

FORGOTTEN REALMS™

Official Game Accessory

Hall of Heroes

Complete descriptions and AD&D® game stats for the greatest heroes and villains of the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ novels and accessories.

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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



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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 extradimensional 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



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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-



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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 REISTANCE: 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 thieflly 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 Silverymoon; 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, Orlnumbor 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, Orlnumbor, 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 "Deepcups" — 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 cantrevs 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 cantrevs 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 cantrevs 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.



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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 unflinching 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.

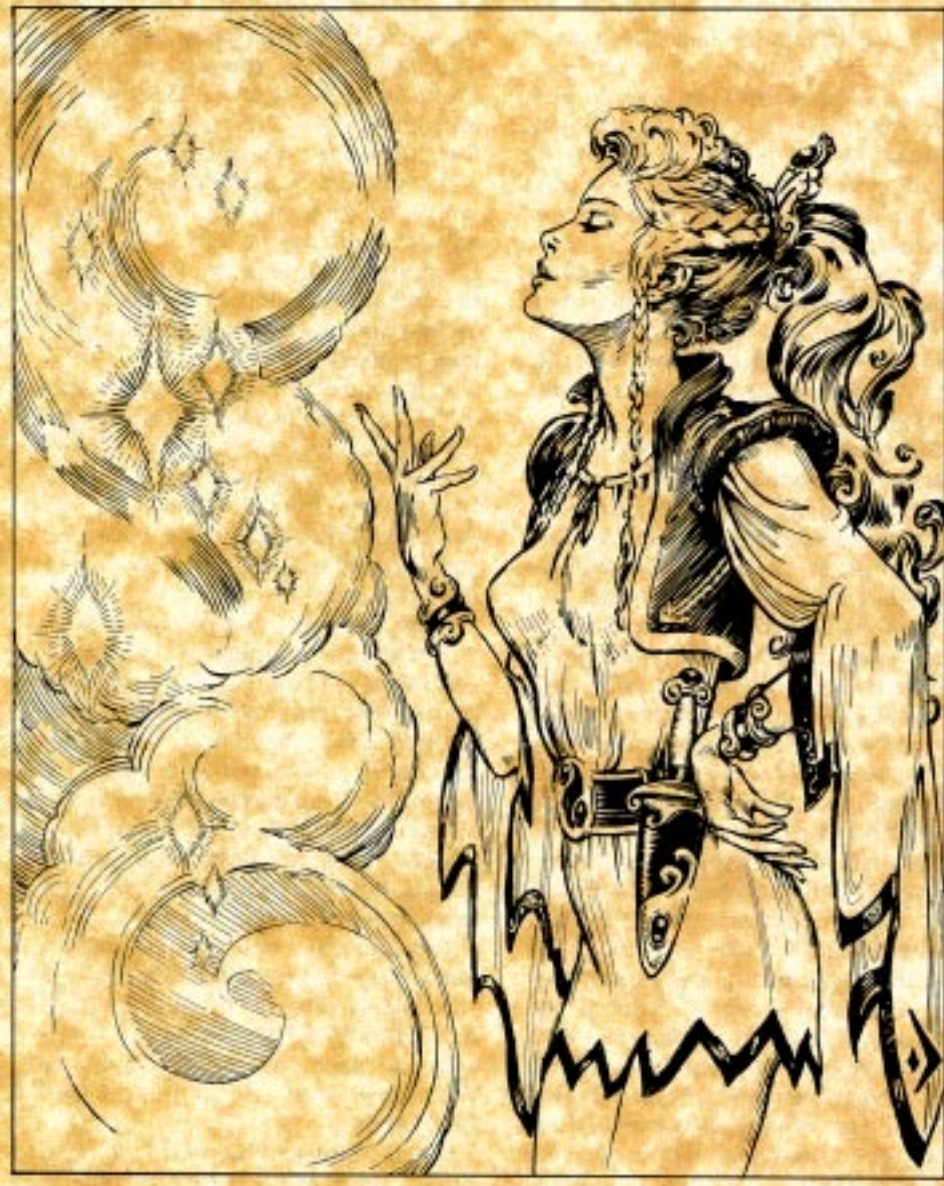
The apprentice magic-user Narm saw her kidnapping and enlisted the help of the Knights of Myth Drannor to rescue her. With the aid of the Knights, Elminster, and Narm, she was rescued from the very jaws of the dracolich Rauglothgor.

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. paralyzation 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*.



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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 dueled 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.

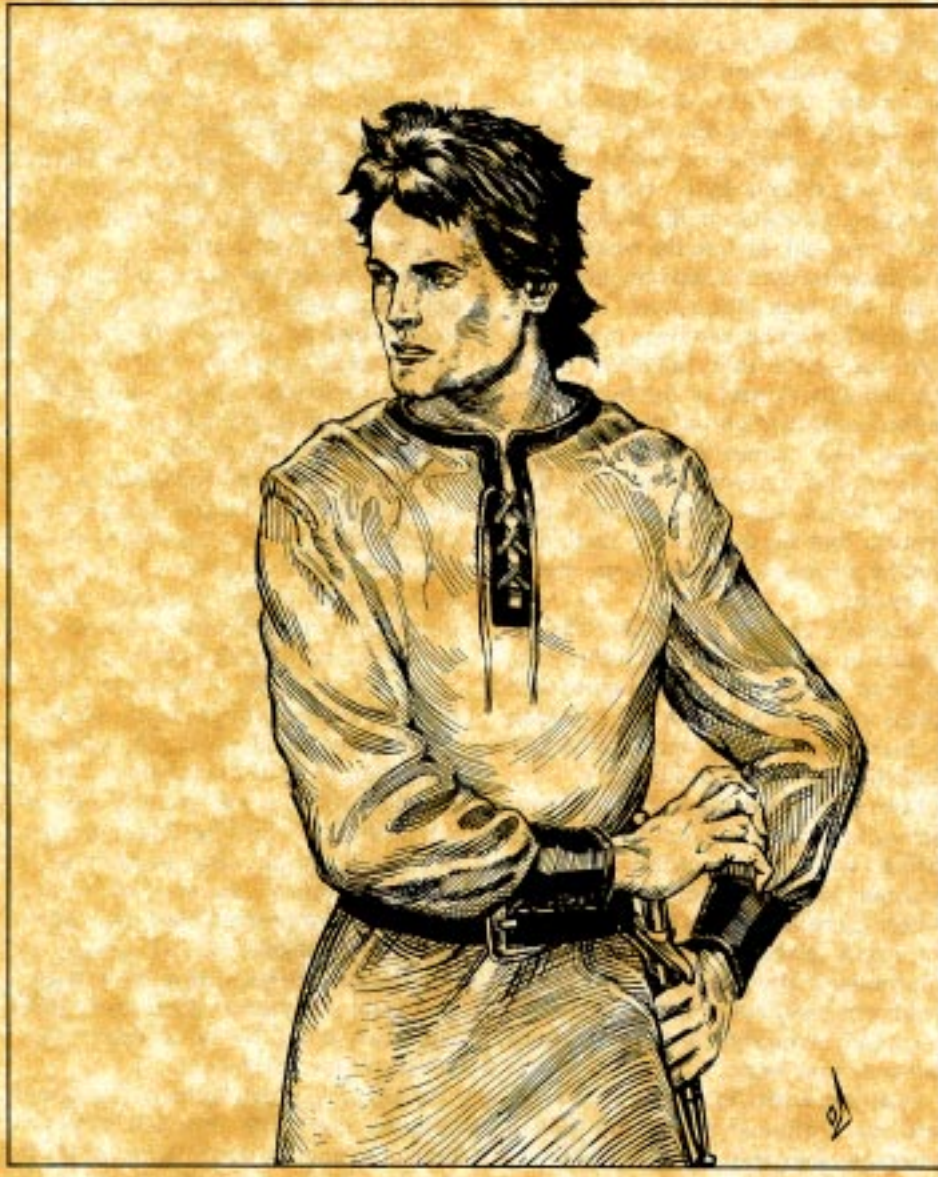
While toying with Narm for the sport of it, the bone devils attracted the attention of a pair of the Knights of Myth Drannor, Lanseril and Illistyl. They rescued him and brought him to Shadowdale to heal.

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



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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.



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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



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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 Kessel, 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 tribesman 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.

Mourngym 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: Mourngym 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.

Mourngym 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, Mourngym will enter a berserker rage centered on whoever harmed her. Holding Shaerl hostage will not work; even if she is threatened with immediate death, Mourngym will attempt a rescue rather than give in to her captor.

Appearance: Mourngym 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: Mourngym 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, Mourngym 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. Mourngym jumped at Khelben's offer to join Doust Sulwood, lord of Shadowdale. Mourngym was an enthusiastic member of Blackstaff's adventuring band as they furthered the cause of good in the Dragonreach area. Mourngym 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." Mourngym wanted to join, but Blackstaff persuaded him to assume sovereignty over Shadowdale.

As a ruler, Mourngym 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.

Mourngym was surprised and pleased when the new Cormyrian emissary proved to be the noblewoman Shaerl Rowanmantle. They became very friendly, then intimate, although Mourngym 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, Mourngym 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 responsibility.



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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; Drizt 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 Drizt 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 APPEARING: 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 protege. 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



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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.”



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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



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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 Gauntl-grym, met with Alustriel, high lady of Silvermoon, and the wandering Simbul of Aglarond, and lost Jelde, then Doust and Islif, to retirement.



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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-conquerer-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 elfriends, 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-elfen 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, Briador 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, Gnoll.

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 Sembholme, 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, Eshkk, 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 Frendel (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, quarterstaff, 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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