

FORGOTTEN REALMS
Campaign Expansion

City of Splendors



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Campaign Expansion

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AD&D
7th Edition

Campaign Guide



Campaign Guide To The City

Book I of The City of Splendors

by Steven Schend with Ed Greenwood

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INTRODUCTIONS

Introductions are always the first and best way to get to know people and places. And, of course, one's introduction to Waterdeep forever colors how one sees the City of Splendors forevermore. For me, Waterdeep and her vistas will always be dominated by Mount Waterdeep and a fond memory of an alighting griffon silhouetted against the reddened skies of the setting sun."

—Open Lord Piergeiron Paladinson of Waterdeep

As the man says, everyone's introduction to the City of Splendors colors how they see the magnificent (or sordid, depending on your view) metropolis of the North. As witness to this, here are words and views and personal reflections of Waterdeep from many of those folk on our world who have had extensive contact with it. Keep them in mind when you see the streets of the Crown of the North for the first (or hundredth) time in this boxed set. . . .

Ed Greenwood is a man who hardly needs any introduction to any fans of the Realms, but he gets one anyway. Ed is the original creator of the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign setting and his first Waterdeep supplement (FR1 Waterdeep and the North) is the source of much of this boxed set's basic material. Ed's latest additions to Realmslore include the Volo's Guides (to Waterdeep, the North, and an impending look at the Sword Coast) and the novels Spellfire, Crown of Fire and the upcoming Elminster: Making of a Mage.

GOING HOME AGAIN

*Not all trails lead to Waterdeep –
but all who travel often seem to
find their way there.*

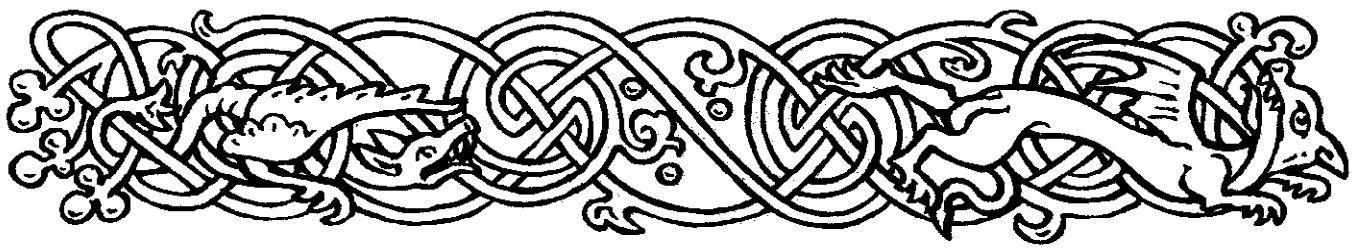
*Samatcho Ahonu, My Travels In the Curious West
The Year of the Turret*

I first saw Waterdeep at night. A caravan had set out—in a story I was writing about a fat, brawling merchant named Mirt—and I wanted to see where it would go.

This was a caravan of golden furs, sparkling blue ice wine, and caged unicorns, all taken from the heart of the North, assembled in Neverwinter, and sent down a long and perilous coastal road, past ghost-haunted ruins and marshes, to somewhere larger, richer, and more sophisticated.

A great trading city, where half the world rubbed shoulders. A place of wealth and tolerance, whose thieves weren't a power in the city, and whose nobles were as proud and as devil-may-care—if not as powerful—as the royals of many a fantasy world. A place whose wealth and power rivaled imperial Rome, whose sophistication outstripped Paris, whose color and eccentricities were a match for old London. A place where ships docked that hailed from half a world away, bringing exotic spices, ivory, and caged beasts from lands that were little more than legends to most of the swarming folk of the city. A place with a great natural harbor, sheltered by one arm of a mountain, where the water was deep right up to the shore. A place called—well, Waterdeep.





The caravan rolled in as the blue dusk crept swiftly along on the heels of fading sunset, and went with it, peering—and marveling. *This* is the type of place I wanted to write about!

Nay, to live in. A place with a whiff of Juvenal's Satires and an echo of Sutcliffe's *The Armourer's House*, a place built of ghostwalks in York, strolls in Shrewsbury and the back streets of Oxford, memories of half a hundred fantasy novels, and of the most splendid things I could imagine.

A place I could call home.

A place that would grow in color and detail as the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting took shape around it, driven by the enthusiastic adventurings of a fledgling group of D&D® gamers—particularly one Victor Selby, in those days—as they poked around in alleys, dusty shops, dim taverns, dark sewers, and even slippery rooftops in pursuit of adventure; a running gag of these rooftop jaunts involved party members tumbling helplessly down the slopes of roofs to crash through skylights and land in the middle of food-laden tables at feasts, the beds at poorly-timed moments in bedchambers, map-strewn tables around which conspirators were whispering, Waterdhavian nobles dueling—or undressing—and so on. It got so, somehow, they didn't want to go up on rooftops, any more. . . .

Long before "Waterdeep Nights" was a phrase known to computer gamers, it was what I called my "what might happen tonight" encounter sheet, as the Company of Crazy Adventurers set out on another aimless see-what-trouble-we-can-find stroll, tavern-crawl, or stealthy mission—or wild chase!—through the night-cloaked streets of Waterdeep.

It was here that the Ghost Knight was born. It was here that a *wish* whose wording remains controversial to this day snatched Company survivors from the depths of "the Fireplace Level" of the Dungeon of the Crypt (which lies partly under one of the crypts in the City of the Dead, and has been the meeting-place of many illicit cults and shady organizations, over the years) into the bar at the Inn of the Dripping Dagger, shattering it . . . and bringing along with them certain explosive beasts, with immediate and dramatic results. It was here that the intrepid descended the shaft in the taprooms of the Yawning Portal for the first time, to find the er, glories of Undermountain awaiting them.

It was on those nights that the Company crashed the debauched parties of the nobles, in many a villa in North Ward or Sea Ward—a most memorable night happened at the house of the Roaringhorns, when two sorceresses decided to fight a spell-duel just as the entire Flying Hunt, from far-off Nimbral, galloped down out of the sky to ask where they could find a certain mage named "Blackstaff" to

help them deal with a sudden infestation of dragons!

It was here that someone first began killing the city's Lords, and Piergeiron's daughter wore his armor and pretended to be him while Durnan, Laeral, Mirt, and his ward-become-wife, Asper, turned the city upside down in search of the missing Paladinson (yes, he was found, alive and well, but that's a tale for another time). It was here that a certain Guildmaster spent a memorable night in the sewers with the persuasive Kitten, and emerged hopelessly in love and willing to let the Lords do as they pleased with his guild. It was here that various noble families started feuds and more friendly rivalries that still continue, and that I first found the Moon Sphere, the Blue Alley, and the Old Xoblob Shop; Waterdhavians, by the way, use "Xoblob" in the manner those of our world use the names "Joe Blow" or "John Doe." It was here that I found myself at home . . . and it is here that my heart lives.

I could tell you tales to fill this box many times over, and still have more to tell—because Waterdeep is a living, bustling, ever-growing place, and its stories are the tales of people—people as vividly real as we can make them.

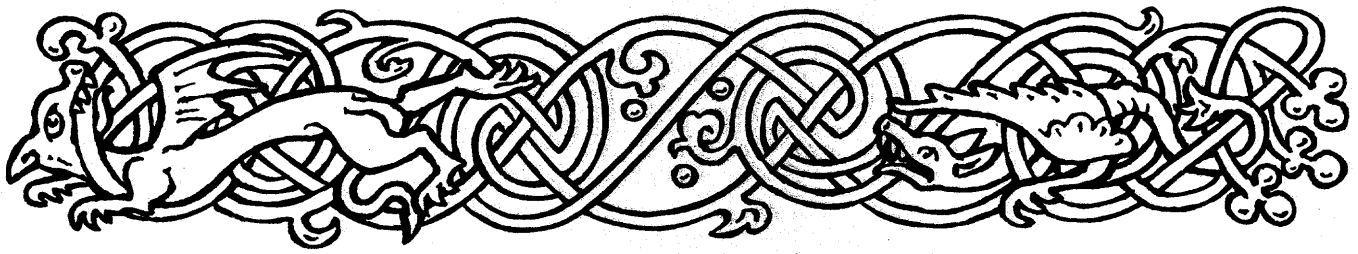
And that's not a royal "we." Once it was, very briefly, before my players galloped madly off in all directions at once, exploring the place where they were supposed to just rest between delves into Undermountain. They got caught up in its intrigues, and often abandoned dungeons entirely for the excitement of the surface world, and then forcing me to eventually detail the entire Realms. . . .

Then, years later, Karen Boomgarden and Jeff Grubb shoehorned what should have been this boxed set into a 64-page sourcebook, with such dark mutterings as "Thou shalt *never* use so much mouse type again!" Certain other folk at TSR were awed by the size of the map Jeff had painstakingly taped together from the mountain of photocopies I'd sent (hey, a city is a city—and no city ever fits neatly into *any* size box). Waterdeep saw print, and the floodgates were opened.

We've visited the city and its environs more than any place in the Realms—and we still have only scratched the surface, through the work of Volo (well, me), Allen Varney (in *Knight of the Living Dead*), Jeff Grubb (in *City System*), Elaine Cunningham (in *Elfshadow* and *Elfsong*), and Steven Schend (in the painstaking pulling-together of Undermountain, Skullport and the Promenade of Eilistraee, and now this box you're holding).

You've seen almost nothing of the sewers yet, or the City of the Dead, or the Blue Alley, or the doings and posturings of the nobles, or the fashions of the city, or the Dungeon of





the Crypt, or the various tunnels and caverns inside Mount Waterdeep, or the bitter guild disputes that have almost wrecked the city on too many occasions, or where the mer-men dwell, or . . . But then, in the Realms as in real life, one should always have something else to look forward to!

And if you should come to Waterdeep, and go for a stroll in one of those deep blue evenings when sky and sea seem to meet, and chance to see someone winking at you from the shadows behind the lovely lasses in the Blushing Mermaid, or strolling along on Laeral's arm at a gathering of the Watchful Order, or fencing upon the tabletops in the Inn of the Dripping Dagger with Asper . . . well, it's either one of several thousand fellow gamers taking their characters out for a night on the town—or it's me. Whatever eyes I look out of, I see the city of Waterdeep around me—and I love this place.

So—well met, traveler! Welcome to my home!

Elaine Cunningham is the author of the novels Elfshadow and Elfsong, two novels which bring Waterdeep to life and acquaint us with such notables as Danilo Thann, the noble Lord Of Waterdeep, and his half-elven partner, Arilyn Moonblade. Additional stories about them and their nemesis, Elaith "the Serpent" Craulnobur, appear in the short story anthologies Realms of Valor and Realms of Infamy.

Windows on Waterdeep

Waterdeep is, quite simply, my favorite city in any of the known realms. It's got something for everyone: scholar, wizard, merchant, nobleman, artisan, adventurer, laborer, opportunist, and bon vivant (a.k.a. "party animal"). In writing about Waterdeep, I've found inspiration in a number of eras and places: from my years of living near Harvard Square in Cambridge, in books and musicals about Berlin in the 1930's, and Paris—anything, anytime. If this suggests an impossibly wide range, then perhaps you've learned something important about this vast and wonderful city.

Echoes of Waterdeep also greet me in unexpected places. Walking down the medieval streets of Disneyland's fairy tale section, I catch a glimpse of the whimsical shops that line the Street of the Sword. When my "companion" is singled out for attention by a gypsy dancer or a "bawdy wench" at a Renaissance Faire, for a moment we're in one of Waterdeep's festhalls or taverns. Believe it or not, riding the bike path along Venice Beach brings Waterdeep to mind (Hey, there's something for everyone there, too . . .).

My son Andrew, age seven, tends to ask me earnest questions about the relative strengths and weaknesses of various sorts of dragons and monsters, just like any other fledgling adventurer. The wonderful literature and programs of the Society for Creative Anachronism give me a better feeling for day-to-day life in a fantasy medieval city. And, of course, I read stuff.

Most of all, Waterdeep is indelibly engraved in my imagination. A character in one of my favorite childhood books described daydreams as "castles in the air." If so, Waterdeep is as elaborate and wondrous a cloud castle as anyone could wish.

I've always been fond of historical novels, and I approach any FORGOTTEN REALMS project from that point of view. Many times I've used the fine gaming products to jump-start my imagination, but I've tried to repay this favor by keeping the facts and the players straight. Even with this concern for "historical accuracy" and continuity, there's so much room for variety and imagination that any storyteller—gamer or writer—can while away many happy seasons. I love writing about Waterdeep and her colorful citizens, and I'll continue to do so as long as people want to read about the City of Splendors.

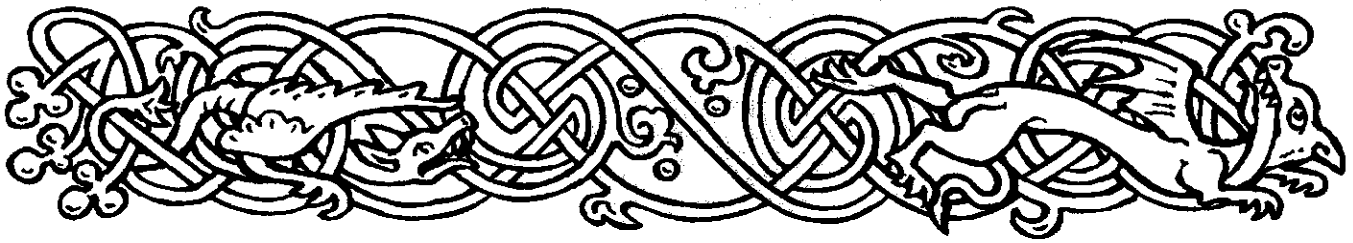
Jeff Grubb is equally responsible for bringing the Realms to life for all the funs of AD&D® games, having co-developed and co-designed the original and the revised boxed sets of the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting. In additions, Jeff and his wife, Kate Novak, created some of the Realms' more enduring characters in Azure Bonds, The Wyvern's Spur, and Song of the Saurials: Alias, Dragonbait, Olive Ruskettle, and Finder Wyvernspur.

Bright Lights, Big City

There is something almost supernatural about the attraction of urban life, the hustle and bustle, the huge population, the gathering of disparate peoples, the excitement of the unknown. Paris, London, New York, Chicago—all are more than just piles of stone graced with municipal services—they each have their own personality, their own individuality, their own character. There are those who love them and those who wonder why anyone would put up with such craziness on a daily basis.

And so it is with Waterdeep, the greatest city of the Realms. There are others that might claim larger populations (*claim, mind you*), or cover more ground, or host more powerful rulers (though those are few and far





between, indeed), but for sheer diversity, perversity, and fantastic ability, none hold a candle to the wonders that are native to Waterdeep alone.

In many ways, Waterdeep is the destination for all natives of the Realms, the great fantasy metropolis. It is one thing to be the best thief in Sembia, or the local hero in some backwater dale, or the most powerful wizard in some Heartland trading city. It is quite another to be among the movers and shakers of the City of Splendors, where treasures and fortunes are won and lost daily in a single throw of the dice, where plans are hatched and foiled with dramatic regularity, and where all manner of beings and monsters can be found on the streets (or in the subterranean sewers and ruins beneath those streets).

From brawling inns of Dock Ward to the revels of the high and mighty in North Ward, from the City of the Dead to the Palace of the Paladinson, there is something here for adventurers of every stripe and playing style. The very size of the place (and yes, Ed's description of his Waterdeep map photocopies is correct—it swallowed a 20-foot by 30-foot area outside our gaming library) defies all easy theories and widesweeping generalities. Just about everything can be found in Waterdeep.

Everything, including adventurers. Waterdeep is a breathing, palpable entity because so many adventurers make their homes there. There is no King in the city, but there are the mysterious Lords. There is no immediate external threat to Waterdeep, but instead, a web of rivalries and enemies that continually plot against the peace. No one being rules all of Waterdeep, and this last provides adventurers with the chance to achieve something on their own, whether it be to enter into city politics or just make sure their favorite tavern is secure from criminals.

In short, Waterdeep, the City of Splendors, is a place where any individual with a strong heart and a sound mind can make it big. And if you can make it there, you can make it anywhere.

Karen Boomgarden has been one of the most influential people in the Realms since its beginnings at TSR. The editor on the original FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Setting and the FR1 Waterdeep and the North supplement, Karen helped Ed and Jeff build the foundations of TSR's greatest fantasy world (and made sure they spelled it right!). Karen continues us an influence in the Realms as the product group leader overseeing present and future game products. (All this, and she provided aid above and beyond the call on this book—Thanks, Karen!)

FWOOMP!

That sound is what comes to my mind when someone says "Waterdeep." Sure, it's the grandest city in all Faerûn. Sure, it's the City of Splendors. Sure, there's enough to do there for a lifetime of adventure. So why "fwoomp?"

Because that's the sound the pieces for the city map made when they landed on the floor outside my office. Yes, the legendary map of Waterdeep, on all those standard-size sheets of paper, each one numbered to make assembly less confusing for (yeah, sure Ed, whatever you say). What I remember most clearly is the frustration and discomfort that map caused, because it took up the whole floor between my office doorway and the ladies' room.

But honestly, I've never played in Waterdeep. I've read the game products, and I dove into the *Volo's Guide to Waterdeep* with a level of anticipation that I don't have too often. And, looking at the past products, although lots of people say "Oh no, not again!" when we propose another item set in Waterdeep, there aren't all that many of them out there. And certainly none of the previous ones gave anyone the amount of detail provided in this set. (Steven, you've outdone yourself. Congrats.) The maps are wonderfully detailed, from the one we let Eric Hotz have free reign on ("Take the Thirsty Throat tavern, and have a party" we said; beautiful job, Eric!) to Dennis Kauth's and Rob Lazaretti's model of the Adventurers' Quarter (Waterdeep's never looked so real, guys!). This boxed set makes me want to play there, to have a native Waterdhavian PC, and make Waterdeep my home away from home.

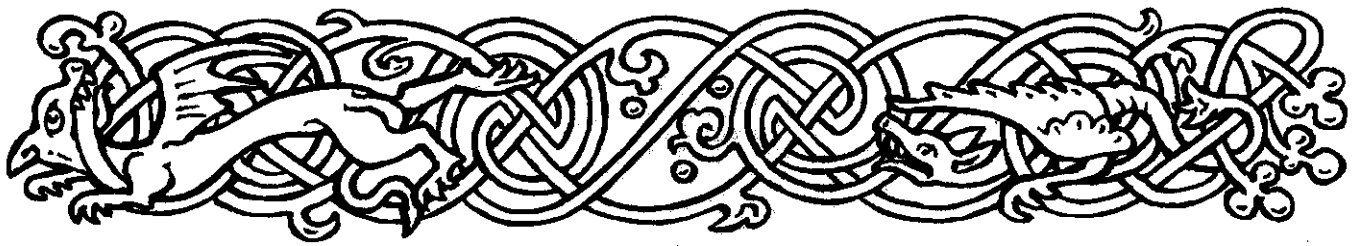
Oh, there's something I have to tell you. See those little critters on the *Secrets of the City* cover, the ones that look like reptilian pugs with exposed brains for heads? The ones that are supposed to be intellect devourers, but aren't quite what the creator had in mind? I know for a fact that they've got a dweomer on them that causes wizards (they're especially susceptible) to stop and scratch those little brain-heads, murmuring things like "Ooooo! Da liddle critter's so-o-o-o-o-o CUTE! Ooooo, woodjie-woodjie! Isn't he cute," and so on, all the while losing Intelligence points to the so-ugly-they're-cute buggers, eventually to be left drooling in the corner of the room or along the corridor wall, wondering where their pets went.

How do I know this, you may ask.

You may ask. I just don't have to tell you. Not yet . . .

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some exploring to do. I think I'll book a room in Sea Ward, someplace not too





rowdy and not too stuffy, and see where my imagination takes me. Come on along—there's room for all of us!

Julia Martin is one of the guiding hands behind the current Realms, as the editor of the new FORGOTTEN REALMS Campaign Set. Her ties with the City of Splendors run deep, as she was the editorial direction behind the Volo's Guide to Waterdeep and Volo's Guide to the North.

What I Always Wanted in a City...

Waterdeep has fascinated me since the first accessory for the original FORGOTTEN REALMS Campaign Set came out years ago. I was but a wee gamer then (all right, indulge me), and still in college. The cover to the *Waterdeep and the North* accessory immediately tickled my fancy. What kind of a fantastic place has occurrences in it that look like drow pool party/cookouts featuring accountants discussing problems with their beholder bosses? I quickly became intrigued with what looked to me like the biggest fantasy city I'd ever run across. However, I admit, I was a little ticked. I felt like not enough meat was provided over the bones. I wanted more detail, more shop/tavern/inn description, more NPCs, more, MORE, MORE! When the City System boxed accessory came out, I thought, "Ah, at last." Nope. Just a bigger version of that map. Argh!

As time went on, I became more familiar with certain parts of Waterdeep as the city was featured in TSR novels, comics, and other game products. I developed a working knowledge of Waterdeep, but still felt a niggling sense of irritation at the many sources I had to consult if I wanted to confirm something I thought I recalled. And I had to remember what had changed with the years, especially after the Avatar game modules and novels. The city had such potential, but was such a bear to work with.

In 1991, I joined the staff of TSR, and my fondest wish was to work on FORGOTTEN REALMS campaign setting products. The first one I got my editorial teeth into was the *Volo's Guide to Waterdeep* accessory. At last we could tie together some of those diverse sources, and Ed Greenwood could provide what I felt was missing all along—the details. Or at least some of them. You see, Waterdeep is so doggone big that even there we could only pick and choose, describing the character of the Wards and providing information about choice locales.

This new, definitive *City of Splendors* boxed accessory

provides a more in-depth foundation that complements the *Volo's Guide to Waterdeep* accessory so well. Steven, with help from Ed and other opinionated design and editorial personalities, has provided here a solid and bounteous fresh start for Waterdeep that pushes past the boundaries of old knowledge and brings diverse pieces of information together for easy reference. It also addresses specifically for the first time the needs of the players whose characters roam Waterdeep with the new *Adventurer's Guide to the City*. I look forward to wandering the streets of the City of Splendors once again in my mind, and turning down winding lanes and dark alleys never before encountered.

May Selune guide your characters' steps in the night, and bring them to the new dawn.

Editor's Note

As you can see, Waterdeep leaves a different impression, a different feeling, a different memory for each and every life it touches. That was the purpose of this lengthy introduction: to show that this city will never be the same city for every one, not all people will share the adventures you will have there, but none shall doubt that Waterdeep truly fulfills its name as the City of Splendors. Is it fully be detailed, all of its secrets plundered, in the boxed set you hold in your hands? Don't worry—there's stories and people enough in this box to keep you busy many a tenday, even if it isn't complete. Remember, Waterdeep is a city for everyone, and only you and yours can determine when all its tales are told. . . .

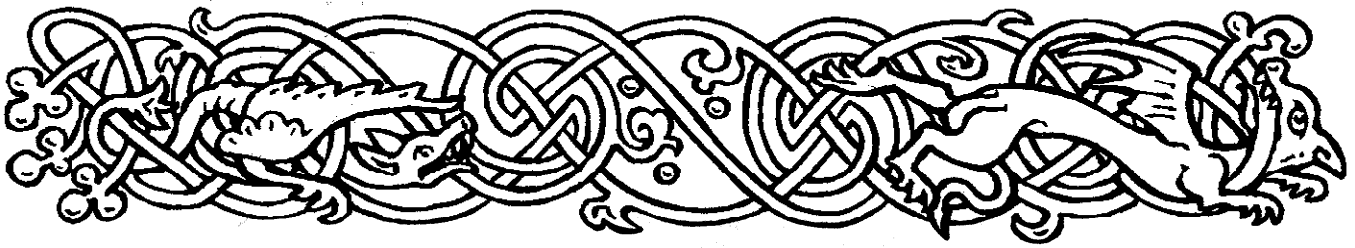
What's that? Oh, you want to hear my story about Waterdeep? Well, all right. . . .

Steven Schend is the editor and co-designer of the boxed set you hold in your hands. In addition to this collection, Steven worked with Ed Greenwood on the original Ruins of Undermountain boxed set. Having spent so much time here in the past few years, Steven can now find things more easily in Waterdeep than in his own office.

Gateway to a Whole New World

It's funny how this project brings me full circle with TSR and role-playing games. If it weren't for fair Waterdeep, the City of Splendors, I might not be at this job today.





A few years back, I had gone off to college and set aside my role-playing games, believing I wouldn't have time, or I wouldn't find a group to play with, or a million other reasons. Suffice it to say that I hadn't played in a few years. Well, slowly but surely, I kept wandering into a game store in Madison, Wisconsin and I kept looking at the original FORGOTTEN REALMS Campaign Set . . . and looking . . . and looking again . . . but I never quite made it to the counter with my money. I'd bought a few boxes in the past that promised me a complete world for AD&D® adventures, and I'd been disappointed after opening them. So I waited, and my skepticism kept me from enjoying the Realms for a few weeks, until I saw FR1 *Waterdeep and the North*. It cost a bit less than the box, and the cover intrigued me, so I thought, "I'll try this supplement, and if I like what I see, I'll pick up the main set and start up a game." Well, I got home, opened the book, began reading, and . . . well, I was lost to the world for too many hours (as I found out on an exam the next day). Needless to say, *Waterdeep* swept me off my feet, I bought the boxed set, and was blown away by the Realms put together by these two guys named Ed Greenwood and Jeff Grubb. I was back into gaming for good! A few short years later, I find myself an editor at TSR, rubbing shoulders with the very folks who brought me back into the fold. Hmph . . . funny how serendipity works out like that. . . .

As I'm writing this, I'm also thinking through the work that went into this project. By the time this sees print, I'll have forgotten all the sleepless nights of work that caused me to walk around like a zombie for days; I won't remember how many times I called Canada to check, recheck, and corroborate facts with Ed; I might not even remember how much hair I pulled out in frustration while I tried to track down a fact I vaguely remembered about Kitten or the Copper Cup but couldn't find within the ten different texts that were consulted and compiled within this boxed set. (I hope the index in this box saves everyone else the hair loss!) What I will remember is a sense of pride and wonder in this marvelous place; despite severe burnout toward the end of this project, I'd still find myself stopping to daydream on some odd toss-off idea of Ed's and mine, and I'd realize *Waterdeep* had spun its magic about me all over again.

So, here we are at the gates of the City of Splendors once again, and you and yours are wondering what's within, right? What you'll find in this box is more on *Waterdeep* than ever printed before. Granted, we'll never get the

entire city into a box, but don't worry—there's more than enough to keep you busy. This is the most comprehensive collection of data on the City of Splendors ever printed. You'll meet new people by the dozens, find new places for adventure and excitement, and hear of new dangers in the shadows. There are dozens of adventure hooks, plot hints, and ideas for further adventures within all four books, but like any real city, you've got to get to know the place before you can see its real intrigues and intricacies (in other words, I've given you the means to start a campaign and dropped a few hints about the whos/whats/whys of *Waterdeep*, but it's up to the players and the DMs to make the city sing).

So pack up your adventurer's kit, set your eyes westward, and soon you'll see the Crown of the North at the end of your trail. Head through the South Gate and hang a left—first round at the Copper Cup's on me! Hail and well met!

Editor's Thanks

On a project this size, it's almost impossible to go through it all alone, so here's where I thank those who got dragged along for the ride.

To Ed Greenwood: Thanks for enduring the twice-weekly (or more frequent) phone calls and fact checks, and thanks for your wonderful addenda to this wondrous city. Cups high, my friend!

To Elaine Cunningham: Thanks for your aid and friendly commentaries, and thanks most of all for that wonderful Lord himself, Danilo Thann.

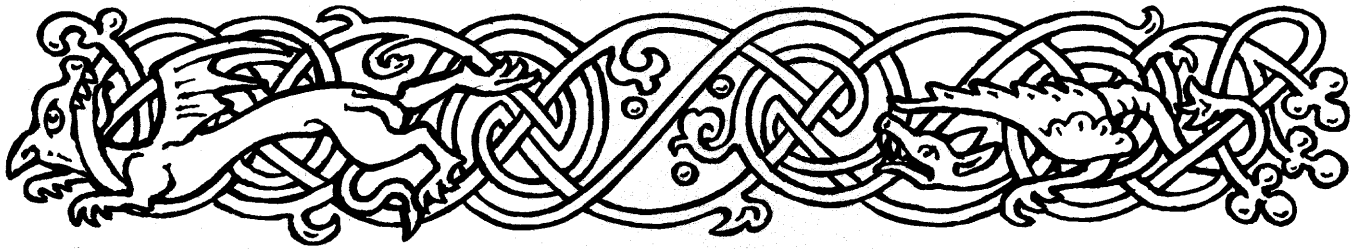
To Karen Boomgarden, Julia Martin, Jim Ward, and Janis Wells: Thank you all for your assistance in proofing and making sure I didn't release too many dangers (grammatical or otherwise) upon the Realms.

To Wolfgang Baur, Dale Donovan, Jeff Grubb, and Colin McComb: Thanks for the help with the monsters, guys; I couldn't face them alone.

To Dennis Kauth, Rob Lazzaretti, Diesel, and Dave Sutherland: Thanks for not screaming when you saw the maps of *Waterdeep* again. Now, seriously, your enthusiasm and excitement over new ways to do this city made this great; Dennis, I *was just kidding* when I suggested a poster-sized model for *Waterdeep*, but I'm very glad it happened.

To Ed, Jeff, Karen, Julia, Elaine, Paul Jaquays, Steve Perrin, Bob Salvatore, and Allen Varney: Your works paved the way to this product; I hope what's at the road's end makes the trip worth it. . . .





Chapter One: Geography & EnviRONS

The Sword Coast is a sprawling mosaic of people and places all eking out little niches of so-called civilization by sword-point and gold. It is a wild region, though not so brutal and harsh as its 'Savage Frontier' environs, capable of producing the unlikeliest of diamonds in the most unexpected of spots. Without any arguments, the prize gem of the Sword Coast is her City of Splendors, fair Waterdeep."

— Ulmas Hriistoros, human explorer circa 1356 DR

Geography of The City of Splendors

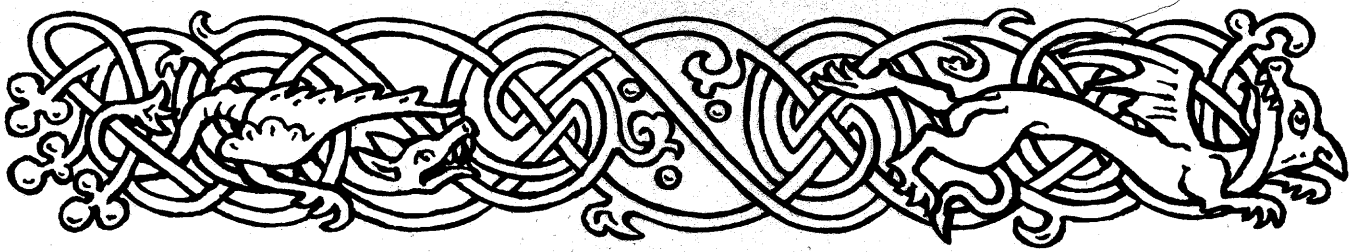
The City of Splendors lies on the western coast of Faerûn, far to the north of Amn. That region is known as "the Sword Coast," because for many years it was ruled by the might of swordarms rather than by any laws or treaties (and some folk in the South still hold it to be so). Waterdeep's boundaries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

Waterdeep's boundaries stop not due to lack of trade or need for space (in all honesty, the excess of both matters strains the city's bounds to this day) but due to the coastlines and the edges of the high, sloping plateau surrounding Mount Waterdeep. The city's best physical defense, beyond its high placement on said plateau, is the Trollwall—an erected barrier 10' to 20' thick in places, so named for its earliest purposes of protecting Waterdeep from the attacks of northern trolls. The wall surrounds the city on the east from its southern tip at the harbor to the northern end of the City of the Dead; it also surrounds the western seacoast and continues around the northern city perimeter to the sheer cliff at the northeast corner of the city, where the precipitous 100' drop protects Waterdeep as well as any wall.

The Trollwall is pierced by four gates: the South Gate; the River Gate; Northgate; and Westgate. Within the walls, the city of Waterdeep sprawls south and west to the seashore and the harbor. Despite the need for further commercial and residential space, an edict of the Lords forbids any habitation or encroachment into the City of the Dead, the public streets, and the slopes of Mount Waterdeep around Castle Waterdeep. Of late, some maverick members of the Surveyors', Map- & Chart-makers' Guild have new building designs suitable for construction on the slopes of the mountain and they hope to garner the public's support to challenge the long-standing Lords' ruling and allow new buildings on the eastern slopes of Mount Waterdeep.

Any aerial visitor to the City of Splendors arriving from the south can clearly see the general topography of Waterdeep; the city resembles a flat board raised at its north end, and slightly tilted downward on the west, so that it slopes down toward the mountain,



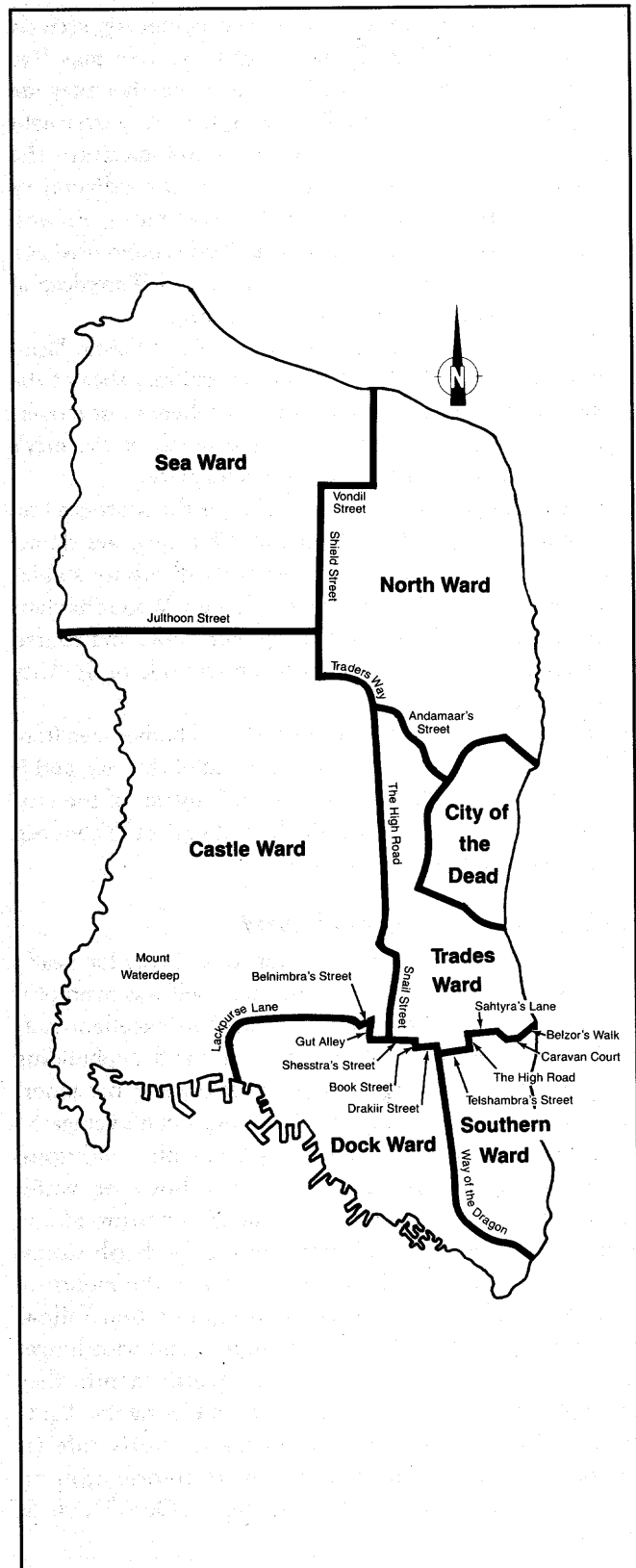


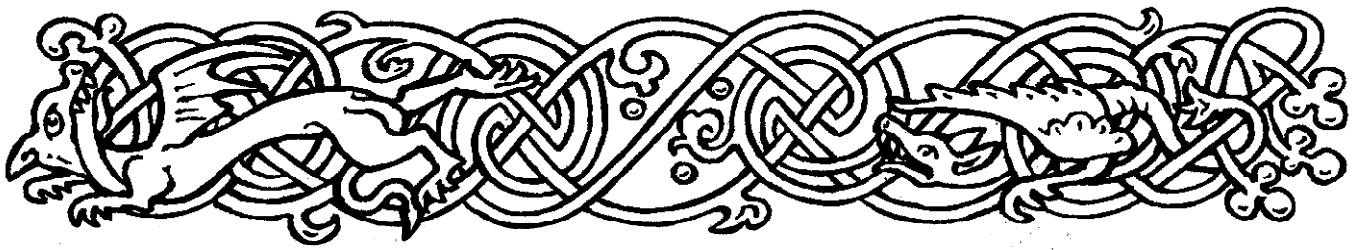
leveling off along the Way of the Dragon (a major thoroughfare). Mount Waterdeep is, of course, the highest point in Waterdeep; its seaswept flanks rise to shield much of the city from the worst coastal storm winds, and it peaks some 700 feet above the waves. An aerie for aerial traffic, garrisoned by the city guard, stands below the peak on the landward side. From it, the city's defensive naval combat "throwers" are commanded, and patrol squadrons of grifonriders fly, keeping the skies secure from hostile flying creatures and folk.

Internal Geography of The City

The Lords of the city and the watch (the city police) divide Waterdeep into seven districts, or "wards." These are, respectively, Castle Ward, Sea Ward, North Ward, Trades Ward, the City of the Dead, Southern Ward, and Dock Ward. Divisions between these districts are not obvious to a visitor to the city, though the natives know the wards and their boundaries by heart. Industry and other activities are not restricted to any one specific ward (the exception being the City of the Dead, the only legitimate burial ground). The complex ward boundaries are shown on the maps included in this boxed set.

- Castle Ward contains Mount Waterdeep, the Castle itself, Piergeiron's Palace, and many of the barracks and other public buildings around them. Generally only the wealthy and powerful live here, and then only if they are involved in the daily intrigue and "night life," the social cut-and-thrust of city life. Now, a number of temple complexes and education centers occupy this ward, though their effects on the ward as the center of the city's political life are minimal.
- Sea Ward lies to the north and west of Castle Ward, all along the seacoast. It contains most of the large temple complexes found in the City of Splendors, and many large private villas of the noble families and the very rich non-nobles. If one is not noble, and not a "swinger" or diplomat, but becomes very wealthy, the Sea Ward is the place to live.
- North Ward takes in the northeastern portion of the sprawling city, traversing as far south as the City of the Dead. It contains many noble villas and grand houses, but the presence of many inns and rooming-houses make it slightly less haughty in overall character than Sea Ward, the traditional home of the older, more established rich. North Ward inhabitants are generally thought of as very respectable and prosperous.





- The City of the Dead is a walled cemetery, strictly patrolled at all times by the watch. No one may live within the burial ground and no one, whether they are vagrants or young noble dilettantes, can sleep overnight therein. The Lords and their servants maintain the graveyard in a beautiful, park-like open condition, its marble statues and tombs and gravel paths all well tended and clean. The City of the Dead is often used as a launching and meeting place by natives of Waterdeep at all hours (despite the watch's restrictions).
- Trades Ward lies generally to the south of Castle Ward and the City of the Dead, and is an arbitrary slice of the bustling commercial area of the city, where most moderately wealthy merchants live, and much of the city's light-goods and respectable trade takes place.
- Southern Ward, as its name implies, is the southern end of Waterdeep, and its people and business are dominated by the caravan trade, with its necessary stables and warehouses. Many poor but honest Waterdhavians live here, as well as a few rising merchants and retired adventurers. This is the common man's side of the City of Splendors.
- Dock Ward takes in the entire dock and harbor area from Mount Waterdeep to the southern end of the city, and is the most crowded, dirty, and "rough" district of the city. The vital commerce (and shady dealings) of Waterdeep keep its streets busy at all hours.

Waterdeep as a Port

The City of Splendors has functioned as a port for nearly a thousand years, long before the city itself was even officially established. Waterdeep provides an excellent natural deep-water harbor (hence its name) and shipbuilding facilities; over 400 vessels can dock at once at her moorings. Most merchant ships of the Realms can average 50 miles or so per day, in moderately favorable conditions. Sailing along the Sword Coast region, however, varies from dangerous to impossible (as one goes northward and icebergs become more common) during the harsh storms of winter. Storms are almost continuous in the month of Hammer, and frequent in the two months that follow, becoming increasingly fierce but shorter, and with longer intervals between. Thereafter, in the fourth month, they are replaced by cold, heavy rains that rarely involve lightning or high winds, and the routes are fairly safe (if uncomfortable) for sailing. (For more information on trade routes by sea and land, see Appendix One, "Trade & Travel".)

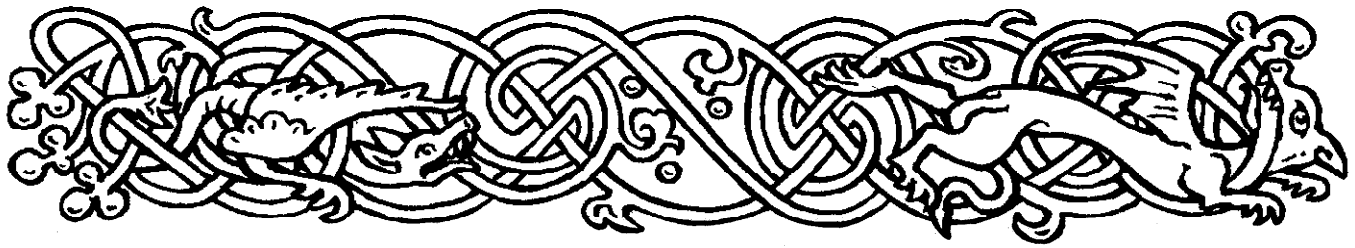
Waterdeep maintains a small navy of 16 fast "rakers": slim top-armored vessels that can carry up to seventy troops each. These rakers are armed with fire-pot catapults and large deck-mounted crossbows which the guard uses with stunning accuracy against pirates and smugglers. These ships have armored bow rams, banks of oars (and a normal crew of 36 to man them), and two masts for crowding sails on in pursuit or when speed is essential.

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

Waterdeep's Subterranean Geography

The City of Waterdeep is built upon the rock and rubble of the slopes of Mount Waterdeep, built up and quarried flat over generations of habitation to create the high and stable plateau that aids in its defense. At least three major networks of underground passages are known to exist beneath Waterdeep's busy streets. As its name implies, Undermountain lies largely beneath Mount Waterdeep, a deep, many-leveled dungeon created from a wizard's lair and an ancient dwarven mithral mine that is the largest and most famous (in tavern-talk in the city and across the Realms) of these. The Dungeon of the Crypt, so named because its above-ground entrance is one of the crypts in the City of the Dead, lies under the North Ward, and is less spoken of. The third of these labyrinths is the city sewers, detailed in Chapter Four of this book. The major channels of the sewers are navigable, and the secondary channels may be crawled or swum by man-sized beings of bravery (or stupidity), daring, and agility, although the curious are warned that the sewers have gratings at awkward places to prevent their use as a subterranean highway and to hamper the movements of less desirable visitors from the sea depths.





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

Population of The City

Waterdeep's population rarely falls below 122,000 beings. The actual number varies greatly with the seasons, as so much of it consists of those visiting in the course of conducting trade. In times of busiest trade, the city often plays host to five times as many people. Such busy times (apart from special occasions caused by wars, bountiful harvests, Shieldmeet, and the like) occur fairly regularly at "full spring," when winter is fully gone without threat to the reasonable-minded of its return and the transportation routes over land and sea are fully open, and after the fall harvest in the North (before the threat of winter's mud can become a reality, closing the roads, and the granaries and warehouses are bursting with food destined for the South). Almost every surface-dwelling race of the Realms has representatives that call the City of Splendors their home, though the majority is of Northern human descent. Respectable amounts of elves dwell here, as well as the rare gnomes and dwarves, but the halfling population grows annually, becoming the largest demihuman race in residence here. Even some "evil" races come to Waterdeep to trade, and the watch and the guard keep sharp eyes out for the rare ogrish and giant traders from the North and the lizard men from the south.

Geography of The "Savage North"

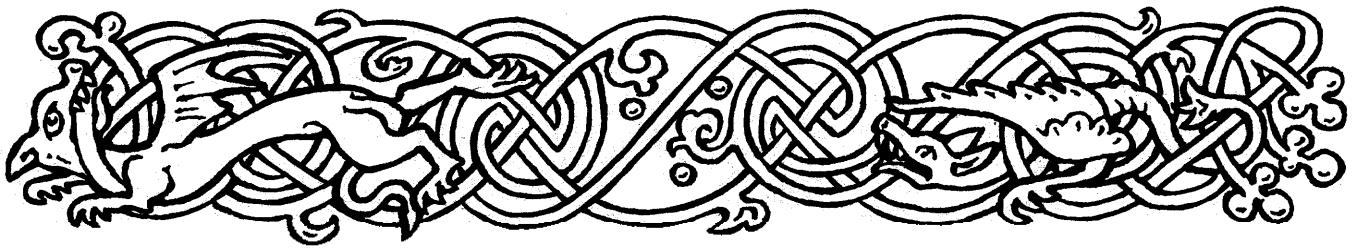
What of the world outside of the safe, protective walls of Waterdeep? No city exists on its own, isolated from all else, and the City of Splendors is the primary port of the northern Sword Coast! What of her neighbors, allies, trading partners, and the terrain from which the fair city grew? Here's what to expect once the wagons pull out the South Gate or the ship maneuvers out into open sea.

"The Savage Frontier." "The Savage North." "The North." The terms are many but they all refer to the same area: The area between the Sword Coast and Anau-roch the Great Desert. Where the boundaries end depend on one's point of view. To Waterdhavians, the North begins at the city, stretches due east of Waterdeep to the desert, and encompasses all parts north of this line. To the satraps of Calimshan, the "cold land of savages and beasts" begins at the northern border of Amn. Many cartographers in the Realms today compromise between the many and varied "borders" and delineate the start of the Savage North at the northern banks of Delimbiyr, the River Shining.

The North is a rugged, heavily wooded wilderness only lightly civilized and ruled by humans. Such civilization envelops the coastal regions (as far inward as the Long Road running from Mirabar to Waterdeep) securely; the vast, open, rolling valley lands of the river Dessarin are less secure, and the eastern regions with the High Forest and the mountains are only as civilized as far as one's sword point. The North has been this way for decades, but it wasn't always so.

One thousand years ago, the North consisted of a number of civilized elven and dwarven realms surrounded by a wilderness roamed by fearsome monsters, and such races as orcs, trolls, hobgoblins, and bugbears. Human tribes were few and primitive, dwelling along the coast. The lower birth rates of the demihuman races rendered them less able to replace casualties suffered in their almost continual fighting with the aggressive humanoids and their numbers dwindled steadily. Pushed southward by the ever-expanding, fecund orc tribes, the dwarves and elves either abandoned realms in retreat or fell, overwhelmed by numbers and slaughtered. The many resulting, largely-empty dwarven delves and holds are what are now referred to by





human adventurers as “dungeons.”

The demihumans, although they achieved many splendid victories in battle, could not stem the humanoid tide even when they united (see the Fallen Kingdom under “Places of Interest” below). Today, the dwarves remain only around the richest mithral mines in the North, and no known elven settlements of any appreciable size exist north of Evereska. The rise of human power in the North outstripped even the growth of the orcs, and prevented the total collapse of civilization in the area.

The North remains a land of riches, mineral wealth equalled nowhere else in the known Realms, and seemingly endless stands of timber of a size not found elsewhere in Faerûn. Game is plentiful, and the landscape is beautiful. Be warned, though—danger is always lurking and, for the most part, the law of the North is the law of the sword.

Places of Interest

Ardeep Forest

Until recently, this ancient forest, a remnant of the woods that once covered the North from the river Delimbiyr to the mountains of the Utter North, was the home of the moon elves. This ancient race of elvenkind once lived in harmony with men and dwarves in a kingdom that stretched to the east of the forest, in what is now rolling moorlands known as the Fallen Kingdom. The forest is now forlorn and largely empty. The elves have left the forest of tall blueleaf, duskwood, and weirwood trees unattended. This region was once known as “Faraway Forest” to the elves because, although it was near the western coast of Faerûn, it was still “far away” from what the elves considered home: the island of Evermeet. The elves have all gone overseas to Evermeet via many covert voyages aboard *The Morning Bird*, a ship owned by Mirt the Moneylender, a local merchant of Waterdeep.

Somewhere deep in this forest is the overgrown tomb of Reluraun, a warrior-hero of the elves, who is said to lie in his vault clad in magical elven chain mail, with a *sword* +2, dragon slayer upon his breast. According to legend, the tomb is not unattended; magical creatures guard Reluraun’s remains. “Ardeep” was the name of the western region of the Fallen Kingdom and now gives this forest its name.

Berun’s Hill

This local landmark is a bare-topped, conical hill that commands a splendid view of the valley of the river Dessarin to the east. This lookout has often been used in times of trou-

ble to watch for advancing orc tribes coming down from the north and east. It is named for the famous ranger Berun, who met his end here at the hands of such a horde. He failed to stop the orcs, but singlehandedly slew over three hundred ere he was overwhelmed. Bandits sometimes watch from the hilltop for the approach of likely victims. Northern legend mentions an ancient dwarven tomb beneath the hill, rich in golden armor and treasures, but none have ever found it including the dwarves, who now know no more than the legend.

Citadel Adbar

This mighty fortress is named for King Adbar, the ancient dwarf who built it over a thousand years ago when the lands about were Delzoun, the Northkingdom of the dwarves. Quarried of granite, the Citadel can house up to 60,000 dwarves in comfort; men find its defensive tunnels and hallways too dark and cramped. The Citadel today holds approximately 14,000 dwarves; the savage courage of these dwarven warriors, under King Harbromm, protects the mithral mines in the mountains nearby from the orc tribes that threaten to sweep away this last northern stronghold of the dwarves. Citadel Adbar still produces the finest metals (sword-blades, “forge-bars,” and axe- and pick-heads are the most numerous forms in which trade leaves the Citadel) in the North.

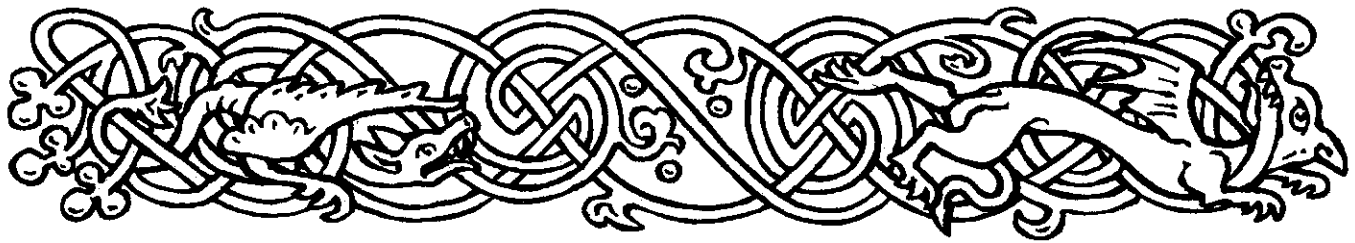
The dwarves’ output has dwindled in recent years, however, as the miners grow fewer and orc raids upon the trade-caravans (which travel west from Adbar to the city of Sundabar) grow fiercer. The banner of Citadel Adbar bears the Forge-Mark of the King in red upon a silver field: an upright single-bladed handaxe enclosed by a circle of flames.

Citadel of Many Arrows

This fortified city, once known as the dwarven hold of Felbarr during the time of the realm of Delzoun, stands on a rocky mount in the center of a mountain valley. Once home to 25,000 dwarves, this citadel was among the first abandoned by the dwarves due to dwindling mine activity. More than three hundred winters ago, the dwarves left, and the citadel was quickly claimed and garrisoned by 3,000 troops out of Silvermoon.

Fifty years after the human occupation began, an orc horde of awesome proportions surrounded and besieged the citadel. Heedless of losses on both sides, the Battle of Many Arrows lasted for more than four months, the battle so-





named for the use of all the defenders' arrows which slew many orcs — enough for surviving orcs to climb up the corpses and scale the citadel walls! The battle ended with the fall of the Citadel of Many Arrows and the outright slaughter of the remaining garrisons.

Today, some 40,000 orcs are crammed into the fortified city, a horde far too numerous to dislodge and too dangerous to ignore. Patrols from the citadel regularly harass travelers on the roads leading between Sundabar and Silverymoon, and (in infrequent raids to test the gates) threaten to overcome one or both cities.

Delimbiyr, The River Shining

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

Delzoun

The Northkingdom of the dwarves, named for its founder, Delzoun is only a shining memory today. Once, 2,000 years ago, it stretched from the Ice Mountains in the utter north to the Nether Mountains in the south, bordered on the east by the Narrow Sea (an inland sea now vanished beneath the desert wastes of Anauroch) and on the west by Silvery Moon Pass (a location just east of the present-day city of Silverymoon).

Delzoun was a rich and proud land, and was considered by some to be the height of dwarven civilization and power in the Realms. Its smiths carved 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. Dwarven holds spanned the North, including a few holds for hireling humans; nearly all of those are empty now, the once-happy people who populated them are gone, and their former strongholds now play host to monsters.

Today, aside from the recently rediscovered Mithral Hall to the northeast, Citadel Adbar guards the richest mines still known to the Longbeards (dwarven elders), and orcs menace men and dwarves on all sides. A trade road built by the ancient dwarven king Adbar runs south from the

Citadel to the Fork, once the site of the grand mansion of the dwarven hero Gaurin, but today is simply a meeting of roads in the wilderness. One road runs east to ruined Ascore, once a port on the Narrow Sea. It is still rumored to contain treasures—and some fell evil that keeps even orcs away from it. The other road runs west to Sundabar, now a city of men. Save some forgotten dwarven tombs within the mountains of the Northlands, these are all that is left of the proud Northkingdom of Delzoun.

Dessarín, The River

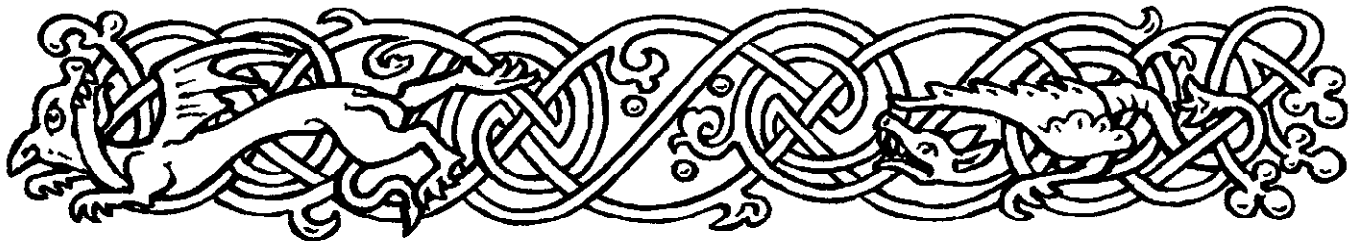
The cold and deep River Dessarín flows into the sea just south of Waterdeep at Zundbridge. Its waters are home to the silver shalass, fish that are a delicacy across the North. The Dessarín itself rises in the Lost Mountains, two isolated peaks in the High Forest, barely five hundred miles northeast of the City of Splendors, but the Dessarín is fed by many other rivers and streams. The waters of the Surbrin come down from the Endless Ice Sea, north of the Wall (the mountain range that marks the northern edge of habitable land in the North). Two rivers join the Surbrin from the east: the “Laughingflow” (the original elven name is lost, and only its rough translation survives) and the Rauvin (named for a legendary dwarven explorer), which runs east into the heart of the old kingdom of Delzoun. A small boat can take travelers from the sea all the way to icy falls east of Dead Orc Pass if orc attacks and the blessing of Tymora, goddess of luck, allow.

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

Eaerlann

Even this elven kingdom's name is forgotten to all but a few in the North. Once, its environs stretched from Turnstone Pass in the north to the Shining Falls in the south, encompassing the upper valley of the River Shining and The High Forest to a hundred miles west of the Delimbiyr. Eaerlann's people, deeds, and monuments are lost with time, with any surviving elven members gone over the sea to Evermeet long ago. Today, the remains of an old road





and an abandoned ruined port mark the site of Eaerlann's trade-link to the lands west and south of it. Once, wagons took trade around the Shining Falls and back onto the river, and Eaerlann's slim barges were seen often up and down the River Shining. Now, not even treasures or lost riches remain of this lost kingdom (or, at least, none that have ever been discovered and reported), but that doesn't stop many adventurers (and soldiers of Hellgate Keep) from searching the ruins.

Everlund

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

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

Fallen Kingdom

This now-vanished realm was a short-lived effort to stem the demihuman decline in the North by uniting elves, dwarves, and humans in one common realm. The realm was crushed by the repeated attacks of vast orc hordes, although the slaughter done to the orcs drove them back north for many generations. The Fallen Kingdom had many names; the "real" name is lost in time, but various district names still exist from that lost dominion (such as Ardeep). The Fallen Kingdom today refers to the rolling wilderness due east to the City of Splendors, although this was only the northwest end of the long-ago united realm.

Fallen Lands, The

This is the present-day name for the strip of habitable land west of Anauroch, stretching between the "Far Forests" (now overrun by evil things out of Hellgate Keep) and Weathercote Wood. The Fallen Lands are now home only to monsters, although rumors persist of powerful mages inhabiting the southern end, and hurling back the evil creatures with their art. This was once part of Netheril, and mysterious magics still saturate the area.

When the adventurers Vanthorn and Haladan visited

the Fallen Lands some fifteen winters ago, they found a beholder of awesome size with hobgoblin servants directing a strange bestial breeding program with captured monsters; since that time, anyone that went into the Fallen Lands has not been heard from again. The last report from here came two years ago by some Harpers traversing the Grey Peak mountains, who spotted flying creatures of monstrous size and unfamiliar shapes, along with many areas of blasted, desolate ground within the Fallen Lands; whatever lurks there is luckily (for the rest of the Realms) distracted by an interior conflict.

Fireshear

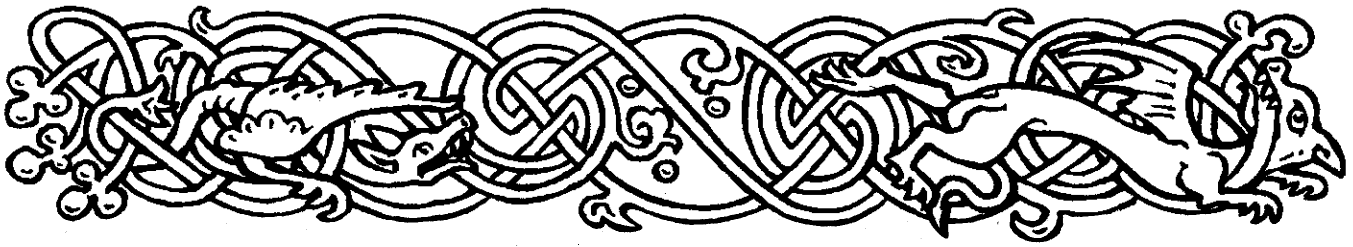
An isolated mining city on the frigid northern arm of the Sword Coast, this cold and grim human city is the site of extremely rich veins of copper and silver, exposed in an unusual rift caused by a long-ago volcanic explosion or meteor strike that blasted out a large bowl-like crater, shearing away tons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

Gauntlgrym

Gauntlgrym is a large, underground city built by dwarves for humans in the early years of the amicable existences of dwarves, elves, and men in the North. It is now abandoned and holds great riches. All who have ever heard the ballads and tales of bards in the North know of Gauntlgrym, but none know the precise location of the treasure-trove. The dwarves themselves know only that it lies north of the Dessarin and its tributaries, near the valley of Khedrun. Khedrun was a famous dwarven hero who in legend carved out the homeland of the dwarves in the North with his axe from lands dark with wolves, orcs, and bugbears; Khedrun, in truth, existed, but in a time so long ago that no one can now separate fact from fantasy.

Ten years ago, a trio of adventurers arrived in Waterdeep in triumph, entering the Copper Cup to immediately proclaim they had discovered Gauntlgrym! After a manic spending spree in Waterdeep on armor and





weapons, the group set out again one week later to recover the bulk of the treasures; no one ever saw them again, nor has any other word been told of Gauntlgrym in the passing decade.

Gaustar's Creek

This small, fast-flowing stream has cut a narrow but deep gorge along its route 100 miles northeast of Waterdeep which ends where it merges with the River Dessarin. Many tiny caves and tunnels have been scratched out of the soft rock of the gorge by various creatures, including a long-established thirst of stirges. This small creek is named for the dwarf Gaustar, who is said to have buried a large chest of precious gems somewhere along the banks of the creek nearly 60 years ago. His people had been forced from their northern delves 75 winters ago and, being harried by orcs all the way south, were slaughtered one by one. Gaustar's treasure has never been found, or at least no one has ever admitted to finding it.

Hellgate Keep

In days of old, when Eaerlann began to suffer orc raids from the north and the human realm of Netheril fell to the advancing Anauroch desert, the elves built a great fortress in the head-valley of the river Delimbiyr, commanding Tumstone Pass to the northwest and their own northern borders. That citadel, and its task of defending against orcs, the elves turned over to humans.

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

One ambitious mage opened a gate to other, nether planes, letting loose diabolical beings into the Realms that soon overran the citadel and all the humans within it. Magical pleas for help from the besieged natives only brought worse evils into Ascalhorn. The city, now known as Hellgate Keep, is shunned by humans and its forces are held in check by the allied forces of Citadel Adbar, Silverymoon, and Sundabar. Those cities, reinforced by the open city of Everlund, hold Tumstone Pass against the Keep's forces to prevent unchecked attacks throughout the North by the Keep's evil extraplanar armies.

Helm's Hold

Southeast of Neverwinter lies a fortified monastery dedicated to Helm, the God of Guardians. The abbey was founded nearly twenty years ago by a retired member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers. Starting as a single farm known as Helm's Stead, it has grown greatly over the years, with its main buildings fortified in 1353 DR against bandit and monster attacks (hence its current name). It is now a thriving and totally self-sufficient farming and religious community of over 700 faithful members who grow their own food and herd livestock, as well as patrol the area diligently (especially a wild magic area in Neverwinter Woods). There is one small building within the monastery's walls set aside for helping travelers and strangers seeking shelter and aid.

Since its creation, Helm's Hold and its founder, Dumat Erard (LG hm Pal12), have weathered many troubles. The Hold is regarded with suspicion by folk of Neverwinter due to Helm's apparent inaction during the Godswar in 1358, and the faithful seek to repair their god's reputation in the Realms. Dumat has been confronted by many paladins who seek his position as First Guardian of Helm's Hold (the leadership is decided by martial combat) and has defeated six challengers over the past decades.

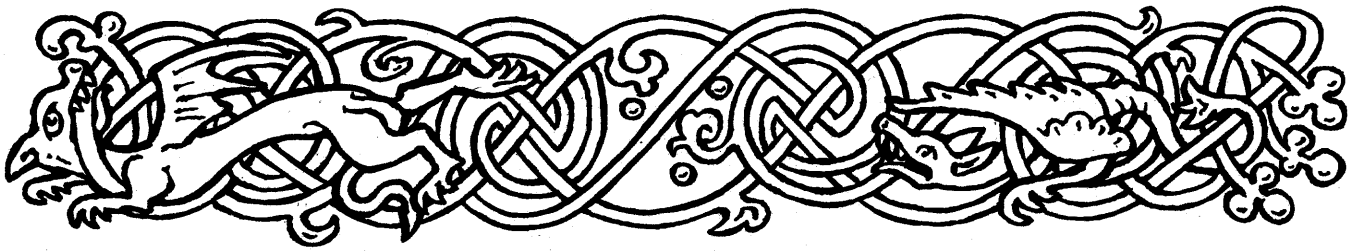
Herald's Holdfast

A day's journey west of Silverymoon brings travelers to a dell north of the River Rauvin where lies the Herald's Holdfast, the spell-guarded citadel of Old Night, one of the five High Heralds of western Faerûn. The Herald's Holdfast is a precious library of heraldry and genealogy of the known human, elven, dwarven, halfling, and gnomish peoples as far back as records can be traced. It is said to be an invincible fortress, and is respected by both good and evil races of the North—even some of the histories and badges of the orc, goblin, and hobgoblin races are preserved within its walls.

High Forest

This vast woodland covers much of the eastern central North, stretching for almost five hundred miles from its southern edges (near Secomber) to its northern end (near Turnstone Pass). The High Forest is home to most known races of intelligent woodland creatures. Treants, the "wood rulers," are closest to Everlund, and that part of the Forest is known as "The Woods of Turlang" in deference to the treants' aeons-old leader, Turlang "the Thoughtful." Men know little of the interior of the High Forest, although





korred are known to inhabit the headwaters of the Dessarin, and several networks of subterranean caverns underlie the Forest's western edge.

The Unicorn Run enters the interior of the High Forest from the south. To the east, along the western bank of the upper Delimbiyr, elves of old had a realm called Eaelrann that was abandoned when Ascalhorn fell, becoming the fell Hellgate Keep. Despite the dangers from the Keep, druids moved into the region known as the Tall Trees to preserve and defend the forest. To this day, the druids remain here, defending the trees and the forest creatures from the evil of Hellgate Keep as well as the careless evils of adventurers who might wander their way.

The Forest is so vast that travelers can, and have, found every sort of woodland creature within its green depths. Rumors of lost cities and treasure regularly surface in taverns about the North, but the truth is, few dare to investigate. With all the powerful adventurers resident in the North, few have chosen the High Forest for their home (aside from the Nine and the Mistmaster, and even then they did not settle the Forest's interior). Lesser men have been much slower to cut trees and carve roads through the High Forest than the settlers in the Dragonreach lands. While few openly admit to it, there is something about the Forest itself that warns civilization away. Tribes of nymphs and dryads? Tappan, god of the korred? Perhaps Mielikki, the patron goddess of the rangers, or her new Champion? Only time and daring exploration will tell.

House of Stone

To the east of Ardeep Forest is a huge, square tower built over a thousand years ago by dwarves under the charge of Turgo Ironfist. The citadel was built to help defend what is now known as the Fallen Kingdom against tribes of attacking orcs, hogsoblins, bugbears, and trolls. The dwarves excavated huge, multileveled storage granaries out of the rock, and built above them a fortress cunningly crafted of fitted stones. The fortress came to be known as the "House of Stone" after an old childrens' rhyme:

*An elf calls the deepest wood his own,
A human everywhere may roam,
But a dwarf just wants a house of stone.*

For many years, the moon elves of Ardeep guarded the tower, letting no one near it. Since their departure decades ago, several groups of adventurers set out to explore the structure. As far as Waterdhavians know, none of these groups have ever returned. In old tales, the House of Stone is said to have many hidden doors, slid-

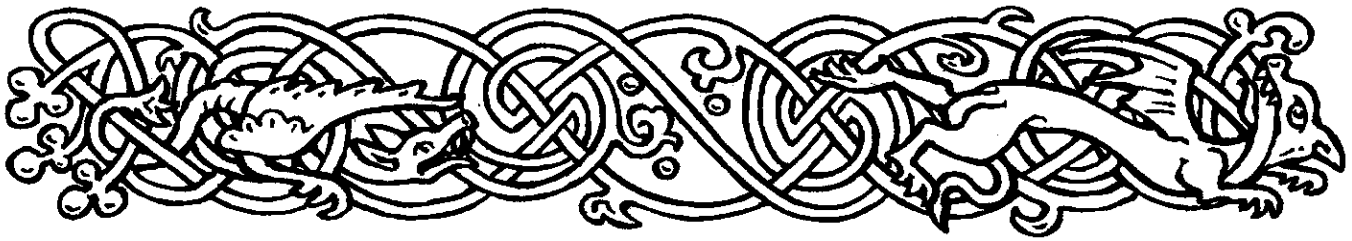
ing rooms, and chambers that rise and fall in shafts like buckets in a well. The House of Stone is also believed to have dangerous traps designed to capture intruders, and numerous caches of treasure (rooms of gold coin and of gems mined by the dwarves from everywhere across the North). Most importantly, an armory of weapons for the defense of the kingdom is apparently collected here, including weapons of powerful magic crafted by the elves and dwarves of long ago.

The famous bard Mintiper Moonsilver was allowed to see the House of Stone some years ago at the permission of Eroan, archmage of the moon elves. He reported that the gates to it were open. "A hill giant had forced them apart some months before my visit, for its huge corpse hung just beyond, impaled on a massive stone claw that had sprung out into the space beyond the doors. The elves just smiled when I asked if the place was full of such traps, and said it was best to assume so from safely outside the walls." It seems unlikely that later visitors will bear Mintiper's report in mind as a warning. Elaith Craulnobur has been gathering information on the House of Stone for nearly twenty years, and he will soon attempt to challenge the traps and dangers (with a group of expendable hirelings and adventurers, if possible).

The Iceflow

North of Luskan, this chilling, fast-rushing river thunders down out of the icy interior of the northern arm of the Sword Coast. It is not navigable by any normal means, as its waters are just above freezing, and travel at terrifying speed down through a great ice gorge. In spring and high summer, great slabs of ice break off the gorge walls and fall into the waters, shattering with the force of a triple-strength *ice storm* spell as they spray the vicinity with boulders of broken ice. These chunks of ice are then swept down the gorge and out to sea, to drift south amid the great icebergs from the Sea of Moving Ice. Remorhaz are known to live in the area, and great horrors known as "ice spiders" and "snow spiders" have also been encountered here. Human prospectors who survived the trip there and back found no rich ores in what they could reach of the cliff walls, but there are ever-persistent rumors of ancient ruins and buried riches in secret caves in the gorge. Waterdeep's Knights of the Sword Coast once visited the gorge nine years ago, and they found no treasures but stopped a tribe of frost giants from establishing a settlement on the top of the gorge above the Iceflow.





Ironmaster

This isolated, stone-towered city of mountain dwarves is built into the rock walls of a frozen valley; many of its storage chambers and passages are tunneled out of never-melting ice and its buildings merge seamlessly into the valley-side. Ironmaster is home to nearly 9,000 dwarves, and no other races are welcome in this city. From the deepest tunnels of the city, mine shafts lead down to some of the largest and most extensive iron deposits ever found in the Realms. The dwarves refine this and fashion it into pots, pans, and “forge-bars” (flat bars of metal that a smith elsewhere can forge into something). Ironmaster’s arms are a red anvil on a gray diamond-shaped field. Its ruler is Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar (LG dm F9).

Leilon

This small human mining community lies along the High Road on the Sword Coast. It lacks defensive walls and a proper harbor, but an earthen embankment with a wooden palisade shields it on the landward side, save for the gateless town entrance that pierces the embankment. A dozen massive, battered barges are loaded into the shallows in the spring and summer, and are poled and then rowed out to meet ships and unload means of rickety cranes that rise from the stems of the barges into their holds. Needless to say, this is a fair-weather operation only, and tricky even then if the wind is fresh and the seas high. Increasingly, Waterdhavian entrepreneurs have sent wagons north to buy the copper, nickel, and silver of Leilon at bargain prices and take it south to sell at Waterdeep’s harbor for a generous profit.

Leilon’s mines are guarded by the “Lances of Leilon,” a force of some two hundred fully-armed, mounted lancers used to fighting off pirates, orcs, bugbears, and trolls. Each lancer usually carries an axe and knife, a sword of some sort, his or her lance, and a light crossbow which he or she can fire easily from horseback. Leilon’s total population is around 3,000; its ruler is Pelindar Filmarya, Lord of Leilon. Leilon is a firm ally of Waterdeep and the Lords’ Alliance. In the mountains east of the mines is the abandoned dwarven hold of Southkrypt, an old silver mine in centuries past that is now home to many strange and dangerous monsters.

Llorkh

Many old, nearly-worked-out mines tunnel the mountains to the east and north of this isolated little town. Llorkh was once home to nearly 2,000 humans and 300 dwarves, but with the fall of their recognized ruler, Llorkh fell under the

shadow of the Zhentarim in the guise of the town’s new lord, Geildarr. All the dwarves have since abandoned Llorkh, and have now joined King Bruenor Battlehammer at Mithral Hall in hopes of better lives. The humans who remain in the town are now under the “protection” of the garrisoned Lord’s Men, fully armored and armed men who defend the town and, more specifically, enforce the lord’s will. Zhentilar reinforcements and supplies funnel through Llorkh with more regularity, and, while small, it seems that Zhentil Keep has a toehold in the North with Llorkh, though they too are subject to attacks from the evil denizens of Hellgate Keep.

Long saddle

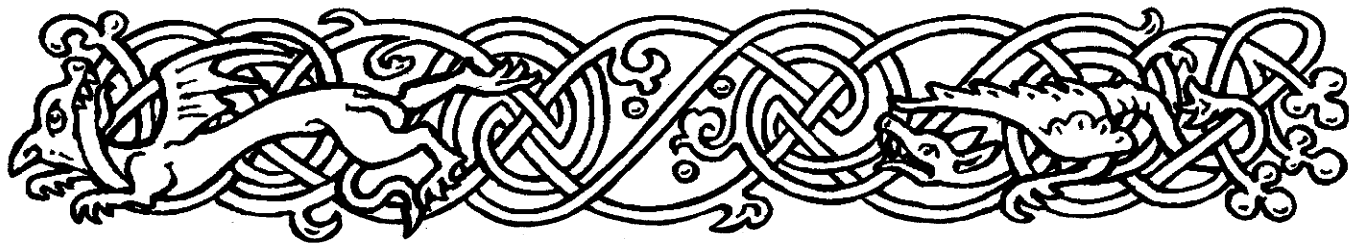
This tiny agricultural village of little more than one hundred persons is notable as the ancestral home of the Harpell clan. Many Harpells grew to become mages of influence and no little power in the North, including Malchor Harpell formerly of the Company of Crazy Adventurers in Waterdeep. Longsaddle is little more than the local daily farmers’ market with a waystables, a stirrup-maker and bell-caster, and an inn called the Gilded Horseshoe. The village Elder, or ruler, is Adanac Harpell, present patriarch of the Harpell family (NG hm W9). He and his clan live in Harpell House, called the “Ivy Mansion” by the farmers, on the hill at the center of Longsaddle.

Loudwater

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

Loudwater is a beautiful place where green, grassy banks line the river, and great trees overhang it; the wooden buildings of the town are of all shapes and sizes, nearly blending back into the forest with the overgrown ivy and hanging plants on them. Loudwater’s demesne includes its “claimed lands” which stretch for two days’ ride up and down the river. Loudwater is defended by patrols of 20 warriors, the full guard numbering 300 in all, and all under the





command of two “gauntlets”: Harazos Thelbrimm (LN hm F5) and Kalahar Twohands (CG hem F6). Both of these men are under the command of the High Lord of Loudwater Nanathlor Greysword (NG hm F11); Nanathlor left his native Nimbral in his youth, abandoning a noble title and privileges in hopes of finding his own land, and he finally found himself ruling a land that needed him.

Luskan

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

Luskan’s traders “wear furs, haughty expressions, and ready swords,” as Sammereza Sulphontis once put it, and can be found all down the Sword Coast. The city’s population is approximately 16,000 humans and they do not welcome visitors. The only known accommodations for travelers are the Seven Sails inn and the notorious dockside dive called The Cutlass.

Luskan is ruled by five High Captains, who command a standing army of 200 spearmen and at least 14 warships, each with a crew of 70 archers. In peacetime, these ships operate as “unsanctioned” pirates up and down the Sword Coast; the High Captains direct them, but pretend they are independents operating in defiance of Luskan law. These pirates attempt to make all shippers use Luskan as a port or to only trust Luskan shipping by preying on all other ships and especially all shipping that visits Waterdeep. Due to this thinly veiled threat, Waterdeep’s naval rakers and fighting ships are always on constant patrol. Luskan’s pirates have no connection with the pirates of the Pirate Isles south and west of Amn.

Luskan has waged almost constant war against naval powers it High Captains feel they can defeat. A decade ago, the Luskanites crushed all resistance at Ruathym and established a presence there (as well as subjugating the shipping out of Ruathym) and were only forced out of Ruathym by the combined fleets of the entire Lords’ Alliance. They have no desire to harass Lantanna shipping due to the many defeats (described as “humiliating slaughter” in Lantan) the Luskanites have been handed; raids on Mintarn and Orlumbor con-

tinue a tradition of defeat due to the naval backing of Waterdeep and Amn. At this time, there are a new crop of rumors in Luskan, hinting at connections between the Zhentarim and the Hosttower of the Arcane; whether true or not, it pays to be alert and conscious of any and all possible dangers within a city like Luskan.

Maiden’s Tomb Tor

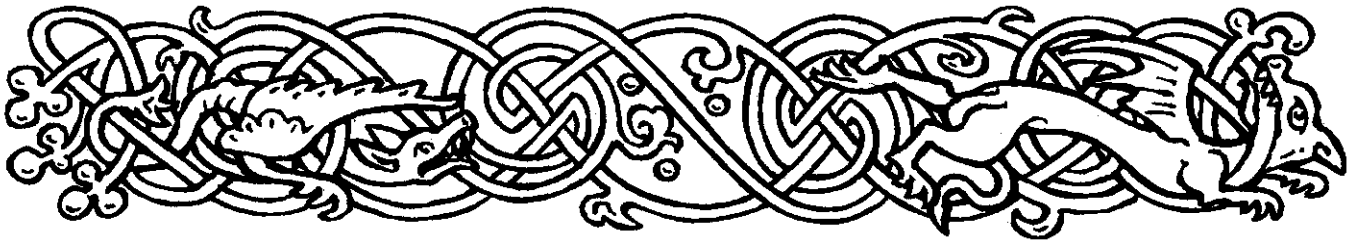
This bare, high peak is a landmark named for an unknown barbarian princess who was buried at the foot of the peak 412 years ago by warriors of Waterdeep. This honor occurred after the princess’ people had attacked the City of Splendors in the harshest time of winter and had been repelled. The princess and her bodyguard fought with such ferocity that they slew thrice their number of fully armored Waterdhavian fighters in their day-long, bloody retreat. The barbarians died fighting to the very last warrior, ending their valiant campaign at the foot of the Tor 20 miles east of the City of Splendors. In memory of their bravery, the princess and the last of her bodyguards were laid to rest in a cairn under the summit of the Tor.

Ten years ago, a tribe of more than 450 kobolds, led by their chief Kuthil, took up residence in the caverns beneath Maiden’s Tomb Tor. Their presence there (and some settlements in the Rat Hills) went unnoticed by the patrols of the Waterdeep guard for four years. Upon discovery, the guard and various mercenary groups set upon the kobolds, causing them to flee deep within the many subterranean passages under the Tor. The tunnels were sealed with rock and the area was heavily patrolled for three years; the patrols have fallen off recently, the guard believing the kobolds gone for good. If kobolds (or something far worse) are still under the Tor and digging to the surface, no one in the city knows or worries overmuch.

Mere of Dead Men

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





Travelers on the High Road, which skirts the Mere to the east, often travel for three days and nights without stopping to avoid camping near the Mere. Will o' wisps bobbing over the Mere are common sights by night on this stretch of the High Road. Legends speak of floating islands in the midst of the Mere, of lizard men under the command of liches, and other fantastic tales often used to scare children and entice adventurers. More recent tales to come out of the Mere, from a brave few that venture into the dark waters of the swamp, are rife with mention of darktentacles of gargantuan proportions, yuan-ti slavers, temples to inhuman gods, giant leeches with bullywug riders, and a will o' wisp of monstrous size that pulsed with black energy. One madman's ravings about a black worm have gone mostly ignored, save by his host, Blackrabbas Khuulthund the Waterdhavian sage (who now acts as the man's guardian); Blackrabbas believes this "blackened wyrm that charmed the plants and darkened the air before him" could be the long-lost black dragon Chardansearavitriol (two rare elven historical texts in Blackrabbas' possession refer to his legendary name of "Ebondeath"), a beast not seen on the Sword Coast since Ahghairon's youth and now become a great wyrm!

Mirabar

The richest city north of Waterdeep is Mirabar, the chief mining center of the North. The Mines of Mirabar provide almost all known metals in vast quantities, and are guarded from orc and monster raids out of the mountains by a standing army of over a thousand soldiers who ride mountain ponies in summer and trained rothé in winter. The rich, cold gray stone city is surrounded by mine shafts and open quarries. Across the river, the worked-out mines west and south of the city are now used to quarry building stone and rubble to shore up the ever-crumbling gravel roads that carry Mirabar's metal wealth south to the rest of Faerûn.

Mirabar's Councilors meet each autumn in the Hall of Sparkling Stones to determine where and when to sell their metal, mindful of who will use it to forge weapons to make war on whom. Elastul Raurym, Marchion of Mirabar, rules the Council. His 64 bodyguards all sport platinum-plated armor, and are commanded by four "Hammers": Djassar, Hulmm, Kriador, and Turvon (all hm F6).

The city is noted for its everhot forges and fine gems, and is crowded with 19,000 grim humans and 4,000 even grimmer dwarves. The Royal Badge of Mirabar is an upright double-bladed rust red axe with a pointed haft

and a flaring, flat base. It is usually displayed on a black field, but also on a purple field, and (on ship pennants) on white. Mirabar's merchants own many ships based in Luskan.

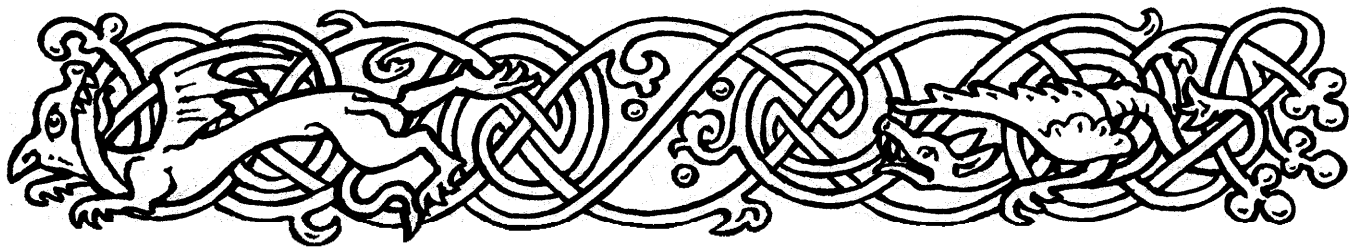
Mount Sar & Mount Helimbrar

These mighty peaks rise north of Waterdeep, guarding it (as does Mount Waterdeep) from the worst winds of the North. To the east runs the Long Road to Triboar and the northern interior ("the Savage Frontier"). To the west runs the coastal High Road which, after passing the two great peaks and lesser hills, enters the vast and treacherous swamp known as the Mere of Dead Men. Farther north lie the ruins of Iniarv's Tower. Iniarv was a mighty archmage of the ancient North who became a demilich later in his life. Some say Iniarv still guards the ruins and his subterranean spell libraries, though many believe the claims of the famed Company of the Howling Wolf, who maintain they destroyed Iniarv over 50 years ago. None who have investigated the area have publicly made any comments on the truth of this dispute, however.

Mount Sar and Mount Helimbrar are named for two great fomorian giants who lived in the mountains until they were slain by the early Warlords of Waterdeep. These mountains are still said to harbor stone giants and more fearsome menaces, although travelers also report seeing sylphs on the high ledges and side peaks. Gulyaikin Dzurund, "The Mad Dwarf," also lived in a warren of caves somewhere high up in Mount Sar some 80 winters ago (and many believe he lives there yet). Gulyaikin allegedly possessed rich treasures and was noted for his occasional fits of berserk glee. During these fits, he delighted in killing all sorts of passersby by rolling large rocks onto the High Road below and by catapulting large boulders at fishing boats offshore.

The evil wizard Marune, once one of the chief agents of the exiled Shadow Thieves in Waterdeep prior to his exile from the city with the thieves, inhabits an underground stronghold beneath the base of Mount Helimbrar. This fortress has remained undetected by Waterdeep's guard patrols on the Long Road or the High Road, as well as the local monsters and the curious travelers, for the past 70 years. In addition to the superb secrecy of his hidden lair (and his primary guards—six will o' wisps!), Marune chose to work alone with only a few compatriots over the past few decades, given the Shadow Thieves debacle. He has not been seen or heard from since he sold his house and holdings in both Luskan and Mirabar 25 years ago; inquir-





ers would also be hard-pressed to find any former acquaintances willing or able to talk about Marune there, as he left not a few business associates dead. Without a doubt, he still schemes and plans fell magical revenge on Waterdeep and the Lords, especially Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun, the son of Lhestyn “the Masked Lady” who ruined his plans and the Shadow Thieves Guild 70 years ago. (At his last recorded appearance, Marune was a Chaotic Evil male human 17th-level wizard; in 25 years, Marune has probably moved up to at least 21st level or higher (DM’s choice), and he has an arsenal of magic at his disposal.

Nesmé

This trading town is the only settlement in the Evermoors. A circular fortified settlement of some 6,000 inhabitants, Nesmé was ruled by the priests and priestesses of Waukeen until ten years ago; with the apparent death of Waukeen during the Godswar in 1358, the priesthood lost its power and its hold over the city. The city is a well-defended haven for honest traders and adventurers (who seek out fame and fortune in the abandoned dwarven holds to the north and east). On its west, Nesmé has a fortified bridge over the river Surbrin, and fortified stables, paddocks, and stock pens; to the east, beyond the city walls, lie roughly forty farms under the protection of the Riders of Nesmé. In the center of the city is the spired building that once housed the temple of Waukeen and now serves as a boarding hall for visiting merchants.

Nesmé is ruled by a Council, which is ruled by its First Speaker, Tessarin “Longtresses” Alaraun the wizardess (NG hf W13). With the dissolution of the temple of Waukeen and the priesthood, the many native adventurers and the Council used their riches to refortify the city and keep the Riders of Nesmé active in the protection of Nesmé. The former High Priestess Jygil Zelnathra still has a say in city politics, though she is now holds a minor Council seat as the apprentice of Tessarin (LN hf W4); former political enemies, the strife of the Godswar and the constant troubles with the Uthgardt barbarians have forced these two to set aside their rivalry and forge a strong, respectful partnership to aid the city (their magics often turn the tide against rampaging orc raiders).

The Riders of Nesmé, based in the stables on the west bank of the Surbrin, number over 400 strong, and have adventurers counted among their members (including priests of various faiths). Besides patrolling the Evermoors for two days’ ride on either bank around Nesmé, they police the population of the city; there is a high turnover

rate among the settlers, as travel is demanded by a life dominated by trade. Last of all, they also defend the city when the orcs come (at least once each decade, though the raids have occurred three times in the past ten years); the Uthgardt barbarians of Griffon’s Nest also covet the prosperity and riches they see in Nesmé and have organized a number of unsuccessful sorties against the fortified town in the past few years.

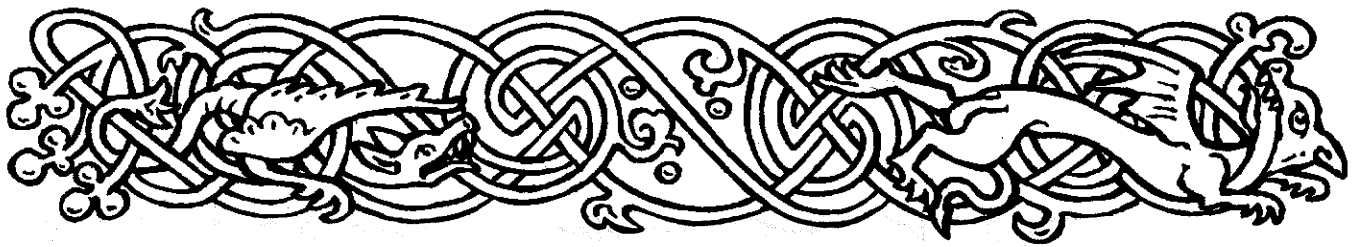
Netheril

This long-ago realm lay to the east of the river Delimbiyr, stretching from the Nether Mountains (which gained their name from this realm) to Evereska in the south, and east to the Narrow Sea, whose shores once ran southeast from Ascore (see Delzoun) for hundreds of miles ere the Great Desert swallowed it. Netheril was a majestic realm of mages and magic, where many wondrous items were crafted (and are still found today in treasure hoards and tombs across the Realms). Dekanter is the only known surviving ruin of Netheril, although it holds no magic any longer. Legend holds that the mages of Netheril tried by titanic efforts of Art to stem the advancing desert and failed; soon after, they took to the air on carpets and other magical conveyances including rare and wondrous magical beasts to search for a new home. Most sages believe that Netheril’s culture was at its height some 4,000 years ago (and was abandoned approximately 3,000 years ago), and that it was the earliest human civilization in the North. Others hold that those dates are far too old; Netheril’s fall cannot be more than 1,000 years old at the most. Hard evidence, thus far, does not exist to support or deny any conjecture on the issue. It is known that all adventuring bands, bandit bands, mercenary companies, and others have searched the Fallen Lands and the Desert’s Edge in hopes of gaining any of Netheril’s lost magic and none have claimed any success.

Neverwinter

This friendly city of craftsmen bustles with business, but does it quietly; it avoids controversy and warfare, keeping within its walls and dealing with the outside world largely through merchants in Waterdeep. On the rare occasions when armed men (from Luskan) or orcs (a more common sight) show up outside the walls, explosive missiles lobbed among them “in such numbers that it seemed a hailstorm” one observer once remarked, send them away again in much reduced numbers. Catapults and missiles alike were devised by the hard-working craftsmen of the city. The city





also has more conventional forces in its standing army of 400 archers and spearmen; they guard the city walls and the harbor, and they patrol the High Road as far north as Port Llast and as far as 100 miles south to Leilon. In peacetime, 60 of these soldiers are always retraining, 60 are on leave for rest and relaxation, and 60 act as the city's watch (police). Like everyone else in "The City of Skilled Hands," the army soldiers are efficient, quiet, and take care that their work is done properly.

The water-clocks and multihued lamps of the city are known and sought the Realms over, as their craftsmanship and reliability are renowned. Equally acclaimed are the gardeners of Neverwinter, whose skills fill the city with fruit bearing trees and hanging plants in summer and can keep the city filled with blooming flowers throughout the winter. Many claim this is how the city was named, with its ever-present flowers, while others contend that it is due to the Neverwinter river that flows through the city from the deep woods to the east—its waters are so warm that Neverwinter's harbor never freezes.

The Neverwinter Woods have never been logged by humans, and even today are largely unknown. The depths are said to harbor fearsome creatures and locally are shunned and feared by all. Orc hordes always go around the woods, never through them. To the southeast lies Helm's Hold, whose faithful priests and paladins patrol a small section of the Neverwinter Woods' interior and some of the perimeter, protecting folk from the effects of a wild magic area discovered therein. Farther along the eastern edge of the woods rises the Tower of Twilight, home of the noted Northern mage, Malchor Harpell.

The city is ruled by Lord Nasher (NG hm F12), a former adventurer who garnered much magic in his career and now uses it to protect himself and his bodyguard, the "Neverwinter Nine" (all LG hm F5). Nasher is an amiable but fearless bald man who enjoys music and news of other lands and peoples. He rules over Neverwinter's 17,000 people justly and efficiently. The Royal Badge of Neverwinter consists of a white swirl connecting three white snowflakes. Silver and blue haloes encircle the flakes.

Port Llast

On the High Road some 35 miles north of Neverwinter stands Port Llast, a small town of 700 now known mainly for its skilled stonemasons. Port Llast is ruled by a First Captain, and it is closely allied to Neverwinter (largely to avoid being conquered by Luskan, who would like to have a more southerly harbor for its warships). The current

First Captain is Haeromos Dothwintyl, a retired stonemason (LN hm F0).

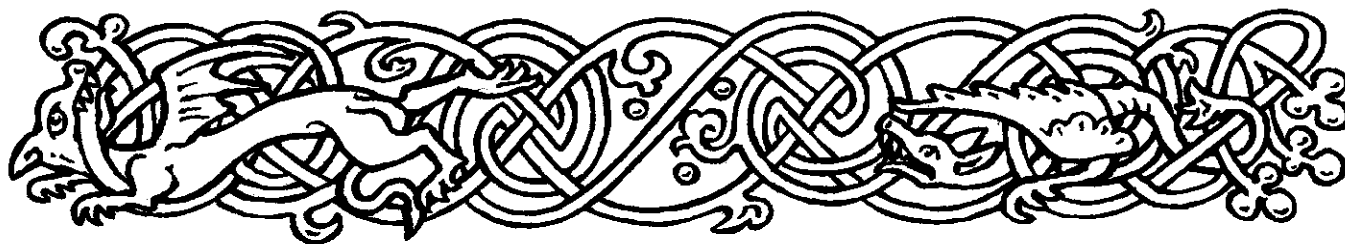
Port Llast was once of great importance to men as the northernmost point of human access to the mineral riches of the North when orcs and duergar held the lands where Luskan now lies (hence, the named "last port"). At that time, the port was 20 times larger in population and size, but rampaging orc hordes have battered down the city walls (or the walls were plundered by citizens to repair their homes); the shattered remnants of the perimeter can still be seen circling around the town to the east. Much of the lands once cleared for the port have become gardens and cemeteries or have been reclaimed by the forest.

Sarcrag

This small, jutting crag of bare rock provides a perfect natural lookout. On a clear day, some 60 miles of territory can be viewed; on clear nights, campfires can be seen 90 miles off to the north or east. Sarcrag also serves Waterdeep as a warning beacon. From its heights, northern patrols can signal the approach of attackers (as happened some 32 winters ago during the "Bleak Winter" of the Year of the Shaking Serpent). Sarcrag is said to be haunted by the "Howler," a bansheelike creature who is never around when adventurers come seeking it, but always seems to attack the weak or unwary. Leucrotta are also a persistent problem in the area, and are the main reason Waterdeep and Goldenfields patrol the road north as far as the trail that heads east to Ironford.

According to popular legend, bandits are said to have buried a fabulous treasure here at the foot of Sarcrag. Long ago, an armed force escorting the person and regalia of King Jaszur of Tethyr was ambushed north of Waterdeep and destroyed by bandits. These bandits were surrounded by Waterdeep's armies and slaughtered the next morning. Jaszur's body was found stripped of its golden and jeweled crown, orb, scepter, and sword of state (a *flametongue* long sword). The soldiers of the Waterdeep guard swore that no man could have escaped through their lines, for mages cast *detect magic* spells all night to prevent magical escapes or attacks. Likewise, the aerial forces from Waterdeep searched from griffonback to no avail. Many hopefuls have continued the search for King Jaszur's treasure over the 90 intervening years, but none have found the lost riches.





The Selpir

This slow, quiet creek drains Ardeep Forest south of Zundbridge. Lizard men sometimes lurk in the mouth of this marshy source, but mermen also like to congregate in the area; after a number of memorable skirmishes in the past 20 years, most of the lizard men have been driven from the marsh.

In the elder days of the Fallen Kingdom, many grand heroes of both elven and dwarven descent were laid to rest in the heart of the woods (now known in their much-reduced form as Ardeep Forest); over the centuries, the waters of this tiny creek have run endlessly to the sea, breaching such tombs. Overgrown and forgotten even by the demihumans, these tombs have yielded their riches to the relentless water. Patient searchers have a 20% chance of finding any such treasures in the streambed (one check per 24 continuous turns, or every four hours). Examples of found treasures tend to be smaller, more portable, and less weighty, with the larger items still trapped in now-submerged tombs; items should be selective and enticing, such as a golden key, a magical ring, or even a *dagger +1*.

Silverymoon

Aside from Waterdeep to its south, Silverymoon is the largest city of the North as home to 26,000 humans, elves, half-elves, dwarves, halflings, and gnomes. All live in harmony under the wise rule of Alustriel, High Lady of Silverymoon (CG hf W22). Alustriel uses her magic sparingly, but her natural kindness, grace, and acquired knack for shrewd, tactful diplomacy are often employed in keeping the demihumans and humans of the North largely at peace with one another.

Some say Silverymoon's values and preservation of music and learning and the arts "echo that of lost Myth Drannor" —the fabled lost city of the Heartlands where elves, dwarves, and humans worked together to gather knowledge and achieve feats in magic and the arts unmatched before or since. Certainly the armies of Silverymoon persist in behaving as though no orc threat existed in their gallantry and enthusiasm, and have won several "impossible" battles due to their boldness, persistence, and the timely magical aid of the Mistmaster and one known only as Shadowcloak. The army is known as the "Knights in Silver," for their appearance in a battle as described by the bard Mintiper Moonsilver in a ballad.

Silverymoon lies on the northern bank of the river Rauvin, its walls curving in a semicircle from the river's waters. It has extensive docks and an arching magical

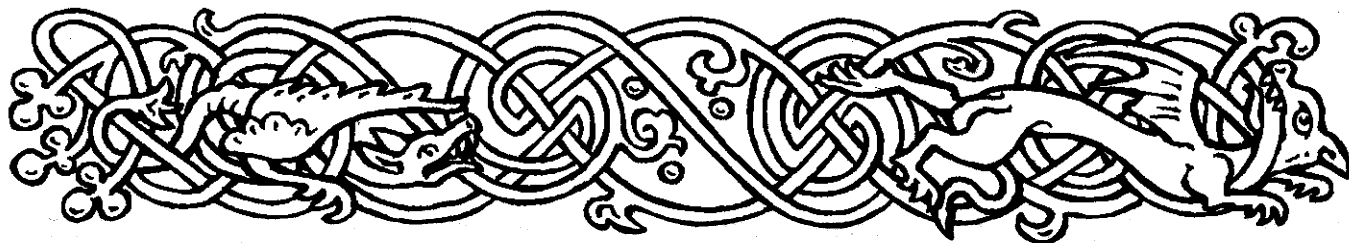
"moonbridge" of invisible forcefields across the Rauvin. The bridge is visible only in moonlight, and its central arch can be reduced to nothingness by magic, spilling attackers into the river, or allowing tall-masted ships to pass under the bridge.

Silverymoon's Royal Badge is a thin crescent moon curving to the right, a single star sheltering under its uppermost horn. The moon and star are both of silver, and the whole is displayed on a royal blue field (or engraved on a stone to mark the boundaries of Silverymoon's claimed lands). Alustriel's palace is just within the eastern arc of the city walls, east of the vast open market, and is heavily guarded by mages of all ranks and warriors of skill, all personally loyal to her. There are major temples to Helm, Lathander, Milil, Oghma, and Selune here in the city; there is now an open exchange and constant traffic of information between the libraries of Silverymoon (especially the Vault of the Sages) and the Font of Knowledge (Oghma's library and temple) and New Olamn (the newly-established bards' college) in Waterdeep.

The Stone Bridge

This massive stone arch spans the River Dessarin without ceremony or accompanying settlement, rising lonely and weathered in the midst of rolling grasslands without a road or building to be seen as far as the eye can scan. It was built by dwarves 5,000 years ago to link the now-ruined Halls of the Hunting Axe with forgotten dwarven holds somewhere to the northwest. The Halls of the Hunting Axe was a dwarven city 30 miles southeast of the bridge, and its tumbled stone ruins can still be seen today (as can the butchery of the leucrotta that live there). The Bridge was built to span the broadest imaginable spring flood of the Dessarin and it rises in a great arc, without supporting pillars, some two miles in length, reaching a height of 400 feet above the waters of the river (at normal flow). The dwarves explain this awesome size of the bridge—and its continued survival, despite armies and mages clashing on its span over the centuries—to the fact that it was built in homage to the dwarven god Moradin the Soulforger, and is, in fact, a temple to him. It is true that some pious dwarves do make pilgrimages there, and that at least once in times of darkness for the dwarves, Moradin appeared on the bridge. Local legend even claims that Moradin, when banished to the Realms, stood guard on the Stone Bridge, barring the passage of a number of evil avatars who sought to reach the Celestial Stairway at Waterdeep and cause mischief along the way.





Stronghold of the Nine

This cavern complex is a former dwarven hold within the interior of the High Forest along the Unicorn Run; the hold was rebuilt and occupied by the Nine, a now-retired adventuring band led by Laeral, but has been abandoned for nearly ten years. The minor stone blockhouse they had built over the entrance to the hold has since been shattered and lies where it fell, a pile of rubble seeming of little consequence. While unoccupied, the Stronghold still has strange and powerful magical guardians that include nagas and golems. The Nine are known to have gained much treasure over their years of adventuring and much of it is undoubtedly still within the Stronghold. If any are foolhardy enough to enter unbidden into the former lair of nine veteran adventurers (all 14th level or better!), bear in mind that the last sane person to walk its halls was Khelben Arunsun, the archmage of Waterdeep who is now consort to the once-mad Laeral, and he is not one to leave matters undone (expect the strongest magical barriers and not a few *gates* leading to various points, including Blackstaff Tower).

The Stump Bog

The vast, sprawling bog is named for the numerous rotting stumps that rise from the still, green waters like blackened teeth; the dead trees were cut by an enterprising woodcutter long ago. Frog-fishermen are the only humans who have entered this marsh in the years since. The Bog's algae-covered, muddy waters drain into this marsh from the River Dessarin just south of Goldenfields and are home to many unpleasant creatures from common leeches and slugs to their larger and more exotic cousins.

The waters of the Stump Bog may very well hide many small treasures. Countless corpses have been dumped in the Bog over the years of fighting in the North; many wounded victims met death in the Bog by getting lost, falling into the sticky morass, and drowning. Today, the Bog remains a favorite corpse disposal site for brigands, thieves, and those who find it more convenient for someone to disappear than to be found dead; more corpses of political enemies of Waterdhavian nobles can be found here than any other specific group of people. The Bog is rife with will o' wisps, mudmen, and various undead creatures after dark (though they do not stray from the Bog, and they haven't been discovered due to the Bog's size and the fact that no one tends to go there after dark).

Sundabar

This fortified city, once home to thousands of dwarves, now houses a human population of 36,000. Extensively rebuilt by human allies of the dwarves, it now trades with Citadel Adbar and Silverymoon, and can muster an army 2,000 strong to turn back any encroaching orc hordes. Its coffers were rich enough to hire the Flaming Fist mercenary company (see the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Set or FR 12 *Gold and Glory*) to swing through Dead Orc Pass and fall upon an orc horde from behind. Great was the slaughter that day, and equally great was the victory for men and dwarves. Sundabar is ruled by Helm Dwarf-friend, Master of Sundabar (LG hm F14). The city is known and renowned for its woodworkers, who produce carved furniture, musical instruments, and travel-chests of unusual beauty and durability.

Triboar

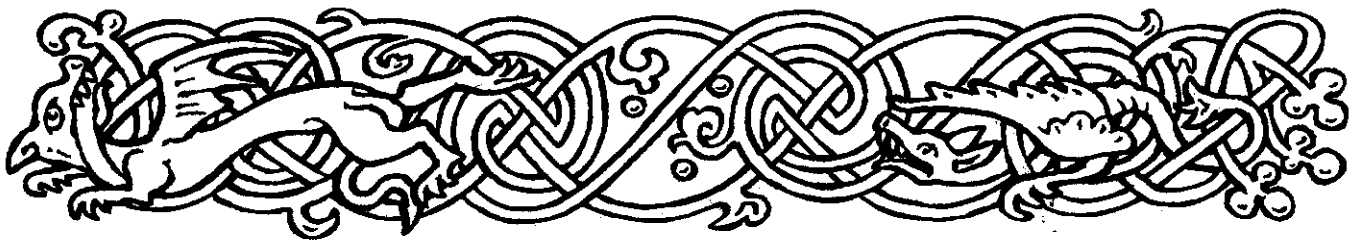
This small walled town is strategically located where the Long Road and the major trail to the east (sometimes called the Evermoor Way, although a commonly used name for the route has never been established). Its people number roughly 2,500 and elect a Lord Protector every seven years to lead the town's militia. An able human fighter, Faurael Blackhammer (NG hm F6) has held this post for the last 40 years. Triboar has two good smithies and a wagonmaker of note. Several ranches in the lands to the west bring their horses here to sell to travelers. Gathered armies have often set forth from Triboar to meet orc hordes pouring south out of the mountains. Triboar's name is thought to have come from a century-old traveler's tale of slaying three boars in one day here.

Unicorn Run, The

This cool, gently-flowing river rises in the mountains at the very heart of the High Forest, where few civilized beings have ever ventured, save the elves (who are, as usual, quite reticent on the topic). The Stronghold of the Nine lies partway up the Run, and unicorns inhabit the woods near its banks in the vicinity, and are known to travel up and down the river's length (hence its name).

There is a legend that an elven king buried the treasure of all his court somewhere along the Unicorn Run, when fleeing from orcs and hobgoblins who had pursued his people from the far North, and never returned, having been slain by his orc pursuers. Another legend holds that the goddess Mielikki inhabits the Forest near the Run and is often seen wandering in the woods near it. Harpers say that





this “legend” is the plain truth, and make occasional pilgrimages to certain groves there. Certainly the Run’s vale within the High Forest is one of the most beautiful regions of all Faerûn. Bards who come here tend to sing of it for the rest of their lives. Halflings from Secomber regularly travel upriver to just within the Forest’s edge to bury their dead; one famous halfling adventurer visited the Run over two decades ago and, on his deathbed, said “I have seen the unicorns, and can die content.”

Weathercote Wood

This isolated wood is avoided by all save the bravest (or most foolish) adventurers; it has existed since before Netheril’s fall and continues to do so, despite the advance of Anauroch. Rumored to be a place of fell magics, blue mists and glowing lights are often seen in its interior by Zhentarim caravans passing at night to and from Llorkh to the west. The elves say that *gates* to other worlds lie within the depths of Weathercote, and that mages of awesome power from those other worlds have settled within the Woods to guard the *gates* and prevent any others from using them. This news has yet to be tested, as neither spells nor psionics seem to penetrate to the Woods’ interior and few enter the Weathercote Woods willingly and walk out again.

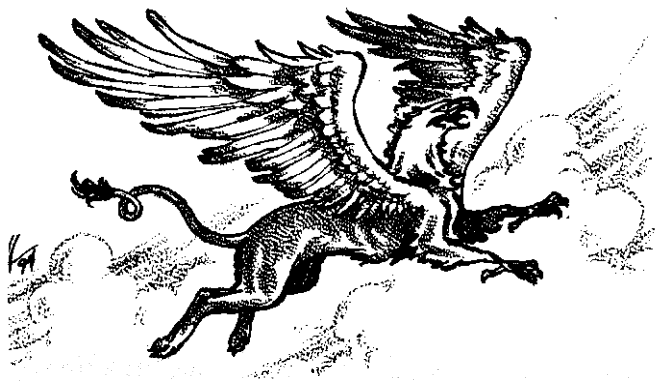
Yartar

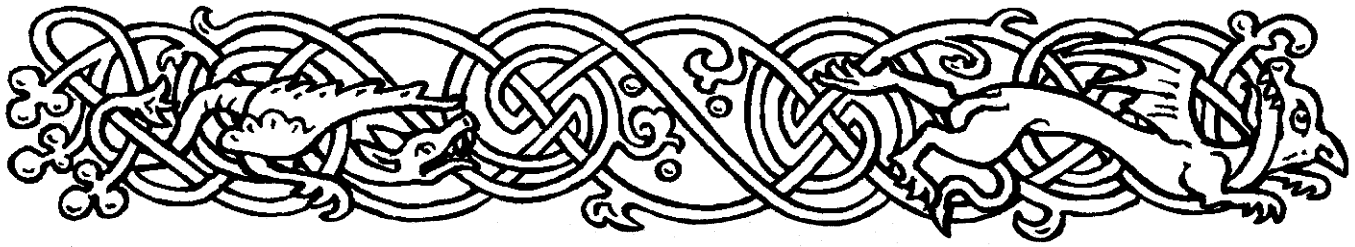
This fortified town is the site of a bridge over the Surbrin, just north of its confluence with the Dessarin. Yartar is home to 6,000 people, and is the site of a major temple to Tymora. Many barges are built here, for use up and down the river, and the folk of Yartar traditionally fish the “Three Rivers” (the Dessarin, Surbrin, and Laughingflow) near their docks for much of their table fare. Yartar is the scene of the vast Shieldmeet of the outcasts, bandits, homeless, and isolated landholders of the North, who gather here in the thousands. Yartar’s ruler is known as the Waterbaron, and the post is currently held by Alahar Khaumfros (LN hm F4). He commands an official barge that can carry 200 men, and a mounted army (the “Shields of Yartar”) to fill it if need be. More often, the Shields police the town and defend it against wandering orcs and trolls (and the numerous cutthroats that call Yartar home).

Zundbridge

Named for its creator, the wizard Zund, this squat, massive stone bridge spans the River Dessarin, carrying the main caravan road south from Waterdeep to the lands of the Inner Sea far to the east, and to Baldur’s Gate and the kingdoms of the South. Zundbridge has held firmly for over 90 winters, even in the roaring spring floods of the Dessarin, and has not been in need of repairs. Waterdeep patrols the road as far as Zundbridge and maintains a guardpost there to stop adventurers who come in search of a stone golem said to have been used by Zund in the construction of the bridge. According to legend, the golem was left at the bridge upon Zund’s death, and can be taken by any who can divine or stumble upon the secrets of commanding it.

Over the years, many such seekers have dug around the bridge on both banks, swum beneath it, and even tried to pry stones out of the bridge arches. Waterdeep’s guard fear that if the bridge was left unguarded, it would soon be demolished by these zealous, would-be golem owners. The post is equipped with a flight of three griffon steeds to give Waterdeep advance warning of the approach of any important visiting delegation or attacking force.





Chapter Two: History of Waterdeep



Here shall come a time when our city and its deepwater buy shall grow in fame and fortune across many realms and many worlds. Folk shall know of Waterdeep, our City of Splendors, and sing its praises. I have seen it thus, and I endeavor to make it true."

—Aghairon, the first Open Lord of Waterdeep, circa 1032 DR

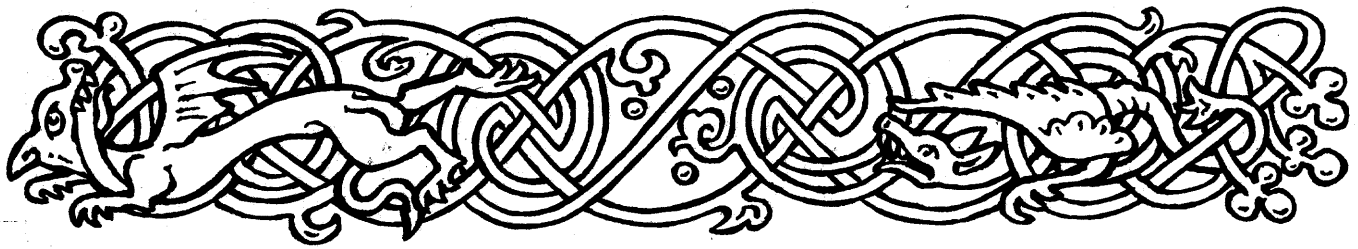
To most inhabitants of the Realms, Waterdeep, the City of Splendors, "Crown of the North," has "always been there." It is a vast, colorful, tolerant, and eclectic crossroads city where peoples of all hospitable races meet, and the most wondrous and exciting works are seen. Waterdeep is seen as the cradle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

Age 0: Trademoots & Pioneers

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

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



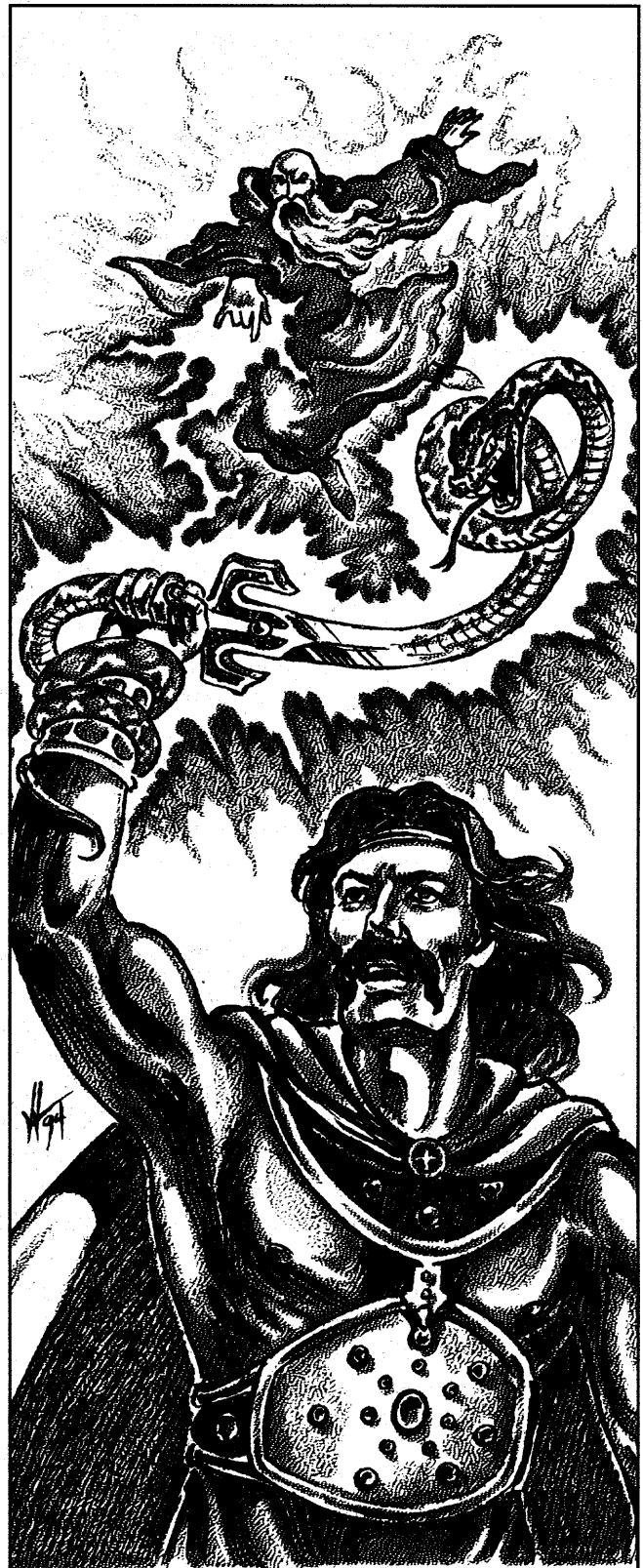


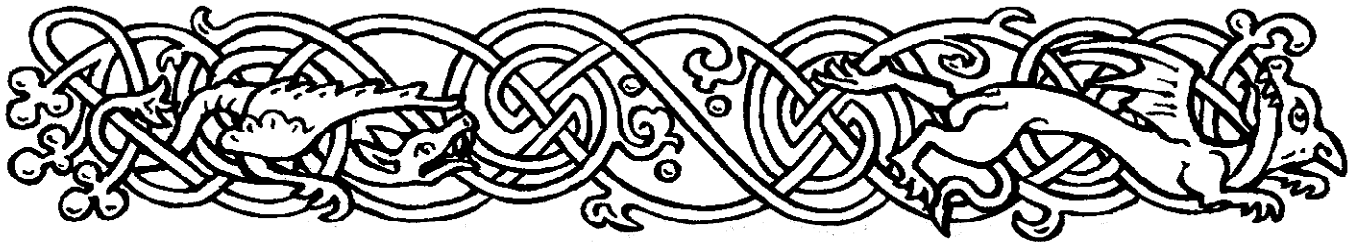
Age I: The Rise of The Warlords

Over the years, the forest was cut back farther and farther from the shore, and tribes began to stay most of the year there, farming the cleared land. The wiser among them claimed and controlled some of the 'timber in order to trade for more weaponry and tools. Such claims angered many who found the squatters rich from frequent trade, and brought attacks from land and sea, the more warlike tribes slaughtering the more sedentary settlers. Noted among these tribes was that led by Nimoar, a chieftain who ordered his people to seize the farms, crude wooden docks, trading sheds, and storage barns built up around the bay. They settled there themselves, and erected a log palisade within an earthen embankment to protect the holdings. After several abortive pirate and tribal raids, Nimoar's people thrived in their new home, a fledgling town referred to as "the town of Water-deep."

Farther north, orc tribes had outgrown their mountain strongholds. Attempts to expand underground met with fierce dwarven resistance (although many small gnomish colonies were overwhelmed and wiped out), and the orcs spread out on the surface of the land, coming south and down out of the mountains, hurling their seemingly endless numbers against all who stood in their path. Here and there elven enclaves held out, but the push southward displaced many other northern inhabitants, including the "everlasting ones" (trolls), who came down into the newly-cleared lands northeast of Nimoar's Hold, those lands now known as the Trollmoors. Nimoar died of old age during this time of increasing danger. Younger War Lords led the men of Waterdeep (for so the ship captains called the harbor) in battles against the trolls. There were many bloody struggles between men and trolls for a decade, until the magic of a Northern youth named Ahghairon turned the fortunes of war against the trolls, and the "everlasting ones" were destroyed or scattered. Ahghairon rose slowly in skill and power with the passage of years, until he became a great mage. He discovered a supply of *potions of longevity* (or learned the art of making such), for he lived on, still physically a man in his prime, for decade upon decade.

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





Age II: The Lords' Rule Begins

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

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

The years passed in peace and prosperity. The North was opened to humans. Roads built under Ahghairon's direction linked it together, from the ruins of "the Fallen Kingdom," which had been shattered by goblin races' attacks before men were numerous in the North, to the cities that would later become Amn. Waterdeep grew fivefold in size and wealth. From all over the Realms, folk began to come to the "Crown

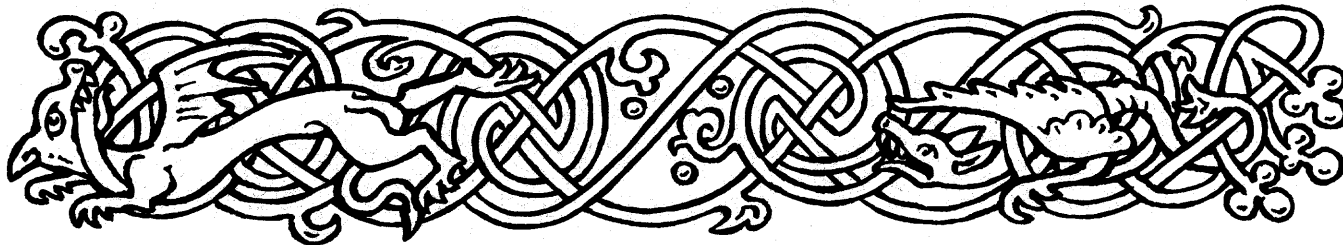
of the North," drawn by money—and among them came those who rob, cheat, and steal. When word of doings extending beyond simple theft to deception-in-workmanship and the appearance of many flyby-night impostor craftsmen reached Ahghairon's ears, he called together the senior merchants, "the Noble Ones," and suggested that they form guilds as was done in the far South to police the unscrupulous of their own professions. Some resisted, or were furious, but most saw the advantages of such an arrangement, particularly if they were free to set matters up themselves, and not have less favorable arrangements forced upon them. The Guilds were created forthwith. Waterdeep continued to grow in size and prosperity. Twice more the city walls were expanded, and its merchants traveled the world over, bringing back exotic goods from afar, and spreading word of the city's wealth to remote lands. In the South, some listened with an eye to conquest or at least plunder, but swords were already out in those southern lands in a time of widespread strife, and no invaders came.

Ahghairon's health eventually failed and he died. He was buried with ceremony in his tower, which was secured against thieves and fools. Those who learned the arts arcane from the Old Mage cast the most potent protective magics known upon his home and resting-place (which, many believe, remains inviolate today).

Age III: The Bloody Reign of The Guildmasters

There was great turmoil in the City as the Guildmasters argued amongst themselves as to who should govern the City, and more than one merchant of power was found murdered. Groups of liveried bodyguards appeared openly armed on the streets, accompanying their masters, and two very troubled months passed as they bickered and parleyed (and occasionally dueled in the streets). At last, they decided that all Masters should rule Waterdeep together, in a council. The lesser nobles and many townsfolk protested, saying that the Lords ruled by right and by the peoples' consent, but the Guildmasters said that the Lords had not been seen since Ahghairon's death, and that they must always have been golems or zombies controlled by Ahghairon himself, to conceal his lone rule. And indeed, the Lords were silent and unseen, and continued to be so.





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

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

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

Age IV: The Return of The Lords

One day to the Courts of the Lord Magister came two people masked and robed as the Lords of Waterdeep of old. Where they came from no one knew, but they appeared in the Castle's Great Hall where the Courts were, and commanded the Lords Magister to leave the city forthwith. Laughing, the Lords Magister refused, whereupon the shorter of the masked intruders (the lady Shilarn, apprentice to Ahghairon and his undeclared heir as first Lord of the City) blasted them with lightning and fire, and their very thrones were shattered and toppled.

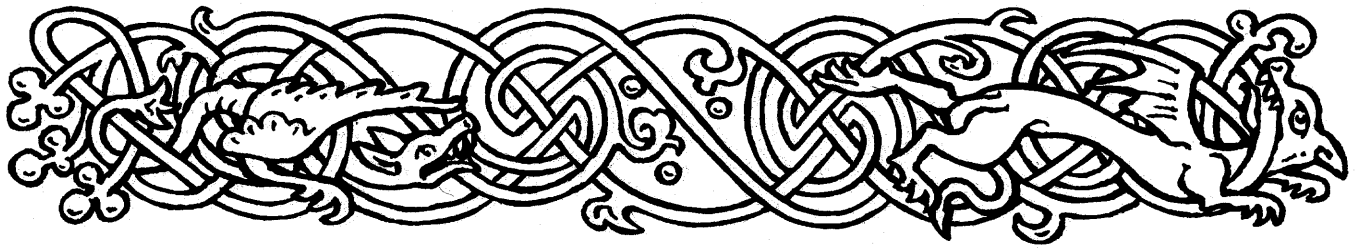
The taller of the two intruders (Baeron) then called for the heads of the noble houses to come to them, or leave the city forthwith and forever, if they cared not to come by nightfall. All in the Courts heard, and the news was cried in the streets.

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

Peace returned to the city, and Waterdhavians to their labors. To inhibit discovery of who the Lords were, Baeron selected certain men of character whom he knew well, and appointed them Magisters ("Black Robes," they were soon called, from their robes of office) under the Lords, to judge and apply the laws of Waterdeep in daily affairs. These Magisters he paid well, to raise them from temptation, and gave lodgings to those who feared for safety to dwell among the people. To so serve, he told the city, was a burden, not a proud misuse of authority, and if any wished to no longer serve, or were found wanting, they were not to be vilified, but accorded respect. And over the Magisters the Lords sat in their Court, to correct and overrule the judgments of the Magisters. Baeron told the people that none were to decry or belittle any judgments of Magisters that the Lord saw fit to alter or cast aside. If any thought ill of the offices or those who held them they could turn back to the rule of sword and whim, and perish as had those before them. Before the Lord's Court Baeron encouraged people to speak freely for the length of a short candle's burning, without fear of chastisement or reproach from the Lords for any thing said, as long as they spoke openly and answered questions or opposing views put to them by any there. Thus, he held, just grievances of folk would be heard, no matter how small the matter or lowly the speaker.

And so it was. Slow to take hold, until people knew it for careful justice, but enduring beyond Baeron's time, and





beyond Shilarn's time, and beyond the time of their daughter Lhestyn "The Masked Lady," who wed Zelphar Arunsun of Neverwinter, and was mother to Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, a Lord of Waterdeep today, who knows the secrets of long years as Ahghairon did. And as the years have passed, Waterdeep has grown in size and variety, flourishing with good trade under the tolerance and protection of strong defenders and good government. The years passed not without troubles, varying from the Godswar (when Waterdeep played host to gods dying and ascending) to such occurrences as a green dragon assailing the Field of Triumph (part of a plot by the Knights of the Shield to overthrow the Lords' Rule), but the city and her peoples survived and prevailed against all strife. The Lords' Alliance provides continued safety for all the settlements of the northern Sword Coast and those inland, with Waterdeep as the heart of the alliance. Though it can be matched in size or commerce, there is no city the Realms over that compares to the sheer variety of life and experiences found in fair Waterdeep, Crown of the North.

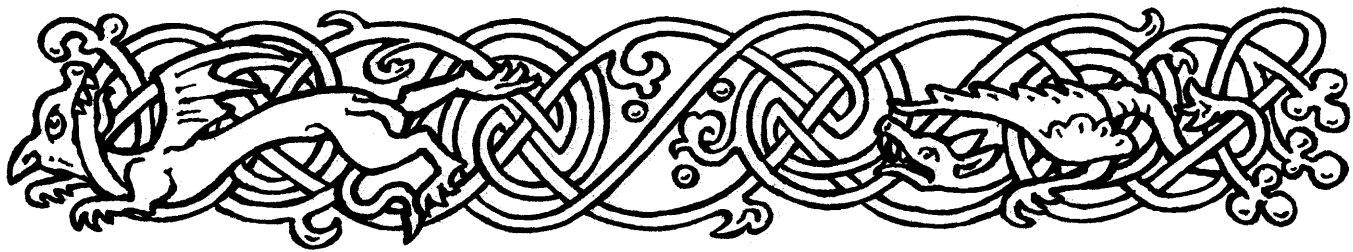
A Timeline of Waterdeep's History

Using the Northreckoning calendar system (the NR date), Waterdeep uses Ahghairon's rise to the rulership of Waterdeep as the start of its calendar (not the actual establishment of the settlements around Waterdeep's harbor). The Dalereckoning calendar system dates from the year humans were permitted to settle the Dalelands by the Elven Court; this system is used to link this with the timeline in the FORGOTTEN REALMS Campaign Set (Grand Tour of the Realms) and other products.

- NR -2120/ DR -1088:** Annual trade begins at the future site of Waterdeep, between the ships from the South and Northern human tribes.
- NR -980/ DR 52:** Permanent farms established in the area by locally settling tribes.
- NR -864/ DR 168:** Halaster's Hold, the wizards' tower and fortified ramparts, is built to the north and west of the burgeoning farms.
- NR -725/ DR 307:** The Seven, Halaster's apprentices, abandon the surface Hold and enter the dark ways of Undermountain. The tower and surface holdings fall into decay and ruin. All settlers avoid this walled "cursed" enclosure.

- NR -560/ DR 472:** Ulbaerag Bloodhand and his people conquer the settled tribes, uniting the tribes as one. Irrigation of the farms starts and extensive building begins around the harbor area.
- NR -150/ DR 882:** Nimoar the Reaver vanquishes the Bloodhand tribes, and he seizes the docks and harbor buildings. Nimoar's Hold rises at the city's current north end fortified by a log palisade. The city walls expand around the Hold and the city's perimeter.
- NR -145/ DR 887:** Pirate raids in force from the South; all attacks on the fledgling city fail.
- NR -143/ DR 889:** The Bull Elk tribe of the Dessarin sets Nimoar's Hold afire, but Nimoar's forces defeat them and drive them off. The Hold is rebuilt by year's end.
- NR -112/ DR 920:** Ahghairon is born on Midsummer's Night, and many legends report Mystra's symbol glowing brightly among the stars of the North.
- NR -100/ DR 932:** FIRST TROLLWAR. After a number of attacks on the city, Nimoar's forces clear the Evermoors of trolls, burning miles of land bare while slaying the everlasting ones.
- NR -96/ DR 936:** Heavy orc raids on the city and outlying farms last the full year. Nimoar dies of old age, and Gharl replaces him as War Lord of the tribe.
- NR -92/ DR 940:** SECOND TROLLWAR. This year sees the start of the continual troll raids and strife that last more than a decade; during this time, the name of Waterdeep comes into common usage. Six War Lords of Waterdeep die in battle against the trolls. Despite the problems, Waterdeep grows in population, as tribes gather within her walls for safety.
- NR -80/ DR 952:** Ahghairon rises and is recognized as the premier mage of the Savage North. He becomes the official adviser for the War Lord of Waterdeep. This year also marks the end of the Second Trollwar, the trolls remaining nearly extinct around Waterdeep for 100 years.
- NR -69/ DR 963:** The construction of Castle Waterdeep begins around the site of Nimoar's Hold on the eastern spur of Mount Waterdeep, just north of the city walls.
- NR -58/ DR 974:** Castle Waterdeep is completed at High Harvestide. The city walls expand (now abutting the wall around Halaster's Hold for defense) and the worn log palisades become new, high stone walls. Lauroun becomes the first female War Lord of the city.
- NR -34/ DR 998:** War Lord Lauroun establishes a naval guard to protect the city and its trading partners. Construction begins on fortifying the harbor and Deepwatch

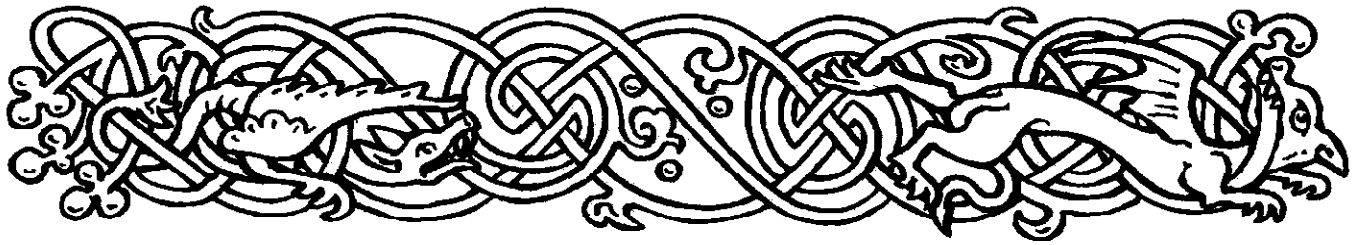




Isle. A temple and monastery to Lathander breaks ground far to the north of the city (at the present site of the Spires of the Morning).

- NR -25/ DR 1007:** The city walls expand, absorbing the ruins of Halaster's Hold (the walls run along the lines of what are now the northern borders of Dock and Southem Wards). Ahghairon builds his tower out beyond the city walls, and he also places magical barriers around the ruins of Halaster's tower, preventing many dangers from escaping into the city.
- NR -22/ DR 1010:** Laborers finish the extensive harbor fortifications at Midsummer, and the Free City of Waterdeep is officially established, with Lauroun as its "Warlord" (ruler).
- NR -6/ DR 1026:** Warlord Lauroun dies in a series of massive raids by the Black Claw orc tribes on the city; Ahghairon creates the magical axe *Azureedge*. The orc horde meets its final defeat at Stump Bog. Raurlor, leader of the city's army, becomes the Warlord.
- NR -2/ DR 1030:** Raurlor increases the size of Waterdeep's standing army and navy to a size unseen since the Fallen Kingdom. His rulership turns Waterdeep into a garrison and military encampment, "to protect Waterdeep from her many, jealous enemies."
- NR 0/ DR 1032:** Raurlor announces his plans to establish the Empire of the North. Ahghairon defies him and causes Raurlor's death. The wizard takes the Warlord's seat, declaring himself the first Lord of Waterdeep. He restructures Raurlor's armies and navies into the city guard (army and navy) and the watch (city police), bringing order to Waterdeep.
- NR 3/ DR 1035:** The city grows under Ahghairon's and the Lords' rule, the walls expanding again (to the current areas of Waterdeep Way and River Street) to handle the increased population. The System of Wards comes into being, initially creating Castle Ward, Trades Ward, Temple (later Southern) Ward, and Dock Ward.
- NR 5/ DR 1037:** Otherplanar creatures spill out of Undermountain into the city but are turned back by Ahghairon and Kherris, a masked Lord wielding *Azureedge*. Ahghairon refortifies the magical and physical defenses around the ruins.
- NR 32/ DR 1064:** The city walls swell (running along the current locations of Selduth Street and the Coffinmarch) to handle increasing numbers of people. A low wall abutting the city walls surrounds the eastern cemetery of the city. The city's population surpasses 50,000 this year.
- NR 69/ DR 1101:** The Spires of the Morning, the abbey and temple to Lathander, becomes part of the city as the walls expand to accommodate more settlers. (The perimeter approximates the current paths of Trader's Way and Andamaar's Street.) The plateau north of the city is all irrigated farmland.
- NR 118/ DR 1150:** Waterdeep is hit hard by the plague throughout the Sword Coast, the situation made worse by attacks by trolls and orc tribes. Khelben Arunsun the Elder arrives and settles in Waterdeep, building Arunsun Tower (later known as Blackstaff Tower).
- NR 147/ DR 1179:** As a precursor to the Harpstar Wars, a group of maulagrym attack Arunsun Tower. They are defeated and banished from Faerûn by Khelben, Elminster, and a number of mages of Waterdeep (including Hamiklar Wands, the father of Maskar).
- NR 193/ DR 1235:** Waterdeep is besieged for nine months by the largest orc horde in recorded history. The city is spared when Ahghairon and his generals introduce griffons as flying steeds for the army, allowing them past the orcs to gain food and aid outside the walls.
- NR 204/ DR 1246:** Kerrigan the wizard, a hidden Lord of Waterdeep, attempts to usurp Ahghairon's position and set himself up as sole ruler of Waterdeep by killing the other Lords and Ahghairon. After the deaths of three Lords, Ahghairon slays Kerrigan in Southern Ward (at the site of the future Adventurers' Quarter).
- NR 216/ DR 1248:** Known as the Year of Bounty in Waterdeep, a record harvest and mercantile explosion causes a dramatic increase in population. Due to the expanded trade, the merchants form guilds, and a recognized merchant gentry emerges in the city.
- NR 218/ DR 1250:** Noble villas begin dotting the plateau north of the city. Ahghairon and other mages of Waterdeep alter the ancient cemetery of the city, eliminating individual graves and creating the tombs of the City of the Dead. Two years later, after growing skirmishes with undead hordes, the Lords establish walls around the City of the Dead and her still-current curfews.
- NR 223/ DR 1255:** Growth in trade and population forces the walls to move northward (to the current paths of Sulmoor and Julthoon Streets). The Shadow Thieves begin minor operations in Waterdeep.
- NR 224/ DR 1256:** Ahghairon dies and the Guildmasters begin seizing power in the city. Khelben the Elder disappears from Waterdeep, though his tower remains occupied by his apprentices. The Council of Guildmasters grows to govern the city.





NR 230/ DR 1262: MISRULE OF LORDS-MAGISTER.

All but two Guildmasters slain in the "Guildwars"; Lhorar Gildeggh and Ehlemm Zoar proclaim themselves the Two Lords Magister. The Shadow Thieves establish their base of operations (the Citadel of the Bloody Hand) inside Mount Waterdeep.

NR 241/ DR 1273: The Lords' Rule revives with Baeron and Shilarn, two long-hidden Lords of Waterdeep who slay the Lords Magister. Baeron becomes the Open Lord of Waterdeep. The houses of Zoar and Gildeggh are Outcast (exiled from the city). The black-robed Magisters are appointed to keep justice and, by the month of Uktar, the Shadow Thieves' ventures are deterred and they, as a group, are outlawed. Waterdeep's population rises, reaching 100,000 by year's end.

NR 244/ DR 1276: Shilarn, a Lord and Baeron's wife, gives birth to a daughter, Lhestyn. The Lords allow Waterdeep's perimeter to expand out to the borders they hold to the current day. North and Sea Wards are added and ward boundaries are adjusted and established as they remain today. The Lords increase their numbers beyond Ahghairon's self-imposed limits, and establish sixteen Lords of Waterdeep.

NR 266/ DR 1298: Lhestyn, as "The Masked Lady," infiltrates the Shadow Thieves Guild and exposes it. Within the span of a bloody week, the Shadow Thieves are either dead or fled from the city due to the watch and the Lords' agents (like Lhestyn).

NR 268/ DR 1300: Lhestyn weds Zelphar Arunsun, a powerful mage from Neverwinter (and acknowledged youngest son of Khelben the Elder).

NR 270/ DR 1302: Khelben Arunsun, later to become the archmage "Blackstaff," is born to Lhestyn and Zelphar. Durnan and Mirt the Merciless return from Undermountain and retire as rich men.

NR 274/ DR 1306: Durnan establishes the Yawning Portal over the ruins of Halaster's Hold, controlling the access to the dungeons beneath the city.

NR 276/ DR 1308: Baeron dies of fever, and Shilarn, his wife, immolates herself on his funeral pyre. Their daughter Lhestyn becomes the open Lord of Waterdeep; palace construction begins and the Palace of Waterdeep is complete by early winter.

NR 279/ DR 1311: Zelphar dies at the hands of evil sorcery, though the source remains undetermined to this day. Lhestyn secretly names Piergeiron, a paladin and officer of the city guard, a Lord and her eventual successor as Open Lord of the city.

NR 280/ DR 1312: Durnan founds the Red Sashes as his own personal agents, creating a precaution against such blatant disregards for the watch as grow common in Dock Ward (such as the death of Zelphar).

NR 282/ DR 1314: Piergeiron becomes the Open Lord of Waterdeep upon the death of Lhestyn.

NR 290/ DR 1322: Khelben, son of Zelphar and Lhestyn, claims the long-vacant Arunsun Tower as his own, renaming it after his new title of "the Blackstaff."

NR 313/ DR 1345: Later known as "the Night of Templefall," fires consume the Spires of the Morning (the city's oldest temple) and the House of Heroes in early winter. Both temples are rebuilt within the next year.

NR 325/ DR 1357: Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun shatters the Crown of Horns, freeing Laeral Silverhand from Myrkul's evil influence. He returned to Waterdeep with her to help her heal; within three years, they are inseparable and Laeral is often referred to as Lady Arunsun.

NR 326/ DR 1358: GODSWAR. The Time of Troubles sees the fallen god Myrkul in Waterdeep with his forces, and the resulting Wardfires from Myrkul's attacking legions spread throughout Dock, Castle, and Southern Wards. Myrkul is destroyed (along with a number of Market buildings) and Cyric and Midnight ascend to godhood from Mount Waterdeep. Ao's voice is heard by many in Waterdeep and his temple is established on the ruins in the Market.

NR 329/ DR 1361: Rumors of the Harper Assassin travel throughout the city. Pilgrims and soldiers of the church of Helm announce their discovery of a rich land to the west, beyond the Moonshaes and Evermeet.

NR 332/ DR 1364: Droughts, increased monster activity, and political unrest plague Waterdeep for months leading up to Midsummer. A green dragon and an apparently mad bard disrupt the Shieldmeet ceremonies at the Field of Triumph, nearly upsetting the Lords' Rule.

NR 333/ DR 1365: Limited trade is established between Waterdeep and the southern and western lands of Zakhara and Maztica; the high-risk ventures (as many as 60% of the ships are lost at sea in transit) are jointly managed by the priesthood of Helm and various noble families. Piergeiron attends the coronation of Queen Alicia of the Moonshaes, and rumors spread furiously of his being seriously smitten by her (though none dare suggest such impropriety to the Open Lord's face).

NR 335/ DR 1367: The year just ending. See the section below for current events.

NR 336/ DR 1368: *The Year of the Banner*





And Now, The News...

The following material intertwines greater and smaller events that occur within Waterdeep during the year of 335 NR (1367 DR), nine years after the Time of Troubles. The events herein summarize or add to the many stories of the NPCs within the *City of Splendors* boxed set.

Hammer

- Furious northern storms hammer the City of Splendors, coating the streets and buildings with thick ice and making any travel dangerous for two tendays (assuming the windows and doors weren't sealed and frozen shut by the ice and sleet, trapping people indoors). With the bitter temperatures and sheer slipperiness of the streets, the Market becomes more skating rink than commercial center.
- Many Waterdhavians of Southern Ward and Trades Ward are awakened for four consecutive nights at the end of the month by loud explosions heard from the direction of the Rat Hills. While nothing seems immediately amiss (as per the guard and the Dungsweepers' Guild), some adventurers and members of the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors are dispatched to investigate.

Alturiak

- Nine hours after their entrance, the assigned party that has ventured into the Rat Hills dies mysteriously within the wasteland. A flurry of spell use and the sound of battle erupts quite suddenly. By the time a guard contingent tracks them down, all the adventurers and mages lie dead; three of the bodies are missing, but little else can be discerned (of their deaths or their attackers) as the garbage heaps catch fire and soon rage out of control! Soon, much of the interior of the Rat Hills is aflame. The fires burn powerfully for two days, but smaller fires smolder for a full tenday, the efforts of the Watchful Order to quench the entire inferno for naught. Waterdeep is engulfed in thick, choking clouds of smoke and soot from the Rat Hills Conflagration. The guard is kept busy, however, as the fires drive out many inhabitants of the area, including a small tribe of lizard men, a pack of leucrotta, a clutch of sea zombies, and even a previously unknown form of gulguthra (see the gulguthydra MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® entry). After the fires burn themselves out, the Rat Hills are reduced in size by more than 50%.

- A small colony of aquatic elves is wiped out down in the south by a huge horde of undersea predators driven into a feeding frenzy by something; the twelve survivors (nine females, three males; two of each are children) settle with the mermen within Waterdeep's harbor and petition to join the guard as part of the contingent below. One of the females recalls seeing sharks working alongside seawolves and even an ixitxachtli or two!
- Many folk in the city succumb to a mild plague caused by the smoke and debris carried over the city by what is now called the Rat Hills Conflagration. While no one dies of the plague, many in the sea trade get a late start at fixing up their ships in preparation for Fleetswake and the shipping season next month.

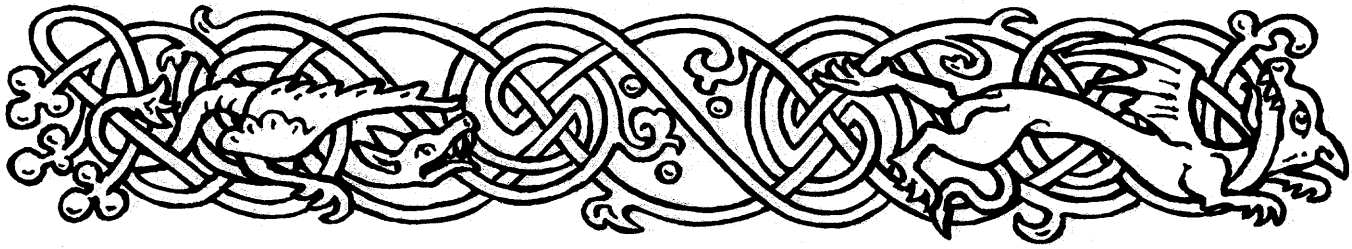
Ches

- Lady Hyara Talmost's celebratory gala the first night of the Fleetswake festivities is a smashing social success. The only disturbing news involves the disappearance of Jynnia Gundwynd's handsome but mysterious escort; she claims they were alone and asleep in an upstairs room, "resting to get our second wind for the party," but when she woke up, he was gone. The only evidence left behind is his coat, stained a bright red on the hem and tails.
- *Fleetswake and the Fair Seas Festival*. The tenday-long festival ends with its usual pomp and pageantry, and the donations to Umberlee's Cache are extraordinarily generous (roughly 260,000 gold pieces). The high mermaid shaman Thur Aquarvol demanded the money be smelted down and sculpted into an undersea statue for Umberlee. The Lords refused this change, but added a commission for a marble statue next year.

Tarsakh

- *Waukeentide*. On Goldenight, whether by accident or by Halaster's design, four aurumvorax exit Undermountain into the Old Xoblob Shop and rampage into the Purple Palace festhall next door. By the time the animals are disabled, three patrons and four festhall girls (wearing naught but gold dust) are dead due to the animals' attack. The aurumvorax hides are each distributed to the victims' families (and the festhall) as little recompense. The owner of the Old Xoblob Shop is at a loss as to how the creatures weren't affected by his usual magical safeguards, suggesting foul play to the watch.





- A one-eyed sailor starts a brawl in a Dock Ward tavern, breaks the arms of four men, and proceeds to swing one man by his ankles, using him as a club. When the watch arrives, the sailor flees with two watch officers in pursuit. The two officers are found three streets down, both badly mauled and one with an arm missing. A trail of blood leads down to Smugglers' Dock, but the trail disappears and the miscreant escapes. The watch is offering a 50-gold-piece reward to anyone who catches this maniac.
- Ten non-native Cyricists are arrested at the Plinth for disturbing the open religious services. The group of twelve have cast multiple darkness spells, surrounding the Plinth with utter blackness at highsun. Normally, this breach of ethics is overlooked and the worshipers are ushered out the River Gate; however, their services are interrupted by a number of devout Tyr-worshipers. The resulting battle of spells and steel ends with the death of two Cyricists and four Tyrites, as well as random damage to surrounding structures including the Plinth. Four Tyrites are arrested but are released when their fines are paid. No one has seen the Cyricists since the incident, though they did receive judgment from the Lord's Court; rumor has it they are now in Undermountain.

Mirtul

- Lady Cera Phaulkon is missing after her caravan is ambushed just south of Luskan. Nearly everyone is slaughtered and, worst of all, the heads are cleanly severed from all the dead including Lady Phaulkon. Her youngest daughter, Jeryth, was traveling with her and is currently missing; scraps of her dress and a comb are found at the caravan site, indicating there was some struggle. Little has been found about this kidnaping and senseless murder, made more so by the lack of thieving involved—Lady Phaulkon's body still wore her diamond rings and emerald brooch.
- Close to dawn on the 22nd of the month, the Cliffwatch Inn in North Ward is engulfed in multiple magical explosions that send goutts of flame far into the air overhead. Many claim to hear roaring and howling during the fires. When the flames die down, nothing is left of the inn, and its owner is missing. The area is surrounded by a high wooden wall and kept under constant guard surveillance (though whether they keep the curious outside the wall or keep something more malevolent inside the wall is unknown).

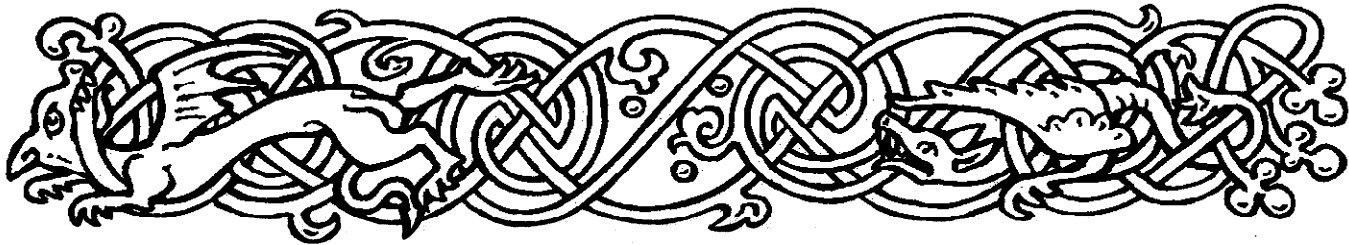
Kythorn

- *Trolltide*. Children about the city have small magical trinkets that let them growl like trolls. Some of them, however, actually turn children into trolls and a number of unfortunate deaths result from the transformations. Of the children that are saved and reverted to normal, none are charged with criminal wrongdoing, being not of their right minds, but the Lords are reportedly looking into this matter personally (and the Watchful Order is rightfully worried at this). *For more on this, see "Trolltidings" in Chapter 6 of the Adventurer's Guide to the City.*
- Ships with the markings of Luskanite pirates sink two Waterdhavian rakers in waters north of the City of Splendors, but the High Captains desperately claim no responsibility for the damages. They confess that a number of their own ships have been stolen by unknown parties of late and are busy harrasing shipping up and down the Sword Coast and heaping all the blame on Luskan. Luskan actually cooperates and allies with Waterdeep in hunting down these pirates.
- A dead drow female is found in a midden in Sea Ward, just off the Street of the Singing Dolphin. Her cause of death appears to be strangulation, but various burns cover her black leather armor. A broken bottle is by her side, and some of its liquid has melted a hole in the stone pavement beneath it. In her right hand, the woman has a pendant in her death grip: A silver pendant mockingly similar to the symbol of Sune, goddess of beauty, with the head of an illithid and added tentacles wrapping around its head like hair.

Flamerule

- *Founders' Day*. As some twisted form of celebrating the Lords' rule and the founding of Waterdeep, a disguised Zhentarim priest of Cyric raises the remains of the traitor Lord Kerrigan from the dead, setting a wraith in Lord's garb loose within the city. Kerrigan's wraith was pursued throughout the city, and it is brought low by Lord Piergeiron, Vhonna Deepdell, and High Priestess Ghentilara in Kerrigan's Court once again. The Zhentarim wizard, though pursued by four watch-wizards, escapes into the City of the Dead, eluding his captors among the dimensional burial grounds until he makes good his escape from Waterdeep entirely.





- Midsummer's Night sees one of the largest crowds ever in Waterdeep, with every possible dock slip occupied and twice the normal number of caravans crowding the streets of Southern Ward (as well as the plains just outside the walls). The crowd at the Three Pearls Nightclub is spared much of the pickpocketing common to the rest of the city, but a performance by the half-elven Rheros Bladesong, the Fighting Bard from the Shaar, turns deadly. During his sword-dance (juggling long swords while dancing), one of his swords breaks away from his control and flies "as if possessed of evil intelligence" into the chest of a Sembian carpet merchant. Under arrest for the murder, Rheros swears none of his swords are magical (a *detect magic* test is made just before each performance), that he has no reason to kill the merchant, and that someone is framing him. The only possible connection involves a troupe of traveling illusionists known as Maari Sithkess and her Familiars, all of whom are of Sembian birth, though none have any connection with the merchant.
- The Kolat Towers (AQ8) are sealed on all sides by a glowing, translucent field of magical energy (an arcing *wall of force* running from the top of the towers to the top of the surrounding property walls) for two tendays immediately after Midsummer's Night. Whenever the wizards are seen during this time (and two months after), Duhlark Kolat is distracted and quite surly, while the elderly Alcedor has his arm in a sling. It is soon found out that someone apparently entered the towers, overpowered Alcedor, and stole a number of scrolls and irreplaceable items, despite all the safeguards.

Eleasias

- With the arrival of the Moonshae ambassador, the city is abuzz over next year's visit of High Queen Alicia. In preparation, an embassy is established close to the Palace and Ahghairon's Tower. Noble galas are already in the planning stages for her arrival in Ches.
- Waterdeep's navy, with some help from a late-arriving Luskar ship, manages to capture the last of the Sword Coast pirates' ships with much of the crew intact. The pirates are of all nationalities of the Sword Coast; their captains (and the controlling intelligence known as the Black Admiral) are all missing from the capture. As in previous captures, the captains and some other officers leap overboard and disappear into the ocean rather than allow themselves to be captured.

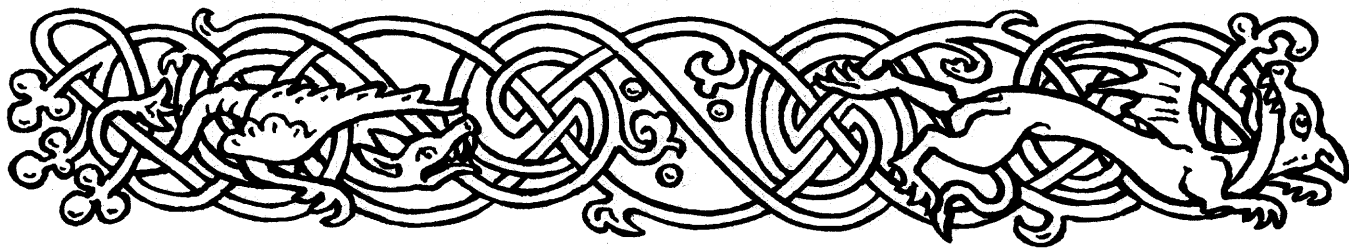
Eleint

- An uncontrollable magical fire ravages the northern section of Sea Ward near the Heroes' Garden, destroying a number of businesses and villas. Investigations later show the cause as a young mage's apprentice attempting a fire-based spell beyond his control; he set the central rowhouse of a block afire, consuming himself in the process. Sadly, a number of guardsmen's homes are also consumed by the fire, the Watchful Order's fire-fighters proving ineffective against the flames (though they did limit the damage).
- Many new creatures are being encountered in the sewers by the Plumbers' Guild, and they are growing understandably nervous. The newest is quickly being called a sewerworm, with its anaesthetic bite and leechlike abilities. The Guild wants someone to go clean out the sewers of such infestations, before any Guild members go missing.
- Many rumors abound through the Dock Ward about the unification and alliance of a number of pirate crews in the past few weeks. Many say the former crews of the Black Admiral are pulling together to attack soon and take over Mintarn just before winter sets in. Others whisper that the direction of the pirates comes from below ("from some new power in Skullport").

Marpenoth

- At Highharvestide, the new Knights of the Sword Coast stand collected and exit the city as caravan escorts for Lord Phaulkon's last trade caravan of the season. Its final destination is Cormyr and, due to the coming harsh winter, the Knights and the return caravan aren't expected until spring.
- *Gods' Day*. The morning after the Gods' Day festivities, four watch officers and two guard officers are discovered stuffed into the garbage carts of the Dungsweepers' Guild, all decapitated. Curiously, the bodies are stone cold and cannot be identified without the heads, but none of the watch or guild posts report any missing patrolers. However, a laundry where some watch and guard members send their uniforms was ransacked the night before and a number of uniforms are missing. All watch and guard civilians and armors are keeping sharp eyes out for any strangers in their garb in hopes of catching the killers.





- Toward the end of the month, the legendary axe *Azureedge* magically returns to Waterdeep. Reappearing apparently in answer to a bard's ballad, *Azureedge* embeds itself into the main pillar of the Safehaven Inn's taproom. Many capable warriors try their hands at removing the axe, but none succeeds until some unknown adventurers claim it. The magic of *Azureedge* proclaims them the Company of the Blue Axe, causing much excitement within the Adventurers' Quarter.

Uktar

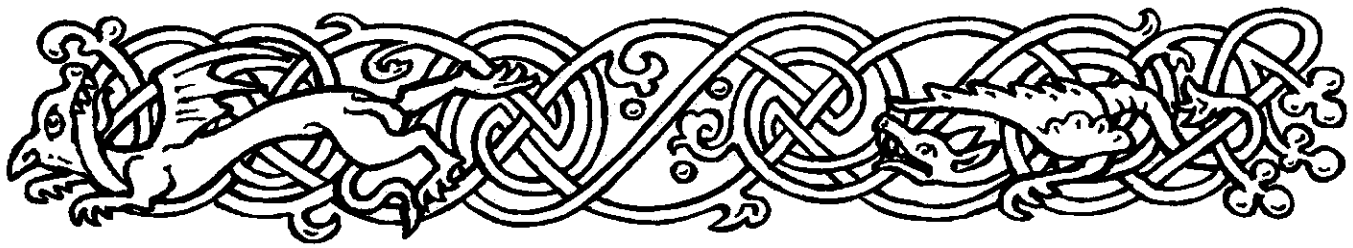
- *Auril's Blesstide*. The celebrations of the first frost on the 10th of the month are marred by the discovery of three bizarre ice sculptures on the Seas' Edge Beach. The three nude male figures appear frozen in fear and they are carved from solid ice. No one within the city can positively identify the bodies, though a few folk recall seeing some braggarts in the Fiery Flagon the night before that looked like these men. *Speak with dead* magics prove useless and no way has been found to restore the men to mobility.
- Each full moon since fire ravaged Sea Ward in Eleint, a sad, lonely phantom appears to remind folk that life and love don't always end at death. At the former second story level of a villa (which no longer exists), a woman stands by her window, her form and the shape of the window illuminated by the lantern that rests on the sill. Curiously enough, this apparition cannot be seen from the side or behind it, on Stormstar's Ride, but only when facing it on Phastal Street.
- Khelben Arunsun has an uncharacteristic embarrassment on his hands. Some prankster has manipulated the Walking Statue of Waterdeep, walking it from its customary spot at the top of the Cliffride to Blackstaff Tower, and altering its stoic face and pose to that of a weeping child curled up in Khelben's front courtyard. While the Statue was swiftly moved back into its usual location and form, Khelben has yet to track down and deal with the prankster; while many see this solely as humorous, others recognize the danger of some unknown factor being able to control one of Waterdeep's most powerful defenses.

Nightal

- One of the early snows falls on the city, but curiously all the snowflakes are deep green in hue. The following morning, the green snow has evaporated, but the many trees and plants about the city experience large growth spurts and, in some cases, crack surrounding pavement. Though it is the start of winter, all fruit-bearing trees magically produce new fresh fruit overnight for two nights in a row, causing a frenzy at the Market for fresh fruit this late in the season. No other results were noted from the green snows, but some speculate that next year will be a bountiful one due to this sign.
- At the Lord's Court on the 15th of the month, one of the masked Lords stands before the people (four noble patriarchs and five guild masters are on hand in the court's audience) and takes off his helm, revealing himself to be Khelben Arunsun! Everyone, including Piergeiron, is shocked, and in the surprised silence, Khelben says, "My fellow citizens of Waterdeep, I stand before you, revealed as one of the Lords of our fair city. For years, many have speculated that I sat among this august assemblage, and I admit it freely now . . . as I retire my position as Lord. I also hereby call my successor, who shall take my place among the rulers of the city. Enter, Lord." With that, the doors to the Court open, and a masked, robed Lord strides silently in, bows to Piergeiron and the other two Lords in council, and finally takes a seat next to Khelben. Within days, the news spreads throughout the city, shocking many; the taverns buzz of no other news, and many speculate whether he actually has resigned from the Lords, or whether he's just acting out another convoluted scheme to draw out some enemy (since his revelation was not the greatest of his secrets . . .).

For more information on goings-on outside Waterdeep during this year, see "News of the Realms" in *Running the Realms*, Book 2 of the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Set.





Chapter Three: The City Wards



es, the City of Splendors is vast, but have I ever gotten lost? What a silly question, my good fellow. The Lords rely on me far too much for me to have time to get lost. As it is, it isn't hard to find your way around Waterdeep, provided you know what you're looking for. Let me be on my way, and, in the future, bother the watch for directions."

—Mulgor, City Collector of Fees, circa 1366 DR



With a city the size of Waterdeep, it is next to impossible to depict the entire city in detail. A complete description of all the buildings in bustling, ever-changing Waterdeep is simply a task beyond the scope of this boxed set. While much of the city is detailed at least in name and other details, much is left open and this provides Dungeon Masters with the chance to make Waterdeep their own, filling in components as necessary for exciting play, and to spark the day-to-day adventures of player characters. What this chapter provides is a way to randomly determine the size, purpose, and general state of repair of sites undetailed within this boxed set. Finally, there is a comprehensive list of over 300 buildings with references for additional information on many areas.

Sight-Seeing in Waterdeep

Waterdeep is a huge city with thousands of buildings of varying size, shape, and details, and each Dungeon Master should make the city his or her own, fitting in setting particulars to suit the campaign and its player characters. Random generation of basic building structures may be accomplished using the table below. The primary form and size of the buildings set up by the tables allows the DM to ad-lib during a game, adding features during a game session as needed.

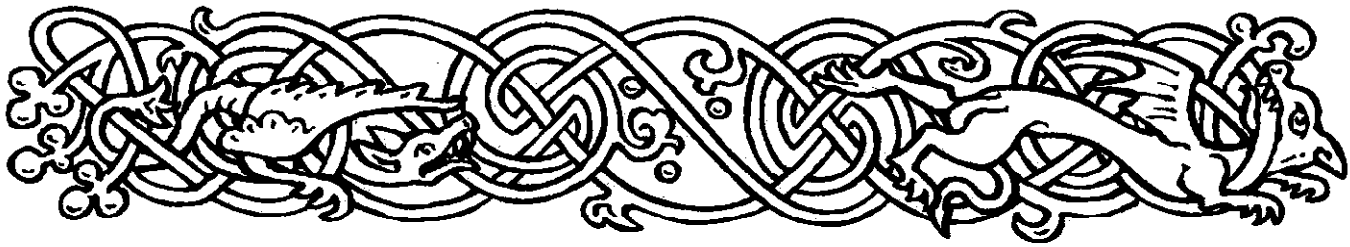
Random creation of Class A buildings (see below) and of specific buildings intended for use in play is not recommended; if they're major landmarks or buildings important to the immediate game, they should be meticulously prepared and mapped. For lesser buildings, don't worry about keeping every last improvised detail perfect from game to game in a Waterdeep campaign; DMs who contradict themselves on building layout from one PC visit to another have a readily convenient explanation: Buildings in Waterdeep are constantly being rebuilt, renovated, and repaired by the Carpenters', Roofers', and Plaisterers' Guild.

Building Class

Buildings in the City can be artificially divided into four classes:

Class A Buildings: Class A buildings are always unique and distinctive landmarks of any scale. Most, however, are of a large and grandiose nature, almost built as much for show as for use. Examples within Waterdeep include the city's public structures (e.g. the Palace, Castle Waterdeep, the Field of Triumph, the Cynosure, et al), major temples (the Plinth, the Spires of the Morning, et al), and the nobles' villas (all walled villa complexes with interior gardens or enclosed grounds).





Class B Buildings: Class B buildings cover the larger, more successful and elaborate single buildings within the city. They have up to five stories, and may have extensive cellars (usually connected to the sewers at some point). Most inns and guild halls in Waterdeep fall into this class. Examples include grand houses and mansions (private residences without extensive grounds or walled gardens), prosperous businesses, large warehouses, and the guild halls (randomly generating guild hall interiors is not recommended, as many have specific purposes and require special attention).

Class C Buildings: The great majority of buildings in Waterdeep are Class C—the tall row houses that line the streets to heights of two stories or more (some as high as five!). Row houses usually have shops on the ground floor, with offices or apartments above that. While not always multi-story row houses, this class includes many of the better-kept taverns and rooming houses in the city.

Class D Buildings: Class D buildings are lesser buildings, usually one-story wooden buildings used as small warehouses and individual homes and storage sheds for Waterdeep's poor. Such buildings are mainly found in Dock Ward (and the docks in southern Castle Ward), with a fair number in Southern Ward and Trades Ward.

Building Generation

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

Step 1: Building Height.

Determine number of stories in building, by deliberate choice or by the methods that follow.

Class B: Roll 1d8 and check results below:

- 1 One story, no basement (cupola and/or skylights possible);
- 2 Two stories, no basement;
- 3 Three stories, no basement;
- 4 Four stories, no basement;
- 5 One story + basement;
- 6 Two stories + basement;
- 7 Three stories + basement;
- 8 Four stories + basement (tower + additional floors possible).

Class C: Roll 1d4 and check results below:

- 1 Two stories, no basement;
- 2 Three stories, no basement;

- 3 Three stories + basement;
- 4 Two stories + basement.

Class D: Roll 1d4 and check results below:

- 1 1 story, no basement;
- 2 1 story + basement;
- 3 1 story, no basement;
- 4 1 story + basement.

Class D buildings may have a dormer, cupola, or tower to add partial upper levels, and lean-to additions on the sides.

Step 2: Building Conditions.

Roll 1d6 or choose the condition of the building below:

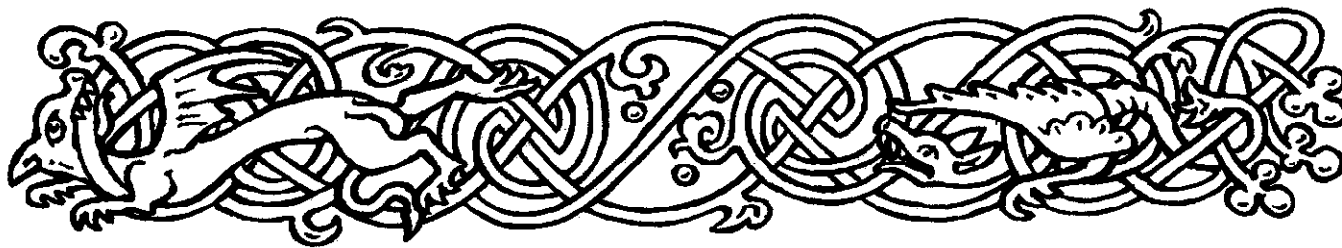
- 1 Derelict, boarded up (possibly in use as a secret meeting place by thieves, intrigue groups, monsters, or adventurers);
- 2 Ramshackle, badly in need of repair;
- 3 Well-worn and in heavy daily use, with evidence of some recent repair work with more minor work needed;
- 4 Well-kept and clean, in good condition;
- 5 New or pristine condition, freshly decorated or carefully-maintained, perhaps with ornate trim and furnishings;
- 6 Currently under construction or extensive repair (includes recent damage by fire, collapse, weather, explosion, etc.).

Step 3: Building Function.

Roll 1d10 or choose the building's purpose below:

- 1 B: Warehouse (with elevator or interior hoist)
C: Warehouse
D: Warehouse
- 2 B: Warehouse (with elevator or interior hoist)
C: Row house, offices above ground floor shop
D: Warehouse
- 3 B: Business offices
C: Row House, apartments above ground floor shop
D: Warehouse
- 4 B: Business offices
C: Row house, storage or apartments above ground floor and second floor shops
D: Warehouse
- 5 B: Boarding/rooming house
C: Boarding/rooming house
D: Private family residence, lesser merchant or laborer
- 6 B: Boarding/rooming house
C: Boarding/rooming house
D: Boarding/rooming house
- 7 B: Row house, apartments above ground floor shop





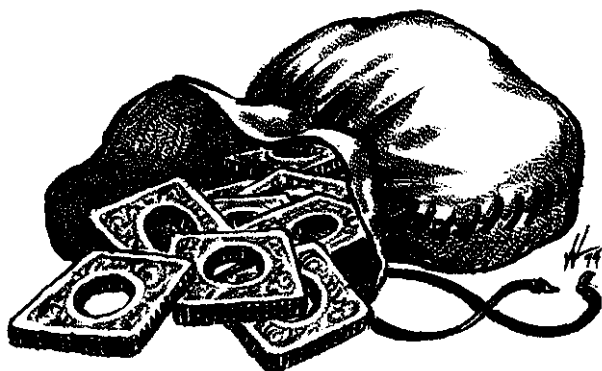
- C: Row house, offices & apartments above ground floor shop
- D: Shop
- 8 B: Row house, apartments above ground floor offices
- C: Row house, offices & apartments above ground floor shop
- D: Office(s)
- 9 B: Private family residence, lesser noble or merchant
- C: Row house, ground floor & upper level apartments
- D: Multiple family residence, lesser merchant or laborer
- 10 B: Private individual residence, lesser noble or merchant
- C: Row house, ground floor & upper level apartments
- D: Individual residence with rental storage

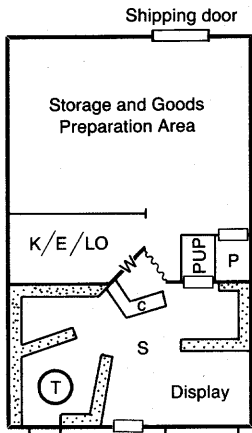
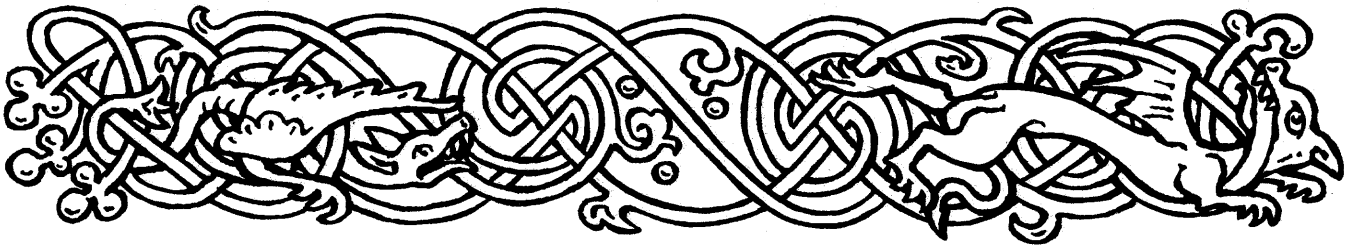
Interior Layouts

The layout of buildings in play may become important if PCs engage in extensive indoor thieving, stealthy shadowing, and fighting. Space considerations prohibit the provision of floor plans for every building, but the adjoining maps provide basic layouts for general purpose use (such as randomly generated buildings). DMs must adjust the precise dimensions of the rooms depicted on these plans, altering window and door positions to fit the known exterior and purpose of each building. Note that ground floor windows in all wards are usually barred. These maps are meant as guides only, and floorplan details should be regularly altered to avoid boredom (and easy access by unlawful PCs and NPCs used to specific layouts).

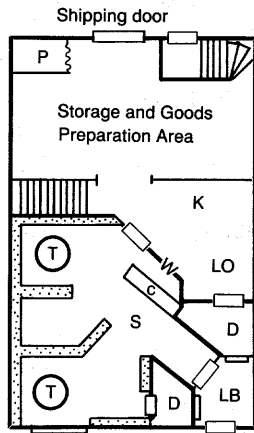
Representative Floorplan Map Key

- C: Counter
- D: Display cubicle/area/case
- E: Eating area
- EL: Elevator (rope & pulleys lift platform)
- H: Hallway
- K: Kitchen
- L: Living area
- LB: Lobby, entry area
- LO: Lounge area
- O: Office
- P: Privy (water-jug flush)
- PUP: Public use privy/washroom
- S: Store
- SL: Sleeping area
- ST: Storage area (closet)
- SU: Study/meeting room/library
- T: Table
- W: Warehouse space
- X: Possible staircase, or staircase under or over the one shown on the plan (i.e. to a lower level), or a trapdoor or chandelier
- Pillar
- Shelving
- ~ Curtain
- ⌘ Pass-through window in wall (i.e. from kitchen to eating area).

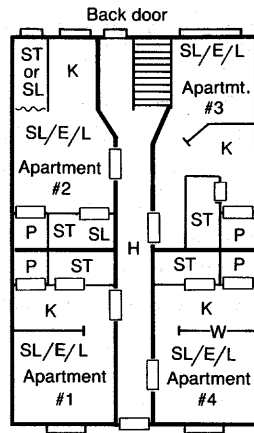




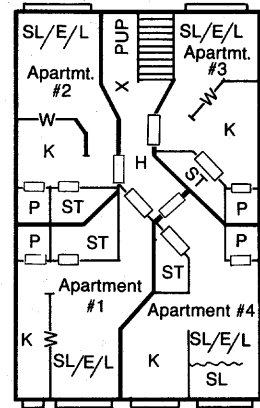
FLOOR OF SHOP: Plan #1



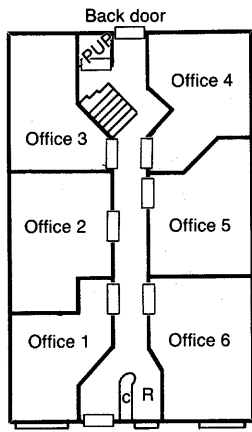
FLOOR OF SHOP: Plan #2



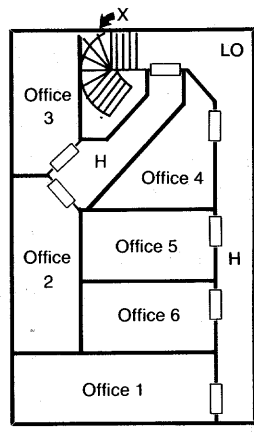
FLOOR OF APARTMENTS #1



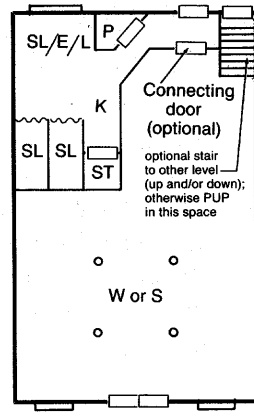
FLOOR OF APARTMENTS #2



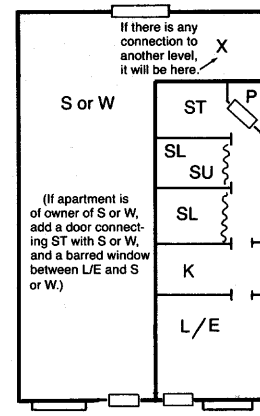
FLOOR OF OFFICES: Plan #1



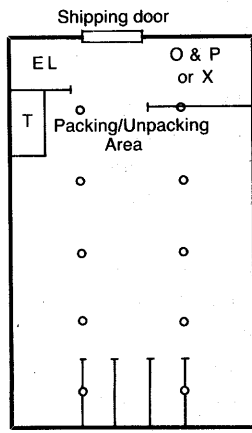
FLOOR OF OFFICES: Plan #2



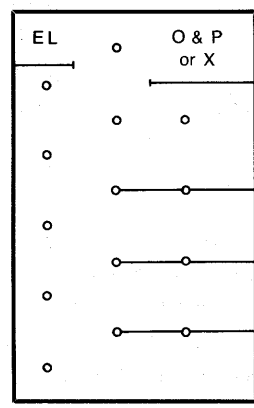
SHARED SPACE DWELLING #1



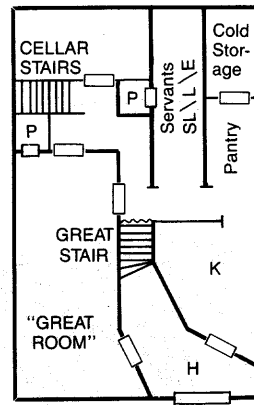
SHARED SPACE DWELLING #2



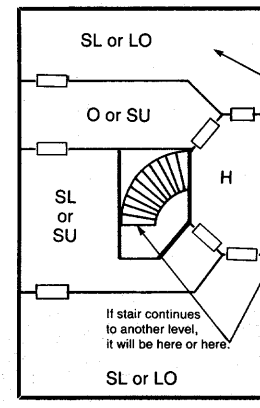
WAREHOUSE FLOOR #1



WAREHOUSE FLOOR #2



GRAND RESIDENCE FLOOR #1

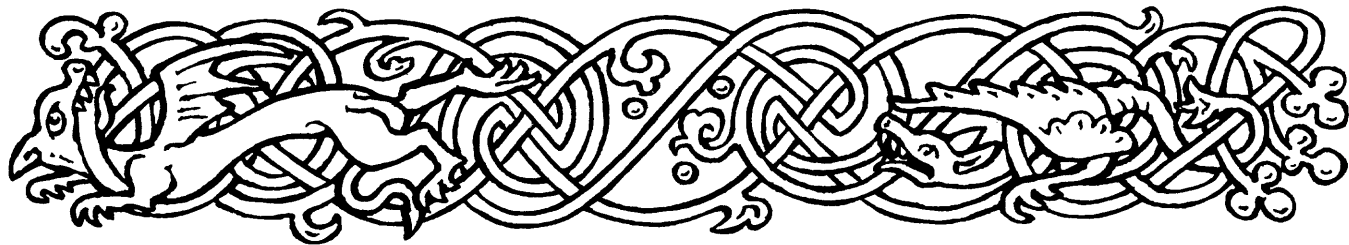


GRAND RESIDENCE FLOOR #2

Selected Representative Floorplans for Buildings in Waterdeep

DMs must adjust the precise dimensions of the rooms depicted in these plans and alter the positions (or presence) of doors and windows to fit the known exterior and purposes of each building. Ground floor windows are usually barred. To avoid a "sameness" contributing to boredom and too easy unlawful, undetected PC entry and egress, DMs must vary floorplan elements; use these examples as guides only.





The City Ward Keys

Each ward is individually numbered with a special prefix that identifies its tagged locations (see below). Each ward is described and keyed separately, with special, untagged locations mentioned and referenced before the main listing of its location key. The map key and the numbering system are organized in a pattern starting from the northwest corner of the city and each ward, moving east to the ward boundary and continuing the pattern from north to south. The city ward keys are all in a standard format as follows:

Tag # Location Type: Location Name

Building Class & # of stories

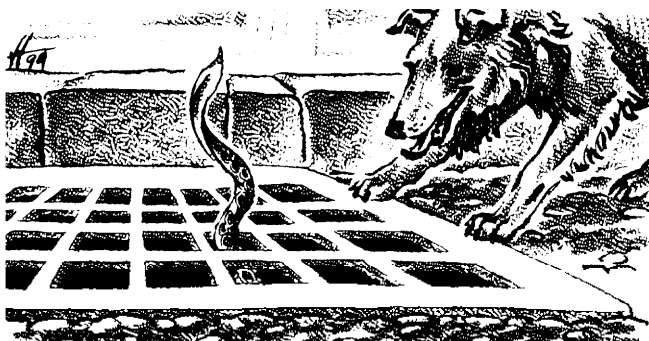
Additional information is shaded; much of this references other books for more on the place in question, NPCs that frequent said location, and any items or details not immediately evident.

The rest of the abbreviations within the map keys are in the tables below. These tables and the map key are more detailed than the original map keys within *FR1 Waterdeep and the North*, the original source for the *City of Splendors*, and *Volo's Guide to Waterdeep*. If DMs are using these sources, refer to Appendix Four of this book to cross-reference old building numbers against the new keys.

Tags Ward Placement

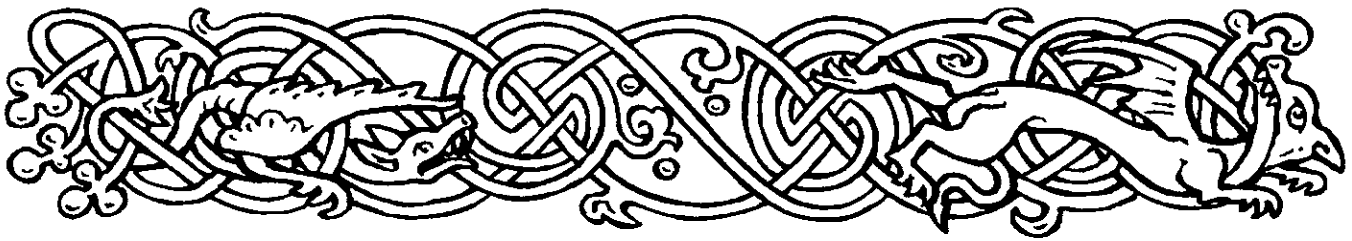
- § Sea Ward location
- N North Ward location
- T Trades Ward location
- CD City of the Dead location
- S Southern/South Ward location
- AQ Adventurers' Quarter location (in South Ward)
- D Dock Ward location
- C Castle Ward location

Location Terms	Definitions
Business	Place of business (many with apartments above)
City Building	Place for guard, watch, Lords', and public use
Festhall	Place of entertainment (most with tavern facilities)
Guild Hall	Guild headquarters (many also act as Business)
House	Privately owned abode of noted/wealthy person
Inn	Tavern with beds and meals provided
Noble Villa	Complex of buildings owned by noble family
Row House	Multi-story building with rented living space
Tavern	Establishment for drinking with some food
Temple	Singular place of worship or confined complex
Warehouse	Storage for saleable/raw goods
Wizard's Domicile	Tower or home of wizard (danger imminent)
Referral Tag	Book Reference
CG	<i>Campaign Guide to the City</i> (Book I of this box)
WW	<i>Who's Who in Waterdeep</i> (Book II of this box)
AG	<i>Adventurer's Guide to the City</i> (Book III of this box)
SC	<i>Secrets of the City</i> (Book IV of this box)
UMTA	<i>Undermountain Adventures</i> (<i>Ruins of Undermountain</i> box)
UMTC	<i>Undermountain Campaign Guide</i> (<i>Ruins of Undermountain</i> box)
Volo	<i>Volo's Guide to Waterdeep</i>



If you don't have all the sources listed above, don't worry; this boxed set is the most complete source on Waterdeep and provides enough information to run a Waterdeep game campaign. The *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set and *Volo's Guide to Waterdeep* are supplementary products for roleplaying in Waterdeep. While they do expand on certain details in this boxed set, neither product is essential for running game campaigns based in Waterdeep.





Sea Ward

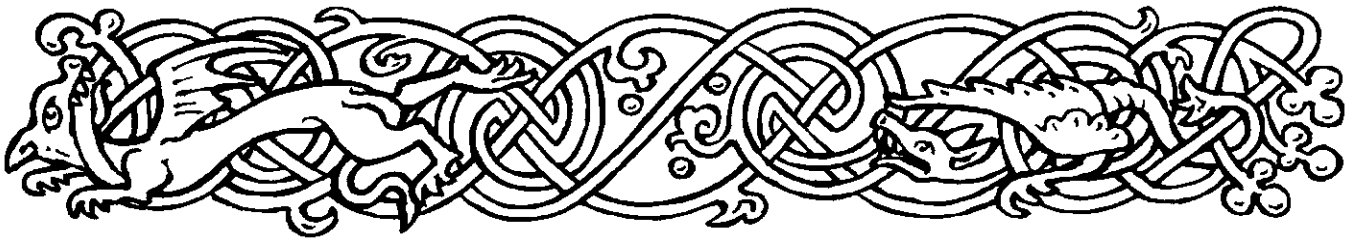
Field of Triumph: This huge, open-air stadium is the site of many spectacles staged for the populace of Waterdeep. During the late spring through to late autumn, thousands of people flood through the entrance (the awe-inspiring Lion Gate) and witness shows of magic, martial skills, horse races, and monstrous exhibitions of creatures big and small. The Field also acts as a public forum for such important public events as the Open Lord's proclamations to the city and special gatherings for foreign dignitaries.

Heroes' Garden: Waterdeep's only public park outside of the City of the Dead, Heroes' Garden is a large, lush area of grass, trees, and ponds. A number of statues decorate the sward, including large marble statues to the Open Lords Baeron and Lhestyn (in her guise as the Masked Lady, who destroyed the Shadow Thieves' Guild). It is often the scene of adventurers telling tales of their exploits to others (including local children). The park is tended by the watch and the local citizens who keep the park free of debris and refuse (as well as prevent would-be heroes from carving their names into the trees, though names on the trees include decades-old marks left by Mirt, and six members of the Company of Crazy Adventurers).

Seas' Edge Beach: Originally just an area of mud flats on the city's western seaside, the area south of the West Gate and outside the city walls has been covered with sand and turned into a beachfront. While only used as such at the height of summer when water temperatures rise to near-tolerable levels, Sea's Edge Beach is a remote place citizens use for reflection and solitude. This is also the ending place for the Auril's Blesside Cliffs Run.

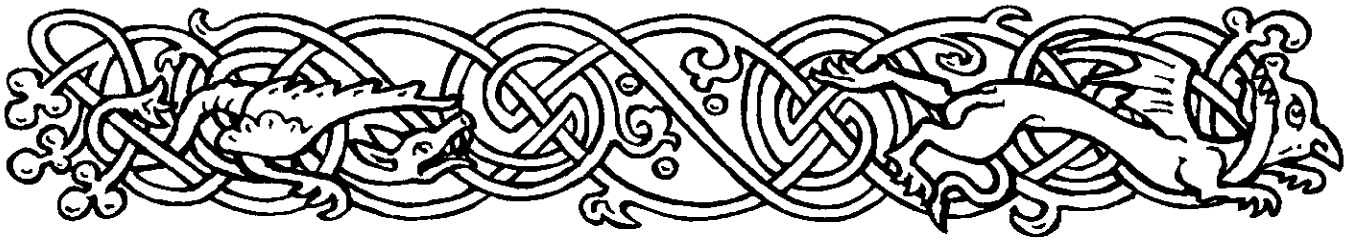
- \$1 Tavern: Sated Satyr
2-story Class C building
AG p.37.
- \$2 Inn: Wyvern's Rest
2-story Class C building
AG p. 17, 36, 37.
- \$3 Business: Selchoun's Sundries
2-story Class B building
AG p. 17, 36; Volo p. 60, 228.
- \$4 Inn: Golden Harp Inn
2-story Class B building
AG p. 17, 36.
- \$5 Temple: The Shrines of Nature
2 1-story Class B buildings
Temples to Mielikki and Silvanus. AG p. 15, 37; SC p. 10.
- \$6 Noble villa: Emveolstone family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 14.
- \$7 Noble villa: Hiilgauntlet family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 16.
- \$8 Wizard's Domicile: Blue Alley
1-story Class C building
CG p. 1, 2, 3, 41, 112-119; AG p. 17; Volo p. 54.
- \$9 Noble villa: Gauntyl family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 15.
- \$10 Temple: The Temple of Beauty
3-story Class A building
Temple to Sune. WW p. 62; AG p. 15, 37.
- \$11 Noble villa: Brokengulf family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 11, 30; SC p. 5.
- \$12 Noble villa: Raventree family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 8, 22.
- \$13 Noble villa: Rosznar family
2- and 5-story Class A buildings
WW p. 23.
- \$14 Noble villa: Jhanszil family
1- and 3-story Class A buildings
CG p. 60; WW p. 17.
- \$15 Wizard's Domicile: Naingate
4-story Class B building
CG p. 68, 82; WW p. 66, 78-80; AG p. 17; SC p. 6, 7.
- \$16 Noble villa: Melshimber family
4- and 5-story Class A buildings
CG p. 46; WW p. 19-21, 25; AG p. 47, 52; SC p. 7.
- \$17 Noble villa: Ilitul family
2-story Class A buildings
CG p. 60; WW p. 16.
- \$18 Business: Aurora's Realms Shop ("Singing Dolphin" Catalogue Counter)
1-story Class B building
AG p. 17, 36; Volo p. 58, 227, 229.
- \$19 Temple: The Tower of Luck
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
Temple to Tymora. AG p. 15, 37.





- \$20 Noble villa: Wavesilver family
2- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 29.
- \$21 Temple: The House of Wonder
5-story Class A buildings
Temple to Mystra. CG p. 89; WW p. 61; AG p. 3, 15, 17, 26, 37; SC p. 8.
- \$22 Noble villa: Eltorchul family
1- and 3-story Class A buildings
CC p. 60; WW p. 13, 14; SC p. 4.
- \$23 Noble villa: Neshel family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
CG p. 60; WW p. 21, 27.
- \$24 Noble villa: Gundwynd family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
CG p. 32; WW p. 15, 67.
- \$25 Wizard's Domicile: Tessalar's Tower
4-story Class B building
WW p. 77.
- \$26 Noble villa: Artemel family
2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 10.
- \$27 Noble villa: Ammakyl family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 10.
- \$28 Noble villa: Silmerhelve family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 23.
- \$29 Noble villa: Ruldegost family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 23.
- \$30 Wizard's Domicile: The Dragon Tower of Maaril
4-story Class A building
WW p. 56, 79; AG p. 17; SC p. 7, 11; Volo p. 54.
- \$31 Noble villa: Husteem family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 16, 37.
- \$32 Noble villa: Zulpair family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 29, 67.
- \$33 Noble villa: Eirontalar family
2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 13.
- \$34 Noble villa: Tesper family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
Known as "Tespergates." WW p. 25, 26; Volo p. 55, 226.
- \$35 Noble villa: Irlingstar family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 17.
- \$36 Noble villa: Manthar family
1- and 3-story Class A buildings
CG p. 60; WW p. 20.
- \$37 Tavern: The Fiery Flagon
1-story Class B building
CG p. 35; AG p. 17, 28, 37; Volo p. 56, 232.
- \$38 Temple: The House of Inspired Hands
3-story Class B buildings
Temple to Gond. WW p. 61; AG p. 15, 17.
- \$39 Inn: Dacer's Inn
3-story Class B building
AG p. 36; Volo p. 61, 215.
- \$40 Noble villa: Ilzimmer family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 17, 67; SC p. 9.
- \$41 Tavern: The Ship's Wheel
2-story Class C building
AG p. 37; Volo p. 61, 227.
- \$42 Inn: The Pilgrim's Rest
3-story Class B building
AG p. 17, 36; Volo p. 63, 216.
- \$43 Inn: The Wandering Wemic
3-story Class B building
AG p. 36; Volo p. 64, 218.
- \$44 Noble villa: Tchazzam family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 25.
- \$45 Inn: Maerghoun's Inn
3-story Class B building
AG p. 36; Volo p. 62, 234.
- \$46 Noble villa: Urnbrusk family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 28.
- \$47 Noble villa: Assumbar family
1- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 100.
- \$48 Noble villa: Cassalanter family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
CG p. 69; WW p. 12, 13, 67, 85; SC p. 5.
- \$49 Noble villa: Thongolir family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 27.
- \$50 Noble villa: Eagleshield family
2- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 13.





- \$51 Noble villa: Dezlentyr family
2- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 10, 12, 13, 67.
- \$52 Noble villa: Belabranta family
3- and 5-story Class A buildings
WW p. 11.
- \$53 Noble villa: Bladesemmer family
1- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 11.
- \$54 Festhall: The House of Purple Silks
4-story Class B building
AG p. 36; SC p. 8; Volo p. 64, 222.
- \$55 Tavern: Gounar's Tavern
2-story Class B building
AG p. 17, 37; Volo p. 60, 219.
- \$56 Temple: The House of the Moon
4-story Class A building
Temple to Selune. WW p. 61, 88; AG p. 15, 29, 37.
- \$57 Noble villa: Moonstar family
2- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 21.
- \$58 Temple: The House of Heroes
3-story Class A building
Temple to Tempus. CC p. 31; WW p. 61; AG p. 15, 37; SC p. 12.
- \$59 Tavern: The Broken Lance
1-story Class C building
AG p. 17, 37.
- \$60 Business: Halazar's Fine Gems
2-story Class B building
WW p. 47; AG p. 17; Volo p. 59, 230.

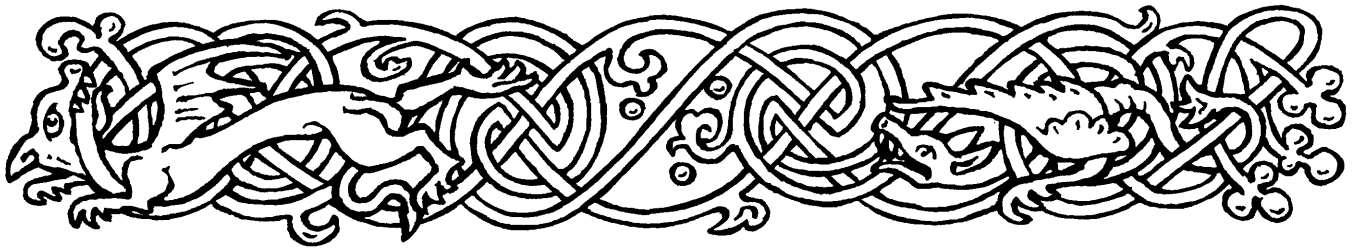
North Ward

Cliffwatch: This sheer 100-foot cliff presents a beautiful spot for viewing the countryside east and south of Waterdeep as well as a valuable defense against invading orcs and trolls; the Cliffwatch and the adjacent Trollwall saved the city during the decade-long Second Trollwar. While Khelben Arunsun offers no confirmation on the topic, rumors say that he and the Lords have placed two of the Walking Statues of Waterdeep in the base of the cliff, ready to animate and break up the lines of any advancing attackers. The cliff's edge, unobstructed by walls or rails, is carefully watched by the guards in the Endcliff Tower and the Watchway Tower (at the City of the Dead).

Cliffwatch Ruins: In late Mirtul, the Cliffwatch Inn was engulfed in multiple magical explosions that sent goutts of flame far into the air overhead. Since that night, the area has been surrounded by a high wooden fence and kept under constant observation by guard and watch patrols. The owner, Felstan Spindriver, has not been seen since the destruction of his property and is believed dead. Offers to purchase the land have been denied until a full investigation by the Lords has been completed.

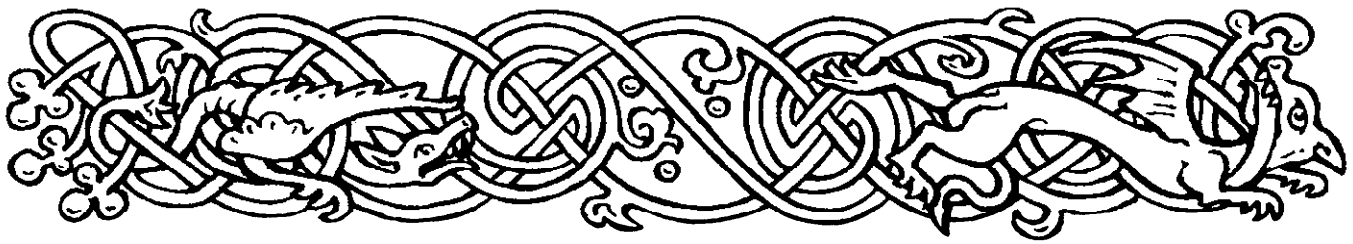
- N1 **City Building: Guard Barracks**
3-story Class C building
- N2 **Noble villa: Brossfeather family**
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
CG p. 60; WW p. 12.
- N3 **Noble villa: Anteos family**
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 10, 92, 94.
- N4 **Noble villa: Phull family**
1- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 21, 43; AG p. 24.
- N5 **Noble villa: Snome family**
2-story Class A buildings
CG p. 74, 85; WW p. 23, 24, 30; AG p. 59; SC p. 7.
- N6 **Noble villa: Crommor family**
2-story Class A buildings
CG p. 46; WW p. 12, 37, 41, 67.
- N7 **Noble villa: Piiradost family**
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 22, 30; SC p. 12.
- N8 **Noble villa: Thunderstaff family**
2- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 27; SC p. 11.
- N9 **Noble villa: Talmost family**
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
CG p. 32; WW p. 24, 25.
- N10 Noble villa: Thann family
3-story Class A buildings
CG p. 4, 7, 46, 72, 84, 94; WW p. 5, 9, 19, 26, 27, 85, 86; AG p. 5; SC p. 4, 6-8, 10, 11.
- N11 Noble villa: Hawkwinter family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
Known as "Hawkwinter House." WW p. 15; AG p. 14; Volo p. 87.
- N12 Noble villa: Sultlue family
2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 24; SC p. 11.





- N13 Noble villa: Cragmere family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 12, 87.
- N14 Noble villa: Massalan family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 20.
- N15 Noble villa: Kothont family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 18, 88.
- N16 Noble villa: Maernos family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 18, 19, 30; AG p. 47.
- N17 Noble villa: Lanngolyn family
1- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 18, 30, 51.
- N18 Noble villa: Ulbrinter family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 27.
- N19 Noble villa: Jardeth family
2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 17.
- N20 Noble villa: Gralhund family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 15.
- N21 Inn: The Raging Lion
3-story Class B building
AG p. 36; Volo p. 98, 222, 224.
- N22 Noble villa: Maerklos family
1-, 2- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 6, 7, 18.
- N23 Noble villa: Nandar family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 21.
- N24 Noble villa: Stormweather family
2- and 5-story Class A buildings
WW p. 24, 30.
- N25 Tavern: A Maiden's Tears
1-story Class B building
AG p. 37; Volo p. 95, 234.
- N26 Tavern: Twilight Hunters
2-story Class C building
WW p. 30, 68; AG p. 14, 37.
- N27 Festhall: The Gentle Mermaid
4-story Class B building
AG p. 14, 36; Volo p. 83, 219, 223, 232.
- N28 Noble villa: Durinbold family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 13.
- N29 Noble villa: Estelmer family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
CG p. 46; WW p. 14, 61.
- N30 Noble villa: Tarm family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 25; AG p. 46, 60; SC p. 9, 10, 12, 15.
- N31 Noble villa: Majarra family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
CG p. 46; WW p. 19, 94.
- N32 Tavern: The Misty Beard
4-story Class C building
AG p. 14, 37; Volo p. 90, 215, 226, 232.
- N33 Noble villa: Agundar family
1- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 9.
- N34 Noble villa: Amcathra family
2- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 9-11, 67; SC p. 8.
- N35 Noble villa: Hunabar family
2-story Class A buildings
CG p. 94; WW p. 16, 67, 68; SC. p 13.
- N36 Noble villa: Thorp family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 27.
- N37 Noble villa: Lathkule family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 18, 67.
- N38 Noble villa: Kormallis family
1- and 2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 11, 17, 61; SC p. 9.
- N39 Noble villa: Adarbrent family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 8, 9, 67.
- N40 Noble villa: Phylund family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 6, 11, 21, 22, 30.
- N41 Noble villa: Margaster family
2-story Class A buildings
WW p. 20.
- N42 Noble villa: Roaringhorn family
4-story Class C buildings
Known as "The High House of Roaringhorn."
Former Class A buildings fallen into disrepair.
WW p. 23, 30, 65; AG p. 14; Volo p. 93.
- N43 Business: Ragathan Furriers
2-story Class C building
AC p. 36.





- N44 Noble villa: Zun family
2- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 29.
- N45 Warehouse: House of Crystal storage
4-story Class C building
- N46 Guild Hall: The House of Crystal
2-story Class B building
HQ: Guild of Glassblowers, Glaziers, & Speculum-Makers. WW p. 45; AG p. 12.
- N47 Inn: The Galloping Minotaur
2- and 3-story Class B buildings
AG p. 36; Volo p. 98, 233.
- N48 Business: Meraedos Fine Furs
2-story Class C building
WW p. 53; AG p. 36; Volo p. 94, 230.
- N49 Business: Sulmest's Splendid Shoes & Boots
1-story Class C building
WW p. 51; AG p. 12, 36; Volo p. 94, 218.
- N50 Business: Aurora's Realms Shop ("High Road" Catalogue Counter)
1-story Class C building
AG p. 12, 36; Volo p. 93, 228.
- N51 Guild Hall: The House of Healing
3-story Class C building
HQ: Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians. WW p. 43; AG p. 12, 37.
- N52 Noble villa: Hothemer family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 16, 30, 92; SC p. 16.
- N53 Noble villa: Ilvastarr family
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 17.
- N54 Business: Fallen Stars Fish
1-story Class C building
AG p. 12.
- N55 Noble villa: Wands family
3- and 5-story Class A buildings
CC p. 30, 86, 95, 104, 106; WW p. 9, 13, 14, 28-30, 48, 68, 73, 77, 81, 82; AG p. 5, 34; SC p. 7, 8, 11, 16.
- N56 Tavern: The Grinning Lion
1-story Class C building
CG p. 61; WW p. 37; AG p. 14, 37; Volo p. 96, 221, 232.
- N57 Noble villa: Gost family
3- and 4-story Class A buildings
WW p. 15, 23, 67.

- N58 Noble villa: Helmfast family
3-story Class A buildings
WW p. 16, 52.
- N59 House: Orlpar Husteem
3-story Class B building
Minor noble of Husteem clan (see \$31). WW p. 37; Volo p. 227.
- N60 Business: Downybeard Tobacconist
2-story Class B building
AG p. 12, 36.
- N61 Business: Hriat Fine Pastries
2-story Class C building
WW p. 38; AG p. 12; Volo p. 94, 229.

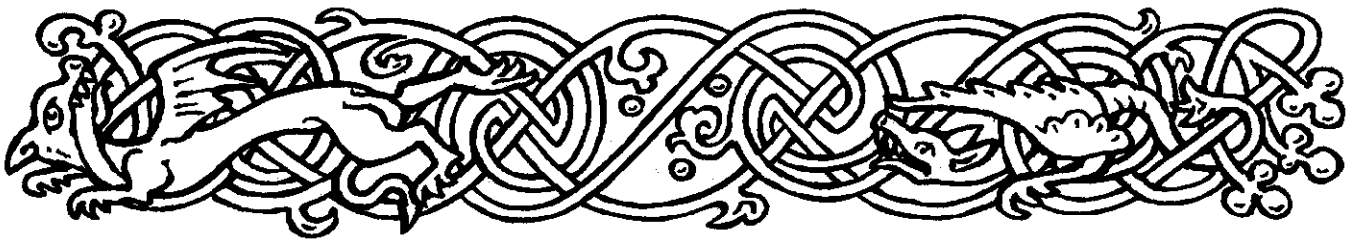
Castle Ward

Ahghairon's Tower This small tower rises as a slim stone pinnacle with few windows, and a conical roof four stories from the street. It is always quiet, never visibly changed by the passage of years nor disturbed by passersby. Its interior (and its secrets) are left to the DM, but it should be noted that no one has been able to enter it since Ahghairon's death. The cooperative efforts of all Ahghairon's apprentices laid potent protective magics about it (above and below, as well as all about its walls). These are equal in effects to a permanent *forcecage* enclosing the entire tower at a distance of ten feet—a barrier visible only as a faint shimmering in the air unless under magical attack (which outlines it clearly). Several times over the century since Ahghairon's death, the magical barrier was dispelled or cancelled by enterprising mages, only to reform again—trapping them—1 round per attacker's level later.

Within this *forcecage* is a *prismatic sphere*, also invisible except while under attack, and within it is another unseen field rife with contingency magic that, if dispelled, will cause warning trumpets to sound the alarm in the Palace, Blackstaff Tower, and the Heralds' Holdfast (far to the north). In addition, the tower is encircled by a *time stop* spell and a *spell turning* field, and a Walking Statue is teleported from Mount Waterdeep to the tower and set to attack the intruder. Iron golems and stone guardians are believed to wait within the Tower to attack intruders, but details of the Tower's treasures and interior guardians are unknown; none have ever penetrated to them.

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





of gathering for this or that ceremony; the great height of the castle walls make such signs readily visible in the southern half of the city. The castle's walls rise four hundred feet at their greatest height from the ground, and average sixty feet thick, with rooms and passages tunneled out of their great bulk. Many protective spells have been placed on the walls over the years, and they have never been breached in battle.

Castle Waterdeep's chambers can house 3,000 in comfort, and three times that number if every corner is used for accommodation and food storage. Its normal garrison is roughly 1,400 city guards. The many dungeon levels beneath it, excluding those in the Mount reachable by the castle, contain some 90 cells in all (at any one time, 30 or so will be in use), many large enough to contain six prisoners. The castle's larders, by edict of the Lords, must contain an emergency food supply (preserved fish and meat, grains and vegetables) large enough to feed 50,000 people for a week; this state is maintained, with about two days' extra viands, by senior guard officers.

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

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

Space prohibits inclusion of detailed floorplans of the castle and its connections with Mount Waterdeep, but a basic floorplan layout of the castle has been done as a poster map and is included in this boxed set. DMs are advised that its twisting passages (most permanently lit by continual light spells) are a warren of successive defensive "pockets," suitable for holding off attackers from behind cover, and that there are extensive (known and guarded) secret passages allowing defenders to spy (and fire) upon intruders, and to withdraw into the caverns beneath Mount Waterdeep if necessary. Castle Waterdeep is a place of great age and indomitable strength.

The Cliffride: Starting at the Walking Statue, this steep, treacherous gravel slope runs along the western edge of Mount Waterdeep's northern spur. Its perilous slope leads to a popular festhall (C3: Silavene's), a rental villa (C2: Fair Winds), and the bards' college of New Olamn. The Cliffride is constantly exposed to the seawinds and spray from the ocean below. In winter, this area was often snowbound and isolated from the rest of the city in the past; the north end of the road is now kept open by the Loyal Order of Street Laborers, and Melody Mount Walk allows traffic to reach New Olamn on the south.

The entire area is an easily defended pocket away from the city, as desired by the families who built these villas, but that didn't protect them from death during the vicious Guildwars; the four villas were bought by various surviving nobles and were rented for years until recently. Three of the four were purchased for a festhall and the bards' college; the fourth, Fair Winds, is still owned and rented out (available for 25 gp/month) by the Thann family.

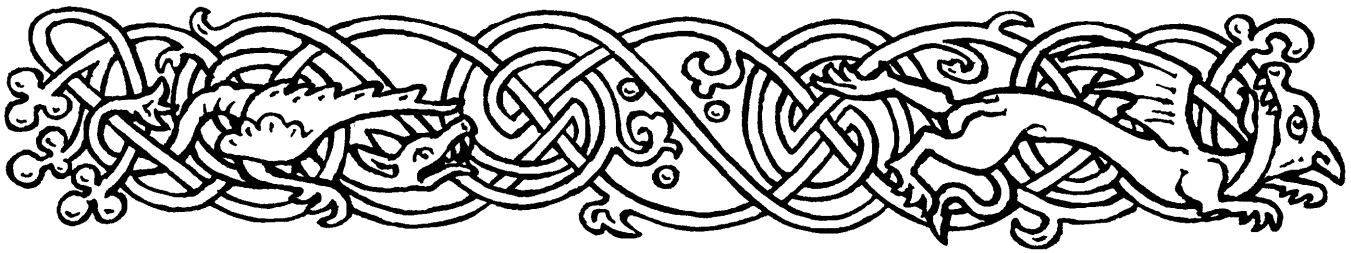
Fetlock Court: This large paved courtyard adjoining the Palace paddocks and stables is the staging area for any mounted contingent of the guard before they head out of the city for outlying patrols. It has also become an impromptu concert area for practicing bards (definitely a warmer spot than their quarters at New Olamn).

The Market: The largest open space in the city, the Market is, as its name implies, an open marketplace with a perimeter of buildings (many moneylenders and pawnshops in them) that encloses the maze of temporary stalls and carts that appear there day and night. The Market is the best place to haggle for lower prices, but there's no guarantee you'll be able to find what you need.

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

New Olamn: Olamn was the first bards' college of Waterdeep centuries ago, and the original college stood at the current site of the House of Song (though popular rumor misplaces it at Halambar's Lute Shop). Due to the efforts of Danilo Thann, Kriios Halambar, and the Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers, New





Olamn was rededicated in 1366. The generous donations of the Cliffride villas of Heroes' Rest and Stormwatch from Lady Hlanta Melshimber and Lord Kelthul Majarra placed the college in its new location in Castle Ward. With their continued support (as well as that of the Crommor and the Estelmer noble families), New Olamn has become a noted education center and an excellent storehouse of knowledge in just a few short years, with bards coming from across the Realms to study in its walls. To make the bards' college more accessible, a tunnel was bored through the northern spur of Mount Waterdeep to provide access to New Olamn. The Melody Mount Walk tunnel is staffed by a contingent of the guard at all times (two guards are placed at each end of the Walk) and lit with magical glowing gems that brighten or change color according to any sound in their vicinity.

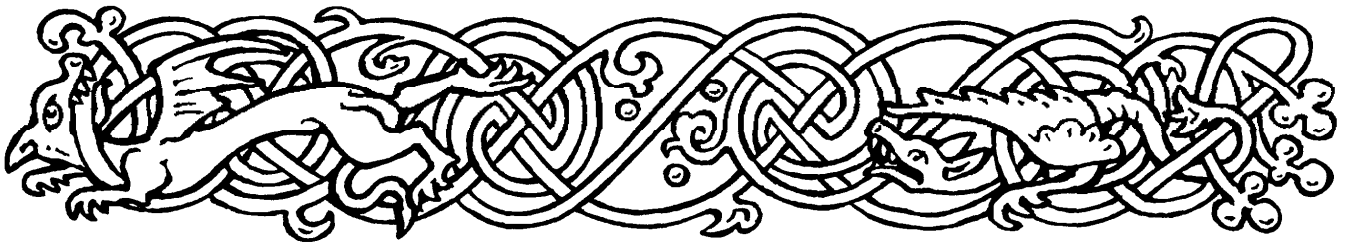
Piegeiron's Palace: This elaborate palace was built for the third Open Lord of Waterdeep, Lhestyn Arunsun, nearly 80 years ago and still stands as a shining symbol of the Lords' Rule today, its white marble walls never blemished by the corruption so common among Sword Coast governments. The Palace of Waterdeep (its official title) is the main location for many city officials' offices, and the majority of them are dedicated to the administration of city services, such as the watch, the guard, city clerks, and the Loyal Order of Street Laborers. The Lord's Court meets in a large chamber on the second floor, just up the grand staircase from the echoing, open entry hall. There are also embassies here to represent other countries and cities (the most elaborate is the Silverymoon Embassy, with its gate to Alustriel's Court).

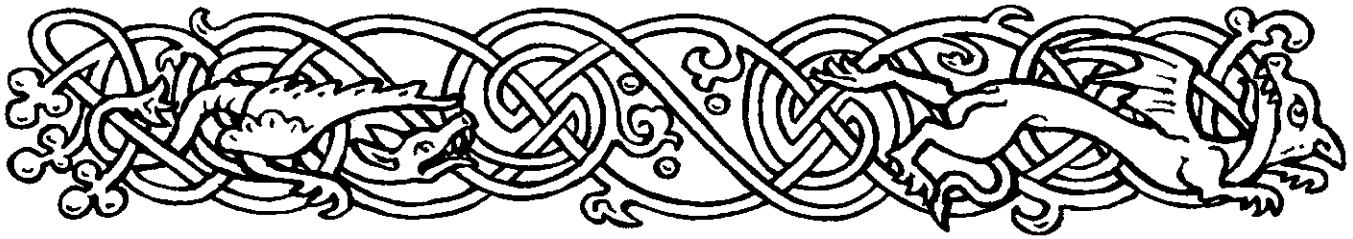
The Palace takes its common name from its current resident, Piergeiron "the Paladinson," the fourth Open Lord of Waterdeep. He and his daughter Aleem Paladinstar live in the northern wing of the Palace, their personal lodgings occupying the two northern towers. Also in the northern wing are various guest quarters for visiting dignitaries without a separate embassy in the city. Secret tunnels run from Piergeiron's chambers to all the private meeting places of the Lords, including Blackstaff Tower.

Walking Statue: This huge, 90-foot-tall stone golem stands at the Gull Leap at the western end of Julthoon Street, its usual location unless moved elsewhere in the defense of the city. For more information, see Chapter Five of the *Campaign Guide to the City*.

- C1 Temple: Spires of the Morning**
3-story Class A building
Temple to Lathander. CG p. 29-31, 33, 36; WW p. 62, 66, 68; AC p. 20, 37; SC p. 4.
- C2 Villa: Fair Winds**
2-story Class B building
CG p. 45, 46; AG p. 20.
- C3 Festhall: Silavene's**
3-story Class B building
CG p. 45; AG p. 20, 36; SC p. 6.
- C4 Temple: The Font of Knowledge**
3-story Class C building
Temple to Oghma. Under conversion into 4-story Class B wood & stone building. CG p. 22, 94, 108-110; WW p. 61, 69; AG p. 20, 29, 37.
- C5 Temple: The Halls of Justice**
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
Temple to Tyr. CG p. 57; WW p. 11, 61, 80; AG p. 20, 37; SC p. 9.
- C6 Wizard's Domicile: Blackstaff Tower**
4-story Class B building
CG p. 23, 30, 35, 45, 46, 61, 97, 100; WW 76, 80; AG p. 20; SC p. 8.
- C7 City Building: The Cynosure**
2-story Class A building
Formerly "The Temple of the Overgod." CG p. 36; WW 37, 60, 62; AG p. 20, 29.
- C8 Guild Hall: The Market Hall**
2-story Class B building
HQ: Council of Farmer-Grocers. WW p. 40.
- C9 Tavern: The Singing Sword**
3-story Class C building
AG p. 37; Volo p. 28, 220.
- C10 Festhall: The Smiling Siren**
2-story Class C building
AG p. 36; Volo p. 36, 228.
- C11 Inn: The Pampered Traveler**
3-story Class B building
AG p. 36; Volo p. 32, 217.
- C12 Tavern: The Mighty Manticore**
1-story Class C building
WW p. 3, 67, 72; AG p. 20, 37.
- C13 Business: Diloontier's Apothecary**
1-story Class C building
AG p. 36, 37.
- C14 Business: Balthorr's Rare & Wondrous Treasures**
1-story Class C building
WW p. 36; AG p. 20, 36; Volo p. 15, 216.







C15 Guild Hall: Tower of the Order

4-story Class B building

HQ: Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors.

WW p. 56, 69; AG p. 18, 37; SC p. 16.

C16 City Building: Palace Paddocks

2-story Class C building

C17 City Building: Palace Stables

2-story Class C building

C18 Warehouse: Palace storage

2-story Class C building

C19 City Building: Guard Barracks

2-story Class C building

C20 Tavern: The Crawling Spider

2-story Class C building

AG p. 20, 37; Volo p. 21, 233.

C21 Guild Hall: House of the Fine Carvers

3-story Class B building

HQ: Guild of Fine Carvers. CG p. 61; WW p. 45; AG p. 18.

C22 Warehouse: Hilmer storage

2-story Class C building

C23 Business: Halls of Hilmer, Master Armorer

1-story Class C building

AG p. 20, 36; Volo p. 17, 221.

C24 Tavern: The Dragon's Head Tavern

2-story Class C building

AG p. 37; Volo p. 23, 233.

C25 Business: Halambar Lutes & Harps

2-story Class B building

CG p. 46; WW p. 40, 41; AG p. 20, 36; Volo p. 16, 224.

C26 Business: The Golden Key Locksmiths

2-story Class C building

CG p. 22; AG p. 36; Volo p. 15, 215.

C27 Guild Hall: The Master Bakers' Hall

2-story Class B building

HQ: Bakers' Guild. WW p. 38

C28 House: Velstrode the Venturer

3-story Class B building

AG p. 36, 37.

C29 Business: Olmhazan's Jewels

1-story Class B building

CG p. 61; WW p. 47; Volo p. 19.

C30 Tavern: The Asp's Strike

2-story Class C building

AG p. 37.

C31 Business: Rebeleigh's Elegant Headwear

1-story Class C building

C32 Tavern: The Elfstone Tavern

2-story Class B building

AG p. 20, 37; SC p. 9; Volo p. 24, 234.

C33 Business: Phalantar's Philtres & Components

2-story Class B building

WW p. 37; AC p. 20, 36; Volo p. 19, 228.

C34 Guild Hall: Pewterers' and Casters' Guild Hall

1-story Class C building

HQ: Pewterers' and Casters' Guild. WW p. 46.

C35 Tavern: The Blue Jack

1-story Class D building

AC p. 37; Volo p. 21, 222.

C36 Guild Hall: Guild Hall of the Order

1-story Class B building

HQ: Solemn Order of Recognized Furriers & Woolmen. WW p. 53.

C37 Business: Aurora's Realms Shop ("Waterdeep Way" Catalogue Counter)

1-story Class C building

AG p. 36; Volo p. 14, 218, 233.

C38 Inn: The Jade Jug

4-story Class B building

AG p. 20, 36; Volo p. 31, 215.

C39 Guild Hall: Fellowship Hall

3-story Class B building

HQ: Fellowship of Innkeepers. WW p. 42; AG p. 18.

C40 Guild Hall: The Map House

2-story Class B building

HQ: Surveyors', Map-, & Chart-Makers' Guild. WW p. 55; AG p. 37, 58.

C41 House: Shyrrhr, Lady of the Court

3-story Class B building

WW p. 82; SC p. 4; Volo p. 14, 230.

C42 House: Loene the Fighter

3-story Class A building

WW p. 66, 79; AG p. 20; Volo p. 13, 224.

C43 Festhall: Mother Tathlorn's House of Pleasure

5-story Class B building

WW p. 9; AG p. 36; Volo p. 34, 231.

C44 Guild Hall: The House of Gems

2-story Class C building

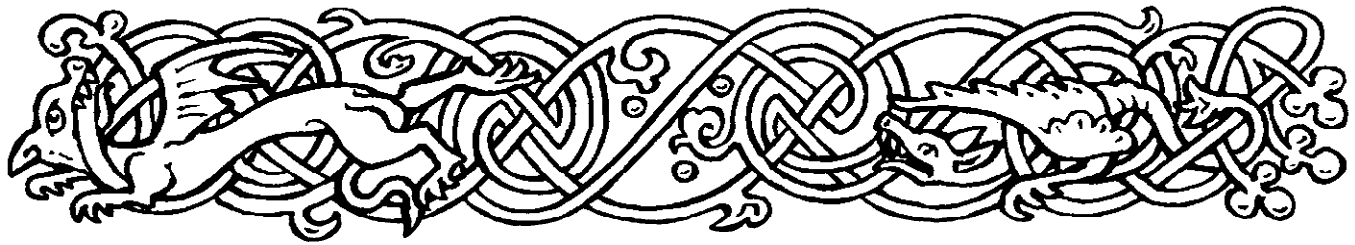
HQ: Jewelers' Guild. WW p. 47.

C45 House: Lady Naneatha Lhaurilstar

3-story Class B building

CG p. 74.





C46 City Building: Bell Tower

3-story Class C building

CG p. 61; AG p. 20.

C47 City Building: Guard Smithy

2-story Class C building

C48 Inn: The Yawning Portal

3-story Class C building

CG p. 3, 31, 46, 63-65, 69, 107; WW p. 3, 65, 67; AG p. 36; SC p. 14; UMTC p. 8, 18.

C49 Tavern: The Red-eyed Owl

2-story Class D building

AG p. 37; Volo p. 25, 216.

C50 Tavern: The Sleepy Sylph

2-story Class C building

AG p. 37; Volo p. 31, 218.

C51 Warehouse: Crommor's Warehouse

4-story Class C building

C52 House: Mirt's Mansion

3-story Class A building

CG p. 64, 70, 74; AG p. 20, 24.

C53 Tavern: The Quaffing Quaggoth

1-story Class C building

CG p. 74; AG p. 20, 37.

C54 Tavern: The Sailors' Own

1-story Class D building

AG p. 37; Volo p. 26, 221.

Trades Ward

Court of the White Bull: This place is a packed-dirt plaza built on a historical site. When this area was a grazing area for livestock outside the walls, an albino calf was born here (thus the name). The calf's owner eventually built the White Bull tavern, which thrived for years until destroyed by Thongalar the Mighty and Shile Rauretilar in a spell battle so great that Azuth, god of mages, was needed to sew reality together again. Ever since that time, magic often goes wild when cast inside the Court. The site soon became a meeting place and market for caravan owners to peddle their wares from the wagons.

Virgin's Square: This market and traditional hiring place for fighters is named for a local legend that virgins were sacrificed to dragons on this spot, long before Water-deep. Whenever Cult of the Dragon agents are in the city, this is their traditional meeting place.

T1 Tavern: The Underdark

2-story Class C building

WW p. 63; AG p. 11, 37.

T2 Business: Khammeral's Coins

1-story Class C building

T3 Inn: Inn of the Dripping Dagger

4-story Class B building

CG p. 3-4; WW p. 66, 75, 81, 93; AG p. 10, 36, 37; SC 9; Volo p. 111, 220.

T4 Business: The Riven Shield Shop

2-story Class B building

AC p. 10, 36; Volo p. 123, 219.

T5 House: Myrmith Splendon

2-story Class B building

Known as "The Snookery." WW p. 83, 84; Volo p. 118, 226.

T6 Wizard's Domicile: Mhair's Tower

5-story Class A building

CG p. 95; WW 24, 28, 56, 83; AG p. 11, 33; SC p. 11; Volo p. 106, 225.

T7 Business: Saern's Fine Swords

2-story Class B building

AG p. 10, 36; Volo p. 125, 234.

T8 Inn: Gondalim's

3-story Class B building

AG p. 10, 36; Volo p. 127, 230.

T9 Business: Dunblast Roofing Company

2-story Class C building

WW p. 38.

T10 Guild Hall: Citadel of the Arrow

3-story Class B building

HQ: Fellowship of Bowyers & Fletchers. WW p. 41.

T11 Guild Hall: Costumers' Hall

2-story Class B building

HQ: Order of Master Taylors, Glovers, & Mercers. WW p. 53; AG p. 10.

T12 Business: Thentavva's Boots

1-story Class C building

CG p. 61, 74; AG p. 10, 36; Volo p. 121, 231.

T13 Inn: Maelstrom's Notch

2-story Class B building

AG p. 11, 36.

T14 Guild Hall: The League Office

1-story Class C building

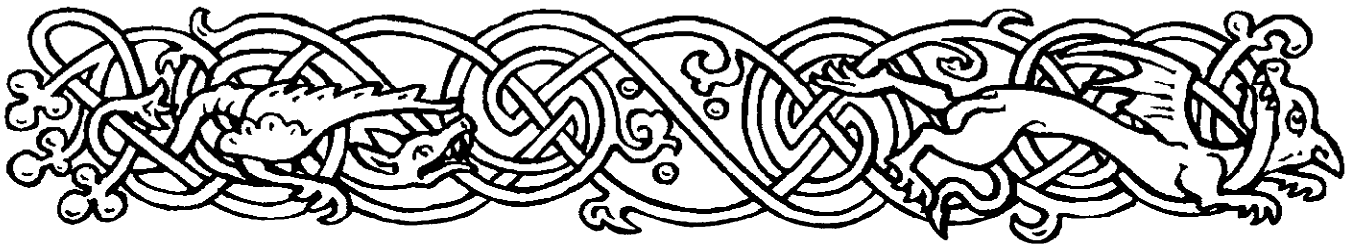
HQ: League of Basketmakers & Wickerworkers. WW p. 48.

T15 Inn: The Unicorn's Horn

6-story Class B building

CC p. 61; AG p. 11, 36; SC p. 9; Volo p. 128, 228.





T16 Business: Aurora's Realms Shop ("Street of the Tusks" Catalogue Counter)

4-story Class B building

AG p. 36; Volo p. 120, 219, 227.

T17 Business: Orsabbas's Fine Imports

3-story Class C building

AG p. 10, 36; Volo p. 121, 221.

T18 Business: Riautar's Weaponry

2-story Class C building

WW p. 42; AG p. 10, 36; Volo p. 123, 234.

T19 Guild Hall: The House of Song

2-story Class B building

HQ: Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers. CG p. 46; WW p. 40; AG p. 10.

T20 Business: Patient Fingers Finework

2-story Class C building

WW p. 45.

T21 Warehouse: League of Basketmakers & Wickerworkers storage

4-story Class C building

T22 Guild Hall: The House of Cleanliness

1-story Class C building

HQ: Launderers' Guild. WW p. 47, 48.

T23 Business: Belmonder's Meats

1-story Class C building

WW p. 44; AG p. 10; Volo p. 120, 225.

T24 Business: Thond Glass and Glazing Shop

2-story Class C building

WW p. 45.

T25 Guild Hall: The Zoarstar

3-story Class B building

HQ: Scriveners', Scribes', and Clerks' Guild. WW p. 53; AG p. 10, 37, 47.

T26 Guild Hall: The Old Guild Hall

3-story Class C building

HQ: Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild. CG 59-63; AG p. 10, 11.

T27 Guild Hall: The House of Textiles

2-story Class B building

HQ: Most Excellent Order of Weavers & Dyers. WW p. 51

T28 Festhall: Golden Horn Gambling House

3-story Class B building

AG p. 36; Volo p. 120, 221.

T29 Guild Hall: The House of Light

3-story Class B building

HQ: Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters. CG p. 57; WW p. 44, 45; AG p. 10, 25, 58.

T30 Warehouse: House of Light storage

2-story Class C building

T31 Guild Hall: Stationers' Hall

2-story Class C building

HQ: Stationers' Guild. WW p. 55.

T32 Inn: The Gentle Rest

5-story Class B building

WW p. 37; AG p. 36; Volo p. 126, 231.

T33 Business: The Gentle Rest stables

2-story Class C building

T34 Guild Hall: The Guild Paddock

2-story Class C building

HQ: Stablemasters' and Farriers' Guild. WW p. 9, 11, 54, 81.

T35 Business: Meiroth's Fine Silks

3-story Class B building

T36 Tavern: The Bowels of the Earth

2-story Class C building

CG p. 63; WW p. 72; AG p. 10, 37, 58; Volo p. 108, 227.

T37 Guild Hall: Cobblers' and Corvisers' House

2-story Class C building

HQ: Cobblers' and Corvisers' Guild.

T38 City Building/Temple: The Plinth

6-story Class A building

Temple to all faiths. CG p. 33, 36, 116; WW p. 19, 60-62, 66, 69; AG p. 3, 11, 26, 28, 57; Volo p. 104, 105.

T39 Tavern: Felzoun's Folly

3-story Class C building

WW p. 37; AG p. 37; Volo p. 125, 220.

T40 Business: Surtlan's Metalwares

1-story Class C building

WW p. 46; AG p. 36.

T41 House: Scirkhel Wands

3-story Class B building

Minor noble of Wands clan (see N55) and Herald of Falconfree. WW p. 9, 29.

T42 Guild Hall: Wheel Hall

2-story Class C building

HQ: Wheelwrights' Guild. WW p. 57; AG p. 11.

T43 Inn: The Grey Serpent

3-story Class C building

AG p. 36; Volo p. 128, 228.

T44 House: Blackstone House

4-story Class B building

WW p. 73; AG p. 37; SC p. 5.





City of The Dead

The cemetery of Waterdeep has only been in its current form for 115 years, but the area has served as the city burial grounds for long centuries. The City of the Dead's green lawns and white marble tombs are visited often during the day by many citizens, though its grounds are off-limits after dusk, and the gates are locked (many still hold clandestine meetings at night here). For more information, see pages 56 and 57 of this book.

CD1 Roads' End

1-story Class C building

CD2 The House of the Homeless

1-story Class C building

CD3 Ahghairon's Statue

1-story Class A building

CD4 Merchants' Rest

1-story Class B building

CD5 Warriors' Monument

1-story Class B building

CD6 Lords' Respite

1-story Class A building

CD7 The Hall of the Sages

1-story Class B building

CD8 The Hall of Heroes

1-story Class A building

CD9 Mariners' Rest

1-story Class C building

Southern Ward

Caravan Court: This packed-dirt courtyard serves as a rallying point for incoming and outgoing caravans. Elderly citizens are often found here, watching people and animals going hither and yon with the caravans. Many vagrants are here at night, sleeping with the animals for warmth.

Waymoot: At the southern intersection of the High Road and the Way of the Dragon, the Waymoot is a high signpost mounted in the middle of the crossroads with hanging arrows pointing toward the harbor and the city gates (harbor to the west, South Gate to its east, River Gate to its northeast, and North Gate north up the High Road). Created by the Watchful Order and funded by local merchants, the signpost magically directs travelers to locations spoken into a crystal on the post. Once a site is spoken, the Waymoot writes the destination onto the relevant arrow and indicates its distance from Waterdeep; therefore, folk are sent out the appropriate gate leading north, east, or south, depending on their destinations.

S1 Tavern: The Swords' Rest

1-story Class C building

WW p. 75; AG p. 8, 37; Volo p. 161, 217.

S2 Guild Hall: The Stone House

1-story Class D stone building

HQ: Carpenters', Roofers' and Plaisterers' Guild. WW p. 38; AG p. 7.

S3 Guild Hall: The House of Good Spirits

3-story Class B building

HQ: Vintners', Distillers', and Brewers' Guild. WW p. 55, 92; AG p. 7, 45; Volo p. 152, 219, 220, 226, 230.

S4 Business: The Redbridle Stables

2-story Class C building

WW p. 81.

S5 Guild Hall: The Coach and Wagon Hall

3-story Class B building

HQ: Wagonmakers' and Coach Builders' Guild. WW p. 56.

S6 Guild Hall: Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall

2-story Class B building

HQ: Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Guild. CG p. 62; WW p. 53.

S7 Business: Brian the Swordmaster's Smithy

2-story Class C building

CG p. 68; AG p. 7, 36, SC p. 7, 16.

S8 Business: The Old Monster Shop

4-story Class D building

AG p. 7, 36; Volo p. 146, 220.

S9 Tavern: Midnight Sun

1-story Class D building

AG p. 37.

S10 Wizard's Domicile: Kappiyan Flurmastyr & Shalara Malarkkin

2-story Class C building

WW p. 75, 79, 80; AG p. 8, 55; SC p. 10; Volo p. 138, 223, 229.

S11 Guild Hall: Builders' Hall

2-story Class B wooden building

HQ: Guild of Stonecutters and Masons. WW p. 42; AG p. 7.

S12 Business: Nelkaush the Weaver

1-story Class C building

S13 Guild Hall: The Road House

2-story Class B building

HQ: Fellowship of Carters and Coachmen. WW p. 42.





- S14 Tavern: The Full Cup
1-story Class D building
AG p. 7, 37; Volo p. 161, 220.
- S15 Festhall: The Jade Dancer
3-story Class B building
AG p. 7, 36; Volo p. 155, 218, 224, 229.
- S16 Business: Tehmak's Coaches
3-story Class B building
- S17 Business: Hlakken Stables
2-story Class C building
CG p. 74.
- S18 Tavern: The Spouting Fish
4-story Class C building
CG p. 62; AG p. 7, 37; Volo p. 159, 223.
- S19 Business: Nueth's Fine Nets
1-story Class C building
Volo p. 159, 231.
- S20 Guild Hall: Metalmasters' Hall
3-story Class B building
HQ: Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metalforgers. WW p. 50; AG p. 7.
- S21 Aurora's Realms Shop ("South High Road" Catalogue Counter)
4-story Class C building
AG p. 36; Volo p. 159, 225.
- S22 Tavern: The Red Gauntlet
2-story Class D building
AG p. 37; Volo p. 160, 219.
- S23 Business: Pelauvir's Counter
5-story Class C building
AG p. 7, 36; Volo p. 159, 217.
- S24 Business: Bellister's Hand
2-story Class C building
- S25 Warehouse: Bellister's House
3-story Class C building
CG p. 62.
- S26 Business: Orm's Highbench
4-story Class D building
Trading Company. AG p. 37.
- S27 Business: Athal's Stables
2-story Class D building

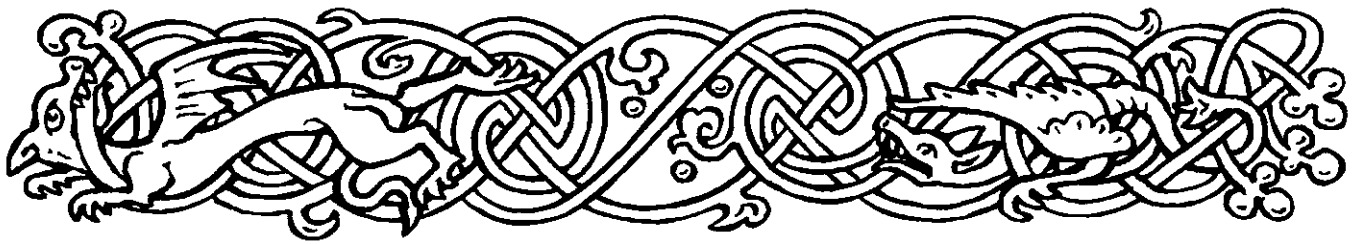
Adventurers' Quarter

See also: AG p. 36-64, and SC 1-16.

- AQ1 Business: Essimuth's Equipment
2-story Class C building
CG p. 94; WW p. 28, 64, 68.

- AQ2 Row House: Temple of Good Cheer
3-story Class C building
CG p. 100; WW p. 68.
- AQ3 Row House: Madame Garah's Boarding House
2-story Class B building
CG p. 100.
- AQ4 Business: Amrani's Laundry
1-story Class C building
- AQ5 Business: Piatran's Clothiers
1-story Class C building
- AQ6 House: Home of Rokkek Ingerr
2-story Class B building
- AQ7 Business: Hemmerem's Stables
4 1- and 2-story Class B buildings
- AQ8 Wizards' Tower: Kolat Towers
2 4+-story Class B buildings
Known as "Thriftowers" or "Collapse Towers."
CG p. 34, 53, 87, 88-91, 94-96, 100,108; WW p. 20.
- AQ9 City Building: Watch Guardpost
2-story Class B Building
- AQ10 Home/Business: The Garrulous Grocer
3 1-, 2-, and 3-story Class B & C buildings
Known as "Jalbuck Tower." CG p. 53, 70, 81.
- AQ11 Business: Krabbellor Silversmiths
2-story Class C building
- AQ12 Business: Laran's Cartographers
2-story Class B building
WW p. 9.
- AQ13 Business: Waukeen's Wares
2-story Class D building
WW p. 37, 86, 96.
- AQ14 Inn: The Safehaven Inn
3-story Class B building
CG p. 94, 98; WW p. 19, 65, 68.
- AQ15 Warehouse: Ingerr & Ingerr Warehouses
2-story Class C Building
- AQ16 Tavern: The Beer Golem
2-story Class C building
- AQ17 Noble villa: Phaulkonmere
2- and 3-story Class A buildings
CG 33, 34; WW p. 87.
- AQ18 Business: The Daily Trumpet Building
3-story Class C building
- AQ19 Temple/House: Helm's Hall
3-story Class C building
- AQ20 Tavern: Tymora's Blessing
1-story Class D building





Dock Ward

Old Xoblob Shop: This curiosity shop is filled with lots of battle trophies and souvenirs from Undermountain. The shop is untidy and ill-organized, but worth a look to see the stuffed beholder hanging by the main counter (its name adorns the shop, and Dandalus Ruell, the proprietor, loves to tell the tale of his victory over Old Xoblob). For details, see: UMTC p. 11; Volo p. 216, 218, 221.

D1 Tavern: The Grey Griffon

3-story Class C building

AG p. 37.

D2 Business: Turnstone Plumbing and Pipefitting

2-story Class C building

WW p. 39.

D3 Guild Hall: The Metal House of Wonders

2-story Class C building

HQ: Splendid Order of Armorers, Locksmiths, and Finesmiths. WW p. 47, 54; AG p. 22.

D4 Warehouse: Dhaermos storage

5-story Class D building

D5 Business: Whistling Blades

1-story Class D building

AG p. 22, 36.

D6 Tavern: Selune's Smile

2-story Class C building

AG p. 37.

D7 Inn: The Rearing Hippocampus

2-story Class C building

AG p. 36; Volo p. 205.

D8 Inn: The Splintered Stair

3-story Class C building

AG p. 36; Volo p. 206.

D9 Inn: The Blackstar Inn

3-story Class C building

AG p. 36; Volo p. 206.

D10 Business: Serpentil Books & Folios

3-story Class D building

WW p. 37; AG p. 22, 36, 37; Volo p. 180, 223.

D11 Inn: The Ship's Prow

4-story Class C building

AG p. 24, 36; Volo p. 190.

D12 Tavern: The Thirsty Sailor

3-story Class D building

AG p. 37; Volo p. 187.

D13 Tavern: The Thirsty Throat

2-story Class D building

WW p. 37, 95-96; AG p. 37; SC p. 3, 13; Volo p. 203, 217.

D14 Warehouse: Helmstar Warehouse

2-story Class C building

WW p. 36; Volo p. 173.

D15 Inn: Warm Beds

3-story Class C building

AG p. 24, 36; Volo p. 205.

D16 Business: Lanternmaker Zorth Ulmaril

2-story Class D building

D17 Tavern: The Bloody Fist

1-story Class D building

AG p. 37; Volo p. 204.

D18 Festhall: Three Pearls Nightclub

1-story Class D building

CG p. 62; AG p. 24, 36; SC p. 5; Volo p. 184, 221, 233, 234.

D19 Guild Hall: Shipwrights' House

2-story Class B building

HQ: Order of Master Shipwrights. CG p. 10; WW p. 35, 50, 52, 71; AC p. 28.

D20 Warehouse: Red Sails

2-story Class C building

Storage for rent. WW p. 37; Volo p. 199.

D21 Tavern/Guild Hall: Muleskull Tavern

2-story Class D building

HQ: Dungsweepers' Guild. CG p. 32, 34, 65; WW p. 37, 41, 88; AG p. 3, 26, 37, 40.

D22 Festhall: The Hanging Lantern

6-story Class C building

WW p. 87, 88; AG p. 24, 36; Volo p. 171.

D23 Tavern: The Sleeping Wench

3-story Class D building

AC p. 37; Volo p. 202.

D24 Business: Aurora's Realms Shop ("Slut Street" Catalogue Counter)

3-story Class C building

AG p. 36; Volo p. 200, 214, 217.

D25 Festhall: The Purple Palace

4-story Class C building

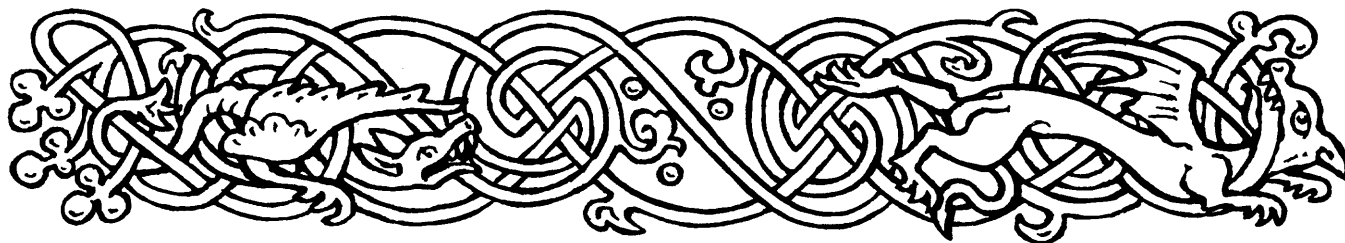
CG p. 32, 74; AG p. 36; Volo p. 208.

D26 Festhall: The Mermaid's Arms

3-story Class C building

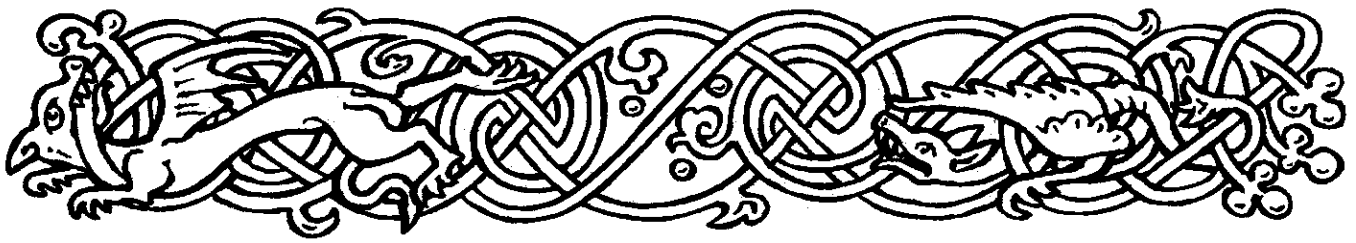
AG p. 36; Volo p. 207, 218.





- D27 Tavern: The Blue Mermaid**
2-story Class D building
AG p. 37; Volo p. 200.
- D28 Guild Hall: Shippers' Hall**
2-story Class C building
HQ: Fellowship of Salters, Packers, and Joiners.
WW p. 43.
- D29 Warehouse: Shippers' storage**
3-story Class D building
- D30 Warehouse: The House of Tarmagus**
4-story Class D building
- D31 Guild Hall: Coopers' Rest**
2-story Class C building
HQ: Coopers' Guild. WW p. 40.
- D32 Tavern: The Hanged Man**
1-story Class D building
AG p. 37; Volo p. 202.
- D33 Business: House of Pride Perfumes**
1-story Class C building
AG p. 22, 36; Volo p. 200.
- D34 House: Arnagus the Shipwright**
3-story Class B building
WW p. 71; Volo p. 216.
- D35 Tavern/Guild Hall: Full Sails**
3-story Class C building
HQ: Most Diligent League of Sail-Makers & Cordwainers. WW p. 50, 91; AG p. 24, 37.
- D36 Festhall: The Blushing Mermaid**
2- and 3-story Class C buildings
AG p. 36; Volo p. 193.
- D37 Business: Felhaur's Fine Fish**
1-story Class D building
- D38 Business: Khostal Hannass, Fine Nuts**
1-story Class D building
- D39 Guild Hall: Seaswealth Hall**
2-story Class C building
HQ: Fishmongers' Fellowship. WW p. 40, 43;
AG p. 22.
- D40 Business: Nestaur the Ropemaker**
2-story Class C building
AG p. 36.
- D41 Tavern: The Sleeping Snake**
1-story Class D building
CG p. 74; AG p. 37; Volo p. 202.
- D42 Inn: Shipmasters' Hall**
3-story Class C building
AG p. 24, 36.
- D43 Guild Hall: Watermens' Hall**
3-story Class C building
HQ: Guild of Watermen. WW p. 47; AG p. 22.
- D44 Guild Hall: Mariners' Hall**
3-story Class B building
HQ: Master Mariners' Guild. WW p. 50, 73;
AG p. 22, 24, 27.
- D45 Business: Torpus the Tanner**
2-story Class C building
- D46 Guild Hall: League Hall**
2-story Class C building
HQ: League of Skinners & Tanners. WW p. 48,
49, 51, 53; AG p. 22.
- D47 Guild Hall: The Butchers' Guild Hall**
2-story Class C building
HQ: Guild of Butchers. AG p. 22.
- D48 Business: Melgard's Fine Leathers**
1-story Class C building
AG p. 36.
- D49 Warehouse: Thomm storage**
4-story Class C building
- D50 Business: Telethar Leatherworks**
2-story Class D building
WW p. 48; AG p. 36.
- D51 Warehouse: Fellowship storage**
4-story Class C building
Warehouse space for Fishmongers' Fellowship.
- D52 Business: Smokehouse**
2-story Class D building
Joint use by the Fishmongers' Fellowship and
the Guild of Butchers. AG p. 22.
- D53 House: Jemuril the Dwarf**
2-story Class C building
WW p. 78.
- D54 Festhall: The Copper Cup**
4- and 5-story Class C buildings
CG p. 14; AG p. 24, 28, 36; Volo p. 197, 220,
222, 223, 231, 232, 234.
- D55 Business: Gelfuril the Trader**
1-story Class C building
AC p. 36; Volo p. 199, 220.
- D56 City Building: Guard Barracks**
3-story Class C building
- D57 City Building: Cookhouse Hall**
2-story Class C building
AG p. 24.





Chapter Four: Places of Interest & Danger

Looking for danger and excitement, are you? Well don't be so eager to hunt it down – it often finds you soon enough in this city. If you ever want to ever live to see your first gray hair, you'll learn to not rashly seek out peril at every opportunity. I don't mean you should stop seeking adventure, but Waterdeep provides enough amusements and thrills for men and gods alike all on its own without stirring any more up."

—Durnan, circa 1352 DR

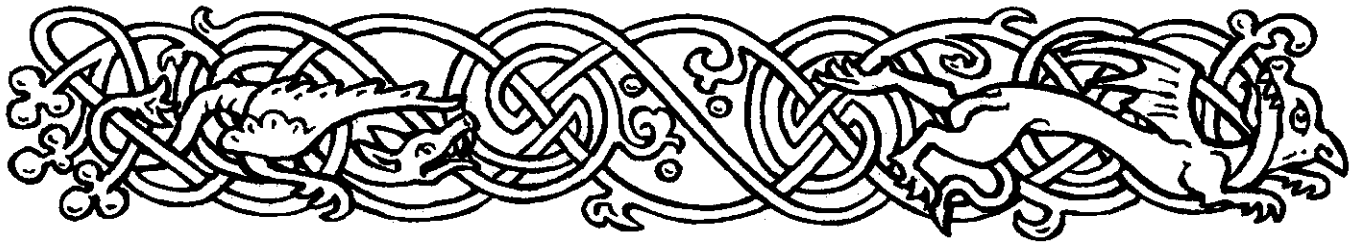
While nearly every corner of the City of Splendors is interesting (and potentially dangerous), this chapter deals with some of the larger, special areas guaranteed to pique the interest of any intrepid adventurers: The City of the Dead, Waterdeep Harbor, the sewers of Waterdeep, Undermountain, and the Rat Hills.

The City of the Dead

This walled enclosure on the eastern edges of Trades Ward is the general cemetery for Waterdeep, and its size nearly makes it a ward in and of itself. It is neatly tended by a contingent of watch members (who keep it peaceful with constant, strict patrols) and various members of the Guild of Chandlers and Lamplighters (who light the torches around and inside a number of the tombs). It is a beautiful, open park during the day, one of the few places dominated by greenery that the citizens of Waterdeep share within the city walls. Citizens are forbidden to enter the City of the Dead at night; of course, many of the city's shady natives ignore this and take their chances having meetings here at all hours.

When it was simply the city cemetery at the high end of the sloping plateau, the deceased were simply buried with simple ceremonies and placed in deep graves in the soil. Three decades after Ahghairon began the Lords' Rule of Waterdeep, a wall was erected around the cemetery that now abutted the growing city. By the year 218 Northreckoning, the city was too large for its cemetery to contain its dead by conventional means; Ahghairon and other mages of Waterdeep, most notably an expert on *gates* and teleportation named Anacaster, created the first magical tombs of the City of the Dead, which now allowed them to bury their dead on the unlimited expanses of other uninhabited dimensions. Two years later, with the high number of undead escaping the tombs and graves, the walls of the cemetery were strengthened. The tombs became locked, defensible structures, and the Lords sent out word that no one was allowed in the City of the Dead after dark. In the 115 years since then, there have only been a few sporadic incidents involving the cemetery (see *Knight of the Living Dead* as an example from 1357 DR).





Key To The City of The Dead

The areas within the City of the Dead are filled with marble tombs, all connected along a gravel path that leads to all the exits of the cemetery. Unkeyed tombs are those of an individual noble or a wealthy family; less than half the noble families keep tombs here (many have family crypts beneath their villas, or have their dead buried in family land holdings outside the city), but in several cases, noble families share a tomb, which usually leads to separate crypts beneath and some floors above.

There are two large watchtowers along the walls of the City of the Dead, each with an external guard posted to watch for trouble in the shadowy corners and alleys abutting the cemetery. There are four watch members on duty within each of the towers; in addition, four more watch members make a sweep through the City of the Dead three times an hour, making sure no vagrants or other people are within the cemetery after dark. If they run into trouble, their horns can be heard by all posted watch members in the cemetery and in Trades Ward; the senior civilar of the City of the Dead has an enchanted horn that, when blown, also magically sounds inside Piergeiron's Palace and the Halls of Justice, summoning a contingent of clerics and paladins to combat undead.

Roads' End (City Map Location CD1): This small, one-story tomb is the final resting place for travelers who die while in the city; any unclaimed possessions are interred with their remains (minus any outstanding debts including their burial costs). Of late, the tomb has been the site of many robberies (thieves are usually acting upon rumors of some rich adventurers buried with great magic and gold).

House of the Homeless (City Map Location CD2): This is a vast, two-story mausoleum with a row of low steps leading to its high metal gates. Anacaster's *gate* (an opaque energy-filled arch at the end of the echoing, empty entry hall) leads to an apparently endless labyrinth of underground caverns. These caverns are lit by the Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters, who are paid by the city for this service. Here lie all the dead of Waterdeep who do not merit, or do not own (by purchase or membership in a noble or wealthy family), a place in any other tomb. If their names are known, such are always cut into the rock above the hole where their cremated ashes are interred.

Ahghairon's Statue (City Map Location CD3): This tall, marble sculpture is an incredibly lifelike sculpture of the bearded, robed mage in his prime (at a mere 70 win-

ters). Ahghairon stands atop concentric steps, facing west with his hands outstretched to indicate the City of Waterdeep around him, and the statue has a smile on his face. The steps are lit by night with rows of torches, and are a favorite meeting-spot by day.

Merchants' Rest (City Map Location CD4): Also known as "The Coinsciffin," this tomb also contains one of Anacaster's *gates*, which leads to a lightly wooded region with inset plaques on the ground marking the burial plots. This resting place is reserved for those who prepay for the honor of burial here (thus, its nickname).

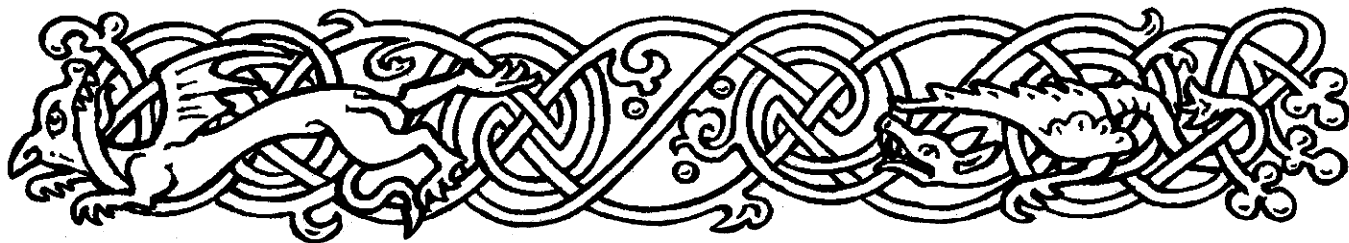
Warriors' Monument (City Map Location CD5): This is a 60-foot-high impressive stone sculpture depicting a circle of three men and two women striking down trolls, orcs, hobgoblins, bugbears, and barbarians, all of whom are falling backward—outward—all around them. Seven years ago, the statue was renovated and magically altered to add a griffon-rider flying above the other warriors and spearing a minion of Myrkul (to commemorate those warriors who perished against the onslaught of Myrkul's invasion during the Godswar).

Lords' Respite (City Map Location CD6): This small, black marble tomb is the final resting place of those Lords who wish to be buried in state here. Its is fronted on three sides by statues of the Open Lords: Ahghairon stands on the north side, Baeron to the east, and Lhestyn on the south. There is no statue on its western face, but there is a door apparently made of the same smoky material as the Lords' Helms, which prevents any from seeing or entering inside the tomb. Only one Lord has been buried here in the past 20 years, and their identities remain secret even in death, buried in full Lord's regalia; the tomb was built with funds left by Lhestyn, and she was buried there with great ceremony after its construction.

Hall of Sages (City Map Location CD7): This is a special tomb for sages, a small, dusty tomb with only about 80 sages interred inside. What makes it interesting to some illicit treasure hunters is the rumor that many of the sages' rarest tomes and books were interred with their cremated remains (a false rumor maintained by Laeral and others to flush out dealers of forbidden lore).

Hall of Heroes (City Map Location CD8): This is the official warriors' tomb of Waterdeep, for fighters and all who fall in battle. Its blue marble walls enclose a trophy hall with many remembrances of the fallen, including the broken pieces of Warlord Lauroun's ancient battle axe and the sword hilt of Raurlor (its blade long since turned into





the skeleton of an asp). At the far end of the hall from the entrance is one of Anacaster's gates to pleasant rolling fields on an "empty," grassy plane, where the warriors are buried, row upon row.

Mariner's Rest (City Map Location CD9): Decorated with coral carvings and built of green marble, the Mariner's Rest tomb is for all who drowned at sea, and all ship-captains, however deceased. Anacaster made this tomb a special gate to a plane with infinite burial space around the shores of a quiet, placid lake.

Waterdeep Harbor

The naturally sheltered, deepwater basin that gives the city its name and its wealth is a bustling place. Its chill waters are kept fairly clean by the diligent work of the Watermen (see Chapter 3 of *Who's Who in Waterdeep*) above, and hired mermen below. The mariners of the Waterdeep Guard control access to the harbor above the waves, using the retractable chain-nets and walls of the defensible harbor to bar entrance or exit by particular ships.

Beneath the waves of the harbor lives another entire population of Waterdhavians: a colony of mermen and mermaids and recently-arrived sea elves (see Chapter Two, "And Now, the News"). The mermen maintain a small community (60 well-armed males) under Deepwater Isle in guarded caves, and rotate willing males of their folk to man it; mermen within Waterdeep Harbor are considered as part of the guard, though their weaponry and equipment is wholly their own. No young or mermaids (aside from a few rare shaman mermaids (treat as priests)) will be found in these relatively chill, inhospitable waters, but a few dolphins that carry messages between this outpost and the larger undersea habitations of these folk (in southern Nelanther, or the Pirate Isles) are often seen. The mermen are paid handsomely in food, medical supplies, and trade-bars (the equivalent of 25 gp per head per month) by the Lords in return for their loyal patrolling of the harbor depths against invaders, predators, and hazards to shipping. Their aid in the recovery of corpses, spilled cargo, sunken vessels, and the like alone is worth their pay. Magic-users (an expected watch-wizard duty) communicate with the mermen and, by means of their Art, enable senior guard officers and a few senior watch officers to do the same via *water breathing* and *comprehend languages* magic.

Waterdeep's sewers empty into the harbor at places covered with extremely large and strong gratings, and the mer-

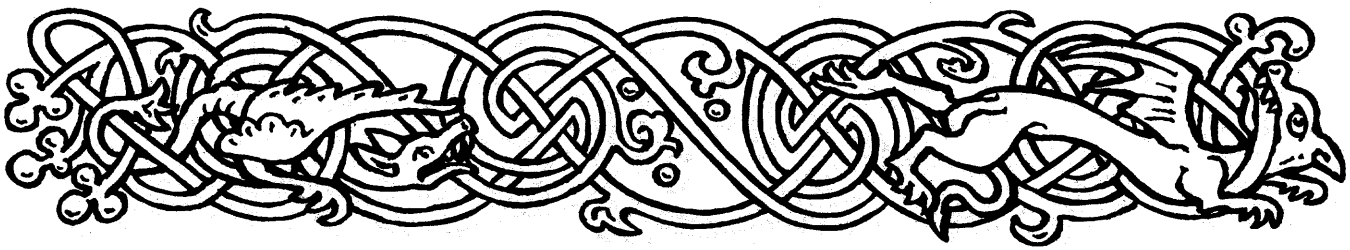
men regularly patrol these areas, using catch-nets on poles to scoop and gather the debris into large tow-globes for transport far out to sea. The mermen have an undersea garden in a "hot rift," where they grow and cultivate certain undersea plants, for use as seaborne nutrient fertilizer and as a supplement to their own food supplies.

The harbor's rocky, sloping bottom is thinly covered with mud, especially at the southern end of the harbor, but is kept free of plants and litter; the harbor floor slopes south toward Deepwater Isle, but rises on the western and eastern ends, creating a lopsided bowl-like harbor. At the harbor's bottom near Deepwater Isle, the slope drops off sharply, plunging to great, unplumbed depths—this is the area known as Umberlee's Cache (see Chapter Two of the *Adventurer's Guide to the City*); this used to be only a slight depression, but mermaid shamans magically opened the harbor floor and found deeper caverns beneath, sending the tithes of the Cache away from prospective treasure hunters. At the edge of Umberlee's Cache stands a lighthouse with a magical light, which guides the mermen patrols, acts as a tethering spot for giant sea horse steeds, is an armory and storage facility for the mermen, and serves as a post for guarding Umberlee's treasures. It also acts as a subsurface beacon for the ships above.

Due to the cleanliness of the harbor and the undersea lighthouse, a swimmer is likely to be noticed in a turn or less by the mermen (within three rounds, if near Umberlee's Cache), and corpses or other large drifting or unmoving objects are spotted in 4-14 (1d10+4) turns. Locathah sometimes come to the harbor to trade, as do mermen, but lizard men and sahuagin are attacked on sight; both are rarely seen, but there was a desperate attack on the harbor during the Rat Hills Conflagration by enraged sahuagin trying to escape the fires near their fouled water lairs.

The mermen are free to travel outside the harbor, but seldom patrol outside of it; their regular patrols usually move no farther west than a quarter-mile from the western shores of Deepwater Isle or a half-mile north of Stormhaven Island. They know something of the dangerous undersea life hereabouts: eyes of the deep and sharks cruise these cold waters during the summer months. Aquatic elves can be normally be found far to the southwest, and around Evermeet. All aquatic races are to be found to the south, in warmer waters, and conduct much trade (and warfare) there. However, a number of mysterious occurrences have agitated the mermen and are a growing cause for concern above the waves as well. Sea elven villages are being attacked with greater





frequency to the south (see Chapter Two), and a number of refugees came north to Waterdeep. An apparent force has collected a number of the sea's more dangerous denizens together and has them working in concert toward some dangerously destructive end. Other under-sea attacks and some mysterious shipwrecks are happening up and down the Sword Coast, and the mermen are hoping to expand their colony beneath Deepwater Isle, trading the comfort of the southern waters for the defenses of the City of Splendors.

The Sewers of The City

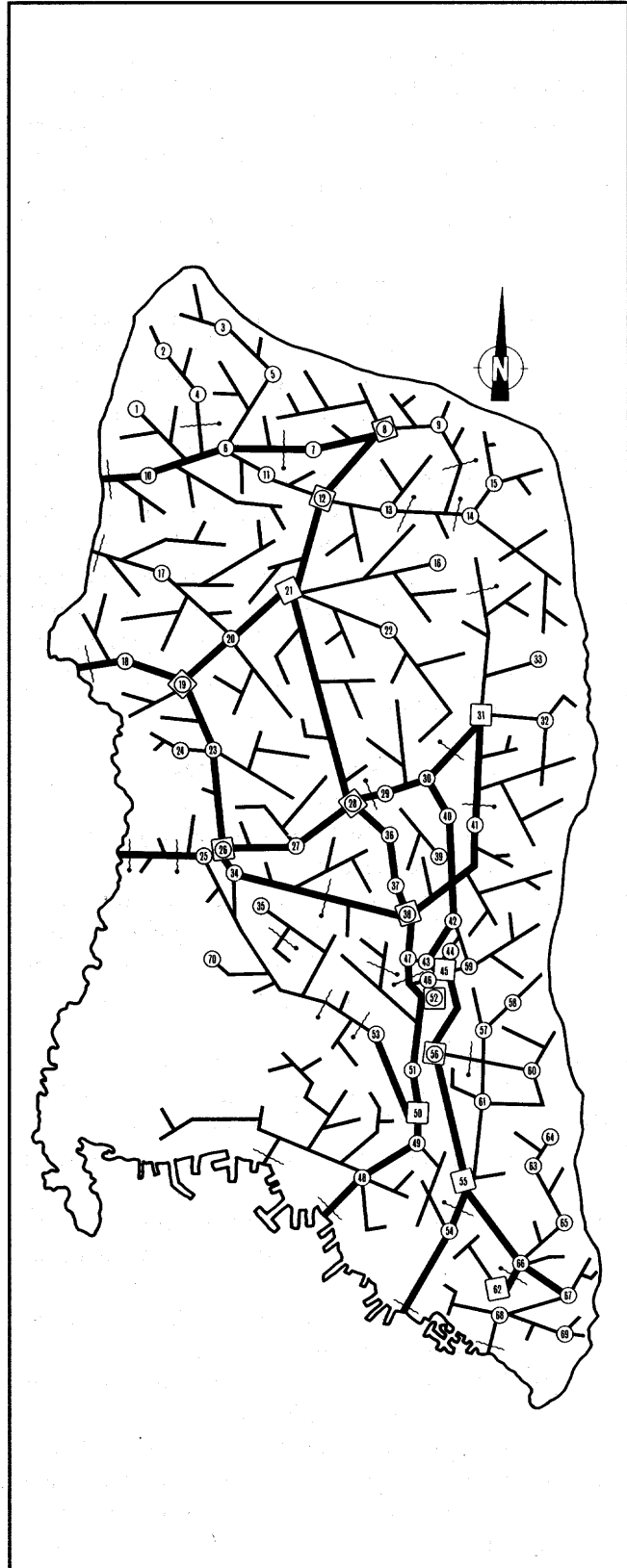
The accompanying map shows the known sewers of Waterdeep; the uppermost portions of the sewers are in present use and fairly good repair, thanks to the efforts of the Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild. Many older, smaller tunnels are walled up and not in use—at least, not to carry sewage. . . . The map is reliable and accurate, but some of its features are not in exact scale; many features (such as the junction rooms and surface shafts) are distorted in size for clarity. The sewers themselves have no names, and directions through them, if given at all, tend to be in terms of entry points and paces. (For example, "enter the sewers at Coach Street (Sewer Feature #66), take the right passage thirty paces northeast, and you should find . . .")

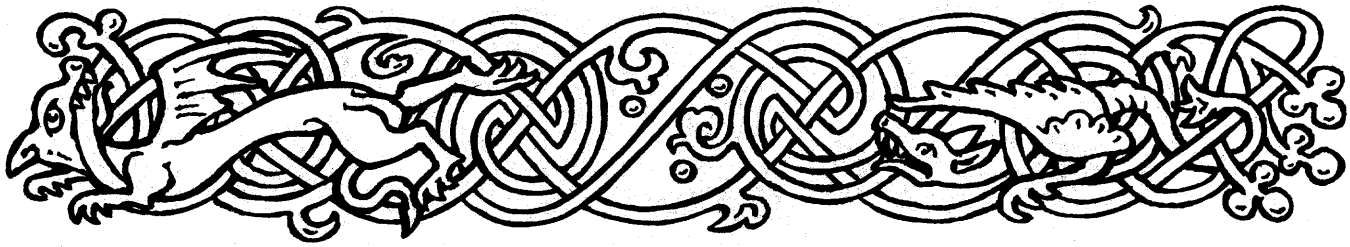
Passageways

The map shows only the largest passageways of the sewers, such as those navigable by M-sized creatures. These are of two sorts: "primary" and "secondary," according to size.

Primary passages are twenty feet across and contain three-foot-wide railless walkway-ledges on both sides. Sewer workers cross passages by means of using their 16' "catch poles" to vault across, or by the use of boards, which they lay down as temporary bridges. The catch poles are also more commonly used for reaching below water level to clear debris from sewer gratings.

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





Other Sewer Features

Air & Light: The air supply is reasonably good in the sewers; there is little danger of suffocation due to the numerous small feeder pipes that bring refuse and stench-ridden air down from the surface. There is, however, little or no light, lots of noise from the echoing water flow, and a terrible stench pervading the entire network.

Disease: Excessive contact with sewer water (like swimming or falling in, or any other activity that results in a character's nostrils, mouth, eyes, or ears getting wet) carries a 15% risk of communicating a disease; a check should be made with each immersion of a character's head in the sewers. If DMs wish, the same checks could apply to open wounds and infections through them.

Gratings: Gratings in the sewers are stout, but many are often old and rusty—double all bend bars chances against these gratings. Gratings may be permanently set into the stone walls or they may swing open when unlocked; thieves suffer a -5% chance of picking the locks on the gratings, since they are massive, and are often rusted nearly solid.

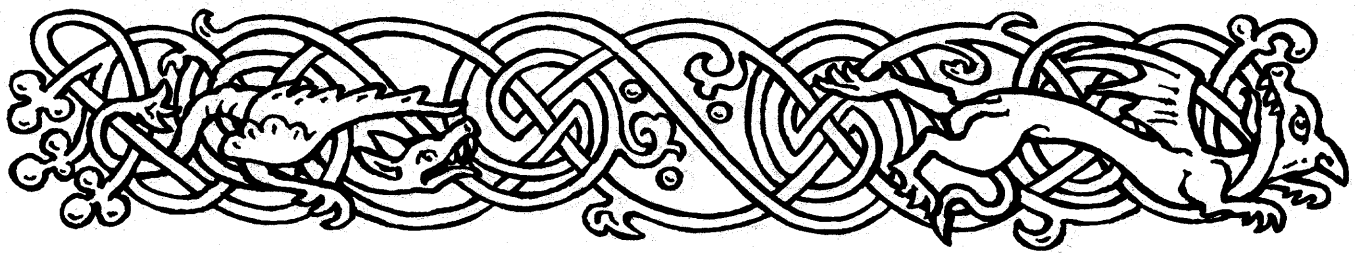
Sewer Features & Surface References

Junction Room: These rooms are usually 10'x10' stone-walled cubicles with 20'-high ceilings and a sitting ledge near the ceiling, above the muck.

Surface Shaft: These 6-foot-diameter shafts have iron rungs set in the walls to use as ladders to and from the sewers. The entrances tend to be 3-foot-wide holes capped by removable, metal (or metal-banded wood) covers.

1. Surface Shaft; entrance located under the trees in the interior of the block west (and slightly north) of the shrine of Silvanus (City Map Location \$5).
2. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the northernmost corner of Sabbar's Alley.
3. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the center of Shank Alley, just southwest of the warehouse that stands in the interior of the block.
4. Surface Shaft; entrance located just south of the tree in Sniff Alley, south off the Street of Glances.
5. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the central stand of trees in the southern end of Heroes' Garden.
6. Surface Shaft; entrance located under a lone tree in the alleyway west of the Eltorchul family villa (City Map Location \$22), south of Ivory Street and north of Pharra's Alley.
7. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the mouth of the alleyway that opens north off Chasso's Trot, just west of Sul Street.
8. Junction Room with Surface Shaft; entrance located in a cul-de-sac due south of the Jhanszil family villa (City Map Location \$14), across the road.
9. Surface Shaft; entrance located under the tree in the alleyway just south of the Brossfeather family villa (City Map Location N2).
10. Surface Shaft; entrance located at the northern end of a dead end alley that opens off Grimwald's Way, just south of the Ilitul family villa (City Map Location \$17).
11. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the easternmost cul-de-sac opening off the alleyway that bounds the Neshor family villa (City Map Location \$23), just west off Mendever Street.
12. Junction Room with Surface Shaft; entrance located in the alleyway just west of the gates of the Manthar family villa (City Map Location \$36), off Delzorin Street between Sul Street and Shield Street.
13. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the large clump of trees in the interior alleyway of the block bound by Vordil Street, the High Road, Delzorin Street, and Copper Street.
14. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the southeastern corner of Trollskull Alley, closest to the intersection of Whaelgund Way and Delzorin Street.
15. Surface Shaft; entrance located in a cul-de-sac opening north off Horn Street, between Tower March and Whaelgund Way.
16. Surface Shaft; entrance located under the trees in the dead-end alley in the southern interior of the block bounded by Delzorin Street, Vhezor Street, Sulmoor Street, and Ilzantil Street.
17. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the mouth of Sharra's Flight, where it joins the Street of Whispers.
18. Surface Shaft; entrance located in a cul-de-sac opening northeast off Toalar's Lane.
19. Junction Room with Surface Shaft; entrance located where Gothar Street meets Calamastyr Lane.
20. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the southwestern corner of Runer's Alley.
21. Junction Room (no surface connection); located under the southern mouth of Cloaksweep Alley.
22. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the trees at the center of the block bounded by Hassantyr's Street, the High Road, Julthoon Street, and Copper Street.





23. Surface Shaft; entrance located at the western end of Marlar's Lane (by the alleyway parallel to Tharleon Street).
24. Surface Shaft; entrance located behind (due south of) Blackstaff Tower (City Map Location C6), at the base of the rocky cliff-face.
25. Surface Shaft; locked entrance opens onto the surface near the top of the rocky slope of Mount Waterdeep, at a point due southwest of Turnback Court.
26. Junction Room with Surface Shaft; entrance located in Turnback Court.
27. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the southwest corner of an alleyway opening south off Cymbriil's Walk, between the Street of Silver and Warriors' Way.
28. Junction Room with Surface Shaft; entrance located in the southwest corner of a dead-end alley in the block bounded by Lamp Street, the Street of Bells, Cymbriil's Walk, and the Street of the Sword.
29. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the northwesternmost junction of alleyways in the block bounded by Lamp Street, the High Road, Selduth Street, and the Street of Bells.
30. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the southeasternmost corner of an alley opening off of the High Road (the first north of Lamp Street, just to the west of Andamaar's Street).
31. Junction Room (no surface connection); located under the Grinning Lion tavern (City Map Location N56).
32. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the northwest corner of an alleyway that opens off Golden Serpent Street and Nindabar Street, just east of Mhalsymer's Way.
33. Surface Shaft; entrance located halfway down Belzound Street.
34. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the northern mouth of an alleyway opening south off Sevenlamps Cut.
35. Surface Shaft; entrance located at the intersection of Shadows Alley and Lemontree Alley.
36. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the alleyway just north of the Pampered Traveler inn (City Map Location C11).
37. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the wide alleyway between the High Road and the Street of Bells, north of Buckle Alley.
38. Junction Room with Surface Shaft; entrance located under the House of the Fine Carvers (City Map Location C21).
39. Surface Shaft; entrance located in Spindle Street, just south of Selduth Street.
40. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the lane that parallels Irimar's Walk on the north, west of Theln Lane.
41. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the alleyway of the three trees that opens west off Wall Way, just south of Andamaar's Street.
42. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the alleyway just north of Ironpost Street, that opens west off Wall Way, at the point where it joins another alley branching to the north.
43. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the trees in a dead-end alley just north of Costumer's Hall (City Map Location T11).
44. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the mouth of a dead-end alley opening east off the Street of the Tusks, just south of Burnt Wagon Way.
45. Junction Room (no surface connection); located under the alleyway that opens south off of Spendthrift Alley, just behind (east of) Thentavva's Boots (City Map Location T12).
46. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the cellar of the Unicorn's Horn (City Map Location T15).
47. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the alley just behind (west) of Olmhazan's Jewels (City Map Location C29), between the High Road and the Street of Bells.
48. Surface Shaft; entrance located at the end of a dead-end alley opening south off Nelnuik's Walk (just north of the intersection of Adder Lane and Gut Alley).
49. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the southwestern corner of a dead-end alley that opens off Shesstra's Street (just north of Blackstar Lane).
50. Junction Room (no surface connection); located under the westernmost intersection of alleyways off Snail Street, north of Shesstra's Street.
51. Surface Shaft; entrance located in a cul-de-sac opening off of Belnimbra's Street, in the block bounded by Soothsayer's Way, Snail Street, and Rainrun Street.
52. Junction Room with Surface Shaft; entrance located in the westernmost dead-end of Quaff Alley (off the High Road).
53. Surface Shaft; entrance located just east of the Bell Tower (City Map Location C46), on Soldiers' Street just southeast of Watchmens' Way.
54. Surface Shaft; entrance located at the intersection of alleyways just north of the Three Pearls Nightclub (City Map Location D18).
55. Junction Room (no surface connection); located under the wide part of Candle Lane, west off the Way of the Dragon.





56. Junction Room with Surface Shaft; entrance located in the westernmost end of a dead-end alley opening south off Simple Street.
57. Surface Shaft; entrance located at the intersection of Tsarnen Alley and Burdag Lane.
58. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the mouth of a dead end alley, where it joins Quill Alley between the Wide Way and Nethpranter's Street.
59. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the western end of a dead-end forked alley that opens east off Rivon Street, north of Spendthrift Alley.
60. Surface Shaft; entrance located in a 'cul-de-sac opening east off the north end of Drovers' Street.
61. Surface Shaft; entrance located halfway down Beacon Street.
62. Junction Room (no surface connection); under Grocer's Lane, where it meets Snake Alley.
63. Surface Shaft; entrance located in Rednose Alley, just east of Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall (City Map Location S6).
64. Surface Shaft; entrance located in a cul-de-sac opening off the Rising Ride between Juth Alley and Caravan Court.
65. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the wide part of the alley that opens south off Olaim's Cut.
66. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the wide alley north of Coach Street, just west of the High Road.
67. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the alley just east of the former Prestar's Furniture, east of Carter's Way and immediately south of Coachlamp Lane.
68. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the cellar of the Spouting Fish (City Map Location S18).
69. Surface Shaft; entrance located in the wide area of the second alleyway north of Bellister's House (City Map Location S25).
70. Surface Shaft; locked entrance located under Piergeiron's Palace. (This shaft opens into a cellar guarded at all times by five guard members and one armar; an alarm on the wall near them is sounded whenever they see or hear anything suspicious from the sewers below.)

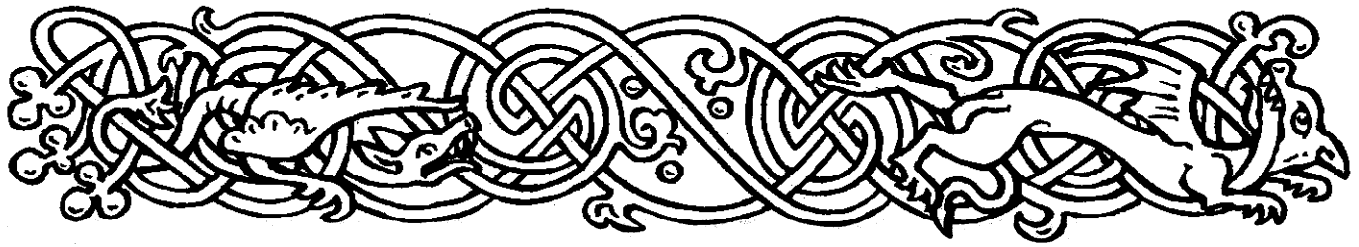
Monsters of the Sewers

There seem to be more creatures in these sewers than one could expect to find food enough to survive; even if every person who ventured into these damp, fetid passages vanished into the waiting maws of these monsters, some of them would go hungry. Connections to the infamous "dungeons" of the city—Undermountain and the Dungeon of the Crypt—do exist, and it is through these passages that such creatures come. DMs are encouraged to invent adventures for any PCs exploring the world beneath Waterdeep, and to create new passages, chambers, and features for characters to find.

Sewer Encounter Table for Waterdeep

<i>1d8</i>	<i>Results of</i>
1-5:	No Encounter
6:	Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild crew (16-35 (1d20+15) F0 humans) armed with pipes (treat as club), hammers, and daggers.
7:	Rogue NPC (level and aims determined by DM)
8:	Special Encounter; roll percentile dice on the table on page 63 to determine the encounter:





Roll	Monster	No. Appearing
01-05	Bat, Large	3-12
06	Broken One, Common	2-8
07-08	Carrion Crawler	1-2
09	Cave Fisher	1
10-15	Centipede*	1-8
	<i>Giant (1-6); Huge (7-9); Megalo – (10-11); Tunnel Worm (12)</i>	
16	Crocodile	2-12
17-18	Deepspawn	1
19	Feyr, Common	1
20	Gorbel	1
21	Greenhag	1
22	Grell, Worker	1-3
23	Gremlin	1-6
24-26	Gulguthra*	1-2
	<i>Gulguthydra (1-2); Neo-Otyugh (3-5); Otyugh (6-12)</i>	
27	Jackalwere	1-2
28-30	Leech, Giant	3-12
31	Living Wall	1
32-35	Lurker	1-2
36-38	Mimic	1
39-43	Mold	1 colony
	<i>Brown (1-6); Russet (7-9); Yellow (10-12)</i>	
44-45	Mongrelman	1-20
46	Mudman	1-6
47	Oblivix	1-6
48-52	Ooze/Slime/Jelly*	1-3
	<i>Gray Ooze (1-4); Green Slime (5-6); Ochre Jelly (7-10); Slithering Trucker (11); Stunjelly (22)</i>	
53-60	Rat*	3-36
	<i>Rut (1-8); Giant (9-10); Osquip (11-12)</i>	
61-63	Rot Grubs (in carrion)	5-20
64-67	Sewerm	1-8
68-69	Shambling Mound	1
70-73	Shrieker	1-4
74-75	Sinister	1-2
75-80	Skeleton	2-20
81-83	Slug, Giant	1
84-88	Spider, Giant	1-4
90-93	Stirge	2-20
4-95	Tick, Giant	1-10
96-97	Wererat	2-12
98-00	Zombie	2-16

*: roll 1d12 and check the subtables above.

Undermountain and The Depths Below

Undermountain? Ah, yes. A great place to have fun, the most famous battlefield in which to earn a reputation as a veteran adventurer – and the largest known mass grave in Faerûn today.”

–Elminster of Shadowdale

“What is at present the greatest city in the Realms lies atop what adventurers deem the greatest underground complex in Faerûn. Remember what is above, and what is below – for so great is the color and wealth of Undermountain, and so great the naked villainy and savagery of Waterdeep, that it can be hard indeed to tell one from the other when darkness cloaks them both.”

–Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun

“Undermountain would not be what it is without Waterdeep, and Waterdeep would not been what it is without Undermountain. The city and the dungeon beneath it are inextricably linked, each one influencing the other. Undermountain is but a dark reflection of Waterdeep’s society stripped of concern for order, propriety, or law. Where most can live and thrive in the insanity of commerce that is Waterdeep, only a select few can live and thrive in the insanity of survival that is Undermountain.”

–Durnan the Wanderer

“Where Waterdeep is sunshine, life, and laughter, Undermountain is shadow, death, and despair. Both have their profits, but neither place allows them to come without a price.”

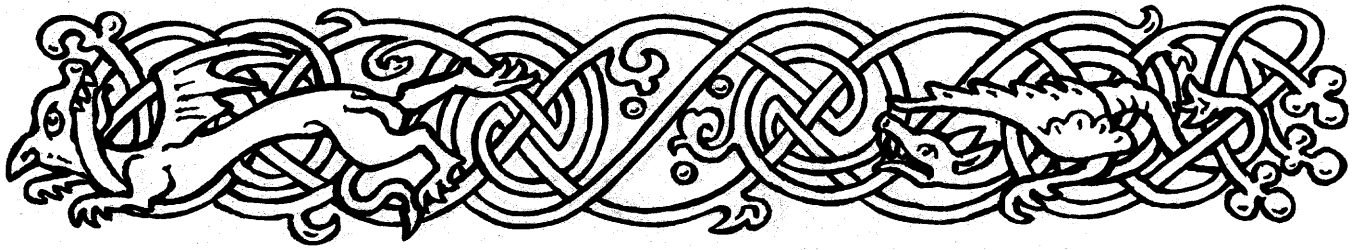
–Mirt the Merciless

Chances are, if you ask anyone in Waterdeep about Undermountain, you’ll be sat down and given a tale or three; whether the tales are meant as warnings or as braggadocio depends on the teller. As you can see from above, those that truly know of Undermountain are not quick to divulge its secrets, only its portents. Folk intrigued by talk of the Realms’ most dangerous dungeon make it a habit of visiting the Yawning Portal or the Bowels of the Earth, where such tales are constant.

Dungeon Masters can tell what they wish to players as local lore and rumor about Undermountain, but keep these factors in mind:

- Among the average Waterdhavians, even the elderly know little truth about the place; only those that lie as corpses there can do such.





- Many who talk of it have constructed fanciful tales themselves, to boast about themselves; many who say they've walked its depths have rarely made any encroachment beyond the first level, losing their nerve when the stairs growled at them. . . .
- Those that have truly been within the dungeon's confines and faced its dangers are often reluctant to divulge direct information; this comes less from guarding some secrets, but from knowing that Halaster rarely maintains the status quo of the dungeon for any length of time—what was once a kobold lair might now be the domain of a baatezu!

The History of Halaster's Halls

More than a thousand years, Halaster Blackcloak (known also as Hilather in historical texts) and his apprentices, the Seven, founded a tower far from any civilization; when Halaster's Hold was built, Waterdeep was no more than a few farms and shacks close to the coast. The tower was soon abandoned by master and pupils alike, once they discovered the dungeons beneath Mount Waterdeep—the Underhalls of the Melairkyn dwarves, a former mithral mine and a long-extinct dwarven clan settlement. Since then, hundreds of drow, duergar, at least a score of dragons, and a thousand score adventurers have fallen into the devious traps and magics of Halaster's dungeon; the phrase "Halaster's Hunt" still means a "berserk raid or wilful slaughter" in the North today, after the mad wizard's extermination of the drow in the Underhalls.

Undermountain, by all accounts, is a strange, dangerous world where Halaster performed many bizarre experiments in magic. Spells, items, and creatures unheard of in the sunlit lands exist by the hundreds below, and that is what draws folk below. So few return, but that little deters the greedy or the proud; it seems all the same to those of the dungeon, who deem clanking plate armor as a dinner bell.

No one today knows for certain if Halaster is still alive or not, but those who have been deep within the evil place are convinced he still walks its halls, watching from every corner and giggling at the suffering of his home's invaders. Whether it is Halaster or not, there is something in the dungeon with a morbid sense of humor: lost adventurers can suddenly find a helping hand when all seems lost, as a much-needed torch or a magical sword falls down from overhead—accompanied, of course, by a human hand. Halaster indulges his cruel, whimsical humor on the unsuspecting, directing adventurers like puppets on a string.

The Yawning Portal and Other Entrances

A certain inn near the docks in Waterdeep, the Yawning Portal—its proprietor, one Durnan "the Wanderer"—is the only publicly-known entrance to Undermountain that can be easily reached by the general public. The Portal is a rambling, dingy, wooden building that stands two doors down from The Empty Keg tavern, right next to Mother Salinka's House of Pleasure on Rainrun Street in upper Dock Ward. The inn sets squarely on the site of the long vanished tower of Halaster Blackcloak.

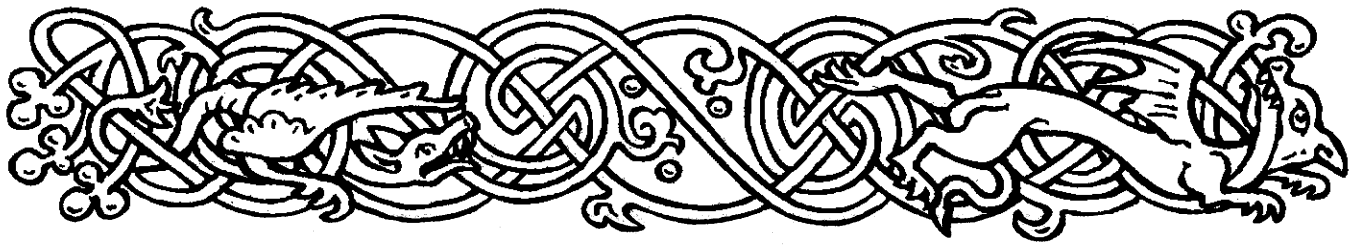
The entrance to the dungeon is a large open-topped "dry" well 40' in diameter in the taproom, between the bar and most of the dining tables. Lit torches are always placed in brackets around the outer edge of the well, and an immense block-and-tackle hangs above the well; the well drops 140 feet into the Entry Chamber of Undermountain. Those who wish to enter the dungeon pay one gold piece per head to be lowered down the well; they'd best keep one gold piece in reserve, since that's what it costs to come back up again later. The descending adventurers are usually wagered upon and toasted by the inn's patrons as they go down to glory or death. The well is lit only by the torches at the top, and adventurers must have their own light sources to see by once they are lowered more than 50' into the well. Once beyond that, they're on their own. . . .

Sewer Entrances

Countless connections exist between Waterdeep's sewers and the halls of Halaster. Many such links are kept operable and secret by the various guilds and shady organizations that control them. At least one sewer accessway is undoubtedly used by the Xanathar and his agents (see Chapter Six of *Who's Who in Waterdeep*).

The only known "uncontrolled" sewer/dungeon access is located on the sewer that parallels the docks north of Sail Street. This sewer branches near Mirt's Mansion, and runs to link up with other sewers at a junction room under a blind alley off Nelnuke's Walk. The entrance is reached by dropping down a drain and into the sewers beneath "The Slide," a steep alley named for its icy winter purpose. A secret door in the sidewall of the sewer tunnel opens into a crawl-passage that runs through remnants of old, forgotten cellars and eventually leads down to a dead-end section of tunnel set 6 inches below the crawlway. This 3'x3'x6' doorway is stationed above the room of the Grim Statue.





Other Entrances

The Long Dark Stair links Undermountain with an oubliette (covered garbage-pit) in the alley behind the Blushing Nymph, a festhall on the north side of Rainrun Street. Going west from The Yawning Portal across Cook Street, the Nymph is the second building from the northwest corner of Cook and Rainrun Streets. The backyard is frequented by cats and the occasional youth tossing out garbage from the Nymph by day—and by drunks ejected from the Nymph by night.

In the past few years, Halaster has grown bored. So, like many kidnapers and slavers, Halaster has taken to pulling people directly out of Waterdeep without warning via magical *mirror-gates*. Somehow activating the magic through any reflective surface, the *mirror-gates* take any beings (and their gear) that touch the mirrors elsewhere without mishap. Such travel is always a one-way affair, but if a *mirror-gate* is used, it will send others to that destination for 1 turn. Thereafter, the DM should roll each turn to see if the destination changes (8 or greater on a 1d10 roll).

For more information on Undermountain, seek out the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed sets.

The Rat Hills

This area was once a barren, windswept pebble beach, and waves crashed and rolled endlessly in the shallows. For almost a mile out to sea, the seabed is still five feet or fewer from the surface of the water. Of old, ships used to beach here for repairs, and lumber barges pulled up at this spot for loading. As Waterdeep became rich enough to suffer raiding, its people began to see this easy landing-place as a danger to their safety—and a free alternative to Waterdeep's harbor.

A rough shanty town came into being here, and the Shadow Thieves moved to control it. The Lords saw the danger, and acted swiftly, calling the guard out in force. They drove the inhabitants of "the Beach" out, slaughtering those who resisted, and set fire to all that would burn. The Guard then camped on the spot until the fires had died down, keeping the area clear with strong patrols. Under their protection, Waterdeep's citizens began to bring its garbage hither in wagon loads, rather than burning it directly outside the city walls.

Today, this task is done by the Dungsweepers' Guild. After a few years, the accumulated garbage piles became commonly known as the Rat Hills. At its largest, the Rat Hills grew to cover an area almost four miles in length and up to a mile in width—hills of piled, rotting garbage that poison the shallows and extend along the entire beach area, effectively barring any hostile landings. Now, after the smoke and fire of the Rat Hills Conflagration, they are reduced to under two miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. The guard patrols the nearby trade road, and guards the daily convoy of Dungsweepers' Guild garbage wagons, but otherwise leaves the Rat Hills alone.

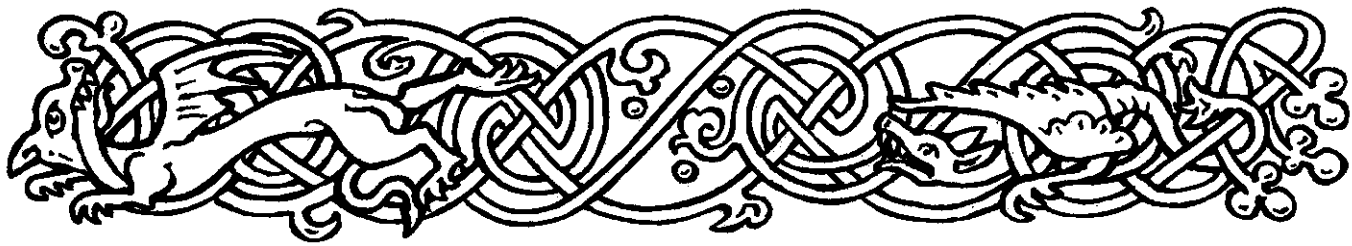
As the name suggests, these tangled hills are infested with rats. Scrub trees and gnarled creepers are everywhere. The reek is indescribable, and foils all attempts to track by scent, or to smell anything but the strongest perfume. Fresh garbage is brought daily, and the Hills are growing by almost half an acre per year. The inhabitant monsters make it too dangerous for dungsweepers to carry garbage into the interior, and fresh garbage is simply piled at the outer edge of the Hills daily; now, even with many of the bolder creatures scattered due to the fires, the Rat Hills are dangerous and a relative haven for many creatures.

Creatures of The Rat Hills

Several attacks over the years, especially this year with the fires driving many monsters out, have made the Lords strengthen the guard presence around the Rat Hills at night. One can expect to see a guard contingent of twenty mounted men-at-arms or more, armed with lances, heavy crossbows, and personal arms; they are always accompanied by at least two priests (of Torm) and a hired wizard (who usually brings an apprentice along "for free").

The Rat Hills are known to be inhabited by many types of undead creatures, including sea zombies and poltergeists (see the CATACOMBS™ Solo Quest book *Knight of the Living Dead* for examples). Other confirmed creatures spotted over the years include kobolds, lizard men, beholders, will o' wisps, and even some monstrous gulguthras. DMs can devise monster encounters of their own for the Rat Hills, using all sorts of strange creatures that could not otherwise realistically be found near the City of Splendors, or use the following table.





Rat Hills Random Encounter Table

(D20) Roll	Encounter
1	2-12 Land Lampreys
2	1 Mimic
3	1-6 Skeletons
4	5-20 Rot Grubs (in carrion)
5	1 Otyugh
6	1-4 Jackalweres
7	4-16 Wild Dogs
8	4-24 Wererats
9	5-50 Giant Rats
10	2-24 Giant Centipedes
11	2-20 Animal Skeletons
12	1-12 Huge Spiders
13	1-2 Nyth
14	1-4 Leucrotta
15	1 Shambling Mound
16	2-12 Poisonous Frogs
17	1-12 Zombies (or 2-8 Sea Zombies)
18	1 Neo-Otyugh
19	1 Catoblepas
20	Special Encounter: DM's choice

With the Rat Hills Conflagration, many of the monsters have been dispersed from the interior parts of the Hills closest to the city. Various changes are evident throughout the current timeline and power group activities listed in all the books of this boxed set. DMs should not, however, believe that this neutralizes the dangers of the Rat Hills; on the contrary, those that do remain there will be all the more wary about being discovered and exposed, or they will simply be hungrier.

All manner of marine horrors still lurk in the shallows. Lacedons are known to overwhelm even giant gar, who sometimes drift into the shallows in search of prey. There are said to be deep pools and flooded beast-tunnels in the tainted waters, where oceangoing dangers lurk. Even simple contact with the water (see *Tainted Dangers*, below) has its perils.

Tainted Dangers

Immersion or excessive skin contact with the dark, evil-smelling water of the Rat Hills (both rainwater pools in the interior, and in the coastal shallows) carries a 20% base chance of communicating a disease. Such an exposure check must be made once for each such contact (or once per turn of prolonged contact, such as swimming in the shallows, or bathing in a pool). Ingesting any water

carries a 35% chance of disease. An exposure check should be made for each ingestion. Dilution with clean water or wine may better chances by half or even decrease them further; boiling the water reduces disease chances in all cases to 5% per contact.

Dry land contact with the garbage of the Rat Hills (and the many insects that swarm in the fetid air above) carries its own peril: a 5% chance of disease. An exposure check should be made once per day in which a being is in the garbage-strewn interior of the Rat Hills; a character who enters and leaves the Hills a dozen times in a day will suffer only one check. If the garbage is excessively disturbed (by digging, explosive spell casting, fire, or a violent physical fight), all creatures in the vicinity must make an extra, immediate exposure check (one per disturbance). Chances of contracting disease are not cumulative.

Eating the meat of any creature inhabiting the Rat Hills carries a 60% chance of communicating disease (halved if the meat is cooked).

Effects of disease are left to the DM. The most common known affliction in the Rat Hills is "darkrot" disease.

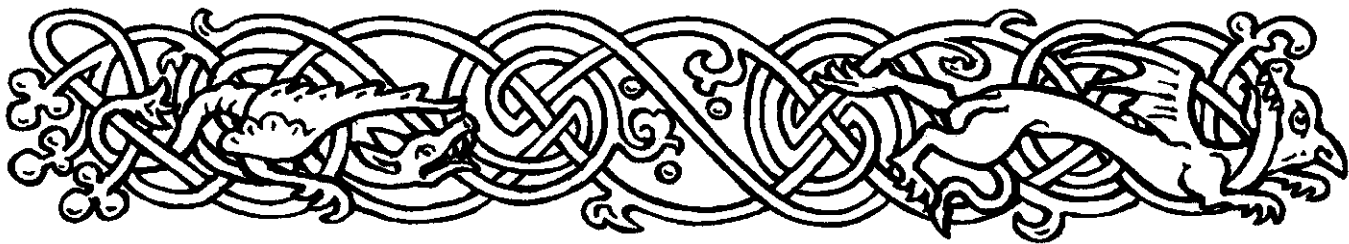
Darkrot causes large black patches to form on a victim's skin, in 1-2 days. These persist for 2d12 days. The victim's breathing becomes noisy (hissing) and labored, and 2d4 hit points per day are lost, until the victim is at half of its normal hit points. Charisma drops by 6 points, as the eyes bulge, hair begins to fall out, and the black patches begin to emit a foul odor. Strength and Constitution scores drop by 1 point per day until they reach minimums of 3 for each score. Normal activity soon becomes impossible; bed rest and quarantine are advisable. The disease remains contagious until the spots clear up.

Seven days into the affliction, a *system shock* roll must be made (at a character's regular Constitution score, not the current one). If this succeeds, the disease runs its course and the character recovers.

If it fails, the victim loses 4d4 hit points that day, and 2d6 points are lost the next day. Thereafter, 2d4 points are lost each day. Death occurs at 0 hit points, although *cure disease* will end the affliction in 4d4 hours, and healing spells have their normal effectiveness against hit point loss.

If the victim survives the disease, the spots grow smaller and eventually disappear (in 1d12 days), as the disease passes. Lost ability points and hit points then return at a rate of 1d4 each per day (assuming complete rest).





Chapter Five: The Lords of Waterdeep

The Lords exist at the sufferance of their consciences and the goodwill of the people of the Free City of Waterdeep. Though their faces are hidden, their hearts are ever true to the city's welfare. All but the Open Lord are unknown, so to better be the Everyman of the city, to represent and govern all people equally, to have no allegiance save to the city. By cloaking its rulers in secrecy, the city helps rule itself, for its rulers walk among you, ever hidden and watchful; whether out of fear or respect, the citizens follow Lords' Rule."

—Lhestyn, Open Lord of Waterdeep (circa 280 Northreckoning)

The Lords' History

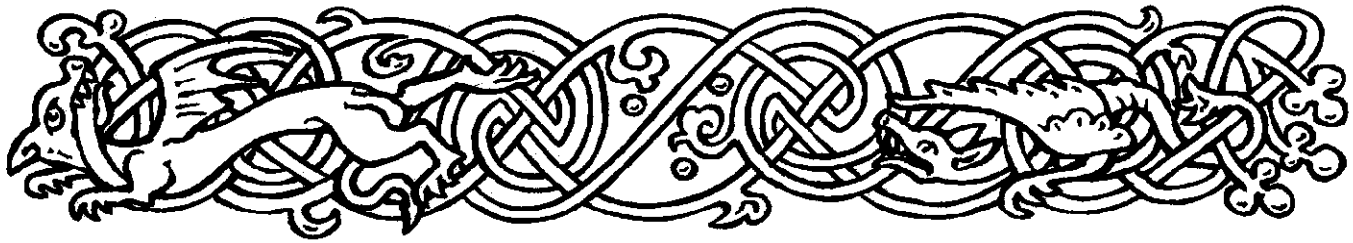
The Lords have existed, with only one major interruption of their reign, as the rulers of the Free City of Waterdeep for 335 years. Founded by the aged Ahghairon the Mage, the Lords have always been shrouded in secrecy, their masks and cloaks covering any details that could identify them. By keeping the identities of the Lords of the city confidential, Ahghairon made them of equal power with himself and guaranteed that they would be "free of coercion by any, and drawn from all walks of life within our fair city."

Over the years, there have been between 50 and 80 Lords of Waterdeep; of that number, the citizens of Waterdeep have truly known only four of them, the Open Lords who sat unmasked before the people: Ahghairon the Mage, Baeron, Lhestyn the Masked Lady, and Piergeiron the Paladinson. The Lords have, over the years, consisted of men and women from all the various trades and skills of Waterdeep: merchant, noble, wizard, warrior, priest, shipwright, plumber, blacksmith, chimney sweep, baker, brewer, dungsweeper, etc. While most of the city assumes the Lords are human, some of the Lords have been elves and half-elves, and one halfling now sits among them; no dwarves have ever accepted the mantle of a Lord.

Of the august membership, only one Lord—now nearly forgotten, but once known as Kerrigan the Arcanist—ever abused his power, and paid the price for his treason. Kerrigan, through various subterfuges and hired agents, killed three of his fellow Lords before Ahghairon discovered his treason. A spell battle erupted between the two, which crossed the city and ended in Southern Ward with the death of Kerrigan. When he fell, Ahghairon buried his remains on the spot and cursed him "to be remembered only as a traitor and to lie in the dust and never have stone to decorate your passing." His final resting spot is the unpaved Kerrigan's Court in Adventurers' Quarter, where any stones larger than pebbles that touch the ground fly up again to strike the person placing them there; numerous attempts were made decades ago to remove the curse, but many of the city preferred to not disturb this still-active legacy of Ahghairon, the city's founder.

Today, the Lords' membership is even more secretive and larger than ever before.





After the Knights of the Shield managed to uncover the identities of at least three Lords and nearly bring Waterdeep to its knees, Piergeiron and Khelben decided to strengthen their ranks late in the year 332 NR (1364 DR). The action kept absolutely secret to ensure that their ranks could never again be undermined or discovered by their enemies, the Lords increased their membership to 20 members. The city at large is unaware that four more Lords walk among them. When the Lords are collected for Shieldmeet Council, only 16 are present, allowing four Lords to stand hidden in the city, ready for any troubles. . . .

The Lords' Roster

As far as the populace is concerned, Waterdeep is presently governed by 16 Lords of Waterdeep, who are seen by the general populace only when sitting in the Lord's Court or when the Lords' Rule is reaffirmed each Shieldmeet. Their individual identities are always concealed by identical masks and robes. It is rare indeed for more than seven Lords to sit in Court on a given occasion save for the Shieldmeet Council.

This democratic council has a largely secret membership. Piergeiron "the Paladinson," Warden of Waterdeep (commander of the guard), Overmaster of the Guilds, and Commander of the Watch is the Open Lord of Waterdeep, the only Lord whose face is exposed and known to the public. The paladin sits in his golden-spired palace conducting the city's diplomatic and legal business. Among the citizens, it is generally agreed that the archmage Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun is also of the Lords (see "And Now, the News" in Chapter Two), but no one who knows the identities of the other Lords for certain has made them public knowledge. One hears the names Mirt, Larissa, and Texter mentioned as prospects.

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

The penalty for impersonating a Lord is instant death. Should a Lord be about the city in full regalia, officers of the guard or watch are dispatched to the Palace to notify Piergeiron. The Lords all know each other, and Piergeiron can demand that they unmask to him at any time (in secret; refusal to unmask before the Open Lord is itself a capital offense). Should anyone in Lord's attire be slain, *speak with dead* magics are employed later to find out why such a masquerade was performed. On the sly, a number of people, including Lucia Thione of the Knights of the Shield, have verbally claimed to be Lords; this is punishable by death as well, but only if the perpetrator is caught in the lie.

Khelben "Blackstaff" ARUNSUN

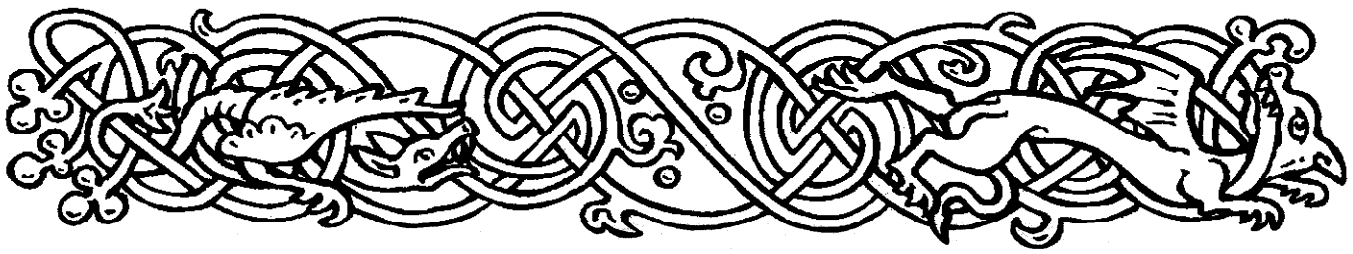
Game Information: LN(G) hm W27; DEX 16, CON 16, INT 18, WIS 16.

Description: Khelben appears as a 6-foot-tall, well-muscled, bearded man with a receding hairline, black hair shot through with silver (a distinctive silver wedge in the center of his beard), and a distinguished manner. He is gravely wise, but not pompous or humorless; he even takes a gruff, fatherly view towards young wizards he might recruit into the service of the Harpers.

Notes: Khelben is the most powerful and influential archmage of the Sword Coast, and is one of the rulers of Waterdeep. A senior member of the Harpers, and instrumental in keeping the Lords' Alliance (of Silverymoon, Sundabar, Neverwinter, and other "good" cities of the North, with Waterdeep) intact, Khelben is always working to influence this or that occurrence or trend, looking years ahead. He is a forester and painter, and has tutored many mages of note including Malchor Harpell, Laeral, Nain, and Savengruff. His most recent (and youngest) apprentice was a child named Gemidan, "with the most remarkable intuitive grasp of magic I've seen in years." He is also the definitive expert in the history, lore, and traditions of magic as practiced by humans in the North since the rise from barbarism.

It is suggested that DMs adjust Khelben's level upwards to at least ten levels above the strongest PC, for use in humbling "runaway" characters. Khelben, without a doubt, has the greatest cache of magical items ever seen on the Sword Coast, as well as the knowledge of over 700 spells, all of which he can rely on if he gets into trouble. Should he need it, he can always call on Malchor, Laeral, Nain, and Savengruff for aid by *sending*.





Brian The Swordmaster

Game Information: NG hm F13; STR 16, WIS 17.

Description: A bald man with all his gray-streaked black hair in his beard, Brian still carries a powerful build, thanks to his work at the forge and his 12 years as a member and armorer of the city guard. His gray eyes are no longer hidden behind constant scowls.

Notes: Brian “the Swordmaster” is a smith of skill. His nickname is a title of expertise in his craft, although he has gone beyond his swordsmith skills, and is now a master armorer—Brian is as skilled a smith as humanly possible, able to craft items of lasting beauty, durability, and exquisite workmanship. Brian spends most of his time at his forge, and is known for his simple, direct way of looking at things. Brian and “Kitten” are the most practical of the Lords, followed by Mirt, Durnan, and Nindil, capable of seeing weak points in plans, and fore-seeing problems long before they occur.

Caladorn

Game Information: NG hm F12; STR 16, DEX 17.

Description: Young, strong Caladorn stands 6’ tall and is one of the most elegant fighters ever seen in the Field of Triumph. He wears his brown hair short and is clean-shaven, with a prominent cleft in his chin. Caladorn is young, sardonic, very perceptive and intelligent, and fun-loving when he can find an occasion to abandon his customary serious resolve, in private.

Notes: Caladorn, a gallant of Waterdeep, has chosen to drop his family name of Cassalanter until he “does something worthy of it,” as he has told his father Ohrl, current Lord of house Cassalanter. This allows Caladorn to retain the privileges of his birth, and be gracefully free of his father’s direct authority. Ohrl is unaware that his son is a Lord of Waterdeep.

For two years, Caladorn stepped down from the Lords to wander the Sword Coast and recover from a broken heart; he fell in love with Lady Lucia Thione, and was merely a pawn in her bid to disrupt the Lords’ Rule. For the past year, after returning to the city, he has accompanied the city’s raker ship crews into battle; the raker captains did not know that their passenger was a Lord, only that he was a bored young noble who could lend them an extra swordarm. Khelben, Durnan, and Mirt view Caladorn as one of the important Lords who will carry on after they are gone, although they view his noble background as a handicap to be overcome before

he will be truly suitable for such a task. As Mirt puts it, “too often that lad thinks like the blueblood he is—arrogant, self-assured, knows the place for everything and everyone—and dead wrong. A little dose of the real world’d do him all the good, ’t would.”

Durnan

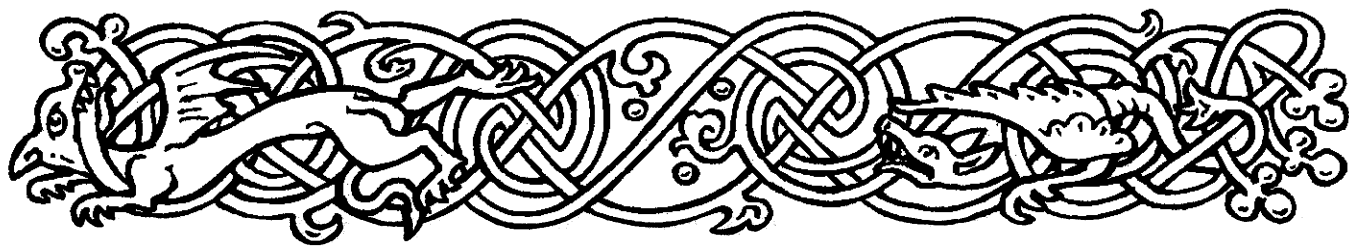
Game Information: NG hm F18; STR 18(34), CON 17, WIS 16.

Description: Durnan, a burly, russet-haired, middle-aged man, is a gruff, close-mouthed, prudent man who hates unfairness and injustice, but is tolerant of the differing interests of others, until they draw a weapon in his inn, whereupon he punishes them severely on the spot.

Notes: Durnan “the Wanderer” is a retired fighter who now runs the Yawning Portal inn (which contains a shaft leading down into Undermountain). Durnan and Mirt are old friends, once companions in adventure. Many years before he met Mirt, Durnan was a solitary wanderer, who traveled the North extensively.

Durnan was born somewhere in the remote North, and especially hates hobgoblins. Mirt believes that Durnan’s family and friends were slain by hobgoblins, leaving Durnan homeless when he was a child, but this is no more





than a guess; Durnan won't talk of such things. When Durnan doesn't want to answer a question, he simply looks at the questioner with a calm, expressionless face and says nothing. He shouts in battle, but rarely gets into verbal arguments, retreating instead into silence.

Nindil Jalbuck

Notes: Nindil is described in Chapter Five of the *Adventurer's Guide* and Chapter One of *Secrets of the City*. As the most recently appointed Lord, he tends not to argue much with his fellows, unless he feels the demihumans of the city are being treated unfairly. He often avoids discussions with the prejudiced Sammereza.

Mirt The Moneylender

Game Information: CG hm F11/T7; STR 17, WIS 18.

Description: A fat, casual, hard-drinking man, coarse-mannered and gruff, Mirt is often seen wheezing about from tavern to tavern in food-stained clothing. Mirt is actually one of the most shrewd Lords of Waterdeep, even if secretly romantic and soft-hearted.

Notes: Mirt "the Moneylender" is a very rich man. He was once a successful mercenary general of the North and Sword Coast lands, Mirt "the Merciless." Mirt is one of the most influential Lords, well-loved by his fellows

(even the paladins). He is wise in tactics and in judging the characters of beings of all races and creeds. Mirt's constant companion is the young fighter Asper, whom he once rescued as an infant from a sacked city, and later married; she is Mirt's chief agent in the city.

Mirt's Mansion (City Map Location C52) rests on the southern slope of Mount Waterdeep in Castle Ward. Mirt practices his moneylending trade from here when in the city (mornings only). It is a secure, fortress-like home with many guards, both mortal and magical.

Larissa Neathal

Game Information: NG hf F6; CON 16, CHA 18.

Description: Larissa is a human chameleon. With cosmetics and minor magics (from Khelben and Laeral), she changes her hair style and color (and even her eye color!) to match her extravagant, provocative clothes. Her only constant feature is her distinctive necklace, a gold filigree phoenix rising from a cluster of inset rubies.

Notes: Larissa Neathal is a courtesan of Waterdeep who plays a giggling, empty-headed sex-kitten with all the visiting envoys and diplomats she has time for, and gathers all the information for the Lords that she can this way. When weary or upset, however, she turns to Durnan for comfort. Her capacity for court parties is legendary, and she can dance all day and all night if necessary, without apparent ill effects.

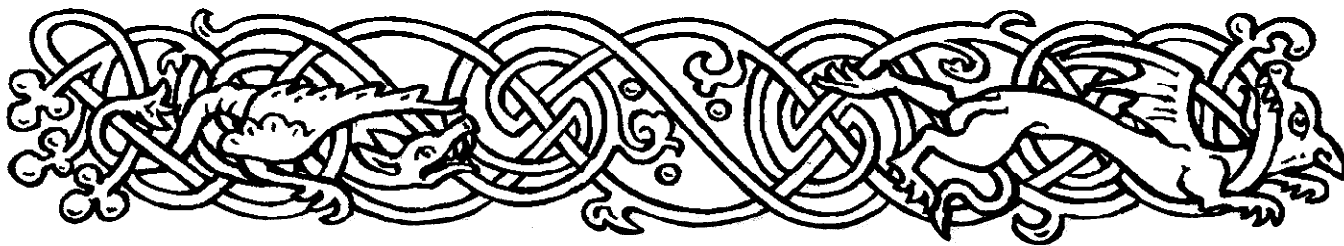
Piergeiron The Paladin

Game Information: LG hm Pal16; STR 17, WIS 16, CHA 17.

Description: Piergeiron the Paladinson is a tall, muscular, handsome man, his hair only slightly graying at the temples though he is well past 50 winters. Piergeiron is the most quietly confident man one could meet, and his poise and patience have served him well with his duties inside and outside the city.

Notes: Piergeiron is the only known Lord of Waterdeep, and speaks for all the Lords. He is also the City of Splendors' chief diplomat to foreign powers and its chief defender, being both Commander of the Watch and Warden (commander) of the Guard. As Overmaster of the Guilds, he has the authority to override guild law, and his decree is the only absolute law in this city of interpretation and evasion. As such, he is very safe from Waterdhavians — and his life is threatened by foreign powers, such as Amn, Calimshan, and Luskan, for the same reason. He is so above reproach, and so able in his administration and justice, that the city flourishes.





Waterdhavians could not conceive of a better man to be the Open Lord of the city; those wishing the city ill want to remove him if at all possible.

Piergeiron speaks seldom, and slowly; as a result, he is sometimes snidely known as “the Thickskull,” but never to his face. He is not stupid, but often pretends to be, to draw others out into admissions they might not make otherwise. His surname comes from his father Athar, “The Shining Knight,” The Arm of Tyr, who was a very famous paladin adventurer of the North.

“KITTEN” Nymara Scheiron

Game Information: NG hf T11; CON 16, DEX 18.

Description: Nymara Scheiron—known as “Kitten”—is an intensely secret person; few people, even among the Lords, know the full name of this tousle-haired, fierce female. She has a savage temper, and her lush, strong figure belies her years. Nymara can appear as a stunning, beautiful lady of high station if she wishes to do so (very rare), but is more often to be found heavily perfumed and made-up, dressed provocatively and lounging in a Dock Ward alley or tavern. In less distinct garb, she is an expert at following people without being noticed, and is familiar with the sewers of the city and the roofs in many districts, as faster and less crowded highways than the open streets.

Notes: “Kitten” is a hard-bitten entertainer and sometime-thief of Waterdeep’s docks, who was recruited by Mirt and Khelben 20 years ago to the Lords. It is her practicality that influences the details of many an action of the Lords. She knows how this or that decree will appear to, and work among, the common folk. “Kitten” once fought an evil demigod (Iyachtu Xvim, the son of Bane) toe-to-toe with blades when a summoning by a company of adventurers went awry.

She is servile to no one. She regards Mirt, Durnan, Larissa, and Khelben as her dear friends, and delights in relaxing with them on a night when she is not on the streets or poking about in the goods of this or that suspicious visitor to the city. Kitten will not take a copper piece from her fellow Lords, fiercely rejecting any gifts or charity.

Sammereza Sulphontis

Game Information: DM’s Choice.

Description: Originally a native of Calimshan, Sammereza has been a citizen of Waterdeep for over 30 years, yet he has not changed his manner of clothing. He still wears many layers of silks and various extravagant robes (he

stays warm with a *ring of warmth*); he favors red and purple silks. His brown skin and hair are meticulously groomed, and his rare purple eyes are quite hypnotic.

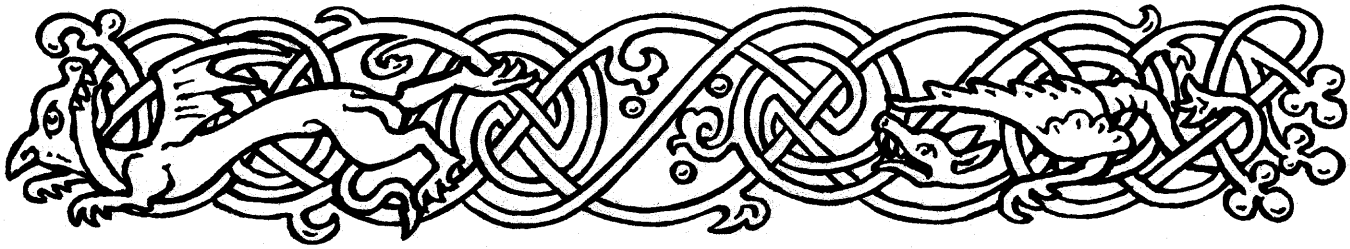
Notes: Sammereza Sulphontis is a slightly slimmer, slightly younger, and far more polished and mannered version of Mirt. This tireless traveling merchant is seldom to be found within the city walls. He will sell anything to anyone, buy almost anything from anyone, and trade most things with most people,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

Texter

Game Information: LG hm Pa19; STR 18(09), CHA 17.

Description: His face ruddy and lined, Texter wears a stern, distinguished visage of piety and duty, his face rarely cracking a smile beneath his brown moustache.





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

Every so often, Texter feels he has to renew his faith and dedication to Tyr (especially of late, feeling less than faithful in light of all the Tyrite zealots cropping up in the city); he does so by solitary rides into the Northern wilderness, where he singlehandedly battles any orcs, trolls, or other evil creatures he encounters, and inspects firsthand conditions in the North. Texter is almost fearless, but he is not stupid. He will consider attacking twelve orcs singlehanded to be fair odds, but will retreat before an orc horde to warn the city, rather than charging to attack.

DaniLo Thann

Game Information: CG(N) hm Multi – F3/W9/B13; STR 16, DEX 17, INT 18, WIS 16, CHA 18.

Description: Danilo is in his early 30s, his six-foot frame amply muscled in an elegant (but strong) dancer's figure. His flaxen hair is always carefully styled, and his clothes are always the height of fashion (and expense). His gray



eyes can seem both serious and mischievous in one short exchange. Danilo is never without his gold pendant (of his family seal) and his green leather bug of holding, in which he now hides his Lord's attire.

Notes: A fashion plate and dilettante of Waterdeep's young nobles, Danilo has played the fop for years, causing many still to underestimate him and believe him an idiot, rather than the skilled adventurer he is. His abilities to mix magic and music are impressive, even to his former tutor, Khelben Arunsun.

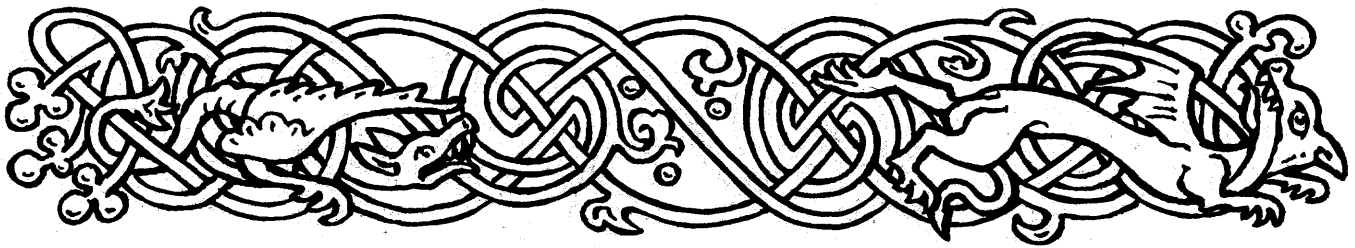
Thanks to the magics of an elven artifact and a trace of elven blood in his ancestry (and not a little aid from the goddess Mystra), Danilo Thann became the only human to master the *elfsong*, a powerful elven talent that taps magic through song (and normally overwhelms or destroys nonelves who attempt it). With it, he managed to save Waterdeep and the Lords from ruin by deactivating some powerful ancient bards' magic running rampant across the Realms. This also gained him his seat among the Lords; one of his first successful projects undertaken as a Lord was the reestablishment of the bards' college of Waterdeep, which is now a rousing success.

While his aid in uncovering the plot of the Knights of the Shield was much appreciated, the other Lords were more impressed by Danilo's ability to work with disparate people to reach his goals; few among the Lords could even claim the ability to work with Elaith Craulnobur without being tempted to run him through! In addition, Danilo's skills in magic, and his close ties to the Lords through Khelben make him, like Caladorn, one of the next generation of Lords who show much promise – though Mirt still wishes he were a commoner rather than "another fussy blue-blood."

The Lords' Magic

Below are the magical items and artifacts that are wholly and exclusively for the use of the Lords of Waterdeep. Khelben had a hand in creating much of the magic surrounding the Lords and their city. Many of the items' secrets have been limited to one or two special agents in Waterdeep at one time. Currently, only Khelben and Laeral know all the secrets involved in creating the Lords' Effects; rumors about the city link the Helms and masks of the Lords with some lost items once common in the lands of Netheril. Each Lord of Waterdeep has two of each of these items; one of each is kept personally, while the second is





kept in safe storage within a tower in the Palace of Waterdeep (to be retrieved by an agent or another Lord, should anything happen to the other Effects).

The Lords' Effects

Lord's Amulet: These light, gold medallions on silver chains are worn under the clothes of a Lord; each is stamped with the symbol of the particular Lord's deity (so people will not think it anything other than a religious symbol). The Lord's Amulet acts as an *amulet of proof against detection and location*. It also allows the wearer to enter certain areas of the city (in the City of the Dead, the Palace, the Plinth, etc.), speak a command word, and activate invisible *gates* set by Khelben that can only be activated by these amulets, preventing pursuit.

Lord's Helm: The enchanted helms, which are worn by the Lords when they appear in public, support their featureless masks. The wearer is protected against divination spells and other mind-affecting powers, including *ESP* and *detect lie*. A Lord's thoughts and alignment are fully obscured by the helm, and a Lord's voice is altered to a deep hollow baritone.

Lord's Rings: Khelben provides a number of magical rings for the Lords, though these are the most common:

- *Ring of poison resistance:* The wearer of this ring is 100% immune to any poisons (though acids still affect the wearer normally).
- *Ring of sending:* Turning the gem on this ring causes a special *sending* to be activated, and both Khelben and Piergeiron receive a magical message from a ring-bearer.
- *Ring of teleportation:* Twisting the gem in this ring allows the bearer to teleport from any location in the Realms to a preset location. (Danilo's ring, for example, sends him to Blackstaff Tower.)

Lord's Robes: The black robes of the Lords disguise body shape and height within their folds, and a robe-generated illusion makes all the Lords seem six feet tall and of indeterminate sex.

The Walking Statues

The Walking Statues of Waterdeep are stone golems created by Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, and controlled only by Piergeiron or the Archmage of Waterdeep himself; they are intended for use in defending the city against any attack that breaches a city gate, to "hold the gap." Rumor holds (correctly) that eight of these pieces of statuary are stored, in working order, about the city; two are at the base of the Cliffwatch, one is placed on Gull Leap, two others are within Mount Waterdeep (to defend the Castle and the

Palace), and the others are magically hidden beneath Northgate, River Gate, and South Gate.

Each grey granite statue stands 90 feet tall, and looks like a tall, regal human with an impassive face. It has Armor Class 1, a movement rate of 40, 140 hit points, and attacks for 6-60 points of damage or 3 points of structural damage per round; the walking statues are harmed only by +3 or greater magical weapons, and are affected by spells as a stone golem.

The Lords' Agents

Whenever serious threats lurk on the horizon for the City of Splendors, the Lords often try to alleviate them before they disturb the relative peace. To do so, they act through agents to get the job done; to act on their own could compromise their identities as Lords. Besides, some work that needs doing is not always best to do oneself. . . .

Force Grey

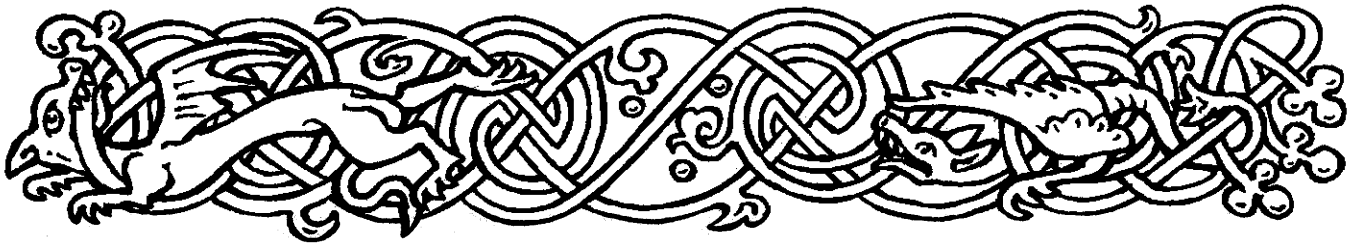
Whenever troubles grow beyond the power to be handled by the watch or the guard without significant loss of life, Piergeiron and the Lords can mobilize Force Grey, an elite cadre of loyal, powerful Waterdhavians able to match or exceed the power of the offenders at large. The group is headed by Khelben Arunsun, but only when the city faces its most dire threats. The current membership of Force Grey, in addition to 2-12 warriors of 7th level or greater, consists of a number of illustrious Northern adventurers.

Harshnag (CG frost giant male): A frost giant exiled from his people due to overly good tendencies, Harshnag lives on Mount Sar just outside the city; his cave is connected via a *gate* to Blackstaff Tower, and he is magically called, should his raw muscle power be needed for Force Grey.

Hrusse of Assuran (LN hm P15 of Assuran; STR 17, WIS 16): A vengeful, intense priest from the Inner Sea lands of Unther, Hrusse worships Assuran, the god of revenge (known here as Hoar the Doombringer). Taking the city's plight as his own when Hrusse is called to duty, any slight or insult or damage to Waterdeep or its Lords is never forgotten until properly avenged "in the eyes of Assuran."

Carolyas Idogyr (LG hef W7; DEX 18, INT 17, CHA 18): Of late, this young watch-wizard worked her way up through the ranks and joined Force Grey rather than retire to a less active life. Though she and Khelben know each other (her uncle Gamalon is a friend of the Blackstaff), Carolyas thinks Khelben is too conservative in his use of magic, and they disagree on this often.





Jardwim (NG hm R17; STR 17, CON 16): The official leader of the group, Jardwim is a ruthless, highly focused individual who believes if problems are harsh enough to merit calling in Force Grey, any resistance met by the group should be answered in lethal force. Jardwim hates to lose or even be fooled by anything; when this stocky ranger puts his concentration to his task, very little escapes him. He often travels with two blink dogs.

Maliantor (NG hf W11; DEX 18, INT 16): A former pupil of Khelben Arunsun, Maliantor is often referred to as "Blackstaff's Eyes," and is rumored to be one of his main agents in addition to her work with Force Grey. She often prepares scrolls with the spells needed to contain the problems she faces in battle.

Red Sashes

This mysterious group of vigilantes are experts at intrigue and hiding and locating wanted persons; while they do not wear red sashes, they tie up their targets with them and leave them on the Palace steps for the watch. Their members are unknown to all but their head, known only as "the One," and they appear to work in opposition to the Lords (though they secretly do the Lords' work for them), and thus are often hired by other groups (like the Shadow Thieves) to work against the Lords. Durnan is "the One," the secret leader of the Red Sashes, though only Khelben, Kitten, Laeral, Mirt, Nindil (who sometimes works with the Red Sashes), and Sammereza are aware of this. This allows Durnan to operate in ways unapproved by the paladins among the Lords, and produces good results. The known members are the following people:

Baklin (LN dm F7; STR 17, CON 19): the dwarven barkeep of the Quaffing Quaggoth (City Map Location C53), and the Red Sashes' newest recruit;

Surrolph Hlakken (CG hm F0): the horse dealer at Hlakken Stables (City Map Location S17), and chief information gatherer for the Sashes;

Naneatha Lhaurilstar (NG hf T4; DEX 17): a courtesan of the Palace with her own domicile (City Map Location C45), and one of two members who know the Red Sashes work for Durnan (though not for the Lords);

Aletha and Jhoysil Samprava (CG hf T2; STR 16) (CG hf F3; DEX 17, INT 16): twin sisters and courtesans at the Purple Palace (City Map Location D25);

Thurve Thentavva (CN hm F0; WIS 18): cobbler (his shop is at City Map Location T12) and source of information on any illegal guild activities;



Jurisk Ulhammond (CG hm F5; STR 17): a moneylender and a member who knows the Sashes work for Durnan (but doesn't know of the Lords' link); and

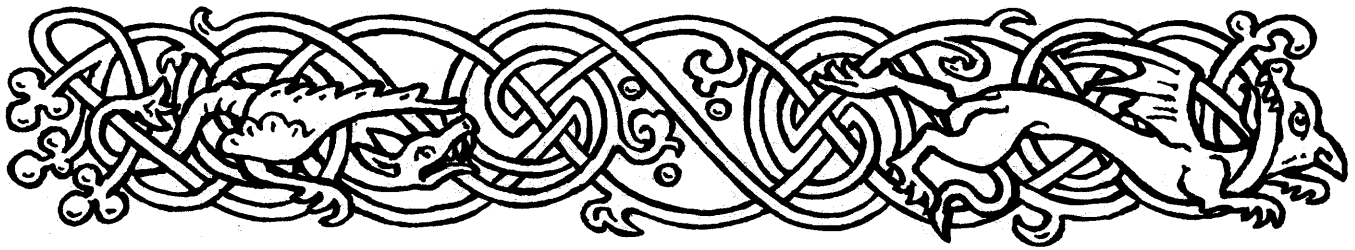
"Red" Hlintas Urtel (N hm F8; STR 18(75), CON 18, INT 16): a dockhand found most often at the Sleeping Snake (City Map Location D41) in the evenings and the main arm-breaker of the group.

Independent Lords' Agents

Asper (CG hf F7; DEX 17, CHA 16): Asper is a lithe, petite beauty, soft-spoken yet merry, and a great contrast to her voluminous husband, Mirt. She worships Tymora, and often appears to take unnecessary risks to try her luck when adventuring with Mirt or Force Grey.

Laeral (CG hf W25; DEX 18, INT 18): The Lady Mage of Waterdeep and the unofficial Lady Arunsun, Laeral is one of the most formidable spellcasters in the city. Former leader of the adventuring group the Nine, Laeral has acclimated herself well to the social intrigues and the power plays of Waterdeep. Being slightly more forthright than the Blackstaff, she attends to matters of a less principled nature than her mate, in Waterdeep, Skullport, and the entire Realms.





Chapter Six: Law & Order



have sworn to uphold the laws and the edicts of the Lords of the city. For much of my life, I've dedicated myself to that goal of keeping the peace, and I'm happy with that. In Waterdeep, if wrong is being done or the spirit of the law is broken, the situation will be corrected by me and by the watch, worry not of that. Law and order – sometimes it's all that separates us from becoming

Undermountain or Hellgate Keep."

–Waterdeep Watch Captain Rulathon

The Lords of Waterdeep rule the city, but who is the real force for law and order in this city of thousands of ruthless nobles, unscrupulous merchants, and temperamental adventurers? The forces of law and order are the watch (the police forces), the guard (the army), and the Lords' appointed and administered Magisters (the judges). The chapter below details how each group operates and how each enforces the Lords' Rule from the local level with the watch up to the city level with the guard and ruled over all by the magisters and the courts.

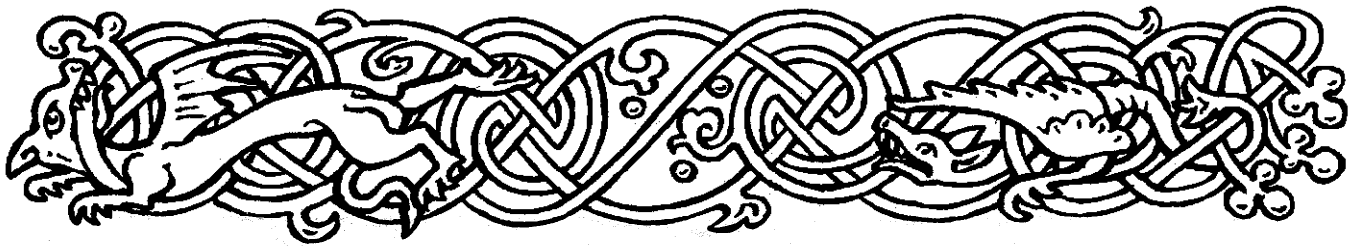
The City Watch

The watch, far more often seen by most citizens and visitors, are the city's daily, domestic police, and do far more than arrest offenders. They may aid passersby with heavy loads, give directions, search for lost children, provide basic medical aid, and referee gambling disputes or childrens' fights during a typical patrol.

A watch street patrol usually consists of four members, afoot, two being officers—an "armar" (sergeant) and a "civilar" (captain or lieutenant)—and all are clad in leather and chain armor of green, black, and gold (AC 7), and armed with rods (treat as clubs), daggers, and short swords. The watch has access to the guard's armories in the Castle, Palace, and wall-towers. Reinforcements rushing to the scene of a dispute may be on horse and may wear all manner of armor and bear all manner of arms, as required. Watch patrols are many; all on-duty members of the watch can enter any building or area in the city without hindrance or warning, unless specifically forbidden to by a Lord (not a Magister or senior watch or guard officer) and search any person, place, or container at will. Certain areas of the city are, by tradition, lightly patrolled (the docks, for example) and others are very heavily patrolled (the City of the Dead, for example, and the streets around the villas of the wealthy in the northern areas of the city). If a watch patrol encounters a major disturbance, they will blow the distinctive "trembling" note horns they carry on their belts to summon aid, and one member of the patrol will immediately run to the nearest guardtower or guardpost to spread the word, usually summoning additional aid from the guard if necessary.

Under the command of Piergeiron, the watch is run by Captain Rulathon. His messengers are the "Officers of the Day" (four watchmen chosen from the ranks). Each ward has





a number of guardposts with senior civilars in charge of each of them; one ward civilar oversees the senior civilars. Grand Civilar Derek Windsfire (the half-elven commander of the seven ward civilars) is of equal rank with Mage Civilar Thyriellentha Snome (commander of the watch-wizard forces) and Senior Armsmaster, Helve Urtrace (the administrator of watch weaponry and equipment, and Rulathon's oldest friend).

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

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

Watch patrols when arresting will use hand-to-hand fighting to disarm and capture suspects who do not stand and surrender or throw down or sheathe their weapons when challenged. If the suspect continues to be violent, numerous watch members will attack single targets in attempts to hold the suspect down by sheer weight while he or she is disarmed and bound, with feet hobbled, or a capture hood is put on. Watch-wizards also employ *slow*, *sleep*, and *hold* person spells with great effectiveness.

In cases of great danger to watch officers (such as an angry, powerful mage or a fighter attacking with magical weapons), watch members can slay to defend themselves and employ *speak with dead* spells later to determine a subject's guilt or innocence. Innocent parties are always *resurrected* at the city's expense, if possible. Watch officers who must kill in the line of duty are never charged, nor held financially responsible, for the deaths they bring about. An officer who kills often with-

out clear cause will be dismissed. Luckily, with the advent of watch-wizards, these occurrences happen with far less frequency, and successful arrests of even the most troublesome of targets has increased dramatically.

The City Guard

The Waterdeep Guards are the heavily-trained, fully armored people who are permanently employed by the city as crews of the rakers, fighting troops when the city or its interests are attacked, road patrols outside the city walls, and as garrisons for Piergeiron's Palace, Castle Waterdeep, and the many guardposts along the city's perimeter – towers, walls, seacaves, jails, and armories. The guard also serves as bodyguards for Piergeiron and as honor guards for visiting diplomats. The city gates are manned by both by the guard, who control access and see to the security of the city from attack, and by watch patrols, who observe those entering, and are ready to aid the guard in troubles, chase fugitives so that the guard need not abandon their posts, or escort visitors if required.

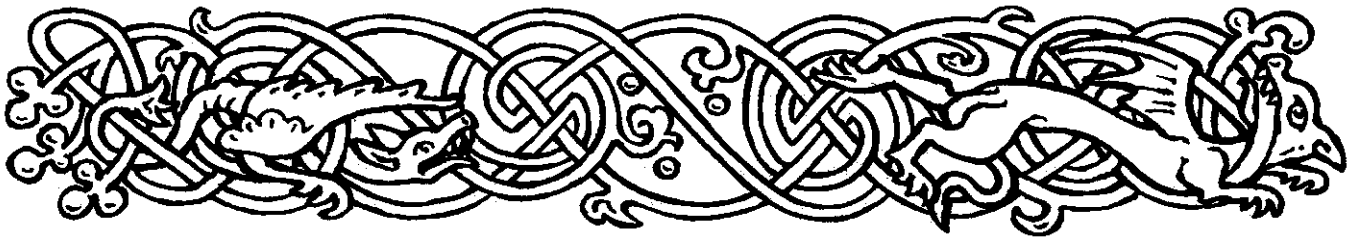
The guards' uniforms are silver scale mail covered by black tabards with gold trim. They tend to be armed with rods, short bows, short swords, and daggers; different posts demand different weapons, so guards posted at the gates might be armed with spears and long swords, whereas the raker crews might be more proficient with crossbows and throwing daggers.

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

The Magisters & The Courts

Directly beneath Piergeiron and the mysterious Lords are the magistrates, or Magisters. The Common Courts of Waterdeep are conducted by 26 appointed Magisters. At least three such officials are always on duty at the Palace, and during daylight hours, there is also a Magister at each gate of the





city. These “Black Robes” can pass sentence instantly, although most make sentences conditional on the supporting evidence of witnesses. They are always accompanied by a bodyguard of at least six members of the city guard.

Any citizen of Waterdeep is allowed an appeal to the Lord’s Court within two days of any sentencing by a Magister. The Lord’s Court is chaired by Piergeiron, and is attended by at least two other Lords and two Magisters. It is held at about highsun (noon) every day. This court hears all cases of murder and other “severe” crimes, reports of suspicious deaths, rape, misuse of magic, succession and inheritance disputes, and appeals from the citizenry against Magisterial judgments. Most judgments are upheld or reworded in a minor way, it should be noted. The Magisters are good and perceptive people, or they do not hold their positions for long. Magisters can be created at will by public decree of the Lords.

Laws of Waterdeep

Waterdhavians are, by and large, a law-abiding people—when so many of the city’s inhabitants earn their living by trade, respect for property is high, and support for a strong, objective police force even more so. Much of the laws of Waterdeep remain unwritten, within the “reasonable discretion” of the Magisters (and ultimately, of the Lords who may overrule them), and therefore cannot all be set down here. A summary of sentences, the “Code Legal” is provided below.

Code Legal

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

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

The four Plaints are the four different classes of aggrieved parties, or those who are injured by a crime. They are Crimes

Against The Lords; Crimes Against The City; Crimes Against The Gods; and Crimes Against Citizens. Under each Plaint are four classes of crimes. These four types of offenses are Severe; Serious; Lesser; and Minor.

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

Temples and priesthoods are not permitted to pass or carry out sentences under the Third Plaint; only officers of the city may do so.

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

Sentences

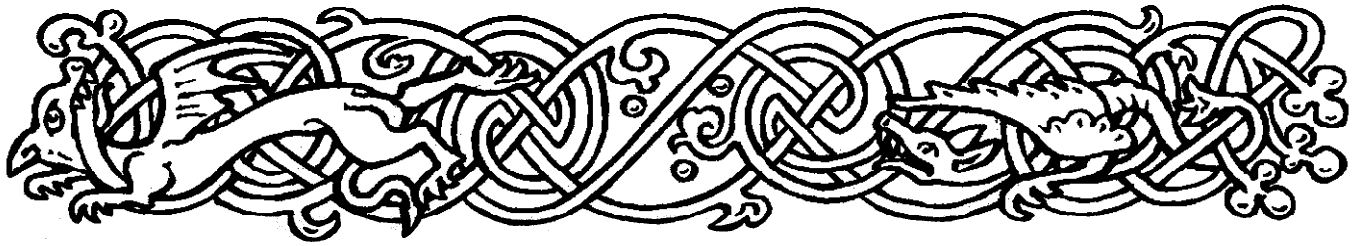
- A Death (Instant)
- B Death (upon conviction)
- C Exile or Ban Against Future Entry
- D Mutilation (loss of offending extremities, branding)
- E Enforced Hard Labor
- F Imprisonment (dungeon)
- G Imprisonment (light work in Castle compound)
- H Fine (payable to City)
- I Damages (payable to injured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

The First Plaint: Crimes Against The Lords

SEVERE OFFENSES

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





SERIOUS OFFENSES

- Theft, Vandalism, or Arson Against the Palace or any part of the City Walls: E (as justice demands) plus H (cost of repairs plus 2,000 gold pieces)
- Impersonation of a Guardsman or Officer of the Watch: F (as justice demands) plus H (5,000 gold pieces) and flogging
- Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaint: E or F (1 month) and/or H (up to 1,000 gold pieces)
- Willful Disobedience of any Edict Uttered Against One By A Lord: H (up to 1,000 gold pieces) or C (up to 5 years)

LESSER OFFENSES

- Unlawful Observation or Copying of an Official Document: F (3 weeks) plus H (300 gold pieces)
- Assault Upon Any City Officer Who Is Acting In the Line Of Duty: F (1 week) plus H (as justice demands, usually based on ability to pay; flogging if unable to pay anything)

MINOR OFFENSES

- Blasphemy Against Lord, Magister, or any City Officer: G (4 days) plus H (120 gp)

The Second Plaint: Crimes Against The City

SEVERE OFFENSES

- Poisoning of Water (City Wells; includes attempted blockage or attempts to control public access, or charge fees for such access): A
- Murder: B or E (10-15 years)
- Spying, Sabotage: B or C (permanent) plus H (costs of repairs plus 2,000-5,000 gold pieces) or F (20 years) plus H

SERIOUS OFFENSES

- Fraud: C (permanent) and I (as justice demands) or F (up to 10 years) and I, and J
- Fencing Stolen Goods: G (up to 2 years) and H (typically double the sale price) and J
- Unlawful Dueling (Manslaughter): C (up to 5 years and I (to family, typically 1,000 gold pieces) or E (up to 3 years) and I
- Murder With Justification: C (up to 5 years) or E (up to 3 years)
- Repetition of Any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaint: F (1 month) and H (up to 1,000 gp) and J
- Bribery of a City Officer or Official (attempted or apprehended): C (up to 20 years) and confiscation of all property except one weapon, one week's rations, and clothes worn by offender.

LESSER OFFENSES

- Unlawful Entry Into The Harbor (1 charge per vessel per occasion): C (1 year) and H (500 gp)
- Unlawful Dueling (apprehended; i.e. on fatality): G (1 week) and H (100 gp) and J

MINOR OFFENSES

- Bribery: G (1 week) and/or H (amount of bribe or attempted bribe)
- Unlawful Flight Intrusion (into City airspace, of intelligent being flying by means of an aerial mount or magic): H (300 gp) and J (in peacetime; in wartime, sentence can be A)
- Blasphemy Against Foreign Ambassadors: G (up to 1 week), H (50 gp) and J
- Vagrancy: F (overnight)
- Littering (includes Relief of Human Wastes in Public): F (overnight) and H (2 sp to 1 gp, based on ability to pay) and J
- Brandishing a Weapon Dangerously or Threateningly Without Due Cause (Note: being in a brawl is not "due cause" unless one is menaced with a weapon): F (overnight) and H (1 gp)
- Dangerous Operation of a Coach, Wagon, Litter or other Conveyance (including Airborne): H (5-50 gp, as justice demands; note that this will be in addition to the sentence for any charges placed under The Fourth Plaint)

The Third Plaint: Crimes Against The Gods

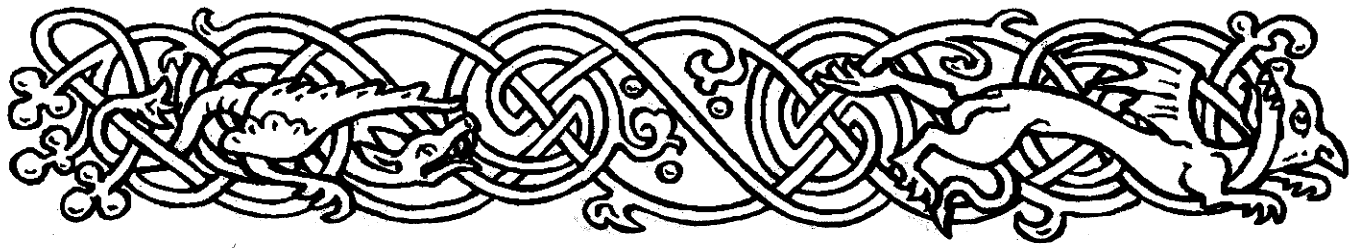
SEVERE OFFENSES

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

SERIOUS OFFENSES

- Theft of Temple Goods or Offerings (includes spoilage or consumption of same): F (up to 1 month) and I (double the estimated value of the goods) and I
- Tomb-Robbing (or Unlawful Entry or Vandalism of a Tomb): G (up to 1 week) and I (cost of repairs and replacements plus up to 500 gp, payable to whoever maintains the tomb—temple, guild, city, or family) and J
- Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaint: G (up to 1 week) and H (up to 1,000 gp) and J





LESSER OFFENSES

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

MINOR OFFENSES

- Public Blasphemy of a God or Priesthood: I (up to 10 gp, based on ability to pay) and J
- Drunkenness (and Disorderly Conduct) at Worship: I (up to 5 gp, based on ability to pay) and J

The Fourth Plaint: Crimes Against Citizens

SEVERE OFFENSES

- Arson (of Ship, Structure, or Stored Property): E (up to 3 months) and I (value lost plus up to 500 gp), and/or C (up to 10 years) and I
- Rape: D and I (up to 2,000 gp) or E (up to 5 years) and I, or F (up to 10 years) and I
- Assault Resulting In Mutilation or Crippling: D and I (up to 2,000 gp) or E (up to 3 years) and I
- Magical Assault: H (up to 1,000 gp) and I (up to 2,000 gp) and J
- Forgery (not including official City documents): C (up to 20 years) and D and the confiscation of all property except 1 weapon, 1 week's rations, and offender's clothing worn at the time of sentencing
- Slavery: C (up to 10 years) and flogging if shackling, cruelty, whipping, branding, or physical indignities are observed

SERIOUS OFFENSES

- Robbery: E (up to 1 month) and I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp)
- Burglary: F (up to 3 months) and I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp)
- Theft or Killing of Livestock I (double the cost of lost stock)
- Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaint: F (up to 1 week) and I (double normal), or G (up to 2 weeks) and I (double normal)
- Usury: I (City recovers excess over legal rates, returns to injured party)

LESSER OFFENSES

- Damage to Property: I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp) and J
- Assault (Wounding): I (cost of medical attention plus up to 500 gp) and J

- Assault on Livestock (non-fatal): I (cost of medical attention plus up to 500 gp; maximum damages always apply if livestock's breeding capability is impaired)
- Unlawful Hindrance of Business I (up to 500 gp) and J (this charge includes instances of blocking access to a place of business without permission of owner or a Magister; and trying to frighten, disgust, or drive away customers in or in front of another's shop)

MINOR OFFENSES

- Assault (without wounding or robbery): F (overnight) and I (up to 50 gp)
- Excessive Noise (interfering with sleep or business): I (up to 25 gp) and J

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

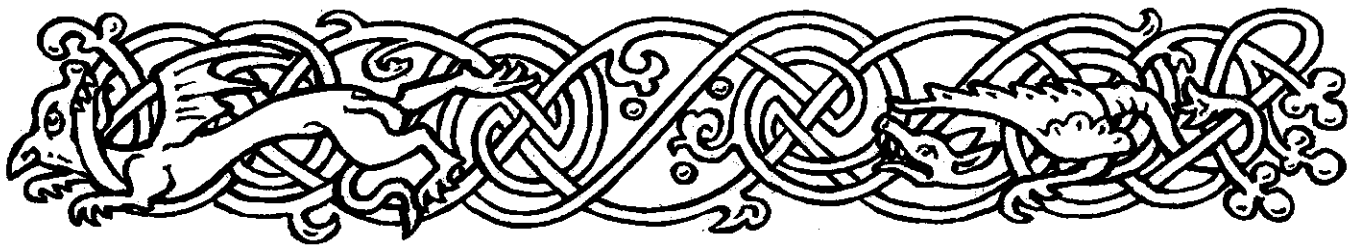
Trials & Sentencing

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

There are no lawyers in Waterdeep (Piergeiron's comment on this matter was that "no one should get between citizens and their justice"), although there are a few "professional witnesses" who for a fee will state a case to their client's best advantage before a Black Robe. Expulsion from the city is the fate of any of these who are caught swearing they saw something that did not in fact occur, or that they were not present to see. Several minor clerics earn regular incomes for themselves or their temples by casting detect lie magics from behind concealing tapestries at a sign from a Magister. The fee paid by the city is 500 gold pieces per spell cast, and so this service is 'used only in the most delicate of important cases.

The death penalty is customarily employed only to deal with dangerous and incurable lunatics, murderers, and those who commit acts of treason against the city or the Lords. Sentences of death are usually carried out on the battlements of Castle Waterdeep if commoners or





soldiers must die—for death in such cases is by hanging, usually at highsun (noon). Several massive, permanent wooden scaffolds are cantilevered out from the Castle walls on the south side. Nobles die by the sword; such beheadings are usually carried out in front of the Palace gates. Floggings are more often carried out in the Court of the White Bull, but may be carried out anywhere if an example to the citizenry of a particular neighborhood is intended. Many people over the years have opted to stay an immediate death sentence for exile into Undermountain; while over 200 persons have requested this apparent clemency, Laeral reports of the survival of perhaps 10% of these. Persons sentenced to death who choose exile to Undermountain and are later caught in the city are put to death immediately.

Specific Crimes and Situations

Bribery

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

Debts

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

In times of strife, such offenders have found themselves pressed into service as temporary soldiers, or rowers on a

seagoing raker, on the understanding that they are free of debt if they survive to make it back to Waterdeep with their ship or military unit. Only the Lords can approve a recommendation by a Magister, senior watch officer, or one of their number to seize property or goods of an offender to pay fines; this they do rarely—but, combined with exile from the city, it provides an effective last-resort method of removing persistent troublemakers.

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

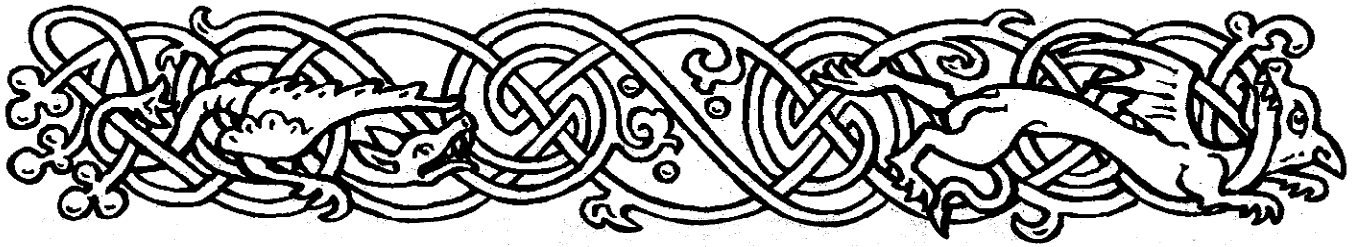
Duels

The wearing of weapons is allowed in the city, as is using them in clear self-defense, but duels are allowed only in specific places (such as the various open courtyards in the southern part of the city), and must be marshalled by an officer of the watch or a Magister. A duel must be for reasons of a specific, unprovoked injury, allowed by a Magister; simply killing citizens because you covet their money or don't like their faces is not sanctioned. Lords, Magisters, guard and watch members, and Heralds (even visiting ones) are exempt from challenges, and the Lords usually forbid any duels involving the heads of guilds, noble houses, or priesthoods (although rank-and-file members of all of these organizations can and do duel, sometimes with great enthusiasm). Duels are seldom to the death; more often, they are to yield or first blood, whichever first occurs; and clerics usually attend to heal (upon payment of temple donations) the loser, and sometimes the winner too.

Fire

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





most wood is very slow to catch fire, even when heating fires within are large, and ground-level stories and the floor directly above them are usually of stone or clay brick. Roofs are often a mixture of boards, thatch, and slates, sealed with pitch.

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

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

Slavery

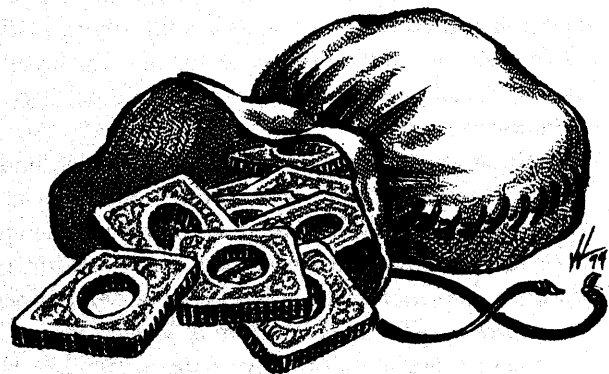
Slavery is illegal in Waterdeep; within the city walls, no one is deemed a slave, and may not be treated as one—no branding, shackling, or physical punishment. If any of these are observed in public (this includes inns and businesses, but not private homes, pleasure houses, festhalls, and warehouses),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

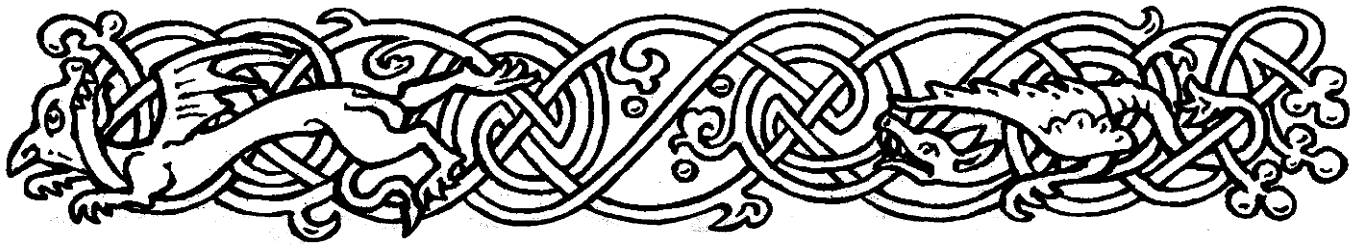
do all the fetching and carrying the slave normally does) for their stay in the city. Many slaves, if they are ever freed or escape, come to Waterdeep because of their happy memories of these holidays.

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

Thievery

Most thieves in Waterdeep are independent artists of low level and, if they are not both unusually lucky and skilled, soon caught unless they steal seldom, taking advantage of misfortune, a fight, or other confusion to steal unattended goods. Kidnapers, those who rob and then slay their victims, and those who indulge in torture are pursued tirelessly by the authorities. Only blackmailers, it seems, flourish in Waterdeep. Thieves of all sorts are reminded (often painfully and too late) that Waterdeep is a city of much magic and powerful (high-level) people, and escaping detection is difficult. There is no organized truly organized thieves' guild, due to diligent policing and the activities of the Red Sashes. (Hidden workings by the Xanathar Thieves' Guild, however, are starting to increase, and the Red Sashes are working hard to find out what they can to shut this group down; see Chapter Six of *Who's Who in Waterdeep* for more information.)





Select Law Enforcement NPCs

Ilph

Game Data: CN halfm T8; STR 16, DEX 18.

Description: This black-haired halfling is slimmer than most, but is strong in will and body. While he still favors black as his primary clothing color, he has gotten quite comfortable in his watch uniform and leathers.

Notes: A former sneak-thief who kept to Dock Ward taverns and sewers if not roaming the rooftops of the city in search of booty, Ilph (real name: Myrkuth Longpipe) was apprehended one night two years ago while stashing some loot in his hiding place: A hollowed-out block of stone on the roof of the Palace itself. When faced with a masked and robed Lord of Waterdeep who apparently could keep his footing as ably as Ilph did (Nindil Jalbuck), he finally surrendered, laughing that "if I had to be caught, I'm glad it took a Lord of the city to do so!" As his sentence for thievery and other crimes, he was sentenced to six years' service within Castle Ward as a watch-skulk. Though he hated it for the first two years, he has grown accustomed to his comrades and coworkers, and even likes the attention and respect he gets from his constituents in Castle Ward. While he misses some of the excitement, Ilph has actually grown to respect the watch now, and has even taught some of the watchmen some of his old tricks to avoid capture.

Rulathon

Game Data: LG hm F12; STR 17, WIS 16, CHA 16.

Description: Rulathon is a distinguished, gray-haired gentleman of slight build but wiry, tough muscle. His square-jawed face is lined with wrinkles born of this everpresent and difficult duty. A devout worshiper of Tyr, he proudly wears his holy symbol on a necklace at all times.

Notes: Rulathon is Captain (overall commander, under Lord Piergeiron) of the watch, and represents them in Palace ceremonies. Where there is any big trouble anywhere on the streets, Rulathon will arrive, clad in full plate and bearing his *Red Sword* (a sword +4, defender). He carries a lawful good *iron horn of Valhalla* for use in emergencies, and the distinctive note of his silver belt horn will alert one or more of the Lords (Piergeiron, Khelben, Mirt, Durnan, Texter, or Sammereza), if any

are within range to hear it. This will bring about a prompt response by one or more watch-wizards on aerial steeds or *carpets of flying*, with 5-20 (5d4) fully armed guardsmen, on aerial steeds or afoot arriving in 4-9 (1d6+3) rounds. If a situation is very serious, one or more of these arrivals will speedily go for the mercenary reinforcements. Rulathon is a fair man, but not one to fall afoul of. He'll arrest and bring individuals before a Magister a dozen times, if need be, until he gets a conviction or they take the hint and leave the city.

Madeiron Sunderstone

Game Data: LG hm Pa12; STR 18(72), CON 16, CHA 17.

Description: Madeiron stands an astonishing eight feet tall in height; when on duty, he wears polished, blued full plate (known in the Realms as "coat-of-plate"), and is truly an awesome sight. Madeiron is well-nigh fearless, and not especially bright. His perseverance, however, makes him a formidable foe.

Notes: Madeiron is the Champion of Piergeiron, the specially assigned member of the guard who acts as Piergeiron's personal bodyguard. He stays at Piergeiron's side in the Palace and outside the city, and answers any challenges to the Open Lord with his own blade or axe. The latter weapon is a *battle axe* +3 that radiates a bright white *continual light*, given to Madeiron by a High Priest of Tyr in the Inner Sea lands long ago, a lawful good weapon consecrated to Tyr, and known as "The Axe of Heavenly Fire." Madeiron also wields a 12-foot-long iron bar (treat as a triple-damage quarterstaff) when engaged in "crowd control" or facing many small foes, such as kobolds or goblins.

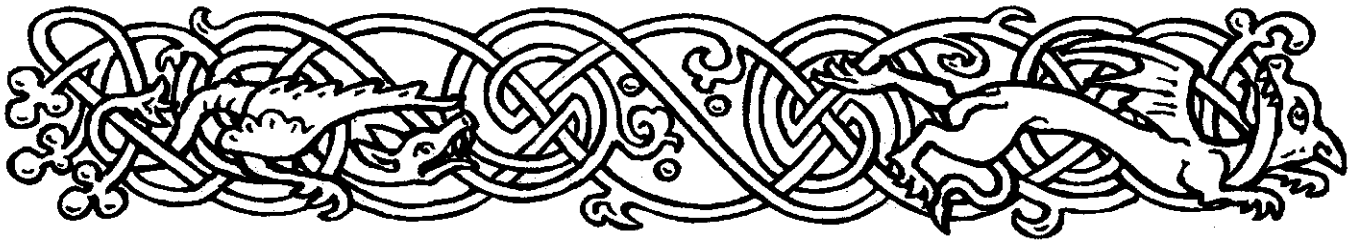
Tzarrakyn "The Younger"

Game Data: CG hm F6; STR 17, DEX 16.

Description: Tzarrakyn is a slim, young man with long, brown hair worn loose in a wild mane about his shoulders; he also has a close-trimmed beard and moustache. Always clad in his watch uniform, he also wields a *short sword* +1, *flametongue* that has Tymora's symbol emblazoned on the blade.

Notes: Tzarrakyn's nickname is due to his famous father, Tzarrakyn of the Company of Crazy Adventurers, who perished in the same epic battle with a beholder that claimed the life of Savengruff. Unbeknownst to Company members, Tzarrakyn had taken to wife a merchant's daughter of Waterdeep, Dartheema, who died in





childbirth less than a year after her husband. The baby, now known as Tzarrakyn “the Younger,” was raised by Dartheema’s parents. Nain, when he by chance learned the baby’s parentage, gave the parents 7,000 gold pieces toward the boy’s upbringing, but the parents themselves both died of a winter fever when Tzarrakyn had just reached the age of fourteen.

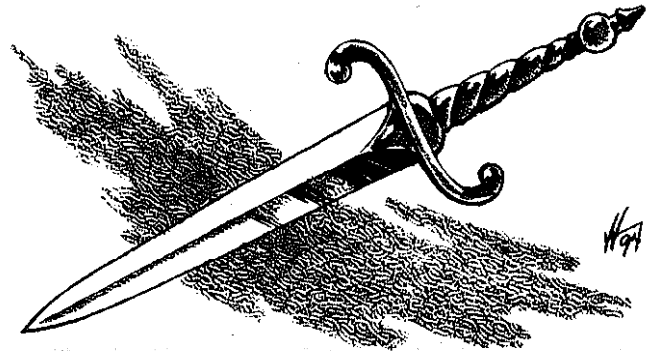
Taken in by the watch, Tzarrakyn cared for their boots and weapons in return for a bed and food, and dreamed of being a rich warrior hero. That would need luck and a good sword-arm, the watchmen told him; so he became a worshiper of Tymora and Tempus. With the help of his friends, he became an adventurer, and spent much of the past ten years out on the Savage Frontier, winning fame and fortune. He returned to Waterdeep in 1365, and rejoined the watch as a way to balance the scales and give back to the watch what it had given him. He is now a senior civilar in Castle Ward, and is well respected by many Waterdhavians.

Brace Ulmemer

Game Data: CN hm F6; STR 17, WIS 15.

Description: Brace is a large, beefy, hard-faced man who has endured much hardship; as a result, he is mildly paranoid and distrustful of others that he doesn’t know. Once his trust is gained, Brace is a loyal friend but, if crossed, he will obsessively hunt down and kill the betrayer. He has a sharp, biting wit (though his jokes tend to be few and far between).

Notes: Brace was a member of two short-lived adventuring bands: the Men of the Knife and The Company of the Black Hand. Both companies were decimated by monsters while exploring ruins in the North. Brace won’t discuss details of his past. Having spent eight years as a hiresword, Brace joined the watch as a more constant and steady means of income. He owns two magical items: a ring of regeneration, which he conceals with a bandage that covers three fingers and the back of a “broken” hand, and a *ring of ESP* (allows the wearer to eavesdrop on the surface thoughts of one creature, as the second-level wizard spell, for two rounds in every 1-turn period, either a single 2-round probe, or two 1-round probes). Brace will try to avoid people casting *detect magic* on him, and if they do so, will try to trick such examiners by clasping his hands together while such



detection is operating, and by otherwise never using his bandaged hand, into believing he wears only one magic ring, not two.

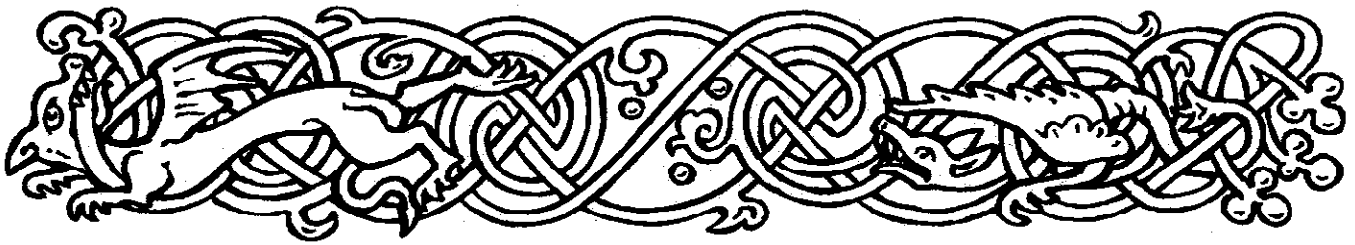
Helve Urtrace

Game Data: LG hm F5; STR 16, DEX 15.

Description: Helve is a quiet, rugged man who has seen much fighting in his life, as is apparent from his scarred visage, oft-broken pug nose, and missing teeth. While aged and balding, he can still put many of his watch recruits (and any taproom brawler) through their paces.

Notes: Helve is a close-mouthed, always-calm fighting man, who is Senior Armsmaster of the Waterdeep watch, responsible for purchasing, maintaining, and keeping an account of, all weapons used by officers of the watch. If one goes missing, it is he who will investigate. He is said, in tavern-talk, to put secret marks on all the watch weapons—invisible to all but himself—but this is a myth. Helve also drills watch officers in the use of their arms, and is said to know every trick of tavern- and street-fighting. He also seems to have an uncanny ability to anticipate what an opponent is about to do and be ready for it. If a large brawl or magical fight erupts and a watch patrol calls for reinforcements, and the reinforcements in turn have to blow their horns for additional reinforcements, Helve will almost certainly (90%) arrive. He carries a *rod of smiting* when on duty, and when answering a summons to trouble, he is often accompanied by his daughter, Lassree, a 6th-level watch-wizard who has a *ring of spell turning* and a *wand of paralyzation* on hand at all times, and 11-22 (10+1d12) additional watch officers.





Chapter Seven: Magic of Waterdeep

Where can one find magic in Waterdeep? Shall I stoop to a cliché of 'every corner,' true though it might be? Spells galore are created each day behind the appropriately-closed doors of many a wizard's tower; trust in Mystra that you shall learn of such magics as your fate befits. As for items, shops exist here for objects mundane and amazing, but none traffics solely in arcane items. Magical item shops, with rare exceptions on a handful of worlds, do not exist, despite any fantastical ravings of some chronicler-friends of Elminster. The only ready peddlers of magical items in Waterdeep are those of the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, and their prices are prohibitive enough. As it is, the Lords also have interdictions against selling certain powerful items. . . . "

—Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun

Spells of Waterdeep

Well, here we are at the many new wizards' spells within the City of Splendors. You realize, of course, this is a mere tip of the magical iceberg within Waterdeep, but these are the only spells Khelben and Elminster allowed us to discover. Placing them in a campaign is up to the Dungeon Master and the player characters. All the spells state who has access to the spell (DM's choice makes the spell more widely used, and DMs choose who knows it), so they might be learned through contact with those people; notes for "Guild" access mean that the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors has data on the spell and shares it with members for a price. Depending on who you talk to, the right price might get you a scroll of a relatively exclusive spell. Unless player characters gain the confidence of the mages involved, the spells remain only in the hands of NPCs. Of course, the young mages of Sevenlamps Cut are always willing to sell spells for a price. . . .

First-Level Spells

Disarm

(Evocation)

Available to: Watch

Range: 100 yards

Components: V, S

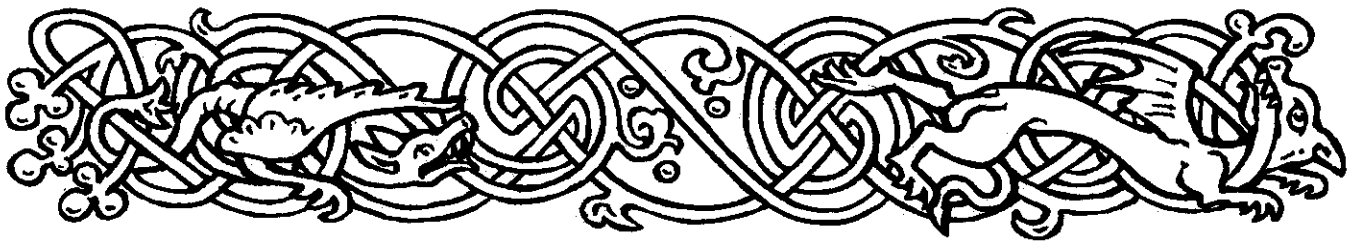
Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 person

Saving Throw: Neg.





This spell summons minor telekinetic bursts that cause a wizard's opponent to drop any hand-held weapons or items. There is enough force behind the spell to cause the items to move 1d20' away from the former wielder, forcing characters to spend a round retrieving their weapons or stolen items. This spell affects only handheld items, not rings or belts or other items unless physically carried in the hands (not worn).

Gemidan's Icicle

(Evocation)

Available to: Gemidan, Khelben, Laeral

Range: 20 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: One round

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: One target or creature

Saving Throw: None

When cast, this spell summons an ice-blue bolt that streaks to its intended target like a magic missile. It does 1d4 points of damage to one opponent (2d4 to fire-based or fire-using foes) and causes a 1'-thick patch of ice to form over a 3' radius at its impact point. The spell is designed to hit foes in their eyes (blinding them for one round) or their hands (disrupting spellcasting for one round), the target area named at the time of casting. The ice dissolves into mist after one round.

This variant of the *Snilloc's snowball* spell was created by Gemidan, Khelben's youngest apprentice. Like its parent spell, it has the benefits of greater range at higher levels, and can be used against objects (triggering traps or placing ice on torches to extinguish lights, etc.).

The material component for this spell is a piece of ivory or a small chunk of ice.

Lightning Bug

(Alteration, Evocation)

Available to: Gemidan, Khelben, Laeral; Guild, Watch

Range: 15 yards + 10 yards/level

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 creature or target

Saving Throw: None

Another of Gemidan's spell variants that merges *magic missile* with *shocking grasp*, this spell allows casters to generate a missile of electrical energy and cast it unerringly at a target. When it hits the target (or an electrical conductor that touches an opponent's body), the lightning bug discharges 1d6 points of damage, plus 1 point per level of the wizard (for example, an 11th-level mage would generate an electrical missile of 1d6 + 11 points of damage).

Reveal Magic

(Alteration, Divination)

Available to: Dagsumn; Guild, Watch, assorted mages

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

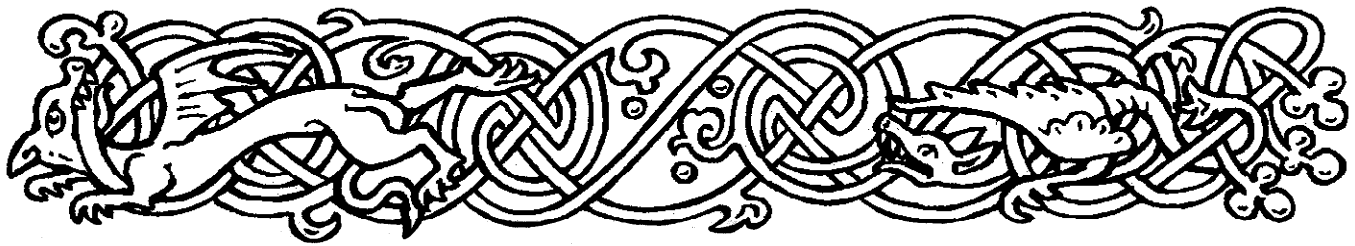
With this spell, wizards can make the hidden auras of magical spells and items visible to all, rather than personally viewing the same via *detect magic*. The spell can be cast two different ways, each with distinct effects.

If cast over an area, the spell reveals all magical radiations within a ten-foot radius with an additional five-foot radius for every two levels of the mage (for example, a 7th-level mage reveals magic in a 25-foot radius area). The intensity and type of magic cannot be determined, as all magical items and fields glow equally bright (akin to torchlight).

If cast specifically on one item, the spell reveals the item's magical aura as flickering flames; the higher the flames, the more powerful the magic (and the color of the flames grants the mage a 10% chance per level to identify if a certain type of magic is present, like alteration, conjuration, etc.). If a curse is present on the item, there is a 20% chance that the magical flames are colored black to signify the curse; if otherwise, it just registers the type of magic in the item.

Like *detect magic*, this spell is blocked by one-foot-thick stone walls, solid metal of one-inch thickness, or a yard or more of solid wood. The spell was created by Dagsumn of Waterdeep, and he sold the spell information to the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors for guild membership and enough gold to buy a townhouse in Castle Ward. Dagsumn also sells the spell on scrolls to anyone with 500 gold pieces.





Slingstar

(Alteration, Evocation)

Available to: Danilo Thann, Gemidan, Laeral; Watch

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 1 sling stone/3 levels

Saving Throw: None

This variant of the *magic missile* spell uses the movement of a sling as its somatic component and sling stones & bullets for material components. When cast, the mage can change the sling stones or bullets into *magic missiles*. The physical missiles are consumed and the target is hit without fail for 1d6 points of damage, plus 1 point for each level of the caster. Wizards temporarily charge their slings with magical energy, allowing them to transform multiple stones over successive rounds. For every three levels, a caster can create another *missile*, but only one can be fired per round (for example, a 10th-level mage can create four *slingstars* within 10 rounds). *Slingstars* are affected by all items that affect *magic missiles*, though they can penetrate a *shield* spell.

The material component for this spell is a small stone or sling bullet to be consumed by the spell.

Trembling Horn

(Evocation, Illusion/Phantasm)

Available to: Watch

Range: 50 yards + 5 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 hour

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: Up to 3 targets in 20-foot radius globe

Saving Throw: None

This spell, specially designed by Thyri Snome for the watch, allows watch-wizards to blow their horns at fleeing suspects and attach magical tracers to them that allow the watch to easily find them in crowds. When cast, the wizard must blow a watch horn and point at the target or targets in the area of effect. Targets must be at least partially in sight for the spell to be effective. The magic remains inactive until triggered by a watch horn.

When a watch member with a watch horn (not limited to caster) approaches within 30' of an affected person, the

spell activates. A glowing, sounding horn appears 1 foot above the person and is easily heard. This audible image grows brighter and louder as the watch approaches. It fades after two rounds, but targets can be caught by then.

If affected individuals evade the watch for one hour after casting, the spell ends without activating. Waterdhavians are familiar with this spell, often stopping people who have this cast upon them, should they hide in their midst.

Second-Level Spells

Battering Ram

(Evocation)

Available to: Guild, Watch

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: One target or creature

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell duplicates a *ring of the ram's* effects. It wraps the caster's arm in translucent magical force, making a ram's head at the fist. Casters use this force in two ways: They have Strength scores of 19 to open doors, break items, or hit opponents (2d6 points of damage); or they can launch the force up to 30' away in the direction of pointing and hit targets like battering rams for two points of structural damage (doors, walls, and other barriers) or 2d6 points of damage (saving throw vs. spell or fall over; successful save negates the fall but not damage). The material component is a piece of ram's horn held in the caster's fist.

Gemidan's Paralytic Missile

(Evocation)

Available to: Gemidan, Khelben, Laeral; Watch, Guild

Range: 40 yards + 10 yards/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Saving Throw: ½

This spell generates a missile of green magical energy that lances out of the caster's fingertip and always hits its target creature or person; the target must be at least partially visible for the spell to work. Creatures struck by a *paralytic missile* are immobilized for 1 round for every level of the caster. Success-





ful saving throws against this spell reduce the duration by half.

Originally a miscast *magic missile* spell, Gemidan and Khelben both found it to be a useful application as a defense for lower-level mages. Khelben promptly gave the spell's particulars to Mage Civilar Thyriellentha Snome, the senior watch-wizard.

Net

(Evocation)

Available to: Guild, Watch

Range: 5 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 turn/2 levels

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 10-foot cube

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell, designed for the watch-wizards, conjures a heavy, sticky weblike net in a ten-foot cube around its target area. The *net* doesn't anchor itself to surfaces, but it entangles any moving objects or persons within it.

Characters and creatures within the area of effect need to make saving throws vs. spell. If successful, they manage to dodge the net or break the few strands that held them. If they fail the saving throw, creatures are entangled by the net and are immobilized for at least one round. They can cut their way free in following rounds or break free if their Strength is greater than 15; the *net* is not flammable.

The net spell is a lesser form of the *web* spell, but its limitations make it far more useful for use within the city of Waterdeep. The *net* needs no anchors and can be conjured in mid-air, either to drop on miscreants below or to entangle flying creatures. Its size limitations and shorter duration create fewer problems with traffic and bystanders, since it doesn't obstruct entire streets like a normal *web* spell when used to catch some snatch-thieves. Due to their flame retardance, multiple nets are also used to help smother small fires as part of a fire-guard.

The material component is a bit of spider web or rope.

Wound Bind

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Available to: Guild, Stavros of the Skulls

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: Permanent

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Saving Throw: None

This spell stanches the bleeding of open wounds and cleanses those same wounds to prevent disease. The wound bind reduces chances of contracting normal diseases from the wound to 0%, decreases the chance of mummy rot and other magical diseases by 10%, and reduces chances of contracting lycanthropy by 25%. When cast, the wizard must touch the open wound or wounds; without visible wounds, the spell will fail. The spell does not restore hit points to the target creature, but prevents any further loss or damage from previous wounds. If cast on wounds caused by a *sword of wounding*, the spell temporarily stanches those wounds; after 1 round, the wounds will open again and the weapon's bleeding damage continues unless the wounds are bandaged and bound to prevent such losses.

This spell was developed by the necromancer and Cyricist Stavros of the Skulls by order of the Lord's Court. With the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, he was to create four beneficial necromantic spells or be sentenced to Undermountain (while a mage of no little power, Stavros was genuinely afraid of such a sentence, as he'd just returned from there only months ago).

Third-Level Spells

Gamalon's Fiery Backlash

(Enchantment/Charm, Evocation)

Available to: DM's choice

Range: 120 yards + 10 yards/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 turn + 1 round/2 levels

Casting Time: 1

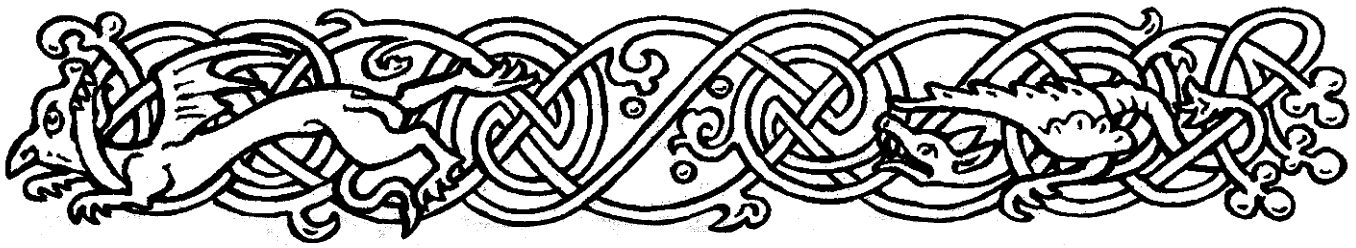
Area of Effect: 1-4 targets in 30-foot radius area

Saving Throw: Neg.

When cast, the backlash establishes invisible dweomers around the targets chosen by the caster. Whenever the target (whether a living being or a magical item) casts a fire-based spell (*fireball*, *flaming hands*, etc.), the spell is immediately redirected onto the casting being or object with all normal effects. For example, a wizard under the effect of a *backlash* can cast a *fireball* but find himself at the center of it, subject to all the damage (save for half damage). If items such as *wands of fire* are the focus, they must make saving throws vs. magical fire or be destroyed.

Originally designed in Llorbauth by a starfaring mage, its primary use was to defend against long-distance fire attacks, a favored attack form in wildspace. This spell returned and spread through the Realms by sources who maintain its





original creator's name. Khelben Arunsun graciously provided the spell knowledge to both the watch-wizard corps and the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors of Waterdeep, as well as the Harpers.

Fearfire

(Enchantment/Charm, Illusion)

Available to: Alcedor Kolat; Guild

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 4 rounds +1 round/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 creature/2 levels

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell is one of the flashiest illusions created within the history of the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors. Granted to them by Alcedor Kolat the Enchanter in exchange for some rare material components and minor spells, this spell allows mages to temporarily charm large groups of creatures at far lower levels than before. To cast the spell, the mage must break a piece of wood of any size; once broken, a 30-foot radius area around the mage erupts in magical flames and energy that simulates the retributive strike of a *staff of the magi*. All creatures within the area of effect chosen by the casting mage must make successful saving throws vs. spell to resist the spell effects; those who fail are in awe of the caster and will obey the character's suggestions out of sheer terror of the mage's power. Affected creatures treat the mage as their all-powerful master, but all effects otherwise duplicate those of a *mass suggestion* spell. This charm effect also can affect elves and creatures normally immune to charm spells; subtract 20% from such creatures' normal resistances to charm when gauging the effects of this spell. Quite obviously, blind creatures are immune to this particular charm spell.

Healing Touch

(Alteration, Necromancy), Reversible

Available to: Guild, Stavros of the Skulls

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: One touch

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: One target

Saving Throw: None

When the caster touches a living being, hit points are transferred from the caster to the target creature. If the target is unwilling, a successful attack roll is needed. The caster rolls 1d6, and this is the number of hit points given to another character or creature and subtracted from the caster's total. The caster must then make a successful saving throw vs. spell or be paralyzed for 1d4 rounds. Any hit points over the target's normal total are lost. This spell, when cast upon undead creatures, does damage to them equal to the number of hit points lost by the caster.

This spell was developed by Stavros of the Skulls to fulfill an order of the Lords of Waterdeep. With only minor adjustments to the casting, Stavros managed to create a reversed version of *vampiric touch*.

Lightning Rod

(Alteration), Reversible

Available to: Guild, Watch

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 7

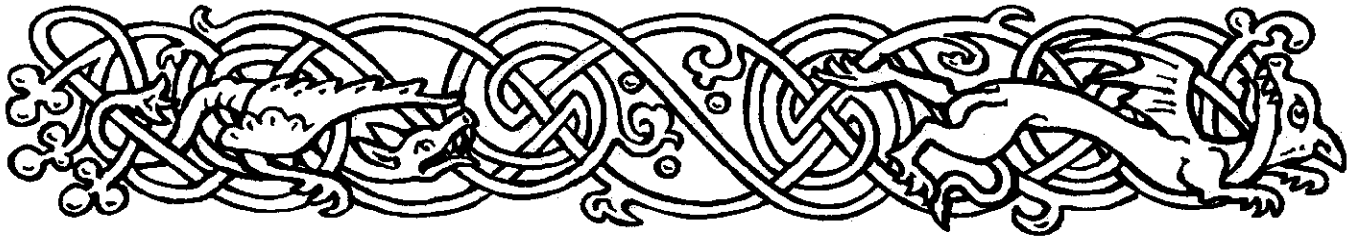
Area of Effect: One object

Saving Throw: None

This spell forces magical lightning to a specific spot determined by the caster. When cast, the wizard chooses a metal object to become the *lightning rod* (a sword, a lamppost, or a gold piece). The focal point of the spell cannot be alive or heavier than 100 pounds. When any ranged electrical attacks occur within 150' of a lightning rod, the energy is redirected and absorbed into it, negating the attack and destroying the object (if someone is in contact with the lightning rod, that person receives the full damage of the attack). Unless the lightning rod is struck by a lightning bolt or a lightning bug spell (or other magical electricity), its magic lasts for up to 48 hours.

This spell was developed by a watch-wizard to minimize random property damage when the watch (or anyone) battled a mage in the streets. This spell was refined to limit *lightning bolts* and similar energies, as they are a standard attack spell. Many watch-wizards cast this spell on metal rods, tossing them clear when anticipating spell battles. One unscrupulous former mage was sentenced to Undermountain for casting this spell on a ring and selling the "magical lightning-enhancer ring" to a fellow guild member (when the wearer cast his *lightning bolt*, it centered on the ring, killing the mage with his own spell).





Fourth-Level Spells

Blacksphere

(Abjuration, Evocation), Reversible

Available to: DM's choice

Range: 10 yards +2 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 2d4 rounds +1 round/level

Casting Time: 3

Area of Effect: 10-foot radius globe

Saving Throw: Special

Created by a long-since forgotten mage (though some in Waterdeep insist it was once known as *Hilather's Blacksphere*), *blacksphere* is the core spell to the rare magical *beads of force* and the spell effects are nearly identical. When cast, a burst of black force erupts at the caster's desired focal point, causing 1d4 points of damage per level of the caster to all creatures within the area of effect (maximum 10d4 points of damage). If creatures fail their saving throws vs. spell, they are also trapped within a 10-foot radius *blacksphere* for the duration of the spell; victims cannot escape the sphere by any means less than those used to destroy *walls of force*. Successful saving throws allow creatures to escape being trapped in a *blacksphere*, though they still take the full damage from the initial force burst. The material components of the spell are a small piece of charcoal and a small piece of onyx.

Delayed Magic Missile

(Evocation)

Available to: DM's choice

Range: 80 yards + 10 yards/level

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 1 creature

Saving Throw: Special

Visually, this spell is nearly identical to the first level *magic missile* spell; however, *delayed magic missile* allows the mage to deal more damage and to stagger the damage over extended periods of time. When cast, darts of energy shoot from all of the mage's fingertips, collecting into one missile just before striking the target creature; the target creature must be at least partially in sight at the time of the casting. The missile does 1d6 points of damage for every three lev-

els of the caster (for example a 12th-level caster deals a total of 4d6 points of damage); the initial impact deals 1d6 points of damage to the target, and identical damage is taken each round after that until the duration or the total damage is reached. This staggered damage prevents spellcasters from concentrating on their own spells if it takes effect. On each round after the first, the target can attempt a saving throw vs. spell at -2 to stave off damage for that round; if successful, the creature can act normally, but failure indicates another 1d6 points of damage taken. Regardless of previous saving throws, the magic remains potent until all damage is dealt or the duration runs out (for example, if an opponent makes 11 successful saving throws against this spell thrown by a 12th-level mage, he only takes the initial 1d6 points of damage since the duration was 12 rounds, the level of the caster). Like the second-level *slingstar* spell, the *delayed magic missile* is not deflected by *shield* spells.

While originally created a decade ago by Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and his consort Laeral, this spell has become more widely used in more recent years. Made for the Lords of Waterdeep, the Harpers, and select allies, knowledge of this spell fell into the hands of the Zhen-tarim and the Knights of the Shield, who spread its use amongst their members as well. While still relatively rare, many mages seek this spell for its uses against other mages in spell battles.

Duhlark's Long Reach

(Alteration, Conjunction/Summoning)

Available to: Duhlark Kolat; Guild, Watch

Range: 25 yards + 5 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

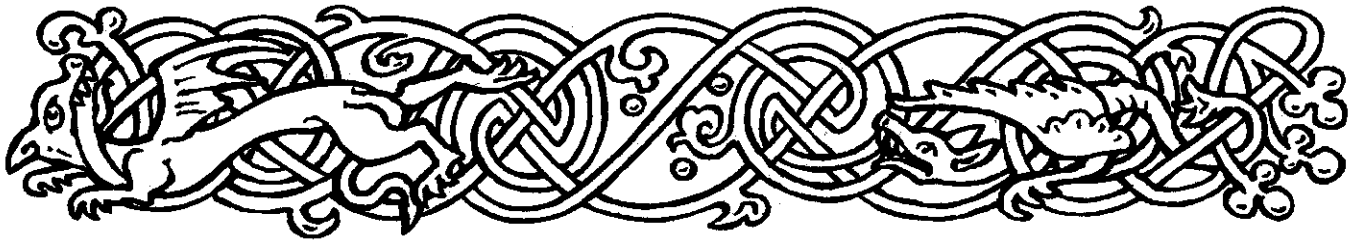
Duration: 1 turn/2 levels

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell creates one arm out of materials present at the wizard's chosen area of effect; the arm can form from any surface like a wall or from the ground, creating a large arm of wood, packed dirt, or stone, though the effects are the same. The arm can be normal human-sized or it can be up to gargantuan size (3 feet long + caster's level in feet max.). Its primary purpose is to grab and hold objects, persons, or creatures; it grabs at the first immediate moving target with the wizard's THACO with a +2 bonus and it holds its prey



with the equivalent of 19 Strength, regardless of size. It can be used to punch down walls and doors (striking like a battering ram for 2 points of structural damage) and it can punch opponents (wizard's THAC0 +2, 2d6 points of damage). If created of wood, the arm has an AC of 4, while a stone arm has an AC of 0; the arm's hit points are equal to the mage's and it collapses when it runs out of hit points.

The magical arm is under the control of the caster and can be used for other purposes beyond capture and attack; the caster cannot, while controlling the arm, perform any other actions. Like *spectral hand*, successive spells cast by the controlling mage can be projected through the magical arm; if performing any other activity, the mage cannot move the arm during that round and it freezes in its last position. Once formed, the *long reach* arm is rooted to its original creation point and is limited to its specific size.

While created by Duhlark the Transmuter, a mage of Waterdeep, this spell is known for its use by watch-wizards and is often referred to as the "Long Arm of the Law." In the hands of the watch-wizards, this spell performs many functions, like catching fleeing felons, battering down doors, halting runaway wagons, tossing Dock Ward rowdies into the harbor, and even stretching to rescue children trapped in burning buildings before pulling the burning wreck down. Duhlark is proud to see his spell in good use, but he grows furious if people don't use its "proper title, not a populist caricature of a name!"

The material components for the spell are a small piece of wood or stone and a pinch of sulphur.

Life Bolt

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Available to: Guild, Stavros of the Skulls

Range: 10 yards/level

Components: V, S

Duration: Permanent

Casting Time: 6

Area of Effect: 1 undead creature

Saving Throw: 1/2

This spell uses the energy of the caster's own life force offensively against undead. By holding an open palm toward the target and uttering the incantation, the caster sends a pulse of living energy toward the target creature (color of the energy depends on general alignment; lawful is white, chaotic is red, and neutral is blue). The caster sacrifices 1d4 hit points to cast this spell; for each hit point lost, the caster causes 1d6 points of damage to any one

undead target. Undead get saving throws against this attack, with successful saving throws limiting the damage by half. The spell has no effect on living creatures.

Stavros of the Skulls created this spell years ago after nearly losing his life to zombies that broke free of his control. He gave this spell to the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors as part of his penance for damages to Waterdeep. Devotees of Mystra, especially priests and mages affiliated with the House of Wonder, are eager to learn this spell, as Meleghost Starseer, the Magister of Mystra, holds this up as an example of how "Mystra grants us the power to protect life through our own sacrifices!"

Life Field

(Alteration, Necromancy) **Reversible**

Available to: Guild, Stavros of the Skulls

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/3 levels

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: The caster

Saving Throw: None

Stavros of the Skulls' final spell created for the Lords of Waterdeep is his most potent creation. By marshaling their own life forces, wizards can surround their bodies and handheld items or weapons with a shining blue radiance known as a *life field*. Once summoned, the spell remains in effect without concentration, allowing the mage to attack or cast further spells. If the caster attacks undead with a weapon covered in a *life field*, weapon damage is doubled in addition to the caster's level in points of damage (that is, a 7th-level mage's quarterstaff wrapped in a *life field* deals 2d6+7 points of damage to undead). Missile weapons act normally since they move beyond the *field's* range. If undead simply come into contact with a *life field* (that is, not one used jointly with an attack, or a hand-to-hand attack against someone with an active *life field*), they must make a saving throw or take damage equal to the caster's level due to living energy counteracting their undead state.

While this spell does not affect living creatures (damage dealt is normal), further research has uncovered the reverse of this spell, *death field*, which is now in use by a number of evil mages including Stavros. All the effects visited upon undead are now usable on living targets; the *death field* is a shimmering, dark purple field of energy. The watch-wizards have been instructed to arrest anyone seen using this version of the spell.





Sixth-Level Spells

Duhlark's Animerge

(Alteration), Reversible

Available to: Duhlark Kolat

Range: 5 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Permanent

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: 2 creatures

Saving Throw: None

A highly specialized form of *polymorph other*, this spell allows the caster to fuse two creatures together into one unique, amalgamated form, allowing a number of traits from each creature to remain dominant in its new singular form. The polymorphed creature acquires the following basic traits from one or the other of the animals involved in the merge: Body shape, size, movement modes, speed, diet, intelligence, attack modes, defense modes, special attacks, special defenses, and armor class. If the caster is a transmuter (specialist wizard of alteration magics), the caster can choose which traits are adopted in the new form; if not, the creature created is randomly determined by the Dungeon Master.

When the spell is cast, both animals must be within twenty feet of each other, and the final *animerged* creature will emerge in the former location of the larger of the two animals. Both animals have to make system shock rolls to survive the transformation (60% chance of survival); if one fails, the spell fails and both animals die. If a caster attempts to merge opposing blooded creatures (warm-blooded birds and mammals vs. cold-blooded reptiles and insects), there is a 40% survival chance for the creatures to be successfully *animerged*. Should either creature have intelligence greater than semi-intelligent (2-4), there is a 75% chance that the creature's mind will shatter, creating an uncontrollable mad animal (see Special Notes below). In such an instance, the creature will use every physical ability it has to escape and attack anything that moves, perceiving movement as something causing it pain.

This spell will not work on any animals that have special magical adaptations such as plane shifting powers or fire breath. If the spell is used on such creatures, both target animals will perish due to the spell conflicting with their innate magics.

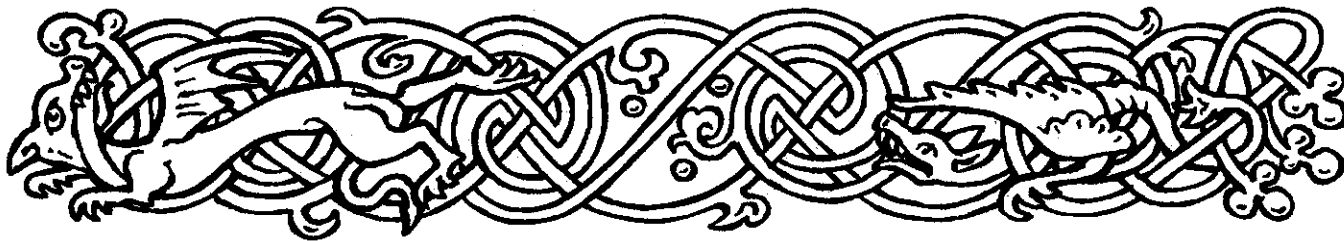
For years, Duhlark Kolat's fascination with monsters in the Realms drove him out into the world of adventuring. His fame and fortune now partially established, Duhlark spent the last few years studying animals, monsters, and perfecting his transmutation magics. His research into the magics of ancient Netheril—as well as personal experience with and studies of such creatures as chimerae, gnolls, hippogriffs, owlbears, and perytons—led him to believe that such changing magics were once in common use and the continued existence of such wildly illogical animals suggested to Duhlark that such creations could breed true and become viable species. Duhlark envisioned a simple dream of using such magics to create larger sheep and other domesticated animals to prevent food shortages, or perhaps creating a war horse with armor-plated skin.

After much work, he discovered this spell twenty months ago and continues to test it, creating new creatures to study and examining their viability and usefulness for Toril. While the spell itself has no safeguards against its use on humans, Duhlark has never attempted to test this line of inquiry due to moral distaste. He has not revealed the existence of this spell to any other mages in Waterdeep, save his brother and Khelben, though some have heard of his experiments and rumors fly fast and furious—one patently false rumor has Khelben set to kill Duhlark for not sharing such a powerful secret!

Special Notes: When Duhlark developed this spell, he did not limit the magic to only affecting animals, not higher lifeforms. Whether he realizes this or not, his spell also has the abilities and limitations listed below. While his ethics keep him from performing such horrific experiments, the same cannot be said of other corrupt spellcasters who wish to learn this spell. If evil NPC mages start using this spell on humans and humanoids as well as animals, the results are the Broken Ones in the Monstrous Manual; that same book's rules on creating lycunthropes are also useful for creating new creatures as well. (These effects and problems can be included later in a campaign, should the spell become more widely known.)

When the physical changes and merging occurs, the caster rolls 1d20, checking against the innate intelligences of the creatures involved. If the roll is less than or equal to the lesser intelligence, that becomes the dominant mind in the final creature. If the roll is greater than the lower number but less than or equal to the higher Intelligence, the higher mind is in control. If the roll exceeds both intelligences, the resulting creature has no conscious mind and is uncontrollable.





Duhlark's Glasstrike

(Alteration), Reversible

Available to: Duhlark Kolat

Range: 40 yards +2 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 hour/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 target and all materials within 5-foot radius globe

Saving Throw: Neg.

When cast, the *glasstrike* alters all living and nonliving material to glass for the duration of the spell, making the target quite vulnerable to shattering and breaking. Curiously, this spell doesn't affect magical items; a character could be turned to glass but still be wearing viable *plate mail* +2 and a *ring of the ram*. Living beings under the effects of the spell are unaware anything has happened and are effectively in stasis during the spell's duration; if the caster is a transmuter (and particularly cruel), he or she can allow living recipients of the spell to remain conscious and aware of their fragile fate. Any material turned to glass can be affected by such spells as *glassteel* or *permanency*. The spell can be canceled by a reverse casting of the spell or by *dispel magic*.

One alternate casting method for this spell is to cast it on glass surfaces. In this casting, the spell remains viable but unactivated and is effective for 24 hours per caster level. If something comes into contact with the enspelled surface (or is within 2'), the spell then takes effect as normal. The caster chooses the parameters of the spell trigger in terms of the type of being (i.e. the caster could generally specify "the spell will be triggered by the touch of a living creature" and have a yard full of glass squirrels, or "the spell activates if a humanoid touches it," saving the wildlife from a glassy fate) or material ("the spell will activate if leather contacts this window", "all metals will trigger the spell"). If a material is mentioned in the casting (as in this method), only the specified material is affected, making it possible for a thief to shatter her armor while breaking in through a window or a glassy spy to fall to his death, leaving some nice magical items behind.

The material component for this spell is some sand or a small piece of glass.

Ninth-Level Spells

Khelben's Dweomerdoom

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Available to: Alustriel, Elminster, Khelben, Laeral, the Simbul

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Instantaneous upon impact of focus

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: 40-foot radius globe

Saving Throw: None

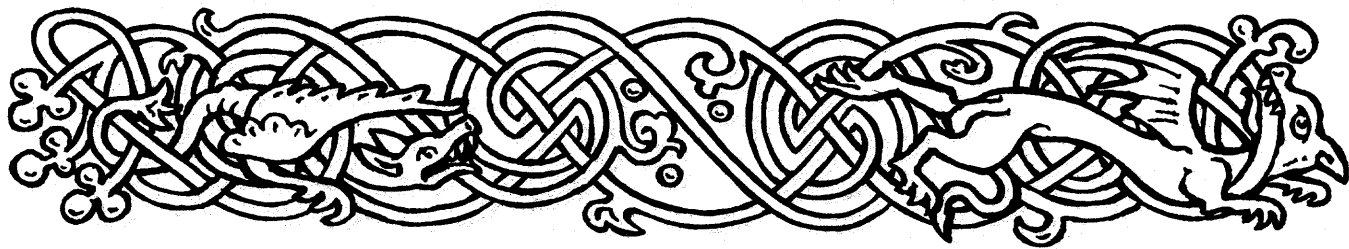
This powerful magic allows archmages to drain magic directly from spellusers by eliminating the memory of certain spells. This commanding spell needs to be cast through an object—a magical staff, a diamond, a golden crown, etc.—that is made the center of the spell effect. This is not consumed or harmed in any way by the spell.

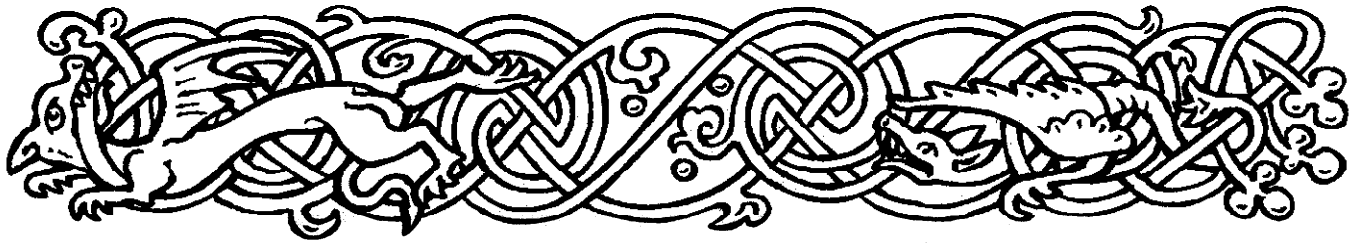
When the spell is cast, the spell focus is charged with the magical energy; the item remains charged for up to the caster's level in rounds before dissipating. The *dweomerdoom* activates when the charged focus item is thrown against a hard surface. When it strikes, a green pulse of energy flashes out in a 40-foot radius in all directions from the item (barriers of less than one-foot-thick solid stone or six inches of solid metal are pierced). One spellcaster within the radius of effect, chosen by the caster, bears the brunt of this spell. When the green energy pulse contacts the chosen spellcaster, multiple arcs of energy leap to the focus item, draining the spellcaster of as many memorized spell levels as the caster of the *dweomerdoom*. Eliminate high level spells first, with any remaining spell levels reducing the lower level spells until the spell levels are gone (i.e. draining 18 levels causes the loss of two 9th-level spells or one 8th-level, one 7th-level, and one 3rd-level).

When the energy pulse meets any other spellcasters (wizard, priest, or other) within the area of effect, a green energy arc leaps to the focus item and drains the memory of one spell up to 9th level (DM's choice, highest level spells first). There is no limit to the number of spellcasters the *dweomerdoom* affects in this lesser way, provided they are at least partially in the area of effect (the caster of the spell is immune to the spell's effects, of course).

The loss of the memorized spells is permanent, but spellcasters can rememorize the lost spells later (and priests need only to pray to restore lost spell capabilities).







Example: Khelben (W27) flies over a spell battle within Waterdeep between Tharchion Buulgast of Thay (W20) and Nenex the Aged (W22) that has ruined two homes. He casts *Khelben's Dweomerdoom* on his staff and throws it between the two mages, spearing it into the ground. Buulgast loses the memory of his *shape change* spell (drained of his most powerful spell automatically). Khelben's main target, Nenex, loses 27 memorized spell levels from his most powerful remaining spells (one 9th, two 8th, and one 2nd): *time stop*, *monster summoning VI*, *sink*, and *invisibility*.

Khelben developed this spell to deal with the increasing number of powerful mages disrupting Waterdeep's peace (or so he says; Elminster hints it might involve the many wizards about the Realms and the planes that challenge Khelben to spell duels). The spell's focus is a signature for the casting mage, allowing drained foes to understand just who brought this down upon them; Khelben uses his staff, while Alustriel uses a moonstone pendant with her symbol and Elminster's focus is, of course, his pipe. Most mages very often stop and listen to the spellcaster, which was Khelben's alleged intent: "Do you know how difficult it is to get the attention of a Red Wizard in the throes of a temper tantrum? I think this solves that problem. . . ."

Laeral's Crowning Touch

(Alteration, Conjunction)

Available to: Chosen of Mystra (Alustriel, Laeral, Simbul)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 366 days

Casting Time: 7

Area of Effect: 1 person

Saving Throw: None

By casting this spell, the wizard effects a debilitating curse upon the target. Effective primarily against mages, the spell is initially unnoticeable save to the targets; to them, Mystra's symbol appears on each of their palms as a glowing brand (the brands are invisible to all others unless viewed by *detect magic* or *reveal magic*). For a year and a day, the caster knows he has been cursed by the Chosen of Mystra for a transgression against her, or a misuse of power. There is no saving throw against the *crowning touch*. Most priests are immune to this spell, as their magic come from sources other than Mystra; priests of Azuth and Mystra are, however, affected by the spell just as wizards.

The long-term effects of the spell are harsh. Whenever a recipient of *Laeral's crowning touch* casts a spell, he or she loses one full level per level of any spell cast, reducing Hit Dice, class bonuses, spell abilities, etc. accordingly (a 14th-level wizard casts a 6th-level spell and immediately drops to 8th level, losing 6d4 hit points et al). Physically, the character's hair gains streaks of silver in it. With each additional spell, all hair turns silver, and then it all falls out. In addition, the caster's hands become gnarled, and sores form on the vocal cords, making it harder to vocalize spells as well. (These are physical manifestations of the changes wrought by the spell, not added penalties.) After the spell runs its course, all physical effects vanish, returning the wizard to normal; however, the caster is marked for life with a visible silver brand of Mystra's symbol on one palm—a legacy of the *crowning touch*.

If cast upon a lich, the undead spellcaster gains a saving throw vs. spell at a -2 penalty. If successful, the spell is negated, but a failed saving throw causes liches to suffer these altered effects: each time it casts a spell, the lich inflicts 1d8 points of damage per spell level on itself (the *crowning touch* drains its body of its source of unlife). This damage is unavoidable and, if reduced to 0 hit points or fewer, can destroy the lich and its phylactery utterly.

This spell was developed for use only against the worst of transgressors. If the *touched* wizards are intelligent or knowledgeable enough, they realize what forces are rallied against them, and spend the duration of the spell atoning for their offenses in Mystra's eyes. Effectively, this sends spellcasters into forced retirement for a year and a day to avoid losing their power. Fools who don't realize who their opponent is or what she can do bring punishment upon themselves, draining themselves of abilities and scarring their bodies in irreverent, wasteful uses of magic.

Also known across the Realms as "The Sisters' Crowning Touch," this specialized curse is a powerful spell created by Laeral and shared with only two of her sisters. In fact, only the Chosen by Mystra can wield this spell; an unscrupulous apprentice of the Simbul's tried the spell, only to have it visited on herself! The magic's message is simple: You have abused the right to use Mystra's magic and one of her Chosen has called you to task for it. While Khelben and Elminster are certainly capable of casting this powerful magic, they choose not to learn or use it: "We leave it to the discretion of the Sisters to dole out these personal banes from the goddess herself. Some things just require the delicate touch of a lady. . . ."





Magical Items of Waterdeep

Magical items are numerous and easily found, provided one knows where to look. The Watchful Order sells minor items from their guild hall (add at least 40% to the gp value), and magical weapons are available in rare instances from weapons shops. The watch and guard share the largest collective cache of items in the city; it is kept under constant guard in Castle Waterdeep, and exists to aid the city defenders (*wand of paralyzation*, *ring of the ram*, *rod of absorption*, etc.). Where items are found is up to the DM, but remember—Waterdeep is a city of merchants, and gold is the least PCs will pay. . . .

Miscellaneous Magical Items

Broom of Evercleaning

XP Value: 1,000

GP Value: 1,000

This pedestrian magical item is in great demand, and Waterdeep's Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors are, as yet, the only sources of these magical cleaning tools. When a command word is spoken, the *broom* proceeds to vigorously sweep a 10-foot radius circle around its starting point, leaving a small pile to be collected later. The sweeping takes only two minutes per 20-foot diameter circle. The magic in the *brooms* lasts for one year, and it eventually crumbles into its own swept pile of dust.

Dagger of Homing

XP Value: 1,200

GP Value: 12,000

Daggers of homing appear to be daggers of average heft, balanced for throwing with more weight attributed to the tip. When thrown, the dagger's magic adds +1 or +2 bonuses to hit and damage the target. The dagger delivers 1d4 points of damage plus its magical bonus, and then it magically teleports back to its scabbard at the end of the current round. If a *dagger of homing* misses its target, it still returns to its scabbard at the end of the round.

Known holders of such weapons (NPCs in this box) are: Elaith Craulnobur, Travis Deepdell, Donar Heremet, Horth Hunabar, Essimuth Lanys, and Danilo Thann.

Ring of Armor

XP Value: 2000 per 10 hp of protection

GP Value: 15,000 per 10 hp of protection

Alcedor Kolat's newest creation, the *ring of armor* is a nondescript silver ring that, when activated by twisting the inset sapphire on the ring, wraps the wearer in a protective energy field that looks like translucent silver armor. The magical field absorbs damage from any physical (blunt, edged, or crushing) attack, protecting the wearer until its daily limit of absorption is reached. The ring visually mimics different types of armor (the more durable the "armor," the stronger the magic). The *ring of scale armor* absorbs 20 hp of damage/day, the *ring of chain armor* absorbs 30 hp of damage/day, and the *ring of plate armor* absorbs 40 hp of damage/day. The magic of these rings activates only if an attack penetrates other defenses (armor, ring of protection, etc.); the damage is then rolled and subtracted from the ring's total for the day.

For example, a courier with a *ring of chain armor* can run through a hail of arrows safely, the ring absorbing up to 30 points of arrow damage; if she is attacked for 31 points of damage or is attacked by a spell, the courier takes damage beyond the limits of the ring, which takes 24 hours to recharge before being usable again.

As of yet, no one has a *ring of armor* beyond the Kolat brothers and their apprentice, Branta Myntion.

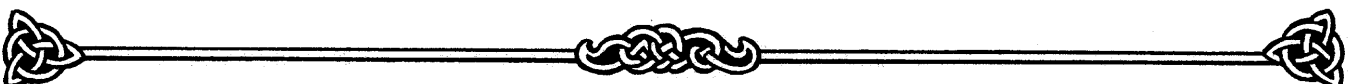
Ring of Research

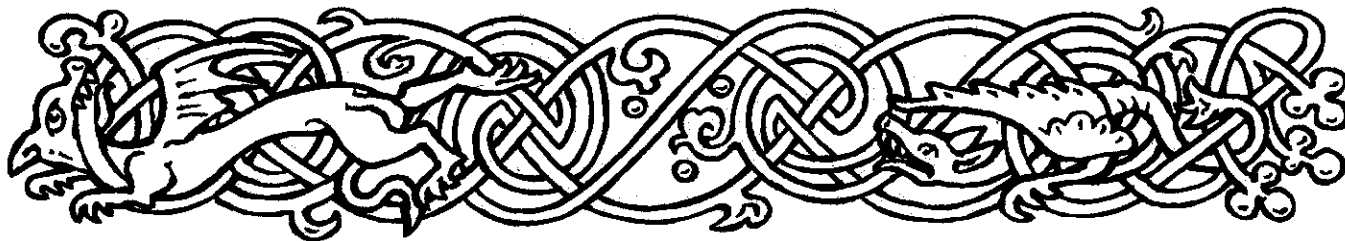
XP Value: 1,000

GP Value: 5,000

A minor magical item at best, but one of infinite use in the studies of historians, sages, and mages, the *ring of research* is a simple gold or silver ring with a colored gemstone set in it. Wearers state (in three words or less) the item or topic on which they wish to find information and proceed to touch various objects of printed matter, whether maps, books, wall carvings, etc. The gem glows when the ring contacts (or comes within a foot of) anything related to the stated information; the related material glows lightly in the color of the ring's gemstone when viewing the tome (or other printed matter). This dweomer over the print lasts for one turn after contact. Once the *ring* activates and illuminates an item, it uses a charge; it often takes multiple charges to fully research a topic in a large library. The *ring of research* does not translate any text—you might be able to find information on Netherese *blast scepters* but it won't help much if you can't read Old Netherese.

These rings are rare, though two clerics of Candlekeep have them, as does Sandrew the Wise of Oghma's temple in Waterdeep. Local lore says these items were first found in Halaster's library in Undermountain. . . .





Sleep-Smoke

XP Value: 75

GP Value: 500

Used primarily by the agents of the Xanathar Thieves' Guild for kidnaping, *sleep-smoke* is a dark-gray, smoky gas that rapidly dissipates when released into the air. A full flask of it will affect a globe 10' in diameter on the first round, expanding outward to 20-foot diameter in the second round, and being harmless thereafter. (If released in windy conditions, the globe will move with the wind.)

All creatures within the area of effect must save vs. poison at -3 on the first round, and -1 on the second, or fall unconscious in 2-5 rounds. Such sleep lasts only 1d12+4 rounds, but cannot be prematurely ended by any known means. Alcohol fumes or intoxication provide a small measure of protection against the effects of sleep-smoke; intoxicated targets make all saving throws at normal chances.

Spell-lens

XP Value: 750

GP Value: 5,000

Spell-lenses are small crystal ovals with a socket on one edge that magically fit over and fuse to the tip of a wand, rod, or staff. All the crystal *spell-lenses* do is refocus and magnify the existing ranged spells of the wand, rod, or staff. The *spell-lens* adds +1 to each die of effect in the item's spells (i.e. a *wand of fire* shooting a *fireball* now does 6d6 + 6 points of damage), but it doesn't affect non-ranged powers (i.e. a *rod of smiting* is not affected by a *spell-lens*). The *spell-lens* also adds 20' to the range of any ranged spells within the rod, staff, or wand.

Adventurers have recently found small numbers of these Netherese items in Undermountain and the Dungeon of the Crypt, bringing them back to the city for study. With their powers, Mhair Szeltune and others of the Watchful Order are speculating about carving a *spell-lens* down and embedding one in a ring, allowing mages to enhance their cast spells; so far, no one has been able to separate a *spell-lens* from its attached item and all attempts to remove it or carve it meet with the *spell-lens*' destruction.

Stamp of the Messenger

XP Value: 200 (silver); 500 (gold)

GP Value: 1,500 (silver); 5,000 (gold)

Appearing as a well-crafted wax-seal stamp, this handheld silver seal magically produces its own sealing wax. All the owner has to do is press this to the flaps of an envelope or the edge of a rolled scroll, speak the command, and the

magic produces a blot of hot wax on the contact point. The seal brands into the hot wax, cooling it instantly, and the document is ready for a messenger.

A rarer version of this seal is done in gold (*the golden stamp of the messenger*), and the seal's stamp contains a design incorporating wings of some sort. While it magically seals letters closed as well, it has an added ability: The owner must speak the command word and the addressee's name to activate the magic. The seal brands into the hot wax, and little waxen wings flutter from the sealed wax; if the addressee is within two miles of the sealed document at the moment of activation, the wings fly it to its intended reader (Flying Speed 24, approximate height of 5' away from surfaces and contact until within 40' of addressee). If the addressee is beyond that range, the wings fail, and conventional means must be used to deliver the sealed document. The magic fails as well if the sealed parcel weighs more than one pound.

In Waterdeep, many of the Guilds use the *golden stamp of the messenger* to deliver messages among their members (some guild merchants at the Market use them to request supplies on busy days when they can't leave their booths!). The guard and the watch use them to deliver reports and orders to their troops, a regular flow of flying messages leaving the upper level windows of the Palace and Castle Waterdeep. Disturbing in-flight messages is illegal, and the watch charges perpetrators with Unlawful Hindrance of Business (Lesser crime, Fourth Plaintiff) or Impeding the Swift Process of Law by Delay of Guard/Watch Procedures (Minor crime, First Plaintiff).

Wand of Fearfire

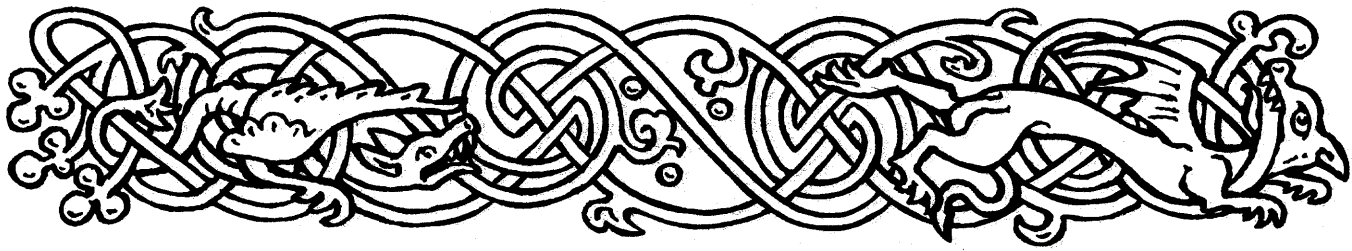
XP Value: 1,000

GP Value: 7,500

Like the spell *fearfire*, this wand generates a flashy illusion of magical flame and energy like the retributive strike of a *staff of the magi*. Like the staff, the *wand of fearfire* must be broken in two to activate it. Once broken, the illusions erupt around the broken wand in a 30-foot radius. The item duplicates the spell effects of the 3rd-level wizards' spell.

Created by Alcedor Kolat, the *wands of fearfire* are not available to the buying public (unless you know the right people to ask . . .) but are in near-exclusive use by the Waterdeep watch-wizards to control any large riots or unruly crowds and break up any large-scale mob problems.





Artifacts & Unique Items

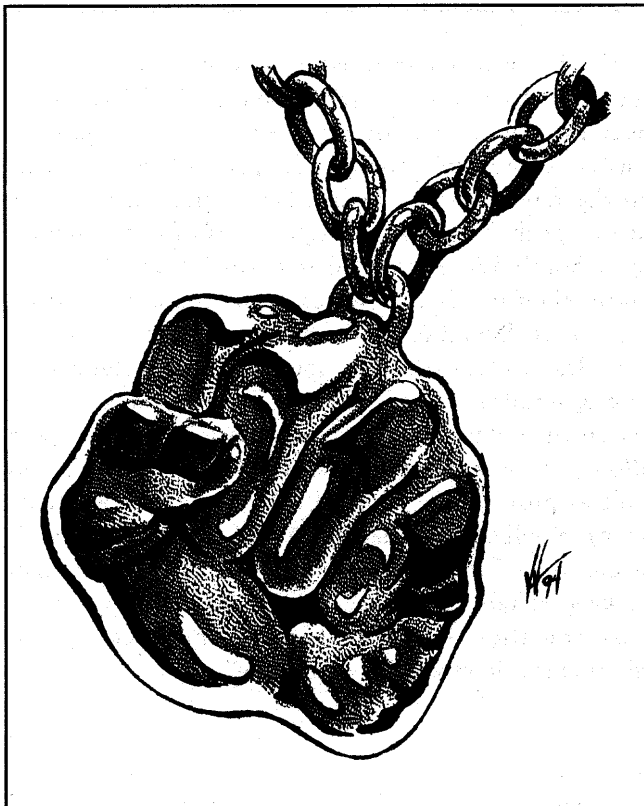
Amulet of Alcedor

XP Value: 6,000

GP Value: Nil/50,000 (if stolen)

A unique item of his own creation, this *amulet* is always clasped about Alcedor Kolat's neck. The chain is made of platinum links and the *amulet* itself is a large sapphire carved to appear as a clenched fist. Whenever he activates it (by touch or by command word), the fist opens its fingers and a tight beam of blue light envelops Alcedor's opponent; the target must make a saving throw vs. spell or be paralyzed for 1d8 rounds. In addition, for each round the target is within the blue light, the *amulet* drains 1d4 points of the character's Strength and adds it to Alcedor's own Strength; the Strength points return to the target at the rate of one point a day.

Alcedor Kolat created this item for simple reasons and with a simple message: "I'd grown tired of every idiot with a sword thinking they could get a bit of easy money by harassing this old man. Hmph! Force ends up solving nothing, so I created my *amulet* to prove to them that my open fist is more powerful than their closed ones."



Azuredge, Slayer of the Netherborn

XP Value: 10,000

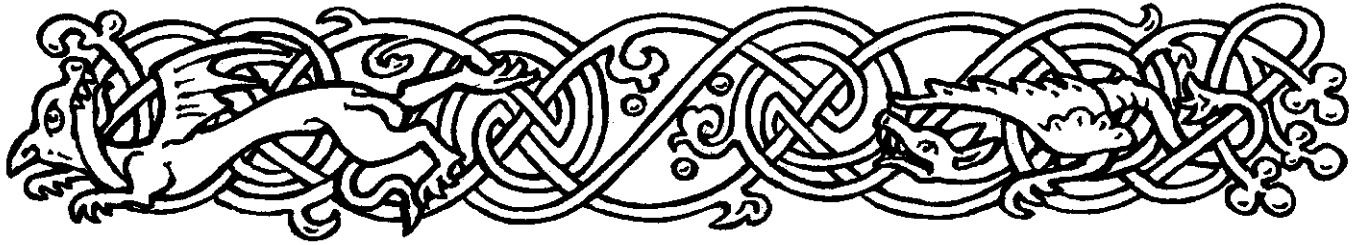
GP Value: 100,000 (750,000 in Waterdeep)

Azuredge is a medium-sized battle axe forged of silver, electrum, and steel alloys, its handle cast from solid steel and wrapped at the haft in blue dragon skin. A star sapphire is set into the pommel. It is as effective as a pure silver weapon and is magically enchanted with a number of powers, the least of which cause the edges of the axe head to shimmer a deep blue at all times. The axe has runes carved into it along each edge of the axe and at the center of each side of the axe. At various times, the runes flash with blue radiance. Smaller runes are also carved into the handle, but these are only noticeable under close scrutiny. Though the wide double-edged axe appears quite heavy and unwieldy, it is light and well balanced in the hands of its chosen wielder.

Enchanted "to be as worthy a weapon as its wielder," Azuredge's powers wax and wane with each new wielder. The blue axe's full powers and abilities are listed below, as well as when and how said abilities are activated:

- The blue axe has no combat bonuses to hit or to damage, but its magical construction allows it to hit creatures only affected by silver or magical weapons (even those only affected by +3 weapons!). Its damage cannot be regenerated save by normal rest, making it an effective weapon against trolls!
- Immediately upon gaining the use of her, the wielder can command Azuredge to generate light (as the 1st-level wizard and priest spell).
- After the wielder reaches 4th level (or employs her for a year), Azuredge can be thrown at targets a number of times per day equal to the level of the fighter wielding her (6th-level paladin = 6 throws per day). Other than that and the lack of combat bonuses, this power is identical to an *axe of hurling* (including its double damage when thrown).
- At 8th level or greater, the wielder can use Azuredge against undead and creatures from the lower planes as if she were a *mace of disruption*. This power is coupled with Azuredge's ability to detect evil planar beings and undead, those creatures she was forged to slay; whenever in the presence of undead or evil beings from outside the Prime Material Plane, Azuredge glows brightly (whether her wielder wishes her to or not) with cold azure flames enveloping the axe head (illuminating a 40-foot radius).

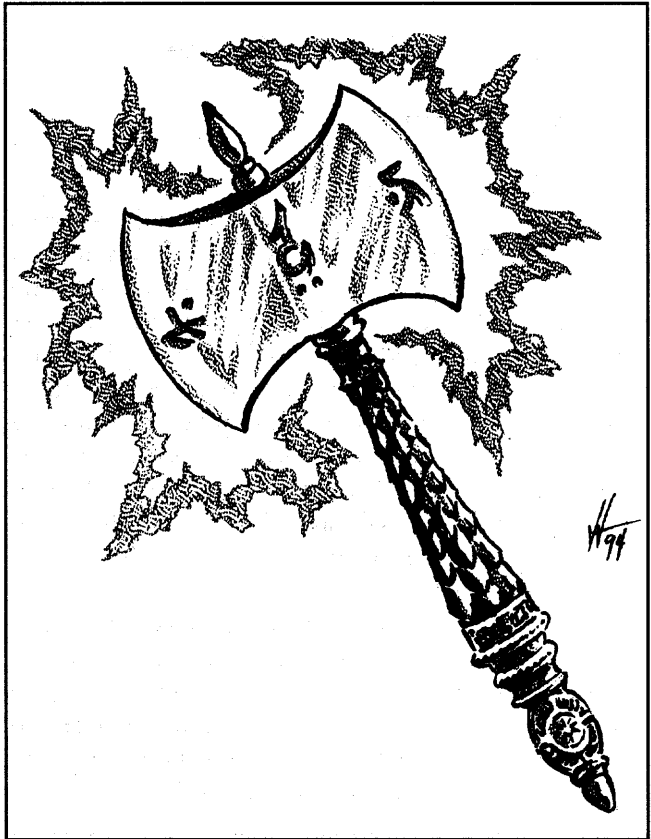




- Azureedge is an intelligent weapon (Intelligence 14, Ego 12) with a female identity, hence the references to the weapon as “she.” With this sentience, she is the one who chooses who her wielder can be (magically sticking to surfaces like *sovereign glue* until she is touched by one she deems worthy); she also has a limited *detect alignment* ability usable on her wielders, which aids her in her choice (she chooses only good, most often chaotic, heroes). She chooses a new wielder only after the passing of her previous wielder. She communicates by speech or telepathy, though she rarely does so until the wielder is 12th level or more (any communication previous to this is more apt to be heard as whispers or words in a dream). She can also resist identification magics at will, relinquishing only the information she wishes.

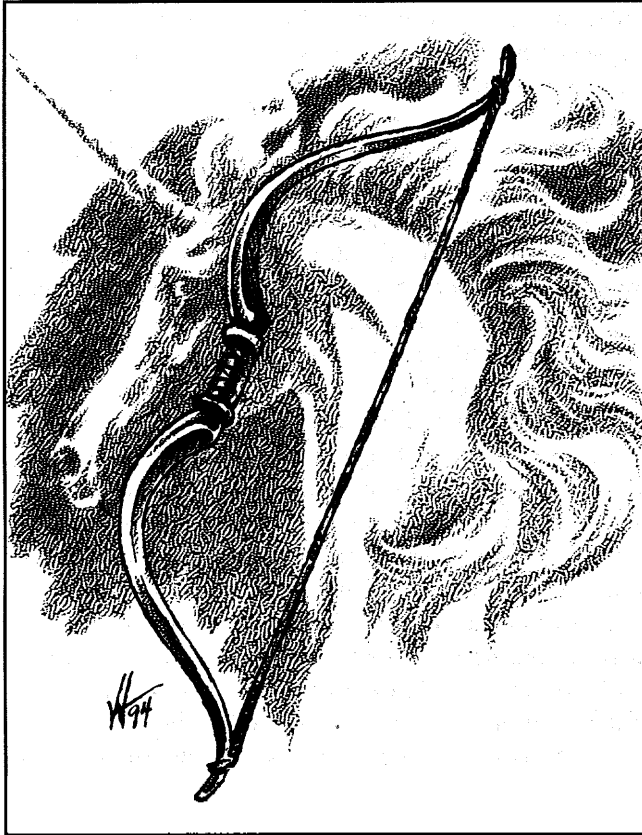
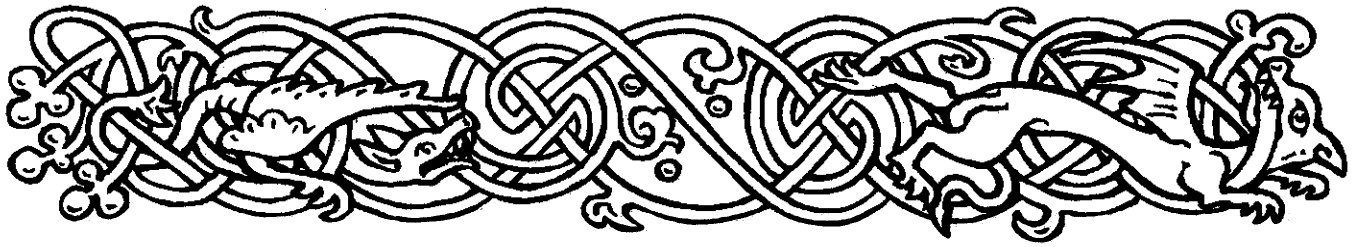
Azureedge’s origins are tied more tightly to the City of Splendors than some suspect. More than three hundred years ago, Ahghairon was marshaling his power as the premier mage of Waterdeep under the just, though violent, rule of Lady Lauroun, Warlord of Waterdeep. Ahghairon saw the last honorable Warlord of Waterdeep fall in battle, her body pierced by a score of orcs’ arrows. Teleporting her from the field, he performed her last request, “to ensure that she would always be able to aid the defense of Waterdeep.” Having prepared a magical axe to present to her, Ahghairon’s magic bound a piece of Lauroun’s fleeting soul to the weapon, making her forever an intelligent presence in an item capable of fulfilling her last request. Though her memory is not fully Lauroun’s, Azureedge remembers her creation and history as a weapon.

Though powerful and eager to be used in the city’s defense, Azureedge waited six years before her initial use. Upon Ahghairon’s establishment of the Lords’ Rule, the axe was given to Kherris—a warrior, Lord of Waterdeep, and great-grandfather of Baeron—to dispatch heinous creatures that emerged in the city. Coming from the ruins of Halaster’s tower, these were the first major dangers visited upon Waterdeep from Undermountain. Legends tell of a battle late one winter’s night, when a flood of ghastly creatures spilled out of Undermountain, intent on wreaking havoc in the city herself. Ahghairon’s magics slowed them but did not stop them all; many breached the magical walls around the ruins only to meet a tall, cloaked Lord holding the glistening blue axe. Azureedge sent all the fiends back to their makers, its glowing blue radiance keeping the evils from Waterdeep.



The axe was not seen again by Waterdhavians until the time of Baeron, the next Open Lord of Waterdeep, over two hundred years later. After Baeron’s passing (many attested that the axe disappeared from his belt on the funeral pyre), the axe is not mentioned in any history of the City until Beryghon, a warrior/blacksmith from South Ward, wielded it against Myrkul’s forces during their invasion of Waterdeep at the Time of Troubles. With Beryghon’s fall, his final companion—the wizardess Caryn—risked a spell to *teleport* the axe to safety, sending it to Blackstaff Tower. Khelben kept watch over Azureedge, and added enchantments that allow him to watch over the wielder(s) of the axe (as well as provide the magical effects for her reappearance). Khelben and Piergeiron will not interfere with Azureedge and her protection of the City, but they plan on keeping tabs on the axe and her chosen companions, ensuring they do not stray from the Lords’ path, whether for Waterdeep’s good or not.





Bow of Hosark

XP Value: 5,000

GP Value: Nil/50,000 (if stolen)

The *Bow of Hosark* is a beautiful long bow carved from an unknown creamy-white wood that makes it look like ivory. Curiously enough, some people gazing at the bow see a faint carved outline of a unicorn's head along its outer curve; only rangers and druids have seen this carving, and take this as a sign that this weapon is connected in some way to either Mielikki or Lurue the Unicorn (a goddess of the Beast Cults).

Whenever the bow is drawn, the bowstring glows with a faint blue light, empowering any arrows with certain magical abilities (adding even more power to any magical arrows). The powers of the *Bow of Hosark* are:

- +2 attack bonus or +2 damage bonus to any arrow shot by the bow (choose before making attack rolls);
- the bow magically enhances the archer's eyesight to allow longer-range shots (add 50 yards/feet to extreme range; long range is treated as medium range, medium range is equal to short range, and short range or less is considered point-blank range);

- the bow acts as an *amulet of protection against detection and location* when held or worn over the back; and
- the bow can change an arrow into a *magic missile* two times/day (the *missile* does 1d6+2 points of damage, but is affected as a standard 1st-level *magic missile* spell; this power can be used with magical arrows, unerringly delivering an *arrow of slaying* to its target as a *magic missile of slaying*, for example).

Travis Deepdell has been the owner of the Bow for the past thirty years, yet he knows nothing of its origins or its secrets. No sages have been able to identify it as a known artifact, and *legend lore* spells only produce the beautiful illusion of an elven maiden's face that cryptically asks the bearer to "take care of the Horn of Moon's Dawning." Despite the item's mysteries, many who know of it attempt to steal it from Travis, especially Elaith Craulnobur.

Crown of Horns

XP Value: 150,000

GP Value: Nil (it will not allow itself to be sold)

The *Crown of Horns*, in its original form, was an electrum helm fully covered with small horns and a row of black gems around the edge; since its reformation, the *Crown* is an electrum circlet with four bone horns mounted around its edge and one large black diamond centered over the wearer's brow—while black as obsidian, the stone is clear, and weird energy dances within the faceted gem.

While powerful in its first incarnation, the *Crown of Horns'* might has only increased in the past decade. Its powers and abilities (derived from Myrku's essence) are:

- The *Crown of Horns* surrounds the wearer with an aura similar to the magical aura of a lich; as such, creatures of fewer than 5 Hit Dice (or 5th level) who view the *Crown's* wearer must successfully save vs. spell or flee in terror for 5-20 (5d4) rounds.
- The *Crown* is the host for the last vestiges of the Realms' fallen god of the dead, Myrku. The *Crown of Horns* once only manipulated its wearer and drove it mad; it now allows Myrku to control the wearer with suggestions and can (for 20 rounds/day) possess the individual (the possessed wearer has Intelligence and Wisdom of 20). Donning the *Crown of Horns* automatically changes the wearer's alignment to neutral evil (if the *Crown* is removed, the character's original alignment returns).
- The *Crown's* wearer is immune to necromantic spells and death magic (automatic saving throw).

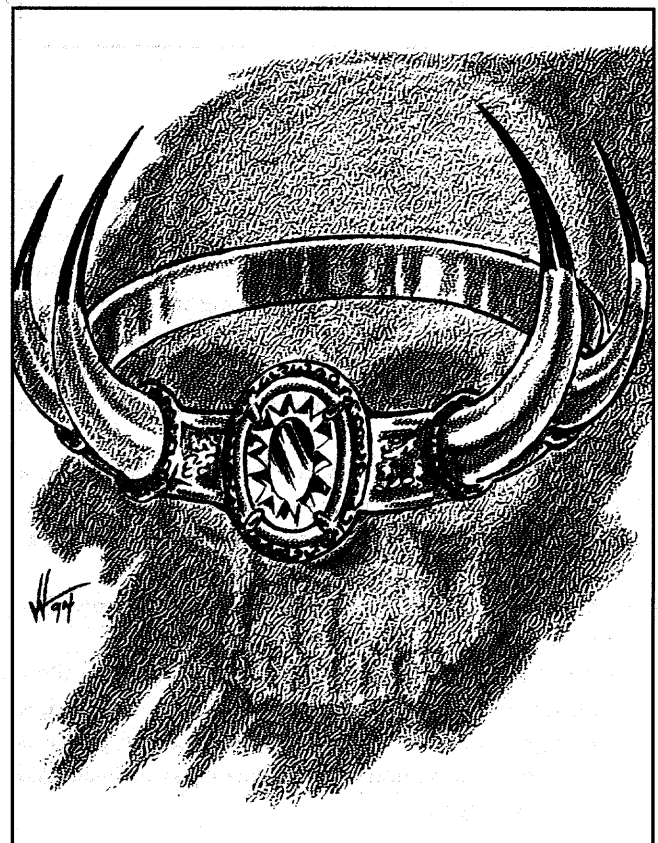


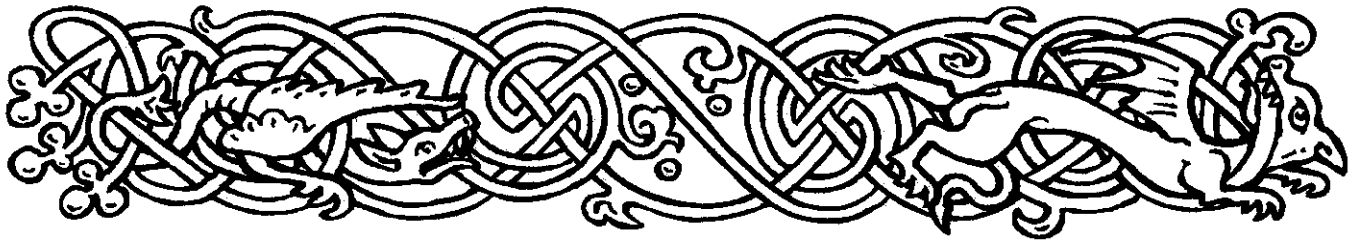
- The *Crown* slowly turns the wearer into a lich as well; the process takes two years of constant contact with the artifact, but the wearer speeds the process by using the major powers (use of the *ray of undeath* or *Myrkul's Hand* powers reduces the time by 1d4 months). Once the wearer of the *Crown* becomes a lich, the process is irreversible, and the *Crown* itself acts as the lich's phylactery.
- The *Crown's* wearer commands undead as a 6th-level priest (or six levels higher than the current level, if already a priest).
- The *Crown's* wearer can *teleport without error* once every ten days; this power affects the *Crown* - bearer, not other creatures in contact with him or her.
- The *Crown of Horns'* first major power is its *ray of undeath*, a dark energy ray that fires from the black diamond (maximum of one *ray* / turn) and covers a conical area 40' long and 10' wide at the base. Any creatures within the area of effect must save vs. death magic or die; successful saving throws save the creatures from immediate death, but they still suffer 4-48 (4d12) points of damage from the necromantic energy. If slain by the *ray of undeath*, any characters rise from death as lesser shadowrath under the total control of the *Crown* - bearer (see the Shadowrath MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM page).
- The second major power of the *Crown of Horns* is *Myrkul's Hand*. Similar to the power granted to his specialty priests, *Myrkul's Hand* surrounds the wearer's hands with black flames for four rounds and can only be summoned once a day. If *Myrkul's Hand* touches any living being, that being must make a successful saving throw vs. death magic. If successful, the being resists and only takes 1-12 (1d12) points of damage; if the saving throw fails, the character dies, consumed by the black flames. After 1d4 rounds, the being's skin and possessions rise up as a greater shadowrath at the *Crown* - bearer's command (see Shadowrath entry on the MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM pages within the boxed set).
- Once donned, the *Crown* makes its possessor paranoid and jealous about the artifact; the bearer does anything to keep others away from the *Crown*. To a lesser extent, it affects those in a 100-foot radius, instilling in them a desire to possess the artifact (this often forces a conflict with the current wearer of the *Crown*, but also insures that the most capable and powerful people wear it).
- Once donned, the *Crown* cannot be removed unless Myrkul wishes to have a new host; then, the *Crown* teleports elsewhere without the wearer. If the wearer has become a lich while wearing the artifact, he or she crum-

bles to dust instantly upon the *Crown's* departure (1% chance per level of surviving as a demilich with the character's original alignment).

The *Crown of Horns* is a major artifact of the Realms, legends giving it a key role in Netheril's downfall. Created by Myrkul, the god of the dead, the *Crown of Horns* was lost for centuries after the death of the magists' kingdom until found by Laeral Silverhand and the Nine. Donning the *Crown*, Laeral fell under its influence swiftly, and she attacked former friends and allies, including the Harpers.

Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun saved Laeral from an awful fate when, with Mystra's aid and the sacrifice of some of his own power, he fought Laeral in a spell battle that destroyed a large part of the High Forest's interior (the forest is restored, but many strange, magical effects and creatures linger as legacies of the battle); in the end, Khelben destroyed the *Crown of Horns*, reducing it to pieces. Now in the role of caregiver, Khelben collected the wild Laeral (driven mad by the *Crown's* destruction), returning to Blackstaff Tower in Waterdeep. Over time, Laeral recovered her wits and beauty, and she and Khelben grew closer. Today, the power of these mages is insignificant compared





to their love, and Laeral is officially treated as the Blackstaff's consort.

After its destruction, Khelben collected the many shards of the *Crown of Horns* and carefully stored them within Blackstaff Tower for safekeeping (and to prevent the priesthood of Myrkul from gaining any power from it). With Myrkul's destruction outside of Blackstaff Tower during the Time of Troubles, Khelben and Laeral thought the threat of the *Crown* was over. However, when his avatar was slain, Myrkul used his lingering power to send his mind toward the greatest remaining concentration of his power in the Realms. Given his proximity to Blackstaff Tower, his essence forced its way into Khelben's vault where the *Crown of Horns* lay in pieces. Myrkul's divinity and much of his former might was granted to Cyric (and later Kelemvor) by Ao, but Myrkul was not fully destroyed as his last vestiges of energy slowly restored his unholy artifact. After a decade of marshaling its strength, the *Crown of Horns* is restored by the will of Myrkul into a new, powerful form that is not just an artifact but the vessel of a dead god's essence and power, wholly controlled by the mind of Myrkul, fallen god of the dead.

Once the artifact was wholly in its new form, Myrkul teleported the *Crown of Horns* to many places, his hosts actively creating shadowrath servants (while many believe them a new form of undead, a few erudite sages recognize them from times long lost). Spending a year teleporting to his former sites of worship, he has kept his existence quiet, but has had the *Crown* - wearers spreading rumors among the Cyricists about the *Crown* and how it could aid the worship of Cyric. Myrkul actually enjoys his new existence and the ability to foment dissent, chaos, and death without the strictures inherent in being one of Ao's gods; his greatest satisfaction is in disrupting the organization of the Cyric-worshippers and in destroying any worshippers of Mystra (who caused Myrkul's destruction). He would love to cause major strife within Waterdeep's temple to Mystra, but Myrkul knows Khelben's (and the other wizards of Waterdeep) power and dares not risk a conflict with him again soon. For now, the *Crown of Horns* rests on the brow of Nhyris D'Hotheke, a pureblooded yuan-ti who is becoming a growing power in Skullport, and Myrkul bides his time with this host, relishing the unique evils and dangers of the subterranean port city.

Hedrik's Staff

XP Value: 800

GP Value: Nil

Hedrik's staff was made for him by Alcedor Kolat, who befriended the blind boy. The *staff* has a rudimentary intelligence (Intelligence 6) and a minor telepathic presence that mentally tells Hedrik what is within five feet of the staff. This ability and presence is enough to help direct Hedrik around any obstacles and keep him relatively safe. Few realize that this staff is magical, as Hedrik uses it like many other blind people to guide his way, but he often surprises people by greeting them by name as they approach. In the hands of anyone else, the staff is useless.

Lliira's Pendant

XP Value: 3,000

GP Value: Nil/1 (becomes nonmagical brass if stolen)

Rachel Arren has never taken off this plain-looking brass *pendant of Lliira*, ever since it was given to her years ago by a beautiful spectral dancer (whom she believed to be Lliira). The *pendant* is unique, and grants the following powers to its wearer:

- +1 protection to armor class;
- *detect lie* at all times, as the pendant grows warm when truth is spoken to the bearer and becomes chilled if the bearer is told lies or mistruths; and
- the *pendant* visibly sparkles and glints (even in moonlight or no light) when Lliira is earnestly praised.

Staff of Alcedor

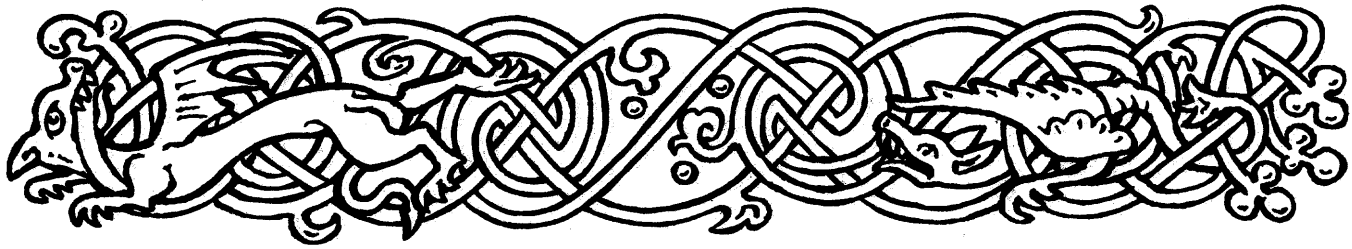
XP Value: 12,000

GP Value: Nil/125,000 (if stolen)

The *staff of Alcedor* is a unique item custom-made by Alcedor Kolat for his own use. Made from a gnarled, old, seven-foot duskwood branch, its ends shod in brass, the *staff* rings lightly when hit on stone. While it may have more powers (DM's choice; limit of five), most people have only seen three powers that other mages can identify.

- The *staff* generates a magical field akin to a *ring of plate armor* (see above);
- the *staff* reflects any invocation magics back upon their casters without error (at the cost of one charge); and
- with a successful attack, the *staff of Alcedor* can shatter or break any nonmagical weapon with a strike (THACO roll vs. AC -2 to hit weapon specifically; cost of one charge).





Appendix One: Trade & Travel

Travelling The North by Land & Sea

There are fortunes to be made in the North, for those willing to risk its dangers. Sword Coast shipping is imperiled by the often fierce weather and by piracy (covertly supported by Luskan, a city that wants to control all waterborne travel in the region). The Lords' Alliance and her member cities' navies provide some measure of protection against piracy and smuggling, though only obeisance to Umberlee and the sea gods can protect the brave (or foolhardy) folk who travel the storm-tossed Sword Coast seas. Naval travel, barring random problems of weather or pirates, averages about 50 miles a day.

Overland travel is menaced by many monsters, and, as a result, usually takes the form of large, well-armed caravans accompanied by burly guardians (and wizards and priests, if available). The terrain and the need for constant vigilance keeps caravan travel slow—25 miles a day is a respectable pace. Horses and draft oxen cannot be used to exhaustion when one might be attacked at any moment, necessitating a quick withdrawal to safety.

Trade In The North

The northernmost settlements of the Sword Coast exist because of rich mines, and send their ores south by ship. Mining is the preeminent trade of a region that is rich in minerals and precious stones; agriculture, fishing, and cattle-raising are also becoming larger trade industries capable of feeding the communities of the North. Ship building and metal working are trades found in the larger trading centers such as Luskan, Neverwinter, and Waterdeep. Centers for learning are limited to Silvermoon and Waterdeep, though many in Luskan (mainly those of the Hosttower of the Arcane) dispute this; in the western Realms, their closest partner for scholarly pursuits is Candlekeep. Amongst all the settlements in the North, caravan services (and mercenaries to guard them) are a large part of the trading community, though the major trade centers are limited to the routes connecting Luskan, Mirabar, and Waterdeep.

Trade Routes

The inland community of Mirabar is the richest mining settlement of the Savage Frontier, and must send its metals overland to

southern markets via the Long Road or by the Blackford road to Luskan. (The river Mirar is too rough and rocky to serve as a navigable river.) From Luskan, the High Road runs along the coast to Port Llast and Neverwinter. It continues through Leilon, cutting east around the Mere of Dead Men and on to Waterdeep.

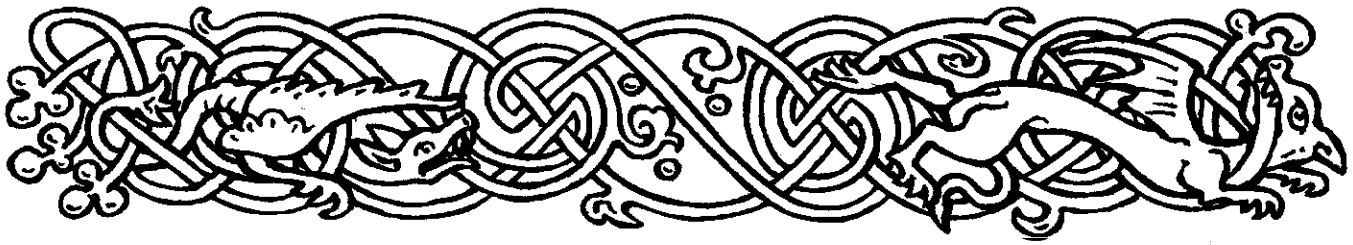
The Long Road runs south from Mirabar through the desolate Crags and the village of Longsaddle, past Berun's Hill, and then to Triboar. The Dessarin grasslands open out to the east of the Road here, stretching south to the sea at Waterdeep. The Long Road continues beside the Dessarin to the city through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

To the east, in the Dessarin valley, lies Nesmé, the only settlement in an area roamed by trolls. The lands to the east of the valley are largely uncivilized, although they once held great kingdoms of old. From the Ice Mountains (a known habitat of remorhaz and frost giants) to the north, this region descends into lesser peaks where orcs dwell in the thousands. Whenever their numbers grow too great for the available territory, the orcs issue forth in great hordes and sweep south; such migrations happen once every 50 to 75 years. They have taken only one settlement in centuries in the North—the Citadel of Many Arrows—and their numbers are sufficient to hold it.

The mithral mines are the richest subterranean delvings known to exist in all Toril and are enough to keep the dwarves in the northeast, where their mighty fortress of Citadel Adbar, combined with their steadfast courage, keeps the orc hordes at bay. A trade-road built by the ancient dwarven king Adbar brings the dwarven ores south, and then the road branches east to Ascore and west to the fortified city of Sundabar.

From Sundabar, trade can go west overland to Silvermoon, largest city of the interior Savage Frontier. During the few short months of summer, the river Raurin is navigable enough to allow trade to flow to Everlund. Silvermoon is a strong, bustling city and it is the height of human culture in the Northern interior. Along a lone crag to its west lies the Herald's Holdfast. To its south lies the walled city of Everlund and beyond ranges the mysterious, vast High Forest, a spot rarely visited by men. The Unicorn Run emerges from the High Forest at its southern end, forming the forest's edge with the banks of Delimbiyr, the River Shining. Delimbiyr is a swift but smooth-running river that is navigable from the Unicorn Run to the fortified town of Loudwater and beyond (though, further north, travelers only seek trouble with Hellgate Keep).





Specific Trade Routes & Travel Times

These major trade routes list approximate travel times for wagons to reach their final destinations from stated points, allowing for major stops along the way. For water routes, times are given for travel coming and going to certain spots, allowing for the ocean and river currents. Foot movement along roads and trails (assuming an average load) moves at $1\frac{1}{4}$ times slower than the listed overland travel time (multiply time by 1.25), while horse travel reduces time by 60% (multiply the time by 0.4).

For example, your party is traveling on foot from Leilon to Neverwinter. A caravan takes six days to travel that distance (a difference of 11 days and 17 days out of Waterdeep on the High Road). A PC band can walk this distance in $7\frac{1}{2}$ days, arriving at Neverwinter on the eighth day out of Leilon ($6 \times 1.25 = 7.5$). To travel from Neverwinter to Mirabar adds another $16\frac{1}{4}$ days of traveling (17 and 23 days out of Waterdeep = 6 days + 7 days to Mirabar = 13 days wagon travel; $13 \times 1.25 = 16.25$ days).

If the DM wishes to use other effects on movement, use Chapter 14 of the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide*.

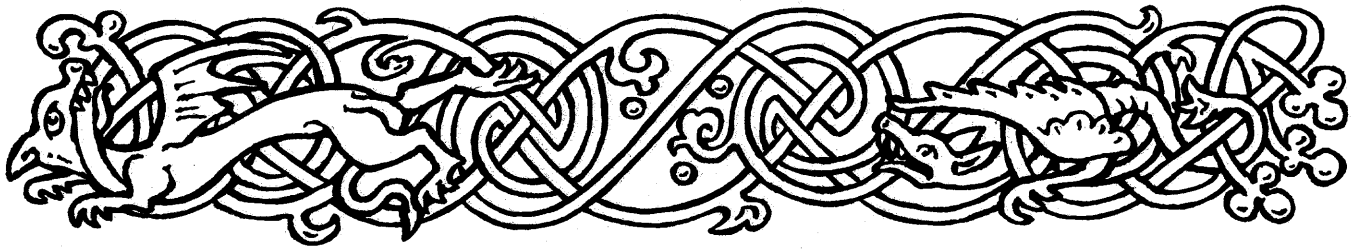
Land Routes

- Blackford Road (Luskan to Mirabar):** 7 days.
- East Trail (Waterdeep to Llorkh):** Secomber, 11 days; Loudwater, 20 days; Llorkh, 27 days.
- Evermoor Way (Triboar to Silverymoon):** Yartar, 2 days; Everlund, 15 days; Silverymoon, 20 days.
- High Road, north (Waterdeep to Luskan):** Leilon, 11 days; Neverwinter, 17 days; Port Llast, 19 days; Luskan, 23 days.
- High Road, south (Waterdeep to Baldur's Gate):** 32 days.
- Long Road, north (Waterdeep to Mirabar):** Red Larch, 7 days; Triboar, 13 days; Longsaddle, 18 days; Mirabar, 26 days.
- Silverymoon Pass (Silverymoon to Sundabar):** 6 days.

Water Routes

- Sea of Swords, Coast route by ship:** Waterdeep to Luskan, 6 days; Luskan to Waterdeep, 8 days. Waterdeep to Baldur's Gate, 9 days; Baldur's Gate to Waterdeep, 7 days.
- River Dessarin, by barge: (Waterdeep (start at Zundbridge) to Silverymoon):** Ironford, 6 days; The Stone Bridge, 14 days; Yartar, 20 days; Nesmé, 30 days; Silverymoon, 43 days. Silverymoon to Waterdeep by river, reduce all times by $\frac{1}{3}$.





Appendix Two: Skullport

Side from the Lords, their direct agents, a contingent of the city guard, and the few close-mouthed folk of the city who traffic with the lawless port, few within Waterdeep believe this legendary port city beneath the waves truly exists beyond the tavern songs of sailors and other unsavory denizens of Dock Ward. In truth, Skullport exists beneath the South Seacaves of Mount Waterdeep and, while autonomous and relatively safer than the rest, is a significant part of Undermountain's third major level.

What exactly is this place? Located on the banks of the subterranean river Sargauth, Skullport is a lawless community of shady dealings and cutthroat justice. At its simplest, Skullport is merely a dark reflection of Waterdeep: a port city (albeit, hundreds of feet below the 'surface) that buys and sells any and all things (especially those products unavailable or illegal in Waterdeep).

Skullport's Goods & Services

Skullport serves as a smuggling and trading base for stolen cargo (or cargo that is illegal in Waterdeep), and as a home for those not welcome or safe in the City of Splendors. Drugs and slaves can be found in its dark ways, and its inhabitants include mind flayers, drow, vampires, gargoyles, beholders—and worse. Laeral, the Lady Mage of Waterdeep (in addition to "Kitten" and certain Lords' agents), keeps watch on Skullport for the Lords of Waterdeep. She took on this dangerous, sometimes disgusting task because, while she sees the necessity for Skullport (to keep the City Above from open lawlessness), Khelben feels he must act when he sees its evils.

The Slavers' Trade

Slaves are the first thing most visitors to the Port of Shadow seek, having fancies of sensual pleasure-dens or eerie laboratories where screaming unfortunates have monster parts grafted onto them. Little of either such thing goes on these days—both extremes tend to drive down the monetary worth of slaves.

Most slaves are kept on Skull Isle, the large island that serves as Skullport's main docks. Here the smell of crowded captives is as far from the settlement as possible, and the slaves are kept close to washing and drinking water and to the ships that bring them or carry them away. They are also separated from a chance at escape into the monster-haunted river depths.

Skullport has always been home to "snatch bands," who can be hired to kidnap people within the port or in the city above. Its most prominent professional slaver at present is Zstulkk Ssarmn, a yuan-ti who heads a small, band of pure-blood warriors and halfbreed "whips" (jailers). Zstulkk's yuan-ti have extensive merchant contacts in the Shining South, and some are skilled in doctoring (for steep fees).

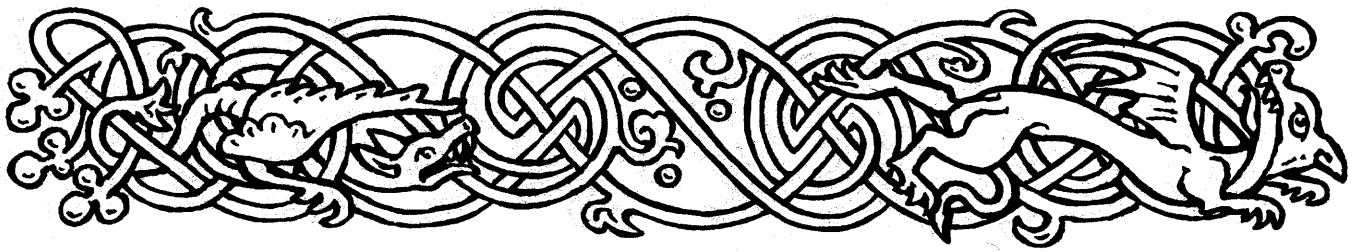
Ahmaergo "the Horned Dwarf," is the other major slaver of Skullport. He can be contacted through various "mouths and runners" at the Black Tankard. His office, somewhere under Skullport, is reached through dark sewers, and guarded by several undead beholders (death tyrants, described in the *Monstrous Manual*). Ahmaergo's horn-adorned black armor, which he never seems to remove, harbors many magical weapons. Formerly just the agent of the Eye and the Hand (see the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set), Ahmaergo was given full reign over the Eye's slaving operations north of Skullport, while the Eye continues consolidating the Xanathar Thieves' Guild (see Chapter Six of *Who's Who in Waterdeep*); the Hand, the elite snatch band of slavers under Ahmaergo's partial command—he shares this command with two other agents of the Xanathar—is made up of any number (DM's choice) of 2nd- through 4th-level fighters, all of whom are immune to *sleep-smoke* (see Chapter Seven).

A Cure for What Ails Ya . . .

Second in importance to slaves in Skullport's illicit trade markets are the wide variety of substances used to alter the senses of many different beings of the Realms—drinkables, poisons, pain-killers, and potions. These are offered at every other dark doorway and corner, but the two sources with the largest stock and best (if that's the word) reputations are Vhondryl and Shaun Taunador.

Vhondryl has permanent rooms at the Deepfires. (Some believe she may secretly own the place; she has ready access to its bodyguards and secret passages.) She is a thin,





silent, mysterious lady with chalk-white skin, knee-length blonde hair, and rather plain features. Her eyes are straw-yellow, and she is known to ardently worship Loviatar. She can supply any drink, poison, or potion known to the Realms (and all the known antidotes) on short notice, commands fabulously high prices, and has magical powers.

Her chief rival, Shaun Taunador, has lower prices but a far more sinister reputation. He does business from a barge on the Sargauth moored just off the docks, or in short-rented rooms at the Crowing Cockatrice. A mind flayer of awesome powers and a titan among his own kind, he is always surrounded by a trained bodyguard of loyal monsters (of controllable sorts) and human thugs.

When You Need To Get A Head . . .

The next most important trade in Skullport is the brisk business in cadavers and body parts. Although many dabble in this work, the present “powers” in the field are Mhaug, the Cryptkey mages, and Shradin, the Lord of Bones.

Mhaug is an annis (see Hag in the *Monstrous Manual*) who spends much of her time watching events from the doorway of her gruesome shop at the edge of the docks. She hangs corpses by the neck as ornaments until sold; the flopping-headed undead created from them are derisively called “Mhaug-hogs.”

Cryptkey Facilitation is a tomb-robbing organization active in the City of the Dead and in the countryside around Waterdeep, procuring “exhumed-to-order” corpses and body parts. The organization’s members—estimates range from eight to twelve in number—wear masks and rarely, if ever, speak. For those who wish to create undead, the mysterious mages who run Cryptkey sew up wounds, wire bones together, and fix bones and joints with magic, such as *mending* and *Nulathoe’s Ninemen* spells. Their shop in central Skullport is guarded by many undead, including an impressive skull-headed ettin and a scuttling legion of crawling claws.

Shradin’s Excellent Zombies is a dingy, run-down shop in the inner reaches of Skullport; parts of it seem more ruined than usable. The haughty, heavily-armed-with-wands Shradin, also known as the Lord of Bones, is a rather unstable archmage who has developed necromantic spells far beyond what most mages know (and is rumored to be the mentor of many of Waterdeep’s more powerful necromancers). He sells or rents out “claws” of controllable zombies, for guarding, carrying, and loading work. A claw consists of four “normal” zombies linked to the control of a “leader” (ju-ju) zombie. Shradin’s

scepters, each topped with a severed hand, enable clients to control particular “leader” zombies. The Lord of Bones himself is said to have a master “Skull-Staff” that can override all the scepters he sells.

Have Sword, Will Travel

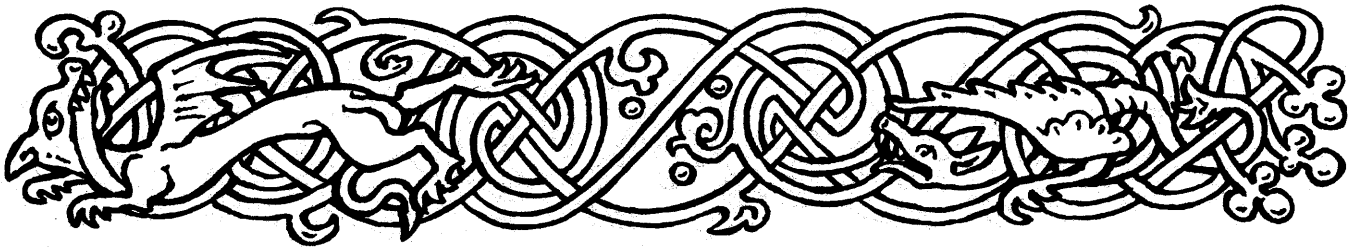
Skullport has always held an ample supply of mercenaries and swords for hire, from fully-trained and equipped bodyguards to desperate outlaws. Deserters from surface armies, adventurers down on their luck, and “bravos” (pirates too untrustworthy to serve as regular crew, or who currently lack a seaworthy ship) are always plentiful. The presence of large, organized bands of professional warriors tends to keep open, widespread warfare (as opposed to spontaneous brawls) outside Skullport itself.

The nature of this work tends to make today’s hero tomorrow’s fading memory, but two rivals currently share Skullport’s hiresword stage: Rhaunaguth and Dalagor. Rhaunaguth is a gallant, dashing, handsome former pirate who leads his band of jolly, pranksome, hard-drinking bravos into action as guards or ambush and sabotage teams in Undermountain and Waterdeep. His colorful swash-buckling style stands in sharp contrast to that of Dalagor “the Cold,” a calculating, vicious man who provides the same service with an army of ju-ju zombies and reckless curst (see the *MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM* page within the boxed set), who fear nothing—and thus make deadly opponents. There is an up-and-coming figure recently arrived in Skullport in the past few years who is usurping both mens’ businesses; known as Lord Buronae Trilluach, this half-elf has a phenomenal number of contacts throughout the Realms, and is stealing contracts away from Dalagor and Rhaunaguth. If they could find his home, Trilluach would be slain instantly; the first few assassination attempts on the man could not even penetrate his magically-summoned bodyguards, and served only to heighten tensions among the trio of mercenary lords.

Smuggling Services

Perhaps the wisest inhabitants of Skullport are those whose prices are lower, but whose trade is of less danger and wider variety than others: the traders, shippers, and moneylenders who arrange smuggling, build containers with false bottoms, or repack easily recognized stolen goods so that they can be readily resold—back to their original owners as replacements, for instance!—and so on. These beings must be shrewd to survive for long, for they cannot avoid Skullport’s many-fold intrigues.





Most powerful in this field at present are Misker and Malakuth Tabuirr. Misker is called “the Pirate Tyrant” (though not to his face) because he is an old, wart-covered, very large beholder who wears black eyepatches over two of his eyes. Those who have dwelt in Skullport a long time warn newcomers that Misker’s eyepatches do not conceal missing or damaged orbs—but unique eyes whose destructive blasts are powerful enough to easily rend dragon’s hide, magical armor, and adamantite alike! This may be mere rumor, but the wise place no bets on the success of anyone stupid enough to challenge Misker; something those wild for entertainment—or wishing to learn more about his powers—have been known to hire fools to do . . .

Misker is not the only beholder regularly found in Skullport—but the other one, Seirtych Xantaun, keeps to the shadows, operating in much greater secrecy. The beholder rivalries are legendary for cruel one-upmanship and cordial face-to-face relations, but also much death and maiming between servitor underlings in dark alleyways and in the wild depths of Undermountain. Misker is clearly the victor over his rivals in present-day Skullport—but some say that Misker lives only so long as the Eye does not to come to town . . .

Malakuth Tabuirr is a scheming drow, who worships Vhaeraun (see FOR2 *Drow of the Underdark*), and uses fellow worshippers as thieves and spies in his service. He trades poisons, deepwine, and drow armor, weaponry, and magic items in return for slaves, whom he takes into the depths (presumably to drow cities). Beautiful human and elven females command his highest offers.

The Skullport Skyline

Skullport teems with such colorful, dangerous folk, but what does the visitor actually see? Well, it’s dark—always too dark for a surface dweller’s comfort. The map in the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set, partially reprinted in this appendix, can’t show the criss-crossing and everchanging network of rickety wooden catwalks that link the homes and shops of Skullport on many levels. These provide space for hanging out washing—or the corpses of defeated foes, left as grisly trophies and warnings. They are also many-leveled stages for spectacular fast-paced and acrobatic sword fights.

The catwalks and the upper areas of the Skullport cavern are home and habitat to a wide variety of fearsome creatures. Some very sly mimics lurk about these everchanging catwalks—and, in fact, *are* parts of the catwalks. The catwalks

sometimes serve a strategic purpose for the pedestrians: In years past, a gigantic gray ooze also once lurked about Skullport, but soon became too great a problem; it was destroyed spectacularly some time ago by a group of wizards (after a long drinking bout), along with many of the nearby buildings, catwalks, bystanders, and some of the stone floor and ceiling of the cavern. Visitors to Skullport will also notice a lot of will o’ wisps drifting about; these creatures never attack directly, but try to lure the unwary out of settled areas to their dooms deep in Undermountain.

The streets also hold cages of monsters that can be bought dead or alive (for spell or potion components, experimentation, sport hunting, eating, the pleasure of their company, or guard-use). There are dung-heaps where enterprising goblins grow exotic mushrooms favored by Waterdhavian nobles, and even shops where adventurers who make it this far can purchase trophies and relics of Undermountain—such as dragon skulls—to impress folks back on the surface.

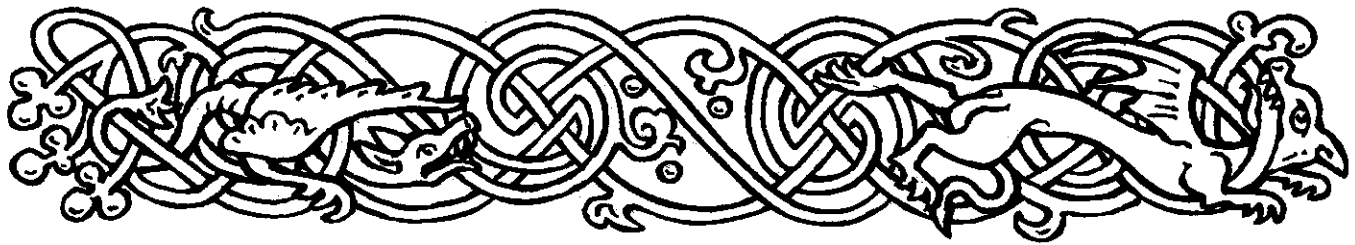
The History of Skullport

Undermountain and Skullport are inseparable in all but name, though this is one area of the Under-Realms which Halaster doesn’t include as part of his dominion. Granted, he has been known to gate in a few of his more fearsome “pets” now and again, but he himself never overtly enters Skullport. This arrangement has been in effect for the last two centuries of Skullport’s existence, all due to the power of Shradin Mulophor.

Halaster and his former apprentices all have cause to honor a pact of nonaggression with Shradin, some out of respect for his power and some from fear of the same. Strangely enough, Halaster honors the pact out of friendship—Shradin, an old comrade and contemporary from the fading lands of Netheril, has impressed his fellow wizard in his mastery of the necromantic art. Shradin is one of few men or beings to have met (nay, exceeded) Halaster’s expectations and gained his friendship. Shradin soon found his way to the Blackcloak’s domain in Undermountain. Upon finding the large skull-infested cavern, he simply asked for Skullport as a personal demesne and was granted it.

When Shradin and Halaster first discovered the cavern complex that would later become Skullport, the floating skulls were already there. Shradin’s intense investigations of these phenomena continued for nearly a decade, but how much the master necromancer learned is unknown.





Allegedly, Halaster quitted the place nearly 220 years ago and has only returned three times in the intervening years. Few pretend to know what the Master of the Underhalls thinks of this place, but many point to him as the architect of the macabre sentinels of Skullport. The truth on this matter is known only to Shradin, Halaster, and the skulls themselves, and none of them are talking.

Shradin and Halaster, it is told, took to clearing out much of the rubble of an older city within the cavern proper, a task requiring one year alone. It is said that the only building which predates those of the current Skullport is Shradin's own, the tumble-down stone building which contains his shop.

Shradin spent an additional number of years populating Skullport. The Sargauth was magically connected with deeper rivers to allow trade with the Realms Below. Shradin himself set up the initial trade routes and agreements with the Shunned Races of Toril—the drow, duergar, illithids, and svirfneblin. While a large number of Skullport's denizens began as drow and other Deep races, an increasing number of adventurers forged their way into Skullport. The Port of Shadow grew by leaps and bounds, filling the cavern within 25 years. Buildings and homes were constructed from the rubble of the previous settlement as well as wood from the various shipwrecks out on the Sea of Swords (hauled in by Shradin's undead and other agents).

Within the first eight years as an active port, Shradin and his undead engineered and constructed the massive hoist in the South Seacaves to allow direct access to the port from the Sea of Swords. With this construct came the notice of the Lords of Waterdeep. For the sake of Waterdeep's order and trade, the Lords were actually glad to hear of the existence of Skullport. Having used the Underhalls as a place to banish prisoners, Skullport was a perfect place to punish unscrupulous merchants as well as acquire rare and wondrous items not found on the surface Realms. The hoist was constructed and the Lords banished a number of truly dishonest Waterdhavian merchants to Skullport's shadowed merchants' quarter. Few lasted long, but a small number have thrived in the shadows.

After a decade of venturing down in the Deep Realms, Shradin allegedly went mad from encounters with unknown horrors lurking far away from any civilized outposts. He returned to Skullport a very unstable personage, and remains so to this day. Shradin no longer commands the respect of the dwellers and traders of the Port of Shadow, though he is still given little trouble due to his powerful wands and occasional spellcasting.

Natives of Skullport

Select Power Groups

Hired Horrors

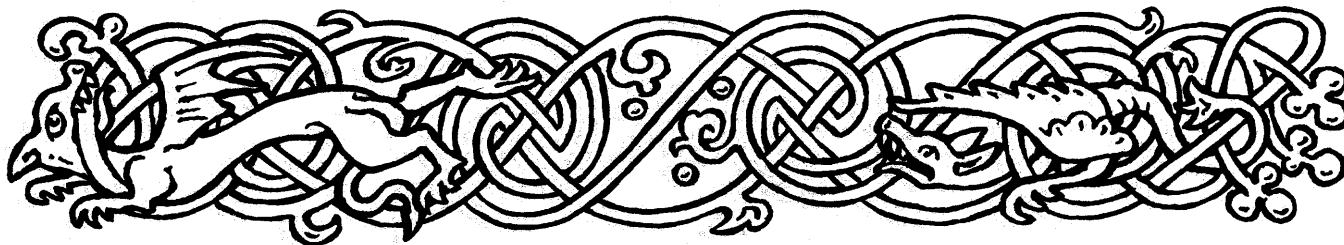
There is a company known as the Hired Horrors, run by several softspoken, gentleman mages. They breed deepspawn (beasts that produce other monsters, detailed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Set) in some secret location, and have developed spells to *teleport* such creatures into desired areas. When hired, they deliver a deepspawn directly into the home or headquarters of a client's rival or enemy—in the cellar of a Waterdhavian noble's villa, for example, or the sewers near an important warehouse. Until destroyed, the deepspawn will produce many lesser but deadly monsters.

The Skulls

The skulls of Skullport are the sentinels of order in an otherwise dangerous place. Shradin, being the first settler and merchant here, set up an unwritten code which is told to any arriving into Skullport—"This be safe haven to all traders and customers; keep thine weapons and thine uncivil tongue sheathed lest ye find the grinning skull of Death smiling in thy face." Only a select few actually believe (or even remember) this tale—many believe that the skulls set up this law even before Shradin arrived. The skulls enforce this beneficial code of behavior as well as their own code—unfortunately, they don't divulge their own code, but simply order beings to perform seemingly random tasks. Such tasks in the past have included climbing to the ceiling of the cavern and shouting a certain person's name twelve times, going to the Crock and Helm and polishing the bar, venturing north of the city and into the caverns to retrieve ten rocks of a certain color, or buying a slave of a certain name and setting him/her loose into the Sargauth. At times, the skulls' demands seem illogical, but the power they appear to wield keeps few from ignoring their requests. They rarely make requests of clearly powerful beings, though trouble makers and braggart adventurers often find themselves subject to the more degrading of tasks ("Go help that poor goblin harvest his mushrooms, eh?").

If the rule of safe haven is broken or if a being refuses to follow the dictates of one of the skulls, they summon a wizshade to escort the offending being(s) from the Port of Shadow. If met with steel or spell, the wizshade will attack in kind, removing the lawbreaker from the port dead or alive and with as much or as little destruction as necessary.





Of course, long-time natives of Skullport, few as they are, also tend to deal harshly with those who do not follow the law of Skullport: They have learned by example how much destruction (and lost profit) comes from having the wizshades arrive. Many of the merchants, as well as some frequent customers, will escort any and all wrong-doers away from their businesses—if not out of Skullport altogether—to prevent undue damage to their goods when things get out of hand.

Select NPCs of Skullport

Aekyl Dafyre (N hm T5; DEX 17, CON 15, CHA 16): Aekyl Dafyre is a short, dour human with thin, brown hair pulled back into a ponytail, a pencil-thin moustache, and a dark complexion. His mood is almost always bad, most people only hearing grunts and grumbles when they speak to him. Nearly 20 years past, Aekyl was the premier cartographer and guide through Undermountain's uppermost levels, guiding thrill-seeking nobles and guard patrols through the twisting tunnels of Halaster's lair. His sense of direction and skill at map-making were legend . . . until the corridors, and his luck, took a wrong turn.

Escorting a trio of nobles through the northwestern passages of Undermountain's Level Two, Aekyl took an unfamiliar path, thanks to Halaster's teleport *gates*, and he failed to recognize warning signs of active monsters. Soon after, the party was ambushed by two owlbears. Aekyl and one of the nobles escaped with their lives, but Aekyl lost the use of his left arm due to severe clawing by one monster. Once safe in the Yawning Portal, the noble ordered him arrested for the murder of their companions. In a panic, Aekyl fled back into Undermountain, and made his way to Skullport.

His injured arm prevented him from safely adventuring and his map-drawing career ground to a halt. With his meager savings, he secured rooms at The Deepfires, and began drowning his sorrows for days and nights on end. The skulls took notice of him, sending him into the caverns east of Skullport to find a "dragon's tooth." Aekyl returned to Skullport unharmed with a magical short sword of dancing ("Dragon's Tooth" carved into the blade in Dethek runes), a pouch full of emeralds, and a pair of boots. The skulls simply nodded and let him keep his spoils.

Aekyl now operates his new mapping shop close to the Deepfires, his customers keeping him well-fed and clothed in style. His magical *boots of guiding* now do the mapping for him, though his customers don't know this. All Aekyl

does is walk through the dungeons with slow careful steps. After covering the areas required by his contracts, he returns to his shop, removes his boots and, on a command word, the boots shrink to the size of rice grains and retrace the previous day's steps in permanent marks on parchments or vellum. His maps are well known as "Aekyl's bootprints," and their accuracy on a map for the Lords of Waterdeep secured a dismissal of charges for Aekyl's alleged crime. Now, Aekyl prefers the intrigues (and profits) of Skullport, and plans an indefinite stay in the area.

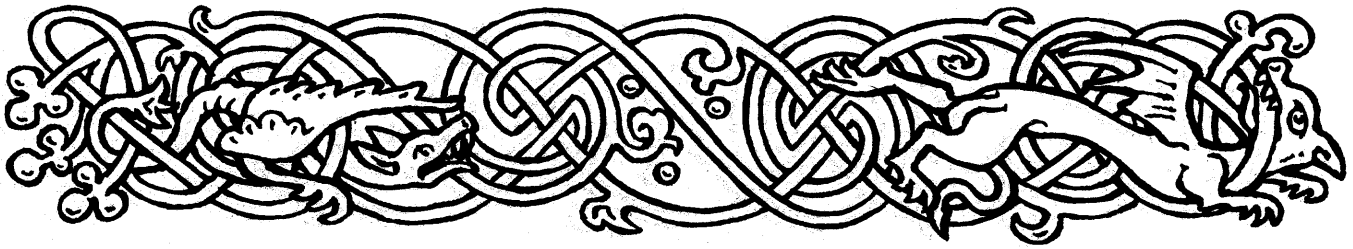
Irusyl Eraneth (CG hf W25; DEX 18, INT 18): A known information broker, Irusyl can often be found in the Burning Troll and the Deepfires in Skullport, always seated in the back facing the door. Her long, black hair and arched eyebrows are about all any can make out of her features, the rest obscured by heavy, black robes and a hood. Irusyl buys and sells knowledge from and to anyone, and hears every rumor, large or small, that is uttered in the taverns of the cities above and below.

Irusyl is simply a magical disguise and identity that Laeral, the Lady Mage of Waterdeep, uses while she is in Skullport; only the Lords, Khelben Arunsun, Kylia, and Duhlark Kolat are aware of this.

Shradin Mulophor (NE hm W(N)21; INT 19): For all intents and purposes, Shradin Mulophor is an unstable, doddering old mage who many believe stays alive "only because of his marginal usefulness with undead." In truth, Shradin is the Lord of Skullport, though he makes sure no one realizes that fact. He fakes his "insanity and instability" to promote his foes' underestimation of his power and ability. Without having to openly show his power, he is left in peace by the many unscrupulous inhabitants of the Port of Shadow. If there are any foolish enough to steal from Shradin's own shop, there are none left alive to talk of it.

Shradin's shop takes the majority of the space in his building, the laboratory and main sales room occupying more than half of the total building. There is a small room in the back with Shradin's sleeping pallet and a small chest, but this is simply a front. Concealed behind a lethal yet impressive array of deadly magics is a secret trapdoor which leads down beneath Skullport. The main dungeon covers two different levels, both extending to the north and west under the port. Formerly a temple to a lost god of the kuo-toan race, Shradin has created a luxurious palace filled with magical and monetary treasures. He has shared these





secrets with only four people in the past 200 years: Halaster, Raella Hiess, Laeral (under her alias as Irusyl Eraneth), and Vhondryl. He trusts these people enough to drop his façade of the idiot (though he wonders where Irusyl's loyalties lie) when in private and they are privy to secrets of Skullport many spies from the City Above would give their souls to hear.

Shradin, despite his unassuming role as a fool, carries an impressive and daunting collection of magical paraphernalia on his person at all times. In full view, he wears a *cowl of warding*, *bracers of defense AC 5*, a *cloak of reflection*, a *wand of fire*, a *wand of paralyzation*, a *ring of protection +3*, and a *ring of the ram*. Hidden from view, Shradin also habitually carries a Netherese *blast scepter*, a *wand of fear*, a *wand of size alteration*, and a *horned ring*, a gift from Halaster. His spellbooks contain every known necromantic spell in the Realms.

Sangalor of the Secrets (LN illithid P(Sp) 11 of Oghma): Sangalor is a strange being indeed: an old, soft-spoken and gentlemanly sage who always wears dark red, purple, or black robes, covered with glyphs and runes. His trade is finding out secrets for inquirers who pay well; this vocation is in no way hampered—though his clientele is kept small, and tending towards the desperate who cannot afford to bargain with Irusyl Eraneth—by the fact that Sangalor is an illithid, his tentacles and hairless head mottled white with age. “He” (though illithids are sexless, Sangalor’s deep voice and occasional interest in the company of human females leads most folk of Skullport to regard him as “male”) is a specialty priest of Oghma. The human females, by the way, are sages and specialty priests of Oghma that Sangalor is teaching lore to—his special service to Oghma’s priesthood.

As a devout and energetic worshipper, Sangalor enjoys the spells available to human priests of the deity, and all the abilities of a specialty priest, as detailed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® *Adventures* sourcebook. Over the years, this quiet but effective adventurer has amassed a large (and well-hidden, in many small caches, guarded by traps and various sorts of guardian monsters) collection of scrolls and magic items. He can use these to trade for more exotic magic, save his life by unleashing surprising power when threatened, aid fellow faithful of Oghma, or take revenge on encountered foes.

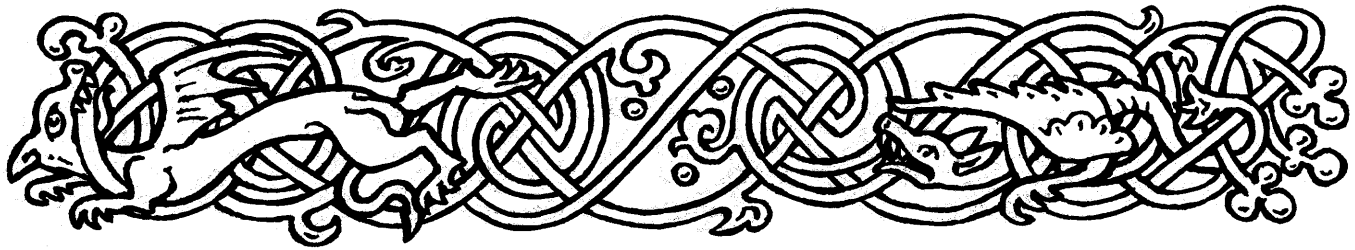
Sangalor can be hired to “question” particularly recalcitrant (and valueless) prisoners by devouring their brains and thereby (through spells he has developed) clearly gain 2d4 of their hidden thoughts, though he is reluctant to give in to this temptation too often, as he feels it’s part of the baser nature of illithids that he has risen above. He will never use it against good or neutral beings. This fatal interrogation will always focus on a specific name, word, or site Sangalor is after— thoughts can be gained despite magical safeguards, with the first one sought 77% likely to be found, the second 66% likely, and so on, down to a minimum chance of 22%.

Sangalor has amassed relevant spells and an expert technique for interrogation (and at making the being forget all about the interview, afterward), and thereby makes a living charging 10-100 gold pieces per answer (the price varying with time and danger involved, importance, and amount of discretion guaranteed).

Sangalor enjoys most learning the secrets of others. He loves playing a “father confessor” to citizens of Skullport and Waterdeep alike. He reserves his chief hatred for the arrogant behavior of most other mind flayers, his evil brethren (many of whom, upon learning of his station and lifestyle, attack him). In the short term, Sangalor is interested in forming an alliance with a company of adventurers, so that he can rely on their protection in occasional, highly-dangerous adventuring forays, and use them to seek out and slay all hostile illithids in the vicinity of Waterdeep, Skullport, and Undermountain. If he can’t do this through friendship and an exchange of aid and services, he will try to do it covertly, by manipulation.

Vhondryl (LE hf Psi14; WIS 17, CHA 18): Vhondryl is one of the top potions dealers in the Port of Shadow, though she keeps a low profile by working through intermediaries. Only buyers of truly rare or dangerous concoctions deal directly with Vhondryl—the petty poisons not worth her time away from “managing The Deepfires.” This quiet and cryptic lady can truly supply any drink, poison, or potion known on Toril, but commands fabulously high prices; many find the prices reasonable given the rarity of some requests. Never one to be cheated or threatened, she has strong powers of the mind (though she hasn’t advanced further with her powers in over ten years). (If your campaigns do not use the *Complete Psionics Handbook* or psionics, Vhondryl can be changed to a 13th-level transmuter (specialist wizard).) Her psionic powers are the following:





Psionic Strength: 171 points.

Psychoportation: Banishment (14), Teleport (15), Teleport Other (12); Dimensional Door (17), Dimension Walk (16), Teleport Trigger (15), Time Shift (16), Time/Space Anchor (14).

Psychometabolism: Energy Containment (16); Body Control (14), Cell Adjustment (15).

Psychokinetics: Detonate (15).

Telepathy: No sciences; Contact (17), False Sensory Input (14), Identity Penetration (14), Psionic Blast (14).

Psionic Defense Modes: All

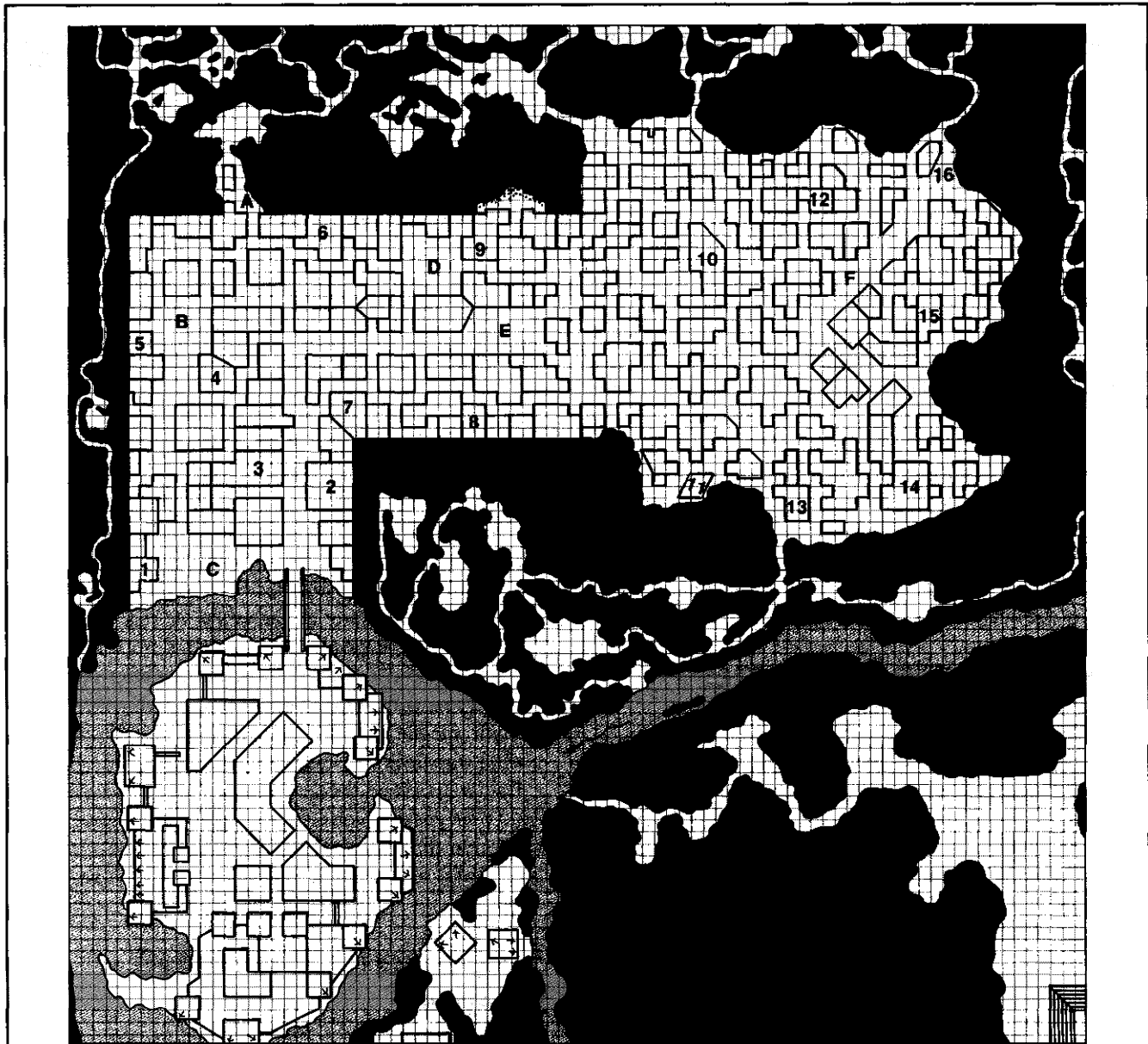
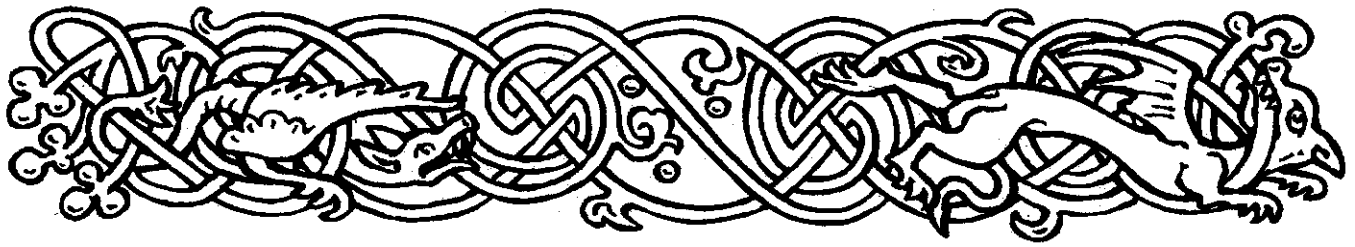
Vhondryl has rooms at The Deepfires as a secret gift from Raella Hiess, the behind-the-scenes proprietress of The Deepfires. Vhondryl lets people believe she owns the establishment, while Raella, an accomplished mage (LN hf W10), acts as a simple barmaid. Raella and Vhondryl have been companions for years, having saved each other's lives mutual times. Vhondryl knows that Raella uses the inn as a place to collect information for the Lords of Waterdeep, but this is kept between the two of them. Raella and Irusyl Eraneth are close acquaintances, and exchange information often; Laeral (Irusyl) describes Vhondryl as a "powerful but vain and petty potion-peddler."

News & Rumors of Skullport

- For about eight years, a small group of dwarves had laid claim to a cave under Skull Isle—a cave with walls and floor of solid mithral! The cave is accessed through the Skullpool river basin, and only small-sized demihumans fit through the tunnel which surfaces into the cavern. What mithral they mined was converted into weapons and armor at Thaglar's Foundry. Mysteriously, no one had seen any dwarves, including Thaglar, for two months; upon investigating the cave, there was no mithral to be found, or anything else of value either—the dwarves and their treasure apparently vanished into thin air!
- Over the years, various frightened people have been found drifting in the River Sargauth, fished out just before they died, and their stories have begun to overlap and set people to wondering exactly what lurks beneath the Sargauth. The reports, gasped out in desperation, involve "gold awash with blood, and thousands of eyes—horrible green eyes!"; "silver-edged water and waves with teeth"; and "Beware the gibbering torrent! It hungers for metal and blood!"

- A number of slaver ships that travel the inner reaches of the Sargauth have begun complaining about more frequent shipwrecks along the northern reaches above the Lair of the Eye (see the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set); while they passed the wrecks, they were pursued by something moving incredibly swiftly beneath the water. One cabin boy reported seeing a silver dorsal fin on a black-scaled humanoid body. While few are fully believing this story, many more mercenaries are being hired as onboard guards.
- Rumors abound about Sangalor moving to the surface once the temple to Oghma is complete in Waterdeep; while many talk of this, Sangalor remains quiet on his plans (though he has settled many of his outstanding affairs and has been looking to sell his home . . .).
- While no one can pinpoint where and when it will strike, a nyth has made Skullport its home, posing as a caged driftglobe light. It usually strikes lone targets and then moves to a new location; nine people have been found dead within seven weeks of its arrival.
- For now, the *Crown of Horns* rests on the brow of Nhyris D'Hotheck, a pureblooded yuan-ti who is becoming a growing power in Skullport, and Myrkul is relishing the unique evils and dangers of the subterranean port city. Myrkul, through the *Crown*, is manipulating his host into inciting a coup and taking over Zstulkk Ssarmn's slaving operations; they are quite cautious and moving slowly at this task, stealing some slaves and turning them into shadowrath (see the MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM sheet), causing problems for Ssarmn and others in Skullport.
- The Eye, now posing as the Xanathar, used his agents to manipulate another beholder from Skullport, Uthh, into attacking Xanathar in the sewers below Waterdeep; once Xanathar defeated Uthh, the Eye moved in, easily destroyed the weakened Xanathar, and absorbed its operations. Now, with his slaving affairs in Undermountain and Skullport managed by Ahmaergo, the Eye (as the Xanathar) is one of most powerful beings in the region, and his power grows steadily (and only a few select beings know that the Eye and Xanathar are now one and the same).
- Deep within the shadows of Skullport lurks the mysterious Rag Mage. No one can say how long he's been at the port, but only in the past year has he been tagged with his current title, due to his apparent creation and engineering of the raggamoffyn.





Skullport Map Key

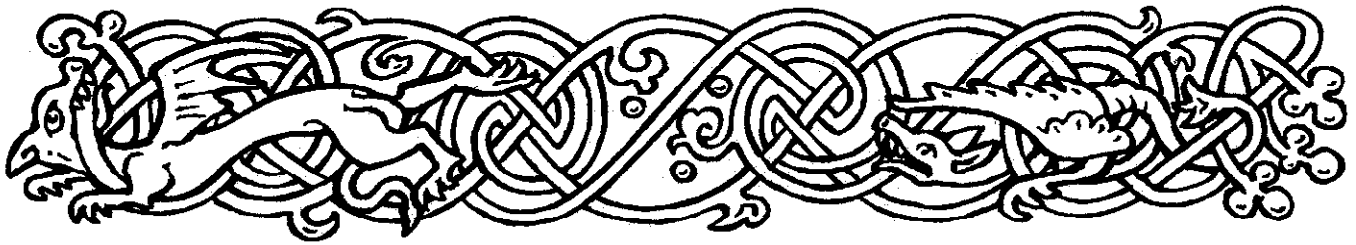
D= dwelling; I= inn; M= merchant/business; T= tavern

1. Mhaug's (M)
2. The Hired Horrors (M)
3. The Burning Troll (T)
4. The Black Tankard (T)
5. Skullport Isle Registry (M)
6. Gyudd's Distillery (M)
7. The Crowing Cockatrice (I)
8. Cryptkey Facilitations (M)
9. Misker's Manse (D)
10. Guts & Garters (I)
11. Shradin's Excellent Zombies (M)

12. The Crock and Helm (I)
13. The Thrown Gauntlet (T)
14. The Deepfires (I)
15. Malakuth Tabuirr's Townhouse
16. Thaglar's Foundry (M)

- A. Shadow Pass
 B. Herald's Meet
 C. Slavers' Market
 D. Skulls' Square (Pillory and Stocks)
 E. Trade Lane
 F. Illithid Way





Appendix Three: The Blue Alley

Whenever PCs are talking in taverns or shops in Waterdeep, and they volunteer or confirm that they are adventurers, the reply will be a grin and the query: “Ahh, have ye tried the Blue Alley yet, then?” All Waterdhavians know that a mad, reclusive mage, whose name they never knew, constructed the Blue Alley to afford himself endless amusement as various adventurers explored it. (He was quite rich, and an adventurer himself.) Some say this mad mage still watches visitors encounter the alley’s perils, making bets with colleagues on the victims’ probable success. All Waterdhavians know that the Blue Alley is in Sea Ward; all in the Sea Ward know it opens off Ivory Street. Its name derives from the faintly-glowing blue paving stones underfoot. (The color will fade if pieces are chipped off, or stones are pried loose.) To anyone looking into the alley, a carved stone face (1A) is immediately visible. Nothing else out of the ordinary is apparent from this vantage.

1A. Carved Stone Face

The carved stone face is that of a scared human, twisted in fear; the mouth and eyes are holes that apparently go deep into the stone wall. Anyone who pushes a metal weapon into any of the holes receives 1d6 points of electrical damage per attempt or round of continuous contact. Nothing else happens.

In the open mouth rests a single convex crystal lens that radiates a *dweomer* to any magic detection. It is the left eyepiece of a pair of *eyes of the eagle*. As soon as the lens is touched, a *magic mouth* appears on the face’s forehead, laughing in a dry, mocking male voice, and a flaming portcullis instantly falls at 1B.

1B. Flaming Portcullis

A flaming portcullis falls from apparently empty air, but exploration reveals a ceiling created by a wall of force or similar means that cannot be seen. The portcullis itself cannot be climbed over or pushed out of the way. Normal chances to bend bars or lift gates apply, but unless the person or persons attempting this are magically protected against fire, they suffer 1d6 points of fire damage per round or part of a round of contact.

Note that this is fire, not heat damage per se. Metal

gauntlets allow two rounds of “safe” contact before they heat enough to cause damage as from a priest’s *heat metal* spell. Gauntlets stay hot for another round of contact, and then become searing, doing the appropriate damage. They continue to be searing until shaken off, or at the end of one round after the portcullis is released, whereupon they are hot for another two rounds, then cool enough to do no further damage (unless the victim touches the portcullis again). Eleven hours after falling, the portcullis rises again of its own volition.

2. Behind The Ivory Door

This room is entered through an unlocked, ornately carved ivory door showing a mighty warrior, sword held aloft, battling a dragon. Should anyone try to pry loose or tear away any of the ivory, or remove the door from its hinges, a gust of wind bursts from the door and forces the offender away from it, ceasing after one round. The ivory remains intact, despite blows with artifacts, great strength, missile weapons, and the like, and releases a gust of wind whenever a heavy blow is struck upon it.

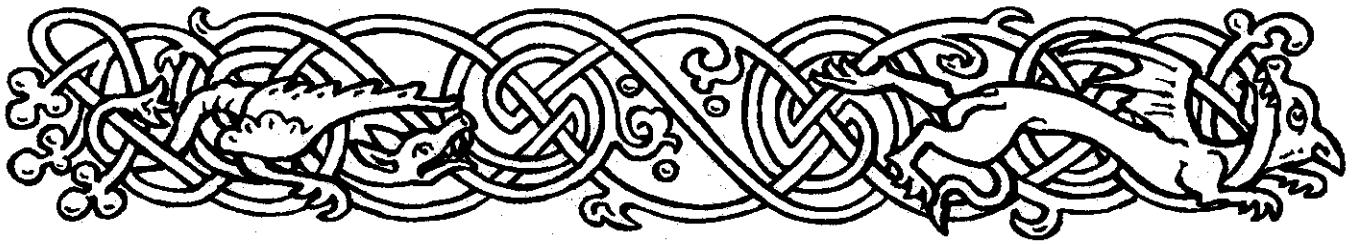
The room beyond the door contains only a small, flat package of oiled paper, which collapses (obviously cut apart) if lifted up. Within the package is a two-inch long *sword of sharpness*, useless unless enlarged—except to cut off the user’s fingers.

3A. Featherlight Steps

A short flight of six steps leads up to a small, daylit room (3B). The fourth step is cracked, and anyone examining it carefully finds a small rectangular button of the same material as the step hidden within the crack. If the button is pushed, the step clicks and rises an inch or so. It can be swung upward to reveal a cavity containing a normal dagger, a scroll with two mending spells, a stoppered glass vial, and a gold neck-chain worth 17 gp.

The potion in the vial is cursed. Anyone who takes even the smallest sip must save vs. poison at -2; failure results in being *feble-minded* for 1d4 turns. Success and failure both result in feathers appearing on the drinker’s chest.





3B. It's The Pits

This room, with its 30-foot-high vaulted ceiling, is lit by daylight streaming through two open, arched windows in the north and east walls. These windows open onto views of a forest of green trees, with chirping birds and soft rustlings, with a mossy forest floor visible just below the windowsill. The "ground" is solid, and can be walked on, but the forest is an illusion. When at least one person has walked at least 10 feet from a window, the stone slab balanced on a center axle—also of stone—flips, tossing the unwary adventurer headfirst into a 40-foot-deep shaft ending in sharpened wooden stakes (falling damage plus 1d6 points additional damage). Adventurers who survive the fall can easily climb the shaft's stone walls, but if they cannot heave up the slab at the top, they must pry up stones at the shaft's bottom.

Lifting the slab requires a combined Strength of 20. Note that someone trying to climb out could well be knocked back down by someone else out on the slab, either accidentally or purposefully to aid the first victim.

At the shaft's bottom, PCs can hear running water, but only faintly. If they pry up stones there, they can drop 20 feet into Waterdeep's sewers.

Anyone going out one of the windows and trying to climb the outside wall is struck by a moving slab of stone above, knocked onto the pivoting slab, and dumped immediately into the pit.

In the room itself is a carved stone table in which are cut nonsensical runes. A rough keyhole is visible among them. The entire table is under a *Nystul's magic aura* spell. The lock must be picked, whereupon the tabletop swings up to reveal a shallow recess and discharge a hail of small, black darts. These are +4 to hit unless the tabletop is raised with a 10-foot pole or similar means. The darts are poisoned and cause dizziness (-3 Dex, -2 attack penalty) for 1-8 turns, with no saving throw. The poison dries quickly in air, and is inactive 5 rounds after the darts fire.

In the table's recess is a money-ring: A brass hand ring onto which have been threaded 18 taols. A twist latch allows individual coins to be added and removed. Beside the ring is a small, silver metal badge shaped like a tree (a *Quaal's feather token - tree*).

4. Step Lightly

This staircase climbs steeply upward. In the central section is one step that affects each creature within 10 feet each time it is stepped on. All beings in the area of effect fall prey to a *reverse gravity* spell, striking the sloping

ceiling above the stairs for 1d6 points of damage and then falling down, striking the steps for another 1d6 points of damage, as well as tumbling down the stairs. Two successful Dexterity checks avoid the fall; fragile carried items must make several saving throws vs. crushing blow.

Anyone falling as far as the bottom of the staircase causes a *magic mouth* to appear on the south wall; it merely laughs in a male voice.

5. Dragged from The Grave

This dark corridor is home to a row of six zombies, all of whom are grotesquely dressed in splendid noble ladies' gowns of green, burgundy, yellow, and flame-red silk. They shuffle forward to attack inexorably; if the undead are turned by a paladin or priest, they form pairs and waltz back into their corridor. Odd zombies without partners waltz with an imaginary partner.

Zombies (6): Int Non-; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 12 x6; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SD immune to sleep, charm, hold, and cold-based spells; always strike last.

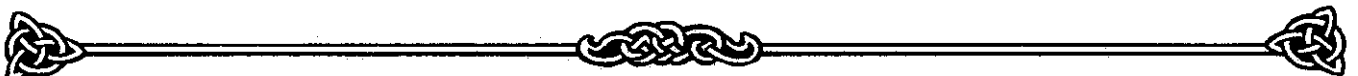
6. Sword and Stone

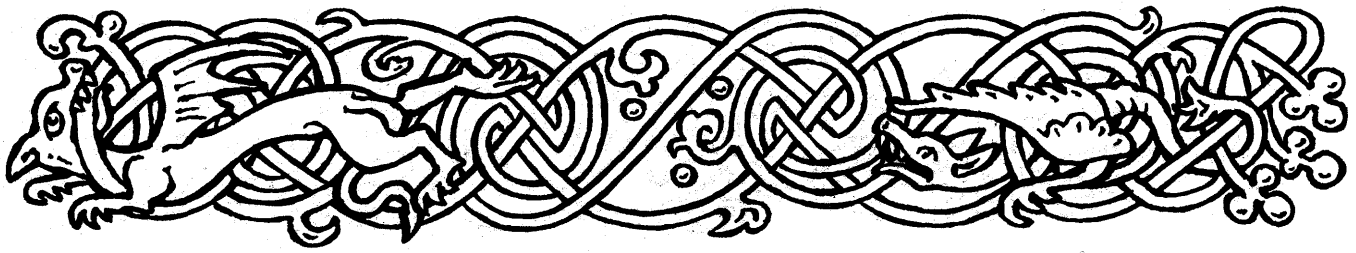
A stair leads to this stone room. Halfway to its 40-foot-high ceiling hangs a gleaming sword, motionless in midair, point down. It levitates above a stone dais holding a fist-sized gem, glowing with a white radiance.

The sword is an animated, enchanted flying blade. It attacks the first creature to touch the *spell crystal* on the dais beneath it, flashing straight for its chosen target and instantly drawing back 10 feet whether or not its strike is successful, readying for its next attack. It hits as a 14th-level fighter, twice per round, and pursues until its chosen victim escapes by spell or physical barrier or is destroyed. If the victim escapes, the sword waits tirelessly for the victim to reenter its detection range—forever, if need be.

Flying blade: AL N; AC 4; MV 24; HD 2; hp 12; THAC0 8; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8; SD immune to cold, fire, lightning, and heat-based attacks.

The blade transmits all effects listed above to the victim of its next strike. The blade cannot be psionically or magically controlled or affected by enchantment/charm spells, as it has no mind. It strikes only at its chosen victim, ignor-





ing all others who attack it. It can only be held back by a Strength of 24; otherwise, it tears free of M- or L-size opponents, and drags S-size opponents along with it. Upon being destroyed, it shatters with a bell-like ringing, and crumbles into metal filings of electrum and iron. (It is made not of steel, but of electrum-plated iron.)

The *spell crystal* is a natural rock crystal, whose enspelling process is a secret known to few. Within it is trapped the magical energy of two spells cast into it, which appears as glowing, dancing flecks of light. (Spell crystals may contain up to six spells of any level, of both priest and wizard types, which must be cast into it at the time of its making.) To release the spells, a being holds the crystal in its bare hands and speaks the name of the desired spell aloud while visualizing the effects, with target, direction, and so on in mind.

An *identify* spell is needed to learn this crystal's contents, as stored spells cannot be visually distinguished or even counted. It contains *control weather* and *spider climb* (the latter will last 10 rounds). Once these are cast, the crystal is drained of power, and shatters. It cannot be recharged, nor can spells from a *spell crystal* be reused, copied, or stored in another form. Anyone of any race or class who can speak and concentrate can use a spell crystal.

7. Gotchal

This 10-foot-square cubicle is a disused ambush trap; it contains a crossbow on a massive wooden tripod, which is intended to be fired down through a murder hole at creatures on the landing of the stairs leading up to 6. The hole and a sighting hole above it are concealed from creatures on the landing by a *permanent illusion* of solid stone.

However, the crossbow has been turned around, and its trigger is attached by a thin wire to the entry door of this cubicle; anyone opening the door, which swings outward into 6, faces a crossbow bolt fired at point blank range. The most likely character to be hit must make three successive successful Dexterity checks to avoid the bolt. If hit, the PC takes 2-5 points of damage, and then rises just over a foot into the air (the bolt is one of levitation) and hangs there, unable to move up, down, or horizontally by will for 2-5 turns.

The victim can move by pushing against walls or floor with any weapons long enough to reach. The victim's feet always remain pointed down, so some awkward bending at the middle is necessary if the weapon is short. Companions can also tow the victim around, or drag him to the ground with 250 pounds in addition to his own weight. The afflicted

one must be pinned for the duration of the spell, however, or bob back up again. A *dispel magic* ends the effect.

There is only one bolt in the crossbow, and no others in the chamber (nor anything else of value).

8. R and R

This room is for rest and relaxation, its floor covered with lush red carpeting, walls lined with bookshelves filled with current light reading. Two comfortable chairs face each other across a small, round wooden table on which rests a bowl of nuts. A fireplace stands in the north-west corner, blazing with a warm fire—a magical one, needing no fuel save the occasional magic item.

Any item with a dweomer brought into contact with the flames is instantly drained as by a rod of *cancellation*, but only artifacts and relics get a saving throw. The item is drained forever.

Over the mantel hangs a polished copper shield: A *shield -1, missile attractor* that can be used as a mirror, its surface gleams so cleanly.

Hidden behind the books on one top shelf, eight feet from the floor, are three scrolls containing one *cure light wounds* spell each.

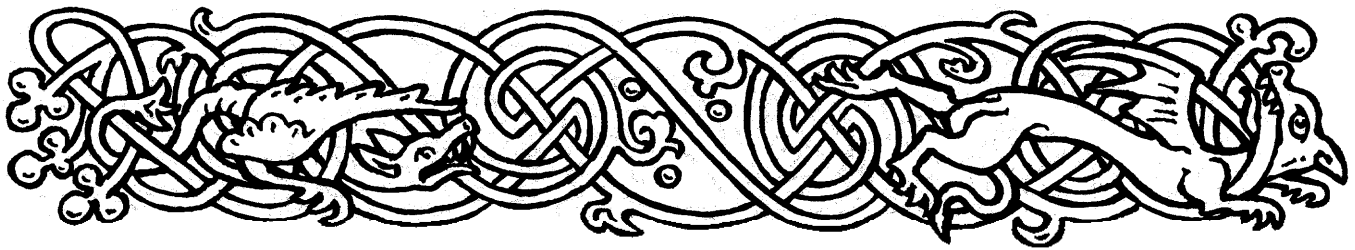
Anyone who examines the nuts finds them to be of an unknown type, radiating a faint dweomer. An *identify* has no effect; eating one causes the eater's ears to glow bright blue for 2-12 rounds, but has no other ill effects. The nuts are greatly nourishing: Each one (the bowl holds 36) serves a being as one day's rations, and causes the eater to feel comfortably full after eating it. If thrown into the fire, they explode doing all within seven feet of the fire 1-2 points of fire damage.

Under the table is a small, flat, wooden box the size of one's palm. If touched, a *magic mouth* appears briefly on the underside and says in a tremulous female voice: "Ooh, HELP! Help! Let me out! Oh, please! Let me out!" If the box is smashed, broken, or cut open, or pried apart, an even smaller iron box is revealed that immediately begins to grow to three-foot-square size. This box has two hinges on one side, a clearly-visible seam around it, and a simple snap latch (without a lock) opposite the hinges.

Anyone touching the box suffers 2-12 points of electrical damage each round of contact. If the box is opened, a will o'wisp flies out and attacks all living creatures it sees.

Will o'wisp: Int Exceptional; AL CE; AC -8; MV Fl 18 (A); HD 9; hp 56; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16; SA electric charge; SD immune to all except *magic missile*





9. Caryatid Captive

A secret door leads to a woman's bedchamber. She is Nallana (CG hf F2), former mistress to the cruel mage Keilier Twistbeard, and she is chained here by her wrists and ankles. Twelve-foot-long chains connect to an iron ring about a stone column in the center of the room. Nallana demands her release through her tears. She is clad only in filthy rags and her knee-length black hair. Nallana knows nothing of her surroundings as she was drugged and put here while unconscious, years ago. Her sustenance comes from a bowl and a *Murlynd's spoon*, and she is heartily sick of the gruel it produces.

There is nothing else in the room except a latrine hole; drinking water flows from a hole in the wall just above it, and washes down the latrine. Nallana fears she is going insane, and promises anything to anyone releasing her. If the PCs want her to join the party, she gladly agrees.

Anyone severing more than one of Nallana's chains causes the column in the center of the room to change its form, releasing the ring of chains, and activate. It is a caryatid column resembling Nallana in form (another of her former lover's cruel jokes; the sight horrifies her). The caryatid column attacks those who freed her, ignoring Nallana. It continues killing all living creatures in the room until only she remains, but does not slay her; it only takes up her chains again, and resumes its guardpost.

Caryatid Column (Stone Golem Variant): Int Non-; AL N; AC 5; MV 6; HD 5; hp 22; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SD +4 to all saving throws; hit only by magical weapons, but pluses do not apply (a *long sword* +2 does normal long sword damage); SZ M (7'); ML 20; XP 420.

10. Opposites Attract

A 10-foot-square *mirror of opposition* hangs here, from which steps an exact double of every party member who looks into it, complete with any magic items. When such 'doubles' are brought to 0 hit points, they and their items vanish. The mirror produces only one duplicate per person; once a character's double has been slain, that PC can look into the *mirror* without creating a second double. Doubles pursue their originals inexorably, until one of the two is destroyed. Duplicates cannot be charmed.

The *mirror* is hinged, and swings upward easily to reveal a corridor heading east. Characters striking the *mirror*

attempting to shatter it suffer the damage of their own blows reflected back fully upon them, with no saving throw. The mirror is unaffected.

11. Why Did It Have To Be...

This door is mechanically trapped. As it is pushed open, a counterweighted stone block swings down from the ceiling 10 feet behind—that is, to the west of—the door, smashing anyone standing in the doorway or behind it for 2d12 points of damage, hurling them into the next room. Characters making a successful Dexterity check avoid the striking stone, leap aside, and take no damage. The falling stone automatically swings up again two rounds later, pulling the door closed; thus, anyone wishing to open the door again must do so and dive hastily through, hoping that no danger awaits beyond. On the floor where they must dive, is the illusion of a snake, coiled to strike.

12. It's The Pits (Again?)

This room contains nothing. Persons entering to search for secret doors or treasure find that the floor collapses, dumping them 20 feet into a damp pit lined at the bottom with rough stones (falling damage applies). This pit is empty save for one rather chewed human thigh-bone. The rough walls are easily climbed, and the floor stays down for 12 turns. A character trapped here can dig down into the sewers of Waterdeep, as in #3B. This is a slow process: Four feet of dirt and stones must be penetrated.

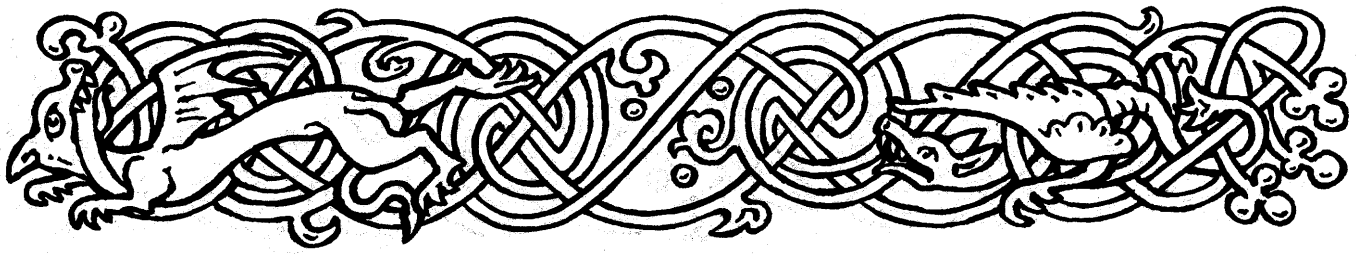
13. Eenie-Meenie-Minie-Mo

In slots on the west wall of this chamber are three glowing crystal levers. All are in the up position.

Pulling the left-hand lever brings a shower of hundreds of gold pieces out of nowhere. The cascade of metal causes 1-2 points of damage to the lever-puller. As it hits the floor, the gold promptly vanishes again; only pieces that are caught or become lodged in clothing or gear are retained. The lever returns to the Up position by itself. Pulling it a second time has no effect.

When the central lever is pulled, a glowing *dagger* +1 appears. It radiates a *dweomer*, but is made of wood and does no damage. The lever returns to the Up position on its own accord, and further activation has no effect.





The right-hand lever works as often as it is activated. When pulled, it causes a magical vortex to envelop the lever-puller only, stripping the PC of all items and clothing worn or carried, doing 1d4 points of damage in the process. The vortex whirls items into the air above the reach of PCs at dazzling speed, then vanishes in a *teleport* that takes nonliving items only with it. (Items taken reappear in a pile in room #27.)

Each magic item receives a saving throw vs. spell equal to the PC owner's, up to a number of items equal to the number of hands the affected character has to spare (PC's choice of items). If saves are successful, the PC is assumed to have kept hold of those items. As stated above, this lever works repeatedly; the lever rises with the vortex.

The crystal levers can be broken by physical attacks. Each shatters after taking 5 points of damage, resulting in a violent explosion of released magical energy equal in effect to a *Mordenkainen's disjunction* spell. That is, all scrolls, potions, and magic items within 3 feet must save versus *dispel magic* or become normal and nonmagical, spells being cast and permanent items included. Artifacts or relics have a 24% chance of being destroyed. Aside from possible arrivals of powerful beings upset at the destruction of "their" artifacts, and the possible permanent loss of all spellcasting abilities (save vs. spell at -4 to avoid), all within 3 feet of an artifact or relic being destroyed suffer 2d12 points of blast damage.

14. Eagle-eye Revisited

Unobtrusive but readily visible seams outline a doorway within this pillar. PCs have a 1 in 6 chance of noticing the outlines, increased to 2 in 6 for dwarves, elves, half-elves, and thieves. Those deliberately examining the pillar find the seams automatically. The door has neither latch nor lock; pushing on one side causes the other to pivot outward. When open, the door reveals a one-foot-tall, eight-inch-wide, six-inch-deep recessed opening at about waist height. Inside is a mildewy bundle: A rotting cloak wrapped around a knapsack, which reeks of the moldering food inside, and a leather pouch containing 18 gp, 5 sp, and 3 cp. Wrapped in a scrap of leather amidst the food is a convex crystal lens—the right eyepiece of the *eyes of the eagle*, matching the lens at 1A.

15. Says Who?

This circular chamber contains a waist-high, cylindrical, stone plinth on which rests a single gold piece. When it is touched (not necessarily removed), a dry male

voice says "Congratulations" in an ironic tone. The voice is that of Keilier, through a *magic mouth* on the curved ceiling of the cylindrical chamber.

16. Banned Book

This concealed room contains a permanent darkness, 15' radius within its doorway. From it comes an intermittent chiming and tinkling, as if from tiny bells. The blue glow that has been present since the party entered this dungeon is not present here. Those groping their way to the far end of the room pass into normal darkness, and can see a small, glowing, amber *faerie fire* radiance ahead. It emanates from the east wall, just above a stone shelf on which rests a book: *A Book of Vile Darkness*, described fully in the DMG under "Miscellaneous Magic (Books)."

DMs who feel the effects of such a work are too powerful should feel free to substitute a book containing gibberish and *explosive runes* that deal 6d4+6 points of damage on the reader and all within a one-foot radius. The reader gets no save, but others can save vs. spell for half damage. The book is consumed in the process. There is nothing else in this room.

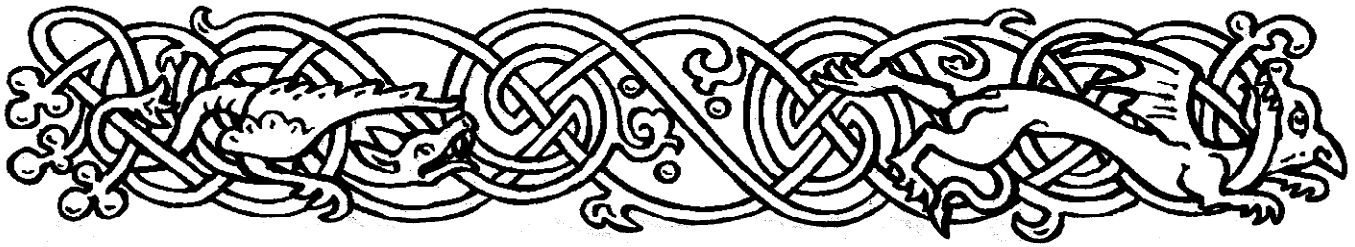
17. Stairway To...

PCs have a 1 in 6 chance of noticing the outlines of the ceiling panel in this room, increased to 2 in 6 for dwarves, elves, half-elves, and thieves. Those deliberately examining the ceiling find the seams automatically. The panel opens up into a 10-foot-square cubicle at the foot of a twisting stairway. The stairs rise another 20 feet without any tricks or traps, to a 10-foot-square landing leading to 18.

18. Welcome To My Nightmare

This room contains rich red carpeting. Tapestries on the walls depict scenes of well-dressed humans eating, drinking, and lounging amid sumptuous surroundings. Elegantly carved wooden tables and couches are arranged to face the alcove in the east wall. In this alcove sits a solid bronze statue of Keilier Twistbeard, who indeed has a twisted beard. The figure is depicted in loose robes, seated on a throne, all of one piece and protected by a permanent *wall of force* from magical or physical harm. A *permanent illusion* makes the eyes seem alive; they "watch" anyone passing before or into the alcove, and the statue laughs unpleasantly at any slow-mov-





ing disturbance of the light before it. Thus, it appears amused at any sign of frustration, fatigue, or mishap among adventurers. Floating just above its open right hand, outside the force field, is a gleaming silver stoppered vial (chromed steel). If anyone touches the vial, a *magic mouth* on the back of the statue says, "I am Keilier, and you are my entertainment. Take this gift, for you will surely need it." The potion cannot be identified by smell or by divination magic; any attempt causes Keilier's laughter to be heard, regardless of the PCs' location. Even a single sip causes full effects. This is an *elixir of madness*, causing effects as a *symbol of insanity*.

19. Don't Look in The...

This entire closet radiates a *dweomer*; if the door is opened, it becomes a *gate*, momentarily dematerializing, and allows six land lampreys to burst forth.

Land Lampreys (6): Int Non-; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1+2; hp 10 (x2), 9, 8, 7, 6; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1 + 1-hp drain for next 3 rounds; SZ S (3'); ML 10; XP 420.

Fire causes the land lampreys to release their victims and drop to the ground. PCs suffer a cumulative -1 Dex penalty for each land lamprey attached to them.

Visible in the closet (if anyone has the time to look) is an open chest filled with gleaming gold pieces, but this is an illusion. The door slams shut by itself. If someone opens the door a second time, another six land lampreys appear; this repeats each time the door is opened.

20. Ooze and Aahs

This chamber only contains a puddle on the floor and cobwebs. However, the puddle is a ghaunadan (see MC sheet) trapped here by Keilier. It is quite angry at this situation, and attacks anything that enters the room.

Ghaunadan: Int Very; AL CE; AC 1; MV 12; HD 5; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 3-12; SA successful strike requires save vs. paralysis at +2 or suffer paralysis for 2-12 turns; can forego attacks to mold self around opponent's weapon; weapons so hit sink into body mass, requiring bend bars/lift gates roll to remove; SD resistant to bludgeoning attacks (suffers half damage); SZ M (5-6'); ML 17; XP 4,000.

Powerful enchantments prevent the ghaunadan from leaving this room; it cannot enter the corridor, but it can extend itself the full length and width of the room.

21. Nothing To See Here...

This room contains 596 gp, scattered all over the floor. It is otherwise empty.

22. A Clue To an Exit

Upon entering this empty room, PCs see the southernmost 10x20-foot area begin glowing with a light radiance. A magic mouth on the ceiling speaks: "If you would leave this place, bring the dragon to the south, and on its golden wings you shall reach the only paradise you will ever know." If the statuette from #24 is brought into the glowing area, anyone standing in it is enveloped in a golden light and teleported to a refuse heap in an alley (#27). The statuette returns to #24.

23. Do You Believe?

This room contains a puddle and cobwebs, and a *programmed illusion* of another ghaunadan identical to the one in room 20. The illusion attacks, doing no damage except to the victim it strikes who suffers 1d4 points of damage until the image fades (or unless the player makes a successful Intelligence check for the PC and states that the PC disbelieves the image).

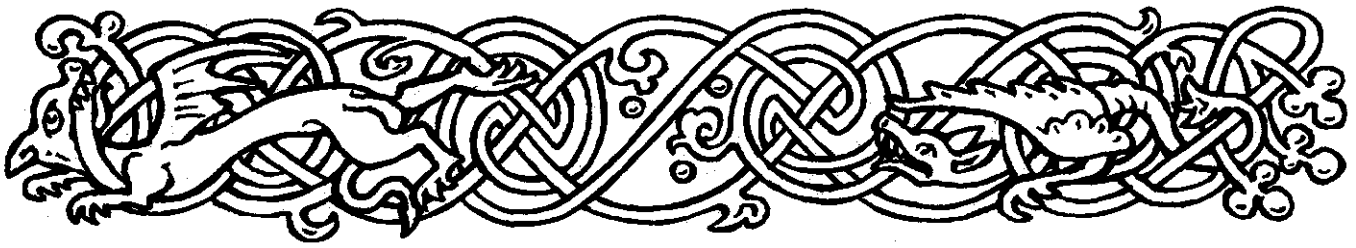
24. One Way Out

This room contains only a golden statuette of a rampant winged dragon, standing upright in one corner. The statuette is solid gold, worth about 2,000 gp, and stands 16 inches high. It is heavy (about 200 pounds) and is protected against breakage or damage by magic. It cannot be removed from the dungeon; if PCs do not exit from #22, and double back to the portcullis to force their way out with the statuette in their possession, it vanishes as they pass the portcullis location (1B) regardless of magical or physical constraints, and reappears here in the corner.

25. Whatever You Do, Don't Look Down

The ceiling of this vast chamber rises 60 feet above the railless platform onto which the door opens. The floor, 90 feet below, is invisible in the darkness; it is strewn





with human bones, 36 gp, and several rotting pouches, belts, and knapsacks, two normal long swords, and a broken helm, broad sword, and dagger. Falling damage of 9d6 applies to anyone precipitously joining this scenic vista.

An arch is visible in the southwest corner of the room, lower than the entry platform, but it is barred with a massive iron grating of bars nearly a foot thick.

From the dais, floating circular disks of stone lead in a precarious path in a semi-circle out into the empty air. Their edges are five feet apart, requiring a series of jumps to traverse. They glow blue, like the hallways in this place, and in the last disc is set a great sword wreathed in blue flames, standing upright, hilt uppermost.

The discs are held solidly in place by magic and do not shift or drift. A *dispel magic* overcomes a disc's levitation for two rounds, causing it to plunge to the floor with bone-shaking force. The discs are smooth and afford no holds for grapples, hands, or ropes. Anyone venturing onto the discs is attacked by four stirges, who live underneath the first, largest disc and rise up behind an advancing character, cutting him or her off from the entry platform.

Stirges (4): Int Animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1+1; hp 7, 6, 4 (x2); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA blood drain; SZ S (2' wingspan); ML 8; XP 175.

Those engaged in fighting stirges risk falling. The discs grow progressively smaller until the last, largest one is reached. Anyone reaching the final disc notices that the zombies from #5 (those that have not been destroyed) are watching expressionlessly through the railing. They attack anyone who comes within reach of the grating.

The flames surrounding the sword do 2-12 points of damage per round to anyone not protected against magical fire, and the blade cannot be freed unless the correct stud is pressed. It resists all physical attempts, regardless of the strength involved, and reflects all spells cast back at it 100% as if it were an infallible *ring of spell turning*. This latter property, like the flames, is part of the defensive magic and not of the blade itself.

On the dais just in front of the flames are two hand-size raised studs, of the same material as the discs. Depressing the left-hand one causes the disc to become ethereal immediately, spilling sword and any beings on the disc to the floor far below. Once either stud is depressed, the other discs become *ethereal*, one at a time, one every two rounds, beginning with the largest. Thus, two rounds after either stud is pressed, the disc nearest the entry platform vanishes. Two rounds after that the next disc follows, and so on.

Jumps from disc to disc are needed to avoid falling.

The sword is a bastard sword of unusual black metal, hilt and blade all one piece. No one in Waterdeep can identify the metal. Runes of green fire twist up and down the blade endlessly, and the blade does not otherwise glow. It has an Int of 17 and an Ego of 18, and its alignment is NE. It speaks common, orcish, and drow. It can *detect evil/good* in a 1-foot radius, *detect invisible objects* in a 1-foot radius, and can *heal* its wielder once per day.

The blade's special purpose is slaying illusionists and mages of all alignments. Any mage or illusionist struck by the blade instantly suffers 1-4 rounds of muteness and insanity, and is unable to cast spells during this time. A successful saving throw vs. spell negates this effect. The sword is a +2 weapon, and is known to sages as *Magebane*. It was once wielded by a satrap of Calimshan, but has long been missing. The sword cannot control non-evil creatures unless they willingly grasp the blade for at least three continuous rounds, suffering 18 points of damage per round (making this unlikely).

26. Dry Storage

This storeroom contains a stone table on which lie human bones: several partially assembled skeletons, but with missing bones and others of different sizes and ages obviously substituted for them. These skeletons are not animated and pose no threat. A wooden stool stands beside the table, and on the floor beside it sit four dusty glass bottles containing a black liquid—very strong, dry, good wine.

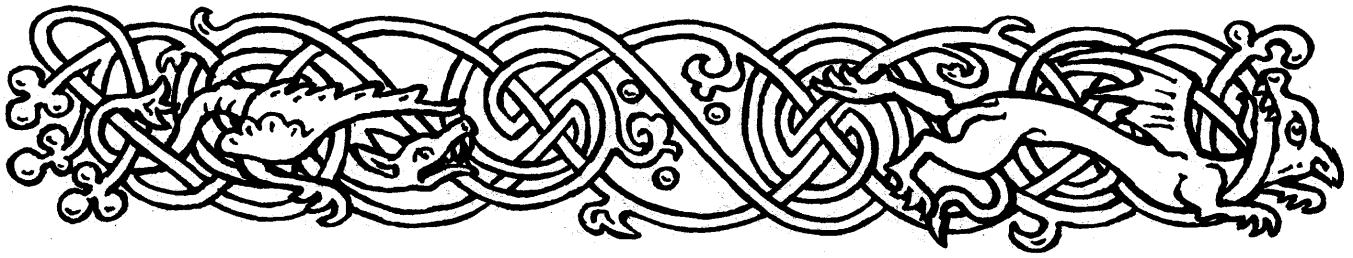
27. The Bums' Rush

This alley is a smelly, refuse-filled dead end. Characters arrive here from #22, and find themselves sitting in a heap of garbage—unless they previously lost gear in #13, whereupon they arrive, painfully, on top of it.

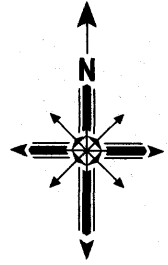
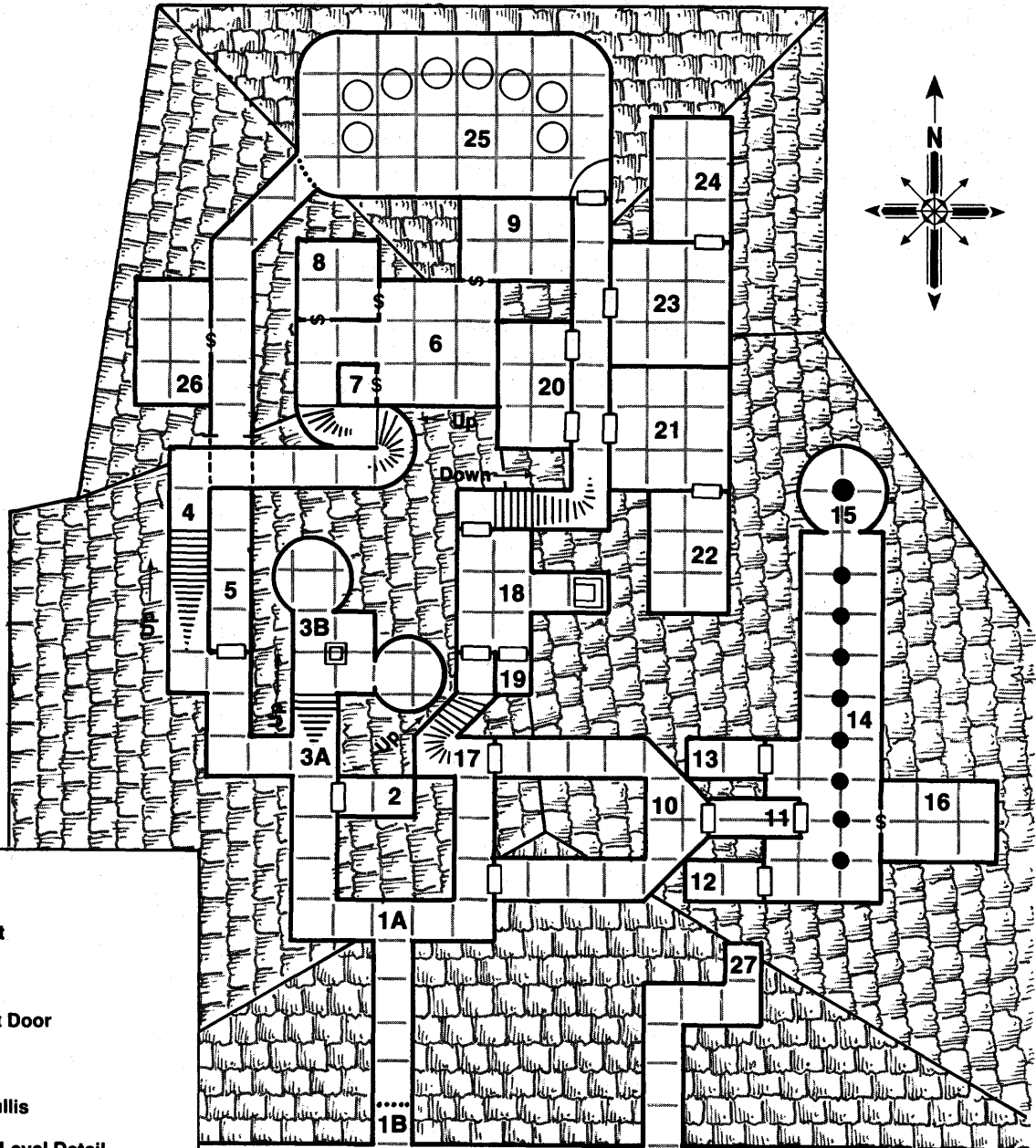
Epilogue

Keilier, it seems, is still alive and attentive to happenings in Blue Alley. Keilier is an evil mage of at least 24th level, and commands much magic (considering how much he can afford to waste on entertainment) and probably powerful servant creatures. He could well be active on other planes, and have clones of himself prepared in the event of his death, as he acquires the necessary knowledge, substances, and powers to prepare himself for lichdom. The adventure continues!





THE BLUE ALLEY



KEY

- = 10 feet
- = Door
- = Secret Door
- = Stairs
- = Portcullis
- = Other Level Detail
- = Pillar
- = Floating Disk
- = Seated Statue
- = Passage Crosses Passage
 • (No connection)

IVORY STREET





Appendix Four: Waterdeep Map Cross-reference Keys

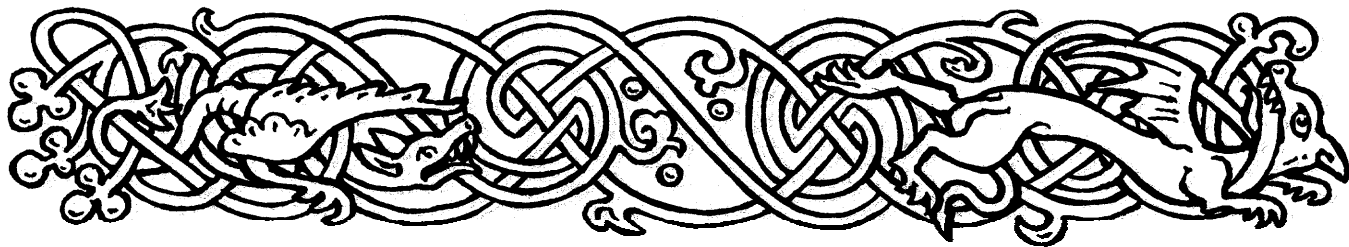
The following appendix allows Dungeon Masters and players alike to cross-reference the older Waterdeep source materials with this boxed set. The first key (labeled "Current Map Key") lists the location tags used on the Waterdeep City Maps enclosed in this boxed set; by checking down its lists, it is easy to find some new material that has been added to Waterdeep since 1987. Remember that the new numbering system is broken down by wards, and this is shown by the

symbols before the building number (for example, \$1 means Sea Ward Location #1). The second key (labeled "Original Map Key") reproduces the map numbering system used in these supplements: *FR1 Waterdeep and the North, City System* boxed supplement, *Knight of the Living Dead*, the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed supplement, and *Volo's Guide to Waterdeep*. Checking the numbers on the "Original Map Key" locates places on older maps, and also provides the location on the current maps with its new designator tag.

Current Map Key

SITE #	OLD SITE #	SITE #	OLD SITE #	SITE #	OLD SITE #
\$1	New: Sated Satyr	\$29	62	\$58	49
\$2	New: Wyvern's Rest	\$30	63	\$59	New: Broken Lance
\$3	85; new location	\$31	70	\$60	50
\$4	New: Golden Harp Inn	\$32	69	N1	7
\$5	76 & 77 (now Shrines of Nature)	\$33	84	N2	124
\$6	78	\$34	89	N3	141
\$7	79	\$35	93	N4	142
\$8	New: Blue Alley	\$36	98	N5	143
\$9	81	\$37	61	N6	123
\$10	80	\$38	60	N7	122
\$11	91	\$39	59	N8	140
\$12	96	\$40	64	N9	121
\$13	102	\$41	51	N10	139
\$14	103	\$42	52	N11	151
\$15	73	\$43	53	N12	109
\$16	74	\$44	57	N13	116
\$17	75	\$45	58	N14	120
\$18	New: Aurora's Wholesalers	\$46	65	N15	108
\$19	71	\$47	67	N16	115
\$20	72	\$48	68	N17	119
\$21	83	\$49	86	N18	133
\$22	82	\$50	87	N19	150
\$23	90	\$51	88	N20	152
\$24	94	\$52	92	N21	153
\$25	95	\$53	97	N22	132
\$26	99	\$54	54	N23	138
\$27	100	\$55	55	N24	149
\$28	101	\$56	56	N25	154
		\$57	66	N26	New: Twilight Hunters





SITE # OLD SITE #

N27 114
 N28 127
 N29 131
 N30 148
 N31 147
 N32 155
 N33 107
 N34 118
 N35 126
 N36 130
 N37 137
 N38 146
 N39 106
 N40 113
 N41 129
 N42 145
 N43 New: Ragathan Furriers
 N44 158
 N45 105
 N46 104
 N47 110
 N48 112
 N49 111
 N50 New: Aurora's Wholesalers
 N51 117
 N52 128
 N53 159
 N54 New: Fallen Stars Fish
 N55 125
 N56 135
 N57 136
 N58 144
 N59 160
 N60 New: Downybeard
 Tobacconist
 N61 134

 C1 43
 C2 45
 C3 46 (old villa); New:
 Silavene's
 C4 47
 C5 48
 C6 32
 C7 New: (Temple of Ao)
 C8 42

SITE # OLD SITE #

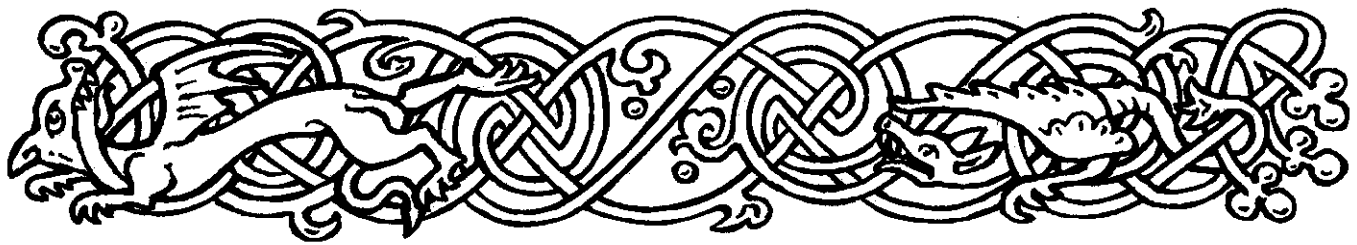
C9 41
 C10 31
 C11 40
 C12 New: Mighty Manticore
 C13 New: Diloontier's
 Apothecary
 C14 29
 C15 30
 C16 19
 C17 18
 C18 17
 C19 7
 C20 23
 C21 39
 C22 27
 C23 28
 C24 20
 C25 26
 C26 21
 C27 22
 C28 25
 C29 38
 C30 New: Asp's Strike tavern
 C31 New: Rebeleigh's Headwear
 C32 24
 C33 33
 C34 37
 C35 36
 C36 34
 C37 New: Aurora's Wholesalers
 C38 35
 C39 16
 C40 15
 C41 14
 C42 13
 C43 12
 C44 11
 C45 10
 C46 9
 C47 8
 C48 4
 C49 5
 C50 6
 C51 2
 C52 1

SITE # OLD SITE #

C53 New: Quaffing
 Quaggoth tavern
 C54 3

 T1 New: Underdark tavern
 T2 New: Khammeral's Coins
 T3 168
 T4 169
 T5 170
 T6 171
 T7 175
 T8 173
 T9 172
 T10 174
 T11 176
 T12 177
 T13 New: Maelstrom's Notch
 T14 183
 T15 178
 T16 New: Aurora's Wholesalers
 T17 179
 T18 180
 T19 181
 T20 182
 T21 184
 T22 185
 T23 188
 T24 187
 T25 189
 T26 186
 T27 190
 T28 196
 T29 200
 T30 201
 T31 202
 T32 191
 T33 192
 T34 195
 T35 197
 T36 198
 T37 199
 T38 203
 T39 193
 T40 194
 T41 New: House of
 Scirkhel Wands





SITE # OLD SITE #

T42	205
T43	204
CD1	New: Roads' End
CD2	167
CD3	166
CD4	165
CD5	164
CD6	New: Lords' Respite
CD7	163
CD8	162
CD9	161
S1	213
S2	206
S3	214
S4	215
S5	216
S6	217
S7	207
S8	New: Old Monster Shop
S9	New: Midnight Sun tavern
S10	218
S11	219
S12	220
S13	222
S14	221
S15	208
S16	New: Tehmak's Coaches
S17	224
S18	210
S19	209
S20	225
S21	New: Aurora's Wholesalers
S22	211
S23	212
S24	226
S25	227
S26	228
S27	229

DM's Note: The Adventurers' Quarter is located in a previously undetailed area of Southern Ward. Tags AQ1-AQ20 are all new locations and are tagged on their own separate map in this box.

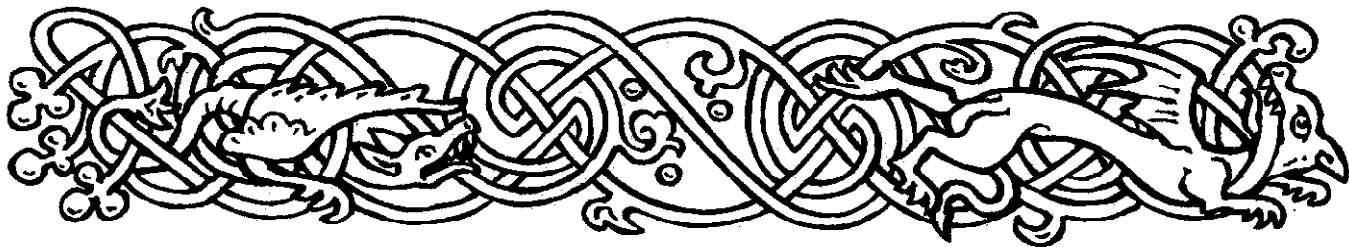
SITE # OLD SITE #

AQ1	New: Essimuth's Equipment
AQ2	New: Temple of Good Cheer
AQ3	New: Madame Garah's Boarding House
AQ4	New: Amrani's Laundry
AQ5	New: Piatran's Clothiers
AQ6	New: Home of Rokkek Ingerr
AQ7	New: Hemmerem's Stables
AQ8	New: Kolat Towers
AQ9	New: Watch Guardpost
AQ10	New: The Garrulous Grocer
AQ11	New: Krabbellor Silversmiths
AQ12	New: Laran's Cartographs
AQ13	New: Waukeen's Wares
AQ14	New: The Safehaven Inn
AQ15	New: Ingerr & Ingerr Warehouses
AQ16	New: The Beer Golem
AQ17	New: Phaulkonmere
AQ18	New: The Daily Trumpet Building
AQ19	New: Helm's Hall Orphanage
AQ20	New: Tymora's Blessing
D1	New: Grey Griffon inn
D2	280
D3	279
D4	281
D5	New: Whistling Blades
D6	282
D7	278
D8	277
D9	276
D10	275
D11	268
D12	269
D13	274
D14	267
D15	270
D16	271
D17	272

SITE # OLD SITE #

D18	273
D19	266
D20	265
D21	263
D22	262
D23	261
D24	New: Aurora's Wholesalers
D25	260
D26	264
D27	257
D28	256
D29	254
D30	253
D31	255
D32	258
D33	259
D34	252
D35	251
D36	249
D37	248
D38	247
D39	250
D40	246
D41	245
D42	243
D43	244
D44	242
D45	240
D46	241
D47	235
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D50	239
D51	237
D52	238
D53	236
D54	232
D55	231
D56	7
D57	230

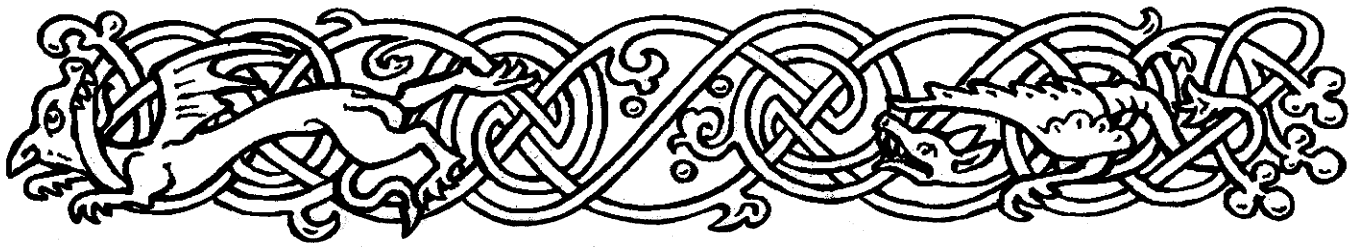




Original Map Key

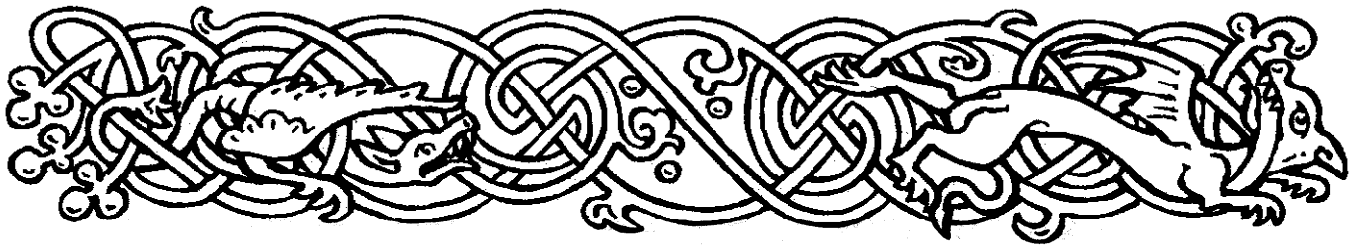
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1	C52	47	C4	94	\$24
2	C51	48	C5	95	\$25
3	C54	49	\$58	96	\$12
4	C48	50	\$60	97	\$53
5	C49	51	\$41	98	\$36
6	C50	52	\$42	99	\$26
7	C19; N1; D56	53	\$43	100	\$27
8	C47	54	\$54	101	\$28
9	C46	55	\$55	102	\$13
10	C45	56	\$56	103	\$14
11	C44	57	\$44	104	N46
12	C43	58	\$45	105	N45
13	C42	59	\$39	106	N39
14	C41	60	\$38	107	N33
15	C40	61	\$37	108	N15
16	C39	62	\$29	109	N12
17	C18	63	\$30	110	N47
18	C17	64	\$40	111	N49
19	C16	65	\$46	112	N48
20	C24	66	\$57	113	N40
21	C26	67	\$47	114	N27
22	C27	68	\$48	115	N16
23	C20	69	\$32	116	N13
24	C32	70	\$31	117	N51
25	C28	71	\$19	118	N34
26	C25	72	\$20	119	N17
27	C22	73	\$15	120	N14
28	C23	74	\$16	121	N9
29	C14	75	\$17	122	N7
30	C15	76	\$5; part of Shrines of Nature	123	N6
31	C10	77	\$5; part of Shrines of Nature	124	N2
32	C6	78	\$6	125	N55
33	C33	79	\$7	126	N35
34	C36	80	\$10	127	N28
35	C38	81	\$9	128	N52
36	C35	82	\$22	129	N41
37	C34	83	\$21	130	N36
38	C29	84	\$33	131	N29
39	C21	85	\$3; new location	132	N22
40	C11	86	\$49	133	N18
41	C9	87	\$50	134	N61
42	C8	88	\$51	135	N56
43	C1	89	\$34	136	N57
44	See Castle Ward Points of Interest	90	\$23	137	N37
45	C2	91	\$11	138	N23
46	C3; New: Silavene's	92	\$52	139	N10
		93	\$35	140	N8





SITE #	NEW SITE #	SITE #	NEW SITE #	SITE #	NEW SITE #
141	N3	188	T23	237	D51
142	N4	189	T25	238	D52
143	N5	190	T27	239	D50
144	N58	191	T32	240	D45
145	N42	192	T33	241	D46
146	N38	193	T39	242	D44
147	N31	194	T40	243	D42
148	N30	195	T34	244	D43
149	N24	196	T28	245	D41
150	N19	197	T35	246	D40
151	N11	198	T36	247	D38
152	N20	199	T37	248	D37
153	N21	200	T29	249	D36
154	N25	201	T30	250	D39
155	N32	202	T31	251	D35
156	Destroyed; see Points of Interest	203	T38	252	D34
157	Destroyed; see Points of Interest	204	T43	253	D30
158	N44	205	T42	254	D29
159	N53	206	S2	255	D31
160	N59	207	S7	256	D28
161	CD9	208	S15	257	D27
162	CD8	209	S19	258	D32
163	CD7	210	S18	259	D33
164	CD5	211	S22	260	D25
165	CD4	212	S23	261	D23
166	CD3	213	S1	262	D22
167	CD2	214	S3	263	D21
168	T3	215	S4	264	D26
169	T4	216	S5	265	D20
170	T5	217	S6	266	D19
171	T6	218	S10	267	D14
172	T9	219	S11	268	D11
173	T8	220	S12	269	D12
174	T10	221	S14	270	D15
175	T7	222	S13	271	D16
176	T11	223	Out of Business	272	D17
177	T12	224	S17	273	D18
178	T15	225	S20	274	D13
179	T17	226	S24	275	D10
180	T18	227	S25	276	D9
181	T19	228	S26	277	D8
182	T20	229	S27	278	D7
183	T14	230	D57	279	D3
184	T21	231	D55	280	D2
185	T22	232	D54	281	D4
186	T26	233	D49	282	D6
187	T24	234	D48		
		235	D47		
		236	D53		





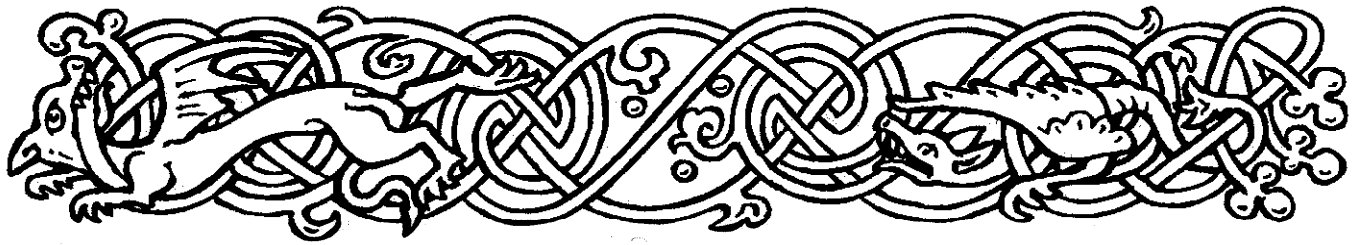
Appendix Five: Index

This index compiles information from all four books of the *City of Splendors* boxed set. Listed in order of book appearance, each entry can have up to four different sets of numbers, separated by codes for which book the page numbers reference. For example, something on page 13 of the *Campaign Guide* and page 42 of the *Secrets of the City* book would look like this: "Something.....13 (CG); 42 (SC). This index only covers people and places in Waterdeep and the North; it is not a complete index. Referrals to other compiled tables and reference guides have been deleted; for lists of the city sites and references to more information, see Chapter Three of the *Campaign Guide*. Additional subreferences are listed by characters' first names, though all pages are listed underneath family names or general topic references.

Adarbrent.....	8, 9, 67 (WW)
Adventurers' Quarter.....	5, 30, 35, 40, 53, 67 (CG); 9, 25, 37, 68, 95 (WW); 1, 8, 39-64 (AG); 1-16 (SC)
Aghairon.....	19, 25-31, 34, 45, 52, 56, 57, 67 (CG); 5-7 (WW); 5, 8, 18, 20-22, 25-27, 40 (AG)
Ahmaergo.....	104, 110 (CG); 88-90 (WW)
Alcedor Kolat.....	34, 88, 95-97, 101 (CG); 42, 51, 52, 61, 62 (AG); 6-8, 16 (SC)
Aleena Paladinstar.....	47 (CG); 80 (WW)
Alek Lenter.....	37, 86, 95, 96 (WW); 47, 58, 60 (AG); 3, 13, 15 (SC)
Alustriel.....	22, 47, 92, 94 (CG); 32, 81 (WW)
Amcathra.....	9-11, 67 (WW); 8 (SC)
Amn.....	8, 11, 18, 25, 27, 70 (CG); 6, 18, 23, 30, 84-87 (WW); 58 (AG); 4, 5 (SC)
Ampratines.....	28, 29 (WW)
Amrani.....	46, 56, 58 (AG); 5, 11-12 (SC)
Amrani's Laundry.....	46, 56 (AG)
Anauroch.....	11, 13-15, 24 (CG)
Anchore's Court.....	75, 79, 80 (WW)
Anteos.....	10, 92, 94 (WW)
Ao.....	31, 101 (CG); 61-63, 69 (WW); 20, 28 (AG)
Arana Lanys.....	58, 61 (AG); 5, 6, 10, 13 (SC)
Ardeep Forest.....	12, 14, 16, 22 (CG); 31 (AG)
Aridarye Phylund.....	11, 21, 22, 30 (WW)
Ariel Heremet.....	57 (AG); 12-13 (SC)
Arielyn Moonblade.....	4 (CG); 4, 10 (SC)
Arkiem Arren.....	68 (WW); 41, 42, 45, 49, 57, 61 (AG); 4, 8, 11 (SC)
Arren.....	101 (CG); 68 (WW); 41, 42, 45, 49, 57, 58, 61 (AG); 4, 5, 8, 10, 11 (SC)
Arum Tarm.....	25 (WW); 46, 60 (AG); 9, 10, 12, 15 (SC)
Arunsun.....	20, 23, 29-31, 35, 43, 47, 63, 68, 72-74, 84, 88-89, 100, 108 (CG); 14, 23, 26-28, 56, 67, 69, 72, 76, 81, 85, 86 (WW); 4, 5, 20, 21 (AG); 5, 8, 11 (SC)
Asper.....	3, 4, 70, 74 (CG)
Athkatla.....	78, 86 (WW)
Auril.....	35, 41 (CG); 27 (AG); 12 (SC)
Aurora.....	15, 91 (WW); 12, 17, 36, 45 (AG)
Azuredge.....	30, 35, 97, 98 (CG); 61, 62 (AG); 16 (SC)
Azuth.....	50, 94 (CG); 75-77 (WW); 18, 55 (AG); 7, 11 (SC)
Baeron.....	28, 31, 41, 57, 67, 98 (CG); 6 (WW); 62 (AG)
Baldur's Gate.....	24, 103 (CG); 67, 72, 85, 86 (WW)
Balthorr.....	36 (WW); 20, 36 (AG)
Bane.....	71 (CG); 78 (WW)
Bannor Karralo.....	57 (AG); 5, 13 (SC)
Barkess Lanys.....	68 (WW); 58 (AG); 5, 8, 12 (SC)
Beer Golem.....	37, 42, 45, 57, 59, 60, 62 (AG); 3, 8 (SC)
Belihands Masker.....	9, 54 (WW)
Belmonder.....	44 (WW); 10 (AG)
Berthist.....	68 (WW); 5 (SC)
Berun's Hill.....	12, 102 (CG)
Beryghon.....	98 (CG); 61 (AG)
Beshaba.....	13 (SC)
Black Admiral.....	34 (CG); 88 (WW)

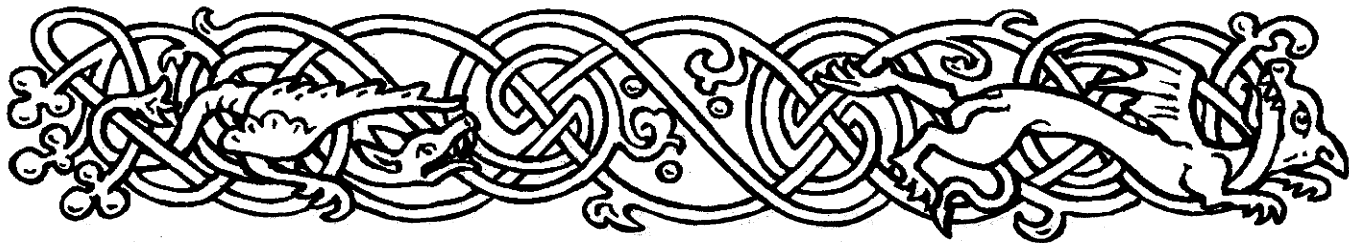
Black Tankard.....	104 (CG)
Black Viper.....	71, 86 (WW); 64 (AG)
Blackhorn Alley.....	11 (AG)
Blacklock Alley.....	8 (AG)
Blackrabbas Khuulthund.....	19 (CG); 70 (WW)
Blackstaff Tower.....	23, 30, 35, 45, 47, 61, 73, 98, 100-101 (CG); 76, 80 (WW); 20 (AG); 8 (SC)
Blackstone House.....	73 (WW); 38 (AG); 4 (SC)
Blakantar Tagon.....	43, 55 (AG); 8, 11, 16 (SC)
Blazidon One-Eye.....	71-74 (WW); 2, 5, 10 (AG); 8 (SC)
Bloody Fist.....	37 (WW); 37 (AG)
Blue Alley.....	1, 3, 41, 112-118 (CG); 17 (AG)
Boroldan Ilzimmer.....	17 (WW); 9 (SC)
Bow of Hosark.....	99 (CG); 2, 4-5, 12 (SC)
Bowels of the Earth.....	63 (CG); 72 (WW); 10, 37, 38 (AG)
Brandon Korrelwyn.....	14 (WW); 4 (SC)
Branta Myntion.....	95 (CG); 42, 45, 53 (AG); 6-8, 10, 13 (SC)
Brian the Swordmaster.....	69 (CG); 7, 36 (AG); 7, 16 (SC)
Briosar Helmsing.....	62 (WW); 10 (SC)
Brokengulf.....	11, 30 (WW); 5 (SC)
Bronson Phaulkon.....	34 (CG); 45, 54, 59 (AG); 5, 6, 9, 12, 13 (SC)
Brossfeather.....	60 (CG); 12 (WW)
Buckle Alley.....	61 (CG); 21 (AG)
Buckleswashers.....	64-66 (WW); 62 (AG); 16 (SC)
Bungoborn Talltankard.....	64-66 (WW)
Caladorn.....	69, 72 (CG); 12, 67, 85 (WW); 5 (SC)
Calimshan.....	11, 25, 70, 71, 81, 118 (CG); 15, 24, 28, 63, 83, 86, 93 (WW); 3, 4, 26, 47, 54 (AG); 6, 9, 11 (SC)
Candlekeep.....	95, 102 (CG)
Caravan Court.....	52, 62 (CG); 92 (WW); 7, 8, 25, 38, 56 (AG)
Carpenters', Roofers', and Plasterers' Guild.....	36 (CG); 38, 39 (WW); 7, 42 (AG)
Carson Innes.....	47, 57, 62 (AG); 11, 16 (SC)
Cassalantar.....	69, 72 (CG); 12, 13, 67, 85 (WW); 5 (SC)
Cassandra Thann.....	26, 86 (WW)
Castle Waterdeep.....	8, 11, 28-29, 36, 45-46, 76, 79, 95, 96 (CG); 54 (WW); 3, 5, 18, 28, 38 (AG); 3 (SC)
Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild.....	51, 59, 62 (CG); 39, 49, 63 (WW); 10 (AG)
Cera Phaulkon.....	33 (CG); 46, 54 (AG); 9 (SC)
Chauntea.....	66 (WW); 59 (AG); 6 (SC)
Cial Myntion.....	45, 57, 58, 61 (AG); 13 (SC)
Citadel Adbar.....	12, 13, 15, 23, 102 (CG)
Citadel of Many Arrows.....	12, 13, 102 (CG)
Citta Hothemer.....	16, 30 (WW); 16 (SC)
City of the Dead.....	3-5, 8-10, 30, 33, 40, 41, 43, 52, 56, 57, 73, 75, 79, 105 (CG); 61, 73, 84, 87, 88, 93 (WW); 5, 8, 12, 15, 25, 28, 38, 51 (AG)
Cliffride.....	35, 46, 47 (CG); 5, 20 (AG)
Cliffwatch.....	33, 43, 73 (CG); 14, 27 (AG)
Clion.....	43, 49, 54-55 (AG); 4, 10, 11 (SC)
Company of Crazy Adventurers.....	3, 15, 17, 41, 82 (CG); 66, 74, 76, 78-81 (WW); 20, 63 (AG); 6 (SC)
Copper Cup.....	14 (CG); 24, 28, 36 (AG)
Corinna Dezlentyr.....	10, 67 (WW)
Cormyr.....	25, 34 (CG); 5, 9, 25 (WW); 45, 54, 57 (AG); 9, 10, 12, 13 (SC)
Costumers' Hall.....	52 (WW); 10 (AG)
Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers.....	46 (CG); 40 (WW); 10 (AG)
Court of the White Bull.....	50, 80 (CG); 11 (AG)
Cragmere.....	12, 87 (WW)
Crommor.....	47 (CG); 12, 37, 41, 67 (WW)
Crown of Horns.....	31, 99-101, 110 (CG)
Cult of Ao.....	60, 62, 63, 69 (WW)
Cult of the Dragon.....	50 (CG); 94 (CG)
Cynosure.....	36 (CG); 37, 61, 62 (WW); 20, 29 (AG)
Cyric.....	31, 33, 101 (CG); 62, 88, 90 (WW); 28 (AG)
Daggerford.....	13 (CG); 92 (WW)
Dagsumn.....	85 (CG); 73, 76 (WW)
Daily Trumpet.....	37, 40, 47, 57, 62 (AG); 16 (SC)
Danilo Thann.....	4, 7, 46, 72, 86, 95 (CG); 5, 9, 19, 27, 85 (WW); 5 (AG); 4, 6-8, 10, 11 (SC)
Deep Delvers.....	9, 13, 15, 67 (WW)
Deepdell.....	33, 95, 99 (CG); 68 (WW); 49, 50, 56-58, 61 (AG); 4, 5, 8-9, 12 (SC)
Deepfires.....	104, 108-110 (CG); 8 (SC)
Deepwater Isle.....	10, 46, 58 (CG); 5, 27, 32, 63 (AG); 11 (SC)
Delimbiyr.....	11-13, 15-16, 20, 102 (CG)
Delzoun.....	12, 13, 20 (CG); 70 (WW); 2 (AG)
Dessarlin.....	11-16, 22-24, 29, 102, 103 (CG)
Dezlentyr.....	10, 12, 13, 67 (WW)





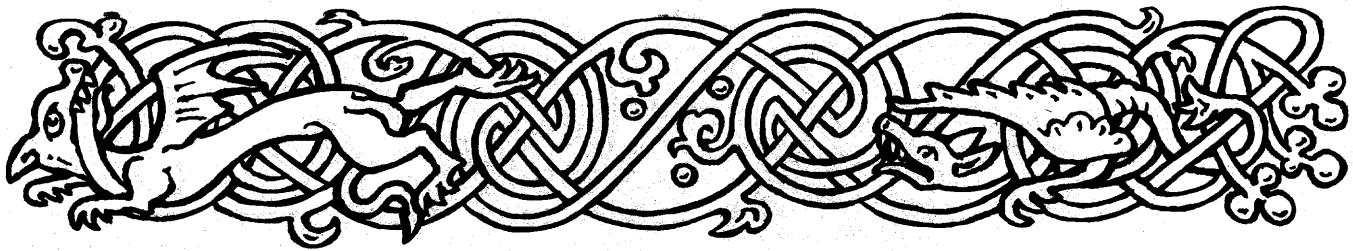
Dimvel Stoutkeg.....	65, 66 (WW)	Hanging Lantern.....	87, 88 (WW); 24, 36 (AG)
Donar Heremet.....	95 (CG); 68 (WW); 57 (AG); 8, 13 (SC)	Harkas Kormalis.....	11, 17, 61 (WW); 9 (SC)
Downybeard Tobacconist.....	12, 36 (AG)	Harpers.....	14, 23, 31, 68, 88, 89, 100 (CG); 25, 29, 66, 72, 77, 81, 82 (WW); 5, 20, 44 (AG); 4, 10, 16 (SC)
Duhlark Kolat.....	34, 89-92, 108 (CG); 20 (WW); 42, 52, 58 (AG); 6-8, 11 (SC)	Hawkwinter.....	15 (WW); 14 (AG)
Dumal Erard.....	15 (CG); 66 (WW)	Hedrik.....	101 (CG); 50, 51, 53 (AG); 5-8 (SC)
Dungeon of the Crypt.....	3, 10, 62, 96 (CG); 66, 87 (WW); 35 (AG)	Hellgate Keep.....	14-17, 75, 102 (CG)
Dungswepers' Guild.....	32, 34, 54, 65 (CG); 37, 41, 88 (WW); 3, 12, 26, 40 (AG)		15, 21-23, 31, 35, 53, 73, 99, 107, 118 (CG); 10, 17, 20, 23, 66 (WW); 28, 29, 37, 46, 50, 56, 59, 61 (AG); 3-7, 12, 14 (SC)
Durman.....	3, 31, 56, 63, 64, 69-71, 74, 77, 80-82 (CG); 3, 78, 81, 90 (WW); 7, 14 (SC)	Helm's Hall.....	37, 46, 50, 56, 59, 61 (AG); 3, 5, 6, 12 (SC)
Eaerlann.....	13, 15, 16 (CG)	Helm's Hold.....	15, 21 (CG); 66 (WW)
Edrianna Heremet.....	57 (AG); 13 (SC)	Helmfast.....	16, 51 (WW)
Eilistraee.....	3 (CG); 63 (WW)	Helve Urtrace.....	76, 83 (CG); 5, 33, 34, 49 (AG); 9 (SC)
Elaith "the Serpent" Craulnobur.....	14, 16, 72, 95, 99 (CG); 72, 85 (WW); 4 (AG); 5, 7, 11 (SC)	Hemmerem.....	40, 46, 56, 60 (AG); 6, 8, 12, 14, 15 (SC)
Elfstone Tavern.....	20, 37 (AG); 9 (SC)	Heralds.....	15, 45, 80, 102 (CG); 7, 29 (WW)
Ellidis Wands.....	28 (WW); 8 (SC)	Heremet.....	95 (CG); 68 (WW); 57 (AG); 8, 12, 13 (SC)
Eltorchul.....	60 (CG); 13, 14 (WW); 4 (SC)	Heroes' Garden.....	34, 41, 60 (CG); 15 (AG)
Erik.....	44, 56, 60 (AG); 6, 12 (SC)	High Forest.....	11-13, 15, 16, 23, 24, 100, 102 (CG); 5 (SC)
Erya Eltorchul.....	14 (WW); 4 (SC)	High House of Roaringhorn.....	44 (CG); 14 (AG)
Essimuth Lany.....	95 (CG); 28, 64, 68 (WW); 36, 37, 40, 41, 50, 53, 57, 58, 60, 61 (AG); 4-6, 8, 12 (SC)	High Road.....	17-21, 45, 52, 53, 60-62, 102, 103 (CG); 37, 42-47, 50-51, 53, 55, 66, 75 (WW); 7, 8, 11, 12, 15, 18, 25, 26, 29, 39 (AG)
Estelmer.....	47 (CG); 14, 61 (WW)	Higharvestide.....	34 (CG); 68 (WW); 29 (AG); 11 (SC)
Evereska.....	12, 20 (CG); 5 (SC)	Hilather.....	see Halaster
Everlund.....	13-15, 102, 103 (CG)	Hilmer.....	49 (CG); 20, 36 (AG)
Evermeet.....	12, 13, 31, 58 (CG); 55, 66, 94 (WW); 5 (SC)	Hlaavin.....	75, 87, 88 (WW); 8, 16 (SC)
Evermoors.....	13, 20, 29 (CG)	Hlanta Melshimber.....	47 (CG); 20, 25 (WW); 47, 52 (AG); 7 (SC)
Fair Seas Festival.....	32 (CG); 27, 28 (AG)	Horth Hunabar.....	95 (CG); 67 (WW)
Fair Winds.....	46, 47 (CG); 20 (AG)	Hosttower of the Arcane.....	18, 102 (CG); 11 (SC)
Falconfree.....	51 (CG); 7, 29 (WW)	Hotheimer.....	16, 30, 92 (WW); 16 (SC)
Fallen Kingdom.....	12, 14, 16, 22, 27, 30 (CG); 19 (WW); 2 (AG)	House of Good Spirits.....	55, 92 (WW); 7, 45 (AG)
Fallen Lands.....	14, 20 (CG)	House of Healing.....	43 (WW); 12, 37 (AG)
Feast of the Moon.....	26, 29 (AG)	House of Heroes.....	31 (CG); 61 (WW); 15, 37 (AG); 12 (SC)
Fellowship Hall.....	42 (WW); 18 (AG)	House of Inspired Hands.....	61 (WW); 15, 17 (AG)
Fellowship of Bowyers & Fletchers.....	41, 42 (WW)	House of Light.....	44, 45 (WW); 10 (AG)
Fellowship of Carters and Coachmen.....	42, 43 (WW)	House of Pride Perfumes.....	40 (WW); 22, 36 (AG)
Fellowship of Innkeepers.....	42 (WW); 18 (AG)	House of Purple Silks.....	36 (AG); 8 (SC)
Felzoun's Folly.....	37 (WW); 37 (AG)	House of Song.....	46 (CG); 40 (WW); 10 (AG)
Fetlock Court.....	46 (CG); 49 (WW)	House of the Fine Carvers.....	61 (CG); 45 (WW); 18 (AG)
Field of Triumph.....	29, 31, 36, 41, 69 (CG); 12, 67 (WW); 15, 17, 18, 28, 29, 50 (AG); 5, 11 (SC)	House of the Moon.....	61, 88 (WW); 15, 29, 37 (AG)
Fiery Flagon.....	35 (CG); 17, 28, 37 (AG)	House of Wonder.....	90 (CG); 61 (WW); 3, 15, 17, 22, 27, 37 (AG); 8 (SC)
Filiare.....	66, 74 (WW); 10 (AG); 9 (SC)	Hriiat Fine Pastries.....	38 (WW); 12 (AG)
Fishgut Court.....	41, 92 (WW); 24 (AG)	Hunabar.....	95 (CG); 16, 67, 68 (WW); 13 (SC)
Fishmongers' Fellowship.....	40, 43 (WW); 22 (AG)	Husteem.....	16, 37 (WW)
Fishwife Alley.....	40, 41, 44, 61 (AG)	Hykros Allumen.....	61 (WW); 9 (SC)
Fleetswake.....	32 (CG); 27, 28 (AG)	Idogyr.....	73 (CG); 61 (WW)
Font of Knowledge.....	22 (CG); 61, 69 (WW); 20, 29, 37 (AG)	Illia.....	43, 59 (AG)
Force Grey.....	73, 74 (CG); 80 (WW); 34 (AG)	Ilitul.....	60 (CG); 16 (WW)
Full Sails.....	50 (WW); 24, 37 (AG)	Ilzimmer.....	17, 67 (WW); 9 (SC)
Garnet.....	85 (WW); 6 (SC)	Imzeel Coopercan.....	3, 67, 72 (WW)
Garrulous Grocer.....	see Nindil Jalback	Inger.....	40, 42, 47, 51, 57 (AG); 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13 (SC)
Gaundos.....	75, 88 (WW); 8 (SC)	Inn of the Dripping Dagger.....	3, 4 (CG); 66, 74, 82, 84, 93 (WW); 10, 36, 38 (AG)
Gemidan.....	68, 85-87 (CG); 68, 75, 76 (WW)	Iriaebor.....	86 (WW); 12, 15 (SC)
Ghaunadar.....	63 (WW)	Irlingstar.....	42 (CG); 17 (WW)
Ghentilara.....	33 (CG); 62, 66 (WW); 4 (SC)	Ironmaster.....	17 (CG); 90 (WW)
Gildegg.....	28, 31 (CG); 6, 31 (WW); 45 (AG); 2 (SC)	Iruyl Eraneth.....	108-110 (CG); 7, 8 (SC)
Gods' Day.....	34 (CG); 28 (AG)	Iyachtu Xvim.....	71 (CG); 78 (WW)
Godswar.....	15, 20, 29, 31, 36, 57 (CG); 4, 69 (WW); 28, 33 (AG); 6 (SC)	Jaffar.....	47, 57 (AG); 9 (SC)
Goldenfields.....	21, 23 (CG); 66 (WW); 38, 43, 51, 59 (AG); 6, 7 (SC)	Jan Hunabar.....	68 (WW); 13 (SC)
Goldenight.....	32 (CG); 29 (AG)	Jardeth.....	44 (CG); 17 (WW)
Gond.....	42 (CG); 61 (WW); 15, 29 (AG)	Jeryth Phaulkon.....	33 (CG); 46, 54 (AG); 9, 10, 14 (SC)
Gost.....	15, 67 (WW)	Jewelers' Guild.....	49 (CG); 45, 47 (WW)
Grinning Lion.....	61 (CG); 37 (WW); 14, 37 (AG)	Jhanszil.....	60 (CG); 17 (WW)
Grocer's Lane.....	62 (CG); 37 (WW); 40, 42, 47 (AG); 4 (SC)	Kappiyan Flurmastyr.....	75, 78-79 (WW); 8, 55 (AG)
Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians.....	43-44, 70 (WW); 12, 57 (AG)	Kelvar Helmfast.....	16, 51 (WW)
Guild of Butchers.....	44 (WW); 22 (AG)	Kerrigan.....	30, 33, 67 (CG); 88 (WW); 40, 44 (AG)
Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters.....	57 (CG); 44 (WW); 8, 10, 25, 44, 46, 58 (AG)	Kerrigan's Court.....	33, 67 (CG); 40, 44 (AG)
Guild of Fine Carvers.....	45 (WW); 18 (AG)	Kharkos.....	22, 68 (WW); 58, 60 (AG); 6, 13, 16 (SC)
Guild of Stonecutters, Masons, Potters, & Tile-Makers.....	46, 49 (WW); 7 (AG)	Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun.....	3, 20, 23, 29-31, 35, 43, 45, 61, 63, 68-74, 82, 84-89, 91-94, 98, 100, 101, 104, 108 (CG); 14, 23, 26-28, 56, 66, 67, 69, 72, 76, 78-82, 85 (WW); 4, 5, 20, 21, 28 (AG); 5, 7, 8, 10, 16 (SC)
Guild of Watermen.....	9, 46 (WW); 22, 28 (AG)	Kherris.....	30, 98 (CG)
Guildmasters.....	27, 28, 30, 31 (CG); 29 (AG)	Kiber Ederick.....	46, 56 (AG); 3, 12, 16 (SC)
Guildwars.....	28, 31, 46 (CG); 6 (WW)	"Kitten" Nymara Scheiron.....	3, 7, 69-71, 74, 81, 104 (CG); 2, 81, 90 (WW); 6-8, 16 (SC)
Gull Leap.....	47, 73 (CG); 21, 54 (AG)	Knife's Edge.....	65, 66 (WW); 62 (AG); 16 (SC)
Gundwynd.....	32 (CG); 15, 67 (WW)	Knights of the Shield.....	29, 68, 72, 89 (CG); 6, 65, 85, 86 (WW); 6 (SC)
Gut Alley.....	61 (CG); 54 (WW); 18, 22 (AG); 11 (SC)	Knights of the Sword Coast.....	16, 34 (CG); 68, 76 (WW); 57, 58, 62 (AG); 4, 5, 8, 12, 14, 16 (SC)
Halambar Lutes & Harps.....	40 (WW); 20, 36 (AG)	Kolat.....	34, 88, 89, 91, 92, 95-97, 101, 108 (CG); 20 (WW); 40, 42, 51-53, 58, 61 (AG); 3, 5-8, 11, 16 (SC)
Halaster.....	29-32, 64, 65, 89, 95, 98, 106-109 (CG); 76, 85 (WW); 7, 14 (SC)	Kolat Towers.....	34 (CG); 40, 42 (AG); 3, 7 (SC)
Halazar's Fine Gems.....	47 (WW); 17 (AG)		
Halls of Justice.....	57 (CG); 11, 61, 80 (WW); 20, 37 (AG); 9 (SC)		
Hamiklar Wands.....	30 (CG); 14 (WW)		
Hammerhand Krabbellor.....	44, 56, 58 (AG); 11, 13 (SC)		





Kormallis.....	11, 17, 61 (WW); 9 (SC)	Mount Waterdeep.....	2, 4, 8-10, 19, 26, 29-31, 45-47, 61, 64, 70, 73, 104 (CG); 54, 62, 93 (WW); 3-5, 18, 28, 38 (AG)
Kothont.....	18, 88 (WW)	Mouse Alley.....	8 (AG); 8 (SC)
Krabbellor Silversmiths.....	44, 56, 58 (AG)	Muleskull Tavern.....	41 (WW); 37 (AG)
Krios Halambar.....	4 6 (CG); 40, 41 (WW); 20, 36 (AG)	Mulgor.....	36 (CG); 80 (WW); 4, 5 (AG); 9 (SC)
Kyllia.....	50, 52, 53 (AG); 8 (SC)	Murann.....	67 (WW); 13 (SC)
Laeral.....	3, 4, 23, 31, 57, 68, 70, 72, 74, 80, 85, 86, 89, 92, 94, 100, 101, 104, 108-110 (CG); 56, 66, 76, 80, 81 (WW); 7, 8, 11 (SC)	Myntion.....	95 (CG); 9 (WW); 42, 45, 53, 57-59 (AG); 4, 6-8, 10, 13, 14 (SC)
Lanngolyn.....	18, 30, 50-51 (WW)	Myrkul.....	31, 57, 98-101, 110 (CC); 62, 69 (WW); 4, 28, 40, 61 (AG); 6, 7, 12 (SC)
Lanys.....	95 (CG); 28, 64, 68 (WW); 50, 53, 58, 61 (AG); 4-6, 8, 10, 12, 13 (SC)	Myrmith Splendon.....	83, 84 (WW)
Laran.....	9 (WW); 37, 47, 50, 58 (AG); 11 (SC)	Mystra.....	29, 72, 84, 90, 94, 100, 101 (CG); 28, 61, 76 (WW); 2, 8, 15, 18, 27, 28 (AG); 7, 8, 11 (SC)
Larissa Neathal.....	68, 70, 71 (CG); 85 (WW); 8 (SC)	Nain.....	68, 83 (CG); 66, 78, 79 (WW); 17 (AG); 6, 7 (SC)
Lathander.....	22, 30 (CG); 19, 41, 62, 66, 68, 73, 74, 91 (WW); 20, 29, 57 (AG); 4 (SC)	Naneatha Suaril.....	18, 61 (WW)
Lathkule.....	18, 67 (WW)	Nesher.....	60 (CG); 21, 27 (WW)
Laughingflow.....	13, 24 (CG)	Nesme.....	13, 20, 102, 103 (CG)
Lahren.....	68 (WW); 56, 58 (AG); 4, 13 (SC)	Nether Mountains.....	13, 20 (CG)
Lauroun.....	29, 57, 98 (CG)	Netheril.....	14, 15, 20, 24, 72, 91, 100, 106 (CG); 7 (SC)
League Hall.....	4 8 (WW); 22 (AG)	Neverwinter.....	2, 14, 15, 20, 21, 29, 31, 68, 102, 103 (CG); 26, 73, 76 (WW); 4, 8 (SC)
League of Skinners & Tanners.....	48, 51, 53 (WW); 22 (AG)	New Olamn.....	22, 46, 47 (CG); 19, 20, 27, 41, 61, 69 (WW); 5, 20, 24, 29, 37, 49, 55 (AG); 7 (SC)
Leilon.....	17, 21, 102, 103 (CG)	Nhyris D'Hotheek.....	101, 110 (CG)
Lhestyn.....	20, 29, 31, 41, 47, 57, 67 (CG); 23, 26, 86, 88 (WW); 27 (AG)	Nimbral.....	3, 18 (CG)
Lliira.....	101 (CG); 68 (WW); 29, 41, 49, 58 (AG); 4, 13 (SC)	Nimoar.....	26, 29 (CG); 28 (AG)
Llorbauth.....	87 (CG); 7 (SC)	Nindil Jalbuck.....	70, 74, 82 (CG); 40, 43, 51, 57, 60 (AG); 3, 6-10, 14, 15, 16 (SC)
Llorkh.....	17, 24, 103 (CG)	Nleera Tarannath.....	25, 26 (WW)
Loene.....	66, 79 (WW); 20 (AG)	Northgate.....	8, 73 (CG); 63 (AG)
Long Road.....	11, 18, 19, 23, 102, 103 (CG); 9 (SC)	Northreckoning.....	29, 56, 67 (CG)
Longsaddle.....	17, 102, 103 (CG); 76 (WW)	Oghma.....	22, 95, 109, 110 (CG); 45, 61, 69 (WW); 15, 20, 29 (AG); 7, 11 (SC)
Lord's Court.....	28, 33, 35, 47, 68, 77, 87 (CG); 6, 19, 22, 30, 32, 45, 49 (WW); 27-29, 34, 40, 63 (AG)	Olanhar Wands.....	28, 68 (WW); 8 (SC)
Lords Magister.....	28, 31 (CG); 6, 38 (WW)	Old Guild Hall.....	10, 11 (AG)
Lords of Waterdeep.....	1, 4, 8, 25, 27-31, 47, 67-74, 75, 82, 88-90, 98, 104, 107, 108, 110 (CG); 6, 7, 29, 32, 37, 54, 62, 66, 76, 78, 80, 82, 85, 86, 90 (WW); 4, 5, 33, 62 (AG); 6, 7 (SC)	Old Mage.....	see Ahghairon
Loudwater.....	13, 17, 18, 102, 103 (CG)	Old Xoblob Shop.....	3, 32 (CG); 24, 36, 37 (AG)
Loviatar.....	105 (CG); 14 (SC)	Oldmazzan's Jewels.....	61 (CG); 47 (WW)
Loyal Order of Street Laborers.....	46, 47 (CG); 37, 39, 49 (WW); 15, 26 (AG)	Olophin.....	43, 54, 55, 60, 61 (AG); 4, 5, 9, 11, 15 (SC)
Luskan.....	16, 18-21, 33, 34, 70, 102, 103 (CG); 3, 6, 17, 32, 39, 51, 73, 87, 92 (WW); 54 (AG); 4, 5, 9-11, 15 (SC)	Open Lord.....	2, 25, 30, 31, 41, 47, 67, 68, 71, 82, 98 (CG); 6, 80, 86 (WW); 4, 26, 27, 62 (AG)
Lythis (Mhairuun) Phylund.....	6, 22 (WW)	Order of Master Shipwrights.....	10 (CG); 35, 50, 52, 71 (WW)
Maaril.....	56, 79 (WW); 17 (AG); 7, 11 (SC)	Orlar Thammias.....	5 6 (WW); 11 (SC)
Madame Garah.....	41, 42, 46, 50-52, 56, 59, 61 (AG); 2, 5-8, 14 (SC)	Orlumbor.....	18 (CG); 51 (WW)
Madieron Sunderstone.....	82 (CG); 5 (AG)	Osco.....	65 (WW); 62 (AG)
Maelstrom's Notch.....	10, 36 (AG)	Gwen.....	68 (WW); 59 (AG); 14 (SC)
Maerklos.....	7, 18 (WW)	Palace of Waterdeep.....	9, 31, 34, 36, 45, 47-49, 57, 62, 68, 72-76, 78, 80, 82, 96 (CG); 4, 30, 40, 49, 53, 54, 71, 72, 79, 80, 82, 94 (WW); 3, 5, 15, 18, 20, 21, 29 (AG); 3, 8 (SC)
Maernos.....	18, 19, 30 (WW); 47 (AG)	Pampered Traveler.....	61 (CG); 42 (WW); 36 (AG)
Majarra.....	47 (CG); 19, 94 (WW)	Pelauvir's Counter.....	7, 36 (AG)
Malakuth Tabuurr.....	105, 106 (CG); 8 (SC)	Phalantar.....	37 (WW); 20, 36 (AG)
Malchor Harpell.....	17, 21, 68 (CG); 66, 73, 76, 79 (WW); 7 (SC)	Phalantar's Philtres & Components.....	37 (WW); 20, 36 (AG)
Manthar.....	60 (CG); 20 (WW)	Phaulkon.....	33, 34 (CG); 87 (WW); 45, 46, 54, 59 (AG); 4, 6, 9, 11-14 (SC)
Map House.....	55 (WW); 37, 58 (AG)	Phull.....	21, 43 (WW); 24 (AG)
Marie Phaulkon.....	46, 59 (AG); 14 (SC)	Phylund.....	7, 11, 21, 22, 30 (WW)
Mariners' Hall.....	49, 72 (WW)	Piatran.....	36, 47, 59, 60 (AG); 6, 9, 11, 14, 15 (SC)
Market.....	31, 32; 35, 46, 96 (CG); 37 (WW); 18, 20, 26, 29, 35, 64 (AG)	Piergeiron.....	2, 3, 9, 31, 33, 35, 47, 57, 62, 67, 68, 70-73, 75-77, 79, 82, 98 (CG); 6, 30, 44, 49, 51, 64, 80-82, 94 (WW); 3-5, 15, 18, 21, 27, 32-34, 44 (AG); 5, 9 (SC)
Marune.....	19, 20 (CG); 86 (WW)	Piergeiron's Palace.....	see Palace of Waterdeep
Maskar Wands.....	14, 28, 30 (WW); 5 (AG); 8, 11, 16 (SC)	Piiradost.....	22, 30 (WW); 12 (SC)
Masked Lady.....	20, 29, 31, 41, 67 (CG); 23, 86, 88 (WW)	Pirate Isles.....	18, 58 (CG)
Master Mariners' Guild.....	49 (WW); 24, 28 (AG)	Plinth.....	33, 36, 73, 116 (CG); 19, 60-62, 66, 69 (WW); 3, 11, 27, 28, 57 (AG)
Maztica.....	31 (CG); 9 (WW)	Port Last.....	21, 102, 103 (CG); 31, 46, 73 (WW)
Meleghost Starseer.....	90 (CG); 61 (WW)	Purple Palace.....	32, 74 (CG); 36 (AG)
Melody Mount Walk.....	46, 47 (CG); 20 (AG)	Quaffing Quaggoth.....	74 (CG); 20, 37 (AG)
Melshimber.....	47 (CG); 19-21, 25 (WW); 47, 52 (AG); 7 (SC)	Quallos Myntion.....	45, 58-60 (AG); 3, 6-8, 14 (SC)
Meraedos Fine Furs.....	53 (WW); 36 (AG)	Quill Alley.....	62 (CG); 53 (WW); 11 (AG)
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Metalmasters' Hall.....	50 (WW); 7 (AG)	Raella Hiess.....	109, 110 (CG)
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FORGOTTEN REALMS
Campaign Expansion

City of Splendors



AD&D
2nd Edition

Who's Who
in WATERDEEP



Who's Who in Waterdeep

Book II of The City of Splendors

by Ed Greenwood and Steven Schend

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Chapter One: Waterdeep Society

What should one expect among society in Waterdeep? Anything . . . just about anything. The nobles aren't always noble, the merchants care more of coin than classes, and the commoners are certainly everything but common. Waterdeep is a city of people all communicating the one true language of commerce, money and greed."

— "Kitten" Nymara Scheiron

Social Level

Given Waterdeep's size and the presence of a well-established nobility and a prosperous merchant class, many natives of the Realms believe that specific social classes have been established, each with rules and "inherent superiorities." Instead of the fragmenting and distinct splits based on income or birth, Waterdeep has nullified such differences almost entirely.

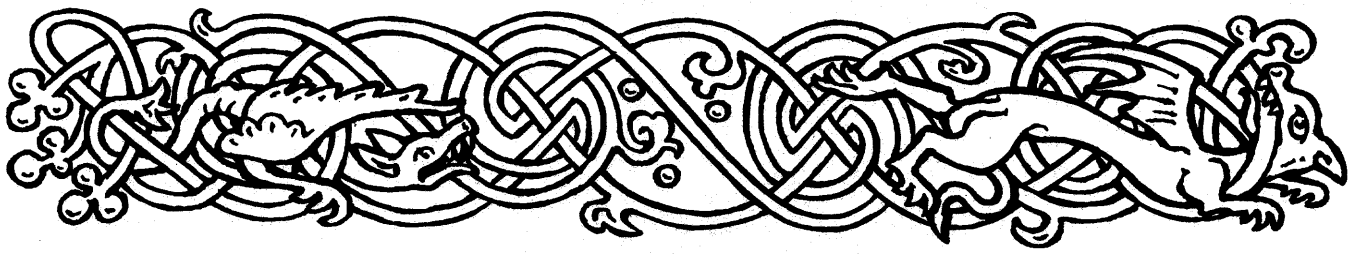
"Social level" and "class" are far less important in Waterdeep than in other cities of the Realms (and elsewhere); any prejudices against folk due to race, creed, or coin are brought in by visitors from outside the walls, and are not tolerated to a large extent. The crossroads nature of the city and the up-and-down fortunes of those who make their living in trade keeps the inhabitants of the city tolerant of a wide variety of peoples, with widely varying customs, religions, and incomes. A paladin native to Waterdeep would readily accept that those who reject rigid authority are just as "good" and worthy of his aid as their more enlightened neighbors, unless they are actively evil. In a like manner, a noble mage might think himself above a dungsweeper, but he would never act superior in dealings with the sweeper beyond slight condescension and a simplification of speech.

In Waterdeep, low birth or station is not a recipe for rudeness from one's betters, beyond what one's actions would earn from one's equals in any case—if you are ridiculed in Waterdeep, you brought such treatment upon yourself! Visiting knights-errant and paladins are, of course, a different matter—holding themselves above the common man and living for an ideal—although they are soon advised about their pompous elitism by many Waterdhavians. Of course, the watch might take a hand to a very objectionable and disruptive brag gart. "Live and let live" best describes most Waterdhavians' attitudes; everyone is far too busy in the pursuit of wealth and happiness. Folk who tell others how to act and think are more entertainment to the hard-working folk of Waterdeep than a serious social force.

MANNERS

The cosmopolitan nature of the City of Splendors makes its natives very tolerant. They tend to be talkative, friendly, easygoing, and outspoken, but do not expect others to be. Good Waterdhavian merchants are quick to sense how those they meet like to speak





and be spoken to; this pendant allows them to make business deals with speed and to mutual advantage and pleasure.

Natives of the City of Splendors are notoriously slow to take offense. A Waterdhavian will plainly state his or her feelings as a warning before showing anger. One is more apt to hear "I don't find that amusing, friend," said pleasantly to a stranger before an angry voice is raised. Some visitors misinterpret such behavior as cowardice or ignorance ("he was too stupid to know I insulted him!"); if they act on such misjudgments, however, surprise and regret are the usual results.

Most Waterdhavians are slow to take fright unless facing magic or monsters. A swaggering human warrior threatening them is quite likely to be stared at calmly, or even sneered at. Imzeel Coopercan, the barkeep of the Mighty Manticore, once reflected, "A bullying braggart in a Waterdhavian tavern is as welcome as a loud rope merchant at the Ropemakers' Guild meetings—no one's interested in what you're peddling, no matter how high a quality, as no one has need of nor desire for something in abundance." The only warriors that affect Waterdhavians with any frequency wear the colors of the watch and the guard. "The only mortals that Waterdhavians fear are a few unstable wizards and the Lords," Durnan told a first-time visitor surprised by the nonchalance of the Yawning Portal's regulars about the dungeon, "and only when they've incurred the wrath of said persons themselves."

Beings of almost all races may be seen in the city, too. A typical Waterdhavian would react with hostility and fear only to a drow, an illithid, nonhuman natives of the Lower Planes, and, of course, "monsters" such as beholders and dragons; with all others, it's generally "business as usual."

Lecherous and drunken behavior tends to be tolerated when considered atypical behavior, and it is treated the same as strange manners of speech or customs (though some of the Distillers' guild frequently drink to excess while "proving the superiority of Waterdhavian spirits to the uninitiated"). If a drunken outlander makes a coarse proposal to a Waterdhavian who does not find it amusing or inviting, the suggestion will merely be ignored. If repeated, the Waterdhavian will leave if he or she wishes to, or simply state his or her lack of appreciation. This process continues for some time ere fists fly or blades flash. As a general rule—Waterdhavians with hair-trigger tempers who aren't powerful wizards simply don't last long.

Waterdhavians do not discuss the weather, unless in a profession governed by it like farmers or sailors. Small talk and idle chatter normally centers on matters of commerce, and secondarily on warfare elsewhere in the Realms.

Waterdhavians take a sporting interest in such happenings as the constant minor strife in the South, the recurring unrest and bloodshed in Tethyr, and traditional and long standing shipping discord between Ruathym and Luskan.

Dress & Appearance

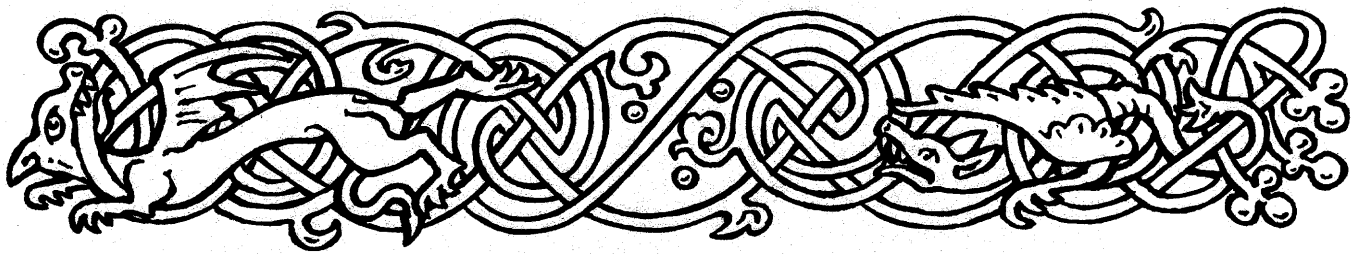
All manner of clothing and garb may be seen on the streets of Waterdeep. There are no laws relating to dress except to prohibit private citizens from impersonating the Lords of the city, the black-robed Magisters, or officers and members of the guard or watch. Guild livery can only legally be worn by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

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

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

Jewelry is worn by both sexes in the City of Splendors; some people festoon themselves with its glitter, and others





never wear a single bauble, regardless of personal wealth. All manner of hairdos may be seen, and all types and colors of clothing are used. There is no law against nudity or requiring particular areas of the body be covered, but Waterdeep is a coastal city – when it isn't raining (or in winter, snowing), there is usually mist about the streets. Despite the sheltering mountain, the city streets can also be windy in bad weather and around highsun (dawn, dusk, and night tends to be calmer). These conditions preclude light or skimpy dress for most beings, most of the time.

The fashions of other planes, as well as other lands, may be seen on the city streets, so dress is individual and variance is freely tolerated. There is no such thing as “not in fashion” in the City of Splendors, in regards to dress. However, the younger nobles’ games of one-up-manship in daring or unique clothing tend to sway opinions toward certain modes of dress and away from others.

Factions

Now that Waterdhavian societal norms are covered, the discussion turns to what drives such a society. The citizens of the city can be organized in terms of “power groups” that collectively influence the workings of Waterdeep, and the various “power groups” of Waterdeep can be divided into four factions. Picture these as the four corners of a rectangle or a diamond, each tugging at the others but all equally counterbalanced, so that although one faction may gain the ascendant, none can completely eliminate or absolutely rule the others without destroying the city. These four factions are the Ruling Faction, the Guilds, the Temples, and the Independents.

The Ruling Faction consists of the Lords, the Magisters, the guard, the watch, the Palace officials and diplomats, and the special groups working directly (and discreetly) for the Lords. This faction traditionally has the upper hand in Waterdeep, and the Lords are extremely careful to ensure that things stay that way by retaining (ruthlessly, if need be) the absolute loyalty of the other members of this faction, particularly the guard (which, traditionally, the guilds always try to purchase the loyalty of). With few exceptions, the nobles are considered part of the Ruling Faction, as they stand squarely behind it. The nobles largely leave the Lords alone in terms of city rule, and they are thus far more free to act as they wish without responsibilities beyond their immediate fiscal duties. At one time, almost all the noble families controlled the guilds; these days, most noble families withdraw from the cut-and-rust of active guild membership (only to

replace such activity with the social cut-and-thrust within the nobility). The Lords and all their agents (the watch, et al) were detailed in the *Campaign Guide to the City* and the nobles are discussed in Chapter Two of this book.

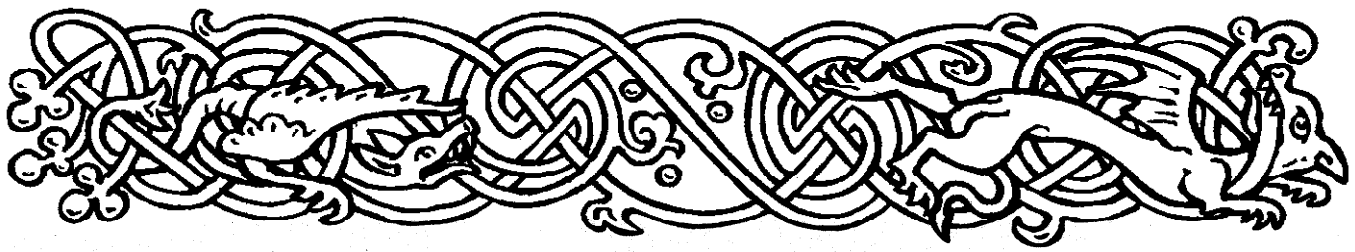
The Guilds are detailed in Chapter Three of this book. They operate within limits set by the Lords, some only as far as the Lords’ vigilance forces them to. The DM should be passingly familiar with these guilds before any play involving the city commences. Their ranks will provide “honest jobs” for PCs, while most of the NPCs they will have daily dealings with will be members of various ranks and influence. If properly handled by the DM, the guilds and the quirks of each (and its members) can provide much of the “life” of the city in an ongoing campaign.

The Temples and priesthoods, long thought of as “silent partners” among the power groups of the city, work their ends solely through their influence in the common people. Their control is evident only by exhortation and by direct diplomatic appeal to the Palace on behalf of one faith or one congregation. In recent years, since the Godswar left its mark on Waterdeep, the city has seen a resurgence of influence from the temples; while it has far from the same hold that mercantilism has on the collective nature of Waterdeep, religion grows and affects the city as it never has in the past. See Chapter Four of this book for details.

The most numerous of the blocs, the Independents faction consists of any private citizens of Waterdeep who do not belong to a guild. Most adventurers (PCs and NPCs) and mercenaries are members of this faction, as are lone wizards and thieves. This faction gains its name from the independent (nonguild) merchants of Waterdeep. The lack of any common organization renders this most numerous group the least powerful.

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





Chapter Two: Nobles of The City

Dilettantes and daggers—that’s what the nobility of Waterdeep is all about. While many are ineffectual fops and dandies (and I oft play that role), the rumors, threats, or vows from the razor-sharp tongues of some enraged nobles can be more dangerous than any monsters of the Sword Coast! The ever-present parties among the villas are not just considered amusements; they are wars, where alliances and agendas both known and covert are forged, broken, and forged anew in the space of an evening, and rivals can be brought low by the strength of one well-placed rumor. Few nobles are truly evil, but many are ruthless and opportunistic in nature; one cannot truly know another noble, just what face is currently offered. As I can well attest, what you see is rarely what you get when dealing with the gentrified denizens of Waterdeep.”

—Danilo Thann, circa 1367 Dalereckoning

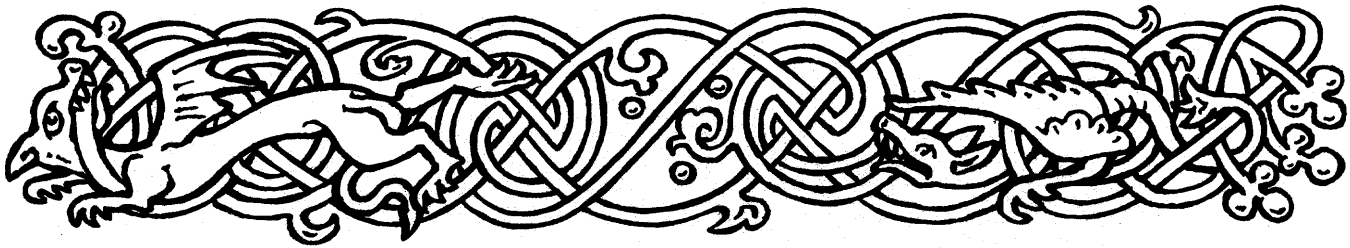
History of Waterdeep’s Nobility

Over the course of Waterdeep’s centuries-long history, the fiscal opportunities and the notoriety of this open port made it quite attractive to outsiders looking for places to establish trade. Once there, the freedoms allowed to the guilds and the merchants—as well as the lack of serious political plotting between the guilds and the city rulers—made it irresistible, and many merchants and lesser nobles of other lands settled there, creating a minor nobility and merchant class during Ahghairon’s rule.

During the time of Ahghairon, nearly a hundred rich merchant families from all areas of the Sword Coast and parts east (including not a few lesser nobles of Cormyr and Sembia) settled in the fledgling city of Waterdeep, using their money and influence to increase the trade (and their own personal power) in the city. With these early successful beginnings, the merchant families soon became the mainstays of Waterdeep’s early social and civil stability. After a time, and with their growing influence in the burgeoning guilds, these merchants and transplanted nobles became the mainstays of Waterdeep’s early social and civil stability and swiftly grew into the city’s “high society” and bastions of cultural tone.

Over the centuries, some of these families have died out or been submerged by marriage, and others have arisen with each decade (see “Nobles & Their Clans” below). When Ahghairon died, many noble houses also controlled the guilds, patriarchs often being the Guild Masters themselves. While Ahghairon ruled, the Lords provided a balance to the unified power of the guilds and the nobility, and the city prospered with its open trade; with the great mage’s passing and the subsequent hunting down and killing of the secretive Lords, the nobles used their own forces and the resources of their guilds





to assert the rule they believed was theirs to take.

In the 17 years when the Guild Council governed the city, many members of over 30 noble houses were decimated by the Guildwars and other ensuing conflicts. Only eight noble houses fell entirely, their lands and resources absorbed into those of their killers. Many young heirs, cowed by the ruthlessness of some noble Guild Masters and the general bloodshed involved with their internal guild politics, renounced all claims within the guilds and stayed out of the conflicts. By the time of the Lords Magister, only the noble houses of the Gildeggh and Zoar families still controlled any guilds.

The houses Zoar and Gildeggh ruled Waterdeep for a short time, but justice prevailed at last, with the return of the Lords of Waterdeep under Open Lord Baeron. Because of their crimes against the people of the city, the families of the Lords Magister were declared Outcast by Baeron, and the Gildeggh and Zoar clans were permanently exiled from Waterdeep. Today, the Gildeggh family line is believed extinct; the arms of the Gildeggh family were a red rose clutched in a silver gauntlet, on a green field. The Zoar family is still a bitter enemy of Waterdeep's rulers, its members dwelling in Luskan, Scornubel, and Amn, and rumored to be allied with the Knights of the Shield; the Zoar arms consist of a realistic, severed umber hulk's head impaled on a bloody spear, on a scarlet field.

After the "Bloody Misrule of the Lords-Magister" and the return of the Lords, the noble families renounced many of their old guild alliances and power bases. Slavery, which Ahghairon banned but the Lords-Magister reinstated, was again outlawed in a mandate by the new Open Lord Baeron and his fellow Lords; the few nobles still actively involved in this trade were actively censured until such trade stopped entirely. With the stability of the Lords' rule returned, Waterdeep soon became the thriving port city again, the trade of the guilds once again lawful and fair (through no small influence by the Lords upon the elections of new Guild Masters), and the nobles reduced to their trades and parties, not government. It has been nearly a century since the Lords' return, and the 76 noble families of Waterdeep work with the Lords and the Ruling Faction far more now than they ever did in the past (though not without some resentment. . .).

The Nobles' World

Many noble families of Waterdeep have been ennobled for hundreds of years—some can trace their genealogies, back six hundred years or more. However, there is no established order of precedence or seniority

among the nobility. At Court, nobles may speak whenever recognized by Piergeiron, or when silently pointed at by one of the masked Lords. While it is of some minor effect among the social circles of the nobles themselves, the length of time a family has been nobility in Waterdeep is of little impact or importance to the city at large and its other peoples. The time merely serves as a benchmark of how successful a given family has been at working with the Lords, the guilds, and the changes of the growing City of Splendors. Below are a number of items that affect the lives of the nobles or those around them in Waterdeep:

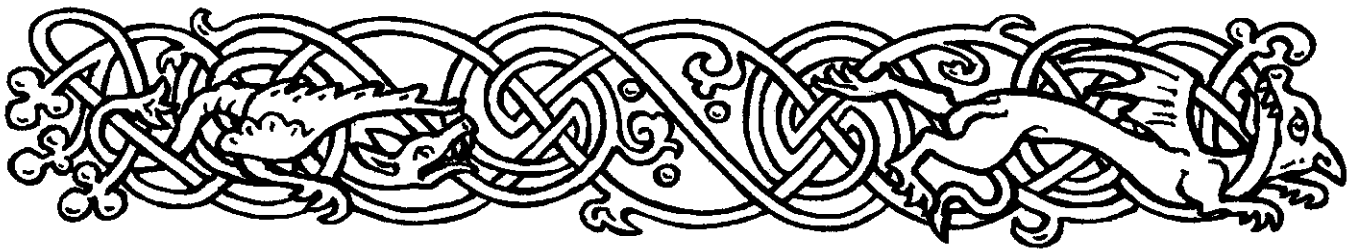
Nobles & Their Clans

Given the instability and the dangers of the Realms, nobles and those to whom it is important to pass on a family name and inheritance have huge families. Most noble families have fifteen or so members of direct blood resident in Waterdeep. One or all of these may also own extensive holdings elsewhere in the Realms and other residences in the city. A noble household typically houses fifty or so servants, and has available mounts for all blood members and about half of the servants. Many noble families are also landlords of substantial holdings within the city. Ownership of buildings around one's own villa is the best way to rid oneself of noisy, undesirable neighbors.

Titles, lands, and funds can be inherited by any child or heir of a noble patriarch or matriarch. The standard practice in the Realms assumes the eldest child (regardless of sex) inherits the title and the majority holdings of a family, with younger siblings and other relations getting lesser legacies. Living rulers of a noble family can proclaim a different heir should they choose, but such a proclamation must take place in the Lord's Court, keeping the city rulers apprised of who stands to inherit the lands and titles (and avoiding any problems with contesting the inheritance after a ruler's passing). The changing of an heir is rare, most often occurring after the death of the heir (though a number of heirs have refused family lands and titles, dedicating their lives to religious orders).

Matriarchal noble families are not uncommon in Waterdeep or the rest of the Realms; established matriarchs wishing to marry a nobleman can choose to adopt his name and family holdings (at which time she would abdicate her title and legacy to her chosen heir), or her husband can become a matriarch's consort (the husband abdicates any former family inheritances and holdings in order to share in his wife's title and station, and he is most often referred to as "Lord-Consort"). If either spouse (or both) is a solitary heir





with no heirs to receive his or her title, family portfolios can combine under one name and one titular head of the house. When this happens, 43% of the houses retain the matriarchal house, 49% maintain the patriarchal house, and a rare 8% create an entirely new dynasty; this has happened twice within the past four decades. The Maerklos family was formed 32 years ago with the fusing of the matriarchal Marrek family holdings and the Relekos clan holdings of her consort. More recently, Lord Urtos Phylund II married Lythis Mhairuun, the sole heir of her merchant family, and absorbed her family holdings into his own.

Nobles & The City

Noble families are granted the right to bear arms—that is, real arms: Small private armies (no more than 70 fully-equipped men-at-arms) within the city to guard the security of their goods, properties, and trade. Non-noble families, businesses, and individuals in the city are allowed no more than 16 fully-armed bodyguards, by edict of the Lords. While this seems unfair to outsiders, natives of the city recognize the benefit of these men-at-arms as additional protection (provided they are allied with a noble willing to provide them). As well, men-at-arms are not one massed army at a villa, but are scattered about all the noble's properties across the city.

Nobles are also granted the right to bear symbolic arms, also known as “arms of grace”: heraldic coats-of-arms, to be used as recognition-badges by such armsmen. The family coat-of-arms is borne by all men-at-arms and low-ranking servants of each noble family, and thus is often seen in the streets of Waterdeep. The heraldry of Waterdeep may seem simplistic and crude, but this is largely due to practical considerations, such as the need to readily recognize a distinctive family device from afar, even in twilight, bad weather, torchlight, or in a fight. Lastly, the heraldry reflects the personal tastes of the nobles and of the Heralds involved over the years. Close examination of the coats-of-arms will reveal many complex elements, although differencing (by labels) is rare, as only family members who have had a deep, long-lasting breach with their kin request differentiated arms for themselves—and most such individuals usually leave the City of Splendors for more hospitable habitations elsewhere in the Realms. The coats-of-arms are all displayed below with the noble families roster. No “arms of grace” have been granted by the Lords of Waterdeep in more than 30 winters (since the formation of the Maerklos arms); this recognition of nobility involves Falconfree, the Herald of Waterdeep, and unanimous agreement of the Lords, an action that seldom occurs.

Villas of the nobility are all grand houses with additional buildings for servants and guests; the majority of the villas are walled around the property perimeter, many with interior gardens. The walls around the villas were more functional when the villas were still outside the city walls, and needed walls for constant protection of those inside. Now, with the villas inside Waterdeep, the walls provide more privacy than protection, though this doesn't mean that the villas are easy to pillage. DMs are encouraged to invent fiendish guardians (from the mundane to the magical) for any noble's villa that PCs try to explore uninvited. Remember, money is no object to most nobles; they are rich enough that they need not work if they do not care to and can invest money in things like a “magical alarm system” and other surprises.

While the nobles are afforded quite a few privileges within the city by the Lords, they are expected, by the nature and the wealth of their station, to contribute to the general welfare of the city and its denizens. As such, a hundredth of the annual wealth of each noble family goes directly into the city coffers each Midsummer for the defense and maintenance of the city.

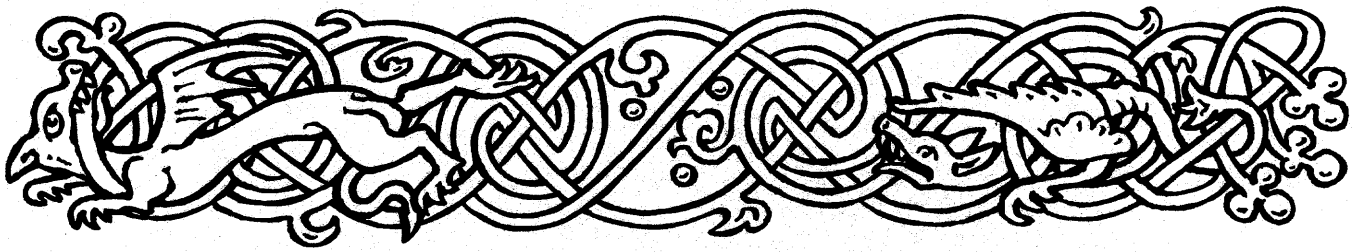
One of the strictest and most harshly enforced law of the Lords is the prohibition against slavery in Waterdeep. In the past, many noble families gained great wealth through slave trade. Many years ago, under Ahghairon's rule and again with the re-establishment of Lords' rule, the nobles were given the choice of freeing all slaves and ceasing such trade, or becoming Outcast and exiled. All renounced the slave trade, and, aside from that in Skullport, no serious slavetrading has existed near Waterdeep in nearly a century. Some vague rumors about Waterdhavian nobles indulging in slavetrading regularly make the rounds about those families with connections in the far South.

Precise details of the wealth and full activities of the noble families are deliberately excluded from this chapter, so each DM can involve such nobility in adventures as he or she sees fit, tailoring details to adventures and to the political situations in the city in his or her individual campaign. For similar reasons, many details of most of the prominent noble family members are up to the DM.

Waterdhavian Nobles Campaign

This campaign is based entirely within the social circles of the privileged of Waterdeep and could be an utter gold mine of roleplaying opportunities for experi-





enced players. In short, the campaign focuses on the activities of nobles young and old, such as:

- *What do nobles do to stave off boredom in summer?* As summer is the height of the social season, PC nobles have little problem here, save for the sheer variety of activity. Indulgent lords might allow favored daughters and sons to spend money in constructive pursuits like building their own townhomes or establishing a festhall. Other exercises are finding out who's spreading vicious rumors about them, or deciding which parties and receptions the PCs will attend or host.
- *What do nobles do to stave off boredom in winter?* As the season where many nobles are gone from the city, PCs can travel south and have adventures outside their element. They could also remain in the city, doing much mischief among the empty villas of North and Sea Wards or landing in trouble in the taverns of Dock Ward.
- *How do young nobles stay on the good side of their patriarch/matriarch?* PCs can either be embarrassments for their respective elders and be subject to censure, or they could be great heroes and praised by the elder lord or lady. Of course, success raises the expectations of a championing noble and PCs might be forced into situations they can't succeed at. All through this, PCs must maintain a careful balancing act between satisfying their benefactors and keeping a low enough profile to stay out of trouble with the nobles and Lords.
- *Who are your rivals and what rumors can you spread about them?* Who said everything had to be nice? Nobility thrives on back-biting, cut-and-thrust social wars, but skill and subtlety are more prized and impressive than power and directness in the verbal sparring of two enemies. Rumors are best spread in taverns and inns, whispering just loud enough so others can hear; regardless of the truth of the matter, the rumor can do its damage swiftly if it reaches the right ears. (To avoid a rumor being traced back to the PCs, rarely attempt this sort of thing in North or Sea Ward.) Regardless of the rivalry's origin (competing interests, both in love with one NPC, etc.), only extraordinary measures will cause truces or changes in the relationship.
- *How do you feel about those attention-stealing adventurers?* While many young nobles take to the road due to lack of standing at home or a desire to prove themselves to the family, adventuring for many nobles is something that happens when they're too slow to avoid it. Such exploits are nasty, unpleasant things that (thankfully) happen to somebody else, and can be laughed over at a party, half a year later!

When creating noble PCs and NPCs, the players and the DM are encouraged to give them individual styles and characters; most are decadent, arrogant, and privileged, but few are really evil or depraved. They are all used to getting their own way in most daily doings. Nobles make formidable enemies. Most nobles spend their adult lives in an endless round of parties, intrigue, dabbling in special interests, and partying again.

The Noble Families

All of the noble families are listed below, complete with heraldic coats-of-arms, family NPCs, and the family's source of money listed in each entry. Note that the arms that are presented are idealized versions, as might be found on a tapestry within a family villa; simplified versions with the same basic design are on family signet rings, wax seals, and servants' clothes. "Prominent Members" are the leading NPCs of the noble family, and those with wide influence and fame (or infamy) in the city. A number of families have "regents" listed; these are people to manage the business interests of the family if the heir should inherit the titles while still a minor (under age 16). "Trade & Interests" refers to activities engaged in all over the Realms, not just in the city.

Additional information on some noble families is given for the Dungeon Master, and is placed just below the standard entry. Not all noble families have extra material on their members; these additions are made to provide an introduction to noble characters and their machinations and intrigues, and allow DMs to work those plots into your AD&D® game campaigns.

Family Name: ADARBRENT (Ah-DAR-brent)

Prominent Members:

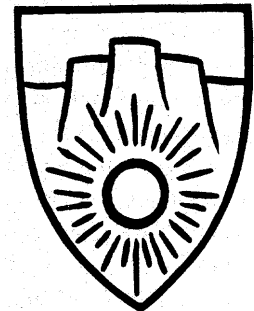
Patriarch: Royus Adarbrent

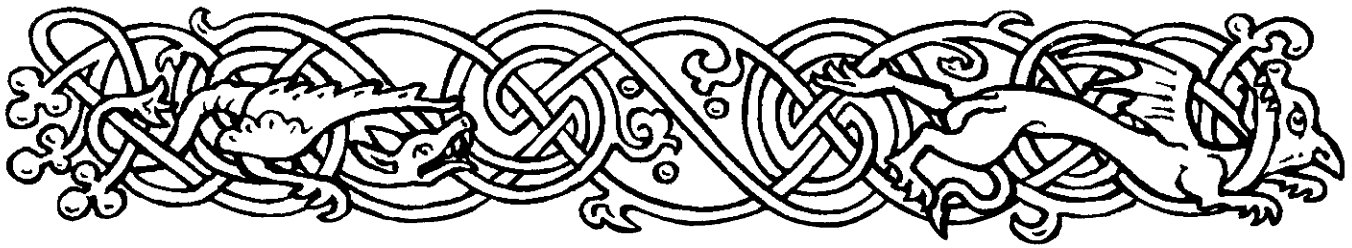
Consort: None

Heir: Alroy Adarbrent
(eldest son)

Trade & Interests: shipping,
navigating, cartography,
and exploration

Arms: field: gold
star: red
stalactites: purple
cavern ceiling: purple





Adarbrent, Alroy: (NG hm F0; WIS 15) While not the most hardy of seamen on board ship, Alroy Adarbrent, the 37-year-old heir to the Adarbrent shipping fortunes, is one of the best navigators in the city today. He has successfully completed a trip to Maztica with his sister and her ships, their return to the City of Splendors eliciting much fanfare (and gold, from the rare import products brought back). Alroy is madly in love with Galinda Raventree, despite his father's disapproval of her family.

Adarbrent, Ellis: (LG hm F0; CON 8, INT 17) Ellis is the third child of Royus, and he is the only one not working for his father. He works as a journeyman cartographer at Laran's Cartographers (AQ12 on the Adventurers' Quarter map), and the 23-year-old is working feverishly with Laran to translate his siblings' recent charts and logbooks to create a more detailed map of the Maztican coastlands. He is a very quiet man, who stutters when he gets nervous.

Adarbrent, Royus: (LG hm F0; INT 16, CHA 17) Royus is a spry 60-year-old man who came to Waterdeep from Cormyr with his father 57 years ago. The Adarbrent Shipping Company was a success from the start, and Lord Royus now has the third largest fleet of ships in Waterdeep (after the city guard and the Guild of Watermen). His wife died eight years ago after a long illness, and he is now seeking companionship, much to the dismay of his eldest son and heir, Alroy.

Adarbrent, Syllia: (CG hf F3; STR 17, CON 15, CHA 18) The only daughter of the Adarbrent family, Syllia is a true spitfire. She is her mother's daughter, as Royus often points out, with her willfulness, tenacity, and temper; these driving qualities, coupled with an excellent ability to lead others, made her the only female fleet captain on the northern Sword Coast! Her officers of the fleet and the men on her flagship, the *Hippocampus*, are intensely loyal to her. She is rarely in Waterdeep, preferring to spend much of her time at sea; this habit has intensified of late, as her father is trying to arrange a marriage for her, since he doesn't approve of her lover, Farid Al-Nisr (CG hm W5), who joined her crew a year ago in Calimport.

Family Name:

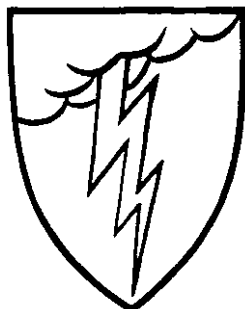
AGUNDAR (Ah-GUN-dar)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Torres Agundar

Consort: Lynneht Sinmeklos
(23-year-old fiancee)

Heir: Torres Agundar II (27-year old son from first marriage)



Trade & Interests: mercenary

fighting, warrior training, sword-forging

Arms: field: sky blue

lightning bolt: white

cloud: purple

Family Name: **AMCATHRA** (Am-CATH-ra)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Challas Amcathra

Consort: Miri Amcathra

Heir: Arilos Amcathra (eldest son)

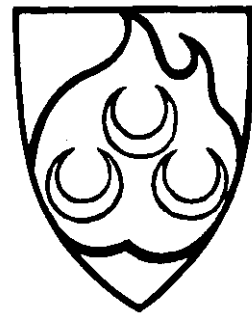
Trade & Interests: wine,

sword-forging, horse-breeding
and training

Arms: field: red

crescents: silver

flame: blue

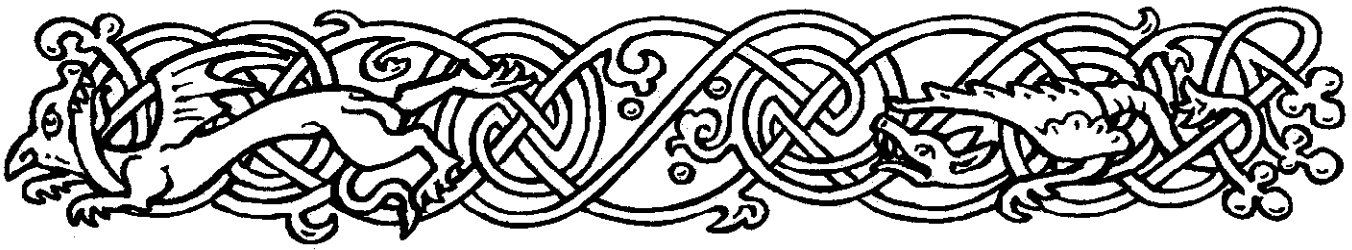


Amcathra, Arilos: (NG hm F0) Heir to the Amcathra lordship, Arilos never rests on his privileges and accomplishments, and is constantly compelled to do his best at whatever he tries. Currently, he is the member rumored to be the next Guild Master of the Stablemasters' and Farriers' Guild, and Belihands Masker publicly praises and endorses this middle-aged man for his industriousness.

Amcathra, Challas: (NG hm F2) This aging noble was once one of the up-and-coming adventurers of the Sword Coast, but this ended when he inherited the Amcathra lordship at age 26 (plagues and tavern brawls killed his six elder brothers). Swiftly approaching 100 years of age, Lord Challas Amcathra plans to pass on his title and responsibilities to Arilos by summer, and retire to a life of indolent travel. He actually has purchased potions of longevity for himself and his wife (to ease the strain of travel), and their first trip is a visit to Shadowdale and its lord, their youngest son, Mourngrym. He is content and happy with his huge family of nine children and 19 grandchildren, but he longs to get away from Waterdeep's hustle-and-bustle and spend quiet time with Jhynn, his wife of 72 years.

Amcathra, Regnet: (NG hm F4) Regnet, the second son of Arilos, is a popular and well known man about town. Famed for his tastes in clothes and drink, he has friends and acquaintances (and not a few enemies) in nearly every tavern in town; he considers the bard Danilo Thann, North Ward watch civilar Emmer Jundhyl, Mother Tathlorn, and Scirkhel Wands among his closest confidantes. He is also a member of the Deep Delvers adventuring company (see Chapter Five).





Family Name: ANTEOS (AN-tee-oh-sss)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Dulbrawan Anteos

Consort: Ranaya Anteos

Heir: Korras Anteos (younger brother); no direct heir (first child stillborn)

Trade & Interests: trading, money changing and barter; former interests in slave trade

Arms: field: white

spears: brown shafts, silver heads

impaled head: brown hair & beard,

pink flesh, red blood (lots)



Family Name: ARTEMEL (ARR- tem-el)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Bresnoss Artemel

Consort: Lydda Artemel

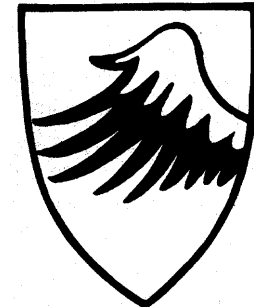
Heir: Ord Artemel (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: hunting (boar, monsters), moneylending

Arms: field: sky blue

eagle's wing: white upper

feathers, black lower feathers



Family Name: AMMAKYL (AM-ah-kil)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Luth Ammakvl

Consort: Jadzia Ammakyl

Heir: Gural Ammakyl (second son)

Trade & Interests: farming, wine-making

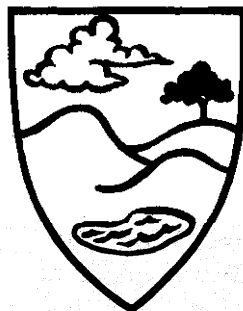
Arms: field: sky blue

ground: rich green

water: blue & silver

tree: black

cloud: white



Family Name: ASSUMBAR (Asss-UM-bar)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Laeros Assumbar

Consort: Kerri Assumbar

Heir: Myklos Assumbar (infant son); Circe Assumbar (lord's sister, regent until Myklos is 16)

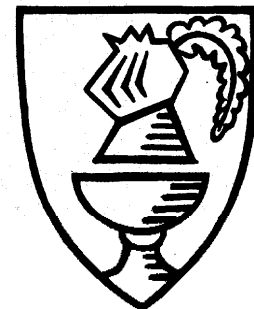
Trade & Interests: carpentry, designing exotic and splendid carriages

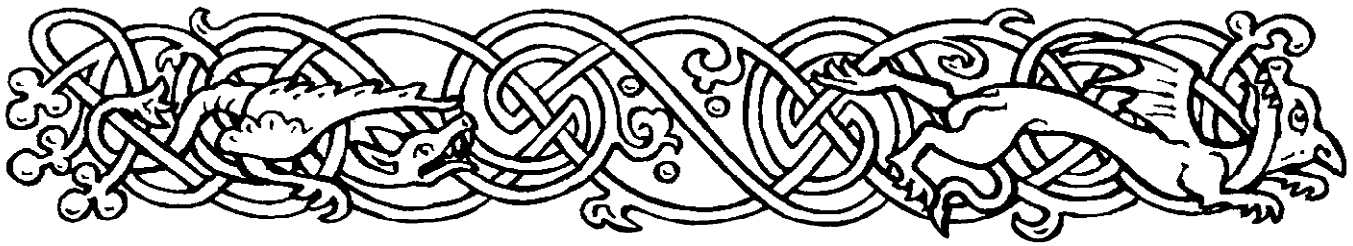
Arms: field: pink

goblet: silver

helm: silver, with gold crown-feathers

and green plume-feather





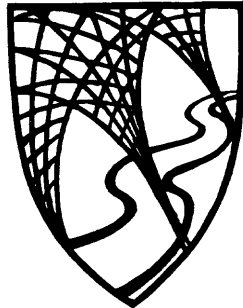
Family Name: BELABRANTA (BEL-ah-brahn-tah)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Huld Belabranta
 Consort: Alith Belabranta
 Heir: Moedt Belabranta

Trade & Interests: griffon
 breeding & taming, hunting

Arms: field: white
 stream: light blue
 netting: purple



Family Name: BROKENGULF (BROH-ken-gulf)

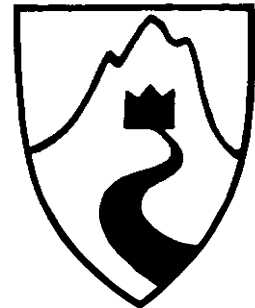
Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Morus Brokengulf
 Consort: None

Heir: Prendergast Brokengulf
 (elder brother of lord)

Trade & Interests: exploration,
 guiding, and the hunting and
 procuring of exotic beasts

Arms: field: sky blue
 mountain: gray
 cavern and trail: red



Belabranta, Huld: (NE hm W16) Known as the "Dark Enchanter," Lord Huld Belabranta is a powerful mage with a taste for power. Lord Huld uses anything from information to magic to steal power and wealth from others while he jealously hoards his own. Tavern tales say he was once a smiling, generous host years ago, but something dark now infests his home and his soul.

Belabranta, Kerryn: (N hm T5) Second in line for the family legacy, Kerryn has been estranged from his father for years. Living in his own townhouse in Castle Ward, he is a friend of Arilos Amcathra and is the best griffon-tamer in the Stablemasters' and Farriers' Guild.

Khaernos, Rycc: (CE hem W2; CHA 17) Though he seems as innocent as a child, Rycc uses Huld's paranoia and his position as Huld's apprentice to keep him at odds with his sons, hoping to inherit some money and power as a "more-worthy heir" of the Dark Enchanter.

Brokengulf, Morus: (LN hm F2) The second son of the previous Lord Brokengulf, Morus is a calm, business-minded negotiator, and never loses his temper. He is also an excellent explorer and mountaineer (he is sorely out of practice on his fighting skills, though).

Brokengulf, Morus II: (LG hm Pal2; STR 18(78)) Morus the Younger is the sole heir of Lord Brokengulf and his now-deceased wife Anja. For years, he attended the Halls of Justice, Tyr's temple, and believed the teachings of Harkas Kormallis, the paladin. By the age of sixteen, Morus was a paladin and a Tyrite zealot as well, cutting off his own right hand in sacrifice to Tyr (he magically gained the skill and strength to wield a two-handed sword in one hand). Morus abdicated his birthright for the cause of Tyr, and he now roams the Sword Coast, religiously doing good in Tyr's name.

Brokengulf, Prendergast: (CN hm F11; STR 18(57), DEX 16) The elder of the two brothers, Prendergast (his friends call him "Gast") is the huntman and the active agent of the family outside the city walls. He is a friend of Lord Phylund, and, like him, prefers being outdoors and outside the city. Gast holds no grudges against his younger brother's title, as he never wanted it at all. Despite some rumors he hears about the fates of her former consorts, Gast is currently head-over-heels in love with the widowed Lady Aridarye Phylund, and answers her every whim (though he will not knowingly do anything that might harm his old friend, Lord Urtos Phylund).

Family Name: BLADESEMMEER

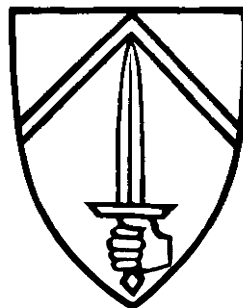
(BLAYD-sem-mer)

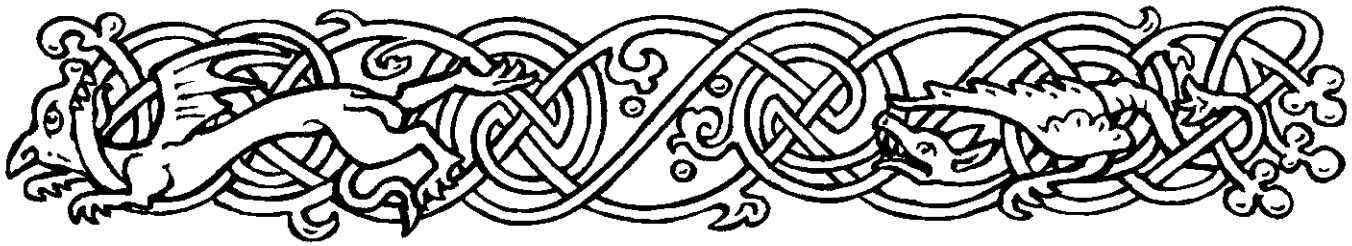
Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Taeros Bladesemmer
 Consort: Onya Bladesemmer
 Heir: Dhannan Bladesemmer
 (eldest daughter)

Trade & Interests: fencing,
 sword-forging, designing
 exotic body armor

Arms: field: orange
 blade: silver
 hand: pink flesh
 chevron: red
 upper field: light green





Family Name: BROSSFEATHER (BROSS-feth-er)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Orbul Brossfeather

Consort: Katya Brossfeather

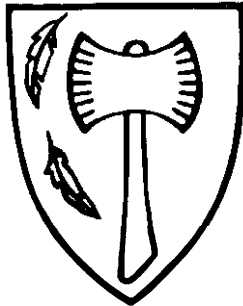
Heir: Pol Brossfeather

Trade & Interests: forestry,
lumbering,
fur-trapping, guiding

Arms: field: gold

feathers: red

axe: blade silver, handle brown



Family Name: CROMMOR (CROM-mor)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Duth Crommor

Consort: Brigit Crommor

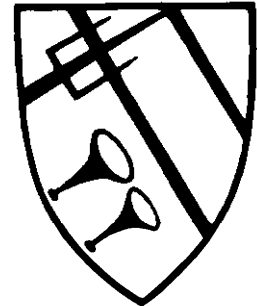
Heir: Kadiou Crommor

Trade & Interests: brasswork,
including musical instruments
(trumpets on family arms)

Arms: field: white

bands: red

trumpets: gold, with orange
openings



Family Name: CASSALANTER (CASS-ah-lan-ter)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Ohrl Cassalanter

Consort: Sylull Cassalanter

Heir: Panricon Cassalanter

Trade & Interests: banking,
moneylending, information-
gathering, rumor-mongering
(spreading rumors, for fees)

Arms: field: white

yoke: green

bird: white with gold beak,
black feathers

DM Note: Caladorn Cassalanter is not considered a prominent family member; only the Lords and the DM know he is a Lord—his family believes him to be a fighting instructor at the Field of Triumph.



Family Name: DEZLENTYR (Des-LEN-teer)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Arlos Dezlentyr

Consort: Erin Dezlentyr (second
wife)

Heir: Corin Dezlentyr (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: caravan
trading and shipping,
exploration, island settlement,
establishment of harbors

Arms: field: (lower half) red,
(upper half) white

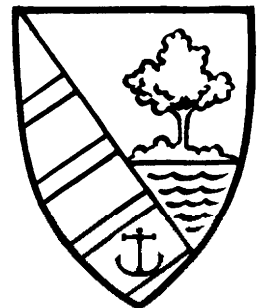
stripes: white

anchor: silver

border: royal blue

water: light blue

island with tree: rich green



Family Name: CRAGSMERE (Crag-MEER)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Japhyl Cragmere
("The Hawk")

Consort: Avren Cragmere

Heir: Shan Cragmere
(eldest daughter, "Lady Hawk")

Trade & Interests: land-owning,
moneylending

Arms: field: purple

water & stars: silver

crag: gold front, silver backslopes

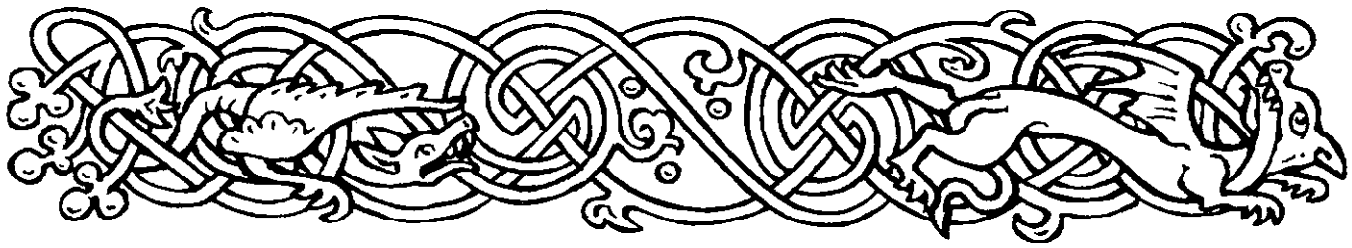
ground: black

lower tip of shield: gold (rising sun)



Dezlentyr, Arlos: (LN hm F0) The fifth lord of the Dezlentyr family dynasty, Arlos acutely feels the weight of family obligations on him. He has little interest in the shipping business and even less in running the caravans; he would much rather be exploring far-off lands himself, rather than leaving those tasks to his children. His first wife was slain 14 years ago by an assassin; Arlos still believes a political enemy of his in Waterdeep engineered the attack, as many objected when he married the elven maiden (some disliking the precedent of a nonhuman noble). He remarried ten years ago to Erin Cassalanter, a younger daughter of that house, and defers heavily to her judgment in all things.





Dezlentyr, Corin: (CG hem F2) The heir to the Dezlentyr fortunes, Corin is a dashing young sea captain and explorer. Unlike his father, he shows a great aptitude for all aspects of the Dezlentyr business interests, and has performed every task asked of him to perfection. Despite his half-elven blood, many among the nobility accept him far more than they do his father. His twin Corinna and he are quite close, and he worries about her daredevil nature (while he revels in his own matching disposition).

Dezlentyr, Corinna: (LN hef W3/F3) The twin of her brother Corin, Corinna is a great beauty like her mother with her platinum hair and blue eyes (the nearly-identical features on her brother appear quite distinguished). She is fully capable of running the family business as well as her brother (thanks to Erin's tutoring), but she prefers her daring lifestyle as an adventurer. Always needing to be the center of attention, Corinna is the only woman among the noble-born Deep Delvers of Undermountain, and they, as well as other noblemen, are her constant suitors.

Dezlentyr, Erin: (LN hf F0) Erin was the fourth daughter of Lord Cassalanter and inherited his business sense, but was not in line for the family title. This all mattered little when she married Arlos Dezlentyr; she helped him raise his two older children and three more of their own, and she now helps him run the business. Many know that Erin is the real genius behind Dezlentyr affairs and her careful, frugal management is the sole reason the family still has its large fortunes.

Family Name: DURINBOLD (DUR-in-bold)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Buldos Durinbold

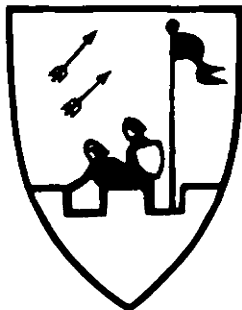
Consort: Caith Durinbold

Heir: Breton Durinbold (third son, STR 18(00))

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, cattle-rearing, sheep-farming

Arms: field: white
battlements: gray
men in armor: silver
arrows: black

standard: red (banner), gold (ball on top), black (shaft)



Family Name: EAGLESHIELD (EE-gull-sheeld)

Prominent Members:

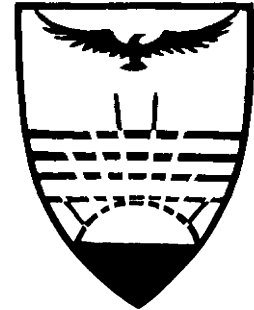
Patriarch: Nuthos Eagleshield

Consort: Glenn Eagleshield

Heir: Arundel Eagleshield (eldest daughter)

Trade & Interests: tack-making, mercenary fighting, animal husbandry

Arms: field: sky blue
water: purple
sun: gold
bands of cloud: black
eagle: red



Family Name: EIRONTALAR (EYE-ron-TAL-ar)

Prominent Members:

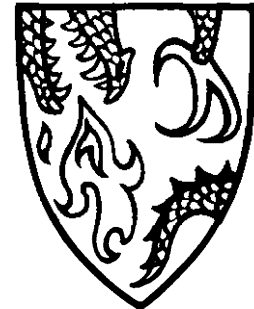
Patriarch: Marlus Eirontalar

Consort: Chalan Eirontalar (active control of family)

Heir: Silas Eirontalar (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: hunting, tracking, guiding

Arms: field: light green
dragon (claw, tail, jaws): gray
flames (dragon's breath): red



Family Name: ELTORCHUL (EL-TOR-chul)

Prominent Members:

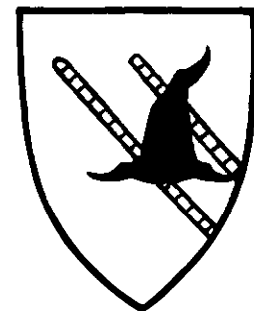
Patriarch: Thesp Eltorchul

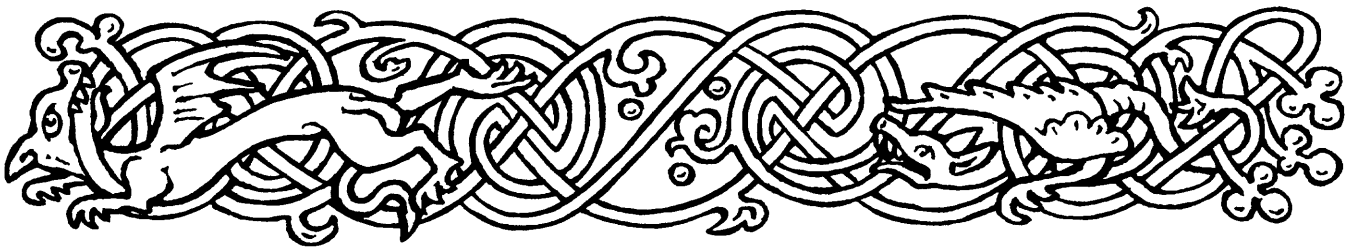
Consort: Arus Eltorchul

Heir: Oth Eltorchul (eldest son, second child)

Trade & Interests: mage schooling, magical research and the procuring of rare substances and items

Arms: field: white
wands: gold
hat: black





Eltorchul, Thesp: (NG hm W10) Lord Thesp Eltorchul is a former apprentice of Lord Hamiklar Wands, Maskar's father, and spent some of his younger life adventuring. Upon inheriting the family spice and import fortunes, Lord Thesp transferred the fortunes into the education of mages and providing for them. While the import business and its ships still operate, they are specifically focused on finding rare spices and magical components. The Eltorchul library is impressive, and is exceeded only by Maskar Wands' and Khelben Arunsun's libraries in terms of rare magical information. Lord Thesp, his son Oth, and his daughter Fea are the master mages who teach any students who can afford to study under them (1,000 gp/year).

Eltorchul, Errya: (CE hf F0; CHA 16) Errya is Lord Eltorchul's youngest child at age 27, and she is spoiled rotten. As her mother taught her, Errya expects everyone to answer to her every whim; if someone doesn't give her what she wants or doesn't praise her every action, she covertly holds a deep, abiding hatred against that person and will slowly devise a quiet, untraceable revenge for him or her. Her mother sees her for what she is, and applauds her for her ruthlessness; her doting father (like many others) is blissfully unaware of his daughter's viper-like nature (he is intelligent enough to see, but his love for his children overcomes his intellect).

Korelwyn, Brandon: (LE hm F0; WIS 15, CHA 18) Brandon claims he is an expatriate Halruaan noble, cast out due to his inability to cast magic (though no one has yet to check out this story, and at least Khelben and a few nobles are doubtful of this story . . .). He has been Errya's constant companion for the past six months, and he gathers much of Errya's most useful information to use against her political enemies.



Family Name: ESTELMER (ESS-tel-mer)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Guldos Estelmer

Consort: Dorma Estelmer

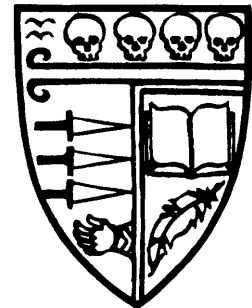
Heir: Finn Estelmer (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: heraldry, sage-lore, printing

Arms: field: white
daggers: black (handles), silver (blades)

gauntlet: green
shelf: brown with black scrollwork

book & skulls: white
half-shield: gold
quill pen: turquoise



Family Name: EMVEOLSTONE (Em-VEE-ohl-stone)

Prominent Members:

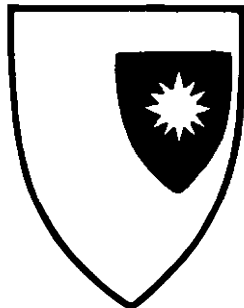
Patriarch: Lylar Emveolstone II
(19-year-old lord)

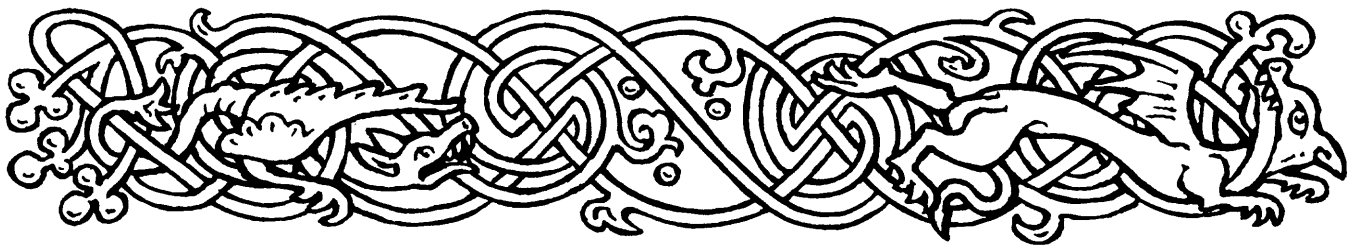
Consort: Dalene Emveolstone

Heir: Alars Emveolstone (infant son); Challas Emveolstone (lord's brother, regent)

Trade & Interests: ironmongery, curio trading

Arms: field: white
small shield: black
sun: gold





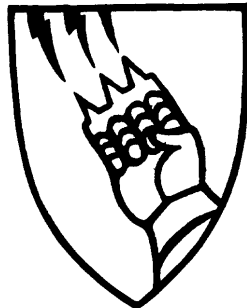
Family Name: GAUNTYL (GONE-til)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Elemos Gauntyl
 Consort: Thicia Gauntyl
 Heir: Vhaas Gauntyl (eldest son,
 CON 18, INT 17)

Trade & Interests: mercenary
 fighting, exploring, mining

Arms: field: orange
 gauntlet: silver
 spikes of gauntlet: crimson
 slashes (three): crimson



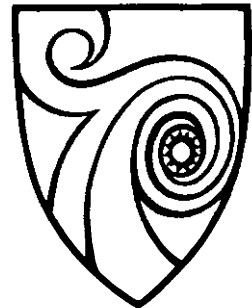
Family Name: GUNDWYND (GUND-wind)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Maurgosz Gundwynd
 Consort: None
 Heir: Jynnia Gundwynd
 (eldest child)

Trade & Interests: the capture,
 training, and breeding of
 hippogriffs (and other
 aerial creatures, as steeds)

Arms: field: white
 spiral winds: red (outer),
 orange (inner)
 sun: gold



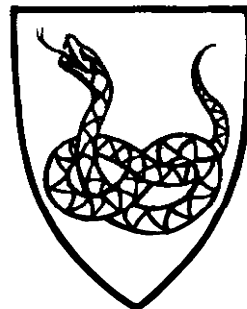
Family Name: GOST (GAWST)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Bhaedulph Gost
 (crippled, inactive)
 Consort: Aurora Gost
 Heir: Djarrus Gost (eldest
 son, active lord)

Trade & Interests: caravan-
 mastering, trading,
 armor-forging

Arms: field: yellow
 snake: deep green (body),
 white with red pupil (eye)



Gundwynd, Jynnia: (LG hf F0) Jynnia is a much-courted woman of nobility, but she rejects her suitors once she finds they are only attracted to her flame-red hair, beautiful features, and inheritance. She wishes to be respected for her intellect and an uncanny aptitude for spatial geometry. She is also a champion rider of hippogriffs, griffons, and horses.

Gundwynd, Maurgosz: (LG hm F3) In his youth, Maurgosz was a fighter who spent time in Undermountain (his tales of adventure are what led his son Myrind to form the Deep Delves). With his family fortunes dwindling, he has spent the past few years attempting to get the Lords and the guard to accept hippogriffs as aerial steeds for Waterdeep, claiming they are easier to handle than griffons (and less threat to horses). His arguments are not falling on deaf ears, but city policies are slow to change.

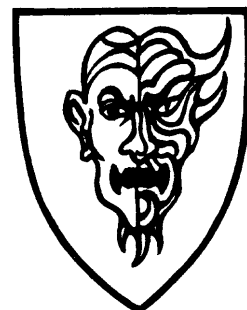
Family Name: GRALHUND (GRAWL-hund)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Irg Gralhund ("Hund")
 Consort: Vajra Gralhund
 (Calimshan native)
 Heir: Tam Gralhund (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: mercenary
 fighting, weapon-making

Arms: field: gold
 devil's face: orange (eyes),
 tawny (unshaded side),
 scarlet (shaded side)



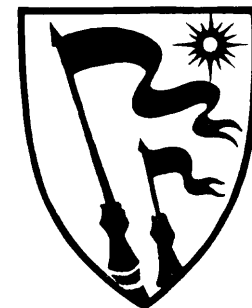
Family Name: HAWKWINTER (HAWK-win-ter)

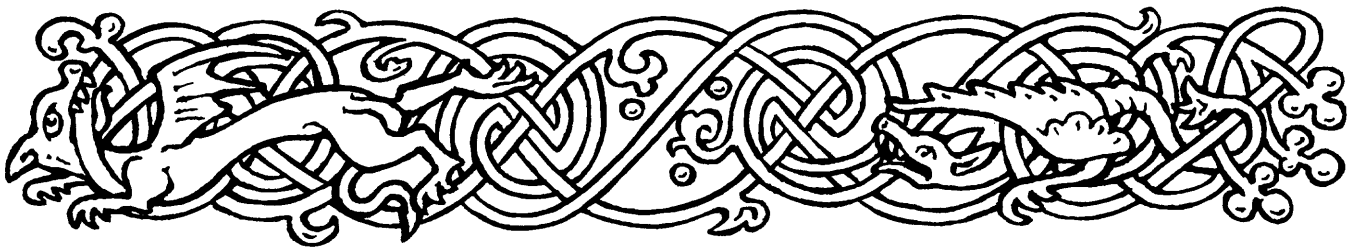
Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Eremoes
 Hawkwinter (F15)
 Consort: Kyrin Hawkwinter
 Heir: Genos Hawkwinter
 (eldest son, F12)

Trade & Interests: soldiering;
 garrisons and guardianship

Arms: field: royal blue
 star: silver
 arms & banners: black





Family Name: HELMFAST (HELM-fast)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Kelvar Helmfast

("The Old Captain")

Consort: Ranya Helmfast

Heir: Edwind Helmfast (eldest son, F5, "The Young Captain")

Trade & Interests: shipping, shipwrights

Arms: field: purple

moon: white

waves: bands of black and purple

foam: white

hull: crimson

sail: orange



Family Name: HUNABAR (HOON-ah-bar)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Haskar Hunabar

Consort: Amonra Hunabar

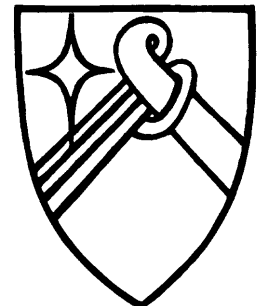
Heir: Haskar Hunabar II (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: textiles trading, importing fashions

Arms: field: orange

star: white

reins: bronze



Family Name: HIILGAUNTLET (HEEL-gaunt-let)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Jhassin Hiilgauntlet

Consort: Salu Hiilgauntlet

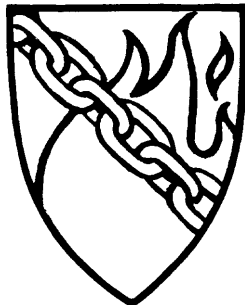
Heir: Jhassin Hiilgauntlet II (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, military outfitting

Arms: field: orange

flames: scarlet

chain: silver



Family Name: HUSTEEM (Hus-TEEM)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Orbos Husteem

Consort: Luna Husteem

Heir: Boreas Husteem (fourth son)

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, land-owning

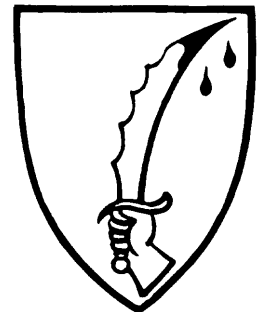
Arms: field: tawny

scimitar: white (blade),

crimson (tip), gold (hilt)

blood drops: crimson

gauntlet: gray



Family Name: HOTHEMER (HOTH-em-er)

Prominent Members:

Matriarch: Malas Hothemer

Consort: Citta Hothemer

Heir: Chynna Hothemer (eldest daughter)

Trade & Interests: trading, owning fleets of caravan wagons

Arms: field: green

dragon: white (body), red

(teeth and tongue), gold (eye)



Family Name: ILITUL (ILL-ih-tul)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Murgos Ilitul

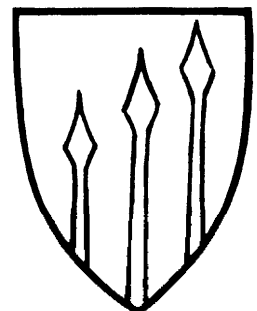
Consort: Zorene Ilitul

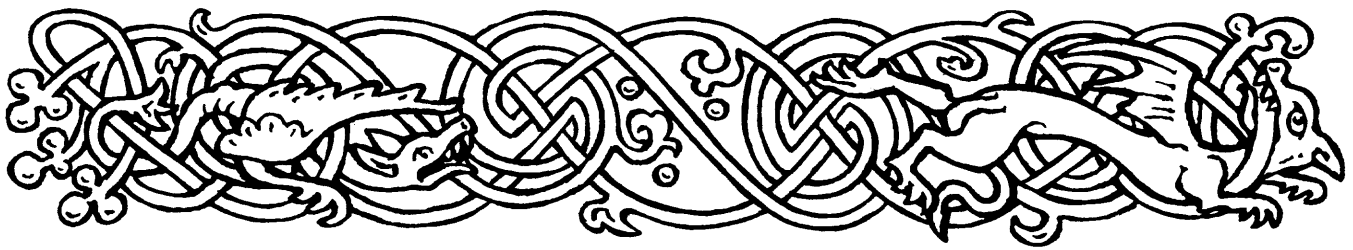
Heir: Zak Ilitul (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: goat raising and herding, mercenary fighting

Arms: field: orange

spears: red





Family Name: ILVASTARR (ILL-vah-star)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Ulguth Ilvastarr

Consort: Mara Ilvastarr

Heir: Gotom Ilvastarr (second son)

Trade & Interests: beast-taming
and breeding, cooking
of exotic meats

Arms: field: gold
minidragon: metallic green
(body), orange (eye)



Family Name: JARDETH (JAR-deth)

Prominent Members:

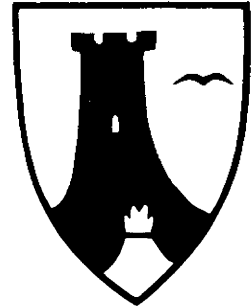
Patriarch: Ulb Jardeth

Consort: Allys Jardeth

Heir: Koris Jardeth (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: soldiering;
garrisons and guardianship

Arms: field: gold
tower: purple
bird: black
tower window, road and
jagged opening in tower
base: gold



Family Name: ILZIMMER (ILL-zim-mer)

Prominent Members:

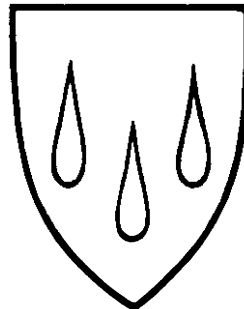
Patriarch: Boroldan Ilzimmer

Consort: Xantha Ilzimmer

Heir: Thanvas Ilzimmer
(eldest son)

Trade & Interests: horse-breeding
and racing, making and
collecting maps, designing
gowns and jewelry

Arms: field: silver
tears: crimson



Family Name: JHANSZCIL (JAN-ss-zil)

Prominent Members:

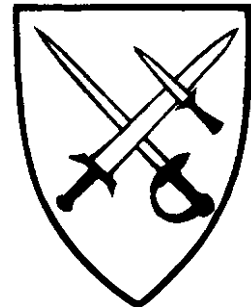
Patriarch: Harkas Jhansczil

Consort: Ariel Jhansczil

Heir: Arrikes Jhansczil
(eldest son)

Trade & Interests: trading,
horsebreeding, mercenary
fighting

Arms: field: green
weapons: silver (blades),
black (hilts, pommels,
and grips)



Family Name: IRLINGSTAR (URR-ling-star)

Prominent Members:

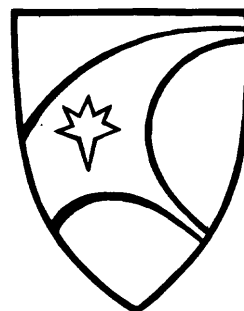
Patriarch: Hulraven Irlingstar

Consort: Nael Irlingstar

Heir: No direct heir;
Khralver Irlingstar (cousin,
living in Luskan)

Trade & Interests: caravan-
running, shipbuilding

Arms: field: silver
sash: red
star: white



Family Name: KORMALLIS (KOR-mal-eece)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Helm Kormallis

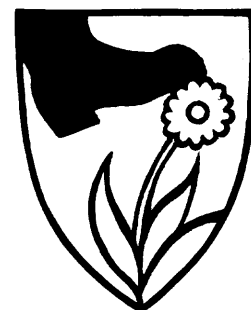
("The Torturer")

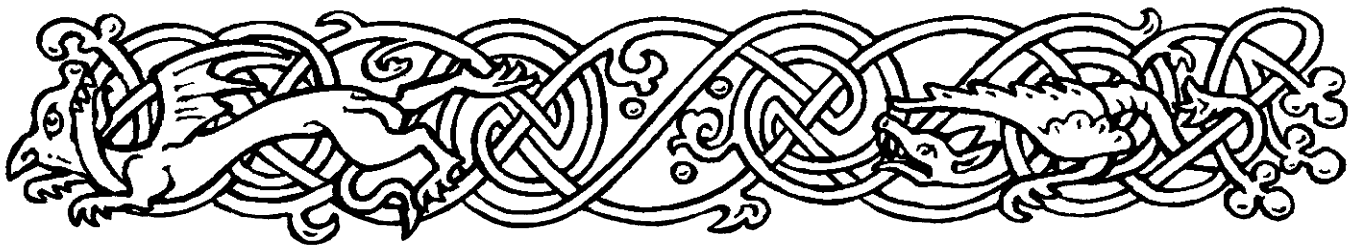
Consort: None

Heir: Harkas Kormallis
(brother, Pall 1; see
Chapter Four)

Trade & Interests: recruiting,
mercenary training, outfitting
for travelers; former interests
in slave trade

Arms: field: yellow
boot: brown
flower: blue (blossom), green (leaves and stem)





Family Name: KOTHONT (KOTH-awnt)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Alauos Kothont
("Lord Goldbeard")

Consort: Byllia Kothont

Heir: Dragos Kothont (eldest son)

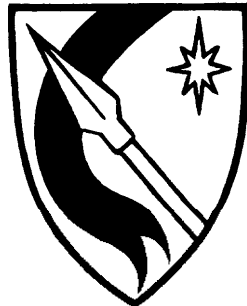
Trade & Interests: herd farming, fur-trapping

Arms: field: sky blue

spear: brown (shaft), silver (head)

banner: green

star: silver



Family Name: MAERKLOS (MAY-er-close)

Prominent Members:

Matriarch: Aldara Maerklos

Consort: Bastiabas Maerklos

Heir: Tehss Maerklos
(eldest daughter, W7)

Trade & Interests: swine-herding, beer-brewing, seer (predictions)

Arms: field: deep green

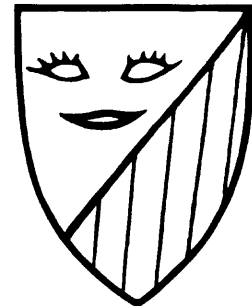
(lower), pink (upper)

eyes: white

lashes: black

mouth: red

border between fields, and lines in lower field: thin black



Family Name: LANNGOLYN (LANN-go-linn)

Prominent Members:

Matriarch: Tresh Lanngolyn

Consort: Ormaes Lanngolyn
("Seamaster")

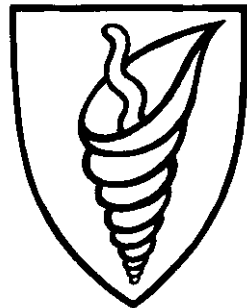
Heir: Tryssia Lanngolyn
(eldest daughter)

Trade & Interests: textiles, shipping

Arms: field: purple

shell: pink

sea-worm: green



Family Name: MAERNOS (MAY-er-noz)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Ultas Maernos
("Raiser-of-Priests")

Consort: None

Heir: None; see below

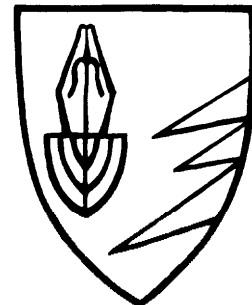
Trade & Interests: moneylending, banking, financial administration of temples

Arms: field: royal blue

spearpoints: silver

folded hands: pink flesh

sleeves: green



Family Name: LATHKULE (LATH-kyool)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Nimor Lathkule

Consort: Larin Lathkule

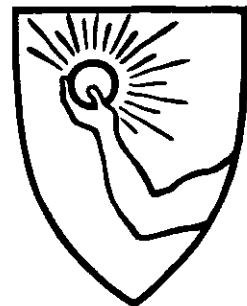
Heir: Jacinth Lathkule
(eldest daughter)

Trade & Interests: jewelry, gem mining and prospecting, gemcutting

Arms: field: white

arm: pink flesh

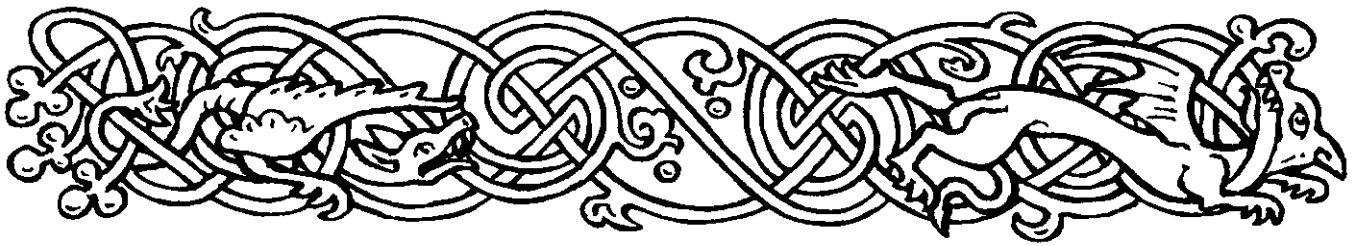
gem: glistening green



Maernos, Ultas: (LG hm F9) While few remember it, Lord Ultas was a mercenary in his youth and he committed a number of atrocities against some southern villages in the quest to bolster his family's finances. Lord Ultas later abandoned that life for his waiting lordship in Waterdeep, but he spent years plagued by waking guilt and nightmares about his past actions.

After the untimely deaths of his wife and children in the Year of the Saddle (1345 DR/313 NR) due to a plague in Amn, Lord Ultas became a recluse, seeing few beyond his servants for four years. Only the administrations and attention of Naneatha Suaril, the High Priestess of Selune, brought him out of his grief. With her friendship, Ultas found forgiveness in religion, and soon became a generous patron and devout follower for many of the city's temples (though his heart truly belongs to Selune).





Lord Ultas Maernos, while no longer a recluse, has resisted all attempts to remarry and restart his family line. With no viable, surviving heirs, he was called to the Lord's Court to determine who shall inherit his lands and resources upon his passing. Though his request sent the Magisters and the attending Lords into a rare closed-door debate, he was allowed to bequeath his fortunes to the Lords upon his passing on the condition that the money be equally divided among the 10 major temples and the Plinth. In addition, his family villa would be converted into a general place of safe-haven and worship for the nonhuman peoples of Water-deep, not unlike the Plinth. Ultas has started this conversion within his lifetime, buying elven statuary and dwarven carvings and halfling paintings suitable for a place of worship.

Majarra, Kelthul: (NG hm F0) The patriarch of the Majarra clan, upon hearing of the restoration of the bards' college, threw his full financial support behind Danilo Thann to make it a reality. Many gossiped over his reasons, and talk increased when he turned his other businesses over to his two elder sons. Lord Majarra now manages New Olamn as its president. When others comment on this "wasteful spending," Kelthul only replies, "I do not think that keeping the beautiful music and history of our beloved Realms alive is a waste at all. If we cannot preserve the lore of our land in song and script, we shall be even less of a memory than the Fallen Kingdom."

Majarra, Rhiist: (CG hm B2) The young red-headed eight-year-old Rhiist is his grandfather's pride and joy. In addition, the boy is a musical prodigy and can play a harp with skill that exceeds many human bards of Waterdeep (priests and followers of Milil refer to the boy as "favored by our Lord of Songs"). He also writes songs with an ease that frightens some, including a number of ballads that are testing the more established bards of the Realms; only Mintiper Moonsilver and Storm Silverhand have mastered the astonishingly complex closing melody of "Rhyester's Eyes," Rhiist's latest ballad, which was written to commemorate Rhyester, the prophet of Lathander.

Family Name: MAJARRA (Mah-JAR-ra)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Kelthul Majarra
(inactive)

Consort: Regan Majarra

Heir: Kehlann and Axor

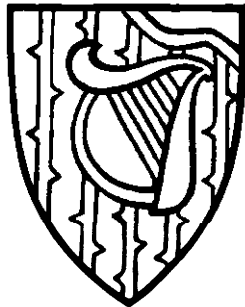
Majarra (elder sons, active
lords in family business)

Trade & Interests: harping and
harp-training, instrument
making, silver mining (Mirabar)

Arms: field: deep green

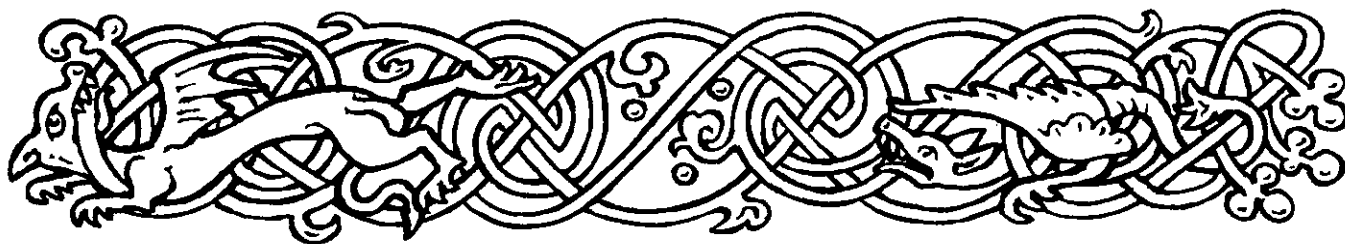
bars: white

harp: brown (body), white (area of strings), silver (strings)
curtain: orange (fabric, in top corner), crimson (border)



Majarra, Axor: (LN hm F0) Axor, the elder brother who now shares the Majarra lordship, lives in Mirabar with his wife and two small children. For the past seven years, he has managed the family holdings in some silver mines around Mirabar, as well as minor land holdings by the Ice Lakes. Though he trusts his brother Kehlann to adequately manage the other affairs of the family, his jealous wife Larin warns him not to let his father and brother (a former wastrel and minor musician) waste away "the family legacy and what is rightfully ours!"





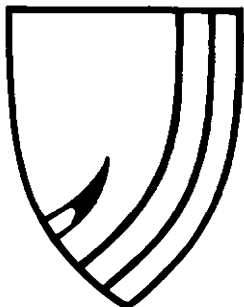
Family Name: MANTHAR (MAN-thar)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Ithnil Manthar
 Consort: Churyl Manthar
 Heir: Carn Manthar (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, trading in metals & perfumes

Arms: field: royal blue
 band: silver
 swordtip: silver (blade), red (bloodied tip)



Family Name: MELSHIMBER (Mel-SHIM-bur)

Prominent Members:

Matriarch: Hlanta Melshimber
 Consort: None
 Heir: Khallos Melshimber (eldest son, third child)

Trade & Interests: sage-lore (history & genealogy), research and information-gathering, fine wines

Arms: field: silver
 border (representing edge of helm): royal blue
 eye: white with green pupil



Family Name: MARGASTER (MAR-gast-er)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Thentias Margaster ("Lord of Lords")
 Consort: Naryel Margaster
 Heir: Arilestar Margaster (eldest daughter)

Trade & Interests: trading, shipping

Arms: field: gold
 claw: white
 talons: scarlet
 feathers: brown

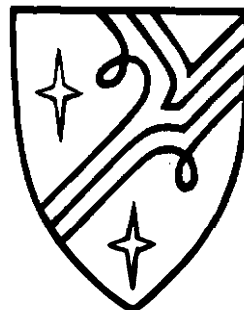


Family Name: MASSALAN (MASS-uh-lann)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Iliaru Massalan
 Consort: None
 Heir: Phorol Massalan (eldest nephew)

Trade & Interests: Jewelry
 Arms: field: red
 border: gold
 stars: white



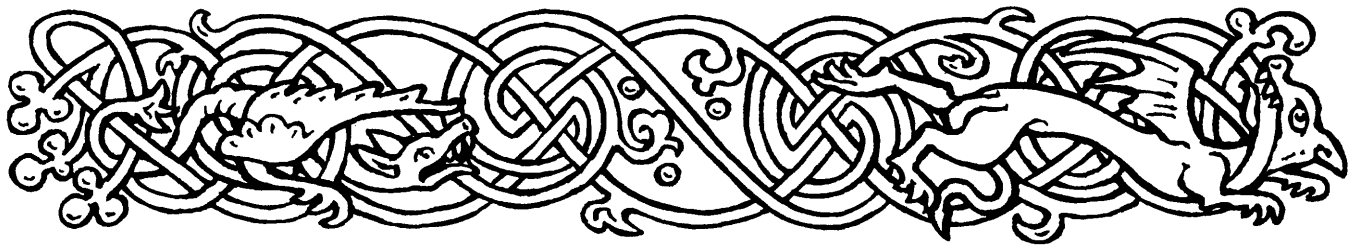
Melshimber, Hlanta: (NE hf W11; INT and CHA 19)
 Considered one of the most dangerous social foes among the noble circles, Lady Hlanta Melshimber is a well-known woman whose ability to wield magic is far exceeded by her skills in manipulation and information gathering. Few ask her about her business, as that gives her an excuse to pry into theirs, so she often conducts clandestine business at her villa without interruption.

Every month, she has agents seeding the taverns, inns, and noble parties with carefully-planned rumors and stories about what she is up to, and waiting to see who takes the bait. One of her oldest and most-believed rumors involves her knowing how to brew a number of insidious poisons; the would-be assassins who sought her aid have often been "uncovered by the watch" soon after consulting her.

Currently, she toys with the affections of Duhlark Kolat the Transmuter; she arranged the Midsummer theft of a number of secrets from his tower. She has sold a number of his rare items, and she is also the source of many unique spells being sold to certain mages (through third and fourth parties, of course), once she masters them.

Melshimber, Cynnndria: (LG hf B1) Lady Hlanta's young niece from Scornubel has recently enrolled at New Olamn to continue to learn bardcraft. She hasn't quite seen past the thin veneer of propriety woven by her aunt and cousin, but she is currently watching their every move. Familial loyalty stays her hand from actively stopping any of their machinations, but Cynnndria trusts and confides in her tutor, Jhandess Millomyr, covertly wondering about certain strange goings-on between Khallos and some of his students.





Melshimber, Khallos: (LE hm F3; WIS 16) A secondary instructor of history, Khallos' expertise is in teaching the many young bards and students about research, information gathering, and the keeping and disguising of secrets within writing and song (i.e. how to disguise facts). As his mother's heir, he has her penchant for manipulation, and has cultivated the trust and loyalty of a number of students that he and Lady Hlanta hope to use as their eyes and ears around the Realms.

Family Name: NESHER (Neh-SHURR)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Laskar Neshher

Consort: Stelar Neshher

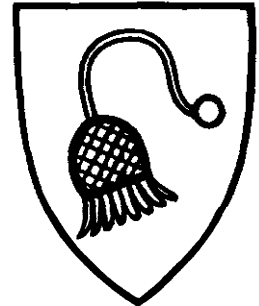
Heir: Kastonoph Neshher

(eldest son, "Noph")

Trade & Interests: hawking,
lumbering, wood-making

Arms: field: green

hawk-bell: white



Family Name: MOONSTAR (MOON-star)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Helve Moonstar

Consort: Wylynd Moonstar

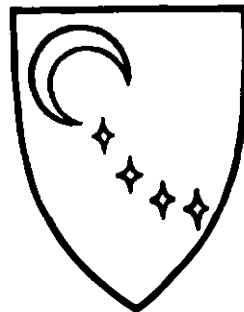
Heir: Rober Moonstar

(eldest nephew)

Trade & Interests: guiding,
cartography, exploration,
and caravan-mastering

Arms: field: royal blue

moon and stars: silver



Family Name: PHULL (FULL)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Ulmassus Phull

("The Fisherlord")

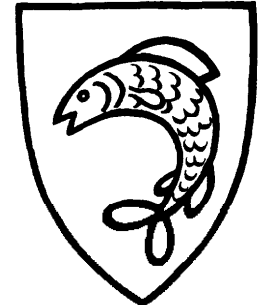
Consort: Carina Phull

Heir: Aidan Phull (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: fishing

Arms: field: green

fish: silver (body), yellow (eye)



Family Name: NANDAR (Nan-DAR)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Baelrun Nandar

Consort: Berlie Nandar

Heir: Chostal Nandar

(grand-nephew)

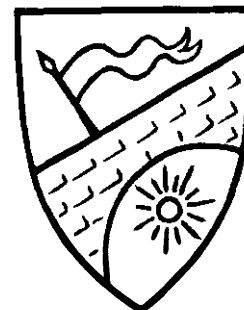
Trade & Interests: housebuilding,
bridgebuilding

Arms: field: sky blue

bridge: gray

star: silver

spear: black (shaft), silver
(head), royal blue (banner)



Family Name: PHYLUND (FEYE-lund)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Urtos Phylund II

Consort: Lythis Phylund

Heir: Urtos Phylund III (young
son of Aridarye, stepbrother
of lord)

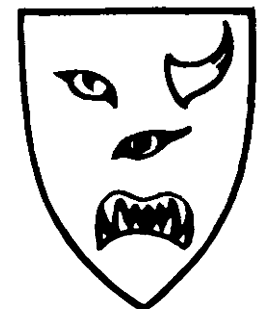
Trade & Interests: the training,
procuring, and breeding of
fearsome monsters (will buy
from adventurers)

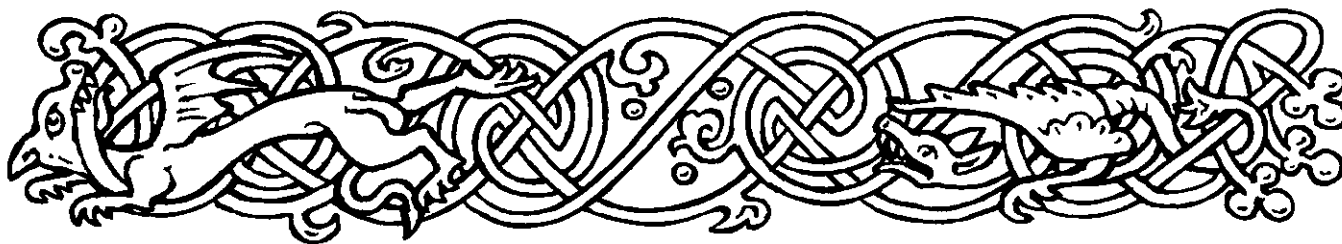
Arms: field: orange

horn: yellow-green

eyes: glittering green

mouth: red (maw), white (fangs)





Phylund, Aridarye: (NE hf F0; INT 17, CHA 16) This coldly beautiful, young woman is the widow of the former Lord Phylund, stepmother to the current lord, and mother to the last begotten heir of Lord Urtos the First. After arranging the death of her husband, Aridarye planned to take over the Phylund fortunes, but this plan was foiled by the return of the estranged heir, Urtos the Second. Though he currently rules the family fortunes, Aridarye's patience is long, and she raises her three-year-old son to be the next lord of the manor. This doesn't stop her from having a number of clandestine consorts and friends to help her gain her wishes that much sooner. . . .

Phylund, Lythis: (NG hf F0; WIS 18) As the sole heir of the Mhairuuns, Lythis had much traffic with the Phylunds on the sale and training of watchspiders, her family's guarded trade secret. From afar, she loved Urtos from their first meeting, though it took him 11 long years before he confessed the same feelings (his long absence from the city was tinged with rumors of scandal and his falsely reported death). Two weeks before their wedding, she discovered her fiancé's recently-incurred curse of lycanthropy when she followed him to his hunting villa. While shocked, she accepted him and vowed her secrecy. She assumes this "taint" is the reason the Lords decreed the infant Tarnos was an unfit heir (see "Gossip & a Goings-On"). Lythis shows admirable aplomb and dignity in her role as Lady Phylund. She coolly tolerates the presence of Lady Aridarye in the villa, though she has secured a secret dispensation from the Lord's Court, which allows the Mhairuun holdings (watchspider breeding and training and all profits) to only be inherited by her sons.

Phylund, Urtos II: (LN hm F10; STR 16, CON 15) No longer the loud, brash nobleman of his youth, Lord Urtos Phylund is now a quietly confident man who is perceived by outsiders as cold; in fact, he is intensely loyal and protective of his family (his wife and son, that is, not his stepmother and stepbrother). Nearly slain in a wolf pack attack (secretly set up by Aridarye), Urtos was infected with lycanthropy. Only his wife and Kharkos, the family butler at his hunting lodge, know his secret, and he is careful to be missing from Waterdeep during the full moon each month. While angered with the Lords for barring his son from his inheritance, he places the blame for this insult on his conniving stepmother Aridarye. While he has yet to pin down evidence against her, Urtos still searches for proof that she is behind the misfortunes of the family (including the death of the elder Lord Phylund, not to mention her three previous husbands!).

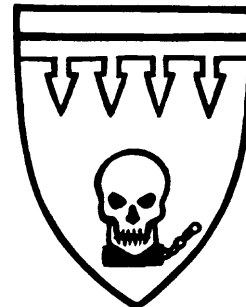
Family Name: PIIRADOST (PEER-ah-dohst)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Humbraz Piiradost III
 Consort: Kymiko Piiradost
 (fourth wife; native of Kozakura)
 Heir: Humbraz Piiradost IV
 (second son)

Trade & Interests: horse-breeding, cattle raising

Arms: field: red
 portcullis: gray
 chain & collar: gray
 skull: white and black



Piiradost, Humbraz IV: (CN hm F2; STR 18(43)) Humbraz is the irresponsible, laggard heir of Lord Humbraz Piiradost whose looks and charm get him into almost as much trouble as his braggadocio and spendthrift nature do. Tall, muscular, and blessed with (as many women of Waterdeep attest) "deep blue eyes to get lost in," he is also well-trained in unarmed combat and swordplay. He spends more time gambling and carousing in the environs of Castle and Dock Wards than at his father's side learning the family business. Humbraz only wants the money and power of his father's title, and none of the responsibility; after all, his elder brother had some responsibility, and all he saw from it was lifelong exile from the city.

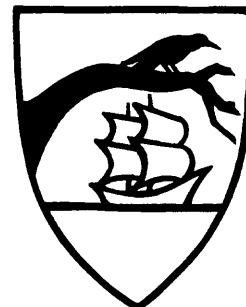
Family Name: RAVENTREE (RAY-ven-tree)

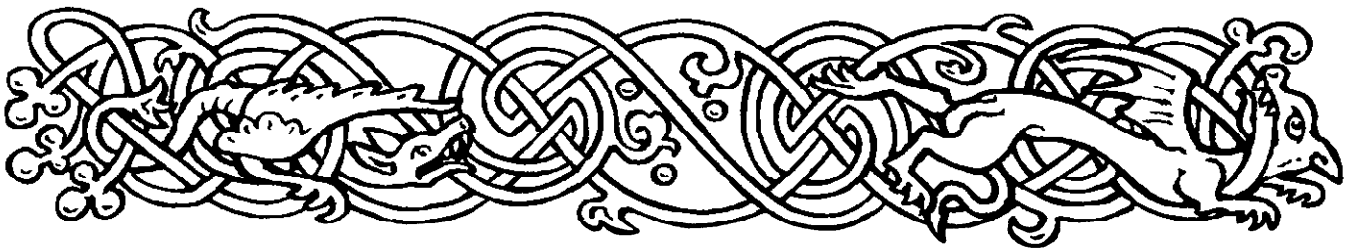
Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Nandos Raventree
 Consort: Perryn Raventree
 Heir: Surakh Raventree
 (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: rare-foods
 purveying, shipbuilding

Arms: field: orange
 water: green
 tree: black
 raven: black (body), red (eye)
 sails: white
 hull: brown





Family Name: ROARINGHORN (ROR-ing-horn)

Prominent Members:

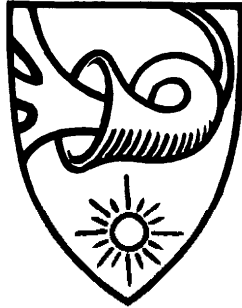
Patriarch: Vastarr & Kuldos
Roaringhorn (twin brothers
with shared title and position)

Consort: None

Heir: Holver Roaringhorn
(third brother)

Trade & Interests: horse- raising,
mercenary-fighting

Arms: field: green
horn: gold (body), white
(blast of sound)
star: white



Family Name: RULDEGOST (RULL-dee-gost)

Prominent Members:

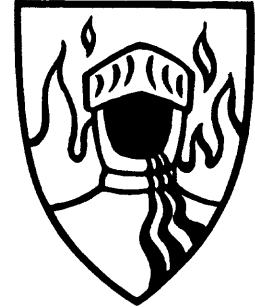
Matriarch: Kara Ruldegost

Consort: None

Heir: Detan Ruldegost (eldest son,
infant); Bly Ruldegost (lady's
brother, regent)

Trade & Interests: banking,
mercenary fighting,
bounty-hunting, caravan-
mastering

Arms: field: sky blue
flames: scarlet
armor: silver
face: black (no features shown)
blood: crimson (three rivulets, from open helm)



Family Name: ROSZMAR (ROZZ-nar)

Prominent Members:

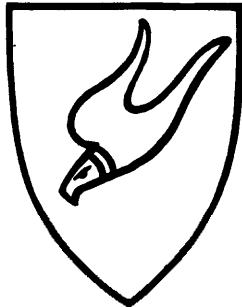
Matriarch: Estrip Rosznar

Consort: None

Heir: None

Trade & Interests: land-owning,
winemaking

Arms: field: royal blue
falcon: white



Family Name: SILMERHELVE (SIL-mur-helv)

Prominent Members:

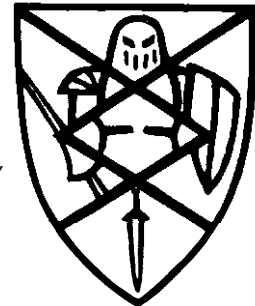
Patriarch: Laerlos Silmerhelve

Consort: Tannyth Silmerhelve

Heir: Tarkas Silmerhelve
(second nephew)

Trade & Interests: guardianship,
warrior-training, pandering

Arms: field: green
borders: silver
torso: pink flesh
lance: brown
helm, sword, and shield (note borders on shield): gold



Rosznar, Estrip: (LG hf F0) It amazes many that Lady Estrip manages to solely hold power over one of Waterdeep's richest fortunes with no immediate consort or heir. Decades ago, her father disowned his brothers and their families (many located in Amn) from the family due to their holdings and money in the slave trade; Lady Estrip has no contact with them, and no Rosznar is admitted to Waterdeep without the guard immediately notifying Lady Estrip. While some individuals mean it as an insult, Lady Estrip is often likened to her "truth-telling, ne'er-do-wrong, staid law-abider of a father."

"The Young Masked Lady" is a title Lady Estrip earned with her love of masked dance costumes, which she wears at all galas. She also bears a remarkable resemblance to Lhestyn Arunsun, the first "Masked Lady" of Waterdeep. Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun denies any familial ties with her, but confidentially mutters that "Lady Estrip, like my sister Cassandra and her brood, is among the few nobles with as much sense as coin."

Family Name: SNOME (SNOWM)

Prominent Members:

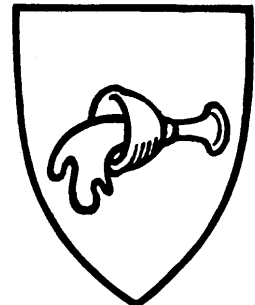
Patriarch: Arrabas Snome

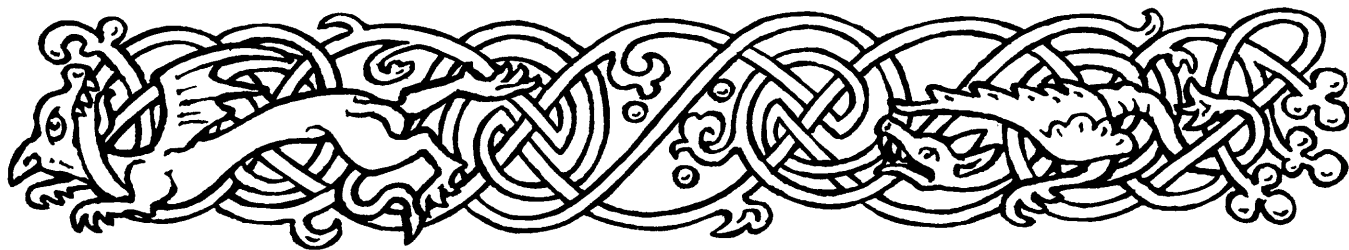
Consort: Lynda Snome

Heir: Thyrielentha Snome
(eldest granddaughter)

Trade & Interests: brewing,
distilling, beer and liquor
importing

Arms: field: scarlet
goblet: gold
spilling wine: purple





Snome, Arrabas: (NG hm F0) This voluminous man of 112 winters claims to have drunk every type of distilled liquor created in the Realms, and his girth seems ample testament of this. Thanks to some magical potions and treatments, he has outlived all of his 14 children, finding all of them to be wastrels and ill-fit to inherit his fortunes. He now hopes to choose a proper heir among his 47 grandchildren, and Dandobar, the youngest at age 21, is the likely candidate now. Arrabas loves his family, especially Thyri and Dandobar, but he is extremely pragmatic and stubborn about how he wants his businesses run.

Snome, Thyriellentha: (LG hf W13) Known as “Thyri” to her friends, the young heir to the Snome fortunes is a capable, friendly, and powerful woman, but she is also petty and grasping, seeking power in a number of legal ways (all of them within her reasoning of “I am the only person who understands how this can be used to its best purpose.”). A few years ago, she was nominated to the new post of Mage Civilar, commander of the watch-wizard corps, by Mhair Szeltune of the Watchful Order of Magists and Protectors, This move was done strictly for political reasons: Thyri was pulling support away from Mhair among the Watchful Order’s members, and the new position would appease the nobles, who thought putting wizards in the watch would overbalance their power. Thyri enjoys her position within the watch, but has taken to demanding much of her juniors, who chafe under her strict standards. She feels hurt that her grandfather is considering Dandobar as his heir, and takes it as a personal failing; as a result, she is working herself (and those under her) twice as hard in efforts to prove her worth to herself and her family.

Snome, Dandobar: (LN hm F0) After a year-long, extensive tour of Calimshan and the lands east of it, Dandobar Snome, the youngest descendant of Lord Arrabas, returned to Waterdeep with alliances and information that nearly double the family’s liquor distribution base and expand their distilling business. This has endeared him to the elderly lord, who now is considering a change in heirs to young Dandobar, a move that Dandobar did not consciously seek or expect (but will not refuse).

Family Name: STORMWEATHER

(STORM-weth-er)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Mintos Stormweather (recently deceased)

Consort: Lara Stormweather

Heir: Under dispute (see “Gossip & Goings-On”)

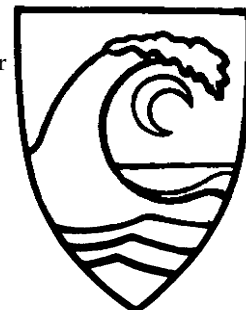
Trade & Interests: shipping, naval exploration

Arms: field: sky blue

waves: green

foam at top of wave: white

moon: white



Family Name: SULTLUE (SULT-loo)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Asbrior Sultlue

(“The Serpent”)

Consort: Pera Sultlue (third wife)

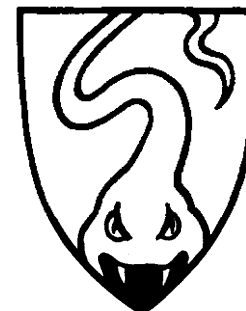
Heir: Asbrior Sultlue II (eldest son, “The Asp”)

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, horse-breeding and trading

Arms: field: royal blue

serpent: light green (body),

yellow (eyes, fangs), red (mouth)



Family Name: TALMOST (TALL-most)

Prominent Members:

Matriarch: Hyara Talmost

Consort: Pallin Talmost

Heir: Hyara Talmost II (eldest daughter)

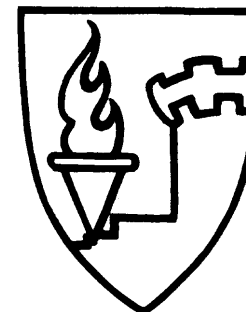
Trade & Interests: textiles, fashion clothing, furs

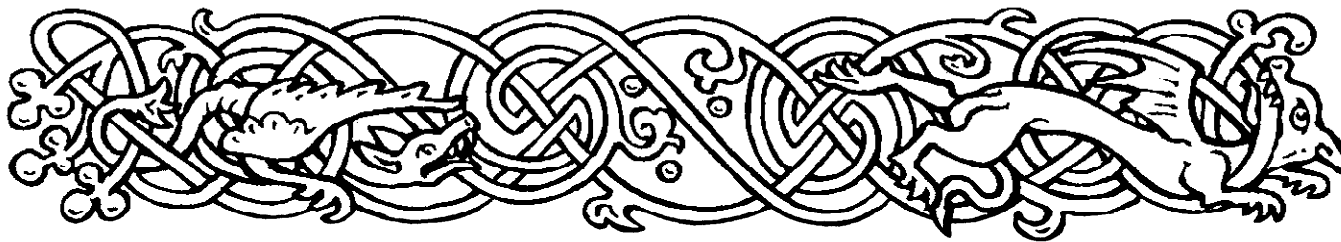
Arms: field: sky blue

castle: gray

torch: gold

flame: orange





Talmost, Hyara: (NE hf F0) This older, regal woman is a noble fashion designer and exporter well known about the city for her iron-handed control and her temper. Her tall, statuesque beauty was without compare forty years ago, and that—plus her being the sole heir to Lord Kerrick Talmost’s shipping fortunes—made her the most sought-after bride on the Sword Coast. With her Lord-Consort and three children, she is the matriarch of one of the more powerful and older fortunes in the city. She believes, wrongly, that people do not believe her to be as effective as she once was; in response to some rumors about her business (which cost her dearly), Lady Hyara has been orchestrating some rumors against her apparent foe, Lady Hlanta Melshimber, by dredging up some of Lady Melshimber’s youthful faux pas.

Talmost, Pallin: (LN hm F0) Lord-Consort Pallin Talmost abdicated his minor holdings in Cormyr to marry the woman whom he believed was a talented, loving soul and someone he wished to spend eternity in her company. As the years wore on, Lady Hyara became more and more dissatisfied, obsessed with her fortunes, her social position, and her looks, rather than focused on her successful life and the happiness it did contain. Steadfast Pallin still stands by and supports his wife, but she is not the woman he married; he knows about, but says nothing of, her philandering, and drowns his remorse in drink at local taverns.

Family Name: TCHAZZAM (T’CHAZ-um)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Ulboth Tchazzam

Consort: None

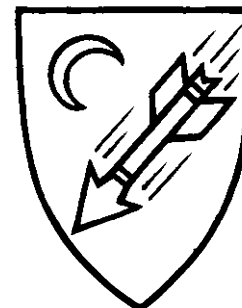
Heir: Carina Tchazzam (lord’s sister)

Trade & Interests: archery, hunting, bowyers and fletchers

Arms: field: royal blue

moon: white

fanciful arrow (including speed-streaks): silver



Family Name: TESPER (TESS-pur)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Armult Tesper

Consort: Nleera Tarannath (fiancee)

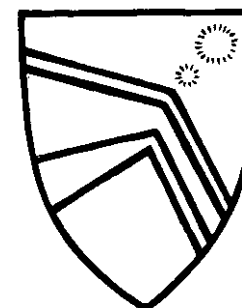
Heir: Charrin Tesper (lord’s niece)

Trade & Interests: guardianship, skill-at-arms

Arms: field: royal blue

bands (two): red

will o wisps: white



Family Name: TARM (TARM)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Thentivil Tarm

Consort: Selpara Tarm

Heir: Arum Tarm (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: caravan-mastering, horse-breeding and training

Arms: field: red

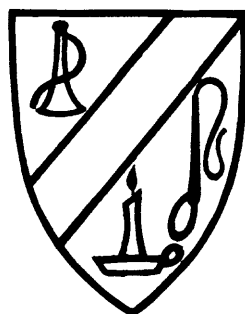
band: white

bugle, candle-lamp, and

whip (including thong,

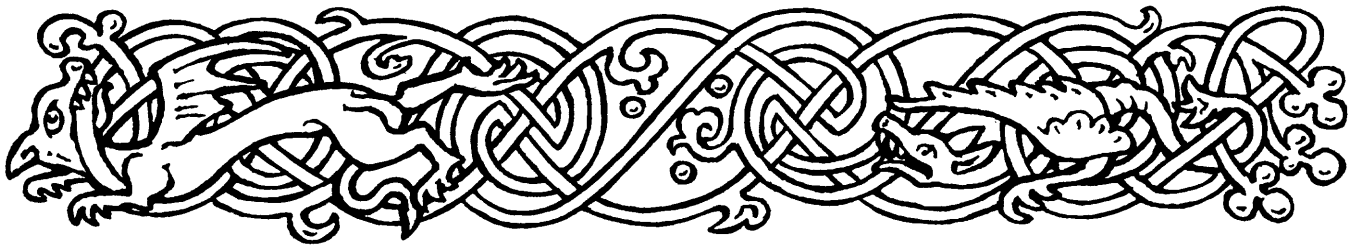
flame): gold

DM’s Note: Arum Tarm is a prominent character within the lives and adventures of a number of NPCs in Adventurers’ Quarter, the PCs’ campaign base (see *Adventurer’s Guide to the City* and *Secrets of the City* for more information).



Tarannath, Nleera: (CG hf W12; DEX & INT 18, CHA 16) After seven years of posing as the ghostly Silpara Tesper and using that cover to act as a Harper contact, Nleera was discovered at the close of a party at Tespergates by Lord Tesper (Silpara chose an inopportune moment to appear near her, smiling). The rather morose lord took a liking to her and her methods of party-crashing; rather than eject her from the premises, Armult got to know her, soon guessed her position with the Harpers, and allowed her to remain as his guest, continuing on with the same charade (“After all, so effective a disguise should not be discarded if only one’s allies know of it.”). After a year of this situation, Armult proposed and Nleera accepted. She still plans on continuing her work with the Harpers, but she now has the additional advantage of being expected at the villa as the lady of the manor.





Tesper, Armult: (LG hm F3; WIS 7) An overly trusting soul, Lord Armult Tesper has married twice in the past six years, and each wife has only sought his money. Armult never realized this until after they left him, taking sums of money with them and leaving him broken-hearted. What he doesn't realize (and his servants and others don't believe) is that his ancestral ghosts have shielded him from his wives' infidelities and scared them into leaving. The ghostly sisters also revealed the existence of Nleera Tarannath to his lordship, sparking the first honest, loving relationship of the young lord's life.

Despite his father's protests, Armult spent a good decade of his youth adventuring in the wilderness east and south of Waterdeep; pleased that this did not lead him to an early grave, the elder Lord Tesper was impressed that his son learned much of the Realms and gained a greater understanding and appreciation of the family business (more than he ever would have gained in the city). Of course, this was balanced by a number of youthful excesses that brought some embarrassment to the family. Now, his brash youth behind him, Lord Armult's only remaining vice from his adventuring days is his love of unarmed combat and wrestling. He enjoys making wrestling and boxing matches the highlight of his parties, and challenges many adventurers to fights for the sheer excitement of it.

Tesper, Silpara & Yulhymbra: (LG hf W2 each) The two ghost sisters of Tespergates still haunt its stately halls, watching over the current family. While many believe them to be simple phantoms with no substance or effect, they are intelligent, caring entities who still can affect the lives of those around them. As they enjoyed her company and her news of the world outside the city, Silpara and Yulhymbra allowed Nleera Tarannath to impersonate Silpara in order to rendezvous with Harper agents in the city. They also surreptitiously watched over the young Lord Armult and his wives; angered that the loving young lord was betrayed by his wives, the two sisters used illusions and their ghostly abilities to scare the unfaithful women away (though the women swear this is what happened, no one has ever heard of the ghosts doing anything other than silently wandering the upper hallways and ramparts of the villa, so none believe them). Now, they often appear to smile, since their maneuvers brought Nleera and their young descendant together and Tespergates is finally a happy (though quite haunted) home again.



Family Name: THANN (THANN)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Rhammas Thann

Consort: Cassandra Thann

Heir: Dartek Thann (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: land-owning,
merchant shipping, fine wines;
former interests in slave trade

Arms: field: green

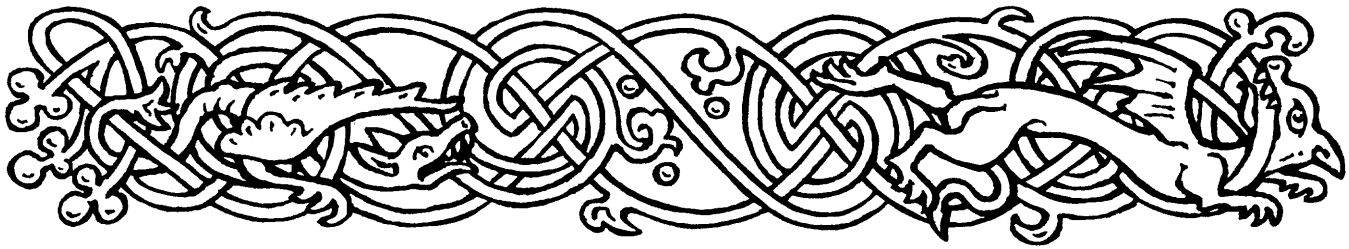
horse: white (body), brown (eye)

crow: black (body), yellow (eye)



Thann, Cassandra: (NG hf F0) Cassandra was born a year before her father Zelphar Arunsun left Neverwinter, her mother dying in childbirth. They came to Waterdeep, where Zelphar married Lhestyn, and Cassandra grew up among the privileged of Waterdeep. She doted on her little brother Khelben, but a rift grew between them as he learned magic from their parents, a gift she never learned.





Losing herself in her father's library, Cassandra became quite the intellectual, and can still hold arguments with the best minds in Waterdeep. Cassandra became Lady Thann on her 22nd birthday, but her joy was marred by the subsequent murder of her father and the disappearance of Khelben. Three years later, upon her mother's death, Cassandra broke ties with the Arunsun clan, "as the name has only death tied to its unfathomable power."

The return of Khelben to Waterdeep after a decade-long absence gladdened Cassandra, and she had her family to share with him, having delivered four children. Cassandra keeps in touch with her brother (though he sometimes seems the elder, and she attributes that to his magical knowledge), but she is more comfortable in her world as the strong matron of the Thanns with her nine children (six sons, three daughters) and 12 grandchildren.

Thann, Danilo: As far as his family knows, Danilo was a laggard for years until he became a bard. Now, Danilo is well respected and his parents are proud of his success with New Olamn, the bards' college. (See Chapter Five of the *Campaign Guide to the City* for more info on Danilo.)

Thann, Rhammas: (LN hm F0) Though his forebears built the family fortune on the slave trade, Lord Erktos Thann, and later his son Rhammas, changed the ancestral business to land owning and shipping, altering plantations and slave ships to general land holdings and merchant ships. Lord Rhammas Thann has ruled his clan for 46 years with the indomitable Cassandra at his side. While he used to argue with her on how to run the business, he acceded to her better trade acumen and never regretted it. The Thann lordship is one of equal power shared between Lord Thann and his lady; Lord Thann hopes to abdicate to their eldest son (though he believes his wife will perish before she will let others see to the family affairs).

Family Name: THONGOLIR (THONG-oh-leer)

Prominent Members:

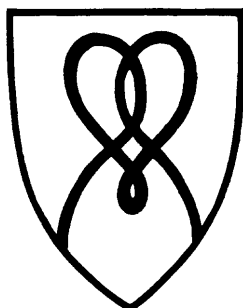
Patriarch: Bilaerus Thongolir II

Consort: Eva Thongolir

Heir: Dolerphus Thongolir IV
(eldest son)

Trade & Interests: calligraphy, limning, printing

Arms: field: royal blue
scrolled border: silver



Family Name: THORP (THORP)

Prominent Members:

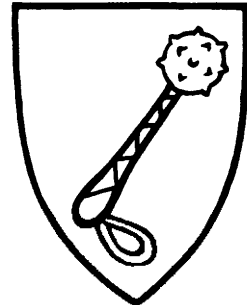
Patriarch: None; holdings administered by council of three lords-regent (Lady Stelar Neshier, niece; Hulameros Rhond, 3rd cousin; and Khorom Thorp, father of Stelar and disowned brother)

Consort: None

Heir: Hulmara Thorp (eldest daughter, child)

Trade & Interests: caravan-mastering, mercenary fighting

Arms: field: gold
mace: gray



Family Name: THUNDERSTAFF (THUN-der-staf)

Prominent Members:

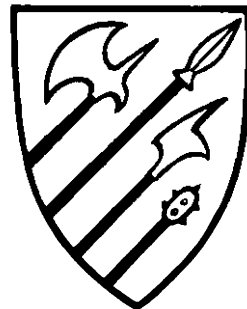
Patriarch: Baerom Thunderstaff II

Consort: Marle Thunderstaff

Heir: No direct heir; Arsten Thunderstaff II (grandnephew)

Trade & Interests: magecraft, mercenary fighting, caravan mastering

Arms: field: red
weapons: silver (blades),
black (shafts)



Family Name: ULBRINTER (UL-BRIN-ter)

Prominent Members:

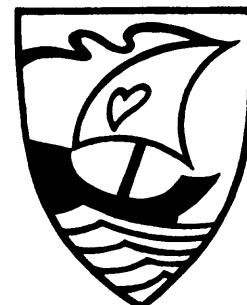
Patriarch: Nomus Ulbrinter

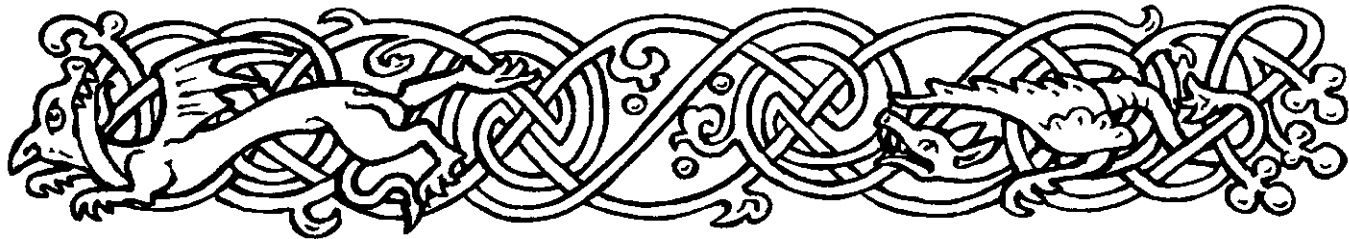
Consort: Karya Ulbrinter

Heir: Patrisa Ulbrinter
(eldest daughter)

Trade & Interests: shipping, shipwrights

Arms: field: white
waves: green
hull: brown
sail: light blue (with red heart blazon)
masthead banner: red
ships lines, catwalks, shrouds, mast: black





Family Name: URMBRUSK (URM-brusk)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Halam Urmbrusk

Consort: Anja Urmbrusk

Heir: Chimak Urmbrusk
(eldest son)

Trade & Interests: land-owning,
moneylending

Arms: field: green

sword: blue (blade), gold (hilt,
pommel), black (grip)

blood: crimson

monster: brown (body), white (fangs), purple (mouth)



Family Name: WANDS (WANDS)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Maskar Wands

Consort: Hyacia Wands

Heir: Olanhar Wands (eldest
daughter)

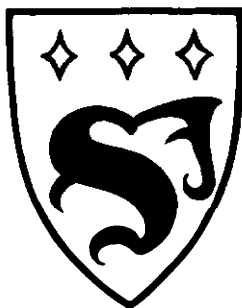
Trade & Interests: mage

schooling, magical research
and adventuring, dweomercraft-
for-hire

Arms: field: purple

manche (sleeve): black

stars: gold



Ampratines: (CC male djinni) Ampratines is the djinni servant of Tertius Wands, thanks to the magical *ring of djinni* summoning that the young noble wears. "Ampi," as Tertius refers to him, is a loyal servant devoted to his simple master, and he consistently steers him away from serious dangers. Ampratines has consistently warned Tertius to stay away from Silavene's festhall, as he senses that the owner is far more dangerous than many believe (especially to djinn).

Wands, Ellidis: (NG hem W2/T3) Ellidis Wands left the apprenticeship of his Uncle Maskar to lead a life of adventure outside Waterdeep. Thanks to some covert teaching by Essimuth Lanys, Ellidis is also an excellent spy and sneak-thief (never using his skills to steal from anyone in the city). Ellidis is making a name for himself as a rogue in Calimshan under the alias "Shadowink" (after his tendency to slip into the shadows and teleport away).

Wands, Marcus: (CN(G) hm B6; DEX 16, CHA 17) Contrary to the wishes of his grandfather Maskar, Marcus has taken to the "life of the dashing outlaw" (in truth, he is a poor thief and rogue, but not a bad storyteller). Currently under the alias Marco Volo, Marcus has been busy staying one step ahead of the Waterdeep watch (and various persons, such as the wizard Sabbas) and has left the city for an extended trip down the Sword Coast.

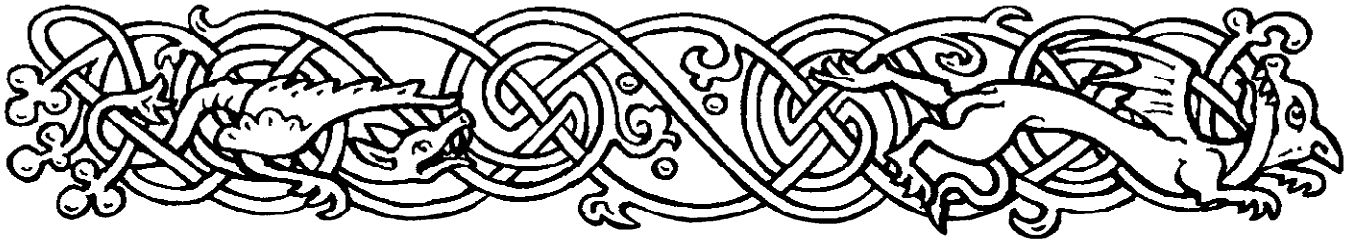
Wands, Maskar: (LN hm W23; INT 18, WIS 16) Said by some to be the most powerful independent wizard in Waterdeep, Lord Maskar Wands is a rarely seen but powerful presence in the city. He keeps to his twin-towered villa home much of the time, and is usually silent in public, although his manners and gestures are gracious. He has a collection of magical items, including a *staff of the magi*, a *carpet of flying*, the *Moonpenguin of Boof*, and many other magic items and artifacts (DM's choice); the artifacts are of little use to him, but he has them "for safe-keeping" (i.e. no one can abuse the power of the artifacts if he keeps them himself).

Lord Maskar Wands' greatest tenet is his disapproval of the abuse and wasteful, unrestrained exercise of magic. He often directs adventurers to give up the use of all magic if they cannot govern their use of it better, or donate it forthwith to any temple of Mystra. Lord Wands has also reprimanded a number of watch-wizards for the same abuses, and he has even gone so far as to publicly warn the archmage of the city, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, about certain excessive uses of magic. While among the most powerful wizards of the city, Lord Maskar is undoubtedly the most conservative and traditional of all.

Lord Maskar and his daughter and heir Olanhar will train lesser mages, but payment for such services will always be in the form of a difficult task or quest, such as restoring lost or stolen scrolls to a particular mage's tomb, or destroying a lich, or bringing them rare material components from across Faerun. Given these strictures and his conservatism, Lord Maskar is rarely sought as a tutor.

Wands, Olanhar: (LG hf W14) Olanhar is the heir of the Wands clan, a tall, regal woman with long raven tresses and her father's distinctive facial features. Olanhar is married to one of her students, Challat Artoban (CG hm W5), a match her father approves of most heartily. Olanhar is a great influence within the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, one whose support her friend Mhair Szeltune counts on in many of the political games played among the wizards. Olanhar also has a ring which allows her to use *knock* on any door it touches.





Wands, Scirkhel: (CG hm R6) Scirkhel was reared in Waterdeep but left at age 17 to see the world. Scirkhel fell in with a ranger (and Herald) and learned of woodcraft and the Harpers and the Heralds. After years of working for them, Scirkhel was admitted into the Heralds and charged with replacing the aged Herald of Waterdeep. Returning to the city of his birth, Scirkhel quietly assumed the duties at Falconfree. He lives in a residence close to the River Gate (City Map Location T41) to allow easy contact with Herald agents just entering the city.

Wands, Tertius: (LG hm F0) Grandnephew to old Maskar, Tertius is a rare Wands relative with no aptitude for magic. This does not stop him from adventuring; for ten years, Tertius has bungled about the city, seeking excitement (and surviving only through the virtues of his allies and his friend, Ampratines the djinni). Mirt the Moneylender describes Tertius as "a young man with the learning curve of a zombie, but he has a good heart and some brief flashes of intuitive strategy."

Family Name: WAVESILVER (WAVE-sil-ver)

Prominent Members:

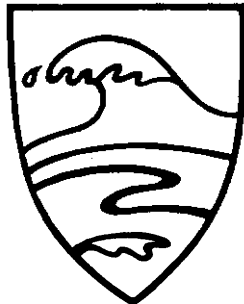
Patriarch: Bleskos Wavesilver

Consort: Apryl Wavesilver

Heir: Aristed Wavesilver
(second son)

Trade & Interests: merchant
shipping

Arms: field: red (sky)
waves: royal blue
spray: silver (one curl at
bottom, curl and drop at top)



Family Name: ZULPAIR (ZUL-pair)

Prominent Members:

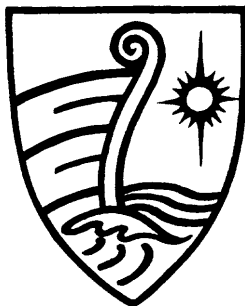
Patriarch: Olomar Zulpair

Consort: Anyla Zulpair

Heir: Gerath Zulpair (eldest son)

Trade & Interests: merchant
shipping

Arms: field: purple
prow: gold
star: silver
spray: white
waves: navy blue



Family Name: ZUN (ZUNN)

Prominent Members:

Patriarch: Lungar Zun II

Consort: Triine Zun

Heir: Olsztel Zun

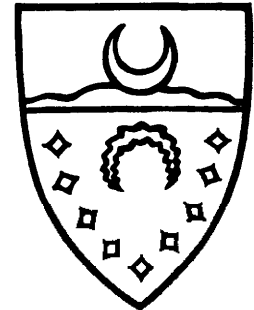
Trade & Interests: cattle-farming,
mercenary fighting

Arms: field: brown
sting & claw: metallic green
sparkles: silver



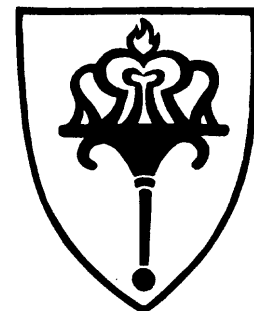
The Arms of the City of Waterdeep

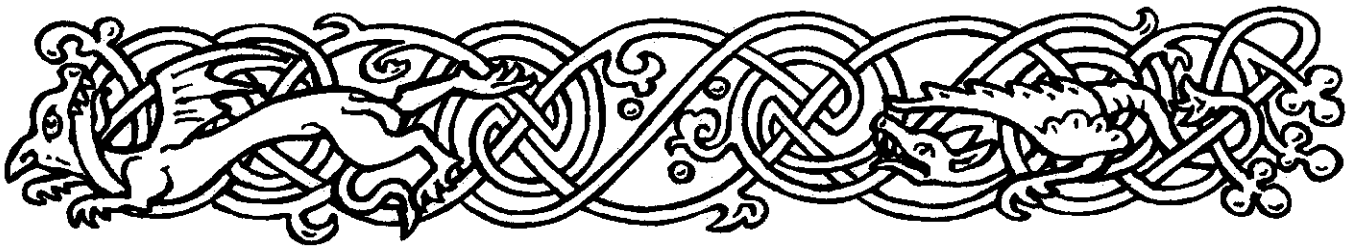
field: royal blue (sky)
border: silver
crescent moons (one a
distorted reflection): silver
water: navy blue
horizon: purple
nine stars: silver



The Arms of the Lords of Waterdeep

field: white
border: silver
torch: metallic blue
flame: silver





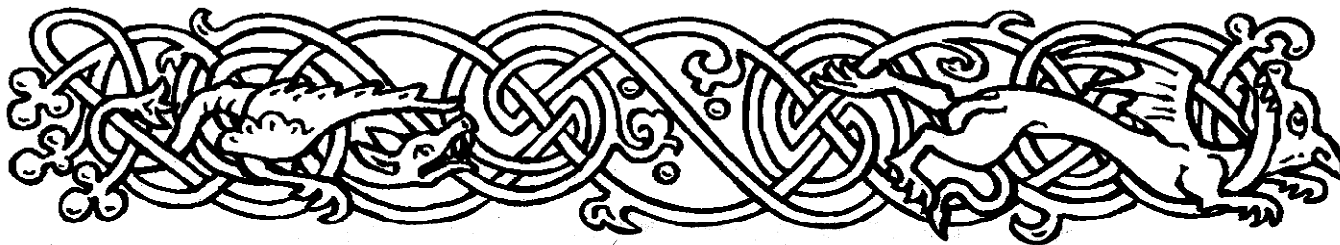
Gossip & Goings-On

The following incidents and actions are just the barest hint of the many activities occurring in and about the lives of Waterdeep's nobility. Some are straight forward accounts of noble activity; these are best presented as tavern talk and rumors. Others are hints of noble plots and social battling; these need to be approached methodically and carefully. The Dungeon Master should take care to cloak these plots in secrecy; most of the nobles plan and connive all their activities intricately, each plan covered by secondary and tertiary plans. If one part of the plot is uncovered, it only hinders that part, and it cannot be traced back to the noble who initiated the plan without some serious plotting on the PCs' part.

Any "Gossip & Goings-On" material occurs during the year 335 NR (1367 DR), the year just ending on the Realms' timeline. The events are listed in no particular order, and can be used at the DM's discretion.

- Lord Kuldos Roaringhorn is barred from the Twilight Hunters tavern, due to the destruction caused during a brawl with Gast Brokengulf. Apparently, the fracas began when Gast asked Lord Kuldos about some rumored impropriety (regarding a young village girl on the outskirts of Waterdeep), and Kuldos responded to the verbal spar with fists. When the watch arrived, the two nobles were being blown out of the tavern by a *gust of wind* cast by Song the wizardess, one of the owners.
- After Trolltide and its unfortunate incidents (see "Trolltidings" in Chapter Six of the *Adventurer's Guide* and Chapter Two of the *Secrets* book), the Hothemer clan is in deep mourning for the loss of two heirs. While under the influence of fell magics, little eight-year-old Citta Hothemer turned into a troll and killed her two elder brothers (Hathin, the heir, and Robin, the second brother in line for the lordship) before Lord Maskar Wands ended the enchantment and cured her.
- A young man arrived in the city recently, his face slightly scarred and pockmarked from a childhood disease. His caravan hails from a city in southern Amn, and people are talking of how much he resembles Lord Ultas Maernos. Lady Tresh Lanngolyn has taken the man in as her guest, scheming to upset "Ultas' plan to infest our neighborhood with those awful nonhumans by presenting him his long lost son!" Whether or not the man, Morrissan, is the true heir of Lord Maernos is up to the DM.
- Among the more vicious rumors bandied about in Waterdeep, slavetrading is oft whispered in conjunction with the Piiradost clan. Spoken softly so as not to attract the attention of the Lords, some even hint that Lord Humbraz's eldest son Farlond was sent from the city due to some bungled transaction that nearly brought the whole family to ruin.
- Lady Aridarye Phylund seems to have powerful friends, even after the death of her husband and the ascension of her stepson to the lordship. When Lord Urto II married, noblewomen muttered about Aridarye's imminent downfall and expulsion. Curiously enough, when Lord Phylund had his first-born son named heir of the Phylunds, a masked and robed Lord came to the villa and proclaimed that the son was an unfit heir, and Aridarye's son, Urto III, would be the heir. No explanation was given, but Lord Phylund's challenge to this claim at the Lord's Court was defeated, Lord Piergeiron following the decision of his fellow Lord. Now, Aridarye is firmly entrenched in the Phylund nobility, despite the current lord's cold contempt of her.
- The Stormweather clan is in an uproar over the appearance of a claimant to the hotly contested lordship, with the passing of Lord Mintos in Eleint; Jhardnet, the alleged elder brother of Lord Mintos, long believed dead and the original heir to the title, entered the city off a ship hailing from Mintarn. With the family split supporting either Jhardnet or Mintos' son Harkan, the inheritance claim will be settled at the Lord's Court. At the DM's discretion, a number of assassination attempts can be made on either claimant, creating a need for objective mercenary guards (like the PCs). . . .
- On a bright morning in Alturiak, a curious crowd collected on the steps of Piergeiron's Palace at dawn, looking at something. A chalk circle was etched into the main landing in front of the Palace doors, the circle having definite magical sigils (including the marks of the Snome and Wands families) and marks. Within the circle were the charred, consumed remains of a number of magical items, including identifiable pieces of a *staff of power*, a *firing carpet*, and a *necklace of missiles*. The Watchful Order is at a loss to explain what happened, but rumors begin flying about wildly, and Thyri Snome and Maskar Wands definitely want some real answers





Chapter Three: Money & The Guilds

At the risk of using a most-tired cliché, money is the heartblood of Waterdeep. Coin, commerce, trade—call it what you will, but it is what drives this great city. Granted, the Lords rule it wisely and well, but the Guilds constantly believe that, since they control the majority of the city's lifeblood, they should control the city. Methinks they should be reminded of the houses Zoar and Gildeggh. . . . ”

—Mirt the Moneylender, circa 1345 Dalereckoning

It all started here in Waterdeep as a simple matter of survival. Primitive tribes traded items here for food, weapons, and items to help them survive the harsh winters of the North. When the first tribe settled at the shores of the deepwater harbor, claiming the virgin timber of the area as its own and using it for barter, the “place of Water Deep” became home to trade. Eventually, this matter of survival gave way to the practiced manipulation and amassing of coin seen today on nearly every street corner of Waterdeep. Money and trade have always ruled this city and they affect nearly every aspect of life here.

Money

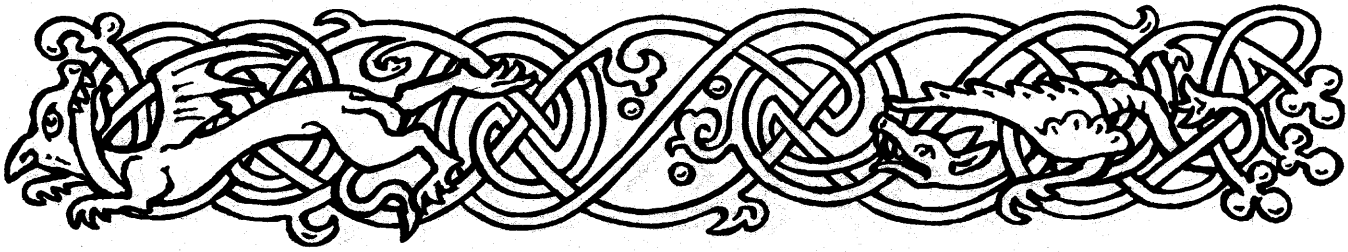
Waterdeep is a rich merchants' city, the crossroads of trade and culture of the Sword Coast. Beings of many races come from all over the Realms to live, work, and do business here. Trade is transacted by barter and in many currencies. Practically any coin is accepted for its metal value, and gems are negotiable according to their rarity, size, and quality; standard AD&D® game values for copper, silver, electrum, gold, and platinum pieces should be used, as should the relative varieties and values of gems described in the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide*. DMs should bear in mind that the Realms have some unique coin and gem varieties, and visitors from many worlds and planes are not as rare as some believe; one's own invented coins and gems could easily be introduced into play. Written notes-of-hand are seldom honored by any save those who issued them, or others of the same noble family, merchant company, or guild.

Coinage

Waterdeep does have its own coinage, as do the other major cities in the North (such as Silverymoon and Mirabar). Most cities honor all coinage; “trade bars” of silver (which very quickly corrode to a black hue) and electrum in 10-, 25-, and 50-gold piece weight are common throughout the North, and used everywhere in the Realms (in the South, gems are more often used for such purposes).

Mirabar makes four-sided trade bars of black iron; each is like two long, thin pyramids joined together at their bases, forming a foot-long spindle. These are valued at 10





gold pieces in Mirabar, 7 gold pieces in Luskan and Port Llast, and 5 gold pieces elsewhere.

Silverymoon mints a crescent-shaped, shining blue coin called an “electrum moon.” These are worth 2 electrum pieces in Alustriel’s lands and 1 electrum piece elsewhere. Recently, they began making a larger, round coin called the “eclipsed moon”; they stamp the shining blue crescent of an electrum moon together with a darker silver wedge to complete a round coin, and it is worth 5 electrum pieces within the city, 2 electrum pieces without.

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

Moneylending

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

high rates) results in the lender becoming in debt to the city, which returns the excess to the victim and may seize the lender’s property to recover its money.

Taxes and Fees

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

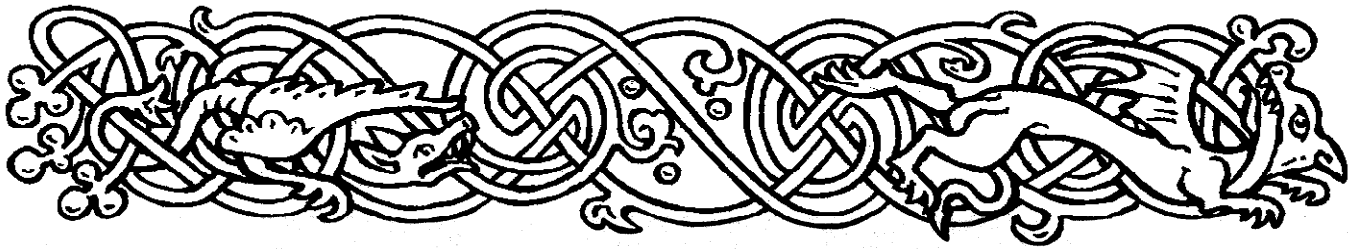
- 1 copper piece per market stall per day, collected between sunrise and sunset by any city watch patrol, who issue receipts for fees (to show later patrols the fee has been paid). This buys the exclusive use of that location from sunrise to sunset, security patrols by the watch, and freedom to sell goods at whatever the market will bear, rather than at prices set by guilds. Guilds pay these fees for members, out of guild dues.
- 1 silver piece (above any fines) from any person convicted in a Magisterial or Lord’s Court, per conviction.
- 1 gold piece per caravan wagon leaving the city, empty or full.
- 1 gold piece per sword sold (fee included in the price, and submitted by the vendor to a Magister or the watch within ten days); all blades sold in Waterdeep are thus taxed and registered, and Magisters deem anything with a blade over one foot long to be a sword. Other weapons are not so taxed; hence, many citizens of Waterdeep use clubs and daggers (shady characters use garrotes, hidden daggers, and lassos).
- 5 gold pieces per ship that docks in Waterdeep, collected from the captain. It covers a stay of up to fourteen days, provided the ship does not leave the harbor and return during that time, which ends the stay and begins a new one. This fee covers watch patrols, the dock space, fresh water, ballast supplied if desired, and the right to dump ballast or spoiled cargoes in an agreed-upon area under the direction of the watch (and a complement of mermen guards).

In times of trouble, direct taxes may be imposed:

- a “fire tax” (1 gp per household), levied whenever fire destroys a large portion of Waterdeep (an uncommon event (see Chapter Six of the *Campaign Guide*);
- a “wall tax” or “harbor tax” (1 gp per household), raised to pay for needed repairs or expansions; and
- a “lance tax,” raised for a payroll for mercenaries hired by the City when required (usually 1 silver piece per household each week until the Lords repeal the tax).

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





Wages

Wages are discussed under the relevant guilds and in sections dealing with certain activities. For DMs wishing to determine wages not already given, use these standards:

- 4 copper pieces/day (2 cp per half-day) for basic, unskilled tasks requiring strength (such as loading/unloading goods);
- 3 copper pieces/day (no half-day wages, usually, but lunch included) for taking or issuing chits, blocking a shop exit to shoppers who might otherwise leave without paying, and other less demanding jobs;
- 5 silver pieces/day for messengers and other bearers of responsibility; and
- a wage from 8 silver pieces to 1 gold piece/day for hired bodyguards (rate depends on armor, weapons, and displayed skills they can offer their employer).

Persons seeking casual daily employment in the City traditionally gather daily at any of the city gates in all seasons except high winter, and wait to be approached by a merchant who might hire them. By tradition, one does not call out one's skills or desire for employment, but lets potential employers question and examine quietly, and make any approaches if interested. Adventurers down on their luck often act as bodyguards, although a feeble, handicapped, or obviously wounded person will, of course, be passed over for such employment. Hiring for bodyguards and mercenaries, while possible at the gates, commonly takes place at Virgin's Square in Trades Ward, and does not always follow the usual conventions. (Many mercenaries speak out and advertise their abilities and skills, as well as approach known mercenary contacts.)

Prices

Average prices in Waterdeep are identical to those given in the AD&D® *Player's Handbook*. Player and nonplayer characters too poor to afford such fare (such as those on some of the base wages given above) can buy a "docker's quaff": a skin of watered-down barley beer and a round loaf of crusty brown bread baked around sausage ends and meat scraps, for 1 cp; this, or variations of this simple fare, provides many Waterdhavians with their main daily meal. It can only be bought in the open markets of the city, and only from late morning to early afternoon, each day. Better fare is priced roughly as follows: a tankard of ale is 1 sp; a jack of wine about 7 sp; and a simple, full meal about 1 sp. Of course, in a city where trade is tantamount to breathing, *everything* is negotiable, leading to haggling.

Haggling

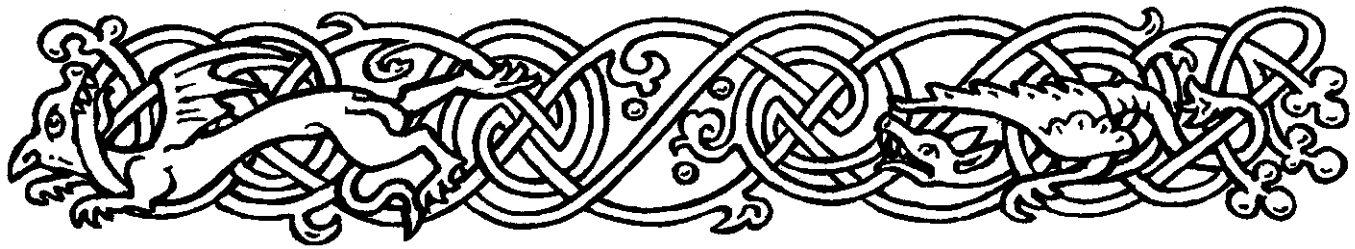
Haggling offers players and DMs a splendid opportunity for role-playing and can serve to open up hesitant players who are newcomers to role-playing, as well as allowing a DM to give players something of the "feel" (and the occasional item of interesting gossip that might point the way to an adventure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

"Average" Prices for Goods & Services in Waterdeep

In the brief summary below, prices are provided for items player characters may well desire or require. DMs should use these as guidelines only, following certain strictures:

- If something is in great demand and short supply, prices rise.
- If there is a glut, prices fall.
- If a guild is involved in the price-setting, that is mentioned at the end of the entry (independent operators usually undercut the Guild by 5-10% unless their product is in such demand that they need not compete with guild prices).
- Prices given within the *Player's Handbook* and the *DUNGEON MASTER Guide* are considered to hold true, in general, for Waterdeep, and are not duplicated here unless special modifications apply.
- Prices for unusual services—bounty hunting, for example, or for the sale of monsters and monster eggs or young—are not given herein, as it is recommended that a DM determine these on a case-by-case basis, role-playing all deal-making.





Accounting: see "Bookkeeping"

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

Baldric: see Weapon-harness

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

Basket, wicker: 24 cp depending on size, durability (Guild)

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

Bells: wooden: 5 cp/cast metal: 15 gp, depending on size and tone (Guild)

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

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

Secondhand boots: 5 sp to 20 sp (markets)

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

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

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

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

Building (including repairs or additions):

Stone: 10 gp/day per Guild workman and 3 gp/day per assistant plus 10 gp daily crew expenses fee, plus materials (Guild). See also "Stone."

Wood: 1 gp per man per day, plus 5 gp for a surveyor-chartist, plus 5 gp for a Guild engineer plus materials plus 10 gp/day crew needs fee (Guild). See also "Lumber". (does not include "Excavations," q.v.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

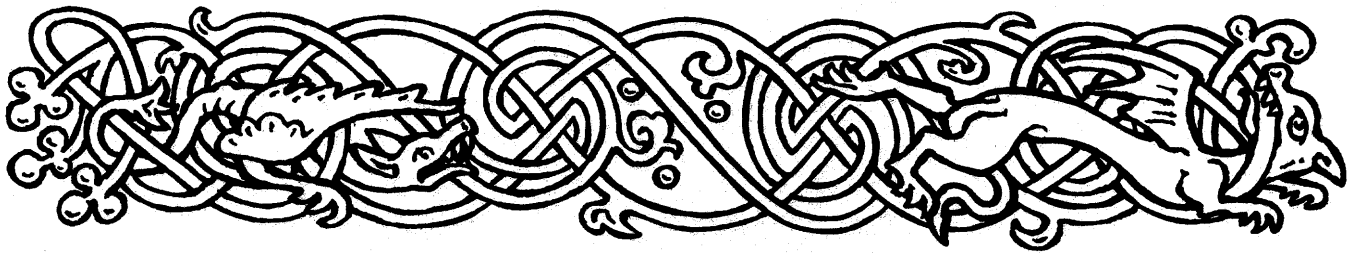
"Hardware": metal work (latches, hinges, needles, spikes) sold by weight, usually 1 cp per ounce (Guild)

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

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

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





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

Horseshoes: see "Horses, shoeing" (value of a used/found shoe is 1 cp to 3 cp, based on size and condition)

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

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

Lamp oil: 3 sp for a 2 ounce bottle, or 1 gp/flask (as per *Player's Handbook*), or 10 gp/small key (sealed with tar)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Magnifying glasses: 5-10 gp each (Guild)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Security: see "Night watchmen," "Spell guard," and text under "Wages" for bodyguards

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

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

Signet rings: see "Seals"

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

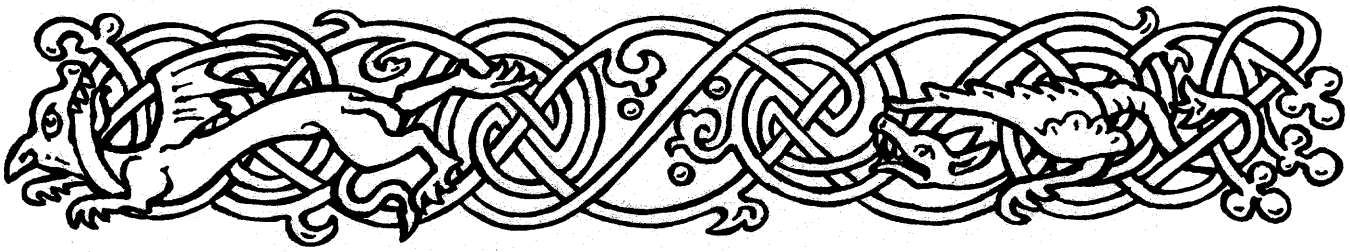
Smith's tools: 70 gp (full and proper assortment; fine tempering is required)

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

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

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





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

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

Spices: see “Herbs”

Stamp-marks: see “Seals”

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

Suspenders: 2 cp each set

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

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

Tote straps: 3 cp/strap (Guild)

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

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

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

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

Weapons, bladed: cost as per *Player’s Handbook*, plus 1 gp city fee (various Guilds)

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

Wickerwork, small: 1 cp/piece (Guild)

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

Windowpanes: see “Glass”

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

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

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

FENCES

Many merchants in Waterdeep will purchase or trade for the occasional item of dubious origin, particularly if the item is not of overly distinctive appearance, they have not heard that the watch is looking for the item, or have not themselves heard of a theft involving such an item. Fences who do a lot of trade in stolen goods are rare. Several, as might be expected, are to be found in Dock Ward, but the most successful are a rich noble who lives alone, and the proprietor of a busy inn, whose guests often bring “extra” belongings that they leave behind, with no one of the watch or government any the wiser.

Those fences that survive in this generally law-abiding city are both shrewd and paranoid, and take elaborate precautions against arrest, exposure, and possible treachery on the part of their clients. PCs who deal with a fence and try to “jump” him may find themselves hurled into pit traps at the touch of a lever, or suffer poisoned crossbow bolts fired by the fence’s servants from the ceiling above or from concealed holes in the walls behind them. Most fences have means of acquiring *shield* and *wall of force* protections—and their treasure stores may well have golems and more sinister guardians.

Asking in the rougher taverns of the city is the only way to find a fence if one is not familiar with the city. DMs should role-play attempts to find a fence to the hilt, bearing in mind that thieves and undercover guardsmen (and Lords’ agents) listen sharp in such taverns, and that PCs may be sent to a succession of NPCs before one of them gives the name of the contact for any fences in the list below (usually with a password or secret sign). Fences pay 5% more than the “usual” price given below for items in their specialties.

KNOWN FENCES of Waterdeep

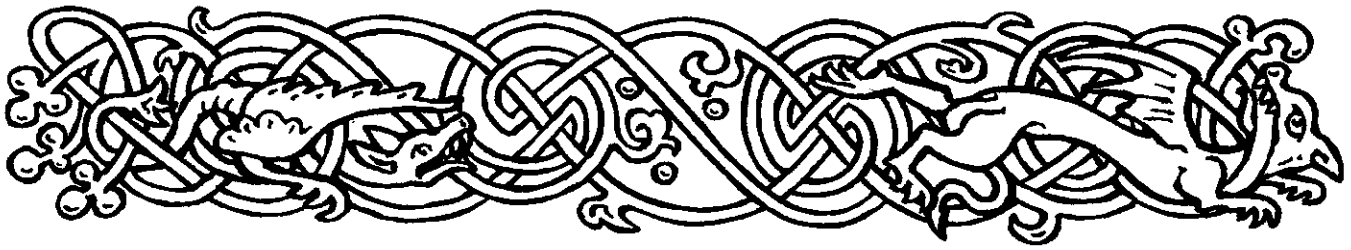
Name; Contact, Location of Contact; Location of Fence; Specialties; Usual Price Paid (in % of street value)

Lhund Dhaermos; Hulfast, on the docks (often Wharf Street, Dock Ward); Dhaermos Warehouse, Belnimbra’s Street, Dock Ward (D4); exotic creatures, plants, and all types of slaves; 30%

Balthorr “the Bold”; Balthorr, at Balthorr’s Rare and Wondrous Treasures, The Street of the Sword, Castle Ward (C14); gems, rare coins, regalia; 40%

Chuldán Helmstar; Chuldán; at Helmstar Warehouse, Dock Street, Dock Ward (D14); carvings, statuary; 35%





Orlpar Husteem (younger brother of Orbos, head of the Husteem noble family); Hala Myrt at The Grinning Lion tavern, off Golden Serpent Street, North Ward (N55); Orlpar's house on Golden Serpent Street, North Ward (N58); spices, scents, wines, and drugs; 60%

Alek Lenter; Thunna Cremek, at the Thirsty Throat tavern on the Way of the Dragon, Dock Ward (D13); Waukeen's Wares, in Adventurers' Quarter, Southern Ward (AQ13); poisons, alchemical substances, and delivery systems of same (hollow daggers, needle-rings, etc.); 50%

Orsabbas "the Fingers"; Orsabbas, at Orsabbas' Fine Imports, Vellarr's Lane, Trades Ward (T17); tapestries, wines, perfumes; 30%

Phalantar Orivan; Phalantar, at Phalantar's Philtres & Components, The Street of Bells, Castle Ward (C33); magic—written and active (i.e. magical items); 35%

Alathann Ruil; "One-Eyed Jukk" at The Bloody Fist, Prosper & Snail Streets, Dock Ward (D17); Red Sails Warehouse on Cod Lane, Dock Ward (D20); weapons, armor, fine metalwork; 40%

Jannaxil Serpentil; Jannaxil, at Serpentil Books & Folios, off Book Street, Dock Ward (D10); maps, charts, scrolls, and books; 30%

Haerlit Thomm; Felzoun Thar at Felzoun's Folly, Salabar Street, Trades Ward (T39); Thomm Warehouse, Sambril Lane, Dock Ward (D49); furniture and distinctive furnishings; 35%

Ulmar "the Watchful"; Ulmar or Zhaegos; Crommor's Warehouse, The Reach, Castle Ward (C51); ships & shipboard equipment, cargos; 40%

Torst Urlivan; Torst, at his inn, The Gentle Rest, The High Road, Trades Ward (T32); Gentle Rest Stables, Deloun Alley, Trades Ward (T33); horses, harness; 40%

The Guilds

The Guilds have been a mainstay in Waterdeep for centuries and they have always had a major influence on the city at large. Their management and their skilled control of commerce brought Waterdeep to its great prominence as a center of trade for the Sword Coast. Their avarice, ruthlessness, and greed nearly destroyed Waterdeep twice over in the past. The guilds have proven their worth to the city time and again, as they have proven their worthlessness in turn when attempting to rule the city. For good or ill, competent or not, the guilds are a controlling force in the city, one constantly at odds with but held in check by the Lords of Waterdeep.

The Guilds are not one whole power group, but are distinct and different groups of people, each dedicated to upholding the craft and service (and related political agendas) of their own choosing. Some guilds work more closely with the Lords, their activities integral to the city's welfare, while others are specialty guilds that only wield influence in the Market. Each guild's trade determines its importance and influence upon the city, some often deceiving in their perceived power: while a lowly dungsweeper appears to wield no power, a strike by the Dungswepers' Guild is one of serious impact on the city!

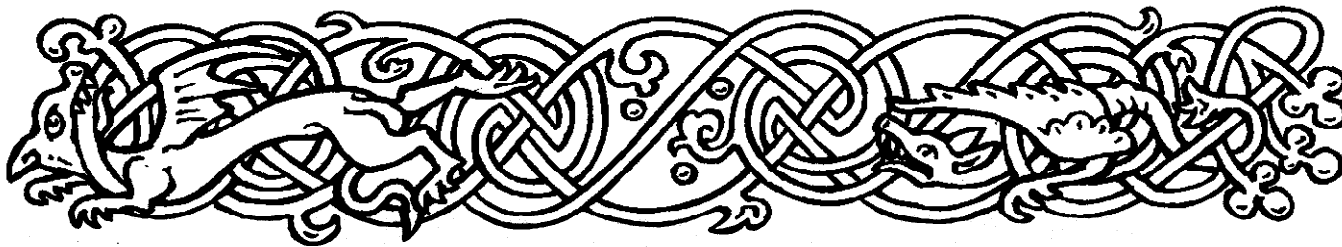
Guilds must be recognized by the Lords. The newest official guilds are The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, formed fifty years ago, and the eight-year-old Loyal Order of Street Laborers. Applications for guild formation are seldom recognized. Applications that would create rivals in the same field(s) of trade as an existing guild are always denied; the Lords prefer that competition exist within guilds, rather than between them—although rival guilds often compete over areas of trade where their jurisdictions overlap.

Guilds have widely varying degrees of influence, but no official precedence; they are numbered on the roster below purely for ease of reference (the guilds are also arranged alphabetically for easy reference as well). Guild ranks vary, but usually, from the top down, they are Master (or head); Elders or Council (if they have a say in governing guild matters), usually "senior members"; Speaker or contact person for the public; Member; Apprentice or Prentice or Novice (the term varies from guild to guild, as do the powers of this rank). Consult individual guild entries below to find the various dues required for guild membership.

Guild Halls

Each of the guilds of the city has a headquarters of sorts, the guild hall. (See the *Adventurer's Guide to the City* for a random sampling of guild halls.) The guild hall acts as a showcase of the guild's trade or products, a meeting place for guild members (though not always the place for guild meetings of the full membership; the Cynosure is often rented to populous guilds for this purpose), the central clearinghouse for guild business, and the offices of the officers of the guild (the guild master, et al). On top of all that, guild halls are often places of business run by the guild, with that business's profits benefiting the guild master.





Now, even though it is relatively simple to find the guild halls themselves, getting in contact with the guild master is rare (unless one is a Lord or a noble of note), and customers are often shuttled through the channels to do business. Down below, in the roster of the guilds, there are various NPCs listed that might act as potential guild contacts for the player characters.

Guild Law

Guild Law, the rules under which specific trades are conducted, are distinct from city law but can never conflict or override city law or the known intent of such laws. Guilds pay careful attention to all that is said by any Lord, and govern their affairs accordingly. On only two occasions since the destruction of the two Lords Magister, guild masters have defied or quietly contradicted edicts of the Lords; in both incidents, the guild master was exiled, and his or her family was expelled from the guild, though not from the city. Waterdeep is often called “The Open City” when trade and guilds are discussed, because its guilds are not all powerful, and cannot restrict trade to their members alone; the Lords and Magisters are strict and vigilant about this. Tradesmen operating outside of a guild, of course, are not entitled to guild rights and privileges, and the concerned guilds cannot be held responsible for the actions of such outsiders. The guilds are allowed to make very public the fact that this or that person is not part of the guild (and very often do so to prevent any damage to guild reputations).

Roster of The Guilds

Hereafter the forty-three recognized guilds of Waterdeep are described in brief. For each, the name, class and level, and guild title, if any, of the master and a contact person are given. Some guilds don't have a separate spokesman, and all business is addressed directly to the guild master. Few guilds control their field of interest absolutely. Most guilds merely use their strength of numbers to do better than independent merchants, and thereby gain the lion's share of business.

The majority of Waterdhavians, living in a city of contracts, negotiations, and commerce, are literate. Without exception, all guild contacts and senior members can read and write (whether they will admit to being able to do so is another matter).

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

1. The Bakers' Guild

Master: Dundold Buldharroaz (LG hm F0)

Headquarters: The Master Bakers' Hall, The Street of the Sword, Castle Ward (C27)

Livery: White cloaks and hats with a light blue chevron on the left shoulder or brim of each

Entrance: 10 gp; by application to “the Master Bakers”: the ten senior (longest registered) guild members, plus the Master

Dues: 5 sp/month

Contact: Relchoz Hriiat (CN hm F1, INT 17, WIS & CHA 16), Hriiat Fine Pastries, Sammarin's Street, North Ward (N60)

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

2. The Carpenters', Roofers', and Plaisterers' Guild

Master: Halthos “the Hammer” Blund (N hm F3)

Headquarters: The Stone House, Telshambra's Street, Southern Ward (S2)

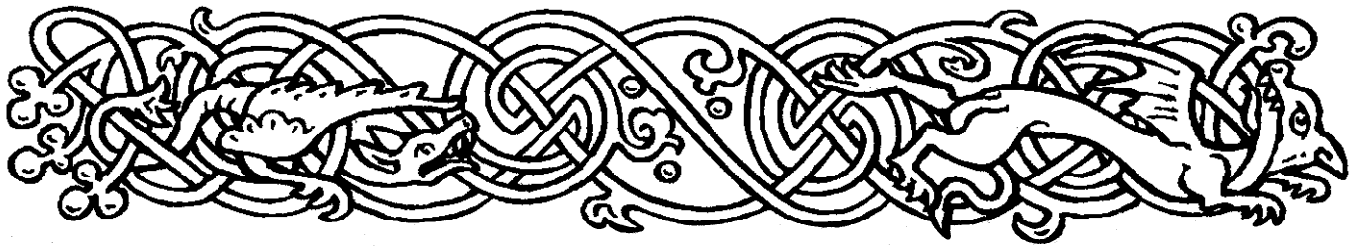
Livery: Red caps, pierced in the brow with a row of three brass nails

Entrance: 25 gp per individual

Dues: 10 gp/year (member); 5 gp/year (apprentice)

Contact: Elemos “the Hand” Dunblast (LE hm T3), Dunblast Roofing, Ironpost Street, Trades Ward (T9)





This guild is extremely busy and extremely rich, with many members; even casual labor hired by its members must be enrolled in the guild (even if only as apprentices), although the guild is continually unsuccessful in attempts to force the Lords to legally restrict building, construction, and repair within the City to guild members. The Lords have repeatedly taken the position that a building is the property of its owner, who may modify, repair, or rebuild it if he or she wishes, and that any system of inspection must remain within the power of the Lords, and not be made a guild affair. There have been several instances of guild members sabotaging nonguild work (to convince building owners to trust only the guild: "you can be sure our work won't collapse around you . . ."), but by and large members of this guild are too busy for such mischief. They have their hands full just keeping up with demands from nobles to build this or that new, bigger, and higher, and from merchants to repair this or that as cheaply as possible so long as it won't fall down, and finish it by tonight . . .

Guild work is expensive: 1 gold piece per man per day on the site, plus 5 gold pieces for a guild surveyor-chartist, and 5 gold pieces for a guild engineer (usually the boss of a work crew, with the surveyor-chartist being the crew's liaison with clients), plus the cost of materials, and a flat 10 gold pieces per day fee for "crew needs" (food and drink), regardless of the size of that day's crew. This guild does serviceable work, although it boasts no great engineering genius in its ranks at present, and specializes in competent repair work.

Most successful guild members undertake work in neighboring cities along the Sword Coast as far north as Luskan and as far east as Secomber, although their fees rise sharply the farther they get from the walls of Waterdeep. Most guild members who do outside work have arrangements with adventurers to persuade clients toying with the idea of not paying for work done, to make sure payment is prompt and in full. Outside the city, most guild members design their own buildings if a client 'does not wish to, but inside Waterdeep that is the province of another guild, and members of this guild only do on-site surveying to match already-prepared plans (although they may occasionally pretend otherwise).

3. The Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild

Master: Hilitimm Turnstone—Master Plumber (CG hm F2)

Headquarters: The Old Guildhall, Gaustus Street, Trades Ward (T26)

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

Entrance: 5 gp; acceptance by the guild master only

Dues: 7 sp/month

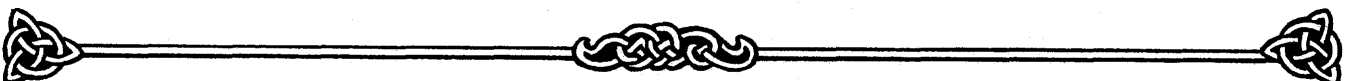
Contact: Jhalossan Turnstone (LG hm F0), Turnstone Plumbing and Pipefitting, Belnimbra's Street, Dock Ward (D2)

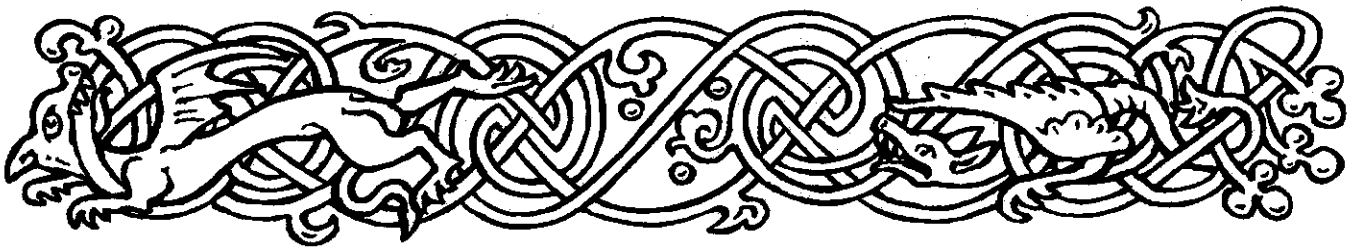
This guild is small, highly trained, and somewhat scornful of the "thick-fingered clods" of the Carpenters', Roofers', and Plaisterers' Guild, whose work they constantly encounter in the course of their duties; with the advent of the Loyal Order of Street Laborers, they have even less respect, as that guild's trade in street repair used to be a primary source of income for this guild. The Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild is now strictly concerned with digging building foundations, and keeping the sewers of the city functional and safe.

The guild is engaged in constant small repair jobs in the sewers about the city, but is no longer responsible for restoring the surface of any street or courtyard dug up; they simply send a runner to the Loyal Order promptly upon completion of the work, and that other guild handles the repair. Their reward for hours of muck and backbreaking digging are the highest fees of any of the service guilds: 2 gold pieces per man per day or part of a day (most crews are two or three men in size) plus materials, and a "crew head" (food and drink retainer) of 10 gold pieces per day or part of a day.

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

Members of this guild unearth many things during the course of their diggings. By the rules of the guild, they are bound to tell only the owner (most will do so only if the owner is observing, or asks directly) upon request, or fellow guild members, of treasure, skeletons, valuables, secret passages, and the like (they may keep any of these that they can make off with undetected by the owner or the watch,





by guild rules). Most senior guild members, in their work of draining cellars or repairing the sewage plumbing of old buildings, learn the general layout of the city sewers in 2-5 (1d4+1) years. Some believe that members of this guild know of underground pipes and cavities that lead nowhere, but are used by this guild for storing weapons, magic, and treasure—and disposing of the occasional corpse—where only earthquake or the guild will find it. Some believe that this guild knows of, or even makes, hidden tunnels leading into the treasure vaults of nobles, and the cellars of the Palace itself. Some are correct.

4. The Coopers' Guild

Master: Rugglar Tossarim—Master Cooper (LG hm F0)

Headquarters: Coopers' Rest, Pressbow Lane, Dock Ward (D31)

Livery: Brown caps and cloaks, with blue and green trim lines at the hems

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

Dues: 3 gp/month

Contact: the Master

The Coopers' Guild is always kept busy. Many things that go aboard ships in Waterdeep's busy port, notably pickled fish from the Fishmongers' Fellowship and the wares of the Vintners', Distillers', and Brewers' Guild, require its barrels. Members of this guild cut, steam, and shape the wood, and form and weld the metal (from hoopstock supplied by the Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metalforgers) of the bands, of barrels themselves, and charge 5 silver pieces to 5 gold pieces per barrel, depending on the size (from foot-long hand-keg, with rope handle, to 20-foot-long cellar cask; most produced are 1-gold-piece, 10-gallon barrels).

Long ago, Waterdhavians (and others on the Sword Coast) discovered that one of the best ways to smuggle things in and out of kingdoms is in sealed barrels, so the Guard inspects barrels at random, paying the guild a "resealing fee" of 3 silver pieces per barrel. A guild member caught smuggling will be fined heavily (usually 50 gold pieces). One caught with a dead body or two in a cask will be imprisoned, and may lose his or her guild membership (such membership losses are quietly restored by the guild when imprisonment ends)—and yet this happens constantly; most guild members cannot resist the "free gold" they are offered for doing so. Seventy-five gold pieces or more is expected, per barrel of contraband.

3. The Council of Farmer-Grocers

Master: Zelderan Guthel—Master Provisioner (N hm F0)

Headquarters: The Market Hall, Traders' Way, Castle Ward (C8)

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

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

Dues: 5 sp/month

Contact: Baalbaas Partall—Voice of the Master (CG hm F0), The Market Hall

This guild is a consortium whose membership changes annually with the fortunes of harvest; memberships expire in Hammer, the dead of winter, and run for one year, except for roughly 25 life memberships, which are without exception held by very wealthy farmers with vast landholdings. The Council determines prices for raw grain and arranges milling and warehouse facilities in the city (both of which it controls); the milling business provides the guild with its bread-and-butter operating money, and when warehouses are emptied in winter, with no crops available to replace them until first harvest, the guild rents the space to other merchants. The guild also receives regular funds from the Lords in return for keeping the city's granaries and icehouses full of provisions, to feed the Castle and the Palace, and have emergency food on hand in case of siege or crop disaster. The guild arranges market stall space for its members (although individual members must pay the daily fees), and provides cartage for spoiled food to the refuse dumps south of the city.

6. The Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers

Master: Kriios Halambar—Master Musician (LN hm F0), known widely as "Old Leatherlungs," Halambar Lutes & Harps, Street of the Sword, Castle Ward (C25)

Headquarters: The House of Song, Rivon Street, Trades Ward (T19)

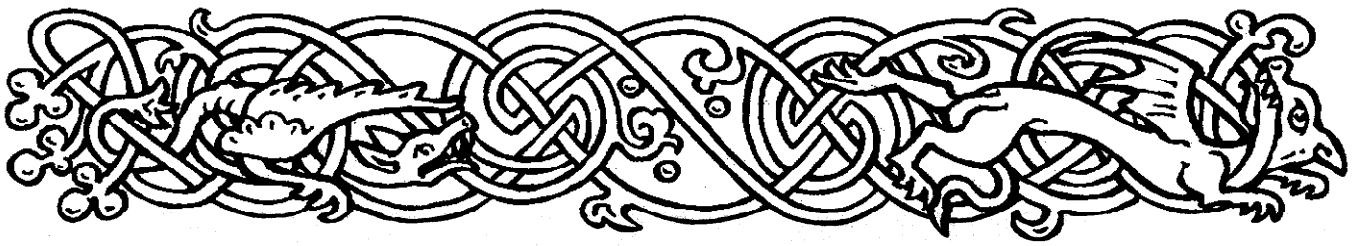
Livery: Scarlet jackets, with slashed sleeves of white and purple, and deep green long cloaks and matching hats, with white and purple plumes

Entrance: 30 gp

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

Contact: the Master, or Maxeene "the Flute" Rhiosann—Lady Voice of the Council (NG hf F0), The House of Song





This guild elects its master every seven years, nominating only candidates from within its membership, and eliminating the least popular candidate in successive ballots until a Master Musician is chosen. Kriios Halambar, the current incumbent, has never been unseated in such an election, and has held the post for 66 years (he is now 87 years of age). If he dies in office, the Voice of the Council (the young singer Maxeene) will run the Council until the regular seven-year election time comes again (although she may of course run as a candidate in that election).

This guild admits only skilled, accomplished artisans as full members, and its members enjoy a good reputation for quality—and command high fees—as a result. Member performers gain a typical fee of 6 gold pieces/day. Member instrument-makers command 1 gold piece/day, with many days often involved in the making of a custom instrument.

In Waterdeep, true professionals in music are not prima donnas with difficult tempers or a need for creative self-expression that overwhelms tact. Rather, they pride themselves on giving a client exactly what is desired or needed, performed superbly. Often clients write terrible tunes or lyrics for a guild member to perform at private parties, weddings, or other ceremonies. Members of this guild may embellish such efforts to make them sound better (previewing them in private before the performance for the client's approval), but they never change a client's work because "they know better." It is just not done. Apprentices unable to cure themselves of such rashness will forever remain apprentices.

Guild members do tutor nonmusicians, and do give their own concerts, many now being performed at New Olamn's moderate amphitheater. Among Waterdeep's wealthier inhabitants, hosting (and sponsoring) such concerts of an evening is a popular pastime.

Certain members of this guild create instruments of quality known throughout the Realms (especially a number of craftsmen of the Crommor noble clan). Guild members have a standing contract with the Lords to provide the signal-horns (also known as "war horns" or "battle trumpets") for the guard.

7. The Dungsweepers' Guild

Master: Zulgoss Helberad (CG hm P2 of Lathander)

Headquarters: Muleskull Tavern, Ship Street, Dock Ward (D21)

Livery: Cap with red and orange feathers

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

Dues: 1 gp/year

Contact: the Master

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

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

8. The Fellowship of Bowers and Fletchers

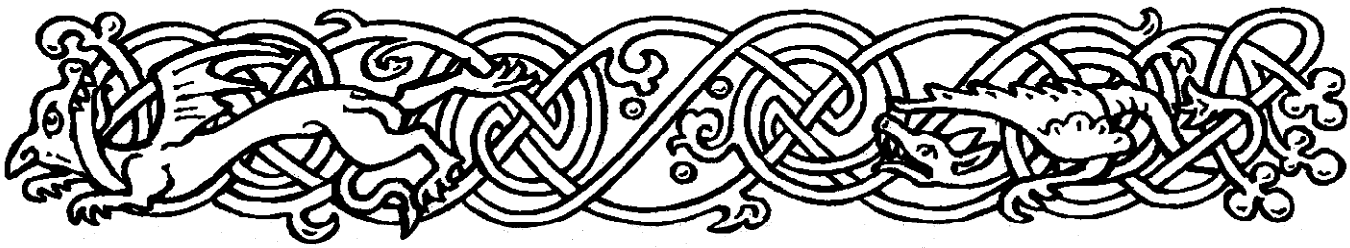
Master: Halassiter Ahrlan—Master of the Bow (LG hm F16)

Headquarters: The Citadel of the Arrow, Burnt Wagon Way, Trades Ward (T10)

Livery: White jackets or cloaks with red diagonal stripes

Entrance: 5 gp to join; readily accepts new members; registry only at headquarters





Dues: 8 sp/month

Contact: Zorondar “the Nimble” Riautar (LN hm F8, STR & CHA 16, DEX 18); Riautar’s Weaponry, The High Road, Trades Ward (T18)

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

9. The Fellowship of Carters and Coachmen

Master: Jasril Malakar—Master Carter (NE hm F0)

Headquarters: The Road House, Carters’ Way, Southern Ward (S13)

Livery: Dark blue cloaks and long-peaked caps, with silver trim

Entrance: 25 gp (for the owner of a coach or more than one conveyance), or 10 gp (for the owner of a single cart or litter); by application to the Master (few are refused)

Dues: 5 sp/month

Contact: the Master

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

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

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

10. The Fellowship of Innkeepers

Master: Brathan Zilmer—Master of Hospitality (LG hm F6; STR & INT & WIS & CHA 16), proprietor of The Pampered Traveler Inn, at the corner of Selduth Street & The Street of Bells, Castle Ward (C11)

Headquarters: Fellowship Hall, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward (C39)

Livery: None

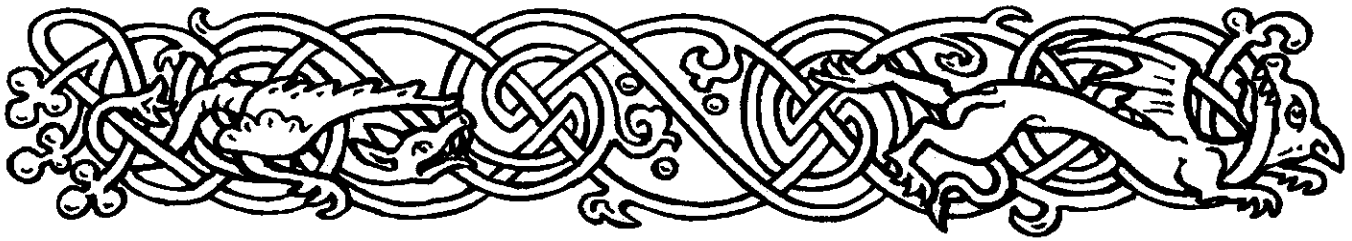
Entrance: 25 gp (by majority vote of the membership)

Dues: 20 gp/year

Contact: the Master

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





11. The Fellowship of Salters, Packers, and Joiners

Master: Rahannsoz Burihildar (LN(E) hm F0)

Headquarters: Shippers' Hall, Oar Alley, Dock Ward (D28)

Livery: Yellow cloaks and high-peaked caps with a black-spoked carriage wheel on the breast and center brim, with a black sail curved around it

Entrance: 5 gp; acceptance only by the Master

Dues: 3 sp/month

Contact: Baerlos Dunthar (N hm F0), Shippers' Hall

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

12. The Fishmongers' Fellowship

Master: Aybrauve Haltorel—Master Fishmonger (CN hm F3)

Headquarters: Seasweath Hall, Seasweath Hall Wharf, Dock Ward (D39)

Livery: Silver caps, with blue eyes upon either side, or

sashes of silver with a single blue eye, worn hanging straight down from the left shoulder

Entrance: 5 gp

Dues: 2 gp/year

Contact: the Master

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

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

13. The Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians

Master: Unthril Zond—Master Physic (LN hm W(I)3)

Headquarters: The House of Healing, The High Road, North Ward (N51)

Livery: Cloaks and tunics (never caps) of black, gray, and white bands, with a large white diamond, bordered in gray with the long points vertical, on chest and back

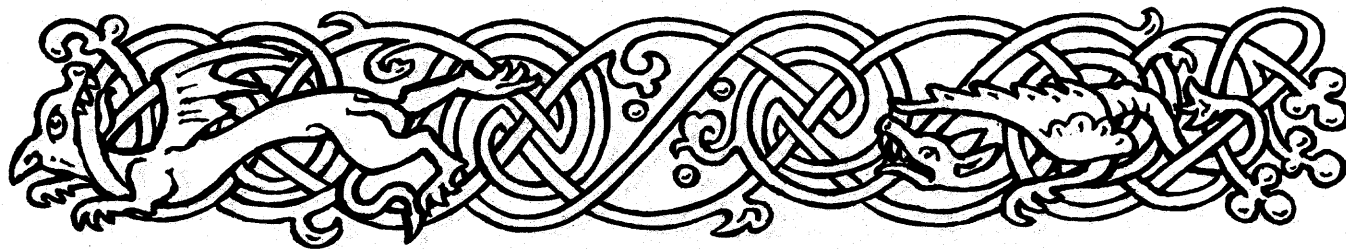
Entrance: 50 gp; acceptance by the Master only

Dues: 10 gp/year (member), 5 gp/year (apprentice)

Contact: the Master

This is one of the richest guilds in Waterdeep, and has a somewhat checkered history. On several occasions, various of its members have been implicated in smuggling, fraudulent investment affairs, and similar instances of criminally imprudent investments of their monies. No doubt some of their fellows (who have not been caught) remain rich and with shady connections. This guild has also been at odds with the Lords as a group. Repeatedly the guild has tried to have all nonmember medical practitioners (including all clerics) banned from practicing in Waterdeep, so they





would have to join the guild or cease providing aid to the sick (eliminating any competition). The Lords have strenuously resisted such efforts, executing on two occasions members of this guild who arranged assassination attempts upon the life of Piergeiron.

Despite the faults and politics of its members, the guild does provide services of high quality. It maintains a "Formulary" in its headquarters (open to members only) that records agreed-upon formulae for many drugs and other medicinal remedies. It also keeps in stock some of the rarest ingredients needed to make these medicines, dealing with far-faring sea captains, traveling merchants, and caravan leaders to gain these from the far reaches of the Realms. Medical aid in Waterdeep is expensive; an examination is only 1 gold piece, but most drugs are in the 1-8 gold pieces per bottle range (a bottle usually contains 3-6 doses, most often 4), and medical attendance, with nursing, splints, dressings, emergency medicines, and the like, costs 10-20 gp/day, based on the ability of the patient (in the estimation of the guild members involved) to pay.

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

14. The Guild of Butchers

Master: Kellatarn Nander—Master Butcher (NE hm F2)

Headquarters: The Butchers' Guildhall, The Way of the Dragon, Dock Ward (D47)

Livery: Crimson cloaks with purple lining

Entrance: 25 gp

Dues: 3 gp/month

Contact: Morathin "Hooks" Belmonder—Second Knife (LN hm F0, STR 17, DEX 17) Belmonder's Meats, The High Road, Trades Ward (T23)

This guild represents Waterdeep's butchers: Those who slaughter, and cut up for sale, all manner of livestock, from ankheg to yeti (cattle and hogs are more common, although it should be noted that people in the North,

including Waterdeep, have a taste for horseflesh). Guild law ensures that meat is properly bled, hung, and smoked or seasoned in certain ways, so that it is as clean and in as good condition as possible, and without exception, the butchers who are in business in Waterdeep are guild members. The Lords forbid formal price-fixing by the guild, but all meat is fairly expensive and similarly priced, being slightly cheaper in the docks area and slightly more expensive in the wealthy neighborhoods.

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

15. The Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters

Master: Ormbas Delzord—Master of the Flame (LG hm F0)

Headquarters: The House of Light, Scroll Street, Trades Ward (T29)

Livery: Black caps with a gold flame device on both sides of the head (and, for ceremonies only, black tunics with a gold flame inside a gold circle on the breast)

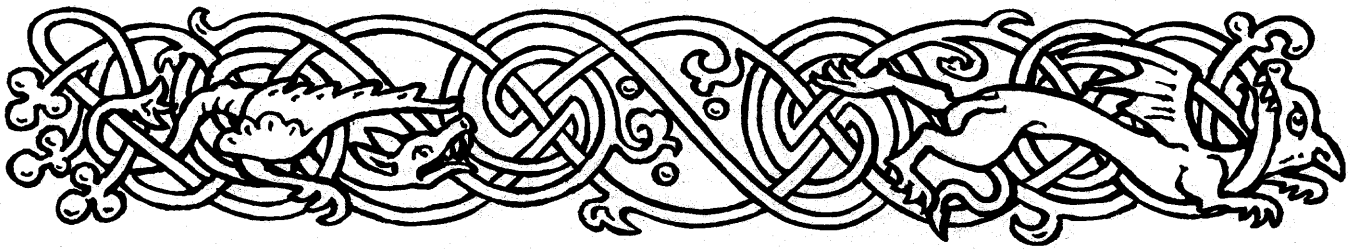
Entrance: 5 gp, upon acceptance by the Master (who keeps the membership limited in size)

Dues: 3 sp/month

Contact: the Master

This is the only guild in Waterdeep whose members are predominantly youths. Aside from the Master and six senior (adult male) members, three of whom act as a mobile protection squad for the younger members, all guild members are youngsters. By day, they all make candles (mostly of tallow) at the House of Light, and repair lamps. By night, they run about the city with glow pots, tongs, and reach-poles, lighting lamps for the city (on contract, which provides the guild with its daily bread-





and-butter money) and for private individuals, usually nobles. Guild members also sell candles, and, for a fee, will guide the way (or provide light for a traveler who knows the way) through the city by night. Most such boys and girls return often to the House of Light to give their monies to the Master, for all know what a tempting target a “lighter” clinking with coins is to thieves, drunks, other youths, and ruffians. A fistful of coins wrapped in a shirt or other cloth makes a handy sap. All lighters are trained to use such an improvised weapon and cry the alarm if attacked.

16. The Guild of Fine Carvers

Master: Malutt Mauksoun—First Master Carver (CN hm F5)

Headquarters: House of the Fine Carvers, The High Road, Castle Ward (C21)

Livery: Royal blue cloaks with red and brown lines as borders

Entrance: 10 gp (member); 3 gp (prentice)

Dues: 4 gp/year (member); 2 gp/year (prentice)

Contact: Dannath Lisosar—Second Master Carver (LE hf F0), Patient Fingers Finework, Sleepers’ Walk, Trades Ward (T20)

Twenty-six Master Carvers and 73 Prentice Carvers make up this guild, which aids its members in many ways. Notably, it procures shipments of fine carving wood such as felsul-root, suthwood, and zalantar from far Chult and from the South via Tharsult. It sells “prentice pieces” (inferior or damaged work) to merchant captains heading south, where some pieces will sell for their curiosity, others because of the type of wood used, and some as mementoes of the savage North. The guild also arranges standard carving-tool sizes and qualities with the two smithing guilds, who make the chisels, knives, and gouges used by Carvers, and with the Jewelers’ Guild, source of the best fine sandpaper. The guild also arranges large jobs (such as all the benches for congregations in a new temple, or the paneling and relief-carving of an entire mansion or castle) by lining up the needed Master Carvers and giving them Prentice Carvers to learn on the job, at a price of 1 gold piece per Prentice per day. Master Carvers earn 2 gold pieces daily.

This year has been good to the Guild of Fine Carvers. In recent years, cleverly-carved wooden toys made by guildmembers have gained greatly in popularity in the

City of Splendors as gifts, so much so that the guild now operates a toyshop on Trader’s Way from which to sell their wares. With the creation of the new temple to Oghma in Castle Ward, nearly half of the Master Carvers and two-thirds of the Prentice Carvers are currently employed there in the renovations of the older buildings, adding decorative moldings and carvings suitable for the temple.

17. The Guild of Glassblowers, Glaziers, & Speculum-makers

Master: Maersar Rillithar—Master Specular (LG hm W4)

Headquarters: The House of Crystal, Copper Street, North Ward (N46)

Livery: Pink cloaks or robes with a large white circle on the breast

Entrance: 20 gp; acceptance by majority vote of the entire membership

Dues: 15 gp/year (member); 9 gp/year (apprentice)

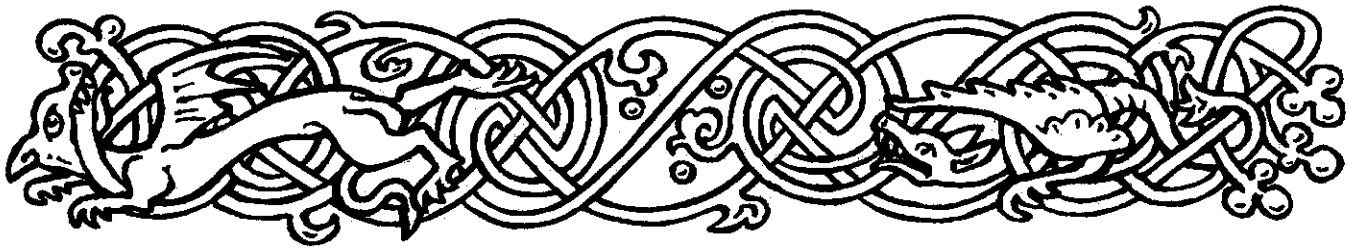
Contact: Jhalassan Thond—Speaker for the Guild (N hf F0), Thond Glass and Glazing Shop, Sleepers’ Walk, Trades Ward (T24)

This guild is a small, highly professional organization whose members take care to give fast, efficient, polite service, although glass is not cheap. While a simple, stoppered flask may only cost 1 copper piece, replacing a pane of glass runs from 4 copper pieces for a four-inch-square pane up to 6 gold pieces for a four-foot-square pane. Sets of bottles of uniform size, thickness, and hue are more expensive than “odd bottles.” The guild procures the finest sand (from certain beaches in the Tashalar and in Tethyr) for the use of its members in making glass, and provides emergency equipment and glass stocks for their use.

A guild member convicted of deliberately breaking glass in place not belonging to him in any building in Waterdeep, without permission of the owner, or hiring someone else to do so (such as gangs of street urchins armed with rocks), is fined by the Magisters and expelled from the guild by the Master Specular. Such a miscreant can later be voted back into the guild by the membership, upon subsequent reapplication (and payment of another “entrance fee”).

For many years, this guild was involved in an acrimonious dispute with the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors over which guild would make crystal balls—a dispute that still causes grumbling long after the Lord’s





Court ruling of twenty winters past: Anyone (including the Glassblowers) can create the crystal balls to the specifications noted by the client mages, but the balls' enchantments can only be enspelled by individual, private mages working for themselves (not under hire by any guild, including the Watchful Order).

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

18. The Guild of Stonecutters, Masons, Potters, & Tile-makers

Master: Buirholdan Skordar—Master Stoneworker (LG hm F0, STR 17)

Headquarters: Builders' Hall, Coach Street, Southern Ward (S11)

Livery: Gray cloaks and caps with an orange pickaxe, handle vertical and blade at the top

Entrance: 30 gp; upon examination by the Master

Dues: 5 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This respected, busy guild has over 200 members (most of whom employ three to twelve assistants), some of whom quarry stone, some of whom cut, dress, and lay stone, and some of whom make clay or earthenware vessels or tiles, and lay tiles.

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

Stone is cut and hauled from the seacoast crags north of Waterdeep, and brought by ship from Port Llast and from Mirabar, where dwarves tunneling for new ores have found it very rewarding to break up the rubble they used to toss aside into regular, rectangular blocks and sell them for 1 copper piece each. That becomes 2 copper pieces a block in Waterdeep, and 3 copper pieces a block when a guild member builds a structure. Demolition of an existing structure on the same site is free if the guild

member is allowed to keep what he can salvage of the stone. Repairs to, or building onto, an existing structure costs 10 gold pieces per guild member per day, plus 10 gold pieces expenses (lunches) per day, plus material costs (3 copper pieces a block; 5 copper pieces for marble, obsidian, or other "finestone" that requires a smooth polish), plus 3 gold pieces per day per assistant. Most such crews include five to eight assistants.

19. The Guild of Trusted Pewterers and Casters

Master: Dunbold Laraeikan—High Artisan (LG hm F5)

Headquarters: Pewterers' and Casters' Guild Hall, The High Road, Castle Ward (C34)

Livery: White sleeveless surcoats and aprons with the green silhouette of a tankard, handle to the viewer's right, beneath a bell

Entrance: 20 gp; upon acceptance by the Master

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: Baerhar Surtlan—Voice of the Guild (CN hm F0), Surtlan's Metalwares, River Street, Trades Ward (T40)

This guild has over 400 members, those who cast (rather than forge) items from metal. The guild livery depicts their two most popular products: a tankard and a bell. Bowls and hooks are probably the next most produced items. Prices in the *Player's Handbook* provide a guide for the DM in improvising the costs of such wares. The guild buys the raw materials, and mixes a basic white metal mixture which it sells to its members cheaply (1 copper piece for a foot-long, three-inch-high and wide bar) as the basis for such castings, but members like to add their own "secret ingredients" to make their products superior. The "trusted" in the guild title refers to the fact that guild members will melt things down for recasting without query or comment. Precious metals are rarely handled by this guild; gold- and silver-work are the purview of the Jewelers' Guild and the Splendid Order of Armorers, Locksmiths, and Finesmiths.

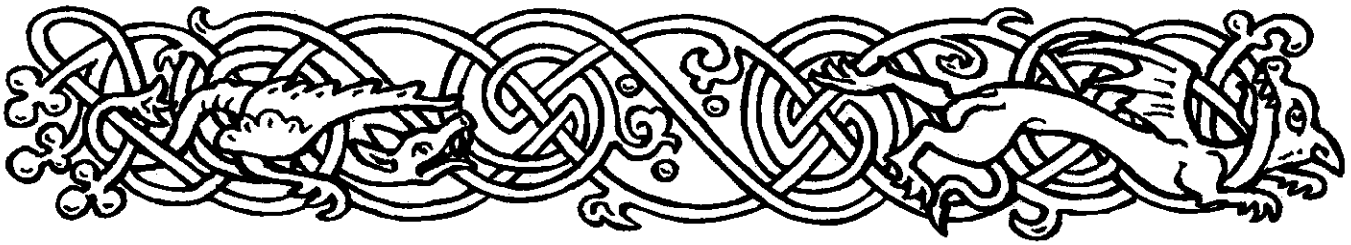
20. The Guild of Watermen

Master: Zzundar Thul—Master of the Harbor (guild title, not a city rank or position) (CG hm F0)

Headquarters: Watermens' Hall, Dock Street, Dock Ward (D43)

Livery: Blue shoulder-raincoats, white shapeless hats





Entrance: 10 gp; upon acceptance by the Master

Dues: 5 sp/month

Contact: Jaster Thul—Guild Spokesman (LN hm F0),
Watermens' Hall

This guild is one of the busiest and most important in the City of Splendors. Its members keep the harbor clear of all litter (discarded crates, discarded seaweed from fishing nets, discarded bodies, etc.), run myriad small skiffs and ferries about the harbor and up and down the seashore of Waterdeep (for hire), and load and unload almost all of the ships that dock in Waterdeep's busy harbor. This last mentioned work is done for a standard fee of 1 silver piece per man per hour, doubled if the cargo is dangerous (such as live, wild beasts, even if caged; incendiaries; exotic, volatile oils; or diseased or insane creatures). Watermen are allowed to keep "found" items from harbor floating debris; they can also keep unclaimed cargo after seven months, following a legal announcement of the cargo's discovery, unless the owner identifies it to the satisfaction of a Magister. (If the owner does not wish to take possession of the cargo within the seven months, the city stores it, granting the Waterman involved a 1-gold-piece "finder's fee," which he recovers from the owner later.) Watermen do not pilot large boats into or out of the harbor, but do work the clock around, loading and unloading vessels, and ferrying people to and fro, collecting their fees constantly as they work. (On highly profitable days, many Watermen pilot a boat over the deep part of the harbor, and drop in a copper or two to appease the sea gods.) All Watermen know the currents, depths, and backwaters of the harbor well, and the locations of various sewer effluents.

21. The Jewelers' Guild

Master: Stromquil Halazar—Master Jeweller (CE hm W(I)6), Halazar's Fine Gems, Shield Street, Sea Ward (\$60)

Headquarters: The House of Gems, Gem Street, Castle Ward (C44)

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

Entrance: 40 gp

Dues: 25 gp/year

Contact: Jhauntar Olmhazan—Gentleman Speaker for the Jewelers (NE hm F0), Olmhazan's Jewels, The High Road, Castle Ward (C29)

Members of this small, tightly-knit and secretive guild are wallowing in money. They all have bodyguards (the Lords limit such private forces of non-nobles to 16 armed men at most, as they do to all guild members and other merchants resident in the city) and take elaborate security precautions, hiring dwarven artisans and powerful mages to devise traps to protect their gold and their gems. They also hire mercenary groups and adventurers privately, to bring them precious cargoes of uncut gems (sometimes stolen from the South) from afar, and are closely watched by the Red Sashes and the Shadow Thieves. At least two powerful guild members are agents of the Shadow Thieves.

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

22. The Launderers' Guild

Master: Jeldeth Khondar—Master Launderer (NE hm F0)

Headquarters: The House of Cleanliness, Slipstone Street, Trades Ward (T22)

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

Entrance: 5 gp; registry at the House of Cleanliness (none refused)

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: Ulraen Caulbor—Soap Master (LG hm F0), The House of Cleanliness

Members of this guild are an overworked, underpaid lot, who labor around the clock (most are family businesses, with the family members working in shifts) to wash the dirty garments of Waterdhavians in open-topped tubs full of boiling water and scented soap, and usually stirred with long poles (the "honest" use for a ten-foot pole). Everyone buys his or her own scent: some use cider, some use wine, some use straight perfume, and some use strong herbs, but the guild provides various soaps for its members at cheap rates (1 gold piece per lo-gallon barrel). These soaps are sludgy mixtures, not hard bars or dry flakes.

A launderer never guarantees that your garment will





survive cleaning, and Waterdhavians do not expect perfection (nobles usually have their own servants launder difficult or delicate garments, and buy new garments for themselves often). Washing can be done while you wait (2 silver pieces per garment; it is put back on wet, and dries on the body), or overnight (1 silver piece per garment). Most launderers have numbered bins (with wooden tags) as a clothes-filing system—no tag, no laundry unless you pay 2 gold pieces or more for a new tag and your garments. Unless a launderer remembers you, there is also a wait of three or four days in case you're mistaken and someone else comes with the tag to claim the same clothes.

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

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

23. The League of Basketmakers & Wickerworkers

Master: Felthauvin Mirrarmul—Master Worker (LG hm F0)

Headquarters: The League Office, Wall Way, Trades Ward (T14)

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

Entrance: 15 gp; upon acceptance by the Master

Dues: 3 sp/month

Contact: the Master

This poor, quiet guild has many members all around the city (as basketmaking can be carried on with ease in private dwellings, above the shops), usually 1,400 or more. Its Master, aided by his family, makes a tidy living providing guild members with supplies for their work: trimmed and bundled rushes and willow-wands. Master for life, Felthauvin owes his position to his unmatched skill at his chosen craft and his resulting ability to train members and would-

be members; he can also finish work for them in emergencies, perfectly matching their various styles. Felthauvin is a major landlord in the City, and has become personally influential as a result (thus able to deal as an equal with many far wealthier and more essential guilds), and able to bankroll the guild in difficult times.

Felthauvin has many young sons and grandsons who “run the bundles” up stairways and alleys for him, and, as a result, know who lives where in Waterdeep better than any other person in the city except a member of the watch. (However, even the watch members only know two or three neighborhoods that well; Felthauvin and his “runners” collectively know the entire city!)

24. The League of Skinners & Tanners

Master: Orgul Telethar—Leaguemaster (LE hm F0),
Telethar Leatherworks, off Tower Trail by the harbor,
Dock Ward (D50)

Headquarters: League Hall, Tower Trail, Dock Ward (D46)

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

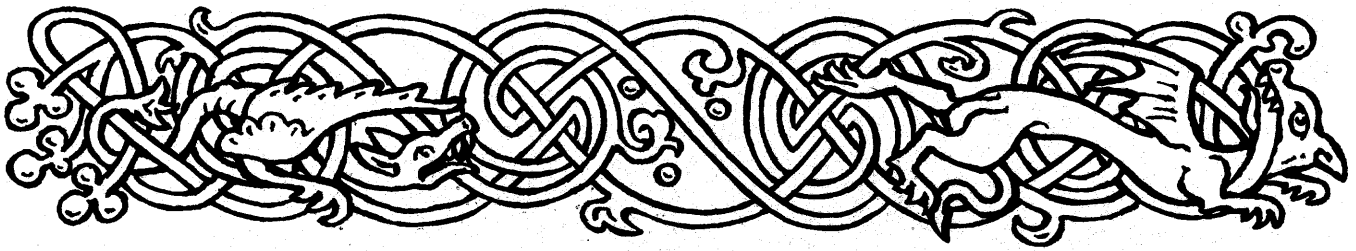
Entrance: 15 gp

Dues: 5 gp/year

Contact: Ilimar Chantreth—League Spokesman (LN hm F0), League Hall

This guild represents those who skin each animal slaughtered by a butcher. Usually the animal is sold to the butcher, and the skinner pays the butcher 3-10 silver pieces per skin, depending on its size and condition. Rare types of skins, or skins in rare hues, may cost a skinner up to 1 gold piece. The tanners then process the hides to produce leather, suede, vellum, and similar byproducts, which they sell to other guilds for the making of clothing, footwear, aprons, pouches, war harness (leather armor), and the like. Traditionally, this guild has made belts, scabbards, baldrics, straps, and suspenders itself. Other guilds consider the wares of this guild to be somewhat overpriced, but everyone needs their goods, and no independents have found it economical to continue operating outside the guild, so nothing is done to correct the situation (nor is it extreme enough to demand the Lords' interference).





25. The Loyal Order of Street Laborers

Master: Kovran Helmses—Streetsmaster (N hm F2)

Headquarters: The Streets Office of the Loyal Order, at Piergeiron's Palace, Castle Ward (A guild hall is under construction in Dock Ward on Dretch Lane with adjoining warehouses for stone storage.)

Livery: Red caps, gray cloaks and tunics with red pickaxe on right breast (point high, handle down), red trim lines at hems and cuffs

Entrance: 15 gp (member), 5 gp (prentice); acceptance by agreement of Streetsmaster and Council (five annually elected members)

Dues: 3 gp/month (member); 1 gp/month (prentice)

Contact: Reina Thrasim—Voice of the Streets (CG hf T3), Fetlock Court, Castle Ward

The Loyal Order of Street Laborers was formed not by trade but by necessity and a Lords' Edict. Answering an outcry to aid the constant cart and foot traffic of the city (made difficult due to heavy precipitation for four consecutive years), the Lords worked with the guild masters (and later, the full guild memberships) of the Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild and the Guild of Stonecutters, Masons, Potters, & Tile-Makers, collecting over 200 craftsmen from both guilds and forming a guild for the express purpose of paving the major streets and avenues of the city and repairing any damage to said paving. While in seeming contradiction to the customs of noninterference by the Lords and disavowing a guild whose interest overlapped another guild, this guild was created to prevent a war between the two guilds, whose interests overlapped here, and to prevent either guild from making huge profits off of a necessary demand by the Lords. The two original guilds now have no control over the street construction or repair; they have to act through the Loyal Order if they need a paved street tom up in the course of their work.

Members of the Loyal Order are among the busiest workers in the city, with full members cutting, dressing, and laying stones for streets (whether smooth-paved or cobblestone) and prentices handling traffic detours, mortar mixing, the hauling of stones, and the leveling of streets during repairs or construction. Prentices also handle the construction of corduroy roads under the supervision of a member Street Laborer; while the paved roads are sponsored by the Lords and fees collected from the nobles and the guilds, the corduroy roads (logs fitted cross-wise) are privately funded by nobles, busi-

nesses, and other individuals. Often, as in Trades Ward, a group of businesses along one street will pay to have the road built, and thereafter must pay for its yearly maintenance. Street planning and surveying is always jointly coordinated by Streetsmaster Kovran and Master Plumber Hilitimm, to ensure the maintenance of current access points to the sewers while creating or repairing roads.

The hard work of this guild has paid off in the gratitude of the citizens (whose travel is now increased in speed and efficiency and cleanliness) and in money: Fees are 12 silver pieces/day per prentice and 3 gold pieces/day per member, in addition to the cost of materials and 10 gold pieces for food and drink expenses. Work crews tend to have 10 to 12 members and an equal number of prentices on paved road construction, two members and 10 to 12 prentices on corduroy road construction, or two members and three prentices on basic road repairs (either type). Road materials are provided by the Guild of Stonecutters (quarried stone and rubble) and agents in Amphail, Rassalanter, and Red Larch (timber for corduroy roads); the cost of the stone is undercut by the Lords' backing, reducing the Loyal Order's cost to 3 gold pieces per block.

26. The Master Mariners' Guild

Master: Jheldarr "Stormrunner" Boaldegg—First Mariner (LE hm F7, STR & INT 16)

Headquarters: Mariners' Hall, Cedar Street, Dock Ward (D44)

Livery: Red hats with white plumes, red shoulder cloaks

Entrance: 25 gp (none refused)

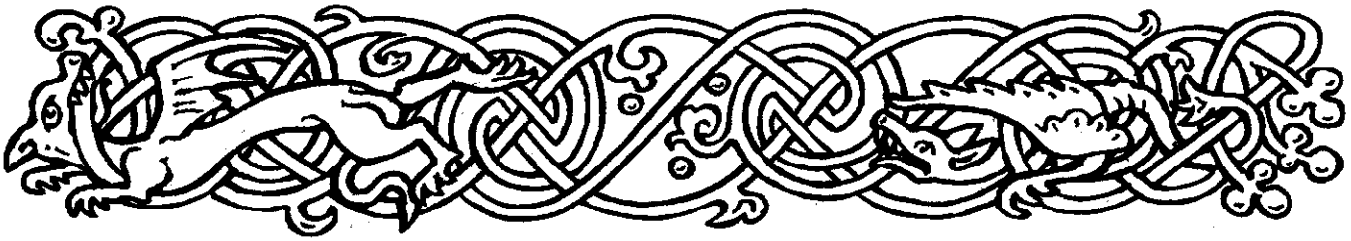
Dues: 10 gp/year

Contact: the Master

This guild consists of all ship captains and merchant fleet owners who are based in, or who often put into, Waterdeep. It represents their interests before the Lord's Court, provides them with piloting training into and around Waterdeep's harbor, maintains emergency warehouse space (and a "free" dock—that is, the guild pays all docking fees—with room for three vessels to load or unload from the guild warehouses), and provides accommodations and a private bar for visiting members at Mariners' Hall. (Though listed as a guild hall, the main floor of Mariner's Hall has full tavern facilities.)

Ship captains pilot themselves into Waterdeep's harbor, or signal from offshore that they require a guild pilot, by lowering all sails and running a red signal pennant up the mainmast. Aside from the standard city docking fee, such pilots





are provided free by the city, but the pilot is always accompanied by a guard patrol, who inspect the ship's crew and cargo on the way into the harbor to ensure that no hostile or illicit activities are being brought into Waterdeep.

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

27. The Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metalforgers

Master: Hawkun Orsund—Master Hammer (N hm F6, STR 18)

Headquarters: Metalmasters' Hall, the High Road, Southern Ward (S20)

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

Entrance: 30 gp

Dues: 20 gp/year

Contact: the Master

This guild represents the everyday blacksmiths who shoe horses and fashion such items as lamps, torch- and sign-brackets, gratings and barred window frames, fire-shields and other hearthware, and chains. They also make the simpler weapons, such as maces, hammers, and flails. The everyday pieces of metalwork, from needles and spikes to bootjacks, kitchen hooks, latches and hinges, to candlesticks, are the "bread-and-butter" work of this guild, whose members are always busy and who prosper steadily. This guild provides its members with cheap, readily-available supplies of raw metals, brought by the shipload from Mirabar and elsewhere, and makes, stocks, and inspects smithy tools for the convenience of its members, who may rent or buy such from the guild.

Most guild members are strong (Strength scores of 16 and up), have high Constitution scores (15 and up), and a high tolerance for heat and noise. For the unknowing, here is a point of etiquette: Never touch a smith's tools except by his leave, and state your requirements as requests, not demands, or you'll probably be told bluntly to take your business elsewhere. Members of this guild take pride in working quickly, in designing things with efficient elegance, and in reproducing replacements to exactly match an original. DMs must devise prices for such smithywork

according to the complexity and size of an item, judged against the item prices given in the *Player's Handbook*.

28. The Most Diligent League of Sail-makers and Cordwainers

Master: Geladar Nithrim—League Master (CE hm F4)

Headquarters: Full Sails (the League-run tavern and guild hall), Dock Street, Dock Ward (D35)

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

Entrance: 15 gp (none refused)

Dues: 5 gp/year

Contact: Jelhuld Alaer—Tavernmaster (CE hm F3), Full Sails

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

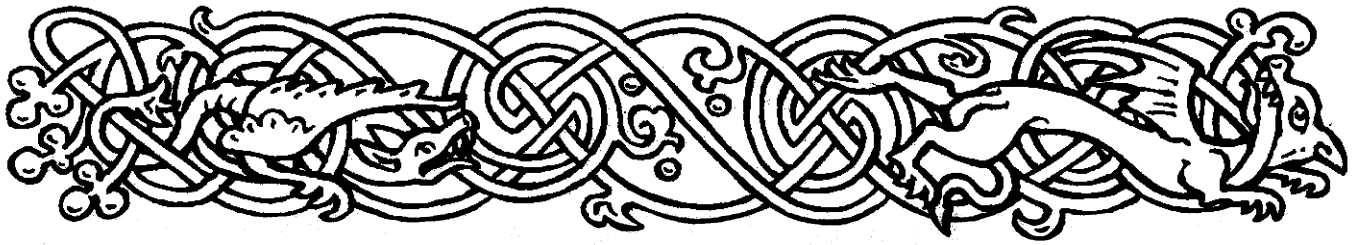
The guild takes pride in producing heavy-duty, long-lasting goods, although their wares are not cheap: A 100' coil of heavy sail-rope is 10 silver pieces; a 100' coil of thin, black, waxed cord, as strong as the sail rope but not for marine use, is 17 silver pieces. A simple lateen or square sail for small vessels, of "standard" (not custom) dimensions, will cost 500 to 700 gold pieces (30% less if the buyer is willing to wait several months); a custom mainsail will cost 1,000 gold pieces. A full set of sails including a spare jib and mainsail for a merchant ship will cost 2,000 gold pieces (4,000 gold pieces for a large or triple masted ship, more again if the vessel is even larger and uses more sail). Interested buyers should note that nonguild sailmakers usually sell no-guarantees sets of sails for half what the Guild charges (and the guilds' reputation for quality sails stands as a testament for their higher prices).

29. The Most Excellent Order of Weavers and Dyers

Master: Lady Tresh Lanngolyn (LG hf F0)

Headquarters: The House of Textiles, Nethpranter's Street, Trades Ward (T27)





Livery: Rainbow-hue dyed overcloaks and overgowns
Entrance: 30 gp
Dues: 10 gp/year
Contact: Mellor Rhagust—Speaker of the Order (LN hm F0), The House of Textiles

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

The Order has over 2,000 members, most human, and over half female. Its current master is head of the noble family Lanngolyn, and she takes care that members avoid controversy, shady dealings, and large expenses, all of which makes this guild of little interest to adventurers.

30. The Order of Cobblers & Corvisers

Master: Falloor Malthund—Senior Merchant (CN hm F0)
Headquarters: Cobblers’ & Corvisers’ House, Soothsayers’ Way, Trades Ward (T37)
Livery: Gray cloaks or caps, with a brown human footprint (right foot, bare), toes uppermost, on the right shoulder or cap-front
Entrance: 25 gp (member), by application to the Council of Senior Merchants (members of the guild who have been members for 15 continuous years, or more)
Dues: 10 gp/year (members), 15 gp/year (apprentices)
Contact: Darion Sulmest (Ln hm F0, INT & WIS 17, DEX 18), Sulmest’s Splendid Shoes & Boots, the High Road, North Ward (N49)

This guild is a quiet, always busy, wealthy lot, who make and repair shoes, boots, and all forms of footwear, including thick-soled wooden clogs for use in rain and snow. This is not a profession for the lazy—Waterdeep’s inhabitants keep members of this guild working hard, and always try to get their own shoes or boots mended (or made new) first, before all the others waiting, by paying extra, and promising more. When a dozen or so customers do this in quick succession, ‘some guild members’ shops get a little frantic.

Most apprentices, however, watching the money-roll in and reflecting on their dues (apprentices pay more than members), cannot wait to become full members, although the Council tries to keep active membership in the guild down to 100 persons. By guild law, each member can have up to nine—but no more—apprentices.

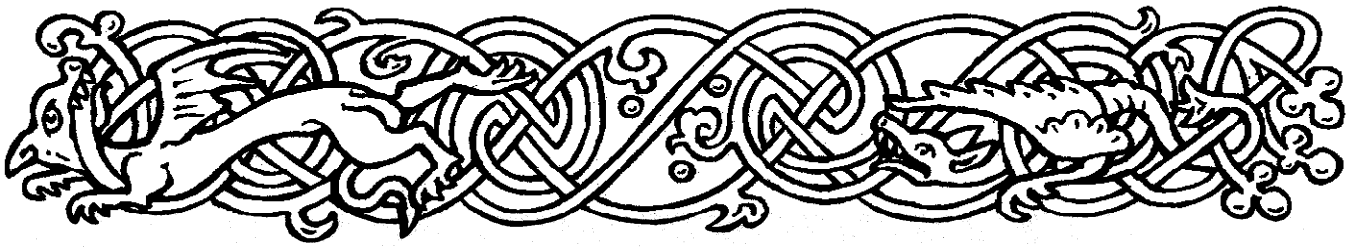
Guild dues are among the other things used to place large orders each fall (when herd animals that cannot be fed over the winter are slaughtered) with the League of Skinners & Tanners for basic, dark brown, heavy-duty finished leather for use in the making of footwear by the guild. These annual orders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

31. The Order of Master Shipwrights

Master: Lord Kelvar Helmfast—Master Shipwright (CN hm F4), “The Old Captain”
Headquarters: Shipwrights’ House, Dock Street and Asteril’s Way, Dock Ward (D19)
Livery: Cloaks and robes of blue, dun, and red, in three broad vertical stripes
Entrance: 30 gp; only upon acceptance by the Master (there is no room for new members at present)
Dues: 15 gp/year
Contact: Zabardan Barpar—Speaker for the Shipwrights (F0), Shipwrights’ House

This guild collectively owns the construction sheds and dry-docks of Waterdeep (except for guild member Amagus, who has his own, and allows the city and fellow guild members to use it for a fee) where ships are built, although they have always been a small guild. Orlumbor’s gigantic shops have always commanded the lion’s share of Sword Coast shipbuilding, and the shops in Waterdeep are simply too small to lay the keels of the largest ships. The Order does a steady trade, however, producing and repairing the merchant cogs and caravels that ply coastal waters. The master merchants of Mirabar who own their own ships in Luskan,





to bring their metals to Waterdeep, prefer the broad-beamed, massive cogs of Waterdeep's shipwrights over all other vessels for bringing their cargos safely through storms and with overly heavy loads to dock in the City of Splendors. The base price for a new caravel is 6,000 gold pieces; a "fast caravel," a light, slim ship larger than its similar cousin and able to carry more sail (and thus run faster) is 9,000 gold pieces. A cog, a shorter, broader, wallowing, slower and less elegant cargo ship, is 5,000 gold pieces. A "heavy cog" mentioned above is larger, can carry more sail, and has a reinforced hull (can break through thin ice and thus sail in the North a week or so before and after less sturdy ships, each winter) is 7,000 gold pieces.

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

32. The Order of Master Taylors, Glovers, and Mercers

Master: Alurra Tarbrossen—Lady Master of the Order (LE hef W5)

Headquarters: Costumers' Hall, the High Road and Spendthrift Alley, Trades Ward (T11)

Livery: White glove, arm, and half-cloak (one piece garment), decorated with blue and green sequins in a repeating pattern of interwoven thread, leading to a threaded needle picked out in sequins along the wearer's forearm; this is worn on the left arm, hand, and shoulder, and is removed to do work of any sort

Entrance: 25 gp

Dues: 12 gp/year

Contact: the Lady Master

Waterdhavian Ships Table

Ship Name	Length	Width	Draught	Crew	Startup	Reg. Sail Speed	Max. Sail Speed	Reg. Oar Speed	Max. Oar Speed	Armaments
Caravel	50'	10'	8'	10	5 rounds	5 mph	8 mph	1 mph	3 mph	1 ballista (or nothing)
Caravel, fast	60'	10'	6'	10	4 rounds	7 mph	10 mph	1 mph	3 mph	1 ballista
Cog	45'	20'	10'	12	1 turn	5 mph	7 mph	½ mph	1½ mph	none
Cog, heavy	60'	25'	15'	14	1 turn	3 mph	5 mph	½ mph	1 mph	none
Raker	90'	20'	6'	36	4 rounds	10 mph	16 mph	5 mph	8 mph	4 ballistae (2 fore, 2 aft); 4 fire-pot catapults (amidships and aft); armored ram
Striker	60'	10'	4'	44	3 rounds	12 mph	14 mph	6 mph	10 mph	4 ballistae (2 fore, 2 aft); armored ram
War Nao	40'	20'	12'	40	1 turn	4 mph	6 mph	½ mph	1 mph	2 catapults (amidships); carries 200 armed passengers

Definitions

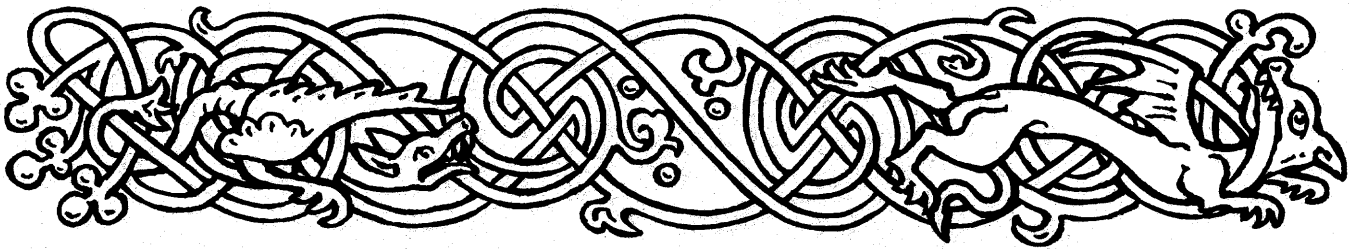
Armaments: The ship weaponry listed is the standard allotment on the ships in question during peacetime. If there are ongoing military actions during your game, all crew members are armed and armored (standard: leather armor, short sword, short bow), and one or two catapults can be added to vessels amidships (except the caravels).

Startup: This is the length of time it takes for a ship to get from a standstill to ramming speed.

The ' marks represent feet; mph is in nautical miles per hour, assuming moderate, favorable winds and calm seas.

All other details and rules for ships can be found in the "Time and Movement" chapter of the DUNGEON MASTER Guide.





This busy guild has over 600 members, who import cloth and other supplies (such as thread), and use much of what other Waterdhavian guilds make (such as leather, textiles, carved and cast buttons, and needles) to make literally tons of clothing, of all sizes and fashions, from high-society ladies' party masks to the leather breeches of a smith. Every guild member has a personal specialty (such as gloves or gowns), and prices, speed of work, and durability vary widely. The guild serves mainly to save its members money by importing needed supplies in bulk.

33. The Saddlers' & Harness Makers' Guild

Master: Deljassa Rammathor—Guildmistress High (NE hf T2), "Lady Wind"

Headquarters: Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall, Tulmaster's Street, Southern Ward (S6)

Livery: None

Entrance: 20 gp; acceptance by the Guildmistress High

Dues: 7 gp/year

Contact: the Guildmistress High

This guild is led by a former thief and jockey who turned to breeding horses rather than racing them after several bad falls, and thence to making her own tack, eventually rising to head this guild. Deljassa has not been an active jockey or thief in over 15 years, and she is widely respected among the members of her own guild and among the guild masters of the city, as a shrewd and pleasant wheeler-dealer who gets what she wants (such as preferential treatment from the League of Skinners & Tanners for the leather her guild members need).

34. The Scriveners', Scribes', & Clerks' Guild

Master: Dablor Zimmulstern—Guild Master (LE hm F0), Scribe rank: High Atlar

Headquarters: The Zoarstar, Quill Alley, Trades Ward (T25)

Livery: Royal blue berets with silver quills on them

Entrance: 10 gp

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild is a highly educated, professional group of men and women who letter signs, draw pictures (sometimes in front of a party audience, upon a noble's hiring), compose and write let-

ters, take dictation, design ornamental scripts, draw up legal tallies, and set down records, contracts, and accounts. Many guild members will even forge or counterfeit documents; these cost some very stiff fees—hundreds of gold pieces per document—since the penalties are so severe: Expulsion from Guild and city for very serious cases, with amputation of fingers and thumbs added if the forgery is treasonous or inflammatory, in a manner that threatens the peace of the area.

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

33. The Solemn Order of Recognized Furriers & Woolmen

Master: Thoss Bhalein—Master of the Order (NE hm F0)

Headquarters: Guild Hall of the Order, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward (C36)

Livery: Gray woolen cloaks trimmed with fur (winter), skullcaps of gray wool with a fur fringe (summer)

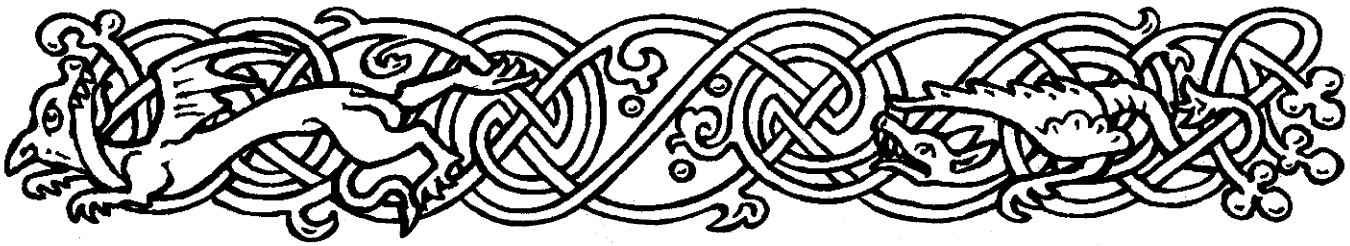
Entrance: 25 gp fee upon application to the Master; refunded if application refused

Dues: 2 gp/month

Contact: Shalrin Meraedos—Gentleman Keeper of the Order (LN(E) hm F0), Meraedos Fine Furs, the High Road, North Ward (N48)

This guild is rich, long established, and incredibly tight-fisted, becoming even more so as the guild master and the members grow older. Its members, all of old families, attempt to control all trade in their field that enters Waterdeep by ruthlessly outbidding independents. Sabotage (such as mysterious warehouse fires or even highway banditry) is not unknown. The current Master, Thoss Bhalein, was elected from the guild ranks by the Order's members upon the death of his predecessor some 30 winters ago, and he has let no one join the Order since he took office. He shows no sign of changing his views, even encouraging wealthy members of the Order to buy out weaker fellow members, to tighten the Order's control; in his 30 years as Master, Thoss has seen the order shrink by 25% (now having only 40 current members) but its controlled revenues have risen by 40%. Thoss will be master for life (unless he resigns his post,





an almost unheard-of event; dying, bedridden Masters have often clung to their titles for years after real power has passed from their hands), and is presently 71 years old, but in remarkably good health. This Order is one of the most conservative in Waterdeep, and looks upon adventurers (and young, entrepreneurial merchants in any field) as dangerous, reckless brigands who, by their actions, threaten not only the good name of merchants everywhere, but the very stability of society.

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

36. The Splendid Order of Armorers, Locksmiths, and Finesmiths

Master: Hallthor Duzmund—Master Smith (LG hm F12, STR 18(49), CON 18)

Headquarters: The Metal House of Wonders, Belnimbra’s Street and Gut Alley, Dock Ward (D3)

Livery: Gray cloaks with a single blue star on the left shoulder

Entrance: 35 gp

Dues: 2 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild represents the most skilled smiths: Those able to craft weapons, shields, and armor superbly matched to the wielder and of lasting quality; the “finest quality” that mages enchanting weapons seek to find. Guild members can command the highest prices for their work, particularly for personalized weapons for adventurers and custom-designed locks and strong-doors for the vaults of merchants and nobles. Guild members also design and make ornaments of lasting beauty from wire and sculpted metal, such as the fantastic masks worn by many noble ladies of Waterdeep; metal birds that will flap their wings and trill if the hollow tails are blown through, as toys for the children of the rich; and elaborate party costumes of metal plates that can make the wearer appear to be a monster, for party or stage wear. Members of this guild also fashion signet rings and stamps for the guilds, noble families, and the Palace. (The Palace seal, the arms of the Lords of Waterdeep, was created by this guild.)

Each guild member trains his or her apprentices for many years. Acquiring such skills is a full-time profession that does not allow adventurers to dabble and acquire skills thereby (the guild master’s fighting level is a reflection of his intimate knowledge of the properties and handling of the weapons he makes).

37. The Stablemasters’ & Farriers Guild

Master: Belihands Masker—Senior Master (LG hm F0)

Headquarters: The Guild Paddock, Walltower Walk, Trades Ward (T34)

Livery: Deep blue hats with white plumes

Entrance: 15 gp

Dues: 3 sp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild represents all who breed, train, capture, tame, house, and tend horses and other riding animals, including aerial steeds (but not aquatic creatures, lizards, or great cats), and sets standards for such care. The guild also provides its members with veterinary aid, and cheap rates on feed by buying in bulk. The guild maintains a registry of pedigrees and brands to discourage theft and aid the watch in tracing animals if they are stolen. Prices for guild members’ mounts are given in the AD&D® 2nd Edition game rules. Such businesses do take exhausted mounts for a lesser, “trade-in” value.

Guild member Jhalathan Ilzoond is considered the finest griffon-tamer in the city, but owns only one such steed himself, which is housed at Castle Waterdeep and hired by the guard. The guard is the largest owner of griffons in the city; it stables over 20 in the eyrie on Mount Waterdeep, and another six (plus Jhalathan’s beloved “Firebeak”) at the castle. There are perhaps three dozen known aerial steeds regularly in Waterdeep in the private hands of residents, including pegasi, hippogriffs, and wind steeds. Members of this guild trained almost all of these.

38. The Stationers’ Guild

Master: Azoulin Wolfwind—Master Stationer (NE hm F0)

Headquarters: Stationers’ Hall, the High Road and the Way of the Dragon, Trades Ward (T31)

Livery: White robes, with a black quill pen on the breast

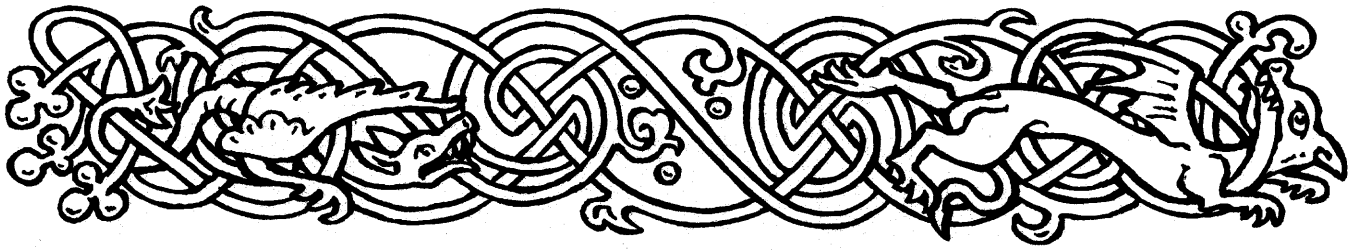
Entrance: 15 gp

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild consists of those artisans who make both parch-





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

39. The Surveyors', Map, & Chartmakers' Guild

Master: Halaviir Touzoun—First Chartist (NE hem F0)

Headquarters: The Map House, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward (C40)

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

Entrance: 20 gp; acceptance by the Master

Dues: 1 sp/month

Contact: Doroun Lhaerzor—Speaker for the Guild (CN hm F0), the Map House

The term "architect" is unknown in Waterdeep, though that type of work is not. Members of this guild design buildings and draw the required blueprints for all new buildings in Waterdeep, and all renovations which change the height of a building or add to its outside extent. This guild also does all the necessary surveying in the city, except for private building sites and road construction and repair sites.

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

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

40. The Vintners', Distillers', & Brewers' Guild

Master: Razaar Slissin—Guild Master (CN hm F0)

Headquarters: The House of Good Spirits, the Rising Ride, Southern Ward (S3)

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

Entrance: 30 gp; acceptance by the Master

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild has only 44 members, but it produces a prodigious amount of drink for Waterdhavians and for export. Guild members annually turn out thousands upon thousands of barrels of wine, beer, and various liquors, including the distinctive "zzar": a Waterdhavian fortified wine that is fiery, orange, slightly almond flavored, and equivalent to sherry. *Player's Handbook* prices apply to such wares; zzar is 2 silver pieces per jack, or 7 silver pieces per bottle. This is a difficult guild to join; years of apprenticeship to a member are necessary (or outstanding credentials in other brewing guilds around the Realms). The Master is careful to keep the membership low so competition will not hurt guild members.

41. The Wagonmakers' and Coach Builders' Guild

Master: Sarjak Belszour—Guild Master (LG hm F0)

Headquarters: The Coach & Wagon Hall, the High Road, Southern Ward (S5)

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

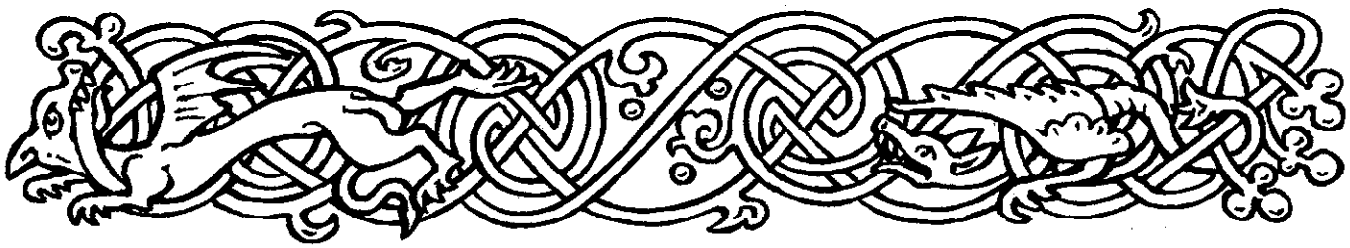
Entrance: 20 gp

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild builds and repairs coaches, wagons, and other conveyances for overland trade and travel (including, for extra fees, conveyances with an amazing variety of secret hiding places for use in smuggling and outwitting bandits). The skill involved in making durable, beautiful wagons is considerable, and years of apprenticeship are necessary. Conveyances produced by the guild are elegant and sturdy, lasting through quite a bit of abuse. Prices vary widely with the different types and sizes of conveyances. Custom-made wagons take two weeks to build. Wagons assembled from "stock" parts on hand can be finished in two days.





4.2. The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors

Master: Mhair Szeltune—Lady Master of the Order (NG hf W19), Mhair's Tower, Spindle Street, Trades Ward (T6)

Headquarters: Tower of the Order, The Street of Bells, Castle Ward (C15)

Livery: Dark purple cloaks, with a white human hand, fingers together and uppermost, on the left shoulder

Entrance: 35 gp; majority vote of the members

Dues: 7 gp/month

Contact: Orlar Thammas—Speaker for the Order (CG hm W11), Tower of the Order

This guild protects the less-powerful wizards (and novices to the Art) of Waterdeep, and attempts to influence the powerful loners (wizards outside the guild) of magical power in the city (such as Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and Maaril) to be prudent and conservative, wielding magic little in public, so that mages will be respected and looked up to, rather than feared and actively opposed. Guild activities have little effect on the city's more powerful wizards who are not guild members and who do what they like anyway (although Khelben's quiet support in its early years allowed the Order to establish itself). They are effective in policing mages of low- and mid-levels who visit the city, in matters of not throwing spells around to influence the populace, and respecting colleagues of all power levels.

The membership gains great benefits through the Order:

- Members can readily communicate with fellow members to arrange training and buy magical information with assurances that they are not dealing with charlatans (the Order will expel and publicly vilify members who practice deceit on fellow members).
- Members can readily purchase rare material components (such components are not cheap, but the time necessary to procure them personally is saved) from the golem-guarded cellars of the Tower of the Order. (DMs should invent some heavy-duty magical guardians and traps for this place if PCs assault it, culminating in personal appearances by the Lady Master of the Order, Laeral, and perhaps one or more mages of high level. In other words, PCs should have to run for their lives!) Member and nonmember adventurers can make fairly good money by selling materials to the Order, but they won't buy overpriced or overstocked substances.
- Members can purchase magical items and scrolls here, at

expensive prices; they can also get items recharged for a fee (see "Magic Items" below).

- Members short of cash can earn ready money by serving as fire guards, spell guards, or firefighters (see "Guard Duty" below).

Guard Duty

A fire guard is hired for a building (often only when it contains valuables, although DMs should note that many nobles consider themselves valuable, night and day, as long as their money holds out) for 5 gold pieces/night. The guild keeps 1 gold piece of the fee, and gives the guarding member 4 gold pieces. Such duty consists of loading up with *affect normal fires*, *cone of cold*, *conjure water elemental*, and similar spells and standing watch, with a guardian pigeon. If the pigeon is released, it will fly back to the Tower, and firefighting mages will come quickly, sometimes by aerial steed (the Lady Master has a Pegasus, who will carry one other with her, so long as Mhair is mounted too).

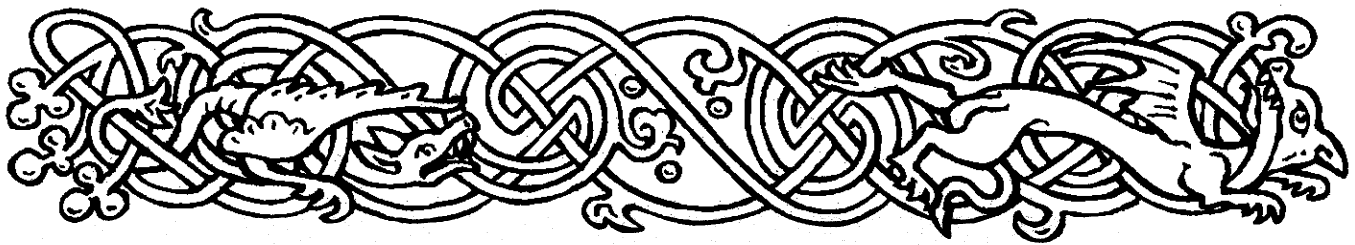
Firefighting mages, of whom the Order retains four to six a night, are paid 9 gold pieces each by the Order directly. If summoned by a fire guard, they cost the building owner nothing. If they arrive to fight an unguarded building, the city will pay the Order a fee of 10 gold pieces per building if the owner cannot be found, is deceased, or is unwilling to pay. Otherwise, owners are charged 10 gold pieces per firefighting mage.

A spell guard costs 10 gold pieces per day (of which the Order gets 1 gold piece, and the guard 9 gold pieces), and the duty is simply accompanying a merchant, noble, or other paranoid individual through a day of living, partying, or working, to detect and counter spells cast at him or her (obviously, *detect magic* and *dispel magic* are needed here).

Magic Items

Once the Watchful Order became well established in the City of Splendors, they began selling minor magical items and scrolls (of a single spell each) to their members. The items for sale below are detailed in Chapter Seven of the *Campaign Guide to the City* (with gp values adjusted to reflect the guild's price). A member of the Order may, of course, resell a scroll or item purchased from the Order to a nonmember (usually for a 75% markup). This resale is rarely done, since the Order will stop selling items to a member who does it too often. The Order makes these items and scrolls available to its members:





ITEMS

broom of evercleaning
dagger of homing
stamp of the messenger, gold
stamp of the messenger, silver

COST (Lowest price)

1,400 gp
 17,000 gp
 2,500 gp
 10,000 gp

SCROLLS

Affect Normal Fires
Comprehend Languages
Detect Magic
Dispel Magic
Erase
Fire Trap
Identify
Infravision
Knock
Locate Object
Mending
Protection from Evil
Read Magic
Remove Curse
*Reveal Magic**
Shield
Tongues
Water Breathing
Wizard Eye
Wizard Lock
Wound Bind
Write

COST (Lowest price)

300
 400
 600
 800
 400
 1,200
 500
 900
 600
 700
 300
 300
 200
 1,000
 800
 400
 900
 900
 1,500
 700
 1,500
 500

* signifies a new spell, listed in Chapter Seven (The Magic of Waterdeep) of the *Campaign Guide to the City*.

At the DM's discretion, minor magical items from the DUNGEON MASTER Guide can be purchased through the Order, with prices set according to the rarity and demand for the item (cost of magical items should at least be five to ten times their listed XP Value, and even more costly in Waterdeep, where prices are always what the market will bear) as well as its usefulness to the consumer. (Weapons and items useful for adventurers are priced much higher than normal.)

43. The Wheelwrights' Guild

Master: Zorind Tulwynd—Master Wright (LN hm F0)
Headquarters: Wheel Hall, River Street, Trades Ward (T42)
Livery: Orange robes with a black, spoked wheel on the breast

Entrance: 5 gp
Dues: 1 gp/month
Contact: the Master

This guild makes coach, cart, and carriage wheels, of specific woods steamed and bent, and wrapped with iron bands. Members can do this in a matter of hours with ready materials. Making a replacement wheel for a carriage that matches design and appearance exactly might take a day and a half. Merely fitting the same vehicle with a "stock" wheel of the right size and approximate weight takes minutes if one is in stock, and about two hours if it must be made (although it should not be used immediately, or it might throw its metal band off, and collapse—the band must cool completely to grip the wheel as tightly as it is supposed to).

GUILD PORTFOLIOS

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

accounting: 34
 aerial steeds: 37
 animal training, breeding, capturing, taming: 37
 animals, slaughtering of: 14
 armor, fitting: 36
 armor, leather: 24
 armor, metal: 36
 arrows: 8
 art: 34
 baked goods: 1
 bars (windows, grates): 27
 barrels, making & repair: 4
 baskets, making & repair: 23
 beer: 40
 bells: 19
 belts, etc.: 24
 blacksmithing: 27
 bookkeeping: 34
 boots: 30
 bottles: 17
 bows: 8





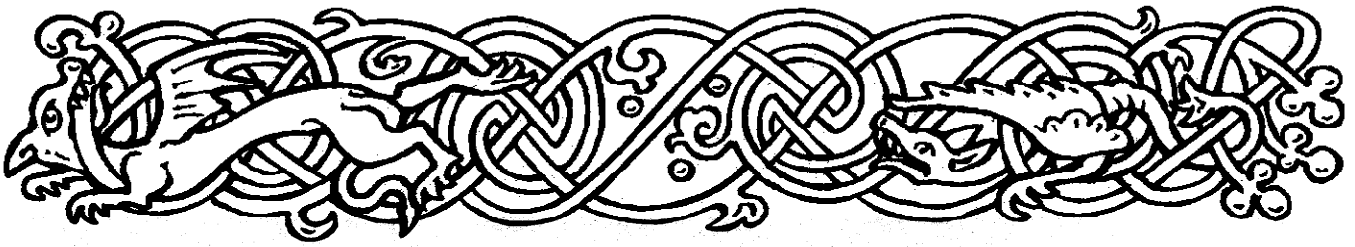
- boxes: 11
branding (animals): 37
building construction: 2, 18
building design: 39 (2)
building repair: 2
candles, making: 15
cargo handling: 20
carpentry: 2
caulking and sealing: 3 (not ships)
chain: 27
chain, fine: 21
charts, nautical: 39
cleaning (streets & stables): 6
clerks: 34
cloth: 29, 32
clothing: 22, 32
coach building: 41
composing (poetry & music): 6
counterfeiting: 34
court records: 34
crates: 11
crystal balls: 17, 42
dictation: 34
digging: 3, 25
distillation: 40
docks, loading & unloading: 20
documents: 34
drugs, medicinal: 13
drydocks: 31
dung removal: 7
dyeing: 29
engraving: 19, 21
eyeglasses: 17
ferrying: 20
fertilizer: 5, 7, 12
finesmith-work: 36
firefighting: 42
fish, fishermen, fish-sellers: 12
flowers: 5
food: 5
food, preservation and packing of: 11
footwear, making & repair: 30
frames, metal: 27
furniture: 16, 23
furs: 35
garbage removal: 7, 20
gems: 21
glass, making & installation: 17
gloves: 32
gold: 21
guiding through streets: 15
harness: 33
healing: 13
horseshoeing: 27
horse breeding & training: 37
housing ("who lives where" information): 23
ink: 38
inns: 10
jewelry: 21
lamplighting: 15
latches: 27
laundry: 22
leather: 24, 30; (winter only) 33
letters (written): 34
lighting, night: 15
liquor: 40
livestock: 14
locks: 36
longshoremen: 20
magic (including protection against): 42
magnifying glasses: 17
maps (purchased, drawn, and sold): 39
masks: 36
masonry: 18
material components (for spellcasting): 42
meat: 14
medicine: 13
metal, precious: 21
metal-work, design & repair: 27
metal casting: 19
mounts, "trade-in": 37
music: 6
musical instruments: 6
nautical charts: 39
needles: 27
packaging, construction of: 11
packing: 11
parchment, fine: 38
paper-making: 38
pastries: 1
pedigrees, animal: 37
pens: 38
pewter-work: 19
piloting (harbor): 26 (20)





- pipe laying: 3
- plans (building): 39
- plaster work: 2
- plumbing: 3
- portraits: 34
- pottery: 18
- preservatives, making & using: 11
- "problem patrons," information: 10
- quarrying: 18
- quills: 38
- record-keeping: 34
- renovations, building (plans): 39
- rental coaches & wagons: 9
- repairing buildings: 2
- roofing: 2, 18
- rope: 28 (26)
- saddles: 33
- sages: no guild; see Chapter 5
- sail: 28 (26)
- sand: 17, 18
- sandpaper: 17, 18, 21
- scabbards: 25
- scribes: 34
- scriveners: 34
- seals: 36 (see also 38)
- seasonings: 14
- secret compartments: 41
- sewer work: 3, 6
- shipbuilding: 31
- ship-loading & -unloading: 20
- ship-captaining: 26
- ship-owning: 26
- ship-repair: 31
- signers: 36
- silver: 21
- singing: 6
- skinning, animals: 24
- slaughtering, animals: 14
- sleighs & sledges, rental: 9
- smithy-work: 27
- smuggling: 4, 13, 41
- soap-making: 22
- spectacles: 17
- "spell-guard": 42
- stable cleaning: 7
- stamps, business: 36
- stolen animals, tracing: 37
- stone polishing: 18
- stone cutting: 18
- street cleaning: 7
- street construction: 25
- street repair: 25
- tack: 33
- tailors: 32
- tanning, hides: 24
- thieves: no guild (see 21)
- tile making: 18
- tools: 19, 27
- toys: 16, 36
- "trade-in" mounts: 37
- transportation (within city), land: 9
- transportation (within city), water: 20
- veterinary aid: 37
- wagons, making & repair: 41
- "wanted" likenesses: 34
- warehouse rental: 5
- waxes: 38
- weapons: 27, 36 (swords, finest quality)
- weaving: 29
- wheels: 43
- wicker-work: 23
- wine: 40
- wire: 21, 36
- woodcarving: 16
- wool & woolens: 35
- work clothing: 32
- zzar: 40





Chapter Four: Religion in Waterdeep

With the exception of the Time of Troubles, religion has never really had a serious impact on the city as a whole. And that is as it should be, for religion is fraught with personal choices and personal ethos, and is not something that should dictate the fortunes of a city like Waterdeep. Besides, if you let your religion and your belief systems rule your city, you might just end up like Zhentil Keep. . . . I'll keep religion my own way, and you keep it in yours, and the City of Splendors will be all the better for it."

—an unknown Waterdhavian responding to a plea from a priest at the Plinth

Waterdeep is undoubtedly the most tolerant city of any size in Faerun when it comes to religion, and perhaps the most tolerant anywhere in all the planes. All creeds are respected, due to the eclectic crossroads nature of the city, but the Lords have set a few major strictures on religious practices if the faiths wish to be allowed to remain in the city:

- Worship of a particular deity cannot involve the theft or destruction of other beings (i.e. human or animal sacrifice).
- A deity's worship cannot require tribute from those outside its faith; believers may freely give offerings, but nonbelievers should not be compelled to do so.
- Harmful activities condoned or supported by a faith cannot be practiced upon nonbelievers; for example, the followers of Tempus are not allowed to run amok in the streets, wantonly assaulting and attacking others in the name of the god of battle.

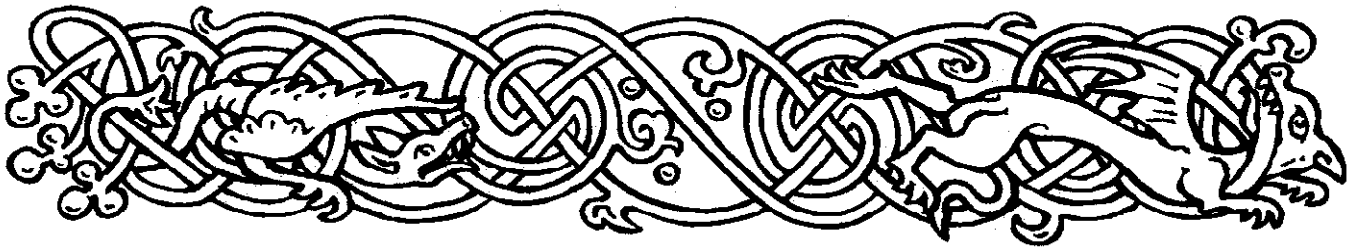
A DM can thus use any gods (even those from outside the Realms) in play, since travelers and faithful from hundreds of places convene on Waterdeep and need places of worship, and all are tolerated here. A DM should bear in mind, however, that trade is of paramount importance in Waterdeep. Priesthoods that attempt to restrict trade, or expect large cash gifts to their deity, or who try to collect temple tithes through coercion, will not be popular.

Waterdhavians vary widely in the strength of their faith (and monetary devotion) to their goal. In the interests of good role-playing, the DM should play the majority of Waterdeep's citizens with the same devoutness (or lack of the same) that player characters display. Those players and Dungeon Masters wishing to leave out religion altogether may do so without detrimental effect on play, although the "flavor" of life in the city will change.

Temples & Church Complexes

There are few large temple complexes in the city, considering its size, though the growth of those temples' revenues has increased dramatically since the Time of Troubles. In addition, three new temples have sprung up within the past ten years, the first to be built in Waterdeep in nearly four decades; the first faith, the Cult of Ao, dis-





banded relatively swiftly, and its high marble “Temple of the Overgod Ao” was turned over to the Lords (now the rental hall called the Cynosure).

In such a large and bustling center of commerce, priests have relatively little power and influence; large temples tend to establish themselves in small communities on major roads, where they are readily reached by the faithful and yet can dominate—if not control outright—their surroundings. Here, in Waterdeep, the large temples serve more to reflect the generosity and affluence of the faithful, and in a city filled with rich merchants and nobles and adventurers loaded down with treasures, generosity to the gods can be quite phenomenal.

Small shrines attended to by lay worshipers (not permanent clergy) can be found in many cellars and upper stories of buildings throughout Waterdeep; one of the more prominent deities worshiped solely through lay shrines is Siamorphe, the goddess who allegedly grants nobles their divine right to rule. Places of worship are forbidden by edict of the Lords only in the City of the Dead, to prevent various priesthoods from claiming tomb after tomb as sacred to (and thus, exclusive to) their deity, and charging fees for entry and burial.

In the past, much of the education of Waterdeep’s citizenry was the result of either schools run by the temples (with the Lords’ sponsorship, or that of noble benefactors) or independent neighborhood schools underwritten by local parents, businesses, or guilds (or the rare self-taught individual). The only long-standing school of any matter within the walls of Waterdeep has been the Academy of Arms, sponsored by the clergy of the House of Heroes and various nobles involved in the mercenary fighting trades. Now, with the advent of the Font of Knowledge and New Olamn, the number of sages and bards has increased within the city, and plans are in the works for a school to be established within the temple of Oghma to educate Waterdeep’s children.

The staff and some details of the temples in the city that do have clergy (all save the Shrines and the Plinth are “large” temple complexes) are summarized below. These clerics will all willingly tutor adventurers of the right faith, class, and alignment, if the proper offerings to the furtherance of the deity’s work through the temple are tendered beforehand.

Temples of Waterdeep

The Font of Knowledge

City Map Location: C4

Temple of Oghma

High Priest: Sandrew the Wise—Savant (LN hm P12)

The Font of Knowledge, Oghma’s temple, is at the site of a former group of warehouses, and is still under construction; the three-story wood and stone structure should reach completion by Midsummer of the Year of the Banner (1368 DR, 336 NR). Of particular interest to the city is its planned Great Library, which is currently being collected and organized at the Estelmer villa. Although the temple is not completed, Sandrew is collecting his clergy and his Council of Sages, to respectively help the faithful and the Library. He has recruited a few clerics from his old temple in Silvermoon, and his library staff includes Jhasper Goldtoes (a male halfling well versed in trade and commerce), Hycis Gentilore (her specialty is the history and culture of elvenkind), and the sisters Cera and Aria Whucknolls (Cera’s specialty is religion and human gods, while Aria knows many demihuman languages).

The Halls of Justice

City Map Location: C5

Temple of Tyr

High Priest: Hykros Allumen (LG hm P10)

Clergy: Harkas Kormallis—Tyr’s Champion (LG hm Pal11)

The House of Heroes

City Map Location: \$58

Temple of Tempus

High Priest: Turik Bloodhelm—High Sword (CG hm F9)

Clergy: Maxtilar Rhebbos—Prior (CN hm P6)

The House of Inspired Hands

City Map Location: \$38

Temple of Gond

High Priestess: Jhoadil Zulthind (NG hf P8)

The House of the Moon

City Map Location: \$56

Temple of Selune

High Priestess: Naneatha Suaril (LG hf P16)

The House of Wonder

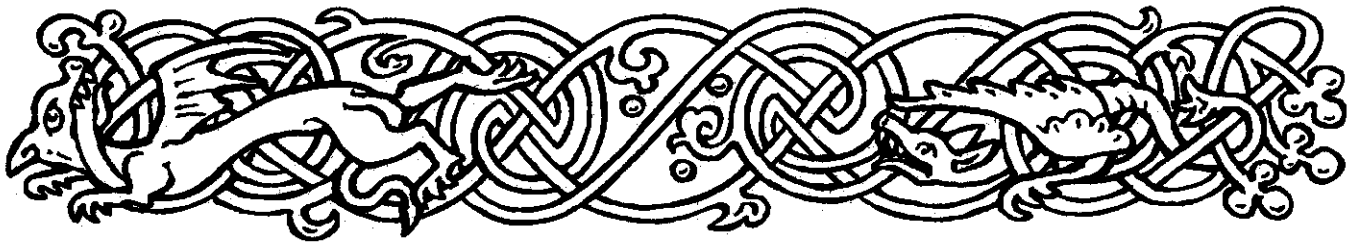
City Map Location: \$21

Temple of Mystra

High Priest: Meleghost Starseer—Magister of Mystra (LE hm W(N)11)

Clergy: Ilbrost Mythyl (NG hm W(E)9); Lara Idogyr (CG hef P(Sp)8)





The Plinth

City Map Location: T38

Temple of All Faiths

High Priest: None

Clergy: None

This interdenominational temple is guarded by the watch at all times, and kept open as a place of worship for all faiths. Many minor or extradimensional faiths find the Plinth is their only formal place of worship in the city. The Plinth is a slender, many-leveled tower with a flat top, which is staffed by the guard as a landing-eyrie for the aerial steeds of private citizens and the guard.

The Shrines of Nature

City Map Location: \$5

Shrines of Mielikki and Silvanus

High Priest (Mielikki): Briosar Helmsing (NG hm R6)

High Priest (Silvanus): Anarakin Iriboar—Watcher (N hm P(Sp—Druid)4)

Ranking Clergy (Mielikki): Tehtira Bellsilver (NG hf R5)

The Shrines of Nature are now considered one temple area, combining the grounds of the two separate shrines. The shrine to Mielikki is commonly known as the Lady's Hands.

The Spires of the Morning

City Map Location: C1

Temple of Lathander

High Priestess: Ghentilara (LN hf P10)

Clergy: Athosar—Prior (LG hm P7)

The Temple of Beauty

City Map Location: \$10

Temple to Sune

High Priestess: Ssaeryl Shadowstar (LN hf P14)

The Tower of Luck

City Map Location: \$19

Temple to Tymora

High Priestess: Seenroas Halvinhar (N hf P15)

Clergy: Markos Zellizands—Prior (N hm P7)

CULTS in The City

Many of Waterdeep's religions are worshiped out of the public eye, in minor, private shrines set up in peoples' cellars or in a rented room in a row house. While many of the personal shrines and congregations about the

city are harmless and simply serve for citizens to give lip service to their gods, there are some that are far less benevolent.

Cult of Ao

The Time of Troubles revealed to the Realms that the gods were petty beings, little better than many who worshiped them. The banishment of the gods to the Realms acknowledged the existence of an Overgod, a mighty power with the ability to punish and reward the gods themselves for their actions (or inactions) on the mortal and immortal planes. A number of cults to Ao, the Overgod, grew swiftly, but they fell apart when priests did not receive spells from Ao.

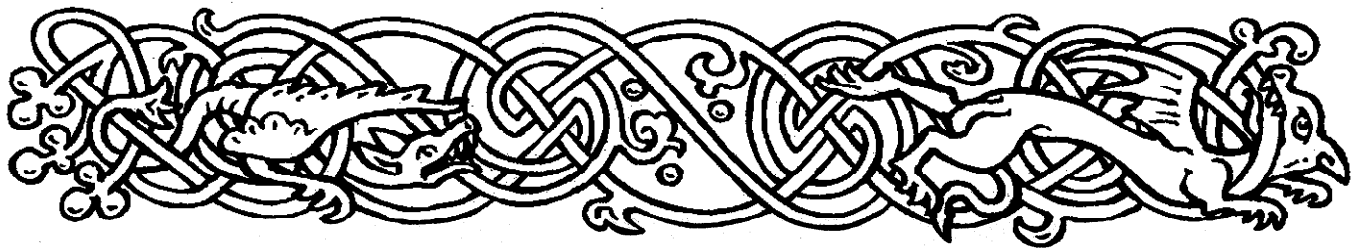
Not everyone lost faith, though. The largest of the cults was based in Waterdeep, as many heard Ao's voice over Mount Waterdeep after the vanquishment of Myrkul and the ascension of Midnight and Cyric. A large marble temple was built upon the ruins at Trader's Way (the site of Myrkul's death). As elsewhere, the temple's flock was soon reduced by mortal and divine disinterest. The Lords of Waterdeep purchased the temple building and put it to use as a public hall. Despite the secular use of the building now, there are still a few who worship Ao within its walls.

The Cult of Ao, reduced to less than 50 members, now meets in secret in various cellars, taprooms, and (rarely) at the Plinth or within the walls of the former temple to Ao, now called the Cynosure. While comprising people of all callings, the Cult of Ao does not count any priests as members with the lack of spells and blessings. The Cult has enthusiastically embraced their god's apparent tenets heard during the Time of Troubles:

- I. Ao created the Balance to establish Order.
- II. The Balance among gods and men must be maintained to keep Order.
- III. The Duties of gods and their servants are tantamount to maintaining the Balance.
- IV. It is the Duty of the Eyes of Ao to be ever-vigilant that gods and their servants fulfill their Duties.
- V. It is the Duty of the Eyes of Ao to enforce the Balance and keep Order.

There are also several lesser teachings within the Cult, and they deal with the gods' new status in the Realms. With their power dependent upon their worshipers, the gods are vulnerable. They have become the servants of the masses, just as their priests are their servants. If there are ever situations where priests, paladins, or a church as a





group does not (in the Cult's view) serve its worshipers, the Eyes of Ao will enforce his will and force the god and its servant to perform their duties to the people.

The Cult of Ao magically keeps watch over the clerics within Waterdeep (and beyond, through the eyes and ears of its agents), making sure none stray from duty's path. Many of the cult also worship other gods devoutly, though they are perceived as the most extreme of worshipers in terms of interpreting the god's teachings. If there is any softening or change in the teachings by the priests or the holy warriors (paladins), those of the Cult of Ao will quickly investigate and ensure that they do not stray from the duty of that god (or that the god itself does not stray).

Cult of Ghaunadar

This evil cult is dedicated to one of the oldest (and most vile) gods of the Realms: Ghaunadar, the Elder Eye, the god of slugs, oozes, slimes, and jellies (see FOR2 *Drow of the Underdark*). Very little is known of the cult and its practices, but no formal priests of Ghaunadar have been heard of or seen within Waterdeep, Undermountain, or Skullport.

Ghaunadar's main agents appear to be shapeshifters known as ghaunadan (see the MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® pages in this boxed set). Several ghaunadan exist in Undermountain, where they keep watch over the temple of Eilistraee, a temple of good-aligned drow near the subterranean city of Skullport. (A number of the clergy, including the high priestess Qilue Veladorn, were responsible for the destruction of one of Ghaunadar's avatars, and he waits patiently, building power for his revenge over Eilistraee's faithful.) In Waterdeep itself, a small circle of ghaunadan is working to infiltrate and spy upon the City of Splendor's powerful social circles (and succeeding, by seducing a number of young noblewomen and men with their charismatic humanoid forms). The ghaunadan have established a small temple in a hidden cellar beneath a warehouse in the Dock Ward, and their god's constant need for sacrifice is being sated by unfortunates kidnaped late at night.

Cult of Ibrandul

There have been rumors for years about a certain god from the South that watched over and protected humans and adventurers who ventured underground, aiding and guiding them when they need help. Once limited to Calimshan and the southern countries, the cult of Ibrandul has risen in influence since the Time of Troubles. The cult is not evil, nor is it disruptive to the city's commerce or Lords' Rule; it is, however, a well-kept secret and is small in number (though not in money, as many members are idle nobles and adventurers).

The cult even has a semisecret temple built beneath the streets and sewers of Waterdeep; only cult members or members of the Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild can tell you where it is (DMs can create some secret temple within the sewers, or they can have a secret cellar in a warehouse with a teleporting *gate* to the temple), and they do not offer the information freely or easily. Often, the only way folk find out about this cult is by invitation from the high priest, Thalandar; a few mercenaries and adventurers may have heard of him as well, since he hired quite a few of both groups as guards and workers for his temple.

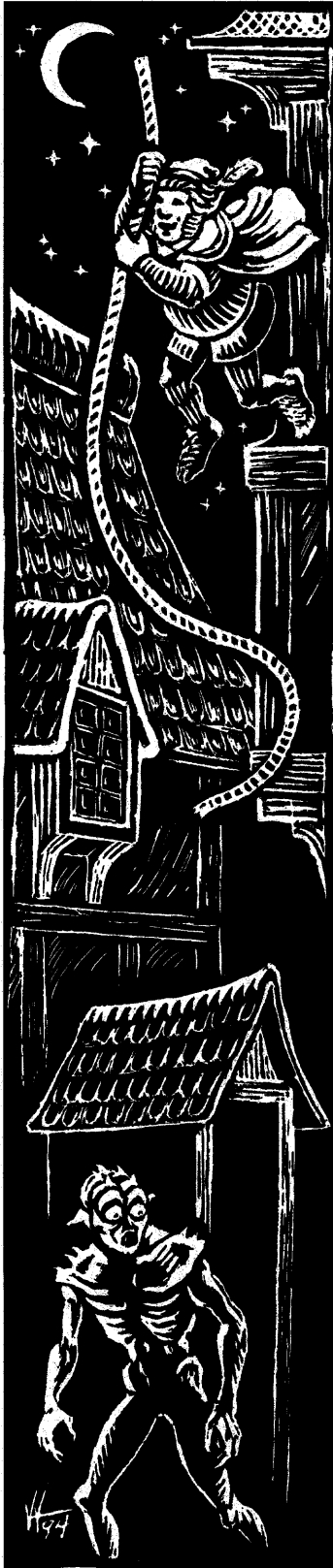
Thalandar "the Mad" (CN hm Dual-W12/P14 of Ibrandul; CON 18, INT 16, WIS 17): Thalandar, once a proud, handsome man, is now changed by Ibrandul's magics, and his skin now appears to be made of overlapping scales (similar to a kuo-toan's skin). He wears a necklace with a symbol of overlapping silver rings and heavy purple robes. A skilled orator, Thalandar used to sway many to his cause, but he now prefers to operate on a smaller scale. His temple has connections to one of Undermountain's sub-levels, and he provides PCs with the means of escaping the dungeon in exchange for donations for the temple and for Ibrandul.

For more information and history on the cult of Ibrandul, its servants, and the true story behind the "God of the Dry Depths," see the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set; one of the monsters (the Ibrandlin) and an adventure (*Undermountain Adventures*, "The God of the Dry Depths") are based on this minor cult.





Chapter Five: The Independents of Waterdeep



Dmph. Independents, they call us. You'd think we deserve something more fittin' for us, as we're really what keeps this city alive. Yup, we do. Aahh, don't be givin' me that look, lad, fer I know of what I speak. We, the folk of Waterdeep both common, like yerself, and uncommon, like me—have I ever told you I used to be an adventurer?—hold the real influence here. If not fer us, the nobles wouldn't have anyone to do their work, and then how noble would they be? Besides, they like to lord it over us a little, and we don't mind—think of 'em like entertainment, since they give us our laughs, struttin' around like peacocks all the time. And the guilds . . . if not fer us consumers and our money, where would they be? Now, everyone knows the Lords, savin' good ol' Lord Piergeiron, may Selune bless his little brains, are secret rulers who spend their days among all of us, lookin' out fer the good o' the city. Well, sir, everyone knows that most of 'em are common folk just by the justice and good sense of their laws; they just stay hidden to keep from getting knifed in the back by some jealous, greedy, power hungry noble or guild master. Yup, the common folk run the city, ye've my word on it."

—Essimuth Lanys, former adventurer

These people represent the final faction of the power struggle within the City of Splendors: The common (and uncommon) people who simply struggle to survive and succeed in life every day. This includes the majority of the population—the working folk—as well as those select individuals that wield some power but only on a personal level. Keep in mind that mercenary and adventuring groups tend to vanish, reappear, grow, shrink, amalgamate, and change names with bewildering rapidity. First, we'll take a look at the smaller groups such as former and current adventuring companies (and organized trouble-makers) and see their impacts on Waterdeep's day-to-day existence. Then, we'll bring the focus to those eclectic personages in the city whose loyalties are primarily to themselves.

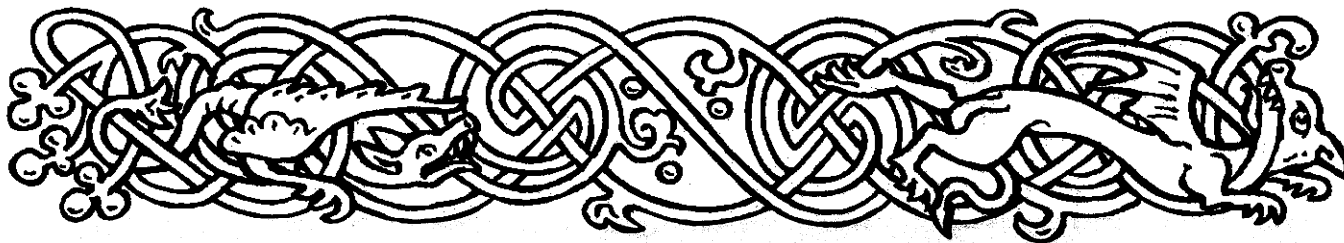
Select Adventuring Companies of Waterdeep

The Buckleswashers

This group of five halflings and one gnome made their fame (or infamy) spread quickly throughout the streets of Waterdeep upon their arrival one year ago. Though they prefer to be known by their official title as the "Steadfast Order of Shortfellow Swashbucklers," this group of small demihumans has been most often referred to, by Waterdhavians and especially the watch, as the Buckleswashers.

Seemingly led by the dashing Bungobar Talltankard, a fringe-bearded and gruffly





jolly halfling of proud claims and a somewhat shady past, the Buckleswashers are a merry and capable band (despite what their detractors would imply) of halfling and gnome adventurers. Their exploits tend to be rather explosive and raucous in nature, though they insist that all destruction is caused by whichever miscreant was their target at the time.

The Buckleswashers have a checkered past, with rumors of Bungobar, Tannyth, and Osco working as spies for Tethyrian merchants. They “sought new employers” in Waterdeep, found the city to their liking, and “slyly let slip to the watch that Lord Jhannas Errlyk was smuggling contraband into the city.” By the watch’s account, that “sly slip” consisted of Bungobar running atop the South Gate with the watch in pursuit, pointing out Lord Errlyk’s wagons, and announcing loudly that the man smuggled poisons and assassins’ knives, and was a ranking member of the Knights of the Shield and various other accusations; Lord Errlyk fled Waterdeep before answering any charges.

The trio soon fell in with Carthax Nayusiyim, Lyratha Goldenale, and Dimvel Stoutkeg, fledgling adventurers looking for interested parties. For Lyratha and Bungobar, it was love at first sight and the two trios merged into one group. First hired as warehouse guards in the South Ward, they gained surprising acclaim for thoroughness and ability, capturing many thieves and saving employers’ businesses, though they also garnered a reputation for excessive zeal. One lengthy pursuit of a thief ran across the roofs and streets of Dock Ward and resulted in the flaming ruin of the Luskanite ship *Sea Dragon*.

On a bet from a young noble, Bungobar and his crew entered Undermountain for ten days and nights, encountering “horrors beyond imagining for you big folk, but we just laughed at such folly.” Though none of them speak much about their time below, they returned to the Yawning Portal with some magical treasures. When the young noble failed to honor his wager, the Buckleswashers invited themselves to a party at his villa. After much confusion, none of it mitigated by Dimvel’s flirtations with Waterdeep’s finest ladies, the elder lord settled his son’s debts to the Buckleswashers’ satisfaction. The Lords Roaringhorn were taken with the gatecrashers, and later hired them as guards for many parties.

Aside from their magic, the group gained an objective from Undermountain, something they lacked previously. Their mission, as they always tell folk, is “to protect the fair city from the Knife’s Edge”; this charge was allegedly given to them by a Lord of Waterdeep deep within the dungeon’s

confines. For the past eight months, the group has accosted many cutthroats, thieves, and assassins in search of the group of elusive “Knife’s Edge” assassins. Though none have heard of this group, the company members are not deterred. It’s their mission to keep Waterdeep safe and nothing can stop them. The watch and the Lords do keep an eye on them, however . . .

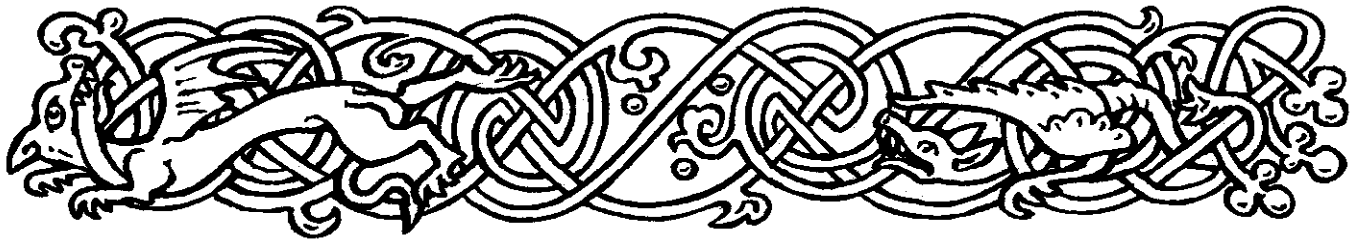
Their roster is unchanged from the start, though many halflings ask to join their ranks. The Buckleswashers are listed below, and can often be found in Trades Ward (they keep rooms on Spindle Street).

Tannyth Moonharness (NG halff F4/T5): Tannyth is a cheerful minx with far too much mirth and curiosity for many. Her pranks are legendary, as are her heists (she still asserts no knowledge of how Lord Peirgeiron’s sleeping silks ended up in her rooms!). She dresses in gray leathers (*leather armor +1*), though her clothing and short jet black hair do not keep her from looking very childlike (a trait that causes foes to underestimate her). Her *ring of jumping* also surprises many foes who thought her trapped! Her other surprises include a lovely singing voice, oft heard in the Safehaven Inn’s taproom, and her ability to outdrink even the saltiest seadog from Dock Ward!

Carthax Nayusiyim (LG gm W(I)6): The only gnome in the group, Carthax and his appetite have managed to build a hefty belly to rival any halfling’s (many mistake him for a halfling with small feet). Despite his stout, harmless appearance, Carthax is a powerful mage with his illusions. Aside from his belly, many comment that he is the very image of Elminster of Shadowdale “having shrunk a few sizes in the wash” with his gray robes, white hair and beard, and everpresent pipe; and, like Elminster, he is easily underestimated (his rod of smiting poses as a staff). Having been friends with Dimvel for years (ever since a particularly destructive tavern brawl saw them removed from Sembia), he fits in well with the others.

Osco (LN halfm T6): A surly, dour halfling with a scar across one cheek, this black-clad thief holds himself to very high standards, and constantly argues with Tannyth over who is the premier spy and thief of the group. Though he won’t admit it, Osco respects Tannyth’s (and the others’) skills and is glad to have them as friends. Osco only smiles when in battle; his favorite tactic is to run across ceilings (using *slippers of spider climbing*) and drop atop his foes’ shoulders, smiling coldly as he backstabs them. Despite his unsavory profession and tendency to kill those who offend





him (especially those who laugh at him or his friends), his word is his bond (as much as any halfling's) and he would gladly give his life for any of his fellow Buckleswashers.

Dimvel Stoutkeg (CG halfm F6): Dimvel is best known for his rugged, handsome looks. His ageless face holds shining green eyes, a light brown goatee, and a ready smile. His attire also stops many, as Dimvel wears only a cloak, leather breeches and high boots. His well-muscled frame lacking a halfling's typical bulging belly, he looks more a northern barbarian than a halfling of his family name. (He stays warm with his boots of the north.) His charm and good looks (Charisma 18) give him many suitors, while his *axe of hurling* dispatches his enemies. He is all smiles and song at all times, whether in battle or in a party.

Bungobar Talltankard (CG halfm F7): "Leader" of the Buckleswashers in name only, Bungobar is every bit the dashing hero, eager to be about his tasks and charging blindly ahead where others pause. He has a flair for dramatic entrances, smashing down doors with his *gauntlets of ogre power* and swinging into a room on his magical rope (see below). He loves his wife deeply and can be very jealous, especially if any humans or elves talk to her. Bungo has adopted the quest for the Knife's Edge with obsessive zeal; of late, he even is missing his typical five meals a day!

Bungobar's Rope of Swinging: This 20' coil of magical rope was found by Bungobar in Undermountain. One end of the rope has a magical stone woven into it. With a command word, the stone stops and holds its position for up to 20 rounds; Bungobar often tosses this to its full length, says the command word, and uses it to swing into areas, the rope attached only to open air. It can also be used to escape pits by throwing it up and climbing the magically secured rope.

Lyratha Talltankard (NG half P(Sp)6): The true leader of the Buckleswashers, Lyratha is the woman behind the brash Bungobar. Lyratha is calm and gentle but is quite capable of giving the meanest creatures pause with a furious glare. At Bungobar's side, her "suggestions and tactful help" guide the group as much as Bungo's rash courage. Though appearing undefended, she wears her *bracers of defense AC4* under billowing linen sleeves and has a *gem of brightness* on a necklace. Her golden tresses are always brushed and shining (her rare gold hair seen as a sign of favor from Lathander), and she often holds sunrise prayers to Lathander at the Plinth; she is also welcome at the Spires of the Morning, as a friend to High Priestess Ghentilara.

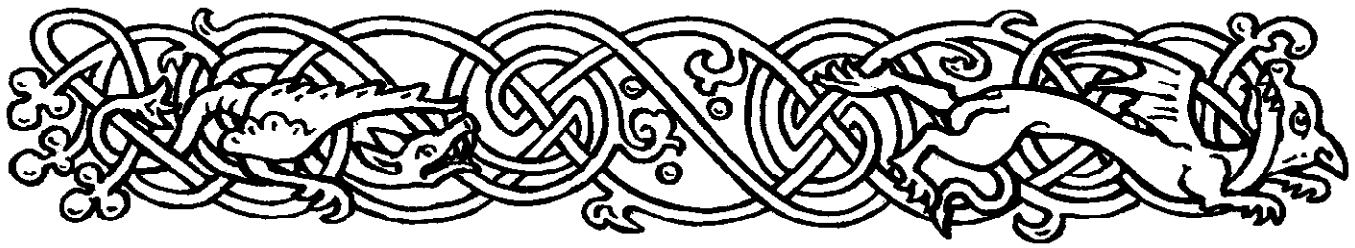
Company of Crazy Venturers

This former adventuring company was one of the longest-lived groups, aside from the Red Sashes, that operated within the city without the direct control of the Lords of Waterdeep. Their escapades (which span the course of twenty years) are still talked about quite proudly by Filiare, whose Inn of the Dripping Dagger was often the group's home or temporary place of rest. His favorite story involves a badly worded wish spell that teleported the company from the Dungeon of the Crypt "into the bar of the Dripping Dagger," resulting in the bar's spectacular destruction when they emerged inside it; the bar and the company were all later restored to full health at the Venturers' expense. Their tower on the High Road north of Selduth Street has long since been replaced by row houses; many older citizens still remember the two-story-tall solid silver purple worm—many say it was alive and transformed by the Company's wizards—that stood for a time in the tower's courtyard, though it was soon broken down and recast into coins.

The Crazy Venturers are still held high by many in Waterdeep as examples of local folk who succeeded in their pursuits of fame and fortune—and this point is driven home quite emphatically by many self-made Waterdhavians—without becoming involved with the Lords of the city or affiliated with "other do-gooders like the Harpers." While more than 40 people counted themselves as members over the course of two decades, a relative few survived that still have dealings with Waterdeep, including the following (more information can be found below and throughout this boxed set on many of these NPCs):

- **Tolgar Anuvien** (NG hm P18 of Chauntea), founder and leader of Goldenfields;
- **Dumal Erard** (LG hm Pa12 of Helm), founder and leader of Helm's Hold;
- **Loene** (CG hf F10), former fighter and current landholding resident of Waterdeep;
- **Malchor Harpell** (NG hm W20), senior wizard of the group, now a recluse in the Tower of Twilight;
- **Nain Keenwhistler** (NG hm W16), wizard and current record holder for most resurrections of any citizen of Waterdeep;
- **Trunnian Regallis** (CN hm T12), a human thief and friend to Laeral, as well as one of the few humans allowed on Evermeet, where he currently lives; and
- **Savengriff** (LG hm W19), former apprentice to Khelben and current Harper agent on the Sword Coast.





The Deep Delvers

The jaded young scions of Waterdhavian noble families have now taken to “delving” into Undermountain as a source of excitement and adventure. The group is now a nigh-permanent fixture at the Yawning Portal inn, where they enter the dungeon while the others wait above and wager on their comrades’ success (failure is rarely even considered as an option). In the few years since these escapades started, the Delvers have brought back many trophies of their adventures below—the rarest was the head of a behir! Where they were once just arrogant nuisances in over their heads, the Deep Delvers have graduated into capable (though no less arrogant or annoying) adventurers in their own rights; the initial furor caused by their noble parents died down after Myrind Gundwynd, lost in the dungeons and believed dead for three months, was rescued by other adventurers within the dungeon. While their parents do not approve, the Delvers use Undermountain to garner their fame and fortune, rather than just inherit the same. The current membership of the Deep Delvers includes (listed with magical items):

- **Regnet Amcathra** (NG hm F4), *cloak of protection* +3, *long sword* +2, *ring of regeneration*;
- **Bleys Crommor** (CG hm F5), *brooch of shielding*, *long sword* +1, +4 vs. *magic-using and enchanted creatures*;
- **Corinna Dezlentyr** (LN hef W3/F3), *bracers of defense* AC 2, *scimitar of speed* +2, *ring of spell storing*;
- **Dundald Gost** (CG hm F6), *two-handed sword* +4, 4 *javelins of lightning*, *potion of healing*;
- **Myrind Gundwynd** (CN hm F4—Barbarian), *boots of striding and springing*, *Quaal’s feather token*, *Whip*;
- **Horth Hunabar** (CE hm F4), *bracers of defense* AC6, *short sword of quickness* (+4);
- **Jandar Ilzimmer** (CG hm F4), *broad sword* +1, *potion of extra-healing*;
- **Morgunn Lathkule** (CN hm F5), *long sword* +4, *ring of shocking grasp*; and
- **Shauban Zulpair** (CE hm T4), *gloves of missile snaring*, *chime of opening*, *potion of healing*, *potion of speed*.

Foes of The Fang

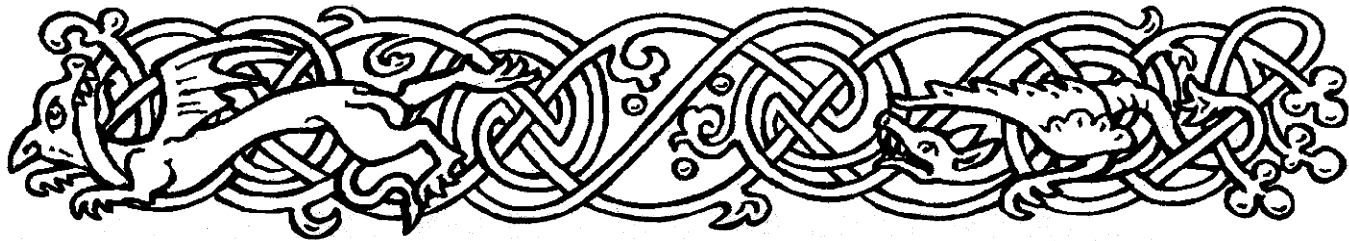
This mysterious group of vampire hunters formed in Waterdeep in the Year of the Maidens (1361 DR, 329 NR), and swiftly left “to rid the northern frontiers of a plague of vampires!” This hearty vow caused quite a disturbance, with many Waterdhavians wondering why no one else heard of an increase in vampiric activity

(including sages and monster hunters versed in such matters). Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun refused to comment at all on the matter, though he was present in the tap-room of the Mighty Manticore when the company made its vow. Despite everyone’s doubts and the lack of advance knowledge, the group actually uncovered and killed a number of vampires, including a trio that had been operated in Mirabar for over 20 years. In a few short years, the Foes of the Fang eliminated over 22 vampires in the northern Sword Coast regions.

The group, all native Waterdhavians, has not been seen or heard of for two years; their last known heading was for the ruins of Castle Khommel in the Grey Peak Mountains. At the group’s last sighting, its membership had dwindled to the five adventurers below.

- **Rand Ceunnen** (CN gm T8; INT 16): Surly, dour, and always ready for an argument, Rand is a gnome with a tragic past. Formerly a sailor of the Adarbrent fleet, he was a survivor of the *Whitecap* tragedy. (A vampire hid on board and slowly killed everyone after the ship left Murann to head north—Rand and three others abandoned the ship and escaped on a small boat, arriving at Baldur’s Gate with their tale of horror.) Since then, Rand brought the Foes together to hunt down vampires, and his *short sword of quickness* has dispatched many vampires in a short time. (He was still hunting for the *Whitecap* vampire when last seen. . . .)
- **Argent Corsucan** (LN hm F9; CON 18): An arrogant but adept fighter, Argent learned to fight at the Field of Triumph under the tutelage of Caladorn Cassalanter. Argent left Waterdeep after four years in the watch to seek adventure and the chance to use his dead father’s sword, the long sword that Argent calls “Deathblade” (*long sword* +2, *giant slayer*).
- **Bleys Dhacrylon** (CG hm P(Sp)9 of Sune; STR 16, WIS & CHA 17): At the time of the Foes’ founding, Bleys was described by Imzeel Coopercan of the Mighty Manticore as “a vain, flighty, empty-headed priest who’ll be back in the city in a tenday, complaining about how much mud is on the roads outside of town!” Contrary to that belief, Bleys is the mainstay of the group, often being the first to close with his undead foes, but still taking care to keep his face and his clothing impeccably clean and “worthy of Sune’s grace.” His prized possession is an electrum holy symbol of Sune that he wears around his neck; it acts as his holy symbol and as a *necklace of adaptation*.





- **Jandar Ilbaereth** (LG em W6): Jandar joined the Foes and accompanied them on their initial adventures, soon falling in love with the half-elven Corinna. He disappeared in Mirabar, and the Foes went on without him for months. When he reappeared, he contacted the group and alerted them to the vampires in Mirabar; unfortunately, he had been turned into one as well! Jandar aided the Foes in destroying the lesser vampires, but was forced to fight them when the master vampire returned to the lair; the master vampire and Jandar were both slain, but the Foes resurrected Jandar at the Spires of the Morning in Waterdeep. Jandar now prominently wears a symbol of Lathander at all times, and his hatred of vampires has tripled due to his experiences.
- **Corinna Lathankin** (LG hef W8/P8 of Lathander): A founding half-elf raised at the Spires of the Morning, Corinna has dedicated her life to the worship of Lathander, though a period of willful disobedience in her early years opened her eyes to the study of magic and mage-craft. Her golden bracers (*bracers of defense AC 2*) were given to her by her mentor, Olanhar Wands, and they are each stamped with the sign of Lathander. Corinna is a highly emotional woman who focuses her passions into her spells and activity; her rage at Jandar's fate in Mirabar was chilling, but she used all that anger to single-handedly destroy the master vampire with spells and blows of her *mace* +2.

Knights of the Sword Coast

This adventuring company gained fame and notoriety throughout the Savage Frontier during their two decades of activity. The company grew from its original eight members to a total of twelve people who called themselves the Knights of the Sword Coast over the years. Their greatest adventure saw the destruction of the ancient lich Berthist in the Trollbark Forest, but cost them the lives of their leader, Barkess Lanys the paladin, and four others: Garathorn the Gold Mage, Rett (a follower of Barkess), and Kaylor and Stynirr Heremet (married priests of Lathander). The surviving members all live within the Adventurers' Quarter of South Ward and still keep in contact after retiring in 1366. The membership included:

- Arkiem Arren (LN em P9 of Milil);
- Rachel Arren (CG hf P6 of Lliira);
- Travis Deepdell (NG hem R8);

- Vhonna Deepdell (LG hf Pal12), original member;
- Garathorn the Gold Mage (LG hm W12), original member, deceased;
- Nopos Harpsong (NG em B5), original member, missing for over 5 years and presumed deceased;
- Kaylor Heremet (LG hm P9 of Lathander), original member, deceased;
- Stynirr Heremet (LN hf P11 of Lathander), original member, deceased;
- Barkess Lanys (LG hm Pal8), original member, deceased;
- Essimuth Lanys (CG hm T12), original member;
- Rett (LG hm F2), deceased; and
- Watcher Thistlebuck (NG halfm T11), original member.

By the end of Highharvestide in 1368, a new group calling itself the Knights of the Sword Coast will collect in Waterdeep. The group numbers many fledgling adventurers with personal ties to the group's original members. The new group members are as follows:

- Gemidan (LN hm W3);
- Donar Heremet (LN hm T1);
- Jan Hunabar (LG hm Pal1);
- Kharkos (CG hm F1);
- Lauhren (CG hf P1 of Lliira); and
- Owen "Jadelocks" (NG hm F1),

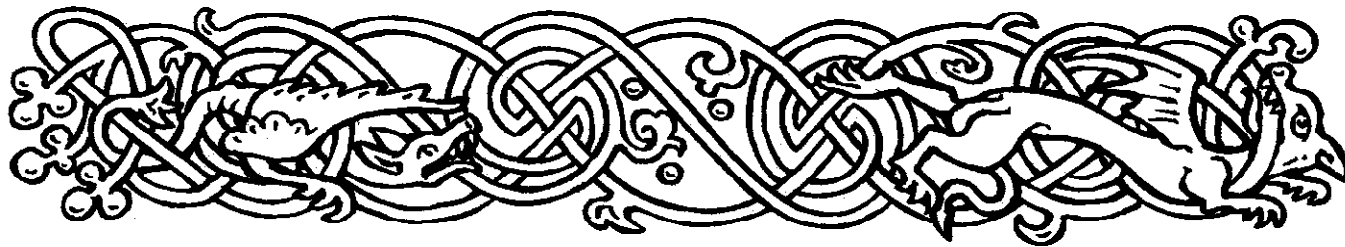
For more information, the Knights of the Sword Coast, both old and new, are heavily detailed in the *Adventurer's Guide to the City* and the *Secrets of the City* books.

Twilight Hunters

A reclusive adventuring group still active on the Savage Frontier, the Twilight Hunters also own a tavern on Nindabar Street in North Ward. They help in the tavern's operation when they are in town, otherwise leaving it to relatives and hirelings; they spend much of their time north and east of the city, hunting monsters (resulting in the many battle trophies that decorate the tavern), and other mysterious tasks that have many gossiping. All allegedly wear magical rings, though none can agree on what powers these rings command (assuming they know at all). The Hunters are:

- Lehcarrir (LE hem T10);
- Nimbrehul (CG hem B10);
- Riverstone (N hm D9);
- Song (NG hf W9); and
- "Stalker" (CG hm R9).





Select Sages of Waterdeep

Sages are not organized into guilds or companies; in fact, many (if not all) sages work alone, though this habit may be changing. . . . For the convenience of Dungeon Masters, sages are collectively detailed here.

Sages, or “wisebeards” as most Waterdhavians call them, can be found in many of the city markets, the open squares and courts, and at the Plinth at any hour of the day. Most sages in the city rent rooms and move often, as they search for new beings to consult and writings to study. Such moves minimize risks of theft, intimidation to acquire information, and the regrettable tendency of landlords and neighbors to disturb a sage’s studies with requests for this or that information “free . . . just for me?”

With the building of New Olamn (the bards’ college) and the Font of Knowledge (the temple to Oghma, god of knowledge), Waterdeep is becoming a center of learning once again, and this is attracting many new sages. A number of bards and sages have taken up residence in New Olamn, either to teach or to stay for a time and learn what they can. Oghma’s temple is still under construction, with completion expected by Midsummer of the Year of the Banner (1368 DR, 336 NR); until then, the priests and the faithful of Oghma operate out of a row house on Swords Street, the ground-floor shop a temple and meeting place, and the three floors above quarters for the priests. The priests often can answer basic questions as well as provide referrals to the appropriate sages in the city (for small fees, of course).

All the sages are of varying degrees of learning, and Waterdeep’s greatest resident sages of note are Sandrew the Wise, the Savant (high priest) of Oghma, and the archmage Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun (though Khelben considers himself a private citizen, and not one to be bothered by people with frivolous questions); keep in mind that these two are knowledgeable about more topics than can be listed, and, unless you have a problem of world-shattering importance (as well as some way to personally contact Sandrew or Khelben), it is best not to disturb either man out of turn. The present whereabouts of many of the known sages of the city are left open to the DM, though a noted few have fixed locations. Remember that the sages below are not the only learned experts-for-hire in the city, simply a listing of those specifically schooled on the listed topics. Refer to the *DUNGEON MASTER Guide* for details of dealing with sages. It is strongly suggested that sages be too expensive for casual consultations.

Amnglor Belthair (NG hm W2; INT 18): While certainly a wise, learned man in regards to the supernatural, Amnglor has much to learn about social interaction. He rudely interrupts everyone whenever a thought (relevant only to him) enters his head, and talks with Amnglor ramble and cover an incredible number of trivial tangential subjects—the only way to escape him is to walk away from him.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Supernatural; Unusual—Divination, Planes (Outer).

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Chemistry.

Iligast Chamnabbar (NG hm W5; INT 17, WIS 17): This short, bitter little man is a member of the Watchful Order, and spends much of his time at the Tower of the Order, hoping to overhear some useful information. Incredibly terse whenever he talks, some complain that “you have to pay this sage per syllable for the information you receive!”

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Supernatural; Unusual—Dweomercraft, Planes (Astral, Elemental, Ethereal).

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Demihumankind—History (Savage Frontier).

Narthurd Delzhour (LG hm F0; INT 18, WIS 17): One of the cheapest sages in terms of charges, Narthurd often conducts his business at a tavern, his research paid half by coin, the rest by ale. Be sure to get your information from him early in the evening; his friendly, easy-going nature gives way to much drinking and less coherent sage advice.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Physical Universe—Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy.

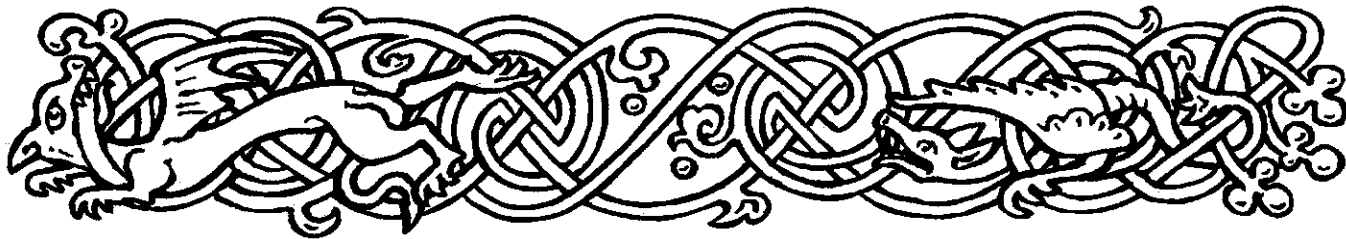
Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Astrology, Numerology.

Ammathair Hawkfeather (LN hm F0; INT 18, DEX 16): Since the Time of Troubles, this sage has been restricted to his house on Swords Street, his legs useless after an attack by one of Myrkul’s minions. His mind is still sharp, and his research is quick and thorough; he sleeps very little, as he is constantly plagued by nightmares of the attack nine years ago. Since the Godswar, Ammathair found himself curious about the worship of the gods and has made a study of it; the Cult of Ao tries to contact him, but he refuses any communication with them for reasons unknown.

Expertise (Major – specialties): Humankind—History, Theology, Myth.

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Metaphysics, Religious Practices—Human and Demihuman.





Zeltabbar Iliphar (NG hm F0; INT 17): Master Iliphar owns a rowhouse in Trades Ward on Nethpranther's Street, and he and his two lovely daughters tend to his library. He is totally deaf, but can read lips with perfect comprehension (he knows elvish, dwarvish, and many human languages of the Realms); he can still speak, but often writes down responses on the many slate boards he has in his ground-floor office.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Humankind – Languages, Legends and Folklore.

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Planes (Outer).

Jasmal (N df P4 of Dumathoin; INT 16, WIS 18): This female dwarven priest has a light beard and a ready smile, unless you've lied to or cheated her. She is only in Waterdeep in winter, and she spends the rest of the year wandering the Savage Frontier, looking for relics of Delzoun as well as observing the local animals.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Dwarvenkind – History, Stonecraft, Weaponry.

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Fauna – Sword Coast and Savage Frontier.

Vlorn Keenear (N halfm T3; DEX 19, INT 17, WIS 18): Vlorn Keenear is a newcomer to the city, and many are unsure of his qualifications. His information is accurate, but his manner of sarcastically joking while talking to a client leaves many wondering where his jokes end and his advice begins. Despite his recent arrival, his understanding and grasp of the intricate politics of the Waterdhavian nobles is near-perfect. Some nobles want him dead for secrecy's sake, while many others shower him with gifts, in hopes that he will help them in their latest conniving plot.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Halflingkind – History, Languages, Legends and Folklore, Theology, Politics;

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Humankind – Politics and History (Waterdeep and Sword Coast cities).

Blackrabbas Khuulthund (CN hm F0; INT 18): This sage is a windbag who, in earlier years, was prone to making claims of knowing far more than he actually did (or had the ability to research). Now, his intellect and research sound, he finds that few believe what he has to say; he has started to improve his reputation in the city, but his few clients are often visitors and travelers attracted by his lower fees for work.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Fauna – Sword Coast and Savage Frontier (avians, insects).

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Botany – Sword Coast and Savage Frontier (flowers, herbs).

Javroun Lithkind (NE hm F0; INT 17): A spiteful, bitter man of 50 winters, Javroun continues his practice as a consulting sage only for a chance to "prove my superiority to the feeble-minds that infest our city and the Realms." His most annoying habit is to stare silently at his clients, twisting his moustache, until they practically beg for his knowledge and assistance.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Humankind – History, Politics, Genealogy.

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Geography.

Haerund Mhammaster (CN hm F0; INT 18): This tiny, shriveled, hunchbacked old man never leaves his library, and is often covered with as much dust as his many tomes. He never solicits for clients, but his friends in a nearby tavern help people find him if they trust them (and honestly seem in need of his help). His musty library and rooms are filled with many examples of elven statuary.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Demihumankind – Art, Music, Legends and Folklore.

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Cryptography.

Kromnlor Sernar (CN hm F0; INT 16, WIS 18): A 35-year native of the city, Kromnlor originally came from the lands near Sespech, where she was trained as a midwife. Learning much during her travels, she arrived in Waterdeep and began to help many of the indigent of Dock Ward with her folk remedies. This practice, which continues to this day, keeps her at odds with the Guild of Apothecaries and Physicians, who discount and vilify her information as "false knowledge" (in truth, her learning is far more accurate and far-reaching than that of many guild members).

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Flora – Sword Coast, Savage Frontier, Heartlands (fungi, herbs)

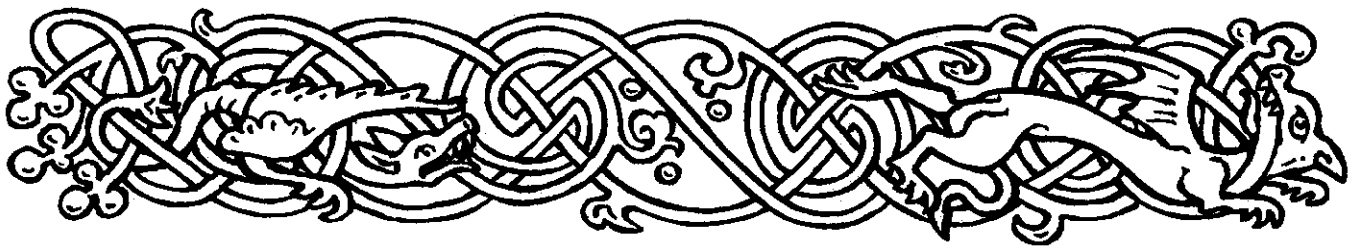
Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Medicine.

Mirrormul Tszul (CG hm F0; INT 18, WIS 18): A highly excitable, nervous mage of advanced years, Mirrormul talks incredibly fast, even when calm. If amused or inspired by a question or task, he practically giggles with excitement; while some assume he is losing his wits, he simply gets wrapped up in emotion over the intellectual challenge. He is also a devout worshiper of Sylvanus, and never fails to lend aid if asked to do so by the priests at the Shrines of Nature.

Expertise (Major – Specialties): Humanoids and Giantkind – Biology, Languages.

Expertise (Minor – Specialties): Demihumankind – Languages.





Select Independent NPCs of Waterdeep

Arnagus The Shipwright

Game Data: LG hm F7; STR 17, DEX 16, CON 17, INT 17, WIS 17, CHA 16.

Description: Approaching 60 years of age, Arnagus is a strong, vital man with broad shoulders, a beaming smile, a ruddy, clean-shaven complexion, and a healthy shock of long, white hair. While not of noble blood, he grooms himself well and dresses in expensive finery. He is genuinely friendly with everyone he meets, but often has little to say, even to friends he's known for years.

Notes: The wealthiest of Waterdeep's shipbuilders, Arnagus is also rumored to be the best (and his prices certainly reflect that reputation!). Arnagus is very influential within his guild (the Order of Master Shipwrights); he is also one of the most skilled hagglers and traders when dealing with other businesses about town. The watch has come to rely on Arnagus' watchful eye to find happenings near his docks, as his sharp eyes rarely miss a thing; he has aided the watch in any number of arrests for smuggling, theft, murder, and extortion within Dock Ward.

Flambos Axemaster

Game Data: NG hm R6; STR 17, WIS 16.

Description: Always clad in his green cloak and black leathers (*leather armor +2, cloak of protection +1*), Flambos looks the very picture of what city-dwellers expect a ranger to be, with his rugged, muscular form, his long, tawny mane of hair, bow and arrows, and his intimidating battle axe ever at his side. (He even wears a miniature replica of his battle axe as an earring.) Flambos has captured the hearts of many of Waterdeep's maidens, but he has yet to settle down, preferring his life of constant action and few commitments. Flambos can imitate birds perfectly, and he whistles and chirps almost continually when out in the woods (unless stealth is required).

Notes: Flambos is a ranger based in Waterdeep, and he can be found in almost any inn or tavern, splendid or squalid. He rides the High Moor armed with long sword, long bow, and the battleaxe for which he is named, battling evil creatures who live there until he must return to the city for healing and rest. He will readily accompany adventurers of good alignment who need a guide or

sword-arm, charging 1 silver piece a day (and an equal share of any treasure gained). Any large amounts of treasure he may win while adventuring will be given to the Shrines of Nature (specifically to that of Mielikki) in Waterdeep, for the Lady's Work. Smaller amounts pay for necessary healing and daily expenses, but Flambos lives simply and with few attachments.

"Black Viper"

Game Data: CE hf T13; DEX 18, CHA 16.

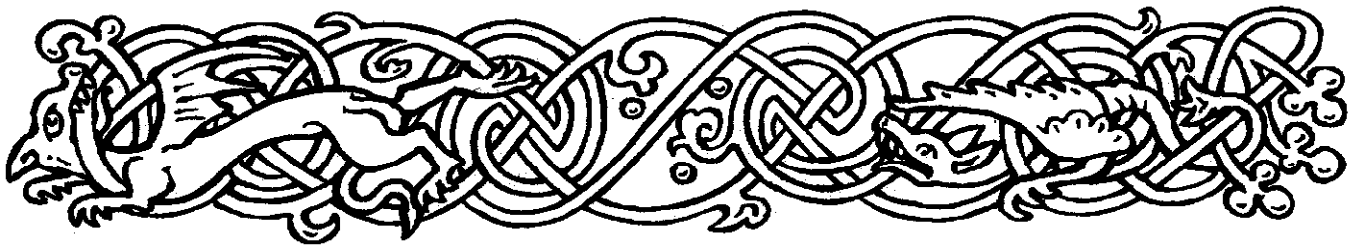
Description: The Black Viper is, in fact, a woman from Amphail who makes her home in Undermountain; her true name is Alauneth Orrane. She has short, hacked-off black hair, a fiery temper, and a deep, husky voice (which can't seem to snarl six words without a salty sailors' oath). She has a beautiful face, except for a ragged scar that runs down the left side of her chin and throat to end on her shoulder.

Notes: People in Waterdeep hear of thefts from nobles and rich merchants alike—and snatch-and-grabs in the streets, accompanied by clouds of smoke. A taunting note is always left behind, signed: "The Black Viper." Her thefts are always daring, from nabbing a guard's sword from its sheath while he naps at his post to stealing the armor of a visiting envoy during his visit to the garderobe (washroom) at the Palace, and so on. . . . In the past years, she has grown bored of her thieving games among the rich; to curb this, she has allied herself with some agents of the Shadow Thieves. She acts as their scout in the city, recruiting talent and surreptitiously buying properties and hideaways for the guild. She now uses her daring snatch-and-grabs to gain materials with which to blackmail rich merchants into being her purchasing agents.

Blazidon One-Eye

Game Data: CN hm F6; STR 16.

Description: Blazidon is a large, stocky man, with graying hair and a patchy, unkempt beard. His many scars and thickly muscled shoulders and arms mark him as a fighter from days past. While a bit overweight, Blazidon still comes out of retirement every now and again; he claims he lost his left eye while on such an adventure (though rumors tell other stories . . .). While he dresses simply, he wears a few rings that belie his status as "a poor hiring agent for sell-swords" (*ring of the ram, ring of vampiric regeneration*).



Notes: By night, Blazidon makes the rounds of the city's inns and taverns, befriending poor newcomers to the city who might be willing to hire themselves out as fighters or guards. By day, this grizzled old fighter, now retired but still armed to the teeth, can be found in Virgin's Square, where most caravan masters know where to find him. His fee is one copper piece per person hired, and Blazidon will contact sell-swords for clients, bringing them together to talk business in a little room off the taproom at the Bowels of the Earth (City Map Location T36). Unbeknownst to most of Waterdeep, he owns the place, and usually sleeps in its dust-filled attic. Blazidon knows Waterdeep's inns and taverns well, and he can easily direct people to any location south of the Market (for a fee, of course . . .), including the safe ways to get there (for another fee).

Imzeel Coopercan

Game Data: CG hm F2; STR 17, CON 18.

Description: Often mistaken for a dwarf, Imzeel Coopercan is a short, dour human with a barrel-shaped torso, heavily muscled arms, and a thick beard that spreads over his broad chest. He speaks rarely, preferring to listen and muse over the talk of his patrons; he also has a habit of constantly polishing the bar at the Mighty Manticore tavern (City Map Location C12) whenever he gets the least bit nervous—the bar is often clean enough to see one's reflection.

Notes: Imzeel Coopercan is the proprietor of the Mighty Manticore tavern in Castle Ward, a popular meeting place for merchants and the city workers from the Palace. Imzeel prides himself on his simple but hearty fare, his steady and always-satisfied clientele, and his many friends (who rally to his side instantly, should any trouble erupt in the tavern). Though he overhears many secrets and rumors every day, no amount of coin or pain will get Imzeel to part with any information; he still bears the scars along his back and arms from a failed interrogation by a vicious Red Wizard (who sought the location of certain people known to frequent his establishment) from 18 years past—Khelben Arunsun intervened and saved his life, a fact that Imzeel will never forget and never charges Khelben for his patronage at the Manticore.

Coril

Game Data: CG hm(f) W5; INT 18, DEX 18.

Description: Always seen wearing heavy, black robes and carrying a heavy, metal-bound book under one arm, Coril seems a handsome clean-shaven young man. His brown hair is close-cropped and straight, and his eyes are a sparkling lime green hue. Quiet almost to a fault, Coril is often found in the corners of Waterdeep's taprooms, simply watching people.

Notes: Coril is really a young woman, and an agent of the Harpers, about whom she deliberately knows nothing useful. Once a month she meets with Shalar Simgulphin in a tavern in Waterdeep; she tells him details of people she's observed (including notes and sketches she stores in her tome to pass on), and he tells her of things to look for in the month ahead. For this service, she receives 50 gold pieces a month for next month's tavern expenses.

Coril's tome is actually a collection of loose papers on which she writes awful verse as well as coded bits of information for the Harpers. Coril has no magical items, and she keeps her spellbooks hidden in a cavity behind a loose stone in a roof minaret atop Mariners' Hall (City Map Location D44). She is the illegitimate daughter of the warrior Sarraver of Baldur's Gate, who does not know her current whereabouts.

Elaith "The Serpent" Crawlnohur

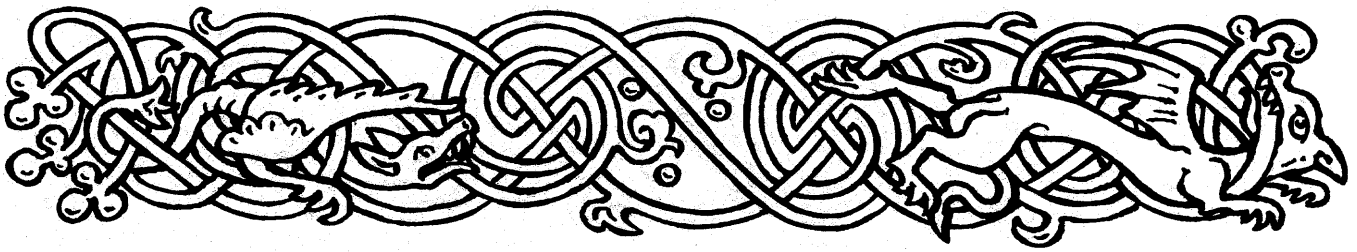
Game Data: NE em F9/W9; STR 17, DEX 17, INT 16, CHA 17.

Description: This charismatic, handsome, and silver-tongued rogue is a ruthless daredevil of moon elf stock; tall, slim, and silver-haired, his slender form and melodious voice disguise a truly dangerous individual. While often appearing indifferent about his surroundings and companions, his amber eyes are always wary of sudden movements and shifting shadows (and rarely show any emotion, other than cold, hard rage). He earned his nickname for his gliding strike in battle, and his black sense of humor.

Notes: Elaith is the last survivor of the famed Company of the Claw, the Three Blades, the Regiment of the Seven Swords, and the Company of Crossed Blades—his success at escaping sudden death does not go unnoticed, but few dare to face him and inquire how he did so. (Rumors say (correctly) that he betrayed and slew a number of his comrades.)

Elaith often organizes new adventuring companies in





Waterdeep's taverns, to explore this or that dungeon or ruin in the North. Experienced mercenaries cynically say that he is simply looking for cheap, expendable muscle and dungeon-fodder to fight (and fall prey to traps) in order to help him grow richer at their expense. (Blazidon One-Eye refuses to do business for him, but there are always mercenaries with overdue bar tabs larger than their brains for Elaith to exploit.)

All Waterdhavians have heard rumors that Elaith has vast sums of money hidden around the city, but he always seems to seek more. Elaith owns many places in and around Waterdeep, including Blackstone House (City Map Location T44), though he does his purchasing through agents and few know he is the true owner of many of their buildings. In a hidden cellar in one of his properties, Elaith keeps some of his greater treasures in a strongbox; guarded by a gargoyle and two crawling claws, Elaith's box contains several wands, a *cloak of elvenkind*, and three coffers of gems worth over 100,000 gold pieces. Elaith's magical treasures are small, and he carries his *dagger of homing*, a *ring of the ram*, and a *potion of extra-healing* at all times.

Elaith fights more often with weapons than spells, though he is equally deadly with both methods. He fights with a long sword, but also carries four daggers (one in each boot, one at his belt, and his *dagger of homing* in a hidden forearm sheath) and a handaxe. He is also adept at using spears and darts as weapons, but prefers to keep his prey close, fighting with his blurringly-fast bladework. In terms of spells, Elaith uses *Rary's Mnemonic Enhancer* to carry more *lightning bolts* and *fireballs* than he ordinarily would be able to.

Infamous among his own kind, Elaith is hated and feared, although some secretly envy his success and confident independence. Elaith takes full advantage of the fact that most visitors to Waterdeep do not expect an elf to be evil. His reputation, though, has begun to precede him in the last few years, so his activities within the city are tapering off (moving, rumors say, to Skullport and Luskan, where he operates in secret under the alias of Lord Buronae Trilluach. . .).

Dagsumn

Game Data: LN hm W5; INT 17.

Description: Gaunt and ghostly-pale, Dagsumn is an austere man of moderate height. Much of his bulk is most likely due to his heavy blue and green robes. Still, despite his apparent physical failings, Dagsumn is a capable and knowledgeable spellcaster, though his brown eyes flash with a hunger for power over anything magical.

Notes: Dagsumn was born in Port Llast and had a brief apprenticeship with Malchor Harpell at the Tower of Twilight near Neverwinter; while they did not part company as enemies, Dagsumn and Malchor have not talked to each other in over 20 years. Dagsumn came to Waterdeep to make his fortunes, casting spells and tutoring lesser mages for fees. Over the years, Dagsumn has adventured around the Sword Coast, but now prefers to stay within the city, casting spells (such as *identify*, *detect evil*, *locate object*, and *strength*) for adventurers with enough gold to cover his fees; such spellcasting usually takes place within the City of the Dead, a place that ensures a severely limited number of witnesses.

Dagsumn, while friendly and trustworthy enough to honor any contract to the letter, is a stickler for details and minutiae, and will belabor people about the least little details of something he wishes to know. This becomes even more apparent when talk turns to magical items; while Dagsumn is more than talented enough to create his own items and spells (and he does so on rare occasions), he prefers to take the lazy route and collect magical items (and magical power) with a minimum of risk and a minimal loss of gold from his pockets.

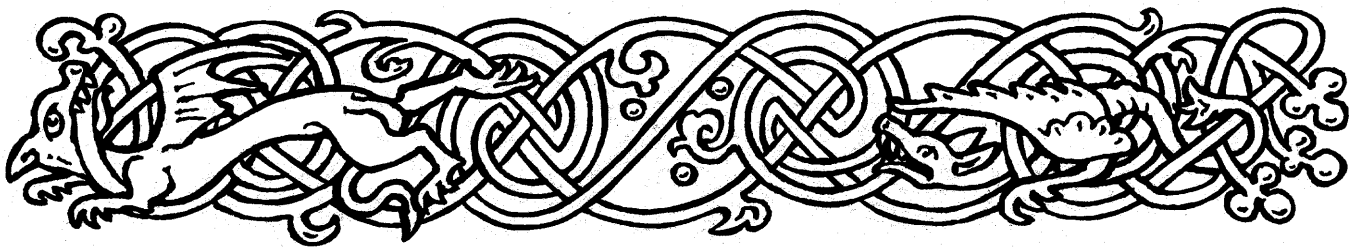
Bamaal Dunster

Game Data: NG hm P5 of Lathander; WIS 17.

Description: Bamaal is a short, fat, jolly man of advancing years, given to impish humor and a love of good times and convivial fellowship. While nearly blind, Bamaal never needs worry about his direction, as many in Castle Ward know and love him, and help guide him on his way; curiously, he still sees certain things better with his rheumy eyes than many people a third his age (like the promise of young love or a passing stranger in need of Lathander's blessing and comfort).

Notes: Bamaal is often found in taverns and parties, and still has a prodigious tolerance for drink; although he may grow rather owlsh by night's end, he still remains





upright and observant (more so than many of his drinking partners). While he once exasperated the clergy of Waterdeep's temple to Lathander with his "undignified nature," his devotion to the temple and its faithful have swayed his detractors, and some even admit that he (and his geniality) is partly responsible for their large congregation. As he has for decades, Bamaal tends to Lathander's teachings of new beginnings in unorthodox ways, like tending someone's flowers or loaning young couples the key to his rooms for a night (practices emulated by a number of young acolytes of Lathander's temple, much to the chagrin of the other conservative clergy). He gains his money by healing and aiding others with his spells for fees, and apparently Lathander approves (as Bamaal's prayers have never been ignored). Bamaal, "73 winters young" by his own admission, still has a spring in his shuffling gait, and never fails to rise from his bed (or tavern stool) in the dead of night to tend the wounds of a fallen adventurer.

Duromil "The Fearless"

Game Data: CN hm T7; STR 16, DEX 18

Description: At first glance, Duromil does not live up to his name; of medium height and build, Duromil—with his stringy chestnut hair, wispy moustache and beard, and ill-kept equipment—gives many the first impression of an average fighter down on his luck. When he speaks, he looks people in the eye, and his vocal confidence and the way he carries himself, always alert for trouble, changes peoples' minds. While he isn't cruel or overly reckless, Duromil quickly dives into combat with a certain zeal that earned him his nickname.

Notes: This quiet, close-mouthed thief of Waterdeep specializes in robbing visitors to the city of small items of value (gems, magical items, etc.). He frequents Castle Ward's inns and taverns, posing as a fighter and even hiring on with Blazidon if times are particularly lean. Duromil wears an old suit of battered leather armor and carries a slightly pitted long sword, a moderately better broad sword, and two sharp, well kept daggers; he often claims that he cannot afford better weapons and armor, but in truth he chooses to let people underestimate him. He is not adverse to accompanying people as a hiresword and later stealing from them when opportunities arise. He will always, above all else, try to conceal that he is a thief, especially when he is disloyal to the PCs. His favorite tricks are

backstabbing and picking pockets in the dark when the PCs are confused and split up, and then "appearing" on the scene as a loyal, troubled comrade. Duromil is wise enough to know when this ruse won't work, and he never attempts it if there is even the slightest doubt about its success. He has successfully done this many times, and no surviving adventurers or Waterdhavians suspect that he is a thief—in other words, he's a very smooth operator.

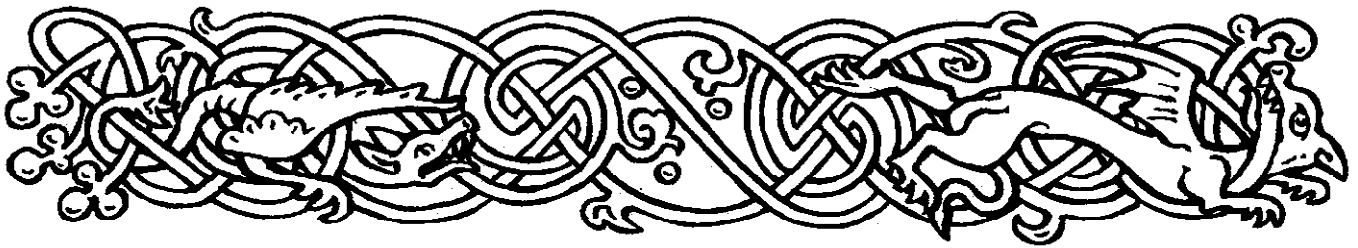
Filiare

Game Data: LN hm F5; STR 16, INT 16, CHA 16

Description: Filiare is a jovial, middle-aged man whose thinning black hair and moustache are shot with gray. Despite his years of retirement from the field, Filiare manages to maintain his strong physique that made him one of the higher-paid mercenaries of the Sword Coast decades ago. Always pleasant and inviting, he is one of the city's most beloved innkeepers (by all save Blazidon One-Eye, with whom he competes as a job-finder for hireswords). Filiare is a good, kind, considerate host, and is more than willing to shave a few coppers off a bill (for used weapons or a bar tab) for folks down on their luck.

Notes: Filiare's years as a mercenary were quite successful, and upon retiring, he purchased the Inn of the Dripping Dagger, which is the favored home and watering place of many mercenary warriors today. Many employers looking for a few blades in a hurry come here and see who's "at home at the Dagger" to hire. The Company of Crazy Adventurers lived here until they built their own keep (it was later destroyed), and it was always their favorite place to drink (and still is, when some of the Company members reunite in the city). Filiare has many spare weapons on hand to sell; many of them were given to him by fighters down on their luck with no spare coin to settle their bills (or who never returned from a quest for more gold). (These weapons are for sale at 10% less than standard *Player's Handbook* prices, if adventurers seem in dire straits.)





Kappiyan Flurmastyr

Game Data: NG hm W14; INT 18, CHA 16.

Description: This tall, thin, dignified man of nearly 100 years always wears immaculate gray robes (despite his messy line of work), and has white hair and beard, and bushy eyebrows that don't conceal a childlike gleam in his sea green eyes.

Notes: Known as Waterdeep's "potion wizard," Kappiyan lives off Anchoret's Court in Southern Ward (City Map Location S10) with his apprentice, Shalara Malarrkin, his partner in periapt and potion creation for 12 of her 26 years. Kappiyan is constantly involved in research, and his potions are sold to provide money to continue his researches. Kappiyan will sharply remind PCs, should they darken his doorstep more than twice in six months time, that his house "is not a potion shop for your convenience!" He has a number of magical guardian creatures and other deterrents protecting his house (DM's choice). Kappiyan has not been seen within the city since early 1366; if asked, Shalara will simply say "he is off on an excursion beyond the city, and will return in his own good time."

Gaundos

Game Data: CN hm W(1)8; DEX 17, INT 17.

Description: Uncertain; Gaundos has been described over the years as having about fifteen different facial and body features, none of which could be corroborated due to his illusions. To this day, no one knows what Gaundos really looks like, and he identifies himself by an ornate moonstone ring that he wears, his sigil carved into its face.

Notes: This mysterious illusionist of Waterdeep always took care that none knew his true abode or face, employing *change self* constantly, and making paranoid roundabout trips everywhere, constantly doubling back and changing his appearance again. Four years ago, he fell victim to Hlaavin, the greater doppelganger and leader of the Unseen; Gaundos still lives on, but as an identity of Hlaavin's and as an agent for the Unseen (see Chapter Six for more information). He can be contacted at The Swords' Rest tavern on the High Road (City Map Location S1) by leaving word with the bartender, Elgorel, whom he speaks to at some time during every evening. He will agree to cast spells for a fee, but he does not tutor illusionists as he once did; Hlaavin

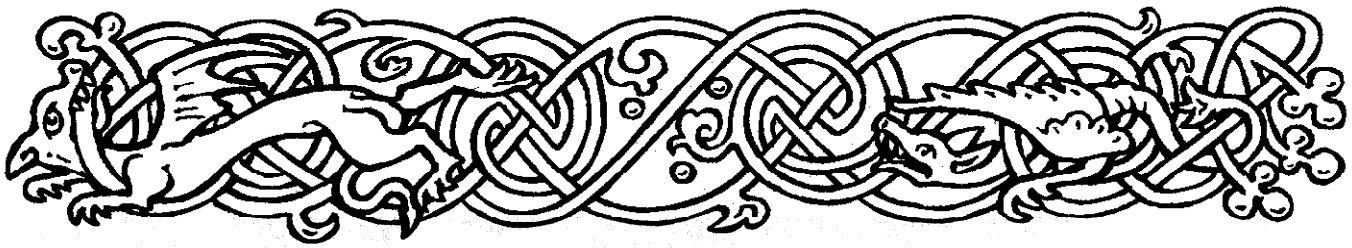
finds it useful to maintain Gaundos' patterns and habits, but does not want extensive contact with anyone for longer than a few hours. He will never willingly go on adventures, and for self-protection carries a *necklace of missiles* (4 2-dice missiles, 2 of 4 dice, 2 of 6-dice, and one of 8 dice), which he will use if attacked or cornered by anyone; he flees after using the missiles to cover his escape and, once out of sight, changes his appearance to become lost in the crowd (or to become one of Waterdeep's many stray dogs).

Gemidan

Game Data: LN hm W3; DEX 16, INT 18.

Description: This young 8-year-old boy has flame-red hair and an eruption of freckles all about his face. He dresses in typical apprentices' clothes, with nothing other than his metal bracers telling people of his status as a wizard. He wears a brass symbol of Azuth under his shirt, and clutches at it through his clothes when he gets nervous. Normally, Gemidan is all bluster and bravado with little regard for the consequences of his actions (like most





young boys); Khelben had hoped to teach his young prodigy patience, tolerance, and humility while tutoring him in magic, but Gemidan left, and his arrogance (Khelben fears) will soon get him into troubles where his skills may not save him. . . .

Notes: By far the most unlikely wizard on the Sword Coast, 8-year-old Gemidan seems touched by Mystra and Azuth's blessings, as he showed up on the steps of Blackstaff Tower at age six, demanding the wizard teach him everything he knew. Impressed by the lad's nerve (and later, his ability), Khelben and Laeral took to teaching the boy magic; after two years, Gemidan has advanced far more swiftly in magic than men five times his age, including creating a number of spells all his own! Gemidan's impatience got the better of him, and he left Khelben's tutelage behind to join the new Knights of the Sword Coast and adventure in the Savage Frontier. Laeral knew he planned to leave, and made sure he got some magical items that would protect him from his own rashness and childlike naivete (*bracers of defense AC 5, ring of spell storing*).

Halaster

Game Data: CE hm W29?; DEX 18, INT 19.

Description: Halaster appears, in his true form, as a bent, gaunt old man wearing rotting, tattered brown robes and a gray cloak thrown over his shoulders. Most often, if PCs see evidence of Halaster's presence at all, he is seen as a watching eye floating amid glowing, sparkling motes of light. No matter what form Halaster wears, his giggling and muttering is constant. Despite this ineffectual image, Halaster is, without a doubt, one of the most powerful mages ever to set foot in, around, and under Waterdeep (since insanity rarely stops people from casting spells . . .).

Notes: Halaster Blackcloak is the long-fabled "Mad Mage of Undermountain," its creator and caretaker and certainly its most dangerous and unpredictable native. Halaster looks upon the dungeon as a dear, and deadly home, an amusement gallery where adventurers and others arrive to perform and entertain him. It is also his own waiting net that brings him new companions, new magic, and new creatures to catch, study, and catalogue. He usually remains unseen, skulking as an *invisible* observer behind a hundred unsuspecting monsters.

Malchor Harpell

Game Data: NG hm W20; INT 18.

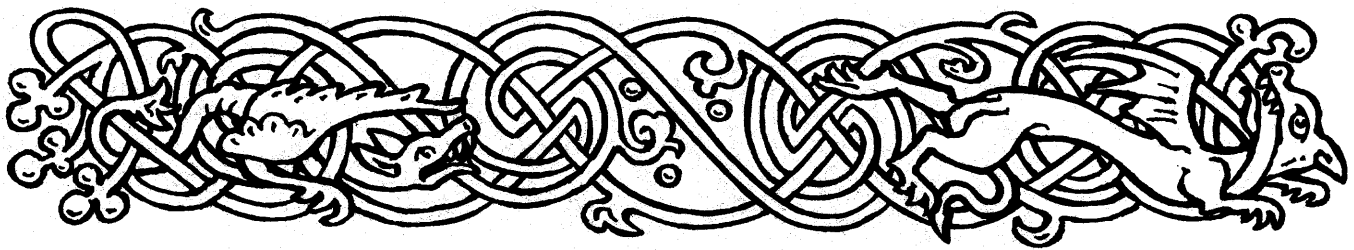
Description: Looking upon Malchor Harpell, one sees a man of many talents with the potential to be nearly anything he put his mind to. He does not dress as a typical mage, but in expertly tailored commoners' clothes. Physically fit and tall, Malchor wears his dark brown hair short and keeps his beard neatly trimmed and close to his face. Malchor is a man whose passions are knowledge and learning; he is also an artist and painter, looking at his magecraft and art as extensions of the same creative forces.

Notes: Malchor was a charter member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers, with whom he had a long and active (more than any other Company member) career. Upon the Company's dissolution, Malchor stayed with Khelben Arunsun in Waterdeep, and willingly served him as an assistant, including taking part in adventures on other planes, and aiding in Harper-related plans. Malchor did this to gain the experience he believed necessary for self-sufficiency in the sometimes-dangerous North.

After years at Khelben's side, Malchor left to return to his native Longsaddle and build his own tower, the Tower of Twilight (it rests half a day's ride west of Longsaddle, on the edge of the Neverwinter Woods). He has been in semiretirement there for over 20 years, studying and furthering his powers, with the occasional relaxation of training (for substantial fees) lesser magic users, including Dagsumn. Malchor now rarely emerges from his Tower of Twilight except to aid the Lords of Waterdeep. Malchor has at least one guardian defending his tower; he has mastered the arts of creating stone guardians, *staves of the magi*, *wands of magic missiles*, *rings of feather falling*, and *rings of warmth*, and is now working on potions and elixirs. Malchor's travels taught him many languages, and he is fluent in common, elvish, djinni, and drow.

When adventuring or traveling (usually astride his griffon), Malchor always wears a *lurker cloak* and a *ring of protection +3*, and bears his *staff of the magi*. He is also said to have one or more *rings of warmth* and *feather falling* with him to trade for magic new to him, or timely aid, as well as for his own use. He may tutor lesser mages on rare occasions, but only if they seem genuinely interested in knowledge for the sake of learning, not power.





Vedellen Hawkhand

Game Data: NG hem R9; STR 16, INT 16, WIS 16.

Description: Vedellen easily passes for a true gold elf, with his slim, angular features, golden hair and bronzed skin, and elegantly pointed ears, though he is a half-elf (but often poses as a full elf, when situations warrant). His eyes are a remarkable shade of reddish-brown, and they seem like twin pools of molten rock when Vedellen is angered.

Notes: This ranger from Triboar is a Harper agent, but he focuses less on the cause and grand plans of the Harpers and more on the excitement. A simple man (and quite young for a half-elf—he is only 32), Vedellen merely seeks grand adventure in the wilds, with any band that is headed there. His longstanding task for the Harpers is to keep an eye on such bands in Waterdeep and report on their real alignments, intentions, and activities. If he joins a band, it will be on a temporary basis, and he will, of course, seek to curb any wanton destruction of wildlife except evil giant-class creatures or other monsters, whom he will attack without hesitation. Between adventures, Vedellen will always return to Waterdeep's inns and taverns to continue his spying for the Harpers. While his main location is Waterdeep, where many of his Harper contacts meet, he also maintains (with some money from the Harpers) rooms in Mirabar and Silverymoon.

Tessalar Hulicorn

Game Data: LN hm W17; INT 19.

Description: A high-voiced, bearded, vain man given to wearing lots of sparkling rings (costume jewelry worth only a few coppers), Tessalar is nonetheless a respected and well-liked figure at the galas of Sea Ward, often preparing elaborate illusions and pyrotechnics for a sponsoring noble (whose praise and political support is now more important to Tessalar than money). While he has no major enemies, Tessalar seems paranoid and trusts no one, always demanding payment in advance for unusual potions and scrolls, or half in advance and half when ready (he does not deliver, so you must go to him to do business).

Notes: Tessalar used to be a mercenary mage of Waterdeep, who tutored and cast spells in exchange for treasure, which he uses to further his researches into the making of various magical items. After one fateful trip into Undermountain, he came back richer than any man this decade, laden with dozens of emeralds the size of goose

eggs. He still makes and sells scrolls and potions, and all of his money goes into magical research. He rarely leaves his home (Tessalar's Tower is at Sul Street and Chasso's Trot in Sea Ward; City Map Location \$25), and his defenses (from his tower's reinforcing *walls of force* and iron golem guardians to his personal protections like a permanent *Serten's spell immunity*, numerous *contingency* spells, and a *ring of spell turning*) daunt even the most powerful of enemies.

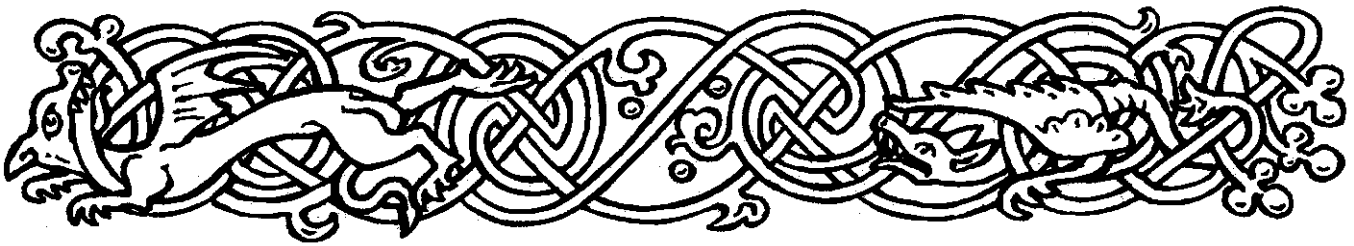
Mistmyr Iroan

Game Data: NG hm W9; DEX 16, INT 18.

Description: Once a pale, sunken-eyed young man of meager means, Mistmyr is now in the prime of life and his success has made him a healthy, if skinny, mage and tavern keeper. His clothes, alternatively shirt and breeches or wizard's robes, are usually rumpled but in good repair. His thinning hair is slicked back and tied in a ponytail, but people focus on his glistening amber eyes more than his balding head. Mistmyr talks very fast and very loudly, especially if he becomes nervous or excited.

Notes: When he arrived in Waterdeep 11 years ago, Mistmyr was a young, good-natured sorcerer of impoverished means, who had no magical items nor many gold pieces to his name. After a few years of casting spells for, or tutor, anyone who paid him, he managed to gain the friendship of a tavern owner in Dock Ward who gave him the tavern shortly before passing away. Now, with some money and magic to keep the place in good repair and lighting, Mistmyr owns and operates the Azuth's Mug tavern, located just off Soothsayer's Way in southern Castle Ward. Though it opened at the start of the Year of the Shield (1367 DR), it has already attracted greater crowds than it ever did in its previous incarnation as the Crow's Nest tavern. Mistmyr still trades spells and tutors lesser mages in his spare time, but he will not go on adventures unless forced to, even if offered heaps of treasure, for he thinks the risk too great, especially now as a property owner.





Janszobur

Game Data: NG hm F6-Barbarian kit; STR 17, DEX 16, CON 18, INT 5, WIS 4.

Description: Janszobur is a tall man with no beard, his long red hair kept braided. He wears pants and a cloak cut from the pelt of a polar bear, and his shirt, if he actually remembers to wear one, is of simple linen. He has a brilliant sapphire ring given to him years ago by a noble paramour, and he has no idea that it is actually a *ring of protection* +2.

Notes: Janszobur is a native of the Snow Cat Nomads, who inhabit the mountains of the Utter North, battling remorhaz and intruding orcs with savage ferocity. They are few and physically strong, and worship an incarnation of Tempus, whom they call "the Fist." Once in his life, each man of the Snow Cats must undertake a quest, a service for the Fist, some great deed for the tribe. The elder seers of Janszobur's tribe picked as Janszobur's task bringing back a warrior-princess from the great city of men far to the south, a fighting queen who will lead the People to greatness. So to Waterdeep Janszobur came ten years ago, and he spent months being bewildered by the strange ways and all the finery and wealth.

After 16 long months, he found his War Queen, a female mercenary from Athkatla, and returned with her to the Utter North. Two years later, she perished during a hunt, the victim of a remorhaz. As she failed to lead the Snow Cat Nomads to fame, the tribe elders judged Janszobur a failure in his quest as well. For the good of the tribe, he returned to the City of Splendors, to search once again for his War Queen, though far less diligently this time. He has resumed his old habits of visiting the taverns of South and Dock Ward, drinking all evening, breaking a few heads to warm up, and then striding through Waterdeep, singing lustily at the top of his lungs as he looks for his queen. Janszobur prefers to brawl rather than draw steel. Unwitting PCs who encounter him may suffer the same fate that watch officers usually do (reports usually include the phrase, "after regaining my senses, I . . ."). Given his disgrace, he is more open to thoughts of adventures that can redeem him in the eyes of his tribe; if approached, he might join PCs for an equal share of treasure.

Jemuril

Game Data: CN(G) df F10; STR 16, CON 19, WIS 18.

Description: While few nondwarves can recognize her as thus, Jemuril is a slim, female dwarf with a rare, radiant smile behind her thin beard.

Notes: Jemuril owns a house in Dock Ward (City Map Location D53), which she keeps closed to visitors. During her career, she has amassed a great collection of magical items. She is famous for destroying the evil mage Susktar of Calimport 15 years ago; when attacked in the Market (she refuses to discuss what set off the attacks), she waded through two *lightning bolts* to reach him, rammed a globe from a *necklace of missiles* down the mage's shirt, and then struck his chest full force with her war hammer. PCs should decide whether they truly wish to disturb Jemuril. . . .

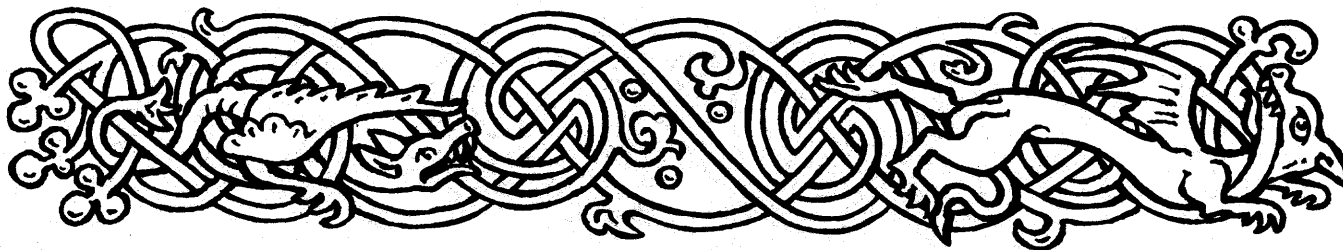
Nain Keenwhistler

Game Data: NG hm W16; DEX 16, INT 18.

Description: Nain's once-blond hair has, due to the stresses of repeated deaths and resurrections, turned chalk-white in hue, though he maintains a healthy, ruddy complexion and has avoided death successfully for over ten years now. His eyes, however, are disconcerting, since all the color has darkened in his irises, giving him dark, black eyes; while most believe this is just some strange affectation of Nain's, some wonder if this isn't some strange after-effect of his long ago battle with the demigod Iyachtu Xvim, son of the fallen god Bane.

Notes: Nain is an ex-member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers. In his career with them, he was slain and raised many times, but has not died in over 20 years. Nain is now a fast friend and reliable ally of Khelben and Durnan of the Lords of Waterdeep. With his share of the Company's wealth, Nain built his own tower (Naingate) in Waterdeep, at Seawatch Street and Grimwald's Way (City Map Location \$15), where he yet lives and studies and researches. After a few years of retirement, Nain organized a small short-lived group of adventurers called the Company of Staff and Steel, including Kappiyan Flurmastyr's apprentice Shalara. They traveled about the northern Sword Coast and Savage Frontier for two seasons, at one point dissipating a horde of orcs set to advance to the south. While neither speaks of what happened at the end of the Company, Nain and Shalara avoid each other now, three years after the dissolution of the Company. Though Nain is happy to move beyond the shadow of his colleague,





Malchor Harpell, he has not paid attention to his magical studies or adventured in two years, keeping him at his present level. Still, Nain is now happily immersed in the cut and thrust of politics and intrigue as a trader and diplomatic agent in the Palace for the Lords (that is, he supports and puts forward views of the Lords while appearing as an independent, thus influencing other diplomats and city personages).

Loene

Game Data: CG hf F10; STR 16, DEX 17, CHA 16.

Description: Loene has large, hazel eyes, a fit, healthy body, and long, dark blonde hair. Though she has the grace of a dancer, her moves are measured, precise, and guarded, as Loene is always alert and ready for danger.

Notes: Now a formidable fighter and rich landlord in Waterdeep, Loene was once a "pleasure girl" purchased by Minark "the Salt Torturer," from whom she was rescued by the Company of Crazy Adventurers. Becoming an assistant to Nain Keenwhistler, she defended him ably when he was attacked in the streets, and was offered a place in the Company ranks and training at arms as a result. She rose in skills with astonishing speed, and, upon the Company's dissolution, remained in Waterdeep as a gambler and adventuress for hire, becoming for a time the lover of Mirt "the Moneylender."

Loene no longer gambles, is still a friend of Mirt, and still trains lesser fighters and goes on adventures in return for a 2 gp/day fee and a full share of treasure. She does not really need the money, and will refuse any part of what she sees as foolhardy, frivolous, and trouble-making ventures. Loene wears a *ring of spell storing* (containing *dispel magic*, *fly*, *sending* (to call upon Nain), and *wall of force*) when adventuring. Khelben, Nain, or Malchor will readily "refill" it for her. Loene has a *dagger +1*, but otherwise carries no magical weapons; she is thought to have a few, hidden away in the walls of one of the buildings she owns. Loene's house is on Waterdeep Way, and backs onto Gem Street (City Map Location C42).

Maaril

Game Data: NE hm W17; DEX 17, INT 18, CHA 17.

Description: 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 is never seen without his *staff of power* immediately at hand. Maaril also wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location* and a *ring of x-ray vision* at all times.

Notes: Maaril, a wizard of note in the city (due more to his dragon-shaped tower than his personal power), is working on the secrets of opening gates to other planes and commanding creatures from those planes who come to this one, and is constantly on the watch for signs or news of new magic in the city. The other mages of Waterdeep consider him an eccentric, but do not realize his evil nature (Khelben suspects, but Maaril's visible guardian creatures are enchanted constructs rather than living beasts, and can remain lifeless if Maaril has guests). Maaril will try to seize (by means of clay golems or gargoyles, by night) any items of magic that PCs reveal to public view in the city. He will prove a quiet, patient behind-the-scenes foe to any adventurers who retaliate against him, hiring endless hireswords to bar their way.

Shalara Malarkkin

Game Data: CG hf W6; DEX 16, INT 18, CHA 16.

Description: At 25 years of age, Shalara is one of the crowning beauties of Waterdeep, though she pays this little heed and would prefer to be known for her knowledge and magecraft. This raven-haired woman wears modest robes of varying hues of red, and always has a silver necklace around her neck (a keepsake from Kappiyan that acts as a ring of spell turning).

Notes: Shalara's initial association with the then 80-year-old Kappiyan Flurmastyr caused quite a stir, as she was his youngest female apprentice yet at age 15, and quite the fetching beauty then as well as now. She learned magic at his side for years, and developed a great respect and love for him, more akin to a young girl's love for a father than what the rumormongers tell. After a period of adventuring that left her with some magical treasures, much experience and firsthand knowledge of the Realms, and a severe aversion to Nain Keenwhistler, Shalara has returned to Waterdeep and has been taking in a number of young apprentices while Kappiyan appears to be absent from the city. There used to be many young men who would mill about Anchoret's Court, hoping to meet





Shalara and invite her to a party or attempt to woo her; however, after an impromptu lecture of Shalara's, where she espoused "magic can be focused to your need, making it flashy and forceful but never more than is absolutely necessary," and then unleashed a *gust of wind* that blew her potential paramours out of Anchoret's Court, lovestruck visitors have been less frequent. . . .

Mulgor

Game Data: LG hm P4 of Tyr; CON 16, INT 16, WIS 18.

Description: While he is not physically impressive, Mulgor is a powerful presence, with his patient, thoughtful gaze, calm demeanor, and confident air. His slight paunch is offset by a sharp, exact gait and ramrod-straight posture, and his short brown hair is always perfectly orderly. He dresses simply, but wears a cloak with the sign of the Lords of Waterdeep on its shoulders when officially about the city collecting fees. If officiating in a religious ceremony, he has rich ceremonial robes that mark him as a priest of Tyr.

Notes: Mulgor is Waterdeep's collector-of-fees, a stolid, polite, no-nonsense man who is escorted by the watch while on his money-collecting rounds. PCs who duck paying fees will get to know Mulgor very well. He is diligent, inexorable, and never forgets a face, a name, or an unpaid fee. Those who slip out of Waterdeep without paying and return later will be confronted by a patient, courteous Mulgor (even after a number of years, as a few members of the Company of Crazy Adventurers can attest!). Mulgor also serves as clergy of Tyr in officiating at ceremonies for the paladins and other followers of Tyr in the city, which are held at the Palace for the convenience of Piergeiron. (The clergy at the Halls of Justice has attempted to get Mulgor to abandon his commission with the city and join them, but he has turned them down at every turn for the past four years.) Mulgor lives in apartments in the Palace, one of the few who actually lives there aside from Piergeiron and his daughter.

Aleena Paladinstar

Game Data: LG hf W10; DEX 16, INT 18, WIS 16, CHA 16.

Description: Aleena would be considered one of the most beautiful women in Waterdeep today, were she not so intimidating. Among the attributes she shares with her father Piergeiron are her finely chiseled features, bright, unflinching eyes of olive green, a reclusive, thoughtful nature, and a deeply-ingrained sense of justice and law; she is also as tall as her father, and once disguised herself as him by wearing his full armor. From her mother, Aleena gets her curly auburn locks, her grace and poise, and a penchant for magic.

Notes: Acknowledged as the Open Lord's daughter, Aleena was smothered by her over-protective father and his attempts to ensure her safety. One day, she happened upon one of the secret tunnels linking the Palace of Waterdeep to Blackstaff Tower and she introduced herself to Khelben's lady, Laeral Silverhand; from that point on, she and Laeral became fast friends, and Laeral and Khelben secretly taught Aleena magic (a gift she mastered swiftly). Now an accomplished mage, she is less impetuous than she was in her youth, but still wishes to make more of a difference for Waterdeep by joining Force Grey, a move adamantly forbidden by her father.

Rhazbos Redbridle

Game Data: CG hm F6; STR 16, INT 16.

Description: Rhazbos, a former mercenary and experienced caravan master, is now a stout, jolly man of advancing years, too busy (and fat) to take to the road on adventures any more.

Notes: Rhazbos makes his living breeding and training horses in Waterdeep, and he is a ranking member of the Stablemasters' and Farriers' Guild. He also owns and operates a large and successful stables on Wall Street and Caravan Street in Southern Ward. He was once an adventurer, and he may take up to two weeks (at the most) off at a stretch to tutor fighters if they offer him enough monetary incentive, including meals, and have a place (the courtyard of a private house, for example, or a warehouse) where he can stay.





Savengriff

Game Data: LG hm W19; DEX 16, INT 18, WIS 16.

Description: From looking at Savengriff's plain features and thin body, one would little suspect the amount of power he wields. While not sickly, Savengriff is gaunt and his skin often looks pale against his dark brown hair and beard and hazel eyes.

Notes: The least powerful of the Company of Crazy Adventurers' prominent magic users, Savengriff perished while battling a beholder. Unbeknownst to the Company, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun had recruited Savengriff to be a member of the Harpers, and traced Savengriff's remains by means of a certain amulet Khelben had given the unfortunate mage. Khelben, Mirt, Durnan, Piergeiron, Kitten, and the bard Shalar Simgulphin, as well as several of Khelben's apprentices and colleagues-in-magery, destroyed the beholder and retrieved Savengriff's remains; by the magic of allied clerics, Savengriff was restored to life. He became a loyal apprentice of Khelben—and in time, a loyal agent of the Harpers and a mage of accomplishment, creating the *wand of banishment* (see below), of which he made over a dozen. One he took with him, one he gave to Khelben, and others he gave to High Lady Alustriel of Silvermoon, Lateral Silverhand, and other mages of the North who were Harpers. He is thought to have hidden away at least one wand ere he took to traveling about Waterdeep, the North, and other planes to do the Harpers' business. Upon such mysterious errands, he may be encountered anywhere in, under, or near Waterdeep, at any time. He will be magically prepared for, and expecting, trouble.

Wand of Banishment

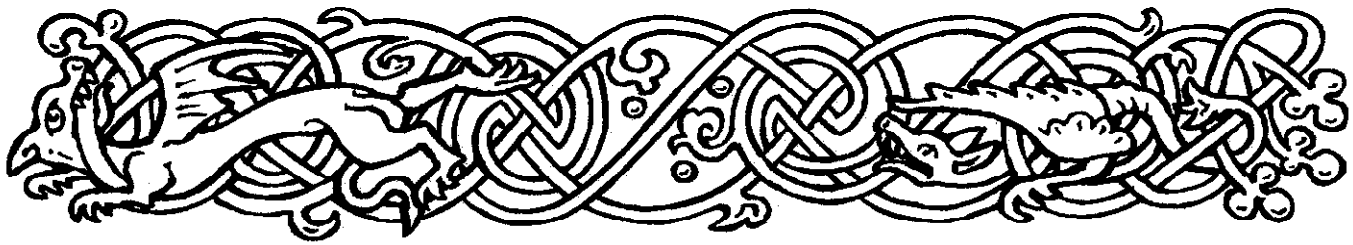
This wand is usable only by magic-users; it cannot be recharged, and each use (effective or not) drains one charge. Upon command, a needle-thin ray of flickering green light shoots from the wand's tip up to 40' distant, striking a single target creature (the target is allowed a save vs. spell at a -1 penalty; a successful save means the ray missed). Creatures struck by the ray are affected as follows:

- A summoned creature (from another plane) is instantly banished back to its own plane; it must save vs. wands at -4 to remain on its current plane. If it does remain, it is held for one round.

- A creature summoned from elsewhere on the Prime Material Plane (by such spells as *monster summoning* or *call woodland beings*) is driven away; it will leave instantly at a normal movement rate, stopping only to defend itself if attacked, and not return.
- A hostile creature of 2+2 Hit Dice or less (including enemy familiars and homonculi) is affected as if by a repulsion spell, for four rounds. The target is allowed a save vs. wands; if successful, the *repulsion* lasts for only two rounds.
- A hostile creature of more than 2+2 Hit Dice must save vs. wands at -4; if successful, it is slowed for 2-5 (at random) rounds (if the save is successful, the target creature is unaffected).
- By draining six charges at once (the power will not work if less than six are left, but any attempt will exhaust the wand anyway), the wielder of the wand may attempt to repel any other wands within 40'. All wands are allowed a save vs. lightning on the Item Saving Throws table in the *DUNGEON MASTER Guide* at a -3 penalty; if successful, they are unaffected. Any affected wands will be instantly, and violently, pushed away from the *wand of banishment* for 100'-600' distance, and held at that distance for 1-4 rounds. Wands carried in the hand or belt will tear free; wands in backpacks and chests will drag the owner or item with them—unless very heavy or bulky, in which case the wand will smash about within the item, perhaps being destroyed. Note that wands in extra-dimensional spaces (such as a bug of holding or that produced by a rope trick spell) are immune from this effect.

Only one creature can be attacked with a *wand of banishment* per round; the ray will only affect one creature at a time, although it may affect any number of wands. Any given creature can be affected by any particular *wand of banishment* only once every 12 hours; a creature cannot be repeatedly attacked, or attacked a second time or with a different function of the wand, if an initial attack fails. Subsequent attempts will merely waste charges; a creature that has saved once against the wand (or endured one successful attack) cannot be affected by the wand again until the dweomer built up around the creature by the wand dissipates (which takes 12 hours).





Tantuss Shieldsun

Game Data: NG hm R9; STR 16, CON 16.

Description: Tall, broad-shouldered, and barrel-chested, Tantuss is an imposing figure in every physical sense, his black hair and bushy beard wildly disheveled by the wind. Despite his obvious size and power, he is very sheepish around the priestesses at the Shrines of Nature, constantly bowing his head in devout prayer (and to prevent any from seeing him blush).

Notes: Tantuss makes a living as an adventurer, guiding caravans (and defending them against evil) in the North, and is a Harper and devout servant of Mielikki; he often carries messages to and from the Lady's Hands at the shrine of Mielikki in Waterdeep (communications with other servants of the Lady of the Forest all across the North). He is widely traveled and will gladly hire himself out as a guide, although he will not enter tombs or private homes in the name of adventure (ruins and the subterranean lairs of evil creatures are another matter). Tantuss will also tutor rangers for small fees, which he will use to live on or improve his equipment; most of his money goes to the Shrines of Nature for their continuance and service to Mielikki. Tantuss has no magical items, and rarely carries more than 20 pieces of gold.

Shyrrhr

Game Data: NG hf F0; DEX 16, CHA 16.

Description: Shyrrhr is tall, elegant, soft-spoken, and kind, with a usually-hidden, light sense of humor. Perceptive beyond her years, Shyrrhr usually knows how to set someone immediately at ease. Impeccably dressed and groomed at all times, her green eyes and long, bronze-hued hair are always complemented by her attire. Shyrrhr is graceful and quiet of movement, and can drink great amounts of wine or spirits without ill effect or intoxication, thanks to many years of Court service.

Notes: Shyrrhr is a courtesan of the Palace, one of the escorts Piergeiron provides for diplomatic guests. She specializes in chaperoning shy or uncertain human or half-elven women, and elves of both sexes. Shyrrhr knows both spoken and written elvish, and is familiar with the customs, culture, courtesies, and religion of the various sorts of elves, even sea elves. She is intelligent, perceptive, and possessed of very good hearing and attention to "body language," and learns far more

from most guests than they realize. Although not a member of any of Waterdeep's noble families (she was born, surprisingly, in Deepingdale far to the east), Shyrrhr is accorded noble status in Waterdeep, has the title "Lady of the Court," and lives in a house on Waterdeep Way (City Map Location C41). (Thieves visiting it will be surprised to discover that she has nice wines, many nice gems, about 20 gp, and little else; Piergeiron provides for her needs out of the Palace purse.) Shyrrhr reports to Piergeiron, in private, all she learns, and the two are good friends, trusting each other absolutely.

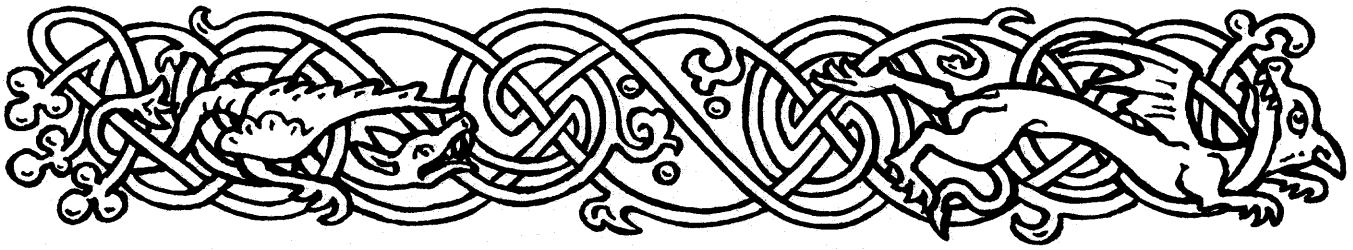
Shalar Singulphin

Game Data: NG hm(f) F9; STR 17, DEX 16, INT 16, CHA 16.

Description: Shalar is a friend of the Lords of Waterdeep, and a Harper. Only a few members of these two groups know that this slim, graceful man with the tenor singing voice and the red beard is actually a woman. Thanks to padding and *hairy* cantrips cast every so often by a kindly Khelben, Shalar's beard is real, and she appears male in build. Shalar has dressed and acted like a man since childhood in order to enlist as a fighting-man and escape a cruel father and a boring existence in a small village in Tethyr. She enjoys the freedom of action that her charade gives her.

Notes: Shalar has a kind heart and a keen sense of humor, but a quick temper. She knows the back alleys and sewers of Waterdeep well, and her contacts count among the most powerful people in the City of Splendors. Shalar goes her own way in Waterdeep and does not keep a high profile, although she earns a regular living entertaining patrons with her songs at The Inn of the Dripping Dagger (City Map Location T3) and many taverns in the City. Shalar will not adventure with PCs, save to go on a rescue mission, at a high price. She will tutor PCs in bardic skills for reasonable fees. She will aid fellow Harpers to the limits of her abilities, and will always aid the injured or penniless with meals, whatever healing she can arrange, and a place to hide or rest. Shalar has a *luck blade +1* and several *potions of extra-healing* with her at almost all times.





Myrmith Splendon

Game Data: LN hm F10; STR 18(06), WIS 16.

Description: Always clad in chain mail with a black tabard, Myrmith's build is light and disarming, but his strength is easily proven in combat. Aside from a ragged scar across his forehead, Myrmith is a handsome, clean-shaven man with light brown, curly hair and light blue eyes. He is always alert and ready for action, even when he seems distracted or totally unprepared. (One story tells of him pinning someone to a wall by their necklace(!) with a thrown dagger, all the while laughing uproariously at a joke.)

Notes: Myrmith is a "captain-at-arms" (a professional tutor of fighters) who will train warriors (and all others) in the use of certain weapons (DM's choice, as long as at least one type of sword, one pole arm, and a dagger are involved). Myrmith does not specialize in any particular weapon, but rather tries to master the greatest variety of weapons possible. Myrmith's fees are steep, but his training is good. His house is on Spindle Street (City Map Location T5), and he is always busy training clients there. A wait of one or two weeks may be necessary for a fighter wishing the intensive training involved, unless that fighter is willing to pay double for Myrmith to risk the displeasure (and possible loss) of another client.

Sumer

Game Data: CE hm P8 of Talos; STR 16, WIS 18, CHA 16.

Description: This tall, slim, dusky-skinned and dark haired man is a rich trader out of Calimshan. He is always clad in purple robes, and wears an excessive amount of silver jewelry. When he smiles to people, "he seems like a shark, and you're prey . . .".

Notes: Sumer appears in Waterdeep with a bodyguard of five men, and his crony, Greeme (CE hm F6), who uses poisoned weapons. Sumer keeps a low profile and does not cause public trouble, but he kills at least one person—for the glory of Talos the Destroyer—on each visit; he favors adventurers as targets, because if they vanish, there is less surprise and outcry, and they often have cash or magical treasure he can use. Sumer will follow PCs anywhere around or under the city, and attack when they are weak or resting. He will flee if his life is threatened, sacrificing his guards to make a safe escape. Sumer has no magical items except an *amulet of proof against detection and location*.

Mhair Szeltune

Game Data: NG hf W18; DEX 17, INT 18, CHA 16.

Description: In her own form, Mhair is a petite, lithe woman with long, glossy black hair and deep, royal blue eyes. She often wanders the city in the illusory guise of an old crone, surreptitiously checking to see what kind of treatment she receives (and often having to teach arrogant adventurers who tease her a lesson or three on how to treat people).

Notes: Lady Master of the Order Mhair Szeltune is the head of the Watchful Order of Magists and Protectors, the mages' guild of Waterdeep. A serene, efficient lady of iron will and persistence, Mhair can be a kind and loyal friend or a harsh, dangerous enemy. Unlike many of the other guild masters in the city, Mhair is an uncanny judge of character and has never assessed anyone wrongly in the politics and power-plays among (and within) the guilds.

Zabbas Thuul

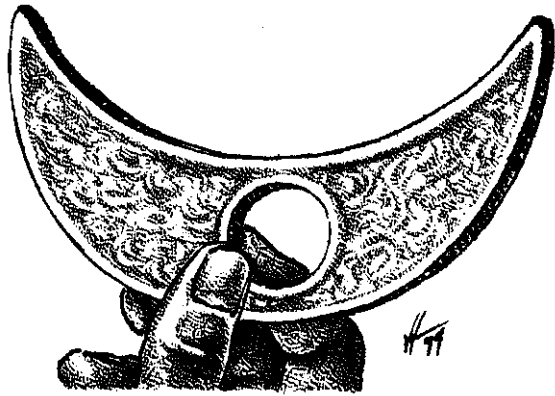
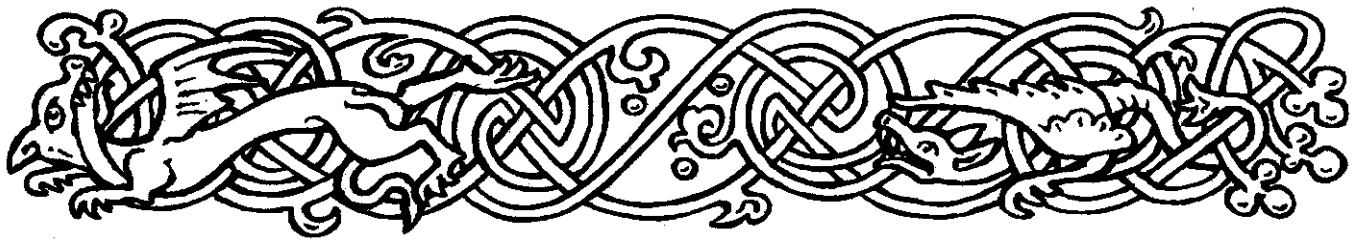
Game Data: NE em W6/T7; DEX 18, INT 17.

Description: Oily is the single word that best describes this little weasel of a man. His black hair pulled back into a ponytail, Zabbas' face always shines with sweat and oil. A fawning deference to clients is punctuated by a nasal voice that is grating to any ear. This is Zabbas' main face in Waterdeep; in Skullport, he is a dapper, whispery man who exudes confidence and danger, and he has a reputation for slow, awful vengeance. His sycophant's disguise merely makes him ignored as a danger by the watch and others.

Notes: This soft-spoken villain keeps a low profile in Waterdeep, where he poses as a minor mage willing to tutor, sell scrolls (1st-level spells only), and adventure with a party, if the price is right. He has other unmentioned careers: One as a thief, and another as a messenger and slaveship booking agent operating between Skullport and Waterdeep. Zabbas works best from behind the scenes, as a constant source of thefts, brawls, and shady adventures.

Zabbas is very good at arranging alibis. One of his best is being jailed by the watch for apparently drunken carousing, and using his skills to slip out of the cell. Leaving his gear behind with a snoring *audible glamer*, he makes a theft, hiding the loot before slipping back into jail. He "can't be the thief who stole that noblewoman's jewels" since he was "in a cell all the time!"





Yuldar

Game Data: N hm P(Sp—Druid)5 of Silvanus; DEX 16, WIS 16, CHA 17.

Description: Quite the contrast to the frightened, bewildered young man who fled north ten years ago to escape death at the hands of Tethyrian mobs, Yuldar is now a quietly poised holy man of Silvanus with his plain, brown robes and deep mahogany-hued beard and long hair. His deep, bass voice booms and drowns out all but the loudest sounds.

Notes: Yuldar was a cousin of Lord Llistiin of Tethyr, who was killed by a rival, who in turn took the lordship and then started slaying all relatives of the former lord (to prevent anyone from raising armies to dispute his rule). Yuldar fled to the Savage Frontier to hide from this vengeful lord, and pretended to be an adventurer arriving in Waterdeep. Surprisingly, his disguise as a druid actually proved to be his life's calling, and he discovered that a childhood love of the local woods became a strong loyalty to Silvanus. After nine years in the wilderness with a band of adventurers (for his own safety), Yuldar has returned to Waterdeep for an extended visit at the shrine of Silvanus; Yuldar seeks a sign from Silvanus about his latest tasks, no longer doubting his place here in the North, nor even wishing (as he once did) to return to Tethyr. If agents of Tethyr somehow get close to tracking him down, Yuldar will be eager to join any band of adventurers leaving the city, on any terms.

Varbrace Zaalen

Game Data: LN hm F10; STR 16, DEX 16.

Description: Varbrace is a short, feisty, muscular man (5' 5"), but any who doubt his fighting skill are soon laid out flat on the ground, facing the point of his sword! Slightly unkempt but very amiable, Varbrace is proud of the tattoo of Tempus's symbol on his left arm, and shows it (and his muscular physique) off every chance he gets. (The barmaids at the Dripping Dagger place bets on how soon Varbrace will challenge someone to an arm-wrestle after he enters).

Notes: This fighter makes his living as a professional tutor of fighters, or "captain-at-arms," and is quite willing to do this (upon payment of the proper fees) for player characters. (DMs should determine the weapons Varbrace has mastered, for minimal overlap with those that his competitor Myrmith Splendon employs.) He teaches his students to use any of their special traits to their best advantage (his shortness and agility allow him to more easily dodge blows than large, burly fighters). Varbrace does not deal again with those who try to trick or cheat him. He rooms at the Inn of the Dripping Dagger (City Map Location T3), and trains people in the City of the Dead (or, if the watch objects, outside the walls near River Gate). Varbrace will not go on adventures—he considers the risks too high for the potential profits.

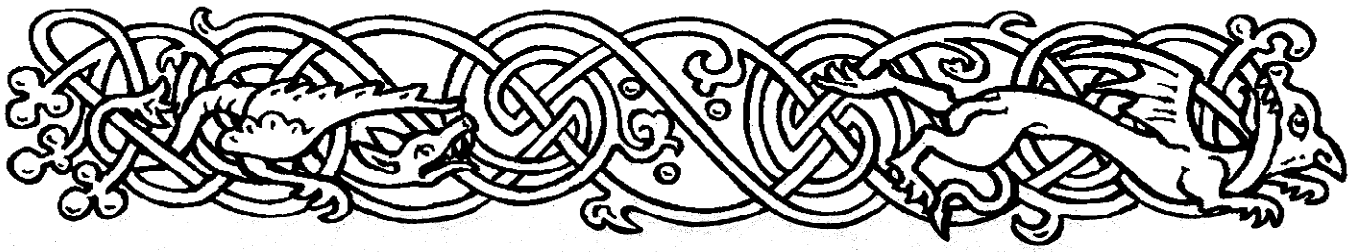
Aluar Zendos

Game Data: CG hm R6; STR 17, CON 17.

Description: Aluar is a quiet man with a muscular build, an aquiline, hawklike face, and a severe hatred for evil creatures, especially drow. He wears his long gray hair in a ponytail, and he sports a neatly-trimmed moustache. He can often be found sitting alone, polishing his sword (a *sword of dancing* given to him by a grateful noble whose life he saved).

Notes: Aluar can be encountered often in the inns and taverns of Waterdeep, where he offers himself as a guide or caravan guard (fee: 1 sp/day plus food) for any traveling in the North. Aluar will go as far east as Westgate, as far north as the mountains allow, and as far south as Amn. He enjoys a good fight, but he will not stay with adventurers who wantonly slay wildlife that does not menace them or that they do not intend to eat, or those who fell trees or burn brush without reason. He will readily tutor other rangers and other parties interested in woodcraft.





Chapter Six: Enemies of The City

Who are the enemies of the City of Splendors, my good Khelben? On any given day, I could choose from a number of guild musters, foreign powers, semiorganized thieves, random monsters, and many others, for they are all out to undermine the Lords Rule and establish their own. On certain days, I daresay I might even consider you an enemy to our fair city, with your spiderlike webs of intrigue. And this all but ignores the veritable powder keg of danger beneath our feet in Halaster's Halls! My fellow Lords, the definition of what constitutes an enemy to Waterdeep changes more often than fair Larissa changes her shift! The problem remains – what are we to do of it?"

—Sammereza Sulphontis, in a meeting of the Lords, circa 1359

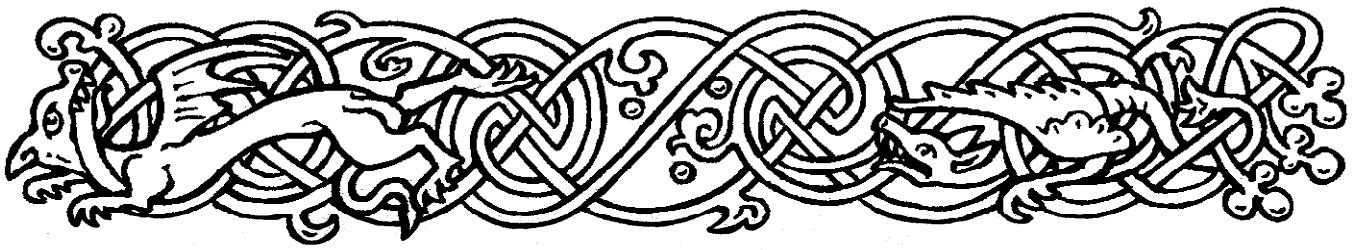
Over the years, since Waterdeep's founding, many have tried to usurp the Lords of Waterdeep and their lawful, just rule. Many failed, and those few who succeeded brought their own ruin down upon themselves. Waterdeep has survived plagues, sieges, wars, and even the visitations of three gods! Much of the city's stability and survival stems from its secret Lords and their hidden methods to undermine the efforts of those who would ruin Waterdeep for their own selfish ends. This chapter delineates the major evil power groups organized against the Lords' Rule; not all are known of, but all incur strife in the shadows.

The Knights of The Shield

This group of merchants, nobles, and other hidden individuals located in Amn, Tethyr, and Baldur's Gate (as well as a few secret enclaves in Waterdeep itself) seeks to manipulate the politics and money of the Sword Coast to its advantage. A secondary goal (but one important to a number of Knights) is the infiltration of one of the members into the Lords of Waterdeep.

The Lords of Waterdeep have foiled the plans of this group on several occasions in the past, their most recent clash occurring in the Year of the Wave (1364 DR, 332 NR). Over several months, Lady Lucia Thione claimed to be a Lord of Waterdeep to her allies, and she and Lord Hhune of Tethyr were responsible for savage attacks on both Larissa Neathal and Khelben Arunsun; they also planned the death of Caladorn, but their plans—along with those of their ally, an ancient, vengeful bard named Garnet—were disrupted through the actions of Danilo Thann and his partners (including, oddly enough, Elaith Craulnobur). While this exercise was a failure and resulted in their agent's exile from Waterdeep, Lord Hhune and Lady Thione have confirmed the identities of at least three of the secret Lords: Caladorn, Khelben, and Larissa. This information is privy only to them, and may not be common knowledge among the





group. Lady Thione's future is unknown; at last sighting, she was a prisoner of Lord Hhune, who planned to take her to Tethyr as one of the old noble lineage—and Tethyrians kill anyone with ties to the former royal families.

The aims, real power, and precise activities of this group are largely unknown, though their guises as merchants and nobles serve them well to infiltrate places and perform quick attacks and assassinations (as the members are rarely seen without a contingent of bodyguards (F2)). It is unknown where this group came into being, who heads it, or what holds it together; investigations into such matters are, of course, fraught with peril.

As with many other secret societies throughout the Realms, there are more rumors than facts about the Knights of the Shield. Among the elves, from whom this rumor spread to various Sword Coast sages and adventurers, rumors place a disguised evil being from the lower planes at the head of this group; names and the exact type of being change with each telling (the most common stories mention a leader known as Charsultketh, a marilith *tanar'ri*). Other rumors tie them farther south, hinting at connections with Calimshan (or even further south to Zakhara) and a powerful cadre of genies ruling the Knights through human agents.

Among the few facts known about this group are a limited number of members. While some may be dead (due to the botched activities in Waterdeep three years past), the last confirmed members of the Knights included:

- Lord Bormul of Amn (LE hm F0);
- Lord Hhune of Tethyr (NE hm F8);
- Kestor, a merchant of Baldur's Gate (CE hem F0);
- Morntel of Amn, merchant and son of a previously slain member (CE hm F0);
- Piyrahur, a caravan-master of Iriaebor (CN hm T3);
- Lady Thione of Waterdeep, exiled and presumed slain (CE hf F0); and
- Tuth of Baldur's Gate (CE hm Dual–T3/F7).

The Shadow Thieves

Once the thieves' guild of Waterdeep long years ago, the Shadow Thieves are now a wide-ranging guild of spies, thieves, and assassins involved in any number of evil-aligned, prosperous ventures. Unlike most thieves' guilds, the Shadow Thieves are no longer limited to one city, and their operations span the entire length of the Sword Coast (with some rare inland venues in Mirabar and Triboar).

The Shadow Thieves maintain a primary base in

Atklatla, in Amn, where they have an impressive training complex for the guild-sponsored assassins. Secondary bases have recently cropped up in Baldur's Gate and Ruathym, though these are secretive ventures disguised as warehouses and properties of member merchants.

Though the act happened over 60 winters ago, the Shadow Thieves' eradication and expulsion from Waterdeep by its Lords still gives the group its primary motivation: Kill the Lords of Waterdeep. The Shadow Thieves' assassins are trained with the eventual aim of slaying the Lords of Waterdeep, and are experts at finding ways to neutralize wizards. Lhestyn Arunsun, the Masked Lady and later the third Open Lord of Waterdeep, was the primary agent of the thieves' guild's downfall; as a result, special attention is granted to the Arunsun family and any of their relations (regardless of their ties to the Lords), and the Shadow Thieves will pay handsomely for their deaths. It is for this very reason that Lady Cassandra Thann, Zelphar Arunsun's daughter, has not left Waterdeep in over 40 years.

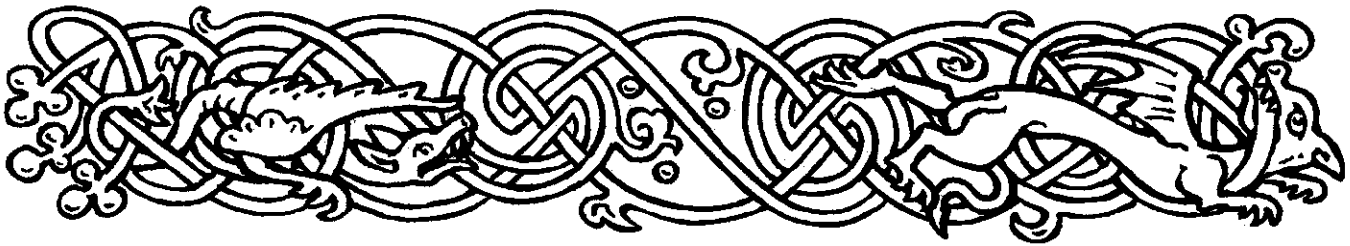
Of late, the Shadow Thieves seem to be allied with the merchant-kings of Amn in a joint effort to disrupt Waterdeep, Amn's primary trade rival. Under the terms of their alliance, each group in turn leaves the other to its own business, undisturbed (much to the relief of the ever-paranoid merchant-kings, who previously worried about the Shadow Thieves' hidden agendas and assassinations).

The mark of the Shadow Thieves has not altered in over a century, since their creation in Waterdeep during the Year of the Raging Flame (1255 DR, 223 NR); it is a black silk mask impaled upon a stiletto blade (usually used in assassinations, or left behind at the scene if a garrote or poison is employed instead). One other mark that many Waterdhavians remember from years past was the grisly leaving of a single, severed human foot (signifying a failed assassination attempt and usually the death of that assassin, whose foot is left at the scene).

Over the years, any members of the Shadow Thieves that became known to the Lords of Waterdeep or their agents swiftly joined the ranks of the deceased. However, recent developments have given the Shadow Thieves chances to place some agents back into the city. Members, none confirmed but all suspected, include:

- "Black Viper" (CE hf T13);
- Androm Kherr, a seacaptain of Ruathym (NE hm F4);
- Alek Lenter (NE hm T3), see *Adventurer's Guide* and *Secrets of the City* for more;
- Maknis, a shipping agent of Waterdeep (LE hm F0);
- Marune (CE hm W17+?);





- Rassic Ophal, a spice merchant of Amn and alleged guild master (LE hm T17);
- Reoke Segymn, merchant of Waterdeep (CN(E) hm F0); and
- Yladhra the Grim of Myratma (CE hef W(D)12).

The Unseen

Very little is known of this group or its motives by the Lords and various power players of Waterdeep. The majority of the city's natives are blissfully unaware that this group exists at all, but its actions are starting to be felt, slowly but surely.

The Unseen is a consortium of shapechangers, thieves, illusionists, and assassins that is attempting to quietly supplant various powerful people within Waterdeep (by replacing them with doppelgangers and other shapechangers) and use their positions and influence to help themselves to the power, money, and prestige. After gaining a strong foothold in Waterdeep, Hlaavin plans on expanding the Unseen's power base slowly until they control key powers in Mirabar, Luskan, and Silverymoon.

The infiltration of Waterdeep began over 20 years ago, and has slowly progressed to this day. Hlaavin was the first doppelganger to gain his great size and power (through unknown means, though Pharem believes it has something to do with either the Rat Hills or Skullport, two of Hlaavin's original haunts), and he soon began leading the doppelgangers who lived in the Rat Hills. With his enhanced intelligence and increased disguise abilities, Hlaavin and his doppelgangers ambushed a small party of travelers heading toward the city. Using their gold and their identities, they purchased what would become the Hanging Lantern festhall (City Map Location D22) and have since been partially operating in the city since then.

Habitual customers from the Watchful Order soon deduced what the escorts were at this festhall, and Hlaavin worked out arrangements with the guild to protect his secrets. Hlaavin planned on quietly eliminating those who knew of the festhall's nature, but a wizard with a loud mouth named Volo revealed the secret to all who could read in his *Guide to Waterdeep*; Volo is still a primary target of the Unseen, should he ever set foot in the City of Splendors again. Since Volo's Guide exposed the Hanging Lantern, however, the crowds have only increased due to curiosity (and need of a quiet place to dispose of rivals).

One of Hlaavin's first attempts at infiltrating the upper echelons of power in Waterdeep was a failure, resulting in

the death of Flaern Cragmere, heir to the Cragmere noble family (for more information, see the "Adventure Hooks" section of the *Undermountain Adventures* book in the *Ruins of Undermountain* set). After that near-ruin, Hlaavin and his lieutenants tried to steer far away from any potential interference by adventurers. The Unseen soon abandoned the practice of imitating direct agents involved in kidnapping, but this incident led them to their operating procedures that stand to this day: Use unknowing human pawns to bring your prey to ground and do the work whenever possible, thus avoiding any foul play being traced to your identity, and never imitate someone whose presence cannot be explained or corroborated elsewhere.

Hlaavin and his doppelgangers operated out of the Rat Hills and the sewers of Waterdeep for over a decade. By habitually allowing himself to be seen prowling about the Rat Hills over the years, the guard and the Lords thought the doppelgangers were carefully contained outside the city, instead of being in their midst. With the Rat Hills Conflagration, the Unseen were fully driven into the city, and their main meetings now take place in highly secret rooms within the sewers. (Hlaavin himself keeps multiple safehouses in the sewers, the city, and in the Dungeon of the Crypt under the City of the Dead.)

The various shapechangers have infiltrated a number of other power groups in Waterdeep, from the guilds to the other illicit groups like the Xanathar Thieves' Guild, all without detection and suspicion. None of the Unseen agents stay in one particular identity for much longer than a tenday; if folk are not readily available, they are less likely to be missed when the Unseen are elsewhere. Over the past year since the inferno at the Rat Hills drove them into the city, the Unseen's agents have killed and replaced 37 people of varying degrees of influence. The massacre of the Phaulkon caravan was created by a doppelganger who, disguised as a gnoll, incited the Hoar Fang pack to attack the caravan; after the attack, the doppelganger removed the heads of the fallen dead in order to absorb some knowledge of the Phaulkon nobles and other various information. Hlaavin slew the bungler for operating so openly and brazenly (but not until he had gleaned all the information from him).

The Unseen are, in fact, a collection of lesser and greater doppelgangers (each with various identities that are now theirs alone), greater leucrotta (see MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM pages), and human agents. Listed below are some of the shapechanging members (with some identities and powers) and a few other Unseen agents:

Hlaavin (NE greater doppelganger);





- “The Black Admiral” (LE hm T9), the mysterious leader of a rogue pirate fleet (see *Campaign Guide to the City*, Chapter Two);
- Chievel (LN hm F0), the major-domo of the Kothont villa and right-hand-man of Lord Kothont (Hlaavin’s current identity of choice);
- Lady Cyrtue (CE hf F0), owner of the Hanging Lantern festhall (D22);
- Gaundos (CN hm W(I)8), a paranoid illusionist with a penchant for changing faces (for more information, see Chapter Five); and
- Vahje (NE hm W16), a former member of the Watchful Order, now hunted in Waterdeep due to the events at Trolltide (see Chapter Six of the *Adventurer’s Guide to the City*).

Khnarek (NE greater doppelganger);

- Terl Fadesmar (LN hf W6), watch-wizard in Dock Ward;
- Ulik Frescem (LG hm F3), guard member (primary post: City of the Dead);
- Captain Kullerras (CN hm F6), one of the captains under the Black Admiral; and
- Acolyte Respen (NG hm P2 of Selune), minor priest in the House of the Moon.

Ptola (NE greater doppelganger);

- Kamlann (N hm F0), a member of the Dungsweepers’ Guild; and
- Murklar (LG hm F0), penitent hunchback and janitor of the Wyvern’s Rest inn (\$2 on the City Maps).

Gonehl (CE doppelganger);

Fhang (CE doppelganger);

Uhkra (NE greater leucrotta);

Kkruq (NE greater leucrotta);

Pharem Ellstric (CE hm W(I)9): Gaundos’ former ally who betrayed and killed him to serve Hlaavin, Pharem is the only human who knows Hlaavin’s (and his henchmen’s) true nature, and acts as the “head of the operation” (as far as any human agents know, but is really just a go-between for Hlaavin);

Kerrigan Ellstric (NE hm T11): the chief assassin of the Unseen, Kerrigan is also Pharem’s younger brother;

Necrom Regescar (LE halfm T8);

Tomas Siohcen (NE hm P3 of Cyric); and

Lasster Vhenlok (CE hm F5).

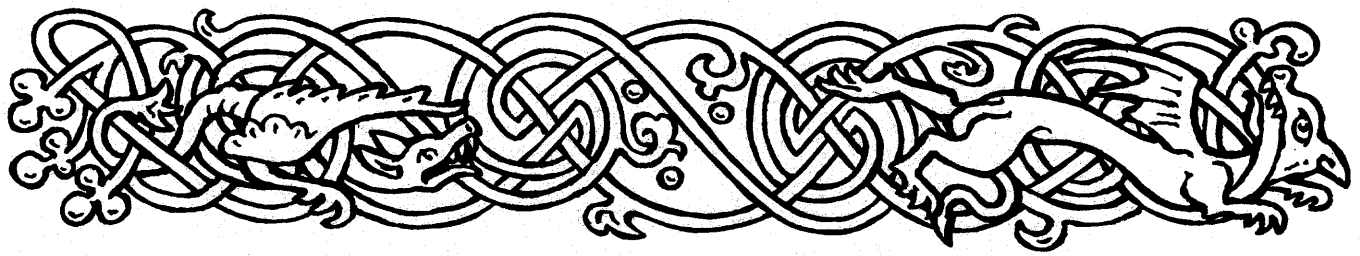
The Xanathar Thieves’ Guild

Primarily due to the efforts of Lhestyn, the “Masked Lady,” and the guild’s own arrogance and open operations, Waterdeep’s “official” thieves’ guild (the Shadow Thieves) was crushed by the Lords and driven from the city years ago. This did not end thievery and crime in the city, but simply drove it further into the shadows, splintering it into hundreds of small independent operations. Decades after the fall of the Shadow Thieves, the major advocate and support of these operations is the Xanathar, a name whispered by few but truly understood by only a handful of people up and down the Sword Coast.

Xanathar is a collector of information from the Realms above and below, again through trusted third parties, by which it makes its plans. As it always has in the past, the Xanathar remains cloaked in secrecy, hidden behind a multitude of aliases and powerful magical defenses. Rather than operating a strict Thieves’ Guild, Xanathar works everything with freelance thieves and mercenaries, operating through third and fourth parties in order prevent the agents from revealing its whereabouts, if caught. In fact, only its eight lieutenants know that the Xanathar is, in fact, an elder orb beholder once known as the Eye; many of its operatives within Waterdeep and Skullport do not even realize that the Xanathar is a beholder.

Xanathar makes his home in a opulent chamber that is 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 its very existence in the city, including the Lords. In addition, new chambers and access points continue to be added to the sewers stronghold where it lives, allowing the Xanathar to reach its other holdings in Skullport, Undermountain, and other places. Xanathar’s abode can be reached through a number of trapped passages, which only its seven lieutenants know the correct passage. (Of the eight, Randulaith, Avaereene, and Ahmaergo know of two different teleport *gates* that can take them directly to the Xanathar’s lair.) Other interlopers are kept as pets briefly, wrung dry for information, then dispatched (for Xanathar’s appetite is enormous). The series of chambers in Xanathar’s lair contains a number of treasure vaults and libraries (with information by Slink written in a code). Xanathar itself reclines in a clear glass tank of scented water when not planning criminal activities. It is said that Xanathar has the best knowledge of the sewers





and their entrance both into the major citadels and into Undermountain as well.

It is confident of both its power and its secrecy from the Lords, and is willing to go to great lengths to maintain that secrecy. Operatives who begin to wonder who is giving the final orders get a midnight visit from an enforcement gang. (Slan and his men only break limbs, if the operative is still useful; Colstan is sent with his ritual slayers if the nosy operative is no longer needed. . . .) Xanathar is sure that the Lords would destroy the cellars stone by stone to find out where its lair is, if they knew where it existed. Xanathar's libraries keep extensive track of the abilities and weaknesses of the mages of Waterdeep.

Xanathar's greatest defense is its secrecy. "If they do not ask the right questions, they do not get the right answers" is its comment on spellcasters seeking evil in the city. In addition to nondetection defenses in lair, Xanathar makes sure that its operation cannot be considered a true "Thieves' Guild," so it may chuckle over the Lords, secure in their knowledge that no such organization exists, while Xanathar grows rich on their lack of knowledge.

Xanathar and his Lieutenants

The Xanathar Thieves' Guild, since it absorbed the Eye's slave trade in and around Skullport, is now larger and more powerful than ever. Xanathar maintains lieutenants from the Hand as well as the original Xanathar's underlings; currently, these eight persons know their master's true identity and form, but they appear as the powers behind their various operations (diverting attention from the mastermind). The lieutenants of the Xanathar Thieves' Guild are the following characters.

Ahmaergo (LE dm F9; STR 18(10), CON 19, WIS 16): *Responsibilities* – *Slavery, Third of the Hand*. Ahmaergo poses as the controller of the Eye's former holdings on Undermountain's Level Three, north of Skullport. Given freedom to control his aspects of the Xanathar's holdings, Ahmaergo has gotten a bit arrogant in Skullport, but frequent visits from Avaereene (with reminders of his place in the operation) keep him in line. For more information on Ahmaergo, see Appendix Two of the *Campaign Guide*.

Avaereene (LE hf W11; DEX 18, INT 17): *Responsibilities* – *Slavery, Command of the Hand*. This beautiful, cruel woman is a skilled mage and slaver who picks up potential slaves in the seamier wards of the city at night. She is the Xanathar's voice to his snatch-and-grab kidnaping agents, known as the Hand; the Hand is based in the slavery compound north of Skullport on Undermountain's Level Three

and consists of fighters of 2nd through 4th level. Avaereene commands great loyalty from her forces, and they will do anything to prevent her harm or capture. Avaereene lives in rooms in North Ward, and she has an impressive cache of magical items and spellbooks (including the *death field* spell, the reverse of the *life field* spell created by Stavros of the Skulls—see Chapter Seven in the *Campaign Guide*).

Shindia Darkeyes (CE he (drow)f T9): *Responsibilities* – *Blackmail, Extortion, Information Gathering*. The personal favorite of the former Xanathar, Shindia is a conniving, opportunistic half-drow woman. While she helped Xanathar kill the invading beholder Utth, she was powerless to save her master from the Eye's powerful counterattack. Shindia now grudgingly works with the Eye, the new Xanathar, at her former tasks of blackmail and extortion; her information is funneled through the darker festhalls of Waterdeep and its more stylish parties. She bides her time, collecting information, all the while planning to have a hand in the Xanathar's downfall.

Slink Monteskor (CE hm F0; CON 17, INT 18): *Responsibilities* – *Bookkeeping, Information Gathering*. Slink Monteskor is Xanathar's bookkeeper and main storehouse of information. (Slink's eidetic memory allows him to





remember everything he reads, including all the accounts and dealings of both Xanathars, and the goings-on within the city.) He has a network of thieves and snitches scattered throughout Dock and South Wards, who send him reports through a secondary network of contacts (none of whom are aware they work for the Xanathar).

Randulaith (NE hm W9; DEX 18, INT 18): *Responsibilities – Magical Defenses, Information Gathering*. Formerly of Mirabar, Randulaith is a quiet, elegant man with a taste for good wine, clever jokes, and mermaids. (He uses *potions of waterbreathing* to regularly visit Waterdeep’s harbors to visit with his “ladies of the deep.”) He likes to make friends among beings of all races and alignments. Xanathar, knowing his value as a handsome, smooth-tongued negotiator and spy, encourages him in this. Randulaith has a secret dream: He wants to become a Lord of Waterdeep—an influential, behind-the-scenes Lord who wields real power. Due to *ESP* and various scrying spells, Xanathar knows and encourages this dream secretly. It sees this as a great advantage to trade and its power, and wants Randulaith to succeed. This quiet, dapper wizard just might have the intelligence, perception, and wariness necessary to pull it off. Xanathar can hardly wait for its puppet to begin pulling strings of its own.

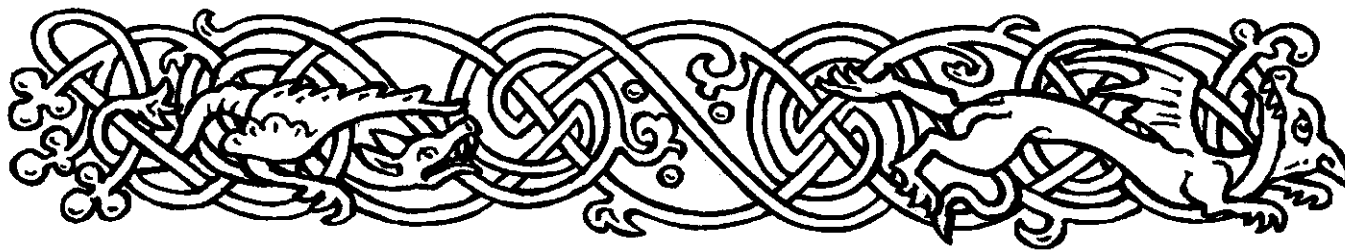
Colstan Rhuul (LE hm P10 of Cyric; DEX 18, INT 17): *Responsibilities – Assassinations, Second of the Hand*. Colstan is a patient, calculating schemer, who avoids personal danger whenever he can, preferring to work at a distance through hired knives and behind-the-scenes manipulation. His favorite tactic is to send hireswords to start a brawl or similar incident with adventurers newly arrived in Waterdeep, while he waits in the wings to steal unguarded belongings in their rooms or attack an isolated spellcaster. Colstan takes what magic he can, and then calls in the Hand to capture the adventurers. Colstan also specializes in assassinations, often killing lone adventurers and dedicating the kills to Cyric. Colstan prides himself on knowing the faces of all important (not always prominent) Waterdhavians, and has made a hobby of uncovering the identities of all of the Lords. He once knew the names of all but four of the Lords of Waterdeep; in the ten-year interim, maneuvers by Mirt, Durnan, and Kitten (and the secret expansion in the Lords’ ranks) made him doubt if he truly knew any of the Lords at all. . . .

Ott Steeltoes (NE dm F7/T8): *Responsibilities – Smuggling, Thieving*. Ott Steeltoes is a renegade of Ironmaster, a one-eyed dwarven pirate who has worked for both Xanathars, preferring the good pay and relative power of his position over a life of piracy. Ott now coordinates the Xanathar’s smuggling operations through Skullport, and has become good friends with Ahmaergo (the Xanathar’s secret slaving partner in Skullport). Unlike his work with the previous Xanathar, he now uses a talent for planning and strategy to arrange some of the more daring thefts for the guild, taking care there are enough agents in between to take the fall before any activities can be traced to him or Xanathar.

Slan Thurbel (CE hm F8; STR 18(63), CON 17): *Responsibilities – Enforcement, Mercenaries*. Slan Thurbel is the Xanathar’s mercenary leader, who arranges crimes of violence and “examples” to be set for any who dare betray the Xanathar or any of his agents. Slan enjoys working for the current Xanathar, since its predecessor only insulted him and did not “respect his talents”—the current Xanathar feeds him false praise to keep his loyalty. Of all the lieutenants, Slan believes he controls the most power, as he has command (through contacts) of nearly 100 men (including a few servants of noble houses); little does he realize that he is constantly watched by Avaereene, who is under orders to kill him if he moves against them.

Xanathar (a.k.a. The Eye) (LE beholder (elder orb); INT 21): The Xanathar is an elder orb, an ancient beholder that no longer has its *disintegrate* and *flesh to stone* eye powers, but has full elder orb powers and can cast one spell each from levels 1-8 (see the beholder-kin entry in the *Monstrous Manual*). The Xanathar was formerly a devious beholder who controlled much of Waterdeep’s illegal activities. Through the plots of an ancient beholder called the Eye (a slavelord in Undermountain), Xanathar was killed and the Eye took over its operations. Now calling itself the Xanathar (using it as its title), the elder orb consolidated its own operations with its predecessor’s. It once viewed all humans and humanoids as slaves for the taking; after years of repeated incursions by adventurers into its caverns, it now has a grudging respect for them. It now uses many of them as agents (via its *charm person* ability); if facing a hostile character, it always questions or deals with such a being, learning all it can that might be turned to its advantage and slaying only if it must.





Appendix One: Life in Waterdeep, or “Adventure is Where You Find It”

It’s been said that a city is its people, more than buildings or a proud history—and this tome is filled with folk of Waterdeep. What’s it like, though, to *live* in Waterdeep?

A “normal” life, that is—not the endless parties and intrigue of a proud, strutting noble, or the pulses-pounding-in-the-shadows exploits of an adventurer running down back alleys a few panting steps ahead of the Watch . . . but the daily deeds of a balding, affable, rather fat man who sells stout rope and “true-forged” spikes to adventurers for a few silver pieces.

This look at “normal” life focuses on a Waterdhavian merchant . . . a shopkeeper, one of thousands in the city. As a Waterdhavian would say, “What the flaming sword has that to do with me?” Well, a look at one merchant’s daily doings should touch on many ways of building life and color into Waterdeep in a campaign, so let’s look at that fat man. Most AD&D® game players and Dungeon Masters are familiar with the doings of lords and princes—and the skulkings and desperate sword-swinging of adventurers . . . but those extremes are only the icing on a huge cake made up of Waterdhavians who are neither high nor low, but—well, in the middle.

What does it mean to be an average Waterdhavian? The City of Splendors is perhaps the greatest trading city in Faerun, so making money is the pursuit of just about every one (even those who pretend to be above such things employ investors to ensure they can continue to lazily pretend to be above money-grubbing for years to come). With this commerce comes visitors from far across the Realms (and beyond), and folk would rather turn a coin than draw a blade every few breaths, so tolerance of differences is essential in Waterdeep. So our fat man is apt to be more tolerant than most folk in the Realms—and to have seen and heard of a wider variety of folk, lifestyles, and goods. He’s also likely to be driven by a tireless desire to make money that might be viewed elsewhere as greed, but is seen in his home city as just the way of things.

So who is this tolerant money-grubber, anyway? Well, he’s Fylgard “the Fat” Onister of South Ward, a dealer in ropes and quality fastenings, harness and trail-leathers, spikes, fastenings, and light tools. He lives above his shop on the west side of Buckle Street (half a block south of Sahtyra’s Lane), worships Lathander and Tymora when he

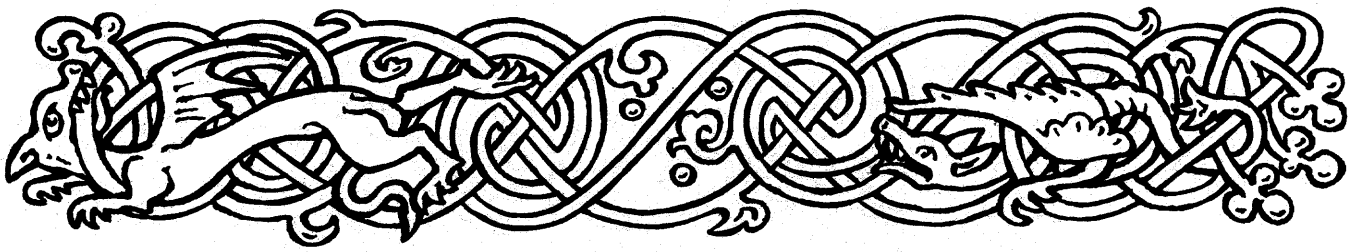
remembers to, and is a widower with three young sons who help him in the shop.

Fylgard’s Fine Ropes & Fastenings is open from sunrise to sunset from thaw to hardfreeze (and upon bellring in the winter). Fylgard usually sends his sons out to get “highsunbite” (the mid-day meal, eaten in shifts in the back room of the shop) at Alamuth’s Best Provender.

Alamuth’s is the first building north of Saddlers’ & Harness-Makers’ Hall (on the east side of the Rising Ride). It is one of many small shops in Waterdeep known as “hot counters,” because they serve hot food as well as premade wares, but provide no place to sit and eat, and no service or condiments—instead simply passing the goods across a counter (or in many cases, out through an opened window, right onto the street). Alamuth’s is known locally as “the Rat Cleaver” because of the persistent rumor that rattleflesh somehow finds its way into the meat dishes. A Rat Cleaver highsunbite is a stoppered clay jug of “longwater wine” (a watered-down blend of poor wines, concocted by warehousemen in Dock Ward who find soured wine on their hands), accompanied by a handwheel of strong cheese (usually the sharp, many-holed “Waterdhavian” cheese—available wherever Aurora has one of her shops—though it’s never known by that name in southern Waterdeep; Fylgard calls it “bowshot cheese”), and chicken-and-onion “handpies.” If business has been good, he treats his sons to Alamuth’s specialty: spiced serpent rolls, which cost a silver piece each. They love the taste of them and their unavoidable mess: A serpent roll has a hard-glazed egg-pastry shell that crumbles into powder as one bites into the succulent interior.

Many of the other merchants on Buckle Street work alone—either they have no family, or their families are off working elsewhere much of each day—and so they eat in their shops, and roving food-sellers come to them. Most of these sellers walk the streets with a single belly-tray depending from a neck-harness, and specialize in one or two items: Bread rolls and hand-sized cheeses; pickles and sausages; handpies and sprouts; nuts and sliced meats, and so on. These sellers bring the news and rumors of the city with them, every day, and so news can leap from one end of Waterdeep to the other in half a morning or less. The sellers know that Fylgard sends out his sons, so they don’t





come in unless he hails them; they cry their wares as they walk, so every shopkeeper on the street knows they're passing without watching at windows. Fylgard often chats with one man, Rulstin, who sells eels. His sons hate eels, and he's not overly fond of them himself, but he likes to talk with Rulstin, who seems to have a better nose than most for what's true and what's embellishment in the news. Rulstin told Fylgard that folk who don't like "limp, wet" cooked eels sometimes like them when they've been fried crispy on a spit . . . and he was right. On some evenings, Fylgard crunches on eels thoughtfully as he plaits ropes until his eyes fail him, and it's time for bed.

When sunset comes and the shop closes, Fylgard takes his sons out for a meal—usually at Zestra's Hot Soups (down on Carters' Way) for salted sprouts, soup, and hot sliced sausage in gravy. Then they go off to play with their friends, and Fylgard heads home again to braid rope—or, if he's restless, up to the House of Good Spirits for a little zzar, or to Undiber's (a private upstairs club on Sorn Street) to play silver sails. "Sails" is a cargo-trading game played down a long, narrow board (usually to the accompaniment of salted nuts and much ale), in which participants move little wooden ships up and down a representation of the Sword Coast, pretending to be merchant sea captains—and vying to amass the most gold by bringing in cargo.

Fylgard is a member of the Most Diligent League of Sail-makers and Cordwainers, of course, and quite skilled in the making of smaller ropes—those that don't require the pulling strength of more than one man, or much space, or exotic oils for the twisting. When he grows lonely, Fylgard sets out on a purposeful walk (as if he's out on business) up through North Ward and back down through Sea Ward, to look at finely-dressed noblewomen and their lady servants. He likes to hear minstrels and storytellers when they come to the taverns—and takes his sons to hear the funny ones. Sometimes, when trade is slow, Fylgard buys fresh provender from the shops fronting Caravan Court or Fishgut Court, and bakes carrot, onion, and spiced mutton flatcakes.

Fylgard puts a little money aside every winter (coins and trade bars hidden in a pot submerged in wastewater, under a loose stone behind the cellar stairs), and invests the rest of his profits impulsively, rather than through a guild plan or to the same concern each time. He dreams of retiring to a manor in a village somewhere warm someday—maybe in Tethyr, if things ever settle down there.

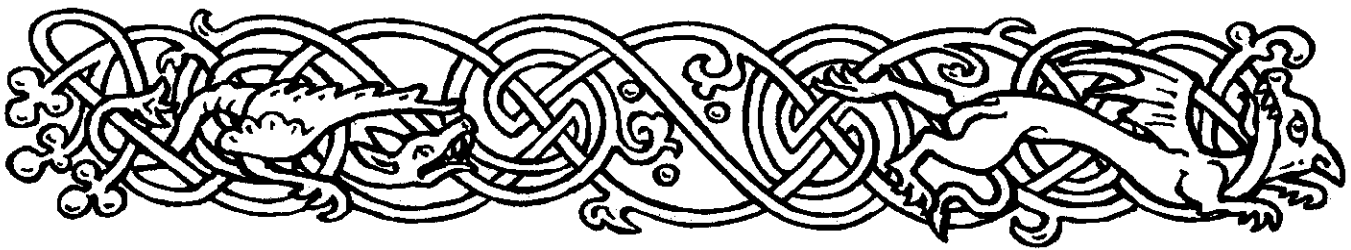
Fylgard has acquired some rivals in his guild—all ropemakers, because he's never touched canvas or stitched sail

in his life—notably Baershin Talnu of Talnu's Ropeworks on Adder Lane, Ornlir Lalthlussz of the Old Knot Shop on the Street of Bells, and Glaerth Homblestau of Merlook Nets & Knotware on Net Street. Aside from these competitors, Fylgard has almost no enemies he knows of—he's the sort of man who's liked by all, but has few close friends.

One friend is the candlemaker Jastra Blynthard, of Jastra's Flame of Hope shop on Tulmaster's Street; both now single, they often meet to chat and drink, but are not romantically inclined towards each other. Recently, Jastra has hinted she's in some sort of trouble—but she doesn't invite prying, and hasn't volunteered any clear information. She's also growing restless of the grubbing after coins that is life for most in South Ward, and has begun to seek out more expensive drinking-places, trying to befriend a noble. Perhaps she'll catch the eye of someone young, lonely, and rich—before her fey beauty fades entirely. Fylgard hopes she finds happiness . . . but doesn't want to lose her as a friend. Sometimes, when restless himself, he follows her on her nightly jaunts up into North Ward and Sea Ward, trying to see where she goes without revealing himself to her. On some of these occasions, he's become aware that someone is following him. One of his sons, or a street thief, or . . . ? Fylgard has begun to keep an eye out for outlanders selling belt- and boot-daggers, sleep-venomed rings, and the like—even a trained fighting-dog could be very useful. A rising merchant has need of such things.

The world of the rich and powerful doesn't interest Fylgard as much as it does his friend, but it's not entirely unfamiliar to him, either. Some years ago, after a street brawl, Fylgard befriended Dulbravvan Anteos, a young nobleman anxious to make a name for himself. Thereafter, Dulbravvan often patronized Fylgard's shop when outfitting "drover runs" of Daggerford-area livestock into the city for transport to buyers in Luskan (the cattle's final destinations in Mirabar, Icewind Dale and Tharsult). As Dulbravvan's successes grew, he was forced to cast his nets more widely to find investors for his grander schemes; he persuaded a reluctant Fylgard (who was faced with the prospect of losing all of Dulbravvan's business if he refused) to invest in his ventures. This quickly earned Fylgard some modest riches—and unwittingly made him the foe of Yunth Hothemer, Dulbravvan's arch-rival among the "bright young blades" of Waterdeep's dashing nobles. Following a series of visiting-merchant disappearances in South Ward, Fylgard was investigated by the watch (on Yunth's advice); Fylgard has only recently discovered this, and it bothers him—being a careful, law-abiding citizen, in his own





view—more than a little.

As a result of the watch's attention and his association with Dulbravvan, Fylgard's name became known in noble and wealthy circles in the Sword Coast North—and orders have begun to come in for ropes of certain hues and knottings, ostensibly for ceremonial or decorative uses . . . but in some cases, no doubt, intended for employ in pranksome, romantic, or even fraudulent activities. Fylgard fears that his name will soon be linked to shady deeds once more. He's also noticed that someone is keeping an eye on his shop—and so Fylgard often drops by the Inn of the Dripping Dagger to take his measure of the warriors who frequent the place. When he finds one he can trust, he plans to hire that swordswinger as a bodyguard for his three sons.

Fylgard's investments are typical of those made by shopkeepers in Waterdeep: A small, steady amount invested in guild activities (just enough to keep his name favorably regarded, because such investments seldom bring much return); larger amounts quietly lent to friends and trusted associates, with written contracts that command city property as collateral; substantial amounts "banked" with the larger merchant houses, and drawn forth only to purchase properties in the city; and funds paid into "roundshields."

A roundshield is the way most unknown merchants (such as visitors, or those just starting out in trade) raise funds. It's also the means by which the vast majority of independent caravans are sponsored. In every square, and on posts on strategic street corners, rusting shields are hung—plastered thickly with hand-bills that advertise bond issues backed by prominent Waterdhavians, each "held open" for investors on certain evenings at a particular place, usually a tavern. Interested folk with enough coin show up, come to an agreement over how much they'll invest, and either pay on the spot (typically in gems; direct payment is rare, and done mostly by those desiring to make a show of their wealth—and having enough to spare to hire a large and capable bodyguard) or draw up contracts, arranging for payment to be made soon after. In effect, a syndicate of investors is formed. Roundshields carry a large amount of risk—but on occasion can turn a modest investment into a large fortune.

Fylgard's seen his share of roundshields, and made a lot of money thereby. He's also seen some misfortune . . . such as the recent Truehawks scandal. The Truehawks Trading Company, in which he sunk 10,000 taols (20,000 gp), turned out to be a group of Calishite snatch-and-grab slavers—who actually plucked folk off the streets of

Waterdeep to fill their slave-holds! Fylgard's guild rivals put it about the city that Fylgard was the instigator behind the whole Truehawks scheme . . . and customers in the shop have begun to ask him slyly what the weather's like in Calimshan, implying they suspect he'll flee there soon. Fylgard's furious about this, but doesn't know quite what to do. He suspects that if he tries to hire adventurers to warn off his rivals', it will somehow come out and be held up as proof he's a sinister crime-lord. Perhaps if he uses newcomers to the city—adventurers too inexperienced to be hirelings already in the employ of his rivals—to gather some dirt about his rivals, and start spreading a few rumors about them . . .

That's not the sort of work that Fylgard has much stomach for, though most in the city would see it simply as good business. The fat ropemaker know he's a romantic at heart. He loves to hear minstrels singing about lost loves and hidden treasures and elven ghosts who walk in ruins by moonlight because of promises made long ago. Fylgard seeks out traveling players and talkative caravan-merchants when he goes drinking—and sometimes even manages to hear a real bard. His pursuit of such entertainment takes him to places where he hears much talk of hidden treasure, monsters slain and daring adventures undertaken. He's a fan of adventurers—those who face danger at every step, and dare to embark on a life Fylgard Onister only dreams of—and can relate a lot about the popular view of current adventuring companies and their deeds.

Over the years, Fylgard has heard adventuring rumors in plenty about Waterdeep itself: That certain ghosts have gathered into their own adventuring band; that the city guard was shocked to find a large group of well-armed young girls trying to slip into storage caverns deep in Mount Waterdeep; that more than one band of adventurers has taken to dwelling in the extradimensional depths of tombs in the City of the Dead, and can be contacted by leaving messages in certain urns or crevices therein—and that some of them may be trapped in their new-found lairs, by enchantments laid before their grandsires were born . . . and more, including the perennial Waterdhavian rumor about a race of beholders or powerful shapeshifters or something darker out of Undermountain who've reached up into the city to quietly destroy and then impersonate an entire noble family!

Fylgard will trade such tales with anyone willing to talk about such things. He's also always on the lookout for wares, folk, and customs that are new, exotic, and unusual. He regards his own life as ordinary—too ordinary, but per-





haps (he tells himself) he should be thankful his rivals and shadowy foes aren't more powerful or persistent, and his sons aren't as slack and rebellious as some. The middle one, Jaster, though . . . he's always been too quiet, and of late Fylgard's seen him talking to men who look all too much like accomplished thieves. A word dropped to the watch, perhaps?

Fylgard knows the streets of the city as well as most, though, like a lot of shopkeepers, he's too tied to his own place to notice whenever a noble builds another tower inside this set of villa walls, or the sign and owner of a shop changes on that back alley. Yet he knows more about odd doings in South Ward than, say, the watch does . . . thanks to a drunken, gossipy neighbor, Ilmaster Ravenar.

Ravenar, a seller of coffers, lockboxes, satchels, and handchests, is a local contact for the Cult of the Dragon, and often briefs cult members visiting the city. Some years back, Fylgard discovered that the roof-drain their shops share makes a good listening-tube for anyone in Fylgard's cellar to hear what's said in Ravenar's upper room. Ilmaster certainly has some interesting visitors—though one woman, who hisses like a snake, seems to sense that someone is listening; if Fylgard hears her, he quickly departs for a tavern elsewhere in the city.

In short, Fylgard is just an average Waterdhavian merchant. There are thousands like him in the city. Each has their own life, interests, knowledge, dreams, and tales to tell . . . and each is useful to a player character.

Putting All This To Work

The key to making Waterdeep really seem to come alive is for a skillful Dungeon Master to spin out the details of half a dozen neighbors or useful merchants, just as has been done for Fylgard here, and draw on this information as play demands—so that wherever players decide to send their characters, whatever they decide to ask or investigate, the city is waiting for them . . . bustling, already in motion, not a frozen stage set waiting for the player characters “to do something.”

In the City of Splendors, adventure is always waiting around the next comer. Fylgard may seem just an affable, rather boring goodman of Waterdeep—but get the right amount of zzar into him and ask smoothly, and he may tell you of Ilmaster's mutterings, or the strange loading crew he saw working in a warehouse over on Coachlamp

Lane a tenday back—hooded men who stood upright, but had the faces of frogs when they turned into the light. It gave him dark dreams for three nights, that did . . . and he's always wondered who—or what—they were, and what they were doing. He might talk instead of something Dulbravvan Anteos told him, about a mysterious tall, masked, dusky-skinned lady who came to a party Dulbravvan was at, a few nights back, and left with a young harpist of the Majarra family . . . who hasn't been seen since, and is now being sought by his relatives. It seems that not only is Deljack Majarra missing, but so are several Majarran items of powerful magic, family items of history and importance.

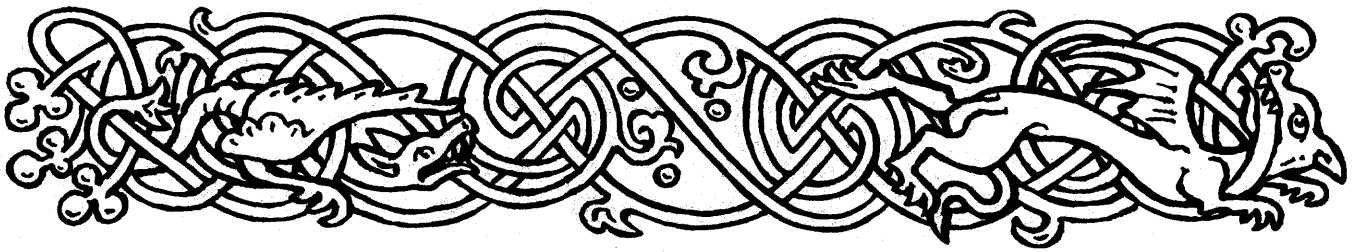
The man at the next table has heard more: That agents of Evermeet, hidden behind magical disguises, are even now hunting through the city for the absent Majarran scion, and a renegade Thavian lord who calls himself Lord Thome has appeared before Lord Piergeiron demanding that his daughter—Ilione, who accompanied him to the city—be found. She's tall, and dusky-skinned . . . According to palace whispers, a priest who used magic to see the truth of the lord's words, from behind a curtain, says that the man was lying: He has no daughter, and seeks the woman for his own purposes. More than this: A member of the Watchful Order who was present at the same party has reported to the mages' guild that a string of 16 ioun stones orbiting a statue there are all false—someone has taken the real stones, and left clever but magically inert duplicates!

That leads the next man along the tables to top all that with the news that the Watchful Order is at this moment locked in debate over how to deal with an unscrupulous Calishite mage who sold several scrolls in the city that are “double-ended” spells: They perform as they are supposed to, but also summon a beholder to the spellcaster—an angry eye tyrant not leashed or hampered by any controlling magic! This was the reason for the toppling of a mage's tower on Mendever Street a few nights back . . . and some in the Order say this is not the first trickery the Calishite, Alnaskos of Teshburl, has worked on his infrequent visits to the city.

This is just one tavern, on one night . . . and there are hundreds of places in Waterdeep where folk meet and talk. If even a tenth of the tales told therein are like these, is it any wonder that people flock to Waterdeep every summer, to find adventure?

And they find it . . . don't they?





Appendix Two: The Thirsty Throat

Editor's Note: This appendix is additional information for use with the Thirsty Throat tavern map. The Thirsty Throat was first detailed in Volo's Guide to Waterdeep, but that book provided only a brief glimpse of the tavern. This appendix and the poster provide DMs with a standard tavern map to use for nearly any tavern or inn location in the city with minor modifications; it also gives the PCs a "dive" to habitually investigate for information on the shady side of Waterdeep. It has its ties to the Shadow Thieves and the Xanathar Thieves' Guild, and it also has links with the Adventurers' Quarter Campaign (via Alek Lenter). Use the Thirsty Throat for anything from covert meetings to brawls.

Description

This ramshackle tavern, just west of the Way of the Dragon and at the corner of Slut Street and Candle Lane, is rumored to be a hangout of thieves, cutthroats, and other blackguards. In truth, it caters to a regular crowd of dockworkers, couriers, and visiting sailors from other ports (some of whom just happen to be thieves . . .). On Candle Lane, the tavern is flanked by a small rental warehouse facility called Maernath Storage. The Throat is bordered on the other side by a minor warehouse owned by Alek Lenter of Waukeen's Wares (AQ13).

It is a quiet tavern with a small collection of tables, benches, and mismatched stools and chairs for its patrons. Most of the tables have elaborate carvings in their surfaces from the daggers of the patrons; there might even be some messages left within the general scrawls and carvings and useless graffiti. Its only light flitters in through filthy windows during the day, a tallow candle chandelier providing light at night. The back wall is decorated with some tapestries that once hung in a noble villa (and were used as payment to the barkeep for a favor), though they are now so threadbare and stained by smoke and spilled ale that they are nearly worthless. The larger one has a blue field with a red griffon rampant, and the smaller tapestry shows the silhouette of a sailing ship.

The washrooms are accessed by two ladders in the floor. Climbing down into an antechamber, male and female patrons find one room with two jakes that face one another across a low 3-foot-high wall. People use this room for clandestine item exchanges or fast escapes (for those that know of the secret doors!). The rushing waters of the sewers are

easily heard down in the jakes room.

Upstairs are bedrooms for the owner and one guest or servant, and a meeting room. For 1 gold piece a night, the meeting room can be "used for parties" (that is, it is often crowded with thieves or some other secret group plotting a heist or other underhanded activity). For those who are regular customers, or first-timers who pay 2 gold pieces, Bulaedo tells them of the secret exit from the room.

This tavern's prices are incredibly cheap (but so is the fare); one copper piece gets you a watery ale in a tankard as large as a man's head. Aside from ale, Bulaedo provides hand wheels of Waterdhavian cheese (2 cp), hunks of cured and smoked meats (1 cp/piece), and zzar (1 cp/glass or 1 sp/bottle), but that's it; only the owner gets a hot meal cooked in here, and he's more apt to wander down the street to Chrandeth's, a small, second-story club that has a passable menu for a few coppers (the hot cheese-and-meat-scrap pies are Bulaedo's favorites).

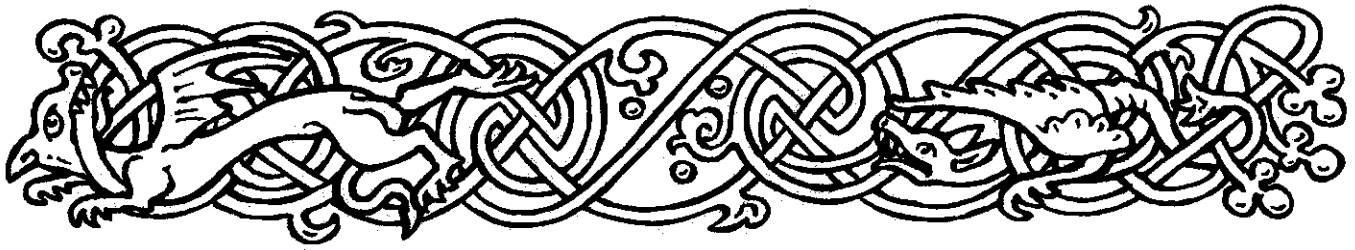
Secret Exits

This tavern holds many exits, some mundane and easily spotted, and others secret. The front door and back door can both be locked and barred from inside; the bars for the doors are stored underneath the benches while the tavern is open. The windows are the secondary exits from the tavern. They are all hinged at the top and swing open easily if pushed out from the inside, intended for those who don't wish to face the watch patrol to jump out easily. These are locked at night with metal pegs sunk through the window frame and into the sill.

There are also secret exits out of the tavern (known only to those constant customers who tip Bulaedo often and generously, though he will only tell of the access into the sewers, not the others):

- Behind the large griffon tapestry on the main floor is a secret pivoting door that leads into the Maernath Storage warehouse; those who work for "Maernath" (a front for the Xanathar), such as Avaereene and Randulaith, know of this exit.
- Pressing a certain stone on the low wall in the jakes opens a small 2-foot-wide door about 3 feet up from the ground, which leads directly into a tertiary sewer line. This aperture is most often used to dispose of any items (or bodies) quickly. Few use it to escape directly, unless they do not know of the other escapes.





- Behind the southern ladder leading into the jakes, a loose flagstone in the floor hides the trigger for a secret door into the hidden cellar of Maernath Storage. Only Avaereene and Bulaedo know of this exit, which she uses to reach her main meeting place with the Hand (see Appendix Two in the *Campaign Guide* and Chapter Six of this book). Bulaedo knows of the mysterious disappearances of those who cross her, and he allows her to use this access to funnel any recent kills through the jakes and into the sewers.
- The third secret door out of the jakes leads to a junction room of the sewers, the door opening directly onto the ledge above the muck. This secret door opens by simultaneously pushing in a stone at the base of the wall and another at the center of the door, causing it to slide back and open onto a small staircase leading down to a secret door into the junction room.
- Bulaedo has his own secret door out of his main cellar beneath the bar, accessed by moving a few barrels and pressing a sequence of wall stones; Alek Lenter is the only other person who currently knows of this secret door, which leads to a small hallway and respective secret doors into the cellars of either warehouse. A permanent *illusion* masks the side tunnel into the cellar of Maernath Storage; Alek has yet to stumble across this, and Bulaedo guards this secret well. He does not wish to enlighten his contact with the Shadow Thieves of this connection with the Xanathar, fearing backlash from both groups.
- The final secret doors are connected with the second floor meeting room. One small door allows Bulaedo to sneak from his room into the meeting room; he uses it when the meeting room door is open, masking his own entrance. He has used this on many occasions to surprise people with sudden appearances, as well as a quick escape if needed. The other secret door is the lower panel in the upper corner of the western wall; pressing a particular knothole allows a 2-foot-high and 3-foot-wide section of the wall to pivot, allowing escapees to roll out onto the southern slope of the roof of Maernath Storage, their escapes visible only to those in the back alley behind the Thirsty Throat (20% chance to observe the secret door at work, 50% chance of seeing figures on the one-story roof).
- There may yet be other hidden doors about the tavern; Bulaedo locks all entrances from the outside into the tavern when he closes at dawn, so he can prevent from being robbed while sleeping.

The Regulars

The following are constant presences that PCs can count on meeting every time they enter the Throat. In addition, a crowd of 3-12 NPCs (F1-4, T1-3) sit at the tables or bar. Other known NPCs you might find here are: Alek Lenter, Avaereene, Randulaith, and other shady people.

Bandit

Bandit is the small pet racoon that sits on the shelves behind the bar. Bulaedo haphazardly tosses pieces of cheese and meat to Bandit, who promptly leaps from shelf to bar to tables, searching for a drink to wash his food in. Regulars know Bandit's maneuvers and cover their drinks when they hear him coming across the floor, but newcomers are usually rudely joined and "asked" to share their ale with him.

Hook

There is also a ghostly presence within the Thirsty Throat, the grandfather of Bulaedo and the former owner of the tavern, known in life and death as Hook. He manifests only as a roving spot of icy coldness, every now and again shoving an object or two around. His usual spot is in the chair at the foot of the stairs.

Hook hates the watch, and often does things to scare the patrols. If they burst in with intent to arrest someone, Hook's old hook launches out of nowhere and pins the cloak of the lead watchman to the door or a wall, delaying them enough for any "friends" to make good their escapes. Bulaedo has been taken to court on charges of interference with justice, but a Lord dismissed the charges and ruled he could not be held responsible.

Bulaedo "Fists" Ledigleer

Game Data: NE hm F5; STR 18(12), CON 17

Description: This monstrously fat man, who is often found behind the bar wiping a grimy mug with an equally grimy rag, gained his nickname from his ability to knock out men with one punch. From the looks of his huge arms, this is no idle rumor. His humor tends to be quite scatological, though few would wager the man laughs at all to see his commonly scowling face.

Notes: Bulaedo Ledigleer is not a timid man or common barkeep; he was once a promising mercenary who commanded high prices (and many believe he still has his riches hidden within the tavern). During Bulaedo's career as a mercenary, he was poisoned many times and as a result is 40% resistant to any poisons.



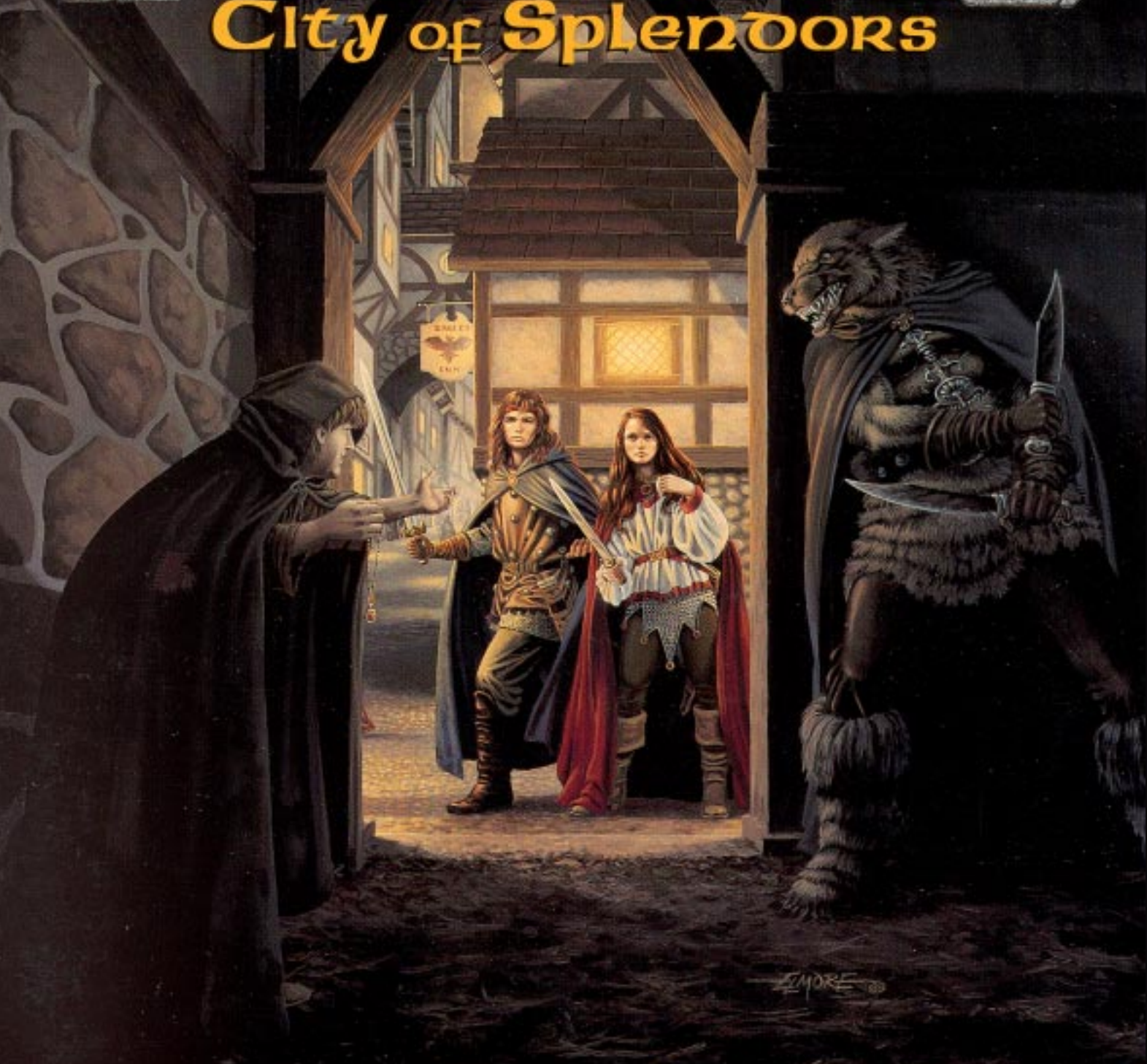


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City of Splendors



AD&D
2nd Edition

Adventurer's
Guide to the City



Adventurer's Guide To The City

Book III of The City of Splendors

by Steven Schend with Ed Greenwood

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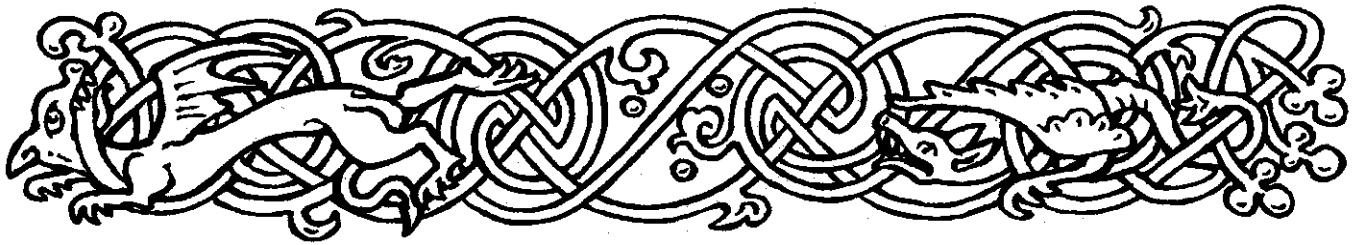
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INTRODUCTION

Watedeep. City of Splendors. Crown of the North. Ah, it all comes back to me now. . . . I do believe Waterdeep is one of those cities in the Realms that has quite the variety of names, depending on your point of view – the less than kind Amnites commonly refer to it as the “Cesspool of the Savage Frontier” rather than one of its other honorifics. Ah, the Heir of Delzoun and the Fallen Kingdom (my own name for the fair city, may it last longer than its precedents) is a wondrous magical place filled with intrigues and mysteries and such fun as to put some curl back in this old goat’s beard!

Since I first made the traverse from mine own world to yours, I’ve striven to give the many chroniclers of the Realms as many details as are safe to divulge about Faerûn. Above all other places, Ed of the Greenwood and his colleagues have pestered me and mine for more and more on fair Waterdeep, the City of Splendors. It should be so, for no other mortal city in the Realms and the far lands has been more fabled, more exciting, and more dangerous than that metropolis ruled by the shadowy Lords. And now you and yours wish to learn about the city’s many attractions and secrets, hmmm? Intrepid curiosity is a fine thing; have a care it doesn’t lead you to unfortunate ends.

First and foremost, this tome shall be the players’ guide to the city as a whole, garnering them knowledge of Waterdeep as her natives know and understand her. Bear in mind that a city this large has many multitudes of secrets and charms, and even life-long natives (not to exclude those still within the city but beyond the mortal coil) do not know many of the hidden dangers and treasures of their hometown. There betimes ye’ll learn new things or coincidentally remember things of old about the city, but fear not – this guide grants you and yours the wisdom and learning of an average Waterdhavian. If more information is needed, ye hadst be prepared to pay for it, as Waterdeep’s power stems not from the magics of Mystra, though such gifts are quite plentiful and dangerous, but the magics of currency and trade.

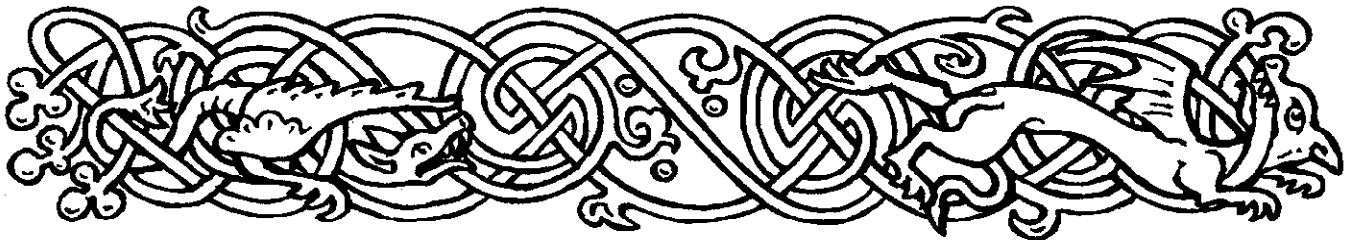
After a whirlwind tour of the city, ye’ll have to set down and discover what it’s like as a would-be hero within the greatest city of the North. Your options are many, though your freedoms are not unlimited. After all, wouldst ye like to live in a city without some manner of control over some boasting hedge-wizard with an itchy burning hand? I thought not, and the Blackstaff would agree with all of us in that matter (the only spells he’s generated in this decade are simply to keep such hotheads from destroying Waterdeep’s realty!). Ye’ll find many new benefits as a native (and some for those beyond the city walls) and the book can also direct you to essential places of business for heroes, such as weapons shops and armories and taverns and mercenary hiring spots – be sure to give a hearty ‘Hail and well met’ to Blazidon for me.

Whilst this book reveals the basic details of the city, what ye can expect of the city towards your profession, and a quick guide to the city on holiday, this guide also gives you new adventurers a place to rest and reside whilst searching for (or hiding from) excitement. Your living neighborhood, fitting for fledgling adventurers and heroes, is described in great detail. Ye’ll meet new friends and old enemies, discover friendly corner taverns and seedy back-alley dives, and get the closest look yet shown of the City of Splendors as ye’ll be living it!

Are ye so sure ye wish to live and adventure within the City of Splendors herself? Best of luck to you, then, but tread carefully in the intrigue and drama of Waterdeep lest ye stir the attentions of the Lords . . . or something less than kindly. . . .

Elminster of Shadowdale





Chapter One: A Native's Look at Waterdeep



Without exception, the grandeur and majesty of Waterdeep is unrivaled in the North, mayhaps even in the Realms' entirety as well. So it is of little consequence to note that it is next to impossible to learn all there is to know of the City of Splendors. However, there are certain truths that hold evident within the city as a whole, and these are noted below; any exceptions are listed under individual descriptions such as those within this boxed set and *Volo's Guide to Waterdeep*.

General Notes on Waterdeep

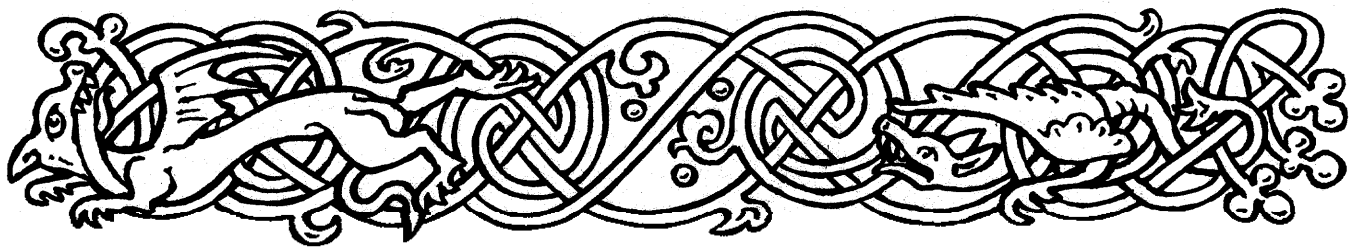
Geography & Architecture

Visitors entering the city overland will first see the large walls and cliffs that surround the city on all sides save the harbor and Mount Waterdeep; the natural plateau on which Waterdeep rests provides an excellent defense against marauding trolls and invading armies (one of the main reasons the city still exists today). Approaching the city from the air, visitors can easily see that Waterdeep is relatively flat at its northern end, though it slopes gradually down toward the spur of Mount Waterdeep and more sharply down to the harbor, the mountain granting shelter for two-thirds of the city from the harsh seawinds.

The City of Splendors is one of the Realms' largest cities (though southerners are quick to point out larger cities in Calimshan and Halruaa) and, aside from various locations within Dock Ward, is spared the squalor and filth that is representative of so many of the larger cities. The city itself is centuries old and its construction was originally haphazard, as shown by the twisting, rambling streets of Southern and Dock Wards; the newer wards are more orderly, the streets laid out in a vague grid pattern to fit the topography. The larger main roads through the city are smoothly paved with brick, secondary streets afford relatively even cobblestones, and corduroy (wooden log) roads are being installed throughout the city. Alleys and some enclosed backstreets are equally covered with corduroy or hard-packed earth and gravel. Due to the diligence of the Dungsweepers' Guild, Waterdeep's many streets and alleys are free from excessive debris and filth.

Buildings within Waterdeep vary according to their age, size, and usefulness to the city at large. While the city is host to a number of elaborate palatial residences (such as Piergeiron's Palace and many noble villas), temples (the Plinth and the House of Wonder), and public buildings (Castle Waterdeep among others), it is also home to less grand structures from the lofty guildhalls to the lowliest warehouse and hovel. North Ward and Sea Ward (and parts of Castle Ward) are dominated by well-kept stone and brick buildings; Trades, South, and Cas-





tle Wards tend to favor wattle-and-daub timber houses with stone foundations; Dock Ward's buildings are, by majority, wooden structures in various degrees of repair. During the Time of Troubles, small pockets of Dock Ward, South Ward, and Castle Ward were destroyed by fires and the destruction that came from the evil god Myrkul's invasion of the city. All the buildings were repaired or replaced by the Lords, so there are some new constructions within far older areas. In general, the oldest structures are in the southern half of the city (Dock, South, and Castle Wards).

Climate

With its northern location, Waterdeep is expected by many to be a cold, damp place indeed. Its general climate is typical of the area, though; due to the sheltering effects of Mount Waterdeep, only the worst of the coastal storms in any season ever disturb the city. Even at the height of summer, the city is rarely sweltering in heat due to constant breezes and the cooling seas around it. Waterdeep is, however, not the balmiest of locations in which to winter. While the harbor remains open year round, the icy north winds whip through the streets, bringing cold and dampness through every crack and crevice. As a result, many of Waterdeep's residences are better kept with thicker walls and multiple fireplaces (where possible) for better insulation against the chill of winter.

Population

While Waterdeep's size can arguably be considered modest compared to southern metropolises, her population (and location for northern trading) demands the attention of the Realms. Waterdeep is home to 122,000 sentients, and the city's population often swells to nearly 600,000 during holidays and the peak of trading season. Nearly every known race of the surface Realms can be encountered within the city walls, though the majority of the population is of Northern human descent. Halflings and elves are also found in Waterdeep in respectable numbers, though the halflings are growing steadily in influence within the watch and the marketplace. Dwarves and gnomes can be found here, though they are just as rare in Waterdeep as they are elsewhere. Due to constant trading activity, Waterdeep often plays host to peoples of all nations from Calishite spice merchants to Kozakuran textile traders. As testament to the tenacity and, ability of the watch, even such "evil" races as lizard men, giants, and other nonhumans are allowed within the city to trade at times (though these appearances are rare and carefully monitored by all).

Rulers

The City of Splendors is ruled by a secretive group of men and women known collectively as the Lords of Waterdeep. No one knows for certain who all of the Lords are (save the Lords themselves), as they only appear in public in full robes and magical helms that obscure all identity and gender. They are sixteen in all, though natives rarely see more than two or three Lords together at any given time. The identity of one of the Lords is known: the Open Lord Piergeiron "the Paladinson." He is Waterdeep's chief defender and diplomat to foreign powers, commander of the watch and the guard, and the final arbiter and counselor for the guilds. The Lords' Rule is fair to all regardless of wealth or influence, and none but the guilty fear the hidden, watchful eyes of the Lords. The penalty for impersonating a Lord is instant death.

The city's day-to-day administration is handled by the Magisters (or "Black Robes" as most call them), the judges of Waterdeep. Any wrongdoing results in arrest by the watch (the police force) or, in major transgressions, the guard (the city's standing army); the Magisters' rulings and sentences can be overturned or altered by the Lords, though they rarely are. Finally, rule within the city can also be attributed to the Guilds and their internal rules, enforcing fair trade and good business within the city; while Piergeiron and the others sit upon the thrones, money is still the true power within the City of Splendors.

People & Places of Note

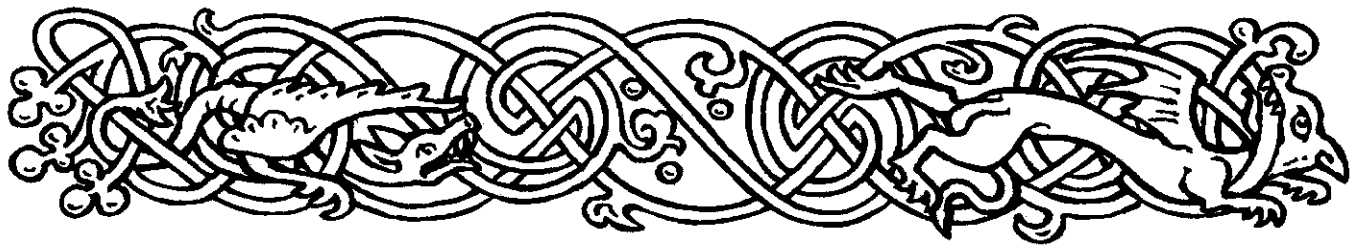
Like any other place filled with self-important personages, the list of "significant" people and places within the City of Splendors all depends on one's point of view. Below are quick notes on people and places that have great impact on the city in general.

Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun: Long rumored to be the true power behind the Lords of Waterdeep (if not one himself), Khelben is the most powerful mage of the Sword Coast. He is a well-respected (and much-feared) person and his every word is listened to carefully by all but the most foolish.

Elaith "the Serpent" Craulnobur: This infamous elf is rumored to be one of the richest citizens of Waterdeep, coming by much of his money dishonestly. He often hires mercenaries and funds adventuring companies, though few ever survive his commissions (as he even considers his allies expendable in order to reach his goals). He is a dangerous swordsman with a cold, furious temper.

Mulgor: This diligent, unrelenting, balding little man is Waterdeep's collector-of-fees. While of little consequence





to many, Mulgor is quite important in his task of collecting the fines and fees of Waterdeep's citizens for the Magisters and the Lords. Despite his unassuming appearance, he is iron-willed and is equally comfortable in extracting fees from dockworkers to the heads of the noble houses.

Blazidon One-Eye: This bad-tempered, one-eyed man handles many mercenary appointments for itinerant fighters and warriors. If one is looking for employment, seek him out in Virgin's Square.

Lord Piergeiron: The First Lord of Waterdeep is the epitome of a local ruler, well loved and respected by his citizens. As the city's chief and capable leader, he is above reproach in all matters of state or war, his status as a noble paladin serving him well in court and in battle.

Captain Rulathon: As Piergeiron's second-in-command of the watch, Rulathon is a known and well-liked man within the city. While often quite busy, he always takes time to travel throughout the city, keeping a hands-on approach with his men and the city's protection. He is quite patient in dealing with problems, though his temper (triggered only by slavers and inhuman religious practices) rivals that of the harpies when unleashed.

Madieron Sunderstone: Madieron acts as Piergeiron's Champion (bodyguard). While human, he is very tall and imposing (8' tall!). He is utterly fearless and his honor is beyond reproach, but he is quite dull-witted. While very amiable, Madieron has few friends other than Piergeiron and some members of the guard and watch, due to his constant duties.

Danilo Thann: Once thought a simple dandy and a dabbler in magic, Danilo has matured into a noble bard of celebrated ability. He is known equally for his ballads (both proper and vulgar) and his fashionable clothes. Many younger nobles follow his lead in sartorial matters, while bards sing his songs throughout the Sword Coast. Some whisper rumors that he is connected with the Harpers, a rumor supported by constant traffic with his uncle Khelben Arunsun, a known senior Harper.

Helve Urtrace: Helve is Senior Armsmaster of the watch and is responsible for much of the internal administration of the police force. While a fair and honest man, he is gruff with everyone, his workload often making him short with less-than-important interruptions. He also acts as the primary drill sergeant for the watch and is well versed in street fighting and tavern brawls.

Maskar Wands: The patriarch of an old and powerful noble family, Maskar Wands is a great wizard, eclipsed in Waterdeep only by the Blackstaff. While a power within the city's internal politics, Maskar is a recluse and rarely

leaves his villa unless provoked by some irresponsible use of magic within Waterdeep, an offense he personally abhors.

Ahghairon's Tower: The tower of the first Lord of Waterdeep, the wizard Ahghairon, still stands in the courtyard before Piergeiron's Palace. There are many magical protections around the tower, a lone skeleton floating within the fields and bearing witness to what happens if one should attempt to rob the final resting place of Waterdeep's honored dead.

Castle Waterdeep: The walls of this great castle perched high on the slopes of Mt. Waterdeep have never been breached. This great fortress is used for training, weapons storage, and stabling for the guard and the watch. Its primary function is for the protection of the city, its high walls allowing catapults to command the entire harbor.

City of the Dead: This is the general cemetery for Waterdeep, its size large enough to be a ward itself. Used as an open park during the day, the citizens of Waterdeep are forbidden to enter its walls at night. Many of the tombs lead into magical dimensions, allowing almost unlimited burial space for noble and commoner alike.

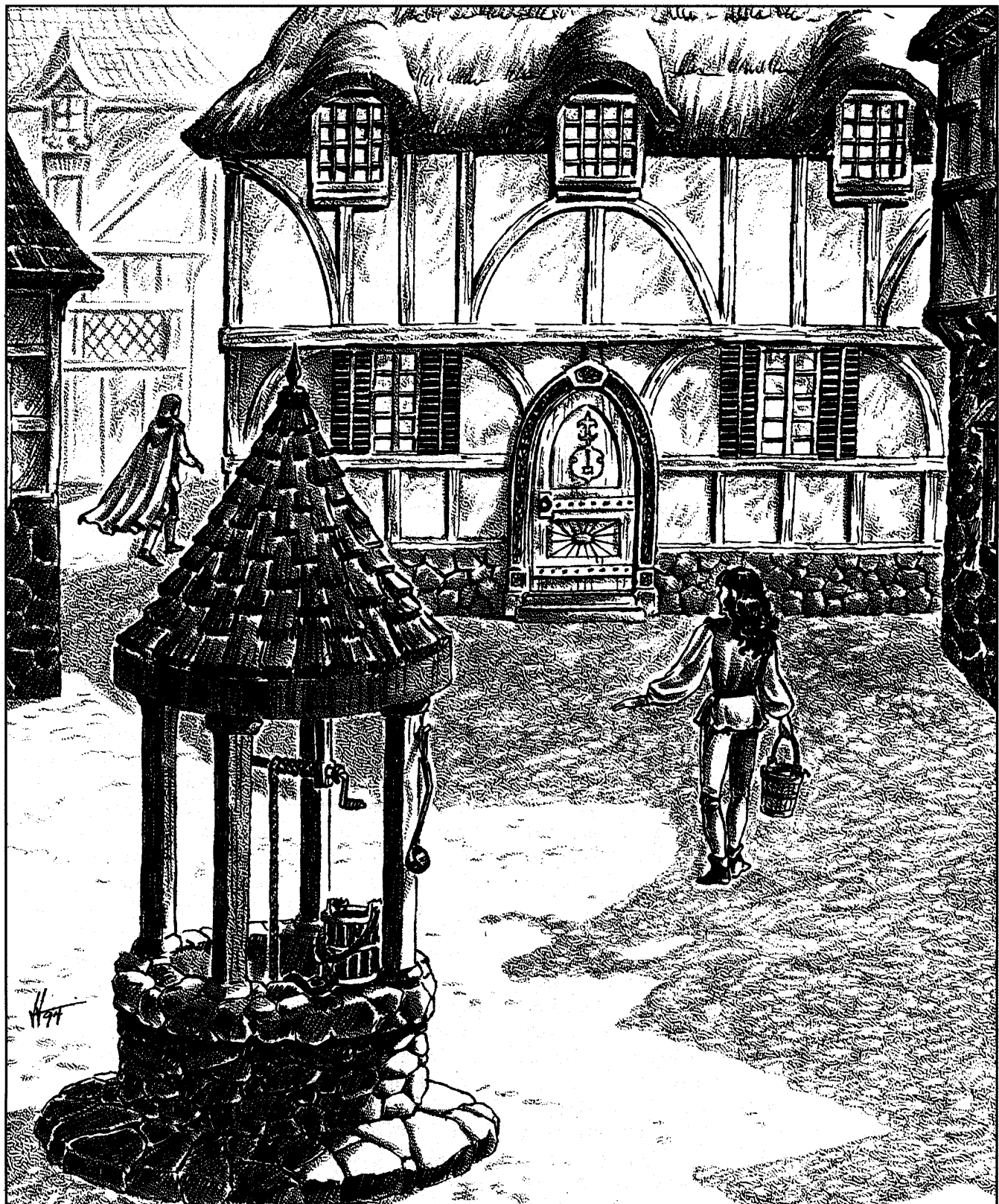
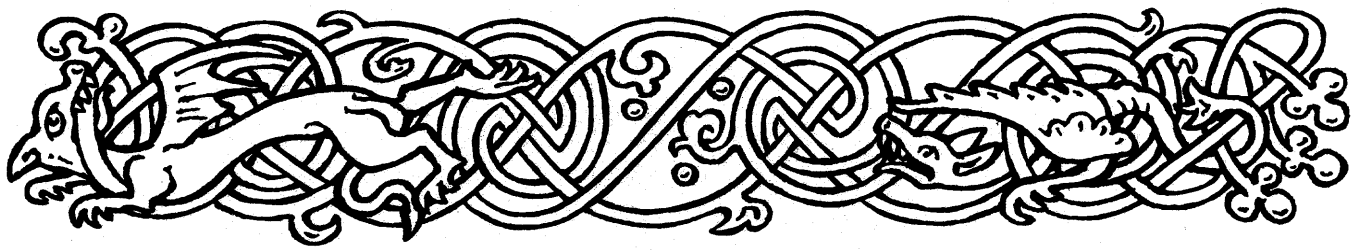
Mount Waterdeep: This large, lone peak protects Waterdeep from the worst of the seawinds and provides protection in the form of lookout towers for the city and its environs. There is an eyrie manned by the guard that stables griffon steeds, providing Waterdeep with aerial protection from dragons and other flying menaces.

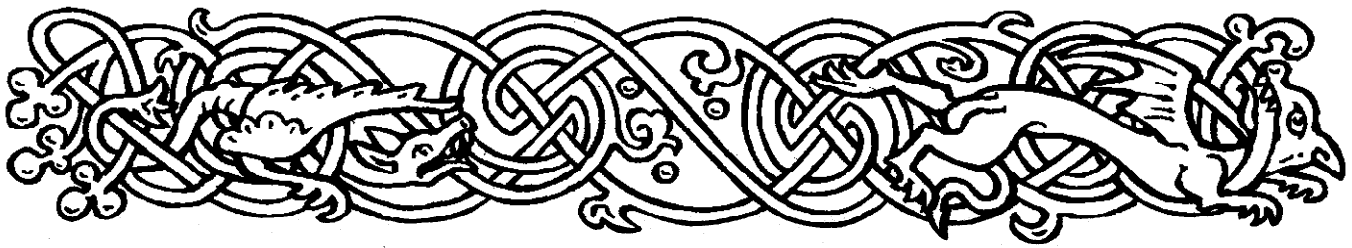
New Olamn: Rededicated and returned to Waterdeep in 1366 DR/334 NR after many long decades, the bards' college of New Olamn is a thriving educational center in its new walled enclosure at the end of the Cliffride. Heroes' Rest and Stormwatch, former rental villas, now compose the campus, and a tunnel through the northern spur of Mt. Waterdeep provides access to the college.

Piergeiron's Palace: An opulent palace nestled against a cliff at Mount Waterdeep's base, this serves as the primary residence for First Lord Piergeiron. It also houses a number of public offices, including the Lords' Court and the primary offices of the Magisters. Any major affairs and functions of state occur here, especially grand balls to celebrate the visits of important dignitaries.

Waterdeep Harbor: The wide harbor is deep and accommodates berths and docks for as many as 50 ships at once. Deep water Isle and the surrounding watchtowers provide guard protection for traders, their ships, and the city itself; the guard keeps its own fleet of rakers on hand to fight off pirates and other sea-borne dangers. Mermen living within the harbor help the guard catch smugglers attempting to enter Waterdeep.







Southern Ward

Southern Ward, known as South Ward to all natives, is the first ward seen by most visitors who enter the city through the South Gate or the River Gate with the caravans. As much of its business caters to the caravan trade, it is sometimes called Caravan City with its plentiful forges, smithies, stables, warehouses, and sheds (with coaches and carts for hire). Many common and poorer folk dwell in South Ward, though the caravan trade allows for some local merchants to attain near-noble status (at least in monetary terms). It is often dusty and grimy from the traffic from overland trade, but this area and its people are mostly friendly and industrious, catering to every need of visitors and merchant-traders. Tourists and visitors rarely idle around to look into wagons and warehouses (unless it is their business to do so), but the presence of guards (both privately hired and those in the watch) is obvious and lends much to the feeling of security about the trade goods and the businesses herein.

One of the smallest wards in the city, South Ward had probably the least to do with the internal politics (both social and monetary) of the city beyond the overland trades. South Ward is, for the most part, the ordinary or commoners' side of Waterdeep. The main streets within the ward are the Way of the Dragon and the High Road. The Way of the Dragon forms the southern and western boundaries of South Ward, and the Troll Wall is the eastern boundary. The northern boundary consists of a mix of streets and alleys: Telshambra's Street, a little bit of the High Road, Sahtyra's Lane, Caravan Court (all of which is deemed to be in South Ward), and Belzer's Walk.

Architecture

South Ward's primary buildings tend to be tall, old stone, mud brick, and timber warehouses. Crowded among them are three- or four-story tenements, nearly all with shops at street level. Trees and even bushes are few, being detriments to the constant traffic; the ever-present dust and mud that accompany caravans are plentiful, but the buildings and foot traffic areas are kept clean. Everywhere in South Ward the rumble of cart wheels can be heard, just as the wastes of the draft animals are the predominant odor on the breeze. The many stables are often just covered pens, though some are sheltered by multifloored buildings over them (like inns or warehouses).

Landmarks

Even though it is primarily a trading area for the city, South Ward has some interesting places to visit. These places are used most often as directional landmarks, as they are more easily discerned than the twisting streets and alleys that make it simple to get lost. Here is the layman's look at the places of note in South Ward:

Guild Halls

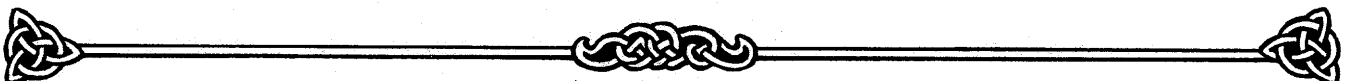
- Builders' Hall of the Guild of Stonecutters and Masons (City Map Location S11), a lavishly crafted and tended stone building with a row of statues around the front;
- Metalmasters' Hall (City Map Location S20), a gray granite blockhouse with a smoky forge dominating one entire end of the building, this acts as the headquarters of the Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metalforgers; and
- the Stone House (City Map Location S2), the main headquarters of the Carpenters', Roofers', and Plaisterers' Guild, and an easily spotted eyesore.

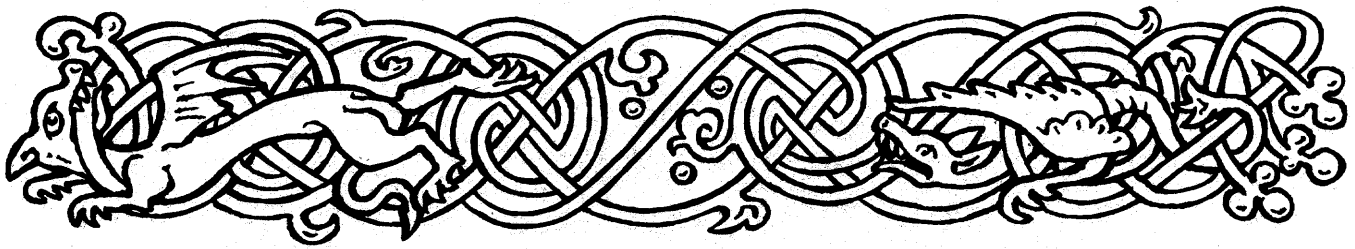
Shops

- Brian the Swordmaster's smithy and shop (City Map Location S7), famed for its well-crafted (though high-priced) swords and armor;
- The Old Monster Shop (City Map Location S8), where monsters of all shapes and sizes and states of being (no undead!) can be procured; and
- Pelauvir's Counter (City Map Location S23), a general store with moderately priced essentials and sundries in stock at all times.

Inns & Taverns

- The Full Cup (City Map Location S14), a seedy dive frequented by caravan drovers and noted for all-too-frequent brawls;
- the House of Good Spirits (City Map Location S3), a brewery, winery, and inn noted for its wide variety of liquors and strong drink from across the Realms (Waterdhavian zzar a house specialty!);
- the Jade Dancer (City Map Location S15), a tavern and festhall well worth the high prices for its entertaining dancer-escorts and excellent drinks;
- The Spouting Fish (City Map Location S18), a loud, rambunctious tavern that owes its success to its relentless street-cryer advertising and its location by South Gate; and





- The Swords' Rest (City Map Location S1), a tavern for strong drink, strong arms, and thick skulls (when that burly fighter cracks a mug over your head, which is often!).

Other Places of Interest

- "Adventurers' Quarter" (see Part Two of this book and its accompanying map);
- Blacklock Alley, named after a long-suffering obelisk placed at its center that, the locals believe, brings good luck and heals the pure of heart;
- Caravan Court, an open, packed-dirt courtyard and general assembling area for caravans that is always noisy with both draft animals and whip-happy drovers (and a ready supply of elderly spectators);
- Kappiyan Flurmastyr's house (City Map Location S10), the modest domicile of an old wizard and his beautiful apprentice Shalara—rumor has it she is busy with recent apprentices of her own (much to the dismay of her countless suitors!); and
- Mouse Alley, considered a sacred spot by those who worship Mystra, where Ahghairon pursued and caught the goddess while she was disguised as a mouse.

Places of Danger

There are lurking dangers within Southern Ward, as in Dock Ward. When out and about at night, be sure to have a lantern and a party of no fewer than four (unless you're looking for trouble!). South Ward's winding alleys and high buildings can distort sounds to make it difficult for the watch (or any Samaritan) to find the trouble.

- Ilisar's Alley, once known as Grave Alley for the itinerant poor buried there, and now rumored to hold dangerous undead spirits and the hidden wealth of a local tailor whose name now adorns the alley;
- Rednose Alley, an alley lined by empty warehouses that plays host to young drifters and thieves eager to rob passersby (out of need or boredom) and dole out the bloody noses which give the alley its name; and
- Ruid's Stroll, the short avenue from Caravan Court to the Trollwall Tower that, while often safe due to constant guard and watch traffic, is haunted by the hooded ghost of the mage Ruid, whose touch causes deathly chills to those he meets on foggy nights.

Trades Ward

With no distinct look to separate it from surrounding wards, Trades Ward is somewhat lost in terms of neighborhood identity. On the other hand, though it lacks in neighborhood "feel," its sense of community in commerce occupies nearly every building and person within the entire ward. Many of Waterdeep's middle class and merchant class live and work here.

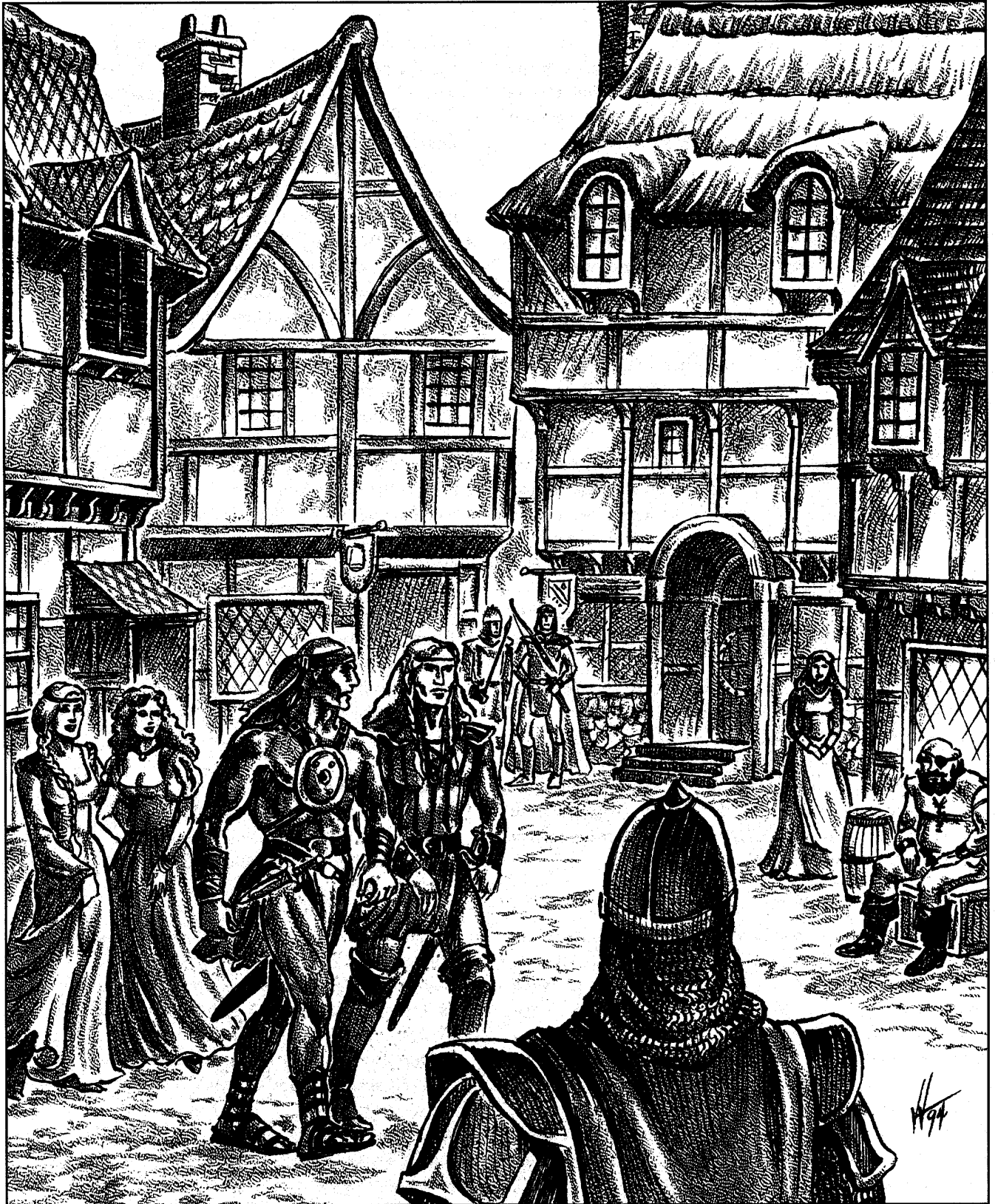
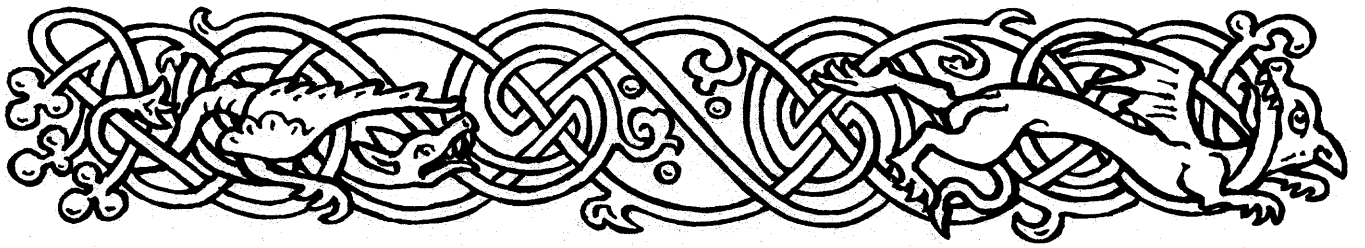
The busiest of wards due to all the constant commercial work within its boundaries, Trades Ward is active day and night, requiring excessive streetlights (many merchants say that Trades Ward at night is beautiful, "when her streets are filled with the stars of Waukeen"). The Guild of Chandlers and Lamplighters keeps a triple shift here at all times of the night, its streets filled with the bobbing lanterns of young lamplighters; the only more frequent sights in Trades Ward at night are the large and frequent watch patrols. While cursing, shoving, and minor street tussles are typical behavior within this business district, the worst criminal offenses are theft, vandalism, and destruction of private property—the watch patrols are more often needed to protect thieves from angry merchants than to stop robberies!

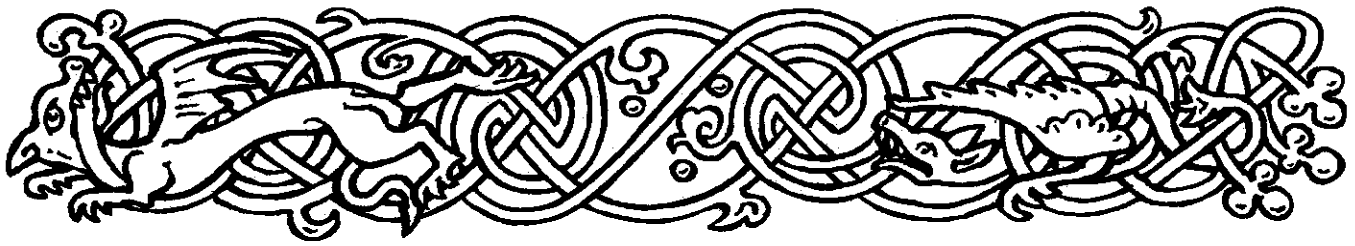
The ward boundaries are defined by the city walls and the City of the Dead on the east, and Andamaar's Street to the High Road on the north. The High Road and Snail Street border it on the west until Shesstra's Street cuts east to the Way of the Dragon where it links with the northern boundary of Southern Ward. Due to its central nature and rambling boundaries, it is hard to traverse the city without passing through this ward at some point.

Architecture

Trades Ward's architecture is not any different from those wards it abuts. Therefore, depending on one's place in the ward, one can expect old stone and timber row houses and tenements, stone-walled villas converted to restaurants and vaults, or the high wattle-and-daub buildings that run three- and four-stories high above the High Road. The streets are always congested with carters, messengers, and customers. The cobblestone and corduroy streets are well worn from the heavy foot traffic, but the streets can only be swept at night when traffic is reduced to manageable flows. Still, debris and refuse are not a problem; often what one person casts away is claimed by another to sell (within reason, as certain things such as ale, ink, or spoiled food cannot be reclaimed).







Landmarks

With much of the money and commercial interests of the City centered here, as well as a good share of Waterdeep's populace, this ward has a large number of places and notable landmarks that everyone finds of interest:

Guild Halls

Guild halls are the main attraction within Trades Ward, with over 40% of Waterdeep's guilds based herein. Many of the guild halls advertise their goods and wares with street cryers or large replicas of goods placed aside their headquarters. Some of the more noted and recognizable of the guild halls are:

- Costumers' Hall (City Map Location T11), base for the Order of Master Taylors, Glovers, & Mercers, little more than an overstocked shop of costumes and props, with meeting rooms in the upper floors;
- the House of Light (City Map Location T29), the constantly bright row house that comprises the hall of the Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters, complete with a huge four-foot candle out front that is lit at night (it is one of the brightest spots in the ward at night and is easily found by the smell of lemon-scented wax);
- the House of Song (City Map Location T19), the main guild hall of the Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers;
- Old Guild Hall (City Map Location T26), home to the Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild; and
- the Zoarstar (City Map Location T25), the ever-busy headquarters of the Scriveners', Scribes', and Clerks' Guild which enjoys a constant crowd outside its windows looking in at displayed maps and charts (like a map of the city—useful for lost visitors!—and an exciting map of the Maztican lands to the west).

Shops

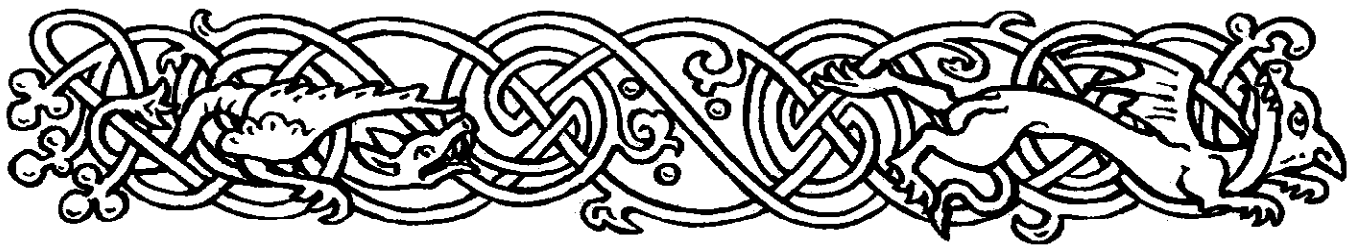
Shops within Trades Ward are too abundant to mention, though most (as in the city in general) are on the ground floors of two- or three-story buildings, with apartments above the first level. The best way to discover what's for sale and where is to wander the ward at night (with a lamplighter and a group of armed acquaintances) when the streets are relatively clear of traffic. After you've found what you want, retrace your path during the day. If you cannot find what you're looking for in Trades Ward, it may not exist in the Realms. Some more noted shops are:

- Belmonder's Meats (City Map Location T23), the most popular butcher shop in the city with its wide variety of fresh meats (and small concession of fried meat scraps for a quick lunch);
- Orsabbas's Fine Imports (City Map Location T17), an overpriced shop filled with rare imports from across (and under, some say) the Realms with a major side business in authentic costuming for nobles' parties;
- Riautar's Weaponry (City Map Location T18), an excellent source of secondhand weapons and "the best bows & arrows in the North" (many agree with the advertising—just look for a low building with the petrified harpy on the roof!);
- The Riven Shield Shop (City Map Location T4), a shop famous in the Sword Coast region for affordable secondhand weaponry and, more crucial to its notoriety, various magical or historical weapons and armor (such as the *Scabbard of Acqa*, the *Bloody Shield of Rhulek Than*, and the *Crying Flail of Aeltros*);
- Saern's Fine Swords (City Map Location T7), a miniature castle and an expensive place to shop for a sword, but the Tethyran craftsmanship in all the swords is beyond compare (the shop's stone fortifications make it suitable as an emergency city guard post); and
- Thentavva's Boots (City Map Location T12), a tiny, out of the way shop more easily spotted by the smell of tanned leather than its decorative pegasi (the prices are steep and the wait for boots and slippers is long, but the beautiful work holds up for years).

Inns & Taverns

- Bowels of the Earth (City Map Location T36), an ill-lit rough-and-tumble tavern that caters to mercenaries looking for employment (Blazidon One-Eye can be found here) or a good brawl;
- Gondalim's (City Map Location T8), an established inn of many comforts, with single rooms or suites available at affordable prices (don't argue about the cost—the bloodstain on the kitchen door is left there as a warning. . . .);
- the Inn of the Dripping Dagger (City Map Location T3), a battle-scarred and bloodied door hiding an amiable, comfortable place for hire-swords to stay and be hired from (Filiare is Blazidon's chief competitor in finding jobs for mercenaries);
- Maelstrom's Notch (City Map Location T13), a small inn known for costly but topnotch seafood from all parts along the Sword Coast;





- the Underdark (City Map Location T1), an old, rare cellar tavern with low ceilings (5' clearance) that caters primarily to the dwarves, gnomes, halflings, and odd goblins in Waterdeep (its tough reputation of rousting humans and shapechangers is well deserved, often started with the uncanny knife-throwing of Amaqel the gnome barkeep, and finished by the dwarven bouncers); and
- the Unicorn's Horn (City Map Location T15), a decadent and costly inn to stay at (its Imperial Suite on the sixth floor has an impressive view, but not one worth 40 gold pieces a night!), its saving grace being its strategic placement on the High Road.

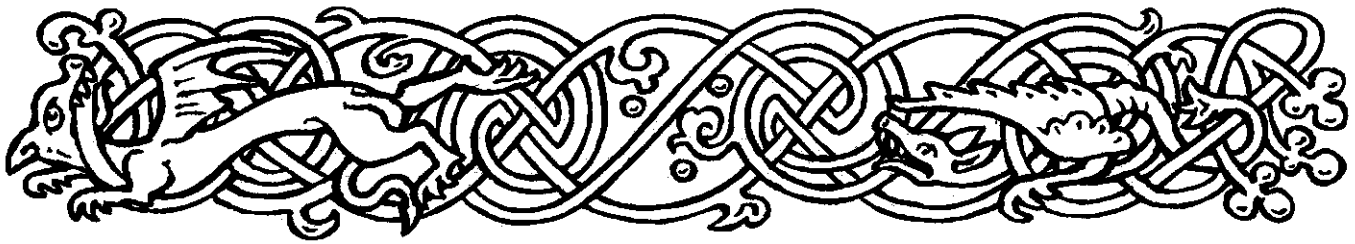
Other Places of Interest

- The Court of the White Bull, an open plaza of packed dirt and straw where livestock can be bought and sold and where merchants sell fresh goods direct from the caravans (people whisper that magic goes wild in the Court, and its use here is expressly forbidden by the Lords, lending proof to the rumor);
 - Mhair's Tower (City Map Location T6), the five-storied tower home of Mhair Szeltune, Lady Master of the Watchful Order of Magists and Protectors;
 - The Plinth (City Map Location T38), the tallest building in the ward at six stories, which acts as an open temple for all faiths (as well as a landing place for the city guards' griffon steeds); and
 - Virgin's Square, a cobblestone courtyard where mercenaries of all types gather to await hire (and many other citizens linger to watch the boastful warriors and the constant traffic on the main roads).
- Blackhorn Alley, known and named for Alsible Blackhorn the cobbler, now the haunt of a number of large, brown rats;
 - Brindul Alley, lair of the Hand that Sings, a magical phantasm of a hand with a mouth in its palm, which snatches valuables from the unwary while singing ancient Sword Coast ballads;
 - Chelor's Alley, used often by the watch and nighttime passersby due to Chelor the merchant's effusive lanterns hung out over the alley;
 - Dark Alley, one of the most dangerous alleys of Trades Ward, its gloomy depths—shadowy even at highsun—make it a favorite lurking place for cutpurses and thugs;
 - Lathin's Cut, named after the former landowner who had his house destroyed upon his death to provide this short passage from the Plinth to the High Road;
 - Mhaer's Alley, a street with a great collection of shops on all sides along its length, and includes such places as Chuki's Moneylenders, the Old Druid's Herbs & Seeds Shoppe, Salavant's Scriveners, Marie's Dry Goods, Diabel's Potions & Curatives, Huer's Sundries (a rumored fence and contact for thieves!), Caer Bannog (a Moonshae imports shop), and many others;
 - Quill Alley, the thoroughfare for the primary neighborhood of clerks, scribes, and cartographers (recent rumors tell of the indelible ink stain on its eastern end rising to spell out messages of doom and danger on the outside walls of the Old Guild Hall!);
 - Spendthrift Alley, a street with an ever present supply of vendors in a local street bazaar that goes on all day and all night (come here if you're looking for minor items, trinkets, or quick snacks, but mind your purse!);
 - Theln Lane, an echoing chamber framed by tall buildings with balconies from which hard currency girls call to customers;
 - Tsarnen Alley, a once-favorite place for thieves and cutthroats that was defended by Tsarnen the ranger quite vigorously (some say his shade still watches and keeps the alley safe, while others offer that the spirits of slain thieves haunt its environs); and
 - Urcandle Alley, *the* alley to visit if in need of spare parts or repairs on your wagon or cart, and also a meeting place for agents of the Wheelwrights' Guild and the Wagon-makers' and Coach Builders' Guilds.

Places of Danger

Given the quick turnover of most merchandise, the alleys of Trades Ward are almost constantly filled with refuse, empty crates, damaged or spoiled goods, and other garbage. The narrow alleys are reduced even further by makeshift middens and dumps; many heroes have been brought low by the limited room that hampers many weapons. Thieves tend to lurk within the alleys, using abandoned crates and wrecked carts for both cover and impromptu weapons, tumbling them upon passersby (whom they swiftly rob). The more noted (or notorious) alleys and danger spots are:





North Ward

Home to the many wealthier middle class, lesser nobles, and well-to-do merchants, North Ward is a quiet haven from the hustle and bustle of Waterdeep's commercial endeavors. Dominated by residences, this ward tends toward insular, walled villas and distinctly individual stone and timber houses. While, on the surface, it seems tedious compared to the rest of the city, North Ward seethes with intrigues of far-reaching effects hidden just beneath the surface. There is little for visitors to do within this ward beyond gawk at the marvelous houses and towers, unless they are already linked into the nobles' or guilds' politics.

The city watch keeps this ward under tight control, suffering noise and disruption only from the local nobles and dandies while rousting noisy trespassers. Though lightly armed, the watch maintains a constant presence in North Ward, making it as safe as one can be in a city of this size. If ever a place "closes down upon the cobbles at dusk," North Ward fits the bill.

North Ward's western boundaries consist of the High Road with a western arm extending to Shield Street along Vondhil Street and Trader's Way. Andamaar's Street marks the southern border, while the walls of the City of the Dead and the Trollwall close out the rest of the ward.

Architecture

The first thing to notice here is the lack of row buildings that dominate much of Waterdeep. Herein the lowest types of buildings are two-story cottages with expensive wood and slate decorations. The more common domiciles share such details as wrought iron fences, rooftop spires, gabled roofs, and ornate carving work on statuary and wallwork alike. The walled noble villas and grand merchant houses contain gardens with elaborate adornments. In many ways, this ward seems more prosperous than Sea Ward, but the neighbors to the west are quick to remind folk that "we need not show our wealth and station in such gaudy, tactless ways, for we are above such petty one-upmanship."

Nearly all of the streets and alleys in North Ward are cobblestone-paved, testifying to the comparable youth of this area. The Dungsweepers' Guild members all prefer to work here, as the haughty, affluent inhabitants often pay well for additional streetsweeping (and "accidental" mishaps upon the stoops of rivals).

Landmarks

Due to the more regular streets and the larger, easier-to-discern land holdings of the nobles here, it is far easier to find one's way around this ward than any others to the south. The landmarks are, rather than useful guides to direct lost persons, places that stand out in importance to visitors.

Guild Halls

- The House of Crystal (City Map Location N46), the beautiful window-heavy headquarters of the Guild of Glassblowers, Glaziers, and Speculum-Makers, and a source of fine crystal balls and mirrors; and
- the House of Healing (City Map Location N51), the main headquarters of the Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians, which acts as a potion shop, emergency hospital, and minor school for student physicians.

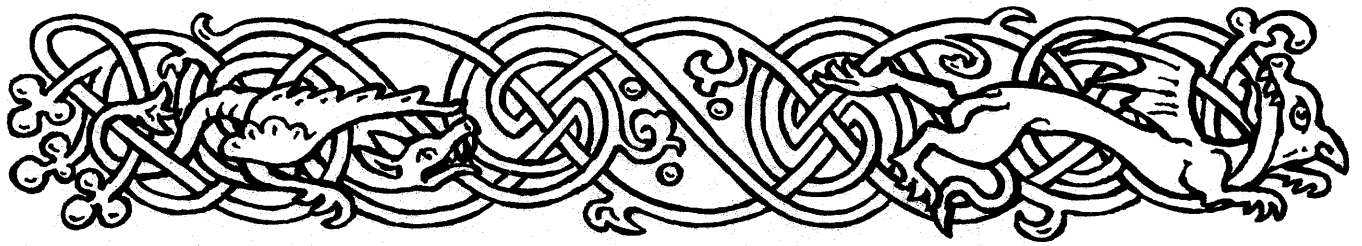
Shops

- Aurora's Realms Shop ("High Road" Catalogue Counter) (City Map Location N50), the most lavish of Aurora's six shops in Waterdeep with a large on-site stock of rare and costly items (to tempt the nobles);
- Downybeard Tobacconist (City Map Location N60), a small, aromatic shop with a wide variety of pipeweed, tobacco, and snuff (Kro Downybeard, the halfling owner from Luiren, turns a good coin on made-to-order wooden pipes with hand-carved crests and symbols on them);
- Fallen Stars Fish (City Map Location N54), a small shop that sells fresh fish "from the Sea of Fallen Stars" (and they are native to that region), and many pay Gatos Fir-lack's exorbitant prices for cleaned and gutted fish apparently no more than hours old (many whisper of magic *gates* that let him travel to his mysterious suppliers!);
- Hriiat Fine Pastries (City Map Location N61), a wondrous bakery run by the master of the Baker's Guild, with constant crowds forming when the smells of new pastries roll out into the streets (the meat and vegetable meal loaf is a savory meal for those on the go); and
- Sulmest's Splendid Shoes & Boots (City Map Location N49), a frighteningly expensive shop for footwear, but their guarantees on craftsmanship bear up as well as their fashionable boots do.

Inns & Taverns

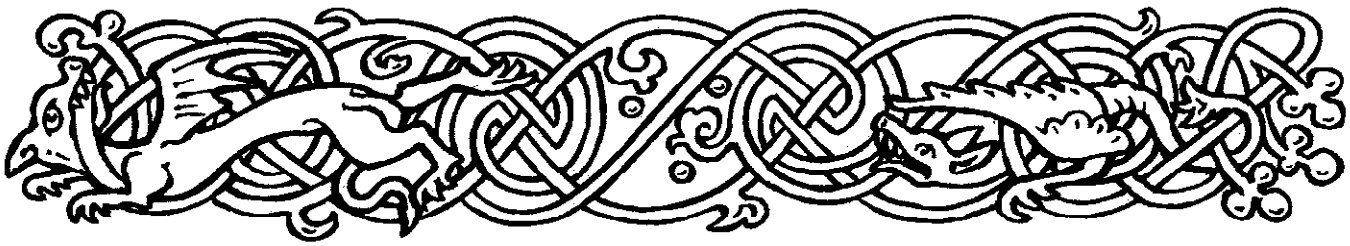
- The Gentle Mermaid (City Map Location N27), the site of one of the largest gambling houses in Faerûn and a luxurious place to see and be seen;





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- The Grinning Lion (City Map Location N56), a raucous tavern favored by less adventurous young nobles (who dare not visit Dock Ward);
- The Misty Beard (City Map Location N32), a spectacular tavern for thrill-seekers, since the staff is made up of rare and exotic monsters all carefully controlled by the owners; and
- Twilight Hunters (City Map Location N26), a new inn decorated with various adventuring equipment and battle trophies (actually used or slain by the owners, whose company name adorns the inn) that is attracting attention with its unique (and fiery) "orangeberry wine."

Other Places of Interest

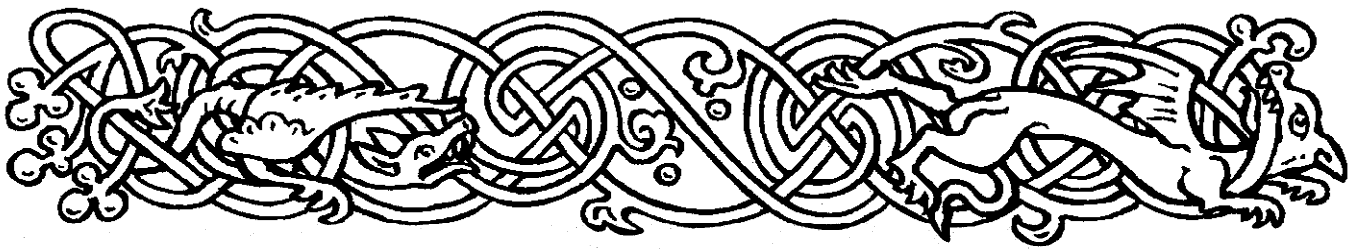
- Hawkwinter House (City Map Location N11), the walled villa containing three castlelike buildings and many lavish parties; and
- High House of Roaringhorn (City Map Location N42), a once-proud villa reduced to a shambles by excessively frequent parties, though its appearance does not detract from this noble family's goodwill throughout the city.

Places of Danger

Comparatively speaking, the alleys in this ward are nearly as safe as a hallway in one's own home. They are, at their worst, quiet places for drunken nobles and turned-out guests to sleep off the night's revelry without fear of interruption. However, the backstreets do contain some items of interest and threat:

- The Cliffwatch Ruins, a high wooden wall around the northeast corner of Endcliff Lane and Nindabar Street and the former site of a thriving inn, now constantly guarded and garrisoned by the guard to keep curiosity seekers away (or to protect them from what lies within, some say . . .);
- Manycats Alley, the home of many cats that feed on scraps from the surrounding butcher shops, and also known for carved stone heads that line its walls (some say they speak portents of evil to passersby!); and
- Watch Alley, a rallying point for the watch patrols of the ward where single, severed, bare human feet are found at odd times (a mark of punishment used by the old Shadow Thieves' Guild of Waterdeep).





Sea Ward

As the wealthiest ward of the city, Sea Ward is the seat of power for the established noble houses. Nearly empty during the winter due to the fierce sea storms, many of the nobles, well-to-do merchants, and social climbers call this home in the summer. Walking along the Street of the Singing Dolphin, the major avenue for the ward, one can expect to spot many of the grandest homes in Waterdeep, from the spires and gables of noble villas to the craggy and mysterious turrets of the wizards' towers. Sea Ward also contains many of the city's temples and Heroes' Garden, the only public garden outside the City of the Dead. Truly important (and self-important) people come to this ward to build their opulent homes while more modest folk or those more entrenched in the everyday politics and power of the city often choose to live in Castle Ward.

As with North Ward, watch patrols are quite frequent as one of the benefits of position. They are always polite and generally lightly armed, as most of the miscreants they find in this ward are well-dressed, drunken nobles who need only to be steered to the next party. The watch deals swiftly with any other disruptions, their tolerance for any vandalism, violence, or theft being quite low.

The boundaries for this district are Julthoon Street and Shield Street, with a small eastern arm extending to the High Road along Vondil Street.

Architecture

Aside from Piergeiron's Palace, you cannot find more finely crafted workmanship than the homes of Sea Ward. While North Ward tends toward pretense, the older, grander villas and temples of this ward have an air of stateliness and majesty (and haughtiness). The ward's variety of building details are astounding, from talking tavern signs that wink at customers to three gilded towers that seem braided together. While seeming petty and grasping to outsiders, an address here is not a joking matter, and many Waterdhavians spend their entire lives hoping to get a good address within Sea Ward's boundaries.

Most of the ward's streets are paved in cobbles or corduroy. The nobles insist on getting the rest of the alleys paved, but the Lords' Loyal Order of Street Laborers are under express orders to maintain the existing corduroy roads. They may, however, replace the corduroy by the House of Inspired Hands with cobblestone, as frequent "testings" and explosions have set the log road on fire on three separate occasions in the past year.

Landmarks

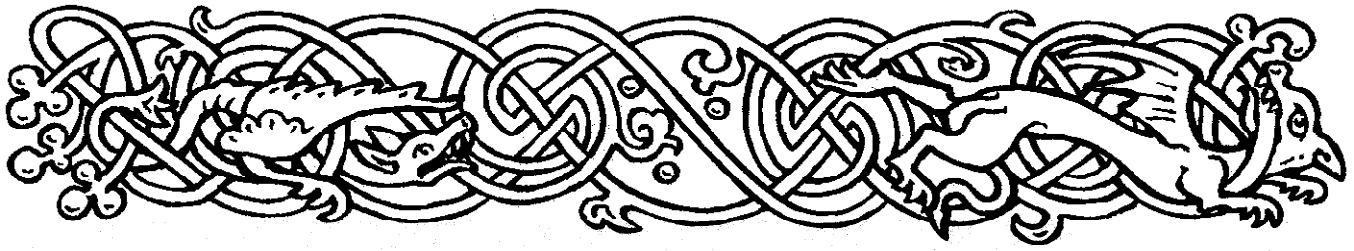
As with North Ward, the wider streets and the easier-to-find locations eliminate the need to use buildings and businesses as landmarks for directional purposes. Of note to the business-minded, there are no guild halls here, but there are six temple complexes (and numerous businesses that cater to the faithful pilgrims of many different beliefs). Although the temples do not hold as much power as commerce in Waterdeep, many of the respective faiths have their greatest temples within this city. Adventurers in Sea Ward are rare, though there are places at the north end of the city that cater more to the guard and adventurers than to the nobles.

Temples

- The House of Heroes (City Map Location \$58), the largest of the temples in the city, is dedicated to Tempus, the Lord of Battle, and attracts spectators and combatants alike from the nearby Field of Triumph;
- The House of Inspired Hands (City Map Location \$38), an enterprising temple to Gond that frequently abounds with new and noisy inventions of its faithful, it has lost some support in recent months with the new temple to Oghma in Castle Ward;
- The House of the Moon (City Map Location \$56), Selune's gilded temple where pilgrims flock to see the *Wand of the Four Moons*, a holy relic said to hold some of Selune's power (many even claim that the Lady of Silver battled the goddess Shar in the city during the Time of Troubles!);
- The House of Wonder (City Map Location \$21), the ornate tower for the faithful of Mystra with her holy symbol in mosaics on the courtyard (the tower is in the center of a circle of stars with red mist flowing toward the entrance to the tower);
- The Shrines of Nature (City Map Location \$5), the walled and forested complex that holds unpretentious temples to Silvanus and Mielikki;
- The Temple of Beauty (City Map Location \$10), a lavish temple of marble, gold, and silver with many statues of the goddess and her most comely worshipers throughout Realms' history; and
- The Tower of Luck (City Map Location \$19), the second largest temple in Waterdeep, is a large walled tower, its clergy funneling its weighty resources into improving the complex and undermining the city of Arabel's claim as the center for Tymoran worship.







Shops

- Aurora's Realms Shop ("Singing Dolphin" Catalogue Counter) (City Map Location \$18), an opulent showcase of Aurora's high-priced catalogue items that is staffed by a handsome clerk and an arrogant mage of some power;
- Halazar's Fine Gems (City Map Location \$60), a jewelry shop that prides itself as much on its expensive prices as its magically shining black walls; and
- Selchoun's Sundries Shop (City Map Location \$3), a shop filled with trinkets both useful (twine, flint, etc.) and useless (childrens' tabards marked as "Junior Watch Member" or "Waterdeep Griffon Cub Patrol") that moved to its new location after a mysterious, fiery end to its Feather Street site.

Inns & Taverns

- The Broken Lance (City Map Location \$59), a cozy tavern frequented and staffed by the athletes and fighters from the Field of Triumph (the eel pie is the house specialty!);
- The Fiery Flagon (City Map Location \$37), a tavern that is famous among sailors the Realms over for its seafaring decor and pricey fare (without the trouble and decay of the Dock Ward);
- The Golden Harp Inn (City Map Location \$4), a comfortable two-story stone and slate inn, cheery and well lit at all times and noted for the magical harp that appears in mid-air at odd times to sing and play ancient ballads by itself;
- Gounar's Tavern (City Map Location \$55), a brightly lit, expensive place that's more a showcase for Waterdeep's high society at play than a tavern;
- The Pilgrim's Rest (City Map Location \$42), a comfortable but modest (for Waterdeep) inn that provides affordable stabling and lodgings for many visitors of Waterdeep's temples; and
- Wyvern's Rest (City Map Location \$2), a former watchpost and blockhouse, this one-story stone tavern is a favorite of watch and guard members, its hallmark being the stuffed wyvern that looms over the bar.

Other Places of Interest

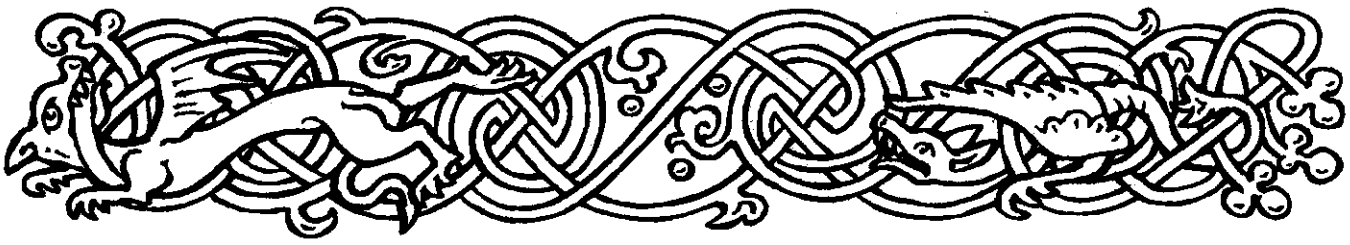
- Blue Alley (City Map Location \$8), a large windowless stone building that houses a deadly magical trap-laden obstacle course, created by a wizard (who may live there yet) to test the avaricious fools who wander into its blue-tiled passages;
- The Dragon Tower of Maaril (City Map Location \$30), a wizard's tower encircled by walls and an aura of menace, its sinister and dangerous air only amplified by the tower's shape of a dragon rampant;
- The Field of Triumph, the vast, open stadium that plays host to gladiatorial combats, illusion and spell exhibitions, and other public gatherings (be sure to see the Lion Gate, the awe-inspiring carved grand entrance!); and
- Naingate (City Map Location \$15), a walled enclosure around a famous wizard's tower with a magical mid-air waterfall that appears in the courtyard (appearing from nothing and splashing but not collecting on the cobblestones!).

Places of Danger

Like North Ward, Sea Ward's "dangerous places" are minuscule compared with the ink-black alleys of Dock Ward. More distinctly, the alleys here contain more intrigue due to the gossip-mongers within them than any skulking thief, as the nobles do love their sport. Some of the more interesting alleys and byways are:

- Gondwatch Lane, the charred corduroy lane at the southern entrance to the House of Inspired Hands where many Gondsmen's inventions are tested;
- Kulzar's Alley, a short alley close to Heroes' Walk that allegedly hides both the buried treasure of Kulzar and many treasure-hunters eager to find it;
- Pharra's Alley, named for the first Magistress of the House of Wonder but infamous for the Circle of Skulls that spew either helpful news or deadly spells;
- Prayer Alley, a short run parallel to Phastal Street that is the location of a vanishing mages' shop;
- Rook Alley, the last headquarters of the Rook, an infamous thief from 50 years ago, and the entry location to numerous tunnels and burial crypts that hold much treasure (and undead danger . . .); and
- Wagonslide Alley, a loose-stone paved alleyway that causes as many to trip over its cobbles as wagons used to slip on water or sea-rime (rumor has it thieves hide invisible weapons and secret messages under the stones).





Castle Ward

In terms of both geography and power, Castle Ward is the city's center. Most, if not all, of the city's administrative buildings are within the ward boundaries, from the lofty spires of Piergeiron's Palace to the low-slung crenellations of the guard smithy. While money and social standing are the prevalent benchmarks of might in the City of Splendors, Waterdeep's true power and what keeps it running are the Lords and Magisters here. If you like the taste of power and authority mixed with the usual commerce of the city, Castle Ward is the place to go.

The city guard maintains a strong presence in Castle Ward due to the concentration of city officials and areas of importance in need of heavier security. Even so, the watch maintains much of the order, especially around the Market, the Palace, and the Castle Ward docks. Like the guard, the watch makes a show of force in Castle Ward, traveling in larger patrols of six and brandishing short swords in addition to their normal rods and clubs.

The ward boundaries are the southern side of Julthoon Street over to Shield Street and down to Trader's Way on the north, meeting up with the High Road and Snail Street for the eastern perimeter. Lackpurse Lane, Belnimbra's Street, Gut Alley, and Shesstra's Street combine in an uneven boundary to the south, whereas the mountain and the coastline form the western edges of the ward. While Castle Ward covers the most territory, Mount Waterdeep makes up a lot of empty land and the ward is effectively little larger than Sea or North Ward.

Architecture

It is hard to pin down a "typical" architectural detail for Castle Ward, as there are so many different structures here that dominate the skyline. The city buildings, temples, and wizards' towers are impressive stone structures, with the Palace and Castle in leagues of their own. Folk who quest for power but lack the funds to rise above the merchant class often dwell in the environs north of Waterdeep Way, their homes either well-kept row houses of three to four stories or individual homes of one or two stories. In either case, structures tend to be timber and wattle-and-daub with stone foundations nestled among the shops. The southern leg of the ward is primarily made up of barracks and warehouses attached to the castle and to various wealthier merchants and noble houses. The only discernible difference between Castle Ward's docks and Dock Ward are the heavier watch patrols.

In terms of roads and byways, Castle Ward is by far the easiest ward to traverse due to the paving on many of its larger, primary roads. Even with heavy cart traffic on the roads, it is possible to travel from the Field of Triumph to Castle Waterdeep in the same time it takes to cover one-third of Dock Ward's docks. The paving is primarily for access by dignitaries and officials of the city and other foreign powers (and use during holidays for parades).

Landmarks

The primary landmark within Castle Ward is, of course, Mount Waterdeep. The lone, high mountain shelters much of the city from the full wrath of the sea storms, though it protects the city from other dangers as well. The Mount is riddled with tunnels and caverns, the mysteries of which are imponderable to the average citizen and dangerous enough to tighten the throat of the doughtiest guardsman. It is rumored that, for this very reason, the city guard keeps a detachment within the Mount at all times, keeping civilians out of the mountain (and things from coming out into the city . . .).

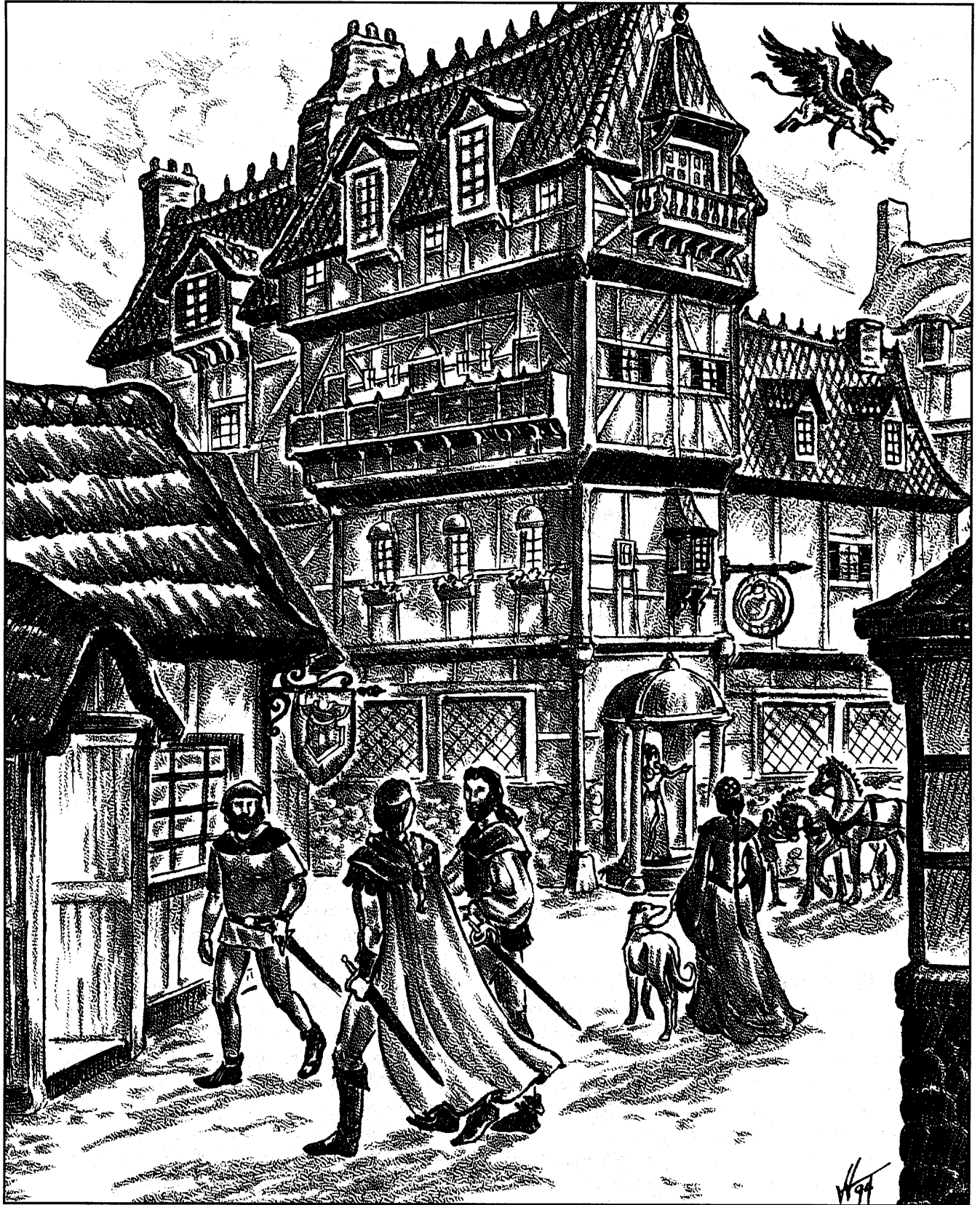
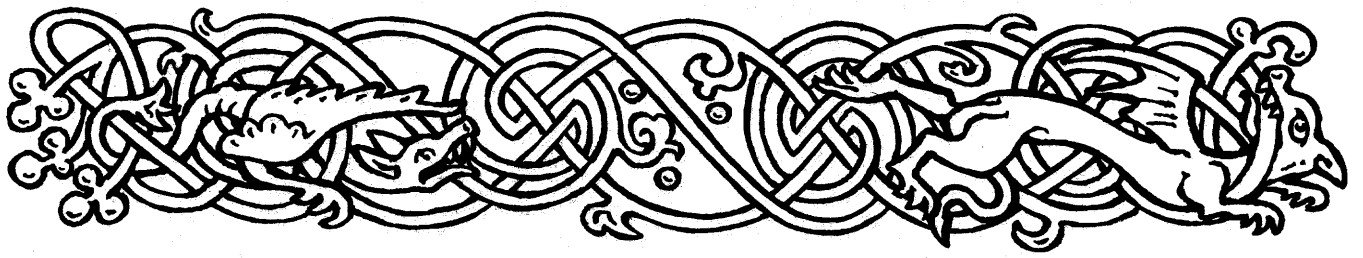
Castle Waterdeep, the Mountain Tower, and Peaktop Eyrie are the first and last defenses for the city, set high above the city on the mountain. In these buildings, as well as in Mount Waterdeep, the city guard keeps armories, the city's principal granaries, and stables its flights of griffon steeds. These caverns connect Castle Waterdeep and Peaktop Eyrie (the main landing and springing-aloft area for the griffons)—rumor has it that the tunnels also connect to Piergeiron's Palace and Undermountain, the subterranean city-dungeon beneath Waterdeep.

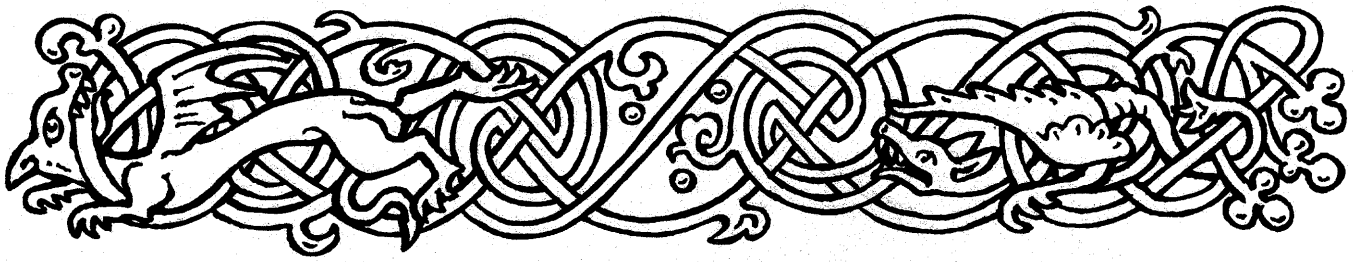
Among the other sights to see and visit are:

Guild Halls

- Fellowship Hall (City Map Location C39), the headquarters of the Fellowship of Innkeepers that operates as a members-only inn one night a tenday;
- House of the Fine Carvers (City Map Location C21), the slate-roofed wooden base of the Guild of Fine Carvers, easily found on the High Road with its frieze of carved animals and people (including Ahghairon and other First Lords); and
- Tower of the Order (City Map Location C15), a three-story stone tower surrounded by a fence of sparkling green lights that coalesce into Azuth's and Mystra's symbols (the hand of Azuth mosaic over the tower door is rumored to watch the tower and fire magic at any intruders!).







Temples

- The Cynosure (City Map Location C7), the former grand House of the Overgod (temple of Ao), which now serves as a rental hall and public forum;
- The Font of Knowledge (City Map Location C4), an old warehouse bought and newly dedicated as a temple to Oghma, the wooden structure swiftly being replaced by a three-story stone and timber library and monastery;
- The Halls of Justice (City Map Location C5), a four-year-old compound that houses a modest temple to Tyr and very ardent followers; and
- The Spires of the Morning (City Map Location C1), a walled garden compound with eight beautiful gilded towers that reflect Lathander's dawn.

Shops

- Balthorr's Rare & Wondrous Treasures (City Map Location C14), a curio and coin shop owned by an expert on coins and military markings;
- Halambar Lutes & Harps (City Map Location C25), the place to find any stringed instrument of the Realms (expect to pay dearly for quality), and host to a magical harp that sings by itself (and is a rumored Harper treasure);
- Halls of Hilmer, Master Armorer (City Map Location C23), a hard-to-miss shop (due to its front of polished plate armor) selling custom-made armor (practice rooms provided for trying out armor) that is without parallel on the Sword Coast;
- The Market, the largest open area of the city that plays host to hundreds of stalls and camped vendors able to sell you anything in the Realms (and many thieves to relieve you of the same); and
- Phalantar's Philtres & Components (City Map Location C33), a small shop for medicinal herbs and ingredients for oils, perfumes, and potions (the owner allegedly supports adventuring companies in exchange for the rare substances he sells here).

Inns & Taverns

- The Crawling Spider (City Map Location C20), a tavern for subterraneans that pine for their homes (and loyal regulars who like the thrilling atmosphere), decorated as if underground with its barmaids decked out like drow priestesses (and its many small "caverns" leading into shadows best left alone by nosy strangers);
- The Elfstone Tavern (City Map Location C32), an old earthy tavern, with live trees in the walls and the bar,

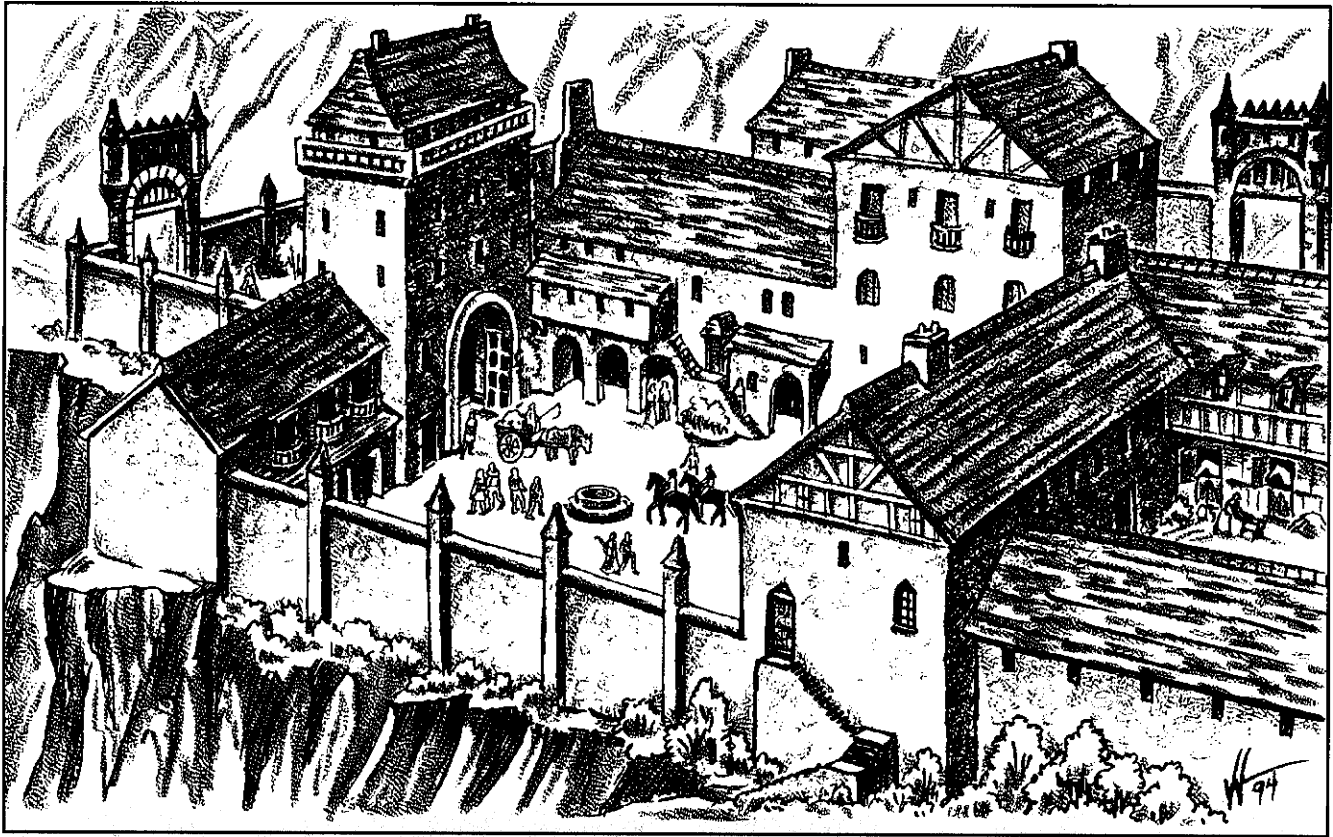
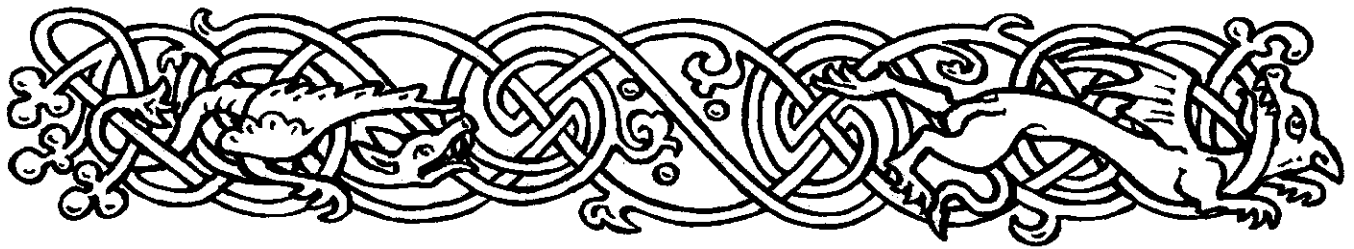
that caters to elves and half-elves and is a rare source of such delicacies as elverquisst, guldathen nectar, and maerlathen blue wine;

- The Jade Jug (City Map Location C38), Waterdeep's plushiest inn with luxury in every detail (and well worth the expensive prices!);
- The Mighty Manticore (City Map Location C12), an older friendly tavern with ample ale and light evening fare at affordable prices that attracts a loyal clientele of merchants at the close of day;
- The Quaffing Quaggoth (City Map Location C53), a dwarven-owned tavern (a growing favorite tavern of sailors, merchants, and young nobles), which serves its specialty—the Quaggoth (a thick house-brewed stout mixed with an unknown liquor that's "guaranteed to curl every hair on a quaggoth and then some!"); and
- Silavene's (City Map Location C3), a popular festhall and gambling house in what was once the Marblehearth villa (the mysterious southern owner is rumored to have two genies as her servants!).

Other Places of Interest

- Ahghairon's Tower, the slim stone tower of the original First Lord of the city that is surrounded by invisible magical barriers that suspend the skeletal remains of a wizard who tried to get into the tower;
- The Bell Tower (City Map Location C46), a simple bell tower used to signal fires, attacks, and calls for assembly at the Palace;
- Blackstaff Tower (City Map Location C6), the imposing dark stone tower with no apparent entrances or windows that is the home of Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, archmage of Waterdeep and suspected Lord, and his apprentices;
- Fair Winds (City Map Location C2), the only rental villa still vacant on the Cliffride;
- House of Loene (City Map Location C42), the miniature castle that is home for Loene, a former member of the Company of Crazy Venturers (surrounded by a magical fence that unleashes lightning on trespassers and thieves!);
- Mirt's Mansion (City Map Location C52), the most famous landmark around Castle Ward's docks, this stronghold is home to one of Waterdeep's richest adventurers;
- New Olamn, the new bards' college of Waterdeep ensconced at the end of the Cliffride and the magically lit tunnel known as Melody Mount Walk;





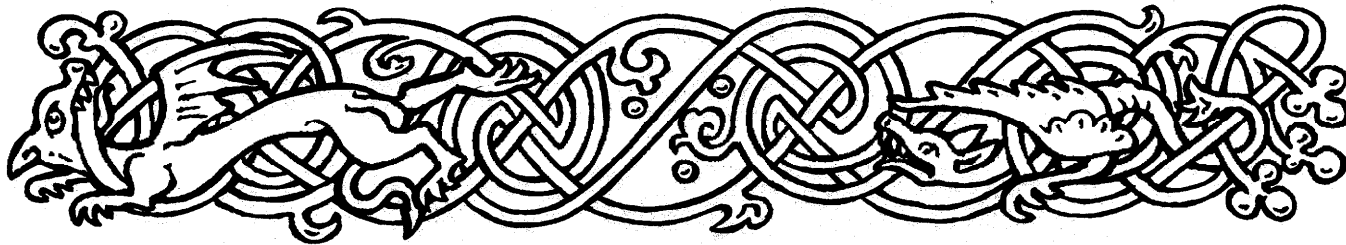
- Piergeiron's Palace, the center of Waterdeep's government with various courts, embassies, and city offices therein (as well as the living chambers of First Lord Piergeiron); and
- The Walking Statue, one of eight known (though some speak of more than nine!) 90-foot-tall stone golems created by Khelben Arunsun to defend any gaps in Waterdeep's defenses, this regal figure stands at the Gull Leap cliff at the end of Julthoon Street.

Places of Danger

The last of the safer places to visit at night, Castle Ward's alleys have almost all become proper streets. With the abundance of important folk and their *bodyguards* to say nothing of the frequent guard and watch patrols, thieves have little interest in skulking about here. Some of the places of local lore and interest are the following:

- Buckle Alley, once the heart of the Shadow Thieves' Guild territory, city guardsmen were warned to buckle on their blades before entering it;
- Cat Alley, a.k.a. Cats Alley, this narrow twisting, turning passage was frequented years ago by a masked, rapier-wielding man of wealth who scared young women and cut away their garments but was never arrested;
- Elsambul's Lane, named for a long-dead priest of Mask and now one of the few areas with graffiti on its walls (they say Elsambul himself still leaves enigmatic messages and clues to hidden treasures on the walls!), it attracts many folk beyond simple curiosity seekers;
- Jesters' Court, a courtyard—frequented now by hard-currency girls and minstrels—that has also been a performance stage for jugglers and comics as well as a meeting place for eloping lovers;
- Sevenlamps Cut, named for seven fancy magical lamps placed here long ago by Ahghairon himself, this safe alley is the place to hire spellcasters (apprentice wizards and poor underpriests) for quick healing, curse removals, or some magical firepower for your latest excursion into Undermountain; and
- Turnback Court, a lamplit, shallow alley at the end of Selduth Street that is used as a rallying point for watch and guard patrols both day and night.





Dock Ward

Ports, by their very nature, are unclean, noisy, crowded, and constantly busy places where few outsiders are welcome. Waterdeep's Dock Ward fits this mold, though its notoriety and bedlam are, if nothing else, slightly muted by the tales told up and down the Sword Coast. It was best described, by a wizard of no little note, as a "riotous, semi-stationary but nigh-perpetual brawl that covers entire acres and is interrupted only by small buildings, intermittent trade business, an errant dog or two, and a few brave watchmen (who do manage to keep the chaos from spreading beyond the docks), the whole lot wallowing in the stench of rotting fish. Still, in all, 'twas quite a lusty, intriguing place to spend an evening."

City watch patrols and guard contingents keep this ward in a semblance of order, traveling in well-armed groups of eight during the day and groups of twelve or more after dusk. Many of the roads are gravel-packed dirt, once the docks and cobblestone access roads to the Way of the Dragon are left behind. The dark, mud-strewn alleys are endless in Dock Ward, and they hide many dangers, despite the alertness of Waterdeep's defenders, so travel in large, heavily armed groups if you must.

Dock Ward's boundaries, quickly stated, are the harbor and the southern boundaries of Castle and Trades Wards. The northern boundary runs north and east on Lackpurse Lane to Belnimbra's Street, over and down Gut Alley, and turns east to Shesstra's Street. Moving east and turning south onto Book Street, the boundary moves east again on Drakiir Street until it meets the Way of the Dragon, the eastern perimeter of Dock Ward. The southern border of the ward is, of course, the docks and the harbor.

Architecture

Despite being the oldest settled area of Waterdeep, Dock Ward consists of many wooden structures all built upon each other with a few stone buildings to provide structural support for the rest. While people worked and lived here for 1000 years before Ahghairon's rule, few buildings last for more than 30 years. The only permanent constructions that have existed for extensive periods of time in Dock Ward are the docks themselves, as well as the protective harbor walls and the towers of Deepwatch Isle. With the relatively new cobblestone streets along the docks providing easier access to trade routes within the city, talk is circulating of updating and improving buildings along those routes. As far as the Lords are concerned, any improvements here are definitely for the better.

Landmarks

Finding the landmarks and "sights to see" within Dock Ward is akin to hunting for raw diamonds and uncut gems in a pile of mud-soaked gravel. Unless you're feeling adventurous or have need of the more sinister services provided here, Dock Ward is no place to go hunting for new experiences. The sights many visiting sailors, cutthroats, and fools with little brains look for are:

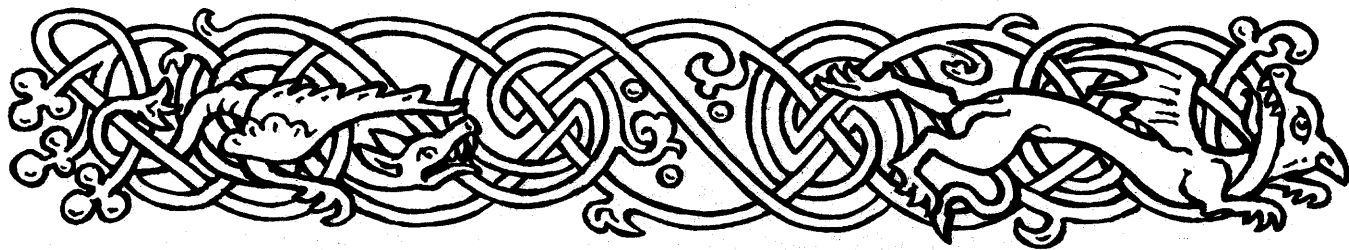
Guild Halls

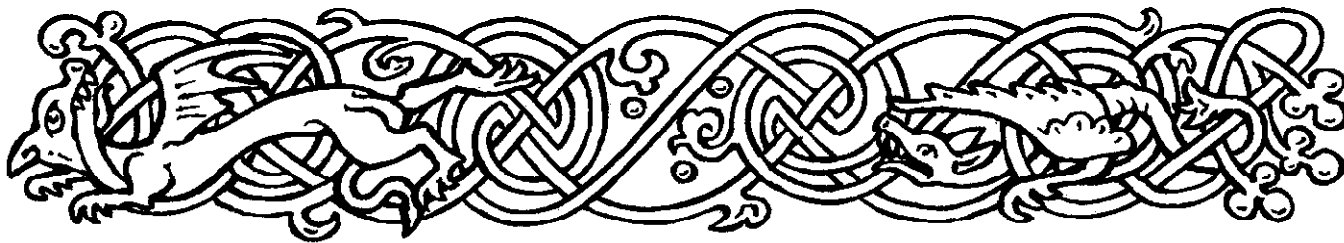
- The Butchers' Guild Hall (City Map Location D47), a recently renovated timber-frame two-story guild house with an available cold cellar for the guild members' overstock;
- League Hall (City Map Location D46), a large tannery with an upper-level tavern for the business of the League of Skinners & Tanners;
- Mariner's Hall (City Map Location D44), a lavish two-story wattle-and-daub building just off the Way of the Dragon that puts up many a visiting ship's captain during and after guild business; and
- The Metal House of Wonder (City Map Location D3), the metal-roofed base of the Splendid Order of Armorers, Locksmiths, and Finesmiths; and
- Watermen's Hall (City Map Location D43), the Guild of Watermen's boat- and warehouse that serves as their headquarters, the boathouse for their skiffs and ferries, and storage for any and all flotsam and jetsam found while keeping the harbor clear.

Shops

- House of Pride Perfumes (City Map Location D33), a veritable glass jungle of bottles filled with exotic perfumes and other scents;
- Serpentil Books & Folios (City Map Location D10), an exclusive and expensive shop that traffics in all manner of maps, charts, and books (no magical tomes for sale unless you've one to trade);
- the Smokehouse (City Map Location D52), used by the Fishmongers' Fellowship and the Guild of Butchers, this rare one-story brick smokehouse almost always smells of curing meats or fish; and
- Whistling Blades (City Map Location D5), a shop that specializes in daggers, blades, and knives (if you're vouched for by a friend, Ertyl Velun can show you special behind-the-counter items such as toe-blades or hidden arm scabbards with fast releases).







Inns & Taverns

Dock Ward has the greatest concentration of taverns, inns, and festhalls in the city. Many are ramshackle, tiny places that cater to the standard clientele of the area—the seafarer ashore for a fortnight looking for some adventure and ways to be parted from hard-earned gold. Other places look to attracting a better-paying crowd by improving their places above the general squalor of much of the ward. Some of the more infamous stops are:

- Cookhouse Hall (City Map Location D57), a large hall that serves simple hot meals and passable drink to weary travelers and those down on their luck for two coppers (sponsored jointly by the Lords and Lord Ulmassus Phull);
- The Copper Cup (City Map Location D54), three old three- and four-story warehouses linked and converted into one of Waterdeep's busiest and most famous taverns, inns, or festhalls, depending on what one looks for (a rare building with two—maybe more!—cellars for more business and storage);
- Full Sails (City Map Location D35), a merry, bright tavern on Net Street at the docks that serves as the headquarters of the Most Diligent League of Sail-Makers and Cordwainers;
- The Hanging Lantern (City Map Location D22), a festhall famed for its stunning escorts and its skilled matchmakers, as well as a side business in costume rental;
- Shipmasters' Hall (City Map Location D42), a private inn and dining club for captains, first mates, and ship owners and their escorts with an interior elegance that far outweighs its exterior (sponsored by the Master Mariners' Guild); and
- The Ship's Prow (City Map Location D11), an inn well known among sailors of the Sword Coast and easily found as it's actually a converted ship's prow that now juts into Fish Street and Ship Street (the prices and services in this four-story inn are reasonable, though the clientele often isn't);
- Three Pearls Nightclub (City Map Location D18), a popular festhall with nightly stage acts such as comedians, trained animal acts, illusionists' displays, recitals by famed bards and orators (even moreso with New Olamn open), and exotic dancing; and
- Warm Beds (City Map Location D15), a quiet, homelike inn with little more than what its name guarantees.

Other Places of Interest

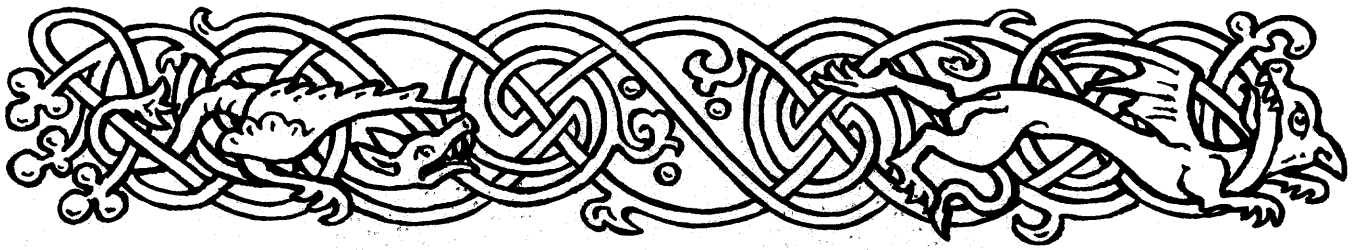
- Fishgut Court, a cobblestone court off Sail and Dock Streets where many strange happenings occur during nights of the full moon (many say the owner of a nearby tavern often speaks with Selune, and moonlight shines onto the court);
- The Old Xoblob Shop, a curio shop famous in the city for battle trophies from places far and near (especially Undermountain, which has a *gate* that deposits adventurers here); and
- Smugglers' Dock, the most isolated corner of the ward and also its safest, under the watchful eyes in Mirt's Mansion and the Watching Tower, used often for lovers' rendezvous.

Places of Danger

Above all the other places within miles of Waterdeep (aside from Undermountain), Dock Ward contains danger in no short supply. The congestion of refuse and discarded goods narrow many alleys in ways similar to those in Trades Ward, though the refuse here is weeks if not months old and a planned factor in many thieves' ambushes. While it is almost impossible to memorize the alley and street layout of the ward, its quick twists and turns make it child's play to avoid capture. Of course, blindly ducking around corners and into or out of doors can often introduce you to other perils just as deadly as the one you're fleeing! Among the more notorious of Dock Ward's many alleys are:

- Black Well Court, the small back-alley home to a polluted, monster-infested well that is now sealed by order of the Lords with magic and masonry;
- Manysteps Alley, a narrow alley that is the habitat of soothsayers, fortune tellers, and thieves galore;
- Melinter's Court, a dark courtyard often thick with the pipe smoke of curbside philosophers and corner sages (and sometimes the plotting of evil wizards);
- Philosopher's Court, also known by natives as "the Fool-square," a daily (and often nightly) meeting place for intellectuals, old sages, and drunken nobles alike found arguing over "topics too esoteric for a common mind";
- Round Again Alley, an alley that doubles back on itself and provides a testing ground for many apprentices' illusions; and
- Three Thrown Daggers Alley, which suffers from a magical curse that causes three random blades to fly from nowhere to attack passersby in the alley.





Chapter Two: Waterdeep's Changing Face

The preceding chapter gave players a very broad look at the city with a few anecdotes for “local color.” Now, no city stays the same year in and year out (let alone day in and day out). This chapter shows you the changes the city undergoes with the changing seasons and with the end of day. It also details the city’s festivals, celebrations, and all the other myriad happenings in life that can complicate or simplify the city’s ongoing trade and commerce.

A Night Out in The City

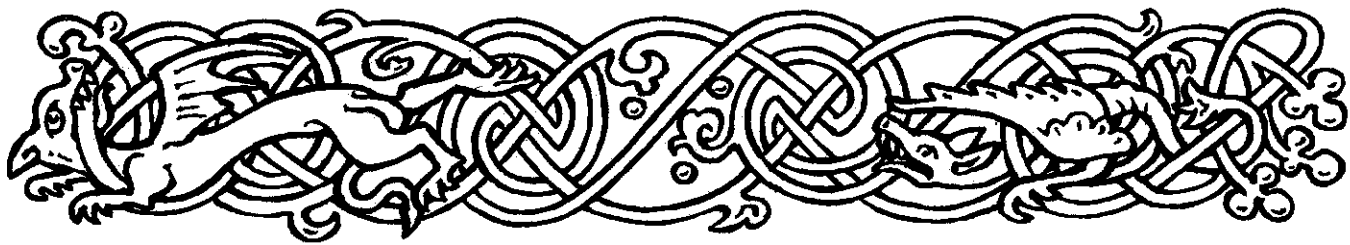
The most immediate and commonplace change to Waterdeep occurs with the coming of night, regardless of the season. Waterdhavians generally work hard, make large amounts of money as a result, and play hard, too. By night, taverns do a steady (though muted by regular watch patrols) trade, and the festhalls and nightclubs—there are many in the docks area, and a few in all of the other city wards—are wild, crowded places, to say nothing of the private parties in homes, the villas of the nobles, and guildhalls.

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

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

There is no “weekend,” as there are no city-wide “holy days” away from work as we know them; however, there are festivals and special holidays throughout the year (see below), but Waterdhavians usually party at least once every three nights unless they are very busy with their work (e.g. anyone involved in shipping goods just before winter or just after the big spring thaws) or are courting.





Waterdeep in Winter

The importance of Waterdeep as a center of trade, and the ready market its wealthy population provides to merchants, keeps the City of Splendors busy for most of each year. The North has fierce winters, however, and overland trade is virtually cut off from the Inner Sea lands, while travel within the North itself is limited to a few brave (or foolhardy) adventurers, who do not as a rule travel heavily laden with trade goods. Guard patrols note how passable the roads are, but few organized bands of people arrive at or leave the city until the spring thaws are past, although a few daring “mudrunners” bring wide, flat, trade sledges through the mud of each thaw to gain premium prices from the bored city populace for their wares. Even the shipping of the Sword Coast is imperiled by ice and by raw winter gales, although the harbor of the City of Splendors does remain open year-round.

Beasts of prey come down out of the wilderlands to the fields outside the city walls, hoping to catch some human-sized meals. Guards at each city gate are doubled in number because of such menaces, and equipped with long pikes; guard patrols are mounted to keep track of what monsters are in the city’s vicinity. The Dungsweepers’ Guild is escorted with a heavy contingent of guards to protect it from monstrous attacks during winter. If monstrous incursions are particularly high or frequent, the Lords hire mercenary bands and adventurers to go on monster hunts beyond the city; while a serious business, many young nobles simply join the hunts looking for excitement. A few selective kills reduce the worst and most dangerous monsters, as well as provide easier prey or ready food for other predators. In all, these hunts distract many of the wandering monsters away from the city.

Waterdeep winters offer a very different setting for life and adventure than the other seasons. The population is limited to those within the walls when winter closes in, and few creatures arrive or leave. Everyone in Waterdeep over a winter has plenty of time—time to plan next year’s business affairs, or scheme about how to arrange this or that; in short, intrigue runs rampant. It is damp and cold, and snows a lot; tempers worsen as the weeks pass, and adventurers are warned that trouble is far easier to find when noble, merchant, beggar, and watchman alike are bored and irritated. Winter in Waterdeep comes a week or so after The Feast of the Moon, isolates the city two or

three weeks after that, and then deep winter lasts two months before the first thaws begin the slow warming process. Even the Market tends to close down during the height of winter, save for two hours around highsun.

Thieves should note that many of the richer merchants and nobles empty and shut up their villas or houses and vacate the city for somewhere warmer (such as the southern climes of Tharsult, Tashalar, Narubel, or even as far as the country of Calimshan) to spend the winter. Of course, some villas are occupied by the watch and the guard during winter to prevent wholesale looting and damage in the northern wards of Waterdeep. While the rest of the city’s streets are kept passable by traffic and the diligent sledges of the Loyal Order of Street Laborers, many of the streets (aside from the High Road and the major roads) within North and Sea Wards are left icy and snowbound, making it hard to move through and next to impossible to enter without being tracked.

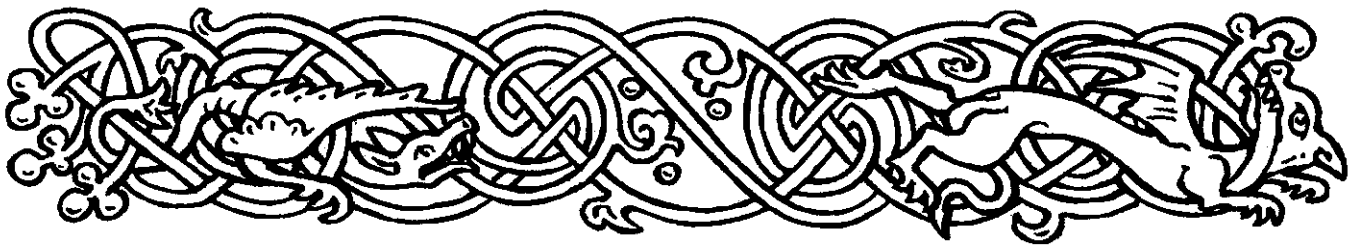
Waterdhavian Holidays

Holidays in Waterdeep are random, eclectic happenstances for the most part, though it is rare that two ten-days pass by without some local festival in one of the smaller neighborhoods somewhere in the city. All holidays described in the Calendar of Harptos (see the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Set) are celebrated by the citizens of Waterdeep, as well as some few local customary holidays. Holiday festivals usually involve some potluck banquets for huge numbers of people, dancing and music, and some entertainments for the crowds. In the past few decades, a number of the festhalls and inns of the city have sponsored their own holidays on local neighborhood levels, providing entertainments and specials designed to draw more people through their doors and make more money. For neighborhoods to hold a local festival (that involves blocking off the streets and disrupting traffic), all the information must be presented to the watch and the Palace, and a 25 gp fee paid to provide for adequate additional watch coverage during the festival times. The holidays below are some of the more popular and well-recognized holidays and festivals celebrated in the city.

Ahghairon’s Day

Ahghairon’s Day commemorates the life of Ahghairon, the first Open Lord, and is celebrated on the day after Midsummer’s Night (the first day of Eleasias) in honor of the Old





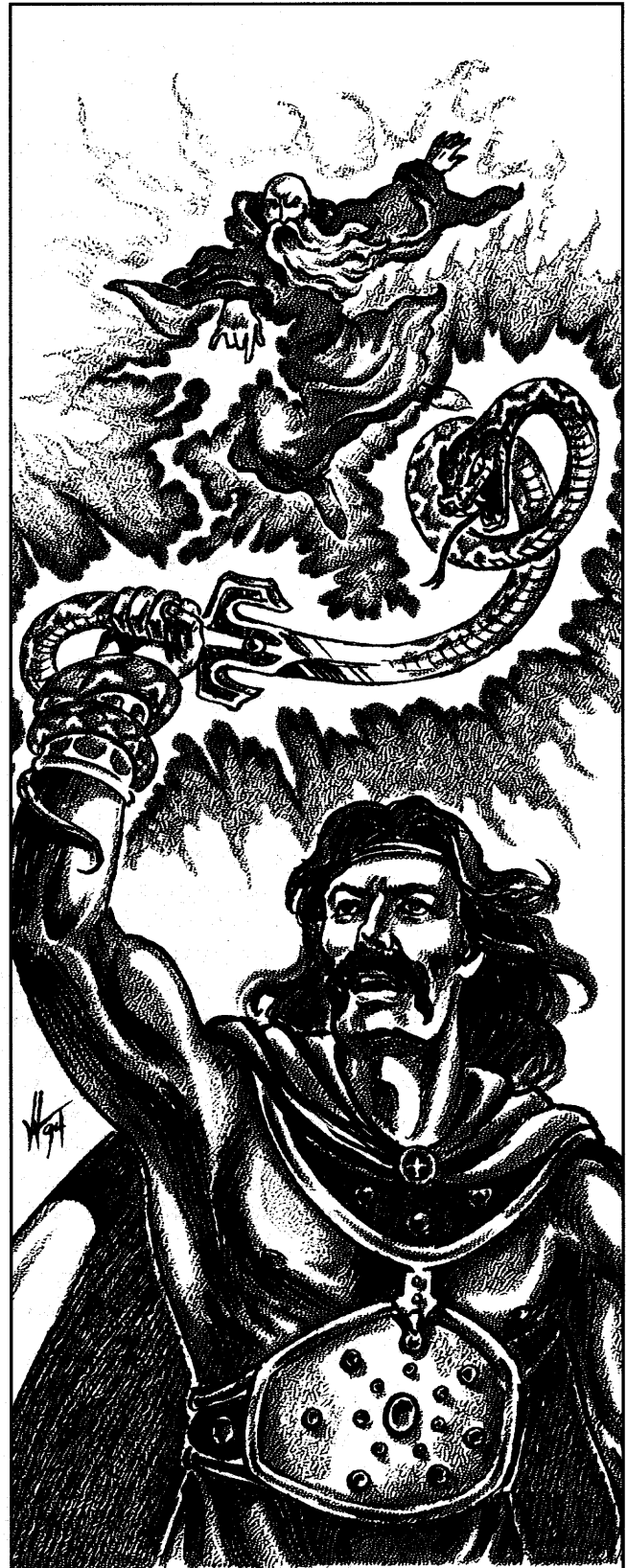
Mage's birth date. Citizens often leave violets (Ahghairon's favorite flower) at the base of his old tower, the Plinth, or on the altars in the House of Wonder, Mystra's temple where he worshiped. While not a practice before Lhestyn's lifetime, Lhestyn's tradition of visiting taverns and inns throughout the city to wish the people well is continued by Piergeiron, the current Open Lord and most visible agent of Ahghairon's rule. While not a holiday that affects the city's operation (aside from closing the Lord's Court), it is honored in small ways, with many toasts to the Lords of the city in tavern talk, and bards performing some of the locally written songs in honor of the much-loved Old Mage.

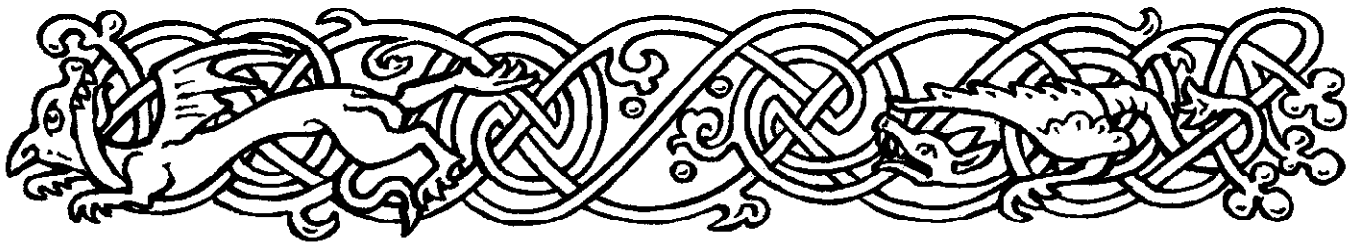
Auril's Blesstide

Similar to the Fair Seas Festival below, this holiday is celebrated more as a case of prevention rather than true celebration, designed to protect Waterdeep from the ill will of Auril the Frostmaiden, goddess of winter. On no set day, Auril's Blesstide is proclaimed upon the dawn of the first frost, a squad of griffon-riders flying low over the city blowing distinctive horns that proclaim it Auril's Day; on this day, every one in the city wears primarily white clothes and no one eats or serves hot meals, in deference to the goddess of cold. In the past century, a disrespectful lark by some unclothed and besotted young nobles has become a traditional part of the Auril's Day ceremonies; a parade of white-cloaked men and women literally runs from the Cliffwatch in North Ward across the city, through the West Gate and out onto the western beaches. From there, the participants (mostly young nobles or merchants) leap into the icy waters of the Sea of Swords clad only in light white tunics (if clad at all) in order to "gain the respect of Auril and sacrifice our warmth to stay the worst of her icy wrath in the coming winter."

Fair Seas Festival

This festival spans two days in late Ches, and closes the annual Fleetswake festivities (see below). The first day involves much feasting in all corners of the city, but the menus are limited primarily to seafood; in lower Castle Ward, a number of temporary structures are built over the waters off Smugglers' Dock, allowing a number of individuals (notably Mirt and Piergeiron and city guard officers) and nobles involved in the sea trades to host a feast shared with the mermen and sea elves of Waterdeep's harbor. The docks and Deepwater Isle are heavily staffed by clergy from all the temples of the city—as well as the heads and members of sea-related guilds—throughout the second day, everyone spending the time in prayer and feasting. At both dawn and sunset, the





waters of Waterdeep's harbor are covered with floating flowers in homage to Umberlee, the chaotic ocean goddess.

During the course of the festival's two days, parties of city guardsmen and chosen members of the Guild of Watermen and the Master Mariners' Guild tour the city, taking donations from tavern patrons for Umberlee's Cache (there are also collection boxes at the two guildhalls), a sacrifice of coins from the citizens of the city to Umberlee in thanks for safe ports and safe passage in the coming year. Upon sunset of the second day, the money is placed in chests and dumped into the deepest part of the harbor. This festival has existed in a number of forms since the first trade-meets occurred here, and over 2,500,000 gold pieces have been dumped into the harbor and remain relatively inviolate; the area is closely guarded by the undersea guardsmen, whose standing orders are to kill anyone disturbing Umberlee's Cache. There are also rumors of magical protections on the chests which keep them safe. Legends tell of thieves that stole some of the collection years ago and left the city; as soon as their ship left the harbor, a squall sprang up and a huge wave shaped like a hand swept over the ship, taking the thieves overboard and sparing the ship and the rest of the crew.

Fleetswake

Spanning the last tenday in Ches, Fleetswake is a mariners' festival celebrating the sea, the sea trades that are their livelihood, and the gods of the sea. While much of the religious seriousness and ceremony is placed on the Fair Seas Festival (see above), many of the Fleetswake events and activities are dedicated in small ways to nearly every sea god or goddess of the Realms. The bulk of the festival activity occurs in Dock Ward, though the Fiery Flagon in Sea Ward is a hotbed of action during this holiday as well. Among the many events of the Fleetswake festival are boat races (both private boats and the rakers of the city naval guard), the annual Shipwrights' Ball at the Shipwrights' House, guild-sponsored galas at the Copper Cup festhall, and many more. Any ships entering the harbor during Fleetswake are not charged the standard docking fees for their stay but the ships' captains are expected to donate at least 1 gold piece per day to Umberlee's Cache before they leave Waterdeep's harbor.

Founders' Day

Not really a practiced holiday, Founders' Day is noted on city calendars as the first day of Flamerule and commemorates the Free City of Waterdeep's founding. The Field of Triumph is the site of illusory shows of the history of the city as well as

martial exhibitions by the guard and other noted warriors of the city. Many festhalls sponsor Founders' Day costume contests with prizes going to the best costumes of historical personages (from Warlord Raurlor to Khelben the Elder and others). Major illusions used to be established throughout Waterdeep, including making Castle Waterdeep look like the old log structure of Nimoar's Hold, but these were decried as too disruptive to traffic and commerce and have not been part of the Founders' Day celebrations for decades.

Gods' Day

This new holiday in Marpenoth observes the anniversary of the end of the Godswar, when the gods of the Realms returned to the heavens. During the day, shop owners and merchants proudly display their gods' symbols in the windows or on themselves; any customers who worship the same gods get reduced prices on goods and services, with the difference becoming a donation to the gods' temples (or to the city for upkeep of the Plinth). Traffic in the City of the Dead is extremely heavy during this holiday, as many mourners collect to remember their comrades and relatives who fell on this day only nine years ago. As well, a Gods' Day tradition in Waterdeep strictly limits the use of magic in remembrance of the wild magics of the Time of Troubles; while not outlawed fully, spellcasting is allowable only in self-defense or in extreme need (such need to be determined by the Lord's Court).

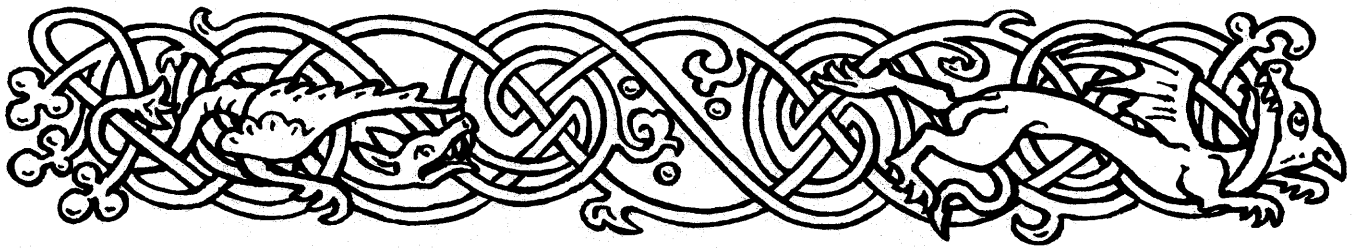
At night, this holiday becomes quite solemn and serious as many Waterdhavians spend time in prayer at their temples, both in thanks for the lives they have under their gods and in remembrance of the destruction and terror the Godsfall caused Faerûn that they don't wish to repeat. The guard also sets up an immense bonfire at the peak of Mount Waterdeep, honoring the fallen and the risen gods Myrkuul, Cyric, Mystra, Helm, and Ao who appeared here.

Within the last few years after the establishment of the Gods' Day celebrations, people began decorating the inner walls of the city with garlands and giving gifts to guardsmen and watchmen. Now a standard practice, in thanks for their defense during Myrkuul's invasion and the resulting Wardfires of Southern, Dock, and Castle Wards, God's Day is also the semi-official "Be Kind to the Guard & Watch Day" in Waterdeep.

Trolltide

Begun as a feasting day to celebrate the ending of the decade-long Second Trollwar, Trolltide is now a lesser holiday to the city at the start of Kythorn. Where once every-





one was relieved of responsibilities beyond celebrating the freedom and survival of the city, now this holiday is almost exclusively for children. In recognition of how close the enemy came to the city, children now run through the streets in packs from highsun till dusk, pounding on the doors of shops and homes, growling and snarling like trolls; the occupants are expected to give the children candies, fruits, or other small items “to keep the trolls away from my door,” and those who do not are generally subject to pranks upon sundown.

Waukeentide

While the continued existence of Waukeen is still being debated by philosophers and clerics across the Realms, this centuries-old tenday festival in early Tarsakh maintains its old title by force of habit. Originally a simple day-long celebration of the free trade and open commerce of the city, it has encompassed a number of older holidays under one title and stretched the holiday season over ten days. Among its rituals are:

- **Caravance:** a gift-giving holiday commemorating the traditional arrival of the first caravans of the season into the city, and many parents still hide gifts in their homes, telling their children that Old Carvas left them (Old Carvas is the mythical old peddler who arrived with the first caravan into Waterdeep, his wagon loaded down with toys for all the children in Waterdeep);
- **Goldenight:** a simple festival night celebrating money and gold (many hard currency girls and not a few young noblewomen cover themselves in gold dust and little else on Goldenight), with many businesses operating all night, offering midnight sales and other promotions;
- **Guildsmeet:** special guild member holiday gatherings of the guild memberships for celebrations typically culminating in a multiguild sponsored gala festival and dance that lasts from dusk till dawn and dominates the Market, the Cynosure, the Field of Triumph, and all areas in between;
- **Leiruin:** Waukeen caught Leira, the former goddess of deception, attempting to cheat her in a deal, and buried her under a mountain of molten gold as punishment for cheating an honest merchant; as a commemoration of this, Leiruin is the day for guild members to pay their annual dues to the guilds, for the guildmasters to all meet with the Lord’s Court and renew the guild charters for another year, and for the Lords to bring to light any

wrongdoing done in commerce; those charged with theft, robbery, or other commercial crimes on this day are pilloried in front of the Palace and guild members throw coppers at them as part of their punishment (the money goes to the city).

Temple Festivals

Aside from the major city-wide holidays mentioned above, many of the temples of the city (the major established temples and the minor, unheralded temples as well) promote and coordinate smaller scale holidays and local neighborhood carnivals in celebration of their gods. Celebrations, parades, and festivals are increasing among the worshipers and temples of Tyr, Helm, and Tymora; the gods of knowledge—Oghma, Deneir, and Milil—now earn greater attention and larger galas, with the construction of the Font of Knowledge and the bards’ college of New Olamn. Among the grander, more established holidays are:

- **Day of Wonders,** a festival for Gond anticipated each year around Highharvestide for the imaginative inventions of the Gondsmen that are revealed on this day (many still talk of the parade in 1359 DR, when the mechanical soldiers marching down the High Road all fell over when the artificial dragon crashed on them from behind, or the nautical exhibition of 1363 DR, when a mechanical dragon turtle swam once around the harbor and promptly sank, becoming part of UMBERLEE’S Cache);
- **Lliira’s Night,** a night-long festival honoring the Lady of Joy by innumerable dances and balls throughout the city (the Cynosure Ball is sponsored jointly by the Lords, the local clergy of Lliira, and various noble families, while many festhalls turn their entire operations over to wild, carefree dancing and any other pursuits under the Lady’s purview . . .);
- **Rhyestertide,** a day-long celebration of the life of Rhyester, the first prophet of Lathander, the Morninglord and god of the dawn (all celebrants wear bright red robes but keep one eye covered till next dawn in honor to Rhyester’s blindness that was cured by Lathander’s touch at dawn); and
- **Selune’s Hallowing,** celebrating the moon, stars, and navigation (the major ceremony of this is a parade of worshipers leaving the House of the Moon at moonrise and moving down to the harbor, with the high priestess carrying the *Wand of the Four Moons* before her) in addition to the festivals during the Feast of the Moon.





Chapter Three: Adventuring in Waterdeep

Toril is filled with marvels from the far shores of Kara-Tur to the lofty peaks of the Spine of the World, but there are few places to compare with the excitement, intrigue, and sheer variety of wonders and dangers that abound within the walls of the City of Splendors. This chapter provides players and Dungeon Masters alike with options on creating player characters and nonplayer characters especially for use within Waterdeep.

Becoming an Adventurer

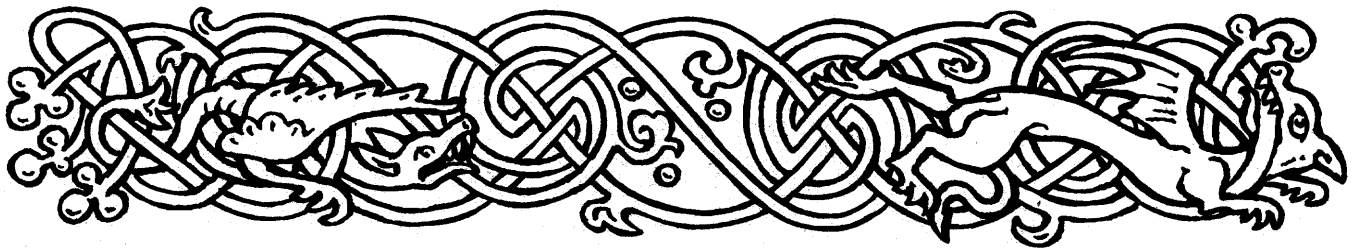
What drives a person to a life on the road, seeking danger at every turn? Be it a quest for knowledge and power, a calling from the gods, the thrill of the hunt, or greed and curiosity, a certain restlessness sets your characters apart from common folk. Any character you make for the game has the potential to be the greatest hero (or vilest villain) the Realms has ever seen, rather than being just the child of a farmer within the Dalelands. Create your characters using the standard AD&D® 2nd Edition rules, along with any supplement material your game group allows (such as the PHBR supplements for the character classes). Now, create a background for your character using the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Setting, placing your character within the history and context of the world of Toril. Once you're done, you're ready for adventure in the Realms . . . or are you?

While most fledgling adventurers set out into the wilderness to conquer ancient dungeons and attack bands of thieving humanoids, many adventurers find all the dangers they need within Waterdeep's environs with much less difficulty but no less reward. Waterdeep's adventurous natives are a special breed; while the differences between adventurers are slim, aside from some new and special skills, there are a number of optional character kits and adaptations to established kits and classes that can give your Waterdeep characters and campaign a special excitement and feel.

Waterdhavian Characters

While contemplating your characters, decide what you would like to play the most. If you really like the idea of rangers, druids, barbarians, and other characters at home in the woods and wilderness, play those characters but keep in mind that such characters cannot be natives of a metropolis such as Waterdeep. This is the only limitation placed on characters created as natives of the City of Splendors. Now that we've covered the only "can't," let's look at the people you can create for a campaign. The first kit below is the standard by which all native characters of Waterdeep are measured, and the additional kits simply add more specifics to a character's background and specialize his or her skills.





Adventurer, Waterdhavian Native

Description: As its name describes, this is a general kit for all character classes. All it denotes is the character's citizenship in Waterdeep and Waterdeep's use as the primary base and locale for adventuring.

Role: Within city society, adventurers are wild cards for many reasons. While many are little more than mercenaries, some are closely affiliated with a temple or a powerful noble family within the city (or the Lords themselves) and are thus accorded a bit more respect. Many adventurers are well loved by tavern and inn owners the city over for their exciting tales and, of course, their hard-won gold and treasure.

Weapon Proficiencies: As per character class.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Player's Choice.

Equipment: As befits character; initial listings are items on hand at all times, with other items kept in storage (in rented rooms or other places).

Special Benefits: In addition to standard nonweapon proficiencies, all Waterdhavians add *Waterdeep Lore I* to their repertoire (see below for details).

Special Hindrances: No wilderness-based character classes can be natives of Waterdeep (no rangers, barbarians, or druids), though they could be from outlying villages and settlements (a logging town by the Ardeep Forest?).

Races: All PC races.

Adventurer, Waterdhavian Noble

Description: These characters are the younger children of a noble family, the third or later sons and daughters who will not inherit lands or titles from their noble parentage. Their wanderlust and need to find a place has led them to adventuring life.

Role: The role of these lesser nobles in Waterdeep is to prove themselves to their families and to magnify their own fame. Should they or their comrades commit errors or faux pas, the noble adventurer often has to explain the situation to an embarrassed noble patriarch or matriarch.

Weapon Proficiencies: As above; however, all young male nobles are taught at least the basics in long sword or broad sword use (choose one appropriate for the character). Characters who cannot use a sword with their current class are considered unskilled in the use of that weapon, favoring their current weapons, but incur only a -2 attack penalty with swords due to past training.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: As above; nobles must learn *Riding, Land-based (horse)*. Optional (but highly expected) skills to

choose from are: *Dancing, Etiquette, Fashion* (see below), *Heraldry, Reading/Writing*, and *Waterdeep Commerce I* (see below).

Equipment: As above; however, the noble *must* have no less than the best available equipment to maintain appearances (*Player's Handbook* price +25%)!

Special Benefits: Of great benefit to adventurers is the immediate additional money that nobility can have; add 1d20 × 10 gp to the character's total. Noble characters can roll this additional funding no more than once every two months, adding 1d20 gp if their actions have succeeded and subtracting 2d20 gp if they have met with failure and disgraced the noble family's name. In addition, nobles are readily recognized within Waterdeep, for good or ill; while well known to innkeepers, barkeepers, and merchants, they are also as well known to the criminal element. Successfully obtaining any benefits "the noble deserves" must be role-played, rather than assuming room will be made for nobles and their friends at any tavern or inn.

Special Hindrances: Noble characters are well known and easily recognized by many natives of the city. If attempting to hide or disguise themselves, noble characters incur a 20% penalty for hiding or a -2 penalty on Disguise rolls.

Races: Human, half-elf.

City Guardsman, Standard

Limitations: City guards, no matter what rank or type of duty, are all warriors (fighters, paladins). They must all have minimum scores of 12 in Strength and Constitution.

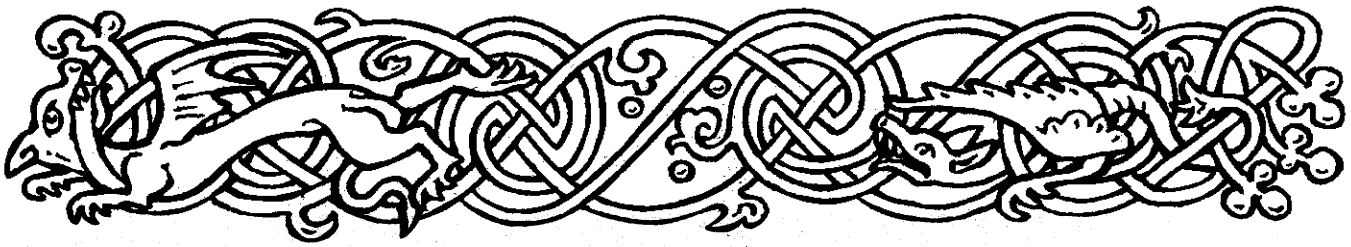
Description: A Waterdhavian guard is a soldier of the army of Waterdeep, dedicating his or her service to defending the Lords and the people and property of the City of Splendors. People can join the guard after thorough physical and mental examinations, and they initially enlist for two years. After that, they can choose to resign their commission or stay for an additional two-year period.

Role: The guard stands ready at all times to supplement the watch in all matters, helping to keep order within the city. They man the walls and watchtowers, the catapults, the jails, and the gates of the city. A guard officership is considered a worthy position for many young lesser nobles.

Weapon Proficiencies: The following are minimum weapon proficiencies, but are not exclusive; they reflect the standard guard weapons: Rod, short bow, short sword.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: The following are suggested skills for guard members to learn; they are not mandatory for the rank-and-file: *Riding, Land-based (horse), Swimming, Waterdeep Lore I* (whether native or outsider; see below).





Equipment: Rod, scale mail, short bow, short sword; any additional nonstandard equipment is up to the player. Guard uniforms are silver scale mail covered by a black tabard and cloak with gold trim and the gold seal of Water-deep on their chests (and shields if on wall duty).

Special Benefits & Hindrances: For general benefits and drawbacks of all guardsmen (officers and special troops included), see the **Limited Campaigns** section below.

Races: Any; in times of trouble, Lord Piergeiron will allow the addition of mercenaries to the guard, sometimes supplementing the troops with humanoids, lizard men, and a rare giant or two.

City Guardsman, Air Corps

Limitations: As standard guardsman.

Description: As standard guardsman, though these soldiers are the elite forces that ride the griffons and provide aerial defense for the city.

Weapon Proficiencies: As above, though a horseman's flail or mace or a spear are mandatory weapons needed to fight on griffonback.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: The only additional skill for these guardsmen is *Riding, Airborne*. This compulsory skill is limited specifically to griffons, though riders can train on other flying animals later.

Equipment: As above, including all proficient weapons.

Races: Humans, elves, half-elves; all other races are too small or too big to be effective griffon-riders.

City Guardsman, Naval Brigade

Limitations: As standard guardsman.

Description: As standard guardsman, but these guards who man the harbor towers are a bit less orderly and more rowdy than their inner city counterparts (though they are no less honest or law-abiding). The "mariners" keep watch on the harbor's islands and towers, man and maintain the raker fleet, and coordinate antismuggling patrols with the mermen forces in the harbor. Their main barracks and command center are on Deepwater Isle in the Inner Fort.

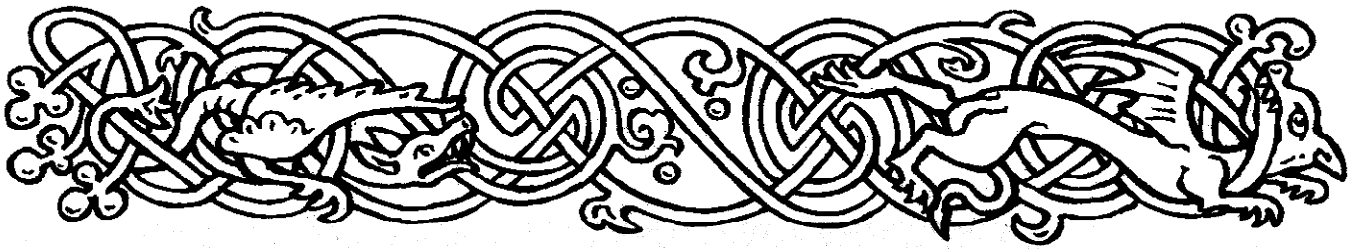
Weapon Proficiencies: As above standards; mariners can also be adept at using crossbows (both standard and the heavy ship variety), harpoons, nets, and tridents.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Guardsmen of the naval brigade are required to learn the following skills during their first tour of duty (Swimming is mandatory for entry): *Fishing, Navigation, Rope Use, Seamanship, Swimming*.

Equipment: As above, including all proficient weapons.

Races: Any (including mermen and mermaids in the harbor).





City Guardsman, Officer (any Troop Type)

Limitation: Officers need Intelligence scores of 12 or better. These skills are prerequisites for officers' ranks: *Heraldry, Read/Write, and Riding, Land-based (horse).*

Description: Guard officers tend to be veterans from the ranks or are young nobles with political commissions. The two types of officers work well together and form a superb command structure for the guard (aside from the veterans' good-natured needling of young noble lieutenants).

Weapon Proficiencies: Long bow, long sword, rod, and spear or one type of polearm.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Upon gaining the rank of an officer, characters can learn the following skills: *Waterdeep Lore I* (for non-native officers), *Waterdeep Lore II*, and *Waterdeep Lore III*.

Equipment: As above, including all proficient weapons.

City Watchman, Standard

Limitations: Strength or Constitution scores must be 12 or greater to be allowed into the watch.

Description: The watch is the police force of the city, protecting it from within just as the guard protects it from the outside. One can tell how long watchmen have been on the force by how adept they are at using their rods to disarm or knock out troublemakers. The watch accepts members from many walks of life, and people can sign up for anywhere from one month to a lifetime career in the watch; regardless of the time put in, many feel an association with the watch for years afterward. Mercenaries often join the watch for short stints when they need money or need to avoid trouble; once they finish their term, they rarely cause trouble for the watch again due to the underlying understanding that "Once a watchman, always a watchman."

Role: The watch is the first and most noticeable sign of law and order in Waterdeep and their presence is quite visible, their daily and nightly patrols making sure all is well in every tap-room and business throughout the city. They can use lethal force against opponents, but Captain Rulathon and Helve Urtrace prefer their troops subdue criminals and bring them to justice. The watch also provides services such as finding lost children, providing directions, or helping fix an overturned cart.

Weapon Proficiencies: The following are minimum, nonexclusive weapon proficiencies and show the standard weapons of the watch: Dagger, rod, short sword.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Within one month of joining the watch, characters will learn *Waterdeep Lore I* (if not already known). No specific skills are mandatory to be a regular watch member, though skills that will serve you greatly in the watch are: *Blind Fighting, Direction Sense, Gaming, Jumping, Reading Lips, Running, and Tumbling.*

Equipment: Chain and leather armor, dagger, rod, short sword; any additional nonstandard equipment is up to the player. Watch colors are presented by black leather over gold chain mail with green tabards and cloaks. The seal of the Lords of Waterdeep is either embroidered over the left breast of the tabard or worn as a metal cloak-clasp (still worn off center over the left breast and heart).

Special Benefits & Hindrances: See the section on **Limited Campaigns** for common watch member benefits and problems.

Special Benefits (Rogues): Thieves who wish to join the watch receive special training to allow them to operate as spies. Referred to as "skulkers," they track and follow people quietly in the tangled backstreets, primarily in Dock Ward. These characters lose -10% off their pick pockets and find/remove traps rolls and -5% off their open locks checks; in return, they gain +10% to move silently rolls and +5% to hide in shadows, detect noise, and climb walls attempts. They also gain *Waterdeep Lore III*.

Races: Any.

City Watchman, "Watch-wizard"

Limitations: While the physical restriction is waived for watch-wizards (see standard watch member Limitations), they must have a minimum Intelligence score of 14.

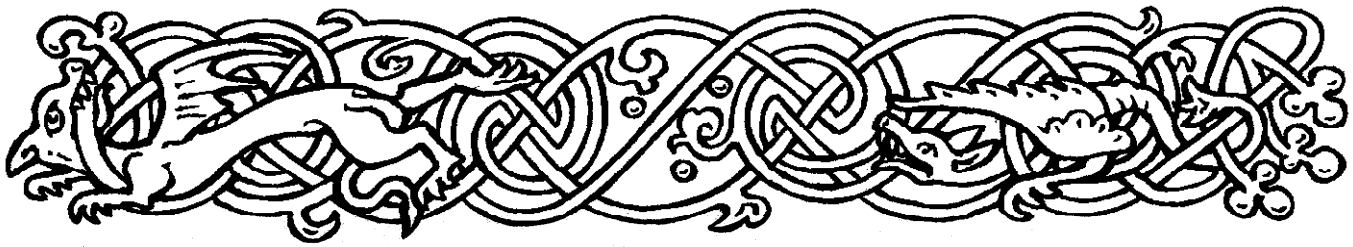
Description: A new official addition to the watch ranks, the watch-wizards are guild members of the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors. As spellcasters, they allow the watch to more easily handle out-of-control situations involving magic and its unscrupulous uses in the city.

Role: Watch-wizards are, simply put, the enforcers and powerhouses of a watch patrol. After a troublesome few years following the Godswar, Piergeiron, Rulathon, and Mhair Szeltune established wizards among the watch rank-and-file. In the six years hence, the watch-wizards have proven highly effective in ending situations quickly and arrest records have gone up more than 50%!

Weapon Proficiencies: As normal wizard.

Nonweapon Proficiencies: The first skill learned is *Waterdeep Lore II*; *Spellcraft* may be a prerequisite for admittance into the watch-wizard corps (DM's choice).





Equipment: As normal wizard; clothes and robes reflect the watch colors of black, gold, and green.

Special Benefits: Watch-wizards earn higher pay than standard watchmen and can, through level increases, gain access to spells created for the watch (see *Campaign Guide to the City*, Chapter Eight). They are also licensed to wield city-owned wands, such as (but not exclusively) *wands of magic missiles* and *wands of paralyzation*.

Special Hindrances: Mages can only stay in the watch-wizard corps until they reach 12th level; upon reaching that level, they either retire to civilian life or they are invited by Lord Piergeiron to graduate to a position among the members of Force Grey.

Races: As normal wizard.

City Watchman, Officer

Limitations: Prerequisites for officers' positions are *Heraldry*, *Read/Write*, and *Waterdeep Lore II*. Only warriors can advance beyond armar rank due to old codes on the books, much to the chagrin of many watch-wizards.

Description: Captain Rulathon's and Piergeiron's orders come through the ranks of many watch officers. Each patrol has a minor officer (the armar) and its commander (the civilar); they both answer to the commander at their guardpost (senior civilar). Senior civilars report to the captains in their ward, the ward civilars. The seven ward civilars report directly to Deker Windsfire, the half-elven grand civilar who is equal in authority to Helve Urtrace.

Role: Watch officers are responsible for sounding alarms, filing reports, and testifying at the Lord's Court if necessary to try the arrested citizens. While most are honest and trustworthy, a few use their positions for personal gain (a tactic not always noticed by superiors).

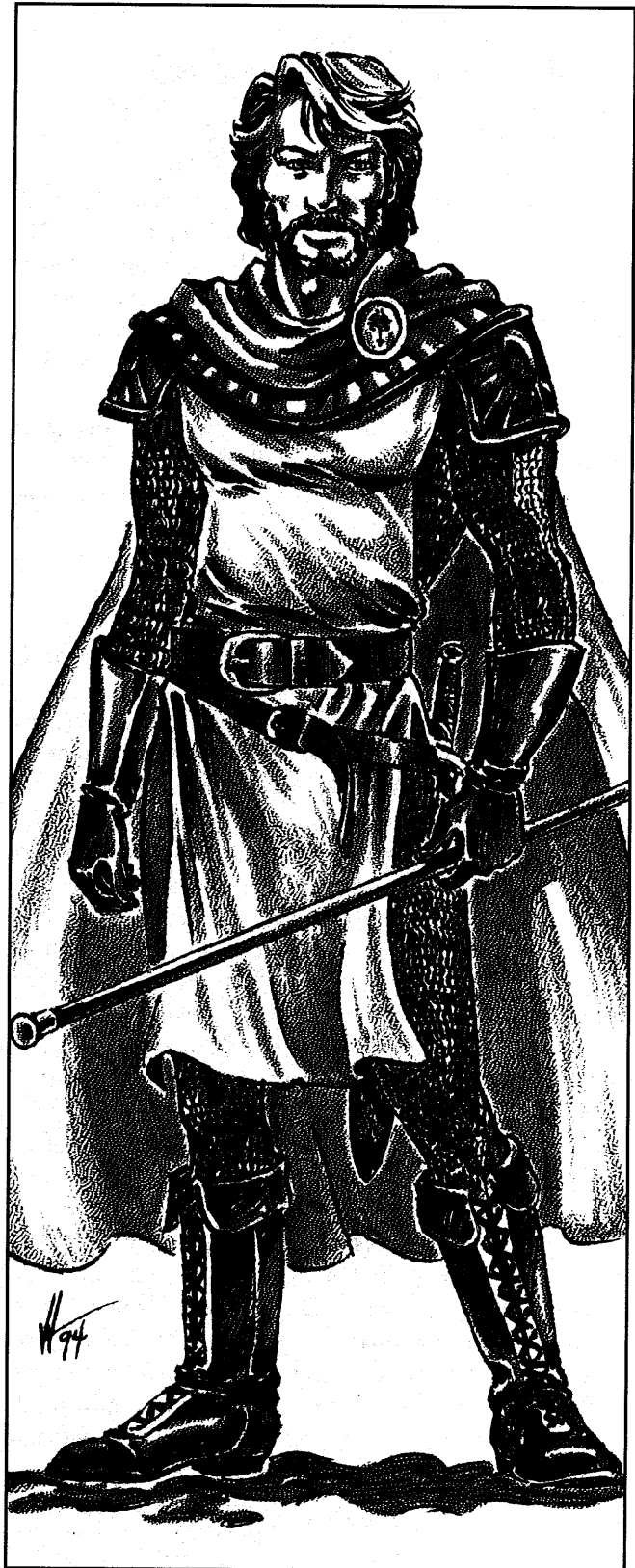
Weapon Proficiencies: As standard watchman.

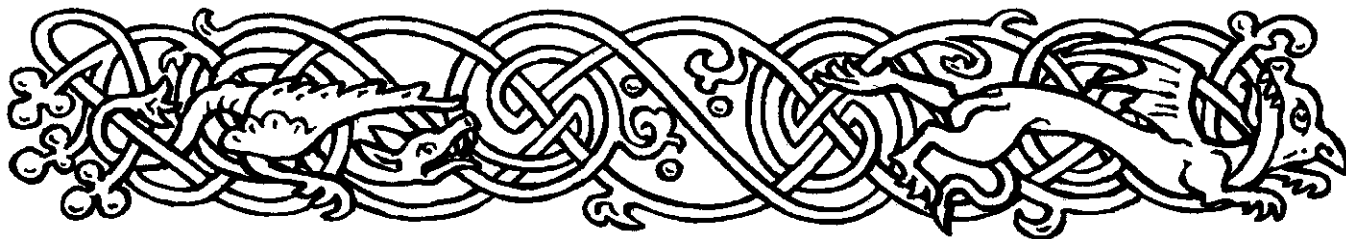
Nonweapon Proficiencies: Once in place as an officer, a PC takes a month to learn *Waterdeep Lore III* if unknown. *Etiquette* becomes a later prerequisite for higher ranking positions, with mandatory noble galas and the like.

Equipment: As above.

Special Benefits & Hindrances: Officers have a higher pay scale than their underlings. If necessary and as the situation warrants (the DM may ask you to roleplay the request to your superiors), officers can gain access to scrolls or wands for special situations. Unless they are under orders by the Lords themselves, watch officers can open any building in the city in the course of an investigation.

Races: Any.





Background

Everyone has a past, and only space and time limit us from telling all about it. Well, your PCs (and NPCs) still only exist as a bunch of numbers, skills, and vague connections. It's up to you to bring your characters to life!

Players must decide how best to fit their PCs into Waterdeep. The next two chapters of this book detail over a dozen specific places and 40 NPCs that can be used for an immediate campaign setting. While players finish their characters, the DM must prepare the connections and family of any noble PCs—the DM has to carefully determine the power and influence of the PC's noble family.

New Proficiencies

Many of these skills are above in the character kits. Except for one, these skills are open for everyone's use. Skills that are numbered and ranked are not linearly linked; if a player wants her character to have I and III, she can. These skills confirm what the character knows, and do not replace role-playing between characters with dice rolls. These skills all conform to proficiency rules in Chapter 5 of the *Player's Handbook*.

Fashion

Slots: 1, Wisdom (+1)

The character knows what particular modes of dress are "in fashion" at any given season among commoners and nobility alike, and the character is always conscious of changing patterns. However, this skill is applicable only for places characters know; if new to a place, they need 2d20 days to determine the fashions of their current location.

Waterdeep Commerce I

Slots: 1, Wisdom (-1)

Characters with this skill know how business works in Waterdeep and can predict when certain commercial activities will take place (i.e. when the Market is at its fullest, when and where some smaller street markets open, etc.). While the skill doesn't allow for any special contacts, the character knows:

- the guilds and their duties (and guild contacts);
- the location of major shops and their wares; and
- where to find particular nonmagical goods for sale.

Waterdeep Commence II

Slots: 2, Wisdom (-2)

This skill is a character's limited knowledge of smuggling, black market goods, and the illegal trade of stolen goods. This skill gives the character one lesser contact dealing in a particular type of illegal goods or a contact with one of the known fences of Waterdeep (see Chapter Two in *Who's Who in Waterdeep*). This does not give the PC free reign with the criminal element, nor does it expose every secret of the character's contact. This sets the stage for role-playing between character and criminal contact.

Waterdeep Lore I

Slots: 1, Intelligence (+1)

This general knowledge skill grants the character general knowledge and memory of the City of Splendors. Without rolling, characters know the names of streets and general landmarks, and a roll allows characters to reference this entire book for information like the name of a certain inn or its proprietor or where to get translations done.

Waterdeep Lore II

Slots: 2, Intelligence (-1)

This specialized skill is not for the general populace of Waterdeep; officers of the watch and the guard are typical users of this skill (PCs can learn the skill without these affiliations after three months of dedicated study of the city). It allows characters a basic working knowledge of the city's history, its defenses, and its sewer systems (all detailed in the *Campaign Guide to the City*). This also gives basic knowledge and history about Waterdeep's dark side: Undermountain and the Dungeon of the Crypt.

Waterdeep Lore III

Slots: 2, Charisma (-1)

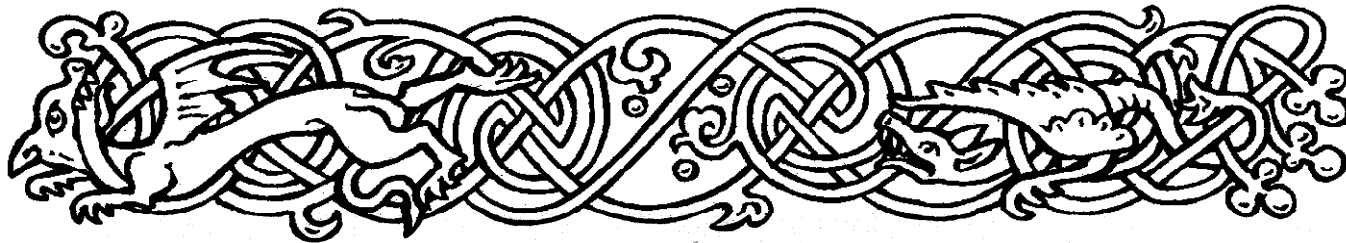
Primarily a rumormonger's talent, this skill allows characters to remember rumors and tavern talk or to get it from other characters. It is best used as an information gatherer and role-playing trigger and as a DM's mnemonic when players forget clues.

Waterdeep Lore IV

Slots: 2, Intelligence (-2)

Other secrets of the city are entailed here. This skill represents knowledge and secrets that only the Lords know (see Chapter Four of the *Campaign Guide to the City*). This is not available to PCs or NPCs unless they become Lords or are direct agents of said Lords.





Outfitting Your Waterdhavian Character

Now that all of your characters are all developed in terms of personality, class, and motive, they need to get their gear! Below are a number of specific places where characters can go to get all those items they need from plate armor to rare spell components. They are organized from highest to lowest in terms of how expensive their products and services are, but that is not necessarily an indication of their quality.

Armor & Weaponry Shops

The Riven Shield Shop	T4
Saern's Fine Swords	T7
Brian the Swordmaster's	S7
Riautar's Weaponry	T18
Whistling Blades	D5
Halls of Hilmer	C23

Equipment Shops

Nestaur the Ropemaker	D40
Essimuth's Equipment	AQ1
Piatran's Clothiers	AQ5
Golden Key Locksmiths	C26
Ragathan Furriers	N44
Velstrode the Venturer	C28
Halambar Lutes & Harps	C25
Surtlan's Metalwares	T40
Diloontier's Apothecary	C13
Phalantar's Philtres	C33
Thentavva's Boots	T12
Orsabbas's Fine Imports	T17
The Old Xoblob Shop	Next to D25
Meraedos Fine Furs	N48
Sulmest's Shoes & Boots	N49

Miscellaneous Shops

Aurora's Realms Shop	D24; S21; T16; C37; N50; J18
Pelauvir's Counter	S23
Waukeen's Wares	AQ13
Telethar Leatherworks	D50
Gelfuril the Trader	D55
Downybeard Tobacconist	N60
Selchoun's Sundries	J3

House of Pride Perfumes	D33
Balthorr's Rare Treasures	C14
The Old Monster Shop	S8
Serpentil Books & Folios	D10
Melgard's Fine Leathers	D48

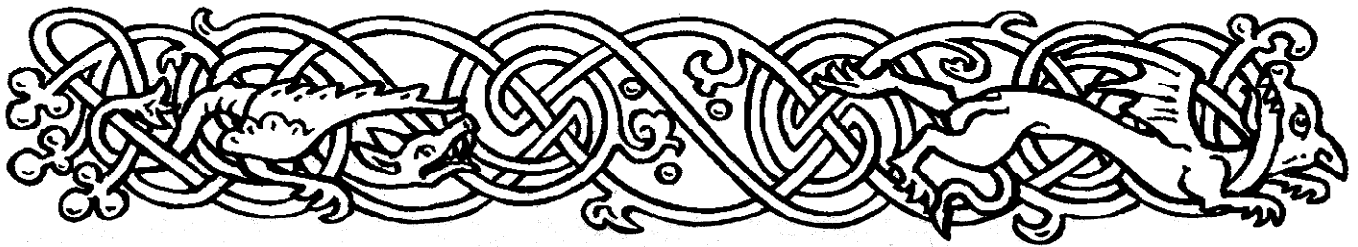
Places of Adventurer Interest

Well, you're ready to take on anything now that you have your first sword at your side, right? Wrong! Now you need to uncover the adventures within the city! The places below are likely spots to find adventures in the form of a skulking shadow, a whispered clue from an aged beggar, or a simple tavern brawl. These places are alphabetically organized in order by their business or use in a campaign.

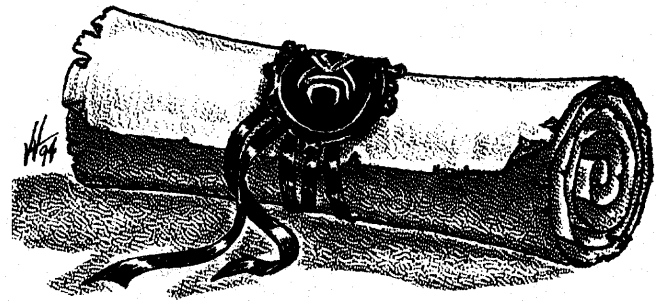
Festhalls, Inns, & Taverns

The Blushing Mermaid (F)	D36
The Copper Cup (F)	D54
The Gentle Mermaid (F)	N27
Golden Horn Gambling (F)	T28
The Hanging Lantern (F)	D22
House of Purple Silks (F)	\$54
The Jade Dancer (F)	S15
The Mermaid's Arms (F)	D26
Mother Tathlorn's House (F)	C43
The Purple Palace (F)	D25
Silavene's (F)	C3
The Smiling Siren (F)	C10
Three Pearls Nightclub (F)	D18
The Blackstar Inn (I)	D9
Dacer's Inn (I)	\$39
The Galloping Minotaur (I)	N47
The Gentle Rest (I)	T32
The Golden Harp (I)	\$4
Gondalim's (I)	T8
The Grey Serpent (I)	T43
Inn of the Dripping Dagger	T3
The Jade Jug (I)	C38
Maelstrom's Notch (I)	T13
Maerghoun's Inn (I)	\$45
The Pampered Traveler (I)	C11
The Pilgrim's Rest (I)	\$42
The Raging Lion (I)	N21
The Rearing Hippocampus (I)	D7





Safehaven Inn (I)	AQ14
Shipmaster's Hall (I)	D42
The Ship's Prow (I)	D11
The Splintered Stair (I)	D8
The Unicorn's Horn (I)	T15
The Wandering Wemic (I)	\$43
Warm Beds (I)	D15
Wyvern's Rest (I)	\$2
The Yawning Portal (I)	C48
The Asp's Strike (T)	C30
The Beer Golem Tavern (T)	AQ16
The Bloody Fist (T)	D17
The Blue Jack (T)	C35
The Blue Mermaid (T)	D27
Bowels of the Earth (T)	T36
The Broken Lance (T)	\$59
The Crawling Spider (T)	C20
Dragon's Head Tavern (T)	C24
The Elfstone Tavern (T)	C32
Felzoun's Folly (T)	T39
The Fiery Flagon (T)	\$37
The Full Cup (T)	S14
Full Sails (T)	D35
Gounar's Tavern (T)	\$55
The Grey Griffon (T)	D1
The Grinning Lion (T)	N56
The Hanged Man (T)	D32
A Maiden's Tears (T)	N25
Midnight Sun (T)	S9
The Mighty Manticore (T)	C12
Muleskull Tavern (T)	D21
The Quaffing Quaggoth (T)	C53
The Red-eyed Owl (T)	C49
The Red Gauntlet (T)	S22
The Sailors' Own (T)	C54
The Sated Satyr (T)	\$1
Selune's Smile (T)	D6
The Ship's Wheel (T)	\$41
The Sleeping Snake (T)	D41
The Sleeping Wench (T)	D23
The Sleepy Sylph (T)	C50
The Spouting Fish (T)	S18
The Swords' Rest (T)	S1
The Thirsty Sailor (T)	D12
The Thirsty Throat (T)	D13
Twilight Hunters (T)	N26
Tymora's Blessing (T)	AQ20
The Underdark (T)	T1



Advice, Gossip, & General Historical Information

Daily Trumpet	AQ18
Essimuth's Equipment	AQ1
Helm's Hall	AQ19
House of Velstrode	C28
Laran's Cartographers	AQ12
New Olamn Bards' College	Castle Ward
Philosopher's Court	Dock Ward

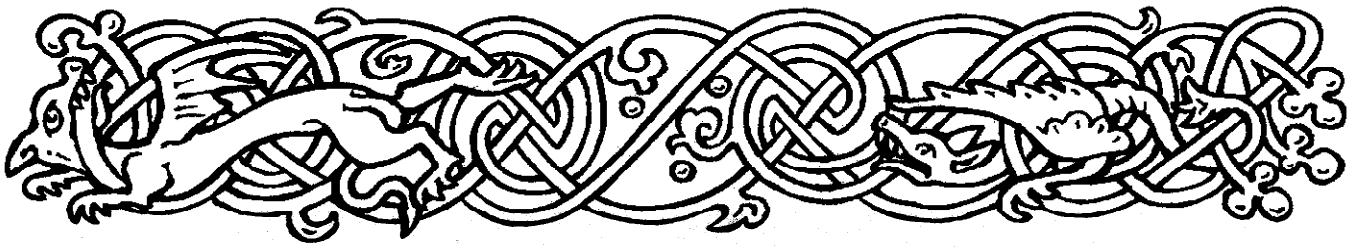
Cures & Healing (T=Temple)

Dilontier's Apothecary	C13
The Font of Knowledge (T)	C4
The Halls of Justice (T)	C5
The House of Healing	N51
The House of Heroes (T)	\$58
The House of the Moon (T)	\$56
The House of Wonder (T)	\$21
Sevenlamps Cut	Castle Ward
Shrines of Nature (T)	\$5
Spires of the Morning (T)	C1
The Temple of Beauty (T)	\$10
The Temple of Luck (T)	\$19

Maps, Translations, & Hidden Lore

The Font of Knowledge	C4
Laran's Cartographers	AQ12
The Map House	C40
New Olamn Bards' College	Castle Ward
The Old Xoblob Shop	Next to D25
Serpentil Books & Folios	D10
Tower of the Order	C15
The Zoarstar	T25





Mercenary Hiring

Blackstone House	T44
Bowels of the Earth	T36
The Broken Lance	\$59
Caravan Court	South Ward
Inn of the Dripping Dagger	T3
Orm's Highbench	S26
The Thirsty Throat	D13
Tymora's Blessing	AQ20
Virgin's Square	Castle Ward
Wyvern's Rest	\$2

Limited Campaigns

Now that you've established characters in Waterdeep, you're ready to find excitement within the City of Splendors. Usually, the Dungeon Master has adventure hooks to provide the starting direction of a campaign, but some PC kits can easily change that. Look over the various campaign suggestions below with your fellow players and Dungeon Master and discuss what would be best for your game group. (The DM has more information on running specific types of campaigns in the *Campaign Guide to the City*.) After that, you're ready to leap into the game and "see the city" firsthand!

Guard Campaign

The PCs are members of Waterdeep's guard forces, assigned to posts in Castle Waterdeep, along the walls, or a roving wilderness patrol to keep the city safe from invasion. Special tasks might include protecting the Lords' Court, wilderness patrols along the Sword Coast to Goldenfields, or guard duty in Mount Waterdeep (against raids from below).

As a member of the guard, you gain the benefits of free room and board, free equipment, and a salary, but your time and motivations are not your own. You are expected to follow the orders of your commanding officer (an NPC) to the letter and your primary concern is Waterdeep's defense. Independent adventuring by guard members is not permissible on duty. If you go adventuring and are missing from your post, you can be arrested, fined, and possibly discharged from the guard.

Watch Campaign

The adventurers are part of the Waterdeep police, charged with keeping the peace in the city. This campaign has less variety than the guard, as all the PCs' work is limited to the

city, with rare forays into the City of the Dead and the sewers. PCs are kept to strict, regular patrols over a specific area during their nine- to twelve-hour shifts.

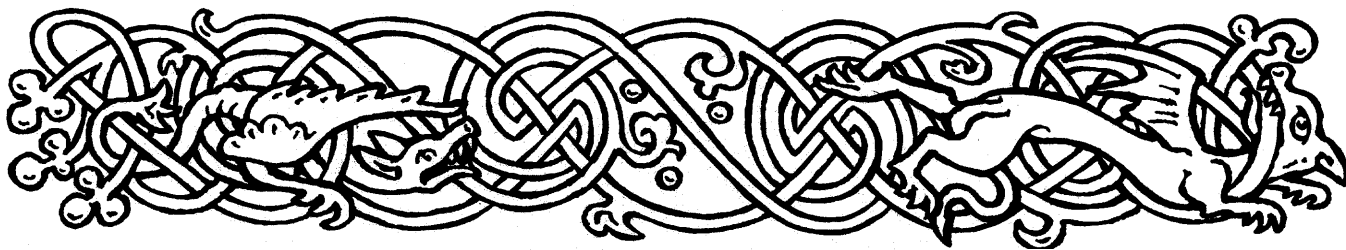
As in the guard campaign, watch members gain regular pay, weapons, and room and board, but PCs have no real choice of where to take their activities, as they have to attend to their patrols (though these give them plenty of tavern brawls, murder mysteries, and thefts to investigate, there are no real "dungeon crawls" in their work).

Independent Campaign

The player characters are independent of any external control save financial need. They are adventurers seeking fame and fortune, under control of no one but themselves and an employer. This is the standard for most AD&D campaigns, and it works well in Waterdeep. Nobles and merchants always need mercenaries to help guard precious goods, acts as bodyguards, track down itinerant relatives, etc. And, of course, there's always the adventurers' challenge of Undermountain . . .

The only problems within the city are those with the law enforcers. If tavern brawls are a staple of your PCs' lives, city jail time will be, too. PCs can do many things within the city, but they shouldn't have total disregard for law and authority, unless they wish to become enemies of the Lords and their agents.





Chapter Four: The Waterdeep Campaign

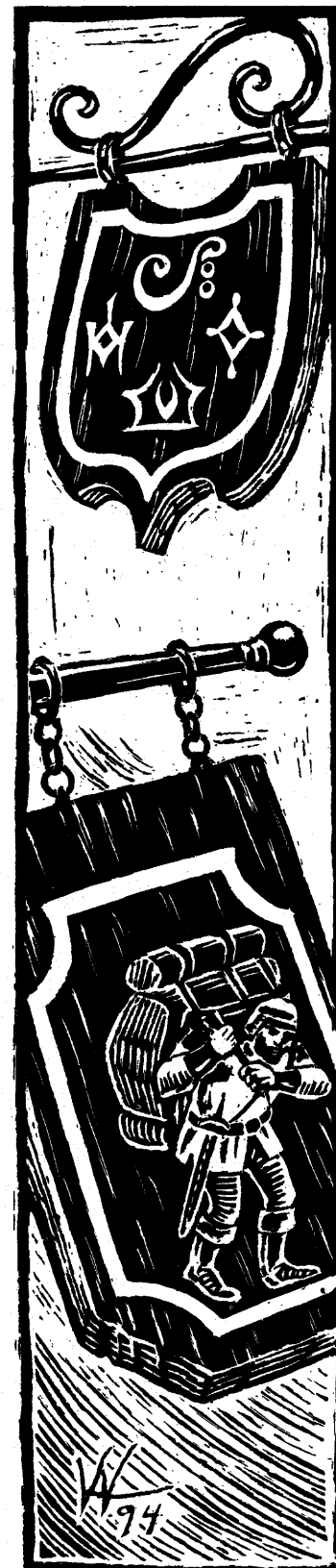
While Dungeon Masters know all the secrets of the city, players and characters only know of information within this book. The entirety of the *City of Splendors* boxed set is dedicated to establishing long-term campaigns within the city of Waterdeep, but this section is specifically dedicated to creating a smaller “micro-focused” neighborhood in which your new player characters can begin a campaign and have many adventures. You’ll be introduced to many NPCs for your characters to interact with and many businesses to work with and frequent, and be privy to the rumors on the streets, many of which can lead into adventure!

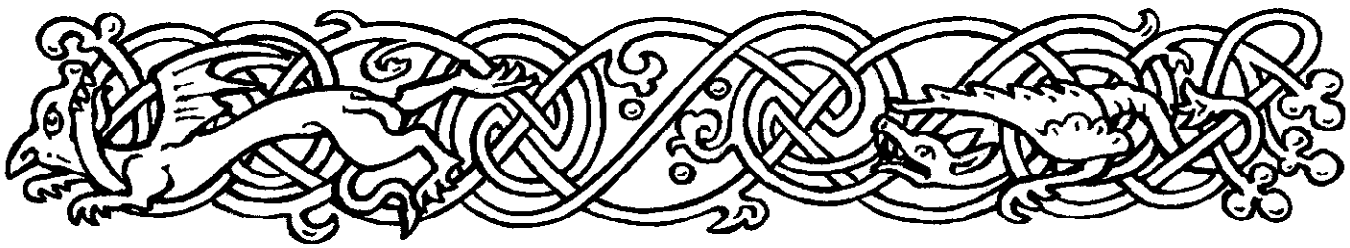
Within the chapter below, the “Startup” section gives players and DMs some basics about the overall setup of this campaign area and its general impact on the player character creation. Next, details on 12 major campaign buildings within the area are given, as well as general information on the remainder of the neighborhood. This section is followed by details on what is known (and rumored) about the characters the PCs can meet. And finally, the “News and Tavern Tales” section sets up all sorts of talk and events within the area that could (or should) have immediate impact upon the PCs—including “The Return of the Blue Axe,” an event specifically geared to launch an adventurers’ campaign within Waterdeep!

Startup

The player characters’ campaign neighborhood is placed within the Southern Ward in an area flanked by the High Road and Coach Street. (The Adventurers’ Quarter can be limited specifically to those areas surrounded by Slop Street and Snake Alley.) Unofficially known to locals as the “Adventurers’ Quarter,” the area is generally a residential area for retired or less active adventurers surrounded by a number of support businesses for the caravan trade. (Other areas with many former adventurers are located farther north between Blackmul and Beacon Streets, as well as a small area along Irimar’s Walk in Trades Ward.) These general environs are representative of much of the South Ward, in terms of architecture and business demographics, though areas closer to the docks are as rundown as the hovels of Dock Ward.

While Chapter Four has all the basic information necessary for you to create characters for a Waterdeep campaign (i.e. what characters were before their adventuring began, where to get training, where to buy equipment, etc.), this chapter provides a heavily detailed place in which to establish your new characters as natives of (or new immigrants to) the City of Splendors. It furnishes the DM with a wide cast of detailed NPCs, many with deep, dark secrets of their own that the PCs can only learn over time. . . . It also gives a closer look at Waterdeep and how its people operate; modeling





other areas of the city after this is fine in terms of business arrangements and hidden dangers, though keep the number of former adventurers down—very few live to the age of retirement, and even fewer truly strike it rich from a life of dungeon-crawling. The Adventurers' Quarter—with its fascinating people, intrigues small and large, and bustling business side—is *your* Waterdeep brought to life!

The Streets Where You Live

Whether your characters are natives or not, the campaign begins in this particular section of Waterdeep. This area was chosen for its proximity to a city gate, its businesses that aid adventurers, and its general affordability for fledgling heroes. Despite the fires and devastation of Myrkul's minions that destroyed this area and other areas of South and Dock Wards in the Year of the Shadows (1358 DR, 326 NR), this area was swiftly restored with newer buildings (many of the old stone foundations were reused, providing a smoke-stained contrast between building foundations and the new wooden upper stories). As a result, about half of the buildings in Adventurers' Quarter are about ten years old and in good condition; exceptions are easily noticed by age or state of repair (such as the Daily Trumpet building and the Kolat Towers).

The main avenues for traffic within the Quarter include Weeping Maiden's Run, Grocer's Lane, Snake Alley, and Kerrigan's Court. Weeping Maiden's Run is named for the ghost that appears on the nights of the full moon during Kythorn (but is heard crying during any full moon). The figure runs silently westward from behind Hemmerem's Stables, dropping to her knees to cry softly on the stones just shy of Snake Alley—some say she is the shade of a girl Rokekk Ingerr wronged in his youth, while others insist she existed long before his grandsire! Grocer's Lane, an alleyway finally named by locals, is wide and tidy as Nindil Jalbuck hires men to keep it that way (and keep the midden within its bounds, not in the street). Many assume Snake Alley is named after its twisting path, but some tell tales of a monstrous serpent loose in Waterdeep that carved this path through the buildings nearly two centuries ago. Kerrigan's Court is named after a traitor-Lord from Ahghairon's time. Ahghairon killed him with spells and then cursed Kerrigan "to lie in the dust and never have stone to decorate your passing." To this day, any large stones that are laid down or pass over the center of the court fly up and strike passersby!

The midden and general dumping ground for refuse is located in the dead-end alley south of Grocer's Lane,

behind the Krabellor Silversmiths; garbage is picked up every tenday by the Dungsweepers' Guild. Handbills, broadsheets, general notices, and employment inquiries are posted on the stout, post-mounted barrels that serve as kiosks; there is one at the intersection of Weeping Maiden's Run and Fishwife Alley and another at the corner of the Way of the Dragon and Fillet Lane, as well as many others throughout the city.

Watch and guard rotations occur in this neighborhood on the same schedules as the rest of the city, though there is a bit more activity around the watch guardpost on Grocer's Lane. There are rarely problems in this area, due to the abilities and watchfulness of the locals, the many former adventurers being quite capable of dealing with miscreants, thieves, and taproom-brawlers. More often than not, criminals are delivered to the doorstep of the guardpost for questioning and, if necessary, delivery to the Magisters or the Lord's Court. With this "neighborhood watch" in effect, this area is far safer at night than many areas this close to Dock Ward.

Guide To The Adventurers' Quarter

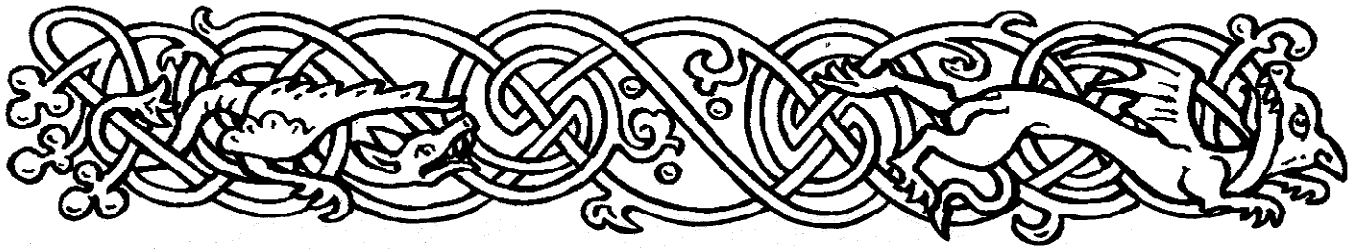
Below, the buildings are split into major and minor places of interest. The major areas are organized in order of their map placement designators (the poster map is enclosed in this boxed set); major encounter areas are heavily detailed with physical descriptions and interior details. The minor locations are also organized by their designators and placement, though many details are left to the DM (aside from those here and in the City Map Key, Chapter Three of the *Campaign Guide to the City*).

AQ1. Business: Essimuth's Equipment

The ground floor of this less-than-tidy two-story tenement contains this equipment shop, its wooden sign showing an armored knight walking doubled over with an overstuffed pack. Inside, the shop is surprisingly organized and well kept, a shop boy always busy polishing and dusting the rack of weapons and armor behind a counter. There are barrels and racks of nearly any conceivable piece of equipment usable by adventurers at reasonable prices (at the same cost or slightly less than that listed in the *Players' Handbook*).

The short, battle-scarred proprietor, Essimuth, sits upon a stool behind the main counter at all times of the day, constantly whittling and carving pieces of wood that he also sells as trinkets (his standards are little orcs that he often just tosses to children who enter his shop). His right





eye is covered with an eye patch, a dull, jagged scar from brow to jaw telling its fate, and his right leg is replaced below the knee with a peg leg (also carved by Essimuth into a little owlbear bearing his weight on its shoulders and arms). People that shop here can expect great service in terms of Essimuth telling what's available and how best to use it in the dungeons; of course, this is all tangled within somewhat long-winded stories of Essimuth's adventuring days. He loves hearing adventurers' stories (as it gives him an excuse to tell his) and continuing patrons with stories to share receive special attentions (and newer merchandise) than those patrons who "know better about their equipment" or "don't have the time for an old man's tales," who tend to receive higher charges.

AQ2. Row House: Temple of Good Cheer

Located within the three-story row house just off the corner of Fishwife Alley and Slop Street, the Temple of Good Cheer is little more than a few common rooms on the second floor. Accessible from the streets (an external stairwell leads here from the south face off Weeping Maiden's Run), the Temple is also the home of Arkiem and Rachel Arren, respective priests of Milil and Lliira. It is usually first noticed by the fact that this part of the building is occupied and kept clean, as opposed to the vacant, decrepit lower and topmost floors; Arkiem and Rachel are saving money to purchase the building from its owner to fix up the entire building and establish a more proper temple, not just a temporary plaque of their holy symbols in a window. The entire western third of the building is one long room used for dance classes. The southeast room at the top of the stairs (inside and out) is the makeshift temple, large silver holy symbols mounted high on a wall swathed in red velvet. On the east side of the building is a small room for Arkiem's classes and instruments, with the remainder of the rooms being interconnected as a living suite for the married couple.

They rent the entire center floor, using various rooms for mutual worship and dance and music instruction. Both of them take donations to teach the local young (and old) adults their skills, and many have benefited from these lessons; in fact, while Rachel is embarrassingly modest about her skills, her rare knowledge of Rashemite, Tethyan, and ancient elven court dances have sparked a resurgence in them at balls of nobles and commoners alike. Rachel's dance classes range from court dancing and proper dances for balls with nobility to ancient folk dances and celebratory peasant dances from all over the Realms. She

takes care to show her students how Lliira's patronage of joy and happiness is reflected in dance; to the chagrin of some male students, however, she does not teach or reveal the fabled, hedonistic dances to Lliira unless among fellow devout worshipers at closed ceremonies. Arkiem is able to teach about three students at a time in stringed instruments of any type (as an elf, he has had over two hundred years of study . . .) and is quite adept with flutes. He has on hand two additional lutes, one small lyre, and a set of pan pipes for students to use but not remove from the building. The songs he teaches are, for the most part, common ballads, though he has taught a few elven ballads (though they lose much of their beauty if translated from Elvish).

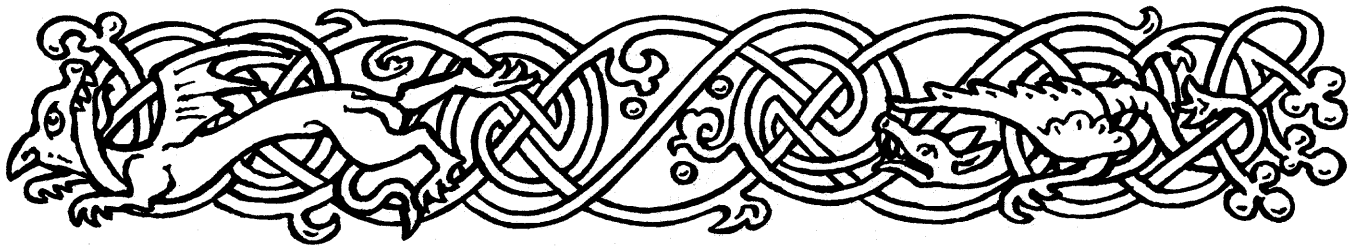
The Arrens only moved into the Adventurers' Quarter six months ago from outside the city, and are still relatively new to Waterdeep. They know quite a few people within this ward and have slowly begun to learn Waterdeep's intrigues and mysteries outside of their little neighborhood. Much of this comes from Arkiem's nightly performances at the Safehaven and Rachel's tutoring of young noblewomen.

AQ3. Row House: Madame Garah's Boarding House

This two-story timber, wattle-and-daub building fronts onto Slop Street and faces Curtain Alley with a row of small glass windows on either side of a wide arched door. As the house has no sign or markings, one only enters Mme. Garah's house on invitation or if seeking a room for an extended stay (a tenday or more). The entry is flanked by a jakes and a closet for cloaks. The entryway opens into a large, open parlor with a stairwell on the right of the room, a desk and chair underneath the steep stairs. The dining room is through an open archway on the left, to the left of the fireplace and hearth, and the large kitchen is behind a door at the foot of the stairs. The stairs lead up to the upper floor, where there are eight rooms to rent. The cellar is reached through a trapdoor in the kitchen, and is used for cool storage and a pantry.

Mme. Garah and her adopted son live in a converted three-room suite on the upper floor to one side of the stairwell, and they have access to the kitchen by means of a spiral stair from their common room. All of the rented rooms are of equal size, spacious enough for up to two people, and each comes equipped with a bed, a washbasin and chamber pot, a small chest, and a small oil lamp. Copper bathing tubs and hot water are available upon request for an additional charge (10 silver pieces). Rooms are 35 silver pieces per tenday, with the two rooms on each floor with windows facing Slop Street costing five silver pieces more per tenday





and the two back rooms with windows over Weeping Maiden's Run an additional three silver pieces. Each of the rooms can be individually locked, though Mme. Garah retains a skeleton key for all doors.

With the pay for their rooms, boarders receive two meals daily, at midmorning and at sunset. Madame Garah rewards promptness with hearty meals of fresh bread, robust stews, savory roasts, and fine soups such as her kitchen can provide; while she is the primary cook and baker, her son is swiftly learning some cooking finesse and may soon outclass his mother. If boarders miss a meal, day-old rolls and slices of cold beef are left in their rooms.

AQ4 and AQ5 are among the "Minor Areas of Interest" below.

AQ6. House: Home of Rokkek Ingerr

One of many who bought up destroyed property in South and Dock Wards after the Wardfires, Rokkek Ingerr built a two-story stone manse with a large walled garden, as the Lords paid him well for his lost goods. Rokkek hopes his shipping trade to the south will make him wealthy enough to rub elbows with the nobles of Waterdeep. He flaunts his wealth in his home, building it of the "best granite of the Northlands," tiling the inner wall with jade mosaics from Kozakura, etc. "Lavishly decorated" is how he sees it; all others call it "overdone and impractical" as it takes twice as many servants to keep the walls and building clean. The courtyard area is open for all during the winter days, and new ice and snow sculptures are created each tenday to the delight of children (many still talk about the life-size carvings of a frost giant fighting an ice dragon from three winters back!). Despite Rokkek's excesses, he gets along with almost everyone in South Ward. Rokkek's wife, Imerra, can be found at the Safehaven almost nightly, as she is a fan (and student) of Arkiem Arren. Rokkek stays occupied in his business, spending much time keeping an eye on his warehouses and his ships down in Dock Ward.

AQ7 is within the "Minor Areas of Interest" below.

AQ8. Wizards' Tower: Kolat Towers

This oddly shaped building, composed of the remains of an old stone manor and two sturdy cottages, is enclosed by a low, encircling stone wall with iron spikes. An iron gate is set in the southern wall with no apparent hinge; if one asks the magical metal wyvern's head atop the gate for entrance and is admitted, the gates move into the stone wall slightly

to allow passage. Within the small courtyard is an elm tree and an unkempt rose garden that has taken to growing up and over the northeastern wall.

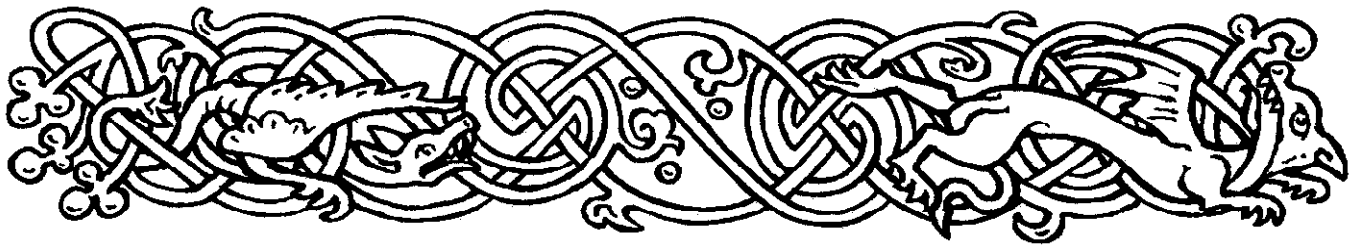
The Towers' external upkeep is relatively slipshod, but the wizards are rarely given to housework. When they purchased the burnt-out remains of an enterprising merchant's manor and the land around it, they simply patched the houses and manor together magically, sealing the towers with *wall of stone* and *stoneshape* spells. Despite its ramshackle appearance (members of the Carpenters', Roofers', and Plaisterers' Guild want to condemn the improvised building as an eyesore, but no one has the temerity to suggest this to the wizards), many within the ward compliment the wizards on their thrift. Few have been within the Towers, but those who have say that it seems immensely bigger inside than outside, apparently holding over 50 rooms from tiny closets to immense halls! Branta Myntion, Alcedor's apprentice and clerk, suggests some other mysteries about the Towers, like the various glass statues (and shattered piles of glass) within the garden; she says they are actually thieves who tried to enter the building uninvited and were thusly transformed (how long the enchantment lasts is rarely discussed nor disputed by the local authorities).

If people wish to meet Alcedor or Duhlark Kolat, just leave word at the Beer Golem tavern or wait for them there. Either their clerk and apprentice, Branta Myntion, will receive the message or, on irregular nights, the wizards may arrive themselves. The wizards are rarely seen together; if together, they tend to be in deep discussion/argument over some magical theory or other. Alcedor is by far the friendlier with his ever-present owl familiar Inquisitor. They rarely, if ever, work for hire, and would be greatly offended by such suggestions, but they do help those that can aid them in their respective researches and varied interests (especially rich nobles who wish for a magical trinket or two). If characters become involved with the wizards Kolat, keep in mind that tact is one of the few things wizards do not study every day.

AQ9. City Building: Watch Guardpost

Up until two years ago, this spot on Grocer's Lane was just an aging and abandoned warehouse. Then, the land and building were purchased by the city watch, where they demolished the old and replaced it with a two-story stone building that acts as a local watchpost. If there is trouble within South Ward or within earshot of Dock Ward, they can count on backup from the eight people always stationed here. Additional weapons and some essential magi-





cal items (*wand of negation*, *wand of paralysis*) are stored here, but can only be accessed with a key held by the armar of the post. The second floor contains living quarters and weapons stores. The cellar contains preserved food stores and two small cells for troublemakers, should the walltower cells become full. There are rumors that some of the watch guardposts have additional cellars for watch-wizard laboratories and hidden, secret entrances to the sewers (or even to Undermountain!). Such rumors are unsubstantiated and all current and former members of the watch refuse to comment on them.

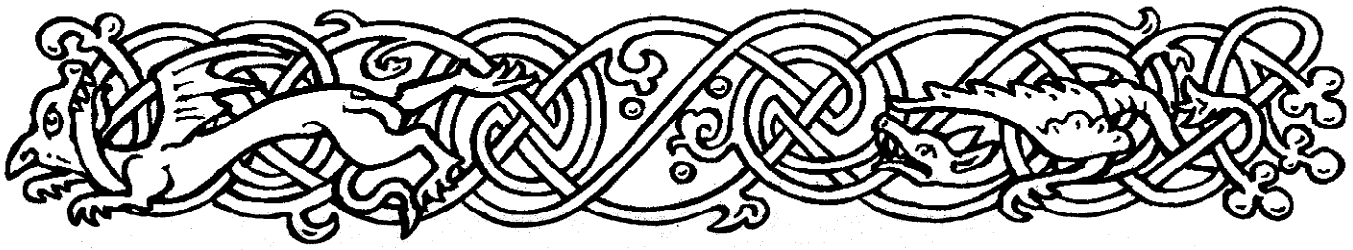
AQ10. Home/Business: The Garrulous Grocer

These three adjoining buildings are owned by Nindil Jalbuck, a halfling merchant. The one-story long building has two doors leading into a one-room grocery with all manner of foodstuffs, dry goods, and household supplies in ready reserves. A door within the grocery leads into the two-story storehouse and granary, where much of the produce is stored. Next to the two-building arrangement for business is the row house that Nindil shares with his wife Cynthia and his employees. A three story wattle-and-daub with a stone foundation, the ground floor holds the kitchens, small parlor and front room, and rooms for Riath and Illia,

the married servant couple. The upper two stories are combined suites, with the eastern face of the upper story covered with huge glass windows; the upper floor contains the Jalbucks' private rooms, whereas the second story is one room that acts as a dining hall and impromptu ballroom.

During the summer and harvest months, the Grocer's bins are always overflowing with fresh fruits and vegetables direct from the fields; during the winter months, dried and preserved produce is available. All of the grains and produce are provided by Goldenfields through a friendly agreement between Nindil and Tolgar Anuvien. Fresh milk, butter, and cheese are always on hand, thanks to Nindil's small herd of cows that are kept at a local farm to the east. The Garrulous Grocer is open from sunup to highsun every day, with special full day hours once every tenday when fresh butter, cheeses, and other prepared items are sold. While the store is open, Riath and Nindil act as haulers, stockers, and as the primary help; Cynthia and Illia keep the house and the grocery in order, make sure everything is tended, and act as the primary sales staff. After closing at highsun, all attend to other chores from churning butter to repairing and restocking the bins and the stores. Nindil spends one afternoon a tenday outside the city at Goldenfields.





AQ11. Business: Krabbellor Silversmiths

Krabbellor Silversmiths is placed within a stone building with one wattle-and-daub upper story, one that survived the fires of 1358 but has been soot-stained ever since. This little first floor shop, fronting off Weeping Maiden's Run, is less than perfectly maintained, its windows cracked and dirty and its floors almost always unswept and dusty. Nevertheless, the wares in the window showcase draw many into this otherwise unremarkable shop. The showcase and three tall floor-to-ceiling sets of shelves are filled with incredibly fine silverwork (dwarves notice immediately that these were worked by a dwarf). Nearly anything made of silver can be found here, from silverware to tea sets, daggers to trophies, or even daring headresses and bustiers of silver mail! Each item within the shop is a display piece and purchases are made to order; people say that Krabbellor is slower in his work than his immediate competitor (Ilmar Gaukul, over on Fishwife Alley), but his craftsmanship and versatility make it worth the wait. Depending on the size of the order and the workload, it takes anywhere from two days to thirty for Krabbellor and Erik to finish an order and deliver it.

While most naturally assume Krabbellor was a former adventurer, he bristles at such suggestions: "Me brother died on some fool quest seeking gold and fame; there's precious few dwarves enough, and I'd always been more fond of my life and my silver." His left hand is coated with iron (an accident from early childhood); since then, Krabbellor had his hand and its metal magically reshaped and reforged into the shape of a hammer to give it some use, thus giving him the nickname of "Hammerhand." He is gruff and dour, a typical dwarf in all appearances with a very conservative and cautious outlook. Hammerhand's specialty item is creating his unique carved silver goblets, of which he boasts that no set is like any other; in the past, he has created goblets with bases of fires with the smoke becoming the goblet, or giants in the base holding up cornucopias (a set carved for Piergeiron was made in the likeness of Waterdeep's Lords, drink being held within their helms). His apprentice, Erik, is a bright, cheerful lad who laughs at many of Hammerhand's threats as "overworrying," though he does heed them. He is one of the few who can get a smile out of Hammerhand, having been raised by him for the past six years. Erik's specialty is silver-plating weapons.

The only other remarkable item of note about the shop is its ghost. More an image from the past than an actual ghostly spirit, the apparition is that of a young boy

carrying a long-poled lantern. His clothes and lantern mark him as one of the Chandlers' and Lamplighters' Guild of a century ago. He enters the shop through the center of the east wall and, looking behind him every few seconds, walks hurriedly through all objects and exits through the forge and the west wall. The boy seems very frightened of someone behind him; of note, the boy's steps make no sound but he is swiftly pursued by heavy bootsteps and the tapping of a cane only a few seconds behind him. This visitation occurs each year on the last night of Kythorn.

AQ12 and AQ13 are listed among the "Minor Areas of Interest" below.

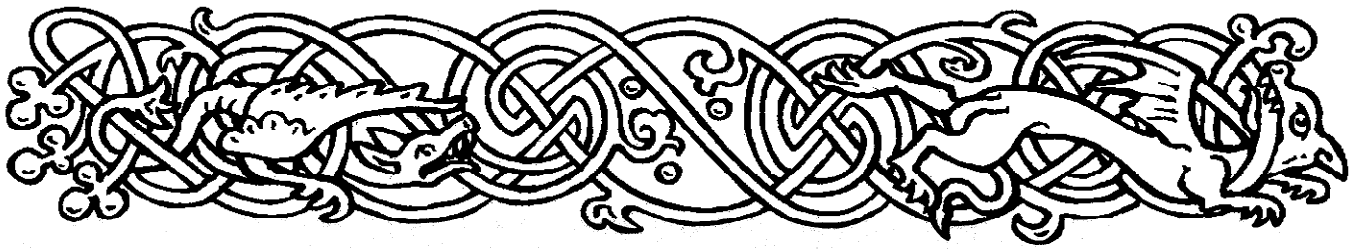
AQ14. Inn: The Safehaven Inn

This new three-story stone and timber structure is one of the tallest large buildings in this part of the city. Large wooden plank signs swing in the breezes at the inn's second story; their faces are carved with five runes: The elder runes of Lammath ("safety and shelter") and Retniw ("camping place"), a Harper's mark of Safe Haven, and the elvish and dwarvish runes for Safe Refuge. Above the heavy ash-wood double doors on Slop Street, golden letters are set in the stones of the arch, proclaiming the inn "The Safehaven." (There is a small service entrance off Kerrigan's Court usable only by the staff.)

Inside, the entryway has two stairways leading up to an open balcony overlooking the taproom. A halfling-sized desk is set by the left stairwell for guests to be checked in and other taproom patrons to be tended. The large building's main floor is surrounded on the north side with a massive oak bar and barstools, the wall behind dominated by three large tuns of beer and smaller casks of wine. The floor contains fifteen round tables (seating for six at each) amply dispersed around the room, and four large support pillars hold up the third floor, smaller booths lining the walls and supporting the balcony. The fireplace hearth in the western wall is huge, and its six-foot depth opens through to the kitchen; food is cooked over the same fire, and inviting flames are rarely obscured by boiling pots or spits (though the delicious odors of the kitchen permeate the taproom constantly!).

The second floor is little more than an encircling balcony over the taproom with 12 spacious rooms for 3 gp per night each; rates are 25 gp for a tenday stay, and no one (unless known and befriended by the owners) is allowed to room for more than two tendays' stretch. The lockable





rooms provide a large bed, table, washbasin, mirror, and small chest for storage; room fees also include a free dinner each day. Each room has a window looking out onto the streets, but there are no window ledges, thus making it a little more difficult for thieves to enter. The first door after the right-hand stairwell opens up to a small staircase to the third floor and the converted suites of the inn's owners. Inn patrons are not allowed up to the suites or into the kitchen, and little is known about any cellars in the inn.

The Safehaven is one of the most popular inns in the ward, its tables always filled by early evening with diners and bar patrons and its rooms quickly filled after that. Through the diligence of the headwaiter and the unspoken threat of the bouncers, few troublemakers ever disturb the peace here. Many nobles flock to this inn for the sumptuous meals and easygoing company, as well as the nightly musical entertainment by Arkiem Arren. The inn is built upon the site of a former warehouse of Lhorar Gildeggh, the exiled Guildmaster of Waterdeep; many whisper that the bones of many of his opponents rest beneath the inn still.

AQ15 is listed among the "Minor Areas of Interest" below.

AQ16. The Beer Golem Tavern

This cheery tavern fronts the corner of Slop Street and Snake Alley, its sign visible on both. The heavy wood sign depicts a keg tap emitting an amber-colored elemental—beer suds for its hair and beard—who raises its drinking horn to potential patrons. The outside walls are soot-stained granite blocks, the upper story of timber with a slate roof.

Inside, the taproom is open and welcoming, warm wood paneling covering the stone walls and floor (though some areas toward the back wall are pockmarked from past dagger-throwing competitions). The front of the tavern is dominated by a large, well-polished ironwood bar, a well-used footrail carved directly out of the rich wood. The walls are lined with booths and the main floor has eight large common tables with chairs for fifty patrons. The hearth and fireplace encompass nearly half the back wall facing the bar, and two smaller tables with chairs are set by the fire for important persons or performing bards. The main entrance is flanked on the right by a cloakroom for sodden or muddied cloaks and outerwear (there's also a hidden entrance therein to get behind the bar) and on the left by a small privy.

All entrants in the Beer Golem Tavern are greeted with a hearty bellow from Quallos Myntion, the tavern's voluminous owner, who's always found bustling about the place, polishing tankards or sweeping the spotless floor. Quallos makes it a point to greet all patrons who enter his establishment, "a courtesy of us Southerners that many in the North ingratically omit." His habit of seating customers himself is well known and endured, if only to humor the aging man. Quallos never seats known rivals or enemies near each other and he (and his sons) are always vigilant in keeping any troubles (and potential brawls) from getting out of hand.

The kitchen is the domain of Miri Myntion, Quallos' wife and the Beer Golem's chief cook. Though the fare is limited (as many of the locals eat at the Safehaven), it is rich and flavorful. Of the few hot meals served here, Miri's specialty is "Owlbear Stew," a hot, spicy stew of beef, sausages, onions, potatoes, and a healthy variety of spices to give it a fiery, biting aftertaste. Other menu items include biscuits, cheeses, roasted chickens, and baked or roasted potatoes.

The only other employees at the Beer Golem are two of the Myntion children, Tomed and Cial. Tomed acts as a bartender, a stableman, and general taproom peacekeeper, being more than strong enough to handle skittish horses and drunken troublemakers alike. Cial, Quallos' and Miri's eldest, acts as the barmaid and waitress.

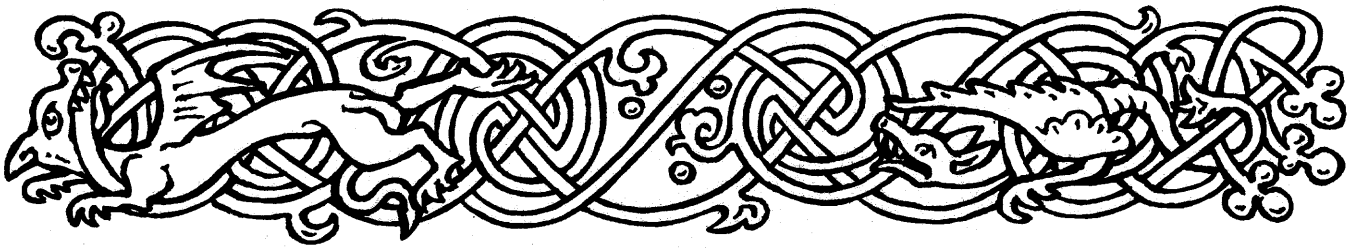
What brings patrons into the tavern, aside from the typical draws, are the rare ales and beers Quallos acquires through Aurora's wholesale business and other sources. While Quallos provides a heady beer of his own making, he also keeps such rare southern drinks as Luiren's Best and Old One Eye on tap—brews that not even the House of Good Spirits keeps in stock!

There are no rooms for rent at the Beer Golem Tavern, as the upper floor contains the living quarters for Quallos, Miri, and Cial (Tomed rents a room a few streets over and Branta has rooms at the Towers).

AQ17. Phaulkonmere

By far one of the grandest and best-kept buildings of South Ward, this walled villa seems very much out of place among the warehouses and tradeshops of the area. Four warehouses once stood where Phaulkonmere is now, but these were destroyed in the Wardfires of 1358 DR (326 NR); the land was purchased by an up-and-coming merchant, well-to-do caravan organizer, and minor noble from Cormyr. Lord Bronson Phaulkon took the land and built





his wife and family a manor "amongst those people who support us, not amongst those who wish to associate with us due only to our income." The manor and its high-walled gardens were finished by winter of the next year.

Phaulkonmere is two buildings within a walled enclosure. The two-story manor house is lavishly decorated with pillars, polished stone, and gilded falcons alighting from each corner of its small high tower. Windows are also plentiful, allowing much light and air into the luxurious house. All around the top of the manor wall are golden metal barbed spikes which help protect the gardens. While the gates and spikes deter trespassers, the manor house has magical protections provided by the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors (only Lord Phaulkon and the mages involved know what such wards are, and they are changed monthly).

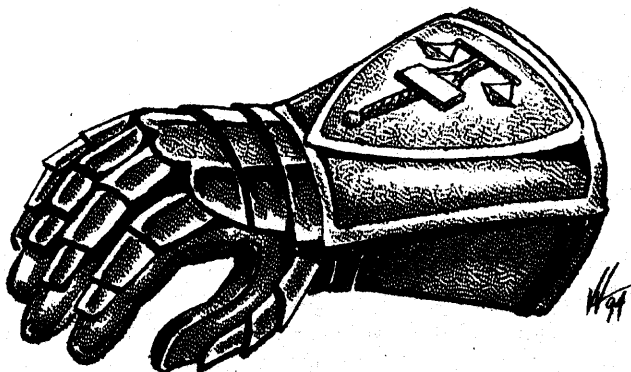
The Phaulkon family is well known and loved throughout the Adventurers' Quarter, the daughters having grown into great beauties sought by many young men (noble or otherwise). Their parties each season are open to their neighbors and friends, not exclusively nobles or merchants; their closest friends within the nobility are the Tarms (young Lord Arum Tarm is betrothed to Lady Jeryth Phaulkon, and is most distraught and incensed over her disappearance). Their lives seemed a dream until the death of Lady Cera and the abduction of Jeryth. Now, the splendid home is draped in black crepe, mourning wreaths hanging over every window. The Lord Phaulkon has not been seen much since the news broke, and his eldest daughter Marie is quite distraught over her missing sister.

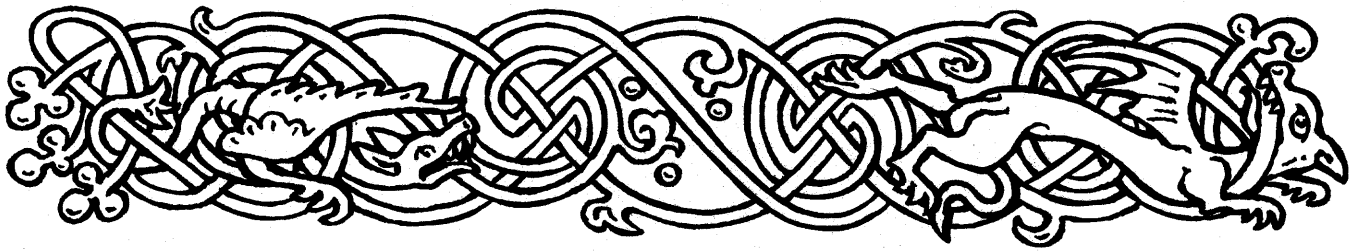
Minor Areas of Interest

Amrani's Laundry (AQ4): With the close boarding houses, clothiers, and inns nearby, Amrani and her small staff of young girls are kept constantly busy with laundry. Payment is set at the standard guild rates (2 sp per garment while you wait, 1 sp for overnight washing), but additional money gets special treatment for one's clothes such as perfumed soaps (an additional 5 cp), new embroidery or fresh dyes to brighten the cloth (1-5 additional sp) or minor stitching and repairs (an additional 1 sp). Amrani and Madame Garah are old friends and are often found out on the curbsides chatting.

Helm's Hall (AQ19): While tales tell of heroes rich and famous, few are told of those who dare the dungeons and lose, with even fewer told of those they leave behind. Kiber Ederick, an aged paladin of Helm, lost his wife and eldest son to assassins twenty years ago while he was off on a quest, and he doesn't know to this day what happened to his youngest children, boy and girl twins. This turned his duty to protecting the weak and watching over those who are forgotten or lost due to misplaced heroism. He takes many orphans off Waterdeep's streets and feeds and clothes them. Together with the help of various temples throughout the city, Kiber teaches the children basic reading, writing, and the history of the Realms. Many of the children ten and over are either apprenticed or working with the Lamplighters' Guild at night, though they must show the ability to ply a trade before leaving Helm's Hall at age 15. At the current time, Kiber runs the orphanage with four other helpers, and there are 30 children at Helm's Hall (12 girls, 18 boys).

Hemmerems' Stables (AQ7): An enterprising young merchant wisely bought up four decrepit warehouses fronting on Slop Street two years ago and spent six months and much gold renovating them. The one- and two-story stables now bear well-kept fronts, and "STABLES" is emblazoned across the front of all four buildings in bright green paint. The lower floors are the stables, with room enough for 100 horses here at one time. On the floor above, Hemmerem keeps an office in each building, multiple storerooms for stabling equipment and tack and barding, and loads of dry hay and feed for the horses. Fees for stabling and feeding a horse here are 2 sp fewer less than 6 hours, 1 gp for up to 48 hours, or 4 gp for a tenday. Because Hemmerem remembers his downtrodden days, he also has twenty cots set up in the northern stable's second floor that he lets to people at 1 cp per night (all folk turned out at sunrise).





Ingerr & Ingerr Warehouses (AQ15): This large block of warehouses stores many of the imported goods from any number of small villages and large cities of the North. All these goods are shipped out by sea to customers in Calimshan and Tethyr. The warehouses are watched over by Jaffar, Rokkek Ingerr's assistant, and his hired mercenaries. Jaffar lives in rooms atop one of the two story warehouses, with easy rooftop access to any of the four warehouses.

Laran's Cartographers (AQ12): One of the best cartographers, formerly based at the Zoarstar, has opened this new shop on Grocer's Lane, establishing his own business of creating maps on order. For affordable fees, Laran and his staff will take log books, notes, and descriptions of lands and areas in question and create maps of desired sizes. Laran is also noted as a top-rate illustrator and is commissioned quite often to render portraits of customers.

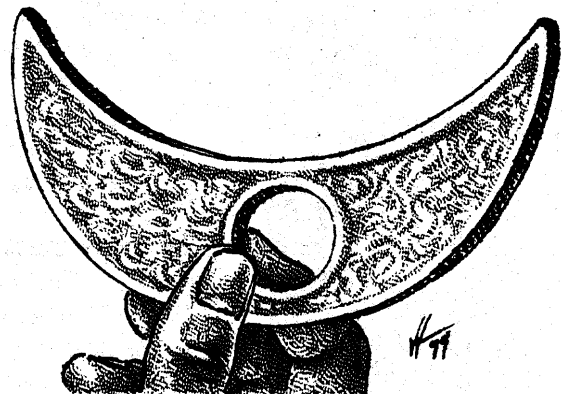
Piatran Clothiers (AQ5): This little one-story shop has a split floor in the back, rising up three steps to changing rooms and mirrored rooms for trying on new cloaks, robes, and other garments. Piatran, a thin, gaunt man of impeccable dress, is a mystery to many of the city; he is generous with discounts on his cloaks and garments (especially if friends vouch for you) and prefers to haggle over price rather than set one at the start. It's rumored he traffics in magical garments, but there are none to be found within his shop.

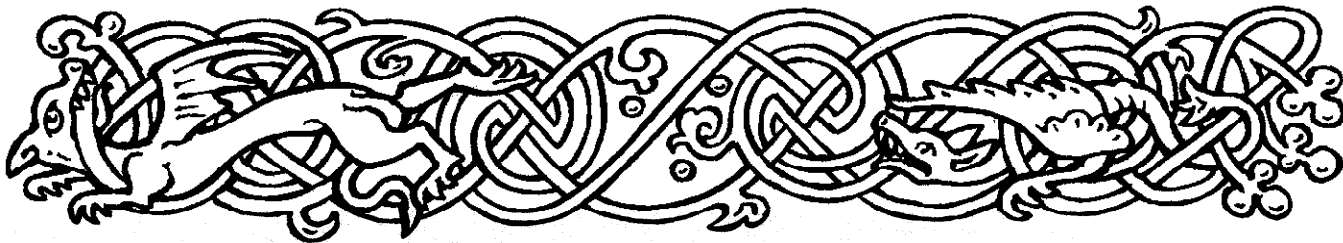
Tymora's Blessing (AQ20): A rough-and-tumble tavern always filled to the brim with veteran and would-be adventurers, this is a wonderful place to hear and tell stories of the North and beyond. Take care not to dispute the veracity of anyone's tales, however, as many brawls are started that way. The hill giant bartender (who alleges that he's really the trapped soul of Trahnt, a dwarven cleric of Tymora) wields a large warhammer that tends to end any arguments and disruptions quite forcibly. Simply for the ease of the barkeep, this two-story building has no upper floor, but simply a balcony with ten booths so patrons can be served by serving maids or Trahnt's lengthy reach.

The Waterdeep Daily Trumpet (AQ18): This old stone two-story building, home to one of Waterdeep's more infamous broadsheets, is constantly in need of cleaning due to "dissenting opinions armed, alas, with rotten eggs and vegetables," according to the Trumpet's editor. The broadsheets are printed and distributed each afternoon, posted on the various kiosks throughout the city and available for 1 cp each. Each tenday, the Trumpet reprints each of its

previous broadsheets and adds two pages of editorials and editorial cartoons by an anonymous artist, creating a small 12-page folio that is sold by street criers for 1 sp. Despite its somewhat sketchy facts in reporting the social goings-on inside the parties of North and Sea Wards (Hlanta Melshimber still resents the insinuations that she had spoiled, inferior wines at her last party, while Ultas Maernos is still demanding reparations for a report that he was affiliated with a rumored evil cult), the Trumpet has many eyes and ears and much of what is reported tends to be found true. While the editor, one Carson Innes, is given to "provocative and enticing" headlines and reporting, he does tend to steer clear of outright libel and *definitely* takes care not to openly insult or question the Lords and their rulings; this is all that keeps him and his staff of 12 from being exiled outside the city walls.

Waukeen's Wares (AQ13): Located right next to the Daily Trumpet on Grocer's Lane is a small moneylenders' and pawn shop with an old copper sign of Waukeen swinging in the breeze out front. Within is a cluttered, hopelessly disorganized (to all but the owner) shop of curios, trinkets, and some valuable items pawned for quick sums of pocket money. The proprietor, a bald little human by the name of Alek Lenter, is a hyperactive, skinny fellow who can't sit still for more than lb seconds at a time. He is more than happy to accept nearly anything of value and pay up to 70% of what it's worth; of course, the interest fees are 12% per tenday to buy back the same item, and few return to pick up their goods. After four months, items are for sale at 90-100% of their value to all but the original seller. Despite Alek's apparent harmlessness, people who cheated him have never been seen after they've left his shop.





Chapter Five: NPCs of The Adventurers' Quarter

As they say, there are a million stories in the city, and so few adventurers take the time to listen to any of them. All they know are the intricacies of dungeons and the names of long-dead kings whose treasure has yet to be claimed by the living. Well, living in Waterdeep introduces you to hundreds of people daily; the following chapter familiarizes you and yours with “your neighbors” in the Adventurers’ Quarter. Your player characters are the newest residents in the Adventurers’ Quarter (unless your character has a background history there) and much of the thrust of your first few adventures will be to acquaint yourselves with all the people. While not everyone has been mentioned or named (such as the many orphans, servants, mercenary guards, et al), many of the folk below have stories just as exciting as those you’ll tell around the tavern. It’s just up to you whether you learn them or not. . . .

Oh, and before your characters badger any ex-adventurers for advice and guidance (and favors, etc.), keep in mind that Dungeon Masters can use these characters to dispense as much or as little help as the PCs need. After all, these characters went through all the same adventures you will, and the best experience is that learned from your own mistakes, not someone else’s.

NPCs of Major Interest

Each of the NPCs below is a fully detailed character, but not all of that information is stored below. Characters’ bits of history and hidden secrets are only revealed to the Dungeon Master in the *Secrets of the City* book; if players wish to learn these secrets and any other information about the characters, all the information must come from roleplaying and interacting with the characters, not just picking up another book. As stated above, many of these characters have their own stories to tell, and some are quite fascinating. Players and the PC heroes just need to know the right questions and the right people to ask to find them out.

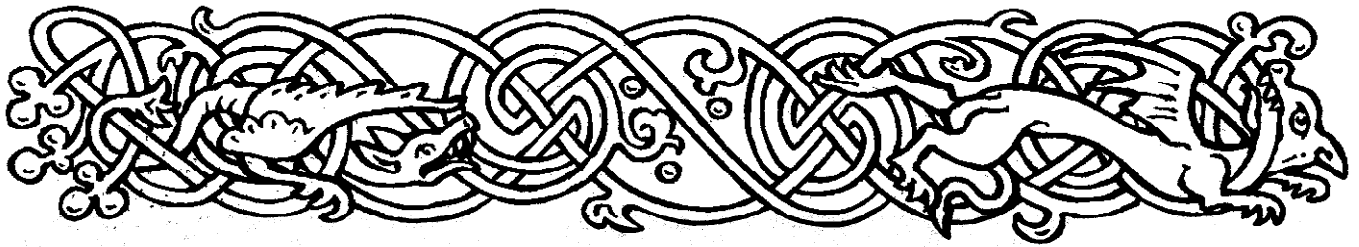
At the start, players and their characters only know the following data:

Character Name

Occupation: This is the character’s career (or what he or she says it is) and how he or she makes money.

Locations: The first location listed is where the character lives; the second and successive locations are places she or he is apt to be found throughout the city.





Description: This is a general physical description of a character in terms of race, skin color, hair, eyes, clothing, and other immediate details easily spotted by player characters.

Personality: This is a quick “general impression” characters can get from initial meetings combined with “the word on the street.” These include standard mannerisms that the character always uses, comparisons against the societal norms, and how the character interacts with other characters.

Trivia: Items listed here tend to be uncommon actions, phrases, or things that truly set the character apart from others (“shticks”), such as a character with a wandering eye or a woman who’s never seen without her pet cat.

Arkiem Arren

Occupation: Cleric of Milil, music teacher, bard

Locations: AQ2; AQ14, New Olamn, C4, C25, C32, T19

Description: Tall, slender Arkiem has long, curly, blond locks, pointed ears, and the deep bronze skin of a gold elf. He favors white and green in his simple clothes of tunic, jerkin, and breeches with high, soft leather boots. His only finery is a gold oak leaf clasp on his forest green cloak. He always carries his panpipes on his belt.

Personality: Arkiem is much more personable than most elves, and is all smiles for all people, so far as anyone’s noticed. Arkiem is quietly proud, accepting praise for his skill with a harp but not being overly arrogant or self-aggrandizing. He has few of the prejudices against humans and the other races that many gold elves share, and this also adds to his popularity among the humans of Waterdeep.

Trivia: Arkiem has names for many of his personal instruments (for example, his lute is named “Sparrow”), though no one knows if any of his instruments are magical (a typical reason to name something).

Rachel Arren

Occupation: Priestess, dance instructor

Locations: AQ2; AQ14, C9, S15, D18

Description: Rachel is a young human woman of medium height with waist-length russet hair. Her bright, crystal-blue eyes and her distinct, aquiline attributes give her a memorable presence. When adventuring, she wears a red tabard over chain armor custom-cut for freedom of movement, and her hair is worn up in a crown. Now, she usually wears tight leather breeches and flowing tunics with soft doeskin boots. Her dancing and prayer garb is a voluminous but daringly-cut robe over a

skintight outfit of orange, red, and yellow silk.

Personality: One comrade described Rachel best as “a human with a halfling’s energy, an elf’s grace, a dwarf’s tenacity, and an ogre’s temper.” Rachel is a highly pleasant person, her smiles ample testament to Lliira, the goddess of joy. However, Rachel does not suffer fools and liars gladly. She has an uncanny knack for sensing peoples’ honesty; if they are not truthful with her, she wants little to do with them. While she can be catlike and mercurial, Rachel finds pleasure in nearly every thing, be it a ray of sunshine, the taste of a fresh red apple from a grocer’s cart, or her husband’s kiss.

Trivia: Rachel always wears an old brass pendant stamped with Lliira’s symbol around her neck.

Clion

Occupation: Watch armar (South Ward)

Locations: AQ9; AQ16, S9, T13, wanders Southern Ward

Description: Clion is a short, red-haired man with a neatly trimmed full beard and short cropped hair. His complexion is the standard ruddiness of the Northmen, but his eyes are the uncommon color of sand. While short (5’), he has a wiry, muscular frame and his strength is often underestimated. When on duty, he wears the uniform of a watch patrolman. Off duty, he favors loose tunics, close-cut pants, high boots, and a vest made of lizard skin.

Personality: Clion is a joker by nature, always ready with a quip or snide remark. There isn’t a joke or a snappy retort told within the city that Clion doesn’t know. However, the jokes end when he’s at work, as all his concentration is set on keeping order and doing his job. He has two commendations from Helve Urtrace for excellent work, though he has been warned about his use of excessive force when arresting nonhumanoids.

Trivia: Clion has a distinct knife scar slashed across the back of his right hand.

Travis Deepdell

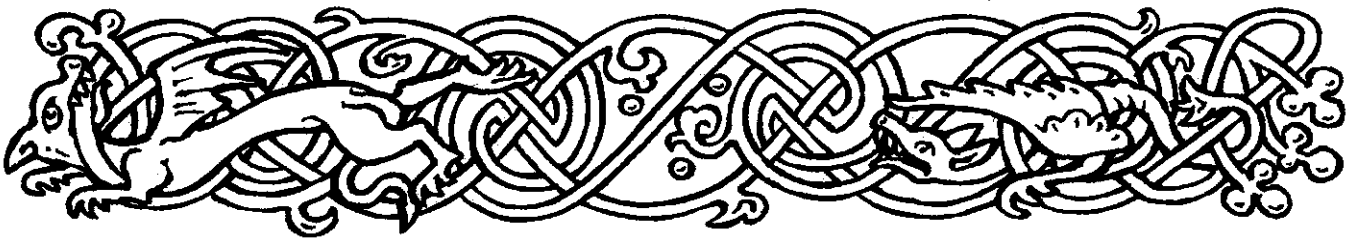
Occupation: Co-owner and bartender, Safehaven Inn

Locations: AQ14; AQ19

Description: Travis is a slight, fair-skinned man with shoulder length brown hair that covers his slightly pointed ears. He dresses only in shades of blue, which complement his blue eyes, though his high boots are polished black leather.

Personality: Travis Deepdell is oftentimes considered more elf than human, as he is so uncommonly quiet. Few have





ever heard him speak, and many think he is mute. While quiet and unassuming, his eyes and hand gestures communicate a slow-to-rise but frigid temper. He is a fair, patient man and a doting, attentive father to his daughter and stepdaughter.

Trivia: While he never seems to carry any weapons, he always has daggers on hand when he needs them. He also has an uncanny knack of calming and quieting animals (and sometimes people) with only a wave of his hand.

Vhonna Deepdell

Occupation: Instructor at Field of Triumph, volunteer at Helm's Hall

Locations: AQ14; the Field of Triumph, AQ3, AQ19

Description: Vhonna Lanys-Deepdell is a tall, regal human woman with short, curly chestnut locks, deep brown eyes, and a dazzling (though all too rare) smile. In her adventuring days, Vhonna wore custom-made magical plate armor; now, she wears peasant dresses and modest clothes that still flatter her muscular figure.

Personality: Unapproachable, aloof, and very guarded are the initial reactions many have to this dignified woman, and that is what she appears on the surface. If she is comfortable around a person (often someone Travis or Madame Garah also trusts), she allows people to see her softer side, with her fond memories of the wilderness of the Sword Coast, her enjoyment of long walks along the Sea Ward beach, and a sincere love of music. Vhonna is a woman who cares so deeply about those around her that her emotional "armor" is the only way to cope with the losses her duty to Lord Torm has cost her. Putting the two together creates one of the strongest female adventurers ever seen in the Sword Coast, a woman as capable of nurturing an infant as leading an army.

Trivia: Vhonna and Madame Garah both share a rare fondness for Turmishite apple and bloodberry pie (an extremely tart version of cherry pie). Vhonna also is the only person other than Garah who can call Essimuth "Old Bear" to his face and live.

Madame Garah

Occupation: Boarding house owner & operator

Locations: AQ2; AQ4, AQ14

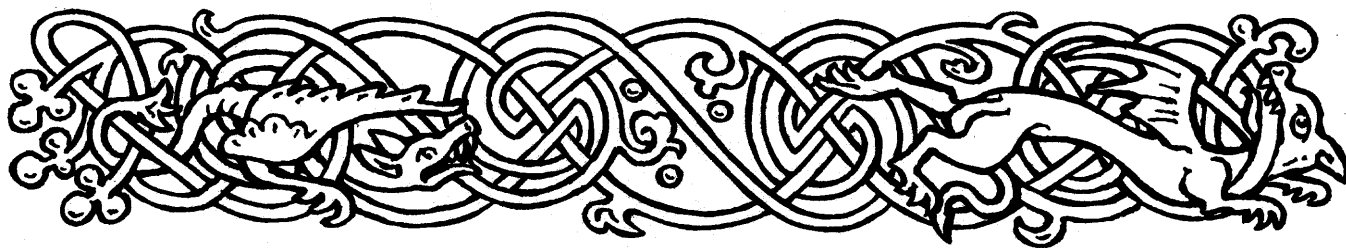
Description: Madame Garah is a middle-aged matron with her long graying hair usually kept up in a bun. While overweight, she is healthy and hearty, her green eyes

twinkling in her rosy, oft-smiling face. She wears simple dresses and almost never takes her apron off. Though she has added much weight to her small frame (4' 11"), she still moves gracefully like the dancer she was.

Personality: Madame Garah is a cheerful woman who, while quite unassuming and harmless, is unflappable in the face of any danger. She never gets flustered and hums songs to herself while she works. She has nerve and determination enough to rule whole countries, but is quite content to look after her own hearth and home. One southern wizard described her as a "tigress protecting her cubs and den" when she faced down a Red Wizard in her parlor, demanding he take his vendetta against one of her boarders elsewhere; "I'd never seen an Autharch so flustered—he knew he could blast her to dust, but I think her quiet confidence surprised him more!"

Trivia: She generates nicknames for her boarders and friends based on first impressions (which are often spot-on) such as "Secrets" (Kylia), "Scribbles" (Laran), and "Iron Rose" (Vhonna); generally, she calls people "dear" or "sweetheart," but if she uses a person's full name, she is most definitely angry or bothered.





Hedrik

Occupation: Boarding house help, part-time cook

Locations: AQ2; AQ7, AQ14

Description: Hedrik is a tall, gangly lad of fourteen, his most recent height increase putting him at 5'10" tall and still growing! His skinny face has bold, squared features that suggest a strength and solidity that the rest of his body has yet to catch up to. His coal-black hair is always tousled and in disarray, and he wears it at shoulder-length. His eyes are his most haunting feature, both eyes covered in a milk-white film that obscures his eye color and vision. He wears simple clothes of breeches and shirts, though he is meticulous and is never covered in dirt and dust.

Personality: Until he was adopted by Madame Garah, Hedrik was a sullen, angry young child who struck out at anything that threatened him. Since his blinding, he has calmed down and thrived in the care of his new mother, but he has an inner drive to prove himself that sometimes frightens people. Hedrik is headstrong, and has an insatiable need to finish any task he puts to himself. The boy is noticeably sharp of wit and mind, and often astonishes people many years his elder in Philosophers' Court.

Trivia: Hedrik uses a staff to guide him a clear path, and he is often heard talking to it as if it were alive, though his mother swears it's a normal staff.

Rokkek Ingerr

Occupation: Imports merchant

Locations: AQ6; AQ15, C3, C12, S8, S9, D18, D25

Description: Rokkek Ingerr, the second to carry that name, is the spitting image of his father: An overweight man with a perpetual sheen of perspiration on his forehead and upper lip, he is fully bald with a gray goatee. His gray eyes constantly dart back and forth nervously, and he looks for all the world like an incompetent buffoon, a façade soon shattered when one does business with him. Rokkek overdresses in all the latest fashions popular with the nobility of the city; of late, this entails large plumed hats, short jackets and vests, and lacy shirts with tight breeches (a look none too flattering for the aging merchant).

Personality: Rokkek Ingerr's favorite topic is himself, of that there is no doubt. Nor is there any question of his second love: money. While pleasant enough in his dealings with people, Rokkek Ingerr is consumed with maintain-

ing his business and keeping himself and his wife in the matter to which they have grown accustomed. He tends to be a bit blunt, if not downright rude, to those he deems of lesser stature (beggars, mercenaries, dung sweepers), but he is kind enough to give coppers to street children. Like his father, unfortunately, he has a wandering eye (and hands) for the ladies, and spends his nights at the many festhalls about the city. Of late, he has become quite gruff and terse with everyone, and is rarely seen around his home at all.

Trivia: Rokkek Ingerr has the absent-minded habit of constantly flipping a gold coin, stopping only when eating or when involved in business.

Nindil Jalbuck

Occupation: Halfling grocer

Locations: AQ10; AQ16, C8, D10, N60, \$5, \$15

Description: Sporting a jet-black crewcut and golden nose ring, Nindil Jalbuck is one of the most distinctive halflings of the city (at least, to human eyes). He stands 36" tall. His common clothing and grocer's apron do not disguise the knowing look of a joker and mischief maker in his sea-green eyes. When he does travel outside the city, he tends to wear a custom-fitted suit of chain mail with the Goldenfields emblem on it.

Personality: While a joker and prankster to the core, Nindil is a good-natured, loyal, and trustworthy person. He is confident in himself and his abilities, and only loses his temper when someone is "talking down" to him, as if he were a child. The love he shares with his wife seems mutually based in humor (she calls him "Tartoos" or "my little hairy-footed orc," he calls her "Talldrink" and "Blondie") and passion (Nindil often hops up and fiercely kisses his wife, nonchalantly resuming his work and leaving her gasping for air).

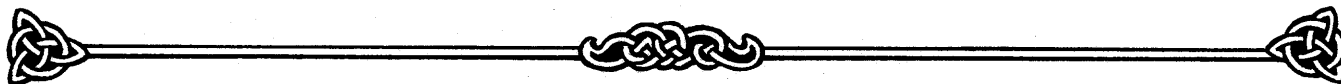
Trivia: Nindil is a cat lover, and his two pets Vixen (a female tabby) and Mugs (an amber-colored cat with white paws and face—"kinda the shade of southern beer") take care of any mice in his grocery storage.

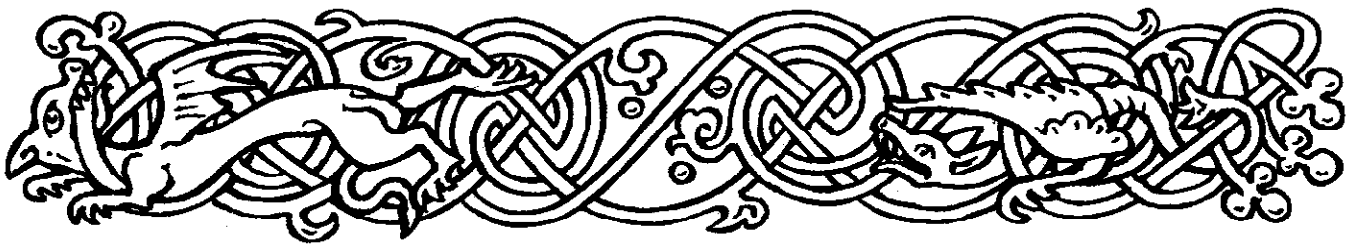
Alcedor Kolat

Occupation: Wizard

Locations: AQ8; AQ12, AQ16, \$15, N32, N46, City of the Dead (wandering)

Description: Alcedor Kolat is a hunchbacked, balding old man with a ring of white-gold hair above his ears and the nape of his neck. Though he appears well into his sixties, his brown eyes twinkle warmly and his smile is





engaging. His attire is most often disheveled gray robes with a powder blue overcloak; stains of various colors embellish his clothes, and the smell of brimstone and other arcane odors linger about him. Alcedor is one of the few aged and beardless mages known; he shaves, as a beard would be in his way while tinkering in the lab.

Personality: Alcedor is the very picture of dichotomy: He appears disorganized and ruffled, but his mind is sharper than those half his age; while he seems aged and wise, his manners toward young women sometimes border on scandalous; though he has an apprentice and his familiar, he is best left alone to his work (since he rarely notices others are there while he works). Many think him absent-minded at first glance, but a better term is “distracted” due to the great magics and theories he works out in his head.

Trivia: A frequent habit is to start a discussion with someone on some esoterica and wander away, answering and arguing with himself or his owl, Inquisitor; even so, many keep an ear open to his mutterings as he thinks out loud and many apprentice mages of the Watchful Order have learned much on magic in this way.

Duhlark KOLAT

Occupation: Wizard

Locations: AQ8; AQ16, AQ20, \$16, C15

Description: Duhlark is a proud man of regal bearing, his long blond hair and long beard both braided. He wears brown robes with a bright red vest, adding a splash of color and setting off his russet-colored eyes. Despite their different bearings and ages, Duhlark and Alcedor look remarkably alike.

Personality: Intense is the word for this Kolat brother, and it covers nearly every aspect of his life, from his magics and research to the way he talks and eats. Duhlark focuses on one thing at a time and only one thing; if he is wrestling with a thought, he won't even notice a tavern brawl around him unless it disturbs him. His intensity in all things is magnified if he's lost his temper, though; there are two stray dogs in Waterdeep that simply had the misfortune of being drunken mercenaries who fell onto his table while he ate. His gruff, somewhat stand-offish personality keeps him from making many friends, and he treasures those few he has greatly (though not so any could notice). Rumor places him quite often in the company of Lady Hlanta Melshimber, though he will not talk openly about her.

Trivia: When Duhlark unleashes magic, he most often casts it in slightly nonstandard but highly visual ways; spells erupt as beams from his eyes or as a small illusory sprite that flies the spell to the target, etc.

KyLia

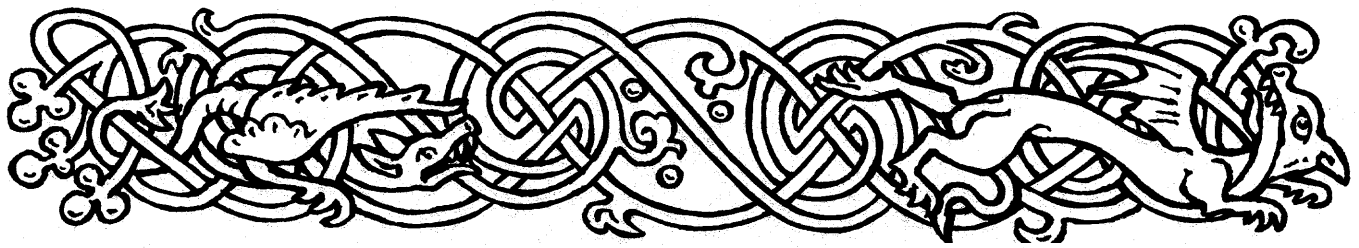
Occupation: Illusionist

Locations: AQ3; AQ2, AQ7, AQ18, ?

Description: This little gnome female looks like a fragile doll, her auburn hair and red robes never disheveled or out of place. Her face, often smiling and innocent, can be both childlike and serious well beyond her apparent years. She isn't considered attractive from a gnomish sense, as her features more closely resemble humans. Few ever get a good look at her, as she tends to move quickly and use illusions to disguise herself and keep from being followed.

Personality: Madame Garah's nickname of “Secrets” fits KyLia, as few get close enough to her to find out what she's really like. Overall, she is a pleasant woman, though a tad brusque, and she has a flair for the dramatic if using magic. Her demeanor is unassuming, almost meek, but those who know her sense that something fierce lurks just beneath the surface.





Trivia: Kylia cannot resist using simple *phantasmal force* spells to punctuate her entrances and exits; her most common approach is the classic thunderclap and puff of smoke, though she's had some fun with a shimmering outline effect that coalesces into her normal form (some think she's developed a new *teleport* spell).

Essimuth Lanys

Occupation: Merchant, retired adventurer

Locations: AQ1; AQ3, AQ14, AQ16, AQ20; S1, S8, S9, S15, S18, C21

Description: Sometimes mistaken for a dwarf due to his height (and demeanor), Essimuth is a battle-scarred veteran of many dungeons. A scruffy gray beard covers most of his facial scars save the long scar from chin to brow that runs under the eye patch over his right eye. He wears a cap to cover his bald head and the rest of his clothes are typical linen shirt and leather breeches. His right leg is missing below the knee, replaced by a peg leg. His clothes are very often covered with wood shavings from his whittling and carving.

Personality: Essimuth is an adventurer at heart, and his only exploits now are through his own stories and those of current heroes. He truly misses the excitement of the open road, but is content to while away his later years here in Waterdeep around family and friends. While his manner and tone are always quite gruff, there's a layer of mischief underneath when dealing with children and favored friends. He is extremely long-winded and can be a tad vindictive if not allowed to finish his stories; while seeming to ramble, Essimuth actually has distinct points to make—especially to adventurers “who would do best to take my advice, 'cuz if they don't, they'll only be fit in the gullet of a monster!” If people heed him and return to tell Essimuth their own escapades (embellishing how his advice saved them . . .), they'll make a valuable and wise friend for life. Nothing hurts Essimuth more than disrespect for his experience; “Even though I'm past my prime, don't think I can't teach you whippersnappers a lesson or three!”

Trivia: Essimuth owns three elaborately carved peg legs. His usual leg looks like an owlbear holding up his leg with its arms and shoulders; for more formal occasions, he has a duskwood leg carved with the shield and coat of arms of Waterdeep; and for winter he has an ivory leg carved like a rearing white dragon (the wings becoming the top, of the leg) with grooves for better traction on ice and snow.



BRANTA MYNTION

Occupation: Apprentice Wizard

Locations: AQ8; AQ5, AQ9, AQ16, \$21, C15

Description: Branta is a highly recognizable young woman and easily marked as a wizard: Her pupilless blue eyes match the bright azure scarves she wears over her bald head. Her white and blue robes tend to be loose and open-bodiced, tailored to complement her thin figure. She has her mother's soft, rosy features and medium height and her father's friendly demeanor.

Personality: Branta is a highly focused and intelligent young woman with an inner drive to succeed at what she sets as her goal. She speaks in a formal manner and an even tone, but if excited or emotional, she talks fast and accentuates her words sharply. While friendly to all, she has become like the Kolat brothers, distracted by things beyond most peoples' knowledge; that, coupled with her odd looks, causes people to avoid her (including her elder brother Tomed and his wife).

Trivia: While her eyes have no special powers beyond normal human eyes, they do reflect light like a cat's, causing them to glow in dim light.





Olophin

Occupation: Watch Senior Civilar

Locations: AQ8; Adventurers' Quarter, T15, C5, C32

Description: Olophin is a dusky-skinned Calishite with jet-black curly hair and amber eyes. While he is used to the temperatures here, Olophin always wears more clothes than natives, his cloak almost always present. He wears a few rings and gold earrings; his most unique earring has a king's tear dangling from a platinum chain, a gift from a recent visit by his father.

Personality: Olophin has grown more wary of strangers and openly-friendly folk in his decade in the North, finding many as deceitful and sneaky as the desert nomads of Calimshan. He is always polite, his deep voice demanding respect and attention from any audience. While he is willing to let the retired adventurers police themselves, he makes sure they understand where their duties end and the watch's responsibilities begin. Olophin is a staunch friend to those who are loyal to him, but those who cross him find he holds long grudges and patiently gains fitting and subtle revenge.

Trivia: A steel ring on Olophin's right hand bears the emblem of Anachtyr (the scales of Justice balanced on the point of a long sword). Many rogues hit by Olophin bear this ring's imprint on their jaws for a few days as reminders to stay out of trouble or risk harsher justice.

Lord Bronson Phaulkon

Occupation: Caravan organizer, minor noble (Cormyr)

Locations: AQ17; N59, C15. (Formerly) AQ14, T42, S5, S13, D31.

Description: The aging Lord Bronson Phaulkon still has a full head of jet-black hair and is normally clean-shaven (though he hasn't shaved since his wife's death and temporarily has a patchy beard). His once-sparkling blue eyes are now quite glum, and his regal and trim frame is gaining a bit of a paunch with a back bowed from grief. Where he once only smoked in the evenings, the lord is now constantly surrounded by an aura of pipe smoke, his clothes gathering a yellowish-brown haze on them.

Personality: Lord Phaulkon used to be an animated giant of a man, proud of his appearance, his business, and his family. His wife's death shattered him, leaving him an impatient grouch, snapping at anything that displeases him. Despite the stress and his grief, he is still honorable and constantly curious about other people; he is simply no longer the naive and trusting soul he once was and

his curiosity now borders on nosiness as he wishes to know everything about whom he deals with before trusting them.

Trivia: People used to set schedules by the regular walks Lord Phaulkon and his wife would make from Adventurers' Quarter to the Gull Leap and back each afternoon; he hasn't been back to it since she died.

Lady Jeryth Phaulkon

Occupation: Former idle noble; now missing

Locations: Unknown; last seen in Luskan en route to Mirabar.

Description: Jeryth, a fashion plate of Waterdeep, was a person never seen with a hair out of place or a wrinkle in any clothing. She always arranged her long blonde hair in elaborate coiffures, and she wore many green and gold outfits to match her eyes and hair. Her use of cosmetics and perfumes was excessive, always trailing a cloying cloud of fragrance. When last seen by anyone, she was wearing travel garments of green suede and black leather.

Personality: Jeryth was a typical young noblewoman of Waterdeep: vain, arrogant, and utterly frivolous in her interests of only the next good party. Despite her faults, many liked her and respected for her forthrightness and honesty in their dealings with her, provided they could get and keep her attention.

Trivia: Jeryth has a habit of idly toying with her hair, twisting a length of it around her fingers playfully.

Raymid

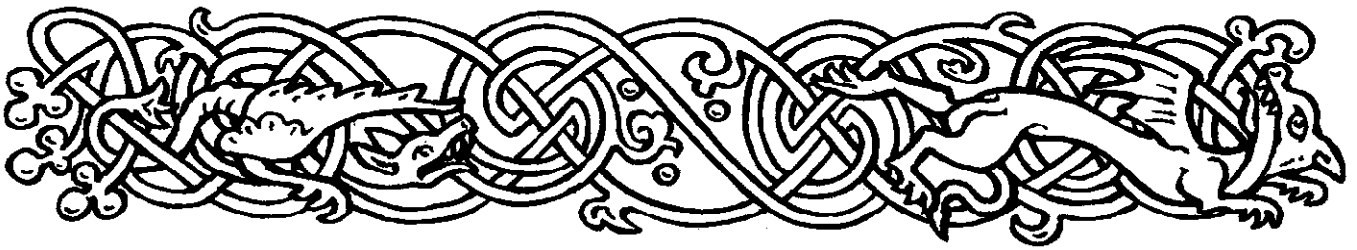
Occupation: Watch patrolman

Locations: AQ9; AQ16, \$9, S9, T13, Southern Ward

Description: Raymid is a short, burly little man with long black hair pulled back into a ponytail. He is clean-shaven and meticulous about his appearance, his face, posture, and general body language always set as tense as a coiled spring. While most often found in his watch uniform, his off-duty clothes are all black, from loose linen shirts to black leather pants and boots, his pendant providing the only change of color.

Personality: Raymid is a man so business-minded and blunt that few bother to get to know him. He is inscrutable and has a stony stare that many card players envy. Raymid does have a sense of humor, dry and subtle though it is, but prefers to let Clion have all the jokes; he keeps his attention focused on the matters at hand.





Trivia: Raymid always wears a solid silver pendant of Mielikki's unicorn head symbol, a gift from his dead mother and, he believes, a good luck charm. Raymid has a habit of only speaking if directly spoken to, and has coerced many into confessing under the silent, forbidding pressure of his stare. Raymid grows quiet when Clion jokes about women; the only woman who makes Raymid lose his composure is Shalara, Kappiyan Flurmastyr's apprentice.

Sarya

Occupation: Watch-wizard

Locations: AQ9; AQ5, AQ16, \$21, C15, wanders Southern & Dock Wards

Description: Years of scowls and frowning have wrinkled and prematurely aged Sarya's round face. Still relatively young, she appears older in her robes or her watch uniform, keeping her brown hair severely pulled back into a tight bun. Her blue eyes are best described as icy in color and intensity. A smile from Sarya, generally thin and tight, usually leads to some painful exercise of magic upon some lawbreaker.

Personality: Selfish and openly scornful of others, Sarya is an unpleasant person to be around. She views anyone who cannot use magic as beneath her notice and only deigns to deal with those she has to (such as shopkeepers and her superiors in the watch). When forced to confront someone, she is brusque but with a veneer of politeness, like a child forced into apologizing. She is a loner, only in the Adventurers' Quarter when on duty; she keeps rooms in southern Castle Ward, her neighbors hardly seeing her save when she leaves her studies for meals.

Trivia: In a manner similar to eastern wizards from Thay or Mulhorand, Sarya's forearms are tattooed in mystical patterns that glow when she casts spells; the designs are her own but were done down in Dock Ward.

Blakantar Tagon

Occupation: Watch-wizard

Locations: AQ9; AQ5, AQ16, \$21, C4, C15, New Olamn

Description: Blakantar Tagon is a tall young man with chestnut brown hair and eyes. He wears a distinctive headband of silver with a carved onyx sigil centered on his forehead. He has a wiry build and strength with the grace and walk of a rogue. He keeps himself and his clothes very clean, using cantrips to keep his clothes freshly pressed. When off duty, Blakantar wears tailored,

costly clothes of black and red (his most frequent outfit is a scarlet shirt, a black vest, black pants, and a black beret with a small symbol of Azuth).

Personality: Words to describe Blakantar often fall short; his approach to life is to focus on having fun! The young man is flippant, bold, and seemingly without fear. Confidence exudes from him, but he cloaks it in self-effacing humor. Above all, he is genuine in his warmth and affection for women and men alike. Those who say he isn't a serious mage don't see him studying late in the libraries at New Olamn, though his studies are balanced by revelry at the more exclusive noble galas. Many women try to catch his attentions, but none seem to hold his interest.

Trivia: Blakantar is becoming known as "the Laughing Mage," as he gets easily amused when casting spells and apprehending foes; Blakantar often runs circles around his suspects (due to magical boots), playing games of tag with armed foes. Arrests by the "Laughing Mage" are often comical spectacles that many (except for those apprehended) talk about for days; Olophin isn't thrilled with his methods, but Blakantar's arrest record is good.

Terresk

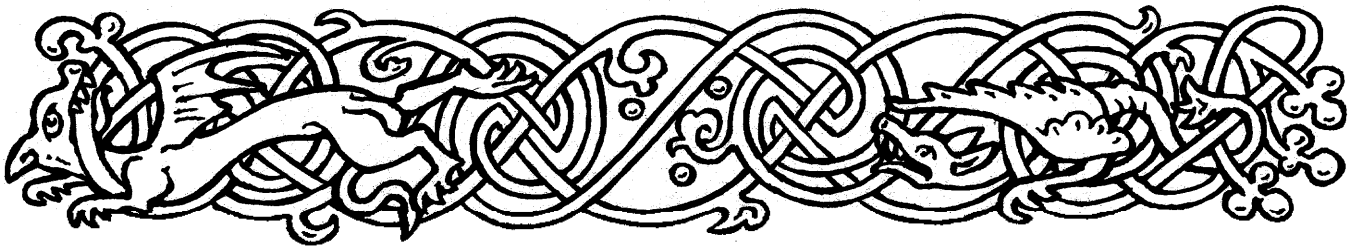
Occupation: Watch armar

Locations: AQ9; AQ12, AQ14, AQ18

Description: Terresk is a tall, forbidding half-orc with fearsome features. He is very conscious of his looks, and wears a hood to keep much of his face hidden; enlarged lower canines betray his orcish lineage. He wears a scale mail mask over the severely scarred left side of his face. Terresk wears black leather gloves at all times and is never out of uniform (if he's off duty, he's not far from the guardpost). He walks hunched over but, if confronted by an enemy, his shoulders straighten and his full height (7'!) surprises many.

Personality: Belying a terrifying appearance, Terresk is a quiet, almost bashful man who blushes at the mere hint of a compliment from a lady and beams proudly when praised by men. Almost childlike in his simplicity, Terresk is a kind-hearted lummo who watches out for his friends and "the little guy." When he laughs, his deep-throated guffaws can be heard easily over any din, and if he's in a fight, his bellows serve far better warning than his warning horn. Above all else, people who like to keep themselves intact don't mention the touch of orc blood in him; he hates his heritage and goes into a fury should anyone comment on his tusks.





Trivia: Terresk wears a gold bracer on his right forearm—a Manshakan fighting slave’s manacle.

“Watched” Thistlebuck

Locations: AQ14; all over Southern & Trades Ward

Description: A rare albino halfling, Watcher has pure white hair (head, eyebrows, feet, and mutton chop sideburns) and pink eyes. He wears browns and yellows as predominant colors, his clothes carefully tailored and impeccable.

Personality: Having mellowed over the years, Watcher is an attentive, sharp individual with an eye for subtle detail. Even when things are hectic and the Safehaven is crowded to capacity, Watcher can single out specific individuals that are about to cause trouble and stop it before it starts. He is a true diplomat, keeping calm in the most hectic of situations. He is, unlike many halflings, not pushy or nosy; he’ll learn just as much from people by being quiet and watching rather than badgering them with questions (besides, a quiet thief gains more than a noisy one). Watcher is loyal to his friends, but take care when he gives his word: chances are it’s carefully phrased with a catch or two. . . .

Trivia: Watcher has the ability to whistle nearly any tune he hears; his whistles tend to signal his comrades (whether in a dungeon or the Safehaven) of some hidden trouble.

NPCs of Minor Interest

Amrani

This bustling, rail-thin woman of advancing years is the head laundress and shop owner of Amrani’s Laundry. She is an old friend of Madame Garah, and the two often can be found gossiping while Teena, Laurel, and Lahren, Amrani’s hired girls, tend to the laundry.

Silate Deepdell

Travis & Vhonna Deepdell’s infant daughter is a beautiful baby with her mother’s chestnut hair and brown eyes. To everyone’s surprise, she is also a half-elf, her ears and features even more distinctly pointed than her father’s. Though she can be fussy at times, she takes after her father and makes little to no noise.

Kiber Ederick

The elderly man who runs Helm’s Hall still holds himself with noble bearing, though he is more apt to carry a nightmare-plagued child at night than a sword. Kiber has not often raised a weapon since the Time of Troubles, and then only to protect his charges. He still tells stories to the children and others of his noble adventures with a distant twinkle in his eye. He does, however, get angry with patrons of Tymora’s Blessing when they attempt to teach the kids tavern games and crude mercenary songs.

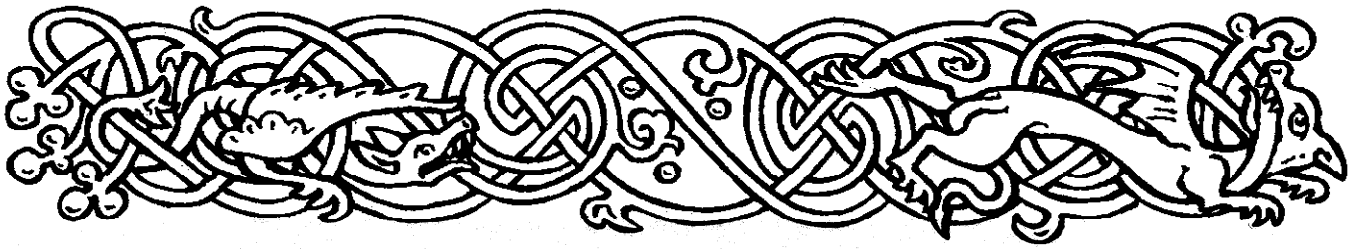
Erik

Formerly an orphan of Helm’s Hall, Erik is the adopted apprentice of Hammerhand Krabbellor. At age fourteen, he has proven to be a gifted silversmith, and his own designs have been praised as having “the excellent workmanship of dwarven material with a nimbleness and finesse like elven work.” His specialty, however, is silver-plating weapons, and one that the boy takes too well to, causing Hammerhand to worry about him running off to become an adventurer.

Hemmerem

This successful horse merchant and stables owner was once a street beggar in the alleys of Trades Ward. He learned his trade by hiring out with caravans and watching the drovers at Caravan Court. The clean-shaven, chocolate-brown-haired man now runs a profitable stable and provides cheap lodgings for those down on their luck, as he once was. He





spends much time around the Beer Golem tavern, vying for the attentions of Cial Myntion.

Ariel Heremet

Ariel is one of the barmaids at the Safehaven, along with her siblings. She bears a remarkable resemblance to Princess Alusair of Cormyr, so much so that mercenaries attempted to kidnap her three times in years past when the princess was missing. She doesn't know why they are so alike, nor does she care. She simply wants to lead a good life and eventually raise a family; she is bitter about adventurers—both her parents were killed while adventuring with the Knights of the Sword Coast—and she wants nothing to do with such a life.

Donar Heremet

Donar, the young stableboy at the Safehaven Inn, takes after his father, or so Vhonna Deepdell says; Donar doesn't remember much of either of his parents. He is quite the troublemaker, always setting pranks on Bannor and others, Moreso than either of his sisters, he accepts all the Safehaven employees as his extended family and loves to hear stories about his father in his adventuring days. Donar's natural agility is quite remarkable, and Essimuth attests that "that boy could be one great sneak thief and skulk for the watch if only he'd sit still and focus on something!"

Edrianna Heremet

This vivacious, 16-year-old, raven-haired beauty is an excellent cook and an outrageous flirt, much to the chagrin of her fiancé, Bannor Karralo (though there is no doubt as to where her loyalties lie to any who know her). The only one of the Heremet children not to worship Lathander as their parents did, Edrianna openly praises Sune and always acts as if she hasn't a care in the world. She always wears a platinum and emerald ring given to her by her father when she was a child.

Imerra Ingerr

Imerra, the Amnite wife of Rokkek Ingerr, dearly loves Waterdeep and its hustle and bustle, but she doesn't adapt well to the commerce and leaves that to her husband. She loves music and is attempting to learn to play the harp ("with some small progress . . .," Arkiem proffers). As it is, she spends much time at the Safehaven Inn watching Arkiem every night when he plays there. With her husband growing more distant and his business flagging, she spends even more time drinking to forget her troubles.

Carson Innes

This boisterous man's voice always booms loudly when he talks—and he talks constantly! A giant in self-promotion as well as girth, Carson takes every opportunity to plug his Daily Trumpet broadsheet, "just making sure everyone knows the news of the day" (and the news behind it, adding his own editorial pronouncements). If he isn't gossiping or bragging, this self-aggrandizing bald man cracks the worst puns ever heard in Waterdeep. Despite all this, he is a fair employer who pays his staff well; their only complaint is his insistence on "adding that final touch to the facts in the story, just to spice it up some" that continually lands the Trumpet staff in trouble.

Jaffar

A former Southern slave from Ithmong, Jaffar found freedom when Rokkek Ingerr Sr. bought him as a boy and brought him to Waterdeep. Indebted to the Ingerrs, Jaffar stays with the family to this day, despite his dislike of Rokkek Jr. By working at the elder Ingerr's side, Jaffar knows more about the business than Rokkek Jr. does. Away from his work and living quarters at the Ingerr warehouses, Jaffar can often be found telling stories and fables at Philosopher's Square and the Beer Golem tavern. He and Sarya are friends, and he's found himself falling in love with her (though she hasn't noticed).

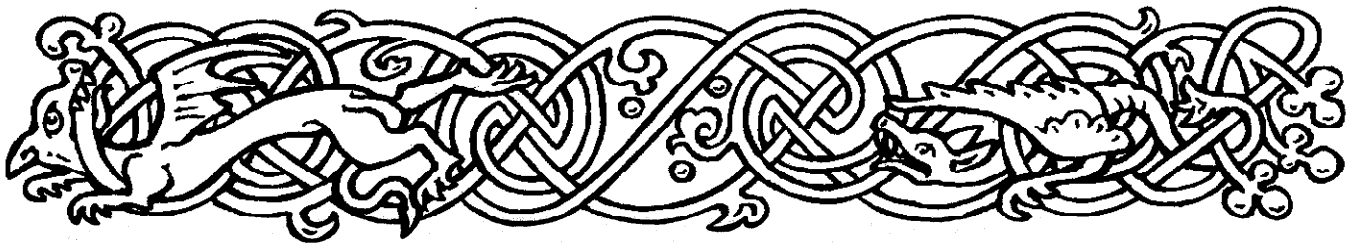
Scyphia Jalbuck

The human wife of Nindil Jalbuck, this tall, lithe blonde has a laugh that sounds like ringing bells. She was a midwife from Sespech, and now simply relies on her herbalist's knowledge; Scyphia can identify any plant or herb of the Realms by either sight, smell, or taste. She is a ranking member with the Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians, and often finds herself getting into philosophical arguments over healing with Rachel Arren, who believes true healing only comes from the gods.

Bannor Karralo

Bannor is the barkeep at the Safehaven Inn. Many think he is an adventurer like the owners, his barrel chest and huge arms fit for a fighter, though the 21-year-old has only hefted mugs and kegs in his lifetime, not swords. He is betrothed to Edrianna Heremet and they plan to marry next Midsummer Night at the Plinth. He is happy here and works well with all the staff, though he and Watcher irritate each other over how to organize the cellar stores.





Kharkos

Formerly the stock boy working under Essimuth Lanys at his equipment shop, Kharkos was recently gifted with a suit of chain mail, a long sword, and a full pack as an eighteenth birthday gift. With that, and his training by Travis Deepdell, Kharkos is seeking companions to adventure outside the city as the new Knights of the Sword Coast (with the blessing of his elders).

“Hammerhand” Krabbellor

Krabbellor is a dwarven silversmith of some note. His left hand is effectively a large iron hammer, hence his name; when just a child and apprentice to his father, a mishap at the forge left his hand coated in iron and crippled, so they fashioned a hammer of it to give it use. He has heard the tales that Mithral Hall is open again and longs to go there, but is waiting until his apprentice can inherit his business.

Arana Lanys

Arana is Vhonna Deepdell’s thirteen-year-old daughter by her first husband, the paladin Barkess Lanys. Currently a tomboy growing into a young woman, she is a lamplighter for the Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters, and she is apprenticing herself to an older chandler to learn that trade as well. She has no desire for adventure, being a little timid and shy, but she does find her mother’s and uncle’s stories exciting. She fell in love with Kharkos over a year ago, but he hasn’t noticed her at all and she feels her world will end when he leaves on an adventure.

Laran

A sallow-skinned native of Unther, Laran escaped from slavery long ago and fled to the west. He fell in with a group of adventurers who taught him languages, reading, and writing; thirteen years ago, Laran came to Waterdeep to stay, his comrades moving on without him. He worked with the Surveyors’, Map-, & Chartmakers’ Guild in the Map House for seven years and still keeps in close contact with them. Laran opened his own map shop four years ago and he and his staff of three chartmakers have been quite successful. Laran’s goal, after seeing the wonders of much of Faerûn, is to create a map of all of Toril; unfortunately, the information on the lands west of the Moonshaes and south of Zakhara is sparse (his illuminated map of what is confirmed is quite impressive and drawing many bids, but it isn’t for sale).

Lauhren

Lauhren was a troubled young girl, the fifth of seven children in a dockworker’s family, and she worked for Amrani in the laundry. Rachel Arren took a liking to the lonely young girl and taught her Lima’s blessings of self-worth and happiness; they were both surprised one day during a prayer when Lauhren unwittingly cast a *light* spell. Taking it as a sign, Lauhren has her calling with the goddess Lliira and plans to abandon her dreary life with little regret and join Kharkos’ band of intrepid heroes.

Alek Lenter

Alek is a recent arrival to Waterdeep from Amn, entering the city with a caravan and setting up Waukeen’s Wares, his moneylending and pawn shop, in less than a month. While some suspect him of underhanded deals and shifty business, he was investigated by the watch twice and nothing illegal could be connected to him. He spends his evenings at the Thirsty Throat tavern in Dock Ward.

Cial Myntion

The third child of Quallos and Miri Myntion is a confident woman with a reputation for outdrinking any human who cares to test her, and many do. Quallos doesn’t mind as it gets people to buy more beer, though Miri worries that her daughter is still too much of a tomboy. Secondly, she has a habit of breaking fingers (and noses) of men whose hands stray too far while she’s serving drinks.

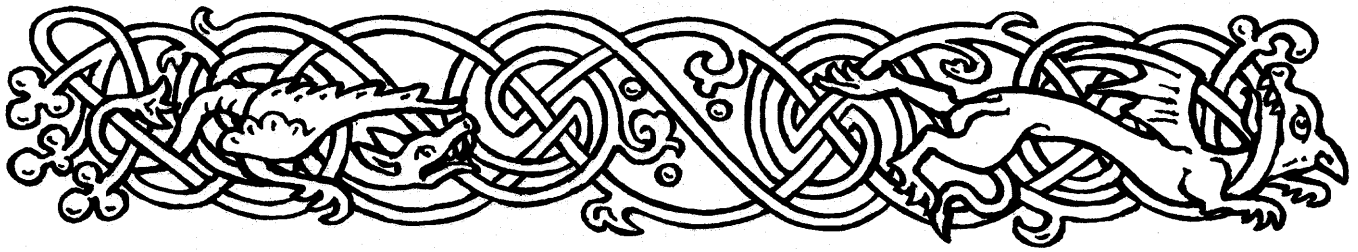
Luther Myntion

Luther is Quallos’ and Miri’s eldest son, formerly a watch member until a year ago. He began ardently worshipping Tyr and became “a holy warrior in a just cause,” leaving Waterdeep on a quest to right wrongs as a paladin. Since then, he has disappeared and no one knows his fate.

Miri Myntion

Miri is a fun, bouncy little woman who seems to have endless energy. Her brown hair kept short, she favors long, elaborate earrings that are the style in the south. She enjoys creating new recipes and trying them out on willing customers; be warned, though—Miri likes her dishes very spicy and hot! Her latest—dubbed “Fireball Beef” by Duhlark Kolat as he gasped for water—is a favorite with caravan folk and the watch throughout Southern Ward as a meal that keeps you warm for hours.





Quallos Myntion

This overweight, balding man is friendly, courteous, but just a bit pushy by most Northerners' standards; he deems his nosiness and demeanor "the friendliness of the South." His enormous moustache connects to his sideburns, continuing the circle of hair about his head; rare is it when Quallos is found without a mug of beer, suds on his moustache, "testing—simply testing the latest brew." He is growing in influence among the Vintners', Distillers', and Brewers' Guild, and is rumored to be the new Guild Master, should the ailing Razaar Slissin step down.

Tomed Myntion

Tomed is the bartender, stablemaster, and bouncer of the Beer Golem tavern. A slow but steady man, he is politely described as "reliable." Though his father handles all guild business, he handles deliveries, should a noble gala need some of the Beer Golem's ales. On one delivery, he met his wife, Khyrri, a servant of the Snome household. She is due to deliver their first child any day soon and is bedridden, so Tomed is visibly nervous beyond his norm.

Owen

His hair permanently green (see "Trolltidings" in the next chapter), Owen is a 17-year-old boy with a plan. For years, the bullies of Helm's Hall tormented him and he learned quickly to fight fire with fire, becoming quite adept at unarmed combat. Since Trolltide and his changes, he wants to get away from the city and see the countryside. Most of all, he wants to make some friends that won't make fun of his hair.

Illia & Riath Perhkes

An older couple, Illia and Riath work for and live with the Jalbucks. They all met at Goldenfields years before, when Nindil saved Riath from a bulette attack. In addition, Illia's only child was delivered by Scyphia; the child still lives and works as a border guard at Goldenfields. Illia and Riath are both lifelong worshippers of Chauntea who simply tired of the farming and joined the couple they owed so much to in Waterdeep. While Nindil insists they are not his servants, Illia and Riath tend to the household chores and other duties. Madame Garah describes the situation thusly: "Those two look on the little guy and Scyphia like they were their kids; it goes beyond paying a debt or simply serving someone—they're part of your life and that's that."

Lady Marie Phaulkon

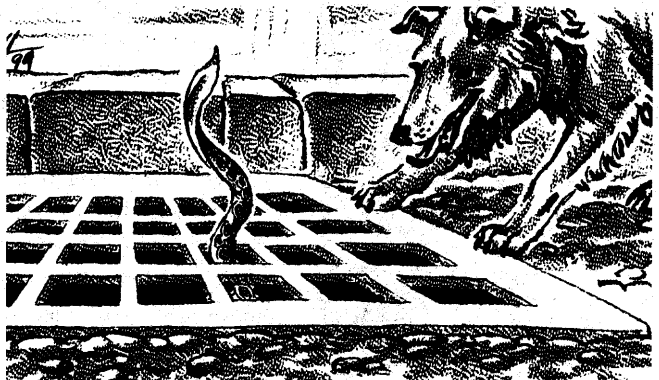
The elder daughter of Lord Phaulkon, Marie has always been the wildest of children. Despite a cultured, "ladylike" upbringing, she horrified her mother with wild escapades and excesses with the young nobles of North Ward (and, rumor has it, sailors in Dock Ward). Now, with her sister and mother gone, she rebels even more in excesses to avoid her father and his suffocating attentions; of late, Marie has four suitors among the commoners and noble men of Waterdeep and she is faithful to none.

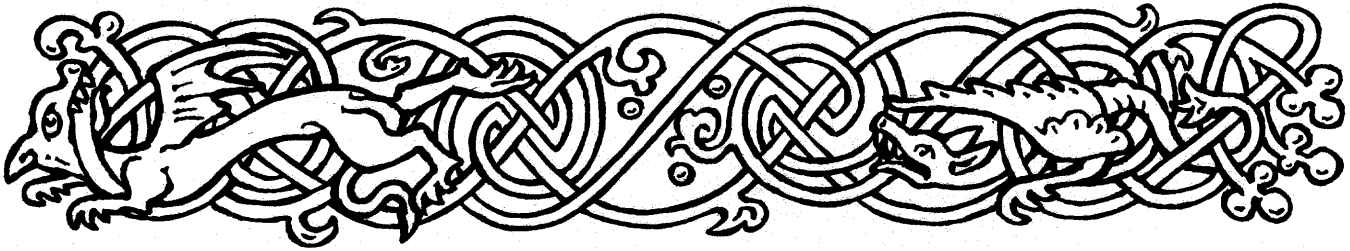
Piatran

Piatran is a native Waterdhavian who prides himself on providing people with any clothing they desire at low prices. "What for I need money? I made my fortunes, now I wish to create for people!" (Deduct 10% from *Players' Handbook* prices for all normal clothing.) He prefers haggling over prices and allegedly can obtain magical cloaks! He will, of course, attempt to convince buyers to pursue the latest clothing trends of the nobles.

Trahnt

By far the easiest recognized figure in Southern Ward, Trahnt is a male hill giant, sporting a full, bushy, black beard and a short crewcut. He is usually clad in custom-cut oversized jerkins and breeches with a studded leather vest. Despite his lumbering fearsome appearance, Trahnt's blue eyes are vibrant and happy above an enormous hooked nose. He keeps himself far cleaner than do most giants, and he is quite friendly and law-abiding. He is the first recruit of the watch if they need immediate reinforcements in the area. He owns and tends Tymora's Blessing, a tavern that caters to a rough-and-tumble crowd. If not working here, he can often be found next door at Helm's Hall, reading to the children or playing with them, giving rides on his back.





Chapter Six: Scenes & Sundries

Dou've seen the Adventurers' Quarter, met its inhabitants, and now it's time to set all the pieces into motion and bring the campaign to life! This chapter contains a number of scenes that player characters can stumble into and use to start their adventures. After each scene is an "On Second Glance" section, which provides information if the characters focus on a particular person or happening. These scenes can jumpstart adventures of the players' own making, and they also intersect some of the main plots and timelines given to the DM in the *Campaign Guide to the City* book. One scenario in particular, the "Return of the Blue Axe," is designed as a campaign starter, not just an adventure hook, to give PCs some initial local notoriety and magic.

Such a Deal . . .

The first spring rains have hit the city with a vengeance, seeming more like the last of the winter storms. Weather is so bad it's even kept most of the street vendors indoors. The streets are awash with the excessive rain, and the alleys and byways of Adventurers' Quarter are slippery and treacherous with mud.

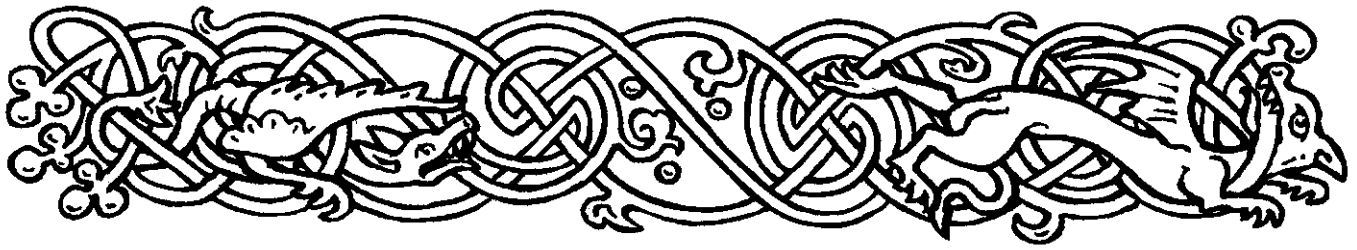
Thoroughly drenched, you enter the Beer Golem tavern to seek shelter from the torrential rains and find it relatively full. Though the tavern is warm, the floors are wet and muddied, and your sodden boots draw a resigned sigh from Miri behind the bar. The tables and booths are filled with patrons, drinking while their cloaks dry on the hearth. There are a few stools along the bar, and Miri takes your orders.

A blue haze is centered in the far corner by the fire, a card game of high stakes in progress. Nindil Jalbuck is in the thick of it, his winnings piled nearly above his line of sight. Piatran also sits among the gamblers, his winnings meager in comparison, but respectable; his cigar seems to generate all of the smoke. You don't know the others, but none seem too happy of the game's outcome. While two look like standard mercenaries, the other is well dressed and obviously of some wealth.

Kharkos and Erik are seated at a table, raptly listening to one of Essimuth's long-winded tales of dungeons long-gone. Nearby, Olophin the watch civilar is sitting alone and eating a bowl of owlbear stew, apparently off duty and in regular clothes.

Down the bar, Hemmerem sits chatting with Arum Tarm, his manner cool, though the young noble's temper seems to be rising with his volume as they argue about some horses. Alek Lenter comes out of a booth and up to the bar, seeming quite pleased with himself; he's buying three tankards of Old One Eye, though you can't quite see his companions. Quallios comes out from the back room, shaking hands with a hooded stranger; Miri flashes a hurt look at him as she delivers your order and slams your tankards and plates down, spilling a tankard.





ON SECOND GLANCE . . .

- Olophin is keeping a sharp eye on the card game, especially the wealthy man.
- Cial and Miri seem sullen, banging things around and not looking at anyone.
- Essimuth's story concerns treasure in Undermountain's upper levels that he and Travis Deepdell never managed to retrieve, since they were forced to flee from its guardian (a behir). He still has a crude map leading to the southwestern quadrant of Level Two.

TROLLTIDINGS

The children are out in force this year for Trolltide, and this year some children have special magical necklaces that allow them to growl just like trolls. Throughout the day, children from Helm's Hall and all over the city interrupt meals and discussions (though never disrupting business) with their growls and pranks until they get their rewards. Some older children have taken to pursuing other kids and using the necklaces from hiding, frightening them with low growls.

At sunset, the city begins preparing for the night ahead and everyone returns home to dinner. A few hours after sundown, after a good meal at Madame Garah's, you and yours head out for a night on the town. Arana Lanys comes fleeing down Slop Street, colliding with one of the player characters. She is in mortal fear, has dropped her lantern behind her, and is nursing a bloodied arm. "Save me from the trolls! Keep them away from me!" she screams, cowering close to the PC. From behind her down Fishwife Alley come five boys, two of whom you recognize from Helm's Hall. They all still wear the "troll growl" necklaces, but their hair and skin are a sickening green hue—they are turning into trolls!

ON SECOND GLANCE . . .

- All the necklaces you've seen today have been minor items made of twine and polished wood, tight around the neck; the necklaces worn by the boys are of polished wood with light metal chains.
- The boys are acting like trolls, sniffing at their prey and circling.
- While the other necklaces allowed children to growl about once an hour, these are operating nonstop.
- Arana's wound looks like multiple scratches and bites, as if the boys attacked just like trolls!
- In the distance, you hear watch horns sounding in multiple areas of the city, so this may not be isolated!

RETURN OF THE BLUE AXE

One night in late Marpenoth, Arkiem Arren performs a ballad in the taproom of the Safehaven Inn entitled "The Last Stand of the Allies of Azureedge." A tragedy of heroes from the Time of Troubles, the song tells of a quartet of heroes who fell before the hordes of Myrkul in Waterdeep. As Arkiem nears the final stanza, lamenting the fall of Beryghon the warrior and the mysterious disappearance of his magical axe Azureedge, the door to the street slams open, a chill wind filling the room with mist. The music and mist seem to magically coalesce, and a shining blue battleaxe forms out of the air, floating above the bard's head. His eyes filled with blue magic, Arkiem sings a new stanza for the ballad:

"And Azureedge didst see defeat 'gainst Myrkul's horde that day

Despite her giv'n enforced task of creatures foul to slay.

She moved herself through realms afar to ward off evil's touch,

Arriving back in wizards' halls 'fore evil gained o'ermuch.

Now heroes new may raise spirit and blades, and take this solemn pledge,

Shouldst one be worthy of the cause, one shall wield Azureedge."

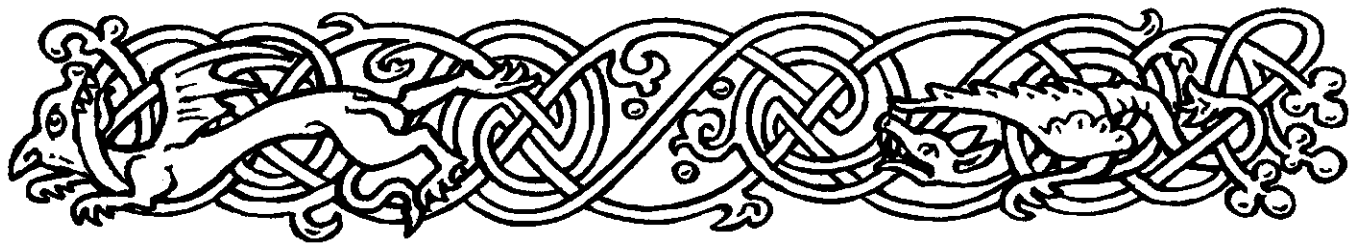
Upon the completion of the song, the glowing magical axe flies across the room and embeds itself into the main support pillar of the inn.

ON SECOND GLANCE . . .

- The player characters, all within the inn for this event, can watch many strong warriors attempt to pull the axe from the post and fail. Any magical attempts fail as well. If the players (and the DM) wish to, one of their number (the strongest or most capable fighter) pulls the axe free, proclaiming the character and friends as the Company of the Blue Axe.
- Arkiem seems as surprised as everyone else, but he studies the axe like he knows something of it. Looking about the Safehaven's taproom while others try to pull it free, you note that none of the older adventurers even approach the axe, though Alcedor Kolat is getting in the way of folks as he stares closely at it, furiously scribbling down something on a scrap of parchment.

DM Note I: If the PCs already have an adventuring company name and origin, this scene and tale can create a new group of NPC adventurers to parallel the PCs' exploits, giving them known potential allies or rivals in

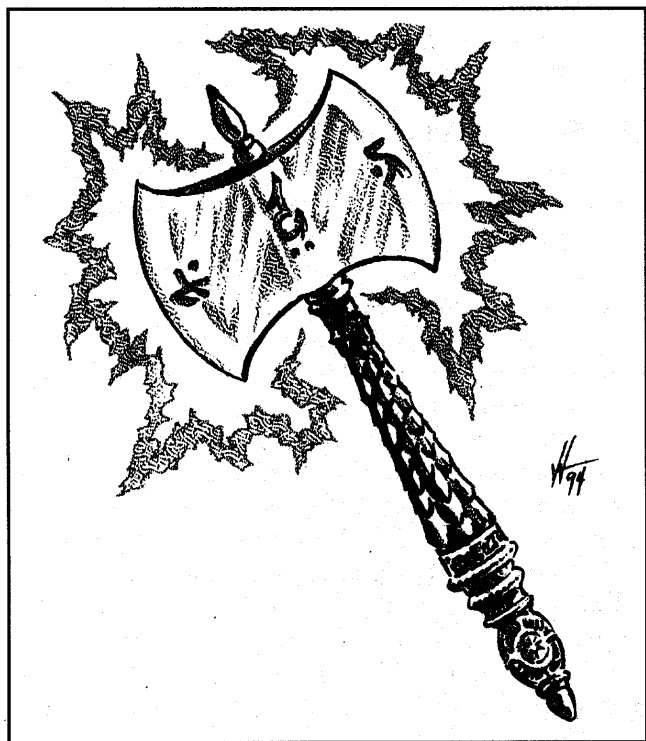




addition to the new Knights of the Sword Coast. *Azureedge* remains in the taproom for months until an NPC comes forward to claim the axe and the company name.

DM Note II: *Azureedge's* powers are mysterious and potent, as mentioned in the ballad. Only the DM knows the full powers of *Azureedge*, and the player characters can only learn them over time, as all attempts to exactly identify her powers are resisted. The blue axe is a powerful artifact of enigmatic origins—some say it was enchanted by Netherese wizards, Alcedor muttered something he once heard about it being forged by the breath of a blue dragon, and many others swear that it once swung from the belt of Baeron, the second Open Lord of Waterdeep! All the characters (and its wielder) know for sure is this:

- All of the player characters in the group were surrounded by a blue glow when the axe was withdrawn, and when it died down, they each found a piece of jewelry with a blue axe (earrings, belt buckle, choker, signet rings, etc.) on themselves;
- The axe could generate blue light when mentally commanded by its wielder, and glowed bright as day in the presence of undead or evil creatures from other planes;
- The wielder of *Azureedge* can sometimes faintly hear a female voice warning him or her of failed duty when he or she leaves the City of Splendors.



ON THE KNIFE'S EDGE

You and your comrades are passing by the Daily Trumpet building just as it closes for the evening; Gath, one of the scribes, is visibly angry, as is Carson Innes, the editor, and they are furiously whispering at each other in argument. When they notice you, they stalk off their separate ways; almost as an afterthought, Carson turns and calls to the scribe, "And be sure to get back here soon to finish setting up tomorrow's folio! I'll not be late due to your laziness!" The scribe enters the Beer Golem tavern, shooting a look of intense hatred at Carson's back, while Carson himself heads for the Safehaven Inn.

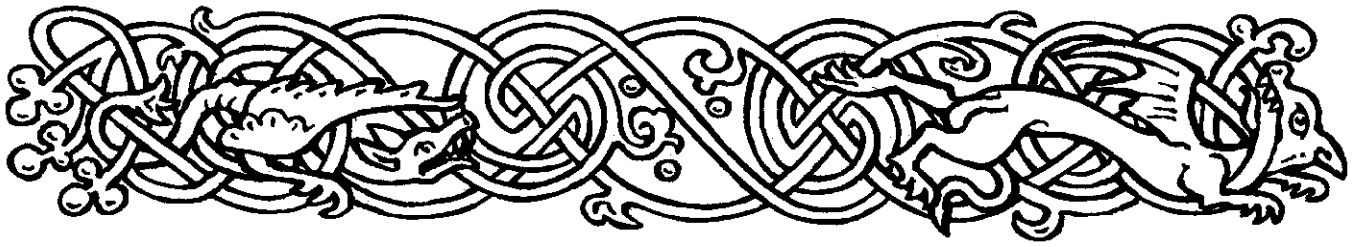
If you approach either man, they accept your company only on the promise of a meal. Soon into the meal, they will complain about how hard it is to work at the Trumpet. Gath complains about his boss' "editorial license" and his constant harping about "exciting reading" over objective, factual reporting. Carson grumbles about the lack of vision in his underlings, and how his own staff threatens to ruin his broadsheet. Both end their tirades with the angry phrase "It makes one mad enough to . . ."

After a few hours of wandering the city, you head back to the Adventurers' Quarter. The door to the Daily Trumpet building is slightly ajar, and through its windows you can see movement inside, but no lights are on.

ON SECOND GLANCE. . .

- Inside the Daily Trumpet are the Buckleswashers (see Chapter Five of *Who's Who in Waterdeep*), busily tearing up the place. If anyone enters with a light, the office and printing room on the first floor are absolute messes, with papers strewn everywhere. The four visible halflings are immediately armed and ready for any intruders. Osco lurks on the ceiling above the door, and calls out, "A-ha! The assassins return to see their handiwork! We've flushed out the Knife's Edge, people; now let's take them in for the watch!"
- Carson Innes had only left the Safehaven for a period of two hours after his dinner, when he went to his office to finish some work. He left and returned to the inn, and he says Gath was at his desk working when he left.
- Gath's desk is on the second floor scribes' area. It is a mess (through no doing of the Buckleswashers), with an ink bottle spilled all over the floor. The edge of the desk is scarred and scraped, like something clawed from edge to the center of the desk, and there is some blood within those scrapes. Gath is nowhere to be found.





The Adventurer's Life

Aside from the adventure starter scenes in this chapter, you and your fledgling heroes might still wonder how to get some other escapades rolling. Well, this is the fantasy city originally discovered by the Company of Crazy Adventurers on "aimless see-what-trouble-we-can-find strolls," and there are many ways to find adventure, even from the most unexpected of spots.

Adventures from The Taverns

The best places to start are the perennial sources of many fantasy adventures: the inns and taverns. Where better to meet with folk of all types at any time of day or night? Whenever you need to find a person, look to the taverns and inns first, just as the city watch does. Always keep on good terms with the barkeeps and the servants at such establishments; for the cost of good tips and regular patronage, they can be your eyes and ears (as well as your protectors, when you need a hideout).

With the constant chatter of the patrons, it's always possible to overhear something that might interest you and lead to adventures. Be wary, though—tavern talk is rarely a reliable source, and many heroes are laid low by believing some misinformation. Warnings (whispered from the hidden patron in the booth behind you) can serve to initiate the wildest of quests or, at least, save your life from the cutpurse lurking in the alley outside. Waterdeep's rumor network is vast, with roaming customers spreading whatever tales they hear; should PCs need information spread around (whether true or false), the best method is to whisper it like you don't wish it heard—given human nature (and the tendencies of some barmaids), the news is guaranteed to be known in the city from Northgate to Deepwater Isle within two days!

Sitting back and relaxing after a dungeon jaunt is the primary purpose of taverns for adventurers, but relax too much (or brag too much) and your reputations may be tested by other tavern patrons spoiling for a fight and looking to defeat the new heroes in town. The tavern brawl is a classic activity; letting heroes test their mettle against a wide variety of opponents (from barmaids and thrown mugs to mercenaries and broken table legs). Helping the underdog in a tavern brawl is also the surest way to meet someone and make a friend (and in Waterdeep, you can never have too many friends). Of course, more often than not, the brawl lands folks in jail thanks to the diligence of the watch, but that doesn't end the possibilities of adventure. . . .

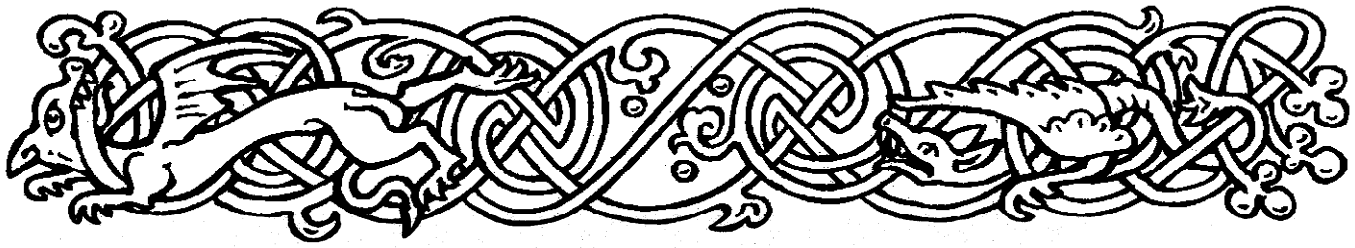
Adventures from The Jail

Whatever the provocation, jail is a place many would-be heroes see quite often in the City of Splendors. While most minor actions (tavern brawls and the like) simply result in a night behind bars and a minor fine, some can land you in deeper trouble than previously known. Whereas minor villages are often powerless to prevent adventurers from running roughshod between dungeon adventures, wholesale property damage and unwarranted violence are strictly discouraged by the watch and the guard in Waterdeep. Causing trouble can have many more consequences when you can't just leave the city behind; the Lords' Alliance even works at rare times to extradite particularly destructive individuals from one city to another to answer to any major charges.

The intrigues of Waterdeep can truly be explored with the Code Legal involved both for or against the PCs. If player characters make enemies, this is where you find out just how much influence people have in the city; many trumped-up charges and frames have landed whole parties of adventurers into Undermountain to serve their time, simply because they insulted the wrong person at a tavern. While the Lord's Court is immune to corruption and graft, they are not immune to skillfully placed "evidence," implicating the heroes of crimes. Just as it is quite easy to become the scapegoat of enemy nobles, it is easy to find out who your friends are when you are imprisoned. Your fines can be covered by noble friends, and they can easily move against any political maneuverings of other nobles. Of course, many adventures can come from such a benefactor ("All right, I've gotten you out of prison, and in return, I need you to do this for me. . . .").

And, of course, imprisonment should never be idle time from an adventure. Just as taverns are great places to eavesdrop and find out the word on the streets, the player character in prison—definitely a "captive" audience—often learns much information from the writing on the walls, hidden items in the straw bed pallets, or the slightly crazed prisoner in the next cell, warning of dangers never spoken of openly in the city proper. It can either be news you can use once you're free, or it could be warning of an impending jail break; keep in mind that many fugitives from justice hide out in Undermountain and Skullport until their sentences are commuted as time served down there. And never turn away the stranger that arrives at the jail to offer you a deal from the Magisters or the Lords; their offers, while often risky and dangerous, are often far more exciting (and profitable) than any time spent in a cramped jail cell.





Adventures from The Streets

In a city the size of Waterdeep, there is always something else going on out in the streets that can have an impact on the player characters. Keep in mind that this city has 122,000 people in it at any given time, and only a rare few have anything to do with dungeons and adventure. Waterdeep has much excitement and variety to offer, if only you know what to look for on the streets.

Nearly any person you meet at least has an interesting story to tell, but whether or not that story is told depends on the players' roleplaying (and the NPC's business and mood). All the NPCs of the Adventurers' Quarter have full histories and lives and stories galore; many good roleplaying sessions could result from listening to an NPC's story – if no gold is gained, at least a story or piece of information was passed, making it time worth spending.

As PCs should already know, they must always be on the lookout for thieves out to pick their pockets. PCs can be ambushed at any time of day, depending on how much trouble the DM wishes to introduce. Whenever you pass an alley or turn a blind corner, someone may be waiting to relieve you of money or items. Thievery is more apt to happen in Trades or Dock Ward than other wards (it still happens in the other wards too, though in far more stylish and dramatic ways). When the sun sets on Waterdeep, the thieves come out in droves, so mind your pockets. . . . Oh, one last note, a number of thieves (the Black Viper being the most famous) like to leave calling cards in place of stolen riches; there is rarely an adventurer alive who can resist such baiting, but take care that you don't rush blindly after thieves—they're always prepared for anyone trying to reclaim their gold and have many ways to deter you (caltrops and marbles are just for starters . . .).

If you don't want to "waste your time" getting involved in the social intricacies of the city, mercenary hire is the ticket to success for your player characters. Just be sure to frequent the known places where mercenaries are hired and keep your eyes and ears open. For enterprising young adventurers, nearly anything is possible and there is never any lack of folk in the city looking for someone to "do this particularly deli-

cate job for me . . ." Whether you're hired as a guard at a noble's banquet or as an extra caravan guard for a quick trip to Triboar, you're on hand whenever things happen for your employer (and in Waterdeep, happenings are rarely dull).

Whenever player characters are wandering about the town, random encounters can happen at any moment. Waterdeep is filled with a number of notable and famous (or not-so-famous but important to a DM's campaign) NPCs that can cross your PCs' paths, adding interest to an otherwise empty day. Any number of things can happen in a short walk from the South Gate to Smugglers' Dock or a longer trek across town. Many brief encounters reveal, to the attentive, that there is much more going on around the city than what's on the surface. These brief "snapshot" encounters can be anything or anyone, and they always lead to something interesting (if not always profitable or dangerous), such as:

- As your PCs walk down a street, you hear yelling and thumping overhead; looking up, a human dressed in black runs across a rooftop and leaps across the space over the street to a nearby roof. He is quickly followed by three pursuers. Two of them follow his leap and continue the chase, but the last one slips and falls, allowing a PC to aid him and his group (other NPC adventurers or the watch) in catching a criminal.
- A young woman, barely clad in a variety of diaphanous silk scarves and silver filigreed jewelry, strolls seductively down the street before you, handing out sheets of paper. When she reaches your player characters, she chooses the character with the highest Charisma, winks at him or her while handing the PC an advertising flyer for a festhall, and says "Ooh, I *do* hope you can join us tonight. I'll be watching for you, dear." before sauntering off.
- A shadowy figure in an ink-black cloak and hood comes out of a doorway ahead of you, quickly stuffing something into his shirt and darting around the next corner. The figure disappears and the PCs spot something drop from his cloak: whether the item is a map to some secret temple beneath the city or simply a shopping list, this scene immediately has the PCs' interest and could lead to whatever the DM wishes.
- As the PCs walk toward a destination, they overhear watch horns sounding nearby. If the PCs investigate the disturbance the watch needs reinforcements for, they can easily find excitement like a tavern brawl, trouble at the Market with vandals, a foreign wizard attacking a young pickpocket or an older merchant, a building fire, or nearly anything.

Adventure awaits you in the City of Splendors, so enjoy!





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Secrets of the City

Book IV of The City of Splendors

by Steven Schend with Ed Greenwood

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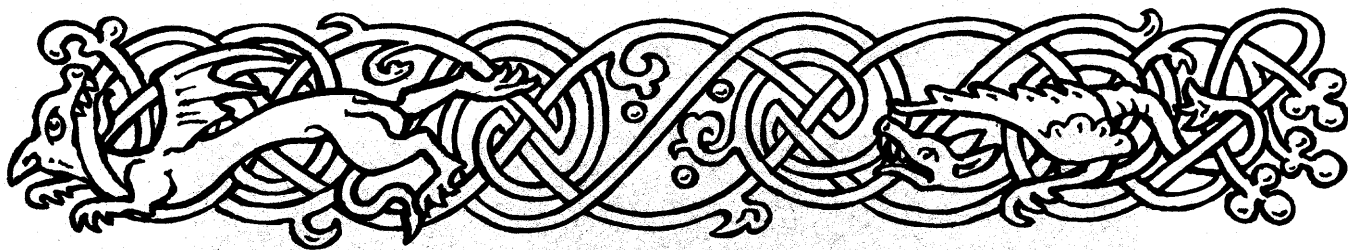
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SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET

Secrets of the City is, more properly, the secrets of the Adventurers' Quarter of Southern Ward. In Chapters Four through Six of the *Adventurer's Guide to the City*, the players were introduced to many of the people and places of that section of Southern Ward, but why wasn't all the information presented there? There are two reasons for that: The players should rarely know all the secrets behind the NPCs they meet, and keeping information hidden from the players allows the DM to use the secrets to instigate new adventures when the players least expect them.

This book covers all the information the Dungeon Master will need to run the Adventurers' Quarter campaign effectively. "Skeletons in the Closet" entails all the secrets of the NPCs and the buildings of the area. "The Truth of the Matter" goes into more details on the adventure scenes and hooks presented for the players. Keep in mind that these aren't fully developed adventures—they still take some work from the Dungeon Master before they are ready for a game session. Quite a few secrets in both chapters link up with other mysteries within the timelines and history of the city (Chapter Two of the *Campaign Guide to the City*), and these are left to the DM to work into a campaign.

Area Mysteries

Many of these details are simply hidden features of the settings within the Adventurers' Quarter that the player characters would have no immediate knowledge of. Some of the secrets could be shared with the watch civilar, but not necessarily all. What is discovered in the course of a campaign is totally up to the DM and the tenacity of the player characters' investigations.

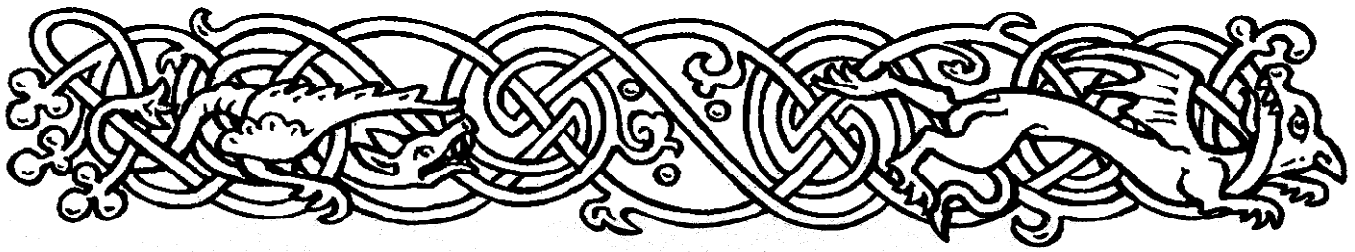
Madame Garah's Boarding House

- There is a secret trapdoor underneath the desk on the first floor under the stairs. It leads to a small half-cellar hideaway that is stocked with dried fruits, water, and blankets. Inside a small wooden chest filled with blankets, there is a false bottom that hides Madame Garah's nest egg, saved over ten years: 1,214 gp, 648 sp, 74 cp, and four emeralds worth 200 gp each.

Safehaven Inn

- There is an entrance into the sewers through the existing cellars: if the spigot on the last of the wine casks is turned upward, a 5-foot high door pops open in the stone foundations and reveals a rung ladder set in the wall and going down into the sewers. This feature remains from its original foundation, and was used by Guildmaster Gildeggh, the first owner of this property. Only the owners know of this passage; Watcher has stashed the majority of the Knights' monetary treasure in a false stone alcove four rungs up from the entrance and at the base of the beer tuns in the taproom above. The treasure is mostly coin and jewels; the total sum hidden here is: 4,213 gp, 1,547 pp, and 7,329 gp in jewelry.
- A secret trapdoor in the kitchen is underneath the hearth; by pressing a combination of certain stones on the chimney, the hearth slides sideways into the taproom, exposing a staircase into a small chamber. Here is stored much normal adventuring gear plus the remaining magical treasures of the Knights: *Bow of Hosark*, *crystal ball*, *elven chain +2*, *sword of dancing*, *staff of the magi*, *quiver of Ehlonna*, *folding boat*, and two wizards' spellbooks (DM's choice of spells up to 6th level).





The Beer Golem Tavern

- There is a panel of wood in the floor behind the bar that flips up, revealing Quallos' hiding place for excess coinage during the day (at any given time it could hold $3d6 \times 10gp$). It also holds a long sword, a club, and two daggers (if things get out of hand).
- The main ceiling brace beam in Quallos' bedroom is hollowed out, and contains the bulk of his saved money: five tradebars (50 gp each), three harbor moons (50 gp each), 725 gp, 1,924 sp, and 894 cp.

Helm's Hall

- There is a hidden cellar accessible only through a sliding panel at the back of Ederick's closet; the panel opens to a slim staircase inside the walls that leads to a 20-foot-square hidden cellar. Kiber Ederick stores his weapons and magical items from his paladin days there, as well as some treasure not tithed to Torm (a 1,200-gp necklace, 14 50-gp rubies, 893 gp, 722 sp).

House of Nindil Jalbuck

- The side bricks of the chimney in Nindil's third floor bedroom have a secret door leading to a small iron-rung ladder that can fit a halfling or a very slim human. The ladder goes down the length of the house and further, below the sewers before ending at a trapdoor. Magically enchanted to only open for Nindil or someone wearing a Lord's ring, the trapdoor is impervious to damage. Below the trapdoor is an antechamber and storage room; this is where Nindil keeps his Lord's robes and helm. Even when he travels these secret tunnels that connect the Lords' homes with Castle Waterdeep and the Palace, Nindil is never out of his robes or helm.

Waukeen's Wanep

- Alek's main counter is rigged to deal with anyone who threatens him. If hostilities break out, a press of a button releases a spray of darts (THAC0 8 to all within 10', 1d3 points of damage; save vs. poison or be *paralyzed* for 1d12 rounds). He uses this as a distraction to rush to the back room and go through his secret door (-2 to detect; his straw bed mattress and wooden frame is the door) to a hidden basement. There is another secret door leading to a tunnel that connects with a sewer line; Alek uses this to get to and from his own place and the Thirsty Throat tavern.

Kolat Towers

- The mysteries of this place are innumerable, as the brothers resorted to much magical alteration to create a domicile of use to both of them. Rumors indicate a permanent reduction spell over the entry portal which shrinks entrants and allows for more rooms within the towers. Other information is rare, but there is much mention by a few who have seen it that the main tower is filled with invisible staircases and ramps leading to otherwise unreachable places. If there are more secrets, the wizards have good reason to keep them.

NPC Mysteries

The NPCs below are the detailed characters presented for the Adventurers' Quarter in the *Adventurer's Guide to the City*. Their initial information is written up there; this chapter reveals some (but not necessarily all) of their history and hidden secrets. This information is for the Dungeon Master only, as is everything within the Secrets of the City book. Player characters already know who the people are, where to find them, and what they look and act like; for the players to find out any of the information listed here on the characters, their heroes have to interact with the characters. The Dungeon Master should provide any of this information when relevant in the course of role-playing, but secrets don't always come directly from the NPC in question, but from friends and enemies as well. These major NPCs are almost fully fleshed out in terms of game and character details, but DMs should feel free to alter some of the details to better fit their campaigns.

Character Template

Character Name

[Previously Detailed]

Occupation: Career (or alleged career)

Locations: Residence; Frequented Areas

Description: Physical Appearance

Personality: Surface Impressions of person

Trivia: Shticks, Mannerisms, & Minutiae

[Secret Information]

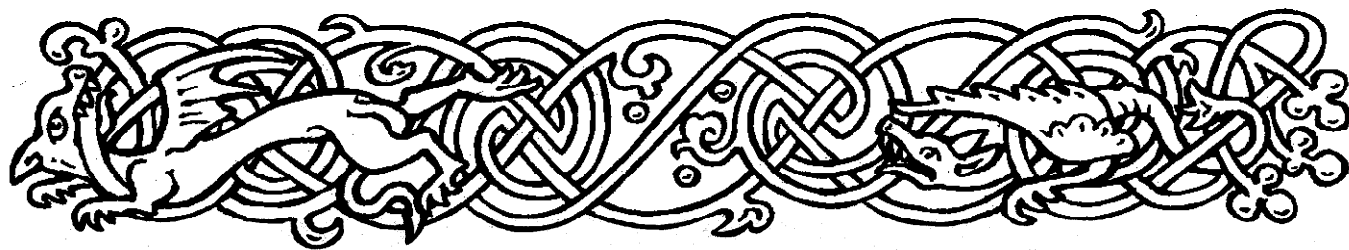
Friends: These are other characters (most are listed in this boxed set) that the character counts as friends or acquaintances. These are not the only people the character knows, but are those he or she knows well.

Enemies: These are other characters in this book (and beyond) that the characters do not get along with for one reason or another; reasons are listed with the NPC in question or are within the character history.

Game Info: The nuts and bolts of character definition, these are all the relevant AD&D® game statistics, codes, and character information that step away from the role and clarify the character in AD&D game terms. Information is provided on alignment, sex, race, exceptional statistics, level and character class (with supplementary notes, if needed), and hit points. The last items listed tend to be exceptional pieces of equipment, from special armor to magical items and uncommon spells.

History: This is the story of the character as it relates to the game campaign. Often far from complete, the histories are left open to allow Dungeon Master to customize the characters, making them their own. DMs should be careful about revealing too much about an NPC to the players; just as in real life, everyone has their own secrets, no matter how large or small. . . .





Major Character Roster

Arkiem Arren

Friends: Rachel Arren, Travis Deepdell, Danilo Thann, Watcher Thistlebuck.

Enemies: Errya Eltorchul (for daring to dismiss her as having no musical talent), Brandon Korelwyn (he allegedly attempted to steal some of Arkiem's instruments).

Game Info: Lawful Neutral male gold elf. Strength 17, Dexterity 18, Charisma 16. 9th-level priest of Milil. 31 hp. *Cloak of displacement, Harpers' pin, pipes of sounding.*

History: Often mistaken for a bard, Arkiem is a talented performer and knows a multitude of instruments, but he is a devout worshiper and cleric for Milil, the god of song. Little is known about Arkiem's early years, and he is not forthcoming with any information on this, even to his wife. By his 200th year, Arkiem was actively singing the praises of Milil along the northern borders of Amn. He spent years wandering the Sword Coast, earning a living like a bard and singing the praises of Milil when he could. Sometime during the Year of the Lost Helm (1329 DR), Arkiem became affiliated with the Harpers, though the name of his sponsor is unknown, and he has rarely undertaken missions for the group in the last two years.

Seven summers past, Arkiem's solitary life ended when he, in his wanderings in the Crags north of Neverwinter, stumbled across the Knights of the Sword Coast trapped in a mountain pass by an ambush of hill giants. While his magical pipes and his charm spells proved quite effective in saving the day, the most powerful charm he met proved to be Rachel Wykos, a carefree priestess of Lliira. Arkiem joined the Knights and adventured with them until their retirement to Waterdeep in Eleint of 1366. Rachel and Arkiem were married and they began to establish their home and temple, purchasing their current rooms with their treasure.

For now, Arkiem has settled into Waterdeep and is, with the blessing of the Patriarch of Song, establishing a communal temple to Milil and Lliira with his wife at their home. While most now more easily recognize his status as a priest, they still are most impressed with Arkiem's bardic skills. His nightly performances at the Safehaven Inn are quite popular and raise funds for the temple swiftly, but they also allow him to listen in on local rumors and keep an indirect eye on the goings-on within the city or among the caravans. Though no one has ever seen him wear their badge, it's rumored that Arkiem is one of the Harpers.

Rachel Arren

Friends: Arkiem Arren, Vhonna Deepdell, Essimuth Lanys, Raymid, Shyrrhr, Watcher Thistlebuck.

Enemies: Ghentilara (High Priestess of Lathander, who ousted Rachel from the Spires of the Morning years ago for daring to worship the dawn's coming with a "provocative" dance).

Game Info: Chaotic Good female human. Dexterity 18, Charisma 16. 6th-level priestess of Lliira. 14 hp. *Ring of warmth, Lliira's pendant, potion of extra-healing* (×3).

History: Rachel Wykos was born in Neverwinter in 1343, but her parents and she moved to Waterdeep in 1347. At an early age, Rachel showed promise in her dancing, though her exuberance and single-mindedness got her into constant trouble with the city watch. By the age of seventeen, she received a sign from Lliira (she met a beautiful spectral dancer in a North Ward alley, who kissed her lightly and gave her her bronze pendant, Rachel dedicating herself to the goddess from then on). She soon left Waterdeep with a love-struck boy named Rett, a young warrior affiliated with the Knights of the Sword Coast. While Rett soon died an unfortunate death, Rachel stayed with the group, growing quite close to them and becoming an essential member of the group (she became Essimuth's "little sister"). She met the only person who could leave her speechless and flustered, Arkiem the elf, and married him upon their return to Waterdeep with the company's dissolution in 1366. They now live there quietly, establishing a school and temple to their gods in their home. Rachel recently gave some of her magical equipment to Lauhren for her use while adventuring as a priestess of Lliira.

Clion

Friends: Arilyn Moonblade, Olophin, Raymid, Tomed Myntion.

Enemies: Clion has an incredible hatred for lizard men, but he has no known specific enemies.

Game Info: Chaotic Good male human. Strength 16. Dual-class: 2nd-level thief/4th-level fighter. 38 hp.

History: A former thief from the streets of Luskan, Clion and his lifelong friend Raymid joined up with the Sword Ghosts, a punningly-named group of fighters and thieves. While a young Arilyn Moonblade was less than thrilled by Clion's clumsy attentions, she was impressed by his fighting skills (which outstripped his stealth and thieving skills). She sent him to the Academy of Arms for training by Kimel Nimesin, the elven armsmaster. After his training was complete, Clion and Raymid joined the watch to repay their debts to Nimesin.

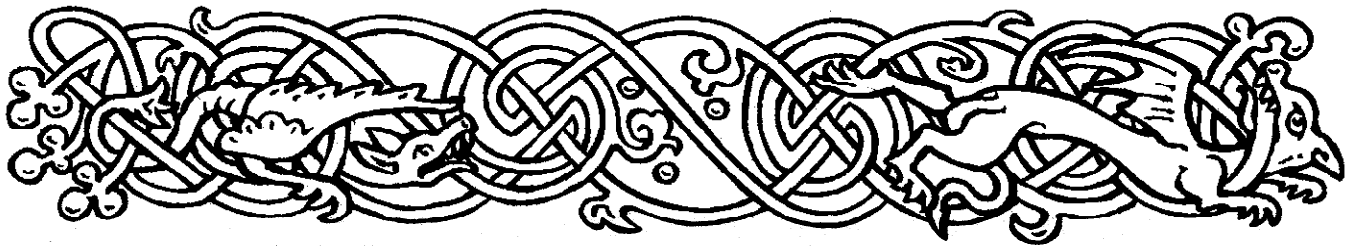
While Kimel Nimesin died in mysterious circumstances in 1361 and their debt to him was paid, Clion stayed with the watch as he finally found a sense of kinship and belonging he'd never had before. Since being assigned to the new Grocer's Lane watchpost, he has made many friends in the area and plans to stay here a while.

Travis Deepdell

Friends: The Safehaven staff, Lord Phaulkon.

Enemies: Elaith Craulnobur (he sponsored three attempts last year to steal the *Bow of Hosark* from the Safehaven; Travis delivered the last to Blackstone House with a silent, glaring warning not to attempt a fourth try).





Game Info: Neutral Good male half-elf. Dexterity 18. 8th-level ranger. 49 hp. Worshipper of Mielikki. *Bow of Hosark, dagger of homing, elven chainmail +2.*

History: Abandoned as a baby at the cottage of an elven woodsman, Travis Deepdell grew up in the depths of the High Forest. Here, he learned to revere Mielikki, and vowed that he would take her and the forest's examples, speaking only when needed and always like a whisper in the trees. When Travis turned 40, his guardian left for Evermeet but left Travis a magical bow and his armor. Travis doesn't know anything of the woodsman's or the bow's history but has named his magical weapon the *Bow of Hosark* in his honor. After spending a few years as a guide through the forest to the few adventurers that dared approach the woods, Travis left the High Forest with a group of elves to see the lands beyond.

As Tymora would have it, Travis' company was soon ambushed by a war party of gnolls in the hills outside Evereska. Travis didn't despair as his companions fell around him, though his silent pleas to Mielikki, the Lady of the Forest, seemed answered when Vhonna Lanys and the Knights of the Sword Coast leapt into the fray, soon slaughtering the gnolls and saving Travis. Travis fell in love with Vhonna that day, though he carried this burden with him for four years while her husband, the noble Barkess Lanys, lived and led the Knights. A year after Barkess fell at the hands of the lich Berthist, Travis finally confessed his love to Vhonna. When the Knights dissolved, Travis used his treasures to buy property with Watcher Thistlebuck and convert it into the Safehaven Inn. They hired Bannor Karralo to run it with them, leaving Travis more time to raise his and Vhonna's infant half-elf daughter as well as get to know Arana, her daughter by Barkess.

Vhonna Deepdell

Friends: Rachel Arren, Morus Brokengulf the Younger, Silate & Travis Deepdell, Arana & Essimuth Lanys, Olophin, Terresk, Watcher Thistlebuck.

Enemies: None known, though there is a 4,000 gp reward if her head is delivered to the Shadow Thieves of Amn.

Game Info: Lawful Good female human. Strength 18(20), Wisdom 16. 12th-level paladin of Torm. 81 hp. *Plate armor +2, bastard sword +3, flametongue.*

History: Vhonna is an orphan from Luskan who barely remembers her parents. Her first real memory is of being saved by a large man in plate mail, the mark of Torm upon his breastplate. From then on, Vhonna's life was dedicated to law, order, and the devout worship of Torm. She was raised by a maiden aunt of the paladin Jherem Tamn, a close friend of Piergeiron who fell a few years later. Vhonna was raised to be a holy warrior of Torm and, as soon as her training was completed, she and a fellow named Barkess Lanys founded the

Knights of the Sword Coast, dedicated to quelling any evils they found in the greater glory of good. In early winter of the Year of the Crown (1351 DR), the group set out toward adventure. For fifteen years the group stayed together, held together by Vhonna even after Barkess's death in 1359.

Her years in the holy service of her god Torm have shown her horrors beyond many imaginations, but her faith in her god, herself, and her friends remained strong. Throughout the death of her husband and comrades, throughout the Time of Troubles that shook her faith to its core, and through her growing love and courtship with Travis. With the impending birth of her second child, Vhonna disbanded the Knights of the Sword Coast by the consent of her friends, and they all retired to Waterdeep where they live still. Vhonna now alternates her time between Helm's Hall, helping to educate the orphans there, and the Field of Triumph, hired by Caladorn Cassalanter as an instructor-at-arms. Lord Piergeiron approached her to form and lead an elite guard unit of the city guard to act as a secondary defense for himself and the Lords; while she hasn't taken the offer, she has yet to turn it down, and Piergeiron has left the decision in her hands.

Madame Garah

Friends: Amrani, Rachel Arren, Vhonna Deepdell, Hedrik, the wizards Kolat, Essimuth Lanys, Halidara Urinshoon.

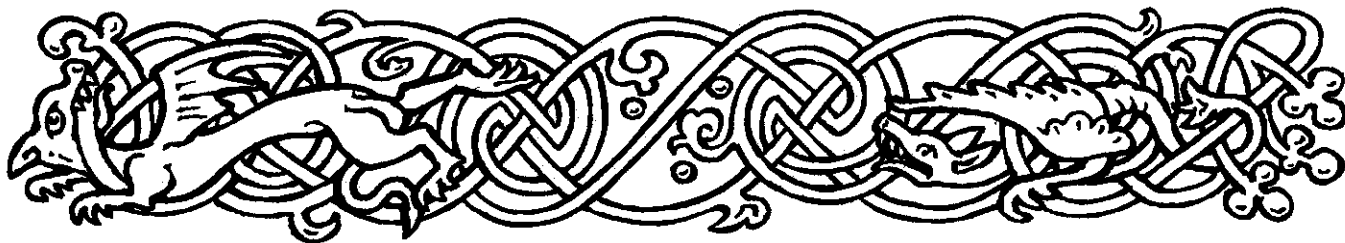
Enemies: Khelben Arunsun (Hedrik was blinded by magic run amok "and our strutting peacock of an archmage sat back, his head too busy in the clouds to worry over the common folk"), Florin Falconhand (he once vowed to cherish her and marry her, but he left her as one of many broken hearts), Rokekk Ingerr (Rokekk attacked her when she was a young dancer, and she sees only his arrogant look and womanizing attitude).

Game Info: Lawful Good female human. 0-level laborer. 8 hp. Worshipper of Milil. *Ring of spell turning, wand of paralyzation.*

History: Garah was once one of the fairest, most beautiful maidens ever seen in the City of Splendors. She was one of the more noted performers years ago at the Three Pearls nightclub, where she was good friends with the dancer-turned-owner, Halidara Urinshoon. She fell in love with a musician who played at the Pearls, one Thavius Urlettar, and they planned to marry. She had sensibly saved her earnings, which were considerable due to tips and gifts, and Garah was able to buy a small two-storey house in South Ward, in which to await the birth of her child and the return of her lover from a trip to the Moonshae Isles. Word came of his ship being lost at sea, and Garah mourned. Her child was stillborn, and she could not have any other children.

Garah retired from dancing, her heart no longer in it, and she opened her home to boarders to keep her company. After the Time of Troubles, she adopted a small boy, blinded by the wild magics of some foreign mages, and





raised him as her own. Since then, she hasn't fully trusted wizards, though that hasn't stopped her from baking pies for the wizards Kolat or using a little magic herself (her magical items are gifts from Essimuth, who felt she needed them "for a little protection from troublemakers"). She wears the ring at all times and she wears the wand like a hair pin, holding her locks in a bun.

Hedrik

Friends: Hemmerem, Madame Garah, Duhlark Kolat, Arana Lanys, Branta Myntion, Raymid

Enemies: Erik (former tormentor and bully from Helm's Hall days), Kharkos (rival for Arana, who has crush on him)

Game Info: Lawful Good male human. Dexterity 16, Intelligence 17. 0-level laborer. 6 hp. Worshiper of Ilmater & Milil. *Hedrik's staff.*

History: Like so many of the orphans from Helm's Hall, Hedrik's life begins with his arrival there at age three, malnourished and clad only in rough, oversized seaman's clothes. When a minor mage attempted to conjure an illusion to amuse the children, Hedrik was struck blind by the wild magic bolts that ensued. Adopted soon afterward by Madame Garah, Hedrik has grown into a strong boy of sharp wits and more ability than most attribute to a blind boy. He is a cook of growing accomplishment (with the exception of his "pepper rolls," an unfortunate accident when a boarder put the chili powder where the cinamon usually went and Hedrik made breakfast the next day). He is also friends with many of the elders around Adventurers' Quarter. Alcedor Kolat gave him the staff he has used since he was ten; it has a rudimentary intelligence (Intelligence 6) and a telepathic presence that directs Hedrik around obstacles and keeps him safe.

Rokkek Ingerr

Friends: Feldyn Goadolfyn, Nindil Jalbuck, Essimuth Lanys, Quallos Myntion, Piatran.

Enemies: Setara Bint Aasim (she now has control of Ingerr's business due to his mounting gambling debts at Silavene's and she's using him to establish some smuggling), Lord Bronson Phaulkon (Rokkek has seen him as a rival for so long, the jealousy has become hatred).

Game Info: Neutral Evil male human. 0-level merchant. 10 hp. Former worshiper of Tymora and Waukeen.

History: A lifelong resident of Waterdeep, Rokkek Ingerr was a privileged child who learned the family business (and many other things) at his father's side. With everything given to him, he always expected the best for himself. His parents arranged his marriage to his wife, an Amnite beauty, when he was eighteen. With the death of his father and the Time of Troubles, Rokkek Ingerr was sorely tried but succeeded, coming back from losing his home and business in the Wardfires and building his current grand manse. In the last few years,

though, Rokkek's luck has failed. His gambling and his indiscretions with young women have led him to ruin; his business is now owned by the cunning Setara Bint Aasim, the Calishite owner of Silavene's festhall and casino. She has no wish to discredit Ingerr, though; she intends to use his importing and shipping company for smuggling, allowing him to take the fall if caught. Rokkek is drowning in self-pity over his predicament, though he puts up a brave face to everyone. He has been spending his nights in shady taverns and known mercenary spots lately; despite his distaste for this "lower class," he is looking for someone to discretely dispose of Setara and thus return his business to him.

Nindil Jalbuck

Friends: Danilo Thann, "Kitten" Nymara Scheiron, Mirt, Scyphia Jalbuck, Quallos Myntion, Tomed Myntion, Tolgar Anuvien, Nain.

Enemies: None specifically known

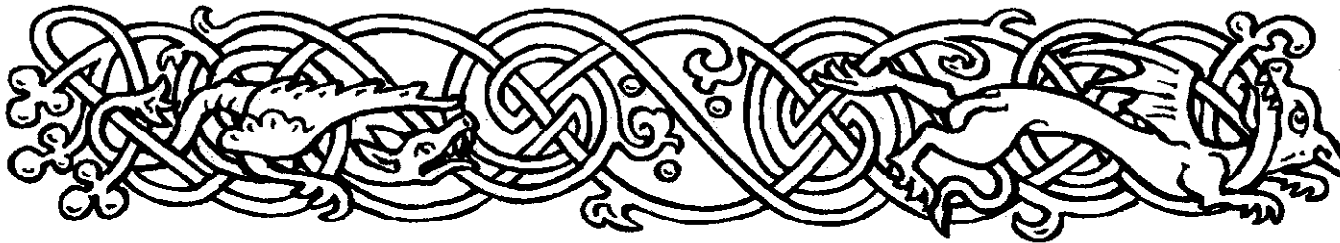
Game Info: Lawful Neutral male halfling. Dexterity 19. Dual class: 6th-level thief/2nd-level fighter. 28 hp. Worshiper of Chauntea. *Boots of speed, Dagger (Hornblade), Lord's Effects* (see Chapter Five of the Campaign Guide to the City).

History: Nindil arrived in Waterdeep about eighteen years ago and survived by petty thievery and pickpocketing. He soon moved up to spying and information trading, often working (unknowingly) for the Lords as a source of underworld information. His career almost ended, however, when he tried to pick the pocket of Tolgar Anuvien, a cleric of late of the Company of Crazed Venturers in a tavern in North Ward.

As penance and in exchange for dropping all charges, Nindil was brought to Goldenfields to work as a perimeter guard. After a few more years of working the fields and finding a new life with Chauntea's faithful, Nindil proved Tolgar's faith in him by becoming one of his main account keepers. After a number of months learning more about the honest side of a business, Nindil opened a grocery in Waterdeep in 1358 with the backing of Tolgar, just after the conclusion of the Godswar. Nindil built a good reputation with the city by providing food out of his own pocket to the many left homeless and destitute by the ravaging of Myrkul's minions. He settled into life within the Adventurers' Quarter and slowly built his grocery into one of the more popular within the ward (and the city), due in equal parts to the excellent produce and his infectious charm. During this time, he met and wed the lovely human Scyphia amid much gossip and rumor.

Years later, the Lords of Waterdeep sought to strengthen their ranks after the tumult engineered by the Knights of the Shield and a lone bard named Garnet nearly caused the dissolution of the Lords' rule of the city. Given the goodwill he had in the city, his past informant work for the Lords, his contacts with the common folk of the city, and his halfling





stature making him an unexpected choice, Nindil was given the mantle of a Lord of Waterdeep. His nomination was sponsored by Danilo Thann, a new Lord himself in 1364, and supported by Mirt, Durnan, Kitten, and Brian. Nindil has proven himself worthy of the post, giving the Lords a closer touch with the common people under their rule. He is also useful for information from the North, through Tolgar and other contacts at Goldenfields. Of all the Lords of Waterdeep, Nindil is by far the last person suspected by the public.

Alcedor Kolat

Friends: Madame Garah, Malchor Harpell, Hedrik, Duhlark Kolat, Branta Myntion, Quallos Myntion, Nain

Enemies: No real serious enemies, though Lady Thyri Snome is hardly a friend (she is quite miffed with Alcedor for refusing to work with his brother on creating a half-dozen magical gloves capable of casting *Duhlark's Long Reach* on command, and her constant badgering has left a bad impression of her with both brothers).

Game Info: Lawful Neutral male human. Strength 8, Intelligence 17. 19th-level specialist wizard (enchanter). 43 hp. Worshiper of Azuth, Mystra, Selune. *Amulet & Staff of Alcedor, ring of chain armor, ring of spell storing, ring of spell turning, helm of comprehending languages & reading magic, and five spellbooks (two for traveling).*

History: Alcedor and Duhlark were born identical twins to merchant parents in Sulmeth. Receiving magical training at the Mystics' Academy in Llorbauth, the two brothers joined a group of mages and fighters known as Mystra's Defenders for a number of years. Due to a mishap within another dungeon in the Border Kingdoms, the party was teleported deep within Undermountain's fifth level. They managed to escape alive, returning to the surface world hundreds of miles away from home. After adventuring a bit in the Savage Frontier to the north, the brothers returned to Waterdeep at Alcedor's insistence to study the ancient magics of lost Netheril. They inadvertently entered the city the night of Myrkul's invasion, and helped in Waterdeep's defense immediately. Soon after, they bought their property and established their towers.

Alcedor spends much of his time crafting magical items, whether for fame, fortune, or simply out of curiosity and a sense of nostalgia no one knows. In all his years of crafting items, the magics have taken their toll, making Alcedor look and feel like a 65-year-old when he's actually only 39; many believe his twin brother is actually his son! The brothers think alike, despite their different specialties of magic, and both are fascinated by all things relating to Netheril. While his brother ponders the ancient art of transmuting new animal species, Alcedor is researching the development of wands and staves from their primitive forms in Netheril. One of his prized possessions is a drained Netherese *blast scepter* given to him by Halaster in their trip through Undermountain. While

this is his primary course of study, he still takes time to tutor Branta in her spellcasting skills, and creates items for nobles who can underwrite the costs of his main researches. Now, with a temple (and library) of Oghma and New Olamn in place, Alcedor can do his own research much more cheaply than before and has drastically reduced his output of magical creations. The research and creation of some of his more useful items was commissioned by the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors and they currently create *spell lenses, rings of armor, and wands of fearfire* (listed in the *Campaign Guide to the City* book) for members able to meet the steep costs.

Duhlark Kolat

Friends: Irusyl Eraneth (Laeral), Alcedor Kolat, Hlanta Melshimber, Branta Myntion, Trahnt.

Enemies: Elaith Craulnobur (Duhlark worked with Elaith and lived to tell about it), Maaril (he goaded Duhlark into a spell battle that resulted in his being turned into a faerie dragon for a short time, and Maaril has never forgiven the insult).

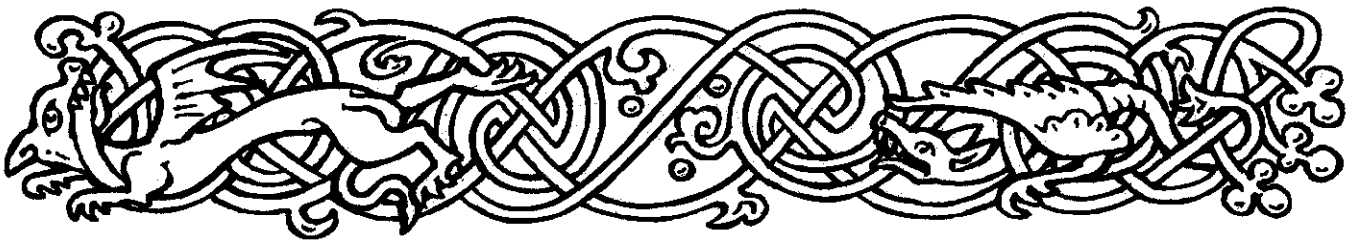
Game Info: Chaotic Good male human. Intelligence 17, Dexterity 16. 20th-level specialist wizard (transmuter). 54 hp. Worshiper of Mystra. *Bracers of defense AC5, cloak of the bat, dagger of homing, ring of chain armor, ring of invisibility, staff of power, wand of polymorphing, wand of size alteration, and six spellbooks (three for travel).*

History: His history matches his brother's up until they establish a tower complex within Waterdeep. Here the two brothers began to drift apart, each isolating himself to his respective studies and interests. While they still get along, their conversations are most often arguments over the nature of ancient magics and artifacts. Duhlark is still the more worldly of the brothers, often wandering about the city at any time of the day or night; he says he thinks better at preliminary stages of research if he's active.

In attempts to gain some notoriety and fame, Duhlark periodically develops new spells and sells them to the Watchful Order, the watch-wizard corps, or a select few other wizards in the city, such as Laeral; Duhlark first met Laeral in her disguise as Irusyl Eraneth of Skullport, and he later recognized her as Laeral by the use of a rare elven oath she muttered at a meeting of the Watchful Order. He is starting to regret his decision to sell spells to the watch-wizards, as many are learning and using his spells, but they aren't attributing his name with the spells. Duhlark's latest, *animerge*, is still under testing and he has only allowed his brother and Laeral knowledge of it; he gave Khelben and Laeral a caged wolveraven created by the spell (a raven with a wolverine's head, and glider wings with razor-sharp claws on the wingtips) for them to study and investigate the spell's ramifications.

In the timeline in the *Campaign Guide to the City*, the Kolat towers are burglarized just after Midsummer Night; if the Dungeon Master wishes to have this spell stolen and





abused, see the spell itself in the *Campaign Guide* for the ramifications. Adventure suggestions for this could be an insurgence of Broken Ones within the city (vagrants merged with stray animals), or the problem of some wizard getting into the Palace paddocks and merging sparrows with the horses (creating miniature pegasi but crippling the guard's mobility at the same time).

Kylia

Friends: Arkiem Arren, Travis Deepdell, Madame Garah, Hemmerem, Laeral, Tannith Moonharness, Larissa Neathal, Olanhar Wands, Winnifer

Enemies: Gaundos (Kylia believes he wants revenge for an old embarrassment, in which she turned his head into that of a boar due to some crude comment, but Hlaavin/Gaundos really wants to find her and absorb her identity), Malakuth Tabuirr (Kylia's information to the Lords led to the capture of three successive boatloads of smuggled goods out of Skullport, and Tabuirr's spies told him about a nosy little gnome . . .)

Game Info: Chaotic Good female gnome. Intelligence 19, Dexterity 16. 12th-level specialist wizard (illusionist). 39 hp. Worshiper of Baravar Cloakshadow, gnomish god of illusion. *Bracers of defense AC4, ring of gargoyles, robe of eyes, staff of thunder & lightning*, and two spellbooks (both travel-sized).

History: Not even Khelben Arunsun knows the full background of this little woman, though he and his consort Laeral know the most. She arrived at Blackstaff Tower one day seven years back, demanding entrance. As she had spent six months observing his comings and goings, she deduced the identities of all but three of the Lords (Sammereza, Larissa, and Kitten are still unknown to her, as are the newly appointed Lords, Nindil Jalbuck and Danilo Thann). With her brains and illusionary abilities, she became one of the Lords, best agents at infiltration and information gathering; however, her dramatics and her need for attention didn't work well with Khelben's established patterns. Kylia began working more and more directly with Laeral, and the two of them are the primary presence for the Lords in Skullport disguised as Irusyl Eraneth and her half-elf apprentice Liak. Her work is exemplary, but she is careful never to be traced back to the Lords. Kylia stays with Madame Garah in Waterdeep, but also keeps rooms at The Deepfires in Skullport.

Essimuth Lanys

Friends: Aekyl Dafyre, Madame Garah, Rokkek Ingerr, Malutt Maulksoun, Danilo Thann, Ellidis Wands; the staffs at the Beer Golem & Safehaven.

Enemies: Regnet Amcathra (Essimuth tripped him up one night in the Safehaven when Regnet was spoiling for a fight with some half-orc mercenaries and "fell"/sat on him until his friends could escort him out), Blazidon One-Eye (Essimuth tells people that, while he was a good fighter,

Blazidon lost his eye to an enraged woman at the House of Purple Silks, not any monster), Maskar Wands (Maskar is bitter with Essimuth, as his stories of adventure led his half-elven nephew away from his apprenticeship and a pure study of magic to a life as an adventuring mage-thief).

Game Info: Chaotic Good male human. Constitution 16; Wisdom 15. 12th-level thief. 42 hp. Worshiper of Selune and Tymora. *Axe of hurling +1, dagger of homing, ring of protection +2*, and a *robe of blending*.

History: Though his stories are long-winded and heavily embellished, Essimuth's tales are all truthful and tell much of the excitement of his life. He and his little brother Barkess set out from Neverwinter in search of adventure, finding friends and excitement enough to last two lifetimes. After twenty years of adventuring—fifteen with the Knights of the Sword Coast—and, mind you, this number grows with each telling, Essimuth retired from active adventuring only when an owlbear attack cost him his right leg and right eye.

Of all the Knights, Essimuth amassed the most in terms of treasure, but his retirement has made him generous. In the past few years he has played benefactor to quite a few starting adventurers (including Donar Heremet), giving away some magical items and older equipment to young heroes "if they promise to return to ol' Essimuth once a year and tell him their tales." There is only a 10% chance that he'll take a shining to a PC in this fashion, though attentive and friendly PCs might be able to buy some of his remaining magical equipment at the DM's prerogative (equipment not normally for sale).

Branta Myntion

Friends: Hedrik, Alcedor & Duhlark Kolat, Miri & Quallos Myntion, Blakantar Tagon.

Enemies: None known, though many people in the city are unnerved and a little afraid of her due to her looks.

Game Info: Neutral female human. Intelligence 18, Dexterity 17, Charisma 9. 2nd-level specialist wizard (enchanter). 7 hp. Worshiper of Mystra. *Ring of scale armor* and one spellbook (13 1st- and 2nd-level spells).

History: Branta, the youngest daughter of Quallos and Miri, is Alcedor Kolat's apprentice, and acts as a go-between for both brothers and any contacts. Wild magic cast in Mouse Alley is responsible for her current look; just by imitating another spellcaster, Branta managed to mimic a *magic missile* spell that went awry and marked her thus for life. Alcedor recognized her latent talents and took her in to train her. Now, after nearly two years of education, Branta is a burgeoning mage in her own right. She spends much time at the House of Wonder, praying to Mystra for guidance in her path, for she is torn between wanting to stay in Waterdeep at the temple or with the Kolats and venturing into the Realms to seek her fate. Despite her unique appearance, she is still a lost and lonely girl seeking guidance and friendship.





Olophin

Friends: Yaereene Ilbaereth, Quendever Ilistrym, Jaffar, Mulgor, Piatran, Helve Urtrace.

Enemies: Hykros Allumen (the high priest of Tyr is prejudiced against non-Northerners and tries to continually discredit Olophin's good works and words but not overtly to avoid the notice of Tyr's Champion, Lord Harkas Kormallis), Sumer (Olophin's brother-in-law, the husband of his little sister; Olophin knows of his habit of killing on each annual visit and it is a point of honor to keep him in check just as honor demands he keep quiet of the whole affair).

Game Info: Lawful Good male human. Strength 17, Dexterity & Intelligence 16. 4th-level fighter. 26 hp. Worshiper of Tyr, *Dagger* +1 and standard watch equipment (has access to personal armaments of a bastard sword and a suit of field plate emblazoned now with his family crest and the Arms of Waterdeep).

History: Olophin is the youngest son of Zelmazzar, a sultan of Calimshan, and came north to seek his fortune ten years ago. He came to Waterdeep and here he stayed, "after I finally got used to the bone-numbing chill that permeates these northern lands." After a few minor adventures in the upper levels of Undermountain, Olophin joined the watch and has remained a member for eight years; six months ago he was given the promotion to senior watch civilar at the Adventurers' Quarter guardpost for a job well done. Though he lives at the guardpost, Quendever Ilistrym has left the rooms he occupied for eight years at the Unicorn's Horn open for him at no charge! His goodwill has also paid off in making him a rare welcome human regular at the Elfstone Tavern.

Olophin worships Achanatyr, The Sword of Justice—an incarnation of Tyr worshiped in the South—and holds that all should work for justice, and the greatest good will result. Olophin sees Tyr as "the true face" of Achanatyr, and will strive to act as Piergeiron and other visible followers of Tyr in the City do; however, he does not hold with all the ideals of the zealots at the Halls of Justice, preferring a more lenient and measured approach to justice. He has started to spend more and more time on patrol guarding against the rampant vigilantism of some fanatical Tyr-worshippers (as are many throughout the city).

Lord Bronson Phaulkon

Friends: Travis Deepdell, Boroldan Ilzimmer, Nindil Jalbuck, Arum Tarn.

Enemies: Filiare (Lord Phaulkon hired some mercenaries through Filiare, and they ambushed and stole an entire caravan they were hired to guard; after three years, this is still a sore point for both), Rokkek Ingerr (Ingerr's jealousies led to business conflicts which made him an enemy of Lord Phaulkon).

Game Info: Lawful Neutral male human. Strength 16, Intelligence 15. 0-level merchant. 4 hp.

History: Lord Bronson Phaulkon, a minor noble from Cormyr,

moved to Waterdeep with his wife and two daughters seventeen years ago. Establishing a small trading company and caravan trade from the Sea of Fallen Stars to the City of Splendors, he swiftly made his fortune in spices, wines, and textiles to and from the Eastern Heartlands. His life seemed charmed with his growing fortunes, his lovely family, and hardly an enemy in the world (a rare thing for a merchant, especially those in the cut-and-thrust mercantile life of Waterdeep). There are those who said that Tymora demands a price for such gifts, and Lord Phaulkon's luck was to change; truth or no, it did.

Lady Cera Phaulkon and her youngest daughter Jeryth were traveling with a caravan to Luskan in early Mirtul, visiting her sister. On its return to Waterdeep, the caravan was ambushed just north and east of Luskan on the Long Road; this sad news reached Waterdeep via riders from Mirabar. Spreading through the city were rumors that nearly everyone was slaughtered and, worst of all, the heads were cleanly severed from all the dead, including Lady Phaulkon's. Precious little has been found about this attack and senseless murder, but most rumors leave out the fact that no thieving happened—Lady Cera's diamond rings and emerald brooch were still on her corpse! This news sent Lord Bronson into a deep depression that has yet to break, and his business is starting to suffer from his lack of interest. . . .

Jeryth Phaulkon

Occupation: Mielikki's Chosen (known to rangers as "Our Lady's Champion" and the "Granddaughter of Silvanus").

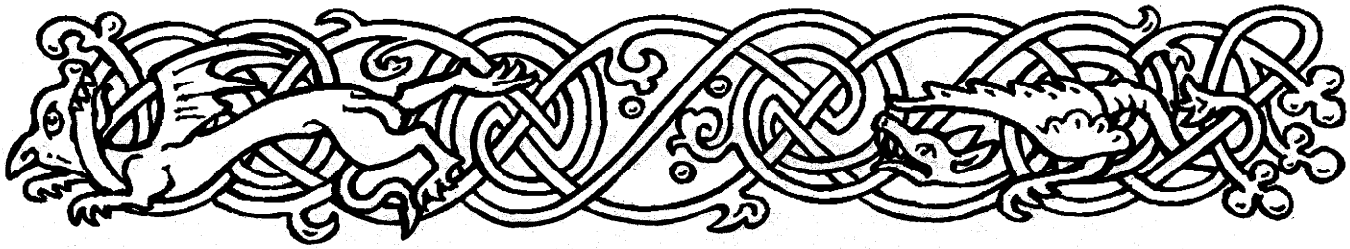
Locations: The woods of the Sword Coast and Savage Frontier.

Description: Jeryth has changed from her former debutante self. Now better suited to life in the wilderness, her long blonde hair has a streak of ivory along the crown of her head, similar to a unicorn's horn; the wind is all that determines the look of her wild mane. Her green eyes flash with vitality and energy, and her medium-height body is healthy and strong, her frame muscular and fit rather than starved to maintain some impossible aesthetic of the young upper class. Jeryth now seems truly beautiful, rather than being just a product of cosmetics.

Personality: As the Chosen Champion of Mielikki, Jeryth is now a totally different person. Without changing her honest qualities, her spirit seems much more free once beyond the constraints of Waterdeep's social circles. She is playful, carefree, and relaxed, as happy as a bird in summer, provided she is in a forest or wilderness. All of her former pretensions are gone, and she is more natural and in harmony with the wild. Of note, her new role as Mielikki's champion gives her an unforgiving attitude toward those who wantonly destroy nature and its treasures for their own selfish uses; in this manner, Jeryth follows the most conservative and strict credos of rangers.

Trivia: Jeryth has a habit of idly toying with her hair, twisting a length of it around her fingers playfully.





Friends: Bran Skorlsun, the Harpers; (Formerly) Rachel Arren, Arana Lanys, Branta Myntion

Enemies: Anyone who is an enemy of Mielikki or the Harpers.

Game Info: Neutral Good female human. Strength 15; Dexterity 19; Constitution 19. 6th-level ranger (automatically conferred by Mielikki). 27 hp. Worshiper of Mielikki.

Special Abilities: As Mielikki's sole Champion, Jeryth is immune to the effects of *entangle* spells and has the non-weapon proficiencies of Blind Fighting, Direction Sense, and Tracking at maximum efficiency. In addition, Jeryth has a number of permanent special abilities.

- Animal & Plant Identification & Pure Water Location (as 3rd-level druid);
- Animal Friendship: As the 1st-level priest spell (affects up to 20 Hit Dice of animals);
- Animal Summoning: As the 6th-level A.S. III spell;
- Call Woodland Beings: As the 4th-level priest spell (100% for 1 creature or cast as 20th-level druid);
- Commune with Nature: As the 5th-level priest spell (1 mile effective radius);
- Hallucinatory Forest: Can cast once per week as a 20th-level druid;
- Locate Animals or Plants: As the 1st-level priest spell;
- Messenger: As the 2nd-level priest spell (can affect animals of sizes T to S);
- Pass without Trace: As the 1st-level priest spell;
- Reincarnate: Can cast once a year as the 7th-level priest spell (only to faithful of Mielikki);
- Speak with Animals: As the 2nd-level priest spell (cooperation is assured for Jeryth);
- Speak with Plants: As the 4th-level priest spell; and
- Transport via Plants: As the 6th-level priest spell (100% effectiveness).

History: Jeryth's life has always been one of privilege. Growing up in Waterdeep (after her infancy and toddling years in Cormyr), Jeryth moved about in the social circles of Waterdeep's young nobles, learning as much from a night in the taverns of Dock Ward as she had from her tutors in weeks. Blessed with a phenomenal memory, Jeryth was a clearing-house for gossip among the noble families, each one looking to find out the dirt on the others. Jeryth was also one of the more courted of the young women among the lesser nobles until her betrothal to the young noble Arum Tarm, heir of the Tarm family fortunes, was announced last Midsummer Night.

With her abduction from a caravan last Eleint, Jeryth's life met a fate unguessed to this day by many in Waterdeep. Her caravan ambushed and many left dead, Jeryth and a few others became captives of the Hoar Fang, a particularly vicious tribe of gnolls. Heading further north toward their lair, the gnolls led their captives into the Valley of Redrun. In a dream, Mielikki contacted the sleeping Jeryth and

offered her a place as her Champion, though not for her freedom; the Hoar Fang were destroying parts of the Lurkwood, and Mielikki wanted it stopped. Jeryth, now infused with some of Mielikki's essence, managed to free herself and her two surviving comrades, leading them to freedom deeper into the forest. They encountered Bran Skorlsun, a senior Harper who had been hunting for the Hoar Fang, and they joined forces. When pursued by the gnolls, Jeryth, Bran, and a few animal friends literally tore them apart, though the Hoar Fang leader and his lieutenant escaped. Jeryth's two mercenary friends stayed with her and Bran, learning woodcraft and the way of the Harpers in deference to Mielikki and their rescue. Bran now acts as a mentor for Jeryth and her friends, teaching them the finer points of the rangers. While Jeryth knows that there are many people waiting for her return to Waterdeep, that life seems far behind her and the path ahead is more important. Eventually, she may return to the City of Splendors, if only to close that part of her life forever and give Mielikki's thanks to her faithful at the Shrines of Nature. Of those within the city, only Khelben, Danilo, and those connected with the Harpers know of Jeryth's fate. Briosar Helmsing of the Shrines of Nature dreamed Mielikki herself appeared to him and told him to seek out her champion in the Moonwood at Midwinter and was given a view of Jeryth; however, as he never met her before, he only tells folk of the quest given to him by his goddess.

Raymid

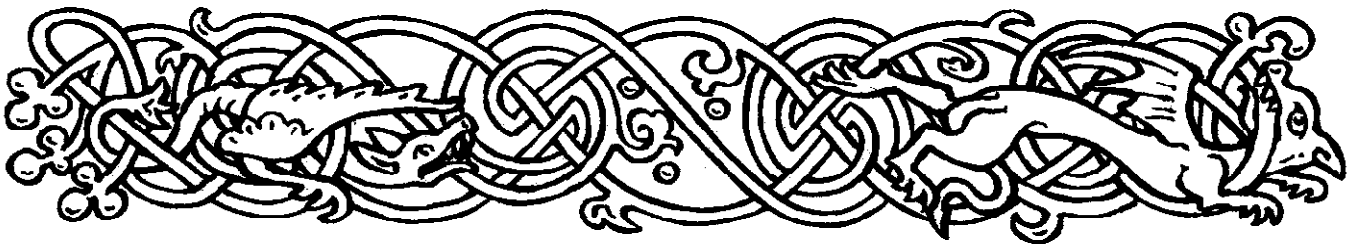
Friends: Clion, Arilyn Moonblade, Tomed Myntion, Shalara, Danilo Thann

Enemies: None known, but has an intense hatred of drow and slavers; Raymid does have a slight paranoia about dealing with halflings, always expecting them to be thieves and liars (Nindil Jalbuck and Watcher Thistlebuck are amused by this and try harder to gain Raymid's trust)

Game Info: Neutral male human. Strength 16; Wisdom 15. 5th-level fighter. 34 hp. Worshiper of Mielikki.

History: Formerly of Voonlar, Raymid was captured by a drow patrol as a young boy and spent much of his youth as a slave. Raymid's first view of the Sword Coast was from a slaving ship leaving Skullport, beneath Waterdeep. With the help of Clion, a friendly cabin boy, he slipped his bonds and they both escaped the slavers, leaping overboard just after leaving the docks at Luskan. The boys escaped and soon fell into lives of begging and petty thievery in the streets of Luskan. Raymid grew stronger and soon trained as a fighter but never left Clion behind, despite his growing penchant for stealing. He and Clion joined the Sword Ghosts with Arilyn Moonblade, who soon put them in contact with Kimel Nimesin, the elven arms-master at the Waterdeep Academy of Arms. Years later, Raymid and Clion repaid their debts to Nimesin by joining the





Waterdeep watch, where they remain today. While few can recognize it, Raymid is quite happy in the Adventurers' Quarter and is glad Clion and he plan to stay here awhile; regardless of any other personal choices, Raymid stays with Clion as he is honor-bound to repay him for his life of freedom.

Sarya

Friends: None known; she is a member of the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors and the watch, so she can count on them for contacts if need be.

Enemies: Too numerous to mention; Sarya has a habit of insulting nearly everyone she meets and makes it a point to embarrass or frighten people she's arresting with her magics (her suspect use of illusions and her telekinetic removal of suspects' clothing has her under investigation by superiors in the watch).

Game Info: Lawful Evil female human. 3rd-level mage. 9 hp. Worshiper of Azuth. *Ring of telekinesis.*

History: Sarya is a native Waterdhavian who came out of obscurity two years ago as a promising apprentice of Orlar Thammas; unfortunately, the Speaker for the Order could not impress some greater measures of restraint upon his student and discontinued her training after 20 months. He sponsored her transfer into the watch-wizards, hoping the structure and regulations could keep her in check. Sarya plans on staying with the watch until she learns more magics, and then striking out on her own; she has thoughts of revenge against some wizards of the Hosttower of the Arcane in Luskan for transgressions against her and her mother. Sarya has also attempted to gain contact with the wizard Maaril, though circumstances keep these two from meeting; if she becomes more of a problem, she may have to be brought to the attentions of Lord or Lady Arunsun (Laeral has been keeping a discreet eye on this potential powder keg of a mage . . .).

Blakantar Tagon

Friends: Almost anyone (DM's choice); Danilo Thann.

Enemies: Duhlark Kolat, Mhair Szeltune, Maskar Wands (while not true enemies, Blakantar Tagon irritates all these powerful mages for the central reason that he doesn't apparently respect spellcasting traditions, and "makes a mockery of wizards and the watch-wizards in particular"; many within the Watchful Order sit back with amusement or his friends keep the internal politics of the guild from harming his career).

Game Info: Lawful Good male human. Strength 16; Dexterity & Intelligence 17; Wisdom 9. Dual class: 2nd-level thief/6th-level mage. 19 hp. Worshiper of Mystra, Oghma, and Sune. *Boots of speed, gloves of missile snaring.*

History: Blakantar Tagon arrived in Waterdeep four years ago, a sailor on a merchant ship out of Velen; on the voyage

north, he learned much beyond his education of shipbuilding from a sage who booked passage north. Once here, he never wanted to leave again. Taken in by the sage, the engaging and lively Blakantar soon made a name for himself as a mage of promise, though not without some mistakes along the way (one particular miscasting coated the entire southern length of Gut Alley with ice!). He joined the watch two years ago and has become one of the rising stars of the watch-wizard corps, despite his lack of discipline or respect for "wizardly conduct."

Terresk

Friends: Arkiem Arren, Carson Innes, Laran, Olophin, the Safehaven staff.

Enemies: Hammerhand Krabbellor (neither talks about it, but their hatred for each other is quite palpable), Lord Asbrior Sultlue & Lord Baerom Thunderstaff (on his tour of duty in North Ward, Terresk's arrest and testimony got these lords' sons sentenced to Undermountain, where they soon died).

Game Info: Lawful Good male half-orc. Strength 18(98), Wisdom 15, Charisma 12. 9th-level fighter. 22 hp. Worshiper of Torm. *Scimitar of speed.*

History: A former fighting slave from Manshaka, Terresk got his terrible scars (and metal mask) from an arena fight against a young black dragon. He escaped from his Calishite master when he was brought to Waterdeep for an exhibition on the Field of Triumph. As a freedman, he swiftly signed on with the guard to stay beyond his merchant master's reach; he was later tried and acquitted of his former master's murder, after the Calishite was found dead in Castle Ward. After a rough two-year enlistment in the guard and posting on Deepwater Isle, he transferred to the watch (rumors of discord between himself and his noble superiors still run rampant), requesting that he get a post away from the waterfront. Few know that Terresk is afraid of water, ever since he nearly drowned during a fight with some smugglers (he was thrown overboard with the contraband and it nearly dragged him to the deepest depth of the harbor).

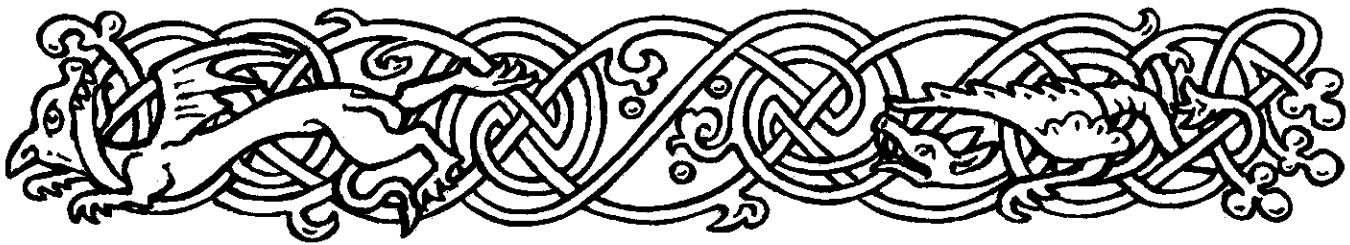
A year ago, after being posted initially in North Ward and "not fitting in," Terresk came to the newly built Adventurers' Quarter guardpost. During the festival at Higharvestide, some magical hijinks (that are still being investigated) set fire to the Safehaven Inn; Terresk braved the flames pulling out mother and newborn child without a scratch. Since then, Terresk has always been welcome at the refurbished Safehaven and gets free meals and drink from the grateful parents and staff.

Elistar "Watcher" Thistlebuck

Friends: The Arrens, the Safehaven staff, Amrani, Rokkek Ingerr, Lord Phaulkon, Piatran

Enemies: Elaith Craulnobur (he wants Watcher to steal Travis'





Bow of Hosark, blackmailing him with the safety of Jurnna Churnbell, Watcher's old flame and comrade)

Game Info: Neutral Good male halfling. Wisdom 18. 11th-level thief. Worshiper of Brandobaris and Tymora. *Brooch of shielding*, *ring of human influence*, *ring of protection* +3, *winged boots* (21, C).

History: Born Elistar Snowcrop Thistlebuck to a brewer's family in Luiren, he soon gained the name of "Watcher" for his habit of always keeping an eye on everything. As an albino, young Elistar was ostracized by many halflings due to an old farmers' folk tale about albinos being touched by Auril the Frostmaiden; though he doesn't worship her, Watcher does pay homage to her (simply to keep her appeased). Elistar ran away from home at an early age, falling in with adventurers around the Deepwash. Journeying west and up the Sword Coast, his original company disbanded, but Watcher soon met and joined the fledgling Knights of the Sword Coast.

Much of Elistar's time with the Knights was spent in good-natured argument with Essimuth Lanys; their long-standing rivalry over traps disarmed (and their respective difficulties) still sparks some arguments and comments from the pair of them. While their initial meeting was a bit frosty (maybe Watcher shouldn't have picked his pocket to prove his point...), Elistar and Barkess Lanys were great friends. Elistar treasures his friendships greatly, as he never got close to anyone in Luiren, and they have become his family. Of late, he has spent much time with a family of halflings in Castle Ward; Vhonna expects to be taken into confidence soon about an impending wedding. . . .

Minor Character Roster

These characters did not receive full write-ups in the *Adventurer's Guide*, but that doesn't mean they don't have their own secrets. These characters leave more room for DMs to add mystery and intrigue, since relatively little is known about them. Keep in mind that most of these people are servants and merchants, but in a city where money and secrets can be just as powerful as magic, they shouldn't be underestimated. . . .

Amrani

Lawful Neutral; 0-level laborer; 3 hp.

Amrani has her guesses about the illicit affairs of many of the nobles, as she keeps seeing the same faces with different clothes or vice versa. Her clients trust her to be discreet, but some goings-on amaze her. One man's outfit returned to the wash four times in four days (twice in one day!) torn and covered in makeup and paints (and borne by a different beautiful woman each time!). She wouldn't dream of gossiping, but the guard officer shouldn't have picked it up himself wearing but a cloak!

Kiber Ederick

Lawful Good; 11th-level Paladin, 59 hp. Strength 17; Wisdom 16.

Every sunrise, after the children have been roused and fed, Kiber goes to the House of Heroes for morning prayers. He still receives spells from his god, though he rarely uses them. In the hidden cellar of Helm's Hall, Kiber keeps his old equipment from his adventuring days: *plate mail* +1; *bastard sword* +2, *flame tongue*; *ring of water walking*; and a *bug of holding*. While many saw him use some items during Myrkul's invasion, no one, aside from Vhonna Deepdell, know where these items are kept or what they all are.

Erik

Chaotic Good; 0-level silversmith, 2 hp.

Day by day, Erik becomes more and more like a dwarf, save in his height. At 6'4", Erik's height used to separate him from the other boys and he used his size to bully them. Aside from some grudges he (and others) still holds, his anger now focuses on working metal. Like a dwarf, he has a tendency to lock onto his work to the exclusion of all else (including some young women that come to the shop hoping to catch his eye).

Hemmerem

Neutral; 0-level laborer, 3 hp.

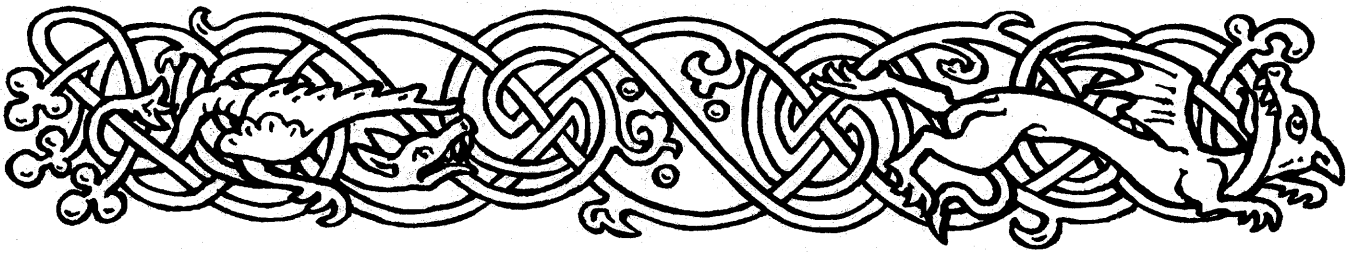
In one of his last jobs as a caravan work hand for the Piiradost clan, Hemmerem found that slaves were being transported in a caravan ("hired servants and specialists from the South" he was told) bound for Waterdeep. Attempts were made on his life upon returning to the city, and he found a letter ordering his death in the writing of Lord Piiradost's elder son. Bringing this to the elder lord, Hemmerem was given money to keep this news quiet (and young Piiradost was sent to live with lesser relatives in Iri-aebor). For his discretion, Hemmerem also receives work with the family horse-breeding business, though Arum Tarm's connections with the young stablemaster begin to irritate the elder, more powerful Lord Piiradost. . . .

Ariel Heremet

Chaotic Good; 0-level laborer, 2 hp.

Ariel's origins are a mystery, especially to her. Stynirr and Kaylor Heremet arrived in Waterdeep from Cormyr twenty years ago, Ariel being less than a year old. She does not resemble either of her parents (though her brother and sister do). She's beginning to realize she was adopted, but no one ever put the question to her parents before (or after) their deaths. She recently found an old letter from Vangerdahast of Cormyr to her father in an old trunk of his (recovered from storage at the Spires of the Morning), stating that "you and your family should be safe from prying eyes in Waterdeep." While curious, she asserts that a simple barmaid from Waterdeep "certainly has no business requesting an audience with the Royal Magician of Cormyr, should I ever travel there. . . ."





Donar Heremet

Lawful Neutral; 1st-level thief, 3 hp.

Dexterity 18; Constitution 17.

Equipment: *Leather armor +2, dagger of homing, short sword*

Donar's typical pranks are classic (bucket of water over a door, loosened straps on a saddle for quick release, a bag of refuse set on fire on the doorstep, etc.) and Safehaven patrons become used to seeing Donar flee through the taproom followed by Bannor or Watcher.

Donar's equipment and training come from Essimuth, who "knew the little fool would always be sticking his nose where excitement was, so he needed something to help keep him and his friends alive. . . ." Donar, of course, likes to surprise people so he doesn't announce any of this to his family until the Knights are assembled and leaving.

Edrianna Heremet

Lawful Good; 0-level laborer, 3 hp.

Edrianna's ring is a *ring of warmth* given to her by her father when she was four. As a child, she was frail and constantly fought off chills. Her father had the ring created especially for her; it acts as a standard item of its type, though it also gives Edrianna an immunity to nonmagical diseases as long as she wears it.

Of everyone she knows, only Bannor and Ariel realize the fears that drive Edrianna to such vain displays of "happiness." She is deathly afraid that the ill luck that killed her parents will happen to her; as a result, she secretly and quite fervently worships Beshaba the Maiden of Misfortune in hopes of preventing any bad luck from befalling her or the ones she loves.

Imerra Ingerr

Lawful Neutral; 0-level merchant-wife, 2 hp.

Imerra knows nothing of Rokkek's financial troubles or his gambling, though she does know that he has less and less available coin and he is gone most of the time. She does sense his tension and, as they are far from close, she seeks comfort in her music and her wine, neither of which works for her.

Bannor Karralo

Lawful Good; 0-level barkeep, 7 hp.

Strength 17; Constitution 17.

Bannor used to work at the Wizards' Rest, a tiny little tavern in Sea Ward that closed 7 years ago upon the death of Bannor's mother. Bannor owns a small house on Coach Street near the Trollwall and is fixing it up for his impending marriage.

Kharkos

Chaotic Good; 1st-level fighter, 8 hp.

Strength 16; Dexterity 15; Charisma 17.

Equipment: *Chain mail +1, long sword, shield.*

Kharkos is eager to form his adventuring company and

hopes to collect at least four others before setting out on adventures; if he can gather enough people in time, they can act as caravan guards for Lord Phaulkon in his first spring caravan to Murann. He is so focused on his goal, he has never noticed how Arana Lanys looks at him. . . .

"Hammerhand" Krabbellor

Lawful Neutral; 0-level laborer, 5 hp.

Equipment: *Iron hammer-hand (1d6 points of bludgeoning damage to living targets).*

Krabbellor's first name is Dukar, though he hasn't told any one this fact in twelve years and he's almost forgotten his actual name by now. Hammerhand's dearest wish is to find the wizard and his half-orc bodyguard that killed his brother in Cormyr and kill them in return.

Lauhren

Chaotic Good; 1st-level priestess of Lliira, 5 hp.

Wisdom 16; Charisma 14.

Equipment: *Bracers of defense AC 5, rope of entanglement.*

Her equipment comes as a gift from Rachel to her in keeping with Lliira's faith in the girl. She is eager to be off and into the wild world, as she's never left Waterdeep's confines in her life. Much of her excitement stems from realizing that, once out of her dreary job and washerwoman rags, she really is a beautiful person (as she begins to realize with Kharkos' and Jan's reactions to her). Upon meeting him, she has fallen in love with Jan Hunabar, and he is interested in her (though he hasn't pursued her, seeing his growing love for her as "a test of my honor and resolve" and his zeal to be a paladin).

Alek Lenter

Neutral Evil; 3rd-level thief, 9 hp.

Strength 17, Dexterity 17, Wisdom 15.

Equipment: *dagger of venom.*

Alek Lenter is a fence of rising influence in the city, even after only four months of business. He is also a spy and contact point for the Shadow Thieves' Guild. He has been notified by Avaereene about the Xanathar's interest in using him as a front, and Alek plans in turn to betray the beholder crime lord and bring the influence of the Shadow Thieves back into Waterdeep. Many of his primary contacts (a.k.a. thieves) within the city meet him at the Thirsty Throat tavern (including the barkeep).

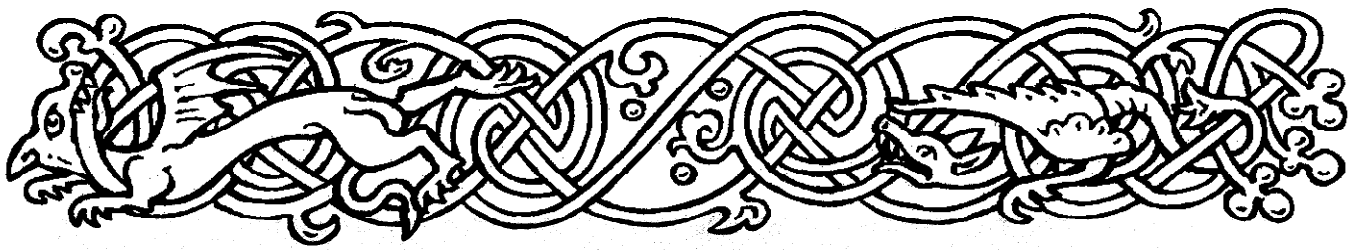
Cial Myntion

Chaotic Neutral; 0-level barmaid, 4 hp.

Strength 15; Constitution 18.

Cial is, in many ways, the exact opposite of her sister Branta. She is loud, brash, and ebullient, always looking for some fun (in contrast to her sister's reticence and love of quiet study). While she has a number of friends, especially the watch members, she





has no one really close to her. She knows Hemmerem has a romantic interest in her, but she's unsure of how she feels. She's waiting for him to get the nerve up to approach her, as it takes courage to approach this intimidating woman.

Quallos Myntion

Chaotic Neutral; 0-level brewer, 2 hp.

Quallos is a member of rising importance in the Vintners', Distillers', and Brewers' Guild, primarily due to the fact that he has shared many of his own recipes with the guild. He is intent on introducing lagers to Waterdeep; he "acquired" some of the brewing ingredients and methods of the Golden Sands breweries through contacts and looks to make his fortunes with them, banking on the distance and lack of information to protect him from reprisal.

Owen

Neutral Good; 1st-level fighter, 7 hp.

Constitution 19; Intelligence 14.

Equipment: Scale mail, bardiche, dagger, tent.

Since Trolltide, Owen kept the few magical alterations made to him by the necklaces of Vahje, most noticeably his green hair. Still, not even Owen is aware that he has the regenerative capabilities of a troll now. He joined the new Knights of the Sword Coast and looks forward to the adventure; all of his equipment was left to him by his father who passed away two years ago.

Lady Marie Phaulkon

Chaotic Neutral; 0-level merchant, 2 hp.

In secret, the thrill-seeking Marie has taken up the idle worship of Loviatar with two of her lovers. While she just believes this is a lark, the cult leader (one Nathyn Powerl) may just use her and her friends to gain some money and influence through them (unless they want their parents to know what they've been up to).

Despite her devil-may-care attitude and flippant lifestyle, Marie is intelligent and quite capable of handling her father's business. She just hasn't let her family see that side of her, as they "always favored Jeryth, their baby" more than her.

Piatran

Lawful Evil; 0-level merchant, 4 hp.

Equipment: *Scarab of protection*

Piatran creates clothes, cloaks being his specialty. With his contacts at the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, he can obtain magical cloaks (but only for customers who are vouched for by Madame Garah, Nindil Jalbuck, and Watcher Thistlebuck). The magical cloaks are available at 40% greater than their experience point total in gp. If someone truly insults him by quoting a ridiculous price in seriousness to him, he will proffer a magical cloak created but never picked up by a Sembian wizard; it acts as a *ring of warmth* and provides a

100% ability to move silently, but cannot be removed once the metal neck clasp snaps shut and adds +1 to all dice of fire damage due to the warmth effect.

Trahnt

Lawful Good; 3rd-level fighter, 9 hp.

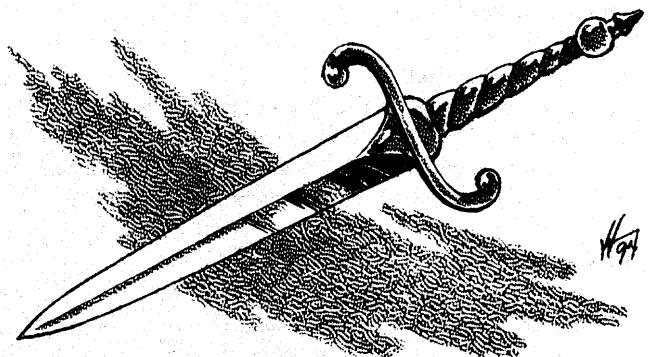
Strength 19; Intelligence & Wisdom 14; Charisma 10.

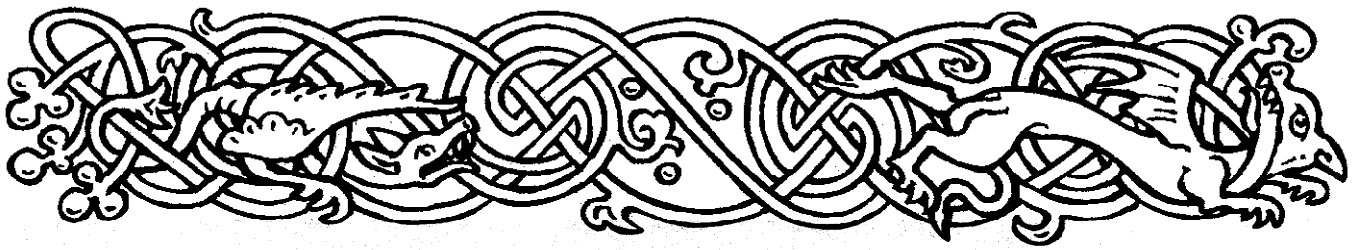
Equipment: *Ring of water walking* (worn as earring)

Trahnt returned from Undermountain a changed man, as he entered the Yawning Portal as a gnome and exited much later as a male hill giant! Trahnt lay dying among his slain comrades, victims of Bone Gnasher and his Dusk Gnolls, on the second level of Undermountain when an old wizard happened along. As the often retold story goes:

"I was lying there, expecting to draw my last breath any time when this cackling comes out of the darkness. I can't see everything as my helm slipped over my eyes and I couldn't move. 'Copper on dead man's eyes, oooh pretty bauble, copper on dead man's eyes,' I heard him say, and he touched each body. He came to me, pokes me with his staff, says 'Copper on—say, you're still here! Oho, does Hilather get to have some fun? Does he? Does he?' Next thing I know, there's magic swirling about my sight. I saw his hand and a coin in it, magic all around, and he flipped the coin. 'Heads or tails, boy; it's up to Tymora to save ye now!' he yelled, and then walked through a wall! The coin hit me, and I'm suddenly at the bottom of the well at the Yawning Portal with my entrance coin and three blood-red rubies the size of my new fists! Mind you, they weren't too sure about hoisting up a naked hill giant, but that Durman's a good judge of character!"

Once in Waterdeep, Trahnt sold the rubies to buy his tavern and a house along the Way of the Dragon. Despite initial misgivings, people learned to accept Trahnt due to his cheerful nature. Kids naturally gravitate to him and he finds himself yearning for a companion, though height and looks don't matter to him as much as they once did.





The Truth of The Matter



his chapter is the second half of the “Secrets of the Adventurers’ Quarter” and it involves more details about the “Scenes & Sundries” chapter in the *Adventurer’s Guide to the City*. This chapter doesn’t repeat the players’ information; it simply reveals anything left unsaid, points out more particulars, and uncovers the truth about any rumors. In fact, many of the scenes are expanded, adding some action that occurs just after the scene starts; most often, this tactic is used to present PCs with conflicting or competing adventure hooks (“Do we ask that guy about that rumored treasure, or do we take that offered commission as caravan guards?”) or distractions (“We were about to take that job when the watch came in and arrested one of our contacts and the rest fled!”).

Behind The Scenes

Chapter Six of the *Adventurer’s Guide to the City* provides scenes and rumors for starting adventures. Not all of them lead to quests, though all are potentials for role-playing. Below, each scene’s actions are explained, and any unstated material is here for the DM to role-play if the plot is pursued. As well, the “Action” section adds activity to provoke PCs if they don’t take up anything from the adventure scene!

Such a Deal. . .

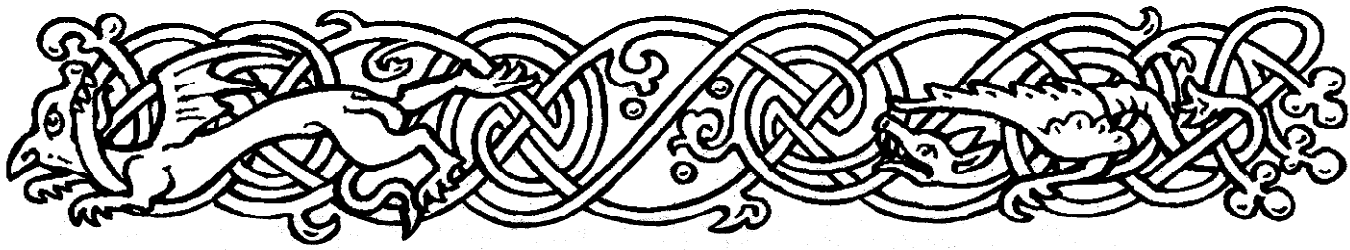
Secrets

- The gentleman getting fleeced at cards is Olyn Constaynt, an Amnite trader and a known Knight of the Shield. Nindil’s plan is to provoke him to extreme actions and necessitate his expulsion from Waterdeep (dead or alive). Olyn’s original intent was to meet with contacts from *Umberlee’s Lover*, a ship out of Luskan, and ferry information down south; the ship is days late to the harbor due to the storm. To kill the time, he came here and started a card game with a seemingly gullible halfling and a clothing merchant. Having lost 75 gp, he and his bodyguards plan to kill Nindil later for beating them at cards.
- Piatran was waiting for a customer with a package (a *cloak of protection +1*), but the client is over two hours late and he fell into the card game. The package is wrapped in oilcloth and is bound in twine, and rests underneath his chair.
- Something slaughtered three horses at Hemmerem’s Stables last night, clawing them to death and partially eating them. Hemmerem was assuring Arum Tarm that his horses were untouched; Arum heard him wrong and, being surly about his missing fiancée, assumed it was an accusation that he had something to do with the dead horses. Lord Tarm is drunk and is spoiling for a fight, unless something is done to cool him down.
- The Myntions received news on the whereabouts of Luther, their wayward paladin son; he was last seen in Iriaebor, suffering from grave wounds, though no one knows his fate.
- Alek Lenter’s glee is due to the sale of a fenced item (DM’s choice of buyers & item).

Action

- A brawl ensues when Olophin gets up to leave. He is confronted by three mercenaries he arrested and jailed a few months back—they are eager to get some revenge while the civilar is unarmed, but many in the tavern will jump to Olophin’s aid. During the brawl, someone steals Piatran’s package.





Trolltidings

Secrets

- The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors made the necklaces. With minor materials and magic for their trivial effect, the “troll growl” necklaces disintegrate after ten hours.
- The necklaces were given to watch-wizards throughout the city to distribute to children in their patrol area; Blakantar Tagon gave his four necklaces to Kiber Ederick to give to his children (two of the necklaces were the metal variety).
- The metal necklaces were made by Hlaavin, the greater doppelganger who slew Vahje the wizard (W16) and absorbed his identity and spellcasting knowledge. He used the Trolltide necklaces to cover up some slayings by his Unseen (a few still aren't noticed yet . . .).

Action

- This is occurring all over the city; the watch is under orders not to harm the children and will try to hold others to such.
- If PCs attempt to physically pull the necklaces off the children, they break, but the magic is released and the child becomes a troll! This also happens if the child is struck by any magic less than fourth-level save *dispel magic* or *remove curse!* Luckily, this effect only lasts for twelve rounds, but the child may not be alive later if PCs are overzealous!
- A visit to the Tower of the Order (C15) uncovers the mages who made the necklaces, but the fifth mage—the one who made the metal necklaces for lucky children to keep and use each year—is missing! Any attempts to locate the mage, magical or otherwise, are unsuccessful.
- By dawn the next day, the watch found all the necklaces and destroyed them. Among the more tragic occurrences, Citta Hothemer turned into a troll and killed her two elder brothers before Maskar Wands ended her enchantment. Other casualties are Narim (a ship captain from the Border Kingdoms), Wulve Raaikyn (a textiles merchant and rumored thief), and Blayk Rintas (ward civilar of Dock Ward).
- One person with side-effects is one of the young lads met on Slop Street (assuming they aren't killed); three months later, his hair remains green and he has the regenerative power of a troll. He now wishes to become a fighter and join Kharkos' new Knights of the Sword Coast.

The Return of The Blue Axe

Secrets

- Arkiem knows full well what is happening. He was contacted previously by Khelben, the current keeper of *Azureedge*, and this ruse was set up. While Arkiem doesn't know Khelben's reasons for setting up this ruse, he knows the axe chooses its own wielder and that person (and comrades) will be watched carefully by him. This is his current mission for the Harpers.
- Alcedor Kolat is enough of a study that he knows of the leg-

ends of *Azureedge* and has encountered it once before, at the fall of the Allies mentioned in the song. While he has never mentioned it to anyone, he watched from a nearby rooftop when *Azureedge* was teleported away by the sorceress Caryn; he knows the axe is only a few centuries old, but he wants to know more about its enchantments and how it was made.

- Nindil Jalbuck is here, and in a foul mood; he'll tell folk that rodents got into his produce and he lost a fair amount before the cats caught them. In truth, he is disgusted with the manipulations that are afoot: “Knowing or not, we are all entrenched in yet another of Khelben's pet projects where we are only to know so much and nothing more!” He, Brian, Mirt, and Kitten were against this manipulation of unsuspecting adventurers until Khelben would reveal more about some “portents that warned of ill times to come for Waterdeep,” but the plan goes ahead, despite their questions.

Action

- A number of veteran adventurers can be on hand to try to claim the axe. Even if others are worthy, the DM can hold *Azureedge* for the PCs. The action results in a number of befuddled looks by paladins walking away muttering, “I could have sworn it talked to me . . . said it wasn't my destiny . . .”
- A few rowdy Northmen, unable to pull the axe free, take their regular axes to the post, intending to carve *Azureedge* out. All three are 4th-level fighters with 28 hit points, and all are armed with hand axes.
- Should any evil beings attempt to pull the axe from the post, DMs can choose the effects of this good artifact on them.

On The Knife's Edge

Secrets

- The Buckleswashers were tipped off that the Trumpet building was a front for the Knife's Edge assassins. They are here searching for clues to implicate Carson Innes as a crimelord. The tip came from an anonymous source; that source is an agent of a noblewoman who wants Carson inconvenienced by the halflings for what he printed about her three days ago.
- The noblewoman's agent is secretly one of the Unseen; they want Carson Innes out of the way, believing he knows about them, and they can use the ploy with the Buckleswashers to frame Innes of murder.

Action

- If the PCs and the Buckleswashers fight or talk for more than four rounds, the watch will find and arrest them all.
- Gath was strangled by the doppelganger and consumed by a palimpsest (see the new MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® entry in the box) set at his desk and later removed. The doppelganger arrives later as Gath's wife; when Gath is not found, she will accuse Carson Innes of foul play.



CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any (prefer subterranean)
FREQUENCY:	Rare; Uncommon (in Waterdeep)
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any (prefer night)
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	See below
TREASURE TYPE:	Any; usually nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
NO. APPEARING:	2-11 (1d10+1)
ARMOR CLASS:	7 (or as armor worn)
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	See below
THACO:	See below
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4, or as weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	85%
SIZE:	M (rarely, S or L)
MORALE:	Average (8-10)
XP VALUE:	120-2,000 (see below)

Curst are unfortunate undead humans, trapped under a curse that will not let them die.

Curst are created by touching a victim while casting a *bestow curse* spell (the reverse of the 3rd-level priest spell or 4th-level wizard spell *remove curse*), and within four rounds adding a properly-worded *wish* spell—a rare process. When becoming a curst, a victim's alignment changes to chaotic neutral. The victim's skin pales to an unearthly white pallor, and his or her eyes turn black while the iris color deepens, becoming small pools of glinting dark color; a curst has 90' infravision (as well as normal vision) and prefers darkness to light. Curst tend toward silence, and do not age once they become undead.

Curst favor leather armor, cloaks with hoods, and boots. Their garb is always dark in color, though some still maintain the original clothing they wore when alive. Rot grubs infect 15% of all curst, which have 1-6 fewer hit points but are otherwise unimpaired if so afflicted. Note that the grubs will be seeking a better meal, like any attacking player character. . . .

Combat: Curst retain any ability bonuses and nonmagical skills they possessed in their previous lives; for example, fighters still maintain their enhanced Strength scores (18 to 18/00), thieves keep their rogue abilities, and any characters keep their nonweapon proficiencies, but all spellcasting abilities are lost upon a victim becoming a curst. Therefore, fighting a curst is nearly identical to fighting a normal warrior or rogue, though the curst has additional abilities beyond those of living beings.

Curst are immune to mind-related spells such as *charm*, *ESP*, *hold*, and *sleep*. They are unaffected by cold- or fire-based attacks of any sort, and life-energy draining attacks are similarly ineffective. Though they are technically undead, they cannot be turned by priests or paladins, and holy water has no special effect on them.

Curst can, however, be struck by any weapons. They can use any weapon allowed by their former character class, and will seize better weapons than their own when available; while a curst's magic resistance affects all spells cast on it, it does not inhibit the use of magical items and weapons by the curst or its foe. If a curst is unarmed, it attacks by kicking, biting, and clawing savagely for 1-4 points of damage per round (plus any Strength modifiers).

If reduced to 0 hit points, curst are not slain. They fall to the ground, paralyzed, and lie there until they are whole again. Curst



regenerate 1 hit point per day, and are able to regrow lost limbs and organs; if decapitated, the curst's body will disintegrate into dust, and the new body regenerates from the head (this process takes twice as many days as the curst has hit points), which remains paralyzed until the body is reformed. Curst can be healed by *cure* magics.

Habitat/Society: Curst are in no way controlled by their creators, and seldom serve them except to attain the mercy of death by means of a *remove curse* spell. Often, coming to know their cruel doom, curst attack their creators, hoping they will destroy them in self-defense. Once destroyed, curst cannot be resurrected or animated to become other forms of undead, since their bodies crumble into dust.

In the process of becoming curst, humans lose their sense of smell, any magical abilities, and often their minds (but not their cunning); only 11% of the curst retain then full, former intelligence, while most maintain a standard Intelligence score of 8. In addition, there is a 5% chance per turn (noncumulative) that a curst will act very irrationally—breaking off a fight to sing, skip and dance, draw with a finger on a nearby wall, stare intently at something, etc.—for 1-6 rounds; during this time, nothing can distract the curst, even attacks, except the casting of a *remove curse*, which elicits a smile and a whispery thanks from the curst as it collapses rapidly into dust.

Ecology: Curst eat nothing and have no real ecological niche to fill in the Realms. However, the dust that remains after their destruction (or decapitation) is being studied by wizards and alchemists for potential uses (Uidos, a wizard from Telflamm, found it increases the duration of paralytic spells like *slow* and *hold person*).

During the Time of Troubles, many folk slam within wild magic zones became curst. At least 20 watch members and 30 guard members spontaneously became curst while fighting the minions of Myrkul in Waterdeep, and they now allegedly wander the sewers of Waterdeep and the upper halls of Undermountain still clad as Waterdeep's protectors.

Doppelganger, Greater



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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional to Genius (15-18)
TREASURE TYPE:	G, U (×3)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	9
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-12/1-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	M-L
MORALE:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP VALUE:	4,000

Common doppelgangers can easily mimic the forms of humans, demihumans, and humanoids, but their greater cousins, sometimes called in ancient texts as “mirrorkin,” have augmented those abilities to the point of perfection, allowing these shapechangers to adopt the exact forms of humans or humanoids and their very identities!

Like their relatives, greater doppelgangers are bipedal humanoids with a tough, hairless gray hide, which maintains that toughness regardless of the disguise (granting a minimum AC of 2). The greater doppelganger is faster and more agile than normal doppelgangers.

Combat: This monster can assume the shape of any humanoid creature between four and eight feet in height, as a normal doppelganger. Greater doppelgangers have powers of *ESP* and telepathy, which allow them to peer into the minds of intended victims and assume forms that are disarming to their prey; once the victim is off-guard, the greater doppelganger takes its victim in its arms and stabs him in the back with its claws. Some shapechangers take care to shape their claws so the wounds, which still deal the same damage, appear to be deep dagger or sword thrusts. Once its victim is dead, the greater doppelganger ingests the victim’s brain; after that, the greater doppelganger can assume that person’s form with 100% accuracy, complete with the person’s memories, abilities, and alignment. (See “Habitat/Society” below for more on this mind-absorption ability and its effects.)

Greater doppelgangers also have another advantage over their lesser relatives in enhanced intelligence and imagination. As a result, they can create a totally unique face and body without imitating someone else’s face. This aids them in escaping into crowds, randomly shifting clothes and faces around each corner.

Greater doppelgangers are immune to *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells. Due to their unique brain structures, they are likewise immune to any *detect alignment* magics. Disguised greater doppelgangers can only be revealed by use of *true seeing* spells; their mental and physical disguises are even able to fool most psionics. All saving throws are roiled as if they are 18th-level fighters.

Habitat/Society: Doppelgangers’ tribal societies still hold true for the greater version of this creature, but the greater doppelgangers tend to lead any collection of their kind (both greater and lesser). While they may ally with others, greater doppelgangers refuse to be



controlled or led by anyone or anything other than one of their own.

The greater doppelganger has a unique society in and of itself, since it absorbs the minds and personalities of its victims, and these are active whenever the shapechanger uses that particular form. When the victim’s form is worn, the creature has all of the victim’s physical and mental and magical abilities (though not clerical, since these gifts are determined from above); greater doppelgangers can even absorb the identities of paladins, though all healing and special abilities beyond fighting skills are lost. Greater doppelgangers can absorb up to eight separate and distinct identities; if they attempt to absorb more identities beyond that, there is a 50% chance that one of the creature’s absorbed identities is lost in favor of the new one.

If the doppelganger has to perform actions that run counter to its identity’s alignment, it needs to change form or is immediately forced into its base form for 1-10 rounds. In its base form, it has limited access to all the memories of its identities (use of known languages, general information); the greater doppelganger is incapable of manifesting another person’s identity when in another form. Regardless of its form, a greater doppelganger can use magical items, provided it knows how they function.

Ecology: The greater doppelgangers of Waterdeep, under the leadership of Hlaavin, are by far the most sophisticated and clever doppelgangers in the Realms. With their abilities to permanently adopt certain identities, their plans and goals have gone far beyond simple larceny. The shapechangers have penetrated the power groups in Waterdeep without suspicion, and they want to keep it that way.

Hlaavin’s long-reaching plans for the Unseen (see *Who’s Who*, Chapter Five) now involve using its female identities to engender a child from an irresponsible young noble, thereby creating a greater doppelganger with at least an illegitimate tie to the fortunes of some Waterdhavian family. It simply doesn’t relish the idea of being tied to one form for that extended a period of time (since it must stay in female form during the pregnancy for the offspring to be viable).

	Generic	Wolveraven
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any	Any sub-arctic
FREQUENCY:	Very rare	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any
DIET:	See below	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	See below	Animal (1)
TREASURE TYPE:	Nil	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	See below	4/5
MOVEMENT:	See below	6, Fl 12 (D)
HIT DICE:	See below	3+2
THACO:	See below	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	See below	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	See below	2-5/2-5/2-5
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below	Wing spurs
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil	Nil
SIZE:	See below	M
MORALE:	See below	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	See below	175



Duhlarkin are unique creatures created through the use of a highly specialized form of *polymorph other* called *Duhlark's Animerge* (see *Campaign Guide to the City*, Chapter Seven). This spell allows the caster to fuse two creatures together into one original, amalgamated form, allowing traits from each creature to remain dominant in its new singular form. The creature acquires basic attributes from each of the animals involved in the spell, from body shape and size to movement modes, speed, and attack and defense modes (all the above statistics). If the caster is a transmuter, the caster can choose which traits are adopted in the new form and create new ones if desired; if not, the creature created is randomly determined by the Dungeon Master. Any creature created by means of this spell is generically referred to as "Duhlarkin," named after the spell's creator.

Combat: The combat tactics and weapons of a Duhlarkin are determined by the two core animals; choose particular attacks of each of the animals and those are the attack modes of the merged creature. Keep in mind that body shape determines and alters some attack forms (see "Wolveraven" below).

Habitat/Society: The behavior patterns of a Duhlarkin resemble the dominant animal mind within it; for example, a bear merged with an eagle could produce a hibernating avian that is extremely protective of its territory (bear behavior). Unlike the results of many other *polymorph* spells, the creatures created by *Duhlark's Animerge* can reproduce with other creatures of its kind (either another Duhlarkin or one of its source animals). Breeding a Duhlarkin with a source animal (for example, breeding a wolveraven with a giant raven) has a 25% chance of producing a viable wolveraven (50% chance of raven offspring, 25% stillborn), and breeding two like Duhlarkin has only a 50% chance of creating live offspring (50% stillborn).

Ecology: For years, Duhlark Kolat's fascination with monsters such creatures as chimerae, hippogriffs, owlbears, and perytons led him to believe that transmutation magics were once in common use and the continued existence of such illogical creatures suggested that such creations were magically created but could eventually

breed true and become viable species. Duhlark envisioned a simple dream of using such magics to create larger domesticated animals to prevent food shortages or perhaps creating a war horse with armor-plated skin.

Duhlark created his *animerge* spell and continues to test it, creating creatures to study and examining their viability and usefulness for Toril. Many of his experiments meet with failure. (Duhlark's first experiment with merging warm-blooded mammals and insects—a cricket and a cat—created a feline of such inordinate strength and leaping ability that, with one startled jump, it embedded itself into the ceiling of his tower.) Some, however, are proving stable enough for continued existence, such as the badgeram, an omnivorous creature with a ram's horns, the tenacity and ferocity of a badger (as well as its foreclaws), and an innate protectiveness about its territory—a creature that guards a herd of sheep from wolves with no danger of it turning on the herd.

Wolveraven

One of Duhlark's original creations, the wolveraven is a cross between a giant raven and a wolverine. Having created four of them and bred six more through them, Duhlark considers this carnivore a success. (Duhlark gave one to Khelben as a token of respect and as a sign of his achievement.) While originally created as a curiosity, the wolveraven could survive well in the mountains north of the city, according to Duhlark, both reducing the overpopulation of mountain goats and providing a balance against an astonishing number of dangerous perytons that nest therein.

The wolveraven has a seven-foot wingspan, and its hind claws are strong enough to carry a small halfling (or claw at one twice, the wolverine's claw damage increased to 1d4+1 due to the raven's superior leg strength). Its most damaging attacks are its bite (same as wolverine) and the bone spurs along the upper edge of its wings. A wolveraven can perform a swooping dive and slash at an opponent with its wing spurs, dealing 2-12 points of damage to any target in a passing attack that can also impale prey of 1' tall or smaller.

Ghaunadan



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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (12) to Highly (14)
TREASURE TYPE:	Incidental
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	1
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	5
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M 5-6'
MORALE:	Fanatic (17)
XP VALUE:	4,000

These vile, intelligent beasts are the loyal servants of Ghaunadaur, the god of oozes, slimes, and jellies. Ghaunadan are intelligent oozes that have full control of their semiliquid bodies. Ghaunadan can move, at half their normal movement rate, through small cracks, gratings, or even under doors. These creatures move at that same rate on walls and ceilings.

Further, a ghaunadan can control its body and change forms (for up to 15 hours at a time) to that of a humanoid creature; most appear as human males, but there are one or two rumored to have female drow forms. A ghaunadan requires one full round to assume or drop its humanoid shape, and, when in humanoid shape, it favors the colors and styles also worn by Ghaunadaur's priests: Copper, amber, flame-orange, russet, plum, purple, lilac, and lavender.

Combat: In ooze form, a ghaunadan lashes out with two pseudopods, each successful attack inflicting 3-12 (3d4) points of damage. Victims of this attack are struck with the ghaunadan's paralytic slime; each struck victim must save vs. paralysis at a +2 bonus or be paralyzed for 2-12 (2d6) turns. Also, a ghaunadan's semiliquid body is resistant to bludgeoning blows (half damage from such attacks). In its ooze form, a ghaunadan can forego all physical attacks in a round and choose to mold itself around an opponent's weapon; when a successful attack hits the ghaunadan, the weapon sinks into its mass, but the ghaunadan firms its skin around the weapon, trapping it like a fly in amber. Characters need to make a bend bars/lift gates roll to free their weapons, or abandon them inside the ghaunadan.

The ghaunadan's humanoid form is a unique individual that is always pleasant to those beholding it (Charisma 15 or greater). If a humanoid ghaunadan looks into someone's eyes, its gaze has an effect identical to a friend's spell that lasts as long as the ghaunadan remains visible to its targets. If the ghaunadan leaves the area, or assumes its true form, the additional friend's effect ends immediately. Note that a ghaunadan cannot form clothing, armor, or weapons from itself. Such items must be obtained from other sources. Victims of the ghaunadan are common targets for a creature seeking such items. A ghaunadan in humanoid form can attack with its pseudopods (stretching its arms and hands into blobs), but may choose not to reveal its true nature by doing so. In this case, a ghaunadan will make use of any available and appropriate weapons.



Habitat/Society: Ghaunadan live in any subterranean area where prey is accessible. They tend to live alone, though they often reside near (and lead) other slime- or ooze-based creatures.

Ghaunadan also actively serve their god. Groups of ghaunadan can be found in areas where foes of Ghaunadaur are active. Several ghaunadan exist in Undermountain, the vast dungeon beneath Waterdeep, where they keep watch over the temple of Eilistraee (near the subterranean city of Skullport). Recently, rumors have surfaced that humanoid ghaunadan may be operating in Waterdeep itself in an attempt to infiltrate and spy upon the City of Splendor's powerful social circles.

Ecology: Ghaunadan hunt by roaming the area where they live, be it cave, city, tunnel, or dungeon, until they spy prey or intruders. Ghaunadan then take humanoid form (to draw intended victims closer) or hide in ooze form until prey are within range of its melee attack. Ghaunadan cannot consume inorganic items such as armor, rings, or metallic weapons. Unless the ghaunadan makes use of these items in its humanoid form, these things are generally left where they were dropped by the ghaunadan's victim.

Their exact origins unknown, the theories (in Skullport, since no one in Waterdeep has deduced their existence there) point toward a rise in the Elder Eye's (Ghaunadaur's) power in the Realms again. Some say the ghaunadan arrived by ships from Calimshan to Skullport, and they were human priests so vile and evil they sacrificed their true forms to Ghaunadaur for these powers (and the ability to temporarily resume their original forms, with enhanced Charisma, to preach to the races above and procure victims for Ghaunadaur (through subterfuge or combat, though the Elder Eye prefers his victims willing). Others, including those drow of Eilistraee's temple, believe ghaunadan to be oozes with intelligence. In either case, they have established a small temple to Ghaunadaur in a hidden cellar beneath a warehouse in Waterdeep's Dock Ward.

Gulguthydra



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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Swamp or subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE TYPE:	Incidental
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	15
THAC0:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	8
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-12 (x2)/5-12 (x6)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Grab
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	H (20')
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	10,000



The gulguthydrae combine the worst attributes of the gulguthras (otyughs and neo-otyughs) and hydrae. Six misshapen hydra heads perch in a circle atop the hulking body of this hybrid, which also possesses the gulguthra's two ridged tentacles. The beast's skin is hard, almost rocklike, and its dingy gray to dusky brown coloration aids it in hiding within its chosen domains—dark swamps or caverns and dungeons. Three squat legs provide locomotion while the two tentacles constantly check the vicinity for edible materials. Gulguthydrae noticeably smell of rot and decay.

Combat: Gulguthydrae are always on the hunt, running their ridged tentacles over the ground and walls or trees searching for food. When such is found, the tentacles lift the foodstuffs to the mouths of the hydrae. If the "food" resists, the tentacles strike, each doing 2-12 points of damage. If the gulguthra's attack roll is at least 4 greater than what was needed to strike the target, the target is grabbed. A grabbed victim may attempt a bend bars/lift gates roll to escape every round after the first; a grabbed victim suffers 2-7 points of damage per round, and they are also lifted toward one of the hydra heads for consumption. A hydra head bites a target held by a tentacle with a +4 attack bonus and inflicts 5-12 (1d8+4) points of damage (this attack occurs the first round after the victim is grabbed). Up to two heads can bite a target held in a tentacle, and the hydra heads also can attack on their own. Thus, a gulguthydra can attack up to eight targets in a round (one for each tentacle, and one per hydra head) without penalty.

Habitat/Society: These creatures are so rare that it is unknown if they have any language of their own or if they are able to communicate with other creatures at all. Little is known of any society these creatures may have.

Gulguthydrae consume any animal or vegetable matter, be it living or dead, fresh or rotted. Driven by its hunger, a gulguthydra will not pursue active prey if sufficient amounts (50-100 lbs.) of other, passive, foodstuffs are available. Despite the exposure to light, two gulguthydrae existed within the deep confines of the Rat Hills before fire drove them out. Waterdeep's guard is keeping a sharp eye and ear to the sewers, in case any smaller creatures of this sort fled into them during the Rat Hills Conflagration. (A sewer outlet tunnel ran out to the Rat Hills.)

Ecology: This disgusting creature is believed to be the product of the many wild magic surges around Waterdeep and the Sword Coast during the Time of Troubles; as of yet, this domain (specifically, the Rat Hills and the Mere of Dead Men) is the only reported site of these creatures.

Gulguthydrae are perhaps the ultimate scavengers. Solitary creatures, the gulguthydra incessantly roams its swamp or underground domain for food to drive its massive bulk. A ferocious opponent, a gulguthydra seldom needs to retreat. Its slow movement rate does not contribute to speedy withdrawals in any case.

Their method of reproduction, if any, is unknown.

Hakeashar



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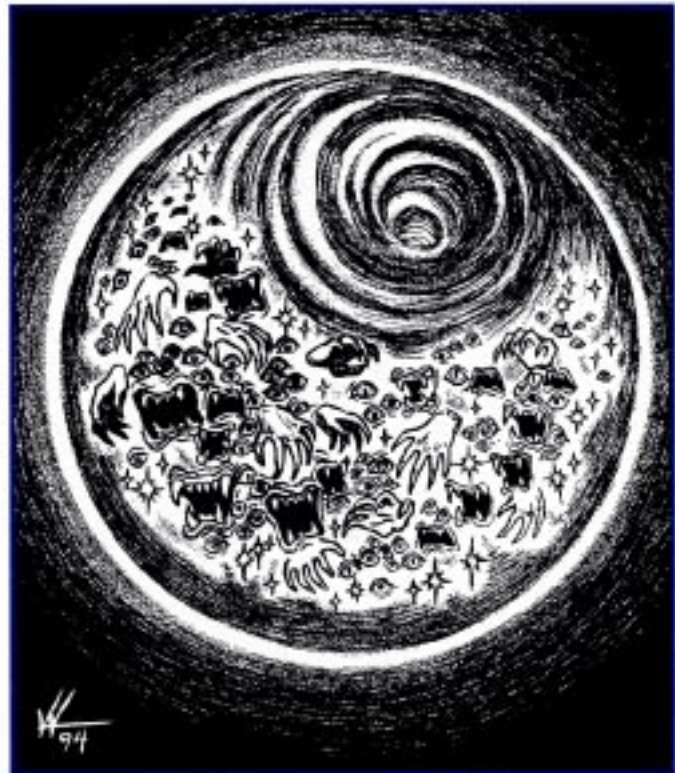
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Magic (see below)
INTELLIGENCE:	High (13-14)
TREASURE TYPE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	3
HIT DICE:	9
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	0
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Absorbs magic
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	L (12-foot diameter sphere)
MORALE:	Elite (16)
XP VALUE:	2,000

A hakeashar appears as a red, misty sphere. Relatives of the nishruu, these weird, thankfully rare creatures are believed to be from another plane beyond the Realms. Within the red mists comprising the body of the hakeashar are hundreds of grasping hands, probing eyes, and gaping, hungry mouths.

Combat: Hakeashar have no attacks. Fire and physical attacks affect them normally; hits are automatic if the attacker is enveloped by a hakeashar. Cold attacks do half damage, but magical fire and cold cannot form within a hakeashar and do no damage. If magical fire or cold contact the outside of a hakeashar's body area, they deal one round of damage and are then absorbed harmlessly by the monster. (No hit points are gained for absorbed cold- and fire-based spells.)

Hakeashar move fearlessly and relentlessly toward sources of magic, taking full damage from physical attacks. The unique structure of the hakeashar and its diet of magic have the following effects in combat:

- Mind-control spells and illusions have no effect on them.
- Damaging spells cast at a hakeashar are absorbed by it, having no effect except to give the creature hit points equal to the damage normally done by the spells (the exceptions are cold- and fire-based spells, as mentioned above).
- A nondamaging spell gives a hakeashar extra hit points equal to its spell level.
- Chargeable magical items are drained of 1-4 charges on contact with a hakeashar; if contact continues, 1d4 more charges are drained at the end of every second round.
- Nonchargeable magical items have their powers negated while in contact with this monster, and are negated for 1-4 rounds after contact as well.
- Potions or scrolls used while in contact with a hakeashar do not take effect until 1-4 rounds after contact is broken.
- Artifacts become nonoperational while in contact with a hakeashar, and remain inactive for 1 round after contact ceases.
- Spellcasters of all classes lose one memorized spell, determined randomly, at first contact with the hakeashar. Thereafter, they lose one random spell for each round they remain within the body area of the monster (whether partially or fully). Each time a spell is lost in this manner, the spellcaster must make a suc-



cessful saving throw vs. breath weapon or be temporarily *feeble-minded*; see the 5th-level wizard spell of the same name for effects and duration.

When a hakeashar is slain, its body dissipates, losing luminosity and hue, seeming to sink into the ground and drift away. Any magical items within its body area when it is slain, or any magical weapon slaying it, even if no longer in contact with the body, receives a magical bonus of 1d6 additional charges, or a second use in the case of one-shot items like scrolls or magical arrows. Potions, memorized spells, artifacts, and items that do not have charges are not augmented.

If a rod of absorption or a ring of spell turning is within the body area of a hakeashar, there is a 5% chance of instantly destroying the creature upon contact (regardless of the wishes of the owner). The magic-absorbing and -warping capabilities of the items interact with the magical substance of the hakeashar and fully absorb the creature, changing the color of the items to a dusky red, but otherwise has no effects on them. If this doesn't occur upon contact, the items are affected as normal by the hakeashar.

Habitat/Society: Hakeashar are not native to the Prime Material Plane, and are suspected natives of one of the Outer Planes. Within the Realms, they appear to be solitary creatures.

A hakeashar has the ability to give 20% of the number of spells or charges absorbed within a turn to a person, but this is done very unwillingly; this is usually an action done on its original plane in exchange for transport to the Prime Material Plane (or vice-versa).

Ecology: Hakeashar feed on magic, and their bodies correspondingly pulse and glow as they drift about. The hakeashar can seep through openings as small as finger-width cracks, and they always move toward the greatest concentration of magic within 60'. If a hakeashar encounters a wild magic zone, it tends to stay within its environs due to the background magic (unless powerful magic sources draw it out of the area).

Leucrotta, Greater



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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE TYPE:	D, Q (×3)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-3
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	18, or as current form
HIT DICE:	8
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1; see below
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-18; see below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	L (see below)
MORALE:	Champion (15)
XP VALUE:	2,000

Greater leucrotta, also commonly called “changesteeds,” are ugly in looks and temperament in their base forms; like the common leucrotta, the changesteed is 7 feet tall at the shoulder and is 9 feet in length, with the body of a stag, a badger’s head, and the cloven hoofs of a goat. Whereas the leucrotta is tan and black in coloration, the greater leucrotta is covered in gray fur that darkens to black along its shoulders and head; its teeth are razor-sharp and are a revolting shade of greenish-gray, while its eyes are milky-white and empty of any emotion or heart.

Combat: Changesteeds, in their base forms, attack with their ferocious bite for 3-18 points of edged damage; once it bites down, it can either let go and bite other foes, or it can maintain its bite, continuing its 3d6 points of damage until it relinquishes its hold or is killed. (Pulling free of a greater leucrotta’s bite only requires a Strength check at a -2 penalty, but doing so still inflicts damage equal to its normal bite.) If the greater leucrotta successfully bites someone with a shield, the target must roll a saving throw vs. crushing blow for the shield or the shield is useless, fully bitten through. Once the shield is gone, the same checks are made for any armor on subsequent successful bites.

This monster can, like a regular leucrotta, imitate a range of noises and voices (like human adults, children, or animals in pain) to lure prey into approaching within attacking distance. With this ability, greater leucrotta can speak Common, their own language, and at least one other language if it is exposed to it commonly.

The ability that gives the changesteed its name allows it to alter its shape into any quadrupedal creature of Medium and Large sizes that it has seen for more than one turn. Most greater leucrotta only shapechange into horses or stags, but some (like those in Waterdeep) can change their forms into watchdogs, griffons, hippogriffs, and even owlbears. During these shapechanges (which take one round each), the changesteed’s base form is visible for about 15 seconds between one form and the next.

While in altered forms, the greater leucrotta appears like the animal it imitates in all ways save one: its teeth remain the same (as does its bite attack THAC0 and damage). In all other respects, the changesteed’s strength, speed, AC, and movement style changes to reflect the form it wears; this allows it swifter escapes than normal, either with a horse’s running speed or a griffon’s flight. . . .



Most animals do not react to the presence of greater leucrottas, but cats somehow sense that something is amiss, and actively avoid them in any form. Spells that check intelligence or alignments (like *true seeing*) and psionics can detect changesteeds in any forms; however, few check to see that animals are what they seem (suspecting trouble only from people).

Habitat/Society: With the added abilities to camouflage itself among normal creatures, greater leucrotta can be found in nearly any temperate areas rather than just secluded ruins. It also works with creatures rather than just preying on them; the most effective alliance seen is in Waterdeep, with the Unseen greater doppelgangers and greater leucrottas wandering in the midst of the City of Splendors disguised as paladins on war horses.

The eating habits and lairs of changesteeds are far better than normal leucrotta; while they still prefer meat freshly killed, changesteeds take care to keep the charnel stench of carrion from their breath and their lair (as it would nullify any disguise).

Ecology: With their added intelligence and shapechanging abilities, greater leucrotta are not considered or treated as outcasts like the normal leucrotta. If changesteeds are flattered and carefully swayed with sound motivations, they can become good allies for intelligent thieves or other less-than-noble types. Greater leucrotta only allow folk to ride them as steeds when they feel they are equal or greater partners in any bargains; their allies play this up often, since the monsters seek only food (leaving the treasures to them).

Like the leucrotta, changesteed hides are useful in creating *boots of springing and striding*; in addition, their shapechanging abilities grant the hide special properties that can, with proper preparation, duplicate those of a *cloak of elvenkind*. Lastly, greater leucrotta hooves are especially sought after as heels for *boots of varied tracks*, allowing wearers to create prints of dogs, goats, horses, stags, and wolves.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	High (13-14)
TREASURE TYPE:	Nil (normally); Any (as guardian)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	1
MOVEMENT:	Fl 18 (A)
HIT DICE:	7
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	44%
SIZE:	S (2'-4' diameter)
MORALE:	Fanatic (17)
XP VALUE:	4,000

Often mistaken for the eerie will o' wisp, the nyth is a rare predator of the northern forests of the Realms. It appears as a glowing sphere of light, which it can alter in hue and intensity just as its more famous relative does. Nyth speak and usually know Common; they also communicate in the "flickering light" language of will o' wisps.

Combat: Nyth fly silently about by means of natural levitation, hunting birds, rodents, large insects, and other small creatures they can slay. On sunny days, they often drift with the sun behind them, unseen against the glare until they can pounce.

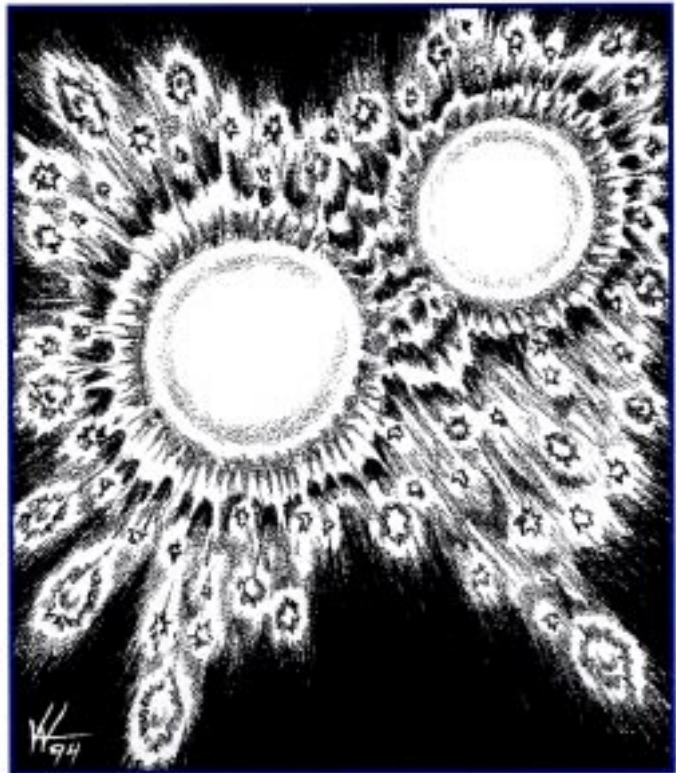
Nyth bite prey that they can hit, but their major weapon is a naturally-generated *magic missile*, which is identical to that created by the 1st-level wizard spell. A nyth can fire this missile, which causes 1d4+1 points of damage, every other round.

Against powerful opponents, nyth dodge to avoid attacks, using their intelligence to discern spellcasters and magical items, and concentrate on foiling such attacks. Nyth will also try conversation to lead hostile beings astray into nearby pitfalls, swamps, traps (if serving as a guardian), and the like. Like will o' wisps, nyth are able to blank out their radiance entirely (for 2-8 rounds at a time) in order to steal away from an encounter or to approach their prey; during this time, the nyth can only be seen by those who can see invisible creatures. A nyth that fires a *magic missile* pulses brightly, appearing and remaining visible for the entire round.

Nyth can be hit by any sort of weapon. Fire, electricity, and other raw energy discharges of any sort aid rather than harm a nyth. The points of damage normally dealt by such attacks are added to the nyth's hit point total, permanent until lost by further attacks. Thus, nyth cannot be harmed by *fireballs*, *lightning bolts*, and similar magics. It cannot, however, absorb *magic missiles*; instead, it reflects them back upon the caster or item wielder. Nyth do not heal with rest and often seek out wayfarers' fires and forest blazes to replenish their energy and essence in the blazes.

In addition to their natural magic resistance, the uniquely chaotic, multilayer minds of nyth are immune to all enchantment/charm spells and like magical effects.

Habitat/Society: Nyth are almost always found as solitary, wandering hunters, without a specific territory or a lair. They do have favorite hunting spots, and often drift in desolate areas or ruins



where their radiance will not attract the attention of foes.

Nyth have never been observed to fight will o' wisps or each other. In the wild, they keep to themselves, reproducing by splitting into two nyth when reaching a certain size (absorbed up to or more than 60 hit points); this spectacular process creates explosive bursts of light and discharges of *magic missiles* in random directions (living creatures within 30' subject to 1-3 missiles each) creates two nyth of 7 Hit Dice. Some barbarians of the North call nyth "wildfire" and believe them to be evil spirits. Most citizens of the Realms merely avoid them and are, in turn, avoided by nyth.

The powers of the nyth make them ideal guardians, and the swift flight, invisibility, and wary avoidance of wild nyth make these guardians the only nyth that most folk ever see. Nyth can get lonely, and acceptance by other creatures, and the designation of a particular area (room, cave, crypt, crossroads, etc.) as its home delights a nyth. If given clear instructions and regular food (fire and energy, not just live prey), a nyth will take pride in defending its home against specified intruders; guardian nyth take on all attackers with guile and wit, retreating only if faced with certain destruction.

Nyth can communicate telepathically with most creatures and may speak any language with which they have frequent contact.

Ecology: Wild nyth prey on small creatures of the woodlands and coasts, birds in particular, and go their solitary ways without altering the lands in which they dwell. No specific magical use has yet been found for their essence, but wizards are confident that it will prove useful in devising fire- and *magic missile* - related spells and items.

During the Rat Hills Conflagration of 1367, will o' wisps and nyth were spotted by patrols of the Waterdeep guard. While the will o' wisps were driven out (killing two guardsmen during their exit and feeding on the general panic), the nyth remained in the inferno, explosively splitting and reproducing at astonishing rates. (There are now believed to be at least four nyth in the Rat Hills and many more in Ardeep Forest, but these numbers have not been confirmed.)

Palimpsest



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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Temperate/Urban (City/Library)
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	None
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Life Energy
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi-
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	3
HIT DICE:	1 to 10
THAC0:	Varies
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-3
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Swallow
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to fire and edged weapons
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	S
MORALE:	Unsteady (5)
XP VALUE:	1 HD: 270 6 HD: 2,000 2 HD: 420 7 HD: 3,000 3 HD: 650 8 HD: 4,000 4 HD: 975 9 HD: 5,000 5 HD: 1,400 10 HD: 6,000



A palimpsest is a sheet of magical, carnivorous parchment or paper that has become semisentient and animated by the magical runes it contained for long ages. It is mobile, able to rustle its way from shelf to shelf and desk to desk (as if blown about by a stray breeze), but is otherwise indistinguishable from normal paper or parchment.

Combat: Palimpsests reveal their true natures only when they feed. Generally, they hide in books, scroll cases, or loosely-wrapped folders of loose parchment. Palimpsests sense sound and movement, and attack only when their victim is still (or performing minor movements such as writing or drawing). As a result, they attack by surprise on a roll of 1-8. They attempt to absorb their victim, drawing the hapless target into their pages on an attack roll of 4 more than what is required to hit the victim. As the victim is absorbed, his features become part of the palimpsest, appearing as a sketch or illumination derived directly from the victim's features. The palimpsest can do nothing else while absorbing its victim, and the process takes 2 full rounds; the creature is vulnerable during this period, so it prefers to attack solitary creatures.

If a successful attack roll fails to draw the victim in, the palimpsest simply inflicts deep paper cuts that bleed for several hours, inflicting 1-3 hp damage. The blood that spatters the page is soon absorbed, leaving no trace to warn future victims.

After a victim is completely absorbed within the palimpsest, life energies are slowly eaten, a process that takes 1 day per level or Hit Die of the victim. Thereafter, the victim can only be restored by a wish spell; all other spells and methods, including resurrection, are useless. A palimpsest can absorb one victim per Hit Die at a time; thus, a 3 Hit Die palimpsest can devour the energies of three trapped victims at once, though it can absorb only 1 victim every 2 rounds.

Victims absorbed into a palimpsest magically become part of its decorations while the creature absorbs the victim's life force. For example, the parchment may include a variety of fantastic illuminations, with mice screeching to get out, or a scribe screaming in terror among the fanciful scrollwork. While victims are in this state, it is very difficult to restore them to normal form. Raise dead has no

effect, and limited wish is likewise useless. The only known way to free a palimpsest victim (other than a full and carefully worded wish) is this specific series of spells: A *remove curse* spell animates an illustrated victim, an *abjure* spell allows him or her to be lifted off the page, and a resurrection spell restores his or her true form (or else the victim remains only a colorful, lifeless paper doll).

Palimpsests are immune to edged weapons and normal and magical fire; electricity has a chance of releasing partially absorbed victims. *Shocking grasp* has a 20% chance to release a creature partially absorbed by the palimpsest, though the caster risks being consumed himself unless the spell is cast through a *spectral hand*. A lightning bolt spell has a 50% chance to release a partially absorbed victim, and *chain lightning* has a 90% chance to release its most recent victim (and a 10% chance each of releasing one other victim who the palimpsest absorbed and still remains among its illuminations). If the palimpsest is killed, its victims are irretrievable without a wish spell.

Habitat/Society: Palimpsests have no society to speak of, since they live alone. They do not reproduce sexually, though there are reports that large magical libraries or good food supplies lead them to split frequently, as amoebas do.

Ecology: Palimpsests are, in fact, creatures created in the Ethereal plane. Instead of drawing power or matter from other planes to a mage, palimpsests are capable of doing just the opposite, drawing mages into other planes.

A few rumors claim that palimpsests are creations of the arcane, who use them to gather magical energies. Others claim that they are minions of a magical Power, sent as retribution against those that offend. There are also persistent rumors of an entire false library of these creatures exists somewhere in Undermountain, a colossal joke of Halaster's. Adventurers in Skullport claim that the volumes are enticingly labeled, such as *Manual of Bodily Health*, *Libram of Gainful Conjuraton*, and *Elminster's Black Book*.

	Peltast	Greater Peltast
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any land	Any land
FREQUENCY:	Very rare	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any
DIET:	Special	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)	Exceptional (15-16)
TREASURE TYPE:	Nil	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1	1
ARMOR CLASS:	7	3
MOVEMENT:	4	4
HIT DICE:	1+6	2+6
THAC0:	19	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	See below	See below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to poison and crushing attacks	Immune to poison and crushing attacks
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	7%	33%
SIZE:	T (under 2' long unless stretched very thin)	T (amorphous)
MORALE:	Steady (12)	Elite (14)
XP VALUE:	65	975



A peltast is an amorphous creature about the size of three human fists in volume. Its skin has a textured, mottled brown hue resembling worn but sturdy leather. A peltast can change its shape to exactly match a leather item in two rounds. If a peltast sees a leather item dropped, it swiftly moves and changes form so as to be mistaken for the missing item. A peltast feels and hefts like leather, and does not breathe, give off heat, or make any sound. It has no tanning odor, nor does it radiate magic.

Peltasts live in symbiosis with humans and all goblin-kind. Elves and dwarves aren't right for its needs, and are used only as carriers to more suitable hosts.

Combat: In contact with suitable flesh, a peltast exudes a liquid anaesthetic and tissue softener. There is only a 1% chance that a host creature will notice its attack. The peltast dissolves the host's skin in a small, hidden area. Through this, it absorbs 1 hit point/day of blood-borne nutrients. A healthy host may never notice the slight weakness this causes. If the peltast is removed, there is no telltale peeling, pulling, or blood.

The peltast is resilient and is immune to poison and crushing attacks, but all edged weapons do full damage. Peltasts also gain +1 on saving throws vs. fire. A peltast's skin can sense vibrations, smell acutely, and its many tiny, concealable eyes have 60' infravision.

Habitat/Society: Both the peltast and the greater peltast (see below) infest Waterdeep and Undermountain. The peltast are often encountered in Dock and South Ward, especially around direct connections with the dungeon below and in the dim alleys of Skullport; the most common forms these are found in are discarded coin bags, belts, hats, or gloves. The greater peltast is found deep in Undermountain, and rarely, if ever, in the city.

Ecology: A peltast will leave a diseased host, but helps keep its host alive while attached. It neutralizes poisons introduced into the host.

Its slight magic resistance is also extended to the host. Should the host be reduced to two hit points or less, the peltast will inject 3-6 points of energy back into the host; it can do this only once a day.

A peltast exudes wastes whenever immersed in water, staining and poisoning it; drinkers must save vs. poison at a +2 bonus or become nauseated for 2-8 rounds, unable to attack or defend.

A peltast will never fight another peltast, nor willingly join a host already carrying one. Peltasts can sense each other up to 40' away.

Greater Peltasts: These rarer peltasts resemble translucent rock crystals instead of leather. Hard to the touch and about the size of a human fist, they can alter the internal hue and shape of their bodies. No organs or structures are visible in a greater peltast, and over the centuries they have learned to shape themselves into exact semblances of faceted gems, valued by many creatures. They often hide among real gemstones.

Greater peltasts can be seen feeding: the blood they ingest is visible inside their bodies. They also grow visibly upon draining more than 3 hp of nutrients (a greater peltast can typically drain up to 12 hit points, half of which are added to its hit point total for a day). Because of this, greater peltasts prefer to feed on sleeping, dead, or disabled creatures, using their magical powers to fetch more meals.

Once a round, a greater peltast can silently use one of its abilities: *call monsters* (like a *monster summoning VI* spell, but used to call hostile creatures against its carrier until a good meal opportunity develops); a powerful suggestion (-1 on subject saving throws) to influence called creatures and other beings around them into creating the maximum possible bloodshed without depriving the greater peltast of all potential host-creatures; and slow on any being touching or carrying the greater peltast.

These "false gems" have exceptional intelligence and are more powerful than the common variety. They otherwise drain a host, and give benefits, exactly as do their lesser cousins.

Raggamoffyn



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	Tatterdemanimal	Common Raggamoffyn	Gutterspite	Shrapnyl
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any Temperate/Urban			
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon	Uncommon	Rare	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Hive/colony			
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night	Night	Day	Any
DIET:	Carnivore			
INTELLIGENCE:	Low	Average	Very	High
TREASURE:	None			
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Chaotic Neutral	Neutral	Chaotic Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-6	1-4	1-3	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	10	5	0	-5
MOVEMENT:	18, Fl 12	12, Fl 8	6, Fl 6	6, Fl 4
HIT DICE:	1	3	5	7
THACO:	20	17	15	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1	1	1	1 or 5
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-2	1-6	2-16	2-24 or 1-6 (x5)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Control host	Suffocation, control host	Blinding, control host	Control host, explode
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to blunt weapons and mind-affecting spells	Immune to mind-affecting spells	Immune to mind-affecting spells	Immune to mind-affecting spells
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	None			
SIZE:	S	M	M	L
MORALE:	Unsteady (6)	Steady (11)	Elite (14)	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	120	270	1,400	3,000

These mysterious creatures are sentient scraps of cloth, leather, and metal of unknown origin. Some say that they are formed from the remnants of magical cloaks, boots, and weapons, when these are worn out and discarded. Others claim that a rag mage living in Skullport is creating these animated creatures using a cursed *Manual of Golems*.

Combat: Raggamoffyns all prefer to fight by possessing a host. They do this by physically wrapping up the victim, wrapping themselves around their target like cloth around a mummy. To enfold a victim, the raggamoffyn must make a successful attack roll against the target's Armor Class counting only Dexterity and magical bonuses, no armor or shield bonuses. If it succeeds, a raggamoffyn's cloud of scraps and tatters flows around the target and covers the victim in a skin-tight sheath from head to toe, including covering the eyes and ears. Most raggamoffyns also create a sort of hood or cowl over their host's head, to make it appear as if the host is simply bundled up.

Once they've covered the host, raggamoffyns can force the host body to do their collective bidding. Even when captured, intelligent creatures can throw off the effects by force of will; when enwrapped by a raggamoffyn, characters need a successful saving throw vs. spell to resist the raggamoffyn's control. Successful saves usually cause most (but not all; see below) raggamoffyn to fly to another host. If failed, the character is under their control, but can make a saving throw at the start of each turn to break free. (Each Intelligence point above 15 subtracts one round from the time, allowing smarter characters to save more quickly.) The saving throws are made as normal against tatterdemanimals and common raggamoffyns, but are at -2 against gutterspites and -4 against a shrapnyl's control.

When removed from or rejected by their host, raggamoffyns can fly (poorly), like a swarm of scraps caught in a breeze. They can slip through small openings, such as beneath a door or through a portcullis, just by splitting into their component parts.





Habitat/Society: Raggamoffyns speak no known language, though they understand spoken Common well enough.

Raggamoffyns are currently found in Undermountain, but are rumored to be popping up in Dock Ward as well, where they hide as cloaks and capes and piles of rags (the shrapnyl have only been seen in Undermountain's third level and below). They seem driven to create more of their own kind, but they must use others to do so, forcing their hosts to destroy enchanted clothing and perform a quick, silent rite that somehow creates another raggamoffyn. Whether or not the raggamoffyns serve the mage who created them is an open question; some say that their drive to create more of their kind is only a preparation for an silent conquest of the city of Waterdeep.

Ecology: In bright light, raggamoffyns are sometimes confused with mummies or adherers and slain (along with the unfortunate host), but in most cases they can pass as human in poor light. Some say that the raggamoffyns are the nonliving variants of a race of steel shadows that they serve, metal-animating creatures that dwell deep in Undermountain. Others suggest that the Rag Mage is an illusionist who dabbles in transmutation magics, creating the illusion of life in unliving cloth.

Raggamoffyns almost never harm their hosts directly. However, they do force their hosts to kill, to steal, or cause mischief (like the destruction of valuable magical items). Unfortunately, the hosts are always left to face the consequences (having been freed by the raggamoffyn) when things go wrong. Because their actions are planned and directed to a definite goal, some sages believe that raggamoffyns serve the ends of their creators.

Oddly, raggamoffyn (other than the gutterspite) cannot capture and control gnomes or duergar; their very natures could make them immune, or it could be a simple whim of the creator, but these creatures never attack these small races.

Tatterdemanimals

This lesser form of raggamoffyn is the least dangerous, made of small, dirty, and tattered scraps of cloth and able to wrap itself around creatures of size T or S. A tatterdemanimal cannot control a host with more than 3 Hit Dice or a 4 Intelligence; its usual victims are rats, dogs, cats, birds, and pigs.

Tatterdemanimals often gather in small groups and control a group of similar animals, such as a pack of dogs or a flock of pigeons. Oddly, they can fly, although they cannot control the host accurately enough to imitate a bird's flapping wings.

Tatterdemanimals suffer double damage from fire, but are immune to damage from blunt weapons.

Gutterspite

The gutterspite is a rare form of raggamoffyn, barely large enough to control creatures of up to dwarven size (size S), but not quite large enough to engulf elves or humans. The host size is less important to gutterspites, as they almost always choose to stay with the host they bond with at birth. The gutterspites are the only form of raggamoffyn to cooperate with their hosts, rather than simply dominating them (though they can if the host doesn't cooperate with them). Some even claim that the Rag Mage himself is simply the powerful leader of the gutterspite race.

Compared to other raggamoffyns and their whirling scraps of wind and fury, the gutterspites are awkward, shambling masses, made of ropes, string, leather straps, and strips of unraveling cloth holding together a small mass of gems, glass, and glitter. They can control creatures of up to 10 Intelligence and as much as 4 levels or Hit Dice. A gutterspite's preferred hosts are small, often halflings, dwarves, and gnomes. Gutterspites are the only raggamoffyns that can control gnomes and duergar.

Once a day, a gutterspite can create a sparkling burst of light that shines from its glitter and glass, blinding all opponents in a 20-foot radius who fail a saving throw against paralysis. This blindness lasts for 1-4 rounds, giving the gutterspite and its host enough time to flee or attack. Blinded opponents gain no Dexterity bonus to their Armor Class, and the gutterspite gains an additional +2 bonus to attack rolls against blinded foes. Gutterspites are unaffected by *color spray*, *darkness*, *light*, *rainbow*, and *continual light* spells.

The Common Raggamoffyn

Usually just called raggamoffyns, these bits of leather cloaks, gloves, and armor are the most common (and most dangerous) raggamoffyn in Waterdeep proper. They thrive in rubbish heaps, alleys, and the City of the Dead, where they often include bits of burial shrouds. Common raggamoffyns can control size S or M creatures of up to 15 Intelligence and as much as 6 levels or Hit Dice.

Common raggamoffyns gather in roving packs on some nights, often controlling the actions of thieves, watchmen, bookkeepers, or other night owls in the city. In rare cases, they asphyxiate hosts who escape their control and might give away their presence to others—the only active attack raggamoffyns use against their own hosts. These strangling attacks are automatic once the raggamoffyn scores a single successful attack against the victim's head (Armor Class 10 without a full face helmet, AC2 with a great helm, Dexterity bonuses and magical rings and bracers apply). After the raggamoffyn plugs up the nose and mouth of the victim and begins to squeeze the throat, the victim must make a Constitution check each round until either the raggamoffyn or the victim is slain. (Spell attacks affect both, but can serve to remove the rags from the host.) The first check is normal, but thereafter each additional check adds another -2 penalty. If the check fails, the victim dies of suffocation.

Shrapnyl

These powerful creatures are made of dozens or even hundreds of shards of metal of all varieties and colors, including bits of iron, brass, tin, and copper. The shrapnyl consist of good-sized bits of metal: Entire horseshoes, swords, shields, lanterns, pans, knives, and tableware. They can control hosts up to size L with an 18 Intelligence and up to 9 HD or levels. Their preferred victims are ogres, mages, or (best of all) ogre mages. When they seek to disguise themselves, shrapnyl raggamoffyns arrange their metal shards to resemble splint mail armor.

One of the benefits of this parasite is that the shrapnyl actually acts as armor, taking damage that might normally affect its host (spell effects affect both, except as listed below). If they are exposed to acids, those particular pieces of metal flip over and expose the host to the acid damage as well, dividing the damage of the acid between them (host and shrapnyl each take half damage).

Once per day, a shrapnyl can explode into a cloud of steel, inflicting 4d10 points of damage on any creature within 10 feet, half on those that make a successful saving throw versus breath weapon. The shrapnyl's host is unaffected by the explosion, but thereafter the shrapnyl can no longer control its host. The monster must rest and retreat before finding a new host, so it uses the exploding cloud of steel only in extreme situations.

Older shrapnyl sometimes include large chunks of gold, silver, or platinum among their scraps, and use them to lure potential hosts near. They may lie still for hours at a time, then suddenly rise up out of a chest or a pile of coins and surround a host. When in its loose metal form, without a host, a shrapnyl can attack five times a round.

Shrapnyl are vulnerable to *crystalbrittle*, *shatter*, and *heat metal* spells. *Shatter* causes 3d6 points of damage to a shrapnyl, *crystalbrittle* affects it without the benefit of a saving throw, and *heat metal* causes full normal damage to a shrapnyl.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Temperate/Subterranean or swamp
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE TYPE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-6
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	12, Sw 9
HIT DICE:	2-4
THAC0:	19 (2 HD); 17 (3HD or 4HD)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Drain blood
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Anaesthetic slime
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (2HD, 2'-3'); M (3HD, 4'-5'; 4HD, 6')
MORALE:	Unsteady (6)
XP VALUE:	120 (2HD); 175 (3HD); 270 (4HD)



The sewer is a relatively large water snake found in the sewers of Waterdeep (thus its name) and the fouled, fetid waters of the swamps of the northern Sword Coast (the Mere of Dead Men, the Stump Bog, etc.). Its tan-and-brown scales over a mottled green underbelly grant it great camouflage abilities in the dark sewers, and they can swim at remarkable speeds.

Combat: Sewerms use their coloration as camouflage in the swamps and sewers, gaining a surprise bonus of +2 against any opponents. The sewer secretes an anaesthetic oil through its skin that locally deadens a character's sense of touch; the snake often wraps around a character's boot and leg as it attacks, allowing it to be carried along while it feeds. If the sewer gained surprise, the character will not notice the sewer until a successful Wisdom check is rolled (check once per round). The sewer's anaesthetic is also secreted through its fangs, making its bite totally painless; once bitten, the victim is drained of 1-4 hit points per round as the sewer drains the character of blood. Characters will often simply get weaker and weaker, dropping dead from blood loss, before they even feel the snake attached to them. It only takes a Strength check to dislodge a sewer from a character, and (luckily) the wound closes almost immediately; the snake's anaesthetic also acts as a disinfectant, preventing anyone from contracting any illness from the brackish water through the wound.

Sewerms only attack warm-blooded creatures and they strike at areas of exposed flesh (or through cloth, not leather) close to the waterline of where they encounter their prey; their common prey has been plumbers in the sewers of Waterdeep, and they strike just

at the top of the boot. They can, with one round of preparation, coil themselves up and spring out of the water, striking out to their full length; this attack is becoming more common as people moving through the sewers are wearing hip boots, forcing the snakes to use this more blatant (but startling—surprise bonus of +4) attack.

Habitat/Society: Sewerms are water snakes that have adapted to living in sewers and swamps and feeding off warm blood, similar to a leech. They often hunt alone but, on rare occasions, travel in small groups of up to six snakes; other than immediately after birth (where there are 5-20 ½HD sewerms and one 4HD mother), sewerms do not collect in large gatherings.

Ecology: Sewerms, while being a dangerous nuisance to those of the Cellarers' and Plumbers' Guild in Waterdeep's sewers, are highly prized in many ways by those of the Guild of Apothecaries and Physicians and others about the city; the Pain-deadening effects of the sewer's venom are helpful to their work and, with proper preparations, can be stored for up to six months before the venom breaks down and is useless. Sewerms shed their skins once a year; the guild will purchase whole skins at 2 silver pieces each. Whole snakes are also purchased by the guild and other interested parties, should any plumbers (or adventurers) find any down in the sewers; guild prices are 5 silver pieces per Hit Die of the sewer (1 gold piece per Hit Die if still alive). Kromnlor Sernar the sage is much quieter about her interest, but she buys sewerms at 1 gold piece per Hit Die, regardless of condition.

Shadowrath



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	Lesser	Greater
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any land	Any land
FREQUENCY:	Very rare	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any
DIET:	Nil	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	As former self	As former self
TREASURE TYPE:	W	W
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	2-12	1-10
ARMOR CLASS:	4	5 (or as former self)
MOVEMENT:	9	12
HIT DICE:	4+4	5+5
THACO:	17	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1	As former self
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-6	2-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Chilling touch	Energy drain
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Hit only by magical weapons	
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%	25%
SIZE:	As former self	As former self
MORALE:	Fearless (20)	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	1,400	2,000



DM's Note

The shadowrath have a number of connections with the fell artifact, the *Crown of Horns*. For more information on the *Crown* and its powers, see Chapter Seven of the *Campaign Guide to the City*.

Lesser Shadowrath

These undead beings appear as totally black skeletons, with only their eyesockets aglow with red, deadly energy. These creatures are created by the *ray of undeath* power of the *Crown of Horns*. All victims killed by this ray arise as lesser shadowraths, also known as "blackbones"; if killed by the *ray*, any nonmagical equipment worn by the subject is consumed during the transformation (all magical equipment is simply abandoned or collected for the *Crown* bearer). The shadowraths are still intelligent, but they are totally under the control of the wearer of the *Crown of Horns* if he or she is within 100 yards of their position. Note that any magical or psionic powers the shadowrath possessed while alive are lost in the conversion to undead status.

Combat: Lesser shadowraths attack by using a chilling touch, which causes 1-6 points of damage and requires the victim to save vs. death magic or lose one point of Strength. Creatures completely drained of Strength points by lesser shadowraths die, and such a death is irreversible. Strength points return at the rate of one per hour.

These undead can be turned by clerics as a ghost. Lesser shadowraths are immune to the effects of normal and silver weapons.

Habitat/Society: As stated above, lesser shadowraths are created by the *Crown of Horns*. These undead retain their intelligence, but they willingly serve the wearer of the *Crown* until they are destroyed. As intelligent beings, they can understand instructions given them by the *Crown's* wearer and can perform tasks set them.

Greater Shadowrath

These powerful undead also are result of the *Crown of Horns*. Those slain by *Myrkul's Hand* (the other major power of the artifact) arise as greater shadowraths or "abysskin." Greater shadowraths retain both the intelligence they possessed during life and

the general appearance of the being, including clothing, armor, equipment, and so on. However, the abysskin have no eyes, internal organs, or bones; instead, they are filled with and animated by Negative Material plane energy, and this crackling black energy is visible in the creatures' eyes, open mouths, or open wounds on the body. Greater shadowraths can use all equipment their former selves carried (except magical items opposed to their new alignment). Shadowrath cannot activate any magical items that need command words, as they are mute. As with lesser shadowraths, all magical or psionic abilities of the shadowrath's previous existence are lost as undead.

Combat: The touch of a greater shadowrath causes 2-8 (2d4) points of damage and requires the victim to make a saving throw vs. death magic or lose one level of experience. Beings completely drained of levels by a greater shadowrath die a permanent, irreversible death. Greater shadowraths can be turned by cleric characters as mummies.

Habitat/Society: Greater shadowraths are created by the evil artifact, the *Crown of Horns*. They often accompany the *Crown* - wearer, acting as bodyguards and enforcers of the *Crown* - wearer's will. Greater shadowraths also lead groups of lesser shadowraths when assigned a difficult task or mission by their creator.

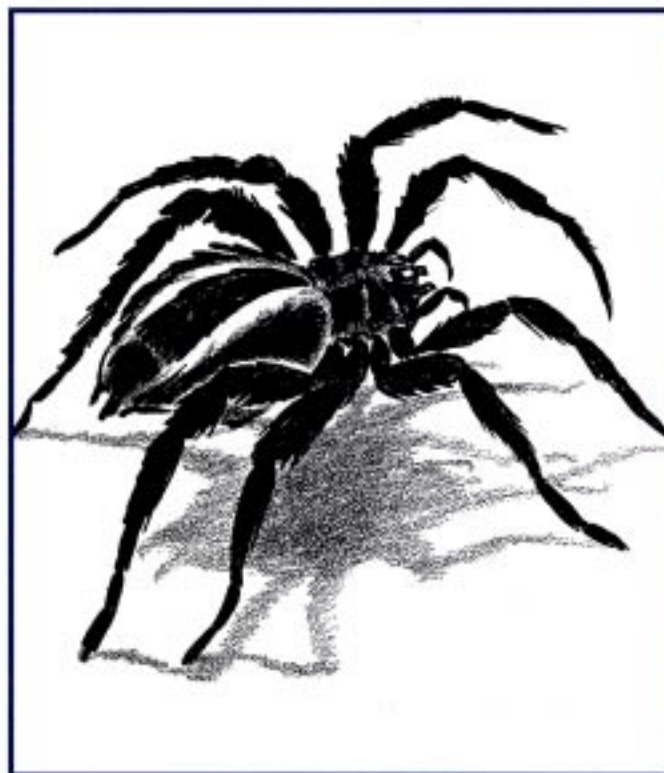
Ecology: As with all undead, shadowraths have no place in any natural ecological system. They drain life and vitality from surroundings and return nothing. If left without direct control, shadowraths always seek out and destroy wizards and worshipers of Mystra (as revenge for Mystra's destruction of Myrkul during the Godswar). Shadowraths often cover themselves in heavy cloaks and hoods to approach their victims unawares; this works fine for the greater shadowrath (who can pass for their previous selves, as long as their eyes and mouths and other negative energy spots are hidden), but most nonmagical cloth becomes tattered, rotten, and disintegrates after prolonged contact with lesser shadowraths.

Watchspider



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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any temperate
FREQUENCY:	Rare; Uncommon (in Waterdeep)
ORGANIZATION:	As trained and deployed
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE TYPE:	Any possible (guardian)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-8
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	18
HIT DICE:	2+2
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poison (see below)
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (6' in diameter)
MORALE:	Fanatic (17)
XP VALUE:	420



Watchspiders are a specially-bred subspecies of huge spiders, raised and trained in the Realms as guardians. Like any spider, the watchspider has eight legs and eight eyes; specifically, it is a variant species of huge hunting spider, with a sleek body, large head and fangs, and excessively hairy body and legs. The watchspider does not spin webs, but it is a fast, aggressive predator with a poisonous bite.

Combat: Watchspiders tend to lurk in the dark shadows near the entrance to areas they are set to guard; from there, they can observe who enters, and attack before being spotted (surprise penalties of -6 for opponents) if the intruders are not among those allowed into its area. Watchspiders can leap up to 30 feet through the air at victims.

Watchspiders initially bite each intruder once, since they are trained to neutralize as many intruders as possible, and continue such attacks until all intruders are paralyzed. Watchspider bites cause 1-6 points of damage and contain a poisonous venom. Victims get a saving throw vs. poison with a +1 bonus against the watchspider's venom; if the saving throw fails, the venom causes paralysis for 2-8 turns after an onset time of 1-2 rounds (the victim can see and hear, but cannot move or speak until the venom wears off).

Watchspiders are otherwise identical to huge spiders (see the *Monstrous Manual*), and never build their own webs (though they can climb walls and webs easily). If starved for long periods, they tend to devour paralyzed prey unless they are removed within three turns of becoming paralyzed.

Habitat/Society: In Waterdeep, watchspiders are fairly common in guild houses' and rich merchants' cellars and warehouses. They are trained to obey a single master, who can order them not to attack certain other beings. All watchspiders are schooled in disabling spellcasters and in avoiding weapons set against their leaping attack (spears and large piercing weapons). They have

acquired intelligence through breeding, over the centuries, and can be trained for the specific needs of the buyer. The five watchspiders in the vault of the Phull villa are trained to attack in two pairs while the fifth rings a bell set on the wall near the cellar entrance. Likewise, permanent web spells drape the ceiling of a cellar of the Wands villa and a watchspider guards the artifact vault; if it counts more than two intruders, it is trained to drink from a basin above the webs that contains a unique *potion of heroism*, which grants the spider 3 extra Hit Dice (for hp and THACO) for 1d10 turns, and then attack.

Ecology: This special breed of spiders was once indigenous only to Tharsult, where the dusky-skinned natives first trained this species as guards; the Mhairuun merchant family brought the spiders and their breeding and training processes north to Waterdeep, swiftly establishing a lucrative business with this rare commodity. After sixty years of breeding in the North, watchspiders can be found in Sword Coast cities from Neverwinter to Lantan, all purchased and shipped from Waterdeep; while originally a creature of more temperate climes, watchspiders have adapted to the Sword Coast with the growth of heavier hair (almost fur), but they still cannot survive the cold any further north than Neverwinter.

Recently, the last Mhairuun heir of Waterdeep, the lady Lythis Mhairuun, married Lord Urto Phylund II, uniting their family fortunes. This move also opened up the possibilities for management and expansion of the watchspider business, since the Phylunds had long been trappers, breeders, and trainers of many different types of monsters. Lord and Lady Phylund had been experimenting with a number of variant breeds of huge spiders, rumors suggesting new forms of watchspiders will soon hit the market (such as those that spin webs coated with paralytic venom, or others that have the deadly edged limbs of the sword spider with the trained abilities of watchspiders).

Wereshark

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CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any ocean
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low to Exceptional (5-16)
TREASURE TYPE:	See below
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	12, Sw 18
HIT DICE:	10+3
THAC0:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	5-20 (5d4 bite)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	silver or +1 (or better) weapon to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (20-foot-long shark form); M (6-foot-tall human form)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	4,000

The wereshark is an avaricious hybrid of man and shark that has recently sprung up in the waters along the Sword Coast. These huge predators destroy large caches of fish (and fishermen) and have been known to attack nearly any form of aquatic life, including the intelligent races such as tritons, sea elves, and mermen.

The wereshark is a huge, muscular brute when in human form, and it takes the form of a great white shark when transformed. Cruel and arrogant in its human form, a wereshark is even more vicious in its shark form.

Combat: In human form, weresharks tend to use their inordinate strength (18 to 18/00) to savagely attack people hand-to-hand; with an attack roll of 20, weresharks can rip an arm off grappled opponents (those held for one round). If outnumbered by more than three to one or attacked with weapons, weresharks create distractions and quickly abandon the encounter, fleeing toward water and transforming to shark form for an easy getaway.

When entering combat in the water, a wereshark swims beneath its opponent to have a clear attack on its victim's legs. The wereshark knows its enemies will find this attack nearly impossible to predict or defend against (surprise rolls at -6). Wereshark bites cause 5-20 points of damage and result in a number of severe gashes. Weresharks do not lock their jaws on their prey, but either gnaw and bite at their leisure or swallow their prey whole.

If the attack is successful and exceeds the minimum roll to hit by 5 or more, the wereshark engulfs its victim in its jaws and swallows him or her whole; for example, a wereshark needs to roll a THAC0 of 5 to attack a selkie (AC5) and can swallow it whole with a THAC0 of 10 or more. In its stomach, an unfortunate victim suffers 15 points of damage per round; if armed with an edged weapon, the victim can attempt to cut himself or herself free (attacks at cumulative -1 penalties per round until free or dead) but the wereshark must lose more than 50% of its hit points before the victim is free.

A wereshark is affected only by silver or enchanted weapons. All others are either deflected off the skin or slice harmlessly through the outer skin, causing a flesh wound that heals immediately. Attacks from within (by swallowed victims) can be made with any edged weapons, but the difficulty of movement within the wereshark's stomach still makes THAC0 rolls necessary against an AC of 5.



Habitat/Society: Human weresharks are primarily solitary creatures in either form. Occasionally, they might cooperate on a limited basis with each other, with sahuagin, or with priests of Umberlee or Talos, but these instances are quite rare. Weresharks are, first and foremost, individualists out for their own gain.

The wereshark typically has an entourage of several common sharks, which attack in concert with the wereshark. In heavily shark-infested waters, the scent of blood often brings swarms of sharks and whips them into a feeding frenzy. Weresharks, out of cruelty, often make passing attacks at victims simply to entice other sharks into attacking them while it waits to collect any treasures, such as magical weapons and items. Weresharks can communicate with and command (35% chance) any ordinary sharks.

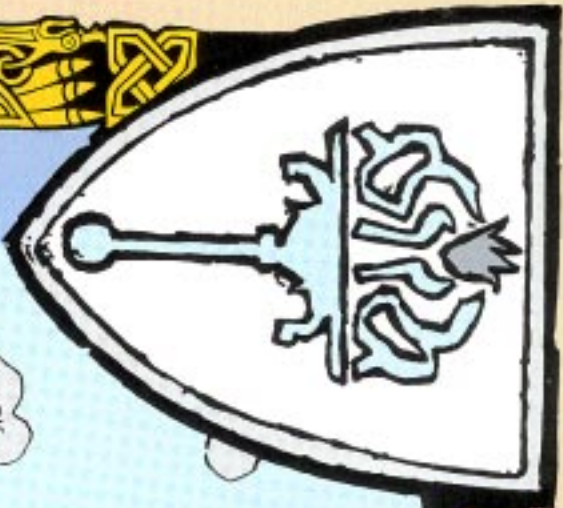
Ecology: Virtually unheard of in the Realms until the past 15 years, weresharks have sparked a number of theories on their unknown origins, from vengeful humans being granted powers by Umberlee or Talos during the Godswar to humans that survived shark attacks and somehow gained the ability to become a shark, none of which have been proven yet.

Weresharks in human form tend to be maimed in some way (missing limb, eye, severe scars, or other disfigurement), though these marks are not evident when they are in shark form. Weresharks are fiercely territorial, staking claims on sunken ships or undersea caves and defending them to the death. They often plunder these areas so they can use the treasures found for their own gain above the waves.

In human form, weresharks can breathe underwater for one hour. If they do not get air after this time, they suffer 1-10 points of damage per round until they drown, breathe real air, or transform into their shark forms.

There are also persistent rumors among the sea-dwellers in the Realms of sahuagin weresharks that are treated as holy warriors and are larger than any known human weresharks (12 Hit Dice).

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Water

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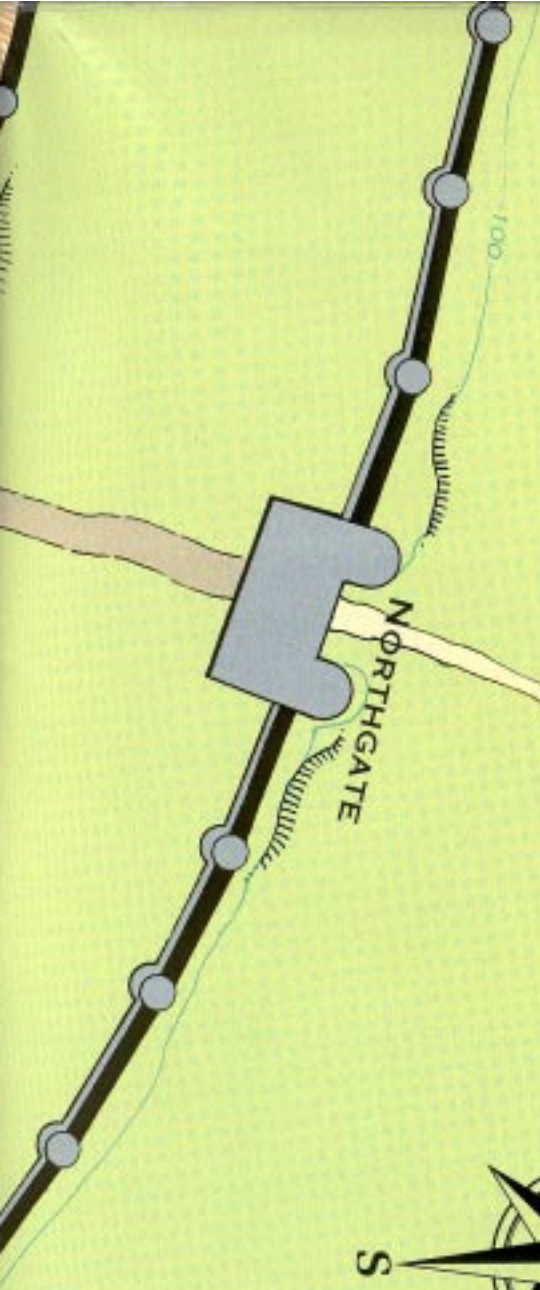
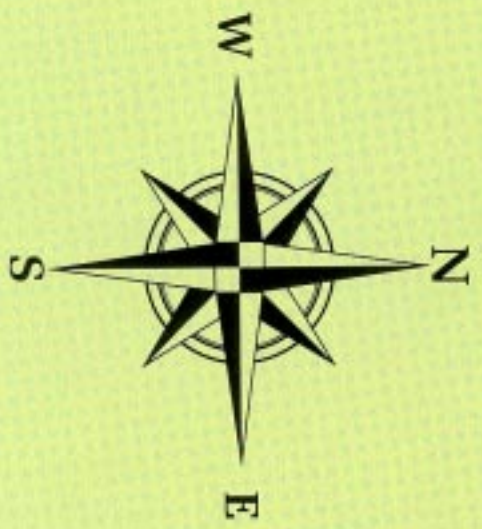
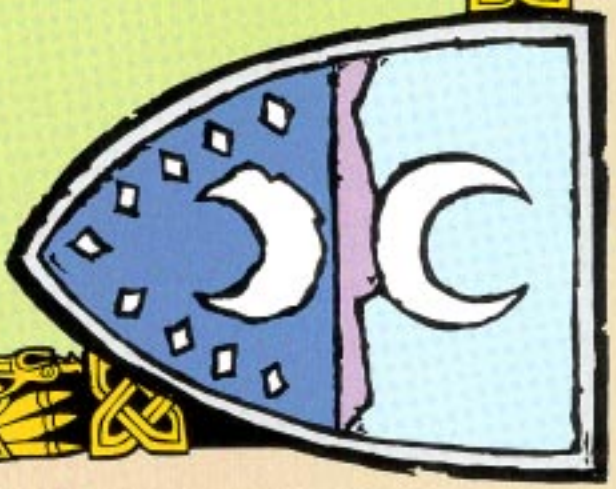


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Splendors



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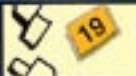


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Map Key

	CITY LANDMARK
	CITY WALLS
	CITY WALL TOWERS & GUARDPOSTS



700

500

505

600

700

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54

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THE
MATCHING
TOWER

SMUGGLER'S
DOCK

COIN ALLEY

TARNISHED SILVER ALLEY

THE REACH

HARBORWATCH
TOWER

NAVAL HARBOR

BUGGLER'S
BANE TOWER

STORMHAVEN ISLAND





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THE HIGH ROAD

TROLLWALL

GATE THE SOUTH

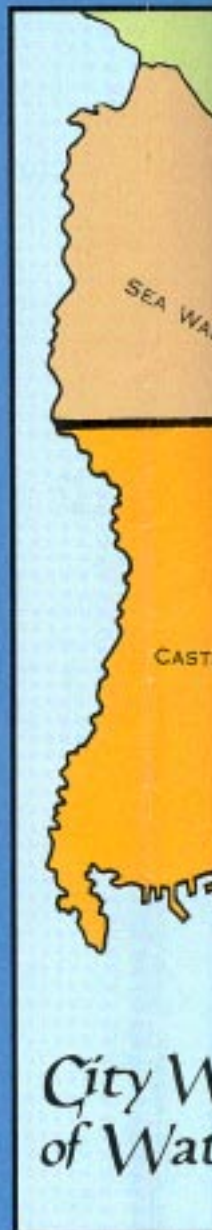
SHOCK STREET
 BIRCHALL STREET
 GROVER'S STREET
 THE WOODS
 THE QUARRIES
 CARAVAN COURT
 RISING RISE
 ROBIN'S WAY
 CHICKEN STREET
 TILMISTER'S STREET
 BETTINA'S COURT
 THE FORCEMAN
 TILMISTER'S LANE
 WALL STREET
 CARAVAN STREET
 WOODS COURT
 STREET
 COACHLAND LANE
 SLOP STREET
 WAYMOOT
 WAYMOOT A8
 LOWER TRAIL
 THE WOODS
 THE QUARRIES
 CARAVAN COURT
 RISING RISE
 ROBIN'S WAY
 CHICKEN STREET
 TILMISTER'S STREET
 BETTINA'S COURT
 THE FORCEMAN
 TILMISTER'S LANE
 WALL STREET
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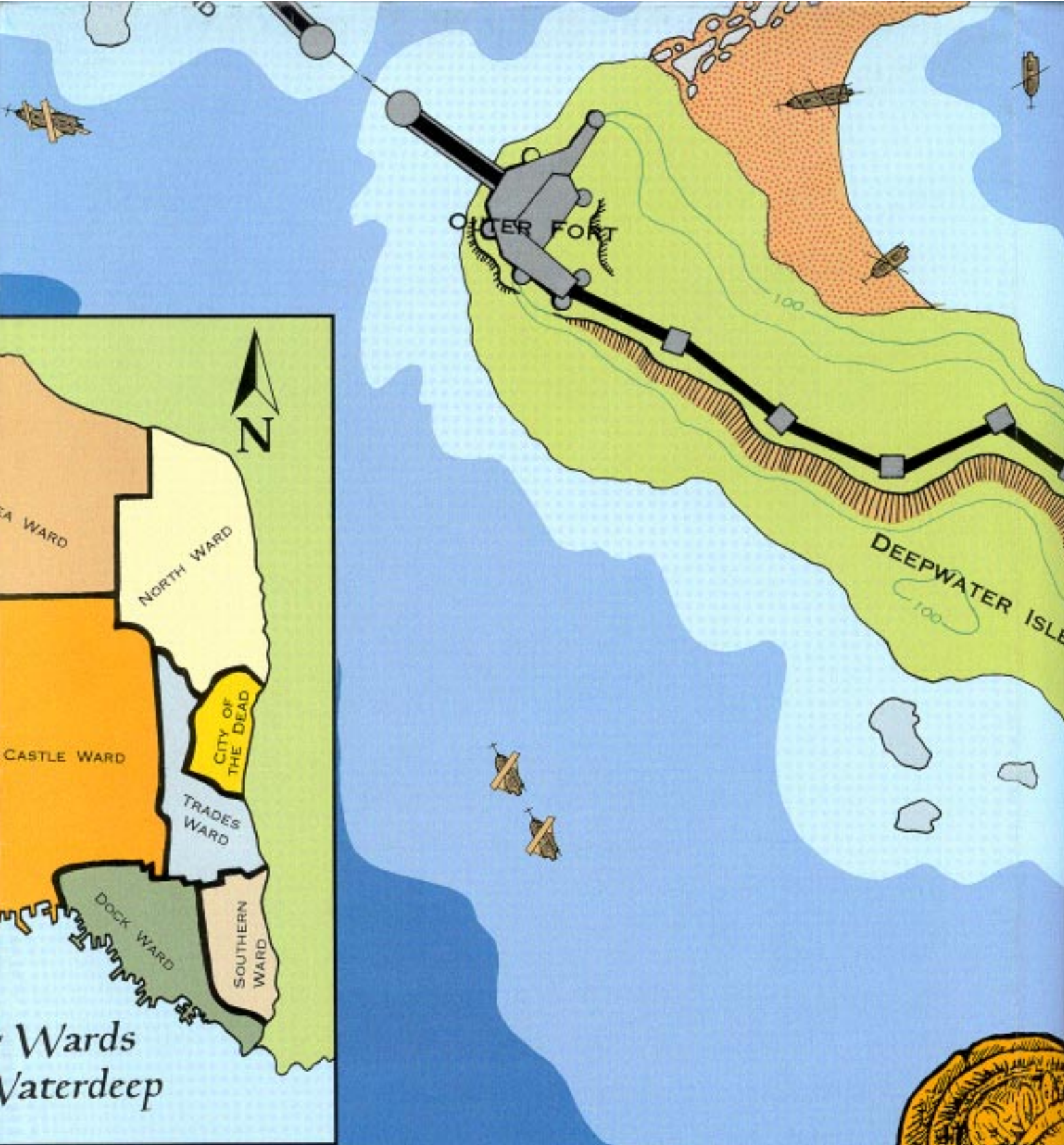


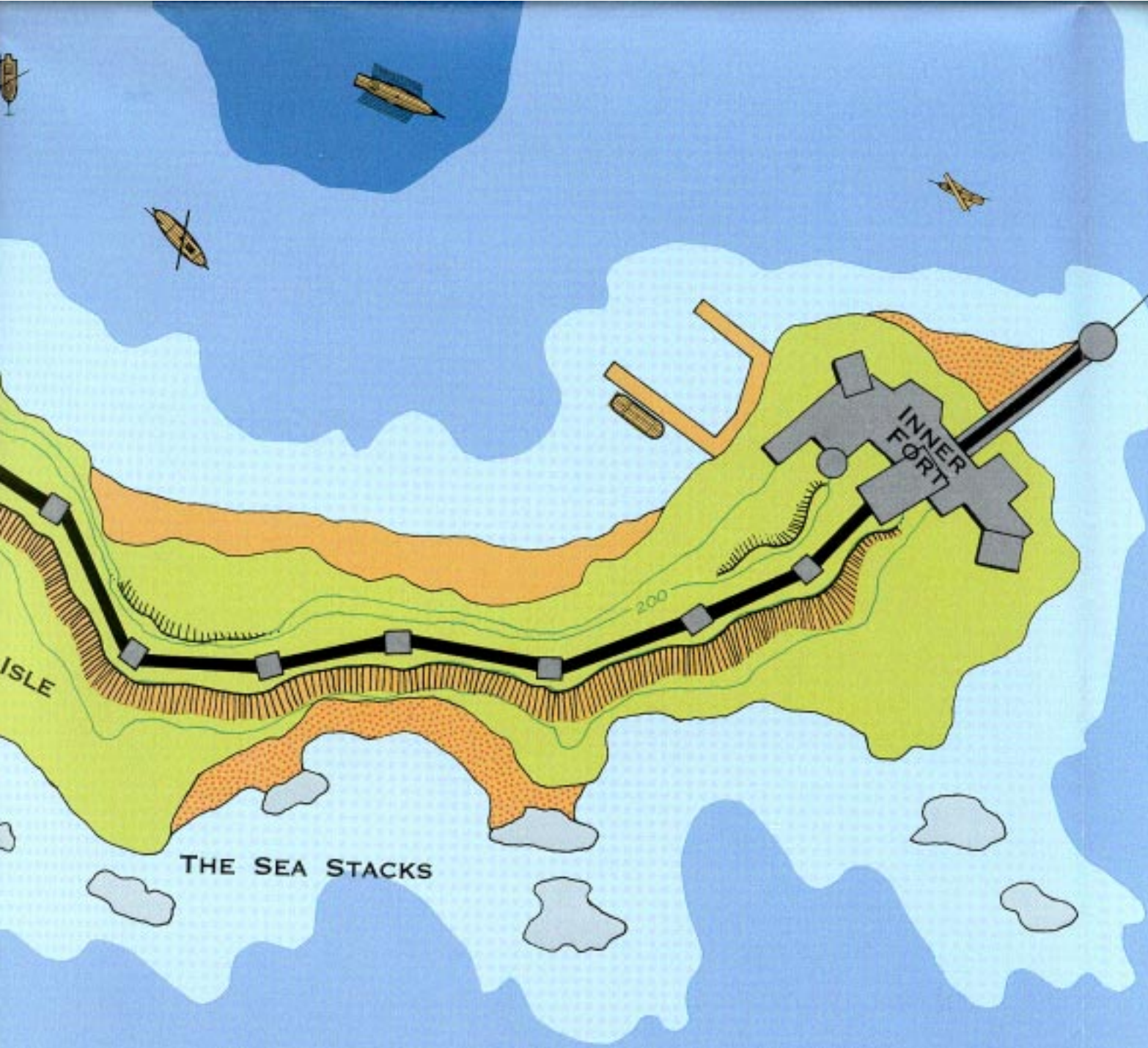
	CITY WALL TOWERS & GUARDPOSTS
	PAVED STREET MAIN AVENUE
	COBBLESTONE STREET SECONDARY AVENUE
	CORDUROY-LOG ROAD LESSER AVENUE
	DIRT/GRAVEL MINOR AVENUES
	OPEN TERRAIN
	BUILDINGS
	TREES
	WELL
	GARDEN
	POND
	TOMB
	DOCK/WHARF
	WARD BOUNDARIES
	ESCARPMENT (10-50 FEET HIGH)
	CLIFF (50-100 FEET HIGH)
	CONTOUR (100' PER CONTOUR)
	MUD BEACH
	GRAVEL/MUD BEACH
	WATER, SHALLOW (0-75')
	WATER, MODERATE (75-100')
	WATER, DEEP (150'+)



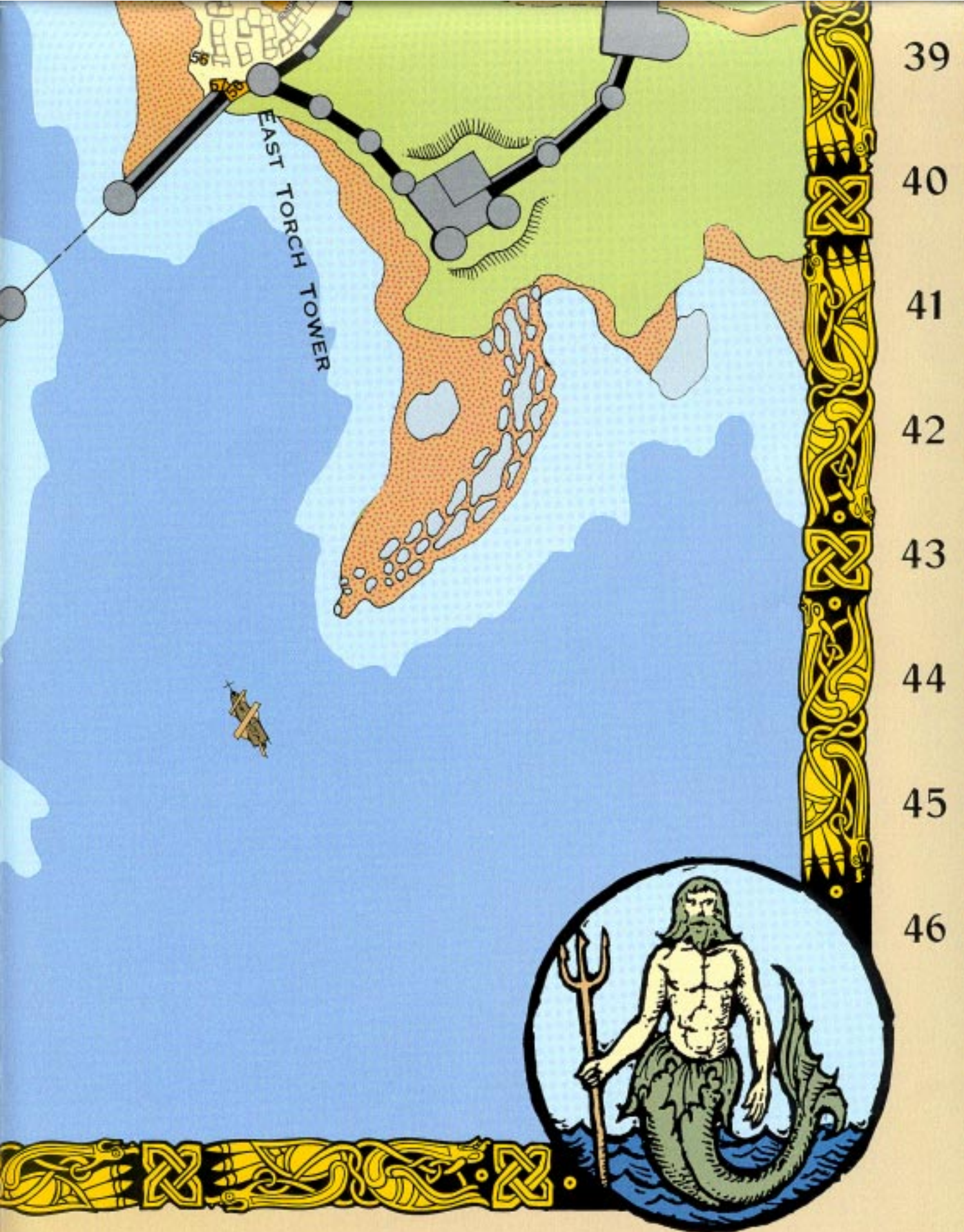
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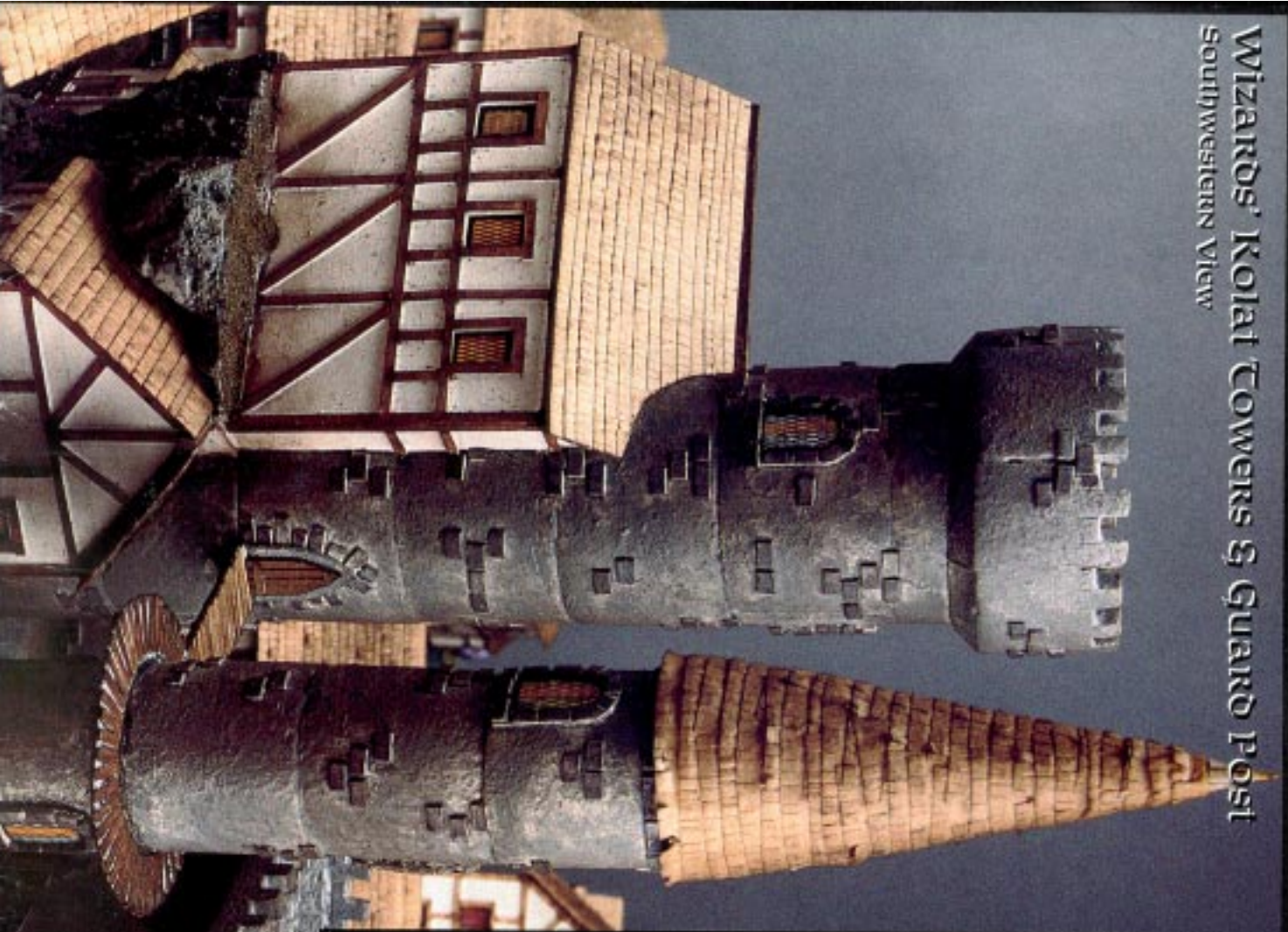
M N O P Q R S T U



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Wizards' Kolat Towers & Guard Post
Southwestern View



Madame Garath's Boarding House
Front View (Facing Shop Street)





	Door		Couch
	Double Doors		Desk with chair
	Fireplace		Chest (lockable)
	Firewood		Stool
	Crapp Door		Cable
	Shelf		Long Table (work, communal)
	Stairs		Barrels
	Window		Keg (ale/wine)
	Bench		Cup (beer)
	Booth		Curtains
	Chair		

ONE square equals 2 1/2'





Chair

One square equals 2 1/2'

- AQ1 Essinuth's Equipment
- AQ2 Temple of Good Cheer
- AQ3 Mabame Garah's Boarding House
- AQ4 Amran's Laundry
- AQ5 Piatran's Clothers
- AQ6 Home of Rokkek Ingerr
- AQ7 Hemmerem's Stables
- AQ8 Kolat Towers
- AQ9 Watch Guardpost
- AQ10 The Garrulous Grocer
- AQ11 Knabbellor Silversmiths
- AQ12 Laran's Cartographers
- AQ13 Waukeen's Wares
- AQ14 The Safehaven Inn
- AQ15 Ingerr & Ingerr Warehouses
- AQ16 The Beer Golem
- AQ17 Phaulkonmere
- AQ18 The Daily Crumpet Bulbong
- AQ19 Helm's Hall
- AQ20 Cymora's Blessing

Southern Leg of Snake Alley

S Kerrigan's Court

Northern View



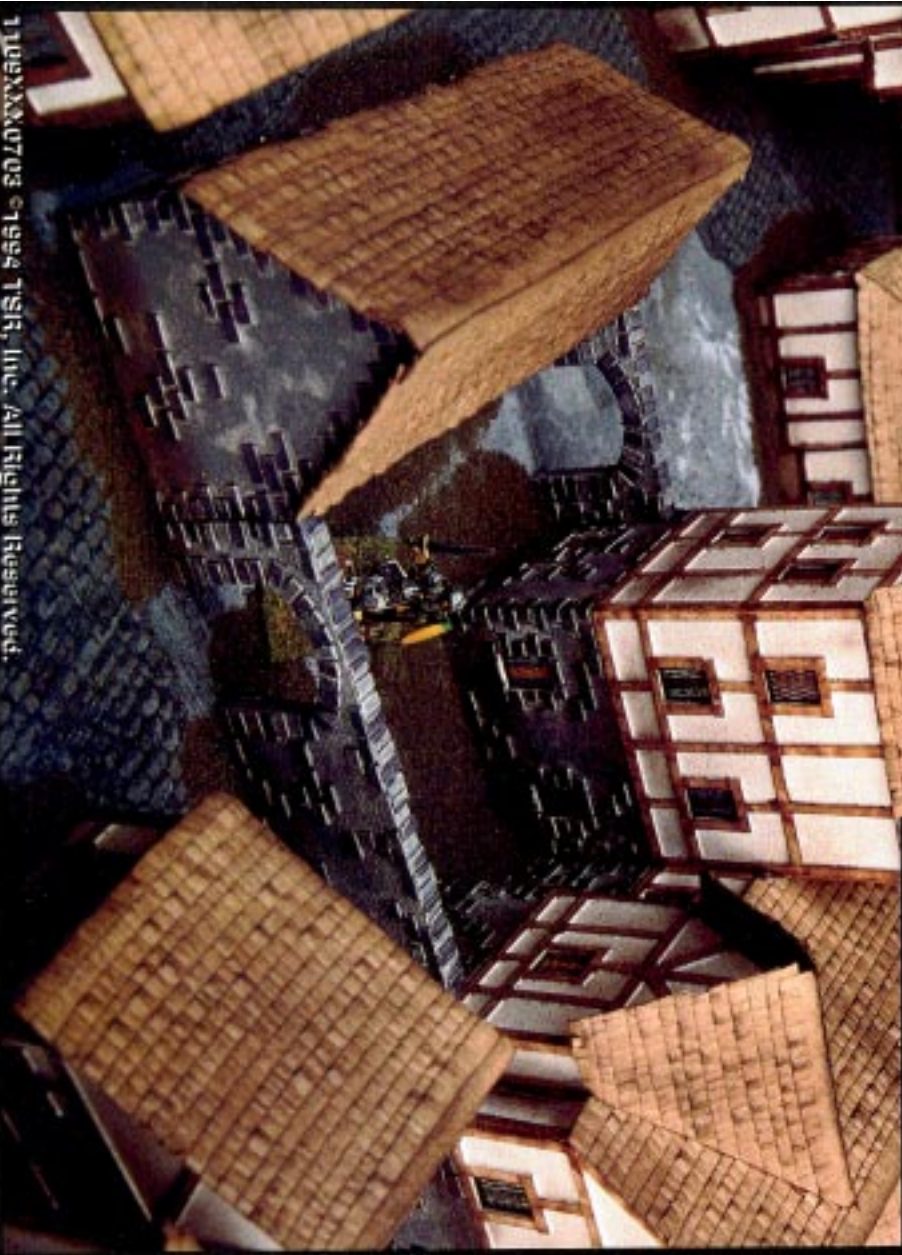
Weeping Maiben's Run

Northeastern View





Phaulkonmere
Southeastern View



Grocer's Lane
Eastern View



MADAME GARRAH'S BOARDING HOUSE
SECOND FLOOR

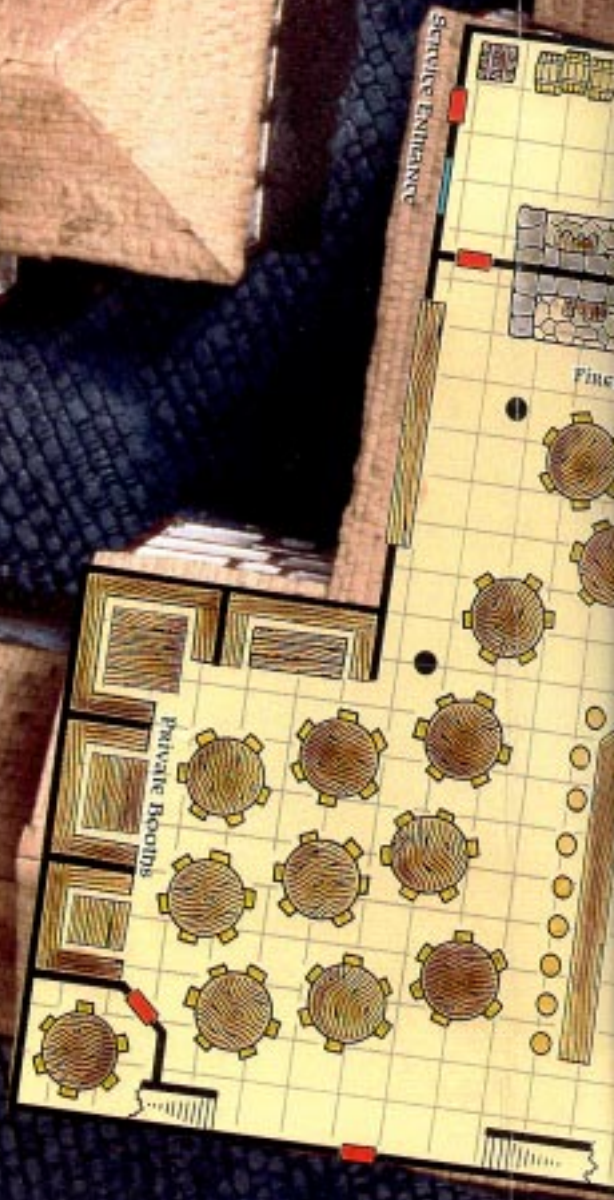


FIRST FLOOR



The Sajeaven Inn & Beer Golem Tavern
FIRST FLOOR
(Additional Floors Not Shown)



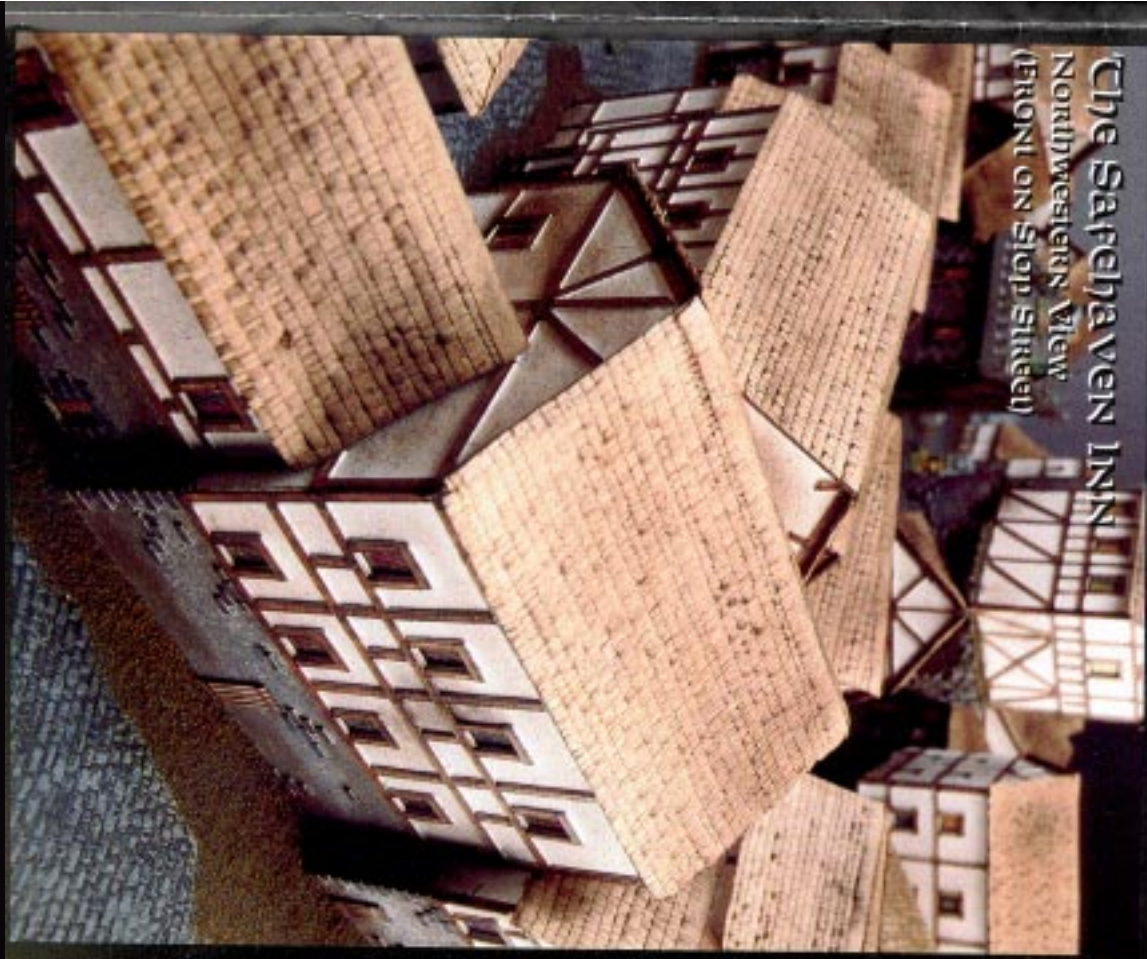


Main Entrance



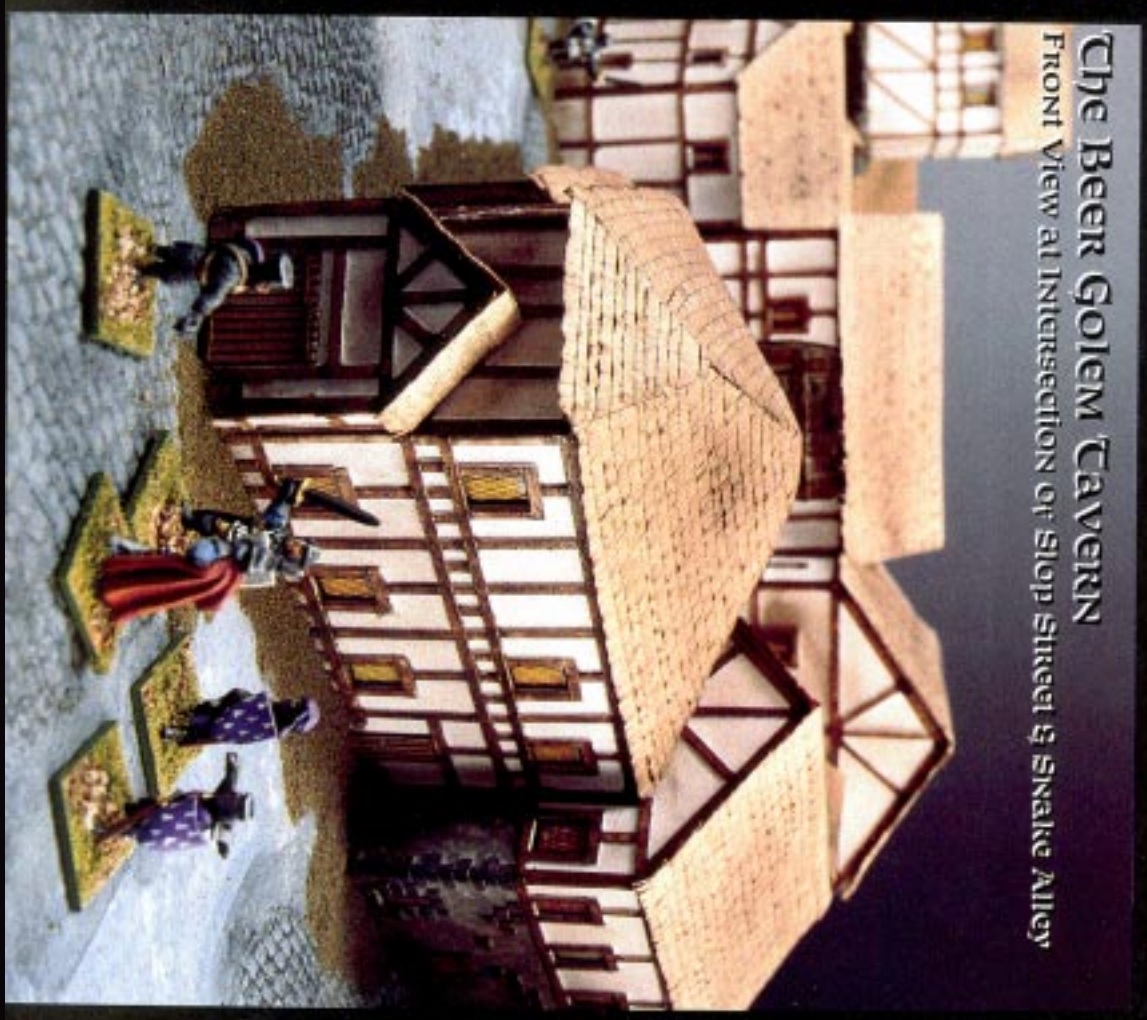
The Safehaven Inn

Northwestern View
(Front on Slop Street)



The Beer Golem Tavern

Front View at Intersection of Slop Street & Snake Alley



Adventurers' Quarter

1 Inch equals 10 Feet.

AQ1

AQ2

AQ6

Weeping Maiden's Run

AQ5





AQ10

AQ9

GROCCER'S LANE

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AQ19

AQ19

AQ20

SNAKE ALLEY

AQ13

AQ17

AQ17

AQ17



AQ16



AQ17



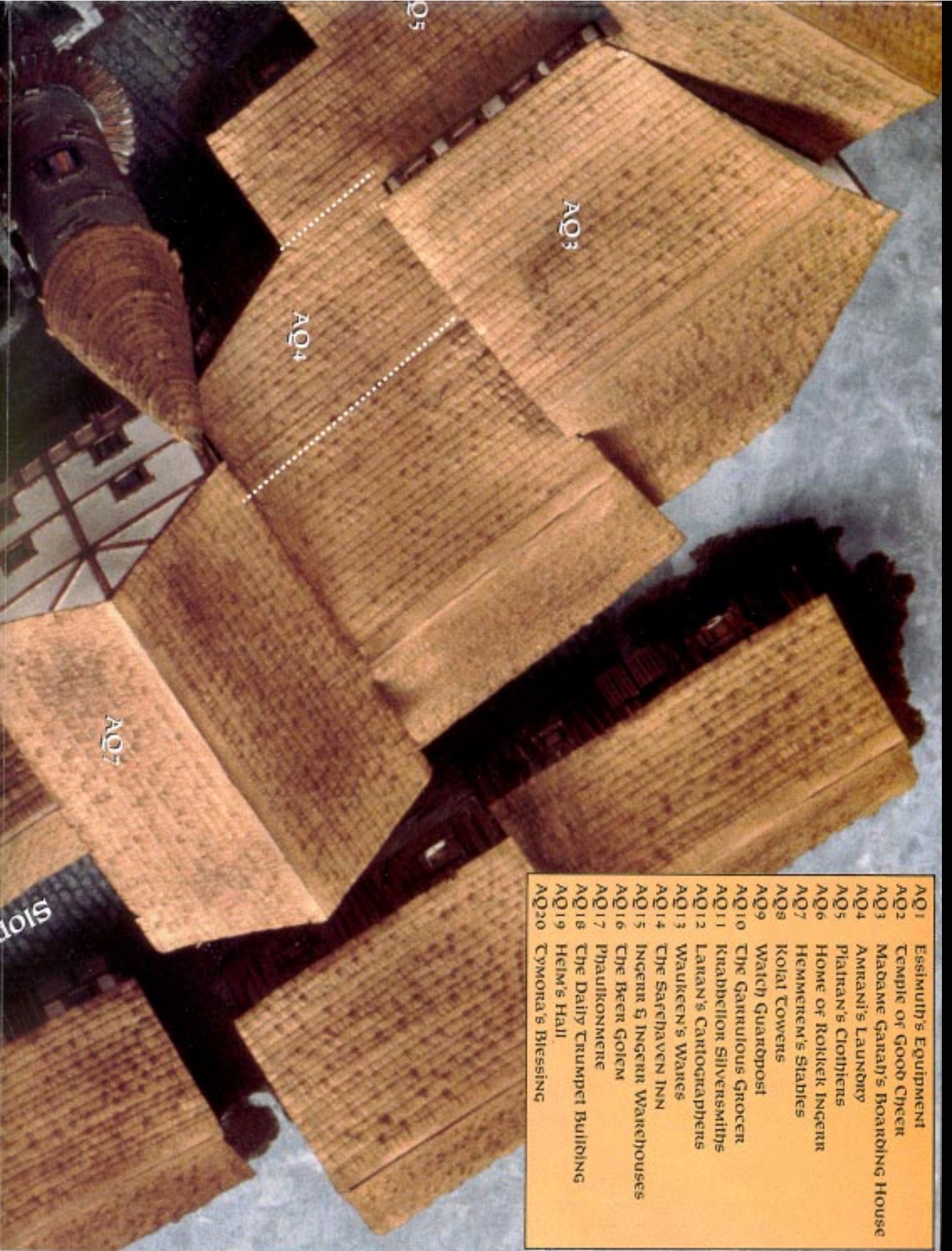
Snake Alley



AQ18



- AQ1 Essimult's Equipment
- AQ2 Temple of Good Cheer
- AQ3 Mabame Garar's Boarding House
- AQ4 Amran's Laundry
- AQ5 Platran's Clothings
- AQ6 Home of Rokket Ingerri
- AQ7 Hemmeren's Stables
- AQ8 Koiat Towers
- AQ9 Watch Guardpost
- AQ10 The Garrulous Grocer
- AQ11 Knabbellor Silversmiths
- AQ12 Laran's Cartographers
- AQ13 Waukeen's Wares
- AQ14 The Safehaven INN
- AQ15 Ingerri 5 Ingerri Warehouses
- AQ16 The Beer Golem
- AQ17 Phaulkonmere
- AQ18 The Dalry Trumpet Bullbling
- AQ19 Helm's Hall
- AQ20 Cymora's Blessing



AQ3

AQ4

AQ7

AQ5

SIOR



LANE

AQ11

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AQ7

AQ7

AQ7

Sloop Street

AQ12

AQ14

AQ14

AQ15



S COURT

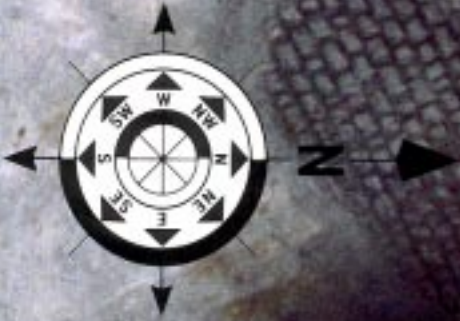
AQ15

AQ16

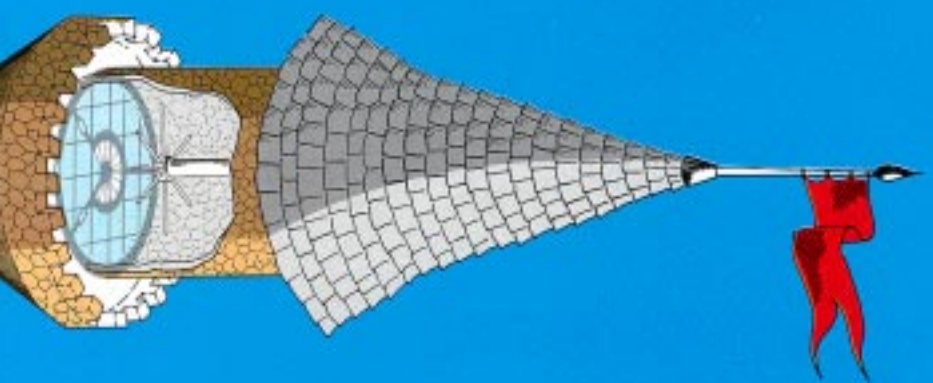
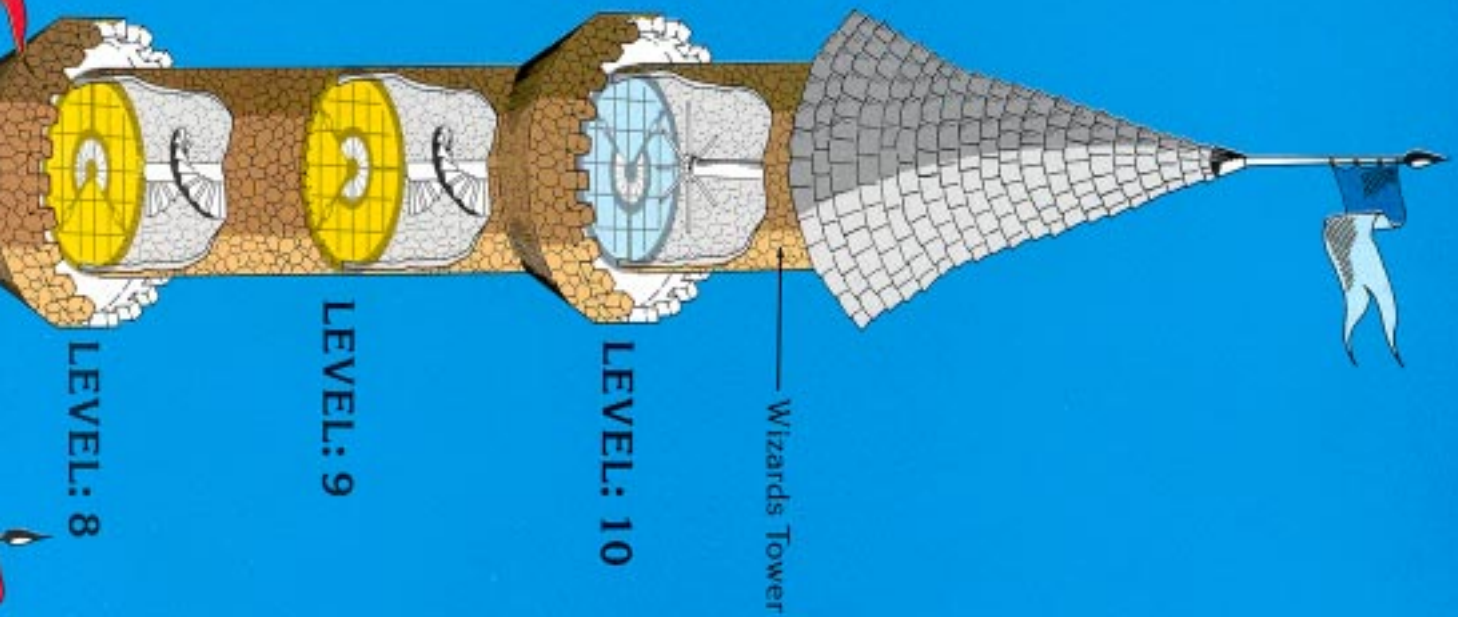
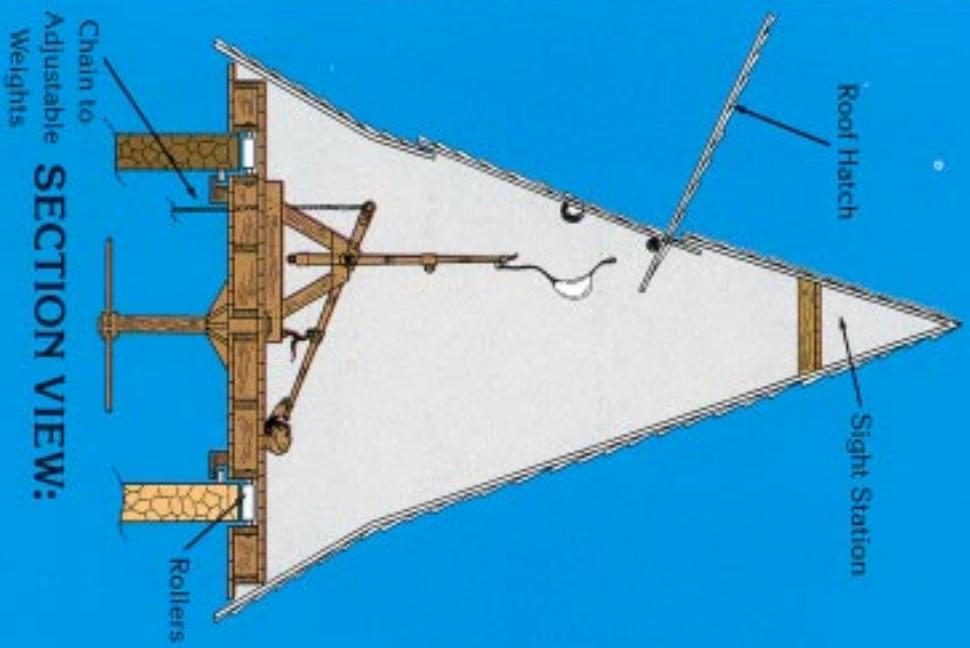
AQ15

AQ15

Slop Street

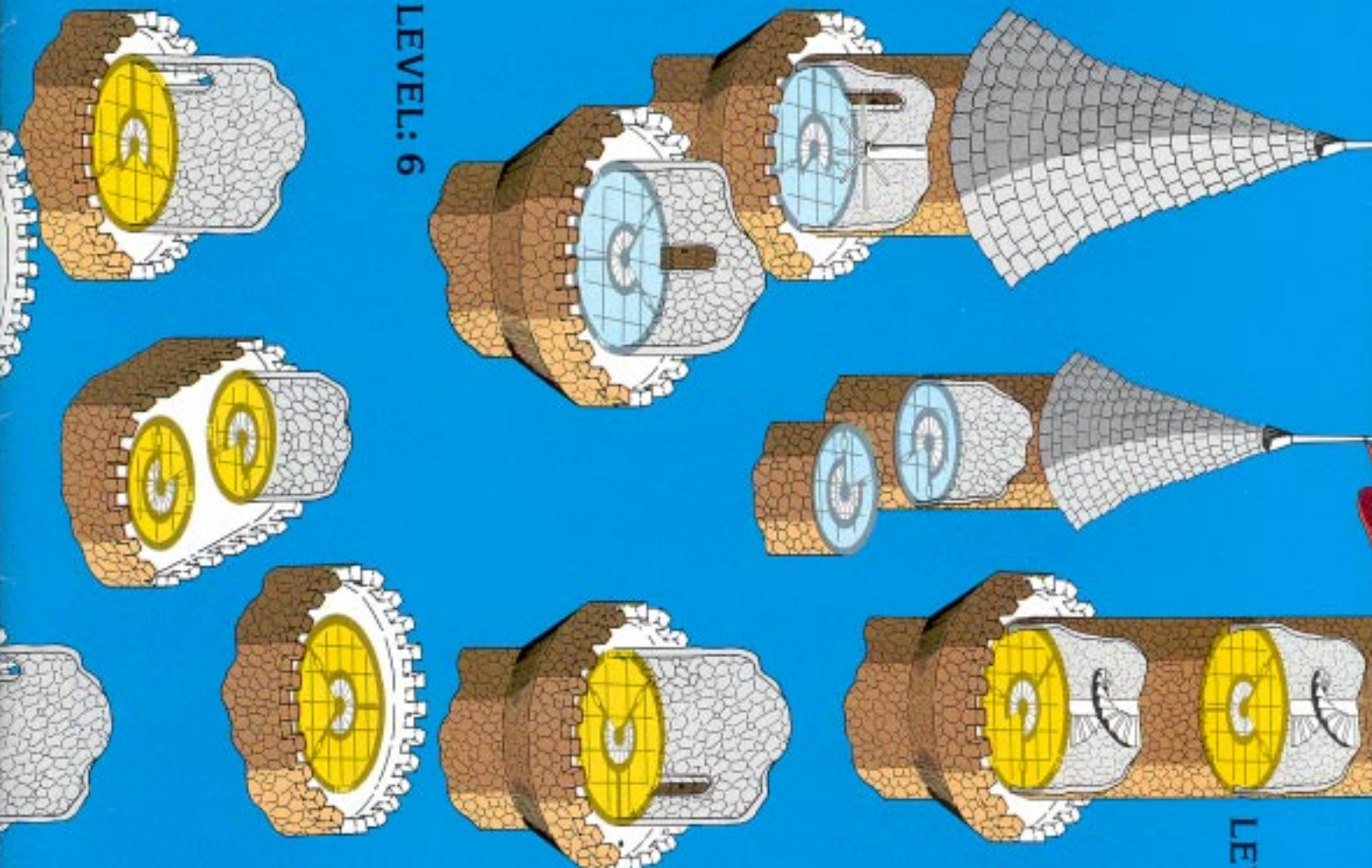


CASTLE WATERDEEP

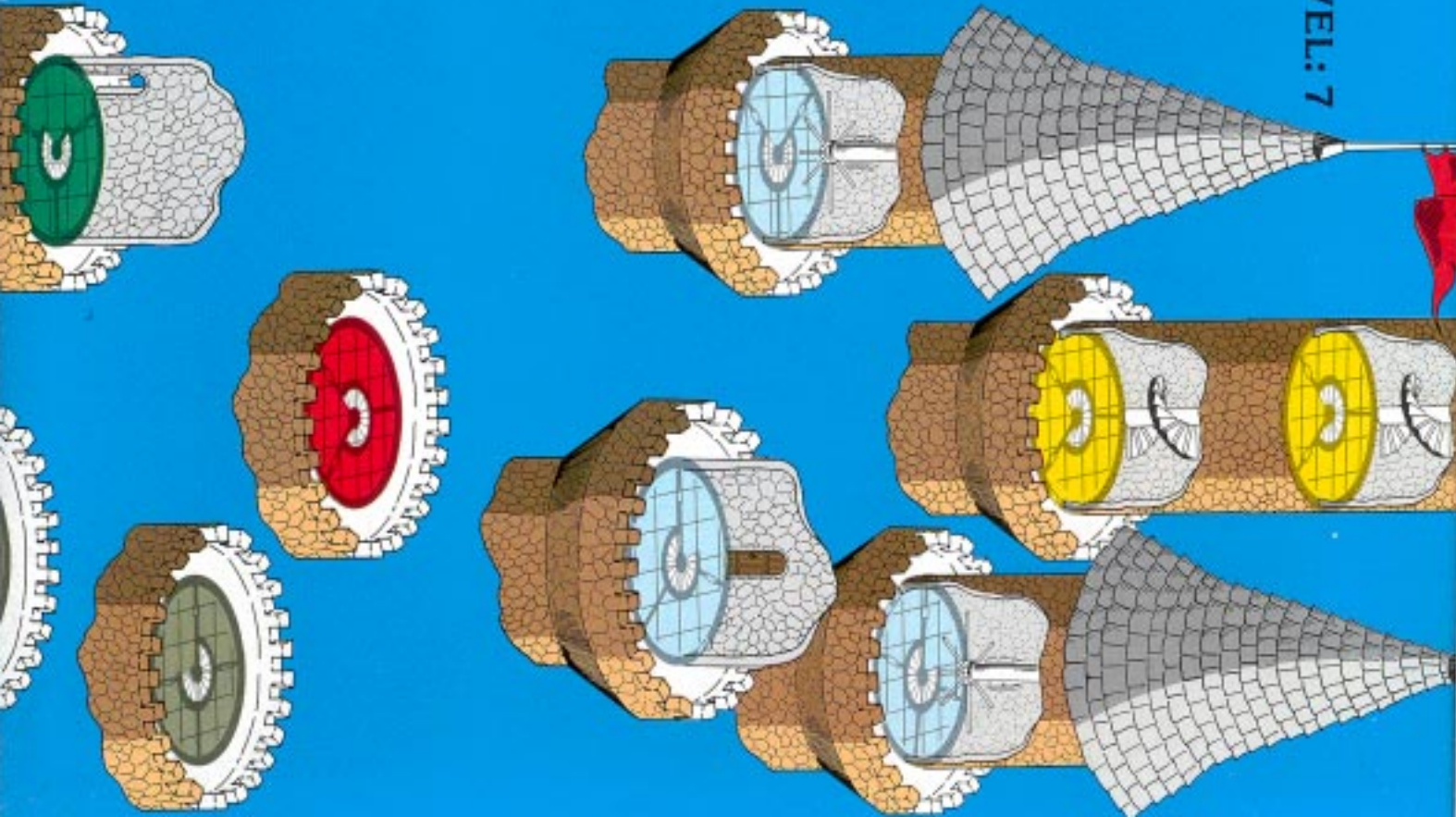




LEVEL: 6



LEVEL: 7



LEVEL: 5

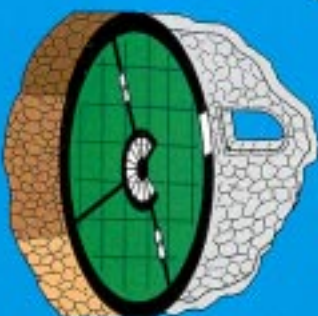
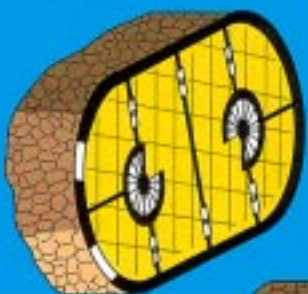
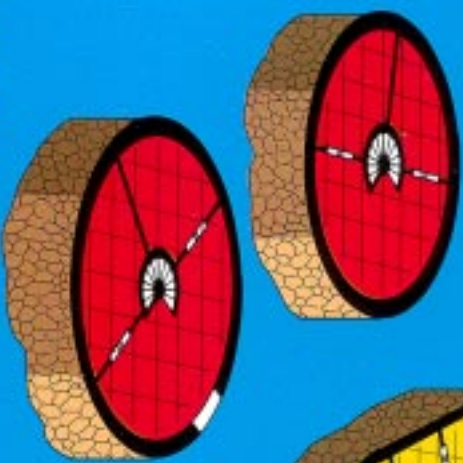


Senior Guard
Officers

Balcony

Spectators Hall

LEVEL: 4

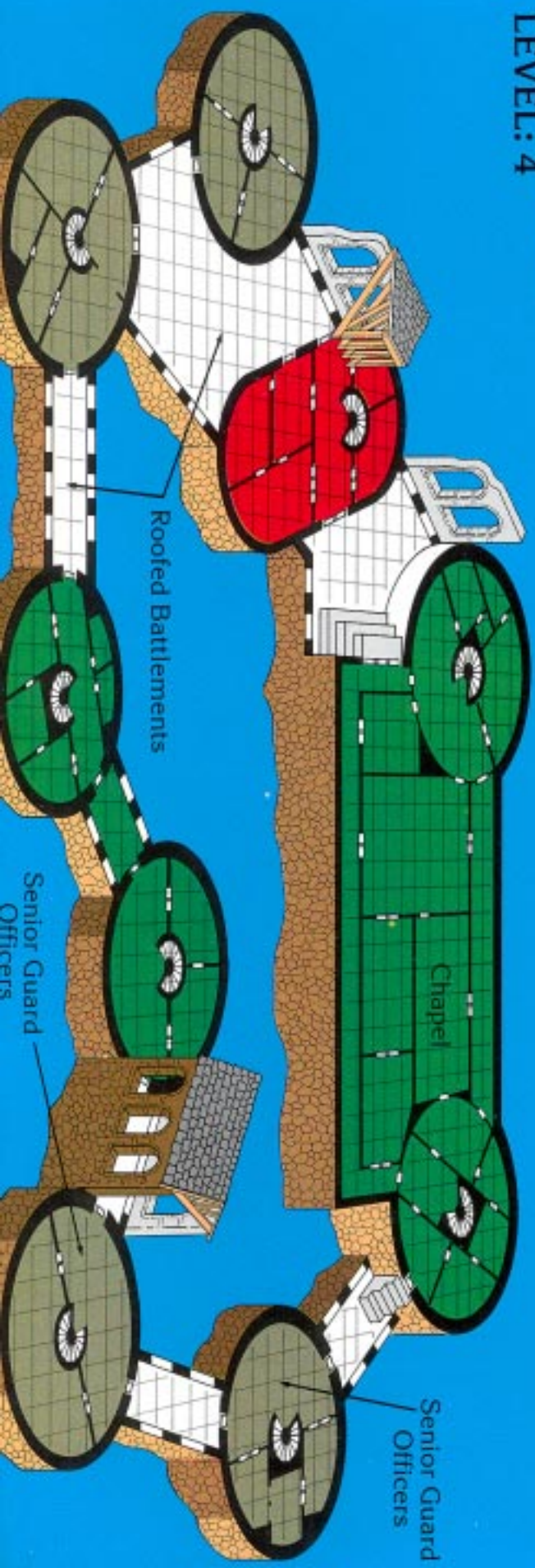


Senior Guard
Officers

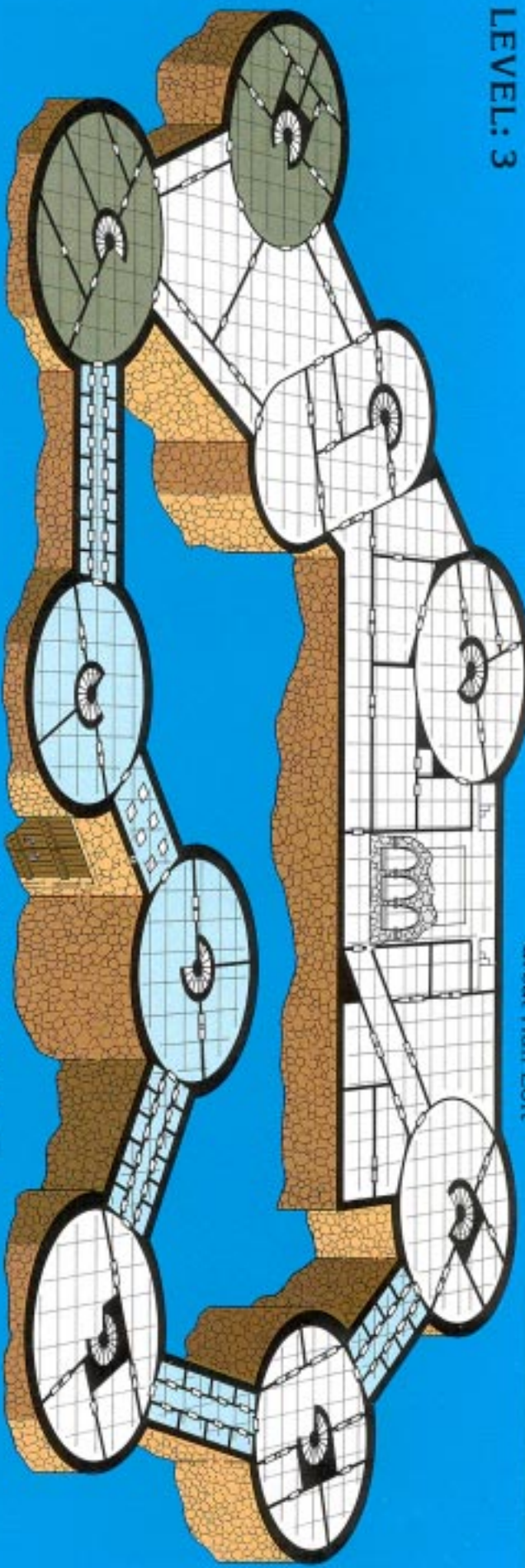
Roofed Battlements

Chapel

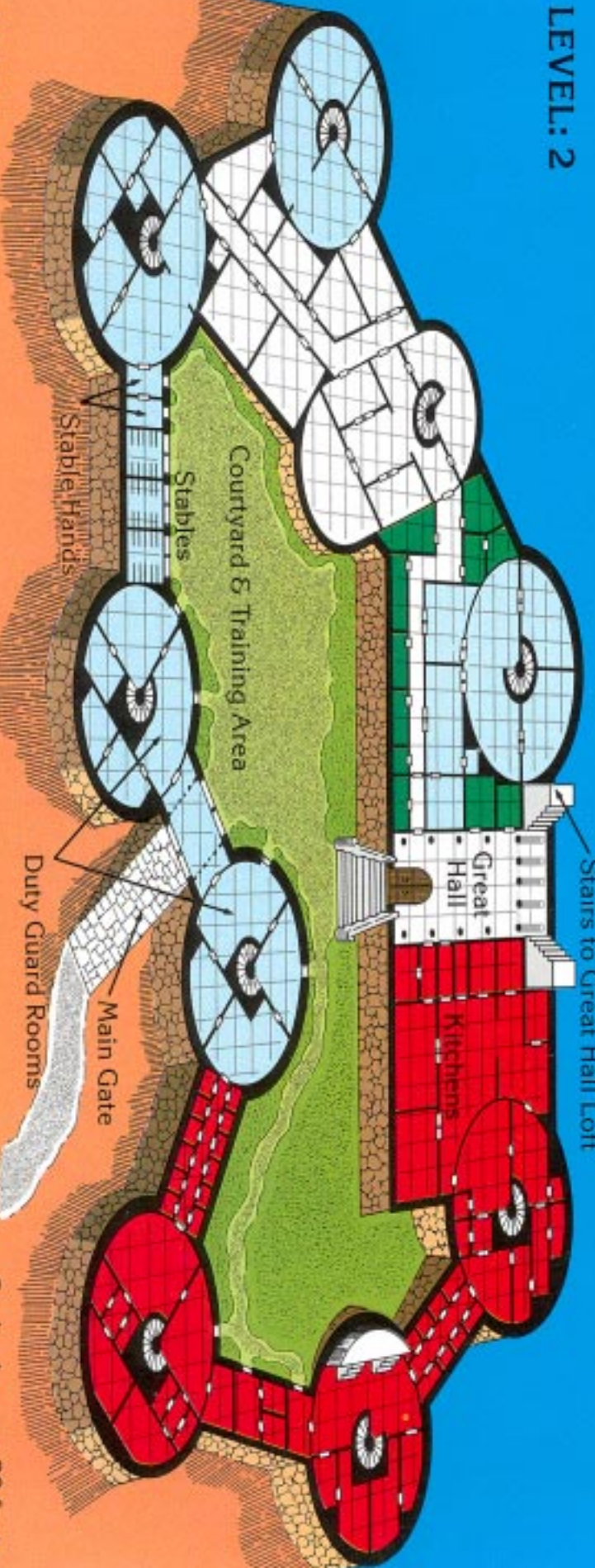
Senior Guard
Officers



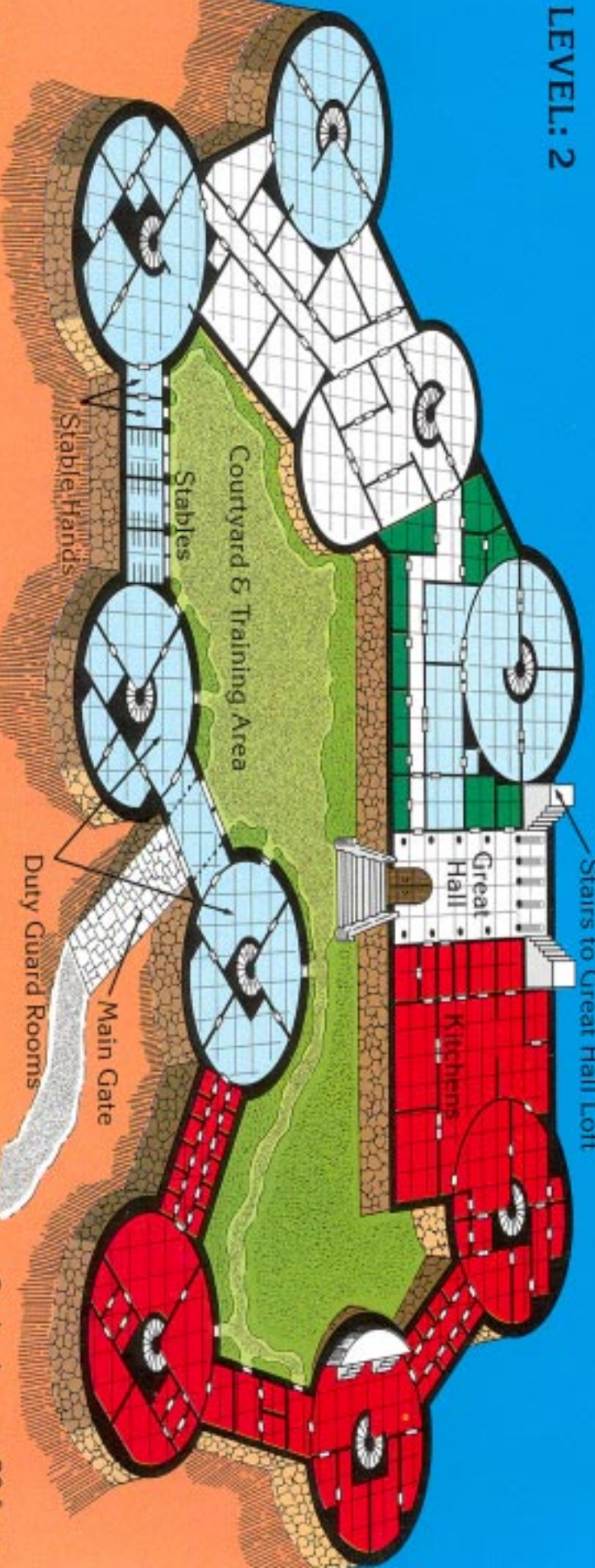
LEVEL: 3



LEVEL: 2



LEVEL: 1



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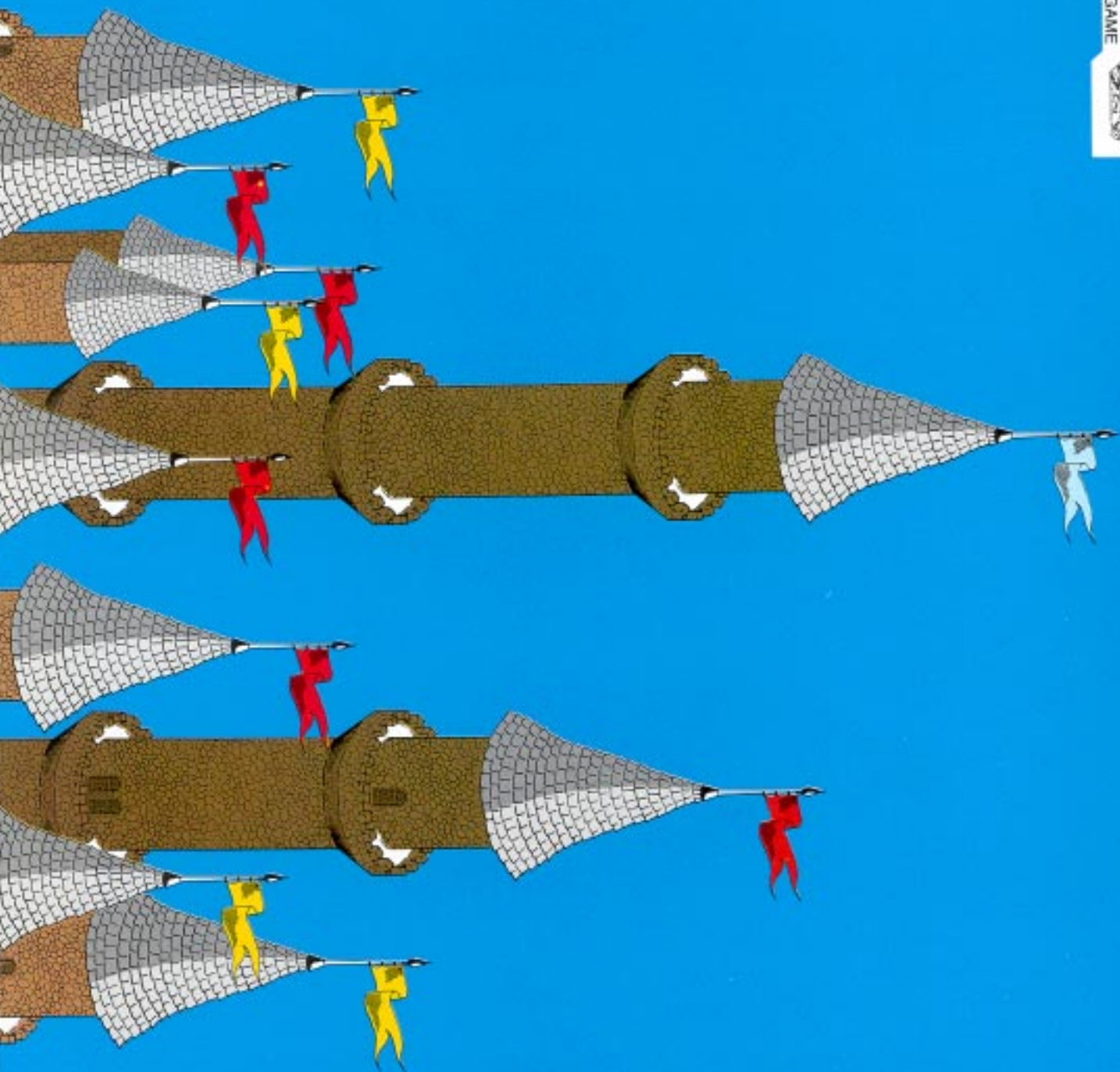
Scale: 1 sq. = 20 feet

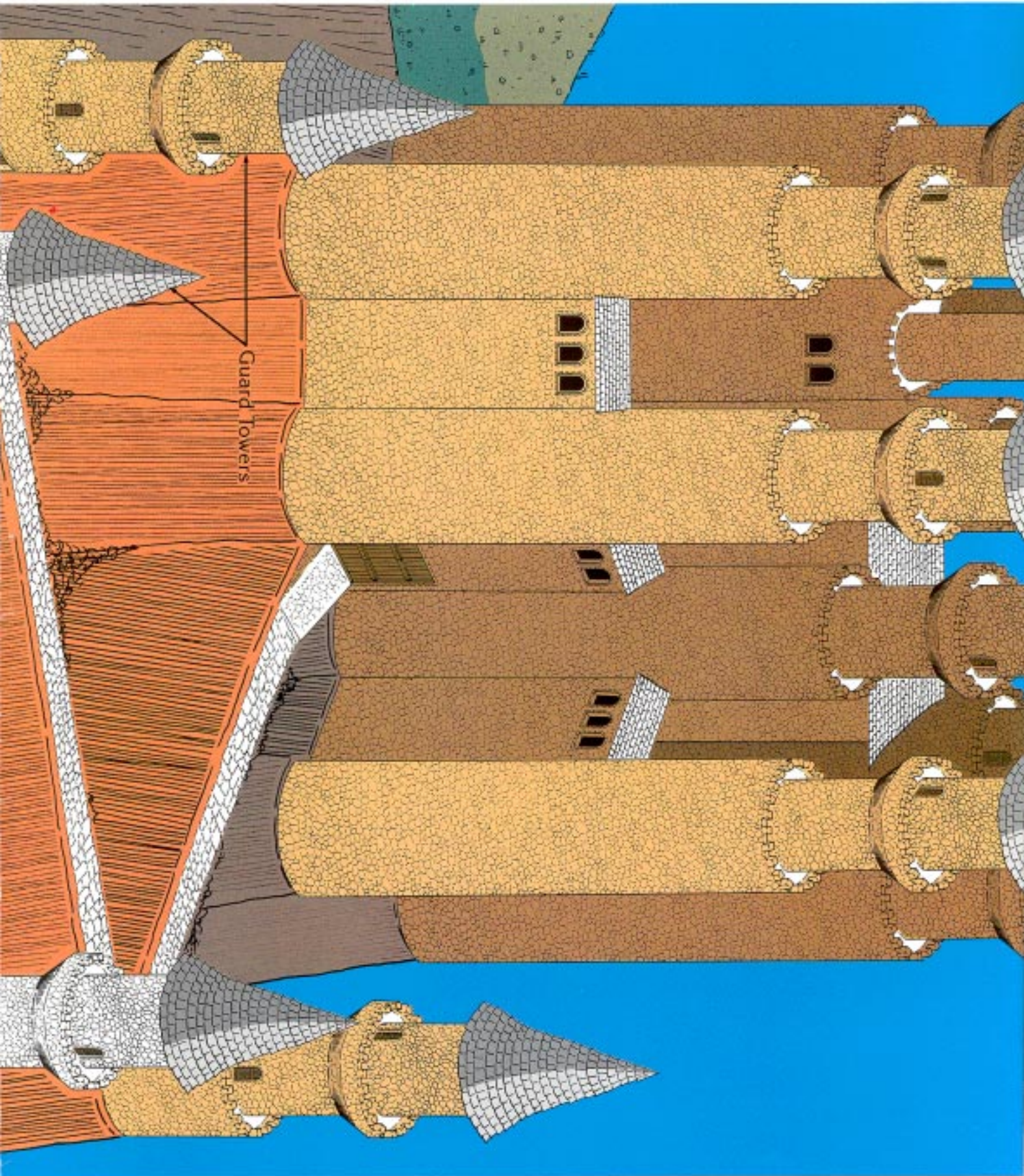
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ICON REALMS

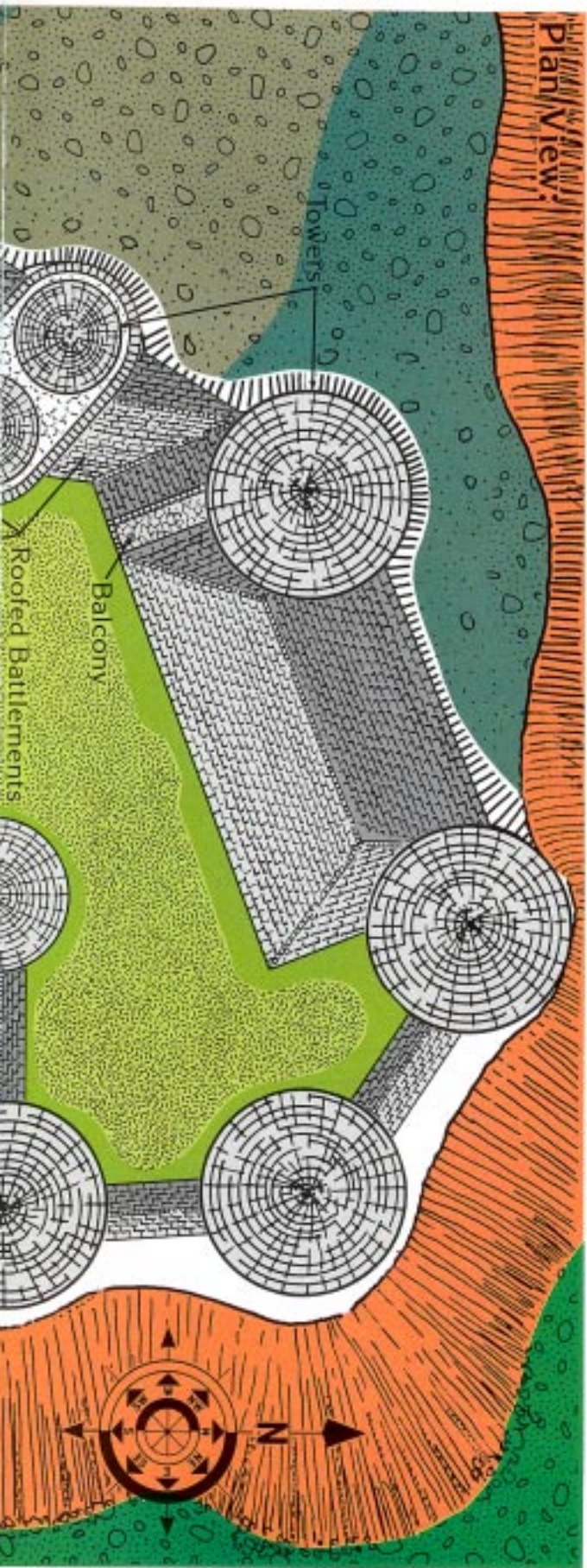
GAME

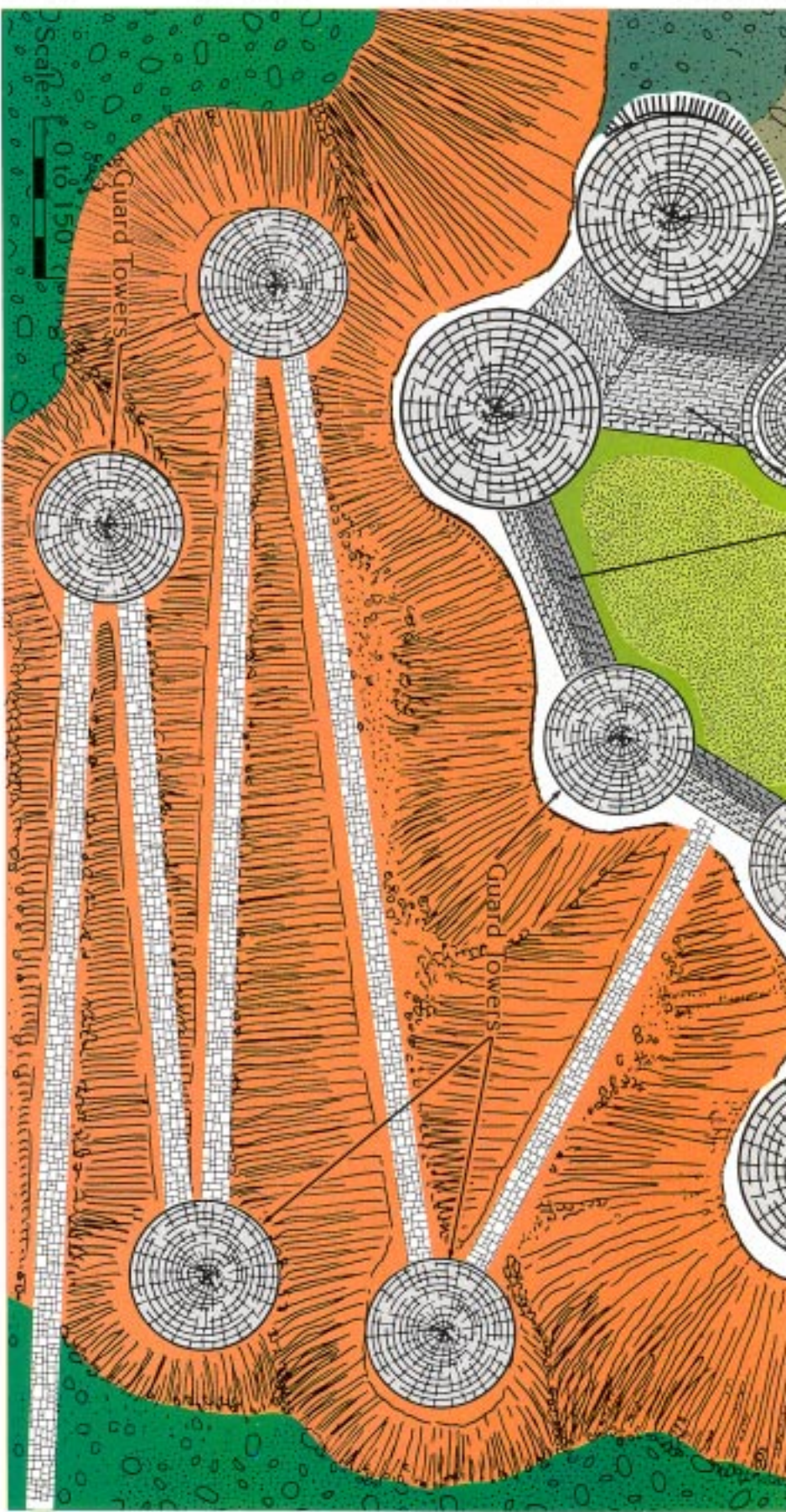
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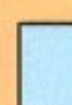








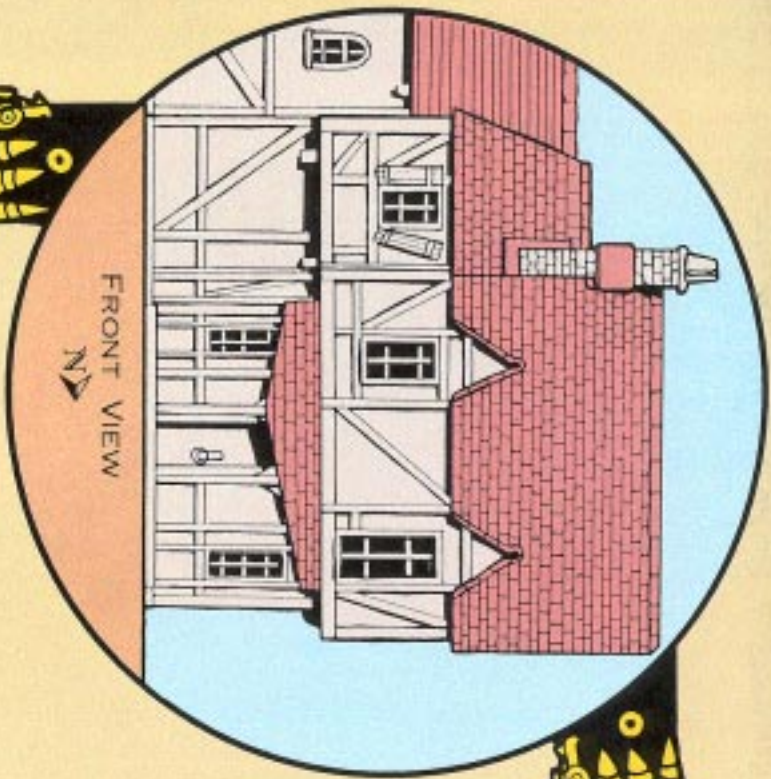
Guard Towers



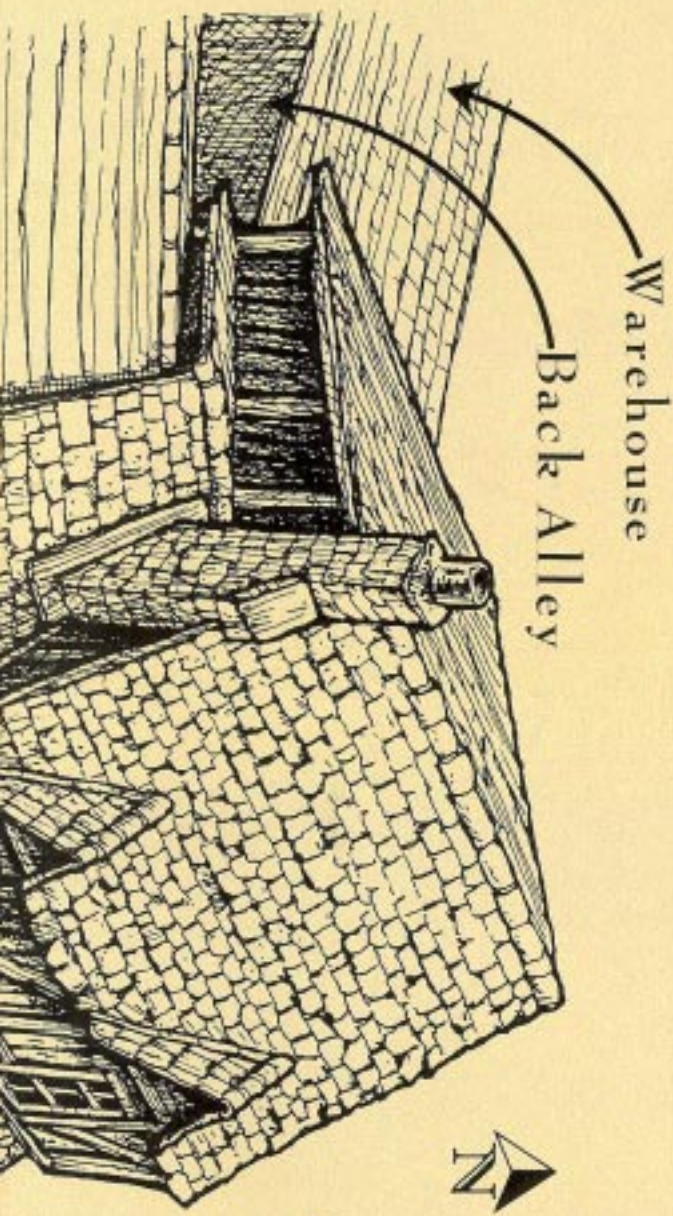


Key:

						
Spiral Stairs	Windows	Doors	Stairs	Pillar	Low Ground	City Watch
						
Cliff	Roof	Walls	Road	Arrow Slits	City Guard	City Offices and Records
						
Inner Grounds	Outer Walls	Guests of the City	Murder Holes	Servants		



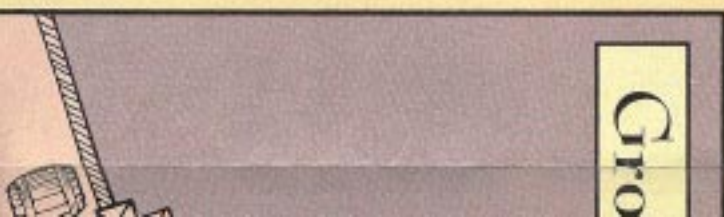
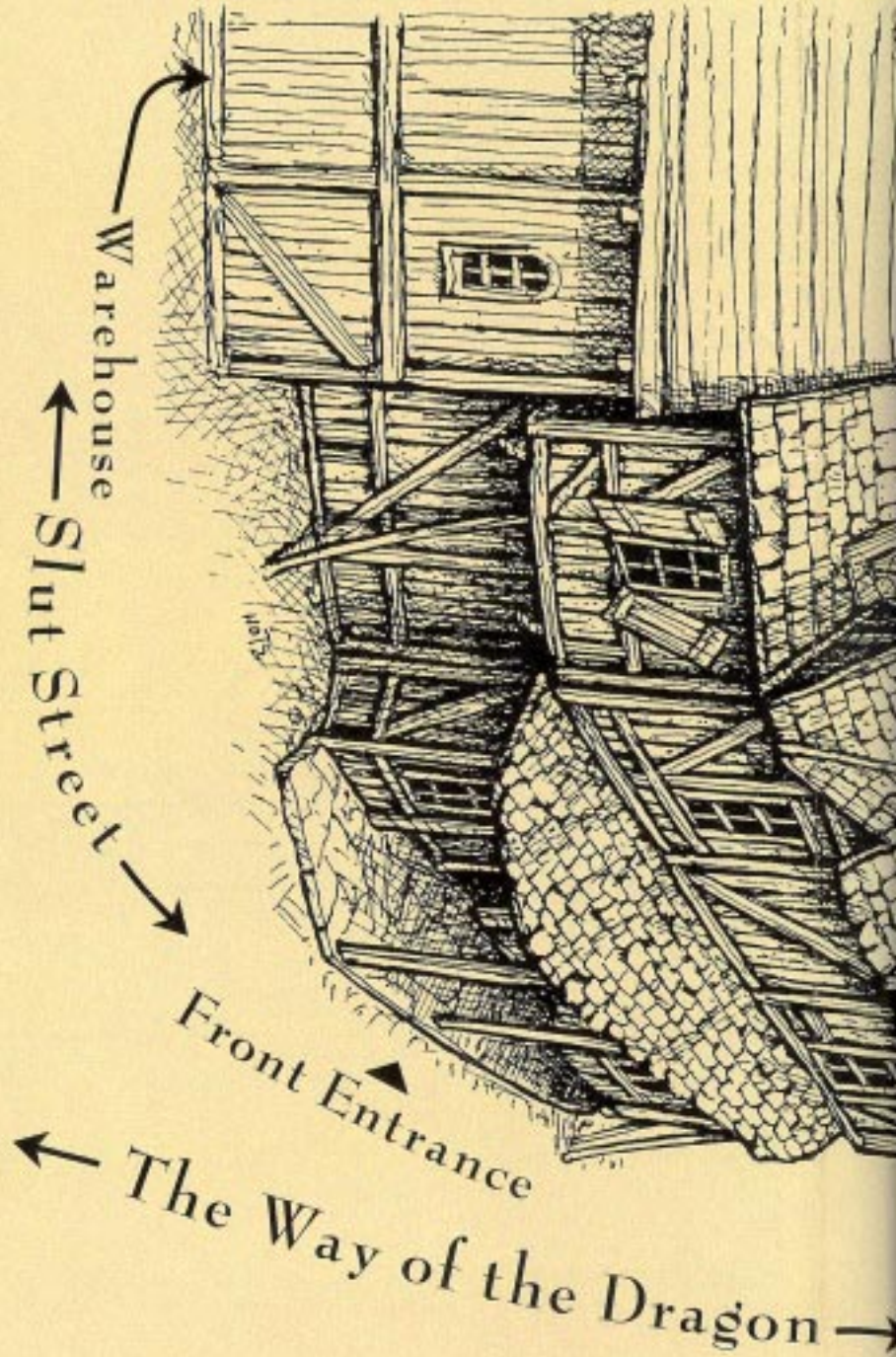
The Thirsty

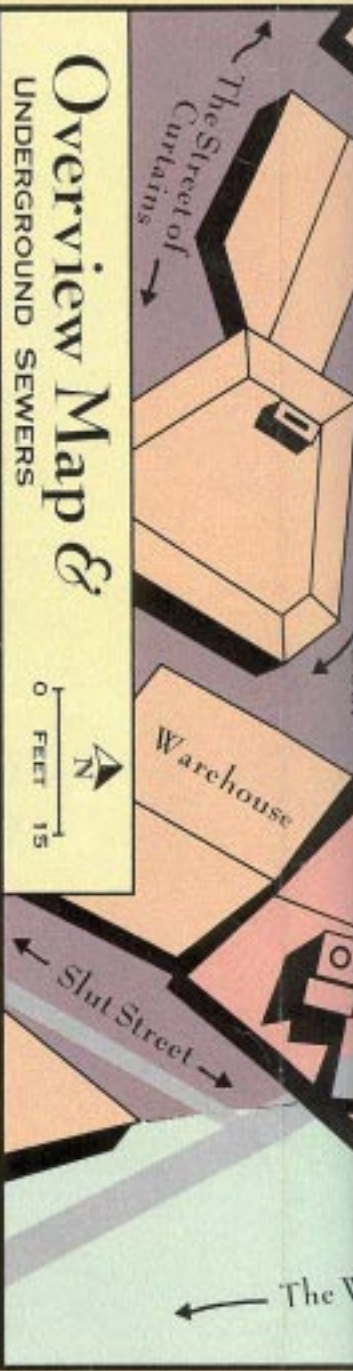


Candle Street

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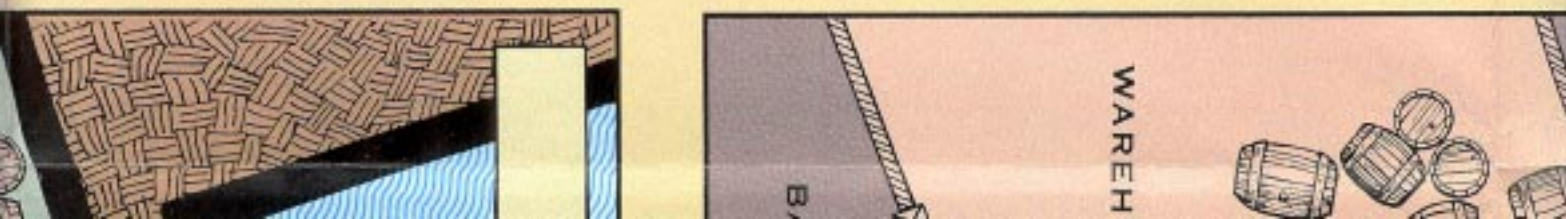
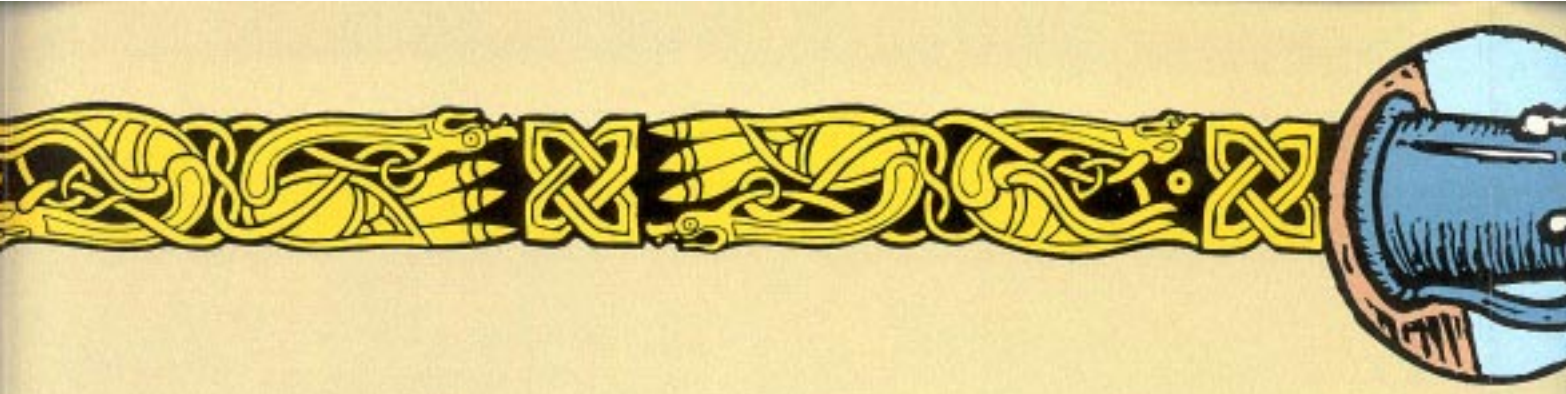
Seco





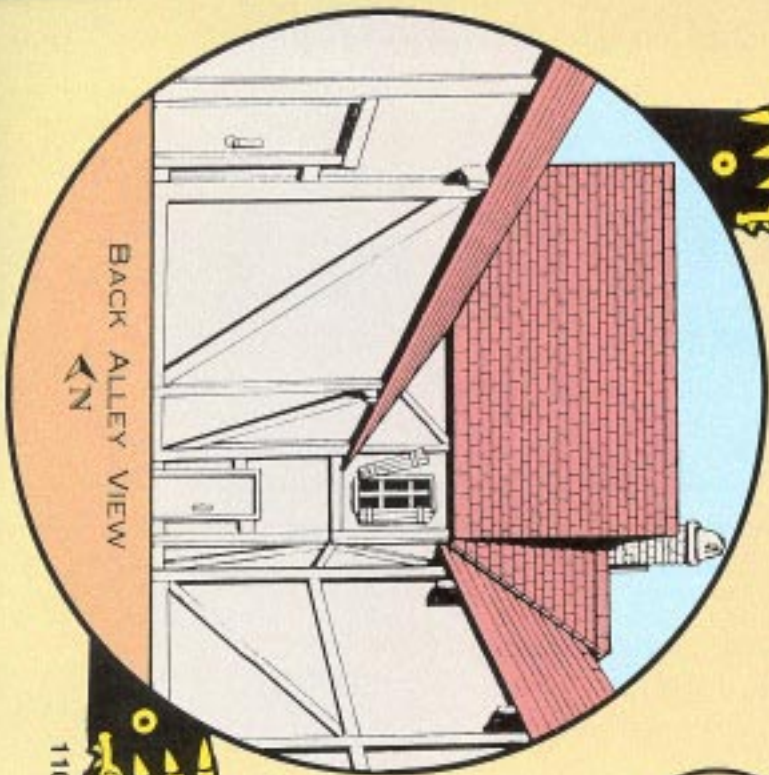
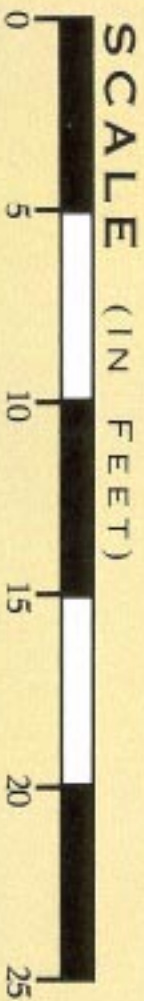
Floor Plan Key

	STONE WALL		CHAIR
	WOODEN WALL		SHELF
	TRAP DOOR IN FLOOR/LADDER DOWN		BARRELS (FOOD/ALES)
	TRAP DOOR IN CEILING/LADDER UP		LAVATORY
	WINDOW WITH SHUTTERS		DRAIN IN FLOOR
	WINDOW WITH CURTAINS		CURTAIN/WALL HANGING
	STAIRS (ARROW POINTS DOWN)		FIRE WOOD
	DOOR		HAND RAILING
	STONE CEILING SUPPORT		FIRE PLACE
	WOODEN CEILING SUPPORT		ROOF (TILES)

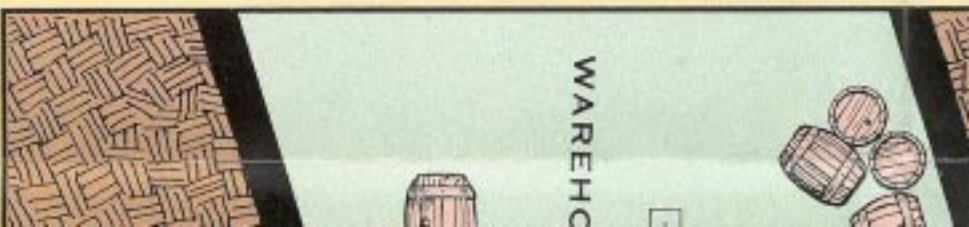


	WOODEN CEILING SUPPORT
	FLOOR HEIGHT (IN FEET)
	WOODEN BENCH
	STOOL
	WATER
	DIRT SURFACE

	ROOF (TILES)
	BED
	WOODEN TABLE
	WOODEN CRATE/ CHEST
	EARTH/UNDERGROUND
	SLOPE DIRECTION/ WATER FLOW
	LOW WOODEN WALL (4 FEET HIGH)
	SECRET DOOR
	STONE SURFACE
	CHANDELIER



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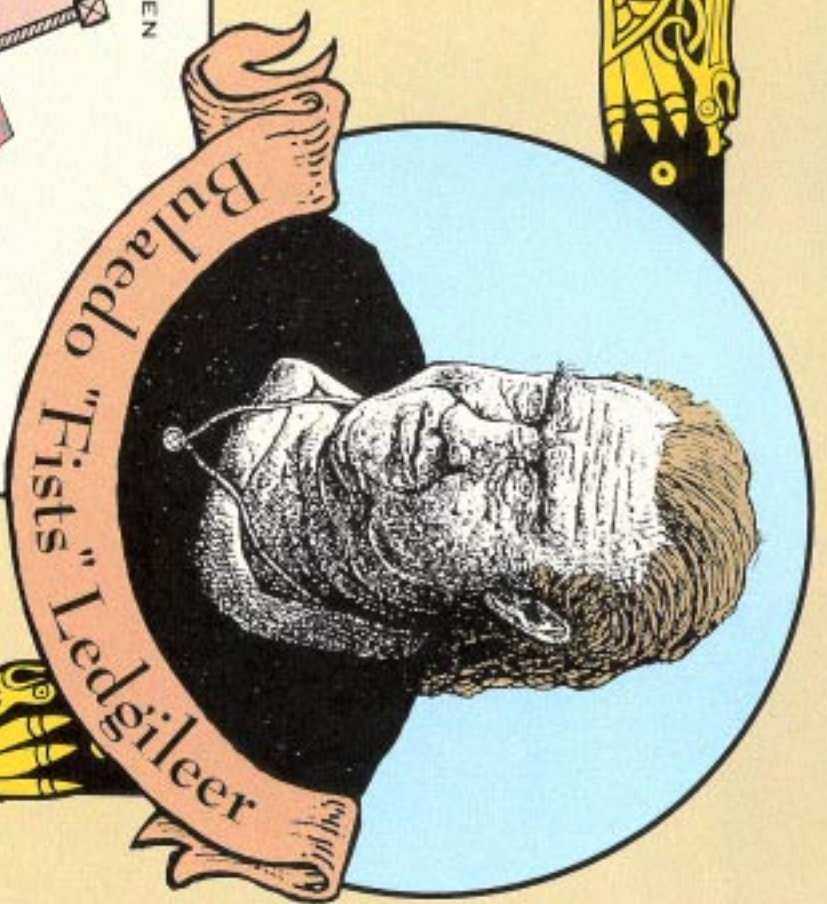
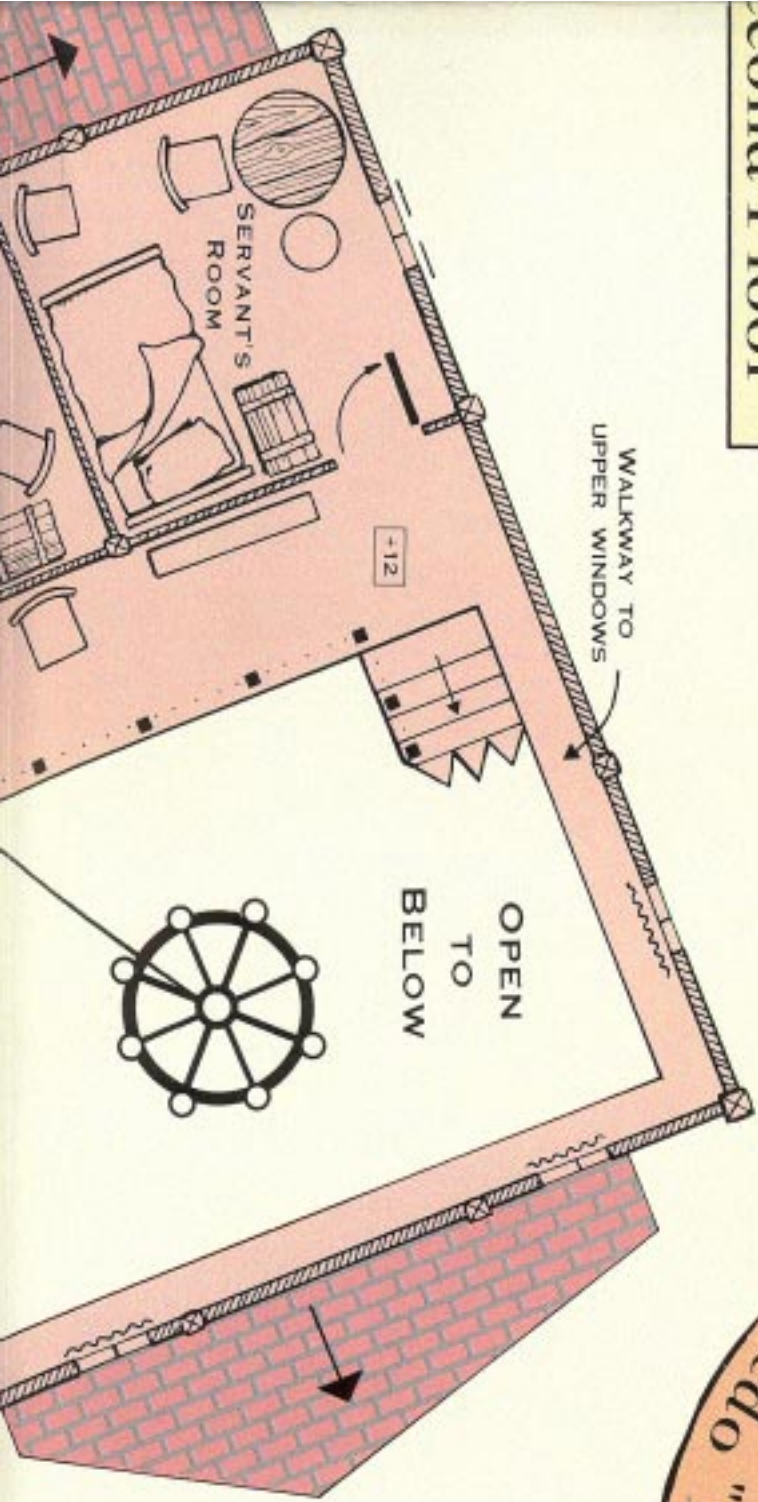


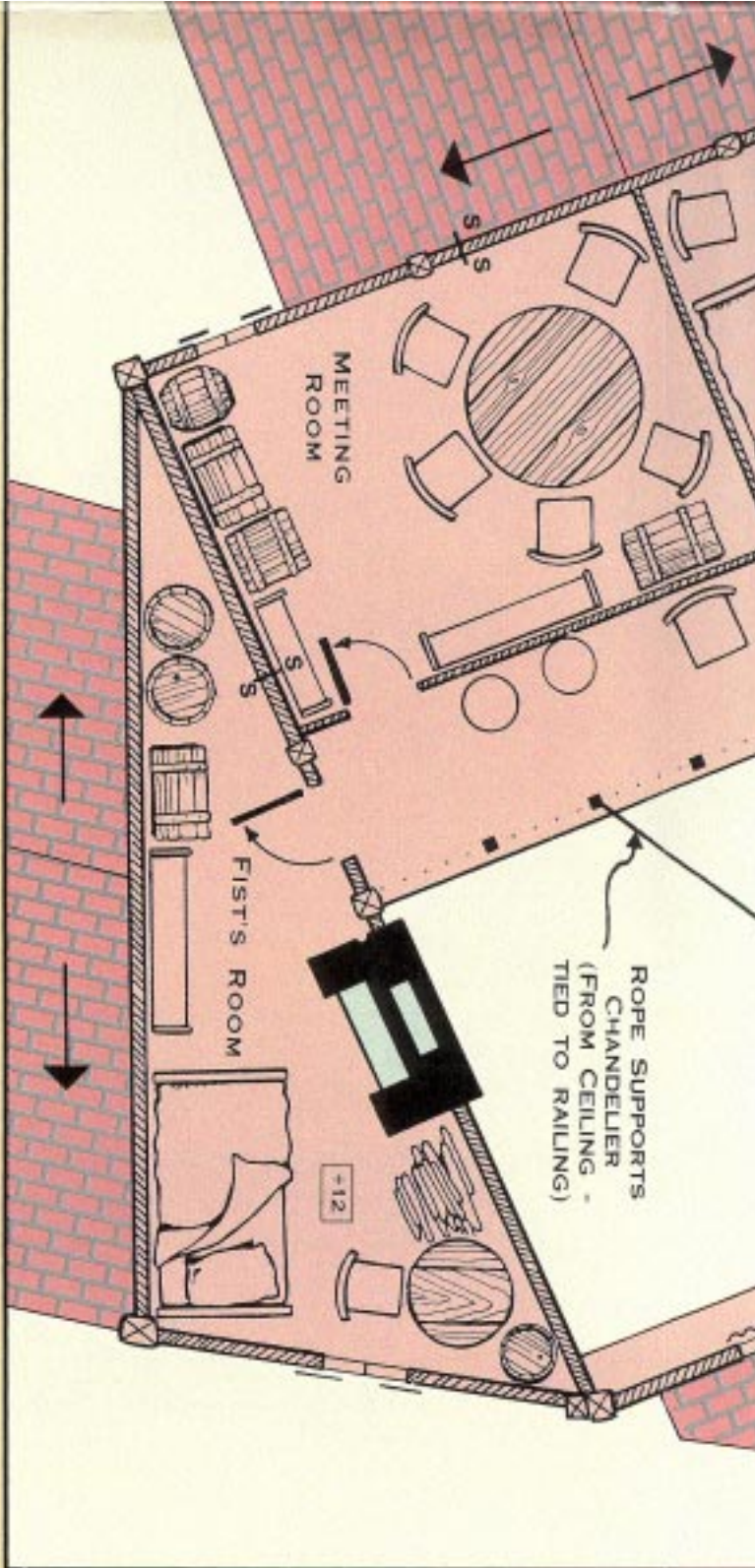
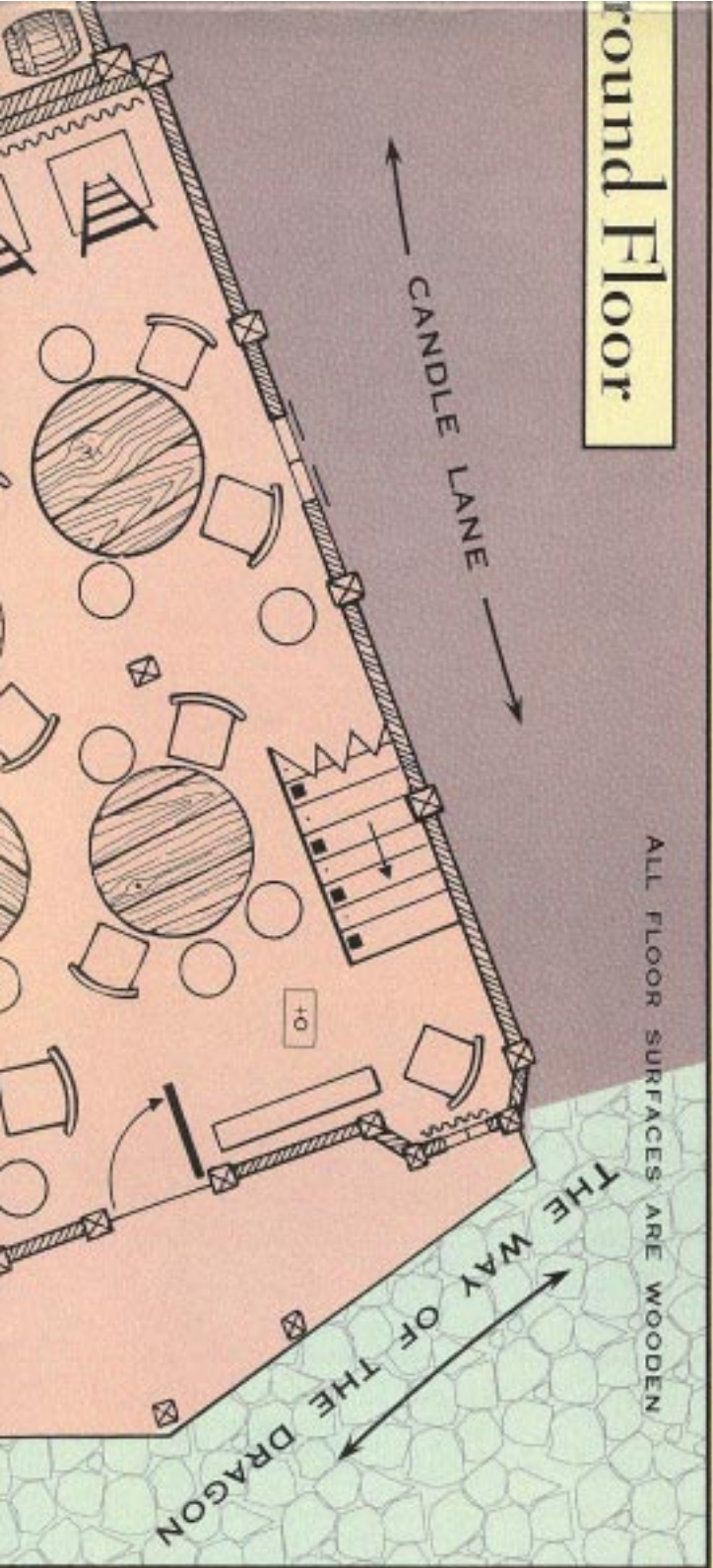


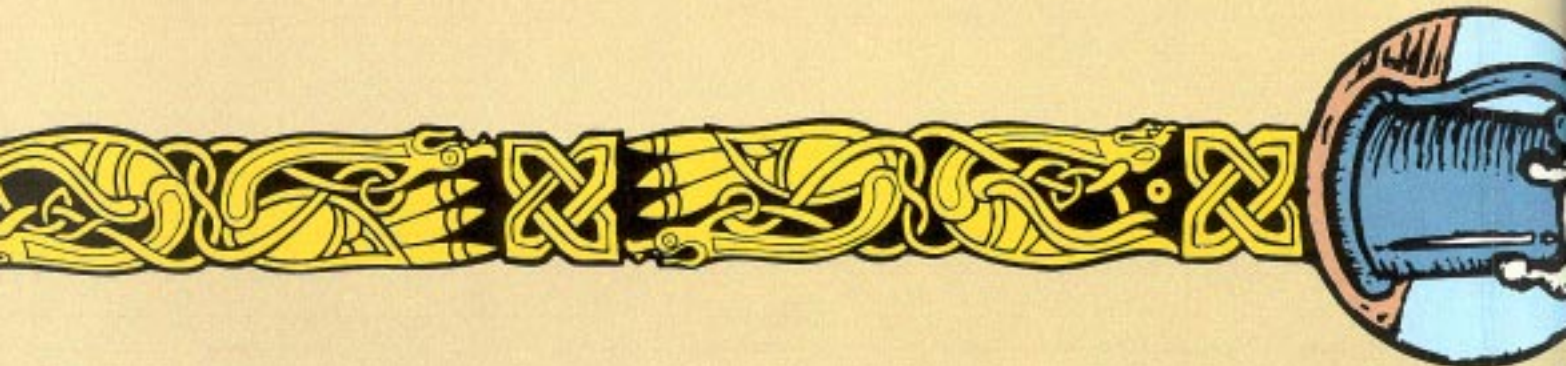
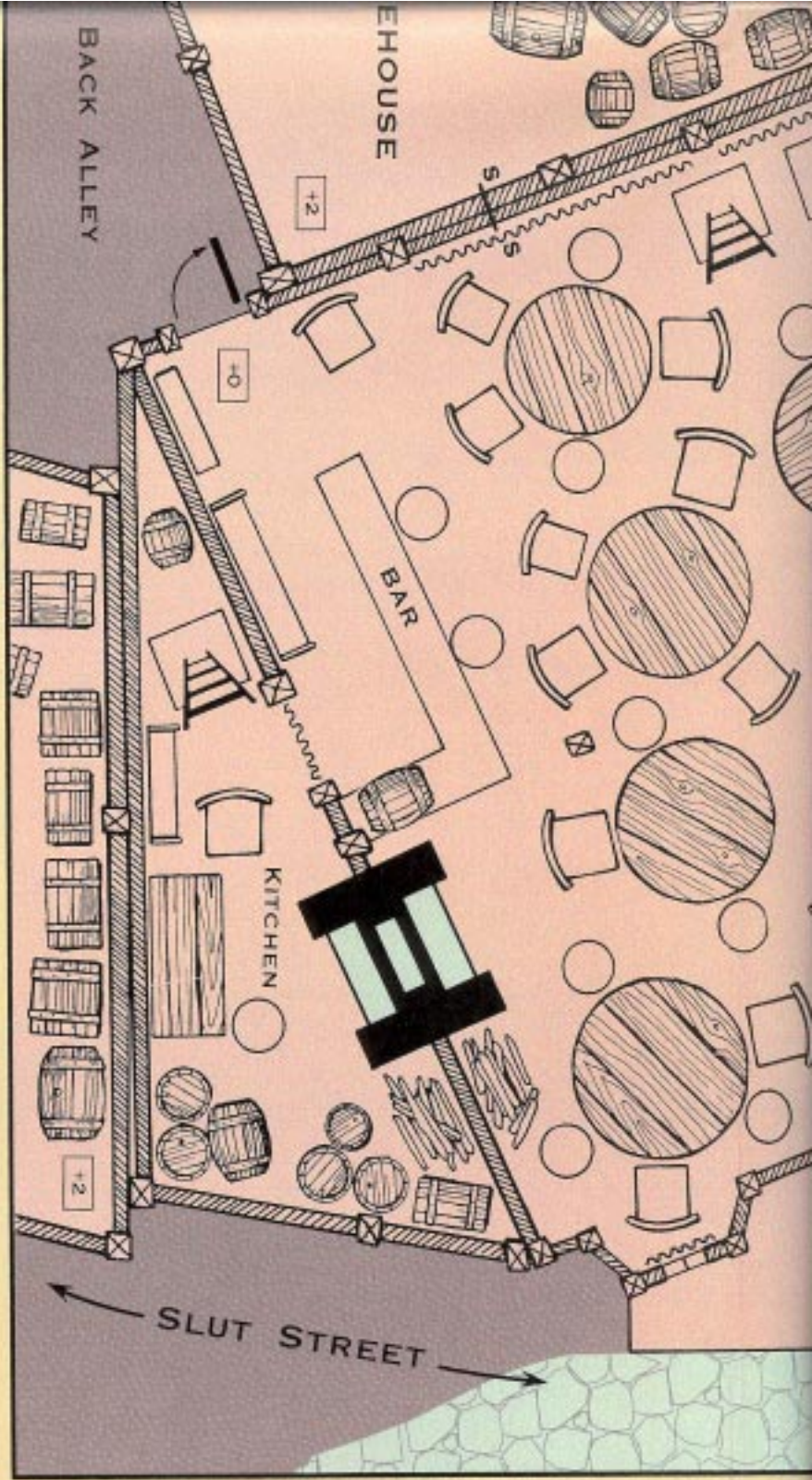
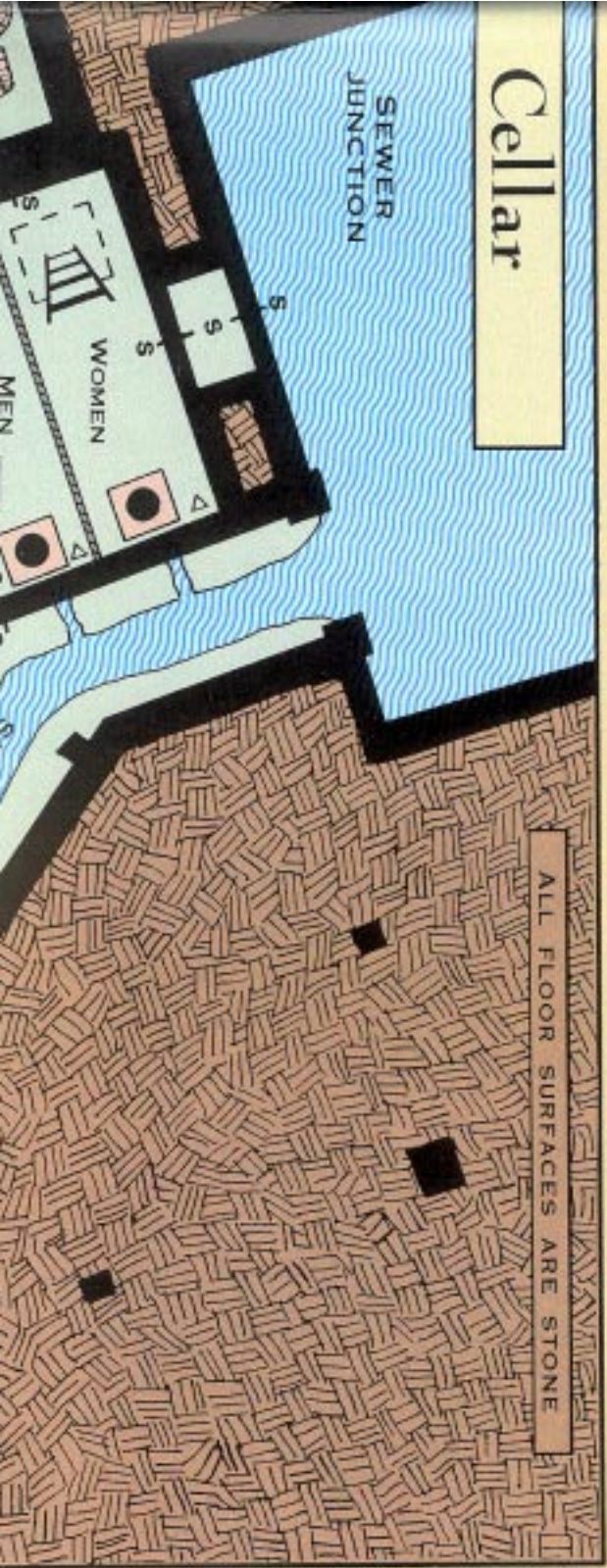
Throat Tavern

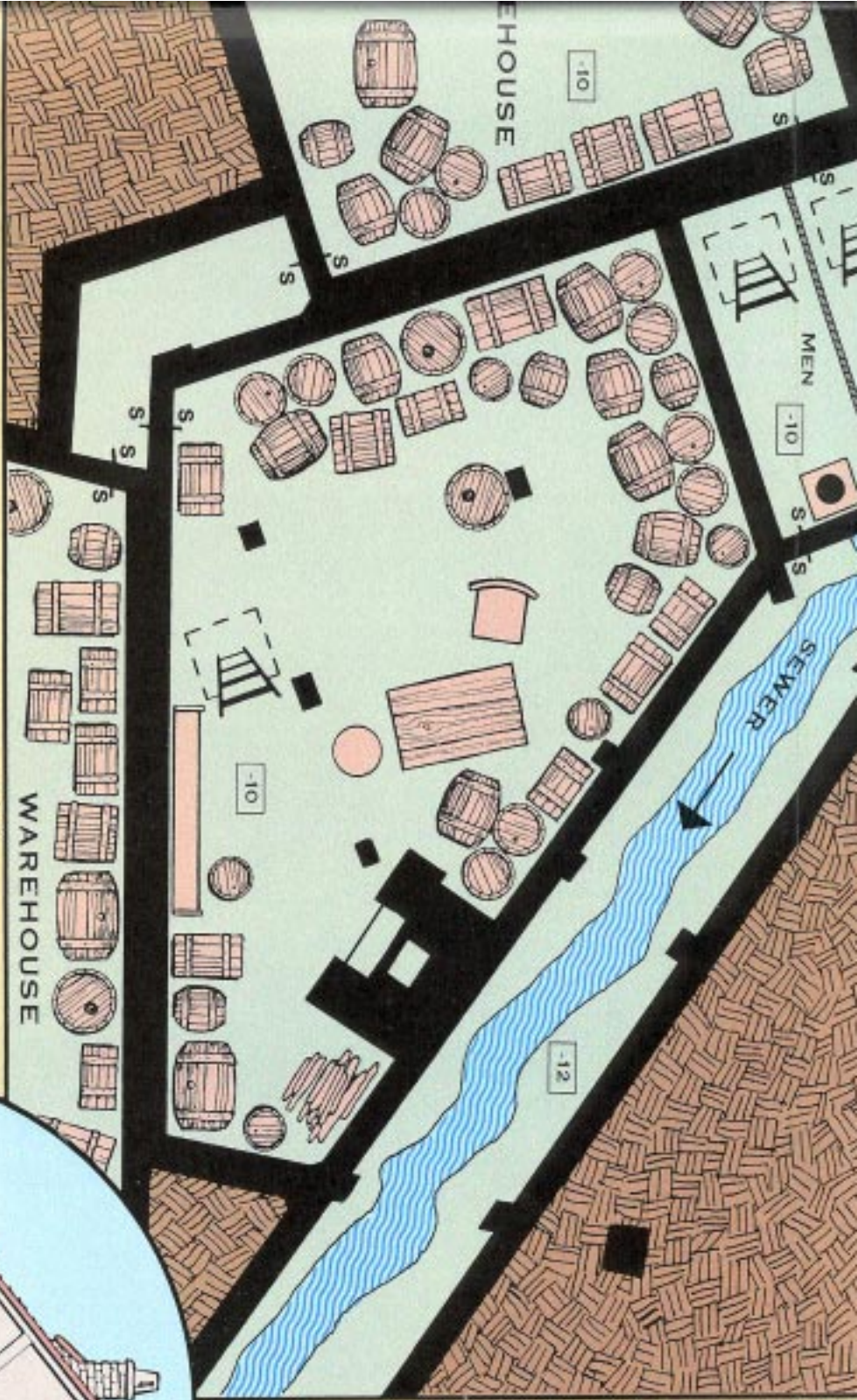
Second Floor

ALL FLOOR SURFACES ARE WOODEN









Hotz

WAREHOUSE

WAREHOUSE

MEN

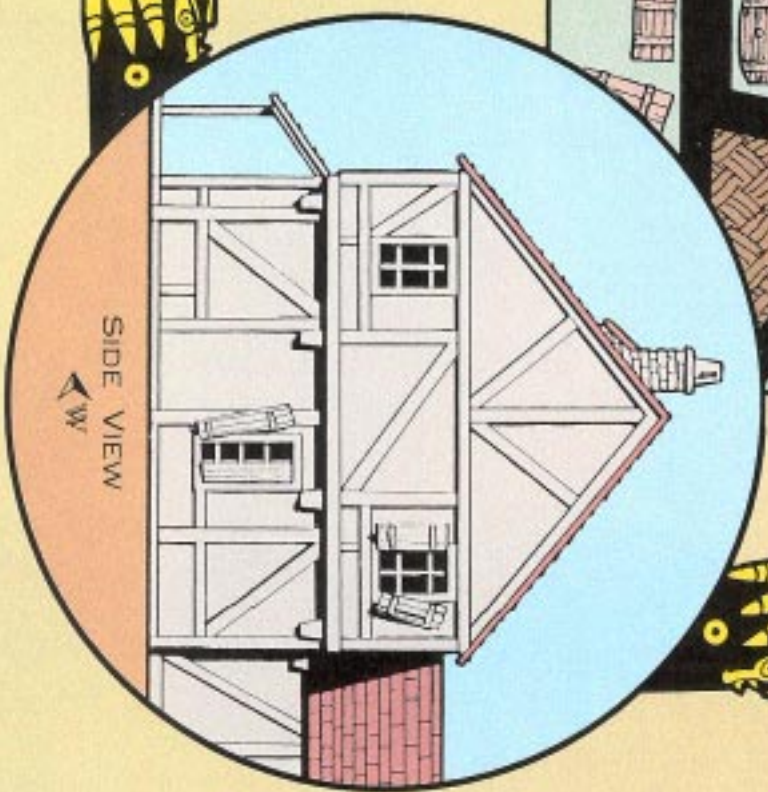
III

-10

-10

-12

SEWER



SIDE VIEW



W



FORGOTTEN REALMS

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