The Candlekeep Compendium

Volume V

Volume V

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EDITORIAL

elcome to another volume of the Candlekeep Compendium. A collection of the finest Realmslore selected from the shelves of Candlekeep and delivered to us from our wandering scribes, forever seeking to further our knowledge of the Realms.

Within this tome, ye can find our regular columns covering the dwarven culture, the varied laborers of our world and the many strange and wonderful tales collected from taverns and rumormongers. In addition, Grimbuckle the gnome continues the tales of his planar travels and informs us of his journey into the dread city of Dis. After a short break, more information is detailed for the vessel *Earling's Spray* - this time focusing on the crew and other aspects. Again, following our regular scribes columns, yet another arcane collection has been 'borrowed' in order to reveal the powers of the Seven Scrolls of Nuthmerkuld. The journeys of Rikos Dughol continue into the Sunset Vale where he experiences the Feast of the Moon. From these travels, we also have information given on a personality by the name of Portia Coldspring, a cleric from the region.

With this volume of lore, two new very interesting columns are presented. The first is an insight into the communities of Impiltur, with information on Ilmwatch - the Fortress City. Secondly, and on dicey ground we tread, the first of a four-part column unveiling the Hidden Lords of Waterdeep. Hopefully, we will see the remaining three articles in future volumes of the Compendium, before our loyal scribe is halted by the authorities!

I hope ye enjoy these latest installments from the halls of Candlekeep. As always, it has been a pleasure to sit and order our fearless and faithful scribes into the farthest reaches of Faerûn and beyond, in order to bring ye this valuable lore.

- Alaundo of Candlekeep

This volume is dedicated to Chris Jameson (a.k.a Wooly Rupert) for his dedicated efforts and invaluable assistance in the editing room for the Candlekeep Compendium.

The Hammer's Stroke

Part V

By Kevin Liss
(illustrated by Tyson Howard)

In loving memory of my mother, Rebecca.

* * * *

From the scrolls of Auraclestan Quillvant:

The only constant in life is death. Those in Waterdeep, the city of my birth, claim taxes are another constant, but that is neither hither nor thither.

There were two occasions that I chanced upon those rites and ceremonies of the Stout Folk pertaining to death, occasions I will likely never forget.

During my travels as a younger man, I surrounded myself with brave companions known as the Company of the Wielding. Among them were strong Korin the Cleaver, beautiful Pious Penna, and the good dwarf Axe Barr. I believe Barr was of the Deepaxes of the North.

We wandered the Coast, through the old Delzoun lands, and even as far as the Dalelands. We left many dead who meant us harm, and found others who met a similar fate at the hands of others.

The first time we chanced upon the body of a fallen dwarf, I witnessed what I believed was odd behavior on Barr's part. A group of hill giants slaughtered a party of fortune seekers, the last such massacre from that group when we caught them. The unfortunates included a dwarf, a warrior from his garb. Before we could bury them, I noticed our dwarven friend examining the gear of his fallen cousin. From the slain dwarf's possessions Barr kept a handsome metal axe, wrapping it in cloth and never wielding it in battle. Although our dwarven friend was a rogue, he was born of honor, and never pilfered from those who were not his enemies.

Traversing the wilds, we saw few civilized folk, and found only small villages and outposts. At each, however, Barr sought fellow sons of Moradin, not finding any. My curiosity soon won over etiquette, and I questioned him one night on his behavior.

The first time, he dismissed my question, not wanting to be bothered with it. Never one to back down from a mystery, I questioned him continuously for the next tenday. I must have worn him down, like wind on the stones, for finally he told me why he carried the axe.

It seems that the Stout Folk are steeped in tradition. Every family passes forth a relic of significance to their heirs. With a birthrate as low as it once was, this seldom fostered any in-fighting among siblings and heirs. Son to son, or, if needed, son to daughter, then to the first male descendant, the heirloom was passed. Upon the passing of the bearer of the gift, the next heir received the item. These items varied from clan to clan and from family to family. Many passed along weapons. Be they axes, swords, or hammers, it mattered little, as long as the weapon withstood the perils of time well. Others passed along armor, and others again crafters' tools. Each, however, bore the symbol of the family, and with it their traditions. Whether the heirloom possessed some magic, or not, was secondary to its significance.

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The axe, I was told, was the family relic of the dead dwarf. Being far from home, with no other to send word of his fate to his kin, it fell upon Axe Barr to carry the axe to another, who again would seek another, to another, until someone bore it home. The method of the dead dwarf's demise mattered not, only that the clan hear of his death through the return of the family relic. It was for bards to sort out his tale.

One question, though, still lingered. The cloth he wrapped it in bore no special meaning, for I had seen my friend blow his nose with it before. His answer was simple: it allowed another dwarf to identify that the relic was not his own, should they find his body strewn upon the ground before it could be passed on.

Curiously, Barr's family relic was an adamantine key.

My second encounter with a death ritual of the dwarves was indeed a sad occasion. My same companions and I ventured near Citadel Adbar, whereupon Barr learned of the passing of a great champion, Dorlun the Daring. Barr wanted to use the opportunity to visit his kin, and pay his respects to the fallen hero.

Surprisingly, we were allowed to attend the services.

Seven days of mourning passed with Dorlun's body displayed upon a splendid dais in the temple of Moradin. I sought the temple out several times during our stay, and at varied times, and this I must say: the dwarves kept a vigilant watch over their cousin. There was always a priest of the Allfather praying over the body, while others visited their friend, hero, or family member for the last time. As each paid homage to him, they would stoke his beard, leave a small gift at the foot of the

dais, or rub his waraxe, which lay across his chest, arms crossed over it. They did so at all hours, with someone always in attendance.

On the day of his entombment, Dorlun's bier was borne across the Citadel, into the earth, to the Catacombs of the Fallen. Those most honored – kings, martyrs, and others touched by the gods – lay in special viewing chambers.

These chambers are best described as large, hollowed-out rooms, shaped something like a large lantern. A platform extends into the center of the chamber, hanging over empty space. A rail-less walkway leads to this platform, known as the projection bier. On this stony overhang is a monument to the fallen dwarf. Sometimes this monument is a simple marker, sometimes it is an elaborately crafted sarcophagus, and other times it is a statue, larger than life but so cunningly carved one would expect to see it breathing.

No matter what form the monument takes, it is not the actual resting place of the fallen hero. The tomb itself is concealed in the lower part of the chamber. This discourages would-be thieves, and insures that the attention of any visitors is drawn to the memorial, and not to the tomb.

The walls surrounding the chamber are recessed, offering a balcony for visitors. The balcony is level with the projection bier, or slightly above it. Several score family members could congregate here, when honoring the hero on their name day anniversary. However, only those closest to the deceased ever approach the projection bier, a place of honor, to pray or seek guidance from their honored kin.

Oddly, the day Dorlun was laid to rest, I did not find Axe Barr with the procession, which all able dwarves were expected to attend. I asked one of his family where he was, and they guided me to one of the other viewing chambers. This one was close to Dorlun's Tomb, yet far enough away to escape the throng. The halls were deserted in this area, yet I found Barr easy enough. As I crept through the short hall connecting the chamber to the hub, I became very aware of my surroundings, and the presence of the place. Not wanting to disturb my companion, I advanced only as far as needed, to peer over the viewing balcony. To my surprise, Axe Barr kneeled before a grand sarcophagus of gold, on the plank. Realizing the meaning, I left him to his silent prayers, and to this day have not asked him about the encounter.

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Laborers of Toril

Part III

By Scott Kujawa

First Reader, here is the third scroll of the project that you asked me to scribe for the records of Candlekeep.

This is the next set of ten laborers. As I said in my other scrolls, some of this lore might or might not be true, and I had to distill the details, lest they fill a whole tome. Besides, some of the information given to me was to be kept secret, and I gave my word as a follower of the Binder. As usual, I'm tracking down other folk who are willing to let me record what they do to make coin and survive.

Scribe Lythrina Surstyn of Candlekeep

* * * *

Trelrene (Chaotic Good, Female Chondathan Human, Expert 2/Bard 3, Milil)

Trelrene lives in central Silverymoon, west of the Market. She crafts flutes, birdpipes, thelarr, and other wind instruments in her modest one-story home. However, I found her playing a songhorn in the Blooming Vine Hall, and once she took a break she told me that she spends most of her evenings performing there for the coin, the enjoyment of the good fare, and because she enjoys the interest of the patrons.

I suspect she has ties to Those Who Harp, but she only impishly smiled at me when I asked. Of course, from what I later learned about this dark-haired and dark-skinned woman, she often smiles impishly at those who amuse her.

Trelrene likes to wear tight green and gray leathers. I believe she also has a fixation with butterflies. I couldn't see them clearly, but her arms appeared to be covered with tattoos of butterflies. The tattoos stop at her wrists, and she keeps her arms covered, so I couldn't confirm if her arms are so marked.

Belmuth (Neutral Good, Male Centaur, Skerrit)

I was walking through the Shaar when something reared up over me and struck me in the head. When I awoke, I found I had been captured by a centaur named Belmuth. He is the horse gatherer for the Raging Hooves tribe of centaurs, one of many such tribes that wander the Shaar. Belmuth gathers wild horses, breeding them with the tribe's domestic herd. He trades their offspring to outsiders for the supplies that the tribe needs.

He told me that he mostly trades for wood that can be made into arrows, bows, and clubs. However, at times he also asks for necklaces, bracelets, combs, leather and furs for armor and clothing, and anything else that the members of the Raging Hooves tribe might want or need.

Ammlus Cethalos (Lawful Neutral, Male Netherese Human, Wizard 12, Azuth, Mystra, Oghma, and Deneir)

For once, I'm going to talk about someone within our hallowed halls, since Ammlus finally agreed to answer my questions. This sage and lorekeeper has been at Candlekeep

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for as long as any of us can remember. I believe that he is even older then what the tales say about him, but he only crinkled his lips in a smile and winked at me each time I tried to get the information out of him.

My mentor's skinny frame is covered by faded brown robes that have been patched with even more faded brown patches. A thick white beard reaches to his chest, and his dark blue eyes are still sharp and clear after all these years.

In recent years, Ammlus has never seen without his unusual segmented staff. Once he told me that it is the *Staff of the Three*. He would say no more about it, except that it is a secret between him and Azuth.

First Reader's note: This staff is a fairly recent creation of Alluin, a mage loyal to Azuth. Alluin, whose last name is unknown or deliberately suppressed, is extremely knowledgeable in all practices of magic. Unlike most arcane spellcasters, Alluin also studied divinely granted magic. He traveled across Faerûn, learning more of Azuth and those who served him (Savras and Velsharoon, in particular).

It was in Amn that Alluin created the first segment of the *Staff*, imbuing it with a blessing from Savras. The *Staff* was designed not to function until all three segments were joined. Until then, it would give off no magical aura, to dissuade any would-be attackers.

During his travels in Thay, Alluin garnered the knowledge he needed of Velsharoon, and manufactured the second part of the *Staff*. Some of the Red Wizards learned what Alluin was planning, and attempted to take by force the parts of the *Staff* already made. After a heated spell battle, Alluin cast a rushed teleportation spell. The spell misfired, sending him to the wrong location.

It took him two tendays to reach the town of Shadowdale. There Alluin sought Elminster's supervision, knowing the Old Mage was knowledgeable in the ways of Mystra and Azuth. With Elminster's guidance, Alluin was able to create the final section of the *Staff*.

The segments of the *Staff of the Three* are each made from different types of wood. The lowermost section, dedicated to Azuth, is a dark oak, with blue inlays following the wood's grain. The middle segment, Velsharoon's part, was crafted from birchwood, and is shaped like a large femur. The uppermost section of the *Staff*, including the head, is comprised of willow. A spiraling pattern is set in this part of the *Staff*, which is dedicated to Savras.

The *Staff* is capped with a large, flat triangle. The triangle is not a separate piece; it is a contiguous part of the willow section of the *Staff*. Symbols of the three deities to which the *Staff* is dedicated appear on the front of the triangle. The upward-pointing hand of Azuth is the uppermost symbol. Velsharoon's grinning skull marks the right point of the triangle. Savras's crystal ball, with its enclosed dancing eyes, decorates the left side of the triangle.

The points of the symbols on the *Staff* are also a scale representation of the distances between where the three parts were formed. The center of Savras's orb represents Amn. The tip of Velsharoon's crown represents Tyraturos, and the tip of Azuth's finger represents Shadowdale.

The *Staff's* appearance and powers can be altered by the wielder. By twisting the segments of the *Staff* in a certain manner, and touching one of the symbols on the triangle, that deity's part of the *Staff* becomes dominant. The *Staff* itself is not physically altered, but its magic makes the dominant part of the *Staff* appear more prominent than the other sections. The deity's symbol also becomes more noticeable. When Azuth's section of the *Staff* is dominant, sparks seem to emanate from the finger of his symbol. The prominence of Velsharoon's segment is indicated by the flaring of the skull's eyes. Savras's prominence is marked by the eyes of the crystal ball seeming to sparkle.

In Azuth's form, the *Staff's* wielder has access to the strongest spells stored in it. These spells are *Greater Dispel Magic*, *Spell Turning*, and *Break Enchantment*. This form also has a *Disjunction* available to it, but this

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will totally drain the magic of the *Staff,* leaving it nothing more than three individual wooden rods. In Savras's form, the *Staff* can cast *Zone of Truth* and *Arcane Sight*. When Velsharoon's segment is prominent, the spells *Halt Undead* and *False Life* are available.

In all forms, the *Staff* is a *+2 spell storing axiomatic quarterstaff*. As a special ability, it can counterspell when readied by the wielder, who must make a Spellcraft check. If he beats the spell save DC by 10, the *Staff* absorbs the spell as if it was cast into it via the *spell storing* ability.

Xmerador Wyrund (Lawful Good, Male Chondathan Human, Expert 4, Silvanus) and **Pheldathe Wyrund** (Lawful Neutral, Female Illuskan Human, Expert 4, Chauntea and Silvanus)

This husband and wife are a part of a team of ten woodcutters hired by the Crown of Cormyr to watch over the King's Forest. They make sure that only dead growth is cut, and only with permission from the Crown. Ever since orcs invaded the Forest, it has also been their duty to kill any orcs they can without risking themselves.

Xmerador has close-cropped dark blond hair, and a short beard a shade lighter in color. His brown eyes are set deep in his face, and his face is dominated by his large, protruding nose. However, no one would dare comment on it, because his body is thick with muscles and strength - I watched him cut a tree in half with two swings of the large axe that he carries!

His wife, on the other hand, is small and petite. She keeps her long, light red hair braided into a tail, and the stray pieces are pinned in place with combs. Each time she looks at her Xmer, her gray eyes fill with love, and a radiant smile fills her face. Like her husband, she dresses in browns and greens, but hers are a little lighter in hue. Because of her smaller stature, she wields a smaller axe than her husband. From what Xemrador proudly told me, no one should believe that Pheldathe couldn't cut them down if they angered her, because she isn't weak.

The two woodcutters are loyal to the Crown, and have pledged themselves to the Steel Regent and to her nephew the King.

Elvaeryl (Neutral Good, Female Half-moon Elf, Cleric 2/Expert 2, Sune) and **Lharyth** (True Neutral, Female Chondathan Human, Commoner 1, Sune)

Elvaeryl sells perfumes at a small booth in Athkatla's market. This half-moon elf has shoulder-length silver and blue hair, and pale white skin with blue highlights. She brings her daughter with her to the marketplace, allowing Lharyth to sell scented soaps.

Lharyth, who has short blue hair and light brown skin, makes the scented soaps herself. Their fragrance comes from perfumes Elvaeryl makes for her daughter's use.

Every time I've seen them, they have been dressed in the pinks of Sune's faithful. I haven't seen them use any divine magics, and so I believe they are lay worshippers of the Princess of Passion. However, I have heard that another merchant saw Elvaeryl instructing Lharyth, and that the two of them smiled at each other as a bottle of perfume and some soap glowed with a soft pale pink radiance, which quickly faded. So, First Reader, these two hold their secrets close, and I haven't learned what they are hiding.

Perann Mhenther (Neutral Evil, Male Rock Gnome, Illusionist 8, Shar)

I searched for this gnome in Westgate, because I've heard tales about him and his three-story shop, where he sells herbs and spell components for users of the Art. However, this is not what piqued my curiosity. What caught my interest was the gossip that he knows a way to cast magic that doesn't come from Lady Mystra, but from some other power instead. All he would tell me is that it involves darkness and shadows, so I assume it has something to do with Shar. I don't know if he is a user of this other source of magic, but the illusion that he cast for me seemed more real then any other illusion I've ever seen.

Elulanthe (Chaotic Good, Female Wood Elf, Expert 6, Solonor, Rillifane, Silvanus, and Mielikki)

Elulanthe lives in a cottage on the outskirts of Shadowdale, where she trains hunting and domestic dogs. As I looked for a puppy for a child of Shadowdale, I made notes about this wood elf's appearance and whatever questions she was willing to answer.

Her cotton clothing, which is mostly green in color, is covered with prayers to Solonor and Rillifane, as well as to Silvanus and Mielikki. Her thick brown hair is kept away from her face by leather bands, which are woven throughout her hair. She has brown eyes that are deep-set for an elf, with a bite scar under her left eye.

Arress bint Sedinyra (Female Zakharan Human, Expert 12)

This poison-maker's fame is wide-spread. She is well-known in some parts of Faerûn, and her goods can be found in Faerûn's and Zakhara's unsavory cities. The first three floors of Arress's four-story home in Hawa, the City of Chaos, have been set aside for her work, and the smell of brewing poisons fills those floors. Her living quarters on the upper floor are filled with items from all over Toril. How she manages to acquire all these items, I know not, nor do I know how she transports her poisons to the other lands.

Arress is a small, slim woman, with a dark brown hair shot through with red streaks. I think she gets her brown-green eyes from the poisons she has imbibed, because I've never heard, or seen, anyone with eyes like that. Even her skin is a strange mixture of brown and yellow, with hints of red. Most of the time she wears white silk clothing, but I've seen her in light brown clothing that matches the sands of Zakhara.

Maztli (Male Maztican Human, Commoner 4, Maztica)

As I was traveling through Amn, I tasted a brew that contained some of the cocoa that Aurora has started to sell from fabled Maztica. I wanted to know more about this strange import from that land, so I found a ship and made the voyage to Maztica.

After asking for information in New Waterdeep, I headed inland and met Maztli. As we sat inside his small hut and looked over his field of cocoa plants, he served me more of the drink that I had in Amn. I asked him about this plant and about this land, since I needed to learn more about Maztica, having written about the natives in my other scrolls. Much like the other Nexalans, he has bronze skin and dark hair that he keeps cut close to his skull. The next time I come to Maztica, I plan on wearing some of the woven skirts that he gave me, since they are more comfortable in this hot environment.

Katsiko (Male Fox Hengeyokai, Expert 12, Celestial Bureaucracy)

I met this strange being as I walked the Golden Way, making my way back to Faerûn. He lives in a round hut that contains a pallet, the smithing tools of his craft, and many swords that all had the same curved blade. When I asked him what they were called, he said they are called "katanas". Though many swordsmiths in Kara-Tur make these blades, Katsiko insists that he is only one of a handful that can make them strong enough to be enchanted.

Folk of Faerun

Portia Coldspring

By Jaap-Peter Hazelhoff & Carey Sauerbrun
(Illustrated by Tiziano Baracchi)

Portia Coldspring[1] (Female Human Cleric of Kelemvor 3 / Fighter 1; AL LN; Location: Berdusk, Western Heartlands)

Appearance:

slim young woman of average height. Her long, reddish-gold hair is wildly curly; she does her best to tame by keeping it bound in a thick, elaborate braid. Her eyes are a striking green. Often on far-ranging missions on behalf of the Crystal Mansion temple of the Lord of the Dead in Berdusk, she wears enchanted banded mail armor beneath her black and bone white clerical vestments. Hanging prominently around her neck is a bone white, highly-polished wooden disk, with Kelemvor's symbol inlayed in gold on its surface.

To battle the foes of her church and to defend herself, she wields a hand-and-a-half sword, which rests in a scabbard on her back when not needed. The cleric is able to wield the weapon both one- and two-handed; to supplement her defenses when wielding the weapon one-handed, she carries an extremely well-crafted large wooden shield.

An enchanted light mace, its gleaming head carved to resemble a skull, dangles from her belt, serving as a secondary weapon. *Death's Head* – the magical weapon's name – came into her care after the previous owner, a fellow cleric, fell while fighting Cult of the Dragon agents in Berdusk.

Personality:

Portia is a person that truly cares for others, helping them live life and, if need be, pass into death as gently as possible. In the Year of the Unstrung Harp (1371 DR) she experienced a darker side of human nature, which has since dampened her previously cheerful mood. While not entirely gone, it is muted, resulting from events that transpired in Eleint of that year.

When faced with undead, her eyes blaze with an emerald fire, and her wrath is obvious to all. Because of her recent experiences, her hatred of the undead has grown to include those that traffic with the undead, or anyone having anything to do with the sect of Velsharoon. Another effect of her troubling experiences is her tendency to wear more and more armor, in an unconscious effort to protect herself mentally from the evils of the world by doing all she can to protect herself physically.

Portia will do her best to heal those good individuals dying of wounds inflicted in combat, for Kelemvor teaches that each should take the Great Trip naturally, when their time in this world has come to an end. She does not consider a sword through the belly to be a 'natural' death – this view, however, does not extend to those that corrupt life and death.

Portia's short-term goal is to qualify to join the Doomguides, an elite group of Kelemvorites, whose mission includes halting the spread of necromancy by cleansing Faerûn of the taint of unlife.

[1] Portia Coldspring is the creation of Carey Sauerbrun for the Twilight Dawn Play by Email game.

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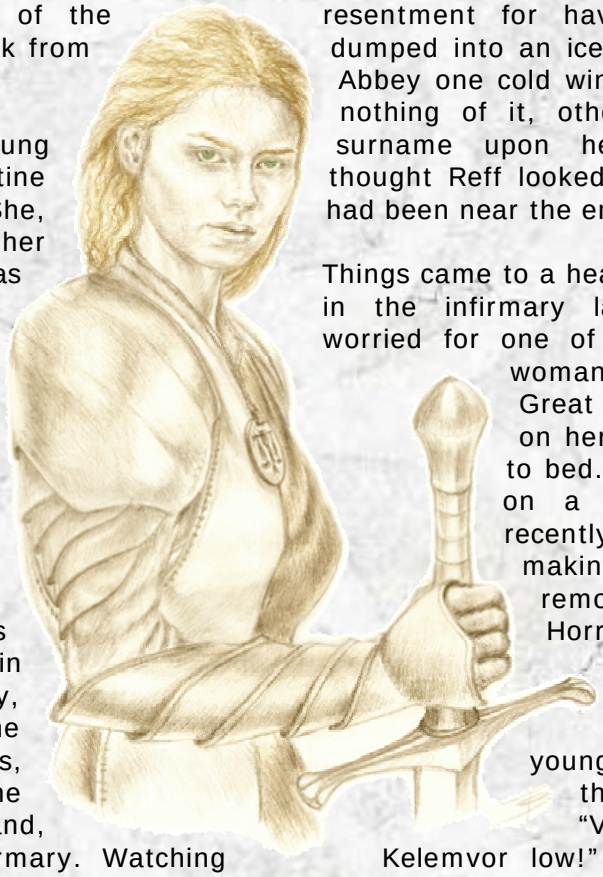
Background:

Portia was born in Baldur's Gate. She only vaguely remembers her parents; they both died of a wasting illness when she was only three years old. Jared, a young priest of Kelemvor, performed last rites for the departed. When he learned that the girl had no other family in the area to take her in, he offered to place her in a local abbey dedicated to his god.

With little formality on the part of the officials in the Gate – the practice was almost a routine – Jared's request was granted, and Portia entered the Abbey of the Fallen, less than a day's walk from the city.



At first, the girl was too young to participate in the routine activities of the Abbey. She, along with a few other unfortunate children, was placed in the care of a young priestess named Giselle. Giselle came to care greatly for her charges, and did her best to raise them to be solid, upright citizens, as well as devout followers of the Lord of the Dead.

Eventually, Portia was deemed old enough to aid in the functioning of the Abbey, running errands for the Abbess and the other priests, and helping out in the kitchens, the gardens and, when a bit older, the infirmary. Watching Kelemvor's priests succor the ill and dying, Portia came to believe truly in the faith of the Master of the Crystal Spire. Death, after all, is only the beginning, and how a person lives and dies will determine his place in the afterlife. She watched many make that great transition as the years passed.

Not all of the children that lived at the Abbey of the Fallen shared Portia's budding faith. One, Koris, suffered through perpetual lectures on the greatness of the God of the Dead, until, at the age of fifteen, he went over the wall and was never seen at the Abbey again. Portia truly liked the boy, but his stubborn refusal to come into the faith disturbed her. She missed him when he was gone.

Another, though, was not missed at all. Reff was another of her peer group, a young man with cold eyes. He listened with an expressionless face while Giselle instructed them in the faith. When the young cleric left them alone, he became a malicious bully. He never did anything overtly cruel, though he was frequently about when 'accidents' happened. Portia still harbors a mild resentment for having been 'accidentally' dumped into an ice-rimmed creek near the Abbey one cold winter day. Giselle thought nothing of it, other than to bestow her surname upon her, but Portia always thought Reff looked a bit too innocent. He had been near the end of the log, after all.

Things came to a head when Reff was caught in the infirmary late one night. Portia, worried for one of her patients, an older woman about to make the Great Journey, went to check on her just before going to go to bed. She found Reff working on a man that must have recently passed, surreptitiously making small incisions and removing internal organs. Horrified, Portia ran to Giselle, almost sobbing in anger and disgust. The cleric caught the young man, who sneered at the woman's indignation. "Velsharoon will lay Kelemvor low!" he proclaimed, before running for the gates. Giselle tried to hold him with a spell, but he was able to shrug it off and escape from the Abbey.

The revelation that a boy that had spent much of his life within the Abbey was a Velsharoon worshipper caused turmoil that did not fade for many tendays. In the purge that followed, three other secret Velsharoon worshippers were discovered and prosecuted. Portia's dislike and fear of the undead was truly fanned into flame during this time.

When Portia turned eighteen, she took her vows. Giselle and Jared, who had also kept an eye on his one-time charge, were both there to witness, looking extremely proud. As an acolyte, she passed the full introduction to Kelemvor's faith and served much of her time in the infirmary, continuing her work there and finding a niche for herself.

However, this was not meant to last; the Abbey received news that a cleric of the god of the undead had been stirring up trouble to the east. The Abbey, one of the larger strongholds of Kelemvor in the area, sent out a number of groups to hunt the foul priest down and put an end to his depredations. Portia found herself girding on her armor for more than practice for the first time in her life.

Following the rumors, the groups fanned out. Portia's group consisted of three other clerics, including Giselle and Finnius, another of her childhood comrades. For a number of rides, the small team hunted. Eventually, they found some indication that they might be on the right track. Giselle decided to send Portia to the nearest temple in Berdusk, much to the girl's chagrin, to let them know what they'd found.

Portia arrived in Berdusk two days later, and went directly to the temple. High Priest Sillisten, Death's Hand of Kelemvor, heard her news and immediately sent a group of a dozen priests and warriors to aid Giselle. He requested that Portia remain in Berdusk; another task had come up and he imagined that she would be well suited to act as Kelemvor's agent in the affair.

Portia was tasked to aid Matteo Ashgale, an investigator with some good connections in the town, in his efforts to uncover the reason for some odd events that had been occurring in Berdusk. The investigation led to the discovery of a bold, yet very secretive cell of the Cult of the Dragon. The exposure of the Cult cell was successful, but not painless: Portia was caught and tortured by the cult members.

The cultists over-reached when they captured the young cleric, discounting the abilities and persistence of her recently-met friends. The culminating battle almost destroyed the warehouse the Cult used as a front. Several undead guardians were laid to rest, but only a few underlings were arrested. The operations of the cell within Berdusk were severely disrupted.

Statistics:

Portia Coldspring **CR 4**
Female Human Cleric of Kelemvor 3 / Fighter 1; AL LN; Location: Be rdusk, Western Heartlands

Stats: (based on 32 point-buy) HP: 24; Init +2; Speed 20ft; AC 21; BAB +3; Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +7; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 14. Height 5'4", weight 108lbs. Age 22. Languages: Chondathan, Orc

Skills & Feats: Climb +2, Concentration +1, Diplomacy +5, Handle Animal +3, Heal +7, Jump +2, Knowledge (Religion) +7, Knowledge (the Planes) +3, Profession (Apothecary) +5, Ride +3, Spellcraft +5, Swim +3. Extra Turning, Scribe Scroll, Great Fortitude, Exotic Weapon (bastard sword)

Spells & Domains: 0-lvl: 4/day, 1st lvl: 3/day +1 domain spell, 2nd lvl 2/day +1 domain spell. Fate Domain (Uncanny Dodge), Protection Domain (Generate *Protective Ward*)

Equipment: Banded Mail +1, Light Mace +1 *Death's Head*, *Death's Shroud Ring*, *Wand of Cure Light Wounds* (35 charges), *Potion of Lesser Restoration*

Special Item Descriptions:

Death's Head[2]: *Light Mace +1*. The obsidian haft features black leather wrapped around it, providing a good gripping surface. A metal ball in the shape of a human skull is the weapon's business end. Despite its color, the night-black skull shines brightly, a result of the *everbright* process that its dwarven creator used on it.

[2] *Death's Head* and its history were created by Jason Breton for Tempest, a character in the Twilight Dawn Play by Email game

History of Death's Head: In 1368, Errington Lucuis, a human cleric of Kelemvor, believed he had a vision from his lord to go out and convert the remaining clerics of Myrkul and Bhaal to his lord's worship. He felt that this might require having to "beat some sense" into the wayward clerics. To accomplish this, he commissioned Rendril, a dwarven smith, with crafting the dark mace. The dwarf toiled over the mace for over a month, constructing first the hilt and then the head. Using a secret process of his clan, he forged the obsidian mace handle, as well, and carefully carved the outline of eye and nose sockets and teeth in the head of the mace.

Impressed by the look of his new weapon, Errington, to his misfortune, tried to convert a cell of Myrkulites in the slums of Neverwinter. The temple of Kelemvor found his mutilated body in a trash-dump a week later, without the mace.

The next time the mace surfaced, it was in Undermountain, in the hands of "Whiskers" McGee, a gnomish thief. He met his demise at the hands of a mind flayer, serving as a meal for the evil creature.

The illithid took the mace to Skullport, trading it for two slaves on Skull Island. The mace was lost during a bar brawl and resurfaced sometime later in a Waterdhavian curio shop, where it was bought by Trillian, a cleric of Ilmater. He felt drawn to the item and purchased it. It was not until he met Tempest – a half-orc cleric of Kelemvor - that he knew why he bought the mace. When Tempest's travels took him to Berdusk, Trillian gave the mace as a present so that he might do good things for Faerûn.

Death's Shroud Ring: This bronze ring is sometimes bestowed on promising priests of Kelemvor as part of their initiation. It confers a +1 luck bonus to all saving throws.

Faint evocation; CL 5th; Forge ring, *divine favor*; Price 2,000 gp.

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Untold Stories

Collection V

By Chris Jameson (Adventures I – VI)
& Scott Kujawa (Adventure VII - XII)
(Illustrated by Julius Petilla)

Being a collection of adventure hooks and starting tales for use in the Forgotten Realms

Adventure Hook I

This hook can be used just about anywhere where you can find both nobles and a forest near enough for them to go hunting.

Jorlgan's Rest is a weathered hunting lodge that has stood for several generations. The sturdy lodge is fashioned of stone, with rough wooden planks for a floor. The lodge is decorated with hunting icons: animal-skin rugs adorn nearly every floor, and animal heads look down from most walls. A chandelier in the main lounge is fashioned entirely of deer antlers.

The Rest consists of several smaller bedchambers and one large lounge. The kitchen used to be a separate building, but was made a part of the main building some twenty years ago. There is a large cellar; it currently holds several bottles of wine, a keg or two of ale, and a forgotten chest of used winter gear.

The Rest stands alone in a clearing, with the nearest trees some twenty feet away. A large firepit lies to the east of the main building, and an egg-shaped boulder rests about halfway between the southern wall and the surrounding forest. A unicorn's head is carved into the northern face of the boulder; this worn symbol once marked the site as a shrine of Mielikki.

One other feature is notable about the Rest: at some time in the past, its walls were enchanted by a mage. The temperature inside the Rest is always comfortable, no matter the outside weather, and no flame larger than a candle can burn anywhere other than the kitchen or fireplaces.

Jorlgan's Rest is owned by the Ventranon family, and has been since shortly after the death of its builder, Jorlgan Longtooth. They have hosted countless hunting trips at the Rest, and until recently, it was a popular retreat for younger members of the family.

Things changed with the last hunting trip to Jorlgan's Rest. Norreth Ventranon and his companions discovered that a powerful follower of Malar had settled into the area. A short, wiry man, Hendil Blackpaw used cunning traps and fearsome animal allies to hunt down and slay the members of Norreth's hunting party. Bellar Dalros was the sole survivor of the expedition, escaping only because he stumbled through a *portal* in his frantic flight.

Amdil Ventranon hires the PCs to hunt down and slay the Malarite. He also wants his son's body retrieved, along with the bodies of his companions.

Adventure Hook II

St. Talaeril the Gentle lived some 200 years ago in Impiltur. A former mage, he had entered Ilmater's service after becoming repulsed by the suffering he saw caused by magic. He spent several years traveling through Impiltur, using both arcane and divine magic to ease the suffering he found.

During what would become his final trek through Impiltur's interior, he discovered the

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ruins of a small village. The mage-turned-priest had visited the village before, finding it to be a quiet and peaceful hamlet. Now the village was destroyed, and its people slaughtered – apparently at the hands of a fiend.

Talaeril spent weeks tracking the evil creature. No one knows what happened when Talaeril found the foul abomination, but the ballad "The Last Stand of the Gentle Mage" tells of a battle that lasted for three days. It is said that Talaeril and the fiend slew each other in that battle, for neither was seen again.

The PCs are contacted by Palir of Damara, an Ilmatari priest. Palir has heard of a cave near the Earthfast Mountains, a cave where a human skeleton bearing an Ilmatari holy symbol lies entangled with the bones of some fell creature. Palir hires the PCs to recover the human skeleton, which he believes to be the remains of St. Talaeril the Gentle.

The quest can be as easy or as difficult as the DM likes. The real adventure begins about a month after the PCs deliver the remains to Palir. The once-genial priest is accused of committing several heinous murders, before disappearing into the wilderness with the remains of St. Talaeril. Is Palir of Damara a murderer, a victim, or a hero chasing after a fiend that was not truly slain?

Adventure Hook III

Bethen Calwyl has lost his armor.

Bethen comes from a moderately wealthy family. Unlike many families, it was expected that Bethen, the eldest son, would take to the sword and become an adventurer. It is a tradition dating back several generations to the days of Vemmis Calwyl, a paladin of Torm.

Vemmis possessed a magnificent set of full plate armor. Already heavily enchanted when he found it, Vemmis spent every coin he could having the armor's magic enhanced. By the time Vemmis died of old age, his armor had gained sentience, as well as many of the powers and abilities of a helmed horror.

Every generation since Vemmis, the eldest male has taken the armor and done great deeds. Many valiant actions have been undertaken by Calwyl men wearing the armor, and on several occasions, the armor itself has fought beside the Calwyl heir.

Bethen Calwyl, as expected, donned the armor and set out seeking adventure. Unlike his predecessors, however, Bethen found that he lacked the courage to do great deeds. He tried, but every time, his nerve failed him and he fled from the danger.

Several days ago, while camping in the wilderness a few days ride from Elversult, Bethen followed his normal habit of leaving the armor to stand watch while he slept. When he awoke, however, the armor was gone. Given the lack of footprints and the things the armor said to him while he was wearing it, Bethen believes the armor has set off on its own, seeking evil to vanquish.

Bethen desparately wants to find the armor and convince it of his worth, before it decides to return to the Calwyl estate and tell of his cowardice. He is willing to pay the PCs a considerable amount to help him achieve these goals.

Adventure Hook IV

Algis Bluehand is a deep-cover Harper working in Westgate. He arrived in the city shortly after the apparent destruction of the Night Masks at the hands of Alias of the Azure Bonds and Dragonbait the Saurial.

When Orbakh awoke and seized control of the Night Masks, Algis was one of the earliest recruits. Algis maintained a low profile in the reconstituted group, gathering what information he could and passing it on to his masters in Twilight Hall.

Algis has come to suspect the true nature of the Night Masters. During his investigations, he managed to find Orbakh's lair. In a daring act of thievery, Algis stole three of Orbakh's spellbooks – including the one formerly owned by Manshoon.

Algis has fled to a secret safehouse within the city. A dead magic area shields him from discovery by Orbakh and his agents, but the Harper knows that his life is forfeit if he sets foot outside his sanctuary. His superiors know this, too.

The PCs are sent to Westgate, charged with retrieving Algis and getting him safely out of the city. It is imperative that Orbakh and his Night Masks remain ignorant of Algis Bluehand's escape.

Adventure Hook V

Calielle Flamewind is a mage of moderate skill and great investigative abilities. For the last few years, she has been a common sight in the streets and canals of Marsember, as she hunts for the lost burial goods of the half-elven Princess Sissra.

Under an abandoned warehouse, Calielle has found a flooded vault. She was not able to explore the vault, because a fearsome automaton of unknown design stood guard in the entry chamber. Calielle is curious about both the automaton and the contents of the vault. She hires the PCs to capture the mysterious automaton, and to help her explore the water-filled chambers of the vault.

Adventure Hook VI

Xalder is not like other beholders.

A renegade from the city of Ooltul, Xalder prefers a quiet, introspective life. Knowing his life would be short if he stayed in the City of Tyrants, Xalder fled into the Underdark more than 20 years ago. He wandered for many years, before finding a reasonably intact library in a ruined castle.

Xalder was mildly content with his newfound library, but his isolation made him lonely. When a brash young nobleman, Sandis Kaldovein, encountered the beholder, Xalder saw a new future for himself.

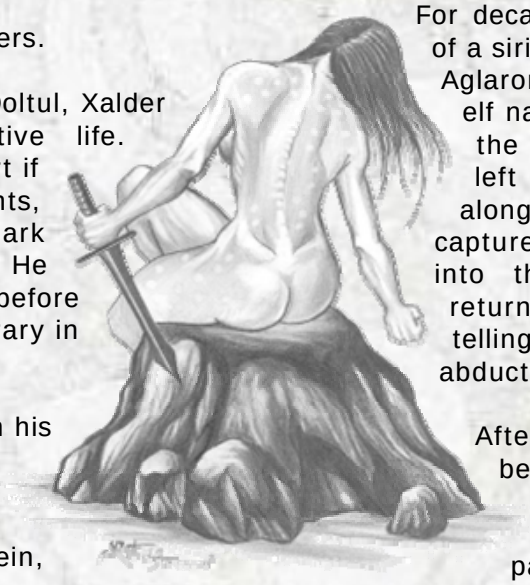
Xalder first took the time to calm the young nobleman. Speaking evenly to Sandis, Xalder managed to convince the human of his peaceful intent. After several days of dialogue, Xalder had won Sandis's trust.

Sandis smuggled Xalder into his home. In the years since then, Xalder has become a friend and trusted advisor to Sandis. The beholder's expansive knowledge and keen understanding of human nature have served Sandis well, enabling him to earn more power and prestige for his family.

All of this is now threatened by the actions of one thief. Erran Darkcloak, while burglarizing the Kaldovein estate, discovered Sandis's monstrous advisor. He has threatened to expose his knowledge to rivals of the Kaldovein family.

Sandis is not the kind of man who will order a murder to protect his family. He is also unwilling to have his family's coffers bled dry to protect a secret. He hires the PCs to investigate Erran, hoping some incriminating information will be found, giving him a way to ensure Erran's silence. Failing that, he wants Erran so thoroughly discredited that anything the thief reveals would be ignored.

Adventure Hook VII



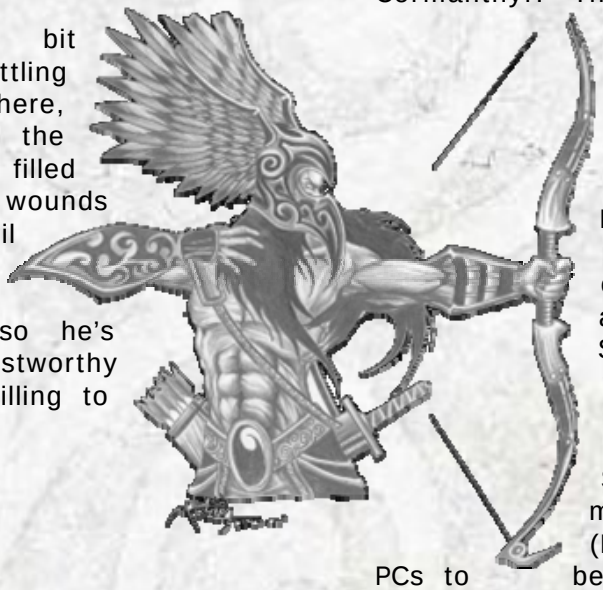
For decades, rumors have been told of a sirine dwelling near the coast of Aglarond. To her misfortune, a star elf named Sirelei has learned that the rumors are true. She had left the woods and was walking along the shore when the sirine captured her, dragging the star elf into the water. Her moonhorse returned to the star elven realm, telling the elders about Sirelei's abduction.

After a debate over who would be sent, a small party of star elves has set forth to rescue Sirelei. Their passing has not gone

unnoticed; rumors have swiftly spread about the strange elves seen traveling through the forest toward Aglarond's western shore.

Adventure Hook VIII

Alymnoril, a half-elven peddler who travels the Dales, has recently uncovered an elven burial ground in Cormanthyr. He claims that after confronting him, the elven guardians chose to let him leave in peace. When he woke the next dawn, he found that his wagons were filled with ancient coins, of a make he had never seen before. He also discovered a chest that contained a jewel-encrusted goblet fashioned from wood and silver.



Alymnoril traveled a bit further, before finally settling in Elventree. From there, word has spread that the bejeweled goblet, when filled with any liquid, can heal wounds and limbs. Alymnoril wants to show the other elven nations this strange goblet, and so he's looking for trustworthy adventurers who are willing to guard him.

Adventure Hook IX

Recent tavern-talk in Amn has centered around two Heartlands temples, one dedicated to Bane and the other to Cyric. The rumors say that these two temples have declared war on each other. Attacks have gone back and forth for the past tenday, and both sides have lost followers. At the moment, the Banites have managed to put the followers of Cyric on the defensive. The temple of the Prince of Lies is surrounded, and it looks as if the Banites are going to resume their attack within the next half a tenday.

Adventure Hook X

The half-drow rulers of Dambrath have sealed off a small part of their country. Little is known about the incident, though there are whispers that the Crinti uncovered a temple of Ghaunadaur, the dark elven deity of oozes and slimes. Inside, they found loathsome experiments; someone had tried to merge humanoids with slimes and oozes.

Adventure Hook XI

The merchant-lords of Sembia, ever eager to make a profit, have once more turned their attention to the rich woodlands of Cormanthyr. This has of course led to increased problems with the elves, and many woodcutters have fallen to the arrows of the wood elves.

Now Sembia is recruiting mercenary companies and other free agents, and it appears that the elves and Sembia are once more going to fight for Cormanthyr. Cormyr and the Dales are also involved, trying to get Sembia to back down before more bloodshed happens. (Each nation could hire the PCs to be agents, and to get the elven people and Sembia to come to an agreement.)

Adventure Hook XII

Someone – or something – caused an explosion in the new Thayan Enclave being built between Waterdeep and Neverwinter. The structure is still mostly intact, but from the center of it, a geyser of flame shoots hundreds of feet into the air. The walls around the geyser have partially melted. The Red Wizards and the slaves that were within have turned into smoldering statues, still standing where they died.

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Earling's Spray

Part 11

By Tyson Howard

* * * *

The Crew

In the chart room, a red-haired woman stood hunched over expansive maps of the Sea of Swords. A sharp crack echoed from overhead, causing her to bolt upright. *WHUMP!* Her head struck the beam supporting the deck above, eliciting a string of curses against any number of gods, all spoken in a low, husky voice. The short, muscular man standing across from her merely looked upwards. He slowly moved his left hand to a filigreed pistol marked with the symbols of Gond, lying on the table next to a sextant.

"Elithia, I believe we may be needed above," the man growled. "Shall we?"

The tall woman stooped and pulled a similar looking weapon from her belt. She moved toward the door, still cursing and rubbing her head.

"Dugan, I swear, if this is Foran shooting gulls off the rigging, I'll make him peel onions for two weeks!" yelled Elithia as she moved out the hatch and into the narrow stairwell leading to the main deck.

Dugan followed the tall woman, grinning to himself. It was a wicked half-grin; he often wore it when his senses told him something was wrong and he needed to fix it. Several long strides later, Elithia forced the hatch to the main deck aside and stretched to her full height, nearly six and a half feet. Dugan wondered, for the hundredth time, what in Umberlee's name possessed the Illuskan woman to take to the seas in cramped ships when she couldn't even stand up straight below decks. His musings were cut short as another *crack* retorted across the deck, its echo muffled slightly by the fog that had rolled into Waterdeep earlier that evening.

"By the Bitch Queen's buttocks, what in the Nine Hells is THAT?!" shouted Elithia, as she launched herself onto the deck.

A massive creature resembling a humanoid toad stood atop the forecastle. The towering, twelve foot tall monstrosity seemed to emanate a sense of 'wrongness' that permeated the still air. Splotches of putrid blue and red warts and boils covered its bluish skin. Its beady eyes scanned the deck of the ship, incongruously moving independent of each other as if searching for something. Its eyes narrowed towards the quarterdeck as it sensed the approach of the crew. *Crack!* Elithia discharged her pistol at the batrachian monstrosity as it leapt from its perch and lumbered towards the third mate.

"That, my darling, is one of Cyric's blasted frogs. A slaad," grunted Dugan, as he in turn fired his pistol in a flash of smoke and flame at the creature quickly moving towards the two officers. His bullet struck the creature in the shoulder, but even as he moved to reload his weapon he could see the wound pucker and begin to heal. Three other marks in the torso of the beast all seemed in similar stages of regeneration.

"Incoming!"

Dugan and Elithia barely had the time to duck before a sharp smell of ozone and a flash of brilliant blue-white light arced across the sky, striking the slaad square in the face. Grinning like a follower of Lathander in morning prayers, Macalray o' the Winds watched his handiwork as the blackened and charred face of the slaad slowly contorted, puckering as it crossed its eyes to stare at its burnt snout.

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"Brrmmp" was its only response to the mage's spell.

"Nice aim, Mac, but it ain't finished!" shouted Dugan, as he hurriedly reloaded his pistol.

Just as the thing seemed to recover its bearings and lurch again towards Dugan and Elithia, a short figure in a large navy-blue overcoat dropped down from above. In a single smooth motion, Harlequin Earling pulled two pistols from his belt and fired both at the charging behemoth. The smoke and flames shooting from the barrels of his treasured pistols momentarily hid the Captain's grin as his crew responded to this interloper aboard HIS ship. The two bullets whistled through the air, striking the monstrosity squarely in the chest. The slaad lurched forward, stumbling drunkenly before falling to the deck. Black blood oozed from its wounds, almost invisible against the zalantar planking. Slowly, the slaad's corpse melted into a strange-looking sludge, leaving a vile ichor on the main deck, only fifteen feet from the Captain and his officers.

"Well then, Dugan, how about grabbing a few of the boys and scraping that mess off my lovely deck, eh? I shouldn't want her lovely lines marred by something quite as offensive as one of the Dark Sun's minions. Oh, and Elithia, please do finish charting our course. We obviously need to leave soon or we may have more unexpected and disgusting visitors."

Dugan looked around the ship and pointed to three crewmen reloading their muskets. Just as quickly, he barked out a grunt to the men and moved towards the eyesore of ichor and gore on the otherwise flawlessly polished main deck. Elithia sighed, stooping her head as she disappeared below decks to plot the quickest course to Calimshan.

"Mac, I do believe I'll need to clean these pants," Captain Earling said rather blandly, as he looked at the soot and slaad blood that stained his white linen breeches.

The moon elf wizard merely smiled and nodded as he watched Harlequin Earling disappear below decks for a proper cleaning. Mac's smile faded as he wondered who sent the monstrosity. He knew that slaadi services came at a healthy price. Just what was the true worth of the package they were carrying?

The *'Spray* is crewed by 31 crewmen of varying degrees of skill and accomplishment. All are able seamen, capable of managing the vast webs of canvas and rigging that rise nearly one hundred and ten feet above the decks of the ship. On matters pertaining to shipboard life, Harlequin runs a disciplined ship. Beyond those duties, he otherwise mandates little from his crew. Harlequin has gone a step further in ensuring crew loyalty and morale: each run, the crew receives a portion of the profits from the cargo shipped aboard the *'Spray*. Although the exact split of profits is never constant, the crew realizes that their financial well-being is tied directly to their ability to deliver the shipments contracted by the Captain.

In addition to compensating his crew in a manner more commonly found amongst privateers and pirates, Captain Earling has taken to recruiting his long-term crew members individually, rather than the typical method employed by many sea captains. Typically, after expressing an interest in working aboard the *Earling's Spray*, a man or woman is given a tryout period. If the new crewmember fits in well with the rest of the crew and appears to genuinely enjoy the work assigned, Captain Earling will retain them and allow them to receive the same benefits as other, longer-term crewmembers.

Morale is generally high amongst the officers and crew of the *'Spray*. Occasionally, a crewman or officer will leave to assume a position of greater authority or responsibility aboard another ship. Many return to the *'Spray*, however, due to its greater pay rate.

Harlequin Earling has recently become enamored with the use of *smokepowder* weapons, to be used as deterrence to pirates and other dangers present between the safety of Waterdeep and the southern ports of call. The Captain has equipped the armory of the ship with enough muskets and pistols to arm his crew and a dozen hireswords, if necessary. The weapons locker also contains

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enough *smokepowder* to last at least three engagements, and is restocked whenever possible from a temple of Gond or a Lantanese merchant. Each veteran crewman is experienced with the use of these new *smokepowder* weapons, and new crewmen are regularly trained in their use once the Captain decides to retain them on a long-term basis. Although Harlequin has heard of the bombards used by the Red Wizards of Thay, he has realized that loading bombards or similar weapons onto his ship would slow the *'Spray*'s speed and make her a target for pirates and others wishing to profit from his shipping efforts. Therefore, the Captain relies upon the tried and true method of maintaining adequate fire support, and employs a ship's wizard to handle matters requiring firepower and raw, devastating attacks.

Officers of the ship wear dark blue shirts, and gray breeches supported by leather suspenders. In colder climates, bulky gray oilskin overcoats are worn to keep the men and women in charge of the ship as warm and dry as possible. In the southern, warmer climes, the dress code relaxes considerably, and the crewmen dress for comfort.

The First Mate, Dugan Eyresh (LN, human male rogue3/fighter4), is a man of few words. Of moderate height but muscular build, Dugan is the quiet, iron-fisted counterpart to the gregarious and well-meaning Harlequin. He enforces the rigid discipline found onboard, and is a fair but stern taskmaster for the captain. Originally hailing from the city of Baldur's Gate, Dugan comes from mixed parentage, with Ffolk and Illuskan blood. His outlook on life is remarkably similar to many land-bound dwarves, and Dugan revels in the hierarchy and command found aboard ship. Generally calm but forceful, Dugan only becomes agitated when matters become chaotic or haphazard. It is during these times that his usually calm demeanor is replaced by the steely resolve to impose his will over those elements disrupting his ordered routine and life.

The Second Mate, Doemket Jarvisonn (CG, human male expert2/cleric4 of Valkur), is a giant of a man with a wild, unkempt beard and a braid of long blond hair. Hailing from Luskan, Doemket's life revolves around the sea. Recently ordained as a priest in the church of Valkur, he is known for poorly but enthusiastically singing bawdy ballads and songs during the fiercest of storms. Most of the crewmen believe he was assigned to minister to Valkur's faithful aboard the ship because no normal person could stand his singing. When a crewman finds himself injured, Doemket uses the powers of his faith to ease their suffering and mend their wounds. However, if a crewman is injured due to stupidity or lack of skill, Doemket will often subject that individual to a very lengthy sermon before curing their wounds.

Elithia Ygrasson (N, human female fighter4) serves as Third Mate aboard the *'Spray*. Elithia is a tall, wiry woman of average looks, sharp eyes, and a sharp tongue for those who offend her. Elithia has only been with the *'Spray* for two years, having previously served aboard a Ruathym galley. She is still slowly learning the idiosyncrasies and nuances of the *Earling's Spray*. The third mate has a knack for navigation, and is responsible for charting the most efficient course for the *'Spray*. After a few notable incidents, most of the crewmen know to avoid harassing Elithia, or otherwise engaging her in the typical friendly pranks and banter found between officers and crew. Somewhat of a sourpuss, Elithia is considered by many to be too uptight, but an otherwise superb third mate. Nonetheless, she has warmed considerably since signing on with Captain Earling, and both he and Dugan predict that her icy demeanor will thaw, given enough time with the rest of the crew.

Macalray o' the Winds (NG, moon elf wizard8) is the Ship's Wizard, and has been since the launching of the *'Spray*. A student of Harlequin's father, Macalray has chosen to stay with Harlequin out of a sense of curiosity and affinity for the young half-elf. "Mac", as he is known amongst the crew, also wants to study the oceans and wind patterns stretching along the Sword Coast and the Shining Sea. A slight, frail-looking elf with particularly pale skin and soft lavender eyes, Mac instigates much of the tomfoolery and pranks aboard the *'Spray*, to the constant annoyance of the First Mate, Dugan. A

spectacular prank once spawned a particularly embarrassing brawl between the two; it ended with Mac being stuffed into a barrel so tightly he had to be sawed out, and Dugan sporting bright pink hair for several weeks. Since then, the two have reached an understanding of sorts. Although not friends in the truest sense of the word, the elf and the human share a comfortable regard for each other, a fact that leaves some crewmen wondering exactly what occurred between the two.

The typical crewman of the *'Spray* has a one or two class levels of fighter or rogue, and hails from a wide variety of ports and lands. One notable common factor with each crewman, however, is the fact that all are proficient with firearms produced by the Lantanese and the clergy of Gond. These weapons are put to good use, defending the ship against the few pirates who are somehow able to get within firing distance of the ship, or against marauding sea creatures. A rotating watch of four crewmen armed with muskets patrols the ship at all times. During their eight hour shifts, they guard against pirates, sea creatures, and the occasional wizard that drops into their midst, searching for valuable magical items shipped by the Captain.

The Trade

The slender hull of the *Earling's Spray* heaved up and down slightly as the ship cut through the waves and crests of the Shining Sea. The bright golden sun, standing high over the southern arm of the Trackless Sea, had long since burned through the fog of the previous night. Its golden sheen reflected bright white lights from the copper fastenings and joiners spaced about the main deck of the *'Spray*. The Captain's sharply-pointed Van-Dyke beard twitched in the buffets of air that swirled across the deck. His soft gray eyes scanned the wave caps and swells as his ship raced across the surface of the ocean towards its latest destination. "Yes," the captain thought, "this is truly freedom."

In the crow's nest far above stood another sailor, casting wary glances behind the ship. Nestled amongst the miles of rigging and hundreds of yards of stark white canvas, the narrow perch offered a commanding view of the surrounding sea. From this height, the sharp-eyed lookout watched as the pirate ship slowly disappeared from view. The *'Spray* was at full sail, catching every last gasp of wind blowing across the seas. No mere pirate could match the *'Spray*'s speed, as yet another band of marauders discovered.

Captain Earling made his way across the quarterdeck and down an open hatch to the hold below. He strode through the first hold, passing barrels of ale and crates of iron, copper, and other, more precious metals. Once clear of the hold, the captain moved towards the passageway to the crew quarters. He followed the passageway down another stair to the galley, and approached a series of casks stacked against the starboard wall. Deftly moving to the side of the one empty cask, the Captain knelt upon the decking and pulled a ring of keys from his coat. He carefully pulled up a knotted piece of planking, revealing a slim leaden lockbox, situated in the bracing of the ship. A turn of the key elicited a barely audible click from the lock, and he gingerly raised the strongbox's heavy lid.

Resting within the confines of the safe was a small, oblong object, draped in silk. Captain Earling muttered a series of arcane phrases, and dropped a chameleon skin from his hand as he finished the incantation. A soft rosy glow illuminated his right hand as he gingerly reached down and touched the silken wrappings of this valuable cargo. As the glow slowly leeched from his hand and dissipated about the object, the chameleon skin laying upon the floor faded from sight, its part in the masking incantation finished. Harlequin slowly closed the lid of the strongbox, moved the cask back to its location, and made his way to inspect the rest of the cargo he'd been hired to deliver to waiting hands in Calimshan.

Although the sheer volume and tonnage the *'Spray* is capable of hauling puts most other merchant ships to shame, the key to Captain Earling's success has been the transport of wealthy passengers and small, valuable cargoes in record time. Chief amongst the

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wealthy passengers are explorers and adventurers needing transportation along the Sword Coast and the Shining Sea.

The second source of income for Harlequin Earling is the prompt transport of tea, coffee, and rare spices from ports in the south to the northern reaches of the Sword Coast. Although the runs made by Captain Earling are unpredictable, it is not uncommon to see him in the ports of Waterdeep, Baldur's Gate, Calimport, Tashluta, Athkatla, Almraiven, or Riatavin. For the right price, Captain Earling has been known to traverse the dangerous run to Maztica, but adamantly refuses any offer to attempt to dock or even venture near Evermeet.

Typically, when making a run south from the Sword Coast, the *'Spray* will carry cargoes of metals, furs, wool, and ale, in addition to the occasional mercenary company, for delivery to ports along the northern edge of the Shining Sea. While traversing the various ports of call throughout the Shining Sea, Captain Earling will carry finished items and exotic foodstuffs from Calimshan, Tethyr, Amn, and the Border Kingdoms to the nations of Thindol and Tashalar. From these ports, the *'Spray* will gather cargoes of glass, spices, tobacco, coffee, pearls, ivory, and wines for swift transport to Waterdeep and Baldur's Gate. Captain Earling rarely will dock in Luskan, due to his dislike of the Arcane Brotherhood and their puppet rulers of that city. In the event that a merchant does pay a high enough price for Harlequin to set sail to that city, extra spellslingers and hireswords are brought on board to complement his crew's fighting abilities.

Adventure Hooks

Davis the Jack had just settled into his chair with some mulled cider deftly knicked from the barmaid gliding through Sharky's Tavern. His companions, two men and two women, sipped an assortment of fermented beverages, warming themselves from the chill of the evening. They had gold to spend from their recent escapades, and were eagerly awaiting the cook's specialty: roast boar glazed with honey and cinnamon. Stomachs grumbling in eagerness, the small group laughed and jabbed at each other's gaffs and successes with good-natured cheer, in part brought on from alcohol, and in part from their most recent haul. It seemed only Davis noticed the two men moving towards their table with fluid gaits and serious faces.

The taller human was only a bit shy of six feet tall and had a tough, hardened look about him. He wore a simple pair of gray breeches held up by leather suspenders and a blue woolen shirt. A cutlass hung from a baldric on his right, and one of the newfangled gnomish pistols rested on his left hip, with his palm gently cupping its stock. The man's face betrayed the lines and tanning of a life at sea, but the deep-set eyes betrayed a sense of power and conviction that marked him as someone not unfamiliar with being tested by vagabonds and ne'er-do-wells.

The other man, a shorter half-elf, appeared the exact opposite of the "Tough," as Davis mentally referenced the human. He wore a set of crisp white breeches, tucked into polished black highboots, while an elegant rapier hung from the red sash tied tightly against the man's midriff. His form was bulked by a large blue overcoat, with golden brocades across the breast and along the lapels, while a stark white linen shirt puffed out from the brass buttons just below the half-elf's neck. Oddly, the half-elf sported a neatly trimmed red beard that covered his upper lip and fell to a point nearly an inch beneath his chin. His darker hair was tied back with a red ribbon, and gray eyes sparkled in an arrogant but merry sort of manner.

Davis the Jack knew the men from reputation around the docks. Captain Harlequin Earling and his mate, Dugan Eyresh, were known to hire adventurers when a shipment required extra muscle. "Well," he thought, "looks as though we'll be taking another job sooner than expected."

The *Earling's Spray* can be used in any campaign that touches upon the Sword Coast, the Lands of Intrigue, or other nations surrounding the Shining Sea. As the fastest merchant ship available in most ports, the *'Spray* is particularly useful to adventurers

needing swift passage to one or more ports of call serviced by ship. However, the more prompt the requirement to leave port, the higher the price for passage. This is particularly true when Captain Earling is not headed in the direction passengers desire to travel. Under no circumstances, however, will the Captain allow a previously established deadline to be disrupted by the desires of adventurers or other merchants. He prides himself on completing tasks as assigned and as negotiated. His business lives and dies by his ability to deliver on the promises and contracts he enters.

Adventurers are also likely to be approached by Captain Earling or his first mate, Dugan Eyresh, when there is a need for extra muscle on a voyage. This is particularly true when the *'Spray* makes for such ports as Luskan, Athkatla, or Calimshan. Harlequin prefers adventurers who are sober and responsible, and will likely pass over those who appear unprofessional or too mercenary for his personal tastes. Nonetheless, if an adventuring company performs well in defending the ship or assists the Captain in making the run on time, he will reward them well, and perhaps even enter into some long-term arrangement when the hireswords are available.

Given the fact that Harlequin Earling is not above shipping highly dangerous items or objects desired by competing interests, it may also be possible that adventurers could be hired to retrieve items contracted for shipping aboard the *'Spray*. Given the speed of the ship and the skills of its crew, such an endeavor is not easily accomplished. If adventurers do succeed in making off with a cargo transported by Harlequin Earling, the role of the Captain and his crew is likely to become adversarial. Although Captain Earling doesn't engage in piracy or active attempts to exact vengeance against those who cross him, he will make their lives particularly difficult through the use of business contacts, spreading rumors, gossip, and accusations against offending adventurers. Additionally, if given the opportunity to publicly embarrass or humiliate someone who's offended him, Harlequin Earling will ensure that those crossing him never forget his name.

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Planar Lore

The Iron City of Dis

By Gray Richardson

'Greetings, First Reader Tethtoril, from Grimbuckle the Gnome!

In my last report, I told you of how I traveled across the plane of Dragon Eyrie to a portal in Tiamat's Cave of Greed, which took me to the layer of Dis in the Nine Hells. Having safely completed my mission, I can now report to you of my adventure in Dis, and what befell me there.'

Yours in knowledge,

Grimbuckle Thurn
Itinerant Planographer

* * * *

As I stepped through the *portal* into the smoky brume of Dis, the battered iron doors slammed shut behind me. I stood on a rocky outcropping, high up on the mountainous ring wall that surrounds the layer. I stared out at the gloomy vista, and despite the sulfurous haze, from my lofty vantage it seemed like I could see forever.

I gazed down at the city that spread out beyond, dominated in the distance by an impossibly tall iron tower that pierces the sky of Dis like a halberd. As I looked down, I saw the *portal* guards, alerted by the thunderous peal of the clanging doors, ascending fleetly up the mountainside to intercept me. Four abishai, one red and three green, climbed toward me, their wings beating hard against the air. I drew my *wand of lightning* and steeled myself against their onslaught.

"*Zindrilazar*!" I triggered my wand as the first green hove into range. The wand let loose a blast of electric fury. The fiend was charred but not even stunned; the bolt seemed only to propel it faster at me, motivated by rage as well as duty. In the precious few seconds before they closed on me, I had only enough time to get off two more bolts. I succeeded in killing the first one, but now the other three were upon me.

The two green abishai dove towards me. The red one pushed past them to land in front of me, his taloned feet grasping for purchase on the stony slope. The outcome looked quite grave for me.

But then, in a wink, the red abishai turned on his companions. He launched himself *backwards* against the green abishai. With a kick to the head, he knocked one to the ground, and leapt onto the back of the other. Driving the talons of his feet deep into the green one's shoulder for leverage, the red one grabbed the green's wing joint with his hands and pulled with all his might. Ripping the wing completely from its socket, he cast it to the side as if doffing a cloak. The red then pushed off with his feet back into the air, sending the maimed abishai hurtling down the cliff face in an uncontrolled plummet.

I got off one more bolt of lightning at the last green before the red abishai fell upon it. He sank his fangs into its throat, ripping out its gorge. The green abishai spasmed twice. It stared up at the red one with an astonished, quizzical look before the light dimmed completely from its eyes.

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Betrayal: in Baator, it's not just a good idea… it's the law.

The red abishai now turned its gaze on me. Its toothsome maw dripped with gore. It spat blood on the ground, barred its teeth and shouted, "Where've you been, gnome? I've been waiting for days!"

"Still yourself, Jal'Haya," I said, "I'm here now. Your payment is at hand." To calm him, I drew forth the holy silver phylactery from my vest pocket to show him briefly before I cached it safely back beneath my vest with a pat.

Inside, it contained a little scrap of parchment on which was written Jally's true name, inscribed within a binding rune, and sealed with the sigil of a tanar'ri lord. By means of this ensorcellment, the demon duke had bound the abishai into the service of the Abyss. I won the thing in a game of talis cards with Azkaro, a nalfeshnee commander in Demogorgon's legions. He had been using Jally (compelled by means of the parchment) to smuggle tanar'ri agents past the portal sentries into Dis.

Through my contacts, I had prearranged with Jal'Haya to return the item to him, in exchange for acting as my guide and protector while in Dis. After one last service, Jally would be the master of his own fate again. Well, that is, as much as one can be their own master in Baator.

I retrieved another amulet from my vest, and, donning it, I assumed the disguise of the green abishai I had killed. Jally led me down the mountainside to a white cobblestone road leading to the city of Dis.

On closer inspection, I saw that the cobblestones were the tops of skulls. The Skull Path has a special magic to it. Without walking the Skull Path you can never get any closer to the city. It simply looms forever on the horizon, no matter how fast you travel towards it. The layer is infinite, after all. Yet walking the Skull Path can take you there in half a day.

Soon we were past the city gates. The Skull Path dropped us off in the Rakshasa quarter of Sri Fezzimyl, where the Rakshasa Raj keeps an opulent embassy to the Nine Hells. As we strolled past tiger-headed fiends in silk and velvet robes, I marveled at the edifices here, which are so unlike the rest of Dis. Ivory towers and golden palisades line the streets, everywhere inset with beautiful mosaics.

Jally pointed out to me that much of the architecture in this district is illusory, and changes daily with the whims of the rakshasas who reside here. Reminded of their skill at manipulating illusions, I hurried to leave this quarter, unnerved by the thought that should I attract their attention, they might discern my disguise. Within a few blocks we had left Sri Fezzimyl and were treading the more familiar streets of Dis, paved in ubiquitous iron cobblestones.

Throughout the rest of Dis, the city is constructed primarily of iron. Iron rivets dot the plating of the iron walls that ascend from the iron streets to the tops of the iron towers. Everything is adorned with the spurs and spiky crenellations which seem to be the hallmark of fiendish construction.

I don't know if those spiky bits are really necessary, but they are all the style in the nether planes. Suggestive of pain and danger, much like the spines, horns and barbs that bristle from every hellish creature here, the architecture of Dis is an ever-present reminder that there is no succor or comfort to be found in the plane.

The metal here smokes and radiates a powerful heat that sears to the touch. It is ill-advised to lean on, or even brush up against, the architecture. If you do not have thick hide or a biology that is suited to such heat, it is wise to dress in thick leather boots, gloves and clothing to insulate you. It's not as hot as the Plane of Fire, mind you – perhaps about the same as the sands of Anauroch. But you should be prepared with some sort of protection from the environment when you travel here. I myself was wearing a ring of Aganazzar's Anti-calefaction, which warded me from the heat effects of the plane.

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The whole city reeks of a smithy; the metallic fumes of smelting iron overhang the metropolis in a perpetual haze. Through the smog, I could just pick out the silhouette of our destination, an octagonal fortress that towered over the buildings on the distant skyline. We headed off to the Forbidden Library of Furcas, where I was to meet my target.

Furcas is Baator's Minister of Mortal Relations. He is a pit fiend, one of the most powerful pit fiends. He is a member of the Dark Eight, the shadow cabinet that runs Hell. Oh, to be sure, Asmodeus, Dispater and the other Arch-devils may *rule* Hell, but the Dark Eight keep it running. Furcas and the rest of the Dark Eight head up the civil service that administers the government of Hell.

As Minister of Mortal Relations, Furcas is in charge of recruiting and corrupting mortal beings. He has legions of erinyes and other honey-tongued seducers in his service. This is a task of primary importance to Baator, as there are no deities within the Hells to gather fresh souls from the Fugue Plane. The devils may only replenish and increase their population by persuading (or tricking) mortals into selling their souls. Furcas's legions must travel constantly to the Material Plane, selling the services of the baatezu, spreading their dark creed, signing contracts and forging pacts with mortals. Upon the death of these mortals, their souls can be claimed by the Nine Hells. From these souls, the devils make their loathsome lemures.

One of the many tools Furcas uses to tempt mortals is the promise of knowledge. With that aim he keeps a giant library in Dis that rivals the halls of Candlekeep. A cyclopean, octagonal building, Furcas's Forbidden Library contains a trove of dark secrets and taboo knowledge that has tempted many a mage or scholar with the arcane lore they need to fulfill their darkest desires.

Aside from selling one's soul, one of the few ways to gain entrance to the library is by trading a valuable secret or a rare book – much like Candlekeep! Jally was able to purchase our admission by bartering some scrolls containing the accounts of an obscure gnomish planewalker… I hope you don't mind, Tethtoril, if a few copies of my journals find their way onto the shelves of other repositories around the planes.

The Forbidden Library is an awesome structure. The main entrance opens on a grand hallway that leads to a massive, octagonal reading room at the center of the building. A vast mural graces the domed ceiling, depicting Furcas giving knowledge to debased supplicants. A labyrinth of shelves and corridors expands outward from this room in concentric rings. Everywhere imps flap about, fetching scrolls and tomes and grimoires for the readers in the main room.

A few quiet inquiries and one of the imps led us back through the maze of scrolls to a hallway with shelves several stories tall. A tiny librarian fluttered down to meet us, her angelic dove wings gently stroking the air. Hovering before me was the most attractive devil I had ever met, a tiny erinyes who introduced herself as Dyphne. Erinyes look like angels, but it would be dangerous to mistake one for the other. An Erinyes will steal your soul, as well as your heart.

After we exchanged the pass-phrase and counter-phrase, I knew I had finally met my target. Dyphne was also the smallest erinyes I had ever seen. Little larger than an imp, she was only slightly smaller than my natural stature – had I not been currently wearing the body of a hulking abishai. Her frame was more ample than your average erinyes, a little cherub. Her beauty was enthralling, yet it filled me with terror all the same.

"I used to specialize in tempting gnomes and halflings," she explained. "But I kept falling in love with the men I was supposed to seduce. I came this shy of being demoted," she pinched the air as she smiled a sheepish grin. "It was only by Tymora's luck that I managed to get reassigned here instead – I had no desire to relearn the lessons of the barbazu caste." The penalty for failure in Baator is demotion to a lesser form.

"I used to be stationed in Beluir. I tempted many a Luiren elder, let me tell you. Even succeeded a few times. But my heart was never in it. That's how I met Winnie."

Winifred is a halfling priestess of Tymora who lives in Brightwater. She's the one who convinced me to undertake this mission. I have performed several such extractions in the past, helping willing fiends defect to the celestial planes. Winnie is a charmer, as persuasive as any erinyes. She's always coaxing fiends to defect to the side of good. Winnie had told me I was uniquely suited for this mission. Now I realized why.

I took off my amulet and my abishai disguise. The green scales fell away from me as I shrank back to my gnomish form. "Grimbuckle Thurn, at your service. Your freedom is at hand. I'll have you safely away momentarily" I said, a mawkish smile on my face as I fumbled in my bag for a large folio. From its pages I extracted a large parchment. I unfolded it to its full size, revealing a finely illuminated drawing of a gilt doorway. I said the magic words and the doorway opened into a *portal* to the plane of Brightwater.

Jally interposed a taloned hand against my chest.

"My payment, gnome!" he demanded.

"You have fulfilled your bargain, Jal'Haya." I drew the silver container from my vest, and said the charm to unlock it. I pulled out the scrap of parchment and turned it over to my diabolic guide. "You have earned your price."

Jally snatched it from my hand and blasted it with his fiery breath. As flames consumed the binding spell which had held him hostage to the tanar'ri he yelled, "I'm free!"

"Free!" he hollered with such enthusiasm. His joy was infectious and with a smile I turned to escort Dyphne through the *portal.* Fortunately, my cloak and the ring I was wearing protected me from the blazing jet that Jally next leveled at my back.

Thankfully, my body had also partially shielded the *portal* which was our only avenue of escape. The edges, however, had caught fire and it began to crisp and crackle as fire consumed it.

"Guards! Traitors are escaping! There's a gnome loose in the library! Catch the gnome!" he bellowed.

I suppose I should have expected his treachery. But I was not completely unprepared. I had a trick of my own to play on Jally.

"*Ia Jalashta Hayarok dan abishai! Ad nesq maharot ixit vaettru…"* I chanted at him, invoking his true name (of course I had peeked!) As the *baleful polymorph* began to take hold of him, Jally shrank rapidly. His scales fell away to reveal soft pink skin beneath. Jally was turning into a gnome, a perfect simulacrum of me.

I pushed Dyphne through the ring of fire, and jumped swiftly after her as the flames consumed the paper *portal*. I looked back to see a confused Jal'Haya shouting, as a skeletal osyluth poked its head round the corner and came at him. Then the *portal* crackled and turned to ash, leaving only cinders to mark our passing.

Betrayal: in Baator it's not just a good idea – it's the law.

A joyous sight greeted us on the other side. I stood outdoors with Dyphne in the Garden of Fate's Whimsy. I breathed in the sweet air. The scent of honeysuckle filled my nostrils and chased away the ferrous fumes of Dis. Golden sunlight illuminated the city around us as we took in the view from the hilltop garden.

Marble halls and temples dotted the pastoral hillsides as a sparkling, golden river wended its way through the city and its canals below us. A sparkling river whose bright waters give this plane its name, for we had arrived in Brightwater: plane of beauty, joy, and fair goddesses.

Ah, but that is a tale for my next report!

Yours in knowledge,

Grimbuckle Thurn
Itinerant Planographer

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Unveiling Waterdeep's Hidden Lords

Part 1

By Chris Jameson

Of all the forms of government found in the Realms, perhaps none is as intriguing as Waterdeep's unique system. With the exception of a brief and tumultuous period, the City of Splendors has been ruled by a hidden council of Lords for over three centuries. With one exception, Waterdeep's Lords have ruled fairly and justly, putting the needs and concerns of the city ahead of their own desires.

Another of the unique qualities of the Lords is that they have been drawn from all walks of life. Wizards, nobles, merchants and common laborers have all served as Lords. Lordship is not restricted by race; though most Lords have been human, there have also been elven, half-elven, and halfling Lords.

The citizens of Waterdeep believe they are ruled by sixteen Lords. However, the number was secretly increased to twenty in 1364, after an ex-Harper caused considerable turmoil within the city. *City of Splendors: Waterdeep* (pages 52-55) lists the following individuals as Lords: Open Lord Piergeiron the Paladinson, Brian the Swordmaster, Caladorn Cassalanter, Durnan the Wanderer, Mirt the Moneylender, Larissa Neathal, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, Nymara "Kitten" Scheiron, Sammareza Sulphontis, Texter, Kyriani Agrivar, Brianne Byndraeth, and Nindil Jalbuck. Ed Greenwood's short story "A Slow Day in Skullport", found in *Realms of the Underdark*, listed Mirt's lady Asper as another Lord of Waterdeep. *The Siege*, the second book of the Return of the Archwizards trilogy, named another Lord, Deliah the White.

With fifteen of the twenty Lords named, Dungeon Masters are free to create their own Lords, filling their own needs. Here is one possible Lord DMs can use. Following the tradition of past Waterdhavian supplements, only a minimal stat block is given.

Terielle Nashirn

Terielle Nashirn

CG Female human werecat[LE] rogue 4/priest 4 of Selûne/Silverstar[FP] 6

History:

Terielle Nashirn was born in Waterdeep's Dock Ward, to poor but happy parents. Her father, Masyn Nashirn, was a sailor aboard the *Dancing Dolphin*, a merchant vessel. Her mother Lera was a seamstress. Lera was also a werecat, though neither her man nor their daughter knew this about her.

Terielle's childhood was relatively idyllic. Though her parents weren't able to provide her with many comforts, she knew she was loved and cared for. Her parents were kind people, and Terielle was happy.

In Terielle's ninth year, disaster befell her family. The *Dancing Dolphin* was lost at sea, with all aboard presumed dead. Lera, despondent at the loss of her beloved husband, turned to alcohol to escape the pain. Late one night, nearly senseless from the strong spirits she'd consumed, she knocked over a lantern. In her drunken stupor, she was unable to escape the swiftly spreading flames.

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Terielle awoke to find her home engulfed in fire. She dove through a window, barely escaping with her life. Within minutes, a Watch patrol arrived to battle the blaze, but they were unable to save the building. Terielle watched, heartsick, as her home collapsed, taking with it everything she'd ever known. The young girl fled into the night, sobbing.

Terielle quickly learned to rely on her natural wits and dexterity to survive. Making a new life in the shadows, she was forced to turn to thievery just to survive. For the next three years, Terielle lived a half-life, stealing from others and hiding from the Watch. She was rarely comfortable, usually in fear, and always lonely. Terielle was living day to day, with no thoughts of what the next day might bring.

Her life again turned upside-down in her twelfth summer. Terielle was kidnapped by slavers, and dragged down into Undermountain. Her captors traversed the Underhalls, their destination the legendary city of Skullport. Their laughter and crude jests spoke volumes about Terielle’s fate once they reached the dark and lawless metropolis. As the frightened girl frantically tried to free herself, her were-nature manifested itself for the first time.

Assuming a hybrid feline-human form, Terielle slipped her bonds and pounced on her captors. The startled men were no match for an enraged werecat; confused and terrified, they quickly fell to the claws of their former captive. After slaying her tormentors, Terielle assumed cat form, and somehow found her way out of Halaster's Halls.

Once she’d returned to Waterdeep, the girl was horrified by what had happened, thinking herself some sort of cursed monster. However, as the days and weeks passed, she slowly realized that her newfound abilities would serve her well in her larcenous endeavors. Terielle became accustomed to what she was, and often prowled the city's rooftops in cat form.

Two years later, there was yet another upheaval in the young girl's life. This time, all of Faerûn was affected. The gods had been cast out of the heavens, and forced to walk the Realms in mortal form. Selûne, the goddess of the moon and one of Waterdeep's patron deities, descended to the City of Splendors, taking up residence in her temple. Terielle, like many Waterdhavians, flocked to the House of the Moon, eager to see the goddess made flesh.

It was a revelation for the young werecat. For the first time in her life, she saw that there was something bigger than herself and her struggles, something more than life in the City of Splendors. Humbled by this epiphany, Terielle joined the swelling ranks of Selûne's followers.

However, there was a dark secret about to be revealed. The descended Selûne was not the goddess of the moon; she was Shar, the Moonmaiden's eternal enemy. The ruse was revealed, and the two goddesses battled in front of an amazed and fearful populace. The real Selûne was victorious, banishing her dark foe.

Terielle was aghast at what had happened. Feeling remorseful that she had worshipped the enemy of her newfound goddess, she chose to make amends by directly serving the Moonmaiden. Leaving her career as a thief behind, the young werecat joined Selûne's priesthood.

As a priestess, Terielle discovered that she was not the only lycanthrope serving the goddess of the moon. She learned that Waterdeep was home to the Knights of the Half Moon, a small group of Selûne-worshipping werecats. Terielle was heartily welcomed into this small group, joining them in their tireless opposition to the wererats also present in the City of Splendors.

Kyriani, a personal friend of Selûne and an agent of Khelben Arunsun’s, soon noticed the young werecat. She introduced Terielle to the Blackstaff, who immediately made her one of his personal agents. Terielle used her werecat abilities to help gather information on various people Khelben wanted watched, and her membership as a Knight of the Half Moon to further Waterdeep’s aims in the city’s underside. Her most notable accomplishment was stopping Bosnik

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Spekair, a wererat follower of Talona who planned to unleash a plague upon the City of Splendors.

After serving Khelben and the City of Splendors for several years, Terielle was nonetheless amazed when Kyriani revealed her status as one of Waterdeep's hidden Lords. Another Lord had just retired, and Kyri and Khelben both thought Terielle a fitting candidate for the vacant Lordship. After much deliberation, the werecat priestess accepted the charge.

Current Status:

Terielle's main role as a Lord remains gathering information. In cat form, she can reach many places unseen and unheard, spying on nobles and merchants in places other agents can't reach. She also keeps a keen ear out for rumors, and, as a priestess, hears many things from the city's common folk. Her status as a Knight of the Half Moon allows her to watch over Waterdeep's sewers, a place that the city's laws cannot always reach.

Among the Lords, Terielle is closest to Kyriani and Ralser Kepp, both of whom are, like her, recent additions to the ranks of Waterdeep's hidden rulers. Terielle is close to Kyriani because of their past as Khelben's agents and their shared devotion to Selûne. With Ralser, she shares a larcenous background and position as a gatherer of information in the city's lawless side. The two maintain a friendly rivalry that dates back to a chance encounter when Terielle was still just a thief, but the reality is that they are great friends and would do much to aid the other, if needs be.

Terielle is also a member of the Harpers. She knows of the Tel'Teukiira, and agrees with their aims, but has not yet formally joined the organization. She is considering membership, but worries about a possible conflict between her duties as a Harper and her duties as a Moonstar. As both a Lord of Waterdeep and one of Selûne's Silverstars, she's already juggling considerable responsibilities.

Appearance and personality:

Terielle is a short and slender woman, standing a mere two inches over five feet. Her raven-black hair is very short, and her eyes are a deep brown. She is quite attractive, and appears to still be in her early twenties. Terielle prefers to dress in shades of dark blue and silver, and always has some sort of moonstone jewelry on. She eschews robes and dresses, often wearing light, loose trousers and a tunic. She wears gowns and robes for formal occasions or when dressing to impress, but usually prefers loose and flowing garb.

In her hybrid form, she retains much of her lush curves, but gains several feline characteristics. Her head becomes a cross of human and feline features. A tail sprouts from the small of her back, her digits become clawed, and her legs become more cat-like. Dark fur sheathes her entire body, save for a small silver crescent moon over her heart.

Terielle's cat form is identical to that of a common housecat, save for her larger size. Her near-solid ebony coloration greatly contributes to her ability to remain unseen during her nocturnal hunts.

Terielle is quick-witted, curious, and observant, qualities that have served her well in the past. She is unfailingly kind to those around her, and is rarely seen without a friendly smile. She is also reputed to be rather free with her affections, and is known to have had many lovers of both genders. Terielle, like Kyriani, is one of those rare women who remains close to former lovers; but unlike Kyri, she rarely has more than one lover at a time.

Terielle moves through life with exuberance and zest, and a kind of wide-eyed cheerfulness that draws many to her. Terielle is renowned for approaching all activities with a sort of frantic energy; whether it is combat in the sewers, leading worship of Selûne, or lovemaking, she is tireless and driven. She is an excellent dancer, and also an enthusiastic singer, though she admittedly lacks any musical skill. Terielle is known for generosity towards beggars and the homeless.

Due to her past, Terielle has a fear of large fires, and is unwilling to travel anywhere by sea. She hates followers of Shar, but also reserves special antipathy for slavers and wererats. Despite having forgone her lawless past, she's still not comfortable around members of the Watch.

When not at the House of the Moon, Terielle can usually be found either at the Blushing Mermaid or at Selûne's Smile. The rest of the time she is either visiting her current paramour or prowling through the city. Her nocturnal hunts usually start in the streets of the Dock Ward, and range from there to Waterdeep's rooftops or its sewers.

Author's Note: A variety of factors went into the creation of Terielle Nashirn. Looking at the listed Lords, I noticed that there were no clerics among their ranks. I looked at the deities worshipped in Waterdeep and selected Selûne, because her most prominent temple is found in the City of Splendors, and the goddess spent much time in the city before the advent of the Time of Troubles. I also wanted to create a lycanthrope, and this was appropriate for Selûne's faith.
Reading the werecat entry in Realms Bestiary, Volume 1 *by Eric L. Boyd and Thomas M. Costa (found at* ***http://www.ericlboyd.com/dnd/realms_bestiary_v1.pdf.zip****) inspired me to make a werecat character. Some aspects of Terielle's personality were patterned around the commonly-held conceptions of cats. The fact that Terielle didn't know of her nature before her traumatic "first change" was a factor inspired by the White Wolf RPG* Werewolf: the Apocalypse*. Her appearance is not what was originally planned; the wallpaper I had on my computer when I created Terielle inspired her changed appearance.*

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Communities of Impiltur

Ilmwatch, The Fortress City

By Erika Connolly

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Who Rules: Heskar Brandosk (NG male human Fighter 6), a strong and fearless member of the Order of the Sacred Shrike, who labors continually to keep Ilmwatch efficient as a fortress and mercantile waypoint.

Who Really Rules: Heskar is influenced highly by the Knights of Imphras II and defers to them on most, if not all, matters. On matters not of interest to the Knights, Heskar is informally advised by Bladelord Ilaunbrar and Reltharn o' the Blade (see **Armed Forces** below), whose opinions and judgment carry considerable weight with him.

Population: 589 year-round (450 of which are Warswords of Impiltur), with 20 to 100 visiting merchants and other folk at any time.

Major Products: Little is actually produced in Ilmwatch; rather, it is a waypoint for caravan travel into the Cold Lands. Still, many ships (usually originating here) travel across the Easting Reach to Uthmere, carrying precious metals, gems, and products from the Cold Lands.

Armed Forces: Ilmwatch is a veritable fortress; depending upon the time of year, from one-third to one-half of its occupants are members of Impiltur's Warswords. The highest ranking permanently garrisoned officer is Seablade (Vigilar) Ilaunbrar (NG male human Paladin 7/Legendary Captain [*Stormwrack*] 4), recipient of the Reefshard Shield(a two-point service[battle] decoration) for his valiance during the Frozen Reach naval campaign of 1371 DR (see **Environs** below). Ilaunbrar is primarily responsible for naval operations in the northern Easting Reach, including raids on the pirates of Buzzard Beak Harbor. The majority of the land-based Warswords, including caravan guards, report to Reltharn o' the Blade (LG male human Fighter 5), a grizzled old veteran who is vital to keeping Ilmwatch's operations running smoothly.

Two-thirds of the Warswords at Ilmwatch are cavalry/infantry, while the other third is part of the Royal Navy. Approximately 100 members of the garrison are out of Ilmwatch at any given time, either patrolling or guarding caravans. Another 100 can be considered to be on active duty; 20 of these act as the city guard as necessary, while the other 80 act as reinforcements in dire situations (such as a patrol finding itself outmatched; see page 202 of the *Forgotten Realms Campaign Setting*). At least one ship is prepared to be cast off at any time as support; such a ship can be out of the docks in less than ten minutes from the first alarm. See **Encounters In And Around Ilmwatch**, below, for rules details on all of these groups.

Important Features: Ilmwatch itself is a mighty fortress on the edge of the Easting Reach, built atop a small cliff. Adjoining the fortress is a semicircular stone wall, inside which are the assorted buildings which make up the civilian part of Ilmwatch. The fortress itself extends for three floors above ground, and one floor below ground.

The underground level is actually one of the most busy, as it contains the docks and barracks of the Royal Navy detachment stationed at Ilmwatch. Ships are launched through large openings cut into the cliff side, which are normally closed by giant steel doors attached to a large pulley system.

The ground level is the inn known as the Fortress Cornerstone (see **Adventurers' Quarters**). The first above-ground level is largely open-air plazas used as marching and training grounds (there are some supplemental, but rarely used, grounds

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within the walls of Ilmwatch the community, but outside the fortress itself). These plazas encircle the large tower that makes up the last two above-ground levels. That tower includes the barracks and other chambers for the Warswords stationed at Ilmwatch. The Warswords' stables are in another building attached to the Ilmwatch fortress, but not part of the fortress itself.

Buildings within the wall are designed to make the most of limited space; they often have multiple stories and small areas per floor. Two gates pierce the wall, one to the west and one to the northwest. The Herald's Road threads through Ilmwatch and ends its eastern journey in the small plaza informally referred to as "Herald's Meet".

The fortress at Ilmwatch is often referred to as Fortress Ilmwatch for simplicity.

Notable Mages and Sages:

- *Wavemage (Alorn) Imaraun* (NG male human Wizard 9) is highest ranking of the Royal Navy mage stationed at Ilmwatch. He specializes in naval combat and marine magic, and is very hard to actually find in Ilmwatch itself, as he's often on patrol testing new spells. This has lead to such situations as Warswords being gingerly dropped into the water with a new *water breathing* variant affecting them, and a *ring of water breathing* in their hands, in case the experimental spell didn't function properly.
- *Alorn Taelabra* (LG female human Warmage [*Complete Arcane*] 9, Militia feat *[Player's Guide to Faerûn*]*)* is the highest ranking mage in the Warswords of Impiltur stationed at Ilmwatch. She is very devoted to her duties and very tactically-minded; she can mostly be found on duty or practicing spellcasting and/or bladework.
- *Beachmage (Warblade) Imalaran* (N male lightfoot halfling Wizard 5) is a Royal Navy mage with a semi-illicit sideline: selling scrolls. Finding Imalaran to purchase scrolls from him can be difficult; he is currently serving double patrol duty for a series of pranks played on Wavemage Imaraun some time ago. Still, if he can be located, he is a good source of 1st to 3rd level scrolls, selling them at market price.
- *Daleer of Tyraturos* (NE male human Conjurer 5/Red Wizard of Thay 3) is the overseer of a very small enclave outside of the walls of Ilmwatch, with no more than 15 inhabitants. The Ilmwatch enclave is not favored by Thay; in fact, it is a post generally given to those fallen out of favour in the political games of the Red Wizards.

Notable Clergy and Churches:

Note that some of the clergy in the following sections are also part of the Impilturan military.

- *The Spire of the Balanced Hand* is Ilmwatch's temple to Tyr. Master Avenger Aelanar Ilmarn (LG male human Cleric 13 of Tyr; Hand of Tyr [*City of Splendors: Waterdeep*] feat, *not* exalted[*Book of Exalted Deeds*]) leads the temple and congregation, aided by 7 priests serving over 200 followers. Aelanar is known as a *very* devout follower of Tyr, to the point where he cut his own hand off to further show his devotion. He is also known for placing his devotion to Tyr and law over what most would consider good morals; he has been known to bring followers to the local Herald for blasphemy. The Spire itself is a small structure, but easily the tallest in Ilmwatch, standing taller than the fortress itself. Inside, the Spire is cramped, but filled with imagery and items of devotion to Tyr. The first three floors are given to spaces for altars, all of which are regularly used for worship.
- *The Annex of the Golden Lion* is just that, an annexed tower of Fortress Ilmwatch turned into a temple to Torm. Its lowest floor is part of the third level of the fortress, but does not offer any access to the rest of the fortress. Holy Champion Imara Kythlan (LG female human Favored

Soul 12 [*Complete Divine*] of Torm) is a calm and unshakable woman who leads 6 priests and 150 followers. Imara has been greatly influenced by research she has performed on the Triad Crusade [see *Champions of Valor*], and she offers free room, board, and limited support (free low-level spellcasting, discounts on higher-level spellcasting) to those dedicated to purging fiendish influence from Impiltur and the rest of the Demonlands.

- *The House of the Painbearer* is a temple to Ilmater. Martyred Champion Almgost (LG male human Fighter 6/Cleric 3/Martyred Champion of Ilmater [*Player's Guide to Faerûn*] 3/Contemplative [*Complete Divine*] 2) officially leads the 160 member congregation, although most of the work is done by eight attendant priests during his long periods of asceticism, meditation, and flagellation.
- *The Chamber of the Coin* is a small shrine to Waukeen observed by Syndo Immal Nathlehk (NG male human Cleric 5), with a small attached conference room for merchants. It can be found in a section of the Fortress Cornerstone (see **Adventurer's Quarters**)
- A small shrine to Kossuth is located within the Thayan enclave.

Notable Rogues' and Thieves Guilds:

- With few thieves and a small population, Ilmwatch does not have a thieves guild. However, there are single operators who operate within the confines of the area.
- *Garibrar Eythnam* (LE male shield dwarf Rogue 2/Fighter 1, Skill Focus [Disguise]) is one of these operators. Garibrar offers his services as a caravan guide to caravans heading into the Cold Lands, preferably towards Narfell. Once the caravan is out of safety (out of the reach of Impiltur's Warswords and away from any local defenders), Garibrar signals to his compatriots. Mounted on giant ravens, they attack from the sky and seize the caravan. Then Garibrar adopts a new disguise, and returns to Ilmwatch. Lost caravans are common enough that this ploy is possible, although risky.

Equipment Shops:

Full. Notable shops include:

- *The Warswords'* armory is run by Alambrar (NG male half-elf Fighter 2/Expert 3), a semi-active member of the Warswords with a sharp eye, and a soft streak for companions down on their luck. A Warsword's first set of gear is provided for free. Replacements come out of their own funds, but Alambrar sometimes bends that rule out of pity or empathy. A large amount of a soldier's normal gear is stored here (the equipment listed for a Common Warsword below in **Encounters In And Around Ilmwatch**), and Alambrar keeps a small quantity of other items (mostly weapons and miscellaneous gear, nothing above 2,000 gp, with no additional markup beyond market price). Usage of the armory is restricted to Warswords or adventurers on swordpoint duty. Alambrar never buys items.
- *Alaeressa's Sundries* is the small store run by Alaeressa of Evermeet (CG female moon elf Sorcerer 4/Bard 3, Brew Potion feat). Alaeressa has a penchant for exotic gowns and clothing, ornate (some would say overblown) jewelry, and bright colors in warm tones. She is a vibrant, charismatic woman, who is not above using her gender to close a deal on occasion. However, she is a hardliner in business, nearly always sticking to her preassigned prices. In addition to potions of her own creation, Alaeressa sells mostly sundries and luxuries, augmented by the potions she creates, at an additional 10% over the prices listed in various sources. Occasionally, a magical item may appear on her tables; this is often priced at bargain prices, due to it having been picked up by one

merchant or another who had no clue as to its real powers.

Selling items to Alaeressa is possible, although she only pays 25% of the price of most items. If she can be convinced she will be able to use an item somehow, or if it appeals to her tastes, she will pay 40% for it.

She is also an agent for the Tel'Teukiira, watching the merchants passing through Ilmwatch for some sign or another. She reports to Khala of Peltarch (see *Cloak & Dagger*.)

- When in town, *Dalan Aledhap* (CN male halfling Expert 3) operates Dalan's Wonders from a small enclosed traveling cart. Dalan travels across the Cold Lands, ferrying goods as part of this or that mercantile escapade. Along the way, he trades or buys (or occasionally steals) items he finds intriguing, interesting, or outright weird. When he returns to Ilmwatch, he opens up shop, selling these wonders to others (in exchange for a good profit, of course.)

  The items available at Dalan's very wildly in function, appearance, and price (most are art objects or gems, however). It is said that "the weirder or more unique it looks, the greater the chance it will be at Dalan's". Previous big selling items have included the "Miniature Singing Statues of the Ancient Narfelli" and rogue stone fragments. In the Year of Lightning Storms (1374 DR), Dalan has a very dangerous item in his possession, although he doesn't know it – a *major iceheart* [*Frostburn*] in an *antimagic box* (see **New Magic Item** below).

Adventurer's Quarters:

Ilmwatch is home to one inn and one tavern/festhall.

- *The Fortress Cornerstone* (fair/poor) is the only inn in Ilmwatch, having a monopoly silently supported by Heskar Brandosk. It occupies the entire ground level of Fortress Ilmwatch, except for the sealed off core staircase allowing travel between levels by Warswords, who can enter on the first above-ground level or below. Few amenities are provided: there is a single common room, a substandard cooking staff, and a very light collection of liquors.

  The Fortress Cornerstone is operated by Aeldram Kelmar (LN male dwarf Fighter 2/Expert 1), a retired Warsword who brooks no interference, negotiation with his prices, or disruption from his guests.

- *The Wobbling Shrike* (fair prices) is Ilmwatch's festhall. It is a new but ramshackle structure, having been built on the same ground as its many predecessors. Here, generations of Impilturan Warswords have gotten drunk, acted rowdy, and frequently accidentally burned down hastily erected shelters.

  Heskar, Ilaunbrar, and Reltharn turn a mostly blind eye to Warsword activities at the Wobbling Shrike. However, after particularly egregious breaches of conduct, Warswords may the next day find themselves punished with enforced parade marches and training. After the last Wobbling Shrike burned down, some Warswords were doing maneuvers from dawn till dusk, and were assigned to patrol duty for a tenday thereafter.

  Umararn Imilgran (NG male human Ftr 1), is the current Warsword nominally in charge of the Wobbling Shrike, and is the contact for most anything to do with it. He's also the man who will be marching in place for a full day when the Shrike burns down, as it has done so many times in the past.

  Alaeressa (see **Equipment Shops**) occasionally performs at the Shrike, and those nights are often the rowdiest, as she performs a

tantalizing dance accented by her celestial voice.
- Barracks spaces are occasionally available to adventurers on swordpoint duty and down on their luck. These should be considered poor/cheap. Either Ilaunbrar or Reltharn are the contacts for such lodgings.

Important Characters:

- *Aelagon* (N male gold elf Conjurer 11/Thaumaturgist 5) is a frequent traveler through Ilmwatch. He stays for varying periods of time, sometimes just passing through, sometimes staying for one or two days, but there is always one constant: he always stops by Aeleressa's Sundries to talk to the proprietor. No one knows what they talk about, but Aeleressa is usually unnerved and jumpy for days after their discussions. Rumor has it that he has some sort of dwelling north of the Frozen Ford.
- *Ylaran of the Bladestorm* (CG male human Ranger 11/Tempest 2) is a frequent traveler through Ilmwatch with the other members of his adventuring group, the Six Eldritch Riders. Ylaran is egotistical and self-serving, but is also a capable swordsman who always stands ready to aid his friends. For some reason, there is a deep enmity between him and Reltharn, but both men seem unwilling to speak of it.

New Magic Item:

Antimagic Box: This small, velvet-lined wooden box acts as a small dead magic area for anything within it.
Moderate abjuration; CL 11th; Craft Wondrous Item, *antimagic field*; Price 198,000 gp.

Environs:

South and west of Ilmwatch lies Buzzard Beak Harbor, a treacherous and weedy branch of the Easting Reach. Pirates chased by the Royal Navy turn into here to escape, as they know the terrain much better than the Navy does. It is filled with marine hazards, like sudden shallows, sand bars, and hidden fields of jagged rocks. Significant portions of the harbor have cliffs for edges instead of beaches, offering many narrow clefts and caverns to serve as secret harbors for ships. The area is so dangerous that commanders of Royal Navy ships who enter the harbor chasing a pirate ship, catch it, and come out alive have a special award, the Reefshard Shield(a two-point service[battle] decoration.[*Heroes of Battle*])

Encounters In And Around Ilmwatch:

This section contains information on the composition of the armed forces in and around Ilmwatch. Below, in **Ranks and Awards of Impiltur** are explanations of the ranks used in this section. The statistics blocks used in this section use the new format introduced in the *Dungeon Master's Guide II* and *Explorer's Handbook*; this format has been used in the Forgotten Realms supplements *Champions of Valor* and *Power of Faerun*.

- **Infantry/Cavalry**: As described on page 202 of the *Forgotten Realms Campaign Setting*, typical Impilturan land patrols consist of 20 or more Warblade (Warrior 1). Patrols are lead by Warswords (Warrior 3). A patrol of Warswords consisting of 20 Warblades and 1 Warsword has an EL of 7.

Warblade of Impiltur **CR 1/2**
Damaran human Warrior 1
LG Medium humanoid
Init +1; **Senses** Listen +1, Spot +3
Languages Common, Damaran

AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15
hp 17 (1 HD)
Fort +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** +1

Speed 20 ft. (60 ft. mounted on light warhorse)
Melee Lance +4 (1d8+3/x3) or
Melee Bastard sword +4 (1d10+2/19-20) or
Ranged Light crossbow +2 (1d8/19-20)
Base Atk +1; **Grp** +3

Abilities Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8

Feats Dauntless [*Player's Guide to Faerûn*], Mounted Combat
Skills Handle Animal +3, Ride +5
Possessions Light warhorse, chain shirt, bastard sword, lance, light crossbow, 10 bolts, military saddle

Hook "I aim to protect my kin from those would despoil and destroy them and our land."

Warsword of Impiltur **CR 2**
Damaran human Warrior 3
LG Medium humanoid
Init +1; **Senses** Listen + 1, Spot +4
Languages Common, Damaran

AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15
hp 28 (3 HD)
Fort +5, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2

Speed 20 ft. (60 ft. mounted on light warhorse)
Melee Lance +6 (1d8+3/x3) or
Melee Bastard sword +7 (1d10+2/19-20) or
Ranged Light crossbow +4 (1d8/19-20)
Base Atk +3; **Grp** +5
Combat Gear 2 potions of *bull's strength*, 2 potions of *cure moderate wounds*

Abilities Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8

Feats Dauntless [*Player's Guide to Faerûn*], Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat
Skills Handle Animal +5, Ride +7
Possessions Light warhorse, chain shirt, masterwork bastard sword, lance, light crossbow, 10 bolts, military saddle

- **Spellcasters in the Warswords:**

Although spellcasters are somewhat common in the Warswords, they do not accompany every patrol (perhaps only one out of every three patrols). Additionally, spellcasters are present when extra patrols are called upon to aid other patrols in trouble. Below are statistics blocks for a Swordmage of Impiltur and a cleric accompanying a patrol; add these to other encounters with Warsword patrols as appropriate. Note that even though the cleric is a cleric of Torm, the statistics are usable for priests of the other members of the Triad, with no modifications required. Spellcasters accompanying Warsword patrols have rank equivalent to that of a Warblade[*Power of Faerun*,*Heroes of Battle*].

Swordmage of Impiltur **CR 3**
Damaran human Wizard 3
LG Medium humanoid
Init +1; **Senses** Listen +5, Spot +5
Languages Chondathan, Common, Damaran, Goblin

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14
hp 10
Fort +2, **Ref** +2, **Will** +5

Speed 30 ft. (60 ft. mounted on light warhorse)
Melee longsword +1 (1d8/19-20)
Ranged light crossbow +2 (1d8/19-20)
Base Atk +1; **Grp** +1
Combat Gear wand of *magic missile* (caster level 3rd)
Base Atk +3; **Grp** +5
Wizard Spells Prepared (CL 3rd): 2nd (2/day): *mirror image, scorching ray*; 1st (3/day): *color spray, mage armor* (already cast), *magic missile*; 0 (4/day): *electric jolt* (x2), *ray of frost* (x2)

Abilities Str 10, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 8
Feats Combat Casting, Militia [*Player's Guide to Faerûn*], Mounted Combat, Scribe Scroll[B]
Skills Concentration +7, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Spellcraft +8
Possessions combat gear plus light warhorse, bastard sword, light crossbow, 10 bolts, military saddle, spellbook, spell component pouch
Spellbook Spells prepared plus 1- *expeditious retreat, shield, shocking grasp*; 0- all others

Hook "I take up the Art for the ones I love."

Anduran of Torm **CR 3**
[Note: Anduran is a Tormish title, not a name. See *Faiths & Avatars*.]
Damaran human Cleric 3

LG Medium humanoid
Init -1; **Senses** Listen +2, Spot +2
Languages Common, Damaran

AC 14, touch 9, flat-footed 14
hp 25
Fort +4, **Ref** +0, **Will** +5

Speed 20 ft. (60 ft. mounted on light warhorse)
Melee masterwork greatsword +6 (2d6+3/19-20)
Ranged light crossbow +1 (1d8/19-20)
Base Atk +2; **Grp** +4
Combat Gear wand of *cure light wounds*
Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 3rd): 2 (2+1/day)-*aid*[DG]*, silence, status;* 1 (3+1/day)-*bane, bless, deathwatch, protection from evil*[DG]; 0 (4/day)-*guidance, light, resistance, virtue*
D: Domain spell. G: Good spell (+1 CL) L: Law spell (+1 CL) Domains: Good and Law

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Abilities Str 15, Dex 8, Con 12, Int 10,Wis 15, Cha 12
Feats Combat Casting, Militia [*Player's Guide to Faerûn*], Weapon Focus (greatsword)
Skills Concentration +6, Heal +7, Knowledge (religion) +5
Possessions combat gear plus masterwork greatsword, light crossbow, 10 bolts, light warhorse, military saddle, holy symbol of Torm, and chain shirt

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Hook "I keep this land free for Impiltur and the Loyal Fury."

- **Royal Navy of Impiltur:** There are two preexisting systems for ships and naval combat in 3rd edition Dungeons and Dragons: One in the *Arms and Equipment Guide*, one in *Stormwrack*. Information on the Royal Navy using both systems follows, then statistics for Royal Navy crews.
- *Arms and Equipment Guide:* The Royal Navy uses caravels (statistics as sailing ships) and galleons (statistics as warships). Consider the appropriateness of magical augmentations for a warship in the Realms; for example, no Royal Navy warship will have an *earth keel* or *planar sails*.
- *Stormwrack:* The Royal Navy uses caravels and galleys (Careful reading of *Pirates of the Fallen Stars* will reveal some conflicting information on the ships of Impiltur; treat that as the correct information and the concepts set out in *Stormwrack* as just statistics.) Note that *smokepowder* is used in the Realms, as discussed under "Gunpowder?" on page 104. For more information on *smokepowder* in the Realms, see *Forgotten Realms Adventures*, the *Forgotten Realms Campaign Setting*, and *Magic of Faerûn*.
- **Royal Navy Crews:** The exact number of crew on board any ship is determined by the ship; for that number, see either the *Arms and Equipment Guide* or *Stormwrack*. Of that number, a full 75% can be considered Royal Navy Waveblades, while another 10% is command staff, including Royal Navy Waveswords, who are directly above Waveblades in position. Usually, a crew is lead by a Seablade (who is above the Waveswords onboard.) However, on occasion, ships are commanded by a higher officer, like *Rilaunyr's Warship*, flagship of the Sarshel fleet. Finally, 7.5% each is for priests and mages, totaling to 15% for spellcasters. Statistics for Seablades are not presented here, as they should be individually created by the DM for each ship. Statistics for naval spellcasters are not presented here, either, as they are similar enough to the Swordmage of Impiltur and Anduran of Torm presented above that such statistics would largely be repeated information. For the purposes of commander rating, see table 2-1 in *Power of Faerun*; consider Waveblades to be equivalent to Warblades, Waveswords to be equivalent to Warswords, and Seablades to be equivalent to Vigilars.

Waveblade of Impiltur **CR 1**
Damaran human Warrior 1/Expert 1
LG Medium humanoid
Init +1; **Senses** Listen +5, Spot +5
Languages Common, Damaran

AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12
hp 17 (2 HD)
Fort +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** +3

Speed 30 ft.
Melee Bastard sword +4 (1d10+2/19-20) or
Ranged Light crossbow +2 (1d8/19-20)
Base Atk +1; **Grp** +3

Abilities Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8
Feats Dauntless [*Player's Guide to Faerûn*], Skill Focus (Profession [sailor])
Skills Jump +7, Profession (sailor) +7, Swim +7, Use Rope +5
Possessions Leather armor, bastard sword, light crossbow, 10 bolts

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Hook "What better way to defend a land than to guard its borders?"

Wavesword of Impiltur **CR 1**
Damaran human Warrior 2/Expert 2
LG Medium humanoid
Init +1; **Senses** Listen +6, Spot +6
Languages Common, Damaran

AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12
hp 25 (4 HD)
Fort +5, **Ref** +1, **Will** +5

Speed 30 ft.
Melee Bastard sword +6 (1d10+2/19-20) or
Ranged Light crossbow +4 (1d8/19-20)
Base Atk +3; **Grp** +5

Abilities Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8
Feats Acrobatic, Dauntless [*Player's Guide to Faerûn*], Skill Focus (Profession [sailor])
Skills Jump +11, Profession (sailor) +8, Swim +9, Tumble +3, Use Rope +6
Possessions Leather armor, bastard sword, light crossbow, 10 bolts

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Spellbooks of Faerun

The Seven Scrolls of Nuthmerkuld

By Jared Rascher
(Illustrated by Tiziano Baracchi)

"Orc magic? You mean what they steal from other races to hurl back upon them with glee? Or the foul prayers that their odious gods grant unto them at the conclusion of their grunting, squealing supplications? The only fear an orc should generate is when one faces a horde of the misbegotten beasts, with their pitiful adepts bringing up the rear, waving their fetishes and trinkets in the air. I'm far more concerned with their war leaders than with their so-called 'Art,'"

Tythreanel Snowgem,
Former moon elf ranger, currently serving as a zombie in the orog necromancer Phroscheck's horde.

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his collection of spells is found on a series of seven scrolls, bound at the top to a polished bone that has been lacquered black. The ends of the bone are capped in bronze aged to a green hue, with the symbol of Gruumsh stamped in platinum on each end.

The scrolls are made of a material that appears to be some kind of cured leather. Rather than having been written in ink, the runes and writing on the scrolls were magically seared into the material. The letters and characters are very easily read, due to this precision.

While all of the spells found on the scrolls are arcane in nature, the first scroll contains a prayer to Gruumsh written in the orc tongue, proclaiming that all that is good and powerful that comes to orc-kind comes from the One Eye.

The next scroll details the responsibilities of an orc who has been blessed with the Art. Such an orc is charged to go forth and train other orcs, so that they may serve as support for the grand orc armies that will sweep forth, erasing the stain of elves and dwarves, and enslaving the humans and other races.

The remaining five scrolls contain several spells. The spells on these scrolls are: *Clearstone, Ebon Ray of Doom, Toothed Tentacle* (all found in *Lost Empires of Faerûn*), *Ball Lightning, Cloud of Bewilderment* (both found in the *Player's Guide to Faerûn*), *Summon Monster, True Strike, Acid Arrow, Touch of Idiocy, Heroism, Rage, Stoneskin, Fireshield, Dream* (all standard *Player's Handbook* spells). The final scroll contains the following unique spells: *Ahrlagrog's Weeping, Broken Fury,* and *Xhurluorn's Battlemist,* detailed below.

The Seven Scrolls of Nuthmerkuld were last seen in the possession of the half-orc wizard Turlban of the Brutal Spell, a member of the adventuring band known as the Throne Breakers. After the group had scoured several ruins in Thar, they traveled to the city of Mulmaster, intending to find rest. While there, Turlban turned on his fellow adventurers. . The inn where the group had been staying was leveled, and those that knew of the band were surprised that the generally good-natured half-orc would turn on his fellows. Those observers also noted that after this betrayal, the half-orc wielded magic he'd not been seen using before. Turlban disappeared soon after the deaths of his former friends. Where Turlban went is unknown, but he was observed clutching the scrolls that he had found in Thar.

Sages know that the Seven Scrolls of Nuthmerkuld take their name from the orc lich Nuthmerkuld. What is not common knowledge is that the unusual spell-tome itself is Nuthmerkuld's phylactery. While he

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takes a great risk in allowing the scroll to circulate, as long as its true nature never becomes common knowledge, Nuthmerkuld is content to play the game he has set in motion.

Whenever someone of orcish blood and arcane talent finds the scroll, Nuthmerkuld appears to them in their dreams, night after night, trying to convince them that they should return to Thar to learn even more magical secrets at the feet of the lich himself. After the holder's first week possessing the scrolls, Nuthmerkuld can, during his dream vision, cast a *Charm Person* spell. After a second week in possession of the scrolls, Nuthmerkuld can cast a *Suggestion* spell on the holder. Finally, after the holder has held the scrolls in their possession for three weeks, Nuthmerkuld can cast a *Domination* spell during the dream vision. All of these enchantments will call the orcish spellcaster to return to Thar, and further dream visions will lead the mage to Nuthmerkuld's lair.

If any arcane spellcaster without orcish blood retains the scrolls for more than one tenday, Nuthmerkuld will use his phylactery to scry on the caster and his companions. His goal will be to get a good idea of the party's power, and to ascertain what kind of threat they may pose. If they appear too powerful, Nuthmerkuld will simply summon the scroll back to himself, planting it somewhere else in Thar, to be found by another, more pliable adventurer. If the caster and his companions appear weak enough to attack, Nuthmerkuld will wait for an opportune moment before teleporting to their location and initiating an attack.

Nuthmerkuld CR14
Male Orc Lich Wizard 12
NE Medium Undead (Augmented Humanoid)
Init 5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +14, Spot +16
Aura Fear[MM 167],60 ft, Will DC 15
Languages Common, Orc, Giant, Gnoll, Undercommon
AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15
hp 82 (12HD)
Immune to cold, mind affecting, electricity and polymorph
Fort +4 **Ref** +5 **Will** +9

Speed 30 ft. (6 squares)
Melee touch +8 (1d8+5 negative energy plus paralysis) or +*2 dire flail* +10/+5 (1d8+4, x2)
Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.
Base Atk +6; **Grp** +8
Atk Options paralyzing touch, fear aura, damaging touch, negative energy touch
Special Atk damaging touch, fear aura and paralyzing touch
Wizard Spells Memorized (CL 12, +8 melee touch, +7 ranged touch)
6th – *Xhurluorn's Battlemist*, *Ahrlagrog's Weeping*
5th – *ball lightning*, *cone of cold* (2)
4th – *fire shield*, *ebon ray of doom* (2)
3rd – *fireball* (2), *lightning bolt*, *heroism*, *rage*
2nd – *bull's strength*, *daze monster*, *toothed tentacle*, *shatter*, *cloud of bewilderment*
1st – *true strike*, *expeditious retreat*, *obscuring mist*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *summon monster I*
0 – *acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *detect magic*

Abilities Str 14, Dex 13, Con 0, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 8
SQ darkvision 60 ft., immunity to cold, mind affecting, electricity and *polymorph*, light sensitivity, undead traits, turn resistance +4 and familiar

Feats Alertness, Brew Potion, Craft Wand, Craft Wondrous Item, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Dire Flail), Improved Initiative, Scribe Scroll, Spell Penetration

Skills Bluff +11 (+4 ranks, -1 cha, +8 racial), Hide +12 (+3 ranks, +1 Dex, +8 racial), Jump +7 (+2 Str, +5 competence), Knowledge (Arcana) +17 (+14 ranks, +3 Int), Listen +14 (+3 ranks, +1 Wis, +8 racial, +2 alertness), Move Silently +19 (+7 ranks, +1 Dex, +8 racial, +3 familiar), Search +15 (+4 ranks, +3 Int, +8 racial), Spellcraft +14 (+9 ranks, +3 Int,

+2 synergy), Spot +16 (+5 ranks, +1 Wis, +8 racial, +2 alertness).

Possessions *+2 dire flail*, *ring of jumping*, *potion of invisibility*, 11 pp, 8 gp, 8 sp, 9 cp, 7620 gp in other assets.

Fear Aura (Su): Nuthmerkuld is shrouded in a dreadful aura of death and evil. Any creature with fewer than 5 HD in a 60-foot radius that looks at Nuthmerkuld must succeed on a DC 15 Will save or be affected as though by a fear spell (CL 12). A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected again for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Paralyzing Touch (Su): Any living creature that Nuthmerkuld hits with his touch attack must succeed on a DC 15 Fortitude save or be permanently paralyzed. Remove paralysis or any spell that can remove a curse can free the victim. The effect cannot be dispelled. Anyone paralyzed by Nuthmerkuld seems dead, though a DC 20 Spot check or a DC 15 Heal check reveals that the victim is still alive.

Light Sensitivity (Ex): Orcs are dazzled in bright sunlight or within the radius of *daylight* spell.

Undead Traits: Nuthmerkuld is immune to mind-affecting effects, poison, sleep effects, paralysis, stunning, disease, death effects, and any effect that requires a Fortitude save unless it also works on objects or is harmless. He is not subject to critical hits, nonlethal damage, ability damage to his physical ability scores, ability drain, energy drain, fatigue, exhaustion, or death from massive damage. He cannot be raised, and resurrection works only if he is willing. Darkvision 60 ft.

Nuthmerkuld`s bat familiar: hp 41

Ahrlagrog's Weeping

Necromancy (Evil)
Level: Sor/Wiz 6
Components: V, S, M
Casting Time: 1 standard action
Range: Close (25 ft. + 5ft./2 levels)
Target: One living creature, see text
Duration: 1 round/level, max 15 rounds
Saving Throw: Fortitude negates
Spell Resistance: Yes

When cast upon a target creature, this spell causes *blindness* (as per the spell) and 1d4 points of damage per round from the bleeding tears that flow from the target's tear ducts. Eyeless creatures or those with no blood are immune to this spell. This spell lasts for one round per level of the caster, to a maximum of 15 rounds.

The target of the spell may elect to staunch the flow of blood from their eyes, taking a full round action to do so. For each round that they spend a full round action staunching the blood flow, they do not take the normal 1d4 points of damage. Should they take any other actions, the blindness and damage resumes.

The material component for this spell is the eye of any sentient humanoid creature, and a drop of blood from the same creature.

Broken Fury

Necromancy (Evil)
Level: Sor/Wiz 4
Components: V, S, M
Casting Time: 1 standard actions
Range: Long (400 ft. + 40 ft./level)
Area: 20 ft. radius spread
Duration: Instantaneous
Saving Throw: Reflex half
Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell converts and augments the residual necromantic energies inherent in an undead creature, causing it to explode outward, striking everything in a 20-foot radius. This explosion does 1d6 points of damage per caster level. Half of this damage is magical damage; the other half is physical

damage caused by the impact of undead body parts.

The material component for this spell is an undead creature created by the caster. The chosen undead must have less than 25% of its total hit points left. The caster may use the spell on an undead creature that he has created that has been destroyed, so long as the creature has not been destroyed for more than two rounds.

Xhurluorn's Battlemist

Level: Sor/Wiz 6
Casting Time: 1 full round action
Duration: 1 min/level

As *cloudkill* (*PH* p210), except that the cloud automatically parts around any creatures of the same species as the caster, leaving squares they occupy free of the cloud.

The Candlekeep Compendium

Journal of an Apprentice Scribe

The Feast of the Moon ~ its observance in the Sunset Vale

By J P Hazelhoff

Well met, fellow scribes and learned scholars!

Allow me to introduce myself. I am Rikos Dughol, late of Saradush, in Tethyr. I have been traveling across Faerûn, at least across the regions known as the Western Heartlands and the North, as an apprentice scribe with my master Brin Orgul.

During my travels, I have kept a journal of the places I have visited and things I have seen. As I retrieve and edit these journal entries while staying in Candlekeep, I will make them available for all to read. My journal might resemble the works of Volothamp Geddarm, whose writings I came across during my studies, but are by no means copies of his excellent work, which has served as a wonderful source of inspiration.

Most of the journal has been written during those moments when I did not have to perform some tasks for my master, or when I wasn't occupied with the physical part of traveling. Because of this, the entries in the journal may sometimes seem disjointed. Also, the entries might not be published in chronological order; the pages were scattered during an unfortunate incident with an overeager air mephit.

I hope that for the places I've visited, the journals will provide you as much insight as Volothamp's journals provided me.

Till swords meet,
Rikos Dughol of Saradush

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Journal of an apprentice scribe by Rikos Dughol of Saradush

19th Hammer 1371, Year of the Unstrung Harp

"Death is but a part of life: fear it not, evade it not, and view it not as evil. To fear death delivers you into the hands of those who can bring death down upon you. Die with dignity, neither raging nor seeking to embrace undeath. Do honor to the dead, for their strivings in life brought Faerûn to where it is now, and to forget them is to forget also where we are now – and why." [1]

[1] This prayer is the traditional charge of Kelemvor to his novitiates. Published in *Faiths & Avatars* [TSR9516]

The Candlekeep Compendium

During one of my first strolls through Berdusk, I had walked past a converted mansion, which now houses a temple to Kelemvor. I found myself again in front of the somewhat unusual temple, this time to enter on an errand for my master. He had written a letter to the High Priest of the Judge of the Damned and master of the Crystal Mansion: Death's Hand of Kelemvor, High Priest Sillisten.

Gray drapes depicting the scales and skeletal hand of Kelemvor's symbol framed the open double doors. Upon entering, I was immediately greeted by a junior priestess. I had not expected such a martial display on any of the Lord of the Dead's faithful, but this red-haired woman was wearing a suit of heavy armor, with a big hand-and-a-half sword strapped across her back. Stating my name and my mission, the priestess replied with her name – Portia Coldspring of Baldur's Gate – and offered to take me to the High Priest's chambers.

After handing Master Orgul's missive to High Priest Sillisten, an elderly man wearing simple ash-gray robes and a silver circlet on his bald head, I retreated to the main foyer of the former mansion to await a written response. The room appeared as if no change had been made since the building was converted to a temple. The grand, sweeping staircase leading up to the first floor remained, as did the marble tiling, but what struck me as odd were the variety of oil paintings, statuettes and other objects that at first glance seemed unrelated to the current function of the mansion or its occupants. The whole atmosphere was rather like… well, the grand mansion of a wealthy merchant or noble. Upon closer examination of the vases, the statuettes, suits of armor and the paintings, it became clear that all these objects were related in theme: the dead.

According to the small copper plaques beside them, the suits of armor belonged to deceased priests. What I initially mistook for vases were urns containing the ashes of priests who had completed their time on the face of Toril and entered the Realm of the Master of the Crystal Spire. Going from there, the portraits were also easy to explain – depicting the same priests or Kelemvor himself. Not all of the paintings were portraits, and my attention was drawn to one of those other works of art: a rather nice oil painting of a cemetery. Rather than evoking a sense of loss or grief, it actually conveyed coziness and a festive mood. Not that the cemetery appeared any different than one would expect: simple grave markers, tombstones, statues and small mausoleums. It was the folk visiting the place that seemed out-of-place to my perception.

Portia, the red-haired martial priestess, had been silently waiting alongside. She noticed my interest, or more likely my wondering about the scene depicted, and moved closer to me to explain. I will try to recall her words here – the ritual is interesting enough to ponder later.

The painting of the cemetery – allegedly the old burial ground of Iriaebor – depicts a ritual observed during the Feast of the Moon between Uktar and Nightal, and it is a widespread practice in the Sunset Vale. According to Portia, the origins of the ritual are lost in obscurity, but it was observed and maintained by the otherwise macabre priests of Myrkul for centuries, albeit in a more reserved way than displayed in the ancient painting.

It could be that the ritual has roots in different events, one being the almost universal observance of the Feast of the Moon as the passing of autumn and the start of winter. Another possible root is Talfirian ancestor worship, and a third possibility comes from the fall of Ebenfar[1], the Shadowking's realm. Under Kelemvor's reign, the ritual has regained its original splendor, and is once more a favorite period in the year for family and friends – and for the merchants of flowers, and crafters of ornaments.

For the last two days of Uktar and through midnight on the Feast of the Moon, the

[1] A little more detail on Ebenfar can be found in *Serpent Kingdoms* [WTC96566]. The realm fell in 323 DR, the Year of Miscast Shadows.

inhabitants of the Sunset Vale visit the graves of their family members. The two days prior to the Feast of the Moon are typically used to clean the graves and to remove weeds from them in preparation for the big day. During these days, families vie with each other in a friendly competition, decking their graves with more and bigger flowers, and with more and longer-burning candles.

The living do not come in deep mourning or exaggerated piety, they come dressed to be seen and to enjoy the generally festive and almost magical atmosphere created by the multitude of flickering candles. Some pray at small shrines to a variety of deities, some converse and joke – as if they were in a Tankard House rather than a burial ground – and others sit near the graves of their loved ones, reading poems aloud or telling stories.

The upper classes in society – the well-to-do merchants, and, in the case of Berdusk, the self-styled nobility of the First Folk – use the occasion to show off their wealth and taste in fashion. While several of these folk have crypts in the vaults of their mansions for the important members of the family, they come to visit the cemeteries to take care of the graves of the lesser members. It is socially unacceptable to avoid one's duty during these days. To not show up, or to lack in taking care of the graves, invariably leads to reprimands within the family and instant gossiping about the potential reasons for the neglect.

When I commented to Portia that the play of candlelight on the structures of the cemetery did indeed give such an otherwise somber place a magical touch, she smiled and replied that with the mausoleums and crypts, this occasionally could be taken literally: the bodies of the dead would sometimes animate and attack the visitors. This is one of the reasons that the burials presided over by the priests of the Crystal Mansion – and in general, all priests of Kelemvor in the Realms – never include crypts or other 'grand structures.' Instead, the dead are buried in a simple muslin, or a 'found cloth' shroud (used clothing, such as deceased's own cloak, tunic, and breeches, sewn together), to return their bodies to the earth for 'the Endless Cycle.'[2] This shroud is always decorated with holy symbols to prevent spontaneous rising as undead.

Guarding against these possible undead disturbances is one of the tasks of the priests of the dead, since Kelemvor took the mantle of Lord of the Dead. These priests also observe the rite of Deeds of the Dead[3], in which the greatness and importance of the ancestors of those alive today is told in tales, poems and prayers.

No grave is forgotten during this time. If a grave would be unattended due to a lack of living relatives, or because the relatives were unable to attend, Kelemvor's clergy will care for the grave. As the Feast of the Moon approaches, Kelemvor's priests, often with the aid of members of other faiths, look after the no-longer cared-for graves. In this way, they ensure that all the dead receive the respect they deserve.

The red-haired priestess gave the description of the whole ritual of the Feast of the Moon in a casual, matter-of-fact way, giving me the impression that this approach to respecting the dead was the right thing to do. I must admit that it did not sound reverential to someone brought up in the highlands of Tethyr. Not that the people of Berdusk and the Sunset Vale do not take the observance seriously! On the contrary, they believe in some way or other that they are communing with the dead, and that for a brief period in the year, they are reunited with their loved ones.[4]

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[2] Burial ritual provided by Ed Greenwood on the Candlekeep Forums [posted 24 Oct 2005]

[3] *Faiths & Avatars*, page 86

[4] The ritual as described in this article is based on the observance of All Hallows Eve (Halloween), All Saints, and the Feast of Souls (October 31st, November 1st and 2nd respectively) as observed in Hungary. [source: *A Country Full of Aliens – a Briton in Hungary* by Colin Swatridge ISBN 963-13-5371-0]

Credits

Volume V of the *Candlekeep Compendium* contains the work of many people, who have put much time and effort into penning these articles of lore. Many thanks to all who contributed and helped on this project.

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We hope you have enjoyed this volume of Realmslore. Any feedback is greatly appeciated. Please email us at **compendium@candlekeep.com** or visit the Candlekeep forum at **http://www.candlekeep.com/forum**

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Volume VI

The *Candlekeep Compendium* is a quarterly publication. Keep an eye out for *The Candlekeep Compendium Volume VI*, containing new Realmslore and further installments of regular articles penned by our master scribes.