu only attempt to drain blood from victims who are *held*, *asleep*, or who have collapsed. Up to a dozen soft, flexible white



tentacles emerge from slits in an orpsu's belly (into which they retract when not needed). Orpsu have no barbs or claws to grip victims, and instead glide down to a flapping halt above chosen prey, onto which they settle heavily. The tentacles penetrate the victim's skin, providing some holding power, and the orpsu usually wraps its tail around the victim's body, limb or extremity. On the round after settling, the orpsu's blood drain begins. It takes 1-2 hit points of blood per round, until the victim dies or the orpsu is knocked off (this is not difficult if the victim is conscious and able to move). A physical attack by another being usually causes a draining orpsu to bound into the air with a powerful coiling and whipping of its tail, and fly away). Orpsu have no known blood-satiation point. They remain alert when draining, and will abandon a victim rather than face certain death by remaining.

Orpsu fly by natural *levitation*, propelling themselves forward by flailing and wriggling their tails, and steering by angling the membrane "wings" of their horns as they tilt their bodies.

Habitat/Society: Orpsu lair in rocky places, such as caverns or ruins, and hunt in open, rolling scrubland or plains—or dwell and hunt entirely beneath the surface, in the endless caverns of the Underdark.

Orpsu emit no calls or noises, and can communicate only with others of their kind, employing a limited, 20'-range telepathy that is incomprehensible to other beings employing magic or natural powers to mentally eavesdrop. Their peculiar mental activity renders them immune to *charm*, *suggestion*, *domination*, and *hold* magic and similar mental powers and spells.

Orpsu live in mated pairs, producing litters of 1-4 live, instantly-active and hungry young (1-1 HD, attacks: 2-5/1-2) every three summers. Offspring remain with their parents to form a family "swarm," which grows with the passing years and litters until the swarm numbers more than a dozen—whereupon 1-4 of the oldest, original offspring form mated pairs and fly off to find new (orpsu-less) hunting territory, and there found a swarm of their own.

Ecology: Surface-dwelling orpsu prey on sheep, cattle, many small creatures (having a particular fondness for badgers, foxes, and otters), large birds, and men. Subterranean orpsu prefer the blood of drow and duergar to all else.

Phaerimm

FR13

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any (in Faerun, confined to subterranean Anauroch)
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Supra-genius (19-20)
TREASURE:	A11 possible
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-3 (usually 1)
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	Fl 9 (A)
HIT DICE:	9
THACO:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	6
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4 (or by weapon) × 4/3-12/2-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Tail sting, spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	44%
SIZE:	L (up to 12' long)
MORALE:	Fanatic (17)
X.P. VALUE:	10,000



Phaerimm are powerful magic-using beings that move by natural levitation. They resemble upright cones, the widest part uppermost, and the point ending in a barbed stinger-tail.

Combat: Phaerimm have 160'-range infravision, and can see into the astral and ethereal planes up to 90' distant. Their normal vision also operates to this range, and functions as a constant detect magic. Phaerimm also have natural magic resistance: 44% vs. all magic except petrification and polymorph attacks (to which they are 77% resistant). Any magical attack on them that their resistance overcomes can be used by Phaerimm as healing (the hp damage the spell would have done are gained as "replacement" hp; excess gained points can be carried for 12 rounds as energy, and used to offset later damage) or reflected back 100% at the source. (Spells that do no damage absorbed by a Phaerimm as healing yield 1 hp per spell level.) Spell reflections are a defensive reflex and do not take the place of a Phaerimm's spell attack in the round they occur. No upward limit to the number of magical attacks a Phaerimm can reflect or absorb in a single round has yet been found.

Phaerimm also command more magic than most human mages. For every fifty years of life, a Phaerimm increases one level as a wizard; most of this long-lived race are the equivalents of 22nd to 27th level mages. Phaerimm experiment with, research, and memorize spells much as human wizards do, but can also adopt a single chosen spell of each level as "natural." The spell (which can never be changed, once chosen) is retained in their brain structure. Phaerimm regain chosen "natural" spells innately, without study, every day.

Most Phaerimm have devised some unique spells. All Phaerimm spells are cast by silent act of will—most Phaerimm magical study is time spent altering captured human spells into will-force magical energy manipulations.

In addition to a spell attack (and any reflected magics) in a round, a Phaerimm can make up to six physical attacks, if targets are within reach. Its powerful jaws, located in the open "top" of its cone, bite for 3d4 damage. The rim of the cone contains four evenly-spaced, fully-retractable arms. These arms look startlingly human, but the hands have three central fingers and two outside, opposed thumbs. They can punch for 1d4 damage, wield weapons (up to and including polearms) for normal weapon

damage, or grasp opponents to hold them for automatically-striking bites (each round, roll a d20 each for Phaerimm and grasped victim; higher total prevails: either the grasp holds for the round, or the victim breaks free).

Phaerimm also have powerful tails that can smite for 2d4 damage; if a tail attack roll is 16 or better on a d20, its sting impales the victim: the victim takes the usual 2d4 damage, plus 1d6 more as the hollow bone sting stabs deep into them, injecting a milky fluid. The victim must save against poison three times: to see if the injected venom *paralyzes* the victim; to determine if it causes the victim to levitate (rising above any "floor" surface, and hanging a few feet off the ground, powerless to move except by grasping or pushing against solid objects within reach); and to see if the Phaerimm egg injected into the victim is fertile. If it isn't, it dissolves harmlessly. If it is, it begins to grow in 1d6 days, eating the victim internally for a loss of 1 hp/day thereafter, until death occurs or a *cure disease* spell kills the Phaerimm larva. During this time, the victim's attack, armor class, and ability scores are all penalized by 4 points, due to debilitating, gnawing pain. An egg or larva can be cut out of a victim, who must survive a system shock roll, and typically suffers 2d4 points of damage during the process.

Habitat/Society: The Phaerimm like to live near others of their own kind (for mutual protection, and for the social satisfaction of vying with each other in devious plans), but operate alone or surround themselves with magically-controlled slave creatures to carry out their bidding. In Faerun, the mightiest magic of the Sharn presently limits Phaerimm to under Anauroch, but they work through agents to affect the world beyond the desert, using certain Bedine tribesmen and some Red Wizards who came to Anauroch long ago to try to establish a base or recover the fabled magic of The Lost Kingdoms. They have also subverted a few Zhentarim, but are being very careful not to reveal themselves to the Brotherhood—yet.

Ecology: Phaerimm eat all reptiles and mammals, keeping them as slaves until their turn as dinner. They especially hate tomb tappers, who seem immune to Phaerimm mind-controlling magics.

Tomb Tapper (Thaalud)

FR13

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Minerals (see below)
INTELLIGENCE:	High (13-14)
TREASURE:	Q × 4 (special)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-12
<hr/>	
ARMOR CLASS:	- 2
MOVEMENT:	10, Br 1-4
HIT DICE:	8 + 8
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 or 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	4-24/4-24/10-21 or 7-18
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	H (15-21' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (16)
X.P. VALUE:	8,000



Thaalud appear as tall, naked, sexless and hairless humanoids with very hard, smooth blue-gray skin, claws that can dig through solid rock, and great toothed mouths in their bellies. Their smooth, featureless heads have earned them the nickname "the Faceless."

Combat: Thaalud attack with iron-hard, long-fingered hands (4d6 damage each), and bend over or hurl themselves atop opponents to bite with their abdominal mouths (which crush and tear armor, rock, flesh and bone alike, one bite doing 1d12 + 9 damage). If they lack the room for such maneuvers, or don't want to close with opponents, they swing great hammers (see below) for 1d12 + 6 damage. Tappers can wield these weapons one-handed (- 2 on attack rolls), and throw them with great accuracy (+ 2 to hit).

Thaalud "see" by sonar (they emit inaudibly high sound waves, which bounce back) accurate up to 440', and require no light. This sense enables them to locate invisible creatures and objects, and makes them immune to illusions and other vision-related spells (such as *color spray* and *hypnotic pattern*). They communicate by means of humming sounds created by skin vibration (this language is partially understood by mind flayers), and by a limited (120'-range, no mind-reading or attacks possible from either end) *telepathy*. Tappers can *detect magic* at will, and can animate rock (as the seventh-level priest spell, affecting up to 9 cubic feet of rock, for 1d4 + 2 rounds; determine duration randomly each time used) once every 12 turns.

Tomb tappers are immune to enchantment/charm spells and fire- and cold-based attacks of all sorts. Electrical attacks do them half (or, if save is made, no) damage. They save versus petrification at -2, and when killed, turn to stone in 1-2 rounds.

Habitat/Society: Tomb tappers get their name from their habit of burrowing up from the depths to plunder tombs, temples, and wizards' towers, in search of magical items, which they bear off. They usually try to seize magical items from encountered beings.

Magic is sacred to thaalud; they never use any magical items gained, but protect and venerate them. Tappers spend their long lives in an eternal search for the Source of All Magic, which they believe lies hidden somewhere deep in the earth. They are somewhat in awe of earth elementals, believing them to be created at this mysterious source, and are reluctant to attack them.

Thaalud keep as common treasure (owned by the clan as a

whole) all magical items, and guard these watchfully. As personal treasure, they keep pretty rocks (i.e. not gems that are dull when uncut), such as quartz, jade, agate, and amethyst. These are stored in caverns of glowrock, in the utter depths. (Glowrock is a stone that gives off a natural amber or lime-green *faerie fire*. It is harmless, and useful as a light source, but too soft to carve. It is often present in radiation-strong areas of the IJnderdark, glowing brightly when exposed to such radiation-but is not itself a radiation source.)

Ecology: Several prominent sages believe thaalud are created beings, originally humans altered by magic in fallen Netheril. This view is supported by their faceless heads (arguing they have been changed from a humanoid norm), and by their spell immunities (suggesting they were created to fight the Phaerimm). Tapper beliefs indicate they know magic has power over them. Some, including Elminster, think thaalud were originally made from rock, animated in human form. This view is supported by their turning to stone at death.

Thaalud skin varies in porosity at will; through it, tappers take in needed water. Their gigantic jaws can crush rock, from which thaalud extract mineral sustenance. They also digest iron from blood and bone marrow, if such become available—but do not hunt to eat.

Thaalud customarily wield great hammers of arenite, an alloy (exact composition secret) derived from magma. These hammers are 10' long or more, heavy, harder than most rock, and very durable. Tappers can dig through rock with their claws, but use their hammers to split rock when a smooth surface is desired.

Thaalud are naturally long-lived, and form regional clans. It is not known if they have young or give birth; no children or pregnant thaalud have ever been seen. Even who leads a clan is not known, although thaalud make and keep deals with other beings, and hence are assumed to respect rules and authority.

Thaalud will aid *svirfnebli* and dwarves, whose magic they leave unmolested. They have no interest in drow clothing and other items that act magical due to Underdark radiations and not true dweomers. Thaalud hate umber hulks (sometimes enslaving them from birth), mutually ignore xorn, dislike duergar and drow, and are bitter foes of illithids and Phaerimm, who have slain more than a few thaalud.

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The Parched Sea



Elfshadow



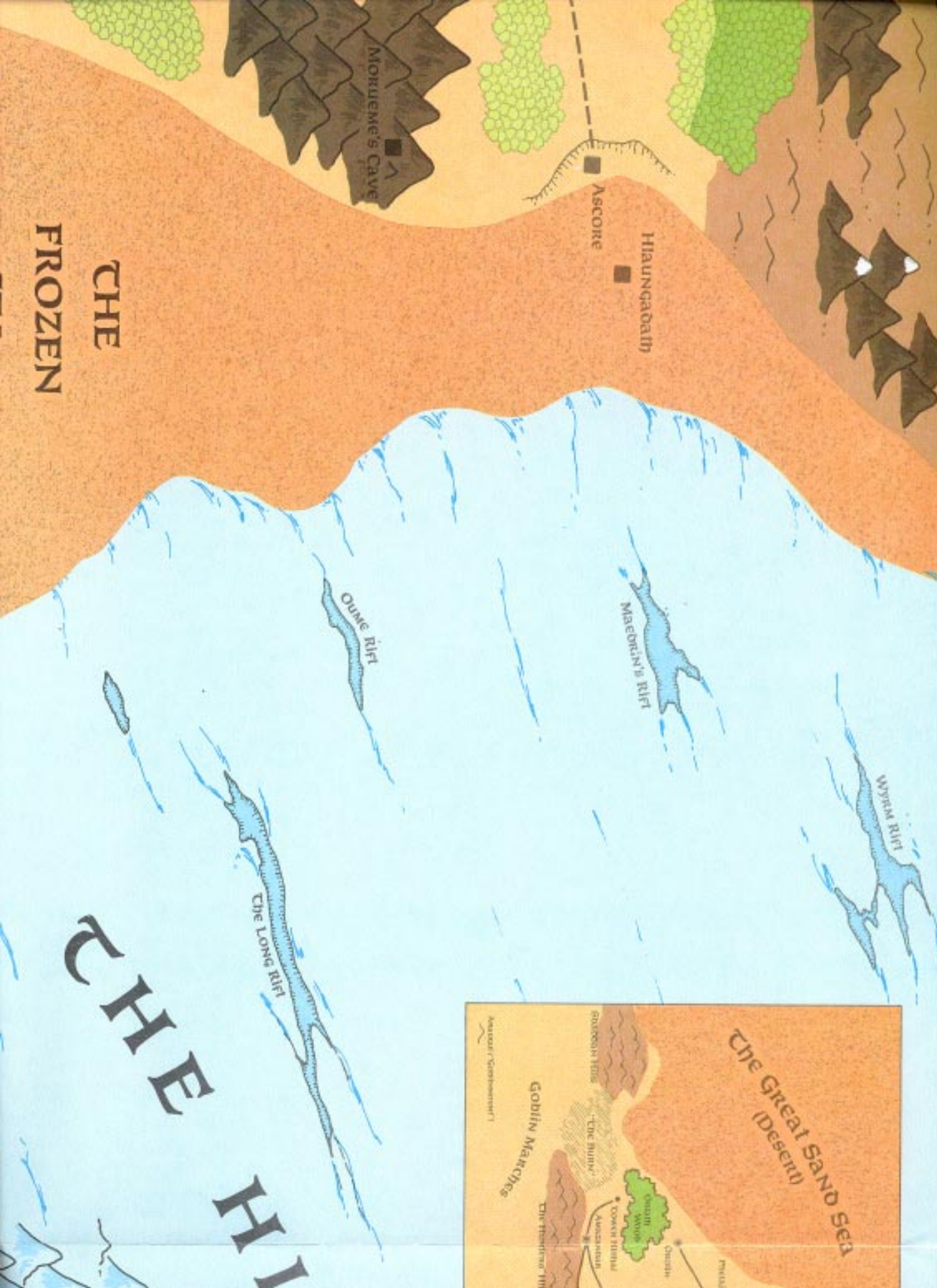
Red Magic



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THE FROZEN



Morkueme's Cave

Ascokre

Haungabath

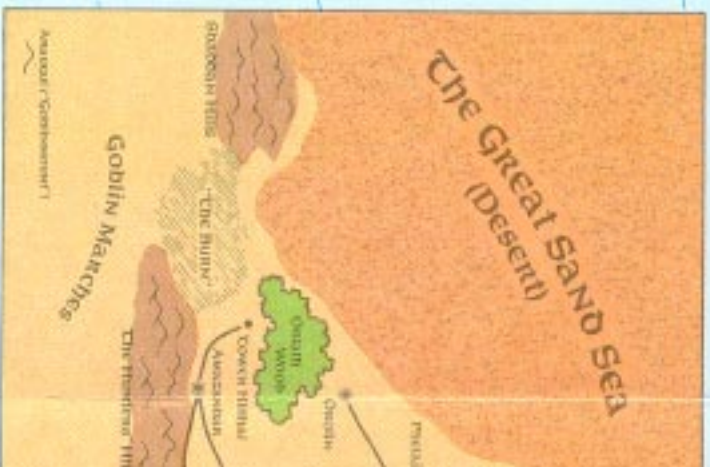
Oume Rift

Maedrin's Rift

Wyrak Rift

The Long Rift

THE HILL



The Great Sand Sea
(Desert)

Goblin Marches

'The Bunn'

Coastal Hills

Ascokre

The Thunder Hill

The Avon

Morkueme's Cave

Goblin Hills

Ascokre

Coastal Hills

Ascokre

FROZEN

SEA

FORGOTTEN REALMS

ANAUROCH

Scale: 1 inch = 30 miles

	MOUNTAIN RANGE		FOREST (THICK)		TOWN
	MOUNTAIN (MEDIUM)		FOREST (MEDIUM)		STRONGHOLD
	MOUNTAIN (LOW)		FOREST (THIN)		CAMP
	HILLS		MARSH		SPECIAL INCIDENTS
	ROLLING HILLS		CLEAR		ROAD
	PLAINS (GRASSLAND)		RIVER		CHANNEL
	MARSH		CLIFF		
	DESERT (ROCKY)		SNOW (ICE)		

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Malikyn's Rift

BIND RIFT

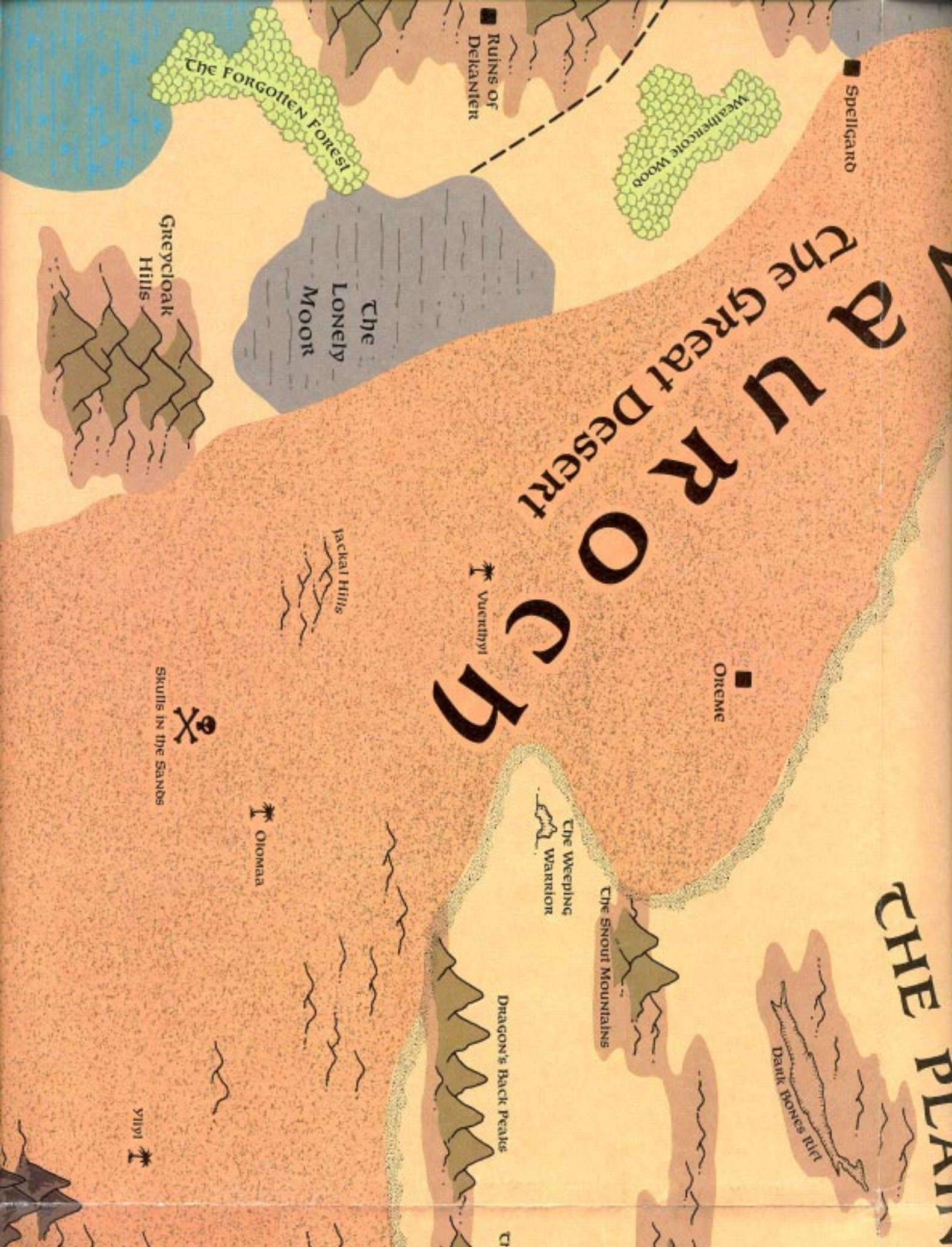
The Can...

Quarry of the
Clans

The Pillar of
Caunos

THE PLAIN

Y V



■ Spellgaro

Weathercore Wood

■ Ruins of Dekanter

The Forgotten Forest

The LONELY MOOR

Greycloak Hills

THE GREAT DESERT

URUCH

■ Oreme

Jackal Hills

🌴 Vuerthyl

Skulls in the Sands



🌴 Oiomaa

The Weeping warrior

The SNOUT MOUNTAINS

Dragon's Back Peaks

Dark Bone's Riv

THE PLAIN

🌴 Yilpi



Hill of Lost Souls

Evereska

The Battle of Bones

Skull Gorge

Lundbeth

Lion's Eye Oasis

The Quarter of Emptiness

Rasliith

The Secret Place in the Sands

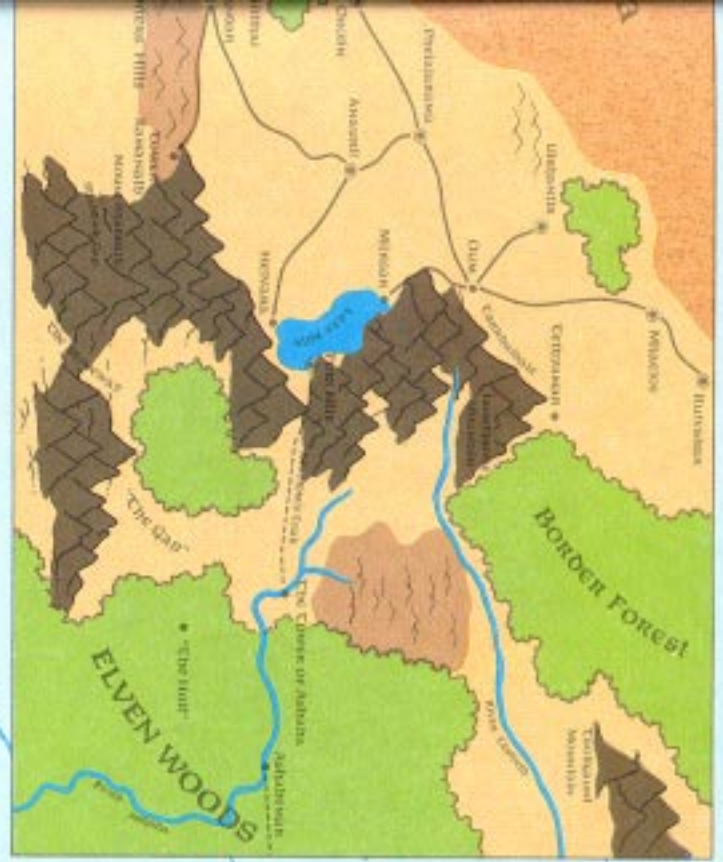
THE SWORD

The Salvado

Ma'atar

The Wall of Fallen Djinn

IGH ICE



LAMMER RIFT

DAgger RIFT

BLACK WING RIFT

LASHLOCH, THE LAKE OF ICE

UNTRIVVIN

THE RIFT OF STARS

IN OF SCANDING



The Gorglar

Fallen Giant Rift

The Ice Wall

The River of Gems

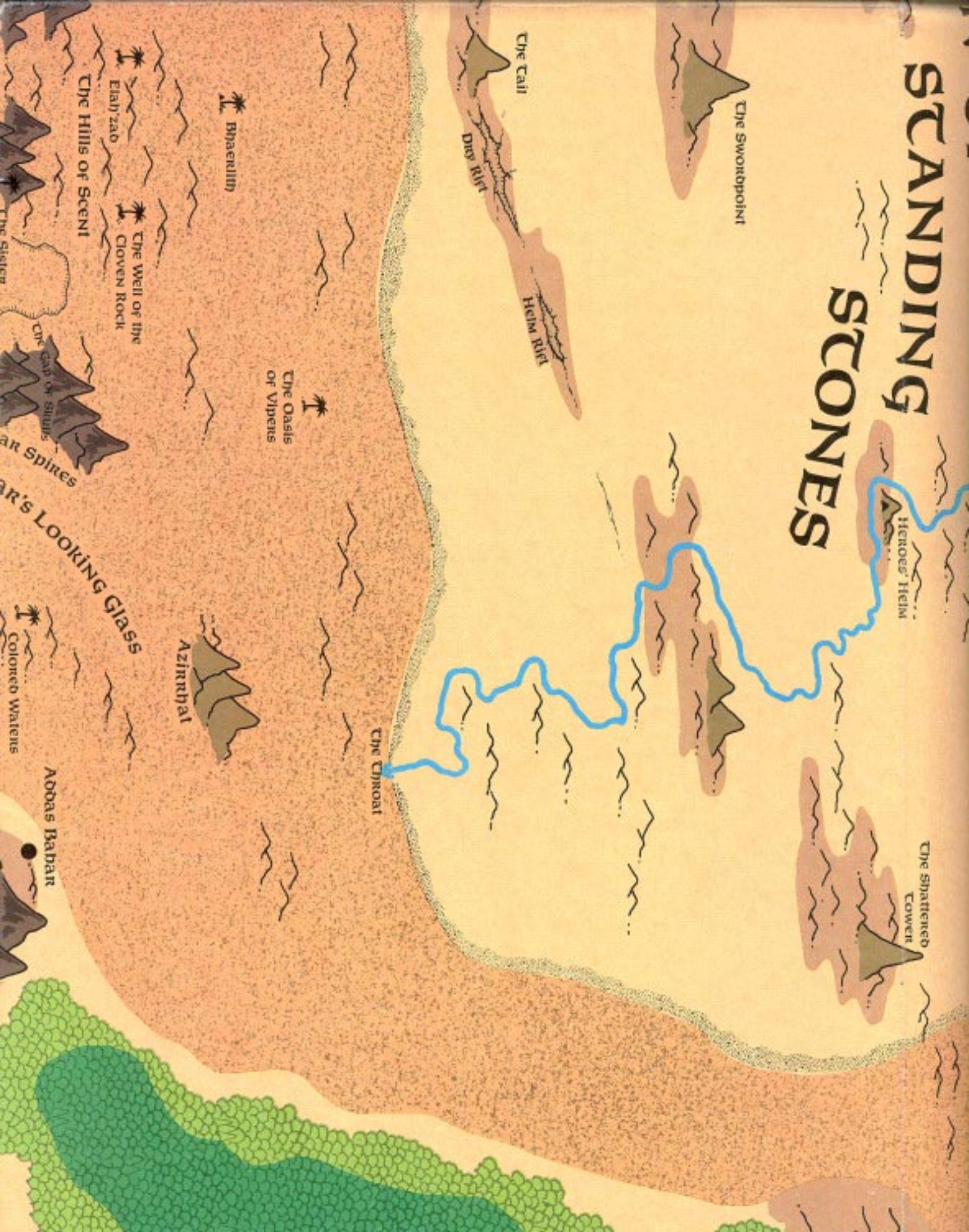
Aerith's Rest

The Hidden Valley
of Skindin

The Shattered
Tower

Black Wing

SCANDINAVIAN STONES



The Sworpoint

The Tall

Drey Hill

Heim Hill

Heroes' Heim

The Shattered Tower

The Oasis of Vipers

Rhaerlith

Elaizao

The Well of the Cloven Rock

The Hills of Sceni

The Gap of Skulls

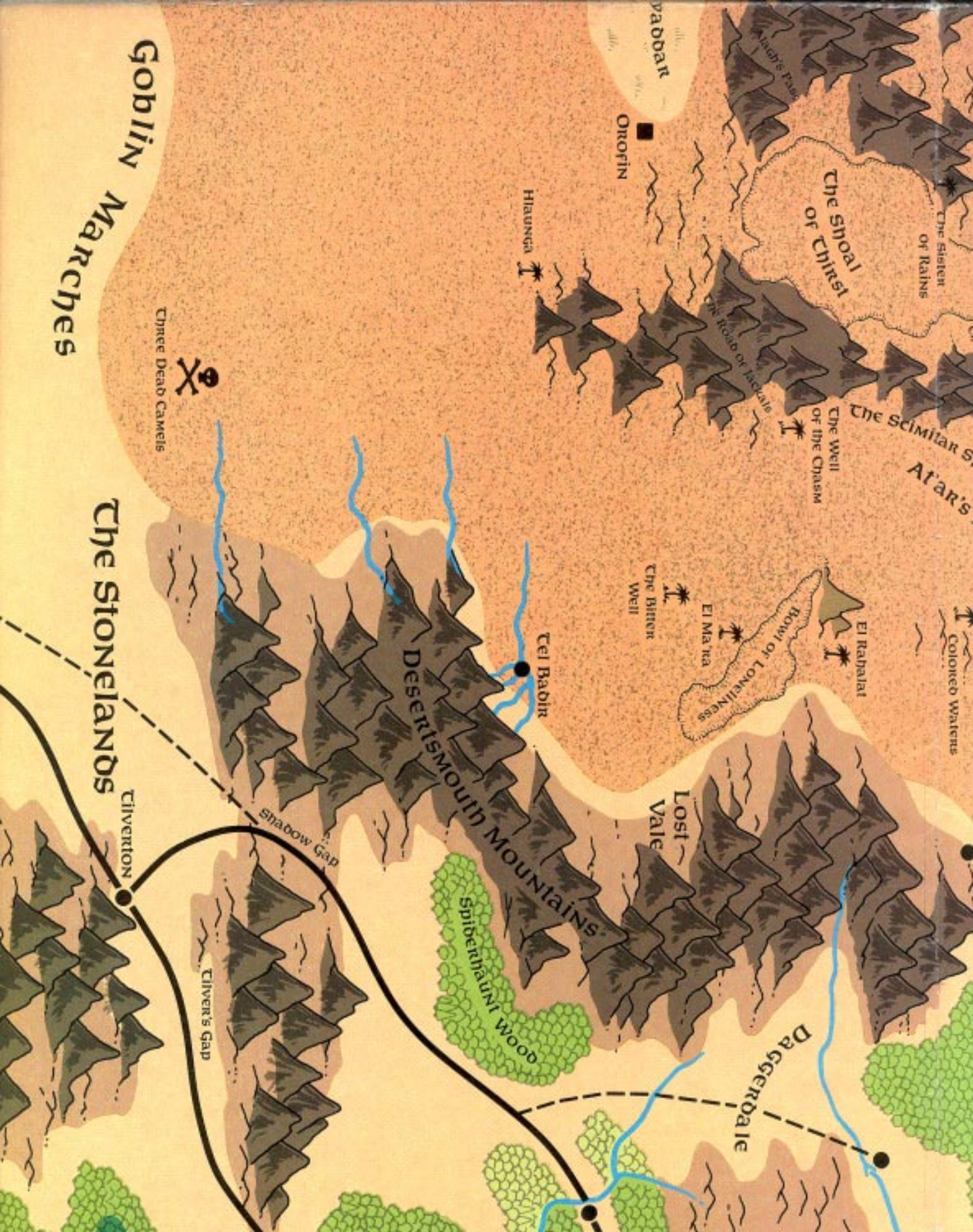
The Spire

The Star's Looking Glass

Colored Waters

Aodas Babar

Azirrbat



Goblin Marches

Three Dead Camels



The Stonelands

Cilverton

Shadow Gap

Cilver's Gap

Desertmound Mountains

Spidekhaunt Wood

Cel Babir

Lost Vale

Daggerdale

The Bitter Well

Ei Mar'ia

Ei Rabalal

Rowl of Loneliness

The Well of the Chasm

The Scimitar of Atar's

Colored Waters

Orofin

Hiaungsa

The Shoal of Thirst

The Sister of Rains

The Road of Fardale

Augh's Pass

Rabbarr

sack of hide or heavy woven camel hair, large enough to carry a skin of water and some food
 lahaq—overtake, catch
 laqa—meet
 leben—camel milk
 leben-gemel—milk-camel (she-camel)
 lebenla—milk not from a camel (e.g. sheep)
 lel—night
 ma'—go
 mamlahah—a small, flat-bottomed valley left when a lake dries up
 maessa—evening
 marid—ill
 ma—die
 matar—ram
 meyit—dead
 min—from
 misik—seize
 mot—death
 mova—water
 nabat—plant
 nar—fire, light
 nebit—wine
 negm—star
 osbur—stop
 qadim—old
 qafal—shut
 qahwa—coffee
 qam—begin
 qarib—near
 qasir—short
 qawi—strong
 rasal—send
 rebaba (plural: rebabas)—plucked (stringed) Bedine musical instrument, resembling a lute, with a long, thin, triangular-shaped body
 rih—wind
 sa'al—ask (a question)
 safr—copper
 saham—friend
 salam—safe (to be)
 salla—basket, container
 sanduq—box
 saraf—waste
 s e d—hunt, hunting
 shef—sword (other than scimitar: e.g. a broadsword or other ulugarr's weapon)
 shemal—to the left, on your left
 sheta—winter
 shugl—task, business
 shurr—(shifting or loose) sand
 sirrag—lamp
 tabbakh—cook
 ta'ala—come
 talab—seek, search, ask for
 tariq—road, path, or known route
 tayyib-kher—good
 tefaddal—please (teffadil: pleased)
 tu'ban—snake
 turab—dust
 ulugarr—outlander, intruder, elf or other being from outside the desert
 ulutarr—banished or outcast one
 uskut—be silent
 wadi—dry wash or gulch
 wuish—face
 yalla—go quickly

yed—hand
 yemin—on the right, to your right
 zaba—grave
 zad—house (temple of a god or goddess), or an inhabited building (rare to the tent-dwelling Bedine)
 zahg—husband
 zahgat—wife
 zoba'a—storm

A Few Handy Phrases

Betefattish ala ey? = What are you looking for?
 Betifattish ala ev? = What are you arguing about?
 El-moya kulle yom betin-qas = The water gets less every day
 Esh el-kalam da? = What is the meaning of this?
 Esh te'mal? = What are you doing?
 Fahimtush entu kelami? = Do you understand what I said?
 Hatuh hena = Bring him here.
 Ibqu tesduqu = Speak the truth.
 Ma tes'alnish = Do not ask.
 Ma teshrab min el-moya da = Do not drink of this water.
 Sallim nefsek irmi silabeck = Surrender.
 Lay down your arms.

(A reminder to DMs: PCs who cast *comprehend languages*, *tongues* or other obvious spells in order to converse with Bedine are likely to be attacked on the spot—or, if the PCs appear to be a strong party, fled from instantly.)

DANGERS OF THE DESERT

The worst hazard to visitors in the Sword of Anauroch is lack of water. Travelers often carry in or magically create it; seeking it at rare oases, by digging, or by melting ice in cold regions all lure predators.

Winds carry scent a long way. This can confuse both hunter and hunted, but hunters are alerted to edible life, and its direction. In the Sword, sand can cloak scent (e.g. a being buried to the neck in a dune), this can aid lurking predators as well as fleeing prey. Whenever one can see a long way, one can also be seen from afar. Standing on a dune puts one on display and causes a patter of sand down its slip-face, to alert those below.

Anauroch is a land of extreme conditions that can harm beings attempting things that are simple and harmless elsewhere in Faerun. DMs with access to the *Wilderness Survival Guide* can treat desert hazards in detail, beyond the suggestions given here.

Anauroch is either very cold or very hot, and almost always windy. When rare rain does fall, flooding results, and wild electrical storms (with many stray lightning bolts).

Most storms bring not rain, but blown sand. A storm begins as a gray haze on the horizon. It streaks the sky with finger-like gray tendrils as it sweeps nearer. A hot wind blows before it, coating everything

with gray dust.

When the storm hits, roaring wind carries a pale cloud of blowing sand streaming along only a few feet above the dunes. The sand shoots from dune crests in great plumes that roll down leeward slopes in roiling billows. In the troughs between dunes, creeps along a whitish stream that scours bare flesh raw, but only fills the bottom six feet or so of air (the heads of a camel and a rider—even one as short as a dwarf—will project above the streaming sand). The sky—and everything else—is obliterated in thick darkness, and vision is reduced to only feet (“darkness” fighting rules apply). Blown sand can blind travelers, hide approaching predators, even bury gear or travelers who can't move fast or often enough. To keep sand out, tents should be pitched with entry openings downwind. (Winter sleet storms and blizzards bring the same dangers—plus ice buildup, slipping, and the possibility of being soaked and then freezing to death.) By day, the hot sun is the greatest hazard in the Sword. For humans, minimizing water loss to avoid dehydration must be paramount. The best way to travel is at night, sitting quietly in shade by day—but most animals (both those that a man might eat, and those that might eat him), are also active at night.

Dehydrated humans collapse. Salt imbalance also causes circulatory failure, fatigue, and severe arm, leg, and abdominal cramps. Sunburn and longterm sweating may make sweat glands fail, bringing fever and delirium.

A man stranded in full, shadeless desert heat can survive for a day if he does not do any heavy work. By nightfall, his mouth will be dry and bitter, and his lips, tongue, and throat swollen. He will live through the night and into daybreak—but without shade or water, he will surely die the next day. Death may come from choking, as the through swells shut, or may be “explosive heat death”: as water is lost, blood becomes more viscous, straining the heart. When blood cannot move fast enough to carry metabolic heat away to the skin, internal body heat rises suddenly, and death occurs (“blood boils”).

In random areas of the Sword, ever-present spells of the Phaerimm “drink” water carried by travelers, and make *detect magic* spells useless (magic is “all around”).

Non-sandy Anaurian landscapes also offer hazards: the northern ice glaciers have suddenly-opening crevasses, many chances to slip and silde helplessly into jagged spears of ice or rock, avalanches of ice and snow, and exposure to the biting cold. The rocky central “Plain” is a land of rockslides, with little cover on the heights, but all too much cover in the ravines, pinnacles, and rock scree.



Official Game Accessory

Anauroch

by Ed Greenwood

The Great Desert. Where The Winds Wail. Grave of The Lost Princes. The Great Sand Sea. Not a place many sane folk in the Forgotten Realms want to visit. But there are plenty of the other sort, who come hence to find wonders both beautiful and dangerous.

The deadly, shifting sands of Anauroch hide—and occasionally, tantalizingly reveal—the riches and strange treasures of The Lost Kingdoms, swallowed long ago. The legendary wealth of The Cities of Gold lies somewhere in its sandy depths.

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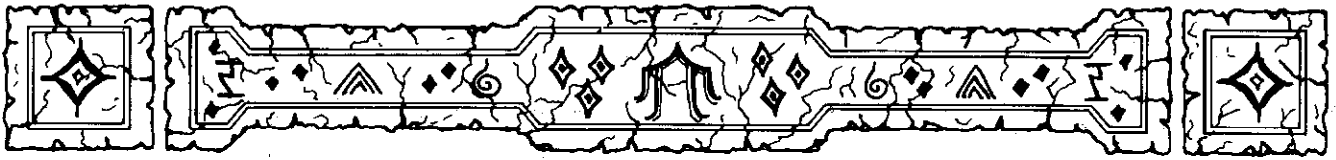
2nd Edition



The Great Glacier

by Rick Swan





Glossary of Selected Ulutian Terms

ahsukk: a trade board comprised of kiam from several neighboring Iulutian villages that arbitrates disputes during sukkiruchit

aituiskotuk: adult Angulutians who have participated in only a single ikili

akykulutik: a type of ykulutik where the accused is sealed in a cave with a bear, wolf, or other predator

akukujik: the section of an ukujik without pits

anarkiirik: the second syllable of an infant's name, derived from either the first or second syllable of a close family friend

anariak: a bonding ritual where the ariak dresses a newborn in his or her first clothes

andlitiving: a large room of a snowhouse used for meat storage

Angulutians: the nomadic caribou-herders of Angalpuk

ahtkoat: a messenger who carries invitations to koatilit

aiskotuk: the group of Angulutians and animals left behind when the iskotuk migrates

ariak: a family friend who dresses a baby in his or her first clothes (as part of the anariak ritual)

artengak: a slender harpoon used to hunt seal

awakewquka: a celebration to honor a child's first seal kill

bikik: a sled fitted with a square sail for increased speed

biknach: a Nakulutian structure used for meat storage, consisting of a wooden platform resting on four stone pillars

ceenach: a Nakulutian house made from stone

dinjik: a pit trap resembling a snowhouse used to catch wolf and fox

eaas: the fundamental precept of qukoku describing the essence of life

ekaa: a barbed arrow used to hunt caribou and other herd animals

ekotupa: an arranged marriage made by the couple's parents without the couple's knowledge or permission

equkoku: a ritual feast to honor the dead

eyklak: a bulky bow used by Innugaalikurit

garnok: a sling consisting of a foot-long bone rod with a leather thong on one end and a small cup on the other

gazanga: Iulutian name for a family's oldest male child

heteff: white sled dog, found mainly in Alpuk

hiuchupuk: a water sled with inflated seal skins attached to the runners

hukek: a spike made of bone used to dig holes for Angulutian tents

huuk: also called a singdown, this is a method for resolving minor disputes by exchanging insults performed as short songs

igdluling: the long connective passage of a snowhouse

huykulutik: a form of ykulutik where the accused is tied to a tree and shot at by an archer

Innugaalikurit: polar dwarves living primarily in the Novularond

igdluarn: a snowhouse room used for fresh meat and blubber storage

ijukujik: section of a ukujik containing meat pits

ikaap: emergency Angulutian sled made from stacks of caribou skins

ikili: one complete migration of an Angulutian caribou herd

ilupiquan: lining of seal or caribou skin fastened to the interior walls of a snowhouse

iniagok: Angulutian morale officer

intang: bone hoop used for drying wet clothes

inuksuk: V-shaped line of snowmen used to drive caribou toward waiting hunters

ipipykulutik: a form of ykulutik where the accused is dangled headfirst inside a crevasse

iquemelum: the advisory body of a village

ituiskotuk: Angulutian adults who have participated in more than one ikili, but who are unable to participate in any more because of age or injury

iuak: bone blade resembling a machete

Iulutians: the main Ulutian tribe, living primarily in Alpuk

iurit: assembly called by a Nakulutian urit where new kaiurit are announced for the coming year

jakerek: single-passenger caribou sled

jegaung: gambling game where bone slivers are tossed into an animal skull filled with holes

jokitarpo: game where participants compete to see who can make the ugliest faces

jukikewquka: feast to honor a child who kills his or her first bird or other small animal

jyykach: a kaiurit requiring all non-believers to be killed on sight

kaituiskotuk: Angulutians who have yet to participate in an ikili

kaiurit: set of Nakulutian religious edicts that vary from year to year

kaquling: the outermost, open section of a snowhouse

kayak: single-person boat, fast-moving and easy to maneuver







The Great Glacier

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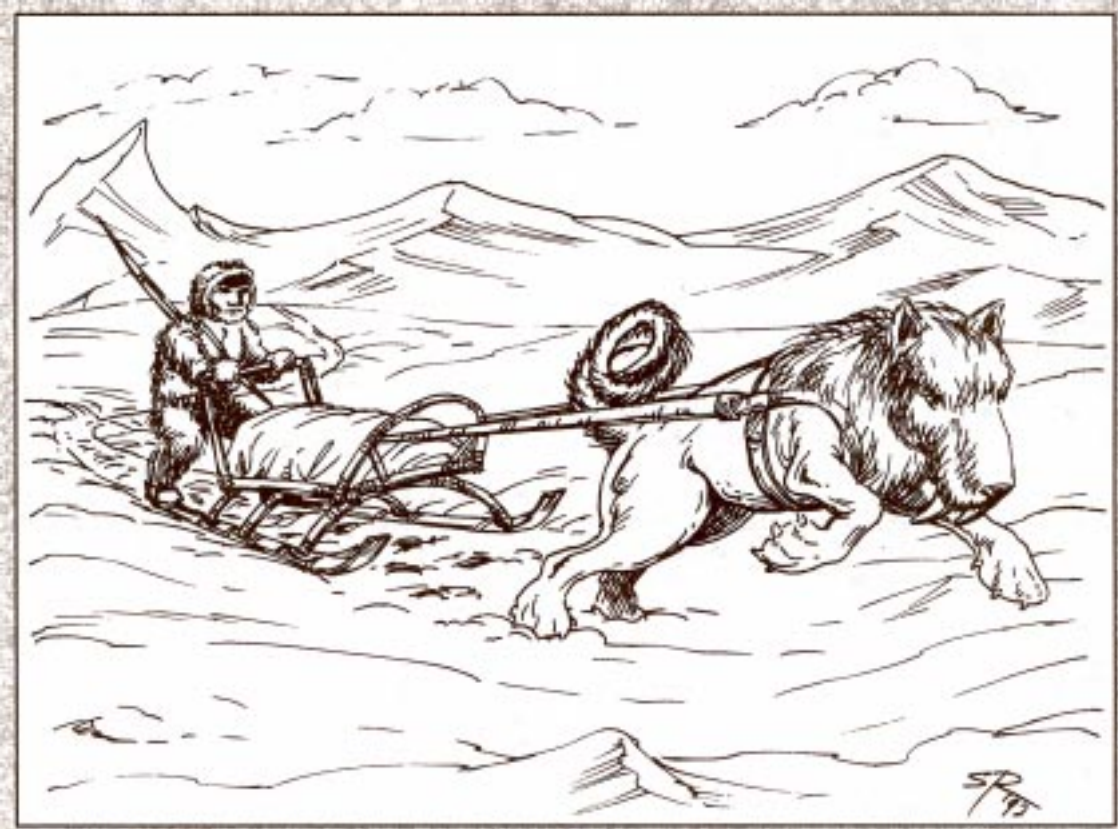
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Introduction



"Survival is a war, but it is a war that can be won, so long as we struggle against nature instead of each other."

— Inum, Iulutiu philosopher

The Great Glacier—ominous, forboding, mysterious. Perhaps no other region of the Forgotten Realms is as misunderstood. Many, for instance, believe it to be nothing more than a featureless mass of solid ice.

They are wrong.

Others believe it to be utterly devoid of life, that neither man nor beast could long survive its bitter weather and bleak terrain.

They are wrong.

And they say that whatever else may be true or untrue about the Great Glacier! it is most certainly a place of great danger, a land where death comes suddenly, unexpectedly, brutally.

About that, they are right.

About This Book

This book may be used by the DUNGEON MASTER™ either as a source of ideas for campaigns of her own design, or as a sourcebook to broaden her understanding of one of the Forgotten Realms' least-documented regions. The book is divided into several sections, each detailing a particular aspect of the Great Glacier:

The Introduction begins with a general overview of the region, along with a few pointers for staging adventures.

Part One features a brief history of the Great Glacier, including speculations as to its origin and the rise of its people, and a look at the relationship between the Great Glacier and its neighbors.

Part Two examines the Great Glacier's geogra-



phy, weather, and special physical features. The region's natural hazards are described in detail, as are survival tips for first-time explorers.

Part Three is the largest section of the book, describing in detail the natives of the Great Glacier, collectively known as the Ulutium.

Part Four focuses on the flora and fauna of the Great Glacier—vegetation, animals, and monsters.

Part Five lists places of interest, all of which can be found on the enclosed color map. For convenience, locations are listed in alphabetical order.

Part Six presents some notable personalities of the Great Glacier, including statistics, background information, and personality notes. Among those listed are the great Iulutium philosopher Inum and the legendary human explorer Palus Frohm of Damara. Words of wisdom from Inum begin each section of the book, while advice from Palus can be found at the end.

Part Seven features an introductory adventure, "Snow Baby," designed to introduce player-characters to the Great Glacier.

The Appendix describes a number of monsters unique to the Great Glacier. The inner cover panels feature a glossary of terms relevant to the Ulutiums. Boxed material found throughout the text features gaming notes, historical details, and other information for the DM's edification.

Campaign Notes

As the DM peruses this book, and particularly when she develops her own Great Glacier adventures, she is advised to keep the following points in mind:

Think Cold

Close your eyes and imagine a cold winter's day. Not a chilly day or a brisk day, but a day of freezing, bitter cold so intense that it turns your fingers blue and your breath to frost. A day of biting, numbing cold that penetrates your clothes like icy needles, making your eyelids stiffen and your nostril linings freeze.

You have just imagined a *warm* day in the Great Glacier.

Think Hungry

Survival in the Great Glacier centers on the search for something to eat. Animal life is scarce, and vegetation is virtually non-existent. Natives of the Great Glacier are not inclined to share their precious food with strangers

Think Isolated

Though pockets of civilization exist throughout the Great Glacier, they are few and far between. The Ulutiums are wise to the region's dangers and seldom stray far from home; explorers counting on assistance from natives may be sadly—and fatally—disappointed.

Ulutium settlements are primitive by Realms standards. Spell components are hard to find, most magical items are unheard of and no amount of money can buy such exotic items as mirrors, spyglasses, or chicken eggs.

Think Lost

The terrain of the Great Glacier gives new meaning to the word "bleak." Flat, white plains stretch for miles in every direction, utterly devoid of landmarks to help travelers find their way. The sky is cloudless, the wind often still. Days pass in silence—not the howl of a wolf, nor the gurgle of a stream. Only the distant rumble of an avalanche, or the muffled screams of a lost, snowblind explorer occasionally break the endless silence of the Great Glacier.

"The traveler in the Great Glacier must be constantly alert. So bright is the day and so gleaming the snow that it is difficult to tell where the land ends and the sky begins. To eyes growing weary from squinting, the terrain becomes a blur of indistinguishable images. The mountain ten miles distant appears as close as the snow bank ten feet away; the stretch of solid ground ahead may in fact be a gaping crevasse, ready to swallow the explorer whose eyes have betrayed him.

"Three rules of survival:

"1. Rest frequently.

"2. Move carefully.

"3. Don't trust your senses."

—from *Blood and Ice: Survival in the Great Glacier* by Palus Frohm



Part One: History

"Again and again, the pattern of history reveals a simple truth—that history has no pattern."

-Inum

Birth of The Great Glacier

In the beginning, there was an ocean.

A millennium ago, when the Realms were barren, a vast ocean filled the area now known as the Great Glacier, spilling south to the lands that would eventually become Vaasa, Damara, and Narfell. The ocean was still and uninviting; even if seafaring vessels had existed then, explorers would have found little of interest in its icy waters.

Ulutiu, however, found the ocean irresistible. It isn't known if it was the solitude that attracted him, or if its bitter temperatures invigorated him. Perhaps he felt an affinity with the aquatic creatures that thrived in its depths. Whatever the reason, once Ulutiu discovered the ocean, he never left it.

As for Ulutiu himself, he remains a mystery. From the writings he left behind, it's clear that he wasn't human, at least not in the accepted sense. He may have been an avatar of the gods, or an entity from another world seeking refuge in the Realms for reasons unknown. In any case, he wielded powerful magic—stronger perhaps, than any magic wielded by the most skilled wizards of the Realm before or since.

By all accounts, Ulutiu enjoyed a life of peaceful reflection, avoiding involvement in the affairs of men or gods. He spent his days in a magically-constructed barge of ice, endlessly drifting in the waters he adored.

When the end of his life approached, it was no surprise that Ulutiu chose the ocean as his final resting place. To prepare for his death, he fashioned a necklace of enchanted ice, a delicate chain of glistening blue crystals that would ensure a peaceful afterlife on the ocean floor.

On his last day, Ulutiu lay down on his barge, then donned the necklace, activating its magic. As life ebbed from his body, the necklace began to glow, covering Ulutiu in a frosty glaze that ex-

panded and grew, encasing the entire barge in a tomb of magical ice. The barge sank under the weight of the ice, coming to rest on the ocean floor thousands of feet below.

Unfortunately, the magic of the necklace worked too well. The ice tomb continued to grow, chilling the waters around it, creating huge mountains of ice that towered above the hardening surface to pierce the clouds. Many years later, when the magic had reached its limit, the vast ocean was no more. In its place was a sprawling arctic wasteland. The Great Glacier was born.

Beneath it all, buried below tons of ice and snow, lay the corpse of Ulutiu, the glowing necklace still draped around his neck. He lies there today, undisturbed, forgotten. For the sake of the peoples of the Great Glacier, as well as those in the lands to the south, it is hoped that his rest continues. If the *necklace of Ulutiu* were removed, the enchantment would be broken, and the Great Glacier would surely begin to melt.

Timeline of The Great Glacier

The dates below are taken from the Ulutian calendar, which is measured from the year of Ulutiu's death. The current year, 3909, corresponds to the Year of the Serpent (1359 DR) in the dating system used elsewhere in the Realms.

0. Ulutiu dies, his ice barge sinks, and the *necklace of Ulutiu* begins to freeze the ocean, giving birth to the Great Glacier.

75. The Great Glacier continues to grow, expanding south to cover the lands that will eventually be known as Vaasa and Damara.

276. A clan of dwarves from the Tortured Land refuse to participate in a dwarven war party preparing to raid peaceful settlements in the Border Forest. Convicted as traitors, the clan is exiled to the Great Glacier. The clan begins a year-long trek to the Novularond; all but four die along the way. The survivors are the forebears of a new race of arctic dwarves called the Innu-gaalikurit (EE-nu-GA-ka-LEE-ku-rit).



902. Hunters skilled in winter survival migrate west from Sossal to search for new species of game in the Great Glacier. Shortly thereafter, a tirichik (see the “New Monsters” section at the end of this book for details) ambushes the party and kills the leader.

The survivors panic and become lost, inadvertently moving deeper into the Great Glacier. Eventually, they reach the shores of the Lugalpgotak Sea. They renounce their faith in the gods, whom they hold responsible for their misfortune. Permanent settlements are established, and the hunters become the precursors of the Ulutiuns.

1188. Descendents of the hunters expand north from Alpuk, discovering the Glacier of Ulutiu near the Uppuk River. Carved in the glacier are mysterious and extensive writings, some of which the hunters manage to translate. Ulutiu is revealed to be the author of the writings, and the being responsible for the creation of the Great Glacier.

Some of the hunters are so impressed with this discovery that they declare themselves disciples of Ulutiu, who they presume is a god. The group decides to migrate further north and establish their own settlements dedicated to the worship of Ulutiu; these become the forebears of the Nakulutiu tribes. The remaining hunters return to their homes in Alpuk, thereafter calling themselves Iulutiuuns (EE-oo-LOO-shee-uns).

1364. Lured by the abundance of caribou, an Iulutiuun faction moves to Angalpak. The faction are the first of the nomadic Angulutiuuns.

1587. In the wake of a particularly harsh winter, several Iulutiuun settlements unite to wage war on their Angulutiuun neighbors in Angalpak, coveting the sizeable Angulutiuun caribou herds. The raid triggers the fifty-year Keryjek Wars, named for the mountain range in which most of the fighting occurred.

1637. The Keryjek Wars end with a treaty between the Iulutiuun and Angulutiuun leaders. To encourage communication and promote good will, the leaders inaugurate the first *koatulit*, where guests are exchanged for a week-long festival of games and banquets. *Koatulit* have been held every year since; as a result, there have

been few serious conflicts between the Iulutiuuns and the Angulutiuuns.

1649. Iulutiuun representatives from Gronne attempt to establish formal relations with the Innugaalikurit in Novularond by inviting them to participate in the *koatulit*. The Innugaalikurit decline, but the invitation marks the beginning of a long and cordial relationship between the Innugaalikurit and the Ulutiuns.

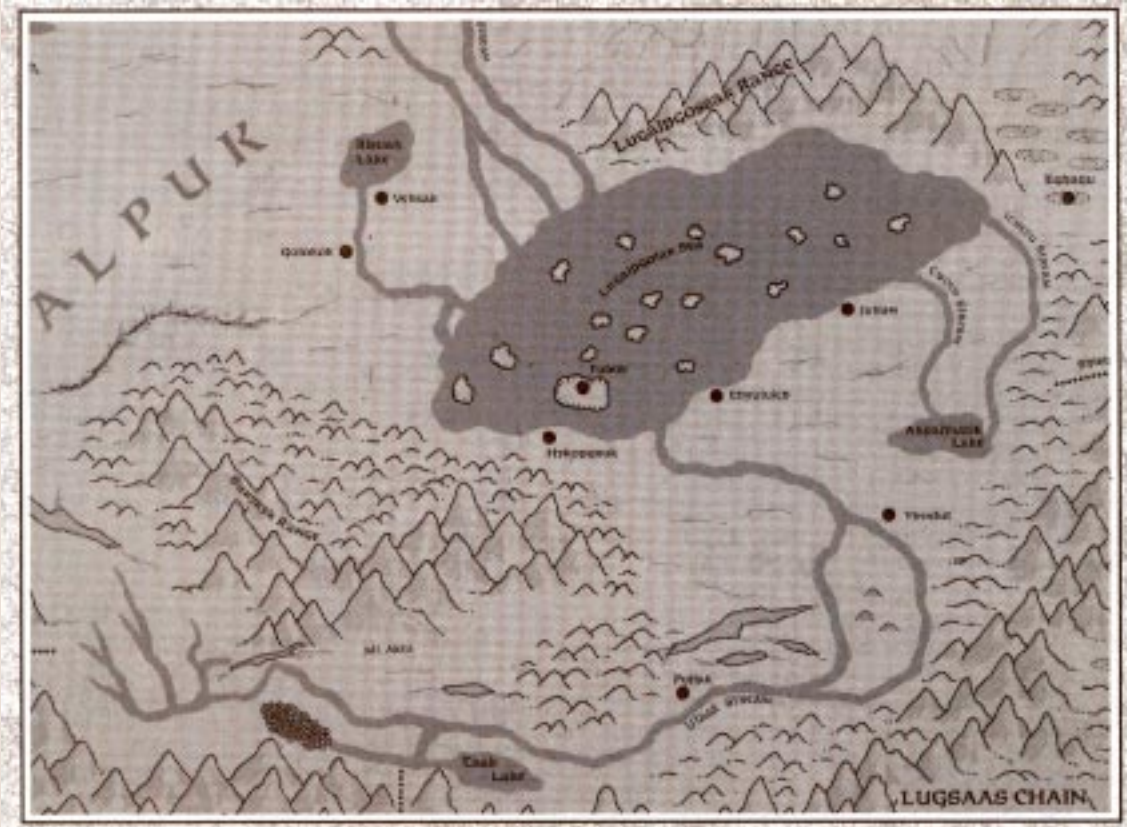
1790. The Year of the Great Flood. An unusually warm summer causes the waters of the Nakalpgotak and Lugalpgotak Seas to rise and engulf Ulutiuun villages near the shore line. Hundreds of Ulutiuns drown when their villages are washed away.

1952. A party of Innugaalikurit discovers a crude catapult on a high peak in Novularond. The Innugaalikurit disassemble the device and take the parts home with them. A day later, an enraged group of frost giants tracks down the Innugaalikurit and demands the return of the weapon. The Innugaalikurit refuse. The frost giants respond by attacking and destroying an Innugaalikurit village.

To avoid an all-out war, the elders of Gronne intervene, volunteering to negotiate a settlement. The Gronne elders ultimately find the Innugaalikurit guilty of theft; the frost giants are awarded custody of the dwarven thieves. The frost giants make slaves of the prisoners; descendents of the prisoners remain enslaved today.

2338. Rumbles from the depths of the Olyniak Crevasse attract the attention of curious Nakulutiuuns. The Nakulutiuuns inadvertently awaken a slumbering monster in the crevasse, described by a survivor as “a grotesque blend of a tirichik and a white dragon, as large a mountain, with fangs of gold and wings of ice.” The monster devours dozens of shrieking Nakulutiuuns before returning to the crevasse. The monster, named Ufloq by the Nakulutiuuns, has not been seen since.

3010. Treasure hunters from Sossal enter Angalpak, bringing with them a rare disease that doesn’t affect the hunters, but proves deadly to both Angulutiuuns and caribou. Hundreds of Angulutiuuns and caribou succumb to the sick-



ness, before the carriers are isolated and exiled to the Ibelgrak Valley in the southeastern corner of Angalpuk. A few caribou and Angalpuk in the Ibelgrak Valley are believed to still carry the dormant disease.

3588. A rotational shift of Toril causes a slight but permanent change in the world's climatic patterns. Global temperatures rise, causing the Great Glacier to melt and recede; the lands of Vaasa, Damara, and Narfell become free of ice.

3691. A contingent of evil wizards from Vaasa employ their powerful magic to construct a castle of ice at the base of Mount Okk, one of the tallest peaks of the Lugsaa's Chain. The wizards use the castle as a base to develop a new type of cold-based magic with which they plan to conquer their homeland. They amass a sizeable cache of gems and precious metals for use in their magical research, stored in a labyrinth be-

neath the castle, guarded by a small army of magically-generated ice monsters.

3698. A massive earthquake rocks the Lugsaa's Chain. A fissure opens near the base of Mount Okk, swallowing the ice castle of the Vaasan wizards. An avalanche dumps tons of snow and ice on the fissure, burying the castle and its occupants. The wizards are presumed dead.

3777. Palus Frohm, one of Vaasa's greatest explorers, begins his twenty-year trek through the Great Glacier, culminating in the writing of *Blood and Ice: Survival in the Great Glacier*, the definitive arctic survival guide.

3889. Sharra Frohm, the great-great-great granddaughter of Palus Frohm, decides to continue her grandfather's work, planning to focus Volume Two of *Blood and Ice* on the treacherous Nakvaligach region, an area of the Great Glacier that Palus was unable to fully explore. Traveling



alone, Sharra enters the Great Glacier about 100 miles northeast of the Frozen Forest. She is never heard from again.

3909. Current year.

Relationship with Other Lands

Because the Great Glacier is commonly perceived as an uninhabitable, useless ice field, there has been little contact between the Ulutiuns and their outlying neighbors. Most explorers entering the Great Glacier region never return, falling victim to the extreme weather, ravenous creatures, and other deadly hazards. The few that do come back spin tales of extreme hardship and suffering, describing a wasteland of nothing but ice, snow, and misery. The tales do little to inspire others to mount new expeditions.

Likewise, the few Ulutiuns who have made contact with outsiders haven't been particularly impressed. Outsiders destroy caribou and seals for trophies and furs, introduce debilitating diseases for which the Ulutiuns have no natural defenses, and have even attempted to recruit Ulutiuns as soldiers for their wars. As far as the Ulutiuns are concerned, outsiders mean trouble—the less contact, the better.

Still, a region as huge as the Great Glacier is hard for the rest of the world to ignore, and interaction is inevitable. Here's a rundown of the current state of affairs between the Great Glacier and some of her neighbors.

Vaasa

Following the defeat of the Witch-King (see *FR 9 The Bloodstone Lands* for details), Vaasa has returned to its original state as a loose collection of ragtag settlements. A group of barbarians called the White Worm Tribe lives on the edge of the Great Glacier, and has attracted the attention of many of Vaasa's would-be leaders. The White Worm warriors are as independent as they are fierce; persuading them to fight for any particular Vaasan faction is all but impossible.

Of late, it has occurred to a few Vaasan leaders that more warriors of the calibre of the White

Worm Tribe may live deeper within the Great Glacier. These warriors, the leaders believe, may be easier to recruit than the White Worms. The leaders intend to hire mercenaries to scout the Great Glacier for such warriors and bring back a report—or more preferably, the warriors themselves.

Castle Perilous

Flights of red, blue, and black dragons have been seen heading toward the ruins of Castle Perilous, the stronghold of the fallen Witch-King. A large number of white dragons from the Great Glacier are rumored to be on their way to join them. Allegedly, the dragons are gathering to seek revenge on a band of Bloodstone warriors who destroyed Tiamat, the evil dragon queen (see *FR 9 The Bloodstone Lands*).

Galena Mountains

Gold, silver, and other precious metals fill these mountains, but mining is made difficult by the bitter winds blowing year-long from the Great Glacier. Entrepreneurs would pay a pretty penny to anyone able to figure out a way to shield the mountains from these winds, or better yet, devise a way to permanently increase the temperatures in the Great Glacier.

Galena Snake

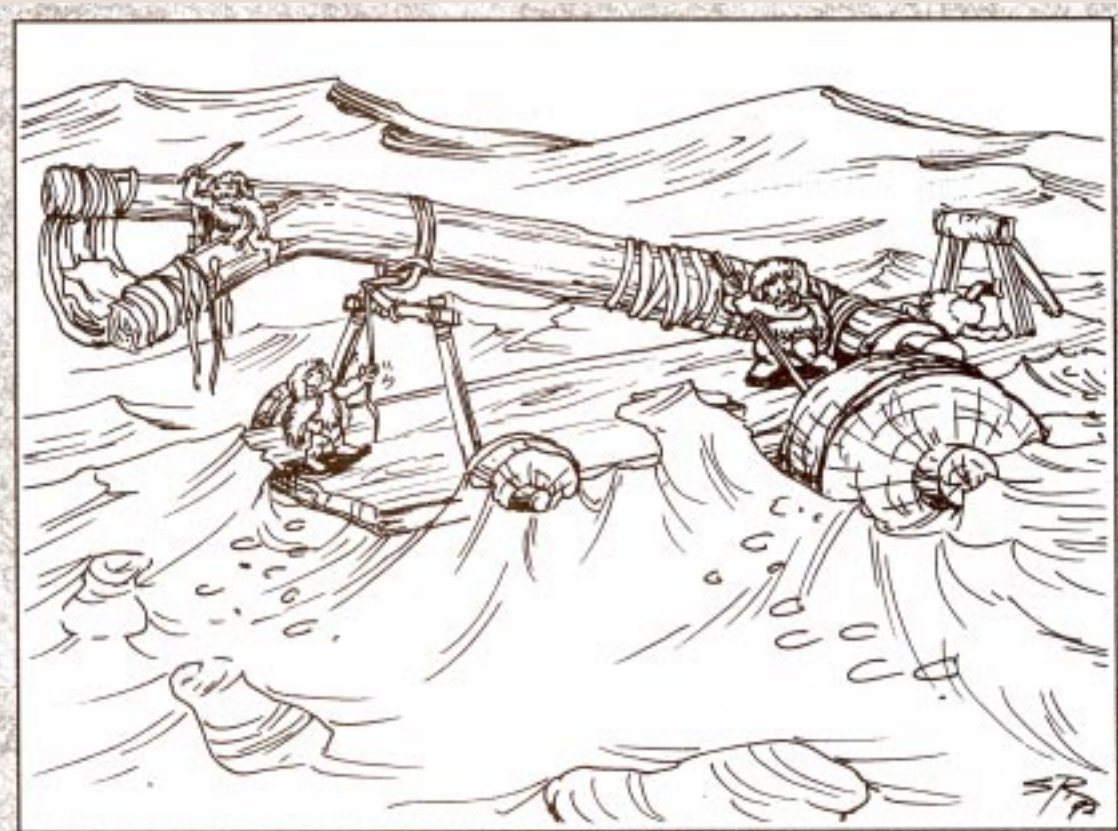
Every spring, melting ice from the Great Glacier causes this winding river to overflow. Area farmers could make better use of the water if it weren't so icy cold; the farmers would gladly entertain ideas to warm up the Great Glacier.

Palischuk

Gold fever is sweeping this small community of half-orcs. An explorer recently claimed he discovered huge chunks of gold buried in the snow in the Great Glacier. Strangely, the chunks melted in his hands as soon as he returned to Vaasa. He's looking for recruits to make a return visit.



Part Two: Geography, Weather, and Hazards



"In the scheme of all things we are small, pitiful things. If mountains could walk, why should we presume they would even bother to step over us?"

—Inum

The Lay of The Land

When Ulutiu died, the powerful magic of the *necklace* wrought nearly a century of havoc. Mountains swelled from the shore lines of the frozen ocean, pushing their way to the sky, only to collapse under their own weight before rising again. The ocean floor, cracked and split, releasing salts and minerals from deep inside the earth to create new seas of icy waters that refused to freeze. Glaciers of staggering size ripped the landscape. Jagged rivers froze and melted, sculpting steep valleys through plains of frost.

Eventually, the turmoil came to an end. The result was a land mass that has remained unchanged for thousands of years, nearly all of it buried beneath thick layers of ice and snow.

Chains of towering mountains completely enclose the Great Glacier, isolating it from the rest of the Realms. The chains are many miles wide at their narrowest point, and rise thousands of feet high.

So effective are these mountains in discouraging contact with the outside world that the Ulutiuns refer to them as *saas*, meaning "shields." The Southern Shield (Lugsaa) is the longest and tallest of these protective chains, separating the Great Glacier from Vaasa and Damara over a length of 1,200 miles. The Lugsaa Chain merges with the sheer slopes of the Western Shield (Tuutsaa) about 100 miles northeast of the Tortured Land, while on the opposite border, the



Eastern Shield (Angsaas) rises between the Great Glacier and the plains of Sossal.

There are a few passes through the shields, mainly in the lower elevations of the Lugsaa and Tuutsaas Chains, but because the passes are so narrow and treacherous, they are suitable for only the most determined—or foolhardy—explorers.

Natural boundaries within the Great Glacier divide it into three general regions, each with its own distinct terrain. The largest region, Alpuk (the Central Basin) stretches between the Keryjek River and the Tuutsaas Chain, with the Uppuk River to the north and the Lugsaa Chain to the south. The land is relatively low, and rough, distinguished by rolling hills and a cluster of high, snowless mountains (Novularond). Two sprawling seas, the Lugalpgotak and the Nakalpgotak, are also found here. They are bound by sheer glacial walls and filled with drifting icebergs that range in size from a few yards in diameter to island-like chunks large enough to hold an entire human community.

To the east is Angalpuk (the Eastern Basin), a broad plain filling an area resembling a shallow, inverted dome. Aside from a few clusters of tall mountains and the occasional lake, the terrain is flat. Vegetation is more prevalent here than anywhere else in the Great Glacier.

The smallest and most forbidding region lies to the north. Nakvaligach (the Northern Barrens), cleanly separated from the rest of the Great Glacier by the Uppuk River, is dense with rugged mountains and deep crevasses. Water is scarce, and temperatures are bitterly cold. No region of the Great Glacier is more hostile to life than Nakvaligach.

Climate

Temperatures in the Great Glacier have been known to drop as low as -150 degrees Fahrenheit in the northernmost mountains of Nakvaligach, and soar to a relatively warm 60 degrees during the sunniest weeks of the summer in central Alpuk. These readings, however, are rare extremes. For the most part, temperatures hover between zero and -30 degrees the year round.

Why so cold? Two reasons:

1. Though the sun shines brightly on the Great Glacier, most of the solar energy bounces back into the sky, reflected by the ice and snow.

2. Cold winds continually blow in from the icy Southern, Western, and Eastern Shields, creating a constant circulation of icy air. The mountains also prevent warm air originating outside the Great Glacier from reaching the interior.

The following table shows average seasonal temperatures for Alpuk. To determine averages for Angalpuk, subtract 10 degrees from the listed temperatures; for Nakvaligach, subtract 20 degrees. Winds tend to be calmer in the center of the region, accounting for the relatively lower temperatures in Alpuk; likewise, the Nakalpgotak and Lugalpgotak Seas retain a certain amount of heat, which also boosts the temperatures a bit. In contrast, frigid northern winds high altitudes, and distance from the seas drive Nakvaligach temperatures to nearly unendurable depths. (Temperatures are given in degrees Fahrenheit.)

Alpuk Average Temperatures

Season	High	Low	Daytime Nighttime	
			Avg.	Avg.
Winter	-10	-75	-35	-55
Spring	35	-30	15	-15
Summer	50	0	30	10
Fall	20	-35	10	-20

Strong winds make life even more miserable for the arctic traveler driving the effective temperature down dramatically. The following table lists the effective temperatures when wind chill factors are considered; to find the effective temperature, cross-index the actual temperature with the prevailing wind velocity.

For actual temperatures lower than those listed, lower the effective temperature by 10 degrees for each 10 degree drop in the actual temperature (for instance, at a wind velocity of 30 and an actual temperature of -50 the effective temperature becomes -120.) Wind velocities exceeding 40 miles per hour don't cause significantly lower wind chills past this point



Effective Temperatures Resulting from Wind Chill

Actual Temp	Wind Velocity (mph)			
	10	20	30	40
30	15	5	0	- 5
20	0	-10	-20	-25
10	- 10	- 25	-35	-40
0	- 20	-40	-50	-55
- 10	- 30	- 50	-60	- 70
-20	- 45	-70	-80	-90
-30	-60	-80	-95	- 100
- 40	- 70	- 95	-110	-115

Changes in season are marked by dramatic shifts in weather patterns.

Winter is the longest and most brutal season, beginning in Nightal (December) and continuing through Tarsakh (April), with temperatures dipping to their lowest levels in Hammer (January). High winds, clear skies, and sporadic bursts of heavy precipitation mark this season.

Spring arrives in Mirul (May) and continues through Kythorn (June). Some melting and thawing occurs during the later weeks of spring. Skies are generally bright, precipitation is light but frequent.

Summer consists of only the month of Flamerule (July). Winds remain calm, but the air is often humid and dense with fog. Ice thaws, snow melts, and the moist ground allows for a brief growing season.

Fall comprises Eleasis (August) through uktar (November). It's a season of turbulence, with wide temperature swings and violent weather shifts. Usually, the ground re-freezes by Eleint (September). Frigid, blistering winds begin in Marpenoth (October) and increase in intensity through Uktar (November).

In strict terms, the Great Glacier is a desert, as it receives very little precipitation over the course of a year. A total of about 5-8 inches of snow and rain fall in Alpuk, slightly more in Angalpuk, a little less in Nakvaligach. Whatever falls, however, tends to stick, replacing whatever ice and snow melted off in the summer. The total amount of ice and snow throughout the Great Glacier remains fairly constant because: (1) the

solid ground inhibits drainage; and (2), not much evaporation occurs, since most sunlight is reflected back into atmosphere.

Physical Features

There are no forests or jungles in the Great Glacier. Its dismal plains are flat and vacant. Mountains and hills are blanketed in white, providing no landmarks for lost travellers. Nevertheless, the Great Glacier boasts an abundance of extraordinary physical features unlike those found anywhere else in the world. Some of these features are described here.

Ice

A permanent layer of ice covers more than 95 percent of the land surface of the Great Glacier. The ice layer, called permafrost, averages 200-500 feet thick, thinning to as little as 5-10 feet in parts of Alpuk and central Nakvaligach. It is believed to reach a depth of 5,000 feet and more in the northernmost mountains of Nakvaligach. Permafrost covers the Western, Southern, and Eastern Shields to a depth of at least 2,000 feet. For all practical purposes, most mountains of the Great Glacier can be considered to be solid ice.

Vast walls of sheer ice border much of the coast lines, particularly along the northern shores of the Nakalpgotal Sea. These walls—called barrier ice—tower 500 feet in places. Occasionally, huge chunks break or “calve” from the barrier ice, toppling into the water to become icebergs. Drifting icebergs, ranging in size from modest-sized cakes to mile-wide ice mountains, cover as much as 75% of the seas.

A special type of ice, called platform ice, covers the surfaces of a few smaller lakes, and can also be found along the edges of the larger seas. Platform ice, ranging in thickness from 5-20 feet, is particularly rich with salts that inhibit thorough freezing. Depending on the season, platform ice can be quite fragile; it doesn't take much pressure to crack the surface, as careless travelers have discovered the hard way. “Young” platform ice, formed relatively recently, is thinner and more delicate than “old” platform ice. The follow-



ing table shows the densities-and dangers-of platform ice throughout the year.

Platform Ice Densities

Season	Young Ice	Old Ice
Winter	Solid	Solid
Spring	Semi-Solid	Solid
Summer	Melted	Semi-Solid
Fall	Solid	Solid

Solid = Frozen all the way through.

Semi-Solid = Partially frozen, may break under pressure. For every 100 pounds of weight, there is a 10% cumulative chance that the ice will break (for instance, there is a 40% chance that the ice breaks under the weight of 400 pounds). Make a check for breakage for every 10 yards.

Melted = Completely liquid; no solid surface.

Glossary of Ice Terms

The terms below are commonly used to describe ice formations in the Great Glacier.

Stationary Ice

Shore Ice. A jagged wall of ice along the edge of a sea or other body of water, consisting of cakes, slush, and other other pack ice fragments that have been washed ashore. Shore ice is usually about 50-100 feet high.

Pressure Ice. An ice wall formed by subsurface pressures, or by strong winds blowing together piles of ice fragments. Pressure ice resembles shore ice, except that it may be found anywhere in the Great Glacier. Pressure ice walls can be a few yards or hundreds of feet in height.

Hummock. A wall of pressure ice up to several hundred yards long.

Pressure Ridge. An unbroken wall of pressure ice many miles long.

Needle Ice. A plain of crystalline icicles, rising from the ground like daggers. Needle ice ranges in length from a few inches to several yards. The needles are often sharp enough to pierce boots or thick layers of clothing.

Candled Ice. Small ridges of crystals, seldom more than 5 feet high, but winding for hundreds of yards, sometimes miles. The ridges look like

stacks of 10-foot-long candles lying on their sides.

Barrier Ice. High, sheer walls of solid ice hugging the shore lines of seas.

Platform Ice. Ice layers of varying thickness covering bodies of water. Platform ice is susceptible to cracking under pressure.

Permafrost. Permanent ice layers covering almost all ground surfaces of the Great Glacier.

Floating Ice

Pack Ice. A general term describing masses of floating ice.

Field. A large area of pack ice, upwards of several square miles.

Floe. An area of pack ice smaller than a field, usually at least a few hundred square yards.

Iceberg. An immense chunk of floating ice, which can be several hundred feet thick and 1-2 miles (or more) wide.

Cake. A general term describing a small block of floating ice, anywhere from a few square feet to several hundred square yards in area.

Slush. A collection of small ice chunks. Also called **mush** or **brash**.

Flaw. The area between the pack ice and the shore.

Breakages

Crack. A narrow break, from a few inches to a few feet wide, easily traversed.

Lane. A break in the ice wider than a crack, anywhere from 5-100 feet across.

Lead. A term describing all breaks wider than lanes, from 100 feet to several miles across (pronounced "lead").

Bodies of Water

For most of the year, the seas, lakes, and streams of the Great Glacier are either completely frozen over, or—in the case of the Nakalopgotak and Lugalpgotak—choked with pack ice. Only the hardiest marine life survives in the Great Glacier waters. Not only is the water very cold, but surface ice impedes the penetration of sunlight, limiting the amount of algae and plankton necessary for a flourishing food chain.

The great seas are combinations of salt water,



and fresh water, from rain and melted snow. The churning seas continually expel salt in the form of brine, keeping the salinity of the waters relatively low; ice that's a year or so old is pure enough to drink. Water temperatures average about 25-32 degrees F. Considering their size, the seas are unusually shallow; depths of the smaller seas—the Igotak, Ahtahqugotak, and the Lugotak—range between 100-200 feet, while the Nakalpgotak and Lugalpgotak average 500-800 feet deep.

There are hundreds of lakes and ponds throughout the Great Glacier, most of them no more than a few acres in area. Lakes and ponds are shallow, rarely exceeding 50 feet in depth. Many of them are only a couple of yards deep; it's possible, for instance, to wade across the sprawling Umaylu Lake. Knee-deep, slush-clogged streams link most of the Great Glacier's lakes and seas. The Uppuk River, about a mile wide and 100 feet deep, is the area's only truly deep river.

Pingos

Pingos form when trapped pockets of water freeze beneath the ground, then burst through the surface like giant bubbles. Pingos are solid ice and resemble smooth glass domes, from 100 yards to a mile or more in diameter. Pingo clusters are common near the eastern border of the Tuutsaas Chain.

Crevasse

These permanent ground openings are typically found near the feet of mountains. They range in width from 10-60 feet and are sometimes concealed by drifting or blowing snow. Depths range from a few yards to hundreds of feet. Solid ice—some of it needle ice—lines almost all crevasse floors.

Stone Rings

On plains of thin permafrost—such as sections of southern Angalpuk—temperature fluctuations force layers of rocks through the surface to form rings of stone. The walls of a ring typically slope upward at a 45 degree angle, about 50-60 feet

high. Diameters average 100 feet, though some are 10 feet or less across. Though the interior of stone rings are usually hollow, some are filled with frozen lakes or fairy snow (see below). Fields of 100-200 stone rings are not uncommon.

Sled Trails

Aside from an occasional abandoned campsite or fishing hole, sled trails are the only man-made terrain features that visitors to the Great Glacier are likely to encounter. Created by the sleds of dog and kupuk (see the “New Monsters” section at the end of this book for details), these trails appear as shallow indentations in the snow, seldom more than a few feet wide. Their surfaces of rough ice provide better than average traction. Following a trail usually leads the traveler to an Ulutiun village.

Hazards

Nature is cruel in the Great Glacier. Below are some of the most common—and most hazardous—environmental threats, along with DM tips for adjudicating their effects.

Freezing

Not surprisingly, the frigid temperatures of the Great Glacier present the most insidious threat to travelers. Thanks to their unique physiology and survival techniques, Ulutiuns rarely suffer from exposure. But visitors to the region may freeze to death any time and anywhere; the bitter winds of upper Nakvaligach can freeze a man solid in mid-step. A character's Constitution helps *some*, common sense measures such as wearing the right clothing help a lot, but ultimately, travelers are at the mercy of the thermometer's whims.

One way to adjudicate the effects of freezing is the use of Arctic Endurance Ratings (AER). A character's base AER is 100%, modified as follows:

Prevailing temperature, including effects of wind chill (apply one of the following):

Very cold (30 to 0 degrees) No modifier



Bitterly cold (- 1 to - 30 degrees) - 20
 Intensely cold (- 31 degrees and below) - 50

Character's protection (apply one of the following):

Well-protected (wearing thick furs or bulky woolen clothes, insulated boots and gloves sheltered in a warm cave or insulated building) +25

Moderately protected (wearing typical winter clothes but taking no exceptional precautions; sheltered in a drafty cave or poorly constructed building) - 20

Poorly protected (thick garments, but no special precautions for frigid weather; no protective shelter) - 40

Character's Constitution (apply one of the following):

Each point of Constitution above 14 +5
 Each point of Constitution below 11 - 5

Character's activity level (apply one of the following):

Stationary or inactive (sleeping) +10
 Normal activity (hiking with regular rest periods) No modifier
 Strenuous activity (brisk hiking, no rest) - 10
 Fatigued, but not at rest - 20

Character is wet -20

(Example: A character with a Constitution of 10 who's well-protected, and is undergoing strenuous activity in bitterly cold weather has an AER of 90.)

No AER can be less than 5. An AER above 100 is treated as 100.

For every two hours that a character is exposed to temperatures of 30 degrees or less, an AER check should be made by rolling percentile dice. If the roll is less than or equal to the AER, the character suffers no damage. If the roll is greater than the AER, the character suffers 1-4

points of damage from exposure. Characters with AERs of 100 or more aren't required to make checks.

Note that these aren't rigid rules but general suggestions, and the DM is encouraged to modify them as she wishes. For instance, she may require AER rolls only a couple of times per day, and may double or triple the amount of damage to account for the fewer number of checks. She may increase the amount of damage or the frequency of checks in especially harsh weather, or do away with them temporarily if the weather is nice and the characters are prudent.

Characters recover from exposure damage a bit differently from normal damage (presuming, of course, that the character hasn't yet died from exposure). If such a character rests in an area where the temperature is above 30 degrees (such as beside a fire inside an insulated building, or in a land south of the Great Glacier with a warmer climate), he recovers hit points lost to exposure at a rate of one point per hour. Otherwise, he recovers damage normally.

Frostbite

If a character suffers at least 6 points of damage from exposure to the cold, he also risks frostbite, a condition where the flesh actually freezes. Ordinarily, only areas of exposed flesh are susceptible to frostbite, such as the face or wrists (when there's a gap between gloves and coat), though feet and hands can become frostbitten if snow gets inside and melts.

After suffering 6 points or more of exposure damage, the affected character must make a normal Constitution check whenever he's required to make an AES check. Regardless of whether his AES check is successful, a failed Constitution check means he's frostbitten, and suffers an additional 1-2 points of damage. This damage should be counted as additional exposure damage. When the character's exposure damage total falls below 6 points, he no longer has to check for frostbite.

Frostbite damage heals like exposure damage. Contrary to popular belief, rubbing snow on a frostbitten area doesn't help in the least; in fact,



friction may actually worsen the damage (at the discretion of the DM, a character rubbing snow on a frostbitten area or applying any other type of friction increases the amount of damage by 1 point).

Snowstorms

Though snowstorms sound dangerous, they only threaten travelers who insist on forging ahead when they can't see where they are going. Heavy snowstorms restrict normal vision to 25 feet during the day and 10 feet at night.

Strong winds, blowing up to 40 miles per hour, sometimes accompany a heavy snowstorm, increasing the dangers from wind chill. However, such winds seldom last for more than an hour, subsequently dropping to 10 miles per hour or less. Snowstorms in the Great Glacier tend to be

brief (rarely more than 5 hours) and light (a maximum of about 1 inch of snow per hour). In exceptionally heavy snowstorms, travelers have a chance of becoming lost (as described in the "Whiteout" section below).

Fog

Moisture clouds form when there's a great temperature differential between water and air, much as steam rises from boiling water. At temperatures below -30, fog banks are almost inevitable, especially near bodies of water. Fog banks can persist for days and may extend over dozens of square miles. Such fogs typically reduce normal vision to 50 feet during the day and 10 feet at night. Travelers have a chance of becoming lost in dense fog (as described in the "Whiteout" section).



Avalanches

Any mountain in the Great Glacier has the potential for avalanches at any time, but they usually occur in the spring and summer when the sun softens the snow. A round or two of rumbling often precedes an avalanche, which may alert attentive characters. Even so, large avalanches—which may comprise hundreds of tons of snow—are hard to avoid. A character in the path of an avalanche typically suffers 6-60 (6d10) points of damage (more in an exceptionally large avalanche). Additionally, characters have a 70% chance of being buried beneath 1-20 feet of snow. A buried character can dig himself free at the rate of 1-2 feet per round, but this isn't much help unless he knows which way is up (a successful Intelligence check means he's digging in the right direction). Otherwise, a companion can dig out a buried character at the rate of 1-2 feet per round. Again, this presumes that the companion is able to locate his buried friend (a successful Intelligence check locates the right spot, but the DM should only allow a check if the companion already has a general idea of where to look).

A buried character risks suffocation much as a drowning victim (see the swimming rules in Chapter Fourteen of the *Player's Handbook* for details).

Fairy Ice

A phenomenon unique to the Great Glacier, fairy ice is a form of precipitation consisting of tiny, slushy ice spheres. Fairy ice resembles ordinary snow, except that it sparkles like a rainbow in bright sunlight.

Because of its granular density, fairy ice accumulating in stone rings, crevasses, and valleys may pose a risk to unwary travelers. Stepping in fairy ice is like stepping in quicksand; characters sink in fairy ice at the rate of 2 feet per round. A sinking character making a successful Dexterity check grabs a solid surface and can pull himself free with a successful Strength check. A companion can pull a sinking character free if she rolls a successful Strength check. Any two characters working together can automatically pull a sink-

ing companion free.

If a character sinks below the surface, she can still be rescued if a companion feels around and finds her. Otherwise, she continues to sink, risking suffocation (see the swimming rules in Chapter Fourteen of the *Player's Handbook*).

Sunburn

Powerful sun rays reflecting off the white surfaces of ice and snow may subject travelers to painful sunburns. On sunny days, particularly in the spring and summer, characters automatically suffer 1 point of sunburn damage per day unless they take precautions such as covering areas of exposed flesh with masks, scarves, or salves. Facial hair is not a good way to ward off sunburn. In fact, it is a tremendous liability, as is stated in *Blood and Ice*:

"In the Great Glacier beards and moustaches pose a significant risk to one's well-being. Exhaled breath freezes in facial hair, gradually turning the hair into solid ice. Should the skin beneath the hair freeze—an inevitability if the hair remains caked with ice—prudent treatment of the affected skin is difficult, as breaking away the ice also tears out chunks of flesh. Meanwhile, as more breath is exhaled, the ice encasing the facial hair grows larger and bulkier. It is possible in such cases for the victim's mouth and nose to seal shut, causing suffocation. For these reasons, shaving razors are as vital to arctic survival as warm clothes."

—Palus Frohm

Snowblindness

In addition to sunburn, travelers also risk snowblindness on bright days. Characters exposed to particularly bright sunlight must check once per day for snowblindness (the DM decides when). Roll 1d10. On a roll of 1, the character's eyes become swollen and irritated for the next 4-24 (4d6) hours, reducing her vision to half its normal range, and causing her to make all attack rolls at a -1 penalty. On a roll of 2, the character becomes blind for 2-8 (2d4) hours, suffering a -



4 penalty to her attack rolls (opponents gain a +4 bonus to their attack rolls.)

There are three ways a traveler can prevent snowblindness:

- Rest the eyes by keeping them closed for 10-15 minutes every two hours or so.
- Wear goggles with colored lenses; amber or green are a good colors. Disadvantage: such goggles tend to frost over, requiring frequent cleanings.
- Wear wooden or bone goggles, as do some Ulutiun tribes. These goggles are solid wood (or bone from caribou antlers) with narrow slits to see through. Disadvantage: such goggles reduce the field of vision; the wearer can't see above or below herself without shifting her head.

Food and Water

It takes a lot of energy to stay warm in the Great Glacier. This means that travelers must eat more than normal, preferably a diet high in fat (which is why Ulutiun diets consist almost exclusively of animal products). As a rule of thumb, travelers who normally eat two meals a day should eat three times a day in the Great Glacier to fulfill their nutritional requirements. The amount of food may be lessened if at least one of the meals includes sizeable portions of animal muscle, organs, or fat.

Because individuals vary greatly in body fat, endurance levels, and metabolism, it's hard to say at what point the effects of starvation would be felt. In general, however, it's safe to assume that characters who regularly miss meals or consistently eat low-fat diets begins to suffer within a few days, requiring a -1 penalty on their attack rolls and ability checks. If a substandard diet continues, regular Constitution checks (perhaps twice per day) are necessary to determine if the character is losing hit points (1-2 points lost per failed check). A typical character in the Great Glacier begins to starve if she goes without food for two or three days; make Constitution checks with substantial penalties (a -4 penalty is about right) at least twice a day, with a loss of 1-4 points of damage per failed check.

It's next to impossible to die of thirst in the

Great Glacier, because fresh water is everywhere—that is, if you know where to look.

- In summer and spring, young platform ice melts to form pools of fresh water. Fresh water can also be found in cavities in old platform ice.
- In fall, fresh water collects in shallow pools beneath deep snowdrifts. The drifts act as insulation to prevent evaporation and freezing.
- In winter, a hole can be cut in the surface of a lake or stream; the water below the frozen surface is almost always fresh. However, it takes a while to get to the water, as the frozen surface may be several feet thick.
- Usually, the top 5-10 feet of water in leads is fresh.
- If all else fails, snow can be eaten; the more granular the snow, the fresher it is.

Natural Illusions

Extreme temperatures combined with the reflection of sunlight between the sky and ice can create illusions of startling clarity and variety. In general, these natural illusions don't pose a threat to travelers, although looming or whiteouts may cause a party to become lost, and the inexperienced may perceive particularly vivid light wheels or sundogs to be dangerous supernatural phenomena.

As with magically-generated illusions, viewers tend to accept natural illusions as reality unless they have reason to believe otherwise. The guidelines in Chapter Seven of the *Player's Handbook* apply to the believability of natural as well as magical illusions. Identifying a natural illusion requires a successful Wisdom check, with penalties or bonuses to the check as determined by the DM (for instance, an especially vivid mirage might be identified at a penalty of -4). Note that identifying a natural illusion doesn't make the illusion "disappear;" instead, the viewer simply recognizes the illusion for what it is (which isn't always helpful; a character who identifies a whiteout still suffers its effects).

Here's a rundown of the Great Glacier's most common natural illusions. They are most likely to appear on days of dry air and extremely low temperatures. Natural illusions usually persist for



the entire day, or until the weather changes (overcast skies or precipitation usually obliterate them).

Whiteout. This is potentially the most dangerous illusion, where the horizon vanishes and all landmarks blur together in a field of solid white. Travelers have little or no depth perception; all missile weapon attacks are made at a -4 penalty. Unless the party has access to *find the path*, the Direction Sense proficiency, or similar spells or skills, there is a 50% chance that they become lost, heading in a random direction for the rest of the day (to determine the direction, roll 1d8, where 1 = N, 2 = NE, 3 = E, and so on).

Looming. This effect causes a physical landmark—such as a mountain range—to appear closer than it actually is; a peak that’s really 100 miles distant may appear to be as close as a few hundred yards away. In some instances of looming, light rays are bent to make the object appear upside down; a mountain might look like it’s standing on its peak.

Mirage. This is an image of an object that isn’t really there, such as a mountain range or a lake. Unlike mirages that appear in the desert, Great Glacier mirages rarely shimmer; they look real.

Halo. A ring of brilliant light surrounding the sun, caused by high altitude ice crystals. Halos may be red, orange, yellow, or white; they may also appear as a series of concentric rings, each a different color.

Sundog. Sundogs are spots of light also caused by high altitude ice crystals. They are sometimes seen in close proximity to the sun, occasionally in conjunction with halos.

Light Wheel. A light wheel is similar to a halo, except the halo is spoked and may appear to spin and dance through the sky.

Sound

Under certain conditions, sound travels farther in the Great Glacier, which is one of the few benefits of frigid temperatures. When temperatures drop to -50 or lower, and the air is still and clear, ordinary speech can be heard up to a half-mile away. A shout travels a mile or more, and a howling wolf can be heard up to 10 miles distant.

“On overcast days when the air is dry and no precipitation is falling, the terrain may reflect upward onto the clouds to create a sky map. Lakes and ponds appear as black splotches, areas of heavy snow appear white, and areas of light snow appear pink or beige. Vegetation appears yellow or brown. If you use a mirror to draw what you see, and a lodestone to find north, a fairly accurate map can be made.”

—Palus Frohm



Part Three: People



"What is not good for all is not good for the one."
—Inum

The Ulutiuns

To outsiders, no place in the world seems less hospitable to human habitation than the Great Glacier. Yet, the Ulutiuns (the collective name referring to the Iulutiuns, the Angulutiuns, and the Nakulutiuns, the three major tribes of the Great Glacier) have thrived here for thousands of years, a testament not only to their adaptability, but their perseverance in the face of extreme adversity. They are a robust, virtuous people, keenly in tune with nature. Their lives are simple but rich. Few other races of the Realms are as satisfied with their lot in life.

The total number of Ulutiuns is uncertain; the Ulutiuns don't keep count, and no outsider has

ever attempted a census. Compounding the difficulty are the many small, unnamed settlements in inaccessible pockets of the Great Glacier, each containing an indeterminate number of Ulutiuns. Still, the best estimates place the total population between 50,000-75,000. About 85% live in central Alpuk; these are known as Iulutiuns. Another 10% comprise the nomadic Angulutiuns of the Angulpuk plains, while the remaining 5% comprise the mysterious and reclusive Nakulutiun tribes of Nakvaligach.

Despite their differences in philosophy and lifestyle, the Iulutiuns, Angulutiuns, and Nakulutiuns are remarkably similar in appearances, personality, and culture. Stand an Iulutiun next to an Angulutiun, and an outsider would have difficulty telling them apart. An Iulutiun's fishing techniques aren't radically different from those of his Angulutiun neighbor. A Nakulutiun would feel



right at home in an Iulutiu snowhouse.

Ulutians are stockier and shorter than most humans, seldom more than 5 feet tall. Their arms and legs are short and thick, their fingers and toes look like plump sausages. They have light yellow skin, and black hair. Ulutiu faces are round with dark brown eyes, flat noses, and tiny ears pressed flat against their heads. Their teeth are blunt and wide, about twice as large as a typical human's.

Ulutiu physiology includes a number of adaptations that make them resistant to the effects of cold:

- An inch-thick layer of fat beneath the skin provides natural insulation.
- Extra blood vessels in the hands and feet increase circulation, making their extremities less likely to freeze.
- Ulutiu males don't grow facial hair. Unlike male visitors from other lands, Ulutians suffer no risk of ice collecting in beards or moustaches.

Though tribal dialects vary, all Ulutians speak essentially the same language; Iulutians, Angulutians, and Nakulutians have minimal trouble understanding each other. Because Ulutians trace their ancestry to human communities outside of the Great Glacier, most visitors to the region are able to communicate with the natives.

Ulutiu Class and Ability Restrictions

There are no formal class restrictions for Ulutiu characters, but because of the necessity for strong survival skills, the vast majority of Ulutians are warriors, comprising at least 90% of any given tribe. The lack of good teachers and the scarcity of time necessary for study limits the number of wizards to a scant few; no more than 2 or 3% of a village of 200 or more residents are wizards, and fewer than 1% are higher than 2nd level. Likewise, no more than 1% of a tribe qualify as priests of any level, as Ulutians devote little time to religious pursuits; Ulutiu priests higher than 1st level are hard to find (the Nakvaligach are the exception; as many as 5% of a Nakvaligach tribe are priests, of which 1% are 4th level

or higher). Thieves aren't tolerated in Ulutiu society.

Ulutians share all of the general characteristics of humans as described in the *Player's Handbook*. However, because of their thick bodies and short legs, their base movement is 9. Additionally, their initial ability scores are modified by a -1 penalty to Charisma and Dexterity, and a +1 bonus to Strength and Constitution. The minimum and maximum ability scores for Ulutians are as follows:

Ability	Minimum	Maximum
Strength	6	18
Dexterity	3	16
Constitution	9	18
Intelligence	3	18
Wisdom	3	18
Charisma	3	15

The Iulutians

Peace-loving, cheerful, and gentle, the Iulutians are the friendliest of the Great Glacier races, and also boast the richest culture and most sophisticated society. By far the most numerous of the Ulutiu tribes, the Iulutians occupy all corners of Alpuk, concentrating mainly on the areas in and around the Nakalpgotak and Lugalpgotak Seas where hunting and fishing are especially good. There are hundreds of Iulutiu communities, most of which are unnamed. These settlements resemble camps more than formal villages. Populations of these unnamed communities usually number fewer than 100, with residents drifting freely from one community to the next. These groupings continually break apart, usually as a result of depleted game, only to reform a few miles away, often in combination with residents from another community.

Most Iulutians, however, live in permanent settlements, usually consisting of a few hundred residents. Jukum, just south of the Lugalpgotak, and Lililnuk, on the western shore of the Nakalpgotak, are the largest Iulutiu settlements, consisting of about 1,200 and 1,500 residents respectively.



Social Order

Iulutians have no formal governments, neither in individual settlements nor for the nation as a whole. Each settlement is a self-contained unit, consisting of a variable number of families, who are responsible for maintaining discipline and order among themselves.

Larger settlements—those consisting of at least 200 members—maintain loosely organized governing groups called *iquemelum*. The *iquemelum* function as advisors rather than rulers, though residents usually follow their recommendations. An *iquemelum* consists of five or six members called *kiam*, chosen by consensus of all adult members of the settlement. As a symbol of their status, *kiam* wear tiny earrings made of the skulls of immature fish: these earrings are called *uwa*.

A *kiam* must meet four qualifications: 1. The proposed *kiam* must be an adult. Preference is given to women whose child-bearing years are behind them (women are generally believed to have more common sense than men), though males may also be *kiam*.

2. The candidate must demonstrate exceptional hunting skills, speaking skills, healing skills, intuition, physical strength, cleverness, and/or humor; at least two of these traits are preferred.

3. The proposed *kiam* must already have some type of strong relationship with the other members of the *iquemelum*. For instance, the proposed *kiam* could be a relative of the other *kiam*, a close friend, a student, or a hunting partner.

4. He or she must want the job.

Since the *kiam* have no real power, there's no need to establish a formal method for stripping them of authority. When a *kiam* no longer functions up to par, the other *kiam* and the rest of the settlement simply ignore her. After a month or so of inattention, the *kiam* gets the message and quietly "resigns" by tossing her *uwa* into the sea.

The main function of the *iquemelum* is to keep peace among all Iulutian settlements. To this end, the Iulutians have established a set of ceremonies designed to encourage communication and promote tribal harmony. The Iulutians take these ceremonies quite seriously—and with good

reason. Thanks to these practices, the Iulutians have avoided war for centuries.

Koatulit. The *koatulit* is the oldest and most significant Iulutian social tradition. It was established in 1637 to bring an end to the Keryjek Wars and has been held annually in every Iulutian settlement ever since. At the beginning of spring, the *iquemelum* select a young man or woman of character and strength to be their *ahtkoat* (courier). The *ahtkoat* travels to a designated village (chosen at the end of the previous year's *koatulit*) and extends a formal invitation to the designated village's *iquemelum*. From 6-12 residents of the designated village accompany the *ahtkoat* back to that worthy's village, where they live as honored guests for a week. The host village holds a nightly feast in honor of the guests, featuring games, dancing, story-telling, and plenty of gossip. At the end of the week, the guests return to their own homes, with good will between the villages affirmed and renewed.

Sukkiruchit. The *sukkiruchit* is an annual trade fair, emphasizing shop talk more than recreation. The *sukkiruchit* is open to all who wish to attend, and usually attracts upwards of a thousand or more hunters, artisans, and *kiam* from all over Alpuk. Participants exchange hunting techniques, barter for goods, and—a key element of any Iulutian get-together—swap gossip. A trade board (called the *ahtsukk*) comprised of *kiam* from several of the participating villages is available to arbitrate disputes, which occasionally arise over prices or quality of merchandise. Because of the number of attendees, the *sukkiruchit* is always held in either Jukum or Lulinuk, where easy access to the seas provides plenty of fish and game.

Tupa. This term refers to marriages between partners from different villages, a practice actively encouraged by all Iulutians in the belief that family bonds are the strongest social controls. It's a rare Iulutian who doesn't have a sibling, cousin, or grandparent in every neighboring village, thanks to the prevalence of *tupa*.



There are two categories of tupa. The most common is *kotupa*, which refers to the voluntary union of a man and woman from two different villages. Koatulit and sukkiruchit help encourage *kotupa* by bringing together young people who wouldn't otherwise have a chance to meet. Though marriages between members of the same village do occur, meddling grandparents do what they can to discourage such unions, usually by speaking disparagingly of their grandchild's hometown sweetheart. *Kotupa* is always preferred.

Occasionally, parents from neighboring villages arrange marriages between their offspring without the children's knowledge or permission. These marriages are called *ekotupa*. They are unions of last resort, usually between unattractive or otherwise unappealing young adults. Though the children aren't required to go through with an arranged marriage, they almost always do; an unmarried middle-aged adult tends to embarrass the entire village.

Laws

Though the Iulutians have no written laws, they observe a strict set of social customs, regulations, and taboos to maintain order. Enforcement of these taboos is the family's responsibility. The rest of the village rarely gets involved in a family's problems unless the opinion of the *iquemelum* is required, which rarely occurs.

Since Iulutian society centers on the family, the most rigidly enforced regulations pertain to the preservation and continuity of the family unit. Married partners are obliged to provide food for their families, maintain their homes, and care for their children. Though husbands tend to do most of the hunting and wives most of the child rearing, gender roles aren't fixed; families are encouraged to assign jobs as they see fit. Should either partner fail to perform his or her familial duties, a friend or relative takes custody of their children. From that day onward, the children belong to the friend or relative—the biological parents don't get a second chance.

Iulutians firmly believe that it takes two parents to raise children. If the mother dies, her parents (the children's grandparents) assume

custody of her children, and the father returns to live with his own parents. If the father dies, his parents assume custody, and the mother goes home to her family. Aging parents become the responsibility of their adult married children. The first choice is usually their first-born son, but parents are allowed to choose which child they want to live with.

Iulutians don't recognize land ownership—land belongs to everybody. More specifically, whoever builds a home on a particular piece of land assumes custody of the land until she dies or moves away. Should someone else covet the land—which might happen if it's near a fresh water supply or good fishing hole—they are free to offer the custodian food or other goods to move out. They can also challenge the custodian to a duel; the survivor takes possession of the land.

When an Iulutian dies, any valuables become the property of the village, distributed according to need or by the decision of the *iquemelum*. Clothes and other personal items are either destroyed or placed in the grave. Only the following items are included in the estate of the deceased:

- Harpoon (or other personal weapons)
- Sled
- Dogs (or *kupuk*—see "New Monsters")
- Kayak (or other boat)
- Cooking pots and other utensils.

The oldest child still living with the parent at the time of death inherits the estate. Grown children with families of their own aren't considered suitable heirs, nor is the surviving spouse. If there isn't a qualified heir, the village claims the estate.

A form of voluntary slavery exists in some villages. These slaves are called *ukeu*, and consist of the elderly, the infirm, the abandoned, and others without family who are incapable of caring for themselves. Such people offer themselves as *ukeu* to any family who agrees to take them in. *Ukeu* must care for children, assist with household or hunting, and perform other menial chores for their adopted families in return for food, shelter, and companionship. Though *ukeu*



are treated with dignity and respect, they are by no means accepted as equals. Still, considering the alternatives, most Iuklu are quite content with this arrangement.

Hunters have specific rights and obligations, which are rigorously observed:

- A fish or a bird belongs to whoever catches it.
- A seal belongs to all who participate in the hunt. The carcass is cut up and divided equally among the participants. Whoever struck the first blow earns the skin.
- A bear or caribou belongs to whoever first sees it, regardless of who actually kills it. Although each participant in the hunt is entitled to a share of the meat, the spotter decides how to divide the carcass. The skin and fur belong to the spotter.
- In times of scarce food, game must be shared with the entire village. Those participating in a hunt handle the distribution. When food is plentiful, game belongs to the hunters (within the above guidelines), but they are obligated to make sure that all members of their immediate families get a share.
- If a lost weapon is found, it must be returned to its owner. However, if a weapon is lost with an animal (for instance, if a spear is imbedded in a seal, and the seal escapes; or if a fish swims away with a net) both the weapon and the animal belong to whoever recover them.

So how are violations punished? Simple—the violators are put to death. The punishment is the same regardless of the crime; thieves are executed along with frauds and murderers. Executions generally take the form of drownings, stonings, or beheadings. Occasionally, criminals are buried alive, or stripped of all protective clothing and left to die of exposure. There are no trials or appeals, no second chances.

The system sounds brutal, but it's effective. Crime is rare in Iuklu society, and executions occur so seldom that most Iukluts can't remember one ever occurring. Why? Two reasons:

First, unlike elsewhere in the Realms, the threat

of execution serves as an excellent deterrent to crime. Punishment is so swift and certain that most Iukluts are afraid to even contemplate a serious offense.

Second—and more importantly—there is a fear that an execution may set off a chain of retaliation; the criminal's family may feel compelled to even the score by murdering one of the executioners, which may compel the executioner's family to retaliate against the criminal's family, and on and on in an ever-expanding circle. Murder begets murder; Iukluts realize that it's a lot easier to start a blood war than stop one, so they think twice before committing crimes.

Two forms of murder are culturally acceptable:

Wijikak. This "honor murder" occurs when one Iuklut offends the dignity of another, typically by insulting his children or spouse, or spreading lies about him. The dishonored person is fully within his rights to murder the offender. However, the offender's family may then feel obligated to murder the dishonored person, whose family in turn may retaliate against the offender's family, thus beginning a blood feud that can last for generations.

The *iqumelum* may attempt to intervene before a blood feud gets too far out of hand, but as a general policy, the village stays at arm's length, allowing the families to work out their differences themselves. It may take decades and dozens of deaths before feuding families call a truce; until then, woe to those who show favoritism to one side or the other.

Yijikak. If an Iuklut citizen feels he's been wronged by another, he may petition the *iqumelum* for permission to murder the offender; this type of murder is called *yijikak*. The *iqumelum* debate the request among themselves for several months, allowing time for rumors to thoroughly circulate among the populace. As often as not, the intended victim leaves the village when he hears of the charges against him, and no murder occurs.

The Iukluts have other, less violent methods



of maintaining order, among them:

Wrestling Contests. Public wrestling contests are used to resolve minor conflicts, presuming both parties are agreeable. Weapons are not allowed, nor are techniques that may physically harm the participants. A kiam typically serves as referee.

Huuk. Another method of resolving minor disputes, the huuk (or singdown) involves an exchange of insults performed as short songs. Audience reaction determines the winner.

Public Ridicule. The simplest and most popular method of reprimand, this takes the form of imaginative taunts and insults directed against the violator. It seldom requires more than a week or so of humiliation before the violator issues an apology, makes restitution, or gives up and leaves the village.

Staging Singdowns

Here's an easy—and fun—way to stage a singdown between a non-Ilutium player character and an Ilutium NPC. Singdowns can be used to resolve conflicts between characters, or an NPC might insist on a singdown before he's willing to share supplies or information.

1. Explain the concept of the singdown, as described above.

2. Determine if the Ilutium NPC has the advantage. If adventurer has the Singing proficiency and/or a Charisma score of 15 or higher, neither character has the advantage. Otherwise, the NPC has the advantage. (Unless the NPC is exceptionally inept or inexperienced, a non-Ilutium character never has the advantage.)

3. The characters take turns exchanging insults, beginning with the NPC. (It's not necessary for the player to actually sing, though he's free to do so if he likes.)

The only insults that Ilutiums take seriously are those comparing the victim to bad food, or those that make fun of the victim's temper. Additionally, a properly-phrased insult begins with the words, "My friend." Don't tell the players any of this—let them figure it out themselves. The

first few insults from the Ilutium opponent may tip them off.

Here's a list of appropriate insults the NPC can use; feel free to make up your own, structured along the same lines:

- "My friend, your breath smells worse than year-old seal blubber."
- "My friend, your skin has the fair texture of tirichik stew."
- "My friend, I ate some caribou meat last night that made my stomach ache. I thought of you."
- "My friend here gets angry at his shadow if it doesn't listen to his orders."
- "My friend here believes that you can melt snow by screaming at it."
- "My friend here has a temper so bad that it makes dragons cower in their caves."

4. A singdown should last at least three or four rounds, long enough for the characters to have a fair chance at figuring out what constitutes an acceptable Ilutium insult. The singdown continues until one of the following conditions occur:

- The character gives up.
- One opponent or the other is the obvious winner.
- The players are getting tired of the game.

5. The DM determines the winner by subjectively evaluating the adventurer's performance. If the character came up with two or three insults as good as those listed above and presented in the proper form (the insults must begin with "My friend" and must compare the opponent to bad food or make fun of her temper), and neither side has an advantage, give the player the benefit of the doubt and declare her the winner. If the NPC has the advantage, then the player must come up with two or three exceptionally imaginative or clever insults, presented in proper



form (such as, “My friend, I found a moldy bread crust in the bottom of my knapsack that reminds me of your teeth-have you checked your mouth to see if any are missing?”).

The Family

The family is the primary social unit of the Iulutians. Tribal customs and taboos are designed to preserve and promote family life. Families, in turn, are expected to maintain order among their own members.

An Iulutian family includes not just the parents and children, but also grandparents, in-laws, and other relatives. Family ties may also extend beyond blood lines to include close friends and ukeu. There is no meaningful difference in a family hierarchy between an adopted child and a biological child, or between a natural uncle and a friend whom the family has designated as an uncle.

In general, an Iulutian family consists of all those living under the same roof. Typically, the parents and children live in one section of the house, an in-law and his family in another section, and an adopted uncle and his family in yet another. If the family adopts new members, new rooms are added to the house. Family members who move away, whether they are natural or adopted, gradually lose their ties to the original family. For example, parents feel less close to a biological son who lives across town than to an adopted uncle who still lives with them.

The eldest male and female children have special responsibilities in the family, essentially serving as surrogates for the parents. Their special titles reflect these roles; the oldest son is called the *gazanga* (little father) and the oldest daughter is known as the *kazanga* (little mother). If the *gazanga* or *kazanga* dies or moves away, the next oldest child assumes the role.

Family members operate under a strict status ranking, which not only designates the priority of family relationships, but also the strength of personal bonds; a father is closer to his son than his wife, a brother is closer to his sister than his grandparents. Each relationship has a specific name; the following table lists the relationships

from highest to lowest priority.

Iulutian Relationship Rankings

Rank	Relationship	Name
1	father to <i>gazanga</i>	<i>giik</i>
2	mother to <i>kazanga</i>	<i>erngiik</i>
3	parent to sibling other than <i>gazanga</i> or <i>kazanga</i>	<i>tigugiik</i>
4	all other family relationships (including spouse to spouse)	<i>aigiik</i>
5	family member to <i>ukeu</i>	<i>sangiik</i>

Iulutians also use the above terms as general expressions of affection and loyalty to indicate the depth of feeling for a friend, an animal, a place, or even an experience. If a fisherman describes a lake as *sangiik*, his friends know it isn't nearly as good a place to catch fish as the local *aigiik* lake. An *erngiik* feast is much more memorable than one that's merely *tigugiik*, and a *giik* sled dog is the best companion a man could want.

More About Marriage

Males and females are expected to be married by the time they reach their early twenties. Unmarried children in their late twenties are candidates for *ekotupa*.

Men of honesty and humor are considered the best husband material, though good hunting skills help, too. A potential wife is also valued for her character, as well as her fertility (a guess based on the number of her siblings' children). Parents encourage their children to minimize physical attractiveness when choosing mates (“Beauty is deceitful; its promise of happiness is as false as its guarantee of permanence,” says Inum). Except in cases of *ekotupa*, mates are presumed to be in love.

Courtship seldom lasts longer than a few months. A man shows he's serious about a woman by giving her a small gift, such as a hand-made necklace or other trinket, and the woman reciprocates by giving him a similar gift. Both the man and the woman must ask permission to get married from each other's family. If permission is granted, the couple is considered married—there are no formal ceremonies, though the families may host a feast in the couple's honor.



A young married couple moves in with either the wife's parents or the husband's parents, depending on which family has the most room. After the birth of their first child, the couple may move into their own home, though many live with their parents indefinitely. Childless couples are allowed to divorce by mutual consent; the spouse simply moves out of the home of his or her in-laws.

Naming the Baby

The Iulutians' most cherished tradition involves the naming of newborns. The tradition has no religious implications—Iulutians don't put much stock in religion—but is intended to foster security and continuity by connecting the baby with two adults other than the parents.

Iulutians have single names only. All names consist of exactly two syllables. The first syllable links the baby to the past, the second syllable to the present. A baby is named as soon as possible after birth.

The first syllable of a name is called the *kiirik*, derived from either the first or second syllable of the name of a dead relative. The parents choose the relative, based on physical or behavioral similarities between the relative and the baby (he's bald like his grandfather, she has a bad temper like her aunt).

The second syllable of a name is called the *anarkiirik*, derived from either the first or second syllable of the name of a close family friend. This family friend, called the *ariak*, dresses the baby in his or her first clothes. This act, known as *anariak* (roughly, "building the newborn"), serves to permanently bond the friend with the child. At that moment, the *ariak* abandons his true birthday, and from then on celebrates his birthday on the same day as the *anariak* baby. In the years to come, the bond between the *ariak* and the child expresses itself in a number of ways:

- In conjunction with the child's parents, the *ariak* assumes responsibility for the care, safety, and education of the child. As the friend grows old, the child reciprocates.

- The child presents the first animal he or she kills to the *ariak*. The female child also presents her first baby to the *ariak* for his or her approval.

- The *ariak* is obligated to give any needed food, weapons, or other goods to the child that his or her family is unable to provide.

Growing Up

The Iulutians raise their children with affection and respect. Physical punishment of any kind, even a mild pat on the rump, is unheard of. Mothers carry infants in their parkas until they are about two years old, then the children spend their days playing among themselves. Favorite toys include caribou skin balls, jump ropes and cat's cradle strings made from animal sinews, tops of wood or ice, and dolls of sealskin scraps.

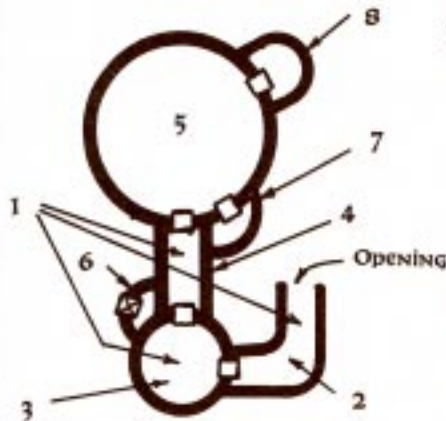
When children reach puberty, they receive tattoos on their wrists (for boys) or between their lips and chins (for girls). Simple patterns of thin parallel lines, the tattoos are almost imperceptible; still, boys and girls strut proudly for days after receiving them.

Reaching puberty also makes boys and girls eligible for ear and nose piercing. This adornment is usually performed by a grandparent or other family elder. Girls' ears are pierced large enough to hold thick hoops, boys' piercings are somewhat smaller. Piercing the nasal septum allows the wearing of beaded rings carved from seal bone, a custom more common for girls than boys.

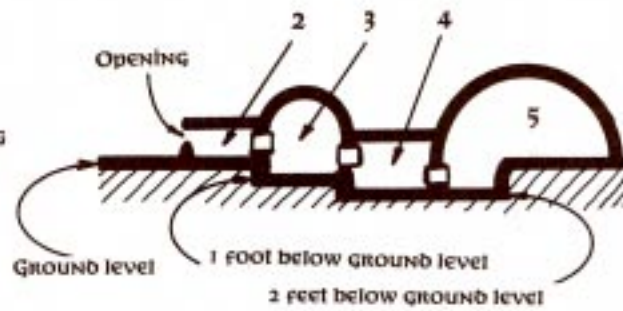
Both boys and girls undergo a series of rituals marking their passage into adulthood. The main ritual, called *jukikewquka*, occurs after the child's first kill of a bird or other small animal. A feast is held, the father and *ariak* share the child's kill, and songs are sung in the child's honor. The *awakewquka* involves a similar celebration, taking place after the child's first seal kill. At the end of the feast, the child presents the seal skin to his or her mother. The most prestigious ritual is the *nukiewquak*, marking the child's first polar bear kill. The bear's head is mounted on a pole outside the family home where it remains for a week. At the end of the week, a representa-



Diagram 1: Iulutiun Snowhouse



Single-Family House



Single-Family Snowhouse (Side View)

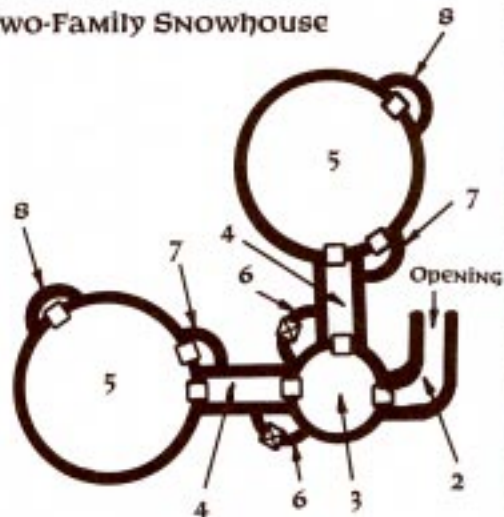
1. Cogsung
2. Kaguling
3. Uabling
4. Iqbluling
5. Lulik
6. Sirbloang
7. Iqoluarn
8. Anblitving

See text for explanation of terms.

3 feet

- Doorway
 Removable snowblock

Two-Family Snowhouse





tive from each family in the village samples the bear meat, and during the feast, the child performs a song that he or she has composed about the hunt. At the end of the feast, the child is considered an adult.

Girls have the option of skipping the *jukikewquka-awakewquaka-nukiewquak* cycle if they wish. In less enlightened villages, girls' passage into adulthood is less formalized; a girl is considered to be an adult when she's old enough to give birth and care for her children.

A Day in the Life

Tikqu, a young Iulutun mother of two, rises at the crack of dawn to nurse her babies and prepare breakfast for her husband, Hitok, who is sleeping late. Hitok went to bed late and weary after working long into the night repairing the family kayak, sewing patches of seal skin to cover rips in the hull.

Stretching and yawning, Hitok rises at last, lured by the aroma of fresh fish stew. He gobbles two bowlfuls, bites off a chunk of seal blubber; then rubs the heads of his wife and children to bid them farewell for the day.

Hitok removes the block of snow that serves as a door to his snowhouse, then greets the morning by whistling his favorite tune. He tosses meat scraps to his sled dogs, and while they are eating, he greases his sled with seal oil. He is traveling to a distant lake to investigate a caribou sighting; it's a long trip, and he will be gone all day. He hitches his clogs to the sled. They bark and paw the snow, eager to get going. His spear strapped to his back and his snow goggles in place, Hitok secures the dogs to the sled, and a moment later, he's off.

Meanwhile, Tikqu busies herself with household chores, mending clothes, checking the house for leaks (and making repairs with snow where necessary), preparing a seal skin for a new parka, and tending to a sick puppy. Mid-afternoon, a neighbor drops by and presents Tikqu with a chunk of polar bear meat in honor of her son's *nukiewquak*. Later, Tikqu boils the meat to serve for dinner.

The day passes quickly. As the sun sets, Tikqu hears the crunch of the family sled and runs out-

side to greet her husband. Good news—Hitok says the rumors of caribou were true. Tomorrow, he and some friends plan to return to the area with their bows. With luck, he says, they will have caribou meat for the rest of the month.

Recreation

Though Iulutians spend most of their time hunting, keeping house, and raising children, they reserve a few hours every day for relaxation. Visiting is the most common recreation, where neighbors gather for hours to chew the fat (both figuratively and literally), but Iulutians also enjoy a variety of other activities.

Jokitarpo. In this game, a group of up to 30 men and women sit in a circle around a large pot of soup. One of the players dips a leather cup of soup from the pot, takes a sip, then passes the cup around the circle for everyone to take a drink. The player taking the last drink becomes the *jokitarpo*—he must stand in middle of the circle and make hideous faces by grimacing, tying straps around his head, and drawing his lips into his mouth. The other players cheer when the *jokitarpo* makes an especially impressive face, then his turn ends. He dips a new cup of soup from the pot, and play resumes.

Keri-Keri. This game, favored by women, requires two face-to-face opponents. One opponent randomly points at her forehead, chest, elbows, and knees, each gesture accompanied by a nonsense word, such as *subatiruitikak* or *talujquifredikit*. The second opponent then tries to duplicate the first's action and words exactly. If she fails, the first opponent wins. Otherwise, play continues with the second opponent taking a turn.

Lukitaqutu. One player juggles three seal-skin balls while an opponent tries to knock them out of the air with a leather whip. The longer the whip, the more challenging the game.

Jegaung. A series of small holes are drilled into the skull of a wolf, seal, or similarly sized ani-



mal. The skull is placed on the ground, and a sliver of bone is tossed into the air. Players wager on which hole the sliver will land in.

Tingaung. Another gambling game, tingaung uses a dozen small replicas of birds carved from bone or ice. One player tosses the bird replicas into the air and the others wager on how many of the birds land on their feet.

Yakakilat. The yakalilaut, or drum feast, is an elaborate Iulutian celebration staged whenever hunters slay a white dragon, tirichik, or other large creature. The villagers surround the carcass in two large circles, women on the inner circle, men on the outer. The women dress in their most colorful clothes and wrap their hair in long braids, tying foot-long wooden sticks on the ends. Each man prepares a *kilat* drum, made from seal skin stretched over a hoop of wood or bone, played by slapping it against the thigh or chest. Accompanied by the *kilat* of the men and the songs of the women, the hunters strip to the waist and dance around the carcass, taunting the dead beast with insults. At the end of the dance, the beast is butchered and the meat distributed among the villagers.

Architecture

Snowhouses: Since wood, mud, stone, and other traditional building materials are scarce in Alpuuk, Iulutians must make do with what's available—and that means snow and ice. Over the centuries, the Iulutians have become quite adept at building snowhouses; if summer temperatures remain low enough to keep it frozen, a well-constructed snowhouse lasts two or three years.

Snowhouses are made of blocks of snow that are cut to size and stacked to form domes. Snowhouses are dome-shaped for two reasons: (1) they are easier to build that way, since old rows of blocks support the new rows above them, keeping the walls solid while construction proceeds, and (2) Iulutians have no suitable roofing materials; snow blocks won't work as they can't be cut large enough, and there's no practical way

to support them.

Preparation. It takes a team of four workers to build a snowhouse, though in a pinch, as few as two can complete the job. In a crew of four, each worker has a specific assignment:

- The Cutter carves blocks from snow banks.
- The Carrier takes the blocks to the builder.
- The Builder stacks the blocks.
- The Packer smooths snow between the cracks of the blocks.

With two-worker crews, all blocks are cut and carried, then stacked and packed. This method takes a lot longer, since the crew has to guess how many blocks they need. They are invariably wrong, which requires a number of return trips to cut and carry more blocks.

Regardless of the size of the team, they need the same equipment:

- A pole or staff (bone or wood, about 4 feet long, used to test snow texture.
- A knife to cut snow blocks; the blade should be one to two feet long.
- A shovel for heaping snow on the finished house.

The first step in building a house is to find a supply of suitable snow, hard enough to stack but soft enough to cut. The best snow is found on flat terrain, where drifts rise at least 4 feet high. Ideally, the drifts should have accumulated within the last few weeks. Old snow, subjected to blasts of freezing wind, tends to be as solid as ice and extremely difficult to cut. Fresh snow, especially that which has fallen during relatively high temperatures and calm winds, can be as grainy as sugar and impossible to cut.

The easiest way to identify a suitable snow bank is to step in it. If steps don't leave footprints, the snow's too hard. If the prints sink more than an inch or so, the snow's too soft. If steps leave slight impressions, the snow's just right.

After locating a suitable drift, the worker must



test its consistency by inserting a rod or staff. The rod should sink smoothly to a depth of about 4 feet. If the rod encounters resistance, the drift consists of layers of old and new snow; it's useless, and they must look for another drift.

Construction. To cut a snow block, the worker makes two sets of parallel cuts in the drift to form a rectangle about 3 feet long, about a foot or so wide, and about a foot and a half deep. The blade is inserted at an angle to make a series of horizontal cuts, and is then used to lift the block free. A typical block weighs anywhere from 50-100 pounds; if it isn't strong enough to stand on its side and be carried without crumbling, it's no good; the worker has to start over. The block must be reasonably flat on all surfaces; uneven sides can be shaved with the blade.

The first tier of blocks is set in a circle, and should be laid on an area of level snow. If necessary, the worker can stick a pole in the snow, tie a string to it, pull the string tight, then use it as a guide to make a circle. The Builder props the blocks against each other by leaning the bottom edge of a new block against the top edge of the previous block. A one-block opening is left to serve as a temporary door. The Packer seals the holes between blocks with snow. The snow freezes in about ten minutes, creating a solid wall of blocks.

When the first tier is finished, the second tier stacks atop the first like a spiral. As the stacking proceeds, the higher tiers lean in slightly, gradually forming a dome. The blocks continue to spiral until the dome is complete, except for a small opening in the top. Two blocks are wedged in the hole, then the workers shovel fresh snow over the top. The snow slides down the walls to evenly surround the entire dome. The workers stop shoveling when the bottom two feet or so of the dome is about three feet thick (including the thickness of the snow blocks).

To create the entry way, one worker enters the snowhouse by wiggling his way through the temporary door. He then digs a trench about 5 feet wide and 5 feet deep extending inward from the doorway. Outside, another worker digs a similar trench leading to the doorway, meeting the interior trench. The workers plug the temporary

door with a snow block, then build an archway of snow blocks over the outside trench. When it's finished, the entry resembles a tunnel about 2 feet below ground level, which helps to keep frigid air and blowing snow out of the snowhouse.

To complete the house, a worker builds a fire inside the main room, strong enough to thaw the walls. When the walls are soft and slushy, the fire is extinguished, and the walls are allowed to refreeze. The result is a glaze of ice that makes the walls stronger and adds insulation.

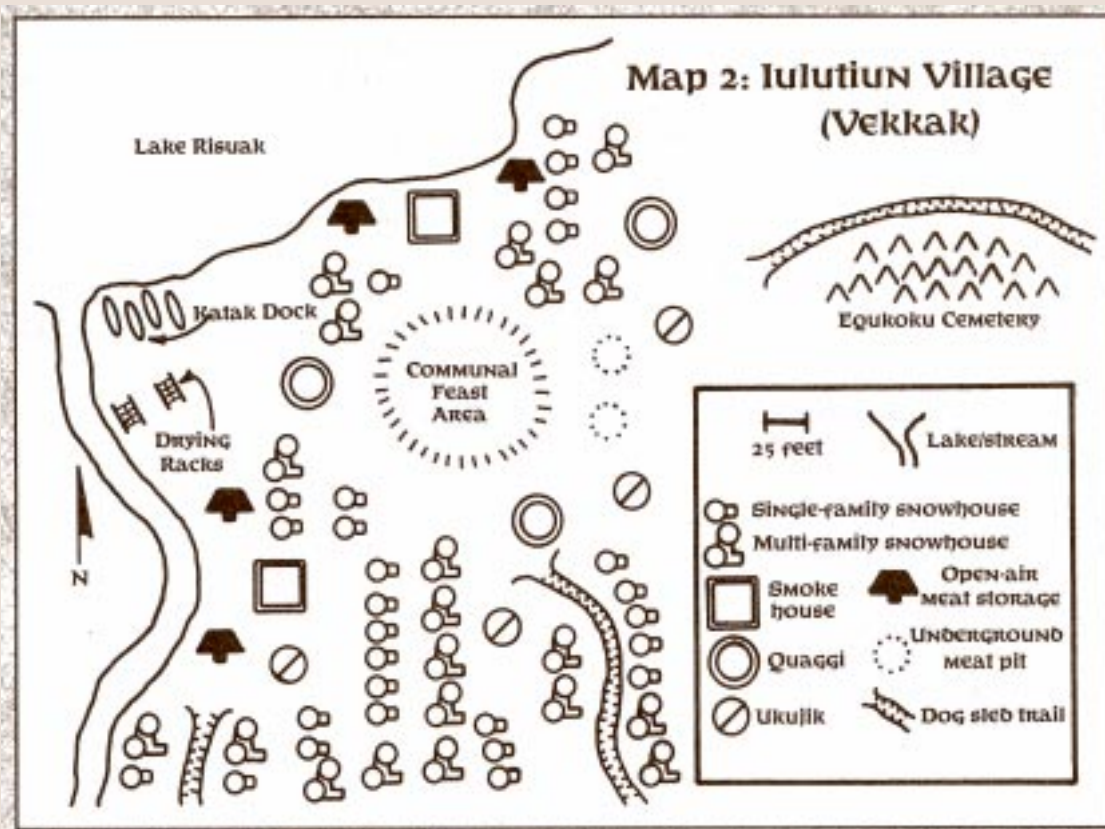
Floor Plans: The simplest Iulutiun snowhouse is a dome with a single entry. A 10-foot-diameter house sleeps four or five and takes a four-person crew about three hours to build. This simple snowhouse is a good temporary structure. It is useful as a guest house for overnight visitors, or for hunters spending the night in the wilderness.

Most Iulutiuns, however, prefer more elaborate snowhouses. Figure 1 shows the type of snowhouse typically found in Iulutiun settlements. A single-family house includes the following sections:

Toqsung. This is the name given to the three-sectioned entry passage, designed to give the main living space maximum protection from the cold. The outermost, open section of the toqsung is the *kaquling*, angled away from the prevailing wind (in Alpuk, prevailing winds usually blow, from the north or south, so the kaquling opens to the east or west). Beyond the kaquling is the *uadiling*, a 6-foot-tall dome with a door about 2 or 3 feet high. Next is a long passage, the *igdluling*, also about 6 feet high, which ends with another 3-foot door.

Lulik. The main living space, linked by a door to the igdluling. It's about 12 feet in diameter, large enough for a family of six.

Sircdloang. A small room used to store clothing and harnesses. Though attached to the uadling and igdluling, it has no door; instead, one of the blocks is removed from the outside to give access.



Igdluarn. Another room similar in size to the sirdloang, except that this one is accessible from the lulik by a 2-foot opening. Fresh meat and blubber are kept here.

Andlitiving. A large room attached to the lulik, linked by a 2-foot opening. It's used for long-term meat storage.

Several families can share the same snowhouse by building additional luliks; Diagram 1 also shows a two-family house. If more families wish to move in, the two-family house can be expanded by adding new igdluling-lulik units, radiating from the uadling like spokes from a wheel.

Furnishings

Wall Lining. Also called the *ilupiquan*, this is a lining of seal or caribou skin fastened to the

interior walls of a snowhouse. Sharp bones are punched through the shins to fasten them to the walls; a knot of leather tied to the bones protruding outside the house holds the skins tight. The *ilupiquan* provides further insulation and also prevents candles and stoves from melting the interior walls.

Bed Platform. A comfortable sleeping area is made by piling fragments of snow blocks over an area large enough to hold a man. The pile should be about a foot or two high, enough to keep the sleeper well above the top of the entry way, which helps keep him warm. Two deer or caribou shins are placed over the pile, fur-side down to prevent the sleeper's body heat from melting the ice. Thick blankets of laced deer or caribou skin, called *quipiqu*, cover the sleeper. A bundle of clothing serves as a pillow.



Ventilation Plug. This 2-inch-diameter hole, also called a *quangirin*, ventilates the house when lamps or stoves are burned. After cutting a hole in the roof with a knife, a worker ties a length of leather or sinew strap to a fur plug, then pushes the strap through the hole. A worker on the roof secures the outer end of the strap to a cross-piece of bone or wood. The *quangirin* can then be opened or closed as needed.

Lighting. Since the glazed interior of a snowhouse is a continuous reflective surface, it doesn't take much light for illumination. Even in a windowless house, enough sunlight seeps through the walls (presuming the *ilupiquan* is let down) to provide sufficient illumination, even on cloudy days. At night, the light of a full moon penetrates the walls, enabling occupants to see well enough to prepare food and locate small objects. Otherwise, a single small candle or lamp provides all the light necessary to fully illuminate a 12-foot-diameter room.

Windows. If the occupants of a snowhouse desire more interior lighting, they cut holes in the walls, then wedge in pieces of fresh ice from a lake, packing snow around the ice to hold it tight. The ice should be about 2 inches thick, which is thick enough to provide insulation yet thin enough to be easily cut and shaped. Spare ice windows can be stored in the *sirdloang*.

Fireplace. A fireplace, also called a *quidlirin* is the ultimate *Iulutiu* luxury, owing to the the scarcity of stones required to build one (stones sometimes turn up in avalanches, or they can occasionally be recovered in a stream or sea). A *quidlirin* consists of a stone stove and a framework of wood or bone. Blubber fills the stove, with a wick of animal hair greased with blubber to make it burn. Kettles and pots, made of stone or bone, are hung from the framework and suspended over the stove. A bone hoop laced with leather straps, called an *intang*, lies on top of the framework and is used for drying wet clothes.

Temperatures in a Snowhouse

In a well-constructed snowhouse with glazed

walls, a small fireplace, and *ilupiquan* in place, temperatures remain remarkably comfortable. The temperature difference between the interior and exterior averages about 50-60 degrees; if the outside temperature is 30 degrees below, the interior temperature may be about 20-30 above. Just below the ceiling, the temperature may be up to 80-100 degrees warmer than the exterior of the snowhouse (if the outside is 30 below, it may be 50-60 degrees a foot or so under the ceiling). The frigid outside temperatures prevent the ceiling from melting.

Other Structures

Though *Iulutiu* villages consist primarily of snowhouses, most villages of 100 residents or more also include the following buildings:

Quaggi. Normally, *Iulutiu*s hold communal feasts and celebrations outside. But when the weather's bad, they use a *quaggi* (feast house). A *quaggi* is a large dome, 15-20 feet tall and at least 20 feet in diameter. A large *quidlirin* is centered on the floor of the dome. Two ledges of snow serve as seats; one ledge, about 6 feet tall, hugs the interior wall, while just below is a second ledge about 2 feet tall. Typically, a village has about one *quaggi* for every 100 adults.

Ukujik. Also known as a cutting house, the *ukujik* is a 10-foot diameter dome used to butcher animals. A snow partition, rising about 7 feet from the floor, divides the dome in half. Two 5-foot-deep pits fill half of the room. The section of the room with the pits is called the *ijukujik*, the section without pits is called the *akukujik*. A doorway opens into each section. Hunters butcher game in the *akukujik*, and toss organs and blubber over the partition into the *ijukujik*; organs go in one pit, blubber in the other. Villagers are free to help themselves to the surplus in the *ijukujik* pits.

Clothing

The *Iulutiu*s have mastered the art of dressing for frigid weather. Wearing layered clothes of caribou and seal skin, an *Iulutiu* can comfortably tolerate temperatures as low as -50 de-



grees F. Both sexes dress similarly, wearing the same wardrobe the year-round, removing an outer layer of trousers and mittens in the warmer days of summer.

Though caribou and seal skin are the preferred materials, the furs of polar bear, wolf, deer, and beaver are also used. To prepare a skin for clothes, it's first scraped free of flesh, then hung on a rack or spread on the ground to dry. The skin is then scraped and dried again. After repeating this process two or three times, the skin becomes as soft as velvet and can be cut and sewn to size. Drying and scraping usually leaves skins white or light gray, but hanging them in a smokehouse for about a week darkens the skins to brown or dark gray.

An Iulutium suit consists of the following:

- Underwear to cover the legs, arms and torso, made of the skin of deer or caribou no more than a year old (such skin is especially soft).
- Two pair of socks; the inner socks are worn fur-side in. The outer socks, which resemble slippers, are made of the same material as underwear.
- A parka, which is a single-piece jacket and hood that slips over the head like a sweater and hangs just below the waist. The lining is seal skin, the outer layer is fur. The rounded hood hangs loosely over the head and doesn't cover the face; a tight hood encourages the formation of frost where fur meets the flesh. Though frost tends to form on an uncovered face, it's usually as light as powder, and easily brushed away; a layer of hard ice can form on a face that's completely covered. The parka's sleeves are long and wide, enabling the wearer to draw cold hands inside and warm them against her chest.
- Two pair of trousers. Like socks, the inner pair is young deer or caribou skin, the outer pair is worn fur-side out.
- Waterproof boots, made of hide from a caribou's leg, the sole covered with an extra layer of tirichik, caribou or seal skin. Because of its superb insulation and traction, tirichik hide makes excellent soles for boots, but such creatures are

hard to come by and most Iulutians have to settle for caribou. Trousers are tucked inside the boots, which are then tightened with a leather drawstring.

- Two pair of mittens. Again, the inner pair is young deer or caribou, the outer pair is fur. Parka sleeves are tucked inside the outer mittens and tightened with drawstrings. Outer mittens have two thumbs, so there's a spare if one gets wet. The palm and thumbs are shaved smooth to facilitate gripping and grasping.

Both males and females part their hair in the middle. Females grow their hair longer than men, winding it in knots behind their heads, sometimes tying it in short braids secured by bone rings.

Iulutians prefer simple clothes, and don't use much decoration. Occasionally, they adorn parkas with strips of white deer or wolf skin, or attach short strings to hang bone beads, teeth, and animal ears.

Transportation

Forget horses, donkeys, and anything with wheels. Land animals unused to the freezing climate of the Great Glacier won't last a day, and neither the hooves of pack animals, the feet of men, nor wooden wheels are designed to traverse snow drifts and slippery ice. Likewise, water travel in the Great Glacier requires vessels capable of navigating the often shallow waters and withstanding damaging buffets from pack ice.

Transportation on Land

Dog Sled. The easiest and quickest way to get around the snowy plains of the Great Glacier the Iulutium dog sled consists of a wooden or bone frame (for carrying goods and supplies), a small wooden platform on one end (on which a person stands), and a wooden lattice on the other end (to which the dog team is attached). Runners of wood or bone, greased with blubber, are secured to the bottom of the sled. Sled sizes average 8-12 feet long and about 2-3 feet wide. A dog team, consisting of 6-10 animals, can easily pull 1,000



pounds (see Part Four for information about lolutium sled dogs).

Kupuk Sled. A little wider (3-4 feet) and shorter (5-7 feet), a kupuk sled is otherwise identical to a dog sled. A single kupuk pulls the sled, which can carry up to 1,000 pounds.

Bikik. The bikik resembles a normal dog sled with a square sail, 4 feet per side, attached to a mast near the center of the frame. The sail, made of caribou hide or seal skin, catches the wind and boosts the sled's speed.

Hiuchupuk. A hiuchupuk is a type of water sled. It is essentially a kupuk sled with inflated seal skins attached to the runners. A hiuchupuk has a limited life span, as battering from pack ice eventually deflates the seal skins. Battered skins are usually fed to the kupuk.

Ikaap. This simple sled can be made quickly in emergencies by stacking three or four caribou skins atop each other, then soaking them with water. While the water freezes, two holes are cut near one end of the stack, and a pair of dog reins are inserted. A paste is made of mushy snow and animal hair (any type will do) which is applied to both sides of the skin pile, doused with water, and allowed to freeze. Two dogs are secured to the reins, the rider sits on the skins, and off he goes.

Snowshoes. Snowshoes look like oval frames of wood, 3 feet long and 1 foot wide, laced with leather webs. They enable the wearer to walk on the surface of snow without sinking. With a little practice, a person wearing snowshoes can move at her normal movement rate.

Transportation on Water

Umiak. The umiak is a large, easy to maintain cargo boat, designed to travel in water only a few feet deep. About 40 feet long, it's capable of holding 20 passengers, their hunting equipment, and a few caribou carcasses without sinking. To make an umiak, seal or walrus skins are sewn together, then stretched over a frame of wood or bone, creating a dish-like vessel with a broad, flat bottom. As the skins dry, they shrink, creating a tight surface with the texture of canvas. Three coats of oil from seal or walrus blubber are applied to the craft. Each coat dries for about a

week. At the end of three weeks, the umiak is water-tight and ready to go.

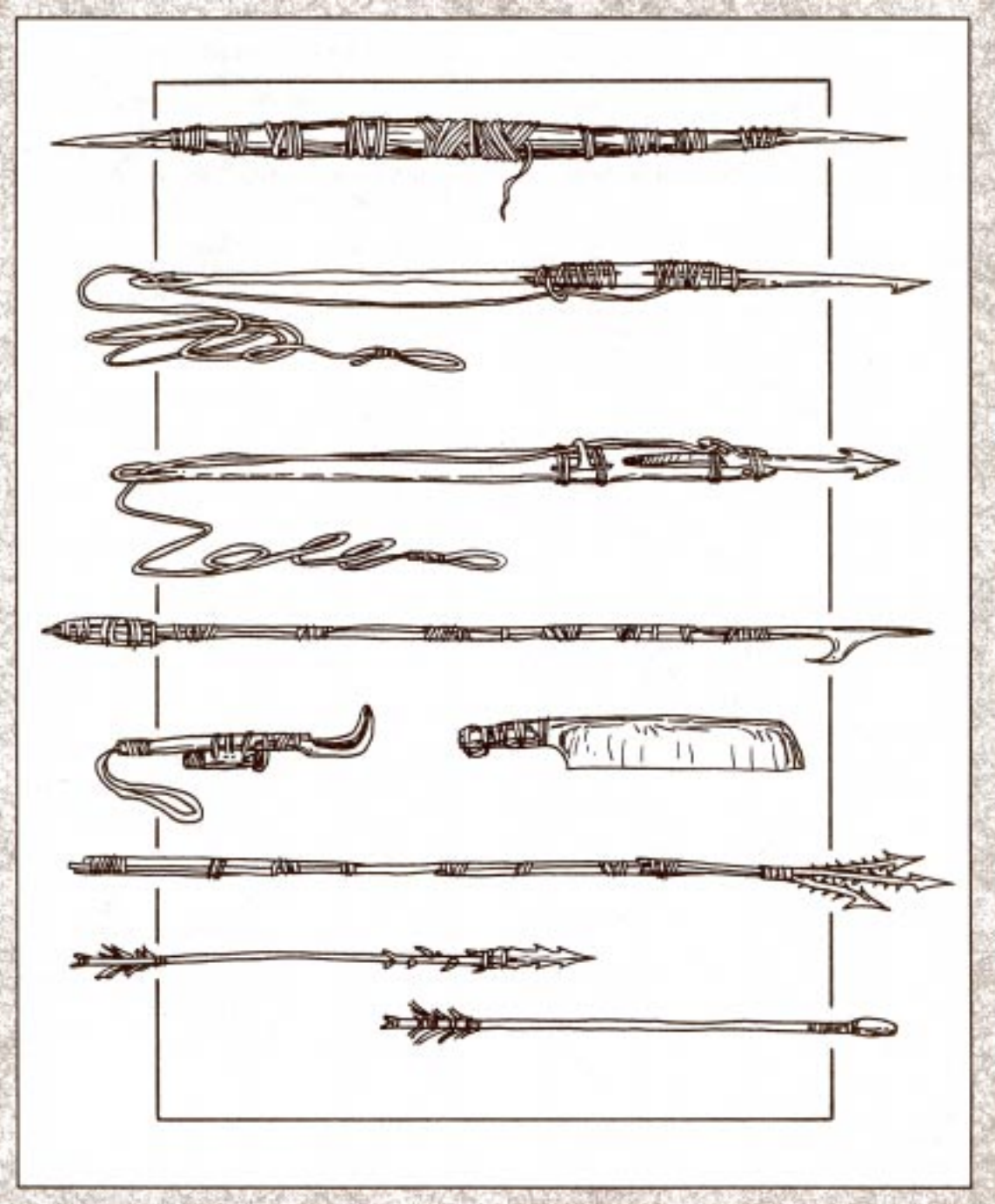
Although the umiak weighs about one-fourth as much as a conventional wooden ship of comparable size, it can carry half-again as much weight. Its flexible walls enable it to bounce harmlessly off most obstructions. If the craft suffers a tear, it can be easily repaired by sewing on a seal skin patch. In rough waters, inflated seal skins are secured to the sides to provide additional buoyancy.

On the downside, the umiak's flat bottom and high sides make it hard to paddle in strong winds. To compensate, kupuk can be used to pull them; a pair of kupuk in the water can easily pull a 40-foot umiak with a full cargo. Alternately, a team of about 12-15 dogs on shore can pull an umiak with tracking lines: the lines should be at least 50 feet long and attached to a single mast.

Kayak. The kayak is a single-person vessel, fast-moving and easy to maneuver. Its construction is similar to that of an umiak, with oiled and dried seal skins attached to a bone or wood frame. A completed kayak is about 10 feet long and 2 feet wide, completely covered by skin except for a circular opening in the top. The operator squeezes into this hole then sits up, her legs extending into the front section, the rest of her body protruding upwards. She then stuffs caribou or wolf skin around the opening, sealing herself in.

A single oar with a paddle on each end is used to propel a kayak. Controlling a kayak requires a keen sense of balance; it's just about impossible to remain upright if the craft isn't moving. Operators learn to constantly paddle their kayak with one hand, while simultaneously using their free hand to spear game or set fishing nets. Getting in and out of a kayak without capsizing requires hours of practice, and even the most experienced operators can't avoid an occasional dunking. When a kayak flips, the operator shifts his body weight to twist the craft completely around; the operator suffers a brief dunking, but the vessel rights itself almost instantly.

Because kayaks aren't particularly comfortable, they are best suited for short journeys, though experienced operators have been known





to make kayak trips of a hundred miles or more. Kayaks sometimes accompany umiaks on hunting expeditions. The umiak carries the gear and most of the hunting party, while the faster kayaks scout ahead, periodically returning to the umiak to report game sightings or obstacles.

HUNTING

Hunting is no mere sport for the Iulutiuns—it's a matter of life and death. All able-bodied villagers are expected to participate in hunts, which occur daily. In fact, the main reason why the Iulutiuns haven't developed much of a culture is that they simply don't have time for arts and crafts—they are too busy hunting.

Hunts involve either groups of 4-24 (for larger game, such as caribou and polar bear) or single hunters (seal, fish, and birds). Occasionally, a few dozen of the best hunters from several villages band together to hunt tirichik or white dragons, splitting the spoils equally among the survivors.

Weapons In addition to such conventional weapons as bows, spears, and nets, Iulutiun hunters employ a variety of exotic weapons, some of which are described below. Though designed for hunting, these weapons can also be used in combat.

Unungak. A large (5-foot) harpoon with a wooden shaft and needle-sharp bone point. Leather cords are wound around the front of the shaft and secured lengthwise along the body of the shaft to increase the weapon's durability.

Artengak. More slender than an unungak but with a similar bone point, the artengak is the main weapon used to hunt seal. A long cord attaches to the shaft, ending in a loop which the hunter places around his wrist. The cord helps prevent game from escaping with the weapon.

Naulagak. Another type of harpoon, the naulagak is a wood or bone shaft shaped like a wishbone at one end. A separate blade of bone, razor-sharp on all sides, is fixed between the shafts of the wishbone, held so that the blade can

toggle back and forth. A long cord attaches to the other end of the naulagak. When the shaft pierces an animal, the hunter jerks the cord, which causes the blade to toggle. Not only does this increase the damage, it also secures the animal to the shaft, making it much harder for the animal to get away.

Ritiik. This is a 6-foot-long bone shaft with a point and hook on one end used to attack polar bear and other large animals. When the shaft pierces, the point is jerked back so that the hook digs in.

Garnok. A foot-long bone rod with a leather thong on one end and a small cup on the other. It's used to hurl small (3-inch or less) bone darts.

Luqu. A long (7 feet or more) thin (about an inch in diameter) trident of lashed segments of bone or wood. Each tine is covered with hooked barbs. The luqu is used to spear fish.

Iuak. A bone blade resembling a machete, about 2 feet long and 6 inches wide. The end of the blade is flat, not pointed. Mainly used to cut blocks to make snowhouses, the iuak also makes a good offensive weapon.

Ekaa. A type of arrow used to hunt caribou and other herd animals. An arrowhead carved from a caribou or deer antler is attached to a shaft of bone. Hooked barbs cover both the arrowhead and the shaft.

Trukaa. An arrow of bone with a blunt head, used to kill small game without damaging the fur.

A typical Iulutiun hunting party is armed as follows: 30% bows (with a supply of both ekaa and trukaa), 20% spears, 20% harpoons (assortment of unungak, artengak, and naulagak), 10% ritiik, 10% garnok, and 10% luqu. Each hunter also carries an iuak.

Techniques

Seal Hunting. Because seals are the Iulutiuns' primary food source, youngsters are encouraged to master the techniques of seal hunting as soon



as they can handle a harpoon. Though seals live beneath the frozen surfaces of seas and lakes, they are air breathers. Periodically, seals surface to scratch breathing holes in the ice. Hunters crouch by these holes, sometimes for hours on end, waiting for a seal to poke his nose through. When it does, the hunter thrusts his harpoon as hard as he can. Though seals can also be found basking on icebergs or lounging on the shore, they are too alert and too quick for hunters to sneak up on them; as soon as they sniff a hunter or hear the crunch of his boot, they dive back into the water. As tedious as it is, waiting by their breathing holes is far and away the easiest way to hunt seals.

Caribou Hunting. Caribou are mainly hunted by parties of two dozen or more hunters armed with bows. When a party spots a grazing herd, they quietly create an *inuksuk* a line of snowmen about 2 feet tall, spaced about 3 feet apart. When complete, the *inuksuk* forms a V-shape, with each shaft of the V about 100 yards long. Most of the hunters wait at the point of the V, while a handful sneaks to the open end of the V. When everyone's in position, the hunters at the open end shriek and scream, driving the caribou into the point of the V where they are met by a volley of arrows.

Wolf Trap. The Iulutiens catch wolf and fox by building a special pit trap called a *dinjik*, a dome-shaped snowhouse about 10 feet tall. A square hole is cut into the top, then covered with thin branches and a layer of snow. Fresh seal meat or some other tempting bait is placed inside the house. Lured by the bait, a wolf or fox steps on the covered hole, then falls into the snowhouse. The animal can't jump out—the hole is too high nor can it scale the curved walls to climb out.

Food

Iulutiens eat almost nothing but meat, the fatter the better. Meat is relatively abundant (compared to the scarcity of vegetation) and fatty game provides blubber and oil used for cooking, heating, and lighting.

Seal is the staple of the Iulutian diet. It's plenti-

ful, fatty, easy to hunt, and easy to prepare. The entire carcass is edible including the organs. Seal can be cooked, eaten raw, or frozen and stored. However, seal isn't particularly appetizing, tasting like gritty fish, and somewhat bitter.

Iulutiens agree that the best tasting meat comes from caribou, though it's harder to find than seal. Caribou is rich in flavor, juicy and filling, whether eaten raw or cooked. The ribs, backbone, and legs are delectable, though the head is the sweetest part of the animal. Caribou organs can be eaten but usually aren't. Iulutiens find them sour. Instead, the organs are usually fed to sled dogs and kupuk.

Other foods include:

Musk Oxen. Comparable to caribou, but not as sweet and juicy. Some Iulutiens raise Oxen for their milk, which tastes like thick cream.

Polar Bear. Edible, but barely. The meat is stringy, tough, and hard to digest.

Fish. Iulutiens eat whatever they catch, and consume the whole body, including the head, fins, and scales. Fish are boiled, frozen and preserved, or eaten raw. Some fish are left in the sun to rot; many Iulutiens consider partially decayed fish to be a delicacy.

Deer. Like caribou, but not as succulent (though better than musk oxen). Shoulders, legs, and ribs are preferred, especially after they have been cut into strips and dried.

Birds. Among the favorites are penguins, terns, gulls, and puffins. Eaten raw.

Dragon and Tirichik. Sweet but chewy, difficult to digest but protein-rich. Dragon organs are edible by the strong of stomach, but tirichik organs are poisonous, particularly the liver. Iulutiens experimented with tirichik liver as a coating for arrows, but game killed by such arrows also became contaminated with poison and was inedible. The practice has since been abandoned.

Vegetation and Fungi. Iulutiens occasionally indulge in mosses, grasses, and lichen, usually to add flavor in soups and stews. Algae can be scraped off pack ice, while black lichen—a particular favorite that tastes like mint—can be found on the bottoms of stones.

Cooking Iulutiens prefer boiling to all other



methods of cooking meat. It's easy, quick, and the left-over water makes good soup stock. The usual way to boil food is to fill a pot about half-way to the top with ice, then pile bite-size meat chunks on top. Two spark stones—resembling iron pyrite, available mainly in the Novularond—are struck together, igniting a pile of blubber, oil-soaked hide, or tinder. The ice melts, and the water is allowed to come to a boil while the chef feeds the fire with more blubber or tinder. It takes about 20 minutes of boiling to cook a pot of meat. To make soup, chunks of blubber and meat scraps are tossed in the cooking pot and allowed to simmer for the rest of the day.

Animal heads can be boiled, but they taste better if slow-roasted. Caribou heads are too big to roast on spits, so they are usually hung over a fire by a feather strap threaded through the nostrils. The chef constantly turns the head to ensure thorough cooking. It takes about 3-4 hours to roast a caribou head.

During communal meals, individual diners don't have their own utensils. Everyone sips from the same soup cup, then passes it on to his neighbor. Large pieces of meat are circulated the same way, with everyone taking big bites and passing them on. Melted sea ice is available to add flavor. Flasks of fresh water wash down the meal.

Storage Meat that isn't eaten immediately can be stored outside for up to six months during fall and winter. It requires no special preparation and can be left under the open sky, usually atop platforms 10 feet tall or higher to discourage scavengers. Snow can be brushed off or left alone. Aside from some minor drying, the meat remains perfectly preserved. Since frozen meat has no scent, scavengers do not pose a problem.

For long-term storage, meat is buried in 15-foot pits and covered with snow blocks. Temperatures remain at least -20 degrees in the bottom of these pits. About once every six months, the meat must be checked for mold (the combination of darkness and bitter temperatures is irresistible to a few arctic molds). Meat can be preserved in this way for about a year.

Economics

Iulutians don't use currency of any kind. Gold pieces might make interesting fishing lures, but they won't buy much in Alpuk. Though there are plenty of gemstones to be found in the Great Glacier, particularly in the depths of Novularond, Iulutians regard them as mildly attractive, somewhat gaudy trinkets of no particular value.

The economy of the Iulutians is based entirely on trade. Villages engage in regular barter for food, weapons, dogs, and sleds, particularly during the annual *sukkiruchit*. Since the end of the Keryjek Wars, the Angulutians have become strong trading partners, swapping caribou meat and skins for weapons, seal oil, blubber, and furs.

Iulutians also barter for services. A new snow knife might be the asking price for a day's worth of snow block cutting, while a pound of seal meat might buy an evening's worth of babysitting. Convincing a reluctant warrior to join the hunt for a *tirichik* might require a guarantee of an extra share or two of the meat (presuming, of course, that the hunt's successful).

Iulutians are shrewd negotiators. Most Iulutian traders follow a policy of *pioquak-ik-wokquak*, which means that it's better to walk away from something you want than to give more than it's worth. Generally, though, Iulutians do their best to make sure everyone's happy with a trade, assuming all parties negotiate honestly and fairly.

Negotiating with Iulutians

Visitors from elsewhere in the Realms quickly learn that their money is no good in the Great Glacier. As a rule, however, Iulutians barter with anyone, and it's likely that strangers carry an item or two that the Iulutians will trade for.

For instance, Iulutians trade for any type of food (except vegetables or grain, which they don't have the stomach for); spices and exotic varieties of meat, such as ham and beef, are certain to make their mouths water, or at least arouse their curiosity. Useful weapons, such as knives and bows, are always needed, as are well-made boots and mittens designed for frigid climates.



Other desirable items include oil, lamps, candles, rope, and sewing needles. Among the items useless to Iulutians are paper and ink (they don't write), thieves' tools (there's nowhere to use them), saddles and halters (no horses), armor (too clumsy, though a clever salesman might talk an Iulutian into using chest plates for trays and helmets for pots), and perfume (too foul-smelling).

Remember that Iulutians have limited interest in gold pieces or gems. All trades must be for merchandise of equivalent value, negotiated upwards or downwards as the situation dictates. For reference, here's a list of various Iulutian goods and the value in currency.

Item	Value
1 small fish	5 cp
1 lb. seal meat	1 sp
1 lb. caribou meat	2 sp
1 lb. tirichik meat	5 gp
caribou hide	20 gp
parka	15 gp
kayak	50 gp
dog sled	70 gp
sled dog	200 gp
kupuk	1,000 gp

Religion

The Iulutians have no formal religion. Preoccupation with survival has made them a pragmatic people, so they have a hard time believing anything they can't experience directly. Though they honor the memory of their dead, they don't believe in life after death ("What would you do for a body?"). They have no interest in creation theories ("The world was always here. Where else would it be?"), nor do they believe in the existence of gods ("Where do they live? In the sky like birds? In the sea like fish? This is nonsense."). A few priests exist among the Iulutians, including believers in Chauntea (called Pahluruk by Iulutian priests), Ilmater (called Ayuruk), and even Auril (called Saukuruk). But such folk are few and far between, tolerated as eccentrics by the general populace.

The Nature of Qukoku Virtually all Iulutians, however, adhere to an animistic philosophy called *qukoku*. Though *qukoku* is not a religion—it has no supernatural basis—it functions like one, in that it provides moral guidelines and suggests an order to the universe. Basically, *qukoku* says that all living creatures share an essence of life called *eaas*, that disappears when the creature dies. *Eaas* makes all creatures individuals in life, but identical in death.

A number of basic principles derive from this philosophy, which Iulutians use as standards of personal conduct:

- Since no one's *eaas* can truly be known, no person can truly be said to be the superior of another.
- Animals share the same emotions, thoughts, and morals as people, but their *eaas* compels them to express these characteristics differently.
- Since people and animals all share *eaas*, people are the emotional, intellectual, and moral equivalent of animals. Animals therefore deserve the same respect as people.
- Animals can be killed and used by people only because the *eaas* of animals dictates their roles in the natural order; just as seals eat fish, men eat seals. Wanton or disrespectful killing, however, promotes disruption; nature rebalances itself by diminishing the amount of human *eaas* through disease and natural disasters.

Qukoku Rituals Since *qukoku* is a philosophy and not a religion, there are no formal services. However, Iulutians observe a number of *qukoku* rituals intended to celebrate the unity of nature and reinforce respect for life.

Utqukoku. An adult friend of the parents presents the child a small charm carved from bone or wood in the form of an animal, such as a seal or polar bear. The charm has no supernatural or magical properties; rather, it symbolizes a trait associated with the animal that the friend and the parents hope the child will embody when he or she grows up. The following are some typical charms and the traits they represent.



Utqukoku Charms

Charm	Trait
Kupuk	Loyalty
Polar Bear	Courage
Seal	Playfulness
Dragon	Strength
Caribou	Serenity
Fox	Patience

The child keeps his utqukoqu charm pinned inside of his parka sleeve or clipped to his belt at all times. As the child grows up, the friend who gave him the charm teaches him special songs associated with the utqukoqu animal and offers behavioral guidance associated with the represented trait. For instance, if the child received a seal charm, the friend shows the child how seals alternate periods of hunting with periods of play, demonstrating that both work and recreation are vital to a balanced life. A child with a fox charm is taken into the wilderness and shown how a fox waits quietly for hours on end for its prey to appear, demonstrating the benefits of patience.

Liqukoku. In the qukoku philosophy, the new year begins on the first day of spring. A liqukoku ritual is held to honor the killing of the first caribou, the first seal, and the first polar bear of the year; each species merits its own liqukoku. A liqukoku consists of the following elements:

- The hunter hangs the animal skin on the liqukoku pole (a 10-foot-pole of bone or wood in the center of the village). The skin hangs for a week. During that time, all adult villagers pay their respects by bowing to the skin.
- The hunter makes a mask of animal hide (any animal will do; seal and caribou hides make the best masks) representing the animal she killed. She wears the mask for a week.
- The hunter is not allowed to eat that particular type of meat for a month if the animal was male; if the animal was female, the hunter can't eat that type of meat for two months.

Opoqukoku. Iulutians believe that the eaa resides inside the skull. The opoqukoku ritual in-

volves the respectful disposal of skulls. Animal skulls that aren't used for practical purposes, such as bowls or cups, must be buried in a deep pit or thrown into the sea. Opoqukoku applies not just to domestic or butchered animals; should an Iulutian discover an animal corpse in the wilderness, she is required to properly dispose of the skull. Iulutians take this ritual seriously; in some villages, opoqukoku violations are punished by execution.

Equkoku. This ritual honors dead people, but can also be staged to honor animals that aren't eaten, including loyal pack animals, pets, and even game animals that earn an Iulutian's respect (for instance, a hunter may choose to stage an equkoku for a polar bear that put up an exceptionally courageous struggle, or for a seal who died giving birth to a large litter).

Equkoku involves a feast where the deceased is the guest of honor. Only the immediate family attends the feast; in the case of a game animal equkoku, the hunter and a handful of invited friends attend. The body is placed on a slab of ice blocks, then covered with skins (for warmth). A lamp is placed near the head (so the deceased can see), and a bowl and cup laid at his side (so the deceased can eat). It's understood that these are symbolic gestures—the family doesn't really believe that the deceased needs warmth, or can see or eat—but they help comfort the family in their time of loss.

Interment customs vary from village to village. Some villages bury their dead, some burn the corpses, some tie the bodies to weighted rafts and sink them to the bottom of the sea. All villages, however, maintain cemeteries filled with equkoku totems. When a person (or honored animal) dies, a family member (or hunter) carves a totem from a 3-foot length of wood or bone. The totem is a cylindrical shaft with a knob on the top, shaped to look like the deceased's head. Since not all Iulutians are skilled sculptors, some totem heads are understandably crude, but each features an identifiable detail such as braided hair, a scar, or chubby cheeks. Totems are arranged in even lines, spaced about a foot apart. Equkoku cemeteries contain no bodies.



Magic

As is the case with priests, wizards are in short supply in the Great Glacier. Because Iulutians devote most of their energy to survival, they don't have time to spare for academic pursuits, including the study of magic. Teachers are scarce, as are spell components.

Still, a few Iulutians manage to master the art of magic, and most villages of 200 or more have a wizard or two in residence. But since Iulutian wizards seldom achieve a level higher than 1st, they are not particularly powerful and their status is correspondingly low. Most function as entertainers and fortune tellers, though the rare higher-level wizards make valuable additions to hunting parties.

Iulutian wizards tend not to specialize, but those that do concentrate in the schools of abjuration, enchantment/charm, invocation/evocation, and greater divination. Few specialize in illusion or necromancy, since illusion spells are of limited use in the harsh climate of the Great Glacier and necromancy spells violate the spirit of qukoku.

The Anagakok The anagakok is a type of wizard unique to the Great Glacier whose innate survival skills are especially useful to the Iulutians. Soft-spoken and reserved, anagakok seldom achieve leadership status, but they are excellent advisors and explorers; a hunting party undertaking a long expedition isn't complete without an anagakok.

An anagakok begins life as an ordinary mage or specialist. When the supplicant reaches middle age, the wizard petitions an elder anagakok to share her secrets. The elder assigns the wizard a task to test her character, such as locating a reclusive animal or fetching a sample of a rare plant. If the wizard completes the task, the elder takes her on as an apprentice, spending the next month instructing her in the ways of the anagakok. At the end of the month, the elder takes the wizard into the wilderness on an especially cold night. They sit in the snow and lock eyes until sunrise. If the wizard makes it through the entire night without freezing to death (about half don't survive), an inch of soft white hair sprouts from

her entire body, indicating that she has become an anagakok.

A new anagakok retains all the spell-casting ability she had previously, and also acquires all of the following special abilities and penalties:

- Regardless of terrain, she can locate enough food to feed herself and a number of companions equal to her level (a 3rd-level anagakok can find food to feed herself and three others). She can use this ability once per day.
- The anagakok can cast a special *good fortune* spell on herself and a number of companions equal to her level, causing all opponents of those under the spell's effect to suffer a -1 penalty to their attack rolls. The anagakok can cast this once per week by concentrating for one round and pointing at the recipients; the spell is innate and doesn't have to be memorized, nor does it count against her normal spell limit. The spell lasts for a number of turns equal to the anagakok's level.
- Her fur gives her total immunity to the effects of cold. She no longer must wear clothes designed for arctic weather (most anagakok wear loose leather tunics). However, she suffers normal damage from cold-based spells and other magically-generated cold effects (such as a white dragon's breath weapon).
- In environments of 100 degrees F. or above, she suffers a -1 penalty to all attack rolls, damage rolls, ability checks, and saving throws.
- Because of their unusual appearance, anagakoks suffer a -2 reaction penalty from all non-Iulutians (Iulutians, Nakulutians, and Angulutians react normally). Shaving the fur does no good: it all grows back within a day.

Player Character Anagakok

With the DM's consent, player character mages and specialist wizards can attempt to become anagakok. But it isn't easy.

The would-be anagakok must meet the following requirements:

- He must be human.



- He must be at least 40 years old.
- He must have a Constitution of at least 13.

A qualified wizard must seek out an instructor anagakok in an Iulutiu village (assume every village with a population over 200 has one). If he finds one, and the instructor agrees to take him on as an apprentice (that is, if the DM™ agrees), his training includes the following steps:

1. The instructor gives the wizard a task to complete; for instance, he might ask the wizard to bring back a few pounds of spark stones from the Novularond, or count the number of eggs in a white dragon's lair.

2. If the character completes the task, he must spend an uninterrupted month in the village, listening to the instructor's lectures. If the adventurer abandons the village for even a day, he must begin his training again.

3. After a month of lectures, the instructor waits for an evening when the temperature falls to at least -50 degrees F. He takes the character into the wilderness, where he must remove his winter clothing (he can keep on a light shirt and one pair of trousers, but winter boots, gloves, and coats aren't allowed). The character sits in the snow, holding the instructor's hands, and staring into his eyes. The instructor's gaze and touch provides some-but not complete—protection from the cold. The adventurer must remain in this position for 10 hours.

Every two hours, the wizard must make both an Intelligence check and a Constitution check. If he fails an Intelligence check, he's lost his concentration; the training is over. If he still wants to be an anagakok, he must start again with Step 1. If he fails a Constitution check, he takes 2-12 (2d6) hit points of damage. Raining can be abandoned at any point (for instance, he might abandon it if he thinks one more failed Constitution check will kill him); if he does, he must start again at Step 1 if he still wants to be an anagakok.

4. If the character passes all of his Intelligence checks and doesn't die from failed Constitution checks, he sprouts fur and acquires the abilities and limitations of an anagakok. Lost hit points are recovered normally.

The Angulutians

The Angulutians are a nomadic people whose fate is inexorably linked to that of their caribou herds. The caribou supply all the needs of the Angulutians, including meat to eat, milk to drink, and hides to wear. When the caribou flourish, so do the Angulutians. When the herds suffer, Angulutians die.

Angulutian tribes seldom exceed a few hundred members, the largest being the Hupiik Angulutians with a population of 800. All tribes maintain their own caribou herds, which range in number from a few dozen head for the smaller tribes, to the Hupiik herd of nearly 3,000. The larger tribes—those with at least 200 members—maintain permanent villages, mainly in the northern and eastern sections of Angalpuk where the forests are thickest. These villages are called *skotuk*, a term referring to both the human residents of the villages and their caribou. A migrating herd and their human herders is called the *iskotuk*; the group of humans and animals left behind when the *iskotuk* migrates is called the *aiskotuk*.

Angulutians spend the winter in their villages, when freezing temperatures and layers of thick permafrost make it difficult for caribou to graze. During that time, the herds remain in the woods, surviving on whatever vegetation they can scrape from beneath the snow.

Migration begins in the spring and continues throughout the rest of the year; one complete migration—that is, the period from early spring through late fall when the herd is away from the *skotuk*—is called an *ikili*. During an *ikili*, the herd wanders across the plains of Angalpuk, grazing on weeds and lichen, moving about 10-20 miles per day. Meanwhile, the *skotuk* is nearly deserted, except for mothers with young children, the elderly, and the infirm. Most able-bodied men and women travel with the herds, fending off predators and steering the caribou to plains and hills where the permafrost is relatively thin. Calves are born in summer, requiring more work from the herders, who must care for the new animals (for instance, force-feeding calves that won't nurse) and brand them (by clipping pat-



terns in the ear, or carving grooves in the hooves). In the fall, the herds begin the long journey home. Breeders are sorted from the meat animals. The meat animals are slaughtered, the breeders retire to the woods, and another cycle of seasons comes to an end.

Physically, the Angulutians are indistinguishable from the Iulutians, except their skin is slightly darker. The Angulutians aren't as trusting as the Iulutians, most likely because of lingering memories of the Keryjek Wars, which started with a surprise Iulutian invasion. Still, strangers who are friendly and patient with the Angulutians find them to be honest, dependable, and virtuous.

Social Order

Like the Iulutians, Angulutians have no formal governments. Each skotuk is a self-contained unit responsible for regulating the behavior of its members. Larger shotuk maintain five-kiam iqumelum chosen by consensus. During an ikili, three kiam travel with the iskotuk, while two kiam remain with the aiskotuk.

There are two officials unique to the Angulutians:

Pimataung. This is an elderly man or woman who's participated in at least 20 ikili. The pimataung travels with the iskotuk and makes all decisions regarding herd maintenance and management. She decides the route, when it's time to move out in the morning and stop for the night, and whether an injured caribou must be destroyed. The most respected member of a skotuk, the pimataung is nominated by the iqumelum, then approved by a voice vote of all adult villagers. A pimataung holds the office for life, or until illness or injury forces retirement.

Iniagok. The Angulutian equivalent of a morale officer, the iniagok is responsible for organizing recreational activities, composing songs and stories, and generally keeping spirits high. Most skotuk have two iniagok; one travels with the iskotuk, the other remains with the aiskotuk. The iqumelum selects the most outgoing, crea-

tive, and optimistic villagers to be iniagok.

Angulutians promote communication and peaceful relations by observing koatulit, sukkiruchit, and tupa, much like their Iulutian neighbors. Koatulit guests are invited to travel with the iskotuk, though some opt to stay with the aiskotuk. Iniagok are popular koatulit guests, since they are sources of new stories and dances. In recognition of the Keryjek Wars, many koatulit involve the exchange of residents between Iulutian and Angulutian villages. Sukkiruchit, on the other hand, are held exclusively in Alpuk; there aren't any skotuk large enough to host such elaborate festivals.

Laws Angulutians maintain order by honoring custom, not written law. Customs are intended to promote families and minimize conflict. Angulutian customs regarding child care, marriage, inheritance, ukeu, and hunting are similar to those of the Iulutians.

Unlike the Iulutians, Angulutians observe strict social rankings, and they are expected to honor and defer to those of higher status. Status rankings follow a rigid order:

1. Pimataung
2. Kiam
3. Tuiskotuk (adults who have participated in more than one ikili)
4. Ituiskotuk (adults who have participated in more than one ikili, but who are unable to participate in any more; ituiskotuk includes mothers with infants, the elderly, and the infirm).
5. Aituiskotuk (adults who have participated in only a single ikili)
6. Iniagok (if the iniagok has participated in a single ikili, his status is increased to aituiskotuk; if the iniagok has participated in more than one ikili, his status is increased to tuiskotuk)
7. Kaituiskotuk (those who have yet to participate in an ikili, including children)
8. Ukeu

Angulutians consider status violations extremely offensive, on par with theft or assault. Status violations, directed at a person of higher rank by a person of lower rank, include insults, failure to comply with requests, and failure to offer assistance. Persons guilty of status violations



may make appeals to the *iqumelum*, but in absence of overwhelming evidence in favor of the accused, the *iqumelum* almost always rules for the person of higher status.

Other customs provide ethical guidelines specifically for *iskotuk*. For instance:

- All members of an *iskotuk* must obey the orders of the *pimataung* even those from different *iskotuk*.
- Each *iskotuk* has its own brand, called a *wakiak*. All caribou must wear their *iskotuk*'s *wakiak* on their hooves or ears. Once applied, no one may alter or otherwise tamper with a caribou's *wakiak*.
- Wild caribou encountered during an *ikili* must be checked for *wakiak*. Caribou with a *wakiak* must be returned to the *iskotuk* from which they wandered. If the *iskotuk* of a lost caribou can't be located, the finder must care for the caribou until the next *sukkiruchit*, where he is to inform the *ahtsukk*. If the true owner fails to claim the lost caribou at the *sukkiruchit*, the finder may keep it.
- Each *iskotuk* is allowed a favored pasture, called an *ujju* an area of roughly 10 square miles. *Pimataung* inform one another during the annual *sukkiruchit* of their *ujju* intentions for the coming year. *Iskotuk* claim their *ujju* by marking old horns (which caribou shed annually) with their *wakiak* and scattering them over the pasture area of their choice at the beginning of a new *ikili*. The claim is valid for one full year.

Other *iskotuk* may pass over an *ujju* but may not graze there. Exceptions are made for emergency grazing and honest mistakes.

Angulutians guilty of any violation—including assault, theft, and hunting and status violations—are punished by death, usually by stoning or drowning. *Iskotuk* violators are left to die of exposure. Because punishment is certain, crime is minimal; the thought of being abandoned on a freezing plain in the middle of nowhere is enough to make an *iskotuk* herder think twice before tampering with a *wakiak*. Innocent parties are occasionally executed, but it's a price the

Angulutians are willing to pay to keep the peace.

Architecture

Angulutian villages consist of clusters of single-family snowhouses, a few multiple-family snowhouses, *quaggi* for feasts, and *ukujik* for butchering animals. The *iskotuk* build temporary snowhouses during *ikili*, but snow of sufficient density isn't always available; the permafrost plains that make for good grazing aren't always thick enough to make snow blocks.

For that reason, the *iskotuk* carry folding tents called *rissik*. A *rissik* consists of from four to eight ribs, 3-5 feet long. Leather cords secure skins to the ribs. The *rissik* opens like an umbrella, the ribs imbedded in the ground, forming a dome-like tent with a flat roof. When not in use, the *rissik* collapses into a bundle. A bundled *rissik* is relatively light in weight; an adult caribou can easily carry a half-dozen.

Rissik ribs are made of thin, flexible lengths of wood or bone. The covering consists of two layers of caribou skin. The skins are arranged so that the furry sides touch each other, creating a pocket of air; the pocket of air stays warm to provide extra insulation. The skins are stretched as tightly as possible over the ribs to make sure the air pocket remains open.

Pitching a *rissik* involves the following steps:

1. **Select a campsite.** The worst sites are those in areas of freshly fallen snow, or next to hills or mountains. Snow can drift from a bank or blow off a mountain to completely bury the *rissik* during the night. At best, the camper must spend the morning digging himself out; at worst, he risks suffocation. The best sites are in forests or on thick ice, where drifting isn't as much of a problem.

2. **Dig rib holes.** These should be about four to 6 inches deep, slightly wider than the diameter of a rib. Usually, a knife or *hukek* (a spike made of bone) is sufficient to dig holes, but if the ground is especially hard, the tool may have to be heated first. Some Angulutians carry a tool called a *tihukek*, a hollow bone which is placed upright on the ground where the rib hole is to be dug. The camper pours a little boiling water into



the tihukek which thaws the ground, making it easier to dig.

3. Secure the ribs. Unfold the rissik, insert the ribs in the rib holes, and smooth out the covering. Pack the holes with snow, then pour water over the packing. The water freezes the ribs in place.

4. Build a windbreak. Even on open plains, campers risk being buried by drifts, especially if it snows during the night. To prevent this, the camper should build a windbreak about 6 feet away from his rissik, facing the direction of the wind. The windbreak should be a wall of snow or ice about 2-3 feet tall, forming a 180 degree arc. The windbreak is doused with water to freeze and strengthen it.

5. Check the roof. A separate section of skin, called a *sarissik*, serves as the roof of a rissik. The *sarissik* must be secured to the top edge of the rissik with leather cord, leaving an opening a few inches wide for ventilation.

6. Construct a bed platform. Rissik bed platforms, made of ice blocks and covered with skins, are identical to those in snowhouses. If ice blocks aren't available, snow or branches can be used.

7. Light a lamp. Light a small lamp or cooking pot of blubber inside the rissik to warm the air. To prevent sparks from igniting the walls, the fire must be covered with a *uliririssik*, a bowl-shaped lid of bone or stone perforated with holes.

Though rissik aren't as warm as snowhouses, the interior of a well-constructed rissik can be as much as 30 degrees warmer than the outside.

Other Structures

Minikitak. In areas of thin permafrost and plentiful vegetation, iskotuk construct temporary houses of wood and earth called minikitak using many of the principles of snowhouse design. Construction begins by securing four wooden poles in the ground to form a square, then placing branches across the top. More branches are leaned against the frame to make walls, and balanced on the top to form a roof. The camper then digs a tunnel outside the house that leads

into the interior. Finally, snow, loose dirt, and ice chunks are piled against all four sides until it forms a layer about 5 feet thick at the bottom and a foot thick near the top. If the roof is strong enough, the camper piles dirt and snow on top to a depth of about 6 inches; if the roof is weak, he must make do with more branches and a thinner layer of snow. He leaves a small opening on the roof for ventilation, then enters the minikitak by crawling through the tunnel.

Viit. This is a type of make-shift rissik, used for emergencies or when there aren't enough regular rissik to go around. To construct a viit, the camper locates a pair of flexible branches about 7 or 8 feet long. He secures both ends of one branch in the ground to form an arc, then secures the second branch perpendicular to the first, forming the frame of a dome. He wraps a long cord around the bottom of the frame so the branches don't snap up, then covers the frame with whatever skins and blankets are available. He piles a few inches of snow around and on top of the frame (not too much; this type of frame can't support much weight), leaving an open space for a doorway and a hole near the top for ventilation.

Clothing

Angulutians wear layered snow suits similar to those of the Iulutians, made almost exclusively of caribou hide. Because the iskotuk spend a lot of time on foot, they pay special attention to the design of their boots, lining them an extra layer of soft fur (usually rabbit or fox) and covering the bottom with a scraped and notched layer of caribou hide for extra traction. Where Iulutian parkas are rounded, Angulutian parkas come to a point on top; this is a cultural preference with no particular significance.

Transportation

Angulutians don't travel much by water—there are few sizeable lakes or streams—but travel extensively on land; an Angulutian may journey more than 1,000 miles during an ikili. Special sleds facilitate land travel; a few sleds use dogs



and kupuk, but most are pulled by caribou.

Jakerek. The most common type of caribou sled, the jakerek is designed for one caribou and a single passenger. Comparable to an Iulutiu ikaap, the jakerek is a 5-foot-long platform of wood or layers of dried skins with a long cord connecting the platform with the caribou. The rider sits on the platform with his legs extended. A vertical board covered with fur provides a backrest.

Uhkerek. This transport sled is similar to a jakerek, but about twice as large, using two caribou as pullers. The platform is box-shaped, the sides about 3 feet high. Seal skins cover the bottom of the platform, greased with blubber to reduce friction. Uhkerek usually haul supplies, but can also be used to carry up to three passengers.

Lakerek. The fastest caribou sled, a lakerek resembles a kayak with reins. One passenger squeezes herself in the opening in the top of the sled, which is made of dried skin stretched over a wooden frame. The passenger holds a long pole called a *pilakerek* to provide balance.

All caribou sleds use the same type of harness, consisting of a hide collar around the animal's neck connected to a leather cord that runs beneath its stomach. The cord loops through a hole in the front of the sled, where it's secured in a tight knot. A leather rein attaches to the antlers. Some sleds have an extra caribou or two tied behind them. The extra caribou are used to relieve the lead caribou and also to prevent the sled from getting ahead of the lead caribou when going down inclines.

Caribou don't make good pack animals because they won't tolerate heavy loads on their backs; pile on more than 100 pounds, and a caribou refuses to move. Still, caribou make themselves useful in villages by transporting small amounts of food and other supplies from house to house, giving rides to children, and even serving as babysitters; babies rest in fur-lined baskets secured across a caribou's back with leather straps. They are gently rocked to sleep while the caribou wanders around the village.

HUNTING

Because Angulutians get most of their food from animals they raise themselves, they don't do as much hunting as the Iulutians, and consequently their hunting skills aren't as sharp. The Iulutian inuksuk technique for hunting caribou was originally developed by the Angulutians, though the Angulutians rarely use it themselves. Many Angulutians, however, are reasonably good marksmen, using bows and spears to hunt birds, fox, and other small game.

A typical Angulutian hunting party is armed as follows: 50% bows (used mainly with ekaa), 25% spears, 15% ritik, 5% luqu and harpoons (assortment of unungak, artengak, and naulagak), and 5% garnok. About 50% of the hunters also carry iuak.

Food

Virtually every day of their lives, Angulutians eat caribou meat-boiled, stewed, smoked, dried, or raw. Fish, birds, deer, and other game sometimes supplement the meals, but caribou remains the staple. Angulutian chefs soak caribou hide in boiling water to make broth, and crack open bones to get the marrow, which is eaten raw or added to soups. Caribou milk, thick as cream and sour-tasting, is drunk directly, made into cheese, or mixed with snow to make a treat for children.

Economics

Gold and gems aren't valued by the Angulutians, whose economy is based on trade. Caribou effectively function as currency: a caribou calf has a value of about 100 gp, a mature caribou about 200 gp, and a proven male breeder is worth 2,000 gp or more. Caribou trade is brisk among skotuk, as is trade in clothing, sleds, and tents. Trade with the Iulutians usually takes place during sukkiruchit, as business meetings are hard to arrange during ikili.

Religion and Magic

Angulutians adhere to the principles of qukoku,





but with so much time devoted to raising caribou, they place less emphasis on qukoku rituals than the Iulutians. For instance, liqukoku feasts are seldom held, while fewer than half of Angulutian children receive the utqukoku ritual. Opoqukoku and equkoku, however, are observed meticulously, as the Angulutians share the Iulutians' respect for the dead.

A ritual unique to the Angulutians is the *taatquoko*, a celebration held at the beginning of each new ikili. All adults gather with the herd outside the skotuk, clapping and singing as the tuiskotuk don taatquoko masks and perform a special dance. The taatquoko masks have two faces connected by hinges; the outer face resembles a caribou, the inner face, that of a human. Flipping the masks back and forth symbolizes the bond between caribou and humans.

Anagakok are scarce among the Angulutians; there may be one or two in skotuk of 200 or more residents. Anagakok usually accompany the iskotuk on ikili. The few Angulutian priests tend to be devotees of Ilmater (called Itishikopak by the Angulutians).

The Nakulutians

The Nakulutians are the smallest and most reclusive of the Ulutian races, living in tiny, isolated settlements in the most rugged areas of Nakvaligach. There are only a few thousand Nakulutians in all, and settlements of more than 100 are rare; Kresttet, with a population of about 300, is by far the largest.

The Nakulutian distrust of strangers borders on paranoia. They keep to themselves, remaining within a few miles of their settlements and seldom venturing out of Nakvaligach. Not only are the Nakvaligach suspicious of outsiders, they are distrustful of each other. Though conflicts between villages sometimes flare into violence, such incidents are rare and brief. Living in the harshest region of the Great Glacier, the Nakulutians must devote all of their time and resources to survival; even war is a luxury.

Nakulutian villages are miserable places. With chronic shortages of skins and building materials, the people look shabby, the homes dilapi-

dated. Food is always at a premium. Villagers fall prey to starvation, disease, and predators. White dragons and frost giants who share the Nakvaligach mountains terrorize villages with periodic raids. Compared to the Nakulutians, Iulutians and Angulutians live lives of privilege and comfort.

Unlike the Iulutians and Angulutians, the Nakulutians are deeply religious. Their devotion, however, is directed to a god that the Iulutians and Angulutians don't believe exists. The ancestors of the Nakulutians interpreted the writings of Ulutiu as sacred truth; their faith is based on the belief that Ulutiu will someday rise from the depths of the Great Glacier to reclaim the faithful and punish the heathens. Beyond this basic tenet, however, the Nakulutians haven't been able to agree about much else; each settlement has its own prayers and its own interpretation of Ulutiu's holy commandments, which accounts for much of the Nakulutians' distrust of each other.

Physically, Nakulutians are identical to other Ulutians, though because of their squalid living conditions, they tend to be hollow-eyed and thin.

Nakulutians are sullen, withdrawn, and soft-spoken. Their first inclination when encountering strangers is to run; their second is to attack and kill, especially those whom the Nakulutians consider to be unredeemable blasphemers. Nakulutians have no interest in proselytizing—that's up to Ulutiu himself—but they demand respect for their beliefs.

Social Order

Nakulutian villages are autocratic. Each has its own ruler called the *urit* whose word is law. Two or three lieutenants, called *yaaurjt*, enforce the urit's orders. A urit can be either male or female, but is always a priest of 2nd level or higher (in smaller villages, 1st level priests sometimes serve as urits). A urit selects her own successor when she reaches the age of 50, usually—but not always—one of her yaaurit. Should the urit die before she turns 50, the oldest yaaurit automatically becomes the new urit.

Though her edicts are often harsh, even cruel, the urit is rarely motivated by self-interest. She



sees herself as a humble servant of Ulutiu, doing her best to interpret Ulutiu's will and carry it out. Since residents believe that the urit receives guidance directly from Ulutiu, they are compliant and uncomplaining, which makes for an orderly—if somewhat staid—society.

As interpreted by most urit, the edicts of Ulutiu comply closely with the social customs elsewhere in the Great Glacier. Rules of conduct regarding family life, personal property, and hunting rights are similar to those of the Iulutians. The Nakulutians maintain rigid social rankings like the Angulutians, and status violations are considered punishable offenses. Nakulutian status rankings, from best to worst, are as follows:

1. Urit
2. Yaarurit
3. Married or widowed adults (men and women have equal status)
4. Unmarried adults
5. Children
6. Ukeu

The Nakulutians also have a special set of edicts called *kaiurit* that vary from village to village and change from year to year. On the first day of spring, the urit calls an assembly of the entire village (called an *iurit*) and declares that the *kaiurit* for the previous year are no longer valid. He then announces the coming year's *kaiurit*, consisting of two or three new rules of conduct that the villagers are expected to follow,

Exactly how a urit determines the year's new *kaiurit* remains a matter of speculation. It's known, however, that for a month prior to the *iurit*, the urit spends each evening in isolation, praying and meditating. Whether *kaiurit* come to the urit in dreams or visions, or whether he makes them up himself based on his best guesses of Ulutiu's desires, the *kaiurit* are understood to have a divine basis. To outsiders, *kaiurit* seem baffling and arbitrary, but to the Nakulutians, they are sacred and indisputable.

Here's a list of typical *kaiurit*. The last two are especially disruptive:

- Citizens are forbidden to eat fish.

- No fires can be lit outside.

- The status ranking changes; for instance, *ukeu* are ranked just above married adults, or married women are ranked higher than married men.

- A certain species of animal, such as polar bears or ice toads, can't be hunted or killed for any reason. One of these animals is kept in a pit in the center of the village. Villagers are required to keep it fed and happy, and must bow as they pass.

- All adults must wear a painted symbol, such as a moon or a bird, on their foreheads at all times.

- Citizens are forbidden to wear a particular fur, such as fox or wolf.

- At sundown, each adult must toss a handful of meat into a *crevasse* as an offering to Ulutiu.

- Citizens are forbidden to look at the urit.

- Citizens are forbidden to cut down trees within a 5-mile radius of the village.

- A policy of *jyykach* takes effect; all heathens are to be killed on sight. According to *jyykach*, heathens are defined as all non-Nakulutians.

- A policy of *vaakach* takes effect, where a particular syllable of a name is declared sacrilegious. All residents with the *vaakach* syllable must undergo *ykulutik* (trial by ordeal, see below), as must all strangers with the syllable. (For instance, if the *vaakach* is "um," those named Ekum, Umpak, and Rinum Starshaker all must undergo *ykulutik*.) As with the Iulutians and Angulutians, punishment is swift and certain in Nakulutian villages, but it isn't necessary fatal. All Nakulutian crimes—including status and *kaiurit* violations—are subject to *ykulutik*, a form of punishment where Ulutiu determines guilt or innocence. Simply put, if the accused survives the *ykulutik*, it's assumed that Ulutiu found him innocent; if he dies, he must have been guilty.

Ykulutik varies from village to village, but the most common forms include:



Akykulutik. The accused is sealed in a cave with a polar bear, wolf, or other predator. If the accused kills the predator or escapes, he's innocent.

Huykulutik. The accused is tied to a tree. The village's best archer, as determined by the urit, paces off a number of steps equal to the number of vertebrae in a fish (caught by a yaaurit). The archer gets one shot; if he misses, the accused is innocent.

Reykulutik. The accused is placed in a 10-foot-deep pit. A small bird in a cage is placed beside the pit. The cage door is opened. Five men pelt the accused with rocks or ice chunks until the bird flies away; if the accused survives, he's innocent.

Ipiykulutik. The accused's hands are tied behind his back and a long cord is tied to his feet. The cord is secured to the edge of a crevasse, and the accused is dangled inside the crevasse, head first for a full day. If the accused escapes or survives, he's innocent.

Nakulutians don't participate in koatulit or sukkiruchit, nor do they practice tupa.

Architecture

Most Nakulutians live in snowhouses similar to those of the Iulutians. In some mountainous sections of Nakvaligach where the permafrost is thin enough to give easy access to the rocks below, Nakulutians build houses of stone called *ceenach*. Ceenach are constructed like snowhouses, except that stones are used instead of ice blocks. Stones aren't cut to shape; builders use whatever stones they can find, stacking them to form walls and using snow to fill the cracks.

The floor plan of a ceenach resembles that of a snowhouse, complete with a tunnel entrance, bed platforms, and wall linings (the corners of skins are poked between the rocks and plugged with snow). The roof, however, is flat, not dome-shaped, covered with branches and a layer of snow. Windows are usually made of stretched skin instead of ice; seal intestines, translucent and durable, make good window panes.

In villages with ample supplies of stone, Nakulutians construct stone quaggi and ukujik, along

with two other structures unique to Nakulutian culture:

Biknach. Used for meat storage, a biknach consists of four stone pillars, a wooden platform resting atop the pillars, and stone walls forming a square building atop the platform. The elevated biknach discourages animals from getting to the stored food.

Ugunach. The ugunach is a 1-foot-wide stone stairway of five steps, ending at an open square platform about 3 feet per side. Nakulutians stand on the platform to offer prayers to Ulutiu. Ugunach are usually constructed near the perimeter of a Nakulutian village, but may be as much as a mile away. Travelers discovering a ugunach can be sure that a Nakulutian village is nearby.

Clothing

Nakulutian parkas, trousers, mittens, and boots resemble Iulutian clothing, except that fox, wolf, and bear skin are used instead of seal or caribou. Nakulutian parkas are rounded like Iulutian parkas.

Transportation

Since Nakulutians seldom stray far from home, they don't have much use for land or water vessels; when they want to go somewhere, they walk. Larger Nakulutian settlements have a few dog and kupuk sleds, and kayaks aren't unusual for settlements near the Uppuk River. Because of Nakvaligach's rough terrain, caribou sleds are impractical.

Hunting and Food

Nakulutians must hunt constantly for food, which is always in short supply in the barren mountains of Nakvaligach. There are no seals, and caribou are hard to come by, forcing Nakulutians to make do with what's available. Deer, birds, fish, and polar bear are eaten boiled, dried, or raw.

By necessity, Nakulutians have become skilled hunters, particularly with bows and garnok, the weapons of choice for bringing down birds and



fleet-footed deer.

A typical Angulutium hunting party carries the following weapons: 40% bows (using a mix of ekaa and trukaa), 40% garnok, 10% spears, 5% ritik, and 5% iuak.

Economics

Nakulutiums don't use currency, and with few exceptions, trade is confined to residents of the same village. Certain kaiurit allow trade with outsiders, though on occasion, an urit overrides an existing kaiurit that prohibits trade with strangers if the strangers carry goods that the village needs.

Magic and Religion

All Nakulutiums are followers of Ulutiu. Their ethos encompasses principles similar to those of qukoku, with a few differences:

- No person is the superior of another, with the exception of the urit and yaaurit, who are Ulutiu's representatives in this world.

- By decree of Ulutiu, animals share the same emotions, thoughts, and morals as people. For reasons of his own, Ulutiu compels animals to express these characteristics differently. Because animals are children of Ulutiu, they must be respected. Disrespect of animals risks the wrath of Ulutiu.

- People and animals have a life essence called *pokulu*. When they die, their *pokulu* passes on to Ulutiu and becomes part of him.

Nakulutiums don't follow the Iulutium qukoku rituals, with the exception of opoqukoku (which the Nakulutiums call *wypokulu*) and equkoku (called *yupokulu*) to ensure safe passage of the *pokulu*.

To remain faithful to Ulutiu, his followers are required to observe the following tenets:

- Obey the urit and yaaurit.
- Follow the kaiurit.
- Offer a silent prayer to Ulutiu three times per day (usually at dawn, midday, and sunset: the

prayer-giver covers her eyes with her hands and turns his head to the sky, remaining silent for about a minute).

Villages of 100 members or less have two or three priests, rarely higher than second level. In villages of 100 or more, as many as 5% of the population are priests; about half are second level or higher. Nakulutium priests are similar to normal clerics, except they have major access to all spheres other than elemental, necromantic, plant, and sun; they may not cast spells from these spheres. All Nakulutium priests are followers of Ulutiu; no other faith is tolerated.

Urit are always fourth level or higher priests; yaaurit are at least second level. Urit have the following granted powers:

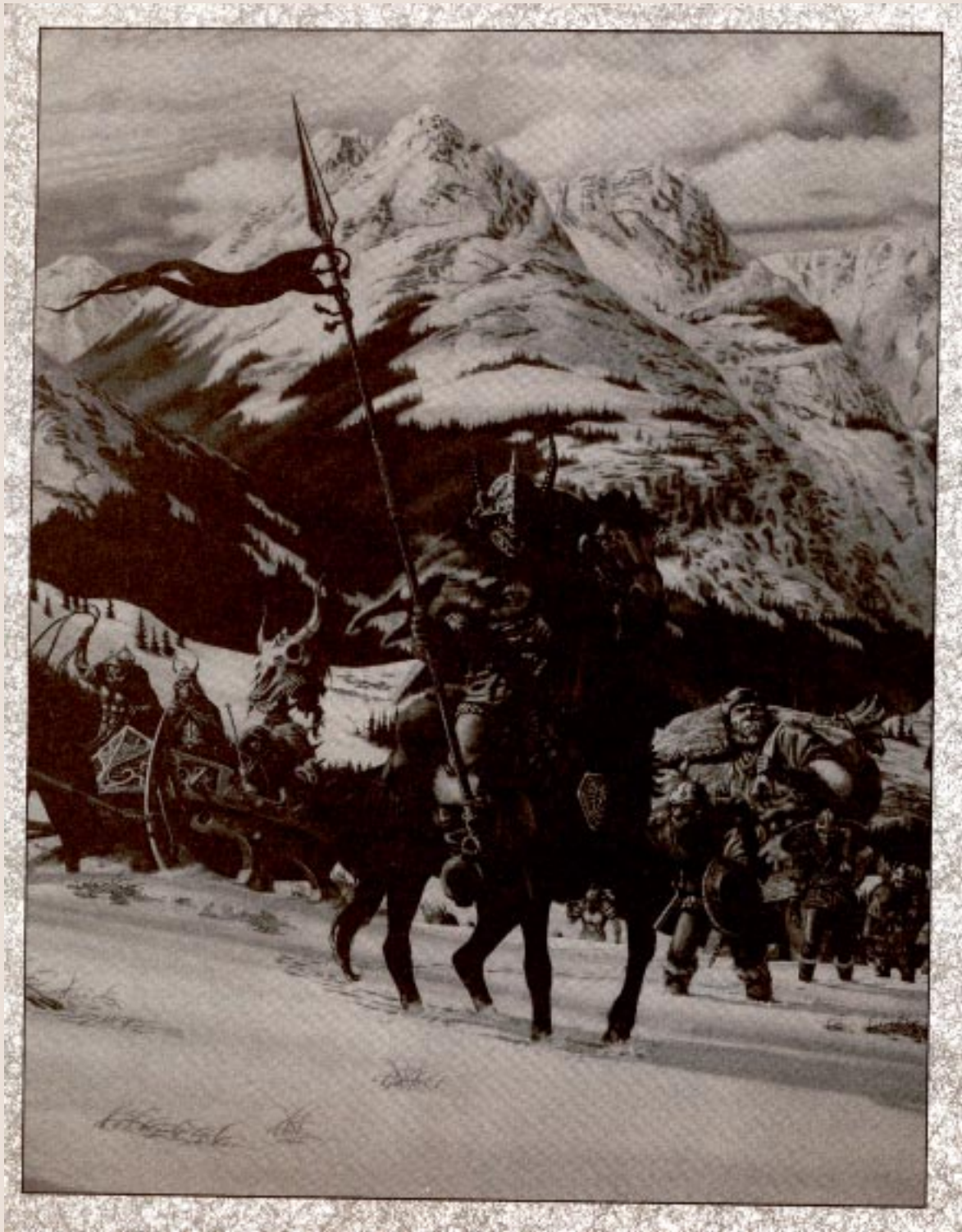
- Total immunity to the effects of cold, including cold-based spells and other magically-generated cold effects (unlike the hair-covered anagakok, the urit retains his normal appearance).

- Laying of hands, similar to the paladin ability, except the urit's touch causes damage instead of healing (2 points per level; victims who successfully save vs. spells suffer half damage). The ability may be used once per day.

Wizards are considered blasphemous; the few wizards existing in Nakulutium villages keep their abilities to themselves. Anagakok are unknown in Nakulutium society.

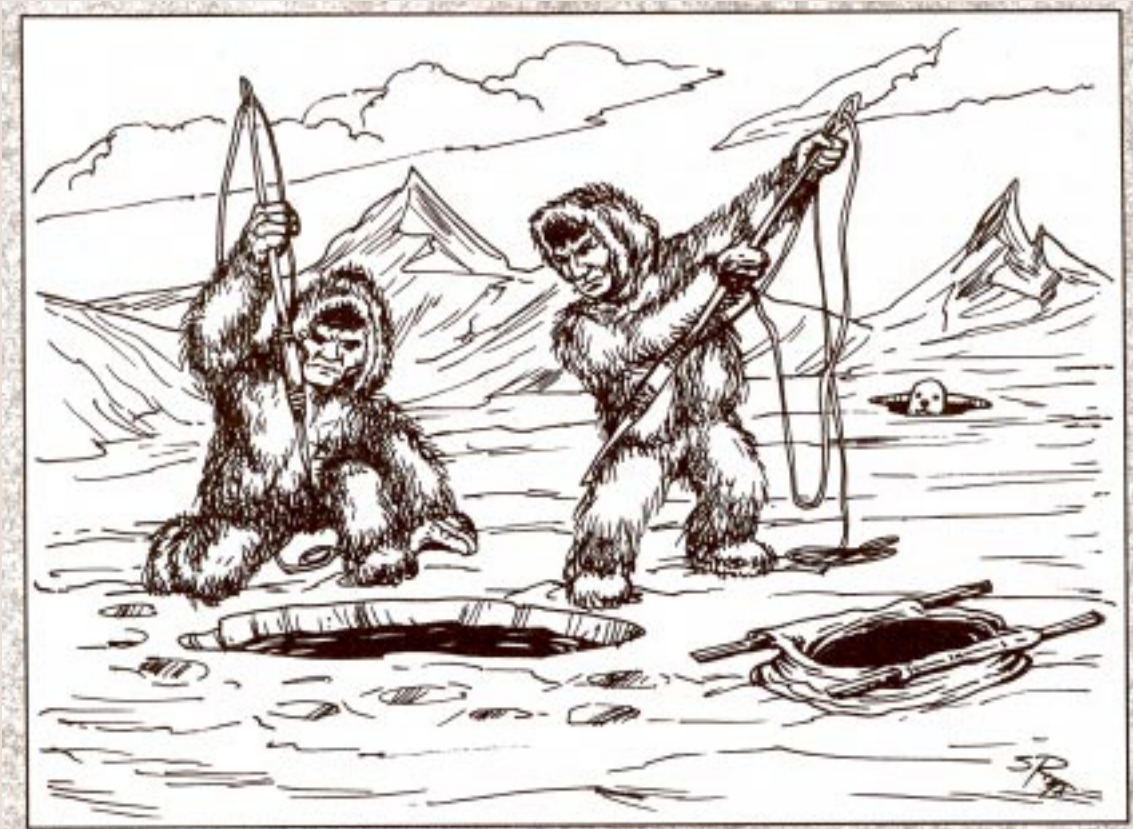
"If a traveler becomes wet, he should dry himself immediately near a fire to prevent chilling. If a fire is not available, he can dry his clothes by wearing them; his body heat dries the clothes in about two or three days, providing he remains indoors and stays standing as much as possible. Contact between clothing and another surface, such as the ground, inhibits drying. If removed and not exposed to fire, wet clothing can take up to three weeks to dry."

—Palus Frohm





Part Four: Flora and Fauna



"The young of most animals are indifferent to men. It is experience that teaches them fear."

—Inum

Compared to the rest of the Realms, the animal and plant life of the Great Glacier is extremely limited due to the frigid temperatures and the sameness of the habitats. There are no reptiles or amphibians, no insects to speak of (aside from some tiny aquatic spiders and a few robust types of cockroach), and a limited variety of birds and fish. Elves, gnomes, and halflings are unknown.

Only the hardiest species have been able to adapt to the hostile environments of the Great Glacier; some of the more common are discussed below. Statistics are given for creatures not included in the *Monstrous Compendium*.

Caribou

The caribou is a type of wild deer found mainly in the plains of Angalpuk. Angulutians maintain herds of a thousand or more caribou, which provide nearly all of a tribe's food and clothing. Wild caribou also roam the hills and mountains of Alpuk and Nakvaligach, but these herds seldom exceed a hundred head. Caribou meat is a favorite among all Ulutiuns, as is caribou hide, a versatile material for making parkas, tents, and sleds.

A caribou resembles a cross between a reindeer and a moose, with arching antlers, wide hooves, a long snout, and a thick coat. Caribou of the Great Glacier are usually brown or gray, but white caribou have been seen grazing near the southern mountains of the Angsaas Chain. An adult caribou weighs 600 pounds or more, and stands about six feet high from hoof to head.



Caribou eat lichen, shrubbery, and any other type of vegetation they can scrape from beneath the snow and ice. They are among the favorite game of wolves, tirichik, white dragons, and other predators. Docile and skittish, caribou defend themselves with their antlers only when cornered or their young are threatened. (Caribou: Int animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 21; HD 4; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4/1-4; THAC0 17; SZ L; ML 3; XP 120.)

Frost Giants

Several small colonies of frost giants exist in the Novularond, a typical colony seldom consisting of one or two dozen giants. Hateful and suspicious, the giants are hostile to all other races, and are especially belligerent towards anyone trespassing on a colony's territory; unfortunately, a colony's territorial boundaries shift from year to year, subject to the whims of the colony's current jarl or shaman. Certain colonies have been known to claim the entirety of Novularond as their own, a claim inevitably challenged by rival colonies, resulting in territorial wars that can last for decades.

The frost giants have a long-standing feud with the Innugaalikurit stemming from a 1952 weapon theft by the dwarves. The conflict was settled when a contingent of Innugaalikurit agreed to become the slaves of the giants (descendants of these dwarves are slaves today) but tensions remain high, and occasionally erupt into all-out wars that spill over into Iulutiu settlements in Alpuk.

In times of scarce game, frost giants mount expeditions into Alpuk to hunt for tirichik, their favorite meat. If the hunting is poor, the giants raid Alpuk and Nakiialigach villages to steal food and whatever else catches their fancy.

Innugaalikurit

Aside from the Ulutiuns, the Innugaalikurit (arctic dwarves) are the only humanoid race native to the Great Glacier. Amiable and peace-loving, the Innugaalikurit live in modest villages in the Novularond, though a few Innugaalikurit settlements are scattered through

out the Keryjek Ridge and in the highlands of Alpuk. Unlike their cousins elsewhere in the Realms, the Innugaalikurit have little interest in mining or crafts, instead devoting themselves to hunting, raising children, and—most importantly—leisure. Innugaalikurit enjoy long vacations spent roaming the plains and mountains of the Great Glacier in search of new places to sunbathe. (See the Appendix for details.)

Kupuk

The loyal pack animals of the Great Glacier kupuk (also called walrus dogs) are raised domestically in Ulutiun villages, but packs of wild kupuk are occasionally encountered on the plains of Alpuk and the lowlands of the Lugsaa Chain. Kupuk are valued for their skills as sled pullers and hunters, as well as their affinity for human children.

Though wild kupuk defend themselves viciously if attacked, they usually approach strangers with curiosity and openness. Strangers may earn the trust of wild kupuk by feeding them or tickling their tails; befriended kupuk may accompany the strangers for the duration of their journey providing companionship and protection. (See the Appendix for details.)

Remorhaz

The tunnels of remorhaz (polar worms) penetrate the entirety of the Tuutsaas, Lugsaa, and Angsaas Chains, a testament to their dominance of the mountain ranges separating the Great Glacier from the rest of the world. Since the remorhaz are eager to feast on trespassers, they serve as unofficial gatekeepers, discouraging natives from leaving the Great Glacier and outsiders from entering.

A species of remorhaz unique to the Great Glacier is the Opoboquo remorhaz, found only in the Opoboquo Valley of the Keryjek Ridge. The Opoboquo remorhaz is 10 feet long and light green in color. It isn't big enough to swallow victims whole, nor is its body heat strong enough to melt weapons (though creatures touching its



back protrusions suffer 2-20 points of heat damage). Otherwise, it's identical to the normal remorhaz.

Angulutiuns hunt Opoboquo remorhaz to make jakerek. The creature's chitinous shell remains warm indefinitely after its death: though the shell isn't warm enough to start fires or heat a snowhouse, it makes a superb frame for a jakerek, as it melts the snow below it, enabling the sled to scoot along a thin layer of water. A jakerek made from a opoboquo shell moves 50% faster than a normal jakerek. (Opoboquo remorhaz: Int animal: AL N; AC overall 0, head 2, underbelly 4; MV 12; HD 5; #AT 1; Dmg 2-12 (bite); SD touching its back protrusions cause 2-20 points of damage; THAC0 15; SZ L; ML 13; MR 75%; XP 650).

Seals

Seals thrive in the icy waters of the Lugalpgotak and Nakalpgotak Seas. In any season, they can be seen chasing birds and fish, diving from snow banks, and languishing on icebergs. Seals are the primary game animal for the Iulutiuins, providing meat, blubber, and skins.

Great Glacier seals have thick brown fur, small cat-like heads, powerful flippers, and sharp teeth. They live in colonies of 10-100, usually located in coves surrounded by protective walls of ice. Females tend to remain in the coves with their young, while bull seals do most of the hunting for their families. Though playful and passive, angered seals can be quite vicious, attacking ferociously with their sharp teeth.

Three unusual species of Great Glacier seal are the scoop seal, the chatter seal, and the fanged seal. The scoop seal has long shovel-like appendages extending from its fins, enabling it to burrow in the snow to hide from predators. The chatter seal, recognizable from the sprinkle of white dots along its back, can perfectly mimic the sound of a human voice. The chatter seal has no conception of the words it says; it randomly repeats overheard phrases. The fanged seal resembles a normal seal, except that it is slightly larger and has a mouthful of razor-sharp fangs. It also has a nasty disposition, ruthlessly attack-

ing any creature entering its waters. Fanged seals are found only in the Lugotak Sea. (Normal seal, scoop seal, chatter seal: Int animal; AL N; AC 6; MV 3, Sw 24; HD 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; THAC0 19; SZ M; ML 8; XP 35. Fanged seal: Int animal; AL CE; AC 6; MV 3, Sw 24; HD 2 +2; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; THAC0 19; SZ M; ML 10; XP 65.)

Sled Dogs

Sled dogs are valued companions of the Ulutiuns, second only to kupuk as quality pack animals and hunters. Thousands of sled dogs are scattered across the Great Glacier, most of them in Ulutiun villages, with a few living in wild packs of 6-24.

There are three types of sled dogs, distinguished by fur color and size. The largest and most common type is the white sled dog, or *heteff* weighing 100-150 pounds and found mainly in Alpuk. The black sled dog, the *okteff*, is native to Angalpuk; weighing about 60 pounds, *okteff* are often trained by the Angulutiuns to herd caribou. The rarest sled dog is the golden-furred *mukteff* of Nakvaligach, which weighs 80-100 pounds.

All sled dogs have short muzzles, bright eyes, and broad black feet. Their fur is several inches thick, enabling them to comfortably withstand the coldest temperatures. They are friendly, brave, and attentive. They are also quite strong; a team of six *heteff* can pull a sled carrying 1,000 pounds all day long, with only occasional stops to eat and rest.

Sled dogs eat any type of animal products, including organs, bones, and fat. Excellent hunters, sled dogs can sniff prey up to 10 miles distant, indicating the type of prey to their human companions by making distinct sounds; a series of short barks indicates small game (wolf or fox), a high, sustained howl indicates larger game (caribou or bear), and low, barely audible growls indicate exceptionally dangerous game (*tirichik* or white dragons). Sled dogs fight to the death to defend their human companions or protect their pups, attacking with their sharp teeth. (Sled dog: Int semi-; AL N; AC 7; MV 15; HD 2 + 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; THAC0 19; SZ M; ML 10; XP 65.)



Tirichik

Next to white dragons, these immense centipede-like monstrosities are the most feared predators in the Great Glacier. They are mainly confined to the most desolate regions of Alpuk and Nakvaligach, lurking inside deep crevasses where they wait to ambush bear, wolves, wild kupuk and human travelers. (See the Appendix for details.)

White Dragons

The white dragon is the only type of dragon native to the Great Glacier. They occupy caves in the region's highest mountains, particularly in Nakvaligach and the southern portions of the Tuutsaas and Angsaas Chains. The scourge of the arctic, white dragons prey indiscriminately on men and beasts alike, favoring polar bears, cari-

bou, and human travelers. They often terrorize Ulutiun villages, particularly in Nakvaligach, by attacking in flights of three or more, gobbling up villagers by the dozens and leveling snowhouses with violent slaps of their tails. When white dragons reach the end of their days, many of them cast themselves into the Shakkak Pit, a deep valley of fairy ice in northern Nakvaligach rumored to contain hundreds of white dragon corpses.

Yeti

Hundreds of years ago, yeti thrived in the Novularond, but incessant assaults from the frost giants eventually drove them out. Today, it's rare to encounter yeti in Novularond. Most of them now live in Nakvaligach, wandering the mountains in groups of six or less. Always on the verge of starvation, thanks to the scarcity of game in Nakvali-



gach, yeti feed on any creatures they can catch, including humans, tirichik, and each other.

In the upper regions of Nakvaligach, a cadre of white dragons has formed an alliance with the local yeti. The dragons provide food for the yeti in exchange for their servitude. The dragons and yeti often engage in joint hunting expeditions and terror sprees; there is no sight more dreaded by the Nakulutians than a flight of white dragons with screeching yeti astride their backs.

A clan of gargantua yeti live in the easternmost peaks of the Tuutsaas Chain. These giant yeti stand 20 feet tall and have sky blue fur. They are fiercely territorial, preying on remorhaz and all other trespassing creatures. (Gargantua yeti: Int average; AL CE; XC 5; MV 12; HD 8 + 4; #AT 2; Dmg 2-12/2-12; THAC0 11; SZ H; ML 13 XP 975.)

Vegetation

Because of the short growing season, lack of precipitation, and frozen soil, the Great Glacier isn't a particularly fertile environment for plant life. Vegetation is confined to a few varieties of flowering weeds in the plains (timothy, chickweed, catspaw), occasional patches of ferns and shrubs, and lichens and mosses capable of growing on rocks in thin areas of permafrost. Small forests of willow, evergreen, and birch exist in Angalpuk (and to a lesser degree in Nakvaligach); these trees seldom exceed 10 feet in height.

Following are some of the more interesting types of vegetation unique to the Great Glacier:

Mikka. This is a black lichen found on the bottoms of stones near Alpuk streams. The crunchy lichen tastes like mint; Iulutians use it to flavor soups and stews.

Seal Berries. Found near the shores of the Lugalpgotak Sea, these are magical pea-sized berries the color and texture of seal shin. Though inedible, the berries make useful preservatives; a handful of berries scattered over 10 pounds of meat preserves the meat indefinitely, even through the warmest months of spring and summer.

Ring Moss. This rare silvery moss grows in tiny rings inside crevasses near the Lugsaaas Chain. When ground to a soft paste, the moss can

be used to coat arrows or other weapons to subdue tirichik. (A tirichik successfully attacked with a weapon coated with ring moss must save vs. poison or lapse into unconsciousness for 2d4 rounds.) Ring moss paste retains its potency for 1-4 days after the moss is harvested.

Flame Heather. Found only in the mountains of Nakvaligach, this plant resembles a cluster of yellow and red feathers. Flame heather is highly flammable; one cluster (consisting of 2-4 plants, each about a foot tall) burns all night long, providing heat for a medium-sized snowhouse.

"(It is not necessary for the driver of a sled to determine when his dogs need to rest. Sled dogs seem to instinctively know when they have reached the limits of their endurance, or when poor weather, such as a bitter wind or an ice storm, poses risks to their health. In such situations, the dogs stop, curl up in the snow, and go to sleep. Until the dogs are finished resting or the weather changes, no amount of coercion will convince them to continue."

—Palus Frohm



Part Five: Places



*"A village is only as livable as its surroundings.
We are caretakers not only of our homes, but of
our world."*

—Inum

Visitors to the Great Glacier are invariably impressed with its eerie beauty and startling contrasts. Endless stretches of barren plains abruptly give way to towering mountain ranges, sliced by gaping crevasses and ice-clogged rivers. Sheer walls of ice snake for miles across the landscape like immense fences. Majestic swirls of drifting snow twist past monolithic glaciers, sparkling like diamonds in the cool light of the winter sun. Desolate, stark, timeless, the Great Glacier is like another world.

Ahtahqugotak Sea

Nearly 70 miles across at its widest point, the Ahtahqugotak is the largest body of water in Angalpuk. The Ahtahqugotak is about 75 feet deep, covered by a thick layer of ice in the winter, changing to platform ice in the spring, and nearly ice-free in the summer.

The Ahtahqugotak is perhaps the most scenic sea in the Great Glacier, its waters clear and calm, its shores thick with white birches and lush evergreens. Game fish thrive here, particularly polar cod, bloatfish, and black burners. The area is nearly predator-free, making it a haven for wild caribou, musk oxen, and birds of all varieties. Despite the abundance of game, most Angulutiuns shun the Ahtahqugotak, owing to its location in the Ibelgrak Valley, which is associated with a fever virus that claimed thousands of



victims in the year 3010. There is no hard evidence, however, that either the waters of the Ahtahqogotak or its animal life are contaminated with the virus.

AHTITLAK

Race: Nakulutium Population: 170

About a thousand years ago, a small Nakulutium community in the foothills of Nakvaligach received a kaiurit from their urit commanding them to migrate south. According to the kaiurit, the journey would lead them to physical manifestations of Ulutiu, whom the Nakulutiums were directed to serve.

The Nakulutiums traveled all the way to the Lugsass Chain, where they discovered a lair of remorhaz in a vast cave near the base of a tall mountain of ice. Having never seen remorhaz before, the Nakulutiums presumed that the creatures were the manifestations described by the kaiurit. The Nakulutiums set up camp in the remorhaz lair. The remorhaz killed about half of the Nakulutiums, but the Nakulutiums persevered, offering food to the remorhaz and defending them against tirichik and other predators. Eventually, the remorhaz came to trust the Nakulutiums and allowed them to share their cave.

Over the following centuries, the bond between the Nakulutiums and the remorhaz continued to strengthen. The remorhaz accepted the Nakulutiums as companions, even risking their lives to protect them. In turn, the Nakulutiums provided food and water, built fires to keep their eggs warm, and applied poultices to their wounds. The Nakulutiums have also fashioned leather saddles that enabled them to ride the remorhaz. The bond remains strong to this day.

The Ahtitlak Nakulutiums don't build snowhouses or minikitak, instead living in the remorhaz cave, sleeping on wolf skin blankets circled around a communal fire. The brutish and distrustful Ahtitlak Nakulutiums feel no kinship with other Ulutiums or any other race. They patrol the area constantly, riding their remorhaz, ever alert for trespassers whom they attack

without mercy.

Eghagu

Race: Iulutium/Angulutium Population: 180

A notorious village of outcasts and bandits, Eghagu is located about 30 miles northeast of the Shistak Pass in the Keryjek Ridge inside a 200-foot diameter stone ring, which provides concealment and protection. The walls of the ring are about 30 feet high; an opening in the northern section gives access.

Eghagu was established about 100 years ago when a group of Iulutiums from Lilinuk were banished for conspiring to assassinate the iquemelum. The group wandered east, where they encountered a band of Angulutiums exiled from Hupiik for tampering with a caribou herd's wakiak. The groups joined forces and built a small settlement of crude snowhouses which they used as a base for banditry, caribou rustling, and other crimes.

About ten years ago, a powerful anagakok named Dygah took over as leader of Eghagu. Exiled from Jukum for conducting magical research that inadvertently poisoned the village's water system, Dygah has vowed revenge on all Iulutium people. Thanks to Dygah, the crimes of the Eghagu have become much more ambitious. They pillage entire villages now, and they have trained kupuk and winter wolves as vicious attack animals, using them to ambush unwary travelers. Meanwhile, Dugah continues to plot against the Iulutiums.

Glacier of Ulutiu

This is a sheer wall of ice, rising 1,000 feet in height along the northern shore of the Uppuk River. Thousands of years ago, the glacier was about 300 yards long, but time has taken its toll, and only about 100 yards remain, the rest having broken off into the Uppuk and washed away. Intricate symbols are etched in the glacier, covering the entire surface. The symbols emit a dull red glow. The glacier radiates magic and is completely resistant to all types of natural and magi-



cal heat.

Ulutiu is responsible for the symbols and the enchantment. He used the glacier to record his thoughts, the history of the region, and details of his magical research. Any character using *comprehend language* or its equivalent can translate the symbols to learn the origin of the Great Glacier (paraphrase the information in the “Birth of the Great Glacier” section in Part One of this book).

Unfortunately, the most interesting sections of glacier have broken off and washed away; these sections are rumored to contain formulas for powerful spells, the location of Ulutiu’s treasure, and instructions for bringing Ulutiu back to life. The location of these missing sections is anybody’s guess; they may be buried beneath deep layers of snow further west along the Uppuk, they may have been collected by curious frost giants, or they may currently serve as walls of Innugaalikurit snowhouses.

Gomwemk

Race: Innugaalikurit Population: 450

Wedged in a narrow valley surrounded by towering mountains, Gomwemk has the most sizable Innugaalikurit population in the Great Glacier. It is also the site of the brutal Innugaalikurit-Frost Giant War of 1952.

Gomwemk is a modest collection of unadorned ceenach and snowhouses. A 10-foot-tall stone wall encloses the village to keep out frost giants, who despise the Innugaalikurit. As an additional deterrent, a 20-foot-wide trench surrounds the stone wall, filled with fairy ice to a depth of 30 feet.

The village is in fact a facade, a collection of empty buildings. Gomwemk residents are so fearful of frost giants that they long ago abandoned the village proper to live in caverns deep beneath the valley. Snowhouses near the perimeter of the village contain tunnels leading to the caverns below; ice blocks conceal the entrances to the tunnels. The tunnel system also winds beneath the stone wall and the fairy ice trench, opening to the surface several miles away from

the valley. When the Innugaalikurit are low on food, bored, or in need of a sun bath, they use the tunnels to take them to distant locations in the Novularond, far from the threat of the frost giants.

A growing faction of the Gomwemk Innugaalikurit, who call themselves Surfacers, are getting fed up with their covert existence. The Surfacers are attempting to drum up support for abandoning the caverns and returning to the surface. If the frost giants attack, then so be it; the Surfacers are confident that they can defeat the frost giants if they can convince their Lulutiu friends in Gronne to help them. So far, Gronne has been less than receptive.

GRONNE

Race: Lulutiu Population: 550

Established nearly 2,500 years ago, Gronne is one of the oldest Lulutiu settlements. Located about 30 miles east of the Novularond, Gronne is a neatly kept village with orderly circles of snowhouses surrounding a cluster of quaggi. Many families maintain elaborate rock gardens near their snowhouses, featuring colorful stones collected from the Novularond.

Gronne residents are noted for their wisdom and insight. Representatives from other Lulutiu villages often petition the Gronne *iquemelum* to help settle disputes and evaluate civic proposals. The Gronne *iquemelum* refuse payment for their services, but graciously accept gifts of unusual stones to add to their rock gardens.

Gronne maintains a close relationship with the Innugaalikurit of Gomwemk. Even though the Gronne elders decided in favor of the frost giants when negotiating an end to the Innugaalikurit-Frost Giant War of 1952, the Innugaalikurit respect them for their integrity and honesty, and trade flourishes between the two communities. The elders of Gronne are among the few Lulutius who know that the Gomwemk dwarves have abandoned their village and now live underground.

Recently, a faction of Gomwemk Innugaalikurit approached the Gronne elders to ask for



their support in standing against the frost giants, should a war between the dwarves and giants erupt again. The elders have so far declined, fearing that such a war could spill over into Angalpuk. A recent frost giant raid into Gronne, however, has changed a few minds; the elders may yet decide to ally with their dwarven friends to rid the area of frost giants once and for all.

Hupiik

Race: Angulutiu

Population: 800

Hupiik boasts the largest caribou herd in Angalpuk, and the residents are the Great Glacier's most skilled herdsman. From their cozy skotuk located about 50 miles west of the Angsaas Chain, bordered by a dense forest of willows and birch to the north and a clear stream of fresh water to the south, residents drive a herd of 3,000 caribou to Isenghak and back during an ikili.

Hupiik herdsman have developed sophisticated animal-handling techniques that have been copied by villages throughout Angalpuk. The Hupiik herd is divided into units called *jiji*, each consisting of 100-200 animals. A chief herder, called the *ujiji*, is responsible for each *jiji*, while the *pima-taung* oversees the *ujiji*. Six assistants, *kaujiji*, are assigned to an *ujiji*, along with as many additional herdsman necessary to control the herd. The *ujiji* rides an *uhkerek* behind the herd, and three *kaujiji* ride *jakerek* on either side of the herd.

A team of trained *okteff* (black sled dogs) keep the herd together and chase down strays. The herdsman use lassos to restrain wandering caribou and tie feed bags around the animals' necks to supplement their diets in sparse pastures.

The Hupiik *wakiak* is a series of three parallel lines notched in the animal's ear.

Hupiik residents are tight-lipped, serious-minded, and somewhat arrogant. They maintain friendly relations with other Angulutiu villages, though they seldom associate with them except during *sukkiruchit*.

Ibelgrak Valley

Low hills surround this shallow valley in the southeastern corner of Angalpuk, bordered to the south by the Lugsaa Chain and the east by the Angsaas Chain. Covered by only a few inches of permafrost, vegetation flourishes in the Ibelgrak like nowhere else in the Great Glacier, with thick forests of evergreen and willow trees, and lush meadows of timothy and chickweed. There is an abundance of game animals, especially polar hares, silver foxes, and musk oxen.

Though the Ibelgrak is a fertile hunting ground and an ideal pasture for grazing caribou Angulutiu shun the area, believing it to be disease-ridden. In 2010, hunters from outside the Great Glacier introduced a fever that proved deadly to Angulutiu and caribou, claiming thousands of victims before the carriers were isolated and destroyed. A few infected Angulutiu fled with their herds to Ibelgrak, where their descendents remain today.

Both the Angulutiu and caribou descendents still retain the dormant virus, evidenced by the dark warts that grow on their skin (the warts grow on the faces and hands of human carriers, and on the backs and legs of caribou carriers). Aside from the disfiguring warts, the virus has no other ill effects; over the centuries, the virus has become harmless. Other Angulutiu, however, don't believe this, destroying on sight any human or caribou carriers who stray from the Ibelgrak Valley. Consequently, the carriers (numbering about 75 humans and their herd of 200 caribou) are confined to the Ibelgrak, as they risk their lives if they leave. The carriers have no permanent settlement in the Ibelgrak, endlessly wandering the lush pastures and forests, longing for a cure to rid them of their disfigurement so they can become accepted members of Angulutiu society.

Igotak Sea

The largest body of water in Nakvaligach, the triangular-shaped Igotak Sea is frozen solid almost all year round. The surface of the Igotak is thick with fog, rising hundreds of feet in the air,



completely obscuring the sea even in the brightest daylight. During exceptionally cold winter months, the fog rolling off the sea extends up to 50 miles in all directions, posing a serious hazard to travelers.

Ice covers the surface of the lake to about 10 feet; beneath the ice is about 40 feet of murky water; drinkable but bitter. The sea teems with crystal nippers, their corpses littering the shores like grains of blue sand.

Imajuvisik

Race: Iulutium

Population: 250

Located midway between the Umaylu Lake and the Lugsaa Chain, Imajuvisik is a small village of courageous hunters, specializing in tracking and destroying white dragons and tirichik. The residents pride themselves on their fitness, spending several hours each day engaged in rigorous physical training; adults have average Strength scores of 15 and average Constitution scores of 16.

Bands of Imajuvisik hunters roam across Al-puk, offering their services to Iulutium villages who hire them to get rid of troublesome predators; isolated communities, such as Puttak, are particularly eager clients. In times of scarce game, the hunters charge no fee, asking only for possession of the creature's carcass. Otherwise, to exterminate a tirichik, the hunters might ask for a pair of mated kupuk, 300 pounds of choice caribou meat, or a dozen seal skin clothing sets.

Imajuvisik hunters ambush white dragons and tirichik by tying a caribou or other game animal to a stake in the center of a small valley surrounded by high peaks. The hunters hide in the peaks until the creature is lured by the bait, then attack with a volley of spears, arrows, and garnok (sometimes using poisoned chips from the Umaulu Lake ice as ammunition; not only do these chips inflict 1-3 points of damage, the victim must save vs. poison, suffering an additional 2d4 points of damage if the check fails, and suffering half damage if the check succeeds; tirichik, however, are immune to Umaulu poison).

Because the Imajuvisik hunters spend much of

their time traveling from place to place, they are privy to many of the secrets of the Great Glacier, including its dangers, its treasures, and the safest routes. They often share this information with strangers willing to participate in a tirichih or white dragon hunt, providing the strangers demonstrate their courage and skill to the hunters' satisfaction.

The village of Imajuvisik is a collection of small snowhouses, their walls reinforced with stones gathered from the Lugsaa Chain. Adjacent to the village is a large crevasse, about a mile long and nearly 100 yards wide. The Imajuvisik hunters dispose of the skulls of their kills in this crevasse to observe the opoqukoku ritual; regardless of where in the Great Glacier the hunters kill their prey, the skulls are always brought back to this crevasse. Hunters who fail to observe opoqukoku are confined to the village for six months.

Jukum

Race: Iulutium

Population: 1,200

Nestled on the southern shore of the Lugalpgotak Sea, Jukum is the second largest Iulutium settlement. Its people are pleasant and outgoing, eager to welcome friendly strangers.

The village is laid out in neat rows of snowhouses, surrounded by a circle of a dozen quaggi. The perimeter of the village is divided into four districts of approximately equal size. The north district contains a large pool of fresh water, which the villagers refill every week. Trenches lead from the pool and run parallel to each row of snowhouses, giving families easy access to clean water. The south district is reserved for gaming and open-air feasts, the west district for butchering animals (which includes a dozen ukujik), and the east district for sukkiruchit.

Unlike most Iulutium villages, Jukum actively encourages fine arts, particularly sculpture, poetry, and music. Elaborate ice sculptures of frolicking seals, harpoon-wielding hunters, and roaring dragons are found throughout the village. Children practice soothing tunes on bone flutes, and adult choirs perform lengthy story-



songs at the end of communal meals. At the beginning of each month, the village holds a special poetry festival, open to residents of Jukum as well as other area villages: the Jukum iqemelum awards seal skin mittens, smoked meats, and other valuable prizes to the best poets.

Keryjek Ridge

The Keryjek Ridge is the longest continuous mountain range in the interior of the Great Glacier, stretching north from the Lugsaa Chain to completely separate Alpuk from Angalpuk. The peaks average 8,000-10,000 feet high, though some of the central peaks top 15,000 feet.

The Keryjek Ridge is perhaps the most beautiful natural feature of the Great Glacier. Fairy ice dusts the highest peaks, making them shimmer like rainbows on sunny days. Frozen lakes, as shiny as silver mirrors, fill the valleys, while ribbons of lush evergreens make delicate loops around the mountainsides.

Key features include:

Shistak Pass. The towering peaks of the Keryjek present a formidable barrier for those traveling between Angalpuk and Alpuk. To facilitate travel, representatives from Hupiik and Isenghack decided to construct a pass to link the two nations. Construction of the pass began 75 years ago and is only about 50% complete. The pass extends 10 miles from the west side and 10 miles from the east side, leaving about 20 miles of packed snow and ice in between. Travelers unfamiliar with the project are often surprised when the pass reaches a dead end, forcing them to go back the way they came. Bandits from Eghagu sometimes take advantage of the unfinished pass to ambush the unwary.

Makkitt Pass. The only natural pass in the Keryjek Ridge, the Makkitt is about 100 feet wide, winding through the mountains for about 50 miles. Its gentle slopes make it suitable for foot travelers, as well as dog and caribou sleds. Avalanches are common in the Makkitt, as are attacks from winter wolves.

Mt. Morrowikik. From a distance, the snow covering this 10,000-foot-high peak appears to be flecked with blue. As travelers move closer to the

mountain, they may notice that patches of snow appear to be moving, undulating across the face of the mountain in random directions.

The peak of Mt. Morrowikik is made of solid turquoise, accounting for the blue flecks. The moving snow drifts are actually white puddings, which flourish on the mountaintop and number in the hundreds. It's rumored that some of the Mt. Morrowikik puddings are as big as icebergs, though there has been no reliable confirmation.

Ertyky Valley. This expansive valley is where the final clash between the Iulutians and Angulutians occurred in 1637, marking the end of the Keryjek Wars. Hundreds of warriors from each side died in the battle. To honor the fallen soldiers, the valley was made into an immense equkoku cemetery, filled with row after row of equkoku totems.

Opoboquo Valley. This narrow valley is the only known habitat of a rare and dangerous creature called the opoboquo remorhaz. (See the "Remorhaz" entry in Part Four for details.)

Kresttet

Race: Nakulutian

Population: 300

Kresttet is by far the most populous Nakulutian village, comprising dozens of crude ceenach haphazardly arranged in a barren valley of thick permafrost and rocky projections. Webs of crevasses lace the Kresttet valley, many of them 10-20 feet wide. Tremors regularly shake the valley, creating new crevasses and widening the old ones. Though the crevasses pose a constant hazard to the residents, the Kresttet kaiurit forbids filling in the crevasses or relocating ceenach to safer areas. As a safety measure, planks have been placed over the smaller crevasses, and makeshift bridges have been constructed over the larger ones; from a distance, the village resembles a patchwork of planks and cracks.

Except for polar hares, a few caribou, and patches of edible lichen, food is scarce in Kresttet. The nearest source of fresh water is a stream 10 miles to the north. Adding to Kresttet's misery are the periodic raids by frost giants and white dragons (who live in the mountains to the east



and terrorize Kresttet for amusement more than food), and infestations of ice toads that surface from newly-formed crevasses.

The residents view Ulutiu as a vengeful, angry god, quick to punish his followers for lapses in faith. Pahjikok, the Kresttet urit, struggles to divine Ulutiu's intentions, resulting in a constantly changing set of kaiurit. A kaiurit requiring all residents to stay indoors during the daylight hours may be abruptly revoked a week later, replaced by a new kaiurit requiring them to stay indoors at night. The eating of particular foods may be sanctioned one day, forbidden the next. Among the few constants is a policy of jyykach; Kresttet residents attack and kill strangers on sight, tossing their bodies into deep crevasses. The policy is suspended only if the village has reached their jyykach quota for the month (which varies according to Pahjikok's latest proclamation).

Lilinuk

Race: Iulutiu

Population: 1,500

Lilinuk is not only the largest Iulutiu settlement, it's the largest human settlement in all of the Great Glacier. Located south of the Nakalpgotak Sea, Lilinuk is built on top of a broad plateau, about 150 feet high. Ramps of ice spiral around the plateau, giving access to the village from below. Because of its altitude, Lilinuk was spared by the Great Flood of 1790.

The industrious villagers of Lilinuk are perhaps the hardest working people in the Great Glacier. Snowhouses are replaced yearly. Kayaks and dog sleds are maintained in immaculate condition. Storage pits are kept filled with a year's supply of meat. Sled dogs and kupuk live in their own comfortable houses, called *jtitip*. A fleet of kayak and umiak are docked in an ice-free harbor near the northern foot of the plateau. Just outside the village, herds of musk oxen and caribou are raised in pens enclosed by ice block walls.

The villagers actively promote trade, and Lilinuk is noted for its well-organized and hospitable sukkiruchit. A large central section of the

village is reserved for sukkiruchit, featuring five quaggi that always contain ample supplies of roasting meat to feed visitors, and a large double-domed building called a *rewqugi* filled with pits of burning blubber for visitors to warm themselves. Lilinuk is noted for its fine kayaks, sleds, and clothing, and Iulutiu flock from all corners of Alpuk to trade for these goods.

Lugalpgotak Sea

The Lugalpgotak is the largest body of water in the Great Glacier and the most hospitable to life. Nearly 200 miles wide and 800 feet deep, the Lugalpgotak is home to a wide variety of animals and fish, including thousands of seals and dozens of species of fish. The southern and western shores are flat and even, perfectly suited for the construction of snowhouses.

Numerous streams link the Lugalpgotak with most of the other major seas and lakes. Pack ice covers about 50% of the surface, with especially dense clusters near the center. In the winter, it's possible to cross the narrowest sections of the sea by jumping from floe to floe. Walls of barrier ice, hundreds of feet high, rise from the northern and eastern shores, acting as natural windbreaks to keep the waters calm and the temperatures steady. The Nakalpgotak's mineral salts are concentrated in the sea's eastern floor; for that reason, fresh water predominates in the western portion of the Nakalpgotak, while most of the eastern portion is salt water.

At the bottom of the Lugalpgotak is a 100-foot layer of rocks and debris. Beneath the rocks and debris is a layer of ice, 500 yards thick. Imbedded deep within this ice layer is the body of Ulutiu. The location of Ulutiu's body is not generally known by the Ulutiu, though some suspect that the body is somewhere beneath one of the Great Glacier's seas.

Lugotak Sea

Also known as the "Secret Sea," the Lugotak is one of the Great Glacier's most dangerous areas, and has claimed the lives of countless travelers. Located about 50 miles from the eastern border



of the Tuutsaas Chain, and lying in the direct path of the Tuutsaas's only major pass, the Lugotak is totally concealed by a foot-deep layer of snow that continually blows off the mountains; even from a few yards' distance, the Lugotak is indistinguishable from the surrounding terrain. All year long, semi-solid platform ice comprises the surface of the Lugotak, which tends to crack under the slightest pressure. The sea is 10-12 to the bottom at the deepest point, and only 3-5 feet deep near the western and southern shores. Jagged spears of needle ice line the bottom of the sea, some of which rise about a foot from the surface. Travelers who fall through the platform ice risk impalement on the needle ice; those fortunate enough to avoid the needle ice often fall prey to the fanged seals thriving in the Lugotak's icy waters.

Mt. Akka

This is a 1,000-foot tall mountain of ice with a double peak, located at the southern tip of the Surykyk Range. The mountains of the Surykyk are thick with wild kupuk, who make nests and lay eggs in Surykyk caves and valleys. Mt. Akka is a favorite nesting place, as it consists of a number of caverns connected by winding passages that provide protection from predators. Though kupuk are careful to remove all traces of their nests after their pups are born, diligent explorers may discover shell fragments and infertile eggs buried in the snow.

Mt. Okk

At 12,000 feet, Mt. Okk is one of the tallest peaks of the Lugsaaas Chain. In 3691, a faction of evil wizards from Vaasa built a massive castle of ice near the northern foot of Mt. Okk, intending to use it as a base to develop powerful spells and bizarre monsters. Seven years later, a fissure opened and swallowed the castle. The fissure subsequently closed, and an avalanche buried it under tons of snow and ice.

Little would be known of the ice castle had it not been for a hunting team from Lilinuk who discovered the remains of a human explorer

near Mt. Okk about 20 years ago. The human's body had been transformed into solid ice and his head removed. A journal identified him as a treasure hunter from Damara. The journal also revealed the following information about the castle:

- The castle is a labyrinth of corridors made from ice that resists all forms of heat. Blizzards, ice storms, and chilling winds blow up in the corridors at random intervals, from no apparent source.

- The wizards were devising a new type of cold-based magic. Details of the spells are kept in a vault of glowing ice somewhere in the depths of the castle.

- The bodies of the wizards are encased in giant icicles suspended from the ceiling of a circular chamber in the center of the castle. Their spirits roam the corridors to attack trespassers.

- Among the castle's guardians are headless ice zombies with their eyes in their chests and mobile snow drifts that swallow men alive.

After reading the journal, the Lilinuk hunters declined to investigate. To date, the journal information has yet to be verified.

Nakalpgotak Sea

The Nakalpgotak is an immense, hostile sea, bordered on the north and east by the mountains of Nakvaligach and the Keryjek Ridge, and linked to the Lugalpgotak Sea by a web of shallow streams. About 120 miles long, the Nakalpgotak is shaped like a bowl, the shores sloping at a 45 degree angle to the 700-foot-deep center.

About 75% of the surface is clogged with pack ice, including mile-wide icebergs as tall as mountains. Slush collects along the shores in patches hundreds of yards wide. Walls of barrier ice border the sea at irregular intervals, averaging about 100-200 feet tall.

In the summer and spring, melting snow from the adjacent mountains causes the Nakalpgotak to rise several feet. The unusually warm summer of 1790 resulted in massive floods, wiping out dozens of Iulutiu villages near the northern and eastern shores. Though the flood affected a few Lugalpgotak settlements as well, it decimated the



Nakalpgotak villages. The Iulutians rebuilt most of the destroyed Lugalpgotak villages, while survivors of the Nakalpgotak migrated elsewhere. Only a few Nakalpgotak villages remain today, as the Iulutians are afraid of another Great Flood.

Because there are few humans competing for food, the Nakalpgotak thrives with polar bears, winter wolves, and other predators that feast on the abundant fish, seal, and game birds. Water near the shores is mostly fresh, and pools of fresh water can also be found in hollows of icebergs.

The Novularond

The Novularond is a cluster of towering mountains in the center of the Great Glacier. The range is about 250 miles long at its widest point, and interior peaks average 20,000 feet high. A honeycomb of passages winds through the mountains, which contain scattered deposits of gold, diamonds, spark stones (used to start fires), and other valuable gems and minerals.

The Novularond is relatively free of permafrost. Only about 20% of the mountains are covered with snow and ice. The rest are bare granite, except for a few sparse patches of evergreens and shrubbery. Most of the surface rock of the Novularond remains about 40 degrees, regardless of the air temperature. In the mountains' deepest recesses, it's rumored that the stone is as hot as fire. The entirety of the Novularond faintly radiates magic, though there is no obvious source of the enchantment. Aside from their temperature, the rocks have no special properties. Stones removed from the Novularond lose their warmth within 24 hours, becoming normal stones. However, if the stones are returned to the Novularond area, they become warm again.

The Ulutians have no explanation for the warm rocks of the Novularond, but there are several theories. Some believe the the core of the Novularond contains liquid fire, while others think that fire-breathing monsters live in the bowels of the mountains. In any case, the Ulutians have declined to build settlements in the Novularond, confining their visits to occasional

hunting expeditions. The frost giants and the Innugaalikurit, who don't particularly care why the rocks are warm, are the only sentient races making their homes in the Novularond.

Unknown to the races of the Great Glacier, the deepest passage of the Novularond snakes east, ending at Ulutiu's ice barge, buried hundreds of yards beneath the Lugalpgotak Sea. When Ulutiu died, the *necklace of Ulutiu* transformed the passage into a magical conduit, absorbing heat from the area that was to become the Great Glacier and funnelling it to the Novularond, permanently warming the stones.

There are three distinct regions of the Novularond, each of which is described below.

Ipinovularond. This outer ring of mountains, about 15 miles wide, consists of peaks no higher than 5,000 feet. Fewer than 10% of the mountains are ice-covered. Wild life consists of musk oxen, caribou, and wild kupuk, though none are found in great number.

Esenovularond. This central ring is the broadest section of the Novularond. Its peaks tower 5,000-10,000 feet high and are 20% ice-covered. Rugged valleys and deep crevasses slice the terrain, and avalanches and rock slides are common. Frost giants and Innugaalikurit make their homes among these peaks, as do ice toads, yeti, and a few winter wolves.

Akanovularond. This central region is the most desolate region of the Novularond. The peaks of the Akanovularond rise to 20,000 feet, most of which are 30-40% ice-covered. White dragons lair in the highest peaks.

Olyniak Crevasse

Nearly 60 miles long at its widest point and dozens of miles deep, the Olyniak is the largest crevasse in the Great Glacier. Centered among the highest peaks in Nakvaligach, the Nakulutians revere the crevasse as a sacred landmark of Ulutiu, regularly tossing in offerings of meat and gems. A dim green light shines from the crevasse, visible only at night, which the Nakulutians take as proof of the crevasse's supernatural significance. (In fact, the light is natural, not magical, radiating from fluorescent minerals lining





the walls about 200 feet down.)

Following an earthquake in 2338, a monster emerged from the Olyniak and consumed dozens of Nakulutiu worshippers before disappearing back into the crevasse. The survivors named the creature Ulfoq, and described it as a combination of a tirichik and a white dragon, hundreds of feet long, with golden fangs and wings of ice. The Nakulutiu presume that Ulfoq is an emissary of Ulutiu. It hasn't been seen since.

A long passage near the bottom of the Olyniak connects with a vast subterranean cavern network, linking it with the hollows inside the Novularond and Ulutiu's buried ice barge beneath the Lugalpgotak Sea. Ulfoq is indeed associated with Ulutiu, though the relationship remains a mystery; Ulfoq may be a guardian or an emissary, or a manifestation of Ulutiu himself. It's also possible that Ulfoq is only an illusion created by Ulutiu. The earthquake of 2338 might have caused the Nakulutiu to fall into the crevasse, leading the panicking survivors to mistakenly believe that their companions were eaten.

Puttak

Race: Iulutiu

Population: 350

Puttak is an isolated Iulutiu community located about 40 miles north of the Lugaas Chain, noted for its domesticated kupuk. Villagers capture wild kupuk in the Lugaas Chain and in the mountains about 50 miles west of the village, then bring them to the village for training. Kupuk are treated like equal members of the community, sharing food and living quarters with Puttak families, even meriting their own equoku cemetery on the east side of the village. Puttak kupuk are well-behaved, loyal, and healthy. They are highly prized by Ulutiu elsewhere in the Great Glacier who regularly make the long pilgrimage to Puttak just to trade for these animals.

To warn of approaching predators, the villagers have built a series of signal stations called *obii*, spaced around the village in concentric circles about 50 yards apart. The *obii* resemble ice towers 20-50 feet high, each containing a villager (called an *ejobii*) armed with a bell made of bone

and wood (called a *jakobii*). When an *ejobii* spots a predator, he rings his *jakobii*, alerting the other *ejobii* who then begin to ring their own *jakobii*. The villagers respond by herding the kupuk mothers and pups into caves and underground tunnels. For additional protection, the villagers pay retainers to Imajuvisik hunters, who visit Puttak two or three times a year, exterminating any predators they can find (retainers are paid in kupuk).

Puttak villagers observe a birth ritual that acknowledges their special relationship with kupuk. When the oldest daughter of a family is within a week of giving birth (Puttak midwives are able to determine dates of birth with uncanny accuracy), she, her mother, and a few close friends journey to Mt. Akka. The woman gives birth in the Mt. Akka caverns, a favorite kupuk nesting area. Should a kupuk hatch in the caverns on the same day that the baby is born, the villagers take the kupuk pup back to Puttak and raise it with the baby as a member of the family.

Shakkak Pit

This is a 300-foot-deep valley surrounded by jagged mountains in northern Nakvaligach, filled to the top with fairy ice. White dragons use the Shakkak Pit as a graveyard. The dragons are born with an instinctive knowledge of the Shakkak Pit and fly here when death is imminent. The pit contains hundreds of white dragon skeletons, along with a variety of treasure items the dying dragons have brought with them.

Three centuries ago, an evil anagakok attempted to animate the dragon skeletons, which he intended to use to steal treasure from the living white dragons of Nakvaligach. The plan backfired, and the animated skeletons killed him. Several animated skeletons are rumored to still exist in the depths of the pit.

Umaylu Lake

The sprawling Umaylu is only a few feet deep, more closely resembling a vast puddle than a lake. The water is dirty and stagnant, due to the prevalence of bacteria and decaying organic mat-



ter (animals who drink from the Umaylu often die on the spot and drop into the water). Dissolved minerals, which seep from cracks in the lake floor, keep the water odorless but enhance its toxicity.

Characters or creatures who drink the Umaylu water must save vs. poison. A successful save means the victim loses 2-12 (2d6) hit points. Victims who fail their saving throws die within 1-2 days unless *neutralize poison* or a similar treatment is administered. Additionally, those who fail their saving throws automatically lose 1 hit point per hour until the poison is negated. Characters wading across the Umaylu or otherwise coming in contact with it lose 2-8 (2d4) points of damage; a successful save vs. poison results in half damage.

The Umaylu is dotted with pingos, 10-100 feet in height. The dull green pingos are made of frozen lake water, which acts as a contact poison. Characters who touch an Umaylu pingo suffer the same poisoning effect as if they had drunk the Umaylu water. The hunters of Imajuvisik use ice chips from the Umaylu Lake as ammunition for their garnok.

The Umaylu is poisonous to all creatures except tirichik, who find it quite refreshing. Tirichik often lounge in the Umaylu, rolling in its water to soak their entire bodies. Tirichik that spend three or more hours soaking in the Umaylu absorb the lake's poison into their flesh. The resulting contact-poison effect lasts for the next 24 hours. Poisoned tirichik are identifiable by the slight greenish tinge covering their bodies.

Uppuk River

This is the mightiest river of the Great Glacier. It spans hundreds of miles and serves as a natural barrier between the plains of Alpuk and the mountains of Nakvaligach. The Uppuk runs from the Nakalpgotak Sea, and snakes west; major tributaries link the river with the Lugotak Sea to the south and the Igotak Sea to the north.

The Uppuk River averages 1-10 miles wide and 20-100 feet deep. Pack ice clogs about 50% of the surface, increasing up to 75% in the winter, and decreasing to 20% in the summer. Its sloping

banks, piled high with slush, cut deeply into the permafrost, angling about 45 degrees in some places and creating nearly vertical walls in others. Occasionally, pack ice collects in bends in the river to form temporary dams, causing slushy water to spill over the Uppuk's banks. At two points on the Uppuk, natural bridges of ice arc from the south bank to the north, allowing travelers to cross the river without entering the icy water. The ice bridges average about 100 feet wide, and rise about 20 feet from the surface of the river.

The river teems with fish, among them spiny sleepers, icetails, and whitefish. Fish are particularly abundant in the spring and summer, when many schools migrate from the Lugalpgotak to spawn.

Utui

Race: Angulutium

Population: 600

Located in an area of dense pine forests and rolling hills in eastern Angalpuk, Utui is a sprawling community of herders and craftsmen. The Utui herd numbers about 1,500 caribou; the ikili follows a route west to Emequ, north to Hupiik, then home. The Utui wakiak is a small circle with a dot in the center, carved into the animal's hoof.

Utui families are quite clannish, and don't associate much with one another, except as required to care for the community caribou herd. Each family lives in its own large minikitak. Minikitak of different families are separated by at least 100 feet. Though tupa is encouraged, each marriage is mourned for weeks by the family of the bride (married couples live with the groom's family). Violent clashes between Utui families are rare, but they compete ferociously in the creation of craft items. Not surprisingly, Utui boasts some of the finest clothing, weapons, rissik, and jakerek in all of the Great Glacier. Visitors can win the hearts of an Utui family by praising their craftsmanship (a sufficiently flattered family will often lower the price of their goods), but this tactic invariably offends the other families in the village, who snub the visitors for the duration of their stay.



Some Smaller Villages...

Following are some of the Great Glacier's smaller villages, sorted according to race. None of these villages have populations exceeding 200.

Angulutiun

–Emequ: Following a poor caribou season, residents are experimenting with musk oxen herds.

–Isenghack: Village of skilled healers, specializing in the care of animals.

–Yiggat: Disease recently wiped out most of their herd. Leaders are planning to steal caribou from migrating herds or other villages.

Innugaakalikurit

–Patatak: Lazy, sluggish dwarves who do little but sunbathe and sleep; they raise rabbits for food so they don't have to hunt.

–Snokkok: Unlike most Innugaakalikurit, the residents love hunting and combat, and are eager to hire on as mercenaries for any purpose.

Iulutiun

–Ebyuluich: Noted for monthly gaming festivals, featuring tinguang and other gambling games.

–Fudok: A small village of skilled fishermen built on an iceberg.

–Gotokok: The site of an annual sukkiruchit exclusively for trading weapons. It always attracts a sizable number of Innugaakalikurit.

–Hykopgruk: Skilled boatmakers, specializing in kayak. They are currently working on a new type of boat made entirely of ice.

–Koyoss: The villagers raise quality sled dogs, including heteff, okteff, and mukteff.

–Saichik: A venerable white dragon with a star-shaped birthmark on its forehead recently killed the son of a kiam. The village has vowed revenge.

–Tukk: Poor hunters, desperate to trade clothing and weapons for meat; travelers can often get good bargains.

–Vekkak: The iquemelum has developed techniques for predicting the weather with uncanny accuracy.

–Yinntut: A village of ukeu who migrated from Lilinuk and Alpuk after receiving permission from their respective iquemelum to establish

their own community. Old prejudices persist, however, and other villages are reluctant to trade or associate with Yinntut.

Nakulutiun

–Jajam: Their minikitak are made of turquoise slabs; by kaiurit decree, residents are ordered to kill anyone who tampers with the minikitak.

–Siksuv: Both the urit and yaaurit recently died from eating tainted meat; the citizens are desperate for leadership.

–Ukurewok: A ghost town. Citizens abandoned the village as directed by a kaiurit; it's now occupied by ice toads and other vermin.

–Wertikak: A hostile, violent village led by the egomaniacal Tukurshuk, who believes himself to be the son of Ulutiu.

...And Some Smaller Lakes

These lakes average five to 20 feet deep. Excessive mineral concentrations in the salt water lakes make the water unpotable.

Fresh Water

–Nukqup Lake: Dissolved minerals make the lake appear pitch black. The waters are bitter, but harmless; there are no fish.

–Risvak Lake: Abundant with all varieties of fish; characters have twice their normal chances of catching some.

–Taak Lake: Only 10 feet deep, frozen solid most of the year.

–Ullu Lake: Favorite fishing spot for polar bear.

Salt Water

–Akpahlurik Lake: Oil seeps from cracks near the southern shore, which may be collected from the surface of the lake and burned as furl.

–Nyu Lake: Bordered by ring moss, the only place outside the Lugsass Chain where this moss grows.

"When traveling in the Great Glacier; it is better to eat the food of the natives than food from home. Native food is filling, better prepared, and best suited for the nutritional requirements for life in extreme climates."

–Palus Frohm



Part Six: Personalities



"What distinguishes a good man from a bad one may be something as simple as a circumstance of birth, or as complex as a lifetime of thoughtless choices."

—Inum

The following are several of the Great Glacier's more interesting personalities, intended for the DM to use as NPC encounters with player characters. The NPCs may be used as sources of clues and information, adversaries, guides, or springboards for adventures.

Character races are listed after their names, along with the villages or areas in which they are most likely to be encountered.

Armor? What Armor?

Though a few Iulutians have experimented with armor made of remorhaz shell and tirichik

hide, the vast majority forego armor altogether, finding it bulky and impractical in the harsh environments of the Great Glacier. Instead, they wear layers thick fur that provide them with an AC of 8 (hunters and explorers) or 9 (nearly everyone else).

Player characters may wish to think twice about wearing heavy armor when visiting the Great Glacier. Not only is there a risk of rusting (it's hard to keep snow and ice out of armor, which then may melt from body heat), it may also be awkward (for instance, walking through deep snow drifts could be difficult).

Dygan

9th-level human male wizard (Iulutian anagakok): Str 6, Dex 9, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 14; AL NE; AC 9; MV 9; hp 33; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg



1-4 (staff); SA and SD as for anagakok; SZ M; ML 11, Spells: 4/3/3/2/1

Where Found: Eghagu

The brooding, bitter Dygah is perhaps the most powerful anagakok in the entirety of the Great Glacier. Exiled from his native Jukum 10 years ago for poisoning the village water system, Dygah is now the absolute ruler of the thuggish people of Eghagu. Though he masterminds kidnappings, robberies, and other crimes for his adopted community, he considers such activities trivial and barely worth his time; he cooperates only to ensure the loyalty of his followers.

Dygah seeks revenge for his curt dismissal from Jukum; the poisoning of the water system, he maintains, was an accident (though in fact, Dygah was experimenting with hypnotic additives that he hoped would force the villagers to appoint him to the *iqumelum*). When his pleas for justice in neighboring Iulutiu villages fell on deaf ears, his bitterness grew to encompass all the Iulutiuans of Alpuk. He intends to decimate Alpuk, though so far a viable plan has eluded him.

Recently, Dygah came in possession of a chunk of the Glacier of Ulutiu which not only described the origin of the Great Glacier, but also indicated the location of Ulutiu's body. According to the chunk, a subterranean passage in Novularond leads to the body, which is located in an ice cavern hundreds of yards beneath the Lugalpgotak Sea. Dygah is now making plans to journey to Novularond and search for the passage. If he finds the passage, he plans to follow it to Ulutiu's body and remove the magical necklace, which will cause the Great Glacier to melt, destroying the hated Ulutiuans. While the flood waters wash over the Iulutiu villages, Dygah intends to remain safe in the highlands of the Novularond.

Dygah is grotesquely fat, with beady green eyes, a perpetual sneer, and soft white fur covering his entire body. He rides in a *jakerek* stolen from a band of Angulutiu hunters, pulled by a team of four loyal winter wolves that obey his every command (Dygah rescued the wolves as pups from the jaws of a *tirichik*). He carries a birch staff, which he believes gives him good

luck (it has no actual magical properties), and wears a white loincloth made from yeti skin.

Commonly Used Spells

Following are some of the spells favored by Great Glacier magic-users.

Anagakok:

- 1st Level: *change self, feather fall, jump, light, magic missile, sleep, unseen servant*
- 2nd Level: *deppockets, levitate, scare, strength, whispering wind*
- 3rd Level: *fly, gust of wind, haste, invisibility 10' radius, water breathing*
- 4th Level: *charm monster, enchanted weapon, polymorph self*
- 5th Level: *airy water, fabricate, hold monster*

Nakulutiu Priests of Ulutiu:

- 1st Level: *cure light wounds, detect poison, endure cold, locate animals or plants, invisibility to animals, purify food and drink*
- 2nd Level: *charm person or mammal, enthrall, hold person, resist cold, slow poison, speak with animals*
- 3rd Level: *create food and water, locate object, prayer*
- 4th Level: *cure serious wounds, control temperature 10' radius, divination*
- 5th Level: *animal summoning, commune, commune with nature, control winds, cure critical wounds*

Sharra Frohm

5th-level human female warrior: Str 12, Dex 11, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 11; AL LG; AC 8; MV 12; hp 45; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (iuak); SZ M; ML 11.

Where Found: Mountains of Nakvaligach

A robust, solidly-built woman about 40 years old, Sharra Frohm is the great-great-great granddaughter of Palus Frohm, the author of *Blood and Ice*, the definitive Great Glacier survival guide. Twenty years ago, Sharra left her home in



Bluestone, a small village near the Frozen Forest, embarking on an expedition into the Great Glacier to continue her ancestor's work. She plans to write Volume Two of *Blood and Ice*, focusing on the treacherous Nakvaligach region, an area that Palus was unable to finish studying before his death. Sharra has just begun her third decade of research on the book, a project that she expects will take the rest of her life to complete.

Sharra has bright blue eyes, plump cheeks, and an easy smile. A pair of loyal hetteff, named Mom and Pop, pull Sharra's dog sled, which is loaded with thick bundles of notes and frozen slabs of wolf meat, Sharra's favorite food.

Always on the move, Sharra may be encountered anywhere, though she spends most of her time in or near the mountains of Nakvaligach. Strangers find Sharra to be open and friendly, with a dark sense of humor (spotting a frost giant corpse with a spear in his belly, she might remark, "Now what do you suppose got into him?"). Her knowledge of the Great Glacier is vast; she knows the customs of most villages, where to find fresh water, and which crevasses are likely to contain tirichik. She freely shares this information, but only with those she trusts; the quickest way to earn her confidence is to help her gather new data for her book (for instance, Sharra might share information with strangers who help her map an unexplored cavern system, or assist her in measuring the skull of a sleeping yeti).

Inum

5th-level human male warrior (Iulutium): Str 8, Dex 7, Con 9, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 15; AL LG; AC 9; MV 6 (reduced due to injury); hp 38; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (iuak); SZ M; ML 12.

Where Found: Gronne

A revered kiam of Gronne, Inum is among the wisest men in all of Alpkuk, known for his judiciousness, perception, and intellectual acumen. Iulutians from hundreds of miles away travel to Gronne for the express purpose of listening to Inum's lectures, which cover everything from kay-

ak design to poetry technique to the components of a successful marriage; there seem to be few topics for which Inum lacks an insight or opinion. He is a compelling storyteller, a compassionate counselor, and a devout believer in the principles of qukoku.

Inum is nearly 70 years old, and is becoming increasingly feeble with every passing year. He has few teeth, and his face is etched with deep wrinkles. Bouts with disease have left him with rattling lungs and rubbery muscles, and a run-in with a polar bear resulted in a crippled left leg. Despite his handicaps, Inum remains high-spirited and optimistic, though he tires easily and is prone to coughing fits.

Inum has a deep faith in the innate goodness of all creatures, a belief that cynics consider to be hopelessly naive. For instance, aware of the growing tension between the Gomwemk Innugaalikurit and the frost giants, Inum wants to meet with the frost giants and appeal to their sense of fairness to leave the dwarves alone. The other Gronne kiam have pleaded with Inum to abandon this plan, insisting that the frost giants can't be trusted; they fear that Inum may be taken hostage—or worse. Inum stubbornly intends to approach the frost giants with or without his fellow kiam's permission.

Johmm

4th-level dwarf (Innugaalikurit) male warrior: Str 16, Dex 9, Con 16, Int 9, Wis 11, Cha 14; AL LG; AC 8; MV 6; hp 36; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (eyklak bow); SA +2 to hit when using eyklak; SD immune to all natural and magical forms of cold; SZ S; ML 15.

Where Found: Gomwemk

Johmm is the leader of the Surfacers, a faction of Innugaalikurit in the subterranean community of Gomwemk who believe their fellow villagers should put aside their fear of the frost giants and move back to their homes on the surface. Not only is Johmm willing to confront the frost giants, he seems to relish the opportunity.

Johmm's hatred of the frost giant borders on



the obsessive. Members of his family were among the dwarven slaves given to the frost giants as a condition of the 1952 peace treaty, and their descendents remain enslaved today. Johmm has solved to liberate the slaves, regardless of the cost.

Johmm is about 30 years old, bald, firm-jawed, and fair-skinned; he seldom indulges in sunbathing, which he considers to be a frivolous waste of time. Unlike most easygoing Innugaalikurit, Johmm is humorless and grim. Though Johmm's followers admire him as a dwarf of integrity and courage, the majority of Gomwemk villagers view him as a dangerous radical, who may draw them into a long and bloody war with the frost giants.

Kallak

3rd-level human female warrior (Iulutiu): Str 9, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 5; AL LG; AC 9; MV 9; HP 28; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 (garnok); SZ M; ML 11.

Where Found: Alpuk wilderness or Keryjek Range

Kallak is the 30-year-old daughter of Joqui, one of the kiam of Jukum. She is sensitive, affectionate, and personable. Despite these attributes, she is shunned by other Iulutians because of her appearance: her face is horribly scarred, the result of falling into a cooking fire when she was a toddler. Much to the consternation of her family, Kallak has been unable to attract a mate. With reluctance, Joqui has attempted ekotupa with neighboring villages, but there have been no takers so far.

Kallak feels degraded by Joqui's efforts to get her married. She sees no shame in living without a mate and has pleaded with her mother to leave her alone, but Joqui ignores her.

Six months ago, Joqui announced that a dowry of two kupuk, a new kupuk sled, and 200 pounds of seal meat would be given to anyone who would marry her daughter. The humiliated Kallak responded by stealing the family dog sled and leaving home in the middle of the night. Joqui

has since sent out a number of search parties, but they have found no trace of her. Joqui promises a sizeable reward for anyone who returns Kallak; she remains determined that her daughter will take a husband.

Unknown to her mother, Kallak is on her way to the Ibelgrak Valley, a land rumored to be hospitable to outcasts. Kallak has heard that the valley is riddled with disease, but she prefers to take her chances there rather than continue living a life of degradation in Jukum. The resourceful Kallak continues to resist the efforts of her mother to bring her home; Jukum scouts recently tracked her to the Keryjek Ridge, but her exact whereabouts remain a mystery.

Luftuk

3rd-level human male warrior (Iulutiu): Str 9, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 13; AL, LN; AC 9; MV 9; hp 25; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1 (ritiik); SZ M; ML 10.

Where Found: Lilinuk

Luftuk is the best businessman in Lilinuk, perhaps in all of Alpuk. He is a skilled, no-nonsense negotiator with an uncanny ability to judge the quality of goods and the integrity of his trading partners. If there's profit to be made, Luftuk's sure to be involved—he organizes the Lilinuk sukkiruchit, arranges koatulit and ekotupa, finds work for kayak builders and tirichik hunters, and even compiles and distributes soup recipes. Luftuk is honest and straightforward, but he does nothing for free: he won't give directions to the nearest sea without asking for a pound of seal meat, and rumor has it that he refused to rescue a hunter sinking in a fairy ice pit because the hunter wouldn't give him his unungak.

Luftuk's only vice is his weakness for gambling. Wherever he goes, Luftuk carries a bag of tinguang dice, carved from dragon bone. After Luftuk strikes a deal, he often offers his trading partner a chance to gamble for the price. If Luftuk loses the tinguang toss, the item or service in question is free, but if he wins, the trading partner must pay twice the normal price. Luftuk has



six muscular Iulutiu hunters on retainer to murder any business partners who refuse to honor their agreements and gambling debts.

Luftuk is about 50 years old, with a square jaw and oversized nose that looks like a bird's beak. He takes pride in his appearance, wearing spotless clothing of the finest quality. He is polite but blunt, his words flat and colorless. He taps his ritiik lightly on the ground when he wishes to emphasize a point.

Mafwik

3rd-level human male wizard (Iulutiu anagakok): Str 6, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 10; XL, LG; AC 9; MV 9; hp 11; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 (garnok); SA and SD as for anagakok; SZ M; ML 10. Spells: 2/1

Where Found: Jukum

Amiable, outgoing, and cheerful, Mafwik is a middle-aged anagakok with a restless mind and an eagerness to learn. He wears a tattered seal parka that has been patched and repatched countless times, and carries a leather bag of mikka from which he continuously munches.

One of the few anagakok with an interest in magical research, Mafwik's experiments seldom work out the way he planned. Among his creations are a magically-guided ice arrow (that tends to melt before it reaches its target), a magical parka guaranteed to keep the wearer warm in the coldest weather (except that the garment weighs about 200 pounds and radiates a stench that attracts predators), and a self-propelled kayak (good for about 10 minutes of use before it falls to pieces).

At last year's sukkiruchit, Mafwik traded a quiver of ice arrows to an Innugaakalikurit collector for a chunk of the Glacier of Ulutiu containing instructions for animating ice sculptures. Though the secrets for controlling the sculptures weren't included on the chunk—apparently, they were engraved on a section that had been broken off and lost—Mafwik figured he'd give it a try anyway and hope for the best.

A few weeks ago, Mafwik secretly attempted to

animate an ice sculpture display on the outskirts of his village, an elaborate life-sized replica of two white dragons attacking a pair of tirichik. Mafwik completed the enchantment as best he could, but nothing happened. The disappointed Mafwik re-examined the instructions on the chunk and discovered that the enchanted sculptures would only become active when the temperature fell to -100 degrees. Jukum has not experienced temperatures that low in some time, but the iquemelum predicts an exceptionally harsh winter within the next year or two.

Mistukqu

3rd-level human male priest (Nakulutiu): Str 10, Dex 9, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 11; AL LG; AC 9; MV 9; hp 33; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2 (tru-kaa); SZ M; ML 12. Spells: 2/1

Where Found: Isenghack

Mistukqu was originally a priest of Ulutiu in Wetikak until Tukurshuk, the village urit, announced a policy of vaakach, condemning all villagers with the syllable "tuk" in their names to be executed as heretics. Mistukqu renounced his faith in Ulutiu and fled east, eventually making his way to Lilinuk. During a sukkiruchit, Mistukqu met some Angulutiu representatives from Isenghack who were impressed with his knowledge of animal medicine, and promised him sanctuary in exchange for taking care of their caribou herd. Mistukqu gratefully accepted their offer.

Mistukqu now makes his home in Isenghack where he treats ill and injured animals not only for his adopted village, but for villages throughout Angalpuk. He is familiar with the anatomy, physiology, and behavior of nearly every animal native to the Great Glacier, and has developed an impressive number of potions, poultices, and salves to treat them. There is a 50% chance that Mistukqu has a treatment for any ailment or trauma that's caused damage to a particular animal (the treatments work as *potions of healing*, specific to a particular species). If no treatments are available, animals who heal naturally under



Mistukqu's care regain hit points at the rate of 3-6 (1d4 + 2) per day.

Animals belonging to Isenghack residents are treated for free; the Isenghack iqemelum sets prices for treating animals of outsiders. The charge for a treatment might be several dozen pounds of meat, a bundle of seal skins, or a day's work constructing rissik.

Mistukqu is a shy, sad-faced man about 40 years old. He is uncomfortable around people, preferring the company of animals. He lives in a cluttered minikitak with an ever-changing menagerie of pets, which usually includes a wolf cub, a caribou calf or two, and a few sled dog puppies.

Najass

7th-level human female warrior (Iulutiun): Str 17, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 9; AL LG; AC 8; MV 9; hp 66; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6 (two-handed iuak; see below); SZ M; ML 16.

Where Found: Imajuvisik

Najass is a master hunter, shrewd, strong, and fierce. Her wiry body ripples with taut muscles, and her hooded eyes are constantly alert. Adept with all types of weapons, she carries a ritiik and unungak strapped to her back, a quiver of ekaa slung over her shoulder, and a garnok tucked in her belt. Her preferred weapon is an oversized iuak carved from the backbone of a tirichik. Its point is covered with razor-sharp barbs, capable of inflicting 2-12 (2d6) points of damage.

Najass leads a group of forty Imajuvisik hunters called the White Claw. The group is in much demand by settlements all across Alpuk to exterminate troublesome predators. A determined, fearless fighter, Najass has an impressive number of kills to her record. She single-handedly killed a pack of winter wolves, and has been known to leap onto the backs of tirichik, wrap her legs around the writhing creatures necks, and stab them to death with her iuak.

Despite her success as a hunter, Najass lives in the shadow of her deceased father, Tarrik, who taught Najass her hunting skills and led the

White Claw before he was killed in an avalanche. In the eyes of the White Claw, Najass can never match the prowess of her father; "She's good," they whisper, "but Tarrik was better." Najass is aware of the White Claw's opinion, and struggles constantly to prove herself. She's heard rumors of a venerable white dragon plaguing the village of Saichik and intends to track it down. Though he tried, Tarrik never managed to kill a dragon of that age: Najass is determined to succeed where her father failed.

Tukurshuk

4th-level human male priest (Nakulutiun): Str 17, Dex 15, Con 18, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 15; AL CE; AC 8; MV 9; hp 33; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 (garnok); SZ M; ML 14. Spells: 3/2.

Where Found: Wetikak

Tukurshuk is the imposing, arrogant urit of Wetikak who claims to be the son of Ulutiun, a revelation he says came to him in a dream (although some suspect he manufactured the "revelation" to further his own ambitions). His kaiurit are designed to eliminate the weak (sickly and aged villagers are thrown into crevasses), encourage hatred of other races (extra meat is awarded for killing outsiders), and promote himself as a deity (all villagers are required to fall to their knees when he passes).

Tukurshuk plans to transform the Wetikak residents into an army of fierce warriors, then lead them on a conquest of Nakvaligach, slaughtering those who refuse to join him. When he completes his Nakvaligach campaign, he plans to attend to the eastern heretics—the Alpuk Iulutiuns—who must also be converted or exterminated.

At nearly six feet in height, Tukurshuk is unusually tall for a Nakulutiun, which he says is further proof of his divinity. He has narrow eyes, thin lips, and ringlets of black hair. He exercises daily by carrying ice blocks up steep mountain sides, which has made his body rock-hard and given him exceptional endurance.





Uhokkaki

6th-level human female warrior (Angulutiu): Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 14; AL LG; AC 8; MV 9; hp 50; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1 (ritiik); SZ M; ML 15.

Where Found: Hupiik or Angalpuk wilderness

Soft-spoken, kind, and compassionate, Uhokkaki is the highly-regarded pimataung of Hupiik, a position she's held for almost 30 years. Though in her late sixties, her face is wrinkle-free, her body strong and straight: only her head of thinning gray hair betrays her age. She has three fingers on her left hand, the result of a childhood encounter with a wolf pack that was terrorizing a caribou calf. Uhokkaki drove off the wolves and rescued the calf, but not before a wolf nipped off two of her fingers. In honor of her courage, the Hupiik adapted a wakiak of three parallel lines, representing Uhokkaki's wounded hand.

Unknown to her fellow villagers, Uhokkaki is going blind, the side-effect of a fall from a high cliff when she was scouting for stray caribou. Uhokkaki has kept her condition secret for fear that she will be ousted as pimataung and replaced by a younger tuiskotuk named Atatkiki. Though Atatkiki means well, Uhokkaki knows him to be incompetent; she believes his inevitable mismanagement of the herd will result in disaster for the village. Unfortunately, Atatkiki's appointment is virtually assured, as his father and two uncles are members of the iqumelum. Meanwhile, Uhokkaki desperately seeks a treatment to restore her vision.

Common Non-Weapon Proficiencies

If you are using the optional non-weapon proficiency rules, here's a list of the most common proficiencies of Great Glacier NPCs. The proficiencies are arranged alphabetically, not by character class, and are sorted according to race.

Angulutiu

- animal handling, animal lore, animal training, direction sense, endurance, fire-building, hunting, rope use, survival

Innugaalikurit

- appraising, bowyer/fletcher, endurance, local history, mountaineering, survival

Iulutiu

- dancing, direction sense, endurance, fire-building, fishing, gaming, healing, hunting, survival, tracking

Nakulutiu

- astrology, endurance, fire-building, herbalism, hunting, religion, survival

"If an Ulutiun makes the same comment two times in the course of a conversation, you can be sure he is trying to convey something of profound importance. If he says it three times, you can be sure that he believes he is speaking to an idiot."

—Palus Frohm



Part Seven: Snow Baby (An Introductory Adventure)

"Above all things priceless is the value of a single child."

—Inum

Snow Baby is an adventure for 3-5 player characters of level 5-7, with a total of about 20-25 levels for the entire party. The adventure is intended for first-time visitors to the Great Glacier, but it's okay if the adventurers have been there before—it will just be a little less challenging. Likewise, it's assumed that they know nothing about kupuk, but again, it's okay if they do—it will just be a little less fun.

Use Map 3 (Mt. Akka Area) for reference.

DM Notes

Movement. The adventure takes place in a region of the Great Glacier that is relatively clear and flat. As a rule of thumb, a typical character who is dressed for arctic weather and moderately encumbered can travel about 15 miles per day on foot; this allows for a few hours of light at the end of the day for building snowhouses or securing other suitable accommodations for the night.

Weather. The adventure begins near the end of spring. Except where indicated in the text, daytime temperatures average about 10 degrees F., and nighttime temperatures average -10 degrees. The sky is clear, and there is no wind.

Freezing. To determine freezing damage, the adventure uses the Arctic Endurance Ratings described in Part Two of this book. If the party takes common sense precautions, such as wearing warm clothing and staying indoors at night, they won't risk freezing damage, except where specifically indicated in the text. However, if our heroes do something stupid—for instance, if they refuse to wear the appropriate clothing or decide to take a dip in a freezing pond—penalize them ruthlessly until they wise up (consult the Arctic Endurance Ratings section in Part Two for specific penalties).

Time. Keep track of the passage of time on a piece of scrap paper. While it's seldom important to know the precise hour of the day, you need to know when night falls (and the temperature

drops). For convenience, assume that day lasts 14 hours (from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. and night lasts 10 hours (from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m.)

Incentive. If the characters drag their feet once they enter the Great Glacier, use any of the following as often as necessary to keep them going:

- Imply that the temperature is dropping; for instance, their faces may grow numb, their breath may turn to frost, or a frigid wind may begin to blow. Remind them that the colder it gets, the more danger they are in.
- They hear the howl of a wolf (or is it something else?) behind them. The more they linger, the closer the sound.
- Remind them of their mission (see the Player's Background section below); if they don't hurry, their friend may die.

Setting. The adventure begins in a dilapidated inn called the Frozen Finger, located in Ishe, a village of about 200 people a few miles south of the Great Glacier.

Player's Background

When you are ready to start, read the following to the players.

What are you doing here?

The walls are so rotten that the wind howls right through them. The ale's so foul that it tastes like it was dipped from a mud puddle. Surely the Frozen Finger must be the most dismal inn in all the Realms, though it's perfectly suited, you admit, for this dismal village. Who in their right mind would live in a place like Ishe, only a few miles from the Great Glacier? You shiver against the bitter cold and glance at the low-lives around you. At one end of the main room, a motley collection of grizzled trappers and drunken derelicts place bets on which of the dozen icicles hanging from the ceiling will fall first. Get me out of here, you think. I want to go home.

And then you remember why you came.

A few weeks ago, you received the terrible news that Jervin Wesselitt, a beloved family friend, had succumbed to a rare strain of



fever plague. His doctors could do nothing but make him comfortable. The prognosis is bad, they said, shaking their heads. He hasn't much longer, maybe a year if he's lucky.

For the next month, you scoured the countryside, vainly searching for a remedy, until at last you found an elderly wizard in Bloodstone Village who said, yes, he'd heard of the plague, and yes, he thought he could cure it, but he'd need some kupuk eggs.

Kupuk eggs?

The wizard explained that the kupuk is a monstrous beast found only in the Great Glacier. It resembles a cross between a dog and a walrus and lays golden eggs. The wizard had never actually seen one; a colleague, now long dead, told him about the creature.

The wizard said that an explorer named Kahil Brogman might be able to help you find a kupuk. Kahil lives in Ishe, he said, a tiny village near the border of the Great Glacier. "He was an assistant to the great Palus Frohm. You have heard of him?"

Who hadn't? Palus Frohm was one of the greatest explorers who'd ever lived, the author of the legendary arctic survival guide *Blood and Ice*. If Kahil Brogman was half as knowledgeable as Frohm, you'd never find a better guide.

Last night, you arrived in Ishe and headed directly to the Frozen Finger, the village's only inn. Yes, Brogman lives here, said the innkeeper, but no, he's not around today. Out trapping, he said, back tomorrow. "I'll get the word to him. He'll meet you here in the morning."

Morning has since come and gone, and your patience is wearing thin. As you contemplate making the trip into the Great Glacier alone, the door swings open. In steps a stocky man about 50 years old, clean shaven and steely-eyed, with ruddy cheeks and a broad grin. He wears a bulky parka made of dirty polar bear fur, and carries a half-dozen dead weasels under his arm.

The man tosses the weasels on the bar.

"Here you go, Vurl," he says to the innkeeper. "Skin 'em up and keep a couple for your trouble." The innkeeper nods in your direction. "So them's the great explorers?" snorts the man. "Kinda scrawny, don't ya think? Looks like a stiff wind might blow 'em away."

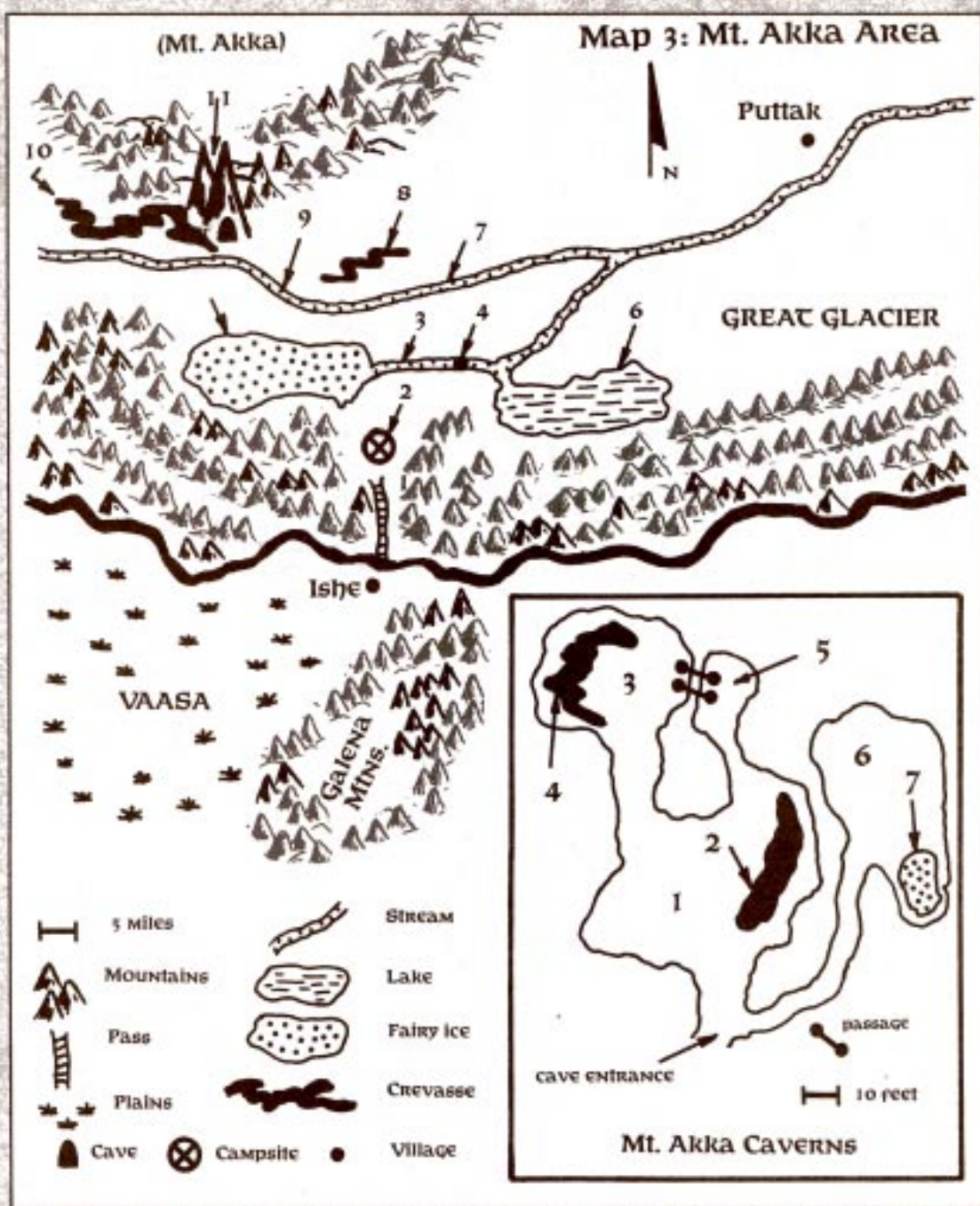
The man roars with laughter, then makes his way to your table. "Nothin' personal, pals," he says, pulling up a seat. "Laughin' keeps you warm." He calls back to the innkeeper. "Vurl, fry up one of them weasels and bring it over here for my pals." He turns back to you. "Name's Kahil Brogman. What can I do for ya?"

The gruff and loud-mouthed Kahil Brogman tends to exaggerate his skills, but he has a solid reputation as a hunter and guide. If the party is skeptical about Kahil, assure them that they have used their own resources to verify his trustworthiness.

Kahil Brogman (4th-level fighter): Str 14, Dex 11, Con 15, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 9; AL LG; AC 8 (thick furs); MV 12; hp 33; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (iuak); SZ M; ML 14.

Kahil listens carefully to the party's story. When they have finished, he says, "You did the right thing by coming to me. I think I know where we can find you some kupuk eggs." If they ask him about kupuk, he says, "They're as big as horses, as mean as dragons. Nasty critters." (Kahil's information is second-hand; he hasn't actually seen one, though he pretends he has. Likewise, he has only heard rumors about the location of kupuk eggs; he hasn't actually been there himself.)

If they ask about his relationship with Palus Frohm, Kahil says his father helped Frohm write his book. "I heard it all when I was growin' up. Better than goin' to school." (This isn't true. Kahil's father didn't know Frohm. Kahil has never even read Frohm's book, but he pretends otherwise because it's good for business; whatever knowledge Kahil has about the Great Glacier has been learned from his own experience).





If the adventurers suggest recruiting a few Ishe residents to go with them, Kahil laughs, "Good luck, pals! There ain't a bigger collection of cowards anywhere in the Realms!" (All recruitment attempts are futile. Some residents are cowardly, the rest think the party are crazy for risking their lives in the Great Glacier and refuse to join them for any amount of money.)

Before their plans go any further, Kahil suggests they get the matter of his fee out of the way. "I want 100 gp," he says. "Payable in advance." The fee is non-negotiable, though Kahil accepts goods of equivalent value (he's particularly fond of weapons). If the group doesn't have the money, Kahil reluctantly gives them a break (he's sympathetic to their situation. "My grandpa died of a fever plague," he says, wiping a tear from his eye). He takes what they have, then says they can owe them the rest. "Don't let it get around. Bad for my reputation.")

When the fee is settled, Kahil says they should relax for the rest of the day, then meet here in the morning to go over their route. "In the meantime, you better scrounge up some better clothes. You don't wanna freeze to death your first day out." Kahil tells the group to talk to Vurl the innkeeper, who fixes them up with suitable clothing. "Stay in the Finger tonight," he says, "it's as good as you're gonna get in Ishe. Besides," he whispers, "I'll see that you get a good deal." (Kahil calls in a factor from Vurl so that the group gets room and board at the Finger for free.)

Kahil bids the party farewell, then leaves the Finger. Kahil spends the rest of the day shooting the breeze with his friends, setting traps near a stream outside of town, and relaxing. He's always available for questions, but has nothing much in the way of answers. "We'll be seeing enough of each other in the next couple of weeks," he says. "Go back to the Finger and relax."

Unless the party already has clothing suitable for frigid climates, they need to consult with Vurl, who sells them complete arctic outfits (insulated parka, gloves, boots, underwear, and trousers) for 75 gp per character. As part of the package, Vurl throws in a sleeping bag, a fishing line and fishhook, a pair of snow goggles, and a face razor.

The party can talk him down to 50 gp each, but no more. If characters can't afford to pay, they can trade goods of equivalent value, or work for Vurl the rest of the day skinning weasels and other game animals to work off 10 gp of the debt; Vurl gives credit for the rest. (If the characters use Vurl's arctic outfits, they are well-protected for the purposes of determining Arctic Endurance Ratings, as explained in Part Two of this book. Otherwise, the DM must use her own judgement to determine how protected they are; presumably, they are at least moderately protected, or they wouldn't be able to tolerate the weather in Ishe.)

Final Preparations

The night passes uneventfully. The following morning, Kahil meets them as promised. He checks their outfits, admonishing any who aren't dressed appropriately ("You wanna die young, son? Has your brain froze up on you already?"). If a character insists on wearing less-than-ideal clothing, Kahil shrugs, "It's your funeral, pal." (Poorly dressed adventurers will pay the price later.)

Kahil has a portable cooking stove and enough utensils for everyone. He also has several gallons of cooking oil, which he distributes among the party. "We'll just take enough food for the first day or two," he says, making sure everyone has a few pounds of biscuits and dried fruit. "We'll hunt and fish along the way. You gotta have fresh meat if you wanna stay alive."

"Be sure to take your weapons," Kahil says. "We'll need 'em for hunting." He carries an iuak himself, and gives a spare to a random character "for cutting ice blocks," he says. Kahil also carries a shovel and a 4-foot wooden rod. "This here's for testing snow to make ice blocks—you'll see."

"You can stow the rest of yer junk with Vurl—it'll only slow you down. You won't need tents either. Nowheres to pitch 'em. We're gonna build snowhouses instead. Git that stupid look off yer face, I'll teach you how. It's a snap."

"And before you ask, we're gonna walk it; pack animals wouldn't last a day where we're going." If the party doesn't follow Kahil's suggestions, Kahil



refuses to go with them. "I ain't gonna risk my life for anybody who's too stupid to listen to common sense."

Kahil then sits at a table and removes a blank piece of parchment from his parka. He sketches a rough map, showing the party the route they will be taking. (Sketch a map for the players, based on Map 3. Include the mountain ranges, the area 1 pass, the area 3 and 7 streams, and the area 11 double-peaked mountain. Mark an × where area 2 is indicated. Do not include areas 5, 6, 8, or 10, or the village of Puttak; Kahil doesn't know about them.)

Kahil says they will begin in Ishe, then take the pass (1) though the mountains. He figures they can travel about 15 miles per day, which puts them at the × (2) by the end of the first day. They will continue due north, crossing two streams (3 and 7), then follow the northern stream (7) west until they reach Mt. Akka (11). "That's where the kupuk are supposed to live," he says. "The trip to the kupuk mountain shouldn't take more than five days. We've got enough food for the first half of the trip. The southern stream (3) ain't much for fishing, but in this stream (he points to area 7), fish practically jump in your lap. We should be able to catch enough there to last us the rest of the way."

Kahil folds up the map and puts it in his pocket. "Just a couple of tips before we get started," he says. "First, we gotta always stop early enough in the day to make us a snowhouse. If we get caught outside at night, we'll freeze our fannies off.

"Second, we'll be crossing two streams, but we gotta stay out of the water. If you get wet out there, you freeze to death a lot faster. We gotta find us some solid ice to get across."

Kahil rises. "That's it, pals. Let's go get some snow on our shoes."

Proceed to the Trip to Mt. Akka section below.

Note to the DM. Once the party learns the route to Mt. Akka, they may decide they don't want Kahil to go with them. If so, he's offended, but accepts their wishes. "You'll never find your way without me," he says. "I'll be right here waitin' for you to crawl back. And when you do, my price doubles." (He does what he says; if the characters change their minds and come back

for him, he demands 200 gp for his services. Of course, they are free to make the trip without him; if so, ignore all subsequent references to Kahil. But note that if the characters don't know how to make snowhouses and don't have access to some other type of suitable protection, they suffer brutal-and possibly fatal-effects from sleeping outside at night in the bitter cold.)

The Trip To Mt. Akka

If the group follows Kahil's route, it should take them five days to reach Mt. Akka. Events for each day are described below. However, if they lose their way or are otherwise delayed, it may be necessary to make adjustments; for instance, if they don't reach area 7 until Day Four, then stage the Day Three events on Day Four. If it takes the party more than five days to reach Mt. Akka (area 11), assume that nothing special happens to them until they complete the trip (at which time, proceed to the Caverns of Mt. Akka section).

The adventure presumes that the party builds and sleeps in snowhouses along the way (as explained in the "Building a House" section below). Characters protected in a snowhouse are safe from the effects of cold (they don't have to make AER checks). If the party comes up with an alternative to snowhouses, that's fine, but remember that there are no building materials other than snow and ice in this section of the Great Glacier. There are no caves, and sleeping around a camp fire or other heat source does little to prevent the effects of freezing, so long as the characters are exposed to the open air.

Before the party leaves Ishe, determine Arctic Endurance Ratings for each adventurer. If they have suitable arctic clothing, their AERs should all be 100 or above. Don't make AER checks except where directed in the text (even if characters with an exceptionally low Constitution have an AER less than 100, give them a break for now).

Don't worry about an AER for Kahil; as will be seen, he won't need it.



Day One

The first ten miles of the trip takes the party through a narrow pass bordered by mountains of ice, hundreds of feet tall. The air is clear and dry, and there is no wind. The sun glares brightly against the sheer white surfaces, causing the adventurers to squint, even with their snow goggles in place. Except for the sound of boots crunching in the snow, all is silent. The temperatures are bitterly cold, but the party quickly adjusts; aside from numb faces and cracked lips, they suffer no ill effects. Occasionally, Kahil asks them how they are doing; otherwise, he discourages small talk. "Save your energy for walking," he says.

Events

The following events occur before the party leaves the pass, in the order indicated; the exact time is up to the DM.

Event One. Kahil comments on the absence of game. "Good thing we brought enough food for a while. Take my word for it—there ain't no animals in these mountains."

Event Two. A long howl, like that of a wolf, echoes through the pass, joined a moment later by a cacophony of similar howls. The howls originate from somewhere in the mountains above, but it's difficult to pinpoint the source. The howls continue for a minute, then stop. If confronted with his earlier assurance about the absence of animals, Kahil mutters, "Sounded like the wind to me. Didn't sound like no animals." (He's lying, not because of any sinister motive, but because he hates to be wrong. The sounds came from a pack of winter wolves who are tracking the party.)

Event Three. The party hears a rumble high above them that sounds like thunder. The rumble lasts only for a moment. Any character making a successful Intelligence check realizes that the rumble is similar to the sound that precedes avalanche. If the party mentions this to Kahil, he laughs. "You're just nervous, pal. I know the sound of an avalanche, and that ain't it."

Two rounds later, the rumble begins again, this time louder. Small pebbles cascade down the

mountainside, raining on the party. The rumble rises in intensity, continuing for the next three rounds; those who spend at least one of these three rounds running away, *flying*, or otherwise vacating the area in either direction (north or south) are safe from the coming avalanche. Any who stay where they are, or move no faster than their normal movement rate are caught in the avalanche's path. If half of the party vacates the area, Kahil gets the message and runs away too.

The avalanche is a small one by Great Glacier standards, dumping only a few feet of snow and debris into the pass. There is no chance of characters being buried in the avalanche, but any who don't vacate the area suffer 2-8 (2d4) points of damage from the debris.

If the characters confront Kahil about his poor judgement, he grudgingly admits he was wrong about the rumble. "So I messed up. Anybody can be wrong. Now let's keep movin'."

Kahil Comes Clean

After their experiences in the pass, some may begin to question Kahil's capabilities. If pressed, Kahil admits that his father had no association with Palus Frohm. "Okay, so I made that part up," he confesses. "But I've read his book. I know it inside and out." If the characters continue to press him, he admits with exasperation, "All right! All right! So I never got around to reading the book. But I know what I'm doing." Kahil apologizes for exaggerating his expertise, but says he needs the work (which is true). If the party wants to send Kahil back to Ishe, he goes, but they are on their own (and unless they know how to build snowhouses, they may be in trouble when night falls). If they agree to let him stay on as their guide, Kahil promises to be up front with them and do as good a job as he can (he will keep his word).

Building a House

When the party reaches area 2, Kahil says it's time to stop for the day. They have about four hours left of sunlight, enough to build a snowhouse.

Kahil leads the party through the construction of a simple 10-foot-diameter snowhouse as de-



scribed in the Ilutiu Architecture section in Part Three of this book. It isn't necessary to role-play the entire process, but impress upon the players the following points:

- If the party doesn't sleep indoors at night, they risk freezing to death.
- Snowhouse blocks must be made from suitable snow; test for even consistency with a 4-foot wooden rod (which Kahil brought with him). If the snow isn't consistent-if the rod doesn't sink evenly for a depth of 4 feet-it can still be used for snow blocks, but the house won't be as strong. (The snow near area 2 is consistent to 4 feet.)
- A snowhouse consists of a spiral of stacked blocks, a tunnel entrance, and a fire inside to keep the air warm.
- It takes about four hours to build a simple snowhouse (assuming a team of about four workers).

When the snowhouse is finished, the party may settle down for the night. The interior of the house is quite warm; Kahil is clearly proud of his accomplishment. "See?" he crows. "I told you I know what I'm doin'." When night falls, the temperature outside falls to -10 degrees; those who venture outside suffer a -20 penalty to their AERs.

Goodbye, Kahil

In the middle of the night, a chorus of howls startles the party from their sleep. The wolf-like howls resemble those heard earlier in the pass, but they are much closer, possibly within a few yards of the snowhouse. Kahil says he will investigate. He discourages the party from joining him, saying, "You'll be safer in here. I'll let you know if I need you." If they insist, one or more of the characters can come with him.

The howling stops as soon as Kahil (and any accompanying party members) leave the snowhouse. The night is pitch black—those who go with Kahil notice nothing unusual. If any adventurers are with Kahil, he suggests they spread out and search the area carefully; if they try to stay with Kahil, he bolts out on his own, determined to get to the bottom of the disturbance.

As soon as Kahil separates from the group (or

shortly after he leaves the snowhouse, if they stay inside), a pack of three winter wolves leap at Kahil from behind a snowdrift, snarling and clawing, blasting their frost breath.

Winter wolves (3): Int average: AL NE; AC 5; MV 18; HD 6; hp 36 each; THAC0 15; SA exhale stream of frost once every 10 rounds at any target within 10 feet, causing 6-24 points of damage; SD immune to cold-based attacks, fire-based attacks cause an extra +1 point per die of damage; MR 13; SZ L; XP 975.

The wolves rip and tear at Kahil, who screams, then falls silently into the snow. A moment later, the attack is over, and the wolves race into the darkness; they plan to finish off the rest of the party another time. The ambush occurs so quickly that any outside the snowhouse have little time to react (however, if any character manages to catch up with the pack, the wolves attack viciously, escaping at the earliest opportunity). Those inside the snowhouse hear snarls, screams, then silence.

Kahil is dead, his body covered with deep slashes and caked with frost. The rest of the night is without incident.

Day Two

The party must decide whether to forge ahead or return to Ishe. If they return to Ishe, they are unable to find another guide and must either go back to the Great Glacier by themselves, or give up (in which case, the adventure is over; proceed to the Resolution section). If the party decides to continue, they may take all of Kahil's equipment with them; if they like, they may bury him in the snow.

The terrain between Kahil's campsite (2) and the southern stream (3) is flat and bleak. The trip is uneventful until they reach the stream.

Crossing the Stream

The southern stream (3) ranges in width from 30-100 yards and 4-8 feet in depth. When the party approaches the stream they see puddles of standing water spotting the surface. The ice is



translucent, almost clear in spots, and laced with tiny cracks. If anyone steps on the ice, it gives slightly under their weight, threatening to break.

Unless the characters can (F)ly, teleport, or otherwise cross the stream without actually setting foot on it, they have several options:

Cross Here. The entire stream, except for a small section east (see below) is covered with young (semi-solid) platform ice. If they attempt to cross, check for breakage. For every 100 pounds of weight, there is a 10% cumulative chance that the ice will break (estimate each character's weight, rounding up to the nearest 100 pounds; for example, a 150 lb. adventurer has a 20% chance of breaking the ice; if in doubt about a character's weight, assume the chance is 20%). Make a check for breakage for every 10 yards; presumably, the party attempts to cross at the narrowest (30 yards) point.

If an adventurer falls through the ice, there's not much of a chance of drowning in the shallow waters, but he's likely to get drenched. A wet character suffers a -10 penalty to his AES; if this puts his AES below 100, he must make AES checks until he dries out. A wet character can dry himself by spending 2-6 (1d4 + 2) hours near a fire or other heat source. Otherwise, it takes two full days for his body heat to dry his clothing.

Go West. The stream ends at an immense valley filled with tiny spherical crystals that sparkle like rainbows (5). Tall mountains of ice border the valley on the west and south.

The crystals are fairy ice, filling the valley to a depth of 100 feet (variously-sized ice chunks line the bottom 10 feet of the valley). The fairy ice has the texture of quicksand. Anyone stepping in the fairy ice sinks at the rate of 2 feet per round; to adjudicate the results of sinking in the fairy ice, see the Fairy Ice section in Part Two.

Go East. About 15 miles east of the fairy ice valley (5) is a section of the stream made of opaque ice (4), free of standing water. The section is about 20 yards wide and extends completely across the stream (a length of 30 yards). The ice is rock-solid and easily supports the weight of the entire party.

On the north shore, a polar bear sits beside a

hole in the ice bridge. The bear waits for fish to swim by the hole, then scoops them up and eats them. There haven't been many fish, however, and he's hungry. He eyes the party curiously, but doesn't move.

Polar bear: Int semi-: AL N; AC 6; MV 12, Sw 9; HD 8 + 8; hp 64; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-10/1-10/2-12; SA a paw hit of 18 or better indicates a hug that inflicts an additional 3- 18 points of damage; SD fights for 2-3 rounds after being brought to 0 to - 12 hit points; SZ H; ML 10; XP 2,000.

The heroes have several options for dealing with the bear:

- If they wait and do nothing, the bear wanders away in 3-4 hours. The party can safely cross the stream; the bear won't return.

- If the adventurers attack the bear from a distance, such as with a missile weapon, the bear gets mad. He lifts his head and roars, then scampers across the ice bridge in their direction. If they stay put, the bear fights to the death with his claws and teeth. If they run, he pursues the party for at least a mile, then returns to his hole. (The bear avoids the platform ice, though he automatically falls through if he steps on it. However, the bear can swim and suffers no ill effects from immersion in the water.)

- If the party crosses the bridge, the bear rises to attack when they get halfway across. He attacks and pursues as described above.

Lake Taak. The lake (6) is solid ice 10 feet thick, and can support the entire party without breaking. However, the tributary linking the lake with the northern stream (7) is completely covered by platform ice, just like the southern stream (3).

Fishing

Fishing is poor in the southern stream (2); characters have a 5% chance per hour of catching fish big enough to feed them. Those with the Fishing proficiency may make a proficiency check only once every three hours.

Wild Night

At the end of the day, the party may wish to



build a snowhouse to protect themselves against the freezing night. Assume it takes the party four hours to build a snowhouse; if they start too late in the day, begin making AES checks as soon as the sun goes down (the temperature falls to -10, causing a -20 penalty to AES checks).

All of the snow within 5 miles of either shore of the southern stream (3) is of uneven consistency; that is, a 4-foot-rod won't sink evenly all the way through. Snow blocks can be cut from this snow, but the snowhouse won't be quite as strong as one built from consistent snow.

The party must decide whether to build their house from the weak snow adjacent to the southern stream (3) or travel north or south to find strong snow (all snow more than 5 miles away from either shore of the stream is strong snow). Note that if the party searches for strong snow, they may be doing so in the dark (depending on what time of the day they begin the search), suffering the appropriate AES penalty. Regardless of whether the adventurers choose strong or weak snow, the snowhouse is constructed as described in the Building a House section above. Either type of house offers full protection from the cold.

The night passes quietly, until about three hours before dawn when the party is awakened by wolf howls similar to those heard the night before; the howls belong to the winter wolves (see the "Goodbye Kahil" section above) who have returned to finish off the party.

Shortly after the howls begin, the wolves batter and claw at the sides of the snowhouse. What happens next depends whether the house is made of strong or weak snow.

Strong Snow. The wolves claw at the house for an hour, but won't be able to get in. If the party wishes to leave the snowhouse and battle the wolves, they are free to do so; the wolves attack ferociously with their frost breath and teeth, fighting to the death. Otherwise, if the party remains inside, the wolves give up after an hour and withdraw: they won't bother the party again.

Weak Snow. The wolves batter the house for an hour; chunks of snow fall from the walls, and the house threatens to collapse. During that

hour, the party is free to go outside and fight the wolves as described above. Otherwise, after an hour of battering, the house collapses in a pile of rubble. The wolves charge and attack the exposed characters, fighting to the death. The band takes no damage from the collapsing house, but after they deal with the wolves (assuming the wolves don't kill them), they suffer a -20 penalty to their AERs as long as they are exposed to the open air. (It's unlikely that the heroes are able to avoid spending the rest of the night outside. There isn't enough time to build another snowhouse, there are no caves for shelter, and an open-air fire or spells such as *resist cold* won't help much.)

Day Three and Beyond

The terrain north of the southern stream (3) is similar to that south of the stream—flat, empty, and bleak. For six hours during the daylight hours of Day Three (the exact time is up to the DM), a 10 mile-per-hour wind blows from the south, creating a wind chill that lowers the daylight temperature to -10 degrees and inflicts a -20 penalty to the party's AERs; make AER checks as appropriate.

The Northern Stream

The northern stream (7) is 10-30 yards wide and 5-8 feet deep. Unlike the southern stream, there's no platform ice; instead, most of the surface is clogged with variously-sized ice chunks. Characters can traverse the stream by hopping across ice chunks; this requires one successful Dexterity check per 10 yards of stream (presumably, the party crosses at a narrow point, requiring only a single check). If the check fails, the hapless soul falls in the water and suffers the drenching effects described in the "Crossing the Stream" section above (if the victim is still drenched from falling in the southern stream, a second drenching causes no additional penalties).

Fishing is excellent here. Characters have a 25% chance per hour of catching fish big enough to make a meal. Those with the Fishing proficiency may make a proficiency check twice per hour.



(If the DM wants to make the party's fishing experience more interesting, she can stock the stream with some or all of the fish described in the "Fish of the Great Glacier" entry in the Appendix.)

Strange Sights

If the party follows the northern stream, they may notice the following on their way to Mt. Akka:

Crevasses. These two crevasses (8 and 11) are 100 feet wide and several hundred feet deep. Anyone coming within 5 feet of the edge of a crevasse must make a successful Dexterity check, or slip and fall. If the character falls, a second Dexterity check determines if he grabs the side; if the check fails, he plummets to his doom, never to be seen again.

Deep claw marks in the snow surround crevasse 8. The marks appear to have been made by a huge creature, but the neither party nor Brokk is able to identify it. (A deep passage links the area 8 and 11 crevasses, and also goes to crevasses 2 and 4 in the Mt. Akka Caverns map. A tirichik lives in the passage; currently, the tirichik is in the bottom of crevasse 4 in the Mt. Akka Caverns map.)

Wreckage. A wrecked vessel lies near the north shore of the stream (area 9); all that's left of it are fragments of a wooden frame and shredded seal skins. The vessel is unsalvageable. There are no bodies, nor is there anything of interest among the debris. (The vessel was a small umiak. About a week ago, a pregnant woman, her mother, and four friends left Puttak for Mt. Akka to perform a special birth ritual. When the umiak reached area 9, a tirichik attacked, killing three of the woman's friends and dragging their bodies back to crevasse 8. The terrified pregnant woman, along with her mother and surviving friend, fled to the safety of Mt. Akka to await the birth of the woman's child, hoping that a Puttak rescue party is on the way.)

Brokk can't explain the wreckage, but it clearly spooks him. He points in the direction of Mt. Akka, wishes the party good luck, and heads in the opposite direction; the party won't be able to convince him to change his mind and continue with them.

The Caverns of Mt. Akka

Mt. Akka is a double-peaked mountain of solid ice, about 1,000 feet tall. A 10-foot-diameter cave opens near the foot on the south side. There are no footprints or any other signs of life near the cave (blowing snow has covered the footprints of the Puttak women).

Refer to the inset map of the Mt. Akka Caverns.

1. Main Cavern. Long icicles hang from the 60-foot-high ceiling of this otherwise empty cavern. If the party listens carefully, they hear the sounds of human female sobbing drifting from area 5.

2. Crevasse. This is identical to areas 8 and 10 on the main map. An underground passage, 100 feet deep, links this crevasse with area 4 (as well as with areas 8 and 10 on the Mt. Akka Area map).

3. Tirichik Cavern. Another cavern of solid ice. There are two 1-foot-diameter holes in the west wall, about 5 feet from the floor, leading to area 5. The sobbing sounds originating in area 5 are quite audible here. If the characters peer through one of the holes, they see the women in the adjacent cavern (see area 5). If they call out to the women or otherwise draw attention to themselves, one of the women (Jira—see area 5) screams for them to leave the area 3 cavern: "There's a monster in there! Get out!"

4. Crevasse. This crevasse is similar to the area 2 crevasse, except that it's surrounded by deep claw marks in the snow. The claw marks resemble those near the northern stream crevasse (area 8 on the Mt. Akka Area map).

A tirichik lurks in the bottom of the crevasse. The tirichik won't attack the party while they are in area 3, as there's not enough room for it to maneuver.

5. Ritual Cavern. Wisps of steam rise from stone pots of burning blubber spaced evenly about the floor of this cavern, filling the air with the aroma of mint and hot oil. Intricate patterns of circles and triangles are carved in the icy walls. Huddled against the north wall are three women wearing seal skin parkas and bulky trousers. The women have yellow skin, black hair, and round faces with flat noses and tiny ears.



One of the women is dead, slumped against the wall; her body looks as if it has been slashed with razors. Another woman (Kerut), who appears to be in her early twenties, lies on her back on a blanket of polar bear fur. She's obviously pregnant, moaning in pain, her eyes squeezed shut. A third woman (Jira) in her late thirties, hovers over Kerut; she's struggling to control herself, muttering soothing words to the Kerut and caressing her brow. When Jira sees the party, she brightens for a moment, then becomes anxious again. "Hurry and come in!" she gasps. "The tirichik can get you there!"

Kerut (1st-level Iulutiu fighter): Str 9, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 13; AL LG; AC 9; MV 9; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (unungak); SZ M; ML 9.

Jira (2nd-level Iulutiu fighter): Str 8, Dex 9, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 10; AL LG; AC 9; MV 9; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (iuak); SZ M; ML 10.

Adventurer's who examine Kerut and make a successful Intelligence check confirm that she's near the end of her term. Jira explains that she's been feverish for days. "I fear for her. And for the child. Can you help us?" Characters with the Healing proficiency, *potion of healing*, or healing spells can reduce Kerut's fever and make her comfortable, but she remains weak and tired.

Breathlessly, Jira explains that Kerut is her daughter, about to give birth to her first child. They are Iulutiu from the village of Puttak who came to Mt Akka to perform a special birth ritual. "But a tirichik ambushed our umiak and killed three of our friends. It's followed us here. It killed Frikik already! (She gestures to the dead woman.) "It will kill us too!"

Before the party has a chance to ask for details, a pair of white metallic tentacles ending in needle-like points thrusts through the holes in the west wall, thrashing like whips. Jira screams. The tentacles begin to strike at the heroes. (Since the tirichik is too big to enter the passage leading to area 5, it's been poking its tentacles through the holes in the walls in an attempt to kill the

women; it's killed one so far.)

The 20-foot-long tentacles attack as HD 13 monsters with AC 1, each successful attack inflicting 1-8 points of damage. The tentacles have 5 hit points each (which don't count against the tirichik's normal number of hit points). Because the tentacles are in constant motion, opponents suffer a -2 penalty when attacking them.

Jira comforts her daughter during the attack and doesn't help the party fight the tentacles. If the party severs one of the tentacles (by inflicting 5 points of damage), the other tentacle withdraws (the tirichik scuttles back into crevasse 4; the tirichik also retreats into the crevasse if characters leave area 5 and enter area 3, or if they manage to attack it through one of the holes in the wall.)

At the end of the tentacle attack, all is calm again. If they hurry, the group can now leave the caverns and escape the tirichik, but Jira refuses to go with them; she won't leave her daughter, who's too weak to move. (If the party flees, assume the tirichik resumes his tentacle attacks against Jira and Kerut; eventually, the tirichik kills them both. The tirichik remains in the crevasse; it surfaces to attack the party if they return to the caverns.)

Five rounds after the tentacle attack ends, the tirichik emerges from crevasse 2 and charges towards the passage leading to area 5.

Tirichik: Int semi-; AL CE; AC 1; MV 12, Br 3; HD 13; hp 73; THAC0 7; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 3-24 (3d8) or 1-8/1-8; SA strike at target 5 feet distance, giving a +2 bonus to attack roll (every other round: can't attack in round following strike attack), tentacles (see text); SD opponent suffer -5 to surprise roll if creature is concealed, immune to all forms of natural and magical cold; SZ G; ML 16; XP 5,000.

Though the tirichik can't squeeze through the passage leading to area 5, it batters against the walls of the passage, as if trying to smash its way through (it can't, but it's okay to let the party think it might). If they make missile attacks against it, the tirichik withdraws, either hiding around the corner or inside crevasse 2—in any



case, it won't be a passive target for long-range attacks. If any characters enter area 1, the tirichik attacks with its teeth and its intact tentacle (note that if its tentacles are gone, it can only make bite attacks). The tirichik varies its attacks according to the situation:

- It may wait near the south end of the passage leading to area 5, then attack with its neck strike at anyone moving through the passage from area 5.
- It may hide in crevasse 2 and spring out to surprise the party as they move through area 1.
- It may move to area 3 and poke its intact tentacle into area 5 to drive the party into area 1.
- It may claw its way to the ceiling of area 1, wait for the party to enter, then drop to the floor to attack.

The tirichik fights to the death, intending to kill the party and the two Iulutiu women. If the party won't leave area 5 to fight the tirichik, the creature continues to batter the walls of the passage. The walls of area 5 begin to crack, snow and ice falls from the ceiling, and an ominous rumble comes from above (let the party believe that if the tirichik continues to batter the passage, the entire cavern system may collapse, burying them alive under tons of debris. This actually won't happen, but it gives them something to worry about and encourages them to take action against the tirichik).

If the heroes defeat the tirichik, proceed to the Aftermath section.

6. Kupuk Cavern. Kupuk often come here to lay eggs, but currently, the caverns deserted. Bones of wolves, deer, and rabbits are scattered near the north wall, remnants of kupuk meals.

7. Fairy Ice Pit. This is a 10-foot-deep pit filled with tiny ice spheres, similar to the fairy ice valley in area 5. The characters have the same risk of sinking here as in area 5, but because the pit is fairly shallow, there's less chance of suffocating.

Kupuk sometimes use the pit to deposit infertile eggs. At this time, there are a dozen eggs at the bottom. Unless the adventurers have learned this from the women in area 5, they are not likely to discover the eggs themselves. But if they do, they are free to take them and leave the cavern,

avoiding the confrontation with the tirichik (of course, this requires them to ignore the cries from area 5, which true heroes surely wouldn't do).

Aftermath

If the party deals with the tirichik, Jira thanks them, then offers to help them any way she can. She provides them with details of the birth ritual (as explained in the "Puttak" and "Mt. Akka" entries in Part Five of this book) and give them general information about tirichik and kupuk (as explained in the Appendix). If the party asks about kupuk eggs, she tells them that kupuk use Mt. Akka as a nesting area; the adventurers may be able to find infertile eggs in the fairy ice pit (area 7), which they are free to take.

Jira says that Kerut is likely to have her baby within the next 24 hours. The heroes may go on their way, or they can stay and give Jira a hand. If they leave, proceed to the Resolution section

If they stay, Kerut goes into labor that evening. (The characters don't have to assist with the birth—Kerut takes care of that—but they can provide moral support.) After a few hours of labor, Kerut delivers a healthy baby girl. Kerut's fever breaks shortly after; she's fine.

Jira tells Kerut that without the heroic efforts of the group, they all would have died. Kerut is so grateful for the party's help that she asks them to honor her by participating in the Iulutiu naming ceremony (as explained in the "Naming the Baby" section of Part Three of this book). The first syllable of the child's name will be "Ki," after the baby's aunt (who shares the infant's curly hair). Kerut asks the party to choose one character to be the ariak (the party may choose whoever they wish). The ariak offers the baby one syllable of his name; for instance, if the character's name is Irit Stonehand, he may offer "Ir" as the second syllable, forming the name Kiir.) The character then dresses the baby in her first clothes (a seal skin blanket is available), completing the act of anariak. (Since the adventurer is an honorary ariak, he's not obligated to give up his birthday or fulfill any of the other duties associated with an Iulutiu ariak.)



A few hours later, a scouting party of eight Iulutians arrives from Puttak to check on the birth. Jira and Kerut tell them all about the party's heroics; the impressed Iulutians graciously thank the party. The Iulutians offer to guide the party out of the Great Glacier, back to the pass that leads to Ishe (1); if the party accepts, the Iulutians provide all necessary food, build the snowhouses, and scare off predators, ensuring a safe and easy trip home.

Resolution

If the party fails to recover any kupuk eggs, Jervin Wesselitt quietly passes away in his sleep. Jervin's family thanks the party for their efforts but are clearly disappointed. When word gets around, it may be a while before the group is offered another mission.

If the heroes recovered the kupuk eggs, they notice the eggs beginning to melt as soon as they leave the Great Glacier; however, the melted eggs can be kept safe in any container. Not only do the liquid eggs serve to cure Jervin, an eccentric collector offers to buy the leftover eggs for the handsome sum of 10,000 gp.

"Because sound travels farther in arctic climates, the crying of an infant presents a special problem, as it can draw the attention of predators. The Iulutians silence unhappy babies by giving them to the family kupuk. The kupuk encircles the baby with its tail, then allows the child to suckle its paw. Both the infant and the kupuk seem to enjoy this arrangement."

—Palus Frohm

Dwarf, Arctic (Inugaakalakurit)

FR14

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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Arctic (Great Glacier)
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVE TIME:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Varies (3-18)
TREASURE:	M (x5); Q
ALIGNMENT:	Varies, but usually lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	10-100
ARMOR CLASS:	8 (10)
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	1
THAC0:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8 (weapon)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	S (2-3' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (13)
XP VALUE:	Varies

Squat, hardy, and eccentric, the Innugaakalikurit are the only dwarven race native to the Great Glacier region.

With blocky bodies, pinched faces, and stubby legs, Innugaakalikurit resemble normal dwarves who have been squashed. They seldom exceed 3 feet in height, and are nearly as broad as they are tall. Their eyes are bright blue, their cheeks as ruddy as apples. Normally, their skin is white, almost bluish, but because of their fondness for basking under the bright sun, many Innugaakalikurit are sunburned red from head to toe, a condition that causes no discomfort or other ill effects.

Their fingers and toes are thick and blunt, their feet flat and wide, enabling them to walk on the snow without sinking. Curly white hair covers their heads and tumbles down their backs nearly to their waists. Males sport short beards and twisting moustaches. Both sexes favor simple tunics of polar bear fur. Innugaakalikurit are always barefoot.

Innugaakalikurit speak a dialect similar to that of the Ulutiuns. They also speak the languages of white dragons, yeti, frost giants, and selkie. Their high, gentle voices are particularly suited for singing.

Combat: Though peaceful at heart, Innugaakalikurit relish recreational combat; a group of arctic dwarves can pleasantly pass an afternoon by pounding each another into unconsciousness. They are also excellent hunters and fishers. However, Innugaakalikurit studiously avoid war and won't engage in combat except to defend themselves or their families. An Innugaakalikurit isn't likely to risk his life to defend a principle or acquire treasure, considering such actions to be the height of stupidity.

Innugaakalikurit are extremely strong; a pair of Innugaakalikurit can carry a full-grown polar bear, and a single Innugaakalikurit can effortlessly lift an adult human off his feet. Their preferred weapon is a bulky bow called an eyklak that fires thick arrows with sharp barbs, capable of inflicting 1-8 points of damage. Innugaakalikurit gain a +2 bonus to hit when using an eyklak, but because of the weapon's awkward shape, non-Innugaakalikurits suffer a -2 penalty using it. On occasion, they employ battle axes and spears.

Arctic dwarves don't wear armor, but the thick layers of fur worn by hunters and scouts give a protection of AC 8.

In addition to all of the special abilities of dwarves listed in the 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*, Innugaakalikurit suffer no ill effects of cold temperatures. They are also immune to cold-based spells and other magically-generated forms of cold (such as a white dragon's breath).



Habitat/Society: Though a few Innugaakalikurit settlements are found in the ice-covered mountains in the northern reaches of the Great Glacier, most live in small villages in the highest peaks of Novularond. A typical clan consists of about 100 members. Of the able-bodied adults, about 80% are 1st-level fighters, 10% are 2nd- to 4th-level fighters, 5% are 5th-level or higher fighters, and the rest are rangers and thieves of various levels. The eldest male serves as clan leader, though opinions of all adults are freely solicited. Homes are caves or simple structures of snow blocks.

Innugaakalikurit life focuses on hunting, gathering, and raising children. Singing, storytelling, and contact sports (such as boxing and wrestling) occupy their leisure time.

Innugaakalikurit are fascinated by weapons of all types. When coming across an unusual weapon—which for the Innugaakalikurit can be anything from a scimitar to a trident to a blowgun—they may spend hours turning it over in their hands, admiring its craftsmanship and discussing its merits. A few Innugaakalikurit maintain sizeable collections of odd weapons.

Ecology: Curious and outgoing, the Innugaakalikurit are quite sociable and maintain friendly, if distant, relationships with other races. They despise frost giants, with whom they have long-standing territorial conflicts in Novularond. Favorite foods include fish, caribou, and polar bear.

Innugaakalikurit Class and Ability Limits

Innugaakalikurit can be fighters of unlimited level, rangers up to 8th level, and thieves up to 8th level. They are forbidden to be paladins, wizards, priests, and bards.

Their initial ability scores are modified by a -1 penalty to Charisma and Dexterity, and a +1 bonus to Strength and Constitution. The minimum and maximum ability scores for Innugaakalikurit are as follows:

Ability	Minimum	Maximum
Strength	14	18
Dexterity	3	16
Constitution	13	18
Intelligence	3	18
Wisdom	3	18
Charisma	3	14

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Arctic (Great Glacier)
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary or pack
ACTIVE TIME:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (2-4)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1 or 4-16 (4d4)
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	9, Sw 15
HIT DICE:	5
THACO:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 or 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4/1-4/1-8 or 1-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Tail strike
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	M (6' long)
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	420

Trustworthy, dependable, and easily domesticated, the dog-like kupuk is one of the most valuable creatures to the tribes of the Great Glacier, both as a pack animal and loyal companion.

The kupuk has a thick body and the hairless, leathery hide of a walrus, colored tan, dull yellow, or light gray. Its round head resembles that of a husky, with a long muzzle, black eyes and nose, and upright ears. Soft fur, the same color as its body, covers its head, and two six-inch-long tusks protrude from its mouth. It has four strong legs with broad flat feet and sharp claws, enabling it to move easily in the snow and on icy surfaces. An able swimmer, the kupuk uses its flat feet to propel it in the water.

The kupuk's most unusual feature is its long tail, a snake-like appendage about six inches thick and five feet long, covered with fur and typically coiled on the creature's back so as not to drag in the snow. Powerfully muscled, the tail functions as both a weapon and a tool; for instance, the kupuk can uproot a small tree by wrapping its tail around the trunk, or smooth a snowy surface by sweeping its tail from side to side.

The kupuk's mournful howl is easily mistaken for that of a wolf. It can understand simple commands from human companions, and can distinguish scents from up to 100 yards away.

Combat: Kupuk are as vicious towards their enemies as they are loving to their friends. They can attack with their claws and bite, but prefer to lash at opponents with their tails, inflicting 1-12 hit points of damage with the retractable spike in their tail tip, assuming they can maneuver to position their opponents behind them. A successful tail-lash is followed by a loud howl, with the kupuk raising its muzzle triumphantly towards the sky.

Kupuk are particularly fierce when protecting their eggs or pups. In such situations, the kupuk whips itself into a frenzy, gaining a +1 to its attack and damage rolls. The bonus remains in effect until the opponent is killed or withdraws.

Kupuk are immune to all ill effects of cold, including cold-based spells and magically-generated cold effects (such as white dragon's breath).

Habitat/Society: In the wilderness, kupuk make no permanent lairs, instead roaming in packs in search of food. A typical pack consists of about 12 adults and half as many pups. The largest female serves as leader; she's usually the one with the strongest sense of smell, and the most able to locate prey.

More commonly, kupuk live among Ulutiuns, with whom they share a mutually beneficial relationship; the kupuk serve as workers and protectors, while the humans furnish food, shelter,



and medical care. Though Ulutiuns typically raise their own kupuk, wild kupuk are easily tamed. An offer of food and a few gentle words are usually all it takes to earn their friendship. Once a bond of trust is established, a kupuk remains fiercely loyal to its human companions, willingly sacrificing its own life to protect them.

Kupuk make excellent pack animals, easily carrying up to 500 pounds of weight on their backs, though they balk at carrying human passengers. A single kupuk can pull a sled of up to 1,000 pounds for an entire day without tiring. With a natural affinity for human children, kupuk are superb babysitters. Once a kupuk gently encoils its tail around an infant, parents can rest assured that their child is safe and comfortable.

A kupuk reproduces about once a year by digging a shallow hole in the snow, laying from 1-4 eggs, then covering them with a layer of snow about 3 feet deep. The eggs resemble lumps of gold, each about a foot across, with the texture of soft metal. Explorers unfamiliar with kupuk sometimes mistake kupuk eggs for real gold; their excitement at their discovery disappears when they find themselves suddenly faced with a snarling kupuk mother, tail erect, crouched to kill the interloper who dared disturb her nest.

Ecology: Kupuk are meat-eaters, preferring a diet of fish and seal. In turn, kupuk count white dragons and tirichik among their natural enemies. Though kupuk eggs are not, in fact, made of gold or any other precious metal, egg fragments are highly prized by collectors in lands south of the Great Glacier, fetching as much as 500 gp each. Transport problems, however, prevent kupuk eggs from reaching many collectors, since the egg fragments melt into liquid at temperatures above freezing.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Arctic (Great Glacier)
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVE TIME:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi-(2-4)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	1
MOVEMENT:	12, Br 3
HIT DICE:	13
THAC0:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 or 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-24 (3d8) or 1-8/1-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	G (30' feet long)
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	5,000

Vicious, stealthy, and with an insatiable appetite for human flesh, the tirichik is one of the most feared predators in the Great Glacier.

The tirichik resembles a cross between a dragon and an immense centipede. Both its dragon-like head and long, tubular body are covered with white scales. A bony ridge extends from the back of its neck, along its spine, and across its stumpy tail. It has eight thick legs ending in flat, saucer-shaped feet, each with a dozen hooked claws. Its sunken eyes are dull pink, the only part of its body not colored white. A pair of short horns grow behind its eyes, curving upward into the air, their tips indented into shallow cups. The horns serve as hearing organs and are useless in combat. Likewise, the claws on its feet are too short to be useful in attacks, and instead are used for climbing and clinging.

The tirichik has a mouthful of long teeth that protrude over its lips even when its mouth is closed. On either side of its mouth is a 3-inch-diameter opening. The tirichik can extend snaky tentacles from these holes at will, up to a length of 20 feet. The tentacles are also white, as tough as metal cable, and end in needle-sharp points. Though the tentacles are primarily used as sense organs, capable of sensing motion, scents, and body heat, they can also be used as piercing weapons.

The tirichik's claws enable it to scuttle across snow and ice, scale sheer cliffs, and cling to any solid surface. It can also burrow through snow (but not rock, frozen ground, or similarly hard surfaces) at a movement rate of 3.

The tirichik is utterly silent.

Combat: The tirichik prefers to ambush its prey by lurking inside a crevasse, hiding among hills of snow, or otherwise concealing itself. Its tentacles enable it to sense prey up to 100 yards away when the prey approaches, the tirichik reveals itself, scuttling from its crevasse or charging from the snow. Because of the tirichik's color and stealth, opponents suffer a -5 penalty to their surprise roll if encountering a concealed tirichik.

When prey is scarce, the tirichik goes hunting. It uses its tentacles to probe into caves, beneath rocks, and even under the doors of houses to look for food. When it locates something to eat, it strikes, lunging into the cave or battering down the door to commence its attacks.

The tirichik has special elastic tendons in its neck that allow it to temporarily detach its skull from its spinal column. The creature can strike like a snake by suddenly elongating its neck, stretching itself an additional 5 feet. When making a stretch attack, the tirichik gains a +2 bonus to its attack roll. It is unable to



make any attacks in the following round, as it must spend that round withdrawing its neck and re-attaching its skull to its spinal column. Therefore, the tirichik can make a stretching attack only once every other round.

Instead of its bite, the tirichik can also use its tentacles to attack, thrusting them like daggers. The tentacles have an AC of 1, but because the tentacles constantly wave and writhe, attacks directed against the tentacles are made at a -2 penalty. If a tentacle suffers 5 points of damage (this damage is in addition to the tirichik's normal number of hit points, in effect giving the tirichik 10 hit points beyond that of its 13 Hit Dice), it is severed. The tirichik grows a new tentacle in about a month.

The tirichik suffers no ill effects from cold temperatures, and is also immune to all cold-based spells and magically-generated cold, including white dragon's breath.

Habitat/Terrain: A tirichik has no permanent lair. When not hunting, it rests inside a crevasse, clinging motionless to the crevasse's inner wall.

The tirichik has a life span of about a century. Mid-point in its life, the asexual tirichik burrows deep into the snow and gives birth to 1-4 spawn. The foot-long spawn remain beneath the surface until they reach maturity, which takes about a year.

Ecology: By far, the tirichik's favorite food is human flesh, and there seems to be no end to the number of humans a hungry tirichik may devour in a the same meal; rumor has it that a single tirichik is capable of eating an entire village. The tirichik also enjoys polar bears, kupuk, and young white dragons. The lulutians of the Great Glacier prize the tirichik's leathery hide for waterproof boots.

	Blootfish	Black Burner	Spiny Sleeper	Icetail	Crystal Sipper
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:		Arctic oceans, rivers of the Great Glacier			
FREQUENCY:	Rare	Uncommon	Very rare	Very rare	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	School	Solitary or small school	School	School	School
ACTIVE TIME:	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any
DIET:	Scavenger	Scavenger	Scavenger	Scavenger	Scavenger
INTELLIGENCE:	Non-(0)	Non-(0)	Non-(0)	Non-(0)	Non-(0)
TREASURE:	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Neutral	Neutral	Neutral	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	10-40	1 or 3-12 (3d4)	10-40	10-60	10-40
ARMOR CLASS:	9	8	10	10	9
MOVEMENT: Sw 6	Sw 6	Sw 9	Sw 15	1, Sw 6	
HIT DICE:	1 hp	1-2 hp	½ hp	½ hp	½ hp
THACO:	20	20	20	20	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	See Below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil	Nil	See Below	See Below,	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil
SIZE:	T (1-2' long)	T (1-2' long)	T (1-2' long)	T (6 inches long)	T (1 inch long)
MORALE:	Unreliable (2)	Unreliable (2)	Unreliable (2)	Unreliable (2)	Unreliable (2)
XP VALUE:	7	7	35	15	15

The oceans and rivers of the Great Glacier teem with a wide variety of aquatic life, including several unique species of fish.

The species discussed below are all 2 feet or less in length; the tiny crystal nipper rarely exceeds a quarter of an inch. All thrive in the icy waters of the Great Glacier.

Combat: None of these fish are aggressive; all swim from danger as fast as possible. Even the deadly crystal nipper and spiny sleeper are passive, posing a threat only to the careless or unlucky.

Habitat/Society: All of these fish tend to organize themselves into schools of various size. None are particularly territorial, swimming freely throughout the rivers and seas of the Great Glacier. All reproduce by laying thousands of tiny eggs.

Ecology: The fish subsist on waste matter, plankton, or whatever other organic matter they can scavenge. All are edible by humans and quite delicious, though some, such as the spiny sleeper, must be handled with caution.

Blootfish

The blootfish resembles a white manta ray with a balloon-like organ swelling from its belly. The diameter of the balloon organ is equal to or slightly larger than the length of the fish. The balloon organ is always filled with water, and because of the fish's unique body chemistry, the water is always fresh. Fishers lucky enough to catch a blootfish sometimes carry the frozen corpse with them, sipping fresh water from its balloon organ by puncturing a hole in the side of the fish. When the balloon organ is empty, the fish makes a satisfying meal.

Black Burner

The black burner is not a fish. It is actually a small marine mammal. With its chubby black body, puckered blowhole, and wide mouth, the black burner looks exactly like a miniature whale. The black burner has skin instead of scales, and secretes oil through tiny pores. Oil covers the entire surface of the black burner, preventing it from freezing when removed from the water. If the corpse of the black burner is ignited, it burns steadily for 3-12 (3d4) hours, providing light and warmth equivalent to a small camp fire. Alternately, about a cup of oil, which can be burned later as fuel, can be drained from a black burner corpse.

Spiny Sleeper

Tiny silver spines cover the body of this plump fish, which has a

white belly and long whiskers like a catfish. If a character (or creature) handles the sleeper carelessly (for instance if a character not wearing gloves or other protection fails a Dexterity check), a spine may pierce his flesh, injecting him with a powerful toxin. If the affected character (or creature) fails to save vs. poison, he immediately suffers the effects similar to a *temporal stasis* spell, and an ice-like glaze forms over his body. *Neutralize poison* or a similar spell negates the effect, as does certain herbal treatments known by some Ulutian healers.

Icetail

To the casual observer, the icetail doesn't look like a live fish at all, but a fish skeleton with a few shreds of bluish tissue hanging from its ribs. Closer inspection, however, reveals the creature to have an actual body, complete with head, fins, and tail, all as transparent as glass. The icetail is also cold to the touch--so cold, in fact, that if a character touches a still-living icetail with his bare flesh, he suffers 1 point of damage. A dead icetail acquires the temperature of the immediate environment. Icetail may be cooked and eaten (or eaten raw, though their uncooked flesh is extremely bitter), but if they aren't thoroughly cooked for at least six hours, the eater risks extreme indigestion (the eater must make a successful Constitution check or suffer stomach cramps for the next 24 hours, making all attack rolls and ability checks at a -2 penalty; movement rates are also reduced by half).

Crystal Nipper

A distant cousin of the rot grub, the crystal nipper looks like a tiny eel made of blue crystal. It is instinctively drawn to warm bodies and attempts to burrow into any area of exposed flesh; a victim has the same risk of death as if attacked by a rot grub (death in 1-3 turns unless flame is applied to the wound, causing 1-6 points of damage, or *cure disease* is cast). The biggest danger from the nipper results from its ability to survive out of the water for short periods of time. At night, nippers sometimes surface and crawl onto the shore, advancing towards any nearby warm bodies (such as sleeping campers) at a movement rate of 1. Because of the nipper's anesthetizing secretions, sleeping victims may not realize they have been attacked by a nipper until it's too late. Fortunately, nippers can only survive out of water for an hour, so campers sleeping some distance away from a body of water where nippers are thought to exist are usually safe. Tiny blue worm corpses scattered near the shore of a river or lake is a sure sign of nippers in the area.

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The Parched Sea



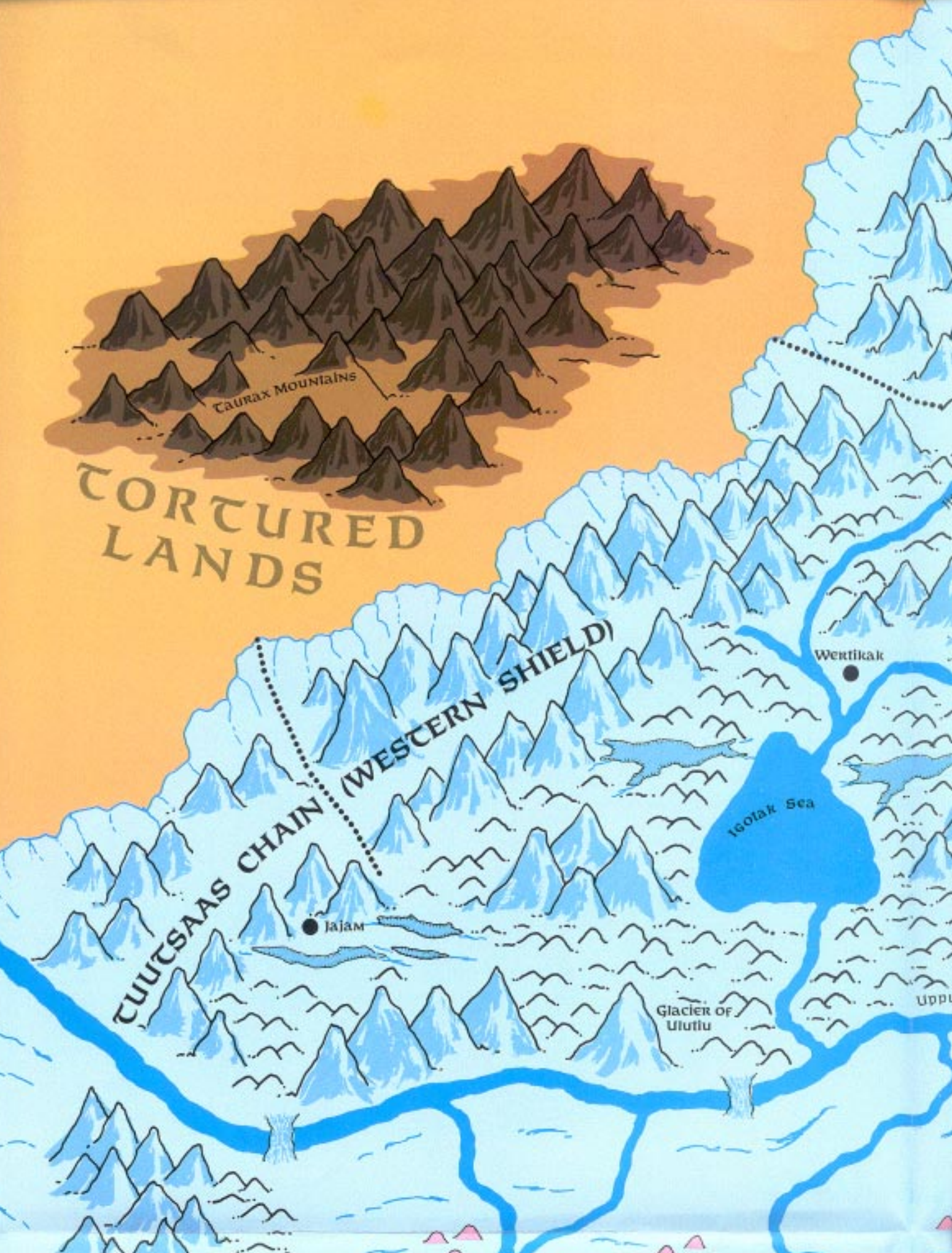
Elshadow



Red Magic

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Caurax Mountains

TORTURED LANDS

TUUTSAAS CHAIN (WESTERN SHIELD)

Jajam

Wentlikak

Igotak Sea

Glacier of Ulutlu

uppl



Shakkak Pit

Olyniak Crevasse

Liburewok

Krestet

NAKVALIGACH

Nakaiogotak Sea

upuk River

Saichik

Lil'nik

Koyoss

Makroro

Pata



Mt. Morkowikik

Aca Stream

Siksuv

Nyu Lake

Opoboquo Valley

Yiggat

NOVULAROND

Sea

Tukk

Ipinovularond

SNOKKOK

Esnovularond

Akanovularond

GOMWEMK

GRONNE

Patatak

Maklii Pass

ERIYKY Valley

ANG

SOSSAL

Ushar Mountains

Hupiik

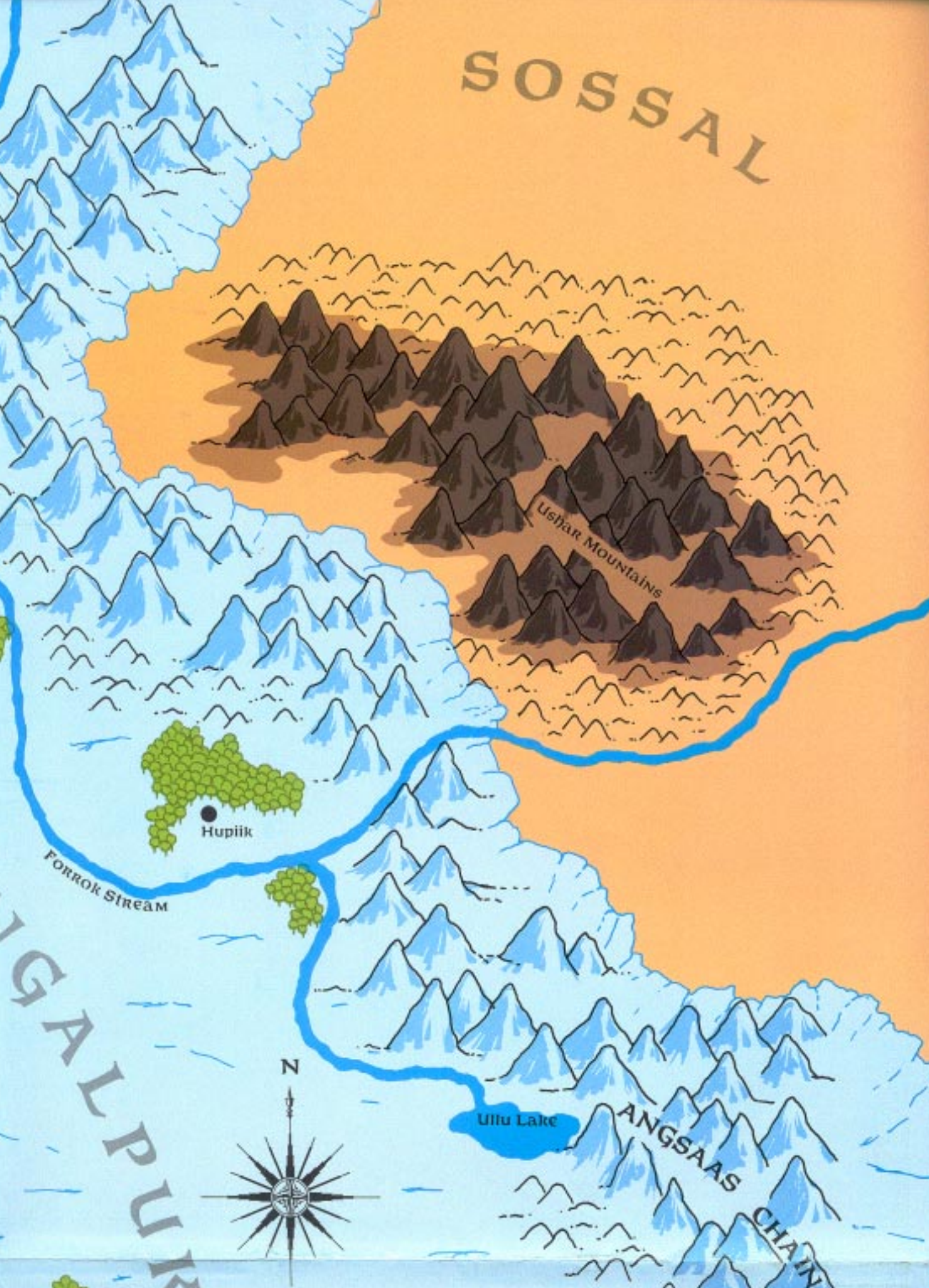
FORROK Stream

Ullu Lake

ANGSAAS CHAIN

N

IGALLPUK





FORGOTTEN REALMS

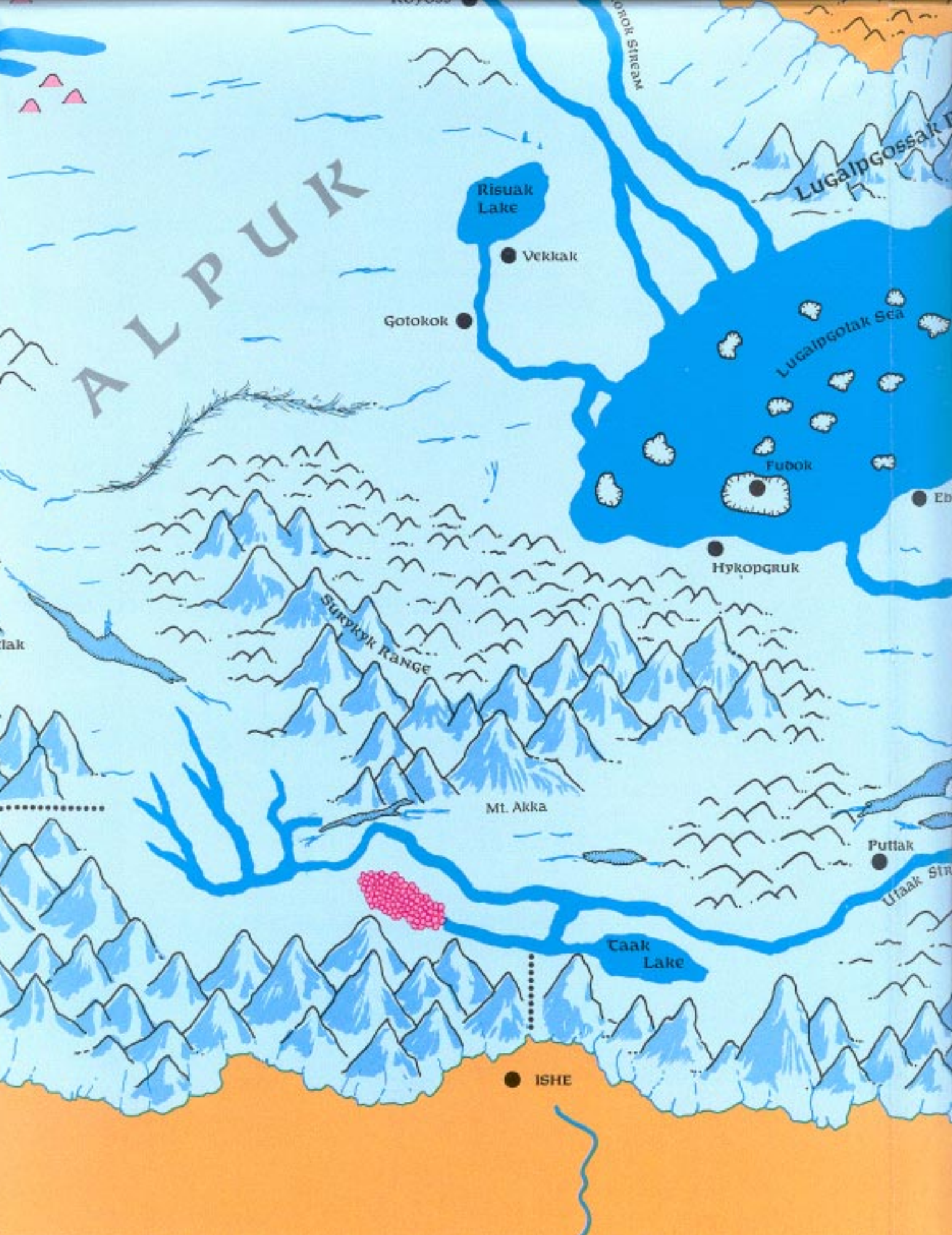
GREAT GLACIER

Scale: 1 inch = 10 miles

	MOUNTAINS (ICE COVERED)		FOREST		ICEBERG
	MOUNTAINS (STONE)		VILLAGE		PINGO
	HILLS (ICE COVERED)		STONE RING		ICE BRIDGE
	FOOTHILLS (ICE COVERED)		PASS		FRETTURE RIDGE
	FOOTHILLS (STONE)		LAKES, REAS, STREAMS		CLEAR (ICE COVERED)
	CREVASSE		FAIRY ICE		CLEAR (NORMAL GROUND)

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VASSA



ALPUK

Risuak Lake

Vektak

Gotokok

Lugaipgossak R.

Lugaipgotak Sea

Fubok

Hykopgruk

SURPKYK RANGE

Mt. Akka

Puttak

Caak Lake

Utaak STR

ISHE



Sak Range

KERYJEK RANGE

Nukqap Lake

Eghagu

Jukum

Ebyuluich

Alpahlurik Lake

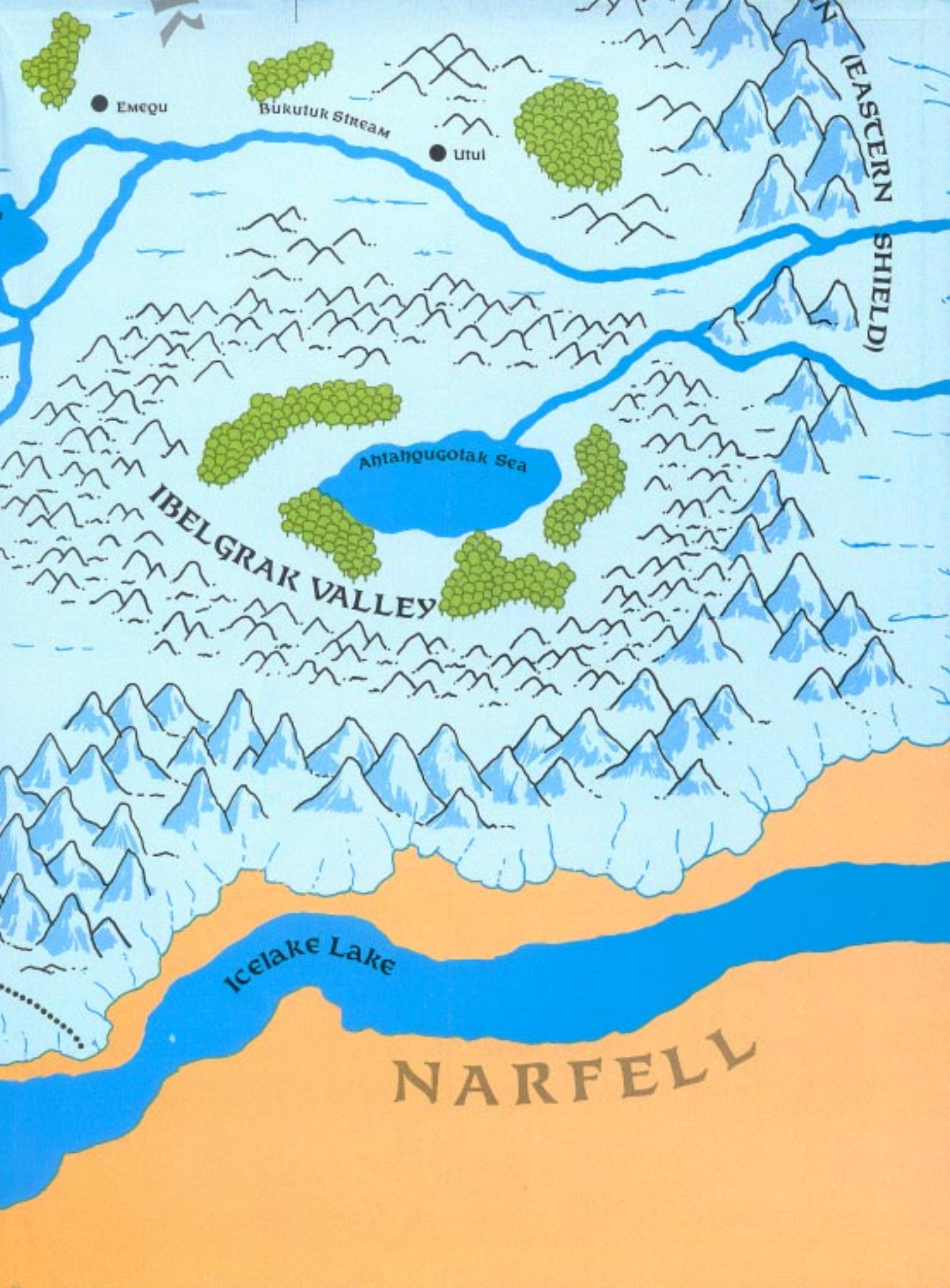
Shistak Pass

Isenqhack

Yinntut

STREAM

LUGSAAS CHAIN
(SOUTHERN SHIELD)



Emegu

Bukutuk Stream

Utul

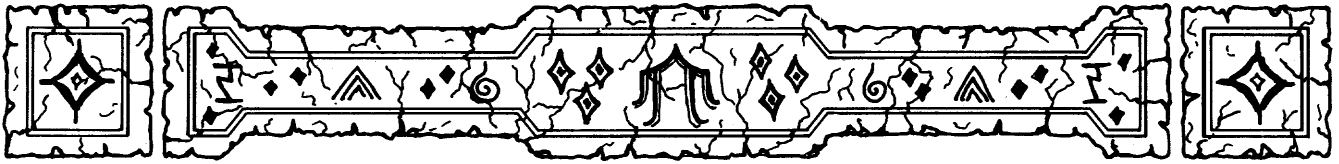
EASCERN SHIELD

IBELGRAK VALLEY

Ahtahugotak Sea

Icelake Lake

NARFELL



kazanga: Iulutiu name for a family's oldest female child
keri-keri: game where opponents try to duplicate each other's gestures
kiam: member of an iquemelum
kiirik: first syllable of a newborn's name, derived from either the first or second syllable of the name of a dead relative
kilat: drum made from seal skin stretched over a hoop of wood or bone, played by slapping it against the thigh or chest
koatulit: social custom where members of neighboring village are invited to live in the host village as honored guests
kotupa: voluntary marriage of a man and woman from two different villages
lakerek: the fastest caribou sled, resembling a kayak with reins
liqukoku: qukoku ritual honoring the kill of the first caribou, the first seal, and the first of all other species made after the first of the year
lukitaqutu: game where one participant juggles sealskin balls while an opponent tries to knock them out of the air with a leather whip
lulik: the main living space of a snowhouse
luqu: trident of bone or wood with three points
mikka: black mint-flavored lichen found in Alpuk streams
minikitak: Angulutiu house made of wood and earth
mukteff: gold sled dog, found mainly in Nakvaligach
Nakulutiuans: fanatic worshippers of Ulutiu living in Nakvaligach
naulagak: harpoon shaped like a wishbone at one end
nukiewquak: ritual marking a child's first polar bear kill
okteff: black sled dog, found mainly in Angalpuq
opoqukoku: qukoku ritual involving the respectful disposal of animal skulls
pilakerek: long pole to provide balance in an Angulutiu sled
pimataung: an elderly Angulutiu who travels with the iskotuk and makes all decisions regarding herd maintenance and management
pokulu: Nakulutiu belief stating that the life essence becomes a part of Ulutiu after a person's death
quaggi: communal feast house
quangirin: ventilation opening in a snowhouse
quidlin: snowhouse fireplace
quipiqu: thick blankets of deer or caribou skin, used for sleeping
qukoku: Iulutiu philosophy celebrating the unity of nature

reykulutik: a form of ykilutik where the accused is placed in a pit and stoned with rocks or ice chunks
rissik: Angulutiu portable tents
ritiik: bone shaft with a point and hook on one end used to attack bear and other large animals
sarissik: roof of a rissik
sirdloang: a snowhouse room used to store clothing
skotuk: term referring to both the Angulutiu residents of villages and their caribou
sukkiruchit: trade fair
taatquoko: Angulutiu celebration held at the beginning of each new ikili
ihukek: hollow bone filled with hot water used to soften the ground for Angulutiu tent poles
tingaung: gambling game using dice shaped like birds
toqsung: main entry passage of a snowhouse
trukaa: arrow of bone with a blunt head, used to kill small game
tuiskotuk: Angulutiu adults who have participated in more than one ikili
tupa: marriage between partners from different villages
uadling: outer dome of a snowhouse
ugunach: Nakulutiu prayer platform
uhkerek: large caribou sled
ukeu: voluntary slaves
ukujik: dome-shaped building used for meat-cutting
ulirissik: bowl-shaped lid of bone or stone perforated with holes, used to cover fires inside Angulutiu tents
ujju: the favored pasture of a specific Angulutiu herd that other herds aren't allowed to enter
Ulutiu: creator of the Great Glacier
Ulutiuans: collective name for the human tribes of the Great Glacier (Iulutiuans, Angulutiuans, and Nakulutiuans)
umiak: large cargo boat
unungak: harpoon with a wooden shaft and needle-sharp point
urit: absolute ruler of a Nakulutiu village
uwa: tiny earrings worn by kiam
vaakach: a kaiurit declaring a particular syllable of a name to be sacrilegious
viit: make-shift rissik constructed of branches, used for emergencies
wakiak: Angulutiu caribou brand
yakakilat: drum feast held whenever hunters slay a white dragon, tirichik, or other large beast
yaaurit: Nakulutiu aides who enforce the urit's orders
ykulutik: collective name describing Nakulutiu punishments given for violating kaiurit





The Great Glacier

"A village is only as livable as its surroundings. We are caretakers not only of our homes, but of our world."

—Inum

Strange sentiments, perhaps, from one who lives in what many perceive as a frozen wasteland, but the philosopher Inum speaks for the Ulutiun people of the Great Glacier. Their tribes share that icy landscape with arctic dwarves who enjoy sunbathing, sled-animals that are hardier than dogs, and fierce monsters that live nowhere else—and thrive in the freezing air.

The Great Glacier is the first supplement for the FORGOTTEN REALMS[®] campaign setting to detail an Inuit-based culture. In this booklet is fact-based information on building a snow-house, surviving in sub-zero temperatures for extended periods of time, and more ideas for fantasy campaigning in an arctic setting. For those who are tired of the normal, temperate, "you-meet-in-the-tavern-and-proceed-to-go-adventuring" games, here's something completely different.

Make sure your characters dress warmly—it gets nippy at night on the Great Glacier.

This accessory is suitable for use by all levels of play.

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Gold & Glory

by Tim Beach



For all levels of play



Gold & Glory

by Tim Beach

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Introduction

When the call to war goes out, many people answer. Some are patriots fighting for a cause; others are professional soldiers lured by the sound of gold pieces. Whether they are motivated by avarice or altruism, all these people have a price of some kind.

Sword for hire. Sellsword. Man at arms. Myrmidon. Legionnaire. Soldier of fortune. Hiresword. Mercenary. All these terms—and several unprintable terms as well—identify those men and women who hire themselves out to fight other peoples' battles. *Gold & Glory* describes these professionals and the groups in which they operate.

The information provided applies chiefly to the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Setting, primarily the continent of Faerun, but the basic information could be used with most campaigns for the AD&D® game.

Chapter 1 of *Gold & Glory* describes mercenary companies in general terms: their history, how they are formed, methods of operation, and so forth.

Later chapters detail many of the better-known standing mercenary companies in the Realms.

Chapter 7 offers descriptions of several Non Player Characters (NPCs) who recruit mercenaries for specific tasks. A number of special groups are mentioned in Chapters 8 and 9, which tell how adventuring companies and other groups sometimes interact with mercenary companies.

The final few pages of the book offer an index of mercenary companies and where in the Realms they might be found, as well as statistics that can be used in BATTLESYSTEM™ scenarios.

How to Use This Information

There are several ways for a Dungeon Master (DM) to use mercenary companies in the campaign. DMs should feel free to use any of the ones presented here, to make up new ones, or to allow player characters (PCs) to start a company.

The DM could use the provided mercenary companies as enemies or allies for the player characters. The PCs might join a company for a time—many of the companies herein recruit “local talent” when they have a job in a given area. Some recruit through advertisement, others by coercion.

If the PCs choose to join a mercenary company, they must follow the orders of their superiors; this gives a DM a great mechanism for setting up adventures. A wise DM will be careful not to force too much on the player characters, however.

PCs should probably be treated as a squad of elite troubleshooters. The DM can offer two or three missions for them to choose from, but might sometimes insist that the PCs are the only ones who can handle a specific task.

The PCs may at some time wish to form their own band as well. They could recruit soldiers and lead them into large conflicts. If their fame grows, kingdoms might try to hire the PCs to lead armies of invasion or defense.

Mercenary companies might also be used to inspire small adventures or epic quests. Perhaps a friend to the PCs has been forced to join a mercenary group; maybe a group has been infiltrated by a spy whom the PCs must capture; the possibilities are almost endless.

There are also a few ideas “hidden” in the following text, such as hooks to space adventures, the growth of lizard man power in the south, and so forth.

Chapter 1: Mercenaries in the Realms

Some professional soldiers are loners, choosing when and where they fight, adhering to individual codes of honor, and following whatever clarion draws them to battle. They might be motivated by bloodlust, desire for adventure, or a cause. Many of these lone mercenaries can be found throughout the Realms.

Some mercenaries band together, forming regular companies and operating along military or paramilitary lines. It is these mercenary companies that are the subject of *Gold & Glory*.

There are two basic types of mercenary corps: standing and recruited. Members of standing companies are always together, often have no other occupations, will do things that won't keep them from leaving on short notice, and are professional adventurers on the side.

In the case of recruited companies, an employer will hire an individual or group to go and quickly build an army.

Some companies are part standing and part recruited, such as standing companies that recruit locals wherever they go. Other companies are recruited, but always from the same group of veterans, sometimes with a few new faces. These latter groups are essentially standing companies without permanent headquarters.

Within the two basic types of companies, there are a number of variations. Some specialize by race, social class, type of weapon, or type of job; others try to have members with a variety of abilities. Some of the more versatile mercenary companies have wizards, thieves, rangers, and priests, in addition to fighters.

General History

Mercenaries have existed for a very long time, from the first time someone asked "What do I get if I fight this war for you?" Military leaders have always had to offer some kind of pay, with land, gold, glory, prestige, or power. True mercenaries travel to any place where there is armed conflict, often caring little on whose side they fight. Others have principles or standards, and will fight only on the "correct" side.

Mercenary forces have changed the outcome of many battles. Over the course of the last century or so, mercenary groups have become more formal, choosing colorful names and advertising their locations. Like many other institutions, they have become a normal aspect of life in the Realms.

Mercenary Companies

Chapters later on in this book offer specific details on several mercenary companies. It may be useful, however, to cover some general principles that apply to all or most mercenary groups.

Formation

Most mercenary groups are formed by the actions of a single, charismatic leader, though a group of leaders is also likely. These people gather veterans of battles, train likely prospects, and organize the company. Some corps are formed by or from adventuring groups.

Recruited companies operate a little differently, as they are formed anew each time one is needed. The employers contact a recruiter or recruiting group, offering a fee for an army. Word is spread for interested parties to meet at a certain place, at which time the recruiter reviews



the applicants and decides who may join the corps.

Leadership and Organization

Most mercenary corps operate along military lines, with leaders and their assistants taking military titles. Other companies work more informally, with the leader being essentially a dictator, perhaps with a few counselors or assistants. Some companies are democracies in which members elect their officers, and still others are run like a business.

Strategies and Operations

All companies choose which jobs they will accept based on individual codes and desires. Most are hired for a specific task and left to their own devices to fulfill their assignment. Most companies are responsible for their own transportation to and from the job.

Retiring a Company

A mercenary company stops being a mercenary company when certain events occur. Obviously, the death of all members would eliminate a group. Other corps might break up because of age, while some might achieve the legitimacy of a permanent job. Several examples of "retired" companies are offered in Chapter 6.

Other Sources

Several other products in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign line offer information on mercenary companies. An index of sources appears on the last page of this book.

The Entries

Most of the following descriptions of mercenary companies are done in a standard format, using these headers.

Type: A *standing company* is one that is together at all times. A recruited company is built by recruiters when the call goes out for an army. *Standing/recruits* indicates a standing company that recruits locals as well. A company with recruited veterans is one with consistent and loyal members, but without a permanent headquarters, so the company must be called together whenever there is a job. A *fixed* company has a permanent headquarters.

A company that is *roaming* has either no particular headquarters, or has several.

Base: This indicates the place (or region) that the company calls home.

Current Sphere(s) of Operation: This lists where the group is currently active.

Leader: This lists the group's leader.

Government: This indicates how the corps operates internally.

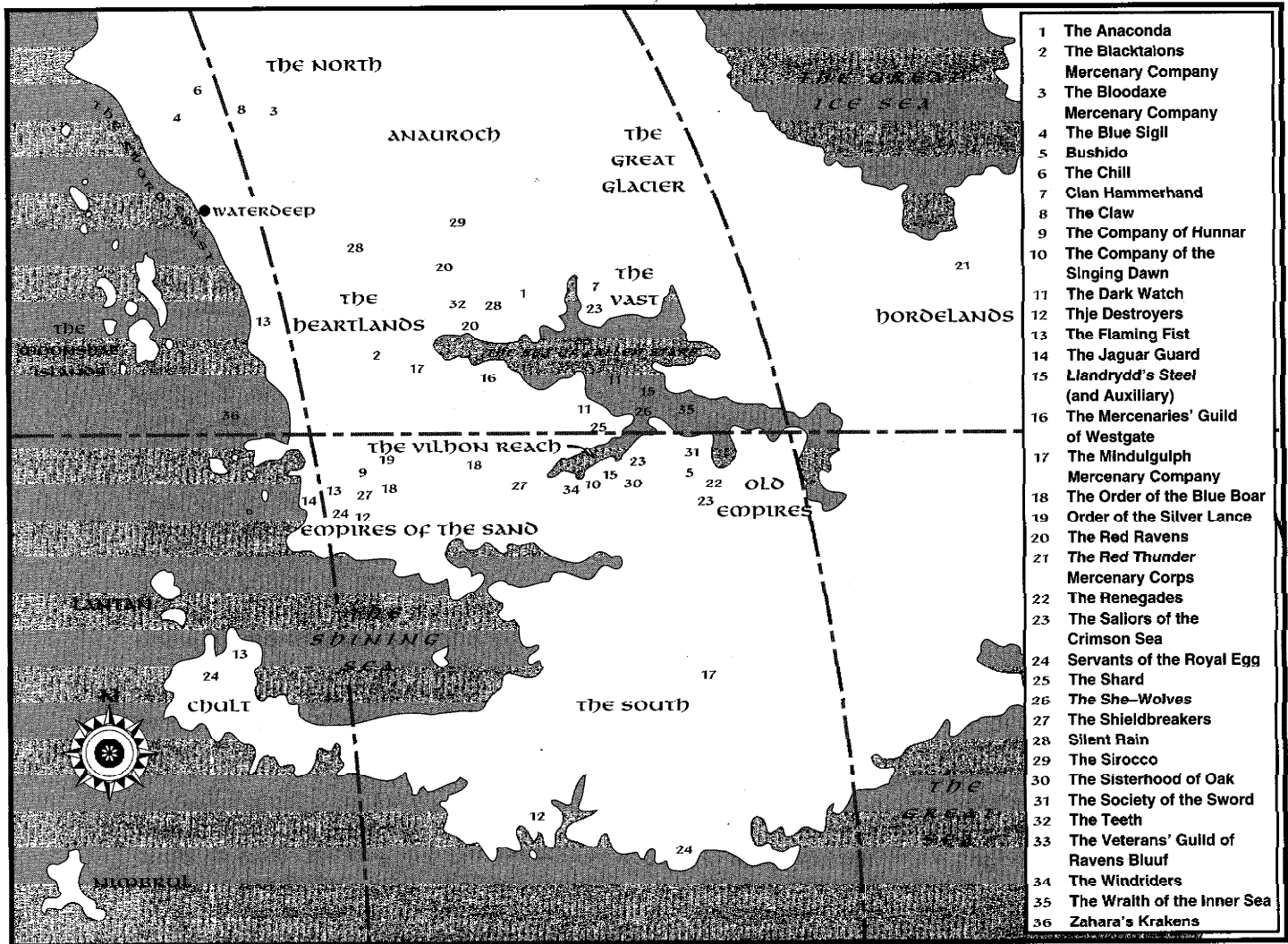
Number of Members: If a range is given, the lowest number is the number of people who always serve; the highest number is the core, plus semi-regulars who might be called in for specific jobs. This number does not include any people who might be recruited locally.

General Alignment: This indicates the basic morals and ethics of the group; individuals may vary.

Larger entries have these headings as well: *History* describes the group's formation, composition, and past activities; *Strategy and Tactics* tells how the company chooses and completes jobs; *Personality* details the group's motivations, code of honor, and friends and enemies; and *Logistics* describes the group's equipment, requirements, and price.



MERCENARY ACTIVITIES IN THE REALMS



Chapter 2: Standing Companies

This chapter offers details about several of the better-known standing mercenary corps in the Realms. Standing companies are the “standard,” but in the Realms, “standard” can mean many things.

In most cases, standing companies have a single leader; this way, there is no question about who is in charge.

Standing companies generally have a headquarters of some kind, whether it be a castle they have built themselves, or a town where all the members live. Standing companies without permanent headquarters will almost always have a means of transportation, and when they arrive at the location of their job, they usually find lodgings together or set up a large camp.

Standing companies can be worked into an adventuring campaign in several ways. These groups might be recruiting, testing people who want to join by sending them on a mission. Alternately, enemies of a mercenary corps might mislead a group of PCs into raiding the mercenary company’s headquarters.

The Companies

Information about many of the companies can be found in other sources. These entries provide updates on status and activities of these mercenary groups.

The map on page 5 shows where many of the groups operate, while the index on page 64 lists the groups by region and also lists the other sources where information might be found.

The Blacktalons Mercenary Company

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Blacktalon Citadel in Iriaebor

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Traderoutes near Iriaebor

Leader: Taugosz “Tenhammer” Khosann

Government: Councilled dictatorship

Number of Members: 120

General Alignment: Neutral

History: This group formed less than a decade ago, when Taugosz Khosann earned his “Tenhammer” nickname by slaying 10 people with a single swing of his huge warhammer, thus wresting leadership of his bandit gang from the former leader. Tenhammer has led the Blacktalons to a more legal occupation.

Tenhammer, an 11th-level fighter, stands over 7’ tall and weighs about 350 pounds. His size and great strength (18/94) allow him to wield some two-handed weapons with just one hand; his favorite weapon is his great hammer, which causes damage as a battle axe. Tenhammer is an absolute dictator, but has a small council of trusted aides to whom he listens.

The Blacktalons consist of 80 3rd-level fighters, both male and female. In addition, there are 20 1st-level fighters and 20 thieves of levels 3-6. If *The Complete Thief’s Handbook* is used, give the thieves the scout and bandit kits (in approximately equal numbers).

The Blacktalon sigil is a black, three-taloned claw on a blood red field. It is worn on the breast or helmet, but is never flown from a banner.

Strategies and Tactics: This group prefers jobs guarding caravans, but will also raid caravans for a price. True to their bandit heritage, they sometimes raid unguarded caravans to encourage them to seek protection.

They have on occasion hired themselves out as irregular cavalry, and they act as city defenders in times of trouble—which helps maintain good relations with the local government.

Personality: The Blacktalons are relatively unscrupulous, but have never been known to renege on a contract. They are very vengeful when cheated.



The Blacktalons seldom come into conflict with other mercenary corps, though they have earned the enmity of the Sirocco, the Mindulgulph Company, and several adventuring companies.

Logistics: The Blacktalons have their own mounts, mostly medium warhorses. They prefer to use these mounts, but will ride animals appropriate to the caravan they are guarding. Since Iriaebor is known for fine mounts, the Blacktalons always have fine horses.

They wear a variety of armors and carry a variety of weapons. They often darken their armor with mud or paint, so they do not stand out.

The Blacktalons charge 1 gp per person per day for guard duty. A raid costs an employer 300 gp, in advance.

The Bloodaxe Mercenary Company

Type: Recruited veterans, fixed

Base: Sundabar, in the North

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The North

Leader: Velkor "of the Valiant Arm"
Minairr

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 60-80

General Alignment: Chaotic good

History: The Bloodaxe Mercenary Company was founded by a dwarven adventurer, Deldagg Huldgrym, more than 40 years ago. Most of its original members were dwarven outcasts.

Under Deldagg's leadership, the group fought several bandit bands, an army of orcs, and raiders from Luskan. Many of the original members were slain, and new warriors (mostly humans from the Sword Coast, the North, and the Vilhon Reach) were added to the ranks.

Deldagg died of black lung fever in 1331 DR (1306 by Cormyrian reckoning), and

the group's leadership fell to his second in command, Velkor Minairr, a human fighter (11th level). Only four of the original dwarven Bloodaxes remain with the company.

The group—mounted spearmen (30), slingers (10), and axe-men (20)—is largely inactive at present, but occasionally hire themselves out to fight orcish hordes in the North.

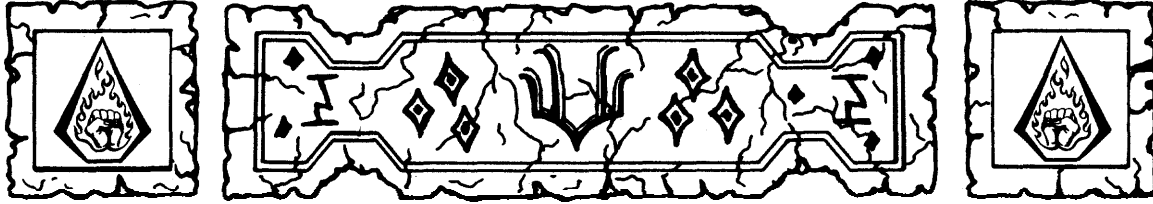
To avoid recognition, the Bloodaxes often elect not to display their sigil, a gray axe on a dark red background.

Strategies and Tactics: The Bloodaxes are skilled and versatile, willing to take almost any job, from gladiators to bodyguards. Not overly prideful or crude, their strategies and tactics vary as widely as the types of jobs they take.

Personality: The Bloodaxes are motivated largely by hatred of humanoids, though they do enjoy being paid for killing the creatures. They have few enemies other than humanoids, the Blue Sigil ogres, and the Chill.

Logistics: Their equipment varies widely, though the battle axe is the weapon of choice for most. The group maintains several small bases in the North, where they can replace equipment as needed.

The Bloodaxes may be hired at a cost of but 10 gp per day, since they are currently "down on their luck."



The Company of the Singing Dawn

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Arrabar in Chondath

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Vilhon Reach

Leader: Solara

Government: Council

Number of Members: 250

General Alignment: Neutral good

Note: The Company of the Singing Dawn and its components are described in I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*.

History: This group was formed in Chondath about 15 years ago, and was first known as Solara's Elite. Solara trained her people well, and eventually added more units to the company.

The company consists of five 50-member units: Solara's Elite, handpicked 4th-level fighters from the Fields of Nun; the Spears of Dawn, 1st-level fighters; the Forester Guards of Nun, charismatic and chivalrous 3rd-level warriors from the Chondalwood; the Lightblades, 4th-level paladins mounted on pegasi; and the Sunshafts, 7th-level Pegasus-riding elven archers.

The Elite are led by Taran, 6th-level female human fighter; Randwulf Doorbane, a grizzled 8th-level fighter, leads the Spears; the Foresters are led by a 7th-level elven ranger, Miebhailar; Justin Ironedge, a 9th-level human paladin, leads the Lightblades; and the Sunshafts are led by Lotharius Goldentree, a 9th-level elven fighter. These leaders advise Solara, 10th-level ranger and undisputed leader of the Company of the Singing Dawn.

The company's most famous battle was against the forces of Yrkhetep, an arcana-loth who tried to conquer Chondath and Turmish.

The company's symbol is a rose-colored phoenix, with a green key below, to the

right, and to the left, all on a field of silver. All members of the company wear some red, pink, or yellow, and many wear sunburst emblems.

Strategies and Tactics: The Singing Dawn prefers to fight evil and is known to do charity work, especially when it involves fighting undead or otherwise promotes worship of the group's patron deity, Lathander. They will not take any job that is antithetical to the worship of the Morninglord.

Solara and her councilors are great tacticians, and they work well together coordinating aerial and ground assaults.

Personality: The Company of the Singing Dawn has a very strict code of honor and chivalry. They are motivated by a wish to do good, though they realize that they need gold to maintain their effectiveness. Their only enemies are the evil and unscrupulous.

Logistics: Each unit has distinctive arms and armor. The Elite uses scale mail, shields with the company's symbol, and long swords with dusky pink stones in the hilt. The Spears wear chain mail and carry silver-tipped spears. The Foresters wear studded leather and carry wooden shields and long swords. The Lightblades wear scale mail and attack with medium lances or long swords +1. The Sunshafts wear scale mail and attack with long bows or long swords. Solara and the unit leaders carry a number of magical items.

The Company of the Singing Dawn is somewhat expensive, requiring 1,000 gp per day, though they will cut that price by 50-75% when asked to fight undead or creatures from the nether planes. They also do some work for free, with council members using personal funds to pay the regular members.



The Flaming Fist

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Baldur's Gate

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Anchorome, Tethyr, Chult, Sword Coast

Leader: Duke Eltan

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 1,600

General Alignment: Lawful neutral

Note: The Flaming Fist Mercenary Company is fully described in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Set. What follows is a summary of statistics and recent history.

History: Despite recent setbacks, the Flaming Fist is the largest and most powerful mercenary corps in Faerun. Eltan, a Duke of Baldur's Gate, founded the group almost 30 years ago, building it into one of the most effective fighting forces in the Realms.

The Flaming Fist has been very active during the last few years. Recently, 300 members were hired with Sembian funds to participate in the Horde Wars. They acquitted themselves well and reported back with some casualties.

At the same time as the Horde Wars, the Flaming Fist took action against the pirates of the Sword Coast (the same "war" in which the Golden Legion destroyed Akbet-Khrul's forces in Amn). The Fist was able to provide the pirates with a setback they will not soon forget.

Also, Duke Eltan noticed an opportunity in leaderless Tethyr. He has been cautiously scouting the region, hiring out small bands for reduced fees in Tethyr. Wise observers speculate that Eltan wishes to be invited into Tethyr, so he may set up a puppet government.

Because of the Horde Wars and the discovery of Maztica, Duke Eltan has been taken by an urge to explore. He has not yet sent an expedition to the Hordelands and Kara-Tur, though he has recently funded

expeditions to Chult and the New World.

The founder of Baldur's Gate (home to the Fist) was a sea captain called Balduran. Long ago, he sailed west past Evermeet, to the fabled islands of Anchorome, returning with great wealth that was used to build the wall around what became Baldur's Gate.

Eltan had always been taken by the tale of Balduran, and wondered about the man's final fate. When word reached Eltan that the Golden Legion had discovered and conquered Maztica, Eltan's curiosity was piqued, and he decided to find Anchorome.

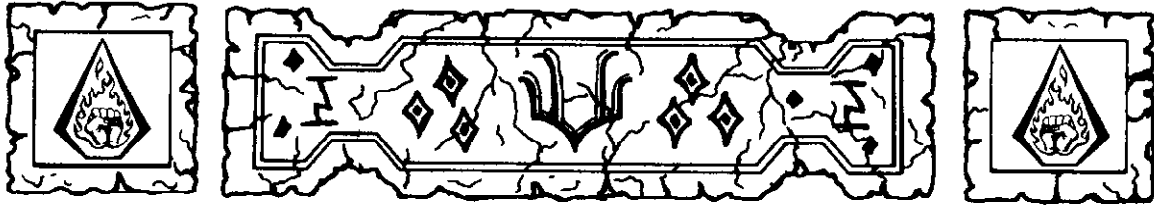
Eltan bought a fleet of ships and sent several hundred men and women across the seas. The ships stopped in Lantan, where the company split, three ships heading to Chult.

The Chult expedition (150 people led by Beluarion and Nenon) recruited an experienced group of six elven mercenaries to act as guides in Chult. The expedition lost roughly half of its number (including Beluarion) in Chult, but was somewhat successful.

The Anchorome expedition was not as successful, however. This group consisted of four leaders (Scar, Bellan, Desedrak, and Yulimtul) and more than 500 mercenaries. The ships also carried 200 horses and a great deal of equipment.

After the 20-ship fleet left Lantan, it was beset by problems ranging from disease to storms. The company clerics were able to keep disease from taking more than a handful of lives, but three ships were completely lost to storms with no survivors. Unfortunately, one of those ships had been designated a hospital ship and was carrying most of the priests when it went down.

When the ships finally reached the Maztican port of Helmsport/Ulatos, they recruited to replace some of their losses,



hiring 60 Eagle Knights who wished to fight for glory and land.

Again, the expedition split, with 225 heading northwest overland into the desert, hoping to find the fabled City of Gold. This group, led by Desedrak and Yulimtul, has not been heard from since, and all attempts at magical and psionic contact have failed.

The rest of the group (roughly 340 people and 150 horses) took 15 ships up the coast from Maztica to explore the coast of Anchorome. Again, the group met with disaster.

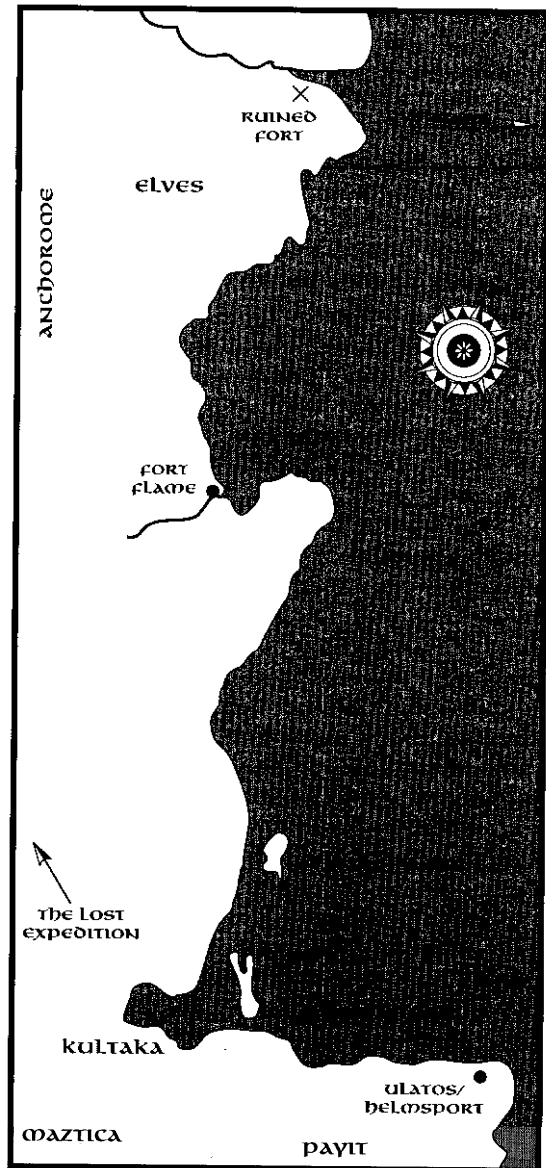
The Flaming Fist discovered Itzcali, Realm of the Sea People, when sahuagin from that undersea nation attacked and wrecked a third of their ships, which lay anchored several yards off shore. Some people were rescued, and a number of horses were seen swimming to shore. Scar led the Fist in a brilliant counterattack, driving the sahuagin forces away so the ships could escape the area.

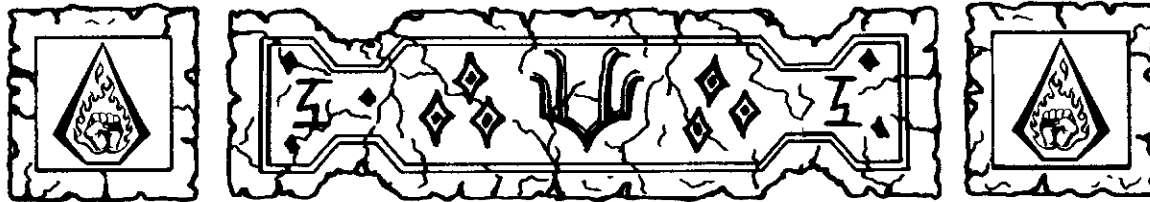
When the expedition moved farther north, they discovered a lush and fertile land devoid of civilization. Moving along the coast, they eventually came to the ruined remains of a small fort with a wooden palisade. Broken weapons, rusted armor, and an old ship's log indicated that this was the probable final resting place of Balduran and his crew.

The members of the Flaming Fist soon discovered the likely cause of Balduran's death when they were attacked by a tribe of savage elves sporting odd haircuts and wearing feathers and paints. At the same time—possibly a coincidence—large whale-like beasts attacked the company's ships and sank them. The members of the company performed a fighting retreat until they escaped the territory of the savages.

Less than 100 members of the expedition survived the retreat; these set up Fort

The Expedition of The Flaming Fist





Flame at the mouth of a river that opens into a large bay, which they have named Balduran's Bay.

Scar and a small group of men and women left the encampment, and miraculously made it back to Helmsport, and thence to Baldur's Gate. Eltan may see fit to send reinforcements to the colony, now under Bellan's leadership, and communications have been established through arcane means.

The Flaming Fist's main base is Baldur's Gate, but the company has established secondary bases in Chult and Anchorome, and has an unspecified number of operatives in Tethyr.

Fort Flame holds its leader Bellan (a 10th-level fighter), two rangers, a wizard, five clerics, three thieves (one an assassin), four 6th-level fighters, 17 5th-level fighters, 53 4th-level fighters, and 13 5th-level Eagle Knights (who can change into eagles at will).

Fort Beluarian, on the northern coast of Chult, is supervised by Nenon; she oversees a garrison of three rangers, three wizards (one an assassin), seven priests, two thieves, and 80 fighters (10 6th-level, 20 5th-level, and 50 4th-level).

The main forces in Baldur's Gate are led by Duke Eltan (a 22nd-level fighter), and his assistants Moruene (a 20th-level wizard) and Scar (a 16th-level fighter). All their lieutenants except Koruelve (a 10th-level fighter) are dead or on semi-permanent assignment, so they have recruited the following new unit leaders, all 9th-level fighters: Lendali Firehair, Hercules the Hammer, Delandria, Morgan Redwing, Skot-sar of Berdusk, and Kalvis-talk the Hunter.

The forces in Baldur's Gate include 10 rangers, 10 wizards, 150 priests, 10 assassins (the best of which are a pair of elven wizard-thieves), 15 thieves, and 1,200 fighters (550 3rd-level, 400 4th-level, 150

5th-level, and 50 6th-level).

The Flaming Fist seldom recruits locals for a battle (they hardly need to!), but sometimes hires advisers or guides.

The company is organized along strict military lines. Their symbol is a flaming red fist; it is worn on a white tabard.

Strategies and Tactics: The Flaming Fist always leaves part of its number to defend Baldur's Gate, but will accept almost any job that pays enough. They seldom disappoint their clients.

The Flaming Fist is almost unstoppable on a battlefield, and they should make any would-be conquerors pause and consider.

Personality: The Flaming Fist is motivated by both gold and glory, though Duke Eltan does prefer to stem chaos rather than promote it.

The Fist negotiates contracts wisely and adheres to them stringently; woe to the employer who tries to cheat them.

The Flaming Fist has a number of powerful enemies, including other mercenary companies, the Zhentarim, and the Cult of the Dragon. Assassination attempts on Eltan and the other leaders are fairly common.

Logistics: The Flaming Fist has spent years collecting items both magical and mundane. Each member has two heavy warhorses, and the company owns several wagons, thousands of mules, and a plethora of magical items.

Hiring the entire Flaming Fist costs 10,000 gp per day, with smaller divisions costing a proportionate amount. The mobilization of the company can bankrupt an area.

The Golden Legion

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Helmsport in Maztica

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Maztica

Leader: Alanza DaNosta



Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 600

General Alignment: Neutral

Note: The Golden Legion and its exploits are covered in the Maztica Campaign Set; FMA1, *Fires of Zatal*; and the novels *Ironhelm*, *Viperhand*, and *Feathered Dragon*. What follows is a summary of the company's history.

History: The Golden Legion was formed almost two decades ago by a man named Cordell after the destruction of his previous mercenary corps. Learning from past mistakes, Cordell built slowly, devoting much attention to training.

The Golden Legion, consisting of units of crossbowmen, swordsmen, cavalry, spearmen, and longbowmen, won fame along the Sword Coast. Cordell's legion broke the power of one of the most vicious buccaneers of the Pirate Isles, Akbet-Khrul, who was killed by legion crossbowmen in a great battle in Amn. This earned the gratitude of the Council of Amn, who sponsored the Golden Legion's expedition to Maztica.

Cordell used diplomacy, military strength, and magic to conquer the Nexala, the most powerful political entity in Maztica. Many battles took their toll on the Legion, which was almost destroyed in this campaign.

Cordell became Governor-General of the area, which Amn has claimed as a colony. Alanza DaNosta, a greedy and unsavory sort, has been given command of the Golden Legion, which is now the military garrison in Helmsport, the center of commerce with Faerun.

The group now consists of 100 cavalry, 250 swordsmen, 100 spearmen, 100 bowmen, and 50 crossbowmen.

The Legion's symbol, which is used on its banners, is a golden eagle outlined in black on a field of gold. Some units, particularly cavalry, also have their own symbols.

Strategies and Tactics: The Golden Legion is rapidly losing the elements that make it a mercenary company, instead becoming the legitimate military force of the government of New Amn. Thus, they have little choice in jobs, as they are required to perform guard duty, keep the natives quiet, and so forth.

Though most of the old veterans are now gone, the company still uses good tactics. They will generally soften the enemy with bows and crossbows, then attack with swordsmen and cavalry. Some magic is used as well.

Personality: Though motivated largely by greed, the old Golden Legion had a sense of family to it. As it stands now, the Legion is motivated primarily by a sense of duty toward New Amn. In general, the leadership of the group is corrupt, but many individuals tend to be honest, serious, and honorable. Most still revere Cordell as a great hero.

Most natives in Helmsport/Ulatos dislike the Legion, though many elsewhere remember the Legion's activities in defending both themselves and the Maztican refugees against the beast hordes of Nexala.

Logistics: The Golden Legion is armed with typical, non-magical weapons and armor. Because the region is warm, most have abandoned any steel armor other than breastplates.

The Legion is on retainer to the colonial government of New Amn and is paid by them. They are usually allowed to plunder when used in the field.

Llandrydd's Steel

Type: Standing/recruits, roaming

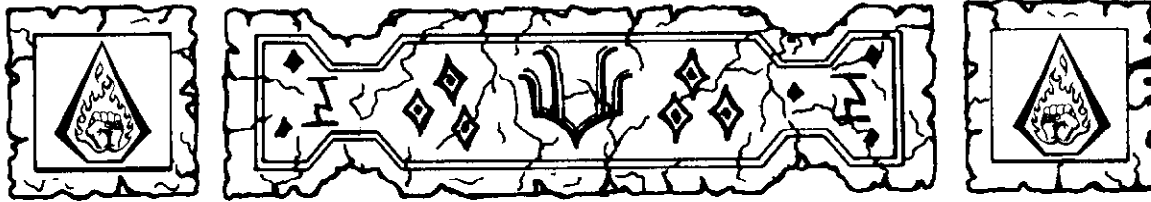
Base: The Vilhon Reach

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Vilhon Reach, Sea of Fallen Stars

Leader: Llandrydd Wyvernheart

Government: Business



Number of Members: 233-300

General Alignment: Neutral

Note: Additional information on Llandrydd's group can be found in I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*.

History: Llandrydd began as a recruiter, but formed a standing company after an extended period of action.

Llandrydd's band has two units, the Steel (150 men led by the charismatic Llandrydd, a 6th-level fighter), and the Auxiliary (80 pike wielders led by Lonth, a 4th-level fighter). Llandrydd almost always recruits locals to expand his company's ranks before a battle.

Each squad of 10 elects a sergeant; these form a board that is chaired by Llandrydd (Lonth is vice-chairman). The board discusses prospective jobs.

Like the Singing Dawn, Llandrydd's group fought against Yrkhetepe.

The corps' sigil is a sword between draped sleeves on a green field.

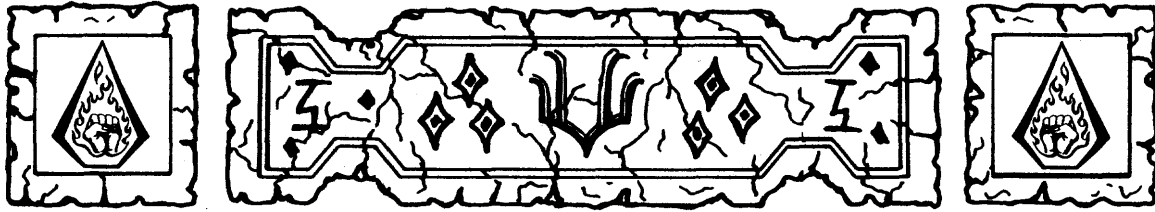
Strategies and Tactics: In battle, the Steel often wraps around the Auxiliary, whose pikes can attack from the second or third rank. The group is skilled, but does not adapt well to odd situations.

Personality: This corps chooses jobs by profit and contracts for specific time periods. If the job runs long, they will renegotiate and may refuse to renew.

Llandrydd's band is on good terms with the Company of the Singing Dawn and will not fight against them.

Logistics: The men of the Steel wear green chain mail and use both short sword and dagger. The people of the Aux-





iliary wear leather and carry pikes.

Llandrydd's band charges 500 gp per week, half in advance.

The Mindulgulph Mercenary Company

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Mindulgulph Castle near Priapurl

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Eastern Shaar and the Great Rift

Leader: Gayrlana "Lady Bloodsword"

Government: COUNCELED dictatorship

Number of Members: About 200

General Alignment: Neutral

History: The Mindulgulph Company was formed almost 20 years ago by Gayrlana, "Lady Bloodsword," a 12th-level fighter with psionic talents, including contact and mindlink. She has dusky skin and white hair, and rumors persist that she is part drow.

Gayrlana and her adventuring band raided Mindulgulph Castle in their youth and discovered intelligent monsters inside; rather than wiping them out, they recruited most of the creatures and started a mercenary corps.

Most of the company's non-monstrous members are former adventurers who are specialists of some type. There are currently 80 "normal" members, human and near-human warriors of levels 2-5.

The Mindulgulph Company also has around 120 "monster" members. All have at least low intelligence and are non-evil. None are enslaved in any way, but some unintelligent monsters (notably burbur, golems, and rust monsters) are kept as guards and pets.

The company prefers members who can function in human society with a minimum of disruption, though they also have a number of specialists.

Some notable non-humanoid units include squads of blink dogs, centaurs, giff,

grippli, kenku, thri-kreen, and wemics. The Company is known to have members from the following races: beholder, belabra, cave fisher, cildabrin, cloaker, githzerai, hengeyokai, loxo, mimic, plasmoid, q'nidar, shambling mound, shocker, sull, tabaxi, treant, and triton. Many others are possible as well.

Human and near-human members are organized into squads of 10, each with a sergeant; the more monstrous members answer directly to Gayrlana.

The Mindulgulph Company is currently employed by the dwarves of the Great Rift to study the likelihood of a war in the Underdark.

Though most of the company is currently several hundred miles from home, its castle is well-guarded by several of the more monstrous members.

Strategies and Tactics: Gayrlana's company prefers unusual, difficult jobs. They are capable in any environment.

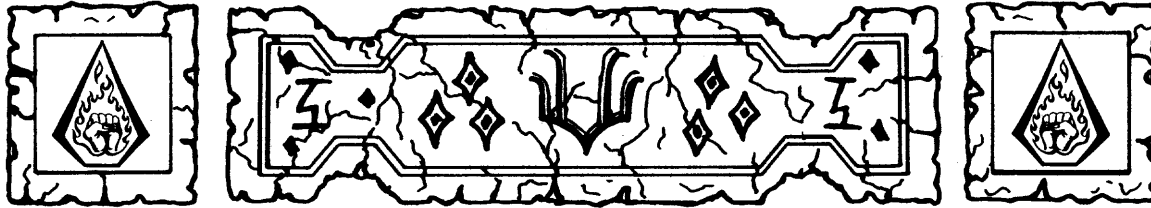
Company tactics vary widely, depending on which members are present, but almost always involve subterfuge and ambush if possible. Gayrlana is a tactical genius as well as a telepath, so is very adept at exploiting the strengths of her troops.

Personality: The corps is trustworthy as a whole. On occasions, individual members have caused problems, but Gayrlana takes pains to set things right when such events transpire.

The Company is friendly with most other mercenary corps, though they consider the Blacktalons enemies.

Logistics: The company possesses and uses a wide array of equipment. They have no standard armor or weapons.

Gayrlana uses a special whipsting sword, which does 1d6 damage and may be used as a whip as well. She has a suit of dress plate, but usually wears lighter armor under a gown or cloak.



A mission performed by the company costs a minimum of 500 gp per day, more if large numbers are required.

The Red Raven Mercenary Company

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Arabel in Cormyr

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Cormyr, the Stonelands, Anauroch

Leader: Rayanna the Rose

Government: Democratic council

Number of Members: 110

General Alignment: Lawful neutral

History: The Red Ravens were formed by several people who fought in the Horde Wars. After the wars, a few of those who would eventually lead the group pooled their funds to get a royal charter in Cormyr, then asked several friends to join.

The company operates on a system of "one person, one vote." They meet annually to elect an overall leader, and then to choose sergeants for each group of 10. Rayanna the Rose has been leader for over two years now, and her policies are generally well-received.

The group works mostly for the Cormyrian government or for Cormyrian merchants. They have recently worked to "clean up" the Stonelands, and have seen some action in Anauroch and against the Zhentarim.

The company's symbol is an amulet showing a red raven.

Strategies and Tactics: The Red Ravens prefer government jobs, such as fighting bandits or goblinoids.

Their battlefield tactics are fairly simple and straightforward, though they will engage in an occasional ambush.

Personality: As one of the few groups in Cormyr with a "license to pillage," the Red Ravens are very careful to not do anything to lose their charter. They never cheat clients.

Logistics: Most Red Ravens carry swords and wear studded leather. They charge 200 gp per week.

The Renegades

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: Chessenta

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Chessenta

Leader: Helyos

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 200

General Alignment: Neutral (evil)

History: The Renegades are human males from Akanax, city of soldiers. They chose exile from their home so they could earn gold as well as glory.

The Renegades' leader, Helyos, a 14th-level fighter, is considered one of the toughest and meanest fighters in Chessenta. In a recent tournament, he nearly won the throne of Mourktar. The company comprises 70 cavalry (3rd-level fighters led by the 10th-level Pyrimestes), 20 infantry (2nd-level fighters led by the 7th-level Themis), and 90 archers (1st-level fighters led by the 9th-level Hamilcar). There are also six scouts and 10 low-level mages in the company.

Strategies and Tactics: The corps will take any job if the price is right.

On the battlefield, the Renegades will do whatever it takes to win. The mages and archers generally soften the enemy before the infantry engages, which allows the cavalry to sweep in for the kill.

Personality: The Renegades are known for ruthlessness and excessive pillaging. They are unscrupulous and will twist the spirit of agreements with employers. They have many enemies, but are on good terms with several pirate bands.

Logistics: The infantry uses chain mail, shield, and long sword, while the archers use leather armor, long bow, and broadsword. Cavalry uses heavy warhorses,



plate mail, lance, and shield.

The corps charges 200 gp per week.

The Sailors of the Crimson Sea

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: Chessenta

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Chessenta, Chondath

Leader: Lhrek Jarsyn

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 185

General Alignment: Lawful neutral

History: This group's name is a metaphor: "the crimson sea" is a bloody battlefield, and "sailors" are soldiers.

Formed only a few years ago by a man named Bendix, the Sailors of the Crimson Sea have seen many hardships. In the recent battle of Thurgabanteth in Chondath, the company lost many of its fighters, including Bendix.

After a political fight for leadership between Lhrek Jarsyn (7th-level fighter) and Iurnan Chall (7th-level wizard), Lhrek became leader, Chall his top adviser. They have three lieutenants.

Chard leads the cavalry (60 2nd-level warriors); Masoth leads the infantry (20 2nd-level fighters and 60 4th-level fighters); and Vidad leads the archers (40 1st-level warriors).

Strategies and Tactics: The Sailors prefer to be on the right side of a conflict, but never work for free.

Once in combat, the company employs good tactics, though morale has a tendency to be low because of the politics among the leaders.

Personality: The Sailors always hold up their end of a bargain. They have a few enemies, mostly evil groups. They are careful in forests because of a past encounter with treants in the Chondalwood.

Logistics: Cavalry uses plate mail, shield, and lance; infantry, plate or chain mail,

shield, and long sword; and archers, leather armor and long bows.

The sailors ask 250 gp per week.

The Society of the Sword

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Cimbar in Chessenta

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Chessenta, the Vilhon Reach

Leader: Stilmus

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 1,020

General Alignment: Lawful neutral

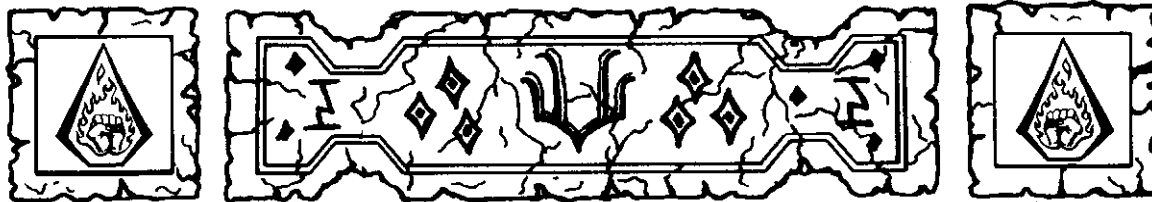
History: The Society of the Sword is the largest and oldest mercenary group in Chessenta. Formed nearly a century ago, the company's leadership has passed through many hands.

The current leader is Stilmus, 15th-level fighter and scarred veteran of many conflicts. His lieutenants are Belvorides, a 12th-level mage, who leads five 5th-level and 10 3rd-level mages; Aronidas, an 8th-level elven fighter/mage, who leads the archer unit (200 2nd-level warriors); Artema, female 9th-level half-elven fighter, who leads the infantry corps (100 4th-level fighters and 500 2nd-level fighters); and Marcellus, 8th-level fighter, who leads the cavalry unit (200 4th-level warriors).

Within each unit, each squad of 10 has a sergeant, and each platoon of five squads has a captain. These leaders are chosen by Stilmus and his lieutenants from the best leaders in each unit. The Society of the Sword has gained fame for its activities in Chessenta and its neighboring areas. They have often been called upon to break the strength of one pirate clan or another.

Strategies and Tactics: The Society prefers high-prestige jobs. They will not fight against weak opponents.

Stilmus and his lieutenants are great tacticians, and the company is deadly on the battlefield. Stilmus is also a fine strategist, and tries to engage the enemy in ad-



vantageous situations.

The Society of the Sword never indulges in looting; any individual caught doing so is permanently expelled from the company.

Personality: The Society of the Sword believes that good mercenaries should be worth twice the price they charge. The members of this group are proud warriors, but are less interested in glory than in doing a good job. They practice constantly to hone their skills, and all members specialize in the use of the long sword.

Stilmus is obsessed with honor. Once an agreement is made, he will uphold it, both in letter and in spirit. If another party tries to cheat him or his company, he considers this a challenge to his honor, something he takes very seriously. Stilmus has fought many duels to defend his honor, and on occasion has dragged his company along on a quest for vengeance.

Stilmus hates Helyos, leader of the Renegades, because Helyos tried to kill him to gain control of a mercenary company in which they both served. Stilmus looks forward to a time when the Society of the Sword can eliminate the Renegades and Helyos.

Logistics: All members of the Society carry long swords. Members of the cavalry and infantry units wear plate mail and carry shields. The archers wear studded leather and carry long bows in addition to their long swords. The cavalry unit uses heavy warhorses.

The company charges 1,500 gp per week, or 300 gp per day for shorter jobs. Employers are also expected to pay any expenses for transportation, food, and additional equipment.

The Society keeps wills for its members, paying shares to the beneficiaries of slain members.

The Veterans' Guild of Ravens Bluff

Type: Standing/recruits, fixed

Base: Ravens Bluff

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Sea of Fallen Stars, the Vast

Leader: Giovanni the Drake

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 300-500

General Alignment: Neutral

History: Giovanni the Drake is a human 5th-level fighter/8th-level bard who started a guild in Ravens Bluff for the veterans of the Horde wars.

Giovanni is assisted by a four-person staff: Borg Doon, his second-in-command; Dag Silverbrow, tactician; Nyssa, strategist; and Mario the Axe, logistics officer. There are also five unit commanders who were chosen by their units.

Standard fighting units are infantry (100 1st-level warriors); archers (100 3rd-level fighters); cavalry (50 2nd-level fighters); wizards (20 mages, levels 2-5). The fifth unit consists of 15 priests (mainly healers) and 10 bards who form a musical corps to inspire the troops before they enter battle.

The Veterans are employed mostly to keep the free cities safe from pirates.

Strategies and Tactics: The Veterans prefer to work for local governments and merchants. While the Drake himself is not an expert in military matters, he has gathered a staff which is.

Personality: This company is motivated primarily by a desire for enough gold to live on. They never betray clients and have not been in existence long enough to make enemies.

Logistics: The Veterans have a variety of arms and equipment, though their standard is scale mail and long sword.

The company charges 1 gp per person per day when on a job.

Chapter 3: Nonhuman Companies

Though not yet “standard” in the Realms, nonhuman companies in general are becoming more common as more races become curious about the world around them.

In contrast, elven and dwarven mercenaries have existed for centuries, but are becoming less common as the population of those races dwindles. Most elves and dwarves would rather not be paid for ending their lives early.

Most nonhuman companies are made up of ogres or goblinoids. Some groups form spontaneously when an entire tribe decides to hire itself out as a mercenary corps; these groups are usually led by their chieftains or shamans. They might be motivated by greed, or lack of food and other necessities may drive them to seek employment.

Other nonhuman mercenary corps are founded by powerful human wizards or monstrous leaders, inspired by greed, a need for revenge, or some similar motivation. These leaders usually dominate the company completely, holding its members almost as slaves.

Nonhuman mercenary companies can serve as wonderful antagonists in campaign situations.

The Companies

Most of the entries in this section appear in a somewhat abbreviated format.

The map on page 5 shows where many of the groups operate, while the index on page 64 lists the groups by region and also lists the other sources where information might be found.

The Blue Sigil

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Mog’s Keep near Longsaddle

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The North

Leader: Mog the Fist

Government: Dictatorship

Number of Members: 450

General Alignment: Neutral evil

History: The Blue Sigil ogres became a mercenary company about 15 years ago, when imminent starvation drove their leader, Thorog, to find a way to support his tribe. Thorog’s tribe had been raided several times by adventurers, some with unique symbols, some paid by nearby towns to kill ogres.

Thorog, a rather smart ogre, reasoned that if other people could get paid to kill ogres, ogres could get paid to kill other people. He created the company’s sigil and required all members to wear it for unity. The symbol, a blue circle crossed by a crescent moon and a lightning strike, is also displayed on armor and the back of helmets (so the ogres know not to stab other members in the back).

The savage Blue Sigil had problems getting hired at first, but they have gained a reputation for living up to their agreements. They charge 500 gp per week and enjoy looting.

Thorog and the leaders who followed him (Mog is the eighth) have used some of the company’s funds to purchase special arms and armor for the ogres and ogresses of the Blue Sigil. The group keeps these in good condition.

Thorog and his successors have accepted lone ogres into their group if they undergo an initiation, and the corps maintains a fairly large population.

The Blue Sigil is enemy to the Bloodaxes and the Chill.



The Chill

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Chill Tower in the Lurkwood

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The North

Leader: Ardenor Crush

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 650

General Alignment: Lawful evil

History: Though he appears to be a normal hobgoblin, Ardenor Crush is a reincarnated evil warrior and should be treated as a 10th-level fighter. After he found himself in a hobgoblin body, Ardenor formed a band to exact revenge on those who had slain him.

He found his friend Grangor (the 13th-level wizard who reincarnated him) and gathered most of the goblinoid troops who survived the Second Battle of Urml (see I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*). With these allies, he hunted and killed the group of adventurers who thought they had ended his evil ways.

Ardenor led his band into the North, gathering a large, well-trained force with five units: the Frost Riders, 100 hobgoblins armed with battle axes and mounted on heavy warhorses; the Winter Wolves, 100 goblins armed with spears and mounted on winter wolves; the Cold Steel, 150 orcish swordsmen; the Frigid Fists, 50 ogrish shock troops; and the Icicles, 200 kobold archers specializing in ambushes. The group is well-equipped and very dangerous. They charge 500 gp per week.

Ardenor has several magical items, including *gauntlets of ogre power* and an amulet that allows him to summon a nightmare for up to eight hours each day. Grangor does not accompany the corps on missions, but instead usually remains in Chill Tower to defend it. Each unit is headed by a lieutenant of the same type, but with maximum hit points.

The company's symbol, worn on the upper arm, is the brand of a fist around which is the tattoo of a white nimbus.

The Chill has a number of enemies, including the Bloodaxes and the Blue Sigil ogres. Though on poor terms with most of the orcish tribes in the region, they are sometimes hired by them.

Clan Hammerhand

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Ravens Bluff

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Bloodstone Lands, the Vast

Leader: Garren Hammerhand

Government: Clan

Number of Members: 200

General Alignment: Lawful good

History: Clan Hammerhand is a long-lived dwarven clan that was established in Earthfast and in Ravens Bluff when it was still Sarbreen.

After the Horde Wars—in which several Hammerhands participated—the entire clan determined to resettle in Earthfast, which would involve removing a number of the goblinoids there. To support the clan and gain battle experience, several Hammerhands hire themselves out as mercenaries.

The mercenaries maintain offices in Ravens Bluff, Tantras, and Telflamm. To distinguish themselves, they wear beads (ranging from simple stone to jeweled gold) in their beards and hair.

All of Clan Hammerhand's mercenaries are infantry, wielding a variety of weapons; hammers are the most popular by far, but there are a number of battle axes and footman's picks as well. They are excellent at underground maneuvers and quite good at sieges. They charge 5 gp per member per week or portion thereof.



The Claw

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: The Trollmoors in the North

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The North, the Underdark

Leader: Killithor the Alhoon

Government: Dictatorship

Number of Members: 100

General Alignment: Lawful evil

History: The Claw is a company of trolls. The members of the Claw wear no symbols, and are directed in battlefield action by hidden masters, presumed by most to be the wizards who are contacted when somebody wishes to hire the mercenary company.

The real leader of the Claw is Killithor the Alhoon, an "illithilich" as described in the *Menzoberranzan* boxed set. Alhoon are undead, psionic mind flayers who can cast spells as 9th-level wizards. Killithor has a council of four normal mind flayers under his control. These in turn communicate with the four human wizards who direct commerce for the Claw, demanding a flat fee of 1,000 gp for any job lasting up to one month.

The Alhoon and his officers are very secretive and seldom seen. They participate in Claw battles, but never risk their secrecy. Killithor has never been known to participate in a battle directly, and has been seen only by his illithid council.

The Claw was formed to spread destruction and may eventually act as a body of shock troops for some nefarious plan of Killithor's.

The trolls of the Claw have no choice on the jobs they take. Their tactics are very basic, though mental commands from the leaders direct them. With their regenerative ability and attacks, the trolls are very effective troops.

The Red Thunder Mercenary Corps

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: The Hordelands

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Hordelands

Leader: Glory Black-hoof

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 150

General Alignment: Neutral

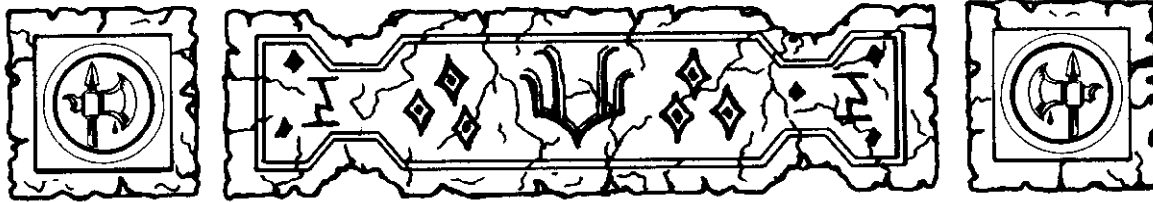
History: The Red Thunder was formed primarily by centaurs from the Chondalwood after they participated in the Battle of Five Crowns in the war against the arcanaloth Yrkhete (see I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*).

Glory Black-hoof was a minor officer in the centaur forces; meeting and fighting aside members of other races piqued her curiosity, as well as that of other centaurs. After the wars, she and about 30 other centaurs formed a small mercenary company.

The Red Thunder saw action in the Shaar, along the Vilhon Reach, and in the Bloodstone Lands. More centaurs were recruited into the band, which moved its operation into the Hordelands after the Horde Wars. There, they came in contact with the nomadic centaurs of the steppes (see the *Horde* boxed set), a tribe of which joined the Red Thunder. Though the nomads were not used to female leadership, they have learned that Glory is a masterful tactician.

The company consists of three units of 50 archers each; one unit also carries nets and long swords, another sabres, and the third lances. The company prefers to attack with bows, and will retreat to lead opponents into ambush.

The Red Thunder Corps works primarily as caravan guards, for which they charge a reasonable fee of 150 gp per week.



Servants of the Royal Egg

Type: Standing/recruits, roaming

Base: Rethild

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Chult, Tethyr

Leader: Sladdis (Ghassis)

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 200-500

General Alignment: Neutral

History: These spear-wielding lizardmen are unusual among mercenary corps because they are slaves. This group is “rented out” to whomever offers the lizard king Ghassis sufficient gold. The group’s normal cost is 10 sp per member per week, to which Ghassis adds up to 1 gp per slave per week for hazardous jobs (those in which he expects 25% or greater casualties). As long as the gold is right, Ghassis has no qualms about sending the company on even the most dangerous missions, but expects payment in advance.

Ghassis is a shrewd, well-traveled individual. It is rumored he has connections to spelljamming lizard men who supply him with large numbers of strong and intelligent slaves.

Wise employers provide strong leadership and explicit instructions for the corps because the Servants show little initiative. Their field leader Sladdis is intelligent, but is trained to follow orders rather than give them.

The Servants will follow simple, direct tactical orders with single-minded determination. These mercenaries are known for their intense sense of group identity, and few of these implacable reptiles have the imagination to truly fear much of anything. If an employer is interested in hiring a mercenary company for a dangerous, thankless, yet straightforward task, the Servants of the Royal Egg should be considered.

The Shard

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: The Orsraun Mountains

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Unknown

Leader: Londa Ironhead

Government: Clan

Number of Members: ? (less than 50)

General Alignment: Neutral evil

History: The Shards may exist only in memory now. Two seasons ago, a party of adventurers stumbled upon a scene of carnage, noting three red dragon corpses and a large number of charred ogre bodies with the distinctive obsidian-edged weapons that marked members of the Shard. Eagerly searching for treasure, the adventurers found only scorched ground and a few stray coins, leading them to believe that at least some of the ogres had escaped.

The Shieldbreakers

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Shieldbreaker Citadel south of the Deepwash

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Tethyr (?)

Leader: Koranan Splitoak

Government: Military hierarchy

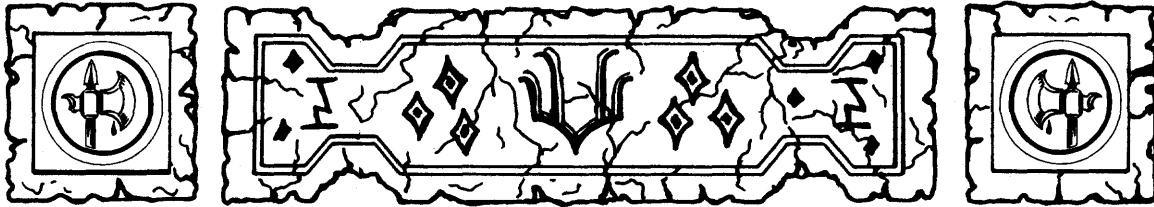
Number of Members: 320

General Alignment: Lawful evil

History: The Shieldbreakers are ogres named for their action upon refusing to support their chief’s slaughter of a human village. They still refuse to use shields in battle, but instead wield two-handed weapons, especially bardiches.

Led by the veteran mercenary Koranan Splitoak, the Shieldbreakers accept any job save one calling for the murder of unarmed foes (which they consider dishonorable). This corps is one of the most respected in the Realms.

They ask 50 gp per day of action.



Silent Rain

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Evereska

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The North, the Stonelands

Leader: Nightshade

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 100 (?)

General Alignment: Chaotic good

History: Little is known of this mysterious group of elven archers, for few have survived their "deadly rain" of arrows. Of those few, none have seen even one of the infamous mercenaries. The company is recognized by their arrows, which use red-striped black fletching and uniquely shaped heads.

Consisting solely of elves, the Silent Rain is one of the most exclusive of mercenary



corps. Caring little for gold and fame (they ask only 100 gp per week), Silent Rain will agree only to jobs that either promote elven causes or involve destroying humanoids.

Prospective employers must leave written word (in elvish) near Evereska, and the Silent Rain will send a representative if interested. Little is known of their leader, but she is supposedly as deadly and as beautiful as her namesake.

The Teeth

Type: Standing

Base: The Stonelands

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Stonelands, the Goblin Marches

Leader: Jadron the Fang

Government: Dictatorship

Number of Members: 100-200

General Alignment: Chaotic evil

History: These ogres are led by one of the cruelest mercenary captains known, Jadron the Fang. Jadron is utterly ruthless and is as much feared and respected by his own warriors as by his enemies. Over the course of his short and bloody career, Jadron has made many enemies and no friends. Nightshade, leader of the Silent Rain, is particularly vehement in her hatred of Jadron and the Teeth.

To join the Teeth, an ogre must go through a rigorous initiation, including filing all teeth to sharp points. The only way to leave the Teeth is by dying.

The Teeth are loosely organized into units of 19 warriors and a sergeant who reports directly to Jadron. These units can be employed separately or combined to form a larger force. The Teeth favor quick, decisive combat and favor striking from several directions at once to confuse and frighten their foes. The Teeth are especially fond of biting their opponents, leaving distinctive marks on their victims.

This company hires itself out for any job for 2 gp per warrior per week.

Chapter 4: Regional Companies

This chapter covers mercenary companies that originated in areas other than Faerun, or in little-known and culturally unique areas of the continent. None of the corps presented in the next few pages are medieval and western European in feel.

The corps in this chapter offer DMs an opportunity to introduce other cultures to players, but be warned: these entries are very brief. To give the players a real feel for an encounter with members of another culture, DMs will need to do some independent research.

One difference is especially notable in the companies of this chapter: the motivations for formation. Some companies formed for a specific task, while others began as an exploratory mission, and still others became mercenary groups and traveled to Faerun because of the promise of better conditions than they faced at home.

Whatever the reason, these companies are generally less concerned with the primary motivations of gold and glory. This is not to say that companies from other regions are never inspired by such things; these samples are simply presented as a contrast to the standard companies of the Realms.

The Companies

Several of the entries in this chapter appear in abbreviated format.

The map on page 5 shows where many of the groups operate, while the index on page 64 lists the groups by region and also lists the other sources where information might be found.

The Anaconda

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: the Elven Wood near Elmwood

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Dalelands and the Stonelands

Leaders: Nkonzi and Kwanza

Government: Brotherhood

Number of Members: 90

General Alignment: Neutral

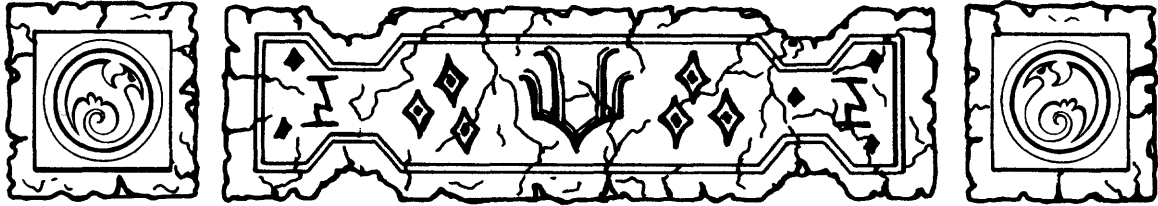
History: This company of black men and women is a brotherhood of warriors sworn to defend one another to the death. Membership is open only to fighting couples; man and wife join at the same time and fight in pairs. Two small rows of diamond-shaped ritual scars on the scalp signify initiation.

The current leaders are Nkonzi Maru, an 11th-level ranger specialized in the spear, and her husband Kwanza Maru, a 9th-level priest of the snake god that is the Anaconda's patron deity. The troops are mostly 3rd-level warriors with concealment and tracking skills.

The origins of the Anaconda warrior society are lost, even to Nkonzi. Their culture is sophisticated but insular, and their language and rituals are never shared with outsiders. Their homeland is an island far to the southwest. Persistent rumors of weretigers among the Anaconda ranks have never been confirmed or denied.

They use poison when outnumbered, but only under a strict code. Only missile weapons may be poisoned, and only one member of a pair may use them.

Strategies and Tactics: The Anaconda take any paying job, but their pay scale always reflects the amount of trouble they expect. Rumors place them as taking jobs both protecting and looting caravans in the Dalelands as well as fighting both with and against the goblinoids of the Stonelands. Their enemies claim they occasion-



ally work for the Zhentarim; as on many subjects, they have no comment.

The Anaconda excel as irregular troops and advance scouts, harassing and withdrawing or setting ambushes. Their ambushes frequently take place by night and involve poisoned blowgun darts. Kwanza can mix a potion that mimics infravision, allowing the Anaconda to operate at night.

In large battles or when on caravan duty they employ Blanka, their elephant mascot, as a rallying point. Nkonzi sometimes has other animal companions as well, including a brace of hawks and a white tiger. The Anaconda's ability to speak an obscure language makes the use of codes unnecessary in battle.

Personality: The Anaconda is a closed group, unwilling to admit outsiders into their confidence. They have a calculating approach to their work; they resent every loss they take, and employers who seek to place them in unnecessary jeopardy often find themselves facing a blood feud carried on by the entire company. However, they never back out of a contract; even if it costs them a dozen pairs of fighters, they finish the job. As soon as their contract expires, however, their employer had better have hired some new help—the Anaconda will destroy everything they just finished defending if their services were underappreciated.

Logistics: The Anaconda travels light; members use scimitars, spears, hand axes, and javelins, and a third of them carry blowguns. They wear hides or leather armor and carry shields.

The basic cost to retain the Anaconda is 120 gp per week but can go to as much as 400 gp for night raids and long-range reconnaissance.

Bushido

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: Chessenta

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Chessenta

Leader: Noro Amoto

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 181

General Alignment: Lawful neutral

History: Inspired by western contact during the Horde Wars, this corps is learning about Realms cultures and hopes to report back to Kara-Tur. It contains 60 heavy infantry, 60 medium cavalry, and 60 mounted archers.

The samurai Noro Amoto, a 10th-level fighter, raised the Bushido to defend the lands of Kara-Tur against the Horde. After fighting well, his men kept marching west.

Noro is choosy about commissions and accepts only honorable work. In battle, Noro prefers to deploy his footmen in strong set positions for foes to break themselves against while the archers harry them. The cavalry are saved for the final blow or to cover a withdrawal. Hard-riding messengers convey orders from Noro to his three lieutenants.

Noro rules with a firm hand; all decisions are his. The company always abides by the code of bushido. They never loot the dead. Transient, they make few attachments, and are curious about both customs and military skill. They have had two inconclusive run-ins with the Renegades.

Bushido is well armed. The archers carry short composite bows and short swords, and wear leather armor. The footmen bear spears and wear brigandine armor. The cavalry has katanas, lances, and banded mail.

The cost of the corps is 700 gp a week.



The Jaguar Guard

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Myratma in Tethyr

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:
Tethyr

Leader: Miquiztl Manik

Government: Brotherhood

Number of Members: 72

General Alignment: Neutral

History: The Jaguar Guards are from Maztica (see the Golden Legion entry).

Each member of the company is a Jaguar Knight from the city-state of Kultaka. Jaguar Knights are part of an elite order, a brotherhood that served as leaders for Maztican armies. They are recognizable by their distinctive jaguar skin armor.

Kultakan warriors helped the Golden Legion conquer the great nation of Nexal. Many of them did not realize their entire continent had been opened to the people of Faerun. Later, when things quieted a bit, the leaders of Kultaka decided to learn about the newcomers by sending a group across the seas to Faerun.

The decision was aided by the presence of a merchant from Myratma, a port city in Tethyr. This fellow, Gar Hollan, offered transportation to Faerun and glorious battle when they arrived.

The Jaguar Guard has been active in skirmishes in Tethyr, where they have lost a few men. They will probably become more active in the future, either as elite skirmishers or as leaders of other military units.

Each Jaguar Guard is a 5th-level warrior, except their leader, who is a 10th-level fighter. Miquiztl Manik has hopes that he and his company can claim some land in Faerun, to which they can bring family and friends.

The Jaguar Knight kit is fully described in the Maztica boxed set. If that reference is unavailable, use the following abilities

for these characters: they can transform into jaguars at will and may cast one spell per day, *talonblade*, which allows them to give a stone weapon a +3 enchantment for a period of one hour.

Strategies and Tactics: The Jaguar Guard currently has an exclusive contract with the council of Myratma, and accepts almost any combat duty. They will not engage in needless slaughter, and they understand honor.

In battle, the Jaguar Guards often act as skirmishers, their ability to change into jaguars giving them some advantages in surprise and stealth. When not using guerrilla tactics, the Jaguar Guard will offer opposing units the chance to become prisoners (a compromise between their style of battle, in which taking prisoners was important, and the style of Faerun).

Miquiztl Manik (roughly translatable as “hand of death”) is a master tactician, as are most of his warriors. They follow orders explicitly.

Personality: The Jaguar Guards were raised as warriors. As Jaguar Knights, they were nobles in their homeland. In Faerun, they have not received treatment befitting nobles because most people regard them as ignorant savages. Savages they may be, but they are intelligent ones with a sense of honor.

The Jaguar Guards have few enemies in Faerun, though it is only a matter of time before they earn the enmity of other forces in Tethyr.

Logistics: The Jaguar Guards are armed with knife, spear, and maca (treat the latter as a battle axe). They charge 50 gp per week, plus food, lodging, and any steel weapons used by their defeated enemies.



The Realmspace Companies

If the SPELLJAMMER® boxed set is used (or even acknowledged), the DM should consider the companies detailed in SJR2, *Realmspace*. Though these companies act primarily in wildspace and on the other planets of the Toril system, they occasionally interact with the peoples of Toril.

This chapter briefly discusses the four major Realmspace companies and their operations on Toril. If the DM wishes, these companies could be used as adventure hooks to move the player characters into a wildspace adventure.

In particular, if the players happened to stumble upon a neogi or illithid slaving operation, they may come in contact with one or more of the following groups. Alternatively, if someone were able to contact one of the groups, their services might be purchased—provided they were hired to do something basically good.

Code Helm

This large group (more than 300 people) resides near the sixth planet of the Toril system, Glyth. They conduct raids against mind flayer “ranches” to free the humanoids held as slaves and cattle by the illithids.

Most members of Code Helm are paladins (including their leader, 21st-level Easel Gifford of Amn), though many are specialty priests of Helm. The company is ruled in a military fashion.

If illithid activities increased on Toril, or if word reached Code Helm of a mind flayer “ranch” in the Realms, they would very likely arrange a large raid.

If contacted and offered both money and a chance to kill mind flayers, Code Helm would probably operate much like a mercenary company.

Emerald Brotherhood

This group started out as adventurers in the Realms, operating in Amn, Tethyr, the Thornwood, and the Snowflake Mountains. They were taken into wildspace by illithid slavers.

The Emerald Brotherhood has pledged itself to fight neogi and mind flayers. They may follow individuals of these type to Toril—or may be followed to Toril by neogi, who have offered a high bounty for their deaths. Though the Brotherhood has only four members, it is possible they would recruit an army if a neogi or illithid slaving operation were discovered on Toril.

The Enforcers

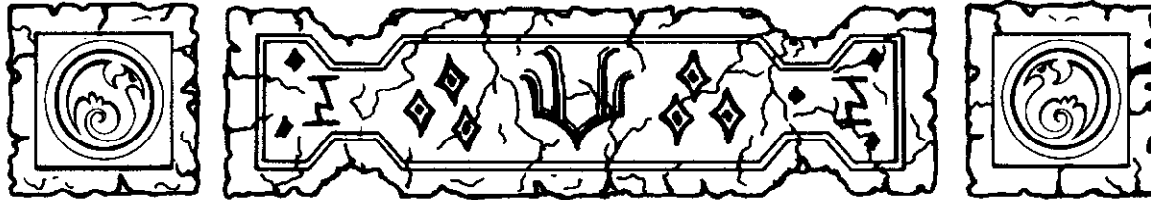
The Enforcers consist of 11 people who are active against pirates and mind flayers in the Toril system. The group is led by a lizard man ranger (8th level Frollth) and a good frost giant (Murray Coldstare). There are also mages, priests, and fighters in the crew.

Members of the Enforcers are vigilantes who have a tendency to ignore established laws when pursuing justice. Like the Emerald Brotherhood, they are potential mercenary recruiters.

The Gauntlet

This is another group devoted to ending neogi and illithid slaving operations. They consider themselves the police force of the Tears of Selune, the small group of asteroids that orbit Toril in the wake of the moon Selune.

The 14 members of the Gauntlet include high-level mages, priests, and paladins. As with the Emerald Brotherhood and the Enforcers, if a neogi or illithid operation were discovered on Toril, the Gauntlet could become mercenary recruiters.



The She-Wolves

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Ixinos, Vilhon Reach

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Vilhon Reach, the Sea of Fallen Stars

Leader: Theia Heithalata

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 240

General Alignment: Lawful neutral

History: The She-Wolves are female warriors from a small island in the mouth of the Vilhon Reach. Their society is an amazon-style culture, and the women of Ixinos are trained for battle almost from their birth.

The She-Wolves mercenary company was formed nearly a century ago to allow amazons with wanderlust the opportunity to travel while helping to support their homeland.

Though the membership of the She-Wolves rotates, the company always has two units of infantry (each with 50 3rd-level warriors), one of cavalry (50 4th-level warriors), and one of archers (50 5th-level warriors). There are also 10 scouts (rangers, levels 4-7), 10 sorceresses (levels 2-5), and 20 priestesses (levels 3-8). Each unit has a leader of like abilities, chosen from members of the unit. The group's current overall leader, Theia, is a 9th-level paladin.

If possible, the DM should use the amazon kits from *The Complete Fighter's Handbook*, *The Complete Priest's Handbook*, and *The Complete Wizard's Handbook*.

Strategies and Tactics: The amazons will take almost any military job, though they greatly prefer to be on the "good" side of a conflict. They will not accept employment from men who look down on women. In times of need, the She-Wolves also defend the shores of Ixinos and neighboring islands from pirate incursions.

The She-Wolves' tactics vary with the

terrain. Since the She-Wolves have trained all their lives to be warriors, they can work together without the usual confusion inherent in battle. They have developed a rapid code that allows them to change tactics for the entire company with only a few sharp commands. Their shifting lines and contrasting tactics often throw enough confusion into their enemies that these foes do not last long on the battlefield.

Personality: By nature, the She-Wolves are a reclusive and strongly matriarchal society, and feel no debt to men whatsoever. However, they will help any woman in trouble.

They also have a well-defined code of honor, and will not betray their contracts. Wise employers should be wary, however, of cheating the She-Wolves. If they suspect that they are being taken advantage of in some way, their vengeance is deadly and quick.

The She-Wolves have few enemies, except for the pirates of the Fallen Stars, who cannot remember a time without the amazons. The She-Wolves have disrupted piracy near their isles for their entire history and have earned the wrath of the pirates.

Logistics: The She-Wolves are generally well-equipped: one infantry unit carries short swords, the other spears, and both wear bronze plate mail; the cavalry wears scale mail and carries lances and shortswords; archers, scouts, wizards, and priests carry long bows and daggers, with all but the wizards wearing leather armor.

The basic cost to retain the She-Wolves is 500 gp per week.



The Sirocco

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: Anauroch

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Anauroch

Leader: Hajima sitt-Nasir

Government: Clan

Number of Members: 80

General Alignment: Neutral good

History: There are rumors of a land in the far, far south, where there exist civilizations of great glory and might, and where the people live and have always lived in peace and prosperity.

The Sirocco claim to be from the far southern lands, beyond even the Great Sea south of Halruaa. Little is known of their past, except that they entered the north a dozen years ago.

After accepting mercenary jobs in the Shaar and in the Old Empires, they eventually arrived in Anauroch, where they quickly carved a life from the hostile sands.

The Sirocco have none of the strange prejudices that mark many of the tribes of Anauroch; all races are welcome as long as they pay due homage to the true gods. None are turned away on their appearance alone. Their commander is a fiery 10th-level female elven fighter, and she leads a mixed band of human, elven, and dwarven fighters. If the *Arabian Adventures* book is available, use the Desert Rider kit to define every member of the Sirocco.

Strategies and Tactics: The Sirocco see their job as protecting caravans crossing the dangerous desert, as well as patrolling the sands to defend against hostile creatures. Although they have, on occasion, been known to take jobs outside the desert, they do so only when absolutely necessary. The desert may be inhospitable, but it is their home.

Their tactics are simple: waving their scimitars over their heads and shrieking out a ululant war cry, they trample their enemies into the dusty desert.

Many of their enemies have come to expect the charge of the desert riders, and prepare themselves accordingly. However, they often find themselves surprised by a different maneuver, for the Sirocco's scouts are legendary among the peoples of the great desert.

Personality: The members of the Sirocco live by their word. They take their oaths very seriously, and members of their group who knowingly break their word to a client are ejected, without water, into the searing sands.

Employers, even those who break their word with the Sirocco, can expect the desert riders to keep their end of the bargain. However, betrayers of oaths will earn themselves a tireless enemy, one that will not hesitate to offer complete and passionate destruction.

The Sirocco maintain good relations with most of the tribes of Anauroch, and have made an enemy of the Zhentarim. However, their knowledge of desert ways has thus far kept them from the terrible wrath of the evil ones, and with any luck this will continue.

Logistics: Members of the Sirocco are light cavalry armed with scimitars and light lances. Approximately 30 use short bows to harry their opponents from a distance, to fell lone scouts, or to send warnings to their comrades.

The cost of hiring the Sirocco is 120 gp per week. In addition, Hajima sitt-Nasir expects news of the outside world, and appreciates a few luxury items to make life easier for her people. When one considers the dangers in crossing the treacherous wastes of Anauroch, this is a small price to pay for security.

Chapter 5: Specialists

This chapter details several mercenary bands that specialize in some way, either by task or by weapon. These companies sometimes form when units split off from armies or larger corps. Others are created by charismatic individuals who are expert at some task. Whatever the case, there are several specialist companies in the Realms.

Certain corps can be found on maneuvers with larger bands that require their services; specialists are sometimes hired by other mercenary corps for a given task. Some operate only independently.

Like other groups, the specialist companies can be used in adventures. The PCs will run across a group or one of its members, or a group might try to recruit one of the PCs.

The Companies

Some of the entries in this section appear in abbreviated format.

The map on page 5 shows where many of the groups operate, while the index on page 64 lists the groups by region and also lists the other sources where information might be found.

The Company of Hunnar

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Riatavin in Amn

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

Tethyr

Leader: Hunnar

Government: Business

Number of Members: 200

General Alignment: Neutral

History: At the market in Riatavin, where almost anything can be bought and sold, there is a small booth where the wealthy can purchase a way past the walls of cities and castles.

The Company of Hunnar specializes in sieges and almost always works in concert

with an army or other mercenary group. Its members are split into three units: 100 0-level men-at-arms to operate siege weaponry, such as catapults, ballistae, rams, and bores; 50 1st-level fighters and thieves adept at getting over castle walls, with ladders, siege towers, and other means; and 50 0-level sappers who dig underneath.

The company charges by the type of job: 200 gp for a keep, 500 gp for a castle, and 1,000-2,000 gp for a city. For a consulting fee of 500 gp, one or two company experts will advise castle owners and city councils on ways to protect themselves from siege warfare.

The Dark Watch

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: The Orsraun Mountains

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Sea of Fallen Stars

Leader: Lothar Pelamar

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 20

General Alignment: Neutral evil

History: The Dark Watch is a group of human archers mounted on hippogriffs. They participated on the losing side in the wars of Yrkhetepe detailed in I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*. The original leader of the group, Lothar's brother Thurindar, was slain in the Battle of Five Crowns by a member of the Sunshafts (see the Company of the Singing Dawn).

The Dark Watch is an unscrupulous corps that earns 100 gp per day attacking pirate bands at the behest of rival pirates.



The Destroyers

Type: Standing, roaming
Base: Halabar in Halruaa
Current Sphere(s) of Operation:
 Tethyr

Leader: Daltim Flamefist

Government: Oligarchic council

Number of Members: 50

General Alignment: Lawful neutral

History: The Destroyers are an artillery company that uses magic as well as normal weaponry.

There are 30 wizards and psionicists (levels 2-9) in the corps, each specialized in destructive disciplines. The company's leader, Daltim Flamefist, is a 14th level fire mage with wild psionic talents.

The remaining 20 members of the Destroyers are 1st-level fighters who man catapults and other large weapons.

Strategies and Tactics: This corps usually acts as artillery support for other armies. They take some jobs as besiegers, but prefer to be in the field.

The mages and psionicists of the Destroyers use their extranatural abilities to eliminate their foes from a distance, or to soften them for the attacks of the main body.

Personality: The Destroyers will honor any contract they have made. However, once the contract has expired, they have been known to accept contracts calling for them to attack former employers. The Destroyers have a special hatred for the Red Wizards of Thay, though the reasons are not known to the public. The Destroyers will accept any contract against Thay for as low as half-price.

Logistics: The Destroyers are armed with a variety of weapons, including catapults and ballistae. Most of their elite carry magical or psionically endowed items as well.

The company charges 750 gp per day.

The Masquerade

Type: Standing, fixed
Base: Waterdeep
Current Sphere(s) of Operation:
 All of Faerun

Leader: Aquila Gerallin

Government: Cell structure (each member knows only two others and the immediate superior)

Number of Members: ? (100 +)

General Alignment: Neutral

History: The Masquerade is a company of professional spies and infiltrators. It employs a large number of informants who remain isolated from the rest of the company; the true members of the Masquerade work undercover. All are prevented from accidental exposure by mental blocks implanted by a high-level psionist.

Their leader is a doppelganger who seldom wears the same face twice.

Little is known about this shady group. Their workings were first uncovered about 25 years ago. The company's true numbers are unknown, but they have a hand in many major events in Faerun.

Most company members are human thieves and wizards, but there is a fair mix of every character class and race.

The members of the Masquerade have a universal set of five (or more?) signs by which they may recognize one another while on jobs.

Strategies and Tactics: This corps takes only missions that require infiltration and spying. Many poisonings are attributed to the Masquerade.

The only time they are involved in battle is to break sieges; they are expert at opening castles.

The members of the Masquerade go to great lengths to protect their identities, using poison or stun gas when cornered.

Personality: The Masquerade are primar-



ily information gatherers, and will record any knowledge gained. They are perhaps the best spy ring on Toril, and will not betray any contract, unless they themselves are betrayed.

The Masquerade are reasonably honorable and seem to have no dark, hidden motives. They have few enemies, only those who have started hostilities with them.

The Masquerade has apparently infiltrated many governments and several other mercenary companies in preparation for potential future jobs.

Logistics: The services of the Masquerade cost 100 gp per day, adjusted for the difficulty of the mission, and are well worth the price.

The Order of the Silver Lance

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Ormath in the Shining Plains

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Shining Plains, Amn, Tethyr

Leader: Thorivald the Grey

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 100

General Alignment: Lawful neutral

History: The Order of the Silver Lance is a corps of medium cavalry. They carry distinctive, silver-tipped lance and fly a silver banner with a black charger on it.

The company acts independently or with other mercenary companies, generally guarding trade routes in and around Amn.

The Order's leader, Thorivald, is a 10th-level paladin, and most of his riders are 5th-level fighters, rangers, and paladins. They are very trustworthy and will not work for evil employers. They prefer jobs with honor and glory.

The Order charges 100 gp per day.

The Sisterhood of the Oaks

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: The Chondalwood

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Chondalwood, the Vilhon Reach

Leader: Adriennedar Valgarien

Government: Sisterhood

Number of Members: 60

General Alignment: Neutral good

History: The Sisterhood is a group of 5th-level female rangers that participated in the Yrkhetep wars detailed in I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*. These humans, elves, and half-elves are all expert trackers, scouts, and archers. They use long bows and long swords, and all carry amethyst dragon scales, or teyastones, for luck and to symbolize their love for one another.

The Sisters are vegetarians who refuse to harm fish, birds, and other "children of nature."

Adriennedar is a 7th-level ranger, as are her closest assistants, Rebecca, Jacinda, Aleesa, and Anwyn. The group lives in tents in the Chondalwood. For 1 gp per person per week, the Sisters will hire themselves out as escorts, scouts, or a special attack force.

The Windriders

Type: Standing, fixed

Base: Arrabar in Chondath

Current Sphere(s) of Operation: None

Leader: Bren Wingblade

Government: Military hierarchy

Number of Members: 20

General Alignment: Lawful good

History: This group of griffon-mounted cavalry has all but retired after traveling to Hades to fight the forces of the arcanaloth Yrkhetep. They are a distinguished group, proud and honorable. They now fight only for glory.



The Wraith of the Inner Sea

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: The Sea of Fallen Stars

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Sea of Fallen Stars

Leader: Kreodo the "Sea Queen"

Government: Naval hierarchy

Number of Members: 751

General Alignment: Neutral

Note: The Wraith and its leader are described in FR10, Old Empires. What follows is an update of statistics and recent history.

History: The Wraith of the Inner Sea is a long-standing fleet of privateers. They ply the Sea of Fallen Stars in their huge dromonds, fighting pirates or raiding shipping for the highest bidder.

The Wraith fleet consists of three ships: the Sea Queen, the Sea Horse, and the SeaQuest. A fourth ship, the Sea Jewel, was scuttled with the loss of all hands by the former mercenary unit now known as the Agency. Each ship holds 200 crew members, 50 marines, and seven wizards (levels 3-9). The Sea Queen is Kreodo's flagship.

Kreodo is a half-orc 9th-level fighter, 6th-level thief. Her officers include several mid- to high-level fighters and thieves. If kits are used, the pirate and swashbuckler kits are most appropriate.

Kreodo is a vicious opponent, but if foes surrender, she treats them with courtesy until they can be returned home (hopefully in exchange for a good ransom). Her officers are generally unscrupulous, but are devoted to Kreodo and follow her orders to the letter.

The Wraith charges 250 gp per ship per week of activity and expects her employers to repair any damage. She is still waiting for Turmish to replace her lost ship.

Zahara's Krakens

Type: Standing, roaming

Base: The Sword Coast

Current Sphere(s) of Operation:

The Sword Coast

Leader: Zahara the Shark

Government: Naval hierarchy

Number of Members: 250

General Alignment: Chaotic good

History: Zahara's Krakens have a lucrative business protecting shipping along the Sword Coast, attacking pirate bands, and occasionally raiding a port in Tethyr. They ask 500 gp per week or any portion thereof, half in advance, and they demand land-based assistance when attacking a port.

When raiding a port, the Krakens keep destruction and killing to a minimum, and they will not even loot unless they are convinced they are somehow serving a good purpose, such as ending the reign of an evil lord.

The Krakens have a fleet of five small, fast ships. Each has a crew of 15 and carries 30 marines (3rd-level fighters or fighter-thieves) and five spellcasters (wizards or priests of level 3-8). If kits are used in the game, all Zahara's crew use the swashbuckler kit.

One of Zahara's ships is equipped with a spelljamming helm, a fact not known to the general public. If the Krakens get into trouble, the ship will launch into the air, allowing an aerial assault or a quick escape, at least for a few of the mercenaries.

The Krakens are mercenaries for glory, travel, and the thrill of adventure. They enjoy high-risk missions because of the stories they can tell later.

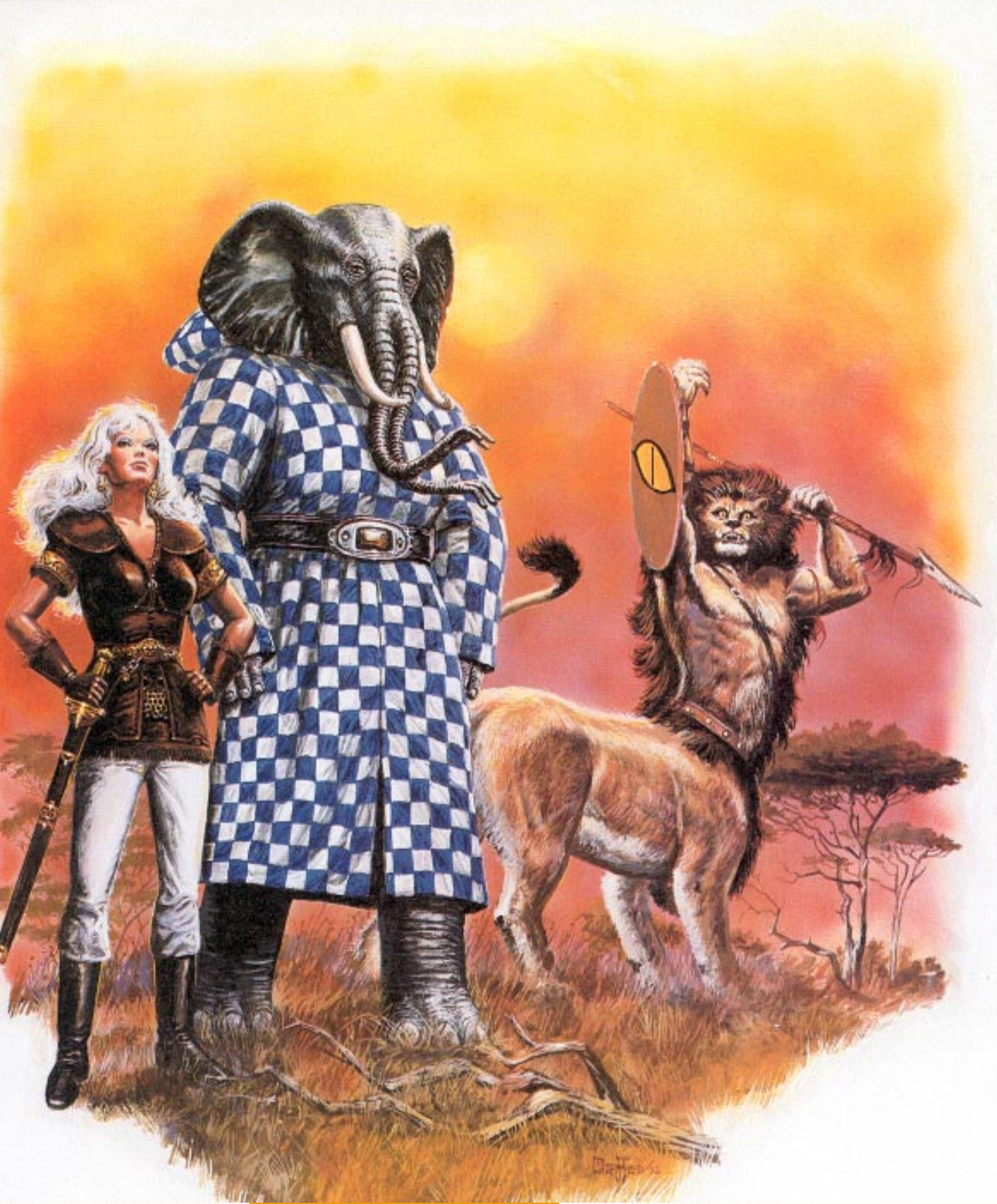
Many members of Zahara's crew are considered folk heroes by the people in the port cities of the Sword Coast, a reputation the crew goes to great lengths to protect.

Justin Ironedge guides his pegasus to a meeting of the leaders of the Company of the Singing Dawn: (left to right) Taran, Lotharius Goldentree, Miebhailar, Solara, and Randwulf Doorbane.





Targosz "Tenhammer" Khosann (far right), leader of the Blacktalons, halts a caravan to confer with his scouts.



Members of the Mindulgulph Mercenary Company, scouting in the Shaar: (left to right) Gayrlana, leader of the company; Floshta, loxo wizardess; and Karrlon, wemic scout.

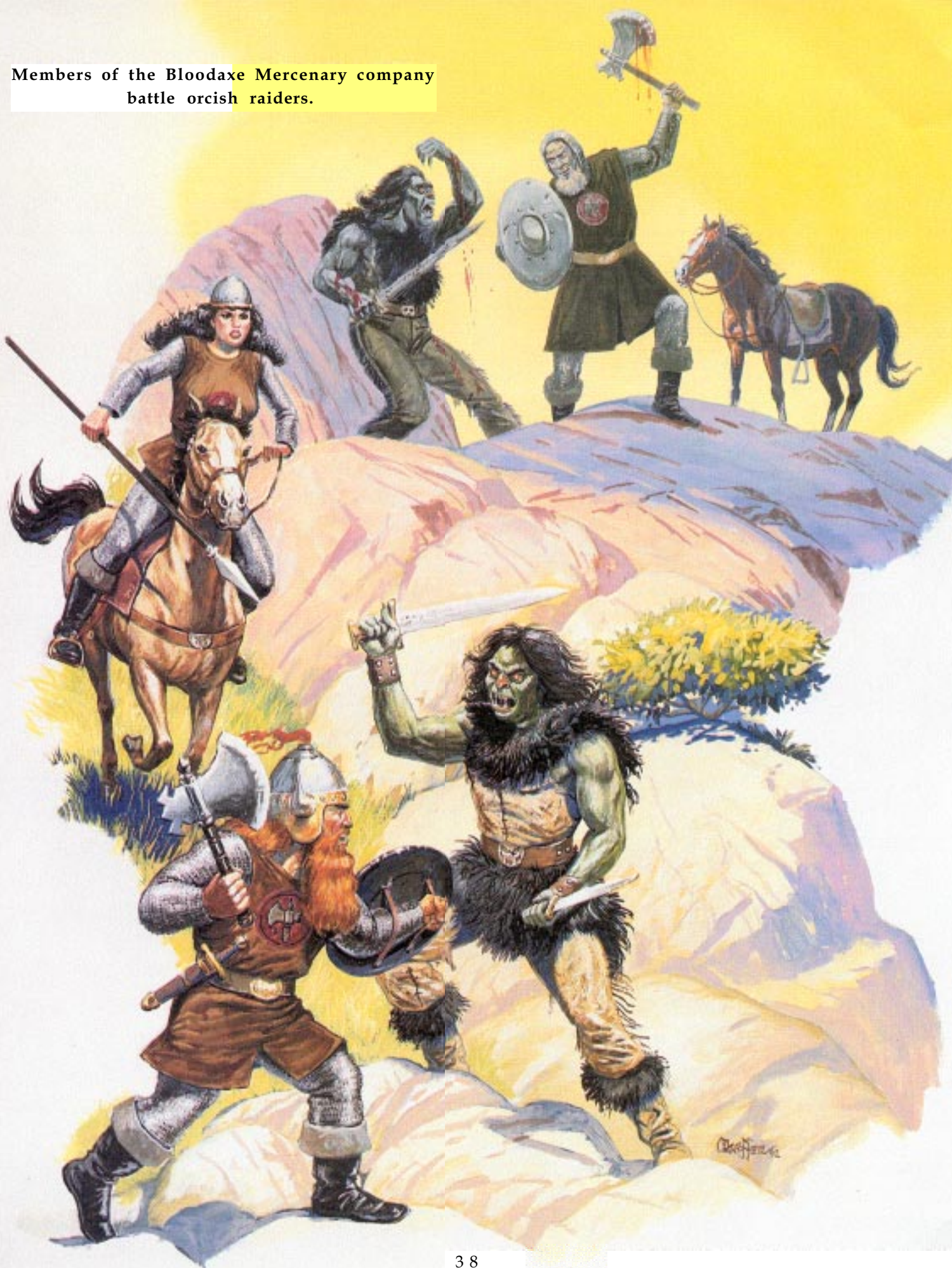


Duke Eltan (center front) prepares to lead the Flaming Fist into battle.



A member of the Flaming Fist fights a member of the Golden Legion for gold and glory.

Members of the Bloodaxe Mercenary company
battle orcish raiders.





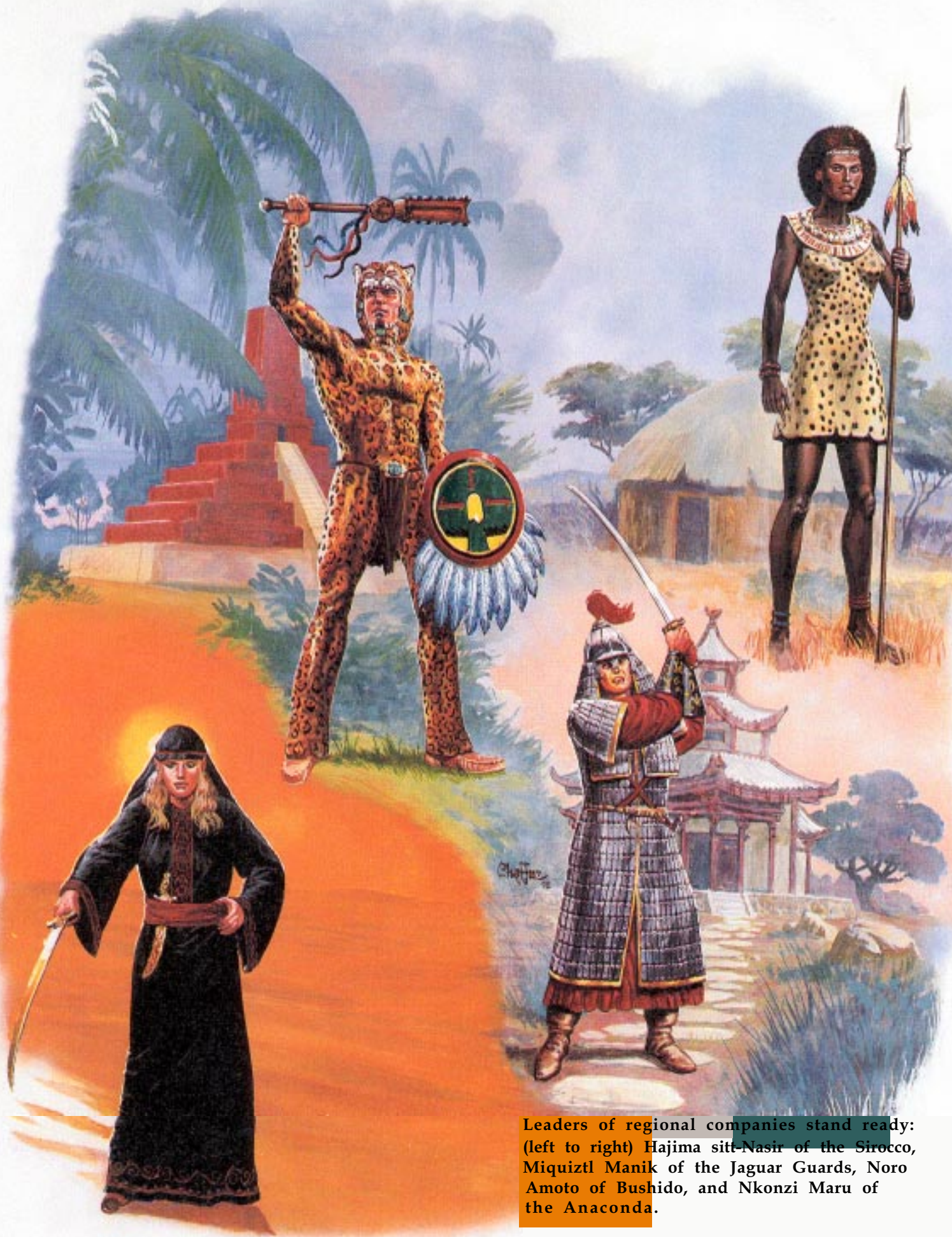
A pair of Red Ravens prepare to ambush bandits.

A Blue Sigil ogre fights a troll of the Claw, as an illithid waits for the outcome.





Goblinoids of the Chill
attack unlucky travelers in the North.



Leaders of regional companies stand ready: (left to right) Hajima sitt-Nasir of the Sirocco, Miquiztl Manik of the Jaguar Guards, Noro Amoto of Bushido, and Nkonzi Maru of the Anaconda.



Members of the She-Wolves scout the beaches in preparation for an expected landing of invaders.



A member of the Windriders (left) faces one of the Dark Watch (right).

Zahara (third from left) tries to convince a pirate leader to surrender to her Krakens.





Three recruiters for the Mercenaries' Guild of Westgate try to work out a deal: (left to right) Losifan Urdo, Mannin the Stout, and Varen Malavhan.



Some of the Boar's Heads, leaders of the Order of the Blue Boar, pose for a group portrait: (left to right) Ristamar Rhaal, Samoth Dier, Sinnom Thul, and Cullen Salgoud. A portrait of the other three Boar's Heads hangs on the wall in the background: (left to right) Thantan Rhyrdyl, Bromdurr Tathen, and Ghont Tavvas.



The shades of a pair of Midnight Men look upon the abominations they have become.

Chapter 6: Retired Companies

There are three basic reasons for retiring a mercenary company: death, legitimacy, and age. The first is common enough, and many mercenary corps have had short lifespans.

Legitimacy is attained by relatively few groups. For it, the company must have a desire to settle down, and someone must be willing to give them a permanent position of some kind.

Retirement because of age is very rare among mercenary groups. Most prefer to go out with a blaze of glory.

The Companies

Details of retired companies are offered in a very abbreviated format. References for one, the Midnight Men, appears on the map and in the index.

The Company of the Wolf

The last two decades saw the rise and fall of the Company of the Wolf, which bears no relation to the later adventuring band of the same name.

Led by Baron Wulfgar the Gray, the Company operated from the Inner Sea to the Sword Coast, guarding merchants, fighting humanoids, and occasionally choosing a side in one political conflict or another.

The Company's last action was what most would call a fool's quest—an assault on Zhentil Keep. The company's wizards and thieves managed to place someone inside the keep, but they were uncovered before capitalizing on that advantage. Orcs and other humanoids employed by the Zhentarim swarmed the Company of the Wolf, eradicating them completely.

The Gray Doom

In its early career, the Gray Doom operated in several skirmishes along the Sword Coast. They gained a reputation for speed and skill.

Later, the Gray Doom was one of the companies that fought on the side of good in the battles against Yrkhetep detailed in I14, *Swords of the Iron Legion*. Under the leadership of Olway Lezard, they distinguished themselves in the Battle of Thurgabanteth in Chondath. In that fateful battle, they earned the eternal enmity of several of the evil groups in the area.

Two years after the battle, they were set upon by members of the Chill, some of whom were survivors of the Battle of Thurgabanteth. The skirmish quickly escalated into a large engagement, and the 50 infantry and 20 archers of the Gray Doom found themselves badly outnumbered. Though they fought valiantly (delaying the growth of the Chill for more than a year), the Gray Doom was wiped out to a man.

Clan Obarskyr

Clan Obarskyr acted as mercenaries nearly 12 centuries ago. Operating in the Heartlands, they eventually decided to settle in what would become Cormyr.

They formed the dynasty that has ruled Cormyr since then, but have been largely sublimated into the other noble houses they displaced.

Remembering its mercenary background has caused the Cormyrian royal family to be wary of mercenary activity. This is partly responsible for the Cormyrian policies regarding mercenaries: companies must buy an expensive charter or prove legitimate employment if they expect to be able to gather together and carry weapons.



The Iron Legion

The Iron Legion was the name chosen by those who joined together to invade Hades, the climactic battle of the war against the forces of Yrkhetep.

Despite the inexperience of its many raw recruits, the Iron Legion did quite well. Most of the troops were killed; those who survived still tell the tales of when they went to the lower planes.

Of the groups who traveled to Hades, only two, the Windriders and the Sisterhood of the Oaks, still operate as mercenaries. The Windriders are on the verge of retirement (due to age, unless they can find one last, glorious battle). The Sisterhood maintains its membership, constantly initiating new members whom they deem worthy.

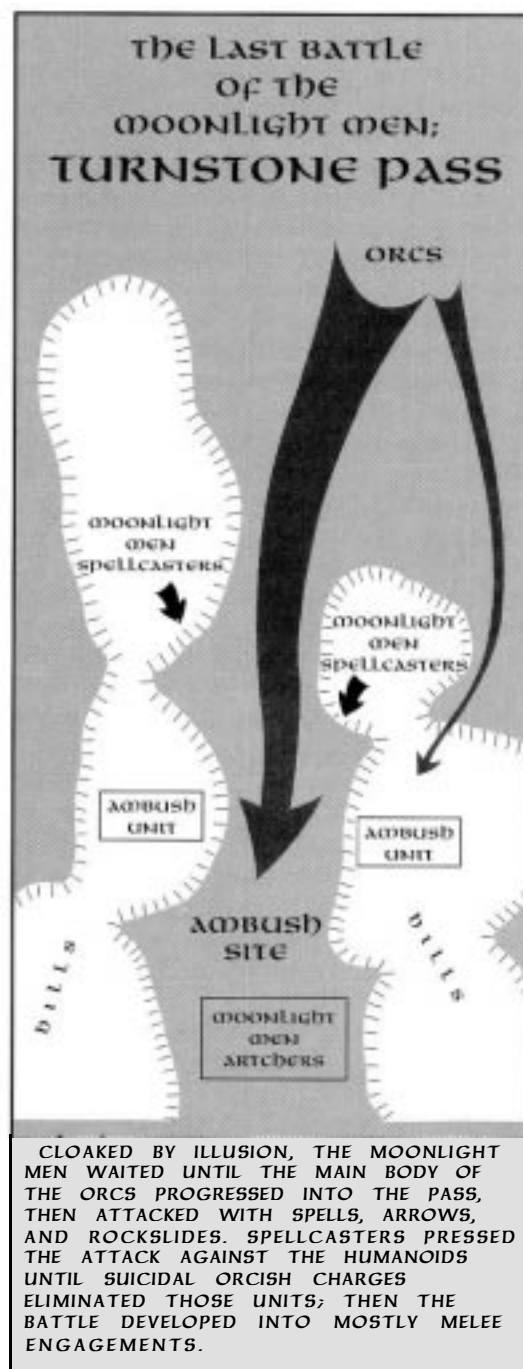
The Iron Legion is an example of a corps that retired because they outlived their purpose.

The Midnight Men

The Midnight Men gained fame in operations from Waterdeep to Thay. They were thought to have disbanded for other pursuits as long as 20 years ago. Supposedly, they were still in existence as a shadowy brotherhood, rather than a battle force.

Recently, however, the symbols of the Midnight Men have been seen on undead creatures in the Stonelands. It seems that someone or something has been hunting down former members of the Midnight Men, making them (as well as other unlucky victims) into undead abominations, and marking them as Midnight Men. Whether this is intended as a pun, or as an insidious plot for revenge, is unknown.

The group now consists of more than 100 undead, ranging from skeletons and zombies to wights and vampires.





The Moonlight Men

The Moonlight Men were one of the most famous mercenary groups, though they were active for less than 10 years.

Though they operated throughout the Realms, the Moonlight Men spent much of their time guarding caravan travel in the North, especially around Sundabar, Silverymoon, and Everlund. Detractors intimate they were smugglers as well.

Their leader was Mintiper Moonsilver (called Mintiper Silverhand by some), a bard of some renown. Mintiper had been a member of several other bands before he formed the Moonlight Men and led them to fame.

The final and most famous battle of the Moonlight Men was their defense of Turnstone Pass against orcish hordes headed toward Everlund and Silverymoon. The 200-person company slew more than 4,000 orcs in the hours-long battle. However, only six Moonlight Men survived the battle.

The whereabouts of those six survivors are unknown. Mintiper wandered in the southern lands for a while, and others are thought to now serve with Silverymoon's militia.

Red Plumes of Hillsfar

The Red Plumes were a somewhat unscrupulous band that operated in the area around the Moonsea. They were put on permanent retainer a few years ago by Maalthiir, First Lord of Hillsfar. They now lead a force of more than 10,000 fighters, levels 1-8.

Hillsfar sent a unit of 600 Red Plumes, mostly cavalry, with the Army of the Alliance during the Horde Wars.

Since the coming of the Horde, the Red Plumes have gone back to their normal activities, protecting Hillsfar and extorting passersby.

The Shining Steel Mercenary Company

The Shining Steel Mercenary Company formed when a band of adventurers (also called the Shining Steel) was asked to recruit a corps large enough to defend Spandeliyon from the pirates of the Fallen Stars.

After the pirates were turned away, much of the company stayed together under the leadership of the adventurers, a mixed group of wizards, warriors, and bards. The group operated under democratic principles, accepting several jobs around the Sea of Fallen Stars.

They paid little attention to real problems, seeing most jobs as a lark, or a romantic and glorious adventure—at least until the coming of the Horde.

The leaders of the mercenary corps held a council to discuss politics, and decided the Horde presented too great a threat to ignore. They were hired with Sembian funds (one of many companies to serve in such a way).

Though they distinguished themselves in battle, the Shining Steel was almost completely wiped out. A few of the survivors have reformed the old Shining Steel adventuring company, which now operates on the Sword Coast.

The Skykillers

The Skykillers were a short-lived mercenary group, cavalry mounted on hippogriffs. Their leader, Sir Lehakin, was a mortal enemy of Bren Wingblade, company leader of the Windriders.

Lehakin's band joined the forces of Yrkhetep when the arcanaloth moved to take over Chondath (detailed in *Swords of the Iron Legion*). The Skykillers met the Windriders at the Battle of Five Crowns, and Lehakin's forces were destroyed.

Chapter 7: Recruiters

As mentioned earlier, only some companies stay together at all times; others are formed only when the need arises. This chapter offers information on several of the better-known mercenary recruiters in the Realms.

Some recruiters are simply agents, who put mercenaries into contact with prospective employers, either in small numbers or in large groups. Other recruiters build a mercenary band which they lead into battle.

Recruiters are likely to interact with adventurers. When building a company, they often have a certain composition in mind for the corps; if a PC in the campaign meets the requirements, a mercenary recruiter may try to hire the PC. Other recruiters may simply need as many people as they can get, quick.

Not all recruiters are scrupulous. Though most of the individuals covered in this chapter try to hire mercenaries by honest and legal means, there are others who recruit by kidnaping.

The Famous and the Infamous

Though the famed recruiters of the Realms have preferred operating areas, those who actually lead companies into battle will usually travel to almost any location. For this reason, recruiters are not mentioned in the index or placed on the reference map. They and their bands can show up almost anywhere.

Since these are not companies in the sense used elsewhere in this book, the format for presentation differs, focusing on the personalities of the individual recruiters and leaders.

Blazidon One-Eye

The secret owner of the Bowels of the Earth Tavern in Waterdeep, Blazidon One-Eye acts as an agent for sellswords in Waterdeep. For a small fee, he will help individual mercenaries (or small groups) contact prospective employers.

It has been a number of years since Blazidon went into the field, and he does not recruit large groups. However, he keeps an eye on the happenings in Waterdeep, and he knows where to find mercenaries. Blazidon may be able to put employers in touch with many individuals, or find employment for a group of adventurers.

Further description of Blazidon can be found in FR1, *Waterdeep and the North*.

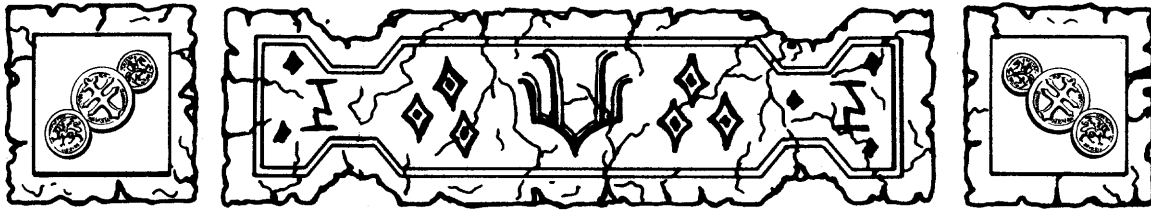
Daria the Hammer

A half-elven 10th-level mage/9th-level fighter, Daria is also a moderately wealthy merchant in Waterdeep. Suspected by some to be one of the mysterious Lords of Waterdeep, she is the best-known mercenary recruiter in the City of Splendors.

Once hired for a job, Daria contacts her regulars and puts out word that she is building a company. She often works with Blazidon One-Eye and Filiare (see individual entries) to find mercenaries of a certain type, when special units are desired by her employer.

Daria prefers to lead her company in the field, and she is quite good at strategies and tactics. She is capable of supervising almost any type of unit, from underwater cavalry to normal pikemen to magical artillery.

Daria is known for gaining lucrative deals for her recruits, who receive shares according to experience. Unless the employer wishes otherwise, recruits must bring their own equipment.



Enhanen

This cunning and charismatic fighter (8th-level) recruits from his home in Arrabar, Chondath. He employs a number of messengers who spread the word when he is hired for a job.

Most of the people he recruits come from a body of faithful veterans, but he is always willing to look at new recruits as well. He forms recruits into a company he calls the Will of Enhanen.

Enhanen can raise a body of 100-200 warriors (all infantry) within a day or two of being contacted. Though recruits are asked to bring their own equipment, Enhanen does keep a rather large arsenal that holds several of the more commonly used weapons.

Enhanen used to be more interested in glory and fame than anything else, and he traveled for a time with a semi-permanent company. After too many battles, the thrill has mostly worn off, and Enhanen sees warfare as simply a job at which he happens to be good.

Filiare

Another Waterdhavian tavern owner, Filiare is Blazidon's major competitor in the recruitment of individual hireswords or small groups.

This jovial former mercenary welcomes mercenaries in his tavern. If an employer needs a few mercenaries in a hurry, Filiare can usually recruit 20-30 within a few minutes.

Like Blazidon, Filiare never leads a force into the field. However, Filiare happily takes part in strategy sessions for a small fee (10 gp per session).

Most of Filiare's recruits have their own weapons, but Filiare does keep a large stockpile of used weapons at his tavern, the Dripping Dagger.

Filiare is quite friendly with Blazidon.

Goran of Tethyr

One of the best-known recruiters in Tethyr, Goran is a 12th-level fighter. He has a small permanent staff of six fighters and thieves who help him build mercenary units.

When an employer contracts Goran to build a mercenary company (for a fee of 1 gp per recruit), the warrior starts by advertising (posting bills, hiring criers, and so forth). If the response is not quick enough, Goran has been known to send his assistants out on a special mission in the waterfront taverns of Zazesspur and other ports along the coast of Tethyr, Calimshan, and Amn. Though he treats conscripts well and even pays them, Goran is very adamant about keeping them with the company. Those who escape earn Goran's anger, and if he has his way, his revenge.

Goran is mostly apolitical, caring little about who eventually runs Tethyr. He does, however, bear ill-will toward some of the cities of Tethyr (notably Ithmong) for failing to pay him promptly.

Goran will form three types of units for his employers: infantry, cavalry, and archers. Goran's infantry is generally irregular and somewhat disorganized, though if time permits, he will train them—a little. The cavalry tends to be more disciplined, not because of Goran's efforts, but because of some qualified officers who work as mercenaries in Tethyr. Archer units vary widely in quality; Goran knows nothing about them other than where they should go and whom they should shoot, so the quality of the unit is totally dependent on the quality of the recruits.

There are very few veterans who feel loyalty to Goran, so his companies tend to be fairly inexperienced.



Marius the Valiant

Marius, a 15th-level fighter, was a gladiator in arenas in the Old Empires and around the Vilhon Reach. He eventually led a slave revolt on an obscure island in the southern Sea of Fallen Stars. He and many of the slaves who revolted with him formed a mercenary band, the Free.

The Free operated along the coasts of the Sea of Fallen Stars for many years until they found a small city-state that offered them a home as well as a job.

All but Marius settled down at that time. He felt he should remain fighting, doing what he could to free other slaves in the region. Now, Marius maintains a headquarters in Alaghon, Turmish.

For a fee of 100 gp, Marius will recruit a corps of infantry for an employer with whom he agrees about politics. He gathers the recruits at a prearranged meeting spot of the employer's choice, reviews them, and selects the best among them.

Marius is an expert tactician, a master of many weapons, and a magnificent trainer. Within a month of being contacted (he refuses to work quicker), Marius will build a crack unit for his employer.

Though Marius is best with light infantry units (particularly swords), he is also quite adept at building, training, and supervising units of scouts, ambushers, pikes, and archers. He will gather a cavalry unit if the employer will provide good, trained horses.

Marius has never lost a battle, either in the arena or on the battlefield. Though he has a stringent code of honor and expects his employers to follow it as well, and despite his fighting to free any slaves he happens to see, he is well worth any inconvenience.

The Mercenaries' Guild of Westgate

The Guild is a group of recruiters led by three men and two women, all of whom sometimes take the field. For troops, the Guild recruits mostly warriors, levels 2-4. The Guild also locates duelists for private quarrels.

In a city full of mercenaries, the Mercenaries' Guild thrives by recruiting primarily from the proud merchant families. Locally famous as a group of ne'er-do-wells and wastrels, the Guild is also known for its brave and skillful recruits. Though the company has a core of veteran recruits, new members are added with every job.

The Guild operates exclusively in the Heartlands of the Realms. It began by rooting out pirates along the coast of the Sea of Fallen Stars. Later, it fought orcish bandits in the Hullack Forest between Highmoon and Arabel. Later, they fought with the Dalefolk when Lashan made his bid for hegemony.

The guild leader and founder, Palla the Light, is a 14th-level enchantress who began the operation as a way to cajole bored and disaffected members of the Guldar merchant family out of the city so they could make a name for themselves. Detractors claim she uses magic to recruit her troops so quickly, but, in fact, the Guild's lieutenants and their skillful propaganda deserve the credit (or blame) for filling the ranks.

Varen Malavhan, a 9th-level bard, is the guild's chief recruiting and propaganda officer and its treasurer; he makes offers and distributes shares from the payroll. His flair for selling the glory of the company (and his shameless compositions extolling its triumphs) are largely responsible for the company's reputation. He is a slender, blond fellow who carries a long ra-



pier, and he sports a very neat small beard. His family has long since given up apologizing for his unmerchantlike behavior.

Varen always joins the recruits in the field; his songs and exhortations have helped the Guild carry the day more than once. His saga of “The Battle of the Yellow Eye Orcs” was a triumph of propaganda in the taverns and made the company’s name, but it also annoyed the Urdo family, whose symbol is a yellow eye; they took his song as a personal slight. Varen rarely sings publicly in Westgate anymore; he uses a network of bards, fighters, and priests to help him recruit, in exchange for a bounty on each person they enlist.

Sehlmari “the Lucky” Ssemm, a 5th level priestess of Tymora, is the morale officer and quartermaster. She generally travels a day ahead of the troops with a platoon to buy, gather, or commandeer food, drink, and other necessities. Her ability to haggle—and her knack for scrounging up enough to get by—are legendary among the troops, as is her sense of humor and her talent with loaded dice. She is always with the recruits, but rarely leads them.

Mannin the Stout and Losifan Urdo are the field commanders, both 7th-level fighters specialized in their weapons and scarred from their days as duelists. They started as Guild recruits, but impressed Palla enough to be taken on permanently. Mannin has craggy, clean-shaven features and carries a huge double-bitted axe. He is very muscular, with short black hair. Mannin is a pragmatic and harsh commander.

Losifan is a bit of a dandy, with his small goatee, long blond hair, loose, flowing clothes, and his tastefully decorated longsword, a family heirloom. He is a member of the Urdo trading family. Mannin and Losifan are responsible for discipline and training.

Duelling among the troops is discouraged and punished, but is linked to the rivalries between the merchant families that many of the Guild’s recruits come from.

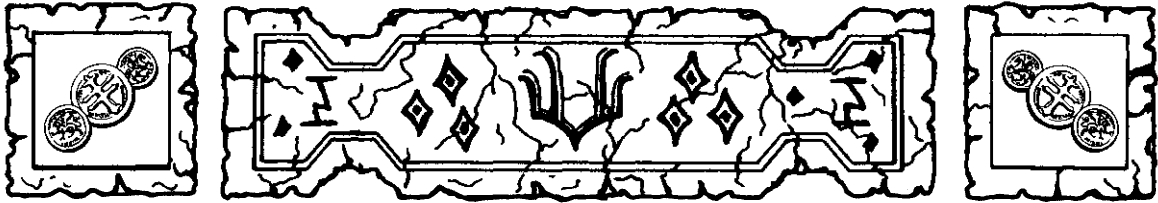
The Mercenaries Guild of Westgate is very proud of its independence from any particular merchant’s interests. They are active against bandits who loot caravans, but, for reasons of professional pride and propaganda, they refuse to raise troops for caravan guard contracts. This drives their families to distraction.

The Guild prefers to lead cavalry attacks, riding to the fore where danger and glory abound. Their charges are generally carried by their elan and prowess. When a charge collapses, it is usually due to poor discipline, high spirits, and insufficient coordination; many Guild charges have been premature. Given enough time to train their recruits, the Guild curbs this tendency to charge first and think later.

The Guild recruiters provide light warhorses, swords, and light lances for the recruits. Armor varies from plate mail to studded leather; the Guild requires volunteers to bring their own.

The Guild uniform is a dark gray cloak, generally worn off the shoulder, a violet shirt with open collar, and dark blue trousers. Fashion counts, since recruits are often younger sons and daughters of the merchant nobility. Veteran recruits, male and female alike, soon affect a long braid of hair hanging from their left temples.

A troop of 100 2nd level dragoons costs 250 gp a week; costs go up from there, and if Palla’s help is needed, the cost doubles.



The Order of the Blue Boar

It is said that anything can be purchased in Amn, and that includes mercenaries. The best and most famous mercenary recruiters in Amn belong to the Order of the Blue Boar.

The Blue Boars were once headquartered at Castle Spulzeer, but moved out several years ago when the Spulzeer family began to fall apart (see FR3, *Empires of the Sands* for more information). The leaders of the Order—the seven “Boar’s Heads”—now operate from the sprawling Castle Blue just outside of Riatavin.

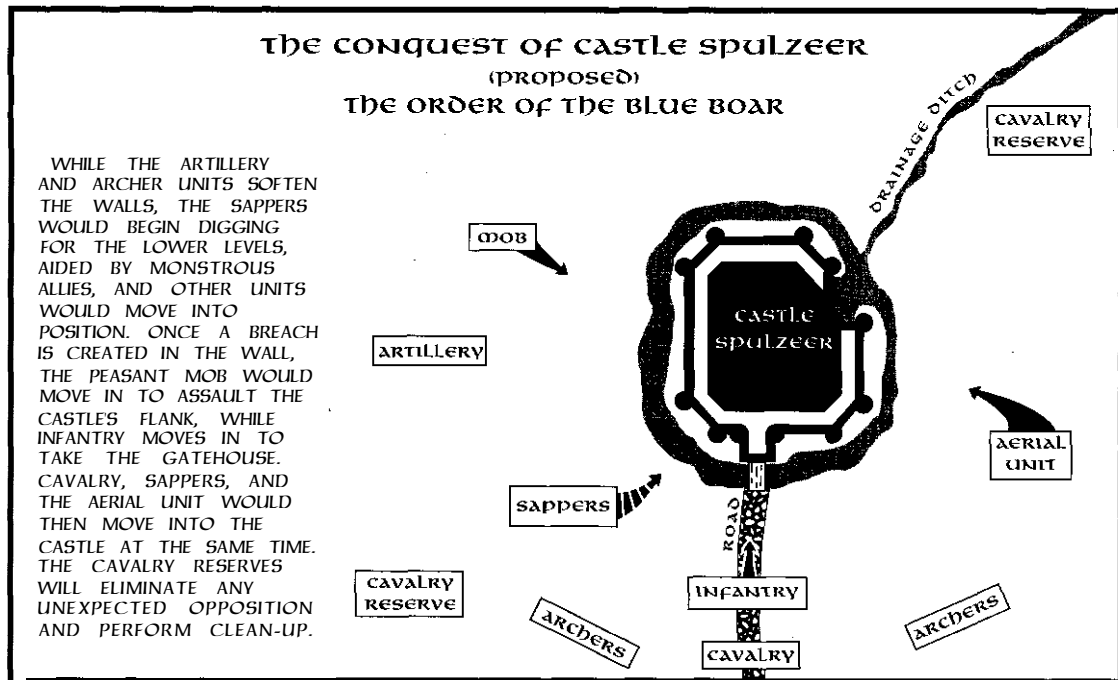
The Boar’s Heads approve the membership of “Swords” in the Order; they can also expel them at will for unprofessional conduct. About 400 Swords—all wealthy,

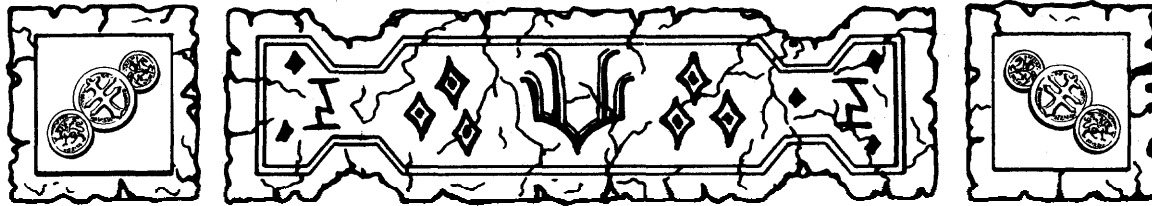
experienced veterans—belong to the Order, spread throughout the cities of Amn, Calimshan, Tethyr, and the Sword Coast. Though all the Boar’s Heads are male, a few of the Swords are women.

Employers seeking the aid of the Blue Boars must apply in person at their Amnish headquarters. The council of Boar’s Heads decides whether or not to accept the job. If they do accept, they inform the Swords, who may then apply to take part in the operation.

Based on the employer’s offer, the Boar’s Heads determine how many soldiers and leaders are needed for a job, then review the applicants from the Swords. If there are too many applicants for a given job, membership seniority determines who gets the job.

Each participating member receives a





share of the bounty. They can take part in the mission alone, or involve as many assistants or substitutes as they want, including non-member wizards, warriors, and even monsters, though they are responsible for the actions of their hirelings. Some members always use hirelings, being disabled or too old to participate in battle themselves.

The Order will take almost any job that they do not find morally repugnant. They ask for relatively high fees (5 gp per Sword per day, plus a finder's fee of 700 gp initially, payable to the council of Boar's Heads).

The Order of the Blue Boar has considered retaking Castle Spulzeer, and they have complete plans ready for implementation the moment someone offers to pay them for doing it.

The badge of the Order, worn only by the Boar's Heads and the Swords, is a grizzled, razorback boar, rampant on a red, russet, or silver field. The standard uniform of the Order of the Blue Boar is a dark blue shirt with gold buttons and a stiff collar, dark blue trousers, and black, calf-high boots.

What follows are descriptions of the Boar's Heads and their functions in order of seniority. All these men are lawful neutral human fighters. Kits are given for those DMs who use *The Complete Fighter's Handbook*.

Ristamar Rhaal is a 10th-level noble warrior, a distinguished-looking man in his 40s. He is the chairman of the council of Boar's Heads and the owner of Castle Blue. Ristamar is very dignified, but is not without a sense of humor.

Besides leading the council, Ristamar negotiates contracts with major governments, because his noble heritage gives him an advantage in dealing with other leaders. He is a charismatic warrior known for the tournaments and parties he regularly sponsors.

Lord Rhaal occasionally dons a suit of

full plate armor and leads a company of cavalry into battle.

Ghont Tavvas, a 10th-level noble warrior, is the oldest Boar's Head, almost 90 years old. Once a great warrior, he led infantry companies into major engagements. Now, he sits on the council and offers strategic advice, but always hires substitutes to lead his recruits in the field.

Ghont is very dignified and is rarely seen out of uniform. Though he is now frail and well past his prime, his mind is sharp and he is quite proud.

Lord Tavvas is distantly related to the former ruling family of Tethyr, a secret known only to a few. He was exiled from that country, and mostly forgotten, nearly 70 years ago after participating in one of the brief wars of succession.

Sinmom Thul, a 10th-level myrmidon, is a large man with brown hair and a bushy mustache. The third son of a wealthy Amnish merchant, Sinmon had to make his own fortune.

Sinmon became a mercenary, leading a company of cavalry that gained fame along the Sword Coast. Since making his fortune and joining the Order, Sinmon has put on some weight. A tactical genius, he sometimes supervises field operations, but he rarely leads a cavalry charge any more.

Sinmon is uncomfortable with the trappings of nobility and rarely wears a uniform. He sees the bureaucracy of the council as an unnecessary waste of time.

Bromdurr Tathen is a 13th-level peasant hero. Now in his early 40s, Bromdurr gained fame in his youth by helping defend his home of Memnon (in Calimshan) from pirates. He later helped start Calimshan's navy.

Bromdurr is an expert at both naval operations and anti-naval defenses. He still owns a ship and will happily take to the sea in any naval assault.

As a "hero of the common man," Bromdurr is also very adept at turning peas-

Chapter 8: Adventuring Companies

ants, farmers, and urban mobs into effective fighting forces.

Thantan Rhyrdyl, a 13th-level cavalier, is the consummate battlefield leader. This charismatic fellow is an experienced cavalry officer, but is able to get the best effort from any unit.

Off the field, Thantan comes across as somewhat stiff and arrogant. From another wealthy Amnish merchant family, Thantan formed a well-armed and armored cavalry company in his youth and left to seek thrills and fame. Though disappointed in him, his family still acknowledges him as a member.

Samoth Dier, an 11th-level myrmidon, is tall, muscular, and dark-complected. A recent addition to the Boar's Heads, he replaced Gaurundur Thasz after that fighter died fighting in Tethyr.

This Waterdhavian is a master artilleryist and an expert at leading missile units. He prefers to take part in field actions, and usually dresses in his field gear. First and foremost a soldier, Samoth is very confident in his abilities.

Samoth serves as chief logistics officer for the Order. He constantly keeps track of supplies and soldiers, and establishes caches and supply lines for most of the Order's operations.

Cullen Salgoud, the swashbuckler of the group, is an 11th-level fighter. He joined the Boar's Heads to replace for Dstar Klathor, slain in the Horde Wars.

Cullen is charismatic and sarcastic, the most flamboyant of the Boar's Heads. He wears his hair, goatee, and mustache very neat, and usually refuses to wear the Order's uniform.

Cullen is an authority on scouting and spying missions, and he directs overall intelligence gathering for the Order. He is secretly a member of the Masquerade.

Cullen has an uncanny sense for whether someone is lying or not, as well as their strengths and weaknesses.

As mentioned earlier, adventuring companies often interact with mercenary companies. Many are actually smaller versions of true mercenary groups, the real difference being that mercenary companies tend to be larger and better organized.

Large mercenary forces might sometimes recruit smaller adventuring bands for special missions, perhaps even keeping them on retainer for an extended period of time.

In addition, adventuring groups can serve as "seeds" for mercenary companies, either growing by adding permanent members, or recruiting temporary forces.

In order to provide examples for DMs, a few special cases are covered briefly in this chapter.

Companies in Other Sources

Many other products in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® game line describe adventuring companies. Especially notable are the Campaign Set, the Adventures hardcover, and this book's predecessors in the "FR" line. If DMs wish to use those companies with mercenary groups, or as allies or adversaries for the PCs in a campaign, those sources should be consulted.

Where Are They Now?

The adventuring groups of the Realms are constantly growing, changing, moving, and ceasing to exist. DMs should feel free to use adventuring groups anywhere they fit.



Transitional Companies

There are a few companies in the Realms that are in a transitional state, not quite mercenary corps, and not quite adventuring companies. A few samples are offered here.

The Agency

This adventuring group consists of eight rather unique members: three elves, including a blade bard, a bladesinger fighter/mage, and a wilderness ranger; a tabaxi, an aarakocra, and a hengeyokai cat; a gnomish priest with mechanical parts; and a human militant wizard.

Most of the members worked with mercenary companies, primarily the Mindulgulph corps. Because they understand the operations of mercenary units, they are trusted by several corps and often hired for special missions.

The Knights of Myth Drannor

This famous group is described in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Set and in FR7, *Hall of Heroes*.

Though still known for their adventuring, the Knights of Myth Drannor have produced two very skilled mercenary recruiters in priests Jelde Asturien and Dust Sulwood.

Dust lives in Arabel and has a Cormyrian royal charter for a mercenary corps. He usually recruits individuals for special missions, rather than for full companies. He prefers not to take the field, but would possibly do so in case of a great emergency.

Jelde is a prominent member of the clergy of Lathander in Eveningstar. On occasion, however, he has been known to work with the Company of the Singing Dawn, or to gather a band himself and venture into the Stonelands.

The Knights of the Unicorn

This group, headquartered in Baldur's Gate (see the FORGOTTEN REALMS *Adventures* hardcover) has recently begun leading a mercenary corps.

The Knights recently had the opportunity to ferret out a group of bandits that operated along the Sword Coast. When the time came for the final assault on the bandit stronghold, the Knights gathered a small corps of mercenary infantry, including a number of rangers and rogues. After the successful raid, the Knights kept much of the band together (perhaps 50 people).

Like the adventuring group for which it is named, the Knights of the Unicorn mercenary company is dedicated to helping the needy and rescuing all in need of aid. Most worship, or at least revere, Lurae, queen of talking beasts and intelligent creatures.

Though the group continues to do good deeds, the wanderlust, desire for adventure, and whimsical nature of the original Knights may cause the corps to fragment before too long.

The Purple Flame

This company, described in the FORGOTTEN REALMS Campaign Set, seems to be growing into a mercenary company.

The Purple Flame, based near Soubar, which is between Scornubel and Waterdeep, has made a living for several seasons by guarding caravans. The group has always been primarily warriors, with some magical support.

They have recruited new members recently, and they now number more than 100 mounted warriors. They are on the verge of creating a mercenary charter, because the group has outgrown its previous form of government.

Chapter 9: Current Events

Throughout the Realms, time marches on and things constantly change. This section offers an update of recent events in the Realms, specifically in reference to mercenaries.

Special Groups

Several special groups in the Realms interact with mercenaries. Some are subtle manipulators, while others will blatantly hire mercenary corps to do their bidding. The Realms Campaign Set and the Adventures hardcover provide details on several of the groups mentioned in the following text.

The Harpers, the Cult of the Dragon, and the Lords of Waterdeep all are careful to not expose themselves. They seldom hire mercenary bands to do their bidding and never do so directly. Mercenary bands hired by members of these groups will seldom be aware of their true masters.

The Zhentarim often acts in subtle ways using individual operatives, but agents have been known to hire large groups of mercenaries for large jobs.

Similarly, the Red Wizards of Thay sometimes hire mercenary corps for specific purposes. More often, however, they dominate humanoids or monsters, or raise an army of undead, to do their bidding in large scale action.

Other, less influential groups, like the Shadowcloaks of Calaunt or Twilight Hall in Berdusk, might hire mercenary groups to perform tasks that would endanger their operation.

Each group has its own interests, which will create unique experiences for mercenaries and adventurers.

Other Events

Many opportunities for the adventure-some have come with the opening of the Hordelands, Kara-Tur, and Maztica to the people of Faerun. There is currently a drain on the fighting forces of Faerun as people succumb to the urge to travel and explore. As other exotic areas are discovered by travelers from Faerun, this trend will continue, with individuals and governments exploring or trying to establish colonies.

There is also an influx of veterans from these areas. These people have explored the strange lands and fought in the wars, and are now ready for adventure in Faerun.

In Faerun itself, there are a number of “hot spots.” There are many minor powers in these areas, and they may have trouble paying mercenaries.

In the North, orcs are building hordes, while barbarians are fighting or leaving their tribes to make their ways in civilization. In Tethyr, the loss of the royal family has thrown things into chaos. In Chessenta and along the Vilhon Reach, political instability causes almost constant warfare.

Because of the Pirate Isles off the Sword Coast and in the Sea of Fallen Stars, coastal powers will always need protection, or wish to “end the pirate menace once and for all.”

Chult is being explored; there are rumors of a coming war in the Underdark gates to the nether planes allow invasions; and there are petty merchant wars throughout the Realms.

All these events, plus the existence of ruined keeps and lost treasures throughout the Realms, should provide enough excitement to keep mercenaries and adventurers quite busy.

BATTLESYSTEM™ Game

Statistics

This chapter provides statistics for several of the mercenary companies and leaders presented in *Gold & Glory*. These are for use with the BATTLESYSTEM™ Miniatures Rules.

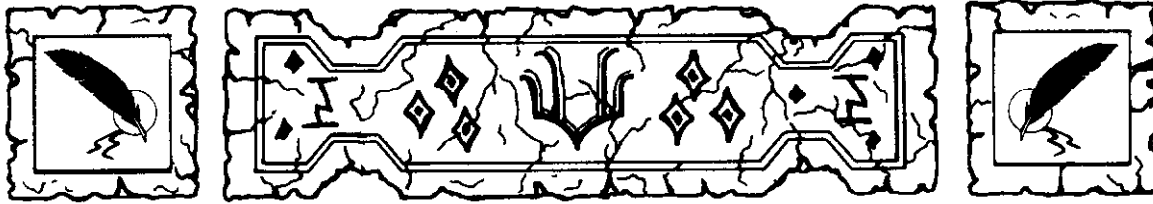
The basic listing for each troop type includes the five principal ratings: attack dice, armor rating, hits, morale rating, and movement allowance. Following those statistics is any additional information that applies, such as range of missile weapons.

The statistics given are typical for the companies listed. Individual units may vary somewhat.

Leader	AD²	AR	Hits	CD³	MV⁴	Range⁵
Anaconda: Kwanza ⁸	6*6	8	3	7	12	1/2/3
Anaconda: Nkonzi ⁸	8*8	8	6	15	12	1/2/3
Blacktalons: Tenhammer	10	6	6	14	12	-
Bloodaxes: Velkor Minairr	10	5	6	15	9	-
Blue Boars: Rhyrdyl	10*10	4	7	19	15	-
Blue Sigil: Mog the Fist	10	6	3	9	9	-
Bushido: Noro Amoto	10*10	5	5	16	6	7/14/21
The Chill: Ardenor Crush	10	5	5	11	6	-
Crimson Sea: Lhrek	8	7	4	10	12	-
Daria the Hammer	8	5	5	13	6	-
Dark Watch: Lothar ⁸	8*8	8	4	9	18/36(D)	7/14/21
Enhanen	8	7	4	14	9	-
Flaming Fist: Eltan ⁸	12+8*12	3	11	28	12	1/2/3
Goran of Tethyr	10	6	6	14	9	-
Hammerhands: Garren	8	5	4	11	6	-
Jaguars: Miquiztl Manik	8*8	7	5	14	12	1/2/3
Llandrydd	8	6	3	14	9	-
Marius the Valiant	10	6	8	21	9	-
Mindulgulph: Gayrlana	10	6	6	20	12	-
Red Ravens: Rayanna	8	7	3	9	12	-
Red Thunder: Glory	8*8	7	3	10	18	4/8/17
Renegades: Helyos	10*10	6	7	15	9	6/12/21
She-Wolves: Theia	8*8	6	5	17	6	1/2/3
Shieldbreakers: Koronan	10	7	3	10	9	-
Singing Dawn: Solara	10*10	6	5	13	12	7/14/21
Silver Lance: Thorivald ⁸	[10]10	5	5	18	15	-
Sirocco: Hajima	[10]10*8	9	5	16	24	5/10/15
Sisterhood: Adriennedar	8*8	8	4	11	12	7/14/21
Society/Sword: Stilmus	10	6	8	19	9	-
Teeth: Jadron the Fang	10	7	3	7	9	-
Veterans: Giovanni	6	7	4	12	12	-
Westgate: Losifan	10	7	4	11	6	-
Westgate: Mannin	10	6	4	15	12	-
Windriders: Bren	[10]10	3	5	13	12/30(D)	-



Company/Unit	AD²	AR	Hits	ML	MV⁴	Range⁵
Anaconda Blowguns ¹	4*6	7	2	17	12	1/2/3
Anaconda Scimitars ¹	7	2	15	12	-	
Anaconda Spears ¹	6*6	7	2	15	12	1/2/3
Blacktalons Cavalry	10	8	2	13	18	-
Blacktalons Infantry	6	8	1	12	12	-
Blacktalons Scouts ¹	6	8	2	12	12	-
Bloodaxe Cavalry/Axes	10	7	3	15	18	-
Bloodaxe Cavalry/Slings ¹	6*8	8	2	13	18	5/10/20
Bloodaxe Cavalry/Spears ¹	6*8	7	2	14	18	1/2/3
Blue Sigil Ogres	10	6	3	15	9	-
Bushido Heavy Infantry	8*8	8	3	15	9	1/2/3
Bushido Medium Cavalry	[12]12	7	3	17	18	-
Bushido Mounted Archers	12*10	9	3	16	18	5/10/18
The Chill: Cold Steel	6	7	1	13	9	-
The Chill: Frigid Fists	10	7	3	13	9	-
The Chill: Frost Riders	12	8	2	16	15	-
The Chill: Icicles	8*6	8	1/2	10	6	-
The Chill: Winter Wolves ¹	12	7	2	14	18	-
The Claw Trolls ¹	12	7	3	15	12	-
Code Helm ⁸	8	4	3	18	6	-
Crimson Sea Archers	8*4	9	1	13	12	4/8/17
Crimson Sea Cavalry	[12]12	7	3	14	15	-
Crimson Sea High Infantry	8	6	3	15	6	-
Crimson Sea Low Infantry	6	7	2	13	9	-
The Dark Watch	12*12+8	8	3	14	18/36(D)	7/14/21
Flaming Fist 3rd-level	10	7	2	15	18	-
Flaming Fist 4th-level	8*10	6	3	16	18	7/14/21
Flaming Fist 5th-level	[12]8*10	6	3	17	18	7/14/21
Flaming Fist 6th-level	[12]8*12	5	3	18	18	7/14/21
Flaming Fist Eagle Knights	10*8	7	3	17	12	5/10/20
Flaming Fist Eagles ¹	10	7	3	15	6/36(B)	-
Flaming Fist Priests	10	5	3	20	18	-
Flaming Fist Rangers	10*8	9	3	16	12	7/14/21
Golden Legion Bowmen	8*8	7	2	12	12	7/14/21
Golden Legion Cavalry	[12]10	8	2	15	18	-
Golden Legion Crossbows	6*8	7	2	14	12	6/12/18
Golden Legion Spearmen	6*6	7	2	12	12	1/2/3
Golden Legion Swordsmen	6	7	2	13	12	-
Hammerhand Axes	8	6	2	16	6	-
Hammerhand Hammers	6	6	2	17	6	-
Hammerhand Picks	8	7	2	16	6	-
Jaguar Guard Jaguars ¹	12	7	3	16	15	-
Jaguar Guard Knights ⁸	8*8	7	3	17	12	1/2/3
Llandrydd's Auxiliary	6	9	1	12	12	-
Llandrydd's Steel	8	7	2	15	9	-
Mindulgulph Giff ⁷	10*10	6	3	18	6	5/15/21
Mindulgulph Kenku ⁸	10*10	7	2	16	6/18(D)	7/14/21
Mindulgulph Thri-Kreen ¹	12*12	7	3	16	18	3/6/9



Company/Unit	AD²	AR	Hits	ML	MV⁴	Range⁵
Mindulgulph Wemics ¹	8*10	8	3	13	12	1/2/3
Order of the Silver Lance ⁸	[12]12	6	3	18	15	-
Red Raven Archers	8*6	8	2	13	12	5/10/17
Red Raven Swords	6	8	2	13	12	-
Red Thunder Archer/Lance ¹	[12]10*12	7	3	14	24	5/10/15
Red Thunder Archer/Net ⁸	10*10	7	3	15	18	4/8/17
Red Thunder Archer/Saber ¹	10*10	7	3	14	24	5/10/15
Renegades Archers	8*6	9	1	13	12	6/12/21
Renegades Cavalry	[12]12	7	3	17	15	-
Renegades Infantry	6	7	2	14	9	-
Servants of the Royal Egg	6*6	7	2	12	6//12	1/2/3
She-Wolves Archers	10*6	9	3	16	12	7/14/21
She-Wolves Cavalry	[12]10	8	3	17	18	-
She-Wolves Spears	6*6	7	2	17	6	1/2/3
She-Wolves Swords	6	7	2	17	6	-
Shieldbreaker Ogres	10	7	3	14	9	-
Silent Rain ¹	12*8	8	3	16	12	7/14/21
Singing Dawn: Foresters ¹	8	8	2	13	12	-
Singing Dawn: Lightblades	[12+8]12+8	8	3	18	24/48(D)	-
Singing Dawn: Solara's	8	7	3	15	12	-
Singing Dawn: Spears	6	7	1	13	12	-
Singing Dawn: Sunshafts	12*12+8	8	4	19	24/48(D)	7/14/21
The Sirocco ¹	[12]10*10	9	3	15	24	5/10/15
The Sisterhood of the Oak	10*8	9	3	15	12	7/14/21
Society/Sword Archers	8*6	8	2	14	12	7/14/21
Society/Sword Cavalry	[12]12	8	3	15	15	-
Society/Sword High Inf.	8	6	3	15	6	-
Society/Sword Low Inf.	6	6	2	14	6	-
The Teeth Ogres ¹	10	7	3	12	9	-
Veterans' Guild Archers	10*8	8	2	13	9	5/10/18
Veterans' Guild Cavalry	10	8	2	13	18	-
Veterans' Guild Infantry	6	8	1	12	9	-
The Windriders	[12+8]12+8	6	4	19	12/30(D)	-

¹ This unit cannot assume regular formation.

² Numbers in square brackets are AD for charging attacks. If two numbers are listed, separated by an asterisk; the first number is the AD for a missile attack, the second for a melee attack.

³ CD ratings are listed in inches.

⁴ MV ratings are listed in inches. If two numbers are listed separated by a slash, the second number is the flying movement rate; such entries are followed by a letter in parentheses, the maneuverability class. If numbers are separated by a double slash, the second number is the swimming movement rate.

⁵ Ranges are listed in inches, in the order short/medium/long range.

⁶ These are Eagle and Jaguar Knights in their respective animal forms.

⁷ The Mindulgulph Giff carry arquebuses, which can be fired once every three rounds; they generally rotate fire so 1/3 of the units fire each round.

⁸ This unit has spellcasting or special abilities, such as breath weapons, regeneration, or unusual weapons. See individual descriptions for details.

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 FR5: *The Savage Frontier*
 FR10: *Old Empires*
 FRA: FORGOTTEN REALMS® *Adventures*
 I14: *Swords of the Iron Legion*
 MazG: Maztica Campaign Set, *Gods and Battles*
 MazJ: Maztica Campaign Set, *A Journey to the True World*



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by Tim Beach

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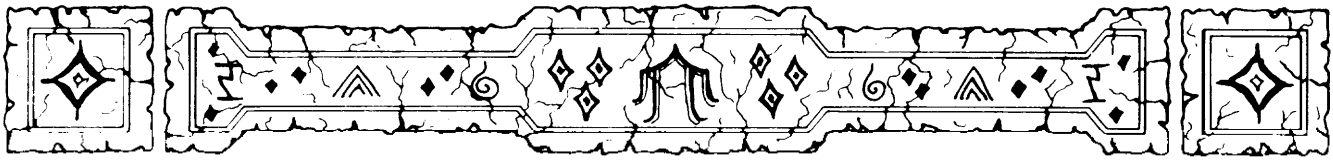
Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®
2nd Edition



The Shining South

by Tom Prasa





Durparian Specialty Priests

Lucha (She Who Guides)

Lesser Power of the Seven Heavens, LG
Portfolio: Those who wander or seek something.
Requirements: Wisdom 15
Weapons Allowed: All bludgeoning weapons, nets, lassos, and anything that allows capture without harming the victim. The first weapon learned must always be a staff.
Armor Allowed: Any
Major Spheres: All, Astral, Charm, Divination, Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Plant.
Minor Spheres: Guardian, Sun, Elemental.
Magical Items Allowed: Same as clerics.

Granted Powers

Specialty priests of Lucha can turn undead, as can their clerical counterparts. They also receive the navigation proficiency for free at first level. At third level, specialty priests of Lucha can *locate object*, once per day. At 10th level, they receive one *find the path* spell that may only be used to find something that has been lost.

Other Notes

Lucha is worshipped by nearly everyone in Durpar. Her worshippers believe that she will guide them to the most profitable customers. She oversees connections and relationships, guiding herdsmen to good pastures, blessing marriages, helping lost ships at sea, and insuring safe births. It is widely believed that Lucha herself watches over all marriages performed by her clergy. Nearly all marriages in Durpar are performed by priests of Lucha. Her priests work ceaselessly against those of Mask and other evil gods.

Ceremonial dress consists of a circlet woven of vines or flowers and white robes. No shoes are worn at ceremonies. The only other symbol of office is a staff wound about with vines and flowers.

Curna (The Wise One)

Greater Power of Nirvana, LN
Portfolio: Wisdom, knowledge
Requirements: Wisdom 13, Intelligence 13
Weapons Allowed: Bludgeoning weapons
Armor Allowed: Any non-metal armor or shields
Major Spheres: All, Charm, Creation, Divination, Healing, Protection, Summoning
Minor Spheres: Guardian, Sun, Weather
Magical Items Allowed: Any usable by clerics, plus any that are used to enhance knowledge (*crystal balls, wands of magic detection, etc.*)

Granted Powers

Specialty priests of Curna turn undead normally. They have a 3% chance per level to recognize any given magical item for what it is. This power does not bestow exact knowledge; it works as much as the bard ability. At 10th level specialty priests of Curna may call upon a *blinding flash* once per day. This is a beam of light that erupts from the priest's holy symbol, affecting a single target. The target must make a successful saving throw versus spells or be blinded. This blindness lasts until it is magically dispelled, or until the priest lifts it by silent act of will.

Other Notes

Most Durparians pay tribute to Curna before making an important business deal, or before embarking on a new venture. Rich merchants may have a priest of Curna on their personal payroll. Such priests are considered to be very wise, and are consulted frequently. There is a huge temple of Curna in the mountains that bear her name, a complex that is home to a library nearly the rival of Candlekeep on the Sword Coast. The contents of the Curna library differs from that of Candlekeep in that it has fewer historical documents, and more information on the world as it is now. Teams of explorers and sages constantly update this information.





The Shining South

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INTRODUCTION

"First time out of Halruaa, isn't it?" The old mage turned to his apprentice. The young man nodded nervously as he watched the sea far below the ship.

"You already know that Halruaa is the best and most civilized land in the Realms. Only there is magic truly utilized to its fullest potential. The other lands of the Shining South differ greatly from Halruaa. You must learn carefully, if you would survive to become a wizard.

"The first country we come to is Dambrath, the land where the Crintri rule. The Crintri are half-elves descended from the drow. The women of that race rule the country with an iron hand. A young man like you would end up working in the mines or herding rothe, provided that they didn't discover you had been trained in magic. It is a hanging offense for a male to use magic in Dambrath.

"Dambrath has only one real thing of beauty, the Dance of the Dolphins." The apprentice glanced at the sea below, trying to hide the excited gleam in his eyes.

"Oh, you've heard of it," the old man chuckled. "I hope that we'll pass over the Bay at dusk so we can see the dance. It's an experience you'll never forget. Thousands of dolphins move in unity and harmony. We really should avoid Dambrath altogether, but I wish to see the dance once more."

The old mage looked off into the sky, lost in his memories. The apprentice cleared his throat. His master was always drifting off like this. If he were left undisturbed, the old man would stare off for an hour or more.

"Where was I? Oh, yes, the lands of the Shining South. After Halruaa, we'll stop in the land of Luiren. Don't expect to find a bed big enough to fit you, though. The halflings don't have many spaces for someone of your size. The Luiren stout and the bouqthi make up for any lack in physical accommodations. Stout is a type of ale, not a type of halfling," the old mage explained. "Bouqthi is a delicious pastry made in Luiren. My mouth waters every time I think about it. The people are a friendly bunch in Luiren. You can

have a grand time there, as long as you keep your hand on your purse.

"After Luiren we'll come to the Shining Lands, as the countries of Estagund, Var the Golden, and Durpar are known. Heldapan in Durpar is our destination. You'll need to be on your best behavior there." The apprentice's eyes grew wide with alarm. The old man smiled. "There's no danger, but a Durparian trader would buy the shirt off your back so fast it would make your head spin. And of course you'd come away feeling you'd gotten a fair deal. Durparian traders have to be seen to be believed. Be wary, Durparians hate fraud and theft more than almost anything else. So keep your hands in your pockets and out of mischief.

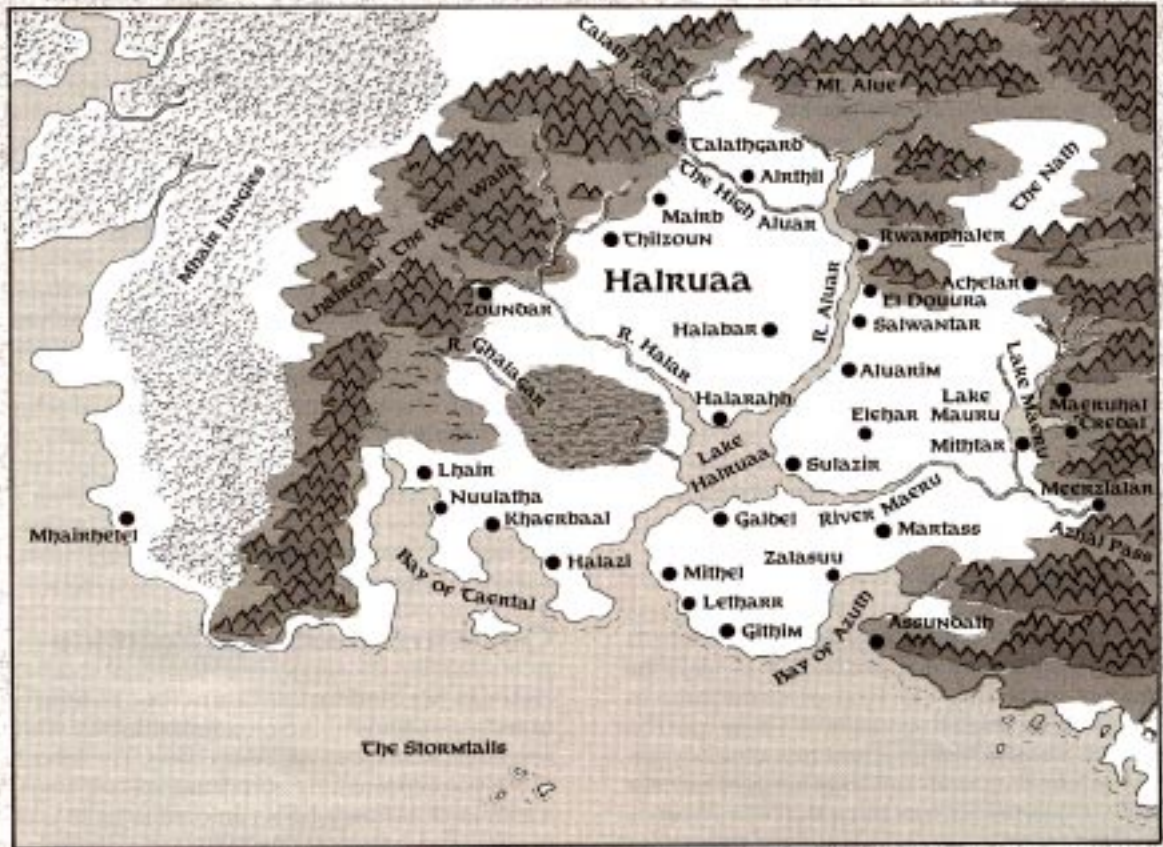
"On the other hand, Durpar does get goods from all over the world. It's about the only place in the Shining South where we should be able to get the rare feathers from Maztica I need to complete my new spell. After we get through at Heldapan, we will fly over to Orvytlar, in Ulgarth, to see my good friend King Drasna the Fortunate. Ulgarth is also the only place in the world where mingari is blended. I intend to bring back several jars." The apprentice frowned, remembering what the old mage had said about Durpar.

"What?" The old man had spotted the questioning frown. "Yes, we could buy it in Durpar, but Drasna will probably make it a gift. I enchanted the ballistas in his harbor, you know."

Welcome to the Shining South, where living is good, and the lands are abundant. This product is for use by DMs, but players may also find much of interest here. To quote the great Satama, founder of the cult of Adama in Durpar, "All is part of the one, but this is the best part."



Halruaa



General Description

A rich, reclusive realm, Halruaa is famous for its electrum mines, its fiery Haerlu wine, and, most of all, for its magic.

Halruaa is almost encircled by the Walls of Halruaa, a mountain range that forms the east, north, and west borders of the country. From the south, where the Great Sea beckons, come both trade and trouble. Halruaa's reputation has spread the world over, causing the Halruans to be warlike out of necessity. They have, too often, faced invaders trying to conquer the "vile mages," or fought off someone attempting to steal the magical spells or items that are unique in Halruaa.

Geography and Climate

The "Walls of Halruaa" are several mountain ranges that almost entirely encircle the nation. Lhairghal is the name given the range that makes up the west wall. Muaraghal is the range to the east, and Nathaghal is to the north. The "High Aluar" is the name of the narrow hilly strip that leads through the mountains to the north, the only natural land entrance to Halruaa. There are several other entrances. The Talath Pass is the largest on the western side of Halruaa, and the Azhal pass south of Lake Maeru is the only one on the east side.

The summers are hot. Magical cooling devices and spells are coveted and expensive. In the winter many of the mountain temples receive snow,



Halruaa

while the plains receive rains for about four months. The temperature ranges from the 100's in the summer to the 80's in the winter. The winds blow off the mountains until they meet over Lake Halruaa, making the lake a tricky place to sail. The winds help make the life on the land more bearable. Halruaa is not nearly as humid as some of the other countries in the Shining South.

Rains are frequent, so the farms around Lake Maeru and north of Lake Halruaa produce most of the food the country needs. The Nath, the basin in the northeast corner of Halruaa, is filled with herds of wild rothe and auroch, which are cultivated for food. This area is almost 500 feet higher than the rest of the country. Here the temperatures rarely reach 100, and the rains are not nearly as frequent or severe.

History

Halruaa was settled centuries ago by wizards fleeing the Phaerimm in what was to become the Anauroch desert. The first wizards came in unique flying ships invented by the Netheril. The wizards found a beautiful and rich country, settled only by shepherds and large herds of aurochs and wild rothe. It was here that the wizards decided to make a stand, should the Phaerimm follow. The Phaerimm never did, but Halruaa has had to defend itself from attacks by all of its neighbors since then.

Over the centuries Dambrath has attacked and raided Halruaa's ports and borders. Once, led by a magic resistant Barbarian, the Dambraii occupied all of the country south of Lake Halruaa. They were defeated in battle by the great archmage Mycontil, who slew their barbarian leader. Forty-thousand Dambraii attacked, and were stopped by 500 Halruans. More than 200 Halruan wizards, including Mycontil, died in the battle.

The latest attack was less than 100 years ago. The attack was made through the Talath Pass by the power hungry king of Lapaliya. He had allied with bandits from the wastes. This time the Halruans were able to field a larger force, including fighting men as well as wizards in their skyships.

The attackers were easily routed.

Halruaa also suffered through a civil war about five centuries ago. A number of mages advocated beginning new experiments in magic, ones which even the Netheril didn't approve of. The renegades were driven from the region. The surviving renegades left to found the land of Thay, or so it is said in Halruaa.

Since then Halruaa has been at peace (they have had no declared wars). Halruaa still suffers raids from Dambraii pirates, bandits of the wastes, savages from the Mhair Jungles, and any other pirate, raider, or hungry wizard who thinks that magic and wealth grow on trees in Halruaa.

This constant raiding has made the Halruans very defensive, warlike and traditional. The people say that since wizards have always led them, wizards always will.

Government and Politics

Halruaa is ruled by the Council of Elders, a tumultuous body of independent thinkers who somehow manage to get things done. The leader of the council and king of Halruaa is Zalathorm, a 29th-level diviner, who is rumored to be several centuries old. He rules from his tower in Halarahh, an ornate place with many magical guardians and defenses.

When the Elders meet, Zalathorm uses a crystal orb, through which all of the Elders can be contacted at once. There are almost 400 Elders, but fewer than half usually respond. Currently, only 39 wizards need to respond to achieve a quorum.

To become an Elder, a mage must be of at least 16th level. Not all eligible mages accept the post. Those that don't accept say they don't want the hassles of being part of the council.

When the wizard-king dies, or steps down, his successor is chosen from among the ranks of the Elders. The Elders pick the most powerful of their number to lead. A complicated system involving level of power, ranking of specialization, and opinions expressed by the Elders, is



Halruaa

used to determine the new leader. The last three leaders have all been divination specialists. It is thought that these are the most powerful of the wizards. "Knowledge is power, great knowledge is great power."

Since most Halruans worship Mystra, the church plays a key role in the government. Priests of the Lady of Mysteries serve as judges for the state. The large temple complex of Mystra in the city of Halarahh houses Zalathorm's tower. The largest temple of Mystra, however, is at Mt. Talath, an ancient stronghold of caverns, passages, and mountaintop turrets.

Halruaa also has its mundane authorities. Patrols, city guards, and, occasionally, military forces are common sights on the streets. A saying in Halruaa, "if everyone was a mage, who would do the cooking" applies to all of the non-magical professions. Magic is an accepted part of peoples' lives. All patrols and military units have a priest or mage in their ranks.

Laws in Halruaa are strict and justice is swiftly meted out. For any serious offense, the offender may not be convicted without magical proof to back it up. Justice in Halruaa is swift. Someone convicted of murder by his own testimony may expect to be disintegrated before the day is out.

Intent is also studied magically, especially in capital crimes. A defense of "he pointed something at me that looked like a wand, so I slew him," is an acceptable defense, provided the defendant really thought his life was in danger.

People and Customs

Halruaa is predominantly a human nation. The descendants of the Netheril, mixed with some Arkaiun blood from the western plains of Dambrath, make up over 90% of the population.

The remainder are mostly dwarves, concerned with working the electrum mines east of Lake Maeru. Halfling traders from Luiren can be found near the coast. There are a few elves and half-elves whose fascination and talent with magic is strong enough to grant them a seat on the council of Elders.

Languages

Halruans speak Halruan, a version of Netherese, brought with them from the far north. It is a complicated language, not easily learned by a foreigner. Nearly all mages, traders and anyone who must deal with folk from the outside speak the common language of the Realms.

Social Customs

"It's the most paranoid country I was ever in," a Durparian merchant once remarked. "I couldn't walk three feet without some sort of divination spell being cast on me. It made me nervous, let me tell you. Sold my entire load of mandrake root, though, for a nice profit."

Since anyone, even a beggar on the street, could be hiding a *wand of fireballs*, most people are polite and make no sudden moves around strangers. Courtesy and politeness have become so ritualized that people are uncomfortable without them.

The high degree of courtesy has created several customs that are staunchly observed in daily life. Before one enters another's dwelling, one should identify oneself and pledge no magic or malice to those inside. It is considered an insult to use magic inside a dwelling without permission from the host. Depending on one's host's identity, it can also be quite dangerous.

All Halruan children are schooled until the age of 13. Halruan children are expected to learn reading and writing, history and a productive trade. When a child reaches the age of five, he is tested for potential for the Art. If the student is capable, he is also taught spells such as *cantrips*, *dancing lights*, or *audible glamer*. A group of adolescents following several bobbing clusters of glowing lights down the street is a common sight in any Halruan town. This is a popular game called Dueling Globes by the youngsters. The participants must match the movements of their lights from the *dancing light* spells.

Wizards are not a gregarious lot by nature. This is shown in the organization of Halruaa.



Halruaa

There are many small villages and towns, but few large cities. Halarahh, the largest city, boasts fewer than 8,000 people. Most villages are far smaller. Even along the coast, where most military troops are based, the numerous villages are still small.

The four largest cities after Halarahh are located along the coast, but none of these have populations greater than 7,000. Such a solitary and defensive attitude, insures that the average Halruan learns to defend himself.

As with any small country, the social order is pronounced, although it does not make a huge difference in a Halruan's daily life. At the bottom of the social ladder are those who can use little if any magic, such as a common miner or farmer. Next are those who defend Halruaa, the soldiers and the sailors of the military. The higher levels are all spellcasters.

The lowest group of spell casters in society is the small sect of priests of Azuth.

Above them are the mages, and the priests of Mystra. The order, from least respected to most respected is: necromancers, conjurers, abjurers, clerics of Mystra, enchanters, transmuters, specialty priests of Mystra, generalist mages, invokers, illusionists, and diviners.

This ranking reflects the recent past. After the era of the great Mycontil, an invoker of high level, invokers were felt to be the most powerful mages. Later, the second invasion from the bandit wastes was defeated in large part by many masterful illusions, including a horde of skyships raining fire on the enemy.

Recent years have shifted attention to the diviners, for Zalathorm has predicted many of the raids on Halruaa. This has enabled the border guards to win many battles with few casualties. About one third of Halruans have some ability with magic, and can cast at least one first level spell. The vast majority of these folks can cast no more than that. This means that in a patrol of 20 men, six of them, plus their leader, can cast a *light*, *cantrip*, or other common first level spell. *Cantrip* is especially popular. It is useful for lighting fires quickly, driving insects away

from the steeds, or adding a bit of flavor to the stew. When it comes to cleaning up armor, a *clean* cantrip works wonders.

The same can be said for the average household. The housewife who can cast one spell has magical help with the housework for an hour. Such people are considered to be a special form of dual classed characters. They have the abilities of 1st-level mages along with whatever class they have chosen.

For example, the spell-casting members of a guard patrol start off with only a four-sided Hit Die, instead of the ten-sided die they normally would have. Once they reach 2nd level in the fighter class, they gain additional Hit Dice as a fighter. Such people should have an average of 3 hit points less than their non-spell-using companions.

Halruans are intensely interested in magic, and a gathering is often the place to show off a new magical effect. One of the reasons that the normally reclusive wizards have social gatherings is to show off new magical effects or items. These events are not limited to mages. Rich traders, important generals and electrum mine owners all desire and collect magical items. A new or unknown item is cause for much talk in the villages.

Nearly every Halruan, however, has his life affected by magic. *Continual light* spells are used to light almost all of the streets in the various villages. The richer villages have *cyclical light* spells to provide the lighting on their streets. Lamps with *continual light* spells are also common and affordable, as low as only 100 gold pieces in the towns of the Nath and near Mt. Talath.

Even many who do not cast spells are concerned with magic. Adventurers roam the Realms, searching for new spellbooks or items, to bring them fame and fortune in Halruaa. Many mages also wander the Realms to learn and bring back new magics.

Halruans are fiercely jealous of their own magic. Even though Halruan mages frequently travel the realms, they are expected to guard the secrets of Halruan magic. Spellbooks containing



Halruaa



unique Halruan spells are extensively trapped and well guarded by the mages when they are taken from the country. The most common protection is a version of the *fire trap*. Since this spell effectively destroys the book, it is favored by Halruan mages to keep the Halruan spells from unfriendly hands. A traveling Halruan mage may end up with no traveling spellbooks, but this is considered a small price to pay for security.

Magical combat is frowned on among common folk. Most villages have a dueling field situated well away from any buildings, to accommodate mages who insist on settling disagreements by magical combat.

Dueling is not officially accepted. In fact it is opposed by the priests of Mystra, for such duels are frequently fatal. Such duels most frequently occur between two mages who have claimed the

same new spell or item as their invention. Nothing matters as much to a young wizard as gaining credit for a new spell or item.

Invention of spells and items is a sure way to fame and fortune in Halruaa. A mage who invents a new spell is quick to advertise it. Just as quickly he'll be getting requests for copies of it, at a good fee, of course. The process of making magical items is even more expensive and is considerably more difficult than inventing a spell. Still, there are many unique items in Halruaa. Some duplicate or combine effects of other items, while others do things no other item does. For example, Zalathorm, the wizard-king, has a floating carriage that radiates a *globe of invulnerability* around it on command. No one else has been able to duplicate the effect, since a globe is normally stationary. Zalathorm has not revealed the



Halruaa

secret yet. It is assumed that whoever takes over as king will inherit it.

Each Elder receives a *skyship*, and the secret of recharging it. This makes the position of Elder greatly desired among the lesser mages. Every family hopes for a son or daughter to become an archmage.

Twenty years ago, the necromancer Random ignited the latest influx of magic. This strange wizard had finally cracked the Southern Magic puzzle. He returned to Halruaa with a copy of the spell *read Southern Magic*. Over the next five years he made and sold numerous copies of the spell before he abruptly dropped out of sight. Most people believe Random is mad, and the country is better off without him. There is, however, concern that he may reveal secret and powerful Halruan magic. A team of mages has been dispatched by the Council of Elders to either fetch him back, or silence him forever.

Religion

The majority of Halruans worship one of two powers: Mystra or Azuth. The Halruans were very shaken by the Time of Troubles. Elders of Mystra's church believe either that Midnight has taken over Mystra's duties, or that Mystra has been restored. This split in belief has caused some elders to lose their faith in Mystra. These elders and some of the laity have begun to worship Azuth, infusing that faith with new popularity.

There is only one temple stronghold dedicated to Azuth. It is in the mountains near Lhair in western Halruaa. There are eight temples to Mystra in the mountains around the Nath, each one dedicated to one of the major schools of magic. The largest temple, under Mt. Talath, is dedicated to all forms of magic.

Money and Commerce

Although the wizards of Halruaa are protective of their magic and their privacy they have developed a taste for the finer things that other nations can provide. Durparian merchants dock at the

ports of Zalasuu, Mithel, Halagard, and Khaerbaal. Goods from all over the Realms flow north into Halruaa.

Among the chief imports are; foodstuffs from Luiren (Luiren Stout is very popular in Halruaa), silks from Durpar, coffee from Ulgarth, and metal goods and weapons from Durpar. The chief export is electrum, which is found in almost pure deposits in the mountains east of Lake Maeru.

Halruaa is the home of two large lakes, Lake Maeru and Lake Halruaa. Lake Maeru has good fishing. It provides many a meal for the electrum miners and the farmers of the valley. Lake Halruaa yields little. The constant churning winds over the fresh water lake make sailing difficult. It is joined to the Great Sea by the Halagard Channel, a three-mile-wide channel which connects to the Bay of Halruaa.

Although Halruaa is larger and more powerful than her neighbors, it is somewhat sparsely populated. The population does not exceed 100,000. There are plenty of wide open spaces.

Traders are always welcome, but are watched with suspicion. Adventurers are seen as busybodies and thieves come to steal Halruan secrets. No Halruan is allowed to teach a non-native any of the unique Halruan spells, under pain of being feebleminded. Non-natives who learn such spells are hunted down and exterminated, for the good of the nation.

Within this stricture, there are still many spells and magical items that are available to outsiders. Someone with a new spell may be able to trade it for a spellbook with many of the common spells of the Realms.

The common currency of Halruaa is the Skie. This electrum coin is produced at the Royal Mint in Aluarim, in the center of the country. The coins bear the image of the current wizard-king, so most of the coins in use have Zalathorm's image. The Durpar Vellim, and the Dambraii Crint and Shebs are also widely used.



Halruaa

Cities on Halruaa

Halruaa has numerous villages, too many to detail here. Instead, the four most important are listed, followed by a description of a typical village that outlines what a group of characters might find there.

Halarahh

The home of the wizard-king, Halarahh has a population of 8,000, which makes it the largest city, in Halruaa. It is a comfortable city on the northern banks of Lake Halruaa, at the mouth of the river Halar. Halarahh is a wide sprawling town; the area of the city is twice what one would expect from the population.

The town is dotted with wizard's towers, for almost half of the citizenry are spellcasters. There are, however, actually only about 300 practicing mages in the town. Much of the town has magical lighting and other conveniences. Many of the buildings are kept magically cool in the heat of the summer by use of the *cooling breeze* spell, and by means of large blocks of ice created by enterprising mages on a daily basis.

Halarahh is home to no less than 17 members of the Council of Elders; therefore, the sight of a *skyship* is not at all uncommon. There are a number of ships that ply Lake Halruaa, but they stay near the shore. The winds on the lake are too dangerous for sailing, even for *skyships*.

Khaerbaal

Khaerbaal is located along the southern coast, sheltered in the bay of Taertal. It is one of two bases of the small Halruan navy. The entire navy consists of only 50 sailing ships and 20 *skyships*. In times of need, another 40 or 50 *skyships*, along with the archmages who own them, can be raised from the cities along the coast.

Khaerbaal is governed by the leading Elder of the city Grozalum, an illusionist of 19th level. It has a population of about 7,000. Most of that group is concerned with shipping and trading.

The navy's principal fortified base and construction docks are on the outlying isle of Rulasuu. Since there is no real city on Rulasuu, most of the military men based there take shore leave in Khaerbaal. This makes it a rather wild town, with a large number of inns and taverns.

Zalasuu

Zalasuu is located on the Bay of Azuth, and is the other base of the Halruan navy. It is ruled by Lailuu, a 19th level priestess of Mystra. Lailuu is more concerned with defending Halruaa than in ruling the city. The day to day administration is left up to clerks and officials, who have little or no skill in magic.

Only 5,000 people call Zalasuu home. In addition, 2,000 additional military troops are stationed in a large fort located just outside of town.

The presence of the Kilmaruu swamp to the east of the city make a defense force necessary. It is the site of a ruined city, with many undead inhabiting the broken buildings. In spite of the danger, mages and other adventurers keep searching the ruins. To quote a common Zalasuu expression, "The swamp helps keep the number of fools in town low."

Halagard

Halagard was once the capital of Halruaa. It lost that honor a century ago, when the current wizard-king moved north to Halarahh. It is nearly as large as Halarahh, with a population of 7,500. Halagard is situated at the mouth of the Halagard Channel, on the Bay of Halruaa. It is from here that the fishing fleets sail. The Bay of Halruaa is both a safe harbor and very fertile fishing ground.

The chief Elder in Halagard is Basel Indoulur, a conjurer specialist mage of 20th level. Basel is a rarity amongst Halruan mages; he likes apprentices. The lives of Basel's apprentices are not easy. He works them very hard. Since he is one of the most powerful conjurers in the land, he never lacks for applicants.



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Other Halruan Cities

There are a number of other cities of note. Maeruhul is closest to the electrum mines, and boasts five *skyships*, all belonging to Elders. The city's regiment of guards includes two companies of dwarven fighters. Aluarim is the site of the Royal Mint, and also the home of the most powerful invoker in the country, Rhodea Firehair. Talathgard, which has a force of 200 trained mountain men, guards the entrance to the vast temple complex under Mt. Talath. Galdel lies on the south side of Lake Halruaa. It has several dozen electrum-smiths fashioning fine art objects and rings, wands, and weapons to be enchanted. The dwarf Boronuil Ironfist, the best craftsman in Halruaa, lives here. If one can afford it, Boronuil will craft items for enchantment. He charges quadruple standard rates, and has a waiting list of two years or more.

A Halruan Village

The average Halruan village has from 100 to 500 people, usually concerned with a single type of magic or craft. Most villages have a mage of at least 11th level. The highest ranking mage, whether an Elder or not, is considered the village elder, and makes decisions on most things.

The village also has a militia. If it is a very small village, the militia may consist of every able bodied adult in town. All mages and priests are expected to help defend the town. Since even the smallest towns have at least three or four mages, most Halruan villages have little to fear from the occasional marauding beast or raiding bandits. A full 60% of the towns have a member of the Council of Elders in residence. Given the nature of high level wizards, this is easy to understand. Many of the villages were founded around a wizard's tower, both for protection and service.

Cyclical light spells are common, as are *continual light*, *cooling breeze*, *cantrip*, and *unseen servant*. Other magical effects are also common. The people of Halruaa know about magic, and what it can do for them. Many an innkeeper has

obtained a rare magic book or spell component, then traded it to the local archmage for a valuable magic guard. The Astral Inn, located in the farming community of Eichul, boasts fine wine, good food, and an iron golem for a bouncer. Though that may seem extreme, it is not unusual.

Nearly every town has an inn or hostelry. Travelers, at least Halruan travelers, are common. Strangers stand out. If they appear dangerous or powerful they're watched every second, either openly or magically.

Places of Interest

The Walls of Halruaa

The mountains surrounding Halruaa are known collectively as the walls of Halruaa. The mountains on the west side of the country, south of Mt. Talath, are known as Lhairghal, the West Wall. The northern mountains, including those surrounding the Nath, are called the North Wall, or Nathaghal. The East Wall is known as the Muaraghal. These mountain are high, towering 20,000 feet or more. There are three passes through the Walls: Talath Pass on the northwest, Achelar Pass on the east, and The High Aluar on the north.

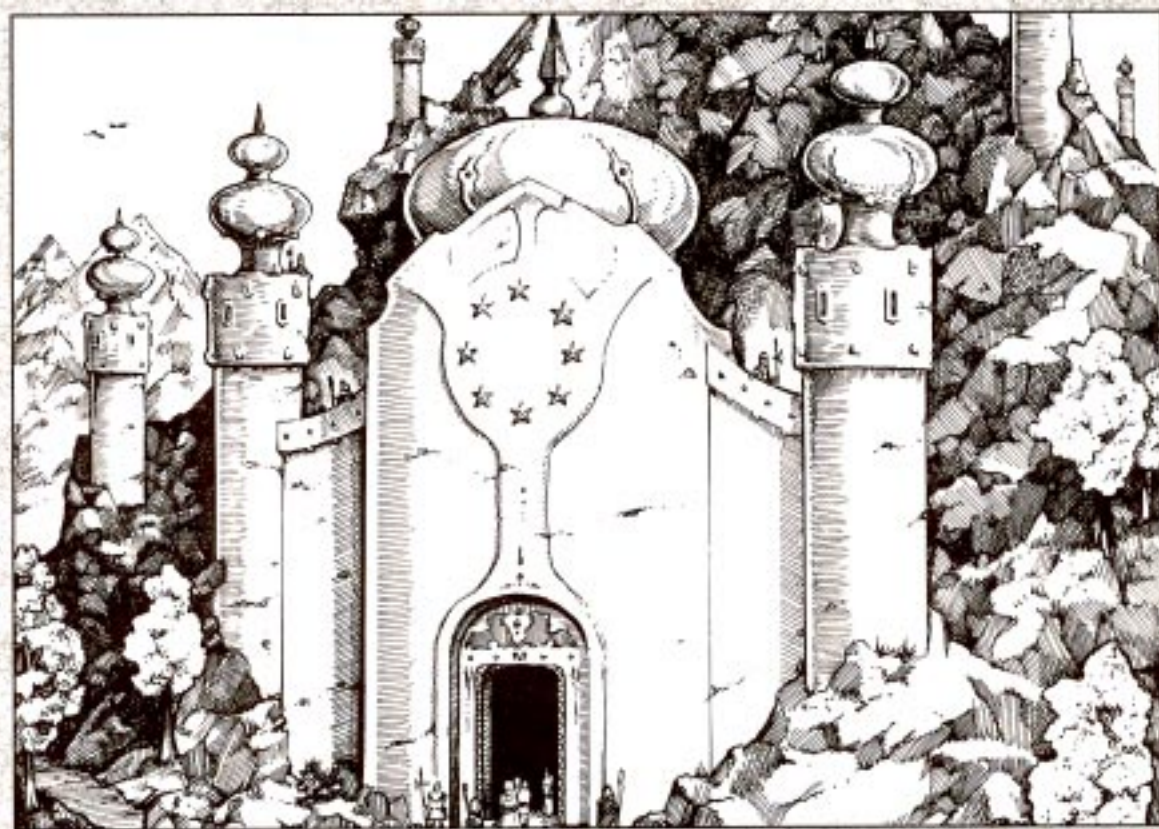
The mountains, particularly surrounding the Nath, are homes to the temples of magic. The mountains are not usually dangerous. At least, not on the Halruaa side of the mountains. Monsters, including cyclopskin, manticores, rocs, cockatrices, and medusae make their homes on the slopes facing away from Halruaa. The Muaraghal is the site of some of the purest electrum deposits in the Realms. Halruans have been mining near Lake Maeru for hundreds of years. The deposits show no sign of running out. This is well, since a good part of the wealth of Halruaa is connected to the electrum mines.

Lake Halruaa

Lake Halruaa is a large body of water in the center of the country. It is connected to the Great



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Sea via the Halagard Channel, which is used by many ships to reach Halarahh. The ever present winds make the center of the lake extremely choppy and difficult to navigate. Ships that must sail to Sulaziir or Nishtul usually hug the coast, or risk being lost forever.

Swamp Of Akhlaur

Akhlaur was a 30th-level conjurer in Halruaa 200 years ago. Akhlaur's only interest was to increase his power through magical research. Finally he delved too deep and summoned fiends too powerful for even him to control. He was seized by one of the fiends and dragged back to its home plane. A gateway was left open to the elemental plane of water when Akhlaur was lost, and, since then, the Swamp of Akhlaur has been growing. It

is currently an oblong, 95 miles by 30 miles, and it grows about a hundred feet every year.

Akhlaur was rumored to have magical items that other mages have only dreamt of. Many mages have entered the swamps attempting to recover the treasures of Akhlaur. Others have tried to learn the reason for the swamp's continuing growth. None of them succeeded in locating the tower of Akhlaur. It is believed that the tower lies buried in the swamp, waiting for the mage who can penetrate its secrets.

The swamp is typical of most southern swamps, filled with cypress trees, heavy moss, snakes, crocodiles, piranha, and other swamp monsters. There are a fair number of undead, ghouls and wights abound. There is also a unique type of monster, the one responsible for the death of Akhlaur. The laraken, or magic drainer



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lives in the swamp. The laraken, which is almost totally immune to magic, feeds on magical energy. Few laraken exist, but those that do exist are almost certain death to any mage they meet. They rarely, if ever, leave the swamp.

The swamp is slowly growing. The small gate allows a constant stream of enchanted water into the tower. If left unchecked, it could someday threaten the entire country. It is also responsible for keeping the laraken from invading the rest of Halruaa. The laraken feed off the enchanted water, draining some of its magic. By the time the water moves beyond the swamp, it no longer radiates magic. Only a few of the mages in the council of Elders, including Zalathorm, know this.

Mount Talath

The center of magic in Halruaa, Mt. Talath is the home of the largest temple to Mystra in the Realms. It occupies an entire cavern complex. Vast storerooms of old tomes, scrolls of knowledge, and long forgotten magical items are kept here. It is here that many mages and priests prefer to come for training. The leader of the temple is Greila Sontoin, a priestess of 20th level. She is said to have unearthly wisdom (22), gained both through magic and the favor of the Mystra. Greila is very old and seldom leaves the temple anymore. She is still capable of powerful magic. The temple is not an easy place to enter. One must pass a rigorous magical screening. Of course, such a large complex has its holes. Thieves and spies do occasionally gain entrance. Such intruders are dealt with summarily — they are fried, frosted, or disintegrated. Those with good intentions who attempt to enter may be admitted. A native of Halruaa is allowed access to almost everywhere; a non-native may be charged a horrendous fee to be admitted to certain “safe” libraries and halls. Outsiders often speak of the wondrous libraries in the temple, not realizing that they have seen less than a third of its treasures.

There is also a grand temple, which anyone

may enter for the purpose of worship. If characters come here expecting to get their hands on unique spells, or magical items, they will be disappointed.

Halruan NPCs

Zalathorm, The Wizard King

29th-level human male diviner: Str 10, Des 14, Con 10, Int 19, Wis 17, Cha 14; AI, LG; XC -2; MV 12; hp 52; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (staff); SZ M; ML 18. Spells 8/8/8/8/7/7/7/7/7

Where Found: Halarahh

Zalathorm is one of the most powerful mages in a nation of powerful mages. He possesses a vast assortment of magical items, and he won't hesitate to use them. His most impressive possession is his crystal orb. This item allows him to communicate with all of the Elders in the Council simultaneously. It is detailed in the new magical items section at the end of this chapter.

Halruaa has resisted many raids from Dambrath and the Jungles of Chult during his long reign. Some say that Zalathorm possesses powers beyond magic. They are correct. He possesses several psionic powers useful for predicting the future. These powers, used in concert with his awesome divination skills, make Zalathorm a very hard man to surprise. He has correctly predicted every major raid into Halruaa in the last 50 years. With that kind of knowledge, the border guards have little trouble keeping the land safe.

The PCs may encounter Zalathorm if they visit Halarahh. He keeps an eye on the city, as well as on the country. He is interested in powerful adventurers, although his main interest may be getting them out of the country.



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Rhodea Firehair

24th-level human female invoker: Str 9, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 18, Wis 12, Cha 13; AL LG; AC 0; MV 13; hp 42; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (staff): SZ M; ML 15. Spells 6/6/6/6/6/6 /6/5

Where found: Aluarim

Rhodea is an exception to the rule that says mages should cower in the back of a party. She is absolutely fearless, and has led troops into combat. With her awesome array of destructive magic, she is very effective. Rhodea is probably the most conscientious mage in Halruaa. She has never missed a council call. She also sees to it that the mint is run fairly.

Rym Windwalker

5th-level half-elven male mage: Str 9, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 17, Wis 9, Cha 14; AL CG; AC 5; MV 12; hp 15; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger): SZ M; ML 12. Spells: 4/2/1

Where Found: Halruaa

Rym Windwalker is a typical young mage. If a PC party encounters him, he is looking for adventure. Whatever they propose, he's up for it. Unfortunately, while Rym has a high intelligence, his wisdom is low. He is likely to foolishly charge into danger at the first sign of trouble. His power, however, does not match his enthusiasm. If he is allowed to travel with a party, he is loyal, friendly, and rather inept.

Ramael The Reader

18th-level human male mage: Str 13, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 19, Wis 13, Cha 17; AL LN; AC 2; MV 12; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (staff): SZ RI; ML 14. Spells 5/5/5/5/3/3/1

Where Found: Wanders, currently the Dales

Ramael is called the Reader because of his fond-

ness for *ESP* spells. He is a powerful mage, smart enough to have invented the spells he claimed. He escaped from Halruaa after being accused of spell theft, losing an eye in the process. He currently roams the Dales, always looking over his shoulder. He is currently masquerading as a bard, with the help of a *harp of Myth Drannor*. Ramael possesses a number of magical items, most notably an *amulet of proof against detection and location* and a *ring of mind shielding*. He is being hunted by Halruan mages, for he left the country with many unique spells in his spellbooks. He possesses all of the spells listed in the New Spell section, as well as quite a few others. When he encounters someone next, he is distrustful. He will attempt to keep up his act as a bard at all times. Once he has a chance to check out the PCs' intentions telepathically, he can be reasoned with. Ramael will teach PC mages new spells, but the price is sure to be very high.

Random Riellor

19th-level human male necromancer: Str 11, Dex 14, Con 9, Int 19, Wis 17, Cha 9; AL CN; AC 2; MV 12; hp 48; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (staff); SZ M; ML 18. Spells 6/6/6/6/6/4/4/2

Where Found: Almost anywhere in the Realms

Random is credited with cracking the puzzle of Southern Magic. He is brilliant, but very erratic. He possesses a *ring of teleportation* that allows him to *teleport* up to three times a day. He can be used as a recurring "mad wizard," showing up at anytime and at any place. He is just as likely to hinder characters as help them. Random's personality changes from day to day; the only thing that is constant is his brilliance. He is not interested in fiery magic, claiming that his magic is more subtle. He has fitted his *skyship* (currently in orbit above Faerun) with a spelljamming helm. He has left the Realms several times, but has always returned. The ship makes a convenient place to *teleport* to when he has finished his business. Random helps only those who further his research.



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Adventurers in Halruaa

Halruaa is home to many adventurers, but non-Halruan adventurers are seldom welcome. Venturing into the forest of Mhair, the Swagdar, or even the swamp of Akhlaur can be good training and profitable if one survives. Outsiders can find many other places to adventure as well, but the suspicion and watchfulness never end. Fighters may find work with patrols. Mages may be able to pay or trade for training. Priests are welcome, if they worship Mystra or Azuth. Priests of other deities and thieves, should they draw attention to themselves, are politely asked to leave.

Halruan Adventurers in The Realms

Halruan mages travel all over the Realms, searching for new magic. If a new spell gains popularity, a Halruan mage will eventually show up to learn the spell.

One prominent group from Halruaa, and the only one which claims Halruaa as its home, is the Destroyers. This is a highly specialized mercenary company, led by Daltim Flamefist, a 14th-level fire mage. There are 30 wizards and psionicists in the group, and Daltim is known to have wild psionic talents himself. They are a strictly Lawful group, honoring any contract they have made.

Some travelers have chosen not to return to Halruaa. Among the more prominent of these fugitives are: Omen, whose adventures have been chronicled in *The FORGOTTEN REALMS™* comic books; Darsson, a powerful mage now thought to be somewhere near Raven's Bluff or Tantras; Ramael the Reader, an Elder who was exposed as a spell thief; and Random, an erratic mage who many believe is incurably insane.

New Halruan Magic

Old Empires (FR10) introduced a type of magic called Southern Magic. When these spells were introduced, they could not be used by normal mages. Because they were written in a different

magical language, a normal *read magic* spell would not reveal this writing. Therefore, mages could neither transfer them to their spellbooks, nor could they learn to use them. Two decades ago, the erratic Random learned the *read Southern Magic* spell. It is now available in Halruaa.

This is a small selection of the new wizard spells and magical items available in Halruaa. If DMs wish to introduce new spells from other accessory books, they will find Halruaa an excellent setting in which to do so.

First Level Spell

Insulation (Abjuration/Alteration)

Range: Touch

Components: V,S,M

Duration: 2 rounds/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: Creature touched

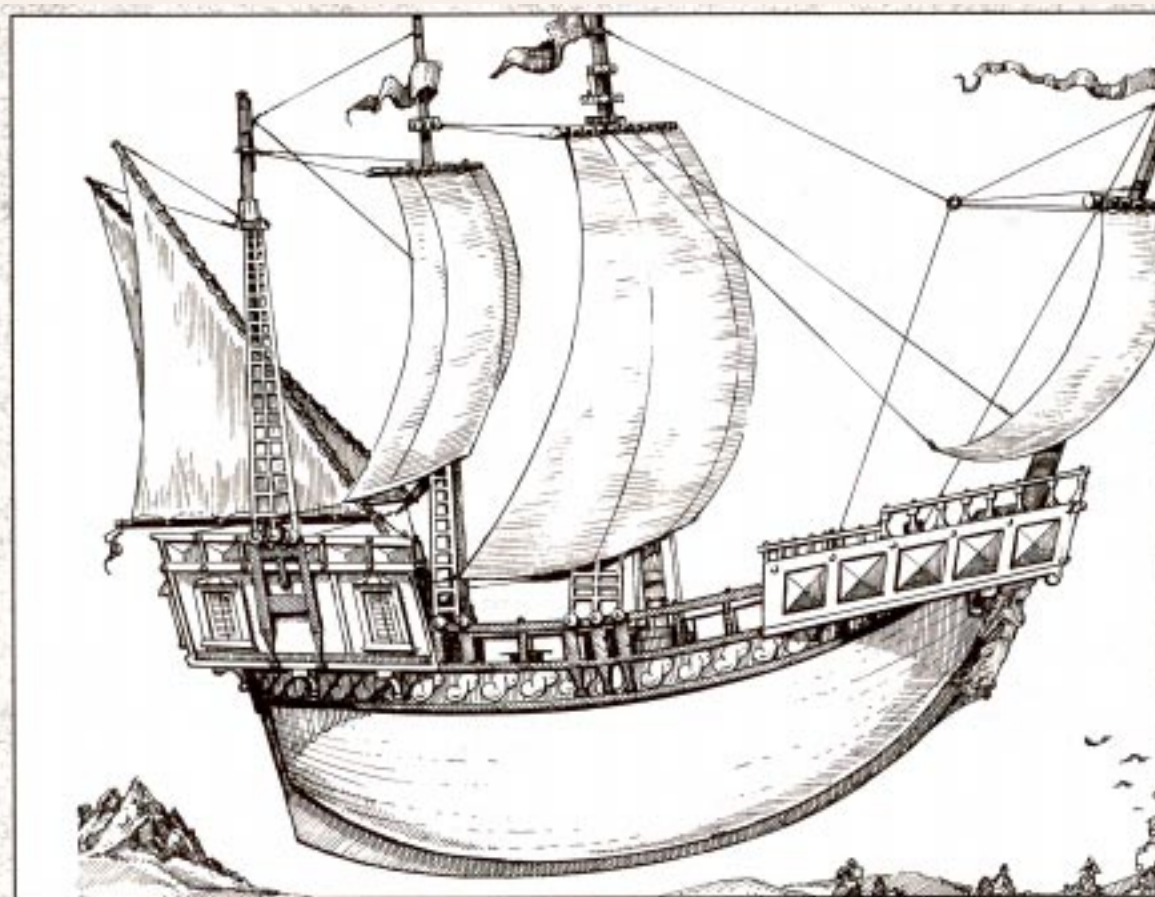
Saving Throw: None

This spell provides the caster with a temporary resistance to all electrical spells or effects. The recipient of the spell gains a bonus of +3 to saving throws against such attack forms, and all damage sustained is reduced by 50%. If the saving throw is failed, the protected creature sustains one-half damage. If the saving throw is successful, only one-quarter damage is sustained.

The material component of this spell is a 1" square piece of rubber. This must be placed between the recipient's foot (shod or unshod) and the ground. It must be touched by the recipient at all times or the spell is ineffective. If conditions are wet, i.e. the recipient is standing in water, or in a thunderstorm, the bonus on the saving throw is reduced to +1. The resistance to damage is unchanged.



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Second Level Spells

Protection From Birds (Abjuration)

Range: 0

Components: V,S,M

Duration: 5 rounds +5 rounds/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: One Creature

Saving Throw: Negates

This spell provides protection against most types of birds (any with feathers). Any bird with less than two hit dice is prevented from attacking the caster at a distance of one foot. Birds with 2 to 9 hit dice attack the caster at a -2, while birds of 10 hit dice or greater are not affected by the spell. The material component is a feather from any bird. If a feather from a roc or giant eagle is

used, the duration of the spell is doubled. The *protection from birds* spell was invented by an obscure abjuration specialist who was tired of having *protection from cantrips* as his only second level Abjuration spell.

Darsson's Cooling Breeze

(Alteration/Evocation)

Range: 0

Components: V,S,M

Duration: 4 hours/level

Casting Time: 2

Area of effect: 3 foot radius/level

Saving Throw: None

This spell is a less powerful but longer lasting version of the *gust of wind* spell. It allows the caster to place the spell on an object, or at a spe-



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cific point if he wishes. When cast, the air about this point moves slowly in a circle around the center. The air movement is slow. It won't move faster than 5 mph (about the same as a ceiling fan). This spell is widely used, since it keeps the air moving in an enclosed place. This spell serves almost no purpose except to make a stifling room more comfortable. Richer citizens of Halruaa often cool their homes by means of this spell. It works well when combined with large blocks of ice, that can be purchased from enterprising mages who use the *wall of ice* spell.

The material component of the spell is a dried legume.

Darsson's Fiery Cube (Evocation)

Range: 5 yards/level

Components: V,S,M

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 10-foot cube

Saving Throw: 1/2

The *fiery cube* is an explosive burst of flame that covers an area no larger than a 10' cube. It detonates with a low roar creating a cube of fire. The fire inflicts 1d4 points of damage per level of the caster, to a maximum of 10d4. The *fiery cube* will fill any open space in its area of effect, but will not expand beyond that area. Thus, if it were cast in a corridor 5' wide and 7' high, it would fill a volume of 10' x 7' x 5'.

Besides causing damage, the spell ignites all combustibles in its area of effect and melts soft metals. Exposed items requires a saving throw versus magical fire to determine if they are affected. Items in the possession of a creature which makes its saving throw are unaffected.

The caster points his finger and speaks the range (distance and height) at which he wishes to place the spell's center. A streak of orange light flashes from the pointing finger, detonating in cube shape at the prescribed place, unless it strikes a solid object before reaching that place (early impact indicates an early detonation).

Creatures who fail their saves take full damage. Those who save successfully are assumed to have leaped part way out of the cube and take only half damage.

The material component of this spell is a tiny cube of bat guano, a small amount of sulfur, and a flake of phosphorus.

Third Level Spell

Scintillating Sphere (Evocation)

Range: 15 yards + 10 yards/level

Components: V,S,M

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 10-foot radius

Saving Throw: 1/2

This spell causes a grape-sized sphere to appear near the caster. The sphere then travels in a straight line at high speed to a position in sight of the spellcaster.

Upon reaching this position, the sphere pulses outward twice and then disappears. Damage is caused by the second pulse only, and is electrical in nature. Damage caused is 1d6 for every level of the caster, to a maximum of 10d6. A successful save versus spell reduces the damage by half. The position is chosen by pointing at the spot and speaking the distance for the sphere to travel. Saving throws for items are as per a *lightning bolt* spell.

The material components are a small glass sphere and a pinch of iron oxide. The components are consumed in the casting.



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Fourth Level Spell

Ramael's Cyclical Light (Alteration)

Range: 90 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: 60-foot radius
Saving Throw: None

This spell is similar to the *continual light* spell, except that it fades and glows in response to the outside light. It can only be cast on an object. It may not be cast into thin air or on a living creature. It can, however, be cast on non-living creatures.

When the spell is cast on an object, it is immediately bound to the object. If the object is in full daylight at the time the spell is cast, no effect will be noticed. When the object is taken into a dark place the value of the spell is noticed, for it begins to brighten immediately. When in total darkness, it shines as brightly as full daylight. The effect requires from 2-5 (1d4+1) rounds to adjust to changes in outside light. If some light is present, the glow is no brighter than necessary to place the object in the equivalent of full daylight.

A stone with this spell, placed deep in a backpack, or wrapped with black silk, glows with full brightness when unwrapped, even in torchlight or the presence of other *light* spells. Other light must fall upon the enchanted object before the light begins to dim.

The material components of this spell are optional. If cast with no material component, the light resembles a normal *continual light* spell. If a small gem, worth at least 10 gold pieces, is used in the casting, the light will be the same color as the gem.

This spell is very popular in Halruaa. Most mages actually give credit to Ramael for it, considering it the one spell he truly invented. Some mages theorize that a cyclical *darkness* spell is possible, but no one has yet spent the time or energy to research it.

Fifth Level Spells

Damson's Music Box (Enchantment)

Range: 10 yards Components: V,S,M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: variable
Area of Effect: 1 object
Saving Throw: None

Using this spell, a wizard may enchant an inanimate object, usually a seashell or small box, to play a magically recorded message or song. The caster may use the spell to save a special song; to play dramatic music when anyone enters his dwelling; or to create a fancy doorbell.

The message recorded may last for up to one turn. To record, the wizard casts the spell and mentally commands the recording to begin any time in the next round. Likewise, the caster may end the recording by mental command before the maximum one turn duration has expired. Any sound made within a radius determined by the caster (up to 30') will be recorded. Recordings of spellcasting and command words may be made, but may not be used to actually cast spells or cause magical items to function. A recording may be used to trigger a *magic mouth* or other spell that requires a specific condition to be met, provided the condition specifies a recorded message as a trigger.

Recorded material is played back when specific conditions are fulfilled, according to the spellcaster's instructions. Playback may be at any non-damaging volume, determined at the original casting time. Two recordings made of the same musical piece, made at the same time on two different objects, may be made to respond to the same condition, producing a stereo effect. Most of Darsson's music boxes are set to respond when the name of a recorded piece is spoken, but they may be set with any trigger, general or specific. Some examples are, "when anyone knocks on this door," or "when the king enters the throne room." Another possibility is "when one or more halflings enter the larder." The trig-



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ger cannot distinguish invisible creatures, alignments, level, Hit Dice, or class, except by external garb.

The material component for the spell is a pearl or a small cube of brass which is placed inside the ornately carved box, polished seashell, or other fine object on which the dweomer is to be placed.

Rapid Reflexive Response (Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V,S,M Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Caster

Saving Throw: None

This spell was claimed by the infamous Ramael the Reader, but most Halruans give credit to the famous Mycontil. When cast, this spell enables the caster to grab hurled or projected missiles, such as arrows, axes, bolts, javelins, small stones, or similar objects that weigh less than 7 pounds, out of the air and immediately hurl them back at the attacker with a +4 bonus on the attack roll. The caster may grab one object with each hand each round and return them the same round. An attack roll with the stated bonus is required for each attack. The spell expires at the end of the stated duration, or as soon as the caster performs another action other than the *reflexive response*. This spell actually speeds up the caster's reflexes to a superhuman level, so in order to perform a normal action, such as casting a spell, the caster must end the spell.

The material components are a glove once worn by a thrown weapon specialist or a halfling, a shaving of licorice root, and a frog's tongue. The caster must consume the latter two components as part of the casting. The glove remains and may be reused.

Sixth Level Spells

Ring of Disintegration (Alteration)

Range: 30 yards

Components: V,S,M

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 6

Saving Throw: Special

Area: 1 creature

Another of the "stolen spells of Mycontil", this one is also falsely claimed by Ramael the Reader. When cast, a tiny bit of annihilating matter is brought into existence, growing to the form of a six-inch circlet at impact. A successful attack roll must be made by the caster, as a fighter of his her level. The target creature is entitled to a saving throw versus petrification. Affected creatures suffer 1d6 points of damage per level of the caster, and also lose an appendage. Creatures who successfully save suffer half damage, and no appendage is lost. Creatures of size L, or larger are not subject to the loss of a limb, since the sphere is too small to affect them in that way. For purposes of determining which appendage is lost, roll at random. The head does count as an appendage.

The material component for this spell is a specially prepared silver bracelet worth at least 100 gp, with 1 gram of mithril worked into it. It is consumed in the casting.

This spell can be very dangerous. On an attack roll of a natural 1, the caster must make a saving throw vs. spell or fumble the throw, and lose his own hand as a result of the fumble.

Suspension (Alteration)

Range: 20 yds/level

Components: V,S,M

Duration: 1-4 days +1 day/level

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: 1 creature or object

Saving Throw: Neg.



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This is a powerful, long lasting version of the *levitate* spell, thought to have been brought south by the original Netherese. This spell is known to be one of the magics necessary to power the fabled *skyships*.

It functions in all ways as does the *levitate* spell. It can be cast on the mage's person, on an object, or upon a single creature. The weight limit, 1000 pounds per level of the caster, is greater than that of the *levitate* spell. Unwilling creatures are allowed a saving throw versus spells to avoid the effects.

Concentration is only required when changing height. The movement rate for this spell is 120 feet per round. Smashing someone into a rock ceiling at that rate causes only 1d6 points of damage, with a saving throw versus paralyzation to avoid any damage. Once the desired height is reached, the levitated object or person remains at that height for the spell duration, or until the height is changed again. The material component is a small leather loop suspended from a bent golden wire. Both are consumed in the casting.

Seventh Level Spell

Nerve Dance (Necromancy)

Range: 10 yards/level (120 yd. maximum)

Components: V,S,M

Duration: 3 rounds +1 round/5 levels

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: 1 to 3 creatures Saving Throw: Special

This is another spell from the books of Random the Mad. Casting this spell causes one to three glowing, red streamers to shoot from the caster's hand. Each of these streamers pursue the intended target or targets for the stated duration, or until they strike and wrap around the target. Targeted creatures are allowed a saving throw versus spells each round; failure means they are struck by the streamers. The save must be made each round until the spell expires.

Those who fail their saving throw take 2d6 points of damage per round, and fall to the ground in excruciating pain. Those who make their saves must continue to dodge and weave, and are incapable of spellcasting or similar actions. Targeting multiple streamers at the same target has no additional effect. The caster must concentrate on the streamers to direct them. If his concentration is broken the spell ends immediately. The streamers may be destroyed before they hit. They are AC 0, and any hit from a magical weapon destroys them. They take no damage from normal weapons.

The material components are a 6-inch strand of red spider silk, and a glass rod with *continual light* cast upon it. The rod is used to direct the streamers. The spider silk is consumed in the casting, as is the *continual light* spell.

Ninth Level Spells

Power Word: Banishment (Abjuration/Conjuration)

Range: 5 yards level

Components: V

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Saving Throw: None

By means of this spell, the caster can banish one extra-planar creature, forcing it to return to its home plane. The effect is instantaneous. The subject cannot return without a special summoning, or some means of egress from its home to the plane from which it was banished. This spell closely resembles the 7th-level spell *banishment*, but it is more powerful and more dangerous. The caster need merely look at the extra-planar creature and speak the name of its home plane. The effect happens immediately. Of course, any magic resistance that the creature possesses must be overcome for the spell to function.



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If the caster has correctly named the home plane of the subject, and if the creature currently has 70 hit points or fewer, it is banished. If not, the caster is in a large amount of trouble.

If a caster fails to overcome a creature's magic resistance, the spell merely fails. However, if he has named the wrong plane, or if the creature is too powerful to be affected, the caster must immediately make a saving throw versus death magic at -4. Failure means he is banished to that plane himself. If he succeeds, he is dazed and shaken by the brush with disaster, and can take no actions other than defense for the next two rounds. Even if the spell is entirely successful, the force of the spell is such that the mage cannot concentrate enough to cast another spell until at least 1 full round has passed.

This spell cannot be cast on oneself. The caster must be able to see the creature he is casting it on. Clever mages who cast the spell into a mirror might succeed in returning the mirror to its own plane, but it certainly wouldn't do anything for the caster.

Mycontil's Last Resort (Alteration/Evocation)

Range: 10 yards per level

Components: V,S,M

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 1 (see below)

Area of Effect: 30' radius

Saving Throw: 1/2

This is the spell that most mages claim Mycontil used in his climactic battle against the Dambraii. The spell was claimed by Ramael, and is one of the chief arguments his foes used to discredit him.

When cast, this spell converts all remaining spells in the caster's memory to magical energy, in much the same way that a *staff of power's* final strike does. All creatures in a 30' radius take 1d4 points of damage per spell level memorized; creatures farther away than 10' may save versus death magic for half damage.

This spell works even against magic resistant

creatures. A creature who is 65% magic resistant can resist only 65% of the damage, he takes the rest normally. If he is farther than 10' away, he still gets a saving throw to evade half of the damage that would affect him.

The effects on the mage can be devastating. When the spell is cast, the caster must immediately make a system shock roll. If he fails, he dies immediately, consumed in the casting. If he succeeds, he permanently loses one point of constitution, and is in a coma for 1-4 weeks. A *heal* spell will shorten the length of coma to 1-4 days from the time the *heal* spell was cast.

The material component is the finger bone of an archmage, which must be prepared in a ritual which takes from 1-4 days. The material for the ritual is costly as well, involving diamond dust worth at least 5000 gold pieces, and a pure platinum ring on the finger. When the ritual is complete, the caster intones all but the final word of the spell, which he mentally commands at the time of the casting. After all is prepared, the caster can activate the spell merely by speaking the final word and breaking the finger bone. After the initial casting the caster does not have to keep this spell in memory. Once the ritual is completed, the caster may memorize another ninth-level spell to replace the *last resort*.

For obvious reasons, this spell is not used frequently. In the history of Halruaa, only Mycontil is thought to have cast this spell.

New Magical Items of Halruaa

A few of the magical items from Halruaa are presented here. These are but a small sampling of a wide variety of unique items.

Girdle of Priestly Might

XP Value 3000

This *girdle* first appeared after the Time of Troubles. Priests of Mystra took it to be a sign



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that the goddess had regained her power. This item is one of the reasons that Azuth has not gained more supporters in Halruaa.

These *girdles* actually come in three versions. The basic *girdle* allows the wearer an 18/99 strength and a +2 armor class bonus. The second type, called a *girdle of priestly warding*, grants the above powers, plus a *protection from evil* (or good). The third *girdle*, the *girdle of holy might*, grants the preceding powers, plus the ability to use a *word of recall* spell once per month.

Percentile Roll	Type of Girdle Found
01-70	Priestly Might
71-95	Priestly Warding
96-00	Holy Might

The *girdle* bears the symbol of the power to which it is bonded on the front. However, any priest or cleric of the same alignment as the power whose symbol appears on a given *girdle* may use it. (One need not be a priest of that particular power, only be of the same alignment.) The *girdles* are not aligned with respect to Chaos or Law, being vessels either of good, neutrality, or evil. A priest who tries on a *girdle* of an opposing alignment is *cursed*, and will receive no spells above 2nd level until he receives an *atonement* spell. A quest of the power's choosing may also be necessary. A neutral cleric who tries on either a good or evil *girdle* suffers the same effect.

It is not known exactly how many other *girdles* have appeared in the Realms. Given the new, more active stance that powers have been forced to take in the Realms, it is thought that there may be more than a few of these items. It is highly unlikely that these will be found in treasure hoards. The *girdles* that are known to exist are all carefully guarded. It is doubtful that such a *girdle* will be found on anyone who has not been a high priest for quite some time.

The priests of Mystra are known to have at least one of each type in the temple fortress at

Mt. Talath. There are also rumors that the secret of constructing more of these items has been discovered. If so, it is sure to be a long and expensive process.

Crystal Orb

XP Value 10,000

This *orb* is thought to have been crafted by the great wizard Halruaa himself. The reigning wizard-kings have had this *orb* for as long as Halruaa has existed. It has the unique power of being able to contact up to 500 beings at once. Zalathorm (or another wizard using it) may contact as many beings as he wants. It takes but one round to activate the *orb*. In order for the *orb* to function, however, it must be attuned to those it will be used to contact. This is as simple as having the owner speak a command word while touching the intended recipient. Having used the same command word for each mage, Zalathorm can contact every Elder mage by speaking a single command word. Mages may refuse the contact. If the intended contact is deep in concentration (casting a spell or enchanting a magical item), she does not feel the contact until she relaxes her concentration.

The *orb* also has the property of highlighting in the *orb*, and in the minds of all in the group contact, the image of whoever is speaking. It has the additional advantage of only allowing one person to "speak" at a time. It thus acts as a sort of "meeting organizer" for the tumultuous wizards who form the Eiders of Halruaa. Zalathorm can break in at any time by touching the *orb*, giving the wizard-king complete control of all meetings of the Council of Elders.

The only known *orb* of this type is stored in a special room in Zalathorm's tower. It is thought to be one of the most heavily guarded magical items in all of the Realms. Among other protections, Zalathorm has cast a variant of a *contingency* spell on the *orb*, that should it be stolen or taken out of the room by someone who is not attuned to it, it immediately teleports to the



Halruaa

hands of the high priestess of Mystra, in Mt. Talath.

Halruan Skyships

XP Value: 8,000

The Halruan *skyships* are famed all through the Shining South. Even Elminster has described such vessels in his writings. *Skyships* are not to be confused with ships capable of spelljamming, although it is known that one can be outfitted with a spelljamming helm.

The ships were originally invented in far off Netheril, by the ancestors of the Halruans. The Red Wizards of Thay have claimed the credit for the invention, but Halruans know the truth. A *skyship* is a sailing vessel, broad-beamed so as to be able to rest easily on the ground. Its material tends to be light and flexible, to give and flow with the winds. The standard ship of Halruaa has three masts of flexible wood, and two panels that can be swung out for steering and guidance.

While undamaged, the vessel can never be sunk beneath the sea, for the same power that holds the ship aloft affects the water that surrounds it. The ship's hull is studded with polished plates taken from the species of giant turtle found in the waters off the coast.

The ship is at the mercy of the winds. The leeward panels do allow it some control, so that it can run before the winds and not be buffeted by them.

The control of the ship is tied to a special magical rod. This rod has three parts: a central shaft usually made of silver, and two hollow cylinders of gold, one over each end. The cylinders may be moved towards the center of the rod, exposing the ends. One end dampens the *levitation* fields of the ship, the other augments it. This allows the ship to climb or dive, at a rate of 120' per round. The cylinders are usually carved so that one can tell the difference, even in the dark.

Obviously this is no safe and steady fighting platform, although mages may cast spells from

its deck. It is a large and clumsy target in aerial combat (maneuverability class E). It has a great degree of variability in speed and stability due to the chance of the wind and the turbulence created by other aerial bodies. Nonetheless, it is very effective in dropping solid missiles, flaming oil, or other things upon hostile forces.

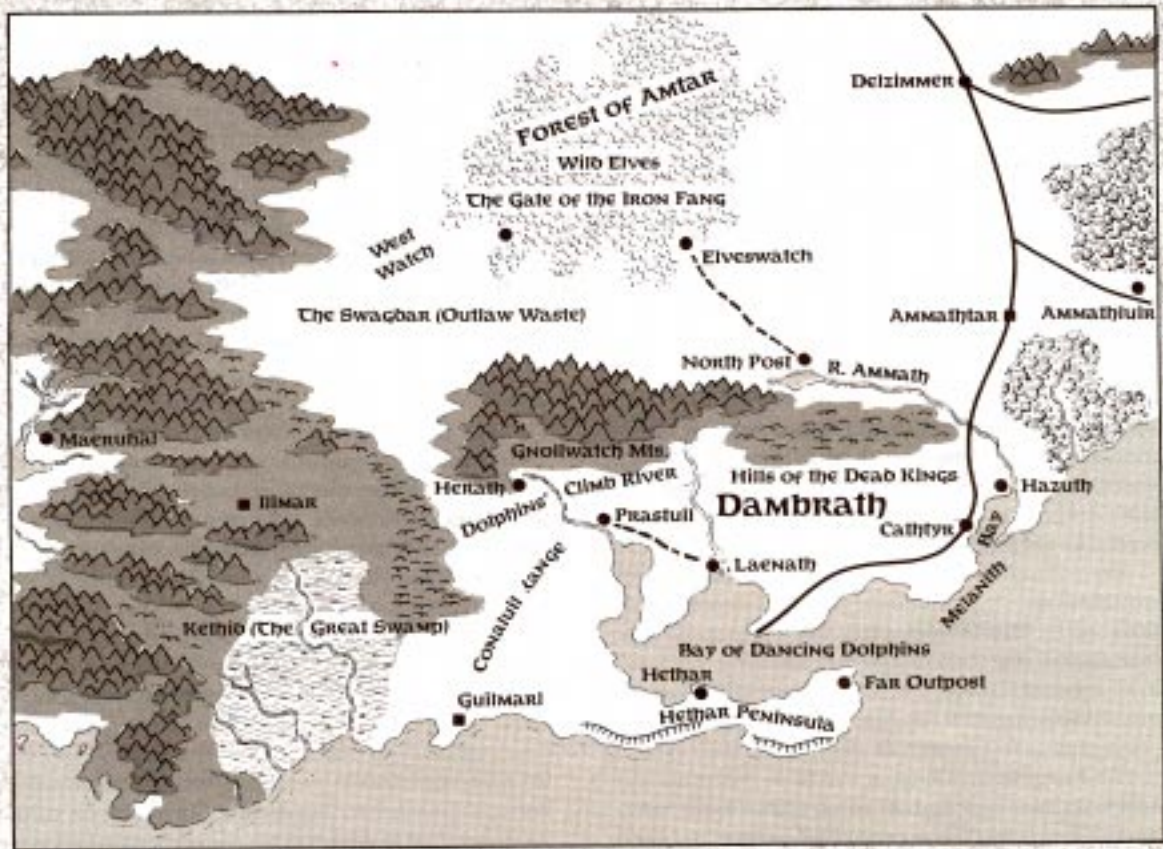
A *skyship* has its greatest buoyancy near the ground. At an altitude of 100' a standard *skyship* has a cargo displacement of 10 to 15 tons, a fraction of what a sea-going vessel can lift. This drops as the vessel climbs, until at 3600 feet it can lift little more than its own weight, and that of the crew. A standard crew is 20 to 30 men. If the ship is operating with a short crew, it can carry a bit more cargo. Since the Walls of Halruaa are much higher than 3600', such ships can only leave Halruaa through one of the mountain passes, by sea, or via the High Aluar.

The control rod needs continual recharging, and the *levitation* spells on the ship itself must be renewed once per year. The rod can be recharged by the casting of *suspension* or *levitate* spells. The secret of renewing the ship is known only to the council of Elders.

These ships are relatively common in Halruaa, but are rare anywhere else. Of all of their secrets, the mages guard that of their *skyships* the most zealously.



Dambrath



General Description

Dambrath is bordered on the south by the Great Sea and on the north by the Forest of Amtar. To the west lie the semi-mountainous region known as the Walls of Halruaa and the great Kethid Swamp. For hundreds of years, the horder on the east has been the Trader's Way and the River Ammath. The Dambraii do not claim or want any part of the Eastern Shaar or the Granuin Forest. The proper term for a Dambrath citizen is a Damhraii, the plural and possessive form of this is Damhraii. Damhrathian or Damhrather are used only by foreigners.

Geography and Climate

Dambrath is an open land, with miles of range-land, and hundreds of miles of safe coastline. The Bay of Dancing Dolphins has not suffered a had storm in five hundred years.

The fields of the ranchos grow a tall (3' to 4') grass called arkas. The grass is exceptionally good feed for livestock.

To the north, the Grollwatch mountains are not a particularly impressive mountain range. Mount Hazail, the tallest peak, only reaches 11,500 feet. Most of the mountains average only 9,000 feet. To the west the mountains give way to the Hills of the Dead Kind which are alive with streams, grassy knolls, of seasonal groves of fruit trees, and many other signs of life. The river



Dambrath

Ammath is the largest river in Dambrath, flowing southeast around the Hills of the Dead Kings. The Keless river is much busier, affording a fast road between the mines in the mountains and the Bay of the Dancing Dolphins.

The Bay of Dancing Dolphins is truly a treasure of Dambrath. Not only is it a safe harbor, but it is rich in swordfish, red snapper, mahi-mahi, and sea bass. It produces a decent crop of pearls each year, and draws many schools of friendly dolphins. The ever-present dolphins won't let a human drown. Dolphins have been a protected species in Dambrath, ever since one saved queen Melanith over 300 years ago. Fishermen follow dolphins to the good schools of fish, and sailors know that when the bay gets crowded with dolphins, a major storm is heading north on the Great Sea.

Most Dambraii have never seen snow. The summers are hot, but the breezes off the sea cool the nights. The temperature usually passes 100 during the day, but drops quickly after dark to lows around 60 degrees. North of the Gnollwatch mountains the temperature is even hotter, and the nights aren't as cool as nights near the coast.

The rainy season begins in Uktar (November), and lasts two to three months. There have only been 12 actual frosts recorded in the last 500 years. This occurrence is always taken as a sign of extreme displeasure from Loviatar herself.

History

The nation of Dambrath was formed out of a barbarian kingdom almost a half-millennium ago by a powerful alliance of priestesses of Loviatar and drow from the city of T'lindhet.

In 211 DR four tribes of barbarians, fleeing from the destruction of the homeland by the then-great kingdoms of Unther and Muhlorand, entered Dambrath. They found a coast where the dolphins danced and plains where the grass was long. They roamed from the borders of the Walls of Halruaa as far east as the current borders of Estagund. They soon became known as the Arkaiun, or "people of the wind."

Then in 545 DR a great warchief, Reinhar, arose to lead the tribes. The halfings of Luiren were quickly enslaved, and several of the coastal cities of Durpar were captured or razed. Estagund fell to his rule. Finally Reinhar turned his attention to Halruaa.

An army of 40,000 horsemen and a fleet of 50 ships mounted a coordinated attack on Halruaa. Even though Reinhar was able to get beyond the Walls of Halruaa and occupy the cities of Mithel, Galdel, and Zalasuu, the wizards proved to be more than a match for Reinhar's army. Reinhar was finally defeated in a great battle at Sulaziir by the arch mage Mycontil and his troop of wizards.

Reinhar's son, Reinhar II, took command of the army and set out in an overland march for the Walls of Halruaa. Two months later, with a thousand fighting men and no shaman, he arrived home. Reinhar II proved to be as good a ruler in defeat as his father was in war. He consolidated his forces, pulling home almost all his troops. He knew that the defeat made them tempting prey for raiders and encroaching monsters. By the time Reinhar IX was king, in 802 DR the Arkaiuns were fat and lazy. But Reinhar IX, of Reinhar the Foolish as he is more commonly known, insisted on expanding his nation to gain more money to finance his military campaigns. He ordered the mining of many rich lodes of silver and electrum in the Gnollwatch mountains. Before his plans of expansion could begin, the miners encountered the drow of T'lindhet. The drow were outraged and began a steady series of raids and attacks on the Arkaiun strongholds. Whole villages were destroyed overnight. No trace of the invaders could be found.

Reinhar committed the foolhardy action of attacking the drow. The Arkaiuns succeeded in getting a force into the drow city. This action united the normally chaotic drow, and for once the full power of a drow city was turned against an enemy.

The battle quickly moved back to the surface. Reinhar's raiders were wiped out, leaving Reinhar with only a small portion of his original military. This was not enough for the drow, who



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demanded total enslavement of the entire surface nation. The Arkaiuns resisted valiantly. The war went on for three decades, at a tremendous cost in life to the Arkaiuns and to the drow.

Finally, the drow had the Arkaiun forces cornered at Malduir. The defenders were overjoyed when a group of half-elven pilgrims entered the city. The high priestess, Cathtyr Shintar, offered the aid of her clerics to help defend the city. Reinhar took this to be an omen from the gods, and placed a priestess with almost every company.

Within the week, the drow struck. The priestesses did indeed prove to be a great aid—to the drow. Every priestess turned on the Arkaiuns, and Cathtyr herself slew Reinhar. The drow were still weakened by the battle. Only the presence of the priestesses enabled them to win. Cathtyr realized that she had a unique advantage over the drow. She made a deal that even the suspicious drow embraced. Her priestesses would rule the land. In exchange, they would provide access to the surface for the drow, trading weapons, slaves, and surface supplies.

The drow were delighted with this brazen offer from surface dweller. Reinhar had been slain and the insult avenged. After 30 years of war the drow were not particularly interested in Dambrath. They did insist, however, on taking the best captured males as slaves. Cathtyr quickly agreed to this, seeing the males as an obstacle to her own power.

Cathtyr ruled for 205 years. She fulfilled her promise to make Dambrath, or “The Nation of Pain,” a bastion of evil in the Realms. In her time, Cathtyr saw the priesthood of Loviatar expand to thousands. Faith in the Beastlords previously worshiped by the Arkaiuns was nearly eradicated. Many of the Arkaiuns were able to escape their new mistresses, and flee to the Swagdar. There they resumed their almost forgotten nomadic life,

The priestesses of Loviatar continued to enjoy good relations with the drow. Some of them mated with the drow, creating a race of drow half-elves. These half-elves became known as the

Crintri, or “noble ones.” Most are priestesses of Loviatar, and many are mages as well. They consolidated their power, learning much of the area from the Shebali, or “lower ones,” as the Arkaiuns are now called.

The capital of Dambrath was established at Cathtyr, a city built after Cathtyr’s death, and named in her honor. Her death came at the hands of her daughter, Filina, who had grown tired of waiting for her mother to die. Filina ruled for only five years before her own daughter, Cathakay, assumed the throne in the same fashion. Cathakay ruled for 54 years, dying in a battle against a gold dragon. She died childless, and her niece Melanith assumed the throne.

Melanith faced an increasing population, and unrest among the males who enjoyed far less power under female rule. Melanith did not return their previous status, but she did make use of them. Fearing that the great nations of Mulhorand and Unther might rise again, she decided that unimportant tasks such as defense of the kingdom would be handled by men. She was the first to name a male to the post of warchief. Sadalar, a Crintri, became the queen’s consort. His term as warchief was characterized by widespread bribery and corruption. He was, however, responsible for getting many privileges returned to the Arkaiuns. After Melanith’s rule, the Shebali were considered second class citizens, rather than slaves.

It was during Melanith’s reign that the split between the sexes solidified. While the rulers of Dambrath had been females for over two centuries, it was more because of competence than gender. Melanith decreed that men could have no authority except over other men. The female-led hierarchy of Loviatar was quick to back this move.

Many of the bravest and best men of the kingdom perished in raids on Estagund, Durpar, the bandit tribes of Veldorn, and against the gnolls that had returned to the Gnollwatch mountains. Some even fought at the side of the drow, in their battle with the svirfneblin city Aventine. The deep gnomes were destroyed, but so were the



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Shebali. The drow and the Crintri were largely unharmed. For their aid, the Crintri were rewarded with a number of draw males to breed into their race. Melanith took a drow male as her consort to replace Sadalar, who had perished in the conflict. The drow, Nym Inthigg, fathered three daughters and a son. It was at this time that Melanith began the isolationist policy that Dambrath still follows today.

Melanith ruled for 156 years, her daughter Ausitil for 125. The current queen of Dambrath, Yenandra, who is known in Dambrath as the "Pirate Queen," is said to have sailed as far south as Zakhara, raiding and pillaging. Yenandra has been ruling for 71 years, and is beginning to show signs of age. She remains extremely popular, especially to the Crintri. Indeed, the Dambraii have enjoyed prosperity during Yenandra's reign. She has three ambitious daughters, Luatharyn, Meltruil, and Hasafir. Hasafir is deep in magical studies, while the other two are currently sailing as pirates.

Government and Politics

Dambrath is ruled by the queen, who is also the high priestess of Loviatar. Her word is law. The current queen, Yenandra, is both loved and feared by the common people.

Day to day life in Dambrath is common and ordinary. The matriarchy is much more pronounced at the top levels than it is at the working woman's level. Men and women labor together, or train for the army together. Promotions come faster to women than to men, and to Crintri faster than to Shebali. Only at the higher levels must one be a female Crintri to advance.

Law in Dambrath is very structured, and justice is harsh and swift. The judges, called "Honglath," which is drow for "clear-thinkers," are Crintri females. They hear cases, and decide on punishments. Punishments for Crinti of both genders usually consist of fines, while Shebali males may well be turned over to the priestesses of Loviatar for slow torture. Shebali females will usually be given more lenient sentences than

Shebali males receive.

The decisions of the Honglath can be appealed, but unless one is a Crintri, the appeal is seldom even heard. Appeals are heard by the local "Greater Pain", the highest ranking specialty priestess of Loviatar. There are 12 Greater Pains. A greater pain is usually a priestess/mage of at least 12th/6th level. Above them are four Duchesses.

Land can only be owned by the Crintri. For legal purposes, a person must be able to prove themselves at least 1/32 drow or half-elf to be considered a Crintri. Physical signs are important; the pointed ears and dark skin that indicate drow blood are usually taken as sufficient proof of nobility. On the other hand, a half-elf who appears almost completely human is relegated to a lesser role in both politics and society.

Inheritance is passed down to the females, but does not automatically go to the oldest. Priestly and magical power are considered first, as is appearance. The female who is the most powerful as a multi-classed priestess/mage will inherit. Failing that, first priestly power, then mage ability, then appearance prevails. The decision is made by the local Honglath, after the death of the ruling mother. If there are no daughters, the eldest son is expected to take a wife immediately. His wife will then own the land. If the mother dies without arranging for this, the local Honglath usually attempts to arrange a marriage with a drow female. Of course, the lady of the manor is the absolute ruler of her house and lands.

The Honglath jealously guard their roles as justices. More than one imperious landowner has been stripped of her title and lands for meting out justice on her own. This is not usually a problem, for seldom does a Honglath rule against a Crintri landowner.

It is absolutely forbidden to teach a male any type of magic. The penalty for the teacher is usually death by torture, while the student is *feeble-minded* and used as a galley or mine slave for the rest of his life.

The worst crime a Dambraii can commit is



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horse theft. The theft of a woman's horse is considered much worse than murder. Should such a criminal live long enough to be tried, he can be assured of the worst punishments that the priestesses of pain have to offer.

People and Customs

Dambrath is a rarity in that it is a society ruled by half-elves. Approximately 15% of the population is to some degree half-elven. Almost 90% of those trace their non-human heritage to a drow elf. The other 10% are the true nobles, those that can trace their heritage back to one of the original 112 half-elves that accompanied Cathyr on her journey into Dambrath.

Another 70% of the population are the fair-skinned Arkaiuns, although many of those now

have darker skin and hair. A pureblood Arkaiun is, according to Crinti expression, "as rare as clear thought in a man."

The remainder of the population consists of halflings and demihumans. Gnolls are seen frequently as guards for manor estates. Half-orcs and orcs are also used, though their chaotic ways make them the choice of only the poorer Crintri.

Elves are not seen in Dambrath, Dwarves are not native to Dambrath, although a few dwarven traders do make their way south along the Trader's Way. They are almost exclusively confined to Ammathtar and Hezuth.



Dambrath

Languages

Most of the people in Dambrath speak Akalan, the original tongue of the Akaiuns. The "high" language of Dambrath is drow. The priestesses of Loviatar are all taught the "maidens' tongue", a language said to be sacred to Loviatar. Actually, it is a degenerate version of Thorass, the trading tongue of Amn and much of the Sword Coast. Someone who speaks Thorass can't make himself understood in the maiden's tongue. About 20% of the population, mostly those who deal with outsiders, also speak a bit of the common tongue.

Social Customs

The influence of the Loviatar, the Maiden of Pain, is felt all through Dambrath. Amusements tend to be rough and dangerous. The officials of the government and the temples allow this, believing it keeps the masses happy. Day to day life, however, is much different.

A proper gentleman of Dambrath always holds the door for a lady, and she should always precede him down the street. In the wilds or on the road, the gentleman rides up front, to better shield his lady should trouble start. Since only females are allowed to be spellcasters, they usually need to be out of the immediate melee to be truly effective.

Priestess/mages and descendants of the 112 compatriots of Cathtyr form the upper crust of Dambrath society. It is considered a mark of honor for a female to have served in the army or with the fleet, and both are acceptable reasons for not being able to perform both wizard and clerical magic.

Although the society has much contact with the drow, it is not a carbon copy of drow society. On the ranges, every family member is important; a male is just as valued as a female. In the day to day work, men and women operate almost as equals. Of course, women are usually in charge. At religious and government ceremonies, the men fade into the background as the women take over. Parties on the range tend to be loud and

wild affairs lasting two or three days. In "society", a dinner is usually a competition to see which lady can wear the finest jewels, carry the best wands, or sport the most handsome consort. One drow-inspired custom is that one should never arrive at a party or dinner before sundown. Another custom in Dambrath is the habit of holding both hands out with the palms up when meeting a person of higher social status. This custom probably developed as low-ranking people held out their empty hands to show they carried no weapons.

Fair-skinned female half-elves are readily accepted, since their appearance could make them one of the "daughters of the first," as the descendants of the original 112 are called. Of course in 500 years, even half-elves can produce many offspring. There are 5,000 or more true daughters of the first, and twice that many who claim such heritage.

The most important custom of Dambrath traces back not to the drow or the half-elves of Loviatar, but to the original Arkaiuns. Every Dambraii citizen can ride by the time she is 5 years old. Males learn to ride by the age of 10. Roping and firing a shortbow from horseback are also learned at an early age.

Religion

The official state religion is the worship of Loviatar, the Maiden of Pain. There are temples in all the cities, and shrines at most ranchos. The clergy preach that pain must come into all lives, and only through the knowledge of pain can pleasure be felt. Most Dambraii accept this stoically, enduring pain and savoring pleasure. The drow queen Lolth is also worshipped. The followers of the two have a grudging respect for one another. On the plains, there are still many Arkaiuns who call upon Malar the Beastlord, particularly in the Swagdar, where outlaws rule. There is a small, very determined sect of drow who worship Eilistraee, the goddess of good drow.



Dambrath

Money and Commence

Dambrath uses state minted money. The government mints two types of coins, silver shebs and electrum crints. Other types of money are accepted cheerfully, usually at face value. With the pirate fleets going out, Dambraii merchants often see foreign currency.

Trade is allowed, as long as it is good for both the people and the country. Horse trading is a fine art in Dambrath. Few are the Durparians who get the better of a Dambrai in a horse trade. The fact that Dambraii horses are the envy of the southern coast helps considerably. Other than raise horses, the Dambraii fish and dive for pearls in the bay. They also raise large herds of wilde rothe. The bluish wood from the Forest of Amtar makes excellent cabinets and decent arrow shafts.

Goods leave Dambrath on ships, and on wagons traveling the Trader's Way to Underhome and points beyond. Dambraii sailors ply their wares in Durpar, Estagund, Ulgarth, Luiren, Halruaa, and some even venture across the Great Sea to Zakhara. Such journeys are fraught with danger, but Dambraii horses fetch an unbelievable price in Zakhara.

It should be noted that Dambraii merchants are not foolish. Drow and dark-skinned half-elves do not accompany caravans leaving Dambrath.

Most of the country is settled in small ranchos, each held by one clan. A rancho can have as many as 100 people living and working together. Rancho families are led by the matriarch of the clan. A rancho may claim as many as 1,000 square miles of land, on which its herds roam.

Most ranchos have their own smithy, armory, and religious shrine. All ranchos have a horse-master. The responsibility for taking care of the garden, which provides the family with vegetables and fruits, usually falls to the children. Dambraii soil is wonderfully fertile, plants usually grow at an accelerated rate. One variety of white grapes grows particularly well. Dambraii are partial to Moktessa, the wine made from these grapes. It is palatable to both humans and

drow, and the demand always exceeds the supply. Thus, while Moktessa is a very good wine, it is virtually unknown outside of Dambrath.

Cities of Dambrath

Cathtyr

Cathtyr, the nation's largest city, is also the capital. Its location along Trader's Way, and the protection of the Melanith Bay make it the trading center of Dambrath. With a population of 50,000, Cathtyr may seem small when compared to some of the larger cities of Halruaa and Durpar. But the Dambraii consider it a metropolis. Anything in Dambrath can probably be had in Cathtyr, if the buyer has the money.

The trading fair is located on the northern outskirts of town. The city is walled, but the gates are wide, and seldom closed. The fair is actually outside of town, since the number of horses that are traded make it impractical to have the fair anywhere else.

South of the city are many miles of land that have been taken over by poor families, whose farming provides much of the food for Cathtyr.

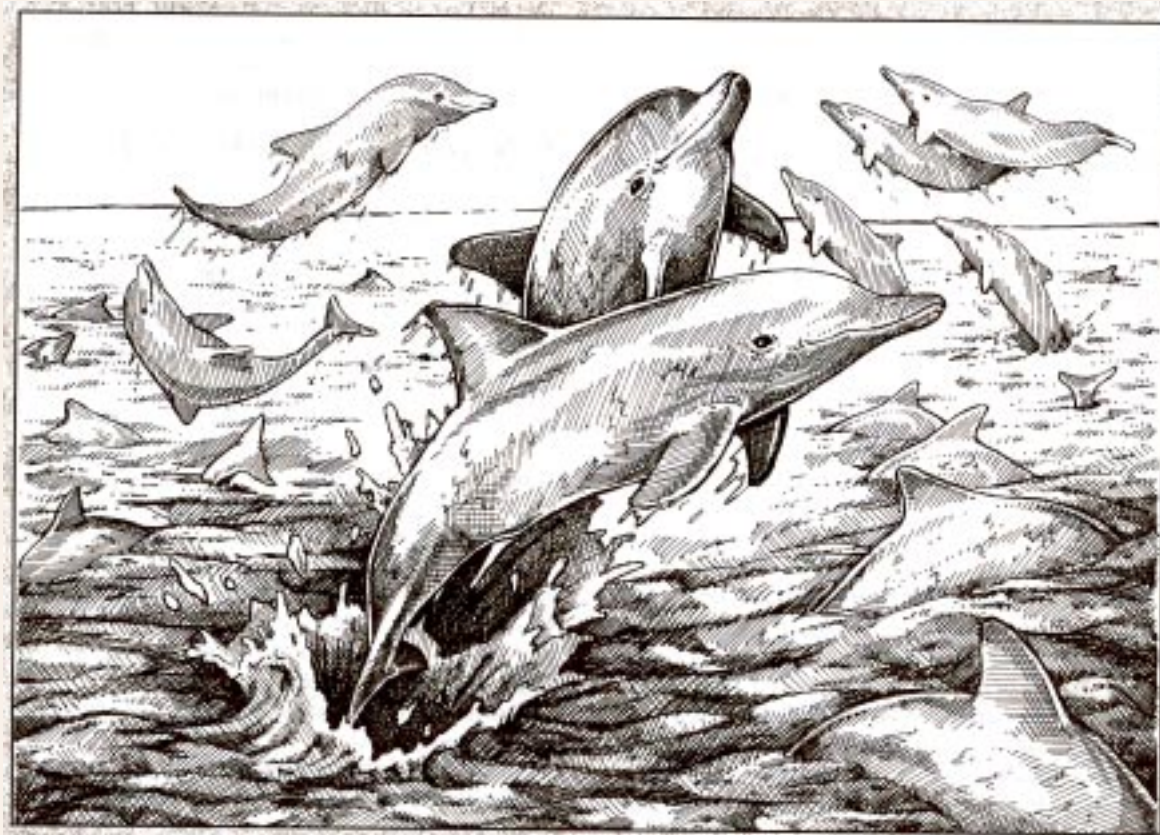
The inner city is a crowded, aromatic place. Horses of nobles are stabled all over the city. This guarantees that perfumes are a popular import in Cathtyr.

There are numerous temples to Loviatar scattered about the city. The largest temple is part of the central palace complex. There is also a temple to Lolth. It is a large building with buttresses carved to resemble spider legs, and a pair of glass "eyes" in front. The palace is huge, with a three-block-square, open-air park in the center, where the queen exercises and trains her horses.

A well maintained garrison of 2,000 troops is based at Cathtyr. Two-thirds of these are cavalry, and can move very swiftly to deal with trouble. There are also five heavily armed clippers, with spellcasters aboard, that patrol the waters in the bay. If the city is ever attacked, up to 1,000 lesser priests and mages can respond to the threat. It is this force, more than anything, that keeps Cathtyr



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safe and peaceful.

The average Crintri of Cathtyr has a nice home, with several magical conveniences. One of the signs of wealth is to be able to afford to have *faerie fires* cast each night to light the grounds and entrances. The poorer families must make do with *continual light* globes.

Hazuth

Hazuth is situated to the north of the Melanith Bay, at the mouth of the River Ammath. It is a drop-off point for bluewood, and other goods from the northern half of Dambrath. It is not a huge town. The population only reaches 20,000 during the winter, when many boats put in for the winter rainy season.

Winter is the time the herds are brought down

from the north, and trading is at its peak. Traders from as far away as Westgate and Chondath come, almost all for the purpose of buying horses. The city has large, well-protected docks, and many ships lie in Melanith Bay during the rainy season. The town has a fair population of halflings, mostly tradesmen and craftsmen. They don't like the conditions in Dambrath, but there is profit to be made. No halfling ever let a bit of persecution stand in the way of profit.

Ammathar

This city of 10,000 individuals is located west of the Granuin forest, along the Trader's Way. The duchess of the North, Tralia Falrith, rules here. Her influence is felt over much of the north of Dambrath. The city is much more tolerant than



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the rest of Dambrath. This is due to the influence of the traders from the north and the halflings in Luiren to the east. It is a popular stop-over for adventurers on their way to the Granuin Forest.

Shops featuring nearly all types of adventuring equipment are present, including an alchemist who sells magical potions. All items are three times the listed price in the *Players Handbook*, unless the purchaser is a Crintri noble. In that case the prices are half of listed price. A cut of all the inflated prices reaches the city coffers. Ammathtar is thus able to field a decent army (1,000 heavy cavalry, and up to 50 spellcasters). It is one of the cleanest cities in Dambrath. The ever-present horses do make themselves known but sanitation crews vigilantly work multiple shifts.

The duchess, a third cousin to the current queen, has designs on the throne. Even though she is only sixth in the line of succession, she has every intention of achieving the throne. She recently sent a group of adventurers to assassinate Duchess Luenath. Only powerful magic prevented her involvement from being discovered when they failed.

Duchess Falrith is a mage priest of 15th/16th level. She is said to have recently sent her consort, a drow male named Skield, to his death against a pair of beholders in Veldorn. Others say that Skield just got out while the getting was good. She has taken a new consort, a half-elf named Bristar Risingsun, a 10th-level lawful evil mage, who is not even a native. Whether he becomes a power in Ammathtar, or goes the way of Skield remains to be seen.

Ammathtar remains a peaceful trading city at least on the surface. It boasts the largest horse pens in the nation, which are located north of the city nest to the Traders Way. The pens can contain up to 5,000 horses. They are often full during the height of the trading season. Traders come with many types of goods. Ammathtar supplies the rest of the country with many hard to get goods, such as metal weapons from Underhome and tropical fruits from Luiren.

Ammathtar is also the northern defensive bor-

der of Dambrath. While anyone is permitted into the city patrols make sure that only authorized foreigners travel farther into Dambrath. Authorization for individuals usually, requires a bribe of 100 gold pieces to the official in charge of such passes. A party of adventurers is likely to be referred to the Duchess herself. Since no one is allowed into Dambrath simplex to "see the country," she is very persistent with her questions. Such parties are either turned to her own uses, or sent east to the Granuin Forest, "where the monsters and treasure literally grow on trees."

Guilmarl

Guilmarl, located along the coast, is the southernmost city in Dambrath. The city is lashed by storms during the three-month rainy season. The population, which averages around 5,000, tends to decline during the rainy season. Wealthier residents spend the winters in Luenath or Prastuil.

When the rains subside, Guilmarl is a safe haven for pirates and merchant ships. They can sail south to Zakhara and the islands of the North, or west to Halruaa. These areas, however, are not the favorite targets of either the merchants or the raiders, so Guilmarl is a small city that shows every likelihood of growing smaller. The presence of Kethid, the Great Swamp only 45 miles to the west, makes the air humid and even worse smelling than in other Dambrath cities. The prevailing west winds bring an odor of decay on the worst days. With all of this, many non-residents wonder why the city still exists. There is a simple answer; Guilmarl is situated on the banks of some of the finest pearl beds in the Realms. Over one half the population makes their living diving for, polishing, or marketing pearls.

There are fewer Crintri in this city than any other. Only about 300 Crintri nobles live in the city. As the Great Swamp continues to get closer, more and more leave the city for good.



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Herath

Herath is located along the headwaters of the Dolphin's Climb river, along the south ridge of the Gnollwatch mountains. It boasts a population of 18,000, and has the largest infantry in Dambrath. Herath is perhaps the wealthiest city in Dambrath, since the state mints for the electrum crints and silver shebs are here. Most of the metalworking shops in Dambrath are also located here.

Nearly all of the dwarves in Dambrath live here, and it is every clanleader's hope to get a dwarf-trained smith for her rancho. Most of the dwarves are occupied with smithing, and have all of the apprentices they can use. It is not at all unusual for a houseleader to pay up to 1,000 gold pieces to a dwarf to secure a place for one of her sons or servants as an apprentice.

The city has many skilled armorers and smiths. The best known non-dwarves are the Yamack brothers, two pureblood Arkaiuns. They have the largest shop in town. They employ up to 35 smiths and 100 apprentices at a time. The brothers specialize in horseshoes, barding, and other supplies for the cavalry. They and their staff are always busy. They can usually find room for special requests, provided the client is willing to pay extra. Armor or weapons can be had for standard price. The purchaser must be willing to wait for up to two months. Speedier deliveries require higher payments in proportion to the time saved.

Herath's army consists of 500 cavalry troops and 2,500 footmen. The bulk of them are occupied with guarding the silver and copper trains coming from the mines. Duchess Selanith, ruler of Herath, also employs shock troops of 1,000 gnolls, and 40 hill giants. These special troops are loyal to her.

The duchess takes her cut of all trade in the area, and is one of the wealthiest persons in Dambrath. Her estate is vast. She is said to own 10,000 horses and a dozen ranchos. She is ambitious, shrewd and powerful, but not foolish. She intends to be queen someday, but her heritage is against her. She is only 1/32 drow and resembles

a human more than a half-elf. She has taken a drow consort, Rualn, so her heirs are safely Crintri.

Selanith is a cruel duchess, and is extremely fond of contests wherein the loser dies. Jousting, mounted archery, and other contests of equestrian nature are as popular here as they are elsewhere. In Herath, however, the contests are to the death. Selanith's favorite game is one in which two mounted archers circle the arena and fire at each other until one can no longer ride. The horses always receive *protection from normal missile* spells, while the contestants do not.

Prastuil

Prastuil is situated at the mouth of the Dolphin's Climb River, at the headwaters of the Bay of Dancing Dolphins. Originally just a trading spot, Prastuil is the oldest city in Dambrath. It has a population of 30,000, which swells to 50,000 during the winter rainy season. Many ships put in here for the winter for refitting. Fishing boats and pearl-divers can still go out, for the storms of the Great Sea never reach the city or the bay.

Prastuil has the most mixed population of all of the cities of Dambrath. One can find gnolls, halflings, Crintri, Arkaiuns, dwarves, drow, and even an occasional swarthy Zakharan. Prastuil is also the most beautiful city of Dambrath. Long ago the nobles took up the custom of having estates outside of town, where their prized horses are stabled. Most nobles also have manor houses in the city proper. These conditions, plus some of the lowest trading taxes in the country make Prastuil a popular place for trade and residence.

The city can field a force of 1,000 elite cavalry, several dozen spellcasters, and 10 to 40 ships, depending on the time of year. The warchief and effective leader of the city is Herald Markin. He is completely loyal to Duchess Luenath, who is responsible for Prastuil and Luenath.

About a quarter of the raw ore from the nearby mines comes here. The smithies, though they are active, aren't nearly as large as Herath's. In addition, the city's proximity to some of the



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country's largest tracts of rangeland insures that horse trading is active here. The city has one the nation's largest facility for handling horses. They are second only to the huge horse fair of Ammathtar.

Entertainment is also at its finest in Prastuil. Bards can be found singing on the street corners almost every night. Wild parties lasting days are common during the short winter season. Many of the entertainments are cruel and disgusting, but the Crintri, who are in abundance in this city, have a taste for such entertainments.

Luenath

Luenath is located on the north shore of the Bay of Dancing Dolphins, at the mouth of the rivet Caraguir. It is the second largest city in Dambrath. Its Duchess, Merial of the clan Luenath, is the second most powerful woman in Dambrath.

Luenath is the home of the largest fleet in the Dambrath navy, though many of the ships act as pirates and privateers. The constant stream of booty and plunder coming in from the privateers makes Luenath a good place to get many hard to find goods. Unlike many of the other cities of Dambrath, the trading fair is located within a few blocks of the docks. Merchandise is usually sold as it is brought off the ships. The priestesses of Loviatar are always present. They insure that Luenath and Loviatar get their cut. The taxes, however, are not outrageous. Depending on the type of plunder, as well as the nationality and sex of the captain the taxes range from 5 to 25% of the total take. Privateers who are sworn to the service of the crown are allowed to keep half of all the booty they recover, which makes these sailors some of the wealthiest people in Dambrath. Many a rancho, fallen on hard financial times, has sent a daughter to sea. The booty she brings back can save the rancho.

Luenath has the traditional large estates within the city. The streets are wide and open, and no walls encircle the city in order to better to accommodate a sweeping cavalry charge. The forces of Luenath include 2,000 cavalry, and 10

warships that patrol the bay around Luenath. The warchief is Grenai Markin, younger brother to the warchief of Prastuil. Grenai is the more charismatic of the two brothers, although Herald is the better commander. Grenai is also the consort of the duchess Luenath. He is likely to either rise quickly or fall just as quickly, for the duchess is one of the harsher nobles of Dambrath.

Many Crintri winter in Luenath, which is the best place to see the dance of the dolphins. At dusk, the dolphins in the bay gather for their dance. The dance is a complicated game that the dolphins have developed over the years. The intricate jumping and weaving together seems to trigger a response deep within an observer, eliciting pleasure just from watching. Up to a thousand dolphins may be seen at one time. The bay teems with the fish that they like. Spearing dolphins is a crime punishable by slow torture in Luenath, as in most other places in Dambrath. Anyone who has watched the wondrous, hour-long event understands why.

Hethar

Hethar is located on the south coast of the Bay of Dancing Dolphins, in the center of the Hethar Peninsula. It is the most combat-ready city in all Dambrath, since it has the responsibility of protecting the nation's entire southern coastline.

Hethar's forces number 5,000 warriors. At any time half of them are on patrol or on duty at the southern ramparts of the peninsula. Hethar has a few warships. Their main task is to defend the coast against a landing.

The warchief of Hethar is Fiella Markin, the third member of her family to have reached the rank of warchief. Fiella, like her brothers, is loyal to the duchess Luenath. She is also fiercely loyal to queen Yenandra. Fiella is a fighter/mage of 10th/12th level. She has overcome her lack of wisdom and priestly skills with a driving determination to be the best Crintri she can. This makes her both brilliant and cruel, a risk-taker who succeeds.

Hethar is first and foremost a military city.



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Shops for armor and weapon repair, smithies, and leather workers abound. Hethar possesses the only active field artillery smiths in all of Dambrath.

The city has responsibility for defending the southern shores, and it does so by stationing troops along the series of sharp cliffs along the southern shore, called the Ramparts of Dambrath. The Ramparts run in two strips. The longest one, to the west of the narrowest part, or the neck, is almost 150 miles long. The shorter, to the east, is just over 100 miles in length. Swift-moving mounted women patrol the length of the cliffs. From atop the cliffs they can see several miles out to sea. When incoming ships are spotted, messengers are dispatched to the nearest signalling station. These stations are located every ten miles along the coast. Every station has some method of communicating magically with the patrol outposts. Within six hours, at least 300 mounted troops, armed with shortbows and short swords, can be in place on top of the cliffs. Within twelve hours, ballistas and catapults can be brought in. By the time a fleet of ships can land and unload a force of invaders, they can be met by several thousand well-armed, well situated defenders. The neck is the weak point in this defense. Fallia has solved this problem by concentrating most of her outposts in this relatively narrow area.

This active defense is the main reason that Dambrath has only had to defend against one invasion. This occurred 190 years ago, when Ulgarth tried to invade in order to steal as many Dambraii horses as possible. The invaders were decimated, and the few prisoners were turned over to the priestesses of Loviatar.

Elveswatch

Elveswatch, a small city of 5,000, is located at the southeastern tip of the Forest of Amtar. It is through this city that most of the famed bluewood of Amtar moves. The ranchos of the northern half of Dambrath purchase metal goods and other supplies from this town. Elveswatch is a

city of transients. No one actually wants to live in Elveswatch because of the near-constant rain, and numerous attacks by the wild elves of the Forest of Amtar.

The city has been plagued by these attacks throughout all of its history. The attacks have not stopped the felling of trees. The forest is so vast that in over 400 years of logging, they have not made any substantial inroads into the forest. In fact, the forest has expanded. The city now sits between two arms of the forest.

It rains nearly every day of the year in Elveswatch. Since horses don't do well in the rain forest, all patrols must go on foot. The threat of being posted to Elveswatch has been used on many a soldier, with great effectiveness.

Elveswatch has a troop of 1,000 infantrymen and 500 cavalry, augmented by 500 hired gnomish mercenaries. Almost every season, a patrol is lost to the elves of the forest. The city itself is frequently attacked by a small army of these wild elves. The attacks of the elves have brought many drow to the city. More are present in Elveswatch than any other place. The largest temple in Elveswatch is dedicated, not to Loviatar, but to Lolth. Of course, the high population of drow insures more attacks by the wild elves.

The high profit from the bluewood keeps the city thriving. There is no official intention to abandon the city, however much the military residents might wish it. Quite a few halflings live in Elveswatch. Most of them are skilled woodcarvers and carpenters. Bluewood furniture is considered a mark of wealth, and the demand always exceeds the supply. There is plenty of raw bluewood, but there are never enough skilled woodcarvers and carpenters to keep up with the demand. More information on bluewood can be found under the entry on the Forest of Amtar.

Villages and Ranchos

There are a number of small villages and trading outposts in Dambrath. Most are merely wide spots in the road, a place where wine is served and horses shod. The largest such outpost is Far

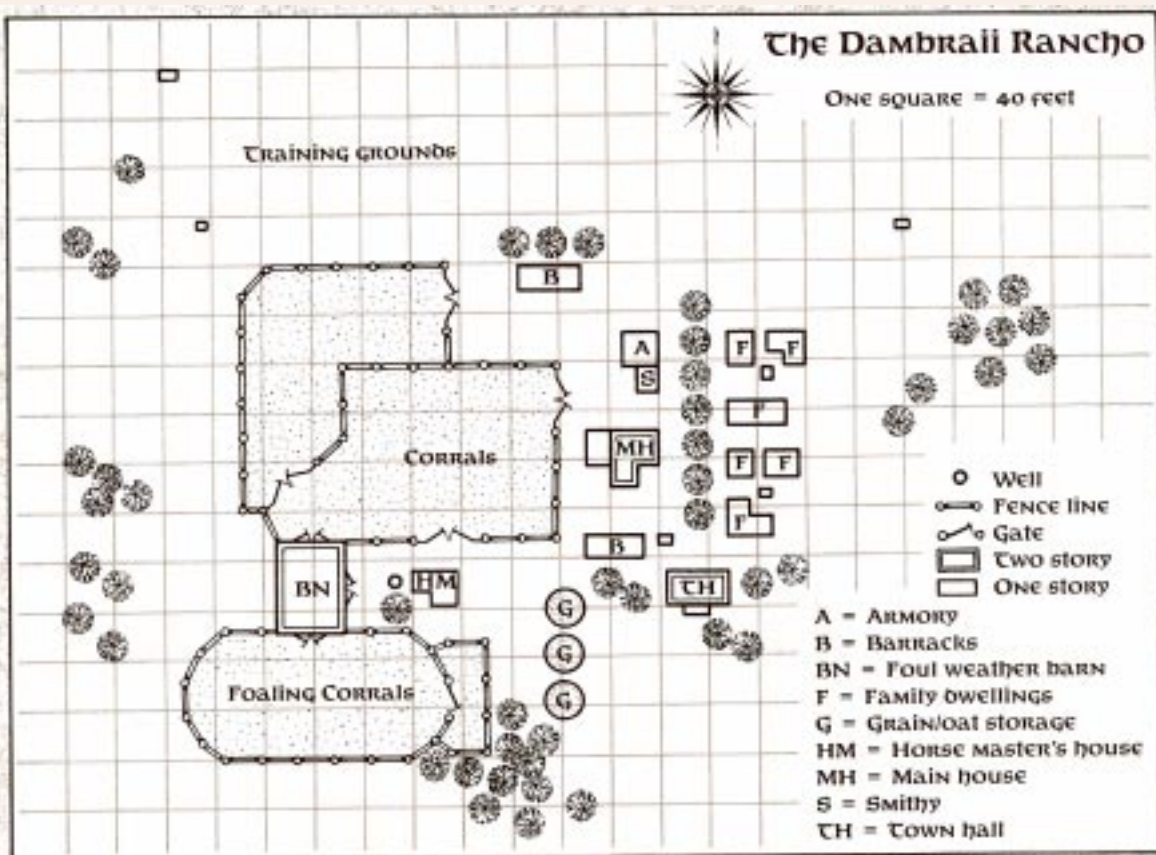


Dambraith

Outpost, on the tip of the entrance to the Bay of Dancing Dolphins. This outpost has 500 cavalry and 20 warships. It is charged with defending the bay from incoming attackers. Ships are boarded and searched. As long as they are legitimate traders, they are allowed passage. Since all warships carry a spellcaster, the captain may be questioned magically. If he fails the test, his ship will be confiscated. Such spoils end up in Lueth, further enriching the Duchess.

The standard rancho is home to up to 100 members of a clan. It boasts a smithy, a stable for the nursing of sick or injured horses, a barracks for the men, private cottages for married couples and single women, and a large manor house for the Crintri owners. Everyone on a rancho, from the youngest walking child to the eldest resident,

can ride. Everyone over the age of 10 can use a bow or other weapon. If bandits or raiders attack, the rancho can be mobilized in mere minutes. They either respond to the attack, or ride for aid if the bandits are too numerous. Most ranchos are located within a few miles of another rancho. They long ago learned to help defend each other against raiders. A group of bandits, intent on plundering a deserted rancho, may find themselves facing the combined forces of three or four ranchos. This may be as many as five hundred determined horsewomen, men, and children, all willing to fight to the death to protect their homes.





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Places of Interest

The Forest of Amtar

The Forest of Amtar is a huge place, nearly half as large as all of Dambrath. It forms almost the entire northern border of Dambrath. The Forest is a lush, tropical place, where the temperature rarely falls below 90, even at night. Humidity is high, and insects and plant life abound. The most striking feature of the forest is the trees. Over half of the trees in the forest are the fast growing mathiri trees, more commonly known as bluewood. The wood is actually ivory colored with faint blue streaks, but, with polishing, it has a deep luster that resembles the glow of a polished gem. It is prized for making furniture because it is easy to cut, yet durable. A skilled woodworker is required to bring out the true beauty of the wood. The demand for such furniture always exceeds the supply.

Amtar is filled with life. All normal tropical animals of the forest can be found here: jaguars, tigers, gorillas, wild boars, and parrots, macaws and other tropical birds. It also supports a large population of carnivorous apes. The apes are abundant in the northern part of the forest, but can be found elsewhere. Choke creepers and giant snakes are common and the rhino beetle is also present.

On the east edge of the forest, three bandit bands have their hideouts. They prey upon travelers along the Trader's Way, which runs along the forest for a distance of several hundred miles. One of these bandit groups consists of almost one hundred orcs, led by an ogre magi called Tandi Earsgone. Another is a small group of outcast Arkaiuns, intent on bettering themselves through theft. Neither is much of a threat, leaving well-guarded caravans alone. Of more concern are Dracil's Raiders, a group of 10 evil adventurers, all of at least 8th level. Dracil is himself an outcast NE dwarven fighter/priest of 9th/10th level. The party boasts two mages, and another priest. The Raiders also have a number of magical items that aid them in their raids. Half of the band wears

elven boots. Dracil himself carries a *short sword of speed*, which is intelligent and allows him to fly for up to one hour a day. The Raiders pick their tights carefully. Large well-defended caravans are left alone. Smaller, poorer caravans, such as one carrying grain or leather goods, may be stopped and a tariff exacted. The raiders understand that if they shut off trade entirely, the "easy pickings" would dry up.

The south center of the forest, almost to the southern edge, is the domain of the wild elves. This large tribe of elves has successfully raided the Dambraii for hundreds of years. They are never a big enough nuisance for the city to spend much effort to eradicate them. The problems with finding them in the forest have also prevented any major military undertakings in this regard. It has long been a hobby of the Crintri and the drow to go out at night from Elveswatch, hunting the wild elves. The hunters often find themselves to be the hunted. The ancient enmity between the elves and the drow insures that neither side will ever call a truce.

The wild elves call themselves the Trunalor, or "star people". They have a legend that they were set down in this forest by the hands of the gods themselves. They are led by Ferla Tree-climber, a shaman (priest mage of 6th/7th level), who has been their leader for over 300 years. The total population of the tribe is small, not more than 500. Ferla knows that he can never mount a direct attack against the hated drow and their allies. Any party entering the forest (particularly from the south) without at least one true elf among its number is likely to be attacked. The wild elves seem to have the motto "Attack now, and don't ask questions later."

On the southwestern edge of the forest lies a citadel known as the Gate of Iron Fangs. It is a place of ruins, many times entered and pillaged. There are still plenty of monsters here, ruled by a glabrezu named Quinix, who is detailed more fully in the "Gate to Elsewhere" adventure in Chapter 6.



Dambrath

Kethid, The Great Swamp

Kethid is a large swamp on the southwestern corner of Dambrath. It is a sweltering place of cypress and thick moss. Except in the rainy season, temperatures frequently hit 110 and the humidity never drops below 90%. During the rainy season, the humidity rises to 100% while the temperature averages only 90. The place is a nightmare of giant leeches, giant toads, snakes, lizardmen, shambling mounds, tasloi, and bully-wugs. There are rumors of a great green dragon who has hidden his lair underwater, deep in the swamp. The wyrm, Latovenomer, has been sleeping for the past sixty years, and is due to awaken soon.

Many myths surround Kethid. One of the most popular claims that lights from the sky descending into the swamp. Some claim that these lights are aid from the heavens called by the the dragon. Others say that beings not of this world live in the swamp. This is closer to the truth than they know. The lights from the sky are spelljamming ships.

The swamp is also the home of one of the most prolific mercenary companies of the realms. The Servants of the Royal Egg, a company of lizardmen, contracts soldiers to anyone with the money to pay. The field commander is Sladis, while the tribe is led by the Lizard King Ghassis. Ghassis is willing to rent his soldiers to anyone. His contacts allow him to get replacements from the egg ships of space almost at will. He doesn't care if the lizardmen come back; there are plenty more where they came from. There is however, a slightly higher fee if they don't come back. Commanders wanting "ballista fodder" are advised to say so up front, so a better price can be negotiated. More on the Servants of the Royal Egg can be found in the "Gold & Glory" publication from TSR.

Hills of The Dead Kings

The Hills of the Dead Kings is the name given to the range of hills which connect to the Gnoll-

watch mountains. Together they bisect Dambrath. It was formerly known as The Hills of the Kings, but that was changed when the priestesses of Loviatar came. It is a relatively safe place in spite of its name, many halflings live in the eastern part of the hills. There are plenty of streams and grassy knolls. Deep within the hills are the tombs of the Reinhar. Eight of the Reinhar, all but Reinhar the Foolish, are buried here. The tombs have never been found, according to popular knowledge. Actually, all but two of the tombs have been found and plundered by Crintri adventurers. They were wise enough to keep this silent, knowing how upset the Shebali would become. The two unplundered tombs are those of Reinhar I, and Reinhar V, an unimpressive king with a taste for silver jewelry.

Reinhar I is not buried in his tomb. His body was lost in Halruaa. The tomb that was erected in his memory is said to be defended by several deadly guardians, including a stone and iron golem. Legends say that Malar the Beastlord himself granted the protection to the tomb of his greatest hero. The guardians are actually a stone lion and an iron tiger, with all of the normal powers of golems.

The Swagdar (Outlaw Waste)

The Swagdar is the last free place in Dambrath, so say the nomads who roam this 150-mile stretch of tall grasses and hidden valleys. The bandits who live in the region claim that the original Arakaiun way of life is preserved in the Swagdar.

The area is home to numerous small bands of raiders who eke out a living raiding the ranchos of the western Fornaluil range and the northern Conaluil range. They also raid the mountain outposts of Halruaa, and even venture after caravans leaving the Gnollwatch mountains. These bandits, all inveterate horse thieves, are reviled by the common Dambraii. Such bandits know the consequences if they are caught, so battles are fierce and lethal. Little quarter is asked or



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given, although bandits do not kill children. Rather, youngsters are carried off to be raised in the true Arkaiun way. The bandits are quite numerous. In fact, the total bandit population nearly matches the forces of the largest cities of Dambrath. As yet, no single leader has been able to unite them, although many self-proclaimed leaders have died trying. The bandits have returned to the worship of the Beastlord.

The Gnollwatch Mountains

The Gnollwatch mountains are a small range that bisects Dambrath. The southern slopes have several rich silver and electrum veins. More veins are discovered every year. In spite of the conflicts with monsters and outlaws, the area is actively mined. The peaks of the Gnollwatch are also the coolest places in Dambrath. They are the only area in the country to receive snowfall.

The mountain is home to numerous tribes of gnolls. Some of the tribes have friendly relations with the Dambraii, others do not. A few giants make their homes in this range. Rumors abound of a great and terrible silver dragon that makes its lair somewhere in the mountains. The rumors of the dragon are false, but there are plenty of other monsters to keep unwary adventurers on their toes. A colony of flinds makes its home deep in the mountains.

The drow city of T'lindet is located several miles under the center of the gnollwatch mountains. Due to the open trade with Dambrath above, there are many roads from the drow city to the surface. The largest road begins in a large cave ten miles north of the city of Herath. It is clearly marked by hundreds of years of usage.

The Bay of Dancing Dolphins

The "treasure of Dambrath," as it was called by the Arkaiuns, is a wondrous sight. Numerous dolphins swim with grace and poise through the bay's clear waters. Because of their large numbers, normal sea menaces like sharks and sahuagin are almost nonexistent.

Since the waters are crystal clear, the floor of the sea, even if it is hundreds of feet down is visible from the surface. The dolphins are pampered by the citizens of Dambrath. This is a strange love for people who worship the Maiden of Pain. Dolphins were originally protected three centuries ago by order of Queen Melanith. Such an order would not normally remain popular for so long a time, but many of the citizens have had a relative saved by actions of helpful dolphins. Another source of the Dambraii's deep affection for the sea mammals is the Dance of the Dolphins.

At dusk, the tens of thousands of dolphins in the bay gather for their dance. This is not a real dance, but a complicated game that the dolphins have developed over the years. If seen from overhead, the dance all fits together, over the whole of the bay. The few sages who have studied it theorize that the dolphins are performing some sort of ritual. Others say they are actually attempting to communicate with someone, perhaps the deity of the dolphins. Most people don't worry about the reasons for the dance; they just enjoy watching the dolphins.

The grace and beauty of the dance is pleasing to viewers of all ages. Many people believe that watching the dolphins every night wards off depression and other mental illnesses. Some even speak of catatonic people cured by watching the dolphins. This is not likely, but watching the dance does instill a feeling of well-being in the watcher. It is one of the most beautiful sights in the Realms, and few but the Dambraii have ever seen it.



Dambrath

NPCs of Dambrath

Queen Yenandra

Great Pain of Loviatar, and Sovereign of Dambrath.

Half-drow female 18th-level mage, 19th-level specialty priestess (Loviatar): Str 11, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 18, Cha 17: AL LE; AC 2; MV 12; hp 102; THAC0 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+2 (scourge +2): SZ M; ML 18. Spells: Wizard 5/5/5/5/5/3/3/2, Priest 11/11/9/9/6/4/2

Where Found: Cathtyr

Queen Yenandra is the high priestess of her religion, as well as the ruler of the country. She is the fifth queen of her line to rule, and traces her origin back to Cathtyr, the founder. She has been ruling for 70 years, and her edge is beginning to leave her. She knows that before long one of her daughters will challenge her for the crown, and will probably defeat her. She will take no action against her daughters to head off this challenge; this is how she came to rule. She feels that it is fitting that the crown be passed this way. Yenandra will fight as best she can when the challenge is finally issued, but until then she is proud of her daughters. She ruthlessly puts down any attempt to weaken either Dambrath or her family's hold on it.

Merial

Duchess of Clan Luenath

Half-elf female (1/16th drow) 15th-level mage/-12th-level priest (Loviatar): Str 9, Des 12, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 36, Cha 14; AL NE; AC 4; MV 12; hp 85; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2 (whip): SZ M; ML 16. Spells: Wizard 5/5/5/5/5/2/1, Priest 8/7/5/3/2.

Where Found: Luenath

Merial, formally referred to as Luenath, is said to be the second most powerful women in Dam-

brath. She controls three large cities in her domain with an eye on the masses. She understands both pain and pleasure. For her, they are often the same. Luenath has always felt that she should be the queen instead of Cathtyr. Right now, however, she is too concerned with the daily pleasures and pressures of managing for three cities to have much time for plotting against the throne.

Merial works constantly, sleeping only one hour each night. Her servants are convinced her low need for sleep is magical; they are correct. She wears a *ring of sleeplessness* that allows her to maintain this grueling schedule.

The affairs of three cities are too vast for even one as driven as Merial. She has begun to trust tasks to her daughters, who do not share their mother's love of work. They in turn designate the work to lesser nobles in order to spend their days swimming with the dolphins, or riding the ranges.

Recently Luenath thwarted an assassination attempt. A group of young males presented as a gift from the Duchess of Herath attempted to slay her in her own bed. Her loyal acolyte, fatally wounded by the assassins, was able to warn her seconds before the deed. Luenath froze the intruders with her mightiest spell, only to see them mysteriously die before her eyes. She attempted to contact their spirits, but failed. Someone had destroyed the spirits already.

Luenath is too wise to immediately suspect the Duchess of Herath. She is conducting both magical and mundane investigations, but has gained little information so far. When she finally discovers the real culprit (Duchess Falrith of Ammathtar), her vengeance will be terrible.

Tralia Falrith

Duchess of Ammathtar

Half-elf female (1/8th drow) 15th-level mage/16th level priest (Loviatar): Str 8, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 15; AL LE; AC 3; MV 12; hp 96; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+2 (Dagger +2): SZ M; ML 15. Spells: Wizard 5/5/5/5/2/1, Priest 8/7/6/6/4



Dambrath

Where Found: Ammathtar

Tralia Falrith is ambitious and powerful, with delusions of grandeur. She is intent on becoming the queen, and will stop at nothing to achieve her end. She can be kind and charming until her desires are thwarted. Then, her rage is terrible and murderous.

She is a fervent believer in Loviatar's destiny: the idea that women should rule the world. She thinks of all other cultures (except for that of the drow, for which she has great respect) as barbaric.

This belief does not stop her from dealing with outsiders. She is often mistaken for a kindly leader, a perception she encourages. If the PCs pass through Ammathluir, they have a chance of meeting Falrith. She has observers who do nothing but watch for powerful adventurers. If the party contains someone of 6th level or higher, she has a base 50% chance of hearing about them. This chance is modified by the party's actions. Ostentatiously displaying magical power, or exhibiting trophies of powerful monsters they have slain raises the chance to 90% or even higher. Depending on their power and alignment, she will attempt to enlist them in her service either openly or through trickery.

Selanith

Duchess of Herath

Half-elf female (1/32 draw) 12th-level mage/ 15th-level priestess (Loviatar): Str 12, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 14; AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; hp 80; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2 (whip); SZ M; ML 15. Spells: Wizard 4/4/4/4/1, Priest 8/8/6/6/4.

Where Found: Herath

Selanith is the richest woman in Dambrath. Her control of the mines combined with her ownership of many ranchos and horses make her very wealthy indeed. Although she is ambitious, she keeps the welfare of her country close to heart. She realizes that trickery and deceit may be dis-

covered. Therefore, she makes open, obvious moves to cement her power.

Selanith is both cruel and lavish. Her favorite sports are those in which the loser dies, and she sponsors many of these deadly tournaments each year. There is never a shortage of entrants for the games, since the duchess rewards the winners lavishly with wealth and power. Many an army commander has gotten her first break after winning in the games of Herath.

Catharyn

Half-elf female (1/4 draw) 7th-level mage/10th-level priestess (Loviatar): Str 30, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 16; AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; hp 50; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2 (whip); SZ M; ML 16. Spells: Wizard 4/3/2/1, Priest 6/5/3/3/2.

Where Found: The Great Sea

Catharyn is the eldest daughter of Yenandra. She currently commands the Queen's Fury, the proudest ship in the fleet. Catharyn has been away from Dambrath for almost a year. She is currently returning to Dambrath, leading four ships laden with booty. Her ships have been raiding as far west as Nimbral, out on the trackless sea. Catharyn is her mother's pride, as cruel and ruthless a daughter as a priestess of Loviatar could want. Catharyn's proudest boast is that she's never taken a prisoner. Her flag, a dolphin leaping over a ship, is enough to strike terror into the heart of any ship captain in the Great Sea.

Baltor

12th-level human male druid (Silvanus): Str 12, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 15; AL N; AC 5; MV 12 (swim 30 in dolphin form); hp 60; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (bite as dolphin); SZ M; ML 14. Spells: 8/7/6/3/2/2

Where Found: The Bay of Dancing Dolphins



Dambrath

Baltor is the only druid currently living in Dambrath. He was born in Cormyr, and studied under the druids in the Hullack Forest. Upon gaining his shapeshifting ability, he resolved to fly to the ends of Faerun. While passing over Dambrath, he witnessed the dance of the dolphins. It entranced and intrigued him. He returned to his superiors, asking to be assigned to watch over this natural wonder.

Baltor has spent the majority of the last 30 years as a dolphin. He has been attempting to decipher the meaning and the purpose of the dance. Although he has been unsuccessful so far, he is confident that another 20 or 30 years should bring success.

Baltor keeps a careful watch on activity in the bay. If the PCs run afoul of weather or pirates, he may come to their aid. Baltor will be more inclined to aid PCs who are priests of a nature power. Naturally, a fellow druid is almost guaranteed a visit. Baltor rarely goes ashore, and has little information about the workings of Dambrath society. He does, however, know quite a bit about their pirate activity, which he has been watching since he arrived.

Dambrath's Horses

No mention of Dambrath would be complete if some attention was not paid to the prize of Dambrath, her horses. A Dambraii steed is prized, with good reason, all through the Shining South. Most Dambraii horses that leave the country are considered the equal of any to be found elsewhere. In truth, player characters who manage to get their hands on a Dambraii horse will find it tough (1's or 2's on Hit Dice count as 3's), fast (add 1 to its movement rate), and easy to train (subtract from 1d4 weeks from any trick or maneuver to be taught to it).

Only the poorest horseflesh actually leaves Dambrath. Someone facing a troop of Dambraii cavalry quickly learns that the best horses stay in Dambrath. A cavalry troop on Dambraii horses can move at a speed that is unheard of by any other cavalry troop. A troop can be packed and

mounted in less than a minute. The horses all average at least 6 hit points per die, and add 25% to the normal movement rate. They are all battle-trained, and very dependable in combat. Dambraii riders are almost never thrown at least while their horses still live.

The horses of Dambrath are smaller than usual. Large warhorses don't do well in the heat. A Dambraii horse is always spotted, generally white on black, or black on white. Browns and grays do exist, but are rare.

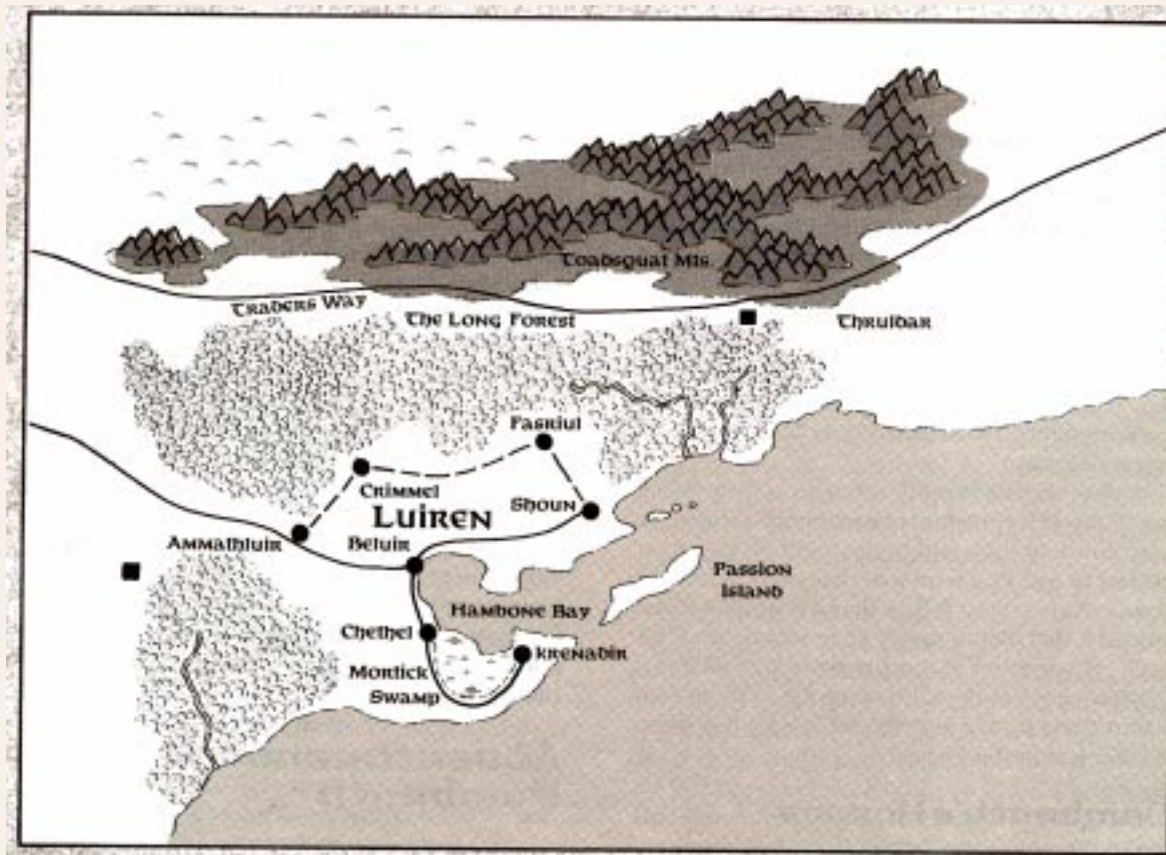
It is interesting to note that the superior qualities of Dambraii horses do not last outside their land. Perhaps this is proof that the arkas grass (which grows only in Dambrath) was indeed created for horses. The horses bred from a Dambraii steed are excellent animals, but do not have the special abilities of a Dambraii horse. Apparently, the grass is the key to developing a superior animal. Horses fed the arkas grass during the first years of their lives become superior animals. This is a little known secret outside of Dambrath.

Adventurers in Dambrath

Dambrath has many places for adventurers to explore, provided they can get into the country. The Gnollwatch Mountains, the Great Swamp, and the Forest of Amtar ail provide many exciting adventures for the brave or the foolhardy. Getting back out of the country may be even more of an adventure. Dambraii are very resentful of anyone "robbing from their culture." Needless to say, elves have a very short life expectancy in Dambrath. All other races are tolerated. A dwarf may have trouble if he claims to be an adventurer. If, however, he says he is a smith, he is welcomed with open arms.



Luiren, The Land of The Halflings



General Description

Luiren is a small, heavily wooded land between the matriarchy of Dambrath, and the trading country of Estagund. The land is bordered on the north by the Toadsquat mountains, and on the south by the Great Sea. Populated almost entirely by halflings, Luiren is famous for many things: its foodstuffs, its brewing, and its intricate woodcarving. It is a rich country, and one capable of defending itself against invaders and pirates.

Geography and Climate

Luiren is located on the coast of the Great Sea, just south of the Toadsquat mountains. The northern half of the country is covered by the Long Forest, a 90-mile-wide band of trees that runs east to west for over 300 miles. To the west, the Long Forest is filled with monsters. On the east it is a vibrant jungle, inhabited by normal jungle animals. The summer heat is intense. The temperatures often rise to 100 or higher; only the ever-present breezes from the sea keep the country livable. During the winter the rains bring trade and land travel to a standstill. The roads become sink-holes after three months of daily rain. This weather is excellent for the fruits that are grown in the plains south of the Long Forest.



Luiren, The Land of The Halflings

History of Luiren

The halflings of Luiren claim that it is the original homeland of halflings in the Realms. Although other halflings may disagree, it is true that halflings have lived in Luiren for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years.

Luiren's history is one of conquerors. Throughout the centuries the halflings have been conquered by the barbarians who used to inhabit Dambrath, by the kingdom of Estagund, and even once by the monsters of Veldorn. In every case, the invaders were eventually defeated because they made the mistake of underestimating the halflings due to their small stature. A good bit of mischief, mayhem, and general trouble-making by the halflings also helped end the occupations.

For example, when the barbarians of Dambrath invaded, many halflings were carried off as slaves. The rest of them merely ducked into their holes, and avoided the barbarians as much as possible. Within a few years, the priestesses of Loviatar had seized control of Dambrath. When the barbarians withdrew to help their homeland, the halflings went back to their normal lives. Many of the slaves escaped and returned to their homeland. Others stayed in Dambrath to live and work.

Currently the halflings of Luiren are enjoying unprecedented prosperity. The trading nation of Durpar is their biggest customer, and their biggest competitor. The halflings of Luiren are bright enough to play on this relationship. Luiren, through its close ties with Durpar, has protected itself against another Dambrath invasion. The rulers of Dambrath know that if they begin to expand to the east, they will arouse the ire of Durpar, Var and Estagund. The threat of a trade embargo and/or military consequences have kept this aggressive nation away from the Luirenens.

Government and Politics

"As important as the Prince of Luiren," is a common saying in Luiren. Since there has never been a prince of Luiren, this means that what-

ever is being referred to is not very important. Luiren is, in effect, a peaceful anarchy. There are no organized government agencies. The halflings not only wouldn't stand for it, none of them would want to serve on such an agency. All government functions are handled on a town by town basis. Wide variation is possible, but most of the towns are run by a mayor, a number of warders, and a council of Elders. The elders, anyone of at least 90 winters, make the decisions for the town. These consist chiefly of hiring new warders. They also elect the mayor from among their own number.

Laws are loosely interpreted, and only capital crimes are actively prosecuted. A thief may be stripped of goods and turned out into the wilderness with nothing but the clothes on his back. A con artist or fraud often finds that his confidence game or scam has been turned against him. The halflings of Luiren are used to dealing with Durparian merchants. A cheat or fraud has little chance of bettering them at trade.

Someone who kills a halfling had better flee immediately or he'll find that halflings are not as helpless as they appear. Such criminals are dealt with summarily. A rope in a lonely tree is all they can expect.

Warders are responsible for keeping the peace, and defending the town from monsters and bandits. A warder is usually a fighter/thief of 3rd/3rd level. Larger towns have more powerful warders. Warders usually wear no uniforms. A brown cap with a feather in it signifies a warder in most villages. Warders are not too concerned with honor and forthrightness. They are very concerned with not getting hurt while fulfilling the duties of their office. Not surprisingly, most warders are proficient with short bows, slings, darts, or other missile weapons. With the bonus halflings receive for thrown weapons, and their intimate knowledge of their home terrain, these troops of warders can be very hard to overcome.



Luren, The Land of The Halflings

People and Customs

Halflings make up 95% of the population. The rest are almost all humans. Since Luiren halflings think of gnomes as busybodies; not many are found in Luiren.

There are a few small tribes of dwarves in the Toadsquat mountains. Elves live in the Long Forest, but they have little to do with the halflings.

Humanoids do not exist in Luiren in any great numbers, except for the ogres of the Toadsquat mountains. Their relationship with the halflings is not a friendly one.

Social Customs

The halflings of Luiren have few laws, hut many customs. A halfling is expected to feed his invited or uninvited guests, and feed them well. Many of the richer halflings keep a first class cook on the payroll at all times. Some even take the time to learn how to be a gourmet cook themselves. One of the most sought after claims to fame is the invention a new taste sensation that sweeps the country. The recipe alone can make the inventor rich. He is much in demand at festivals and parties. "Only the baker makes the bread right," is an expression that carries a lot of weight in Luiren. It is widely believed that only the inventor can truly do justice to his invention.

The small folk of Luiren are always polite, even to someone they may have to shoot in the back later. It's just simple logic. If a huge brute is pushing around halflings, they'll call him by whatever title he wants. It doesn't make his armor any tougher, or make his back a less tempting target.

Other customs include the spring and fall festivals. After the rainy season ends, the halflings have the spring festival. In the fall, after the harvest is all in, a huge three day festival is held. Many halflings have observed that at this festival, "The food and drink fall from the sky." Most visitors have come to believe that this is one of the wildest festivals in the Realms.

The small folk of Luiren are small only in

stature. They are not afraid to compete with the traders of Durpar, and ship their goods to a wide area. Although they do not possess the infrastructure to ship all over the Realms, Luiren stout is popular all along the Shining South. Luiren spring cheese has been heard of as far away as Waterdeep.

When in Luiren, if a person is open, friendly, and not too attached to his money, he'll get along just fine. The Luireners treat others as they are treated. Since most of the big folk are trying to take advantage of them they do the same.

"Big folk" in Luiren often have a difficult time finding lodgings. Along the Great Trade Way, inns which cater to both folk are common. Away from the Trade Way, almost everything is halfling sized. This makes it tough for "big folk" to find a good inn with beds over four feet long. Most visiting "big folk" sleep in the stables.

Luireners have a number of popular expressions which sum up their outlook on life. Some are in use in the other countries of the Shining South as well. The words "vellam" and "bouqtha" are used to represent money and food. "Vellam" is obviously a derivation of the Durparian Vellim, or trade bar. "Bouqthi" (pronounced book-thi) is a fruit pastry. Its derivative, "bouqtha," refers to good food of any type.

Some common halfling expressions include:

"Once the bouqtha is on the table, the rest is just keeping score" - halfling view of money.

"Stew's ready, shall I give it to the dogs?" - means that supper is ready, usually followed by a stam-pede toward the dining room.

"The dogs are finished, do you want what's left?" - to a halfling who was late for supper. This expression doesn't get used much.

"I've got a deal for you that even a Dambraii noble couldn't turn down." - Halflings think of Dambraii nobles as incredibly arrogant and stupid. This expression is used to represent a deal that even an idiot wouldn't refuse.

"The vellam is on the table" - This phrase is used to indicate that the halfling has offered all he's going to for an item, or that he is telling the



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truth. Neither use indicates that the halfling really means it, but it is used frequently.

"As smart as a human" - an extreme insult.

"Brought home the vellam" - made an extremely profitable deal, or was extremely lucky.

"When in Durpar, keep your hand on your pouch. When in Halruua, sell them dirt and call it a spell component. When in Dambrath, leave." - old saying that represents the Luireners' view of the three nearby countries.

Another custom of Luiren concerns names. Many halflings take names representing either their trade, or types of food. The Baker family is widespread. There is even a very successful branch of the family in Durpar. Other common names are Carver, Alemaker, Brewer, Vintner, Forestkin, Sandwich, Pastrri, and Clambake.

Religion

There are several gods that are popular with Luireners. Tymora, greater power of luck, is the most prominent deity in the land. She's closely followed by Silvanus, the Oak Father, and Yondalla, the protector of halflings. Since most Luiren halflings are not very religious, none of the revered deities expect severe piety from the halflings. Of the small number of halfling priests in the land, the most powerful is only 10th level.

Following the coming of the avatars, new specialty priests of several halfling deities appeared in Luiren. Two of these new priests are presented on the inside cover of this book. These specialty priests are native to the Luiren area only. Once the number of such priests increases, some may begin to adventure. For now, though,



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these new priests should only be found in Luiren.

Money and Commerce

Luiren is a busy place. Crafts and foods are shipped out of the country to cities all along the Shining South. The goods that leave Luiren by sea are usually sold to Durparian merchants. The Durparians are happy to pick up loads of Luiren stout, salcakes, and an occasional wheel of spring cheese (also known as “cheeese”).

Luiren has no currency of its own. The most widespread currency is the Durparian vellim. Dambraii shebs and crints are also common, as is the Halruan electrum skie. Bartering is widespread; some of the more rural citizens of Luiren may go years without ever seeing a single coin. Others in the cities, have accumulated wealth to compare with some of the lesser chakas of Durpar. One prominent merchant, Gildmak Sholapur, leader of the famous brewers of Luiren Stout, owns the largest brewery in the Shining South.

The halflings of Luiren show an inventive bent, particularly with respect to food and drink. Luiren stout is a dark thick ale, popular all over the Shining South. It is even popular, though rare, in the dwarven city of Underhome. Bouqthi is a very popular pastry in Luiren, but little is exported since pastries do not travel well. Bouqthi is made by using a sugared dough, filled with the stalks of the red rhubarb plant that grows well along the south edge of the Long Forest. There are perhaps a hundred different recipes for this popular pastry. Discussions on which bouqthi recipe is better commonly escalate into brawls, especially if both recipes’ creators are present.

Salbread is another taste treat from the inventive folk of Luiren. It was invented for sale to the sailors and other travelers. It is a crusty travel bread that stays edible for weeks. It is more flavorful than the average journeybread, and is particularly popular with Durparian merchants. It is baked in square pans, and packs easily and conveniently. One of the reasons it is popular with

sailors is that the recipe involves a touch of lemon or orange peel. This bit of added nutrition means that the bread can actually help sailors to fight off scurvy, or at least help to prevent its development. This also gives it a tart flavor that does not grow as tiresome to the taste buds as that of ordinary journeybread.

Fruit is another Luiren export. The lands between Beluir and Chethel have many tropical fruit plantations. They grow bananas, papayas, pineapple, oranges, passion fruits, lemons, and a myriad of other fruits. Most are consumed in Luiren, but ships from Durpar and Halruaa take on loads of green bananas and other fruits.

Perhaps the most notable invention of Luiren, at least among halflings, is Luiren spring cheese. Also known as mind cheese, or cheeese (yes, there are four e’s in the spelling), this hard cheese is excellent when melted into a fondue or sauce. When consumed in its raw form, cheeese is intoxicating and habit forming to halflings.

Whenever a halfling consumes more than four ounces of raw cheeese, he suffers a -2 penalty on all proficiency checks and combat rolls and a -20% to all thief abilities. If eight or more ounces are consumed, the halfling must make a saving throw vs. death magic or pass out for 1d10 turns. Whenever it is consumed in its raw form, the halfling must make a Constitution check or crave more cheeese within the next 24 hours. Failure to get it causes the halfling to lose half his hit points, and suffer from severe pain and cramps for the next 24 hours. Heated cheeese loses its intoxicating effects and is safe to consume. Luiren spring cheese is also a vital ingredient in the special recipes used in the medicinal cooking proficiency detailed at the end of this chapter.

Cities of Luiren

Most halflings of Luiren live in comfortable caves, with small (halfling-sized) doors and windows. The underground location helps keep the temperature comfortable. Over three-quarters of all dwellings in the Luiren cities are of this type.



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Inns and meeting houses, as well as dwellings for the "big folk," are above ground. So are most stores, bakeries and other businesses. A dwelling below ground is called a "halfole." All rich halflings live in halfoles.

Nearly every small village or hamlet has its own halfling whistler. This is a halfling bard who can summon animals, and control weather and plants by means of the songs he whistles. In the last few years priests of Yondalla have been increasingly evident in the land, working to defend Luiren from outside interference.

Beluir

The largest town in Luiren, Beluir is a sprawling collection of buildings, halfoles, and inns. The population is a bit over 15,000, which includes residents of the nearby plantations and farms. Beluir is located on the west end of the Hambone Bay.

The mayor is Calcitro Burrow, a halfling fighter of 8th level. Calcitro carries a *dagger of severing* (similar to a *sword of sharpness*). He is a fighting legend in Beluir, having single-handedly slain two raiding giants. The Burrows family owns the largest fruit plantation in the area. They also own the town's best inns: the Friendly Burrow, the Red Burrow, and the Cold Duck.

The town is well-defended. The Warde's troop in Beluir consists of more than 400 warriors. These stealthy wardens are all specialists with slings. An invading group of monsters or bandits may be subject to a withering cross-fire before they ever know that they have been surrounded.

Ammathluir

Ammathluir is located south of the Long Forest, on the western edge of Luiren. Some of the best woodcarvers and craftsmen in the Shining South live in Ammathluir. Caravans make their way down the southern fork of the Great Trade Way, bringing metal goods and leather from Dambrath. They return with loads of Salbread,

crafted wood items, and Luiren Stout.

Most of the residences in this border town are halfoles. Fewer than 50 buildings are above ground. This makes travelers believe they have entered a very small town, when the population is actually over 10,000. The halflings here are very active traders and craftsmen.

Ammathluir is the home of more than a dozen halfling whistlers, and at least one 7th-level specialty priest of Yondalla. Because whistlers can influence animals, they are credited with protecting the city from the frequent wild animal attacks. There is a small temple to Yondalla in town built into the side of a hill.

Chethel

This town is located in the hills above the Mortick Swamp, at the west end of Hambone Bay. It has a population of 8,000 or so, mostly grain and fruit traders. Chethel also has several large docks. Of all cities in Luiren, this is the most comfortable for the big folk. Almost 10% of the population is human or half-elven. Most of the ships in Luiren sail from here. The trading is fast and furious in the market of Chethel. On a typical day characters may meet merchants from Ulgarth and Durpar, or even a Halruaan trader. Many goods enter and leave the country here. The most prominent export is Luiren Stout, for the famous Sholapur family has its main breweries in Chethel. They employ almost a thousand workers. In fact, grain must be imported from Durpar to keep up with the demand. Inns are common. Some inns are sized for all races, but others are sized for halflings only. Due to the proximity of the dangerous Mortick swamp, PCs may meet many of the adventuring halflings of Luiren in this city.

Tymora and Yondalla both have shrines in Chethel. The leader of the Tymora congregation is a 10th-level halfling priestess, Janalea Baker.

Fasriul

Fasriul is north of Shoun, near the Long Forest, and north of some of the best farmlands in



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Luiren. Its chief claim to fame is the fields of red rhubarb that grow here, a vegetable that is traded all over Luiren. The city can claim only 3,000 residents, most involved with farming and baking. A small group of 40 warders watches the forest to the north. The mayor is Silari Carver, a wealthy landowner and farmer. Silari is an 8th level priestess of Yondalla, who no longer practices in the faith. She has found that she is far too busy with her farms and businesses. Fasriul is a growing town, the population used to be less than 2,000. The increased exports of foodstuffs to Durpar and Halruaa are responsible for this growth.

Krenalir

Krenalir is located on the east end of the Mortick swamp, served by a loop in the Great Trade Way. It has adequate docks, but most traders sail for Beluir or Chethel. The Krenalir Peninsula, as the narrow land east of the swamp is called, is a fertile citrus area, and many fruits are grown here. In the winter, the rain-lashed peninsula is almost deserted.

The population ranges from 5,000 during harvest time, to only about 1,500 during the winter. All of the halflings who can afford to, generally winter with relatives in other cities for the rainy season.

The mayor of Krenalir is Hudkin Moadi, a halfling who despises adventurers. He has sent more than one group to their deaths in the Mortick swamp. Hudkin attempted to become an adventurer, but found that life on the trail was not for him. His burrow is extensive, since his family is one of the largest in Krenalir.

The warders of Krenalir are used to the distrust of Hudkin; they ignore it because he pays well. There are 100 warders active during the harvest season, but most are laid off during the winter, and spend their winters patrolling the Long Forest for the cities of Fasriul and Crimel.

Shoun

This city is located on the eastern coast of Luiren, and is the closest port to Passion Island. From here cogs sail to the Passion island, returning with many citrus fruits. There are many bakeries in Shoun, and all are well frequented by the locals. The expression "as fat as a Shounite" has come to symbolize the average resident.

Shoun is home to some of the great dairies. Herds of goats are kept north of the city. It is legend that a Shounite invented Luiren spring cheese.

The mayor of Shoun is also the richest merchant in the city. Melino Richtoes is a fabulously wealthy dairy owner. Although he owns almost 10% of the businesses in town, he is a generous sort. He is also a rogue of 14th level, who has turned to the lawful good teachings of Yondalla. He uses his rogue skills to defeat the enemies of his chosen power. Residents say that Melino is a much better mayor since he found religion, and that Shoun is more successful than ever.

Crimel

Crimel is a small city of 1,000, located under the eaves of the Long Forest. Its residents are mainly concerned with harvesting wood from the forest under the watchful eyes of the priests of Yondalla, who are there to see that the logging is done in accordance with nature. The priests also help defend the village from the frequent raids by marauding monsters and bandits.

The leader of Crimel is Silvo Carver, a well-to-do merchant who owns many of the herds of cattle and sheep which graze south of town. There is a small garrison of warders here. It consists of 50 woodcrafty halflings, with several priests of Tymora and Yondalla assisting. A halfling priestess of Sheela Peryroyl lives in the Long Forest not far from Crimel. Nola Treestump is a priestess of 8th level. She is responsible for keeping the nearby forest clear of evil influences.



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Places of Interest

The Long Forest

Stretching over 300 miles, the Long Forest covers almost half of Luiren. Its east end is particularly dangerous, filled with bandits, stirges, huge spiders, flying snakes, rhino beetles, and other jungle monsters. The forest gets safer the farther west one travels. Nola Treestump, a halfling priestess, has the western end of the forest under her protection. Several bands of monsters have begun to infiltrate her domain, however.

The Long Forest is on a ridge below the Toad-squat Mountains, which makes it a bit more temperate than the normal woods of the Shining South. Oaks, maples, rowans, and other northern trees can be found here, although not in great numbers. The majority of plant life is typical of the Shining South. Kudzu trails over everything, while cypress and fruit trees abound.

Granuin Forest

The Granuin Forest is completely untamed. It is the home of at least one tribe of yuan-ti, as well as a beholder that lurks deep in a forest stronghold. Dark trees also make their home here, having migrated from the Wood of Dark Trees in Durpar.

The Granuin Forest is a gloomy, mysterious place, and the inhabitants prefer to keep it that way. Various traps line the trails, placed to kill or capture the unwary. If the characters meet an intelligent monster, there is an 80% chance he serves either Siliss, the yuan-ti leader, or Xianthrope, the beholder.

Mortick Swamp

The Mortick Swamp was aptly named. It is full of giant ticks, spiders, wasps and other insects. There are also many giant frogs which prey on the insects in the swamp. Rumors abound about ruins filled with treasure which leads adventurers to continually enter the swamp. There are no

such ruins, but there are plenty of monsters to keep treasure hunters busy.

Luiren NPCs

8th-level halfling male fighter: SW 12, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 10; AL LG; AC 4; MV 6; hp 62; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d4+1 (*dagger of severing* +1); SZ S; ML 14.

Where Found: Beluir

Calcitro is a fighting legend in Beluir. Almost 20 years ago, a pair of raiding hill giants attacked a caravan where Calcitro was a guard. All of the other guards were slain. Calcitro and the caravan drivers were able to kill the giants and deliver their wagons. He is a staunch defender of his town, and his family.

The Burrows family owns a number of inns, as well as the largest fruit plantation in the area. He takes it upon himself to oversee the establishments personally.

Calcitro is often encountered in inns and cafes; his thirst and appetite are almost as legendary as his fighting prowess. Unsuspecting opponents by be fooled by his size and weight. He looks like anything but an effective fighter. Calcitro cultivates this look. It has given him a bit of an edge in many fights. He is an extremely effective fighter, and always looks for a winning edge.

His prized possession is a *dagger of severing* which has the special abilities of a *sword of sharpness*.

Melino RichToes

14th-level halfling male thief: Str 10, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 11; AL LG; AC 5; MV 6; hp 51; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+2 (*dagger* +2); SZ S; ML 12.

Where Found: Shoun



Luren, The Land of The Halflings

Melino has recently found religion, apparently having experienced a calling from Yondalla. Prior to his change, he was one of the greediest halflings in Shoun, as well as a very successful merchant. Now he uses his rogue skills to help protect his town. All of the inhabitants of Shoun are pleased with the change.

Melino frequently adventures these days, which has helped him lose some of the roundness so typical of halflings. A party with news of a threat to the city of Shoun is sure to find in him an eager volunteer.

Brac Bristletoes

8th-level halfling male fighter: Str 10 (24 with *girdle of storm giant strength*), Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 12; AL CG; AC 4; MV 6; hp 65; THAC0 13; #AT 24; Dmg 1d6 (throwing axe): SZ S; ML 13. Specialized in throwing axe.

Where Found: The Realms

Originally from Beluir, Brac is now a well traveled halfling. He still returns to his homeland on occasion, although he claims he comes back only to get a well cooked meal. Brac is an exceptional chef, with a double proficiency in cooking. Brac is a carefree halfling, just out to see the world. Seldom caring where his next meal will come from, Brac will cheerfully head down an unfamiliar road without a copper in his purse. He readily trusts folk, but over the past several years he has learned a small amount of caution. Once he gives his trust, he is fiercely loyal to his friends, eager to repay any injustices done to them.

Brac began his travels at an early age. After arriving in Waterdeep without a copper to his name, he agreed to participate in a halfling-tossing contest to earn enough money for his room and board that night. Two burly fighters paid him to toss him from one end of the barroom to the other. One of the observers decided to get in on the action. He easily tossed Brac through the wall of the Inn.

By the time Brac regained his senses and stumbled back to the inn, a full-scale bar brawl had erupted. Brac, seeking to repay the fellow who had forced his ungraceful exit, had a perfect opportunity. As the human fighter was fending off the attacks of a party of adventurers while holding a struggling barmaid under one arm, Brac climbed atop a table and walloped him from behind. Brac and the adventurers agreed to split the fighter's goods with each other. Brac took the fellow's *girdle of storm giant strength*, while the adventurers divided the rest of the loot. Brac traveled with these adventurers for several years following the incident.

Several months after he had acquired the *girdle*, it was stolen from him. Brac eventually traced it back to its original owner. Brac and his companions pursued him, and eventually found what Brac believed was his *girdle*. Unfortunately, it was a *girdle of masculinity/femininity*. "Brackette" was able to later recover his (her?) original *girdle*. After several years of adventuring as "Brackette," he was able to acquire a *wish* from an archmage, which returned him to his original gender.

Brac currently travels the Realms attempting to see as much of the continent as possible. While traveling, he often hires himself out as a chef to various inns and finer restaurants, but he never stays more than a week in any town. Brac has recently acquired an ancient tome entitled *The Fine Art of Cooking and Seasoning Red Dragon*. He is currently seeking a band of (fool) hardy adventurers to help him gather the main ingredient for this new recipe.

Flynagin Nightshabow

13th-level halfling female thief (swashbuckler): Str 13, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 16; AL CG; AC 0; MV 6; hp 49; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+2 (*rapier* +1): SZ S; ML 15. Thief skills: PP 95, OL 75, FT 60, MS 95, HS 95, DN 95, CW 80, RL 15.

Where Found: The Shining South



Luren, The Land of The Halflings

A true swashbuckler at heart, Flynagin, or Flyn to her friends, is a happy-go-lucky sort who always seems to find more trouble than she expected.

A proud daughter of a proud family, she left home to adventure after running rampant through her home village. She loves to play (mostly) harmless practical jokes on anyone she sees. This is one of the reasons she decided to leave her home town quickly.

While she was adventuring, she traveled several years in the company of a female half-elven ranger who was a Harper. Developing a good friendship with her, Flyn soon became a trusted ally of the Harpers. They occasionally send her into various locales in the Shining South to glean information or recover stolen articles.

She possesses several magical items including a *rapier +1* that was especially created by dwarves at the request of the Harpers. In the hands of a halfling it functions as a short sword in regard to weight and speed. Flyn received this sword as a gift from the Harpers for past deeds. Flyn thinks that either Khelben Blackstaff or Elminster himself might have enchanted the blade. She also possesses *bracers of defense AC 4*, a *ring of invisibility*, and *boots of speed*.

Flyn enjoys causing confusion that leads to barroom brawls. She uses her tumbling ability to avoid most of the fights as she takes advantage of the bedlam to gather a few valuables for herself. One of her favorite tactics is to hide in shadows and use her *ring of invisibility* to sneak up behind a burly character, then slug him. She then either dodges back into the shadows, or reactivates her *ring of invisibility*. She usually gets her victim to blame a bystander for the attack. If she does get caught, she can usually charm her way out of the "silly misunderstanding."

She is fiercely loyal to her few friends. She treats any insult to them as an insult to herself. She will calmly calculate a way to pay any transgressors back for what they have done. The pay-back usually costs the perpetrator extreme embarrassment as well as a great deal of money.

ADVENTURERS IN Luiren

Adventuring in Luiren is virtually unrestricted. Halflings don't really care who comes into their country. As long as visitors don't cause trouble, and have plenty of money to spend, they are welcome. Fighters, bards, thieves, priests (of good or neutral deities) are all welcome. Mages are treated with a bit of reserve; most of the halfling's exposure to magic has come from the illusionists of Durpar and the reclusive mages of Halruaa. The average halfling's attitude toward mages is that they are a bit crazy, and their magic doesn't work nearly as well as they say. Most mages are welcome, at least until they begin to destroy things.

New Non-Weapon Proficiencies

These two proficiencies are native to halfling priests of Luiren. They jealously guard these secrets. Outsiders seeking to learn these proficiencies will have a difficult time finding a mentor to teach them. If the search is successful, the would-be student will pay dearly for the secrets.

Healthy Cooking

Priest, 2 slots, Wisdom 0.

Prerequisites: Herbalism, Healing, Cooking

With the proper training, the cook can create a stew that speeds healing. Those who learn the healthy cooking proficiency may brew a stew in 1 hour that adds +1 to the healing provided by rest. Thus, a PC who has had 24 hours of complete rest recovers four hit points instead of three. A PC who has camped overnight on the trail receives one point instead of none. A successful proficiency check by the priest is necessary for the accelerated healing to occur. If the check is failed, the stew is still edible and nutritious, but it lacks the balance of ingredients necessary for healing.



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At least one full dose of the stew (about two cups for a man-sized creature) must be consumed each day the creature is to be healed. No more than one hit point per day can be gained, no matter how much stew is consumed.

Healthy cooking is a prerequisite of medicinal cooking, and the two cannot be taken at the same time. At least one level must be gained between learning healthy cooking and medicinal cooking.

Medicinal Cooking

Slots: 2

Class: Priest

Ability: Wisdom

Modifier: -2

Prerequisites: Healthy Cooking.

Medicinal cooking is the fine art of cooking for true healing. The secrets of cooking in this manner are closely guarded by the halfling priests who share them. This proficiency can be found in priests of many religions, but they are always halflings.

One thing that is known by most outsiders is that medicinal cooking involves the use of Luiren spring cheese. When used in this fashion, cheeese does not have the intoxicating or habit-forming effects that the pure cheeese does; it simply acts as a curative. Medicinal cheeese stew affects halflings and non-halflings in the same way, although the latter may find the taste a bit strange.

Since healthy cooking is a prerequisite, and the two cannot be taken at the same time, no halfling priest of less than 3rd level can possibly learn this. Most are 6th level when they do. A mentor must be found to learn this proficiency, and such persons have more students than they desire. Most students need six to eight weeks of daily instruction to master this art.

Medicinal cooking allows the student to prepare recipes that stimulate healing, as well as those that actually cure various diseases (even some of the magically caused ones).

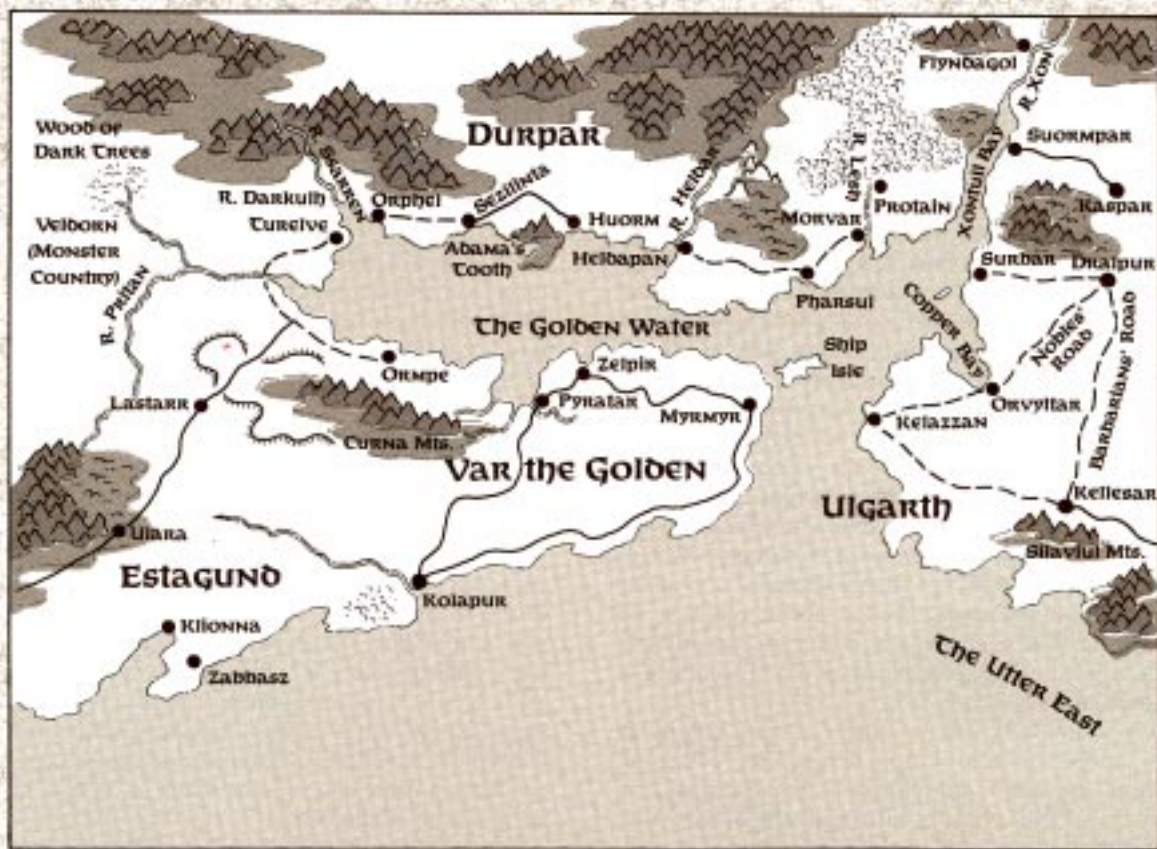
At the time the student gains this proficiency, she or he is able to prepare an improved version of the healthy stew, granting imbibers two extra points of healing from rest.

After advancing two more levels, or in year's time (whichever happens first), the student can make soups that cure normal diseases like measles, mumps, whooping cough, or malaria.

After another year, or two levels, the student can make soups that heal fatal diseases like smallpox, or even the bubonic plague. It can also heal the diseases inflicted by means of a *cause disease* or *harm* spell. It cannot cure lycanthropy or mummy rot, but it is effective against almost everything else. The only other disease which has eluded the halfling priests is the one which escapes all other healers as well. The common cold still resists curing, although cheeese soup does relieve the suffering somewhat.



Durpar, Estagund, and Var The Golden



Durpar, Estagund, and Var the Golden are collectively known as the Shining Lands. Durpar has controlled the other two countries for so long that all share the same way of life. The Council of Merchants located in Heldapan rules over the Shining Lands. In other countries, the term Durparian refers to any of the residents of the three countries. Residents of all three countries have one major trait in common; they can all bargain a person's shoes out from under them.

General Description

Durpar and Var the Golden are the names given the two nations to the north and south (respectively) of the protected sea known as the Golden Water. Estagund lies on the southwest edge of Var, with the halfling lands of Luiren to the west.

The north border is the Dustwall Mountains, and the great Dust Desert, the Raurin. On the east, firmly defended outposts at the river Xon mark the borders with Ulgarth.

Geography and Climate

"Here the Adama has touched. We will abide here. All is part of the one, but this is the best part." — Satama, founder of the cult of the Adama.

The Shining Lands are located at the bottom of the southern-central portion of the continent, at the north shore of the Great Sea. They are the last civilized area before one reaches the Utter East. The lands are hot and fertile. Winter rains are mild, except along the coast of the Great Sea.



Durpar, Estagund and Var The Golden

The inhabitants truly consider it the land of gold.

The dominating feature of the Shining Lands is the huge bay, referred to as the Golden Water, which gave the lands their name. A high content of minerals gives the water a golden sheen at sunrise and sunset. The waters are abundant with fish, both for food and for game, as well as other treasures of the sea such as pearl beds and coral reefs. The reefs are predominantly red and purple, and Durparian coral jewelry is popular in and out of the Shining Lands. The country's most profitable export, however, is the coffee that is grown here and nowhere else.

The northern half of Durpar is dominated by the Dustwall Mountains. They protect Durpar from the howling sandstorms that rage across the Raurin. Legend says these mountains were raised during the cataclysm that destroyed the great Raurin empire. Adama's Wrath, the tallest peak, towers some 22,000 feet above the plains of Durpar. The average height of these mountains is 15,000 feet, making it one of the tallest ranges in the world.

Var the Golden is a country of rural beauty. It is flat for miles, and most of it is filled with millions of acres of golden wheat. Estagund shares some of this terrain, although the Toadsquat mountain range forms the western border with Luiren. These mountains, which average 6,000 feet, are similar to the mountains of Curna, since they have no peaks higher than 7,500 feet.

There are two other features outside of the Shining Land that influence the countries. The Raurin Desert, north of the mountains of Adama, dominates the terrain for hundreds of miles. It forces the Durparians to travel far out of their way to reach the city of Solon and the countries of Murghom and Semphar. The Raurin is a wasteland of sand and dust, inhabited only by wandering tribes of bandits and mongrelmen.

To the south is the Great Sea. In ancient days, this trackless sea was thought to lead to the lower planes. The thought of new lands and new profit led Durparian merchants to discover the land of Zakhara. Thus while most travel in the Great Sea goes west to Halruaa and beyond,

more is being learned about the currents and killer storms of the Great Sea.

History

Durpar and Var the Golden

Durpar and Var the Golden share a common history. Over three thousand years ago, these countries were both subject to the great kingdom of Raurin. When Raurin fell in 2488 DR, the countries of Durpar and Var barely survived the destruction.

Rioting, mass destruction, and hatred of nobility were rampant. The country descended into barbarism for over two millennia. Finally, after most of the barbarian tribes were wiped out by the then great empire of Mulhorand, a leader emerged. Satama, a mere trader, experienced a divine revelation. He formulated a new philosophy. All things in the world were connected, and were part of a single creation spirit. All of the gods of the Realms were merely parts of the same entity. Soon all the Shining Lands embraced the teachings of Satama, and the seeds of civilization were laid in what came to be known as the Lands of the One.

Since the Lands of the One had many natural resources, trade with Mulhorand and Luiren became a way of life. Merchants were honored above all. In time, the Maharajah of Durpar and the Rajah of Var were replaced with a Council of Merchants. The leading merchants of the lands each had a voice on the council. During that time the land suffered occasional raiding attacks from the horsewomen of Dambrath, and had many skirmishes with the neighboring countries of Estagund and Ulgarth.

In 1023 DR, after an armed peace had been worked out with Ulgarth, the council of merchants decided that something needed to be done about the raiders from Estagund who were hurting trade with other countries. War was an inconvenience, but interrupting trade was life-threatening!

Jeradeem, the richest merchant in the lands,



Durpar, Estagund, and Var The Golden

was given power to negotiate a settlement. During these negotiations he proved, at least in the eyes of the Durparians, that he was the master trader of all time. Estagund had just tried a foolish invasion of Dambrath. The vengeful female leaders of that land wiped out nearly every able-bodied fighting man they sent. The monsters of Veldorn were causing problems, and Estagund was going through a famine.

It was here that Jeradeem showed his fine merchant's instincts. He could not pass up such an advantage. He began bargaining for the most outrageous trade of all time. He met with the leaders of Estagund, a fearful king and his nobles. He explained the advantages of Durparian life, even the philosophy of the Adama, the oneness of all things. He bargained for days, until finally the king made the trade. He purchased the country of Estagund for the countries of Durpar and Var at a price of 24 gems. From Durpar he secured a promise of protection, and help integrating Estagund into the Durparian way of life. Thus were formed the Shining Lands.

Within a hundred years, the three countries shared a common way of life. With the added strength and resources of Estagund, Durparian merchants increased their trading range. They roamed as far east as Kara Tur, as far north as the Sea of Fallen Stars, and west to Dambrath and Halruaa. At the present time, with the newly discovered lands of Maztica and Zakhara beckoning, the future looks bright.

Estagund

Estagund history follows a different path than those of Durpar and Var. The Gunders were conquered in 551 DK by Reinhar I, warchief of the Arkaiuns of Dambrath. It regained its independence when Reinhar was slain by the Halruan archmage Mycontil. After regaining its independence, the country soon degenerated into a group of small independent city states.

Small skirmishes between the city-states, and with Var continued for several centuries, until a king once again united the country. King Bonrial

was a skilled ruler, and Estagund began to prosper. His descendants were not as good, and in 1053 DR, King Selkarin was in an ambitious mood. He had failed to conquer Durpar, and Veldorn resisted his challenges. An avowed woman hater, Selkarin turned his attentions to Dambrath. He led a large fleet to attack Dambrath along the southern coast. His forces were beaten back with extreme losses, including his own life. Selkarin died childless. His brother, Seltarir, was crowned king. The new ruler faced a country with most of its young fighting men gone. In addition, he had a new problem to deal with: famine. The famine was caused by a blight that wiped out nearly all the year's crops in Estagund. This made him eager for the trade of Jeradeem. Contrary to popular rumor, he did not trade away the country for 24 pearls. Instead, Seltarir received diamonds worth almost a million gold pieces. The sudden wealth gave him an instant seat on the council of merchants. Chaka Seltarir is still the richest chaka in Estagund. In the years that followed, the Gunders began rebuilding their lives with a vengeance. Now, they compete on equal footing with the merchants of Durpar and Var. (For an explanation of chakas, see "Social Customs," page 58.)

Government and Politics

"All crimes are but one; theft. Stealing a man's money, health, pride, life, or goods are all equal crimes in the eyes of the Adama." — A maxim of Jeradeem.

Durpar, Var, and Estagund are ruled by a council of the eleven richest merchants in the Shining Lands. The decision of who qualifies as the richest is done by simple arithmetic. Whoever acquires the largest fortune is accorded the spot. Due to shifts in wealth, several seats on the council change each year. There are about thirty merchants who jostle for the bottom six rungs of the council.

Kara Jeratma, head of the Jeradea chaka and great-granddaughter of the incomparable Jer-



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adeem, is the current chief of the council, just as every preceding head of her family has been for nearly two hundred years. The next four rungs of the council are held by Morcin of the Chaka Turamir in Huorm, Galduck of the Chaka Semanra in Pyratar, Halafin of Chaka Seltarir in Estagund, and Blynn the Wild, of the Baroda chaka of Turelve. All are incredibly wealthy, and their families are involved in nearly all of the businesses of the Shining Lands.

The Gemstone chaka, an extremely rich family of dwarves from Ormpe, is the council's first non-human member in almost 30 years. The Gemstone chaka was known as the Ironspur chaka until two years ago. A rich emerald strike in the mountains of Curna raised them from a moderately successful chaka to the eighth richest in the lands.

The business of the Shining Lands is business. Fraud is as serious a crime as murder. Both crimes impinge on the natural order of life in the kingdoms. Criminals are not executed, not even for the most heinous crimes. Capital punishment is seen as a serious offense against the Adama. Fines and forfeiture of goods or freedom are common, and terrible punishments. Those who use force against others are either restrained, or magically prevented from harming others again. Those who cheat or deceive in trade, or, worst of all, steal from others, can be faced with complete financial ruin. Three years ago one of the council members was convicted of selling faulty merchandise. The resulting fine dropped the chaka off the council and into obscurity.

In all cases a person is given only one chance.



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Repeat offenders find themselves restrained. In the case of a capital crime, the restraint lasts the rest of their lives. These depraved individuals are required to work out their lives in the mines, or on farms to offset the expense of their upkeep. A thief convicted a second time faces the loss of a hand. Such a mark usually means exile. "No one trusts a man with one hand."

The local governments are run much the same as the national ones. Each city has its Council of Merchants of the eleven richest merchants. Taxes are low, Durparians see bureaucracies as contrary to profit. Most cities have only the basic services such as police and fire fighting squads, clean up services, and record keepers. If a service can be handled by a private chaka, such services are contracted out. The Taramir chaka, for instance, offers garbage collection in many of the cities. The Chaka Firmstand in Zelpir has been responsible for protecting the city for over 80 years. Such chakas have a very lasting commitment to their jobs. Should the Chaka Firmstand attempt to take over, rather than defend the city, the loss of honor would doom the chaka to instant obscurity.

The leading merchant of a city is called the Nawab. He is responsible for appointing judges, hiring guardsmen, collecting taxes, and managing the other functions of the government. He is not expected to pay for these services himself. The taxes are a percentage of any profits the merchants in the city make. These funds pay for the services mandated by the council. Only the full council can make decisions on tax rates, new laws, and other broad decisions.

As in other lands, the people can make their will felt. If the judges and police are fair and the citizens are comfortable, the change to a new Nawab is accomplished with little upheaval. If the citizenry is unhappy sweeping changes in the council are made. Since profit is a driving force in this land, Nawabs can and do award city contracts to their own chakas. This can backfire. A Nawab needs to be sure his chaka can do at least as good a job as the competitors before he awards the contract, or his business could be-

come the victim of a widespread boycott.

A boycott is the citizens' method of voting. A chaka without customers will soon lose its place on the city council. Of course a large percentage of the local citizens has to be stirred up before such a boycott is effective. The priests of Lucha are particularly effective at organizing such actions. They are always watchful for a chaka abusing its power in such fashion.

Taxes are generally low since they do not promote trade. The only tax that the merchants consider fair is a sales tax. This is commonly one percent on all sales done in the city. All accredited merchants respect this tax. It pays for protection as well as the city services. Out of the taxes collected, 25% goes to the national government. The rest is used at the local level.

People and Customs

"The shape and color of a being's body makes no difference to either the Adama or to the final tally of his gold." — A maxim of Jeradeem.

All races are part of the Adama, and are welcome in Durpar. Since Durparians believe that profit can be made from anyone with money, no Durparian merchant would blink if a dwarf or an orc walked into his shop and began to bargain.

The population is about 70% human, with halflings, dwarves, and half-elves making up the bulk of the rest. Elves are rare, for they do not prefer the competition for wealth that consumes the rest of the Durparians. There is, however, a small tribe of elves in the Ajmer Forest. They are devoted worshippers of the Adama. This tribe includes some of the most powerful priests in the land. Gnomes can be found in increasing numbers. The emerald find by the Gemstone chaka has caused an influx of gnomish gem workers. Two years ago, there were only a few gnomes in the land. Now they are a common sight in Ormpe.

The average Durparian is dark-skinned, almost ebony from exposure to the sun, and is around 5 1/2 feet tall. Other human types are



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common, since many folk have immigrated to Durpar.

Languages

“Trading requires communication. Make sure you can speak to him before you show a man your wares.” —A maxim of Jeradeem.

Language is an important part of trade, and Durparian merchants are among the most polylingual of the Realms. For game purposes, assume that any merchant the characters meet speaks common, elvish, Thorass (the trading tongue of Amn), Akalan (the language of Dambrath), Midani (Zakharan common), dwarven, halfling, and at least three others. The other languages known depend on where the merchant does his trading. These could easily include hill giant, orcish or kobold. The “official” tongue of the lands is common, although meetings of the Council of Merchants can be carried out in any of a dozen languages. Most of the council members prefer to speak Thorass, since the council recognizes only the rich merchants of Amn as potential competitors in the world trading market.

Social Customs

“When a man is among his friends, he should enjoy his wealth. When a man is trading, he should trade.” — A maxim of Jeradeem.

Durparians are very enamored of wealth, but this is tempered by the teachings of the Adama. Durparians believe that showing off wealth that one does not possess is inappropriate, as is hiding one’s wealth. Therefore, both men and women are fond of wearing the richest clothes, gems, and accessories that they can afford.

Parties are frequent, lavish affairs which are generally just a front for more business. At these parties a shrewd trader can pick up a tip that could make him a huge profit later. Every sizable merchant chaka has at least two or three such festivals every year. Entertainments tend to be

lavish, since they are an indication of how well the merchant chaka is doing. In day to day business, however, the feeling is a bit different. “A comfortable customer is ready to buy” is another maxim of the great Jeradeem. Durparian merchants go far to make their customers comfortable. Many merchants either have some illusion abilities, or employ someone who does, to present an atmosphere likeable to the customer. It would be an extreme offense against both the law, and the Adama, to use illusions to misrepresent the actual items for sale. A merchant that makes his customers comfortable by way of magic is following accepted and expected business practices. A drow who comes into a rich merchant shop may end up doing his business in a darkened room, with illusions of drow sculptures all about. A dwarf would be led to a room appearing to be a beautiful cave, gemstones gleaming from the walls. Whatever a merchant can do to make his customer more pliable will be done.

The basic social unit of the Shining Lands is the *chaka*. A chaka consists of a single extended family. The larger chakas, however, may have dozens of different families allied to them. The leader of the chaka, whether male or female, is usually the eldest family member. The best traders are usually out on business. If a younger sibling heads the chaka, it is because the older, more experienced sibling is usually off trying to make a huge deal for an immense profit.

Durparians show respect for each other by bowing. Indeed, who bows first and how deeply is a fine art in Durpar. According to strict social custom, the one closer to the Adama, or the richest, should bow first and more shallowly. The poorer, or most unenlightened, should bow last and deeper. The Adama requires respect when a Durparian meets a stranger. At these times, the average Durparian will wait to allow the stranger to bow first. This custom is not used by Durparians outside the Shining Lands. When traveling, a successful Durparian merchant will adopt the common form of greeting for the customer he is dealing with. “No man pays well a stranger, a



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friend is trusted. Greet all as friends, and you'll soon be on your way home with your pockets full," is a maxim attributed to Jeradeem.

It is seen as a spirit-raising gesture to donate to the truly poor. A few vellims given to the needy, however, may cost the chaka a seat on the Council of Merchants, so most chakas do not give money. Instead, chakas take in at least one or two destitute people each year, and attempt to find productive work for them. This custom helps reduce the number of slums and homeless in the Shining Lands. A surprisingly high number of such unfortunates become productive family members. All are accorded the status of a regular chaka member. An old beggar woman adopted into a chaka won't become head of the chaka, but she may be put in charge of the household.

Another maxim of Jeradeem reads "A thief leaves you with nothing to sell. Be prepared to defend your wares, for there are many who covet them." Most Durparians can defend themselves if need be. The average Durparian merchant away from the Shining Lands is, at least, a 4th-level fighter, a 6th-level thief (trader kit-see "Adventurers in the Shining Lands"), or a 5th-level mage. Most mages from the Shining Lands are illusion specialists. Not only is illusion magic quite effective, it is seen as a lesser offense against the Adama to slay someone with illusion magic, rather than with destructive magic. Victims of illusionary magic do not really die from the spell effect. Rather, they die from their belief in the effect (see PHB p. 82). If a victim dies, that is fate. The Durparian merchant lays claim to all the goods of his attacker, and leaves him lying in the dirt. Such is the way of Adama, to let those who harm others take their own chances.

Religion

"All gods are but part of the Adama. Do you hate your wife because she is a woman and you are a man? Hate not then those who worship a different aspect of the Adama." — From the teachings of Satama.

Durpar is probably the most tolerant of religion of any country in the Realms. Even evil gods can be worshipped, although those that demand human sacrifice are suppressed. The only religion actively opposed is that of worship of Mask, the patron of thieves.

The philosophy of the Adama, or "the One", is a vital part of Durparian life. The Adama is the world spirit that embraces and enfolds the divine essence that is part of all beings; gods, men, animals, plants, rocks, and all of their existence. Therefore everything is a manifestation of the Adama. Adama has no temples or priests in the common sense, for he is worshipped through his manifestations.

The philosophy of the Adama teaches that a man must be born many times before he can truly embrace unity with the Adama. Each reincarnation will reflect the man's previous life. Therefore, he must strive to better and improve himself during his lifetime. This is one of the reasons why killing and theft are considered such serious crimes. Such actions can condemn a person to be reincarnated as an animal in the next life.

Since all deities are considered aspects of the Adama, there are many with large followings in the Shining Lands. The largest are the sects of Lucha, she who guides; Curna, goddess of wisdom; Zionil, patron of inventors, craftsmen and creators; and Torm, the god of duty. Waukeen, god of trade, used to have a significant following. With the uncertainty of the god's fate in the Time of Troubles, most worshippers and even some priests have been accepted in Lucha's temples.

Money and Commence

"Quality goods always sell." — A maxim of Jeradeem.

A fiercely competitive people, the natives of the Shining Lands have channeled their warlike tendencies into a form of competition acceptable to the Adama. They are intent on becoming the best traders in the world.



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At the heart of the Durparian success is the Adama, the belief that one must do one's best. No Durparian would consider selling merchandise that wasn't of the finest quality he could obtain. If an item is less than perfect, he is required to say so. All trades must be conducted under fair conditions for both sides. Of course, different things are valuable to different people. As long as no fraud is involved, a merchant will try to get as much as he can for an item.

Commerce in Durpar is the driving force of the country. Most chakas of the Shining Lands have either a caravan, a trading ship, or several of both. The caravans roam far over the Realms in search of rare items to trade. The merchants believe that "the farther one travels, the higher the profit." In the past 50 years or so, the ships of Durpar have begun to travel far. Five years ago one returned with news of Zakhara, an entire civilized land several thousand miles to the south. Three years ago a fleet of six ships returned with news and goods from the land of Maztica. King Azoun's defeat of the Horde on the Golden Way has opened up trade with the east again. The merchants of Durpar are not letting these new trading fields go untouched.

Since Durparian merchants trade with the farthest corners of the known Realms, almost any item one desires can be found in the markets of the cities of the Shining Lands. Scrimshaw carvings from Icewind Dale, over 5,000 miles away, and exotic feathers from Maztica can be found in Durpar. Of course the price of such items is outrageous.

The average Durparian business is owned by a chaka. All members of the chaka work in some fashion, even in a small business. A large chaka is involved with many businesses. Different families within the chaka are usually responsible for different businesses. Every chaka desires to have a master trader in their folds. A master trader is someone who has returned with ten caravans, all of them profitable. The most notable master trader at the current time is Kara Jeratma, now serving on the council of merchants. She returned from Maztica three years ago, with ships

laden with new and exotic goods. As head of the Chaka Jeradea, she is currently the major power in the land. Her daughter, Nadimi Jeratma, recently departed for Zakhara. She took a fleet of twenty trading ships. No word from her has been received yet, but great things are expected.

Merchants in Durpar hate fraud and deceit, and are skilled at recognizing it. Any sort of currency is welcome in the Shining Lands, but it is usually judged at the proper value. A Waterdhavian harbor moon is worth only two gold pieces outside of Waterdeep; that is what it is valued at in Durpar. A coin that appears to be gold but with less than a full gold content will eventually be discovered and honored for what it is worth. Passing counterfeit or gilded currency is a serious crime in the Shining Lands. Beyond that, money is money. Merchants are willing to take gems in trade. Most traders are proficient in appraisal. If not, they know someone who is. Of course, a fee is usually added, since the merchant will have to deal with a gem merchant to get his money.

Many new and previously unheard of products are coming out of Durpar. The Durparians realize that the best way to get control of a new market is to create it. Traders have begun large-scale exporting of the coffee grown in Durpar. This drink, which until recently has only been known in the southeastern lands, is becoming popular throughout the Realms.

The Durparians also make a number of items themselves. In fact, most of what Durpar trades is grown or made in the Shining Lands. Large caravans of grain and soft goods go north to Mulhorand, Unther, and Underhome. The invention of the field glass, a lens ground by gnomish smiths in the city of Ormpe, has given trading ships a huge advantage over pirates. These glasses are being exported for sale to ship captains along the Sea of Fallen Stars and the Sword Coast. Such a device is not magical, but does double the range of normal vision. A ship's lookout with this device can spot an unknown ship long before its lookout can spot them.

Other new products include ketjap, the com-



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bination of mingari and fruits of Maztica. Mingari, a potent spice similar to cinnamon (and grown only in Ulgarth), and Curna emeralds, emeralds with a turquoise glow inside, are currently very popular among the rich of Calimshan. The Gemstone chaka of dwarves has sent several caravans on the long dangerous trek. The first has already returned, laden with silks, gems, and other goods from Calimshan.

Durparian merchants nearly always get the best of any deal. They do so because they always operate from a position of strength. They're superlative bargainers, as well. Every family or chaka has at least one member with a proficiency in bargaining, and usually one with appraisal skill as well.

The ability to read and write is common. Durparians have the highest percentage of literacy of any large nation in the Realms. A master trader can often pick up a new language, including reading and writing, in a very short time. A caravan going to trade with the Dwarves of Underhome may speak nothing but dwarvish the last week of the trip in order to get used to the language. Durparian merchants strongly believe that conversing with a being in his own language is the proper way to trade. This effect is summed up at the end of this section where the new proficiency, Linguistics, is presented. It is the ability to learn to converse in a different language in a short time. Most master traders have this proficiency, as well.

If PCs wish to travel all the way to Durpar to buy something, they can probably find it. Just consider the place of origin and rarity of the item, and increase the price proportionately. A 100 gp scrimshaw carving from Icewind Dale may be priced at 6,000 gold pieces in Heldapan. A dozen exotic feathers from Maztica, worth 5 gold pieces in Helmsport, can cost up to 1000 gold pieces each in Durpar.

Durparian merchants love to bargain. Bargaining is the consuming passion in their life. All of the bargaining tricks used elsewhere in the world are known here. Every trick that does not involve fraud is used. One Amnish merchant

said, as he exited a wine shop, "Eight hours of bargaining to buy a single bottle of wine, and still I was bettered. This is a wonderful land."

Cities of Durpar

The cities of the Shining Lands are both numerous and prosperous. While there are few (if any) slums, large, impressive marketplaces abound. Most of the markets have regular stalls, with awnings for shade. The cities are usually well defended, although none have large standing armies. Members of the merchant's guild are obligated to supply guards in the event of an attack on the city. Chakas near the borders usually pool their forces to create a guard force somewhat larger than that of the cities.

Heldapan

Heldapan, the largest city in the Shining Lands, is the capital of the region. This Durparian city, which boasts a population of 50,000, is home to the powerful Council of Merchants. It has the largest trading market to the east of the huge markets of Amn. Literally anything in the world can be found here.

All of the "Chakas of 31," the leading chakas in the Shining Lands, have at least some sort of headquarters in Heldapan. It is here that the decisions of the council are handed down and here that the biggest deals are made.

The town boasts huge docks, capable of handling over a hundred ships at once. The docks are always busy. Ships can sail the Golden Waters, even during the rainy season, so trade continues undiminished.

Pyratar

Pyratar is the capital of Var the Golden and the second largest city in the lands. It has a population of almost 45,000. The city is completely shielded from any of the winter storms, and the fishing is bountiful. The docks in Pyratar are just as large, and just as busy as those of Heldapan.



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The vast wheat farms of Var lie to the south.

The incredibly wealthy Semenra chaka makes its home in Pyratar. They are involved in nearly all of the businesses in the city. They own thousands of acres of wheat fields, and many herds of aurochs and sheep. They are the leading supplier of wool in Durpar. In addition, they have a skilled family of gemcutters in their chaka.

The city is also the home of a growing sect of Mask worshippers, who are trying to take over first the city, and then the entire nation. The sect preys on caravans from Zelpir and Kolapar, since any robberies in the city would certainly bring the attention of the local Council of Merchants. The leader, Kelsipal, of Chaka Turamir, is a master trader, and above suspicion. He is also an 11th level priest of Mask, with every intention of advancing his patron deity and his personal power.

Klionna

Klionna is the old capital of Estagund, and the home of the extremely wealthy Seltarir chaka. It is a large city with over 25,000 residents. The Seltarir chaka got its start when the founder, the former king of Estagund, sold the country to the great Jeradeem. Instead of being hated for it, the Seltarir chaka is seen as having rescued the country from poverty.

The city is situated on the somewhat protected Bay of Kings, away from the brunt of the winter storms on the Great Sea. Many fishing boats go out on the Sea from Klionna. The Seltarir chaka employs ten warships of its own, in addition to the five the city has on patrol, to prevent raids from the pirates of Dambrath. As the port closest to Dambrath, the city is still subject to overland raids almost every year. It has a standing force of 1,000 crossbowmen and 20 illusionists on call at all times. The mages range from 6th to 12th level, so the city is very well defended.

Ormpe

Ormpe is the fastest growing city in the Shining Lands. The city began as merely the location of ironworks, but in the past two years it has nearly doubled its population. Over 20,000 people now reside there. This rapid population growth has far exceeded the merchant council's expectations. Of all cities in the Shining Lands, Ormpe is the only one with large slum areas. The Quarter of No Hope, as the slums are called, are not actually within the city walls at all. Almost 5,000 residents live just outside the stonework. Most eke out a living as migrant grain workers. Many continue to try for a high-paying mining job. Unfortunately for the slum residents, the Gemstone family, the leading chaka in the city prefers to employ dwarven miners and gnomish gemcutters. They and the Finglefall chaka have signed a trade alliance. Anyone who wishes to work with the famous Curna emeralds must have connections with one of these two chakas.

Ormpe has a high population of demihumans, particularly dwarves and gnomes, with many halflings as well. The Baker chaka of halfings has one of its largest outlets in Ormpe. In a rare burst of generosity they have made all of their day-old goods available at no cost to the poor in the Quarter of No Hope.

Myrmyr

The city of Myrmyr is a middling town of about 10,000 residents. Myrmyr is primarily concerned with defending the Golden Waters from pirates, so that they can ship huge loads of grain to other countries in the Shining South. The grain markets in Myrmyr are second in size only to those in great Pyratar. Myrmyr also has the best shipbuilding facilities in the Shining Lands. The wealthy Sholapur chaka owns much of the island of Ships, and has its shipyards located there. Wood from the Ajmer Forest is brought from Morvar. Here the craftsmen of the Sholapurs fashion it into the best merchant ships in the nation.



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The Jaipur chaka, which owns many thousands of acres of farmland, is the most successful sea trading chaka in the Shining Lands. They were one of the first families to cooperate on the expeditions to Maztica, and have been enormously successful. The Jaipur chaka is hoping to challenge the Baroda chaka next year for the fifth seat on the council.

Zelpir

Zelpir is a smallish city with a population of 8,000, situated on the south coast of the Golden Waters. It is known for intricate jewelry, and clever mechanical gadgets which rival the Lantannan works of the Gondsmen. Here one can buy water clocks, wind up toys, and the valuable field glasses. Zelpir also ships much grain north across the Golden Waters, where it is loaded onto caravans bound for Mulhorand and Unther.

Zelpir's location — it's the closest port to Haldapan — makes it the natural place from which landowners ship their grains north. It is a growing city, but the merchants are careful about who gets established there. Anyone wishing to open a business in Zelpir must have a license granted by the city council.

Sezilinta

Sezilinta is a city of 17,000 located on the northern coast of the Golden Waters, southeast of the Giant's Belt mountains. It has many ironworkers and silver smiths, for the mountains yield plenty of raw ore for the craftsmen. Sezilinta is also known for the fine cotton cloths it produces. The farms north of Sezilinta grow mostly cotton and flax, used to produce linen. A large number of weavers live here, producing much of the cloth that is shipped north to Mulhorand and Unther. The clocks of the city are the smallest on the Golden Waters. Ships prefer to make for Huorm to the east, or Turelve to the west. The first is closer to Haldapan, the second is closer to the caravan routes north and west.

Turelve

The jumping off place for the caravans north and west, Turelve is a large city of 30,000. It is a favored trading spot, located on the west end of the Golden Waters, at the mouth of the River Sarren. Through this city flow many of the goods that are exported from the Shining Lands.

The border with the monster-filled lands of Veldorn make this the most precarious place to live in the Shining Lands. The caravans to and from the city are frequently raided. Turelve has the largest standing force in Durpar, almost 2,000 well-armed horsemen. Several companies of halfling slingers man the city walls. This is paid for, in part, by a caravan tax. For five percent of the value of their caravans, merchants can join a city-sponsored caravan, and have guards protect them until they are well past Veldorn.

This tax causes much grumbling, but nearly all sensible merchants pay it. The risk of losing their investment is too great not to pay.

Morvar

Morvar has the broadest racial mix of any city in the Shining Lands. Dwarven and gnomish smiths, halfling craftsmen, elven and half-elven bards and woodworkers, even the occasional orcish guard can be seen mingling with the swarthy Durparians and the lighter Ulgarthians.

The city is large, with a population over 20,000. Morvar has extensive smithies and weaving facilities. It is here that the cotton grown south of the Ajmer forest is brought. The wood from the forest also ends up here, where the great sawmills of the Karakil chaka shape it into boards for shipment to other parts of the Shining Lands. Morvar also has a good trading relationship with merchants in Surbar, in neighboring Ulgarth.

Orpher

Orpher is located on the northwestern coast of the Golden Waters, on the mouth of the River Sarren. Its largest merchant chaka is not actually



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a chaka at all, but an adventuring company, the Trollslayers. The company has merged with several other smaller families, and has become a powerful trading chaka. Without the continuing treasures recovered from the ruins of the Raurin desert and the lairs of giants in the Giant's Belt mountains, the chaka would not long stay in power. The soirees given by the Trollslayers are some of the most elaborate in all of Durpar.

The current leader of the chaka, and Nawab of the city, is Jekhal Windsinger, a priest of Torm. He runs the city very well, and is also doing his best to diversify and invest their wealth. The other members of the original Trollslayer company don't agree with his policies.

Flyndagol

The northernmost city of Durpar, Flyndagol is the nearest to the Raurin desert, and is the hottest and most uncomfortable city in the Shining Lands. It is also the first line of defense for Durpar against both Ulgarth and the orcs of the Mountains of War. Flyndagol trades with the elves of the Ajmer forest. Many fine woodworkers live in Flyndagol.

The daily heat has given this city a different daily schedule than the rest of the Shining Lands. Most businesses open after the main heat of the day, and stay open through the best part of the night. Streets are lit by *continual light* spells. Most businesses also have such effects, since even the mild heat given off by a lantern can make a building seem unbearable.

Flyndagol has a standing force of 1,000 troops, most posted along the border. Orc raids are frequent. The elves from the forest have worked out an alliance with the city, providing archers in case of actual attacks on the city. In return, Flyndagol patrols aid the elves with particularly troublesome monsters in the Ajmer forest.

Thruldar

Thruldar lies on the borders with the halfling land of Luiren. As one would imagine, the Baker

chaka of halflings does a thriving business in exotic foodstuffs here. The population of Thruldar is almost one-third halfling. Most inns have special facilities, such as lower tables or higher stools.

Thruldar has a thriving business in woodworking, so many halfling craftsmen reside here. Wood from the Long Forest is shipped all over the Shining Lands and Luiren. The forest is vast and, in the east, untamed. Monster's and bandits prey on caravans as they pass along the great Trade Way. Most of Thruldar's standing forces are used to guard caravans along this road. The road runs under the shadows of the forest for only a few dozen miles, after this travel is relatively safe. One-third of the 300 members of Thruldar's guard force are halflings.

The town also has several forest patrols, led by the half-elven ranger Sulima Fastwood. These patrols roam the forest, driving out monsters and hunting down bandits.

The Cochin chaka has their headquarters here. Almost half of this small town of 9,000 are occupied with working for, or with, this chaka. Their huge warehouses dominate the town. Sawmills and woodworking shops abound. The town is a festive place. Tymora, goddess of luck, and Silvanus, god of the forest, have the largest temples here.

Lastarr

Lastarr is a booming town of 10,000, where anyone can come to trade. Of course, most Durparian merchants will deal with anyone whose money is good, but Lastarr takes this to the extreme. There are few other places in the Realms where one might bump into a beholder coming out of a shop, or a vampire requesting a night appointment with a tailor. Such things are commonplace in Lastarr.

Lastarr was once part of Estagund, but when the great trade of Jeradeem took place, Lastarr refused to be part of it. The city seceded from the Shining Lands, and became an independent city. With the philosophy of the Adama so strong in



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Durpar, the city has never been retaken. It enjoys an open trading status with all nearby cities. It is here that the monstrous inhabitants of Veldorn, to the northwest, come to shop.

Lastarr is open to all, and business must not be hampered by unseemly quarrels between potential customers. Just because a drow elf and a high elf walk into a shop at the same time is no reason for a fight. It's bad for business. Therefore, Lastarr has the most active police force of any in the Shining Lands. Over 20 patrols of 10 men are out at all times. Each group has a mage, usually an illusionist or enchanter, and a priest, usually one of Lucha, for the god of guides is favored in Lastarr. The patrols are also likely to have an ogre or a cyclopskin with them. These creatures tend to impress the wilder customers.

Foods from Luiren, horses from Dambrath, and goods from the caravan raids all find their way here. Most merchants in Lastarr do not ask where a seller obtained his goods, since such inquiries are considered bad form. Doing so might be dangerous to the merchant. Because of this no-questions-asked policy, merchants here buy goods for much less than they would elsewhere in the Shining Lands, and then resell these goods for a very high profit.

Places of Interest

The Golden Waters

This huge lake is a wondrous place, source of many of the riches of Durpar. There are abundant food fish, including one particularly succulent variety of red snapper, which is harvested in large numbers by the fishermen of the cities on the lake. It is home to many other fish, and is protected from the winter storms that hit the Great Sea.

The water has a very high mineral content. At sunrise and sunset, the lake water has a golden glow, which gives the waters their name. The majority of cities in the Shining Lands cluster around the lake. Cooling breezes begin to blow in off the lake about an hour before dusk, and

drop the sweltering temperatures in the surrounding cities by 20 degrees or more. The beauty of the lake and mild nights make living along its shores enjoyable.

The lake has a number of small islands. The largest, called Isle of Ships, holds the Sholapur chaka's massive shipyards. Other islands are used as shipbuilding facilities, but none are as large as the Isle of Ships. One of the islands, little Karatol island, is made exclusively of purple coral. It is the source for much of the Durparian coral jewelry that is being shipped out of the country.

Ajmer Forest

Home of the only sizable group of elves in Durpar, the Ajmer Forest is a tropical rain forest. The elves there have adapted to a rough style of life, with only such luxuries as they can trade for with Flyndagol.

The elves embrace the way of the Adama, with especial care for the forest. Trees are not cut down wantonly. Loggers are expected to show some thought in exactly which trees are cut down. In return, the elves condone limited logging. Mahogany, in particular, is a frequent bone of contention between the loggers and the elves. It is the most valuable wood that the loggers can take, but it takes the longest to regrow.

The southern forest is home to many monsters. The forest is home to thousands of monkeys, tigers, ocelots, jaguars, and a couatl that lives on the southeastern edge of the forest. There is even a rumor that a rakshasa noble has headquarters within the Ajmer.

Curna Mountains

The small mountain range of the Curna mountains is the location of the richest emerald find in recent history. The now wealthy Gemstone chaka was once a small chaka of dwarven miners. They discovered tracings of an old map that led them to large clear emeralds. Such emeralds, which have a turquoise light in the center, are



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known as Curna emeralds, not only because they come from the Curna Mountains, but also because the Gemstone chaka are devout worshippers of Curna. In addition to the emerald mines, the library of the priests of Curna is located in the mountains of their god. The library is a huge complex, since, eventually, all records of all important business transactions in the Shining Lands end up here. There are many scholars lodging in Ormpe, or at the hostels surrounding the library.

The upper mountains are home to leucrotta, manticore, a medusa with a magic fetish, and two very large rocs. Other than the rocs, who prey on the shepherds south of Pyratyr, the monsters keep pretty much to themselves. Most Durparians feel that the mountains are sacred, so mountain climbing in this range is usually frowned upon.

Wood of Dark Trees

The Wood of Dark Trees is not a typical tropical forest. To start with, the forest is infested with flying snakes, a dangerous species with an acid spray. Flying snakes are a danger anywhere in the Shining Lands, but they are thick in the Wood of Dark Trees.

Yet another danger of the wood is the mated pair of chimerae who consider this small wood their own property. The flying snakes have learned to leave them alone. The pair even have snakes guarding their lair.

The trees in the Wood are also strange. The wood is a steamy rain forest, but the trees all have a dark, almost black bark. The wood is normal cypress or palm, but the bark is discolored. Moss does not seem to grow as quickly on these trees as other forests in the Shining South. There are many legends about logging or adventuring companies entering the forest, only to be surrounded by hostile animated trees. Most caravans give the Wood a wide berth. The wood of Dark Trees is thought to be where an evil mage created the Dark Trees, a new monster presented at the end of this book.

The Dustwall Mountains

The Mountains of War, or the Mountains of Adama, as they are also called, are a high range that form a barrier between the Raurin desert and north Durpar. No one has ever climbed Mama's Wrath, the tallest peak in the range.

Orcs are numerous in the Mountains of War. Their total population exceeds that of the Shining Lands. No one is sure what their numbers are, but with these chaotic creatures, a possible attack force of 5,000 orcs is an optimistic guess. They are said to be preparing for a major attack. This is enough to worry the leaders of both Flyndagol in Durpar, and Suormpar in Ulgarth. The two cities are currently hiring mercenaries, in preparation for the attack.

The mountains also have rich iron deposits. There is quite a bit of mining by dwarves who aren't afraid of the orcs. These mines have barely scratched the surface of the mineral potential here, but the orcs control over 95% of the mountains. Even the dwarves are not foolish enough to push into an orcish homeland.

The mountains are also home to vast numbers of ogres, giants, wyerns, and cyclopskin. Several rakshasa, intent on carving out an empire with their orc slaves, have set up residence here.

Toadsquat Mountains

Ogres dominate in the "Little Mountains," as the Toadsquat range is known. Silver mines also abound here. The dwarves who work the mines have cleared the tribes of ogres away from the routes to the mines in the eastern range. These roads are patrolled by dwarves, and have remained safe for fifty years.

An ogre mage named Kalispar has started organizing the ogres on the western side of the range. Since his attacks have been directed at Luiren, the dwarves have not had to deal with him yet.



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Adama's Tooth

Adama's Tooth is the name given to the single high peak that overlooks the city of Huorm. This mountain stands by itself, towering 21,000 feet above the plain, which brings an early dusk to the city of Huorm, some 25 miles away. It has rich iron and copper deposits. Recently, the Salipur chaka has tried two ventures on Adama's Tooth. The first was the opening of copper mines, some ten years ago. That venture has been very successful. The second was an expedition to bring ice back from the peak, and ship it packed in magical containers to other cities in Durpar and Var. That venture proved to be a colossal blunder, and has been dropped.

The upper slopes of Adama's Tooth are home to the only known tribe of yeti for several thousands of miles. They prey on the mountain goats that are common on the upper slopes. Lower down pines trees grow. These are harvested and brought down the mountain with difficulty. The expense of shipping pine from the north makes the troubles seem small by comparison. Even though the yeti snatch a few loggers every season, the logging continues.

Veldorn, Land of Monsters

Veldorn is a land dominated by monsters, and is primarily tribal in organization. It does not have formal boundaries, but, instead, a collection of small city-states stretch west and north to the beginnings of the Shaar, and the Wood of Dark Trees.

The original premise of Veldorn was that any beast-chieftain, as the leaders are known, could set up and run his area as desired. Anyone who incurs the wrath of one beast-chieftain incurs the wrath of all. The chieftains raid the caravans along the great Trade Way, and bring their goods to Lastarr.

The leader of the land is a centuries old vampire named Saed, a psionist of great skill. His primary duty is to settle disputes. There are few other government activities in Veldorn. Saed

resides in Vaelan, the capital of Veldorn, a small city filled with undead, orcs, and gnolls. He is respected and feared, even by his chief rivals, Xaoch and Veoyh, a pair of beholder twins who rule Xiltor, a city south of the Wood of Dark Trees. Xiltor is home to several tribes of kobolds, and a large group of ogres. The twins also employ a black dragon as their aerial fighting force. The dragon is Kelpacitus, a young adult who is just hoping to gain treasure.

There are other cities in Veldorn. No one claims to have knowledge of them all, although Saed probably does. It is known that one is ruled by a red dragon, who is served by several pyrolisks. Another is inhabited entirely by yuan-ti. Flying snakes are common throughout the land, and herds of auroch and wild rothe are culled for food. More on Saed's city can be found in the "Dark as Dark" adventure in Chapter 6.

NPCs of Durpar

Kara Jeratma

Leader of the Council of Merchants

14th-level Human female illusionist: Str 7, Dex 16, Con 9, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 18; AL LG; AC 5; MV 12; hp 39; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff): SZ M; ML 16. Spells 6/6/6/5/5/3/3

Where Found: Heldapan

Kera is the richest woman in Durpar, and one of the richest in the Realms. Her chaka, the largest in Durpar, is worth tens of millions of gold pieces.

Kera is a vibrant, beautiful woman. She uses this to her advantage. Many traders do not believe that a woman so beautiful can bargain so successfully. They soon learn, usually at great expense, that they are quite wrong.

Before rising to lead her chaka, Kera led over 20 caravans to faraway lands. She is one of the most successful traders in the history of Durpar. Chaka Jeradeem has over 5,000 members, and Kera can call upon any of them. Kera is a staunch



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supporter of the Adama. Although she never misrepresents anything she is trading, she knows every trading trick in the book. She has even made up a few new ones. The primary reason for her success is that she takes the time to prepare properly. If the PCs are involved in a trade with Kera, she does everything possible to make them comfortable. She will know their preferences in food and drink, and as much as she can learn about their background. The PCs may be amazed at her knowledge, but it is just good business.

Kera speaks over 20 languages, and prides herself on being able to converse with anyone who understands the precepts of trading.

Lata Hisim

4th-level half-elf female thief (trader): SW 11, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 14; AL NC; AC 8; MV 12; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); SZ M; ML 12.

Where Found: The Shining Lands

Lata is a tropical trader. She is an expert in all forms of gems and jewels. When encountered she is looking for a deal. She is perfectly willing to buy or sell. She does not lie about the value of gems; she knows exactly what they are worth. She can even identify rare gems from halfway across the world.

Lata is very polite. She has her eye on becoming a master trader. With a little luck, she may



Durpar, Estagund, and Var The Golden

someday make it. Lata is a wandering trader, allied to the incredibly wealthy Seltarir chaka. She does not mention her affiliation unless necessary, since she would like to succeed on her own reputation.

Jromin

7th-level elf male priest (Curna): Str 13, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 15 ; AL LN; AC 6; MV 12; hp 42; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff): SZ M; ML 18. Spells 5/5/3/1

Where Found: The Ajmer Forest

Jromin is the spiritual leader of the elves of the Ajmer Forest. He is a devout priest of Curna, greater power of wisdom. A saying among the elves is that Jromin is the reason there are no druids in the Ajmer Forest; "He won't stand for anyone that sloppy in his woods." This is a bit extreme, but Jromin does consider the forest his personal responsibility. He can be extremely vicious to defilers of the forest. Anyone who enters the Ajmer Forest is probably being watched by Jromin. He is very crafty in the woods. Unless the party begins to chop down trees or wantonly slaughter wildlife, they'll never see him. Jromin is a sworn enemy of Crimonil, whom he believes to be an evil human mage.

Crimonil

Rakshasa male: Int 12; AL LE; AC -4; MV 15; HD 7, hp 47; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/2-5: SA illusion; SD +1 or better magical weapon to hit; MR special; SZ M; ML 16; XP 4,000; MC 1. Spells: Wizard 4/3/2, Priest 3 first-level.

Where Found: The Ajmer Forest

Crimonil is a typical rakshasa. He is power hungry, cruel, and extremely intelligent. He intends to bring the entire forest under his sway.

Crimonil typically appears as a human mage, an act he has nearly perfected. He has entrapped

and killed many a lone human mage. Crimonil is very fond of traps that allow the victims to believe they have a chance to escape. Many of his victims have escaped through superhuman efforts, only to find that those efforts were all in vain.

Bilaska Semenir

12th-level human female thief (trader): Str 12, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 17; AL LN; AC 5; MV 12; hp 50; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 (short sword +1): SZ M; ML 14.

Where Found: Prastuil

Bilaska is a master trader, and she's quite proud of it. She can be encountered anywhere in the Realms—anywhere that profit can be made. Her latest expedition recently, returned from Mztica. Her next is intended for Zakhara.

Bilaska will go anywhere to trade. Her most famous trade was with beings from the stars. Actually, she encountered a group of elves whose spelljamming ship had crashed. She could not speak their language, nor could they speak hers. Within a week, she had traded them supplies, weapons, food, and whatever else they needed in return from a dozen gems that are completely unknown in the Realms. It is this sort of opportunistic trading that makes a master trader. Bilaska has every intention that her chaka will one day be the most powerful in the Shining Lands. They are currently second, but with traders like Bilaska, they may yet reach their goal.

Hobnap Baker

11th-level halfling male thief (fence): Str 9, Dex 19, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 10; AL CG; AC 4; MV 12; hp 52; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+2 (dagger +2); SZ S; ML 16.

Where Found: Heldapan

Hobnap is the head of the only thieves' guild in the Shining Lands. He is not particularly greedy,



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but he does love a good challenge. In fact, Hobnap cannot resist a challenge or a dare. "They said it couldn't be done," was his only reason for founding such a guild. He has pulled off a number of escapades which are gaining him more notoriety than he wishes. His most famous was sneaking into a meeting of the Council of Merchants two months ago. He came away with some valuable information, which he sold to the right bidder. Since then, the Council of Merchants has figured out that someone spied on them. If Hobnap is caught, he faces the loss of all he owns. Since Hobnap is rich, he has no intention of ever getting caught. He has the skills to pull this off, but not if he keeps up his flair for dangerous jobs.

Hobnap's guild is supposed to be honorable. That is, they do not steal from the poor, only from those who can afford it. While Hobnap sticks to this rule unerringly, some others in the guild have a more liberal attitude. They have taken to pilfering from caravans and entering citizens' homes at night. As soon as the Council of Merchants becomes aware that there is a thieves' guild operating under their very noses, a man-hunt such as Durpar has never seen will ensue. Hobnap is no fool; by then, he'll be safely back in Luiren.

Adventurers in The Shining Lands

The philosophy of the Adama is improving oneself to the fullest until ready for the next step. This means that adventurers are welcome and respected. The ready cash that adventurers usually carry also makes them welcome.

As is to be expected, magic is both accepted and much used in the Shining Lands. The Gathering of Magicians, a school for mages, is located in Heldapan. It is a favored place for illusionists to study. There is a currently a two-year wait for admittance. As in all things in the Shining Lands, "Money can make openings where there were none."

All non-evil religions are tolerated in the Shin-

ing Lands. Most priests can find at least a shrine to their deity in most of the major cities.

Fighters and rangers are valued as guards and guides, no chaka can have too many defenders. Rogues are not popular. The only active thieves' guild in the lands is located in Heldapan. Rogues are still common, but nearly all of those rogues native to the Shining Lands prefer to use either the adventurer kit, the investigator kit, or the trader kit, presented here.

New Thief Kit

The Trader

Description: This is the crafty merchant, usually working within the law. The merchant is expert at appraising an item's worth, and knowing exactly how much profit can be made. Few get the better of a trader in a trade.

Role: The trader represents the adventuring storekeeper, the master trader, the individual who is much more than a merchant, given the things she or he's seen. Although she may be a crafty business owner who's never left her hometown, she is more likely to be a world-traveling caravan master, or the master trader representing her chaka in a faraway country. The majority of Durparian merchants one meets in foreign lands are traders.

A successful merchant requires a good mind to negotiate and evaluate goods, merchants must have an intelligence of at least 12.

Secondary Skills: The most useful for the merchant is trader/barterer, although jeweler, leather worker, mason, or teamster are all acceptable.

Weapon Proficiencies: Successful merchants must learn to defend themselves against all types of thieves. A merchant has available the normal range of weapons for thieves, but the light crossbow is the favored weapon of the trader. It can be stowed easily under the counter in one's shop, or under the wagon seat while on caravan. All traders must take either light crossbow, dagger or knife (thrown), or some other



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small throwing weapon which can be used both indoors and out. Other proficiencies are up to individual choice, but a trader seldom uses a large, ostentatious weapon.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Bonus proficiencies: (Thief) Appraisal. Recommended proficiencies: Information Gathering, Observation, Languages (as many as possible), Forgery (used to recognize false documents and counterfeit currency), Linguistics and Alertness.

Skill Progression: The trader has little need for many of the thief's skills. The trader concentrates on moving silently and hearing noises. These allow a trader to pick up information from other conversations that may be of aid in later business deals. Time on the trail can teach a trader the value of being able to hide in shadows effectively, and any sort of travel makes the Reading Languages skill very useful.

Equipment: There are two things vital to the trader: something to sell, and a place to sell it. The place may be as basic as the back of a wagon, or a tent in the marketplace. Many traders do not even own a set of lock picks, nor do they go in for fancy devices like climbing boots or grappling arrows. A trader usually is armed with a small weapon, either visible or hidden, depending on the custom of the trader's present location.

Special Benefits: Traders not only receive the Appraisal skill free, but get a +1 bonus to their ability with this skill. Traders can also choose a particular type of merchandise at which their appraisal knowledge is expert, such as jewels, gems, leather goods, spices, or some other broad field. In this field, a trader fails an appraisal only on a natural roll of a 20. The trader knows almost all there is to know about this particular type of merchandise. Identification of a brand new gem from a faraway land may be much more difficult. The DM should assign penalties based on the likelihood of the trader having ever heard of such an item before. Even when dealing with such rare items, the trader's estimate of their worth won't be off by more than 20%. Even without knowing exactly what it is, a trader probably has a good idea of what it should sell for. Traders

can choose one field of expertise for every four levels of experience. Note that this modification to the appraisal proficiency does not allow the trader to know all of the properties of a strange item, nor even to identify it; she just knows what it will be worth in this area.

Special Hindrances: A trader cannot resist a bargain. Successful traders would much rather buy something cheaply, than steal something outright. Therefore, any money gained through outright theft is worth only one experience point per gold piece, instead of the two points for normal thieves. This does not include the trader who helps a party fight off bandits, and is rewarded with a share of treasure found on the bandits. The trader receives full experience points, two times the gold pieces earned, for money gathered this way, or in trade.

Wealth Option: All traders start with twice the normal starting gold, 4d6x10. This may be spent any way the player desires.

Races: All races may take the trader kit.

Notes: It is not expected that all your players will immediately clamor to roll up a trader rogue. This kit is presented for those few enterprising characters who wish to try something different, or for the suffering DM. How many times have the players asked "What is he?", and the DM has had to respond; "A merchant. I guess that's a 0 level human, he probably has about 3 hit points, and uh, a longsword."

Durparian merchants have learned to defend themselves and their goods. If the PCs think that they can muscle a poor trader around, they're in for a surprise. The master traders mentioned in the description of commerce are at least 10th-level trader rogues; most are higher.



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Linguistics: New nonweapon proficiency

(General)

2 slots: Intelligence, +1 modifier

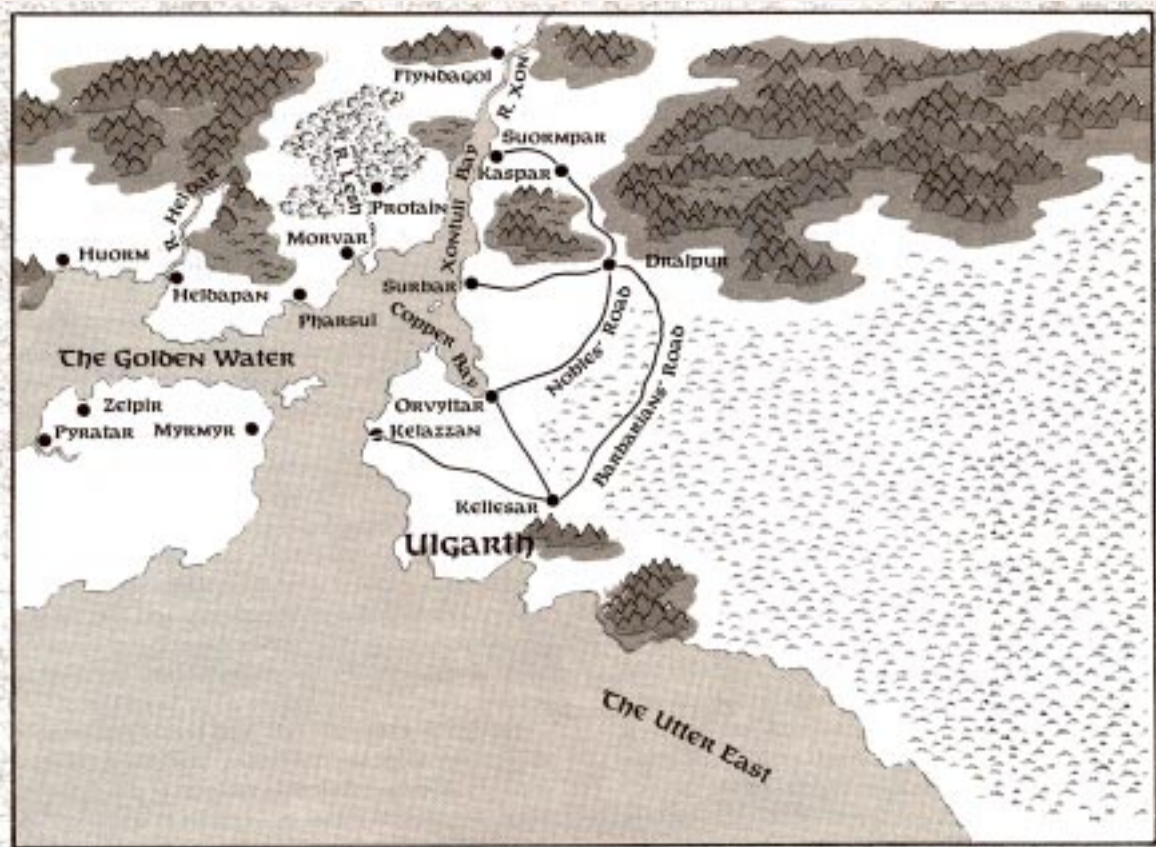
Recommended: Traders.

This skill is only available to someone who speaks at least three languages. The contrasts of the different styles of languages give the character knowledge to base this skill on. A character with this proficiency is adept at quickly picking up enough of a new language to be understood. Players who choose this proficiency do not select any languages. Instead, there are four open slots in this proficiency. The PC must spend a week in a location where a language she or he does not presently know is spoken. After this week, the PC makes an intelligence check to pick up enough of the language to be understood and carry on daily activities. Spending a week with a tutor also grants this roll. If the roll is failed, the PC can try again the next day, and each subsequent day until the roll succeeds. This allows the PC to converse, albeit with a terrible accent, in the new language. This is not a replacement for the normal language proficiency. Traders with linguistics can make themselves understood, and understand basic dialog.

A character may learn these languages "on the fly," so to speak, but may never have more than four at one time. If a character has used the full allotment for, say, dwarven, Thorass, orcish, and gnomish, and wants to learn to converse in far-off Zakhara, the PC must drop one of the existing languages. It should be the language that the character has not used in the longest amount of time. The dropped language is considered out of practice and forgotten. A player may take this proficiency more than once; each slot subsequent to the first adds two languages to the number of languages the PC can retain.



Ulgarth



General Description

Ulgarth shares a well-defended border with the trading countries of Durpar and Var the Golden. It occupies the east coast of the Golden Water, the bay from which much of its prosperity comes. Ulgarth is a peaceful nation, but it is well prepared to defend itself against either raids by Dambrath and the Horde, or the constant attempts by Durparian traders to control their economy.

Geography and Climate

Ulgarth is located on the Great Sea, with Durpal to its immediate west, and the uncharted vastness of the barbarians to the east. The Great Sea

makes up a good part of its borders. The north is bounded by the Dustwall mountains.

Ulgarth is hot, but its proximity to the Great Sea and to the Golden Waters help to make it a livable place. During the day, the temperatures range from 80 to 100. At night, the temperature drops sharply down to 60 or less in the winter rainy season. It rains almost daily in Ulgarth. The crops and fields are very fertile.

Ulgarth is the only country in the Realms, where mingari, its primary export, is grown and blended. Ulgarth trades mingari with the Durparians, who ship it all over the southern Realms.

History

Ulgarth was settled by the great empire of Raurin, in the height of its power. When the empire



Ulgarth

was destroyed, it endured centuries of barbarism. Warchiefs united the country several times during this period. They fought many skirmishes with other barbarians, particularly those in Durpar and Var the Golden. In DR 202, the barbarian tribes were nearly wiped out by the forces of Mulhorand.

In 348 DR, a group of outlaws, fleeing the justice of the priest-kings of Mulhorand, came to Ulgarth. There they found a fertile, almost unoccupied land. They settled down, and began raising children and crops. This new society in Ulgarth gradually grew in power, while its neighbors Durpar and Var grew apace. But while Durpar grew as a result of its commerce and its philosophy of balance, Ulgarth concentrated on agrarian pursuits. The Ulgarthians developed a highly structured caste system of lords and peasants. In 1002 DR, the centuries long skirmishes between Durpar and Ulgarth came to an end, as the two countries finally reached a balance of power. There were too many centuries of warfare between the countries for them to completely trust each other. With their mutual border well defended on both sides, both countries have given up the idea of conquering the other.

Trade between the Ulgarth and the Shining Lands has become a vital factor to both nations. Ulgarth produces many of the items that Durparians trade throughout the world. In return, Durpar trades many exotic items to Ulgarth. Of course, the Durparian merchants usually get the better of any trade. The current king, Drasna the Fortunate, has continued on his predecessor's policy of non-aggression with the Durparians.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

Ulgarth is a monarchy, ruled by King Drasna Bluemantle in Orvyltar. It has a clear border with Durpar, across the river Xon and the Xonaluir Bay. The land is divided into six baronies, with each baron reporting directly to the king. Each baron is also responsible for providing troops for the country's army. The king maintains his own troops as well.

The current general of the Ulgarth forces is

Sinveri Trollkin, a renegade female elf from Dambrath. Although she is one-quarter drow, she is a devout worshiper of Tyr, the god of war and justice. She is an intelligent and able leader.

The barons have the option of serving as the ranking officers of their own contingents of troops, or of appointing field officers in their place. Only one baron currently leads his own troops.

Within their baronies, the barons' word is law. The barons are responsible for routine trials and punishments. Any freeman or serf can appeal, however, to representatives of the king, called the king's justices.

The king's justices travel about the kingdom. Even the smallest hamlets can count on seeing an officer of the king's peace at least once a year. Most towns have a king's man visiting once a month on a regular schedule. These officers are also responsible for holding trials and meting out punishments for any crimes against the country such as treason or espionage. Nobles accused of crimes must be tried before a king's justice.

Justice is generally fair and swift. The people are happy with their system, and King Drasna intends to keep it that way. He personally visits all six of the major cities in Ulgarth at least once a year. Anyone who is willing to make an appointment several months in advance can have his case heard by the king. The king's audience is sought by those who believe that they are the victims of unfortunate circumstances. King Drasna is known to temper his decisions with a liberal amount of mercy.

Unlike some of the other countries of the Shining South, Ulgarth does not use priests as justices. While many non-evil religions are tolerated, King Caladorn the Wise laid down the rule that priests were not allowed to be judges of a man's worldly behavior. Most justices are either retired army men, who have seen much of the world, or scholars, specialized in law. All justices, both king's and baron's, are allowed to call on both priests and mages to get to the truth of a case. Any such expenses come out of the king's treasury. This tends to make judgements both quick and fair.



ULGARTh



Ulgarth has a very small prison population. Those who commit capital crimes, such as murder or treason, are sentenced to a quick death. Those who steal are reduced to serfs, serving the local baron. Minor crimes may also be paid for by a short stint in the military. A convicted man is given his choice of joining the army, or serving a prison term. Few choose prison, although the prison squads often end up patrolling the east borders, looking for signs of barbarians.

Once a man's term of servitude is up, his record is clean. No stigma is attached to a ex-convict, particularly if he has spent his sentence protecting Ulgarth. Indeed, several convicted thieves have risen to become nobles, with titles awarded for valor in battle. The current Baron of Suormpar is descended from such a convict. His grandfather was one of the most notorious ban-

ditions in the kingdom. He remained in the defense force after serving his sentence for banditry, and quickly rose to become the leader of the entire east defense force. He successfully resisted an attack by over a thousand horde barbarians. For this, the king granted him a barony. This sort of example helps convince convicts to serve a dangerous stint in the army, rather than in a safe, but uncomfortable prison.

People and Customs

Ulgarth is predominantly human, although all good races are welcome. Elves and dwarves do not fit in well with the Ulgarthan feudal system. Halflings find the system restrictive, preferring the wide open trading of Durpar. A gnome or elf can draw attention, especially in the smaller villages



Ulgarth

and hamlets. There are always a number of dwarves working and prospecting in the Galuil Mountains, although they usually do not stay long.

Goblinoids are not welcome in Ulgarth. Most nobles would rather run an orc through than talk to him. The orcs in the Dustwall Mountains are said to be massing for raids into Ulgarth. The Barons of Suormpar and Kaspar are recruiting troops for the upcoming raids.

Languages

The common tongue of the Realms is the chief language of the kingdom. Common is the only language spoken by most of the population.

Social Customs

Ulgarth has a feudal system. A man is born to his station, be it noble, freeman or serf. A man may, however, better himself; promotions for valor in battle have made freemen out of many serfs.

The country of Ulgarth is afflicted with a severe paranoia, caught between the trading giant of Durpar and the hordes to the east. They are fiercely nationalistic, and even the lowliest peasant believes that the Ulgarthian way of life is the best. If a man wants to improve himself, he can, and his success or failure is strictly a measure of his own ability.

Peasants are treated better in Ulgarth than most feudal lands. The king and his nobles realize that all citizens are important to the country's safety. Unlike many feudal societies, almost everyone is allowed to carry weapons. Many nobles have regular training sessions for their serfs, drilling them in various military skills. Even the nobles who are fiercely class-conscious follow this practice, merely because so many others do. It has the dual effect of keeping the peasants quiet, and providing a well-trained military force for Ulgarth. Many retired adventurers have found posts as weaponmasters for the nobles of Ulgarth. Those who can use and teach the art of swordplay are much in demand.

Ulgarth nobles are used to luxuries, and take

them for granted. Fine silks from Calimshan, rare and exotic fruits from Maztica, spirited horses from Dambrath, and many other luxuries make their way to Ulgarth, courtesy of the traders of Durpar. A lady is expected to appear in the finest clothes available. Many noblewomen, in battles to outdo one another, spend fortunes on clothes.

Ulgarthan women streak their hair with a chalky substance, called *fiertallin*, from the river Xon. The women use the white *fiertallin* to artfully streak their normally dark hair. This emphasis on hair fashion has made hairdressing one of the highest paying jobs available to common peasants. A master hairdresser is worth his weight in gold to the upper class women of Ulgarthan society.

The men also have a custom relating to hair. Ulgarthian nobles always appear clean shaven. They never sport beards or mustaches. Only those who can't afford to buy shaving equipment wear facial hair. Facial hair is considered the mark of a peasant. This custom is practical as well as social. In the heat of the summer sun, a beard is extremely uncomfortable.

The weather in Ulgarth has created another custom; knights do not wear metal armor. The heat and humidity make it a very uncomfortable experience. Many knights wear no armor at all. Others make do with leather, which is uncomfortable, but not life-threatening.

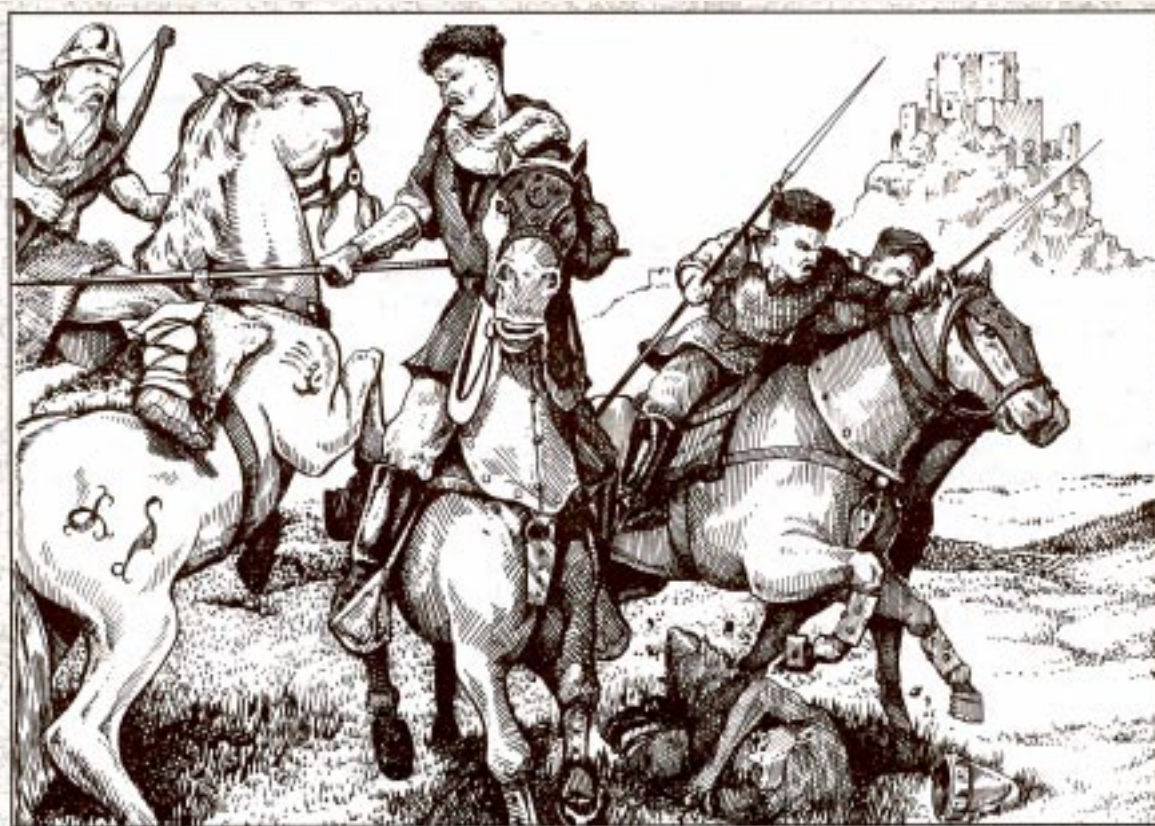
Religion

As befits a nation where knights are the highest social class, the patron of duty is widely worshipped. All knights pay homage to Torm, and there are many priests of Torm in Ulgarth. The largest temple in the land is Torm's temple in Orvyltar, where the king himself worships.

Other deities are also worshipped; the most popular are Tymora, patron of adventurers, and Lathander, god of renewal and the dawn. Both have temples in most of the large cities. Their clergy get along well with each other and with the clergy of Torm.



UlgarTh



Money and Commerce

UlgarTh has the good fortune to be located next to one of the great trading empires of the Realms. Since UlgarTh is the world's sole producer of mingari (a rare spice only now becoming known to the rest of Faerun), they have a good relationship with Durpar, albeit across a heavily guarded border.

The basic unit of currency is, as in Durpar, the silver vellim. Although very little silver is actually mined in UlgarTh, the constant trading keeps the country well supplied with Durpar vellims. UlgarTh does mint its own gold coins, which are called liekos. A gold lieko is very similar to a standard gold piece, but it has a picture of King Caladorn the Wise on the front, and a mounted knight on the back.

Commerce in UlgarTh consists mainly of trading

with the Shining Lands. Mingari is shipped to Durpar. Many other products make their way back to UlgarTh. Danibraii horses are a must for any knight of renown. There is spirited business in the various spices, foodstuffs, and textiles that Durpar produces. Even though there are few, if any, merchants of UlgarTh who can get the best of any Durparian in a trade, the proximity of the Shining Lands cuts down on travel costs and overhead. This helps Ulgarthan merchants to get some of the best prices for Durparian merchandise.

OrvylTar

The capital of UlgarTh, Orvyltar is the home of King Drasna's estates. It is situated on the pro-



Ulgarth

tected Copper Bay. The Golden Water loses some of its yellow sheen in this bay, and in the setting sun the water appears to have a coppery hue. Warships jealously guard this bay, Ulgarth's safest and largest port.

With a population of over 20,000, Orvyitar is the largest and most prosperous city in Ulgarth. Trade with the Durparian cities of Morvar and Pharsul is convenient and safe. Few pirates prey in the Golden Waters, and storms seldom threaten shipping.

Orvytlar has a force of about 500 men at arms, and 3 troops of cavalry, all mounted on Dambraii horses (see "Dambraith" page 41 for statistics on their horses). Drasna's father purchased three huge ballistae from the Durparians, which are mounted on towers overlooking the bay. They are lovingly maintained by one of the few dwarven nobles in Ulgarth, Stonemith Hammerhand, chief defender of Orvytlar. Several raiding pirate ships have been sunk by these devices before they sailed within a quarter mile of shore.

The business of Orvytlar is mainly trading. Through this city flows the mingari from eastern Ulgarth, and the iron and gold from the Galuil Mountains. In return, many of the staples and luxuries obtained from Durpar flow back out to the rest of the country.

Kelazzan

Kelazzan is the southernmost city of the Ulgarth coast, and, as such, takes the brunt of the winter storms. It is a small town, and most of its occupants are traders or farmers. The mingari farms to the east provide much of its income. The clocks are large for a town of only 5,000 inhabitants. The Panglassest shipyards are the largest in Ulgarth. The city is well defended; up to 20 warships can put to the sea if necessary. The land force is small. The city is patrolled by 20 troops of 25 guardsmen each. The population of Kelazzan is predominantly human. Demihumans make up a mere 5% of the population. Baron Herokimal, a firm, but just ruler, has his manor in Kelazzan.

Surbar

Surbar is a proud coastal city tucked safely in the coastline of the Golden Waters. It lies to the southeast of the Galuil Mountains. In the spring sunrise, the mountains are a beautiful sight. Surbar is the second largest city in Ulgarth, with a population of almost 15,000. Demihumans are common in Surbar, for much of the iron and gold from the mountains is shipped to the city. Shipping, weapon making, metal crafts, and spices all provide means for the Surbarians to make a living.

The city and surrounding area are ruled by Baron Kasnchil, the most corrupt of the barons of Ulgarth. It is well known that his justice is tempered by greed. The common serf believes his baron has made Surbar the most prosperous city of Ulgarth, and in that respect they are right. The baron's policy of allowing any type of trade to move through Surbar has made it a favored port for ships and trade. Even Dambraii pirates are allowed to make port in Surbar for resupply and refitting.

Suormpar

Suormpar is the northernmost city of Ulgarth, sitting on the Xontuil Bay, in the shadow of the Dustwall Mountains. As with all cities along the coast of the Golden Waters, trade is a major part of their economy. The cosmetic fiertallin, gathered from the river Xon, 20 miles up the bay, is exported from Suormpar.

The baron of Suormpar is Redinald Rascalin, a descendent of one of the most powerful bandits in the kingdom. His grandfather was captured with great trouble, and offered a choice of prison or serving Ulgarth. Maelin Rascalin became one of the greatest generals in Ulgarth history, repeatedly driving back the barbarian hordes from the east. For this service the King awarded him a barony. His family is one of King Bluemantle's most staunch supporters. Baron Rascalin is painfully honest, a devout worshiper of Torm. He is a paladin of 10th level, a



Ulgarth

strange calling for a grandson of a bandit, but one for which he is well suited.

Currently Suormpar is preparing for an attack from the orc hordes in the Durparian mountains. All signs point to a raid from thousands of orcs. Mercenaries are in demand, as are armorers, weaponsmiths and others who can help the city prepare for an attack. The city is defended by a guard force of 200 archers and 500 footmen. The leader of the city guard is Hespal Nicort, a half-orc, who hates orcs with a passion.

Kaspar

Located on the eastern edge of Ulgarth, Kaspar is responsible for the defense of Ulgarth from the hordes to the east. It has an outstanding military force to do it with. 10,000 residents make Kaspar a thriving city. Although Kasparians prefer to trade with the barbarians to the east, they maintain a vigilant guard against raids from them. Fertile mingari farms surround this city. Kaspar is considered one of the prettiest cities in Ulgarth. The baron, who has taken the name Montar Kaspar (defender of Kaspar), is a half-elven cavalier who loves nothing more than his horses. He has personally brought over enough Dambraii horses to outfit his elite cavalry company. His is the fastest company in the land. The swift Dambraii horses allow them to pursue or escape the barbarian hordes with ease.

Many farms lie west of Kaspar. This farmland, called the "bread basket" of Ulgarth, is also defended by the forces of Kaspar. In addition to the cavalry troops, the city walls are manned by a troop of 500 heavily armed (but lightly armored) soldiers. Many of these troops are criminals sentenced to protect their country. Baron Kaspar maintains a high level of morale with these men. The rate of desertion is less than 10%. He accomplishes this by using a combination of fierce discipline and trust, tempered with a bit of greed. The men are given the pick of the horses captured from the barbarians, and any treasure they might have is split between all the troops fairly. The defenders also like the fact that the baron

personally leads them into battle. Baron Kaspar, a 12th-level warrior, rides Firefiex, the fastest horse in Ulgarth.

Dralpur

Dralpur is a mining city, situated on the eastern slopes of the Galuil Mountains (often called the Mountains of Gold).

The baron of Dralpur, Kevin Olwyson, is a retired ranger who used to roam the land of Ulgarth, the Dustwall Mountains, and the Utter East. He is very crafty, and his town has a small but effective guard force. Approximately 500 men serve this town of 8,000. They are a loyal group of talented warriors, for Baron Olwynson pays his men in gold, and he pays them well.

Many craftsmen also make Dralpur their home. Located on the slopes of the mountains, Dralpur is the coolest city of inland Ulgarth. Although the locally produced products are not a match for Durparian silks and textiles, Dralpur does make many of the items needed for Ulgarth daily life. All sorts of farm implements come from the smithies here, for shipment to the eastern mingari farms.

Places of Interest

The Galuil Mountains

The Galuil Mountains are said to be the most beautiful in the Shining South. They have earned this reputation because of their appearance at sunset. The sunlight reflecting off the Golden Waters makes the peaks glow with a yellow sheen, which makes them appear to be made of gold. In reality, they could be called the Iron Mountains, for much iron is mined here. There are gold mines on their eastern slopes. They are not particularly rich, just profitable. Up higher, in the hills and lower slopes, many citizens have settled. They either work in the mines on the eastern slopes, or bring lumber and fruit that can only be grown in the cooler climes down for trade. There are few monsters in the mountains. The Ulgarthi-



ULGARTh

ans have actively driven them out for the last two hundred years. No organized tribes or groups of monsters remain, although there has always been trouble with griffins raiding the horses of the plains. Little else is known about the mountains. No one has penetrated to the very center. This is just as well, for in the center of this small range, deep under the largest mountain, is a tribe of duergar. These duergar, unaware that the surface is inhabited, are mining the same veins of gold as the Ulgarthians. Unless one party or the other stops, they will meet each other in three years. Since the Ulgarthians employ many dwarves in the mines, this meeting is not likely to be a friendly one.

NPCs of ULGARTh

Drasna The Fortunate

King of Ulgarth

12th-level human male paladin (Torm): Str 17, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 17; AL LG; AC 2; MV 12; hp 98; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4 (*broadsword* +1 *luckblade*): SZ M; ML 18. Spells: Priest 4/2/2

Where Found: Orvyltar

Drasna is called the Fortunate, not because he was born the son of the king, but because of his early adventuring life. He has many times faced monsters that should have easily slain him, but he always seemed to come out victorious. The reason for this is that he carries a *luckblade* and a *stone of good luck*.

Drasna is now very serious about being a good king. He visits all of the cities in his realm at least once a year. He holds grand ceremonies where he knights those who have proven themselves worthy. He also passes judgements for those who have requested it. He believes that the king's justice should be denied to no one. Drasna is an extremely popular king, most of his subjects believe firmly in the feudal system, since it produces rulers like Drasna.

Landswith Meilin

Half-elven female 10th-level warrior/8th-level priest (Tyr): Str 17, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 13; AL LG; AC -2; MV 12; hp 70; THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4+1 (*bastard sword* +1, two-handed): SZ M; ML 14. Spells: Priest 5/5/3/2

Where Found: Wanders Ulgarth

Landswith is a typical adventuring knight. She seeks to right wrongs and do good deeds. She is unusual in that very few females are knights and even fewer half-elves.

Landswith always appears in full plate mail, which effectively hides her gender. She wants none of the concern or chivalry that knights must show to females. Her version of chivalry is shown to all she meets, save evil foes.

Landswith roams Ulgarth, looking for noble quests to undertake. She has traveled far to the south, and knows the Utter East better than any man. She fought the barbarian horde in the latest large raid on Kaspar. She is currently traveling north to Suormpar to fight in the coming war with the orcs of the Dustwall Mountains.

ADVENTURES IN ULGARTh

Adventurers are not particularly welcome in Ulgarth. The Ulgarthian feudal system and strong reliance on national pride means that adventurers are usually viewed as common peasants or worse. If the adventurer is a native, or if he aids the country, for instance by fighting against the orcs of the Dustwall Mountains, he is accepted as an equal. Paladins are always welcome, thieves never are, and mages are feared a bit. Priests, particularly priests of Torm, are popular. Priests of other good Realms gods are also accepted.



ULGARTh





Adventures in The Shining South

Gateway To Elsewhere

Gateway to Elsewhere is an adventure for 5-8 player characters of levels 9-11, with a total of about 70-90 levels for the entire party. The adventure introduces characters to the Forest of Amtar, near the country of Dambrath.

Set Up

The party has been traveling in Dambrath, or along the Great Trade Way, when they are told a rumor of an ancient ruin, filled with danger and treasure. The ruin is said to be on the southwestern tip of the Forest of Amtar, but little other information is gained.

Alternatively, the party is in Dambrath, and overhears some young nobles talking of the treasure they recovered from the ruins known as the Gate of Iron Fangs. Further checking reveals the approximate location of the Gate. It has an evil reputation, in spite of the fact that a few people have come out with considerable riches.

The Plot

The Gate of Iron Fangs is an ancient ruin, more than 2000 years old. Its three levels are all that is left of a huge tower. On the lowest level is a *gate* to another plane. The *gate* is unstable, and operates erratically. It is currently under the control of a powerful fiend named Quinix, a glabrezu of the Abyss. Quinix is intent on securing all of the power possible for his evil master in the Lower Planes. He is also doing his best to secure a bit of power for himself. He has only had control of the gate for a short time. It recently opened next to him in the Abyss, and he entered. Since he arrived, the groups that have come to plunder have rarely returned.

Quinix has captured a number of wild elves from the forest of Amtar. He is attempting to charm or otherwise subvert them to evil. The elves are resistant, and a number of them have already died in the process.

To further complicate matters, a party of Crin-

tri half-elves, with a drow fighter accompanying them, enters the ruins just before the party does. They will meet the party just before facing the glabrezu.

Finding The Lair

The Gate of Iron Fangs boasts a number of ruins and dungeons, most of which have been cleaned out by adventurers over the years. Monsters still lurk in them. There are seven different ruined towers set in a roughly circular pattern. A wandering monster check should be made each time the PCs near one of the ruined towers. If the party has heard the nobles talking, they can follow the most recent tracks, which enter the ruin on the southeast. A successful tracking roll identifies them as the footprints of a troll.

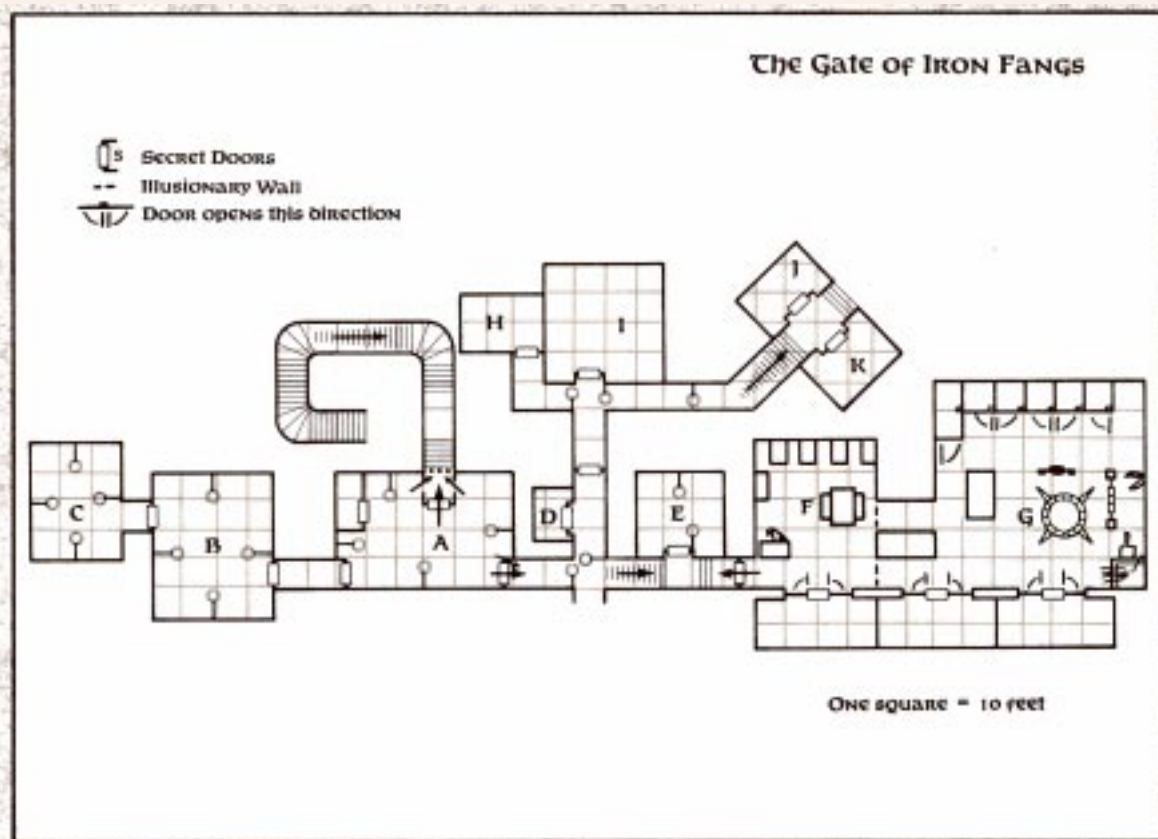
If the party does not search the correct ruin, they find empty rooms and a level or two of abandoned halls. For every turn spent searching there is a 10% chance (cumulative) that the party encounters a band of trolls.

Trolls (4): Int Low; AI, CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 6+6, hp 40, 35, 28, 27; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4+4, 1d4+4, /1d8+4; SA attack 3 opponents at once; SD regenerate 3 hit points per round three rounds after being wounded, fire and acid damage is permanent; SZ L; ML 14: XP 1,400 each.

The trolls generally react negatively to the party; only if the PCs claim to have been sent by Quinix are they accepted and left alone. Remember that trolls are not terribly bright. It should be possible for a clever party to trick the name of the master out of the trolls, but they don't just give it away. In combat, the trolls attack and fight to capture, although their natural ferocity usually takes over. Quinix is usually pleased to get one living captive from a band of trolls. If confronted with magical fire, to the extent that it kills one or more of them, the trolls must make a morale check at a +4 penalty to the roll. Failure means that they break off combat and flee back to Quinix to report. Clever parties can use this as



Adventures in The Shining South



a means of finding the correct ruin.

If the PCs search the correct ruin, they still run into a band of trolls, but these do not negotiate. If the party has followed fleeing trolls into this ruin, the trolls stop fleeing and join in the fray, heartened by the reinforcements. Further searching after encountering the trolls leads the party to a stairway descending deeper than the other ruins. Just like the other ruins, the ruin housing Quinix is cleared on the first two levels. The chance of meeting more trolls is again 10% per turn of searching. It takes one hour to thoroughly search a level.

Each hour of searching the party also has a 50% chance of encountering a trap. The glabrezu has set many traps in the ruins. Roll 1d6 to determine the type of trap encountered:

1. Covered pit, fall 10' for 2d6 falling and spike

damage. Spikes are tipped with paralyzing poison, save at -2 or paralyzed for 1d4 hours.

2. Pressure plate releases paralyzing gas in a 20' area. Save versus paralyzation or become unconscious for 2d6 turns.

3. Pass by shriekers, who raise the chance for encountering a troll band to 75% while shrieking.

4. Stone blocks drop from ceiling, causing 4d6 points of damage to characters in 10' square area. Dexterity check allowed for 1/2 damage.

5. The party passes a pair of statues in a hall, or at the entrance to a room. The statues are of beautiful, smiling maidens. When a character passes between the maidens, they slam together, doing 8d6 points of damage to the lead character (dexterity check for 1/2 damage). The maidens then draw back, taking 1 round to reset the trap. The party must hurry to make it through. The maidens are



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activated by a pressure plate. Passing without touching the floor does not activate the trap.

6. A 20' section of passageway is trapped. At the middle, a small, almost invisible trip-wire is located (-20% to find traps chance). If the wire is touched, portcullises slam down at the front and back. Characters caught underneath must roll a dexterity check or take 3d6 points of damage. The portcullises are heavy to lift them and escape requires a bend bars roll at -10% to the chance. If all characters are trapped, four trolls appear in 7- 12 rounds (1d6+6) to attempt to capture the PCs and take them to Quinix.

The Lair

The third level of the ruins is the lair of Quinix and his servants. The winding stair exits at point A on the map, where a dozen trolls await. If the party has been involved in loud combat, or if any trolls escaped the party to warn Quinix, the trolls are ready and waiting. If the party has been silent, they have a normal chance to surprise the trolls.

Four of the trolls are on watch at all times; the others sleep on filthy piles of rags in room B. Room C contains their treasure, and the lair of their leader, the largest troll. If the trolls are alerted, all are present in the entry room; if not, the other eight respond in 1d3 rounds.

Trolls (12): stats same as above, hp 40, 37, 36, 35, 32, 29, 27, 25, 25, 24, 24, 23.

Treasure in room C: 4,000 copper, 2100 silver, 240 gold, 6 skydrop gems worth 75 gold each. The treasure is hidden in sacks under the filthy sleeping pile that the largest troll uses.

More Guards

Having passed the trolls, the party can exit through the other door, to the east. They soon come to a three-way intersection, allowing them to proceed straight ahead, or turn north. Ahead they see a set of 12 stairs that climb up to a passageway. To the north the corridor continues for

50', and ends in a locked door.

Room D and E contain the second line of guards, two vrocks. Quinix expects the vrocks to be able to stop any invading characters. The vrocks were summoned by the glabrezu, and are waiting and watching for intruders. They are also charged with guarding the prisoners, who are located to the north. One vrock is stationed in room D, and one in room E. They are never surprised, so they wait to position themselves for good effect. They prefer to have one vrock step in front of the party and attack for one round. The other then moves in from behind.

Vrocks (2): Int High; AL CE; AC -5; MV 12, FL 18 (C); HD 8, hp 45, 40; THAC0 13; #AT 5; Damage 1-4/1-4/1-8/1-8/1-6 +7 (for strength); SA spores, screech, always attack first; SD +2 or better weapon to hit, never surprised, take 1/2 damage from magical fire, cold, or gas, no damage from normal fire, electricity or poison; MR 70%; SZ L; ML 17; XP 37,000

Vrocks are able to use the following powers, once per round; *teleport without error*, *darkness*, *detect invisibility*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *mirror image*, *mass charm*, *telekinesis*. Once over three rounds a vrock is able to eject spores, which affect all in a 5' radius. Anyone in the spores takes 1d8 points of damage, and the spores implant themselves just under the skin and begin to grow. Victims take 1-2 points of damage per round, until at the end of ten rounds they are covered with thick, vine-like growths. *Bless*, *neutralize poison*, or holy water kills the spores, *slow poison* stops the growth.

The first vrock to appear has cast a *mirror image*; there are nine images of the vrock in front of the party. The second vrock attempts to attack with surprise, rending and tearing at a PC in the back. The vrocks are under the control of the glabrezu; they cannot *gate* in more tanar'ri, nor can they teleport away to safety. They must fight to the death.



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The Prisoners

If the PCs proceed north, they discover a pair of locked and barred rooms (T & U). Room T has only a dead body, a wild elf. Room U holds seven living wild elves, all much worse for their experiences here. Three of them have retreated into catatonia, due to the horrors to which Quinix has subjected them.

Wild elf prisoners (7): Int Ave; AL N; AC 10; MV 12 13; HD 1, hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; DMG 1-2; SD 90% resistant to sleep and charm; SZ M; ML 8; XP nil.

The prisoners were captured by Quinix, who hopes to win over the elves by means of magical charms. To date, the elves have resisted his efforts, and this has angered him. There were a dozen prisoners, but five of them have perished under Quinix' ministrations.

The prisoners are glad to be freed, but all they wish to do is leave the ruins, and disappear into the forest. If questioned, they can describe the glabrezu, although they don't know exactly what it is. They do know that they were taken up the stairs to the right, where Quinix has a torture room set up. (Room V) They have never been east of room E; they have no idea what lies beyond it.

The torture room contains many items of foul use, but little treasure. If magic is detected for a *dagger +1, +2 versus larger creatures* can be found. It is covered with dried blood. It was used on the elves, in an attempt to break their spirits with physical torture. The PCs may well believe it to be an evil weapon. Do nothing to discourage this. It is, in fact, merely a minor magical item.

The Crintri Adventurers

Just before the PCs pass the locked door into room F, they can hear voices through the door. The language is drow; only those who speak the language (or use the appropriate magic) can understand the words. Apparently an alliance has been made, between someone speaking in a

deep, gravelly voice, referred to as "the most evil one," and a group of humanoids. If the PCs enter, they find themselves facing a group of dark-skinned half-elves, male and female, plus one drow male who is not immediately visible. If they enter while the voices can be heard, they also see Quinix. He screams at the Crintri to destroy these foul thieves who work against the Lady of Pain. Quinix then disappears, actually falling back through the illusionary walls to observe.

The Crintri are seated about a table, although the drow male is in the background, behind the fireplace to the north, out of sight. The room is lit by lanterns, which burn with a reddish light that does not hinder infravision. The crintri do not immediately attack. Their first move is to spread out, while a female wearing a symbol of Loviatar asks them to please pause and speak. This assumes the party does not have an elf with them. If the party has a female half-elf with them, change the word "shebali" (meaning "peasant") in the following sentence to "sister."

"Hold, shebali, for we should speak. Is it not that you would take treasure from this place? Perhaps the treasures may be won much easier than you imagined. I am Grata Silvermane, fifth daughter of Lady Silvermane, and I offer you wealth for taking service with me."

She folds up a sack, and pulls out a handful of blue gems, which sparkle purple in the lantern light. She offers the party riches to join them, for if they have made it this far, they must be tough. If the party has not seen Quinix, she tells them of the deal she has made with a "great power of evil, whose ends are not at cross purposes with ours." One of the drow males speaks up, "A fiend from the abyss, and one not to be taken unawares." He is told to keep quiet, and does so!

Grata wants the PCs to join her on a raid on the wild elves of the Amtar forest. They need to capture two dozen elves. Once they have the two dozen, they can slaughter the rest.

This ought to be about as far as the negotiations go. If the PCs have not objected to anything so far, start giving questioning looks to anyone playing a good character. The characters can, of



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course, agree in an attempt to catch the Crintri off guard. Such an attempt fails, since one of the other females possesses a magical item that detects lies. Unless the PCs truly intend to go through with the slaughter of unsuspecting elves, they are caught, and the combat begins.

Grata Silvermane, priestess of Loviatar: AL LE; AC -1; MV 12; F11/P11; hp 66; THAC0 7; Dmg 1-6+3, #AT 3/2, S 17, D 18, C 15, I 13, W 17, Ch 17; Spells 7/6/5/3/2/1; SA spells, SD 30% resistant to sleep and charm; Items *scale mail* +2, *buckler* +1, *short sword* +2, *ring of protection* +1.

Spells currently carried: *Invisibility to animals*, *cause light wounds*, *cure light wounds* (x3), *command*, *combine*, *hold person* (x2), *silence* 15' radius, *heat metal*, *snake charm*, *know alignment*, *speak with dead*, *meld into stone*, *continual darkness*, *protection from fire*, *summon insects*, *cause serious wounds* (x2), *neutralize poison*, *flame strike*, *rainbow*, *blade barrier*.

Special abilities: may cause a pain touch, recipient must save versus spells, failure means he is racked by pain, suffering -4 penalties to attack roll and -2 to dexterity checks for 1 round per level of the priestess.

Laszia Franilair, priestess of Loviatar: AL LE; AC 0; MV 12; F7/P7; hp 46; THAC0 7; #AT 3/2; Damage 1-6+2; S 16, D 18, C 15, I 13, W 17, Ch 14; Spells 5/5/3/1; SA spells, SD 30% resistant to sleep and charm; Items *scale mail* +2, *buckler* +1, *short sword* +1, *ring of fire resistance*.

Spells currently carried: *cause light wounds*, *cure light wounds* (x2), *command* (x2), *hold person*, *silence* 15' radius, *heat metal*, *know alignment*, *negative plane protection*, *continual darkness*, *summon insects*, *cause serious wounds*, *poison* (reversed *neutralize poison*).

Special abilities: may cause a pain touch, recipient must save versus spells, failure means he is racked by pain, suffering -4 penalties to attack roll and -2 to dexterity checks for 1 round per level of the priestess.

Crintri Males (3): Int 12; AL LE; AC 0; MV 12; F6; hp 50, 44, 42; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Damage 1d8+ 1; SA nil; SD 30% resistant to sleep and charm; SZ M; ML 14; XP 1,400 ea; Items: *chain mail* +2, *shield* +2, *longsword* +1, *potions of healing* and *invulnerability*.

Drow Fighter (1): AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; F7; hp 45; THAC0 12; #AT 5/2 (3/2 with short sword, and 1/1 with dagger); Damage 1d6+3 with sword, 1d4+2 with dagger; S 16, D 17, C 11, I 14, W 13, Ch 15; Items: *chain mail* +2, *short sword* +2, *dagger* +2; SA spells, SD 90% resistant to sleep and charm, +2 to all saving throws vs. magic; MR 64%; SZ M, ML 14, XP 3,000. The drow has the following abilities once per day: *faerie fire*, *darkness*, *dancing lights*, *levitate*, *know alignment*, and *detect magic*. This drow is wearing normal magical items, not drow magic. He does not have drow poison with him either.

At some point during the combat, if the PCs are having an easy time of it, the glabrezu will step in. If the party is having a tough time, they should have a turn to recover from the Crintri while the glabrezu summons another vrock to aid him in the coming confrontation.

Quinix (True tanar'ri, glabrezu): Int exceptional; AL CE; AC -7; MV 15; HD 10, hp 64; THAC0 11; #AT 5; Damage 2-12/2-12/1-3/1-3/2-5; SA grab; SD +2 or better weapon to hit; MR 50%; SZ H; ML 17; XP 44,000.

Quinix has the following special abilities at 10th level of spell use, one at a time, one per round: *darkness*, *burning hands*, *charm person*, *confusion*, *detect magic* (always active), *dispel magic*, *enlarge*, *mirror image*, *power word stun* (7 times per day), *reverse gravity*, *teleport without error*, *true seeing* (always active).

Glabrezu are immune to all non-magical attacks like fire, gas, acid, etc. They are also immune to magical electricity, and take half damage from magical cold or fire.



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Quinix does not intend to fight to the death. He would much rather surrender, and negotiate a deal that he can turn to his profit. If the PCs persist, Quinix teleports out to another location. This can serve as a possible hook for future adventures.

If the party is being overwhelmed, they call flee. Quinix will not pursue them. He is more interested in his research than in chasing any intruders.

The Gate To Elsewhere

If the PCs search they should find the illusionary walls. The drow female was carrying a bag of 48 gems, worth 100 gold pieces each.

The *gate* is a circle on the floor, a shifting pool of colors that draws one's attention. Currently, the gate is open to the Astral Plane. The PCs can see a cloudy white haze. After an hour it shifts to a peaceful green forest (actually on the plane of Elysium). The gate can open to any plane the DM chooses. This can be used to launch players into an extra-planar adventure. If a DM is not prepared for extra-planar adventures, then the PCs will lack the device needed to activate the *gate*. Should any PC attempt to use the *gate*, it either does not affect them, or teleports them to another part of the Realms.

Quinix's Treasure

Quinix's treasure is hidden in the eastern-most small room off the *gate* room. The door is locked and warded with a *glyph of warding* (fire damage 10d4, save for 1/2), and a *symbol of death*. Behind the door the treasure is piled in a heap on the floor. In the room are three flying snakes.

Flying Snakes (3): Int Low; AL, N; AC 5; Mv 9, Fl 21 (B); HD 1+4, hp 10, 8, 6; THAC0 19; #AT 1 + special; Damage 1-3; SA acid spray 10' for 1-4 points of damage to flesh, hide, or cloth; SZ S; ML, 12; XP 130. When engaged against a S-sized creature, the snakes can attempt to wrap their coils around a victim every other round. This

causes no extra damage but the victim's movement rate is lowered by 8, and his armor class is penalized by 6 (movement minimum 1, AC minimum 10). The snake must make a successful attack roll to do so.

Treasure: 3 sacks of 500 gold, 1 Curna emerald worth 5,000 gp, 200 platinum in a money belt, 3 *potions of healing* clearly marked as poison; 3 vials of poison, type F, marked as healing, extra healing, and flying; *bracers of defense AC 4*; *wand of fire* (12 charges); *ring of shooting stars*; and a wizard scroll with *read magic*, *detect magic*, *lighting sphere*, and *rapid reflexive response* scribed at 13th level. The last two are new spells found in this book. Check the section on Halruan magic for the spell descriptions.



Dark as Dark

Dark as Dark is an adventure for 5-8 characters of levels 6-8. Total levels in the party should be about 40. This adventure is set in the beast-lands of Veldorn, described in the section on the nation of Ulgarth. Players will be dealing with undead creatures, including a vampire. A cleric or paladin with the ability to turn undead would be helpful, but not necessary. This adventure uses the Saed's city map on the cover of this booklet.

Set Up

The party is in Lastarr, a trading town on the Durpar side of the border with Veldorn. They are approached by a Durparian adventurer, a fighter from the looks of him, who claims to know something that will benefit them. If they are interested, they should meet him at the Scurvy Trader Inn. Or....

As the party is rounding a corner, they see two men scuffling. One of them lurches back, and falls to the ground. The other looks over at the party, and then flees. The man lying dead on the ground is a Durparian merchant, but not a very successful one by his dress. Searching him yields a map to a location in Veldorn. The map is marked Vaelan, with a note that says, "Meet me at the Scurvy Trader Inn at dusk. Pigel." The PCs may keep the appointment in place of the dead merchant.

The Plot

Saed, a vampire lord, is the beast-chieftain of Veldorn. He is going to be gone from his home city for a while, and Pigel has discovered this. In fact, Saed is going to be in Lastarr. This offers a perfect opportunity to sneak into his city and recover an heirloom of Pigel's house that was stolen by Saed over 50 years ago. The PCs meet Pigel and hear his offer. If they agree, they will travel across the monster country of Veldorn to Saed's city. There they can try to sneak in and recover the treasure. Along the way they'll face various creatures native to the Shining South, and have a

final showdown with the vampire that Saed has left in charge.

The Scurvy Trader Inn

The Scurvy Trader is a dive of the worst sort. It caters to anyone who has the money for a cheap drink and no concern about the company. If the characters enter at dusk, there are only 10 customers, humans and half-orcs, in the place, but the inn begins to fill up quickly. The bartender doesn't know anyone named Pigel, nor do the customers. Asking anyone about Pigel is enough to alert Pigel that this is the party he is waiting for. He will move over to the PCs' table as soon as they sit down or intercept them at the door if they decide to leave.

He will introduce himself as Pigel Cochin, then say, "I assume you are here because you are willing to accept my offer."

The characters should have no idea what he's talking about. If they say they are willing to accept, he will explain that he has learned that Saed, the vampire who robbed his family of an important heirloom over 50 years ago, is going to be in Lastarr for the next few days. Pigel, who knows the way to Saed's city, believes that, with the party's help he could sneak in, recover his heirloom and be out in only three days. If the PCs want to know what's in it for them, he says only the gratitude of his family, the Cochin family of Thruldar. He will say it as though it should mean something. Any PCs who are familiar with Durpar or Luiren will recognize the name as that of a very rich family.

If this is not enough, he will offer them everything that is recovered except the family heirloom. The heirloom is an ornate scimitar with the hilt carved into the shape of a lion.

If this is still not enough, he can offer them each a *potion of healing*, and 500 gold marks. The potions will be paid in advance, the money will be paid only if the recovery succeeds.

Pigel Cochin, AL CG; AC 3; MV 12; R6; hp 50; THAC0 15; S 15; D 12; C 18; I 11; W 14; Ch 14;



Dark as Dark

Move Silently 47%; Hide in Shadows 37%. Items: leather armor, *ring of protection* +4 to AC, +2 to saves, *longsword* +1, dagger, longbow, quiver with 20 sheaf arrows, trail rations, brown travel clothes, 25 silver pieces, 2 gold marks, 4 vellims (25 gp trade bars). He also carries 6 *potions of healing*, and a mage scroll which he can offer to sweeten the deal. The scroll is scribed at 8th level, and has *magic missile*, *locate object*, *burning hands*, and *stoneskin*.

If the PCs found the merchant's body, and ask Pigel about it, he will tell them that he was attempting to recruit adventurers to accompany him into the city of Vaelen. He has scouted the city before, and knows exactly where it is. He dares not try to penetrate Saed's stronghold without help. The PCs look like just the group he was looking for. The man he had been dealing with before had a decidedly unclean feeling about him, but Pigel is desperate. Actually, he is desperately trying to make a name for himself in his family, but he is afraid to admit it.

If asked about the sword, Pigel will almost explain why the sword is important, but he always stops short. The truth is, the sword is not terribly important to his family. It is an important symbol for Pigel, to prove his worth. It's also a *scimitar* +1 *flame tongue*.

If and when the PCs agree, Pigel offers to put them up for the night. He has a safe spot outside of town where the PCs can sleep. If they object, they can stay at the inn overnight. Pigel tells them where to meet him. He plainly considers their decision a foolish one. Let the PCs prepare for being robbed, set watches, whatever they like; nothing happens during the night. Pigel doesn't like sleeping indoors unless he absolutely has to, and thinks anyone who does so is crazy. The inn charges a silver a night for a dirty, bug-infested room. If the PCs have more taste, they can find a better inn up the street. It charges them a gold piece a night, but the rooms are clean. Pigel will suggest that any characters wearing metal armor had better get something lighter, or they won't make it.

In the morning the PCs and Pigel set out. If the PCs spent the night in town, he inquires about their health. He is surprised when the party tells him that they had no encounters during the night. He then remarks, "We had best get moving while our luck holds."

Journey To Vaelen

The PCs have a rough two-day journey across Veldorn. Pigel, however, knows the country very well. He is constantly leading the PCs around obstacles and past homes of various monsters. Once he points to the north and remarks "Xiltor, where the beholders rule. Not a nice place."

About eight hours into the day, in the late afternoon, the party encounters a pack of flying snakes. The snakes swoop up from the left of the party; Pigel missed seeing them. Allow the characters normal surprise rolls. The snakes were in a nest only 15' from the party, and they immediately move to attack.

Flying Snakes (10): Int Low; AL N; AC 5; MV 9, Fl 21 (B); HD 1+4; HP 8 ea; THAC0 19; #AT 1 + special; Damage 1-3; SA acid spray 10' for 1-4 points of damage to flesh, hide, or cloth; SZ S; ML 12; XP 120. When engaged against a S-sized creature, the snakes can attempt to wrap their coils around a victim every other round. This causes no extra damage but the victim's movement rate is lowered by 8, and his armor class is penalized by 6 (movement minimum 1, AC minimum 10). The snake must make a successful attack roll to do so.

The snakes flee when more than half of them are slain. Snakes attempt to attack the face, to blind and confuse the foe. If a flying snake scores a natural 20, he has bitten the PC near an eye; that eye is blinded until a *cure light wounds* is received.

Towards evening the party comes across a copse amidst the unending hilly grasslands. Pigel offers to scout it out, allowing any PC who wishes to accompany him. Nothing is found by Pigel, at first. Any rangers or druids in the party have a



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25% chance of noticing the dark trees, others have but a 10% chance. If the dark trees are not noticed, they bide their time, waiting for all of the party either to pass through, or to settle down for the night.

If the party does not detect them, Pigel suggests making camp here. The PCs can indeed find a ring of trees with a sunken firepit. This place would be somewhat defensible, and out of sight. Pigel has been here before. There are three more trees in the copse than there were before, but Pigel doesn't notice that. Sometime during the night, around 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, the dark trees use confusion on the guards, and move in for the kill.

If the party does detect them, the dark trees attack with their confusion power first, then move in to mop up the PCs.

Dark Trees (3); Int low; AL NE; AC 0; MV 3; HD 10, hp 60, 55, 43; THAC0 11; #AT 2 or 1; Damage 3-18/3-18 or 4-24; SA confusion grab if both arms hit, next attack at +4 to hit (bite); SD blending; SZ H; ML 15; XP 12,000. Dark trees hate all life that walks on two legs, and will attack until dead.

When the incident with the dark trees is over, the PCs can settle down and try to get more sleep. The combat has awakened another group of flying snakes, and they attack about a half hour after the combat has ended.

Flying Snakes (10): stats same as above; hp 8 ea.

The night finally passes, and the PCs may continue on. The day passes uneventfully, but the pace is grueling. About mid-afternoon, all characters with a constitution of less than 12 must make a constitution check, or be forced to stop for rest.

Pigel chafes at any delay; he had hoped to be at the city by now. He does not wish to enter it by night, and Saed has ways of traveling very quickly. He could be back tomorrow. If the party chooses to continue, all those who failed their constitu-

tion check suffer a -1 to hit and a +1 penalty to AC in the upcoming encounters.

The City of Vaelen

About two hours before dusk, Pigel leads the party to the top of a hill. Below lies a sprawling mass of trees and buildings. The city is apparently built into the side of a hill. A huge opening into the hill, large enough to admit two wagons abreast, hill can be seen.

Pigel suggests blending in with the populace. He has brought dirty old rags. With the rags, plenty of mud, and some white makeup, he can transform them into fake zombies. Should any PC be able to cast *wraithform*, that one could act as a leader. Most of the undead do not like the sunlight, so the party shouldn't be bothered in the outer city. Underground may be different, but the vampires will be resting. It's safer now than it will be in two hours.

Let the PCs disguise themselves as they wish, but Pigel reminds them that most undead are not fooled by *invisibility*. He recommends the zombie disguise, which is how he got into the city before.

If the PCs agree, have fun with this. Anyone who takes pride in their clothes is a target for Pigel, for the costume must be dirty, ragged, and worthless to satisfy him. Let Pigel have fun tearing sleeves off silk shirts, carving huge rents in cloaks, whatever it takes. Once the disguises are complete, Pigel leads the party towards the city. They have no encounters while in the outer city but you can read or paraphrase the following passages for effect.

"As you pass an intersection, you hear a scream to your left. Several blocks away, you see a goblin run out of a building. He is pursued and quickly dragged down by a pack of ghouls. You hurry along before the ghouls sense you."

"You shuffle down the street, nearing the great passage to the inner city. To your left six skeletons stand idle and unmoving. You feel their eye-holes on you as you pass by, but they make no movement."



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"You pass what seems to be a park, with many trees growing in it. You look again, and realize that most of the trees are stunted and dead, and that some of the trees resemble the dark trees you fought last night. You stumble along, doing your best to appear to be zombies. The dark trees watch you, but do not follow."

Use the above description to make the players nervous. Throw in other encounters such as a shuffling line of zombies carrying supplies, or a wight drifting across the street in front of them. Finally, they reach the entrance to the Inner City.

The Inner City

The PCs enter from the top of the map. Their first obstacle is at the gate. Since no shipments are expected right now, the gate is closed. If they are masquerading as zombies, they should not be able to speak. On the other hand, they can see only zombies and skeletons on watch. A simple knock opens the gate, or a thief could use his hide in shadows and climbing skills to climb over and open the gate a crack. Failing that, normal zombies would just stand there until the gate is opened. The gate will open in about an hour, when another group of zombies is expected. No one pays any particular attention to the PCs, as long as they make no loud noises and do not draw attention to themselves.

Once inside, the characters see a long street ending in an open area, and an east/west street that leads to many buildings. Pigel tells them (in a whisper) that Saed's palace is beyond the town square.

On the way down the street, the PCs see a group approaching. A vampire, flanked by half a dozen zombies and a pair of wraiths, is approaching. If the PCs shuffle to the side, the entourage passes by with scarcely a notice. The vampire does give the party a piercing glance as he goes by. If they turn off, they can simply march up a side street with no trouble, but the vampire still watches them. Should the party attack the vampire, Pigel will leave them to fend

for themselves. If they duck into one of the abandoned buildings, they encounter a wight. This undead is close enough to sense their life force, and immediately attacks.

Wight (1); Int Ave; AL LE; AC 5; MV 21; HD 4+3, hp 22; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Damage 1-4; SA energy drain; SD immune to cold, hold, sleep and charm. SZ M, ML 14; XP 975.

Zombies (10); Int Non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2, hp 10 ea; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Damage 1-8; SA always attack last in a round; SD immune to cold, hold, sleep or charm; SZ M; ML special; XP 65.

Wraiths (2); Int Very; AL LE; AC 4; MV 12, Fl 24 (B); HD 5+3, hp 40, 26; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Damage 1-6; SA energy drain; SD hit only by silver or +1 weapons, immune to cold, hold, sleep, charm; SZ M, ML 15; XP 3,000

Kessar, Vampire (1); Int Exc.; AL CE; AC 1; MV 12, Fl 18 (C); HD 8+3, hp 60; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Damage 1d6+4; SA Energy Drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to hold, charm, poison, paralysis, 1/2 damage from cold or electricity. SZ M; ML 16; XP 3,000. Kessar is wearing a *ring of fire resistance*, and a *ring of shooting stars*. He is suspicious of the party, but only attacks if attacked first.

The monsters, except for Kessar, fight to the death. Five rounds after combat starts, another seven zombies and two wraiths join the confrontation. Five rounds later two wights join the fray. Alternate this as long as the party wants to keep fighting. If they have started the battle in the street, Pigel shows up after 15 rounds, with a bundle tucked under his arm. He recommends that the party run for it.

The courtyard contains an altar, where Saed worships his foul deity. The altar is prominent, but is unoccupied at the present time. It radiates a very strong aura of evil. The courtyard is full of zombies, skeletons, wraiths, orcs, and kobolds. Even a pair of yuan-ti make their way across to join in any fights. As long as the PCs shuffle with



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their heads down, keeping to their zombie disguises, they will not be confronted.

The Palace of Saed

The palace is an ornate, decaying place. Once beautiful, it still has silver worked into the gates, and marble statues in the courtyard, albeit covered with dirt and filth. The party can clearly see a line of zombies carrying boxes, marching around to the side of the palace. They are being commanded by an orc shaman, who orders them to the side entrance. If the PCs wish to follow, the orc shaman doesn't notice that his group of 20 zombies increased by a few. Counting was nearer his strong suit.

Once in the side entrance, the PCs can break off and duck into a storeroom without being noticed. Have them make dexterity checks, but even if they fail, only a zombie notices them, and he doesn't speak.

It is here that Pigel suggests divination magic, if the PCs have some. If not, he offers his scroll with the *locate object* spell, and a complete description of the scimitar. A scimitar with a lion pommel is probably very rare. If it can be located, the party can proceed in the right direction, at least. If this scroll, *clairvoyance*, or *wizard eye* is used, the scimitar is located hanging on the wall, in Saed's main throne room. It is less than 50' from the PCs' current location.

The PCs can make it to the throne room unopposed, for Saed is not present, yet. Pigel rushes over and grabs his family heirloom, setting off a loud clamoring alarm. If he is restrained, and traps are detected magically, the alarm spell can be detected and possibly neutralized. There are a number of other heirlooms on the wall: a spear, a two-handed sword, a shield, a mace, a hand axe, another scimitar, and a halberd. Only three of these radiate magic, should it be detected for. The spear is actually a *spear +3, cursed backbiting* planted here for just such an occasion by Saed. The mace is +1, +4 vs. good aligned creatures, the hand axe is a *throwing axe*

+3. All of the weapons have gems worked into the pommels; none is worth fewer than 1000 gold pieces. They may be worth more to collectors, but that kind of research is up to the DM and the players.

Removing any of the weapons from the wall sets off the magical alarm. If Pigel is allowed to grab the scimitar, the rest of the PCs have time to grab something and run as well. As long as they flee the throne room the round after the alarms go off, they can escape. If not, a dozen zombies (stats as above) attack, followed by waves of zombies, wights, and wraiths.

If this is the first disturbance the PCs set off, and they run immediately, they can make it halfway out of the city before the vampire appears before them. He calls twice the number of zombies and wraiths listed above to his side. As soon as the vampire is brought to zero hit points, and turns into a gaseous cloud, Pigel will urge the PCs to run. The PCs should probably agree. More zombies, and other dark shapes can be seen approaching. As the PCs move out of the city after defeating the vampire, they may confront a few zombies, or a wight or two. The opposition shouldn't be anything that the PC priests cannot turn or kill with little effort. Maintain the feeling that the PCs are being pursued by a horde of undead. If they stop, they will discover that they are being followed by most of the city occupants.

Once out into the city, the sun will be a half hour from setting. It keeps most of the darker undead back, and the zombies are too slow to keep up with the PCs. Allow them to escape, but have the PCs attacked again at night by a group of undead. Pigel strongly suggests moving through the night. If the PCs agree, have them make constitution rolls. Those who fail have passed out, and must be carried. Pigel is strong enough to carry someone, and does so if necessary.

After five hours of travel, Pigel calls a halt. The PCs may encounter undead, at the DM's option. This encounter should be just enough to challenge combat. After two days of hiding and running, the PCs return to Lastarr. There Pigel will



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make arrangements for any payment that is due the PCs, and then leaves for home to present his trophy (which he will still carry). Pigel can return to lead the PCs into other troubles. He knows Luiren, Durpar, Veldorn, and the surrounding country as well as anyone. He is always trying to prove himself in ever more dangerous adventures. For instance, he's heard that a rakshasa noble is hiding out in the Gundar Forest. Anyone interested?

Other Adventures in The Shining South

A rakshasa noble is building a base of power near Kolapar, in the Gundarwood. The rakshasa has allied with a tribe of yuan-ti. They occupy an old tower deep in the forest.

A map purported to be of the tomb of Reinhar I is found. The tomb is guarded by a stone golem shaped like a lion, and an iron golem shaped like a tiger.

A wizard wants to hire adventurers in Halruaa to seek out the treasures of the archmage Akhrual. The tower is guarded by a pair of larakens, or magic drainers. Several unique Halruaan spells could be found, or a new magical item.

Dark Trees

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Jungle, tropical
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Grove
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Nocturnal
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Incidental
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	3
HIT DICE:	10
THACO:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 or 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-18/3-18 or 4-24
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	H (12-15')
MORALE:	Champion (15-16)
XP VALUE:	12,000



Dark trees are native to the Shining South. The earliest reports of dark trees preying on humans begin 200 years ago.

Dark trees resemble cypress trees, but their bark is darker, and little moss grows on them. They have two deep black eyes, which are almost impossible to find unless one knows precisely where to look. They superficially resemble treants, but anyone who sees a dark tree can almost feel the palpable hatred and evil emanating from it.

Combat: Dark trees have a superior Armor Class due to their bark-like skin. They are not especially susceptible to fire, for their bark is wet and slimy, and fire does not easily ignite it.

Dark trees do suffer a -2 penalty to their saving throw versus any magical cold attack.

In melee, dark trees can attack with their two arms, inflicting 3-18 (3d6) points of damage per successful attack. If both arms hit, the dark tree has grabbed the victim. On the next round, the dark tree can attempt to bite the victim, with a +4 bonus to hit. A successful bite causes 4-24 points of damage, as the tree drains blood from the victim. Dark trees have the ability to cause confusion in a target, once per round, in addition to their normal attacks. This ability has a range of 50 feet. The target receives a saving throw versus spell to avoid the effect. During combat this has the same effect as a confusion spell, but is more insidious if cast on an unsuspecting target. It causes the target to completely lose his sense of direction, often becoming hopelessly lost in the jungle.

Dark trees are 90% likely to be taken for small cypress trees when they are not moving. This blending effect is only 75% effective against druids, rangers, and other priests of nature.

Habitat/Society: Dark trees live deep in the jungles, under the forest canopy that keeps the direct sunlight off them. They are solitary creatures, delighting in tormenting an unsuspecting group of adventurers before moving in for the kill.

Dark trees are a failed experiment of a renegade wizard of Halruaa. The mage, Benautil, was intent on creating servants that would serve him as well as treants. He invested a great deal of time and much research into necromancies and other foul magic. He was delighted with the success of his experiments on the trees, until the trees turned against his will and slew him.

The trees have spread and have become common in the Wood of Dark trees, in northwestern Durpar. They have also spread to the Granuin Forest, in Luiren, and the Ajmer Forest, north of Dambratb. No other sightings have been reported to date.

Ecology: Dark trees can exist by photosynthesis, but they prefer the taste of blood. They must feed well on blood, before they can bud. Budding is a process that takes one year. At the end of that time, the original dark tree breaks up into 2-5 (d4+1) identical dark trees.

Laraken

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Swamp
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Magic
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	15
THAC0:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 + absorption
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-5 (1d4+1)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Drain magic, spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Special
SIZE:	L (10' diameter sphere)
MORALE:	Champion (15-16)
XP VALUE:	15,000

A laraken, also known as a magic-drainer, appears as a shining yellow sphere. It can wink out at will, reappearing elsewhere in a moment. Laraken are distant relatives of nishruu, and are for the most part confined to the swamplands, for their yellow bodies must stay wet or they become very uncomfortable. They have a pair of yellow tentacles which protrude from opposite points on the sphere.

Combat: The laraken is capable of lashing out with one tentacle once per round, which inflicts 1d4+1 points of damage per hit. The hit also drains a spell from any spellcaster, or a charge or a plus from a magical item. As it drains these, it gains the power it has absorbed.

A laraken feeds on magical energy. It is capable of absorbing any spell energy directed at it. It also gains the power of whatever the tentacle has drained. If it hits a magical sword, and drains a plus, it receives a +1 bonus to hit and damage. If it drains a spell from a mage, it is able to cast that spell. The laraken prefers to drain memorized spells, then charges from magical items with spell-like effects, then pluses from magical items. The laraken drains the highest-level spell that a spellcaster has memorized. If the victim possesses two or more spells of the same level, the spell drained is randomly chosen. The spellcaster must make a saving throw versus death magic, adjusted for wisdom, or fall unconscious for 1d10 turns.

The laraken's tentacles can each take ten percent of the total hit points of the creature before being severed. A weapon which hits the tentacle is subject to the effects of the touch. These tentacles can be regenerated. To do so, the laraken redirects one spell level per hit point of the tentacle that it has absorbed. The laraken does not receive any bonuses, or spell effects for the levels it has redirected to regeneration.



Laraken hate all intelligent life, and always attack when they sense a party that possesses spellcasters or magic. They will not follow a party onto dry land.

Habitat/Society: Laraken were brought here when a great conjurer, Akhlaur, summoned them from their alternate prime material plane. On their own plane, they lived in a very wet, swamp country. They are uncomfortable in humidity of less than 95%, so even the Shining South is a very dry place to a laraken. Since the laraken feed off magic, the gate to the elemental plane of water, with its enchanted water gushing through and spreading the Akhlaur swamp, provides perfect food.

Ecology: Laraken feed only on magic. They attack merely because of the intense hatred for those who summoned them, which they consider to be anything of roughly humanoid shape.

Laraken reproduce by absorbing a *regenerate* spell; this allows them to grow a new laraken from a severed tentacle. It is thought that they had other means of reproducing on their own plane, but those conditions do not exist here. This means, thankfully, that laraken are very rare, and are likely to remain so. Laraken need to absorb the equivalent of three spell levels per day. A laraken can also use these spell levels to regenerate 1 hp of damage.

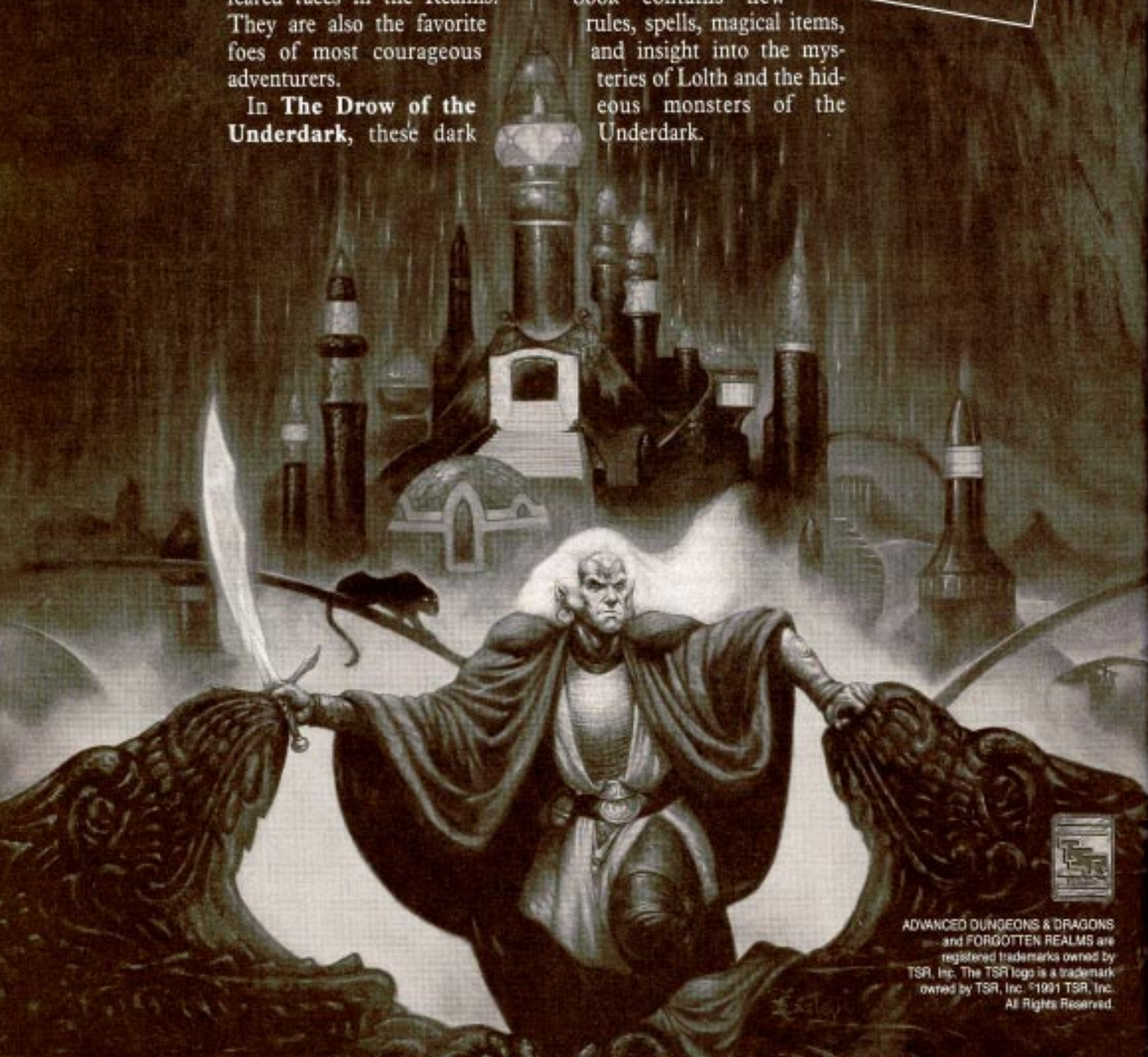
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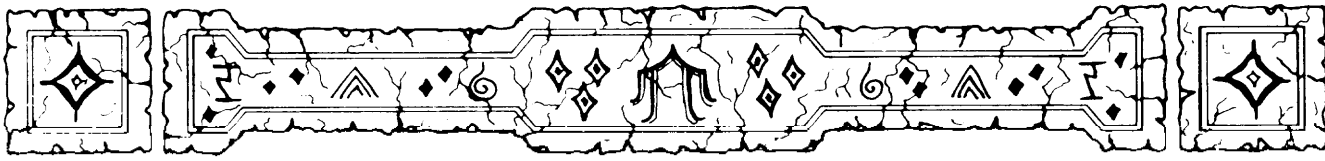


Thirty-One Leading Chakas of Durpar

These are the current chakas on the List of Thirty-One. The "Interests" column describes their primary holdings or profit-making venues.

Chaka	Home Base	Interests
Jeradea	Heldapan	Everything
Turamir	Huorm	Almost everything
Semenra	Pyratar	Almost everything
Selatarir	Klionna	Gems, trade with Luiren
Baroda	Turelve	Grain, textiles
Jaipur	Myrmyr	Shipping; have had two fleets return from Maztica
Ysnam	Heldapan	Building, stonework shipyards
Gemstone	Ormpe	Gems, weapon makers; discoverers of the Curna emeralds
Berol	Zelpir	Fishing, gem cutting, vast grain fields
Yanama	Morvar	Iron work (mining and smithing), wagon making, textiles
Hoktant	Zabbasz	Trading, exclusively. This chaka boasts seven master traders.
Synd	Heldapan	Artwork, fine silks
Finglefall	Ormpe	Gnomish chaka. Gem cutters, mining
Orissar	Turelve	Adventuring chaka. Expanding into gems, horse trade with Dambrath. Their caravans are always well guarded.
Karikal	Morvar	Mingari trade with Ulgarth, wood from Ajmer Forest
Chamar	Pyratar	Grain, fishing
Barodal	Pyratar	Grain, fishing
Cochin	Thrudar	Woodworking
Salicur	Huorm	Copper, textiles
Bihar	Kolapar	Grain, shipping
Benaral	Pharsul	Books, textiles
Trollslayers	Orpher	Adventuring company. Great success in Veldorn.
Gwarlor	Flyndagol	Woodworking, gold, iron mines
Sholapur	Myrmyr	Shipbuilding, grain
Baker	Sezilinta	Halfling chaka. Baked goods shops in every city in the Shining Lands.
Zelpara	Zelpir	Grain, mechanical gadgets
Rawnpore	Bachlakis	Textiles, caravans
Bellari	Heldapan	Shipbuilding
Silverhand	Ulara	Dwarven chaka. Silver mines
Hakahrsi	Sezilinta	Halfling chaka. Grain, foodstuffs of all types. First year on the List of Thirty-One.
Belasore	Klionna	Fishing, pearls





Luiren Specialty Priests

Yondalla, Protector of Halflings

Greater Power of Seven Heavens, LG

Portfolio: Nature, protection, death, and aspects of halfling life, especially birth and fertility

Requirements: Halflings only, Wisdom 13

Weapons Allowed: Any non-edged weapon plus slings, throwing rocks, and short swords

Armor Allowed: Leather or none

Major Spheres: All, Animal, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Law, Necromantic, Protection, Healing, Plant, Weather, Wards

Minor Spheres: Combat, Sun

Magical Items Allowed: Any usable by priests

Granted Powers

Specialty priests of Yondalla are adept at throwing rocks. They receive a +2 bonus to hit, in addition to the normal halfling thrown weapon bonus, when using rocks that they have selected. Thrown rocks do 1d4 points of damage. Priests of Yondalla can throw three rocks per round. At 5th level, specialty priests of Yondalla can cast a magical stone spell, once per level per day.

At 7th level, specialty priests of Yondalla gain the ability to blend into any natural forest or pastoral background, becoming 90% undetectable.

At 10th level, specialty priests of Yondalla gain the druidic shape change ability. Their choice of forms is restricted, however, to burrowing mammals, mammals that live above ground but not in trees, and mammals that live in water. Specialty priests of Yondalla are not allowed to become reptilians or avians, nor do they recover lost hit points when shapechanging.

Other Notes

Specialty priests of Yondalla have no power to turn or control undead.

Specialty priests of Yondalla have only existed in Luiren since the Time of Troubles. This new order seeks to preserve the Luiren way of life. Its adherents also believe in existing with nature rather than subjugating it. They are very comfortable with halfling whistler bards, and the two groups frequently work together. Specialty

priests of Yondalla have gained a favorable reputation in Luiren. They often are proficient in Healthy Cooking and Medicinal Cooking.

Specialty priests of Yondalla wear brown and green. Their holy symbol is a wheat stalk crossing a silver tree, representing the meadows and forests.

Arvoreen, The Defender

Intermediate Power of Seven Heavens, LG

Portfolio: Protection, vigilance, war

Requirements: Halflings only, Dexterity 12, Strength 14

Weapons Allowed: Any (short sword first)

Armor Allowed: Chain or worse, no shield

Major Spheres: Combat, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun, War, Wards

Minor Spheres: All, Animal, Charm, Divination, Elemental, Plant, Weather

Magical Items Allowed: Any usable by priests or fighters

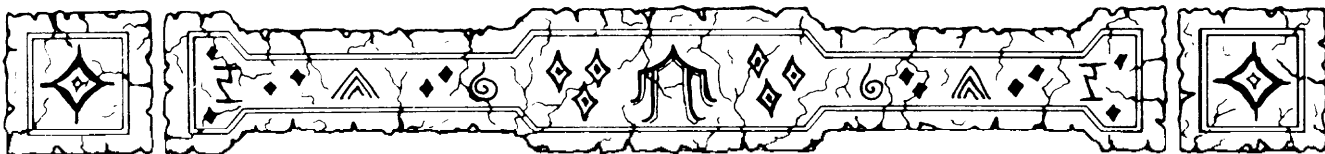
Granted Powers

Once per day the specialty priest may imbue a character with a strength of 18+, with the exceptional percentage to be rolled by the priest. A specialty priest of fewer than three levels may imbue one character per day with such exceptional strength. The recipient gains the bonus and abilities associated with this strength for one turn per level of the casting specialty priest, to a maximum of six turns (one hour).

At third level, a specialty priest may imbue one character with a strength of 18+, as above, and another character with a strength of 19.

At sixth level and above, the priest can give this exceptional strength to up to three characters, one with a new ability score of 18+ as above, one with 19, and one with 20. A maximum of three characters can be affected. A single character can receive only one magical strength bonus at a time. If the same character is imbued with two or more magical strength bonuses in this manner, the highest score takes effect.

Specialty priests of Arvoreen can turn undead as normal. They can also be multi-classed as fighter/clerics.



The City of Vaelen



Altar

Saeo's Palace

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®
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The Shining South

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