

# AMARUNE'S ALMANAC



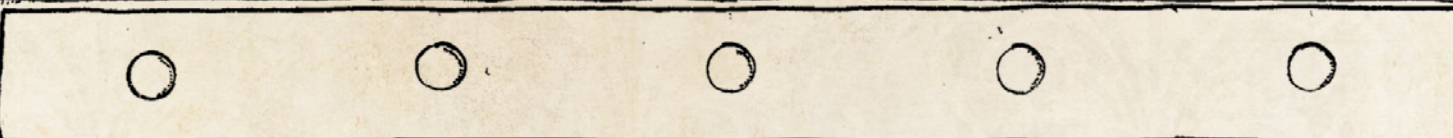
## Coasts of the Realms







# Jaerûn









# Contents

<i>Foreword</i>	6
-----------------	---

<i>Introduction</i>	7
---------------------	---

<i>Player Options</i>	9
-----------------------	---

Circle of the Shore .....	9
---------------------------	---

Wavestrider .....	10
-------------------	----

<i>Additional Rules</i> .....	12
-------------------------------	----

Druid: Spellcasting .....	12
---------------------------	----

Ranger: Natural Explorer .....	12
--------------------------------	----

<i>Spellcasting</i> .....	12
---------------------------	----

Component: Environment (E).....	12
---------------------------------	----

Coasts of the Realms Spells .....	12
-----------------------------------	----

<i>Spells</i> .....	13
---------------------	----

Druidic Practice.....	13
-----------------------	----

Pocket Sand .....	13
-------------------	----

Whispers of the Coast .....	13
-----------------------------	----

Sandy Escape.....	13
-------------------	----

Scouting Waves.....	14
---------------------	----

Wall of Sand .....	14
--------------------	----

Sandbar .....	14
---------------	----

Manipulate Tide.....	14
----------------------	----

Coastal Defenders.....	15
------------------------	----

Sand Wave.....	15
----------------	----

Erosion.....	15
--------------	----

<i>Locations</i>	16
------------------	----

<i>Easting Coast</i> .....	16
----------------------------	----

<i>Lapaliya</i> .....	18
-----------------------	----

<i>Red Rocks</i> .....	20
------------------------	----

<i>Ruathym</i> .....	22
----------------------	----

<i>Themasulter</i> .....	24
--------------------------	----

<i>Between Adventures</i>	26
---------------------------	----

Downtime Activity: Gathering Plants Expedition.....	26
---	----

Regional Flora Table .....	27
----------------------------	----

Flora .....	28
-------------	----

<i>Appendix</i>	36
-----------------	----

<i>Beasts and Monsters</i> .....	36
----------------------------------	----

Dessurk .....	37
---------------	----

Dire Shark.....	38
-----------------	----

Dragon Slug.....	39
------------------	----

Giant Cuttlefish .....	40
------------------------	----

Loot Crabs .....	41
------------------	----

Lythlyx.....	41
--------------	----

Mud Elemental .....	43
---------------------	----

Otters .....	44
--------------	----

Sand Elemental.....	44
---------------------	----

Sandcastle Mimic .....	46
------------------------	----

Sea Turtles .....	47
-------------------	----

<i>Magic Items</i> .....	48
--------------------------	----

Ancient Northlander Armor.....	48
--------------------------------	----

Conch of Wisdom.....	48
----------------------	----

Iron Palm Frond.....	48
----------------------	----

Potion of Ultimate Water Control .....	49
--	----

Quandurr's Jetty.....	49
-----------------------	----

Sea Helmet .....	49
------------------	----

Seas and Skies: A Coastal Guide.....	49
--------------------------------------	----

Waterblade .....	50
------------------	----

Wavecaller Trident .....	50
--------------------------	----

Waverider's Tablet .....	50
--------------------------	----

## Credits

**Lead Designer & Producer:** Steve Fidler

**Editor:** Ryan Langr

**Writing and Design:** Ashley May, BorntoDoStuff, Bryan

Holmes, Ed Greenwood, Israel Moreira, Jean-Luc Caron,

Sean vas Terra, Steve Fidler, Trevor Armstrong

**Layout:** Nathanaël Roux

**Forgotten Realms Sages:** Bryan Holmes, R P Davis (Impiltur)  
and Ed Greenwood

**Graphic Designer:** Nathanaël Roux

**Cover Art:** Thomas Doughty, composed by Steve Fidler

**Cartography:** Map of Faerûn by Dusty Haynes @

TableTopAdvantage.com, modified by Steve Fidler &

Nathanaël Roux

**Introduction Art:** Amarune Writing by Dante Ezio Cifaldi

**Interior Sketch Art:** Shiah "Cinder" Irgangladen and

Nathanaël Roux

**Other Interior Art:** Some artwork © Grim Press, used with  
permission. All rights reserved. Some artwork © 2015

Vagelio Kaliva, used with permission. All rights reserved.

DarkWorkX, Steven underhill, Aitoff, Alexandra Koch, Peter

Kraayvanger, 8385, Ramiro Pedra, ArtTower, ink splatter

brushes (Brusheezy.com).

## Definitions

When referencing spells from this book, the superscript "AA5" is used (for example, *druidic practice*<sup>AA5</sup>). Each volume of Amarune's Almanac uses this notation, with the end numeral changed to match the volume of the book. "XGE" is used to denote spells from *Xanathar's Guide to Everything*

If other definitions are used, they will appear here in future volumes.




It is I, once again, Volothamp Geddarm, your discrete and humble publisher of the best selling Amarune's Almanac series of tomes.

In this volume, Amarune and her husband visit and detail the salt-air coasts of Faerûn. Did you know that among the realms are entire beaches blackened with volcanic ash? Vast swathes of snow-white sand? I did, of course, but you will too after purchasing and reading this almanac.

In my retirement from exploring the realms, I've spent a lot of time on beaches, in fact! The Sea Ward district of Waterdeep has some of the finest beaches for the view, that's for sure. And if you can fend off the flying blood sucking insects of Chult, the bluffs beyond the north side of the Merchant's Ward wall offer a bountiful vista of inbound merchant ships, flying their various pennons. Yes, the warm sand between my travel-worn toes, the cool sea breeze through my beard... The peak of relaxed living. That is, of course, until you happen upon a particularly territorial crab or the flea-like sand creatures that seem to inhabit every stretch of beach in the Realms! Then things quickly turn sour. Ask me how I know!

When I had a chat with Arclath on this topic, we would commiserate often on these small details. We are a bit kindred in nature in that we both enjoy the finer things in life and detest the small things that spoil them. Amarune, on the other hand, could not stop herself from speaking at length about all the ecology of the beaches. She seemed possessed by the vibrant diversity of life in these regions. I don't see it personally, but it reminded me so much of my dear old editor and friend. So much, in fact, that I am starting to feel myself acting in the same foolish manner that I would around Elminster (a side that I don't show most). Yes, your friend Volo can be known to loosen his collar and carry himself in an unprofessional and foolish way from time to time.

Alas, I digress. As always, fair warning. While Amarune and Arclath do their utmost diligence with the content of these tomes, your infallible publisher should not be held accountable for any errors that result in being lost at sea, eating a poisonous plant (or being eaten by a plant), or any maiming from a creature you might have been lead to believe was friendly.

 Volothamp Geddarm

**The following D&D books provided material and inspiration:**

Ed Greenwood. *Dragon 43*. "The Dragon's Bestiary: Lythlyx" November, 1980

Douglas Niles. *Moonshae*. 1987

Karen Wynn Fonstad. *The Forgotten Realms Atlas*. August, 1990

Carl Sargent. *Monster Mythology*. May, 1992

Ed Greenwood, Julia Martin, Jeff Grubb. *Forgotten Realms Campaign Setting 2nd edition (revised), A Grand Tour of the Realms*. 1993

Nicky Rae. *Corsairs of the Great Sea*. 1994

Ed Greenwood. *Volo's Guide to Cormyr*. July, 1995

Elaine Cunningham. *Tangled Webs*. May, 1998

Ed Greenwood, Sean K. Reynolds, Skip Williams, Rob Heinsoo. *Forgotten Realms Campaign Setting 3rd edition*. June, 2001

Skip Williams, Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook. *Monster Manual 3.5*. July, 2003

Ed Greenwood, Eric L. Boyd, Darrin Drader. *Serpent Kingdoms*. July, 2004

Thomas Reid. *Shining South*. October, 2004

George Krashos. *Dragon 346* "Impiltur: The Forgotten Kingdom" August, 2006

Brian R. James and Ed Greenwood. *The Grand History of the Realms*. September, 2007

Ed Greenwood. *Dungeon 191*. "Eye on the Realms: Jalander's Dodge" June, 2011

Ed Greenwood and Alex Kammer. *The Border Kingdoms*. April, 2020



## Foreword

Any woodwise person will tell you life is most abundant, in the wilds, where land and water meet. Where dryland critters come to drink, and sometimes hunt and breed. Where all the danged insects swarm. From the banks of a tiny stream or pond you can jump across, to the endless cliffs and beaches where a vast continent meets a vaster sea that stretches to the horizons and beyond.

The coast. And any world that has seas and islands, not to mention those larger islands we deem continents, will have a lot of coast.

The Sword Coast, for instance, that part of Faerûn where proud city-states like Waterdeep and Baldur's Gate soar their towers from the water's edge, and folk teem like mice fleeing stormdriven waves crashing ashore, and rich kingdoms like Amn, Tethyr, and Calimshan flourish. A big part of such wealth comes from all of those ports, or rather all the trade flowing through them.

Hence the old Savage North saying: "Tired of the cold, the howling wind, and the howling wolves? Hie thee to the coast. The coast is the busy place."

And one unwanted side-effect of all that activity is shipwrecks.

From tiny fishing boats not worth exploring to huge cogs and naos bulging with gold coins, the coasts of Faerûn and all the other continents of Toril are littered with the shattered remains of ships that didn't make it.

The deep oceans far from land hold their wrecks, too, but they are rarer and apt to be more or less intact—whereas those along the coasts often ran aground or tore their bottoms open on uncharted shoals or reefs, or were driven ashore and battered on rocks after becoming disabled.

And the Guild of Naturalists has entire books of accounts of not-yet-named or -studied large, predatory tentacled aquatic monsters that dwell in the sunken hulks of lost ships. Scores of new tentacled monsters for adventurers to die fighting. Think of the ballads...

Ah, one matter to raise here: bards and minstrels may impart the impression that beneath gently-tinted-green waves, sunken ships sit intact and upright on the bottom, as if they went down mere hours ago. Yet if you ever see such a thing, it's likely an illusion, or a trap—or it really did sink hours ago.

Shipwrecks break apart, and marine organisms eat things, so over time a ship is reduced to stones and metal and not much else. Before that, the bodies of the drowned are devoured and only their boots and buckles remain. And before that, barnacles and all manner of sea plants cling to the wreck and grow on it, cloaking it in a wonderment of frond-waving life that may make a ship look like nothing more than large humps on the sea floor.

Yet, just as a ranger will tell you about caves in the wilderness rarely being uninhabited, wrecks that retain cavities—sunken cabins and holds—are almost always the lairs of something, often several sorts of cohabiting somethings that can ignore each other rather than one being devoured by its neighbor. There may be no more treasure in a sunken hold than the ballast stones, but there is almost always danger. Lurking danger that sees, and thinks, and hunts.

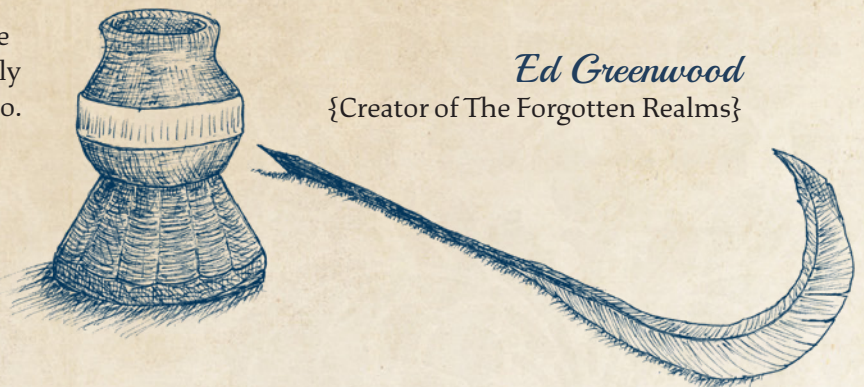
Yet not all treasure lying on the sea floor for the taking is the result of wrecks. Things do fall overboard. And there's more than one tale told in Waterdeep and Luskan of thieving sailors whose night deck watches involved dropping valuables overboard in a spot they thought they could find again later, so when the loss was discovered they could play the emptyhanded innocent.

Moreover, there are entire shores, here and there about Toril, where the sea itself hungers, and wears away the land. Where settlements crumble into the sea and are swept away, every last pot and pan and buried treasure and tomb of them, graveyards full of folk buried with their holy symbols and rings. Chessenta has been crumbling for years, and the shore of Akanûl nigh Blibdoolpoolp's Nest, and the shore of Threskel above Akadi's Dance (just to glance at one corner of the Realms where the ocean gnaws at the land).

So coasts are places where things happen, not just a haunt of seabirds, and endless crashing surf. Which is why this book exists; to look more closely at the "thin ribbon of adventure" (to quote the famous bard Mintiper) that is the Coast. Enjoy!

*Ed Greenwood*

{Creator of The Forgotten Realms}





## Introduction

My name is Amarune Lyone Armala Whitewave, and I am the great-great-granddaughter of the Sage of Shadowdale, Elminster. I've been many things in my life: a burglar, a mask dancer, a mercenary, a Chosen of Mystra, and for a brief but impactful period of my life, I was a vessel for the consciousness of Elminster himself. His time sharing my mind has left me with a scattered collection of memories that I know not to be mine. The best way I've found to reconcile what belongs to me and what was left behind by him is to experience these things anew and catalog them in my diary, which has now become the almanac you hold in your hands. Thus, I now travel all across the Realms in the company of my lover and editor, Arclath Delcastle.

For all of our wanderlust, Arclath and I spent a lot more time than I wanted to in the city of Waterdeep. It's not really surprising, as the 'City of Splendors' is the largest settlement in all of Faerûn and the core of many major shipping lanes. If you want to do business along the Sword Coast, chances are, you're going to pass through Waterdeep, even if it's only a stepping stone on the way to Baldur's Gate or Neverwinter.

I find that Waterdhavian nobles have formed their own unique culture, and the constant influx of foreign trade and new ideas means that the city's rich and powerful are in a constant 'arms race' of trendsetting. With the speed at which these things change, I never would've expected that one of the current hottest trends in Waterdeep would have laid its roots over 120 years ago.

A long-standing fixture in Waterdeep is a metalworking shop called Boom's Garden, famous for featuring bizarre and revealing garments like chainmail brassieres and boots with four-inch-long spikes under the heels. Honestly, it's a shop of novelties, as I can't imagine any self-respecting adventurer charging into a goblin encampment in

anything they sell at Boom's Garden. However, a unique item in Boom's Garden is a dusty tome over a century old, called *Aurora's Whole Realms Catalog*.

In the mid 1300s, Aurora had six outlets throughout Waterdeep and several more across Faerûn. At any of these outlets, adventurers could browse through one of these catalogs and order everything from alchemical supplies, to smithing materials, to housewares. Boom's Garden even had their own chapter within the catalog for ordering things like armored skirts that fail to protect one's legs. One entry in the catalog, however, has caused a sweeping trend in fashion: a ladies' body-hugging suit made of spidersilk, supposedly used by the drow for swimming.

Though Waterdhavian ladies didn't flock to the idea of donning a tiny slip of silk to run around the beaches in, the idea of swimming for entertainment was revolutionary. Over the next hundred years, noblewomen would struggle with layers of wool and frills to try to find something that wouldn't become transparent when wet. In the beginning, the best they could come up with was a pair of cinched trousers under a shortened dress to allow them to wade in water around their ankles, but no more.

Today, Waterdhavian nobles can be seen strolling along beaches in mid-summer. They wear loose trousers and sleeveless tunics made of richly dyed linen, though ladies' tunics and trousers tend to be decorated with pleats or frills to ensure that nothing could be seen if the fabric became transparent when wet, while men enjoy the protection of a sturdy loincloth beneath their swimming garments.

It is worth noting that poor people of all ages and genders swim in the same thing they always swam in since before it became a trend: a tunic cinched with a simple girdle, and a pair of trousers cut short to let the legs move.





## Adventures Between Worlds

It's easy to think of the adventures of the land and the adventures of the sea as being categorically different. The freedom of traveling by foot versus being holed up in a ship for weeks or months at a time, being able to take shelter in a cave versus so helplessly at the mercy of the elements, or the creatures of the wild versus the creatures of the deep, feels like as stark a contrast as black and white. The coasts of Faerûn offer a narrow strip of gray that in many ways feels more challenging than either world by itself.

For an ordinary human who cannot breathe water without magical assistance, the sea can be an intimidating place. One minute you're in the comfort of the shallows, and the next, an undertow rips the sand from under your feet and sucks you down to the bottom of the sea floor, as though the ocean itself were a monster trying to kill you. Coastlines may be littered with caves and grottos that are home to any number of beasts born of the land or the sea.

Weather patterns are strongly affected by the ocean. Any career fisherman will tell you that warmer waters mean more violent storms throughout the season. They'll also tell you of the existence of something called a 'rogue wave,' in which a ship is traveling against a steady flow of the ocean, the waves breaking on its bow like clockwork, when a wave suddenly comes from a different direction, sweeping their deck and throwing sailors into the ocean. Whether you curse the name of Umberlee or chalk it up to the phenomenon of nature, truly, the coasts are an unpredictable place.

## The Magic Of The Coasts

They say if you lift a conch shell to your ear, you can hear the dull din of the ocean waves rolling, no matter how far you are from the beach. Meanwhile, an incensed elven wizard who saw Arclath holding a conch shell to his ear felt the need to inform us that all he was hearing was the echo of his blood circulating through his own ear. It's moments like this that I'm reminded that not all magic comes from the Weave, and also that some people are cretins who have no room for childlike wonder in their cold and withered souls.

Seas and oceans are often filled with magic, be it from native sources, or any number of artifacts lost to the waves. If the Sea of Fallen Stars has taught us anything, it's that if you were to drain an ocean, you'd be shocked by the number of shipwrecks you'd find littering the floor. Some of these wrecks may be thousands, or even tens of thousands of years old, and the magical auras of some of their lost treasure may have even changed the course of the currents or the development of islands over the innumerable centuries. The mere existence of so many splendid sea creatures speaks to great power buried deep beneath the waves.

### A WORD FROM THE EDITOR, ARCLATH DELCASTLE

As always, it is my greatest honor to introduce myself, Arclath of House Delcastle, a noble of Suzail. Though, these days, I must consider myself a man of the world. It's been so long since we even laid foot in Suzail, I'm not sure any of my neighbors would recognize me. I was called the 'Fragrant Flower of House Delcastle,' not only for my family's penchant for floral designs in the facade of our mansion, but for my own impeccable hygiene.

I imagine I would appear a great deal more rugged than when I left Suzail. That's not to say I've let myself go by any extent. I still shave, and have my clothes laundered when we visit towns, and of course I change my stockings regularly. But, there is a simple pleasure to be felt in the salty ocean spray glistening off one's skin when the waves crash over the bow of a rolling vessel. The feel of the wet sand between one's bare toes, or the satisfaction of drinking the juice of the fruit one picked with their bare hands after climbing a tree. Oh, how I pity the nobles of Suzail who might consider themselves too high-born for such pleasures! How hollow the life of a perfumed noble can be.

Heed my advice, dear friend! Nobility comes not only from the status of one's birth, but also from one's behaviors. I've met bards born in mud and slop who carry themselves with the elegance of kings and queens, and I've met lords and ladies who behave like barbarians when they forget themselves. There is no reason that you, adventurer, no matter how humble your beginnings, cannot present yourself nobly. But, as you hold your head high and frame your shoulders with exquisite carriage, do not forget to enjoy life's most humble offerings.

I suppose what I'm saying in a roundabout way is this: take the time to stop and smell the sea roses. But not too closely. They burn.



## Player Options

Presented here are two subclasses, one for the Druid class and one for the Ranger class. These subclasses represent the defenders of the border of land, sea, and sky: the coasts. The Circle of the Shore, who can bring the shores of Faerûn to life; and the Wavestrider, a ranger archetype who can call to the sea to lend its aid against encroaching threats. These archetypes balance the delicate ecosystem of the coast.

### Circle of the Shore

The coasts of Faerûn are the intersection of three composite ecosystems that create the material plane: Land, Sea, and Sky. It is the burden of druids who dedicate themselves to the coast to maintain this balance in the natural world. Their practices and teachings reflect this mutability. Like a bird, able to soar through the sky, dive into the ocean for a fish, and find comfort in the land where they roost. Shore druids are able to tend to any of these completely different environments with ease; adjusting to the ebb and flow of the tide and the constant changes of the world around them.

#### CIRCLE SPELLS

Druid Level	Spells
3rd	<i>mirror image</i> , <i>misty step</i>
5th	<i>sandy escape</i> <sup>AA5</sup> , <i>water breathing</i>
7th	<i>control water</i> , <i>scouting waves</i> <sup>AA5</sup>
9th	<i>conjure elemental</i> , <i>control winds</i> <sup>XGE</sup>

### Coastal Beast Forms

The shores of Faerûn are home to a diverse and unique ecology of creatures. At 2nd level, you can use your Wild Shape to transform into a beast that calls the coasts of Faerûn home with a challenge rating as high as ½ (you ignore the Max CR column of the Beast Shapes table, and can ignore the limitations on swimming speeds for these forms).

The maximum CR of your coastal forms increases when you reach certain levels in this class. The max CR becomes 1 at 6th level, 2 at 10th level, and 3 at 14th level.

### Land Transmutation: Sandbar

The smell of briny sea air and hot sand overwhelms the senses. Starting at 2nd level, you can expend a use of your Wild Shape feature as an action to magically transmute the area within 60 feet of you into a coastal seafloor. The area fills with shallow seawater, no more than 1-foot deep, with a 5-foot wide sandy beach immediately beyond the area

of this effect. When you use this feature, and as an action on each subsequent turn, you can create a 5-foot-wide wave originating on a point within the area that you can see that travels in a straight line in a direction of your choice up to 30 feet. Any creatures caught within this line must succeed on a Strength saving throw against your druid spell save DC, or be pushed up to 30 feet along the path of the wave.

The terrain created by this feature is real and not an illusion but is otherwise magical. This effect lasts a number of hours equal to half your druid level (rounded down). The area then reverts to its normal form unless you expend another use of this feature. You can revert the area to its normal form earlier by using a bonus action.





### *Coral Shield*

Starting at 6th level, you can conjure protective shells of coral, which break away as they absorb damage. If you or a creature you can see within 30 feet is damaged by a weapon attack, you can use your reaction to reduce that damage by 1d6.

When you reach certain levels in this class, you can reduce the damage by more: by 2d6 at 10th level and by 3d6 at 14th level.

### *Sand Sink*

At 10th level, you can use your bonus action to transmute a 10-foot by 10-foot section of the ground centered on a point you can see into a whirling pool of wet silt and sand. Any creatures in this area must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw against your druid spell save DC. A creature that fails this saving throw is restrained by the ground as they are pulled into it. On a successful save, they move immediately to the nearest unoccupied space outside the area. A creature restrained this way, or another creature within 5 feet of them, can use their action to make a Strength (Athletics) check against your druid spell save DC, releasing the restrained creature on a successful save.

You can use this feature a number of times equal to your Wisdom modifier (a minimum of once). You regain expended uses after completing a long rest.

### *Elemental Lifeguards*

Starting at 14th level, you can animate the spirits of the coast to aid you in battle. As an action, you choose two points on the ground you can see within 60 feet of you. On one point, the ground rumbles and shakes as an **earth elemental** forms from the loose material (sand, silt, or loose stones for example) in the area. On the other point, the ground swirls and a jet of water sprouts up as a **water elemental** forms in its spot. Both of these elementals roll initiative, choose either result and they both act on that initiative count. If they receive no commands, they will protect you from harm and attack your foes. The elementals remain summoned for 1 hour, or until you dismiss them (no action required), after which their bodies return to their base materials.

While these elementals are under your control, you can use your reaction on their turn and expend a spell slot of 7th level or higher to command them to collide. Each elemental moves up to their speed towards one another. If they end this movement within 5 feet of the other elemental, they slam together and merge into a **mud elemental** (see sidebar).

Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

## *Wavestrider*

The oceans of Faerûn can be dark and terrifying. Under its rolling waves lie treasures and curses long forgotten, lurking undead, aberrant forms, and fearsome dragons. It would be impossible for Faerûn to remain aware of the dangers beneath the surface of the sea were it not for the Wavestrider rangers.

However, the blue expanse beneath the waves has evaded mapping and attempts to pry its secrets since the world began. To that end, these rangers don't actively scour the deep oceans, but rather enlist the aid of sea creatures to scan the seas during their natural migrations and report back what they saw along the way.

### *Wavestrider Magic*

Starting at 3rd level, you learn an additional spell when you reach certain levels in this class, as shown in the Wavestrider Spells table. The spell counts as a ranger spell for you, but it doesn't count against the number of ranger spells you know.

#### WAVESTRIDER SPELLS

Ranger Level	Spells
3rd	<i>fog cloud</i>
5th	<i>calm emotions</i>
9th	<i>tidal wave</i>
13th	<i>watery sphere</i>
17th	<i>maelstrom</i> <sup>XGE</sup>

### *Child of the Seafoam*

Starting at 3rd level, you are a creature of the sea. You have a swimming speed equal to your walking speed, and can breathe underwater.

Additionally, you gain the ability to comprehend and verbally communicate with aquatic beasts and water elementals, although the information they can convey is limited by their Intelligence. You have advantage on Charisma or Wisdom checks made against such creatures.

### *Tidal Strikes*

Also at 3rd level, you've developed a fighting style that combines the strength and grace of the waves with your ranger magic. You can use this feature to create one of the two effects:

- When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can conjure a wave to push it 10 feet directly away from you. If this movement would cause the creature to collide with a wall or another creature, both the target and what they collide with take 1d8 bludgeoning damage.



- When a creature hits you with a weapon attack, you can use your reaction to summon and ride a wave 10 feet without provoking opportunity attacks.

Once you use this feature to create either effect, you can't use this feature again until the start of your next turn.

### *Call Undersea Friend*

At 7th level, you gain the ability to issue a telepathic call to a creature from the sea. As an action, you can cast the *conjure animals* spell as if it were a ranger spell for you. When you cast it this way, you summon a single aquatic beast of a CR less than or equal to a third of your ranger level. The beast gains the ability to breathe air and water, if it doesn't already. Additionally, if the beast doesn't have a land speed, it can use its swim speed to move across land, hovering 5 feet across the ground. The beast can use your spell attack modifier in place of its attack roll bonus, and it's current and maximum hit points increase to four times your ranger level if it would be lower.

Once you cast this spell using this feature, you can't do so again until you finish a long rest.

### *Ride Waves*

At 11th level, your tidal martial style improves. As an action, you can summon a rush of water beneath your feet, allowing you to skirt past your opponents and leave them open. You fly up to 30 feet without provoking opportunity attacks.

Every time you leave the area within 5 feet of a creature during this movement, you can make a weapon attack against it. Ranged attacks do not suffer disadvantage from being within 5 feet of a creature when you make an attack this way. You can only attack each creature this way once each turn.

### *Blessing of the Castaway*

At 15th level, you can channel the will of the seas to always make sure you and your companions arrive at a safe shore. When you finish a short or long rest, you and creatures of your choice within 30 feet of you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to 1d10 + your Wisdom score. While a creature has these temporary hit points, their speed increases by 10 feet and they cannot be forcibly moved, grappled, or restrained against their will.

BOB GREYVENSTEIN





## AMARUNE'S ALMANAC: COASTS OF THE REALMS SPELLS

Spell Level	Spell	School	Ritual	Druid	Ranger
1st	<i>druidic practice</i>	abjuration	✓	✓	
1st	<i>pocket sand</i>	illusion		✓	✓
2nd	<i>whispers of the coast</i>	evocation		✓	✓
3rd	<i>sandy escape</i>	abjuration		✓	✓
4th	<i>scouting waves</i>	divination		✓	✓
4th	<i>wall of sand</i>	evocation		✓	✓
5th	<i>sand bar</i>	conjuration		✓	✓
6th	<i>manipulate tide</i>	evocation	✓	✓	✓
7th	<i>coastal defenders</i>	conjuration		✓	✓
8th	<i>sand wave</i>	transmutation		✓	
9th	<i>erosion</i>	evocation		✓	

## Additional Rules

### Druid: Spellcasting

As a druid, your affinity for the world you are in allows you to quickly tap into its latent magic and call upon its power and knowledge. You can swap a druid spell you have prepared for a druid spell with an Environment component that matches the biome you are currently in by spending 1 minute per spell level in deep meditation. This spell must be a spell you would otherwise normally be able to prepare. This can be performed during a short rest.

### Ranger: Natural Explorer

Upon picking a favored terrain with your Natural Explorer feature, Rangers gain a subset of spells associated to that terrain. These represent skills you've mastered as a Ranger, boons granted from the land itself, or simply tricks you've picked up out of necessity. Each spell listed can be cast once. You must complete a long rest before you can cast one of these spells again.

When you gain new favored terrains at 6th and 10th level, you do not learn the spells associated to those lists immediately. Instead, during a long rest you can choose to swap the spells you gained from one favored terrain to instead learn the spells from another.

### FAVORED TERRAIN: COAST SPELLS

#### Ranger Level Spell

2nd	<i>pocket sand</i> <sup>AA5</sup>
5th	<i>whispers of the coast</i> <sup>AA5</sup>
9th	<i>sandy escape</i> <sup>AA5</sup>
13th	<i>scouting waves</i> <sup>AA5</sup>

## Spellcasting

### Component: Environment (E)

Some spells require the caster to be in a specific biome or surrounded by specific terrain, specified in parentheses in the environment entry, before they can be cast. Some features may allow substitutes or replacements for this component and in this case the effect is created from whatever natural materials are available around it. The damage type of the spell does not change unless decided otherwise by the DM.



# Spells

## Druidic Practice

1st-level abjuration (ritual)

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 hour

**Range:** Touch

**Components:** V, S, M (25 gp worth of herbs, leaves, and roots, which the spell consumes), E (any natural environment)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

You perform an ancient druidic ceremony that calls upon the land itself. When you cast this spell, choose one of the following practices, the target of which must be within 10 feet of you throughout the casting.

**Forosnai.** You touch a willing creature and send them on a spiritual pilgrimage. The target falls unconscious, waking up after 1 hour, if they take damage, or someone uses an action to shake or slap them awake. The exact nature of this pilgrimage is unique to the individual and can result in learning new knowledge about an ancestor or past life or receiving guidance from a deity. The exact information learned is up to the DM. A creature can benefit from this practice once each year, during the season of their birth.

**Geasa.** You touch a willing creature, and choose a creature type: aberrations, beasts, celestials, constructs, dragons, elementals, fey, fiends, giants, monstrosities, oozes, plants, or undead. Alternatively, you can choose one race of humanoid (such as elves or tiefling). A ward is placed on the target, preventing it from being slain by a creature of the chosen type. If an attack by a creature of that type would reduce the target to 0 hit points, the target is instead reduced to 1 hit point and the ward ends. The ward ends early if the target is reduced to 0 hit points by a creature of any other type. A creature can benefit from this rite only once.

**Imbue.** You touch a mundane plant or piece of wood. Magical energy suffuses the object throughout the ritual, preserving its form and allowing it to be used as a druidic focus.

**Purify (Creature).** You touch a willing creature, who becomes occluded by a mystical smoke that smells of sage. As the smoke clears, you make a DC 20 Wisdom (Insight) check. On a successful check, the target is restored to its original alignment.

**Purify (Object).** You touch an object that has been diseased or blighted by a nonmagical source. The blight is removed, restoring it to its original state.

## Pocket Sand

1st-level illusion

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self

**Components:** S, M (a handful of sand), E (coast)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

You lob sand at a target, which covers their eyes and hardens. The target must succeed on a Constitution saving throw or become blinded until they use their bonus action to clear the sand from their eyes.

## Whispers of the Coast

2nd-level evocation

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** 2 miles

**Components:** V, S, M (a conch or other seashell), E (coast)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 10 minutes

You whisper a short message into the seashell. This message must be no longer than twenty-five words. As long as you concentrate on the spell, all other seashells along the coast within range allow a creature to pick up the shell and hear the message. The voice of the message sounds like an ocean wave crashing on the shore

## Sandy Escape

3rd-level abjuration

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self

**Components:** V, E (coast)

**Duration:** Instantaneous, Concentration, up to 1 minute

The sand below your feet softens like quicksand. You immediately descend into the sand and are placed into a pocket of air. You are safe in this bubble, are able to breathe, and cannot be the target of spells or abilities. When this spell ends, you are ejected upward, prone.

**At Higher Levels.** If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, you can target a creature within 30 feet to be affected by this spell instead of casting it on yourself.



### *Scouting Waves*

4th-level divination

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self

**Components:** S, E (coast)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 hour

Touching the water's edge, a wave emits from your touch. It grows and moves away from you, following the coast line. The wave continues out until the spell ends, and then it immediately returns to you as though it were on an elastic band. Upon reaching your space, a selection of driftwood, detritus, and other refuse are left behind in the shape of a map detailing the current state of the coast, including structures, objects, and creatures within 6 miles.

### *Wall of Sand*

4th-level evocation

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** 120 feet

**Components:** V, S, E (coast)

**Duration:** Instantaneous

A nonmagical wall of sand erupts from the coast. The wall is 6 inches thick and composed of ten 10-foot-by-10-foot panels. Each panel must be contiguous with at least one other panel. Alternatively, you can create 10-foot-by-20-foot panels that are only 3 inches thick.

The wall can have any shape you desire but it can't occupy the same space as a creature or object or cut through a creature's space. The wall must be vertical in orientation. Each panel has an AC of 8 and 10 hit points. No panel can support a weight greater than 10 lbs.

As a bonus action, you can restore a destroyed wall.

**At Higher Levels.** If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 5th level or higher, add two more panels for each spell slot level above 4th.

### *Sandbar*

5th-level conjuration

**Classes:** Druid, Ranger

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** 120 feet

**Components:** V, S, M (a handful of cork), E (coast)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 hour

You raise a large section of sand from the floor of a body of water to create a sandbar. The body of water must have sand at the bottom or nothing happens and the spell is wasted. The sandbar is a 30-foot long, 30-foot wide island of sand. You can shape the sandbar by reducing it in 5-foot increments in one direction, and increasing it by the same amount in the other.

**At Higher Levels.** If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 6th level or higher, the length of each side of the sandbar increases by 10 feet for each spell slot level above 5th.

### *Manipulate Tide*

6th-level evocation (ritual)

**Classes:** Druid

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** 120 feet

**Components:** V, S, M (a small silver replica of a boat paddle), E (coast)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 10 minutes

You manipulate nearby tides to target a single object within range that is on a beach, marsh, or other landform where the water meets land. Until the spell ends, you choose if tides refuse to approach the object or flood it. If waters refuse to approach, the object is beached. If you flood it, enough water fills the area around the object to provide buoyancy (if possible).

At the DMs discretion, any creatures or objects near the target can be washed onto shore by the displacement of this water.

If cast as a ritual, this spell requires no concentration and lasts for 1 hour.



## Coastal Defenders

7th-level conjuration

**Classes:** Druid

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self

**Components:** V, S, M (a tin soldier), E (coast)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 1 hour

Touching the sand, you cause projections 6 feet tall and filling a 5-foot space to rise up at the line where water meets land. These projections resemble an exceptionally fit humanoid of your choice. You create 8 of these sand warriors. These warriors use the statistics of a **berserker**, however they only possess a number of hit points equal to your level.

As an action or a bonus action, you can create a new sand warrior if there are fewer than 8 sand warriors.

**At Higher Levels.** If you cast this spell using a spell slot of 8th level or higher, you gain four additional sand warriors, and the maximum number of sand warriors you can animate increases by 4, for each spell slot level above 7th.

## Sand Wave

8th-level transmutation

**Classes:** Druid

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** Self (150-foot line)

**Components:** V, S, E (coast)

**Duration:** Concentration, up to 10 minutes

You cause a great wave of sand to rise, move, then crash upon the shore. You create a line up to 150 feet long and up to 30-feet wide starting from yourself and extending to a point you can see that is also part of the shore.

All creatures within the area must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw or be knocked prone and moved to the end of the line to an unoccupied space of your choice. All other creatures can choose to move anywhere along the outside edge of the line.

Any creature moved by this spell that is pushed into a rock, wall, or other hard object suffers 1d6 bludgeoning damage for each 10 feet of movement forced on them by the spell.

You can choose any unoccupied space around the outside edge of the line when you finish casting this spell, teleporting to that location.

## Erosion

9th-level evocation

**Classes:** Druid

**Casting Time:** 1 action

**Range:** 300 feet

**Components:** V, S, E (coast)

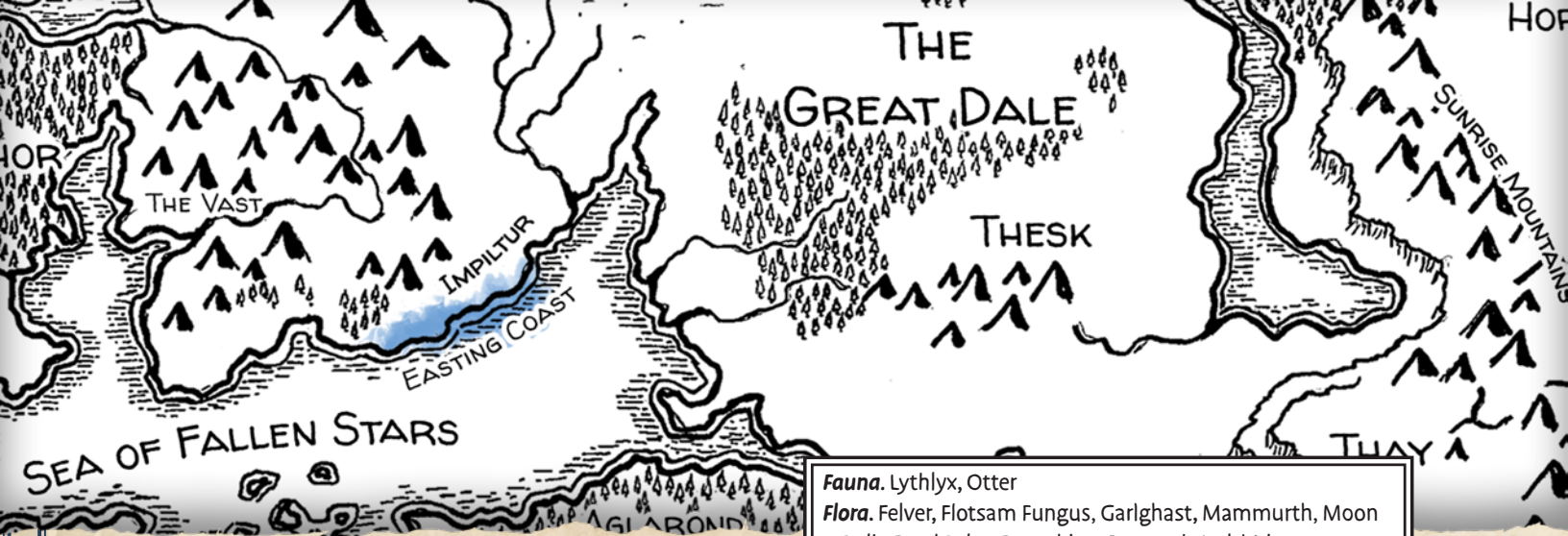
**Duration:** Concentration, up to 8 hours

Reaching out, you create an imbalance in the flow of water. All nearby water begins to rush toward a single point on land you choose within 5 feet of a great body of water such as a lake or river. The rush of water evacuates that location immediately, filling it with more water.

Each round you maintain concentration on this spell, you can choose a new point to evacuate, as long as it is within 5 feet of a great body of water. If the location you choose is occupied by a creature or object that can be moved, it is displaced to a nearby location of its choice no further away than half its speed.







## Locations

### Easting Coast

The Sea of Fallen Stars has seen a lot over the years. Before the Spellplague, it was Faerûn's most well-travelled inland body of water, and you could see the flags of numerous coastal nations flying on the horizon. Unfortunately, when the Spellplague came, great fissures into the Underdark opened beneath the Sea of Fallen Stars, draining it like a cork pulled from the bottom of a washtub. Towns once built on the coast were now bordered only by thick mud. Islands that sunk over a millennia earlier resurfaced. Worse yet, the denizens of the Sea of Fallen Stars, such as dragon turtles, sahuagin, and aquatic elves, were robbed of their homes. These creatures rose up from the mud and thousands of years of shipwrecks, wreaking havoc on the already tortured residents of the former coastline.

The recovery of the sea was not much better than its loss. During the Second Sundering, a great rain came in the autumn of 1485, and the people of the former Easting Coast would not see the sun or blue skies for over a year. The torrential rain hammered the long-suffering land, and after a century of rebuilding their lives without the Sea of Fallen Stars, the people were beaten and battered by the floods that would follow. Thousands perished in the floods, lightning strikes tore towers asunder, and the winds capsized the boats that tried to sail the growing waters. The towns and cities that rose over the last century were flooded, reclaimed by the sea.

Today, the Easting Coast is a shadow of what it once was. In my mind's eye, I can see Elminster's memory of Lyrabar, once a glorious city known for its architecture and renowned magic academy, now a seedy port where the local guard is in the pocket of criminal organizations. It's heartbreaking for me to see today, even if Lyrabar's golden age ended before I was born.

**Fauna.** Lythlyx, Otter

**Flora.** Felver, Flotsam Fungus, Garlghast, Mammurth, Moon Bulb, Reed Palm, Roouddan, Rosecork, Vulthirk

- A floating dock, holding a king's bounty worth of trade goods and valuables was cut free in the night. It's been sighted on the Sea of Fallen Stars and a bounty has been placed on its intact retrieval.
- A local farmer tried to buy back his family's ancestral land at auction, and all the locals agreed not to bid. One merchant didn't follow suit and bought the land for a steal. Now he's posting notices to hire private security.
- A fearful trader went along the length of the Easting Coast spreading tales of a deep depression he found in the water. He claims to have seen deep sea creatures emerging from this water-sink-hole.
- The coasts around these parts are infamous for their clean and safe natures. Yet something is causing a fuss: birds that fly over the line between shore and water fall to the ground dead. No cause has been found.

Where the Easting Coast shines, however, is not in Lyrabar or even New Sarshel, but in the rural areas in between the cities. The industrious people of Impiltur returned to working the land almost the moment the clouds parted, and over the last decade, they've transformed the coastline into a thriving pastoral region again. The Royal Road, once a well-maintained and well-travelled road for merchants spanning between the major cities along the coast, is now a dirt path of broadly varying quality, more heavily used by shepherds moving their flocks from one grazing ground to another. In some areas, the Royal Road is tightly packed from travel by wagons carrying their wares, mostly to nearby shipping ports. In others, it's almost entirely overtaken by the grass, with only a few wagon tracks or hoof prints to suggest it's ever travelled. Unfortunately, much of the Royal Road is easily preyed upon by bandits, making it a dangerous proposition to travel between the cities.

From the edge of the Royal Road, one can see the Sea of Fallen Stars, dotted with fishing boats near the coast, with the sails of larger ships in the distance. All along the shore are small wooden docks built



from whatever wood the people could source from the area. The fishing industry has rebuilt itself faster than I ever would've imagined. In a decade, entirely new spawning seasons and traveling paths have taken shape among the various species living in the Sea of Fallen Stars, and the local fishers have wasted no time in learning to track them.

A unique innovation I saw along the Easting Coast, likely borne from the difficulty of sinking posts into the soft mud, was the floating dock. Floating docks were not solid structures held aloft over the water's surface, but instead, resembled rafts built atop sealed wooden barrels and tethered to posts on the shore. Many of these docks were very clearly made from scrap, perhaps old broken-down wagons or pieces of former barns. Regardless, the floating docks were durable, and withstood the wind and fluctuating tides of the sea.

Looking north from the road, one is faced with farmlands stretching out as far as the eye can see. Every form of cereal and tuber one could imagine flourishes along the Easting Coast, especially the hardy roouddan, a local staple. Fields of grains blow in the breeze like an ocean. Orchards overflow with rich and juicy fruits, hanging heavy on the branches. Small bridges cross the ditches and streams that flow through the fields, feeding fresh water to the crops. For the cities to have been so badly decimated, it feels like the farmland is a paradise.

Arclath and I chatted with a middle-aged elven woman named Adorah who managed a farm on the coast, and who had been 'lucky' enough to have survived both the Spellplague and the floods of the Second Sundering. She told us her crops were beginning to underperform even before the Spellplague came. She pulled a dusty tome from her shelf to show us the seasonal harvests and how they'd been dwindling for a few years even before the Sea of Fallen Stars drained into the Underdark. Adorah was one of the first to begin replanting by hand after the rains let up, and now she employs dozens of farmers to work her fields.

"We'd been chewing all of the life and abundance out of the soil for decades," Adorah told us, "Even though our fields got washed out into the sea, I think the rain brought down so much rich earth from the foot of the Earthfast Mountains that it rejuvenated the soil. I'm one of the lucky ones, to have seen every step of the way. So many of the short-lived folk lived their entire lives and died during the drought, and so many more never made it through to see the other side of the flood."

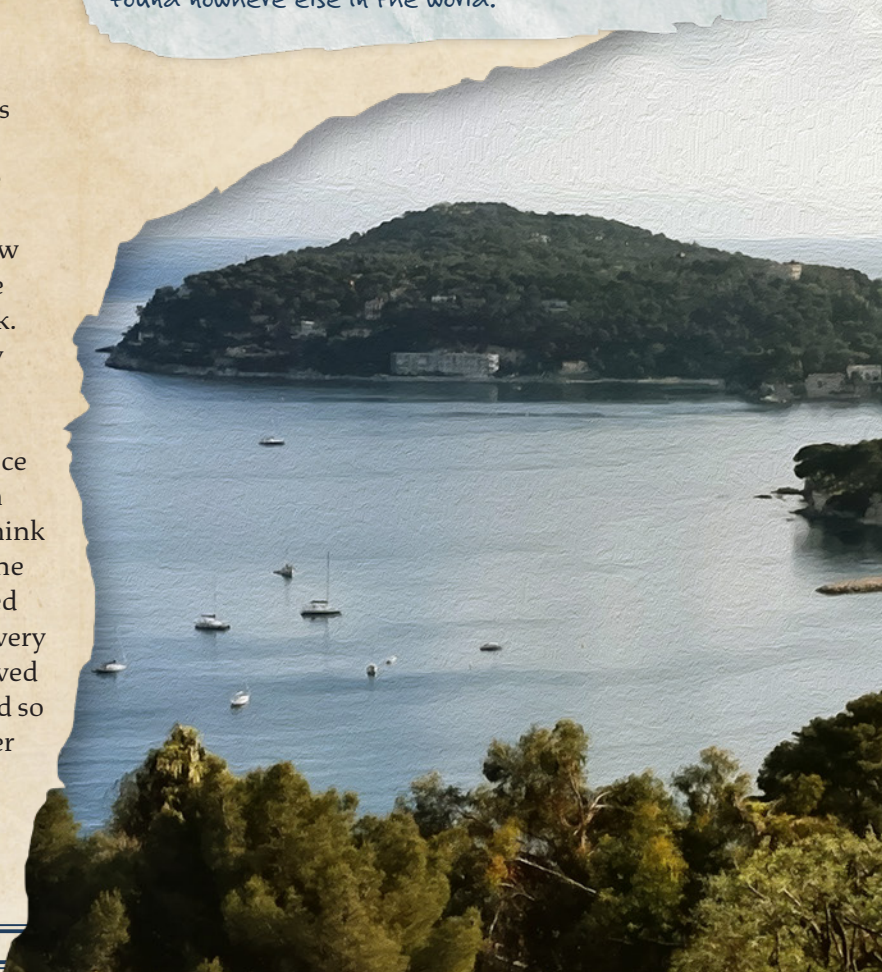
#### MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD SITUATION

The people of Impiltur are remarkably resilient. I cannot express to you all of the ways that they have overcome great hardships. My favorite way to experience their resilience, however, is through black vinegar roasted beets.

As the local legend goes, there was a vineyard that was established by a wealthy merchant from Hlammach just before the Spellplague came. However, the soil quality was awful, and for all of the money he threw at it and all the samples he'd tasted, the merchant didn't know anything about actually making wine. The merchant lost nearly all of his business and abandoned the vineyard.

A year or so later, bandits found the abandoned manor and its withered vineyard, and believed they'd struck treasure when they found the wine casks. However, the ill-kept wine had turned to vinegar during its abandonment. Not just any vinegar, however, but a thick, concentrated, nearly black vinegar with an intense flavor. The bandits decided to sell it to a merchant, who would in turn market it as a delicacy.

The merchant wound up buying the abandoned manor, and today, his granddaughter runs the vineyard. Even after the flood, the soil is still terrible for growing grapes for wine, but the black vinegar is exquisite. When used for roasting the local black beets, you're in for a darkly indulgent treat found nowhere else in the world.







## Lapaliya

I imagine at some point you're going to tire of me talking about all of the havoc the Spellplague wrought. You'll see the words 'Second Sundering' and roll your eyes, dreading another passage in which I wax endlessly about the catastrophic changes to Faerûn. That being said, I cannot simply leave these things by the wayside. To tell you that Lapaliya is a desert boasting a single city would be meaningless if I did not tell you it was once a thriving country of traders and merchants, surrounded by verdant lands.

The Spellplague flooded Lapaliya from the Shining Sea, destroying countless towns and settlements like an army marching across the land. And, like an army, it salted the land. When the floods receded, all that remained of Lapaliya was a desert.

So often, I think of water being the wellspring of life. Places that have water flourish, and places without it are left barren. Lapaliya is a strange anomaly, in that sense. I remember the first time Arclath and I climbed one of the sand dunes and found ourselves gazing out at the Shining Sea. For a moment, we stood in silent awe, before looking to each other as though to question if we were both seeing the same mirage.

In Lapaliya, the wind that blows from the ocean doesn't bring rain, but instead gray skies and heavy fog, never enough to leave the land more than uncomfortably damp for a few hours before the beating sun steals all the moisture away again. It will still be a few books before I truly delve into how much life can exist in a seemingly empty desert, but for now, let me tell you that even though Lapaliya was more vacant than most due to the salt in the sand, we were never truly alone in these lands.

In the narrow band between the desert and the sea, a diving tree had taken root on the shore.

**Fauna.** Dessurk, Dire Shark, Lythlyx, Sand Elemental, Sandcastle Mimic

**Flora.** Diving Tree, Elengur, Felver, Flotsam Fungus, Garlghost, Jassym, Mammurth, Vulthirk

- The Lapol League is mounting forces at the recently recovered ruins of Lushpool. A contingent of soldiers gather north-east to forestall an incursion from wild elves. Only, you've found evidence they are striking from the south.
- A craftsman sent her apprentice to collect diving tree seeds for her carving, and told him not to dare return without them. He hasn't been seen in a tenday.
- A young girl claims to have seen the top of a massive temple buried in the sand. She backs this up with a broken idol made of gold and shaped in the head of a snake.
- Grave robber or archeologist? As folks move in and find artifacts deeper in Elfharrow, they need assistance from people who can help move those artifacts up and down the coast before they're stopped by the native elves of the land.

Schools of small fish came up with the waves to nibble at the algae that grew on the tree's roots, and seagulls would perch on the big round leaves above, waiting to scoop up an unsuspecting meal. Sea turtles of all sizes swam in the shallows, exploring up and down the coast. However, the most striking sign of life was no beast, but instead, the still living magics left behind by the Spellplague.

At first, I thought we were seeing water elementals dancing in the waves. From the dunes where we'd laid our camp, we could see fountains of water rising up from the surface of the sea, twisting and twirling before splashing down again. At other times, it seemed like tendrils of saltwater weaving and braiding into each other as they snaked across the horizon before dipping below the waves again, like a massive sea dragon. These were no elementals, but instead, living spells that still roamed the coast.

One night, under the light of the full moon, Arclath stirred me from my rest. I startled of course, as I couldn't imagine any reason to be woken from a deep sleep besides responding to a threat to our



lives, but he took my hand and led me out of the tent to show me what he had seen minutes before. On the beach below us, hundreds if not thousands of tiny sea turtles were digging up out of the sand, their little flippers paddling themselves along the shore toward the lapping waves. It was a miraculous sight to behold, sitting on the narrow strip between a barren desert and the chaos of the sea, watching so many tiny lives spring forth.

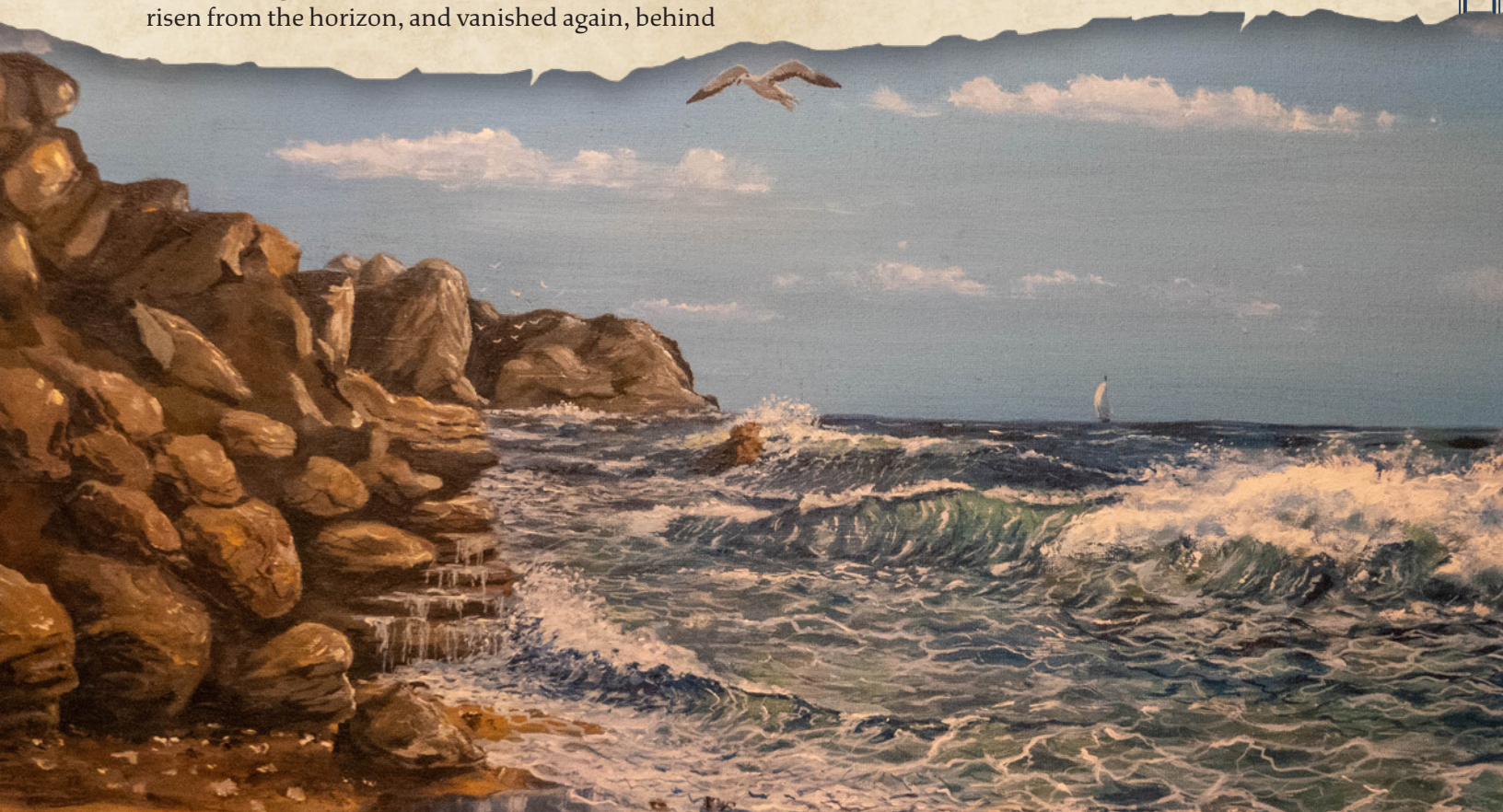
We watched the baby sea turtles rise up, some a mere two inches long and some the size of dinner plates, no doubt laid by giant sea turtles. Yet, all of them made the same struggle, flapping awkwardly toward the waves, desperate to be swept out into the ocean. When the sun rose, however, so too came the predators. Seagulls began to circle, seeking an easily-plucked breakfast. Though I usually respect the circle of life, there was something that seemed almost grotesque, to watch the tiny sea turtles being snatched up from the shore just feet away from the lapping waters. I grabbed up a chunk of broken seashell from the sand beside me, and hurled it at one of the birds.

Soon, Arclath and I both were throwing pieces of shell and pebbles at the seagulls. I have to admit, they're stubborn birds and unlikely to starve in the fertile shallows of the Shining Sea even if they were to skip this meal. Perhaps it was a fool's errand, but we wanted to at least give the hatchlings a chance at life. Eventually, the birds moved on to find easier targets, and the last few stragglers of baby sea turtles were making their way down the shore. The sun had risen from the horizon, and vanished again, behind

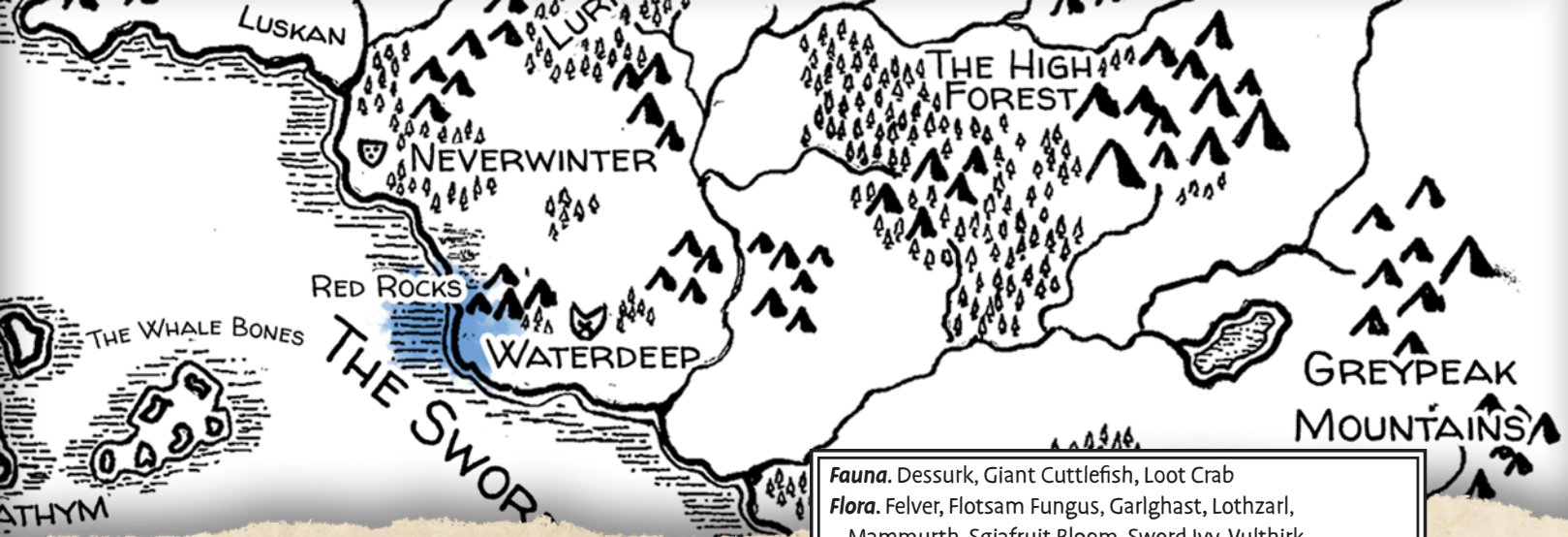
a heavy shelf of gray clouds that hung over the sea. A band of dull white light stretched across the horizon, capped by storm clouds in the distance, and in the stretch between the ocean and the storms, we could see waterspouts reaching up like fingers, tangled between the two. These waterspouts swayed and twirled and tied themselves in knots before slipping free again, dancing across the horizon. For all the storms and clouds of living spells I've seen in my life, I've never seen any so grand.

I sank back down onto the crest of the dune, sitting and watching the distant storms, while Arclath stood beside me. We'd barely spoken a word in hours, taking in all of the fantastical sights of nature. Now, we were both struck by the realization that while we did what we could, the fate of all of those little lives were now well beyond our reach. We gave them a chance at life, but the world is a large and terrifying place, with a million opportunities to snatch it away. It would be nothing short of hubris to think that we mere mortal humans stood any better chance in the world than the hatchlings.

We took refuge in our tent, thinking a storm was coming. Heavy winds fluttered at our tent, and the sand piled up on the western side, but we only heard a few small drops of rain pitter patter on our roof in the middle of the night. The next morning, we woke to heavy fog and the sound of the rolling tide. Lapaliiya was silent again, but for the narrow strip of life at the shore where living spells danced and cracked like whips at the waterfowl who got a little too curious.







## Red Rocks

North of the city of Waterdeep are the Red Cliffs, named as such for the striking color of their granite. Red mottled with gray tends to create more of a pink appearance from a distance, but the Pink Cliffs probably wouldn't inspire so many sailors to keep a safe distance. While the cliffs are picturesque, the real danger lies in the sea below, in the Red Rocks. Countless ages of waves crashing upon the cliffs have broken off chunks or carved away sections that now rise up from the sea in jagged spires. Were the waters clearer, I could only imagine how many broken carcasses of sea vessels might lay at the feet of the cliffs, having been thrown upon the Red Rocks and shattered.

While larger boats avoid the Red Rocks, smaller ships are drawn like magnets, as fisheries from all along the Sword Coast come here to ply their trade. You see, within these treacherous rocks are a wide variety of fish and shellfish, many of which fetch high prices as delicacies in Waterdeep.

In order to get a closeup look at the Red Rocks from sea level rather than simply peering down from the cliffs above, Arclath and I sought passage on a fishing vessel. Because these boats are so small, they generally need every set of available hands in order to make it worth a person taking up the space that could've been filled with more fresh catch. To my surprise, Arclath stepped up, offering himself not as a fisher per se, but instead as a hawker to help the captain sell his seafood once we'd returned to Waterdeep. The captain looked at Arclath like something of a swindler at first, before agreeing to take a risk on him.

While sailing out to the Red Rocks, the best thing we could do for the crew was stay out of their way. Even if the Red Rocks were easier to navigate in a small vessel, they were by no means a safe place to sail. I found an out-of-the-way perch and watched

**Fauna.** Dessurk, Giant Cuttlefish, Loot Crab

**Flora.** Felver, Flotsam Fungus, Garlghast, Lothzarl, Mammurth, Sgiafruit Bloom, Sword Ivy, Vulthirk

- A noble from Waterdeep has gone missing, his private pleasure yacht was last seen dangerously close to the Red Rocks.
- A Waterdhavian beauty trend around 'red mud packs' is leading enterprising young sailors to scoop it up by the buckets. When their ships begin sprouting leaks, they blame the clam fishers, who have complained about their practices from day one.
- A surly dwarven sailor's been causing a stink down in Waterdeep's Dock ward. He says he saw a ship flying a Luskan banner dumping something into the waters at Red Rocks.
- Each tenday, on the ninth of the week, a ghostly green ship can be seen around the red rocks. It's gotten to the point merchants are taking extra precautions, making inbound shipments late.

as our boat, and a small fleet of others, navigated the crashing waves and jagged rocks under the shadow of the cliff in the early morning. By the time the sun crested over the cliff, we were already at our destination.

Every boat seemed outfitted for a different task. Some were hauling up massive cages that they'd dropped off hours before, filled with fresh crabs. Some ships were throwing out fine-mesh nets and dragging up massive hauls of mud, which they began to pick small clams out of while swabbies swept the mud back off the deck. Then, there were those who fished with rod and line, filling the water around their boats with baited hooks and waiting for nibbles.

Our ship was here to collect oysters. While the captain was fine with me staying on the deck to take notes and collect my observations, he insisted that Arclath put some labor in, and this meant dressing him in thick wading boots that extended halfway up his thigh, along with heavy oiled leather gloves. He was provided with a rake and a basket and dropped off in the muddy shallows at the base of a large rock along with the rest of the crew.



For hours, I watched him trudge about in the shallows, nearly getting toppled by every other wave that came along. He dredged up the mud and oysters with his rake, fishing out the dead ones or the ones that were too small and throwing them back in the ocean, separating the good ones into his basket. While the other fishermen had come back to the boat to empty their baskets three and four times, Arclath managed to collect barely half a basket, and resembled a half-drowned rat by the time he was finished. By the time I helped pull him back up onto the deck, he was exhausted, drenched, and covered in mud. The other fishermen laughed, and threw buckets of water over him to “help him” wash up, all clearly more accustomed to the degree of labor than he was.

By the time we arrived back in Waterdeep, the sun was going down. I had entirely expected Arclath to spend the rest of the evening sulking at the inn, as he'd been sulking below deck for the return trip, but I was surprised to see him come back above deck with a clean set of clothes and his hair nicely combed. If anything, he was rejuvenated by his stubbornness, or perhaps his spite; the fishermen laughed before, but he considered himself a man of his word, and he would not let anyone say that the Delcastle boy had not lived up to his promise.

The fish market at Waterdeep was as stinky as you might imagine. The early morning catch was already beginning to smell rank, and many of the fishmongers were beginning to offer deep discounts on whatever they had still good enough to sell. However, Arclath walked right out of the dockside market and into a tavern and winery across the street, where he struck a deal with the owner. Soon, he had a small table with a tablecloth, lit candles, glass of wine, a bowl of lemons, and a small bunch of flowers set up on the street outside the tavern, with a bucket of oysters right beside him.

This was an odd sight indeed for anyone walking by, but it caught the attention of more than just the kitchen maids and eatery cooks. Soon, even nobles were pausing to ask Arclath what he was doing with this strange setup. Rather than telling them, he showed them, shucking the oysters open right at the table before serving up samples. He spritzed them with a flourish of lemon juice and talked all the while about his favorite wine choices to pair with oysters. The captain was rolling his eyes at first, but soon, nobles were leaving with orders for full baskets of oysters, and enquiring about how to procure more for parties and events.

Fishing is a dangerous line of work, even if you don't go so far as to fish among the Red Rocks on the Sword Coast; many of the sailors I met vacillated between praying to Umberlee and cursing and spitting her name as their vessels rocked on the waves. However, it can be difficult to charge a hazardous pay when there are so many other fishers willing to try to undercut one another in order to make their bread. That day, Arclath convinced them that the best way to appeal to the tastes of Waterdeep was not to convince them that the oysters were rare or difficult to obtain, but to show them how high-fashion and haughty they could be while consuming them.

#### HOW TO CONSUME OYSTERS

Most anything that comes out of the sea will be eaten by someone. I can imagine even sahuagin eat oysters by bashing them on rocks until they crack open. However, the difference between a common food consumed by primitive creatures, and a delicacy consumed by the rich and noble, is a matter of presentation.

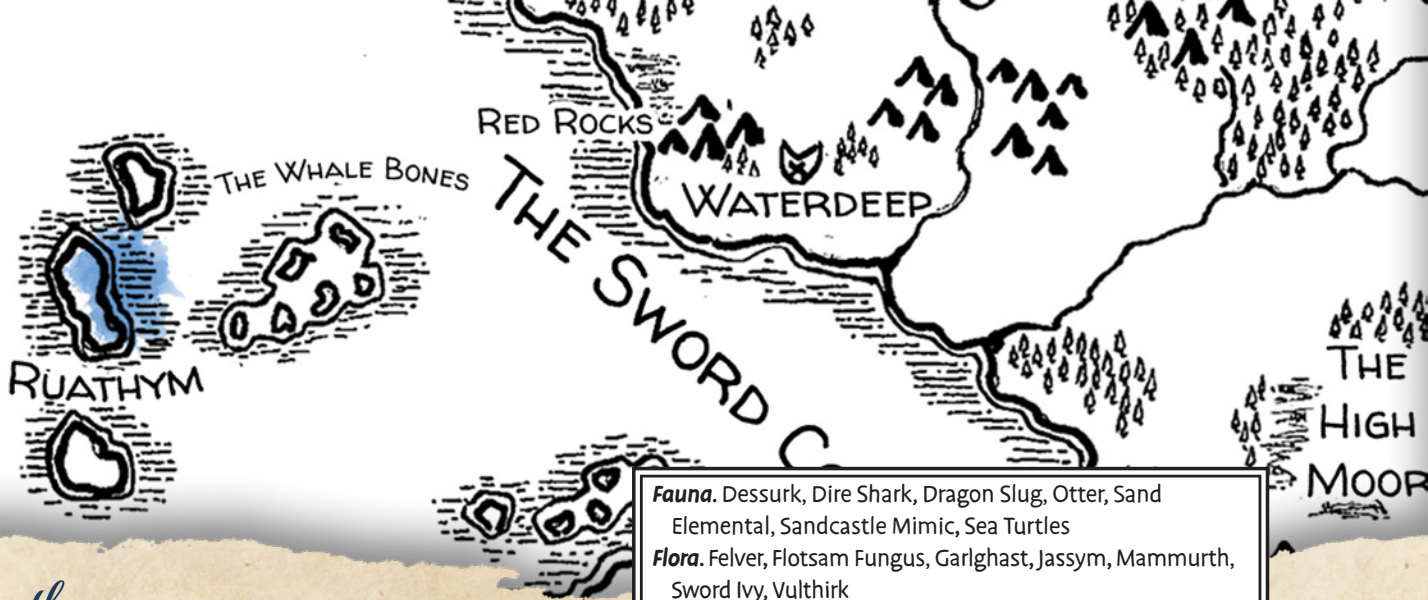
A properly eaten raw oyster requires certain tools; truly the mark of civilization. While some wear gloves, I prefer to use a thick dinner napkin which is folded over, to hold the oyster in place. A special oyster knife is carefully inserted into the 'hinge' and twisted to pry the oyster open. One must be careful not to exert too much force, lest they lose control of the knife. I have seen far too many dinner parties wind up with blood splashed across an unsuspecting guest.

Once the top half of the shell is removed, one slides the tip of the knife under the meat of the oyster to loosen it from the lower shell. I recommend tipping the shell at this point to drain off but a splash of the liquid inside, washing away any broken bits of shell or sand. Do not pour it all out! The brine is a natural sauce. Flip the oyster over within the remains of its brine, and sprinkle it with either a few drops of vinegar or a light spritz of lemon before promptly slurping it right out of the shell.

Just because something is slurped does not mean it is swallowed whole. Take your time to chew and savor, not only to enjoy the taste of the ocean filling your senses, but also to give your tender fingertips a rest. Oysters are a challenge, but if you properly display your dominance over the creatures of the ocean, you will be rewarded with a sweet and salty treat.

Pair with a dry white wine.





## Ruathym

Arclath and I were in Waterdeep when we saw the most stunning sight. Among all the galleys, cogs, and caravels standing high in the water, their masts seeming poised to brush the clouds, a much smaller ship pulled into port. This ship was low, and long, with a single sail and rows of oars manned by lines of men down its narrow deck. Even experienced sailors stopped to watch this boat pull into the docks.

"That's a dragonship," said one of the sailors, "Don't see those much anymore."

Of course, I couldn't hear a thing like that without wondering why. That evening, I noticed a tavern we'd been frequenting was bustling with these brawny Illuskan men from the dragonship, clad in furs and beards. I asked the barkeep where the new sailors were from, and he told me about an island called Ruathym.

Ruathym, as it turns out, was but a narrow strip of an island, far north of the Moonshae Isle. A thin spine of mountains rose up out of the ocean fog, sprouted with stands of pine trees, and were settled by the Northmen. However, Ruathym had no shortage of pain and tragedy, and through protracted war with Luskan, most of the Ruathym fleet of legendary dragonships had been destroyed. Once upon a time, these small, fast ships could be seen trading up and down the Sword Coast from the southern line of Calimshan all the way up to the Sea of Moving Ice.

Of course, hearing how rare the appearance of one of these ships was and word of such a unique island, was all too tempting. I had to approach the Northmen! Though Arclath was far less enthusiastic than I was, I think they appreciated my forwardness. I marched right up to the table with the gentleman I assumed to be their captain, laid down my pile of notes in between the mugs and platters, and told him what I'd set out to do.

**Fauna.** Dessurk, Dire Shark, Dragon Slug, Otter, Sand Elemental, Sandcastle Mimic, Sea Turtles


**Flora.** Felver, Flotsam Fungus, Garlghast, Jassym, Mammurth, Sword Ivy, Vulthirk

- A sudden cold-snap has caused irreparable damage to the crops around Ruathym. A fishing tournament is being held to restock wintering supplies. Any and all are invited to participate.
- An artifact dug up from Ruathym's coast and sold to a wealthy wizard was discovered to be a fake. Now, all of the local magic wares are being called into question.
- While on a stroll, a Ruathen said he saw a dragonship made of dragonbone heading to Luskan from Ruathym's shores. When he approached it in a rowboat, a green mist took him and placed him back ashore before he could reach it.
- A great peaceful dragon-turtle has taken up residence nearby. However, more than a few have come to slay the beast for treasure. These rougher types are causing trouble. They should be taken care of.

The pride of a Ruathym sailor is not something that should be underestimated. They were excited at the concept of an explorer coming to document their island to tell others about its beauty and spirit. Before the night was over, Arclath and I were each three or four mugs of ale deep, I can't really remember how much, and surrounded by the boisterous songs of the Ruathym sailors. Most of their songs were in their native language, a dialect of Illuskan, but a few were in common. Before I finally fell asleep, I recall Arclath trying to sing along, and most assuredly butchering their native tongue.

However, the captain was a man of his word, and when I woke up, I was being carried down to the docks in a litter made from a canvas from my own traveling gear. The captain and his crew checked us out of our inn room, collected our belongings, and they were ensuring that Arclath and I made it onto the boat regardless of our degree of consciousness. Though I appreciate him keeping up both ends of the bargain we'd struck, I have to admit it was more than a little unsettling to wake up in the middle of what felt like an abduction.





Traveling on a dragonship, also known as a longship, is not a comfortable experience. There is no retreating below deck; under your feet are some loose planks that cover whatever cargo is being carried, usually a large supply of food and fresh water with a few boxes of trade goods. There is also no real protection from the elements. My weather-treated canvas that had been used to haul my hungover body to the boat was now the only protection Arclath and I had from sun, rain, or ocean spray, which pelted us plentifully on our journey.

Between the changes in weather and our detour around the Whalebones archipelago, it took us nearly three days to cover just over five-hundred miles, traveling at many times the speed a caravel or cog could manage. The tradeoff being the dragonship was defenseless, but for the hands of its crew; it bore no ballistae, catapults, or rams, but instead, its crew stood watch with bows and crossbows in hand, in case of a pirate attack.

The sun was setting behind the mountain ridge of Ruathym, an island no longer than a hundred miles and surely half the breadth. The evening twilight painted the mountains purple, and shined off the thin ridge of snow that capped the tips. In the shadows at the base of the mountain, the shore was lined with torches, and cheers rose up from families who had long awaited the return of their sailors.

The largest settlement on Ruathym was named, confusingly, Ruathym, and was home to around 6,000 people. This was quite a change of pace for us, as we'd been working out of Waterdeep for some time, a city home to over 340,000 people. The people of Ruathym were a hardy folk, and they had to be in order to survive on the island, which was plagued by fog, snow, and sleet for eight months out of the year. Though we'd arrived before the sea froze, and intended to leave well before it took, the weather conditions were still biting cold and miserably soggy.

The beaches of Ruathym were composed of gravel and pebbles in some areas, but most of the coastline was pure, shining white sand that looked almost like snow under the dim gray sky. Large shells and seaweed washed up on the shore frequently, and children were often sent down to the shore

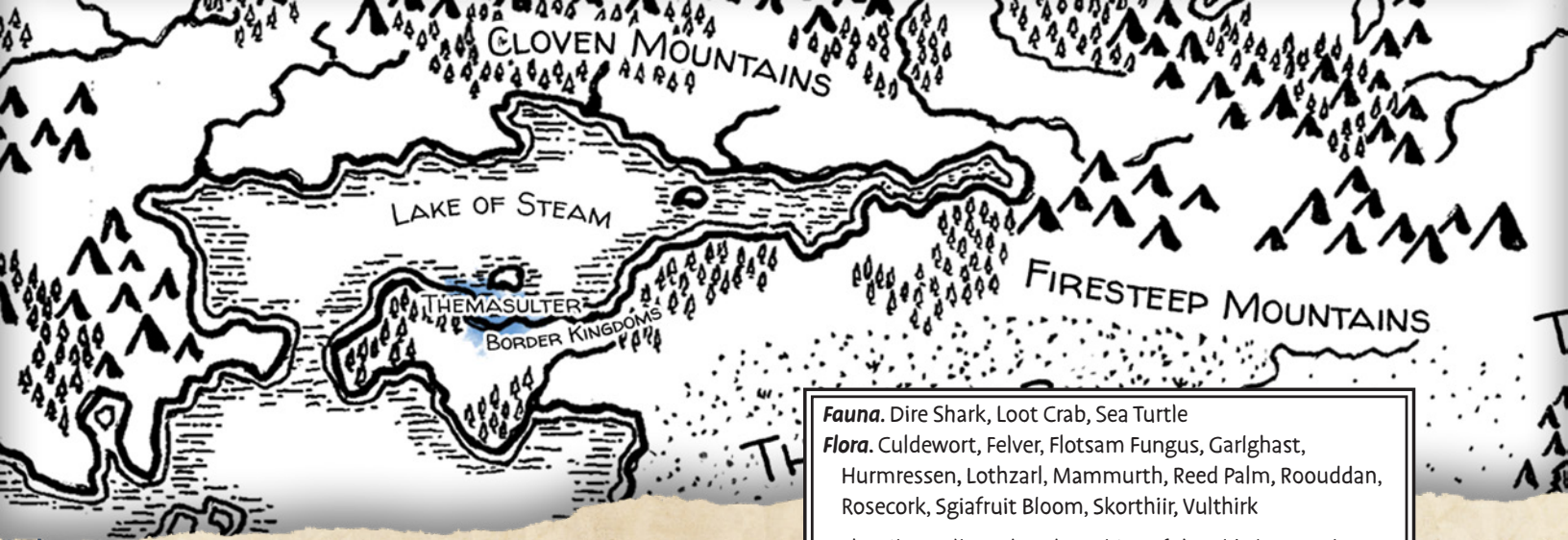
to wade out and harvest clumps of seaweed to be used in much of the island's cuisine. Though I wanted very badly to visit the Green Room, a famed magical library maintained on the island, I knew that I needed to focus more on the natural wonders of the island.

I found that in several places around Ruathym, nature had reclaimed long-abandoned fortresses of both human and dwarven construction; waves had beaten and broken the high stone walls that I'm sure were once very impressive, and storms had washed away much of their contents. However, these places were far from barren. Even thousands of years after the ruins were inhabited, and surely after hundreds of years of adventuring and pillaging, Ruathym divers took to the sea floor beneath the coastal fortresses, digging for treasure. Though centuries or even millennia of storms had washed away so much, countless magical relics were still buried just offshore under the waves and sand. Collecting and selling these relics all along the Sword Coast is the primary trade industry of Ruathym.

Much like the arctic north, I can't fathom why anyone decided that Ruathym would be a fine place to settle. The strips of arable land for farming are few and far between, filled mostly with hardy root vegetables. They kept little in the way of large livestock, though every household I spotted had at least one goat to their name, no doubt descended from the wild mountain goats that lived high above their civilization.

Though I had hoped to add Ruathym's mountains to my chapters on mountains, predictions of autumn storms cut our stay on the island short. In order to avoid getting frozen in for the season, our dear captain offered to take us with him up to Luskan. He claimed he had trade arrangements there, and "a few people to punch in the teeth," though I didn't ask him how often those matters came hand in hand. I was disappointed to board the dragonships within less than a tenday of our arrival, but I left Ruathym with a belly full of chevon and barley soup, a few new sea shanties that I don't know the meaning of, and a small bottle full of the most brilliant, crystal-white sand you've ever seen.





## Themasulter

I never expected to have the argument I had with Arclath over this locale. He is, after all, my editor, so we do go over wording or framing for chapters together in great detail. But this time, we instead found ourselves arguing over the difference between soup and stew. I'll skip over the bickering and tell you that we eventually came to the conclusion that while a stew and a soup were similar, the content of liquid really made the difference; a stew is hardy and thick, with lots of chunks of meat or vegetables suspended in broth, while a soup is primarily liquid that may or may not have anything solid in it. Therefore, the best word for describing the coast of Themasulter would be "soup."

Once upon a time, Themasulter was a thriving fishing port in a cove. But, over the last century, the cove has silted up and become a mess of tidal flats and quicksand. As the tides shift, one might see chunks of old shipwrecks rising up in the mud before sinking again in a matter of hours.

I imagine if the ground itself began to swallow up my home, I would probably strap everything I could carry to my back and start walking up the nearest hill. I can't help but feel that the people of Themasulter, however, are varying parts stubborn and oblivious. Travel through the town is possible only by rickety boardwalks supported by timber pilings and rafts floating on the surface of the mud. These boardwalks must constantly be reinforced to keep them from sinking. It goes without saying that every house in Themasulter is crooked, and all of the rooflines are sagging. Any sturdy stone buildings that once existed have long since crumbled, and all that remain are the wooden structures flexible enough to bend without breaking.

I did not want to stay in Themasulter any longer than necessary. I'm generally more apt to roughing it than Arclath is, but the mud and sour air were

**Fauna.** Dire Shark, Loot Crab, Sea Turtle

**Flora.** Culdewort, Felver, Flotsam Fungus, Garlghast, Hurmressen, Lothzarl, Mammurth, Reed Palm, Roouddan, Rosecork, Sgiafruit Bloom, Skorthiir, Vulthirk

- The silt-swallowed trading ships of the old Themasulter port contain a veritable trove of lost treasures. Extraction operations coordinated by the low-lives who've established themselves here are aplenty.
- A criminal accused of crimes too ghastly to list has been tracked to Themasulter, a known cesspool of fugitives. But, the locals just know him as the kindly old boatswain who's willing to work for chickens or kegs of beer.
- Sightings of large creatures and otherworldly yellow glows have emerged from the waters a league from Themasulter. An older man in town has been raving about the return of a demigod.
- A ship streaked through the sky a tenday ago, crashing into the waters a few miles from Themasulter. While fools search the open waters, a hot tip has pointed you toward a series of hidden caverns, where mysterious lights were recently seen.

less difficult to deal with than the visible criminal element. You see, there's no reason to come to Themasulter to do any good; it serves its purpose best as a place where people can meet and do business outside the watchful eye of the law. I've never felt more likely to be mugged in my life, which is not a pleasant feeling to mix with the tightrope-sque sensation of the boardwalks.

Unfortunately, for as many lovely locales as we've rushed through that I'd love to have spent months in, this had to be the place where we'd get stuck. A tenday worth of heavy rainstorms came, washing away a number of boardwalk paths and half-destroying the docks. Needless to say, there would be no boats coming or going from Themasulter for some time. At the time, we were staying in the discomfort of a dusty old room being rented out by the local net-weaver in lieu of any formal inns or taverns in the town. The stew tasted strange, the ale tasted awful, and while the weaver Grusk seemed a kindly sort, he also regarded the rats infesting his home as pets, so we didn't dare exterminate the ones tearing into our rations or blankets without risking expulsion.



After nearly a fortnight in this filthy, muddy town, the potion seller came to vend some strange concoctions to Grusk. Though she wore a veil over her head, I feel relatively certain she was a hag. Do not misunderstand me, as I do not use the term 'hag' simply to refer to an ugly old woman, but I genuinely believe this may have been a hag of the poisoning, kidnapping, sour-deal-making sort. She cackled and giggled from under her veil, and insisted everyone call her Grandma Tesma, and I do mean she insisted.

Grandma Tesma heard of our predicament through Grusk and decided to volunteer some advice. She told us there was a network of caves along the shore that smugglers use to hide their ill gotten gains. However, some of the caves collapsed over time, and while the smugglers abandoned them, they likely still contained boats and other useful things.

The gravelly giggle that followed her advice, like everything else she said, did not put me or Arclath at ease. But, we were being driven mad by the rhythmic plink of the leaky roof dripping into a collection of clay pots and rusty pans scattered around our room, and Arclath was beginning to recognize the rats by name, so we were willing to take any opportunity to get out of here.

The very next afternoon, Arclath and I departed. Usually we would try to travel at first dawn, but we didn't want to meet with any of the smugglers coming back from their late-night meetings. Once all of the hooligans had turned in for the day, we slipped out with the legitimate fishermen who were somehow still keeping this town alive and trudged our way up the muddy shores toward the caves.

We were now in quite a predicament. We had no interest in poking our heads inside a cave populated by bandits guarding their smuggled

hoards, but finding a cave full of anything but mud and monsters would pose quite a challenge. We got lucky, and after having to run for our lives only twice, the third cave we peeked into was still in decent shape. Though there had obviously been a cave-in at some point, as evidenced by the fallen rock and scraps of wooden crates, a single wooden dinghy had survived near the mouth of the cave.

As I began checking the boat for holes or rot, Arclath's attention was drawn to a nearby chest that had survived the cave-in. Its metal bands were a little rusty, and the wood was waterlogged, but the lid was slightly agape and he could see a few coins wedged in the opening.

"Can you believe someone just left this?" he asked, lifting the lid.

Almost as if those were the magic words prophesied to unseal some horror of the deep, the chest began to rise and shudder. Instantly, I presumed a mimic. After all, any adventurer worth their salt always maintains the idea in the back of their mind that any mundane object could be a mimic. But instead, a pair of pincers rose up from the wet sand, clacking toward Arclath and only narrowly missing him. A creature we would later learn to identify as a loot crab rose up from the mud, unfolding its long legs from under the treasure chest that it had adopted as its home. While a mimic would technically have been more dangerous than a large crab, it still sent me and Arclath both screaming to the boat, where we quickly worked to dislodge it and push it into the waters outside.

Today, Themasulter remains at the bottom of the list of places I'd like to see again. While I am relatively certain several of my belongings were lifted by pickpockets or rats during our time there, none of it is worth going back for.





## Between Adventures

The fringe between land and sea are abundant with life of all shapes and sizes. The mixture of cool salt air, warm sun, and tidal forces create plant-life unlike any other. The following section details a downtime activity which you can participate in to gather the flora of specific regions. Of course, these roots and herbs are not only found in the wild; they can be used to populate marketplaces, act as quest hooks, or simply add another element of depth to an environment. Some even function as spellcasting components to improve spells or can be used in the crafting of weapons and equipment.

### *Downtime Activity: Gathering Plants Expedition*

The world is a wealth of natural resources, and it only takes a keen mind and a bit of regional knowledge to collect its bounty.

**Resources.** An expedition to gather resources and materials takes a workweek from planning to completion. Part of this time is spent gathering information about what types of plants can be found in the region, and how difficult they are to find. Each of the plants on the Regional Flora table designates the regions of Faerûn in which they are most commonly found.

**Resolution.** The character must make a series of checks, with the DC for all checks determined by the plant the character is searching for: the character's choice of Intelligence (Nature) or Wisdom (Survival), Intelligence (Investigation) or Wisdom (Perception), and a Wisdom check using an herbalism kit, or an Intelligence check using alchemist's supplies. If the plant is poisonous, they can use an Intelligence or Wisdom check using a poisoner's kit instead.

If none of the checks are successful, the character becomes lost and is on the expedition for an additional tenday.

If only one check is successful, the character never finds their bounty but returns as expected.

If two checks are successful, the expedition is a partial success, netting the character 1d4 units of the plant they sought after.

If all three checks are successful, the expedition returns 1d4 + 3 units of the plant they sought after. Whether the expedition is a success or a failure, all is not lost. Roll an additional d6 and consult the Mundane Flora table, to determine if anything else was found.

### MUNDANE FLORA

#### d6 Reward

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 | Nothing of value was found, and roll on the Expedition Complication Table.   |
| 2 | Nothing of value was found.  |
| 3 | 5 gp worth of herbs and materials were found.  |
| 4 | 10 gp worth of herbs and materials were found.   |
| 5 | 25 gp worth of herbs and materials were found.   |
| 6 | 25 gp worth of herbs and materials were found, and one unit of one of a unique flora that can be found in the region (determined by the DM). |

### EXPEDITION COMPLICATION TABLE

#### d6 Complication

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | The trail you were following is not where you thought it was, adding two days to your expedition.   |
| 2 | A persuasive and intrusive bard meets you on your journey and insists that, because you overheard his music, you owe him compensation.                        |
| 3 | In the dead hours of the night, your packs are ransacked by local fauna, leaving you with half as many provisions as are required to complete the expedition. |
| 4 | It is too early or late in the season for the plant to have its clear indicators, making it nearly impossible to find.  |
| 5 | You encounter an aggressive band of beasts local to the region.   |
| 6 | A sailor, washed ashore and on the brink of death, entreats you for aid.  |

### MATERIALS: UNITS

When gathering flora, the useful part of the plant varies. In the case of a flower, it might be each individual seed; or in the case of a tree, it could be cords of burl or specific cuts of lumber. The units and values shown here represent what is usefully gathered by a small adventuring band, which is likely far less than the amount of units a major lumbering organization can procure within a tenday.



# REGIONAL FLORA TABLE

	Belladonna	Culdewort	Diving Tree	Elengur	Firethorn	Flotsam Rose	Fungus	Garlghast	Hummresen	Jassym	Lothzarl	Mammurth	Moon Bulb	Reed Palm	Roouddan	Sgiafruit	Rosecork	Bloom	Skorthiir	Sword Ivy	Vulthirk
Aglarond					✓		✓	✓				✓		✓	✓	✓	✓				✓
Amn					✓		✓	✓		✓		✓						✓		✓	✓
Anauroch																					
Beastlands																					
Calimshan			✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						✓		✓
Chessentea					✓		✓	✓				✓			✓	✓	✓				✓
Chondath			✓		✓		✓	✓	✓			✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓		✓
Cormanthor			✓		✓		✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Cormyr			✓		✓		✓	✓	✓			✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Damara															✓	✓	✓				
Dambrath					✓	✓	✓	✓				✓									✓
Elfharrow				✓	✓	✓		✓	✓		✓		✓								✓
Forest of Amtar																					
Great Glacier																					
Halruaa					✓	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓									✓
Hordelands																					
Impiltur					✓		✓	✓				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				✓
Jungles of Chult	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				✓									✓
Lantan	✓			✓	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓								✓	✓
Lapaliya				✓	✓	✓		✓	✓		✓	✓									✓
Luiren					✓	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓									✓
Mhair Jungles				✓	✓		✓	✓		✓		✓									✓
Moonshea Isles					✓		✓	✓		✓		✓								✓	✓
Mulhorand		✓			✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓		✓
Murghôm																					
Narfell																					
Neverwinter					✓		✓	✓				✓							✓		✓
Plains of Purple Dust																					
Samarach					✓		✓	✓				✓									✓
Sembia		✓			✓		✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓
Silver Marches																					
Tethyr					✓		✓	✓				✓							✓		✓
Thay																					
The Dragon Coast		✓			✓		✓	✓	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓
The Great Dale					✓		✓	✓				✓			✓	✓	✓				✓
The High Forest																			✓		
The High Moor																			✓		
The Shaar				✓																	
The Shining Plains		✓			✓		✓	✓	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓
The Wealdath					✓		✓	✓				✓							✓		✓
The Western Heartlands																			✓		
Thesk					✓		✓	✓				✓									✓
Thindol					✓		✓	✓				✓									✓
Turmish		✓			✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓		✓
Tymanther		✓			✓		✓	✓	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓	✓		✓		✓
Unther		✓			✓		✓	✓	✓		✓	✓			✓	✓	✓		✓		✓



## Flora

Presented in this section are details of some of the flora you can find in the breezy coasts of Faerûn and among the many islands found within Toril's seas. The regional flora table in the previous section will detail where they can be found in the wild, and the following section and table provides the details about the flora and their measures and values.

### Flora: Coast

Below is a table which lists each plant included in this book, sorted alphabetically. Each plant has a quantity of material and a gold cost associated with that quantity. The costs listed are for high quality and adventurer-grade examples of each material.

Flora	Unit	Value
Belladonna	one sprig	25 gp
Culdewort	a bushel of six dozen leaves	1 gp
Diving Tree	one seed	2 gp
	A pouch of diving tree sapling dust (3 uses)	450 gp
Elengur	5 lbs of elengur	1 gp
Felver	1 lb of felver	5 gp
Firethorn Rose	1 rose	150 gp
Flotsam Fungus	1 cubic foot of flotsam stem	10 sp
Garlghast	a dozen properly wrapped rinds	125 gp
Hurmressen	10 lbs of hurmressen	1 gp
Jassym	10 lbs of jassym seed husks	50 sp
Lothzarl	a dozen large lothzarl 'eggs'	72 sp
Mammurth	5 square feet of mammurth (known as a 'carpet')	15 gp
Moon Bulb	1 preserved flowering moon bulb	150 gp
Reed Palm	10 lbs of palm shoot, 1 lb of leaves	75 gp
Roouddan	a sack of 30 roots	30 cp
Rosecork	15 lbs of enchantment-grade heartwood	200 gp
Sgiafruit Bloom	a dozen of sgiafruit	50 gp
Skorthiir	50 feet of skorthiir cord rope	25 sp
Sword Ivy	one mature vine	25 gp
Vulthirk	a dozen blades of vulthirk	1 gp

## Belladonna

Known to any who deal with lycanthropes, the Belladonna is an herb native to the Isle of Balduran in the Trackless Sea. The herb has two major identifying marks: its pea-sized, pomegranate-like berries, which grow in small bunches at the base of its leaves and the subtle white marbling across its leaves, which becomes more pronounced in moonlight. The herb is toxic if ingested within a tenday of being picked, forcing the creature to make a DC 12 Constitution saving throw (lycanthropes have disadvantage on this saving throw). On a failure, the creature is poisoned for the next hour. Regardless of whether it succeeds or fails, the creature has advantage on saving throws against the lycanthropy curse for the duration. A person may learn from specific druidic, religious, or monster-hunting organizations that, since the spellplague, using the herb as a material component when casting protection from poison grants the spell's target the anti-lycanthropy benefit of the herb for the spell's duration, effectively circumventing the 1-week lifespan of the herb, as well as its negative effects.

The plant, also known as wolfsbane, has been used by the Baldur's Gate-based lycanthrope hunting organization known as the Silver Stake. They know how to process the herb into what they call a *silver stake gas bomb* (see sidebar). The small, tightly-sealed, leather pouch uses abjuration magic to pressurize a refined belladonna powder, which creates a cloud meant to incapacitate those who have the curse long enough for them to be taken down. The bomb is not easy to make, and as such the organization is extremely protective of their supply.

Lastly, the belladonna's toxin is well known amongst assassins and alchemists for the ease with which it can be refined. Over the course of a tenday, a creature proficient with alchemist's supplies or poisoner's kits can refine 250 gp worth of freshly picked belladonna into a two-dose vial of an ingested poison known as the wolf waste toxin. Creatures that ingest a dose of the poison have disadvantage on ability checks and attack rolls that use Strength or Dexterity for 24 hours. Creatures that ingest two doses must also succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw (lycanthropes have disadvantage on this saving throw) or fall unconscious for the next hour.



### SILVER STAKE GAS BOMB

A creature can use their action to throw this leather-pouch bomb against a hard surface within 30 feet, causing it to create a 15-foot radius cloud of white powder around the impact point. Any lycanthropes caught in this initial blast must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw with disadvantage. On a failure, they are poisoned and incapacitated for the next 24 hours, as the belladonna's influence forces them into a fit of coughing and sneezing, causing them to become incapacitated for the next minute, and they become poisoned for the next 24 hours.. At the end of each of its turns, the lycanthrope repeats the saving throw, ending the incapacitation on a success.

### *Culdewort*

This ground-hugging wild plant grows only in narrow coastal zones where salty sea-spray and freshwater rainfall, dew, or streams can both be found. In such places, it is hardy, prevalent, and spreads readily; if harvested, regrowth to fill gaps is typically swift.

Culdewort is one of several similar vines that take the form of overlapping, curled-under-edges dark green leaves, each on their own light green stem sprouting from shared nodes (typically six or seven stems to each node), sprouting at irregular intervals along a vine that clings to exposed rock by means of tiny sucker-shoots. Culdewort and some of its lookalikes have rounded but irregular-shaped leaves, and so can readily be confused with each other. None of them are harmful, and all are edible but rather unpleasantly bitter, but not particularly nourishing. Culdewort alone has two useful properties.

Boiled in combination with certain other common plants and grasses, it can be reduced down into a waterproof, flexible sealant that can last for a season or even longer (if renewed by smearing the right fats or oils onto it), and is popular for making cloaks, leather armor and garments, and water-resistant boots (and sealing leaks in them).

The second use is less popular because folk fear misapplying it: if one—and only one—culdewort leaf is chewed thoroughly and then swallowed, it settles the stomach and bowels, relieving nausea and the runs and banishing weariness. Thus, a creature can go from falling asleep to alert and refreshed. Consuming too much culdewort, or repeating this too often, causes a swift coma, lasting half a day or more and resisting physical attempts to awaken.

Experts say that culdewort has darker green leaves than most of its lookalikes, the biggest of its leaves being about as far across as the end joint of an adult human's thumb, no more, and "if you see any hint of red at the base of a leaf, it's not culdewort." Culdewort is named for its popularizer, the Tethyrian sage Culdenen (birth date unknown, but he died sometime in the 1320s DR).

### *Diving Tree*

The diving tree is amazingly easy to spot in its home of southern Calimshan, as it resembles a palm tree with leaves that are inflated like balloons. The bark of the tree is smooth and often freckled with spots of salt. Its seeds are the size of a grapefruit and about as dense as ivory. The tree grows them in a bowl-shaped compartment at the tip of the tree so that they can be picked up during strong storms and cast into the sea, where the seeds promptly sink to the bottom.

The diving tree actually grows in the seabed along the shelf of southern Calimshan, anywhere between 200 and 1000 feet below the surface. After about two to ten years along the bottom, feeding on nutrients in the water and the decaying matter that reaches the ocean floor, the young tree's leaves begin to swell with air. Thus begins a two-month process where the tree rises from the seabed and rides the waves of The Shining Sea to a new location on the coast. If it finds a home along the tidal zone in the coast, the tree will continue its life for another 60 years or so, producing six seeds every year for the rest of its life.





Despite its extremely stark appearance, diving trees are a rarity. Due to the low success rate of how they reproduce, most of the specimens that exist at any given point in time actually exist deep below the surface of the ocean. Diving tree seeds are prized by artists in the region, who love to carve the light-brown sphere into fantastic patterns or hollowing it out to create fanciful wind instruments. The lumber of the tree is surprisingly easy to bend, and snaps back into place after stress. This makes it a poor building material for the most part, but a choice material from which to create mock weapons. The rarity of the plant itself made it so only the rich could reasonably afford to have such a divingwood item.

The true value of the plant, according to druids and wizards alike, is in the wood of a two-month-old diving tree sapling. A pinch of ground heartwood from such a sapling (at least 150 gp worth) is said to be a potent magical component, which a caster could add to the casting of a spell that creates or manipulates water. When you use the dust this way, it's consumed and the DC to resist the spell's effects increases by 2.

### *Elengur*

Also known as 'wash-weed' because it's so often noticed by land-dwelling humans caught in the ebb and flow (or 'wash') of waves crashing ashore on a beach, especially along the Sword Coast's warmer areas like The Shining Sea shores, elengur is a floating seaweed that takes the shape of dark green segmented stalks, each segment about as long as an adult human forearm, that flares at each segment-joint, where one segment joins another, into a fringe of long, ragged-strip-shaped, kelp-like fronds or leaves.

Because any strong tug or other force causes segments of elengur to break apart at the joints, creating two smaller unharmed living pieces rather than causing damage, elengur rarely gets snagged or caught for long on anything.

If washed up onto dry land that remains dry for too long (above the normal high-tide line, for example, elengur will slowly wither and die, but coastal spray and the mists of dawn and dusk that form whenever there's a sufficient difference in temperature between the seawater and the air above it often result in a wet enough environment that such withering deaths are rare.

Elengur constantly grows new segments outwards from both end joints. Elengur feeds on sunlight and carrion, notably the dead fish and tiny marine life and decaying plants that give many seashores and

harbors that distinctive 'fishy' smell—so plentiful elengur can keep that reek to a minimum. Elengur is plentiful, as few creatures eat it. Humans have begun to harvest elengur, however, for two reasons.

First, it is very nourishing eating, if fried in something to soften it sufficiently from its natural "rubbery-chewy" texture (some coastal-dwelling hermits and fisherfolk subsist almost entirely on elengur, selling any crabs and clams and fish they catch to others), and readily takes on the taste of any seasonings or other foods it's fried with so as to be pleasant, tasty eating regardless of its own natural diet. Consuming a half pound of elengur is the equivalent to a single day's traveling rations in both sustenance and nutrients.

Second, elengur is a great fertilizer for farm crops and home gardens, if simply ploughed or dug into the soil; it can make edible plants not only grow rich and abundant, it spurs them to grow quickly, so some crops can be harvested twice in a season rather than just once—allowing farmers to sell their first crop and survive through even harsh winters on their second crop.

No one knows where the name of this seaweed originated, but it is known that merfolk and elves, both land-dwelling and aquatic, have known the properties of elengur and used it as food for untold centuries.

### *Felver*

Named for the legendary glib-tongued, quick-witted, deft thief Felver Merender of Amn (who died in a tavern brawl in Athkatla in 1287 DR, but whose exploits have grown greatly in tavern-tales since), this black burr-like coastal plant is found seemingly everywhere land and water meet. Felver spores grow in salt water, and hatch into small globes of small black spikes called "dark stars" by some. These swell in contact with sunlight and moisture for months, then undergo an internal chemical change that generates buoyant, lighter-than-air internal gases, causing the stars to rise into the air and be blown about by breezes.

Those that land in sea water burst, releasing spores that begin the felver life cycle anew, but those that wind up on dry land slowly dry out (this can take a month, so if winds pluck a particular felver star back out to sea, it will absorb water, burst, and release its spores). A dried felver star retracts its spikes to become a marble-sized, light, brittle gray sphere.

If crushed in the presence of flame, dried felver stars erupt into huge clouds of opaque, thick black smoke. Thieves—including the infamous Felver—

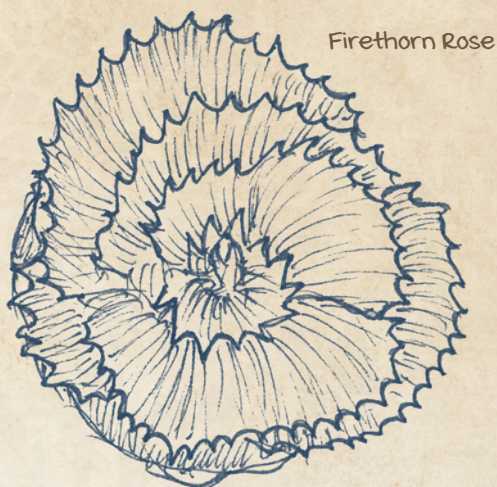


who've taken a good look at their surroundings beforehand can use felver from a belt pouch to generate smokescreens, thwarting archers and allowing them to escape. Felver smoke can cause coughing, but is otherwise harmless. It is heavy and 'clingly,' dissipating slowly, even in strong winds.

### *Firethorn Rose*

These enchanting flowers appear as roses with serrated petals and beautiful scarlet colors with striking orange accents. Their name comes from the fact that the plant gives off its own heat and soft glow, like the embers of a dim candle. Firethorns grow year-round in dense brambles on the Island of the Firethorns, in the Genie's Turban off of Zakhara, where they are the dominant form of plant life. This is because other plants tend to be particularly susceptible to wildfires around blooming firethorns, which are unfazed by great heat.

Druids, rangers, alchemists, and botanists hold the sea rose in high regard for its stunning beauty and supernatural aura. Because the plant only grows on one island from the far reaches of the world, and is highly prized by ever-protective druids, it's exceptionally rare and difficult to obtain. Those who manage to procure one and keep it well, are afforded high esteem among the nobility of almost any land, for it is said to show temperance, resilience, and loyalty. Much of this comes from the fact that the plant harbors a dangerous toxin: should a thorn pierce the skin of a living creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or have its Constitution score reduced by 1d4 until cured, which requires a spell that can cure poisons, cast using a 3rd-level spell slot or higher. A creature that succeeds on a DC 20 Intelligence (Arcana or Nature) check knows a creature poisoned by the firethorn is considered to be a fire elemental other elementals.



Firethorn Rose

### *Flotsam Fungus*

This brown-white fungus rides the surface of ocean waves like driftwood. It consists primarily of a frothy white web structure with a large brown stem that floats longwise and has a woody texture nestled within it. This stem has an average diameter of 1 foot, and ranges between 2 and 4 feet long. Its appearance lends itself to camouflage with real flotsam from wrecked ships. When the tide washes it ashore, it becomes immediately evident that it is not a typical flotsam. As it begins to dry out in the sun, it becomes ambulatory and starts crawling toward the water again, stretching its webbed material forward and dragging its stem behind it. It moves in this way slowly, no more than 5 feet per round. Should the fungus' path back to the water become blocked for too long, it shrivels and dies, leaving behind nothing except the brown stem.

Just underneath the woody exterior, the stems are composed of a porous, deep taupe-colored sponge material. This is harvested by islanders, such as those that inhabit the Moonshae Isles and surrounding regions, as well as the Pirate Isles within the inland sea the Sea of Fallen Stars, to act as a filter for seawater. A cubic foot of the material can filter the salt and bacteria from up to a gallon of seawater before losing its effectiveness. Flotsam fungus is plentiful, and this information is well known among sailors, rangers, and other creatures prepared to survive in such conditions.

### *Garlghast*

This coastal lichen grows on rocks in soft, spongy green-white streaks that can be peeled off as if they were fruit rinds (that will then slowly shrivel as they dry out). After four to six months, if not kept away from sunlight and if allowed to dry out completely, they will blacken and rot and become useless. If wrapped securely against the sun and kept damp, however, garlghast strips can retain their efficacy for years.

Discovered by Umdarl Garlghast, a priest of Helm of the early 1200s DR, these powers are as follows: garlghast rinds, when sprinkled with a pinch of salt, give off an eerie green-white glow, strong enough to read by (within a 10-foot radius) in pitch-dark areas. And glowing or not, a garlghast rind does 1d4 points of radiant damage to corporeal undead upon (each) contact and causes spectral undead to try to avoid the rind, moving at least ten feet away from it if possible, and often remaining that far away or more. A persistent undead seeking to attack someone within this area attacks with disadvantage on all attack rolls.



## *Hurmressen*

An underwater weed found in saltwater shallows all over Faerûn, hurmressen takes the form of clumps of long, sword-shaped but flexible, translucent beige-brown leaves that mottle darker brown and then black when dying. Up to twenty such leaves grow from a single root at a time, though only a dozen or so will be healthy and full-sized (about four feet long); the rest will be smaller young growing leaves, or darkening, dying elder leaves. Hurmressen is flexible and light and constantly in motion with the surrounding water, swirling and writhing. Fish and eels hide among it, but non-living things rarely get tangled in it as it's too yielding. Hurmressen is edible, though it has a highly salty flavor unless boiled in fresh water and the water then discarded; coastal folk often eat it by boiling it and then frying it in the juices of meat they're frying for the same meal. If harvested and carried in a packsack for later eating, hurmressen that's not allowed to dry out entirely will last as an edible, pleasant foodstuff for as long as a tenday (if going bad, it darkens to black, and so can readily be sorted for discarding).

If soaked in an alcohol-water solution, hurmressen goes colorless, but imparts its beige hue to the liquid as a dye; if distillates of certain common herbs are added to this liquid, the dye will become 'fast' in cotton and woolen woven fabrics or yarn or thread soaked in it, so it can be used as a cheap garment dye, which is why so many coastal folk wear beige to dun-colored everyday garments.

## *Jassym*

This coastal rock-crevice weed has distinctive purple blossoms that cling closely to its brown, woody stalk, so jassym looks like so many human-waist-high vivid purple spears. The topmost foot or so of its stalk is covered with tiny, flat purple flowers, with seeds beneath them that have husks that are tasty meals for birds, whereas the seed itself is tiny, black, and as hard as rock when first exposed to air, so birds drop them, spit them out, or pass them through their bodies like grit. Wherever they fall that's within reach of salty sea air or windborne sea mist is where jassym spreads to.

The same husks that birds find so tasty are pleasant eating for humans, too, tasting rather like roasted lartharra (pistachio) seeds, but jassym have another use: the woody stalks thrust deep roots down among stony ground, and although these often latch onto crevices in bedrock, there are times when they fasten around stones, and a strong and determined person, tugging on a jassym stalk, can uproot the stones to

wind up holding a stone club or even—if the stone caught in the roots, can be cloven or chipped to a sharp edge—a stone handaxe. Many a wet, shivering sailor or wayfarer who knows this secret has chopped enough driftwood and shoreline saplings to make themselves a good big fire to last the night and keep them warm. Hence jassym's nicknames: "firespear" and "club tree."

## *Lothzarl*

This odd-looking plant of saltwater and brackish shallows is often mistaken for a creature (like a sea urchin) or the eggs of an animal, as it takes the shape of an adult-human-hand-length, lightweight mottled purple-and-gray ovoid with a hard 'shell' and no visible limbs or eyes.

Lothzarl are plant colonies, specialized seaweeds that literally live on microscopic organisms in the water and use sunlight filtered through water for energy. If broken open, they rot down swiftly, and resemble an eggshell, brittle-hard on the outside but lined with a rubbery soft membrane on the inside and filled with slimy green worms. These inner worms are plants so high in nutritional value and filtered trace metals that—along with drinking water—they can serve as the sole diet of a human, who will flourish on lothzarl. So, if harvested with care and packed to avoid shell breakage (padded with leaves, say, in a rigid protective container such as a small coffer), a lothzarl egg can serve a wayfarer as one day's hearty meal. A lothzarl egg can also serve as a rich fertilizer bed to plant seeds in, so lothzarl eggs are often sold to city-dwellers who want to grow herbs in indoor pots or window boxes.

## *Mammurth*

This lush green ground cover of seashores flourishes only where salt spray and sea mists reach, and has a clear, sweet, minty taste. It also has an internal chemistry that prevents it freezing and can be harvested and eaten in the frozen depths of winter by those who chop through snow and ice to reach it. Nourishing year-round, mammurth is avoided by most herbivores, and so is plentiful and abundant in most places that aren't heavily built-up. Mammurth grows in clumps and can readily be harvested in 'carpets,' rolled and dampened, and transplanted elsewhere (though it will wither and die away from daily contact with sweater), or carried as trail food. Mammurth carpets can also readily be used to 'grass cover' muddy patches of ground. Thus, mammurth sees use in lawns around seashore mansions because it can flourish where salt spray kills other ground cover vegetation.



The same internal chemistry that prevents mammurth from freezing also causes it to augment natural and magical fire. A *fireball* spell cast in a location that will ignite mammurth will entirely consume the mammurth, as far as it stretches, increasing in area of effect and damage, typically by at least half its normal extent and damage.

### *Moon Bulb*

This plant grows along seaside rocks and sandy beaches across the areas bordering the Moonsea, particularly the areas that were brought under the water during high tide. Generally they appear as flower bulbs about six inches across, starting green at its base and slowly shifting to a pleasant blue-green. The stem of this plant is extremely short, bordering on nonexistent, making it appear to grow straight out the ground. Its roots are thick and strong, to allow the plant to bear the weight of the waves that crash over it.

In the warmer months of the Moonsea, during the new or full moons, some of the submerged moonbulbs open to reveal beautiful, five-petaled sky blue flowers that glow beneath the water's edge. Since the plants tend to cluster, the phenomenon tends to light up the entirety of the water's edge. During this time, the flowers release countless tiny spore-like seeds into the water, which stay dormant until after the Moonsea freezes over and thaws once more. The elves of Cormanthor refer to it as Gala'Amanodel, or the Whisper of the Moonflowers.

When properly treated by an herbalist (requiring a DC 17 Intelligence check using an herbalism kit, as well as 75 gp of preservative materials), a moon bulb can be harvested and preserved in its open state, whereupon it will continue to glow for a year or more. Such flowers are considered among the most endearing gifts you can give to a partner or family member among the elves of the region, particularly if you preserved the plant yourself.

A druid can use such a plant as a druidic focus. Doing so when casting a *moonbeam* spell increases the damage die of the spell from d10s to d12s.

### *Reed Palm*

These diminutive bushes dot the coasts of the inland saltwater marshes and tidepools surrounding the Sea of Fallen Stars. A thick, fibrous trunk roughly the diameter of a balled up human fist and three hands tall protrudes up from the loose silt and sand, terminating in an array of four to six broad leaves which spread out in all directions parallel to the ground.

The trunk is durable but hollow, which allows water to collect inside during high tide and be filtered slowly by the root system. This material, known as palm shoot, can be found in furniture, architecture, and even decorative art in various regions around the coast. The leaves are useful when gathered and laid flat, capable of collecting a significant amount of rain water before overflowing.

Cultures native to the regions where reed palm is prolific are known to weave mats from strips of the leaves, which is used as a surface for performing divination magic and rituals. When the spell *augury* is cast on one of these mats, it can be cast any number of times without generating the cumulative chance of a random result. A properly woven mat, known as a reeding mat, sells for as much as 50 gold pieces (made of 1 lb of palm leaves, cut into strips). However, due to the fact its benefits are commonly lauded as unproven and knock-offs made of other material are equally as common, purchasing such a mat can be ill-advised.

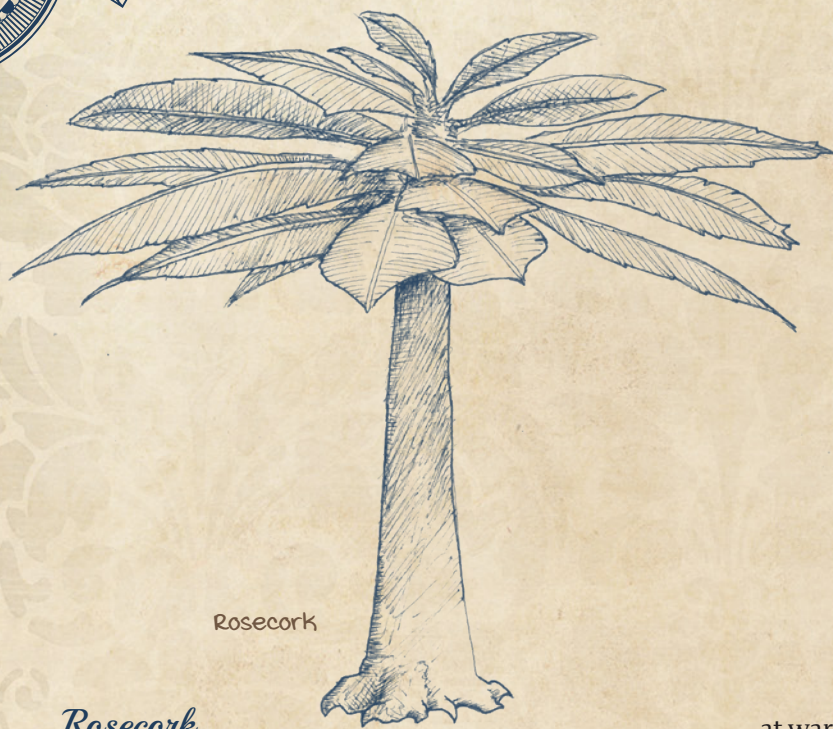
### *Roouddan*

This turnip-like vegetable grows around the Sea of Fallen Stars, and is a staple food of the lower class people in the area because it can last without spoil for two seasons when kept in cooler conditions. Roouddan is very absorbent, leading to very flavorful soups and broths.

Famously, the plant's absorbent nature has been used by enterprising smugglers to transport wine across Faerûn. The roouddan would be treated with the wine to avoid the detection via smell, and then crushed to extract the wine. It's said that some alchemists have used this technique to smuggle potions across various borders as well. Though this is well known in the modern day, the materials necessary to mask the scent of these concoctions are considered beyond the means of the average person (requiring a DC 17 Intelligence check using alchemist's supplies to discern per concoction), so the trade of the roouddan plant is not heavily regulated.







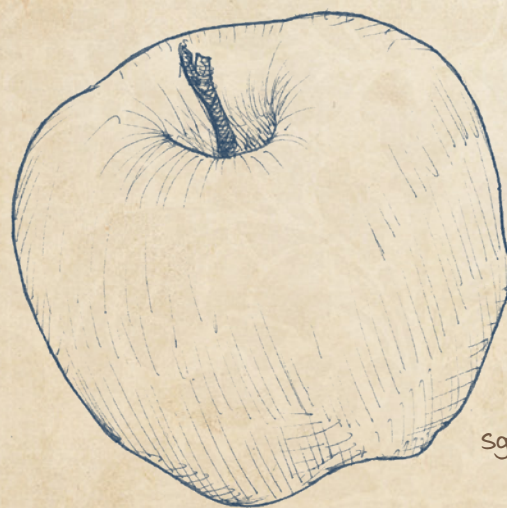
Rosecork

### *Rosecork*

Standing up to 40 feet tall, this tree of reddish-brown bark is well known in the Sea of Fallen Stars. Its leaves grow broad and large to capture the abundant sunlight of the region and are often strung together to form makeshift umbrellas. Rosecork is most well known however, for its lumber, which is highly absorbent. It is a much sought after building material because of this feature, as it makes rosecork buildings resilient against fire.

The tree was originally only native to the islands of Prespur, which were near the Pirate Isles, but an enterprising Cormyrean named Sarliman Eurdoo successfully managed to introduce the plant to the Wyvernflow and its tributaries. Thankfully, the introduction was said to have little to no adverse effect on its new environment, but it did certainly take as a building material.

To practitioners of the Art, rosecork heartwood is very conducive to enchantments that manipulate moisture or water. Such items take 4 fewer weeks to craft (minimum of 1 day).



Sgiafruit

at warding off insects and other critters. The flesh of the fruit inside is an amber color, making it appear slightly off its prime. That is untrue however, and this amber color is caused by the tree's ability to absorb honey from a variety of bee known as a nathair bee (about 50% larger than the typical honeybee, with gossamer butterfly-shaped wings and no stinger or ovipositor of any kind) that builds its hive within the sgiafruit bloom's knot holes.

The symbiotic relationship between the bee and the bloom creates a self-sufficient ecosystem where sgiafruit blooms grow. This allows the tree to grow to exceptional sizes, upward of 30 feet tall and equally wide. Twice yearly (according to the Calendar of Harptos), once at the start of Highharvesttide and again, unusually, within a tenday of Greengrass, the sgiafruit blooms bear fruit. The flavor between seasons is the same, but the mixture of green and blue in the skin shifts, being predominantly blue around Greengrass and a more even mixture of blue and green during Highharvesttide.

Consuming the apple in full provides enough sustenance to a Medium or smaller creature for three days, and half that for a creature Large or larger. It is said that while nourished by this apple, Nathair Sgiathach, the seelie deity, is drawn to your dreams and attempts to put you under the effects of a *geas* spell with the objective of creating a sgiafruit pie to his exact specifications. This rumored visit from Nathair Sgiathach comes from stories spun based on the fact the apple is a potent lure for faerie dragons and pseudodragons, who are drawn to the areas where sgiafruit blooms grow.

### *Sgiafruit Bloom*

Apple trees are common along the Sword Coast and into the Western Heartlands, but the varieties and differences between each fruit could have you second guessing whether it is really an apple at all. Among the regions where apples are plentiful, a common factor in their market value is their contribution to the delicacy apple pie. No apple is more prized for this than the sgiafruit, a hearty and large fruit roughly the size of two human fists with a waxy and tough green-blue skin that is effective



### *Skorthiir*

A thorny, low-to-the-ground tangled vine that typically enshrouds seacoast stumps, living trees, rocks, and ruins, skorthiir is a tough, prickly purple-red-hued vine that branches into many tendrils ending in clinging suckers and feathered with “fur” between the short, sharp, woody thorns; this fur is actually the tiny leaves of the plant.

Skorthiir goes dormant and brown in winter, only to regain color and life in the warmer months. It provides cover for nesting birds and small ground-dwelling scurrying creatures and is itself useful to sentient creatures as one of the best natural sources of cordage. The vines themselves provide stretchy, durable lines for binding, climbing, and supporting a rope bridge. Skorthiir vines are only strong enough to take the weight of about four to five adult humans (with clothing and gear) at once, but will groan and stretch ere breaking, giving a few moments of warning. Skorthiir vines are also highly flammable and burn with a thick, choking acrid white smoke. Skorthiir is highly resistant to abrasion, but can readily be cut with sharp blades. Skorthiir vines cut for cordage use dry out and become highly brittle (useless for load-bearing) after about a month, turning pale and breakable very quickly when they do ‘start to go.’

Skorthiir is edible, but unpleasantly peppery in taste and more fibrous than nourishing.

### *Sword Ivy*

This creeping vine is found naturally occurring along the Sword Coast from Luskan to Amn, growing on stony cliff faces and outcropping. Characterized by its silvery-grey leaves, each the shape of a heart with a serration along the edge that is most exposed to the morning sun, this unusual vine offers limited use medicinally or in food.

What it does offer is a vital protection for seaside homes and businesses. The vine will attach itself to common building materials and grow quickly, over the course of a season, to cover the entire west and southern faces of the structure. Buildings that are constructed with this in mind (only having ingress points on these walls) benefit from its bladed edges as they protect from second-story work. When a creature attempts to climb a surface that is covered with sword ivy, they treat the surface as difficult terrain and take 1d4 slashing damage for every 5 feet of movement. A creature without a climb speed must make a Strength (Athletics) check, with a DC equal to 10 + the damage taken, each time they take damage. On a failed check, the creature falls.

The vine doesn’t seed naturally, relying on migration from seaside birds gathering materials for their nests to propagate. This, in addition to the hazards related to harvesting the mature vine, result in a high price for a single transplantable specimen. Some attempts have been made over the years by merchants from Turmish, Sembia, Chondath, and other nations found south and east of the Sea of Falling Stars, but the vine has never succeeded in growing in these conditions. However there has been limited success in Aglarond and Mulhorand - a proliferating plant in these regions can sell for four times as much, but finding a naturally occurring plant is nearly impossible.

### *Vulthirk*

Vulthirk is an underwater or water-rooted long grass that grows in human-handwidth-wide blades that can grow to ten feet long or more if the water is deep enough (vulthirk grows until its tip can thrust up out of the surface of local moving water). Among other grasses, it can readily be identified because it has dark green edges, but a ragged-edged yellow stripe down the center of both sides that’s mottled with irregular brown spots of varying sizes (like many bananas, when they start to over ripen). Found in salt marshes and the brackish deltas of rivers flowing into the sea, as well as tidewater zones everywhere, vulthirk grows in colonies or ‘forests’ that dance and writhe continuously with the moving flows of water.

Vulthirk forests can readily be traversed by moving creatures or objects (such as a waterborne, uprooted tree) without entanglement, as vulthirk blades don’t cling or entwine—but they are blades, and vulthirk absorbs salt and nutrients from the blood of creatures (released into the water) gashed by the razor-sharp edges of the vulthirk grasses. Vulthirk is strong and has a waxy coating that resists bruising and crushing, so harvesting it requires a sharp blade or saw.

Sentient creatures often harvest vulthirk, despite its inedibility, because it lasts for at least a tenday once cut or uprooted, and lengths of vulthirk can be used as slicing tools. A length of vulthirk grass is double-sided (has two sharp edges, like many swords), and so must be handled with gauntlets or gloves, and care. But in ‘factory’ situations, where many workers must slice or chop, a single blade of vulthirk can provide temporary cutting tools for as many as a dozen workers.



# Appendix

## Beasts and Monsters

The salt-air coasts and inland seas of Faerûn teem with unique lifeforms. These creatures are well suited for the environments in which they are found, integrating the land into their life or developing mechanisms to fend off predators from encroaching biomes. In this time, I've chosen to write about those beings that are simply enchanted, unusual, or integral to the world around them.

REGIONAL BEASTS TABLE

	Dessurk	Dire Shark	Giant Dragon	Cuttlefish	Slug	Loot Crab	Lythlyx	Sand Otter	Elemental	Sandcastle Mimic	Sea Turtles
Aglarond						✓		✓	✓		✓
Amn	✓							✓	✓	✓	✓
Anauroch											
Beastlands	✓							✓			✓
Calimshan	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	
Chessentea		✓				✓			✓	✓	✓
Chondath		✓				✓					✓
Cormanthor						✓	✓	✓			
Cormyr	✓	✓				✓		✓			
Damara								✓	✓		
Dambrath	✓	✓	✓	✓							
Elfharrow	✓	✓						✓		✓	✓
Forest of Amtar											
Great Glacier											
Halruaa				✓	✓			✓			✓
Hordelands											
Impiltur								✓	✓		
Jungles of Chult	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	
Lantan	✓	✓	✓	✓							✓
Lapaliiya	✓	✓						✓		✓	✓
Luiren			✓	✓			✓	✓			✓
Mhair Jungles	✓		✓	✓			✓				✓
Moonshea Isles	✓	✓	✓					✓	✓	✓	✓
Mulhorand	✓	✓				✓			✓	✓	
Murghôm											
Narfell											
Neverwinter	✓		✓	✓				✓			✓
Plains of Purple Dust											
Samarach											
Sembia	✓							✓			
Silver Marches											
Tethyr	✓					✓					
Thay											
The Dragon Coast	✓	✓				✓		✓			
The Great Dale								✓	✓		
The High Forest											
The High Moor	✓							✓			
The Shaar											
The Shining Plains		✓				✓					✓
The Wealdath				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓
The Western Heartlands											
Thesk	✓					✓		✓			
Thindol	✓		✓	✓			✓				✓
Turmish	✓			✓	✓				✓	✓	✓
Tympanther			✓			✓		✓	✓	✓	
Unther			✓			✓		✓	✓	✓	



## Dessurk

Dessurk are amphibious creatures that in some ways resemble giant crayfish, and in others, lungfish. Amphibious and equally at home in freshwater, brackish, or marine waters and swamp muck conditions, they can breathe air, have gills, and can go without breathing for long periods while digging in swamp muck for clams, eels, fish eggs, worms, and bottom-dwelling crabs. They also eat fish of all sizes up to half their own body length, and carrion.

Dessurk can be trained for use as mounts, easily traversing reedy, sandy, and loose scree terrain that humans on foot would struggle to cross. Rust-brown to mottled gray-blue in hue, with a lighter beige to white underside, dessurk look like a crayfish the size of a horse, but with scaled, side-finned broad muscular tails that look like giant moray eel bodies turned on their sides (rather than the segmented tails, ending in telsons and uropods, of crayfish). When riding a dessurk, a saddle can be affixed to the carapace just behind the headplate, or (more precariously) a rider can perch on the natural 'shoulders' of the front of the carapace at the same spot, and grasp the front of the carapace. Grasping the antennae (which 'whip' constantly fore and aft when a dessurk is on the move, except when directed forward to smell or touch something of interest) is not recommended, though doing so will cause the dessurk to stop abruptly if both antennae are grabbed, or turn sharply in the direction of a lone grasped antenna (unless damaged, dessurk antennae are as long as its entire body, not counting the aft fins at the base of the tail).

Dessurk hunt, fight, and grasp prey and items they want to move aside with their two pincer claws, which they can (very slowly) regrow if lost (they can, at will, cause a mangled claw to drop off to begin regrowth).

## Dessurk

Large beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 15 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 16 (3d10)

**Speed** 40 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	15 (+2)	11 (+0)	7 (-2)	9 (-1)	3 (-4)

**Skills** Perception +1, Stealth +4

**Senses** blindsight 30 ft., passive Perception 11

**Languages** —

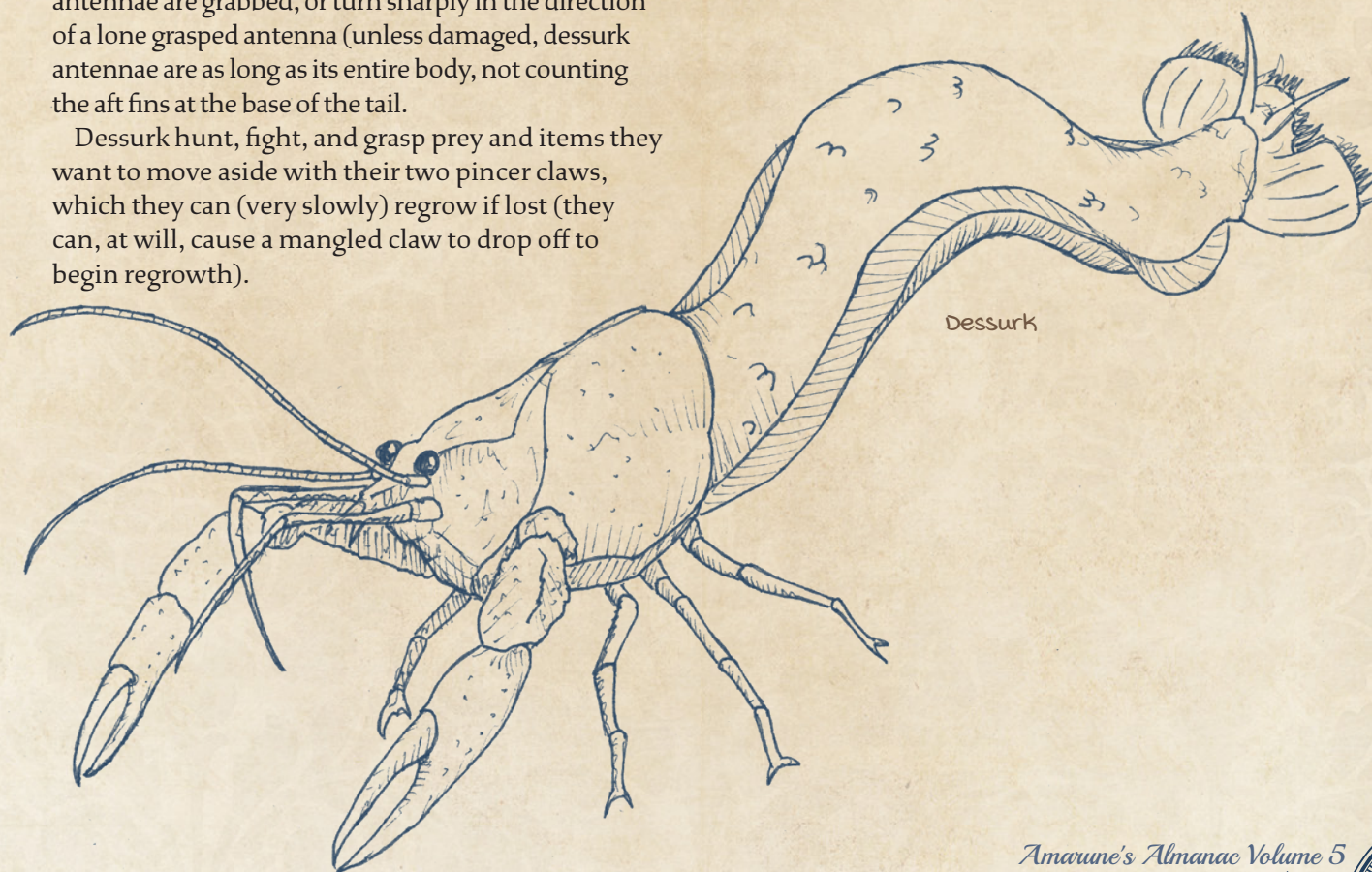
**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

**Amphibious.** The dessurk can breathe air and water.

**Regeneration.** The dessurk regains 1 hit point at the start of its turn. If it takes acid or fire damage, this trait doesn't function at the start of the dessurk's next turn. A dessurk dies only if it starts its turn with 0 hit points and doesn't regenerate. A dessurk can regenerate entire lost organs and body parts.

### Actions

**Claw.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6 + 1) bludgeoning damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 11). The dessurk has 2 claws, each of which can grapple only one target.





## Dire Shark

Huge beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 14 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 150 (12d12 + 72)

**Speed** 0 ft., swim 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
25 (+7)	13 (+1)	22 (+6)	1 (-5)	11 (+0)	5 (-3)

**Skills** Perception +3

**Senses** blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 13

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 8 (3,900 XP)

**Blood Frenzy.** The shark has advantage on melee attack rolls against any creature that doesn't have all its hit points.

**Dreadful Assault.** If the shark moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a bite attack on the same turn, it must succeed on a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success. If a creature's saving throw is successful or the effect ends for it, the creature is immune to the shark's Dreadful Assault for the next 24 hours.

**Water Breathing.** The shark can breathe only underwater.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The shark makes two bite attacks. If the shark is grappling a creature, the shark can use its swallow instead of a bite attack.

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 23 (3d10 + 7) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it is grappled (escape DC 16). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and the shark can't bite another target.

**Swallow.** The shark makes a bite attack against a Medium or smaller creature it is grappling. If the attack hits, the target takes the bite's damage, the target is swallowed, and the grapple ends. While swallowed, the creature is blinded and restrained, it has total cover against attacks and other effects outside the shark, and it takes 11 (2d10) acid damage at the start of each of the shark's turns. If the shark takes 30 damage or more on a single turn from a creature inside it, the shark must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw at the end of that turn or regurgitate the swallowed creature, which occupies a space within 10 feet of the shark. If the shark dies, a swallowed creature is no longer restrained by it and can escape from the corpse by using 15 feet of movement. The shark can only swallow one creature at a time.

## Dire Shark

Dire sharks are driven only by their unwavering instinct to feed on other creatures, even those larger than themselves. Heinous bluish-grey fish that can grow up to 20 feet in length and weigh upwards of 20,000 pounds upon reaching adulthood, dire sharks are formidable predators that stalk unsuspecting prey just beyond the coastline.

Managing to slay a dire shark allows one to harvest its skin, which can be fashioned into a cloak that gives its wearer increased prowess in water. Wearing the cloak grants the effects of the *water breathing* spell and the Dash action can be taken as a bonus action.



Dire Shark



## Dragon Slug

The dragon slug is strikingly beautiful. Its body is a metallic blue color, with contrasting black and silver details that make it look like a strange coin or magic artifact until you see it move. They are tiny, no longer than 2 inches in length, and move like a snake by actuating the length of its body, relying on its wing-like fingers to maintain steady movement, rarely using them to propel in quick and erratic movements.

While beautiful, they pack a dangerous punch. The wing-like fingers absorb poisons and toxins from other sea creatures, which the dragon slugs feed on and redistributes the poison to any threatening creature that touches it. The effect of this poison ranges from nausea, pain, vomiting, and neurological damage. Carefully collecting dragon slugs, kept moist with sea water, and placing them on a thin, skin-like membrane over a container will allow you to extract the poison which works in its raw form when coated on weapons or can be distilled into a potion. A creature subjected to this poison must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 minute. The poisoned creature takes 1d6 poison damage at the start of each of its turns and has disadvantage on Intelligence saving throws. The creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.



## Dragon Slug

*Tiny aberration, unaligned*

**Armor Class** 17

**Hit Points** 54 (12d4 + 24)

**Speed** 10 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
4 (-3)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)

**Saving Throws** Dex +6, Con +4, Int +5, Wis +4

**Damage Resistances** psychic

**Senses** passive Perception 12

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Avoidance.** If the slug is subjected to an effect that allows it to make a saving throw to take only half damage, it instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw, and only half damage if it fails.

**Psychic Blurring.** The slug adds its Intelligence modifier to its armor class.

**Reactive.** The slug can take one reaction on every turn in combat.

### Actions

**Sting.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (2d4 + 4) piercing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or become poisoned for 1 hour. While poisoned in this way, a target takes 3 (1d6) poison damage at the start of each of its turns and has disadvantage on Intelligence saving throws. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the poison on itself on a success.

### Reactions

**Mind Jumble.** When a creature the slug can see targets it with an attack, the attacker must make a DC 13 Intelligence saving throw. On a failed save, the attacker targets the creature closest to the slug, other than itself. If multiple creatures are closest, the slug chooses which one to target. If no creatures are within range of the creature, it loses the attack or spell.

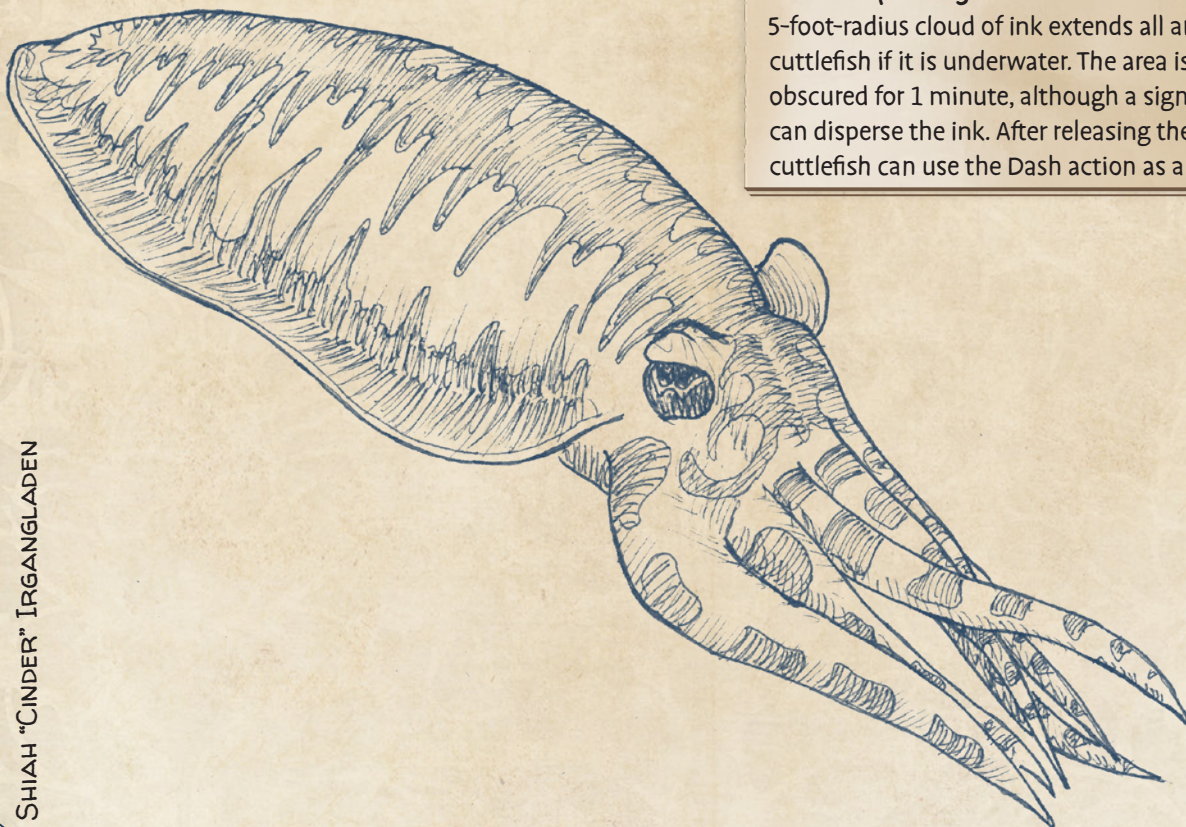


## Giant Cuttlefish

The largest natural specimens of their kind, giant cuttlefish are colorful cephalopods that inhabit coastal waters. Similar to octopodes, they have advanced camouflage capabilities, able to change the coloration and even texture of their skin in order to match their environment. They also secrete toxin from their tentacles designed to quickly kill smaller prey.

The ink of giant cuttlefish produces exceptionally deep blacks, and is sought after by calligraphers for high quality works. Some mages also claim to be able to produce magical camouflage disguises using the skin of cuttlefish, but examples are hard to come by.

Giant Cuttlefish



## Giant Cuttlefish

Medium beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 12

**Hit Points** 16 (3d8 + 3)

**Speed** 5 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
5 (-3)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	3 (-4)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

**Skills** Perception +2, Stealth +6

**Senses** darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 12

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 1/2 (100 XP)

**Hold Breath.** While out of water, the cuttlefish can hold its breath for 30 minutes.

**Underwater Camouflage.** The cuttlefish has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made while underwater.

**Water Breathing.** The cuttlefish can breathe only underwater.

### Actions

**Tentacles.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) bludgeoning damage and 2 (1d4) poison damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 10). Until this grapple ends, the cuttlefish can't use its tentacles on another target.

**Ink Cloud (Recharges after a Short or Long Rest).** A 5-foot-radius cloud of ink extends all around the cuttlefish if it is underwater. The area is heavily obscured for 1 minute, although a significant current can disperse the ink. After releasing the ink, the cuttlefish can use the Dash action as a bonus action.



## Loot Crabs

Loot Crabs are large hermit crabs that are attracted to treasure, taking on treasure chests and lockboxes from shipwrecks in lieu of shells. The wood and metal of their chosen homes offers them significant protection from the elements as well as attacks from predators. When threatened, they can retract most of their body inside the chest, sometimes even closing the lid over themselves. Unfortunately, this can sometimes lead to the crab becoming locked inside its own chest, unable to escape.

When slain, the treasure chest of the crab can be looted for whatever remains inside. Who knows what awesome loot will be dredged up from the deep by one of these critters! Roll 7d4 to determine a random number of coins found inside a loot crab's chest. You can choose the denomination of coin based on the party's level, wealth, and your own generosity.

### Loot Crab

*Medium beast, chaotic neutral*

**Armor Class** 16 (natural armor), 11 while prone

**Hit Points** 34 (4d8 + 16)

**Speed** 20 ft., swim 20 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	12 (+1)	18 (+4)	1 (-5)	9 (-1)	3 (-4)

**Skills** Athletics +5, Stealth +3

**Senses** blindsight 30 ft., passive Perception 9

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Amphibious.** The crab can breathe air and water.

**Loot Shell.** The crab wears a sunken treasure chest as its shell. If a creature is transformed into a loot crab, such as via polymorph, it lacks such a chest and the natural armor it provides, and thus has an AC of 11.

### Actions

**Claw.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) bludgeoning damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 12). The crab has two claws, each of which can grapple only one target.

### Reactions

**Retract.** When the crab is hit by an attack, it can gain a +2 bonus to AC, including against the triggering attack, until the start of its next turn. It also immediately releases any creature it has grappled.

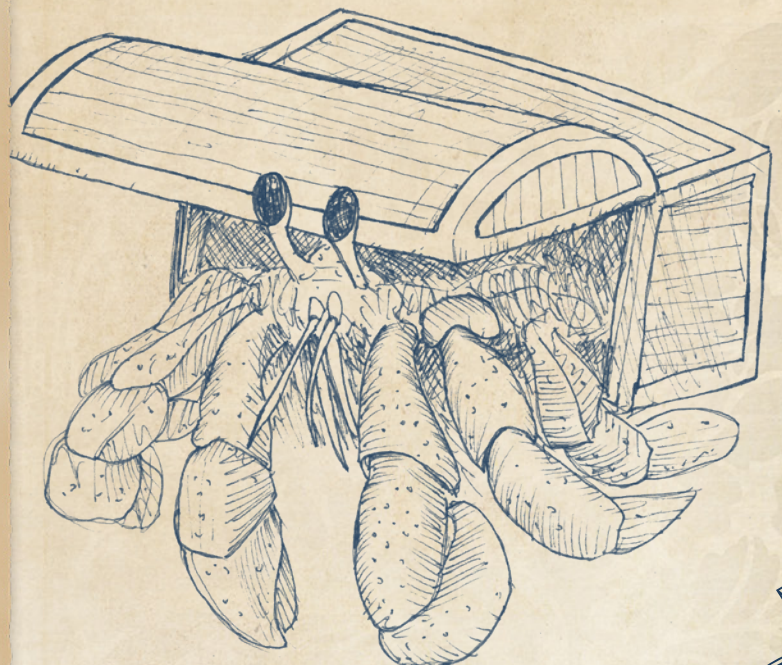
## Lythlyx

These bizarre creatures can be seen hovering in and out of the air around coastal caves throughout all of Toril, although they are extremely rare. It's unclear if they are a natural creature, or something that has been deposited on Toril from another plane or even the Far Realm. It moves through the air or water by spinning its eel-like body in a dizzying dance. It can suddenly uncoil, making a whip-like motion towards their prey. Its body is covered with sucking mouths, like that of a lamprey, which attach and drain the life from the lythlyx's foe. What's more unusual is that this feeding method takes so much of the lythlyx's energy that it becomes hungry again, placing it in a perpetual state of needing to feed.

The lythlyx's alienness does not end at its physiology. It has some level of sentience, and the ability to cast some spells psionically which exist to aid the lythlyx in hunting or escaping. It also provides the lythlyx with immunity to most mind-altering magic.

A fallen lythlyx's body can be squeezed by holding it from one end and running a tight grip down the length of its body. This extracts a dark oil that can be used to manufacture inks. These inks are used in scroll making. Scrolls manufactured with this type of ink have 2 charges and don't fade or crumble until the last charge is expended. These scrolls have twice the value of a scroll made with traditional ink.

Loot Crab





## Lythlyx

Small aberration, unaligned

**Armor Class** 13

**Hit Points** 44 (8d6 + 16)

**Speed** 0 ft., swim 30 ft., fly 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	18 (+4)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)

**Saving Throws** Dex +6, Int +5

**Senses** passive Perception 12

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Alien Mind.** The lythlyx automatically succeeds on saving throws to resist enchantment spells, and is immune to being frightened or charmed.

**Dive Attack.** If the lythlyx is flying and dives at least 30 feet toward a target and then hits with a whipbite attack, the attack deals an extra 10 (3d6) damage to the target.

**Innate Spellcasting (Psionics).** The lythlyx's innate spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 12, +4 to hit with spell attacks). It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no components.

1/day each: *catapult*, *misty step*, *mind spike*<sup>XGE</sup>, *speak with plants*

## Actions

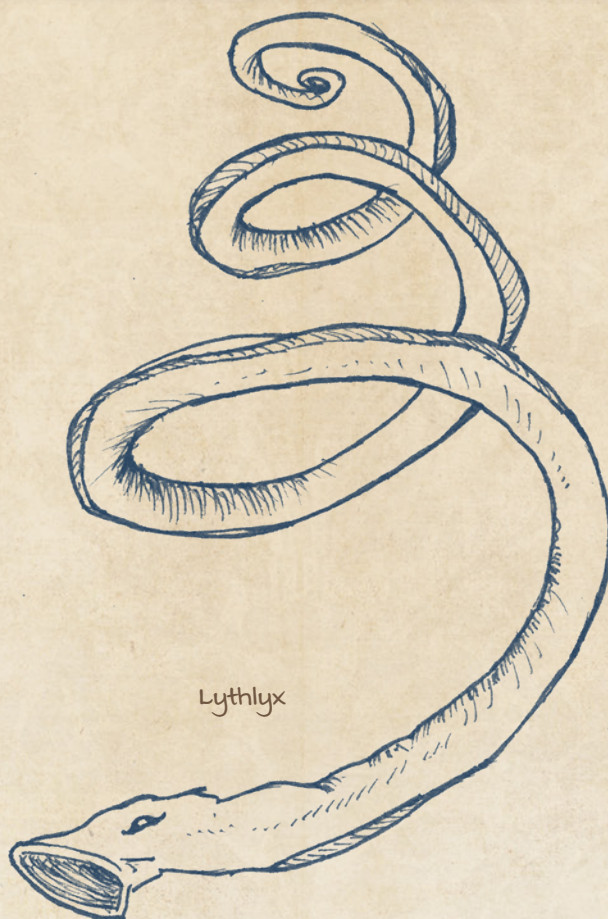
**Multiattack.** The lythlyx makes a whipbite attack. It then uses either its Constrict or Drain.

**Whipbite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage, and the lythlyx can pull itself to within 5 feet of the target without provoking opportunity attacks.

**Constrict.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) bludgeoning damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 13). Until this grapple ends, the creature is restrained and the lythlyx can't constrict another target or use its Drain action.

**Drain.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 9 (2d4 + 4) piercing damage, and the lythlyx attaches to the target. While attached, the lythlyx doesn't attack. Instead, at the start of each of the lythlyx's turns, the target loses 9 (2d4 + 4) hit points due to blood loss and the lythlyx regains the same number of hit points.

The lythlyx can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement. It does so after it drains 10 hit points of blood from the target or the target dies. A creature, including the target, can use its action to detach the lythlyx.





## Mud Elemental

These mud elementals occur naturally only rarely, in very specific conditions. More often they are manifested by Druids of the Shore who use them to defend the delicate balance of the coasts of Faerûn.

### Mud Elemental

Huge elemental, neutral

**Armor Class** 17 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 241 (21d12 + 105)

**Speed** 30 ft., burrow 30 ft., swim 90 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	14 (+2)	20 (+5)	5 (-3)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)

**Damage Vulnerabilities** thunder

**Damage Resistances** acid; bludgeoning, piercing, slashing from nonmagical attacks

**Damage Immunities** poison

**Condition Immunities** exhaustion, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained, unconscious

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 60 ft., passive Perception 10

**Languages** Aquan, Terran

**Challenge** 8 (3,900 XP)

**Earth Glide.** The elemental can burrow through nonmagical, unworked earth and stone. While doing so, the elemental doesn't disturb the material it moves through.

**Siege Monster.** The elemental deals double damage to objects and structures.

**Water Form.** The elemental can enter a hostile creature's space and stop there. It can move through a space as narrow as 1 inch wide without squeezing.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The elemental makes two slam attacks.

**Slam.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (2d10 + 5) bludgeoning damage.

**Mud Breath (Recharge 5–6).** The elemental belches viscid mud onto one creature within 5 feet of it. If the target is Large or smaller, it must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw or be restrained for 1 minute. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

**Whelm (Recharge 5–6).** Each creature in the elemental's space must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw. On a failure, a target takes 14 (2d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage. If it is Large or smaller, it is also grappled (escape DC 15). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and unable to breathe unless it can breathe water. If the saving throw is successful, the target is pushed out of the elemental's space.

The elemental can grapple one Large creature or up to two Medium or smaller creatures at one time. At the start of each of the elemental's turns, each target grappled by it takes 14 (2d8 + 5) bludgeoning damage. A creature within 5 feet of the elemental can pull a creature or object out of it by taking an action to make a DC 15 Strength check and succeeding.



## Otters

Otters can be found frolicking along coasts and major rivers, often diving to hunt and scrounge. Whether solitary or in a group, otters are innately playful creatures. They can often be found collecting rocks and shells, surfing and sliding around the waves, and interacting with nearby creatures. Each otter carries a favorite rock that they use to crack open shellfish, and will react with hostility to any who try to take it from them.

Otter pelts make for incredibly fine fur, and would sell for a high price to the right buyer. An otter's "favorite rock" may in fact be a valuable gemstone, or even a magical orb. However, otters seem to always be able to tell those who have killed one of their own kind, and often react with coordinated hostility towards hunters.

### Otter

*Small beast, chaotic neutral*

**Armor Class** 14

**Hit Points** 9 (2d6 + 2)

**Speed** 20 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	17 (+3)	13 (+1)	7 (-2)	14 (+2)	15 (+2)

**Skills** Acrobatics +7, Stealth +7

**Senses** passive Perception 12

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 1/8 (25 XP)

**Hold Breath.** The otter can hold its breath for 5 minutes.

**Playful Dart.** The otter can disengage as a bonus action.

### Actions

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 piercing damage.

**Seashell.** *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 15/30 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4 + 3) bludgeoning damage.



Otter

## Sand Elemental

Some elementals are denizens of the Elemental Planes, born of the primal magic that suffuses those realms and their borders. However, many elementals exist only on the prime material plane, a manifestation of the land's will or the byproduct of a practitioner of the Art experimenting with animating various materials. Sand elementals are natural elementals, formed in the material plane from the will of the land itself. They form on sandy coasts and in deserts, although the sand elementals of deserts are less cohesive, often incorporating the air to animate their body like a whirlwind. The sand elementals of coasts absorb the water and salt air to form a solid mass, capable of expanding and contracting their body without losing the cohesion of their form. As these elementals tend to dredge themselves up from the sea water, their form is known to incorporate sea plants, shells, pearls, and lost treasure, which can be recovered after an elemental is defeated.

### Sand Elemental

*Huge elemental, neutral*

**Armor Class** 17 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 168 (16d12 + 64)

**Speed** 40 ft., burrow 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
21 (+5)	13 (+1)	19 (+4)	15 (+2)	15 (+2)	16 (+3)

**Saving Throws** Str +10, Con +9, Wis +7

**Damage Resistances** acid; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks

**Damage Immunities** poison

**Condition Immunities** exhaustion, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained, unconscious

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 60 ft., passive Perception 12

**Languages** Terran

**Challenge** 16 (15,000 XP)

**Evershifting.** The elemental's movement does not provoke opportunity attacks.

**Legendary Resistance (1/Day).** If the elemental fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

**Pummel.** Any creature that starts its turn in the elemental's space is targeted by a slam attack if the elemental isn't incapacitated.



**Sand Form.** The elemental can occupy another creature's space and vice versa. It can move through a space as narrow as 1-inch wide without squeezing. While a creature is in its space, the creature is blinded. Each foot that a creature moves through the elemental's space costs 3 feet of movement. If the elemental moves, a creature in its space moves with it.

**Sticky Climb.** The elemental can climb difficult surfaces, including upside down on ceilings, without needing to make an ability check.

### *Actions*

**Multiattack.** The elemental uses Sand Tendrils if it can. It then makes two slam attacks.

**Slam.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 21 (3d10 + 5) bludgeoning damage.

**Sand Tendrils (Recharge 6).** The elemental sends out tendrils of sand at two creatures within 60 feet of it. A target must make DC 17 Constitution saving throw or have the tendrils enter its mouth, beginning to suffocate it. An affected creature also has disadvantage on attack rolls, is unable to speak, and their speed is halved. An affected creature can use its action to repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. The elemental must concentrate to maintain the tendrils (as if concentrating on a spell).

### *Legendary Actions*

The elemental can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The elemental regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

**Become Sand (Costs 1 Action).** The elemental crumbles into the sand and moves up to its walking speed. Until it reforms itself, its Sand Form feature no longer blinds creatures in its space or moves creatures with it. If the elemental attacks while crumbled, it reforms itself before the attack.

**Ambush (Costs 2 Actions).** The elemental reforms itself if it is crumbled and makes a slam attack with advantage.



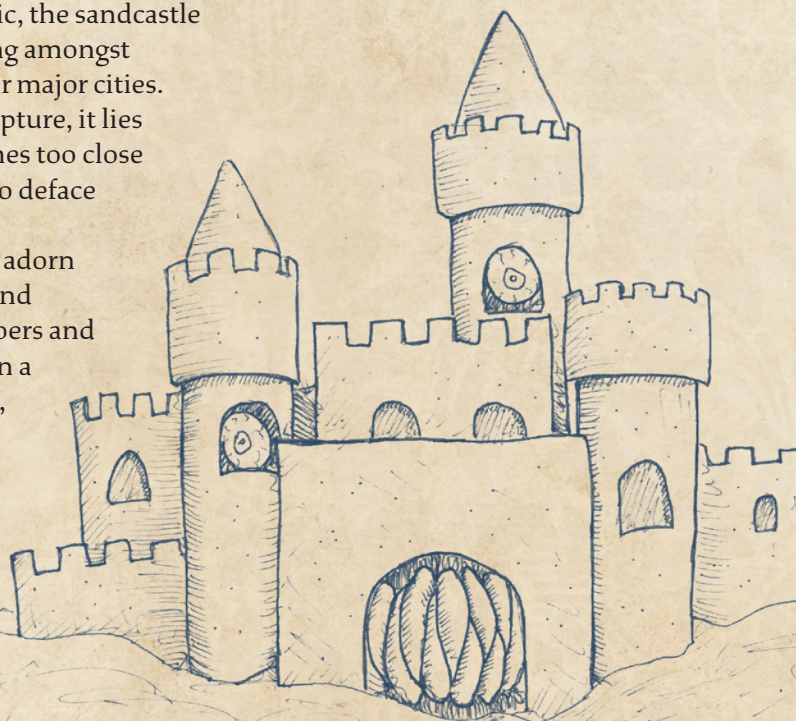
Sand Elemental



## Sandcastle Mimic

A rare and unusual form of mimic, the sandcastle mimic is exclusively found hiding amongst populated beaches, typically near major cities. Disguised as an artistic sand sculpture, it lies in wait for anyone who approaches too close or is callous enough to attempt to deface the sandcastle.

Sandcastle mimics sometimes adorn themselves with shiny baubles and trinkets, better to attract beachgoers and adventurers. Perhaps there's even a magic item atop a tall sandcastle, ripe for the taking, if only you could just reach it...



Sandcastle mimic

### Sandcastle Mimic

Large monstrosity, chaotic neutral

**Armor Class** 10

**Hit Points** 119 (14d10 + 42)

**Speed** 15 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	11 (+0)	17 (+3)	5 (-3)	13 (+1)	8 (-1)

**Skills** Stealth +2

**Damage Immunities** acid

**Condition Immunities** prone

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Shapechanger.** The mimic can use its action to polymorph into a sandcastle or back into its true, amorphous form. Its statistics are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

**Grappler.** The mimic has advantage on attack rolls against any creature grappled by it.

**Adhesive (Sandcastle Form Only).** The mimic adheres to anything that touches it. A Huge or smaller creature adhered to the mimic is also grappled by it (escape DC 15). Ability checks made to escape this grapple have disadvantage.

**False Appearance (Sandcastle Form Only).** While the mimic remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from an ornate sandcastle.

### Actions

**Pseudopod.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (1d12 + 5) bludgeoning damage. If the mimic is in sandcastle form, the target is subjected to its Adhesive trait.

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (1d12 + 5) piercing damage plus 8 (2d8) acid damage.

### Reactions

**Sand Spray.** A jet of sand assaults a creature that hits the mimic with a melee attack. The attacker must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the end of its next turn.



## Sea Turtles

Gracefully gliding through underwater currents, sea turtles are placid creatures that navigate long-lasting migration routes through the oceans. They often come to coastal shoals or coral reefs to rest, hunt, and be cleaned by local wildlife. Unlike more land-dwelling tortoises, sea turtles are unable to retract into their shells.

The shells of sea turtles, naturally hardy and durable, can often be dazzlingly colored and patterned. Many a coastal hunter can be found with a sea turtle shell adorning their wall, or even fashioned into a helmet or shield.

### Sea Turtle

Medium beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 17 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 22 (3d8 + 9)

**Speed** 5 ft., swim 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	3 (-4)	14 (+2)	4 (-3)

**Senses** passive Perception 12

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Hold Breath.** The turtle can hold its breath for 8 hours.

### Actions

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage.

## Giant Sea Turtle

Large beast, unaligned

**Armor Class** 16 (natural armor)

**Hit Points** 42 (4d10 + 20)

**Speed** 5 ft., swim 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	14 (+2)	20 (+5)	3 (-4)	14 (+2)	4 (-3)

**Senses** passive Perception 12

**Languages** —

**Challenge** 1/2 (100 XP)

**Hold Breath.** The turtle can hold its breath for 8 hours.

### Actions

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 9 (2d6+2) piercing damage.



Sea Turtle



## Magic Items

In addition to the flora, fauna, and specific islands and shores of the Realms, throughout my travels I have learned about or interacted with multiple wondrous artifacts. Relics, washed ashore by the sea or uniquely embodying the coasts of Toril in their crafting.

### Ancient Northlander Armor

*Armor (any metal armor), uncommon*

This suit of iron armor is from an ancient Ruathen warrior lost at sea, oxidized and worn over the ages. If the armor bore any symbols or crests, they are long lost to the erosive effects of the water and sand of the sea. Despite this, the remaining armor has resisted the deleterious effects of the sea over the annals of time and is extremely tough. Some say this is due to Yggdrasil's Child infusing the iron ore found in Ruathym with magic. While wearing this armor bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage you take from nonmagical weapons is reduced by 3.

**Curse.** This armor is cursed. While tough, it also inhibits movement and creates a lot of noise as you move. You have disadvantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks. In addition, if you move at least 5 feet on your turn in combat, you have disadvantage on Dexterity saving throws until the start of your next turn.

### Conch of Wisdom

*Wonderous Item, very rare*

This conch shell appears to be made of the same substance as pearls, and its creases seem to flow with liquid aquamarine gemstones. When you put your ear to the conch, you hear the rush of the ocean and soft breathing.



Conch of Wisdom

The conch has 3 charges. It regains 1d4-1 expended charges the daily at dawn. If you expend the last charge, roll a d20. On a 1, the conch loses all of its magic. On a 20, the conch immediately tells you how far away you are from the nearest sunken treasure and your direction relative to it.

As an action, you can expend a charge from this magical conch to cast the *divination* spell. The conch answers the spell's inquiry as tersely as possible in a placid, female voice. When cast this way, *divination* does not suffer the cumulative 25% chance of a random reading for repeated castings.

**Curse.** The conch bears the spirit of a sea hag who was bound by the creator of the conch. There is a 10% chance each time you use the conch that the hag will give a reading that intentionally puts the user at risk. The DM makes this roll in secret. If the conch loses its magic, the sea hag is immediately freed and appears in the nearest unoccupied space within 5 feet of the conch.

### Iron Palm Frond

*Shield, uncommon*

This long palm frond is the size of a knight's tower shield. The frond has been toughened greatly by transmutation magic, giving it a strength greater than common iron. The frond has 3 charges. With the frond in hand, you can use your action and expend a charge to cast *gust of wind*. Strength is your spellcasting modifier for this spell. The frond regains 1d4 - 1 expended charges each day at dawn. If you expend the frond's last charge, roll a d20. On a 1, the frond withers and dies.



Iron Palm Frond



## *Potion of Ultimate Water Control*

Potion, legendary

Made from the triple distilled essence of a water primordial, the potion of ultimate water control briefly imbues its drinker with the power of an oceanic demigod. The vial is filled with a sea-blue liquid, which is in a constant whirlpool.

When you drink this potion, you gain the ability to cast *create or destroy water*, *control water*, *watery sphere*, and *maelstrom* at-will and without expending spell slots for the next 24 hours. When cast this way, these spells do not require your concentration and their range is sight.

## *Quandurr's Jetty*

Wondrous item, rare

This miniature moonstone carving of a stone wharf or bridge has the name 'Quandurr' engraved on its smooth underside, and a rougher but unadorned upper side. When grasped right side up and held reasonably horizontal while you speak the name aloud and standing on land (which can be a shifting-sand beach, boggy ground, muddy tidal flats, or below high-tide level) it transforms into a flat, absolutely horizontal, floating-in-place jetty ten feet wide and seventy feet long.

The jetty hangs firmly fixed in midair, not supported by anything, and can't be shifted by any known means—even large ships crashing into it. It lacks railings, cleats, rings, or other means of tying to it. Although it has a slightly rough upper surface ('deck') that aids in traction, it can become slippery from sea spray, rain, or shore mists. Its location is determined by where the holder is standing when the jetty is activated, and how they 'aim' it while holding it; typical uses of this jetty are to jut out into waters where there's no wharf, though it can be used to span a pit, chasm, or other dry locales. Unlike *Tenser's floating disk*, it can span any difference in grade of what's beneath it, and has a 1000-pound weight limit.

However, the jetty lasts only seven minutes. When exhausted (or its weight limit is exceeded), it instantly returns to its miniature form, in the precise spot where it was being held when activated—and can't function again until 24 hours have passed. When created, a *Quandurr's jetty* looks like solid moonstone (a lustrous white stone that glows slightly in dim or dark conditions), but it slowly fades in radiance and gains translucence, so it's as see-through as clear glass just before it expires.

Some sages report that certain spells will cause such a jetty to instantly expire. Anything held aloft by a jetty when it expires falls straight down, unless held aloft by magic or a flying speed.

## *Sea Helmet*

Wondrous item, uncommon (requires attunement)

This flexible, mottled, sea-turtle-leather helmet fits even the largest humanoid heads, and is fashioned with an adjustable chin-strap to keep it on, and an attached 'neck skirt' (so it looks like a hood, entirely hiding the neck, and covering a wearer's shoulders and collarbone area). It has two polished rock crystal eyepieces.

While wearing this helm, no liquid (including moisture in the air, and acids) will cling or soak into your skin or clothing, so you can't become drenched or soaked. The enchantment on the eyepieces prevents mist or even thick fog from obscuring vision, though lack of light will inhibit range and clarity in the usual way. You can see normally in seemingly opaque fog (but not smoke) such as that of the *fog cloud* spell. A sea helm stores six minutes of air, allowing you to breathe normally for that length of time where air is scarce.

## *Seas and Skies: A Coastal Guide*

Wondrous item, uncommon

This book's cover is weathered from a mixture of sand abrasion and salt air, with pages made from dried plant-life instead of traditional paper.

If you spend a long rest or equivalent amount of time studying this book, the coast becomes favored terrain for you for the next week and you can ask up to three questions about a location, creature, or current weather conditions on the coast that the DM gives a short reply to. Additionally, you can determine the direction of the nearest coastline within 1 mile and its approximate distance with a successful DC 12 Intelligence (Nature) check by looking through the book. If you succeed by 5 or more, the range increases to 6 miles and you learn the types of flora and fauna local to that section of the coast.



### Waterblade

Weapon (dagger), rare (requires attunement)

This translucent stiletto dagger is fashioned of magically-hardened, clear and colorless topaz. In dry form, it looks like glass. It has the same weight and durability as a steel dagger. You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon.

While attuned to this weapon, you can touch its pommel and speak the command word 'wet' to have the dagger become invisible to other creatures. While in this form, the dagger slowly drips seawater (at least one noticeable drop per round in combat). This allows you to conceal the dagger from sight. Touching the pommel and speaking the command word 'dry' will revert the dagger to its normal appearance. This occurs automatically after 24 hours if the dagger has not drawn blood.

While submerged in salt water or brackish water, the dagger is always in its 'wet' state.

### Wavecaller Trident

Weapon (trident), very rare (requires attunement)

This trident is made of a blue metal, which reflects light in a vivid, prismatic seafoam green. It's always damp to the touch, yet its grip is extremely firm. You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon, and its throwing range is doubled for you. While the trident is on your person, you can breathe underwater and gain a swim speed equal to your land speed. If you already have a swim speed, it instead increases by 10 feet.

**Tidal Sway.** Just as the tides always return to their resting lull, the trident always returns to your hands. As a bonus action while the trident is not on your person, you can cause the trident to fly to your hands. It flies the most direct path it can to your location. Any creatures in the trident's path must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw or take damage as if you were wielding it with one hand.

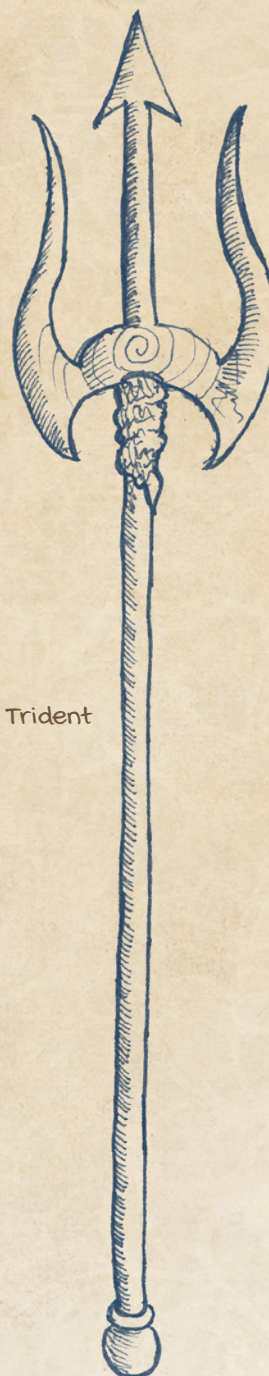
**Divine Right.** If you are sworn to a god of nature, the seas, or storms, you gain the ability to cast *animal friendship* at-will on aquatic creatures. Additionally, you can cast *control water* using this trident. After you cast this spell this way, you can't do so again until after the next dawn.

### Waverider's Tablet

Wonderous item, uncommon (requires attunement)

This 7-foot long, 3-foot wide tablet is made of smooth, bleached divingwood and is inlaid with sapphire and turquoise in the design of rolling waves. The tablet floats along the top of any liquid deeper than 6 inches. If the tablet is ever brought beneath a liquid's surface, it immediately rises to the liquid's surface at a rate of 500 feet per round.

While only you are on top of the tablet while it's floating on liquid, you can move across the surface of the water. You move two feet for every foot of movement while moving this way. While on top of the tablet, you can't be forced to dismount from it. Being forcibly moved moves the tablet with you.



Wavecaller Trident







