

LEGENDS
COLLECTION

ALLIES & ADVERSARIES



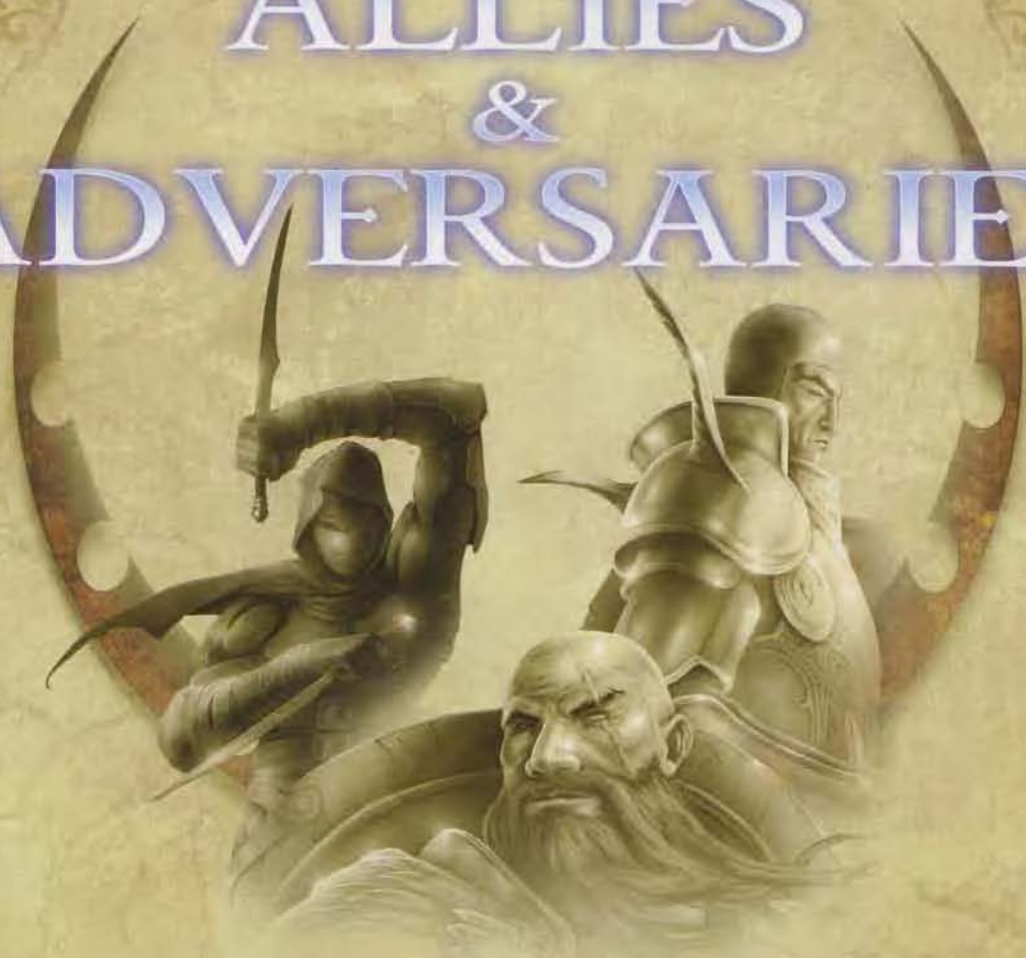
DOUGLAS - SCHMOOKLER - ACEVEDO

BASTION
PRESS



LEGENDS COLLECTION

ALLIES & ADVERSARIES



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DAGAN



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Dagan One-Eye is a riotous bundle of dwarven vengeance. Having never fully recovered from his parents' death, this doughty fighter has poured all of his energy into his martial endeavors, leaving his social skills woefully underdeveloped. Dagan is mean tempered, ill mannered, and at times, openly hostile. His time alone, dealing death and seeking vengeance, has done nothing to curb his ferocious ways, but even snobbish courtiers can't argue with the results. Dagan One-Eye is a force to be reckoned with and a living tribute to dwarven combat prowess.

DAGAN

Class/Level: Fighter 14

Sex/Race: Dwarf Male

Height/Weight: 4' 8" / 230 pounds

Challenge Rating: 14

Hit Points: 14d10+140 (245 hit points)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 25 (Armor +14, Dex+1)

Attack: War Axe +21/+17/+12/+7

Damage: War Axe 1d10+7

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Saves: Fort +15, Ref +5, Will +6

Abilities: Str 17, Dex 13, Con 22, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 9

Skills: Climb +8, Craft (Armorsmith) +10, Craft (Weaponsmith) +9, Intimidate +1, Intuit Direction +4, Knowledge (Underdark) +3, Listen +4, Move Silently +3, Search +3, Speak Language (Common, Drow, Duregar, Dwarf, Undercommon), Spot +4, Tumble +4, Wilderness Lore +6.

Feats: Alertness, Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical, Iron Will, Power Attack, Sunder, Track, Weapon Focus, Weapon Specialization.

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: +4 (keen, might cleaving, vorpal) *dwarven war axe*; shield +5 (spell resistance 19, reflecting, acid resistance, blinding) *platemail* +2 (silent moves, heavy fortification); *boots of striding and springing*; 482 gp.

BACKGROUND

Passed down through the generations of great dwarven clans are dozens of war epics of near mythical figures in dwarven culture. Each one is more astonishing than the last, saving great kingdoms or destroying monstrous demons. The heroes of these tales are revered as patrons and saints in every dwarf heart. Dagan Mynar will soon be counted among these heroes.

When he was but 20 winters old, the mountain his clan lived in was assaulted by dark elves, legendary enemies of his people. Dagan, a young boy by dwarven standards, saw his mother and father killed defending the clan. Enraged, Dagan picked up his father's war axe and slew five elves for each year his father had lived.

The war priest of Dagan's clan, Modar, saw within Dagan the stuff of legend, and took him into his household to care for as one of his own sons.

Dagan soon became the clan's champion and defended it from all enemies. He single handedly destroyed a warring orc tribe numbering over three hundred by hiding in a wine barrel and letting the Orc scouts bring him into the leaders tent. Dagan burst forth, and slew the leaders so they could not sound the retreat, and then killed the others. He became Dagan One-Eye by jumping in the mouth of a great dragon. A giant tooth took his eye as he chopped his way into the brain of the beast and hacked it to pieces.

Spurning his clan's pleas to become their king, Dagan went on a fifty-year quest to root out the dark elf community that continually plagued his people. He vowed to destroy any dark elf within a thousand miles of his clan. Away from the glow of the great dwarven furnaces, his skin shifted from ruddy brown to a ghostly pallor. The only thing whiter was his unblinking pale, blind eye. Many dark elven bards still tell the tale of the "One-Eye" that travels the tunnels, killing any ebon skinned elves he finds.

His half-century long crusade over, Dagan One-Eye returned to his mountain, only to find his adopted father thirty years dead. Since that time his clan's faith had drifted, and his clan brothers had grown soft on the easy living that Dagan himself had provided. Disheartened by their way of life, and uncaring ways, Dagan took up a new crusade.

Now, Dagan has sworn to travel the world fighting the enemies of all dwarves. He never stays too long in one spot, thereby causing his people to become complacent. His armor and raiment may change depending on what enemy he is facing, but he always wields *Gravemaker*, his blood father's old war axe.

ELIGON



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Eligon is smooth, polite and sophisticated. He maneuvers through the intrigues of court life with the practiced ease of a lifetime courtier. He's wealthy and charming and magnetic. People like to be around him and they like to talk to him. He's an excellent listener and a clever conversationalist; few secrets are safe when he's on the prowl. All of these make wonderful traits for an assassin of his caliber.

ELIGON

Class/Level: Rogue 5/Fighter 6/Assassin 5

Sex/Race: Human Male

Height/Weight: 6' 1"/185 pounds

Challenge Rating: 16

Hit Points: 6d10+10d6+16 (106 hit points)

Initiative: +9 (+4 Improved Initiative, +5 Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 23 (+7 Armor, +6 Dex)

Attack: Short Sword +17/+12/+7

Damage: Short Sword 1d6+6

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +15, Will +5

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 20, Con 13, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 15

Skills: Appraise +1, Balance +7, Bluff +8, Climb +2, Disguise +9, Decipher Script +3, Escape Artist +5, Gather Information +5, Hide +9, Intimidate +8, Jump +5, Listen +8, Move Silently +9, Open Lock +6, Read Lips +6, Search +7, Sense Motive +8, Spot +8, Swim +2, Tumble +8, Use Magical Device +5, Diplomacy +9, Disable Device +9, Intuit Direction +3, Use Rope +1

Feats: Armor Proficiency (Light), Armor Proficiency (Medium), Armor Proficiency (Heavy), Simple Weapons, Martial Weapons, Ambidexterity, Two-Weapon Fighting, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Improved Initiative, Blind Fighting, Improved Critical (Short Sword), Weapon Focus (Short Sword), Improved Unarmed Strike, Quick Draw (Short Sword), Run

Possessions: *Winged boots; ring of invisibility; ring of evasion; pair of +3 (unholy, ghost touch, vorpal) short swords; amulet (mind shielding, spell resistance 17); +5 (ethereal, silent movement) leather armor; 1,436 gp.*

BACKGROUND

Eligon is a wealthy landed noble. He is well respected, a patron of the arts, and has the ear of ministers, knights, and barons. He is also the deadliest assassin in the kingdom.

Eligon knew at an early age he would have to forge his destiny with his own hands, as he was the youngest of four brothers, and he would inherit little from his father but a name and a desire for the privileged life only wealth could bring. His opportunity arrived

while, at the age of twelve, he was exploring the High Court attics. Eligon saw a cloaked figure peel back a loose floorboard and shoot the Prince Regent with a dripping dart. Eligon didn't cry an alarm, but instead followed the mysterious killer through the court and into the city, stalking as best he could.

Graven Darkholme saw the young boy easily, but knew no one else probably could. Intrigued, and seeking a little diversion, Graven led the boy all around the city, slowing just enough to allow the quick boy a chance to follow. After being "chased" all night, Graven grew bored and decided to circle around the boy and finish the charade.

Emerging from the shadows, Graven told the boy that his curiosity was about to cost him his life. Unafraid, Eligon surprised Graven by asking him to teach him the art of killing. Graven was impressed with the boy's lack of fear, and his ability to track him. Graven realized he had found the perfect apprentice, an impressionable youth with court connections. He agreed and began training him.

The student soon surpassed the master. Ten years after taking on Eligon, Graven knew his protégé would be better than he ever was. Graven retired and left Eligon to be the world's premiere assassin. And three years later, when Eligon came for Graven, the old master was more proud than angry...

The tools Eligon uses for his trade are powerful items of death and deception. He dons the *Change-ling*, a suit of mystical leather armor that once belonged to Graven. It mimics any clothing and turns the tip of any sword. He wears a necklace called *Ashron's Secret*, a device that blocks most magics; divination, scrying, and even magical attacks. His weapons are the *Blades of Night*, an ancient set of swords that once belonged to the King's personal Assassin.

By day Eligon is a well-loved noble that always has a kind word or a friendly bit of gossip.

By night, he is known as the invisible whisper, the deadliest blade, and the killer of kings.

EMERALD



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Emerald gives no thought to his appearance, his hair is close-cropped to keep it out of his eyes during combat, and his clothing and armor are functional and efficient. There is no bristling pride in his eyes, no haughty drow arrogance. Emerald is a simple, effective tool for his mind flayer masters. He's an automaton carrying out their orders, enforcing their will. He's a slave, to the depths of his soul.

EMERALD

Class/Level: Cleric 10

Sex/Race: Drow Male

Height/Weight: 5'9"

Challenge Rating: 10

Hit Points: 10d6+10 (50 hit points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 27 (+15 Armor, +2 Dex)

Attack: Mace +14/+9/+5

Damage: Mace 1d8+7

Special Qualities: SR 25, Telepathy

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Saves: Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +13

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 20, Wis 19, Cha 10

Skills: Balance +6, Heal +16, Hide +13, Knowledge (underdark) +17, Listen +12, Move Silently +10, Search +17, Sense motive +9, Spot +10, Swim +5, Tumble +7.

Feats: Extra Turning, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Improved Initiative.

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: +4 (flaming burst, ghost touch) *mace of disruption*; +3 *half plate*; *bracers of armor* +4; *potion of jump*; *potion of bull's strength*; *rope of climbing*; *scroll of gust of wind and explosive runes* (arcane magic; lvl 6); *scroll of cat's grace*; 1,928 gp.

Cleric Domains: Chaos, War.

Cleric Spells Per Day: 0-level: *Detect magic, detect poison, guidance, purify food and drink, read magic, resistance*; 1st-level: *bane, bless, deathwatch, doom, protection from law, random action*; 2nd-level: *augury, find traps, hold person, lesser restoration, shatter, silence*; 3rd-level: *dispel magic, meld into stone, magic circle against law, negative energy protection, wind wall*; 4th-level: *death ward, divine power, neutralize poison, summon monster IV, tongues*; 5th-level: *flame strike* (x2), *true seeing*.

BACKGROUND

Emerald was born in an underground city on the frontier of contested caverns. Directly opposite the city stood an ancient mind flayer monument, a holy site that they protected fervently from any and all attackers.

In his tenth year, his city was attacked by a host of mind flayers. The elves had no chance. Their city was obliterated; no building survived.

Refugees were captured and turned into slaves, working in defense of the monument and its people. The children were trained to fight their own kind. The mind-bending powers at the mind flayers' command shattered their psyches, brainwashing them, and binding them forever into service.

Emerald was an exceptional case. His masters studied him, for he alone had an affinity for the mind flayers' telepathic speech. He was a wonder to them.

Emerald was trained to hunt and slay the mind flayers' enemies, especially the drow. They kidnapped members of every race they could find, dissected their minds, and gifted Emerald with the knowledge. They taught him to move without sound, and move through the tunnels and caverns with amazing swiftness. He became their assassin, their secret weapon.

One hundred years after the destruction of his city, and his abduction, the mind flayer monument spoke to Emerald's mind, or rather; it acted as a conduit for the alien presence of the creature's demonic, otherworldly god. It spoke to him, and accepted him as one of its own.

Soon after, Emerald's new loyalty was put to the test. He encountered a drow patrol scouting the city ruin. He attacked them without hesitation. They were powerful, and Emerald was forced to flight, but not before sustaining a terrible wound. He knew that if he didn't receive aid, he'd surely die. But instead of attempting to cross the river, Emerald looked to the monument overhead, closed his eyes, and prayed. His prayer was answered in the form of a trickling of pale green flames dancing over his wounds, healing them.

A new cleric was made.

Emerald, renewed by his faith, tracked the drow through the city and battled them once more. Still weary from the first battle, he bested them and claimed their lives in the name of the monument.

I NELEX



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Inelex is consumed with the desire for knowledge and secrets. He pursues it with a fanatical fervor not unlike that displayed by cultists or priests. To him, knowledge is divinity, it's sustenance, it's desire, and everything he says or does revolves around it. Inelex's social skills leave something to be desired; if you have no new information for him, you're worth nothing and beneath notice. He's arrogant and likes to prove his intellectual superiority.

INELEX

Class/Level: Wizard 10 / Loremaster 10

Sex/Race: Human Male

Height/Weight: 5' 4" / 125 pounds

Challenge Rating: 20

Hit Points: 20d4+20 (80 hit points)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 15 (Robes +5)

Attack: Dagger +12/+7/+2

Damage: Dagger 1d4+2

Special Qualities: Lore, Greater Lore, True Lore, Secrets: Secret Knowledge of Avoidance, Dodge Trick, Applicable Knowledge, Newfound Arcana, More Newfound Arcana.

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +17

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 20, Wis 16, Cha 13

Skills: Alchemy +28, Appraise +15, Bluff +6, Concentration +24, Craft (Bookbinding) +15, Craft (Pottery) +15, Diplomacy +6, Disguise +6, Forgery +20, Gather Info +6, Knowledge (Arcana) +28, Knowledge (Planes) +20, Listen +8, Move Silently +5, Open Locks +5, Scry +28, Search +10, Sense Motive +8, Speak Language (Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Infernal, Orc), Spellcraft +28, Spot +8.

Feats: Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Empower Spell, Enlarge Spell, Extend Spell, Heighten Spell, Maximize Spell, Quicken Spell, Silent Spell, Scribe Scroll, Spell Mastery, Still Spell.

Possessions: *Dagger of wounding* +3; Potions: *invisibility, cure light wounds, swimming, tongues, water breathing, sleep, alter self, cure moderate wounds, detect thoughts, oil of slipperiness, endurance, neutralize poison, protection from elements (cold), fly; wand of sleep* (32 charges); *ring of wizardry II*; *wand of acid arrow* (72 charges); *robe of the arch-magi*; 879 gp.

Wizard Spells Prepared: 0-level: *arcane mark, daze, detect magic, read magic*; 1st-level: *burning hands, comprehend languages, erase, identify, magic missile, spider climb*; 2nd-level: *detect thoughts, hideous laughter, invisibility, mirror image, whispering wind*; 3rd-level: *dispel magic, fireball, haste, hold person, lightning bolt*; 4th-level: *black tentacles, charm monster, ice storm, scrying,*

wall of fire; 5th-level: *cone of cold, contact other plane, hold monster, passwall, wall of force*; 6th-level: *analyze dweomer, chain lightning, globe of invulnerability, legend lore*; 7th-level: *forcecage, prismatic spray, teleport without error, vision*; 8th-level: *discern location, horrid wilting, iron body, sunburst*; 9th-level: *astral projection, foresight, meteor swarm, time stop.*

BACKGROUND

Loremaster Inelex had a humble childhood. The child of a royal sage and a chambermaid, Inelex grew up working as his father's assistant. He spent most of his days deep in the castle library, off in a corner somewhere, reading a book or reorganizing long forgotten shelves full of dusty tomes.

In an ancient scroll, deep in the bowels of the library, Inelex made an obscure, yet significant discovery. The scroll detailed the creation of a *philosopher's stone*, an exceptionally rare item reputed to bring unheard-of potency to magical elixirs and potions. Much to the chagrin of his father, Inelex abandoned his duties and set out to find the components needed to create a *philosopher's stone* of his own.

Inelex apprenticed himself to a reclusive old wizard and alchemist. While this venerable man eked out a meager existence at the edge of society, Inelex had much higher aspirations.

For the next decade, Inelex absorbed all the knowledge the wizard had to offer, all the while studying several spellbooks he had pilfered from the royal library. His knowledge and skill quickly surpassed his master's. After a few short years, Inelex left to seek his own fortune.

Inelex delved into the secrets of the ancients. He uncovered lost tombs and plundered the wreckage of ships lost at sea. He raided other wizard's towers, and infiltrated secret societies of scholars and spellcasters. Knowledge was his greatest treasure, and he could never have enough.

Inelex carries a multitude of potions at all times. The wily Loremaster is also a powerful wizard. Many have underestimated his spell casting abilities and perished. Those that cross him have garnered a powerful enemy, one who delves into their lives, uncovers their secrets, and reveals them to the world.

Be wary of him, you never know what secret of yours he'll want next, or how far he'll go to get it. Just remember... knowledge is power.

JAREX



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Jarex is enthusiastic, warm, and friendly. He has an indomitable faith in truth, justice, and honor. Jarex is undoubtedly one of the bravest and most honest Paladins in his order. His quiet upbringing taught him to reflect and his imposing size and strength make him an intimidating foe. Evil beware, this man will not rest until you are destroyed.

JAREX

Class/Level: Druid 3 / Ranger 3 / Paladin 4

Sex/Race: Human Male

Height/Weight: 6' 2" / 225 pounds

Challenge Rating: 10

Hit Points: 3d8+7d10+20 (91 hit points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 23 (+12 Armor, +1 Dex)

Attack: Longsword +12/+7/+2

Damage: Longsword 1d8+5

Special Qualities: Nature Sense, Animal Companion (Hawk), Woodland Stride, Trackless Step, Favored Enemy (Goblinoid), Detect Evil, Divine Grace, Lay on Hands, Divine Health, Aura of Courage, Smite Evil, Remove Disease, Turn Undead

Alignment: Lawful Good

Saves: Fort +12, Ref +5, Will +7

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 15, Cha 15

Skills: Concentration +2, Diplomacy +3, Heal +3, Intuit Direction +2 Knowledge (Nature) +4, Spellcraft +3, Swim +1, Wilderness Lore +4, Climb +1, Jump +1, Listen 2, Move Silently +2, Ride +2, Search +2, Spot +1, Knowledge (Religion) +2

Feats: Armor Proficiency (Light), Armor Proficiency (Medium), Armor Proficiency (Heavy), Simple Weapons, Martial Weapons, Track, Weapon Focus (Long Sword), Improved Critical (Long Sword), Power Attack, Cleave.

Possessions: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: Full plate +2; masterwork shield; heavy mace; +3 (holy) longsword of disruption (DC 25); potion of cat's grace; wand of cure light wounds (26 charges); 276 gp.

Druid Spells Per Day: 0-level: *detect magic*, *guidance*, *mending*, *resistance*; 1st-level: *entangle*, *faerie fire*, *goodberry*; 2nd-level: *barkskin*, *heat metal*.

Paladin Spell per Day: *bless*.

BACKGROUND

"There once was a noble Paladin who undertook a great quest to save a nation, and this quest took him to an immense forest protected by a beautiful druid. The paladin gave her his heart, and the druid gave him her aid. And the child of this coupling shall save the world."

Jarex lived his first fifteen years in the wild with his mother Xendela. When he asked of his father, he was told, "he's from another world." Loving his mother, Jarex did not push her for more.

Xendela was the head of the Druid Council, and Jarex was quite proud of her, even if their views were sometimes quite different. Discussion of the evils of humanoid races and the druids' role in protecting the land and people often started heated debates between them. After one such debate, Jarex left his mother's house.

Jarex may have left home, but didn't go far. He joined the local Rangers, an organization that helped the Druid Council in times of crisis. He campaigned with the Rangers for four years until he happened upon a contest of bards singing about local legends. He heard the song of a certain holy warrior who helped his mother almost twenty years ago.

Three bawdy songs, two broken jaws, and one burning tavern later, Jarex returned to his mother to learn the truth. After days of silence, his mother relented and told of his father, Jareth the Wise. Xendela finally accepted her son's destiny when the Great Spirit showed her a glimpse of his future.

Jareth the Wise was now the Priest-General of a most holy, well-respected warrior sect. Successful in his quest, Jareth returned to the kingdom and prospered. When a bastard son arrived at the sect chapter house, there was a great scandal, but in the end, father and son are reunited. Jareth invited his son to join the order and Jarex accepted, gladly.

Jarex soared through the ranks of Order and is now the youngest person to be on the sect council. In fact, many senior members support the idea of electing him Priest-General when his father retires. His attunement with nature has brought with it a keen understanding of the needs of his community and the land. His down-to-earth upbringing brings a fresh perspective to all matters of politics. Not to mention his connection with the Druids and the Rangers, he maintains friendships and allies in both organizations.

JESSRA



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Jessra is a pretty, seductive, winsome lady who's not afraid to dazzle a man, or a woman for that matter, with her magnetic charm. She's clever, witty, and keeps a level head, both on the stage and in combat. She doesn't call many people friend, but those she does have earned a special place in her fiendish heart. Though not overtly evil, her mischievous nature keeps her toeing the line. If she lets her guard down, she can be kind and loving, but that rarely happens.

JESSRA

Class/Level: Bard 11

Sex/Race: Half-Fiend Female

Height/Weight: 5' 5" / 125 pounds

Challenge Rating: 13

Hit Points: 11d6+11 (61 hit points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 16 (+3 Dex, +1 Natural, Ring +2)

Attack: Staff +12/+7/+2

Damage: Staff 1d6+4

Special Abilities: Darkness 3/day, Desecrate, Unholy Blight, Poison 3/day, Contagion, Blasphemy

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60', Immunities, FR 20.

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +10, Will +7

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 11, Cha 20

Skills: Bluff +13, Concentration +4, Diplomacy +13, Disguise +15, Gather Information +13, Hide +7, Knowledge (Arcana) +6, Knowledge (History) +6, Knowledge (Music) +7, Knowledge (Local) +6, Knowledge (Nobility and Royalty) +6, Knowledge (Religion) +6, Listen +3, Move Silently +7, Perform +19, Sense Motive +8, Speak Language (Abyssal, Common, Elven, Halfling, Orc), Spellcraft +7, Tumble +7, Use Magical Device +9.

Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Mobility, Expertise.

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: *Quarterstaff* +2, *mask of emotion* (despair, fear, hate, rage); *mask of emotion* (friendship, hope); *lute of charming* (16 charges); *earrings of sonic protection*; *choker of adaptation*; *ring of protection* +2; 231 gp.

Bard Spells Known: 0-level: *daze*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound*; 1st-level: *charm person*, *expeditious retreat*, *hypnotism*, *ventriloquism*; 2nd-level: *detect thoughts*, *hold person*, *misdirection*, *sound burst*; 3rd-level: *confusion*, *haste*, *sculpt sound*, *slow*; 4th-level: *modify memory*, *rainbow pattern*.

BACKGROUND

The creature known as Jessra Goldentongue is of indeterminate age. The fiendish blood of her succubus mother lends her supernaturally long life and allure, while the musical talent and ambition of her human father drive her to untold mischief throughout the known lands.

For what reason a succubus wanted to have a child remains a mystery, but her father, a well-known minstrel by the name of Jen, raised Jessra. Jen doted on the precocious and alarmingly cunning child throughout her younger years. The talented bard incorporated the irresistible creature into his act, becoming very wealthy in the process.

Perhaps her part-fiendish nature got the better of Jessra one day, for during a performance for a local high priest, the girl revealed her father as the cruel murderer that was responsible for several recent heinous crimes. Whether or not Jen was responsible is not known, but at his execution some witnesses swore they noticed Jessra smirking through crocodile tears.

Jessra has become a captivating performer without peer. Her singing moves the most hardened of souls. Perhaps her fiendish nature lends power to the soulful ballads, or some talent inherited from her father as taken root in her. Whatever the case, she's highly sought after across the land.

As the years flowed by, Jessra has changed her name and appearance multiple times, always on the move, causing mischief wherever she went. She thrived on strife, on conflict and commotion. Most times, she'd end up in one major city or another, playing for princes, and with them.

Jessra does have a soft spot in her heart for orphans and those who have been abused, and lends aid to those in need from time to time. However, many times her capriciousness leaves behind a trail of broken hearts and shattered lives. And just when it seems her disruptive schemes are discovered, her "golden tongue" convinces someone to enable her escape.

Jessra sometimes feels the call of adventure. When the mood strikes her she finds a band of would-be heroes, joins them, and writes songs based on their exploits. These songs are quite popular, so she keeps making more.

Perhaps Jessra will one day tire of this dangerous game, but it seems doubtful. To her, this is fun.

LILLITH



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Lillith and her siblings have been gifted with unearthly beauty but they're all still very approachable, especially, Lillith. She has an amazing grace and exudes a quiet confidence and unwavering faith. She's kind, caring, and honest. Her friends are many, and even her enemies can't help but respect her majesty.

LILLITH

Class/Level: Cleric 12

Sex/Race: Half-Celestial Female

Height/Weight: 5' 10" / 135 pounds

Challenge Rating: 14

Hit Points: 12d8+36 (108 hit points)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 17 (+1 Dex, +5 Ring, +1 Natural)

Attack: Staff +13/+8/+3

Damage: Staff 1d6+4

Special Abilities: Bless, Protection from Evil 3/day, Aid, Detect Evil, Cure serious Wounds, Neutralize Poison, Holy Smite, Remove Disease, Dispel Evil, Holy Word.

Special Qualities: Turn Undead, Lowlight Vision.

Alignment: Lawful Good

Saves: Fort +15, Ref +5, Will +12

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 19, Cha 18

Skills: Concentration +8, Diplomacy +7, Heal +8, Knowledge (Religion) +10, Scry +10, Spellcraft +7, Knowledge (Outer Planes) 5

Feats: Armor Proficiency (Light), Armor Proficiency (Medium), Armor Proficiency (Heavy), Simple Weapons, Craft Rod, Craft Staff, Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Extra Turning

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: +4 (holy, defending, ghost touch) *staff of disruption* (functions as a *staff of life* with 15 charges per week); *ring of protection* +5; *winged boots*; *necklace of prayer beads* (full); 256 gp.

Cleric Domains: Law, Healing.

Cleric Spells Per Day: 0-level: *create water, detect poison, guidance, purify food and drink, resistance, virtue*; 1st-level: *bane, bless, command, divine favor, entropic shield, protection from evil, sanctuary*; 2nd-level: *bull's strength, calm emotions, consecrate, hold person, lesser restoration, silence*; 3rd-level: *daylight, dispel magic, magic circle against chaos, searing light*; 4th-level: *death ward, divine power, imbue with spell ability, lesser planar ally, order's wrath*; 5th-level: *dispel chaos, flame strike, greater command, righteous might, true seeing*; 6th-level: *blade barrier, heal, hold monster*.

BACKGROUND

Lillith Rain was born in an isolated mountain village far to the north. Twenty-five years ago the village was home to a divine and holy event. A night of falling stars was followed by a morning of shimmering rain, and nine months later every non-married woman between 16 and 36 had a child. Since the village was so small, that number was few.

Seven children born from seven mothers that swore they had no contact with any man, each woman only remembers the dream of a man, on the night of the stars and rain...

All seven children were smart, attractive, and charismatic. They were bright for their age, too. The whole village loved them, even if they could not explain the strange births. The children seemed to share a special bond and Lillith was their natural leader.

On the morning the Seven turned fifteen, they said good-bye to their mothers and left for the world, on a path preordained for thousands of years. They all changed their last name to "Rain" for the morning that the heavens rained down on their village. The seven have since become famous for heroic deeds together and separately. When one is in trouble, one or all six always appear to help them, for they seem to almost know each other's thoughts and needs.

Sages and wise men have theorized that the Seven are the children of some benevolent solar or demigod who chose that village to give birth to a new generation of champions. None can claim that Lillith and her siblings do not fight for all that is good and just.

Each of the Seven is special, with different skills and abilities. Lillith, the one her siblings call "big sister", has shone divine powers, like other priests in the world. She has appeared at the heart of great battles, helping the most wounded and turning the tide against the most evil of forces. She is always calm and serene, like she knows the outcome before she starts any mission or journey. The only time she has ever shone any hatred or anger is against the great un-life: the undead. The fury she shows fighting then has made powerful magi and priests feel the very air quiver and ripple.

Lillith has crafted her most prized holy symbol from mithril, platinum, and adamantine. No one has determined what god the staff is powered by, but all priests can feel its holy power.

MALGRIM



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Malgrim is a cold, calculating, and brilliant tactician. His military prowess is only surpassed by skill as a Battle-Mage. He is unflinching, efficient, and doesn't mince words. Voices hush when he enters a command tent and all eyes follow his every move. Malgrim exudes a sure confidence that intimidates even his oldest veterans. He's not a man who is easily ignored.

MALGRIM

Class/Level: Fighter 4 / Wizard 12

Sex/Race: Human Male

Height/Weight: 6' 0" / 185 pounds

Challenge Rating: 16

Hit Points: 4d10+12d4+16 (92 hit points)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 21 (Armor +8, Dex +3)

Attack: Spear +19/+14/+9/+4

Damage: Spear 1d8+7

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Saves: Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +12

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 18, Wis 13, Cha 16

Skills: Appraise +4, Climb +9, Disguise +6, Heal +8, Hide +6, Intuit direction +8, Jump +7, Knowledge +20, Knowledge (arcana) +20, Knowledge (nature) +10, Listen +8, Move silently +8, Profession +14.5, Ride +6, Scry +16, Spellcraft +16, Spot +6, Swim +6

Feats: Alertness, Craft wondrous item, Enlarge spell, Great fortitude, Heighten spell, Improved initiative, Iron will, Leadership, Scribe scroll, Still spell, Toughness, Weapon focus (quarterstaff), Weapon focus (spear)

Possessions: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: +5 (lawful, keen) *spear of speed*, *bracers of armor* +8, *ring of force shield*, *staff of fire* (32 charges), *wand of magic missile* (37 charges), *scroll of burning hands*, *magic mouth* and *summon swarm* (arcane magic; lvl 12); *scroll of lesser geas* (arcane magic; lvl 12); *scroll of familiar pocket* and *comprehend languages* (arcane magic; lvl 12); *scroll of lightning bolt* and *repair light damage* (arcane magic; lvl 12); 232 gp.

Wizard Spells Known: 0-level: *flare* (x2), *detect magic*, *read magic*; 1st-level: *color spray*, *magic missile* (x4), *shocking grasp*; 2nd-level: *acid arrow*, *mirror image*, *see invisibility*, *shatter*, *web*; 3rd-level: *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *flame arrow*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*; 4th-level: *black tentacles*, *ice storm*, *shout*, *stoneskin*; 5th-level: *cone of cold*, *interposing hand*, *hold monster*, *teleport*; 6th-level: *globe of invulnerability*, *chain lightning*.

BACKGROUND

This feared Battle-Mage had humble beginnings. Malgrim was born in a small village at the edge of a vast desert. The desert was a strategic location for a number of powerful countries and was usually swept up into any significant war among these nations. The Great Road winded across the desert and movement was swift between major cities.

Every sizable village in the desert saw a lot of action, and Malgrim's was no exception. Most of its citizens were refugees from one occupation or another, and many were war veterans.

Malgrim was born to a couple that had come to the village after the last war. They were known to have a penchant for magic, but none could have foreseen the extent of Malgrim's potential.

When Malgrim was thirteen, a wandering storyteller came to the village and traded ancient tales for hot meals and a place to sleep. What no one knew was that this old man was actually a traveling wizard, always looking for potential students of the arcane arts. He saw within Malgrim an untapped fount of ability, and revealed to his parents his profession, and Malgrim's potential. Being retired mercenaries, Malgrim's parents understood what an opportunity this was, and agreed. Malgrim left with the wizard and did not return for 20 years.

When Malgrim next saw his home, he was a powerful Battle-Mage. He led an army of legionnaires in an assault against a sizable force that was camped in his home village. Without a thought, Malgrim laid an ambush by opening the sky and raining fire down on soldier and villager alike. Malgrim had already used divination magic to see that his parents were long dead, but he supposed it would not have mattered anyway. He would not have given away the element of surprise to save anyone...

Malgrim's legend as a commander grew. He was lauded for his ability to defeat any foe through tactics or spellcasting. His greatest test was initiation into the Order of War, a powerful conclave of Battle-Mages that either recruited or eradicated any mage who grew too powerful. Magus Malgrim, his name after he had passed the trials, never described the secret tests he took. His body, however, would forever show the scars of the intense rituals.

He now commands a vast legion of battle-hardened mages.

MALISS



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

The foul being known as Maliss came from noble beginnings to become one of the most feared creatures in the Southern Kingdoms. He rules with a regal and haughty air of superiority. His fortress and holdings in the Forsaken Lands are spoken of in hushed whispers, if at all, for to awaken his ire is to ensure destruction. He's cruel, heartless, and utterly without mercy.

MALISS

Class/Level: Paladin 10, Blackguard 4

Sex/Race: Human Male

Height/Weight: 6' 1" / 185 pounds

Challenge Rating: 14

Hit Points: 14d10+28 (133 hit points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 24 (+ 11 Armor, +1 Dex, +2 Ring)

Attack: Great Sword +21/+16/+11

Damage: Great Sword 2d6+8

Special Qualities: Aura of Despair, Command Undead, Dark Blessing, Detect Good, Fiendish Summoning, Lay on Hands (1/day), Poison Use, Smite Good (2/day), Sneak Attack (+2d6), Undead Companion.

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Saves: Fort +15, Ref +9, Will +6

Abilities: Str 19, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 16

Skills: Concentration +6, Diplomacy +6, Handle Animal +5, Heal +3, Hide +6, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Religion) +6, Move Silently +8, Ride +13, Speak Language (Abyssal, Common, Orc), Spellcraft +5.

Feats: Cleave, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Bastard Sword), Leadership, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Sunder.

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: +4 (chaotic, keen, unholy) *bastard sword*; +3 (moderate fortification) *full plate*; *potion of cure moderate wounds*; *scroll of zeal, divine favor and prayer* (divine magic; lvl 6); *ring of protection* +2, 230 gp.

Paladin Spells Per Day: 1st-level: *bless, endure elements*; 2nd-level: *remove paralysis*.

BACKGROUND

Lord Maliss was born Dasan Malistar to a small, but influential noble family from the west. He spent his childhood without want and being the only son to carry on the family name, Dasan was smothered with recognition and praise. In the house Malistar tradi-

tion, Dasan spent his teenage years in service with the local temple, being trained in the arts of war and chivalric virtues.

Dasan met another boy at the temple named Sandic. The two became fast friends, pushing each other to excel in all aspects of their training. However, Sandic was blessed with natural abilities and good looks that far exceeded his own. At first the young Malistar did not mind his friend's gifts. But in time they weighed heavily upon the spoiled boy's ego. To make matters worse, Sandic was the son of a serf, and considered a champion to the poor of the region.

Dasan's jealousy grew great; it attracted the attention of a wicked fiend, a beast called Xerxess. In Dasan, the creature saw the potential for monumental evil and put about to tempt the young man to act on his impulses.

The master smith of Sandic's village crafted a magnificent sword. When the young men were to leave on their first campaign to the east, the village elders presented the splendid weapon to Sandic as a token of their faith in him. Dasan was consumed by jealousy, for the blade was superior in craftsmanship than even his wealthy father's magic longsword.

Xerxess whispered to Dasan and spurred jealous fits of rage. He corrupted the knight as the army marched east, toward a massive battle with the humanoid legions. And when he saw a chance to fully corrupt the faltering knight, he took it.

Dasan and Sandic stood back to back, fighting bravely against the slaving humanoids, when the hilt of a blackened bastard sword thrust up through the earth in front of Dasan. Xerxess whispered one last temptation, and it sent Dasan over the precipice of sanity and morality. What was said is unknown, but the tale of what happened then is whispered in taverns, guildhalls and courts throughout the land.

Dasan thrust the sword into his best friends back, slaying his fellow paladin instantly. The magic of the infernal blade trapped Sandic's soul in its vile embrace, it drove his benevolent spirit insane.

Maliss was born. He conquered the humanoids. He rules all he surveys with an iron fist. And the price? A single soul...

NEBEZARR



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Nebezarr finally took the ultimate test for any necromancer; he cast the spells that turned him into a lich. He relishes the new power, and the nigh invulnerability his new form enjoys. He's rash, careless, and reckless. He's fond of using his arts to enhance his physical prowess, so he can rend his enemies' limb from limb rather than blast them with spells. He's unpredictable, and not to be taken lightly.

NEBEZARR

Class/Level: Wizard 13
Sex/Race: Lich (Human Male)
Height/Weight: 6' 2" / 150 pounds
Challenge Rating: 15
Hit Points: 13d4+1d12 (39 hit points)
Initiative: +2 (Dex)
Speed: 30 ft.
Armor Class: 20 (+2 Dex, +3 Ring, +5 Natural)
Attack: Staff +10/+5
Damage: Staff 1d6+4 or Touch 1d8+5
Special Attacks: Fear Aura, Paralyzing Touch
Special Qualities: Undead, DR 15/+1, Turn Resistance, Immunities
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Saves: Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +9
Abilities: Str 12, Dex 15, Con —, Int 19, Wis 12, Cha 17
Skills: Balance +5, Escape artist +6, Hide +16, Knowledge (ancient history) +17, Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (nature) +17, Listen +12, Move Silently +11, Search +13, Sense Motive +10, Spot +13
Feats: Brew potion, Craft staff, Craft wand, Empower spell, Enlarge spell, Lightning reflexes, Scribe scroll, Still spell.
Possessions: +4 (Unholy, Defender) *staff of striking*; +2 *scimitar (keen)*; *ring of protection* +3; *ring of shooting stars*; *ring of the ram*; *hand of glory*; *wand of lightning* (58 charges); *scroll of control undead, etherealness, rainbow pattern, remove curse, telekinetic sphere* and *trap the soul* (arcane magic; lvl 16); *scroll of magic mouth* (arcane magic; lvl 16); *scroll of magical aura* and *shadow spray* (arcane magic; lvl 16); *scroll of repair serious damage* and *scare* (arcane magic; lvl 16).
Wizard Spells Known: 4/6/5/5/5/4/2/1. 0-level: *daze, detect magic, mending, read magic*; 1st-level: *alarm, burning hands, charm person, magic missile (x2), shocking grasp*; 2nd-level: *arcane lock, hideous laughter, ghoul touch, mirror image, web*; 3rd-level: *dispel magic, flame arrow, fireball, haste, lightning bolt*; 4th-level: *black tentacles, charm monster, confusion, fire shield, wall of fire*; 5th-level: *cone of cold, dominate person, magic jar, transmute rock to mud*; 6th-level: *disintegrate, globe of invulnerability*; 7th-level: *teleport without error*.

BACKGROUND

Nebezarr was once a respected wizard at the Academy of Magic, where he taught summoning. Many wizards feared the dangers of summoning magic, but Nebezarr controlled it with an artist's grace. His research in diabolic and infernal 'true names' was unprecedented, and his summoning circles had never been broken. He was a prodigy, unlike any summoner they had ever seen.

But Nebezarr had a much darker passion. His studies of extra-planar creatures had begun to bore him, and he had moved on to the forbidden art of necromancy.

As a tenured instructor, Nebezarr had helped organize many expeditions to recover rare artifacts for the Academy. One expedition discovered an underground fortress, but almost a thousand leagues from any major city or trade route. The site was perfect for his designs. Nebezarr took a leave of absence from the Academy and spent all his time experimenting with the Dead Arts. He summoned scores of fiendish creatures to guard and maintain his new home: Necrus Keep.

When Nebezarr returned to the Academy of Magic, it wasn't just to resume his duties, but to raid the extensive vaults of the school. He secretly took many items dealing with necromancy. He found the ancient staff, *Deadwalker*, which could create powerful undead minions, the most powerful undead creatures he'd ever seen. But his most treasured find was a flesh-bound tome titled *The Manual of the Macabre*, an ancient text that unlocked many dark secrets of the underworld...

His performance slipped at the Academy, but Nebezarr didn't care. He finally slipped up and revealed his secrets by teaching a summoning class unprepared. Instead of researching a creature to summon, Nebezarr used a name already known to him from a past summoning. This creature had been summoned once before to perform a dark and dangerous task for Nebezarr, and it innocently mentioned the task in front of his students. Cursing the creature's name, Nebezarr destroyed it.

The students alerted the Instructors Council, but not before Nebezarr could raid the treasure vault one last time and spirit away to his fortress — a tome detailing the creation process of the most feared of undead, the lich.

PSYONIS



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

No one knows which persona best matches Psyonis's true personality. As the wily thief he's quick to laugh, friendly, and always smiling. As the dedicated security advisor he's hard-nosed, blunt, and in-your-face. Perhaps the answer lies in both men's fanatic loyalty, or perhaps in the ruthless fervor with which they protect those loyalties. One thing's for certain—both are extremely dangerous.

PSYONIS

Class/Level: Fighter 8 / Rogue 7

Sex/Race: Half-Elf Male

Height/Weight: 5' 8" / 150 pounds

Challenge Rating: 15

Hit Points: 8d10+7d6+15 (107 hit points)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 21 (+8 Armor, +3 Dex)

Attack: Saber +18/+13/+8

Damage: Saber 2d4+6

Special Qualities: Evasion, Sneak Attack +4D6, Uncanny Dodge

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Saves: Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +5

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 17

Skills: Appraise +1, Balance +8, Bluff +6, Climb +2, Disguise +8, Decipher Script +2, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +8, Hide +8, Innuendo +4, Jump +4, Listen +10, Move Silently +9, Open Lock +9, Read Lips +9, Search +9, Sense Motive +9, Spot +6, Swim +1, Tumble +9, Use Magical Device +8, Diplomacy +7, Disable Device +7, Use Rope +2, Ride +2

Feats: Armor Proficiency (Light), Armor Proficiency (Medium), Armor Proficiency (Heavy), Simple Weapons, Martial Weapons, Ambidexterity, Alertness, Quick Draw (Saber), Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (Saber), Weapon Specialization (Saber), Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, Expertise, Improved Disarm

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: *Bracers of armor* +8; *cloak of resistance* +4; *necklace of adaptation*; *bag of tricks* (tan); *Ocean's Edge* [+4 (Ghost Touch, Keen) *saber*, it possesses all the properties of a *ring of water elemental command*]; 450 gp

BACKGROUND

One night, long ago, an unusually quiet infant was left on the steps of the largest orphanage in the capital. The guardsman who found the boy, and alerted

the priests within, was named Yonis, and that is what the priests named that boy.

Yonis had slightly elven features; he was much thinner than most boys his age. That's all anyone can really remember about that quiet lad, except that he was a quick-witted boy, always scheming...

Psyonis the Eye is a half-elf of indeterminate age. His rise through the city's organized crime cartels has been phenomenal. He started working confidence schemes and running protection rackets in the darker parts of town, then moved to the docks. His superiors were impressed, and also a little scared. At least one crime lieutenant who Psyonis reported to disappeared only moments after speaking with him in a well-lit tavern with 20 witnesses. Psyonis is now the right-hand man to who many call the Ambassador of Secrets, the head of all the crime cartels. Few men know his name. Psyonis is one of those few. What is more amazing is that to Psyonis, this is a part time job.

He is also known as Ivan Gasparov, Director of Foreign Security for the city. Director Gasparov has received promotion after promotion for protecting the city and its citizenry from threats foreign and domestic. He has acted independently within the city and abroad, gaining valuable intelligence and mystical items. He's traveled to foreign lands as a pirate, tradesman, mercenary, and adventurer. Never using one identity for very long.

Whether the Psyonis/Gasparov phenomenon is an example of the cities relationship between crime and government, or the exception, is unknown. But Psyonis deals with both allegiances zealously. There is no limit or moral boundary that he will not gladly step over to protect the cartels, and his city.

Psyonis has various items and arcana he has amassed in his years of investigating the world. His most prized possession is *Ocean's Edge*, a *saber* he found on an island leagues to the south of any trade route. The island was the epicenter of a great storm that never stopped. Psyonis is one of the only sailors to return from it. *Ocean's Edge* seems to have crashing waves along its blade that sometimes move...

TAMBIA



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Tambia is blunt and to-the-point. She doesn't like playing word games, she's prefers the straightforward approach to conversation. Make her angry; she'll punch you in the teeth. Earn her trust, and she'll stand between you and certain death. Tambia is recklessly obsessed with hunting dragons and discovering their secrets. She never backs down, even in the face of insurmountable odds.

TAMBIA

Class/Level: Ranger 12

Sex/Race: Elf Female

Height/Weight: 5' 6" / 125 pounds

Challenge Rating: 12

Hit Points: 12d10 (90 hit points)

Initiative: +4 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 19 (+5 Armor, +4 Dex)

Attack: Longbow +25/+20/+15/+10/+5

Damage: Arrow 1d6+4

Alignment: Neutral Good

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +5

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 19, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 16

Skills: Animal Empathy +11, Climb +9, Craft (Bowyer/Fletcher) +12, Hide +12, Intuit Direction +9, Knowledge (Nature) +7, Listen +9, Move Silently +12, Search +10, Speak Language (Common, Draconic, Elven, Orc), Spot +9, Wilderness Lore +16.

Feats: Far Shot, Improved Critical, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Track.

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: *Oathbow* (longbow +1), 3 arrows of dragon slaying +3, bracers of archery, elven chain, 2 daggers of returning +2; 132 gp.

BACKGROUND

Tambia Woodwhisper was born in a small village on the northern tip of the Great Forest. Her parents were among the three hundred or so elves that founded the community, 150 years ago. The forest was taken from humanoid expansion during the War of Thorns and the village was built initially as a scout post, and then as defensive fort against enemy invasion.

Tambia excelled in the fighting arts, archery in particular. Her bond with the Old-Mother was strong as well. Even though her parents were simple farmers, Tambia was recruited into the Ranger Scouts, an elite fighting force that patrolled the forest and struck

deep into humanoid territory to defend the settled lands.

During one such raid into relatively unknown territory, a huge dragon ambushed her party. Without warning, the muck covered black snout rose out of the swamp and sprayed acid onto her party. Half the rangers died instantly, the rest struck back with swords and bows. After the battle, only Tambia and a druid-ranger named Aspen survived. Aspen has walked with a limp ever since, and Tambia was horribly scared on one side of her face.

Tambia found her true calling that day, the destruction of evil dragons. The heroes recuperated at fort and grew closer, but Tambia's thirst for the hunt spurred her recovery and away from Aspen's embrace.

As soon as she was able, Tambia traveled the continent, and hunted evil dragons wherever she found them. Truly, Old-Mother touched her, for she grew more deadly with every kill. Each battle opened new avenues, new ways to defeat them.

During one such adventure, she went on a quest into an ancient dragon's extra-dimensional lair, and killed it with deadly efficiency. From the bones and sinew of that ancient beast, the Druid Council fashioned her three mystic arrows and a bow. They poured their magic into them, creating powerful, new dragon-slaying tools, in tribute to her great feat.

It's said that Tambia also traveled to other, more hospitable, planes. Aspen believes she went to the plane where the Old-Mother herself resides. Tambia will not discuss it, she only smiles, the scars mysteriously absent from her face.

One year ago, a threat loomed over the Great Forest. A mysterious dragon-cult has gained a foothold in the mountains, and it's rumored they've found "The Book of Wyrms," a text believed to contain detailed information about opening a permanent portal into a dragon god's dread domain.

The Druid Council and the Rangers, scrambling to verify the veracity of these rumors, sent Tambia and Aspen into the cult's mountain lair. In that time, evil dragons have multiplied, with no word from the Dragon Slayer.

UTHMAR



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Uthmar's charisma is a palpable force. You can't see it, *per se*, but there's no denying its presence. He commands respect. He's powerful, intelligent, and utterly ruthless. His armies love him, and his enemies fear him.. He is destined for greatness; he is a living legend, and his vision is going to remake the world.

UTHMAR

Class/Level: Barbarian 16

Sex/Race: Human Male

Height/Weight: 6' 6" / 310 pounds

Challenge Rating: 16

Hit Points: 16d12+68 (192 hit points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 40 ft.

Armor Class: 20 (+8 Armor, +3 Dex)

Attack: Claymore +24/+19/+14/+9/+4

Damage: Claymore 2d6+9

Special Qualities: Rage 5/day, Uncanny Dodge, Damage Reduction 2/-, Greater Rage

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Saves: Fort +13, Ref +7, Will +7

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 18

Skills: Climb +12, Diplomacy +14, Handle animal +18, Hide +9, Intimidate +18, Intuit direction +9, Jump +12, Listen +9, Move silently +9, Spot +9, Swim +12, Wilderness lore +15

Feats: Blind-fight, Cleave, Combat reflexes, Endurance, Great cleave, Leadership, Power attack.

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, waterskin, 5 tinder twigs; 2 vials of antitoxin; 3 flasks of alchemist's fire; waterproofing polish; suregrip salve; 2 flasks of acid.

Possessions, Magical: +4 (lawful, keen) *claymore of speed*; *girdle of armor +8*; *horn of command*; *potion of cure moderate wounds*; *potion of endurance*; *potion of cure light wounds*; *potion of enlarge*; *feather token (tree)*; *glove of storing*; *bag of tricks (gray)*; *thunder stone*; *healing salve*; *dust of dryness*; *dust of illusion*; *bead of force*; *dust of tracelessness*; *amulet of natural armor +1*; *boots of the winterlands*; 931 gp.

BACKGROUND

There are few barbarian warlords more feared than Uthmar the Dragon. Uthmar learned the ways of the sword, axe, and spear from his father, as his father had done before him. He battled other young barbarians, the elements of the Icy Desert, and the me-

nagerie of hostile monsters that made their home in the bleak tundra.

Uthmar became the youngest warrior to take command of his tribe by ritual challenge. He was fifteen. Not just another brute with a sword, Uthmar amazed the tribal elders with a quick mind and head for tactics. He defeated all the other rival tribes by the age of twenty and became the first man to ever unite the whole northern wastes. He tamed or broke great, wild creatures to use as weapons of war and fielded an army larger than any of the clans had ever seen.

Uthmar has angered many by desecrating the frozen tombs of long dead kings, but the temptation of further plunder has fueled more campaigns of conquest. He found two relics that make him even more fearsome on the battlefield, and lusts for other artifacts.

After countless raids and excavations, Uthmar discovered a priceless relic. He discovered the Horn of Command, a legendary item that boosted his control over his troops 10-fold. He became unstoppable, and he soon dominated the entire region.

Uthmar's first campaign outside the Icy Desert was against the Southern Empire, a country that has stood, unchallenged, for centuries. His phenomenal grasp of tactics and his imposing charisma combined to make him an unstoppable battle commander. His forces destroyed all opposition, conquering fortress after fortress, as it moved toward the Empire's capital.

After a yearlong siege, Uthmar was victorious. His men and his monstrous hordes sacked the capital, capturing the Emperor himself. There was nothing Uthmar couldn't do. No one he couldn't conquer. He crowned himself High King with the Emperor's own crown and took residence in the Emperor's palace. His armies have subjugated the southerners, and bolstered their ranks with newfound slaves and monsters.

Uthmar has conquered all the lands above the Crown Mountains, making him the warlord over a quarter of the known world. But his ambition knows no bounds. He's after the world, and he won't rest until he has it.

WENOWIL



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

When Wenowil was young, she spent months at a time in complete silence, never uttering a word. She is still quiet and reserved, though her duties don't allow for long stretches of silence. When Wenowil speaks it's like leaves rustling in a gentle breeze. Her touch is as cool as a mountain brook, and her very presence soothes even the most troubled of hearts. She's an enigma, a mystery that may never be fully understood.

WENOWIL

Class/Level: Druid 15

Sex/Race: Elf Female

Height/Weight: 5' 2" / 120 pounds

Challenge Rating: 15

Hit Points: 15d8 (90 hit points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 17 (+4 Armor, +3 Dex)

Attack: Sling +15/+10/+5

Damage: Sling

Special Qualities: Nature Sense, Animal Companion, Woodland Stride, Trackless Step, Resist Nature's Lure, Wild Shape (Huge), Timeless Body, A Thousand Faces, Venom Immunity

Alignment: Neutral Good

Saves: Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +14

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 20, Cha 16

Skills: Handle animal +17, Hide +2, Knowledge (nature) +20, Listen +10, Move silently +10, Search +8, Spot +7, Wilderness lore +20

Feats: Blind-fight, Combat casting, Craft rod, Craft wand, Skill focus (knowledge (nature)), Skill focus (wilderness lore).

Possessions: *Hide armor +2; Sling +1; 3 sling bullets; 10 sling bullets +1 of distance; 3 sleep bullets; potion of cure light wounds; potion of swimming; potion of vision; ring of animal friendship; wand of silence (29 charges); figurine of wondrous power (ivory goats); figurine of wondrous power (serpentine owl); 761 gp.*

Druid Spells Per Day: 0-level: *detect magic, detect poison, guidance, mending, read magic, resistance*; 1st-level: *calm animals, cure light wounds, entangle (x2), faerie fire, pass without trace, summon nature's ally I*; 2nd-level: *barkskin, chill metal, flame blade, lesser restoration, resist elements, summon swarm*; 3rd-level: *call lightning, cure moderate wounds, neutralize poison, snare, spike growth, water breathing*; 4th-level: *control plants, dispel magic, rusting grasp, spike stones, summon nature's ally IV*; 5th-level: *commune with nature, cure critical wounds, ice storm, tree stride, wall of thorns*; 6th-level: *antilife shell, healing circle, transport via plants*; 7th-level: *creeping doom, firestorm*; 8th-level: *finger of death.*

BACKGROUND

Wenowil is a thousand years old, yet barely looks twenty. There is no exact record of where or when she was born. The earliest record of her is a footnote in *The Druid Histories* compiled by an Elven nation near the Great Wood. During the reign of an ancient king, nearly a thousand years ago, an elven ambassador was visiting The Grand Druid when a young elven girl named Wenowil appeared during a council meeting. The Grand Druid seemed to expect her; she started as his student that moment.

The first record of her acting as the "Ambassador of Nature" is during the recovery of an ancient elven artifact called the Heart of Fire. The Heart was buried at the center of an ancient volcano and protected by magma elementals. Wenowil guided a band of noble adventurers to the core of the world to help a continent on the brink of war. When the catastrophe was averted, Wenowil buried the Heart of Fire beneath the deepest ocean, where some sailors have reported the water still boils to this day. Wenowil would allow no person or group wield that much power. It upset the balance. And that she could not abide.

Although Wenowil has usually helped the forces of good, she is not above lending assistance to those who view the world in a different light. She helped a tribe of lizard men relocate to a deserted swamp rather than come in conflict with an expanding human society. She also convinced a large tribe of trolls that "man things" tasted bad and usually wore too much metal that hurt their bellies. This tribe of trolls might now be the first to ever raise livestock instead of hunting humans.

Wenowil is the only non-dragon on the Dragon Council that consists of nine Great Dragons who speak for their respective kind. The Council has existed since history began and although their goal is not peace with mankind, the Dragons (or at least most of them) do not want to go to war with the other sentient races. They selected a single mortal to speak on behalf of lesser species. Wenowil is the voice of all the non-dragon races in the world, and struggles with their near godlike egos on a constant basis. She stands unafraid among monstrous creatures that look upon her and all the other races as food at worst, or naïve playthings at best.

WINTER



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

If you come across Winter in a roadside inn or a lonely keep off the beaten path, he is polite and courteous, showing signs of a noble birth. He keeps to himself, sitting quietly, gazing into the fire or out into the night sky. He never stays in one place for very long; he's always searching, looking for something, or more likely, someone.

WINTER

Class/Level: Cleric 5 / Monk 13

Sex/Race: Elf Male

Height/Weight: 5' 7" / 155 pounds

Challenge Rating: 18

Hit Points: 18d8+18 (126 hit points)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improve Initiative)

Speed: 70 ft.

Armor Class: 21 (+ 5 Armor, + 3 Cloak, +3 Dex)

Attack: Staff +14/+9/+4

Damage: Staff 1d6+5

Special Qualities: Unarmed Strike, Stunning Attack, Evasion, Still Mind, Slow Fall, Improved Evasion, Ki Strike+2, Diamond Body

Alignment: Lawful Good

Saves: Fort +13, Ref +12, Will +17

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 20, Cha 13

Skills: Balance +10, Climb +10, Concentration +13, Diplomacy +12, Escape artist +15, Heal +12, Hide +16, Jump +10, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Listen +9.5, Move silently +12, Ride +5, Search +15, Spellcraft +9, Spot +9, Tumble +18

Feats: Alertness, Blind-fight, Combat reflexes, Deflect arrows, Expertise, Great fortitude, Improved trip, Improved Initiative, Improved unarmed strike, Point blank shot, Stunning fist.

Possessions, Mundane: Backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, grappling hook, 2 flasks of holy water, 50 ft. silk rope, sack, 3 torches, 1-day trail rations, and waterskin.

Possessions, Magical: +3 quarterstaff of striking; +3 quarterstaff of disruption (DC 25); vestments of faith; cloak of protection +3; phantom ink (magical light); slippers of spider climbing; bracers of armor +2; candle of truth; monk's belt; phylactery of faithfulness; 187 gp.

Cleric Domains: Healing, Protection.

Cleric Spells Per Day: 5/5+1/3+1/2+1. 0-level: *detect magic, detect poison, guidance, resistance, virtue*; 1st-level: *bless, command, divine favor, entropic shield, sanctuary, shield of faith*; 2nd-level: *bull's strength, hold person, lesser restoration, shield other*; 3rd-level: *dispel magic, negative energy protection, protection from elements*.

BACKGROUND

No one knows the true name of the one called Winter. He has traveled the lands of men for over a century. He is almost certainly an elf, but even a trueborn elf would show signs of aging after this long. His elven features are carved on a sculpted body that has learned or taught every martial art on the continent, and perhaps a few more. His only forfeiture to time is his long, white hair.

Winter was born to a long forgotten noble family that specialized in foreign trade. He took over the family business at an early age and excelled at it. His personal life was just as blessed, and he had three fine sons to carry on the family name, twin toddlers and a fine young man who was just taking responsibilities in the business. This son, perhaps too zealous in his business practices, attempted to expand their trade routes into dangerous lands to enhance profits. He led the wagon caravan personally. The caravan was lost in the mountains and after time, everyone was presumed dead.

Years passed, and the elf that would become Winter still mourned, letting his mercantile empire crumble. His grief was compounded when, after returning from one of his now rare trips, he found his whole family slain by some evil creature.

The elven priests divined that a vampire had committed the grisly murders. The noble swore revenge and formed a mob to attack the abandoned castle that the priests had identified as the monster's lair. The band was unprepared for a vampire this powerful, and everyone was killed except the grieving father. He was spared by the vampire and given the most horrible news of all. That the vampire was his son! The beast laughed aloud as his father cried, it disappeared, and left him alone to curse his existence.

Less than a month later that noble disappeared, leaving his fortune behind and walking into a sacred monastery to learn the skills necessary to slay the undead.

He began his career as a cleric, trying to bend his anger and pain to his will, but determination wasn't faith, and he soon learned that he'd never truly give himself to a deity. Instead he abandoned the more spiritual aspects of his quest, and concentrated on the physical — he became a monk. The crucible of his pain and suffering forged a spirit and body that could not be broken. He became a hunter, as he remains.

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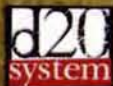
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