

Advanced
Dungeons & Dragons



The North

Guide to The Savage Frontier



Advanced
Dungeons & Dragons

FORGOTTEN REALMS
CAMPAIGN EXPANSION

The Wilderness



Table 1: Average Temperature by Month and Region

Average Temperature	Subarctic	Arctic	Coldest Temperature	Average Temperature	Warmest Temperature	Tropical
-40° and lower	1	-	-	-	-	-
-39° to -30°	12	-	-	-	-	-
-29° to -20°	2, 11	1	-	-	-	-
-19° to -10°	3, 10	2, 12	1	-	-	-
-9° to 0°	4, 9	11	2, 12	1, 2	-	-
1° to 9°	5, 8	3, 10	3, 11	3, 12	1, 12	-
10° to 19°	6	4, 5	4, 10	4, 11	2, 11	-
20° to 79°	7	6, 9	5, 9	5, 10	3, 10	1
80° to 89°	-	7, 8	6, 8	6, 9	4	2, 12
90° to 99°	-	-	7	7, 8	5, 9	3, 11
100° to 109°	-	-	-	-	6, 8	4, 10
110° to 119°	-	-	-	-	7	5, 9
120° to 129°	-	-	-	-	-	6, 8
130° +	-	-	-	-	-	7

1 Hammer, 2 Altruriak, 3 Ches, 4 Tarsakh, 5 Mirtul, 6 Kythorn, 7 Flamerule, 8 Eleasias, 9 Elient, 10 Marpenoth, 11 Uktar, 12 Nightal

Table 2: Caravel Travel Times by Sea in Days

From	To											
	Fireshear	Gundarlun	Ice Peak	Leilon	Luskan	Neverwinter	Port Llast	Purple Rocks	Ruathym	Tuern	Waterdeep	
Fireshear	-	2	1	5 ½	1	4 ½	1 ½	6 ½	5	6 ½	6	
Gundarlun	2	-	2 ½	4	3	3 ½	3 ½	3	3	4 ½	5 ½	
Ice Peak	1	2 ½	-	6 ½	2	5 ½	3 ½	5 ½	5 ½	6	8 ½	
Leilon	5 ½	4	6 ½	-	6	1	4 ½	6	5 ½	8 ½	2	
Luskan	1	3	2	5	-	3 ½	2	6	5	7	8	
Neverwinter	4 ½	3 ½	5 ½	1	3 ½	-	1 ½	6 ½	5	8	3	
Port Llast	1 ½	3 ½	3 ½	2 ½	1 ½	1 ½	-	6 ½	5 ½	8	6	
Purple Rocks	6 ½	3	3	6	6	6 ½	6 ½	-	4	2 ½	10	
Ruathym	5	3	3	5 ½	5	5	5 ½	4	-	7	5	
Tuern	6 ½	4 ½	4 ½	8 ½	7	8	8	2 ½	7	-	11	
Waterdeep	6	5 ½	8 ½	2	7	3	4 ½	10	5	11	-	

Table 3: Merchant Pricing

Cost Parameter	Average Price/Day	Daily Chance for Ambush	Chance of Loss	% Loss
Very Cheap	5 gp/ton	6 in 20	50%	3d20
Inexpensive	10 gp/ton	5 in 20	40%	2d20
Moderate	15 gp/ton	4 in 20	30%	3d20
Expensive	20 gp/ton	3 in 20	25%	2d10
Very Expensive	25 gp/ton	2 in 20	20%	2d10
Extremely Costly	35 gp/ton	1 in 20	15%	2d10

Advanced
Dungeons & Dragons®



The Wilderness

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INTRODUCTION

Depending upon where you're at, you hear a different version of exactly where the Savage Frontier begins and where it ends. Waterdeep considers everything east and north of the city walls the North. To Silverymoon, the North begins at their northern walls. The merchants of Calimport believe everything north of Tethyr is the Barbaric North. But by most definitions, the Savage North's southern border is a line stretching from the coast through Daggerford and the Ruins of Dekanter to Anauroch. This area's northern border is the Spine of the World and beyond.

The North attracts adventurers and settlers. Adventurers delve into the cavernous wreckage of dwarven and drow strongholds and explore mysterious ruins of ancient cultures, while settlers look for new and untamed lands—untrampled by human footsteps—to eke out an existence unfettered by laws, taxes, and the prying eyes and gossipy mouths of nosy neighbors. Wherever in Faerûn a traveler roams, each area knows the North by a different name, and these names are used interchangeably throughout this text. The terms are: the Barbaric or Barbarian North, the Barbaric Lands, the Frontier, the North, the Northern Barbarian Territory, the Savage Frontier, the Savage Coast North, the Savage North, and the Wildlands.

Using This Book

These booklets are intended to be read by DMs only, since much of this material would not be known to players and their PCs. Read the contents in its entirety before running a campaign: It describes major features of the North, details its history, and is riddled with plot ideas. In between, it looks at geography, climate, creatures, peoples, religions, politics, areas of mystery, and personalities. This book only scratches the surface of adventure opportunities. The rest is left to the most potent force in the North: the DM's imagination.

Overview

When the average person thinks of the North, they think of a rugged land of jagged, snow-capped peaks, endless alpine forests, lawlessness, and monsters, with rich mines scattered over a lot of untamed wilderness. Before delving into this huge area in any depth, let's begin with an overview.

Beginning in the northwest corner, we find tiny, frigid villages clinging desperately to the coastline. Icewind Dale and its neighbors of Fireshear, Ironmaster, and Hundelstone endure beyond the capacity for southern folk to imagine. In winter, these communities are bathed in 88 days of perpetual darkness; their relief comes mid-spring when the sun peaks above the horizon and brightens the sky, bringing cherished warmth and sunshine. Only during the summer months can the residents of these villages see, farther to the west across the Great Ice Sea, the Ice Peak, where a small fishing village of thick-skinned humans live. These rugged people are known for the prey they hunt every year: the huge blue whales. These beasts pass through the strait, and they give chase in kayaks.

East and north of Icewind Dale is the Endless Ice Sea, a trackless and desolate landscape ruled by glaciers, remorhaz, orcs, and goblins. This tortured land is visited only by crazed human adventurers looking for legendary sites of power and magic. East of Hundelstone, where the Iceflow plunges to the sea, the Spine of the North—the tallest peaks in Faerûn—stand like sentinels, protecting much of the Frontier from the unbearable chill of the far north. This line of mountains stretches from the Sea of Moving Ice almost to Anauroch. To the south are the temperate hardwood forests of the High Forest, Lurkwood, Moonwood, and Neverwinter Woods. Moors—the Evermoors and High Moor—dot the landscape like scattered ink upon parchment.

Along the Sword Coast, one finds the strongest elements of civilization. Here, the great trade towns of Leilon, Luskan, Neverwinter, Port Llast, and Waterdeep keep the area from falling into complete chaos. The central portion of the northern Sword Coast is underlain by several cavern systems; the Endless Caverns of the High Forest, the Underground River system of the High Moor (accessed from Dragonspear Castle far to the south), and the caverns under Mount Waterdeep that dwarves expanded into Undermountain.



As in the Western Heartlands, the region is dotted with small holds, walled cities, and tiny settlements of retired adventurers and petty lords. Some, like Loudwater and Leilon, have grown into full-fledged cities. Others, like the Herald's Holdfast and the Lonely Tower, have perished, leaving ghostly reminders of humankind's passage, nature's cruelty, or the land's savagery. The most outstanding feature of the area, however, is not natural, but artificial: the great port city of Waterdeep, by far the most important city in the North. Indeed, even though Waterdeep's population is smaller than that of the great southern cities, the "Jewel of the North" is considered the most influential in all the western realms.

Although settled for centuries, the North still has wild areas. The Spine of the World is mined by humans and dwarves at Mirabar and by dwarves farther east, but numerous goblin holds remain. Other hilly areas also provide lairs, notably Crag, Graypeak, and the Nether Range. Several forested areas blanket the region—most are unexplored. The northern portion of the coast is best characterized by its rich mountains and evil creatures.

The North remains a land of riches: unequaled mineral wealth and seemingly endless stands of high-quality timber not found elsewhere in Faerûn. Game is plentiful, and the land is beautiful. Be warned: Danger's lurking, and for the most part, the law of the North is written by the steel edge of a good blade.

Weather

To southern preconceptions, the north means endless winter—months of blizzards, ice storms, and frigid weather. Fortunately for the hardy northern folk, this isn't always true. There's no single type of climate or weather pattern. Beyond the Spine of the World, arctic conditions prevail. From the Spine to Waterdeep, subarctic weather is found. The coastal areas as far north as Port Llast are temperate climates, due to the warm ocean currents running along the coast. The islands fall into the subarctic

climate; even distant Tuern receives the waning warmth of the coastal current. Table 1 on the inside front cover details the average temperatures by month and region for the Wildlands.

Arctic Climate

Arctic climate conditions dominate Icewind Dale and the Sea of Endless Ice, bringing bitterly cold winters with lows of -40° F and highs rarely exceeding 30° F. Summer brings warm days of 70° F or more, but with lows that can drop to $11-19^{\circ}$ F. Stiff breezes off the Trackless Sea create bitter wind chills by as much as $10-20^{\circ}$ F. Winter snowfall is heavy enough to regenerate the glacier mass dominating the Utter North. This translates to about 20-50 inches of snow accumulation each winter, but no more than a few inches each snowfall. The rest of the year, drier weather prevails.

Subarctic Climate

The majority of the North, including the islands and the Spine of the World, fall in a subarctic climate. Long, bitter winters typically last from mid Marpenoth to late Tarsakh, with temperatures dropping to -30° F and rarely climbing past 40° F. Winters are punctuated by destructive storms howling off the western ocean, dumping mixed snow and rain on the coastline and heavy snow across the mountains and midlands. Frequent blizzards blanket the land in snow drifts (often 10 feet deep) that isolate communities from one another. In the mountains, temperatures approach arctic iciness, while the forests shrug off the worst effects of winter (some woods, like Neverwinter Wood and the southern High Forest, never feel winter at all). Rivers freeze over—with ice thick enough to support wagons and draft teams—between Uktar and early Ches.

Summers in the North are short, but temperatures climb to 80° F, which—along with high humidity and warm breezes from the southern seas—keeps it warm enough for most anyone (if not uncomfortable at times). Precipitation normally takes the form of rain, but hail, sleet, and snow are common. Summer is the time for wizard weather, when unpredictable—even magical—weather patterns occur in the vicinity of the High Forest.

The cloud cover over the North seems eternal and unbroken. Partially sunny days are common, but a day without clouds in the North is difficult to conceive and usually worth noting.

Temperate Climate

True temperate climate begins south of Waterdeep, yet the coast between the City of Splendors and Port Llast stays warmer and wetter throughout the year than inland regions. Southerners are surprised to find mild weather so far north, but the coast also bears the brunt of fierce storms that shriek out from the sea. Winters are warmer on average, but the coast is often subjected to damp, bone-chilling cold far worse than that felt farther inland. Summers are warmer here, with temperatures reaching 100° F or higher, but are relieved by nearly constant sea breezes. As with the inland areas, the skies over the coast are often cloudy. This stretch of coast usually receives some precipitation every day, usually as rain (or sleet in winter). Thick fog is a trademark of the coastal ports and makes hugging the shore a deadly proposition near the tiny, rocky islands north of Waterdeep.



Inland Climates

Though they fall in the scope of subarctic climate, the Ice Peak has a different type of climate than on the mainland. Like the Moonshaes, it lives at the mercy of the stormy seas. Yet unlike those southern islands, the Ice Peak feels winter's bite eight months out the year. When not locked in ice—often a mile wide by Altruriak—it's shrouded in dense fog. The storms lashing the island are far harsher than those on the mainland, and most settlements are wisely built on the island's lee sides, away from "Auril's breath" as the islanders call the bitter northwestern winds. Island summers are cool, though the southern shoreline often bakes in the summer heat.

Encounters

Adventuring in the North would be a simple matter if all one had to worry about were the denizens of some ancient crypt. Of course, it's another matter entirely when an adventuring company arrives at some long-lost tomb exhausted and run-down from some critter they happened to meet along the way. While traveling in the Barbarian North, adventurers should always be worried about monsters attacking them. After all, in the Savage Frontier, the hunter can easily become the hunted. Refer to the back of the poster map for a list of possible encounters.

Wildlife

The wilds are a hunter's paradise. Mundane creatures of all descriptions and sizes usually escape an adventurer's notice, yet they are vitally important to rangers, druids, barbarians, and others who live off the land. Majestic elk wander the forests, hills, and fens, as do deer and moose. Huge herds of shaggy (shaggy bovines, use buffalo statistics) range the central plains and hills, often competing with the less aggressive domestic cattle herds for pasture while at the same time providing both food and tests of courage for the Uthgardt. In the far north, reindeer travel in thundering herds (often followed by tundra tribes), while the white-coated mountain ram commands the lofty peaks. Huge—sometimes deadly—wild boars lurk in the forests; they're fine eating, but often at the steep price of men's lives.

Small animals abound everywhere: rabbits, squirrels, red foxes, mice, bats, water rats, prairie dogs, beavers, weasels, and ermines. Common bird life includes game birds like the pheasant, grouse, quail, duck, and geese, and song birds are present in all shapes, colors, and sizes.

Fish is the staple of many towns. The succulent shalass—found primarily in the Dessarin network—is a brown, trout-like denizen of the Delimbiyr and Unicorn Run. Each spring, salmon run up the Mirar, Neverwinter, and Dessarin to spawn. Along the coast and the islands, seals and sea lions play and breed among the rocks, as do sea otters and dolphins. Though their breeding grounds are farther south, whales are a common sight in the ocean.

Finally, there are the predators. The mountains are home to the agile red tiger, or snow cat. Wolves are almost everywhere, and bears are common in forested or mountain areas, while white polar bears stalk the Utter North. Fierce sharks and kinder killer whales patrol the seas. The North is also home to many unusual beasts as well, better known as monsters.



History

In a time when the North was always warm and the seas of the world were deeper, the lands of Toril were dominated by empires of inhuman peoples. In the elven oral tradition, these were the days when cruel lizard, amphibian, and avian peoples (known as the Iquar'Tel'Quessir, or creator races) tamed the dinosaurs, built towering cities of stone and glass on the shores of the warm seas, spanned the wilderness with shining roads, and fought wars of extermination—such was their hatred toward each other. These were the Days of Thunder.

Magic in those days was more raw and potent. These ancient peoples experimented endlessly with magic more powerful than today. Mages hurled devastating bolts of seemingly godlike power, leveling armies and mountains. Like gods, they played at creating life, wryly choosing to release their monstrous mistakes rather than destroy them. The wizards who created this new life considered their creations unnatural horrors, unlike anything that walked the land. Most died in the cruel jungles, yet many lived and—as thought awakened in them—they hid from their creators. When the end came at last, it was they—not the surviving creators—who seized control of the suddenly colder realms. And so it was that the first of the elves, the dragons, the goblin races, and an endless list of creatures of a new age took possession of their heritage. Their creators—the ancestors of the lizardmen, bully-wugs, and aarakocra—declined into endless barbarism, never to rise again.

Sages speculate about the “overnight” destruction of the creator races. There are wildly diverging theories, but all agree that a rapid climate change occurred, creating a world unsuitable to them. Many believe the change resulted from a cataclysm the races unleashed upon themselves. Proponents of this theory point to the Star Mounts in the High Forest, whose origins are most likely magical and otherworldly. The elves believe that around this time the greater and lesser powers manifested themselves, aiding the new races and confounding the survivors of the creator races. There was civilization in the North during this time period, yet little more than tantalizingly vague myths survive.

The First Flowering

For millennia, gold elves dwelt in Illefarn (where Waterdeep now stands) and Eaerlann (along the River Shining). From their ornate forest cities, they traded with emerging human nations like Netheril and Illusk and repulsed the attacks of the goblin races.

Meanwhile, dwarven clans united as the nation of Delzoun, named for the dwarf who forged the union. The nation, existing primarily underground, extended from the Ice Mountains to the Nether Mountains. Silver Moon Pass was its western border and the Narrow Sea its eastern shore. Orcs came from north of the Spine of the World but were turned back in great slaughter by the elves. To this day, this is the homeland and stronghold for orcs and similar races.

The Crown Wars

Humans immigrated in bands from the Shining Sea and up to the Sword Coast. They became seafarers, striking out across the waves to the Moonshaes, Mintarn, Ruathym, and the northern islands. Elves engaged in an unceasing war against each other with the humans and orcs taking over the resulting ruins. Perhaps the greatest calamity to befall the Fair Folk was the Dark Disaster, a killing magic that took the form of a dark, burning cloud. It enshrouded the kingdom of Mieyritar, and when it faded away some months later, not an elf lived—nor were trees left; only an open, blasted moor: the High Moor.

All was not dark for the elves. Although in retreat, as barbarian humans and orc hordes grew in strength, their power rose in Evereska (remaining a stronghold today) and in the Elven Court. They conceived of cooperation between dwarves, kindly humans, and other elves for mutual survival against orcs, marauding humans, and the tide of beasts (ogres, bugbears, trolls, goblins, gnolls, and other nonhuman creatures) led by the rising power of giants. Astonishingly, in at least three places—the Fallen Kingdoms and the cities of Silvermoon and Myth Drannor—they succeeded with shining grace.





To the east, on the sandy shores of the calm and shining Narrow Sea, human fishing villages grew into small towns and then joined together as the nation of Netheril. Sages believe the fishing towns were unified by a powerful human wizard who had discovered a book of great magic power that had survived from the Days of Thunder—a book that legend calls the *Nether Scrolls*. Under this nameless wizard and those who followed, Netheril rose in power and glory, becoming both the first human land in the North and the most powerful. Some say this discovery marked the birth of human wizardry, since before then, mankind had only shamans and witch doctors. For over 3,000 years Netheril dominated the North, but even its legendary wizards were unable to stop their final doom.

The Elven Exodus

This era left behind elven strongholds ripe for pillaging by humans and orcs. When elves chose to leave the North and travel to Evermeet, their works quickly disappeared, leaving only places like the Old Road and a ruined port in the High Forest to mark Eaerlann's passing. And yet it was not only the elves who would disappear from their long-held homes. The human nation of Netheril also stood on the brink of history.

Doom for Netheril came in the form of a desert, devouring the Narrow Sea and spreading to fill its banks with dry dust and blowing sand. Legend states when the great wizards of Netheril realized their land was lost, they abandoned it and their countrymen, fleeing to all corners of the world and taking the secrets of wizardry with them. More likely, this was a slow migration that began 3,000 years ago and reached its conclusion 1,500 years later.

Whatever the truth, wizards no longer dwelled in Netheril. To the north, the once-majestic dwarven stronghold of Delzoun fell upon hard days. Then the orcs struck. Orcs have always been foes in the North, surging out of their holes every few tens of generations when their normal haunts can no longer support their burgeoning numbers. This time they charged out of their caverns in the Spine of the World, poured out of abandoned mines in the Graypeaks, screamed out of lost dwarfholds in the Ice Mountains, raged forth from crypt complexes in the Nether Mountains, and stormed upward from the bowels of the High Moon Mountains. Never before or since has there been such an outpouring of orcs.

Delzoun crumbled before this onslaught and was driven in on itself. Netheril, without its wizards, was wiped from the face of history. The Eaerlann elves alone withstood the onslaught, and with the aid of the treants of Turlang and other unnamed allies, were able to stave off the final days of their land for yet a few centuries more.

In the east, Eaerlann built the fortress of Ascalhorn and turned it over to refugees from Netheril as Netherese followers built the town of Karse in the High Forest. The fleeing Netherese founded Llorckh and Loudwater. Others wandered the mountains, hills, and moors north and west of the High Forest, becoming ancestors of the Uthgardt and founders of Silvermoon, Everlund, and Sundabar.

The Spread of Humankind

The adaptable humans made use of magic they could seize or learn from the Proud Peoples to defeat all enemies, breaking (for a time) the power of giants and orcs. Waterdeep was founded. The last of the pure blood elves died out, a result of continued marriages with humans.

In the far west, men also dwelled—wise, clever primitives called the Ice Hunters. They lived simple lives on the coast since time beyond reckoning, countless generations before Netheril's first founders set foot on the Narrow Sea's western shore. Yet this peaceful folk fell prey to another invasion from the south: crude longships that carried a tall, fair-haired, warlike race who displaced the Ice Hunters from their ancestral lands.

This race, known as the Northmen, spread farms and villages along the coast from the banks of the Winding Water to the gorges of the Mirar. Northmen warriors drove the simple Ice Hunters farther and farther north, forced the goblinfolk back into their mountain haunts, and instigated the last Council of Illefarn. Within 500 years of the Northmen's arrival, Illefarn was no more—its residents had migrated to Evermeet.

From the Coast, Northmen sailed westward, claiming and establishing colonies on the major western islands of Ruathym and Gundarlun, eventually spreading to all the islands in the northern sea. Others migrated northward, past the Spine of the World, and became the truly savage barbarians of Icewind Dale.

In the centuries that followed, Ascalhorn became Hellgate Keep when it fell into the hands of fiends, and Eaerlann collapsed under the attack of a new orc horde. The elves fled southeast, joining with Northmen, Netherese descendants, and dwarves to form what would later be known as the Fallen Kingdom. This realm was short-lived and collapsed under the next orcish invasion—though in dying, it dealt the goblin races a blow from which they have yet to recover.

DR Happenings

- 1088 First record of trading at the future site of Waterdeep; annual trade begins between ships from the southern and northern human tribes.
- 1 The Standing Stone is erected; Dalereckoning begins.
- 20 Peace agreements are made in Faerûn; the importance of Shieldmeet dates from this year.
- 50 Almost no growing season, many ice storms, and great loss of life.
- 52 First permanent farms in Waterdeep area.
- 75 Plague racks the civilized lands.
- 350 Creation of Northkeep.
- 400 Northkeep sinks beneath the waves.
- 715 Monsters run wild in all the Realms this year.
- 720 The gods gather at The Dancing Place; the Harpers are founded.
- 882 Nimoar's Hold is erected at Waterdeep's bay.
- 893 War threatens much of Faerûn but is averted.
- 900 Widespread war; strong leaders emerge.
- 932 First Trollwar. After a number of attacks, Nimoar's forces clear the Evermoors of trolls, burning miles of land to slay the everlasting ones.



The Might of Men

Along the coast, in what was once the elven community of Illefarn, humanity was once again rising in power. Merchants from the south, tribesmen from the North, and seafarers from western islands had created a village around a trading post on a deep-water harbor, first known as Nimoar's Hold after the Uthgardt chieftain whose tribe seized and fortified the ramshackle village. Nimoar and his successors, known as War Lords, led the men of Waterdeep (as it had become known to ship captains) in a slowly losing battle against the trolls. In a final, climactic battle, the trolls breached the aging palisade and all seemed lost—until the magic of Ahghairon of Silverymoon turned luck against the trolls, destroying and scattering them.

Ahghairon, heir to the heritage and learning of Netheril, stayed in Waterdeep, and in his 112th year he again saved the city—this time from itself. In so doing, he created the Lords of Waterdeep. The city grew into the greatest in the North, possibly in all Faerûn. With Waterdeep as a firm anchor, civilization forged cautiously into the wilderness. Illuskan (now Luskan) was taken from the orcs. Loudwater, Llorkh, Triboar, Longsaddle, Secomber, and other towns were settled by pioneers from Waterdeep, sponsored by Waterdhavian merchant families.

Though it's been centuries since the last orc invasion, there's still constant strife. Barbarians harass merchants, travelers, and towns; the seas fill with Northmen pirates; and wars have marred the land in recent years. Luskan, now a fierce merchant city known to harbor—and support—pirates, waged a war with the island realm of Ruathym over an act of piracy against one of the few legitimate Luskan merchant ships. The war raged for nearly a year, with Ruathym slowly losing ground. When it appeared Luskan would finally win the naval war and land on the island itself, the Lords' Alliance entered the fray. They threatened war against Luskan if the skirmishes didn't stop immediately. Unable to fight a two-front war efficiently, Luskan canceled its invasion plans.

Tensions between Luskan and Ruathym are still high, and their ships are often seen taking potshots at each other as they pass, often just a wave or two away from each other. The government of Ruathym has recently been sending adventurers into the hills of its island realm, looking for mercenaries who are killing merchants, farmers, and woodsmen. Ruathym believes Luskan still has a presence on the island, trying to win through subversion and terrorism what it could not accomplish through war.

To the far north, the Ten Towns have finished rebuilding after being nearly destroyed by the monstrous forces of Akar Kessel. With help from the tundra barbarians living nearby, they've built and repaired their cities, replanted the sparse foliage, and—most importantly—replenished the morale of their citizens. A recent trader who passed through the area carrying 17 wagons of rare oak lumber said that it was nearly impossible to determine who's a barbarian and who isn't. "They're living together!" he reported in amazement.

DR Happenings

940 Second Trollwar. Troll raids and strife begin, lasting more than a decade. The name "Waterdeep" comes into common usage. Six War Lords of Waterdeep die in battle against the trolls. Waterdeep grows in population, as tribes gather within her walls for safety.

- 952 Ahghairon becomes premier northern mage and the advisor for the War Lord of Waterdeep. This year marks the end of the Second Trollwar; trolls remain nearly extinct around Waterdeep for 100 years.
- 974 Castle Waterdeep built.
- 992 Heralds of Faerûn created.
- 1032 Raurlor announces his plans to establish the Empire of the North. Ahghairon defies him, causes his death, and takes the War Lord's seat, declaring himself the first Lord of Waterdeep. Year zero in Northreckoning.
- 1099 Trade routes are established, linking the Heartlands with rich, legendary lands far to the east and south (Kara-Tur and al-Qadim). These routes, in some cases, are later forgotten for a time.
- 1116 Heralds split off from the Harpers.
- 1150 Plague ravages throughout the Sword Coast.
- 1182 Harpstars Wars begin; the Malaugrym appear in Faerûn.
- 1222 Harpstars Wars end with the destruction of "The Harper King" (a lich).
- 1235 The largest orc horde ever sweeps from the north; many lands overrun. The orcs reach Calimshan before they're scattered by hastily gathered wizards and local armies. Waterdeep besieged; Calimshan threatened.
- 1241 A respected noblewoman of Tethyr is slain by raiding orcs; many dedicate a year of orc-slaying to her memory. Orcs are purged from some southern lands and reduced to paltry numbers in the North.
- 1244 The now-lost human fortress of Illusk held off an orc horde for most of this year but eventually fell.
- 1248 Guilds are formed in Waterdeep.
- 1252 Vines were blighted this year; no wine!
- 1254 Rising power of thieves' guilds in Waterdeep, Baldur's Gate, Amn, and Tethyr results in many assassinations.
- 1262 Guild Wars in Waterdeep.
- 1273 Magisters founded. Waterdeep's population reaches 100,000.
- 1297 First recorded mention of Drizzt Do'Urden.
- 1300 Thieves' Guild destroyed in Waterdeep.
- 1302 Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun is born.
- 1308 Lhestyn becomes the Open Lord of Waterdeep; Palace of Waterdeep completed.
- 1314 Piergeiron becomes the Unmasked Lord of Waterdeep.
- 1322 Monster population reaches a 50-year high.
- 1325 A year of unrivaled plenty; the ale brewed this year is legendary.
- 1345 Jyordhan slain by Khelben Arunsun of Waterdeep.

Time of Troubles

This era is the shortest of all the eras, yet stands as the most earth-shattering. Ao threw the gods from their lofty perches to punish them for transgressions against Toril. Gods were murdered and replaced, chaos reigned supreme, and continents shuddered under divine footsteps.



DR Happenings

- 1358 Time of Troubles begin and the gods walk Faerûn; Destruction of Bane, Bhaal, Myrkul, and other gods; Ascendancy of Cyric and Midnight/Mystra; Dead magic and wild magic areas appear on Faerûn.
- 1360 Khahan invades Faerûn; Crusade begins, and Azoun IV kills Khahan.
- 1363 Way Inn is destroyed by hordes from Dragonspear; Battle of Daggerford.
- 1364 The Way Inn is rebuilt. A green dragon and an apparently mad bard disrupt the Shieldmeet ceremonies at the Field of Triumph, nearly upsetting the Lords' Rule.
- 1365 Trade is established between Waterdeep and the lands of Zakhara and Maztica by the priesthood of Helm and noble families. Piergeiron attends the coronation of Queen Alicia of the Moonshaes.

Recent History

In the waning summer months of 1367, an immense orc horde descended from the Spine of the World, intent on winding its way south into the trade lands of the North. This force of orcs, led by King Greneire, surged its way south between the Moonwood and the Cold Wood, stopping just outside the Citadel of Many Arrows.

King Obould, orc ruler of the Citadel of Many Arrows, was terrified at the prospect of another orc horde, despite the fact that he knew they should be working together against the humans of the North and the spawn of Hellgate Keep.

His tribal shamans, however, had been predicting a treacherous fall of the citadel—and they'd told the king that he'd be disposed by other orcs.

Thus, it was a dark day when King Greneire and his horde of 150,000 orcs appeared on the plains outside the Citadel of Many Arrows. King Obould announced to his followers that this horde had been sent to dislodge them from their home and send them out to be scavengers among the plains. He vowed that, as Grumsh as his witness, the Citadel of Many Arrows would slaughter these treacherous orcs "like elves during a festival."

For four months, the 40,000 orcs within the citadel held their ground. Assault after assault was mounted against the high walls of the garrison, but the attacking orcs were losing far more than the defenders. Still, the living conditions within the walls—never too good to begin with—created losses of their own.

The battle for the Citadel of Many Arrows culminated during the first week of Uktar. As another light blanket of snow sought to bury the gathered orcs, King Greneire threw his entire remaining army at the citadel, bursting its gates and pitting orc against orc in a flurry of swords. As the two orc kings sought one another out along the ramparts, the citadel began to burn.

The orcs that survive the battle still speak of the superhuman prowess of the two kings as they battled one another before their troops. Finally, however, King Obould ran Greneire through with his long sword, but Obould was severely wounded by the time Greneire had breathed his last breath. The orcs erupted into battle once again, and no one is quite certain what became of King Obould.

It was through the smoke and snow that the victors of the conflict emerged: the dwarves of Clan Warcrown along with



a contingent of troops from Silverymoon. Charging in through the shattered gates, these new attackers quickly routed the exhausted orcs of the citadel, sending them scurrying off into the wilderness.

King Emerus Warcrown now rules the Citadel of Many Arrows, though the dwarves now call the city by its old name of Felbarr. Most in the North still tend to refer to the city as the Citadel, however, waiting to see if it can withstand the next orc horde. King Warcrown has put out a call for all dwarves to help defend the citadel, and news of a new vein of gold and silver is spreading rapidly through dwarven communities.

1368: Year of The Banner

As the dwarves settled in for the winter in their reclaimed city of Felbarr, a group of Zhentarim-sponsored adventurers broke into Great Worm Cavern, slaying Elrem the Wise, shaman leader of the Great Worm tribe. As the tribe's warriors descended into the ranks of the evil adventurers, teleportation magic spirited at least three of those responsible—as well as a vast amount of treasure stolen from Elrem—to safety.

According to Themrin, the tribe's present shaman, Elrem promised to “watch over the tribe in spirit now that my mortal form is destroyed.” Despite the reassuring words of Elrem, the tribe suffered through an oppressive winter that included both heavy snow, scarce game, and low morale.

Trusted visitors to the barbarian encampment report that Themrin and Gweshen “Ironhand” Talistars are wearing some form of armor made from the scales of Elrem. This use of their former shaman's body as “protection” was supposedly ordained through a dream vision. The armor appears as little more than a supple leather armor, but seems to deflect blows and protect as well as full plate mail.

Nesmé reported a drastic rise in the number of troll attacks in the Evermoors, and various sources confirm that something is driving the trolls out of the moors. Whatever is behind the trolls' exodus is destined to remain a mystery for the remainder of the year, as adventuring parties expend themselves against the never-ending supply of trolls that are fleeing the bog.

In the most surprising move of the year, the Blue Bear Tribe, led by the shaman/chieftain Tanta Hagara, marched on the fiend-ridden fortress of Hellgate Keep. While a brief struggle for political control of the city was reported by various sources, Tanta Hagara emerged as the new ruler of the city.

1369: Year of The Gauntlet

The tumultuous climate of Hellgate Keep continued to provide adventuring activity. A group of Harpers infiltrated the city using cloaking magic and revealed that Tanta Hagara was actually an annis. This revelation did nothing to hamper the Blue Bear's respect for their powerful chieftain however, and the city responded to the unmasking by attacking caravans en route to Sundabar. In addition, a few expeditionary forces of tanar'ri were sent to harass the Citadel of the Mists, Sundabar, and Silverymoon. Tanta Hagara informed her “loyal troops” that gates existed in these cities that could allow other tanar'ri to “join us in the glorious battles to come as we take control of all of the North!”

Alustriel cast powerful magical spells in the defense of Silverymoon against the raiding tanar'ri, and the city itself suf-

fered no damage from their attack. The Mistmaster of the Citadel of the Mists likewise aided in the defense of his citadel, though reports still rage about the assistance of the treants of the High Forest.

Sundabar suffered from Hellgate Keep's attack, as the fiends broke through the walls and raised havoc along the city streets. While adventurers battled the fiends, Helm Dwarffriend led a large contingent of the city guard to drive the remainder from Sundabar. Still, the fiends from Hellgate Keep left the city with the satisfaction of knowing that it was burning in their wake. Within two days, however, the fires were extinguished, and Sundabar has since rebuilt from the attack.

By mid Eleasias, rumors that Turlang, the powerful treant who resides in the northern High Forest, was actively defending the woodlands near the Citadel of the Mists reached the ears of Tanta Hagara, the hag-ruler of Hellgate Keep. News that Turlang was aiding the Mistmaster did not escape her notice, and the belief that the Citadel of the Mists was holding an extra-planar artifact only added to the hag's interest.

Tanta assembled a large force consisting of more than 100 tanar'ri and other fiends as well as 500 members of the Blue Bear tribe to raze the Citadel of the Mists. But as the evil forces marched their way into the High Forest, the Mistmaster put his own plan into motion.

Two Harper agents, a bard named Cryshana Fireglen and a priest of Mystra known as Spellviper, infiltrated Hellgate Keep disguised as members of the Blue Bear tribe. Each carried with them part of an extra-planar artifact called the *Gatekeeper's Crystal*.

The *Gatekeeper's Crystal* is an artifact shaped like a three-pointed star that is made of onyx and an unknown metal that entwines itself through the gem. Each point of the star is a separate piece that can be combined together to create the artifact or separated to form three powerful magical items.

While the crystal can be used in different manners, it was primarily created to bring down wards, including mythals and other powerful protections. According to legend, it was created by a powerful lich who used it to render clerics powerless, stripping them of their ability to turn undead and nullifying necromantic magic within a 50-mile radius.

The Mistmaster had a different use for the *Gatekeeper's Crystal*, but he needed volunteers to aid him in placing two shards of the crystal at precise locations within the warded city of Hellgate Keep. In particular, he needed two people who would be willing to trade their lives to exterminate the fiends of Hellgate Keep forever. Spellviper and Cryshana agreed to the suicide mission.

Holding the pieces of the crystal, the two Harpers waited for the Mistmaster to activate the magic with his third piece, initiating the magic that would tear Hellgate Keep asunder. When a blazing beam of purple energy illuminated the skies over the keep, no one within the fiend's stronghold had time to wonder what was happening.

The power of the *Gatekeeper's Crystal* forced the wards to cascade upon the city, causing an implosion that shook the ground for more than 100 miles. As quickly as the wards surrounding Hellgate Keep collapsed, the crystal released the magical energy in an explosion that leveled every building in the city, leaving nothing but fist-sized chunks of rocks where Hellgate Keep once stood. Not a living creature stirred in the remains; all was silent and lifeless.



The force of tanar'ri from Hellgate Keep was unsure what had happened but had felt the tremor when the Gatekeeper's Crystal had been activated. They were fighting for their own lives, however, as the treants, korred, centaurs, satyrs, dryads, and other creatures of the High Forest—including defenders of the Citadel of the Mists—battered them into the moist earth.

One of the North's most notable rulers fell in the battle, however, but he took at least six tanar'ri with him to his grave. Faurael Blackhammer, the lord protector of Triboar, fell alongside his troops near the conclusion of the conflict.

Within weeks after the final battle with Hellgate Keep, treants blocked passage farther north at the joining of the Heartblood and Delimbiyr rivers. While the treants care little for hunters and adventurers passing through the area, all caravans seeking passage north to Sundabar have been repulsed—and this is not a matter that the treants wish to negotiate.

In another mishap blamed on Turlang, Turnstone Pass was blocked by a tremendous avalanche. This final calamity sealed the Upvale from any major force of men. Travel into the area formerly occupied by Hellgate Keep is now limited to adventurers and other brave travelers.

The Mistmaster has been questioned repeatedly by some of the most powerful wizards in the Realms, including Elminster of Shadowdale and Khelben Arunsun, about the current location of the *Gatekeeper's Crystal*. Most sources claim that the pieces of the crystal have been scattered amongst the planes again, but no one is certain.

Near Nesmé, the source of the trolls' exodus is revealed. Fog and cloud giants have taken up residence in the moor, driving the trolls from the giants' new "homeland." While it's unknown how many giants have taken up residence in the High Moor, estimates range up to several hundred. A thick mist continually hangs in the air of the Evermoors now, even more persistent and thick than the mist before the giants' arrival. Many believe that these new mists are the work of the cloud giants, but none can be certain.

Alustriel of Silvermoon sent a detachment of guards to investigate the eastern borders of the moor, and the guards returned with news that a gathering of around 20 fog giants who were "of good nature and quite friendly" had taken up residence in a formerly troll-infested area.

Guards from neighboring Nesmé were not so fortunate, however, running into a clan of violent, boulder-hurling fog and cloud giants who nearly decimated their unit. In addition, a group of adventurers crawled into Nesmé with terrible burns, reporting that they had run into a black dragon at a fog giant encampment. Overall, it appears that both good and evil giants now call the moor their home.

1370: Year of The Tankard

Even before spring has graced the Savage North, reports of treants massing in the High Forest have reached all of the northern cities. It seems that all of the creatures of the forest have mobilized to restore the High Forest after the fall of Hellgate Keep.

Something must still reside below the ruins of Hellgate Keep, however, for the Company of the Jaded Heart never emerged from the depths below the city. The treants have since blocked entrance into the ruins, sealing whatever evil still lurks within far below the sight of man.

But there is other activity in the North as well. Luskan still flirts with war, tempting neighboring cities and yet staying just below the wrath of Waterdeep. The barbarians still brew in the north, easy to take offense at innocent incursions into their sacred holdings. Rumors of Zhentarim agents scouring the Fallen Lands for powerful magic from long-lost Netheril continue to circulate. And adventurers still abound in the Savage Frontier.

DR Happenings

- 1367 Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun un.masks himself at the Lord's Court and then resigns. The Citadel of Many Arrows falls to its own forces before being reclaimed by the dwarves. The Harpell family announces that they have completed the trade road between Longsaddle and Nesmé, called the Harpell's Longhall by many; they begin hiring caravan guards to establish a more secure trade with their neighboring city.
- 1368 A stone plaque found on Star Mounts with the inscription: "iqebaest Vhalraetaerl" remains a mystery. Elrem is killed by Zhentarim-sponsored adventurers, some of whom escape via teleportation magic. Trolls are chased from the Evermoors by an unknown force, causing chaos along the trade roads near Nesmé.
- 1369 The Blue Bear tribe of barbarians takes over Hellgate Keep and raids the surrounding area. The Mistmaster destroys Hellgate Keep by utilizing an artifact known as the *Gatekeeper's Crystal*. Fog and cloud giants, as well as a black dragon, are revealed to have forced the trolls from the Evermoors and appear to be establishing their own homeland in the moor. The Harpell family completes the bridge over the River Surbrin, allowing merchant traffic north of Nesmé to Silvermoon. Alliance of Silvermoon is founded; Alustriel resigns as ruler of Silvermoon.
- 1370 Year of the Tankard; the current year. Treants and other forest creatures unite in the High Forest. The Company of the Jaded Heart disappears into the ruins of Hellgate Keep.
- 1371 Year of the Unstrung Harp; the future.

Return of The Beast (1367-?)

Sages, philosophers, historians, and priests alike feel an ill-boding in the chill air. They predict a slow change over the next decade, but within the lifetime of men born on the first day of this age. They believe that the beasts that once ruled the land plan to return to claim what's rightfully theirs, imprisoning and enslaving the crowns. Where elves once reigned, men now rule, but their hold—as true for all civilizations before—is tenuous at best.



Northern Races



variety of both human and nonhuman—some would say inhuman—races call the North their home. These range everywhere from dwarves to the various human cultures in the Barbaric North. This section provides a brief racial overview for the North.

Nonhumans

The Wildlands is a stronghold for a variety of nonhuman races, and even the elves are flourishing here now that Hellgate Keep has been destroyed. Dwarves, once thought disappearing from the North, have recently taken control of the Citadel of Many Arrows, and dwarves from the southern lands are slowly migrating northward. While the North is still primarily the home to humans and monsters, the nonhumans of the Savage Frontier have their territory here as well.

Dwarves

The grim, reclusive, and dour dwarves normally separate themselves from other folk. It should be no surprise that few dwarf communities survive here. Ironmaster on the shores of the Cold Run, Citadel Adbar in the Ice Mountains, Mithral Hall, and the newly liberated Felbarr (formerly the Citadel of Many Arrows) are the only holds of any consequence remaining, though several cities—notably Mirabar, Neverwinter, Silverymoon, and Sundabar—have dwarven quarters in their walls. Men trade freely in Adbar, but they have few dealings with the isolated dwarves of Ironmaster other than to battle orcs or purchase iron goods. Many other trading concerns are concerned about the stability of Felbarr, as the old citadel is one orc horde away from being leveled.

Dwarves acknowledge but one king, Harbomm of Citadel Adbar, but are more loyal to tribe and clan than to king. Yet in time of need the clans unite under the king's banner. They are the finest forgemasters and metalcrafters in Faerûn and produce armor and weapons beyond compare. Merchants of Sundabar still bring magical weapons south from Adbar for sale in distant markets. While the demand for such weapons and armor is high, the production is diminishing.

The number of dwarves is dwindling; the birth of young dwarves doesn't keep pace with battle losses and the deaths of the aged and infirm. Craftmasters die with their secrets and young smiths find too much call for their services in battle. If encountered wandering in the wilderness, dwarves tend to be extremely suspicious of strangers. They think others want to find and loot the halls of their ancestors (which is often what they themselves want to do).

Elves and Half-Elves

Though at least two elven realms once existed, the closest elven land is Evereska. Elves are wanderers and adventurers, though a realm of drow exists. Elves of most nonaquatic subraces dwell in Waterdeep and its neighboring territory, and the Ardeep Forest houses retired elven adventurers. Sundabar has a half-elven population, and Loudwater and Daggerford a small one, due to half-elven descendants of Eaerlann who wed other half-elves.

Some folk in the North (law-abiding humans and dwarves) consider the elven withdrawal to Evermeet a "desertion" from racial responsibility and treat elves with suspicion and contempt. Long-standing elven families, such as Elorfindar Flosin who lives north of Daggerford, are held in high esteem by most folk, regardless of the disdain held by humans for the rest of the elven race.

Rumors are just beginning to circulate that the elves of the High Forest have plans of establishing an elven presence in the North again. Fortunately, such idle gossip is quickly cast off as wild tales by many of the local rulers—and this might just give the elves the time they need to actually establish themselves again (assuming such gossip is true, of course).

Gnomes

This once-populous race of wry little folk is nearly gone, their realms overrun by orcs until few remained. The survivors avoid contact with all but dwarves, but are highly sought by nobles and merchants who prize their work with toys and illusions.





Halflings

Four to five months of fierce winter doesn't appeal to the average halfling. While Waterdeep has a fair population (and a milder winter), it's rare to find them in the North.

Half-orcs

Given the vast orc population and the amount of raiding, one might suspect a plague of these half-breeds, yet there are few. Northerners have a distinct dislike for anything even vaguely orcish, and only the most human-looking half-orc can pass safely among northern folk.

Lizardmen

The lizardmen of the Mere of Dead Men are the degenerate descendants of a reptilian race. While they don't hate mankind or demihumans, they've no interest in them either; they treat all other beings—except dragons—as cattle. Sightings of lizardmen usually include descriptions of them dancing wildly around megalithic stone pillars or skulking about Uthgardt mounds.

Lizardmen are accompanied by a shaman of 1d6+1 levels. There's a 1-in-20 chance the group is in the service of a lizardman lich and another 1-in-20 chance the lich is with them. If they encounter bullywugs or aarakocra, the lizardmen attempt to capture them for later sacrifice.

Orcs

The five geographically divided orc clans worship an alliance of chaotic, orcish gods. In addition to the clerical spells granted by the god, they sometimes control creatures associated with their deity, using them as mounts, familiars, or bodyguards. Shamans of Bahgrtru mount mighty oxen; shamans of Shargaas summon bats, giant bats, and colossal doombats; Yurtrus shamans *animate dead* to create skeletons and zombies; priestesses of Luthic (also shamans) summon cave bears. Tribal names are variants of orcish gods' holy symbols. Thus, the icon of the Stinking Claw would be a rotting claw (a variant of Yurtrus's white hand).

Orc holy spots are marked by huge piles of humanoid skulls. Orcs are so devoted to their holy sites they become berserk if they find a site desecrated, destroying all they encounter in their frenzy.

Fallen Lands Orcs: The orcs of the Fallen Lands and Graypeaks follow King Ogrash, a powerful orcish shaman and warrior who's reputed to wield *Skullripper*, a *halberd* +3. To the south, many petty orcish kings wage constant battle against each other. More often than not, orcs encountered in the southern region are involved in battle with other orcs. Known tribes of the Fallen Lands include King Ogrash's Bloody Scar tribe, Black Slasher, Severed Fist, Seven Eye, and Black Bone tribes. Orcs of the Fallen Lands have cavalry—20% of all encountered orc bands are mounted on ugly, black, ostrichlike flightless birds (use ostrich statistics). Most mounted orcs have short bows and lances.

High Forest Orcs: These orcs dwell in tunnels and small villages about two days' journey into the wood. They're arch-foes of rangers and possess forestry skills. They worship a power they call Herne the Wild Hunter, a lawful evil variation of the Master of the Hunt (which, in reality, is Malar with a different mask). Orc tribes in the High Forest include the Tanglethorn, Sharpspike, Bloody Eye, and Horned Lord tribes. Orcs of the High Forest have the nonmagical abilities of rangers, but they

gain no pluses in battle against goblin-class creatures. Wild Hunter shamans actually grow stag antlers from their heads.

Ice Mountains Orcs: Most of the orcs within these mountains are loyal to King Graul, son of Eldoul. The orcs of the Ice Mountains wage constant war with the dwarves of Citadel Adbar and stage frequent raids against Silvermoon and Sundabar.

Spine of the World Orcs: In these bleak mountains, the most powerful orc tribes skulk in stone fortresses stolen from the dwarves and renamed Eyegad, Tame, and Vokan. Within their gloomy, squat buildings and oppressive, black temples are the visible tips of sprawling underground tunnels and cavern complexes that house tribes with names like Skortchclaw, Skreetch, and Bleeding Eye. Others, like the Slashers and Orcs of the Severed Tongue, lurk in the unnumbered small caves that pepper the valleys and passes of these mineral-rich mountains.

The Skortchclaw tribe, under King Ugra Ngarl, is forcing goblin slaves to mine mithral beneath Fortress Eyegad. The metal is apparently being sold in great quantity to someone in the High Forest.

Trollmoor Orcs: These orcs are loosely organized and rove the Evermoors in bands to prey on travelers, attacking boats on the Rauvin, raiding against outlying settlements near Nesmé and Everlund, and organizing in the fall to attack the Uthgardt Runemeet at Flintrock. Known orc tribes in the moors include the Vile Rune, Dripping Spear, Bonesnapper, Red Murderer, and Throat Slitter tribes. They worship the various orc gods—Bahgrtru, Gruumsh, Ilneval, Luthic, Shargaas, and Yurtrus.

The various tribes have been having some difficulty with the sudden influx of giants, and there are reports that the entire Vile Rune tribe was destroyed by a black dragon. For the last year, the orcs have concentrated their attacks on the outskirts of the Evermoors, ready to run at the first sign of a black wing or the thundering fall of a nearby boulder.

Trolls

After orcs, trolls are the North's scourge. The "everlasting ones" roam the wilds, chasing, attacking, and eating all they meet. These fierce creatures are currently fleeing the Evermoors, having met foes even more powerful than themselves—giants and at least one dragon. This is creating a free-for-all battleground outside the city of Nesmé.

Humans

The North is populated by humans with a variety of cultures. There's no unified human nation, only individual towns, villages, city-states, and roaming barbarians loosely linked by trade. A starting PC might be from any one of these folk.

Ice Hunters

This ancient people lived here long before other humans. They tend to be short, dark-haired, and broad-faced with light-brown skin. They were the original primitives dwelling on the shores of the Trackless Sea. The arrival of the Northmen drove them farther and farther north until now they live only in small tribal communities along the Cold Run and on the Ice Peak (though several villages have become Northmen towns).



Ice Hunters stolidly resist the culture of other people. They live simple, rarely violent lives—fishing and hunting seal, whale, walrus, and bear on the floes of the Sea of Moving Ice. On land, they travel by canine-drawn sleds. At sea, they use small watertight boats of sealskin (khveks) and larger boats (oumyeks). Though primitive, Ice Hunters are noted for their wisdom. They're protective of their real names, and use nicknames when dealing with outsiders. Ice Hunter nicknames are based on nature and rarely indicate personal achievement, such as "Sky in the Morning," "Man of Red Sealskin," "Ten Dogs," "Bride of Reindeer," or "Wake of Ice."

Northmen

The term refers to one of several seagoing, warlike people found on the coast north of Waterdeep and the western islands, including Gundarlun, Ruathym, Norheim, and Norland. The tall, fair-haired, sea-loving Northmen were the third human people in the North. Dwarven records say the Ice Hunters ranged the North millennia before Netheril, who themselves were centuries before the Northmen.

The Northmen's primitive ancestors built small villages along the coast. Many grew to importance, including fabled Illusk (Luskan), Eigersstor (Neverwinter), Port Llast, and Nimmoar's Hold (Waterdeep). Early Northmen avoided the wild interior; they farmed the rocky—but rich—coastal lands, fished the waters warmed by north-bound currents, hunted deer in the forests, and whaled in the Trackless Sea. Yet with summer, the call of the sea would be irresistible to the men, and they would set sail to raid nearby communities.

From Kythorn to early Marpenoth, the barbaric battle cries of Northmen were heard in Lantan, Amn, Tethyr, Calimshan, and other cities of the Shining Sea, even as far south as Nimbral. The Northmen explored the Trackless Sea, discovered Illern, Gundarlun, Ruathym, The Purple Rocks, the Whalebones, and eventually the Moonshaes (though others had been there before them). Still others braved and explored the orcinifed interior, becoming partners of The Fallen Kingdom, ancestors of the Uthgardt, and mercenaries for Ascalhorn.

Though they're referred to as barbarians, not all fit this classification. Many of these sea raiders have become civilized, primarily due to the influence of southern folk. They farm, fish, and mine their rugged lands and then trade their goods with southern merchants. Many once-feared raiders have become merchants whose skill at bargaining equals or betters the warlike talents of their ancestors, such that many Northmen merchants return with more southern booty than do raiders.

A savage edge remains; the Luskar and the islanders who are fierce and warlike. Fierce dragonships ply the waters, whose wily pirates can outrun and outmaneuver heavily laden merchant galleons. Each summer, the battle cries of Northmen raiders still ring loud in the south.

The barbaric Northmen are bold, impetuous, and fierce in battle. Other creatures are treated respectfully if their battle skill is obvious. Like other barbarians, Northmen dislike magic and mages. In rural communities, magic-use is punishable by death. Clerics are treated with aloof disdain—even Northmen shamans receive no respect.

Northmen love a fight and prize strength and weapon prowess above all. To prove themselves, Northmen war with whomever they feel they can defeat. It's uncommon to find a

Northman kingdom not at war. They enjoy hearty food, boisterous songs, good drink (particularly mead and ale), and treat their women with respect, yet they cherish their precious longships beyond all property or family.

The battle ax is the weapon of choice. With ax in one hand and a sturdy shield in the other, a Northman believes he can conquer the world. Missile weapons other than the javelin are weaklings' tools, since they don't rely on the strength of the warrior.

At sea, raiders rarely wear armor heavier than studded leather and shield. Metal armor drags one down to Umberlee's bosom too quickly. For land raids, chain mail is donned by those lucky enough to own it. A king or high captain usually owns plate mail.

Some fighters (a 20% chance for each warrior) have the ability to drive themselves into a frenzy in battle. Warriors who demonstrate this aptitude are often gathered by their king into a royal bodyguard or unit of elite soldiers. The fighters can bring on the berserker rage simply by contemplating imminent combat or in response to a surprise attack. Berserker Northmen receive either a +2 bonus on attack rolls, or they may attack twice per round (never both); they need never check morale. A player who wishes to avoid having his Northman consumed by berserker rage can make a saving throw vs. polymorph at -2. If successful, the Northman doesn't become berserk during that fight.

Reghedmen

The barbarians of Icedwind Dale, also known as the men of the tundra, eke out a harsh and bitter life between the Reghed Glacier and the Sea of Moving Ice. The Reghedman are tall—taller than most southerners by a head. They're fair-haired (blond, red, or light brown) and blue-eyed. Like all barbarians, they're suspicious of magic, equating it with both weakness and evil. The only power they recognize is the power of a man's weapon arm. Each tribe is formally ruled by a king. Known tribes are the Tribe of the Elk, the Tribe of the Wolf, the Tribe of the Bear, and the Tribe of the Tiger.

In the recent past, they sought to invade the Ten Towns, only to be repulsed by an unexpected alliance of the towns and the dwarves of Kelvin's Cairn. The barbarian warriors were destroyed. Heafstaag, the wily king of the Tribe of the Elk, allied the tribes with Akar Kessell for the evil wizard's attack on the Ten Towns. Wulfgar, a barbarian youth whose life was spared by the dwarf Bruenor, slew Heafstaag in a challenge and became king. He brought the barbarians to the Ten Towns, but as allies, not enemies. With their aid, the townsfolk repulsed Kessell's horde.

Only a few tribes now roam the wilderness. The rest dwell in the Ten Towns, learning the ways of civilization, having completed rebuilding from the destruction. Their leader is Revjak, an elder barbarian who succeeded Wulfgar Dragonslayer, who rules from Caer-Konig. This city, relative to the other nine cities, contains the greatest number of barbarians.

The tundra barbarians worship both beast totems and the god Tempos (their name for Tempus). Unlike the Uthgardt, the tundra barbarian shamans cannot call upon their totem's beast power. The barbarians dwelling on the tundra can raise a horde of 250 men. The barbarians in the towns can raise 500.

Uthgardt Barbarians

The Uthgardt are a black-haired and blue-eyed folk descended from a mixture of Northmen, Netherese, and a few savage



tribes. One of these descendent tribes includes the Beorunni, who live by raiding, hunting, gathering, and farming.

Presently, the Uthgardt are divided into scattered tribes, each named after the beast totems which Uthgar conquered—Black Lion, Thunderbeast, Red Tiger, Blue Bear (although there's not much left of them right now), Great Worm, Sky Pony, Tree Ghost, Black Raven, Griffon, and Gray Wolf. Although civilization has come north in waves throughout history, much of the Uthgardt land is wild and untamed. Their lands extend north into the Spine, south to Stone Bridge, east to Cold Wood, and west to Neverwinter Wood.

Although some tribes have embraced agriculture and fixed habitations, the Uthgardt have few stable villages. Most tribes wander the wilderness in small clans or family groups and live within a few weeks' travel of their ancestor mounds. Tradition is the centerpiece of Uthgardt life, and this blind devotion to tradition keeps them savage. Strength is everything, and civilization is a weakness not tolerated. Among the Uthgardt, men are warriors and hunters—women tend to gathering and family needs. They have no written language and no art beyond geometric carvings and clothing decoration. Religion and philosophy focus on war, plunder, and survival. They're superstitious, with a paranoid dislike of magic.

The Uthgardt have little to do with city folk, other than as prey, though some tribes have made "civilized" alliances. Both lone travelers and large caravans are considered ripe fruit for plunder. Though they prey on civilized folk and frequently fight among themselves, they're quick to unite—even with non-Uthgardt—against their ancestral enemy: the orcs.

In addition to hand axe, knife, and spear, the Uthgardt favor the battle axe, atlatl and javelin, and long bow. Most barbarians wear leather or studded leather armor, and a chieftain is normally found with chain mail. Shields, when used at all, are typically spiked bucklers, something that a warrior can use as a weapon when necessary.

Uthgar Gardolfsson, Thane of Ruathym.

Gardolf Beorunna, the Thane of Ruathym, raised a son named Uthgar Gardolfsson who became a great warrior and tactician like his father. Unlike his father, though, Uthgar gained great strides in cruelty, becoming a true genius in the punch and counter-punch of armed combat. Yet for all his skill and knowledge, Uthgar truly yearned to prove his worth in battle.

Once completing the rite to manhood, Uthgar gained his own fleet of boats, gaining the title of Thane. On his first quest across the seas, he attacked Bjorn's Hold on the Ice Peak and returned with boats laden with furs and fish—but no gold. His people were disappointed with the lack of truly useful treasure, so Uthgar set out again, this time for the coast of the Great Island (the continent of Faerûn).

He attacked the civilization of Illusk and successfully subdued the central government, killing its rulers. This freed the Illuskans of their bondage to the spellcasting heathens, and Uthgar expected the people to rejoice. Instead, they attacked the "barbarian" and his warriors, destroying his ship. Uthgar and his remaining men were forced inland, with the Illuskans hoping that the savage beasts of the North would finish off the troublesome barbarian and his warriors.



But Uthgar and his followers survived, raiding town after town across the North. These raids also served to swell his followers, as men and women impressed with his fighting prowess joined him in his ever-increasing raids. With these new followers came the knowledge that Uthgar needed to survive the harsh environment of the “Great Island.”

Uthgar was a man of tradition, however, and even though he raided villages for food, clothing, and treasures, he still felt obligated to defend the villages that chose to swear fealty to him. When an orc horde swept south from the Spine of the World, Uthgar and his people stood and faced them.

Uthgar was not the only brave warrior to die that day, but his loss was felt the greatest. In honor of their fallen lord, the survivors of the horde renamed themselves as the Uthgardt, the descendants of Uthgar.

Uthgar was buried with all his belongings along with an honor guard of seven warriors, brave souls who died with him in battle. The nearby ground was piled high above his body, and a huge stone was placed on the apex of the mound. Seven smaller stones were aligned around the mound to permanently mark the location of his body. The ground was consecrated by the tribal shaman and became a holy burial ground, the first ancestral burial mound as well as the foundation of a tradition that lives on today in Uthgardt tradition.

Black Lion Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Beorunna’s Well

Chieftain: Andar Heartfood

Cleric: Patreveni Onehand

Shaman: Bogohardt Blackmane

Ritual Enemy: Tundra barbarians

Nestled in the wide valley that separates the North from the glacier beyond is the small village of Beorunna’s Well. The community is comprised mostly of small huts, long houses, and a few tents, all of which stand a respectful distance from the watery pit that is its namesake. Here, the complacent Black Lions have forsaken tradition to become farmers and herders. Hunters still roam the wilds, but the tribe no longer depends upon them for survival. Agricultural success lets them trade with others for their needs. In forsaking their barbarian traditions, they have also cast aside their tribal totem. Most folk of Beorunna’s Well worship the Tyr alliance (Tyr, Torm, Ilmater, and Helm).

Beorunna’s Well is one of the most sacred sites of the Uthgardt barbarians, but the Black lions sense its eldritch nature and fear it more than they revere it. During Runemeet, the Red Tiger tribe performs the required rituals, while the Black Lions avoid entering the well.

Black Raven Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Ravenrock

Chieftain: Ostagar Tenfeather

Shaman: Pureheartman

Ritual Enemies: Griffon Tribe, foreign merchants and clerics
Of all Uthgardt, the Black Ravens are the most conservative, holding tightly to the old ways and reacting violently to the new. Pureheartman and his assistant, Wulphgehar, are the only shamans tolerated by the tribe. Clerics who seek to “enlighten” the Black Ravens are likely to find themselves labeled heretics and hunted down by the angry barbarians.

As far as the caravans who ply the north are concerned, the Black Ravens are the worst of the tribes. Black Raven warriors

are renowned as bandits, gaining this reputation because they prey on those whom they despise the most—foreigners, especially merchants and missionary clerics. They seek to destroy that which may threaten their way of life.

The tribe is aided in their quest by their totem, the gigantic ravens of Ravenrock. The raiders sit astride massive ravens, swooping down out of the sky to rob and terrorize caravans. The Black Ravens have little respect for tribes who dwell in towns (particularly the Thunderbeast and Griffon tribes), since those tribes have adopted foreign ways. In return, they are enemies of those tribes. King Gundar Brontoskin, the Thunderbeast chieftain, offers a bounty for the destruction of the ravens’ eggs.

Because their raiding spoils are tainted with foreign influence (including gold, jewelry, weapons, fabric, and other nontribal prizes), these items are sacrificed to the Black Raven and secreted away in Black Raven shrine, near the Ravenrock ancestor mound. The Black Ravens protect their shrine closely and do not welcome foreign intrusion. Woe to the person who is caught searching for—let alone robbing—the tribe’s treasure-laden shrine.

Elk Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Flintrock

Chieftain: Zokan Thunderer

Shaman: Berchtwald (Elk totem), Trothgar Grunald (Auril)

Ritual Enemy: “The ancient ones” (any old ruin, tomb, or evidence of ancient civilization qualifies)

The Elk tribe’s range includes the Evermoors, the plains east of the Dessarin, the Dessarin, and the lower Surbrin valleys. Of all the tribes, they’re the most arrogant, surly, and self-indulging. Considered by many to be little more than bandits, they often raid other tribal settlements for food, women, and sport. They have loose ties with the rulers of Luskan but are unwelcome elsewhere. Chief Zokan Thunderer (CE hm F9 [barbarian]) is regarded by most as a vulgar thug. Under his rule, clerics of the Talos alliance have gained a strong hold on the tribe.

Zokan is a surly Uthgardt chieftain who’s the ugliest, rudest, richest, wildest, most feared, and most hated bandit leader in the north. His barbarians raid caravans and villages incessantly, taking prisoners for ransom but selling them to traders from the south if the ransom is too small (keeping the ransom money, of course). He has a price on his head, but he is difficult to find and even harder to kill—he’s always guarded by ten 5th-level warriors and a 6th-level shaman.

Gray Wolf Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Ravenrock

Chieftain: Alrik Tenstone

Shaman: Clovis Greenteeth

Ritual Enemy: Orcs

Members of this tribe have one indisputable characteristic that is guaranteed to attract attention. Under the light of the full moon, all of the members of the Gray Wolves transform into ravaging werewolves.

This curse, originally instilled upon the tribe as a result of harboring refugees from the lost city of Gauntlgrym, has transformed itself over the years in the minds of the Gray Wolves. Instead of being an affliction that should be cured, most members of the tribe see this as a mark of savagery, their birthright in the Savage Frontier. Those that don’t share this opinion typically leave the tribe, the “curse” removing itself within a year after the former tribesmen is adopted by another tribe.



Alrik Tenstone (CE hm F12 [barbarian]) has led the tribe for more than 15 years, guiding its actions both in human and wolf form. Many visitors to the tribe's moving camp believe that Alrik retains control over himself during the transformation into a werewolf. His limb-rendering stories told to "guests" are legendary.

Clovis Greenteeth (CE hm Sha8) has served as the spiritual leader of the Gray Wolves for even longer than Alrik. Appearing in his late 50s, Clovis and his retinue of shaman choose the "holy sites" upon which the tribe sets up their camp. Such sites are normally within striking distance of poorly defended towns and villages at just about the same time as the appearance of the full moon.

Great Worm Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Great Worm Cavern

Chieftain: Gweshen "Ironhand" Talistars

Shaman: Themrin

Ritual Enemy: Evil creatures

This tribe used to be ruled by a benevolent creature named Elrem, who served as shaman and protector until his untimely death at the hands of an evil adventuring company. This tribe has grown less hospitable toward strangers since the incident three years ago, but only self-proclaimed Zhentarim agents—one of which was foolish enough to demanded a feast—have been killed by the tribe's warriors.

Gweshen Talistars (NG hf R9) has ruled the tribe for nearly five years. She's been striving to keep the tribe on an even keel since the death of Elrem, an incident she blames entirely on herself. Themrin (NG hm Sha7) has supported Gweshen, however, citing the use of "foul magics" that led to the death of their beloved Elrem.

Both Gweshen and Themrin are wearing a sort of dragon scale armor, created from the body of Elrem. Both of the leaders deny creating the armor, and tribal belief rests firmly in the fact that the armor simply appeared one morning outside the ancestor mound. The precise powers of this armor remain a mystery.

Griffon Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Shining White

Chieftain: Kralgar Bonesnapper

Shaman: Adalfus Stormgatherer

Ritual Enemy: The cities of the North

Chief Kralgar Bonesnapper (LN hm F10 [barbarian]) is a popular man of great charisma and even greater ambition. Since assuming leadership, he has pushed his people toward greater accomplishments, making the Griffons foremost among the tribes in power, skill, and learning. His great goal is the conquest and possession of one of the northern cities.

To this end, he has declared ritual war on the cities. Unaligned clans seeking either plunder or the benefits offered by cities have joined the Griffons, swelling their ranks. Even so, Griffon's Nest, the primary tribal encampment, rivals some of the smaller northern cities. Without realizing it, Kralgar may accomplish his goal within his lifetime as Griffon's Nest slowly changes from camp to city. While the tribe wages incessant warfare against the cities, they welcome contact with outsiders, considering all as potential allies in their quest.

Red Tiger Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Beorunna's Well

Chieftain: Adalwulf Longfang

Shaman: Garinen the Maker

Ritual Enemy: Blue Bear tribe

Like their totem beast (that's also called the snow cat, since its fur changes color in winter), this tribe is wild and solitary. They hunt in very small family groups and roam widely, primarily in the Cold Wood. They're wary of all strangers and avoid contact with things or folk they don't know. The tribe has few shamans and no shrines other than Beorunna's Well.

The men of the Red Tiger tribe are strictly hunters, leaving gathering and trading to women, the elderly, and children. The Red Tigers believe the true test of a hunter is the ability to bring down prey unaided. Often, their only weapons are "tiger claws," short wooden handles embedded with three sharp stone daggers. The hunter holds these so the daggers project between the fingers like claws. The Red Tigers are loyal to King Gundar Brontoskin of the Thunderbeasts, who won their respect during a Runehunt by bringing back a leucrotta, slain with only a pair of tiger claws.

Adalwulf Longfang (LN hm F8 [barbarian]) has ruled the tribe for many years and is preparing to hand the mantle of rulership to his son, Shinoras (LN hm F4). He feels as though he's getting old and is getting in everyone else's way, but Shinoras has refused to become chieftain of the tribe until his father passes along (a day he's not looking forward to).

Sky Pony Tribe

Ancestor Mound: One Stone

Chieftain: Jerek Wolf-slayer

Shaman: Adalwyn Swiftwings

Cleric: Jathrin Heartflow (Tempus)

Ritual Enemy: Orcs

The Sky Pony tribe is one of the most active tribes in the North, wandering from their ancestor mound in the eastern Moonwood to the southern reaches of Icewind Dale. Their devotion to the god Tempus is legendary, and they frequently track orcs back to their lairs in an effort to rid the Barbarian North of their kind.

Jerek Wolf-slayer (CN hm F9 [barbarian]) is the aged leader of the tribe. He's quite old, but he remains active and vigorous.

With the death of Jerek's son, Torlin, at the hands of the tribe's former shaman, there is no heir to take control of the noble Sky Ponies. In an effort to prove their worth, many of the Sky Pony tribe's warriors have gone to great lengths to demonstrate their battle prowess, hoping to gain the old chieftain's nod in ruling the tribe.

Valric High Eye was the tribe's former shaman, and he was a man truly feared by his people. He over-zealously summoned the spirit of the Sky Pony into the chieftain's son, sending it after the barbarian Wulfgar and his companions. Upon finding the lifeless body of Torlin, the Sky Pony tribe realized that Valric had overstepped his authority, and Jerek killed the old shaman for his crime.

Adalwyn Swiftwings (CN hm Sha8 of Sky Pony/Uthgar) has since replaced Valric as the spiritual leader of the tribe. Needless to say, he's been somewhat leery of summoning ancestral spirits without the approval of Jerek.

Thunderbeast Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Morgur's Mound

Chieftain: King Gundar Brontoskin

Shaman: Kierkrad Seventoes

Druid: Wisteria Borsdotter (Silvanus)

Cleric: Sigurd Gandolfsson (Tyr)

Ritual Enemy: Wolves



The town of Grunwald near the High Forest is home to this most civilized of the barbarians. Although, he wields no official power over other tribes, Gundar Brontoskin (LN hm F9) has the charisma and respect necessary to call the tribes together into a horde.

The tribe takes its name from the apatosaurus that roamed here in ancient times, and tribal shamans claim thunderbeasts still dwell in the High Forest. The clan's hearth at Morgur's Mound is surmounted by an apatosaurus skeleton. It said that in time of great need, the tribal shamans can animate the skeleton to fight in the tribe's defense. In addition to the beast cult shamans, the Thunderbeast tribe in Grunwald has grown civilized enough to tolerate priests of other religions, primarily druids of Silvanus and the clerics of Tyr.

Tree Ghost Tribe

Ancestor Mound: Grandfather Tree

Chieftain: Gunther Longtooth

Shaman: Chungred Ghostheart

Ritual Enemy: Evil undead creatures

The Tree Ghosts, led by Gunther Longtooth (NG hm F10 [barbarian]) and their tribal shaman Chungred Ghostheart (NG hm Sha12), are one of the few barbarian tribes who have achieved peace in recent memory, rediscovering their long-lost ancestor mound of Grandfather Tree on Shieldmeet in 1368.

Many of the tribe's members believe that the destruction of the Blue Bears was Uthgar's punishment toward that wicked tribe. The Tree Ghosts have refused to allow any former Blue Bear tribesmen to join their clan, fearful of attracting the "fury of Uthgar." However, they have banded together with the other woodland creatures to defend the forest from harm, swearing peace with the elves, treants, satyrs, dryads, and other forest inhabitants.

While the Tree Ghosts still respect Alustriel of Silvermoon, they now believe that their true path lies with preserving Grandfather Tree and the forest that surrounds it. Alustriel has made it clear that she respects their desire to protect Grandfather Tree, and she has provided the barbarians with much-needed supplies for the tribe's town that is being built near the ancestor mound.

Chungred Ghostheart fell while fighting a brown bear, breaking his back in the process. After three-years of depression and drunkenness, he began training a young woman, Spirithajj (NG hf Sha4), to take his place. Meanwhile, she cares for the paraplegic Ghostheart and is becoming the spiritual leader of the Tree Ghosts.

Character Classes

Claiming that one is a ranger, druid, or bard in the North carries with it both some respect and some responsibilities. The various barbarians in particular associate different levels of respect based on one's profession. For instance, wizards and clerics are generally shunned, while druids and bards are looked upon with great respect.

Following each class section are recommendations for player characters looking for generic specialty kits to base their characters on. In addition to these references, players should examine *Wizards & Rogues of the Realms* and *Warriors & Priests of the Realms*. Of course, the Dungeon Master must approve the use of any of these optional books.

Warriors

The North is rugged territory, and most warriors are looked upon with respect. Of course, different types of warriors are viewed in varying lights by the locals. And in a land where might makes right, a strong sword arm can prove quite beneficial.

Fighters

The ready call for a strong sword arm in the North draws men and women to this profession. Fighters are constantly needed to defend against orcs and monsters, to patrol the wastelands, to fend off barbarian raiders, and to keep peace in cities.

Player characters should look at the barbarian, beast rider, cavalier, noble warrior, savage, and wilderness warrior kits from *The Complete Fighter's Handbook* (with cavaliers and noble warriors typically, hailing from the larger cities). Also, *The Complete Barbarians Handbook* provides a barbarian fighter class for players interested in such a challenge.

Rangers

Respected for their vigilance in the service of the Harpers and the Lords' Alliance, the word of an 8th-level or higher ranger is the law in the wilderness. The Lord's Alliance enforces such "words of law" as the law of the land, though such edicts by rangers are rare and always in step with nature.

The Complete Ranger's Handbook details the beastmaster, explorer, giant killer, and guardian kits that could be easily adapted to a campaign set in the North. Players interested in becoming a Harper should consult *The Code of the Harpers*.

Paladins

Paladins are very rare outside the walls of Waterdeep, and most of the barbarian tribes consider them nothing more than fighters. Should a paladin demonstrate spellcasting ability, most barbarians think the warrior nothing more than a cleric who fights with bladed weapons (unusual, but certainly not worthy of any more respect than a spellcaster).

Virtually all of the kits described in *The Complete Paladin's Handbook* are applicable to player-character paladins, since the church directs most actions of the warrior. The most important aspect to consider is how well the kit choice matches with the paladin's deity.

Wizards

Although wizards have never been popular with Uthgardt or Northmen barbarians, in the cities they wield power and command great respect and fear. Waterdeep is noted for powerful mages like Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, Longsaddle has its magical Harpell family, and Silvermoon is home to colleges of magic and tutors. Wizards in Waterdeep are wise to join that city's Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, while spellcasters living in Luskan should at least be aware of the Host Tower of the Arcane.

Mages and Specialist Wizards

Wizards in smaller towns tend to be mages, the general practitioners of magic. Specialists in a particular field, especially divination, are uncommon outside of major cities, although invocation and necromancers are an exception to this general rule.



Elemental Wizards: Those rare wizards specializing in one of the four elements are extremely rare in the North. Some barbarian tribes have been known to treat such spellcasters with as much respect as their tribal shaman (which in most cases isn't much), while other tribes have been known to treat them with the same disdain as other spellcasters.

Wild Mages: More wild mages have been hunted down by Uthgardt tribal warriors than probably any other type of spellcaster. Each time one of their spells goes awry, the tribal shaman inevitably pronounces the spellcaster as a heretic. Wild mages intent on casting spells to show off their talents to the "savages" had better pray to Tymora for a favorable wild surge (one that teleports them as far from their audience as possible).

Wizards and Rogues of the Realms offers kits of interest to the player-character wizard. *The Complete Wizard's Handbook* has a few kits (anagakok, militant wizard, patrician, and savage wizard) worthy of mention that are easily adaptable to a campaign set in the North.

Priests

Many of the major gods and faiths of Faerûn are represented, though few are native to the residents in the Savage North. Over the centuries, missionaries have traveled here to establish churches and shrines, meeting with varied success. Predominant civilized gods include Mystra, Lathander, Mielikki, Tempus, and Tymora. The Uthgardt and Northmen barbarians worship their tribal totems.

Clerics & Specialty Priests

There is no perceived difference between clerics of a particular deity and specialty priests of the same deity. While such status might be important in the social circles of cities like Waterdeep, most small towns and virtually all of the barbarian tribes could care less whether a priest is "specially chosen" by their god.

The city folk are generally tolerant of most religions so long as they don't harm others or property, but Northmen often eject foreign priests as rudely as possible. The savage Uthgardt tend to exterminate whomever their shamans label as heretics.

Player characters looking for specialty kits are advised to review *Faiths & Avatars* and *Warriors and Priests of the Realms* for inspiration. The gods of the Realms are too specific for other generic resources to be of much assistance.

Druids

The followers of Mielikki have a stronghold in the eastern reaches of The High Forest, an area known as the Tall Trees. Another holy grove exists in Silvermoon, where druids maintain a shrine and sacred college, and yet another grows in the city of Waterdeep. Though druids are rare, they are respected by civilized and barbarian folk alike.

Druidic Circles: In northern Faerûn, from the Sword Coast to Impiltur, druids in lightly settled areas tend to gather in small groups, often with rangers and other allies. These groups, usually numbering a dozen or fewer druids and 20 or fewer allies, vary widely in prominence and working relationships. Some druids live together in a woodland grove, while others are widely scattered and loners. In some groups, druids and rangers treat each other as equals, and in others the druids are revered by those who work with them.

These druidic groups are known as *circles*. The term refers to the unending cycles of natural processes and emphasizes that no one creature or being is intrinsically superior to another.

In Faerûn at large, these circles provide a network of communication and aid for those who venerate Chauntea and similar powers. In general, druids of Faerûn seek balance between man and nature, at the expense of neither.

As with other priests, players should review *Warriors & Priests of the Realms* and *Faiths & Avatars* for background material and specialty kits.

Rogues

Bardic colleges and thieves' guilds are virtually unheard of outside of the major cities, but the role of the rogue in the North cannot be underestimated. While looked down on in major cities, rogues are revered in some barbarian tribes. Most of this respect centers around the juggling, storytelling, or sleight-of-hand performances of the rogue, but each tribe is different.

Thieves

The major cities and larger towns thrive with thieving activity, and many adventuring thieves scour the North hoping to stumble across vast fortunes hidden behind rusted coffers.

Waterdeep has the greatest concentration of thieves, yet there is no official thieves' guild, only freelancers. Neverwinter, Silvermoon, Sundabar, Mirabar, Loudwater, and even Daggerford have small thieves' guilds. Many suspect that a thieves' network also exists throughout the North, but those who learn of the Kraken Society often do not live long enough to reveal its secrets (see page 67).

Outside the cities, a thief's profession is rarely safe or profitable. Northmen (those who have things worth stealing) regard stealing from others as a way of life, but one caught stealing is certainly killed. The Uthgardt have little worth taking, but what they do have often has religious significance—and sacrilege is a fatal offense.

Wizards and Rogues of the Realms provides interesting kits for both a city-based campaign and general adventuring in the North (the Waterdeep and Savage North kits). Players looking to break from the established mold are directed to the *Complete Thief's Handbook*.

Bards

While bards are not common, they're respected in most cultures. Northmen treat scopos like heroes, particularly if they sing proudly of Northmen victories. Even the Uthgardt barbarians treat bards as near equals. More often than not, bards are members of the Harpers, though there's nothing for the bard to worry about if he prefers to be a freelancer not associated with the Harpers.

There are no specific references for Realms-oriented bards. Players looking to spice up their bards by adding Realmsian kits to their characters should check out the *Complete Bard's Handbook* (especially the skald kit).

Psionicists

Those who follow this path are rare in the Realms. As far as perceptions go, however, a barbarian tribe that considers all wizards as heretics is going to have the same view of a psionicist. At the very best, a psionicist who demonstrates his powers might be given the respect of a shaman.



RELIGION



he powers worshipped in the North include many beings venerated elsewhere in Faerûn, plus a number who have followers nowhere else. Most of these deities are described in *Running the Realm* from the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Setting, *Monster Mythology*, and *Faiths & Avatars*. Only the briefest details are given for these deities—for a proper understanding and perspective of the religions, the DM should have the aforementioned volumes. Other deities than those mentioned here are worshipped, but their followings are not noteworthy.

Northmen Deities

The surly Northmen are not religious. They pay grudging homage to a few powers only because they have control over things the Northmen do not. Northmen rarely devote themselves to one power, but honor three primary deities: Tempus, Auril, and Umberlee—but only when in each deity's sphere of influence. Other deities honored by Northmen include Valkur the Mighty, protector of sailors, and rarely, Malar the Beast, who is worshipped only by berserkers who revel in battle fury. The powers' earthly agents, shamans, are treated with callousness, having a lower status than warriors.

Tempus, the god of battles, is the only deity who receives more than cursory piety by the Northmen. Warriors worship Tempus before battles, and he is seen as the berserker's patron, protector of those who succumb to berserk frenzy.

The Northmen venerate Auril as the bringer of winter, an important part of their existence. They placate her with offerings of food and strong drink that are placed upon rafts set adrift at sea in autumn and winter.

The seafaring Northmen give great respect—and fear—to Umberlee, goddess and queen over the dark, deadly, cold waters of the ocean, waves, and currents. Umberlee is believed to cause shipwrecks and drownings and is the mistress of the sharks that endanger stranded sailors. The ocean gladly accepts the Northmen's customary sacrifices before each voyage. The longer the journey, the greater the sacrifice.

Uthgardt Deities

The Uthgardt barbarians live in a harsh, cruel environment and worship harsh, cruel gods. Tempus is worshipped by all Uthgardt tribes as the god of war. Chauntea, the earth goddess, is the patron of Uthgardt women and has female shamans who serve her. Other "southern" deities are occasionally allowed to establish shrines or temples in or near tribal strongholds, but their presence is tolerated only because they or their priests provide something valuable to the tribe. Notably, the church of Auril and the other members of the Talos alliance—Talos, Auril, Umberlee, and Malar—have nearly driven out worship of the beast spirit in the Elk tribe, and worship of Tyr, Torm, Ilmater, and Helm has supplanted almost all worship of the Black Lion totem in its tribe.

All these deities are held secondary to Uthgar and the beast cult totems among the Uthgardt society as a whole. Uthgardt legend tells that Tempus is the father of Uthgar, founder of the tribes (while other legends claim Uthgar's descent from Beorunna). Chauntea is worshipped as the "grandmother," whose daughters (fathered by Uthgar after he ascended into the halls of Tempus) are the wives of the beast cult great spirits.

The tribes worship one of the beasts whose powers were taken by Uthgar, the legendary father of their race. The totem cult encompasses the worship of the tribe's ancestors, including Uthgar, his sons, and long-dead chieftains and shamans. The Uthgardt beast totems are great spirits (see the section on Shamans below for information on great spirits) who take their names and forms from creatures of the wilds. These cults include the Black Lion, Black Raven, Elk, Gray Wolf, Great Worm, Griffon, Red Tiger (Snow Cat), Sky Pony, Tree Ghost, and Thunderbeast, and they have included in the past such cults as Golden Eagle, Blue Bear, and Red Pony, which are now extinct.





Tribal shamans are the magical power within the tribes. The shaman class is explained below, along with the specific capabilities of the Uthgardt beast-cult shamans (detailed under Uthgar, their god). Nonbeast-cult deities are represented among the tribes by shamans of lesser power (rarely above 5th level). Chauntea's shamans are always women.

Taken as a whole, the separate tribes form the Uthgardt people, yet individual distinctions divide them and squash any possibility of unity as a single nation. This diversity is expressed as cultural variances, devotion to their unique totems, and tribal goals. Each tribe has an ancestor mound where they worship their totems each fall during Runemeet. Several share mounds with other tribes, while some mounds were—until recently—lost (Grandfather Tree) or abandoned (One Stone).

Each tribe is ruled by a chieftain, who may also style himself as king. The chieftains are fighters, usually of 8th to 13th level. (If the DM allows the use of *The Complete Fighter's Handbook*, the barbarian, beast-rider, berserker, savage, or wilderness warrior are all appropriate kits to different tribal leaders.) The chief shaman is the most powerful spellcaster in a tribe (usually 7th level or higher) and normally accompanies the chieftain. Other shamans of lesser or equal power exist in each tribe. Each tribe also has a different ritual enemy, a foe whom young barbarians must challenge and overcome to become adults. This enemy is one focus of ritual hunts during Runemeet. Orcs are the common foe of all Uthgardt, but each tribe has its own personal enemy.

Icewind Dale Deities

The Icewind Dale barbarians, also known as Reghedmen and tundra barbarians, were divided into several tribes, including the Tribe of the Elk, the Tribe of the Wolf, the Tribe of the Bear, and the Tribe of the Tiger. The Icewind Dale barbarians worship tribal beast spirits and Tempus (their name for Tempus), the god of war. Tempus is served by shamans who rever their tribal beast totems highly also.

These beast totems are also great spirits (see the section on Shamans below for information on great spirits), similar to the beast totems of the Uthgardt. Tundra barbarian shamans cannot call upon a beast power, however, although extremely motivated or experienced shamans have been known to become possessed by the spirits of their totem animals.

Ice Hunter Deities

The Ice Hunters are a people who wandered off across Abeir-Toril's polar ice cap to the North above the Spine of the World from the peoples of the Great Glacier over a millennia ago. They bear the closest resemblance in conduct and philosophy to the Nakulutians of the Great Glacier. (See FR14, *The Great Glacier*, for more information on the Nakulutian people.) The Ice Hunters worship Ulutiu and the beast totem great spirits, including Clever Oomio the Gray Seal, Grandfather Walrus, Great White Bear, and Pindalpai-pau the Reindeer Mother.

In many ways, the Ice Hunters' regard for Ulutiu and their totem animals parallels the regard of the Uthgardt barbarian tribes for Uthgar and the Uthgardt beast totems. Ulutiu and the Ice Hunter beast totems are served by Ice Hunter specialty priests of Ulutiu, known as iceguardians, and shamans. The iceguardians are able to cast all wizard spells with a cold (not a life-draining) effect as mages, but only function as mages of half their actual shaman level. This gives the most ancient iceguardians limited use of powerful ice, snow, and cold magic.

Ice Hunter Beast Cult Shamans

REQUIREMENTS:	Strength 12, Wisdom 14
PRIME REQ.:	Strength, Wisdom
ALIGNMENT:	LG, LN, LE
WEAPONS:	Long bow, short bow, spear, net, harpoon, gaff, machete, darts, garnok (similar to an atlatl, but used with darts to triple their effective ranges), trident, knife, dagger
ARMOR:	All armor types up to and including leather or hide armor; no shield. (Ice Hunters commonly wear parkas, trousers, mittens, and boots of fox, wolf, and bear skin which equal leather or hide armor, depending on the workmanship.)
MAJOR SPHERES:	All, animal, summoning, protection, travelers, wards
MINOR SPHERES:	Healing, plant
MAGICAL ITEMS:	Same as clerics
REQ. PROFS:	Fishing, weather sense, fire-building, charioteering (dog sled), set snares
BONUS PROFS:	Endurance, survival (arctic), tracking, religion (Faerûnian)

The abilities and restrictions of Ice Hunter shamans, aside from changes noted above and later in this section, are summarized in the discussion of the shaman character class, below.

- Ice Hunter shamans gain a +2 to their Wisdom ability scores.
- Ice Hunter shamans have different alignment restrictions and access to slightly different spheres, depending on their tribal totem animal. All Ice Hunter shamans have access to the basic shaman spheres given above, plus certain spheres special to their totem animal. Ice Hunter shamans also have different clan taboos which they must abide by or lose all shaman abilities until they atone.

Clever Oomio the Gray Seal: ALIGNMENT: LG, LN, LE, MAJOR: charm, law, MINOR: thought, guardian, TABOO: Cannot harm seals, eat seal meat or fat, or wear anything made from a seal

Grandfather Walrus: ALIGNMENT: LG, LN, LE, MAJOR: elemental, time, MINOR: weather, TABOO: Cannot harm walruses, eat walrus meat or fat, or wear anything made from a walrus

Great White Bear: ALIGNMENT: LN, LE MAJOR: combat, war, MINOR: protection, TABOO: Cannot harm polar bears, eat polar bear meat or fat, or wear anything made from a polar bear



Pindalpau-pau the Reindeer Mother: ALIGNMENT: LG, LN, MAJOR: divination, protection, MINOR: guardian, TABOO: Cannot harm reindeer, eat reindeer meat or fat, or wear anything made from a reindeer

- Ice Hunter shamans can select nonweapon proficiencies from both the priest and warrior groups with no penalty. Though they receive only the normal 4 nonweapon proficiency slots at 1st level, they must take all of their required nonweapon proficiencies before they can take any discretionary nonweapon proficiencies.
- An Ice Hunter shaman may call upon his clan totem's beast power. This power's effect varies by totem. The power may be personally used by the shaman, or its effects may be granted to another devoted follower of the totem if indicated below.

Clever Oomio the Gray Seal Beast Power: Gray Seal shamans can call upon *selkie form* or convey its abilities to another worshiper of the Gray Seal once a day for 1 turn. This allows them the appearance, movement, and attack capabilities of normal selkies. They can also change back and forth from human to selkie form as a selkie can during the duration of the *selkie form*.

Grandfather Walrus Beast Power: Grandfather Walrus shamans can call upon *tusks of strength* or convey this ability to another worshiper of Grandfather Walrus once a day for 1 turn. *Tusks of strength* temporarily adds 6 points to its user's strength and causes the shaman's canine teeth to grow longer. Grandfather Walrus shamans who use this ability often quickly begin to look like the walrus spirit they hold sacred.

Great White Bear Beast Power: Great White Bear shamans can call upon *polar fury* for themselves or another touched Great White Bear worshiper once a day for 1 turn. The recipient of this power grows claws and can claw and bear-hug attack like a polar bear (two claw attacks for 1d10/1d10; a successful attack roll of 18 or better with either claw results in additional hug damage of 3d6).

Pindalpau-pau the Reindeer Mother Beast Power: Reindeer Mother shamans can call upon the *horns of wisdom* or *reindeer hooves* once a day. Horns of wisdom has the same effect as the casting of a *commune* spell except that it lasts for 1 turn and causes elk antlers to grow from the skull of the shaman. (They cannot gift this ability to another.) Each use causes additional horn growth. Fortunately, if the shaman's horns begin to grow too long for practical support on the human skeletal frame, the shaman sheds them one winter and begins to grow new horns in the spring, though this new set is lighter in color than the original set. *Reindeer hooves* bestows the shaman or another touched follower of the Reindeer Mother a Movement Rate of 21 for up to one hour. It also provides secure footing on any type of ice.

- At 3rd level, Ice Hunter shamans can summon animals of their clan totem type (seals, walruses, reindeer, or polar bears) to their aid twice a tenday. The animals summoned aid the shaman by any means they possess, staying until a fight is over, a specific mission is finished, the shaman is safe, they are sent away, etc. The creatures appear around or near the shaman within one round after they are summoned and vanish when they are slain, complete their mission, are dismissed, or the shaman dies. Statistics for these summoned animals are:

Seals (2d8): AC 6; MV 3, SW 24; HD 2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (bite); SZ M (4-6 feet); ML average (8); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 35.

Walruses (2d8): AC 5; MV 3, SW 24; HD 2+2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (bite); SZ L (7-9 feet long); ML average (10); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 65.

Reindeer (2d6): AC 7; MV 21; HD 4; THAC0 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 or 2d8 (hoof/hoof or antlers); SZ L (4-6 feet tall at the shoulder); ML unsteady (5); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 120.

Polar Bears (1d3): AC 6; MV 12, SW 9; HD 8+8; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1d10/1d10/2d6 (claw/claw/bite); SA hug; SD attacks below 0 hp; SZ H (14+ feet tall); ML average (8-10); Int semi- (2-4); AL N; XP 1,400.

Hug: On a claw hit of 18 or better the bear also inflicts 3d6 points of hug damage.

Attacks Below 0 hp: Polar bears continue to fight 1d4+1 rounds after being brought to 0 to -12 hit points, but beyond that they die instantly.

- At 5th level, Ice Hunter shamans can *shapechange* (as the druid ability) into the type of totem beast they worship twice per tenday for 3d6 turns, gaining all the abilities of that creature. Gray Seal shamans can change into seals, Grandfather Walrus shamans into walruses, Great White Bear shamans into polar bears, and Reindeer Mother shamans into reindeer. Statistics for these creatures are summarized under the animal summoning ability, above.
- At 7th level, Ice Hunter shamans are immune to all magical or natural cold damage caused by anything less powerful than artifacts, relics, or dragon breath from a wyrm or great wyrm.





Specialty Priests (Iceguardians)

REQUIREMENTS:	Strength 12, Wisdom 14
PRIME REQ.:	Strength, Wisdom
ALIGNMENT	LN
WEAPONS:	Short bow, harpoon, net, gaff, darts, garnok (similar to an atlatl, but used with darts to triple their effective ranges), knife, dagger
ARMOR:	All armor types up to and including leather or hide armor; no shield. (Ice Hunters commonly wear parkas, trousers, mittens, and boots of fox, wolf, and bear skin which equal leather or hide armor, depending on workmanship.)
MAJOR SPHERES:	All, animal, elemental water, summoning, protection, travelers, wards
MINOR SPHERES:	Healing, plant
MAGICAL ITEMS:	Same as clerics
REQ. PROFS:	Fishing, weather sense, charioteering (dog sled), set snares, local history (the glaciers above the Spine of the World mountains), ancient history (the Ice Hunter people and Ulutiu)
BONUS PROFS:	Endurance, survival (arctic), tracking, religion (Faerúnian)

Their abilities and restrictions of Ice Hunter iceguardians, aside from changes noted above and later in this section, are summarized in the discussion of the shaman character class, below.

- Iceguardians gain a +2 to their Wisdom ability scores.
- Iceguardians progress in experience levels as do specialty priests. (See *Faiths & Avatars*; basically, this is the same experience table as druids use.)
- Iceguardians must abide by the taboo that they may never start a fire (though they may enjoy the benefits of fires started by others) or lose all their iceguardian abilities until they atone.
- Iceguardians can select nonweapon proficiencies from both the priest and warrior groups with no penalty. Though they receive only the normal 4 nonweapon proficiency slots at 1st level, they must take all of their required nonweapon proficiencies before they can take any discretionary nonweapon proficiencies.
- Iceguardians are immune to all magical or natural cold damage caused by anything less powerful than artifacts, relics, or dragon breath from a wyrm or great wyrm.
- Iceguardians may cast wizard spells from the elemental water school and any other wizard spells with nonenergy-draining cold, chill, snow, or ice effects (that are not still secret to a particular mage or religion) in addition to priest spells. These spells are cast as if the iceguardian were a mage of half his level (round up). For example, a 5th-level iceguardian casts wizard spells as a 3rd-level mage. Iceguardians pray for their wizard spells instead of studying to memorize them, and chosen wizard spells replace priest spells potentially available for use that day. (In other words, the wizard spell occupies a priest spell slot.) Iceguardians gain access to 8th-level wizard spells at 16th

level and 9th-level wizard spells at 18th level. An iceguardian must have a Wisdom of 18 or higher and an Intelligence of 16 to gain access to the 8th level spells, and a Wisdom of 18 or higher and an Intelligence of 18 to gain access to the 9th-level spells. If an iceguardian is able to gain high-level wizard spells, every 8th-level spell prayed for occupies a 6th-level priest spell slot and every 9th-level spell prayed for occupies a 7th-level priest spell slot. Iceguardians are always able to read elemental water spells on scrolls or in wizard spell books as if they knew *read magic* (but studying spells from a spell book is useless to them). No more than three-quarters of an iceguardian's total number of spells available (round down) can be taken as wizard spells.

- At 5th level, an iceguardian may call upon his or her clan totem's beast power. This power's effect varies by totem. The power may only be used by the iceguardian.

Clever Oomio the Gray Seal Beast Power: Gray Seal iceguardians can call upon *selkie form* once a day for 1 turn. This allows them the appearance, movement, and attack capabilities of normal selkies. They can also change back and forth from human to selkie form as a selkie can during the duration of the *selkie form*.

Grandfather Walrus Beast Power: Grandfather Walrus iceguardians can call upon tusks of strength once a day for 1 turn. *Tusks of strength* temporarily adds 6 points to its user's Strength and causes the shaman's canine teeth to grow longer. Grandfather Walrus shamans who use this ability often quickly begin to look like the walrus spirit they hold sacred.

Great White Bear Beast Power: Great White Bear iceguardians can call upon *polar fury* once a day for 1 turn. The recipient of this power grows claws and can claw and bear-hug attack like a polar bear (two claw attacks for 1d10/1d10; a successful attack roll of 18 or better with either claw results in additional hug damage of 3d6).

Pindalpau-pau the Reindeer Mother Beast Power: Reindeer Mother iceguardians can call upon the *horns of wisdom* or *reindeer hooves* up to once a day. *Horns of wisdom* has the same effect as the casting of a *commune* spell except that it lasts for 1 turn and causes elk antlers to grow from the skull of the shaman. Each use causes additional horn growth. Fortunately, if the shaman's horns begin to grow too long for practical support on the human skeletal frame, the shaman sheds them one winter and begins to grow new horns in the spring, though this new set is lighter in color than the original set. *Reindeer hooves* bestows the shaman or another touched follower of the Reindeer Mother a Movement Rate of 21 for up to one hour. It also provides secure footing on any type of ice.

- At 7th level, iceguardians can cast *ice storm* or *wall of ice* (as the 4th-level wizard spells) once a day at their actual level (not halved).
- At 10th level, iceguardians can *shapechange* (as the druid ability) into the type of totem beast they worship twice per tenday for 3d6 turns, gaining all the abilities of that creature. Gray Seal shamans can change into seals, Grandfather Walrus shamans into walruses, Great White Bear shamans into polar bears, and Reindeer Mother shamans into reindeer. Statistics for these creatures are summarized under the animal summoning ability of Ice Hunter shamans, above.



- At 13th level, iceguardians can cast *cone of cold* (as the 5th-level wizard spell) once a day at their actual level (not halved).
- At 15th level, iceguardians can cast *Otiluke's freezing sphere* (as the 6th-level wizard spell) once a day at their actual level (not halved).

Monstrous Deities

Other populations of significance in the North include aaracocra, lizardmen, and trolls, all of whom worship their own deities. The few remaining aaracocra worship Syranita, the protector and educator creator goddess of their race, and also venerate Akadi and respect Aerdrie Faenya, Stronmaus, and Remnis, god of giant eagles. Syranita is served by both priests and shamans, who are renowned for their abilities to affect the weather and speak with the dead.

Lizardmen worship Semuanya, the unfeeling and amoral god of their race, whose main concerns are survival and propagation. Semuanya's shamans and witch doctors serve their people as general care-givers and counsel an isolationist policy for their people. Some lizardmen have fallen under the sway of evil lizard kings, a perversion of the pure creation of Semuanya by the tanar'ri lord Sess'innak, and now worship that tanar'ri led by his lizard king and lizardman shamans.

Trolls (and ogres) worship Vaprak the Destroyer, a fierce and destructive deity who embodies the eternal hunger and the regenerative capabilities of the troll race. Vaprak is served by troll shamans of up to 3rd level.

Civilized Deities

City folk choose deities who meet their needs in this harsh land. In the city of Waterdeep, numerous powers have temples: Gond, Lathander, Mielikki, Mystra, Selûne, Silvanus, Sune, Tempus, and Tymora among them (see the City of Splendors boxed set for full details). The deities most prominent in Silverymoon complement the city's quest for beauty, art, and knowledge. Silverymoon features temples to Helm, Lathander, Milil, Mystra, Oghma, Selûne, Shiallia, and Tymora, and shrines to the dwarven and elven deities, Mielikki, Silvanus, and Sune. Where evil is constantly fought, as in Sundabar, the aid of Helm, Tyr, and Torm is sought. In Mirabar, humans and dwarves who mine for a living venerate the dwarven deities, and the city also houses shrines to Chauntea and Tymora.

Where trade is important, such as Nesmé, the goddess Waukeen held sway until her disappearance during the Time of Troubles. Now Nesmé features tiny shrines to Lathander, Lliira, Mystra, Shaundakul, Tymora, and Tempus, with most of the former ruling clergy of Waukeen having converted to the worship of Tymora or Shaundakul (and a few to Lliira). In cities where life depends on the forest, such as Loudwater, Secomber, and Silverymoon, Silvanus, Mielikki, and Shiallia (korred goddess servant of Mielikki and midwife to forest creatures) are favored.

Orc Deities

While it is difficult to imagine orcs as religious, they are devout followers of their own brutal powers. Their shamans and witch doctors devote themselves to one orc deity and are often the most powerful members of their communities. Witch doctors can cast a restricted number of priest and wizard spells and are described in *Monster Mythology* and briefly below under the section on Shamans.

The orcs acknowledge Gruumsh One-Eye, He-Who-Never-Sleeps, as their lord and master (detailed in *Monster Mythology* along with the rest of the orc pantheon). In addition to Bahgtru the Leg Breaker, Shargaas the Night Lord, Ilneval, Yurtrus the White-Handed, and Luthic Cave Mother, each orc tribe has a vile shamanic totem symbol appropriate to the tribe's name (name such as the Severed Hand, Bloody Eye, and Skull-Grin tribes). Orc tribal names are variants of one of the orcish deities' holy symbols. Thus the holy icon of the Stinking Claw orcs would be a rotting claw, possibly a variant of Yurtrus's white hand. Orc totems are considered unpleasant—and often disgusting—by outsiders.

In addition to the priest spells granted by their deities, orc shamans may control creatures associated with their deity, using them as mounts, animal companions, or bodyguards. Shamans of Bahgtru are often mounted on mighty oxen. Shamans of Shargaas can summon bats, including giant bats and the colossal doombats, which can be ridden as mounts. Shamans of Yurtrus may *animate dead* to create skeletons and zombies. Priestesses and shamans of Luthic are often protected by several cave bears.

Orc holy spots are marked by huge cairns of skulls, including orc, human, elf, dwarf, and other humanoid races. Orcs are so devoted to their holy sites that they often become berserk if they discover a desecrated site, destroying all they encounter in their frenzy.

Shamans

ABILITY REQUIREMENTS: Constitution 12, Wisdom 12
PRIME REQUISITES: Wisdom
RACES ALLOWED: Human

The shaman class, repeated here for those who do not own PLAYER'S OPTION™: *Spells & Magic* or *Faiths & Avatars*, has been officially adopted into the ranks of the FORGOTTEN REALMS campaign setting's priest group classes. Shamans are tribal priests found in savage, barbaric, or nomadic societies. In their homelands, shamans serve their tribes in much the same way that clerics serve the common people of more civilized lands: They act as guides, protectors, and advisers, using their magical powers to strengthen and defend their tribes. Shamans often serve as the keepers of knowledge and legend for their peoples and lead their tribes in the various rites and ceremonies required by their tribes' belief systems.

Player character shamans may still be associated with their tribes, they may be wanderers or exiles who have abandoned their duties, or they may have be pursuing an extended goal for their tribes that takes them away from their people for a long period. Most Forgotten Realms campaign setting beast cults, such as those of the Uthgardt, are served by shamans, though they may possess subtle variations from this base shaman class.



The class described here is used for human shamans; many nonhuman races have shamans as well. These shamans are defined in *Monster Mythology*. Alternately, the DM may wish to use this character class as a basis for nonhuman shamans, too. In this case, the racial level limitations for nonhuman shamans of a particular race as defined in *Monster Mythology* should be applied to this class, also, and these nonhuman shamans should have their priest spell spheres of access modified to reflect the deities they serve. Some nonhuman “witch doctor” shamans—mainly of the lizardman and goblin races—have access to one school of wizard spells in addition to their shaman abilities, which they cast as a mage of one-half their shaman experience level. (They are not counted as specialist wizards.)

Shamans adhere to the following default characteristics: They use a d8 for Hit Dice, progress in experience levels as do clerics, gain spells as on Table 24: Priest Spell Progression in the *PHB*, progress in THAC0s as priests, gain bonus spells if their Wisdom is 13 or higher, make saving throws as priests, gain weapon and nonweapon proficiency slots as priests, and purchase nonweapon proficiencies from the general and priest groups at no extra cost. They may begin creating scrolls at 7th level, brewing a few potions (mainly those of the healing type) at 9th level, and fabricating magical items at 11th level according to the Researching Magical Items section of the *Treasure and Magical Items* chapter of the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide*. Of the standard player character races of human, dwarf, elf, gnome, half-elf, and halfling, only humans may be shamans, and they enjoy no limits in their ultimate experience level.

Shamans may be of any alignment. They are always found in tribal or barbaric cultures. If players wish to run shamans in a more civilized campaign setting, their characters are considered to be barbaric foreigners by most common folk they meet. The shaman’s arduous life in uncivilized lands requires a good Constitution, and Wisdom is required for dealing with tribal matters and speaking to the spirits. Shamans with Wisdom scores of 16 or better earn a 10% bonus to the experience points they gain.

Shamans are unusual characters in the adventuring party. Like druids, they are not front-line fighters, but they also lack the high-powered combat spells that druids command. However, a shaman’s mysterious spirit powers allow him to make use of magic that is usually out of the reach of low-level characters. A shaman who demonstrates intelligence and respect in dealing with the spirits can be an extremely effective character in a number of situations. Shamans view themselves as advisers and guides to a party of adventurers and often have an uneducated but insightful view on the more civilized societies they visit.

Shamans may wear any armor normally associated with their tribes. In the absence of more specific information, tribal armor is usually hide, leather, or studded leather with a tough wooden, wicker, or hide-covered shield. Similarly, shamans may use tribal weapons, which usually include the short bow, club, dagger, dart, hand axe, harpoon, javelin, knife, quarterstaff, sling, and spear. Blowguns might be appropriate for shamans of jungle tribes, or light lances and composite bows for shamans of tribal horsemen.

Shamans may use any magical items normally usable by priests. They have a nonweapon proficiency crossover with

the warrior group and can learn priest or warrior proficiencies at the normal cost. Shamans have major access to the spheres of all, animal, summoning, travelers, protection, and wards, with minor access to the healing and plant spheres. (Many churches/religions have been given specific spells by their deities that only priests of their faith are allowed to cast. Priests of a particular faith can always cast these religion-specific spells, even if the spells do not fall within their normally allowed spheres of access.) Shamans never gain followers or establish strongholds. Good-aligned shamans may turn undead, and neutral or evil shamans may command undead.

In addition to their priest spells, shamans have a special connection to the spirit world and can call on the spirits for guidance, knowledge, or magical aid. While shamans often function as priests of a tribal deity, their primary concern is the spirit world. To a shaman, the physical world is not the entirety of existence. The spirits of animals, nature, and the tribe’s dead are always near, and interacting with these spirits is the shaman’s greatest duty and responsibility.

Shaman Spirit Powers

Shamans each begin play with one minor spirit ally or guide of their choice. As they rise in level, they learn the rites necessary to call additional spirits and seek their favor. Spirits are individuals—speaking to a spirit of the dead means the shaman is in contact with one particular deceased individual. Dozens of spirits exist for each species of animal, representing every aspect of the animal’s existence. In addition, a near-infinite number of nature spirits of the land, air, and water embody different aspects of the natural world. The number of spirits a shaman knows how to contact appears on the table below:

Shaman Spirit Progression

Shaman’s Level	Minor Spirit	Major Spirit	Great Spirit
1	1	-	-
2	1	-	-
3	2	-	-
4	2	-	-
5	2	1	-
6	3	1	-
7	3	2	-
8	4	2	-
9	4	2	1
10	4	3	1
11	4	3	2
12	5	3	2
13	5	4	2
14	5	4	3
15	6	4	3
16	6	5	3
17	6	5	4
18	7	5	4
19	7	6	4
20	7	6	5



Performing the ceremony to call a spirit for the first time requires a tenday (a week in settings other than the Forgotten Realms campaign setting) or more of fasting, prayer, and solitude in the appropriate location. If a shaman is trying to call a wolf spirit, a location frequented by wolves must be found, and if a shaman is trying to call an ancestral spirit, the shaman should perform the ceremony at the individual's burial site. At the conclusion of this tenday-long (week-long) ceremony, the spirit appears, and the shaman establishes contact with it. From that time forward, the shaman may attempt to contact the spirit anywhere or anytime to seek information or request a favor of the spirit—see *Calling Spirits*, below. When shaman characters begin play, it is assumed that they have each already performed the ceremony to attract their first spirit guides.

Spirits of the Dead:

These ancestral spirits are individuals who were renowned for their wisdom, skill, or courage in life. Minor spirits may be recent relatives of the shaman, while major spirits are great heroes and wise people of the tribe. A great spirit of the dead is a chieftain, shaman, or other personage of legendary standing. While spirits of the dead may seem to be frightening allies, they are actually very protective of their living proteges and bear few grudges against the living.

Spirits of the dead know many things. Naturally, they are familiar with any details or events of their own lifetimes. They are able to perceive a shaman's likely fate or future and can offer advice in times of tough choices. Spirits of the dead can also provide some measure of protection for a shaman and his allies by

using their powers on the shaman's behalf. Minor spirits can invoke the powers of *augury*, *feign death*, *prayer*, or *speak with dead* on behalf of the shaman. Major spirits can invoke *divination*, *commune*, or *find the path/lose the path* for the shaman. Great spirits can invoke a *raise dead/slay living*, *forbiddance*, or *astral spell* for the shaman. (When any spirit—a spirit of the dead, animal spirit, or nature spirit—casts a spell for a shaman, the spell is cast at the level of the shaman or the minimum level at which a priest could normally cast the spell, whichever is greater.) Note that most of these are spells normally outside the shaman's spheres of access. In addition, shamans often gain other effects in role-playing a conversation with these spirits, such as information or guidance in difficult choices.

Animal Spirits:

Shamans live in a world in which animals are a vital part of human life. Animals provide food, shelter, clothing, and tools for a shaman's people, and the animal spirits are revered for their wisdom and knowledge. Minor and major spirits are embodiments of an archetype, such as the Old Wolf, the Sleeping Bear, or the Hunting Eagle. Great animal spirits are the leaders of these lesser spirits and contain in themselves everything the animal stands for—the Great Bear, the Great Wolf, and so on.

Animal spirits are powerful, but they are also less inclined to offer advice or guidance to shamans. Their interest lies in ensuring that shamans are respectful toward their species and that shamans help to guide others in dealing with animal spirits' kin. They are not very interested in aiding shamans in their own affairs. The spirits of game animals such as moose or



deer do not mind if shamans or their peoples hunt the animal, but they grow angry if the hunting is wanton or disrespectful.

Animal spirits have knowledge of events that have affected their species in the local area and have a number of powers they can use on a shaman's behalf. Minor animal spirits can aid shamans by using *animal friendship*, *speak with animals*, or *animal summoning I*. In addition, an animal spirit can grant a limited form of *clairaudience* and *clairvoyance* by allowing a shaman to see through the eyes of an animal of the spirit's species within a range of one mile. Animals of the species in question never attack the shaman or anyone under his or her protection unless the shaman has angered the spirit or the animals are magically controlled.

Major animal spirits can use *animal summoning II*, grant shamans the speed or movement powers of the animal (flying, swimming, or running at the animal's base speed), or transform shamans into the shape of the animal, similar to a druid's shapechange. Great spirits can use *animal summoning III*, *heal* a shaman or one person under his or her protection (or *harm* an enemy), or become tangible and aid the shaman in a form resembling *Mordenkainen's faithful hound* in abilities but shaped in the form of the animal.

Spirits of Nature:

The most reclusive and powerful spirits are the elemental spirits of nature. These beings represent the physical world around shamans. The strength or power of the creature the spirit represents determines whether it is considered a minor, major, or great spirit. A stream, copse, or hilltop may be home to a minor spirit; a river, moderately-sized forest, or canyon may be guarded by a major spirit; and a mountain, large forest, or mighty river may be the home of a great spirit. Spirits of nature frequently take on humanlike features or characteristics when dealing with shamans, so a spirit might be known as Old Mountain, River Woman, or Forest Walker.

Spirits of nature are even more distant than animal spirits, but they do feel some attachment to the people and creatures who live nearby. A river spirit is likely to be protective of the village built on its banks as long as the people show respect to it. Nature spirits often change with the seasons, so a river spirit in the spring flood may be wild, capricious, and dangerous to deal with, while a forest spirit in winter may be sleeping and hard to rouse.

Spirits of nature are generally well-informed about anything that has taken place in their location and can relate this information to shamans. Spirits of nature are also capable of using potent powers on a shaman's behalf. The principle difference between minor and great spirits is the size of the area in which they can be summoned. Minor spirits are bound to one specific site not more than a few hundred yards across, major spirits are limited to 5 or 10 square miles, and great spirits can act in areas the size of small nations. Note that the areas of effect of spell-like abilities the spirits can enact remain unchanged—a great spirit is powerful because the region in which it is available to assist the shaman is much larger than a minor spirit's range.

Spirits of nature can help a shaman by invoking a number of spell-like powers for the shaman. Unlike elementals, spirits of nature include aspects of vegetation and all the elements of their home, so a mountain spirit has influence over earth and air as well as the forests that grow on the mountain's slopes.

The abilities available to spirits of nature are described below. The reverse forms of reversible spells are able to be granted also, though the listed form is most commonly requested.

Land Spirits: 1st — *entangle*, *pass without trace*; 2nd — *dust devil*, *trip*; 3rd — *meld into stone*, *snare*; 4th — *speak with plants*; 5th — *commune with nature*; 6th — *stone tell*, *liveoak*, *wall of thorns*; 7th — *animate rock*, and *changestaff*. Land spirits may be associated with mountains, plains, forests, plateaus, canyons, mesas, or any other distinct land feature.

Air Spirits: 2nd — *obscurement*; 3rd — *call lightning*, *gust of wind* (wizard spell), *wind wall* (wizard spell); 5th — *commune with nature*, *air walk*, *control winds*; 6th — *weather summoning*; 7th — *control weather*, *uncontrolled weather* (reverse of *control weather*), and *wind walk*. Air spirits are associated with high peaks, windswept plains or valleys, or seasonal winds such as a sirocco or the north wind of the winter.

Water Spirits: 1st — *wall of fog* (wizard spell); 2nd — *fog cloud* (wizard spell); 3rd — *water breathing*, *water walk*; 4th — *lower water*, *solid fog* (wizard spell), *reflecting pool*, 5th — *commune with nature*, 6th — *part water*, and *improved create water* (reverse of *transmute water to dust*). Water spirits are associated with lakes, streams, rivers, or seas.

Calling Spirits

Once shamans have performed the initial ceremonies that attract spirits and establish connections to the beings, they can summon those spirits any time to seek the information, favors, and powers described above. A shaman's location does not matter. Spirits can come to shamans anywhere, even though spirits of nature may not be able to help them outside their homes.

To summon a spirit, a shaman must chant, pray, and perform a ceremonial dance for at least one turn. The base chance of success is 10% per character level, plus 10% for every additional turn the character chants and dances, to a maximum 90% chance of success. If a shaman has already summoned a spirit that day, the maximum chance of success falls by 10% per summoning. For instance, a shaman who has called two spirits and is trying to summon a third has a maximum success chance of 70%, or possibly less if the shaman is a low-level character in a hurry. In any event, shamans may attempt no more than one calling per character level in the course of a single day. A roll of 96 or higher (91 or higher in the case of spirits of nature) angers the spirit the shaman is trying to call.

If the spirit is not angry at the shaman for some reason, it appears with a successful roll. Only shamans can see the spirit or speak to it. Other characters may be aware of chills, strange odors, shimmering hazes, unusual gusts of wind, and other signs. The shaman can converse with the spirit for one round per character level, asking one question per round. Asking a favor of a spirit, such as the use of a spell-like ability, requires one round for minor spirits or abilities, two for major, and three for abilities that can only be granted by great spirits. During this request, the shaman explains what he wishes of the spirit and why the spirit should grant help. If the DM thinks it appropriate, the player must role-play this conversation. If the spirit agrees to help, the spell-like effect is granted to the shaman, who may retain it in reserve for up to one full day until the shaman is ready to invoke the spirit's



power. A shaman can hold only one favor in reserve at a time and cannot request another of any spirit until the held ability is used.

Spirits as NPCs:

Spirits are individuals, and they have long memories. A shaman who takes actions the spirits find offensive or who asks their help in questionable circumstances may be denied assistance just because the spirit does not feel like being helpful. The DM may find it useful to refer to Table 59: Encounter Reactions in the *DMG*. Simply rate the spirit's frame of mind as threatening, hostile, indifferent, or friendly depending on how the shaman has been acting and how outrageous the shaman's request is to the spirit. It is a good idea to create personalities, motivations, and attitudes for the spirits the shaman deals with most often.

Spirits do not have game statistics. Normal mortals have no means of injuring them, although other divine creatures may be able to do so. Only greater spirits can take a physical form, and even then they are reluctant to do so. Greater spirits of the dead can briefly resume their living form with the appropriate class and abilities; animal spirits can appear as a double-sized version of the normal variety; and spirits of nature can appear as 12-HD elementals. In physical form, spirits can only be injured by +2 or better magical weapons. Even if they are "killed," they actually only retreat from the scene for a short while.

Angering the Spirits:

A shaman can completely alienate the spirits by taking particularly offensive actions. If the offense is temporary or unintentional, the spirit simply refuses to answer any calls for a suitable period of time—one tenday to a year may be appropriate. If the offense was deliberate or permanent in nature, the spirit severs its connection to the shaman and cannot be called again until the shaman atones for the offense, repairs whatever damage that was caused, and repeats the tenday-long summoning ceremony.

Uthgar

(Father of the Uthgardt, Battle Father, Honor Father, Master of the Beast Virtues, Son of Beorunna, Son of Tempus)

Demipower of Ysgard, CN

PORTFOLIO:	The Uthgardt barbarian tribes, physical strength
ALIASES:	None
DOMAIN NAME:	Ysgard/Uthgardtheim
SUPERIOR:	None
ALLIES:	Tempus
FOES:	Malar, Auril
SYMBOL:	None
WOR. ALIGN.:	Any

Uthgar is the legendary founder of the Uthgardt barbarians of the Savage Frontier, who take their name from him. He is said in some of their legends to be the son of Beorunna and in others to be the son of Tempus. A proud, strong warrior who founded the Uthgardt tribes, Uthgar is reputed to have lived

three times a normal human life, then ascended to watch over the Uthgardt for all eternity after taking fatal wounds in a one-on-one battle with a frost giant named Gurt. Uthgar mastered all the primeval beast spirits in individual combat, passing down the divine gifts he gained from that mastery to his people, the Uthgardt, at his death. The Uthgardt tribes all follow a beast totem, representing one of the beasts that Uthgar bested. A fragment of Uthgardt oral legend speaks of his ascension thus:

Blood flowed like spring melt water from Uthgar's wounds as he stood before his sons on the massive skull of Gurt, the lord of the pale giants. With a strong voice, he spoke of his gift.

"Mighty Tempus declares that I may no longer walk among you. I will not go without leaving you a final fight. You know that I have fought the beast gods and taken from each a part of their strength, which I in turn give to you.

"Teach the children these secrets. If they devote themselves to the beast gods, then they may call upon the beasts' power."

And so speaking, Uthgar mounted his sky pony and joined his father Beorunna in the war halls of Tempus.

In reality, Uthgar was probably a Ruathym Northman, Uther Gardolfsson, brother to Morgred Gardolfsson (the "Morgur" of Morgur's Mound), who led a long raiding career (including looting fabled Illuskan) before founding a dynasty of new barbarians, the Uthgardt. He rose to such heights, however, that he did indeed ascend to divinity as he was dying under the sponsorship of the god of war, who admired his fighting spirit.

Uthgar is proud, fierce, and independent. He makes few friends and remains uninvolved enough with interfaith and inter-deity conflicts that he has accrued few enemies. He is served by the primeval Black Lion, Black Raven, Blue Bear, Elk, Golden Eagle, Gray Wolf, Great Worm, Griffon, Red Pony, Red Tiger (Snow Cat), Sky Pony, Tree Ghost, and Thunderbeast great spirits. He has recently declared Malar and Auril his foes—Malar since Uthgar holds him responsible for the corruption and subsequent demise of the Blue Bear tribe, and Auril because she has been making such deep incursions into the Elk tribe. He contemplates declaring Tyr, Torm, Ilmater, and Helm his foes because of their incursions upon his faithful. He has been counseled against such rash action by Tempus, his one divine ally, since the good deities of Faerûn work so closely together that actions taken against them would likely lead to a severe depletion of Uthgar's divine power in his defense against the reprisals of them and their allies.

Uthgar loves a good joke, and his laughter is full and hearty. He enjoys the sensual pleasures of the flesh even in his divine state, and likes to hunt, eat, drink, and be merry in his feast halls with the warrior spirits he has called to serve him in Uthgardtheim. He is a tireless and methodical tactician—not terribly inspired, but driven to win in the long run. His love for the Uthgardt people is strong, and he fights against any odds to protect them in the end.



Uthgar's Avatar

(Fighter 22, Shaman 15, Cleric 10)

Uthgar has only twice sent his avatar to Faerûn. He tends to rely on the beast totem great spirits to speak to his people for him. Uthgar appears as a tall, burly warrior dressed in only a battle harness, a leather breechcloth, and furred boots. His hair is blond, long, and worn in a single braid down his back, and his eyes are a piercing blue. He sports a thick, drooping blond mustache and a booming voice. He usually appears riding his giant dappled-gray sky pony (pegasus), Cloudwing. He draws his spells from all spheres, but avoids necromantic spells of detrimental effect (those which create undead creatures) and forms of sun sphere spells that create darkness.

AC -2; MV 15 or Fl 48 D on Cloudwing; HP 174; THAC0 -1; #AT 5/2; Dmg 2d8+20 (+4 *giant battle axe* [Foestriker], +14 Str, +2 spec. bonus in battle axe); MR 55%; SZ L (12 feet)
Str 25, Dex 17, Con 20, Int 16, Wis 19, Cha 21
Spells P: 9/8/8/7/4/2/1
Saves: PPD 5, RSW 3, PP 5, BW 7, Sp 4

Special Att/Def: Uthgar fights with *Foestriker*, a +4 *giant-sized battle axe* that works in his hands similar to a +3 *hammer, dwarven thrower* in that it can be thrown and boomerang back to him. It inflicts normal damage when thrown, but triple damage when it strikes giants and giantkin of any sort when either thrown or hand-held. *Foestriker* never breaks or disintegrates, and cannot be removed from Uthgar's hold or control without his consent.

Uthgar casts all spells from the animal sphere at double effect in all respects and at a -1 to all saving throws (when applicable). He dislikes raising or resurrecting the dead and must be convinced to do so.

Uthgar regenerates 3 hit points per round when standing anywhere in the Sword Coast North, the homeland of his people. Elsewhere, he regenerates 1 hit point per round. He is immune to cold spells and spell effects or abilities of any sort. Uthgar can summon any of the Uthgardt beast totem great spirits to his side to do his bidding or fight with him instantly.

Other Manifestations

Uthgar acts or shows his favor through the appearance or actions of the beast totem great spirits and through animals that resemble those spirits: black common lions, black giant or huge ravens, cave bears, elks, golden eagles, gray wolves, great worms (see the description of great worms under **Specialty Priests** below), griffons, red ponies, red tigers (snow cats), sky ponies (pegasi, especially gray ones), treants, and apatosauruses (brontosauruses). He also shows his favor or lack thereof through a vision of Foestriker, his battle axe, which is intangible to physical, magical, or psionic attacks, but which can indicate direction, speak in Uthgar's voice, and cast spells that Uthgar is capable of casting at his level of ability.

The Church

CLERGY: Shamans
CLERGY'S ALIGN.: See below
TURN UNDEAD: Sha: Yes, if good
CMND. UNDEAD: Sha: Yes, if neutral or evil

All shamans of Uthgar receive religion (Faerûnian) as a bonus nonweapon proficiency.

The Uthgardt barbarian tribes each worship one of the beasts whose powers were taken by Uthgar. The totem cult encompasses the worship of the tribe's ancestors, including Uthgar, his sons, and long-dead chieftains and shamans. The fact that Uthgar is unknown outside of the North, even in temples of Tempus, is proof to the barbarians that the civilized priests are weak and have watered down the true message of the gods. Uthgar has no personal symbol, and the symbol of one of the Uthgardt beast totem cults (Black Lion, Black Raven, Blue Bear, Elk, Gray Wolf, Great Worm, Griffon, Red Tiger (Snow Cat), Sky Pony, Tree Ghost, and Thunderbeast) always serves to represent him also. Uthgar has neither temples nor shrines in the standard sense; shamans perform ceremonies in his name and that of their tribal totem beast wherever necessary, though the ancestral mounds of the Uthgardt people are Uthgar's most holy sites. Uthgar has no real church; rather, his people all worship him as the ultimate Uthgardt warrior and the symbol of all that they hold virtuous. He is the master of all the beast totems, which they also venerate. Uthgardt shamans hold various titles, which vary widely between tribes.

Dogma: The dogma of the Uthgardt religion varies slightly from tribe to tribe as each beast cult emphasizes different "barbarian" virtues. In general, shamans are charged as follows when they are initiated into the Uthgardt faith:

Strength is everything. Civilization is weakness. Men should fight, hunt, and raid from the weak to provide for their wives and families. Family is sacred, and its bonds are not cast aside lightly. Magic that does not come from the gods is effete, self-indulgent, and ultimately leads to weakness, since one depends on magic to accomplish things rather than one's own hands. Shun reliance on secular magic as evil and a false path, for that way leads only to death and ruin. Revere Uthgar, Beorunna, the Uthgardt ancestors, and the beast spirits which guides one's tribe. The beast spirits hold wisdom and raw power; take them for your own. Study the beast so that you know its virtues and its weaknesses; claim its virtues as your own and weed its weaknesses from your spirit. Make the others of the tribe fear and respect your power and your knowledge, so that they will heed the wise words your ancestor's speak to you in days of trouble and turmoil.

Day-to-Day Activities: Uthgardt shamans tend to the respective needs of their tribes, teaching tribal history and customs passed down by heroic tales and lineage chants in an oral tradition spanning centuries. They provide healing for their tribes, initiate youths into manhood after they complete their tribal quests (often missions against a tribe's ritual enemy), and provide counsel to the tribe's chieftain and elders. When the tribe faces a new situation or a quandary, shamans consult with the ancestral spirits and totem animal great spirit to find guidance. All Uthgardt shamans believe that personal strength can demonstrate purity of purpose, and



so arguments are often settled by a test of strength or a battle to first blood, to surrender, or to the death—if the matter is serious enough. At Runemeet, shamans officiate over the tribal rites of passage.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies: The Uthgardt religion is close to nature and is tied to the change of the seasons, and the spring equinox and summer and winter solstices are observed by Uthgardt shamans with ceremony involving a day and night of fasting (called the Birthing in spring, the Fullness in summer, and the Darking in winter). A vision quest, or *communing* with Uthgar and the spirits, in which they ask their spirit guides and tribal totem for guidance in the upcoming months is also performed during these times.

The holiest time of year occurs during the autumnal equinox during the month of Eleint (which coincides approximately with the festival of Highharvestide). At this time, all tribal clans converge on the tribe's ancestral mound for the annual Runemeet. The Uthgardt worship their gods, set tribal policy, perform marriages, celebrate births, formalize adoptions, and mourn deaths at these sites. Shamans officiate over these functions, the establishment of new spirit guardians of the ancestral mound for the upcoming year (through the use of *summon ancestor* spells), the stabilization of the gate on the top of each mound for another year, and initiate new candidates into the priesthood.

During the Runemeet, Uthgardt youths desiring to be adults (and warriors of all ages) participate in the ritual of the Runehunt, in which those involved seek victory over one of the tribe's ritual enemies—usually orcs. When youths complete a Runehunt successfully, shamans hold a ceremony, known as the *Tellhut*, to initiate them into manhood. Shamans of Chauntea initiate Uthgardt girls into womanhood at this time as well.

Major Centers of Worship: Uthgardt ancestor mounds are the holiest sites of the Uthgardt barbarians. These huge earthworks mounds, often shaped like the totem beasts of the tribes which gather at them, are sacred burial grounds where only the greatest shamans and chiefs are interred. Most tribes believe their tribal founders are buried in their ancestor mound. Although there are many lesser burial mounds and shrines revered by smaller clans within the tribes, it is to the large mounds devoted to their most ancient and holy ancestors that the Uthgardt tribes return each fall to spend their winters near the protection of their ancestors.

The ancestor mounds are all roughly similar. Two mound rings called cairn rings surround a large central altar mound. The ancestor mounds of large tribes may also be surrounded by smaller, nondescript burial mounds. Usually all mounds are formed of turf-covered earth.

The Uthgardt are superstitious about their ancestor mounds, both fearing and revering them. In the cairn rings surrounding the altar mounds, they have buried their mightiest chieftains with treasures and luxuries for the world beyond life. They believe that the spirits of dead ancestors protect the graves from harm.

All Uthgardt mounds are guarded. Most have a lone (fanatical) shaman of 8th to 10th level protecting them. All are protected by champion ancestor spirits bound into service each year at Runemeet by the 3rd-level priest spell *summon ancestor*. At the DM's discretion, champion spirits may be almost any type of spectral undead: ghosts, wraiths, spectres, apparitions,

etc. However, their alignment is always CN, since they are in truth barbaric guardian beings. To finish the Runemeet ceremony, the eldest Uthgardt shamans work an involved ritual (similar to the priest spell *plane shift*) that opens a gateway into the Astral Plane atop the altar mound.

It is generally believed that the remains of Uthgar and his brothers are buried in Morgur's Mound, but the holiest of ancestral mounds is Beorunna's Well, named for the a hero of the pre-Uthgar people. Legend holds that Beorunna (Bey of Runlatha, as he was known in ancient Ascore, or Berun in the Northman tongue) destroyed Zukothis, a nalfeshnee true tanar'ri in the cavern, collapsing it in on both of them. The spirit of Beorunna supposedly still guards the Black Lion tribe which lives near the Well.

Black Lion: Beorunna's Well. The Black Lions do not worship Black Lion anymore, having turned their worship to Tyr, Torm, Ilmater, and Helm with only the exception of their single remaining shaman, Bogohardt Blackmane (NG hm Sha8 of Black Lion/Uthgar). Red Tiger shamans perform the sacred rites at the Well while all Black Lion tribe members remain outside.

Black Raven: Ravenrock. Rites are led by Pureheartman (CG hm M13/Sh7 of Great Raven/Uthgar).

Blue Bear: Stone Stand (recently extinct tribe and totem cult). The Blue Bear tribe met at Grandfather Tree before they were driven from it by its guardian spirits; their later corruption by Tanta Hagara (an annis hag "shaman" of the Blue Bear) and the forces of Hellgate Keep led to a significant portion of the tribe breaking away to form the Tree Ghost tribe.

Elk: Flintrock. Rites are led by Berchtwald Bandyleg (CN hm Sha7 of Elk/Uthgar). Most of the tribe has been led into the worship of Auril (and secondary of Talos, Umberlee, and Malar) by the poor leadership of Zokan Thunderer, regarded as a vulgar thug by those outside his tribe. Flintrock grows more decrepit each year with a lack of faithful worshippers to help maintain it.

Golden Eagle: One Stone (long-extinct tribe).

Gray Wolf: Ravenrock. Rites are led by Clovis Greenteeth (CE male true lycanthrope werewolf Sha8 of Gray Wolf/Uthgar).

Great Worm: Great Worm Cavern. After the death of Elrem "the Wise" (NG male great worm Sha20 of the Great Worm/Uthgar) in the Year of the Banner (1368 DR), rites are led by Themrin (NG hm Sha7 of the Great Worm/Uthgar).

Griffon: Shining White. Rites are led by Adalfus Stormgatherer (LN hm Sha11 of Griffon/Uthgar)

Red Pony: One Stone (long-extinct tribe).

Red Tiger (Snow Cut): Beorunna's Well. Rites are led by Garinen the Maker (CN hm Sha8 of Red Tiger/Uthgar) for both the Red Tiger and Black Lion tribes.

Sky Pony: One Stone. Rites are led by Adalwyn Swiftwings (CN hm Sha8 of Sky Pony/Uthgar). This ancestral mound was once shared between the Sky Pony, Red Pony, and Golden Eagle tribes. The Sky Pony tribe is the only Uthgardt tribe left to use it. Most of the Sky Pony tribe also worships Tempus.

Thunderbeast: Morgur's Mound. Rites are led by Kierkrad Seventoes (CG hm Sha9 of Thunderbeast/Uthgar). While the veneration of Thunderbeast and Uthgar remains strong in the tribe, many members of this very civilized tribe also worship Silvanus, Tyr, Torm, and Ilmater.

Tree Ghost: Grandfather Tree. Rites are joyously led by Chungred Ghostheart (NG hm Sha12 of Grandfather



Tree/Uthgar). Grandfather Tree was lost for many years and the wandering Tree Ghosts used to winter at the nearest ancestor mound when fall came before Grandfather Tree was found again on Shieldmeet in the Year of the Banner (1368 DR) in the northern part of the High Forest, near the Lost Peaks.

Affiliated Orders: The Uthgardt tribes have no affiliated warrior or knightly orders, and they are not regimented enough in outlook to have any honorary orders. Rank within a tribe determined by a rough pecking order based on strength, battle prowess (how many enemies one has killed), and how much booty a warrior or shaman captured in the last raid. Certain tribes have connections either to each other or to outside organizations such as the Harpers, the church of Malar, lower planar fiends, or particular individuals such as Alustriel of Silverymoon.

Priestly Vestments: For high rituals at the ancestral mound or when honoring the appointment of a new chieftain for the tribe, shamans dress in a high holy regalia of leather-and-fur tunics, breeches, breechcloths, and boots covered in intricate, mystic designs and ornamentation and thongs and fringes to which are attached beads and holy relics of personal importance (usually revealed to them as objects of power by spirits in visions). These relics are fortified with holy power and prayer, and while a shaman wears his most holy relics for these ceremonies, Uthgar and the shaman's totem animal each bestow a bonus of +1 to his Armor Class (total AC bonus of +2). When a shaman dies, his relics are buried with him in his ancestral mound. Wearing the high holy regalia of a shaman conveys no Armor Class bonuses to anyone except the shaman whose regalia it is.

Rather than a holy symbol, Uthgardt shamans carry a *sacred bundle*, a leather satchel containing spell components, objects too holy for others to see, and small carved miniature depictions of the shaman's totem animal. These objects have been gained by the shaman at the request of his ancestral spirits. Each *sacred bundle* is protected by a guardian spirit who appears from the bag if it is opened by anyone other than its owner. *Sacred bundles* are enchanted by the spirit totem of the tribe to automatically succeed at all item saving throws except disintegration or a magical effect of similar power (and even then they receive a saving throw vs. disintegration). This *sacred bundle* serves Uthgardt shamans as a holy symbol, and while they carry it (or lay its components before them in private) the material component of any priest spell requiring a holy symbol is satisfied, and they need only gesture forcefully away from themselves to (or toward themselves) to turn or command undead creatures.

Adventuring Garb: Shamans commonly dress as most Uthgardt do, in fringed leathers and furs (or in more heavy armor if a mission calls for it and they possess it). They accessorize their clothing with brightly colored feathers, quills, and dyework in complicated geometric patterns, mystic symbols, depictions of their totem animal, and holy relics. Male shamans tattoo their cheeks with the simple image of their totem beast. The few women who have fought Uthgardt tradition to become shamans usually do not sport such facial tattoos, but often possess tattoos on their arms in the form of tattooed bracelets and armbands of powerful symbols and the image of their beast totem.

Specialty Priests

(Uthgardt Beast Cult Shamans)

REQUIREMENTS:	Strength 13, Wisdom 13
PRIME REQ.:	Strength, Wisdom
ALIGNMENT	See below
WEAPONS:	Hand axe, knife, spear, battle axe, atlatl and javelin, long bow
ARMOR:	All armor types up to and including chain mail and shield
MAJOR SPHERES:	All, animal, summoning, protection, travelers, wards
MINOR SPHERES:	Healing, plant
MAGICAL ITEMS:	Same as clerics
REQ. PROFS:	Hunting, weather sense, set snares, fire-building
BONUS PROFS:	Endurance, survival (arctic), tracking

All specialty priests of Uthgar are beast-cult shamans. Their abilities and restrictions, aside from changes noted above and later in this section, are summarized in the discussion of the shaman character class, above. Note that there are currently (as of 1370 DR) no Blue Bear beast cult shamans, as when the tribe was totally subverted by its connection to Hellgate Keep, the Blue Bear spirit became weakened to such an extent that it was killed by Malar, who subsumed its worship. Subsequently, the Blue Bear tribe was virtually wiped out in the destruction of Hellgate Keep.

The extinction of at least two previous Uthgardt tribes, the Red Pony tribe and the Golden Eagle tribe who used to assemble at the One Stone ancestral mound at Runemeet, is a matter of record. The resurrection of the Blue Bear tribe (and the reappearance of a true Blue Bear shaman) would be a taken as a great sign of uncertain import by the Uthgardt.

- While women are not incapable of being Uthgardt beast-cult shamans, Uthgardt tradition does not easily permit women to be shamans of Uthgar and the beast totems (though, among the Uthgardt, women exclusively are shamans of Chauntea). Female Uthgardt shamans may only be created at the DM's discretion.
- Uthgardt beast cult shamans have different alignment restrictions and access to slightly different spheres, depending on their tribal totem animal. All Uthgardt beast cult shamans have access to the basic shaman spheres given above, plus certain spheres special to their totem animal.

Black Lion: ALIGNMENT: LG, NG, CG, LN, N, CN, MAJOR: combat, war

Black Raven: ALIGNMENT: LG, NG, LN, N, LE, NE, MAJOR: charm, Minor: thought

Blue Bear: ALIGNMENT NE, CE (originally, the Blue Bear beast cult was NG, CG, N, CN also, before being subverted by the fiends of Hellgate Keep), MAJOR: combat, war

Elk: ALIGNMENT: NG, CG, N, CN, NE, CE, MAJOR: charm, MINOR: guardian

Gray Wolf: ALIGNMENT: NG, CG, N, CN, NE, CE, MAJOR: combat, war

Great Worm: ALIGNMENT LG, NG, CG, MAJOR: charm, elemental fire, MINOR: thought

Griffon: ALIGNMENT LG, NG, CG, LN, N, CN, MAJOR: combat, war



Red Tiger (Snow Cat): ALIGNMENT: NG, CG, N, CN, MAJOR: combat, war

Sky Pony: ALIGNMENT: LG, NG, CG, LN, N, CN, MAJOR: charm, elemental air

Tree Ghost: ALIGNMENT: LN, N, CN, MAJOR: weather, elemental earth

Thunderbeast: ALIGNMENT: LG, NG, CG, LN, N, CN, MAJOR: weather, elemental water, MINOR: time

- Uthgardt shamans can select nonweapon proficiencies from both the priest and warrior groups with no penalty.
- A Uthgardt shaman may call upon his tribe's beast power. This power's effect varies by tribal totem, allowing the shaman to wield a special ability that is unique. The power may be personally used by the shaman, or its effects may be granted to another devoted follower of the totem if indicated below.

Black Lion Beast Power: Black Lion shamans can let loose a lion's roar once a day or allow another devoted follower of the Black Lion to do so by touching them. (A transmitted roar must be used within 1 turn.) This roar deafens foes for 1d6 turns if they fail a saving throw vs. spell. Foes deafened in this manner cannot hear and also have their balance somewhat impaired. Their attack rolls suffer a -1 penalty for the duration of their deafness and attempts to sneak up on them accrue a bonus (determined by the DM).

Black Raven Beast Power: Black Raven shamans can *shapechange* (as the druid ability) once a day for up to 1 turn into any natural animal native to the North. Alternatively, they can convey this *shapechange* to another willing Black Raven worshiper by touch.

Blue Bear Beast Power: Blue Bear shamans can call upon bear fury for themselves or another touched Blue Bear worshiper once a day for 1 turn. The recipient of this power grows claws and can claw and bear-hug attack like a cave bear (two claw attacks for 1d8/1d8; a successful attack roll of 18 or better with either claw results in additional hug damage of 2d8).

Elk Beast Power: Elk shamans can call upon the horns of wisdom up to once a day. (They cannot gift this ability to another.) This has the same effect as the casting of a commune spell, except that it lasts for 1 turn and causes elk antlers to grow from the skull of the shaman. Each use causes additional horn growth. Fortunately, if the shaman's horns begin to grow too long for practical support on the human skeletal frame, the shaman sheds them one winter and begins to grow new horns in the spring, though this new set is darker in color than the original set.

Gray Wolf Beast Power: Gray Wolf shamans are werewolf true lycanthropes. Regardless of the phase of the moon, they may assume wolf form or induce other werewolf lycanthropes (true or cursed lycanthropes) to assume wolf form with them by howling in wolf form. In wolf form, Gray Wolf werewolves look just like large wolves about the size of bears, except that their eyes glow red in the dark (see Lycanthrope, Werewolf in the MONSTROUS MANUAL™ tome).

Great Worm Beast Power: Shamans of the Great Worm tribe can breathe fire three times as a red dragon, inflicting 2d10 points of damage. They cannot transmit this ability to another.

Griffon Beast Power: Griffon shamans can call upon griffonbeak for themselves or another touched Griffon wor-

shiper once a day for 1 turn. The *griffonbeak* subject's head becomes a griffon head capable of biting for 2d8 points of damage in addition to any other physical attack the subject is entitled to. *Griffonbeak* subjects can still cast spells with verbal components with no penalty but cannot combine a *griffonbeak* attack with such spellcasting.

Red Tiger (Snow Cat) Beast Power: Red Tiger shamans can use their beast power to *shapechange* into a tiger (as the druid *shapechange* ability) once a day for 1 turn. Alternatively, they can cause another willing Red Tiger worshiper to *shapechange* in this way by touch.

Sky Pony Beast Power: Sky Pony shamans can grow the wind's wings once a day for up to 1 turn. Alternatively, they can cause another willing Sky Pony worshiper to grow *wind's wing* in this way by touch. The *wind's wings* are large, translucent feathery wings that appear to be made of misty vapor but are solid to the touch. They allow their wearer to fly as a Pegasus at Fl 48 (C).

Tree Ghost Beast Power: Tree Ghost shamans are able to cast one extra spell of up to 4th level from the all, animal, divination, elemental, healing, plant, or weather spheres once a day. The shaman can pick the desired spell on the spot and need not have specially prayed for it previously. This spell is available and works as normal even if it is from a sphere or of a spell level that Uthgardt shamans cannot normally cast. (Note that this does not give Tree Ghost shamans access to other faith's religion-specific spells.)

Thunderbeast Beast Power: Thunderbeast shamans can use their beast power to cause their own or another touched Thunderbeast worshiper's skin to temporarily become tough and gnarly like dinosaur hide (AC 5) once a day for 1 turn. Also, as the recipient of the power walks, the ground shakes.

- At 5th level, Uthgardt shamans can *shapechange* (as the druid ability) into the type of totem beast they worship twice per tenday for 3d6 turns, gaining all the abilities of that creature. (See the MONSTROUS MANUAL tome for the statistics on all of these creatures except apatosauruses.) Black Lion shamans transform into common lions, Black Raven shamans into either huge or giant ravens, Blue Bear shamans into cave bears, Elk shamans into elks (use the statistics for wild stags found under Mammal in the MM, but double the HD, THAC0 15, damage 1d6/1d6/2d8), and Gray Wolf shamans into wolves or dire wolves. Great Worm shamans change into great worms (use the statistics for couatls, but the shape is that of a metallic green, bat-winged snake with a red dragon's head; in addition to the normal couatl abilities, a great worm can breathe fire as a red dragon, inflicting 4d10+2 points of damage; shamans of greater than 15th level gain the psionic abilities of clairvoyance, empathy, precognition, astral projection, and dimension walk while in this form). Griffon shamans transform into griffons, Red Tiger (Snow Cat) shamans into tigers, Sky Pony shamans into pegasi, Tree Ghost shamans into treants, and Thunderbeast shamans into apatosauruses (use the brontosaurus statistics found in the MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Volume Three or the MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM Annual, Volume Two).
- Uthgardt shamans must deal with some spirits that they can summon in a slightly different way from most shamans.



Uthgardt Spirits of the Dead: Uthgardt spirits of the dead (minor, major, or great) can only be called up at Uthgardt ancestral mounds and cannot leave the vicinity (defined as within 50 feet) of the mound they were buried in (except under exceptional circumstances under the DM's discretion). Except during Runemeet, Uthgardt spirits of the dead need not be controlled as in the *summon ancestor* spell.

Uthgardt Great Spirits of the Dead: Uthgardt great spirits of the dead know that Uthgar dislikes raising and resurrecting the dead. They must be bribed to go against his wishes and cast *raise dead* with both life energy (1d2 experience levels from the person to be raised or another willing contributor) and tribute. Tribute can range from a type of food that they like presented to them at a grand "spirit banquet" (which they smell, but do not eat, and which no one else may eat from except scavenging animals) to up to 500 gp a year buried in or near their tombs on a yearly basis until they are satisfied (they tell their summoner when they are satisfied).

Uthgardt Beast Totem Great Spirits: Uthgardt shamans can summon animal great spirits as normal shamans do. Uthgardt beast totem great spirits (Black Lion, Black Raven, Blue Bear, Elk, Gray Wolf, Great Worm, Griffon, Red Tiger, Sky Pony, Tree Ghost, and Thunderbeast) can only be summoned by members of their own tribes and can manifest in one of two forms: beast power incarnations or beast totem great spirits.

Beast Power Incarnations: The beast power incarnations are the ghostly forms of the beast totem great spirits. In addition to the normal power of animal great spirits and great spirits of the dead, they can remain on the Prime Material Plane for a number of days equal to the level of the shaman. They may leave the vicinity of the Uthgardt ancestral mound. Each day they can bestow their tribe's beast power on a number of followers (including their summoning shaman) equal to the summoner's level minus the number of days the incarnation has remained on the Prime Material Plane.

Beast Totem Great Spirits: Beast totem great spirits are wild primeval spirits. If summoned, one usually possesses the summoner (or someone nearby) and then decides what to do with its newfound physical form. The possessed body becomes a 20th-level fighter (for hit points and attack rolls) with the spells and abilities of a 20th-level druid and the spell abilities of an animal great spirit and a great spirit of the dead; the possessed body must roll a Wisdom ability check with a +15 penalty or the beast totem great spirit does as it wills and the person possessed has no control over his actions. The "avatar" of the beast totem great spirit can assume the beast form (detailed under the *shagechange* ability for Uthgardt shamans) or use the tribe's beast power at will.

Uthgardt Spell

3rd Level
 Summon Ancestor (Necromancy)
 Sphere: Necromantic
 Range: 10 feet/level of caster
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 2 rounds/level of caster
 Casting Time: 4 rounds
 Area of Effect: One spirit
 Saving Throw: None

When a shaman casts this spell upon his tribe's ancestral mound (the only place the spell can be cast), it causes an ancestor to come forth, drawn back as a spirit of neutral alignment. The spirit takes form as a transparent being, a combination of totem beast and primitive human. To select the type of spirit summoned, the DM rolls 1d20 and matches the result against the table below. The shaman can also try and summon a normal spirit (a minor spirit of the dead), such as a father or child of a tribal member. (These normal spirits may not leave the vicinity—no more than 50 feet—of the ancestral mound where they were buried.)

When the spirit appears, the summoner makes a Wisdom ability check (using the table's modifiers) to control it; otherwise, the spirit becomes an uncontrolled ghost (use the ghost statistics in the *MONSTROUS MANUAL* tome) and immediately attacks all living beings around it. However, even an uncontrolled spirit cannot travel more than 50 feet from the ancestral mound.

A controlled spirit may perform the following functions for a shaman: attack a foe (as a ghost—or another type of undead creature at the DM's discretion), guard the ancestral mound for a year (until freed again at the next Runemeet), tell the shaman ancient secrets, initiate a new shaman (only ancestral shaman spirits may do this), or *raise dead* (refer to the table).

The spell requires a *sacred bundle*, a relic of the desired ancestor (though another may appear), and a small bonfire.

Spirit Summoning Table: If a specific normal ancestor (a minor spirit of the dead) is summoned, roll 1d20. If the result is 15 or less, the desired spirit comes and the control roll modifier is -5.

1d20	Ancestor	Control Modifier
1-5	Recently dead shaman	-2 bonus*
6-10	Recently dead chieftain	-3 bonus*
11-13	Long-dead shaman	+1 penalty**
14-16	Long-dead chieftain	-
17	Ancient shaman	+5 penalty**
18-19	Ancient chieftain	+4 penalty*
20	Special (see below)	-
d20	Special spirit	Control Modifier
1-12	Beast power incarnation [†]	+8 penalty**
13-19	Son of Uthgar	+12 penalty**
20	Beast totem great spirit [‡]	+17 penalty**

*These spirits function as minor or major spirits of the dead, (DM's discretion). These spirits may not leave the vicinity (no more than 50 feet) of the ancestral mound where they were buried.

**Only these spirits can perform a *raise dead* spell. They function as great spirits of the dead. In payment for this, the spirit drains 1d2 experience levels from the person being raised and may demand an annual tribute of riches to be buried in or near its tomb. These spirits may not leave the vicinity (no more than 50 feet) of the ancestral mound where they were buried.

[†]This is the ghostly form of the beast totem great spirit. It can remain for a number of days equal to the level of the shaman. Unlike an ancestor spirit, it may leave the vicinity of the mound. Each day, it can bestow the tribe's beast power on a number of followers equal to the summoner's level minus the number of days it has remained on the Prime Material Plane.

[‡]The beast totem great spirits are wild primeval spirits. If summoned, one usually possesses the summoner (or someone nearby) and then decides what to do with its newfound physical form. The possessed body becomes a 20th-level fighter (for hit points and attack rolls) with the spells and abilities of a 20th-level druid. The avatar of the beast totem great spirit can assume the beast form or use the tribe's beast power at will.



Geography



he geography of the North ranges from the rugged mountains of the Spine of the World to the lush forests of Lurkwood and Moonwood—and a great deal more in between. Within these highly unique areas lie ruined towers, lost gold, and enough rumors to keep even the most active adventuring company busy.

Sword Mountains

Nestled west of the Lurkwood, the Sword Mountains form a shield between the Sea of Swords and the forest and flatlands beyond. While not militarily significant, these mountains are home to savage beasts, vagabonds, and other unsavory creatures. Of more importance to travelers though is the High Road, connecting the cities of Leilon and Waterdeep with the rest of the “civilized” North.

Iniarv's Tower

A ruined fortress located on the High Road between Waterdeep and Leilon, Iniarv's Tower was destroyed in the final orc assault against the Fallen Kingdom. It's said that on the anniversary of the battle, ghostly defenders walk the battlements, waiting for allies who never come. Though the tower is usually uninhabited, attempts by the Lords' Alliance to rebuild it have always ended in failure. Bandits often inhabit the ruins of Iniarv's Tower, east of the Mere of Dead Men, and the nearby hills are roamed by orcs, bugbears, kobolds, leucrotta, and other dangerous creatures.

Iniarv was a mighty archmage of the ancient North who became a demilich later in life. Some say he guards the ruins and his subterranean spell libraries, though many believe the claims of the Company of the Howling Wolf, who maintain they destroyed Iniarv 60 years ago. None who investigate the area have publicly made any comments on the truth of this dispute, however.

Kryptgarden Forest

Named after Southkrypt, this small forest is believed to be the second-most-powerful source of the evil that pervades the dwarven ruin, the first being the Sword Mountains lying just north. The eastern outskirts of the forest are often used by the inhabitants of Westbridge for hunting purposes, even they don't delve farther than a few hours' walk into it.

Unsubstantiated rumors of another dwarven citadel in the hills near the center of the forest have circulated in recent years. A mad adventurer, apparently the lone survivor of a nine-man adventuring company, was captured on Khedell Path in the plains west of Red Larch. He babbled about a citadel of erect insects casting spells—and hurling weapons that killed a man from 500 paces. According to the man's crazed tales, the insects are able to camouflage themselves (probably magically) to the point where the only way to find the creatures is by scent and tracking. He's a known liar, yet he was found with nothing in his possession and strange burns along his arms and back that cannot be explained.

Mere of Dead Men

A vast salt swamp stretches along the Sword Coast shore over 100 miles, reaching a width of 30 miles at its greatest extent. It's a desolate, insect-ridden place seldom visited by civilized races and home to a variety of fell creatures. The Mere has grown in recent memory, swallowing several farms and holdings along the road, and it's now avoided by all but crazed adventurers equipped with water-breathing magic and looking for battle practice.

Several rich castles and manor houses stand flooded in the Mere, with only spires and battlements showing above the dark waters. Sunken riches and powerful magic guarded by evil creatures await those mighty enough to take it. Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun advises adventurers that some of these flooded places (Castle Naerytar, Holk House, Mornhaven Towers, and Wolfhill House) have their own wards. These allow certain spells to be cast at double strength, and other spells are negated. These effects are discovered by trial, for all relevant records are lost.





The Mere gained its name when thousands of men were slain by orc hordes striking south from present-day 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 skirting the Mere to the east often travel for three days and nights without stopping to avoid camping near here. Will o' wisps bobbing over the water are common night sights on this stretch of road. Legends speak of floating islands, eerie pools of magical origin, lizard men commanded by liches, a penanggalan of monstrous size, and other fantastic creatures often used to scare children and entice adventurers. More recent tales come from a brave few that ventured into the dark waters of the swamp that mention dark tentacles 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 wyrm 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 Chardansearavitril. Two rare elven historical texts in Blackrabbas's possession refer to the dragon's legendary name of "Ebondeath," a beast not seen on the Sword Coast since Ahghairon's youth. Few folk are moved to investigate the dark, scum-coated waters of the Mere to learn the truth for themselves.

Self-styled bandit lords, such as Amalkyn the Black and the wizard Helduth Flamespell, have recently established holds in the hills. Dopplegangers dwell in some of the ruined villages and hamlets, taking the shapes of humans to lure weary caravans and traveling bands to their doom.

Helimbrar and Sar

These peaks rise north of Waterdeep, guarding that city from the winds of the North. Mounts Sar and Helimbrar are named for two great fomorian giants who lived in the mountains until slain by early warlords of Waterdeep. They're said to harbor stone giants and more fearsome menaces, and travelers also report seeing sylphs on the high ledges and side peaks.

The evil wizard Marune (CE hm M23), a chief agent of the Shadow Thieves prior to his exile, inhabits an underground stronghold beneath the base of Mount Helimbrar. This fortress remains undetected by Waterdeep's guard patrols on the Long or High Roads, local monsters, and curious travelers. In addition to the superb secrecy of his hidden lair, Marune chose to work alone with only a few compatriots and his primary guards—six will o' wisps—over the past few decades. He hasn't been seen or heard from since he sold his house and holdings in both Luskan and Mirabar 25 years ago; inquirers are also hard-pressed to find any former acquaintances willing or able to talk about Marune, as he left few associates alive.

Without a doubt, he schemes and plans fell magical revenge on Waterdeep, especially Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, who ruined his plans—as well as those of the Shadow Thieves—70 years ago.

Old Owl Well

In the hills south of Conyberry is a strange location known as Old Owl Well. Several centuries ago, an outpost of Netheril was stationed here, though it's unclear if the outpost was a trading post or a watering hole. In either case, the small keep had a well that piped water from nearly five miles below the surface, producing 20 gallons of water a day.

Every power group, save for the Harpers, have tried to control the well, charging travelers steep fees for the use of the water (as much as 1 gp for a drink, 3 gp to fill waterskins, 5 gp to fill barrels, and 2 gp for a two-minute shower or 20-minute bath). Amelior, a relatively infamous mage, investigated the well in order to determine its magical nature. His findings were inconclusive, leading him to believe that the well is indeed magical. Nothing he could do would drop—even temporarily—the water level enough for him to see how the well operates. Please note this is the only water source within a three-day ride, which gives the location some strategic importance.

A tribe of 600 orcs, all waiting for "The Calling of the Beast," have controlled the well for the past decade. While the orcs have been battered a time or two by passing caravans and groups of adventurers, they have yet to suffer a serious enough blow to drive them from such a convenient source of water. Rumors of their alliance with the Zhentarim, a handful of beholders, and an illithid are mostly unsubstantiated.

Phandalin

Phandalin was an important farming center located northeast of Leilon, where the Triboar Cutoff East fades into a trail. The road was abandoned after years of orc attacks obliterated every caravan that passed down the road, conquering Phandalin in the process. When the orcs were driven out, the village was left largely in ruins, and it remains so today.

Under the leadership of a chieftain called Uruth, the orcs expanded steadily, building a realm called Uruth Ukrypt (Home of Uruth). Its name echoes today in Kryptgarden Forest. Too lazy to support themselves by farming, the orcs devastated the game in their realm and subsequently took to raiding human holdings for food. Some 400 years have passed since then, during which time concerted human attacks decimated the orc kingdom and nearly drove the creatures from the area entirely.

No one lives here now but monsters, though passing hunters and rangers often camp in one of the more secure buildings. It still has three usable deep wells, one of which is considered to be heavily tainted with an undetectable poison that kills the imbiber three days after ingestion. Orcs and half orcs are supposedly immune to the toxin.

The orc attacks forced gnomes and dwarves to abandon a mountain delve near Phandalin where they mined mithral in a union they called the Phandelver's Pact. This lost lode was called Wavecho Cave because the roll of waves beating on the shore could be heard in the natural cavern. Shortly before the mine was abandoned, a lode of platinum was discovered. The size is unknown, but a very old dwarf who worked the mine remembers that the vein "held great promise."

Phandalin is the best preserved of the many ruined keeps and villages scattered along the Sword Coast, most of which are little more than heaped stones, graves, and cellars hidden by reed grasses and creeping vines. Many of these areas shelter predatory beasts or passing adventurers.



Place of The Unicorn

One sight that shouldn't be missed is the Place of the Unicorn. Found only at night, wizards of the Sword Coast believe it lies in another dimension, reached only by a moon-gate. The Place is sacred to Lurue, the unicorn of the beast cult. It's a stand of trees with brilliant azure leaves, surrounding a bluegrass meadow. Humanoids who rest here are cured of diseases, poisons, curses, and insanity; unicorns are healed of physical damage in addition to the above benefits. Beings who have no faith or are wavering in their beliefs often see Lurue herself in the trees, and such sightings have frequently been cited as turning points in their lives.

Southkrypt Garden

This abandoned dwarfhold is the air of strange and dangerous creatures. Adventurers probing the upper levels have seen norkers and bands of ravening gibberlings. Deeper forays have uncovered xaren, vilstrak, vargouilles, and storopers. In addition to the creatures mentioned, the lower halls of Southkrypt are lair to a vampire hill giant shaman (6th level) and his three vampire hill giant servants.

Sword Coast

The Sword Coast is the western shore of Faerûn, a rough, brawling area dominated by Waterdeep. It's treacherous, filled with undersea reefs, rock outcroppings, and soft undersea shelves reaching out for miles. True ports are few on the coast, which is the reason the best harbors capable of handling sea

vessels, Waterdeep and Port Llast, grew into important cities. Other cities, like Luskan and Fireshear, are poor ports, but they service the northernmost towns where the demand for goods is small; these ports can only handle shallow ships.

In addition to the dangerous nature of the Coast, a large number of hostile races reside here, including sahuagin, locathah, tritons, savage mermen, and barbaric sea elves. The Sword Coast is very similar to the nearby High Moors in that it's both a forbidding terrain and contains inhabitants dangerous to those who pass through it.

The Coast was the first part of the North to be inhabited by civilized people, and it consists largely of gently rolling grassland. Sometimes the land touches the Sea of Swords in a pebble beach, but it more often meets the water in a series of sea caves, broken rock spits, and low cliffs marked by sea stacks (pillars of rock severed by the tireless waves). This terrain lends itself to smuggling, but it also forces ships navigating close to the shore to be small and of shallow draft, therefore vulnerable to the driving onshore storms that pound the area. The opposite side of the Coast area is a boundary of extensive woods, mountain ranges, or hilly regions. These high lands wall off the large Dessarin river system from the sea.

Trackless Sea

The northern extent of the Trackless Sea is cold, gray, bleak, and unforgiving to those who venture across its depths. Yet the people on the islands and the coast must live with the sea. It gives them life and—in unpredictable moments—takes life away.





Weather at Sea

The Trackless Sea crosses both arctic and subarctic zones. North of Luskan prevail arctic conditions, while the subarctic reaches as far as the Moonshaes. Raging storms are common, and anything less than a stiff breeze uncommon. The storms reach their peak in winter, making travel impossible.

A warm ocean current flows northward along the Sword Coast, warming coastal areas and giving them a milder climate than inland regions. This current turns west along the Cold Run and deposits its last dregs of warmth on the shores of Tuern.

Travel at Sea

Assuming good weather and strong breeze, use the travel times from Table 2 on the inside front cover between the islands and the northern coastal cities. The time in days for a trip is given in the table. For all routes, assume that sailing against prevailing winds and currents adds 25% to the sailing time (multiply the time by 1.25).

Westwood

Westwood, as a general term, is used throughout the North to describe the western edges of a forest. This entry, however, details only the Westwood forest south of the logging town of Kheldell. It's said that this forest used to extend easterly to the High Forest, north to the city of Yartar, to the Delimbiyr Route in the south, and along the Sword Mountain range in the west. If this is true, Westwood once stood as proud and as large as the High Forest of today. Some sages believe this forest's been shrinking since the destruction of Netheril.

Elven Castle

Local legend claims that the ruins of an elven castle stand in a dell at the heart of the Westwood. Much magic exists in the ruins, and they're supposedly haunted by owlbears and wild trees (probably evil treants preying on intruders). The way is best sought at night, for the route from Kheldell is marked by ancient spells that cause floating moonglow symbols to shine in the darkness.

Shrine of Mielikki

Mielikki is venerated at a hidden shrine in Westwood, and only rangers are guided to her temple. It's said those who kneel and place fermented seed or newly sprouted oak trees at the altar are rewarded with a healing, *neutralize poison*, or *remove curse* spell (whichever is most needed). Those of evil alignment—or who venerate evil deities—that kneel at the altar are cursed with either a curse, a reversed *neutralize poison*, or a reversed *cure critical wounds* spell (whichever is most dangerous).

Neverwinter Woods

This forest seems to have a magical quality about it, or at least an air of mystic secrecy. The always-warm river flowing from the wood has its source deep under Mount Hotenow, a sleeping northern volcano home to fire elementals. The steep mountains north of Hotenow hide griffon lairs. These woods have never

been logged by men—Neverwinter is feared and shunned by locals—and even today its depths are largely unknown. The woods are said to harbor fearsome creatures, and even orc hordes always go around the woods, never through them.

Berun's Hill

This local landmark is a bare-topped, conical hill that commands a splendid view of the valley of the Dessarin to the east. This lookout is used to watch for advancing orc or barbarian tribes coming from the north and east. It's named for the ranger Berun, who met his end here at the hands of such a horde. He failed to stop the orcs, but single-handedly slew 300 before he was overwhelmed.

Northern legend mentions an ancient dwarven tomb beneath the hill, rich in golden armor and treasures, but none have ever found it. Bandits often watch from the hilltop for the approach of victims, a much easier treasure to obtain than riches long since lost.

Crags

Beset with goblins and gnolls, these hills contain the dead mines that brought men to the area.

Gauntlgrym

Gauntlgrym is a large, underground city built by the dwarves of Delzoun for men in the early years of an amicable existence of dwarves, elves, and men in the North (long before the Fallen Kingdom). It's now abandoned and holds great riches. All who hear the ballads and tales know of Gauntlgrym, but the precise location of this treasure trove is lost. Even the dwarves know only that it lies north of the Dessarin and its tributaries, near the valley of Khedrun.

Ten years ago, a trio of adventurers arrived in Waterdeep in triumph, entering the Copper Cup to proclaim they had discovered Gauntlgrym. After a spending spree in Waterdeep on armor and weapons funded with rare gems and solid gold jewelry, the group set out 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.

Gauntlgrym housed 30,000 men and dwarves in its day. Now, not even goblin races dwell here. Dripping water echoes eerily throughout the cold, empty halls, the sound broken infrequently by the wails of banshees. Gauntlgrym touches on Deepearth, and a powerful illithid clan controls part of the city. Although the way is long and deadly, Gauntlgrym also connects with Great Worm Caverns.

Helm's Hold

This abbey was founded 20 years ago by a retired member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers. Starting as a single farm known as Helm's Stead, it's grown over the years, with its main buildings fortified in 1353 DR against bandit and monster attacks. It's now a thriving and self-sufficient farming and religious community of over 700 members who grow their own food, herd livestock, and diligently patrol a small section of the Neverwinter Wood. There's one small building in the monastery's walls set aside for travelers seeking shelter and aid.



Morgur's Mound

The altar mound is shaped like a crude, long-necked, wingless dragon, the Uthgardt impression of a thunderbeast. The bones of a great beast are arranged on the mound in roughly their proper relationships, although the ribs are set upright and the neck vertebrae and skull have been threaded onto a pole to tower above the mounds. The thunderbeast of Morgur's Mound is most likely an apatosaurus, a beast from ancient history, and not the unholy creature of the same name from the Abyss.

It may be that the "Morgur" of the mound is Morgred Gardolfsson, a brother of Uthgar Gardolfsson, the Ruathym Northman believed to be the legendary Uthgar. If so, then Morgur's Mound most likely holds the loot taken by Gardolfsson's raiders from fabled Illuskan.

During Runemeet, the combined power of shamans can cause the apatosaurus bones to animate.

Animated Thunderbeast: AC 7; MV 6; HD 15; hp 102; #AT 1; Dmg 3d6; THAC0 8; SD edged weapons do half damage, immune to mental spells, holy water does 2d4 points damage; SZ G (70' long); ML n/a; Int non; AL N; XP 6,000.

Tower of Twilight

To the east of the Neverwinter Wood, west of Longsaddle, stands the Tower of Twilight. The enchanted tower rises from an island in a small lake that drains into the woods to the west. It's invisible in sunlight, but as the light fades, the tower appears. An emerald-green bridge spans the water to the island, leading to an equally viridescent tower with sparkling, twisting spires.

No door is visible outside the tower, and the apprentice who greets friends appears to pass through the stone wall; it's actually an extradimensional portal. The tower is home to Malchor Harpell (NG hm M18), a former aide of Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun.

Upon entering, the visitor discovers a wide, circular chamber lined with stalls for steeds along one wall. A corridor from the chamber gradually arcs along the tower's inner circumference, its incline growing more steep and its circles more tight as it winds to the top. The second level is the dining room. Above that is Malchor's study, occupying a whole upper level, its door opening directly from the spiraling corridor. The passageway continues past the study to serve the turret chambers.

Malchor's Museum, a treasure trove behind a heavy door, lies past an intersecting passage on the second level. For friends and trustworthy acquaintances, Malchor often lends aid in the form of magical items taken from this room. There's a ward here that allows someone to *teleport* into the museum, but no teleporting or planar magic can be used to exit the room. The door to Malchor's Museum, designed to be opened only from the outside, is nearly foolproof against the tools and guile of thieves (inflicting a -85% penalty to their *pick locks* attempt) as well as muscle-bound types who try to break down the door (open doors rolls are made at half-normal Strength).

The Frozenfar

Folk use the term the Frozenfar to describe the places so far north people can freeze solid as they walk. They suggest the frigid regions are where only the most crazed humans and dwarves venture in search of iron, gems, gold, and other metals the like not to be found in more hospitable lands.

The Frozenfar starts at Mirabar and extends west as far as the end of the mainland ice, reaching east as far as the farthest reaches of the Valley of Khedrun. No one knows how far north the land goes, but the glaciers of the Endless Ice Sea make it inhospitable north of the Spine of the World. Many tales speak of ice-locked valleys and wild plateaus ringed by a rampart of peaks where strange beasts and eccentric Netherese mages dwell. Only fools and adventurers go to this region for pleasure. Everyone else is there because they were born there or because they've come seeking the buried wealth of Faerûn.

The land is a remote and mountainous region where orcs breed in numbers great enough to bring vast hordes down upon the human habitations every decade or so. Here, the isolated ruins of long-fallen human cities stand, while dwindling numbers of dwarves cling to a few small parts of their once-proud holdings. Dwarf legends still speak eagerly and frequently of the rich metal ores and gems that lie waiting under the mountain peaks.

A warning to the traveler: The tales of winter cold aren't wild. Roads are unknown north of Mirabar, trails are fewer still, and maps and safe havens are rare indeed.

Cold Run

From the Iceflow to Icewind Dale, this bleak tundra is home to reindeer, wolves, tundra yeti, and a few Ice Hunter villages who cling to the rocky coast. Warm winds off the Trackless Sea bring a mild summer to the Run, but come winter, those same winds shriek bitter, deadly cold.

Evermelt

The Reghed Glacier is the western lobe of the great ice cap that spans Faerûn, north of the Spine of the World. Along its western margin, a minor fault (related to the mountain-forming processes that raised the Spine) allows the runoff to circulate deeply in an area warmed by vulcanism and reemerge in a small, warm spring-fed pool called Evermelt. The warmth from the pool holds the glacier at bay in a tiny area, causing the towering walls of ice to form a small dell with the spring at its heart. In recent years, hunters and scouts have reported that Evermelt is shrinking, losing out to the sheer fridity of the glacier.

Icingdeath's Lair

A glacier towers above Evermelt, also extending below a warm pool. Thousands of feet thick at the center, the glacier's weight scours solid rock, pushing immense piles of stony till before it. These multicolored boulders surround Evermelt, and from these jutting rocks one can locate the center of the pool. If a creature holds its breath, it can float with the current and be pulled to the pool's north edge and into the adjacent ice.

After passing through a long chute, the passageway opens into a wider tunnel high enough to allow a breath of air. The churning water continues to carry the creature through its twisting course until it reaches a deep and wide cavern with a 30-foot



waterfall, completely within the glacial ice. The dome of the cavern glows with sunlight because its peak is only a few feet below the glacier's surface. The internal melting forms icy stalactites, including one so immense it forms a column that extends to the floor of the cavern, allowing a creature to slide safely down the waterfall. At the foot of the falls, the stream hurries away through a small chasm that disappears under a wall of ice.

Several dry passages lead from the cavern, attesting to Evermelt's gradual loss to the encroaching glacial ice. The flow of water has decreased over the years, and the passages kept open by warmth from the waters has grown smaller. Through the largest of these tunnels, the dragon Ingeloakastimizilian entered its icy chamber—but the dragon was unaware of the tunnels' gradual change until too late, and it became trapped in its own lair. If Icingdeath thought it worth the trouble, escape was possible, but the dragon was apparently pleased with its current situation, keeping it safe from the barbarian humans who wanted its flesh and treasure.

Here, as in the chamber of the waterfall, the ceiling was close to the glacier surface, causing icicles to form, including a huge one directly over the dragon. Wulfgar's mighty throw of *Aegis-fang* during the Icewind Dale Wars not only dislodged the spike and killed the dragon, but it also opened a small hole in the dome, allowing the barbarian and Drizzt to escape and return over the glacier to Evermelt. There's still a great amass of treasure there, undoubtedly protected by another denizen of evil.

Frost Keep

For years, humans have tried to conquer this area in order to keep it free of giant infiltration, but decades of war have failed. An enclave of frost giants, 17 to be exact, have set up a keep assembled from ice and glacial frost. From this high vantage point, these colossal brigands, led by a 28-HD frost giant, interrupt trade along the Northern Means, putting sled dogs, traders, and adventurers in the spit, selling the stores they've stolen from their prey, and utilizing the magic they've captured to make themselves even stronger.

Gundarlun Island

Gundarlun is the only island member of the Lords' Alliance, organized into 15 holds and ruled by King Olger Redaxe. Its largest settlement is Gundbarg, a city of 12,000 whose economy is based solely on trade, fishing, farming, and mining. Gundbarg has a standing army of 300 warriors who act as city guard and crews for the king's six warships. Each hold has four longships crewed by 40 warriors.

Nearly every ship crossing the Trackless Sea puts in at Gundbarg (the Gateway Port) for fresh water, food, repairs, replacement crew, or goods to carry. Huge warehouses, dry-docks, inns, and taverns all provide necessary services to seafarers—all at reasonable prices. The Dragon Turtle Inn on the harbor is noted as an adventurers' hangout and a place to find captains with ships for hire.

Berranzo

Now ruins, Berranzo was a Calishite mining and refining colony on Gundarlun's western shore that once housed 2,000 miners. Wizards used fire elementals to refine ore in this short-lived

colony, but within three years all of the denizens went mad for no apparent reason and most died. For months, Northmen captains encountered drifting ore ships filled with corpses, gibbering madmen, and precious cargo. For 40 years the ruins have stood empty—even the bold Northmen are fearful to plunder here.

Wreck of the Golden Crown

A Calishite treasure galleon went down in a storm near Berranzo and now lies under 70 feet of water. It carried gold and silver ingots, electrum bars, and a fortune in gems. The wizard Hoch Miraz of Calimshan and his personal effects also went down with the ship. He was said to own a *staff of the magi*, a *ring of spell turning*, and a *cube of force* (that must have failed).

Ice Lakes

Barbarians are numerous in this chill wilderness, and their raids make the Ice Lakes region perilous places indeed. Though folk used to hunt bear and elk in these lands, the barbarians make it even more treacherous than it has to be. Today, hunters are advised to go in hunting parties of 30 or more.

Ice Peak Island

This ancient volcano is surrounded by near-permanent ice pack. Villages like Bjorn's Hold, Icewolf, and Aurilssbarg are populated by a mix of Northmen and Ice Hunters. Seal skins and whale oil are bought by merchants, then sold for profits in the south. Many folk search for the lair of Freezefire, a white dragon whose last recorded flight took place centuries ago.

The Ice Peak is governed by First Captain Tranjer Rolsk, the ruler of Aurilssbarg, a Luskan colony of 3,000, who acts as spokesman for other villages (whether they like it or not). The island sustains itself through sealing, whaling, and fishing. Each community has several large fishing boats and 50 warriors, and Aurilssbarg has a standing army of 100 who man an ancient "Striker" craft equipped with ballistae and ram and six longships.

Icewind Dale

Icewind Dale is far to the north, sandwiched between the Sea of Moving Ice, the Reghed Glacier, and the Spine of the World. It's home to a few tribes of tundra barbarians, reindeer, polar bears, wolves, elk, the fierce tundra yeti, and a white dragon or two. In the west, as the mountains descend to the Sea of Moving Ice, the ridge falls sufficiently to provide a pass. Through this, caravans journey to transport the ivory scrimshaw carvings that make the Dale financially worth inhabiting.

A harsh land almost beyond the reach of the warmer and more settled south, the small amount of warmth generated by the Sea of Swords funnels across the lowest part of the mountain wall, keeping the dale marginally hospitable. Nomadic tribes who hunt reindeer huddle next to the three lakes (Maer Dualdon, Lac Dinneshere, and Redwaters), and the dwarves in their tunnels attempt to survive in the harsh land. Evil creatures flourish in hundreds of mountainous delves, and Icewind Dale has the reputation as a hideout for those seeking to lose themselves.

In this bleak tundra is the farthest bastion of civilization in the Savage Frontier, a loose confederation of 10 towns and villages known collectively as the Ten Towns. The towns are located on or near the three deadly cold lakes, the habitat of the



knucklehead trout (found nowhere else in Faerûn). The lakes of Icewind Dale are justly famous for their fishing, but locals tend to think of the lakes as their own, not a pond for southerners to wander up to and pull their living out of.

Kelvin's Cairn

Barbarian legend says the god Tempus battled the frost giant Kelvin in the midst of Icewind Dale. Kelvin was killed and Tempus scooped stones from the plain and heaped them atop the fallen giant as a reminder of the penalty of his wrath.

Kelvin's Cairn stands 1,000 feet above the almost featureless tundra, while the dwarven valley falls at least that far. The homes and mines of Clan Battlehammer are within the valley, the entrances protected from the perpetual winds of the dale. The tunnels are lined with homes, meeting halls, forges with adjacent work areas, storage caverns, and treasure rooms. The complex is so extensive that some sections fell into disuse, especially when mining in any given area became fruitless.

The weathering that broke the mountain into a gigantic pile of boulders also produced the column of stones atop the eastern cliffs of the valley known as Bruenor's Climb. Other notable valley sites are at the north end, tucked next to the southern flank of Kelvin's Cairn, (including the nook where Bruenor secluded himself to forge Aegis-fang), the flat expanse of rock next to a stream where dwarves frequently camped, and the hidden lair near the valley's north end a mile west of the flat rock where Biggrin's patrol stayed.

Mines of Mirabar

Mirabar's the chief mining city of the northern coast. The mountains and hills around the city are pocked with countless mine shafts. Each major mine entrance is fortified and defended year-round by troops loyal to the mine's merchant owners, guarding against frequent orc, troll, bugbear, and brigand raids. If you go, you'd best have an invitation from someone you trust with your life, because that's just what you're risking.

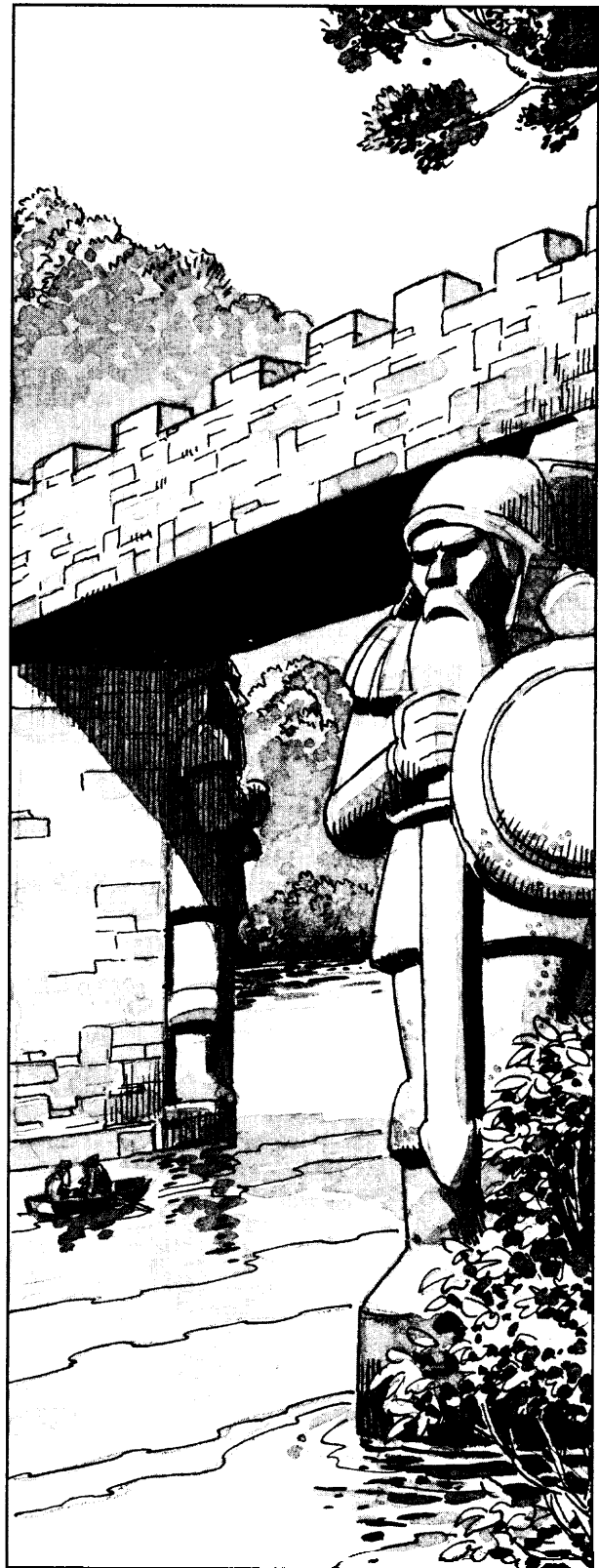
Hunters swayed by the antler racks displayed on tavern walls in Waterdeep and points south—the ones as wide as three people lying down—should heed advice. Though orcs are fewer here and transport out of the interior is rare at best, remember that dead is dead wherever you are. Go armed, and go in numbers. Mirabar has several good guides for hunters, and some can be hired in Xanthar's Keep and the Ten Towns.

Purple Rocks Island

The Purple Rocks used to be governed by two kings, one for each of the large islands that make up the Purple Rocks. In late 1368, however, the island of Utheraal fell to a raid by King Selger.

For years, King Bromm had ruled his island-nation of Utheraal from Vilkstead, paying King Selger enough gold to nearly bankrupt his nation in order to avoid a war. All of King Bromm's efforts were for naught, however, when the longships of King Selger landed upon the shores of Utheraal. The battle for control of Vilkstead cost the lives of 200 of the island's finest warriors, including King Bromm. Vilkstead's population, which had grown to nearly 1,000 before the war, was reduced to around 750.

King Selger (NE hm F14) now owns six longships, four caravels, two cogs, and a war nao, but his army only numbers 500.





He's been looking for parties that would be interested in buying some of these "spare" craft, since he just doesn't have the manpower to use them.

For many years, rumors have circulated that King Selger is a pawn of the kraken Slarkrethel, an immense squid that rules the Kraken Society. Although none have seen the kraken, numerous sightings from merchant vessels report that something massive lives off the northern coast of Trisk near the fabled ruins of Ascarle. *The Maiden's Defiance*, a galley reportedly hired by the Harpers to investigate the ruins, was torn apart by something late last year. None of her crew or passengers survived.

Ascarle

This legendary ruin on Trisk's northern shore is now the home of the self-proclaimed Regent of Ascarle, the illithid Vestress. Servant to Slarkrethel, Vestress oversees the ruins and works to make for certain that the nearby aquatic elves are kept in check, the human slaves kept working, and the minions of the kraken kept busy. With the exception of one horrific failure in 1363, when her merrow army was defeated in its bid to conquer Ruathym, Vestress has kept herself in the good graces of Slarkrethel.

Ascarle is totally submerged, safely shielded from the curiosity and interference of adventurers. During low tide, however, the ocean retreats to reveal a handful of sea caves that legends claim lead to the ruins. Those few who have ventured far into the caverns report that their mazelike qualities make forays past the caves difficult at best. Rumors abound that kapoacanth know the way through the caves, but their exact loyalties remain in question.

Many people, even those living on the island, believe that Ascarle is nothing more than a myth. Even the sea elves have been unable to ascertain Ascarle's true location, and magical means of detection have proven useless.

Adventurers planning to search for the fabled ruins should be careful not to mention their intentions in any island cities; King Selger is believed to be in league with the Kraken Society. Serious expeditions to the ruin should include some form of water-breathing magic if success is desired, otherwise only death awaits.

Ulf of Thuger

This long-standing Trisk town is home to fishermen and farmers, but the land and surrounding waters yield barely enough for survival. This has forced the town to resort to piracy, and they are frequently cited as raiders and pirates on the Trackless Sea.

Many Trisk citizens are known to be members (though perhaps not willingly) of the Kraken Society, a fell organization intent on obtaining information regarding nearby kingdoms. The society is always interested in the underwater nations surrounding the Purple Rocks, such as the sea elves, but also pays close attention to the activities occurring on the mainland, especially Waterdeep.

Vilkstead

The rich fishing waters south of Utheraal now serve the interest of King Selger, filling his pockets with gold and aiding in the feeding of his subjects in Ulf of Thuger. The King of the Purple Rocks still maintains trade with nearby nations, however, since he needs resources from the other islands.

They export large amounts of dried, smoked, salted, and pickled fish to Gundarlun, which in turn ships it to cities across the coast. Vilkstead also produces a pungent, salty, herbal goat cheese called Vilksmaarg, popular in Sword Coast taverns.

Raven Rock

This is the alleged breeding site for the gigantic ravens the Great Raven tribe uses for their "sacred banditry." The holy ground is in a canyon near the Black Raven River's headwaters in the foothills of the Spine.

Ravens of Ravenrock: AC 4; MV 3, FI 18(D); HD 6+2; hp 40 (average); THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4; SZ L (22' wingspread); Int animal; AL N; XP 225.

The central altar is a large stone formation bearing a striking resemblance to a great black bird. The giant ravens are neither native to the North nor natural creatures. Using secret rituals, the tribal shamans transport normal raven eggs into another plane and return with gigantic ravens only moments later.

Ruathym Island

United Ruathym is ruled by First Axe Aumark Lithyl. During the Luskan war, Aumark consolidated the four kingdoms on the island into one. The island's largest settlement is Ruathym, a city of 5,000. Its economy is based on raiding, farming, mining, and shipbuilding. Aumark commands 500 warriors and has three 40-man longships and a single warship on loan from Holgerstead. Ruathym's previous navy was destroyed by Luskan.

The city of Ruathym and many smaller villages and steadings were all but destroyed by Luskan in a recent war. Much of the land's wealth was looted or put to the torch, though the Green Rooms, a famous library filled with plundered books from a score of great cities, was spared serious damage. Likewise, the invaders spared the Hall of Black Waves, Umberlee's temple.

Like Luskan, Ruathym thrives on trade and piracy, looking the other way as its warships attack merchant craft. Now and in the past, they have competed for the same clientele.

Holgerstead

First Axe Wedigar Ruthmaald rules this United Ruathym sub-kingdom. Its fierce berserkers played a key part in the stunning blow dealt to the invaders.

Inthar

Inthar is a ruined fortress that sits atop a rocky crag some 35 miles south of Rethgaard. Eerie, green lights shine here at night, silhouetting shadowy shapes as faint whispers float across the waters. It's said a hidden shaft leads straight to Baator. None know its origin, but sailors avoid this rock.

Rethgaard

Ancient seafaring dwarves built this stone fortress and, until recently, Rethgaard refused alliance with Ruathym and sided with Luskan. After Rethgaard refused to ally itself against Luskan, it was plundered by Luskan forces.



Sea of Moving Ice

The Sea of Moving Ice is a dense pack of ice north of The Ice Peak and includes both icebergs and thick floes of polar ice. The Sea is a collection of ice islands, often separated by channels wide enough to allow ships passage. Such channels may wind for hundreds of miles into the ice pack, but the ice changes, and what was a wide channel can quickly disappear. Many a ship has sailed into the Sea of Moving Ice only to be slowly ground to flinders by the shifting floes.

To the uninitiated, the Sea seems a frozen desert, void of all life, but all is not as it appears. Seals live on the floes, stalked by silent polar bears and walrus, who in turn are hunted by Ice Hunters. Ice-locked ancient ships are often ice troll lairs, and fiendish white dragons dwell in the crags of the larger icebergs.

Spine of The World

This mountain range, separating the North from the Uttermost North, has many of the highest peaks in Faerûn, all eternally snow-capped. "The Wall" is its other name, used commonly south of Waterdeep. Though once riddled with dwarfholds, it's now home to fierce, cold-loving monsters; countless tribes of orcs, goblins, hobgoblins, bugbears, and verbeeg. Hill giants prowl the foothills, and frost giants, white dragons, yeti, and taer claim the high peaks and frigid valleys. If the Mines of Mirabar are any indication, it contains the richest mineral deposits in the North; due to its monstrous inhabitants, only the smallest fraction of that wealth is exploited. The heart of the range is uncharted, but it's said to hide lost cities, abandoned dragon lairs, and even frozen dinosaurs.

Tuern Island

Tuern's government consists of five Northman kings, all of whom recognize High King Threlked Ironfist of Uttersea as liege. Uttersea, a village of 2,000, is the largest settlement. Its economy consists of whaling, fishing, farming, and diamond and adamantite mining (which they can't refine or use). Each king has two longships crewed by 50 warrior/archers.

Tuern is a rocky but fertile land of black beaches and seething volcanoes. Conditions are harder on Tuern than on the other outer islands, but the Northmen here are the wealthiest in the North. The island's vulcanism produces two great treasures—huge diamonds and the valuable ore from which adamantite is refined. This same geothermal activity creates a perfect home for fire giants and red dragons in Flame Fault. The giants are sea rovers who sail gargantuan long ships, but rarely raid farther east than Gundarlun.

Flame Fault

Flame and smoke continually belch from this deep crevasse in the western mountains. The three red dragons of Flame Fault raid herds for food (though several kingdoms bring monthly tributes of cattle, fish, and slaves to placate the dragons' hunger and offerings of gold and gems to salve their greed). The dragons range far and wide. Many islands suffer under their attacks.

Throne Rock

This fortress is the sanctuary of High Artificer Fizmorayen Fitzmoran, an exiled cleric of Gond (NG hm P14). He dwells here with several dwarves, human tinkers, and an alchemist. Fizmorayen purchases adamantite ore, reselling it to Waterdeep merchants. The castle contains several tons of ore and is heavily protected by numerous *glyphs of warding*.

Uttersea

Uttersea is built into the sides of the collapsed caldera of an ancient volcano whose high walls shield the town from all but the worst weather. Heat rising from deep geothermal activity warms the town and the bay, actually boiling it in places. The bay is home to species who normally would not be found so far north, including giant octopi which dwell near the south shore and prey upon ships and fishermen.

Uttermost North

Also called the Utter North, this refers to the area beyond The Spine of the World, including Icewind Dale and the glaciers of The Endless Ice Sea. Few humanoid races live this far north, but there are a few sites of interest here, most of them accessible only to orcs and their allies.

The Endless Ice Sea

Some of the sites believed to exist in the Endless Ice Sea are Dzoulin's Cradle, Gallad's Garden, Gate of Perdition, and Print's Floe. A few of these sites are nothing more than baseless rumors, rewarding the traveler with ice, frost-bitten feet, and a remorhaz or two. Others are rumored to be in different places, and the adventurer must discover the truth on his own. These locations have historic legends attached to them, and a good rumor or two is generally enough to send even the most stubborn of adventurers gallivanting into death's arms.

Dzoulin's Cradle

To get to this location, one must first travel through a huge orc homeland. At the Cradle, orcs pay homage to Dzoulin, whom they believe is the apparition of their deity. Anyone not of orc blood who approaches Dzoulin's Cradle with the intent to enter their holy ground finds the orcs instantly hostile. About 120 orcs live, including a handful of 1st- and 2nd-level priests. The remainder fight as standard orcs with +1 bonuses.

The location features an extravagant castle, featuring parapets, a drawbridge that's always up (probably frozen in place), and a deep chasm that surrounds the fortress. If the drawbridge isn't used, visitors must circle the chasm (crossing 100 miles one way before it can be crossed by foot), use mountaineering equipment and proficiencies, or obtain magical items and spells.

Once the chasm is crossed, the viewer beholds a wondrous sight: a castle made of magically hardened ice, giving the structure the tenacity of iron and the yield of hardwood. Formed by melting ice and shaped magically, a modified *glassteel* spell was cast upon the structure, making it impervious to magical and mundane heat, fire, and lightning.

The castle is inhabited by Clank, a fearsome frost giant. Mutated by evil, he's achieved a status only dreamed of by frost giants. He's the equivalent of a 7th-level witch doctor with access



to every priest sphere. He has five winter wolf pets who serve his every whim and attack if they fear their master is in danger.

Clank, frost giant male, P7 (witch doctor of unknown deity): AC -4 (*chain mail +4*); MV 12; HD 17; hp 136; THACO 4 or 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+9 (fist) or 2d8+9 (huge battle axe); SA hurl rocks for 2d10 (200-yard range); SD impervious to cold, regenerates one hit point every six turns; SZ H (21' tall); ML very steady (14); Int average (10); AL CE; XP 13,000. S 21, D 14, C 20, I 10, W 16, C 15.

Notes: Clank has a weakness for items that possess beneficial magical properties. Clank has a natural ability to detect the difference between cursed and beneficial items, but he never shares this information. When attacking man-sized or smaller opponents with his battle axe, use the damage stated above; if the opponent is 7 feet tall or greater, roll 1d8+9 instead.

Personality: Clank only wants to be left alone to lead his orcs into battle after battle to win more baubles. If humans or demihumans approach his retreat, his orc minions attack them. If the battle goes against the orcs, Clank enters the fray by throwing boulders of ice from his inexhaustible stockpile.

Special Equipment: *chain mail +4* (frost-giant sized), huge battle axe.

Spells: 1st: *command, create water, magical stone, protection from good, shillelagh*; 2nd: *charm person or mammal, chill metal, hold person, obscurement, speak with animals*; 3rd: *call lightning, prayer*; 4th: *animal summoning I*.

Winter Wolf (5): AC 5; MV 18; HD 6; hp 38, 36, 34, 30, 29; THACO 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (bite); SA 6d4 frost breath; SD immune to cold; SW fire-based attacks cause an additional point of damage; SZ L (12' long); ML elite (13); Int average; AL NE; XP 975.

Notes: Winter wolves can use frost breath once every six rounds affecting a 90° arc, 10 feet long in front of the beast. A save vs. breath weapon is allowed for half damage. If properly cared for and not damaged, each pelt is worth 5,000 gp. The wolves only attack if PCs enter the castle or if the drawbridge is lowered.

Gallad's Garden

Rumored to be located somewhere in the Endless Ice Sea, the Garden is a haven for weary travelers who think they've got the body heat to make it across the frozen land. This location is rumored to be a magical oasis sitting on thousands of feet of ice, yet is covered in green grass, flowering trees, and an endless supply of cool, clean water. It's a place of warmth, comfort, sunshine, and days of blue, cloudless skies. Creatures once thought extinct roam in vast numbers.

Sages have been trying to determine the origin of this rumor, but nothing substantial has been discovered. Ascalhorn records dictated an account of Shard Orefist, a dwarven explorer, and his three companions who lost their way walking across the surface of Faerûn while looking for the lost city of Gauntlgrym. Shard came across the Garden and spoke of huge, reptilian beasts, ferns of enormous size, and a humidity to make

the jungles of Chult seem arid. When he and his companions—two of whom lost feet to frostbite on the way back—returned, they could never find the way back to verify its existence.

Darnell the Unfearing thinks Shard, and others who have reportedly seen Gallad's Garden, passed through a gate of some kind that leads to a secluded vale in Elysium. But Darnell's theory does not explain that folk living in the Dessarin plains believe Gallad's Garden is designed to hold lost souls whose fate has yet to be determined. Many fear continued searches for the garden are angering the gods.

Gate of Perdition

The exact location of this gate is unknown. A few rumors tell of its location near Print's Floe, but others state it can be found due north of Mirabar by three days on the hoof. The gate's believed to send its visitors to an other-planar location wrought by unearthly cold and chill. Darnell the Unfearing claims to have crossed the Gate of Perdition's magical stoop and encountered a multi-homed, many-footed beast similar to the remorhaz. The foul creature was so contemptible and repellent that it withstood every attack Darnell laid in its way—even magical disparagements were ignored. He managed to escape to the Endless Ice Sea with barely a life intact.

When he recovered from the fever of his wounds, he claimed he fought the god of the remorhaz. The surgeons and sages from Raven's Rock, however, passed off Darnell's recollections as fevered hallucinations, but they now look to the north with a little more trepidation.

Print's Floe

This unusual ice floe, named for the historically vicious orc leader who first located this perpetually vibrating area, looks like the splintered ribcage of a wolf-slain muskox of monstrous size. For the orcs who call the Sea of Endless Ice their ancestral home, this powerful location is a sacred site because of its legendary medicinal properties.

Twelve years ago, a captured orc witch doctor, under the delusional effects of a *potion of truth*, claimed he was the caretaker of Print, the relaxer of fever, the mender of furrows, exorciser of dementia, and the avarice of pestilence. He gave a convoluted set of trails and paths to find Print, but it wasn't until five years later that it was found. Unfortunately, a council of orcs (more than 1,000 in number) were at the site and didn't take kindly to the interruption. To this day, it's unknown if Print's Floe actually does cure all diseases, heal all wounds, and remove insanity and mental illnesses.

Darnell the Unfearing states the following. "I discovered a glacier possessing spears of ice thrust into the floe like head-pikes for the war dead. Hundreds of carcasses lie around the effect, littering the ice like a chilling graveyard. Most of the bodies belonged to indigenous animals (muskox, remorhaz, wolf, and frost giant), but there were both orc and goblin corpses—some even in the bellies of huge unknown beasts whose flesh were flayed by the sharp arctic winds."

Colorful as he may be, sages believe the old scout could be speaking of the ribcage mentioned by the orc shaman. Several scouts and captured orcs have given directions to the Floe. The locations with the most fingers pointing to it are labeled on the poster maps (three to be exact).



Nchaser's Legacy

Nchaser (CG hm M27), a brilliant and inquisitive mage who devised glowing globes, has not been seen in Faerûn for more than 20 years. He's generally thought to be dead, but he may still be alive in another guise or plane. Darnell the Unfearing claims to have come across an island of ice lying high above the polar cap, suspended by a 300-foot-tall, perfectly smooth stalagmite of ice five feet in diameter.

Darnell climbed the monolith using pitons and hemp and discovered a tower sitting on what he called "a rough hewn boulder of unforgiving and indestructible ice." There were hundreds of glow globes circling the tower and the upper face of the "boulder-like" satellites, giving light to the dark, winter landscape.

As he approached the tower, slipping many times in the process, magical beams of light shot from the tower's parapets. The beams missed him, disintegrating nearby ice in the process. Darnell turned tail and ran. He slid down the pillar, falling at an incredible speed in order to get away from the beams of light. He broke both legs when he hit bottom.

Darnell showed the scar where the bone jutted through the skin of his leg to prove his point, but all who know Darnell the Unfearing know him as a clumsy lad—those scars could have come from anywhere! If this is indeed Nchaser, the Kraken Society and the Zhentarim would pay large sums of money for directions to his current location.

Valley of Khedrûn

The valley was named for a dwarven hero who in legend was a famous dwarven prospector who discovered the greatest gem lodes ever known. He is also supposed to have carved out the homeland of the dwarves in the North from lands dark with wolves, orcs, and bugbears with only his axe. Khedrûn, in truth, existed, but so long ago no one can now separate fact from fantasy.

This valley of the upper Mirar is one of the supposed sites of legendary Gauntlgrym and is a known melting pot of mercenaries, orc, gnolls, goblins, and cold-weather amphibians and lizards. It is also the site of Great Worm Caverns.

Frost Hills

This is the rugged area south of the Spine of the World, a literal spillway for creatures that wander out from Faerûn's unexplored frontier. The southern borders of this area stretch nearly to the borders of the Evermoors, encompassing a few Uthgardt ancestor mounds but ending at the western edge of the Lurkwood.

Castle of Illusion

When Ascalhorn was in its prime, Fhzmillyun Sparkledrim, a powerful gnome illusionist from Shinglefell Gnome Burrow, built the Castle of Illusion. He crafted grand puzzles like Miliyun's Mirror Maze, the Crystal Cube, Ten Doors, and No-Way-Out around, within, and below the castle, combining mechanical gimmickry with magical illusions to fool even the most perceptive visitor. Within a century of Sparkledrim's death, greedy orcs overran the castle and put its inhabitants to the sword. No treasure was found, but the illusions drove the orcs mad. The castle sat empty for centuries, protected by its illusions. It's now occupied by dour MacBec Maclyon (NE hm

M12). MacBec and his orc minions have sealed off the lower mines. The wizard's followers number 30, including a 4th-level mage, a 6th-level fighter bodyguard, and a 3rd-level orc witch doctor.

The puzzles to be found here include a hall of mirrors (possibly with a *mirror of life trapping* and a *mirror of opposition* built into it), a 10-foot cube of apparently indestructible crystal in which valuable treasure and at least three skeletons can be seen, and a room with 10 doors that appears to spin each time a door is opened. Only one door leads out, the rest release traps or magical guardians. The gnomes' treasures are all hidden in the puzzles and traps.

DUNGEON of Death

This ruined dwarfhold is not lightly named. Many believe the ruins are cursed, for the dungeon depths demand a toll of blood and lives from those who pry into its secrets—it's a rare adventuring band who returns with all members breathing.

The upper levels, the old habitats, open onto a deep lava bubble. The bubble is deep and even the dwarves never delved to its greatest depths.

DUNGEON of The Ruins

Unlike most ancient dwarfholds, this ruin is primarily above ground. Passing barbarian hunters have noted "great froglike forms" dancing around huge pyres amid the ruins.

Fell Pass

This pass through a southern spur of the Spine of the World was the site of a desperate battle between orcs and the dwarven army of Delzoun. Now, most folk avoid it if they can, for it's haunted by ghosts, haunts, and apparitions of the warriors who died here.

Gate

As its name suggests, the ruins of Gate hide a portal between planes. The underground gate takes the form of an immense black cube with a single door. Inside, a number of colored stone slabs are doorways to other planes, including teleporters to several Prime Material Plane worlds.

Gate is guarded by powerful bugbears in the service of the beholder Zythalarlr, who fancies itself as "the keeper." Those who want access to Gate must first answer a riddle or be killed and eaten by both the bugbears and the beholder.

Great Worm Cavern

This unusual ancestor mound is underground, deep in massive, multi-level caverns at the base of a mountain in the Spine of the World. It can be reached by a well-worn, well-guarded path from the surface. The largest cavern of the complex has a level floor and contains the ancestor mound. The altar is shaped like a spiraling winged snake, the great worm Elrem.

Lurkwood

The edges of this forests are logged by men, though its dark depths are largely a mystery. Stories of bottomless pits and quicksand keep locals from treading too deeply into the forest.



Mithral Hall

The most famous dwarfhold in the north, dwarves recently resettled Mithral Hall. For centuries, its rich treasures were only legends, and some fear it could be swept away again. This dwarfhold's mithral lodes are said to be the richest known in the North, and perhaps the richest left anywhere in Faerûn.

The hall lies underground—north and west of the Surbrin, and east of the Lurkwood—within a mountain known as Fourthpeak. Mithral Hall is a half-day's climb east into the mountains from the ruined dwarven village of Settlestone, known now as "the Ruin." The dwarven village was above ground, something rare these days and unheard of in the time of Mithral Hall. Built to last, the structures of Settlestone were like giant houses of cards—great slabs of stone—cunningly laid together.

One enters Mithral Hall through a secret door from a high valley known as Keeper's Dale. The general location of the door is marked by ancient monoliths that date well before the time that Mithral Hall was settled. The Hall has a mazelike upper level designed to divert intruders into traps. The middle level includes mines and smelting furnaces vented through long shafts to the height of the peak. The lower level is where the deepest mines descend from a vast cavern called the Undercity.

Here, the walls are studded with the cave mouths of homes for 10,000 dwarves. The homes open onto concentric ledges. The cavern is spanned by a bridge leading east, and eastward passages eventually lead to a huge cavern over 1,000 feet deep known as Garumn's Gorge. This cavern is spanned by a bridge, forming an excellent defensive barrier for the eastern hall. The bridges lead to a hidden exit on the eastern slopes of the mountain.

Over 175 years ago, Clan Battlehammer delved too deeply, breaking into a cavern that was linked to the Demiplane of Shadow. The greatest shadow dragon in Faerûn, Shimmergloom, entered Mithral Hall, ravaged Clan Battlehammer, and took the Hall as his own. He dwelled therein with his entourage of shadow creatures, including shadows, drelbs, shades, shadow mastiffs, a shadow fiend, and a tribe of duergar. Shimmergloom was clever, and his forces attacked with guile, not brute strength. Duergar of Clan Bukbukken occupied the Hall and worked its mines until 1356 DR, the year Bruenor returned to slay Shimmergloom. The following year, he returned and drove out the duergar and proclaimed himself the Eighth King of Mithral Hall, Lord of the Peak and Depths.

Today, the dwarves of the Hall are suspicious of uninvited guests. Only those who trade with the dwarves are advised to go there. A watch is kept over Settlestone, whose massive stone buildings still provide shelter to travelers, explorers, and monsters. Since the opening of Mithral Hall, the dwarves have quietly disappeared from Llorckh, presumably seeking better lives under the rule of King Bruenor Battlehammer.

Bruenor Battlehammer (NG dm F11) is about as open-minded as dwarves come, and he is a deadly fighter. Bruenor was also the only dwarf in Icewind Dale who still remembered Mithral Hall.

Drizzt Do'Urden (CG em (drow) R16), an outcast of House Daermon N'a'shezbaernon, cannot return to his homeland of Menzoberranzan again. As a youth, Drizzt discovered he was different from other drow; he cared about others and fled his evil homeland, taking with him a *figurine of wondrous power*, a small onyx panther from which he can call forth Guenhwyvar, a powerful panther spirit.

Additional information concerning Drizzt, Bruenor, and the rest of the heroes of Icewind Dale can be found in the *Heroes Lorebook* accessory.

Moondark Mountains

No sage is sure just which of the thousands of peaks visible from the upper Surbrin are the Moondarks, but riches and power beyond the dreams of avarice await whoever does. Their forested slopes hide abandoned elven citadels of spell books and lost swords of power. The magic is said to be far more strange and powerful than that of the elves today. Tales speak of bracers allowing flight, items that call full plate armor from nothing and hurl bolts of felling force, scepters that unleash claws or whips of life-draining energy and can encase foes in stone (that hurl them away to shatter against obstacles or sink to watery graves). Many tales (no doubt grown in the telling) describe magic left behind by elves who took to ships that sailed the stars an age ago. Some accounts even say some of their skyships remain—ships, the tales insist, that are alive. The truth of this awaits adventurers valiant enough to find the peaks.

Shining White

The circular cairn rings of Shining White are separated by vales of purest white, where the barbarians have cut through the shallow turf to the chalk layer below. The menhirs and altar here are made of a bright opalescent marble.

The Evermoors

Also known as the Trollmoors, this barren, upland area still shows the scars of the huge bonfires set to burn the corpses of the trolls, or "everlasting ones," that once roamed here in hordes. Trolls still lurk in the hills and bogs, but not in vast numbers as of old.

Flintrock

This bleak ancestor mound in the moors east of Longsaddle is situated on a gnarly knob of flinty stone. The cairn rings and altar mound are created from piles of heaped rock, barren of plant growth, and are shaped like a leaping elk stag. The Elk tribe follows other gods, so the mound is almost abandoned, though a few tribesfolk use it at Runemeet.

The Dessarin Valley

Much like Delimbiyr Vale, the Dessarin Valley encompasses the area surrounding the river that is its name. Stretching from the western borders of the High Forest and south from Yartar to the Ardeep Forest, the Dessarin Valley holds sights of interest to both travelers and adventurers alike.

Of course, if you're like most travelers or adventurers, the only secrets a river holds is the method by which to cross it. There are three bridges across the Dessarin—Ironford, Stone Bridge, and Zundbridge—and these are detailed below. Of course, people crossed rivers long before bridges existed in the North, but such crossings can become hazardous, especially in the spring.



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 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 High Moors. Even before the times of the Fallen Kingdom, this was part of the vast forest that was elven Illefarn.

The forest is forlorn and largely empty. The elves have left the forest of tail blueleaf, duskwood, and weirwood trees unattended. This region was known as "Faraway Forest" to the elves because, although it was near the coast of Faerûn, it was still far away from what the elves considered home: the island of Evermeet.

Somewhere deep in this forest is the overgrown tomb of Reluraun, a warrior-hero of the elves, who lies in a vault clad in *elven chain mail*, with a dragon slayer *sword +2* on 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.

A manicured clearing in the forest surrounded by unusually tall and thick-trunk elms is a relic of Illefarn. The refreshing glade radiates constant *protection from evil*, and it's always spring here, regardless of the season. *Cure disease* spells cast here always cure lycanthrope, regardless of the level of the priest. Elves feel an incredible, restful aura of peace here, and other races can vaguely sense the clearing's calmness. Non-magical wood brought into the glade comes alive and magically begins to sprout leaves and roots.

Calling Horns

South of the Evermoors is an area of lightly wooded, rolling hills. The exact spot is marked by a cairn of weathered and lichen-covered orc skulls commemorating the slaughter of a horde. Overlooking this point is a hogback topped by a low, massive fieldstone inn and its stables. This inn bears the name Calling Horns and is run by Tosker Nightsword, a retired hunter and guide.

Calling Horns takes its name from a battle that took place nearby long ago. During this legendary battle, humans and dwarves united to defeat the last real troll army. The Calling Horns was originally built as the hunting lodge for the Zoar family, once-powerful Waterdhavian nobles that are now outlaws. There are persistent rumors of the Zoars using the inn as a base, suggesting that the family is trying to regain its former control in the City of Splendors. There is no evidence to justify this, however, as the surviving Zoars seem to dwell mainly in Amn.

After the fall of the Zoars, various noble families used the lodge as they pleased until a wandering wizard took up residence in the place. This clever wizard used his spells to dupe the next two families who showed up. His deception was not discovered for a long time. Instead, the lodge was considered haunted, so it was left alone.

The wizard Balbannon took over the lodge. While there, he studied the magic of summoning and commanding creatures from other planes. He succeeded beyond his powers, and was tom apart by a babau tanar'ri. The creature took over the lodge as its own abode. For many years, it preyed on travelers

and creatures of the High Forest. After many years, the tanar'ri was destroyed by the Bright Blade Held High, an adventuring band of half-elves. These folk used the lodge as their base for a decade before disappearing into the depths of the High Forest.

The lodge was then used by a succession of brigands, monsters, and orc raiding bands until a dwarven adventuring band from Sundabar, known as the Axe of Thunder, found some ore nearby. Before they located any real riches, however, an orc horde swept out of the north and slaughtered them.

The lodge was thereafter taken by a human band of adventurers called the Bored Swords. All members of this party were idle sons and daughters of noble Waterdhavian birth. They enjoyed success finding ruins, but they grew tired of fighting their way into their own abode when they returned. It seems brigands continually came looking for the treasure the adventurers found, so they hired their friend Tosker to run the lodge as an inn. They soon simply gave him the place.

Their treasure is certainly hidden somewhere in or near the inn, and they may never return to claim it. The Swords went deep into the High Forest, telling Tosker little. They mentioned they'd found a ruined city cloaked in a field of magic, similar to the mythal around Myth Drannor. Apparently, they hoped to find powerful magic there. They haven't returned; with each passing year, the likelihood of their return diminishes.

The inn has a slate roof and very thick stone walls. Cellars, kitchens, and a lower floor of rooms are dug into the south face of the ridge. The rooms of the inn are arranged in a single row, and the doors of the rooms all open into a single passage. The passage wall opposite the doors is broken only by a series of arrow-slits. The watchtower at the eastern end overlooks the stables, and a large feasting hall lies at the west end, with meeting rooms and grand suites set into the hill below it.

Furnishings are sparse but are of high quality and show a good fashion sense. Driftright dispel the gloom of the below-ground areas. The luminance of these spheres of radiance is controlled by will; they can even be made to trail like a faithful dog.

Crumbling Stair

In all likelihood, a fine mansion once stood here, harking back to good times during the years of the Fallen Kingdom. Now, only this marble stair and a moldering foundation remain. A ghost or haunt is said to lurk in the ruins around the stair.

Dead Horse Ford

This ford across the Dessarin near the High Wood draws its name from a battle fought here in which the hero Destril Longtracker had three horses slain beneath him.

Goldenfields

Sometimes called the Granary of the North, this walled abbey was founded over a decade ago by the priest Tolgar Anuvien (NG hm P18 [Chauntea]) of Waterdeep, a retired senior member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers. Once only a small farm lost in the rolling sweep of the grassy Dessarin meadows, Goldenfields has grown into the largest abbey of Chauntea. It is currently a fortified farm complex sprawling across 20 square miles. Within its walls, over 5,000 devout worshippers of Chauntea tend crops of grain and vegetables.



Most folk of Faerûn are staggered by the sheer size of the tillage. It seems like a large slice of the “paradise of plenty” promised by many gods.

Of course, an agricultural wonder like this is walled and jealously guarded. The people of Goldenfields have already driven off more than 20 large-scale barbarian raids. Mounted patrols of 20 or more adventurer-priests scour the lands around Goldenfields. They patrol as far north as the Stone Bridge, and as far east as the High Forest. These patrols seek trolls, goblin-kin, and other evils to fight. They also try to capture game for domestication. They challenge all folk they meet but don’t fight unless they are attacked or encounter obviously evil creatures, such as drow or orcs.

Goldenfields is rapidly becoming the agricultural backbone of the North. It supplies food to Waterdeep and most of the inland settlements. With its increasing importance, the influence and stature of Tolgar Anuvien has also grown. He is quickly becoming the equal of such rulers as Lord Nasher of Neverwinter and High Lady Alustriel of Silverymoon.

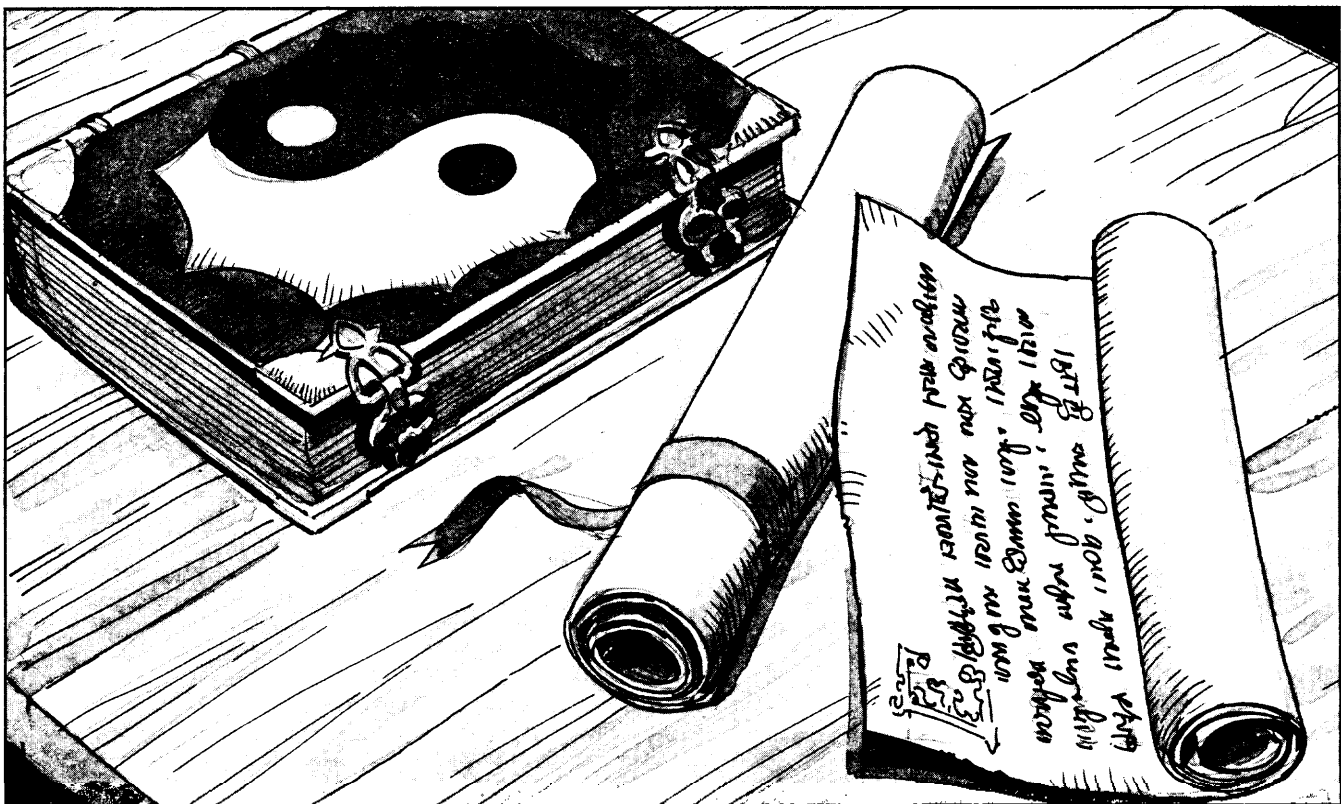
Tolgar plans to expand Goldenfields northward to gain control of the strategic Ironford river crossing at Bargewright Inn. From there, Goldenfields could safely expand to the east bank of the Dessarin. Tolgar is now puzzling over just how to absorb, ally with, or take over Bargewright Inn, but he has not yet made any open offers to Feston Bargewright. Before he can undertake any further expansion, Tolgar needs adventurers willing to defend Goldenfields. Evil creatures, such as orcs, brigands, trolls, and a few goblins, bugbears, and foraging monsters, still roam

the area. Tolgar’s defenders must be faithful worshippers of Chauntea or Lathander, with a loyalty to Goldenfields. They would most likely spend their lives patrolling the region. Tolgar’s main problem is that most adventurers quickly find such service too boring.

Goldenfields enjoys good relations with Waterdeep and all the human-held cities of the North. It’s officially a member of the Lords’ Alliance, and Tolgar is in nearly constant communication with Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun and Piergeiron of Waterdeep.

Goldenfields happily takes in adventurers weary of danger or those on the run from justice. They may stay as long as they are willing to work in the fields and fight to defend the abbey. Chauntea’s said to be very proud of Goldenfields and allegedly watches over it personally. Rumors say that she guides her workers through dream-visions and aids defenders with timely bolts of lightning or earth tremors.

Tolgar amassed great wealth, including many magical items, in his adventuring days. Some of it’s hidden in Piergeiron’s Palace in Waterdeep, some is in a private house owned by Tolgar there, and still more is somewhere in or near Waterdeep’s Inn of the Dripping Dagger. Tolgar’s friend, Malchor Harpell, also safeguards some of Tolgar’s riches in the Tower of Twilight. Of course, the main bulk of Tolgar’s wealth is hidden in Goldenfields. His community used to be a significant drain on his treasury, but it now adds to his riches with each passing day. Thieves beware: Tolgar fully earned both his nicknames—The Patiently Vengeful and Beholderslayer.





Halls of Hunting Axe

The tumbled stones of this ancient dwarfhold are still visible from the apex of the Stone Bridge, some 30 miles distant. This colony of Delzoun succumbed to ruin long before its homeland disappeared. The few cathedral-like halls that remain standing have no equal in the North. Fragments of colored glass amid the rubble hint at the stained glass that may have adorned the towering windows.

House of Stone

To the east of the Ardeep Forest is a huge, square tower built over a millennia ago by dwarves under the charge of Turgo Ironfist. The citadel was established to help defend what is now known as the Fallen Kingdom against tribes of attacking orcs, hobgoblins, bugbears, and troll. The dwarves excavated huge, multi-leveled 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 children's rhyme.

Although it is nearly as large as a small town, it seems to be a single building. Hundreds of rooms, atriums, halls, temples, and towers are interconnected in a maze-like manner. Some chambers are open to the sky, others are roofed over, while still more are crumbled ruins. Stairs, shafts, and wells descend to subterranean areas. Most rooms contain lifelike statues of men, elves, orcs, and minotaurs.

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, sliding 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 and 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 apparently forced them apart some months before his visit, for her huge corpse hung just beyond, impaled on a massive stone claw that sprung out into the space beyond the doors. The elves just smiled when asked if the place was full of such traps, and Mintiper noted that it was best for any future adventurers to be prepared for such magic before venturing inside. Elaith Craulnobur has been gathering information on the House of Stone for nearly twenty years, and he soon plans to challenge the traps and dangers (with a group of expendable hirelings and adventurers, if possible).

The House seems to operate in some kind of reverse-time effect. Rather than crumbling to rubble, ruined areas rebuild themselves unaided and room connections constantly change.

The adventurer Kelvin Nikkelbane described a vast underground room that contained a forest of enormous silvery trees, and another adventurer is said to have seen spectral images of elves, dwarves, and men flitting about the rooms.

Ironford

This is the sight of a new bridge built across the ford here. While the details regarding the fate of the last bridge are somewhat hazy, it appears that a group of adventurers emptied a *wand of fireballs* into a group of trolls that were charging out of the water toward them. By the time the smoke and flames had cleared, the old wooden bridge was gone.

Jundar's Hill

This ford across the Dessarin is not a particularly shallow or easy crossing. The Bargewright Inn is located here.

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 over 420 years ago by warriors of Waterdeep. This honor occurred after the princess' people 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. 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 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 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 much.

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 many winters ago during the bleak winter of the Year of the Shaking Serpent).

Sarcrag is said to be haunted by the Howler, a banshee-like 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.

Long ago, an armed force escorting 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 bejeweled crown, orb, scepter, and sword of state (a *flame tongue* long sword).



The Waterdeep guard swore that no man could have escaped through their lines, for mages cast *detect magic* and *detect invisibility* 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 intervening years, but none have found the lost riches.

Stone Bridge

This massive stone arch spans the River Dessarin without ceremony or accompanying settlement, rising lonely and weathered in the midst of rolling grasslands without a road or building to be seen as far as the eye can scan. Built by dwarves 5,000 years ago to link the now-ruined Halls of the Hunting Axe with forgotten dwarven holds, it's a lonely reminder of ancient days.

The Bridge was built to span the broadest imaginable spring flood of the Dessarin. It rises in a great arc, without supporting pillars, some two miles in length and 100 feet wide, reaching a height of 400 feet above the waters of the river (at normal flow). Equally impressive are the four pylonlike sculptures, two flanking each end of the bridge, that rise 500 feet above the valley. Each weathered pylon depicts a grim, dwarven warrior waiting and watching.

The dwarves explain the awesome size of the bridge—and its continued survival, despite armies clashing on it and mages hurling mighty spells to and from it over the centuries—to the fact that it is a temple to the dwarven god Moradin the Soul-forger. It's true that some pious dwarves do make pilgrimages there, and at least once in times of darkness for the dwarves, Moradin appeared on the bridge. Local legend even claims that Moradin, when banished to Faerûn during the Time of Troubles, 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.

Stump Bog

This 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 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.

The waters of the Stump Bog may 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.

There are many rumors of sunken treasure in its murky waters, but those who plunge into them would do well to remember that danger is never very far away. The bog is rife with will o' wisps, mudmen, and various undead creatures after dark, though they don't stray from the bog. They haven't been discovered due to the bog's size and one simple fact: No one goes there after dark.

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, Baldur's Gate, and the lands 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 at an attached double-walled castle 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.

The double-walled castle, situated on a rocky outcropping above the river gorge southeast of Waterdeep, guards the High Road bridge across the River Dessarin. An inner wall protects the garrison buildings and an outer wall encircles a vast field where caravans rest while being inspected by Waterdeep customs officers. Most trading costers own permanent "yards" here for their caravans. The outer bailey's north gate opens onto a drawbridge, controlled from within the gate towers. "Judge" Kazardun, a former mercenary (LG dm F7), commands the Waterdeep troops here. He's the Lord's Alliance law as far south as Daggerford and east to Secomber. Zundbridge is home to the Red Rune Inn, claimed by many to make the finest shalass stew in all Faerûn.

The High Forest

Deep, dark, and enigmatic, the High Forest is inarguably the greatest forest in Faerûn, since it has resisted the woodsman's axe for untold centuries. The sylvan wood's expanse covers more than 500 miles from its southern edge near Secomber to its northern reaches at the foothills of the Nether Mountains. In fact, the forest accounts for nearly 20% of the total land area of what is considered the Savage Frontier.

Many rumors and mysteries abound in regards to the High Forest and the secrets it holds within the shade of its trees. Folk talk of enclaves of druids, tribes of elves, and hordes of treants, dryads, and other sylvan races alike. Legends older than Waterdeep talk of ruined elven cities from the days of Netheril within the bowers of its trees and ancient mines within the lofty Star Mounts at the forest's center. Truth be told, no one truly knows what lurks inside the tree line of the High Forest—few in recent memory have entered the forest and returned to tell tales of it. Those who dwell near its borders respect the forest, as it seems to emanate some suggestive force that keeps them from plundering its timber or other natural resources. Whether the powers that preserve the High Forest are mortal or divine in nature, there is something about this forest that warns human civilization away. As a result, the High Forest remains a mystery to all those who do not dare enter it.



The Secrets of The Forest

The amount of knowledge people should have about the High Forest is left up to the DM's discretion. Bear in mind, however, that much of the information on the forest should be carefully guarded. Tavern talk might easily consist of legends and half-heard rumors of a name or a creature, but little beyond that should be counted on unless experienced firsthand by the player characters. Of course, if the PCs consort with the likes of Khelben the Blackstaff or Alustriel of Silvermoon, they can discover a bit more—but only as much as the DM wishes to dole out. After all, secrets shared are hardly mysteries for long.

Forest Folk

Within its green depths, the High Forest plays home to nearly every sort of woodland creature known to Faerûn. Scattered tribes of centaurs, dryads, korred, treants, and sylvan elves make up the bulk of the woodlands population, but nearly anything indigenous to forested areas can potentially be found here. Also expected are a few isolated encampments of human druids and rangers, many of whom are allies (if not members) of the Harpers. All of these creatures have their own territories inside the forest and are mentioned below. If no specific location is noted for a creature, it can be found in any part of the forest.

Aarakocra: This winged race once dwelt in great numbers among the central Star Mounts, but its five aeries on the upper slopes of the central mountains have been savaged by the attacks of Elaacriminalicros ("Elaar") the green dragon. These aarakocra villages are now abandoned and their buildings are slowly deteriorating past the point of repair.

The aarakocra are not extinct within the High Forest, but nearly so. Their only remaining village is located farther down the slopes of the Star Mounts' southernmost mountains. At the headwaters of the Unicorn Run, the Khle'cayre ("Last Aerie") is home to a mere 47 aarakocra led by Wuorlah (NG P6), an old, enfeebled shaman.

Centaur: There is one large, clanlike tribe of High Forest centaurs that makes its home on the plateaus, cliffs, and isolated glades among the Sisters waterfalls at the headwaters of the Unicorn Run. The tribe was once one clan led by one leader, Motril Thewstrong, but his recent passing in 1366 has nearly split the tribe into two clans, each camp led by one of his twin sons. There is no strife between the two brothers, but each sees a different direction for Clan Hoofnight.

Motril the Younger is an aggressive, warlike leader like his father, while his brother Naryath is a more diplomatic, thoughtful guide for their people. The split came with the Mistmaster's call to arms against Hellgate Keep; Motril led a full army of 75 centaur warriors against the fiends, while Naryath remained behind to protect their lands from trouble during the fighting. With Motril's return from the battle, there are many centaurs wanting to maintain their aggressive status and expand their territory.

For now, the brothers are at detente, but the situation remains tense and simply waits for a spark to reignite the problems. Naryath's supporters include most of the tradesmen, craftsmen, and elder centaurs of the tribe, while Motril's support comes from his warriors and hunters. Many young centaurs are starting to look for excuses to either go to war with some faction or simply break off into a new tribe and establish new pridelands elsewhere in the forest.

Dragons: There are currently three green dragons living

within the leaves of the High Forest. Grimmshatdrano, known in some circles as the "Riddling Dragon," makes his lair in the Endless Caverns along or under the Unicorn Run. His brief foray into Waterdeep on Shieldmeet in 1364 attracted a number of daredevils into the High Forest hunting him and seeking his death, but they only fed him and added to his treasure horde.

Elaacriminalicros is by far the eldest dragon of the High Forest, and this ancient green wyrm has a lair among the highest peaks of the Star Mounts. He sleeps for decades at a time, but he was recently awakened by something, and his hunger drove him to devour over 120 aarakocra in their aeries a few miles from his lair before returning to slumber.

The third green dragon is a female named Chloracridara, newly arrived from the Far Forest. She currently cares for a clutch of two eggs in her lair and intends on remaining until these are hatched and her young are ready to leave. Her lair is located among the ruins of Mhiilamniir between the Lost Peaks and the Nameless Dungeon. She attacks anything within 200 yards of her lair to provide food for her young.

Drow: There have been rumors for centuries that the forest conceals entrances to the Underdark—specifically to Menzoberranzan, one of the most powerful Deepearth cities. Such rumors hold true in a number of places, including locations near the Endless Caverns, the Lost Peaks, and the ruins of Karse. Only one of these access points has actually resulted in a drow settlement, though a few bold Harpers use these points to venture beneath the Realms.

There is an established tribe of approximately 100 Vhaerun-worshipping drow living at the western fringe of the High Forest just two days south of the River Dessarin's headwaters near the Lost Peaks. The tribe is led by a drow merchant and wizard named Misstyre (NE em (drow) W5). The colony is woefully short of female drow members, and it has taken in a number of outcast female elves from other tribes (as well as some kidnapped sylvan elves) to foster children and further cement their presence here. They waylay the few travelers or woodsmen that venture within a day's presence of their encampment and have to maintain a strong military defense against both random korred attacks and organized strikes by the sylvan elf tribes.

Another, smaller enclave of drow live within the High Forest, brought here by Qilué Veladorn's daughter, Ysolde. She leads a sisterhood of drow maiden priestesses to Eilistraee a score strong. Their camp is also near the Dessarin, but it lies north of the Lost Peaks and remains less than a night's travel from the trade route to Everlund (north of Noanar's Hold, at the forest's edge). Their presence here is temporary, and they plan on returning to the Promenade of Eilistraee down beneath Waterdeep when the full moon rises again and shines into a hollow tree from which they teleported to the surface.

Elves: Of the sylvan elves of the High Forest, little is known. The Sy-Tel'Quessir within the woods are constantly moving bands of warriors and druids who earnestly protect the forest from all but the most peaceful of creatures vehemently. Numbering no more than 1,000 and no less than 200, the High Forest sylvan elves have aggressively exterminated three entire orc clans, a long-ago established drow slaving settlement, and all of the hill giants that once populated the Star Mounts and the Sisters.

The two main sylvan elf settlements within the forest are Nordahaeril, a small tree-city reminiscent of Tall Trees between the Sisters and the Stronghold of the Nine, and Rei-



theillaethor, a settlement east of Karse along the Heartblood River and beyond the boundaries of the Dire Wood. If there are additional elven settlements or elves within the High Forest, they might dwell among the ruins of the southeastern forest kingdom that was ancient in Athalantar's day.

Half-elven Renegades: Eaerlann's centuries-old fall still has repercussions among these woodlands. Half-elven brigands, primarily of moon-elf descent though numerous drow are also found, are all that remain of the once-proud elves of Eaerlann within the High Forest. Princess Tianna Skyflower (CE hf T12/M11/P5 [Karsus]) is one of the most noted of these renegades, and she and her band of raiders have made a regular practice of harassing trade and travelers along the southern edge of the forest. For unknown reasons, Tianna has moved her base and home from the Dire Wood to the forest's edge by the Shining Falls.

Humans: Of all the races populating the High Forest, humans are the rarest. A bold few wander the forest as rangers or servants of some power, and there are a small number of druids who have appointed themselves the guardians of Tall Trees, the last remnants of an ancient elven tree-city of Eaerlann. They live within the city ruins themselves, located near the forest's eastern edge. Among other noted humans who bravely make the forest their home are the Mistmaster and his allies, Bran Skorlsun the Raven, and Jeryth Phaulkon, the Granddaughter of Silvanus and Mielikki's Chosen.

Korred: Korred and satyrs alike are found in great numbers among the forest glades south of the Lost Peaks. Numbers vary as per the population of these dance-happy forest dwellers, though amounts approaching 2,500 would be appropriate for the size of their territory. These diminutive satyrlike creatures worship their god Tappan the Dancer in dancing glades as well as honor Shiallia, a female woodland demipower associated with Mielikki.

Mongrel Men: These mixed breeds had become a force to be reckoned with in the central forest a decade ago when called into service by a charismatic man known as "The One." Just as the One—or Radoc, as he was also known—disappeared without anyone's knowledge, his mongrel men servants and soldiers likewise faded without a trace over ten years ago. At its height, the One's mongrelmen numbered nearly 75 heads, but only a few are encountered in the High Forest today.

Orcs: Numerous orc tribes once dwelled in the cool darkness of the southwestern forest, but many of their crude villages have recently fallen to organized attacks by the sylvan elves of the eastern woods. There were four major tribes that previously lived at the forest's fringes, and only the Iceshield Orcs remain a force of any great size. The orcs of the Gory Tusk, the Grisly Sword, and the Helmcrusher tribes were all brought to extinction by years of calculated warfare and raids by the elves over the course of the past forty years.

The Iceshield Orcs remain isolated but alive within a fortified wooden palisade protecting their settlement of 300. The encampment lies a half-day's ride into the High Forest, directly east of the Halls of the Hunting Axe.

Pegasi: While their home terrain is mostly the foothills north of the High Forest, pegasi have a place within the woods thanks to the Mistmaster. He captures wild pegasi and breaks them for riders as well as maintains a stables within the Citadel of the Mists for pegasi. At any given time, pegasi can be found wandering within or flying over the northern forests around the Citadel.

Treants: The High Forest remains the home to the largest collection of treants known in the Realms. They once dwelt in the northern parts of the forest near the city of Everlund, and those woods are still known as the Woods of Turlang, named after the eons-old treant ruler, Turlang the Thoughtful.

Unbeknownst to most folk, Turlang and over 100 of his treant subjects have been on the move for the past few years. The treants have spread their branches east and south within the High Forest, likewise animating trees from deep within the forest to spread the tree line of the High Forest. Turlang is currently with a force of 60 treants in the Upvale, spreading small trees, roots, and overgrowth atop the ruins of Hellgate Keep. While the Upvale and the new "Hellgate Dell" have informally become the new "Home of the Wood Rulers," Turlang keeps his wizened eyes trained on the forest as a whole, and thus he also has treants actively preventing any interference along the Delimbiyr and along the southern forest near Loudwater.

Unicorns: Finally, the famed unicorns of the Unicorn Run are not mythical at all. While the main herd tends to remain scattered throughout the forest, quite a few unicorns are always present around the Sisters and all along the river that bears their name. There are at least 100 unicorns inside the High Forest, but no human traveler or group has ever seen more than a pair of unicorns at any time.

Locations

The High Forest has more than its normal share of lost cities, fabled sites, and rumored locations, because the land has remained relatively unspoiled over the centuries. The forest's apparent invulnerability to woodcutters' blades has kept many places secret long after other contemporary ruins about the Savage Frontier have since been plundered. Over the years, sections of the High Forest have gained alternative names, either for long-lost nations beneath the shade and the undergrowth or for the creatures and peoples that dwell therein.

The noted section below mentions both current geographic locations and well-known sites within the High Forest, including lost ruins and ancient strongholds fallen into nonuse (or not!). With the exception of the Old Road and some small footpaths along the Unicorn Run, there are no paths through the forest obvious to even the most skilled of human adventurers or trackers. Elves can barely spot the ancient traces of elven paths or monster tracks, but it should simply be noted that no location away from the mentioned trails is easy to reach even for the most tried of rangers and woodsmen.

Citadel of the Mists

Focal point of myriad magics and intrigues alike, the Citadel of the Mists is one of the most well-known human dwellings within the woods. This isolated castle lies in the forest's northern fringes and is home to many powerful people. The citadel's undisputed lord is known only as the Mistmaster (C19/III26), a human of extremely long life who has reputedly been at least a mage and a priest of no small power. He dwells here with his household retainers and allies, among whom number the fighting priest Iltmul (LN hm P11 [Helm]), Cherissa Mintareil (CG hf F9 [Tymora]), who gained great fame in the service of Cormyr, and the enigmatic wizardess from Silvermoon known only as Azure (NG hf Inv12).



The Citadel of the Mists, if not obscured by its namesake mists, appears as a slim triangle of three towers jutting from two large buildings and an enclosed courtyard. The tallest tower houses the aerie for the Mistmaster's pegasi, and this (as well as its egress into the Citadel) is heavily guarded by charmed air and fire elementals.

The Citadel was built in its current form only 75 years ago, and it rests upon the foundations of an ancient elven fortress. Beneath the castle are ancient cellars and passageways belonging to the stronghold that preceded the Citadel at this location. These under-tunnels have been blocked repeatedly, and no one has walked these halls in nearly 3,000 years. Guarded by both monstrous guardians and mighty magic at all quarters above and below, the Citadel is cloaked in swirling wardmists whenever the Mistmaster wishes.

Dire Woods

This strange, hilly land within the eastern High Forest is named the Dire Woods because of a legendary massacre of humans that caused the soil to redden. This epic predates even the hoary tales of Netheril, though folk today have other reasons to label this place as dire. Once a frenzied and ever-expanding area of unexplained magic, the chaos has stabilized and remained stable since the Time of Troubles.

During its expansions, the Dire Wood's boundaries were marked by black, petrified trees; now, its outer boundaries are delineated by the same black trees surrounded by an outer ring of albino oaks—ancient oak trees bleached white in bark, wood, and leaves by some bizarre magic. While its outer ring can be paced out to measure a four-mile circumference of ivory trees, its interior dimensions are far more expansive and appear to measure 100-150 miles within the perimeter.

Whether inside or out, the terrain of the Dire Wood consists of uneven hills and undergrowth. The terrain changes only once, with a single, towering, red stone butte jutting out from the forest floor; this simply marks the location of the now-abandoned ruins of Karse, a former outpost dating from the latter days of ancient Netheril.

Weather here bears no resemblance to the outer world and is highly magical (see **Deeper Secrets** below for wizard weather). Creatures long extinct elsewhere are found here in abundance, though they die if forced out beyond the Dire Woods' boundaries. Wild magic sites are almost commonplace herein, appearing at random then disappearing without a trace. A few druids report the natural existence of deepspawn within one part of the Dire Wood, and rangers have documented proof of giant forest animals emerging from the wood and remaining altered. One particular displacer beast was doubled in size and its tentacles were felling small trees before the creature was brought low.

Eaerlann

Eaerlann is yet one more of the lost civilizations of the North that fell before time and the blades of orcs and tanar'ri alike. Situated along the western banks of the upper Delimbiyr, elves of old built a realm comparable to Myth Drannor in the eastern High Forest called Eaerlann. Its works were rare but wondrous, and only hints of the achingly beautiful songs written there remain alive today (Many bards say that to find a true song of Eaerlann is worth more than your weight in purest mithral!).

Eaerlann and its holdings were abandoned when their fair city of Ascalhorn fell to tanar'ri hordes, becoming fell Hellgate Keep. Many, if not all, of the elves joined the migration to the west to Evermeet. Still, the works and some of the sites of Eaerlann remain evident today, but only to those who know where to look.

Tall Trees, the Nameless Dungeon, and the Old Road are the most noted of the ruins of Eaerlann, but others exist. The Stronghold of the Nine, long held to be a former dwarven hold, was an outpost, smithy, and armory created by dwarven allies of Eaerlann, abandoned only scant centuries after the elves left as well. Mhiilanniir is one of the best-kept secrets of the High Forest, and it is one of the most complete remnants of Eaerlann's civilization outside of Tall Trees. One and a half day's travel heading west-northwest from the western end of the Old Road (or three day's travel east from the Lost Peaks) places travelers among the long-overgrown ruins of the lost temple city of Eaerlann. Various artifacts, personal treasure holds, and sundry carvings and statues dot the eastern expanse of the High Forest, constantly reminding inhabitants of what trod this land before them.

Endless Caverns

At the edge of the Sisters, the broken lands south of the Star Mounts, numerous caverns dot the cliffs, and most are unremarkable. However, a northern fork of the Unicorn Run flows from a huge opening in the cliff face, and the cave it creates is the entrance to what Harper rangers and druids know as the Endless Caverns. These are a series of deep-reaching cavern and tunnel complexes that the elves of Eaerlann (as do the elves and centaurs of the High Forest today) believed had connection points with the Deep Realms of Underearth.

In the ancient days after the abandonment of Eaerlann, Grax Rekaxx, an ancient green dragon, made the mouth of the Endless Caverns his home. His moss-covered bones decorate the outermost cave chamber, where the river falls a short distance to join the Unicorn Run. However, no trace was ever found of his vast dragon hoard after his slaying at the hands of elven adventurers from Evereska over four centuries ago. This was due to the fact that some of the hoard went to Evereska, while the rest was hidden well.

For the past 65 winters, Grimnoshtasdrano, the "Riddling Dragon," has made his residence in the ancient lair of Grax. He has quite an old and substantial hoard for a dragon of his relative young age; he was simply the first to uncover the remains of Grax's hoard and absorb it into his own. Despite some distaste, Grimnosh leaves the bones of Grax in place simply as a warning to those who would test his patience.

A ranger, Skimmerhorn of Secomber, reported evidence of illithid activity here on his investigation there in 1356. Returning within a year's time with a band of adventurers and fellow rangers, they ventured into the Endless Caverns, flushed out an encampment of illithids and drow slavers, and went deeper to collapse the tunnels used to reach the surface. No word of their success—or survival—has ever reached Secomber in the interim decade or more.

"The Far Forests"

Once an idyllic fair wood similar to the brightest parts of the High Forest, the Far Forests suffered a like fate as Ascalhorn with its fall. Its dryad and treant population abandoned its trunks centuries ago as more fiendish creatures from Hellgate Keep invaded its tree line. The trees themselves eventually



mirrored the horrific inhabitants, becoming twisted, sickly growths that provided gloom rather than shade. Aside from basic wildlife and the invading fiends, no intelligent sylvan races remained in the Far Forests.

With the fall of Hellgate Keep, the fiends within the Far Forests have begun to move south toward the Fallen Lands, seeking a safe haven from destruction. Currently, the Far Forests have once again become the home of treants and dryads, whose ministrations and care have begun to restore the woods to health. Some of the treants have marched the most corrupt or twisted of the trees to a new outer tree line closer to the Delimbiyr, allowing the sunshine to help heal the melancholic nature that permeated the trees and ground.

Motril the Younger, one of the centaur leaders of Clan Hoofmight, has discussed plans of moving some of his clan here both to expand their territory and to fight the fiends that remain in isolated pockets. As of this writing, the exodus has not progressed much beyond the idea. Also, the treants under Turlang and a clan of leprechauns are currently effective at ridding the Far Forests of fiends.

Grandfather Tree

Somewhere within the heart of the High Forest, a gnarled oak tree of monstrous proportions towers above the surrounding trees. This is the much-fabled ancestor mound called Grandfather Tree, and it is considered holy ground to a number of Northern barbarian tribes as well as most of the natives of the forest. Four lesser oak trees, dwarfed by the spread of Grandfather Tree's branches, mark the quarters around its base and act as monolithic boundary marks for the inner cairn and ancestor mound. Only a few rotted stumps and fallen logs remain of any man- or elf-made works here, former tribal totem poles of the Blue Bear tribe.

Long ago, the mound's champion spirits drove the Blue Bear tribe away for reasons known only to the gods and the spirits themselves. The tribal shaman brought a cutting from Grandfather Tree and planted the now-ancient oak at the Stone Stand ancestor mound to serve as the tribe's new ancestor mound. When the tribe split between the Blue Bears and the Tree Ghosts with the advent of Tanta Hagara's corruption, both tribes began single-minded quests to find the long-lost Grandfather Tree, hoping to restore the tribe's might with a return to its roots. After long centuries apart, the Tree Ghost tribe finally rediscovered the Grandfather Tree and have built a settlement within the forest near it.

The colossal oak tree and its guardian spirits project what is akin to a natural ward. It negates any detection or location magics trained on anyone within 100 yards of its branches, just as the tree itself is immune to location magics and scrying. It also prevents anyone from *teleporting* or *gating* within a mile of its central trunk; said magics can be used to move away from Grandfather Tree, but any attempts to *teleport* or magically move closer to the tree are negated. Allies of the Tree Ghost tribe, and especially worshipers of Mielikki, Silvanus, Eldath, or Rillifane Rallathil, heal at twice the normal amount (via spells or natural healing) when under the spread of Grandfather Tree's branches.

Finally, the wards surrounding Grandfather Tree allow those of neutral and good morals to approach it; those of evil morals must make morale checks (or saving throws versus paralysis, as applicable) every hour to approach within a mile



of Grandfather Tree. Those who fail experience bad omens that cause them to decide on another path that leads them away from Grandfather Tree.

Beneath the tree and the mound, the Hall of Mists is guarded by giant ants with regenerative and phasing abilities. The hall is rumored to contain gates and portals to other planes, looking like far more ancient temples than any others in the High Forest, including the ancient ruined temples of Mhiilamniir. Grandfather Tree's natural wards prevent anything from breaching these gates from their opposite sides, but those who brave the depths might find they lead to various locations among the Outer Planes.

Hall of Four Ghosts

Its name long lost to all but the most learned of historians, this ruined dwarfhold was once a logging town, where dwarves harvested mighty trees from the High Forest for the clans throughout the North. It now draws its title and reputation from its last remaining building, the decrepit great hall of the city's former lord. The hall, abandoned for the past centuries since the fall of Ascalhorn, is still haunted by four ghosts.

This quartet of dwarven spirits shares a common link—they were all tragic lovers who caused each other's deaths. While a number of dwarven adventurers have sought to free the ghosts from their torment, something holds them here against all attempts to turn them or bring them peace. Unlike many ghosts of the Realms, they also all seem oblivious to anyone or anything aside from each other. If there is any knowledge about the four ghosts' identities and the reason for their post-mortem plight, it is so rare that no one speaks of it in the lands of the Savage Frontier.

Curiously enough, the ghosts of the Hall instantly converge around an entrance if a dwarf comes within 10 yards of it. They then appear to beckon and plead silently with the dwarf for something. No dwarf has entered these ruins or the tunnels in nearly a century, so this tale is long forgotten among the tavern tales.

Tunnels burrow deep from the former dwarven town's location to caverns and tunnel networks far beneath the western High Forest. Their upper entrances are nearly all blocked by rocks, but it is possible to shift some rock and enter individually. Giant trolls are known to lair here along with their normal relatives. These tunnels eventually make some connections to the Underdark and have in the past been places for drow and illithid slavers to bring new slaves down to the Underearth.

Hellgate Dell

The former site of Hellgate Keep and lost Ascalhorn is unrecognizable today. The pile of rubble where the main citadel once stood is now an uneven, craggy hill overgrown with moss and small bushes. Surrounding that hill is a ring of 25 huge oak trees. Should any nonnative of the High Forest (and definitely any tanar'ri) approach the dell, five of the trees reveal themselves to be treants keeping watch over the ruins to prevent anyone from releasing the evil that yet lurks beneath the ruins.

Karse

In the center of the Dire Wood are the ancient ruins of Karse. In older days, religious Netherese emigrants built this city at the base of a tall butte of red stone. Like Eaclann and many places, the town of Karse was abandoned after the fall of Ascalhorn and left to ruin. Both normal forest and black, petrified

oaks have grown throughout the ruins. The only building that weather the centuries without scars is an eerie, black pyramid that pulses and flickers with a sickly green radiance.

The lich Wulgreth, whose infamy is legendary as the creator of the magical Dire Wood and the fool whose summoned tanar'ri led to the fall of Ascalhorn, made Karse's ruins its home for the past millennia. None have seen or heard anything of the lich for the past seven years, and even the tale-telling Harpers have no lore to enlighten adventurers as to the fate of Wulgreth. Some guess he either was destroyed, degenerated into demilich status, or perhaps he simply left. No one knows for certain, but all know that they do not want to be the ones to find out.

Lost Peaks

These two small mountains in the northwestern wood are the source of the River Dessarin, as well as home to Korred and satyrs on the lower slopes and in the woods. Rumors and legends place the Fountains of Memory here, on high plateaus and in small caves near the zenith of one of the Lost Peaks.

The Fountains are magical pools that reflect views of Faerûn's past, whether it is the recent past, long-past history, or a personal past of the viewer. The waters also allegedly form gates that allow instantaneous travel to the places viewed, however it is unclear whether the exact time periods viewed can be reached rather than just the place. Some legends link the Fountains to the powers of Tappan, the dancing god of the korred, but his magical Fountains are said to be in a peaceful glade rather than a mountain plateau or cave.

Within the slopes of the easternmost Lost Peak, a long-dead dwarven hold lies undisturbed as it has for 12 centuries. Should anyone discover its entrance, they discover a dwarven mining facility still filled with the forms of dwarves. Mysteriously, the entire place is dead as are its inhabitants, but some fell magics hold every dwarf upright and in place performing the action the corpse was doing when it died. Whatever destroyed this place killed everyone unawares and instantly, as most of the skeletal dwarves work at mining or smelting at dusty, long-dead forges or pounding out metal for weapons. It is truly eerie to walk through the halls, finding dwarven skeletal forms still hard at work long after death.

Mhiilamniir

Mhiilamniir is the most complete reminder of Eaclann's civilization outside of Tall Trees. Less than two days' travel from the end of the Old Road (or three days' travel east from the Lost Peaks) puts travelers among the overgrown ruins of the lost temple city of Eaclann. At the height of Eaclann's civilization, Mhiilamniir was the location of a number of major temples and seats of power for elven clergies of the North.

Not one building in Mhiilamniir today is not thoroughly covered by mosses, undergrowth, shrubbery, or small trees. The largest building was the central temple, once dedicated to Corellon Larethian, that sits at the hub of the small grove-enshrouded ruins. With its central dome long shattered and fallen, its jagged edges of stone are the only easily sought suggestions that a city once stood here. Unfortunately, Mhiilamniir is no longer safe for elven pilgrims, since Corellon's temple is now the lair of a green dragon female named Chloracidara. Chlorida is rabidly paranoid about protecting her two eggs—not to mention her not-inconsiderable hoard—from raiders, and she attacks anyone she finds within the ruins of the temple city.



Nameless Dungeon

Eaerlann's treasures were believed to have disappeared with the elves, but this was proven wrong when the elven ruin soon known as the Nameless Dungeon yielded mithral armor, magical weapons, and other works of lost elven craft to adventurers from Sundabar in 1351. The plundered citadel quickly caused a furor among elves in the North, and envoys from Evermeet have established some guardians at the site (along with troops supplied by High Lady Alustriel of Silvermoon and others from Evereska) to prevent trespassers from plundering elven treasures that should remain buried.

In almost two decades, the Nameless Dungeon has produced only a few artifacts and items, such as two mithral suits of scale and chain mail armor, an ornately-crafted long sword with a basket hilt (carved to appear as multiple tongues of flame), and a helm made of mithral that was shaped like a hawk's head complete with beak. This scarcity is due to the fact that its guardians (2-12 moon-elf warriors of levels 3-8) have allowed no one to enter for over twelve years without tokens of free passage granted exclusively by Alustriel (granted ostensibly to historians and elven scholars).

The elves claim they simply don't want the holy ground of an ancient elven burial ground violated by ravaging intruders. Others claim that there is something powerful in the ancient crypts that the elves wish to keep secret.

Nordahaeril

Nordahaeril is a small tree-city reminiscent of Tall Trees between the Sisters and the Stronghold of the Nine. It is a series of houses built around and in the trunks of the massive trees at the forest's heart. Consisting of approximately 20 trees and 30 individual buildings or huts interconnected by swinging vines, branch roads, and rope bridges between the trees, this settlement is home to about 100 sylvan elves. There is only one entrance to this colony from the forest floor, and it is a heavily guarded winding stair that ascends 100 feet up the interior of a massive oak to the lowest of Nordahaeril's outbuildings.

The Old Road

This is a 35-foot-wide cobblestone road built by the elves of Eaerlann long centuries before Waterdeep was even a trading post. Many of the stones are cracked—if not dislodged or missing altogether—after years of nonuse and neglect. Still, it provides one of the easiest paths into the interior of the High Forest, no matter what shape it's in. Its roughest treatment lies 10 miles into the forest, where either spells or wizard weather sundered the road with an earthquake and left a 50-foot-diameter crater centered on the Old Road, requiring folk to walk into the forest surrounding it.

There is one manned guardpost at the intersection where the Old Road splits off and leads to the Nameless Dungeon. The garrison here consists of moon elves and gold elves from Silvermoon and Evereska; there are no less than 25 warriors of varied levels at any given time, and at least four of them are mid-level priests or wizards as well. If travelers have a token allowing them passage to the Nameless Dungeon, they are escorted to it by a small force of at least one elf per party member. If they simply use the road to travel farther west, the elves keep a sharp eye on them for at least the next mile (to make sure they don't double back and head for the Nameless Dungeon).

The Old Road ends in stages, gradually switching from its stone pavement to a well-worn log road for roughly five miles. After that, the Old Road degenerates into a footpath and finally dead ends in a small grove. There was once a small stone marker carved with elvish writing that simply said "This be the end of the Old Road of Eaerlann's folk. Attend the silence of the grove and say a prayer to those who walked before you and those who follow your footsteps as well." That marker was destroyed by lightning or some other explosive force in 1355. At the site of the blasted marker, though, is the skeletal severed arm of a gnoll still clutching a rusted and pitted short sword.

Reitheillaethor

Reitheillaethor is a new elven settlement east of Karse along the Heartblood River and just beyond the boundaries of the Dire Wood. Unlike Nordahaeril, this is a colony on the forest floor, still primarily using huts and tents. Many of Reitheillaethor's inhabitants are nomads within the forest, coming to this site only during the winter. The few permanent buildings are wooden lodges, and they all seem to have grown out of the entwining roots and bark of the surrounding trees. Reitheillaethor is a circular encampment around one huge, central lodge with four great oaks as its four corners. Seven smaller lodges and a ring of trees form a perimeter around that center, and the remainder of the settlement tends to be individual tents, lean-tos, and temporary cabins.

While the sylvan elves of the High Forest are all hunters and gatherers, the elves of Reitheillaethor are also accomplished fishermen and craftsmen. In fact, the graceful yet sturdy pottery they create from the clay along the banks of the Heartblood River is a valuable trade commodity both within and outside of the High Forest. While the native elves were initially worried about the increased treant activity to the east at the Delimbiyr, it does not interfere with their lives. In fact, Reitheillaethor is planning on expanding as the forest expanse grows and offers them more protection.

The Shining Falls

What was once an outpost and portage road for eastern Eaerlann is now simply a light deer path at the top of a high, spectacular horseshoe falls. Legends tell of a hidden entrance to the tomb of the dwarven royalty of Ammarindar (a dwarven contemporary of Netheril) beneath the torrential waters of the Shining Falls. In truth, the tombs are long since plundered, and only Zhent-sponsored brigands use the caves behind the falls as hideouts.

While the falls normally end the upward travel of folk on the River Delimbiyr, the Zhents of Llorck and Orlbar have spent the past two years re-establishing a portage here in attempts to reach Sundabar. With Hellgate Keep's fall, the Zhents are that much more eager to open up these connections. To their dismay, the treants stationed at the forest by the Heartblood River fork prevent them from exploiting this avenue.

The Sisters

South of the Star Mounts lie a series of escarpments and gorges created by the flow of the Unicorn Run called the Sisters. Considered the most beautiful and idyllic of locations by all who ever gaze upon them, the many multi-leveled waterfalls of the Sisters show the beauty that results from unspoiled nature. The mists and waters of the falls provide the moisture that allow



scrub grass and vegetation to grow on the high plateaus and cliffs around them. These plateaus are home to a large number of centaurs, nereids, naiads, sylphs, pixies, and leprechauns. To see the moon rise over the Sisters and spot a unicorn atop a cliff is considered a blessing of good fortune from Mielikki.

Star Mounts

Near the center of the High Forest, the majestic Star Mounts rise far above the forest canopy, usually shrouded in clouds or mist, making the view of the peaks impossible but for a few days out of the year. Two rivers, the Unicorn Run and Heartblood River, claim headwaters from these mountains.

The elves of Eaerlann first named the mountains, giving them the same names as stars in the northern heavens. Most of the original names are forgotten, only their rough translations survive: Bard's Hill, Mount Vision, and Hunterhorn. Yet, a few are remembered: Y'tellarien (the Far Star), called Far Peak; Y'landrothiel (Traveler's Star), called Mount Journey; and N'landroshien (Darkness in Light), called Shadowpeak.

The forest south of the mountains hides a gnarled surface that might be called a badland were it not so densely thicketed. To the north, the land is unusually smooth, as if leveled with a woodworker's plane. The mountains are also known to be rich in metals, including remarkably pure iron and nickel. But since the end of Eaerlann, no one mines there.

The Star Mounts are an unapproachable curiosity. The ancient elven names hint at some unfathomable mystery, though most suspect the elves know the truth of it. As far as anyone knows, no flying creature less powerful than a dragon can land there due to constant and usually fierce winds. Strangely enough, aarakocra, the bird-like winged race, seem to have no difficulty in flying to and from the mountains (though few dare do so now since they became a delicacy to a nearby green dragon).

Huge crystals dot the surface of the mountains, many as large as small houses. There are several uncharted ruins in the mountains with walls made of fractured crystal shards. When moonlight strikes the crystals, it creates webworks of reflected light across the surface of the mountain. On a small internal peak at the heart of the Star Mounts during the full moon, the crystals cover this peak with patterns of light. This is rumored to either generate a gate to another plane, or the light has the ability to resurrect anyone laid within the cairn of standing stones at its top.

Stone Stand

A tall oak tree surmounts the altar mound here. The oak is a cutting taken long ago from the legendary Grandfather Tree. Both cairn rings here are surmounted by menhirs, spaced roughly 10 feet apart and capped by lintel pieces that link the stones together into two unbroken rings of capped columns.

Since the Tree Ghosts have found Grandfather Tree once again, Stone Stand serves as more of a reminder to the struggling remnants of the Blue Bears of what they have lost. The Tree Ghosts still consider the site holy ground, however, and constantly drive off any rogue Blue Bear tribesman who makes an effort to remain close to the ancestor mound.

Magic cast in the mound's inner cairn ring is more potent. The effects of spells are half again more potent (a spell that would last six turns lasts nine; a spell that would heal 1d8 points of damage heals 1d8+1d4).

Stronghold of the Nine

This cavern complex is a former dwarfhold rebuilt by the Nine, a famous adventuring band led by the female archmage Laeral. Long-since abandoned by that group of heroes, it has recently been taken over by a group of sylvan elves who have claimed the title of "The Nine" as their own—apparently with the blessing of Laeral.

Some believe that this is the first in a series of steps for the elves in their effort to reclaim the High Forest. But while many of the forest denizens appear to be cooperating with the new "rulers" of the stronghold, it is going to be many years before the Stronghold of the Nine can attain the level of power necessary to be a force in the area.

Tall Trees

The Tall Trees, a small northeastern section of the forest, is thus called because it probably has the oldest trees in the forest. They tower over the rest of the forest like hill giants to human youth, and their trunks are the width of most northern villages.

The tree homes of Tall Trees are home to nearly two dozen druids who inhabit only a handful of the more than 30 tree homes present. They care for the trees like a farmer watches over his fields, carefully tending to the health of the trees and removing excess animals from their branches.

The leader of the community, Uthgang Jyarl (TN hm D14 [Mielikki]), has been worrying over two of the oldest oaks located in the center of Tall Trees. Apparently, these two trees are dying, and he's planning to transform himself a replacement for one of them upon his death, though no one's sure how he can accomplish this feat.

Tall Trees has proven itself immune to fire on many occasions, ignoring the effects of both *fireball* and similar spells. Likewise, it has withstood a few concentrated orc attacks, as the druids have both the advantage of high ground and spellcasting when dealing with the troublesome orcs (who have become much less dangerous since the sylvan elves' campaign against them).

Turnstone Pass

Formerly the quickest way to reach Hellgate Keep and the Upvale from Sundabar, this pass is now totally blocked by a massive avalanche initiated by Turlang's treants and a large number of galeb duhr. Caravan traffic is now encouraged to go south to Everlund, following the River Raurin as it winds its way to Silverymoon.

Unicorn Run

This clear, pristine river begins at the very heart of the High Forest, right at the base of the Star Mounts. It's known for its purity, excellent fishing, and slow-moving current, as well as the fact that it's a gathering place for unicorns. Although the water does not detect as magical, something draws unicorns to its banks. . .

The Upvale

This is the area between the Tall Trees and the Far Forests that has now been taken over by Turlang and his treants. While it's going to take many years to reforest this area, Turlang has already begun work at the ruins of Hellgate Keep, known now as Hellgate Dell.



Deeper Secrets

Plots abound within the thickets and shadows under the leafy canopy that encompasses the High Forest. Aside from rumors of wizard weather reported from the Dire Wood, no news of any of the following secrets should reach the ears of PCs or NPCs alike until they experience it themselves.

New Eaerlann

The sylvan elves of the High Forest have long-range plans to restore and rebuild the great forest kingdom of Eaerlann. Talks with Evereska—and very covert discussions with the Lords' Alliance—have progressed, and the number of elves migrating into the High Forest is rising slightly. The center for the first major city of New Eaerlann appears to be the newly-rebuilt Stronghold of the Nine and additional outbuildings, now collectively becoming called Caerilcarn by the elves that occupy it.

Radoc's Fate

Radoc (LE hm C20/W23), also known as "The One" and the "Doc of New Empyrea," was a planar mortal exiled here from the another plane for reasons unknown. He spent nearly 20 years living in the Star Mounts, purchasing mithral from orcs and bringing solidarity and leadership to the scattered mongrelmen and other monstrosities in the forest. He was last reported leaving the Star Mounts in the summer of 1366 with his amassed forces, and he was rumored to have enough power to teleport them to their unknown destination.

Rumors talk of Radoc moving into the Fallen Lands to collect more forces into his misfit army, while other wilder tales place him as slaughtered—along with his forces—on an extraplanar battlefield. Simply put, no one knows where Radoc is, but he's nowhere to be found within the High Forest.

Turlang's Calling

After a sleep of nearly a century, the treants of the High Forest, and especially their leader, the noble Turlang, have embarked on an agenda after being spurred to action against Hellgate Keep. In exchange for Turlang's aid against Hellgate's forces, the Mistmaster agreed to allow Turlang and company to expand the forest over the ruins of the keep and seal them forevermore, a mutually agreeable situation it seemed.

What the Mistmaster underestimated was the scope of Turlang's plan; over the course of the next few decades, Turlang and his dryad and treant allies intend to expand the High Forest's tree line to cover the grasslands of the Upvale and encompass the Far Forests, swell the eastern border of the forest up to and across the River Delimbiyr to abut the Graypeak mountains, and continue the expansion until South Wood is restored to being a part of the High Forest.

Even with all the treants working at maximum efficiency, this undertaking is going to require at least 20 years. Even so, enough trees have been animated from the center of the High Forest and walked by treants out to Hellgate Keep that the few visitors that might know where the citadel once was could never reach its ruins, surrounded as it is by guardian treants and oak trees with dryads.

Wizard Weather

The High Forest and the surrounding countryside experience occasional exotic weather patterns that can only be of magical origin—and seem to be centered on and caused by the Dire

Wood. The weather appears suddenly, ends suddenly, and is often destructive and deadly. Recorded types of weather have included red snow that smells of blood, a steaming-hot rain that boiled the flesh of those it fell upon, instant blizzards under a clear sky at midsummer, hail that varied from transparent to multi-colored spheres that exploded on impact, and sleet that coated trees within its area with steel.

There is a 1% chance each day of encountering wizard weather while within the High Forest. However, those who enter the ruins of Karse and are foolish enough to touch or enter the black pyramid there increase their chances to 10% per day until they leave the High Forest for more than a ten-day.

The Woods Have Eyes

Part of the magic and mystery of the High Forest is its seeming invulnerability to the axes of loggers in the past centuries. One of the major reasons for this, aside from the mortal inhabitants and the sylvan folks' powers, are the attentions of two goddesses. Both Mielikki and Eldath, each for reasons of their own, have chosen to protect the wild territory of the High Forest and keep it from losing its trees to civilizations of elves or humans or any races.

Any incursions that moderately disrupt the natural order of the High Forest usually result in some Harpers or rangers (if not the native elves of the forest) receiving signs from the goddesses to go to the aid of the forest. If major problems are introduced into the woods, Mielikki may assign her Chosen agent, Jeryth Phaulkon, to directly intercede on her behalf to defend the High Forest. Often, this direct intervention is not necessary due to the ears and eyes of the elves as well as the other natives more than willing to stop anyone from despoiling the status quo of the timberland.

The Coldwood

This pine, spruce, and birch forest is untouched by humankind. Snow cats (red tigers), ettin, and orcs roam the wood. The Cold Wood is the usual site of Tulrun's Tent, a wizard's stronghold.

Beorunna's Well

This is both an ancestor mound and a small town of about 500 Uthgardt, named after an Uthgardt ancestor, Beorunna, the father of Uthgar. The village is unremarkable, a number of huts and tents for the tribesfolk who work the small fields, raise cattle, and hunt the surrounding woods. It's unremarkable until one learns the unfortified village has never been successfully raided. The Black Lions claim the spirit of Beorunna keeps them from harm.

The village namesake is the huge pit containing their circular ancestor mound. The pit is the ruins of a collapsed cavern where Beorunna died while saving the world. It's probable that Beorunna (or Berun in the Northman tongue) was a hero of the pre-Uthgar people who merged with the followers of a renegade from ancient Ruathym. Legend holds that Beorunna destroyed Zukothis, a fiend in the cavern, collapsing it in on both of them. What local legend doesn't say is a vast fortune in ancient treasure is also in the collapsed cavern.





The ready militia of Beorunna's Well consists of 80 1st-, 30 2nd-, 20 3rd-, and five 4th-level warriors led by Heafstagg Fourfinger (CN hm F6 [barbarian]), the eldest son of Alaric the Strong, the Black Lion tribal chieftain. The trapdoor in the water-surrounded altar leads down through a flooded passageway to a partially collapsed cavern complex, home to slimes, jellies, molds, and insectoid creatures. Ickshar, a rakshasa, and his ally X'ss'a, an illithid, have been trapped in stasis here since the collapse of the cavern.

Ice Mountains

This snowcapped range contains the remnants of northern dwarven power, Citadel Adbar and the realm of Adbarrim. Few humans are found here, other than the wild hunters of the Red Tiger (snow cat) barbarian tribe or merchants from Sundabar. Frost giants, orcs, verbeeg, remorhaz, ice lizards, and white dragons dwell here. It's said an ancient silver dragon and his bronze dragon companion roam the mountains in the guise of an old hunter and his hound.

Lonely Tower

From the top of this tall, white tower, it's possible to glimpse the glacier far to the north. The Lonely Tower is the dwelling of Ssessibil Istahvar (LE hm M27) and his small entourage. Ssessibil seeks solitude from humanity, which he both fears and loathes. He conducts magical experiments and manufactures potions and magical items, while a small army of orcs keeps visitors away. It's difficult for wizards of Ssessibil's power to keep their whereabouts entirely secret, yet he manages quite well. Rumor has it Ssessibil is not as human as he appears.

The tower has no visible entrance, and the interior consists of four rooms connected by magical doors. An elemental being and enough of its element to make it dangerous guards each room. One chamber contains earth, another fire, the third water, and the last, air. In the air room, a pool of silvery liquid (like mercury) acts as a gate that Ssessibil uses to travel to and from his true home on an alternate world (where most normally non-sentient creatures are intelligent and cast spells of low level). The predominant life form is a giant catlike reptilian biped—Ssessibil's true form. He has a vast selection of potions, at least one of each listed in the *ENCYCLOPEDIA MAGICA™* accessory. He dwells in Faerûn to obtain supplies for his potions, components not readily found on his home plane.

Tulrun's Tent

Towering above the trees on five enchanted stone legs, the home of reclusive Tulrun (CN hm M25) avoids visitors. Tulrun's Tent consists of a stone platform large enough to hold a small, gaily colored silken tent nestled in a dozen gnarly oaks. Inside, the tent is much larger than it appears. It's possible to wander its elegant corridors for hours and never see a familiar hall or chamber.

The Moonwoods

This is not the name of a single forest, instead encompassing Lurkwood, Southkrypt Garden, Southwood, Moonwood, and Westwood. The edges of these forests are logged by men, though their dark depths are largely a mystery.

In the depths of the Moonwood, legends claim that a ruined, overgrown elven castle stands. Its name is forgotten, but great magic is believed to sleep in its gloomy chambers. The castle's vine-choked, needle-thin spires are lost among the trees, and it bears some sort of cloaking magic deterring both monster intrusions and magical detection alike.

There's also a hill where drow ladies come on moonlit nights to dance in a great ring. This seems to be done in worship to Eilistraee, a goddess of good aims. It's dangerous to approach the women, the guides say. They hurl potent spells at intruders, chasing those they see for long distances through the forest.

Herald's Holdfast

About a day's journey west of Silverymoon brings travelers to a dell north of the River Rauvin where lies the Herald's Holdfast, the spellguarded Citadel of Old Night, one of the five High Herald's of western Faerûn. The citadel is a squat, stone tower so ancient and ivy-grown it is discernible to only those who know where to seek it.

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's said to be an invincible fortress, and it 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.

The huge, moss-covered stone door is smooth with age and swings freely inward when touched. A cylindrical room fills the entire tower, lighted by a soft blue glow. This is the Chamber of Man. Weapons and armor from every age line the walls. Above them, banners and crests of forgotten kingdoms are interspersed with intricate tapestries displaying historical scenes. Overhead, carved into the rafters, are bas-reliefs of human heroes and heroines of the past. The Chamber of Man is the largest in the Holdfast save the enormous library.

A passage at the end of the Chamber of Man is delved into the steep hill at the rear of the citadel. Other chambers line this corridor, one for each of the goodly races, and even a few for the history of orcs, goblins, and giantkind, each designed in the same manner as that of mankind.

At the far end of the corridor is the largest room of the Holdfast: the greatest library of the North. This treasure trove exceeds even the Vault of the Sages in Silverymoon. Lining the walls and piled on tables large and small are countless volumes.

One Stone

Shadowed by deep forest, this ancestor mound served the now-dead or disappeared Golden Eagle and Red Pony tribes. Now, only the Sky Ponies make their visit to the One Stone. Instead of an altar mound at the center of the cairn rings, there's a single, massive, rounded boulder, easily 20 feet across and 12 feet high and covered with precisely engraved tracery. Carved steps ascend the south face to the altar on top.

The legend of One Stone tells of a god who sealed a passageway from Baator with a single rock thrust into the ground. One can only wonder if the evil supposedly sealed beneath the stone was able to reach out to whisk the missing tribes away. Some say the Golden Eagle and Red Pony tribes were destroyed by inter-tribal rivalry. Darker tales suggest that they disappeared beneath the ground, where they yet dwell today.



The Delzoun Region

These areas were once the home of the dwarven kingdom before falling to hordes of orcs. The kingdom is now long gone, yet its history remains for the brave to uncover once again.

Ascore

Once a thriving port on the Narrow Sea, Ascore served as the gateway to the dwarven nation of Delzoun. Here, humans, dwarves, and elves conducted trade with nations like Eaelrann, Netheril, Nimbral, and Myth Drannor. Now it is sand-swept ruins with mighty stone docks thrust proudly into the advancing desert. The empty hulks of colossal stone ships lie half-covered in the desert beyond, the remnants of lost Delzoun's dwarven navy.

From the west, an ancient road leads to the cliffs above Ascore. Here, a pair of gigantic stone griffon statues crouch, grimly guarding the dark, yawning entrance to Ascore—a door in a hill that leads down into the rock before exiting into the ruins at the base of the cliff.

The ruins are said to contain great treasure, but even orcs avoid the city. It may have something to do with the circle of 13 tall, five-sided red pyramids in the heart of the ruins. Something evil lurks in Ascore—something that's been here for 2,000 years. Desert creatures like dunestalkers and pernicon are found here, as are many kinds of undead.

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. The dwarves left more than three hundred winters ago, and the citadel was quickly claimed and garrisoned by 3,000 troops out of Silverymoon. The folk from that city hoped to use it as a base for exploration of the Coldwood and the needle-sharp Ice Mountains north and east of Dead Orc Pass. They wanted to find giant trees for use in shipbuilding and new sources of gold and the increasingly scarce silver. Unfortunately, the orcs of the mountains had other ideas. The humans were under attack from their first day in the Citadel.

Fifty years after the human occupation began, an orc horde of awesome proportions surrounded and besieged the citadel. The sky rained arrows, with orcs packed so close together that no shaft could miss. But the time came when all arrows and spells were gone. 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 and the outright slaughter of the defenders.

Since the liberation of the citadel by the dwarves in 1367 (refer to the **Recent History** section on page 10), King Emerus Warcrown (LG dm F11) has been striving to rebuild the "once-glorious city of Felbarr" to dwarven standards. Still, the citadel is but one orc horde away from being swept back into history (or orc occupation).

A small handful of dwarves have heeded Emerus's call to arms, arriving to rebuild the ancient dwarfhold. They've currently managed to rebuild the main gates, which were shattered during the battle with the orcs, and have cleaned up much of the fire damage. Given another year—and about another 1,000 dwarves—Felbarr could actually rise again.

Mining activity has undergone somewhat of a rebirth, and many miners are bringing gold out of the nearby mountains. An earthquake some 80 years ago has apparently opened up new areas for mining. Of course, some of the abandoned mines contain monsters, and adventurers are always in need to clean out such menaces.

Around 1,200 dwarves and another 250 humans now make Felbarr their home, but each man and woman keeps a wary eye on the horizon. No one doubts that the orcs will have a score to settle during their next invasion of the North, and King Warcrown has a standing bounty of 2 gp per pair of orc's ears.

Dalagar's Dagger

Under the Coldwood and the Ice Mountains, atop the nearest peak east of Sundabar in the westernmost fang of the Nether Mountains, is a place known as Dalagar's Dagger. For some unknown reason, many aged and ailing dragons come here to die—wyrms of the black, blue, and green species. They typically perish in a suicidal dive onto the sharp pinnacle. Their bones litter the utmost slopes. Among their skeletal remains wink the treasures they bore: rings, pendants, and even loose gems and coins once glued to dragon bellies by means of ancient dragonhide oils and ointments. The Dagger's almost vertical lower faces are treacherous and crumbling, and the mountain is almost impossible to climb, so most of the treasure remains unclaimed.

Dead Orc Pass

This is a steep, rocky gorge northeast of Sundabar. The River Rauvin roars through in a series of cataracts, rapids, and falls, filling the valley with mist and making the narrow trails wet and slippery. The orc-king Graul is thought to have his stronghold here.

Everfire

Dwarves come from all over the North to a certain rift beneath Sundabar known as Everfire. Here, the dwarves forge the finest blades known in Faerûn—blades that readily take enchantments, and outlast the people who wield them. Everfire is guarded by a dedicated band of dwarves who are fed, armed, and healed by Sundabarians. This band, known as the Vigilant, fight off drow, duergar, and greedy humans seeking to gain control of the molten-rock rift. The Vigilant report that evil is rising in the ruins of Ascore to the east, and monsters have been coming through the Underdark from that direction in increasing numbers.

The Fardrimm is not a wealthy region; its lodes have been largely worked out. Dwarves say much metal lies northward, under the Coldwood and the Ice Mountains, and atop the nearest peak east of Sundabar. That would be the westernmost fang of the Nether Mountains, known as Dalagar's Dagger.



The Fork

The Fork is located where the trail east from Sundabar splits to go north and east. Here is found the ruin—a mossy foundation—of the mansion of the ancient dwarven hero Ghaurin. Legend says that when the heavens are right, the air shimmers and the mansion reappears as it was so long ago, giving Ghaurin a chance to right an ancient mistake.

Nether Mountains

This dark, brooding mountain range once marked the northern boundary of ancient Netheril and the southern boundary of Delzoun. It's home to orcs of the Ripped Gut and Thousand Fists tribes, bands of verbeeg, a small community of pech who are constructing a huge granite cube supposedly filled with gems, the Morueme clan of blue dragons and their hoards, and the Monastery of Loviatar which guards a trove of secret volumes taken from a lost Netherese college of magic.

Morueme's Cave

Morueme is the clan name for a family of blue dragons who have had a lair in this cavern complex for over a thousand years. Usually a family grouping of three to six dragons dwell here. Kizzap Morueme, the eldest, is a very old dragon. He lives with a younger mate and two adult offspring—each dragon has its own lair and jealously guarded treasure within the caves. The Morueme clan has a particular hatred of orcs and ogres. They judiciously avoid mankind, but consider orcs and fiends fair and entertaining game.

All Morueme dragons can speak and use magic. Their spell selection is usually exotic, taken from ancient Netherese and Ascorian spell books in their treasure (including at least one page of the Nether Scrolls). In addition to the dragons, the treasure is guarded by hobgoblin mercenaries of the Red Flayers tribe, who have served the dragons for generations. The hobgoblins live in a small fortified encampment outside the caves, protected by catapults and ballistae.

Triangle of Trees

This small area is named for the three forests that compose its borders, roughly resembling a triangle. It stretches north to the Far Forest and south to the Southwood and Weathercote Wood.

Far Forest

Once, this was a fair wood of healthy trees and frolicking forest creatures. It's currently being tended to by Turlang and other forest denizens who are trying to revive the forest after the fall of Hellgate Keep.

Southwood

The edges of this forests are logged by men, though their dark depths are largely a mystery. Recently, however, reports have surfaced that the Zhentarim have established a stronghold in the dark wood. The truth of such suspicions, as with all things Zhentarim, remain in the hands of brave adventurers to discover.

Weathercote Wood

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

The Fallen Lands

This is the present-day name for the strip of habitable land west of Anauroch, stretching between the Far Forest and Weathercote Wood. The Fallen Lands are now home only to monsters, although rumors persist of powerful mages inhabiting the southern reaches. This was once part of Netheril, and mysterious magic still saturates the area.

When Vanthorm and Haladan visited the lands 15 winters ago, they found a beholder of awesome size with hobgoblin servants directing a strange bestial breeding program with captured monsters. Since then, 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 Graypeak mountains who spotted flying creatures of monstrous size and unfamiliar shapes along with many areas of blasted, desolate ground. Whatever lurks there is luckily—for the rest of Faerûn—distracted by an interior conflict.

At the eastern edge of the Fallen Lands, shifting desert sands have uncovered a ring of nine gigantic statues who peer down into a wide hole of unknown origin.

Anauroch

Anauroch, the Great Desert, is a barren wasteland that forms the eastern border of the Savage Frontier—a vast mass of steppeland, rocky wastes, and sandy desert that runs from the Uttermost North almost to the Lake of Dragons. Over the millennia, it has crept south, swallowing the Narrow Sea and destroying ancient civilizations. Desert creatures and monsters often wander into the eastern fringes of the Savage Frontier. Nomad tribes from the desert visit Sundabar and Llorch on occasion, though such visits are few. The men of the desert often trade for goods with relics of ancient design.

The area of the Great Desert is a collection of different types of deserts and includes the hot sandy wastes similar to the Dust Desert of Raurin, rocky badlands with very sparse scrubs and no available water, basins filled with salt flats and prickly cacti, sandstone mountains carved by wind into bizarre shapes, and polar steppes and icy wastes in the north that rival those of Vaasa. In general, it is as inhospitable a place as can be found on the surface of Toril.



Bleached Bones Pass

This pass once connected Dekanter with Illefar to the west, but few use it now. The pass draws its name from piles of sun-whitened bones that line the trail. Numerous small, crude orc strongholds dot the slopes of the pass, warring constantly with one another.

Dawntreader Gap

This pass toward Llorck through the Greypeak Mountains is guarded by a Zhentarim ally—a beholder and his gnoll minions from nearby Dekanter. The beholder is wild and near uncontrollable, but honors its deal with the Zhentarim since the agreement suits its present needs (and because the Zhents pay extremely well). This pass is regularly traveled by Zhentarim caravans. It's steeper and more demanding than Bleached Bones Pass to the south, but it's easier to defend. A garrison of 30 purple-cloaked Lord's Men from Llorck guard the pass.

Dekanter

More correctly, these are the Mines of Dekanter, the only known ruins of lost Netheril. In ancient days, the mines of Dekanter provided the realm with iron. As the mines were worked out, Netherese mages used them for research, to isolate the effects of new spells, and to store magical paraphernalia. When Netheril fell, all was abandoned, and the mines became an extensive crumbling ruin surrounded by low hills (talus piles from the mines). Above the hills, gaping holes and hidden entrances open on the dark mysteries within. The magic that once filled Dekanter is long depleted, and it now serves as home to goblins, gargoyles, and others.

A tribe of 500 goblins and 50 gargoyles live in the mines, known minions of the Beast Lord. The Beast Lord is an illithid who has created a variety of unnatural monsters to do his bidding, and he's managed to take over the surrounding area. He's currently waging a war in the Underdark against unknown enemies as he tries to expand his territory into the depths of Faerûn.

Forgotten Forest

Near Anauroch, between the Marsh of Chelimber and the Lonely Moor, stands the Forgotten Forest, a rich, mature woods filled with oak, walnut, and shadowtop trees. The foliage is so thick the interior is cast into deep and continual shadow. This forest is the remains of a larger wood that diminished over the years with the spread of Anauroch. It's a mysterious, deeply overgrown wilderness of huge trees.

Travelers who have skirted its edges have reported seeing sprites, korred, and unicorns within its depths. The Forgotten Forest is said to have the largest population of treants in the North, ruled by one known as Fuorn (a 24-HD treant that delivers 5d6 points of damage with a blow). In addition to the treants, the Hierophant Druid Pheszeltan (TN hm D18 [Mielikki]) makes his home somewhere in the depths of this land. Travel through the forest is discouraged, and those in the area are highly encouraged to build their fires only using wood from deadfalls.

Greypeak Mountains

This eastern mountain range separates the Fallen Lands from the Delimbiyr river valley. The range is named for the tribes of gray-skinned stone giants who dwell here. Its mineral wealth was removed thousands of years past during the reign of lost Netheril.

The easternmost mountains of the Interior are known to offer the richest concentration of griffons in all Faerûn. Cloud giant castles are sometimes seen drifting over these eastern peaks, and every so often, dragons are seen in full, magnificent flight among the clouds, winging their lone and splendid ways into or out of the most remote peaks. Travelers in this region should beware of attacks from orcs, bugbears, goblins, monsters of all sorts, barbarians, and large expeditions mounted each year by the Cult of the Dragon to seek dragons and their treasures in the high valleys.

Large groups of travelers should never camp without at least a triple watch. Fires should be doused, for their light calls death from miles away. Lone travelers are advised to break their scent by crossing water several times, and to sleep on a rocky height, or better, on a ledge sheltered from above. Most of us, as the ballad goes, have only one life to lose.

Greyvale

The traveler may sometimes hear about the Greyvale. The Greyvale consists of the grasslands drained by the Greyflow and the Loagrann, the three-branched river that joins the Greyflow at Orlbar, northwest of Llorck. Travel in the Vale is dangerous, and one must beware of bugbear raids and the tightening grip of the Zhentarim.

Even with the fall of Hellgate Keep, these lands are perilous. Bordered on one side by wild mountains and on the other by a vast wild wood—perhaps the largest in Faerûn—this is a territory roamed by monsters and rapacious humanoids. The dale also holds the ruins of Netheril that are haunted by fearsome creatures warped by the fell magic of decadent human sorcerers.

Lonely Moor

This moor is a rolling desolation of stunted scrub that reaches from the desert to the Graypeaks, named for its isolation from civilized areas. This stretch of moors is wilderness territory, a land of scavengers and savages, leucrotta, and more deadly creatures. While the outskirts of the moor are relatively dry, pools of water become more commonplace as one travels to its heart.

The Zhentarim have made the moor a stopping point for their caravans for years, secure in the knowledge that few of their enemies would travel into the swamp to attack them. The Zhents must also have made a deal with the Beast Lord, as few caravans emerging from the Lonely Moor seem to have been the target of attack.

The Delimbiyr Vale

Delimbiyr Vale actually refers to an area of land that surrounds the Delimbiyr River—also known as the Shining River—and its tributaries. The Vale reaches as far south as the western-most borders of the South Wood to its headwater in the Nether Mountains.



DUNGEON of The Hark

For many years, a wererat bandit gang has been operating out of these ruins, attacking travelers along the Delimbiyr. Their favorite strategy is a hit-and-run attack followed by a retreat into the depths of the dungeon when organized resistance is encountered. They've shown themselves to be fearless and cunning, never attacking in the same manner twice.

They've also infected a great many of the survivors of caravans and adventuring groups with lycanthrope, in some cases swelling their own ranks. At last reports, 25 wererats were operating out of the ruins led by the Hark (LE hm (wererat) T9).

Talk is spreading about the fate of a well-armed and prestigious adventuring company from Waterdeep that disappeared into the ruins. The Enclave of Echoes pretended to be caravan guards and then counter-attacked as the wererats hurled themselves at the caravan. The group hasn't yet returned from the dungeon, yet the wererats continue attacking travelers in the area.

Halls of Hammer/Hammer Hall

West of Mount Hlim, near the shores of Highstar Lake, is a pit half full of loose, sharp rubble. An opening cut in its rock walls leads into the Halls of the Hammer, a long-abandoned dwarfhold. Nearby stands Hammer Hall, a log house and stables encircled by a stout wooden palisade. Hammer Hall was built by an adventuring group called the Men of Hammer Hall as a base to explore the dwarfhold. As is common for adventuring companies working for long periods in a particular area, the Men of Hammer Hall used the stockade as a place to retire to between sorties into the dwarfhold.

On several occasions, the adventurers, who hailed from Waterdeep, fought off trolls, orcs, and bugbears from this fortified home. After exploring the ruins for several seasons, the adventurers are said to have set off north—and have not been heard from since. The fate of their treasure, and the treasure that may remain in the Halls of Hammer, is unknown. This area is a true wilderness, traveled by people but seldom settled, and the question remains open.

Hammer Hall has been broken into many times. It's now deserted, with stones dug in a corner to reveal a storage niche (empty, of course). It remains, however, a stout building offering shelter to travelers in this rugged wilderness. Stacked firewood even waits beside its main chimney.

The humanoids roaming the High Moor know its location and can be expected to attack anyone seen traveling to it. Wood smoke draws them, of course, but in a blizzard or blinding rainstorm, Hammer Hall may prove a refuge worth the harrying. The design of its entrance forces intruders to make a sharp turn down a wooden hall, or chute, fitted with ports for archers or spearmen to attack from. A lone swordsman can hold the narrow entryway beyond.

Inevitably, rumors have spread of treasure buried by the adventurers in Hammer Hall and not recovered. The dug-over state of the grounds suggests that many have come looking. Rich treasure may well lie in the dwarfhold. The Men of Hammer Hall told a bard of their adventures once, and the tale he recounts has been echoed by later adventuring groups. The Halls of the Hammer is said to have a large central chamber wherein a hundred human corpses dangle from the ceiling



in a forest of chains—an illusion that vanishes and reappears from time to time, for no known reason. At least five watchghosts (powerful, wraithlike spirits) roam the halls beyond, guarding a glowing magical war hammer that floats by itself in a chamber guarded by helmeted horrors and magical defenses. What powers the awesome-looking hammer possesses, who put it there and why, and how to win past its defenses are all mysteries as yet unsolved. Seeking the answers has killed at least 20 daring women and men thus far.

The High Moor

Most folk think the Moor is a rocky wilderness, vast and uninhabited—except by trolls. Its soil is too thin for farming, and its stone—mostly granite—is of poor quality for mining. It's sparsely settled by human barbarian tribes that raise goats and sheep on the moors, guard caravans coming from the east, and fight constantly with the various goblinoid tribes.

Bound on the west by the Misty Forest, whose dim blue glades and deep groves have always carried a fey and whimsical—but deadly—reputation, and on the east by the yuan-ti and ophidian-haunted Serpent Hills, these crag-studded, rolling grasslands are said to hide the ruins of lost, long-fallen kingdoms. Just which kingdoms sages argue furiously over. Minstrels sing colorful but contradictory ballads on the topic, and legends are uniformly vague. “The bones and thrones of lost lands” is a favorite phrase; it's borrowed from a long-forgotten ballad.

A few wolves and leucrotta are the most numerous predators on the Moor thanks to trolls, bugbears, and hobgoblins, who have slain most other large beasts of prey. Their relative scarcity has allowed hooved grazing animals of all sorts to flourish, from small, sure-footed rock ponies to shaggy-coated sheep. Those who dare to venture onto the moor can be assured of ready food—either they catch it, or they become it. Rope trip-traps, javelins, and arrows are the favored ways of bringing down the fleet grazing animals, although those with patience and a quick hand can dine on grouse, flunderwings, rabbits, and ground-dwelling moor rats in plenty.

Like the Evermoors north of the Dessarin, the High Moor is studded with lichen-festooned rocky outcrops, moss, break-neck gullies, and small rivulets of clear water that spring from the ground, wind among the rocks for a time, and then sink down again. It's also shrouded by frequent mists. The prevailing winds are gentler breezes than the mist-clearing, chill winds of the North.

With the obvious exception of Dragonspear Castle, ruins are harder to find in the moorlands. Foundations and cellars are usually all that remain—and almost all such serve as the lairs of monsters. Many towers have toppled into rock piles and have later been hollowed out to serve as tombs—which have in turn been plundered and then turned into dwellings by beasts arriving still later. There are also legends of magically hidden castles and high houses appearing only in certain conditions, such as full moonlight or deep mists, to those in the right spot.

Laughing Hollow

Laughing Hollow is an eerie, shadowed place up the Delimbiyr River from Daggerford and is known as an area where fey beings reside. Even in the daylight, the shade from the omnipresent trees gives a perpetual twilight effect—this is a place meant for elves, not men. The trees and brush are occasionally broken up by warm, light-filled glades and larger clearings holding small lakes.

The area was once a quarry worked by the dwarves of the Fallen Kingdom and is rumored to contain a passageway into the dwarves' old home. Reputed to be full of treasure, no one has found the entrance—or lived to tell about their discovery.

Some travelers report having seen and even spoken with a King of the Woods, the chieftain of the wild elves in the area. To travelers simply wishing to pass through, he's said to be gruff and impatient at his worst. He has no time for treasure hunters.

Lizard Marsh

This tangled mess is the home of several otherwise rare creatures. The most significant of them are the lizardmen whose ancestors are said to have ambushed the boy whose actions gave Daggerford its name. There are also known to be a number of dinosaurs in the lizard marsh, including some nasty carnivores.

The proximity of the lizardmen to humans has increased their level of civilization to the point of using shields, clubs, darts, and javelins. While metal weapons are rare, due to their tendency to rust in the swamp, they do exist. And the lizardmen know how to use them.

Many years ago, a group of heroes entered the swamp and killed the lizardman leader known as Redeye. In recent months, however, reports have surfaced that a lich calling itself Redeye is taking control of the lizardmen once again. If this is the same creature that was reported killed many years ago, many organizations—good and evil alike—would be interested in knowing how the transformation into undeath occurred.

Misty Forest

This forest of pine and other evergreens covers the slopes of the western approaches to the High Moor. It gets its name because of the mists and fogs which creep down from the High Moor, making navigation difficult on even the best of days.

This forest is partially patrolled by the local rangers, and several druids have shrines here. There is also a small community of wild elves who work with the druids and have some druids of their own. These forces can only cover a small fraction of the forest at any one time.

The barbarians of the High Moor come into the forest for hunting and wood gathering. The orcs of the High Moor use the protection of the forest for approaches to the Trade Way.



Politics & Mercenaries

There is little political strife between cities in the North. Rather than waste lives, gold, and energy on petty disagreements, most civilized folk in the North have banded together against their true foes: the harsh northern climate and the cruel monsters who dominate their land. Even so, there are many groups who weave their influence in the North for good and ill. These are the secret societies, the political blocs, foreign factions—the political power groups of the North, each with its own leaders, goals, enemies and allies.

Power Groups

Some of the most powerful forces in the North are those based out of Waterdeep, and the DM is directed to the *City of Splendors* accessory for information on those groups. Force Grey, The Lords of Waterdeep, and the Lords' Alliance are all detailed in that accessory. Additional information can be found in *Volo's Guide to the North*.

Arcane Brotherhood

Leader: Archmage Arcane (Queltar Thaeloon).

Base of Operation: Luskan.

Goal: Political and economic control of the North.

Allies: The Zhentarim, the High Captains of Luskan, and the Knights of the Shield.

Chief Foes: The Lords' Alliance, the Harpers, and the Kraken Society.

The Arcane Brotherhood is a mercantile company and wizards' guild. It maintains several safehouses in Luskan and in other cities of the North and at least one fortress somewhere in the mountains north and east of Luskan. The Host Tower of the Arcane, however, is the seat of its strength.

Hard information on the upper echelons of the Arcane Brotherhood is very difficult to come by. It's clear, though, that some of the senior wizards have recently been destroyed or trapped in forms they can't escape, communicate, or work magic from. Some have been moved behind the scenes, and some have left the Brotherhood to pursue their own aims—lichdom, mastery in other lands or planes of existence, and so on. Some of the names in this entry are new to most observers in Faerûn, but should be noted that current activities of the Zhentarim, the Cult of the Dragon, and the Red Wizards of Thay reveal they haven't managed to place agents or even spies in any positions of importance within the Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood changes with menacing rapidity, as its internal feuds are deadly. Travelers are advised to avoid the attention of this evil, manipulative group.

Beast Lord

Leader: The Beast Lord.

Base of Operation: Dekanter.

Goal: Conquest of the North or part of the Deeperath.

Allies: The Zhentarim.

Chief Foes: The drow and the Harpers.

While currently engaged in a war with the Underdark, the intentions of the Beast Lord of Dekanter cannot be ignored. It's suspected that the Beast Lord, an illithilich wizard who creates a variety of magically twisted creatures, is in league with the Zhentarim, perhaps even securing a passageway through the Deeperath for Zhent caravans. The illithilich has already managed to take control or eliminate a variety of different creatures who lived in the ruins, and it would be unwise to simply let him finish his war with the Underearth.

The Harpers and the Lords' Alliance have both posted a reward for information concerning the activities of the Beast Lord. The reward is based on the information unearthed, but reliable estimates put the values starting out at 500 gp.



Captains' Confederation

Leader: High Captain Taerl of Luskan.

Base of Operation: Luskan.

Goal: Conquest of the Sword Coast and control of all trade north of Waterdeep.

Allies: Luskan, Ruathym, Aurilssbarg, Uttersea on Illern, the Purple Rocks, the Whalebones, and the Host Tower of the Arcane. Zhentarim influence is definitely present.

Chief Foes: Waterdeep and the Lords' Alliance.

With a treaty ending the Luskan/Ruathym conflict, the brutal Northmen kings discovered that they had more in common than they had as differences. They banded together to raid the coast in large numbers, disrupting trade and agriculture. The five captains are Baram (NE hm F15), Kurth (CE hm F18), Rethnor (LE hm F16/T7), Suljack (CE hm T13), and Taerl (LE hm F17).

Druid of The Tall Trees

Leader: Uthgang Jyarl—Great Druid of the North.

Base of Operation: Tall Trees in the High Forest.

Goal: Protect the ancient elven wood of Tall Trees from harm.

Allies: The Harpers and the treants of Turlang Wood.

Chief Foes: Expansion

The Druids of Tall Trees are quite secretive and allow few other than druids (and vouched-for companions) into this part of the wood. The Great Druid is the leader here, but former Grand Druid (now an 18th-level Hierophant Adept) Sinklayr Greenstroke resides here, as does the mysterious Gildenfire (a gold dragon in human guise).

The Harpers

Leader: Not Known.

Base of Operation: Silverymoon.

Goal: Protect the North, its peoples, and resources from goblin and foreign influence or domination.

Allies: Lords' Alliance, Druids of Tall Trees.

Chief Foes: Orcs and other goblin races, the Zhentarim, and political powers in Amn and Calimshan.

Though this group is discussed in detail in other products, the importance of the Harpers to the North deserves more than a passing mention. Based in the Heartlands, the Harpers form a semi-secret organization of primarily good groups of adventurers who receive support from goodly churches, druidic circles, and powerful neutral individuals with whom they share a common foe. In the North, their mystique generates respect, not suspicion, particularly since two of the most powerful leaders of the North, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun of Waterdeep and High Lady Alustriel of Silverymoon, are avowed Harpers. Even the savage Uthgardt, who have little respect for the trappings of civilization, treat those who know the secret signs of the Harpers as if they were chieftains.

Though their aims are mysterious, they're known to work for the causes of good and oppose the Zhentarim and the aggressive trading kingdoms—any who cut trade routes into wilderness areas, fell trees, and mine precious things with little regard for nonhuman inhabitants. They work to maintain peace between human kingdoms and to thwart at every turn the burgeoning goblin-kin races in the North. Originally, it was a loose society of bards and rangers created to provide

these wanderers with fellowship and shelter. Their fellowship grew, and with it came a desire to protect, preserve, and maintain peace in the wilderness they loved, acting against all who would despoil it. They're arch foes of the burgeoning goblin-kin, and seek to thwart them at every turn.

The Harpers rarely work openly and never reveal their true goals to those not highly initiated into the society. Those who work at cross purposes to the Harpers often fail in their endeavors. Other than in the North, those who are not their enemies harbor a mild distrust of the Harpers for this.

The Heralds

Leader: Old Night (?).

Base of Operation: Herald's Holdfast.

Goal: Maintain the status quo and preserving history.

Allies: The Harpers.

Chief Foes: Extreme changes and those who would destroy or rewrite histories.

These are perhaps the most neglected power group in Faerûn thus far—probably because few folks see them as any sort of active organization. There is one location of known activity, however, and this is the Herald's Rest festhall.

This exclusive, luxurious, private home in the city of Berdusk looks like a small castle. Inside it's a haven of tapestries, carpeting, discreet veils, and polite, skilled lady and gentleman escorts. Reputed to be run by a former princess who grew weary of the dictates of protocol and class, the Rest takes its name from a long-ago visit by three High Heralds, predecessors of the present-day holders of the offices, who were so delighted that one took his escort as wife, and all three offered to buy the place.

The offer was refused, but the Heralds were allowed to sponsor the Rest through some lean times, and they now share in its profits. There are rumors of documents, treasure, and even Heralds and Harpers on the run being hidden in the dimly lit chambers and passages of the Rest—and some folk say magical gates link it with Silverymoon, Ardeep Forest near Waterdeep, and with nearby Twilight Hall. High fees are paid for the discreet use of these portals.

The Kraken Society

Leader: Slarkrethel

Base of Operation: Ruins of Ascarle (?)

Goal: Acquisition of information, particularly that which can be sold or otherwise used to profit the society.

Allies: None.

Chief Foes: The Lords' Alliance, the Harpers.

The calling card of the Kraken Society, a purple squid with an incredible number of tentacles, is perhaps one of the most recognized and feared symbols in the North. It is synonymous with kidnappings, torture, assassinations, and brute force.

For many years, the Kraken Society was thought to be yet another organization that was a gatherer of information; some even referred to its members as the "Heralds of the Sea." Still, there was always something sinister in their dealings, an eerie sense of danger and intrigue in their mannerisms.

It's known now that the Kraken Society serves the kraken Slarkrethel, an immense squid that lives near the ruins of Ascarle. Over the years, the society's activities have made them-



selves known via the mass exodus of aquatic races from their homelands. While the society still seeks to gather knowledge to sell or barter, it also seeks to drive other sea creatures from its surrounding waters.

What is not known about the organization's leader is that he has been gifted with spellcasting ability. In undersea folklore, such a creature would be called "Umberlee's spawn," a powerful servant of the dark mistress of the oceans.

Slarkrethel, kraken of Umberlee: AC -4; SW 3, Jet 21; HD 20; hp 160; THAC0 5; #AT 9; Dmg 3d6(x2)/2d6(x6)/7d4; SA casts spells as a 20th-level wizard, constriction, crush ships; SD immune to the conch horn of a triton, poison ink cloud, *airy water* (continuously), *faerie fire*, *control temperature*, *control winds* (at will, once per round), *weather summoning* (once/day), and *animal summoning III* (fish only, three times/day); MR 25%; SZ G (125' long), ML fearless (19); Int supra (20); AL NE; XP 25,000.

SA: After striking, tentacles automatically inflict 3d6 points of constriction damage, and can drag ships of up to 70 feet in length underwater.

SD: Ink cloud is 80'x80'x120 feet and causes 2d4 points of damage per round for creatures within it.

Spells: Slarkrethel normally has the following spells memorized: 1st Level: *charm person*, *color spray*, *detect magic*, *magic missile*, *shield*; 2nd Level: *detect good*, *detect invisibility*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *ray of enfeeblement*; 3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *hold person*, *slow*, *vampiric touch*, *wraithform*; 4th Level: *confusion*, *dimension door*, *polymorph other*, *shadow monsters*, *stoneskin*; 5th Level: *Bigby's interposing hand*, *chaos*, *hold monster*, *transmute rock to mud*, *wall of force*; 6th Level: *antimagic shell*, *death spell*, *disintegrate*, *project image*; 7th Level: *forcecage*, *mass invisibility*, *teleport without error*; 8th Level: *Bigby's clenched fist*, *maze*, *trap the soul*; 9th Level: *imprisonment*, *time stop*.

Slarkrethel is never encountered alone; in all instances he has a retinue of bodyguards that are always within striking distance of any attacker. His bodyguards consist of 1d4 weresharks, an eye of the deep (beholder-kin), 1d4 nereid, and up to four killer whales. From time to time, Slarkrethel has additional charmed servants, and he doesn't hesitate when sending minions to their doom. The kraken is also quite thorough; he has no intentions of being forced to fight anyone a second time.

The kraken has a variety of special magical items, roughly the equivalent of regular magical items that he can use normally. He can't be located through the use of detection spells or scrying, and he is protected by a 9th-level contingency spell similar to *Elminster's evasion*. Undoubtedly, Slarkrethel has other innate abilities that have to be discerned.

The Krakengates

Built an untold number of years ago, these immense sea gates were built to allow magical transport for the kraken. There are four arches known to exist, and these gates are always functioning.

The gates appear as immense arches of stone hundreds of feet in diameter. Each has arcane carvings upon its surface and

can't be detected by magical means. Likewise, the *krakengates* are immune to spells.

The four gates are located at the ruins of Ascarle, the Whalebones, 60 miles south of the Ice Peak, and 150 miles west of Leilon. These *krakengates* transport creatures from point to point based on the whim of Slarkrethel, allowing the kraken to marshal his forces at specific locations.

The Lords' Alliance

Leader: Lord Piergeiron of Waterdeep.

Base of Operation: Waterdeep.

Goal: Unified defense of northern cities and promotion of their economic interests.

Allies: The Harpers.

Chief Foes: The Zhentarim, Luskan, Amn, and Calimshan.

Also known as "The Council of Lords," or "the Lords' Council," it should not be confused with the Lords of Waterdeep. This lawful and essentially good economic and military alliance of the rulers of cities in the North and along the Sword Coast works to keep overland trade routes along the Coast and across the North as safe as possible and free from Zhentarim influence or annexation.

Treants of Turlang Wood

Leader: Turlang the Thoughtful.

Base of Operation: Woods of Turlang (High Forest).

Goal: Protect the High Forest from harm, cultivate and expand forests in the North.

Allies: The Druids of the Tall Trees.

Chief Foes: Orcs and trolls.

The Treants of Turlang Wood are secretive and allow few other than druids and rangers into their midst. They're currently working to reforest the ruins of Hellgate Keep and bring in the outlying forest, reforging the High Forest into its past state.

The Harpers are reportedly trying to get the attention of Turlang in an effort to offer their assistance should the need arise. Unfortunately, getting the old treant's attention has proven quite a task, and the Harpers are currently discussing their offer with Quarreleaf, Turlang's second-in-command, in Hellgate Dell.

Zhentarim

Leader: Mythkar Leng.

Base of Operation: Llorkh.

Goal: Domination of all trade routes in the North and along the Sword Coast.

Allies: Llorkh and the Beast Lord.

Chief Foes: The Harpers and the Lords' Alliance.

Mythkar Leng (LE hm P9 [Cyrlic]) acts as an advisor to Lord Geildarr of Llorkh (LE hm M7) who's a member of the Zhentarim. With the aid of the beholder Rakaxalorth, Mythkar keeps Geildarr in line with the Zhentarim goals for the North. Llorkh was chosen as a foothold due to its distance from the powers in Waterdeep and Silvermoon. The Zhentarim already monopolize trade between Loudwater and Llorkh, has a firm base in Secomber, and well-placed agents in Waterdeep, Zundbridge, Yartar, and Triboar.



Mercantile Companies

The lifeblood of the kingdoms in Faerûn is trade, and it's through trade that many of the nations have grown and thrived. The keys to this trade are the numerous merchant companies that carry, protect, and store goods.

Most trade goods travel in caravans for safety, and the great majority of caravans are run by independent caravan masters who display no badge or colors at all. A few caravans are sponsored or directly manned by a city or country, typically bearing the sigils of that place. The caravans of Amn and the Zhen-tarim are clearly marked.

Large companies, or *priakos*, are created by the permanent amalgamation of smaller caravan companies, usually to control a trading route. Alliances of small, independent companies into caravans for safety alone are *costers*.

Merchant Pricing

When using a merchant company, there are several things one must consider: the courier charges, the relative security of the transport, the chance of loss, and the amount of that loss in the case of an ambush. Table 3 (inside front cover) delineates these chances.

Cost Parameter: This is just an easy way of determining the relative cost for using a merchant company.

Average Price/Day: This is the charges for moving cargo. The longer the trip, the more it costs the manufacturer of the goods to move the freight. This also helps explain why things cost more on the fringe of civilization than near the manufacturing point.

Daily Chance for Ambush: Unless the caravan is in a heavily patrolled area (generally near a city), there's a chance brigands attempt to steal part of the cargo.

Chance of Loss: Each time there's an ambush, a chance exists the brigands make off with some of the cargo.

Percentage Loss: Each time there's an ambush, and a loss of cargo is determined, the DM rolls the appropriate "percentage loss" die, and that's the percentage of the cargo that's stolen. If a caravan suffers from multiple losses, the percentage of cargo taken is figured from the original cargo size, thus, if a caravan suffers three attacks from thieves, and the percentage losses are 50%, 10%, and 15%, the caravan lost 75% of its total cargo.

Perfectone Mercantile

Base of Operation: Longsaddle

Cost Parameter: Extremely costly

Sigil: Two circles connected by an upwardly arcing arrow pointing to the rightmost circle

Perfectone is the brainchild of an adventurer-turn-merchant named Grengoral Whelshire (NG hm F15) who grew tired from the constant barrage of bandits and raiders. All he ever wanted was to get the cargo under his care from point A to point B with as few hassles as possible. Traveling with the Seven Suns Trading Coster for six years, he saw at least 30% of his cargo depart into brigand hands. Since part of the loss came out of his paycheck, he left the company. The wages definitely were not worth the risk of his life and limbs.

He traveled to Longsaddle, where an old friend he met in his adventuring days—or as Grengoral calls them: his adventuring daze—retired. This friend, Samuel Longspeak (NG hm Tra17), was a long-winded, highly talented mage who specialized in teleportive magic who had the creation of at least seven magical items under his belt. Since his retirement, Samuel locked himself away in a 62-room mansion (paid for by the proceeds from the adventures of his youth), studying spells, researching more efficient semantics, and buying and trading spells with wizards from across Faerûn, including a few from the planes.

Grengoral was immediately welcomed in the huge, empty home and was given a bed, meal, and a bath to rub the road-wear off his body. The two then sat down before the warm hearth and discussed the business proposition that Grengoral dreamed up a year previous.

Grengoral's proposal, in short, was a new merchant company that would deliver products from one city to another. Theirs, however, would have a different angle. Grengoral didn't want to rely on hazardous roadways or precarious seas to move his cargo. He wanted to use the power that wizards and clerics worldwide used every day: magic. If the goods could be moved from one city to another without having to pass through the intervening territory, all the goods would get to their destination, providing the company with an impeccable reputation, a 100% customer return base, and an immediate foothold in the "new era of commerce commutation."

He proposed this idea to his friend Samuel, who liked it immediately. Samuel contacted six friends in as many different cities and started setting up the magical network. Grengoral, meanwhile, went to each of these six cities and passed out fliers and pamphlets that proclaimed the existence of the new coster. The people balked at the prices, but the promise of return was worth the up-front cost and at least a trial run.

Perfectone Mercantile has nine cities in its delivery schedule, and promises twice as many by the close of next year. Currently, Perfectone services Arabel, Caer Corwell (on the Moonshea Isles), Calimport, Longsaddle, Luskan, Neverwinter, Ordulin, Silvermoon, and Westgate, with the operations headquartered in Longsaddle (in Samuel Longspeak's mansion).

In order to make sure that two shipments are not teleported onto or into each other (which happened a few times), Grengoral set up a specific schedule for deliveries so an individual facility receives goods from only one facility during a one-hour period of time. Meanwhile, each facility, in one-hour blocks of time, transport goods to each of the other facilities.

At the end of the day, in order to make sure everyone in the business is happy and well-paid, the daily take is split according to the amount of shipping each of the nine facilities made during the day. Everyone involved is paid for their work shortly before closing time. This leads to the unfortunate happenstance when a single facility doesn't get any work that day and cannot share in the profits (which is a common affair at the Longsaddle Headquarters office, but thus is the risk for setting up shop in a frontier city).

Table 4 (inside back cover) shows when each of the nine depots are able to teleport packages. For lack of better terms, and the need to explain things easily, real-time clock measures in one-hour blocks are used.



Perfectone Services

Perfectone Mercantile offers a number of services—seven to be exact. These are listed and explained below.

- **The Nobleman's Funeral (NF)** is a very expensive service that “sends the deceased into the heavens.” Literally, this means that the carcass is *teleported* into the Tears of Selúne—the asteroids near Toril's moon—where it drifts for an eternity without decomposing (unless eaten by the denizens of wildspace, of course). This service includes the fanfare, mourners, music, singers, flowers, the cleric of the family's choice, and other typical funeral accompaniments. It costs 1,250 gp per cadaver. The mage performing the service generally uses a *teleport without error* spell, though on occasion, a normal *teleport* spell is used. Of course, if it doesn't work correctly, no one knows. Creatures “buried” in this way can still be brought back to life through the use of a resurrection spell, assuming they haven't been eaten and the body can be found.
- **Personal Teleport (PT)** is simply that: transporting a person from one city to another. If the *teleport* spell fails, the unfortunate passenger is subject to the penalties stated in the spell description. Perfectone Mercantile takes no responsibility for accidents. Personal Transport costs 400 gp per individual and has a 5% chance of failing.
- **Personal Teleport Without Error (PTE)** is error-free transportation from one city to another. This service costs 600 gp per individual and utilizes the *teleport without error* spell to insure accuracy.
- **The Shadow Caravan** is a service that transports cargo through the Ethereal Plane in order to arrive at the destination safely. Unfortunately, there's always a chance for ambush in the ether. Regardless of distance traveled, the service costs 225 gp per load (equating to approximately one ton). There is a 15% chance of ethereal ambush, and if ambushed, the caravan loses 1d100% of its cargo. Perfectone Mercantile takes no responsibility for lost cargo.
- **Shadowport (SP)** is advertised as “an experience for the adventurer in all of us.” This is a trip into the Ethereal Plane for the traveler at the cost of 375 gp per individual, or 300 gp per person in a group of three or more. The trip takes one hour of real time for every day's travel by caravan, though the traveler feels only one minute (per hour real time) pass. There's a 15% chance the traveler does not arrive at the destination for 1d4 weeks, though the traveler doesn't feel the time differentiation.
- **Teleport Cargo (TC)** is a service that instantly *teleports* cargo from one city to another. The service costs 325 gp per load (one ton). There's a 5% that the cargo is partially damaged in transport. If so, 5d10% of the cargo is shattered beyond recognition or teleported into solid ground, lost beyond salvage. Perfectone Mercantile takes no responsibility for lost cargo.
- **Teleport Cargo Without Error (TCE)** is a service that unerringly *teleports* cargo. The service costs 400 gp per load (one ton). There is no chance for lost or damaged cargo when this service is used.

Perfectone Price Guide

Delivery Service	Price	Error Percent	Percent Loss
NF	1,250 gp	0%	-
PT	400 gp	5%	-
PTE	600 gp	0%	-
SC	225 gp	15%	1d100%
SP	375 gp	15%	-
TC	325 gp	5%	5d10%
TCE	400 gp	0%	0%

The following table dictates the number of services available per day per city, listed as the following: shadow, *teleport*, or *teleport without error*. Because there are only a certain number of slots available per day, many speculators purchase one or two of the slots, hoping the demand and need for cargo transport is high enough to scalp the slots for a much higher price.

- *Shadow walk* is used to perform the Shadow Caravan (SC) and Shadowport (SP) services.
- *Teleport* is required for the Personal Transport (PT), and Teleport Cargo (TC) services; Nobleman Funeral (NF) uses *teleport* only in emergencies or special cases.
- *Teleport without error* is used in the Nobleman's Funeral (NF), Personal Teleport without Error (PTE), and Teleport Cargo without Error (TCE) services.

Perfectone Service Schedule

City	Shadow	Teleport	Teleport w/o Error
Arabel ¹	3	5	3
Caer Corwell	1	3	1
Calimport	8	10	7
Longsaddle	4	5	3
Luskan	2	1	3
Ordulin ²	3	7	3
Neverwinter	2	3	2
Silverymoon	1	3	2
Westgate	2	4	2

¹All wizards employed by Perfectone Mercantile in Arabel are war wizards. Since they're at the beck and call of the King, there's a 5% chance per day that service is shut down for 2d4 days without prior notice. There is a 5% chance per hour that a scheduled shipment is bumped to the next day in order to make room for a shipment for the King.

²Recently, the Zhentarim have been buying land around Ordulin in apparent hopes of sieging the city. With the recent arrival of Perfectone Mercantile, the city leaders are hoping this mode of cargo transport can save them from certain disaster. They're also demanding more daily services which, at this point, cannot be handled by the company. Please note: Cargo transporting has priority over personal transport and cannot take place until all cargo is first delivered.

Recently, a few merchant companies have voiced negative opinions about Perfectone Mercantile. They think Perfectone's business ethics are corrupt, their tactics monopolistic, and their exclusivity illegitimate. The larger companies, however, are “looking into” the new way of moving cargo, but the margin of profit is much lower than conventional methods.

As a side note, Perfectone Mercantile's always looking for employees and arcane objects. The company buys scrolls, rings, staves, wands, artifacts, and any magical item that possesses *teleport* capability. Unless the item is offered for less, Perfectone Mercantile pays 5% more for such an item than the price stated in the *ENCYCLOPEDIA MAGICA* accessory.



They're always looking to hire mages and wizards who specialize in or have access to *teleport*, *teleport without error*, and *shadow walk* spells. The more spells in their arsenal, the more goods that can be moved in a day, and the more money everyone makes in the process. Mages are paid between 100 and 200 gp per day for their work—far more than the average earnings of an adventurer—which makes employment in this company highly advantageous.

Another hot commodity for Perfectone Mercantile is guards. They're always looking for additional help in protecting their buildings. They don't care if a merchant gets robbed a block from their facility; all they care about is that the goods, once they enter their compound, are not damaged or stolen.

Adventurers looking for something to do may consider hiring themselves out to Perfectone Mercantile. Rumors of this or that teleportive item are always on the lips of those with any dealings with Perfectone, and these rumors are always looked into. One rumor that Perfectone is very interested in verifying: The Zhentarim have hired wizards to investigate the use of metamagic spells in intercepting teleported goods and people. If they should prove successful, both Perfectone and a lot of wizards that rely on teleportation magic could be in dire straits.

Other Trading Companies

The FORGOTTEN REALMS *Campaign Setting* provides a listing of other trading companies in the North. If your players are looking for caravan duty in the North, they might want to check out one of the following mercantile companies: The Firehands Group, Highmoon Trading Coster, Red Shields, Seven Suns Trading Coster, Six Coffers Market Priakos, Surefeet Trademasters, Thousandheads Trading Coster, Trail Lords, or Windriders Trading Coster. These are all detailed in *A Grand Tour of the Realms* (pages 100-101).

Personalities

The following "movers and shakers" of the North are NPCs for the DM to use in encounters and are by no means a complete list of all the important or powerful folk of the northern wilderness. They may become sources of information, allies, mentors and tutors, or even bitter enemies. Please note that characters living in the city of Daggerford (in the Delimbiyr area) are not listed here. Everything regarding Daggerford is included in Book 3.

The NPCs are separated by locale in order to make them easier to locate. The back interior cover includes a small index allowing the DM to locate a specific individual quickly. For a more detailed description of many of these individuals, refer to *Volo's Guide to the North*.

Amphail

Briiathor Alougarr (LN hm F3) is the Lord Warder of Amphail, a man who speaks quietly but whose level eyes see much. He's a trim-bearded man who dislikes armor and ceremony, and he makes a practice of wandering Amphail on foot at all hours. Briiathor is a member of Waterdeep's city guard, though officially he's retired to take up the post of Lord Warder.

Dlara (LN hf M7) is the second-in-command of Mother Gothai's festhall in Amphail. This eight-foot-tall, dusky-skinned warrior from Chult enjoys watching and participating in tumbling and acrobatics, and she has a delightful sense of humor. She's very popular among the young noblemen of Waterdeep for her willingness to wrestle, a sport she does on stage at the festhall. She can easily pick up and throw an average human male across a room.

Mother Gothai (NG hf T10) is the elderly proprietor of a festhall in Amphail. Once a beautiful dancer famous in Baldur's Gate, she tried to retire to Waterdeep but ran afoul of a group of slavers. The events surrounding her defeat of the slavers are what prompted her to move to Amphail and open a festhall, surrounding herself with the energy and excitement of people on the move. She delights in hearing people's dreams and schemes, and many folk come to the festhall just to talk with her. Her sage advice has set many a young Waterdhavian on the road to destiny.

Krivvin Shamblestar (NG hm F8) is the tavernmaster of the Stag-Horned Flagon. The stocky, soft-spoken man—and expert knife-thrower—has seen 67 winters and tends to be economical in his movements. Krivvin has an excellent memory for faces and the favored drinks that go with them. He has a far keener ear than most think he does; he knows most of the business of those who drink in his bar, whether they realize it or not. Because of this, he serves as a watchman for both the Harpers and the Lords of Waterdeep. Mirt the Moneylender is a regular visitor and old friend.

Phelansheene (CG hf M14): Phelansheene is a sorceress under a curse. She's fully present in Faerûn only on nights when the moon is full. She's tied to Amphail by a link to her spell books, which contain ancient and powerful Netherese spells. The curse was laid on Phelansheene by a Red Wizard of Thay whom she has since trapped in a crystal ball hidden in Amphail. Phelansheene is in love with Thorn Tlassalune, a rogue who owns the Stone Stallion.

Thorn Tlassalune (NE hm T9) is the keeper of the Stone Stallion. He's a long-haired, engaging, would-be minstrel who plays the lute badly. He claims to be a former luthier's apprentice from Amn, though he's obviously from Tethyr.

His wife, Khalarra, died recently in childbirth, leaving him with five daughters. Thorn grows restless and is willing to sponsor and fence for adventurers, dealing with contacts he developed in Waterdeep. Thorn isn't quite ready to ride away from the inn into adventure, but that day is not too distant.

Bargewright Inn

Baerlatha Luruin (CG hf M9): Baerlatha's the wife of the healer Chanczlatha Luruin. She spends her time concocting potions, mothering a large family of adopted children, and tending sick animals in Chanczlatha's paddock. She's a slim, soft-spoken woman with steel-gray eyes and ash-blond hair.

Chanczlatha Luruin (NG hm P11 [Lathander]) is a locally revered animal healer and physic (a doctor given to using herbs and medicinal broths) whose life is devoted to healing and caring for the sick. He is a quiet, stammering, unassuming man with gentle hands and a secret delight in bawdy songs and jokes. Chanczlatha is often called on to heal those who've fallen afoul of danger and been brought to him.



The faithful of Lathander are always healed for free, but Chanczatha charges fees for all other spellcasting. This helps him cover the high costs of his medicines and of feeding the animals he keeps. He often keeps alive beasts that others would leave to die. Like his wife Baerlatha, Chanczatha never leaves sight of Bargewright Inn.

Ruldarr (CG hm F3) is the owner of Ruldarr's Pipes, Locks, Tobacco, and Fine Furniture. He is a man of smooth manners and subtle jests, with a small, pointed beard and oiled mustache. Ruldarr is an avid gardener whose house and shop are full of hanging plants that grow in large, levitating pots.

Tabra (NG hf M22) is the proprietor of a rooming house and festhall. She was once an apprentice of Ioulaum, one of the few Netherese sorcerer-kings to live through the fall of Netheril. Ioulaum was ultimately slain in a spell battle with a cabal of a dozen alhoon (illithiliches), but by then he'd perfected his greatest spell: *Ioulaum's longevity*.

Tabra cast the spell on herself and then destroyed all record of it. She had no wish for it to fall into the hands of evil mages, because its casting requires the death of one mage for each year of life the caster desires to attain. Tabra exterminated a colony of mind flayers over 2,000 strong who were about to sacrifice her to some dark god. So far, she has only used about half the time her magic bought her. She has no plans to recreate the spell to further prolong her own life, however.

Tabra keeps her mastery of magic as secret as possible but always carries a full complement of spells. Notably, she bears the powerful Netherese spell *dragonshape*. She uses it when in great personal danger or to defend Bargewright Inn against powerful attackers.

There are rumors that Tabra is really a gold dragon in human shape to guard a hoard hidden under her house. When one wonders why she's never seen in dragon form, the usual answer is she's hiding from a more powerful dragon who would sweep down and destroy her and Bargewright Inn if her true identity was revealed.

Calling Horns

Tosker Nightsword (LN hm F7) is the owner and keeper of the remote inn known as Calling Horns. He's a retired guide and hunter who knows the Evermoors and the western fringes of the High Forest as well as any person alive. However, he doesn't know where to find the main treasure cache of the Bored Swords, the adventuring group who gave him the inn.

Aborana Startoucher (NG hf Div16) is a former resident in the city of Memnon in Calimshan and was famous for telling a person's fortune with incredible accuracy. She often had ideas that allowed people to bypass the woes of fates-to-come, though these didn't always work. A merchant of ill repute and vile temperament came to her to ask her aid in a business deal. All she saw was a black, unholy, and bloody death. She couldn't come up with a way for the man to sidestep his fate, for it seemed to come from the Nether Regions.

He cursed her and her family and vowed a thousand revenges on her. Several days later, members of her family were found slain in their bedchambers, and more were dying every day. She left her shop through a secret passageway





under her divining table, entered the sewers of the city, and escaped to the North. She soon heard of the merchant's horrid death, rumored to involve a multi-limbed abomination from the depths of the earth, made wholly of lava and flame.

Since her arrival in Calling Horns, she's turned into quite a collector of unusual and exotic items, books, stuffed monsters, and jars of unidentifiable contents. She buys anything that possesses a dweomer and tries to determine its function. Once every spring, when she's collected a number of items (usually on the order of 30 or more), she has a widely publicized estate auction. She hires guards (usually good-aligned adventurers or soldiers) to guard the patrons and the goods.

Recently, she's collected a 12-page book bound in scaly red leather, each page consisting of a single rune-carved metal seal: seven gold, five lead. The Kraken Society in Yartar seem to be on the prowl for the novelty item, and she's been keeping it under lock and key, though the agents have been seen snooping around her property, peering into windows, digging fresh holes every night, and being basic pests.

Conyberry

Martin von Mensch (CN hm F4) is the owner of Conyberry Arms. Martin is an ex-adventurer looking only for a way to increase his hoard of treasure.

Treahugh Greiko (CN hm F6) was a ranger who tracked large monsters that ran loose and untamed throughout the North. He was generally hired by big-city, well-to-do men who wanted to prove their physical prowess by killing something big, nasty, and venomous. Most of the time, he was successful in keeping his employers alive in spite of themselves, but not always. About 10% of his customers never made it back to their well-to-do lives.

He once helped a merchant from Mirabar hunt down the fabled Mielikkar in the High Forest. He had never heard of the creature, but for some reason, he felt slightly uneasy about the excursion. The money was good—too good, for he ignored his gut feeling. The two (as well as the seven bearers) tracked the footsteps of the beast until their target was in sight. The merchant aimed at the beast with a crossbow that should have been called a ballista and let go a bolt. The concussion from the discharge knocked the small man to the ground. The bolt whistled through the air, piercing the Mielikkar in the heart, killing it.

As the beast quivered in its death throes, Treahugh realized the wrong he had committed against Mielikki and fell to the ground. He ripped off his clothes, yanked the hair from his head, and sobbed. No longer did he possess a close tie to his deity, and no longer did he possess the powers granted by her nearness. After lamenting for seven days, the ragged, half-starved and dehydrated Treahugh walked from the High Forest to Conyberry, where he bought an empty storefront.

His love for animals still causes the broken heart in his chest to beat, and not having them near him would have shattered what is left of his spirit. He opened the store as a clinic for ailing creatures, and he still has an incredible rapport with all the animals that enter his door.

Everlund

Ruldorn, "the Storm Ranger," (CG hm R13) is a guide and defender of Everlund nicknamed for his unerring ability to find his way in even the worst winter snowstorms. He's a gaunt giant of a man, standing almost seven feet tall, weighing only a little more than 220 pounds. He's a Harper and longtime community leader in Everlund. His home is hidden somewhere west of the city, but he can usually be found at the Battered Hat where guides tend to gather when not on the trail.

Griffon's Nest

Kralgar Bonesnapper (CN hm F12) is the chief of the Uthgardt Griffon tribe and rules Griffon's Nest. He works tirelessly to conquer and rule one of the great cities of the North. His warriors and hired agents are of all sorts. They include orcs hungry for plunder, civilized wizards who hold personal grudges against certain city-dwellers, and agents of distant empires seeking to sow strife in the region for their own purposes.

Kralgar would be happiest enthroned in Silverymoon, but he would be pleased to rule Everlund if it were larger and more fortified. He would even settle for Neverwinter, Mirabar, or Sundabar. If he remains frustrated for long, he plans to eradicate smaller settlements and holds to draw the armies of the cities out into the open. There, he's confident he can overwhelm them.

Kralgar doesn't really believe that magic can be powerful enough to overcome groups of determined Griffon warriors, but just in case, he's interested in acquiring enchanted items for his own personal use. He's already amassed a small heap of magical items and carries the more useful ones at all times.

Grunwald

Gundar Brontoskin (LN hm F11) is the king of the Uthgardt Thunderbeast tribe and the ruler of Grunwald. He's a heavy-set, handsome man who is never without a broadsword, a hand axe, and various hidden daggers.

Gundar is the wise and tolerant leader of the most-civilized Uthgardt tribe. He's traveled the Sword Coast lands and is a polite listener who is both fair and a good judge of character. His recall of slights and misdeeds carries clear down the years. Gundar's people worship him, and even rival Uthgardt tribes respect him. Gundar can call the barbarians together in a battle horde at any time; they hurry to his summons in a matter of days. He makes friends quickly, but he is a bad enemy to have. In battle he is as cold as stone, always thinking and planning, and never giving in to rage or recklessness.

Kheldell

Delgara "The Slim" Dauntsword (CN hf dual class: T4/F14) is the monstrously fat proprietor of the Stag at Rest. This gray-haired, puffing, tottering woman was once a pirate of some infamy on the Sword Coast. She captained a boat called the *Witch of the Waves* and loved to lead her crew onto the decks of other ships while waving a meat cleaver.

Ghelkyn Stormwind (CG hm M7) is a hard-working, soft-spoken wizard who spends his days with the loggers of Kheldell. He's a man who has turned his back on adventuring



and on the intrigues and ambitions of the cities. He was once an apprentice of Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun. Today, Ghelkyn is a stout man who spends his evenings studying and experimenting with magic. He always has his most prized spell, *vampiric touch*, memorized.

Tchandrae Euinwood (NG hf F1) is a quiet, 12-year-old girl with long, brown hair, a calm, fearless manner, and a natural spell-like power akin to *legend lore* or the psionic ability of object reading. Elminster says that she is “touched by Mystra” and is no doubt intended by the goddess for great things. The Old Mage has examined her at work and reports that Tchandrae has no psionic abilities as they are generally understood in Faerûn.

Tchandrae simply handles an object for at least four rounds, and then speaks what comes into her head about the item. Like the *legend lore* spell, such information is often cryptic, but it is also often more than could possibly be understood from mere visions of people, surroundings, and events concerning the item. In practice, the information is as complete as the DM wishes.

LONGSADDLE

Alastra Hathwinter, “The Night Cloak,” (CG hf M21) is the proprietor of a festhall and rooming house in Longsaddle that bears her nickname. She was the companion of old Auglyth Harpell, a man many years her senior. Since his death 12 winters ago, she has remained in the village and runs her business. She’s rumored to be a Harper or at least a Harper ally.

Her adventuring career took her from Nimbral to Malatra (in Kara-Tur) and from Zakhara in the distant south to the castles of the giants of the clouds above the endless ice of the North. Alastra is content to stay in one place now, but her knowledge of the farthest reaches of Toril surpasses that of most in the North.

Malavos Drunn (NE hm F10) is the owner of the Horn and Hoof and has considerable treasure hidden in its cellars. Malavos fences stolen goods, but he takes care that none of his neighbors know. Of course, some know anyway, and the Harpells have privately warned him what they’ll do if they discover him working with agents of the Zhentarim.

Malchor Harpell (NG hm M18) dwells in the Tower of Twilight east of Neverwinter Wood. He was a student of Khelben Arunsun and now trains other mages, but he still spends most of his time researching the creation of magical items, potions, and elixirs. He has mastered the arts of making *stone guardians*, *staves of the magi*, *wands of magic missiles*, *rings of featherfalling*, and *rings of warmth*. He carries these items on his person when traveling along with a *lurker cloak* and a *ring of protection* +3. Malchor dislikes interruptions—which often means that magical training takes twice as long as it should—but richly rewards good students, loyal friends, and faithful followers with praise, shelter, gifts, and magic.

Luskan

Arklem Greeth (LE hm M18) is a hateful, old man, bent with age and infirmity who exudes a vile odor (many believe he is preparing himself for lichdom). He’s the master of the Host Tower of the Arcane, though he rarely leaves his chambers atop that tower. High Captain Taerl secretly takes orders from

Greeth, though he hates and fears the ancient wizard (the High Captains are under *geas* to prevent the Host Tower and its wizards from coming to harm). Greeth doesn’t trust other mages, especially after the murder of his aide-de-camp, Morkai the Red. He’s always guarded by four charmed 6th-level warriors, and many suspect that one or more abishai are bound into his service.

Dendybar the Mottled (CE hm P4 [Xvim]/M12) is a frail-appearing mage who takes his nickname from the unusual patterns dyed into the fabrics of his customary robes. Dendybar is a former priest of Myrkul who felt he could better serve his god as a mage. The hood shadowing Dendybar’s features hides a face like a skin-covered skull, Myrkul’s mark upon his most loyal servants. When Myrkul fell during the Godswar, Dendybar turned to the worship of Xvim, though he retains Myrkul’s marking.

Dendybar’s a wizard of the Host Tower of the Arcane. Several years before, Dendybar, Eldeluc, and several others arranged the death of Morkai the Red in distant Icewind Dale, allowing Dendybar and Eldeluc to move into key positions in the guild. Dendybar is jealous of Eldeluc’s easy rise to power and hates the fat, jovial mage. He secretly plans to eliminate both Eldeluc and the archmage. Thereafter, the North is his to claim.

Dendybar the Mottled serves as Master of the North Spire, which was Akar Kessel’s school when he apprenticed under Morkai the Red. The current Master of the North Spire was able to trick Kessel into murdering his master, thus leaving the vacancy to be filled by Dendybar.

In addition to his magical spells, Dendybar the Mottled can animate 1d6 skeletons or 1d3 zombies each round of combat if bodies are available.

Eldeluc (LE hm M14): Big and burly, Eldeluc’s amiable exterior disguises a soul thoroughly tainted with evil. Along with Dendybar the Mottled, he’s an heir-apparent to the position of archmage in the Host Tower of the Arcane. Though they worked together to eliminate rival Morkai the Red years ago on an excursion to the Ten Towns, they are at odds with each other in the guild, and Eldeluc hates Dendybar with a passion. He plans to eliminate Dendybar soon. Eldeluc’s connection with the god Bane brought him contacts with the Zhentarim, and now he uses those contacts in the church of Cyric.

Inther Blackfeather (NE hm T13) is the sinister, cinnamon-skinned trader generally found in his curtained booth in Cutlass tavern. His catlike, yellow eyes flash in the gloom, and his softly menacing voice is only a mutter. Inther is a fence for stolen goods and the largest slave trader north of Amn. He does well fronting for a dozen or more slavers who operate out of Luskan and reach as far south as Kelazzan and Esbresh near the Utter East.

Jalboun of the Two Blades (CE hm F8) is a brawling fence and mercenary working his dual trade from Luskan’s Cutlass. He often roars out drinking songs and joins in fights that break out in the taproom with joy. Jalboun customarily fights with two scimitars, both *swords of dancing*, and he’s also an expert at hurling axes, daggers, and tavern tables.

Pureheartman (CG, hm M13/Sha7) wanders with the Great Raven tribe. Tall, slender, and of noble bearing, he dresses in a cape of black feathers. He was once a member of the Host Tower of the Arcane, but was forced to flee the organization when Dendybar’s attentions focused on his “peculiar values.”



“Red” Aruph Thunderfist (CN hm F9) is a red-haired, burly Luskanite who looks like he could punch a hole in a stone wall. Red is often in a corner booth in the Cutlass, where he does business on a daily basis. He’s a fence for stolen goods, a ship cargo arranger, and a barter master for scarce gear or unusual payments. He also acts as a contact for captains searching for replacement crew. He’s a cheerfully grunting, snarling, or growling man who drinks copious amounts of spirits and seems immune to poison or the effects of drink. Red is liked and respected all over Luskan. For a gold piece, he arranges a contact—and he never betrays a trust. Those who owe him money can sometimes pay by doing a service instead.

Whisper (LE hf T12) is a beautiful woman with a vile reputation, known for having her larcenous companions follow her whenever she makes a contact. This is done to assure that her contact doesn’t attempt to kill, cast controlling spells, or swindle her. She has excellent fence contacts for those who are trying to unload unquestionable goods. In addition, she also has sources for those attempting to get in or out of the city unnoticed, and she knows more than a few captains who can book passage for “cargo” (cargo being a person attempting to escape to the south in a hurry without the notice of the Arcane Brotherhood or the Luskar militia).

Mirabar

Elastul Raurym (LN hm F14), the 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). They’re veteran generals who are unshakably loyal to Elastul and Mirabar. He’s a fat, lusty, red-bearded man who loves pleasure and money.

Zespara Alather (CG hf F7) is the owner of the House of the Bright Blade; she’s also one of the finest human swordsmiths working in Faerûn today. A part-time adventurer, Zespara has made some powerful friends, notably, a number of anonymous mages. She’s a Harper, and sometimes operates as a Lords’ Alliance agent. As such, she’s slain dangerous agents of the Zhentarim, the Red Wizards, and the Arcane Brotherhood.

Mornbryn’s Shield

Beldora Thiiruin (CG hf P6 [Lathander]), the owner of the Maid of the Moors, is a quiet woman who invests heavily in any venture mounted by her neighbors. She’s well liked because of this and her open, friendly personality.

Flanagus Gnarlybone (CN gm F6) is a gruff-voiced and round gnome tavernmaster of the Troll in Flames tavern. He has been known to stock up on a wine or brew favored by travelers who stop by regularly.

Nesmé

Nistlor “The Undying” Lothlyn (CN hm M10) is the smooth-spoken, immaculate, goateed proprietor of the House of the Wise Unicorn. He’s a mage who’s turning to necromancy and working quietly toward lichdom. He’s already mastered the art of creating several lesser undead types and keeping himself youthful through magic. He’s carefully collecting *potions of longevity* and purchases such potions at every opportunity. He has three apprentices and prefers to use them, as well as hired adventurers, to gain spell components and accomplish tasks for him.

Tessarín “Longtresses” Alaraun (NG hf M13) is currently First Speaker of the Council and the ruler of the increasingly powerful town. She’s an attractive woman known for her ash-blond hair, quick wit, powerful spells, and small arsenal of magical items. Lately, she’s become close friends with her former rival, the one-time high priestess of Waukeen, Jygil Zelnathra. Jygil is now her apprentice. Tessarin dreams of building Nesmé into a powerful, secure city of culture and learning. She intends for her city to rival Silvermoon and to join the Lords’ Alliance.

Neverwinter

Lord Nasher Alagondar (NG hm F12) is an amiable, balding, and fearless former adventurer who keeps his city firmly in the Lords’ Alliance. He enjoys music and hearing tales of other lands and peoples.

He’s laid many intrigues and magical preparations against attacks from Neverwinter’s warlike rival town, Luskan. Nasher doesn’t allow maps of the city to be made to keep the spies of Luskan busy and add a minor measure of difficulty to any Luskanite invasion plans. Lord Nasher is always accompanied by his bodyguard, the Neverwinter Nine. They have many magical items Nasher accumulated over a very successful decade of adventuring.

The Harpers and many good-aligned mages make Neverwinter their home, including the Many-Starred Cloak, a band of wizards who are the real power in the city. These groups support Lord Nasher’s rule with their spells.

Ophala Cheldarstorn (NG hf M14) is the covert owner and resident of the Moonstone Mask. She’s an important, respected member of the Many-Starred Cloak. She regards the Harpers and Elminster of Shadowdale as friends and the Arcane Brotherhood of Luskan as deadly foes. Her apprentices spend most of their time magically spying on the Brotherhood so its spies and agents can be intercepted and thwarted. Ophala had a brief—but perilous—career adventuring on other planes, but she’s returned to stay.

Rhalaglingalade (CG hm M19), a soft-spoken, bearded archmage who recently settled in Neverwinter, announced an important new creation: the sphere of summer. This enchantment is a series of complicated spells that creates a sphere of translucent force where plants can be grown in warmth and controlled moisture throughout the winter. Such spheres also allow the farming of tropical fruits and flowers in northern climes.

Since announcing his discovery, the archmage has thrice been attacked by Calishite assassins—notably Thyruin of the White Flowers, who escaped and is thought to be roaming the North in a savage mood—and survived capture attempts sponsored by merchants of Amn, Luskan, and Thay. Rhalaglingalade appealed to the Lords’ Alliance for protection, and he has been assigned a bodyguard of hired adventurers (each paid 2,000 gp/month). Several guards were slain while repulsing three separate attacks, but there seems no shortage of ready applicants, even from the noble families of Waterdeep.

Vandathra Paleme (CG hf P14) is an avid devotee of Tymora known for her reckless, prankish, happy-go-lucky behavior. Perhaps the most chaotic of the servants of Lady Luck, Vandathra has always wandered Faerûn (and other planes) alone or with a few companions acquired along the way. Big-shouldered and shapely, Vandathra is readily recognized by her



huge mane of curly, waist-length, copper-with-silver hair, said to be a family trait originating in long ago elven marriages into her Neverwintan family.

Heir to rich holdings in Neverwinter and the lands around, Vandathra has not been home since she was 13. Last seen in Aglarond, Vandathra said she was going to explore Rashemen and Thay to see if the magic she heard of exists there and to take her closer to the Great Goddess by leading her to other planes than this. She may well have found what she sought, for Vandathra's luck has always been good.

Port Llast

First Captain Haeromos Dothwintyl (LN hm F0) is a retired stonemason and the current ruler of Port Llast. He carries himself proud, wearing only the finest clothing and the shiniest armor and broadsword his money can buy. He keeps the taxes low, but they're high enough to keep him in good food, good spirits, and dashing clothes.

Haljal Throrod (CG dm F2) is the smith who runs the Cracked Anvil Blacksmith. He was a miner north of Mirabar in his youth, but a terrible cave-in that crushed his right leg and arm and his chest, followed closely by an almost-lethal sickness, forced him to retire. He moved around for almost a century before stopping here and creating this storefront. He's happier in the safety of the close walls of mines, but his lungs can no longer take the heavy fumes of underground smelting. For the time being, he is content with his shop. Should he ever find a cleric who can undo the damage caused by the cave-in, he plans a return to Mirabar.

Red Larch

Yather Indaglöl (NG hm M13) is the owner of the Helm at Highsun. He's a recluse who keeps to his locked and warded rooms at the back of the tavern. No magical item can enter the warded area unless Yather himself touches it while he utters a secret password. Otherwise, the ward seems to be a solid stone wall to the bearer.

Yather runs the tavern by means of *wizard eye* spells. He appears only if the building or the staff are endangered. Should this happen, he comes forth wielding powerful rods, wands, and a full roster of battle spells. Yather has a pseudodragon familiar and an adventuring past that includes visits to other planes.

Yather is very rich. Some of his wealth is invested in Water-deep and various trading companies operating in the Heartlands. Much of it is hidden—unguarded—in Red Larch, somewhere near the Helm.

Secomber

Amelior Amanitas (CG hm M21), the Sage of Secomber, is a master alchemist and busy-body, which is a kind way of saying that he isn't welcome in most places. Although he doesn't appear so, he is a powerful wizard and a learned sage whose major area of study is the physical universe (Chemistry & Physics) and whose minor field is the study of the supernatural & unusual (giving him nightmares). He comes across as a bumbling, good-natured eccentric who has an unreasoning fear of evil.

Tall, chunky, gray-bearded and bespectacled, Amelior has one good eye and wears a variety of handsome patches over the

socket of the other—some silk, some tasseled, some vividly patterned, and one bearing his sigil. He dresses as a common craftsman and is a poker-about-after-secrets. These character traits have made him unwelcome in many places, though not in Silverymoon, where he's a close friend of High Lady Alustriel.

Amelior is straight in his dealings, though he may actually forget he's hired someone. Amelior constantly hires adventurers to carry out odd tasks for him, often paying more than the task is worth. His current interest is the High Forest and legends of an enchanted wood within it. He rarely fights with spells, relying on Erek (LN hm F4), his irritable, sharp-tongued bodyguard—with equally sharp swords—of mixed northern blood.

He dwells in a cavelike home rather like a cluttered halfling delving. It's connected to a tiny, leaning stone tower located high up amid gardens on one of the hills in Secomber. His residence is home to several golems and a dozen, brightly colored—red, green, fuchsia, flame-orange, mint blue, sun yellow, and so on—cats.

Traskar Selarn, Lord of Secomber (CG hm R11), is a regal, handsome, tall, good-natured man who agreed to watch over Secomber for the Lords' Alliance. He does this by keeping an eye on—and descending swiftly upon when necessary—the lawless, but otherwise leaving the people to their own business. He knows the High Moor well and often sends adventurers who come to him to areas he knows hold promising ruins that haven't been plundered bare yet.

Silverymoon

Alustriel (CG hf M24), the High Lady, is the ruler of Silverymoon—as well as a powerful force in the North and a senior member of the Harpers. Alustriel is a spellcaster but her greater talents are her natural kindness and graceful diplomacy, talents that serve her well in preserving her city against the ravages of the North.

The High Lady of Silverymoon can legitimately be involved in adventures in the vicinity of Silverymoon, though she's a "stay-at-home" ruler, not an adventurer. Additional information concerning Alustriel can be found in the *Seven Sisters* accessory.

Esklindrar (LN hm M6 [sage]) is a sage whose knowledge of human writings in the Sword Coast area is unequaled outside of Candlekeep. Several potent protective magics have been laid on him by his friend, Alustriel of Silverymoon, who wishes to preserve his lore.

He's apt to be sharp-tongued, but he is a keen student of knowledge with an awesome memory. Esklindrar lives to acquire knowledge. He has befriended several groups of adventurers who go off to follow up leads he has given them. If any harm befalls him, the Harpers and one or more of the adventuring bands would seek revenge.

Orjalun (CG hm M18), the white-haired, kind, and just High Mage of Silverymoon in the early days of that city, eventually left his staff and the defense of the city to a treacherous apprentice and disappeared. Perhaps he went to seek his death or a quiet retirement somewhere in the wilderness—or perhaps he took to exploring the planes. Orjalun was one of the most polite and cultured mages ever known.

He's believed to be dead, but recently, rumors of a kind mage fitting Orjalun asking the whereabouts of a tome called *The Arbatel* have circulated. Alustriel has been very interested in these rumors, asking everyone who's mentioned the rumor



for any information they may have. Alustriel believes there is no way the old mage could still be alive, and thus, believes his apparition or spirit has come back to make sure the tome and Silvermoon are once again united.

Xara Tantlor (NG hf M12) is a young, rising star among mages in the North. She's an energetic explorer of tombs and ruins in the Interior and is always seeking new spells. She funds her activities by casting spells for hire and selling potions from her shop in Silvermoon, the Shining Scroll. She has a loyal faerie dragon companion named Villynk who considers herself the true owner of the Shining Scroll.

The Ten Towns

Cassius (LN hm F7), with his short, iron-gray hair and bright blue eyes, is the Spokesman of Bryn Shander in The Ten Towns and head of the ruling council. Though he rarely speaks of his past, most suspect he was once a military commander for some petty kingdom in the Inner Sea—his ability with a sword and military leadership skills are legendary in the Ten Towns. He's a skilled diplomat, willing to use strong-arm tactics and has a reputation for getting what he wants, even at another's expense.

Ilshara "Longnails" Naerthskul (NE hf T9), a catlike, dexterous thief, specializes in creeping around rooftops, minarets, and chimneys in large cities of Faerûn, stealing diamonds, coins, magical items, and weapons of all sorts. This infamous professional procurer is short and very slim, and is thought to have long, thick chestnut hair and ash eyes. This is her description, various lords recall, at a ball in Waterdeep some years back where she adroitly stole a great deal from the nobility.

Cornered last winter by the angry mage Orllmar of Baldur's Gate, she escaped by using a ring she wore to open a color pool in midair, and leaped through it. Her fate and present whereabouts were unknown for many years. Recently she was reported residing in Caer-Konig, living the luxurious life of the wife of a fishmonger, enjoying the benefits of wealth and prosperity. She now goes by the name Istar and is well-studied in magecraft, presumably even to the 6th level of experience.

Pilot Demitrick of Targos (NG hm F13/T13) was born in the Ten Towns fishing village of Targos to parents who owned three small boats that netted a good bounty that was shipped as far south as Triboar and Leilon. During the battle of Icewind Dale, the forces commanded by Akar Kessel encircled and seized Targos. Many of the inhabitants laid low, deciding, instead, to allow the weather and the passage of time to be their defender. Some, however, took up arms and fought their oppressors.

Pilot's father was one such hero. He and his three best companions took to the wilds and laid in wait for supply caravans and patrols to get careless before striking. After three days of terrorist activities, Kessel tortured several citizens and found who was responsible for the assaults. Akar captured Pilot's mother and threatened her life unless the Old Scout surrendered, which he did. Once Pilot's mother and father were in custody, Kessel killed them both as an example to the other Targosans. This left Pilot with no parents, and being an only child, it also left him alone in the world.

This desolated feeling forces him to be very open and honest with everyone he meets, in hopes of affording him close friends. Once he has made a friend, that person can be secure



in the fact that they are friends for life—and there’s nothing Pilot wouldn’t do for a friend. Pilot now travels the northern reaches, hiring himself out as tourist guide, caravan leader, hunter, sage, and all-around mercenary. Pilot has become a renowned guide in the northern territories, leading bands of adventurers, miners, and survivalists into the more treacherous locations in the Savage Frontier.

Regis (NG hm T6) was formerly a guild thief in Calimshan who came north to escape his past. Short even for a half-ling (his claim to three feet tall includes his curly brown hair), “Rumblebelly” makes up for his short height with ample girth brought on by years of “retirement.” He carries a *gem of suggestion*, an enchanted ruby that allows Regis to cast *suggestion* on others once a day. While he now wanders with the Fellowship of the Hall, his idea of adventure is forgetting to take enough worms on a fishing trip. He passes the time nowadays as a scrimshaw carver.

ThunderTree

Ansar Bloodshoulder (LG hm R9) serves as ThunderTree’s informal leader. He works with the town’s woodcutters to ensure that new trees are planted wherever timber is felled. He’s also a Harper and one of the few humans who knows his way around the Neverwinter Woods.

Triboar

Borth Jhandelspar (NG hm F13), a noted Triboar guide, is a jovial barbarian who often goes berserk in battle. When he was a youth, he was cast out of his tribe and adopted by a family of Triboar. He’s famous for striding through a blizzard one winter clad only in boots, loincloth, and sword, singing lustily, to bring news from Yartar to a snowed-in Triboar.

His nighttime fires are infamous throughout the North. When a normal fire is burning well, with a lot of fuel set aside for later, he covers it with damp sections of turf cut up from the ground. The fire burns underneath all night long. (The turf stops giving off white smoke when it has dried out.)

Gondyl Iitheuum (a doppelganger; see the MONSTROUS MANUAL) appears to be a snobbish, urbane, and slim human male proprietor of Everwyvern House who keeps his true nature secret to avoid being slain by outraged humans. He always moves at a slow, leisurely pace, with his languid speech and manners. He seldom preys, attacking only lone guests who can’t pay or whom he thinks can vanish unnoticed.

Gondyl plans to infiltrate Triboar with more of his own kind and dreams of someday ruling the entire town. As things stand, he feels safe. If Triboar is ever overrun by orcs or trolls, he can simply adopt their shape and avoid the slaughter.

Irin Sharadin (CN hm F9), a renowned guide and tracker from Triboar, has acquired a sinister reputation; some think him allied with drow and worse.

Morth Fartheen (NG hm F12), one of the most famous of the guides in Triboar, is well known in the area for his uncanny direction-sense.

Skulner Wainwright (LN hm F3), the most famous wagon maker in all the North, is a design genius who spends his life crafting new wagons and trying out design ideas in his workshop. He’s wealthy and content and dreams of crafting a wagon that flies. He wants to come up with it himself, not just buy or

seize one of the skyships of Halruaa or Evermeet, or use the magic he’s heard of in use in Nimbral. One day he’d like to tour Lantan and sit down to chat about designs with Lantanna artificers. For now, though, there’s hardly time enough to do the work lined up in front of him, and every day folk come clamoring to him for more wagons.

Zandever “Nighteyes” Eyredanus (CG hm F8), a famous guide, is most noted for guiding warbands through deep woods at night to strike back at raiding orcs. He deals with a lot of wealthy and powerful Waterdhavians.

Westbridge

Helisa Ithcanter (LN hf T6/P4 [Azuth]) is a cheerfully short woman who is constantly on the move. Slightly less than plump, she’s always rushing around her establishment, cleaning this, mindlessly adjusting a chair there, or running a finger along any small or thin horizontal flat surface. She heralds from Baldur’s Gate and is always thirsty for information about her hometown, especially if the stories involve someone she knows there, which is almost no one.

She’s threatened by Ghaliver’s rise to wealth and prosperity, fearing that he’ll either force her out of business or bring the wrath of the Zhentarim to the neighborhood. Anyone who brings information that she can eventually use—either to protect her from the Zhent or to bring down Ghaliver—can earn a free dessert.

Ghaliver Longstocking (CN hm F5/T5), the charming manipulator of merchants, always has a dozen schemes and moneymaking dodges on the go at any one time. He’s a shrewd judge of folk. Ghaliver is so successful at scheming that he now owns a farmers’ market, a stockyard, a walled grain warehouse complex, an inn in Westbridge, and a few houses in Waterdeep whose whereabouts he keeps secret.

Ghaliver dreams of becoming a real power in the North, but he knows that he’s only just becoming powerful enough to come to the notice of the Zhentarim and other groups who wish him ill. Currently, he’s trying to think of ways to protect himself in the years ahead.

Xantharl’s Keep

Helder Mornstone (NG hm R9) is the 60-year-old protector of Xantharl’s Keep (the leader of its garrison and tutor of its militia). He dreams of seeing the Keep expand into a bustling farming and craft town before he dies, a settlement divided by wooded parks sacred to Mielikki. He knows this will never come about, but he’s content to try to defend the Keep while he still has the strength.

Helder doesn’t look kindly on troublemakers but knows that visiting adventurers can be his best allies against persistent foes. He’s sure that both the Zhentarim and the Cult of the Dragon have agents in Xantharl’s Keep, and he’s determined to discover just who they are.

Yartar

Beldabar Yarryn (LN hm F9) is the owner and innkeeper of the underground Beldabar’s Rest. He once led an adventuring band called the Hawks of the North, but the company was shattered when they raided Hellgate Keep. Only three of the



16 survived, and they came to Yartar to run the inn together. The other two eventually returned to adventuring and were promptly slain by agents of Hellgate Keep. Only Beldabar remains, guarded by magical items he always wears.

Bellethe Kheldorna (LG hf Pal7 [Tyr]) was recently elected as the Waterbaron of Yartar. Dedicated to justice and fairness, this gives her a full-time job handling the customary deceit in the trading town where she dwells and policing worshippers of Tymora coming to the local temple. She works relentlessly to discover and eliminate agents of the Kraken Society, which her predecessor headed, as well as finding the well-hidden Zhen-tarim, Cult of the Dragon, and Thayan agents.

Bellethe was trained and schooled in Neverwinter, and she learned from Piergeiron of Waterdeep. She was the candidate put forward by the Lords' Alliance as the person they wanted to rule Yartar. If she survives, she'll do very well. Her fairness has impressed nearby Uthgardt tribes, and they're taking a second look at civilized folk because of her.

Tanataskar Moonwind (CN hm F7) is the quiet, pleasant master of the Cointoss tavern. He loves to hear tales of adventure and aches to be an adventurer again, but he cannot let himself do that.

Once a devout servant of Tempus, he offended the god by his boastful pride and fell under a curse. Whenever he draws blood in a fight, he goes berserk, blinking (as the spell) randomly, moving thrice per round—always emerging near a living creature and getting an attack—for 12 rounds. He makes three attacks per round, all at +3 to hit, when under effect of the curse. Two or even all three of the attacks in a round may

be against the same creature if the situation limits his targets. During this time, a continuous rain of broken weapons pours from Tanataskar's body; these manifestations vanish a round after they appear and fall to the ground. None of the fragments belong to the tavernmaster, nor does he seem to be harmed by them. During the manifestation of the curse, he's protected as if by a *protection against normal missiles* spell.

Tanataskar wants free of the curse, but he doesn't want to endanger friends or fellow adventurers with him. So, he doesn't dare adventure. Still, he's always eager to talk to traveling wizards or priests of Tempus, hoping to learn some way to be freed from the malady. In many dreams, Tempus presents himself to Tanataskar as a talking sword, always has the same message: "A great task awaits ye, if ye can master thyself again."

Velantha Waerdar (CG hf P10 [Tymora]) is the high priestess of the Happy Hall of Fortuitous Happenstance. She's a quick-witted, gracious leader, skilled in dealing with Yartarans, visiting adventurers, and merchants alike. She tries not to make enemies or appear capricious or uncaring, but she delights in stirring up chaos, forcing others to trust in their luck, take chances, and otherwise unwittingly follow the way of the Lady.

Those who embrace the worship of Tymora can quickly and easily become her friends. She's on an intimate basis with more than one band of adventurers. Many come to visit her regularly and lavish gifts on the temple, but a year rarely passes without Velantha weeping on her knees before the Lady's altar for the loss of yet another good friend.





Magic



The following magical items and spells are present in the North. Some of these items and spells may be available for sale from local sages and wizards; others may require an adventure to attain. As always, the DM is the final arbiter in such matters.

New Magical Items

Several new items were mentioned in this product. They are listed below for the DM's perusal. The DM is encouraged to change the items as needed in order to fit into his campaign.

Chardalyn

XP Value: 4,000 GP Value: 20,000

These rare, black stones are found only in the northern Sword Coast. They occur naturally and are not specially enchanted stones. Each stone can entrap a single spell cast into it, releasing the spell's effects when the stone is later shattered.

For example, a *chardalyn* hurled at an enemy could become the focal point of a *fireball* spell that was cast into it years earlier. A *chardalyn* absorbs only one spell. Once full, other magic has no effect.

These stones always absorb spells deliberately cast into them. They can also absorb incoming spells on a roll of 7 or less on a 1d12. This is useful when the incoming spell is hostile and directed at the stone-bearer. *Chardalyn* can absorb *lightning bolts* and *fireball* flames that have already manifested (preventing damage from occurring), but the bearer of a stone can't choose when this power works—and only "empty" *chardalyns* have the possibility of absorbing such spells.

Several veteran Riders of Nesmé wear *rings of fire resistance* coupled with shields studded with *chardalyns* that hold *fireballs* into battle. A foe who shatters a *chardalyn* with a weapon blow suffers immediate damage from the exploding flames.

Firepot

	XP Value	GP Value
Firepot:	-	20
Fireball Pot:	600	3,000
Self Striking Pot:	200	1,000
Tracer Pot:	1,000	5,000

A firepot is a clay jug filled with flammable oil and carried in a leather sling. The weapon is lit, spun around the head, and flung up to 30 yards. Upon striking a hard surface, the jug breaks, inflicting 1d6 hit points of fire damage to all within five feet of the impact. The oil continues to burn for 1d10 rounds or until it's extinguished, inflicting 1d4 points of damage each round.

Recently, an incredibly sadistic mage, Chigliak the Uthgardt, set to perfecting the firepot. By casting a variety of invocations on nearly as many pots, he set to creating a few magical varieties. Of all his experiments, he managed to build three types before his somewhat untimely death.

- The *fireball pot* is a lethal weapon that contains an altered version of the *fireball* spell. When the pot breaks, the *fireball* is released, blasting the victim and all within a 10-foot radius with 6d6 points of magical fire damage. The spell used in the incantation was adjusted with a smaller kill radius, but thus far, mages have been unable to reproduce the effect because his notes, as well as his house, dog, and most of his limbs, were destroyed in a laboratory accident.
- The *self-striking pot* is much safer than the mundane version. When launched, it magically ignites. Other than this, it's identical to the nonmagical firepot. Please note a *dispel magic* spell cast on the self-striking pot after it's lit has no effect: The magic that caused the actual ignition has already been expended, and the fuel that burns is nonmagical in nature.
- The *tracer pot* was designed for use in nighttime or underground combat. By launching the pot, wind friction ignites a delicate fuse and burns a magical compound in the pot. As it arcs through the air, everything within 100 yards of the pot is bathed in light as bright as daylight. The areas affected by the light continue to be illuminated for one full hour. Once the pot hits the ground, its flame is immediately extinguished; only the light created by its flight remains.





The farther the device is thrown, the more area it illuminates. If simply dropped on the ground, only a 100-yard radius area is illuminated; if thrown 100 yards, a 300-yard strip, 100 yards wide, is illuminated.

Chigliak told a tale of an adventuring company who used an over-taut ballista to launch the item. The *tracer pot* was lost over a hill about a mile and a half away. This illuminated area was used as a front-line of defense against a senseless drow invasion.

The last time Chigliak was found whole, he was working on a firepot to utterly incinerate whatever it touched by creating a contained sphere of heat so intense it would, in effect, disintegrate (as the spell) everything within a 15-foot sphere of the impact point. He was playing with the idea of calling the device *Chigliak's Hotpot* (it fed his expanding ego). One day, reports of an unusually hot and short-lived heatwave near Quavervar reached Silverymoon, and a team of adventurers were dispatched to investigate the phenomenon. They trudged through two feet of midwinter snow and found a 200-foot-diameter area completely devoid of snow, trees, and grass.

As the adventurers neared the center of the blast, walking on glazed sand, they found the remains of a building. The roof was gone, and what remained of the walls were scattered as far as 200 yards. All that was found in the wreckage was a perfectly preserved foot adorned with an anklet. The piece of jewelry was studied and found to be magical. It was an *anklet of immunity from fire*, though a flaw in its creation caused the device to protect only the foot and ankle, affording Chigliak's most important body parts no protection whatsoever. A lesson can be learned from this, even though it's too late for Chigliak.

Jewels of Neverwinter

XP Value: 10,000

GP Value: 18,000

These nine facetless gemstones are fist-sized and polished, each of a different type and hue. They were enchanted long ago by a cabal of wizards who sought to rule Neverwinter as lords and ladies. The stones were soon used against each other and were then hidden.

The gems are AC 1 with 70 hp; they shatter if reduced to zero or fewer hit points. They make all item saving throws as if they were leather, except that their saving throw vs. disintegration is 10. A jewel randomly loses one of its powers for every 10 hp of current damage. Each jewel regenerates one hp per day, regaining lost powers in the process. This self-regeneration is the only way a gem can be "cured" of damage; healing spells don't affect them.

Each jewel has a secret word engraved in tiny script on its surface. If this word is spoken by a being touching the stone, enough hit points are instantly drained from the stone to exhaust it entirely or to completely heal the being—whichever occurs first. A totally drained stone crumbles into dust, forever gone. It's not possible to control the drain so as to leave just a few hit points in a jewel.

The nine enchanted gems share some common powers. They *create food and water* (1/day) and *feather fall* (automatically, whenever needed by stone or bearer). Each can *teleport* one being touching or wearing it per day, between power points. These power points are specific spots, usually chambers deep within old keeps or important buildings, in the ruins of Ascore, Hellgate Keep, Karse, and Illusk as well as the cities of Luskan, Mirabar, Neverwinter, Silverymoon, and Sundabar.

Each gem can also emit *water breathing* once per day, for up to nine hours at a time, when grasped and ordered. Each can allow *water walking* for the same frequency and duration.

Each stone allows the bearer to make one attack per day with a +5 bonus on the attack (not damage) roll. (Players announce the use—then make the attack.) This power functions only once in 24 hours, regardless of how many bearers a gem may technically have during that time.

A jewel can emit a specific spell twice a day (only once per round). It can also block a specific spell. Blocked spells are deflected to a target chosen by will of the deflector; if the stone bearer chooses no target, blocked spells are reflected back 100% at the source. Spells not directly targeted at the gem-bearer cannot be deflected.

Only the specific spells (and identical item discharges) listed are affected. Where applicable, emitted magic functions as if wielded by a caster of 20th level:

Jewel	Color	Spell Effect
Amethyst	Purple	Emits <i>ray of enfeeblement</i> ; blocks <i>chain lightning</i>
Carnelian	Red-Brown	Emits <i>blade barrier</i> ; blocks <i>wall of fire</i>
Diamond	Clear	Emits <i>magic missile</i> (five missiles per spell); blocks <i>magic missile</i> .
Emerald	Green	Emits <i>color spray</i> ; blocks <i>lightning bolt</i> .
Fire Opal	Fiery Red	Emits <i>flame strike</i> ; blocks <i>cone of cold</i> .
Onyx	White	Emits <i>chain lightning</i> ; blocks <i>blade barrier</i> .
Ruby	Deep Red	Emits <i>fireball</i> ; blocks <i>wall of ice</i> .
Sapphire	Blue	Emits <i>cone of cold</i> ; blocks <i>fireball</i> .
Topaz	Yellow	Emits <i>flaming sphere</i> ; blocks <i>flame strike</i> .

Nether Scrolls

XP Value: 2,500

GP Value: 7,500

These magical scrolls were created by mages of the creator races. Later, they became the foundation of ancient Netheril, disappearing long before Netheril fell. The entire collection numbers 100 scrolls, inscribed in exotic runes on sheets of pure gold. The contents are unknown but many are suspected to contain exotic spells more powerful than any known today, requiring components no longer existing. The scrolls are an opportunity to introduce new spells into the DM's campaign.

SpellbattLe Ring

XP Value: 2,500

GP Value: 4,000

This ring gives the ability to dispel certain spells. The wearer is made aware of any release, casting, or exercise of any magic or spell-like psionic power occurring within a 120-foot spherical radius of the ring. The general effects of all such power releases (fiery-attacking spell or shape-transforming spell, for example) are identified to the ring-wearer.

The wearer can choose to dispel a spell cast within range or to change its target. When the ring is told to change targets, the new target gets the chance to save vs. spell at -2 to avoid the ring's effects. Failure means the new target takes full spell effects. (This does not change control of the spell to the ring-wearer; if the spell allows the caster to influence others, the caster is still in control—they just affect the wrong being.) Success means the ring dispels the magic instead. This is also what occurs if a *charm person* or a similar spell is hurled back at its caster. A caster can't be made to turn himself or herself to stone or addle his own thoughts, but the spell cast is instead



wasted. Combat spells, such as *fireball* and *lightning bolt*, can be turned back at their caster.

The ring can affect only cast spells, including spells that have been activated by a contingency or other trigger. The ring has no effect on magical item discharges or psionics. Otherwise, the ring always successfully *dispels magic* when commanded to do so. A maximum of one spell per round can be affected. The ring gives its wearer no protection against additional spells, it only identifies all spells cast in the area of effect. This allows the wearer to choose the most harmful to deal with.

Storm Star

XP Value: 1,000

GP Value: 15,000

This magical weapon is a morning star of ancient design, thought to have been devised in Netheril. Various specimens exist, and most of them are cast in electrum-plated steel. They tend to be as long and heavy as the biggest morning stars. They are +1, +2, or +3 weapons, crackling with spectacular, though harmless, arcs of lightning when wielded.

Once per turn, the wielder of a *storm star* can unleash a battle bolt of lightning. This *chain lightning* strikes for 8d6 points of damage in addition to physical weapon damage (after a successful attack roll). After the *chain lightning* strikes the first target, it arcs up to 70 feet away in a direction chosen by the weapon wielder. It can even arc toward a moving target chosen by the wielder. Beings endangered by this first "hop" must save vs. spell or suffer 6d6 points of damage. Success means they take no damage at all; the bolt missed them.

After the first hop, the bolt hops three more times, arcing up to 20 feet at a time toward the nearest concentration of metal. If no metal is present, it seeks the largest concentration of life and movement. The bolt does 4d6 points of damage on the first of these three hops, 3d6 on the next, and 2d6 on the last. In all cases, there is no damage if a save is made. If the weapon misses striking its first intended target, the target takes no physical damage but must still save vs. spell or suffer the full 8d6 points of lightning damage. The magic of this weapon can never harm its wielder, though the bolt can hop back to that person and then away again.

A storm star does 2d4+1, 2d4+2, or 2d4+3 points of physical damage per strike, depending on the strength of its enchantment.

Tome of Twelve Seals

XP Value: 2,200

GP Value: 22,000

This thick book—with its cover made of red dragon underbelly hide—contains twelve pages of thick, black leather. Each page contains a single, rune-inscribed metal disk, like a seal of some kind. Seven of the seals are gold and shiny, five are made of dull, charred, and tarnished lead.

The runes on the seals are command words that activate the magic of the seal. When activated, the scroll summons a magical entity which the wielder may command for 3d6 turns. Each of the seven (gold) remaining seals summons a different being (the proper element need not be available for elemental beings). Activating a seal causes it to become lead in a blinding flash, its power depleted.

Page	Color	Summons
One	Gold	16-HD air elemental
Two	Gold	8-HD fire elemental
Three	Gray	-
Four	Gold	12-HD earth elemental
Five	Gold	Dragon horse
Six	Gray	-
Seven	Gray	-
Eight	Gold	Gibbering moulder
Nine	Gold	Jann
Ten	Gold	Marid.
Eleven	Gray	-
Twelve	Gray	-





This index compiles information from all three books of *The North* boxed set. Normal text indicates that information on the subject can be found in Book 1: *The Wilderness*, **bold-faced** text refers to Book 2: *Cities*, and *colorized* text is a reference to Book 3: *Daggerford*.

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Table 4: Perfectone Delivery Schedule

From	Caer								
	Arabel	Corwell	Calimport	Longsaddle	Luskan	Neverwinter	Ordulin	Silverymoon	Westgate
Arabel	—	9AM	10AM	11AM	12PM	1PM	2PM	3PM	4PM
Caer Corwell	4PM	—	9AM	10AM	11AM	12PM	1PM	2PM	3PM
Calimport	3PM	4PM	—	9AM	10AM	11AM	12PM	1PM	2PM
Longsaddle	2PM	3PM	4PM	—	9AM	10AM	11AM	12PM	1PM
Luskan	1PM	2PM	3PM	4PM	—	9AM	10AM	11AM	12PM
Neverwinter	12PM	1PM	2PM	3PM	4PM	—	9AM	10AM	11AM
Ordulin	11AM	12PM	1PM	2PM	3PM	4PM	—	9AM	10AM
Silverymoon	10AM	11AM	12PM	1PM	2PM	3PM	4PM	—	9AM
Westgate	9AM	10AM	11AM	12PM	1PM	2PM	3PM	4PM	—

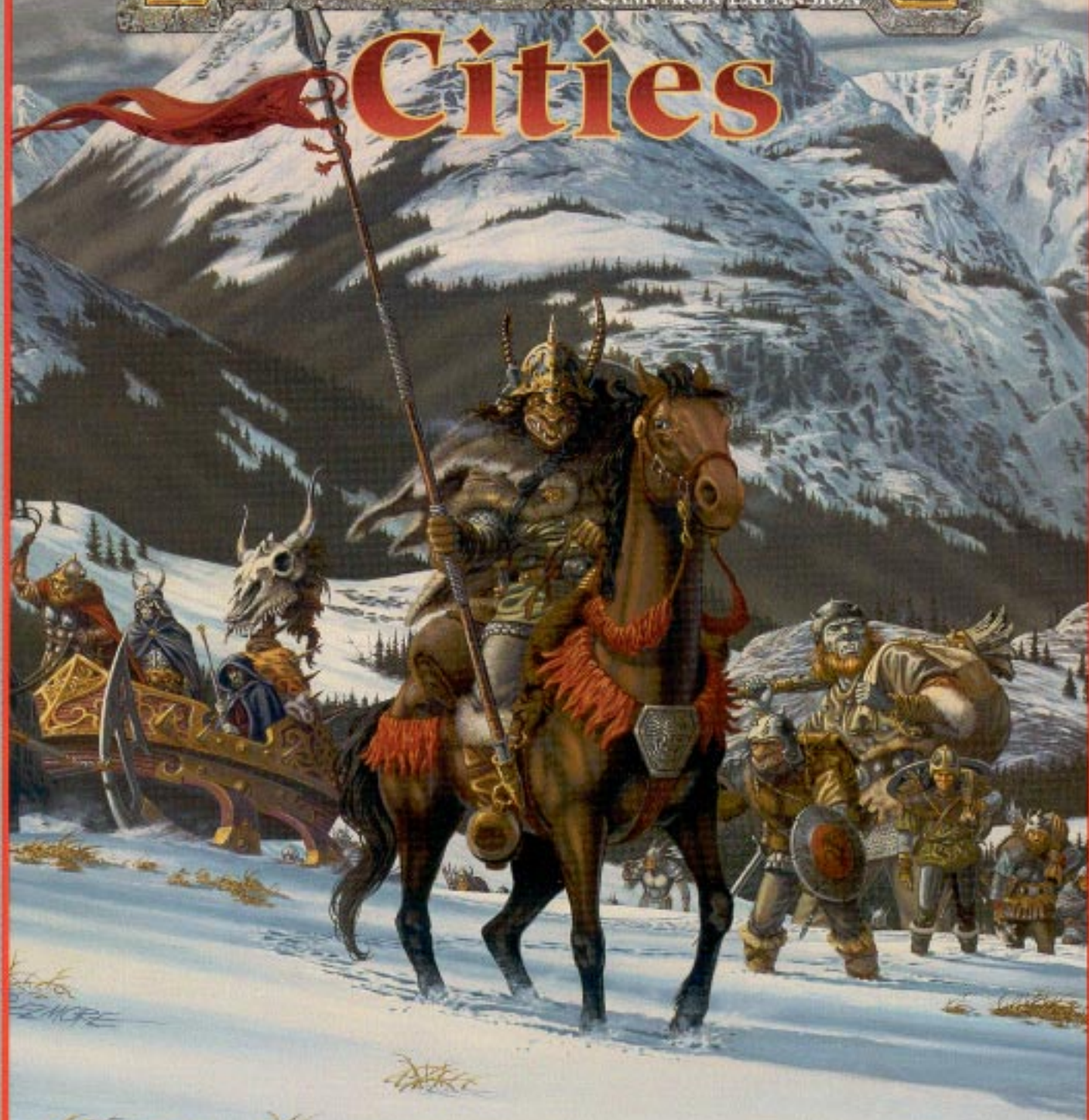
Index of Personalities

Name	Location	Name	Location
Aborana Startoucher	Calling Horns	Lord of Secomber	Secomber
Alastra Hathwinter, "The Night Cloak"	Longsaddle	Malavos Drunn	Longsaddle
Alustriel	Silverymoon	Malchor Harpell	Longsaddle
Amelior Amanitas	Secomber	Martin von Mensch	Conyberry
Ansal Bloodshoulder	Thundertree	Morth Fartheen	Triboar
Arklem Greeth	Luskan	Mother Gothai	Amphail
Baerlatha Luruin	Bargewright Inn	Nasher Alagondar	Neverwinter
Beldabar Yarryn	Yartar	Night Cloak, The	Longsaddle
Beldora Thiiruin	Mornbryn's Shield	Nighteyes	Triboar
Belleethe Kheldorna	Yartar	Nistlor "The Undying" Lothlyn	Nesmé
Borth Jhandelspar	Triboar	Ophala Cheldarstorn	Neverwinter
Briiathor Alougarr	Amphail	Orjalun	Silverymoon
Cassius	Ten Towns	Phelansheene	Amphail
Chanczlatha Luruin	Bargewright Inn	Pilot Demitrick	Targos
Delgara "The Slim" Dauntsword	Kheldell	Pureheartman	Luskan
Dendybar the Mottled	Luskan	Red Aruph Thunderfist	Luskan
Dlara	Amphail	Regis	Ten Towns
Elastul Raurym	Mirabar	Rhalaglingalade	Neverwinter
Eldeluc	Luskan	Ruldarr	Bargewright Inn
Esklindrar	Silverymoon	Ruldorn the Storm Ranger	Everlund
Faurael Blackhammer	Triboar	Skulner Wainwright	Triboar
First Captain Haeromos Dothwintyl	Port Llast	Slim, The	Kheldell
Flanagus Gnarlybone	Mornbryn's Shield	Tabra	Bargewright Inn
Ghaliver Longstocking	Westbridge	Tanataskar Moonwind	Yartar
Ghelkyn Stormwind	Kheldell	Tchandrae Euinwood	Kheldell
Gondyl Ilitheem	Triboar	Tessarín "Longtresses" Alaraun	Nesmé
Gundar Brontoskin	Grunwald	Thorn Tlassalune	Amphail
Gwaeron Windstrom	Triboar	Tosker Nightsword	Calling Horns
Haljal Throndor	Port Llast	Traskar Selarn	Secomber
Helder Mornstone	Xanthar's Keep	Treahugh Greiko	Conyberry
Helisa Ithcanter	Westbridge	Undying, The	Nesmé
Ilrin Sharadin	Triboar	Vandathra Paleme	Neverwinter
Ilshara "Longnails" Naerthskul	Ten Towns	Velantha Waerdar	Yartar
Inther Blackfeather	Luskan	Whisper	Luskan
Jalboun of the Two Blades	Luskan	Wulfgar	Ten Towns
Kralgar Bonesnapper	Griffon's Nest	Xara Tantlor	Silverymoon
Krivvin Shamblestar	Amphail	Yather Indaglol	Red Larch
Longtresses	Nesmé	Zandever "Nighteyes" Eyredanus	Triboar
Lord Nasher Alagondar	Neverwinter	Zespara Alather	Mirabar

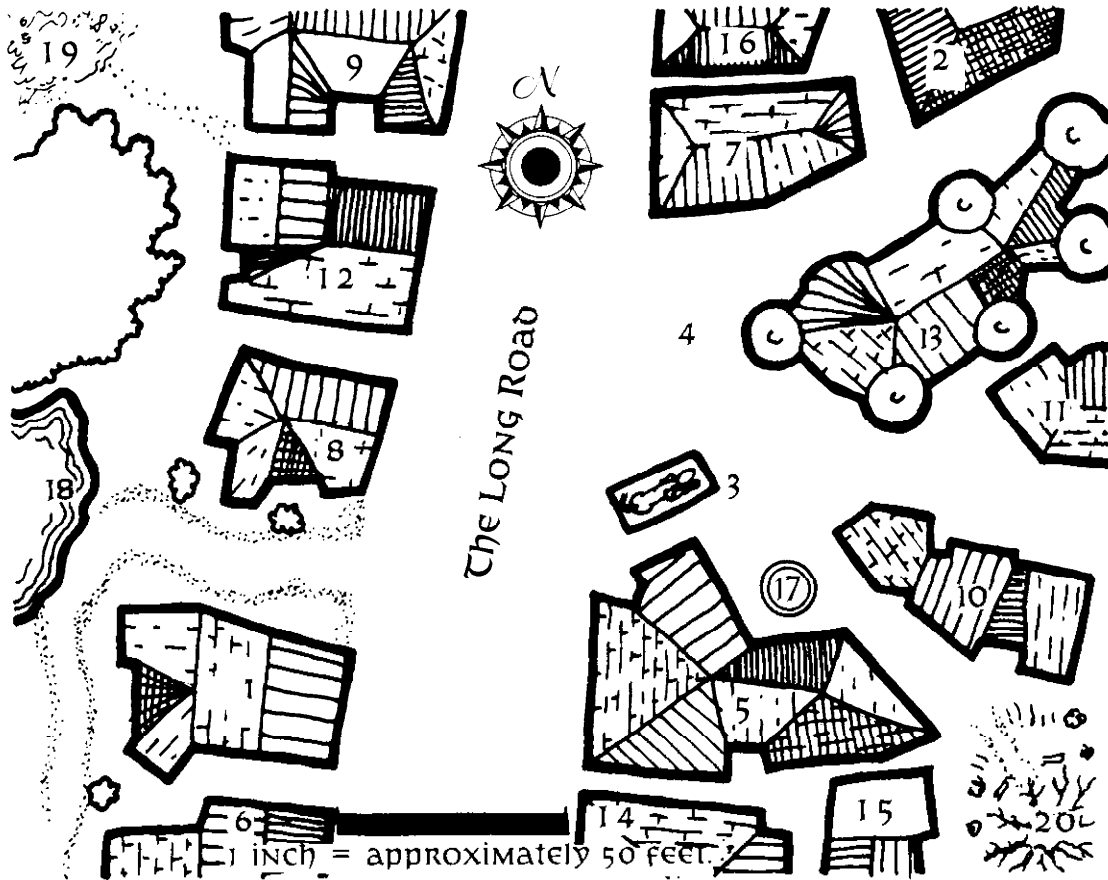
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Cities



Amphail Village



Amphail

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| 3. Statue of the Great Shalam | 13. Hagala's Manyturrets |
| 4. The Malanderways | 14. Golaund Sester's |
| 5. The Stag-Horned Flagon | 15. Pelost Galathaer |
| 6. Shrunedalar's Secrets | 16. The Stone Stallion |
| 7. Mother Gothel's | 17. Well |
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Introduction



are the civilized folk who don't dwell in cities, and in the Savage Frontier, those cities are walled and heavily defended. This booklet details most of the cities found in this vast land, separated into the same categories as the locations detailed in *The Wilderness* book. Many of the NPCs mentioned can be found in the first book.

In addition to their standing militia, most cities in the north have ballistae (often referred to as heavy crossbow guns) or catapults mounted on their wall towers that can be aimed at attacking foes. The statistics for these two weapons are given below. Unless specified in the city's description, use the light weapon statistics whenever possible.

Light Ballista: Rng 3,000; Dmg 2d6; ROF 1/2; Crew 1; THAC0 12; Cost 400.
 Medium Ballista: Rng 2,000; Dmg 3d6; ROF 1/3; Crew 2; THAC0 14; Cost 600.
 Heavy Ballista: Rng 1,000; Dmg 3d10; ROF 1/4; Crew 4; THAC0 17; Cost 800.

Light Catapult: Rng 2,500; Dmg 2d10; ROF 1/2; Crew 1; THAC0 14; Cost 500.
 Medium Catapult: Rng 2,000; Dmg 3d10; ROF 1/2; Crew 3; THAC0 15; Cost 700.
 Heavy Catapult: Rng 1,500; Dmg 3d10; ROF 1/3; Crew 5; THAC0 17; Cost 1,000.

- The largest cities use hard stone walls as their main line of defense.
- Other large cities have soft stone walls.
- Medium-sized cities and wealthy landowners use earthen palisades.
- Rich landowners and large villages have thick wood palisades.
- Large farms and small communities barrier their population with thin wood palisades.

When siege weapons are used in attacks against walled fortresses or palisaded villages in the North, the DM should refer to the *Siege Damage* section of *Chapter 9: Combat* of the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide* and refer to table 52 (given below) in order to determine the success of siege attacks.

Structural Saving Throws:

Attack Form	Wall Type				
	Hard Stone	Soft Stone	Earth	Thin Wood	Thick Wood
Ballista	2	3	4	10	5
Giant fist	3	4	7	16	9
Small catapult	4	8	5	17	9
Ram	5	9	3	20	17
Screw or drill	12	15	16	20	12
Large catapult	8	11	10	20	13

Although they're not shown on the maps, the fortified frontier steadings of the more powerful independent landholders exist and are a vital part of commerce and life in the North. Most of these holdings are ranches and farms concentrated along the western banks of the Dessarin River. Communities also appear on the southern bank of the Delimbiyr River and along the Sword Coast, where fishing and trade with southern and interior communities is the mainstay.





Sword Mountains



he farms and ranches of this region feed most of the North. The Long Road, which connects many of the inhabited villages and towns, is the best road in the region. Travelers can expect to find rolling hills, wide skies, and spectacular sunsets.

Amphail Village

Amphail is a good-sized village of about 600 people who live just a few days' ride north of Waterdeep along the Long Road. It's primarily a community of farmers, although the city is quite well known for its outstanding horses. The village is primarily composed of humans, though a scattering of half-elves, dwarves, and halflings also call Amphail home.

Travelers often hear of the "Ghost of Amphail," the spectral apparition of the town's founder, Amphail the Just. While many residents consider the stories of Amphail's rides through town to be nothing more than "flavor" to add some intrigue to the town, long-term guards swear to seeing the former lord patrolling the streets. Halana Shauluth, the owner of a bakery, swears that the ghost of Amphail scared off some thieves who were intent upon robbing her one dark morning just before dawn. According to Halana, the two thieves ran for their lives as the ghostly rider slowly galloped after them, tipping his wide-brimmed hat toward Halana as he passed.

Patrols of the living variety consist of Waterdeep guards patrolling from Rassalantar. Such patrols keep a close eye on the village, and they report in to the ruler of Amphail, Lord Warden Briiathor Alougarr (LN hm F4). Briiathor is a quiet-spoken man with a neatly trimmed beard who is aware of everything that goes on within Amphail. He's loyal to Piergeiron of Waterdeep.

Amphail is a quiet and peaceful town for the most part, and many travelers cite only one flaw that ruins the scenic beauty of the place: the rank smell of horse manure in the warmer months. This unpleasant olfactory intruder is caused by the many farmers in the area as well as the proliferation of horse breeders in Amphail. It's to the horse breeders that much of the blame is leveled, however, since they're also some of the most wealthy citizens, nothing much is made of the matter.

The Roaringhorn family is the largest of the horse breeders, and their family is also one of the most powerful. Six nieces of the family are all known to be accomplished wizards (W7-W13), and these spell-casters frequently scry on horses and patrols, watchful of any thieves who might consider stealing their family property. Roaringhorn patrols consist of powerful fighters, ranging in levels from 5th to 13th.

Amphail Grays, bred exclusively in Amphail, are famous across Faerûn as intelligent, loyal, and hardy mounts, but soldiers prefer the larger, more powerful glossy-black chargers bred in Amphail. Noble Waterdhavian families who keep stables here have traditionally been major breeders, notably the Amcathra, Ilzimmer, Jhansczil, Roaringhorn, and Tarm families. The independent stable masters Ohm "Steelhand" Oglyntyr, Rorth Baldasker, and Elraghona Selember are also noted breeders.

Two of Waterdeep's more noble families have holdings in Amphail. The Eagleshield family produce skilled animal tenders, maintain a farm where ill animals are nursed, and a run a shop where the finest tack is made and sold. The Eagleshield harness is made for the lone rider's mount. It is black leather with silver-plated studs bearing the spread-winged eagle family blazon. The Ammakyls make more money than all of Amphail combined. This clan controls the chief business of Amphail: feeding Waterdeep. Any local vegetables that don't come out of Ammakyl fields are purchased in other cities and villages by the family at fair market prices and carted to Waterdeep in large, well-armed caravans.

Places of Interest

Ammakyl Flowers and Foods: Ammakyl's expands to an awning-covered stall in summer and fall. They sell trail baskets of vegetables and wooden skewers of sliced vegetables dipped in gravy for





frying over a fire. In winter, Ammakyl imports fruit and vegetables from the Shining South, selling them at high prices in summer and fall, and exorbitant prices in winter and spring.

Blodhlar's Wares: This ramshackle shop looks like a barn that is about to collapse. Blodhlar's sells nails, damaged kegs, fence posts, wire, rope, slats, crates, and gate hinges. There's a good selection, and the prices are moderate.

Elraghona Selember's Ranch: This, perhaps the most successful business of Amphail after the Ammakyl farms, belongs to the retired adventurer Elraghona Selember. She supplies remounts to travelers on the Long Road. Her horses are distributed through inns like the Sleeping Dragon in Rassalantar, who buy dozens of her horses each year. Amphailians all think the Waterdhavian nobles have chests upon chests of gold buried on Amphailian farms. Gossip at Waterdhavian parties suggest this rumor may be at least partially true.

Halana Shauluth's: Halana is a retired warrior who fought as a mercenary with a dozen dwarven women. After she lost a hand to gangrene, she came home and opened a bakery. She sells round hard-wheat loaves that stand up well on the trail, and small buns with meat stew in the center. Halana has a small selection of good wares, and her prices are moderate to high.

Horse Pond: A spot of interest, Horse Pond is a placid, muddy home to frogs and water-lilies, and it is said to hide the underwater entrance to the tomb of the Maiden King, a female human chieftain who ruled here ages ago. According to the tale, she sleeps forever on a stone bed, with a magical two-handed sword on her breast. Adventurers have entered the pool several times looking for her tomb, and at least one band did not return. Some years ago, a number of undead skeletons emerged from the pond and stalked through the village, strangling several folk before they were hacked apart. The truth about what lies in the depths of the pond remains to be revealed. However, it is used daily, without incident, to water dirty, thirsty horses.

Imbryl's Cloaks: This dingy place is where local women gather to talk, sip wildflower wine, and make cloaks, breeches, and rainspouts (large-brimmed hats). Imbryl is a heavy, broad-shouldered woman with a merry manner, a nose like an axe-blade, and glossy black hair. She alters garments to fit, but prefers to sell them as is. She tells those wanting alterations that the work takes at least three days (it actually takes only a day). She has a selection of poorly finished but serviceable garments.

Eagleshield Fine Horse Leathers: This is a large shop where travelers can purchase saddles, reins, and other tack. Whips and breeches are available, but not boots. The shop custom-makes gear for the truly wealthy. There's a wide selection of fine goods, but at very high prices.

Laughing Bandit: At the north end stands the burned ruin of the Laughing Bandit Inn, destroyed in a spell battle three winters ago. The combatants were a masked mage whose skin was ink-black (some folk believe he was drow) and the wizard Thalagh Tarn of Tethyr, who was blasted to bloodspray. It is not clear if the other mage escaped the inferno. Many bones, cracked by the heat, were found in the ashes. As the owner died in the blaze, there's no great interest in rebuilding. Children play in the ruins, where many jewels of melted, puddled glass can be found. Under the charred timbers lie the inn's cel-

lars, which may still contain some valuables. There's no way to get down there without digging in full view of the children and anyone passing on the road.

Maerlbar Eggs & Fresh Fowl: This shop is full of sawdust, blood, and stink. The thin proprietor and his wife sell eggs, ducks, turkeys, and pheasant. There's a fair selection, but it's not clean. The birds are available live, plucked, or light-roasted. Over the counter is a bamboo cage containing a golden-hued songbird Maerlbar swears is a Red Wizardess of Thay, trapped by spells.

The Middens: This disgusting area is the local trash heap. It smells, attracts rats and vermin (and kobolds), and is believed to be the local brewery of disease. Once a month, whether it needs it or not, the pile is set to flame (or a mage with a fireball spell is hired to ignite the putrid mound). It's not uncommon for the refuse to bum for several days.

The Middens has been found to contain cadavers of unlucky souls, usually rich merchants from Waterdeep or Calimshan. The murderer seems to know the schedule of the Middens' burning and plants the carcass a day or two before the flaming. Whoever is disposing of the bodies is quite clever, for he has yet to leave any discernible clues. Recently, Mother Gothall suggested a *speak with dead* spell be cast to determine the assassin, but no one with access to the spell was available at the time. In response, the murderer now mutilates the faces and jaws to keep the corpse from disclosing the identity of the killer.

Mother Gothall's: If the 'Stag'n'Flag' is the place to chat quietly and make deals, Mother Gothall's is the local spot to have fun. It's a place where the village turns out to dance and listen to traveling minstrels. Those who want to revel can change into ridiculous costumes of black cotton, mock lace, high ruffles, and masks.

Mother Gothall's is a tall old house with high arched windows and many small, labyrinthine rooms. There are pillared porches running along the outside on all three stories, with a set of stairs at the back. The steps are softly lit by fireflies trapped in glass globes set on the stairposts. The ground level is devoted to a dance floor with a raised stage and seats along the outside. The seats are soft and curtained off. There are three staircases climbing to the rooms above. For privacy on the upper floors, *dancing lights* are used for illumination, while *ghost pipes* provide continuous background music.

Mother Gothall's is always open, and it is managed by Gothall or her aide, a formidable Chult warrior named Dlara. Mother Gothall is a frail old woman who clings to remnants of beauty and sometimes takes to the stage to dance.

Spells (and monsters) guard a vault in the cellar that can only be reached through Mother Gothall's bedroom. Any guest can leave valuables in her keeping, secure in the knowledge that nothing will be stolen. Mother Gothall owns a small cottage a mile or so east of the festhall, on a road among the farms.

This festhall was the house of Dalrosz Kothont, an eccentric nobleman who turned his back on Waterdeep. His family spurned him because of his necromantic arts, so he lived his days alone, experimenting with captured outlaws and cadavers in a quest for immortality. He experimented with augmentation of the human form—additional limbs, eyes added to the



back of the head, etc. There are gruesome tales of misshapen people with tentacles, extra arms, and the like.

After he disappeared, a dozen experiments escaped to the hills nearby. Rumor insists their weird descendants still roam, preying on animals and unlucky travelers. The house fell into the hands of an adventuring band called the Five Ready Blades. They used it as a headquarters for a season before they disappeared. Locals thought them still at home, but their hungry horses were found in the stables, and no one saw them leave. Some villagers think they were killed by Dalrosz. They believe he lurks in the house's cellars. Others suggest he didn't find immortality but became a lich and lured the adventurers into undead servitude. It's also rumored that the Five found a gate to another place and have yet to return, or that they have met their dooms. There are rumors of people vanishing from Mother Gothel's and of nobles appearing who were seen in Waterdeep a short time before but who weren't seen on the road. It's possible these folk made use of a *teleport* service run by certain mages in Waterdeep.

Old Dead Rowan: Old Dead Rowan is a leafless tree whose trunk is as large as a cottage. The tree is a popular meeting place and its forked top serves as a lookout to the north. Legend says a sorceress of great power is buried under its roots and that her power keeps the tree from rotting. Supposedly, this power sometimes heals sick folk who sleep atop its fork. Locals swear they've seen it happen. Local law dictates anyone caught chopping at the tree receives the same number of axe blows the culprit delivered to the tree.

Pelost Galathaer: Pelost has lived in Amphail all his life, taking over his father's shop 40 winters ago. His signboard says "beds repaired, furniture sold, sledge-runners a specialty." Pelost can't repair wheels, so he buys broken wagons, keeping the wheels to sell to travelers. Prices are moderate, except for the wheels.

Shrunedalar's Secrets: This place is popular with local ladies and merchants' wives who want to freshen after a journey. Fat, soft-fingered Ulreth Shrunedalar and his silent, skilled sons and daughters offer hair-bathing and cutting, makeup application, fashion accessories, and perfume. He has a good selection of services, but the prices are high.

The Stag-Horned Flagon: This cozy building is the only watering hole in Amphail. It's a handsome, dark tavern, considering the wealth of nobles who drink here and of those who come to buy horses. It's named for an ancient and battered drinking cup (a warrior's helm of unknown origin, with two antlers affixed to it) hanging over the bar. Mirt the Moneylender of Waterdeep called it "a safe place to get blind drunk in." The Stag has a magical ward against fire extending around the tavern walls.

The tavern master is Krivvin Shamblestar, an old, soft-spoken man with silver hair and a beard. Stocky and spare of movements, Krivvin has an excellent memory for faces and their favored drinks. He has six beautiful serving-girls, and he's trained them all to be expert knife-throwers (THAC0 11). The tavern's beams bear the scars of practice.

The Stag has an interesting legend, celebrated in the yearly Rite of the Stag Lass. A maiden of noble blood from Waterdeep rides through Amphail clad in a stag mask, a tunic, and green breeches. She dismounts north of the village and runs back, on foot, to the Stag. Along the way, village folk who see

her give chase and fling goblets of water, soured wine, or old milk over her. When the lass reaches the Stag, she must drain the old antlered drinking-cup filled with the bitterest beer the tavernmaster can find. At the bottom of the cup is a beautiful piece of jewelry—hers to keep. A bath is brought for her and the villagers drink to her health. All beer poured to a villager or the Stag Lass is free that day.

This curious rite remembers a priestess of Mielikki who dwelt in Amphail long ago. She could take the shape of a stag and was one day hunted by ignorant Waterdhavian nobles. They pursued her even after she changed back to human form. The lass fled through the village, blood trailing from wounds the hunters made. She died at the Stag, pleading for aid. By some accounts, the woman was the goddess herself in disguise. Legend holds that any worshipper of Mielikki who kisses the bar can ask the goddess one question each year and hear in his mind an answer from the Lady of the Forest herself.

Statue of the Great Shalarn: Malanderways is overlooked by a black stone statue of the Great Shalarn, a famous war stallion bred in Amphail 39 winters ago. Gelded long ago by a prankster, the rearing horse image is often painted various hues by high-spirited locals. The statue's a popular place to leave cryptic messages, either tucked under a hind hoof, or slid between the sculpted curls of the tail. It's also a common place for signals, usually a bit of colored cloth tied to a particular part of the horse. Lore holds that if the ghostly figure of the ranger Yarobyn Longarm, a long-ago hero of Amphail, is ever seen in the saddle, war will soon come to the town.

The Stone Stallion: The only inn in Amphail is named after the horse statue at the village center. It's a large, modern place, built seven winters ago after an inn on the site burned to the ground. The Stone Stallion has pleasant, tapestry-hung rooms—and a dark history.

The Stallion is cool and gloomily lit, with four floors of 20 rooms each and a cellar filled with furniture. The place is nearly empty, leaving sleepers in dark, deserted, and creepy surroundings. Rooms have canopied beds with side draperies, wall tapestries, and candle-lanterns. The stairs are steep, and the lobby small and unpretentious, with barely room for a desk before the stairs. Unless you cause some sort of explosion, throw something down the stairs or out a window during daylight hours, or come and hammer on the desk, you'll be left alone. Thorn sees this as "respecting one's privacy."

Despite being recently built, the Stone Stallion has a reputation of being haunted. The innkeeper, however, ridicules such talk. "There are no ghosts in the Stallion—it's just idle talk by folks who don't like my music!" Thorn is a retired merchant from Amn who spends most of his time plucking at a lute. Meanwhile, his five strong, silent daughters cook and see to the linen.

The villagers say Thorn has treasure buried under the inn, accompanied by the bodies of several thieves who thought they could relieve him of it. He doesn't make enough running the inn, they claim, to keep the doors open. Thorn escapes local censure because townsfolk think he's dealing with the Weeping Witch for them.

The Weeping Witch is a strange sort of ghost. Most of the time, she's a silent apparition. She's a woman in dark robes and



bare feet, long hair hiding her face, who strides along the halls, gliding in and out of rooms to look down on sleeping guests. Sometimes she remains unseen but can be heard, sobbing faintly somewhere nearby. Some of the time, she's solid, walking the night to strangle foes.

The Witch was a sorceress who lived long ago where Amphail stands who gleaned magic from grimoires from Netheril. She defended herself against orcs with spells that turned hares and foxes into monstrous beasts under her command. One day, though, her betrothed came to visit. She mistakenly turned her beasts on him and slew him. She fled from her magic sobbing and was slain by watching orcs. Her spell books were never found and must lie nearby. It's said the door of her hut was shaded by the same duskwood trees that marks one end of the village.

Ulvinhand Smithy: West of the Laughing Bandit stands the home and forge of the tall, bearded finesmith Akrosz Ulvinhand. He's the equal of any smith in Waterdeep. There's a steady stream of visitors down the road to his forge, but he takes only commissions that interest him. Local gossip says his selected commissions include many blades that are later enchanted by wizards.

Kheldell

Most folk in the North never hear of this quiet place, and it's their loss. Kheldell's a logging village on the edge of Westwood, tucked in the Spires' foothills. Its link to the outside world is a trail through the rolling hills known as Kheldell Path. The village is a cluster of log homes surrounding a sawmill. Fifty folk live in the village, and 20 more work the woods. They're led by Ghelkyn, a wizard who levitates logs while the lumberjacks maneuver them to horse teams that drag them to the mill along winding trails. After the wood is milled, carts or sledges take the wood to market in Red Larch.

Ghelkyn avoids the wrath of treants and satyrs in Westwood by working with three druids dwelling nearby, cutting only where they direct. The folk of Kheldell plant more trees than they cut, slowly extending the forest under the direction of the druids of the Dusk Circle. Kheldell has no single one ruler; all decisions are by consensus. However, the people with the most influence are Ghelkyn and a woman named Shala Thaeral, the Voice of the Circle.

Kheldell is a place recommended for resting or hiding. It's too small for an inn, so visitors sleep on the tavern's back porch. Visitors who bring donations to Silvanus or Mielikki, and who agree not to cut or burn wood during their stay, can camp in one of the moss-floored glades maintained by the druids.

Places of Interest

The Stag at Rest: This dark, low-ceilinged tavern is run by a heavy, gray-haired woman known as Delgara the Slim, an expert with a cleaver. It has a flagstone floor, rough-hewn furniture, and a quiet atmosphere. After a day's work, the townsfolk are too tired for more than a tankard and chat before stumbling home to bed; gossip of the world outside is eagerly welcomed. The folk of Kheldell like to hear about the lawlessness and debauchery of Waterdeep.



Leilon

Unlike most northern towns, Leilon lacks defensive walls; an earthen rampart with a wooden palisade surrounded by a ditch shields it on the landward side, save for the gateless town entrance piercing the embankment. Leilon's a growing community of 3,000 folk. An ally of Waterdeep, its ruler, Lord Pelindar Filmarya, keeps Leilon in the Lords' Alliance and communicates regularly with Piergeiron of Waterdeep.

Leilon consists of stout stone cottages with slate or thatch roofs, the latter being covered with a hardened slurry of mud. 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.

The water near Leilon is shallow, with tidal mud flats extending a long way out from shore, making the town a lesser port city. Small bands of Leilonnar sometimes fish these with hurled nets. The mud flats make ship trade difficult. To overcome this, a dozen old, massive, battered barges have been magically protected against fire and rot. They're poled out to meet ships, where rickety cranes attached to the high rear decks of the barges unload the cargoes. This can be done only in spring or summer, when the wind is low and the weather fair. Even in the best weather, the operation is tricky. This perilous practice is being supplanted by large, well-armed caravans coming into town from Waterdeep loaded with food and finewares. The caravans sell enough to make room to buy some of Leilon's precious metal ores and take it south to sell at Waterdeep's harbor for a generous profit.

Pelindar has established a shrine to Tyr in town. It stands next to older shrines to Lathander and Tymora. The Cult of the Dragon and the Zhentarim are active in Leilon, and there are dark tales of local cults who worship undead mages or spirits of the mine deeps.

The town is guarded by the Lances of Leilon. This is a force of 200 mounted lancers skilled at firing crossbows from horseback. They wear chain mail, with shields strapped to their chests and backs. Each lancer usually carries an axe, a knife, a sword, a lance, and a light crossbow that can be fired easily from horseback. These fighters, always on patrol, seek to minimize raids by orcs, bugbears, trolls, brigands, and pirates (their specialty).

Zhent agents are rumored to exist in Leilon, but their intent and motives uncertain. Their presence probably indicates an attempt to secure a trade route.

Places of Interest

High Tower of Thalivar: This abandoned mage tower rises in the center of town. It's guarded by its own ward. Details on the ward's powers and the existence of tokens remain unknown. It's known to have guardian monsters, and they've so far proven deadly to all adventurers seeking to plunder the magic reputed to be there.

The Mines of Leilon: Leilon's miners concentrate on digging rich lodes of copper, nickel, and silver from the mines east of Leilon. The mountains are honeycombed with shafts and

tunnels, including several older shafts opening into town itself, and some that go very deep. These mines are heavily guarded by the Lances of Leilon.

The Orc's Tusks: The Tusks is favored by locals. It's crowded, friendly, and cheaper than the Goblet. Its taproom is dominated by an orc's skull with large tusks on which patrons are wont to hang amusing or embarrassing items.

The Sword of Leilon: This old establishment is a warren of small rooms. Guests often get lost and blunder into each others rooms. It's built on the site of an earlier inn where Leilon's defenders used to gather because the building's size could easily accommodate their numbers. That inn burned down due to misadventure, but the name of this inn hearkens to those days of local glory.

Rassalantar

Rassalantar is a caravan watering stop, but an ever-present fog and the nearby bog make it an unpleasant off-road campsite. Rassalantar consists of half a dozen walled farms, centered on a spring-fed pond that drains into a stream to the east that empties into the Stump Bog, a sprawling, desolate marsh haunted by monsters.

An age ago, the warrior Rassalantar built a keep west of the present settlement. The age-old keep, now in ruins, is used to shelter visiting tramps, doppelgangers, and less savory monsters. West of the pond is Keep Woods, a narrow but dense strip of gnarled trees. This forest, located between two farms, cloaks the ruins of Rassalantar's original keep.

Rassalantar is under Waterdeep's protection. There are 60 guards quartered in barracks just off the road behind the inn. The guards patrol the Long Road from the gates of Waterdeep to a cairn a half-day ride north of Amphail Village. They rotate back to duty in Castle Waterdeep once a month.

Place of Interest

The Sleeping Dragon: Across the road and east of the pond stands the Sleeping Dragon. A bridge crosses the stream a pace north of the inn. The innkeeper, Thrun "Spider" Samallahan, is a close friend of Durnan of Waterdeep. Tales tell that one of the girls working in the Dragon is a gold dragon hiding in human shape. Thrun scoffs at this, but the rumors never go away for long.

Red Larch

Red Larch is a waystop town of 600 folk standing atop a low ridge serving as the westernmost edge of a region of monster-infested hills. The ridge was crowned by a red stand of larches but were felled by the town's first settlers. Today, Red Larch is a busy trade town. It's the site of a farmers' market, a successful wagonworks, a buckle and lock factory, and a cattle market that attracts buyers from all over the North and Sword Coast.

Three trails intersect the Long Road at Red Larch. Cairn Road runs southeast through an area of small farms and ranches to Bargewright Inn. Kheldell Pass winds west through the hills to Kheldell. Larch Path runs east into the hills to several aban-



doned, monster-haunted keeps. The keeps used to belong to adventurers and local ranching communities. Currently, Red Larch is awash in rumors of a sinister force that strikes by night from the nearby hills. Some say it's drow reaching the surface.

Places of Interest

The Blackbutter Inn: The more southerly of the two inns is the Blackbutter Inn. Named for its founder and former owner, the fat, jovial, local legend known as Barglun Blackbutter who died eight winters ago while fighting wolves, but he's fondly remembered. The inn is now run by Dhelosk Quelbeard, a thin, laconic man from Ann. Dhelosk is always interested in news from afar.

Harnessmakers: Harnesses for teams of various sizes are sold by a number of craftsmen around the village. Alaglath Chansyrl, Sklaen Jhavander, and Ogmooth Tarnlar are craftsmen who make their own wares for use with Thelorn's wagons or an adventurer's own, and they can create or alter harnesses to suit a customer's needs.

The Helm at Highsun: The Helm is a dim, quiet place, frequented by caravan guards, adventurers, the retired single folk who want to be alone, and merchants wanting to relax. "No one bothers you in the Helm," they say. This motto is enforced by a silent, attentive, and menacing helmed horror known as Araldyk that serves as waiter, usher, and bouncer. The horror is under the mental control of the owner, the mage Yather Indaglol. Most patrons never see Yather; he keeps to his locked chambers that he shares with a pseudodragon familiar. He runs the tavern using *wizard eyes*, a speaking-tube, and a staff of a dozen skilled workers.

Mhandyvver's Poultry: Red Larch has several poultry-houses where fowl, fresh eggs, and chicks for rearing can be bought. The best is Oskler Mhandyvver. Turkeys, chickens, and clip-winged ducks are raised in sheds and runs as well. Boys are hired to shoot foxes, hawks, owls, and weasels approaching the runs. The practice they get gives Red Larch about 100 skilled archers; orc raiders have learned to avoid the town.

Oneshield Quarries: Red Larch is home to a skilled dwarven stonemason, Jarth Oneshield. Jarth is always in need of mercenary warriors and adventurers to guard his dwarven and human workers when they're cutting stone in the four quarries to the east of town. Jarth's prices are high, as is the pay he gives his employees.

The Red Larch Rambler: The Rambler is a well-known, large, well-lit place, decorated with hanging plants. Families and respectable folk come here to drink and chatter. This is Red Larch's public gathering place.

The Swinging Sword: This inn, the sometimes rowdy, casual inn of Red Larch, has a turret that looks like it belongs atop a grand castle. It's old, dark and full of secret passages and storage closets with plenty of mice and the cats who chase them. The inn is run by two elderly sisters who love tales of adventure and pranks. Both are minor sorceresses who defend themselves with *lightning bolts* or *fireballs* if they must.

The Sword is a favorite among adventurers, folk of action, and local escorts, who can be found here most evenings. The Sword's a place where the staff sees to the guests' needs as if they read minds. Baths are ready for the filthy, warm chairs by

the fire for the chilled, and those who need to hide things—or themselves—find a beckoning chambermaid at their elbow.

The Sword has a loyal clientele that goes out of its way to stop here. However, the inn also faces dark mutters from some locals, who think it attracts danger. There are rumors that a gate to another far-off place in Faerûn is hidden somewhere in or near it. The tales speak of connections with Moonshae, Vast, and Tashalar. Strange folk certainly seem to show up at the inn.

Thelorn's Safe Journeys: This wagonworks sells wagons of the highest quality, treated to resist fire and equipped with two spare wheels and a tow bar for hitching a second wagon. The ready-to-buy wagons are kept from the weather in a huge shed. Thelorn, a grim ex-mercenary, likes to have a dozen wagons in stock. He can make wagons to custom specifications in a tenday.

Waterdeep

Waterdeep, known as the City of Splendors, lies on the southwestern edge of the North. The population rarely falls below 122,000, though the actual number varies seasonally. In times of busy trade, the city hosts five times this number. Almost every surface-dwelling race has representatives here, though most are Northern humans. Elves, gnomes, and dwarves dwell here, but the halfling population grows annually, promising to become the largest demi-human race in residence. To match the racial variety, most religions have shrines or temples.

Anything one could want can be found in this mighty seaport. The militia, thought to be 1,200 Guards (heavily trained, fully armored soldiers) and 1,600 Watch (light-armored policemen) may search any person, place, or container without hindrance or warning.

The Lords of Waterdeep maintain the roads for about 200 miles around the town, and they provide military force when necessary to safeguard the surrounding area. However, there is no actual central authority. The individual fiefdoms and chartered towns operate independently for all practical purposes, joining only when their combined interests are at stake.

Waterdeep has a long and lasting relationship with Daggerford, and the two cities can call on each other for aid in case of invasion. Considering the 150 miles between Daggerford and Waterdeep, this pact is practical only in the case of invasions with advance warning. So far, the only use of the treaty was the invasion from Dragonspear Castle. The Lords of Waterdeep take any reasonable action necessary to maintain a good relationship with Daggerford.

A long-term goal for the Zhentarim is establishing a profitable trade route across the Heartlands to Waterdeep. Many suspect Zhent presence in the City of Splendors already, but they're deeply buried. Agents avoid conflicts at all costs with the Lords of Waterdeep and the Shadow Thieves, to name two lethal opponents, until the trade route is secured. Some Zhent agents have attempted to establish small trading companies to receive Zhentarim goods when they arrive, while other agents gather information on competition and clients.

Further information on Waterdeep is found in the *City of Splendors* boxed set. For a plebeian escort into the bizarre, see *Volo's Guide to Waterdeep*.



Neverwinter Woods

Tales of hidden treasures are common in this area but none has been found. The ranchers, farmers, and loggers that inhabit the majority of the area are a friendly lot. Their cities are blessed with trees, gardens, and winding streets accented with beautiful buildings.

Conyberry

Conyberry is a small farming village sheltered on the edge of Neverwinter Wood. It's famous as the home of the Ghost of Neverwinter Wood. The village is nothing more than a dozen houses standing in a cluster with adjoining farms spreading to the east and south, divided by cart tracks running haphazardly to Triboar.

The folk of Conyberry cut trees from the wood as needed. They hunt in the fringes of the wood and snare rabbits and the like in the grassy plains south of the farms. They grow crops to feed themselves and trade profusely with travelers who come their way. They are largely self-sufficient, needing to purchase only linens, finished clothing, finewares, and cooking vessels from peddlers. At night, the citizens keep watch from the rooftops, armed with scythes, swords, and crossbows.

Although trolls and brigands lurk in the hills to the south, skirting the hills is the fastest way from the interior to the coast, creating a steady passage of travelers except in winter. Harsh winter conditions are known as "wolf weather" because wolves grow hungry and enter the village to raid stores and coops for food. Conyberry is also home to several rough-and-ready carpenters and two brewers who ferment horrible beers.

Tales of treasure center on a legendary lost elven keep called the Sharandar. It was abandoned by elves who sallied forth to fight orcs and were overwhelmed. Sharandar is said to be full of gems, magic, armor, fantastic sculpted glass furniture, and other things of beauty. Locals say the Sharandar is cloaked by living trees.

Places of Interest

Agatha's Grove: The haunt of a ghost, this grove is the chief landmark of the area. The ghost of Neverwinter Wood is a banshee known as Agatha. This name is probably a corruption of the elven surname Auglathla, meaning Winterbreeze in an old elven dialect. Her lair is in a grove northwest of Conyberry at the end of a path whose entrance is marked by a stand of birch trees.

Agatha's lair was guarded by a *magic mirror* spell, set up to hide her real location and give her time to hurl spells at intruders. The *magic mirror* also helped to hide the treasure Agatha had amassed by thieving in the night, slaying travelers, and pillaging old tombs. These defenses were shattered by the heroes Drizzt Do'Urden and Wulfgar, who stole Agatha's treasure. Since her wealth was stolen, she has taken to looting the Dessarin to rebuild her riches. She also seeks revenge for the theft and considers any adventurers fitting recipients of death.

Agatha's lair has new defenses now. Her spells enable her to *charm* owlbears and the people of Conyberry into digging pitfall traps along the path to her lair. These servants have been seen guarding her haunt. Other than this activity, Agatha does not bother the folk of Conyberry. Rather, she views them as allies. Agatha often uses spells to bring them beasts for food in the worst winter weather. She slaughters orcs and brigands who venture too near the village. Folk in Conyberry regard Agatha affectionately as their guardian and friend. They often talk about her and speculate on what she's up to.

Berun Care: Treahugh Greiko started his veterinary practice because of his uncanny flair with animals—every animal that enters the door of this small, clean shop feels immediately at ease. The proprietor is very caring, quiet, and meticulous with his examinations. Never has an animal been





admitted to his shop and not been cured. His prices are extraordinarily reasonable—about half of what a similar shop in Waterdeep or Silvermoon would charge. Recently, word of this clinic has reached as far north as Mirabar and as far south as Amn, and the very rich and prosperous are making the expensive trip to Conyberry in order to have Treahugh care for their animals.

Conyberry Arms: This shop is not a place to buy quality arms. The weapons that the owner, Martin von Mensch, does sell are of poor very poor quality. It's not uncommon for an adventurer to return to this shop carrying a hilt and a shattered blade (along with a few extra battle scars).

Martin's shop specializes in shoddy blacksmith work, like making awkward horseshoes, hooks to perch swords and scabbards from the belt, doorknobs, hinges, locks that require a crowbar to open, and, of course, crowbars.

Martin isn't content just to rip off those who enter his shop by selling substandard equipment for normal market prices and quality stuff at exorbitant figures; he's hired a low-level but acute thief with a *ring of invisibility* who walks about, lifting small things off the belts of customers and visitors on the street. No one, with the possible exception of Martin, knows who this person is. Rumors say the thief is actually a high-classed burglar (cursed with permanent *invisibility*) who came to Conyberry to dodge a Waterdhavian noose destined to caress his neck.

Conyberry Hall: Folk gather here for communal feasts, or to drink, smoke, and gossip the nights away. The villagers are always interested in news of the North, particularly talk of whether the orcs are on the march again. The Hall is also where travelers spend the night.

The building is a large rectangular pavilion with two removable walls, a flagstone floor, and a thatch-and-beam roof with a large overhang. At either end stands a hearth chimney, with rustic benches and tables between. In winter, both permanent walls are stacked to the rafters, inside and out, with firewood. There's a well in the center of the hall, and outside a hitching post surrounded in winter by a windbreak made of baled straw.

Travelers are met by one of the hall's guards. This guard is covered by another on a roof nearby, armed with a crossbow.

Longsaddle

The tiny agricultural village of Longsaddle includes 130 residences, surrounded by miles of ranches and farms. It's a quiet haven between the Craggs and the Evermoors. Depending on the time of year, Longsaddle is either sleepy and nearly deserted or dusty and crowded, crawling with livestock and folk eager to buy them. Either way, Longsaddle is little more than a farmers' market and waystables for 1,000 or so folk who live in the area. The buildings line both sides of the Long Road, the only street in the village. Longriders (ranch-hands) from nearby estates can be summoned to form a 100-man militia who fight with spear, bow, or lariat.

For miles around, ranchers claim the grasslands. They usually include a fortified house, a stockade, and stables. Most

ranchers hire and house longriders, more to fight orc and barbarian raiders than to tend stock. Cattle are the predominant livestock, but horses and sheep are reared as well. Each grows its own vegetables and sells any surplus at the Longsaddle market. The ranchers send those who are temporarily disabled by injuries or illness to Longsaddle, so someone is always available to report the arrival of buyers back to the ranch. These shipping masters come from the port cities, especially Luskan and Waterdeep, to compete furiously for the trade.

Meat intended for local consumption travels to its destination as livestock. Meat ending up in a ship's hold is usually brought to the Harpell Hill Farm. There the meat is sealed in a magic shell that fades after 10 days (akin to a *preservation* spell). In the meantime, the meat is kept cool and sealed from air. The sealed meat is transported to a boat and dumped in a hold of ice; for long voyages south the meat is set in salt before the magic fails.

Because of the ranching trade, the ranchers would control Longsaddle, were it not for the capricious, magically mighty Harpell clan. For generations, the Harpells have brought Longsaddle an importance in the North far greater than its size and purpose would warrant. The Harpells are mages and members of the Lord's Alliance. This tradition began with mighty Authrar Harpell, who was famous in the North an age ago for single-handedly destroying an onrushing orc horde with spells. More recently, Malchor Harpell, along with his Company of Crazy Adventurers, supposedly fought off a demigod. On another occasion, fighting alone, he destroyed two Red Wizards of Thay and the undead beholders under their command. These days, Malchor keeps to the comparative peace of his Tower of Twilight and is rarely seen in Longsaddle.

The current village elder is Ardanac Harpell (NG hm W9), the son of Adanac Harpell. He's the only Harpell who can be bothered with the headaches of local politics or the doings of the world around. Ardanac is by no means the most powerful or eldest Harpell living in the Ivy Mansion; the eldest Harpell is DeRoy (NG hm W23). In fact, he doesn't control anything within the wails of the house. By tradition, the oldest Harpell women do that. The Harpells are a kind-hearted clan, but their magic is capricious. They're so powerful that Uthgardt barbarians never dare raid Longsaddle, though defiant bands sometimes steal cattle and horses from the outlying ranches around the village.

The Harpell family is experimenting with shrinking animals to miniature sizes. They hope to breed them as stable species at the smaller size, to allow for maximum food use and minimal feed consumption, enlarging them shortly before the slaughter. A furious private debate is currently raging within the family over the morality of such tampering with natural forces, but the research continues. To this date, few of the results, known as *minimals*, have been released onto the market.

Folk who travel the North think Longsaddle is a place where extra care must be taken because magic is hurled about everywhere. The Harpells aren't the only danger here: Local stories say griffons dwelling in the nearby hills are bothering Longsaddle, preying upon cattle, horses, travelers on the road, and longriders who stray too far from local ranches. Local



ranchers have hired apprentice wizards to escort their shepherds and longriders. These wizards are usually equipped with *wands of paralyzation* bought from the Harpells. The Harpells have magic to spare, and they use it without hesitation to aid travelers and villagers alike.

Some think scores of wands, rings, and magical trinkets are hidden all over Longsaddle, and there's never a shortage of curious visitors poking around the village, looking for this magic. Many searchers are reckless young thieves or ambitious Zhent agents. There are several groups known to frequent Longsaddle. These include the Cult of the Dragon, the Arcane (a wizards' guild ruling Luskan through the High Captains), and the Talonmists (a family of sorcerers dwelling near Westbridge). The latter are hereditary enemies of the Harpells. All are a source of constant irritation to the villagers.

There are two sets of wards at work in Longsaddle. The first surrounds the village proper, and it continuously signals the location of beings in its confines that don't possess ward tokens. It also allows the Harpells to send audible messages to all those possessing ward tokens. This ward token is a small slate arrowhead engraved with a rune. Every resident of Longsaddle has the token, and the Harpells immediately trace these tokens if they're stolen or hidden.

The second ward encloses Harpell Hill, the area including the Ivy Mansion. Only members of the Harpell family have tokens to this ward. The ward's boundary acts as a dome-shaped *wall of force* to all magic cast by those who don't have a token. It also affects all physical things not in contact with a token bearer. Thus, hurled weapons or flying griffons are locked out, but a Harpell riding an aerial mount can pass as if it were not there.

A bearer of a token can open a hole in the boundary to allow free passage of a nonbearer, but this sets off a signal to all token bearers within the ward. There are also two gates near to, but not corresponding with, the apparent road gates that are false. The real ward gates allow passage without alarms being activated, but these are guarded at all times by a Harpell. This person might appear as a child playing in the dirt or an old man sleeping, but it's always a mage of great power.

The Harpells' ward tokens are tiny, clear, crystal ovals, like eye lenses, with a pattern cut into them. Harpells often conceal their tokens by gluing them to toenails.

Places of Interest

The Cadrasz Ranch: The Cadrasz family raises cattle on a large ranch northeast of Longsaddle. They're a quick-tempered clan, with a bit of orc in their bloodline, forcing them into constant feuds and misunderstandings. They aren't utterly innocent—the Cadrasz string up the bodies of slain raiders the way other farmers erect scarecrows. Local lore says these dead come to unlife at night and walk the fields, strangling those they meet. Their brand is an upright left hand reaching for a star.

The Emmert Ranch: The Emmerts are cattle ranchers and the chief rivals of the Cadrasz family. They're a prolific clan of tall, handsome folk, many of whom are expert warriors and

rangers. The Emmerts perfected fighting in a pincer formation, using mounts and lances; the family head swings a *stormstar* in battle. They're making a name for themselves as their kin scatters throughout the North. The brand is three arrowheads forming a tight circle, with their points aimed inward.

The Gambling Golem: This old, rambling house has sloping floors that creak alarmingly. It's crowded with smoke and people eager to lose their money at games of dice and cards. They also have two specialty games. One, known as fighting frogs, involves trained frogs fitted with leg spurs. It's a cruel sport looked on with disapproval in most other places and reviled by priests of nature deities.

The second game is called scattershields. This rarely seen game is played on a slate table with a gutter and a raised lip along all four sides. In the center of the table is a hollow, called the throne. Around this are affixed six small, curved, metal replicas of war shields. Each player has six glass spears (marbles) of a chosen color. A round consists of each player in turn tossing a marble onto the table. Each player tries to place one of his spears in the throne, knocking the spears of all other players away from it. Spears ending up in the gutter are out of play, but if they strike the lip and bounce back onto the slate, they're still in play. At the end of a round, points are counted for the positions of spears still in play. Those in the throne command the most points, and those closer to the gutter receive fewer, in concentric scoring rings.

The people of Longsaddle are expert players of this game, which has the charm of being governed by skill and not the whim of Tymora. Harpells are forbidden to play; the temptation to use magic to help their spears proves too strong. Locals like to talk about a match between two Harpells wherein the spears turned to miniature griffons and fought each other. The gaming table pitched like waves sloshing around in a rain barrel, and small strokes of lightning leapt from shield to shield.

The Gilded Horseshoe: The Gilded Horseshoe is an inn noted for its hospitality and wooden palisade. The establishment is run by "Trappy" Snulgers, an amiable, paunchy, scatterbrained, fringe-bearded man. He lurches about, chortling at old jests and remembered pratfalls from a long-ago adventuring career. Formerly a trapper, he opened the inn to give buyers a warm place to stay and a stable for their horses. The inn is an old, drafty feed barn, but Trappy and his 16 daughters make everyone feel welcome. They tack up old bed sheets and furs to cut the worst winds. The inn has its own stockade.

Griffonposts: Named for the statues surmounting its gateposts, this tall family home is surrounded by a walled garden of dark, thick, forbidding pines and duskwoods. It's the seat of the Stormrider family who have reared famous rangers for about six generations. The current family matriarch is Oblayna Stormrider, who established a trail across the High Forest that's still a family secret. She used the trail to bring powerful magic from the ruins she found in the eastern reaches of that vast wood (presumably the Nameless Dungeon or Karse). She now dwells in quiet seclusion, raising her grandchildren. Her children include the rangers Shaellina and Torst Stormrider of Sundabar, and Myrin Stormrider of the dwelling atop Maiden's Tomb Tor near Waterdeep. All three Stormrid-



ers continue to win fame and glory as they walk the perilous wilderlands of Faerûn.

The Horn and Hoof: This tavern survives because the village is too small to have anything better. An awesome assortment of high-priced potables lie in its cellar. The atmosphere is reminiscent of hogs crowded against a slop trough. It's a great place to get elbowed by everybody in town, or to fight. It's not a place to talk privately; conversations are carried on at full bellow, lips to ears, over the bluster of others. It's rare to leave without wearing someone's drink. From time to time, a patron gets everyone singing. When this happens, everyone for miles around knows. The tavern sways in time to the movements of shoulder-to-shoulder drinkers, and the sound of joyous voices lifted in song drifts on the breeze.

The Hoof never closes. The barkeep, Malavos Drunn, is a scarred, retired warrior who sports a ferocious red mustache. He keeps order with the aid of a stout cudgel, a barrel of darts soaked in sleep venom, and a *wand of magic missiles*. These are kept behind the bar for use in emergencies; nonetheless, knifings are common. It's easy not to notice an attack until the victim's shoulders sag and he falls out of the press of drinkers. The bodies of the dead or slumbering are simply tossed outside.

Ivy Mansion: Longsaddle is dominated by the crazily chaotic bulk of the Ivy Mansion. The ancestral home of the Harpells perches on Harpell Hill in the center of town. The Mansion is a collection of three buildings.

The first is a constantly expanding building of ongoing tumults of experimental spells going awry, incorrectly mixed potions exploding, magical pranks, and a carefree collage of ideas and experiments added to by each successive Harpell. The hodgepodge construction of the Ivy Mansion results in innumerable strange angles in the walls and roof, dozens of spires with no two alike, and thousands of windows—from tiny slits to huge openings. Inside are a dozen alchemy shops, scrying rooms, meditations chambers, and conjuring rooms. Few are allowed to visit the mansion, and fewer see more than the central dining and meeting room. This room is a domed, circular hall, known as the Fuzzy Quarterstaff. Here, there's a central hearth and chimney surrounded by feasting tables and a bar with an animated orchestra.

Two buildings seem to be ordinary low farm buildings, but that's hardly the case. The smaller serves as a stable of miniaturized animals kept in cages stacked to the ceiling. The second is an experimental farm where other reduced animals graze in an open central area.

A fence appears to surround the hillock compound, but in fact it is an invisible wall with the fence painted on its surface. Only the third post left of what appears to be a gate is real, and the actual gate is found there. To reach the stable, one must pass along the mansion and cross the strange stream climbing the hill, which becomes momentarily invisible, and flows down the other side. A bridge with a *reverse gravity* beneath it provides a path to the farm buildings via the "underbridge," returning via the "overbridge."

Jaster's Ring of Bells: This is the workshop and store of Jaster Redshar, a bellcaster who does a steady trade outfitting local herd animals, and visiting merchants. He's proud of his

finger bells—tiny bells with high, clear tones, for adorning garments and pets.

The Kromlor Ranch: The Kromlors raise horses and sheep on a northwest ranch. They're a family of stolid longriders armed with whips. They remain ice calm as they ruthlessly hunt orcs, goblins, kobolds, and trolls, leaving a path of burned corpses in their wake. Their brand is two sheep horns protruding from a diamond.

The Leaping Hooves Trade Stables: The Leaping Hooves does a steady business buying worn-out mounts and selling fresh horses to travelers.

The Mammlar Ranch: The Mammlars raise cattle and sheep. Their ranch lies to the north, east of the Long Road. The wildest and most skilled longriders of Longsaddle, they send regular patrols armed with lances and crossbows to scour the area for miles north of the ranch. Their brand is an upright double-headed arrow.

Nalathar's Fine Stirrups & Spurs: Longsaddle's second largest export business, after livestock, is the finely forged wares of Nalathar Druyn. Nalathar is a finemith who makes spurs and stirrups of plain design at the best quality. Cheap in town, the prices rise many-fold across Faerûn. Merchants with room on their wagons never fail to pick up a few pieces as they pass through.

The Night Cloak: Longsaddle's festhall is a dim, tapestry-hung place where travelers rent rooms by the tenday or month. The interior is lit by enchanted glowing globes given the forms of small, flickering ovals, and cast on unlit candles, so the place appears lit only by candle lamps. Rooms are furnished with armchairs, rugs, footstools, canopied beds, writing tables, and wardrobes. All the furniture is battered but serviceable. Rowdy guests are warned the establishment's name comes from the nickname of its proprietor, Alastra Hathwinter, an archmage of adventuring prowess. Her power is evidenced by her reaction to a Zhent mage who threatened her. She cast a spell that propelled him clear down her uppermost hall and across the street beyond. All these years later, you can still see the body outline left on the chimney of the house opposite the festhall.

Ostever's Slaughterhouse: This is the scene of an infamous scandal that spread across the North about five winters back. It was discovered that goblin and orc victims of the winter raids were chopped and mixed in with the usual offal, then ground into sausages. The culinary crime was revealed when orc fingers were found under the grinding table. Bamall Ostever weathered the storm, though, and still serves as the butcher to buyers wanting to take meat home from the market. His fellow villagers don't buy his sausage anymore, and he has to endure their ceaseless dark jokes whenever he displays any sausage for sale.

The Rolling Wheel: Visitors can buy torches, candles, lanterns, tarps, ropes, spikes, shields, and dry firewood at the Rolling Wheel. The shop's name comes from the replacement wheels bought in bulk from Waterdeep.

The Sharnshield Ranch: The Sharnshields farm horses and cattle on a southwestern ranch. They're a haughty family whose members are largely female, and they're capable warriors



as well as riders. Their brand is crossed swords with a horizontal bar below them.

Sixhorns Select Wares: This store is the “all things small and sundry” shop. Here, everything from chamber pots to socks can be purchased. Their belt daggers are especially popular because the blades can’t be detected through the use of *detect metal* spells, since the blades are constructed from some strange, hard-as-steel substance.

The Suldivver Ranch: The Suldivvers are sheep ranchers. They have a tract, known as Rock Ranch, on poor ground southeast of Longsaddle. They’re generally a fat, easy-going clan, though some say they’re just lazy. Their brand is three links of chain arranged horizontally.

The Zelorrgosz Ranch: The Zelorrgosz are outlanders. They came from eastern Amn over a century ago. These cattle ranchers are dusky-skinned, tireless riders. They’re polite, learned folk who send their children to live with tutors all over the North to grow up with as wide a view of Faerûn as possible. Their brand is two triangles, arranged side by side to look like eyes.

Neverwinter

Neverwinter is a large cultured city of trees, gardens, winding streets, and beautiful buildings. This friendly city of craftsmen quietly bustles with business; it avoids controversy and warfare, keeping within its walls and dealing with the outside world largely through merchants in Waterdeep.

Neverwinter is laid out roughly in the shape of an eye. The long axis runs roughly east and west along the Neverwinter River that cascades over small falls and is spanned by many arched, ornate bridges as it runs through the city. The waters are so warm that the harbor never freezes. One end of the city is the harbor, and the other end is the Upland Rise, a wooded hill left as a natural park. To the east is Neverwinter Wood.

The City of Skilled Hands is a beautiful, relaxed place. It’s a walled city of 17,000 humans and half-elves. Craftsmen love the beauty of Neverwinter and enjoy living among other craftsmen. They constantly try to outdo each other in striving for ever-increasing efficiency and beauty of design.

All in all, Neverwinter is perhaps the most cosmopolitan city in Faerûn, escaping Waterdeep’s slums and grasping competitiveness, as well as Silvermoon’s harsher climate and heavier need for defense against orcs and other evils. Cities in Amn and Calimshan commonly claim to be more civilized, but merchants who trade there all say Neverwinter truly is civilized, unlike some showier rivals who, as the sage Mellomir once put it, “have achieved decadence without the need for passing through civilization first.”

This city is a delight for the eyes. Everywhere are buildings that would be noteworthy anywhere else for the grace or ingenuity of their design. The meandering streets make fast travel across the city impossible and leave visitors in grave risk of becoming lost whenever they venture out of their lodgings, especially at night. On warm summer nights, street parties are common; otherwise the lanes are thankfully uncrowded. Street vendors are unheard of in Neverwinter, but

many professionals make house calls or may be summoned by ever-present street runners.

Neverwintans tend to be quiet, mannered, literate, efficient, hard-working folk. Deadlines and precision are important in all they do. They respect not only the property of others, but whatever interests another person holds important for happiness. “Following one’s weird” is a Neverwintan saying for odd or reckless behavior. Everyone native to this city understands this need.

Neverwinter features temples of Helm, Tyr, and Oghma. Helm’s Hold is presided over by its founder, Dumal Erard (LN hm P12). The Hall of Justice, the temple of Tyr, is controlled by Reverend Judge Oleff Uskar (LN gm P10) who aids Lord Nasher in civil cases. The Halls of Inspiration venerate Oghma, and their chief priest is Sandrew the Wise (LN hm P11).

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. Farther along the eastern edge of the woods rises the Tower of Twilight, home of the noted Northern mage, Malchor Harpell.

Neverwinter controls much mining trade from dwarves and gnomes who come up from the Underdark by hidden ways to surface in several warehouses in the city. The city has a large fishing economy, both from the banks and offshore. The warm waters make it fertile ground for shellfish and finned fish alike. Neverwinter does good trade in logging from the Neverwinter Wood. The key to Neverwinter’s survival, though, is its importance as a center of craftwork, learning, and magical innovation. Amid all the weird-following tolerance and variety in the city, there is a respect for peace, law, and order. This seems to be a necessary security for the artists and craftsmen to concentrate on their designs.

Equally acclaimed are the gardeners of Neverwinter, whose skills fill the city with fruit-bearing trees and hanging plants in summer and fill the city filled with blooming flowers throughout winter. Many claim this is how the city was named, while others contend that it’s due to the Neverwinter River flowing through the city from the woods to the east. Its waters are so warm that Neverwinter’s harbor never freezes.

The city is famous for its waterclocks, which set the standard for precision. The waterclocks are accurate to five minutes a year, provided that sufficient water is available. The clocks can be carried by a single person (using both hands) and are fashionable in cities and townhomes of more civilized regions. Hence, the phrase “by the clocks of Neverwinter” is used to swear at petty perfectionism or to solemnly swear one’s honesty. The city is famous for multicolored lamps of blended glass that change hue across their surface. Such lamps often have tinted, sliding glass shutters of several shades. In some cases, the shutters are enchanted to change position by themselves, altering the light’s color. Neverwinter also gave its name to the Neverwinter Knife, a tiny, jeweled dagger made to be concealed in a hair comb, belt buckle, or bracelet.

Craftsmen in Neverwinter have three landmarks they’re particularly proud of. These are the three main bridges in Neverwinter: the Dolphin, the Winged Wyvern, and the Sleeping



Dragon Bridges. Each is intricately and passionately carved in the likeness of its namesake. The Wyvern is readily recognizable for spread wings serving as a perch to seagulls and other birds in warmer months, and as a place to dive into the river for bold youths. All three bridges are assets to the City of Skilled Hands.

Neverwinter is ruled justly and efficiently by Lord Nasher Alagondar, an amiable, balding, former adventurer who keeps his city firmly in the Lords' Alliance. Lord Nasher has laid many intrigues and magic preparations against attacks from Neverwinter's warlike rival, Luskan. Nasher doesn't allow maps of the city to be made, to keep Luskan's spies busy and to add a minor measure of difficulty to any Luskanite invasion. Lord Nasher is accompanied by bodyguards, the Neverwinter Nine (all LG hm F5). They have magic items Nasher accumulated over a successful decade of adventuring.

Many Harpers dwell in Neverwinter, as do skilled dwarven craftspeople. Many good-aligned mages make Neverwinter home, including the Many-Starred Cloak, a band of wizards who are the real power in the city. They support Lord Nasher's rule with their spells and make *blastglobes* for the militia.

On the rare occasions when armed men (usually from Luskan) or orcs show up outside the walls, explosive missiles lobbed among them "in such numbers that it seemed a hail-storm" one observer once remarked, sends them away again in reduced numbers. (The explosive missiles are devised by city craftsmen and wizards and inflict 2d8 hp damage. The manufacture is a guarded secret, not shared even with members of the Lords' Alliance. They're not for sale, though it's no secret that many groups covet them.)

The city has more conventional forces in its standing army of 400 archers and spearmen; they guard the city walls and harbor, and they patrol the High Road from Port Llast to Leilon. In peacetime, 60 of these soldiers are retrained, 60 are on leave for rest and relaxation, and 60 act as the city's watch (police). Like everyone else in Neverwinter, the army soldiers are efficient, quiet, and take care that their work is done properly. They're armed with spears, long swords, longbows, boot daggers, and hand crossbows. The militia has fortress garrisons at the northeastern and southeastern gates.

Whether Waterdeep declares war on Luskan and the Captains' Confederation or not, mercenary bands from around the North and the Sword Coast seek employment with either side in the conflict, and Neverwinter seems to be one of the places to gain contacts for either side.

The royal badge of the city is a white swirl—a sideways "M" pointing to the right. It connects three white snowflakes; each flake is different, but all are encircled by silver and blue haloes.

Places of Interest

The Board Laid Bare: This restaurant just inside the city's northeast gate offers dining with no frills for a low price. It serves no beer, wine, or spirits.

Cloaktower: At the spot where the Neverwinter River flows into the city stands the Cloaktower. This is the meeting place and citadel of the Many-Starred Cloak. Among the trea-

tures known to reside within this warded and trapped seat of power is a wondrous magical device found in a Netherese ruin: *Halavar's Universal Pantograph*. It reputedly can make two coins from one, or two swords where there was only one before.

Dannar's Mechanical Marvels Specialty Shop: This shop sells gnomish, Lantanna, and dwarven clockwork wonders. These include self-striking, wind-up, push-button flint boxes and electrum jewelry boxes inlaid with pearl, sporting animated adornments such as tiny clockwork dragons that chase their tails around a central, pop-up vanity mirror. The things on sale here awe most visitors, as do the prices.

The Fallen Tower: This is the most popular tavern in town. It's an attraction visitors are inevitably urged to visit. It's an average drinking place, dimly lit with the low-beamed ceiling all taverns seem to share. The furniture is roughly hewed from logs, the tavernmaster is jovial, and the serving wenches are buxom. In short, it's like a hundred other roadside tankard tilts. Its claim to fame comes from the magical images created by the incident that gives the place its name.

This fieldstone tavern looks like the broken base of a circular tower, which is exactly what it is. The fallen upper section was rebuilt into a single story addition to the tower. The wine cellars and staff rooms are located in the circular section, and the taproom is in the newer part, with the jakes at the far end.

The tower was the home of noted wizard, Llomnauvel "Firehands" Oloadhin. He was killed by the Arcane Brotherhood, who resolved to take his magic items and spells for its own. Late every night, at the precise time of the explosion that destroyed the tower, the soundless phantoms of two terrified Brotherhood mages, limbs blazing, fall like rag dolls. The tavern takes advantage of this by railing off the area where they appear through the ceiling and plunge on to vanish through the floor. These first two are followed by the astonished, struggling figure of the Overwizard, whose limbs turn to eels that rend the rest of him and bore into his silently shrieking mouth just as he vanishes through the floor. A moment later, the figure of Llomnauvel follows. He descends upright, his lower limbs skeletal as flesh and robes alike vanish in a spiral of lightning that burn up and around his body. All that's left as he vanishes through the floor is his terrible, triumphant smile.

The show of silent images is greeted each night by a respectful hush. The tavernmaster usually strikes a bell over the bar to warn of the manifestation, which has repeated, despite *dispel magic* attempts, for 35 years.

Notwithstanding gossip, none of Llomnauvel's magic remains. Cellars lie under the tower but no one knows just how deep. They predate the tower, and may be part of the Underdark or an old dwarven stronghold. The staff lets people enter the cellars for a price. Some never return.

Reports in the taproom say Llomnauvel was breeding monsters and storing them in his cellar. He may have had a whole army of guardians. They're said to include mimics, bulettes, a gibbering moulder, bonebats, and others. Supposedly, the creature-storage facilities are failing due to age or disturbance, freeing the beasts to roam. No one who has returned mentioned seeing any treasure down there.



Some 12 winters ago, a wizard suspected of being a Zhent mageling came to the tavern to try to find some of Llomnauvel's magic. The wizard made the mistake of using a killing spell that created a flying knife against a tavern patron, who revealed himself to be a visiting archmage. The more experienced wizard turned the attacking blade into two dozen blades, and hurled them at his attacker, shredding the man. The suspected Zhent brought two small trunks with him, and they teleported away upon his death. No one knows where they went or what was in them. Local rumor indicates they relocated nearby, perhaps in a hidden chamber beneath the tower, into the known cellars, or into the cesspit beneath the jakes. Patrons are welcome a look if they pay 4 gp.

Hall of Justice: The Sleeping Dragon Bridge leads from Castle Never to the Hall of Justice, a powerful temple of Tyr. Reverend Judge Oleff Uskar presides over Lord Nasher's civil court here. Oleff is assisted by Prior Hlam who takes charge of training the devout in justice and how to mete it out or defend it, including disciplined weapons training.

Helm's Hold: Less than a day's ride southeast of the city is Helm's Hold, a fortified monastery dedicated to the God of Guardians. Founded 20 years ago by Dumat Erard, a retired member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers of Waterdeep, it's grown to a watchful community of 700 faithful. The people grow crops, herd cattle, dig deep wells for water, and patrol the area with vigilance. They give shelter to any travelers beset or weakened by brigands or monsters.

House of Knowledge: One of the most impressive buildings in Neverwinter is located at one end of the Dolphin Bridge. It's the arch-roofed House of Knowledge, the tall, many-windowed temple to Oghma. Here, Chief Priest Watger Brighthair and Elder Reader Salyndra Shaern lead worship to Oghma in the form of free teaching sessions.

Jaesor's Fineware Porcelain Works: Next to Danna's is the shop where Jaesor Ryndyl and his family craft and sell finely painted plates. Many local families and personalities like to have their family arms or personal likenesses painted on their dinnerware.

The Keep of Lord Never: The Neverwinter River bends sharply south and then north again in a smooth curve just before it empties into the Sea of Swords in the Bay of Mists, Neverwinter's harbor. In this bend sits the proud keep of Lord Never, the home and court of the city's ruling lord. From the circular walk around Castle Never, the three bridges radiate out across the river, reaching toward buildings on the south bank. Somewhere in its depths is said to be the tomb of Lord Halueth Never, an elven warrior who battled Illusk in older days.

Lord Never is supposedly laid to rest on a huge stone slab encircled by a ring of naked swords laid with points radiating outward. These nonrusting magical blades animate to attack intruders if the instructions graven in cryptic verses on the flagstones are not followed.

Manycoins Moneylending: This trade store boasts as large a variety of currency as any shop in Waterdeep, and it changes money from coinage to coinage for small fees. It's watched over by helmeted horrors, as well as the professional thieves who own and run the shop.

Maskado's Maps & Legends Bookshop: An entire street of bookshops, scribes, and bookbinders winds southeast from the House of Knowledge. Of these dusty, fascinating places, adventurers and travelers are most likely to be interested in Maskado's, a shop specializing in maps, records, hints, and tales of the North concerned with exploration, treasure, trails, and hidden ways.

The Moonstone Mask: Famous along the Sword Coast, this friendly establishment is named for the glowing, moonstone-trimmed masks worn by its staff of beautiful females wearing sheer black gowns. A quiet, comfortable inn, it has an uppermost festhall floor and a ground floor entirely taken up by kitchens and a large dining room. The curving stairs to the upper floors rise through the dining room, where many citizens of Neverwinter, as well as inn guests, often come to dine.

The dining room is lit by a huge hearth and by lanterns hanging from the sides of the grand staircase. The three floors above are luxurious, soundproofed with spells and furnished with fur rugs. The floors are topped by a festhall of luxurious suites beneath an attic. There's also a rooftop landing platform for winged steeds rumored to be used by skyships from Halruaa from time to time.

The women of the Mask are famed as good friends, worthy gaming opponents, and wise conversationalists. Many important personages of Amn, Baldur's Gate, Waterdeep, and the North come to Neverwinter regularly to discuss their plans and business with their favorite lady in a mask. The ladies all use house names when on duty, and they never remove their moonstone-adorned half-masks. One of the ladies is the owner of the place and a powerful mage in the Many-Starred Cloak.

The owner set out to build the sort of place she would like to stay in, and she's aware of the importance her staff plays as friends and confidants of the important folk in this corner of Faerûn. All her staff wear amulets to protect them from magical scrying, mind-reading, and mind-control. The amulets allow them to send messages to her by silent thought as well. She has 12 battle horrors in the attic that fly down the chimney to reach any disturbance quickly. Two of them wield *wands of paralysis*.

As a result of her care in selecting and training her ladies and the male kitchen staff, a visit to the Mask is a relaxed, enjoyable treat, like coming home to a warm group of friends.

There are tales around the Mask of all sorts of famous folk being caught in embarrassing situations while visiting the ladies. The only tale of interest to the more adventurous guest is of secret suites where visitors stay unseen, coming and going by way of their own secret entrances. Also, rumor says the deepest cellar is connected to dwarven-held areas of the Underdark, and that it holds smoke powder.

The Mask is supposedly haunted, but the ghost is a friendly, unseen spirit who closes doors, tucks guests in, plants tingling kisses on cheeks if they seem upset or lonely, hangs discarded clothing, and takes away forgotten plates and glasses. It's been known to rouse or warn staff to prevent thefts and attempted murders. In life, the spirit was Chanthra, a lady of the Mask who spoke seldomly and died of a fever.



The *moonstone masks* worn by the ladies bear a minor enchantment. They allow the user to see clearly in full darkness, or, if they wish, with *infravision*. It's said the owner of the establishment owns the original mask she patterned the others on—and that it's an item of Netheril, with many powers including *fly*, *teleport without error*, *know alignment*, and *read languages*. There's a rumor that panels all over the inn open when the right word is whispered. They reveal magical wands ready to fire at troublesome intruders.

The cellars of the Mask conceal a *gate*. Some believe that it's at the back of a cloak closet, and others insist it's at the top of a loft ladder leading to a ledge where bedding is stored. There may be two gates and both tales true, but the destinations reached by this magic remain a mystery.

The Mute Lute: This octagonal, cedar-shingled building is the home of the half-elven lute maker Rebeth Laereeryn. The house is built around an old oak tree and Rebeth lives with the tree's dryad, crafting prized lutes. His shop takes its name from a spell Rebeth can invoke to *silence* all sound within its walls.

The Shining Serpent Inn: This is the largest and most popular guesthouse in Neverwinter. Its sculpted silver serpent signpost makes it stand out, so visitors can easily find it. This mud-brick building rises four stories with several flights of wooden stairs running down the back.

Inside, the visitor finds a pricy, pleasant, and clean inn. Service is politely distant and seldom seen. The inn does provide warm, fluffy robes for guests to wander about in. The robes are embroidered with the silver serpent to discourage theft, though these robes have been seen in salons in Amn and by nobles at parties in Waterdeep. The dining room is rather bare and unspectacular. Suites are pleasant but bare, and they boast sea-green carpets. A silver snake embroidered on a hallway carpet indicates the nearest door is a jakes.

The Serpent seems to be a clean, safe place to stay, despite persistent rumors that it's the place where most of the smuggling into and out of Neverwinter is arranged. One room is said to be haunted by a hoarse, whispering voice that talks of spells and wizardly deeds of long ago.

Port Llast

This sleepy little coastal village of 700 is ruled by a First Captain closely allied to Neverwinter (largely to avoid conquer by Luskan, who want a more southerly harbor for its warships). The current First Captain is Haeromos Dothwintyl, a retired stonemason.

Port Llast is a city of skilled stonecutters. The stonecutters work at quarries on the coastal headlands just south of the village. Other than harborage or stonecutting, there is little else to recommend it to the traveler today, for it's a tense, suspicious place, always expecting treachery or attack from Luskan.

At Port Llast, a beach and inlet empty into a small bay sheltered by a high, rocky spit. The port is overlooked by cliffs where boulder-hurling siege engines are placed. The harbor is home to a 12-boat fishing fleet, but two of the ships are in very poor repair.

Port Llast is a close ally of Neverwinter. Fifty men-at-arms from the City of Skilled Hands, bolstered by 30 of the Lord's

Alliance troops, aid the 50-person local militia in guarding the town from brigand and Luskanite harassment. The Lords' Alliance troops are mainly from Elturel and Baldur's Gate, so that a Luskan attack would risk war with two economically powerful cities.

Port Llast held great importance to humans as the northernmost point of human access to the riches of the North when orcs and duergar held the lands where Luskan (then Illusk) now lies (hence, "last port"). Then, the port was home to 14,000 miners and explorers eager to find gold, gems, and the fabled mineral wealth of the North. Rampaging orc hordes battered down the city walls (or the walls were plundered by citizens to repair their homes, allowing the orcs to infiltrate), and much of the population was either destroyed or forced to flee. The village never recovered. The shattered remnants of the perimeter can still be seen circling the town to the east, though much of the stone ruins have been used to repair local homes or was taken away and sold. Many of the lands once cleared for the port have become gardens and cemeteries, or else they have been reclaimed by the forest.

Places of Interest

The Cracked Anvil Blacksmith: Haljal Thronedor is the smith running this forge. He's skilled at all manner of ironmongery. The establishment is easily found by the cracked anvil displayed out front.

Whaelgund's Wheelrace Wagonworks: This repair shop and competent wagonworks is run by Stout "the jolly" Whaelgund, who never stops talking, laughing, or cracking jokes. His attempts to sing are simply ghastly.

The Jack and Saber: The Jack is an average tavern in all respects, from its smoke-filled air to its low-beamed, dark taproom.

The Alliance Arms: The only inn in Port Llast is a well built, but rather dour, no-nonsense place to sleep. Its mop-and-broom maids are a surprisingly rich source of local information after a drink or two.

Thundertree

Thundertree's a quiet logging hamlet of 90 folk inland from Neverwinter about two days' travel. It stands on the south bank of the Neverwinter River at the western edge of Neverwinter Wood. The Neverwinter Trail follows the river, linking it with the nearby city of Neverwinter, and all the choice timber cut here goes down that trail to the shipyards, housebuilders, and carpenters of Neverwinter.

Place of Interest

The Pavilion: Those looking for a place to rest their bones find only a pavilion fit for 12 to sleep. If crowded, the excess sleep on the back steps of the pavilion or take their chances in the woods west of town. There is nothing of interest to buy except small pelts from local trappers and choice game meats taken from Neverwinter Woods.



Xantharl's Keep

Xantharl's Keep is a fortified village of 475 folk with few attractions. Any traveler using the Long Road should know its ways and location, though. This is particularly important in winter, when desperately hungry wolves and orcs grow bold in their raiding.

Xantharl was a ranger who explored and mapped the Khedrun Vale, known today as the Valley of Khedrun. He explored the Fell Pass, and the Surbrin Highlands. Though Xantharl is long dead, his battered hold remains.

The Keep is a small settlement of tall, narrow stone houses with heavy shutters and steep roofs to shed snow. The village has two deep wells; one in the cellar of the keep, and one in the open market space in front of the gates. The Keep's only inn and tavern are located in the market, directly across from the keep itself. The village has grown up around the frowning bulk of the tower. The structure holds 400 warriors in a pinch, but 150 is a more comfortable number. There is a standing village garrison of 16.

The whole area is circled by a stone wall bristling with giant multiple crossbow guns. This, in turn, is protected by wardmist visible only at night. In the darkness, a faint blue-white band of *faerie fire* illuminates the ground around the wall. The ward is actually in force at all times. There's a gap in its ring where the short road from the single gate runs out to join the Long Road. The gap is concealed by a continual *faerie fire* spell cast so as to match the rest of the wardmist. Anyone intruding into the ward without a ward token is attacked by 16 bonebats. These defenders are never activated or seen by beings using the road.

Xantharl's Keep has no ruler, though a local ranger, Helder Mornstone, dwells in the keep itself. He's a veteran who knows every rock and tree for several days' ride around the Keep. He commands 15 men-at-arms, all of whom wear pendants set with the ward token of the Keep. In battle, they're hidden under their throat gorgets.

The garrison is split into three shifts. When the keep isn't under attack, one shift is off duty, one is strolling the streets to keep order, and one is on patrol around the Keep, watching for caravans, suspicious travelers, monsters, and signs of weather or beast migrations. Helder also leads the local militia, which turns out for two days each month for training with the garrison.

Once each ride, two militia members ride on patrol with the guard for a two day stretch. Helder is focusing on training the young boys and girls of the Keep to be competent scouts and to be aware of potential dangers in battle. They must be aware of the needs of warriors, so they can help in a fight. Helder's making marksmen out of them, having them fire endless volleys from the crossbow guns. They also make and repair quarrels. Most of the youthful militia are good shots with the wall weapons, though Helder hopes they'll never have to use them. All in all, Xantharl's Keep is a secure stopover, but not an exciting place to visit.

Those hunters swayed by the racks of antlers displayed on tavern walls in Waterdeep and points south—the ones as wide as three people lying down—should heed some healthy advice. Though orcs are fewer in the area around Xantharl's Keep, transport into the interior is always closer than back out. Dead is dead wherever you are, so go armed and go in numbers. Some guides to the lands inhabited by these large beasts can be found in Xantharl's Keep.

Places of Interest

The Bear and Black Buckler: The inn is a clammy, dimly lit place where all the beds have bear pelt covers for warmth. Unexciting meals are served here daily.

The Falling Orc: This is where the villagers gather at night for hurl-dagger, cards, and tall-tale-telling. It's warm and smoky, as the hearth gives most of its smoke back to the taproom, not up the chimney. Nonetheless, it's a good place to sit and listen. Locals don't like smart mouths, but they like to impress travelers with the happenings of the northern wilderlands. Keep quiet, and listen hard, and you can hear tales of adventure, treasure, peril, and the inevitable bad joke.

Don't get into a fight here—a lot of locals have blistering fists, and they gang up on outsiders. A favorite tactic is to snatch up one of the old wooden buckets they use as footstools, jam it down over some combatant's head, and then punish the rest of his body in a hurry.

There's a local legend that the tavern is haunted by a ghostly lady in an ornate gown. By the vivid descriptions visitors are treated to, it sounds like it's a garment of the richest and most frivolous height of fashion in Netheril just before its fall. The lady seldomly appears, but when she does it's always late at night. She always chooses a human male adventurer and leads the hero into the tavern cellar. Here, she gestures toward a large, ornate, electrum-plated key that hangs from a rafter on its own chain. If the man takes the key, she gestures imperiously for him to follow her. She strides back up the stairs, out the door through the village gates, and into the night.

The tale goes that she wants some treasure that belongs to her. It needs to be rescued from a crumbling, forgotten tomb somewhere east of the Keep, across the Long Road. The key must be used to unlock a particular crypt, they say. The truth of the matter remains a mystery, as those who follow her seldom return. The ones who do come back decline (or are unable) to speak of what befell them, and the key is always back in its place in the morning.



The Frozenfar

Folk use the term “frozenfar” to describe places that are so far north that people can freeze solid as they walk. No one knows just how far north this area stretches and tales of deathly cold winters aren’t fiction.

Aurilssborg

Tike many Northmen communities, Aurilssborg boasts streets of logs laid side by side. This city of 750 citizens is the trading post for the communities on Ice Peak Island, who buy supplies and sell skins, oil, scrimshaw, and smoked fish here. Aurilssborg is the only port with a harbor capable of accommodating large vessels. Luskan monopolizes trade, though—their ships are the only ones that dock here. A Luskan raker and crew is often berthed here to enforce the edict. The folk of Aurilssborg are hungry for news—only rumors filter into the isolated town, and none exit the city’s port, making the conditions and the services available here unknown.

Bjorn’s Hold

Bjorn’s Hold is a city on Ice Peak with a hazardous port. The 500 citizens here hunt, trap, or fish, hoping their wares make it across the seas to be sold in Port Llast or Neverwinter. Much of their cargo is captured by the Luskan rakers that prowl the northern coastal waters of the Sea of Swords.

Bjorn, a cantankerous old coot, loves the 500 citizens of this fortified village as if they were family—Ice Hunter and Northmen alike. Though he is Northman, he hates Luskan and secretly sells most of the village’s large catch to Calishites in Port Llast and Neverwinter, hiring adventurers to guard his boats on their twice-yearly journey.

Luskan has 100 members of their militia present in the city. Bjorn and his followers, known as the Ice Warriors, cause trouble for the Luskan militia through terrorism. They habitually poison water sources, taint food with deadly samples of ptomaine, and burn their barracks. Recently, the Ice Warriors have been crossbowing lone Luskanites on patrol. To date, over 50 members of the militia have met their demise through these assaults. Luskan is preparing to annihilate the Hold’s population and re-seed the city with their people in an attempt to disband the hordes and achieve complete control once and for all.

Fireshear

This mining city, located on the frigid tundra of the Cold Run near the northern turn of the Sword Coast, subsists solely on rich veins of copper and silver. The earthen rift holding the veins was exposed long ago by the explosion of an ancient volcano or an object that fell from the sky. The rift ends in a huge, bowl crater, its walls sheared away and blackened by fire (hence the name). The city arms reflect this; a crossed blade, pick, and shovel at the base of a leaping orange flame on an ice-blue field.

Fireshear is iced in for half the year; this time is known locally as lock-in, and outsiders are unwelcome during it. Miners, though, are hired by agents in cities along the Sword Coast. Typically, they’re paid 100 gp per month with room and board included. Miners arrive during the summer on ships carrying gear, food, and traveling professionals like healers and escorts. It’s highly unlikely that a traveler will wander to isolated Fireshear; such a trip should be planned and arranged.

The city is ruled by a merchant Triumvirate (and members of the Lords’ Alliance): one each from Mirabar, Neverwinter, and Waterdeep. They command the militia and execute policies. The military includes 10,000 miners out of the city’s population of 15,000. The senior merchants regulate the hiring of patrols to gather information.

Fireshear’s inhabitants, miners representing most major nonevil races who dwell here year-round (though the families may live elsewhere), suffer occasional orc and monster attacks, as bears and crag cats roam the area. Wolves come down from the mountains in the winter, but wolf





attacks are worse when the city keeps sheep for its own consumption. Sheepherding is attempted every few years until severe weather or persistent attacks decimate the flock and the last few sheep are slaughtered for table fare.

Luskan has had an eye on Fireshear for quite some time. Waterdeep hires privateers to escort trade vessels to and from Fireshear during times of open water to prevent attacks from mysterious pirates who seem to set sail from the harbor of Luskan.

Places of Interest

Fireshear has no inns. There are three rooming houses and a guesthouse maintained by the city. The latter is a place of spartan accommodations where guests are closely watched. The town has two stronghouses that store the miners' money. The use of banks reduces the coins in circulation and discourages gambling and thievery.

The best tavern is the Singing Manticore; the wildest is the Drunken Dwarf. Two restaurants of note can be found here: the Leaping Leucrotta, near the docks, and the Green Garden.

Grunwald

This place is little more than 30 crude lodges gathered in a clearing in the forest. Here, 200 members of the Thunderbeast tribe dwell in the Lurkwood. These folk are the most civilized of the Uthgardt peoples. Unlike most in the North, this tribe tolerates foreigners, and busily trades with the outside. Traders with cloth or steel weapons and tools are welcome here and can camp in the Clearing of the Rock or in Stone Bow.

King Gundar Brontoskin rules with a just, firm hand. He's a handsome, shrewd, attentive, and polite man, always eager for news of Faerûn. Gundar's influence keeps the Uthgardt from attacking civilized settlements. He understands the wisdom of trade and criticizes the waste of lives in futile war. However, he never forgets the orcs are always gathering another horde, which he must stand against or else be swept away.

Polite travelers always seek an audience with Gundar and give him a small gift. Maps lift his heart and he fosters visitors to provide any news they have. In return, they're given a feast, where he issues the command that they be unmolested in their doings in Thunderbeast lands and holds. He also issues them a place in his long memory.

Grunwald makes its coins by logging and trapping. Furs and wood-carvings are their main goods to trade with traveling merchants. In return, they barter for silks, woven and dyed cloth, finished garments, and good steel weaponry and hardware of all types.

The people of Grunwald are always short of coinage, and they sell their wares outright to a merchant who has nothing to barter. They sell pelts, unusually fine fur specimens like snow bear pelts or the furred shed skins of glacier snakes, wood carvings, decorative whimsies (a statuette of an upright bear, a moose, or rearing horse), whittled rings, carved carry-boxes, and life-size statues. Grunwald carvers never make images duplicating an Uthgardt totem beast. Asking them to make such a piece is an insult.

The houses of Grunwald are family halls resembling burial barrows or mine tips. They're long, oval mounds of heaped stone blocks, roofed with timbers spread with mud. Moss and grass grows on the roofs; in fact, they're often overgrown with bushes and scrub. Sometimes, only the chimneys betray the presence of the structure at all.

The stones used in these buildings are taken from the above ground fortifications of a former dwarfhold. The dwarves left this place long before the Thunderbeast tribe came here. The barbarians do know an intricate tunnel network lies beneath Grunwald. New entrances to the tunnels are found every year. The only known dwarven name associated with the crumbling hold is Thornhammer. Even the dwarves don't remember if that's a clan name, the name of a prominent individual, or a place name.

The Uthgardt use parts of the tunnels as cesspits and bonepits, but they are taboo to everyone, upon pain of death. To trespass here, they say, is to bring misfortune to Grunwald and awaken the shadows below. Just what evil might lurk there is uncertain. The Uthgardt decline to discuss it when sober. When drunk, they vie with each other in hair-raising tales of fearsome, wildly improbable monsters that flap, squirm, wriggle, ooze, and pounce through the tunnels, slaying and maiming for the sheer delight of it.

Small children who fall into the depths may be rescued by using baskets on drop-lines, but children who are caught playing in the tunnels are expelled from their families to fend for themselves. The sick are often unceremoniously dumped down a shaft, where they perish, broken and alone, in the darkness.

For all their cruel ways, the people of Grunwald tolerate and welcome outsiders far more than most Uthgardt tribes. Be warned; the folk of Grunwald don't take kindly to those who loiter about their village without clear reason. If one is not waiting for certain sorts of wood to be cut and brought out, or to meet a specific person who is out venturing or on patrol, one is expected to move along. Failure to do so results in questions. Folk who provide bad answers find themselves imprisoned, run out of town, or slain as spies for the orcs or for the darkhearts. (The Thunderbeast tribe uses this term to mean other Uthgardt folk who harbor ill will against the Thunderbeasts.) In a suspicious Grunwald native's mind, that means anyone of another tribe.

In Grunwald, there's a standing patrol of 12 veteran barbarian warriors, who are experts with sling stones, spears, and blades. Peddlers report these weapons are dipped in some sort of sleep-inducing substance.

Places of Interest

Clearing of the Rock: This site is an area of land marked by a huge boulder at its center, where a signal fire is ready for lighting in times of danger.

Hand of Justice: South of the Sacred Grove of Silvanus in the eastern arm of the village stands a pavilion marked by the upright gauntlet of a giant. This is a shrine to Tyr. It's attended by six warrior-priests. They accompany Thunderbeast patrols, guide adventurers, and maintain order in Grunwald. Gundar is fascinated by the rulings and their interpretations of what seemed simple laws when he decreed them. He allows the Tyr



priests to argue over and examine disputes before he passes judgment. This allows them to hold court, serving as lawyers, advocates, investigators, and jury, and leaving the king to make a decision after uncovering all they can. Travelers are warned that they can't expect lenience or favoritism from these holy clerics. To them, justice is all.

King's Lodge: The rock piles of the community are overlooked by a crumbling keep rising to the east. This is the King's Lodge. It has three floors, including a throne room of sorts, a feast hall, and dungeon cells in the lower section. The Lodge has an outside stair with no handrail. Hanging on iron hooks above the steps are the heads of foes of Grunwald slain by the folk of the village. It's mostly a line of weathered orc skulls, but from time to time the head of a thief or dishonest merchant is added.

Sacred Grove of Silvanus: In the shade of the King's Lodge in the forest to the east is a grove sacred to Silvanus. The druids heal the folk of Grunwald without cost, though a healed patient must refrain from hunting for a tenday. All others are charged a steep fee.

The Stone Bow: This stands on the southwestern edge of Grunwald. It's as large as the King's Lodge but sprawls along the rolling ground rather than rising from it. These are the shared sleeping quarters of old and filthy straw, mounts and pack-beasts, and travelers. The Bow can sleep about 50 or, if all the animals are pushed out, 70. However, there are three good things about the Bow: It's warm and fairly dry; no one seems to attack anyone else inside; and the food is surprisingly good.

Hundelstone

The overland route linking the Icewind Dale to southerly Faerûn, the Northern Means runs through a pass in the Spine of the World occupied by Hundelstone. Bad winters often imprison travelers in the pass, so Hundelstone is used to hosting unhappy visitors.

It's a place of low houses with sharply sloped roofs designed to shed snow and boulders falling from the mountains. The houses are built low to the ground, as most of the living space is cut out of the rock in a series of cellar rooms. The folk who live here are largely dwarves and gnomes, but there are also about 250 humans. Most dwarves and gnomes make their living carving mining tunnels into the Spine of the World. Their lengthening reach has increasingly brought them into contact with monstrous predators of the Underdark, and many humans make their living as monster slayers, paid 100 gp each month plus 25 gp per kill (shared by those who fought each beast). Adventurers often come for a summer or two to hone their battle skills and gain experience in the Underdark.

Most humans spend their days as guides, guarding and directing caravan trade between Icewind Dale and points south, or as hunters in the crags. Game is plentiful near the pass because of sunflower moss, a rich, green foliage named for its buttercup-like spring flowers. The moss grows rapidly, supporting a huge population of rock hares. People usually slay the foxes, wolves, raptors, and crag cats that prey on the hares, so the hares are plentiful.

Hundelstone boasts 100 skilled smiths where one can buy ironmongery, and there are five guest houses. There is little else

of note in this refuge. It's named for a famous dwarven smith of long ago, Hundel Hurler-of-Hammers. His tomb is said to be in a high mountain cave somewhere near the village that's guarded from thieves by two war hammers that fly and spit lightning.

Icewolf

The ancient Ice Hunter shaman, Bleak Sky at Morning, wisely rules this village of 200, though the rude antics of the Northmen try even his legendary patience and sense of humor. He and his folk do not side with Luskan in wars against others. The women wear jewelry of ancient gold and platinum coins, found in an icebound wreck. If stories are true, a king's ransom remains there. To date, Luskan views this small village as neither a threat nor financially worthy of control.

Ironmaster

This remote, northern stone-towered city of mountain dwarves is built into the rock walls of a frozen valley. It's sometimes called "The Ironmaster," after its long-dead founder. The deepest delves of Ironmaster reach into the largest iron deposits found in Faerûn. The mountain dwarves refine this into pots, pans, and forge bars (flat bars of metal a smith can use to create other items) that they sell in Fireshear and Mirabar.

Over 9,000 dwarves dwell in Ironmaster, under the rule of Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar (LG dm F9). The arms of the city are a red anvil on a gray, diamond-shaped field (the long points of the diamond being vertical). This can be found stamped on many a forge bar, and on stone, menhir-like markers around the valley. Nondwarves within the boundaries outlined by these markers are attacked on sight. Humans who are truly ignorant of the dwarven ban on intruders may be spared, but the dwarves still confiscate ail weapons, spell books, maps, and the like. They may put the humans on a ship or forcibly guide them, blindfolded, through Underdark passages to Hundelstone, releasing them at night in unfamiliar, broken terrain.

Of the 9,200 mining dwarves who dwell in Ironmaster, more than 3,000 are trained and equipped warriors. The clanmaster keeps his standing army of 300 dwarves busy patrolling the land and underground passages. No other races are welcome in this city, and the city's trade goods are sold primarily in Fireshear to other traders.

Ironmaster Vale is the first break in the towering cliffs known as the Cold Run. These cliffs run northeast from Icefang Point, west of Fireshear. Ironmaster fills this valley; its stone towers rise like spikes from the valley floor, and the rooms and passages of the city weave in and out of the never-melting ice and stone of the valley walls. The Shaengarne River flows down from Icewind Dale to meet the Sea of Moving Ice here, plunging through Ironmaster Vale in a ceaseless roar. The dwarves siphon off its waters with over 60 scoop-tunnels and viaducts. They've built an elaborate series of spill basins and diversions to avoid flooding during the spring runoff.

Ironmaster's food comes from several sources. Subterranean caverns provide mushrooms, and hunting and spearfishing are common along the Shaengarne River and the Cold Run. Any-



thing not available by these methods is acquired by trade. Dwarven ships go back and forth from Fireshear with goods, and other items are traded through underground routes using secret surface caves near Hundelstone.

Luskan

Luskan is a seafaring merchant city, home to fierce, proud, and warlike Northmen. This important northern port city is located at the mouth of the unnavigable Mirar River, a swift and icy, cold and rocky, waterway with the Mirar Road paralleling it to Mirabar. 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 structures are tightly packed, standing two and three stories above ground, and they are delved below ground as well.

Although this city of approximately 16,000 humans seeks merchant trade, visitors are few and feel unwelcome. This has much to do with Luskan being a known harbor for northern pirates, if not an outright sponsor of their activities. Inns serving travelers are rare. Visitors are directed to "Keep to the wall. . . The last lane holds the Cutlass." The Arcane Brotherhood keeps a watch on visitors to the city. If one wants to walk freely without spies in tow, it's advisable to enter by the sewers, in the hold of a Luskanite ship, or in magical disguise.

The Mirar River divides the city into two major parts. The northern section is a walled enclave, consisting almost entirely of warehouses. The southern half of the city is much older. This heavily fortified section of the city is surrounded by outlying walled caravan compounds.

There are three bridges that connect the two halves of the city. They are the Harbor Cross, Dalath's Span, and the Upstream Span. The Harbor Cross is broken into two sections, known as the Short and Long spans. Five major islands crowd the mouth of the Mirar River, and the three closest to the south bank are developed.

Luskan is ruled by five High Captains named Taerl, Baram, Kurth, Suljack, and Rethnor, and each is housed in a suitably large fortress-like dwelling. The true force behind all the power of the city, however, resided in a single structure: the Host Tower of the Arcane on an island at the mouth of the river.

The Arcane Brotherhood (housed in the Host Tower of the Arcane) doesn't welcome visitors to this city. In fact, anyone who doesn't appear to be pure human can expect to be slain on sight. Any humans who do enter the City are distrusted and viewed as thieves or spies. They're followed constantly by agents of the Arcane Brotherhood, which assigns the tail to thieves and mages of little power but much ambition.

Luskan wages almost constant war against naval powers the High Captains think they can defeat. They've been wrong in the past about Mintarn, Orlumbor (supported by Waterdeep and Amn), Gundarlun, and Tuern, and they were slaughtered on the seas by the ships of Lantan. The latter was so humiliating that Luskanites won't speak of Lantan or even admit that it exists. Persistent talk of the Lantanna is likely to result in an attack from any Luskanite. However, Luskan did crush Ruathym. Only when

faced by the combined fleets of the Lords' Alliance did Luskan relinquish control of that plundered realm.

Luskan vessels have orders to harass any shipping that uses the ports of Neverwinter and Waterdeep, which Luskan regards as its chief trading rivals. They carry on active, armed feuds with the island realm of Ruathym. They trade with Amn, Calimshan, and many other towns that prefer not to be associated with them, but they meet them on the neutral ground of offshore Mintarn. They give ships carrying the coat-of-arms of Amn and Waterdeep a wide berth, though, and have unsuccessfully attempted to raid Lanthanese ships many times.

When Luskan is officially at peace, its warships act as unsanctioned pirates and the city sponsors pirates who prey on ships and ports along the Sword Coast. The High Captains supply, aid, and direct them, but they pretend they're independent freebooters, acting in defiance of the laws of Luskan. The pirate warships try to force all shippers to use Luskanite boats and to use Luskan as their only Sword Coast port of trade.

The seafaring merchants of Luskan have always been fierce, proud, and warlike. When patrolling enemies make coastal raids difficult, the warriors of Luskan turn inland, attacking the miners of Mirabar and any Uthgardt barbarians they can find. This is done just to keep their neighbors weak and respectful.

The city has a standing army of 300 spearmen and a navy of 19 dragonships, each armed with 70 archers. Luskan's involved in an ego war with Ruathym. Neither side admits defeat, so clashes continue. Waterdeep has threatened involvement if the two nations refuse to negotiate an end to the conflict, so Luskan is building more dragonships as quickly as possible and has armed hastily in recent years, fearing retaliation from Waterdeep.

At this time, there are a new crop of rumors in Luskan, hinting at connections between the Zhentarim and the Host Tower 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.

Places of Interest

Baliver's House of Horses: The only rental stable in the city is a large, walled paddock and sheds stand at the south end of the Upstream Span. The stables are used by all Luskanites except soldiers, caravan company staff, the Arcane Brotherhood, and the High Captains. If members of the Arcane Brotherhood think a visitor might lead them to treasure or magic, they may pay a visit to the stables and cast a *tracer* spell on a mount or two, so they can easily track the visitor after he leaves Luskan.

Baram's Palace: Across the street from the Close, and a short block northeast, is a smaller garden. Out of the center of this rises Baram's Palace, the home of the third High Captain.

Blood Island: Occupied by Luskan's standing army, Blood Island contains a guard tower, an armory, and two barracks at the upstream end of the island. The roof of the tower is fitted with catapults.

Captains' Close: On the way to the market, Reavers' Run passes Captains' Close, a large, walled park on the west. This is where the palatial residences of the High Captains Taerl and Suljack stand.



Captains' Court: This building is the government palace, housing the offices of the five High Captains, their aides, and the assembly chambers. All laws (that pass through Arcane Brotherhood approval, of course), are decreed here. No fewer than 30 militia members are on patrol in this building and on the grounds at all times. The number easily doubles or triples during assemblies.

Closeguard Island: This island is reached by a short, arched bridge known as the Dark Arch containing a hidden ward of some sort warning of all non-Brotherhood intrusions. The rocky isle is home to Kurth Tower.

The Cutlass: This notorious pirate dive discreetly rents a few rooms. These are usually patronized by professional escorts and their clients and by the extremely desperate or the extremely deaf, since the surroundings are usually a bedlam of rowdy, raucous violence from about noon to after dawn.

The Cutlass has a rough fieldstone street level, a raised entry porch, and clapboard-sheathed upper floors with balconies overhanging Half Moon Street. Except for kitchens, a jakes, and various stairs and secret climbing shafts, the entire ground floor is taken up by the tavern. This consists of a common room with a large corner bar, a wine rack and beer kegs crowd behind it, flanking a dumbwaiter large enough for folk to make hasty exits when soldiers come unexpectedly. The roof is a mix of patched slate and cedar shakes, adorned with several trap doors, swinging laundry poles, and scars where entire gables have been blown or burnt away in spell duels.

This place is cheerfully noisy—a sort of brawling fun house for pirates. The fatalities grew so numerous that the High Captains decreed a no-weapons policy at the Cutlass. The intention was to drive it out of business, as no one would dare walk through the slums to get to it unarmed. The anonymous but numerous staff (including mages) now take any steel weapons as patrons enter, keeping them behind the bar. Hatpins, garrotes, and small concealed daggers get past them, but not much else. If patrons don't pay their bills at the Cutlass, they don't get their weapons back. When soldiers arrive, the staff try to disarm them too, delaying them long enough for wanted patrons to get behind the bar, snatch up their weapons, and flee into the cellars.

There's a tunnel running from the cellar to a sewer grate several alleys over guarded by a stone golem belonging to the Cutlass. The golem is large enough to block entry, which it does until a gold coin is put into its hand by each person wishing to pass. The golem prevents soldiers from coming into the cellars unannounced. Years ago, someone dubbed this sentinel "Captain Reaper," and the name has stuck.

The Cutlass is famous as a dangerous place sailors and merchants like to boast they've been to. It's overrated, and certainly no place to try to get some sleep. Several colorful characters fence stolen goods, deal in slaves, and put folk into contact with thieves, mercenaries, and killers-for-hire in the Cutlass. They sit in curtained booths along the walls and don't bother each other. They're allowed to keep their weapons for self-defense. Most have *wands of paralyzation* ready under the table. These characters include "Red" Aruph Thunderfist, Inther Blackfeather, and Jalboun of the Two Blades.

Cutlass Island: This isle consists of two rocky heights connected by a pebble beach with a dock. The south end is crowned by the Sea Tower, Luskan's original pirate stronghold. The more northerly height is home to the Host Tower of the Arcane.

Dragon Beach: The original harbor of Luskan, this haven is crowded with the rotting hulks of small coastboats, busy cogs and caravels, and the sleeker vessels crewed by seafaring pirates and privateering merchants. This is the private harbor of the High Captains, used by their navies, merchant vessels, and pirates. It's a place where a person speaking or stepping wrongly can find a cutlass in his vitals.

Fang Island: This uninhabited island is a barren crag named for its tendency to tear apart boats, rafts, and barges swept down the Mirar River. Fang Island is the site of a wild magic area created in a failed attempt to formulate an extremely powerful ward. From time to time, random harmful spells discharge there by themselves. Their bursts and radiance often rend the night. This wild magic area is self-generating and has so far defied attempts by even the mightiest mages of the Arcane Brotherhood to destroy it.

Hall of Warriors: One can tell when Luskan is going to war by the lines of soldiers forced to march here in formation to pray. Tempus is said to be displeased by such enforced worship and so demands rich offerings. It's widely rumored in the city that burglaries of this temple are arranged by the High Captains. They allegedly do it to get some money back, so they can offer it again.

Host Tower of the Arcane: The horrors of Illusk pale in comparison to the Host Tower of the Arcane, the home of the Arcane Brotherhood. It's a magically created stone structure that resembles a giant tree or an open human hand. It rises into a central spire surrounded by four spires at the points of the compass. All are of equal height, and each bristles with lesser spires, balconies, and branching turrets. The Tower is a treasure house of spell books and magic. It's guarded by basilisks, stone golems, and the wizards residing here.

From a huge entry chamber, access to the upper levels of the tower is via a long central spiral stair. This staircase opens onto various meeting rooms, storage rooms, and spellcasting chambers. The upper reaches of the central spire are occupied by the Archmage Arcane of the Brotherhood, and each of the other four spires is home to a mage in charge of a quadrant of Faerûn. Kitchens and teaching rooms are shared by all and are found at the level where the spires branch out. Above these, each spire has spell practice and private teaching chambers, an audience hall, laboratories, storerooms, and the personal chambers of the wizards, with the more powerful wizards residing on the upper floors. The conjuring chamber of each Overwizard surmounts his or her spire. There are many traps, wards, and warning magic between the chambers of the various rival wizards.

Ruins of Illusk: The remnants of the ancient city of Illusk stand on the southern shore of the Mirar River, in the lee of Closeguard Island. All that remains to be seen of the once-proud city are shattered towers and toppled statues enshrouded in creepers and choked with thick brush in the shade of a few old and gnarled trees. This small, thickly forested city block of half-visible ruins is bounded to the north by Luskan's busy market and to the south by the city's noisy slums. The ruins are



bisected by the Darkwalk, the street leading to the Dark Arch. The Darkwalk is named for the haunted reputation that clings to the ruins of Illusk.

The ruins south of the Darkwalk are largely cleared and used as a burial ground for rich Luskanites, who build mausoleums and dig crypts in its confines. Citizens are allowed to cut brush from here, mostly for firewood and herbal remedies. It's considered ill luck to use the tumbled stone of old Illusk in a burial monument or building, but many older vaults incorporate carvings and pillars from the ruins. Lovers and conspirators sometimes meet here by night, and ghosts are said to walk among the tombs and grand tomb sculptures. Some are found to be living, hungry gargoyles.

Reliable sources say harmless phantoms and dangerous humans skulk about the southern ruins. The true danger is from the ghouls and wraiths of those who once dwelt in Illusk. These creatures are generally found amid the thick brush and the old, stunted trees of the largely untouched northern ruins. They haunt the partially flooded underground passages linking the crypts with Closeguard Island and many cellars and sewer tunnels throughout Luskan, and even the Underdark. Access to the realms below is controlled by a subterranean stronghold under the slums, where the Old Ones dwell.

Fear of magical traps, guardian monsters, and the sleepless undead has kept the buried dead and their treasure undisturbed. Spell books, scrolls, magic, and gem caches have been recovered from the ruins. Almost all of the rich dead were buried in magic armor of one sort or another. The attrition rate among graverobbers remains high, however. Luskanites have a saying: "Only the desperate try to rob the dead of Illusk." Outlanders invading Luskan and fugitives from the city's rough justice have tried to hide in the ruins, but they're usually driven out or slain by undead in short order.

Luskanites rarely brave the overgrown northern ruins even in the full light of day. There are persistent rumors of slave traders kidnapping folk and taking them below.

Kurth Tower: This, the fortress residence of the most grim High Captain of Luskan, is found on Closeguard Island. The guards deny unauthorized access to the Island, which is reached by the Sword Bridge—another arched span with its own ward. This one is linked to battle horrors that members of the Brotherhood call up to fight intruders. Kurth Tower shares the island with some barracks, including a training facility and a fortified guesthouse where "guests" of the Brotherhood stay under guard or chained in dungeons below.

The Mirabar District: The Mirabar District is situated between Whitesails Harbor and the rest of the mainland. It's firmly enclosed by high stone walls topped by iron spikes and thorns. Three major companies trade here: the Anvilfist Banner, Thalorin's Manymetals, and Golden Hand. Between them, they muster some 90 men-at-arms to guard the compound from Luskanite accidents.

The Needle: This water tower is used weekly to flush sewers in the higher systems, but in times of fire, hoses are attached to a spigot (located throughout the South Bank), and the water is used to douse the flames. A series of windmills slowly pump water from the Mirar River into the water tower's holding tank.

North Bank: This warehouse district includes a fortified compound known as the Mirabar District or the Mirabar Shield. The area is owned and guarded by mercantile companies out of Mirabar. Two places here should be avoided upon pain of capture, torture, and then death. These are the Throat and Whitesails Harbor.

North Gate: This ironclad door between two guard towers stands at the water's edge. It guards the northern end of the widest bridge, the Upstream Span, leading to the south bank. Beggars and peddlers not allowed in the city settle around this gate. Luskanites in search of trinkets or information they'd rather not be seen acquiring go out to them. This gate is normally closed during the hours of darkness, but it is always guarded by 30 soldiers in chain mail and armed with spears, short swords, daggers, and crossbows. This guard is commanded by a veteran officer, the Daykeeper or Nightkeeper, depending on the shift. He's assisted by a watchful wizard of the Brotherhood.

Travelers who dare not enter Luskan can rent space on a barge cable-ferry crossing the river upstream from the city. Be warned; the ferryman is said to have trap doors in the bottom of the barge. Luskanite patrols guard both ends of the ferry run. These guards include a few junior wizards of the Brotherhood who are bored, ambitious, and anxious to prove their viciousness and worth. Enemies of Luskan rarely make a dry crossing, and more than one wet wizard has furiously fought his way out of a lightning bolt-hurling contest with the Brotherhood.

Open Shore: The northernmost reach of Whitesails Harbor, entirely unprotected against the full fury of sea storms, is the Open Shore. It's the only place foreign vessels can berth. Open Shore is outside the city walls; Luskanites ignore brigand and monster raids there, but they don't bother firing at crew members, either.

The Piers: This is the more dangerous continuation of the Bloodrun. It takes its name from the piers that jut into the harbor over Dragon Beach. The patrols don't habitually round the bend to check out the Piers.

Red Dragon Trading Post: This area is home to Luskan's largest and most successful overland trading company. These folks are well-armed and wary, but they're wise enough not to behave as aggressively as their pirate brethren. The dangerous places they trade, and the "challenge me" reputation of Luskanites leaves them short of guards, so they welcome adventurers for hire.

Sea Tower: The south end of Cutlass Island is crowned by a weathered, massive stone fortress called the Sea Tower. This is Luskan's original pirate stronghold and is now home to lesser members of Luskan's ruling Arcane Brotherhood. This house of ambitious mages and nonwizard senior agents is often lit by the flashes of experimental spells. Occasionally, it's the scene of a spell fight that sends transformed bodies hurling helplessly out of windows into the sea far below. It's not a place to visit unless you sell spell components and can fight your way clear in a magic battle with the entire Brotherhood.

Seven Sails Inn: The only inn in Luskan, "Safesails" stands two blocks east of the Needle. It's a place of surprising quality. The Arcane Brotherhood have no fewer than six agents on the inn staff, including chambermaids. They watch guests, reporting magic use or suspicious wares, weapons, or magic items to



their superiors. They've been known to poison or drug guests and to use vials of sleep-inducing gas to make it easy for the Brotherhood to capture patrons.

The inn is a soaring, wooden-crested building. It is studded with windows resembling shark fins. Each window has a window box planted with flowers in summer. These provide convenient handholds for climbers year-round. The building is built of massive timbers, braced as the struts of a ship are. Suites are spacious, and several flights of back stairs make discreet exits and arrivals possible for those who know their way around. A skilled, dignified staff makes guests welcome. The furnishings are fine, achieving the effect of a luxurious, quiet haven from the harshness of the city outside.

The Seven Sails has a famous treasure tale. The riches of the notorious Runner of the Rocks, a dead pirate named Shargul, are hidden somewhere in its wails. The hoard is a cache of gems concealed from magic scrying by strong spells and guarded by animated skeletal hands.

There are several hidden closets that dusty human skeletons occasionally tumble from, shocking guests who are up and about in the wee hours. More than one human skull has bounced and rolled down a carpeted hall to confront a startled patron coming up the stairs. Finally, a gold dragon was said to have had its lair in the inn, taking human shape by day and flying by night. Its hoard, too, was never found.

South Bank: The main city stands on the southern side of the river's mouth inside a semicircular wall. This wall extends from a fortified breakwater sheltering Dragon Beach to a tower beside the Upstream Span and across the bridge from North Gate. The wall is studded with over a dozen towers along its length, including the impressive Twin Teeth flanking the South Gate. This is all of Luskan that many unwelcome travelers see. It's customarily decorated with heads and other body parts of those who have fallen afoul of Luskanite justice. The grisly array is lit each night by a row of flickering torches.

From the gate, a wide street known as Reavers' Run leads straight northwest to the open space of the city market. From there, the Short Span leads to Blood Island, and then across the Mirar River to the Red Dragon Trading Lodge. In the market, stalls are erected by permits only given to Luskanite companies, closely watched long-time business contacts or outlying farmers. The dealers here sell fresh produce, firewood, and trinkets. As a general rule, the western side of Reavers' Run is the bad side of town.

Suljack's Lodge: This tavern-like lodge is the home of Suljack, the second High Captain. He hunts deer in Captains' Close, armed with a javelin and a knife. This bloody sport is sometimes watched by his admiring ladies.

Taerl's Fortress: Taerl is the first High Captain. His house is a verifiable fortress.

Temple of Red Sails: This is the temple to Umberlee.

Ten Oaks: The fourth High Captain, Rethnor, dwells in Ten Oaks, a tall stone house just southwest of the Close. Ten Oaks is a hollow square enclosing a hillock where 10 oaks stand. He spends much money on magic to keep the enclosed trees alive. Despite his wealth, they are withering and dying, cut off from the sun and rain.

The Throat: This, Luskan's main water tower, rises out of a fenced field for sheep destined for the five captains' tables. Intruders in the pasture are assumed to be enemies of Luskan trying to poison the city's water supply. Guards armed with crossbows of paralyzation-venomed bolts capture the intruder for harsh questioning. Painting the sheep various hues used to be a rite of passage among dwarves, but it was bloodily ended by the Luskanites.

The Winter Palace: The Winter Palace is a temple to Auril, the Frost Maiden. The rituals of worship to this deity are often cruel. Visitors gather to watch the wet parades, a ritual where supplicants don garments packed with ice. They journey between six white pillars known as the Kisses of Auril. These columns are spread widely throughout the Reach. The worshippers move from pillar to pillar, chanting prayers to the goddess, before returning to the temple. In winter, the processions resemble frantic footraces, with the added risk of exposure or heartchill. The parade runners are cheered on by patrons who come out of nearby taverns to place bets on the stamina of the participants.

Whitesails Harbor: This is off limits to all except Luskanite naval personnel. Watchful garrisons in the towers at the breakwater and the upstream end of the island have instructions to shoot unauthorized people entering the harbor. They receive a bounty for each person struck, so they often shoot into the windows of the closest buildings in the fortified Mirabar District, hoping to make a little blood money.

Mirabar

For as long as the average Mirabarran cares to look back, their city has been the richest in the lands north of Waterdeep. Being the chief mining center of the north for years, their quarries have provided metals of all kinds. The miners and merchants both made money—big money—and they were happy.

With the rebirth of Mithral Hall, all their dreams threatened to come shattering down. Not only does Mithral Hall stand as a legend, but these same legends recall that the metals extracted from the dwarfhold created the best weapons in the history of Faerûn. Whether these rumors are true or false doesn't matter to Mirabar as a whole; it's tough to compete with a legend. Established trade and the remoteness of Mithral Hall have helped Mirabar survive, however.

Realizing the dangers posed by Mithral Hall, the High Captains of Luskan reduced their annual harbor fees by half, but this was primarily an act of good faith, since Mirabar had paid its fees through 1377. Mirabar is still looking for another avenue to transport their goods, however. In the heyday of the mining boom, the "insurance" fee paid to Luskan was a cost the miners could deal with. Now, they're trying to cut their costs as much as possible.

Rumors seeping through the soft underbelly of Mirabar's "shadow district" report that Luskan's going to attempt the same stranglehold with Mithral Hall. With Luskan's attention turned toward the dwarven home, security in Mirabar has lessened somewhat. It's still illegal to produce maps of Mirabarran streets, though now it's not a hanging offense—it's only a life sentence in the mining fields as a hard laborer.

Mirabar has been concentrating its efforts on extracting orcs and reinforcing its economy. Mages, once hired to shield



Mirabar from Luskan, are now employed to discover new veins of mining wealth, provide magical support to patrols, and to scour the surrounding countryside for orcs and other marauders.

The marchion (see **Government**) has been hiring his own battery of mages, metallurgists, and alchemists, and he's managed to get over 30 such specialists in his direct employ. These mages (who's names are all secret) are trying to produce a metallic substance that's twice as strong as adamantine and assimilates magical energy at a higher absorption rate. If successful (a five-year plan devised by the marchion and the metallurgists claims success in that time-span), they can turn the tables on Mithral Hall and regain their dominance.

For now, Mirabar has suffered significant losses in ore and mined goods, but it still has the market share in quarried stone for anyone willing to pay the costs of magically floating them to Luskan, where they're shipped—by boat—anywhere in Faerûn. Mirabar's masons supply precisely cut blocks of the stones, grades, and hues desired—something local quarries often can't do. Currently, the only ones who can afford Mirabar's special marbled goods are the extremely rich, the heads of state, and other such notables.

Mirabar's trading decisions once had a long reach across Faerûn. Many a would-be conqueror was thwarted by a disapproving Mirabar, as Mirabar's enemies had difficulty acquiring metal and weapons save by force. With the recovery of Mithral Hall, their ability to control events throughout Faerûn has diminished. Mirabar is currently more interested in making themselves competitive with Mithral Hall, however, hoping the Lords' Alliance comes to thwart any petty despot who comes knocking on their doors.

The Look and The Feel

The gray stone city is surrounded by shafts, quarries, and taluses. Across the river to the west and south of the city, dead and bloated mines are used to store building stone and rubble to shore up the ever-crumbling gravel roads that carry Mirabar's metal wealth, forged metal bars, fine gems, and metalwork south to the rest of Faerûn.

Mirabar is a city of hard work with a grim, no-nonsense manner. It has a heart of gold where natives to the city and the surrounding area break their own back to help a neighbor. This side of the rough gem of the North is never seen by the common visitor, for travelers usually have a mindset that puts the average Mirabarran at ill ease. Come to Mirabar with an open mind and a kind, understanding heart, and you see the heart of gold that's shared by all Mirabarrans.

The city's protective walls are set in concentric rings so besieged defenders can fall back from the outer wall without leaving the city unprotected. The walls are thick and sloped, allowing defenders to fire arrows down the sides or pour water down them to make ice slides in winter. In the center of town is a walled garden that helps keep Mirabar less dependent on imported food. The area features well shafts bringing water from the Underdark—water warmed by the heat of the depths. There's a permanently installed *control weather* effect in this garden which keeps the temperature comfortable for plants, allowing year-round growth.



The streets narrow as they flow toward the center of town, ending at a wall. There's a circular street running around the ring wall to staggered entrances, where another street starts. One street looks much like another, but observant travelers notice images carved in the wall at the head of each street, so one can find Griffon Street, Manticore Street, Flame Street, Anvil Street, and so on, with ease. There are seven concentric ring walls in Mirabar.

The dwellings, warehouses, and businesses are addressed in order to simplify courier deliveries and advertising for businesses. Beginning at the Northgate and working clockwise, each house along the ring-shaped streets is numbered (in sequences of five when possible), with odd numbers on the outer side of the street and the even numbers on the inner side. The spoke streets are numbered, beginning with the central-most buildings with odd number on the left and even numbers to the right (when one's back is to the center of town). Alleys are numbered, but each one tends to use its own system.

The city has four gates: Northgate, primarily used by mine wagons; the Eastgate, where the town watch quarters; River Gate, where the bridge crosses the Mirar River; and Sunset Gate to the west, where most visitors and merchants enter the city. Each of these gates has a double metal gridwork palisade, a large slab of solid granite three feet thick, and an ironwood barricade (magically immunized against fire) that can be dropped into place to help protect the city from outside invasion. The protection between concentric ring walls in the city, however, is not so elaborate. A single metallic gridwork palisade and an ironwood barricade are all that stands between the central section of the city and invaders who manage to break through the outer gates. Mirabar, however, has no way to protect itself from invaders who *gate* or *teleport* into the city.

Some travelers are surprised to discover that Mirabar's boundaries continue far into the earth. This "undercity" consists of six levels, known as the First Below, Second Below, and so on. The final level connects up with a series of twisting tunnels that becomes the Underdark, and some travelers move back and forth between Mirabar and Waterdeep, Ironmaster, and Tethyamar.

The Underdark is not a place for green travelers, however. Rumors of an alhoon that is enslaving the dwarves of the Mirabarran undercity persist, despite numerous forays by adventuring companies. And for those who prefer a more known threat, duergar and drow are believed to roam the Sixth Below.

GOVERNMENT

Mirabar is ruled by two councils: the elected Council of Sparkling Stones and a Sceptrana. The Council is an elected assembly of 42 folk who hold the true power. They keep Mirabar in the Lords' Alliance, viewing it as a vital lifeline against attacks and aggression. Prominent councilors include Agrathan Hardhammer (LN dm P12 [Dumathoin]), Shadrar Thundersar (LN hm F14), Elyth Talboskh (CN hm F4) of Talboskh House, Pheln Aldforth (LN hm F6) of Manyheads Merchant Collective, and Maern Hammaver (CG hm W5) of Hammaver House.

The councilors meet each autumn in the Hall of Sparkling Stones to determine where and when to sell their metal, mindful

of who uses it to forge weapons to make war on whom. After the council meets, the Sceptrana of Mirabar, Shoundra Stargleam (LN hf W7), negotiates trade agreements with other cities.

The mines of Mirabar are guarded against raids by a standing army, the Axe of Mirabar. At 1,000 strong, the Axe is a force of grim, experienced warriors who fight with crossbows, lances, and hammers, riding mountain ponies in summer and rothé in winter. Merchant houses in the city keep another 500 trained soldiers under arms. They realize these mines are the life of the city—and where their salaries come from.

With the reinstatement of Mithral Hall's mining operations, Mirabarrans have been screaming that the government send in vandals to Mithral Hall to sabotage every possible operation. Thus far, the marchion has refused to grant such an act—mostly in fear of retribution from Mithral Hall and its allies. Sending spies to watch, listen, and report back with whatever they see and hear is a possibility Elastul's willing to debate.

The royal badge of Mirabar is an upright, double-bladed axe with a pointed haft and a flaring, flat base. It's customarily rusted on a black field, though the field is sometimes a deep purple or white when presented on ship pennants. The badge is plainly visible on the shields of all Axe militia.

The People and The Places

Mirabar is a city of grim folk, hard work, long hours, hard drinking, and exhausted slumber. There's little rowdiness and little crime. Visitors are frequently watched to make sure they're not thinking of starting trouble or spying for other cities. Thieves are frequently apprehended rapidly by the militia, who employ professional "thief watchers" throughout the city.

Some 19,000 humans and more than 4,000 dwarves live in relative harmony here, working the earth shoulder to shoulder. Rivalries over forging skills are common, but all regard fellow citizens as friends and the rest of the world as unfriendly (or as foes). Treachery is unthinkable to a dwarf of Mirabar, and it's hard to tempt even the poorest human in the city. The miners are on the alert for plots, attempts to sway or mislead them, and attacks or surveillance by rivals (which now includes Mithral Hall).

Galvendo's Lodge: Galvendo's advertising schemes are highly effective, for he's considered one of the top hunters in the North—and the best to be found in Mirabar. "I guarantee you a shot at the big boys—if you want the huge racks, you've got to come through me," "Galvendo: Big Game Hunter Extraordinaire," and "Kill or be killed at Galvendo's." His advertising, hitting right to the heart of hunters, explains why he's very busy—he's guiding people to the best big-game hunting spots in the Frozenfar.

Galvendo (NG hm R9) claims no one has ever died on one of his expeditions, but this isn't exactly true. Three people have been mauled to death by vicious predators (usually bears and winter wolves) in the last eight years. Galvendo's companion and business partner, Deathcalm the Loved (CG hf C12 [Lathander]), was able to cast successful *raise dead* spells in order to bring breath back into the bodies. The once-deceased, surprisingly, have nothing but good things to say about these two individuals, never realizing just how close they were to walking the lands of the dead.



The Goblet and Gems: This is the only exciting and impressive-looking tavern in Mirabar. Its magically lit golden goblet signboard beckons to passersby. Inside, visitors find a crowded room filled with live music, dancing, and side booths where folk drink and enjoy the company of the “Gems” the place is named for.

The landmark of this establishment is the glowing goblet out front. Behind its golden glow, the Goblet rises darkly and impressively. It’s built of black stone with smooth edges and a curving roof resembling a helm. Inside, it has carpeted halls, dim lighting, sound-deadening pillows, tapestries, and smooth walls. Glowing glyphs indicate the jakes and exits.

This is the only wild place in Mirabar. The soldiers like a place to be rowdy, but they like to confine such potential trouble to one place. This prevents enemies from instigating riots to cover attempts to loot, set fires, or efforts to slay councilors or important merchants.

Each Gem is a spy for the council, well paid and coached on self-defense, observation, and remembering what’s seen and heard. There’s a secret rope-and-pulley elevator behind tapestries on each floor, and a ready detachment of 12 Axes can arrive from their quarters in the basement in a very short time if an alarm bell is rung on any floor.

The Goblet was the favorite drinking place of Arendoum the Archmage a decade ago. The man wore a skull mask and turned all who displeased him into worms or slugs. Before he disappeared, he hid a self-replenishing *gem of spell storing* somewhere in the Goblet. It glows with green *faerie fire* and emits *feather fall* when grasped and willed to do so. Many have searched for it, but it has eluded all detection.

Hall of Sparkling Stones: This massive stone fortress stands at the center of town on a raised eminence or knoll, looming over Mirabar. Its soaring central hall reaches to the roof, where a magnificent, many-hued glass window depicts the double axe of Mirabar encircled by flying dragons of various hues. The window casts its polychromatic light onto the ring-shaped council table below. The polished, black marble table is pierced by four passages to permit access to the podium at its center.

The chamber floor is inlaid with scenes traced in gold, silver, electrum, copper, platinum, mithral, and adamantine. The pillared, sculpted walls feature balconies stacked at least six high. Tiny *beljurils* (stones that give off light from time to time in little winking flashes) are set about the chamber’s walls and balconies. This is the marchion’s palace and courtroom; the state chamber of Mirabar, where important visitors are received; and the meeting place of the council. The architects set out to impress the visitor, and they succeeded with awesome ease.

The balconies are crowded with Mirabarrans during council meetings and important trials. They share floors with small, wooden paneled meeting rooms. These rooms have secret passages between them where Mirabarran agents listen, armed with *wands of paralyzation* and hand crossbows loaded with sleep-venomed bolts, to prevent problems.

The House of the Bright Blade: This establishment is the most popular shop in Mirabar among human tourists. It’s widely known as the place to get swords that seem specially made. It’s the smithy and shop of the noted swordsmith Zes-

para Alather. She toils here with six female apprentices (two humans and four dwarves).

The front room is guarded by six female warriors in full plate armor and four unarmed, undercover ex-thieves armed with *wands of paralyzation*. The secured room is full of the glittering steel of hundreds of swords and daggers of all sizes, finishes, and prices.

Swords and daggers of all sorts are available here at premium prices. Zespara and her oldest apprentice, the dwarf Calauthra Morgyr, can expertly choose a weapon with the right reach and weight for a customer. Blades can be custom-made in two days for triple the usual cost, or in seven days for double the usual cost.

Sceptrana Hall: Shroundra Stargleam (LN hf W7) is an enterprising young wizardess who successfully assumed control of Mirabar from its former Marchion (ruler). She’s done a great deal to assure her favor with many of the neighboring dwarven communities, and the Council of Sparkling Stones has given her a great deal of leeway in trade negotiations.

Security for the attractive young ruler is becoming more and more of a concern, however, and armed guards surround the hall. Various interests, ranging from the Harpers to the Zhentarim, have concerns regarding the direction of Mirabar. The Cult of the Dragon has already made one attempt on Shoundra’s life.

Shrines: Shrines to Tymora and Chauntea can be found here, but the temples dedicated to dwarven powers are underground in the dwarven communities.

The Sign of the Forgehammer: Visitors who aren’t staying in the homes of Mirabarran hosts or the guest houses of merchant companies are directed by the Axe to this inn. The Forgehammer stands with stables, stronghouse, and kitchen garden in its own walled compound just inside the River Gate. Guests are discreetly watched by Mirabarran agents.

The walls of the compound are adorned with the symbol of the inn: a vertical hammer, handle down. The symbol appears on the stout, copper-plated, double doors of the inn. Beyond them is a dimly lit network of stone chambers, interlaced with chimneys, fireplaces, and dark stairs winding between the rooms. The inn is cool in summer and warm in winter, and guests’ rooms have bear-pelt rugs and canopied beds for warmth and comfort.

The Hammer is as warm and snug as any inn this far north, but it’s gloomily lit. Candle-lamps are plentiful; each room comes with two candle-holders, a candle-lantern, and a dozen candles, replenished daily. Guests get comfortable, private rooms with a daily hot bath.

The Ten Towns

The land north and west of the Spine of the World not covered by the Reghed Glacier is Icewind Dale. The origin of the name is obvious: This region is frequently lashed by howling storms that flatten buildings and scour shrubs from rock crests. Anything that can’t lie down is smashed or frozen by the winds, and anything that can lie down is buried by snow. This wild, barren, barbarian-infested region is visited by white dragons, crag cats, orcs, and glacier remorhaz. There’s no sane reason for civilized folk to come here.

The Ten Towns cluster around three lakes: Maer Dualdon, Lac Dinneshere, and Redwaters, the only known homes of the



knucklehead trout, a fish whose fist-sized heads and spiny bones are akin to fine ivory in hue and appearance. Even in summer, the waters are icy enough to kill anyone in the space of a few breaths. Greed brings the roughest rogues to this land—it's not a place for the idle traveler. The only exceptions are the longrunners, folk who roam for food and bring firewood from the distant northern flanks of the Spine of the World.

Scrimshanders, the skilled carvers of knucklehead scrimshaw, are important and respected craftsmen here, but everyone else is tolerated as long they cause no trouble and do honest business. In winter, troublemakers are usually killed, or worse, cracked atop the head and drenched with the contents of a chamber pot. In either case, the bodies are usually found in the spring thaw.

Most important to the Ten Towns is the central, walled, trading town of Bryn Shander. Most travelers end up here, unless they join the fishing trade. From Bryn Shander, a gravel trail known as Eastway leads east to Lac Dinneshere, and to the community of Easthaven at its southern end. *Caer-Dineval* and *Caer-Konig* stand on the shore of Lac Dinneshere. Despite their names, no castles stand here—they were once log fortresses. South of Lac Dinneshere is Redwaters, the smallest of the three lakes.

From the southernmost reaches of Kelvin's Cairn, a cleft or valley once inhabited by dwarves runs south and west to the hills where Bryn Shander stands. West and north of this lies the largest of the three lakes, *Maer Dualdon*. Four towns stand on its shores: *Bremen*, at the outflow of the river that drains the lake into the *Shaengarne* River and eventually to the sea at *Ironmaster*; *Targos*, the only walled town other than Bryn Shander; *Termalaine*, the most beautiful of the settlements, sprawling with tree plantings around the widely scattered houses placed behind rubble walls to protect them from the winds; and *Lonelywood*, the northernmost settlement, whose buildings nestle into the trees of an isolated wood along the lakeshore.

The Speaker of Bryn Shander lives in the largest building of the Ten Towns. Despite its pillared porch, it's no larger than a small inn.

Each of the Ten Towns can field a home guard of 100 to 500 men armed with dwarven weapons and light armor. The towns of *Bremen* and *Caer-Konig* are home to tundra barbarians. The towns are fiercely independent and competitive with one another, particularly with towns sharing the same lake. Fighting between rival ships is not uncommon. Because of this tendency, it's hard for the cities to band together and defeat a common foe, making each city a single entity and relatively easy to conquer.

Visitors find life harsh here, with the 8,000 folk of *Icewind Dale* suspicious of outsiders; this paranoia is not helped when the area is also home to a multitude of men and women with checkered pasts looking for an escape from captors. Most can remember bloody battles against the barbarians and against the tyrant *Akar Kessell*. They think visitors are trouble.

Rumors persist of white dragon lairs crowded with treasure in the glaciers nearby. Some even feature heaps of frozen gems as tall as a house. The rumors grow even wilder when people speak of the dwarven delves under Kelvin's Cairn and the Spine of the World. Sages of the North often remind that truths have often been revealed behind such stories. It's true that some adventur-

ers come back from *Icewind Dale* rich beyond their wildest dreams. Some of them even live long enough to enjoy it. Those swayed by the antlers displayed on tavern walls will be pleased to find that guides can be found in the Ten Towns, but they should always go armed and in numbers.

The Ten Towns originated when ivory-like scrimshaw was discovered. Nine villages grew along the three lakes, and Bryn Shander grew as residents needed a central location to meet traders. Proximity to Bryn Shander was second only to the quantity of fish hooked and netted in determining the success and size of the fishing villages. The Eastway made Easthaven rival *Caer-Dineval* in size.

Both Bryn Shander and *Targos* were walled against the hostile land. But walls did nothing to protect *Targos* when *Akar Kessell* sent a killing beam from *Crystal-Tirith*. The beam struck major buildings, missing the ships in the harbor.

The barbarian tribes of *Icewind Dale* often raided the villages of the Ten Towns, but as autumn of 1351 DR came and the herds moved south, the tribes chose to make one massive thrust in an attempt to occupy the communities and live off slave labor. A traitor from one of the communities revealed his plan of attack. *Unbeknownst*, *Drizzt* watched the traitor and promptly informed *Bruenor* and, through *Regis*, the Council of the Ten Towns. The halfling convinced his fellow councilmen to form an alliance and the Ten Towns stood ready.

The bulk of the barbarian force moved south to Bryn Shander. Once the city was occupied, the barbarians could strike at leisure at the other communities. Aware of the plan, men of *Maer Dualdon* hid in *Termalaine*. When the tribe entered, it was overwhelmed. A threefold trap lay in wait at Bryn Shander for the main host. Inside the city walls stood the combined forces of Bryn Shander, *Caer-Konig*, and *Caer-Dineval*, armed with bows and hot oil. Outnumbered, the barbarians turned back and found the way blocked by *Bruenor's* dwarves. Townspeople from all three lakes surrounded the tribe.

The dwarf-built palace of *Cassius*, spokesman of Bryn Shander, was given to *Regis* after the battle. Designed for the Ten Towns' council meetings, it's the largest building of the Ten Towns and the grandest north of *Mirabar*. *Regis* promptly filled it with clutter from the front hall staircase to the master bedroom.

Places of Interest

Except those in Bryn Shander, all inns in *Icewind Dale* are places the visitor won't forget: rented straw in stables. For most places, the inn and the tavern are one and the same—most inn/taverns are closer to a rooming house than anything else. Large bands can rent a warehouse, but they find nothing to warm it with unless they brought wood. Most warehouses are sunk into the ground to avoid the wind, and so they are little more than sod-roofed cellars.

Bloodril's Snug, *Haven Faelfaril's Inn*, *Geldenstag's Rest*, *The Hooked Knucklehead*, and *The Northlook* are found in Bryn Shander. They're the oldest and least suitable houses in the settlement. They were built by folk who hadn't yet felt a true northern winter. They stand tall and proud against the icy winds that lash through them, leaving guests shivering.



The Evermoors



Travelers will certainly encounter shepherds tending their sheep along the grassy hills and rocky ridges of the Evermoors. This is also a land of howling winds and blinding fog, where adventurers come to seek fame and fortune in the abandoned dwarven holds north of the city of Nesmé.

Griffon's Nest

In the heart of the grass-cloaked hills west of Shining Creek stands Griffon's Nest. It's one of the few places where an Uthgardt tribe has built a permanent settlement. Swaggering warriors are everywhere, looking to prove their prowess by carving an outlander open. The journey is recommended only for the powerful or foolish. One must travel through hills studded with sheep, shepherds, and Uthgardt lookouts who can summon javelin-hurling patrols of 12 to 16 pony-back warriors.

Once a bandit hold, Griffon's Nest has grown rapidly. In its former status, Alglyn and his half-orc band controlled the area. This ended when the Uthgardt slaughtered them all. The current self-declared chief of Griffon's Nest is Kralgar Bonesnapper.

Throughout his youth, Kralgar wandered the Coast, seeing all its ways and wealth. He since became a barbarian coveting the riches and leisure of Waterdeep. Kralgar has proven a wise leader, keeping lawlessness to a minimum. He's managed to show his people the prosperity trade brings, trading farmed goods, meat, woven baskets and containers, and gold panned from the Shining Creek for arms, shields, armor, and coins.

Griffon's Nest includes 20 or so thatched log huts sealed with baked earth. The huts stand near two warehouses and a longhall, encircled by a stout log palisade. Stables are inside the compound, and a dozen or so small farms lie on nearby hills.

The Nest houses 900 folk, 300 of whom are warriors, and Kralgar's call rallies 1,000 other Griffon tribe members. The Griffons hunt, farm, and gold pan in Shining Creek. They buy weapons of good steel with gold nuggets and dust. They sell woven rush, cane baskets, and trunks to merchants who swing by from the Long Road.

The Griffons are the most literate, organized, and skilled Uthgardt. Kralgar welcomes contact with outsiders, believing anyone in Faerûn may be an ally in his goal of conquering a rich city. Though Waterdeep would be best, Kralgar will settle for a lesser place if he thinks he can snatch victory. Kralgar has declared ritual war on all cities, and many outlaws and unallied Uthgardt seeking plunder have joined the Griffons. Visitors can expect to meet adventurers of all ilk, some of whom are probably undercover Harper agents, the Cult of the Dragon, or the Red Wizards of Thay. They seem to believe the rustic village of Griffon's Nest is a place to watch. Zhent agents are rumored to exist in Griffin's Nest as well, though their intent and motives remain uncertain.

Mornbryn's Shield

Mornbryn's Shield takes its name from the rocky, horseshoe-shaped ridge that forms a natural rampart along the west and south sides of the settlement. This ridge shields the community from the spring flooding of the two rivers.

Mornbryn was a ranger of notoriety over 400 winters ago. Legend says his tomb is somewhere under these rocks. It's a complex of rooms crammed with treasures offered by the communities he rescued from orcs and trolls. He wouldn't accept these rewards in life, but they were laid to rest with him after his death.

Folk believe the treasure is still hidden. Others say the tomb was found and the city was built over it to prevent further plundering. Magic is said to lie among the coins, crowns, and gems, but the rocks of the Mornbryn's Shield contain much *durneth*. This is known to the dwarves as a very rare, hard, leaden stone that masks magical auras, preventing detection of magical items.





The folk of Mornbryn's Shield are a hardy lot. Day after day, they face the fury of the Evermoors which sends howling winds from the northeast, cloaking them in damp, clammy fog that conceals creeping trolls. The trolls prefer attacking when fog masks their approach, dulls their sounds, and dampens fire, their deadliest foe.

Mornbryn's Shield is a community of shepherds, fisher-folk, and moss growers. The mosses are prized across Faerûn for medicinal properties. They form an ingredient in Waterdhavian hair dyes and perfumes. It's fashionable to eat Shield moss in some circles of nobility in Waterdeep, Calimshan, and Tethyr. Some merchants reach the Shield by barge up the Surbrin River, and buy boatloads of moss. The rocks of the moor support other vegetables, and the land is used to graze the long-haired ponies bred for local use.

Mornbryn's Shield is a surprisingly nice place to stay, but it's bleak in winter, always endangered by trolls, and too small to interest a traveler for more than a day. Travelers are warned to keep children indoors and hidden as much as possible. There are persistent rumors that at least one doppelganger is keeping watch on the Shield. It enters the Shield regularly, in the shape of a villager or one of the peddlers who stops at the local inn. It surveys the folk who come to town, reporting to nearby trolls.

Places of Interest

Caldreth's Cobbling: Caldreth Wyvernlyng makes and fixes shoes, boots, and cloaks. He's especially proud of his river-waders (waxed, heavy leather boots).

The Maid of the Moors: The Maid of the Moors is a restaurant run by Beldora Thiiruin. The Maid is a sunny place with many hanging ferns and windows. (Shutters can be fitted in case of storms or troll raids.) Beldora lets her pet bats fly about, allegedly to hunt insects.

Mielikki's Shrine: The northeastern edge of the community is guarded by a small keep, and a circular, walled garden planted with old, gnarled trees. The keep is used as an armory, boasting fire-hurling catapults, enough *firepots* to burn Lurkwood, and 250 suits of plate armor. The keep is guarded by a *ring of mist*, a ward linked to 14 helmed horrors who attack anyone entering the keep without a ward token. Only militia members have these, and there's a rule against carrying them outside the Shield to keep them out of the wrong hands.

The stone-walled garden is an old shrine to Mielikki, where weapons rust away on an altar formed by a living tree. These arms were wielded in her honor by now-dead rangers. Many northern rangers make pilgrimages here, in order to worship the Lady of the Forest in the presence of the relics of her greatest servants. The only place considered more holy to Mielikki is the headwaters of the Unicorn Run in the depths of the High Forest.

Rangers rewarded for their deeds often leave offerings here on the altar—which soon disappear. The locals say the tributes are taken away at night by the Sisters Who Serve. Just who or what these sisters are, though, or where the treasure goes, is a mystery.

The Troll in Flames: Mornbryn's Shield is too small for a proper inn. This lone tavern, though, rents its four rooms. Two are so small they sleep only three folk—and only if someone sleeps on the floor beside the lone bed. The Troll has a limited selection of ales and wines, including zzar, Saerloonian glowfire, and evershimmer (a sweet, strong wine traditionally made in Everlund).

Nesmé

This fortified trading town is a circular settlement of 6,000 inhabitants. It's 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 Surbrin River, fortified stables, paddocks, and stock pens; to the east, beyond the city walls, lie roughly 40 farms under the protection of the Riders of Nesmé. In the center of town is a spired building that once housed the temple of Waukeen and now serves as a boarding hall for merchants. The town inside the stern and ready fortress of the Citadel of the Riders is a busy, bustling place of square stone houses with roof gardens. The gently sloped roofs leak in wet weather and have meltwater cisterns for gathering ready drinking water.

First Speaker Tessarin welcomes adventurers to her town. Those who wish an audience with her can expect to be told the latest news about orc, barbarian, and troll activities, and the locations of known abandoned dwarf holds, mines, and ruins. Tessarin is particularly concerned about recent reports of beholders and undead eye tyrants hunting around the long-abandoned village of Andalbruin. This is the place known for a former school of wizardry, the Dungeon of the Ruins.

Armed non-barbarian human bands wandering about Nesmé make Tessarin a happy woman. She wants her town to impress its traditional enemies as much as possible, and she wants Nesmé to be known in Waterdeep and along the Sword Coast. Some suspect she's behind the latest rumors, such as the one stating new veins of ore and gems were found east and north of Nesmé.

Unfortunately, the events of the past few years have served to give Nesmé a different reputation: that of a city nearly under siege by the constant outpouring of trolls from the Evermoors. Miners who might have been lured to the city to search the Evermoors for ore have been sent back to their homes, unless they feel confident enough to withstand a troll attack. This has helped the reputation of Nesmé's militia, as they've proven themselves quite capable at defending the city from surges of trolls. It's also provided plenty of opportunity for adventurers to make names for themselves (though a running joke in town is how impressive can a title of "troll-slayer" be?).

There is one definite goal for adventurous types operating out of Nesmé. Somewhere in the broken country north of the Surbrin River are cliffs where daring prospectors can chip free the valuable, exceedingly rare, black, oval gemstones known as chardalyn. Chardalyn is known for its property of entrapping spells and unleashing them later. Of course, adventurers searching for these gems have to do it between battles against orcs, trolls, giants, and other predators of the area.



Nesmé lives by its trade as well as farming, horses, livestock, and barge making; its citizens can't attack everyone who approaches, so they're often caught in ambushes by false caravans. Adventurers and merchants have been attracted to the security of Nesmé; the town is a base for trade and for exploration of the remote and perilous upper Surbrin River, where abandoned dwarf holds are said to be numbered in the dozens.

Natural clefts in the rock and the plateau yield rich iron, so Nesmé is an important center for smelting and smithing. Blades made in Nesmé are solid, dependable swords; even more important to the local economy, vast numbers of pick heads and shovel blades are exported to just about every nondwarven community in the North.

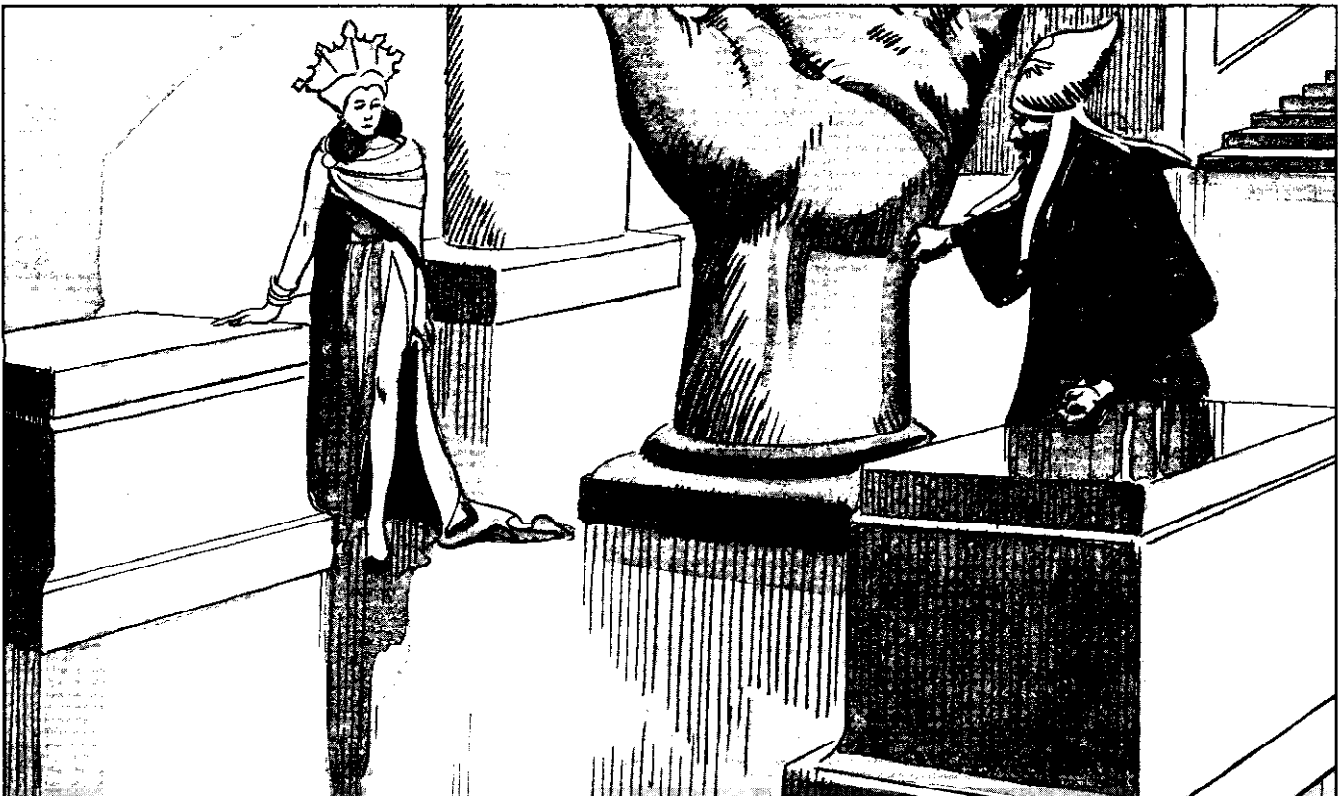
Nesmé was ruled by the priests and priestesses of Waukeen in a spired temple, until ten years ago. With the apparent death of Waukeen during the Godswar in 1358, the priesthood lost its power and its hold over the city. With the dissolution of the temple and priesthood, the native adventurers and council used their riches to refortify the city and keep the Riders of Nesmé active in the protection of Nesmé. (Today, Nesmé has the best stone walls between Mirabar and Silverymoon. The fortifications bristle with arrow slits and heavy catapults.) Meanwhile, Tessarin "Longtresses" Alaraun (LN hf W4) administered new elections. Adventurers in town at the time led the townsfolk in voting. The citizens decided to reorganize the council.

Tessarin took over rule of Nesmé as First Speaker of the Council. She brought in Jygil Zelnathra, the former high-

priestess of Waukeen, as her apprentice. Two seats were left open: one seat represents merchants, and the other adventurers. These positions are filled at random by a different person at each council meeting.

Jygil Zelnathra has a say in city politics, though she now holds a minor seat in the council. Former political enemies, the strife of the Godswar, and constant troubles with the Uthgardt forces them to set aside their rivalry and forge a strong, respectful partnership to aid the city (their magic often turns the tide against orc raiders). This process is sorting itself out; visitors to Nesmé are advised to hold tongues, keep weapons ready, and stay alert.

The Riders of Nesmé, based in the stables on the west bank of the Surbrin River, have adventurers counted in their members (including priests of various faiths). Unless the town is actually under attack, one-third of the 400-strong Riders patrol the Evermoors for two days' ride on either bank around Nesmé. They police the population of the city (having higher attrition than most settlements due to the dominance of traveling trade), defend the city when the orcs come (at least once a decade, though the raids have occurred three times in the past 10 years), and defend against the Uthgardt of Griffon's Nest who covet the prosperity and riches they see in Nesmé and have organized a number of unsuccessful sorties against Nesmé in the past few years. The new strength of Nesmé has made Kralgar, the Uthgardt ruler of Griffon's Nest, even more determined this town will be his.





Nesmé is poised on the brink of action. For good or ill, great events lie ahead for the folk of the Bridge Town. For now, this is a place for merchants to make money. Tomorrow it could be swept away, or it could be the next great city of the North—if nearby Mithral Hall flourishes, if the barbarians of Griffon's Nest are defeated, and if the strength of the trolls and orcs is broken. As sages in Waterdeep say, "My, but ye have a lot of ifs there."

Visitors planning a long stay can find rooms to their liking in dozens of rooming houses; everyone with space to spare rents their upper rooms. Of course, these are the ones that leak the most in wet weather. There are also forges, blacksmiths, finemiths, scroll-crafters, locksmiths, engravers, and other metalworkers.

Places of Interest

Citadel of the Riders: A fortified bridge links the circular, walled town with a castle on the Surbrin River's west bank. This, the stronghold of the Riders of Nesmé, encircles the town's docks, paddocks, and stockades. In the event of a river attack, boulders and flaming oil can be dropped through sliding panels in the bridge floor to sink river barges (a lesson recently learned by a band of orcs). The docks can be cut off from the rest of the western fortress, which can in turn be isolated from the town.

The Citadel is double-warded. The inner ward circles the armory; the outer ward is in the dock area and on the bridge. The ward tokens can readily be seen, hung high up beside wall lanterns. They are too high for a human to reach without standing on the shoulders of another. In the event of attack, the tokens are removed so attackers face the monsters linked to the ward. Spare tokens are locked in an inner room of the armory. The outer ward is intended to route the superstitious. The monsters in the *wardmist* are animated skeletons of the largest monsters of the North available to the mages who created the wards. The inner ward hurls one *lightning bolt* at each intruder and unleashes burning skeletons, known as blazing bones, to defend the armory.

The Fallen Temple: The upper levels of this meeting house are rented out as worship areas by nondangerous faiths. (The definition of nondangerous is stretched to allow Loviatar and Malar followers to use the facilities.)

Horse Ranches: The west bank is home to four horse ranches. Here, high-country horses are bred to withstand damp summers and harsh winters. In times of trouble, these ranches have the right to drive their stock into the safety of the western fortress. South of Westbridge, Nesmé horses are regarded as inferior stock, but in the North they command higher prices than other horses.

The House of the Wise Unicorn: The Unicorn is a quiet club where folk gamble, talk, or read, but no sleeping or spell-casting is allowed. The club is run by Nistlor the Undying and his staff of 16 armed guards and three apprentice wizards.

The Pride of the North: This festhall's motto is "Every night's a wild party, with jesters and minstrels aplenty!" For a fat sum, one can feast in the hall and spend a night with a com-

panion. Minstrels and Jesters can find steady work at the festhall, though the clientele hurls eggs and worse (this results in a high turnover rate).

Taverns: Nesmé has seven taverns. They're poorly lit, crowded places full of mercenaries. Weapons are checked at the door and priests or wizards aren't allowed inside, as they do too much damage when drunk. There's a limited selection of drinks, and the prices are the same across the city. Competition is nonexistent; there are more drinkers than taverns. On dry evenings, drinkers stumble out into the streets to carouse under the stars under the watchful eyes of a detachment of Riders. The taverns are: the Cat on the Post, the Duke and the Hunter, the Embattled Dwarf, Five Gold Crowns, the Northwind Arms, the Ringing Anvil, and the Sundered Shield.





The Dessarin

Long before the time of roads, folk used the Dessarin River as the “road to the North.” More humans live in this area than any other in the Savage Frontier. The Long Road runs parallel to the cold and fast flowing river.

Bargewright Inn

This community of 35 folk has become an important base for visitors. Formerly a lone wayside inn on a natural hill overlooking Ironford on the Dessarin River, persistent attacks made Feston Bargewright fortify the hill. Feston looked for someone to share the cost and persuaded some Waterdhavian merchants, tired of guild politics and fees, to relocate. They did, surrounding his inn and the slopes of the hill with businesses for caravans. On summer nights, Bargewright Inn might have a temporary population of 750.

The Lords of Waterdeep and the Harpers keep sharp eyes on Bargewright Inn, because the Zhentarim have tried buying into it for years. They hope to gain control of the ford and the farms lying to the north of the Inn, on the west bank of the Dessarin River. Meanwhile, the businesses here make Bargewright Inn a haven for travelers.

From a distance, this place looks like a ramshackle castle; a hill topped by two towers (one tall and thin, the other shorter, thicker, and leaning). Buildings straggle down the slopes, and the whole area is encircled by two concentric walls. Around the bottom of the hill are paddocks and stables enclosed by a second, outer wall. Caravans camp here, and drovers pen their stock for sale or for a night’s stopover on a run to Waterdeep.

The single set of gates is the only way in, unless rope-chairs lowered over the walls are used. The moment one enters the gates, one faces a wide expanse of trampled dirt and dung, piled at the start of a road winding up the hill. This place is known as The Mud. Here, unsmiling gate wardens wielding staves ask travelers their business.

The lower part of Bargewright Inn consists of the circle of paddocks between the two walls. The smell here is of fresh manure, which is carted to nearby farms. The manure comes from livestock, caravan beasts, and mounts. The paddocks each hold 40 beasts. Nearby are the stalls where local farmers sell fresh produce. Around the north side are stables linked to the inn by a rickety rope-lift elevator and some treacherous steps that zig-zag up the rocky north face. One can take the long and safe way around, via the street.

The stablemaster and chairman of the Council of Directors, Aldon Bargewright (NG R5), leads a militia of five hostelers (F1s) and 20 shopkeepers (F0s), armed with pikes, should Bargewright Inn face a troll, orc, or brigand raid. Any adventurers in town at the time are asked to join, receiving freedom from fees for a tenday for their service.

From the Mud, a single street climbs the spine of the hill. Lined with shops, it ends in a courtyard. A second street, angling away from the first to run precariously along an edge of the hill, serves the homes of the inhabitants. Several homes are perched on pillars, bridging over the livestock path below. This provides drovers with shelter when it rains.

The merchants of Bargewright Inn carry staves with a distinctive metal crook on one end, and a studded metal goad on the other. Disobeying a person carrying such a staff inside the walls of Bargewright Inn is grounds for immediate expulsion.

Places of Interest

The Bargewright Inn: Feston Bargewright’s inn is the center of this community. It’s an efficient, no-frills place of fine wood paneling and swift service. Strict order is kept by four strong warriors, while the stables are run by Feston’s brother Aldon Bargewright. Aldon’s a ranger who captains the militia. He wields a long sword reputed to be magical.



The view from the turrets is impressive. The taller North Tower and the slightly leaning and larger South Tower overlook the grasslands of the Dessarin. It's a safe but unspectacular place, with the air of a castle preparing for war. Every winter, Feston has more of the remaining wooden parts torn down and replaced with stonework.

Belvyn's House of Good Cheer: Belvyn's House is a tall, narrow hall with catwalk galleries running along its cross-beams. It may be used either as a festhall or temple. For the latter, a plain altar and braziers are provided to worshippers of any nonviolent faith. Exceptions include Tempus and Helm, but not Malar. Organizations like merchant cabals or leagues, Waterdhavian guilds on frolic, or adventuring bands celebrating success rent the hall to throw parties. Funerals are free of charge. There's a local rumor telling of chests of gold hidden in or under the House. It's a simple, open place that is easily searched, but no one has found even a coin here.

Haeleth's Horseshoes: Haeleth's is the dark, crowded smithy of a laconic ironworker who can shoe anything. Haeleth works copper and silver, but he is uncomfortable with finer metals. Stout ironmongery is his love and his forte. When not shoeing, he makes hooks, hinges, and hasps that he ships to the markets of Waterdeep by the cart load. All his money goes into buying Waterdhavian properties; the rent keeping his wife comfortable in a Waterdhavian villa and his sons sponsored in adventuring careers throughout Faerûn. Haeleth has a pet lizard of an unknown species that looks like a smaller cousin of the basilisk, with no demonstrated *petrification* powers.

The Healing House: This is the home and office of local physician and animal healer, Chanczatha Luruin, who uses more herbs and broths than magic. His wife, Baerlatha, and his adopted children assist him in running the paddocks in the lower circle.

Rinthar's Wagonworks: This is the workplace of an aging, gruff craftsman who seldom speaks. He's often seen out in his yard, steaming and bending pieces of ash to fashion wheels. Besides being a wheelwright, Rinthar fixes wagons. He and his six apprentices specialize in rough but sturdy repairs. They're quick and expensive, or slow and reasonable. He's something of an authority on wood and can identify woods of great age or rarity. More importantly, he can perform weatherproofing treatments.

Ruldarr's Pipes, Locks, Tobacco, and Fine Furniture: Ruldarr's shop smells of exotic woods and tobacco. It's crowded with beautifully carved furniture, including a cellar of coffins, strong chests, and bins of tobacco. Ruldarr's chief business is padlocks. He has a case of keys that presumably fit ancient locks in northern ruins. Brought in by adventurers, they sell the keys to people who hope to find the locks they fit and the treasure beyond.

Most of Ruldarr's furniture has hidden drawers, but he hides his money elsewhere. There are allegedly secret compartments in the dozen interior pillars holding up the shop's roof. At least one is known to be fitted with a trap that causes a blade to spring out of it. This rumor was confirmed when a thief was found impaled one morning. A battered scythe hangs on one pillar; local talk says it animates at Ruldarr's command.





Shondrin's Packsack of Plenty: This is a small, crammed shop. Its fat, jolly proprietor spins endless, wild tales of his career as a sailor. Shondrin sells dry goods and sundries, from clothes to rope and candles. Shondrin sells things at a shade above market price. He takes items such as old weapons, armor, and hardware in trade; one never knows what to find in The Sack. Shondrin seldom deals in magical items, but he sold a *bag of holding* that looked like a dragon statuette whose head swung back to allow access. Stories have been told of a traveler buying a blade and gaining a sword with strange powers.

Tabra's: Tabra's is known, even in Waterdeep, as a northern "must visit." It's a tall, multi-balconied house furnished with shabby gentility. The place is home to never fewer than a dozen lady escorts whose attraction is their relaxed friendliness. As one regular, a female merchant who simply ignores all the kissing and cooing around her, puts it: Tabra's feels like home. There's always folk to sit and chat with, or ongoing gambling games. There are quiet window seats where one can curl up to read one of Tabra's collection of tomes, chapbooks, and scrolls on every topic, except magic. Tabra provides a weapons practice room in the cellar and a magically shielded conference room on the top floor.

The Wet Crossing: This is the only tavern in town. Its original proprietor was the ferryman on the old, leaking boat that crossed the Dessarin River before Ironford Bridge was built. Once the bridge opened, the ferryman brought his boat ashore, where its ugly prow and leaping-fish figurehead now provide the tavern's facade. Though the owner died soon after opening the tavern, his friends run the tavern for his widow.

Drinking here can be an ear-splitting tumult of stomping feet and revelry. Friends are made in the Crossing, but those who want discuss business often scramble outside to hear themselves think. Regardless, a surprising amount of the North's trade is conducted here, to the good-natured background din of the Crossing.

Beliard

This small, tree-cloaked village stands east of the Stone Bridge. Beliard is a market town for local cattle drovers, complete with a covered well free for use. Rather than setting up ranches, farmers build their houses in Beliard and wander the nearby moors and rolling grasslands with their herds. From time to time, folk disappear in or near Beliard. Recently, four spice merchants vanished.

Places of Interest

Halamar's Horses: At the east end, a stout, white-bearded, retired warrior named Blasko Halamar runs a stables with the aid of 12 boys. He does steady trade here, buying tired or lame mounts and draft animals, and selling fresh replacements. He's full of tales of adventures, ambushes, and treasure. His favorite tale is of riches buried by effete ladies fleeing the fall of Netheril.

Milshoun's Stronghouses: These three squat stone warehouses stand across an open area from the well. The warehouses are run by Ahbhaer Milshoun, an oily Calishite who constantly complains about the cold. His stronghouses have a standing guard of 12 men-at-arms who spend their spare time hunting in the nearby hills.

The Watchful Knight: This inn has 16 rooms. It's a rough place built of logs and as cold as a drafty tomb. The hostel, run by Arachar Calatharr, is the namesake of, but no relation to, the famous ranger Arachar Calatharr. Arachar becomes irritated whenever anyone asks if he's related to the real one. The Knight has a central hail with a chimney at either end and two floors of rooms opening onto balconies overlooking the hall. Facing the front door in the center of the hall stands a suit of full plate armor that animates to defend the inn.

Triboar

Triboar is a proud town of 2,500 standing majestically and strategically at the Long Road and Evermoor Way intersection. It's located due west of Yartar, the town's traditional rival. It's known as the marshaling point for a dozen human armies, hastily assembled at times in the last century to battle orc hordes that swept south along the Surbrin River from remote mountain fastnesses.

Triboar's name is thought to have come from a 300-winters'-old traveler's tale of slaying three boars in one day. This tale is commemorated in the banner of the lord protector of Triboar that shows three black boars running toward the head of the banner on a blood-red field.

The regular militia take turns serving as the Twelve, a mounted police patrol force. They rotate in tenday shifts. If needed, Triboar can muster a well-armed militia of 50 in a night, and 300 by highsun the next day. These numbers may be greater (sometimes even 100% larger) if adventurers or large caravan contingents are in town.

The ruler of Triboar, the lord protector, is elected every seven years by the people to command the militia and settle disputes by adding to, altering, or striking down the Lord's Decrees. Triboar's current lord protector is Jalimin Frindos (LN hm F7), a former adventurer who retired to the city many years ago. He also served as an aide to the former lord protector, Faurlael Blackhammer, before his lord's death last year.

Caravan masters can buy just about anything a caravan needs in Triboar. One can buy horses bred locally on ranches lying to the west; mountain ponies (not quick, but possessing an incredible constitution) are their specialty. Pre- or custom-made harnesses and wagons are always for sale here.

Veteran guides hired here can take employers wherever they want to go in the North. They require a payment before departure. The guides wear magical *teleport* rings, belts, or earrings that work only when secret passwords are uttered to whisk them home in the face of treachery. Most guides are sensitive to treachery and avoid getting into situations where they can be ambushed or overpowered. Guides tend to slip away or to employ *rings of invisibility* to vanish, then stalk their employers to see what's said and done, especially if the employers are



adventurers heading for known ruins or caves opening into the Underdark. Many long-established guides are former or semi-retired adventurers. They have bands of henchmen, secret plots and contacts, and magic gained during previous adventures. The most famous of the guides in Triboar are Zandever “Nighteyes” Eyredanus, Morth Fartheen, Ilrin Sharadin, and Borth Jhandelspar.

It should be noted that nowhere is the sometimes violent rivalry between Triboar and Yartar more sharply evident than between the resident guides. If a guide learns a client ran with one from “the other place,” he may refuse to guide them. The bad blood between the towns has led to skirmishes. Whenever citizens of both places are under the same roof anywhere in the North, expect a brawl. Guides don’t start the fights, but they abruptly leave the inn or tavern, taking their clients with them, if possible.

Treasure talk in Triboar always centers around the Lost Guide. This man disappeared somewhere between Triboar and Yartar. He was running a wagon loaded with sacks of gold pieces. Each town blames the other for his murder and the disappearance of the gold. Others think his bones lie in the Dessarin River, the gold with him.

Triboar’s a bustling town; it’s busy night and day, hence its nickname the “Town Where Only Gwaeron Sleeps.” Triboar has no walls. Instead, it’s surrounded by the paddocks and fenced workyards of two caravan outfitters, a horse market, stockyards, and two camping grounds. The center of Triboar, where the roads meet, is a huge open space used as a market by local farmers and visiting peddlers. The space is dominated by the two-story Tower of the Lord Protector, a simple stone keep that leans to the east.

Zhentarim agents are rumored to operate here, though their motives are unknown. It is believed that they may be attempting to secure a trade route or infiltrate the rule of the vicinity. A silent search for Zhentarim agents has been going on for nearly a year now. Anyone suspected of being an agent disappears suddenly and without a trace.

Places of Interest

Most of the shops and service establishments in Triboar open onto the market.

The Cart and Coin: This shop swaps and sells horses and draft animals, sells feed and gear, and hires out caravan guards. There’s an under-the-table trade among those on the job assignment roster in caravan guard certification tickets. The tickets establish a guard’s order in the assignment queue, confirming that the hiresword underwent certification for trustworthiness. The chits are frequently stolen, sold, bartered, or given away, so they don’t necessarily fulfill their intended purpose.

Everwyvern House: Gondyl Ilitheum runs an elegant, expensive place that caters to nobility and to those who want to parade grandly and pretend they’re noble. This is the working home of Triboar’s most elegant lady escorts. The snobbery of Everwyvern House is matched by its elegant frippery. It’s almost a parody of the grandest Waterdha-

vian noble parties. Folk come here to be awed, amused, or to feel at home in it. Minstrels play quiet background music among floating plants and multi-hued *driftglobes*, while startlingly gowned women and dashing sashed and ruffled men chat, stroll, dance, and sneer at each other. It must be seen to be believed. A few folk in Triboar think the back rooms are the center of local slave dealing and trading in other banned goods.

Foehammer’s Forge: The forge of the dwarven mastersmith Ghelryn “Goldhand” Foehammer is situated across the road from Uldinath’s Arms at the northern edge of town. The two are friendly rivals, and each produces an astonishing amount of good quality forgework. Their goods are sold across the North and the Sword Coast. Their prices are a bit cheaper than normal, but the metal and workmanship are better than most. Their pins, nails, latches, and eyebolts make the success of the famous Skulner Wainwright possible.

The Frost-Touched Frog: This fun, noisy place full of old, mended furniture and colorful clients is owned by Alatha Riversword. Its walls are decorated with hunting trophies, and its patrons love to regale guests and each other with tales that grow taller with each telling.

Gwaeron’s Slumber: Triboar is said to be the resting place of a god named Gwaeron Windstrom, the Tracker Who Never Goes Astray. He’s said to sleep in this stand of trees just west of town. Rangers who venerate Mielikki often visit Gwaeron’s Slumber to pray, but there’s no shrine here. It’s said that worshippers of Mielikki who sleep in this wood receive hints in their dreams of what the goddess wants them to do. If the worshipper isn’t a ranger, the person gains a once-in-a-lifetime, day-long ability to track as a ranger does. To avoid angering Gwaeron, laws in Triboar forbid cutting any trees, and hunting in the woods. The local militia patrols the grove to prevent orcs, trolls, and other such creatures from camping there—but less intelligent monsters have never been seen in Gwaeron’s Slumber.

The Pleasing Platter: This shop is next to the grandiose Everwyvern House and has adopted similar pretentiousness. The tables are far apart, each screened from others by cleverly placed plants, statues, or pillars. Minstrels play softly and soothingly in the background. Service is fast, polite, and deft, with changes made swiftly and obligingly to suit a guest’s culinary preferences. This makes it one of the best places to eat in the North.

Six Windows: This is a chilly, old, wooden rooming house with 40 more windows than the name indicates. The owner, Jaunda, has an attic full of old clothes and gear left behind by clients as payment, or by guests who never returned. She’s always willing to sell the items.

The Talking Troll: The Troll is a dim, smelly place crammed with massive, battered, old furniture and not-so-massive, battered, old drunks. Its redeeming gesture is its large cellar of ales, stouts, and lagers.

The Triboar Arms: This stalwart, middle-of-the-road tavern is frequented by people who would never willingly go into the Troll and would pay more not to have to. In Waterdeep, this tavern would be unremarkable. Here, it’s valuable as a



place where you can see the neighbors you're drinking with and not recoil at the sight of them.

The Triboar Travelers: Merchants can hire this local caravan company for runs to Waterdeep for 600 gp each way, plus 25 gp per wagon over 10. The company runs to Everlund for 800 gp each way, plus 30 gp for each wagon above 10. They hire mercenary and adventurer guards, paying 4 gp each day with food and drink free. Guards each receive a 25 gp bonus if all goods arrive safely.

Wainwright's Wagons: Skulner Wainwright's shop has a stockade, storage sheds for lumber, and a horse-driven sawmill. Apprentices make good coin running odd bits of wood through the saw. Skulner, known for innovative designs, made a rolling cog (a wagon that doubles as a barge). One is in use on the Dessarin River. Despite competition from Thelorn of Red Larch, Skulner's wagons are the wagons of choice for wealthy nobles. Even with his prices geared toward the wealthy, Skulner is so busy building wagons he doesn't bother with their repairs. Instead, he directs owners of injured wagons to an independent repair shop.

ULUVIN

Most traders dealing with Delimbiyr Vale avoid Uluvin, instead using the Delimbiyr Route west from Secomber, meeting up with the High Road south of Zundbridge. It's a dusty, spartan place with few trees, thirsty throats, a bad tavern, and a surprisingly pleasant and clean inn. Uluvin's a sleepy place where peddlers sell trinkets and folk turn out to chat with travelers to hear the news.

Places of Interest

The Black Bull's Tail: This isolated roadhouse has no competition—and it shows. The beer is watery, and there's nothing else but old wine and whiskey. The echoing taproom has the charm of a warehouse, but the rentable drinking rooms in back are more welcoming. Some travelers use these as sleeping accommodations, though they're intended as meeting and revel rooms.

Where the Maiden Dances: This is a well-appointed inn for such a sleepy village. The staff has manners equal to the best anywhere. The furnishings are old, and the rooms are small, but everything is clean. The inn's name comes from an ancient elven grave under the floorboards and a ghostly image seen infrequently at night. This figure is a lone, barefoot, dancing elven maiden in a long gown. The sight is said to be breathtakingly beautiful, but only those who have had too much to drink claim to have seen her.

Westbridge

Westbridge, a waystop of 450 folk, stands where the Long Road meets Stonetrail. The origin of the village's name is obvious, as it's the western edge of Stonetrail.

Longstocking Yards is east of the Long Road and south of Stonetrail (protected by a stout palisade and 20 hired human

archers). To the north rests Ghaliver's Inn. Across the road is a diner. All these locations (except the diner) are owned by Ghaliver Longstocking, an enterprising halfling investor.

Places of Interest

Farrier Services by the Drull: This place is manned by Drulleck, a human explorer believed to have suffered a bizarre mental illness while exploring the Nameless Dungeon some years back. He moved to Westbridge and set up shop to shoe horses and repair saddlebags. The man squints and mumbles in jutting, short-cut sentences resembling a confusion spell effect. He's known as the worst shoer in Faerûn.

The Hammer and Nail: This shop, owned by Trystkin of Evermoor, specializes in repairing wagons and wheels, but spends most of his time repairing tornado-blasted barns and grain silos within three-days travel of his shop. When in town, he devises pranks to play on Drulleck, whom Trystkin calls "Blindshoe."

The Happy Halfling: The Halfling is a cozy place with a lot of rugs, squishy armchairs, cushions, and warming fires. It comes highly recommended as a place to get some sleep or just to relax.

The Wemic Comes to Westbridge: The name of this diner is displayed in red letters on a signboard depicting a rearing, weapon-brandishing wemic. It's run by the short and cheery Helisa Ithcanter, of Baldur's Gate. The Wemic is a sunny, plant-filled place with a small menu and perfect dishes. In winter, servings shrink to a starvation diet of pickled fish, salt pork, hardbread, sausage, and pickles. In fall, expect a feast.

Westbridge Brewers: This winery makes two red wines and a red ale. The wines are both forgettable; one is bitter, leaving a stale, coppery taste on the tongue, while the other is too sweet. The ale is so powerful and strong that it leaves the most rugged barbarian lying in his own sick.

Yartar

This town of 6,000 folk is connected to a fortified bridge and a citadel on the west bank. Yartar is always buzzing. Caravans come and go, and goods are shipped from the caravans to freight barges. The fisherfolk of Yartar scour the Three Rivers for catfish, cold-water crabs, eels, silvertail, and shalass. All these can be bought fresh from stalls in Yartar's central market.

The ruler of Yartar, the Waterbaron, is elected for life. The person who held the office for the last 20 years was Alahar Khaumfros (LN hm F4). He was revealed to be the Kraken Society leader. (The Society meets in the back of the Three Rivers Festhall; all entrances are guarded by thieves and assassins.) Four illithids walked into the baron's hall and calmly slaughtered Khaumfros for his treachery in Society monetary dealings.

Reaction from the Harpers and the Lords' Alliance was swift; today, the Waterbaron is Bellethe Kheldorna, a female paladin dedicated to Tyr. She's busy rooting out the agents of the Society who infest the Shields of Yartar (town guards) and



the merchant council. She's also grappling with the difficult business of maintaining order in this roaring trade town frequented by adventurers and maverick merchants.

Most overland travelers use Yartar's caravan services. There are places for horse trading, wagon sales, repairs, outfitting, and provisioning. In addition to the services available, Yartar is famous for a temple of Tymora and its Shieldmeet festivities that draws thousands of people.

During the three years between Shieldmeets, Yartar hosts the Hiring Fair. Outcasts, bandits, homeless, isolated landholders, and adventurous Uthgardt gather on the field just north of the town. Here, those who need bodyguards, miners, farmhands, scouts, builders, grooms, guides, and the like try to find employees that suit them.

The Hiring Fair is a time of crime; brawling; buying and selling armor, weapons, and stolen goods; covert exchanges of funds and information; and one or more wizard duels. It's not unusual for adventuring bands to be formed by ambitious and unattached adventurers, or for wealthy folk to look for adventurers to solve their problems. These tasks are known as "slaying the local dragon," whether that's what's actually called for or not.

Except for torches around the edges of the stone hall of the Waterbaron and for signal lights on the river, Yartar is dark at night; by tradition, light lasses are young local girls who know the streets and lead the way.

Yartar is a bubbling cauldron of plots, schemes, cabals, alliances, and under-the-table business arrangements. Everyone in Yartar is after money, power, or both, and they'd like it in as short a time as possible.

There's a thieves' guild known as the Hand of Yartar. It's continually razed by feuds, power struggles, and corrupt double-dealing; so, in effect, every thief operates for himself. Most thieves here are female and young.

Zhent agents are rumored to exist in Yartar, in an attempt to secure a trade route through the vicinity.

Places of Interest

Alleys (The Long Creep, Mindulspeer Lane, Dead Cat Cut, Shadowskulk, Spitting Adder Lane): Sixty years ago, Yartar was viewed as a pit of angry vipers by the late sage Dalcass, and the town hasn't changed much since then. Informants, bodyguards, escorts, errand runners, and dealers in potions, poisons, and shady goods live along such walks.

Beldabar's Rest: This is perhaps the most unusual human-built inn of the North. It's located underground, beneath Yartar's central market. It was created by linking together the cellars of old warehouses.

The first part of Beldabar's is the gatehouse. The building is lit by a lamp holding seven thick candles leading down into the inn's circular common room. Beside the gatehouse is a roll-up gate, and behind that is an earthen ramp leading down to the inn's stables. The common room is 120' or more in diameter. The room is home to the innkeeper's desk, a bar, and dining tables and chairs. From this room, passages radiate out like the spokes of a wheel. One hallway leads to the vast, low, ware-

house that's now the heavily guarded stables. Other passages lead into areas converted into damp sleeping rooms. The whole area is lit by pale *driftglobes*.

Beldabar is a burly, handsome ex-adventurer. He cultivates a dangerous atmosphere, and the curious guest may hear the occasional clash of steel, the crack of a lash, or a scream of pain from behind closed doors.

Much drinking, gambling, and bartering goes on here. To keep brawls and bloodshed to a minimum, the common room of the Rest is open only to guests. Patrons can be expelled from Beldabar's for creating any fire, molesting the staff, practicing slavery or theft, or drawing steel (except in self defense).

Not surprisingly, the staff includes many former adventurers who can handle most trouble (usually including one F10, a T8, a W9, and a P7 of Lathander, Selune, Sune, or Tempus). Beldabar keeps many cats, who prowl about hunting rats.

Adventurers and frontier folk love the atmosphere of the Rest, so the place is busy. It's cool in summer and easy to heat in winter. Every room has a bar to prop the door closed, but every room has two secret entrances known only to the staff. The Rest has a smuggler's door opening onto a cavern dock on one bank of the river. There are hidden entries and exits connecting to locales around Yartar. Notably, there are tunnels to Shadowskulk alley and Kissing Court at the east end of town.

There are rumors of secret doors leading to deeper halls; one may lead to an ancient, abandoned, dwarven citadel linked to the Underdark. This may be used by drow who trade in slaves. There are traps waiting around the Rest for the nosy; and, from time to time, skeletons or impaled corpses are found in passages. There are legends about a wererat colony and an illithilich (undead mind flayer) lurking under Yartar, preying on those who venture away from the safety of the central Rest.





The Cointoss: A mediocre tavern, the Cointoss is a low-beamed, smoky, poorly lit place with wooden tables and benches. It's occupied by locals who drink the night away. The Toss is favored by Yartarrans as a place free from intrigue and noisy visitors—neither are welcome. The place gets its name from a helm over the bar. If a patron tosses a coin through the eye slit of the helm, he gets the next glass free. The proprietor, Tanataskar Moonwind, loves to hear tales of adventure. He even neglects the bar to sit and hear them. His heart is set on adventuring, not pouring drinks dragging drunks to the door, or breaking up brawls.

Dannath's Pickles, Nuts, & Foods: Alukk Dannath runs a shop with his three strong daughters, specializing in foods practical for northern travelers. Typical items are dried apricots, figs, and garshells. Prices are high, but worth it. Anything in danger of spoiling is detected by the proprietor. Such goods are converted into some other form. For example, overripe fruits are added to a wine or syrup mash. Dannath is a short, bristle-bearded, red-haired man who sees with the aid of two thick monocles.

Esklindrar's Maps, Books, & Folios: This is the home and shop of Esklindrar, a sage whose expertise is written humans works of the Sword Coast, from earliest known times to the present. This feeble, white-bearded, doddering, acerbic, old man has the best mind for books this side of Candlekeep. If it's not in his shop, Esklindrar has probably seen it and remembers where it was and what it looked like. For 500 gp, he gives enthusiastic answers on the spot, pointing out locales with his pointer on the map of Faerûn adorning the ceiling.

The musty shop contains a thousand treasure maps, but woe to the thief who steals from or threatens the old sage. He's under Alustriel of Silvermoon's protection, who's laid two spells on Esklindrar. He's protected by a spherical *wall of force* whenever he wills, and he can cause a *blade barrier* to erupt from any book or scroll he's handled, even if they've been taken away from his shop. Furthermore, the shop is warded. There are no tokens; the ward merely prevents all fire and explosions, magic or otherwise. Fiery missiles are snuffed out as they enter.

Firelust Fabrics & Tailoring: Firelust Fabrics is run by the jolly Firelust family. All are quality tailors, from white-haired grand-dames to fat and tumbling youngsters. Prices are high, but well worth it. They're renowned for whipping up costumes in minutes when a client demands it. Family members descend in a whirlwind around customers and dress them where they stand.

Fishyard: The visitor to this bustling town always finds his way to the noisy, crowded, market area in front of the Waterbaron's Hall. Known locally as the Fishyard, the market always has fish on sale. Even in the depths of winter, ice fishermen bring their wares to the stalls.

The market is a maze. Many stalls sell fresh catches from the Three Rivers, while others offer every trinket or small item imaginable, including crystal perfume bottles from Calimshan, magical potions, amulets, and spellcasting components of great rarity and power.

Halassa's Waterwell & Fine Wines: Halassa's is run by a short, sharp-tongued old woman who seems to know everyone.

She's seen most days giving strangers salty advice as if she were their grandmother. Halassa has never adventured nor even traveled far from Yartar. Nonetheless, she's learned to stomach all the drinks humans, dwarves, gnomes, halflings, and elves make. She sells most of them at prices reasonable for this remote locale. The selection is stored in cellars that spiral down around Halassa's well, and it is guarded by many locked gates. Her stock has astonished many a traveler, but locals are more appreciative of the one free bucket of water a day she gives them from the deep well.

The Happy Hall of Fortuitous Happenstance: This hall is a temple to Tymora. Built like a fortress of grim, forbidding stone, its arched windows look down on the town from the temple's own small hillock. Locals often call it Two Hap Fort Hall, or just the Two. Run by High Priestess Velantha Waerdar, the temple has a policy of sponsoring adventuring bands to guard it. The bands are asked to go out and stir things up, aiding those whom the priestess favors, rescuing lost or weakened caravans, and aiding adventuring bands whose luck has run out.

Hasklar's Arms & Armor: Hasklar's shop contains the best on public display of high quality armor and weapons in the North. Hasklar prides himself on having at least one of every metal thing that can be used by a single person engaged in warfare, though some of his specimens are odd sizes or of limited usefulness. He has gorgets with key- or coin-sized storage pouches. They're favored by thieves because of the lockpicks one can hide therein. He has throwing knives with nonreflective handles and needle-sharp points at both ends.

Hasklar is not a smith, and he has no metalworker to call on, so he doesn't provide alterations or custom orders. His prices are high even among nobles, but his wares are the best. Thieves are discouraged by magical, animated weapons that pursue for days if need be. Hasklar often talks to empty air and listens intently, as if holding a conversation; he may share his shop with a ghost.

One Foot in the Boat: This is the sort of tavern that's too noisy and too crowded to be as good as you remember it being, but it shines in memory, and it smells exciting. It impresses peddlers all over the North, and native Yartarrans too. If lucky, a patron may overhear something that may lead to adventure, or at least give him something to talk about in other taverns.

The Pearl-Handled Pipe: This is an excellent inn. The owner and keeper, Elladuth Myristar, loves good furniture and cozy decor, and she spends her time making or acquiring more. Caravans carrying fine carvings, tapestries, and furniture stop here to sell Elladuth all she has room for. She can't say no to a nice-looking chair or bed, so she has an attic filled with furniture. Elladuth is always adding new rooms to the inn so she can set up the furniture. At last count, the Pipe can sleep 600 in comfort and privacy. This is the best place to stay in Yartar, and one of the best in the North.

The Shield Tower: The west bank of the Surbrin River is the site of the Shield Tower, home to the Shields of Yartar. These 150 mounted town guards police Yartar and fight off orcs and trolls and the cutthroats calling Yartar home. The Tower has a strong inner wall and a crumbling outer wall. The ring of



bare ground between them has pit traps, rubbish, and a ward linked to guardian skeletons. Outside the wall are paddocks for caravans, and drovers selling horses and livestock. The Tower has a guarded dock, roofed to protect barges from the weather. The Waterbaron's Barge is stored here.

The Waterbaron's Barge: This metal-armored, ram-equipped brute carries 200 warriors, crossbow guns, and barrels of water and buckets of sand to dampen fires from incendiaries. Its armor is fluted and chased to show off the skills of the local bargewrights.

Waterbaron's Hall: The Hall is the residence and court of the ruler. Rooms are provided for merchants, and feasts are thrown for important guests. The hall is rich with marble stonework, tapestries, and high, echoing chambers. Its overhanging, peaked roof is held up by two ranks of pillars that march down both sides, passing stocks for flogged prisoners; even these items are ornate, carved in the shape of stone lions. At the end of the colonnade, a flight of broad stairs leads to the grand chamber. Servants' quarters and kitchens are below, as are secret passages linked to the meeting rooms above.

A ward without tokens prevents bloodletting in the building, meaning sharp and piercing weapons cause no damage. Maces and spells govern violence here.

The White-Winged Griffon: This creaking hostel threatens to come down during high winds, letting the chill blow through the bones of tenants. Known locally as the Whitewings, it has the virtue of being cheap, but the rooms are small with partitions between them. More rats than people live here, and the plumbing consists of chamber pots emptied out of back hatches into a cesspool. The Whitewings is run by two mumbling, toothless old brothers who shamble about with mops and greasy rags and seem too decrepit to notice anything.

The Wink and the Kiss: This gaudy festhall is fun and informal. Easy camaraderie is encouraged here. Rowdiness is discouraged by Beldorm (CN hm F12) and Asklar (CN hm F14), the bald, 7-foot-tall brothers who own the place. It's a labyrinth of rooms, secret passages, hanging curtains, and galleries. On occasion, the concealment offered by the maze has been used by killers. The Hand of Yartar declared the festhall safe ground. No feuds are pursued here, and no weapons are drawn. Guests must leave all weapons, clothing, and gear in safe storage, and they are asked to don costumes instead. This fad threatens to spread across the North. Already someone has worn a stolen costume while slaying in the alleys of Yartar.

Winter Winds: This clothes shop is run by Felassal and Thuorn, two arguing brothers from Baldur's Gate who moan and complain of the conditions of the North as they drape customers in cloaks, boots, furs, leggings, and mufflers. Though they rarely agree on anything, their taste is good. Prices are typically above standard prices, but customers with patience enough to be swarmed over by these two are likely to emerge looking quite wealthy and cultured. The two brothers rarely forget a face.





The High Forest

Some of the best hunting ground in the North is located in the High Forest. Travelers will find markets with fresh vegetables and villages with honest guides and people.

Noanar's Hold

Nobles and wealthy merchants speak of Noanar's Hold in awe, at least, if they hunt. Folk down south think it's the best place to hunt in the North. It's a popular spot among nobles too poor to own or defend their own fortified lodge. A village of 120, Noanar's Hold consists of stone cottages and stables nestled among trees. Named for a long-dead hunter who once lived in the keep, the hold is populated by foresters (neutral F2s to F5s) who make a living tracking game in the High Forest.

What folk don't know about the Hold is that it's a sham. Five lazy wizards (W12, W10, three W7s), called the Hunt Lords (since they may be recognized by colleagues in Waterdeep) dwell in the keep, spending their time investing their wealth and studying spells. They have a deepspawn held captive in a forest cave near the Hold. They feed it dead stags, owlbears, elk, bears, and other game, and it spews out replicas for hunters to find. Anyone stumbling on the deepspawn, or revealing so much as a good guess about what's going on, becomes prey.

Places of Interest

The Boar With Black Tusks: Noanar's Hold boasts four inns, but this is the most memorable. It rambles up and down the rolling land, linking all 42 guest rooms on a single floor. There's a strict rule against spellcasting; those who break it are cast out instantly into the night, clad and equipped as they are, forfeiting their possessions. Ostensibly, this ban is to prevent fires and other destructive mayhem, but it's more to ensure the Hunt Lords don't face any challenges.

The Boar is famous for a grisly legend. A man recognized a fellow guest as a former colleague, demanding the return of money owed him. The mage responded by paralyzing, and polymorphing him, and then having him cooked and served at the evening meal. The inn is rumored to be furnished from several High Forest keeps, dating after Netheril, when many wizard-lords built fortified refuges.

Olostin's Hold

This fortified keep was the hold of a human robber baron who raided nearby Netherese settlements. It stood vacant for years, blasted by the magic that slew Olostin. During that time, it was frequented by orcs and brigands as a temporary base for raiding parties.

About 70 years ago, a ranger named Elthond Vvarit occupied it, building it into a walled village and haven—and it remains so today. It's a settlement of 200, serving as a market and refuge for another 800 farmers and ranchers. The folk are alert for orcs and trolls, and most are good riders and guides. The Hold is of little interest to travelers, though merchants often stop to sell clothing and trinkets to the shops here.

Places of Interest

The Flaming Flagon: The taproom is lit by a flagon enspelled in a wizards' duel long ago. It floats high over head, levitating and giving off a constant, dancing, magical flame. The staff is welcoming and provides patrons with towels, nuts, and breadsticks.

The Headless Troll: This wooden resting place is passable, painted black inside to hide scorch marks when a troll was burned. It fled through the halls, pursued by eager people with torches. The place has a stink akin to a slaughterhouse.



The Moonlands

The Moonlands are filled with a diverse group of inhabitants—from humans to dwarves and trappers to bards. They are protective of their villages and not always friendly to outsiders. The largest city in the area is Silvermoon and it is a definite stop for adventurers.

Everlund

Everlund is a walled city of 12,000 humans, elves, half-elves, and halflings, with a scattering of other races. The city's tolerant of peoples, races, and religions—well befitting a caravan trading center. Everlund is the home base of many caravan masters, guides, hunters, mercenaries, and Harpers. The standing army of 2,000 diligently seeks out orcs, goblins, bugbears, trolls, and other monsters of the wilderlands. Another 250 can be called upon in times of need. Everlunians are known to defend their city fiercely and are as wise in the ways of the wilds as any Uthgardt.

Many adventurer-mages, bards, and rangers dwell here, under the Council of Six Elders who rule Everlund. The Elders keep it part of the Lords' Alliance, actively opposing both the Zhen-tarim and the Arcane Brotherhood. The council currently is negotiating with Silvermoon and the Lords' Alliance to fund the construction and maintenance of a true road along the Evermoor Way between Everlund and Yartar.

The inns and taverns of Everlund are on its outskirts near the wall, and the center of the city is quiet at night—a place where lovers and plotters walk and talk. Homes and shops rise out of the greenery in pleasant little clumps. The city is rumored to deal in plunder obtained from bazaars in the orc Citadel of Many Arrows.

There's plenty of space for children to play. The lanes curve and meander, but it's hard to stay lost for long: broad, straight caravan roads cut through this pleasant scenery like the spokes of a wheel. Everlund is a beautiful city, with a lot of trees and grassy space. The city has five gates: Bridge Gate, Upriver Gate, Mountain Gate, Silvermoon Gate, and Downriver Gate.

Places of Interest

The Barracks: By the Hall of the Elders stands the six large barracks of Everlund's army, and next to that is an old, battered keep that serves as the armory. None but members of the army are allowed near the armory or the barracks.

The Battered Hat: Guides such as the famous defender of Everlund, Ruldorn the Storm Ranger, gather at this inn. It's run by two halfling families, and it's decorated with dusty old stag heads and old maps. It stands just inside Silvermoon Gate. The inn is named for a piece of dilapidated headgear that perches atop a wyvern's skull on the lobby wall. It was all that Nander Gultree, the halfling who built the inn, managed to wear out of his first encounter with a dragon.

Bell Market: There's a great bell used to sound the call to arms or signal a retreat. The bell hangs in a frame in the open space next to the Barracks, and it gives its name to the space: the Bell Market. This is the chief produce fair of the city.

The Bent Bow Bowyer: This excellent archers' shop opens onto the Bell Market. It's known for its everbright (nonrusting) arrowheads, some of which can be enspelled so they can be magically traced. The Bent Bow is also known for custom-made bows designed to pull to the desired weight of the purchaser.

Danivarr's House: The oldest and largest inn of the city, this rambling mansion joins to the one next to it by a number of rickety, covered, flying bridges. It's got a loyal clientele and is always full. This is the place to go if you want to meet interesting people (retired adventurers, elves who think they've a royal claim to thrones that no longer exist, and gnomes with delusions of grandeur).





The Dreaming Dragon: The Dragon, located near the Downriver Gate, is beloved by elves, halflings, and the whimsical. The Dreaming Dragon is the place for good harping and eerie ballads of yesteryear. Its elverquisst is of the finest quality.

Hethmeir's Highboots Corvisor: This is the best place to buy boots north of Waterdeep—truly a first-class corvisor (a cobbler resoles and repairs; a corvisor custom-makes). In fact, these boots are as good or better than any found elsewhere in Faerûn. Hethmeir and his four nimble-fingered assistants work with incredible speed. An adventurer who brings them a dead beast and wants boots made from its hide can expect them in three days.

Moongleam Tower: This fortress is made of large cut stone cemented together by a magical force. No one, except Harpers, has been inside. It's believed a ward of some sort prevents anyone from entering, even through the use of *teleport* and *planeshift spells*. Rumors that gates to places like Waterdeep, and Silverymoon have floated about recently, especially when several Harpers were seen exiting the structure blathering about an evil being with multiple arms and three heads that gated into the place. Flames and billowing smoke were seen in the sparse windows that day.

Myklryn's Sorrow: Myklryn's, next to the Downriver Gate, is named for a man who drowned in the Rauvin River while sailing to see Waterdeep. His widow used his money to build this tavern. She's dead, but her three daughters run it now. Harpers are welcome here.

The Old Sword Sheathed: This tavern is like all of those heard of in wonderful fireside tales. It's a ramshackle place where everyone's a friend, the dart and dice games never stop, elders tell tall tales, and young people trade jokes. It serves a huge wine list and butternut beer. Folk in Everlund say this tavern is the place to meet your mate for life.

The Olorin: This is a large, new inn near Mountain Gate. Many travelers end up here when they can't find room elsewhere. Though it's new and clean, it's rather soulless. All its furnishings were bought from a shop in Waterdeep and brought to Everlund by river barge, but many look mass produced.

The Phantom Knight: This inn, by Bridge Gate, is named for its ghost, a silent, mustached apparition in full plate armor who appears to guests who soon will face great danger. He makes warning gestures, sometimes pointing helpfully to needed or important items. The Knight is a large place, known for its fresh, hot bread, its cream pastries, and its hot baths (each room has its own copper tub). The inn is popular with caravan merchants and adventurers alike.

The Seeking Arrow: This inn caters to rangers, hunters, and guides. It stands between the Lady's Tree and the Bloody Hunt. Its walls are adorned with trophy heads, and its lobby desk is a glass case containing a wolf's skeleton of astonishing size. The wolf (killed by the owner's father) looks to have been as large as a bear.

Sordar's Cup: This quaint tavern is named in awe of a local dwarf of legendary capacity for drink. He once won a bet by drinking three entire casks of wine in one evening. When he repeated the feat the next night, the odd human who'd lost the bet decided to build a tavern to accommodate Sordar's drinking supplies. Sordar is long deceased (he died soon after

winning the bet), but his cup (about the size of an upturned war helm) is on display here.

The Stag at Bay: Named for a sumptuous tapestry hung on its taproom depicting an elven hunt, the Stag caters to visiting hunters, adventurers, and those who like to fool themselves into thinking they're intrepid. Patrons outdo each other describing the perilous adventures that befell them in the "Savage Frontier."

Jalanthar

This village of 200 folk is often raided by orcs. Before Turnstone Pass was garrisoned, Jalanthar was subject to frequent raids from the Keep itself. Today, the buildings are little better than ruins. Most are stout stone foundations roofed with turf enspelled to resist burning amid the scrub woodlands.

A small but thriving community of trappers and hunters dwells here. They hunt in the surrounding hills, where most have caves and hidden strongholds they can retreat to when orcs or barbarians attack. The hardy, land-wise folk of Jalanthar are valued as guides in the Interior. A payment is made in advance and is left with kin in Jalanthar. If anyone cheats, slays, or tricks a guide of Jalanthar, all the village folk take the task of avenging the slight. As over two dozen of them are powerful adventurers, this blood bond means something.

Places of Interest

The Crowing Cockatrice: A fieldstone roadhouse noted for its enthusiastic staff, the Cockatrice is strategically located on the trade route into the back lands of the Interior, and its many sprawling wings are usually full of guests of all races. The taproom is good, serving a truly potent local cider, Jalanthar amber.

Quaervarr

This logging village of 760 human and half-elven folk provides masts and roof beams for many a ship or hall across the North and Sword Coast as far as the eastern reaches of Calimshan. Quaervarr is a quiet, shady place of woodcarvers, carpenters, loggers, and woodland gardeners. The village's food comes from its hunters and from small planted patches in the forest.

Place of Interest

The Whistling Stag: This cozy lodge is crammed with stag heads, bearskin rugs, and other trophies. The dining room has a magnificent tapestry depicting an elven hunt. It shows two hunting bands galloping through the forest after a boar, with the riders leaping their mounts over fallen trees. The groups take turns riding through the scene over and over, with birds flitting in and out of the trees between their appearances.

The Whistling Stag Inn and Hunting Lodge is a base where guests can enjoy the best hunting in all the North. The expert guides hunt owlbears, stirges, and other predators



year-round. This keeps the boar and deer that roam the southern Moonwood plentiful. The guides are full of tales about the forest depths.

The Stag is named for a famous local animal, never caught, that eluded the best huntsmen and sauntered down the village streets the next morning. Folk swore he looked at them in amusement, whistling as he went. This is as good as inns get, with attentive personal service, like warmed robes at dawn, warm baths whenever desired, a resident healer, and more. A hidden delight.

SILVERMOON

Silverymoon is a beautiful city that stands amid the ancient trees of the Moonwoods. Home to over 26,000 humans, dwarves, gnomes, elves, half-elves, and halflings, it is often called the Gem of the North. Silverymoon's considered the North's center of learning and culture, and its close ties with the Heralds and Harpers, as well as powerful local mages (such as the Mistmaster or the mysterious Shadowcloak), only aid in its reputation as the North's major seat of knowledge. It's a happy place where many races dwell together in peace. The city's peace and civilized demeanor owes much to its kindly, diplomatic ruler, the High Lady Alustriel, a silver-haired sorceress known to be at least two hundred years old.

Silverymoon straddles the River Raurin at its bend westward toward the Evermoors. The heart of the city, including the palace and Silverymoon's oldest buildings, lies located on the northern bank. Its half-circle shape is surrounded by defensive walls that have been breached only three times in the city's history. The walls are pierced by three gates: Moorgate on the west, Hunter's Gate to the north, and Sundabar Gate at the city's eastern perimeter. A road surrounds the walls on the outside, and it connects with the three trade roads leading out the gates.

Across the Rauvin lies the newer sector of Silverymoon. This area contains many warehouses, paddocks, docks, and caravan businesses, but it also plays host to the city's pride and joy—the Vault of the Sages. In addition, a number of magic schools are in residence, and there has been talk for years of unifying them into a mages' university of sorts. The north bank links to the south by the Moonbridge, a construct of invisible magic that glows with a silver sheen in the moonlight.

Silverymoon is, outside of Waterdeep, one of the few bright spots of civilization and learning in the North. Its fortunes are dictated less by trade and war and more by knowledge and magic. Waterdeep alone boasts a greater population of settled wizards on the Savage Frontier, but many Silverymoon rulers, including Alustriel, have always made the preservation of knowledge and the magical arts a priority for the city. Many say that Silverymoon's values toward music, education, and the arts "echo that of lost Myth Drannor," though they are even more open to those of all races than the elves of Cormanthor ever were.

Silverymoon's military might, while it seems small, lax, and primarily for show, is often underestimated. The Knights of Silver, so-called by the bard Mintiper Moonsilver in a ballad for their appearance in battle, are counted among the most skilled

and well-disciplined of forces on the face of Faerûn. Given the recent uprise in troubles around the Moonlands, the Knights have recruited more members and now number near 700 strong. With their gentility and poise always apparent, the armies of Silverymoon behave as though no threat existed around them. With the aid of Alustriel and the Mistmaster, they have boldly won a number of battles deemed impossible by those who doubted the fortitude of Silverymoon's defenders.

The Knights maintain patrols for seven days' ride around the city, often assisted by many Harper scouts and mages. Often, their might alone (in conjunction with the might of the Lords' Alliance and the Harpers) keeps the many evils of the Savage Frontier, from the Arcane Brotherhood of Luskan to the orcs, at bay from the Lady's city.

The Gem of the North also has the protection of Alustriel's own Spellguard, a cadre of mages dedicated to helping keep the peace within a settlement so steeped in magic. The Spellguard has 20 to 30 members at any given time, and they are led by Taern "Thunderspell" Hornblade (LG hm W17), one of Alustriel's senior advisors. Spellguard members primarily take on the task of defending Alustriel's palace, but they also handle rogue mages in the streets, fires, and other civic tasks. Still, with all the power of the amassed wizards, the Spellguard is essentially used for internal order and defense. When one of the wards is triggered or if the Knights specifically summon a Spellguard wizard, the Spellguard also actively aids the army in repulsing an enemy from the city's walls. In recent months and for the near future, at the High Lady's suggestion, two Spellguard wizards now ride with each Knight patrol outside the city.

The seal of the city is a thin crescent moon that curves up and points to the right and down, sheltering a star under its uppermost horn. The silver moon and star are displayed on a royal blue field when worn as a badge by all Knights and members of the Spellguard, Alustriel's elite wizard corps. The seal is also graven in stone markers to mark the boundaries of Silverymoon-claimed lands. Harpers in the North use the sigil and a number on small stone plinths across the North to represent how many days' ride it is from that point to Silverymoon.

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. The other major currency is 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 in the city and 2 electrum pieces outside the city.

As should be expected of a city of high sorcery and culture, Silverymoon is enveloped by protective magical wards. The extent of the wards is not common knowledge, though it is assumed that there are *wards* on the gates around the city. There is also a permanent major ward centered on Alustriel's palace similar to the mythal cloaking Myth Drannor. All of Silverymoon's *wards* detect evil creatures, and they also alter magics cast within a certain distance of the gates. The gate wards contain spell-triggered alarms that summon the Knights or the Spellguard under certain conditions, and they also negate all



invocation and summoning spells cast by those who do not carry a token against the *wards'* effects. The *wards* surrounding the palace are stronger still, though no one has penetrated the defenses of the castle in over a century to test the *wards'* abilities. Rumors say that certain evil races cannot enter the palace grounds without a token to pass through the ward, and only Alustriel and her Spellguard are capable of casting spells within its walls. As with many things in the city, only the Bright Lady knows those answers.

History of Silvermoon

As this area is far more dangerous and orc infested than the lands around Waterdeep, Silvermoon's history and heritage as a settlement is far shorter than the City of Splendors. Still, its growing status as a center of learning and up-and-coming trade and capital city have marked Silvermoon as an important site in the Savage Frontier for decades, if not centuries.

Like Waterdeep, Silvermoon was the site of tribal meetings for centuries before any structures ever graced the site at the river. For reasons long lost to time, the locale at the bend in the River Raurin is a holy site to both Lurue the Unicorn and Mielikki. Therefore, rather than trade, the Silvermoon site was used only as a place of religious pilgrimage from the tumultuous times after Netheril's fall until roughly a millennia ago. Some parts of the city still retain small groves, despite the need for new buildings, as these are the few remnants that are still considered holy ground to these sylvan powers.

Some unnamed human tribe built a small wood-and-rope bridge over the shallows of the Rauvin, after having used the area as a river ford for years. The bridge was replaced decades later by a stone bridge built by humans and dwarves together and called Silvermoon Ford, after an alternate name of Lurue the Unicorn. This stone bridge eventually gave way to the magical Moonbridge of today, but some of its carved-stone unicorns still adorn the battlements of the High Palace of Silvermoon.

Within a century of establishing a bridge at Silvermoon Ford, the Moonsilver Inn was built nearby by Gareth Amakyl, and this was the first permanent building on Lurue's holy lands. It took another six decades for much of a lasting village to form around the inn, and yet another century or more before Silvermoon became a city even marked on maps of the Savage North.

Legend says that the Moonsilver Inn was once visited centuries ago by Mielikki and Lurue disguised as a female ranger and her steed. They fell in love with the inn and the people of Silvermoon Town, since they chose not to plunder the forests and destroy, but rather build in harmony with the site. Popular belief adds to the tale, saying that the goddesses blessed the inn with their power, promising safety to all who keep such goodness in their hearts. By the time of the Old City, the Moonsilver Inn had fallen, but its foundation stones were used as part of the city gates. In fact, some of those same stones are still in use as part of the outer walls of the city, and many natives believe that the goddesses' blessings are still conferred to the city and its natives through the stones.

When the first set of city walls were constructed and completed in 637 DR, Silvermoon was officially a city and elected its first of 12 High Mages to rule the city. Previously, as a village and town, Silvermoon was ruled primarily by warriors who helped defend it from the monsters dwelling all around it. The arrival of the High Mage Ecamane Truesilver and his nine apprentices vastly improved Silvermoon's standards of living and comfort. The ten wizards established a school and library and brought education to many of the illiterate loggers, trappers, and fishermen; helped repel two orc hordes from the wooden palisades surrounding the town; and aided the town's defenders in clearing away a local orc tribe that had harassed Silvermoon for over two decades.

From Ecamane's first days as High Mage, the Gem of the North has moved ever forward toward his goal of creating a sister city to Myth Drannor in the Savage Frontier. Silvermoon has been ruled by a mage for seven centuries, and the High Mages' rule has been disrupted only twice. The symbol of rulership, the Staff of Silvermoon, was first adopted by High Mage Aglanthol the Red in the Year of the Lost Lance. A new Staff has been carved successively for each High Mage for more than six centuries.

In the Year of the Toothless Skulls, High Lady Mage Elué Dualen suddenly abandoned her post as ruler of the city and transported herself to the Outer Planes to deal with some unknown emergency. She left it to her council of advisors to choose a suitable ruler to replace her; instead, the councilors each squabbled and wrestled to gain power for himself. Treachery intruded when the commander of the army slew his fellow councilors and established military rule over Silvermoon. The iron-fisted rule of Warlord Lashtor lasted only for one year, but during that time, he slew nearly every known mage living within the city walls and burned the Silver Lady's Library, the predecessor to the Vault of the Sages.

Luckily, many of the rare texts and tomes were saved and kept by the Harpers for posterity. Lashtor fell from his bloodied throne with the return to Silvermoon of Lady Elué's greatest apprentice, Tanalanthara "She-Wolf" Mytersaal, whose brother Yril helped rally allies among the army. After deposing and publicly executing the warlord and his ranking accomplices with magical webs of liquid fire, she freed many of Lashtor's prisoners and restored the rule of the High Mages to public acclaim. Tanalanthara became known as Lady Wolf the Protectress and ruled Silvermoon for five short years, during which she restored it to its former greatness but fell defending the walls from an orc horde in 882 DR.

The last disruption of the High Mages' rule started in the Year of the Long Watch with the retirement of High Mage Orjalun the Wise. Leaving the staff of office and the city in the hands of his apprentice Sepur, Orjalun left the city almost as mysteriously as Elué Dualen had 200 years before. Sepur, after a cautious two-year wait, exposed his perfidy and simply abandoned Silvermoon to the fates while taking some of its items of power with him. Years later, his shattered staff was found atop a scorched tor in the Trollmoors, and Sepur is believed to have met a deserved traitor's death. Still, his abandonment of Silvermoon with no successor left the city in turmoil.



In what is now known as Spellsfall, 25 wizards of various and sundry power levels slew each other and destroyed large parts of the city in attempts to gain the Silver Throne of the High Mage. At the same time, both the army and the growing merchant class wanted their candidates to rule the city instead of a new High Mage. A power struggle ensued.

The five-month stretch of Spellsfall led to the election of Silvermayor Theomel Scalson, a politically savvy merchant with former military ties and children among the surviving wizard class of the city. The Silvermayor led the city well in mercantile terms and rebuilt much of the damage, even doubling the size of the southern sector of the city. However, when huge orc hosts threatened to overrun Silvermoon in the Year of the Black Horde, the Silvermayor found that he did not have the full support of the military, and he was virtually deposed in all but name by the petty, grasping Warlord Khallos Shieldsunder.

Warlord Khallos was soon slain in battle against the orcs, whom he believed to be less of a threat than they actually were, and the army saw the first breach of Silvermoon's walls in over 600 years by the orc hordes. Valiant support was given to the army by a fledgling Spellguard, an idea of the Silvermayor's that proved fruitful. The walls held for another month while the city fell under siege, with 7,000 orcs encamped around the damaged walls. Eager to claim responsibility and power, the greedy Spellguard Captain Shaloss Ethenfrost claimed the title and power of the High Mage for himself, though the city under siege hardly noticed or cared in its despair.

Alustriel Silverhand and her sister Storm led an army of Harpers to relieve and free the besieged Silvermoon two months later. After breaking the siege and refortifying the city's defenses and walls, Alustriel entered Silvermoon only to come under magical attack. High Mage Ethenfrost saw the people flocking to Alustriel's side, and he wanted to rid himself of a potential rival for leadership. While Storm's Harpers and the remaining defenders of Silvermoon fought orcs at the Battle of Tumbleskulls, Alustriel single-handedly destroyed the would-be-tyrant mage Shaloss Ethenfrost and his two apprentices in a magnificent spell battle. With the breaking of the orcs and the fall of Shaloss to her credit, Alustriel was unanimously elected High Mage by every native of the city. Since 1235 DR, Silvermoon has flourished under the kind rule of Lady Hope, Alustriel Silverhand of the Seven Sisters.

The following is a timeline of specific events and items of note in Silvermoon's history. While Silvermoon has its own calendar (dating from the election of the first High Mage), the following dates are given as per the Realms standard of Dalereckoning.

DR Happenings

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| <p>384 Silvermoon Ford built as a rope-and-wood bridge over the shallows at the bend in the River Raurin.</p> <p>403 Silvermoon Ford becomes a permanent stone bridge with carvings of unicorns along its length.</p> <p>447 The Moonsilver Inn is built at the northern end of Silvermoon Ford.</p> <p>459 Silvermoon Ford becomes Silver Village as a logging camp is built around the inn and bridge.</p> | <p>462 Wooden palisades are set around the settlement's outskirts to provide defenses against the orcs.</p> <p>503 Fishermen and fur traders begin to settle within Silver Village.</p> <p>539 Tellshyll the Aged becomes the first known wizard to live in Silvermoon, and he builds a tower within the woods to the north of the town.</p> <p>574 Silver Village grows to become Silvermoon and is one of the few thriving trading posts in the North. Bynan "Two-Axes" Oakfeller, a logger of immense kindness, becomes the first mayor.</p> <p>581 After a hunting accident, the mayor's post is elected to Bynan "Son-Axe" Oakfeller, ranger and son of the first mayor.</p> <p>587 Mayor Bynan's younger sister, Tara, leaves Silvermoon to travel the North and become a ranger.</p> <p>591 Bynan "Son-Axe" retires. Cassius Durind, a popular, level-headed farmer, becomes mayor.</p> <p>604 Mayor Durind is found beheaded under mysterious circumstances. Torus, a rich cattle and sheep merchant with much local influence, buys the mayorship.</p> <p>605 More than twelve mysterious deaths occur in Silvermoon or in the forests around it, including the burning of the Oakfeller estate and the deaths of Bynan, his wife, and four children.</p> <p>606 Tara "Two-Blades" Oakfeller returns to Silvermoon to discover her family dead. She reveals the culprit is Mayor Torus, who was killing off any financial or political rivals by sacrificing them to dark gods. Tara kills "the Butcher Mayor" and is elected mayor herself.</p> <p>611 Low cobblestone defensive walls are erected along the northern trail leading to the village, replacing a section of the wooden palisades.</p> <p>614 The first of many harrying attacks by the Granitefang Orcs occurs in mid-Ches. The Granitefang tribe moves in and establishes a seasonal encampment in the wooded hills to the east.</p> <p>619 After a dozen years as mayor, Tara dies from a fever. The town elects the powerfully built and popular wizard and sage Donal "the Wise Bear" Ethen as mayor.</p> <p>621 Chief Umggok of the Granitefang tribe establishes a small but permanent orc settlement at the foothills in the Moonwood.</p> <p>622 "The Wise Bear" steps down as mayor to return to his studies and the building of a public library. His suggestion of an elven comrade to replace him sees the election of Mayor Paulorin Felinaun, later known as the "Elf Mayor."</p> <p>627 Ecmene Truesilver and his apprentices arrive in Silvermoon.</p> <p>628 Mayor Artus Natek, a rich fish merchant, is elected after Paulorin "Elf Mayor" elects to travel west to Evermeet. Ecmene and his apprentices help rout a Granitefang tribe attack against Silvermoon, and this marks the first orc attack with no casualties suffered by town natives.</p> |
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- 629 The Silver Lady's Library, named after Mielikki in honor of its location, is established adjacent to Ecmame's manse. Ecmame donates his collection of rare tomes from Myth Drannor to the library.
- 631 The Granitfang orcs attack the city from both north and south sides, fighting across the bridge and actually entering the city, but they are repelled by the militia and the mages. Due to constant troubles with the orcs, Mayor Artus Natek passes the mantle of leadership to his army commander, Warlord Kieth.
- 634 After hearing reports of the growing Granitfang settlement to the northeast, Warlord Kieth leads the fledgling army of Silvermoon and a cadre of mages to the Battle of Brokenfang. This battle, with the wizards' help, destroys the nonhumans' settlement and halts all orc attacks on the city for more than four years.
- 637 Stone walls are constructed around the city's perimeter and are completed by Uktar. Silvermoon elects Ecmame Truesilver as its first High Mage to rule the city. Year 0 in Silvermoon's Calendar.
- 659 Known as the Year of Mages' Dawning in Silvermoon, more than 50 wizards from Myth Drannor and other parts of the Realms migrate to Silvermoon and begin its first era as a center of magical study.
- 671 Travelers become frequent between Ascalhorn and Silvermoon, and trade opens up with the dwarves of the North.
- 694 High Mage Truesilver and 21 other wizards cast mighty protections and enchantments on the walls of the city, which may still exist as the wards today.
- 707 The High Mage's final apprentice miscasts a *find familiar* spell and mixes his form with that of a cat. Ederan Nharimlur now has light gold fur covering his skin and the green eyes of a cat.
- 712 High Mage Truesilver dies, but names as his successor Aglanthol the Red, his great-nephew and head apprentice. By year's end, High Mage Aglanthol adopts the first symbol of rulership, the Staff of Silvermoon, carving the staff from duskwood and enchanting it with various magical powers.
- 714 Myth Drannor falls. A minute number of wizards and other refugees escape to Ascalhorn and Silvermoon. The Seven of Silver, a group of allied warriors and wizards, open a gateway to Myth Drannor to aid in its defense, succeeding only in allowing twelve elves and humans to escape to Silvermoon. (The Seven of Silver are immortalized by the bard's song "Seven Silvers Falling," sung by those wishing to commemorate a noble sacrifice.)
- 717 The young boy Rhyester, blind from birth, sees the dawn on the first day of Ches and has his sight for the first time in his life. By year's end, he and other folk faithful of Lathander have constructed a crude temple to the god of the dawn.
- 719 Aglanthol dies at the hands of rogue tanar'ri brought to the city by a reckless wizard wishing to open a portal to the ruins of Myth Drannor. His successor is the noble Ederan Nharimlur, named High Mage Catseye after his most common nickname.
- 728 The city celebrates as Ederan marries the elven princess Elénaril, one of the few escapees from fallen Myth Drannor.
- 734 Due to overcrowding, the city walls are moved outward to almost twice the size of Silvermoon at that time (and almost the walls' current location). The space behind the walls is used for garrisons and grazing lands for the cattle of the city. The walls of the Old City are left partially standing for people to use as partial foundations and support for new buildings.
- 747 High Mage Ederan and High Mistress Elénaril are blessed with their second and third children, a boy (Ederan the Younger) and girl (Lynnàsha) who share the fur and cat eyes of their father.
- 765 Construction of the High Palace of Silvermoon begins.
- 766 Builders of the High Palace are revealed to be spies for the Brothers of the Black Hand, a cadre of Baneworshipping evil wizards exiled from Ascalhorn. They steal High Mage Ederan's Staff of Silvermoon and a number of priceless magical artifacts collected by High Mage Truesilver. The items are never recovered, though most of the Black Hand wizards are found and executed. At year's end, the palace is completed and rests outside the city's eastern walls.
- 771 Ederan the Younger, a ranger dedicated to Mielikki, disappears in the Lurkwoods.
- 773 Rhyester dies of natural causes and is laid to rest in the crypt beneath the Lathander's Dawn temple. Within a year, the temple is renamed Rhyester's Matins.
- 784 High Mage Ederan dies of old age after a long and peaceful reign. His daughter, Amaara "Goldentresses" Nharimlur, rises to the station as High Lady Mage and Silvermoon's first female ruler.
- 801 High Lady Amaara announces her betrothal to Tilimarin Forestheart, a half-elf guard captain. Three days before the wedding, Tilimarin is murdered by a green dragon in the Moonwoods. Amaara slew the dragon with wrathful magics, and stripes of its emerald hide still adorn the borders of a tapestry that hangs in Alustriel's throne room to the present day. Called the Weeping Lady, the tapestry depicts High Lady Amaara weeping over her fallen lover.
- 815 Elué Dualen, a white-haired human girl whose magic far outstrips her age, arrives in Silvermoon and becomes fast friends and confidants with the High Lady Amaara and her sister Lynnàsha "Lynx" Nharimlur.
- 821 Elué Dualen makes the first major expansion of the Silver Lady's Library, and she establishes the Lady's College with Lynx. This is the first open school for mages in Silvermoon that does not force students into apprenticeships with the teachers. The college takes payment in the form of service to defend the city with the army for as much time as they study at the Lady's College.



- 843 The High Lady Amaara, Elué, Elénaril, Lynx, and three other mages casting in concert create the magical Moonbridge of Silverymoon, replacing the stone bridge that lasted over four centuries.
- 857 Elué becomes the High Lady Mage by the decree of the resigning Amaara. Amaara accompanies Elénaril on their trek to the west and their eventual goal of Evermeet.
- 876 High Lady Mage Elué Dualen leaves her rule and the city abruptly, accompanied by Lynnàsha “Lynx” Nharimlur. By Ches, Warlord Lashtor rules the city with an iron fist. His army begins slaying mages in the streets, and they put the Silver Lady’s Library to the torch.
- 877 Lashtor is deposed by the mage Tanalanthara “She-Wolf” Mytersaal. Yril Mytersaal, her brother, is named Warlord after Lashtor’s execution, and Tanalanthara is named High Mage. She is commonly called Lady Wolf, or the Protectress, in histories.
- 882 Ascalhorn falls and becomes known as Hellgate Keep. Refugee wizards and others from Ascalhorn form a small tent city within the walls of Silverymoon. A starving orc horde nearly overruns Silverymoon in late Nightal, but the city is saved by the sacrifice of Lady Wolf.
- 883 After a mild winter spent in mourning over the loss of their Lady Wolf, the city’s populace elects the humble Tanisell the Cloaked, a human originally from Ascalhorn, to become High Mage Tanisell (the Cloaked Lord of Silverymoon, as a popular ballad calls him).
- 891 With the influx of people from Ascalhorn and record trade years for the cities’ merchants, the city is forced to expand the city’s north walls to the locations where they rest today. All the guards’ garrisons and some support buildings are demolished and rebuilt across the bridge on the southern shore of the Rauvin, with new high walls surrounding the Warriors’ Quarter.
- 900 The Vault of the Sages is built and its initial collection includes at least two tomes of knowledge, history, and magic from each mage of the city. The Harpers bestow the lost collection from the Silver Lady’s Library upon the Keeper of the Vault.
- 911 Due to magical fluctuations in the woods and hills around Silverymoon, Tanisell and his fellow mages reassert new enchantments and magics on the walls surrounding the city.
- 920 The Cloaked Lord succumbs to a fever and dies. His successor is his closest advisor and friend, Nunivytt Threskaal, the Keeper of the Vault of the Sages and ranking mage of the Lady’s College. High Mage Threskaal’s reign is a peaceful, studious one and is still considered one of the golden eras of magical learning for Silverymoon and her pupils.
- 927 The young boy Ahghairon of Waterdeep arrives in Silverymoon, yearning to learn magic. He is taken in and taught magic by numerous tutors, including High Mage Threskaal.
- 941 With the merest hint of his first beard on his chin, Ahghairon shows some of his coming might by single-handedly destroying a pair of young green dragons intent on attacking the city. Ahghairon leaves the city soon afterward to learn more of the Realms.
- 989 Orjalun is born on Midsummer’s Night and is marked as a wizard from birth, Mystra’s symbol clearly evident in a birthmark over his heart.
- 997 Orjalun learns magic exclusively from High Mage Threskaal, who senses a greatness in his pupil resembling that of Ahghairon.
- 1024 Amid some protest over tradition, though none over the young man’s ability, the 35-year-old Orjalun is named Keeper of the Vault of Sages.
- 1032 Ahghairon returns to Silverymoon for a short visit to the High Mage and the Vault of the Sages. From the ancient lore of Myth Drannor, Ahghairon creates the Helms and Robes of the soon-to-be-named Lords of Waterdeep. Ahghairon returns to Waterdeep with Allussus Korolx and Miliredarr Wardh, two ancient sages and trustworthy comrades, and they become two of the first Lords.
- 1034 Bowgentle is born to a fisherman and his wife on the last day of this year. Guards on the city walls later reported the sighting of exactly 21 shooting stars at the time of his birth.
- 1043 Bowgentle begins to learn magic at the feet of Quintas Uhlawm the Kind, an enchanter and Harper.
- 1050 High Mage Threskaal passes away after the longest rule of Silverymoon. To no one’s surprise, Orjalun is named as his successor.
- 1054 High Mage Orjalun notes Bowgentle’s skills in magic and teaches him for a short time.
- 1058 Bowgentle leaves Silverymoon to embark on a great career matched in scope only by the deeds of Elminster of Shadowdale.
- 1106 Warehouses, inns, and some homes are built on the south shore of Rauvin, marking the first nonmilitary buildings placed in this part of the city.
- 1150 Plague strikes Silverymoon, resulting in the deaths of nearly half her people. Soon after, a resurgence in attendance at the groves sacred to Mielikki, Lurue, Shiallia, and Silvanus also sparks the construction of a number of new temples.
- 1230 High Mage Orjalun retires and appoints Sepur as the 10th High Mage of the city. Orjalun then mysteriously vanishes later that day in a burst of green light while walking across the Silverymoon bridge.
- 1232 High Mage Sepur abandons Silverymoon in Ches. Spellsfall sees the death of over two dozen wizards vying for power in the city. Silvermayor Theomel Scalson elected in Eleint.



- 1235 Warlord Khallos Shieldsunder steals control of the city from the Silvermayor while the city is under siege by the largest orc horde seen near Silverymoon in its history. The northern walls are breached for the first time in 604 years. Alustriel, Storm Silverhand, and an army of elves and Harpers free Silverymoon from the orc siege. Alustriel destroys the self-proclaimed High Mage Shaloss Ethenfrost and his apprentices in spellbattle, while Storm and the Harpers fight the Battle of Tumbleskulls and destroy the orcs. Alustriel is the first High Mage of Silverymoon ever unanimously chosen by the people.
- 1247 The Vault of the Sages is moved into its current location, and the Heralds buy its former building to create the Map House.
- 1263 Chaos fills the streets when a flock of over 100 tressym fly into the city and roost on the rooftops for a tenday. Alustriel simply shrugs, pointing to Alaundo's prophecies about the widespread tressym this year. While most of the tressym fly away soon, a number stayed and made the city their home.
- 1272 Zhentarim wizards and priests of Bane and Myrkul raise an army of undead, orcs, and other creatures to assault the city but are repelled by Alustriel's Spellguard.
- 1343 Silverymoon and Everlund are saved from an orc horde by the noble sacrifice of the Moonlight Men mercenary band. Known as Moonlights' Triumph, only

the famed bard and Harper Mintiper Moonsilver and five of his comrades survived. The mercenaries slew over 4,000 orcs at Turnstone Pass before they fell.

- 1347 Mysterious fires destroy the oldest temple within Silverymoon's walls, Everdusk Hall. The fires are too strong and swift to extinguish, even for Spellguard members immediately on the scene, and they only prevent the fire from spreading. It is rebuilt swiftly, but much of the elven church's historical regalia and finery is lost forever.
- 1356 Early in the year, a flight of dragons is diverted away from Silverymoon. Alustriel later declares a tenday period of citywide mourning after the death of her elder sister, Sylune of Shadowdale. Alustriel herself remains in mourning for nearly a year.
- 1357 Alustriel cements an alliance with King Bruenor Battlehammer by aiding the dwarf and his clan against attacks from the forces of the drow clan Baenre at the newly reclaimed Mithral Hall.
- 1361 Four Cult of the Dragon archmages arrive outside the city and unleash spells to draw Alustriel out. She and Taern "Thunderspell" dispatch two of them easily, but Taern and other Spellguard members are soon kept busy with a dracolich unleashed on the southern walls. Alustriel defeats another Cult mage, but only the timely arrival of Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and Laeral Silverhand saved Alustriel's life against the final archmage.





- 1367 In early Nightgal, two nights of snow are strangely emerald green in hue. The snow evaporated quickly and spurred fantastic growth and fruit production from all plants within two day's ride of Silverymoon and Everlund!
- 1369 Alustriel steps down as High Lady of Silverymoon, appointing Taern "Thunderspell" Hornblade as High Mage of the city. Alustriel still rules in the palace, but now she reigns over the nine settlements of the Moonlands and Delzoun.

Places of Interest

Arken's Invocarium: This institute of magical learning was housed in an old garrison post for Silverymoon's soldiers in times past. For the past 30 years, Arken the Icy (NG hm Inv12) made it his home and school for the special study of invocation magics. The building suffered extensive structural damage in recent months due to spectacular miscastings by two of Arken's students who have since been expelled. At Alustriel's behest, Arken is abandoning his old building and is purchasing property between the Lady's College and Miresk's magic school across the river. With his move and joining of the University, Arken has accepted the opening post of Magus Invoker, the head of the Invocation School.

Dawndancer House: This shrine to Sune is one of the smaller temples in the city, but it is noted for its beautiful glass work. Over half of the eastern wall behind the altar is an elaborate window of stained glass in the shape of Sune's holy symbol, and it glows a delicate shade of rose when the congregation sings. Shandalara Sindertal (CG hf P10) is the human high priestess of Dawndancer House, though some mistake the small woman for a half-elf with her elegant features and slightly pointed ears.

Everdusk Hall: Everdusk Hall was once one of Silverymoon's oldest and most revered temples. Since its burning 22 years ago, the elven shrine has been rebuilt to the same exact specifications as the previous temple, though the elves regard it as a lesser work compared to the original. The hall is shaped like a diamond with numerous marble statues of the elven gods along the walls of the ground floor. Upper floors contain a library (holding books and scrolls written only in elvish, all of which have been copied and translated in the Vault of Sages), individual chapels for private worship services, and the offices and living quarters of the clerics and sages that inhabit Everdusk Hall. It is said that if you want to learn of the elves from the elves, go to Everdusk Hall and find the friendships of lost Myth Drannor there still. The Loremaster of Everdusk Hall is the venerable 350-year-old elf Elaith Waterstill.

Foclucan: The legendary bard college of the North lies in the southern quadrant of the city across the river. Located immediately south of the Lady's College, it stands abandoned as it has for over a century since it closed its doors during the orc siege in the Year of the Black Horde. Its exterior stonework is relatively intact, and the shell of the building is clean, but its tile roof is still shattered in some places and the interior was gutted by another fire decades ago.

Alustriel has not ordered the building destroyed in the hopes that the college might be restored one day. With the rise of the New Olamn bards' college in Waterdeep, the bard and Harper Myrthos Shyllantham (NG hem B8) has petitioned the High Lady to devote the money to restoring Foclucan to its former glory. With the rumors about unifying the wizards' schools in the air, it seems possible that the bards' school might become part of the magical university if it is to be rejuvenated any day soon.

Fortune Hall: This minor temple to Tymora has seen tragedy in the recent death of Luckpriestess Shermata Chang. Shermata was with an adventuring party deep within the northern Moonwoods, investigating an old ruined temple and tomb complex, when she and two members of Kismet's Champions fell in an ambush staged by the gnolls that live in the ruins. Her swiftly elected replacement, Luckpriestess Aratha Sul (CG hf P10), ended the period of official mourning within a tenday, and some object to the abruptness of this temple business. Still, to those in the faith, they do not mourn when luck runs out, as they do not celebrate when destiny intervenes in their behalf. The temple itself is small but sponsors a parlor on the southern shore where the soldiers of the city play games of chance.

The Halls of Inspiration: This temple for Oghma and Milil is one of Silverymoon's greatest prides. Its high towers are exceeded in height only by the monolithic Vault of the Sages and the High Palace itself. Songmaster Beldor Thrivvin (NG hm P14 [Milil]) and Chief Priest Irithym Winitter (LN hm B9) preside over the services of the two gods of knowledge and lore with the able help of First Singer Corbas Daerhjan (NG hm B6) of Oghma.

The four towers at the corners of this rectangular temple contain extensive libraries and prayer rooms. The spires atop the towers hold solid silver bells that chime the times for services. The main floor of the temple is a three-story open amphitheater and chapel with balconies lining the walls for choirs and listeners alike. The top floor of the Halls of Inspiration contains the living quarters and offices of the priests, while the four basements hold other libraries, quarters for visiting bards and indigent souls alike, and the vaults for church reliquaries.

The High Palace: Alustriel's palace is placed just within the eastern arc of the city walls, east of the open market. Officially called the High Palace, it is now both the seat of power for Silverymoon as well as Alustriel's governmental court for her fledgling country. At first sight, the impressive facade and its lofty towers and walls seem carved from one block of solid white marble. The merlons of the battlements are not block-shaped, but rather carved in the likeness of a rearing unicorn. Atop and inside these walls patrol numerous utterly loyal warriors, wizards, familiars, and a number of other magical safeguards that serve to make this one of the most impregnable fortresses of the North.

As is widely rumored, many areas within the High Palace have interior *wards* as powerful (if not more so) as the magical protections on the gates of the city. In fact, without a special ward token, many rooms and vaults in the upper castle and lower dungeons cannot even be entered! The most highly



shielded rooms are the Throne Room, the Great Hall, the Councilors' Assembly, Alustriel's Gallery, and the private chambers of High Lady Alustriel; in any of these rooms, no spells or magical items function without the correct ward token.

The High Palace's two northern towers are primarily for the use of the High Guard, the palace's independent guards. The High Guard is 150 warriors strong and is supplemented by the Spellguard, the battery of spellcasters whose main offices are in the central tower of the castle. The central building of the keep holds the majority of the official and personal chambers for servants and the High Lady. The fourth and southernmost tower was once Alustriel's Tower and the location of her private library and laboratories. It has since become the temporary quarters and offices of the new High Mage, Taern Hornblade.

While none in the city know for certain, there are twelve dungeon levels beneath the High Palace, and only four have ever appeared on any plans drawn up of the palace. Only senior Spellguards and the High Lady's councilors have tokens allowing them into the fifth and lower dungeon levels, while only the High Mage (by bearing the rod of office, the Staff of Silvermoon) can breach the lowest four. Among other things below are prisons, a library of history on Myth Drannor and early Silvermoon compiled by Consort Elénaril, additional food stores for the winter months, the greatest wine cellar north of Waterdeep, an armory filled with weapons of all sorts, and much more.

What most Palace folk believe to be the lowest level of the High Palace is the Crypt of the High Mages, the burial tombs of Ecmame Truesilver, Aglanthol the Red, Ederan "Catseye" Nharimlur, Tanalanthara "She-Wolf" Mytersaal, Tanisell the Cloaked, and Nunivytt Threskaal. Entered through a mithral gate at the foot of the stairs, the Crypt is protected by wards equal to those in the Throne Room high above. There are seven biers for the resting places of the High Mages, though the last one is empty, a marble statue of Orjalun at its base. The other six High Mages rest as if sleeping atop stone biers, their bodies turned to stone and surrounded by webworks of magic to prevent their rest from being disturbed. Beautifully carved statues of their likenesses in their prime stand by their feet. The statues each hold that High Mage's staff of office in its marble grasp, though Ecmame Truesilver's holds a *staff of the magi*. No sound may be uttered in this hall above a loud whisper, and rarely are any allowed into the Crypt beyond family members, the High Mage, or Lady Alustriel.

The four lowest levels, open only to Alustriel and now Taern, contain treasure chambers filled with volumes of knowledge and magic of which the Keeper of the Vault of the Sages has only heard. Here lie the sanctums and the private magical libraries of all the previous High Mages save Shaloss Ethenfrost, who never knew of their existence. Aside from Khelben Arunsun's collection in Blackstaff Tower of Waterdeep, the High Mage's Vault contains the greatest assemblage of magical items and artifacts in the North. In fact, it holds more rare artifacts from Myth Drannor and Ascalhorn than Khelben's hoard, though none of the High Mages since Ederan have brought these items from the palace depths.

Given the shift in Alustriel's power, Silvermoon and the High Palace must adapt to their increased influence. Starting with the spring thaws of 1370, the eastern wall of the city, the Knights' Garrison, and the High Palace will be expanded. The palace needs additional space for diplomats and a separate throne room for Alustriel in her new position over the nine settlements of the Interior North, since the Silver Throne is the seat of the city's power. Draftsmen within the city are all feverishly working on plans for the expansions, hoping their designs will be chosen for work on any of the developments in the city. The work may take up to a year, and until then, Alustriel and Taern share the High Palace and the Star Courts for their rulerships.

The House Invincible: Vigilant Master Erssler Thamm (LN hm P14 [Helm]) leads the hearty and steadfast worshipers at the city's major temple to Helm. Silvermoon is one of the few places in the Realms that Helm's worship did not suffer after the Time of Troubles. Most of the Knights in Silver and some of the Spellguard are ardent worshipers of Helm, believing that devotion to their duty as protectors of the city allow it to survive. Over the past ten years, this temple has grown in the number of faithful attendants, as it welcomes Helm's worshipers without judgment. Unlike other temples, the House Invincible has no lofty spires or delicate ornamentation. At first glance, it appears as a fortified garrison or stone keep, and it has served as such for troops during times the city walls have been breached.

In fact, the House Invincible has done the city and her Lady a great service. Before a request was even made, Master Erssler opened up a number of offices, quarters, and the lesser chapel as an assembly hall to Methrammar Aerasumé, the Shining Guard. Methrammar needs the space within the House Invincible as a temporary headquarters and recruiting post for the newly forming army of their fledgling country. Alustriel and her son are both grateful for the ready aid of the Brothers of Helm, and are glad their new country has some divine backing from the Protector.

The Lady's College: Once the most popular academy of magic in Silvermoon, the Lady's College taught all the schools of magic (and sought to teach music as well, once the doors of Foclucan closed). The school is famous for producing a number of the finest harpers in the North and all of Faerûn. In fact, a few students arrive every year wishing to become mages, turning to music and adapting their studies to bardcraft once they discover their true calling.

This school, one of the rare few with the lore to teach the histories of Realmsian spellcrafting, teaches not only magecraft and bardcraft, but it imparts upon its students the chronology and history of what they learn. With the knowledge of the Vault of Sages at hand, students of the Lady's College (and the up-and-coming University) learn of magic before the Time of Troubles, before Ascalhorn's mutation into Hellgate Keep, and even before the fall of Myth Drannor. This information is purely academic now, but it serves to give the students a sense of where magic has come from and where they may take it in the future.



Open discussion of the changes in Mystra's magic and how to change it further only angers old traditionalist teachers, such as Headmaster Vihuel (NG hm W20) and the honored Paol Tirin Sionaehr (LG em W18). Still, Alustriel herself (continuing Elué Dualen's example from the founding of the school) insists that young magelings and old wizards alike learn the past as well as the present of magic.

While some are nervous about expanding the College's work among more students and linking it with other schools into a university, few believe that this will change how the Lady's College operates. One of its most successful practices was to allow students to study for free in exchange for equal time served as part of the Lady's Spellguard. This and other practices are certainly upheld, and some of the changes serve to delight even the crustiest of old mage-teachers. For example, the burden of teaching specialist mages, for centuries a time-consuming task for independent studies with a tutor, are now distributed among the separate schools of learning for each particular brand of magic.

The Lady's College enrolls up to 80 students at one time, roughly 20 at each stage of learning (apprentice to 3rd level) with four instructors for each class. New students often have to wait from three months to over two years for a vacancy to open up at the Lady's College. Alustriel hopes that enrollment increases and becomes easier with the university system, since many students are now spreading out to specialist schools.

The Map House: The Map Keep might be a more appropriate title for this building, since its four-story-high stone walls seem far more than a "house." This is the original building that housed the Vault of the Sages, and it rests on the land that once quartered the Silver Lady's Library. It's also often called the Heralds' House after its owners, the lore-keepers of the Realms. Maps and extensive genealogies are kept herein, many of which are copies from original documents kept at the Heralds' Holdfast. Whenever a noble family or commoner needs to check their lineage, the Map House is the best arbiter for tracing the genealogies and witnessing a claim to titles.

Mielikki's Glade: This holy site of Mielikki was her original worship site here at Silverymoon centuries ago as the land became important to her as well as Lurue the Unicorn. Ladyservant Tathshandra Tyrar (NG hf P9) leads the services in this open glade among the garrisons of the Knights in Silver. Tathshandra recently visited Everlund to meet and pray with Jeryth Phaulkon, a recent arrival who appears to have as close a connection to the Lady of the Forest as Alustriel has with Mystra. She returned to Silverymoon looking light-hearted, more entwined in her faith, and far younger than her 62 years.

Miresk's School of Thaumaturgy: Miresk's school still exists, but now it is a part of the University of Silverymoon. Miresk (NG hm W21), by appointment of the High Lady, is the Magus Senior of the entire college, not just his single building school. Miresk has his faults of being haughty about his abilities, but he is a very capable instructor. His greatest asset is his beliefs in magical balance and the insistence on the importance of smaller magic, not world-shaking Art.

Rhyester's Matins: This is a holy site of Lathander, the first temple founded by his prophet, the blind Rhyester of Silverymoon, in 717 Dalereckoning. While it started as a small log and mud building taking up only a quarter of the site, it's now one of Silverymoon's major temples. Its congregation hall is two stories tall and the temple and altar are breathtaking. The entire ceiling and eastern wall of the temple are made from *glassteel* and inset with small prisms to provide a wonderful array of rainbows when the dawn's light strikes them during morning services.

Unfortunately, situations within the temple are not as beautiful as its ornaments. Mornmaster Onadar Ryl (NG hm P16) lies on his death bed after a long, arduous illness severely weakened his 92-year-old body. The temple elders are deadlocked on their decision between two candidates for the post of Mornmaster: Onadar's son, Lavis Ryl (LN hm P11) and Kuth Charagon (NG hm P10). Lavis was an assumed heir of his father's, but he was never officially proclaimed such by Onadar and spent the last three years away from Silverymoon. Kuth is a lifelong native, a popular speaker, and acted as the Mornmaster's second for the past two years. Both men are suited for the post, but if the succession isn't secured by the time of Onadar's death, the High Mage may have to intervene in temple business.

The Star Court: This is the city's central building for courts and assemblies. Every citizen migrating to the city for study—or simply for the sake of living in a safe haven—must register their names, professions, and names of any family members with the Star Court before they are officially accepted as citizens. Citizens must also petition the Star Courts for land purchases, trade agreements with other cities, and the establishment of any magical fields within the city walls.

The Temple of Silver Stars: After a period of mourning for the passing of the elderly leader Shanathrera Moonsoul, this major shrine to Selûne has returned to its normal tasks. Recently, the clergy of the Temple of Silver Stars allied with the Vault of the Sages to aid local Heralds and Harpers in mapping the surrounding countryside. In fact, High Moonmistress Shalyssa Lurialar (CG hef P13) and High Lady Alustriel have urged some of the younger priests to travel with the Harpers and some clergy of Deneir to map and explore the lands around Silverymoon and the borders of its new country.

The Tower of Balance: Often mistaken for an overly large wizards' tower, this minor temple to Mystra is located just north of the High Palace. It is often the site of many weird magical effects that seem to combine wizardly and priestly magic into unique new forms. The fact that this does not seem to disturb Alustriel is enough to give the local people peace about the work of these priests.

However, odd goings-on are commonplace here, such as the resignation four years ago of Magister Thukmuul Tele-shann (NG hm W17). With only the briefest of comments at the end of a religious service, he named his replacement as Eriladar Leafsigil (LN em W14) and stalked out of the Tower. He quickly paced toward the Moonbridge and disappeared at its apogee in a flash of emerald light, an act disturbingly similar to the disappearance of High Mage Orjalun centuries before. Inquiries to Mystra have revealed nothing of Thukmuul's intentions or mysterious actions in the interim.



The Vault of the Sages: Lauded as the greatest collection of knowledge in Faerûn, the Vault of the Sages is a monolithic, horseshoe-shaped building five stories high and allegedly an equal number of levels deep. Folk are free to enter the Vault and visit the galleries and lounges on the ground floor and second floor above, where news of the Realms is posted on broad sheets for all to share.

The third through fifth floors are the studies and lesser libraries within the Vault of the Sages. Herein are offices of sages available for consultation (by appointment only, of course), studies for students and learned folk alike, and drafting rooms for the scribes, forgers, and illuminators employed by the Vault. The studies are organized by general topic (magic, history, ecology, zoology, alchemy, geography, and others), and each hall has a custodian who procures a requested book for the patron. The Vault, as most libraries in Faerûn, charges a reading fee for access to their books (5 gp per book), and the fees rise in accordance to the rarity of the requested texts (+1gp/25 years past). Books on magic are obviously considered rarer texts as well (10gp +2gp/25 years past), though no spell books are available from the Vault for perusal.

No personal copying of any manuscripts or maps is allowed, but copying services are 50 gp per map, or 2 gp per page of text. These costs increase if additional copies are needed. Scribes and cartographers transfer information in their own handwriting, while the forgers can produce an identical manuscript copy in its original form and writing style for 2 gold and four silver pieces per page. The Keeper of the Vault is also capable of purchasing original manuscripts and literary artifacts (like stone fragments of dwarvish runes from Delzoun) for up to 2,000 gold pieces per century of age. If a visitor is not willing to sell the original, he offers to pay up to half the quoted price for the opportunity to forge an exact manuscript copy for the Vault.

Only the attendants of the Vault (Deneir-worshippers all), the commander of the Spellguard, and the High Mage are allowed direct access to the library's book stores, located below ground. It is said that any other less-focused or learned individuals would become lost in the infinite labyrinth of stacks and shelves of the Vault. In truth, the library is quite organized, but only those who have spent more than a decade learning the twists and turns of its passages have any chance of finding a specific work in less than a day of searching. The custodians of the study rooms have spells that summon many of the books to them, though they must be manually returned to their shelves by assistants.

The main Vault's magical protections prevent any flame from staying lit while among the books, and they also prevent anyone from *teleporting* into or out of the Vault at any level. A special *ward token* (available only from the Keeper) must be carried by the knowledge-seeker or else the trespasser is immediately *teleported* to the Keeper for punishment.

Rumors have always existed about the number of books in the Vault, ranging from 6,000 to a million, and the Keeper gives away little on the matter. He simply comments that the Vault holds either the original or a copy of nearly every famous tome, parchment scroll, or carved inscription of the Realms

back to Netheril's apex. The Vault is the only known location (other than the ruins in Cormanthor) for a number of tomes of or from lost Myth Drannor, including the personal account by Consort Elénaril on that fabled city's fall (her second hand-copied manuscript is in the High Palace).

Current Clack

Characters who investigate the Gem of the North are bound to discover a few things about the city's politics, outlook, future plans, and recent happenings. Of course, such information is bound to be both amazingly accurate and dismally off the mark. It's up to the players and the DM to discover which ones are true.

- Alustriel has become moderately worried about Turlang's expansions of the High Forest. While there is no problem yet, she and her new ally, Jeryth Phaulkon of Everlund, will have to mediate with him if he expands the forest beyond the Upvale and toward Everlund.
- The Bright Lady has put her support and some money toward the building of the Rauvin Road to link Nesmé and Silvermoon along a trail immediately north of the River Rauvin. While she still deliberates in trade talks with Nesmé and the Harpell clan of Longsaddle, she sees this trail as a good trade move, despite the difficulties of protecting travelers on the road. Many say that she worries over possible problems with the High Forest's expansion interfering with trade on Evermoor Way.
- The folk of Silvermoon are all abuzz over the Lady's involvement with the destruction of Hellgate Keep. They say that Alustriel herself blocked Turnstone Pass with great magics to protect Sundabar and the yet-weak Citadel Felbarr from tanar'ri fleeing from Hellgate Keep's destruction. Alustriel herself does not acknowledge this feat, but "a trusted member of her Spellguard told me about it personally. . ."
- Waterdeep's Font of Knowledge, the new temple to Oghma, and the bards' college of New Olamn are gaining popularity in the North, though many in Silvermoon scoff at such attempts to mimic their accomplishments in the Gem of the North. While the newer places have seen swift rises in attendance and donated coins, Silvermoon has likewise seen a migration to its walls. A number of young nobles of Waterdeep have established homes here in Silvermoon. As they do not stand to inherit their family lands, they moved here to learn from the masters or simply to use their still-considerable wealth to make names for themselves here. While many are curious or excited over new local nobility and increased money in the city, most are indifferent and go on with their usual studies.

In fact, the city is currently looking to expand the walls of the southern quadrant of the city to accommodate new buildings due to the concerted efforts and monetary donations of Lord Charnos Artemel (LG hm R6), Bressnos' fourth son and an accomplished hunter; Lady Tasmia Gost (NG hf F0), sister to the active Lord Gost of Waterdeep who heard rumors of the trade opportunities opening up



around Silvermoon, and her consort Motryth Bladesharp (NG hm F4), a former mercenary and current merchant with connections in Mirabar; Lady Stelar Nesher (LN hf W0), a gifted 17-year-old who is looking to be trained in magic and lore, and her brother Lord Khallos Nesher (NE hm F0), the who has already established a presence in Quaervarr to build more of a personal fortune in logging for himself; Lord Corahk Tchazzam (NG hm R5), the only son of Lord Ulboth of Waterdeep who left home eight years ago (and is believed dead) and finally settled here after hunting the Moonwoods and joining the Harpers; and Phanami Moonstar (LG hef P4 [Mielikki]), half-sister to the heir of the Moonstar clan who simply wishes a quiet life of prayer and solitude here in a holy place to her Lady. Lady Gost, Lord Nesher, and Lord Artemel are building small villas just outside the southern walls of the city, expecting the walls to grow around them, while the others are simply buying multiple older properties within Silvermoon.

- Rumors that have stirred for years appear to be coming true. With the untoward wreckage of Arken's Invocatorium and his movement to the south, gossip tells of members of the Lady's College and the School of Thaumaturgy (and other smaller mage schools) dissolving and moving toward the southern quarter. By Marpenoth 1369 DR, the announcement is made that most of the magical schools of Silvermoon (aside from some private tutorial apprenticeships) have fused into one university. Under the direction of Magus Miresk, the University of Silvermoon teaches all manners of magic and wizardly knowledge with individual colleges for each specialist schools. Fourteen buildings west and south of the Moonbridge have been allotted as parts of the campus, incorporating the old locations of the Lady's College and Miresk's original school.
- After the fall of Hellgate Keep and the dwarves' retaking of the Citadel of Many Arrows, the High Lady summons the leaders of the local citadels and towns to Silvermoon for a conference about their mutual safety. She informs them of the larger picture, with the giants moving into the Trollmoors, the subsequent move of the trolls into the surrounding lands, and the still-considerable number of orcs in the mountains between the two dwarven citadels. She also warns of a divined prophecy by a number of Spellguard members of a future movement of dragons upon the Nether Mountains and the Moonlands.

After three days of deliberations over methods to protect all the settlements from these problems, it became apparent that the citadels and settlements would have to ally themselves into a united country rather than each attempt to defend themselves. Surprisingly, none objected to this idea, as cooperative defense and increased trade were common goals for all concerned. However, the talks soon led to chaos as King Harbromm of Citadel Adbar, King Emerus Warcrown of newly renamed Felbarr, and Helm Dwarf-Friend of Sundabar, as the three strongest leaders there, began quarreling over who was best suited to rule this new nation and from which city. Curiously, both Bruenor Battlehammer of Mithral Hall and Alustriel did not seek this position, despite significant support from their own people.

Ten days of political bickering and arguments finally ended when the three would-be-kings acquiesced to their hostess, High Lady Alustriel. The only way they could work in concert was as one nation stretching from Mithral Hall to ruined Ascore, and the only ruler that all leaders and peoples concerned could respect and follow was the Bright Lady herself.

After a recess of a tenday for her to ponder this decision, Alustriel reconvened the leaders and accepted the mantle of leadership over their united lands. As is her nature, she moved slowly into the role so as not to disturb the tenuous peace of her allied noble leaders or the delicate balance of her own city. Her only immediate change of status was to step down as direct leader of the city and elect Taern "Thunderspell" Hornblade as the new High Mage of Silvermoon to rule in her stead. She named Taern's replacement for the leader of the Spellguard, Jorus Azuremantle (LG hem W12), Taern's reserved yet powerful half-elven nephew.

Her only demand of the collected leaders was a general request to allot troops from each of the settlements for a unified army to patrol all the lands among their homes, since Alustriel's Knights were too small a force to protect all the land. Transferring 200 Knights into this force of Guardians, Alustriel named her eldest son, Methrammar Aerasumé (LG hem F14/W12), as the Shining Guard, the army's commander. Initially, only promises of troops were forthcoming, though Methrammar expects to lead an army of 8,000 well-armed humans, half-elves, and dwarves by Midsummer of next year. If Alustriel agrees to hire mercenaries and adventurers, Methrammar believes he could muster an army 10,000 strong.

Until the situation warrants otherwise, the nine settlements (Citadel Adbar, Citadel Felbarr, Deadsnows, Everlund, Jalandar, Mithral Hall, Quaervarr, Silvermoon, Sundabar) each rule themselves as they did before their leaders swore fealty to Alustriel. Alustriel plans a Council of 12 Peers to help her rule this new country, and she plans on involving the Heralds as part of this, believing the Heralds can aid them in remembering past multi-cultural realms and how to avoid their mistakes. The Council tentatively consists of King Harbromm of Citadel Adbar (LG dm F10), King Warcrown of Citadel Felbarr (LG dm F11), Observer Kerrilla Gemstar of Deadsnows (NG df P8 of Marthammor FINDER-OF-TRAILS), Elder Jharak Erlshade of Everlund (LG em R15), Speaker Ychram Peregyn of Jalandar (LN hm W12), King Bruenor Battlehammer of Mithral Hall (NG dm F11), Axe-Mayor Luorna Gladeshimmer of Quaervarr (CG hef R7/P7 [Mielikki]), High Mage Taern of Silvermoon, Helm Dwarf-Friend of Sundabar (NG hm F15), Jorus Azuremantle of the Spellguard, the Shining Guard, and Old Night Shalara Swordshigh (CG hf R9) of the Heralds' Holdfast.

As the Council broke up and headed to their homes for the winter, they agreed to meet in Silvermoon every six months or when summoned by Alustriel. However, one item of discussion left open for a winter's pondering was the name of this new nation. Alustriel herself has uttered no opinions on the topic, though four names have been suggested and are garnering support. Alustryr was proposed by High Mage Taern after his Lady, while Shining Lands was posed by Axe-Mayor Luorna.



na. The dwarven contingent proposed both the High Lands and New Delzoun, while Old Night suggested choosing a name touching on the lands' matron powers of Lurue and Mielikki, such as Luruar. Alustriel promises that the nation shall have its name by Midsummer next year, whatever it may be.

Sundabar

Once a dwarven city, this fortress houses 36,000 humans, most descended from refugees of Ascalhorn. Sundabar is the northeastern-most post of civilization, serving as a base for explorers, adventurers, and prospectors around the Fork. The Lords' Alliance and temples of Helm sponsor the 2,000-man veteran army.

Sundabar is home to the Bloodaxe Mercenary Company. One member has risen to become Master of Sundabar. Helm Dwarf-Friend (NG hm F14) rules wisely and well, keeping it in the Lords' Alliance. He allocates the money taken in by the city to patrol the roads and to ready for war. This is no small issue; the coffers are so deep that the city hired the Flaming Fist Mercenary Company to slaughter an orc horde. The Master's take is a 5% sales tax paid by local merchants, who see it used to their benefit. Sundabar has huge, guarded granary caverns and deep wells below the city.

Sundabar trades with Adbar, Everlund, and Silverymoon. The city also trades below the surface, with dwarves from a part of the Underdark called Fardrimm. Sundabarian merchants are the exclusive dealers in the surface world for many dwarven products.

Sundabar has a reputation for excellent artisans. The woodworkers of Sundabar make carved furniture, musical instruments, and handsome and durable travel chests. Sundabar also exports long clay pipes and caltrops.

Sundabar is a city of stone, a frowning fortress with little to delight the eye and less welcome for the sightseer. Slick ways and excessive curiosity are looked upon with disfavor. Strangers who poke about are apt to be questioned by the city soldiers. They take suspicious people to the Hall of Vigilance or the Hall of Everlasting Justice. There, priests use *detect lie* spells during questioning.

The city is circular, with double walls. There's a moat between them, rumored to be stocked with man-eating eels. Most of Sundabar's famous woodcrafters are located in the city's central Circle, a huge open space surrounding the Master's Hall. Caravans form in it, and it's kept clear to give shepherds a place to drive stock in the event of attack. The Hall bristles with catapults and heavy crossbow guns. If the outer parts of the city are invaded, survivors retreat to the Hall and slaughter attackers crossing the open space of the Circle.

Places of Interest

Baldiver's: This quiet, elegant inn is decorated with dark wood paneling, leather hall railings, and portraits of local knights and heroes. It's for the quiet visitor; others are refused entry or ejected if they're unruly. Many retired warriors stay here in the cold months, abandoning their chilly homes. The owner, Bal-

diver, a retired warrior himself, gives them reduced rates. Baldiver's looks like a castle from a distance, and legend insists it can be defended as one if the city is attacked.

Blackraven Wagons, Doors, and Shutters: Hundarr Blackraven is one of Sundabar's justly famous carpenters, making large, sturdy items. Hundarr prides himself and his shop apprentices in working both well and quickly.

Feldar's Wheels and Wagons: Where Hundarr works quickly, Ildar Feldar is painstaking and fussy. If a piece of wood shows grain he doesn't like he replaces it. His creations take months and are ornate and beautiful. Feldar specializes in making grand coaches and ornamental carvings for adding to existing wagons.

The Firestar Chariot: This establishment is named for its vividly painted signboard, bought from a carnival in Tethyr. The board depicts two fire giants riding into battle on a chariot of flames, drawn by a flaming winged horse and trailing stars. Inside, the place features loud music and louder furnishings. It's patronized by young folk and prowled by so many evening escorts that some folk consider it little better than a festhall. The rooms are luxuriously furnished and noise-proofed. Complimentary bottles of Firestar wine are included with every room.

Furjur's Flying Carpet: This shop is owned by the Waterdhavian merchant Furjur the Flippant. He's an absentee owner; running the shop are six delightful women. The shop does have a dusty *flying carpet* for sale, for a sum of 45,000 gold pieces. The place is crowded with brass lamps, beaded curtains, and other items from the Shining South. This is the closest thing Sundabar has to a junk shop.

Gullaxe's Stairs, Rails, Poles, Staves, and Handles: Ondabar Gullaxe, a talented woodworker, specializes in smooth-turned wood, and makes handles for all tools and polearms. His talent is weeding out wood with inherent weaknesses and balancing perfectly at first attempt after once hefting the pike head, axe blade, arrowhead, or other metal part needing a handle.

Hammerlar's Fine Floors and Housework: Olen Hammerlar's work is most familiar to common folk. He's a house carpenter whose specialty is the one-day porch. He does lightning-fast work and can bring his own horse-driven sawmill to any place his wagon goes. He restricts his work to a six-day range around Sundabar.

Krystryn's Shelves: Krystryn Danard is tall and thin, with floor-length hair that's usually full of chips and curled shavings. She works and lives alone, demanding privacy for her art. Krystryn gives her work a very smooth finish. Some rivals insist she uses magic to do it.

Larantarn's Chairs and Stools: Ommagol Larantarn is an excellent woodworker, but he's never without a wine bottle, singing badly as he toils, hurling finished legs and seats over his shoulder to crash into the far wall as each one is done at the lathe. The wall is hung with heavy tapestries, and more are wadded up on the floor below it; he has no wish to damage his work. Ommagol has such a keen eye that he can make a stool and create another the same size and shape without referring to the first.



The Lutery: Jonstal Haerdrun's a grim, sharp-chinned giant of a man who makes wooden instruments. He's an accomplished musician, but he refuses to perform or tutor, spending his free time hunting for just the right trees deep in the northern forests. He often hires guards on these long, perilous expeditions and has proven himself a swordsman. Jonstal's a mystery man, hailing either from Neverwinter, Rashemen, or points east.

The Maiden at Midnight: This tavern and festhall is the only exception to the depressing tavern prospects of Sundabar. It's justly famous in the interior. This place can readily be found by its huge glowing signboard. It depicts a lady looking shocked, with one hand to her mouth and the other clutching the front of her gown.

The Maiden is dimly lit and hushed. The walls are hung with carpets and tapestries. The staff of escorts includes lizard women, gnomes, halflings, sprites, and humans. The Maiden is crowded but never seems so. It's a fun place, broken up into seemingly private alcoves and comers by means of tapestries. It has a ward that prevents fires, including magical ones. This keeps the tapestries from igniting. If they caught fire, the place would bum in a few breaths. Because of this, the kitchen and dining room are in a building next door, reached via a tunnel. The ward also prevents smoking. The Trap Door Room is in the cellar. Drinks are served through the ceiling by means of trap doors over each table.

Malshym's House: This inn caters to merchants, good folk, and other travelers who want no fripperies or nonsense in their accommodations. It's basic, unpretentious, and unexciting, but it's safe and clean.

Mith's Carved Whimsies and Woodcuts: Mith Tlalant is a childlike man who enjoys children and takes an almost innocent delight in the world around him. His hand-sized wooden carvings of birds, monsters, and people find their way as far as Kara-Tur and Maztica.

Naeth's Nails, Pegs, Locks, and Other Woodfinery: Naeth Robilar is the most skilled carver of them all, whittling wooden locks, nested spheres, and similar pieces. He can look at any lock mechanism that's missing part of its workings and draw, explain, or even whittle the missing parts (if it can be shaped in wood).

The Old Anvil Smithy Blacksmith: This noisy, sooty barn is the abode and workshop of master smith Alabuth Helfyn. He makes armor, anvils, and caltrops, an export for which Sundabar is widely known. These spiky devices were invented in Sundabar (independently of other places) to break mounted charges.

The Old Block: Faernden Laurauth and Basmel Torlstar are the bickering co-owners of this shop. To hear them fighting, it's hard to believe they're among Sundabar's best anything, but the furniture they produce is ordered in the hundreds by nobles, rich families, and folk further afield. Barges travel the Rauvin all the time with loads of their output. Owning Old Block furniture is a badge of wealth and good taste in places like the Tashalar and the city-states around the Lake of Steam.

The Old Fireblower: Talbut Minshar's old, narrow, crammed, and strong-smelling shop sells exotic tobaccos. He even makes a few himself and is famous for his carved pipes. Talbut makes a flute-like pipe that can be played as an instrument while one blows smoke out of it.

Old Ornar's: Ornar Myntul is the grand old man of Sundabar's woodworkers—he trained many of the best. Now, in his twilight years, he contents himself with whittling walking sticks with fearsome faces, while importing and selling fine beds and tables to those who can't afford the work of the other fine workers.

Shyndle's Lutes & Pipes: Anar Shyndle is the only woodworker not to have his shop on the Circle. His abode and workshop stands inside the Rivergate, and there he makes instruments said to be the best. "Pipes so good, satyrs play 'em," is his motto, since satyrs once stole all the pipes in his shop. Shoppers should be aware that Anar of the Lutery is a deadly foe.

The Sighing Sylph: This is a quiet drinking spot. It's unremarkable, except for its tasteless, life-size, door-statue of an immodest sylph. Pranksters often carry her off and perch her elsewhere in the city. Alternatively, they paint her interesting hues.

The Tabard & Tankard: This overpriced tavern's name alludes to its pretension to serving scholars, heralds, nobles, clergy, and wizards. If one doesn't care about money, one can enjoy privacy here. It's not a bad tavern, just unremarkable. The walls are covered with shields, bunting, cloaks, and tunics emblazoned with the arms of those who supposedly drank here.

Thimm's: Olosk Thimm is a giant of a man who puts replacement legs and tops on damaged furniture, except when he's up on a roof. He was once attacked by a bugbear patrol when splitting shakes alone in the forest and used his axe to slaughter them, bringing their heads back as proof. This was long ago, but folk still talk of Olosk calmly bowling the heads down one of Sundabar's streets to frighten an aggressive neighbor who'd been pestering him over some incident or other.

The Trumpet: This inn is the base of such adventuring bands as the Claws of the Crag Cat, the Ready Blades, and the Company of the Feystag. The inn specializes in putting patrons in touch with Sundabarians who provide discreet services. Innkeeper Gaurlar Darym and his staff are famous for handling anything. The tale is told of a baatezu being summoned in the lobby of the Trumpet. It was coolly destroyed by the staff, right before they ejected the mage who summoned it.

Unshimble's Ugly Face: This tavern is named for its signboard, a gigantic, screaming goblin head. Laborers gather here, aching, dog tired, and ready to fight.



The Delzoun



he cities of the Delzoun are adventurer territory. There are mountains to scale and orc-infested valleys to battle through. The meadows and pine-clad peaks are endless and it is rumored that dragons and giant bears live here.

CITADEL Adbar

This fortress is named for King Adbar, the ancient dwarf who built it over 1,000 years ago during the waning years of ancient Delzoun (the dwarven Northkingdom), making this the last shard of the dead dwarven kingdom. Quarried of granite, the Citadel, whose gate tower is visible above the surface, can house up to 60,000 dwarves in comfort; men find its miles and miles of defensive granite corridors, tunnels, and hallways twisting their way under the Ice Mountains too dark, dreary, and cramped.

This dwarven city doesn't welcome visitors. This is not surprising, as most visitors are orcs or monsters seeking the swift death of its citizens. The Citadel is a fortress, perhaps the mightiest castle north of Amn. It has ditches that can be filled with flaming oil, bridges that can be drawn up or swung down into deep pits, concentric rings of walls that can be defended one by one in the event of a powerful besieging army, and so on. The Citadel has withstood over 60 orc horde attacks thus far. Each of these were determined sieges by over 10,000 orcs at a time, and occasionally 10 times that number.

Despite its forbidding ways and remote location, Citadel Adbar is a trading city. Around 14,000 dwarves dwell here, forging and smelting finished work from ores. Their work creates quite a din and clangor, and a permanent cloud of smoke hangs over the city. These factors make a visit to Citadel Adbar very unpleasant for most folk. By and large, only metal traders and the most desperate or daring peddlers go there.

Orcs and prowling crag cats make the land around the Citadel so deadly that it is safer to bring caravans through the Underdark via Mirabar and Mithral Hall. These caravans bring mainly fruit, which the dwarves delight in eating during the winter.

Goods made in Citadel Adbar are considered top rank and available only at high prices. The Citadel's sword blades, axe heads, pick heads, and fine armor are used all over the North. Most human smiths in the communities of the North use forge bars (blocks of refined metal) from Citadel Adbar for their work. The dwarven smiths here also make armor and other weapons, and they mine mithral. Adbar armor is still the best dwarven make this side of the Deep Realm. The recent opening of long-abandoned Mithral Hall has made the largely mined-out mithral deposits of Citadel Adbar less important. The dwarves' output has dwindled in recent years, however, as the miners grow fewer and orc raids upon the trade-caravans grow fiercer.

The fortress humans see is only the small surface part of an underground dwarven hold known as Adbarrim. The Citadel exists to provide a secure connection with the world above and to keep the smoke, noise, and stench of metalwork out of the dwarven homes. Miles upon miles of chambers, passages, and suites have been carved out of solid granite. Like other dwarven communities in Faerûn, the number of dwarves here has been steadily dwindling.

King Harbromm, is noted for his attention to strategy and detail, and he is a master smith. The city's badge is his personal forge mark. It's an upright, single-bladed hand axe enclosed by a circle of flame inscribed in red on a silver field. He's managed to hold his community together in the face of threats from the orcish tribes.

The king employs human adventurers in patrols outside the walls, and he keeps 200 dwarves on the battlements of the Citadel. Another 1,500 are ready to take up arms if the horn call is sounded through the speaking tubes cut in the Citadel's rock. These tubes also allow dwarves to flee quickly underground by tumbling into them. In a day, Adbar can arm and armor 9,000 dwarven warriors (F2 to F5). Harbromm's policy is to safeguard the lives of his folk and to keep inside the Citadel whatever befalls. No army from the Citadel will sally forth to do battle with orcs or to aid other communities.



Deadsnows

Deadsnows was the keep of a human lord whose dream of establishing a kingdom here was shattered by relentless orc attacks. It's now home to 450 dwarves dedicated to the veneration of Marthammor Finder-of-Trails. The dwarves dwell in harmony with 30 human priests of Lathander. The humans serve Lathander in the promotion of growth and beginnings. To this end, they have a walled garden and a shop for experimentation. The walls of Deadsnows are studded with watchtowers covered with climbing roses. The flowers are tended by the priests of Lathander and provide cover for defenders.

The dwarves worship in a natural cavern beneath a tor rising at the center of the walled community. In troubled times, everyone retreats to the cavern and the entrances are walled off. The cavern has two secret paths into the Underdark, but they're guarded by traps to keep drow and other creatures from ascending into the dwarven halls.

Deadsnows is named for the battle that killed its lord. It was a winter skirmish that left orc and human bodies strewn over several miles of snow-covered ground. When the thaw came, the area became known as the Field of Wolves, because so many of the animals came to feed. Local trappers hired mages to slay the wolves with magic to obtain their pelts undamaged. The trappers acquired so many pelts that they paid the wizards and made a handsome profit.

In keeping with the dictates of their deities, Deadsnows makes any travelers other than armed orcs and evil beings welcome at the inn in the abbey forecourt. It provides desperate travelers refuge from winter weather and orcs. The priests of Lathander heal visitors in exchange for service, typically time on a fighting patrol scouring the mountain slopes near Deadsnows. Patrols drive out trolls, orcs, and predators attracted to the sheep and ponies kept in the two high, fenced meadows.

Places of Interest

Lathander's Workshop: This building is crammed with odd pieces of apparatus and failed experiments. Some adventurers have found this a source of metal gears, pulleys, wire, and locks, as well as bits and pieces that can be turned into weapons or armor.

The Rose and Hammer: Tended by the clergy of Lathander and Marthammor, this inn is clean but barren and cold, with construction and furnishings sculpted of stone.

Felbarr

Known by humans as the Citadel of Many Arrows and dwarves as Felbarr, the former home of orcs was liberated a short few years ago by the ambitions of Emerus Warcrown (LG dm F11), leader of Clan Warcrown. The circumstances surrounding King Warcrown's conquest of the citadel are detailed in the History section in Book 1.

In the two years that the citadel has been under dwarven control, the dwarves have managed to clean up the mess left by



its former inhabitants. This has consisted primarily of demolishing structures (while burning others) and fortifying the walls. The greatest feat of the dwarves was that of rebuilding the massive stone gates that were destroyed when the orcs battled one another. With the main gates sealed once again, the dwarves have had to worry less about roaming monsters wandering into the city.

King Warcrown has been fanatical about security, however, and a full compliment of dwarven guards stands watch at all times. This has necessitated the dwarves working double-shifts for more than a year (eight hours of rebuilding followed by eight hours of guard duty), but all of the dwarves understand the need. There is a proud sense of accomplishment in the air here, but each dwarf realizes their tenuous situation. An orc horde sweeping down from the mountains could very well spell their doom.

Fortunately, the dwarves have reinforcements on the way: 4,000 dwarves from the south heeding the call of King Warcrown. When spring arrives, the dwarves should have the manpower to hold the citadel. Currently, 1,200 dwarves and 250 humans (troops from Silvermoon) reside in Felbarr.

With Felbarr now allied behind Alustriel of Silvermoon, more and more cities believe that the former Citadel of Many Arrows has the ability to survive the inevitable clash with the orcs of the surrounding mountains. While a political crisis has yet to challenge the fledgling confederation of cities, the rulers of the allied cities are confident that Alustriel can guide them into Faerûn's future.



Places of Interest

Felbarr Fields: This is a vast wilderness area outside the main citadel that contains the very lifeblood of Felbarr: its gold and mithral mines. As dwarves and human miners slowly re-enter the abandoned mines, they're discovering a variety of monstrous denizens blocking their entrance into new-found wealth.

Hook horrors, orcs, grimlocks, and other beasts have been reported in the surrounding mines. The dwarves initially sent large groups to clear out the mines one by one, but they now prefer hiring adventurers to do the work for them.

Harmglade Arms: Anthos Harmglade (LG dm F5) has been a weaponsmith for hundreds of years. A known master of his craft, Anthos produces fine, bejeweled weapons with gold, mithral, and silver highlights. His work is outstanding, but his prices are equally noteworthy. A "typical" long sword manufactured by Anthos costs 150 gp.

Anthos has made it clear to King Warcrown that his shop should be considered an armory should Felbarr come under attack. After all, he stated, "no dwarf should ever fall to an orc because of a poorly crafted weapon."

The Stonemarch: This masonry shop is becoming the largest in the city, bringing dwarves to Felbarr with the lure of creating works of masterful stone. Owned by Banthor "the Razor" Stonemarch (NG dm P5 [Dumathoin]), the stonemasons are making rapid (in dwarven terms) progress toward rebuilding the city.

Lately, Banthor has been hiring bands of adventurers to go out to specific quarries and bring back stone that he's earmarked for certain sections of the city. While some adventurers have scoffed about being paid to haul rocks, Banthor's been paying good wages to those who do this back-breaking work for him.

Warcrown Hall: This is the new hall for King Warcrown that is still under construction. While once the main hall for the previous dwarven ruler, the hall is being totally reworked by the best dwarven craftsmen available. The dwarves are hoping to complete the hall by 1375, but the audience chambers and connecting passages should be finished late in 1370.





The Delimbiyr

The word “Delimbiyr” refers to the upper reaches of the River Delimbiyr and its tributaries. This is monster territory and travel here is dangerous. Most folk stumble into Llorck and Loudwater grateful that people actually dwell in the eastern-most lands of the North.

Llorck

Llorck was an important mining town of 2,000 humans and 300 dwarves. All were busy farming and taking iron and silver from shallow mines in the mountains. Those lodes were soon exhausted, and Llorck shrunk. The Zhentarim soon arrived and the last of the old lords, Phintarn Redblade, was found dead at the base of Lord’s Keep. Overnight, the Zhentarim installed their own man, Geildarr Ithym (LE hm W7), in the Lord’s Keep.

Four hundred purple-cloaked Lord’s Men (LE hm F1/F4) appeared. They fought several battles with the militia, easily slaughtering them under the pretext that the soldiers were troublemakers. This didn’t win Geildarr over with the townsfolk, and the dwarves left.

Zhent caravans began to arrive, needing accommodation, beasts, food, wagon repairs, and water. Townsfolk were pressed into work, and new but ugly inns and taverns were thrown up. The Ten Bells tavern was joined by the Drover’s Cup and the Wet Wizard (Geildarr is not sure if this is a pun directed at him). The Zhent arrival has been met with mixed feelings. Some view the increase in commerce as a sign of prosperity, while others see the unscrupulous elements increasing daily and feel less safe in their homes. Most inhabitants have thrown in with the regime, though they’ve no great affection for its leader, and the town is the endpoint of caravans from Darkhold.

The only inn in Llorck was run by Phintarn’s brother. Mysteriously, he died the night before his inn burned to the ground. Within a month, two new three-story inns opened. These are Tantarn’s Inn and the Six Shields. The former is pleasant. Tantarn is a veteran innkeeper from Iriaebor who fell on hard times during the recent Zhent troubles there. The Six Shields is no better than a Zhent barracks, full of muddy boots and rough fighters sharpening rougher swords. Three of the mines have been taken over for storage by the Lord’s Men. Monsters are said to have established lairs in some of the other tunnels, so the traveler hoping to use them for shelter had best beware.

The increased security in Llorck is due to Zhent fears that Hellgate Keep will send shapechanged tanar’ri to infiltrate and destroy the stronghold before it’s completed, so they’re rushing to strengthen their might. Except in the worst of winter, two caravans a week come from Darkhold, bringing weapons, Zhent warriors, and trade goods.

Work has begun on a ditch around the town, and fortifications are not far off. Zhent warriors are camped east and south of town, and Lord Geildarr is hiring adventurers to scout the mountains. He’s searching for lost magic to bolster his forces. Zhent troops have wrought two other large changes in town thus far: There’s money in Llorck and a temple to Cyric, the Dark Sun, presided by Mythkar Leng (LE hm P12). Despite its activity, the Black Network is confined to the area by the efforts of the Lords’ Alliance.

Loudwater

This town of 4,000 inhabitants spans the river, with an arching bridge made a millennia ago by the dwarf Iirkos Stoneshoulder for the elves who lived here at the time. The river was cut into a wide pool to provide a lading area for cargo and to carry the river’s flow around rocks that caused the rapids for which the town is named. The pool is crowded with flat-bottomed skiffs and barges for fishing or trading. It’s a human town today, although a quarter of the town’s inhabitants are half-elven descendants of Eaerlann. Loudwater citizens now make their living farming, fishing, and providing caravan services. Loudwater’s lands extend for two days’ ride along the river.





Loudwater's a beautiful place. No two buildings are alike, but all are overgrown by vines and hung with plants until they blend back into the forest. The village is a gardener's delight. Beautifully tended plants are everywhere—in houses, on roofs, every patch of ground, and the roadways. The streets are planted in tangle-moss. Streets wind and curve, meandering to take the best view or an interesting way, matching the town's pace. The town has no walls, just a rampart and a ditch, both planted with flowers. The closest thing to ugliness in Loudwater is its four harborside warehouses and the cooperworks.

Loudwater is defended by patrols of 20 warriors, the full guard numbering 300, under the two Gauntlets: Harazos Thelbrimm (LN hm F5) and Kalahar Twohands (CG hem F6). Both are under the command of the High Lord of Loudwater, Nanathlor Greysword (NG hm F11).

Nanathlor is a widely respected warrior and a careful, just, and loved administrator. His gray beard and long, flowing gray hair mark him as much as does the bastard sword riding on his back in its baldric. Nanathlor's a friend of the Harpers, who come to slay the Zhent agents scouting the town. With Orlbar now fallen to Zhentarim control, both Nanalathor and the Harper's are keeping a weary eye trained to the east.

Places of Interest

All Faiths Altar: This is a shrine open to the devout of all non-evil faiths. Travelers sometimes sleep here.

The Enchanter's Ecstasy: This cedar-roofed, fieldstone lodge is a pleasant place to sleep, but it is unexciting unless one fancies statuettes of smiling wizards, mermaids with fish spouting cascades into a fountain, enspelled clocks chanting the hours, doors that thank those who open them, chamber pots that light for use in the dark, and so on.

The High Lord's Hall: The Hall is a walled manor at the center of town. Agrath Dundai is spreading rumors of a crypt under the Hall that's haunted by undead to this day. Specifically the hauntings are the restless remains of former High Lords, some of whom dabbled in dark magic.

The Merry Mer-She: At night, this place is a tumult of loud music and frequent fights. It is not a place to relax or hold a conversation. The beer is watery, sometimes arriving in a hurtled tankard.

The Nighthunt: This comfortable place is a day's ride east of Loudwater, south of Dawn Pass Trail. This wood construction, heavily enspelled to prevent fire, is cloaked in pines and maples. The Lodge is named for a ghostly boar hunt that gallops into the South Wood on certain nights. The owner is Ildur Arntar (NG hm F16); a former ranger who lost his powers after an incident he won't talk about. He's a friend of the Harpers and a foe of the Zhent. Outspoken about the Zhent's hold on Llorckh, his days are numbered.

The Old Owl: This quiet place is favored by elders given to quiet conversation. Loud revelers are shown the door. The proprietor, a retired warrior, sets his prices low.

The Risen Moon Market: Across the street from the High Lord's Hall is the best produce shop in town, selling fresh

crops, except in winter. It stocks smoke-flavored mushrooms grown in the store's cellar.

The Scarlet Shield: This roadhouse's furnishings are deliberately rustic, as are its cleanliness and service. The seldom-seen help is generous when apportioning meals or handing out bedding. The inn is named for a rusting old shield borne in battle by the inn's builder, a warrior who's now dead. His nephew runs the inn and is full of tales that leave one thinking his uncle was the greatest warrior in all Faerûn.

The Smiling Satyr: This delightful place stands on a hill-top. The lane to the tavern is marked by a roadside statue of a dancing satyr with pipes. A permanent *magic mouth* spell emits soft piping sounds when anyone approaches within 20(FM) of it. Lore says that when the moon is full, the satyr whispers dark secrets of treasure and treachery.

Arvyn Umbryl, the proprietor, is an ex-adventurer of unknown accomplishments. He owns two fields on either side of the hill. A stream offers water, and both fields have outhouses, fire pits, and firewood. It's become a spot for guides, adventurers, caravans, and mercenaries to gather.

Inside, the flagstone floor leads to two huge hearths, one at each end of the taproom. The walls festoon with monster skulls, shields, weapons, and other trophies. Of note, two old, crossed battle axes on the wall behind the bar animate to protect Arvyn and his staff. They're *battle axes of dancing* that obey his command.

Tales of buried loot, treasure maps, and hidden caches cling to the Satyr. If even a tenth of them are true, it holds great riches for those who know where to look.

The Watchful Turtle: The Watchful Turtle rents guarded storage space. The Loudwater bridge next door has fanciful, snarling carved stone heads resembling dragon turtles that stare at the warehouses, giving the place its name. The proprietor, Agrath Dundai, is full of tales about Loudwater and the lands around.

Orlbar

This town consists of 450 shepherds residing on the north bank of the confluence of the Loagrann River and the Greyflow. Orlbar has nothing to recommend it to travelers except that it's a place to buy food and shelter. It has a drafty warehouse-like shrine shared by all faiths, where travelers sleep on the floor.

Up until the last year or so, Orlbar has remained a sleepy community. Last summer, however, the arrival of a Zhentarim caravan signaled the end of their freedom. Orlbar is now ruled by Felishar Ivarzin (LE hm W5), a former lieutenant of Geildarr Ithym of Llorckh.

The only place of true interest in the sleepy village is a temple to Iyachtu Xvim. The building stands mostly vacant unless a Zhent caravan winds through the city, although Felishar makes certain to attend weekly services.



Secomber

This major village of 200 (and 700 others living in surrounding hamlets) rests on the northwestern bank of the confluence of the Unicorn Run and the Delimbiyr River. Secomber stands on three hills atop the western fringes of a once-mighty city that was, if legends are true, the proud capital of the human realm of Athalantar, Kingdom of the Stag. Folk digging cellars turn up old cobbles and stone walls. Freed gargoyles are a recurring problem, but sometimes magic treasure is unearthed.

Secomber is a peaceful, boring village of fisherfolk, farmers, stonecutters, and guides and guards for frequent caravan traffic traveling west to Zundbridge and Ironford. Farmer holdings fan out northwest of the village, and the fisherfolk eke out a living spearing and netting fish and freshwater crabs from skiffs. The stonecutters manage a living quarrying pink granite from the cliffs marking the High Moor's northern edge. The town is very similar to Daggerford in design and lifestyle, but it is farther away from the main trade routes and is less important commercially. It does not have major resident nobility, though a few barons have holdings in the region.

Roughly half of the Secomberites are human; almost as many are halflings whose low, garden-adorned homes make the hills of the village seem more a terraced estate than a settlement. The remainder are dwarves of the Ironeater Clan and a scattering of gnomes and moon elves. It has a garrison of 30 soldiers provided by the Lords' Alliance dwelling in a small palisaded fort atop a hill and train 100 or so locals in swordwork and rudimentary tactics. Many of the swingswords hire as caravan guards.

The garrison, led by Traskar Selarn (CG hm F11), a ranger of some fame, patrols the farmland and vicinity diligently, capably dealing with the few orcs and bugbears who get this far. If they have to defend the village, they're aided by an iron golem and two-headed golems provided by Amelior Amanitas—and the mage himself, if he's at home. The winged but flightless golems look like giant gargoyles. (If it weren't for the on-again off-again residence of Amelior, who blows up laboratories or sends pieces of furniture to other planes, life in Secomber would be duller than it already is.)

Lord Traskar makes adventurers welcome in Secomber, and many adventuring bands and rangers use the village as a supply base for treasure hunting forays.

iance intervention. The village is a strategic wayside for Zhent caravans traveling from Anauroch to the Sword Coast. Dominance of this community would be difficult; a large base of operations would attract swift attention among the fishermen and farmers, and large numbers of the mainly human Zhentilar and Zhentarim would stand out amidst the population.





Places of Interest

The Seven-Stringed Harp: This tavern rests beside a pond in the center of the bowl between the three hills Secomber is built on. It's a ramshackle, sprawling building of many wings and bay windows and cupolas. It's easy to get lost inside, due to the alcoves, the dimness, irregular steps, and the odd pieces of furniture and tapestries salvaged from half a hundred Waterdhavian villas. Locals come to meet; merchants come to do business and hire guards. Beware when chatting, lest you be overheard by someone standing behind a tapestry. (Blades through a tapestry are considered bad form.) It's a hard spot to miss. It's overlooked by a floating, glowing, faintly playing harp. The harp's not an item, but a permanent spell by Amelior Amanitas. It's not solid and can't be disturbed.

This is a pilgrimage for minstrels in Faerûn. It's as the place where "The Ballad of the Dream Weaver" was first heard. There's rarely a night without three to seven bards in attendance, playing for free. Their presence makes this a noisy but melodic tavern. It's a place to watch people, with adventurers, pipe-smoking halflings, dancing gnomes, and gambling elves—but it's not a quiet place to relax or to conduct private business.

Forty winters ago, the tavern was just as ramshackle, but it lacked the name and reputation, when it was simply the Stag. A half-elven lady named Talanthe Truesilver sat down in the bar one night and sang "The Ballad of the Dream Weaver." It is now one of the most widely performed songs in Faerûn. Today, bards use this ballad to end long sets of songs and as a rumors compilation, adding legends and sights as verses.

The Singing Sprite: The Sprite is a solid-looking stone building that's cold and damp in winter, warmer and damp in summer. With its pleasant staff, it offers meeting rooms for hire and a superior feasting board. The innkeeper on duty is either Heverseer Windfeather or one of his three brothers—they work in shifts.

The Sprite is named for Lathiril Shrunne, the long-dead wife of its builder, the human wizard named Ganatharas. She was a sprite who sang atop tables to the delight of patrons. The present gnome owners don't go for such performances—not with the Harp across the road.

The inn has walls slathered with cream-colored plaster and hung with tapestries. The floors are polished duskwood, and the furnishings are old and comfortable—and every room comes with its own portable (by two strong people) polished copper bathtub.

The Sprite has secret rooms (actually storage closets), that the innkeeper allows guests to use. One room has mysterious maps scratched on its walls. The Windfeathers charge to look at these and claim they show the layout of a lost dwarven hold nearby—just where, they're not sure. The hold, Firehammer Hold, is said to hide rich treasure. The dwarves all perished through disease.

Zelbross

This hamlet is home to about 120 folk, mostly quiet farmers. At this point, the Shining River has rich natural clay pits along its banks. This may even be the reason the very old settlement was established. A dozen elderly craftsfolk in Zelbross make pottery of all sorts. Their work is excellent, and passing merchants and peddlers snap up all they can produce. Samples of their work have been seen as far east as Daggerdale, as far south as Chult, and even in distant Evermeet (or so the local rumor tells).

Zelbross is famous as a source of clay smoking pipes, baked iron-hard with a mottled, tortoise-shell finish. These pipes can be found throughout Faerûn.

Places of Interest

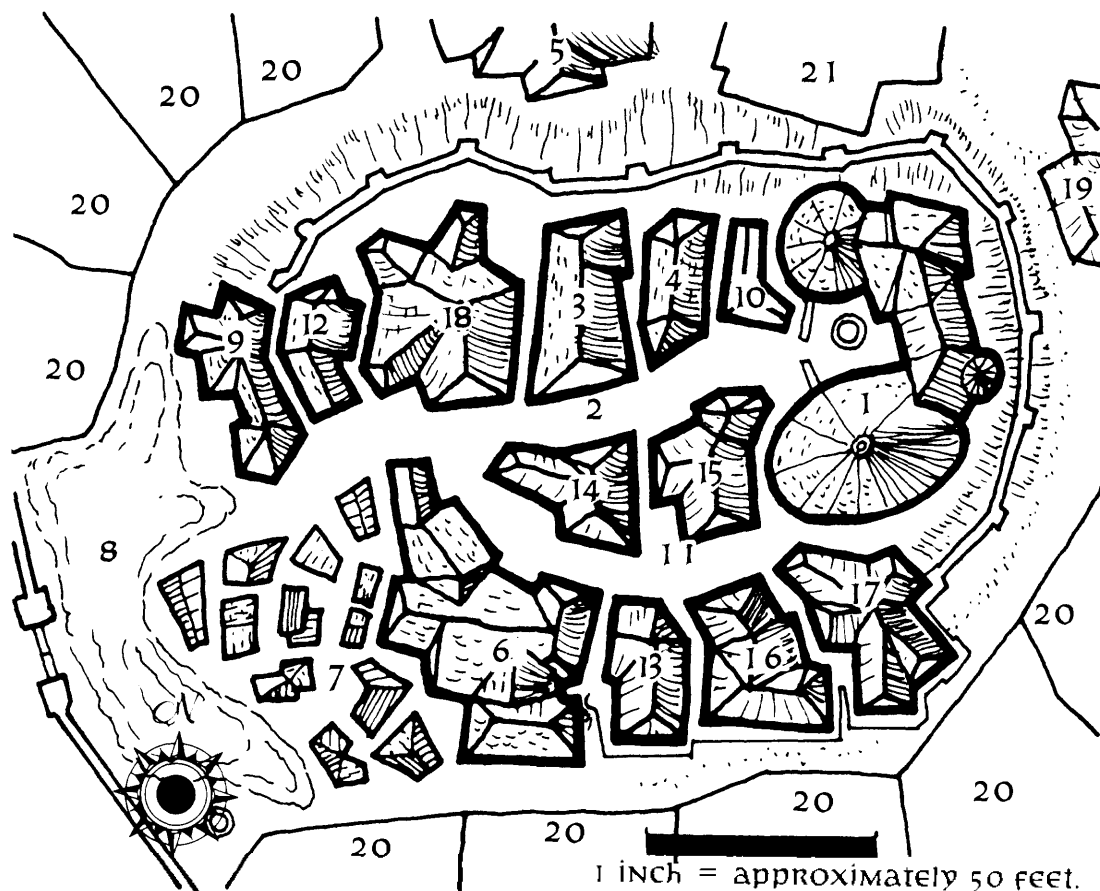
The Sly Fox: The Fox is the sort of tavern one would call rustic. It has a low-beamed, smoky taproom with a hearth surrounded by elders warming their toes and nursing tankards. They ignore visitors, who find the beer good but the wine awful. The other drinks available are unfiltered cider and a rusty-colored water that came from either a stagnant pool or a near-empty, shallow well.

The Sly Fox is rumored to be built on a mass-grave site. The sepulcher is believed to contain the remains of famous adventurers and warriors who fought battles or discovered important sites throughout the North. The tombs supposedly contain the long-moldered corpses of the individuals as well as all the gear they perished with. (Assuming the rumor glitters with a ray of hope, a PC may find the remains of a long-dead or even long-forgotten predecessor, giving a player character the chance to find an ancient ancestral magic item or family relic.)

The Last Place: The origin of this old, crumbling establishment's name has been lost over time; perhaps it was once the last inn on a particular route. The north bedchambers have nice views of the High Forest and shelter from road noise. The chambermaids are nothing to look at; they're either tainted with orc or ogre blood, with a personality to match if angered. If heavily tipped, they promise services that would make the strongest human and elf turn tail and run.

The food served here is reminiscent of a frontier town, which this is. The meats are heavily salted, which either means the salt wasn't steeped from the meat before cooking, or the meat was in a salt vat for years. In either case, expect a high bar tab after the meal.

Bargewright INN



Bargewright INN

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1. The Bargewright Inn | 11. The Back |
| 2. The Rise | 12. House of Belvyn |
| 3. Belvyn's House of Good Cheer | 13. House of Halduth Meer |
| 4. Shondrin's Packsack of Plenty | 14. House of Shondrin |
| 5. The Wet Crossing | 15. House of Rinthar |
| 6. Rinthar's Wagonworks | 16. House of Haeleth |
| 7. The Stalls | 17. House of Ruldarr |
| 8. The Mud | 18. Tabra's |
| 9. Haeleth's Horseshoes | 19. The Healing House |
| 10. Ruldarr's Pipes, Locks, Tobacco,
and Fine Furniture | 20. Rental Paddock |
| | 21. Inn Stables |

FORGOTTEN REALMS

CAMPAIGN EXPANSION

Adventuring Company _____

Symbol (if any) _____

Character Number	Player Name	Character Name	Class and Level	Race and Sex	Alignment	Character Name	Combat Adjustments	Armor Class and Type	Hit Points

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Advanced
Dungeons & Dragons®



Daggerford



Roll	Name	DM Notes
001—004	Aaggaard (LG hm)	_____
005—009	Absalon (NG gm)	_____
010—014	Adrian (CG hf)	_____
015—019	Aldo Manuzi (CN hm)	_____
020—024	Appian (LN dm)	_____
025—028	Archer (NE gf)	_____
029—033	Athenodore (CG hm)	_____
034—038	Aurelia (NG gm)	_____
039—043	Ausone (CN hf)	_____
044—048	Babek (N hem)	_____
049—053	Belknap (LN hm)	_____
054—057	Birde (NE df)	_____
058—062	Blunde (CG dm)	_____
063—067	Bogdan (LE hm)	_____
068—072	Boniface (LN hf)	_____
073—077	Burnet (NG gm)	_____
078—082	Cagniard (CN hm)	_____
083—086	Ceressola (CG gf)	_____
087—091	Chalon (NE gm)	_____
092—096	Chrysostom (CE hm)	_____
097—101	Cid (N hef)	_____
103—106	Colored (LE dm)	_____
107—111	Costanza (LG hm)	_____
112—115	Culant (NG hf)	_____
116—120	Damiron (CG gm)	_____
121—125	Dedekind (CN hem)	_____
176—130	Deodate (LN df)	_____
131—135	Ditarod (NE hm)	_____
136—140	Dmitri (CG dm)	_____
141—144	Dobner (NG hf)	_____
145—149	Drevet (CN hm)	_____
150—154	Duer (N gm)	_____
155—159	Eadie (LN gf)	_____
160—164	Ebelmann (NE hm)	_____
165—169	Ehrenfried (CG gm)	_____
170—173	Ekaterina (LE hf)	_____
174—178	Ekings (LN hm)	_____
179—183	Elfric (NG dm)	_____
184—188	Elton (CN gf)	_____
189—193	Emmerick (CG hm)	_____
194—198	Endlicher (NE gm)	_____
199—202	Falconer (CE hf)	_____
203—207	Febe (N hem)	_____
208—212	Finelli (LE hm)	_____
213—217	Fineo (LG df)	_____
218—222	Fluegel (NG dm)	_____
223—227	Fourier (CG hm)	_____
228—231	Frans (CN hf)	_____
232—236	Frellon (LN gm)	_____
237—241	Funck (NE hm)	_____
242—246	Gallus (CG gf)	_____
247—251	Geddes (NG gm)	_____

Roll	Name	DM Notes
252—255	Ghisti (CN hm)	_____
256—260	Gilj (N hef)	_____
261—265	Godde (LN dm)	_____
266—270	Godewijn (NE hm)	_____
271—275	Gotthard (CG hf)	_____
276—280	Greenehamme (LE gm)	_____
281—284	Haeberlin (LN hem)	_____
285—289	Hagar (NG df)	_____
290—294	Harman (CN hm)	_____
295—299	Hensel (CG dm)	_____
300—304	Hicetas (NE hf)	_____
305—309	Hoek (CE hm)	_____
310—313	Hrym (N gm)	_____
314—318	Huich (LE gf)	_____
319—323	Iapetus (LG hm)	_____
324—328	Ignace (NG gm)	_____
329—333	Irala (CG hf)	_____
334—338	Isabey (CN hm)	_____
339—342	Isacco (LN dm)	_____
343—347	Izard (NE gf)	_____
348—352	Jaafar (CG hm)	_____
353—357	Jaegar (NG gm)	_____
358—362	Jehoash (CN hf)	_____
363—367	Jodelle (N hem)	_____
368—371	Juenin (LN hm)	_____
372—376	Kaotsuu (NE df)	_____
377—381	Kefer (CG dm)	_____
382—386	Kikkert (LE hm)	_____
387—391	Klaproth (LN hf)	_____
392—396	Knupfer (NG gm)	_____
397—400	Ladislans (CN hm)	_____
401—405	Leclerc (CG gf)	_____
406—410	Lindet (NE gm)	_____
411—415	Locke (CE hm)	_____
416—420	Lucanus (N hef)	_____
421—425	Lynar (LE dm)	_____
426—429	Maas (LG hm)	_____
430—434	Meadmaker (NG hf)	_____
435—439	Michallon (CG gm)	_____
440—444	Mohsin (CN hem)	_____
445—449	Mugnoz (LN df)	_____
450—454	Mystens (NE hm)	_____
455—458	Naaman (CG dm)	_____
459—463	Neroni (NG hf)	_____
464—468	Nicocampus (CN hm)	_____
469—473	Noet (N gm)	_____
474—478	Nostitz (LN gf)	_____
479—483	Nuvolone (NE hm)	_____
484—487	Nymphes (CG gm)	_____
488—492	Oberan (LE hf)	_____
493—497	Oderick (LN hm)	_____
498—502	Olier (NG dm)	_____

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



Daggerford

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Introduction

Situated on the flood plains of the Delimbiyr and built against the side of a low hill, Daggerford is a small, walled community dominated by the small castle of the local duke. The city is sparsely inhabited but strategically located where the High Road crosses the Delimbiyr River on the south side of the ford.

This self-styled city is a town of about 500 folk. The town is the largest stop on the High Road between Waterdeep and Baldur's Gate. It's home to human craftsmen, a few halflings, and a handful of folk of other races. There are about 20 farming hamlets within a day's walk of Daggerford (15-20 miles), each of which is home to around five families. Each hamlet has a fortified building where the residents retreat in case of raids. There are also isolated farms and a few estates of minor nobility. In all, about 1,200 people depend on the Daggerford market for goods they can't make themselves.

Daggerford has three major geographical divisions. The first area is the town itself, which fills the western half of the walls. The second region is somewhat higher than the town and is known as the Commons, which is nothing more than a large pasture. The third area, located at the center of the Commons, is the castle of the Duke of Daggerford. Much of the castle has been recently rebuilt by a family of dwarves, making it somewhat more majestic and splendid than might be expected of a town the size of Daggerford.

Most of the town's buildings are built on the low ground below the hill holding the castle. The area surrounding the castle is almost entirely given over to the Commons, where horses and cattle graze in times of siege or river floods.

Most of the buildings are made of wood and thatch, but since Derval Iron eater's family brought their stone working skills to town a century ago, a number of people have built in stone. The duke, for instance, replaced the last wood in his castle with stone, the wall towers were rebuilt in stone, several important town buildings have been built or rebuilt in stone, and the protective walls that surround Daggerford are all of stone. Most of the residences in the crowded living areas are still made of wood, and placement of these wooden structures is sometimes rearranged due to the occasional fire. Fortunately, proximity to the river allows the Watermen's Guild to quench fires quickly.

Daggerford gained its name from an incident reported to have occurred 400 years ago. A wagonmaster traveling through the region sent his son ahead of the family wagon one evening to locate a safe passage across the Shining River. The boy, Tyndal, found the ford in the dark, but was attacked by a raiding party of lizard men. Defending himself with his sole weapon an old dagger, the lad slew six of the beasts before aid arrived from the wagons and drove the creatures away. The story spread among the merchants over the years, so that the ford, and later the town that grew up on its banks in the shadow of the legend, was known as Daggerford. This may be just a local legend, though many residents see truth in the old tale. The current Duke of Daggerford, Pwyll Daggerford (LG hm F6 [cavalier]), claims to be a descendant of this brave merchant boy, and the town's arms display a bloody silver dagger on a deep blue field.

When the elves of the Fallen Kingdom left for less crowded lands, a new kingdom sprang up, known now as the Kingdom of Man. It was during this period that the Dukes of Daggerford gained their titles and rights to all the lands bordered by the estate of Floshin to the north, the Lizard Marsh to the west, Dragonspear Castle to the south, and the Misty Forest to the east. At times, the dukes have actively controlled the entire area,



but these days they do not. They actually control far less—from about a half-day’s ride north of Daggerford, where their forces meet up with road patrols from Waterdeep at a little pond called Waypost Water, east to the hills of Laughing Hollow, and south to the hamlet of Bowshot.

About a century after the dynastic war destroyed the Kingdom of Man, the duke’s subjects began building their shops and homes outside the castle proper, closer to the Delimbiyr River. After a couple of problem-free centuries passed, the town became essentially independent from the castle, although a common wall surrounded them both.

For hundreds of years, the Duke of Daggerford controlled the town, but the town was given its own charter by Duke Conan 50 years ago. The Council of Guilds now has the power to run the town, although the duke has a fair bit of influence over their actions and decisions. The current duke, Pwyll Daggerford, seems to have no inclination to revoke the charter.

In a self-conscious imitation of the Lords of Waterdeep, the members of the Council of Guilds attend meetings in masks and never reveal their identities to the populace. However, the population of the town is too small for true secrecy. Everyone knows that the guildmasters are the members of the Council of Guilds.

Pwyll Daggerford is seldom seen in town. He’s either out hunting, in the castle planning how to defend his land, or discovering new ways to enrich his family and his people by shrewd investments. There are recurring plans to dredge the river and make Daggerford an important harbor in order to compete with nearby Waterdeep.

A lot of travelers stop in Daggerford at one time or another, using it as a base to explore the whole north. The bustle of Waterdeep seems far too distracting for the average adventurer, meaning that a smaller, more accessible town is desired. Daggerford strives to meet the demands of catering to adventurers, which both keeps its surrounding lands safe and keeps local merchants happy.

Services

Daggerford is trying to be a busy metropolis, but it’s still basically a frontier area that lacks many of the advantages found in a big city. It is just not large enough, for instance, to support very many craftsmen. What’s more, some of the Daggerford craftsmen aren’t quite as proficient in their chosen trade as their counterparts in larger communities.

Prices for simple items in Daggerford are the same as those given in the *Player’s Handbook*. More complex items, such as crossbows or plate mail armor, are not normally manufactured locally. These items may be purchased from passing merchants, but the markup is considerable, typically 100%. A suit of plate mail, which normally costs 600 gp, costs 1,200 in Daggerford—if it’s available at all. As a rule of thumb, any item costing more than 100 gp in the *Player’s Handbook* costs double in Daggerford.

There is not an alchemist residing in Daggerford. All potions are doubled in price when available, which is not often. Potions offered for sale must be brought in from Waterdeep or from the other end of the Trade Way, which gives Daggerford another excuse to kick up the price. Rare components for spells are even rarer in Daggerford and again cost more than usual. The only apothecary in town is a priest of the Chauntea temple, and his sales are part of the temple’s income.

What goods are available in Daggerford? All types of clothing are for sale, although garments made of cotton or silk are high priced. Most clothing is made of wool, provided by local sheep, and leather. Forget about exotic furs, unless the purchaser is willing to pay through the nose for them.

There are several blacksmiths in Daggerford who can provide simple weapons, such as swords and axes, and household equipment. Should either weapons or armor be damaged, the local craftsmen can mend them. There is much mended finery and weaponry on the streets of Daggerford, mostly dependable and reasonably priced.

Since Daggerford residents largely live off the land, many farming and fishing products are available. Produce, vegetables, and meats are available in abundance at affordable prices. Animals are common in Daggerford; animal care services and facilities abound.

Daggerford jewelers are always on the lookout for the occasional odd jewel that might find its way into town. Because these come to Daggerford so infrequently, jewelers lucky enough to snag one can ask—and easily receive—twice their normal selling price. Magical items are quite rare, also selling for double their expected price. There are a lot of Daggerford merchants who are unfamiliar with magical items and may inadvertently underprice them if they can’t figure out what they’re supposed to be. A fortunate buyer may walk away with a treasure at a ridiculously low price if he happens to visit the marketplace at the right time.



People

The racial mix in the Daggerford area is predominantly human—less than 15% of the population are demihumans. A few of the dependent hamlets consist entirely of halflings, but only a couple of halfling families live in Daggerford. There are very few dwarves, gnomes, and elves (aside from the elves of Laughing Hollow), but the ones who do live here are rather prominent in the community.

Races

While some nonhuman races live in Daggerford, most races still band together with others of their kind. The elves are the most notorious for avoiding human contact, though a determined adventurer can find a few strongholds of them surrounding Daggerford, notably Elorfindar Floshtin.

Elves

Since the demise of the Fallen Kingdom, elves have been in short supply around Daggerford. However, a few chose not to relocate to Evermeet, and they still live in some of the more isolated areas. Because of their love of nature, they are particularly at home in the forests and plains. Although they are seldom encountered in the cities, their fascination with fine jewelry and magic draws them to populated areas on occasion.

Gold Elves: One noble family of gold elves held on when the others left. Sir Elorfindar and his family maintains a high-elf presence in Daggerford to this day.

Moon Elves: Normally, this type of elf is in much shorter supply than the gold elves. This is not the case in the Daggerford area, mostly because of the great number of gold elves that left with the Fallen Kingdom. Some moon elves stayed with Sir Elorfindar after the Fallen Kingdom broke up. Others stayed in the area for reasons of their own. If not with Sir Elorfindar, moon elves can be found in the Misty Forest or the High Forest. They can also be found in the Waterdeep Woods, and some may be found in Daggerford. Most PC elves are either grandchildren or great grandchildren of Sir Elorfindar or of some of the moon elves who followed him.

Wild Elves: These elves never considered leaving their ancestral home. They are found these days in the Laughing Hollow and the Misty Forest. Because of their nature, they do not make good choices for PCs. However, since the Misty Forest elves interact with humans and other races on occasion, a wild elf player character should be from the Misty Forest. The wild elves from Laughing Hollow keep to themselves.

Dark Elves: Drow are said to reside in the bowels of the mysterious Dragonspear Castle. Whether actually there or not, it certainly is their sort of place.

Dwarves

What's left of the dwarven population is mostly represented by Derval Ironcutter's extended family in Daggerford. A few live in Secomber, a few more live in Waterdeep. There are not many left, but among the ones that remain, many long to regain some of the lost glory of the vanishing dwarven race. Owing to their love of drink, a tavern is a



likely place to encounter dwarves. Talk of gold or other precious metals is also sure to attract the attention of any eavesdropping dwarves.

Gnomes

There are a few gnome merchants in Daggerford, Secomber, and Waterdeep. Like the dwarves, gnomes are fond of drink and wealth, but they also enjoy the pleasures of nature. Look for them in a local tavern or near a beautiful meadow.

Halflings

Halflings are not very common in Daggerford, though the ones who live there are quite prominent. Secomber, however, is very much a halfling town—almost 50% of the population is under four feet tall. A few halflings can be found in Waterdeep and in some of the farming hamlets around The Way Inn. They are more open and outgoing than either dwarves or elves and get along well with most other races.

Gossip and Rumors

Like all towns, there are many rumors that make the rounds in Daggerford, and like all rumors, they are true and false to varying degrees. Likewise, Daggerford residents accept a certain number of rumors as common knowledge, and these rumors are considered to be true whether they actually are or not.

Below is a list of some of Daggerford's most frequently heard rumors and gossip. Some may or may not be true, and it's up to the Dungeon Master to decide which ones are factual; these rumors are marked with a (*). The DM is encouraged to add his own rumors to the list, especially a few tied to the PCs themselves or their previous deeds.

The PCs may learn of these rumors through discussions with NPCs or may overhear them in a tavern. When and where they are heard (if at all) is up to the DM.

2d10 Rumor Overheard

- 2* One of the barmaids in the River Shining Tavern knows what happened to Hellgate Keep and is hiding from Harper and Zhent alike.
- 3* Lady Bronwyn became an agent for the Harpers during her adventuring career. She still reports to them once each month in Waterdeep.
- 4 Waterdeep plans to expand its hold of the North to include Daggerford. The duke's not very happy about it, and he's planning to resist any military invasion of his duchy.
- 5 Gwydion, the court wizard, is hardly ever seen in public nowadays. He spends most of his time cooped up in his home, hiring adventurers to seek out strange tomes and spell components.
- 6 Fulbar Hardcheese has thousands of gold from his days as an adventurer. He keeps them in a secret cache in his tavern.
- 7* The Zhentarim are planning to open up a school of magic in Daggerford, and they've already paid a lot of gold to the duke for the privilege.
- 8 Elorfindar Flosin has four full-elf children and several half-elf children. He's still alive but rarely leaves his estates north of Daggerford. His children teach magic to the local elves.
- 9 Elorfindar is planning on moving into Daggerford because he's getting too old to take care of himself. (False)
- 10* A powerful force of lizard men led by a lich called Redeye are threatening the town again. They demand that the duke pay 10,000 gold pieces each year to avoid being attacked. The duke has hired three bands of adventurers to investigate. Thus far, none have returned.
- 11* A gobble of trolls has taken over part of the Daggerford sewers! The Watermen's Guild is offering a hefty reward for adventurers strong enough to brave the stench of both the sewers and trolls.
- 12 A group of red-robed men have been in town looking for a lost comrade—his spell book, most likely. Their investigations have centered around The Cow, but no one claims to have seen their "friend."
- 13 The Laughing Hollow has many wild elves and other creatures such as pixies, centaurs, satyrs, and more. It's also a source of weird magic that can turn normal weapons into horribly cursed instruments of death.



- 14* Bandits are once again becoming a problem along the High Road. Despite the best efforts of the 3rd Company, the bandits always seem to be one step ahead of them. The duke and Llewellyn are both beginning to believe that there is an informant supplying information to the bandits about the 3rd Company's movements.
- 15* The Delimbiyr's supply of fish has been dropping steadily over the years. In fact, many dead fish can be seen floating down the river toward the Sea of Swords. An evil wizard of great power near Highstar Lake is poisoning the water, trying to slay the humans living along the river.
- 16* A glass blower from Yartar is moving into town next week, hoping that the trade routes through Daggerford prove more profitable than the bickering market of Yartar and Triboar. They say he's a member of the Zhentarim.
- 17* Brigands are stopping trade traffic three days south of Daggerford. They're charging a 2% tax and killing all those that refuse to pay. The brigands report to Sherlen Spearslayer, the commander of the Daggerford militia.
- 18* The Rat Hills are slowly killing off the population of Waterdeep. Many of the businesses are looking to move elsewhere, and the first place they look to is Daggerford. Just last week, seven businesses closed, and they're loading their caravans and heading south bringing a great deal of wealth with them.
- 19* Nanteuil is suspected of trying to bum down the Lady Luck tavern. He killed a woman while drunk some years ago, and since he got out of prison, he's done an about-face. He's now crusading for a ban on all alcohol within Daggerford.
- 20* Korin, ruler of Illefarn, is still in the process of rebuilding Illefarn and is looking for adventurers to handle some local troubles. He's believed to be Derval Ironeater's brother.



MILITIA



When a crisis is at hand, the town has two elements to defend itself. The first is the local militia. Because of the occasional menace from the Lizard Marshes to the west and the eastern High Moors, this militia is fairly large and reasonably well-trained. Still, this group is only the second line of defense.

The main force that can be directed at an enemy is the 3rd Company, the High Guards of Waterdeep. This band of 100 skilled warriors is stationed in Daggerford but spends most of its time patrolling the countryside. The 3rd Company is theoretically under the command of the Duke of Daggerford, but it owes fealty to the Lords of Waterdeep.

TRAINING IN FIGHTING

By agreement with the duke, the town maintains its own militia, trained by Sherlen Spearslayer. Every healthy human resident of the town between the ages of 15 and 35 is required to be a member of the militia. Halflings between 22 and 60, dwarves between 35 and 120, gnomes between 50 and 250, and elves between 150 and 500 must also serve 20 years in the militia. Only pregnant women and mothers with young children are excused, and then only until the children are five years old. The territory around Daggerford is occasionally besieged by evil invaders, and everyone must be ready to defend their homes and lives.

Transients of the right age find themselves either training with the militia or asked to leave town. If a person stays longer than two weeks, a soldier shows up to induct him. Of course, the person can try to evade this duty, but this is difficult in a town the size of Daggerford. Anyone can avoid the duty by paying the expenses of another militiaman, but most residents spend the time rather than the money.

Those living in outlying areas are also expected to have militia training and duty. This is mainly accomplished by local musters, usually at the estate of a local baron or nearby fortification. Representatives of the Daggerford militia ride out to the muster and help with the training.

New militia recruits are taught to ride and to use a spear. Each militiaman is given one spear and one suit of studded leather armor. If the armor is ruined in any way, the militiaman must replace it. Spears are replaced free.

Militia duty is actually quite light, except in times of trouble. Militia members must show up for training at least one day per month. Some come more often and gain proficiency earlier than their peers. The militia is split up into various troops, and these troops meet on different days. Generally, an inexperienced soldier trains while more experienced ones are on guard duty. Militia troops must stand guard three days out of the month, acting as both a street patrol and wall guard. Usually, at least two veteran troops are on duty on any given day, while the new troops train and help the veterans.

Militia training is sufficient to bring a character up to 1st level of experience. Militia members can gain further experience in the performance of their duties. Militia members are not just fighters. The general success of adventuring organizations has taught the village elders that all walks must participate in the defense of the area, so clerics and wizards both are pressed into militia service. Rogues are considered fighters for the purposes of the militia.





Any militiaman who can afford weapons like maces and swords is trained in their use by the duke's master-at-arms, Sir Llewellyn Longhand. He also provides advanced training in swords and riding to the minor nobility. The duke's master of the hunt, Kelson Darktreader, gives instruction in bows and other hunting weapons to those with talent.

The main problem of the militia is that of hanging on to its veteran members. If they gain any significant expertise, the veterans consider hiring themselves out as mercenaries, caravan guards, or even start an adventuring career of their own.

All militia equipment aside from spears and armor must be supplied by the militia member, although the militia has the use of medium horses owned by the town. The town must be repaid for the loss of a horse, either with money or with extra militia service. Militia members who die in the line of duty are raised from the dead if possible. Veteran militia members have priority for *raise dead* spells.

Militiamen who participate in combat or other hazardous missions are entitled to split any loot they obtain among them. The town is entitled to buy any magical

items deemed necessary for the well being of the town. Militiamen who train others are paid a fee of 5 sp per day of training times their level. Note that 1st-level militiamen cannot train other militiamen.

Training in Magic

The main teacher of magic in the area is Delfen "Yellowknife" Ondabarl, a mage who lives in a small tower on the wall of Daggerford. Delfen takes in apprentices, and he generally has three or four students at any one time. He is contracted to the town of Daggerford to provide training for novice spellcasters. He also trains his apprentices in knife fighting.

Lady Bronwyn has pretty much replaced Gwydion as the duke's court wizard. She takes on apprentices from time to time, requiring only that they stay in the Daggerford area for at least five years when they've completed their training.

There are few illusionists openly working in Daggerford, though gnomes can get illusionist training from Korbus Brightjewel or Czsudleaux. Human illusionists





are going to have problems finding someone to train them, though Czsudzleaux would be their best bet.

There are four places of worship in Daggerford. The largest is the temple of Chauntea, the Lady of the Harvest. Priestess Maerovyna presides over this temple. Those who worship other deities also worship at small shrines maintained by Maerovyna and her acolytes. Maerovyna instructs novices in the ways of religion and the soil, but she direct new followers interested in becoming druids to the temple of Chauntea in the Misty Forest.

The temple of Lathander is on the hill next to the duke's castle. The duke himself worships here, as do most of the castle's residents. As the highest-ranking priest in town, Liam Sunmist ministers to all who need him and trains anyone who comes to him for instruction.

The shrine of Tempus is one of the newest religious additions to the town. Its priest, Baergon Bluesword, is there mostly for the Waterdeep troops, but many other militia members and adventurers who had to fight in the Dragonspear invasion have developed an interest in Tempus, and his small shrine is becoming crowded.

On the other hand, the shrine of Tymora has been a part of the town for centuries. This patron of adventurers has a number of worshipers, but not enough to warrant construction of a temple. The priest, Bando the Lamé, has tended the shrine for many years.

The local militia, under the stone-faced Sherlen Spearslayer (LN hf F9), is always looking for stout fighters due to the "luring away" of normal militiamen to higher-paying jobs. The militia is always busy patrolling the claimed ducal lands, and many youths and adventurers down on their luck have spent a season fighting brigands, lizard men, and the occasional predatory monster.

All able-bodied townsfolk must serve in the militia, although only a small number are normally on duty. They spend most of their time on road patrols, though a close watch is kept on the Lizard Marsh.





The City

The shops and homes of the inhabitants of Daggerford are listed below in numerical order. Refer to the right side of the Daggerford poster map for a breakdown of these locations by type. On this map, for example, all clothing shops are bundled together, as are all weapon and armor smiths.

Daggerford's Quarters

While Daggerford is not the sprawling community that Waterdeep is, the small town is roughly organized into wards. Most of the townspeople refer to the areas of town by the quarter first and the street name second.

Rivermen's Quarter

This area of town is primarily occupied by those people who make a living from the Delimbiyr River—fishermen, dock workers, small merchants, and rivermen. This includes those who make regular runs up the river to Secomber and back. While most traffic abandons the river to take the High Road at Daggerford, some traders continue downriver to sell their goods at other hamlets and holdings. The Rivermen's Quarter features locations 10 through 44.

The Money Quarter

This is the wealthy section of Daggerford. It's a district of well-maintained, excellent-quality homes with little parks surrounding them. The successful merchants who don't live over their businesses live here, as do a few rich former adventurers. Some minor nobility with local holdings in the area have small townhouses here. The Money Quarter features locations 45 to 57.

Caravan Quarter

This section of wooden buildings—mostly hotels and shops—serves as a station for traveling merchants and traders who want to set up shop for a time in Daggerford. During the winter, when the caravans aren't moving, the quarter is virtually unpopulated. The permanent population in the quarter has traditionally consisted of the few demihuman (halfing) residents not associated with major merchant families like those of Derval and Korbus. However, several farmers who formerly lived in the Farmers' Quarter have been moving into the Caravan Quarter, increasing both the human and domestic animal population. The Caravan Quarter features locations 58 to 91.

Farmers' Quarter

This region of the city is mostly occupied by the farmers who till the soil in the northern fields. Some have small herds of cattle and sheep, while others have chickens in the backyard. This area is crowded, noisy, full of animals, and has a definite odor. The Farmers' Quarter features locations 92 through 144.



City Details

N PC descriptions are listed under their residence, or if they live at, above, or under their place of business, they're detailed along with the business information. There are 13 locations left blank. These locations are designed for DM use—for allowing the PCs to build homes or businesses, for special NPCs, or for any other purpose that fits the campaign.

Normal Citizens

Daggerford, the city proper, that is, has 500 inhabitants. It seems rather unfair to simply ignore these individuals, and in order to make the town feel like it is a living entity, the Dungeon Master is given a list with the remaining citizens. Children under the age of 13 years are not included on this list.

The table on the inside front covers of this booklet lists these lesser NPCs along with their alignment, race, and sex. As encounters are determined (whether random or intentional), the DM can either choose the NPC that's encountered or roll randomly. To use this table, since its range is 1 through 1,000, the DM should roll three 10-sided dice of three different colors. The colors suggested are red, white, and blue (red for the hundreds value, white for the tens value, and blue for the integer value). After rolling the dice, the DM places them in color order, and reads a number from 001 through 1,000 (with 000 being 1,000).

The blank line to the right of each entry is for a brief note about the individual. Jotting down information like "physician" or "art collector" makes it easier for players to establish contacts in Daggerford.

Daggerford Details

Each of these locations are detailed on the Daggerford Poster Map. As a reminder, locations not detailed in this section are vacant buildings typically for sale to ambitious adventurers with coins to spare.

1. Towers

The 30-foot-tall towers of Daggerford are constructed of stone and firmly set on bedrock. They're split up into three stories plus the roof on which watchers keep their lookout. Most of the area in the towers is used for storage of war gear. Off-duty militiamen often rest here.

2. Cisterns

These tall, stone structures are kept filled by the Watermen's Guild. The water is used for the horses pastured on the Commons, as storage in case of siege or fire, and for other reasons of importance to the city council and duke.

3. Farmers' Gate

This is the most commonly used of the city's three gates as it's the closest to the fields outside of town. It's left open, even at night, unless times are troublesome. The gate is built into a broad tower and has just enough room for one farm cart to enter at a time. The gate is about 10 feet tall.

4. River Gate

This is the third of the city's three gates and provides access to the Delimbiyr River and waterfront district. It's normally open during the day and closed at night—especially during the flooding season. Like the Farmers' Gate, there's a tower built around it. It's mainly used by water carriers who fetch river water for the town. What few wells there are in the town are normally kept untapped in case of siege.

5. Delfen's Tower

When the mage Delfen "Yellowknife" Ondabarl (CN hm M12) came to Daggerford several years ago, the north wall tower was under construction. He offered the town a large "donation" and a promise of magical aid in exchange for the tower. Delfen has grown to love his adopted city, and he joined the militia in its defense. Over the many years he's lived in Daggerford, no one has had reason to question Delfen's loyalty to Daggerford or his mastery of spells.

The tower's arrow ports are smaller than usual, since all they're needed for is room to allow a mage clear sight for targeting spells. The windows facing in are larger, allowing Delfen to look out over the town when he desires. Like all the other towers, this one is three stories tall. The top story is Delfen's living quarters. He teaches his apprentices on the second story, which also doubles as a dormitory for those students who live at the tower. The first story contains a stable for his riding mule and is used for general storage.

Delfen is an affable mage who is bearded, short, and increasingly stout. Delfen is an ex-adventurer and one-time resident of Iriaebor who retired to Daggerford more than 15 years ago to pursue tutoring would-be mages.



Passing adventurers have identified him as having a good reputation as an adventurer in Iriaebor, but how he came to retire in Daggerford is a question he's never felt the need to answer. He is somewhat rare for a wizard: a willing, patient teacher of magic who takes on new apprentices and is easy about payment. He's been known to cast a spell or two for hire, aiding adventurers and others with the gold to pay for his services.

Word of Delfen has spread from Icewind Dale to the northern towns of Calimshan, but the mage enjoys a life of training and ease. He's not at all interested in the dangers of resuming an adventuring career, but he loves to listen to tales of the exploits of others and take from them hints about treasures not yet plundered to dispense as sage advice to others.

Delfen is well liked by his apprentices and former students. They tend to think of him as more powerful than he really is because—wisely—Delfen doesn't reveal much of his powers or past. He's known to possess a library of spell books, a gold-trimmed *dagger* +2 (hence his nickname), a *staff of power* (15 charges), a *ring of regeneration*, a lavender and green, pearly white, and pink set of *ioun stones*, *bracers of defense* AC 3, a *ring of wizardry* (levels 1-2), a *wand of fear* (33 charges), and at least a handful of spell-charged *chardalyns*. Many of the spell books were purchased from passing adventurers.

He has devised some way of alerting his apprentices and the soldiers of Daggerford Castle if he's wounded or one of his magical items is taken from his person by force. When out roaming the city streets or when on patrol, Delfen typically has the following spells memorized: 1st Level: *burning hands*, *charm person*, *comprehend languages*, *light*, *magic missile*, *protection from evil*, *read magic*, *sleep*; 2nd Level: *continual light*, *detect evil*, *detect invisibility*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *strength*, *vocalize*, *web*; 3rd Level: *haste*, *lightning bolt*, *protection from normal missiles*, *slow*; 4th Level: *dimension door*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, *polymorph other*, *stone-skin*; 5th Level: *Bigby's interposing hand*, *cone of cold*, *hold monster*, *wall of force*; 6th Level: *Bigby's forceful hand*.

6. Ducal Castle

This is the home of the Duke of Daggerford and his family. The castle is based on the first building in Daggerford, but it has changed a lot since the old days. For a while, it was the only building, a simple wooden structure surrounded by a palisade fence. After it burned down during an orc raid, the duke rebuilt in stone. He created a three-story stone keep on the hillside and surrounded it with a two-story stone wall. After the orc

raiders were hunted down and destroyed, the people of the castle began building outside the walls of the castle, eventually creating the town as it stands today.

The ducal gate leads to the city and is always open. Inside the courtyard are the duke's private parade grounds, a blacksmith shop, and a stables. The larder is well-stocked with preserved food—enough for a year's siege. About 50 people live in the castle, and there's enough room for 100 more. Most of the duke's men-at-arms live in town, but his select guard lives in the keep.

Duke Pwyll Daggerford (LG hm F7 [Cavalier]) is a retired adventurer, as is his sister Bronwyn. Both act to defend the city if it falls under attack, and they remain behind and protect it when the militia and 3rd Company ride forth.

Another hero, Lord Llewellyn Longhand (NG hm F9 [Cavalier]), serves as the head of the military and marches with it when it leaves town. Although he's been offered a residence within the castle, Lord Longhand keeps his own residence in town. At one point, Llewellyn was interested in ruling Daggerford as its duke, but he has since settled in to serving as Daggerford's military leader and is loyal to Duke Daggerford.

Bronwyn Daggerford (CN hf M9) is the duke's middle-aged sister. When she learned that her father planned on turning the "kingdom" over to Pwyll, Bronwyn concentrated on becoming the best wizard possible. She developed a friendship with the court wizard, Gwydion, and became his student.

About eight years ago, Bronwyn disappeared for more than two years while she tried her hand at the "adventuring life." Leaving a note for Gwydion explaining her absence, Bronwyn left town with an adventuring company known as the Iron Edge. She returned around five years ago with wealth of her own and a vast increase in magical ability.

The Iron Edge companions meet in Daggerford every year during Bronwyn's birthday. Most of the company are now retired, living in Secomber, Waterdeep, and Ruathym.

She carries a *ring protection* +2, *bracers of defense* AC 4, a *staff of thunder & lightning* (12 charges), a *ring of free action*, and a *dagger* +3 (rumored to be the dagger that gave Daggerford its name). She normally memorizes the following spells: 1st Level: *burning hands*, *color spray*, *magic missile*, *spook*; 2nd Level: *Melf's acid arrow*, *mirror image*, *ray of enfeeblement*; 3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *Melf's minute meteors*, *wraithform*; 4th Level: *fire shield*, *minor globe of invulnerability*; 5th Level: *hold monster*.



Duke Pwyll “Greatshout” Daggerford came into dukedom when his father, Duke Pryden, fell fighting the onslaught of the forces of Dragonspear Castle. As the oldest—and only—male heir to the name, Pwyll became Duke of Daggerford.

Pwyll was only 25 years old and enjoying the adventuring life when his older brother, Merovy, died while adventuring along the Unicorn Run. Duke Pryden realized his sole remaining heir needed training in land rulership and recalled Pwyll back to Daggerford to learn his future role. Pwyll chafed against this restriction of his adventuring life, but he saw the necessity and acceded to his father’s demands.

Pwyll gained his nickname of “Greatshout” after swallowing an unknown potion he discovered in the sack of Dragonspear Castle. Apparently, the liquid gave him the ability to shout as if he were using a fabled *horn of blasting*. His voice is considerably roughened from when he set out on that last campaign, but no one has seen or heard him use the “Great Shout” since he came back from the wars. There were many stories of its use during the last weeks of the campaign, though.

The sword *Lawflame* is the traditional sword of the Dukes of Daggerford, dating back to the first duke, who was given it by Sir Elorfindar Flosin. *Lawflame* is a *bastard sword* +1 *flame tongue*, (Int 15, Ego 11) that speaks lawful, common, elf, and dwarf languages, and can cast *detect evil*, *detect magic*, and *clairvoyance* (each once per day). Pwyll also carries a *ring telekinesis* (6 charges), 3,000 gp, *plate mail* +2, and a *shield* +2.

Gwydion pen Dafwyd (LN hm M14) is now an ancient human, probably 80 years old but appearing even older. While he retains the title of Court Wizard, Bronwyn manages the day-to-day magical affairs of Daggerford, leaving the old wizard to his tomes and books.

One such tome that has consumed the old wizard’s time is a book describing the process of achieving lichdom. Gwydion has read through the book numerous times now, but he’s not really fond of the idea of becoming a lich (that some adventurers would probably feel compelled to hunt down and destroy, no doubt). Instead, he’s been sending off adventuring companies on a mad hunt for potions of longevity. So far, none of the companies have been successful, and lichdom is looking like the only option left for him.

Gwydion prides himself on his gray hairs and scholarly appearance. He’s a self-pronounced expert on the dukedom’s history and the genealogy of the ducal family. Decisiveness is not Gwydion’s dominant trait. He

dithers over a decision for months before coming to an easily swayed conclusion.

He has a *crystal ball*, *cloak of protection* +3, *wand of fireballs* (15 charges), and a *quarterstaff* +3. He has the following spells typically memorized: 1st Level: *comprehend languages*, *detect magic*, *protection from evil*, *read magic*, *wizard mark*; 2nd Level: *continual light*, *detect evil*, *ESP*, *mirror image*, *strength*; 3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *hold undead*, *lightning bolt*, *protection from normal missiles*, *wind wall*; 4th Level: *detect scrying*, *dimension door*, *Rary’s mnemonic enhancer*, *wizard eye*; 5th Level: *hold monster*, *Mordenkainen’s faithful hound*, *teleport*, *wall of force*; 6th Level: *geas*, *globe of invulnerability*; 7th Level: *Bigby’s grasping hand*.

7. Lathander’s Temple (Moonglow Tower)

This is the largest religious center in Daggerford, directly supported by the duke and his family, and it shares the hillside with the castle. Liam Sunmist (LG hm C10) leads worship of this bright god of new beginnings and lends magical aid to those in need. He is the only priest in town capable of casting a *raise dead* spell, and he can only cast it once a day. He never charges for this favor, but he has his own ideas about who gets raised first. Not surprisingly, the ducal household tops the list.

8. Stables

This is the general livery area for the entire town. The civilian populace, militia, and 3rd Company from Waterdeep all stable horses here.

9. Mikitan Shipyards

Being right near the River Gate, this shop is able to make larger watercraft than its competitor, Dekorán Boatwright, who’s landlocked on a narrow lane. This has done nothing except make Mikitan (CG hm F4) a very rich and powerful man.

10. Mariners’ Alliance

This two-story building contains meeting rooms, archives of sailors’ journals, nautical charts and maps, and bunk rooms for visiting guildsmen. If one wants to find a job on a riverboat or on the high seas, this is the best place in town to find one, but one must become a guild member first.

11. Kaulbach’s Residence

Kaulbach (LG hf P2 [Tyr]) is an “apprentice priest” of Tyr and is looking for a higher-level priest to follow and



learn from. She doesn't seem to realize she's well on her way to gaining apprentices herself. She's looking for a way to establish a shrine, and eventually a church, in Daggerford.

12. Olin's Residence

Olin (LE hm T2) had no luck whatsoever in his earliest years of adventuring. One day, though, he and his company came upon a cache of a lifetime. Together, he and his adventuring companions found over 45,000 pieces of gold, splitting it seven ways, donating two portions to the wife of one member and the orphaned son of a second. Olin retired immediately after the split, and Daggerford just happened to be the first place he came across. In the three years he's lived here, Olin has spent about half of his stash.

13. Soumet's Residence

Soumet (NG hf F3) is an unusual woman. She married an adventurer, attracted to his danger-loving, free spirit. She went with him on an adventure and promptly divorced him for another adventurer in the company who loved the adrenaline of life-threatening situations more than her former husband. Within a matter of two years, she ended up marrying five of her first husband's six company members. Soumet's fifth husband dumped her in Daggerford after the six company members sat down and discussed her effect on their morale. To this day, she's still legally married to her fifth husband but is looking for another to take his place.

14. Pauldine's Residence

Pauldine (NG hef P1 [Chauntea]) is a traveling priest who plans to spend the next couple of years in Daggerford. She has a collection of scrolls containing spells of up to 5th level that she is holding onto in the hopes of being able to use them one day.

15. Nanteuil's Residence

Nanteuil (NG dm P3) was a priest of Muamman Duathal but fell from favor when he took to drinking wine to excess and murdered a fragile young half-elf woman. He didn't remember his crimes, but he was told of his actions by several witnesses. He was taken into custody and served 85 years of hard labor (converting very big rocks into pebbles) for his crimes.

To this day, he remains unmarried with no children and refuses to drink (in fact, he's very much against the consumption of alcohol). The Daggerford constabulary

keeps an eye on this gruff dwarf since he's the prime suspect in the attempted arson of one of the local taverns. Each year he tries to convince the duke to ban the use, sale, and possession of alcoholic substances, but each year he fails (the duke enjoys a draught every now and again).

16. Watermen's Circle

This is the home of the Watermen's Guild who are responsible for providing most of the water used in town. While there are several wells in Daggerford, most are capped so they're available in case of siege. The water carriers' carts go several hundred yards upstream of the town to get the purest possible water for their customers.

Everyone pays a tax to support the guild. The Watermen's Guild is responsible for other water-related activities in the town, including suppressing fires and making sure that drainage ways are working so all excess water flows back into the river. Guild members can be identified by their distinctive blue caps and blue carts.

17. Maranta's Residence

Maranta (LG hf C5) keeps to herself. No one knows who she worships—all they know is that she is, or at least used to be, a priest of a good or nature-loving deity. She has not spoken for the seven years she's been a resident.

Maranta's voice was robbed from her by a powerful curse from, Alustriel believes, the avatar of Malar. Maranta has been unwilling to speak of the matter to any who have been made aware of the curse through Alustriel, including Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and at least two of the fabled Seven Sisters.

18. Weichert's Residence

Weichert (CN hm M2), to this day, is still trying to learn the language. He speaks a language unused in this stretch of Faerûn. He's picked up bits and pieces of the local dialect—generally misusing it to the amusement of the locals.

19. Delisle's Residence

Delisle (CG gf M4) hails from the lands of the Ice Peak, complaining day in and day out about the heat and the humidity of the area. Several locals have been trying to convince her to move back home so they don't have to listen to her griping mouth any longer, but she doesn't want anything to do with the Luskar pirate ships that harbor in her hometown—so here she stays, protesting all the way.



20. Trommen's Residence

Trommen (LG hm F5) was lazy, spending his whole life slothing about. After 32 years of adventuring, he made it only to 5th level. To his credit, however, he spent five years in Silvermoon studying the priesthood of lizardkind (but no one knows why). A stint as the mayor of a tiny, tiny hamlet in the Neverwinter Woods took away three years, and a cavernous adventure that led to the prison grotto of a dark-elf community took about 15 years. Now 67 years old, Trommen lives off the riches he took from the elves who incarcerated he and his two companions.

21. Ramusio's Residence

Ramusio (CG hem F4) never had an exciting life. He went on adventures but never really ran into anything fun or too terribly dangerous and eventually moved to Daggerford. He found that cleaning the streets was far more exciting and rewarding, especially after finding a magical ring. He can't figure out what it is, but he's too paranoid to have someone look at it.

22. Archiloque's Residence

Archiloque (NG gf F4/M2) is small, even for a gnome. He tried his hands at spellcasting, but an insufferable

bout of arthritis and a congenital disease that twisted the knuckles and joints of his fingers kept him from being able to cast spells higher than 1st level.

Being good friends with Ransaran, Archiloque was able to convince his weaponsmith ally to construct a special set of short swords just for him. Each sword consists of a series of straps, safety catches, and a breakaway scabbard. These, along with an intricate set of swivel knuckles, allow Archiloque to protect himself. When he's swinging his swords in battle, one can't help but make a comparison to the chefs from Kara-Tur who slice, dice, and mince food as it flies in midair.

23. Janssen's Residence

A retired bard, Janssen (NG hm F5) never could get the lust of the adoring crowds out of his blood. He's the first to lift his tankard and start a round of song at the Lady Luck. He's a good source of information about the High Forest region.

24. Zaluski's Residence

Zaluski (LE gf F2) was a fishmonger in the Ice Lakes region west of Mirabar, but he hated the intervention from Luskan. She left the region when reports of



Luskarn “misconduct” circulated in the area. She didn’t want to be associated with Luskan and immediately set her toes south to safer ground. Since then, she’s married and produced three wonderfully obedient and beautiful children.

25. Valmiki’s Residence

Valmiki (NE hf B1) is a relatively unknown and mediocre poet who’s trying to break into the fame and fortune of the bardic fraternity. Her poetry is unmemorable, usually culled—or stolen—from the works of more creative individuals. She’s looking for a company of adventurers to tag along in hopes of finding a spark to ignite her lagging creativity.

26. The Flying Fish

This is a popular, moderately priced marketplace of fish, clams, shellfish, and seaweed. The owner, Carrl (CN hem T3), is every bit as offensive as the fish sold in his roofed marketplace, but his personality is one of kindness and sobriety. All the townsfolk and many visitors come here to shop for fish. It’s also the place where exporters inspect fish to buy and transport to more inland areas of the North.

27. Tempus’ Shrine (Table of the Sword)

Baergon Bluesword (CG hem F7/C7) came to town with the Waterdeep troops fighting the Dragonspear invasion. He found many fighters ripe for worship of the Lord of Battles and established a shrine near the Farmers’ Gate. With the construction of the new barracks, he moved his establishment, the Table of the Sword, next to that building.

Most of the Waterdeep troops are his parishioners, as are a number of men-at-arms, a few militia, and some adventurers. The shrine is a ramshackle wooden building decorated with recent trophies donated by parishioners from the Dragonspear invasion and other campaigns.

In the years that Baergon has been in Daggerford, he’s finally managed to get a grudging acceptance from the local populace—although many farmers still feel he’s trying to get their sons killed in foolhardy battles far from home. It’s been mentioned to the old priest many times that he should go out and find a battle of his own to die in instead of providing directions for others.

28. Herald’s and Runners’ Union

Anyone who needs a herald or messenger must contact this guild. Their building is three stories tall with a plat-

form built on the roof to make it even taller, and there’s a bird coup next to the platform for trained messenger birds. The guild uses only the first and third stories—the second floor remains vacant, sometimes housing vagabonds, poor adventurers, and the occasional doppelganger.

29. Barracks

After an invasion from Dragonspear Castle, the Council of Guilds decided the town needed a central place for on-duty troops to stay as well as a headquarters for the 3rd-Company troops stationed by Waterdeep. The barracks is a two-story construction with a new drill field now used by the militia, much to the relief of the tradesmen who were tired of having to tear down their stalls in the marketplace so the militia could practice.

30. Tenison’s Residence

Tenison (NG hm M5) loves fire. His earliest memory is when he was three, taking a smoldering stick to the grain in his father’s silo and watching the whole summer’s harvest burn, taking the barns, the fences, most of the cattle herd, and his home with it. He’s an elemental, specializing in the use of fire, the para-elementals of magma and smoke, and the quasi-elementals of ash and radiance.

31. Dekorán Boatwright

This huge, five-story building houses a shipyard that specializes in the construction of rafts, fishing vessels, small sea-worthy craft, and canoes. Dekorán (CG hm F7) wants to be able to make larger vessels, which is why he bought this huge buildings, but he can’t manage to get the behemoths down narrow Hill Road. This leaves the larger ship construction to the conveniently placed Mikitan Shipwrighting business that’s closer to the River Gate.

32. Youmans’s Residence

Youmans (CG df F2) retired from adventuring after a particularly bad evening. Her company of eight was set upon by a tarnish of rust monsters that sufficiently weakened them so the rust monsters’ masters, a tribe of 12 orc-gnoll hybrids, could attack her party without armor blocking their blows. Youmans and one other survived the assault, but the rewards of death, at the time, seemed sweeter than life’s. Youmans fell in battle when a well-gleamed blade separated her left calf from the thigh. Despite her best efforts, she was unable to stop the infection that consumed her companion.



Youmans still wakes up at night sobbing or screaming; Baergon Bluesword thinks the ghosts of Youmans's past are going to haunt her for the rest of her sleeping life. She now sits about sloppy-minded and drunk, living off what coins remain from her adventure, carting water for the Watermen's Guild when her eyes can focus.

33. Cromach's Residence

Cromach (NG hm F3) owns Cromach's Smithy. He makes a fairly good living, and his house is relatively lavish, with plush furniture, expensive tapestries along the walls to ward the winter's chill, and opulent carpeting that feels soft on the bare foot.

34. Jail

This one-story building is constructed of stone and iron. Only eight cells are available, and if overcrowding becomes a problem, there is no problem: The convicts are just crowded in, regardless of the number per cell (two people can fit into a cell comfortably).

During the day, the criminals are ankle-shackled and sent to work—cleaning the streets of debris and waste, sent into the fields as free laborers, or sent to the docks to dredge and clean the beaches. At night, they're put back into their cells with a meal.

A jail term in Daggerford is not an experience one would want to live through twice. It's not designed to be a learning experience; it's punishment, plain and simple.

36. Constable

The constable and his entourage of seven deputies use this one-story building as their headquarters. All of the deputies are also members of the city's militia, but their first order of business is to break up fights on the streets and to make sure that deaths, stabbings, and general riotous activities in the town's taverns are kept to a minimum. They also concentrate on making sure that the black market and "red light" activities are curbed as much as possible.

The constable changes every three months, when a new one is elected from members of the militia. Once elected, the new constable picks his seven deputies and begins work. Killing the constable or his deputies is an offense rewarded with death.

37. Black Stone Inn

The Black Stone Inn is a recent arrival, being the building that once held a grand ballroom for visiting dignitaries. A group of Zhent agents infiltrated the establish-

ment and successfully poisoned the punch, the water, and eventually initialized a virulent poisonous gas cloud that killed upwards of 30 people. No one dared enter the ballroom again, and the owner sold the building to a lone traveler named Gildamesh (LE hm F12/M8), who converted the place into a dangerous, low-rent inn. Gildamesh is believed by more than a few people to be a Zhent agent. He sleeps on the fifth and top floor of the building in a magically protected, heavily trapped—and unduly locked—room.

38. Pleadors' Consortium

This building is the guildhall and offices of the Pleadors, the lawyers and attorneys of Daggerford. No one but the guildmaster—whose services are the most expensive and most revered—lives here permanently. The building's interior is opulently decorated, with several rooms specifically dedicated to making wealthy clients feel at home. Current documents and standard legal texts are kept here, while the rest are stored in Kryptgarden Scrolls.

39. Blacksmiths' Guildhouse

This wooden structure is studded with black metal rivets and cast-iron window panes. The first floor is a large meeting hall with a stage against the back wall and a wet bar to the left of it. The upper floor is used for training apprentice blacksmiths and artificers and the daily affairs of the guild.

Mostly just a tavern, only the local blacksmiths and visiting metal workers are allowed to enter. They often share techniques and compare prices, but—most importantly—they created their guild in order to have a common front when dealing with the town council.

40. Derval Iron eater's Residence

Derval (LN dm F6), highly regarded in Daggerford as a skilled smith, savvy councilman, and fair guildmaster, heads a large, family blacksmithing business. He came to Daggerford with his two brothers, Derwin and Korin, and their families about a century ago. Korin disappeared with several family members about 20 years ago, and no one wants to discuss where he has gone. He is usually closed-mouthed, but as he works at his forge, people have heard him say things like, "Perhaps not as good as they made under Illefarn, but good enough, good enough. . ." If he notices anyone is listening, he self-consciously shuts up.



Derval is the level-headed and tireless forge-hammer of the Ironeater clan. He adventured in his youth, and owns *plate mail* +1; a *battle axe* +3; a *hammer* +3, *dwarven thrower*; and a *ring of telekinesis* (100 pounds maximum weight). Derval usually wears a pair of trews, a blacksmith's apron, and a pair of leather gloves, dressing up in robe and mask for Council meetings. Derval is a source of equipment and occasional sage advice.

41. Duneden's Residence

The oldest apothecary in town, working exclusively out of Harvest House, Duneden (N hm C3) is also the most trusted pharmaceutical expert in Daggerford.

42. Moneylenders' Coalition

This fraternity of money sharks loans just about anyone money because they've got an almost perfect method of regaining their investments: They either pace a *geas* on the individual who's borrowing the money, or they give them an unremovable magical ring that forces the person to return (through the use of a curse that can only be removed by means of a *wish*) to the shop within one month. They moneylenders charge 20% interest per month on ail loans to adventurers and a 10% rate to those wanting to start a business. When the loan is paid off, the *geas* is automatically negated or the ring is removed (by mentally stating the command word while pulling the ring off the finger or toe).

43. River Shining Tavern

This is the main entertainment center for the nobility of the surrounding lands and the major notables of Daggerford. The duke and his sister have been known to eat here, and the main hall of the tavern doubles as the meeting room for the Council of Guilds. By choice, some townsfolk only see the inside when coming to council meetings.

The Delimbiyr family took their name from the river and named the tavern after it, too. The River Shining Tavern is the longest established tavern still operating in Daggerford and claims to date from the town's founding. Certainly, the wooden building's architectural style matches that of the oldest buildings in town.

The first Delimbiyr was a half-elf known as Kelven. He married a human woman and their children were human. Still, the family treasures its elven heritage and uses a forest motif throughout the tavern.

This tavern is exclusive indeed, with prices to outstrip most establishments in Waterdeep. Only the most suc-

cessful adventurers with too much gold to spend are welcomed at the River Shining Tavern, though no one is turned away as long as they have the gold for their drinks and meals (Meals: 1-5 gp, stout: 1 gp/tankard, wine: 10 gp/tall glass). The guest rooms in this two-story structure are generally available only to the most noble and influential patrons. The normal price for a room is 5 gp per day.

44. The Clean Chin

Garick Honestone (CN dm F3/C3) runs a combination barber shop and undertaker's service from this two-story building. The first floor, split into to equal halves, serves his two businesses; the top floor is his living quarters which he shares with his wife and newborn girl.

When Garick first entered Daggerford, he set up his cadaverous business which he called *The Fallen Man*, but business wasn't all that good. Being dwarven, he found the human desire to be clean shaven a mystery and fascinating, so he decided to try shaving one of the cadavers. He found a peculiar delight in it, and decided to open a shop shaving the faces and skulls of humans and gnomes (his involvement with the Garl Glittergold faith demanded a full-length beard so he couldn't shave his own face). His skill with the straight razor is legendary.

45. Darfin Longwalker's Residence

Darfin (LG em F7/M6), the eldest of Sir Elorfindar's four children, is the heir to his wealth and property.

47. Chateau Elite Inn

This is the highest-rent place to stay in Daggerford. It caters to the financially adventuresome, the noble, and those that like to be pampered beyond belief. If the patron desires it, they never have to step foot on the plush carpeted floors, for a wheeler can place them in a chair, wheel them about, pick them up, set them on the bed, remove their clothing, bathe them, feed them, etc. Attendants are everywhere one looks and all employees are very patient and accommodating. A stay at Papa Blekandssen's (LN hm T1) Chateau Elite costs 200 times that of standard inns (around 400 gp/night).

48. Bjorn's Tenements

This sizable structure was once a grand, private residence but has since been subdivided and transformed into low-rent housing. The building is owned by Bjorn (LE hm F4), a nobleman from Waterdeep, who sends hired guards to collect the rent each month.



49. Korbus's Jewelry and Fine Ornaments

The front window of this small, one-story shop displays its long-nosed, wheezing owner, the jeweler Korbus Brightjewel (CN gm III7), hard at work on small, exquisite pieces of jewelry. He could have a much higher class of customer in Waterdeep but prefers the small-town life of Daggerford. As good as any Waterdhavian or Calishite craftsman, he's regularly visited by representatives of the great trading companies of Waterdeep eager to buy his latest earrings, ornamental bracers, dangle garters, and jeweled belts and gloves.

Locals say Korbus uses magic to give his work its striking beauty. He's an expert at identifying gems—even magical ones. The nobles of Waterdeep keep him busy with special orders for their ladies. As gnomes prefer, the family quarters are in the basement.

50. Farrel's Fine Jewelry and Apparel

This shop is the largest store in town. An outlet of a Waterdhavian trading company, it sells cotton, silk, rare furs, and thread imported from Calimshan, Tashalar, and more exotic regions at prices even higher than you'd pay for them in Waterdeep. Farrel (LN hm F1) has an eye for matching hues and for resetting jewelry of dubious history. He acts as a middleman for interesting jewelry pieces coming through town, including magical ones (which are always sold for double the price given in the *ENCYCLOPEDIA MAGICA™* tomes). His shop is always worth a look if the buyer's too rich to care what things cost.

52. Nartan's Fine Foods

Nartan (LE dm F9) runs an expensive market and dry goods shop. He caters to merchants, visiting nobles, and rich Daggerford citizens who send their servants and apprentices to shop here. A short, portly man, Nartan keeps many rare or imported items, including spices and dried fruits from Chult, snowberries from the Ice Mountains, and preserves from Calimshan in stock. The prices are high, but the items are top quality. A ward cast inside the walls of this shop keeps everything from spoiling, meaning perishable items can literally be kept in stock for years or even decades.

53. Lady Luck Tavern

This two-story former warehouse for a trading concern caters to soldiers and adventurers. Darryl Orcslayer was given the warehouse as a reward by the survivors of the trading family for slaying orcs who'd killed the owners in

a raid. Darryl died some years ago, but his son, Owenden (CG hm P3 [Tymoral]), presides over the tavern. It's a popular place for taletellers, soldiers, adventurers, and fun-seekers alike. The preponderance of weapons in the hands of those who know how to use them makes this a relatively safe drinking spot.

The entire northeast wall of the taproom is covered by a huge, splendid color map of Faerûn, from Calimshan to the Spine of the World and from the Moonshaes to Raurin. News and rumors of treasure finds, dragon sightings, and possible treasures are eagerly discussed, as are tidings of war.

Both levels have been opened into a single, lofty room with balconies all around it at varying levels. Each balcony contains a booth for patrons and is linked to at least two other balconies by broad flights of stairs. The tipsy are advised to get down to street level before they become too drunk to safely do so.

In the center of the taproom is a massive stone pillar bearing the weight of the ceiling that has a ladder of iron hooks up one side. The pillar is used to display the battered shields, personal runes, and other mementos of patrons who've died in battle or disappeared while off adventuring or on military missions. Any toast given in the tavern must include a salute to the pillar and the words: "To those who have fallen before us." Those who bring the relics of fallen comrades are given a free drink.

The walls of the tavern are hung with weapons, armor, banners, spitted beast heads, and similar trophies of battle brought in by various patrons. The most striking of these is the huge, mummified wing of a black dragon slain in a volcano. The heat baked and dried its outstretched wing, and when an adventurer—the lone survivor of the party that slew it—dared to return to the lair nine years later, he recovered not only the dragon's treasure hoard, but the wing. It now hangs over the taproom like a soft black canopy, suspended from the ceiling on eight chains.

In the Lady, one drink always sits untouched on the bar. It's for Tymora herself, should she enter. Woe betide the visitor who touches this silver goblet—ejection and a forced offering at the shrine of Tymora are the least penalty. Visitors who object to this are likely to find a yard of steel through their middles in short order. Six people have so died, and more than a dozen have made offerings—but twice in Owenden's time, the goblet has been suddenly and silently wreathed in flame, and the wine within has vanished. Patrons believe Tymora herself drank with them.



At least two wizards have hidden coins or magic somewhere in the Lady and then gone adventuring—never to return. One was said to be an illusionist, the other a transmuter. A few people have tried to cast *dispel magic* on everyday tavern items on the theory that the treasure might be polymorphed or hidden by an illusion, thus far to no avail.

54. Merchants' Guild

This two-story building contains a first floor cut out like a basement, creating a two-story-tall meeting hall with a second floor above. The meeting hall is decorated with wares from the merchants who are members. Silk hangings clash jarringly with nearby pottery, while wood carvings and sculptures are placed next to each other without regard for style, consistency, or taste.

Many meetings take place in this hall, but little is accomplished because of merchant rivalry. The guild was originally conceived to give the merchants power to wield over the council and the duke as the merchants saw fit, but luckily, their petty complaints and price feuds keep them impotent.

55. Jewelers' Congress

This structure is home to both the Jeweler's and the Whitesmiths' Guild. It's a massive, four-story building that looks like a bank vault. The doors and windows are reinforced, and the area is constantly patrolled by the militia and the constabulary.

The guild has reason to be so careful. The guildhouse is a central depository for jewels and precious metals. A guild member who wants to store something can do so for a small fee, which varies based on the value of the item.

56. Derval's Bright Blade

This smithy is the best and largest of the four in town. The back area is full of construction tools created for the building projects he and his family have worked on over the years.

The master smith at Derval's Bright Blade, Derval Iron eater (LN dm F6), is the head of a respected local dwarf family that has done most of the building in stone around town. Derval claims to make the finest swords, axes, and spear blades from Waterdeep to Baldur's Gate, and his work is popular. Derval leaves most of the construction business to his family. He's primarily interested in war gear; he makes the finest swords, axes, and spear blades from Waterdeep to Baldur's Gate, or so he says.

His work is popular, even though his prices are high compared to the other weaponsmith in town.

57. Kryptgarden Scrolls

This is the town's only library, and all documents, as written by local scribes, are kept in this three-story building. Whenever merchants come through town, the scribes are usually the first ones to approach them, asking to see all the books, scrolls, and tablets the merchant may be carrying. Anything that the scribes don't already have are bought and hoarded away in their tight little building. Recent rumors, supposedly from an inside source, says the library houses over 20,000 books and scrolls to date.

Guild scribes spend their days looking up documents for adventurers and sages and their evenings copying, archiving, organizing, and storing the books under their care. Only guildsmen, though, are allowed past the foyer. There is a ward on the whole building, making it and everything inside immune to fire and lighting of both magical and mundane origin.

58. Tailors' Federation

This three-story building is somewhat dilapidated. The guild, being rather poor, doesn't want to spend the money to have it fixed up, even though the Carpenters' Guild promises to give below-market rates.

The first floor is the shop of the guildmaster, a time-honored tradition in the guild. Noblemen and the wealthy shop here because the guildmaster is the best tailor, but he's also the most expensive. The interior of the first floor is a sharp contrast to the outside; it's exquisitely decorated with fine art objects.

59. Tanners' Council

This odorous building provides all the cured leather for the Daggerford area. Several vats of boiling water are normally used in the curing, but for those who want the authentically cured leathers, vats of urea and cattle guano are used—and these are the vats that cause the stink so many people complain of.

60. Thinkers' Fraternity

The Thinkers' Fraternity is a place of shared ideas, proposed magic theorems, and theological discussions. To become a part of the fraternity, a test must first be passed (requiring an Intelligence of 17 or greater). All members of the Thinkers' Fraternity are able to use Kryptgarden Scrolls without charge and can shop the Scribes' Friendship at discounted prices (75% off).



61. Youatt's Residence

A veterinarian of some quality, Youatt (CN hf F1) specializes in "pet" animals that include small mammals and reptiles. He works out of his residence providing adoption services, temporary housing, and medical and preventative medicines.

62. Wayfel's Residence

Wayfel (CN hm F3) moved to Daggerford to set up shop. He's single but actively seeking a lifetime mate—and he's not particularly picky about the specific characteristics of his future partner.

63. Physicians' Order

This guild hall is home to apothecaries, physicians, embalmers, and healing clerics, which are, unfortunately, often linked in the minds of most Daggerford citizens. The hall is the closest thing to a hospital in Daggerford and is thus centrally located.

Fees for embalming are cheap, while apothecary and herbal techniques are more expensive. Physician and surgical work is inexpensive for the removal of warts and other simple surgeries, yet expensive for more daring techniques—and magical cures are outrageous. The close proximity to The Clean Chin, a combination barber shop and undertaker service, is probably no coincidence.

64. Taverners' Confederation

The Taverners' Confederation is a local guild for tavern owners and their employees. The guild is designed to make the government aware of the needs and desires of the tavern owner, to ensure relatively even prices throughout the city, and to make sure the tavern doesn't rip off its employees. All the taverns in the city are charter members.

65. Owenden's Residence

Owenden (CG hm P3) is the owner and manager of the Lady Luck Tavern. He inherited the establishment from his father, Darryl Orclsayer, who died some years back.

66. Garrick's Residence

A priest of Tymora, Garrick (NE gm C4) decided to break off from the temple in Daggerford and is planning on traveling the countryside to see the true powers of his deity.

67. Cromach's Smithy

Cromach (NG hm F3) is a human blacksmith who specializes in household and animal-care equipment. He's not the weaponsmith Derval is and knows it, and he doesn't try to compete. He has a nice trade and is very comfortable with his work, being something of an artist. His pots and other ironwork are treasured for their fine beauty as much as for their utility.

69. Oleg's Weaponforge

Oleg (LN hom F4) is an unmarried half-orc smith specializing in weapons, armor, and cavalry gear. He does surprisingly good work, but unfortunately few patrons enter his shop, and it's not uncommon for citizens of Daggerford to throw vegetable and eggs at his business. In spite of the fact that he's a "monster" by everyone's terms, he's probably the most humane, patient, and calm individual in town. He's yet to get angry at the townsfolk for their reaction, which he understands.

He's been getting a steady clientele from the adventuring community who appreciate his specialty in long and bastard swords that gain a temporary nonmagical +1 attack bonus for the first 20 successful strikes, yet he sells them at standard prices.

70. Quarengi's Residence

Quarengi (NE hef P3) is a priest of the Cult of Ao. He's been trying to get people to follow him in his adoration, but thus far, he's had no luck.

71. Garth's Residence

Garth (NG hm F4) is a son of the Delimbiyr family. His family sent him off with Maelwyn and company to keep him away from the wine cellars, afraid he would drink the family's profits away. After returning successfully from adventuring, Garth bought this house and has little to do with the family business.

72. Kira's Residence

Kira (LG ef M5), the great-granddaughter of Elorfindar, has both gold and moon elf in her heredity. She's probably the reason that Maelwyn's adventuring company survived its years in the wilderness. Her spells snatched more than one battle from the clutches of some hideous beast, and she has developed into a respected wizard.



73. Tymora's Shrine (Fairfortune Hall)

Located just off of the drill field, Fairfortune Hall is a minor shrine dedicated to the worship of Lady Luck. The keeper of the shrine is Bando the lame (CG hfm P7 [Tymora]), an old halfling depending on a crutch to get around, a lasting memory of a nasty battle with three lizardmen. To this day, Bando has an intense hatred for all lizardkind.

This shrine has moved from place to place since Tymora was first worshipped in Daggerford. Tymora has always been the second-choice god of the ducal family, but its priests have never been powerful. Currently, the shrine is a fairly neat wooden building next to the drill field.

74. Oleg's Residence

Oleg (LN hom F4) is the owner of Oleg's Weaponforge.

75. Leatherworkers' Conglomerate

This is the best place in town to buy leatherworks for armor and barding. The second and top floor have three apartments for apprentices (currently vacant), and the conglomerate also serves as a meeting place for all leatherworkers within a three-days' ride from Daggerford.

76. Farrel's Residence

Farrel (LN hm F1) is the owner of Farrel's Fine Jewelry and Apparel.

77. Baergon Bluesword's Residence

Baergon (CN hem F7/C7) came to Daggerford riding with Waterdeep fighters during the Dragonspear incursion. He found Daggerford a place with many true worshippers of Tempus—though most of them didn't know it—so Baergon set out to enlighten them.

Baergon is not necessarily well-liked among the general populace, for he follows his patron god very seriously, continually trying to recruit young militiamen whose parents would rather they stuck with the soil and followed Chauntea's faith, or at least worshipped Lady Tymora, a known entity. Still, Baergon continues his missionary work and preaches to the professional fighters, many of whom are glad to have a god they understand to worship. He's the head priest at Tempus' Shrine, otherwise known as Table of the Sword.

He owns a *broadsword* +1 named *Tempusfugue* (AL N, Int 12 Ego 2) with the ability to *detect magic* (twice per day). He also has *chain mail* +1, a shield, a *ring of regener-*



ation, and a medallion of ESP. He can cast: 1st Level: *bless, cure light wounds (x2), detect evil, remove fear*; 2nd Level: *aid, detect charm, find traps, hold person, slow poison*; 3rd Level: *continual light, remove paralysis*.

78. Delfen's Residence

This is Delfen's secondary residence (his primary residence is his tower). It's currently for sale, but no one has made an offer. Delfen's hoping someone buys it soon so he can afford some exotic spell components.

79. Emser's Residence

Not much is known of Emser (NG gm T3), though rumor has it that he's a champion illusionist of inestimable talent and power. No one knows where the rumor comes from, but everyone in the city gives him a wide berth when he walks down the street. He seems to enjoy the awe.

80. Ines's Residence

Ines (LG hf T4), is a second-rate thief who has an incredible ability with locks and doors of all kinds (*open locks* and *find/remove traps*), but he's a bumbling idiot when it comes to anything else in the rogue arena (*pick pockets, move silently, hide in shadows, detect noise, climb walls, and read languages*). He's the perfect example of a specialist. If one needs a pocket picked, don't come here.

81. Bohle's Residence

The exact opposite of Ines, Bohle (CN hm T5) is a master where Ines is deficient (*move silently, hide in shadows, detect noise, climb walls, and read languages*), but by the same token, he's wanting in *pick pockets, open locks, and find/remove traps*. He makes a wonderful information gatherer.

82. Scribes' Friendship

This guildhouse is also the workshop (along with the Kryptgarden Scrolls) of Daggerford scribes. The entry for Kryptgarden Scrolls explains the fee structure for scribe work.

83. Yarth Stowage

This company, owned by a natural pack rat, Yarth of Berun (LN gm T12), is truly the safest place in the North to store items. Yarth owns the five-story building and has partitioned every floor into small, 10x10x10-foot cubes with locking doors and thick metal sides. No one is allowed into the building unless they're getting something out of storage, placing something into stor-

age, paying the monthly fee, or asking information about the facility.

Yarth has so much pride in his business, he claims that no one can break into his vaults. He may very well be right, considering the whole building is blanketed in a powerful ward that keeps everyone who enters the building from being able to carry out an evil task—this even includes deeds where the end justifies the means, for instance, stealing a holy relic from Yarth Stowage to return to Chauntea's Temple. Yarth has taken residence in the uppermost floor of the building in order to keep a closer eye on his business.

85. Oryv's Cloth Emporium

Oryv (NE hem T7), a shrewd Daggerford merchant, specializes in fine imported cloth but always sells domestic products. He always has an ear to the ground through an extensive network of caravan masters and boat captains. He doesn't hesitate to organize a trade mission anywhere in Faerûn where he thinks he can get a bargain.

86. Sorceller's Encapsulate

This is the local spellcasters' guild. Mages and wizards, as well as priests and clerics, are allowed entry into the guild. The guild limits the amount of spell trading, making sure that those of equal level trade with those of equal level only. This keeps the lesser spellcasters from blowing themselves and the guildhouse apart.

88. Derf's Skin Art

Derf (CN hm F3) runs a very clean shop where he and his two apprentices (one of whom is 15 years older than he) tattoo pictures and expressions on the bodies of sailors, merchants, and adventurers. Derf is extremely talented in his work, but takes 50% longer with a design than his initial estimate. The eldest of his apprentices, Sniden Elkslodge (CN hm F2), is famous for tattooing a map on the back of a dwarf. The other apprentice, Zarebor the Piercer (CN fm F1), has a wonderfully rougher style that's considered "vividly unpleasant" by Waterdeep nobles. Zarebor has been working on scarification and branding, hoping to become the forefront artist in this new "beautification" technique.

89. Fences' Syndicate

This "guildhouse" serves more as a spotting station for the black market and those that want to buy or sell into the illegal marketplace. The people who greet the newcomer to the shop run a complete background check on



the individual using some of the *many* magical items and spells at their disposal. If the person checks out, they're introduced to a person who can serve their needs—usually in a highly expensive way.

90. Schlegel's Residence

Schlegel (LG hf M1) wants to be an adventurer, but no one has allowed her to go with them thus far. She could prove to be a loyal accomplice if given the chance, and she wouldn't forget the company who adopted her when she finally becomes a powerful spellcaster.

91. Daggerford Inn

This is a down-and-dirty place to get a guaranteed restful night's sleep. The walls are thick and covered with tapestries and wall rugs to blanket and absorb sounds. Each room has a small potbellied stove with a quarter-cord of wood and a bucket of coal which gives the place its dirty and oily look. The tavern is owned by Demetira Landscaper (LN df F2) who is fabled to have dug a 1,000-foot path through solid rock in less than one year with her fingernails and bare hands. She, however, lives elsewhere, preferring cleaner sleeping conditions.

92. Kelson Darktreader's Residence

The 73-year-old Kelson (NG hem R7) is only beginning to get some silver hairs among the gold that have adorned his head since his youth. The Huntmaster is taciturn and closed-mouthed, never using two words where one suffices. He has *elven chain* +3, a *longbow* +1 with *arrows* +1 (10) and *arrows* +3 (3), a *khopesh sword* +2, a *dagger* +3, and a *medallion of ESP*.

Kelson's grandfather is Sir Elorfindar, and his father was Elorfindar's full-elf son. His mother was a human woodsman's daughter whom the son, Filvendor, met while hunting in the Misty Forest. Kelson was raised by woodsmen and then rangers. He became Master of the Hunt to Duke Pryden, and he has continued in that position with Pwyll. They say no one in Daggerford knows the Misty Forest and High Moor better than Kelson.

Anyone with a desire to learn the bow should meet Kelson Darktreader. He's a good source of otherwise privileged information about the Misty Forest, Laughing Hollow, and other local haunts that beginning characters might not have any other way to know.

93. Llewellyn Longhand's Residence

Lord Llewellyn (NG hm F9 [Cavalier]), the 60-year-old duke's Master-at-Arms, has been a retainer of the Dukes

of Daggerford since the time of Duke Conan, who ruled before the unlucky Pryden.

Duke Pryden made the faithful Llewellyn Master-at-Arms for the duchy, an office he has dutifully fulfilled for 30 years. As such, he has both led the duke's followers in the field and defended the castle while the duke was away. He currently enjoys his high status as a Banneret by having earned it with repeated use of his knightly sword. Sir Llewellyn was knighted at an early age by Duke Conan.

Sir Llewellyn carries *field plate* +2, a *lance* +2, and a *broad sword* +3. He's one resident of the castle that anyone who wants to gain proficiency with the sword and riding should try to meet.

94. Liam Sunmist's Residence

Liam (LG hm C10; W 16) has served Lathander's temple, also known as Moonglow Tower, for many years. He took the name Sunmist when he reached priestly level, and most people call him by that name. As priest of the god of new beginnings, Liam is loved throughout town, and the temple is well-attended, even by those who also worship Tymora, Tempus, or Chauntea.

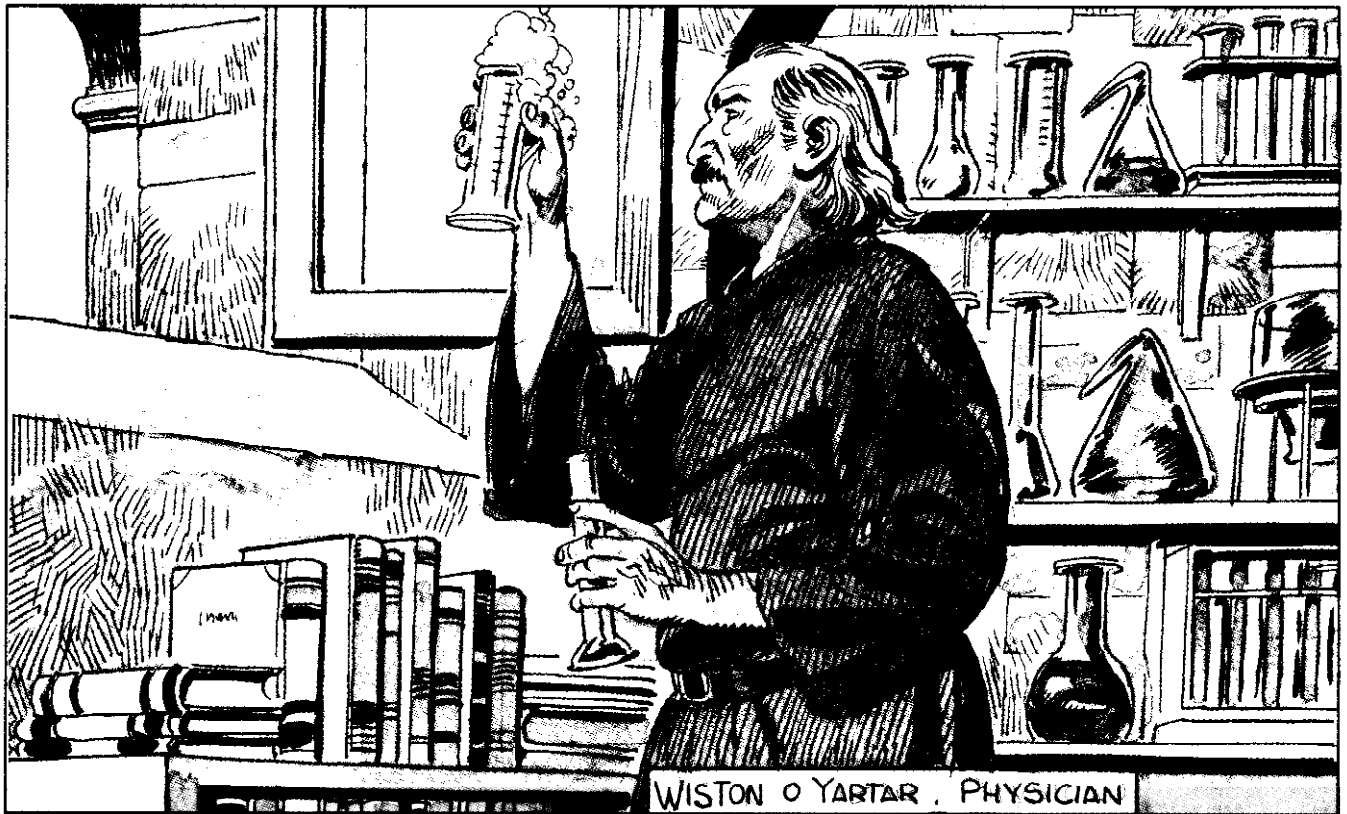
Liam owns a *mace* +2, *scale mail* +2, and a *ring of mind shielding*. He typically memorizes the following spells: 1st Level: *bless*, *command*, *cure light wounds* (x2), *detect evil*, *protection from evil*; 2nd Level: *chant*, *enthrall*, *hold person* (x2), *resist fire*, *silence 15' radius*; 3rd Level: *dispel magic*, *flame walk*, *remove curse*; 4th Level: *cure serious wounds*, *divination*; 5th Level: *cure critical wounds*, *raise dead*.

95. Chauntea's Shrine (Harvest House)

Maerovyna (LG hf D9) presides over this large, stone establishment which is also known as Harvest House. Not far from the Farmers' Gate, she administers 14 priests and about 30 lay brothers between 2nd and 5th level. This shrine to the Great Mother is of great importance to all the farmers and ranchers of the Daggerford area, as the priests spend their time fulfilling the needs of the community, including blessing fields and researching new plants. The oldest apothecary in town is Duneden (LN hm C3). He has the ingredients for most common spells, but he depends on caravans for more exotic ingredients.

96. Ransaran's Sergeant-at-Arms

Ransaran (LN hm F13) lives and works here, crafting exquisite and expensive armor and weapons for nobles and wealthy adventurers. His wares are expensive, but there's a chance that they may have a natural, nonmagi-



cal bonus due to the quality of their construction. Ransaran's armor, shields, and weapons, cost three times normal price. When purchased, roll 1d6. If a six is rolled, the item grants a nonmagical, +1 bonus for two years (if properly cared for).

97. Ruckert's Residence

A member of the Cult of Ghaunadar (the god of slugs, oozes, slimes, and jellies), Ruckert (CE hm C5) keeps his membership a secret from all who know him. No one sees him practice any rituals, and when asked what deity he venerates, he proclaims he's in the service of Ibrandul, the patron of underground-venturing adventurers.

98. Wiston Apothecary

This three-story building is used for selling medicinal items, training, and as sleeping quarters for apprentice physicians. Most potions and herbal remedies in Daggerford are invented by the master apothecary, Wiston of Yartar (CN hm M8), in his shop, but apprentices in the guild occasionally stumble upon something new (which Wiston takes full credit for).

99. Filvendor Lightfoot's Residence

Filvendor (CG em M4/F3/T4), one of the four children of Sir Elorfindar, is the youngest and, quite possibly, the most like their father. He's spirited and untamed, preferring a little stress and adrenaline in his daily diet of life, and thus he is shunned a bit by his siblings. Filvendor's father has spent a great deal of time trying to guide and assist the young elf, but he knows his efforts are fruitless. Filvendor's in control of his destiny, and Elorfindar knows that his son has to find his own path in life.

100. Korbus Brightjewel's Residence

Court Jeweler to the Duke of Daggerford; this is an honor he did not seek but accepts as his due. Korbus (CN gm III7) prefers the relative peace of Daggerford to the bustle, crowding, and intrigue of Waterdeep, and he refuses all inducements to relocate. Some noble families have offered to sponsor him for life if they can have the exquisite creations of his skilled hands. Representatives of the Lords come to Daggerford expressly to order special work from Korbus and his family.

Korbus is especially fond of crafting detailed insects, birds, and lizards from gems, gold, and silver, particularly



into pins that perch on the shoulder of a lady or hold her cloak together. There are those who say he uses magic to enhance his work, but the known final products do not react to a *detect magic* spell.

Korbus identifies and values jewelry for nominal fees (10 gp per piece) He offers to purchase especially rare or fine pieces and has coins aplenty to do so. Korbus uses his *detect magic* ability to examine for magic, and he fully and honestly reports what he finds. Korbus teaches the arts of the illusionist only to gnomes, detesting adventuring.

Korbus has treasure cached in places and substantial investments in Waterdeep and Elturel. He is known to possess a *ring of protection* +3, a *wand of metal and mineral detection*, and a *robe of scintillating colors*. He typically has the following spells memorized: 1st Level: *audible glamer*, *burning hands*, *color spray*, *Nystul's magic aura*, *phantasmal force*; 2nd Level: *levitate*, *mirror image*, *whispering wind*; 3rd Level: *illusionary script*, *item*, *spectral force*.

101. Uilkens's Residence

Uilkens (NE dm T1) is a pitiful excuse for a rogue, giving evidence that not all races are designed for the intricate dexterity involved in this line of work. Any adventuring party who hires this work-seeking thief is in for a miserable surprise.

102. Pascal's Tenements

This undistinguished four-story building houses several freelance thieves who occasionally cooperate to avoid the close attention of the Daggerford militia. The first floor contains seven flats for rent, while the remaining three floors have eight rooms each. Currently, Pascal's Tenements has three vacancies, all on the second floor.

Each flat contains a bedroom with a small bed, a front room for entertaining guests, a small kitchenette with a wood-burning stove that also heats the flat, and a privy that's nothing more than a closet with a hand pump and a seat with a drain pipe that empties into the town's sewers (containing, generally, an awful scent). Pascal (NE hm T4) supposedly lives outside Daggerford's walls, but this is in doubt, since he's never seen leaving or coming in.

103. Xylander's Residence

Xylander (NG dm P4) is a priest of Selûne.

104. Shalendra Dare-all's Residence

Shalendra (LG ef F7 [Cavalier]), one of the four children of Sir Elorfindar, is a cavalier of some respect, but as

of yet hasn't been accepted into the house of the ducal lord of Daggerford. Meanwhile, she serves a local barony from Waterdeep. Still, she hopes to be honored and serve for her hometown.

105. Maerovyna's Residence

Maerovyna (LG hf D9; W 17) is a grandmotherly woman of nearly 70 years who's led worship for many years at Chauntea's Shrine, or Harvest House. She owns a variety of magical items, including a *staff of striking* (12 charges), a *ring of truth*, and a *mace* +3.

She normally has the following spells memorized: 1st Level: *bless*, *cure light wounds* (x2), *detect magic*, *entangle*, *faerie fire*; 2nd Level: *aid*, *augury*, *dust devil*, *heat metal*, *slow poison*, *speak with animals*; 3rd Level: *call lightning*, *meld into stone*, *starshine*; 4th Level: *cure serious wounds*, *speak with plants*; 5th Level: *transmute rock to mud*.

106. Farmers' Society

This guildhouse is more than just a meeting place for farmers. They congregate here to discuss crop rotation techniques, decide who's going to plant what, how much crops should be sold for, how big of a crop should be grown (so as not to flood the market), and other agricultural and business concerns. The farmers are a very tight bunch of hard workers, and they band together as if they were one big family. To hurt or kill a farmer is to bring the wrath of every one of the 200+ farmers left alive.

108. The Grand Playhouse

This is one of the largest structures in all of Daggerford, and it's also one of the least used. Originally designed to bring culture and civility to the small town, a maestro named Samous the Rapturous Songster (NG hm B12)—a title he gave himself—purchased the land and had the huge structure built. When the building was completed, he hired a platoon of actors and aria-carting divas and tried bringing the plays made famous in the largest of cities to Daggerford. To say no one came to see the acting and singing is incorrect, but to say the seats were virtually empty is true. To say the least, Samous lost his shorts in the venture and had to close the theater doors. He moved on to better pastures, probably trying again but in a larger town.

The building has a unique ward that deadens all sound, allowing no noise whatsoever to be heard outside the walls. Even with open windows and doors, nothing can be heard until the cubical effect of the ward is entered. Samous was afraid that the citizens would refuse to



purchase seats to see and hear the play, so he wanted to make sure no one got anything they didn't pay for. To this day, the building stands vacant. Blood smears on the floor and walls suggests assassins are using the silencing ward to their benefit.

110. The Happy Cow

This pleasant tavern stands just inside Daggerford's northem gate. It features blended beer made by the owner, Fulbar Hardcheese (CN hem T12), that tastes like almonds and excellent sharpcrumble cheese made on Fulbar's family farm. The Cow caters to farmers, who sit nursing tankards at all hours. Locals say Fulbar is a rich and successful adventurer who retired here not long ago.

Fulbar says nothing about his past. He disdains adventurers and soldiers and concentrates on a clientele of farmers and townsmen. Nothing in the decor or in the attitudes of the employees recalls Fulbar's adventuresome past.

111. Vix the Chandler

Vix the Chandler (CG dm F1) not only sells lamps, lanterns, torches, and similar items, he's also responsible for lighting the lamps along Duke's Way and Hill Road for night celebrations. He makes a good living, as lamps and torches are always in demand from the vast number of adventurers who use this town as home base for their exploratory missions into the deep north. Vix lives above his shop with his three apprentices, wife, and two teenage daughters.

112. Fulbar Hardcheese's Residence

Fulbar (CN hem T12), owner of the Happy Cow, is a former adventurer who wants to forget his adventuring career. The owner of studded leather armor, a *ring of chameleon power* and one of *featherfalling*, Fulbar also cherishes his magical blade, *Quietstrike*, a *short sword* +3 (AL N, Int 13, Ego 15) with the ability to *detect shifting walls and rooms* and *detect secret doors*. He keeps the blade on the wall in his private quarters. Some say that he teaches thieving skills to halflings, but no one has ever confirmed this.

He owns a dairy farm just outside of town that is run by his son, Dickon. Fulbar is also becoming a landlord of considerable holdings in both Neverwinter and Baldur's Gate, though he's at some pains to keep this as quiet as possible. He's always good for a loan to his friends, and so can call on a lot of stalwart farmers and folk of Daggerford for swift aid if need be. Fulbar sees himself as a

quiet power in the North, working behind the scenes. He would be shocked to learn just how close a watch the Lords' Alliance, the Harpers, and, more recently, the Zhentarim keep on him.

Fulbar is an ex-adventurer who settled down in Daggerford and set out to just be a happy farmer/taverner. The populace knows he has been an adventurer but gets no details from him. He never talks about it, and he actively discourages adventurers from using his tavern. He prefers the company of the region's farmers and merchants.

Some speculate that he is ashamed of his previous life as a thief, but one reason Fulbar wants to keep so quiet about his deeds of daring is to avoid the attention of the Zhentarim and Cult of the Dragon.

He has most of a dragon's hoard gained somewhere in the backlands of the Sword Coast buried deep under his tavern, and so he never runs short of funds. When he needs cash, he simply digs up some. In this way, he's been able to keep the Cow cheap and cheerful and to buy out most of the poorer farmers, letting them work their former land as tenants.

113. Sherlen Spearslayer's Residence

Sherlen (LN hf F9) came to Daggerford a few years back with her husband, another adventurer. While she was having their child, he went off on another adventure and hasn't returned. After her child was born, she joined the militia and quickly rose to command it. She's a stem taskmaster, making "rare as a smile on Sherlen's face" a common saying in Daggerford, since the time her husband was supposed to return passed. She's extremely fair, however, taking delight in militia troops who do well. She's full of good advice, and has no inclination to adventure until she knows for sure what's happened to her husband. She carries *chain mail* +2, a shield, a *spear* +2, a *ring of jumping*, and *boots of levitation*.

114. Maelwyn's Residence

Maelwyn (LG hm F4 [Cavalier]) is the son of a local baron who has served in the militia for more than 15 years. Maelwyn has had some luck as an adventurer, although he prefers the quiet court life.

115. Animal Handlers' Affiliation

This small, impotent guild consists of ranchers, animals trainers, veterinarians, and other animal lovers. This is a good place to get your pet, mount, or animal companion cared for in case of illness, disease, or injury.



116. MacClure's Residence

MacClure (CN gm T1) is a master at *reading languages* and *detecting noise*. His other abilities are pretty much standard for his level. He's looking for a good adventuring company to team up with, though he has no intention of leaving Daggerford permanently, preferring to adventure close to home.

117. Cadogan's Residence

Cadogan (CG hm T2) was a member of Her Majesty's Reconnaissance Team, named after a slightly crazed noblewoman of elven blood who hired a group of 17 adventurers to regain family heirlooms from fallen Netheril. She has since died, and the company kept the profits they acquired.

When she died, a curse overcame the company, and the members started dying off—one per year. After 14 years, there are only three left, leaving Cadogan more than slightly paranoid.

118. Dragonback Inn

This three-story inn is most suited for those who till the land or live for months at a time in the wilds. The build-

ing is rustic with open ceiling beams, rough-hewn walls, nonexistent bellhops, and flame-broiled foods. Its prices compare to the mid-range inns in Waterdeep, but the food, if outdoor-tasting food sits well with the pallet, is the best around. Alian (NG dm F9), the ex-adventurer who owns the establishment, lives on the second floor with his life-long girlfriend and a pet dire wolf hybrid named Sheeba.

120. Kyrie's Residence

Kyrie (NG hef T2) has never adventured, but if offered an equal share of the take, she'd probably join. Nobles from Waterdeep often hire her, so she spends much of her time traveling. When she's in town, she remains for 1d4 weeks, but when on a job, she's gone for 1d20 days, often traveling as far as Ascore or Calimshan to retrieve property or personal belongings (if the price is right).

The first time the DM determines if Kyrie is home, roll 1d10. If the result is 3 or less, she's home. If gone, she returns in 1d20 days.





121. Aswansea's Residence

Aswansea (LG ef P4 [Tyr]) always wanted to be a ranger, but she fell behind on training hikes. She's good friends with Maelwyn, having adventured with him many years ago. She still serves the town militia, leading patrols both around the city and out into the countryside.

122. Cork's Residence

Cork (NG hm F5) is the adventuring son of a shepherd, another of the members of Maelwyn's band of treasure-seekers. He's somewhat involved with Aswansea, though he's having problems accepting the fact that she doesn't want to get married to "short-lived" humans.

123. Jesse's Residence

Once a guard for Amphail, Jesse (CG hf F5) is well known and well liked in that city. She retired after suffering a disabling blow to her shield hand, but she's still a dangerous adversary. Recently she's been involved with Daggerford's constabulary, helping the constable set up perimeter watches and training him and his posse for in-city combat.

124. Filarion Filvendorson's Residence

Filarion (CN em T11), like Kelson Darktreader, is a grandson of Sir Elorfindar and son of Filvendo. His mother is a moon elf, which makes him Kelson's half brother, but the two are barely cordial to each other.

Filarion was trained as a thief somewhere to the east but constrained his activities to adventuring, so he's regarded highly and looked up to by much of the populace. He is rumored by many to be the guildmaster of the thieves in Daggerford, but when questioned about it, he simply writes it off to "idle human gossip."

He has a *short sword of sharpness*, *elven chain mail +1*, *rings of shocking grasp* and *chameleon power*, and a *wand of secret door and trap location* (27 charges).

125. Thieves' Brotherhood

Headquarters of the thieves' guild, this stone house stands two stories tall. It has a single, low doorway with two shallow steps and a few small, barred windows. Unknown to the general public, the guild makes use of all three of the "vacant" buildings in the Farmer's Quarter (Locations 119, 131, and 139). They plan to continue using several of the floors for nefarious guild purposes until they're sold.

126. Czsudleaux's Residence

Czsudleaux (CN gm Ill7) is a master of his craft. Every year, he creates an elaborate display of illusions for the inhabitants of Daggerford, a show that the residents are willing to pay 2 sp each for.

127. Hadrion's Residence

Hadrion (NG hem T3), who recently changed his name from Hadiron, is rumored to have dwarven blood coursing through his veins. He had hoped to stop the rumors by changing his name to remove the "iron" reference, but so far it has not proved effective.

128. Paine's Residence

Paine (N hf T4) was an executioner for the Zhent before escaping to the North. Constantly looking over her shoulder, she distrusts anyone new, refusing to admit to who she is—often flat-out lying—until she feels they can be trusted.

In truth, the Zhentarim are looking for her. They plan on poisoning her to keep her from voicing secrets she might know.

129. Falconer's Residence

A dwarf who worships Chauntea, Falconer (LG df T5) is a dwarf at peace with nature. He has such an affinity with birds of prey that they roost on his roof, light on his eaves, wing through his open windows, and nest in his rafters. He's able to communicate innately with them, and on occasion, he's been seen hunting rabbits and small mammals with the help of his avian predators.

130. Guildmasters' Hall

This imposing, two-story structure is relatively new in town and contains the meeting halls for the guildmasters as well as offices for various Waterdeep companies who keep representatives in town to meet caravans. There was some dissatisfaction when the hall was built because several farmers' homes had to be torn down to accommodate it, forcing the residents to move to the Caravan Quarter. Many objected to having demihumans for new neighbors.

The guilds of Daggerford are not as formal as those of larger cities. The chief priests of the town's four main religions (Chauntea, Lathander, Tempus, and Tymora) are also members of the Council of Guilds. By the wording of the town charter, the duke is not a member. The head of the militia, who happens to be the duke's master-at-arms, is a member.



The owner of the River Shining Tavern has been complaining ever since the Guildmasters' Hall was constructed, because it's feared that the guildmaster might not use the tavern for their meeting place, choosing the new hall instead. The constabulary is keeping a close eye on both places, making sure that no one tries to burn down the place.

132. Nicomantis's Residence

Nicomantis (LG hm C6) has a strange combination of powers given him by the deities. He has a strange power over all predacious insects (those with six legs, not more) and he has an all-encompassing interest in plants, whether dead or alive.

Some believe that Nicomantis can communicate with plants, and that they tell him whenever someone evil passes by. Others believe that he can make the plants come to life, wrapping their vines around intruders. Whatever the truth behind the tales, few can dispute Nicomantis's green thumb. Plant life thrives in his house.

Additionally, Nicomantis demonstrated his mastery over insects a few years ago. When confronted by an angry adventurer who demanded healing, the old priest began humming. As the adventure approached with steel drawn, insects came flying and crawling toward him. Their bites and stings sent the adventurer screaming from town.

133. Bando the Lamé's Residence

Bando (NG hfm P7 [Tymora]; W 18) was a thief/adventurer when his party went into the High Moor in search of treasure. All they found were trolls who ate the entire party except for Bando. He was crippled by the experience and now gets around with a crutch. He's never begrudged his lameness, considering the fate of his companions. Instead, this was a religious experience for Bando, who has now abandoned the thieving way for worship of Tymora, goddess of luck.

Bando is now the custodian of the shrine of Tymora in Daggerford. He has *leather armor +3*, *shield +1*, a *ring of invisibility*, a *mace +1*, *sling bullets +2 (5)*, and a *luckstone*. He typically has the following spells memorized: 1st Level: *cure light wounds (x2)*, *bless*, *light*, *protection from evil*; 2nd Level: *aid*, *find traps*, *know alignment*, *silence 15' radius*, *slow poison*; 3rd Level: *continual light*, *dispel magic*, *remove curse*.

134. Demetira Landscaper's Residence

Owner of the Daggerford Inn, Demetira (LN df F2) began her life as a miner in Citadel Adbar. When the threats of Hellgate Keep raged too close for comfort, she moved here and attempted to begin anew. Rumors state that she's digging a cavernous expanse under her house, hoping to open it soon as an underground and completely secure inn for weary travelers.

135. Potter's Wheel

Marcus (NG hem P3) is an unremarkable man who makes unremarkable pottery. His two-story hop has three apartments that occupy the second floor.

In reality, Marcus is far more remarkable than initial appearances might suggest. He keeps an eye on subversive activities in the Farmers' Quarter for the Duke of Daggerford, occasionally carrying important messages and documents concealed in his uninteresting, unremarkable pots.

Marcus was a priest of Chauntea, but an argument with the high priest in Secomber got him stripped of his abilities and station. While he'd like to frame the church of Chauntea for a crime worthy enough to get them chased out of town, he hasn't been able to get past his moral objections to the plans he's come up with.

136. Wayfel's Smithy

Wayfel (CN hm F3) moved here a few years ago and set himself up to compete with both Derval and Cromach. His work is 20% cheaper than theirs, but it has a 20% chance of breaking under hard use. Wayfel doesn't compete with Derval in the construction business after his river gate tower collapsed following a flood. The tower had not been anchored in bedrock.

138. Lamet's Residence

Lamet (CN hm F3) was once on the wrong side of the law, stealing a bottle of evermist wine. He was captured by the Port Llast constabulary and sentenced to five years of hard labor. After four years and good behavior, he was released, and he and his family were banished from the city for three generations. Since his kin were thrown from their homes and expelled from their businesses, Lamet has been excommunicated from the household. He sees none of his family and has no idea how they're doing.

Here in Daggerford, Lamet is planning to open a blade-sharpening, honing, and derusting shop in his home. He already has a small clientele, and word of mouth is already expanding his business.



140. Carpenters' League

This guildhouse offers many services throughout its four floors. The first floor features wagon making and wheelwrights; the second floor specializes in furniture making; the third has door and stair makers; the fourth floor makes specialized items like axles, windmill blades, dowels, and the like.

The guild's headquarters and meeting rooms are in the building's small basement. Often suffering from flooding and mildew, the guild's meeting hall is reflective of the guild itself; ineffective and frequently brushed aside or ignored by the Daggerford council.

141. Zeno's Residence

Zeno (N hem F6) was a mercenary who fought on the side that paid the most, often choosing the underdog if the pay was the same. He's been unemployed for three years, and is thirsting for the "good life" again.

142. Behring's Residence

Behring (CN dm M3) is one of those rare individuals that people speak often about, both a dwarf and a wizard. Alustriel of Silvermoon believes he has human descent in his blood which gives him the power to wield magic, though Behring denies this. He has no love for underground locales and prefers the openness of wilderness over the dark, damp, and cold fissures of his people's homeland.

143. Marketplace Storage

Even though the booths are becoming more permanent, the merchants here still don't keep their wares out in the open. Fear of losing their goods to both thieves and the elements has created the need for an elaborate—and secure—storage space.

The dilemma was overcome when the town council provided a large stone and wood shed for the merchants. Guarded continuously by the town militia, very few thieves have managed to steal anything from within its walls.

144. Caravan Gate

This is the largest of the city's three gates and is usually kept shut, opening only when a merchant caravan or company of entertainers is camped outside. There are two 24-foot towers flanking the gate with a walkway over the gate between them. The gate itself is 16-feet tall. The flanking towers have arrow slits covering the gate area on both stories.

145. Marketplace

This large, empty area is the site of the market which takes place every five days and ten days of each ride. Farmers and small merchants bring their goods to the market and sell them from temporary booths. Recently, the booths have become more permanent, thanks to the installation of the drill field near the southern wall. Many of these booths would take a full day to dismantle.

On a given day, the number of vendors changes; roll on Table 1 to determine the number of vendors present. For each vendor available, roll on the Table 2 to determine the wares they're selling. Note that competition can be stiff for these vendors, so on some days, many sellers are selling the same type of item, and those are the days that PCs find the best deals.

Table 1: Vendors

% Roll	# of Vendors
1-2	1
3-6	2
7-10	3
11-15	4
16-20	5
21-30	6
31-45	7
46-60	8
61-75	9
76-90	10
91-00	11

Table 2: Wares Available

Roll	Wares for Sale
1-10	Armor
11-20	Barding and pet supplies
21-30	Fire-roasted meats
31-40	Fruits and vegetables
41-50	Jerky and trail foodstuffs
51-60	Religious items
61-70	Shields
71-80	Thieves' contraband*
81-90	Weapons
91-00	Spell components

* These items are not visible in a merchant's booth. Instead, characters with the observation or similar proficiency notice that several deals occur behind closed drapes. Much of the equipment listed in the *Complete Thief's Handbook* can be purchased, assuming the merchant and buyer can come to agreeable terms.



146. Drill Field

The drill field is the open area just south of the Caravan Quarter. Soldiers, militia members, and the constabulary can be seen training here nearly every day. When multiple caravans enter the town, they often station here, since the marketplace is normally too small to accommodate them. Thefts here are almost unheard of, especially since the militia and constabulary patrol the area heavily.

147. Commons

This area, which takes up almost half the town, is kept purposely clear as an emergency pasture for cattle and sheep. Otherwise, the horses of the duke and the militia pasture here. The only buildings in this area are the duke's castle, Lathander's temple, the town stables, and the cisterns. By agreement with the duke, this is considered ducal property.

[2-day's west] Elorfindar's Residence

There are few elves living in Daggerford, but some moon elves work as foresters and hunters in the nearby territory. Sir Elorfindar Flosin (NG em F12/M15) of the House of Long Silences, is a rare exception in the territory. He's a gold elf with a friendly interest in humans who decided to stay when most of the Fallen Kingdom moved 1,000 years ago.

Elorfindar's estate is between Waterdeep and Daggerford. His gold elf wife stayed with him in his self-imposed exile but died 200 years ago after presenting him with four children over six centuries. He has since taken three human wives from the nobility of Waterdeep and had several more children. Since taking residence among humans, Elorfindar has employed moon elves in his retinue who have both bred among themselves and with humans. Many of both Elorfindar's and his followers' children have stayed with the noble elf, but others have made their own way in the area as adventurers, soldiers, and even farmers and craftsmen.

Elorfindar owns *elven chain mail* +4, *shield* +2, *long sword of dancing*, *long sword* +5 *defender* named *Elfhost* (see below), *longbow* +3, *sheaf arrows* +1 (10), *sheaf arrows* +3 (3), *arrows of slaying goblinoids* (2), *ring of protection* +2, *ring of wizardry* (levels 4-5), a huge collection of *ioun stones* (one of each stone), a *staff of the magi* (14 charges), and a *luckstone*.

Sir Flosin typically memorizes the following spells:
1st Level: *color spray*, *detect undead*, *hold portal*, *magic missile*, *sleep*; 2nd Level: *detect invisibility*, *invisibility*,

mirror image, *web*, *wizard lock*; 3rd Level: *fireball*, *haste*, *hold person*, *nondetection*, *slow*; 4th Level: *dimension door*, *Evard's black tentacles*, *fire shield*, *ice storm*, *improved invisibility*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, *polymorph other*, *Rary's mnemonic enhancer*, *stoneskin*, *wizard eye*; 5th Level: *Bigby's interposing hand*, *cloudkill*, *cone of cold*, *demishadow monsters*, *hold monster*, *monster summoning III*, *telekinesis*, *teleport*, *transmute rock to mud*, *wall of force*; 6th Level: *globe of invulnerability*, *guards and wards*; 7th Level: *reverse gravity*.

Elfhost: Longsword, +5 Defender

This long sword has been in Elorfindar's hands for as long as any human can remember. Goblins, orcs, and other enemies of the elves gave it the name of *Elfhost* hundreds of years ago. Its blade is made of mithral that never dulls or rusts, and a large ruby is set into its pommel. *Elfhost* is an intelligent weapon with a neutral good alignment (Int 17, Ego 22) that possesses the abilities of *detect secret doors*, *detect gems*, *locate object* (120-foot radius), *heal* (1/day), and *teleport without error*.

Elfhost was created to defeat all enemies of the elves. To this end, it inflicts double damage upon all goblinoid creatures. The blade speaks common, elfish, orcish, pixie, and can also communicate via *telepathy*.

[2-day's east] Elorshin's Residence

Elorshin (NG em M7/P6 [Tyr]), one of the four children of Sir Elorfindar, is a priest serving the Mosque of Tyr.

[2-day's east] Mosque of Tyr

The Mosque of Tyr is a small fortification east of Daggerford. Elorshin maintains this temple, even though the parsonage is limited to travelers along the road headed for Waterdeep.

[1-day northeast] Black Helm Tower

This is home and headquarters of Ghelimar Firefrostarr (NG hm F11). Additional information on Ghelimar can be found in *Code of the Harpers*.

Roll	Name	DM Notes
503–507	Oort (CN gf)	_____
508–511	Opis (CG hm)	_____
512–516	Orsird (NE gm)	_____
517–521	Pacca (CE hf)	_____
522–526	Papon (N hem)	_____
527–531	Pekah (LE hm)	_____
532–536	Perozel (LG df)	_____
537–540	Phidias (NG dm)	_____
541–545	Picart (CG hm)	_____
546–550	Plantin (CN hf)	_____
551–555	Polier (LN gm)	_____
556–560	Praslin (NE hm)	_____
561–565	Psalmazar (CG gf)	_____
566–569	Puget (NG gm)	_____
570–574	Pylade (CN hm)	_____
575–579	Quade (N hef)	_____
580–584	Quesnel (LN dm)	_____
585–589	Quevedo (NE hm)	_____
590–594	Rabinis (CG hf)	_____
595–598	Racine (LE gm)	_____
599–603	Rayneval (LN hem)	_____
604–608	Reich (NG df)	_____
609–613	Rennell (CN hm)	_____
614–618	Ribas (CG dm)	_____
619–623	Ribera (NE hf)	_____
624–627	Rienzi (CE hm)	_____
628–632	Roberjot (N gm)	_____
633–637	Rumfjord (LE gf)	_____
638–642	Sacadas (LG hm)	_____
643–647	Saladin (NG gm)	_____
648–652	Sapor (CG hf)	_____
653–656	Schling (CN hm)	_____
657–661	Scipio (LN dm)	_____
662–666	Selwyn (NE gf)	_____
667–671	Severus (CG hm)	_____
672–676	Shamyl (NG gm)	_____
677–681	Sicard (CN hf)	_____
682–685	Simler (N hem)	_____
686–690	Slingehaus (LN hm)	_____
691–695	Sobie (NE df)	_____
696–700	Spielmacht (CG dm)	_____
701–705	Stache (LE hm)	_____
706–710	Stully (LN hf)	_____
711–714	Swain (NG gm)	_____
715–719	Sylvain (CN hm)	_____
720–724	Talleyrand (CG gf)	_____
725–729	Terme (NE gm)	_____
730–734	Themiseul (CE hm)	_____
735–738	Thibaut (N hef)	_____
739–743	Tiebout (LE dm)	_____
744–748	Tiepoli (LG hm)	_____
749–753	Tobin (NG hf)	_____

Roll	Name	DM Notes
754–758	Tomasz (CG gm)	_____
759–763	Trelat (CN hem)	_____
764–767	Turgot (LN df)	_____
768–772	Tyndare (NE hm)	_____
773–777	Tzetzes (CG dm)	_____
778–782	Ubaldi (NG hf)	_____
783–787	Uden (CN hm)	_____
788–792	Ulisse (N gm)	_____
793–796	Ulric (LN gf)	_____
797–801	Umeau (NE hm)	_____
802–806	Urania (CG gm)	_____
807–811	Ussing (LE hf)	_____
812–816	Vacher (LN hm)	_____
817–821	Vahan (NG dm)	_____
822–825	Valdemar (CN gf)	_____
826–830	Valpy (CG hm)	_____
831–835	Vaseef (NE gm)	_____
836–840	Veit (CE hf)	_____
841–845	Ventura (N hem)	_____
846–850	Verstoch (LE hm)	_____
851–854	Vicente (LG df)	_____
855–859	Vigilus (NG dm)	_____
860–864	Vulson (CG hm)	_____
865–869	Waal (CN hf)	_____
870–874	Wagendaar (LN gm)	_____
875–879	Wathiaz (NE hm)	_____
880–883	Wechel (CG gf)	_____
884–888	Weerd (NG gm)	_____
889–893	Westsword (CN hm)	_____
894–898	Whitelocke (N hef)	_____
899–903	Willan (LN dm)	_____
904–908	Wolfe (NE hm)	_____
909–912	Wollhaus (CG hf)	_____
913–917	Wordsmith (LE gm)	_____
918–922	Wrede (LN hem)	_____
923–927	Wulfen (NG df)	_____
928–932	Wythe (CN hm)	_____
933–937	Xanthas (CG dm)	_____
938–941	Xavier (NE hf)	_____
942–946	Xylander (CE hm)	_____
947–951	Yahya (N gm)	_____
952–956	Yezdejerd (LE gf)	_____
957–961	Yonge (LG hm)	_____
962–966	Yorck (NG gm)	_____
967–970	Yousouf (CG hf)	_____
971–975	Zampia (CN hm)	_____
976–980	Zarabell (LN dm)	_____
981–985	Zedlitz (NE gf)	_____
986–990	Zeiner (CG hm)	_____
991–995	Zeuxis (NG gm)	_____
996–000	Zollner (CN hf)	_____

FORGOTTEN REALMS

CAMPAIGN EXPANSION



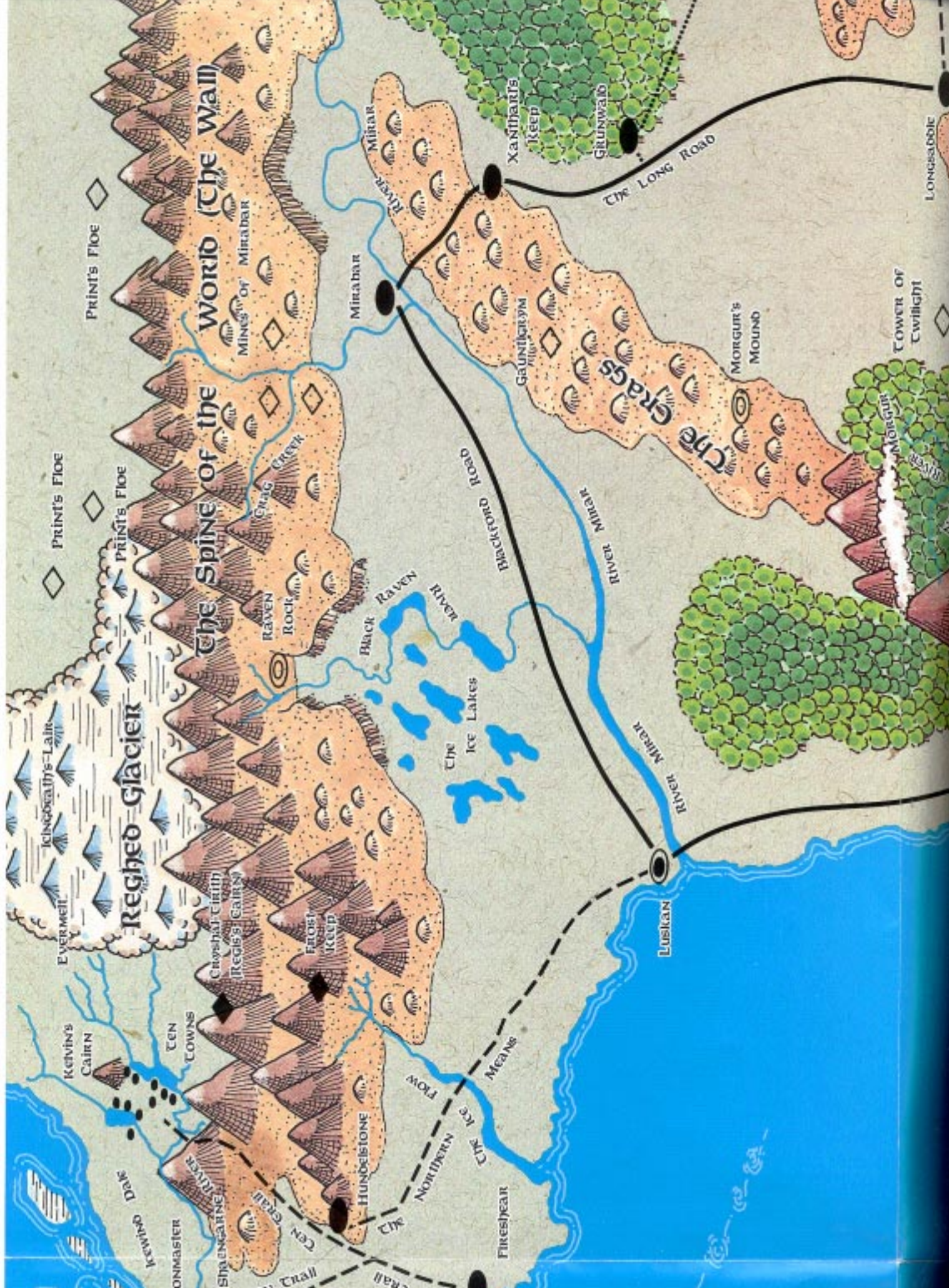
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TEN TOWNS





Print's Fioe

World (The Wall)

Mines of Mirabar

Mirabar

River Mirabar

Xantharis Keep

GRUNWALD

THE LONG ROAD

LONGSLOB

Print's Fioe

The Spine of the

CRAG Creek

ROCK RAVEN

Black Raven River

BACKROAD ROAD

River Mirabar

Morgur's Mound

TOWER OF Twilight

Reghed Glacier

ICINGWATER'S LAKE

EVERMELL

KEVIN'S CAIRN

CEN COWNS

Crowshat Cairn

REGHE'S CAIRN

FALOR'S KEEP

HUNDLESTONE

THE ICE FLOW

MEANS

Luskan

River Mirabar

KEVIN'S DARS

ONMASTER

SHANKARNE

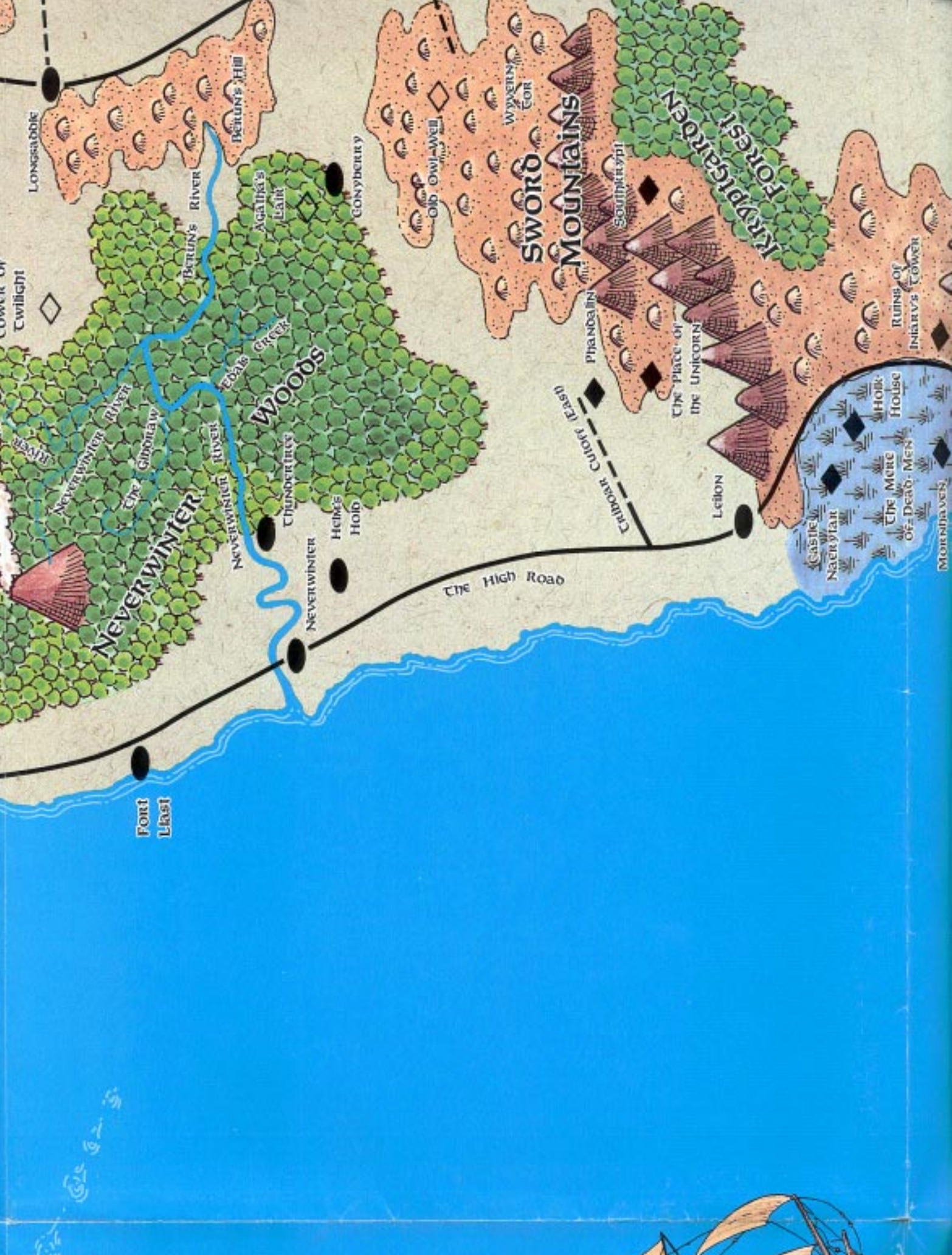
CEN GRAB

THE GRAB

THE NORTHERN

FIRESPEAR

SEA



Sea of Swords





Mountains



Foothills



Barren



Volcano



Desert (Sand)



Clear



Forest (Heavy)



Forest (Light)



Swamp



Moor



Cliffs



Glacier



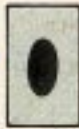
River



Falls Line



Bridge



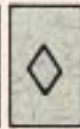
Village



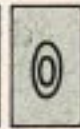
City



Ruins



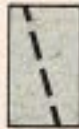
Important Site



Religious Site



Roads



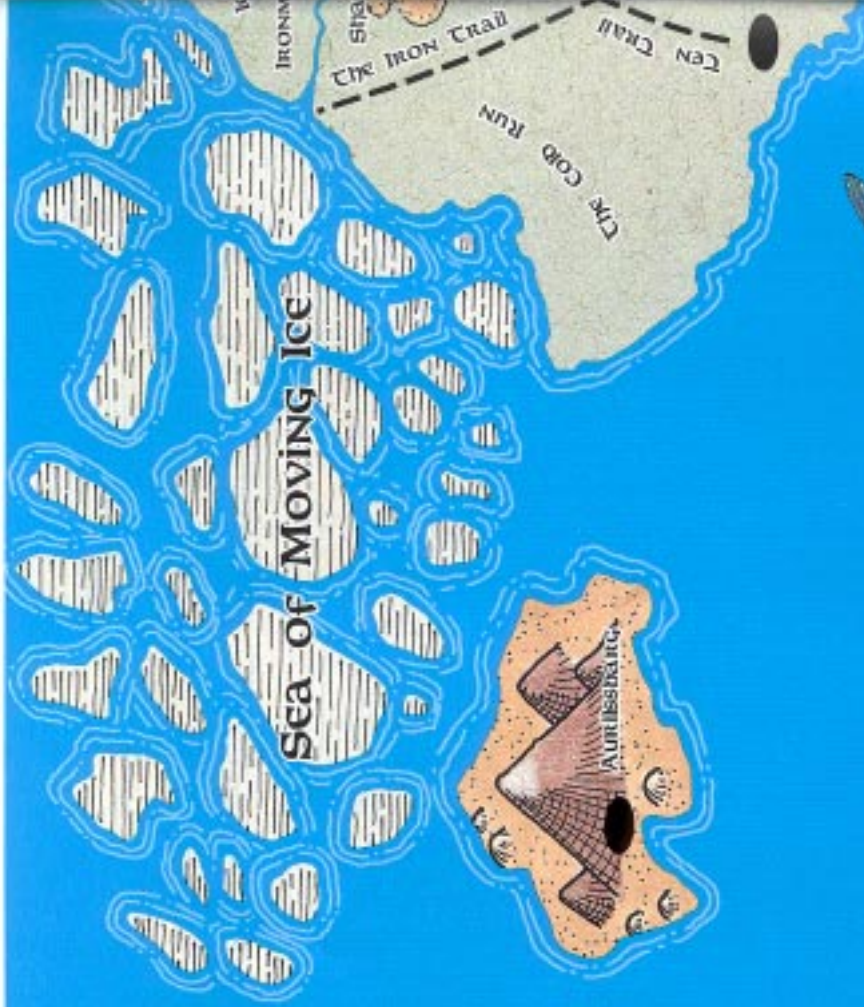
Major Trail



Minor Trail

Scale: ONE INCH = 30 MILES

Sea of Moving Ice



The Ice Peak

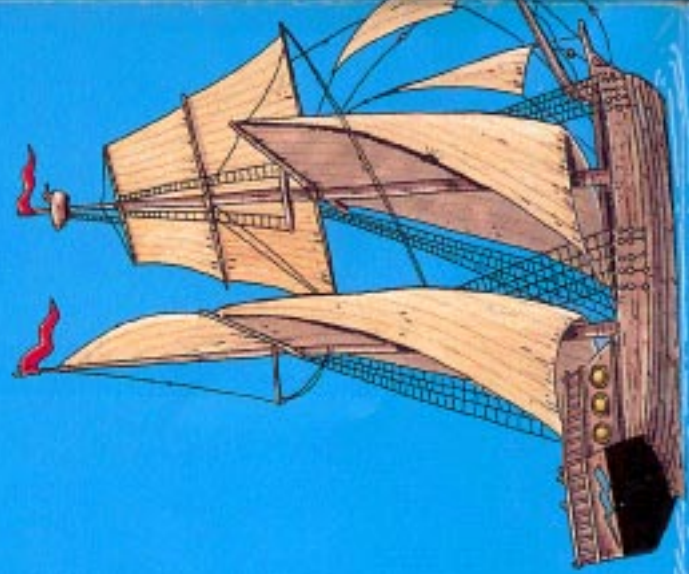
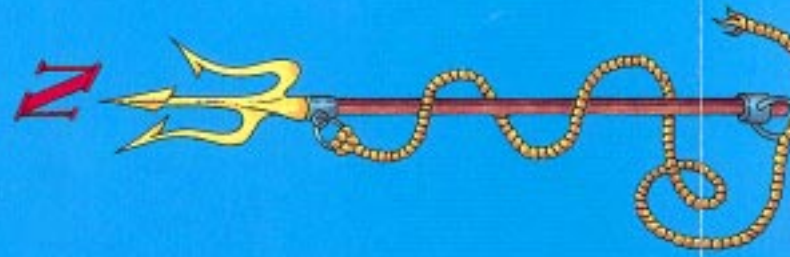


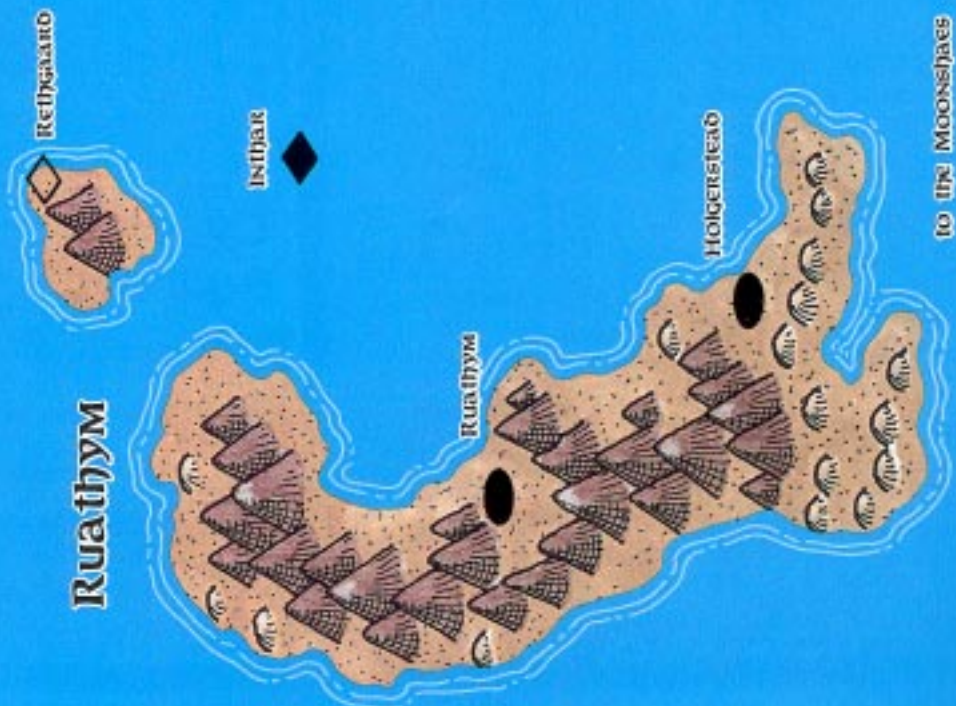
Trackless Sea

Gundarlun



THE
WRECK
OF THE
GOLDBEN
CROWN



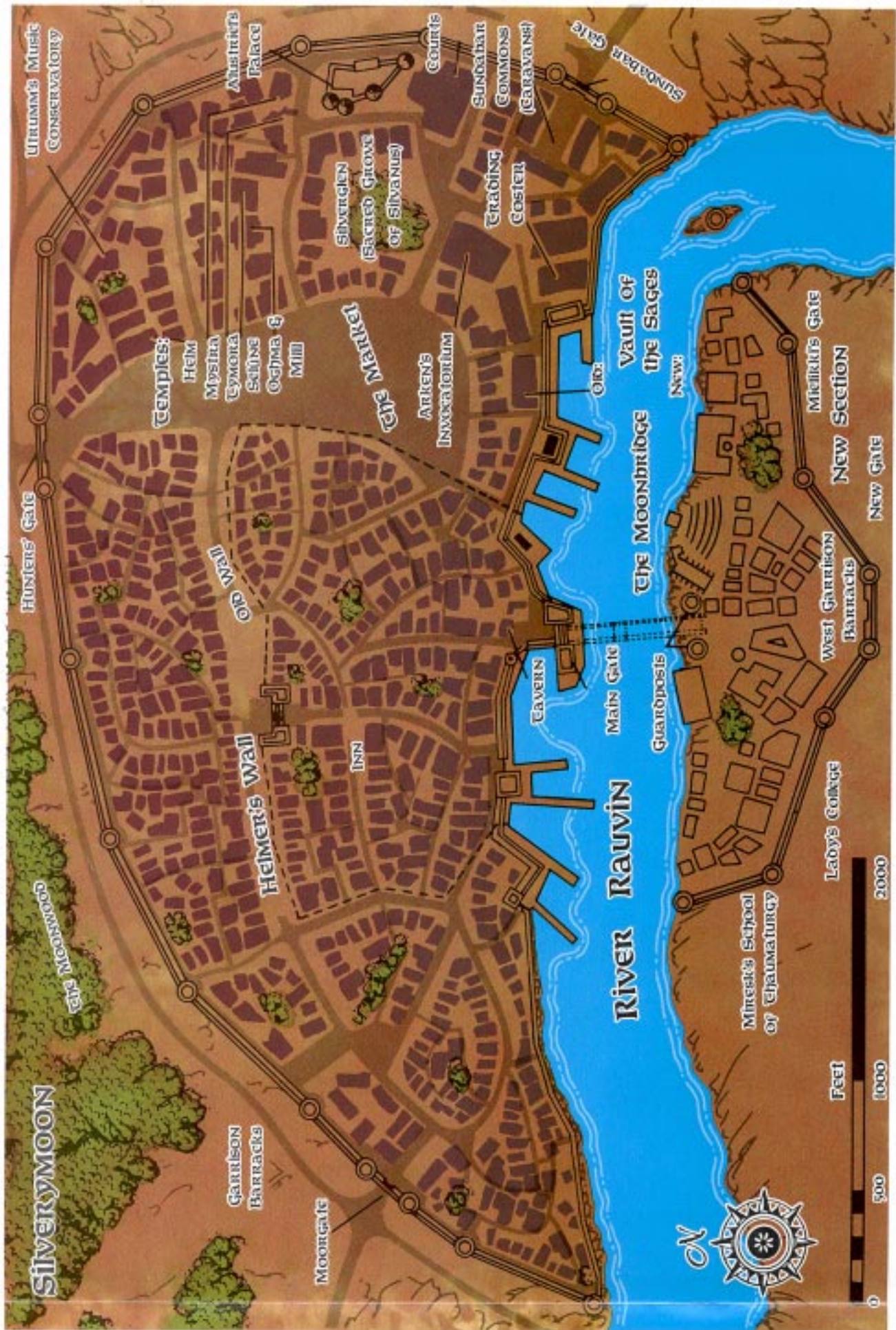


The Whale BONES



TO THE MOONSHAES

SILVERMOON



Uthimm's Mirek Conservatory

Garrison Barracks

Moongate

Hunters' Gate

Temples:

Helm

Mystina

Lymora

Selphie

Ochjma &

Mill

OP

Helmer's Wall

INN

Temple of the Moon

Arkens Inn

Silverglen

Sacred Grove of Silvanus

Courts

Trabing Coster

Sundobar Commons (Caravan)

Sundobar Gate

Gavern

Main Gate

Guardposts

River Rauvin

The Moonbridge

Old

New

Vault of the Sages

West Garrison Barracks

Laby's College

Mirek's School of Chamaurgy

New Section

West Garrison Barracks

Laby's College

Mirek's School of Chamaurgy

Feet

500

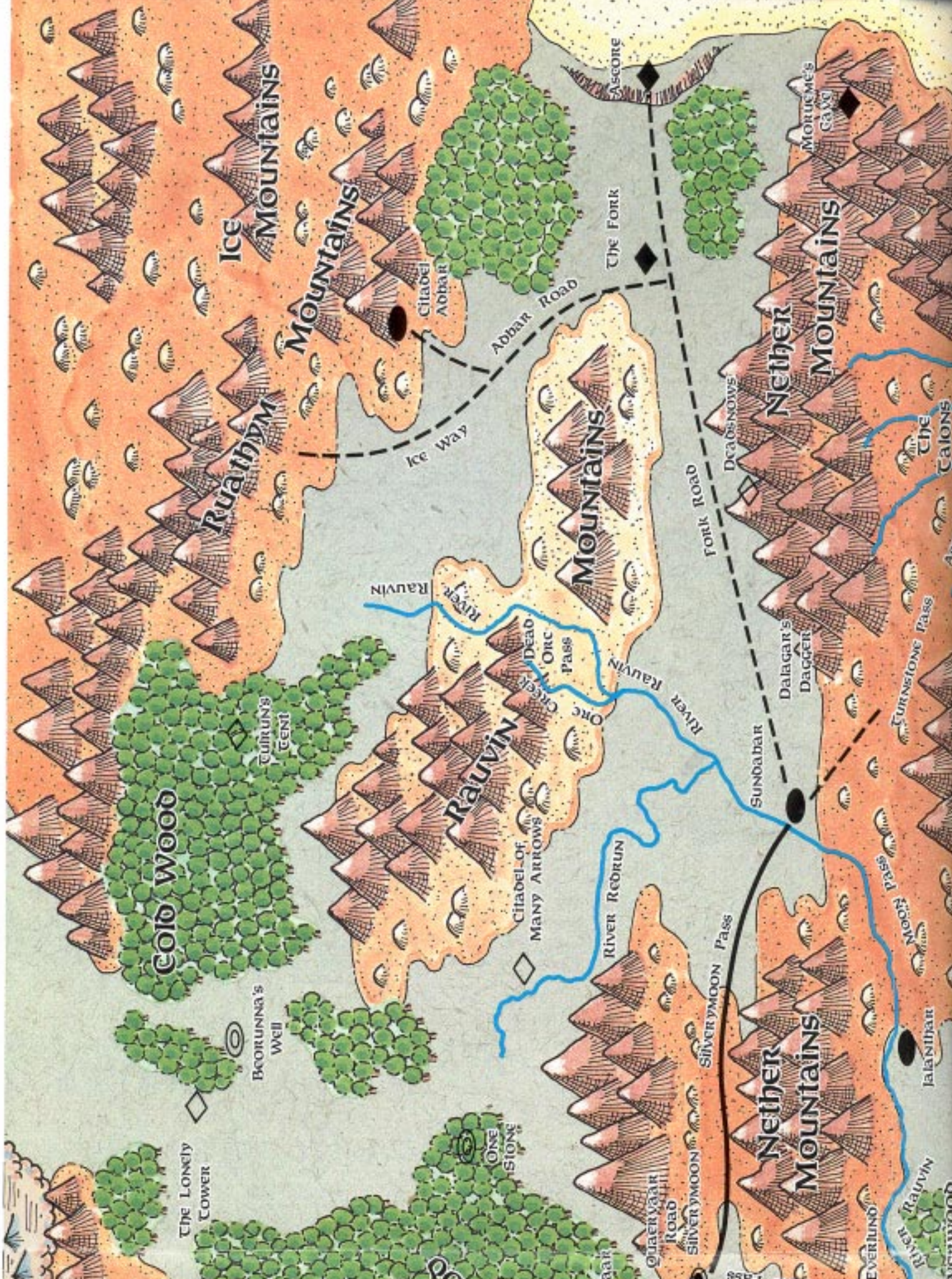
1000

2000



New Gate

Micrik's Gate



Ice Mountains

Ruathym Mountains

Mountains

Cold Wood

Citabel Aobbar

Beorluna's Well

The Lonely Tower

Rauvin

Mountains

Citabel of Many Arrows

Citabel of Deao Orc Pass

River Redrun

River Rauvin

The Fork

Ascote

Nether Mountains

Nether Mountains

Dalagar's Dagger

Sundabar

Deadsnores

Morlumes Gave

Silvermoon Pass

Fork Road

Abbar Road

Ice Way

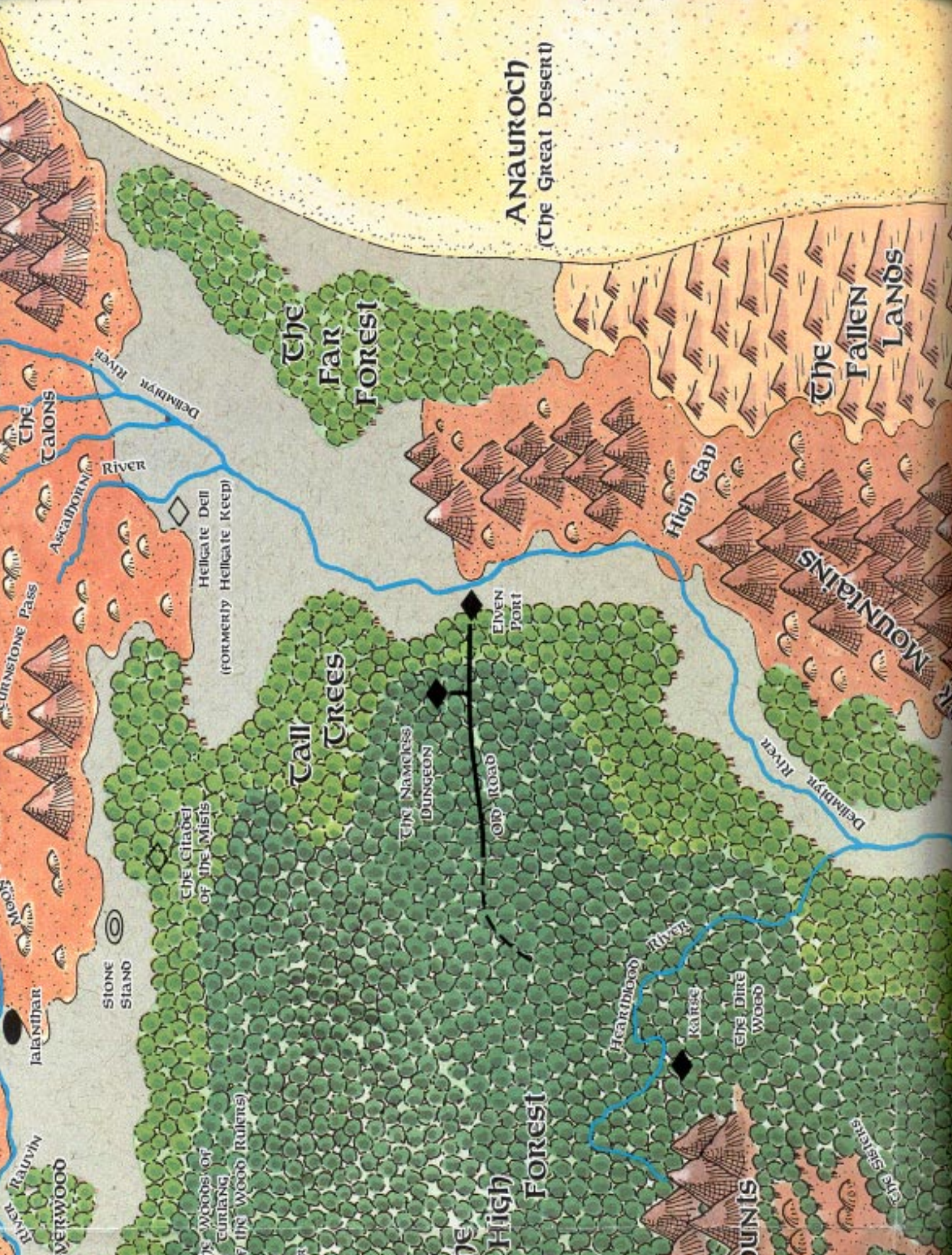
Turnstone Pass

Nether Pass

Ialanthar

River Rauvin

The Talons



Anauroch
(The Great Desert)

The Far Forest

The Fallen Lands

High Gap

High Mountains

Tall Trees

The Nameless Dungeon

Old Road
Even Port

The Citadel of the Mists

Helgate Dell
(formerly Helgate Keep)

Heartblood River
Karee

The Dire Wood

The High Forest

Stone Mountains

Stone Stand

Jalanthar

Verwood
River Rauvin

Stone Mountains

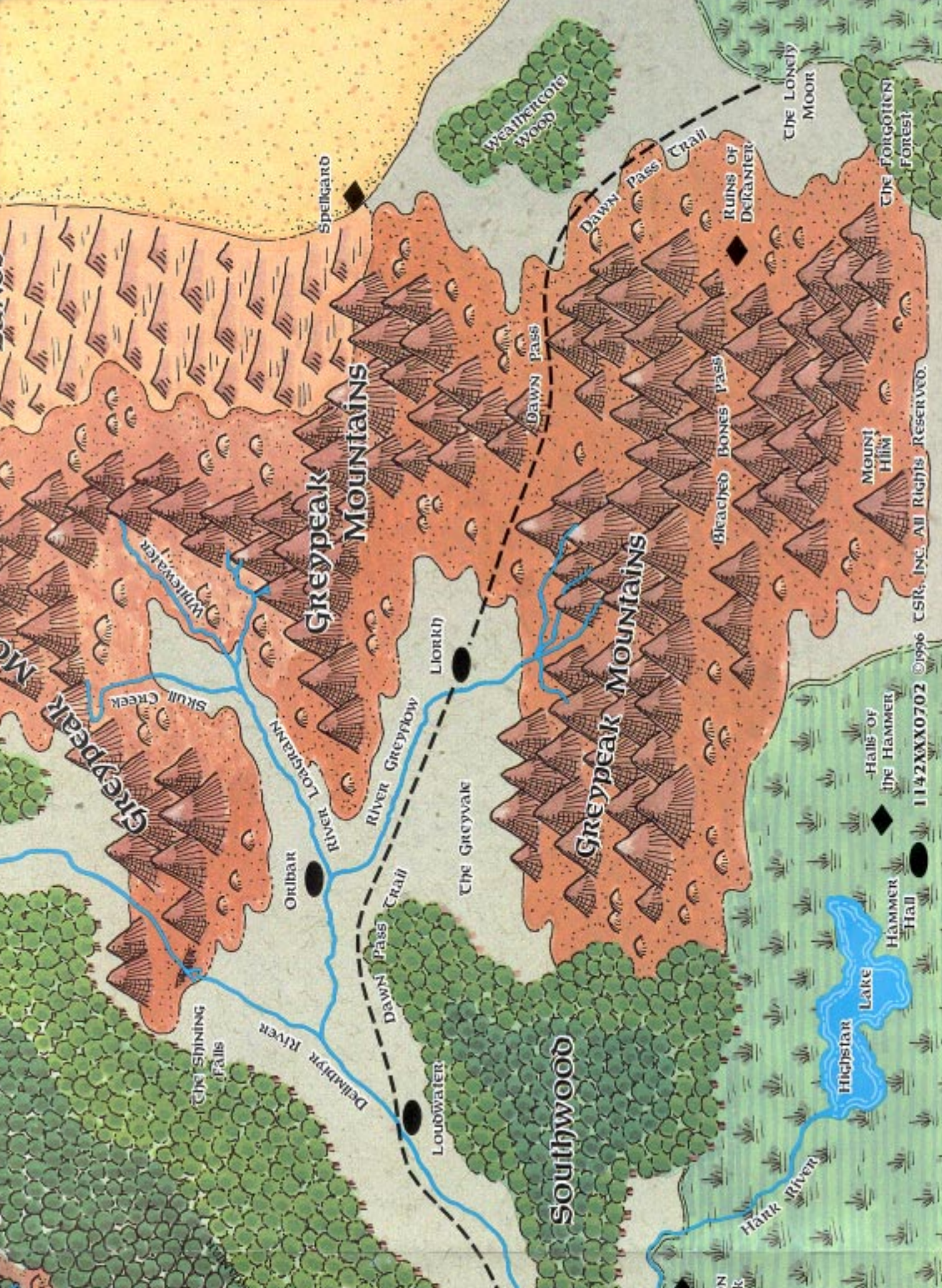
Urnstone Pass

The Talons

Ascalpottan River

Deindyr River

The Sisters



Greypeak Mountains

Greypeak Mountains

Southwood

Spelgard

Weathercote Wood

The Lonely Moor

The Forgotten Forest

Ruins of Deranter

Bleached Bones Pass

Mount Hillm

Whitewater

Skull Creek

Liorth

River Greyyflow

River Loagrain

Oribar

The Greyvale

The Shining Falls

Delindyr River

Louwater

Half of the Hammer

Hammer Hall

Hichstar Lake

Hark River

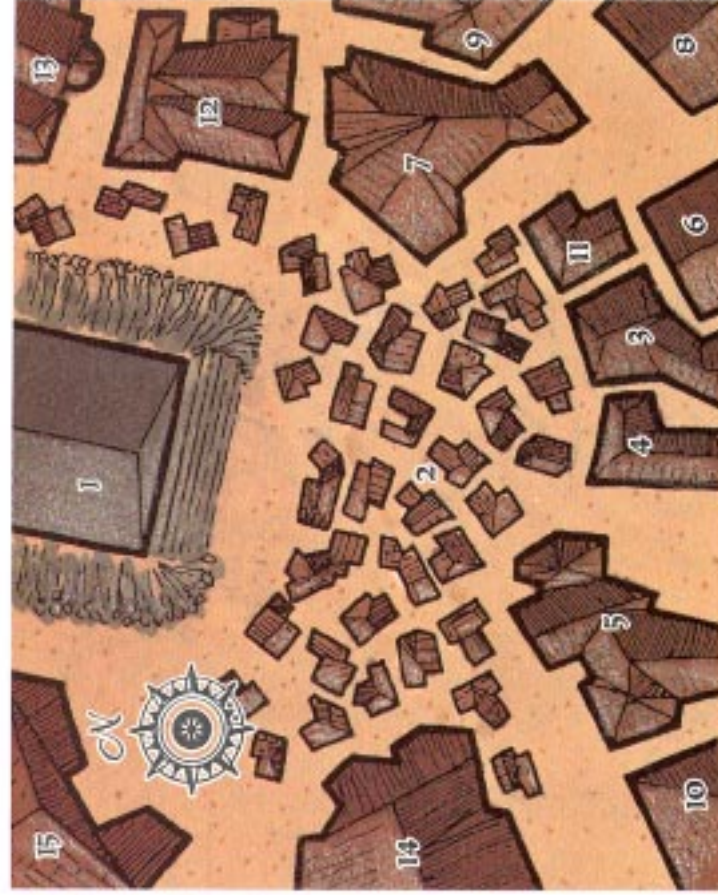


LONGSADDLE

1. The Ivy Mansion
2. Harpell Hill Farm
3. The Glibed Horseshoe
4. The Leaping Hooves Trade Stables
5. The Rolling Wheel
6. Nalathar's Fine Stirrups & Spurs
7. Jaster's Ring of Bells
8. The Horn and Hoof
9. The Hill Stream
10. Saddle Pond
11. The Paddock

50 Feet

12. Market Pubium
13. Sixhorns Select Wares
14. The Gambling Golem
15. The Night Cloak
16. Belver family home
17. Griffonposts
18. Dostriil family home
19. Felbryn family home
20. Gosstal family home
21. Irmarl family home
22. Ostever family home
23. Ostever's Slaughterhouse



YARTAR

1. The Waterbaron's Hall
2. The Market
3. Halassa's Waterwell & Fine Wines
4. Winter Winds
5. One Foot in the Boat
6. Hasklar's Arms & Armor
7. The Wink and the Kiss
8. Esklinrar's Maps, Books & Folios

50 Feet

9. Firelust Fabrics & Tailoring
10. Dannath's Pickles, Nuts & Foods
11. Belbarbar's Rest
12. The Cointoss
13. The Whitewings Griffon
14. The Pearl-Handled Pipe
15. The Happy Hall of Fortuitous Happenstance

The Endless Ice Sea

The Spine of the World (The Wall)

Great Worm Cavern

River of Khebrun
Valley of Khebrun

The Fell Pass

Gate

Castle of Illusion

Mithral Hall

Keeper's Dale

Settystone

The Dungeon of the Ruins

The Dungeon of Death

Shining White

Shining Creek

Griffon's Nest

LURKWOOD

MOONWOOD

River Surprin

Quaerwaan

RIVER SURPIN

River Rauvin

GODINIDE RIVER

SILVERWOOD

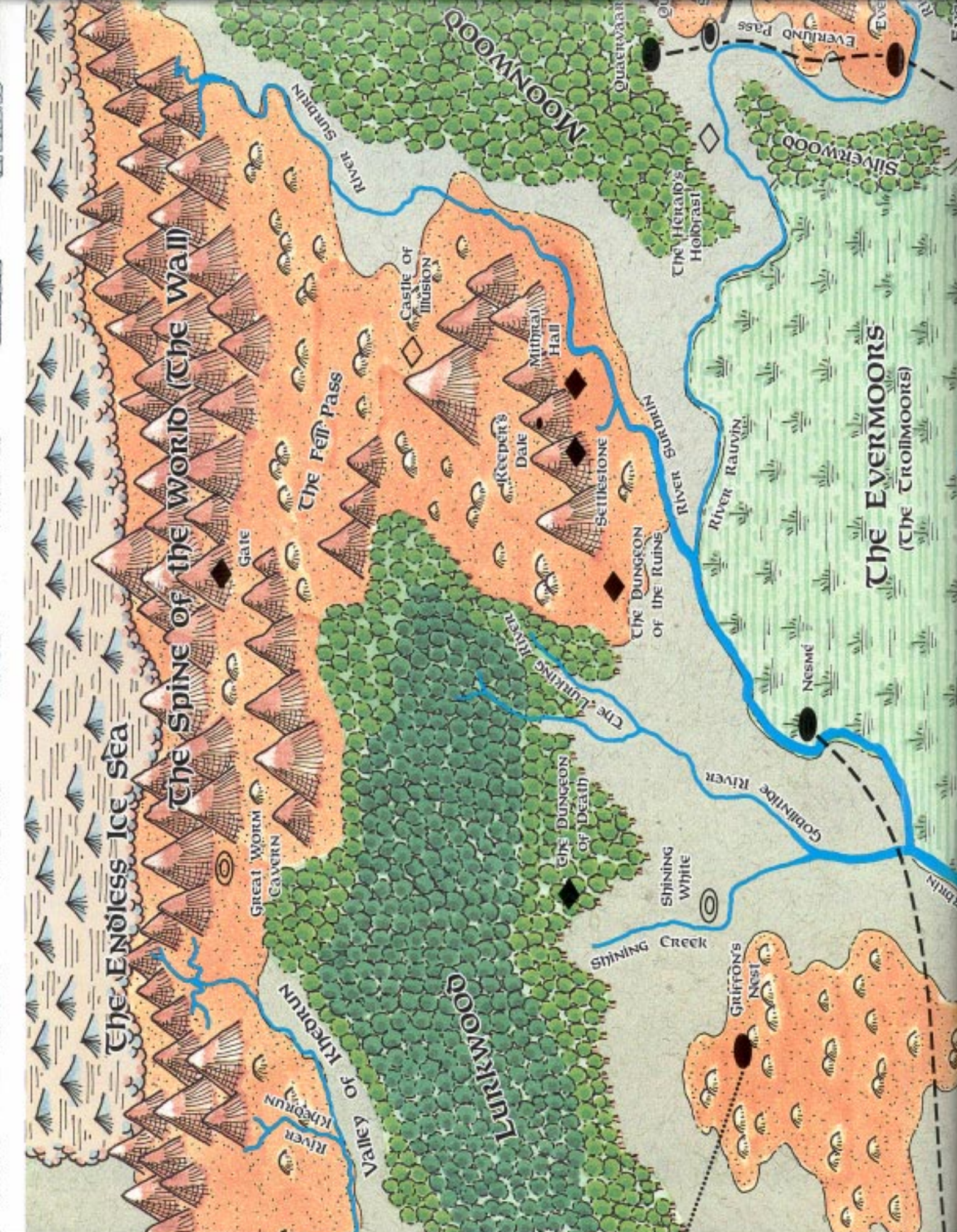
The Herald's Holograsi

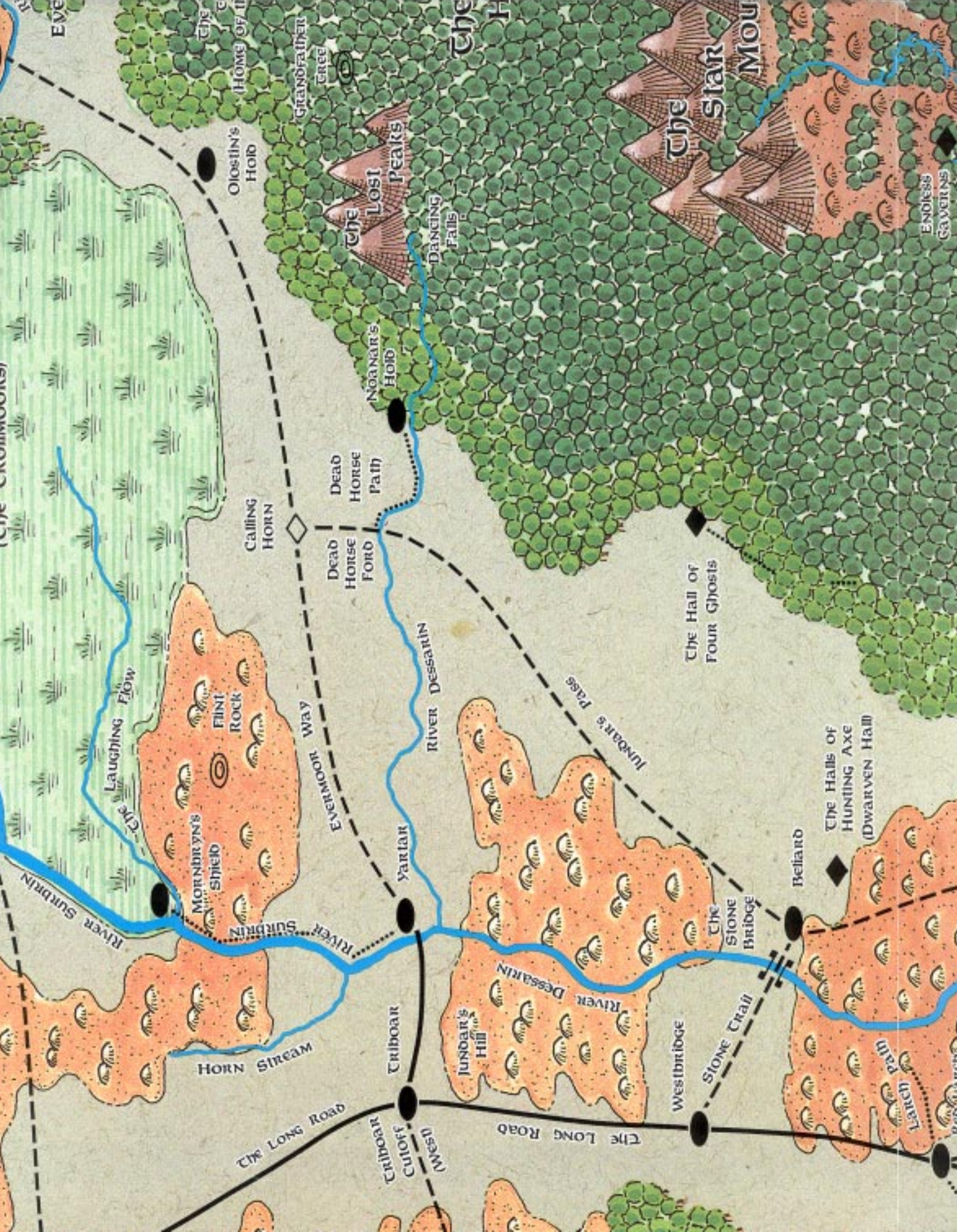
The EVERMOORS
(The TROLLMOORS)

Nesmé

EVERLUND PASS

EVER





(The Crommors)

EVE

The HOME OF THE GRANDFATHER TREE

Olostin's Hoib

GRANDFATHER TREE

The Lost Peaks

DANCING FALLS

NOANAR'S HOIB

Dead Horse Path
Dead Horse Forb

Calling Horn

Evermoor Way

River Deszarin

yartak

Jundar's Pass

River Surbrin

The Laughing Flow

Mornbryn's Shield

FLINT ROCK

HORN Stream

River Surbrin

Triboar

Jundar's Hill

River Deszarin

Westbridge

The Stone Bridge

Bellard

THE HALLS OF HUNTING AXE (DWARVEN HALL)

The Hall of Four Ghosts

The Star Mountain

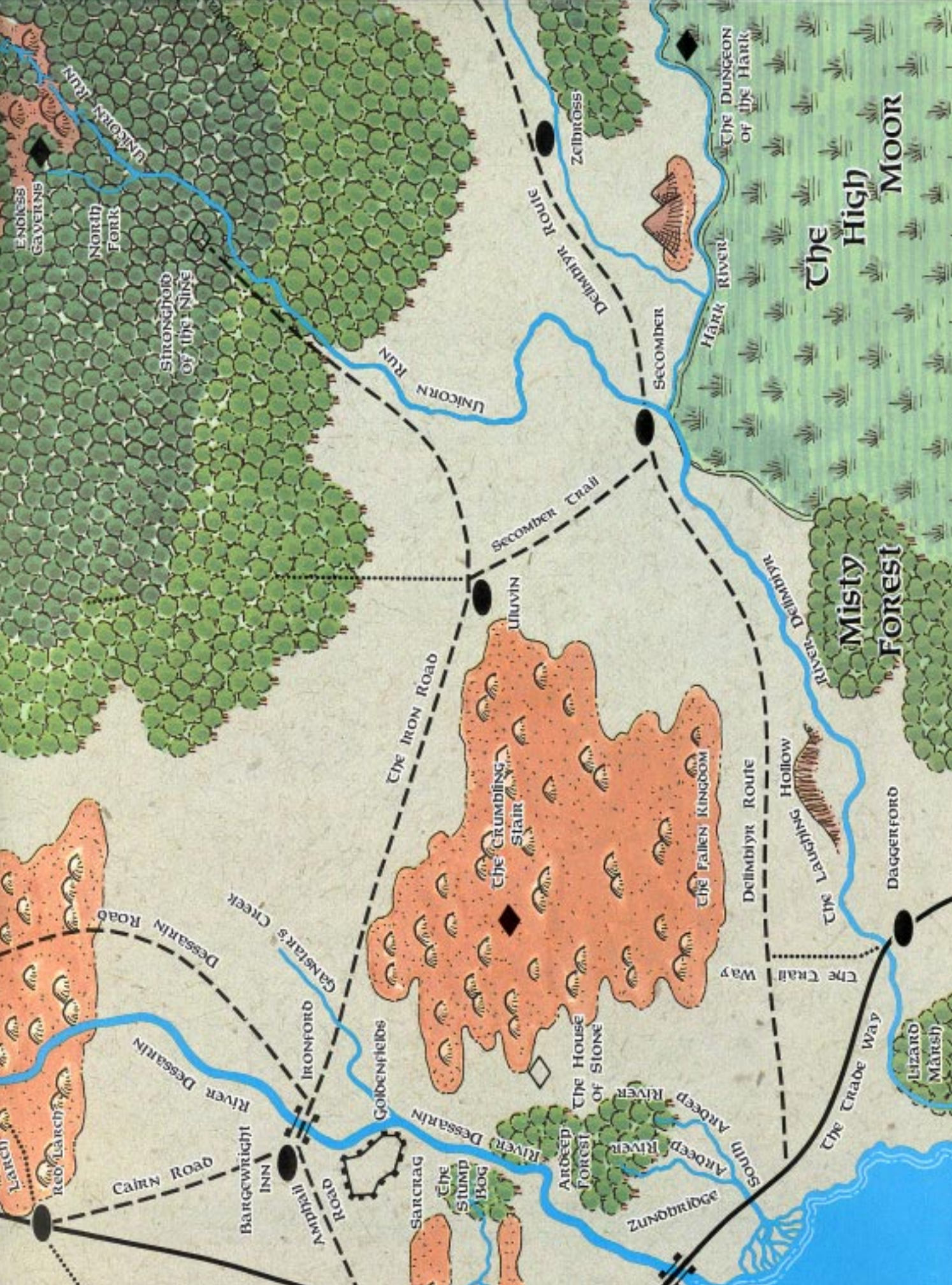
ENDLESS GRAVELNS

The Long Road

Carthor West

The Long Road

LEIGH PATH



ENDLESS
GAVERNS

NORTH
FRIGGIN

North
Fenks

Stronghold
of the Nine

UNICORN
RUN

Zelbröss

Delimbyr
Route

Secomber

Hark
River

The DUNGEON
of the Hark

The
High
MOOR

Misty
Forest

RIVER
DELIMBYR

The Iron Road

Secomber
Trail

Uluvin

The Crumbling
Stair

The Fallen
Kingdom

Delimbyr
Route

The
Laughing
Hollow

Daggerford

The Trail Way

The Trade Way

Lizard
Marsh

Dessein's
Creek

Ganetar's
Creek

IRONFORD

Goldenfields

River
Dessein

Ardeep
Forest

The House
of Stone

Ardeep
River

Ardeep
River

South
Ardeep
River

Zundbridge

Red
Larch

River
Dessein

BARGEWRIGHT
INN

AMPHILL
ROAD

Sarcrag

The
Stump
Bog

The Trade Way



Creature	Coast			Desert			Forest			Hill		
	A	S	T	A	S	T	A	S	T	A	S	T
Aballin	1-3	1-3	1-2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Abyss Ants ⁵	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
Afanc ¹	—	—	3-4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ankheg	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—
Aurumvorax	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2
Baelnorn ¹	—	—	5-6	—	—	1-2	—	—	2	—	—	3-4
Banelar ⁴	—	—	7-8	—	—	3-4	—	—	—	1-3	—	—
Bat, Common	—	—	9-10	—	—	5-6	—	—	3	—	—	5
Bat, Large	—	—	11-12	—	—	7-8	—	—	4-5	—	—	6-7
Bear	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Black	—	—	13-14	—	—	9-10	—	—	6	—	—	8
Brown	—	—	15-16	—	—	11-12	—	—	7	—	—	9-10
Cave	4-7	4-6	17-18	—	—	—	1-3	1-2	8	4-7	1-2	11
Polar	8-11	—	—	—	—	—	4-6	—	—	8-10	—	—
Beetle	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bombardier	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3-4	9-10	—	—	—
Fire	—	—	—	—	1-3	13-14	—	—	—	—	—	—
Water	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Broken One	12-15	7-9	—	1-4	4-6	—	7-10	5-6	—	11-14	3-5	—
Brownie	—	—	19-20	—	—	—	—	7-8	11	—	—	12-13
Bugbear	16-19	10-12	—	—	—	—	11-13	9-10	12	15-17	6-7	14
Bulette	—	—	21-22	—	—	15-16	—	—	13	—	—	15-16
Cat, Great ²	—	13-15	23-24	—	7-9	17-18	—	11-13	14-15	—	8-10	17
Centaur	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	16	—	—	—
Centipede	—	—	25-26	—	—	19-20	—	—	17	—	—	18-19
Chimera ³	—	—	27-28	—	—	21-22	—	—	18	—	—	20
Cockatrice	—	—	—	—	—	23-24	—	—	—	—	—	21-22
Crabman	—	—	29-30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crustacean, Giant	20-23	16-18	31-32	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crypt Thing	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	18-21	11-12	23
Dinosaur ⁴	—	—	33-34	—	—	—	—	—	19-20	—	—	—
Dog, Sahuag ¹	—	—	—	—	10-12	25-27	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dog, Wild	24-26	19-21	35-36	5-9	13-16	28-29	14-17	14-15	21	22-24	13-15	24-25
Doppelganger	—	22-24	37-38	—	17-19	30-31	—	16-17	22	—	16-17	26
Dragon	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Blue	—	—	—	10-14	20-22	32-33	—	—	—	—	—	—
Brass	—	—	—	—	—	34-35	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bronze	—	—	39-40	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Copper	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	27-28
Deep	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	18-20	29
Gold	—	—	—	—	—	36-37	—	—	23	—	—	—
Green	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	24-25	—	—	—
Red	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	30-31
White	27-30	—	—	15-19	—	—	18-20	—	—	25-28	—	—
Dragon-kin ¹	—	—	—	—	23-25	38-39	—	—	—	—	21-23	32
Dryad	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	18-19	26	—	—	—
Dwarf ²	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	29-32	24-25	33-34
Elemental ⁶	31-34	25-28	41-42	20-23	26-28	40-41	21-24	20-21	27	33-35	26-28	35
Elf ⁷	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	22-23	28	—	—	—
Ettercap	—	—	—	—	—	—	25-27	24-26	29-30	—	—	—
Faerie, Petty ¹	—	—	43-44	—	—	42-43	—	—	31	—	—	36-37
Feystag ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	28-30	27-28	32	36-39	29-30	38
Foulwing ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	29-30	33-34	—	31-33	39-40
Garbug ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	35	—	—	—
Ghoul	—	—	—	—	—	—	31-34	31-32	36	40-42	34-35	41
Giant	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cyclops	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	42-43
Desert	—	—	—	—	—	44-45	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ettin	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	36-38	44
Firbolg	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	45-46
Fire	—	—	—	—	—	46-47	—	—	—	—	—	—
Fog	—	—	45-46	—	—	—	—	—	37	—	—	47
Frost	35-38	—	—	24-28	—	—	35-37	—	—	43-46	—	—
Hill	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	39-40	48-49
Gibberling	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	38-39	—	—	—
Gith	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	50
Gloomwing	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	40	—	—	—
Grasher ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	38-41	33-34	41	50-53	41-43	51-52

North

Encounters

A	Plain		River			Underground		
	S	T	A	S	T	A	S	T
—	—	—	1-5	1-4	1-3	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	2-3	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	4-5	—	—	—	—	—	—
1-4	—	—	6-8	—	4-6	1	—	2
—	—	6-7	—	—	—	—	—	3
—	—	8	—	—	—	—	—	4-5
—	—	9-10	—	—	—	—	—	6
—	—	11-12	—	—	—	—	—	7
5-9	1-3	13-14	—	—	—	2-3	1	8-9
10-13	—	—	9-11	—	—	4-5	—	—
—	—	15	—	—	—	—	—	10
—	—	—	12-15	5-9	7-10	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2-3	11
1-18	4-7	—	—	—	—	6-7	4	12
19-22	8-11	16-17	—	—	—	8-9	5-6	13-14
—	—	18-19	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	10-11	7-8	15
—	12-14	20-21	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	12-13	9	16
—	—	22	—	—	—	14-15	10-11	17-18
—	—	23-24	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	16-17	12-13	19
—	—	—	—	—	—	18-19	14	20
—	—	25-26	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	27-28	—	—	—	—	—	—
3-27	15-18	29	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	19-22	30-31	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	20-21	15-16	21
—	—	32-33	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	22-23
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17-18	24
—	—	34-35	—	—	—	—	—	25
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	26-27
8-31	—	—	16-21	—	—	22-23	—	—
—	—	36	22-26	—	—	24	20-21	28
2-36	23-25	37-38	27-31	10-13	11-13	25-26	22-23	29
—	—	39-40	—	—	14-17	27-28	24	30
—	26-29	41-42	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	43	—	—	—	—	—	31-32
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	33
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	34
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	44-45	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	46-47	—	—	18-20	—	—	—
7-40	—	—	32-36	—	—	—	—	—

	Moor	
	A	S
Suwyze ¹	—	—
Swanmay	—	—
Tick, Heart ¹	—	—
Treant	—	—
Troglodyte	—	—
Troll	85-87	89-90
Troll, Snow ¹	88-90	91-93
Ulitharid ¹	—	—
Umber Hulk	—	—
Undead Dwarf ¹	—	—
Unicorn	—	—
Wemic	—	—
Whipstring ¹	—	—
Will o'wisp	91-93	94-95
Wolf	94-96	96-97
Worm, Purple	—	—
Wyvern	—	—
Xantravar ¹	97-00	98-00
Xorn/Xaren	—	—
Yeti	—	—

Table 2: Great Cats

Type	Subarctic	Ten
Cheetah	—	0
Jaguar	—	—
Leopard	—	—
Common Lion	—	2
Mountain Lion	—	4
Spotted Lion	01-26	—
Giant Lynx	27-50	—
Wild Tiger	51-75	6
Smilodon	76-00	8

Table 3: Chimerae

Subtype	Chance
Chimera	01-80
Gorgimera	81-00

Table 4: Dinosaurs

Type	Land	S
Ankylosaur	01-14	0
Deinonychus	15-28	—
Diplodocus	—	2
Elamosaur	—	—
Lambosaur	29-42	—
Pteranodon	43-57	4
Stegosaur	58-71	6
Triceratops	72-85	—
Tyrannosaur	86-00	8

Door	Mountain			Plain			River			Underground			
	T	A	S	T	A	S	T	A	S	T	A	S	T
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	83-84	84	90
—	92	—	—	92-93	—	—	—	—	—	83-86	—	—	91
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	92
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	78-81	87-89	—	—	—
—	—	84-86	88-90	94	—	—	—	—	—	—	85-86	85-86	93
1-90	93-94	87-90	91-92	95	87-90	89-92	95-96	79-84	82-86	90-92	87-88	87	94
1-93	—	91-93	93-95	—	91-95	93-96	—	85-89	87-90	—	89-90	88-89	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	91-92	90-91	95
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	91-95	93-96	93-94	92	96
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	95-96	93-94	97
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	97-98	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	97-98	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	96-97	96-97	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	95-96	98
1-95	95-96	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1-97	97	94-96	98-00	98	96-00	97-00	99-00	90-00	96-00	99-00	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	97-98	97-98	99
—	—	—	—	99-00	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1-00	98-00	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	99-00	99-00	00
—	—	97-00	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Temperate

01-20
—
—
21-40
41-60
—
—
61-80
81-00

Table 8: Humans—Continued

Type	Wilderness	Road	City	Forest
Priest	62-69	62-66	65-70	59-66
Sailor	—	—	71-76	—
Slaver	70-76	67-72	—	67-74
Soldier	77-84	73-77	77-82	75-83
Thief	—	78-83	83-88	—
Tradesman	—	84-88	89-94	—
Tribesman	85-92	89-94	—	84-91
Wizard	93-00	95-00	95-00	92-00

Table 8a: Uthgardt Barbarians

2d6	Tribe	Ancestor Mound
2	Black Lion	Beorunna's Well
3	Black Raven	Ravenrock
4	Great Worm	Great Worm
5-6	Elk Tribe	Flintrock
7	Red Tiger	Beorunna's Well
8	Gray Wolf	Ravenrock
9	Griffon	Shining White
10	Sky Ponies	One Stone
11	Thunderbeast	Morgur's Mound
12	Tree Ghost	Grandfather Tree

Table 9: Oozes/Slimes/Jellies

Type	Chance	Type	Chance
Crystal Ooze ¹	01-11	Ochre Jelly	56-66
Gelatinous Cube	12-22	Olive Slime	67-77
Gray Ooze	23-33	Slithering Tracker	78-88
Green Slime	34-44	Stun-Jelly	89-00
Mustard Jelly	45-55		

¹In swamps, there is a 100% chance of encountering crystal ooze.

Swamp Water
01-20 —
— —
21-40 —
— 01-50
— —
41-60 51-00
61-80 —
— —
81-00 —

Gnoll	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	50
Gloomwing	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gnasher ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	38-41	33-34	41	50-53	41-43	51-52
Gnoll	—	—	47-48	—	—	—	—	—	42	—	—	53
Gnome	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	35-36	43-44	—	44-46	54-55
Goblin	—	29-31	49-50	—	29-32	48-49	—	37-39	45	—	47-48	56
Griffon	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57-58
Halfling	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	40-41	46	—	49-51	59
Harpy	—	—	51-52	—	—	—	—	—	47	—	—	60-61
Haton	—	—	—	29-33	33-35	50-52	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hobgoblin	—	32-34	53-54	—	36-38	53-54	—	42-43	48-49	—	52-53	62
Human ⁸	39-42	35-37	55-56	34-38	39-41	55-56	42-44	44-45	50	54-57	54-56	63-64
Jackalwere	—	—	57-58	—	—	57-58	—	—	51	—	—	65
Jarbo ¹	—	—	—	39-42	42-45	59-60	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kenku	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	46-47	52	—	—	—
Kirre	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	53-54	—	—	—
Kobold	—	—	59-60	—	—	—	—	48-49	55	—	57-58	66-67
Lamia	—	—	—	—	46-48	61-62	—	—	—	—	—	—
Leprechaun	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56	—	—	68
Lizard Man	—	38-40	61-62	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Mammal	43-46	41-43	63-64	43-47	49-51	63-64	45-48	50-52	57	58-60	59-61	69-70
Herd	47-49	44-46	65-66	48-52	52-54	65-66	49-51	53-54	58-59	61-64	62-64	71
Small	50-53	47-49	67-68	53-57	55-57	67-68	52-55	55-56	60	65-67	65-66	72-73
Manscorpion	—	—	—	—	—	69-70	—	—	—	—	—	—
Marrashi ¹	—	—	—	58-61	58-61	71-72	—	—	—	—	—	—
Minotaur	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	61	—	—	74
Mongelman	—	50-53	69-70	—	—	—	—	57-58	62-63	—	67-69	75
Nightshade ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	56-58	59-60	64	—	—	—
Nishruu ¹	54-57	—	—	—	62-64	—	—	—	65	—	—	—
Nymph	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	61-62	66	—	—	—
Ogre	58-61	54-56	71-72	62-66	65-67	73-74	59-61	63-65	67-68	68-71	70-71	76-77
Ogre, Half	62-65	57-59	73-74	67-71	68-70	75-76	62-65	66-67	69	72-74	72-74	78
Ooze/Slime/Jelly ⁷	—	60-62	75-76	—	—	—	—	—	70	—	—	—
Orc ¹⁰	66-69	63-65	77-78	72-76	71-74	77-79	66-68	68-69	71	75-78	75-76	79-80
Ormyr ¹	—	66-68	79-80	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Owlbear	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	72-73	—	—	—
Pegasus	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	74	—	—	—
Plant	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dangerous ¹¹	—	—	81-82	—	—	80-81	—	—	75	—	—	81
Intelligent ¹²	—	—	83-84	—	—	82-83	69-72	70-71	76	—	—	82-83
Pteraman ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	77-78	—	—	—
Pudding, Deadly	—	—	—	—	75-77	84-85	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rakshasa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	79	—	—	—
Rat	70-72	69-71	85-86	77-80	78-80	86-87	73-75	72-73	80	79-82	77-79	84
Remorhaz	73-76	—	—	81-85	—	—	—	—	—	83-85	—	—
Satyr	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	74-75	81	—	—	85-86
Sea Lion	77-80	72-74	87-88	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Selkie	81-84	75-78	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Snake	—	79-81	89-90	—	81-83	88-89	—	76-78	82-83	—	80-81	87
Sphinx	—	—	—	—	—	90-91	—	—	84	—	—	88-89
Spider ¹³	—	82-84	91-92	—	84-86	92-93	—	79-80	85	—	82-84	90
Sprite ¹⁴	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	81-82	86	—	—	—
Sting	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	83-84	87-88	—	—	—
Su-Monster	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	89	—	—	91-92
Swanmay	—	—	93-94	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Thri-Kreen	—	—	—	—	—	94-95	—	—	—	—	—	—
Treant	—	—	—	—	—	—	76-79	85-86	90	—	—	—
Tree	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Death's Head ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	80-82	87-88	91	—	85-87	93
Singing ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	92-93	—	—	—
Troll ¹⁵	85-88	85-87	95-96	86-90	87-90	96-97	83-86	89-91	94	86-89	88-89	94-95
Troll, Snow ¹	89-92	88-90	—	91-95	91-93	—	87-89	92-93	—	90-92	90-92	—
Umber Hulk	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Unicom	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	95	—	—	—
Whipsting ¹	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	93-94	96
Wolf	93-96	91-93	97-98	96-00	94-96	98-00	90-92	94-95	96-97	93-96	95-97	97-98
Wolf, Dread ¹	—	94-96	—	—	97-00	—	—	96-97	—	—	98-00	—
Wolfwere	—	—	—	—	—	—	93-96	98-00	98	—	—	—
Wyvern	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	99-00	—	—	99-00
Xantravar ¹	97-00	97-00	99-00	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Yeti	—	—	—	—	—	—	97-00	—	—	97-00	—	—

A=Arctic; S=Subarctic; T=Temperate.

Footnote 1: Refer to the MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Annual: Volume 1 for information on these creatures.

Footnotes 2-15: Refer to the corresponding table number for the specific type of creature.

7-40	—	—	32-36	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	29-30	25-26	35-36
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	37
—	—	48-49	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	50	—	—	21-24	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	27-28	38
—	30-33	51-52	—	14-18	25-27	—	—	39
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	31-32	29	40-41
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	34-37	53-54	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	38-40	55-56	—	19-22	28-30	—	30-31	42
—	—	—	—	—	—	33-34	32-33	43
—	41-44	57	37-42	23-27	31-34	35-36	34	44-45
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	35-36	46
—	—	58-59	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	45-48	60-61	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	62-63	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	37-38	37-38	47
—	—	64	—	28-31	35-37	—	—	—
—	—	65-66	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	39-40	39	48-49
6-49	49-51	67-68	43-47	32-36	38-41	41-42	40-41	50
0-54	52-55	69-70	48-52	37-40	42-44	43-44	42-43	51
5-59	56-59	71	53-57	41-45	45-48	45-46	44	52
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	47-48	45-46	53-54
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	55
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	47-48	56
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	60-62	72-73	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	49	57-58
—	—	—	—	—	—	49	50-51	59
—	—	74-75	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	50-51	52-53	60
—	—	76-77	—	—	—	—	—	—
0-63	63-66	78	58-63	46-49	49-51	52-53	54	61
4-68	67-70	79-80	64-68	50-54	52-55	54-55	55-56	62-63
—	—	—	—	55-59	56-58	56-57	57-58	64
—	—	—	—	—	—	58-59	59	65
9-72	71-74	81-82	69-73	60-63	59-61	60-61	60-61	66-67
—	—	—	—	64-68	62-65	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	62-63	62-63	68
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	64-65	64	69
—	—	83-84	—	—	66-68	66-67	65-66	70
—	—	85	—	—	69-72	68-69	67-68	71-72
3-77	—	—	—	—	—	70-71	69	73
—	—	—	—	—	—	72	70-71	74
8-81	75-77	86-87	74-78	69-72	73-75	73-74	72-73	75-76
—	—	—	—	—	—	75-76	74	77
2-86	—	—	—	—	—	—	75-76	78
—	—	—	—	—	—	77-78	77-78	79
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	79-80	79	80-81
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	82
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	83
—	78-81	88-89	—	—	76-79	—	—	84-85
—	—	90-91	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	82-85	92	—	73-77	80-82	—	80-81	86
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	87
—	86-88	93-94	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	81-82	82-83	88-89
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Table 5: Dwarves

Type	Arctic	So
Derro	01-33	
Duergar	34-66	
Hill	—	
Mountain	67-00	

Table 6: Elementals

Type	Air
Elemental, Air	01-12
Elemental, Earth	—
Elemental, Fire	—
Elemental, Water	—
Air-kin, Aerial Servant	13-25
Air-kin, Sylph	26-37
Air-kin, Wind Walker ¹	38-50
Composite, Skriaxit	51-62
Composite, Tempest	63-75
Earth-kin, Crystal ¹	—
Earth-kin, Earth Weird ¹	—
Earth-kin, Pech	—
Earth-kin, Sandling	—
Earth-kin, Sandman ¹	—
Fire-kin, Azer ¹	—
Fire-kin, Fire Snake	—
Fire-kin, Salamander	—
Vermin, Duster ¹	76-87
Vermin, Crawler ¹	88-00
Vermin, Flameling ¹	—
Vermin, Spitter ¹	—
Water-kin, Nereid	—
Water-kin, Water Weird	—

Table 7: Elves

Type	Forest	M
Aquatic	—	
Drider	01-16	
Drow	—	
Grey	17-33	
Half-elf	34-49	
High	50-66	
Malenti	67-83	
Wood	84-00	

Table 8: Humans

Type	Wilderness
Caveman	01-07
Adventurer	08-15
Bandit	—
Barbarian	16-23
Berserker	24-30
Farmer	31-38
Gentry	—
Knight	—
Mercenary	39-46
Merchant	—
Middle Class	—
Peasant	47-53
Pilgrim	54-61
Pirate	—
Constable	—

Subarctic	Temperate
01-25	01-25
26-50	26-50
51-75	51-75
76-00	76-00

Land	Fire	Water
—	—	—
01-05	—	—
06-11	01-20	—
—	—	01-11
12-17	—	12-22
18-23	—	—
24-29	—	—
30-35	—	23-33
36-41	—	34-44
42-47	—	—
48-52	—	—
53-58	—	—
59-64	—	—
65-70	—	—
—	21-40	—
—	41-60	—
—	61-80	—
71-76	—	—
77-82	—	45-55
83-88	—	56-66
89-94	81-00	—
95-00	—	67-77
—	—	78-88
—	—	89-00

Mountain	Subterr.	Sea
—	—	01-00
—	01-33	—
01-25	34-67	—
—	—	—
26-50	—	—
—	—	—
51-75	68-00	—
76-00	—	—

Road	City	Forest
—	—	01-08
01-05	01-05	09-16
06-11	06-11	—
—	—	17-24
12-16	—	25-33
17-22	12-17	—
23-27	18-23	—
—	24-29	—
28-33	30-35	34-41
34-38	36-41	—
39-44	42-47	42-49
45-49	48-52	—
50-55	—	50-58
—	53-58	—
56-61	59-64	—

Table 10: Orcs

Type	Chances	Orc Type	Chances
Half-Orc/Dwarf	01-05	Half-Orc/Hobgoblin	26-35
Half-Orc/Gnome	06-10	Half-Orc/Human	36-45
Half-Orc/Goblin	11-20	Orc	46-79
Half-Orc/Halfling	21-25	Orog	80-00

Table 11: Dangerous Plants

Type	Hill	Forest	Mountain	Damp
Vampire Moss ¹	—	01-11	01-25	01-25
Choke Creeper	—	12-22	—	—
Mantrap	—	23-33	—	—
Retch Plant	01-33	34-44	26-50	26-50
Snappersaw	34-66	45-55	51-75	51-75
Thorn-Slinger	67-00	56-66	76-00	76-00
Triflower Frond	—	67-87	—	—
Yellow Musk Creeper	—	78-00	—	—

Table 12: Intelligent Plants

Type	Hill	Forest	Mountain	Damp
Hangman Tree	—	01-20	01-33	—
Oblivix	01-33	21-40	34-66	01-33
Quickwood	34-66	41-60	—	—
Shambling Mound	—	—	—	34-66
Sundew	—	61-80	67-00	—
Thorny	67-00	81-00	—	67-00

Table 13: Spiders

Type	Chance	Spider Type	Chance
Brain ¹	01-10	Huge	61-70
Gargantuan	11-20	Large	71-80
Giant	21-40	Phase	81-90
Hairy	41-60	Sword	91-00

Table 14: Sprites

Type	Plain	Damp	Forest
Sprite	01-00	—	01-25
Sea Sprite	—	01-00	—
Pixie	—	—	26-50
Nixie	—	—	51-75
Grig	—	—	76-00

Table 15: Trolls

Type	Arid	Coast	Damp	Forest
Desert	01-25	—	—	—
Freshwater	—	—	01-14	01-12
Giant	26-50	01-12	15-28	13-25
Ice	—	13-25	29-42	26-37
Saltwater	—	26-37	43-57	—
Snow	—	38-50	58-71	38-50
Spectral	—	51-62	—	51-62
Spirit	—	63-75	—	61-75
Troll	51-75	76-87	72-85	76-87
Two-Headed	76-00	88-00	86-00	88-00

TOWN OF DAGGERFORD

Locations by Type

Adventuring Needs

Clean Chin, The	.44
Fences' Syndicate	.89
Merchants' Guild	.54
Sorceller's Encapsulate	.86
Thieves' Brotherhood	.125

Animal Care

Animal Handlers' Affiliation	.115
Stables	.8

Blacksmithing & Carpentry

Blacksmiths' Guildhouse	.39
Carpenters' League	.140
Cromach's Smithy	.67
Dekorant Boatwright	.31
Derval's Bright Blade	.56
Merchants' Guild	.54
Mikitan Shipyards	.9
Oleg's Weaponforge	.69
Wayfel's Smithy	.136

City Gates

Caravan Gate	.144
Farmers' Gate	.3
River Gate	.4

Clothing

Farrel's Fine Jewelry and Apparel	.50
Leatherworkers' Conglomerate	.75
Merchants' Guild	.54
Oryv's Cloth Emporium	.85
Tailors' Federation	.58
Tanners' Council	.59

Empty Buildings

_____	35
_____	46
_____	51
_____	68
_____	84
_____	87
_____	107
_____	109
_____	119
_____	131
_____	137
_____	139
_____	148

Healing Services

Chauntea's Shrine (Harvest House)	.95
Clean Chin, The	.44
Lathander's Temple (Moonglow Tower)	.7
Physicians' Order	.63
Tempus' Shrine (Table of the Sword)	.27
Tymora's Shrine (Fairfortune Hall)	.73
Tyr's Mosque	.2 days east
Wiston Apothecary	.98

Home Supplies

Carpenters' League	.140
Merchants' Guild	.54
Moneylenders' Coalition	.42
Potter's Wheel	.135
Vix the Chandler	.111
Yarth Stowage	.83

Inns

Black Stone Inn	.37
Chateau Elite Inn	.47
Daggerford Inn	.91
Dragonback Inn	.118

Jewelry

Farrel's Fine Jewelry and Apparel	.50
Jewelers' Congress	.55
Korbus's Jewelry and Fine Ornaments	.49
Merchants' Guild	.54

Legal Services

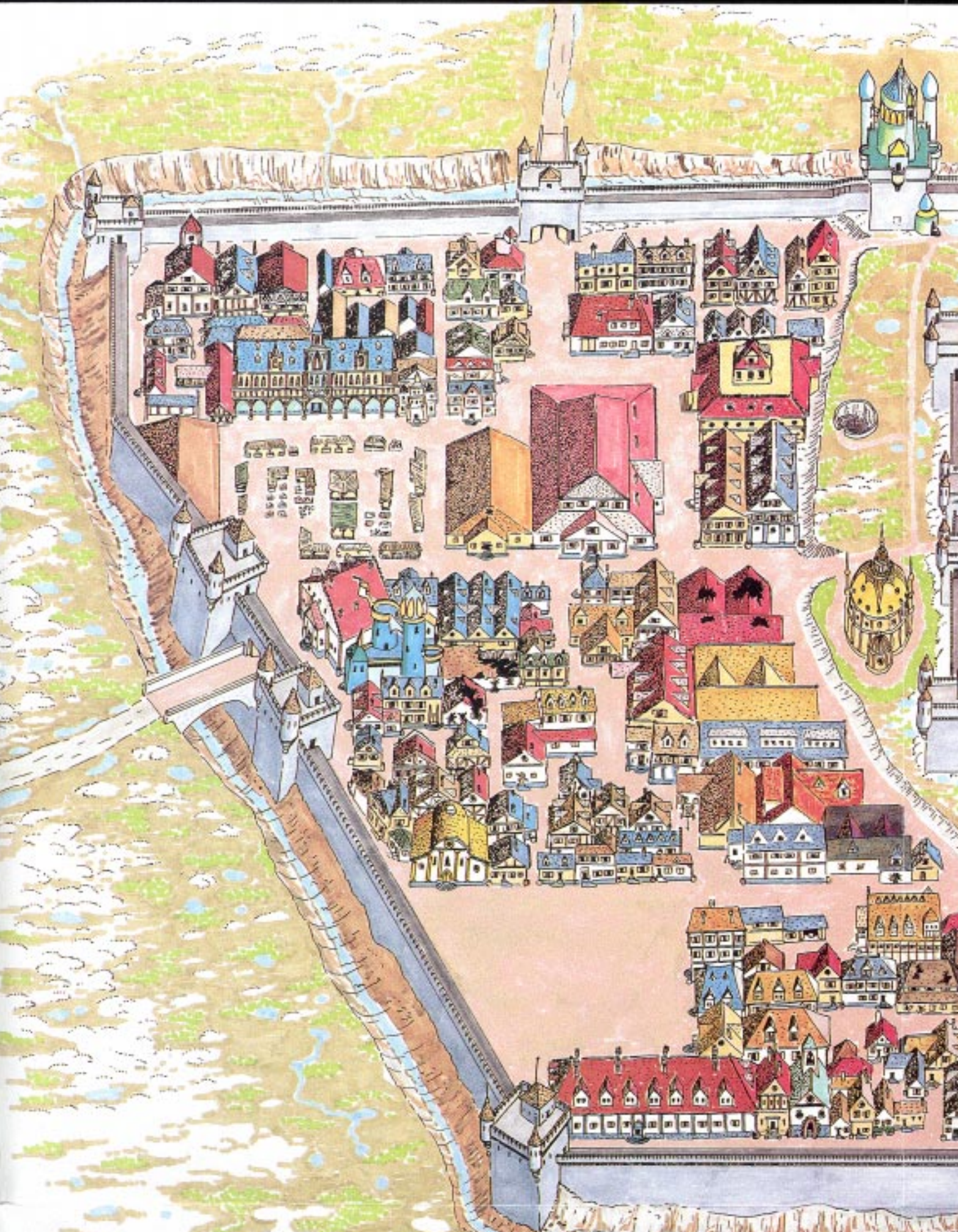
Constable	.36
Heralds' and Runners' Union	.28
Jail	.34
Pleaders' Consortium	.38
Scribes' Friendship	.82
Thinkers' Fraternity	.60

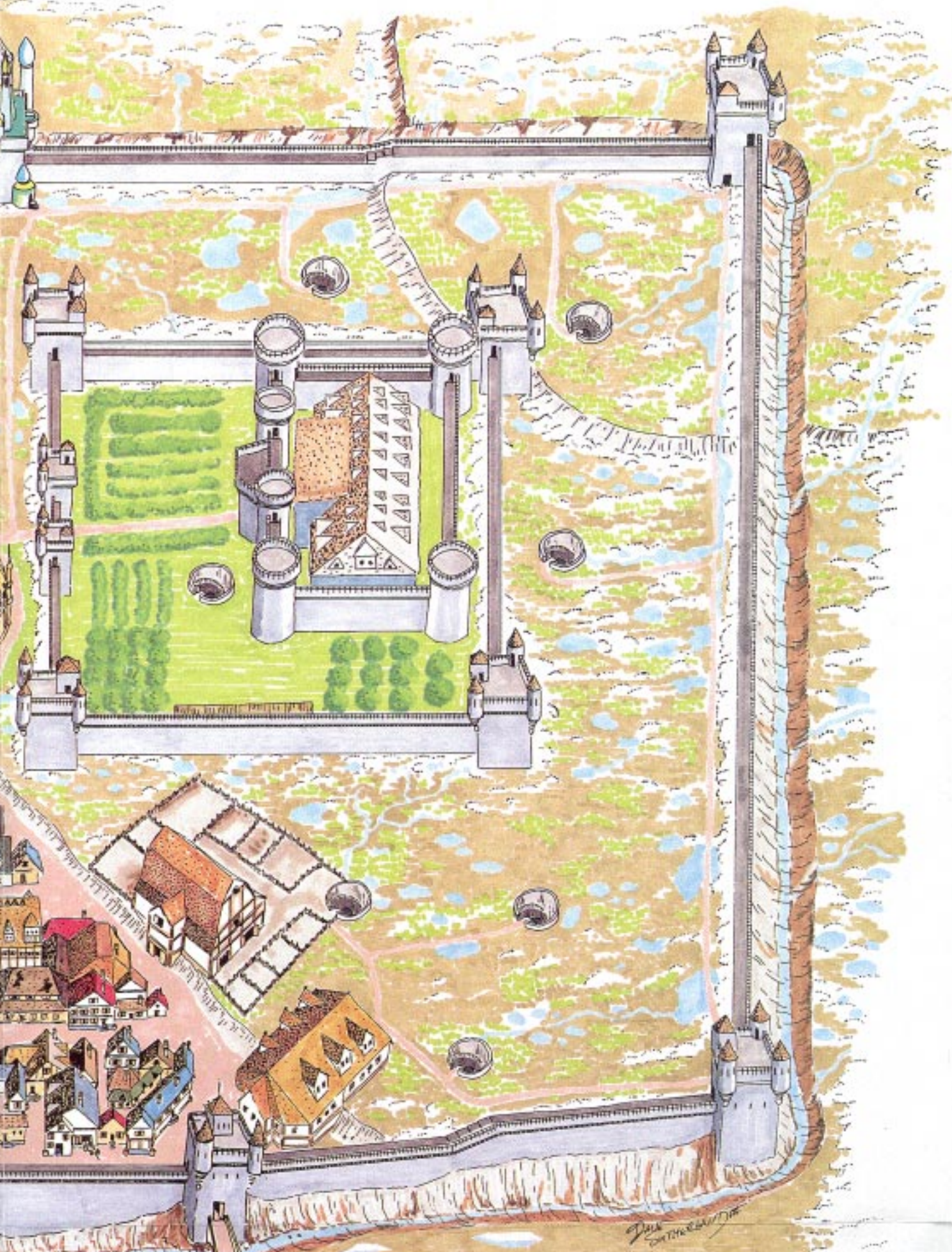
Library

Heralds' and Runners' Union	.28
Kryptgarden Scrolls	.57
Pleaders' Consortium	.38
Scribes' Friendship	.82
Sorceller's Encapsulate	.86
Thinkers' Fraternity	.60

Miscellaneous Services

Clean Chin, The	.44
Dorf's Skin Art	.88
Fences' Syndicate	.89





Nautical Supplies

Carpenters' League	140
Dekoran Boatwright	31
Mariners' Alliance	10
Merchants' Guild	54
Mikitan Shipyards	9

Residences

Alian	118
Archiloque	22
Aswansca	121
Baergon Bluesword	77
Bando the Lame	133
Behring	142
Bjorn	48
Bohle	81
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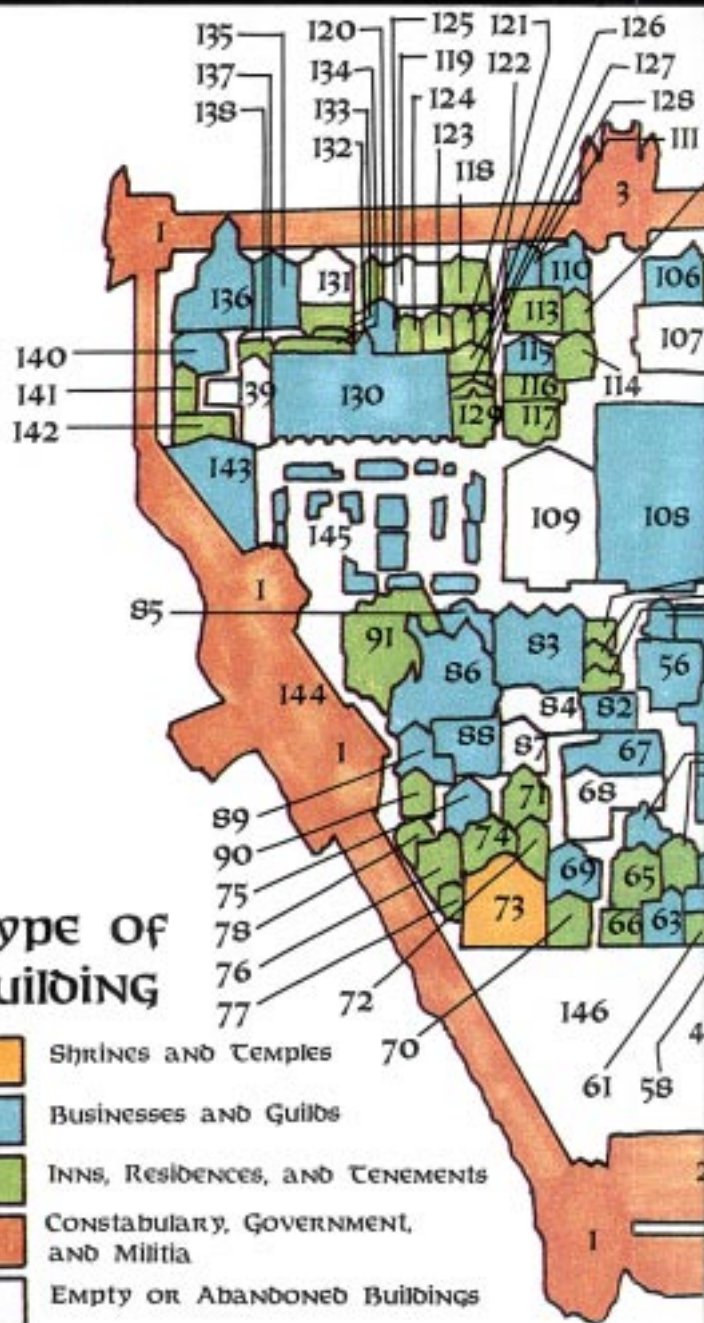
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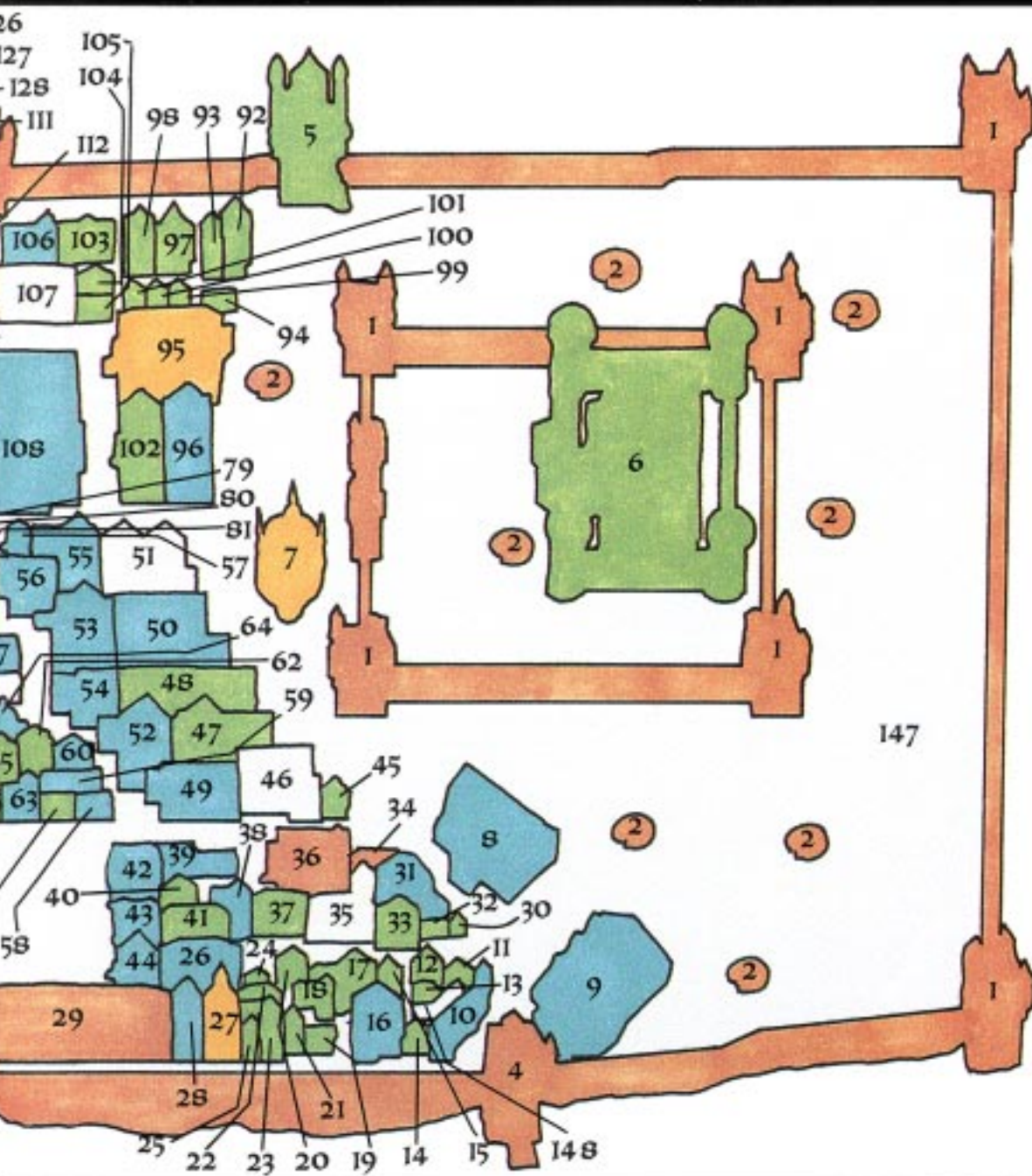
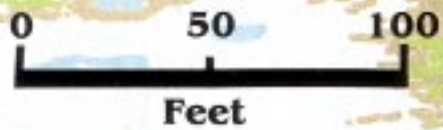
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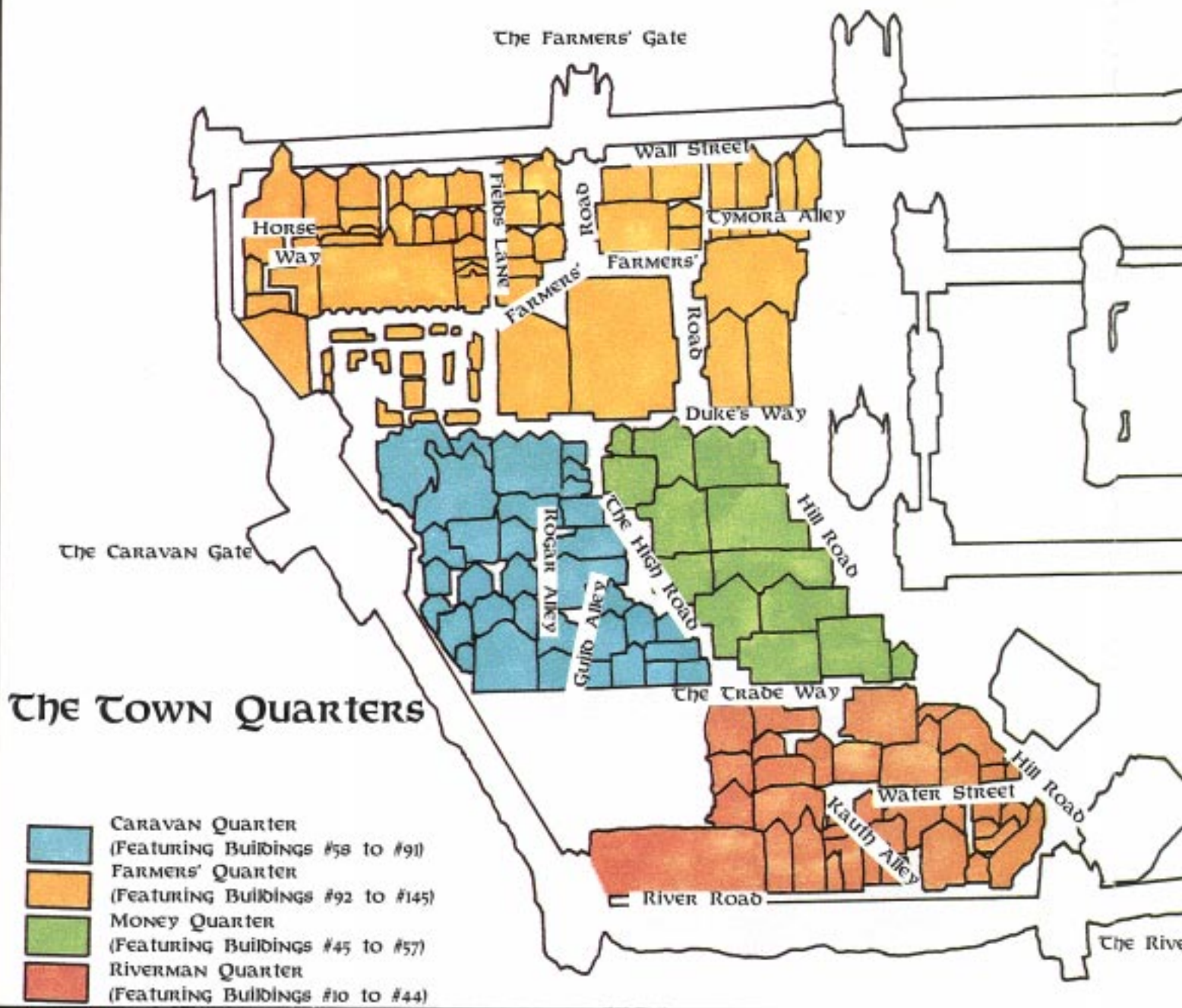
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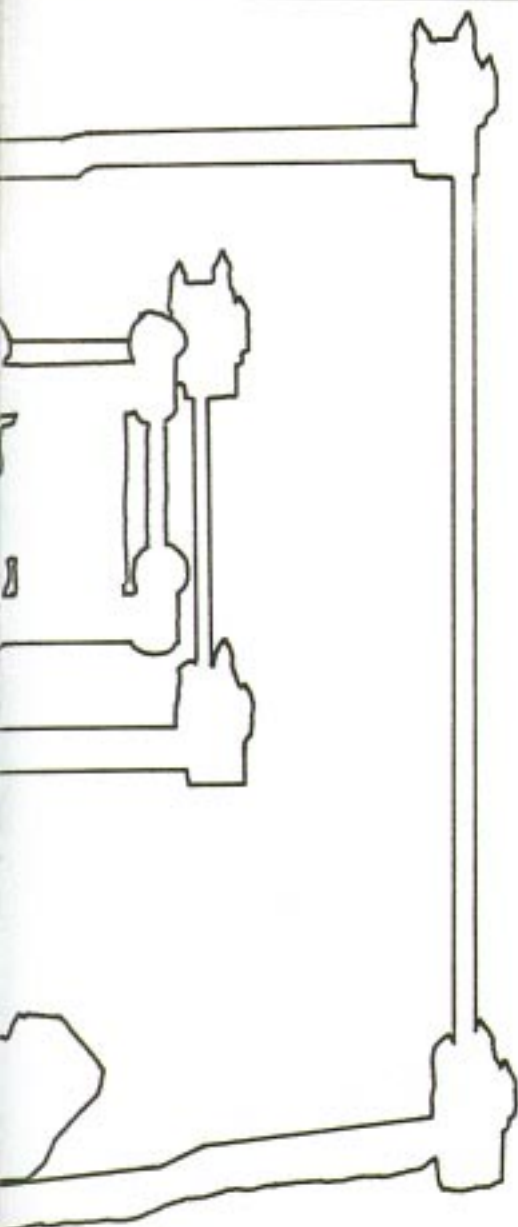
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