

# Emerald Enclave

Welcome to the Emerald Enclave. We need you. Nature is our mother. Our mother is great and powerful. She is beautiful beyond belief. She needs you. Civilization is our father. Our father is industrious and inspired. His might knows no limits. And yet he needs you too.

Nature. Civilization. One is the fundamental root of the tree of life, and one is the highest, most beautiful branch. Both need room to grow, and neither wishes the other ill. Yet, despite being two parts of the same wondrous tree, nature and civilization so often crowd, starve, and strangle one another. This cannot be allowed.

When nature grows too far and too fast, overwhelming the lives that spring from it, the Emerald Enclave is there to slash and trim. When civilization grows so broad and heavy as to crack the very trunk that supports it, we must step in and carefully thin the foliage until equilibrium is restored.

Our tree of life faces external threats as well. Monstrous parasites from beyond the grave and twisted abominations from beyond our world - these have no place in our garden, and must be removed.

Our is the garden of life and death, and we tend its mightiest tree. Sometimes that means protecting life, and sometimes that means dealing death. We have chosen you because we believe you to be capable of both, and wise enough to know when to nurture and when to shear. Precious few have both the skill and the wisdom to make that distinction, but those who do are invaluable. Welcome to our garden. Tend it well.



# Harpers

Welcome to the Harpers. You're one of us now.

Don't go bragging about it.

We fight for equality. We do it from the shadows.

We fight corruption. We do it quietly.

We fight against tyrants, despots, and monsters. We do it subtly.

We also fight against dragons. We'd love to do that part quietly too, but at that point, we'll take what we can get.

We're the Harpers, and we're here to make things right. We'd just rather nobody knows we're doing it. It's easier to do our job when the wicked don't see us coming, and even easier when they don't know we exist. We're of the opinion that cunning beats force, misdirection beats confrontation, and good triumphs over evil...especially when it catches evil napping. If we're wrong about any of that, then we've been getting real lucky for the last few centuries. We're not wrong. We're definitely not lucky either, though we wouldn't complain if we were; it'd be a nice change of pace. Sadly though, luck's only for fools, gamblers, and goblins. We just have to make do with our quick wits, unerring charm, and heroic good looks. A couple of trusty spells and a big sword don't hurt either.

We're the Harpers. You're one of us now. That means you're here to rescue the townsfolk, vanquish the dark forces that prey on the innocent, and just generally save Faerûn from itself. And you're here to do it quietly.

Good luck,

*Leasin Erlanthar*



# Lords' Alliance

I offer you membership in the Lords' Alliance. Think well on this. If you choose to accept, it is no light burden I extend to you. Your place among us has been earned not by noble blood, but by the courage of your actions and your resolute commitment to our ideals. It is of these we will ask even more.

An ocean of darkness laps at the fragile shore of civilization. We do not wait for it. We do not cower behind walls of stand and timid hope. If we are to survive, you must venture out into that dread sea and eliminate anything that threatens the banner of your lineage. No other allegiance may come before that to your homeland—not love for a single soul, nor loyalty to any cause other than your own.

We seek glory, not safety. We do not trade our honor for selfish gain nor our prosperity for peace. We never retreat before any foe nor waver in the face of any threat. It is our birthright to stand tall, to lead, to go where we will, and to act as we must.

As an agent of our alliance, you will serve on behalf of that which is greater than yourself, and though you will be called to sacrifice much, the rewards will be greater still. No, your name might not become legend, but your deeds—if they foster the security of our homeland—these will endure forever.

Dagult Neverember



# Order of the Gauntlet

Welcome to the Order of the Gauntlet! Your dedication to defending the weak and dispensing righteous justice is without peer, and your new brothers and sisters in the order look forward to smiting the wicked at your side, united in our divine purpose. May you live long and use your last breath fighting in the name of all that is good.

As a new Gallant, your preparation time is nearly over. We need all members ready to strike - both to dispense ongoing justice and to watch over those who cannot protect themselves. Troubling changes are afoot, and if the balance tips too far toward darkness, the good people of this land might be quickly overrun. Of course, more and greater foes mean more and greater advancement for the cause of the order; yet our accomplishment brings but small comfort to orphans and refugees. We must ensure that evildoers are brought to heel before they can offend again.

Ontharr Frume has called on all those who value justice above all to stand firm against villainy. Should you act boldly and do right by your compatriots, perhaps you will one day fight by his side as he exacts the price for evil from those who believe themselves above the law. Remember this: Evil is born anew each day, but justice lives forever.



Yours in fellowship,

Vindicator Aradeneth

# Zhentarim

You're one of us now. One of the Zhentarim. We are the purveyors of your fondest wishes and darkest dreams.

You don't even know how grand your life's about to be. Gone are the days of waiting for your turn; from now on, it's always your turn. Gone, too, are the days of wanting what you can't have. If you can't see it, you can have it. It's yours. There's only one rule, and it's a simple one: Zhentarim first. Follow that rule, and yours will be a life of favor and fortune.

The world is full of sheep and our role is not to shepherd, but to shear. Those who'd call themselves shepherds are liars and charlatans, and cowards besides. Of course, this is not a world of only sheep and shepherds; there are wolves too. Wolves that would feast on our sheep, denying us our claim to wool and meat—and anything else we might desire. If those wolves try to keep us from our rightful bounty, we'll defend what is ours, so that all others might look upon the Zhentarim and see the price of their folly.

So go out, my brethren, and do what you will. Pluck whatever fruit you desire from any orchard, and drink deeply the wine of power; you'll find your glass is now bottomless. There is nothing, any longer, that can be denied to you. No longer have cause to fear anyone nor want for anything—just so long as you remember that it is the Zhentarim that granted you these things.

*Tiril Longfangs*

