

ADVENTURE AWAITS



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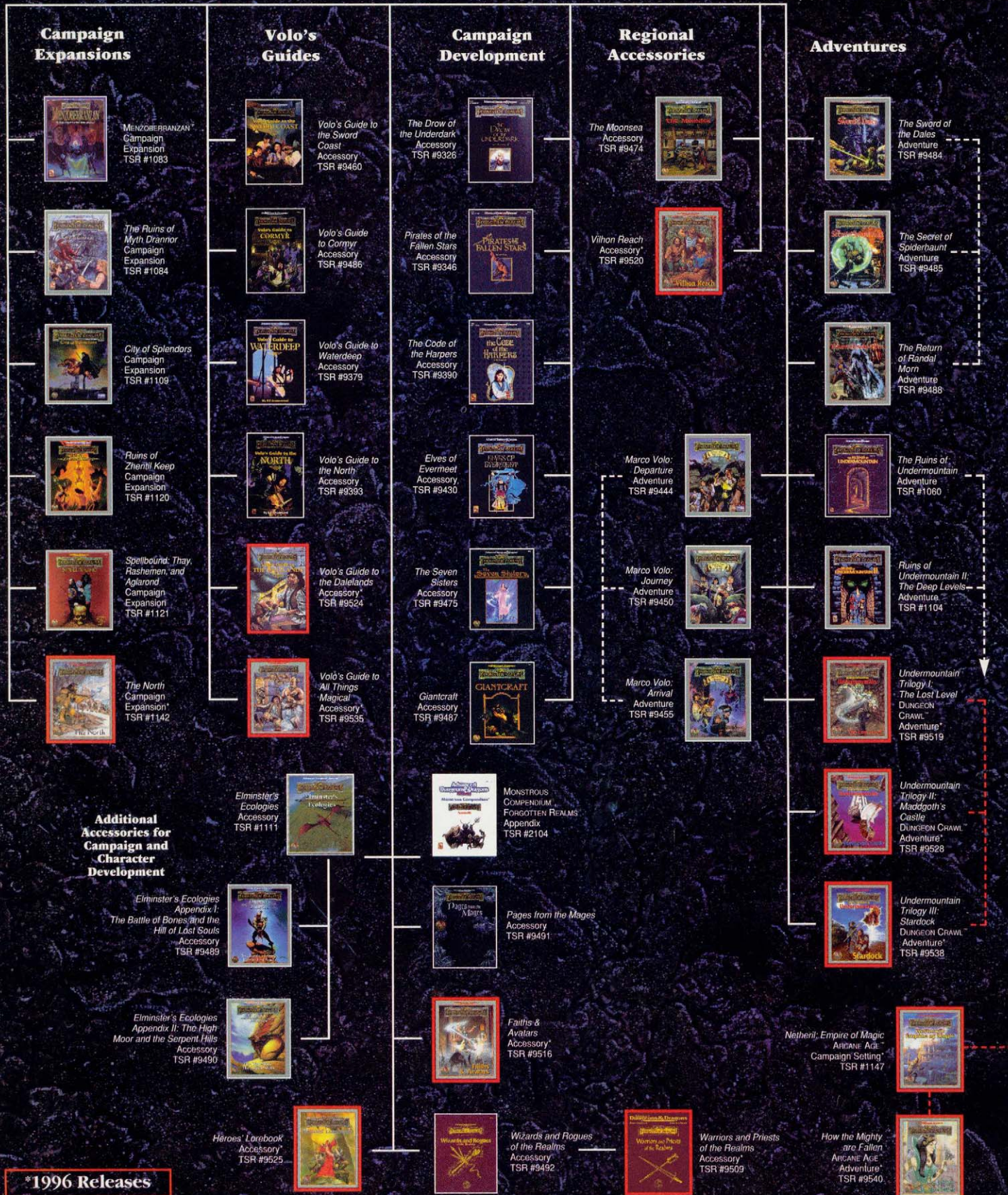
FORGOTTEN REALMS® CONSPLECTUS





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Campaign Setting
TSR #1085



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History of th

-3796 Trade begins between the humans of Netheril and the elves of Illefarn.

-4000

-3500

-3000

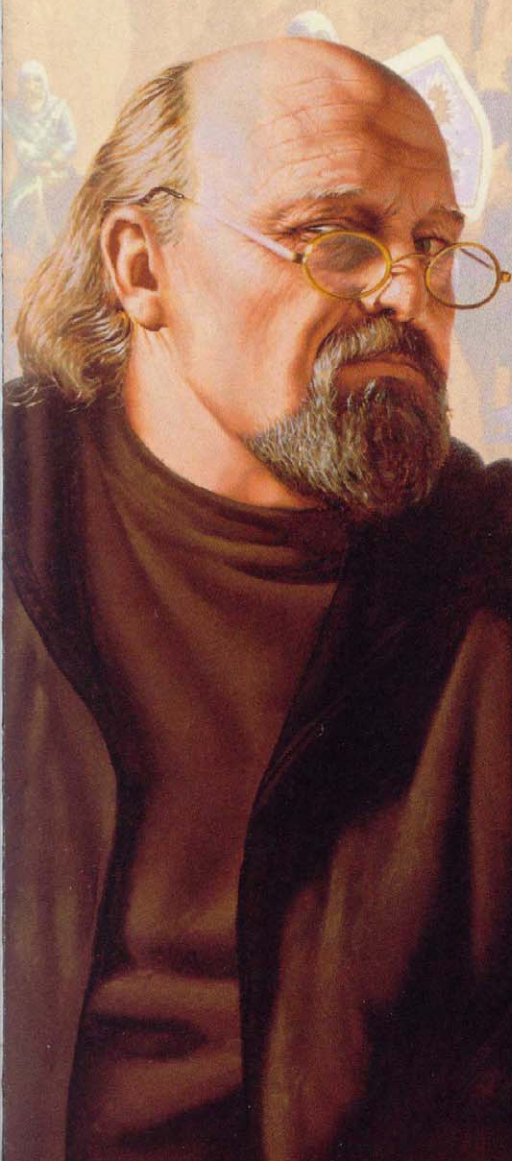
-3809 Seven fishing villages form the organization of Netheril.

-3484 The *nether scrolls* are discovered in the High Forest.

-3046 Half of the *nether scrolls* are stolen from their magical vaults.

-2550 U gives bir

Well met! Know, O reader, that I am Alaundo of Candlekeep.



It has been given to me to see glimpses of the future, moments of the measureless time that lie ahead for this world of Toril, called by some the Forgotten Realms. I sit here among halls upon halls and chambers upon chambers crammed with books—books that capture something of our great past. All too often, folk want to know where the bones of great kings or legendary dragons lie...or more precisely where their treasure may be found, if the truth be told. There are a few questers, however, whose eyes hold the light of wonder, and who want to know more of this vast, glorious, historied world...

And to them I speak first of the shining past—of the glory that was Netheril. These Realms were once home to folk whose mighty magic could change the very sky, trees, and land around us, humans who would seem as gods to us if they walked the world today: the sorcerer-kings of Netheril.

They were the first humans to rise to power from the Dawn Days when men were devoured like cattle by dragons who swooped down from the skies, ruling all the Realms—and spending their days fighting with each other like great cats for dominion over the lands.

The Netherese tamed those awesome dragons, crafted castles that flew high in the air, and created glowing gates that took the brave, the curious—and the foolhardy—with but a step into other, stranger worlds that sages call the planes of existence. Many mighty and terrible things the sorcerer-kings did, created, and became, and in time grew proud in their power, and decadent. In the end they were swept away by their folly and the spells of the evil creatures called the Phierimm.

Only fragments of the splendor that was their sorceries remain to us now—but despite the lack of that world-taming magic (or, some say, because humankind has flourished down the years since the fall of Netheril. Bards tell rich tales of valor, love, high achievements...and those tales are both never-ending. Come to Candlekeep if you would hear them, or seek out a true bard, and listen well. For the time you read this, my chair will surely sit ere as my bones crumble in the crypts beneath us.

I set down these words out of love—love of the world, called “Faerûn” or ‘home’ by folk hereabouts for it shall endure when you in turn have passed as it has bustled and sparkled and roared out the face of its storms and earthshakings and eruptions of fire from below, while its beauties have entranced elves and dwarves and men alike these thousand years.

If you are but newly come to the Realms, or a returning traveler setting out for the first time from the place of your birth, rearing to taste its beauties and perils, I envy you. For so much glory awaits your eyes. Harken to some of the things I have observed in Toril...

I have seen deep green glens where the Danes dance. Folk gambol among the ferns, scudding mists, and ancient gnarled trees—using magic to sink into the earth, or very stones beneath their hooves when danger comes too close. Some of them dwell in forests so vast that an elf straying not from a chosen straight route could walk for a summer and not cross through from one end to the tressedge to the other.

I have seen dragons erupt out of the sea and sink into the air to strike with breath, fang, and claw. I have seen rival wyrms, aloft—while terrified sailors strain to keep their ships intact through the raging heart of a storm, such a battle.

I have seen knights—lords and ladies both, in armor bright—riding along forest paths with pennants fluttering from their lances, as they turn down to jousting fields where crowds wait, king and queen, envoys among the press of excited bodies, alert to see which of these fair combatants will make good a

-1088 Annual trade begins at the future sight of Waterdeep.

-1000

-290 The Fall of Netheril.

-500

-475 The Phierimm discover the nation of Netheril and begin plotting its downfall.

26 Cormyr is founded.

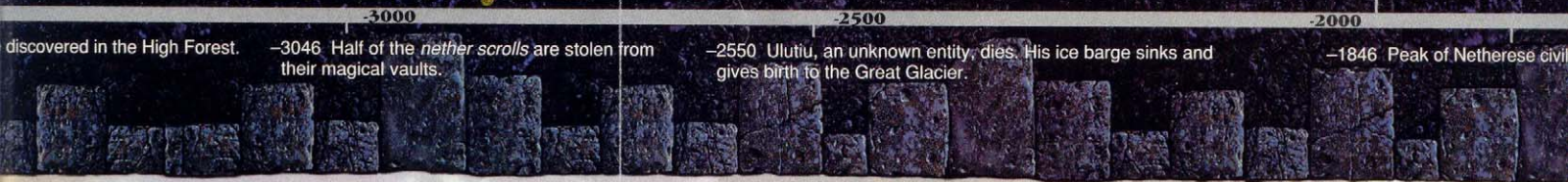
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261 Elminster aids in the creation of Mythral at Myth Drannor; “Lad” agrees to head the Harpers.

1 The Standing Stone is erected. Dalelands are recognized by the Elves of Cormanthor.

History of the Realms

-1967 First Mulhorand/Unther V



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for the crowns they serve.

I have seen forgotten castles crumble to ruin amid choking brambles, sprouting trees, and the claws of chill winter. Towers crash to the ground, stones larger than men cracking and rolling...and when the dust settles, monsters slither in to lair in the shadowed inner chambers. Chests of gold and coffers of gems stand in some of these hidden rooms—and in others, old magic lurks, flickering feebly over scrolls and wands and enchanted things as it awaits those brave enough to intrude.

I have seen ghosts and worse things rising from graves to menace the living. In dark cellars and desolate places skulls fly about at night, and in some crypts skeletal hands chill intruders with their bony clutchings. Not all of the fallen lie peacefully in the earth.

I have seen men in the crowded cities of Faerûn whose fingers have gained great skill over long, painful years of labor, so that they can set a gem scarce large enough to see into the eyeball of a carved statuette no taller than my hand...or fine-forged a lock so intricate that six keys must be turned to make it yield.

I have seen close-beamed and smoky taverns where women dance in the firelight and sing laments so sad and sweet among harping or piping that hardened dwarves howl in grief and proud elves weep silent tears that glisten back the leaping flames, as all folk under those roofs are briefly brethren, close-knit and moved by the same stirrings.

I have seen villages where heavy-laden haycarts groan along lanes that roam almost lazily across rolling hills farmed by halflings, gnomes, men, and half-elven alike, and folk come out at dusk to sit and smoke pipes or sing softly and toast the setting sun with vintage of their own making, while their barns and byres fill up with food to feed realms they’ve never seen...and gentle brooks chuckle endlessly past the hooves of lowing cattle as night comes softly down again.

I have seen verdant lands such reavers mountains... to their doom to truly live.

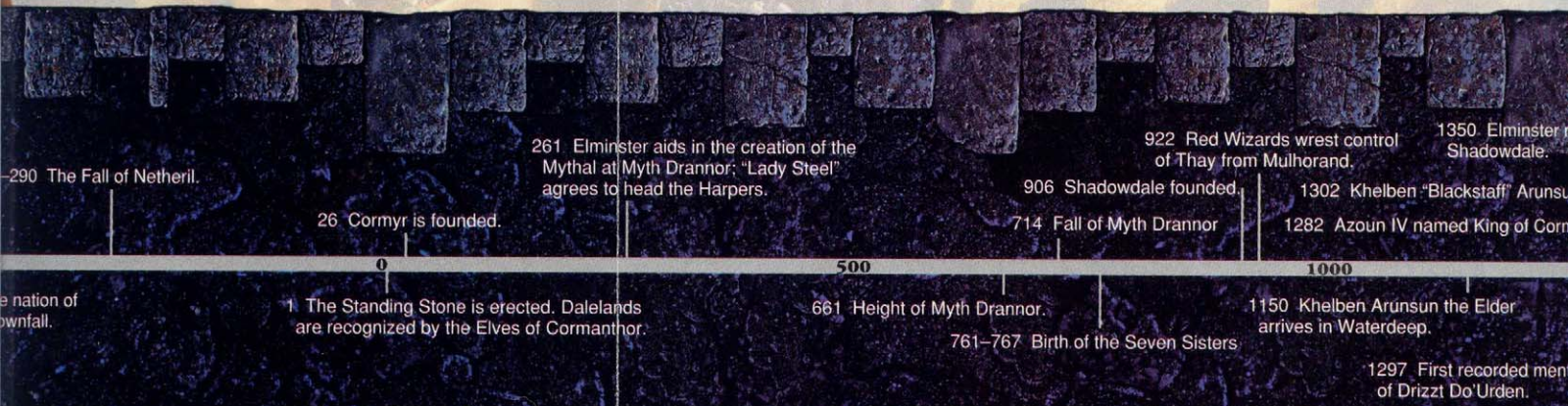
I have seen MageFairs, w as beings of their powers down throne world away, who would g observed wh

I have seen float forever monsters that enchantment or struck sile dreamed of t

In the end of those scrib see that the doom of mer concerns of t heroic deeds have earned. here in Cand upon halls of fire—that pre world I know

I have seen glimpsed som shake the ver among the sh will be need

If you are or spell in th Alaundo of C Seer, and I sa



of the Realms

-1967 First Mulhorand/Unther War begins.

-2500

-2000

-1500

stolen from -2550 Ulutiū, an unknown entity, dies. His ice barge sinks and gives birth to the Great Glacier.

-1846 Peak of Netherese civilization.

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rich tales of valor, love, and
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seen...and gentle brooks chuckle endlessly past the
hooves of lowing cattle as night comes
softly down again.

I have seen proud men striving to seize such
verdant lands by the sword, or defend them against
such reavers or the grunting orcs of the
mountains...and I have seen adventurers ride laughing
to their dooms because to dare dire perils is
to truly live.

I have seen gatherings of sorcerers known as
MageFairs, where hundreds of spells flash and sparkle
as beings of all races strive to impress each other with
their powers, make pacts for employment or to strike
down thrones and feuding families and foes half a
world away, and sell their magics or teaching to those
who would grow more mighty in the Art. And I have
observed what such magic has wrought...

I have seen ships that sail the skies, bridges that
float forever in the air, and gleaming spell-driven metal
monsters that walk or dig or climb until their
enchancements fail or they are rent by rival constructs
or struck silent by the deaths of the artificers who
dreamed of them.

In the end, all dreamers die, and it is the proud task
of those scribes around me, here in Candlekeep, to
see that the dreams don’t die with them. For it is the
doom of men that they rush about, consumed by the
concerns of the moment, and forget the splendid and
heroic deeds they witness along with the wisdom they
have earned...and should have learned. Wherefore
here in Candlekeep we keep many thick tomes—halls
upon halls of them, spell-guarded against rot and
fire—that preserve the proud sagas of the greatest
world I know. A world that lies before thee, waiting.

I have seen the glories of the Realms in my day, and
glimpsed something of what lies ahead. Perils that
shake the very world, and dark days for Faerūn, lurk
among the shining sights: bold and brave adventurers
will be needed.

If you are stirred at the thought of wielding sword
or spell in this most splendid of worlds, hearken. I am
Alaundo of Candlekeep, called by some Alaundo the
Seer, and I say to thee: the Realms wait for thee.

- By Ed Greenwood

1 Elminster aids in the creation of the
mythal at Myth Drannor; “Lady Steel”
agrees to head the Harpers.

922 Red Wizards wrest control
of Thay from Mulhorand.

1350 Elminster retires to
Shadowdale.

1356 Syluné dies while
defending Shadowdale.

906 Shadowdale founded.

1302 Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun is born.

1358 The Time of Troubles
lyachtu Xvim, Godson of Bané, imprisoned below
Zhentil Keep. Bané, Bhaal, and Myrkul die and are
replaced by Cyric. Menzoberranzan raids Mithril Hall.

714 Fall of Myth Drannor

1282 Azoun IV named King of Cormyr.

500

1000

1500

Dalelands
formanthor.

661 Height of Myth Drannor.

1150 Khelben Arunsun the Elder
arrives in Waterdeep.

1344 Elven Retreat begins.

761–767 Birth of the Seven Sisters

1297 First recorded mention
of Drizzt Do’Urden.

1336 Azoun IV takes the
throne of Cormyr.

1368 Zhentil Keep is
destroyed.

FORGOTTEN REALMS® CONSPECTUS



time spent in Shadowdale is filled with such contemplation, however. My first appearance in the dale sparked the match of danger, forcing me to fight in the Twisted Tower with Mourngrim and the Knights of Myth Drannor. My worst fate I cannot imagine—as we turned back tide after tide of darkness that sought to control the young spellfire-wielder. Many innocents died in the battles, and all involved in the battles learned the extent to which they must stoop to possess that which they cannot have.³

I know that I possess spellfire, but only a spark when I am in the presence of Shandrill. The lass's mastery of the fire is truly beyond my ken. I ask any mage that crossed spells with her; if any is still alive, I remember the blackened corridors of the tower after Shandrill defeated a Zhentarim mageling, the smell of burning flesh, the taste of her power and the smell of burned flesh. I can also taste the blood of those who cried over the death of the girl.⁴

Waterdeep has its history; no one can deny the power of Zhentarim can be denied, but it also has a future. We will need both to survive. I know how to get along with the city, and I know that Randal Morn is a man of honor, and it will have to be a difficult lookout for the rise of a new power. I step from the ashes of the past, and my tasks are many, and my responsibility;

BEN SUN

And these are the days of an untoward change. Decades, and many years, of peace and chilling things. Civilizations rise to power, only to fall due to the greed of their power-mad rulers. I have seen the world again from the ashes by a simple man. I have seen the death of gods and the birth of a new divinity sharing the same sunrise. Suffice it to say I am a learned and well-traveled mage.⁶

Waterdeep, "forgotten" though they may be in your reality, are not only a place of peace and delight, but also a place of chaos and danger. Take care to observe the wonders and phenomena and avoid disturbing the peace with your actions. Furthering your own power at the expense of others. I am but one man in this place who wishes his home to remain orderly and full of light and peace. Do not make me an enemy, and you too shall see an untoward number of changes here upon the Realms.⁷

I know that Waterdeep is "my city," but I take no untoward credit for its success. I am merely an archmage who desires Waterdeep to remain the way it is, free of the taint of a thieves' guild and free of the rotting hand of the Zhentarim. Thieves operate in the city—and the Zhentarim are undoubtedly present there as well—but their actions are severely limited when

Menzoberranzan would place my family's lives in danger. Yet I still stand firm. My decision to remain in Mithril Hall brought the entire might of the army down upon me. The army that marched to the dwarven halls sought conquest—they sought my capture for the glory of Lloth. Wulfgar, my brother, Catti-Brie, lost his life in that battle. His absence is an emptiness that I feel as an absent heartbeat.

And yet, my own heartbeat goes against my judgment, betraying my heart and the memory of Wulfgar. I love Catti-Brie, and yet I follow my own heart—and in the eyes of Catti-Brie and Bruenor—over my duty to keep me from acting upon my desires.¹¹

Even through all of this emptiness I find a place to live where I can be respected. I am no longer looked upon as a prisoner of the dwarves of Mithril Hall. I am a man, Drizzt, ranger and friend to Kitiara. In that regard, Mithril Hall is a good place.¹²

With Matron Baenre's political maneuvering, Menzoberranzan perhaps will cease warring with Lloth's warring. I don't trust her and brother Underdark. They are not furthering their plans, involve themselves, and my

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and Queen of Aglarond, it
loose the reins of change and
world for my people.¹⁴

But the change that the Red Wizards of Thay bring upon Aglarond is not a good thing, so I resist with my resolve and magical might at my command. They have already done what they will do anything to achieve their goals, and victory at any price. A healthy element of change.

The Realms change; seldom at the speed desired of those who strive to resist. The fall of Zhentil Keep—and its eventual return as well as the return to power of Randal Morn are all elements of change. The changes will undoubtedly tilt the balance of power in the region, and the lookout for changes that affect Aglarond.¹⁵

If you wish to thank me for your protection, I honor your faith in me. With that joy comes a warning, however: Do not try and deceive me with words and promises for my revenge is quick and deadly.¹⁶





Blowhards, all of them! I am Volo, and have traveled more of these Realms than any other. To hear the truth listen to me.

KHELLEN
FORGOTTEN REALMS
CAMPAIGN

Around the R

ELMINSTER

Many have asked what possessed an old mage like myself to retire to the sleepy village of Shadowdale. In my defense I can only claim that it must have been the clear nights, frothing ale, and warm laughter in the company of good friends that finally swayed me.¹ Shadowdale offers freely what all of the magic of Faerûn cannot.²

From the pond near my tower I smell the honey-mead that Jhaele brews for the Old Skull Inn. I hear the labored breaths of Durman as he chops wood for the inn's hearth followed shortly thereafter by a pounding hammer as he performs some minor maintenance on a shutter or door. And from time to time, Jhaele brings up a mug of fresh mead or ale and talks to me about the rumors she's heard at the Old Skull.

Not all of the time spent in Shadowdale is filled with such contemplation, however. Shandril Shessair's appearance in the dale sparked the match of danger, forcing me to spend time in the Twisted Tower with Mourngrim and the Knights of Myth Drannor—a worse fate I cannot imagine—as we turned back tide after tide of Zhentarim that sought to control the young spellfire-wielder. Many innocents died in the resulting battles, and all involved in the battles learned the extent to which others stoop to possess that which they cannot have.³

Aye, 'tis true that I possess spellfire, but only a spark when compared to Shandril. The lass's mastery of the fire is truly remarkable; ask any mage that crossed spells with her; if any is yet alive, that is. I remember the blackened corridors of the Twisted Tower after Shandril defeated a Zhentarim mageling intent on possessing her power and the smell of burned flesh that wafted through the halls; I can also taste her tears as she cried over the death that she caused.⁴

Shadowdale has its history; no chronomancer of Zhentarim can take that away, but it also has its present. It will need both to remember how to get along with Daggerdale now that Randal Morn is back in power, and it will have to keep on the lookout for the rise of Zhentil Keep from the ashes of its fall. Such tasks are hardly my responsibility; I'm retired.⁵

1 "Ah, yes, clear nights—handy for seeing the beauty of local ladies...and the best hasty escape routes from their bedrooms.

2 "Shadowdale offers freely what all the magic of Faerûn cannot"? The only thing I've found that most places in Faerûn offer freely is: poverty.

3 "Filled with such contemplation"? Elminster's probably the only man in all Faerûn who can make his having a nap sound like a decisive act of Realms-shaking importance. Then again, he's one of the few men whose sleeping habits are of Realms-shaking importance. If he woke up grouchy of mornings there'd probably be little left east of Shadowdale but a wild-magic waste, instead of Ravens Bluff and Mulmaster and Thay and...hmm. Perhaps the Realms needs someone heroic (or stupid) enough to steal the Old Mage's morning meal once or twice, at that...

That's the trouble with wizards. Their disagreements over policy always result in battles, and in battles many innocents always get killed. You'd think they'd have run out of innocents long ago...

4 "Aye, I've heard Elminster has just enough spellfire in him to nicely cook up dinner—or devious plots—or people who annoy him (myself, for instance).

5 "When great mages say they've retired, it really means they're now up to something they don't want to tell you about.



the Realms

DRIZZT DO'URDEN

As I compare my two lives—the current life I share with Bruenor, Catti-Brie, Regis, and Guenhwyvar and my darker past life living in Menzoberranzan—I can't help but reflect on the decisions I have made and the price they have exacted. From the very first moment I vowed to leave the dark and twisting caverns of the Underdark, every turn I made has had unforeseen costs.⁹

My leaving Menzoberranzan cost my family their lives, cast down by my actions of leaving the evil city. That my sisters and mother were evil there can be no doubt, but what right do I have to make such life-and-death decisions for others?¹⁰

I am hardly responsible for the actions of an entire society, nor did I establish the penalties to which my family answered. I did, however, realize that my leaving Menzoberranzan would place my family's lives in danger. Yet I still left.

My decision to remain in Mithril Hall brought the entire might of Matron Baenre down upon me. The army that marched to the dwarven halls sought not just simple conquest—they sought my capture for the glory of Lloth. Wulfgar, betrothed of Catti-Brie, lost his life in that battle. His absence is an emptiness that pulses with an absent heartbeat.

And yet, my own heartbeat goes against my judgment, betraying both my heart and the memory of Wulfgar. I love Catti-Brie, and yet the pain in my own heart—and in the eyes of Catti-Brie and Bruenor—over his death prevents me from acting upon my desires.¹¹

Even through all of this emptiness I have found a place to live where I can be respected for who I am. I am no longer looked upon as a “dark elf” by the dwarves of Mithril Hall. I am finally just Drizzt, ranger and friend to King Bruenor. In that regard, Mithril Hall is a comfortable place.¹²

With Matron Baenre dead and the political power of Menzoberranzan in flux, perhaps I can at last cease worrying about Lloth's watchful gaze. Yet I don't trust my evil sisters and brothers of the Underdark, and I fear that they are hatching yet further plots that will involve both Mithril Hall and myself.¹³

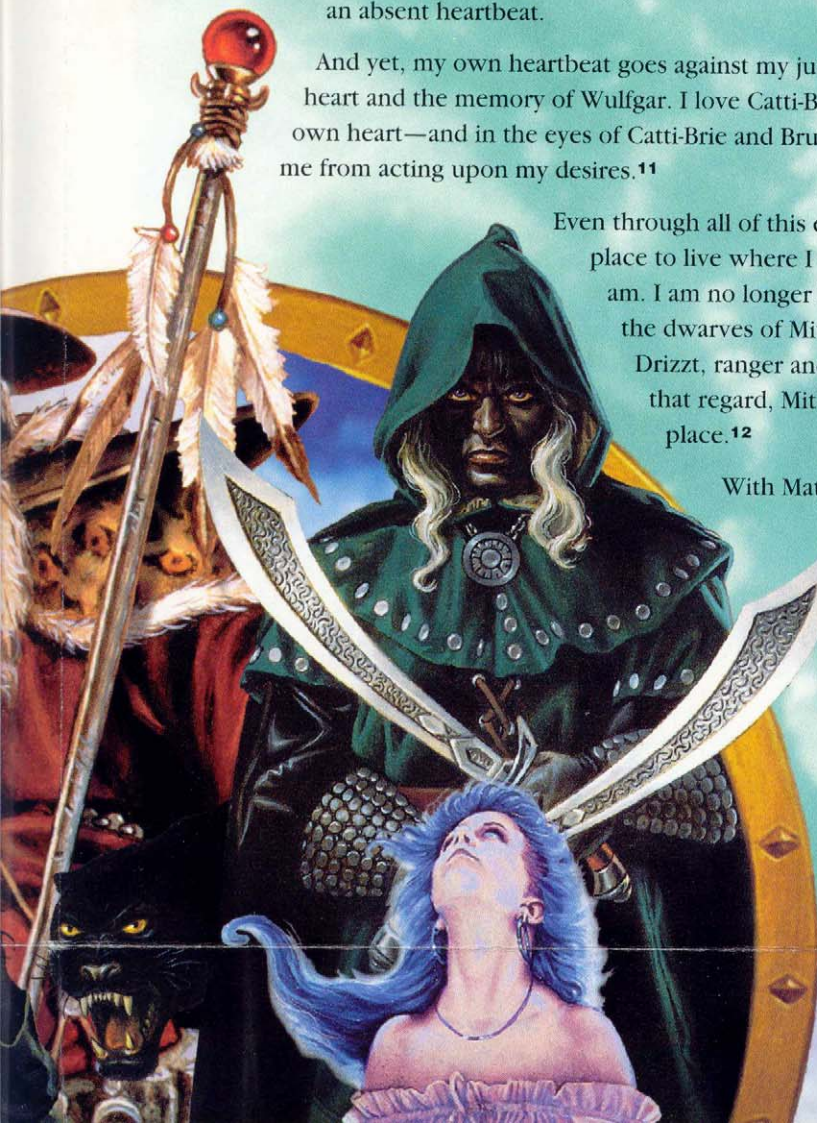
9 • If Drizzt Do'Urden ever stopped agonizing over his every little mistake, he'd discover that folk in the Realms can get into trouble and get themselves killed quite handily without him.

10 • Menzoberranzan—now there's a place of new opportunities. Just bring a small army, a few dozen wizards, a big smile, and lots and lots of torches. Don't forget your spider repellent.

11 • It's amazing how many folk in Faerûn keep from declaring their love for someone because of dead people; I've never noticed dead people to be all that good at kissing and cuddling. Memories of their love? Well, yes, life is all about making memories—so tell her you love her, and make some new ones!

12 • It's nice to know that the deadliest drow in Faerûn doesn't trust his fellow dark elves. I'd hate to think he'd become some sort of idiot. Drizzt finds Mithril Hall a comfortable place because they accept him for who he is. I'll bet the heaps of gold and kegs of ale didn't hurt his estimation of its comforts overmuch, either.

13 • A lot of heroes seem to find time to reflect on the decisions they've made after they've gotten a lot of people killed. Wouldn't it be nice if they thought about the implications of their bold deeds and decisions before making them?

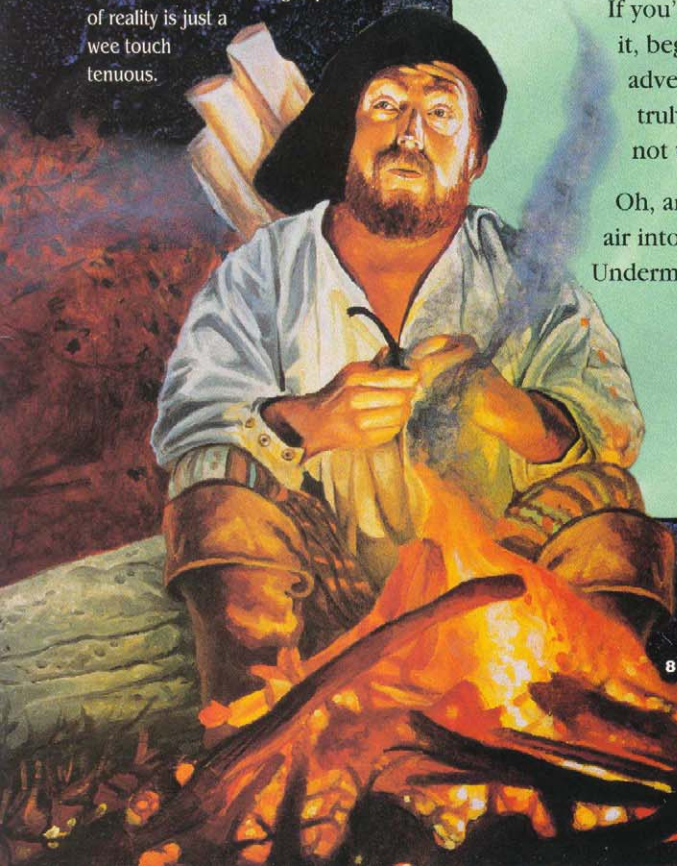


5 •When great mages say they've retired, it really means they're now up to something they don't want to tell you about.

6 •Can you see why the bard Alagus once said "Archmages are the most arrogant, stuffy bores imaginable?" Suffice it to say that I am a learned and well-traveled mage, too. So there.

7 •"Embrace the wonders," the wizard advises, and I'd just like to endorse that advice wholeheartedly. The visitor to Waterdeep should not miss the embraces of Sharleene of Slop Street, Dancing Darella of Lackpurse Lane, or Ilyth of the Gentle Tentacles, on...but no: the truly adventurous should march right up to Blackstaff Tower and ask Khelben which wonders he takes care to embrace. Go on. I dare thee. (Ah, your next of kin...?)

"Avoid disturbing the peace"? Of where? If you're not an archmage so powerful that folk quiver like beached jellyfish when you walk by, you'll have a hard time finding any peace in the Realms to disturb! I love my world, but it's a-crawl with strife...and fair Waterdeep is a deadlier corner of it than most. Beware the high-nosed advice of wizards; their grasp of reality is just a wee touch tenuous.



hardly my responsibility; I'm retired.⁵

KHELLEN ARUNSUN

I have walked these Realms for an untoward number of decades, and I have seen many wondrous and chilling things.

I have seen civilizations rise to spectacular heights, only to fall due to the arrogance of their power-mad rulers. I have seen them rise again from the ashes by a simple labor of a good man. I have seen the death of gods and the birth of new divinity sharing the same sunrise. Suffice it to say that I am a learned and well-traveled mage.⁶

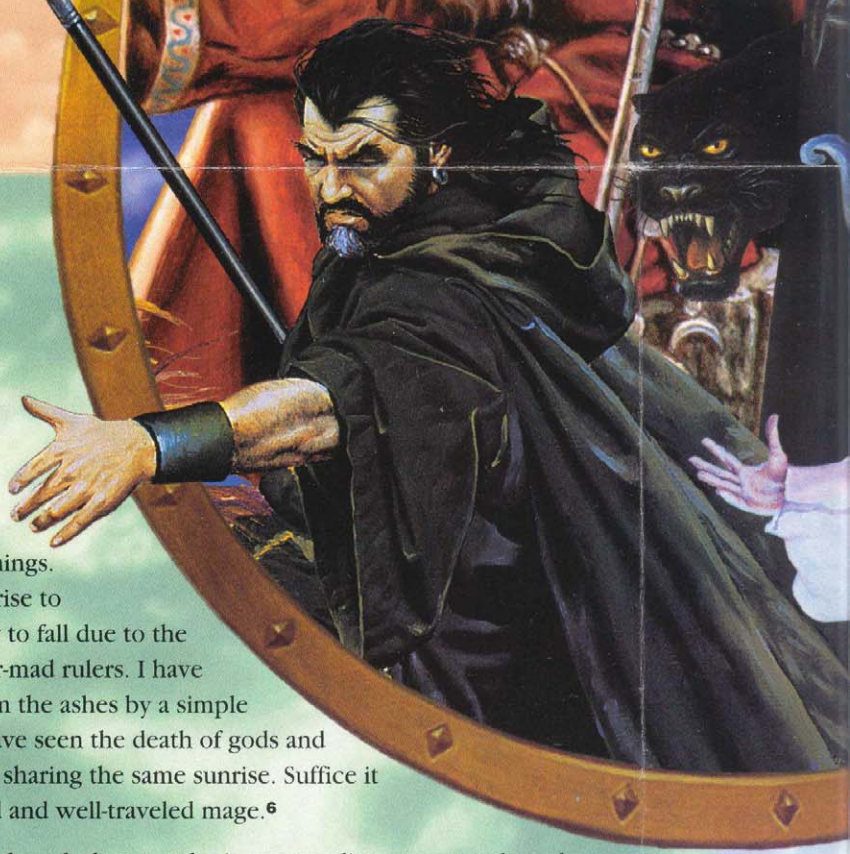
The Realms, "forgotten" though they may be in your reality, are not only a place of wonder and delight, but also a place of chaos and danger. Take care to embrace the wonders and phenomena and avoid disturbing the peace with thoughts of furthering your own power at the expense of others. I am but one denizen of this place who wishes his home to remain orderly and full of light and laughter; do not make me an enemy, and you too shall see an untoward number of decades here upon the Realms.⁷

Many believe that Waterdeep is "my city," but I take no untoward credit for its rise and fall. I am merely an archmage who desires Waterdeep to remain the haven that it is, free of the taint of a thieves' guild and free of the rotting hand of the Zhentarim. Thieves operate in the city—and the Zhentarim are undoubtedly hiding somewhere as well—but their actions are severely limited when compared to other cities. When either group sticks its head out of the sewers, I'll make sure to limit their actions even more.⁸

If you're looking to come to Waterdeep and inflict a great change upon it, begin by venturing into Undermountain. In those winding halls, an adventurer can find lost magical lore, countless monsters, and—for the truly fortunate—perhaps Halaster himself. Of course, more often than not the only thing an adventurer finds in those long halls is death.

Oh, and if you find a spell down there that can turn a large amount of air into stone, please bring it up here for me. I've been meaning to fill up Undermountain for some time now. . . .

⁸ •Friendly notes to visitors: when a wizard speaks of "severely limiting your actions," he means he'll kill you. Personal special way. Undead are under the control of the wizard—or priest—who created them. So be good or you may eternally wash Khelben's socks and underthings. Adventure is where you find it, sure, but I suspect you have things in mind if you come to Waterdeep. So obey the "Warning: Khelben At Work" signs, and if you must burgle a home, don't make it Blackstaff Tower. Laeral lives! Khelben makes Khelben look positively gentle and kind. I know—no, do



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they are hatching yet further plots that will involve both Mithril Hall and myself.¹³

THE SIMBUL

There are those who are content to keep the Realms as it is, forever resisting change that is demanded by nature. But as one of Mystra's Chosen and Queen of Aglarond, it is my duty to let loose the reins of change and effect a better world for my people.¹⁴

But the change that the Red Wizards of Thay would inflict upon Aglarond is not a good thing, so I resist with every ounce of resolve and magical might at my command. They have already proven that they will do anything to achieve their goals, and victory at any price is hardly a healthy element of change.

The Realms change; seldom at the speed desired of those who strive, but far too quickly for those who resist. The fall of Zhentil Keep—and its eventual rebuilding—as well as the return to power of Randal Morn are all elements of change. Such changes will undoubtedly tilt the balance of power in the region, and I will be on the lookout for changes that affect Aglarond.¹⁵

If you wish to thank me for your protection, I honor your faith in me with great joy. With that joy comes a warning, however: Do not try and deceive me with kind words and promises for my revenge is quick and deadly.¹⁶

There are those who think that I am uncaring, but nothing could be further from the truth. While I freely admit to being blunt in my views, I work only for the betterment of Aglarond; I care not what others think or say. I merely do what must be done. If doing what must be done places me in the path of others who have different goals, then I accept what Tymora and Mystra have in store for me.¹⁷

There have been a few times when I feared that my resolve in doing what is best for my people would place me in opposition to Elminster of Shadowdale, my sisters, or others I respect in the Realms. Such a confrontation has never occurred, yet I fear that one day it must. When that day comes, I will be ready.¹⁸

Nature, time, and the gods are unfathomable in such regards. History is the only true reflection. I fear that Alaundo of Candlekeep has already seen my future but decided not to write about it.¹⁹

14 •Ever notice how kings and queens, who after all can do just what they want to do, use the word 'duty' or some blurb about the good of their people, just when they're about to let loose war, devastation, and life-shattering changes on us all? Is honesty (still) in such short supply? Why don't they just face the guilt, er, responsibility, and say: "I changed the world last month because I darned well felt like it" ?

15 •Her duty is to "let loose the reins of change"? I thought the duty of a ruler was to grab the reins of change, hold on tight, and try a little steering!

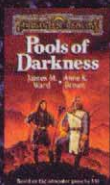
16 •Ever notice how wizards think all life in the Realms dances on their hands, and lasts from day to day only because they work constantly to keep us all alive? How do they think we survive when they're in the bathroom?

17 •I would like to go on record here and now as never having tried to deceive the Queen of Aglarond with kind words and promises. I meant every one of them, and still do. I'm not stupid enough to try to trick a woman who can tame the Red Wizards of Thay, Elminster of Shadowdale, and a conclave of a dozen beholders! (Who does she think is?)

18 •The Simbul may be ready for the day when she'll take on Elminster, the rest of the Seven Sisters, and the other Chosen...but I don't think the rest of us will be. I don't think there are enough gravediggers in all the Realms to make our kingdoms ready for that day, either. I hope it isn't tomorrow.

19 •Do all wizards grow so grandly and sorrowfully paranoid about their fates? Or do they just get depressed that for all their power to destroy the world as they know it, some sort of Realms will stagger along after they've gone...and all too soon forget them?





Trackless Sea

GUNDARLUN

Ruathym

Korinn Archipelago

MOONSHAE ISLES

NORLAND

MORAY

OMAN'S ISLE

GWINNETH

CAER CALLIDYRR

ALARON

CAER CORWELL

SNOWDOWN

AMSTERDAM ISLE

Wave Rocks

TO EVERMEET

Guil Rocks

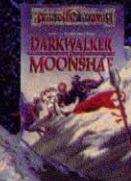
Luskan

Neverwinter

Leilon

Mere of Death





The Ice Lakes
 R. Mizar
 The Evermoor (The Crollmoor)
 The High Forest
 The Star Mountains
 The Sisters
 The High Moor
 The Forest of Wyrms
 The Fields of the Dead
 The Green Fields
 The Nelanther

USKAN
 NEVERWINTER
 Leilon
 Westwood
 Ardeep Forest
 Lizard Marsh
 ORIUMBOR
 MINTARN
 Candlekeep
 BEREGOST

LONGSADDLE
 Triboar
 Westbridge
 The Laughing Hollow
 Illerant
 Crollmark Forest
 Croll Hills
 Cloak Wood

Yantar
 Helgate Keep
 The Fallen Lands
 South Wood
 Dragonspear Castle
 Soubar
 Efturel
 Scornubel
 Berbusk
 Inriaebor

NEHER MOUNTAINS
 The Fair Forest
 GREYHORN MOUNTAINS
 Weathercote Wood
 LONELY MOOR
 Forgotten Forest
 Marsh of Chelmer
 GREYHORN HILLS
 Evereska
 Hill of Lost Souls
 The Battle of Bones
 The Wood of Sharp Teeth
 The Par Hills
 Marsh of CUN
 Proskur
 EIVE

R. Desatyn
 R. Chionthar
 R. CUN

THE SWORD COAST





ANAUROCH
The Great Desert
(Also the Great Sand Sea)

THE FROZEN FOREST

CURNBACK MOUNTAINS

THE TORTURED LAND

R. PELAUVIR (THE RIVER OF ICE)

WEST GALENA MOUNTAINS

Vaasa

THE RIDE

THAR

Woodsstone Pass

DRAGONSPINE MTS

PHIAN

MELVAUNT

DAMARA

VOONIAR

HILLISFAR

THE RUINS OF MYN DRANNOR

SHADOWDALE

MISTLEBARE

ASHABENFORD

LAKE SEMBER

CONMANTHOR

R. DUATHAKHE

LAKE SEMBER

ARCH WOOD

R. ARKEN

ORBULIN

yhaunn

SEMbia

Saerloon

Mulhessen

Daerlun

Urmlaspyr

Westgate

Cezirk

Elversult

R. KEDDAB

LAKE OF THE LONG ARM

Gulthym

Nathleth

ROMANTIC BAY

Whamite Isles

CORMYR

LAKE OF DRAGONS (DRAGONMERE)

Giant's Run Mountains

Giant's Plain

Sea of Fallen Stars

(The Inner)

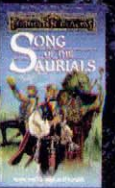
Pirate Isles

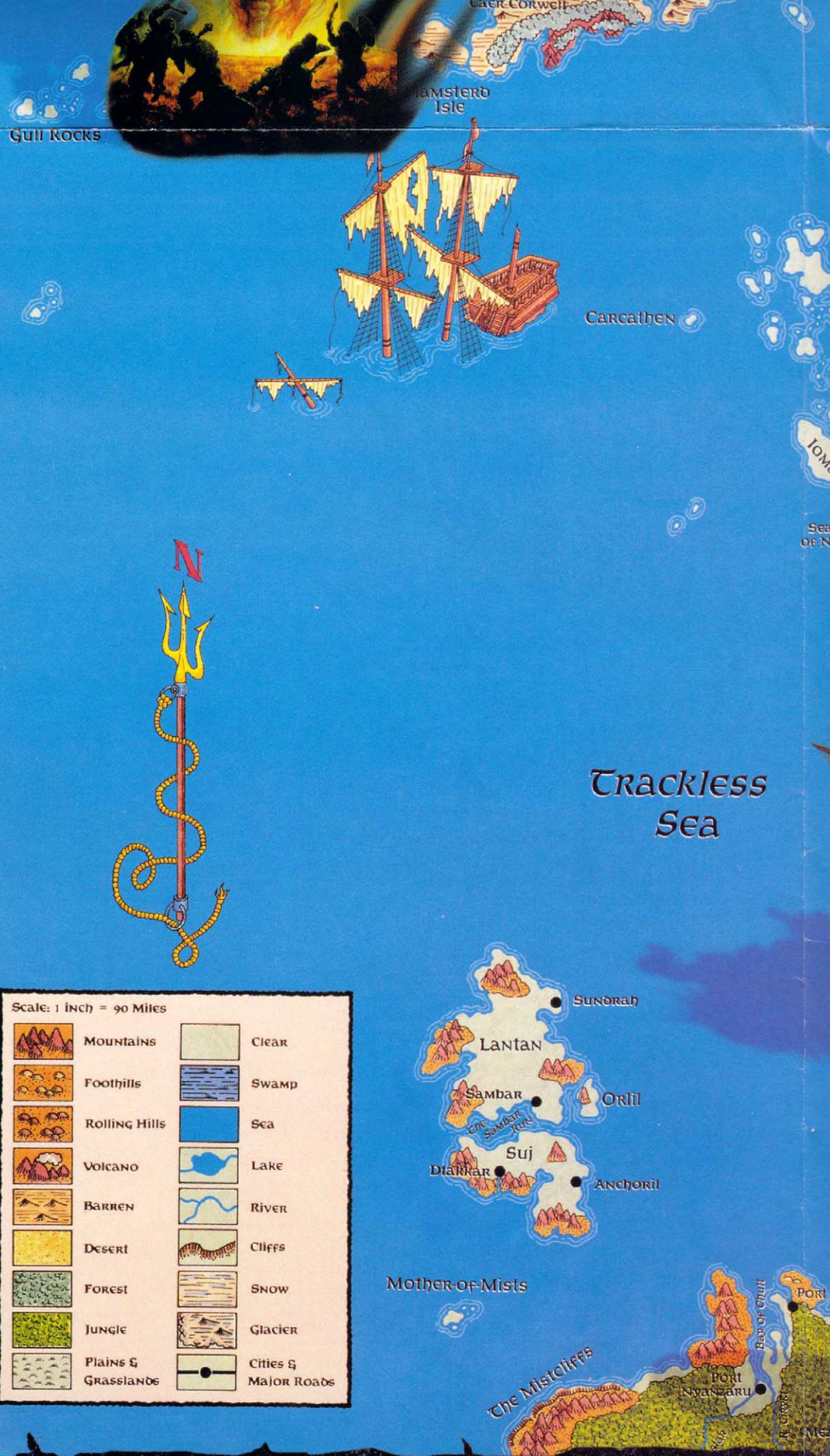
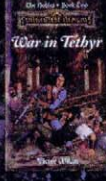
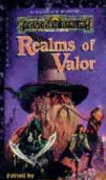
Dragonisle

Whamite Isles

Spa

Altur





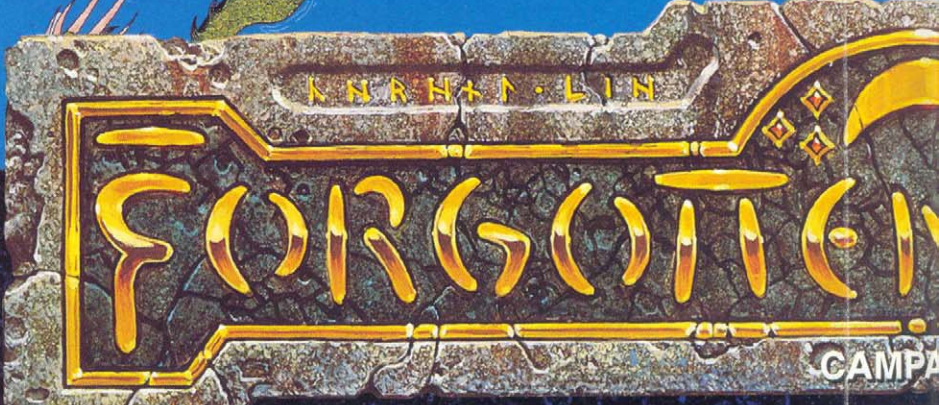
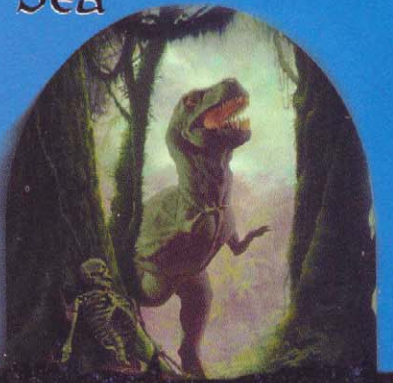
Scale: 1 inch = 90 Miles

	MOUNTAINS		CLEAR
	FOOTHILLS		SWAMP
	ROLLING HILLS		SEA
	VOLCANO		LAKE
	BARREN		RIVER
	DESERT		CLIFFS
	FOREST		SNOW
	JUNGLE		GLACIER
	PLAINS & GRASSLANDS		CITIES & MAJOR ROADS





The Shining Sea



CAMP



TEN REALMS

CAMPAIN



