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DragonLance



The Complete Krynn Source Book

LEAVES FROM THE INN OF THE LAST HOME

Compiled by Tika and Caramon Majere, Proprietors



ELMORE

Edited by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman

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Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman**

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LEAVES FROM THE INN OF THE LAST HOME

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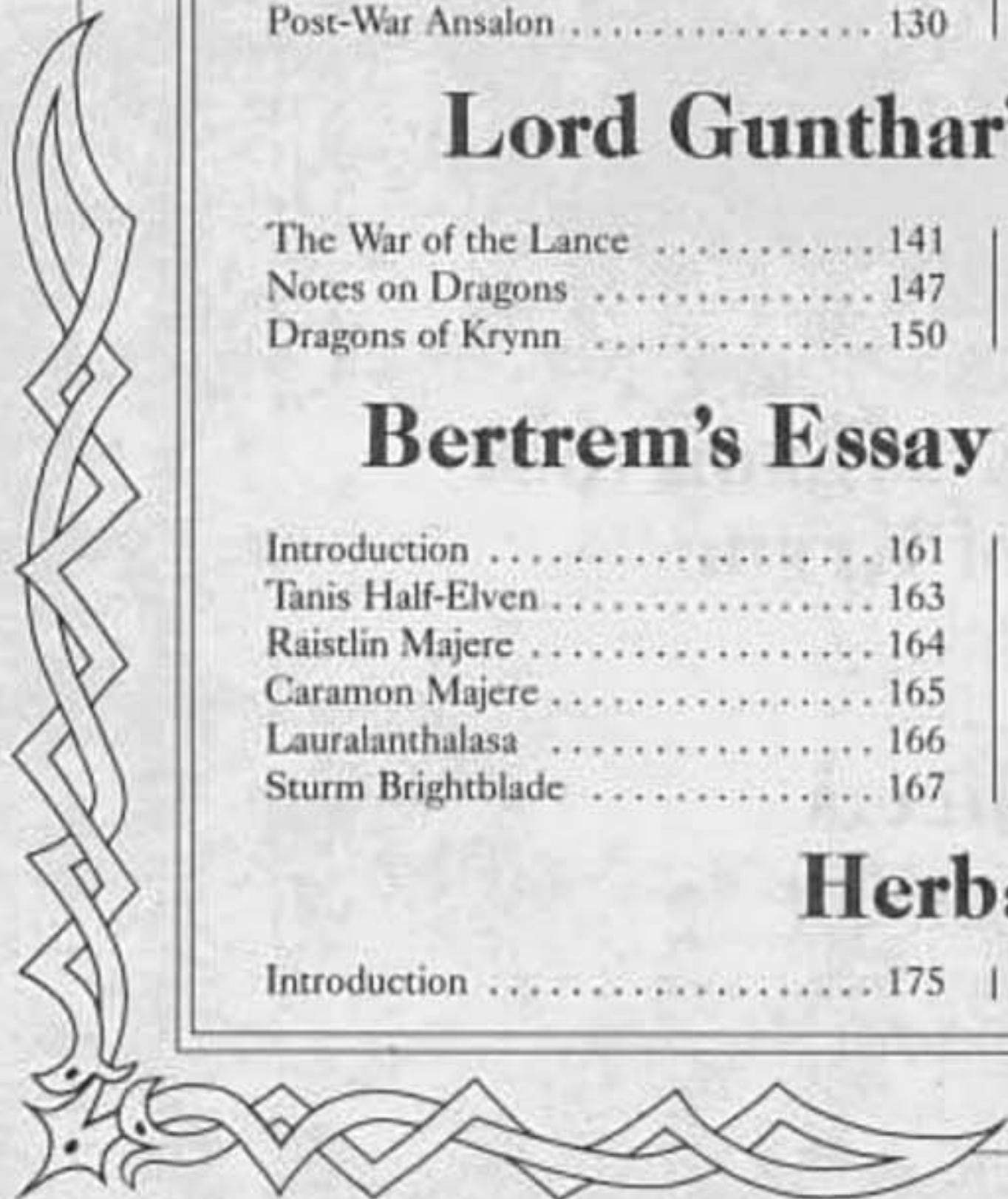
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Preface

No one knows the history of the Inn of the Last Home. Oh, there are legends certainly, but as for the truth, it has been lost in the dark night of the past.

In more recent time, we know that Otik Sandahl bought the Inn "for a kender half-penny," as the saying goes. The previous owner had allowed it to become run-down. The building was shabby and in need of repair. It was rumored that he watered the ale, and no one but a gully dwarf could stomach the food.

The Inn of the Last Home became wife, family, and home to Otik. He worked long hours, making the necessary repairs to the old building. He lavished the same love and care on the ale and the food that he served, hiring one of the finest cooks in all of Solace. The reputation of the new Inn of the Last Home spread quickly, and soon Otik's fine ale and his famous spiced potatoes had gained renown throughout the lands of Abanasinia.

On a now-famous night in the year 351, a group of friends met at the Inn of the Last Home after an absence of five years. That night was destined to go down in history for it was on this memorable evening that Goldmoon, princess of the Que-shu, brought back to the world the knowledge of the true gods. That night, the companions started out on a quest that would eventually lead them to fight the Queen of Darkness and her Dragonarmies.

As Otik was later wont to say proudly (and somewhat inaccurately), "The War of the



The new Inn of the Last Home.

Lance started here, right in my fireplace!"

Be that as it may, we later became known throughout the continent of Ansalon as the Heroes of the Lance, in recognition of our service to our people during the war. It used to make me extremely uncomfortable to hear myself referred to as a "hero" when I did no more, no less than many other men and women did during those terrible times.

But my wife, Tika, explained it to me thusly: "We are symbols of the heroism in everyone. When people celebrate our deeds, it is their own they celebrate as well. We must be certain to always remember that."

So it was that when Tika and I opened the new Inn of the Last Home we dedicated it to *all* Heroes of the Lance—everywhere.

During the war, dragons attacked Solace, burning the great vallenwood trees and destroying the town. The Inn was one of the few buildings spared, although the magnificent vallenwood tree in which it was built went up in flames. With their huge claws, the dragons lifted the Inn from the blackened tree and set it upon the ground, where it was taken over by soldiers of the Dragon Highlords.

At war's end, Otik planted a vallenwood sapling in the ground near the site of the old tree and tended it carefully. Vallenwoods grow extremely fast, but all in Solace were amazed at the speed with which this particular tree grew and the tremendous size it attained. (Some say that they saw a befuddled old wizard in mouse-colored robes and a battered hat stop one day and have a talk with the tree, but that has never been verified.)

When I returned from the adventures that took me back in time, the vallenwood was full grown and Otik, although he had retired by this time, was drawing up plans for the new Inn.

But first things first. Upon my return, I built the house I had always promised Tika she would have. I may say—modestly—that I have some skill as a carpenter. Our house was one of the most impressive in the tree city of Solace. My carpentry skills were soon in demand as far away as Haven and Pax Tharkas. While I traveled, Tika managed the Inn (as well as making me the proud father of three sons)!

We were so successful that in five short years we were able to save money enough to purchase the Inn from Otik at a very fair price. (The kind old man would have taken much less—practically given it to us, in fact—if Tika

had not been very stern with him.)

I supervised the construction of the new Inn in its new tree, doing much of the carpentry work myself. Five years after that, the new Inn of the Last Home was complete, and we held the Opening and Consecration. It was in celebration of that occasion that Tika and I, with the help of many of our friends, first compiled the material for this book.

The Opening of the Inn was a proud day for Tika and me.

Riverwind, now chieftain of the united tribes of the Plainsmen, and his beautiful wife, Goldmoon, a Revered Daughter of Mishakal, came to celebrate with us, bringing with them their children. Riverwind's son, Wanderer, who had just come of age, moved, stood, and talked so like his father that I called him "Riverwind" more than once. The twin daughters, ten years old, had their mother's golden hair, and both were so lovely that my eldest son, Tanin, then nine, could do nothing the entire time but stare at them. He moped about with a severe case of puppy love for days after.

Tanis Half-Elven arrived with his wife, Laurana, and their newborn son. One would think there had never been a baby born in this world before to see Tanis fuss proudly over his child.

Those friends who couldn't come sent regards and marvelous gifts. Alhana Starbreeze and her husband, Porthios, sent their best wishes from the united Elven Kingdom. Their gift, a beautiful hand-wrought golden punch bowl, stands in an honored place on the mantelpiece. We use it for weddings, for Alhana told us that those who drink from this bowl will be blessed with the strength and wisdom and love needed to make a happy marriage.

Lord Gunthar, of the Knights of Solamnia, sent us a dragonlance, which is mounted above the great fireplace.

Dalamar, wizard of the Black Robes and master of the Tower of High Sorcery in Palanthis, sent us a gift in a somewhat startling and dramatic manner. Right in the middle of the



The Inn after the dragons attacked Solace.

ceremonies (which included an hour-long speech from Otik), there came a blinding flash of light and a loud bang. When the smoke cleared, we saw a winged imp standing in the center of the room. Grinning wickedly, the imp came up to me and gave this . . . thing . . . into my hands.

"Thus states my master, Dalamar," the imp said. "Hang this in yon corner"—the creature pointed with a taloned finger—"and never disturb it nor allow any to touch it and your busi-

ness will prosper."

"You have my word on that!" I said fervently, loathe to touch the thing I held myself. "Bid your master thanks."

With a wild, cackling laugh, the imp disappeared, leaving behind a strong smell of sulphur. Taking the . . . thing, I hung it in the corner as the imp had instructed. To this day, we have no idea what it is. But, from that time forth, wizards and mages of all ranks and every color of robe, became frequent guests at the Inn—popping in and out at all times of the day and night.

In addition to old friends, several unexpected guests arrived. We were right in the middle of dinner (unfortunately) when a strong, unpleasant odor filled the air. Looking around, we saw a gully dwarf standing in the doorway.

Raising a dirty fist, it glared at us threateningly and then shouted, "Make way for his lowness. . . ." (A voice growled behind him, "highness, you nimnose!" The gully dwarf turned. "What?" "Highness! Highness!" Shrugging, the creature turned back to us.) "His highhorse. . . ."

The gully dwarf vanished suddenly, jerked back through the door by a hand. There were sounds of thumping and yells of pain. Then the gully dwarf was propelled from behind back into the room. "His HighNess," he said sullenly, rubbing a bruised head. "The Highbulp."

In walked, in all his majesty, the Highbulp, Phudge I, followed by his blushing bride, Bupu!

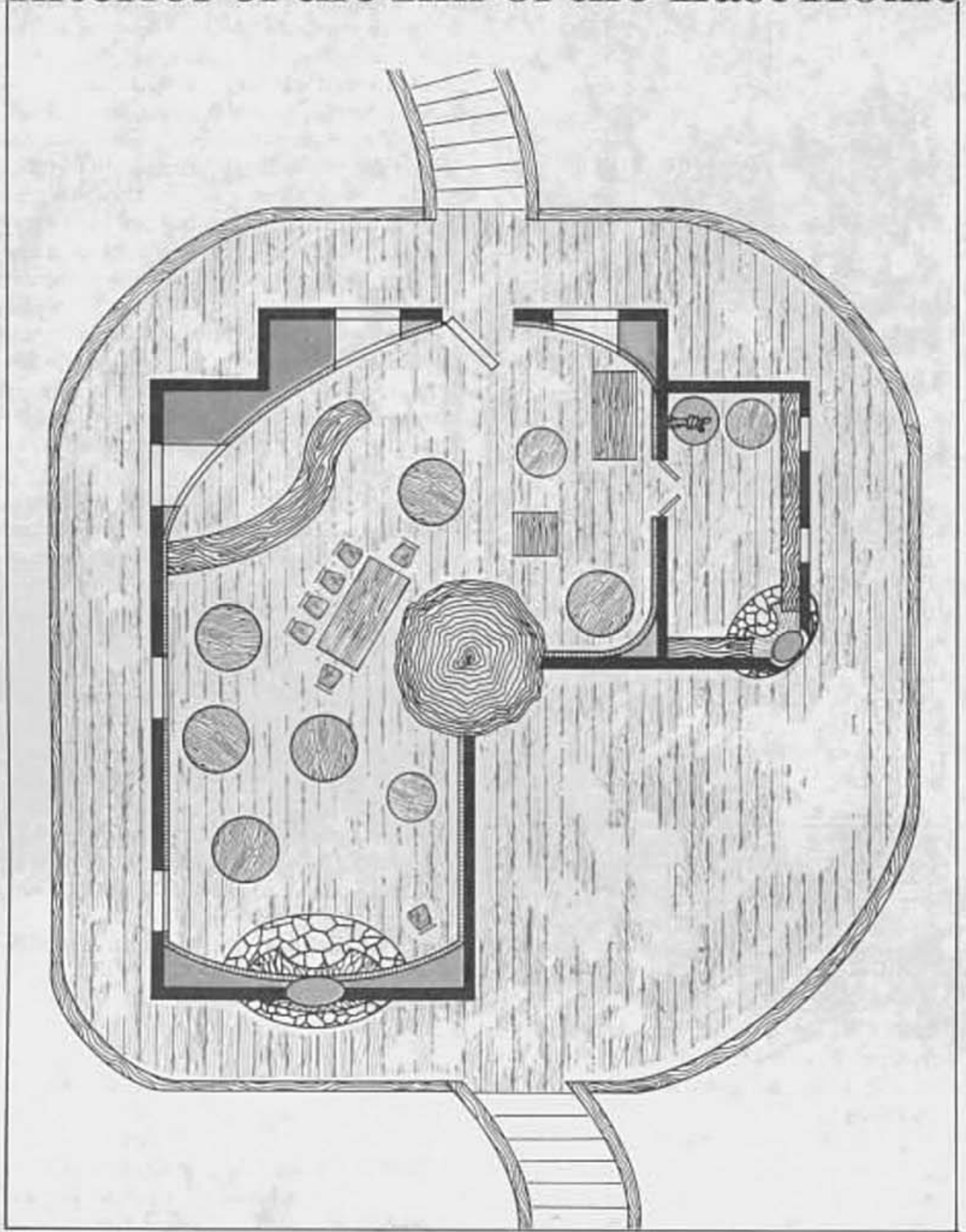
"Me big juju cleric now," Bupu announced to all of us, after first flattening with her fist the gully dwarf who had introduced them.

Bupu reached into a large burlap bag she carried over her shoulder. At this point, my wife and most of the guests retreated to the very farthest corner of the Inn, many covering their eyes (and noses) with their hands.

Pulling out a dead (very dead) chicken, Bupu handed it to me solemnly. "Hang over door and customers come flocking." I accepted it with



Interior of the Inn of the Last Home



what grace I could, solemnly assuring the gully dwarf that it would be hung in a place of honor. I intended to keep my promise, remembering always the gully dwarf's help and my twin's fondness for the wretched creature. Unfortunately, the Highbulp, in a fit of absentmindedness, ate it. (For this transgression, the powerful leader of the Bulp clan received a sound drubbing from his loving wife.)

Our joy was complete, however, when—right in the middle of the solemn blessing being given by Revered Daughter Crysania, we heard an altercation going on at the foot of the vallenwood tree.

"I say, that handkerchief is mine! Look at the initials—F.B. That stands for . . . wait, I'm not quite sure. Ah, I've got it. F. B. That means . . ." The querulous voice paused. "I'm certain it must stand for something. . . ."

"Fizban," said a shrill voice patiently. "Fizban!"

"Yes!" cried the querulous voice in excitement. "That's it! Fizban." Another pause. "Are you certain? I thought sure he was dead. And how did you get my handkerchief anyway? I never loan it out. Did the cross-stitching myself," he added proudly.

"You dropped it," the shrill voice said glibly. "You're always dropping things, you know. There goes your hat. . . ."

"Confound it! I recognize you now! You're Burrassle Hotfoot!"

"Tasslehoff Burrfoot!" the shrill voice said indignantly.

"Whatever!" The querulous voice rose in anger. "I'll teach you to manhandle my property. Stand back. I've got this spell. Wonderful spell. Fire-hydrant! No . . . that's not right. Just a minute. Napalm. Close. I have it! Fireball!"

At this point, Tanis and I ran down the stairs and managed to prevent the old wizard from exhibiting his magic skills, or the Inn might have been reduced to a pile of ashes on the spot.

Revered Daughter Crysania continued with the blessing.

"We come before the gods—all the gods—gods of light and darkness and the gray in between, to make this Inn a haven for those in times of both happiness and despair. May it be a resting place for those who are weary. May it nurture those who hunger and thirst. May it provide shelter for those who wander. Most of all, may it be a place of blessed companionship for all."

Then it was a time of feasting and merriment. Standing in my beautiful Inn, my arm around my beloved wife, my friends gathered together, our children playing merrily around us, I felt my heart come near to bursting with pride and happiness. It was only by going off by myself to a private corner and thinking tender thoughts of those who were not here to share this day with us that I was able to restore myself to calmness.

My dear friend, Sturm Brightblade, Knight of Solamnia, who died defending the High Clerist's Tower. You taught me the true meaning of honor.

Flint Fireforge, the gruff old dwarf. Orphaned in my teens, I would have missed a father's love and advice if it had not been for you.

Finally, Raistlin, my beloved twin brother. Although you walked in darkness, you showed me true courage in your final sacrifice to attempt to undo the wrongs you committed.

To you three, I dedicate this Inn where we met in comradeship. To you three, I dedicate my life, that I may enact the lessons you taught me. To you three, I dedicate this book, a collection of memories, legends, lore, and song of which you will ever be a part.

Caramon Majere, with Tika Waylan Majere
Proprietors, the Inn of the Last Home

"An inn is blessed or cursed by its ale"
—Sign above the Inn of the Last Home.

Canticle of the Dragon

Out of the darkness of dragons,
 out of our cries for light
 in the blank face of the black moon soaring,
 a banked light flared in Solamnia,
 a knight of truth and of power,
 who called down the gods themselves
 and forged the mighty Dragonlance, piercing the soul
 of dragonkind, driving the shade of their wings
 from the brightening shores of Krynn.

Paladine, the Great God of Good
 shone at the side of Huma,
 Strengthening the lance of his strong right arm,
 and Huma, ablaze in a thousand moons,
 banished the Queen of Darkness,
 banished the swarm of her shrieking hosts
 back to the senseless kingdom of death, where their curses
 swooped upon nothing and nothing
 deep below the brightening land.

Thus ended in thunder the Age of Dreams
 and began the Age of Might,
 When Istar, kingdom of light and truth, arose in the east,
 where minarets of white and gold
 spired to the sun and to the sun's glory,
 announcing the passing of evil,
 and Istar, who mothered and cradled the long summers of good,
 shone like a meteor
 in the white skies of the just.

Yet in the fullness of sunlight
 the Kingpriest of Istar saw shadows:
 At night he saw the trees as things with daggers, the streams
 blackened and thickened under the silent moon,
 He searched books for the paths of Huma
 for scrolls, signs, and spells
 so that he, too, might summon the gods, might find
 their aid in his holy aims,
 might purge the world of sin.

Then came the time of dark and death
 as the gods turned from the world,
 A mountain of fire crashed like a comet through Istar,
 the city split like a skull in the flames,
 mountains burst from once-fertile valleys,
 seas poured into the graves of mountains,
 the deserts sighed on abandoned floors of the seas,
 the highways of Krynn erupted
 and became the paths of the dead.

Thus began the Age of Despair.
 The roads were tangled.
 The winds and the sandstorms dwelt in the husks of cities,
 The plains and mountains became our home.
 As the old gods lost their power,
 we called to the blank sky
 into the cold, dividing gray to the ears of new gods.
 The sky is calm, silent, unmoving,
 We had yet to hear their answer.

Then to the east, to the Sunken City
 scarred in its loss of blue light,
 came the Heroes, the Innfellows, heirs to the burdens,
 out of their tunnels and their arching forests,
 out of the lowness of plains, the lowness
 of huts in the valleys,
 the stunned farms under the warlords and darkness.
 They came serving the light,
 the covered flames of healing and grace.

From there, pursued by the armies,
 the cold and glittering legions, they came
 bearing the staff to the arms of the shattered city,
 where below the weeds and the birdcall,
 below the vallerwood, below forever,
 below the riding darkness itself,
 a hole in the darkness called to the source of the light,
 drawing all light to the core of light,
 to the first fullness of its godly dazzle.



The Creation of the World

Astinus of Palanthas, the renowned historian, spent many years collecting legends and stories concerning the early history of the world of Krynn, from which he created his famous scroll set, *The Iconochronos*.

The material presented here was drawn from the pages of that great tome, translated into a form more appropriate for the modern reader.

The Creation of the World

Before the beginning there was Chaos.

Then the Gods appeared from Beyond, bringing Good, Evil, and Neutrality into existence.

Reorx, the Forging God, struck his hammer amidst the Chaos. Chaos slowed and the sparks from his hammer became the stars. The Gods then created the spirits of all the races who would eventually people the new worlds born in the Great Forging. These spirits were the Children of the Gods.

The Gods began to quarrel over these spirits. The Gods of Good wanted to nurture the spirits in the paths of righteousness and share with them dominion over the universe. The Gods of Evil sought to make the spirits their slaves, to do their every bidding. The Gods of Neutrality sought a balance: to give the spirits freedom to choose for themselves whether they would serve Good or Evil.

And so the All-Saints War raged among the heavens. The Good and Neutral Gods combined

forces to keep Evil from a final victory.

Then spoke the HighGod from Beyond, who decreed the Balance of the World. The Gods of Good, Evil, and Neutrality would each be allowed to bestow one gift upon the spirits.

The Gods of Good gave the spirits life and physical form. Thus, the spirits gained control over the material world and became more like the Gods themselves. The Gods of Good hoped the spirits would bring peace and order to the worlds, and lead them along the path to righteousness.

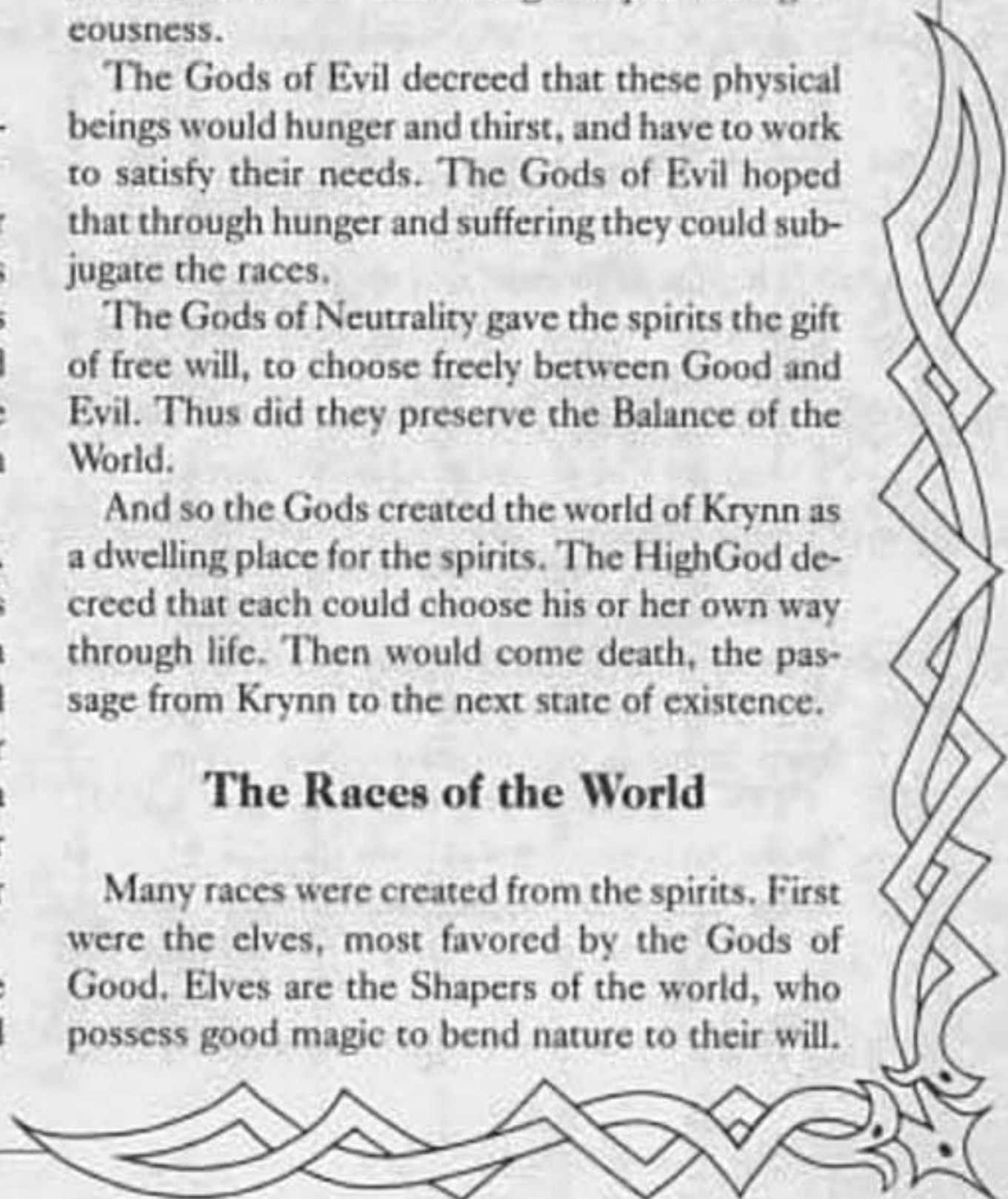
The Gods of Evil decreed that these physical beings would hunger and thirst, and have to work to satisfy their needs. The Gods of Evil hoped that through hunger and suffering they could subjugate the races.

The Gods of Neutrality gave the spirits the gift of free will, to choose freely between Good and Evil. Thus did they preserve the Balance of the World.

And so the Gods created the world of Krynn as a dwelling place for the spirits. The HighGod decreed that each could choose his or her own way through life. Then would come death, the passage from Krynn to the next state of existence.

The Races of the World

Many races were created from the spirits. First were the elves, most favored by the Gods of Good. Elves are the Shapers of the world, who possess good magic to bend nature to their will.



They have the longest lifespan of all the spirits—although they change the world, they themselves change very little.

The human race are most favored by the Gods of Neutrality, although the souls of men are coveted both by the Gods of Good and Evil. Men can choose most freely between Good and Evil. Their shorter time in the world is spent in striving for power and knowledge. They are quick to think and to act—often without considering the consequences. Thus men give the world motion.

The race of ogres are most favored by the Gods of Evil. In the beginning, the ogres were the most beautiful of the races, but they could think only of their hungers. They were easily enslaved by their needs, and their beauty vanished as their hungers devoured them. The ogres are selfish and cruel; they delight in inflicting pain and suffering upon the weak.

The HighGod created the fourth class of beings: the animals. He created them with a balance of Good, Evil, and Neutrality, and they were born of the world itself. Dragons are the lords of the animal kingdom. As with all other beings, they are free to choose among the alignments of the gods.

The Age of Dreams

The Age of Dreams was the first age of Krynn. It is shadowed in myth and song, and little is known of the earliest days of the world.

This Age began when the world was created, and ended when recorded history started, about two millennia ago. The most comprehensive record of those days is contained in the *Lifescroll of Song* compiled by the bard Quevalin Soth.

In those days was founded the first elfrealm, Silvanesti, and construction of Kal-thax, the great kingdom of the dwarves, was begun.

The dragons of evil were the dark force in those days, making war upon the other races to enslave them. Many and horrible were the wars of those centuries, but always the dragons were beaten back.

Tragedy struck the other races as well. The

great Kinslayer War between elves and humans lasted for fifty years until a peace could be negotiated. The Swordsheath Scroll ended the Kinslayer War, but many elves left Silvanesti to seek new homes. They traveled west and founded the nation of Qualinesti.

The human empire of Ergoth was the greatest kingdom of that age. Founded in ideals of peace and justice, it became corrupt and oppressive. Vinas Solamnas, head of the imperial guard, led an army to the east to quash a rebellion, but found that the rebellion was justified. He was converted to the side of the rebels, and commanded the army that won freedom for the eastern states of Ergoth. He created the Order of the Knights of Solamnia to protect the freedom of the people.

Ergoth was divided into independent states, and the nations of Istar, Solamnia, and Goodlund were born.

The Knights of Solamnia ruled justly for many centuries, and peace settled over the land.

Then came the Third Dragon Wars, the most terrible challenge to the balance of the world. It lasted nearly three hundred years.

Huma Dragonbane, a Knight of Solamnia, studied with a holy man and prayed to the Gods for aid. His quest for aid took him to many lands. In his travels, he met a silver dragon in human form, who fell in love with him. The silver dragon gave Huma the secret of the Dragonlance. Paladine, the greatest of all the Gods, came down to Krynn in mortal form to aid Huma. Huma drove the dragons from Krynn, and battled Takhisis, Queen of Darkness, with the aid of the Dragonlance. He drove the dragons from the world and cast them into darkness.

Thus ended the Third Dragon Wars, and with the banishment of the dragons, the Age of Dreams came to an end.

The Age of Might

The Age of Might was the golden age of Krynn. It lasted nearly a thousand years, and was a time of power, glory, peace, and achievement.

Following the banishment of the dragons, the ogres, now without their powerful allies, overestimated their own strength and attacked the dwarves of Kal-thax. The Ogre Wars lasted nearly a hundred years, and ended with the total defeat of the ogres and their enslavement by the other races of Krynn. Although bands of renegade ogres lurked in the mountains and occasionally attacked settlements, the ogres as a nation were completely dead.

Ergoth, weakened by its fragmentation into independent states, declined as a major power. The nation of Istar took its place as the dominant political power on the continent of Ansalon.

The independent kender states united with Istar in a treaty known as the Kendermeld. Silvanesti also joined the Empire of Istar in the Treaty of Elfmeld. Under heavy pressure from neighboring states, the dwarven kingdom of Kal-thax agreed to the Dwarfmeld. Finally, Solamnia and Ergoth submitted to the Greatmeld. The Empire of Istar had created the first government to rule all Ansalon.

The glory of Istar had now triumphed. An unlimited future of peace was at hand. The forces of Evil seemed to have been completely vanquished—dragons were no more, and the ogres had been broken. And in the 959th year of the Age of Might, the High Kingpriest of Istar decided to rid the land of even the vestiges of evil by summoning one of the Gods to do his bidding...

The Cataclysm was the result.

The Cataclysm

The Gods were angered at the pride of the High Kingpriest, as a parent is angered by a willful child. The Gods may sometimes give aid, but must be approached with humility instead of pride. And so they determined to teach the people of Krynn a lesson, since it is a parent's duty to correct a child's willful behavior.

A fiery mountain was flung from the heavens to destroy the city of Istar. The very face of the land was changed. Mountains were raised up, and land sunk into the sea. Thus did the Gods punish

the behavior of their children, and so did they hope that their children would return to the paths of righteousness.

But the peoples of Krynn did not understand the lessons the Gods taught. They did not see that their pride had brought on catastrophe. They saw only the wrath of the Gods. Feeling abandoned, the people of Krynn turned from the worship of the true Gods and searched for other gods. Men came to worship false gods, and clerics lost the power to work magic. Everywhere the people of Krynn turned on their champions. Even the once-noble Knights of Solamnia lost favor because they could not undo the Cataclysm.

Chaos reigned throughout Krynn in the dark years that followed the Cataclysm. The dwarves of Thorbardin, blaming humans and all other races for the tragedy, shut the doors of their kingdom against all, including their own kin on the outside. The wizard Fistandantilus, the most powerful mage of his time, led the armies of hill dwarves and humans in the Dwarfgate War. When his defeat became certain, he loosed a spell of such destructive power that both armies were destroyed.

And so the doors to Thorbardin were shut, and their location lost in the changed land. The elves also withdrew from contact with humanity, and the lands of Silvanesti and Qualinesti were shut to all but a few outsiders.

Those were shadow years. False gods were better than no gods at all, and a variety of faiths sprang up. Ancestor worship was common among the peoples of the plains. The scholars of Haven and Solace founded the Seeker movement, initially a gathering of seekers after the old truths—or at least new truths that might work. In time, the intellectual Seeker movement turned into a political movement, and the Seeker Theocracy came to power in Abanasinia. They adopted "new" gods and abandoned the search for truth.

Poverty was now everywhere, for much of the wealth of ancient times had vanished in the Cataclysm. Gold, the precious metal of history, was all too common and useless for everyday living.



Steel became the metal of value throughout most of the continent of Ansalon, for it was useful and practical. Soon, coins of steel became the basic trade material.

The elves remembered the times long past, but the short memories of humans caused the ancient world to be largely forgotten within a few generations. Dragons were thought to be simply creatures of myth, fit only to frighten children. The idea that clerics could once work spells was blasphemy in the Seeker Theocracy. People were imprisoned and sometimes burned for such claims.

Slowly, Krynn began to recover from the Cataclysm, but soon reports of a greater evil were heard. Warlords in the north were conquering the lands of the ancient nation of Istar. Armies were on the march again. The broken forces of the scattered people were no match for the strange forces allied to these new "Highlords."

Soon, the people of the north knew the terrible truth. The Highlords had allies out of nightmare. The dragons had returned to Krynn!

The Dragons of Krynn

Dragons had not appeared in the world of Krynn for over a thousand years, not since the end of the Age of Dreams. Indeed, most people of Krynn, except for scholars and wizards, believed that dragons are but children's tales.

The origin of dragons seems to stretch back to the forging of the world itself. Dragons came into being not from the stars, as did men and elves, but from the very essence of the world itself. Thus the dragons are the life force of Krynn become flesh.

Dragons allied themselves with the forces of Good, Evil, and Neutrality, as did all other races according to their natures.

Three Dragon Wars were fought during the Age of Dreams. In the final Dragon Wars, a young knight of Solamnia named Huma was given the secret of the Dragonlance. Flying a silver dragon, he battled the dragons in the skies. When the battle was over, the evil dragons had

been defeated. To preserve the Balance, the dragons of Good and Neutrality departed the world.

After the Cataclysm, reports of dragons increased. Soon, the lords of the land came to know that myth had become reality: dragons had returned to Krynn.

What brought these dragons back to the world? None could say. The dragons themselves seemed to be in the service of the strange Dragon Highlords. None knew how the Highlords acquired dragons, but all knew that the dragons and their allies had created the most formidable single army ever to march across Ansalon.

The wise saw an even greater mystery. If the dragons of Evil were stalking the land, where then were the dragons of Good? There were a few reports of good dragons being sighted, but they refused to fight against their evil cousins. Why did they refuse? It was not until the strange quest of the Heroes of the Lance was far advanced that the reasons started to become clear.

The Gods of Krynn

The gods of Krynn came from Beyond out of Chaos to forge the universe during the Age of Starbirth, as told in the Tale of the Creation. The origin of the gods is unknown, although it is believed that they came from a different sphere of existence. All of the facts of the Age of Starbirth are now heavily obscured in myth and legend, especially since the Cataclysm, when knowledge of the true gods departed from Krynn.

All the information in this section was gleaned from the *Disks of Mishakal*, which were found by the Innfellows in the ruins of Xak Tsaroth. If a person reads the Disks with the proper devout attitude, he can become a true spell-using cleric. Clerics of Krynn wear a *Medallion of Faith* engraved with the symbol of the god they follow. These medallions have only one power—they magically duplicate themselves when a new cleric comes into being. The new medallion bears the symbol of the god the new cleric follows—regardless of what symbol was on the original.

Only the gods themselves know their true names, and certainly do not disclose them to mortals. The names given here were in common use in the years following the great Dragonlance Wars in the different cultures on the continent of Ansalon. The list is by no means complete.

There are twenty-one known gods of Krynn: seven gods of Good, seven of Evil, and seven of Neutrality. All the known gods are represented in the heavens. Six gods of Good and six gods of Evil make up the zodiac. Six gods of Neutrality are represented by wandering stars (planets). The remaining three gods—of White, Black, and Red magic—are represented by the three moons that orbit Krynn.

The Gods of Good

Paladine, The Celestial Paladin

Other Names: Draco Paladin (Ergoth), Skyblade (Goodlund), E'li (Silvanesti), Thak (Thorbardin), The Great Dragon (Solamnia)

Symbol: The Silver Triangle, also the Pinetree (Silvanesti) or Anvil (Thorbardin)

Colors: Silver, white

Sphere of Influence: Rulership and guardianship

Many believe that the ancient hero Huma was actually Paladine in mortal form, when he drove the dragons from the land during the Age of Dreams. Paladine's constellation traditionally guards the Gate of Souls, keeping the dragons from returning to Krynn.

Majere

Other Names: Manthus (Ergoth), Mantis of the Rose (Qualinesti), Matheri (Silvanesti)

Symbol: Copper Spider, also the Single Rose (Qualinesti, Silvanesti), and the Mantis (Solamnia)

Colors: Copper, red

Sphere of Influence: Meditation, control, and thought



Majere is the favored god of monks. He is said to give his followers symbols that, when cast upon the ground, become insects that fight for their owner.

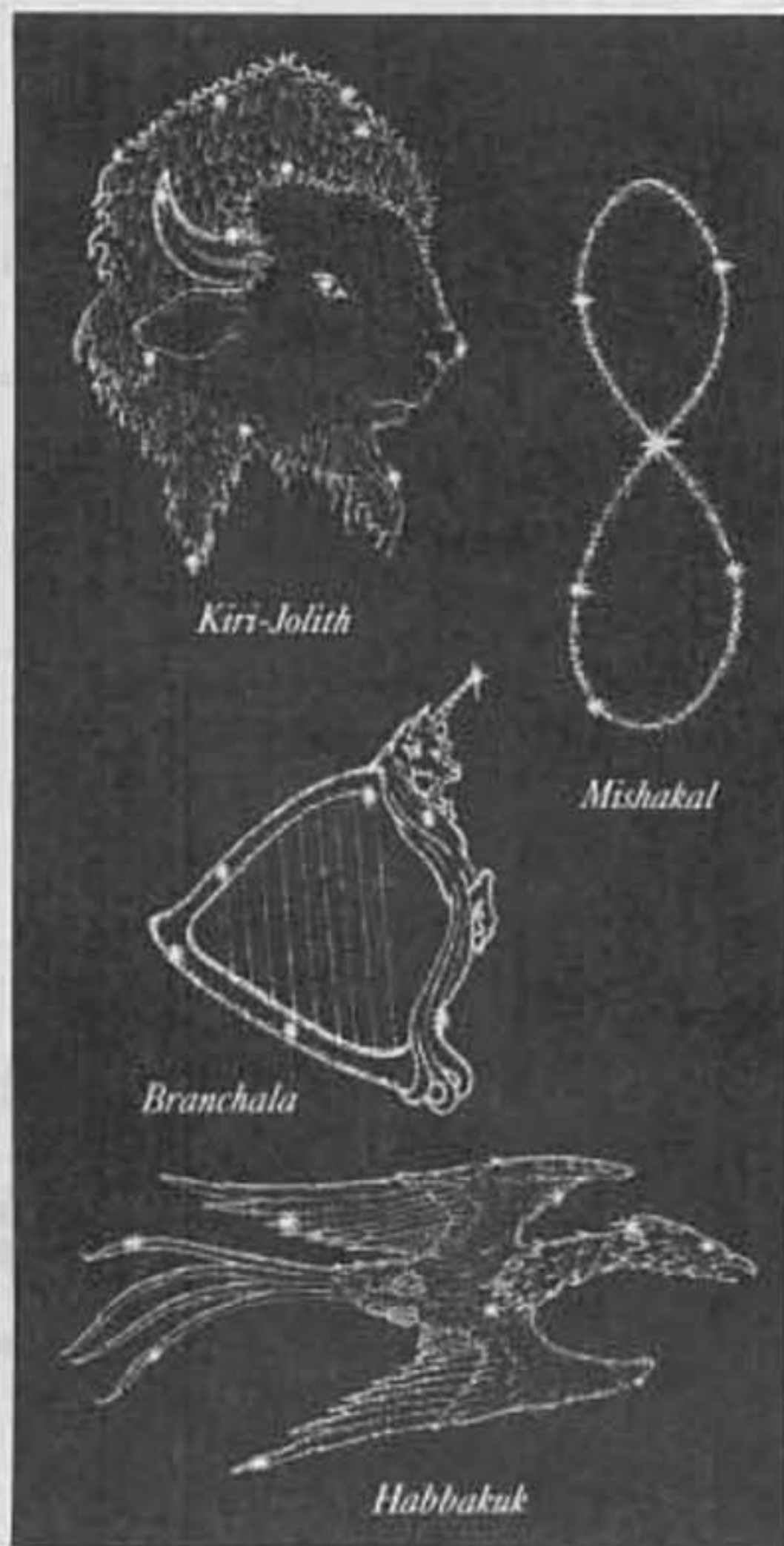
Kiri-Jolith

Other Names: Corij (Ergoth), Kijo (Thorbardin), Jolith (Kharolis)

Symbol: Bison's horns, also horned battle-axe (Thorbardin, Kharolis)

Colors: Brown, white

Sphere of Influence: War and battle



Kiri-Jolith is a god of war, but not of battlelust. He is the favorite god of paladins and good-aligned fighters. His constellation seems to threaten that of the Queen of Darkness in the night sky.

Mishakal, The Healer

Other Names: Ka-mel-sha, the Healer in the Home (Tarsis), Mesalax (Thorbardin), Meshal (Icewall), Mishas (Ergoth), Quenesti Pah (Silvanesti), Quen (Qualinesti), Skymistress (Goodlund), the Blue Lady (Balifor, Highlo)

Symbol: Blue infinity sign

Colors: Sky blue

Sphere of Influence: Healing, knowledge, fertility

Mishakal is found in nearly every known civilization of Krynn.

Habbakuk, The Fisher King

Other Names: The Blue Phoenix (Ergoth, Silvanesti, Qualinesti), Skylord (Balifor, Goodlund)

Symbol: Blue bird, also blue phoenix (Ergoth)

Colors: Deep blue, white

Sphere of Influence: All animal life and the sea

Branchala, The Bard King

Other Names: Songmaster (Goodlund), Astra (Qualinesti), Astarin (Silvanesti), Bran (Ergoth)

Symbol: Bard's harp, flute (Goodlund, Qualinesti, Silvanesti)

Colors: Yellow, green

Sphere of Influence: Elves, kender, forests, music

Branchala appears in the form of whatever people he is visiting. He is considered the highest god of the elves and kender.

Solinari

Other Names: Solin (Ergoth), White-eye (Goodland, Balifor), God's Eye (Thorbardin), Ivory Disk (Highlo)

Symbol: White circle or sphere

Colors: White, silver

Sphere of Influence: Good magic

Solinari is the white moon of Krynn. The influence of good magic waxes and wanes according to its position in the heavens.

The Gods of Evil

The Queen of Darkness

Other Names: Dragonqueen (Istar, Silvanesti, Ergoth), She of the Many Faces (Highlo), Mai-tat (Tarsis), Nilat the Corruptor (Icewall), Tamex the False Metal (Thorbardin), Takhisis (Dragonarmies)

Symbol: Black crescent

Colors: Black

Sphere of Influence: Night, evil dragons, hatred

The Queen of Darkness is worshipped by the Dragon Highlords, the draconians, and allied humans.

Sargonnas

Other Names: Argon (Istar, Ergoth), The Firebringer (Highlo), Misal-Lasim (Tarsis), Gonnas the Willful (Icewall), Sargonax the Bender (Thorbardin), Kinthalas (Silvanesti), Kinis (Qualinesti)

Symbol: A stylized red condor, also a red fist (Thorbardin, Istar)

Colors: Red, black

Sphere of Influence: Deserts, volcanoes, vengeance, fire

Morgion

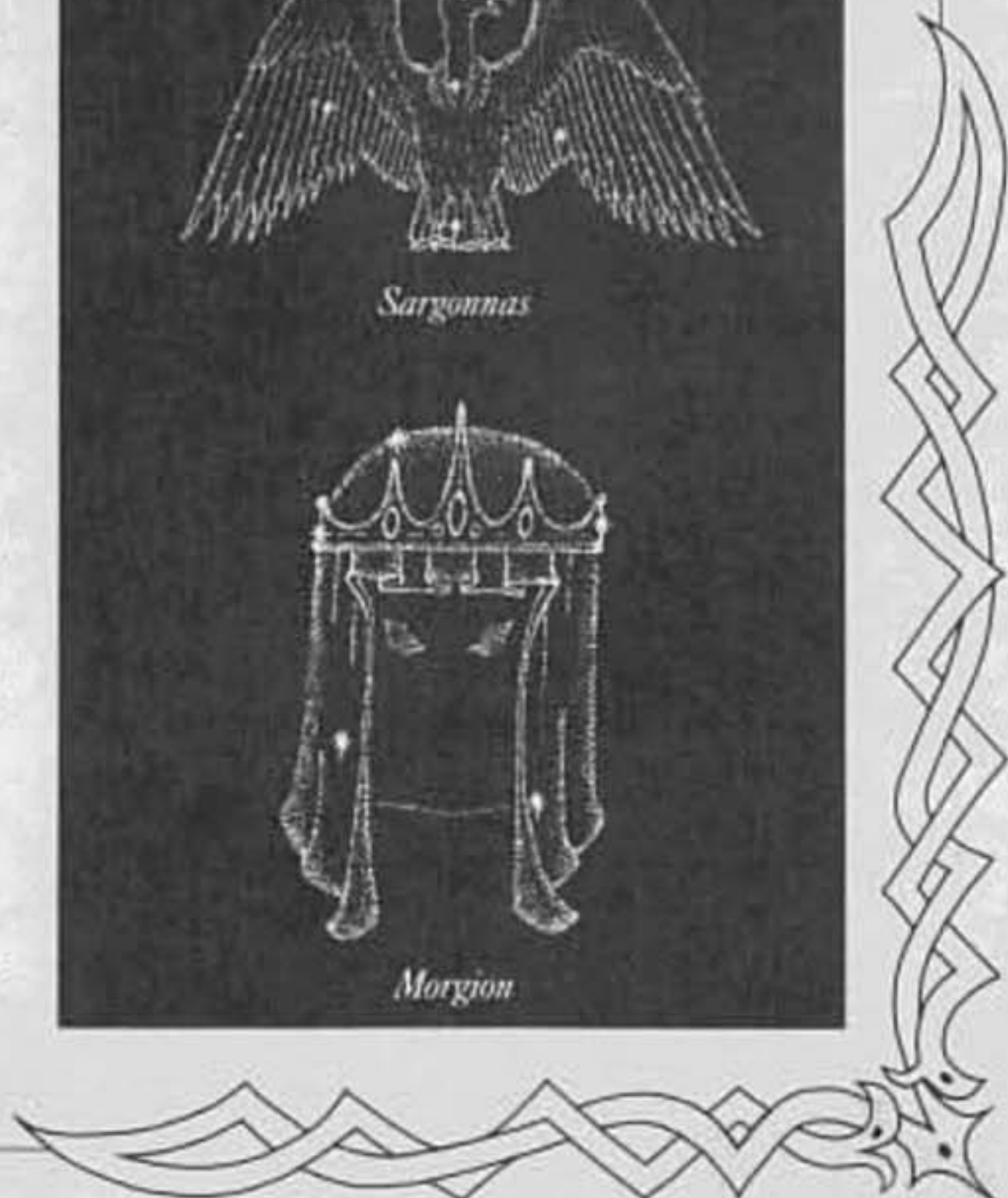
Other Names: H'rar (Ergoth, Istar), Gormion (Tarsis), Morgi (Icewall), Morgax the Rustlord (Thorbardin)

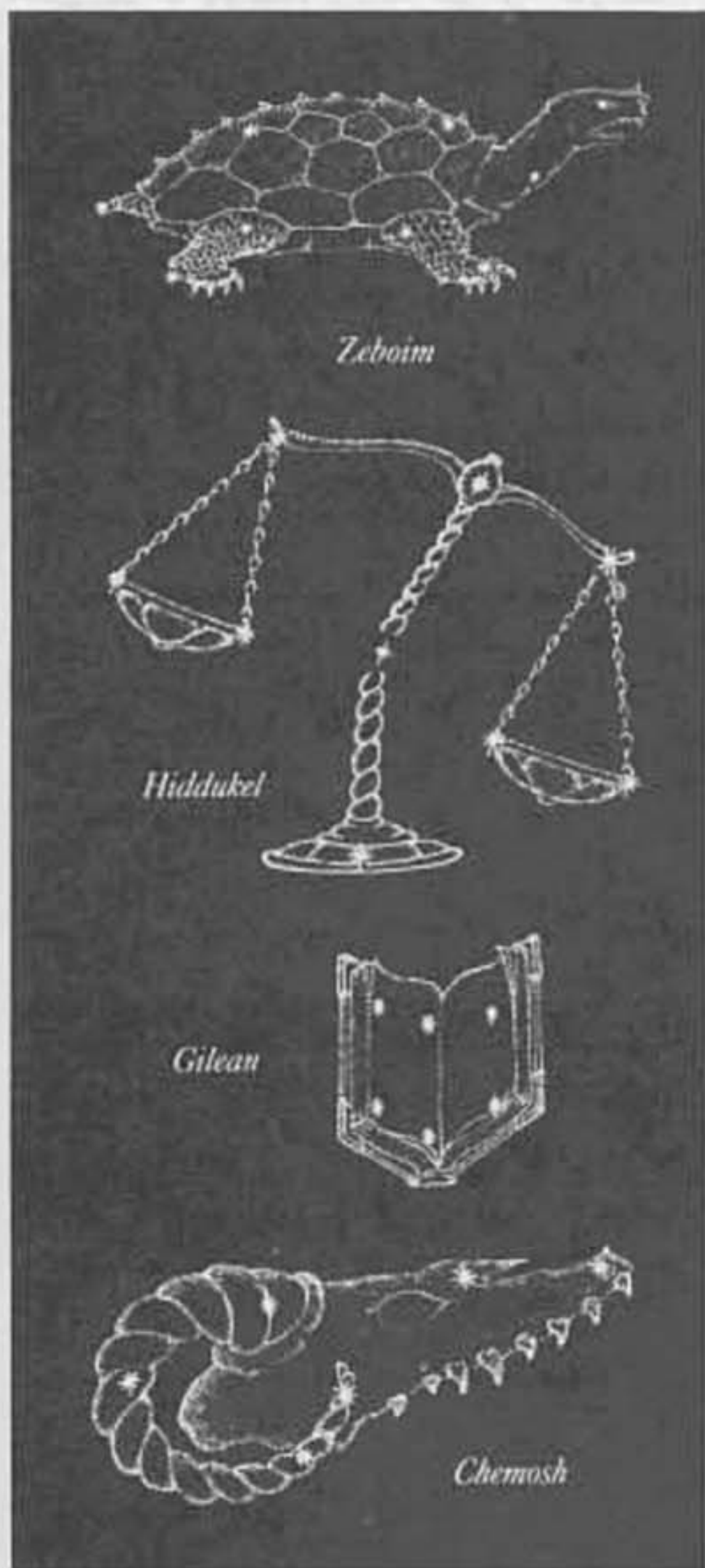
Symbol: A hood with two red eyes, also an upside-down axe (Thorbardin), or a rat's claw (Highlo)

Colors: Deep brown, black

Sphere of Influence: Disease, decay, plague

Morgion's followers meet in dark places of worship, and are very secretive in all things.





Chemosh

Other Names: Aeleth (Ergoth), Dron of the Deep (Tarsis), Chemos Joton (Icewall), Khe-max (Thorbardin)

Symbol: A yellow skull

Colors: Black, sickly yellow

Sphere of Influence: All undead

Worshippers of Chemosh generally wear white skull masks and black robes.

Zeboim

Other Names: Rann (Ergoth), Zyr (Tarsis), Zebir Jotun (Icewall), Bhezomiax (Thorbardin)

Symbol: A turtle-shell pattern

Colors: Green, red

Sphere of Influence: The sea, undead sea races

The name for Zeboim translates as "Sea Queen" in both Tarsis and Ergoth. Zeboim is unknown to most dwarven races.

Hiddukel

Other Names: None

Symbol: Broken merchant's scales

Colors: Red, bone white

Sphere of Influence: Demons, damned souls

Hiddukel is a deal maker who trades in souls. He controls all ill-gotten wealth in the world, which he uses to corrupt greedy men. He is the patron of evil businessmen.

Nuitari

Other Names: None

Symbol: A black circle or sphere

Colors: Black

Sphere of Influence: Black magic

Nuitari is the black moon of Krynn. Its existence is known only to astrologers, navigators, magic-users, and others who watch the heavens, for it is known only when it blots out stars and planets. The influence of black magic waxes and wanes according to its position in the heavens.

The Gods of Neutrality

Gilean

Other Names: Gilean the Book, Gray Voyager, the Sage, the Gate of Souls
Symbol: An open book
Colors: Gray
Sphere of Influence: Knowledge

Gilean holds a book, the *Töbril*, which contains all the knowledge possessed by all the gods. All truth is contained in that single tome—but portions of it are sealed.

Sirriion, The Flowing Flame

Other Names: The Alchemist, The Firemaster
Symbol: Multi-colored fire
Colors: Bright reds, yellows
Sphere of Influence: Flame

Reorx, The Forge

Other Names: None
Symbol: Forging Hammer, Dwarven Hammer (Thorbardin)
Colors: Slate gray, red
Sphere of Influence: Dwarves, weapons, technology

Humans tend to portray this god as a paunchy squire to Kiri-Jolith, but dwarves and gnomes hold him as the highest of the gods. Reorx forged the universe with his hammer. He also forged the Greystone of Gargath, and is thus the father of gnomes, dwarves, and kender.

Chislev

Other Names: None
Symbol: The feather
Colors: Brown, yellow, and green
Sphere of Influence: Nature

Chislev is nature incarnate. He/she is served by a

large number of animated wooden creatures who carry out his/her wishes in the known world.

Zivilyn

Other Names: The World Tree, the Tree of Life (Qualinesti, Silvanesti)
Symbol: A great green or gold tree, sometimes a vallenwood
Colors: Green, gold
Sphere of Influence: Wisdom

Zivilyn is said to exist in all times and in all lands, and possesses all the wisdom of all the planes of existence. He is the counterpart to Gilean, the god of knowledge.

Shinare

Other Names: Winged One, Gold Master, Walking Liberty
Symbol: The griffon's wing
Colors: Gold, silver, brown
Sphere of Influence: Money, wealth

Shinare is a favorite god of the dwarves, and is the patron god of merchants and commerce.

Lunitari

Other Names: Luin (Ergoth), Red-Eye (Goodlund), Night Candle (Thorbardin)
Symbol: Red circle or sphere
Colors: Red
Sphere of Influence: Neutral magic, illusionist magic

All neutral magic and illusionist spells are governed by Lunitari, the red moon. The influence of neutrality and illusion waxes and wanes with the position of the red moon in the heavens.

"One's name is everything."—Fizban the Fabulous
 "Night may surround us, but the stars guide our way."—Par-Salian



The Timeline of Krynn

Age of Dreams

The events of the Age of Dreams are not dated to a specific year, or even century. It is probable that the measuring of time during this period occurred at a scale incomprehensible to man. —Astinus

The Gods awaken: From swirling chaos emerge the gods. Taking realms of chaos unto themselves, they establish the Balance. Chaos slows and is subdued by the triumvirate of Good, Evil, and Neutrality.

The stars are born: The universe is forged from chaos. Sparks fly from the anvil, creating stars in the sky. Worlds are wrought by the hammer strokes and left to cool. The spirits of the races sing and dance among the stars.

The All-Saints War begins: The three realms of the gods vie for control of the sentient spirits. The gods of Good press to give the spirits power in physical worlds, nurturing them toward the greater good. The gods of Evil desire to subjugate the spirits as servile beings. The gods of Neutrality desire to free the spirits to their own desires.



Astinus of Palanthas, Historian.

End of the All-Saints War: The war ends with an alliance between the good and neutral gods. The spirits will gain power in the physical world, yet will retain the freedom to choose good from evil.

Krynn is populated: Gnomes, elves, ogres, dragons, and humans are given the world of Krynn as their domain. The races quickly spread across the world, claiming regions as their own. The other races force the humans into small, desolate corners of the world, and then ignore them.

Age of Light

circa 4000 P.C.: *Rise of the House of Silvanos:* The first Synthal-Elish (Council of the High Ones) is formed by Silvanos, on the hill called Sol-Fallan. The many households of the elves swear allegiance to each other through Silvanos. Balif, the general, becomes Silvanos's lieutenant. Now united, the elves look to the menace of dragons encroaching into eastern Silvanesti.

Birth of the gnomes: Reorx, who forged the world, becomes displeased with a group of his human worshippers. He turns them into gnomes.

circa 3500: *Graystone created:* Magic is unknown on Kryn. Reorx, the god of the forge, creates the Graystone of Gargath. In it is concentrated the magical essences of the silver moon, Solinari.

Elves triumph: The dragons are driven from Silvanesti. The second Synthal-Elish is called. Elven clans again swear allegiance to the house of Silvanos. The Kingdom of Silvanesti is decreed. Lands are granted immediately to the major families of the Synthal-Elish. A loose central government overlooks states that are essentially independent.

circa 3100: *Graystone released:* Gnomes pull the Graygem from the skies, and it floats across the face of Kryn, leaving disruption and chaos in its wake. Through the gem, magic is brought to the world. Some gnomes are changed by the gem, creating the kender and dwarven races.

circa 2800: *Kal-Thax closed:* The region of Ansalon inhabited by the dwarves is sealed by that race against all intrusion. Ru-

mors of dark horror emerge from the land, but messengers are forbidden entry.

2692: *Second Dragon War of Silvanesti begins:* Dragons strike southward from central Ansalon, this time aided by potent magic. The elves rally and resist. Elves from the western provinces save the capital from destruction, forcing the dragons onto the defensive.

Construction of Thorbardin begins: Turning their backs upon the rest of world, the dwarves withdraw into their fortress.

2645: *Second Dragon War ends:* The elves of the west drive the dragons from Silvanesti, and are held as heroes of the land. Humans join in the war to banish dragons from the face of Kryn. A mighty hero, Huma of the Lance, discovers the secret weapon known as the Dragonlance, and uses it to drive the dragons to a negative plane, where they are ordered to sleep for eternity.

2600: *Thorbardin completed:* Turning their backs upon the rest of world, the dwarves withdraw into their fortress.

Rise of Ergoth: The humans of Ergoth begin exerting their influence beyond the borders of their land. Ergoth expands rapidly to the east and south.

2515: *Death of Silvanos:* The venerable leader of the elven nation dies and is buried in the Crystal Tomb. His son, Sithel, assumes the leadership of Silvanesti. Sithel immediately orders construction of a tower in honor of his father, to be called the Palace of Quinari.



Age of Might

2500 to 2200: *Ergoth dominant:*

The expanding nation of Ergoth reaches the northern border of Thorbardin to the south. Skirmishes between dwarves and men eventually lead to an uneasy truce. The humans also expand eastward and establish outposts on the edge of the Silvanesti forest. The western elves begin to trade with humans; some elves and humans intermarry.

2308: *Sithas and Kith-Kanan born:* Twin sons are born to Sithel. Sithas is born minutes before Kith-Kanan.

2192: *Sithel slain:* Sithel leads a hunting expedition into the western reaches of Silvanesti. His party accidentally meets a human hunting party that is stalking pray. The elf is concealed by thick brush and a human hunter shoots him by mistake. The Kinslayer War begins.

2192 to 2140: *Kinslayer War:* The elves attempt to drive the human outposts from Silvanesti, while the humans defend fiercely. Many more humans arrive to aid their side in the war. The elves that married into human society are forced to fight against their human kin in a war of great savagery.

Kith-Kanan skillfully leads the western elves in war, while Sithas solidifies his hold upon the throne. The war finally ends with a truce arranged between the emperor of Ergoth and Kith-Kanan.

2140 to 2100: *Sundering of Silvanesti:* The western elves are again held as the heroes of the land. They, however, are ashamed of the bloodshed wrought by the Kinslayer War. The philosophies of the west-

ern elves have strayed from the rigidly structured order determined by the high elven caste system. With their army still intact, the western elves sue for social change and self-determination.

Ergoth/Thorbardin Clash: A series of disputes over borders and the rights to mineral claims lead to renewed skirmishing between dwarves and humans. The threat of all-out war looms large.

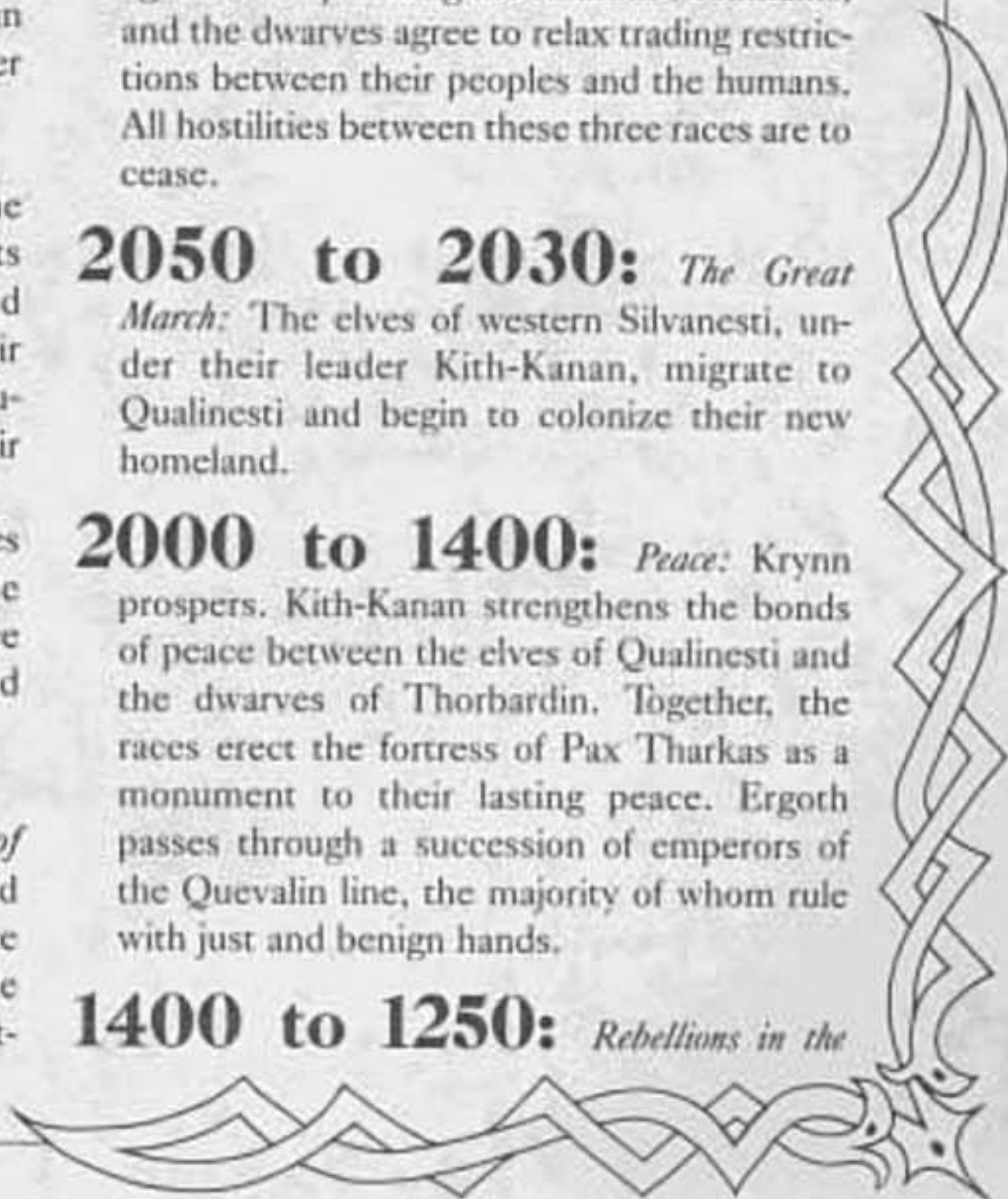
2073: *Swordsheath Scroll signed:* A pact of peace is signed by the emperor of Ergoth, the elves of Silvanesti, and the dwarves of Thorbardin. The Swordsheath Scroll solves the most pressing problems of the age.

The elves of western Silvanesti are granted a huge tract of enchanted woodland north of Thorbardin, where they can live their lives in the freer style to which they have become accustomed. This land, called Qualinesti, also serves as a buffer between the dwarves of Thorbardin and the humans of Ergoth. Ergoth agrees to stop mining the Kharolis Mountains, and the dwarves agree to relax trading restrictions between their peoples and the humans. All hostilities between these three races are to cease.

2050 to 2030: *The Great March:* The elves of western Silvanesti, under their leader Kith-Kanan, migrate to Qualinesti and begin to colonize their new homeland.

2000 to 1400: *Peace:* Krynn prospers. Kith-Kanan strengthens the bonds of peace between the elves of Qualinesti and the dwarves of Thorbardin. Together, the races erect the fortress of Pax Tharkas as a monument to their lasting peace. Ergoth passes through a succession of emperors of the Quevalin line, the majority of whom rule with just and benign hands.

1400 to 1250: *Rebellions in the*



east: Gradually the Ergothian rulers begin to abuse and exploit their subjects. After much repression and heavy taxation, the provinces in the eastern corners of the empire begin to revolt. These wars are usually brief, but very violent. The emperors are forced to use their troops regularly, and each rebellion is larger than the last one.

1262: *Vinas Solamnus commands imperial guard:* This skilled commander, who has been instrumental in crushing several rebellions, is appointed to the highest military post in the empire.

1251: *Great rising in Vingard:* The largest rebellion yet shakes the plains of Vingard and Solanthus. Solamnus marches east with a huge army to once again crush the rebellion.

1250: *Year of waiting:* Solamnus studies the grievances of the eastern peoples, determined to end the rebellion without a massacre. Gradually he comes to realize that the empire has incited the rebellions through vile and repressive treatment of its citizens. Solamnus, and most of his army, join the rebel cause at the end of the year.

1249 to 1242: *Union of the Plains States:* The nations of eastern Ergoth rally to Solamnus, achieving quasi-independence. Patiently, Solamnus trains a mighty army. The emperor of Ergoth retreats into madness.

1241: *Fall of Ergoth:* Solamnus and his army march west. In a nearly bloodless campaign, the general outmaneuvers the Ergothian army and lays siege to the capital. Sustaining his army with the aid of hundreds of clerics through a long winter, Solamnus accepts the emperor's surrender in the spring of 1240.

The surrender terms require the emperor to grant each of his subject states the right of self-determination. Although the nations of Ergoth

remain loyal to the crown, those states farther from the center of government become independent, or join the new nation of Solamnia.

Solamnus assures the elves and dwarves that he will abide by the terms of the Swordsheath Scroll.

1225: *Knights of Solamnia formed:* An order of knights, dedicated to the causes of goodness and freedom, is formed by Vinas Solamnus. Solamnia prospers, as the states of Palanthas, Lemish, and Caergoth join the new nation voluntarily.

1100 to 800: *Foundation of Istar:* The tribes of far eastern Ansalon, until now a bickering collection of barbarians, gradually unite. The Council of Istar establishes a unified government. Istar begins to trade with Solamnia.

Solamnia prospers: The dynasty founded by Vinas Solamnus is extended by his son and grandson, and their descendants. Ergoth grows to depend more and more on Solamnia for protection and trade.

773 to 760: *Istar and Silvanesti clash:* A series of border skirmishes between the expanding Istarian nation and Silvanesti again threaten the elven homeland. With the aid of Solamnia, the elves persuade Istar to add its signature to the Swordsheath Scroll.

700 to 600: *Ogre Wars:* Pillaging armies of ogres emerge from the Khalkhist Mountains of central Ansalon, raiding across the plains of Solamnia and the fertile fields of Istar. Solamnia and Istar unite, eventually driving the ogres back into the mountains.

600 to 280: *Union of Solamnia/Istar solidified:* The two great human nations grow more and more interdependent. The Knights of Solamnia become the military strength of both nations, while the artistic and educational talents of Istar are spread throughout the con-

continent. Istar gradually becomes the dominant partner.

280: *First Kingpriest declared:* The capital city of Istar is proclaimed the center of the world. The anointing of the first Kingpriest solidifies the bond between the military might of Solamnia and the spiritual guidance of Istar.

260: *Construction of the Temple of the Kingpriest commences:* Krynn's finest artisans are brought to Istar to build a temple that will proclaim to the world and the gods the glory of Istar.

212: *Temple Completed:* Widely proclaimed as the finest example of architecture ever, the temple is blessed by the Kingpriest, who immediately takes up residence.

250 to 100: *Elves shun other races:* Increasingly disgusted by the frantic pace of human life and the arrogance of man about his own accomplishments, the Silvanesti elves withdraw into their forests. They bar commerce with the outside world, and visitors are prohibited from entering.

118: *Proclamation of Manifest Virtue:* The



80-20: *Rise of clerical power:* With the full approval of the Kingpriest, Istarian life falls more and more under the influence of the clergy. Clerical consent is required for marriages, business contracts, and military expedi-

Age of Darkness

0: *Cataclysm:* The wrath of the gods descends upon Krynn. True clerics vanish. The Thirteen Warnings strike, one per day preceding the end of the year. Trees weep blood, fires die or rage uncontrolled, and cyclones strike the Temple of the Kingpriest. On the thirteenth day, mountains of fire fall from the skies.

Istar is destroyed, sinking far below the surface of the newly formed Blood Sea. Ergoth is sundered from the mainland to form two great islands. Waters pour into central Ansalon, forming the New Sea and shrinking the plains of Ansalon. To the south, the land rises and the water recedes. The port city of Tarsis is unscathed, but now lies far from the sea. The Temple of the Kingpriest is shattered with the destruction of Istar, its pieces scattered throughout the planes of the universe.

1 to A.C. 100: *Chaos and pestilence:* The survivors of the Cataclysm struggle to stay alive. Famine and plague spread across the world. True clerics are unknown. The Knights of Solamnia are persecuted throughout the land, as people find them a handy target for blame. Villages and towns untouched by the Cataclysm vanish because of disease or war. The Foundation Stone of the Temple comes to rest in the Abyss, and is discovered by Takhisis, the Queen of Darkness.

141: *Stone planted in Neraka:* Takhisis places the Foundation Stone on the barren plain of Neraka, far from any center of population. The stone grows into a twisted and perverted form of the Temple. The Dark Queen enters the world through the portal opened by the stone. Walking among the creatures of Krynn, she awakens her evil dragons and pre-

pare them for the work she has in mind. She then returns through the portal to gather her forces on the Abyssal Plane.

157: *Berem finds the stone:* A young man and his sister discover the Foundation Stone. The man pries a gem loose, against the advice of his sister. They struggle, and the sister is accidentally killed. Her spirit, imbued with goodness, inhabits the Foundation Stone. Berem Everman is cursed, the gem embedded in his chest. He cannot gain the peace of death until his sister's soul is released from imprisonment in the stone.

210: *Takhisis returns:* The Queen of Darkness attempts again to enter Krynn through the portal opened by the stone. To her great frustration, the portal is closed by the presence of the sister's spirit of goodness. Enraged, she casts about for a solution.

287: *Dragon eggs stolen:* The evil dragons, awakened by Takhisis, keep their presence a secret. They raid the Isle of Dragons, the good dragons' lair, and steal the good dragon eggs. Fleeing with the eggs to the mountains called the Lords of Doom, they hide their cache in the bowels of the volcanoes.

296: *The Oath:* Acting upon the orders of their Queen, the evil dragons exact the Oath of Neutrality from the good dragons. The oath binds the good dragons to noninvolvement in the coming war. In return, the evil dragons will return the eggs, unharmed, at the conclusion of the war.

300 to 320: *Agents of evil:* Takhisis sends her agents through the world, seeking the man with the green gemstone embedded in his chest. She knows that this man is the key to opening her portal once again. She grows increasingly frustrated at Berem's apparent disappearance. Eventually, she decides to put her plans into operation.

Age of Dragons

332 to 340: *Dragons appear:* The savage humans of Sanction, Neraka, and Estwilde discover the evil dragons and set about gathering armies. Nearer to 340, ogres and hobgoblins join the Dragonarmies.

342 to 347: *Draconians created:* Takhisis instructs the Highlords to create draconians from the eggs of the good dragons. The first draconians, Baaz, are created from brass dragon eggs, Copper dragon eggs for Kapak draconians. Bozak (bronze), Sivak (silver), and finally Aurak (gold) draconians are added to the lists. Trained for combat, Takhisis's forces are ready near the end of 347.

348: *War of the Lance begins:* In spring, the Dragonarmies pour eastward upon Krynn. Nordmar and Goodlund are overrun with little resistance; the humans of Khur ally themselves with the evil forces.

349: *Takhisis turns to Silvanesti:* The Dragonarmies attack Silvanesti. The elves resist more effectively than anticipated. Losses are heavy on both sides. The elves lure the Dragonarmies into ambushes that deplete the evil forces. Takhisis sends in her two remaining Dragonarmies, laying waste to the forest as they advance toward Silvanost. The elves are decimated and their food stockpiles destroyed. In autumn, the capital is evacuated. The elven fleet sets out for Southern Ergoth, leaving fighters behind.

On the last day of the year, the Dragonarmies approach Silvanost. Realizing the war is lost, King Lorac uses an *Orb of Dragonkind*, but it seizes control of him instead, plunging the land into chaos.

350: *Rearming evil:* The Dragonarmies spend a year rebuilding their forces. Takhisis now controls all of eastern Ansalon.

The minotaurs of Mithas and Kothas are recruited and attempt to stop the elven fleet. Although skirmishes cost each side ships, the fleet reaches Southern Ergoth near year's end.

351: *Evil turns west:* Surging westward, the Blue Army strikes across the Plains of Solamnia, overrunning Kalaman, Vingaard, and much of Solanthus. Disorganized and bickering, the Knights of Solamnia respond slowly. Lemish sides with the evil forces, but the dwarves of Kaolyn provide a linchpin on the defenders' right flank.

The Red Army leads an amphibious attack across the New Sea to the Plain of Abanasinia. The barbarians are absorbed, bringing the Dragonarmies to the borders of Qualinesti. The elves flee and join their cousins on Southern Ergoth. The Dragonarmies roll against the dwarven fortress of Thorbardin. As winter sets in, the army is still laying siege to the dwarven stronghold.

Additional evil troops reach and occupy Tarsis by year's end. Except for the western coastline and islands, Ansalon is controlled by the Highlords.

352: *Whitestone Council:* Representatives of the surviving good nations meet on Sancrist Isle for the Council of Whitestone. The elves and humans forge an uneasy alliance. The council is decided by the arrival of Theros Ironfeld, who wears the *Silver Arm of Ergoth* and bears a Dragonlance.

The Blue Dragonarmy attacks the High Clerist's Tower that blocks the pass to Palanthas. Rallying at last, the Knights of Solamnia drive the Dragonarmy from a field of battle, marking the first modern use of Dragonlances.

The Heroes discover the treachery being wrought on the good dragons' eggs. The good dragons join the war against evil. With their aid, the Whitestone forces surge eastward and reclaim the northern Solamnic Plain. Gunthar Uth-Wistan and Laurana of Qualinesti lead the Whitestone troops and emerge victorious from every engagement they fight during the summer. The recapture of Kalaman is the beginning of the end, but the Queen of Darkness is determined to pass through the portal of the Foundation Stone. Her minions seek the man with the green gemstone.

Yet the armies of Whitestone close upon Neraka, and the Queen is foiled. Evil turns upon itself, and the Dragonarmy alliance collapses. The War of the Lance Ends.



How the Companions Met

It all began with Flint.

Flint Fireforge was a hill dwarf, born and raised in the wilds of the Kharolis Mountains. His grandfather, Reghar Fireforge, had been a powerful leader of the hill dwarves centuries before, taking them into battle against their mountain cousins in what came to be known as the Dwarfgate War. Reghar did not survive this tragic war that took the lives of thousands of his dwarven kinsmen. He was survived solely by his second son, a young man of seventy-five at the time of his father's death, Reghar's eldest son having died an untimely death of a hereditary heart condition. (Caramon's note: We since discovered that Flint knew he suffered from the same weakness. It is typical of the old dwarf that he did not mention it to any of his friends.)

Following the war, the mountain dwarves shut the gates of Thorbardin to the rest of the world, including their kinsmen. Flint grew up in the harsh wilderness amidst the bitter poverty of his people. His father died early in his son's life, leaving behind a wife and fourteen children. It is not to be wondered that Flint left home as soon as he was capable of earning a living, knowing that one less mouth to feed would be a relief to his work-worn mother. Having learned his father's trade of metalsmithing, Flint set out to find his fortune.

A loner, Flint traveled extensively throughout Ansalon. Eventually, as his fortunes improved, he bought a small house in the treetop village of Solace, establishing his base in this town that was a crossroads for travelers. (Caramon's note: Flint

also had a fondness for Otik's ale!)

From Solace, Flint traveled widely, for his skills as a metalsmith were in great demand. When the Speaker of the Suns, the elven leader in Qualinesti, saw a sample of Flint's work, Flint became one of the few dwarves ever invited to that elven kingdom.

One of Flint's skills lay in making delightful and ingenious toys. Thus he was popular with children wherever he went, and elven children were no exception. They loved to stand around, watching him work, teasing him about his long beard and short stature. Though the gruff old dwarf pretended to be highly annoyed at this and would occasionally roar at them to "leave him be!", he actually enjoyed the children's affection—which they well knew. One of the youngsters who "hung around" watching Flint work was the Speaker's ward—a half-elf named Tanthalas.

Tanis

Tanthalas, or Tanis, to use the shorter, human version of his elven name, was a lonely youngster. The boy never knew his human father. His elven mother, raped by some unknown warrior during one of the many battles between elves and humans during the unrest following the Cataclysm, came home to her family to bear her child, dying shortly afterward. Tanis was taken into the family of the Speaker of the Suns, his mother having been a distant relative. Although he was



raised with his distant cousins—Porthios and Gilthanas and their sister, Laurana—he was truly close only to Laurana, and even that closeness seemed to cause him great pain. Although the elves were kind to him, they made it clear that—as a half-human bastard—Tanis would never belong among elven society. Feeling himself somewhat an outcast of his people as well, Flint understood the obviously unhappy boy, and the two spent many pleasant hours together whenever Flint came to the elven land.

As Tanis Half-Elven grew older, his inner conflict increased. The restless human half of his nature could not be content to settle down to a life of static, sedentary pursuits that were so dear to the long-lived elves. To make matters worse, Tanis's childhood friend, Laurana, had fallen in love with him. While Tanis returned the elfmaid's affection, he did not feel that he knew himself well enough to make the type of commitment that Laurana obviously wanted. In addition, as daughter of the Speaker of the Suns, Laurana was considered a princess among her people. A marriage such as she proposed—between herself and a half-human orphan—would be bitterly rejected by her father and brothers. Tanis believed it would be better for everyone if he left his homeland. He knew only one person "in the world outside" and so, at the age of eighty (still a young man by elven reckoning), he left Qualinesti in search of his friend, Flint.

Tanis soon arrived in Solace, where he was warmly welcomed by the old dwarf. Flint took Tanis with him on his business travels. The half-elf proved useful at bookkeeping, collecting past-due accounts, and dragging the dwarf out of taverns. Tanis entertained wealthy customers with elven stories and songs. Because of Tanis, business improved, and Flint was pleased to make his friend a partner. Tanis bought his own house in the small community of Solace and for twenty years lived there in a kind of restless peace.

Kitiara

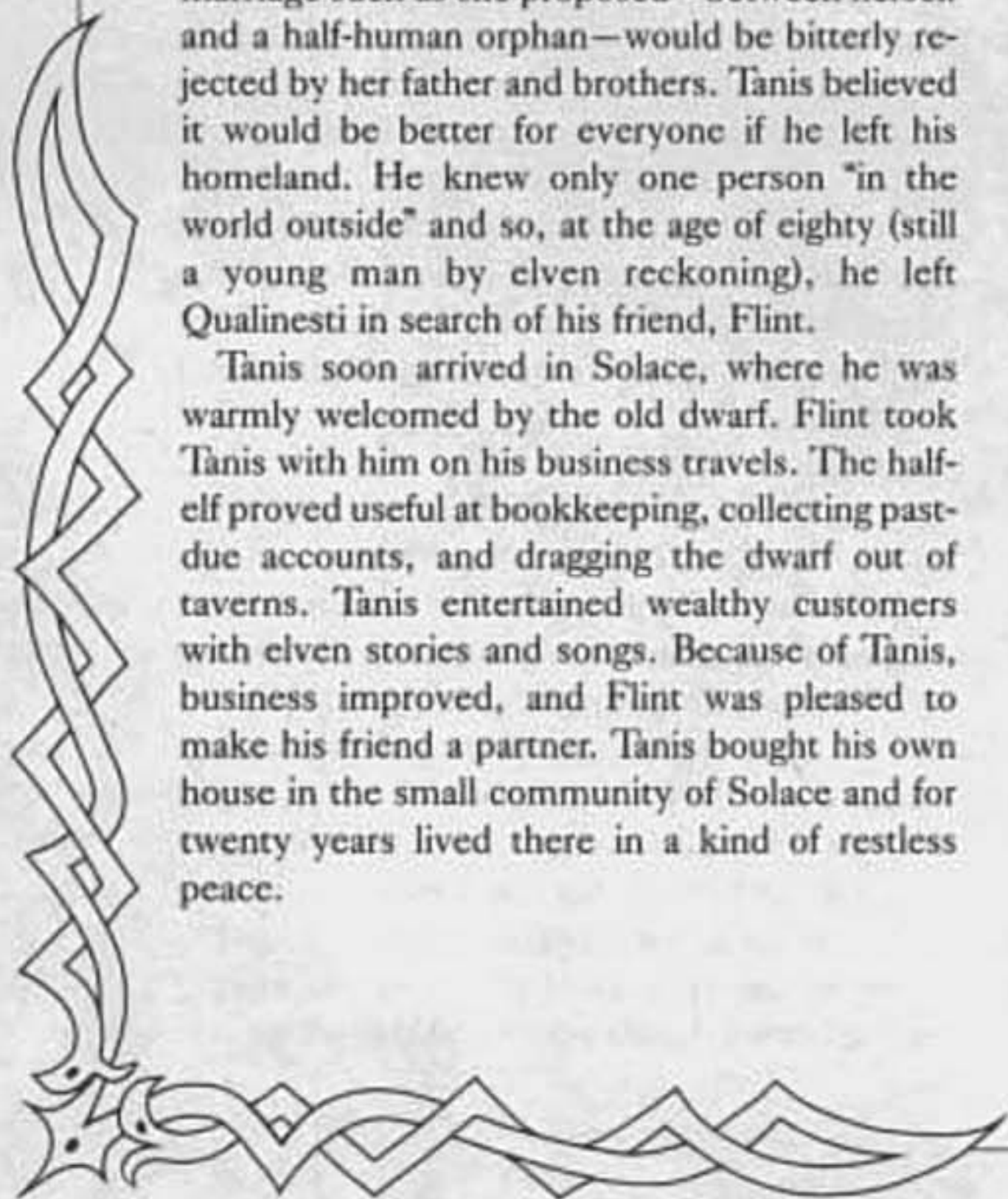
At about the same time Tanis arrived in Solace, a thirteen-year-old girl left that town to find adventure on her own. This remarkable teen-ager was Kitiara.

Kitiara's father was a darkly handsome, powerful warrior, who came from a noble family in Solamnia. (Caramon's note: His name was Gregor Uth Matar. We have reason to believe he was related to Lord Gunthar Uth Wistan. If so, all trace of him has been obliterated from the family records.) For reasons best known to himself, Gregor left Solamnia. Wandering around the continent, he made his living by selling his sword to any who could pay his price. Highly skilled with his weapon and totally fearless in battle, Gregor was much in demand. "The sword is power and the sword is truth," was a quotation of his that Kitiara often repeated.

He never returned to his homeland. Rumor had it that he had committed some terrible deed there. There is even a possibility that he could have been a Knight of Solamnia and fled their retribution, for their Order is a strict one. Gregor sometimes received sums of money from a mysterious source. Though he never said so, Kitiara always believed this came from his family.

Gregor toyed with women during his wanderings, but always avoided serious relationships until he had the misfortune to fall deeply and passionately in love with a fragile, delicate young daughter of a middle-class merchant of Haven. A dreamer, a seer, and a romantic, Rosamun fell easy victim to his charms. The dark, handsome warrior was everything of which she had ever dreamed. If she had used her abilities as seer to look into her own future, she would have seen nothing but grief. But she was blinded by love and agreed to run away with him.

Gregor could have seduced and left Rosamun, but he was tired of the wandering life—temporarily, at least—and so he married her. They settled in Solace and lived off his accumulated wealth. Their child, Kitiara, was born shortly after their wedding.



But Gregor's money couldn't last forever. Ordinary work being beneath him, he left home to find his fortune in war. The fire of passion soon cooled with absence. Other women came into his life. He took no pains to hide these affairs from his wife, and Rosamun, realizing she was losing her husband's affection, began the slow descent into madness.

She had always been subject to trances, wandering around in a dazed state for hours at a time. These irrational periods become more frequent as she saw her marriage fall apart. Gregor stayed away from home as much as possible, returning only to see his daughter. It was obvious to him by this time that he would never have a son by his wife. He lavished all his attention, therefore, on Kitiara.

Strong-willed, stubborn, and adventurous, Kitiara learned at an early age that her frail mother had no power over her. Kit had little respect or love for her mother, but she adored her father. Her only thought was to please him. When he brought a wooden sword as a gift from one of his expeditions, she showed such interest and skill that he took time to teach her properly. From that day on, Kitiara had no use for dolls or domestic chores.

Although Rosamun cried and protested, Gregor began giving his daughter formal training in the military arts. At the age of seven, Kitiara saw her first battle. Cutting her long black hair, Gregor sneaked Kit out of the house and took her with him, introducing her as his son. Kitiara's skill with a weapon, even at this early age, won her praise from the older warriors. She loved camp life. The sight of the battle—which she viewed from a hillside—filled her with excitement. As she sat watching the fray from astride her father's horse, Gregor impressed three things upon the young girl: 1) give no quarter, 2) win by any means, 3) the only really worthwhile possession in this fickle world is power.

When the two returned home, Rosamun flew into a rage. Unable to tolerate her anymore, Gregor decided to leave home for good. Before he left, however, he took his grieving daughter aside

and, in secret, described a Solamnic crest to her. This was his family's crest, he said. If the girl was ever in need, she could travel to Solamnia and seek out her relations. (Caramon's note: Kitiara never told anyone what this crest looked like.) Gregor warned the child that his people might not react kindly to her, but the bonds of family were strong and they would not turn her away.

Kitiara swore in her soul that she would seek out her family only if she could show them that she was as good as they were. She bid her father good-bye calmly and with no tears. But from that day forth, she kept her dark, curly hair cut short in anticipation of the day when she would become a warrior. She made it clear to her mother that she would always despise her and would stay in her home only until she felt she had gained strength and skill to live by her own wits.

Rosamun soon remarried. This time she chose wisely—a kind, hardworking woodcutter. Gilon Majere was a simple man with the ability to see deeply into the heart. When Rosamun's trances grew more frequent, he took care of her and made life as easy for her as possible. They did not have much money, and this was a constant source of worry to him. He did not get along with his stepdaughter, but he had foreseen this from the beginning and was smart enough to know that the best he could do with Kitiara was to leave her alone.

Caramon and Raistlin

When Kitiara was eight years old, her mother gave birth to twin sons. One, Caramon, was a strong and healthy baby. But the other, named Raistlin, very nearly died at birth. Rosamun was quite ill for months after her sons were born. Gilon was forced to work day and night to support his family. Because of Rosamun's strange ways, the neighbors had always avoided them. Consequently it fell to Kitiara to care for the babies—particularly the weak one.

Kitiara's first real battle, therefore, was against death. Raistlin grew weaker every day. There were no clerics in the world with healing skills at





this time. The midwife who delivered the babes told Kitiara she was wasting her time—to let the boy die. Kitiara was furious. She actually struck the woman and drove her from the house. Day and night, she tended the baby, forcing Raistlin to live, by the strength of her own will. In the end, she was victorious. Although never robust or healthy, the baby survived.

Rosamun recovered her health, but she never regained strength in either mind or body. She was content to let her daughter raise the boys. Kitiara enjoyed her role as surrogate mother. She hoped to raise two fighters who would be ideal lieutenants for her captainship. But she discovered that only one, Caramon, was strong enough to train as a warrior. Raistlin continued to be weak and sickly. A few rounds with his brother and Kit's old wooden sword left him gasping for breath. His twelve-year-old half-sister pondered long and hard about what skill she could teach her little brother that would compensate for his weakness. But it was Gilon who discovered the key that would unlock Raistlin's future.

One day, when the twins were almost five, Gilon took the children to the annual Red Moon Fair held annually in Solace. Performing that day was the local illusionist, Waylan. He was not very good, but he was adequate for the small-town circuit. He had several good sleight-of-hand tricks and even a few true magic spells. Caramon watched in open-mouthed wonder for a few moments, then soon lost interest and wandered away, joining his sister at the arena where mercenaries were exhibiting their skills at battering each other into the ground.

Raistlin sat in silence, never moving, totally absorbed in the performance. The child stayed near the illusionist all day, watching his show over and over. When the family returned home that evening, Gilon was astounded to see his small son perform every one of the illusionist's sleight-of-hand tricks perfectly.

Both Gilon and Kitiara immediately realized

“. . . irate fanatics . . . attempted to burn the young conjurer at the stake . . .”

that magic was Raistlin's opportunity for success, though they viewed it rather differently. Gilon saw magic as his son's key to survival. Kit saw it as her brother's key to power.

When Raistlin was six, Gilon took the child to a highly reputed Master Mage, who lived near Solace. This man ran a prestigious school for magic—an unusual thing in those days when magic was viewed with suspicion, and magicians (even the White Robes) were generally reviled.

The Master was not overly impressed with the boy at first sight. Raistlin was one of those children who made adults highly uncomfortable. He rarely spoke, but spent most of his time staring at people as if reading their minds. He had a phenomenal memory and could recite long, complicated stories and conversations after hearing them only once. He was quite good at math. All this the Master discovered through the preliminary tests he gave the child. The Master also found that Raistlin had inherited a great deal of his mother's magical abilities.

The Master was quick to point out to Gilon that, though the boy was obviously gifted, he might not be suited to the exacting study of magic. His weak health was against him, for one thing. The Master did not particularly like Raistlin either, but he did not mention this to Gilon.

As the two were talking in the Mage's schoolroom, Gilon and the Master suddenly realized that Raistlin was no longer with them. A search revealed the child sitting comfortably in the Master's library, a huge book resting on his knees.

The Master scowled. "That is a spellbook," he said, snatching it away. "You should not be playing with it!"

Raistlin looked up at him with his large, dark eyes that always seemed too big for his small, pale face. "I'm not playing with it," the child said coolly. "I'm reading it."

The Master gasped. "That's impossible," he stated. "It takes years of study to read magic."

The boy shrugged and began to read the arcane words aloud. "Stop!" the Master cried, having visions of the boy unwittingly conjuring a demon in his library.



And so Raistlin was accepted as a pupil.

Kitiara was now thirteen. She no longer had to worry about the future of her little brothers. Raistlin was learning skills that would benefit him in later life (and possibly benefit her) and Caramon, who was growing stronger and taller than the other boys his age, would undoubtedly develop into an excellent warrior. Kit decided that her responsibility for her brothers had ended. She packed her things and left home.

Tasslehoff

The same week Kitiara left Solace, a kender named Tasslehoff Burrfoot arrived in town. The kender had a pack full of maps and other various and sundry items too numerous to mention which he had "acquired" in his extensive travels about Ansalon. In addition, he carried a complete set of lock-picking tools, given to him by his proud father, and his hoopak sling. He also had a large collection of stories, his current favorite being one about a teleporting ring that had taken him strange places.

Tas arrived in Solace during the Spring Festival. The roads, generally impassable during the winter, were just opening, and Flint was preparing for his upcoming journey to market his wares. The merchants of Solace frequently displayed their goods during the Spring Festival, and Flint was no exception. His beautiful jewelry, fantastic toys, and other more practical items for household use were all arranged in a booth on the fairgrounds. Wandering past Flint's booth, the kender stopped to admire the dwarf's merchandise. Like all kender, Tas knew good quality workmanship when he saw it.

A copper bracelet caught the kender's eye. It was truly exquisite. Tas was charmed and looked around for someone who could tell him how much it was. (Caramon's note: That's what Tas always maintained he was doing. Flint said the kender was looking around to make certain no one was watching him!) There wasn't anyone around at present. Tanis, who did not participate in the selling of the merchandise, was breakfast-

ing at the Inn of the Last Home. Flint had gone into the rear of the tent to refresh himself with some of Otik's fine ale.

Tas tried the bracelet on. It fit perfectly. Obviously it had been made for him. He turned his arm this way and that, admiring the way the bracelet captured the sunlight. He looked around once again for the owner of the booth, fully intending to ask the price. No one was there.

"Oh, well," said Tas to himself, "I'll just come back later."

Which he fully intended to do. He also fully intended to put the bracelet back where he had found it. Unfortunately, at that moment, a juggler began exhibiting his skills, and Tas (so he said) became so interested that he wandered off, still wearing (accidentally) the bracelet.

The kender hadn't gone very far when he heard a shout behind him.

"Stop, thief!"

Tas glanced around, hoping to catch a glimpse of anyone so dastardly as to steal from his fellow men. There was no one in sight who looked suspicious, except a very red-faced old dwarf who—much to Tas's amazement—collared the kender and started shouting for the guards!

Returning from the Inn, Tanis saw a large crowd gathering around Flint's booth. It was *not* the type of crowd Tanis liked to see, everyone pointing and gawking. Then Tanis heard the dwarf roaring in anger and, with a sigh, broke into a run, wondering what trouble Flint had gotten them into this time.

Shoving his way through the crowd, Tanis discovered the dwarf, beard quivering with rage, apparently trying to twist the arm off a kender, while still yelling for the guards.

"Thanks all the same. Trouble taken care of. Sorry to bother you," Tanis said to the guards. Grabbing the dwarf with one hand and the kender with the other, Tanis dragged them apart. "What in the name of the Abyss is this all about?" he growled to Flint in an undertone.

"Oh," said Tas, "this bracelet? . . ."



The dwarf made a swipe at Tasslehoff, who was looking at him in innocent wonder. "The thieving little—"

"Thief!" Tas cried indigantly, taking a wild punch at Flint.

"—stole my bracelet!" Flint finished.

"I didn't steal anything!" Tas protested.

"He's wearing it!" Flint roared, stomping his feet in rage.

"Oh," said Tas, looking down at the bracelet on his arm, "this bracelet? Is it yours? Did you make it? I'm truly honored," the kender added sincerely, holding out his hand, "to meet someone of such obvious talent. But," Tas continued, regarding the dwarf severely, "you really shouldn't go around leaving your wares out for just anyone to paw through. It was lucky I took charge of this. Someone might have walked off with it. But that's all right. I don't expect any thanks."

"Thanks?" Flint gaped.

"You're entirely welcome," Tas said, beaming.

So angry that he was reduced to sputtering, Flint could only stare at the kender while Tanis, suppressing a desire to roll on the ground with laughter, hauled both the dwarf and the kender to the back of the booth.

"My name is Tasslehoff Burrfoot," said the kender, holding out his hand.

"Tanis Half-Elven," said Tanis, solemnly shaking hands with the kender and nudging Flint with his elbow.

"Flint Fireforge," grumbled the dwarf, extending his hand. "And give me my bracelet!" he added, snatching the item away from the kender just as it was disappearing into one of Tas's pouches.

"That's an interesting-looking map you have there," Tanis said, picking up a scroll that had fallen from Tas's belt. "I've heard kender make fairly good maps of Ansalon. Mind if I look at it? We're heading south in a few days. . . ."

"You'll need my map then!" Tas said, his face glowing with pleasure and pride. "Look. This is a new route that's just opened up to the south. In fact," the kender offered, "why not take the map and me with it?"

Ignoring Flint's roar of protest, Tanis bent over the map, the kender describing the route in detail. Before the dwarf quite knew what was happening, Tasslehoff Burrfoot had become a traveling companion. Not only that, but the kender also moved into Flint's house!

Brothers and Sister

Kitiara returned from her first journey in about two months. She was taller and stronger, her skin tanned. She said nothing about where she had been, but gave her stepfather money that would pay for her food and lodging as long as she chose to remain in his house. She wore a sword now—a real one. Caramon, inspecting it, was awed to find clotted blood near the handle.

Kitiara was pleased with the progress her brothers had made during her absence. She had brought Caramon a real sword as a present, and noted his skill in handling it with pride. She was less pleased with the young man's character, however. Caramon had a most regrettable habit of helping an opponent back up once he had knocked him down. Raistlin was doing well with his magic studies. A quiet, secretive youth, Raistlin's nickname among his friends was "The Sly One." There were times, whenever Kit discussed power and ambition, that the brother and sister exchanged looks of perfect understanding. When she left Solace again, she was easy in her mind about her brothers, figuring that one twin's lack was the other's gain as the old proverb went.

As the years passed, Kitiara's mysterious journeys lasted longer, her returns became more infrequent. When she did come back, she brought steel and jewels and stories of war and glory.

When Caramon and Raistlin were sixteen, their father died in a tragic accident. Their mother, grief-stricken, went into one of her strange trances and never came out, dying at last of starvation.

Thanks to their mother's absentminded neglect, both boys were capable of living on their own. Raistlin was still in school, where he was doing quite well in his studies, less well in his so-

cial life. The young man was frequently bored in class and did not bother to conceal his yawns or his contempt for both pupils and instructor. Still weak and frequently in ill health, he had nothing in common with his peers. This didn't bother him particularly. He knew himself to be far above others his age, both in intelligence and skill.

Unfortunately, Raistlin never lost the opportunity to remind everyone how much better he was. This, combined with his weakness, made him an easy target for bullies. On more than one occasion, Caramon was forced to wade in and rescue his brother from torment. (Caramon's note: These experiences undoubtedly gave Raistlin the deep and abiding sympathy for the weak and wretched outcasts of life, a sympathy he never totally lost.)

Raistlin also had a strong sense of justice, which went well with his twin's inherent sense of good. Anyone in trouble could count on help from the twins. Caramon's fists and Raistlin's skills in sleight-of-hand and minor magics could settle almost any problem.

The brothers soon gained respect and admiration among the inhabitants of Solace. Caramon, handsome and popular, was a favorite among the young people his age (particularly the girls). Few liked Raistlin, but respected his skills and tolerated him because of his brother. The two were rarely separated.

It was Raistlin's skills, however, that very nearly got the twins in serious trouble one day.

Tasslehoff to the Rescue

Tas was wandering through Solace one day, when he noticed a large crowd applauding a teenage boy performing remarkably good illusionist tricks for one of his age. Impressed, Tas stopped to watch and even managed to restrain himself from picking up more than one or two coins that were being tossed at the young man's feet. (Tas fully intended to give these to the young man, but the coins made their way into his pocket purely by mistake.)

The kender was enjoying the performance

along with the rest of the crowd when it was suddenly interrupted by an irate, middle-aged wizard wearing expensive white robes, who shoved his way through the crowd and grabbed hold of the young conjurer.

"How dare you exhibit your skills for money?" the wizard shouted, shaking the young man. "You will ruin the reputation of my school!"

"Why, how rude!" Tas said to himself, feeling sorry for the young man, who had a frail appearance. "I think I'll go have a talk with that person. I'm certain there's been a misunderstanding."

Going up to the wizard, who was still yelling at the flushed young man, Tas reached out to tug on the wizard's sleeve and found himself holding the mage's bag of spell components instead.

Feeling a tug on his belt, the wizard made a grab for the kender, and the conjurer took the opportunity to slip away.

"Throw it here!" cried out a husky young man standing on the edge of the crowd—a young man who bore a striking resemblance to the young conjurer.

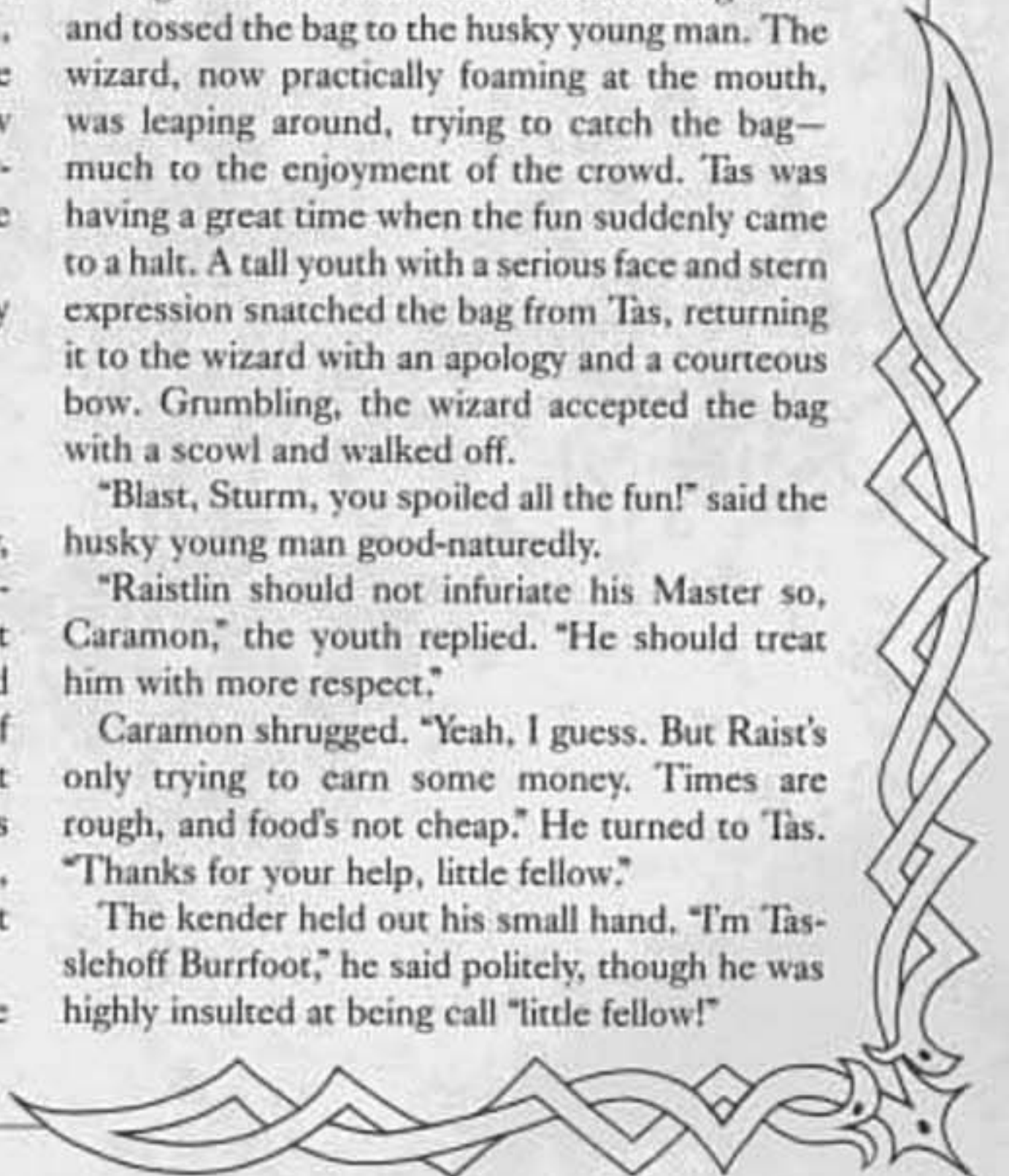
"A game!" said the kender. "How delightful!" and tossed the bag to the husky young man. The wizard, now practically foaming at the mouth, was leaping around, trying to catch the bag—much to the enjoyment of the crowd. Tas was having a great time when the fun suddenly came to a halt. A tall youth with a serious face and stern expression snatched the bag from Tas, returning it to the wizard with an apology and a courteous bow. Grumbling, the wizard accepted the bag with a scowl and walked off.

"Blast, Sturm, you spoiled all the fun!" said the husky young man good-naturedly.

"Raistlin should not infuriate his Master so, Caramon," the youth replied. "He should treat him with more respect."

Caramon shrugged. "Yeah, I guess. But Raist's only trying to earn some money. Times are rough, and food's not cheap." He turned to Tas. "Thanks for your help, little fellow."

The kender held out his small hand. "I'm Tasslehoff Burrfoot," he said politely, though he was highly insulted at being call "little fellow!"





"My father is a true knight . . ."

"Caramon Majere. This is my twin, Raistlin," the husky young man said, introducing the young conjurer, who returned when the wizard left.

"Sturm Brightblade," said the youth, whom Tas guessed to be older than the twins, probably around twenty.

"Curiosity cured the cat," is an old kender proverb. Just as curious as the next kender, Tas studied the three young men intently, especially the twins, who appeared as different as day and night—Caramon with his handsome, open, honest face, Raistlin with his eyes that seemed to eat right through the kender. Then there was the older, solemn Sturm, who had an air of nobility about him. It was obvious that he did not come from the farming community of Solace.

Where did he come from? Tas wondered. Would Raistlin be able to teach me any of those tricks he does? Is Caramon really big enough to lift a horse?

His head being filled with these and a hundred other questions, Tas promptly invited all three young men home to dinner.

Tanis was away at this point in time, visiting Qualinesti. The half-elf found himself drawn back to his elven home periodically, although he was always sorry he went once he got there. Laurana was obviously as much in love with him as ever, and he had the sneaking suspicion—though no one ever said anything—that her brothers, Gilthanas and Porthos, had discovered their sister's infatuation for the bastard half-human. Life was very uncomfortable for Tanis in his homeland. He always left, vowing never to come back.

Flint missed his friend (though he would never admit it), and was secretly pleased to meet new young people. He fed them all a good supper (though he was rather alarmed at the amount Caramon ate), and they sat around the fire late into the night, telling about themselves.

Sturm Brightblade

The older youth startled both dwarf and kender by announcing gravely that he was the son of a famous Knight of Solamnia. Tas and Flint ex-

changed a knowing glance. Centuries ago, at the time of the Cataclysm, the Knights had fallen into disgrace in their homeland of Solamnia. Many had been murdered, many more driven into hiding or exile. This was obviously one of them.

S Sturm, seeing and understanding their look, raised his head proudly. "My father is true Knight, one in whom the blood runs pure. He did not turn to thievery or outlawry as did some," the young man said sternly. "When it grew too dangerous for us to remain in our own land, my father sent my mother and I south, where he knew we would be safe until matters had calmed down. I expect to hear from him any time now."

At this, Tas saw Caramon nudge his brother. Turning to the kender and the dwarf, Caramon said in a loud whisper, "He hasn't heard from his father in years!"

Frowning, Raistlin shook his head at his twin's rude remark. Sturm's face flushed. Looking into the fire, he bit his lip and, when he thought no one was watching, brushed his hand across his eyes.

The kind-hearted dwarf was quick to change the subject, especially as he saw the curious Tas about to ask Sturm another question.

"You both carry swords," the old dwarf said gruffly. "But do either of you lunkheads know how to use them?"

Both young men leaped up, pleased to show off their skill. A friendly rough and tumble contest with Flint ensued, resulting in overturned furniture and broken crockery. Tas talked Raistlin into showing him his magic tricks, and the evening ended in gaiety. The young men became regular visitors in the dwarf's house.

Tanis to the Rescue

Returning home to Solace after a discouraging visit to Qualinesti, Tanis Half-Elven was stretched out on the ground in the wilderness one night, fast asleep, when he was awakened by a frightful cry. Hearing the sounds of battle and a female voice, he raced through the woods in the

dark, searching for the source of trouble. He came upon a young woman, apparently fighting for her life against a group of hobgoblins.

Instantly, Tanis leaped to the young woman's rescue, dispatching the last bandit with his sword. Expecting the lovely young woman to fall upon his neck, sobbing in gratitude, Tanis was considerably astonished when the young woman fell upon his neck all right, but with the obvious intent of choking him.

"How dare you spoil my fun?" she demanded furiously, with an oath that made even the seasoned warrior blush. "I had the situation well in hand. I was just toying with the wretches!"

"But I heard you screaming!" Tanis protested, fending off the angry young woman as best he could.

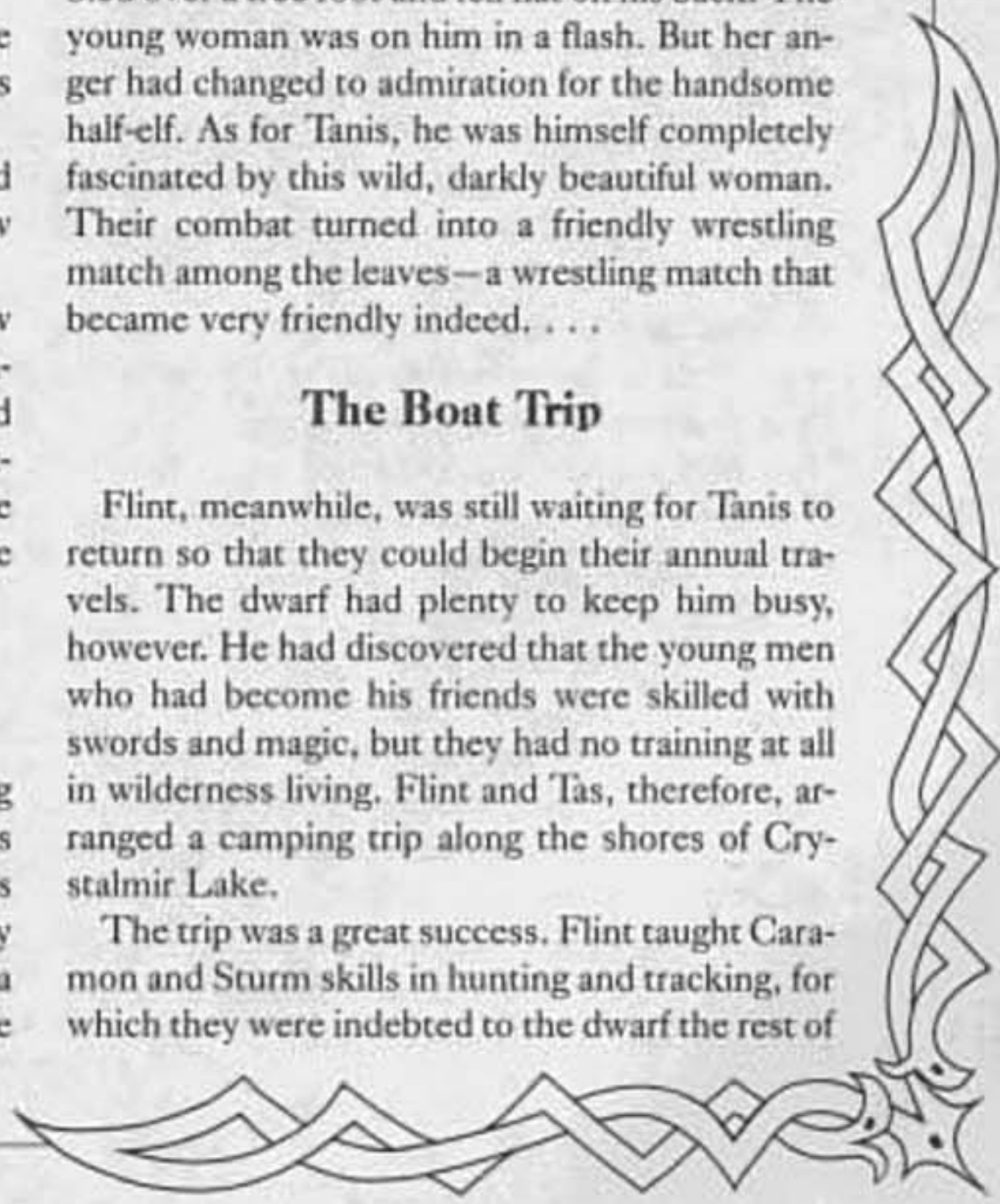
"*Me* screaming?" she yelled in a rage, swinging her sword at the half-elf, who jumped backward, out of her reach. Stopping to catch her breath, she pointed at a dead hobgoblin pinned to a tree with a dagger. "You heard *it* screaming!"

In trying (not very hard) to escape, Tanis stumbled over a tree root and fell flat on his back. The young woman was on him in a flash. But her anger had changed to admiration for the handsome half-elf. As for Tanis, he was himself completely fascinated by this wild, darkly beautiful woman. Their combat turned into a friendly wrestling match among the leaves—a wrestling match that became very friendly indeed. . . .

The Boat Trip

Flint, meanwhile, was still waiting for Tanis to return so that they could begin their annual travels. The dwarf had plenty to keep him busy, however. He had discovered that the young men who had become his friends were skilled with swords and magic, but they had no training at all in wilderness living. Flint and Tas, therefore, arranged a camping trip along the shores of Crystal Lake.

The trip was a great success. Flint taught Caramon and Sturm skills in hunting and tracking, for which they were indebted to the dwarf the rest of



heir lives. Raistlin gathered herbs to make his spell components. Things were going along smoothly when Tas proposed a boating expedition.

The kender having "found" a boat (leaving a party of fishermen stranded on the bank where they had been having lunch), he, the dwarf, and the young men all set out on the lake. Everyone was having a wonderful time until Caramon—becoming a bit over-excited—tried to catch a fish by hand. Leaning out too far, he tilted the boat, causing it to upset, plunging everyone into the water.

Raistlin, thinking quickly, bobbed up beneath the vessel and stayed there, quite safe in the air pocket formed by the overturned boat. Caramon, however, sank like a stone. Flint swam to his rescue while Sturm and Tas—both excellent swimmers—soon had the boat righted, discovering Raistlin in the process.

The three clambored back into the boat, watching eagerly for some signs of Flint and Caramon. There was a tremendous amount of splashing and gurgling. Then there was nothing but an ominous silence. Both Tas and Sturm jumped back in the water. Sturm hauled up Caramon, coughing and sputtering but otherwise unhurt. Tas found the dwarf—half-drowned and in a state of panic. It took the combined efforts of all four to get Flint back into the boat. Caramon soon recovered and considered it a wonderful joke. But Flint lay shivering at the bottom of the boat, his teeth chattering with cold and terror. The only sound they could get out of him for hours after was a vow never to venture on water again as long as he lived.

Kitiara and Tanis

Kit and Tanis returned to Solace together. Tanis was becoming increasingly fascinated with the lovely young woman, although at times her dreams of power and her delight in battle disturbed him. Whenever he tried to discuss this with her seriously, Kit always managed to lead the conversation into more pleasant subjects. At



"... a young woman, apparently fighting for her life ..."

twenty-four, she had developed into a remarkable beauty. Her black hair, still worn short, curled around her face and—far from appearing masculine—gave her a delicate feminine appearance that fooled all observers—until they looked into her cool, dark eyes.

Kitiara had also developed in other ways—becoming a fighter even her father would have admired. She had acquired a knowledge of campaign tactics and strategy that Tanis found impressive. But where had she come by these skills? Where had she learned this knowledge? Whenever he asked her about her past, Kitiara's answers were always evasive. She had been in many parts of Ansalon, she said, fighting for various lords here and there. She was returning to Solace, she said, to check up on her little brothers. Kitiara spoke about the young men to Tanis with an almost maternal pride that the half-elf thought quite charming.

As for Kitiara, she was more attracted to Tanis

than to any other men she had met. Like her father, Kit was capable of falling in love with great passion. She had profited by her father's mistake, however, and was able to control her passions, never allowing love to interfere with ambition.

For now, she was satisfied. Tanis was an intelligent and amusing companion by day, a passionate lover by night. Kit liked him because he was different from herself, admiring his quiet, introspective qualities, though she scoffed at his notions of commitment to some higher ideal and his search for a purpose in life. Kit often quoted her father—"Power is the only truth."

When the two reached Solace, Tanis took Kitiara to meet Flint and Tas, having entertained her with numerous stories about the unlikely pair. They found Flint in bed with lumbago he had caught from the boating incident. They also found, to Kitiara's astonishment, her little brothers and their friend, Sturm.

An Idyllic Year

Flint was bedridden for months with his illness and could not make his annual trip. Nobody minded. Kitiara discovered that Solace was not as boring now as she had remembered. She and her brothers, Tanis, Sturm, and the irrepressible kender developed an unusual friendship.

The summer was filled with hunting and camping expeditions. Tanis told them stories about the elves, Kit talked about her experiences in battle, and Tas related far-fetched tales. Raistlin grew more adept in his art, Caramon and Sturm grew skilled with blade and shield, and Flint lay in bed, grumbling about missing all the fun.

With the coming of winter, the companions met daily in the Inn of the Last Home. Here they talked with travelers and shared tales of faraway places. By spring, Flint was well and began planning his summer trip.

There were rumors of growing trouble in the land. Reports of bandits, ogres, goblins, and even worse creatures venturing into formerly civilized areas and attacking travelers came to the companions' attention. Tanis proposed that he

and Flint take Kitiara and their friends with them as added protection that summer. Flint agreed, and all began preparing for the journey.

The evening before they were supposed to leave, however, Raistlin and Caramon arrived at Tanis's home. Caramon's face was downcast. He tried to speak, but he couldn't and finally left it to his brother to break the news. In a cold, reserved voice, Raistlin told Tanis that Kitiara was gone. She had left during the day, saying nothing about where she was going. She told her brothers to bid Tanis good-bye, saying she would see him in the fall.

The companions set out the next day, starting what would be the first of many adventures. As they traveled through the land, they found more and more signs of growing unrest. False clerics who worshipped powerless gods were bilking people out of money with phony cures. Raistlin took a grim delight in exposing these charlatans, keeping Caramon and Sturm busy rescuing him when irate fanatics occasionally attempted to burn the young conjurer at the stake or toss him into dungeons.

Kitiara returned in the fall as she had promised, greeting Tanis as though she had just left him yesterday. Although at first he was hurt and angry with the young woman, Tanis soon succumbed to her crooked smile and laughing eyes. After a while, he became accustomed to her sudden disappearances.

The Separation

By the year 346, times were growing dark in Ansalon. Few people traveled the roads; those that did went heavily armed. Business fell off. Soon it was not profitable for Flint to travel. He announced his intention of retiring. On that night, as the companions gathered at the Inn of the Last Home, they suddenly realized that it would be the last time they would be together for many years.

Sturm, now twenty-four, announced his intention of traveling north to Solamnia to search for his heritage. Kitiara offered to travel with him,



saying she was curious to see the north country. (Caramon's note: What happened between Kit and Sturm on this journey, we will probably never know. But it is almost certain that the noble, idealistic young man discovered the truth about Kitiara's dark soul. Tanis says that there were times it seemed Sturm wanted to discuss this with him, but the strict Code of Honor of the Knights prevented the young man from meddling with another man's personal affairs.)

As for Kitiara, her true reason for going north was likely to look for her father's family. She probably never found them. After leaving Sturm in Solamnia, Kit met Lord Ariakus, then a captain in the newly forming Dragonarmies. It was at this time that Kit joined the ranks of the army that she would end up commanding.)

Kit invited her friends to travel with them, but, one by one, they refused.

Tanis said, somewhat abruptly, that he needed time by himself. The truth of the matter was that he was growing more deeply attracted to Kitiara. Love between a human and an elf could only end in tragedy, he knew—for Kit would age and die while Tanis was still a relatively young man. He hoped that by leaving her and journeying for a time by himself, he could come to terms with his heritage and perhaps even find the inner peace that had eluded him so long. (Caramon's note: To this day, Tanis will not say where he went those five years. Laurana has a theory that he never traveled anywhere at all, but went far up into the mountains, endeavoring to both find and lose himself in nature.)

Raistlin and Caramon also declined to accompany their sister. Almost twenty-one, Raistlin was a conjurer of great skill. Although still too young to attain a high degree of mastery, since he had yet to take the Test, he had a burning ambition to rise to the top of his profession, and now spent long hours in study.

"My brother and I have a long and perilous journey of our own to make," the young man told his friends, and that was all he would say on the matter.

Caramon shrugged, laughed, and said he was

ready to go anywhere his brother had a mind to go, as long as he got to bash a few hobgoblin heads together once in a while. (Caramon's note: This, of course, was the trip Raistlin and I made to the Tower of High Sorcery where he took the Test that was to make such a dramatic change in our lives.)

Tasslehoff stated that he was tired of seeing the same sights over and over. He'd been north, he said. He hinted that he'd be pleased to go with Caramon and Raistlin, but the young conjurer scowled so alarmingly at this that the kender dropped the subject quickly.

"I'll go see if I can find what became of my family," Tas said cheerfully. "Then I'll just go where my feet take me." (Caramon's note: Tas offered us a detailed account of his travels for this book, including a wild tale about a woolly mammoth. Unfortunately, we haven't room to publish it. We have promised him that it will appear in print in the future, however.)

Flint grumbled that they were all abandoning him. He had heard rumors of problems in his homeland, and he intended to check out the situation. When Tas laughingly accused the old dwarf of being homesick, Flint flew into a rage, upending a mug of ale over the kender's head. (Caramon's note: Flint did travel back to the hills, and it was sometime during this journey that he was captured by gully dwarves, an incident he vehemently refused to discuss. We have discovered a possible source for this tale, however, and hope to soon present it to those interested.)

The companion's conversation was interrupted by the antics of a playful fourteen-year-old girl. Red-haired, skinny, with a face covered with freckles, she crept up behind Caramon and slyly slipped his dagger out of its sheath with a deft hand. Caramon saw everyone grinning, but couldn't figure out the joke until the girl betrayed herself with a giggle. Leaping to his feet, Caramon began chasing the girl around the Inn, falling over chairs and overturning tables. Finally Otik threatened to throw them both out. The girl flipped the knife back to its irate owner, nearly impaling him in the process, then van-



"Long into the night, the old dwarf sat at the table . . ."

ished back into the kitchen.

Caramon rejoined his friends, shaking his head. "That Tika's the ugliest kid I've ever seen," he stated. "Her father's gonna have a hard time marrying her off." (Tika's note: Caramon swears he never said this, but I was listening from behind the kitchen door and heard him.)

The companions laughed, but it was strained laughter, and soon they all fell silent. They knew that they had come to a parting of the ways. No matter what happened, the old days of carefree youth and fun were at an end.

It was Tanis who finally spoke. "Every year on this date," he said softly, "any of us who are in Solace will come to the Inn. That way, some of us may meet from time to time. But, I say we all vow that, five years from now, we will meet here again."

"Those of us who are still alive," Raistlin mur-

mured, his eyes glittering.

"I'll take that vow. I will return in five years," said Kitiara, placing her hand upon the table, her eyes on Tanis. "If not sooner," she added, smiling her crooked smile.

"And I will return in five years," said Tanis, putting his hand over Kit's. "If not sooner."

"I vow on my honor as a Knight to return in five years," said Sturm, his hand covering Tanis's.

"I'll be here," said Caramon cheerfully, his big hand engulfing everyone's.

"And I . . ." murmured his twin, Raistlin's slender fingers barely touching the back of his brother's hand.

"Don't forget me! I'll be here!" Tas cried, climbing up on the table to add his small hand to the rest.

"Confound it, I may have more important things to do than come back to this place just to see your pasty faces," the old dwarf grumbled. But he reached out and took hold of the hands of his friends in both his gnarled palms. "Reorx be with you," he said gruffly, "until we meet again."

"Now, if this nonsense is quite finished, we must be going," Raistlin said, rising to his feet abruptly.

"Yeah," Caramon muttered, swallowing a lump in his throat.

One by one, the companions all left the Inn until only Flint remained. Long into the night, the old dwarf sat at the table, sighing and shaking his head sadly.

This story was never intended for publication. Originally compiled by Tracy and I for use by ourselves and the rest of the DRAGONLANCE® design team, the tale was first published in a DRAGONLANCE Role-Playing Adventure Game Module, DRAGONS OF MYSTERY, edited by Michael Dobson, since we were getting requests from players begging for character background information. Those of you who own DL5 will note that we have revised the material to update it and include additional information.

—Margaret Weis



Bertrem's Essays on the Races of Krynn

Gnomes

The god Reorx, having forged the world, took a number of men with him over the seas to learn his crafts and help him complete his work. Unfortunately, these people misused what Reorx taught them and strayed from neutrality. They were filled with petty desires and uses for their skills. In his anger, Reorx cursed them, reshaping their bodies and minds. As their desires were petty, then so, too, would be their new stature. As their uses for craftsmanship were petty, then so would they use them for eternity, never achieving the greatness of purpose that other races would know, regardless of what they developed.

Reorx's workshops were located far across the sea to the east of Ansalon. When the Graygem escaped, the gnomes went west after it in a fleet of ships, landing on the eastern shores of Ansalon and hurrying after it on foot. The gnomes who finally caught up with the Graygem at Gargath's kingdom were changed into dwarves and kender. The rest of the gnomes hurried on after the newly escaped Graygem until it sailed over the seas to the west, over Sancrist Isle.

At Sancrist, most pursuing gnomes gave up the chase. They were content to settle down, rather than risk another ocean voyage like the first, which had proved to be highly dangerous. The rest of the gnomes built ships and sailed on out of sight, with the best wishes of their fellows. Eventually, many gnomes who had been scattered across Ansalon during the chase migrated west to

Sancrist; only a few gnomes now remain on the main continent.

Throughout their history, the gnomes have concentrated on scientific and technological development. They have working steam engines and steam-powered ships, clockwork mechanisms to keep time, ore-refining plants that make high-grade steel, and such mundane items as screws, pulleys, drive shafts, toothed gears, coiled springs, music boxes, and mechanical toys.

Two notable events occurred following the escape of the Graygem. The first was the arrival of the Knights of Solamnia on Sancrist. As a result of this contact, the gnomes now possess the formula for a poison gas that incapacitates its victims. More importantly, the gnomes have allied themselves with Solamnia's government and are now important trade partners with this kingdom. The Knights, ever suspicious of magical forces, are pleased to deal with a race that carries the banner of technology, and Solamnia has profited greatly from this contact.

The second major event was the Cataclysm, which produced tremendous earthquakes that enlarged the size of Sancrist's mountainous northern half, where the gnomes lived. A number of gnomes were killed by landslides and tunnel collapses, but overall, the seismic activity was welcome. With vastly increased living space, the gnomes were little inclined to travel elsewhere. Many small groups of gnomes now make their homes in the northern Sancrist mountains, being occupied with mining and gem-hunting.



Mount Nevermind

The largest settlement of gnomes exists in the immense tunnel complexes beneath Mount Nevermind, an extinct volcano on Sancrist Isle that is also the tallest mountain there. A recent census of the community indicates that fifty-nine thousand gnomes live there, give or take a few hundred coming or going at any time. The Mount Nevermind community is thousands of years old and is the most highly developed of all gnome cities on Krynn.

The city of Mount Nevermind is built around the central shaft of the volcano, leading up to a ceiling just below the floor of the main crater. The crater itself has a central lake that freezes over in the wintertime. Gnome engineers long ago excavated the ash and rock from the volcano's throat and smoothed out a main floor roughly 400 yards across. The main floor formed the base of the Inner Hall (as it came to be known), and a horizontal shaft was excavated leading to the outside world at the base of the mountain (the Outer Hall).

The central shaft itself is a narrow funnel over 1050 yards high and 800 yards across at the domed ceiling. Illumination from thousands of lanterns, fires, candles, mirrors, and old glass globes with Continual Light spells cast within them illuminate the Inner Hall. The overall effect is stunning, much like the effects of the largest cathedral or cave chamber upon tourists.

Mount Nevermind is a scene of frantic, non-stop activity and noise. Everywhere one looks are gnomes hurrying from place to place, whistles blowing, gears turning, steam blasting, horns sounding, lights flashing, mechanical carts rolling. Gnomes have developed catapults ("gnomeflingers") to allow rapid access from the Inner Hall to the various levels of the city, of which there are thirty-five in all. Hundreds of staircases, ramps, pulley elevators, ladders, and the like also cross from level to level. Wheeled carts mounted on rails encircle the city on many levels, powered by steam engines and providing quick travel



Bertrem, Historian of Krynn, assistant to Astinus of Palanthas.

across a single level. In an emergency, gnomes could move through the huge ventilation shafts cut into the mountain, though the steam-driven fans would make the going difficult.

Beneath the main city is an enormous network of tunnels and mines that spread out in all directions. Called the "undercity" by visitors, this tunnel system is as ancient as the city itself and far more dangerous. Monster lairs and unfriendly subterranean races have been encountered, though gnomish technology has managed to isolate or barricade most of these hazards. Several engineering committees are investigating ways to harness the geothermal energy from live magma encountered deep in the earth, and have set up research stations here and there in the undercity. A number of tunnels also serve as dumping sites for regular and for hazardous wastes, and unpleasant things may be encountered there as well.

Each level is well separated from all others and from everything else by a thick layer of rock. The tunneling is superbly engineered and reinforced, in remembrance of the earthquakes that occurred during the Cataclysm and which still strike on rare occasions. Some areas of the city are built with shock-absorbing ceilings reinforced by enormous steel springs, and steel rods are often drilled through the rock itself to lend additional reinforcement. The possibility that it might escape a second Cataclysm has not been ignored by its builders.

The slopes of Mount Nevermind have been extensively terraced, and a strange irrigation system directs water from the main crater down the slopes and into the main city inside the mountain. The terraces are carefully farmed and tended by the Agricultural Guild, which also maintains fungi-growing farms and herds of cave-dwelling goats and sheep in the undercity. Additional food is provided by raising domestic animals in the surrounding countryside, and from game caught by the Hunters Guild. Research is being conducted into creating artificial food, but the results have universally been poisonous. A committee is still looking into the matter.

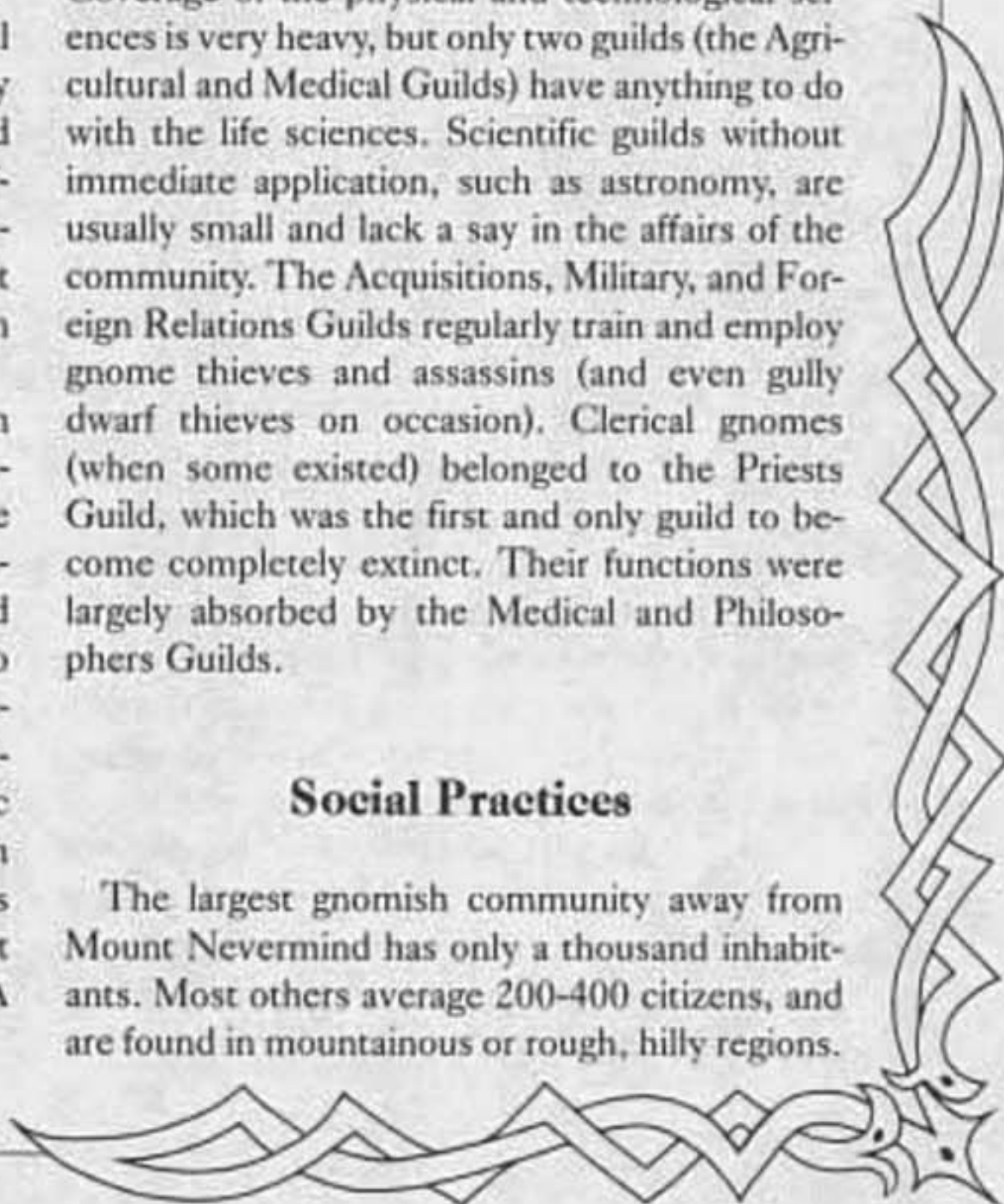
Mount Nevermind is governed by an elected oligarchy of clan leaders and guild masters, who serve in their positions for life. Methods of election vary from guild to guild and from clan to clan; some use closed ballots, debates, seniority, and contests, while some positions are actually hereditary.

Several hundred clans dwell within the mountain, and there are perhaps fifty major guilds and a host of minor ones present. The government is so heavily laden with bureaucracy that few major decisions are actually rendered in the Grand Council. Most of the decisions are made by guilds and clans who go off on their own tangents, regardless of the wishes of the rest of the community. Everyone insists upon regulation and doing things by the book — but this process is so tedious and time-consuming as to try the patience of even a gnome.

Each major guild is organized around a particular area of interest. One will find a Mathematics Guild, Philosophers Guild, Mechanical Engineering Guild, Weapons Guild, Education Guild. Coverage of the physical and technological sciences is very heavy, but only two guilds (the Agricultural and Medical Guilds) have anything to do with the life sciences. Scientific guilds without immediate application, such as astronomy, are usually small and lack a say in the affairs of the community. The Acquisitions, Military, and Foreign Relations Guilds regularly train and employ gnome thieves and assassins (and even gully dwarf thieves on occasion). Clerical gnomes (when some existed) belonged to the Priests Guild, which was the first and only guild to become completely extinct. Their functions were largely absorbed by the Medical and Philosophers Guilds.

Social Practices

The largest gnomish community away from Mount Nevermind has only a thousand inhabitants. Most others average 200-400 citizens, and are found in mountainous or rough, hilly regions.



Each of these small towns is organized similarly to Mount Nevermind, though fewer guilds are present and some guilds perform multiple functions (*e.g.*, the Medical Guild might also take care of agricultural needs).

Sages are very common in any gnomish community. Sages compile volumes and volumes of information, guesses, facts, figures, speculations, and philosophical doodles on their guild committee's selected topics. This pure research is sometimes (though rarely) helpful to future generations, but all of it is carefully labeled, archived, and cared for by gnomish librarians in their massive bookrooms. Sage gnomes almost never travel, preferring to devote themselves to lifelong study of a given subject.

A gnome has three sorts of names. One is the gnome's true name, which is actually a massive history of the gnome's entire family tree of ancestors extending back to their creation by Reorx. This history is compacted into a single, enormous word that can easily fill a large book. In fact, the complete names of every gnome born on Sancrist are kept by the Genealogy Guild in the main library at Mount Nevermind. Interestingly, this record forms the only continuous history of the world since the Age of Dreams, though it says little about any race other than the gnomes.

Though each gnome can easily remember his complete name, or at least the first few thousand letters of it, gnomes have developed a shortened form of address for each other which takes merely half a minute to recite; this shorter name is simply a listing of the highlights of the gnome's ancestors' lives. Humans and other races who deal with gnomes have developed even shorter names for them, consisting of the first one or two syllables of a particular gnome's name. Gnomes find this abbreviated name to be very undignified, but realize they have to put up with it.

It is worth saying a few words about gnomes' relations with other races. In areas where gnomes are known to exist, they are generally not well liked. Their technological bent makes them very alien to people accustomed to magic, and their

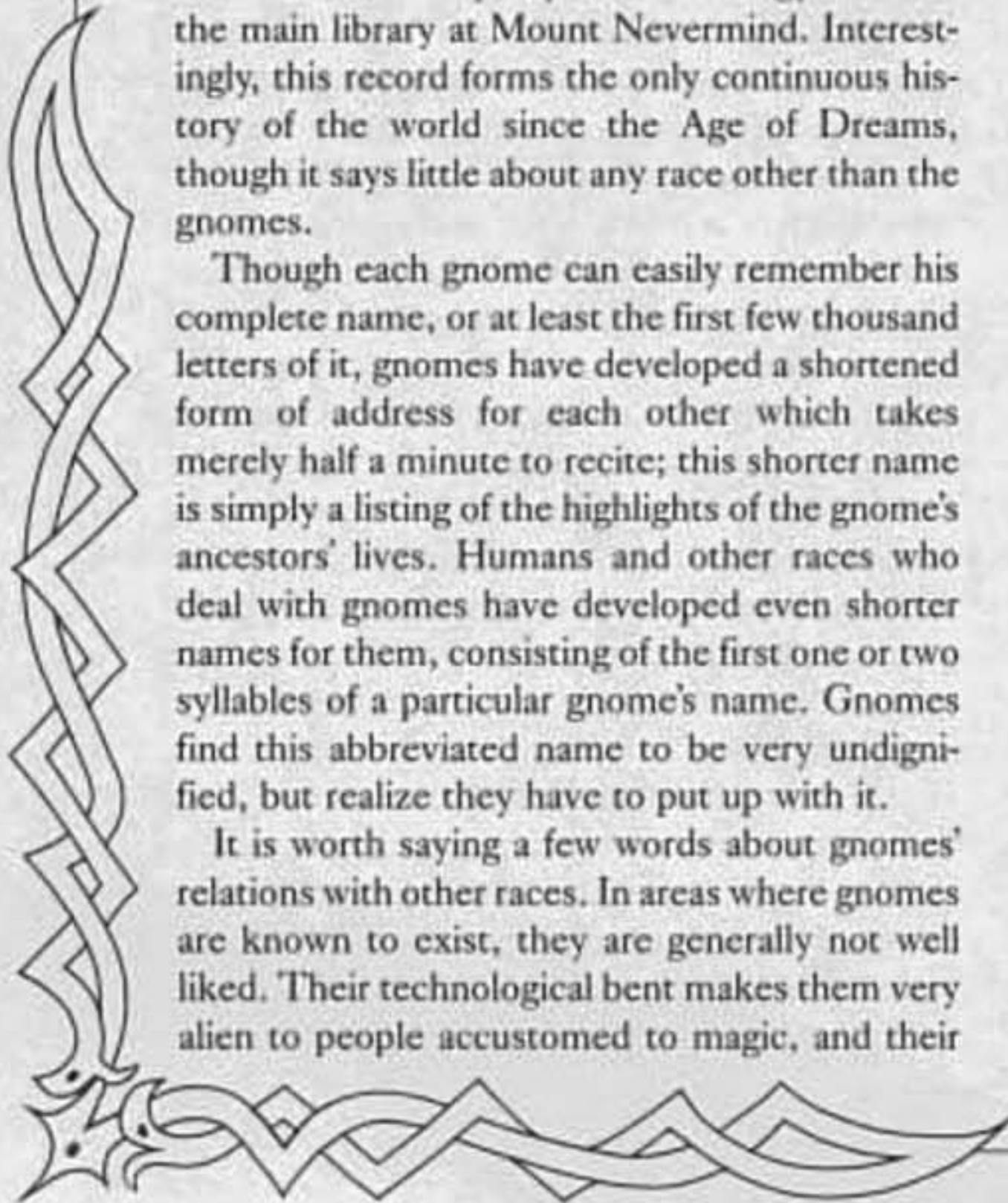
poor grasp of social relations puts off most potential friends. War was narrowly averted in one area after a gnomish digging machine plowed through a sacred elven grove, and similar episodes seemed doomed to repeat themselves across Ansalon at regular intervals. The humans on Sancrist have managed to adjust to the gnomes by embracing their good points and otherwise avoiding contact with them whenever possible.

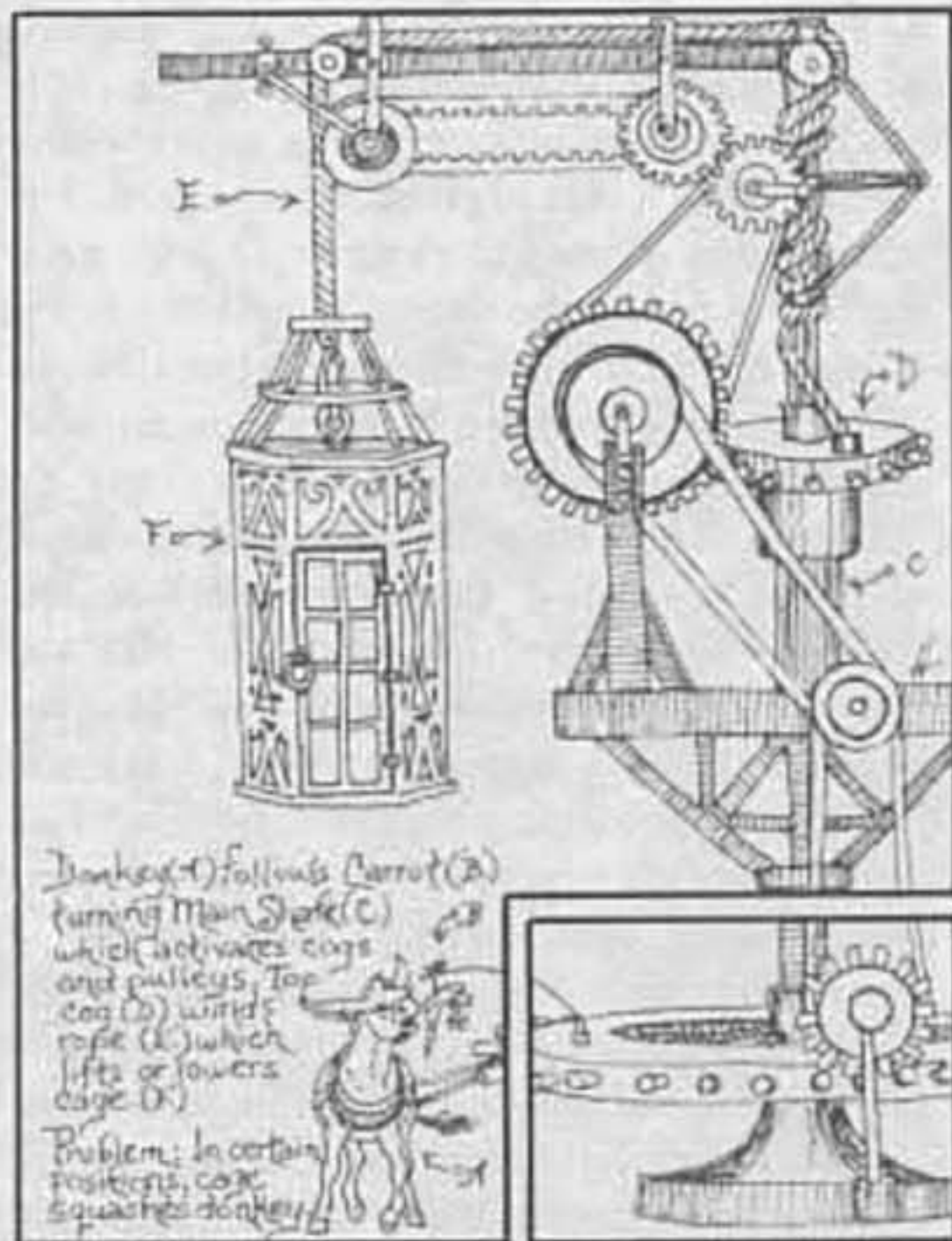
Personality

Being an immediate racial descendant of humanity, gnomes are much like humans in outlook. The influence of Reorx, however, has altered their personalities and perceptions in a number of areas. When compared to humans, gnomes appear compulsive, nervously active and driven, and intensely curious. They are serious, unused to social pleasantries, and uncomfortable with emotional displays. Their happiest moments come from their work.

This is not to say that a gnome is a stick-in-the-mud. Gnomes can be as adventurous as any other race, though many are content to stay home and tinker with their engineering and mechanical projects. Adventuring gnomes are generally unable to learn from previous experience, and tend to repeat the same mistakes. Yet they often succeed in developing a quirky solution to a problem that carries the day for their fellow adventurers. Adventurer gnomes tend more to become general handymen, jacks-of-all-trades (and masters of none). Anything and everything will draw their attention and cause them to reach for their notebooks or tool belts. It was a gnome adventurer who first invented roller skates (with 3'-diameter wheels), though he used them to descend a mountain slope and was not seen again. He'd forgotten about brakes.

One important belief that gnomes have concerns the Life Quest. At birth, each gnome is assigned a Life Quest by the Guild subcommittee to which his or her family belongs. A Life Quest is exactly that. A gnome assigned to study screws





A gnomish elevator.

will spend years and years experimenting with different thread sizes, metals, screwdriver types, etc., and is unlikely at any point to have his committee formally declare his Life Quest to be completed. Completion of a Life Quest means that the gnome has performed so well that all that could possibly be known about the subject he was exploring is now known. In this event, the gnome's soul and all the souls of his forefathers (who will likely have shared the same Life Quest) are guaranteed a place beside Reorx, wherever he may now reside.

The Life Quest is almost always highly specific and is usually related to a technological device or process. In some cases, highly unusual magical devices will be studied in order to develop technological items that can replace their functions.

Gnomes like to acquire interesting things and may steal them, though not for the same reasons

as kender do. Gnomes will deliberately take things that might provide valuable information if taken apart, melted down, examined under a lens, and studied by a committee. A gnome at a royal coronation, for instance, might become fascinated by the unusual blue sheen of the queen's silver crown. He will be obsessed with the idea of taking the crown, bringing it into a smithy, chipping at it, melting it down, performing tests on the metal, questioning the people who forged it, and so forth. Think of the great advances in metalwork that could be made! He could write a paper, advance his Life Quest, and start his own committee on the refining of metals. Only he has to get the crown first. . . .

Technology

The technology of the gnomes has little overall effect upon the cultures of Krynn. Dwarves care little for such innovation; elves are repelled by technology; kender cannot appreciate its use beyond their thrill of seeing it work; and, goblins and gully dwarves are too stupid to use it consistently. Gnomes *have* technology — but their innate incompetence is such that anything that their technology can do, magic can usually do more cheaply, quickly, and efficiently.

When a gnome sets out to invent something, it's a good bet that the invention will initially be at least thirty times larger than necessary, will make ten times the noise it should, will have many totally redundant features, and will fail miserably (if not disastrously). Some tinkering will gradually reduce the less favorable aspects of the device, though it may not always be safe when turned over for public use. Numerous fail-safe devices, warning signals (bells, horns, chimes, and whistles), and redundant safety features may be added to fix any equipment malfunctions, though these are usually added *after* numerous accidents with the device have occurred.

Worse yet, gnomes are not well organized in their research. They regularly reinvent the wheel, as the adage goes, because they aren't aware of advances in other fields of science and

technology in other guilds. Whole projects are redesigned from scratch at any given failure point. Worst of all, they have difficulty conceiving of simple things. Their minds whirl along through time and space, overlooking the clean design, the easy system, and the cost-effective program. Show takes first priority over substance; action is confused with accomplishment; the means outweighs the end result.

The humans of Ansalon would use technological devices more widely if they only knew that such things existed. Because gnomes are so rare and communicate so little with the outside world, their discoveries go largely unnoticed. Then, too, because gnomes make things far more complicated and dangerous than they could be, humans are inadvertently discouraged from learning too much.

Solamnic visitors to Mount Nevermind often ponder a bit of folk wisdom first uttered by Heikmann Sester, one of the more cynical lords who governed the human colony on Sancrist. "If there's any possible way to ruin a perfectly good idea," he declared, "a gnome will find ten of them." (This is now known as Sester's Law.) Lord Sester is also credited with the quote: "If you want something broken, give it to a gnome."

The influence of Sester's Law upon gnomish inventiveness can never be underestimated. A Solamnic knight once wanted a suit of armor that could be removed quickly in case the wearer fell into deep water. The gnome he hired returned to Mount Nevermind, formed a subcommittee in the Armorers Guild, and spent six months researching the problem. What came out was a suit of field plate armor with a 12-inch-long, 6-inch-wide release bar mounted on the chest, painted bright, glossy yellow, with an unreadable label done in microscopic red print, detailing the effects of striking the bar. When the release bar was struck, it undid all of the catches on the armor's chest, shoulders, and waist.

Unfortunately, the release bar was very easy for opponents to strike at in combat, instantly leaving the armor's wearer with no chest protection. Furthermore, the release bar rusted quickly

when exposed to the elements and wouldn't work after a few days. To make things worse, the pieces of the armor were strung together with wire (to make it easy to pick them up again). The wired pieces dangled from the waist and entangled themselves in the wearer's legs. The suit was quickly retired to a storeroom in Mount Nevermind, where it resides with several dozen other interesting but unused designs.

Finally, there is the story of the lighting system of Mount Nevermind. The gnomes ran long steel rods down the length of the Outer Hall and placed the ends in a magma pool. The rods soon began to glow bright yellow-orange, as was hoped, but the temperature made the Outer Hall into the world's largest toaster oven. A cooling system using water pumped from the top of Mount Nevermind was installed next to the heated rods, which made part of the corridor unbearably hot and part of it frigid. The cooling system also produced heavy fog, which was cured by installing a giant fan at the inner end of the corridor. Unfortunately, the fan was steam-powered, and the boiler tended to force heated water back through its pipes into the lower terraces, killing the plant life there. The whole problem has been referred to a committee for further evaluation, and the lighting system has been disconnected. A similar system in the Inner Hall has never been activated.

Among other devices currently being developed at Sancrist Isle are: the silent, folding, automatically repeating crossbow; the net-throwing arrow; and the spring-loaded, blade-throwing, two-handed sword (which comes apart under normal use and may harm the owner). The archives of Mount Nevermind are filled with hundreds of other ill-fated inventions, though there are always gnomes willing to continue trying to develop them further and make them workable.

Despite the hundreds of false starts, some research has enormous potential, if it could be properly handled. Projects that have a broader scope include the robot (composed of clockwork mechanisms of unusual size), the submarine (actually a sunken boat on wheels, with snorkle de-



A gnome invents the corkscrew.

vices for the crew), the steam cannon and compressed-air gun (currently too large and dangerous to be of much use), the airplane (a pilot-propelled glider; this project is the second most dangerous one in operation), and blasting dust (gunpowder; this is *the* most dangerous project of all). And, of course, there is the little committee in the Flight Mechanics Guild, composed of three or four gnomes inspired by the tale of the gnome who first captured the Graygem. Having established connections with the Astronomy Guild, they are quietly tinkering with space flight. After all, the first mortal creature to set foot on another heavenly body was a gnome. . . .

Religion

The only deity that the gnomes recognize is Reorx. Though they have no formal religious services or clerics among them, the gnomes still

have a healthy respect for Reorx and have no doubt at all (unlike others in the post-Cataclysm world) that the god exists. Reorx is thought of as an usually large gnome who epitomizes their love of building, creating, inventing, and tinkering. A few philosophers go so far as to declare that the universe is guided by the machines of Reorx, and that the sun and moons of Krynn are constructs in the mechanism that powers the universe.

Before the Cataclysm, clerics of Reorx were fairly common among the gnomes; it is very possible that following the Third Dragon War, such clerics will again appear among them. Gnomish records show that the old clerics vanished at the time of the Cataclysm, much to the irritation of the rest of their people. The loss of the clerics led directly to advances in medical science and the development of new alarm and protective systems, to compensate for the spells the clerics had once provided. Gnomes are rather disdainful of clerics at present, believing themselves to be above spellcasting and such, and feeling that clerics are an untrustworthy lot if they can disappear just anytime they feel like it. Nonetheless, clerics would soon be accepted into the ranks of the gnomes if they were to return.

Appearance

Gnomes average 3' in height and weigh about 45-50 lbs. Females are as large as males. All gnomes have rich brown skin, straight white hair, china-blue or violet eyes, and surprisingly even, cavity-free teeth. Males have soft, white beards and mustaches; females are beardless. Both sexes develop facial wrinkles after age 50. Gnomes are very short and stocky, though their movements are quick, and their hands are slender, deft, and sure. They have rounded ears and often large noses.

Gnomes sound much like humans in vocal range and pitch, except for having a more nasal voice. They speak very intensely and rapidly, running their words together in unending sentences joined by connectors like *and*, *so*, *anyway*, *but*, *or*, *therefore*, *then*, and so forth. Gnomes are

Gnome Proverbs

As with everything else in gnomish life, gnome proverbs are extremely long and can take on the average of one to two days to recite, depending on the seriousness of the matter. It was pointed out to the gnomes by other, more impatient races that proverbs worked best when they were short and to the point, summing up certain facts of life in a few words.

Impressed with this, the gnomes referred the matter to the Proverb Committee which, after months of deliberation, finally reduced the three most important gnomish proverbs to terms that could be generally understood.

The following are the three proverbs that gnomes consider to be most essential to leading a rich, full life.

"Never."

"A gear."

"Hydrodynamics."

The last proverb in particular—"Hydrodynamics"—will cause any group to immediately look very serious and nod profoundly, often remarking that the younger generation was in a fair way to forgetting about *that* and *soon!*

capable of speaking and listening carefully at the same time. If two gnomes meet, each will babble away at the other until they've both finished their say, often answering questions later in their dialog as part of the same continuous sentence. Gnomes have learned to speak slowly and distinctly when around other races, in a manner which some people find both condescending and irritating. If frightened, startled, or depressed, a gnome may speak in much shorter sentences.

Gnomes involved in certain major industrial operations may develop "industrial diseases" from smog and other working hazards. Mild respiratory and eye infections will be fairly common, but will clear up quickly if an affected gnome is put in fresh air for a few days. Industrial accidents, noise and visual pollution, and other problems may temporarily or permanently disable a gnome, leading to early retirement from active pursuits.

Possessions

Unless they are adventurers, gnomes rarely carry weapons of any sort except incidentally (such as daggerlike tools, hammers, a handful of stones, a clublike pipe, etc.). Strange weapons of questionable value are always being invented, like the yo-yo, though others show more promise. Slingshots and switchblades of varying sizes have been developed, and some gnomes are working on a dust-cannon, which is a compressed-air gun firing powder into opponents' faces. The possibility of making a compressed-air pellet gun has been discussed, but current designs are unworkable.

Hand-held and light crossbows, slings, short bows, javelins, darts, and melee weapons that may be hurled (like hammers and hand axes) may be used as missile weapons. Large siege engines and catapult-type devices are well-known and used for a variety of purposes (like gnome-flingers). The knights of Solamnia use gnomish artillery engines and engineers on a regular basis.

Gnomes are not the snappiest dressers on Krynn, and would easily qualify as the worst, were it not for goblins and gully dwarves. Gnomes will wear almost anything that is relatively clean, but seem to have a special taste for gaudy, baggy, mismatched clothes. Scarves and shawls are much used, and they enjoy hard leather footwear (not liking to go barefoot). In their research areas and laboratories, gnomes tend to be rather disordered in appearance and prefer wearing easily cleaned smocks and suits.

Gnomes on adventures usually carry a few regular clothes with them, and invariably have writing implements and paper for taking notes. Gnomes with senses of humor will bring items like water pistols to test out on their friends. Items acquired for their research value will often fill a gnome's pockets, especially those gnomes who have developed thieving talents.

Hobby items are commonly carried as well. A gnome's hobby often has a great deal to do with his work; to anyone else but the gnome, the hobby *is* the gnome's work. A gnome assigned to develop better catapults may make miniature catapults; a gnome who works with steel refining may putter around with making small items from samples of his refined steel.

Gnomes keep pets, though rarely for long. Town gnomes keep them for amusement or curiosity, and adventurers have them for company in the wilderness. Pets, however, are often poorly chosen as the gnomes know so little about the animal kingdom, and they assume that anything can be domesticated if you catch it when it's small. Thus, one sees gnomes with saber-toothed tiger cubs, immature stirges, and axe-beak chicks. Once the "pet" reaches adulthood, the predictable thing happens, and the "pet" either leaves on its own or is captured or killed by other gnomes.

Gully Dwarves

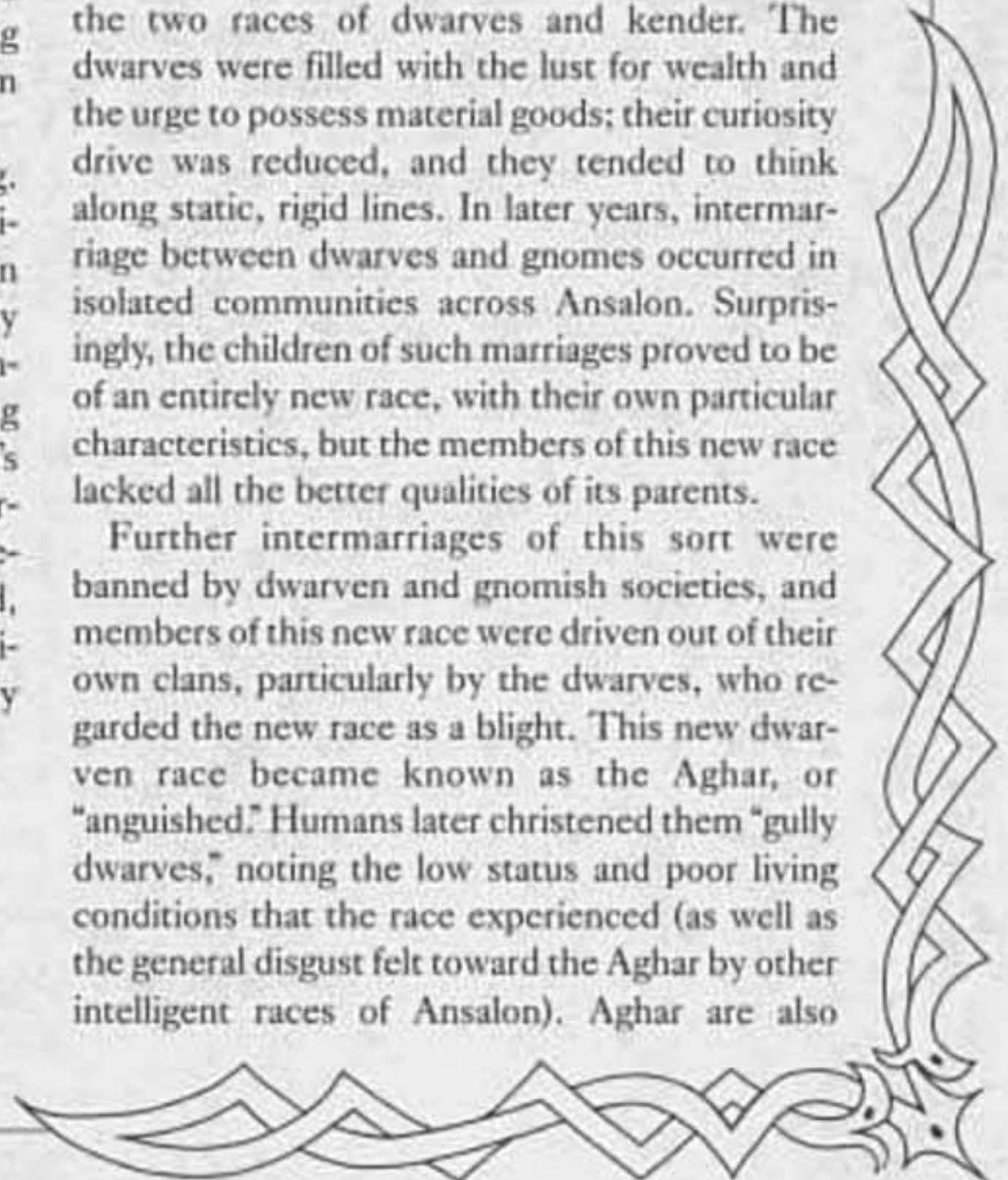
History

Gully dwarves have an extensive verbal history of their origins. Unfortunately, no two versions told by different gully dwarf clans agree on any relevant details. The stories are very colorful and entertaining to others, though gully dwarves take them very seriously. For our purposes, other sources will be considered.

Gully dwarves are a fourth-generation demi-human race. Originally a human people who worshipped the god Reorx, the ancestors of the gully dwarves were magically altered by their deity as punishment for straying from the path of neutrality that Reorx espoused and for selfishly misusing their skills and talents. Reorx reduced his human worshippers in size and filled them with the urge to tinker, invent, and construct — and thus was the race of gnomes created.

Certain gnomes were later profoundly altered by the Graystone of Gargath, turning them into the two races of dwarves and kender. The dwarves were filled with the lust for wealth and the urge to possess material goods; their curiosity drive was reduced, and they tended to think along static, rigid lines. In later years, intermarriage between dwarves and gnomes occurred in isolated communities across Ansalon. Surprisingly, the children of such marriages proved to be of an entirely new race, with their own particular characteristics, but the members of this new race lacked all the better qualities of its parents.

Further intermarriages of this sort were banned by dwarven and gnomish societies, and members of this new race were driven out of their own clans, particularly by the dwarves, who regarded the new race as a blight. This new dwarven race became known as the Aghar, or "anguished." Humans later christened them "gully dwarves," noting the low status and poor living conditions that the race experienced (as well as the general disgust felt toward the Aghar by other intelligent races of Ansalon). Aghar are also



called dumpmen, muckers, and dirt-eaters by their dwarven cousins.

Much of the anguish that gully dwarves suffered came from the bad treatment they received at the hands of other races. Dwarves of other thanes (races or major clan houses) even now regard the Aghar as unworthy of respect. Aghar were driven into the wilderness and forced to grub for existence among abandoned ruins, swamplands, and the refuse piles of old cities. They were used as slaves by the darker empires of old Ansalon and even by some dwarven races.

The Cataclysm was at once the curse of the world and the salvation of the gully dwarves. The destruction of civilization in Ansalon opened up dozens of deserted, ruined cities to habitation by wandering gully dwarf tribes, and soon once-mighty towns like Xak Tsaroth became havens for the Aghar. Undisturbed by the rest of the world, the gully dwarves were free to establish their own cultures — such as they were.

Gully dwarves still congregate in the larger ruined cities of Ansalon. Draconian armies have conquered many of these places and have reduced the Aghar once again to the status of slaves. In places like Pax Tharkas, gully dwarves have been imported as slave labor from surrounding areas. While they obey their new masters, the Aghar wish to return to the days of freedom they once enjoyed, and they will usually seek outside help in ridding themselves of their new lords.

Society and Government

Gully dwarf communities are usually quite small. Aghar prefer to live in extended family units, called clans, which have 2-20 members. Some very large clans exist which have 6-60 members, and a few tiny families of only 2-8 members may be scattered through wilderness areas. Most gully dwarves live in villages abandoned by previous owners, or in the wilderness in old mines and caves. Small clans may live in the slums and refuse dumps of large cities, and several major cities in Ansalon have gully dwarves living in their sewer systems.



The Great Highbulp, Phudge I.

Clans living in or near major cities are often hired to perform (under strict supervision) menial tasks such as garbage collection, street sweeping, tinkering, cooking, and so forth. They face great prejudice when attempting to obtain any other work, and many have adopted a fatalistic and subservient attitude when working with goblins, humans, or other dwarven thanes.

The leader of a small family group is responsible for keeping the family together, and is the sole voice of authority (though his or her authority may be frequently questioned). No formal education exists, except for the proverbial "school of hard knocks."

On occasion, several clans will be found living together, usually in a ruined or abandoned city. Major Aghar communities hold between 40-400 adult dwarves and 40-400 children. At least two clans will be present, and possibly as many as five. Each clan will have a chieftain, with one chieftain (the strongest, cleverest, and most charismatic) becoming the local king. Kings are

served by their bodyguards and by a completely chaotic hierarchy of lesser functionaries with no clearly defined roles or duties. This haphazard monarchy is invariably repeated throughout all Aghar colonies.

Other large Aghar colonies exist at the Steam City outpost of Thorbardin and at the dwarven metropolis of Thorbardin itself. A small colony of Aghar at the ruined town of Pax Tharkas was supplemented by slaves from surrounding lands. The gully dwarves successfully defended the ruins from attacking draconians and have shut themselves away from the world for the duration of the Third Dragonlance War. The Pax Tharkas group is now under the able leadership of Highklahd Sestun I, the former slave of Fewmaster Toede.

A king's title is produced by adding the prefix "High" to the clan that the king represents, with his personal name following it. It is not unusual to note a succession of kings with the same name, each calling himself "the First" because of their inability to count well and their innate egotism.

It is worth noting that a gully dwarf king can be greatly underestimated, as was done with Highbulp Phudge I of Xak Tsaroth. They can become quite crafty and calculating, playing the fool long enough to lead troublesome opponents into unintentionally fulfilling the king's plans (often at grave risk to the opponents' lives).

Aghar support the policies of the Hylar (mountain) dwarves at Thorbardin, though the Hylar do not return the good will. Aghar and dark dwarves do not get along because of the latter's enslavement of the former in past days.

Religion

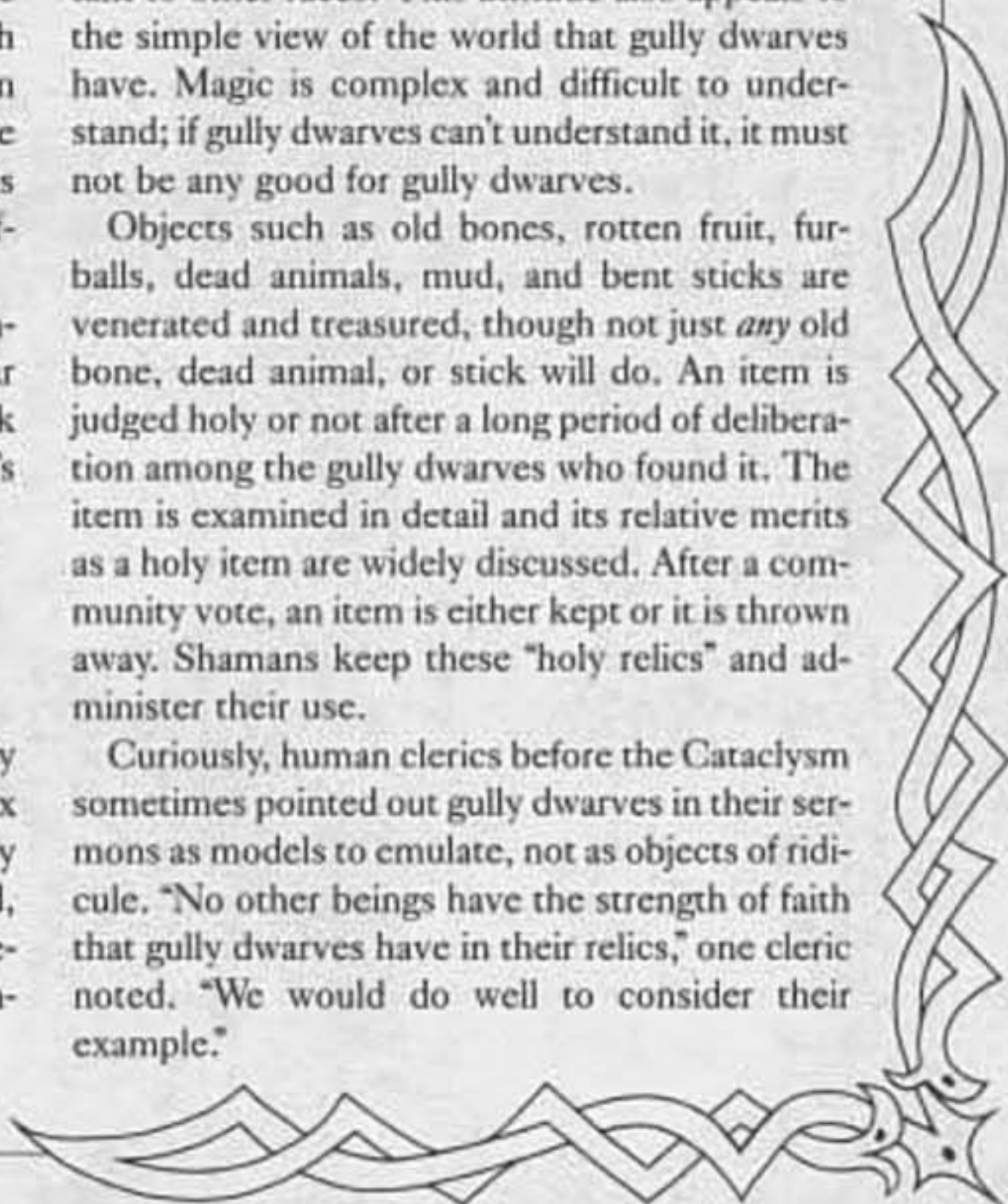
Aghar acknowledge Reorx as the patron deity of all dwarves, but they do not believe that Reorx has any influence over their lives — in fact, they believe Reorx has abandoned them. Instead, gully dwarves believe that the spirits of their departed ancestors protect them from harm and ensure their survival.

Gully dwarves cannot cast any form of magic, though they are fascinated by lesser sorts of "magic show" legerdemain cast by non-Aghar mages and illusionists. Powerful spells frighten them. They hold magical items in disdain, but they universally believe that inanimate objects hold great power in themselves. Possession of such objects gives the wearer the benefits of this power, which comes from the spirits of ancestral gully dwarves. This cross between animism and ancestor worship appears to be natural dwarven materialism raised to a new plane of meaning.

Aghar believe that magical items are useless because their magic was put into them by other races. The most powerful items, say the wisest gully dwarves, are those that *seem* to do nothing at all. Such items are regarded as holy and are given to shamans for safekeeping. The origin of this belief is lost, but Astinus says that it is a way of rejecting the races that scorned them. Things that other races value must be bad, since the other races are mean to gully dwarves; thus, gully dwarves do not need magic because it is important to other races. This attitude also appeals to the simple view of the world that gully dwarves have. Magic is complex and difficult to understand; if gully dwarves can't understand it, it must not be any good for gully dwarves.

Objects such as old bones, rotten fruit, furballs, dead animals, mud, and bent sticks are venerated and treasured, though not just *any* old bone, dead animal, or stick will do. An item is judged holy or not after a long period of deliberation among the gully dwarves who found it. The item is examined in detail and its relative merits as a holy item are widely discussed. After a community vote, an item is either kept or it is thrown away. Shamans keep these "holy relics" and administer their use.

Curiously, human clerics before the Cataclysm sometimes pointed out gully dwarves in their sermons as models to emulate, not as objects of ridicule. "No other beings have the strength of faith that gully dwarves have in their relics," one cleric noted. "We would do well to consider their example."



Personality

The most important facets of a gully dwarf's personality are generally agreed to be survival instinct, stupidity, pride, and endurance. Though derided by other intelligent races of Ansalon, gully dwarves continue to thrive under conditions that would have broken many others, and they have much to recommend them.

Gully dwarves are born to survive. They avoid exposing themselves to harm, and they regard cowardice as a virtue; groveling has been raised to the level of an art in their society. If confronted by an extremely dangerous opponent but not immediately attacked, Aghar will faint, stand paralyzed and shake, cry, beg for mercy, divulge rivers of information, run away, or hide their eyes. If attacked, most will fight normally, but a few will also have both eyes tightly closed. Aghar adventurers are made of slightly stouter stuff, but cannot be relied upon all the time. They are easily intimidated, but, if given a chance to break free of their oppressors, will fight bravely until they win or are overwhelmed.

Though the phrase "brave as a gully dwarf" is considered a base insult in non-Aghar towns, this innate cowardice has saved gully dwarves many times. Draconians have frequently spared them and used them as slaves, and other enemies have bypassed Aghar communities as not being worth the trouble to eliminate.

Gully dwarves are not above stealing, cheating, lying, informing, and bullying in order to survive. Dirty tricks, such as kicking dust in the eyes, jumping on fallen opponents, throwing food, etc., are often used. Food-fighting is also one of their favorite sports.

Gully dwarves are master scavengers. Much of their clothing, armor, weapons, and other possessions were recovered from garbage dumps or hammered together from scrap. They have a remarkable talent for putting apparently useless items to good use again — like converting a battered pot into a helmet, or a twisted board and nails into a rat-catching trap.

The stupidity of gully dwarves is legendary. They can grasp the concept of a single item and of a group of items, but they cannot distinguish between large groups and small groups. Most Aghar don't recognize numbers greater than one, which may derive from the fact that most gully dwarves do not recognize the needs of anyone other than themselves. Any number greater than one is called "two," which simply means "more than one."

This leads to ludicrous situations in which gully dwarves are asked, "How many stars are in the sky?" or "How many bandits are riding toward us?" Gully dwarves, of course, always hold up any number of fingers and solemnly (and *truthfully*) say, "two." A few gully dwarves seem to understand that "two" can mean two separate items or beings as well as "more than one." These few gully dwarves are also able to understand the needs of those other than themselves, and are often found in positions of responsibility and power within Aghar communities. Humans refer to such dwarves as "those who can almost count to three." Aghar adventurers are usually of this type.

Though regarded as foolish by others, gully dwarves are a proud folk and act with great seriousness, which only heightens their comic appearance. They tend to have inflated ideas of their own greatness, and puncturing their egos is difficult to do. They don't like to be made to appear silly, though they seem to be unaware of how hilarious or revolting their behavior is to others.

Gully dwarves are used to adversity and can withstand great punishment as individuals and as a race. They plod through the bad times with determined, defiant spirits, often with a surprising cheerfulness. They've outlived so many other previous troubles that one more isn't seen as very important.

Gully Dwarf Assassins

Gully dwarf thieves may be hired out as assassins and spies. (No assassin class exists among



gully dwarves.) Neutral thieves will only attempt to assassinate beings who are harming or enslaving other gully dwarves, while evil ones are not so choosy. However, gully dwarves are not very effective in these capacities. Gully dwarves are afraid to handle poison, and will never use it. If caught while on a mission, or even if stopped and asked a completely unrelated question, there's a 50-50 chance that gully dwarf thieves who were hired for some task will blurt out the name and address of the person who hired them in order to save themselves. ("Nope, nope, nope, me not know nothin' 'bout no Geoff Ghrubb what gave me two coins to bump off no Zheb Kooke, nope, nope, nope.")

In their favor, gully dwarf thieves may be hired for a fee amounting to only one percent of the going rate for any mission, including assassinations. Only Krynn gnomes will ever hire them, since the gnomes understand that no one can ever be completely perfect.

Gully Dwarf Shamans

Shamans are the keepers of any relics that a gully dwarf clan possesses. Shamans have great pull in their home communities, and are regarded as healers, wise men, and saviors. Such gully dwarves usually travel with a wide assortment of holy items on their person, which they will haul out and use at every opportunity to benefit their friends and allies. A shaman leading his people into battle (a rare event) will prominently display every holy relic the clan owns, including a few new holy items drafted into emergency service as protective devices in case the old holy items have lost their power. ("Better safe than sorry.")

If forced into actual combat, a shaman will go berserk with fear and desperation, fighting recklessly until he is slain or the enemy is vanquished. Aghar shamans are noted for their ferocity when placed in seemingly hopeless straits from which they cannot escape.

Finally, shamans are the lorekeepers of their people, handing down the oral history of the

Gully Dwarf Proverb

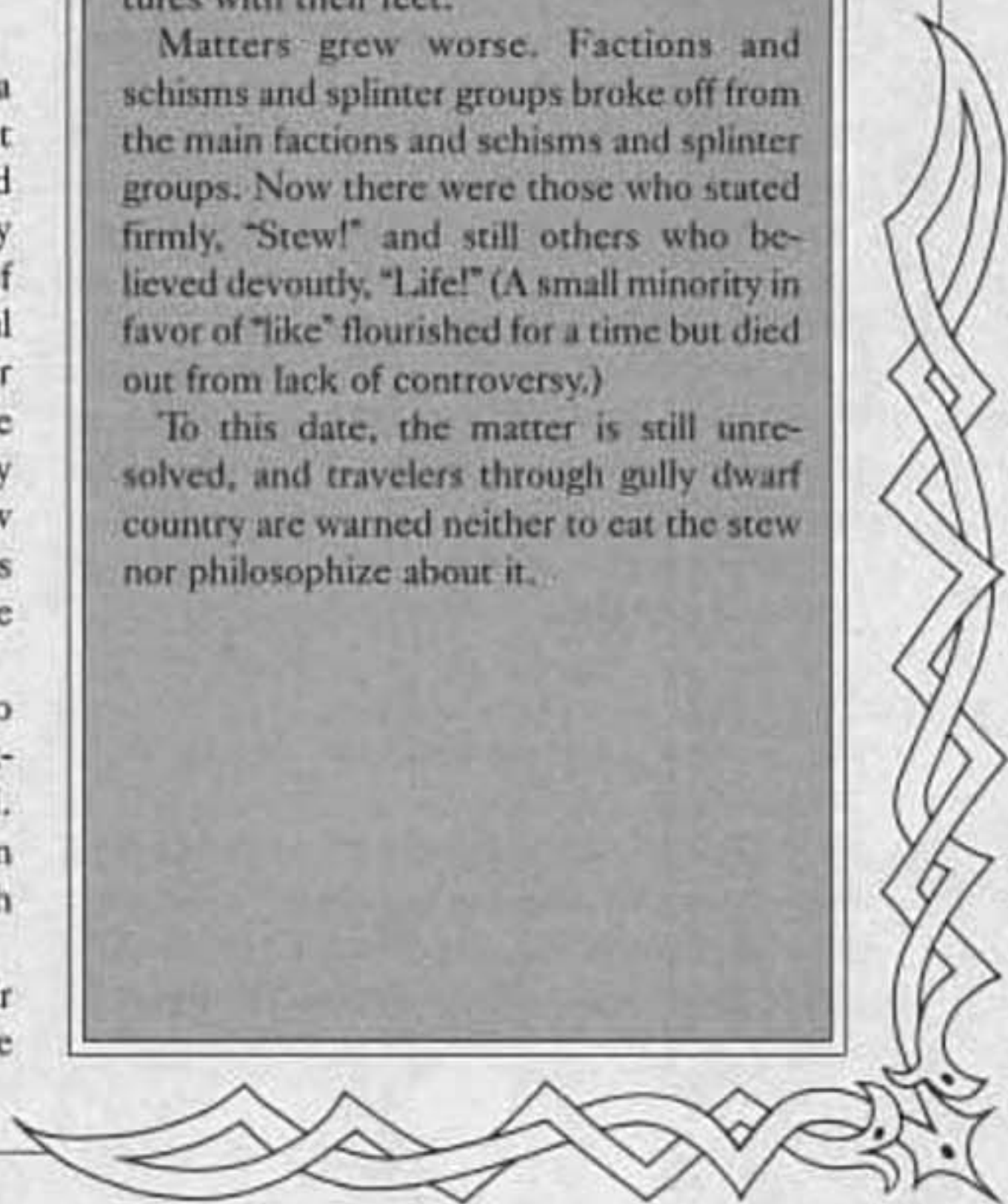
The gully dwarves have only one proverb: "Life like stew." This proverb applies to everything encountered, (i.e. "Mountain like stew." "River like stew." "Highbulp like stew.")

Unfortunately, there was a time (seven months ago last Tuesday) when a gully dwarf with a philosophical turn of mind came up with the profound reflection, "Stew like life."

This threw the gully dwarf intellectual community into turmoil. Factions and schisms and splinter groups were rife. (Mainly from having been left out in the sun too long.) Entire families were split, some going with "Life like stew" and others favoring "Stew like life." Blood was shed one night when the Stewers attacked the Lifers for having called them "Goldfinger lompchuters!" and making insulting gestures with their feet.

Matters grew worse. Factions and schisms and splinter groups broke off from the main factions and schisms and splinter groups. Now there were those who stated firmly, "Stew!" and still others who believed devoutly, "Life!" (A small minority in favor of "like" flourished for a time but died out from lack of controversy.)

To this date, the matter is still unresolved, and travelers through gully dwarf country are warned neither to eat the stew nor philosophize about it.



Aghar as they see it. They also listen to the various tales told by other gully dwarves, and are sometimes consulted by non-Aghar adventurers who hope to learn some important bit of information.

Appearance

Gully dwarves are short, squat demi-humans, averaging 4' in height; they have an average weight of 100 lbs., give or take about 10 lbs. Females tend to be slightly smaller than males. Aghar are physically much like any other dwarves, though they are often covered with scars, boils, sores, and filth, due to their living conditions and the effects of disease.

Gully dwarves have skin tones ranging from olive brown to a light parchment color. Mottled and splotched skin is not uncommon, and a few have a dirty gray-brown skin tone. Male gully dwarves wear long, scruffy beards; females have cheek hair but no beards. Hair color ranges from dark, dirty blond to brown, rust, gray, and dull black. Eye color can be watery blue, dull green, brown, or hazel.

Gully dwarves don't appear to be as heavy and stocky as other sorts of dwarves, and have narrower fingers and limbs. Pot bellies are very common among both sexes, and gully dwarves develop wrinkles quickly after age 25.

Gully dwarves are hard to understand, since they have no concept of grammar, syntax, and so forth. They speak in one- or two-syllable words, ramble constantly, lose the thread of what they are saying, and — in short — make themselves as obtuse as possible.

Possessions

If given the chance, gully dwarves will wear any armor that they come across. Those living near old battlefields or in ruined fortresses often wear battered bits of old armor suits, most of which fit them poorly at best. Armor that re-



Bupu, gully dwarf cleric.

quires a lot of complicated work to assemble and wear will be beyond their ability to use. Because most gully dwarves have little concept of what good armor is all about, they tend to wear mismatched pieces of it if they wear it at all.

Padded, leather, and studded leather armors are most often seen, since gully dwarves like to travel light unless preparing for battle.

Traditionally, gully dwarves rarely use weapons other than clubs, daggers, knives, hand axes, and saps. A few gully dwarves have learned to use slings.

As would be expected, gully dwarves usually wear ragged clothing. Children in many communities run around without any clothing at all. When they can get them, they prefer clothes with bright, flashy colors — the more garish, the better.

Kender

History

All kender are descended from gnomes who were magically and permanently changed by the artifact known as the Graygem, or the Greystone of Gargath. Gnomes were themselves descended from men who were magically altered by the deity Reorx. Kender thus came to possess most of the personality traits common to humans, though certain ones became much magnified and others disappeared.

Kender spread throughout Ansalon during the Age of Dreams, though little is said of them in official histories. The earliest known kender hero was Balif, a close friend of the elven lord Silvanos, who established the kingdom of Silvanesti. Balif fought in the First Dragon War and established his own kingdom of kender, called Balifor. Balif died in the year 250 of the Age of Dreams.

A second kender kingdom was established in northwestern Ansalon in the year 400 of the Age of Dreams. Known as Hilo (because of the mountains and low plains), this second kingdom was brought into the empire of Ergoth in the year 800. Following the Rose Rebellion of Vinas Solamnus, Hilo again gained its independence and has kept it to this date.

Tragically, Balifor was destroyed during the Cataclysm. The few kender survivors wandered north and eventually established a city at Kendermore, renaming the area around it Goodlund. Kendermore is only a short distance from the remains of what is rumored to be Tower of High Sorcery called The Ruins by the kender, who explore it in droves. (It is said that finding artifacts in The Ruins is easy, but leaving with them is impossible because of the local kender.)

Many of the kender in Goodlund never returned to civilization, however, remaining in a state of semi-barbarism for centuries. One of these tribal kender, an unusually powerful and charismatic leader named Kronin Thistleknot,

has begun organizing all local kender to combat the draconian and Dragonarmies sweeping the area. Kronin is unusually antagonistic for a kender, and those few who have met him have come away shaken. Whether Kronin will have any effect on the current war remains to be seen.

Society

The basic unit of kender society is the immediate family (parents and children). Because kender wander so much, extended families do not truly exist. A detailed discussion of kender politics, government, and society is beyond the scope of this essay. Suffice to say that kender society is unique and everchanging.

Kender society can also be hard to take. Non-kender visitors rarely stay longer than a week in any major kender town, unless they have a sense of humor. "If an asylum had turned loose its inmates and a jail its thieves to run this city," wrote one traveler of Kendermore, "the end result could not have been more atrocious. I have been robbed a dozen times today, twice by constables and once by a child who could barely reach my kneecaps. I have been tormented by a hundred thousand questions, told a million lies, and been run to exhaustion by my guide. Half the population wants to make a gynosphinx their mayor on the grounds that they have never had one before, and the other half has left in search of one. Gods take me if I ever set foot in this land again!"

Personality

Four things make a kender's personality drastically different from that of a typical human. Kender are utterly fearless, insatiably curious, unstoppably mobile and independent, and will pick up anything that is not nailed down (though kender with claw hammers will get those as well).

The fearlessness that all kender possess gives them a strong sense of confidence. They are quite carefree or matter-of-fact about a situation, even if things look hopeless and grim. ("No sense in running away now. There's five hundred gob-



lins surrounding us!") Kender react effectively to dangerous situations, fighting hard and fearlessly. They sometimes come up with some bizarre tactics that may carry the day in battle, and they don't let their fearlessness get in the way of self-preservation — most of the time.

Kender appreciate the need for caution, but their uncontrollable curiosity gets them into trouble on adventures. They forever have to check out unexplored places and peek into dark corners. They have no desire to be the second or third person who ever entered the Caverns of Unspeakable Doom; they want to be the very first. Pointing out that no one returns from the Caverns of Unspeakable Doom has no effect. In fact, describing what makes the caverns so unspeakable might even excite the kender further and make him or her determined to go to the caverns at once. ("An evil archmage and an army of ogres? Wow! Let's go see 'em!") Some kender might allow their curiosity to overcome their common sense when facing unusual opponents, such as a dragon, though they eventually learn to run when running is best.

A kender's fellows are often in the position of having to teach him that certain things have big, nasty teeth, and that avoiding these things is often in the kender's best interests, regardless of what the kender's opinions are in the matter. Whenever a kender displays an inordinately sensible attitude about danger, it is probably because the kender realizes that performing this dangerous action will ruin any further chances of doing exciting things — ever.

A few legends suggest that kender can actually be frightened, though only by creatures on the level of demon princes and archdevils. No one is willing to test out this theory, however, and most people believe that after the initial scare, the kender would be back to normal, pestering the monstrous prince with personal questions.

Kender are intensely curious about everything. Magic awes and fascinates them, as do any large, unusual, and dramatic creatures like chimeras, centaurs, unicorns, and, of course, dragons. Kender are drawn to beautiful things, but they may

find certain things that others regard as disgusting to be intriguing or humorous in some way (even some gully dwarves).

Though strong-willed, kender are not prone to consider all the possible results of their behavior. A kender may quickly and impulsively paint herself into a corner, then wait for someone else to come along and get her out of the jam. Sometimes this means that the kender's fellow adventurers are painted into the same corner. ("I guess I shouldn't have opened that locked door with the warning signs on it, huh?") Experienced adventurers quickly come to dread that most awful of kender sayings: "Oops!"

Another important point is that kender need action — and they need it *now*. They thrive on excitement and yearn for new adventures. "I'm just along for the fun" is a common saying among wandering kender. It has been suggested that the worst torture that could be inflicted on a kender would be to lock him up and simply give him nothing new to do or look at. (Conversely, it is said that the worst torture one can visit on any non-kender would be to lock him up in a bare cell with a bored kender.) Some kender believe that evil creatures are condemned to an afterlife where they will be eternally bored.

Most kender are encountered during wanderlust, a peculiar phase that comes on a kender in his early twenties. Apparently the kender's natural curiosity and desire for action suddenly go into overdrive at this time, and kender are driven to wander the land as far as they can go. Wanderlust may last for many years, and some kender have a habit of making maps of their travels during this time. Sadly, most kender are poor map-makers, lacking the patience and skills to chart their travels accurately. Kender may collect other maps during this time to satisfy their curiosity about other places. This wanderlust is responsible for spreading kender communities across the continent of Ansalon.

Risky deeds draw kender as dragons are drawn to gold, but risk must be combined with action or else they'll lose interest. Gambling with cards won't hold a kender's attention for long, but see-



ing if one can outrun a mad owlbear is another thing. Bravery is easily confused with recklessness where kender are concerned.

Kender are natural extroverts and enjoy making new friends and seeing new places. The majority of them are very personable and friendly — perhaps too friendly for some people, who dislike their nosiness, their extreme talkativeness (which grows worse when they get excited), and their habit of pocketing everything that interests them. Kender also resent being given orders; they want to do what *they* want to do, especially if they have their minds set on doing it. Telling them to do otherwise is worse than useless, as they will complain loudly and disrespectfully, using their taunting skills if they're mad enough. The best way to handle kender, say old adventurers, is not to give them orders, but to get them to *volunteer*.

Kender are sensitive and can be easily hurt by indifference or intentionally cutting remarks (triggering their taunting talents almost immediately). They treasure their friends; if one's friends are injured or slain, the kender may become very depressed and upset. Death only seems to affect a kender when it comes to one whom the kender knows and loves, or when it is meted out by disaster or warfare to innocent beings (including any kender). In such cases, the distress that the usually cheerful kender feels seems extremely terrible. A story is told of a human ranger in the Age of Dreams who wounded a deer that was the pet of a kender community. The sight of an entire village of small kender crying their hearts out was so upsetting to the ranger that he quested until he found a druid who could heal the animal, then retired and took up fishing.

Kender are also masters of taunting, sarcasm, and outright rudeness when it suits them to use it. Their intense curiosity gives them shocking insights into the character and nature of other people, though such an awareness is generally shallow. It is acute enough, however, for a kender to forge an idea of another person's character flaws, giving the kender the ability to create the most stinging insults that can be imagined. Full-



A father instructs his son in one aspect of kender life.

scale riots have been reportedly started by irritated kender who opened up on someone with their verbal guns.

Handling

The kender concept of personal property and theft deserves special attention. Because many kender develop thieving ("handling") talents, most people assume they are merely innocent-looking but sneaky burglars. This isn't so. The intense curiosity that kender feel feeds their desire to know how locks can be opened, how to approach people unseen and listen in on their conversations, and to reach into pockets or pouches to find interesting things to look at. Thieving comes naturally to them — so naturally that they cannot see it as thieving.

Kender do not steal for the sake of profit. First of all, they have little concept of value. Faced with a choice between a huge diamond and a glittering chunk of purple glass, 90 kender out of 100 will take the glass. (The rest will take both but will get rid of the diamond first.) They pick things up out of curiosity and wander off with them. Sometimes the owner of an item leaves before the kender can give the item back, or else the kender becomes enchanted with the item and forgets to return it. If adventuring, a kender will regard anything found in an enemy stronghold as fair game for picking up, as such items are marvelous curios and might prove useful later on.

Even if caught taking an item red-handed, the range of excuses a kender will offer is amazing:

"Guess I found it somewhere."

"I forgot that I had it."

"You walked off before I could give it back."

"I was afraid someone else would take it."

"You must have dropped it."

"You put it down and I didn't think you wanted it anymore."

"Maybe it fell into my pocket."

All of these lines are delivered with an innocent sincerity that is all the more maddening because the kender *is* sincere! A kender might *not* necessarily remember where she found something,

even if she picked it up half a minute before, and such responses are often delivered as part of an unthinking defense mechanism. Intense curiosity is a trait ingrained in their souls and minds from their racial creation by the Graystone of Gargath. They cannot be other than what they are — natural thieves.

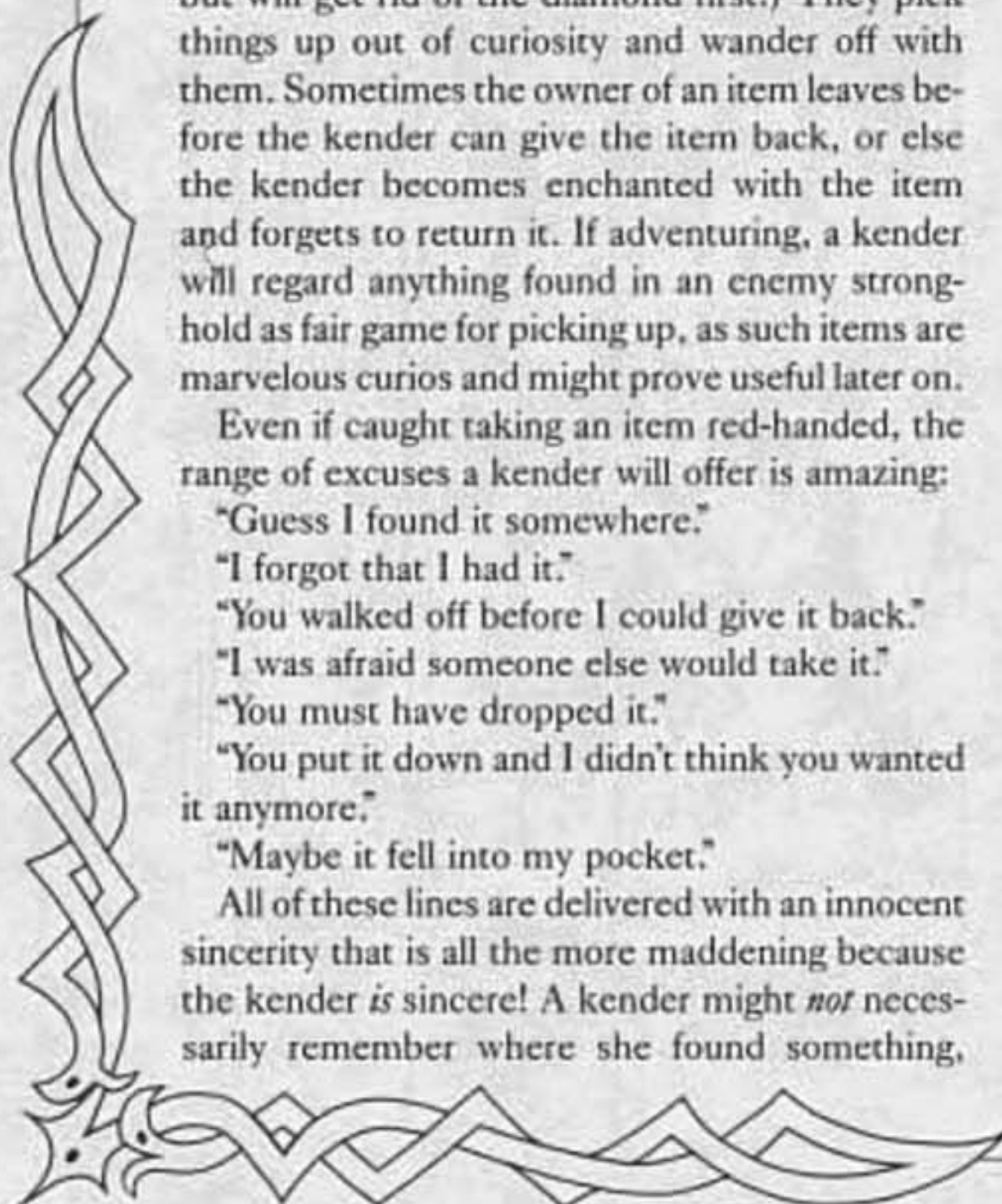
No regular thieves' guilds operate in kender communities, and kender would not belong to such guilds even if they did exist. Informal organizations for adventurous kender do exist, however, and thieving skills are taught as a matter of course to anyone who is interested in learning them. In addition, families of kender often pass along the knowledge of how to perform certain skills from generation to generation.

Kender, like everyone else, do not like the idea of someone deliberately taking an item from someone else without the latter's permission. To be called a thief is still considered a base insult. This assertion sounds remarkable in view of the fact that kender constantly "borrow" things from each other and from visitors (without asking) in their home communities. Kender don't regard their idea of borrowing as stealing, however. If they need something, they'll take it. If they see something interesting, they'll pick it up and pocket it. A popular proverb defines a kender heirloom as anything that remains longer than three weeks inside a kender's home.

Religion

After their creation in the Age of Dreams, certain kender were gifted with clerical and druidic powers. These spellcasting kender roamed the entire length and breadth of the continent of Ansalon, spreading their various faiths. Clerical and druidic kender were either incapable of or had no desire for establishing fixed places of worship.

The clerical kender proved to be troublesome for the clerics of the more rigid established religions to govern. Aside from their wanderlust, which made it impossible to keep track of them and get them to settle down, kender clerics also displayed all of the less engaging traits shown by



their people: petty theft, name-calling, and questionable wisdom in dealing with danger. Worse yet, kender clerics were quite good at seeing through false piety and sham, and their criticism of other clerics — whether of their own religions or of others — was stinging. Religious kender themselves were dedicated and sensitive, even if they were incapable of maintaining close relationships with their flocks for very long. Sooner or later, they would have to move on.

Clerical and druidic kender vanished from the world after the Cataclysm, as did all other clerics. Nothing is known of where they went. During the centuries after the Cataclysm, kender spent their time searching for their religious leaders and investigating the various false religions that sprang up across the changed world. Few kender joined such cults for long, and gradually they forgot about the old gods and created a number of their own philosophies on life and the world — philosophies in some ways as error-prone as the false religions of the land, but certainly more sincere and friendly.

The most highly favored of all gods among the kender were Branchala, Chislev, Mishakal, and Gilean. A certain degree of homage was paid by all kender to Reorx, who indirectly caused the creation of kenderkind, and to Habbakuk, the Fisher King and ruler of animals and the sea. Branchala, the Bard King, appealed to the kender with his mastery of song, his love of stories and legends, and his wayward nature. All true bards among the kender held Branchala to be their lord, and they served him well on their endless travels. Clerics of Branchala often learned to play musical instruments or sing as a part of their religious training.

Chislev, the male/female deity who governs all the natural forces of Krynn, was served by many druidic kender. Chislev's worship involved immersing oneself in the harmony and peacefulness of nature, establishing a oneness with the earth and its seasons and cycles, and in the avoidance of judging things to be good or evil. If a thing was troublesome, it was dealt with, whether it was good or bad in nature. Peace and community

Uncle Trapspringer

"I wonder," Tas mused, "if Uncle Trapspringer ever visited a moon . . . but surely he would have told someone. . . . Perhaps he would have if the goblins hadn't eaten him before he had the chance."

In point of fact, Tasslehoff Burrfoot never had an Uncle Trapspringer. Or, it might be said, Tas had an Uncle Trapspringer in as much as every kender has an Uncle Trapspringer, this being a personage in kender history whom all kender can conveniently claim as near and dear kin.

Was there ever really a kender named Trapspringer? This is rather hard to determine, since you will find him claimed by every clan of kender from the Burrfoots to the Thistleknots and back again. He is always every kender's uncle (he was Tas's grandfather's uncle) and he is noted for his explorations. He is also noted for his unfortunate and usually gruesome ends, no two of which are ever alike. (Skeptics claim this also conveniently accounts for the fact that no one on Krynn has ever met up with him!)

It is also important to mention that Uncle Trapspringer at one time or another has been absolutely *everywhere* on Krynn and off it, and that if there was ever a kender who visited a moon, it certainly might have been Uncle Trapspringer. Thus it is next to impossible to impress a kender with tales of one's own journeyings, for no matter where *you've* been, Uncle Trapspringer was sure to have either lived there, passed through there, or was pecked to death by the fearsome goat-sucker bird there.

The rule to follow is: whenever a kender starts an "Uncle Trapspringer" story, grab your cloak, claim you are being pursued by draconians, and leave the inn as fast as possible.



were emphasized highly. Druidic kender were often accompanied in their wanderings by retinues of wild animals (some under a charm and some merely friendly).

A small cult dedicated to Mishakal could always be found in a large community of kender. Clerical kender of this deity were known to be especially pleasant company, though they had not lost their talent for ridiculing evil-natured beings to their faces. Kender who worshipped this deity were less prone to wander than other clerics and druids, and often followed a circular trail around several small communities that they would periodically visit.

A minor cult among the kender devoted to the worship of Gilean was known from several parts of Ansalon. Kender who sought knowledge of the world's secrets sometimes took up the gray robes of Gilean's clerics and set out with pen and book, recording all they saw, heard, suspected, and imagined. Only a few diaries of these kender have survived; they make wonderful reading.

During the Third Dragonlance War, it was reported that a kender had encountered a true, good cleric, and, to the cleric's surprise, had gained a duplicate *medallion of faith*. Nothing more is known of this event, but it appears to foretell the return of holy spellcasters among the kender of Ansalon.

Appearance

Kender are small and resemble human children, though they are more heavily muscled. Males are typically 3'7" tall and weigh 75 lbs.; females are smaller. Adult kender are rarely more than 4' tall, and their weight can be up to 100 lbs.

Kender typically have sandy blond, light and dark brown, copper-red, or even red-orange hair colors. Hair styles are usually long, with many varieties of braids and pony tails being popular. Cheek braids indicate a kender is of royal or noble blood. Often bits of colorful material such as bird feathers, ribbons, or flowers are carefully woven into their hair as well. Kender are fair-skinned but tan quickly, becoming nut-brown by



Famous Hero of the Lance, Tasslehoff Burrfoot.

midsummer. Their eyes are variously pale blue, sea green, olive, light brown, and hazel.

Facially, kender are distinctive for their pointed ears, giving them a faintly elfin look. They are bright-eyed, and their facial expressions are quite intense. No one seems to look as happy as a joyful kender or as miserable as a crying one. Angry kender using taunts and insults against someone they particularly dislike can be shockingly vulgar, as noted above, and can look quite devilish for a few moments. This intensity of emotion can be infectious.

Kender have been called "wizened" because of the fine network of lines that appears on their faces about age 40. These minute wrinkles give kender a curious appearance when seen close up,

though such lines are considered attractive by kender of all clans.

Kender have a wide vocal range, from deep and husky to high-pitched and squeaky. Older kender tend to have deeper voices, but they still maintain wide pitch ranges and can often perform remarkable sound imitations. When excited, kender tend to speak very quickly and ramble at the same time, making it hard to follow what they're trying to say.

Possessions

Because of their small size and low strength, kender prefer to travel light. Only small shields will be used, and leather or padded armor or furs make up the heaviest armor that most kender will tolerate. A few warriors may use ringmail or studded leather armor, but will generally take it off when traveling long distances by foot or when scouting an enemy position. Elfin chainmail (if somehow obtained) would be much enjoyed.

The hoopak is a special weapon developed and used exclusively by the kender, who are the right height to make the best use of it. Its origins are unknown, lying far back into the earliest years of the Age of Dreams. A hoopak is a combination bo staff and staff sling that all kender are able to use.

A hoopak is made from a springy, resilient wood; one end of the staff is forked like a slingshot, and a leather pocket is mounted there as the sling. The other end of the staff is pointed and shod with metal or hardened by fire.

Being fairly inventive, some kender have developed combination weapons similar to the hoopak. A snapper is a hand axe, balanced for throwing, with an elastic-band slingshot mounted on the back of the axe head. The kender using it simply points the shaft of the axe in the direction of an enemy and fires away. Other such devices, such as spears with removable spearheads (turning them into staves), have also been noted, but these are fairly rare. Kender also like adding extra things to their weapons such as whistles, notches for tying bundles to the weapon's shaft, or hollow

shafts that allow the weapon to double as a snorkel or a blowgun.

All kender, whether thieves or not, invariably have one or more makeshift lockpicking tools, often no more than a length of wire, hidden on their persons. Professional-quality thieves' tools are made and sold (or picked up) at the same adventuring clubs that teach thieving skills.

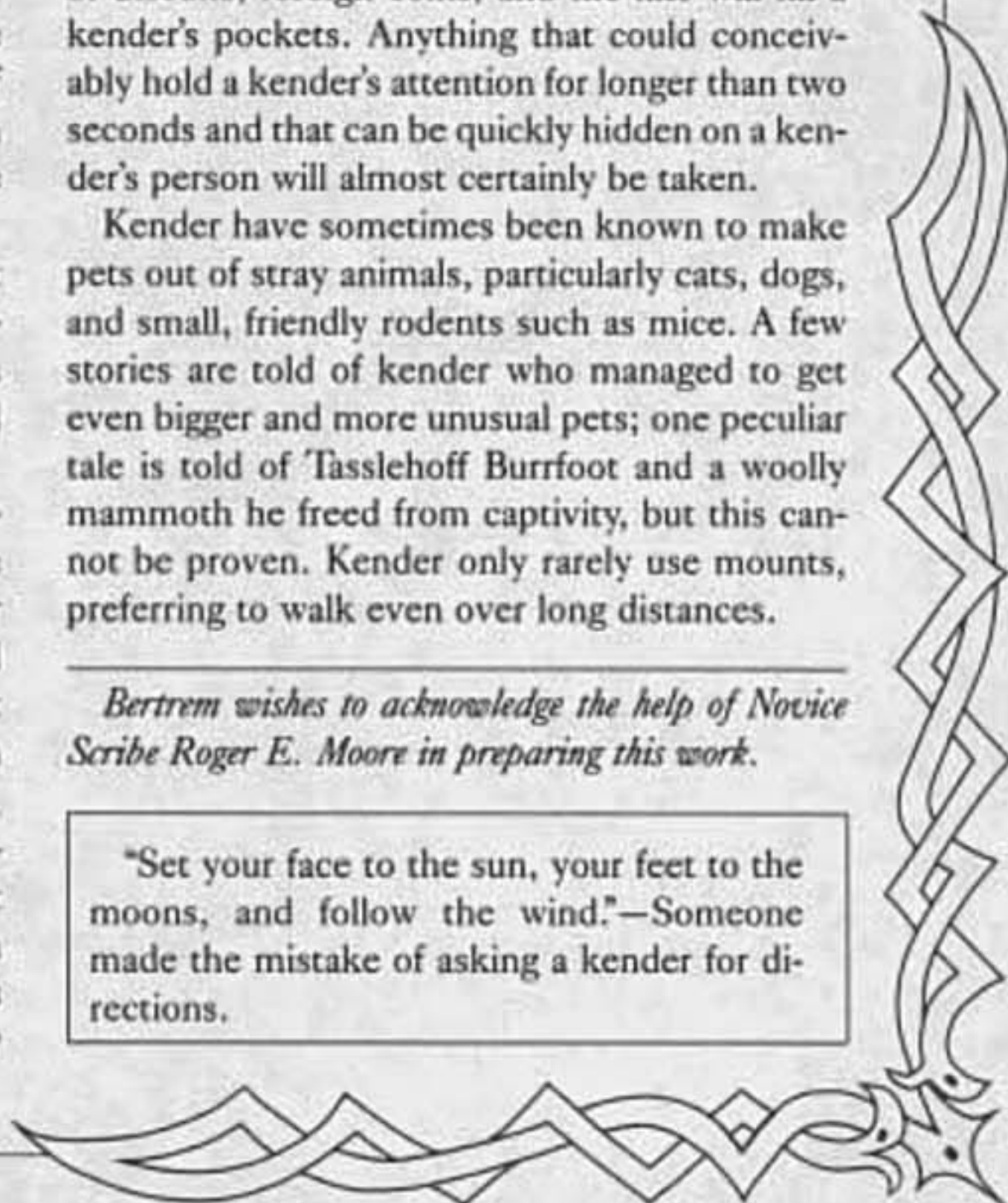
Kender clothing is widely varied and tends to be colorful and bright. Even rustic clothing will have bits of brightly colored material woven into it. Soft, thin materials are much preferred, and soft leather is highly valued (especially if dyed and tooled with designs).

Beyond the above, a kender will almost certainly have an assortment of other small items in his pockets or belt pouches that were acquired in one manner or another. Bird feathers, odd stones, rings (possibly magical), string, animal teeth, toys, whistles, scraps of paper, necklaces, tinderboxes, small tools, chalk, purses, figurines, charcoal sticks, handkerchiefs, gems, pet mice, glass marbles, unusual daggers, bits of dried meat or biscuits, foreign coins, and the like will fill a kender's pockets. Anything that could conceivably hold a kender's attention for longer than two seconds and that can be quickly hidden on a kender's person will almost certainly be taken.

Kender have sometimes been known to make pets out of stray animals, particularly cats, dogs, and small, friendly rodents such as mice. A few stories are told of kender who managed to get even bigger and more unusual pets; one peculiar tale is told of Tasslehoff Burrfoot and a woolly mammoth he freed from captivity, but this cannot be proven. Kender only rarely use mounts, preferring to walk even over long distances.

Bertrem wishes to acknowledge the help of Novice Scribe Roger E. Moore in preparing this work.

"Set your face to the sun, your feet to the moons, and follow the wind."—Someone made the mistake of asking a kender for directions.



Artifacts of Krynn

The Blue Crystal Staff of Mishakal

This staff is carved from a single piece of blue crystal. It is about five feet long and has a 2" diameter shaft. The ornamentally bladed head of the staff bears a gem of unknown type in its center.

The staff may be used only by those of inherent good. All others (as Raistlin found out) who touch it will receive a severe electrical shock. Used in defense of the person in possession of the staff, it enhances that person's ability to injure an attacking enemy. It casts the clerical healing spells of Mishakal, providing the ability to heal, create light, remove curses, remove fear, and, in the hands of a very powerful cleric, it can raise the dead.

The staff may also teleport its owner out of danger, but only at its own discretion. It can deflect dragon breath.

According to legend, the staff was given to Riverwind by a manifestation of Mishakal, although to this day Riverwind's memories of how he obtained the staff are fragmented. It is a part of the statue of Mishakal which stands in an ancient temple in the sunken city of Xak Tsaroth. Once the Disks of Mishakal were found, the staff became part of the statue of Mishakal once more.

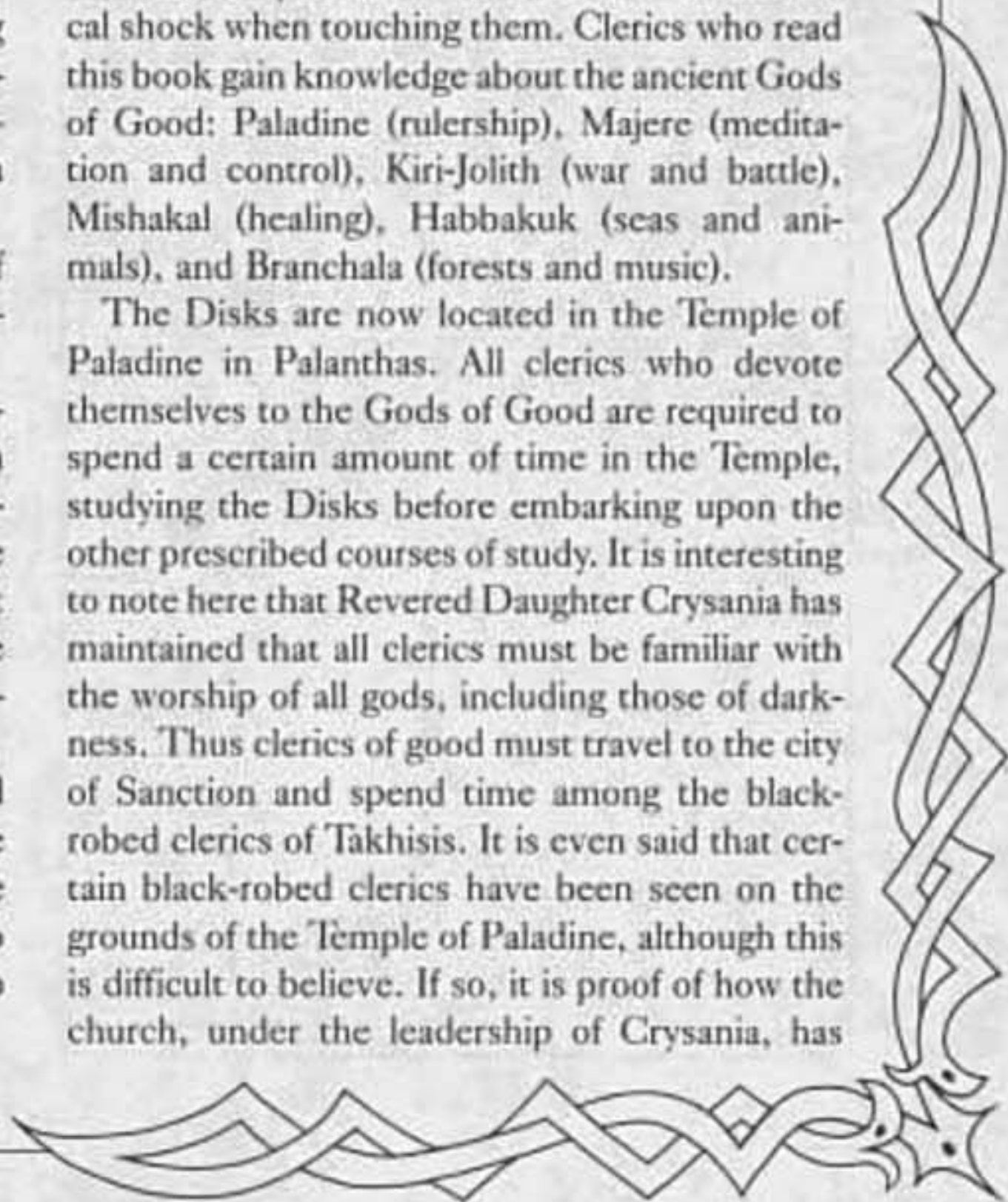
Following the war, Goldmoon and Riverwind traveled back to Xak Tsaroth and restored the Temple of Mishakal to its original beauty. The new city of Xak Tsaroth is being constructed to house the clerics of Mishakal, who come here to study the ways of the Goddess of Healing.

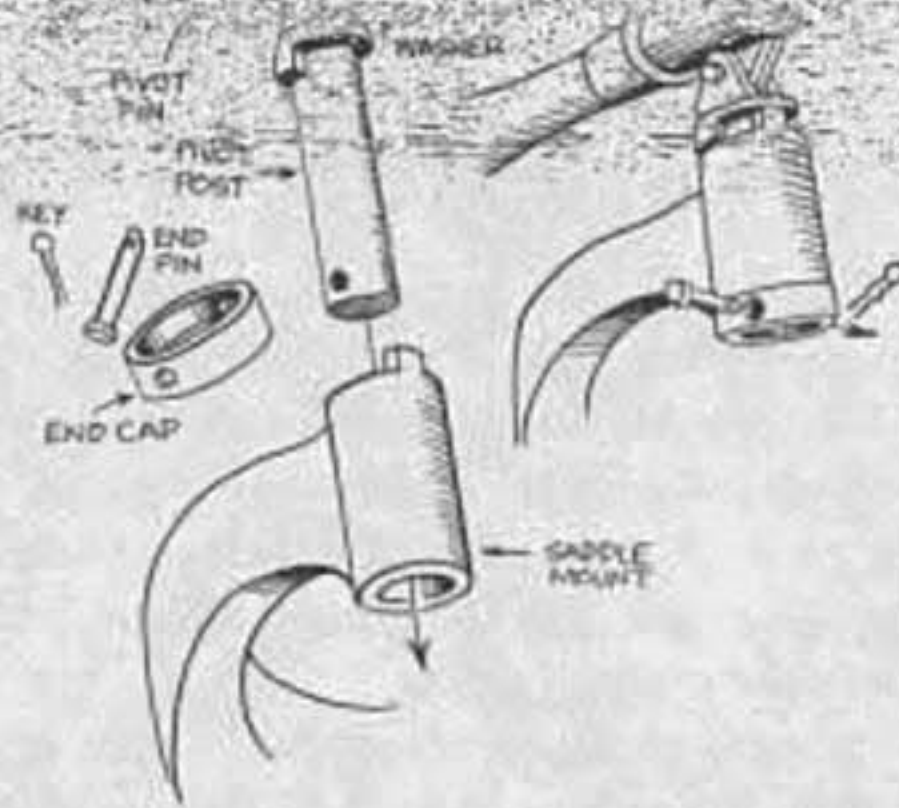
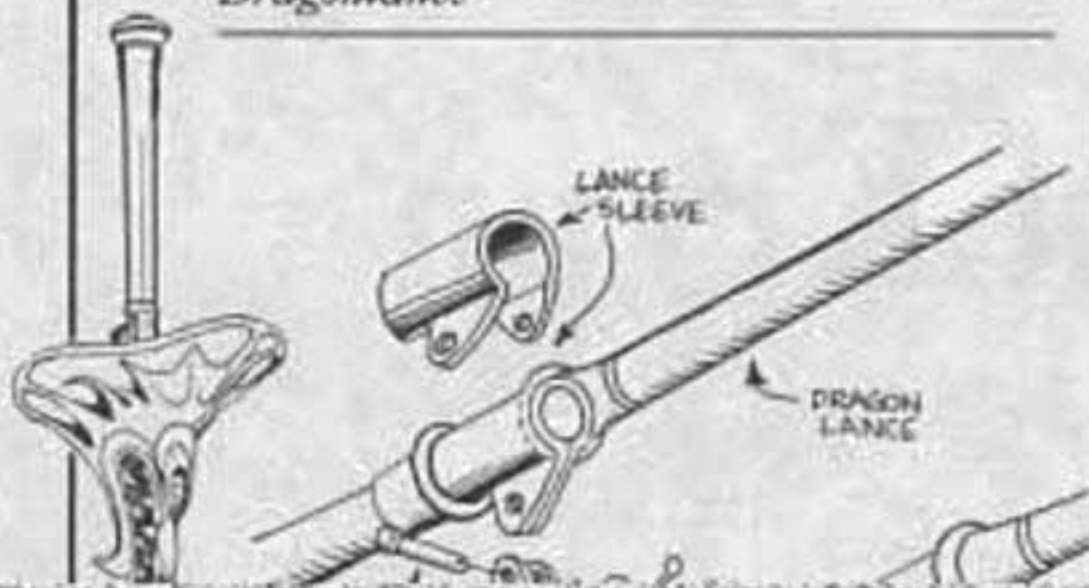
The Disks of Mishakal

These are platinum disks eighteen inches in diameter. Each disk is one-sixteenth inch thick. There are one hundred and sixty disks in all. A bolt passes through one side of the plates, allowing each to swivel out and be viewed while keeping the stack together. Each of the plates is engraved on both sides.

Anyone of inherent goodness may examine and read the plates. All others receive an electrical shock when touching them. Clerics who read this book gain knowledge about the ancient Gods of Good: Paladine (rulership), Majere (meditation and control), Kiri-Jolith (war and battle), Mishakal (healing), Habbakuk (seas and animals), and Branchala (forests and music).

The Disks are now located in the Temple of Paladine in Palanthas. All clerics who devote themselves to the Gods of Good are required to spend a certain amount of time in the Temple, studying the Disks before embarking upon the other prescribed courses of study. It is interesting to note here that Revered Daughter Crysania has maintained that all clerics must be familiar with the worship of all gods, including those of darkness. Thus clerics of good must travel to the city of Sanction and spend time among the black-robed clerics of Takhisis. It is even said that certain black-robed clerics have been seen on the grounds of the Temple of Paladine, although this is difficult to believe. If so, it is proof of how the church, under the leadership of Crysania, has



Dragonlance*Mounting Dragonlance to saddle*

grown in wisdom since the ancient days.

Medallion of Faith

The symbol of those who worship the true gods. Each medallion magically creates another medallion of faith for clerics who worship the true gods. The medallion bears the symbol of the god that the cleric professes, be that god or goddess good, evil, or neutral.

The medallions had no other special powers although many legends sprang up about them and those who wore them. In the days during the War, the medallions were worn secretly, since to betray a belief in the old gods was sometimes extremely dangerous.

Rates of Exchange

Following the Cataclysm, steel became the most valuable of the seven trade metals because of its usefulness and rarity. (The iron mines of Pax Tharkas were the only ones left relatively undamaged on the continent of Ansalon. These mines were quickly seized and controlled by the Dragon Highlords early on in the war.) Since gold was too soft to be used as either a weapon or tool, its value fell to almost nothing.

same silvery metal and gives off a radiant silver glow. The head is sharpened to a fine edge and small barbs protrude from the sides.

The footman's lance is eight feet long. The mounted lance (to be used while riding dragonback) is sixteen feet long. The footman's lance can be cast as a spear. The mounted lance is much heavier and often has a shield guard attached.

Both weapons can be used to fight any attacking foe. The weapons give anyone wielding them an advantage in fighting evil dragons.

The Silver Arm

The Silver Arm of Ergoth was forged by dragon, elf, man, and dwarf during the creation of the original Dragonlances. This artifact is able to guide the Hammer of Kharas to the exact location on the dragonmetal to create a perfect lance. Only with pure dragonmetal (found only in the Monument to the Silver Dragon), the Silver Arm, and the Hammer of Kharas can long lasting Dragonlances be crafted, according to legend.

It is interesting to note here that Theros Ironfeld created the Dragonlances without the benefit of the Hammer of Kharas, which was in Thorbardin during the war and could not be sent to the Monument of the Silver Dragon. It is said that Theros's skill as a smithy was such that he did not need the Hammer.

The story of how Theros came by the Silver Arm is an exciting tale of adventure in itself and we hope it will be related in the future. It is difficult to find Theros these days, however. After the war, he could have had all the riches of Ansalon if he had wanted them. Instead, the smith returned to Ergoth, choosing to live and work among the Kagonesti elves.

Frostreavers

A heavy battle-axe made of ice, the frostreavers were encountered first by Laurana and her party when they fought the evil dark-elf wizard, Feal-thas, in Icewall Castle. The frost-



Frostreaver

reavers are made by the Ice Folk, using ice that is taken from a secret location in the glacier where the tremendous pressures exerted over the centuries have created an ice of extraordinary density.

Only the Revered Cleric of each tribe of Ice Folk possesses the knowledge needed to create the Frostreaver. The blades are formed by using the oil of the thanoi and other ingredients to hone and flatten a sheet of the compressed ice. The cleric must work an entire month to craft a frostreaver, and even then the chance of creating a working axe is only one out of three.

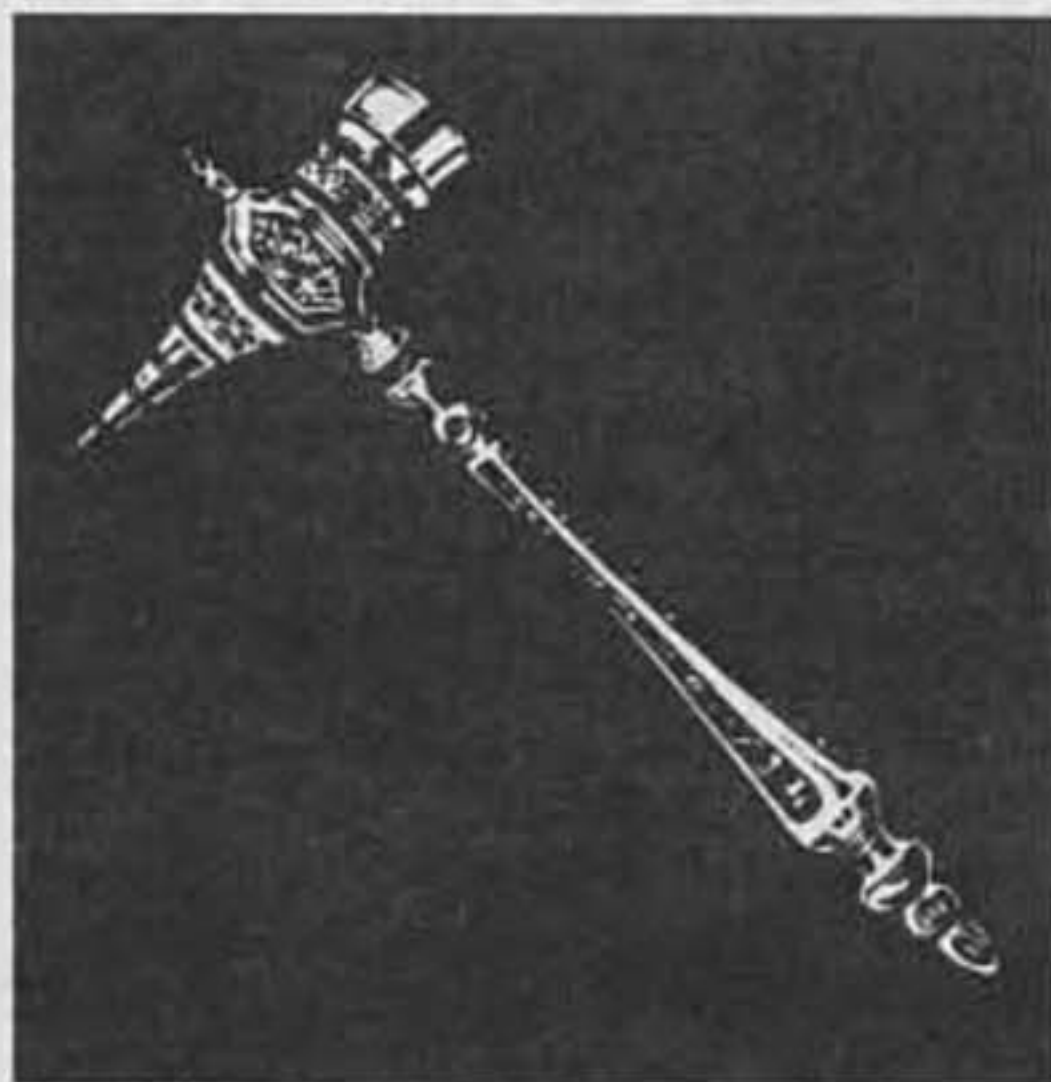
Temperatures above freezing cause the ice to melt and the axe to become worthless, one reason that frostreavers are rarely seen this far north. Frostreavers are also extremely heavy and can be wielded only by warriors of great strength.

Glasses of Arcanist

"Discovered" in Thorbardin by the kender, Tasslehoff Burrfoot (who still insists that he "found" them lying on a table and only took them for safekeeping), the Glasses of Arcanist were designed several centuries before the Cataclysm.

Designed by Arcanist, a great wizard, the





The Hammer of Kharas

glasses enable their wearer to read all writings, rendering a perfect translation of any topic in any language, including the language of magic. They have platinum frames and are so small that they can fit only a kender or possibly an elf.

The glasses will not allow anyone untrained in the art to cast magical spells (for which we were all grateful when we discovered Tas had the glasses!), but they can allow mages of novice status to cast complex spells.

What Tasslehoff did with the Glasses of Arcanist, we are unable to determine. He used them in the Battle for the High Clerist's Tower to read the writing in the Dragon Orb. After that, in the manner of kender, he undoubtedly tossed them out of his pouch to make room for a bird's nest or something equally worthless.

Hammer of Kharas

The Hammer of Kharas is a mighty artifact and is the only hammer that can forge a true Dragonlance.

The Hammer appears to be a war hammer of twice normal size. The Hammer is intelligent. It can only be wielded by those of inherent good.

The Hammer has the ability to control the thoughts of the person wielding it, unless the person has above average intelligence and wisdom. The Hammer will always act to preserve the security of the dwarven race and to further the cause of good.

Not only will the Hammer do incredible damage against a living foe, but it also has the power to turn the undead and creatures from the Abyss. In addition, it detects evil, provides its wielder with an immunity against fear, protects against missiles, heals, and inspires awe in all dwarves who see it.

The Hammer acts of its own volition, independent of the one who wields it. According to legend, the dwarf that possesses the Hammer of Kharas will rule the dwarven kingdom of Thorbardin.

Nightbringer

Owned by a Dragon Highlord, Verminaard, Nightbringer is a footman's mace and a powerful tool of evil. Created by the clerics of the Queen of Darkness, Nightbringer causes any victim struck by the mace to go blind when the word "Midnight" is uttered by the wielder.

Nightbringer may be used only by those of inherent evil. Any others who attempt to touch the mace will be instantly blinded. Only a cleric of the gods of good may lift such a spell.

Following the death of Verminaard, Nightbringer was taken by the gully dwarves, countless numbers of whom were struck blind before they figured out what was going on. Eventually, under the supervision of Sestun, the gully dwarves rendered the mace harmless (supposedly) by covering it with sacred hog fat. Then they wrapped it in a burlap bag and dragged it into Pax Tharkas where it may be seen today (by those who can stand the smell), hanging above Sestun's firepit.

Dragon Orbs

Three of these powerful artifacts were known

to exist upon Ansalon at the time of the war. One was discovered in Ice Wall by Laurana and her party. It was taken subsequently to the Council of Whitestone, where it was destroyed by the kender, Tasslehoff Burrfoot.

The second was found in the cursed land of Silvanesti, where the evil green dragon Cyan Bloodbane was using it to spin the nightmares experienced by Lorac, the elven king. This Orb was taken by the mage, Raistlin Majere, who gained control of the Orb and used it to further his own ambitions. Raistlin took the Orb back in time, where it was lost when he entered the Portal into the Abyss.

The last known Orb was in the High Clerist's Tower and was destroyed during the battle that took the life of Sturm Brightblade. Since there were only five Dragon Orbs originally created by the wizards and since the other two were destroyed during the Lost Battles, it is believed that no more Dragon Orbs exist this day upon the continent of Ansalon.

The Dragon Orbs were fragile, etched crystal globes that were twenty inches in diameter when in use. When not in use, the Orbs shrank down to the size of a child's marble. Each Orb contained the essence of dragonkind magically imprisoned within. Unless a person of tremendous strength of will gained control the Orb, the essence of the dragon seized control of the person looking into the Orb. (Refer to the legend, *The Tragedy of Lorac* elsewhere in this book.)

Once controlled, the Orb summoned evil dragons. The evil dragons could not resist the call of the Orb and would fly to it only unless prevented by the strong will of their riders. Thus the Orb was used to control an evil dragon (as Raistlin did Cyan Bloodbane) or to lure evil dragons to their doom (as at the High Clerist's Tower). In addition, the Orbs were believed to have some ability to heal, cast Continual Light, and Detect Magic.

The great wizard, Raistlin Majere, endowed his Dragon Orb with the ability to perform other, more marvelous feats of magic—all of which were lost with the destruction of the Dragon Orb at Skullcap.

The Staff of Magius

Presented to Raistlin Majere upon successful completion of his Test at the Tower of High Sorcery at Wayreth, the Staff is a truly magical and powerful artifact. The Staff of Magius was the archmage's most prized possession. In his dying moments, Raistlin gave the Staff to his brother to use in closing the Portal, an act of self-sacrifice that enabled Caramon to prevent the Dark Queen's return to this world.

It is known that the original Staff had some ability to protect its owner from harm. It had unusual strength when used as a weapon or a tool. It could also allow its owner to fall safely from high places and could cast light upon command.

It undoubtedly true that, as Raistlin grew in power, so did the Staff. Even now, the wizards have no idea what additional magical spells the great archmage laid upon it. Therefore, the Staff is securely locked in a spellbound room in the Tower of High Sorcery in Palanthas.

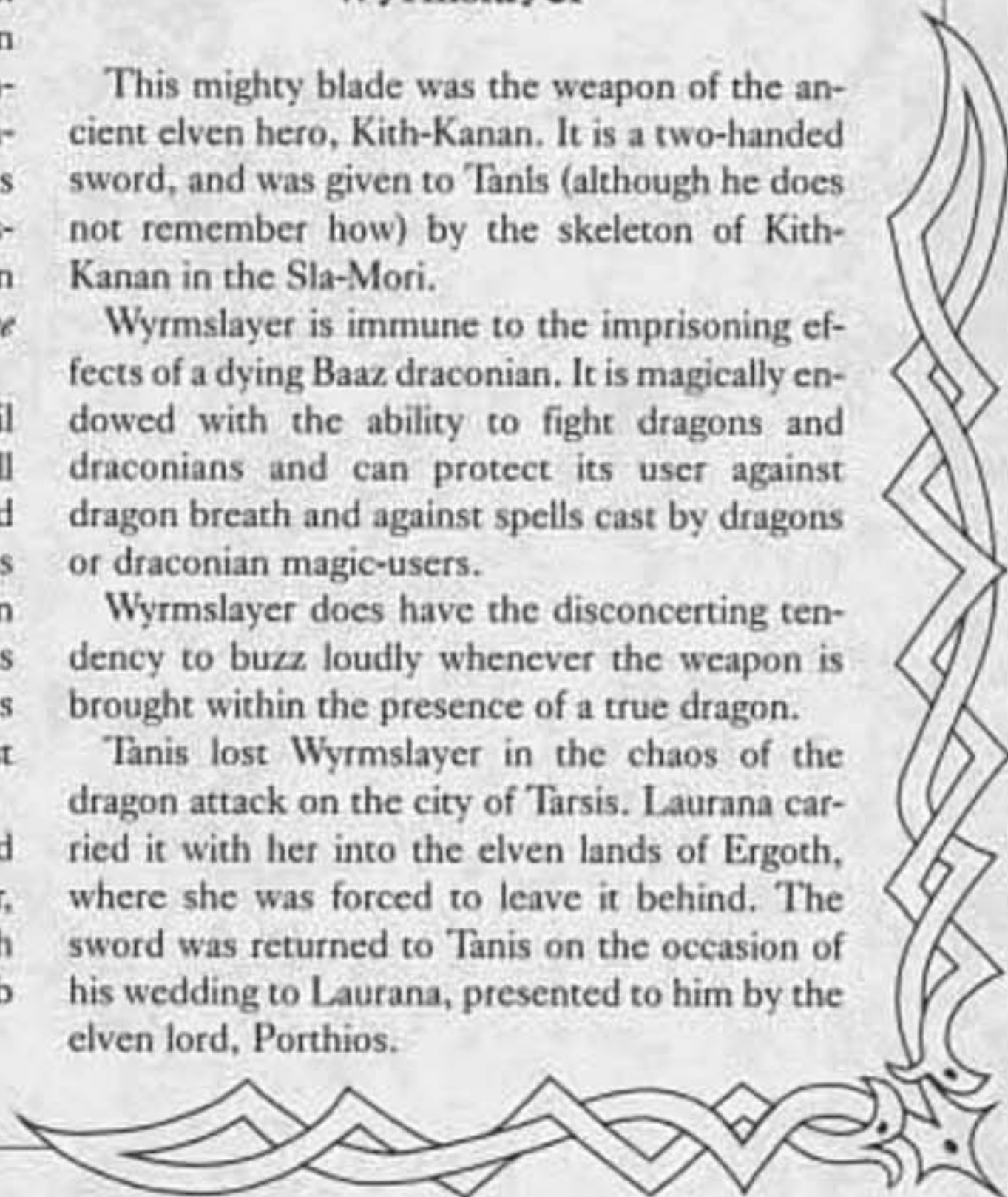
Wyrmslayer

This mighty blade was the weapon of the ancient elven hero, Kith-Kanan. It is a two-handed sword, and was given to Tanis (although he does not remember how) by the skeleton of Kith-Kanan in the Sla-Mori.

Wyrmslayer is immune to the imprisoning effects of a dying Baaz draconian. It is magically endowed with the ability to fight dragons and draconians and can protect its user against dragon breath and against spells cast by dragons or draconian magic-users.

Wyrmslayer does have the disconcerting tendency to buzz loudly whenever the weapon is brought within the presence of a true dragon.

Tanis lost Wyrmslayer in the chaos of the dragon attack on the city of Tarsis. Laurana carried it with her into the elven lands of Ergoth, where she was forced to leave it behind. The sword was returned to Tanis on the occasion of his wedding to Laurana, presented to him by the elven lord, Porthios.



The Manuscript of Dunstan VanEyre

I was quite pleased and flattered when Astinus offered to me (Bertrem's Essays on the Races of Krynn) for inclusion in this work. I was even more interested, however, in obtaining from him as well the following manuscript dealing with those races not covered in Bertrem's Essays. Astinus suggested that I simply include the factual information contained herein, but when I read the fascinating story of the adventures of these two scribes, I knew that the manuscript must be published just the way Dunstan originally wrote it.

I regret to add that Dunstan VanEyre was killed defending the Great Library from the draconian attack in the year 356.—Caramon Majere

Our First Assignment

The date is Month of Yule, 30th day as time passes, Year 355. Though Astinus said we would someday know the whys and the wherefores of our task, it wasn't until after the great War of the Lance that I understood the reasoning behind our journey. It is a wonder that either of us survived it at all, as the war was still burning as a scourge across Ansalon at the time. And as I sit here, scribing in the warm glow of flame and candle, I find it difficult to relive the circumstances of Wensel's tragic death. Although the war is long past, in so writing this, I feel as though I have been swept back in time. My memories are clear, if my conscience is not.

In the winter of 352 a fellow novice historian with the unlikely name of Wensel Gil-Rathien, and I were told to prepare to leave the library on an errand that would last several months. For obvious reasons, neither of us was eager to go. The war was raging, and it was dangerous for anyone to travel abroad, let alone two novice historians unskilled in combat. We did not dare to refuse, however. Astinus had decreed it, and that was the end of the matter.

But though he dare not air his grievances to Astinus, Wensel had no such compunctions about airing them daily to me. I feared Wensel's complaining would be overheard, and we would receive yet another chastisement—hardly the first—from Scribe Vlorsmille, our superior. Wensel grumbled incessantly. Stomping about our little room, he vowed he would speak to the master historian and convince him not to send us forth into the land.

"We are historians, scholars! It is our task to record history, not make it!" he fumed. "I came here to study, not waste my time in idle journeying. If I had wanted that, I could have stayed at home!"

Home for Wensel was Northern Ergoth. A scholar by nature, he had turned his back upon the seafaring life of his family to bury himself in his books in the Great Library.

Though I myself had no desire to venture into the war-torn land, I was accustomed to taking things philosophically, accepting my fate, if you will. This undoubtedly comes from my upbringing in Solamnia. Although not a knight by birth,



we northerners inherit some of their stoic, quiet fortitude.

Not Wensel. Quick-tempered and excitable, he was shoving things recklessly into his pack, and fidgeting with the knot of the sash which secured his light blue robe around his slender middle. Yes, I remember his fidgeting.

We made quite an unlikely pair, stocky, dark complexioned, contradictory Wensel and myself. I was thinner, fair-haired and taller, and considerably more humble. We both wore the blue robes denoting our station, which, apart from our friendship and age—we were both just turned nineteen—was practically all we had in common.

In the end, Wensel's frustration got the best of him. He dropped his hands to his side and stared at the clothes he had taken from the chest at the foot of his bed. When he realized I was looking straight at him, he spun around and bellowed at me from across the room. I cringed, hoping no one could hear his outburst.

"Why?!" he said. "I do not see the purpose it would serve. Surely the information could be obtained by some less flamboyant means. It is dangerous to send us traipsing across the land, subject to all of the evil and vile creatures raging about. He (Astinus) must have the knowledge that would make our journey completely unnecessary. By Gilean, I should have been a lawyer! But no," he raged, "I had to be a historian. Astinus is constantly harping on the value of each falling second, yet he indulges himself in this little—"

Wensel's tirade was interrupted as the door to our room swung—no, it was thrown—open to admit Zaaste Vlorsmille, our superior. He had obviously heard my friend's ravings out in the hall and he was not pleased.

"Come on in, Scribe Vlorsmille," I said hastily, trying to cover for my friend.

"Yes, do," muttered Wensel, narrowing his brown eyes disgustedly. "Join our little get-together. It's probably the last time you'll see us alive."

The Scribe did not look as if this would be one of the great tragedies of his life, in Wensel's case at least.

"I overheard your remarks," the Scribe replied. "And I just want to tell you that I envy your assignment. I would simply relish the opportunity to vacation from my studies long enough to breathe air unscented with ink and vellum. And you should as well, Novice. You think it a safe life here, whiling away your days with a quill in your hand and with nothing better to do than to concern yourself with what your elders deem you worthy to translate or shuffle about. When you have labored for as many years as I or as many years as the Recorders upstairs, you will understand the privilege of doing Astinus's bidding."

Wensel cringed a bit at the Scribe's stinging admonishments. They had flowed as water from a flask and poured upon Wensel as though they had been a wheelcart of bricks. My companion fell silent and went back to packing his things, shoving robes and sashes into his pack with pronounced vehemence. Scribe Vlorsmille merely stood and bored his unnerving gaze into Wensel's back. The prospect of his shifting gaze forced me to avert my eyes and return to the task at hand.

"Astinus wishes to see you both in his study as soon as you have finished with your preparations," continued our superior. "But be swift. Each grain of sand that falls is a chapter unwritten when a quill is not in the hand." The Scribe cast one last, long look at Wensel as he wheeled about to leave, shaking his head as he passed into the hall.

We entered the study of Astinus quietly, as was customary, so as not to disturb him in his work. Patiently, we waited for history to pause long enough for the Historian to acknowledge the fact that we had entered. I, as well as Wensel, knew Astinus was aware of our presence, but it would be a long interval before he would break away from his writing and look up. So, we scanned the rows of leather bindings behind him and lost ourselves in the business of trying to memorize each dated and titled tome. This was a common pastime for those of the Great Library.

After an interminable period of time, Astinus sighed heavily, set his fine-tipped quill in its holder, and leaned back in his chair.

"I have requested you to undertake this journey," he announced, "so that you may take where Bertram has left off. The war has caused a great increase in what must be done around here and I need him to tend other matters. His work, as you know, deals with a study of the races of Krynn. Your first assignment will take you to Solamnia. There you will meet with Lord Gunthar, and he will allow you to speak with a captured draconian whom he thinks is one of their officers. Question this draconian about his race and find out what their society is like, what beliefs they hold, and anything else you think is pertinent. As arrogant and self-centered as the race appears, I'm sure you will have no difficulty in extracting this information from him." Astinus paused, as though trying to make up his mind whether to continue or not. Finally he said softly, his voice dropping, "Ask him about good dragon eggs."

"What?" Wensel asked, startled.

"Just ask."

"Why did you choose us, Ageless One?" Wensel queried, seeing that this would be his only chance to voice a question.

"I have chosen the two of you because you work well together and can finish the task in the time allowed. This is assuming, of course, you do not delay in departing."

"But—" Wensel began.

Astinus eyed him sternly. "That is all the reason you need to know now. One final thing, both of you. You will be entering a world that is torn asunder. Remember, always, the code of the historian. In all things, be neutral."

Astinus was not one to waste words—or time either, for that matter. He dismissed us and returned again to his work. As we left, we met Bertram at the door. He silently beckoned us into the hall and bade us farewell, handing us a map to follow to Solamnia. Snatching it from him, his face darkened with anger, his jaw hardened, Wensel did not say another word until we were well on our way to Solamnia.

We were led down a winding set of crumbled and deteriorating stairs into a vast castle

dungeon, located near Solanthus. Wensel kidded me about being "forced to endure the horrible chill" of my homeland. But, for the most part, his complaints had considerably abated. I think he was actually enjoying our journey, which had been easy up to this point.

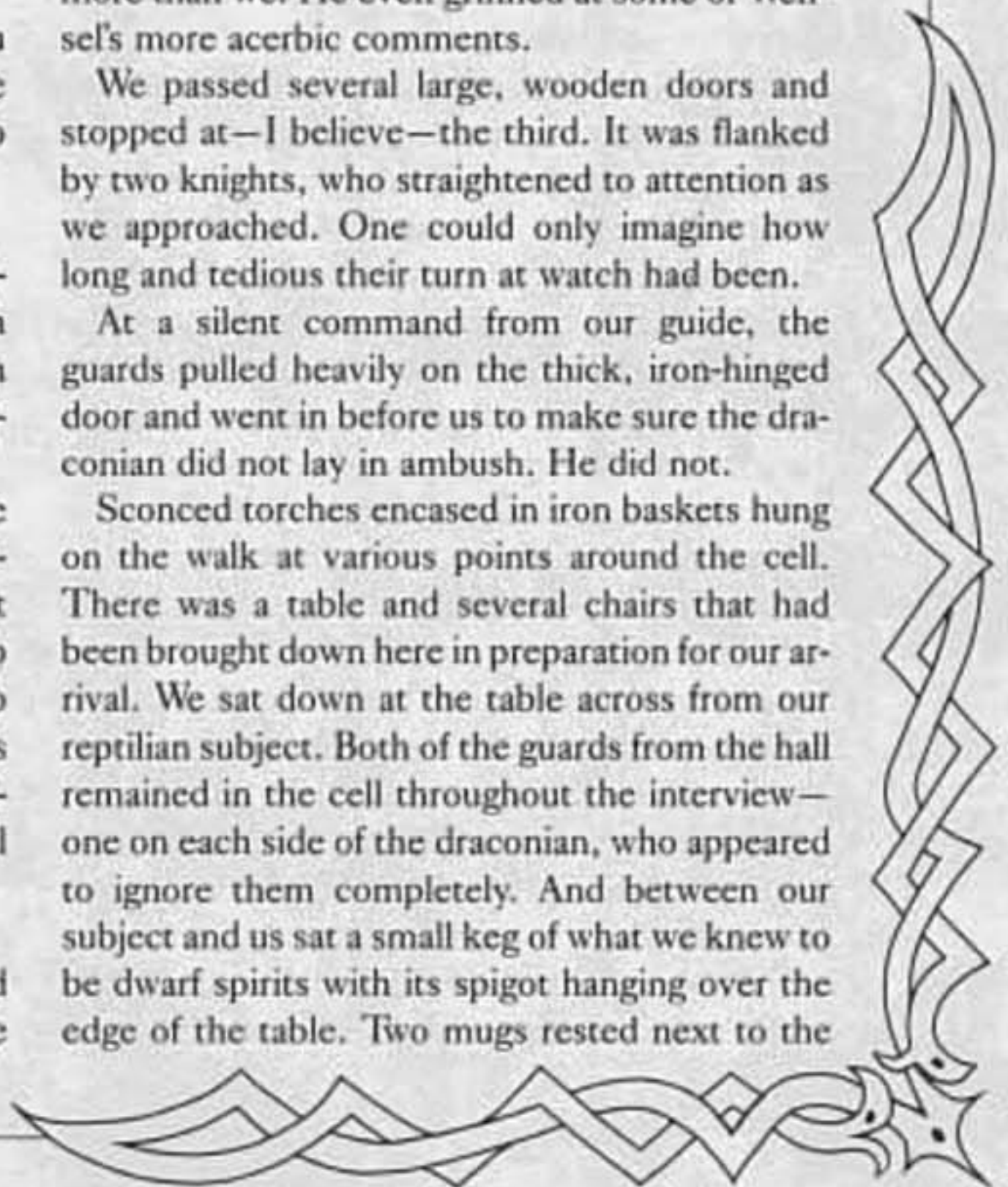
From the dungeon below, a foul, acrid stench of dung and other decaying refuse wafted upwards and singed our nostrils. It became our greatest effort to simply keep from sending our breakfast to the floor to join the rest of the filth. At that time, the castle had just been recaptured from the draconians' holding it. Consequently, several squires were busy at the task of cleaning up areas of the upper levels, and they were making slow but inexorable progress against the stink and grime.

Our guide, a plate-armored knight with immensely broad shoulders and thick, bulging forearms, led us continually downward until at last we reached the final landing. He did not tarry, but turned a corner in haste. Obviously he did not like being in these subterranean passages any more than we. He even grinned at some of Wensel's more acerbic comments.

We passed several large, wooden doors and stopped at—I believe—the third. It was flanked by two knights, who straightened to attention as we approached. One could only imagine how long and tedious their turn at watch had been.

At a silent command from our guide, the guards pulled heavily on the thick, iron-hinged door and went in before us to make sure the draconian did not lay in ambush. He did not.

Sconced torches encased in iron baskets hung on the wall at various points around the cell. There was a table and several chairs that had been brought down here in preparation for our arrival. We sat down at the table across from our reptilian subject. Both of the guards from the hall remained in the cell throughout the interview—one on each side of the draconian, who appeared to ignore them completely. And between our subject and us sat a small keg of what we knew to be dwarf spirits with its spigot hanging over the edge of the table. Two mugs rested next to the



keg and the draconian gripped his own comfortably in his clawed, scaly hand.

I must say, whatever I expected of a draconian at that time, I did not expect what followed. It . . . whatever . . . (for the sake of ease, I will refer to the creature in the masculine gender). He sat in his chair with his wings draped loosely over each arm and eyed us curiously. The draconian's quasi-smile snoutful of teeth showed clearly with the lack of lips. And I became absolutely disgusted at having to look up his flared, mucous-ridden nostrils. And his clothes! By Gilean! Whoever claimed to be his tailor should have been hanged by his toes from the nearest yardarm for his lack of taste. The draconian attired himself in nothing except mottled gray, black, peagreen, and orange-dyed leathers. All in all, he was quite a sight.

In those days not much was known about the various draconian races, except each race had its own peculiar way of meeting death, designed by their Dark Queen to cause as much havoc *after* their deaths as possible. The corpses of Baaz, Bozak, and Kapak, for example, turned to stone. When we had mentioned this in passing conversation with Lord Gunthar, he informed us of a recent report of a new draconian variety who called themselves Sivak. The Sivak, we were told, took on the likeness of the one who had slain them! Another strain of the reptiles could use magic and called themselves Aurak. Naturally we were interested in these differences, but as so little was known about draconians, we intended to probe their common characteristics, as well.

Wensel asked the questions while I quilled the response.

Our first interview did not start out well.

"I don't know who you are," our subject said belligerently. "And I don't know why you're here, but I demand to be released. You've no right to keep me here."

"Uh, well, we have nothing to do with your capture," Wensel stammered. "We're just here to question—"

"Ah! More underlings. Just what I need."

The draconian leaned forward and dug his

claws into the edge of the table. I was surprised at his strength and silently thanked Gilean for the guards who had remained in the cell. I shudder to think what, if angered, this draconian could do.

"Why don't your people send someone worth *my* dignity and *my* time to speak to me?" the draconian continued. "I'm tired of dealing with you inferiors."

"So just what is your station?" prompted Wensel.

The draconian sniffed. "I'm not sure I care to even discuss my station with you. Who are you that I should deem you worthy of my words? Who are you that I should lower myself to such a level that I should even *look* at you, much less speak to you?"

Wensel was controlling his temper admirably. Regardless of who this thing was or how intelligent it seemed, it *was* a prisoner.

"If you would just try to be patient," Wensel said solemnly, concealing his smile, "and have some of this drink which we offer as a payment for wasting your time."

The draconian sighed heavily—though it sounded more like steam escaping a kettle. But his gaze went eagerly to the dwarf spirits and he smacked his lipless mouth as Wensel poured a mug of the heady drink.

"I find this tedious," the draconian breathed as he settled back into his chair after having noisily gulped down about a half of the mug's contents. "But I suppose it will pass the time better than counting the bricks on the wall."

"So you can count?" said Wensel.

"Count . . . read . . . write . . . What do you think you are dealing with? Some sort of lizard? No! You're talking with one of the more highly trained and educated of my class."

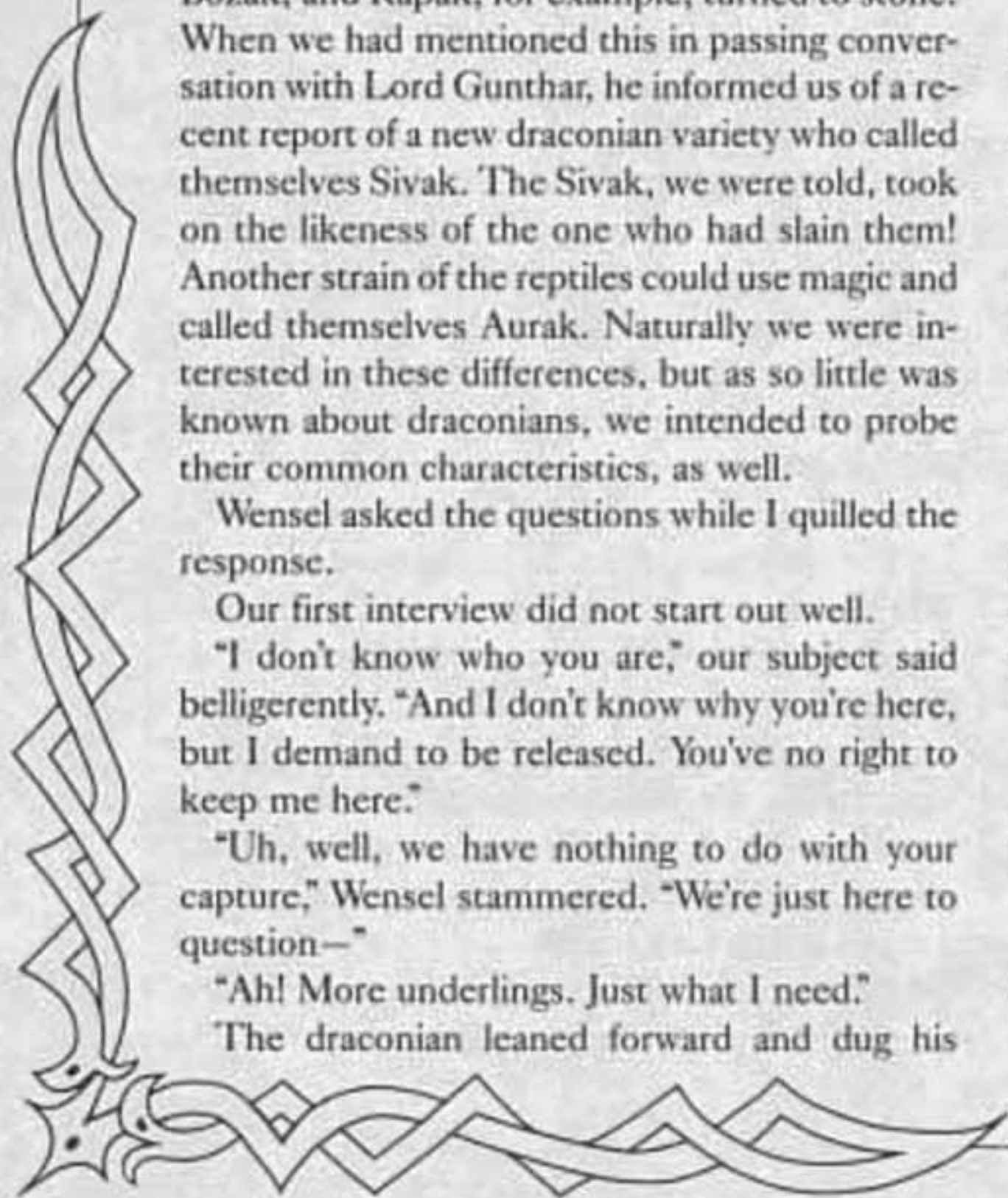
"Which class is that?"

"Why, I am of the higher class. I am certainly superior. I should think that would be obvious to anyone."

"Then you are Aurak?"

"Well . . . not quite *that* superior. I'm of that noble and fine class of Sivak warriors."

Wensel skillfully set the pace and tenor of the



interview. And over the course of the next several hours, we learned a great deal about the draconians and their society.

"Do you have a land you are from? Or do you have any place to call home?" Wensel asked.

"We are of the world. The world is our home."

"So how you are created? How are you born?" Wensel persisted.

"We come . . . We are of the world. We come from the stuff of the world. We come from the bowels of the world. The world is ours."

"What about good dragon eggs?" Wensel asked, remembering Astinus's mysterious command.

The movement was startlingly fast, but fortunately the knights were ready and quickly restrained him.

"Perversion . . . mutate! That's all you talk about! I won't stay to be insulted!" He shouted this—at least I think that's what he was ranting about, it was difficult to understand him. Of course, we had no idea what he meant at the time. We were to learn later, of course, to our sorrow, that the draconians were perversions of good dragons eggs. But, please remember, this was in the days before the good dragons had made their appearance among us and we did not know of their oath or how the Dark Queen was holding their eggs hostage.

Finally, Wensel managed to get our subject calmed down, continuing the interview on a slightly different tack, yet not dropping it completely.

"So you have no need for breeding?" Wensel continued.

"We are of the world," the draconian repeated stubbornly.

"I presume you are a male," Wensel said. "Where are the females of your race?"

"We have none."

"No females of your races?" I interjected in surprise.

"There is no male, there is no female," the creature replied matter-of-factly. "We simply are. We are of the world."

"How do draconians differ from dragons?" Wensel asked, trying to shift around.

"The dragons are also of the world . . . In the beginning, when the world was created, the three races were brought into being. They were the elves, the humans, and the ogres." The draconian sounded as though he were repeating a lesson from a text.

"True. True."

"Then there were those who were created from the bowels of the earth and did not spring from the Chaos, but from the world itself. Those are the dragons. They are the world incarnate. They are great hunters."

I noticed his voice became softer and possessed a certain quality of admiration for the dragons. I remember thinking at the time that if these barbarians were capable of love in any fashion, that love would have been spent on the dragons.

"So you are descended from the dragons?"

"Indirectly," the draconian muttered.

"The good dragons?"

The draconian seemed highly annoyed and, what was more interesting, nervous when this was mentioned again. "You *are* tedious in pushing this point, aren't you? We are not descended from the good dragons. Our essence comes from the darkness beyond that of the good dragons. They are but a tool of the Queen of Darkness. We are, in fact, a correction of that perversion which is called the good dragon. If the good dragon were to be remade into the true image of the world and the universe, we are certainly they."

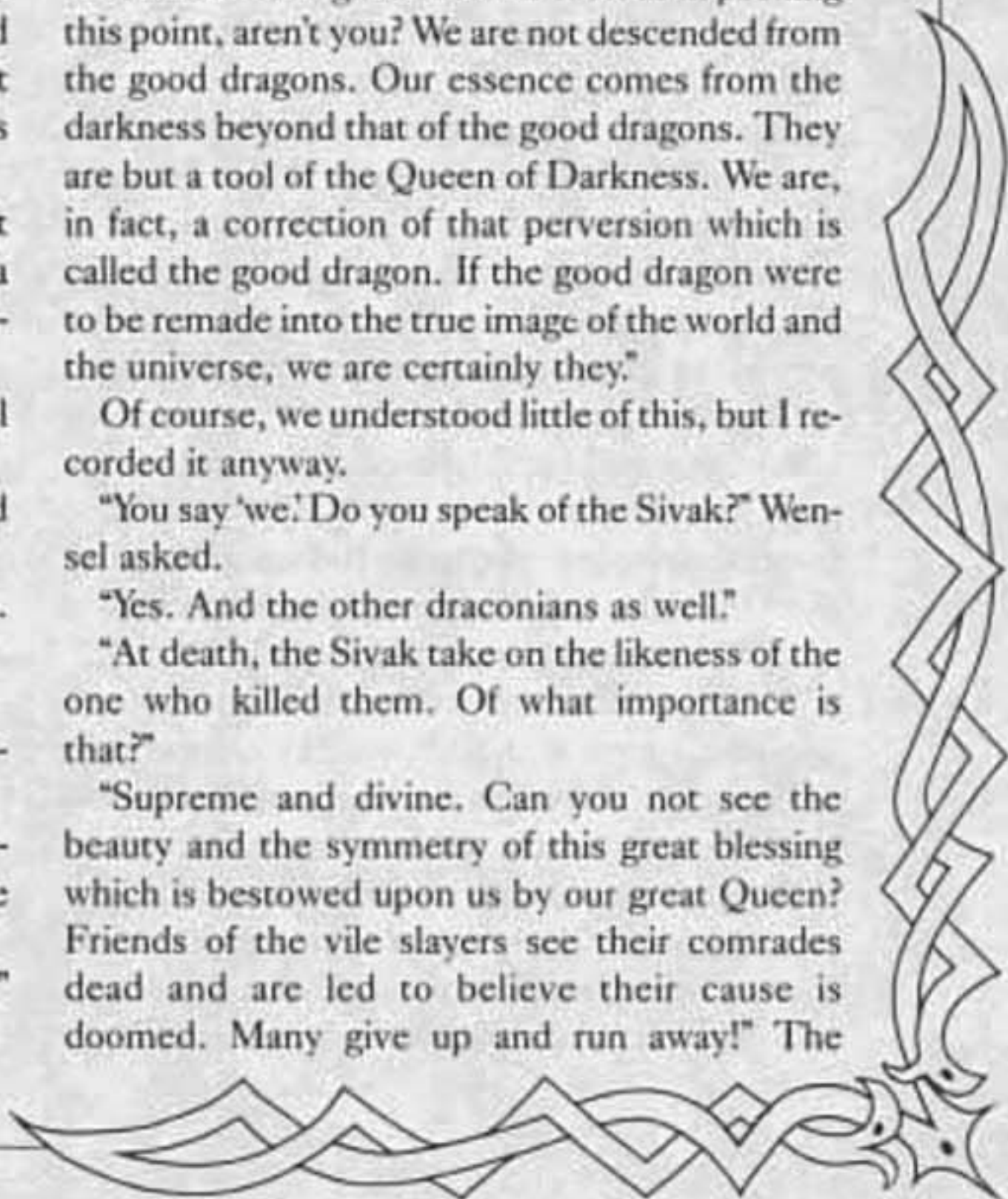
Of course, we understood little of this, but I recorded it anyway.

"You say 'we.' Do you speak of the Sivak?" Wensel asked.

"Yes. And the other draconians as well."

"At death, the Sivak take on the likeness of the one who killed them. Of what importance is that?"

"Supreme and divine. Can you not see the beauty and the symmetry of this great blessing which is bestowed upon us by our great Queen? Friends of the vile slayers see their comrades dead and are led to believe their cause is doomed. Many give up and run away!" The



draconian laughed.

Wensel seemed to make a mental note of this, then abruptly changed his line of questioning.

"Is there a draconian caste system? Are there upper and lower levels of your society?"

"There is a society among our own kind. And there is a ranking among our own kind, but it is by deeds and lesson rather than by type. We certainly know our order. I do not think of the Aurak as being superior to us, but, by order of the Queen, we bend our will to them. This we do for order in the universe. On the other hand, the Kapak and the Baaz, they are . . . they are not as refined a race as our own and so they answer to us and we . . . we need them. But we don't like to deal with them and we don't like to interact with them. There is certainly . . . Certainly we come into the world in a more pure form. That which you humans so weakly refer to as family is thought of in greater terms among our kind, since our spawn are brought forth in purity."

"What about families? Do draconians have families?"

"Our family is our race. Our race is our family."

"What of the young? Have you children in your race?"

"There are those of us who are not . . . Who have not been around as long as others, if that is what you mean."

"But in, say, the human and the elven societies, there are children who grow to be adults. Is it this way in the draconian society, as well?"

"Ah, but you see this is perverted . . . a perversion of this world . . . these creatures and beings, such as you, think of as family. We spring pure from the spirit brought across the void. We spring pure from the incantations and machinations of . . . of . . . of . . . the Black Queen."

The draconian seemed to think he had won one round in their debate, smiling emphatically at Wensel, proud of his accomplishment. Wensel leaned forward on the table and smiled sweetly at the draconian. During the moment of silence that followed, I waited expectantly for my friend's next question, hoping that it would not provoke the draconian into flying across the

table.

"One of the theories about draconian conception is that the Queen erred in her experimental methods of creating a race whom she felt would be superior. In other words, the Baaz were a mistake, and if there are Aurak, then the Sivak were also a mistake. Is that true?" Wensel asked in seeming innocence.

The draconian's smile faded, replaced by a scowl.

"No, this was all planned from the beginning. There are more Baaz simply because they are so much simpler. There are more Kapak than Sivak because . . . well, just because."

We could not get him to refer to the subject again, so Wensel changed his line of questioning.

"Where do the Aurak derive their spells? Do they use magic such as humans or elves would?"

"Magic exists in the universe. It is not the province of any particular race," our scaly friend replied irritably.

"So they must study their spells as any other magic-user would?"

"Yes. The great spell libraries that are being compiled now under the direction of the Queen are certainly vastly superior to spell libraries that have been constructed before. They include many of the works that have been taken or lost to the world in the wars. These books preach to us a society of knowledge that has been abandoned by the so-called good."

"It is common knowledge that dragons enjoy a particularly long life span. Do the draconians enjoy this same span of life, as well?"

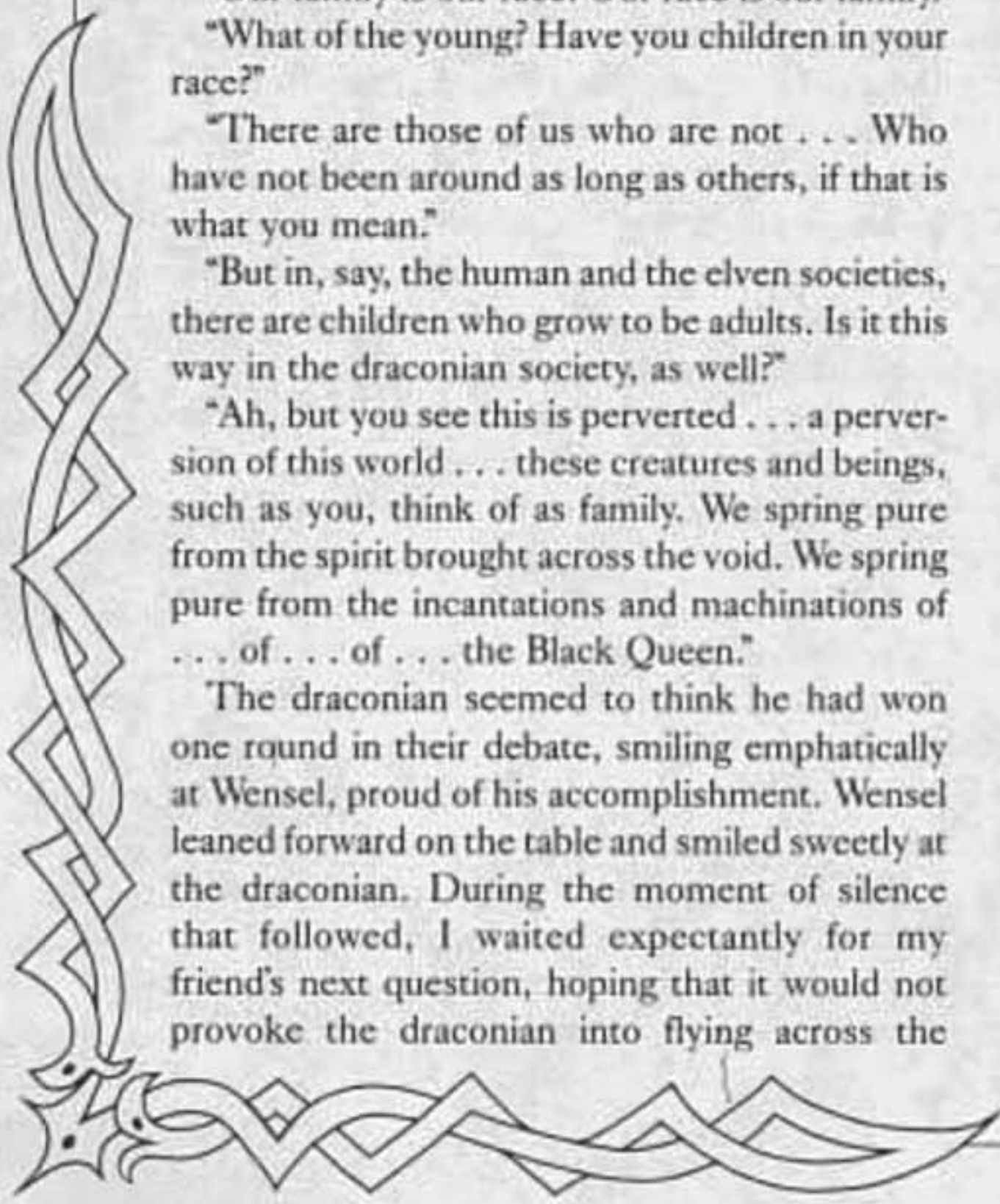
The draconian hedged. "Our lives are very long and we don't care to deign a few decades or centuries as being of great consequence in achieving our goals."

"You say your lives are long. How long?"

"Certainly it is much longer than you humans are allowed. My station was obtained not through prolonged acts, but through great acts done in a short time."

"And who is your commander?"

"I answer to the great . . . I answer to Dragon Highlord Kitiara currently."





The draconian flew into a rage.

"This is one thing that has always interested me about the draconian command structure and that is that the Dragon Highlords are seldom, if ever, of the draconian race. Is there, or has there ever been, a draconian Dragon Highlord anywhere in your history?"

"No. But the day will come."

"Do you aspire to take on those roles?"

"Aspiration has little to do with it, actually. It is destiny."

"Do you and your cohorts feel that a draconian could take Highlord Kitiara's place?"

The draconian paused and shifted uneasily in his chair. He seemed somewhat hesitant to answer. But then, he suddenly relaxed. At the time, I wondered if this were effects of the spirits—which he had been imbibing steadily—or if he really had made a conscious effort to regain his composure.

"Well, yes, I do. We're a no— . . . We are a no-

ble race. But we need the Highlords . . . for now. Indeed, it is really quite amusing that they would think themselves as superior as they do."

"Then they aren't superior?"

"Well, no, actually. They know the world better. And they are able to tell us much better how to plan our strategies. They know the hidden ways of men and dwarves. We respect them for that. But when the world is ours, the world will be ours and we will have no more use for them. We have suffered long for this day.

"In what ways?"

"When the Queen withdrew from the world, we went with her. Of course, we were not the same as we are now. In that time we dwelt in the dark places and were removed from the world and we contemplated those things that we had done wrong. But we had vowed when we returned we would bring order to the world and we are *back!* And nothing will stop us . . ."

"Sounds feasible, but was not the Dark Queen banished?"

"Banished!" He made a move to stand, but the guards angled toward him and sensing this, he sat back down. "No! Not banished. The Dark Queen was not banished. The Dark Queen withdrew herself from the world. It is a time of resting—a time of gathering strength—until the foretold and prophetic day when she will come again in all of her power and reign over the world. So . . . Kryn is hers to command when that fated day comes."

I do not think I shall ever forget the expression of the draconian as he answered this question. His eyes were aflame and his voice was inflected with reverence and awe. I wondered—and still do—how his Dark Queen could ever have inspired such loyalty. Wensel, on the other hand, couldn't have cared less for such sentiment. Completely undaunted, he pressed ahead.

"It is said that with the dragons, the draconians weren't needed—aren't needed—to dominate the world along with the Queen of Darkness."

"Ah, that is not so!"

"Why?"

The draconian shrugged his wings. "The



dragons are fine for flying in the air and for laying down a considerable amount of fire . . ."

"And destruction," Wensel interjected.

"And destruction, but we . . . we are also interested in bringing order to the world. Burning crops may help in the war, but when you are finished, all you've got is a bunch of burned crops. What you really want . . . what you really want is to take control. For that, the dragon is useful to frighten. What you really want is a good, strong arm to break a door or to snap a neck to maintain order."

"I wasn't aware the draconians cared for crops. You're not . . . uh . . . vegetarians?"

"Not crops, as such. But you must have something to fatten the calf. Something has to fatten the bull. Something has to fatten the human. What else would you eat?"

At this, I thought Wensel's jaw was going to hit the floor. The idea that the draconian could have been eyeing him for one of his next meals appalled him—me too, for that matter.

"Are you saying that you eat humans?" Wensel said in horror.

"When . . . the occasion allows," he replied, smiling. We did little to mask our surprise and he enjoyed it immensely.

"What about elves? Do you eat them as well?"

"Stringy," was the response before the draconian tipped his head back and drained his mug.

"Stringy?"

"Yes, stringy. The meat is rather tough and not particularly enjoyable."

His tendency to lose himself among his own inconsequential reveries, try as we might, became overwhelming as he launched into a monologue about methods of preparing the various certain races for consumption. However, Wensel expertly steered him away from this subject and back to more comfortable territory.

"How can your Queen expect to take over this world when she could not accomplish it before?"

"Because we now have been made ready. The time has evolved."

Seeing that our friend was about to launch into another eulogistical speech, Wensel hurriedly

switched subjects again.

"Do you have friends in the draconian army?"

"I don't understand the term."

"Friends. Comrades."

"There are those among our kind whom I value more than others."

"Are there any whose lives you would value more than others, for reasons other than saving your own neck or furthering the cause?"

"Oh! Friendship! I understand the term now. This is a human affliction, I believe."

"Mmmmmm . . . This is something I'd have to mull. No, I think this is just another example of the weakness of your race."

As there was no answer for this, Wensel glanced at me, shrugged, and continued. "About the gods. Do the draconians put any stock in Paladine or Mishakal as being true deities?"

"Certainly, but they are weak gods."

"They have clerics. Do the draconians have clerics of Takhisis?"

"The draconians worship the Queen directly."

"Then you have no need for clerics?"

"We have no need for clerics. And, indeed, if you look at the essence of who we are, we have no fear of death . . ."

"Do the draconians have need for the healing powers of the good clerics?"

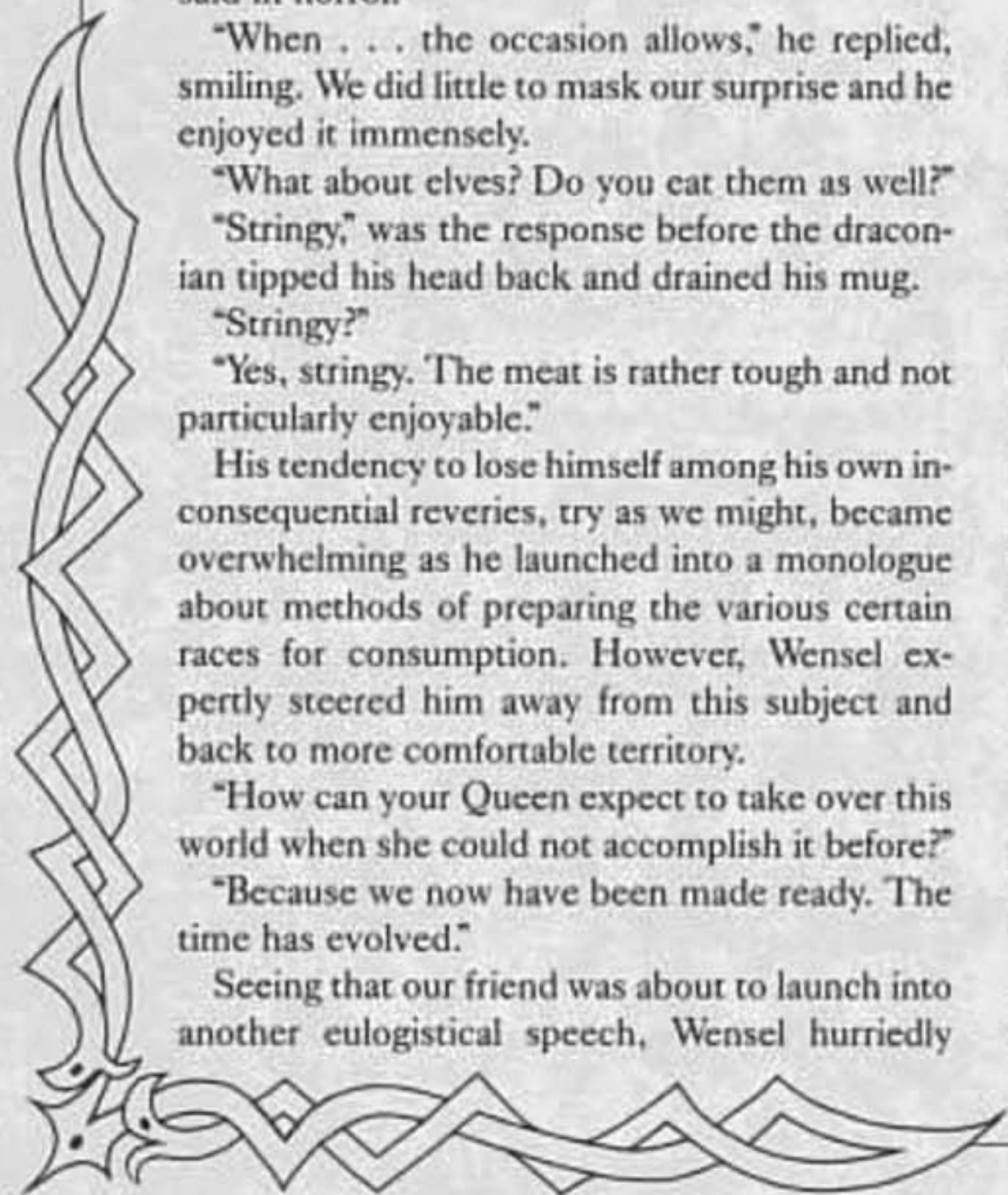
"We do not. Generally we heal normally and in the course of time. Or else we die from our wounds. It is of little matter to us. We as draconians have a much simpler view of the cosmos. Having the knowledge of our life before coming here, which you have not, we know that in coming into this world we shall die and we shall depart. But as long as there is a way we shall persist on living."

"What happens when you die out?"

"Through the wishes of the Queen we shall find another form in which to return."

"Do you know this? Or is this something you have studied?" Wensel's sarcasm was overlooked by the draconian.

"Oh, I have studied long. I am something of a scholar among my people. I have read books! I have read well the histories of the beginning of



the world. In the beginnings of the world, the Queen . . . coerced the elements together and brought order to the Chaos. And in that order and from that Chaos sprang three races. And then there was that perversion of race which were the elves, who brought weakness into the world. And then there were also humans, who would swing among the two. But who, fortunately for us, will be drawn like a moth into the darkness."

"Is this a weakness?"

"It depends on what you believe," the draconian answered.

"What is your ultimate goal?"

"Throughout time it has been our sacred purpose—our fated destiny—to push back the borders of chaos and establish order. We propose to bring order to the universe."

"When this time of order comes about—"

"A great and looked-for day," he said as he emptied another mug of spirits.

"Surely. But what will happen? Won't the world become stagnant?"

"The world will truly move forward then."

"In what ways?"

"With a coordination of learning and the centralization of knowledge."

This statement surprised both of us. As I look back, I am convinced that these words must have originated from one of the Highlords and the draconian overheard it and could not know exactly what it meant.

"But the people of Krynn achieved this once and it led to the Cataclysm," Wensel argued mildly.

"The Cataclysm was a perversion. The idea that goodness could bring order into the world is a perversion—a twisted idea. It is a reflection of weakness."

"So you look upon the draconians as evil."

"Uggh!"

The draconian had been refilling his mug and his attention had waned. I remember wondering if we would be able to finish our interview. My misgivings, though, evaporated as the draconian set his spirits down on the table slowly. He

leaned back in the chair and ruffled his wings.

"You are dealing in semantics. I, too, am a smithy of words. The idea that evil is bad is part of the perversion. Evil, if you wish to call it that, *isn't* bad. Evil brings order."

"But in the same—" Wensel was not allowed to finish his question.

"Goodness is a weak idea."

"But goodness could bring about order."

"Yes. But it would be a vulnerable one."

"Order is order."

"You, again, forge my words into something which they are not. Look at your own White-stone Council. It is an order of good. Look at your own Knights of Solamnia. They are an order of good people. Yet, they can rarely agree!" At this point he tossed a claw in the direction of the guards and laughed. "They have stagnated themselves."

"They have the freedom of choice."

"Here is another perversion."

"They have the right to disagree," Wensel persisted.

The draconian looked smug. "When led by so noble a one as the Queen, what need have we for dissent?"

"But, I have heard that when all of the Dragon Highlords are together, the draconians who follow Lord Kitiara remain loyal to her and only her, and they would be willing to set upon the draconians that follow, say, Lord Ariakas in an instant, bent on killing each other until one side or the other prevailed."

"Ah, but all this is seen by the Queen. She knows if we feed upon one another, it is merely for the survival of the strong. That, too, is order."

"By the elimination of the lower forms?"

"By the elimination of that which is weak. By the elimination of that which is not well enough ordered to care for itself."

"Such as the Baaz?"

"Such as the Baaz, if the case may be."

"If you were to meet a group of Baaz," said Wensel, "and wipe them out, is that constructive?"

"Certainly. In the end, it simply purifies the race. We need the lower forms of our race now to



help maintain order, just as we need the humans to help us take the world. This is an unsettling time for us all, no doubt. But once the war is over, you will see."

"Do draconians have a code of honor similar to that of the Knights of Solamnia?"

"Certainly," the draconian said, proudly, his yellow eyes going to the guards.

"And what is the basis for this code?"

"It's certainly a great deal simpler than the Solamnic code. Look at these knights. They have been ordered not to kill me and they won't, no matter how I abuse them. I have heard of humans who train dogs in this fashion—and not always without error. The code of honor among the draconians . . ." he said. "Hmm . . . how could I put it so that it made sense to you? . . . Strength brings respect."

He lifted his mug and, once again, drained it. Wensel looked to me as if to ask if I was keeping pace. I nodded, and he continued questioning.

"What is your opinion of Lord Kitiara?"

"I respect her achievements. She has done well for herself. Among all the Draconian Highlords, she is the best. She has earned respect from her followers. She has earned respect even from draconians."

"Yet she is a human and is beneath you."

"Yes, racially, she is beneath us."

"Why hasn't a draconian just killed her? Strength brings respect! Might is right."

My companion was relentless. He was forgetting Astinus's injunction to remain neutral and was probing for a weakness or flaw in the draconian's argument.

"Well, might is right, but it may not necessarily better serve the Queen." The draconian was showing irritation.

"Let us assume your strategy succeeds. What will the role of the dragons be?"

"The dragons would rule. There is no question of that. We, as the children of the Queen of Darkness, will assist them. We shall be her captains. We shall be her lieutenants. We shall . . . We shall care . . . for the humans . . . we shall care . . . for the lower races such as dwarves and goblins . . ."

"As long as they do your bidding."

"We have no use for those who . . . will . . . not submit to the will . . . of the Queen."

"What about the elves?"

"We have no use for them. Indeed, if you look throughout history you will see the weakness of the elves has brought nothing but ruin and chaos into the chronicle of your lands. Certainly this is something even you can agree upon? The elves have, throughout time, been a demeaning and deficient race to those who would more rightly rule. The elves . . . the elves would be gone."

"Then you would slay them all?"

"Oh, certainly. Certainly, as a race, they are of no use to the Queen. As a race they are of no use to the world. They are drones. They are leeches on society."

"Could it be that the Queen of Darkness sees the elves as a threat?"

"Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Heh." The draconian laughed so hard he nearly choked. "They are certainly not any kind of threat."

"But they are reinhabiting Silvanesti and Qualinesti."

"Bah! They quarrel among themselves constantly."

"And the draconians do not argue among themselves? You just said—"

Wensel was becoming quite vehement in his questions. The prospect of being enslaved once the draconians took over—if they indeed ever did take over—shocked him *and* me. His anger showed in the forcefulness of his queries.

"I know what I said!" the draconian shouted. "But, at least in our case, such fighting is constructive!"

"What about the minotaurs?"

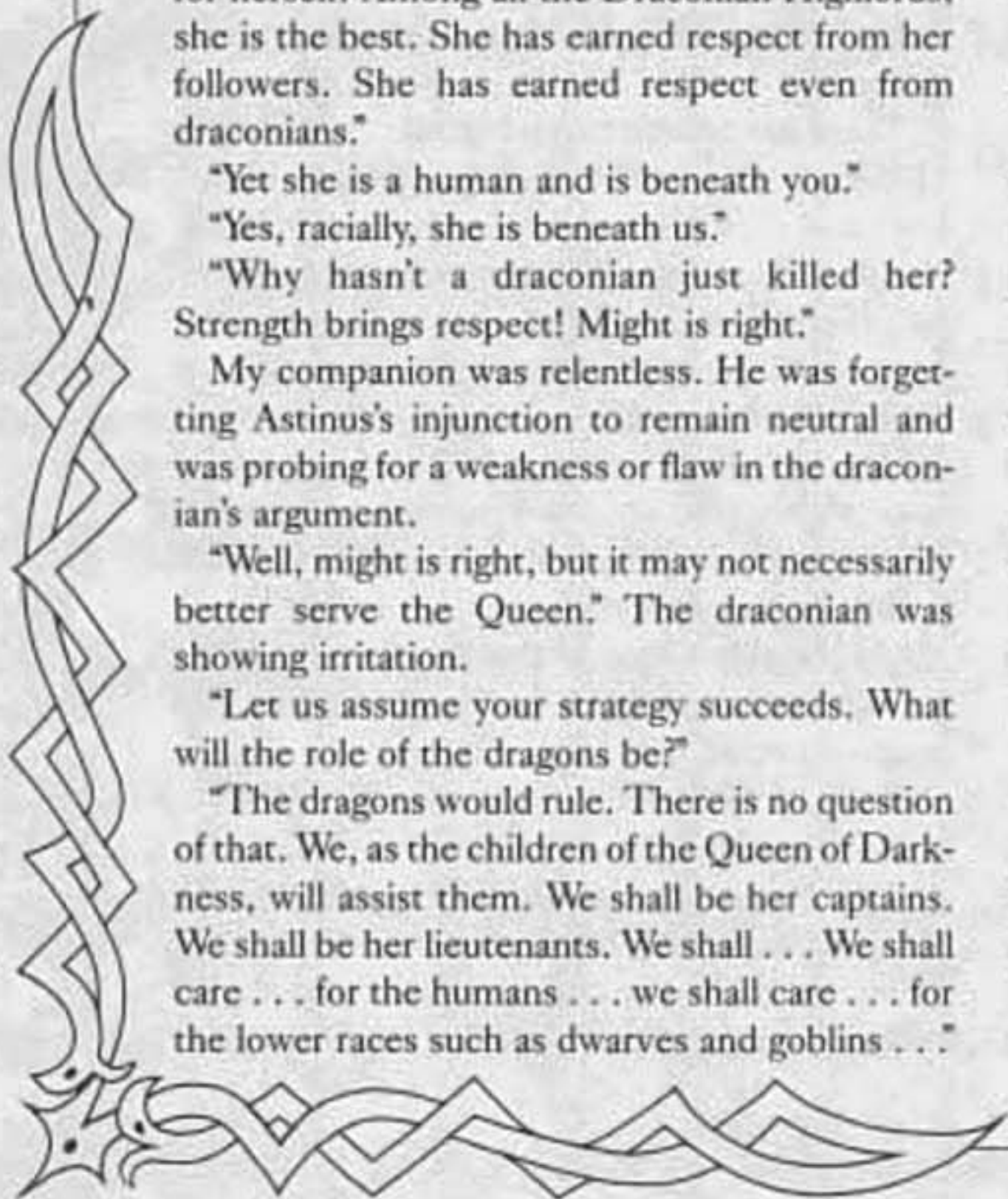
"Oh, now there's a fine and noble race. They are worthy of respect."

"What role will they play in your world of order?"

"I think the Queen will probably grant them territories. They are certainly a supportive race. And there is much in them that is admirable."

"And the ogres?"

"They are a sad and tragic lot. I suppose that a



principality would also be granted them."

"What about the kender? What use do you see for them in your world?"

"There is no room in this world for the kender." This statement was flat.

"So you plan on wiping them out, too?"

"As many as we can possibly catch. We've had some difficulty in doing that. We have had reports from the eastern sector of entire bands of our troops who have been waylaid by the little monsters."

"The gnomes?"

"Ah, the gnomes are useful. We will use them as best we can."

"The goblins?"

"Weak. Their future will probably depend on their own acts. I have no use for them."

At last, the effects of the dwarf spirits began to take their toll on the draconian. His speech became slurred and his eyes glassy. Wensel, caught up in his questioning, did not seem to notice. I realized it would not be much longer before our friend across the table passed out.

"The dwarves. How do they fit into the overall scheme of things?"

"Excellent craftsman. They certainly build fortifications of value. There is a good deal of strength there. Protection . . . very lasting. The dwarfs would be retained for their craft as would the gnome craftsmen, though I think they could use a great deal more order in their race. The kender and the elves would have to die. Humans follow—(hiccup)—well."

Wensel looked at me and grinned. It was the kind of smile that only passes between long-time friends and it pains me now to think of it. He snickered, having just noticed our subject's state of intoxication. I nearly chuckled myself as I caught sight of the draconian's bemused expression. He squinted, trying to focus on Wensel's face. But instead, he closed his eyes and slowly lowered his scaly head onto the table. Wensel shook his head, assuming the interview was over. But the draconian jerked his head up and surprised us both by shouting.

"There ish . . . a satis . . . satis . . . satisfaction!

. . . within one's own shpirit to know you have brought or . . . or . . . ord . . . something . . . to the world. There ish beauty, I think, in order. What you would think of ass beaudy . . . we find it . . . in . . . in . . . (hiccup) . . . something or other."

"Let's say you do restore order. And the humans are subjugated, the kender and the elves are wiped out. . ." Wensel was relentless, as I say.

"Thassa lovely thought."

"Yes, quite. What . . . What then?"

"On that glooorrious day, the dar . . . dar . . . darkniss shall rooul. And we shall haff the power an allll that shouucomewitha . . . ppow . . . pow . . . power!"

"It is said that 'evil turns in upon itself.' How much stock do you put in that?"

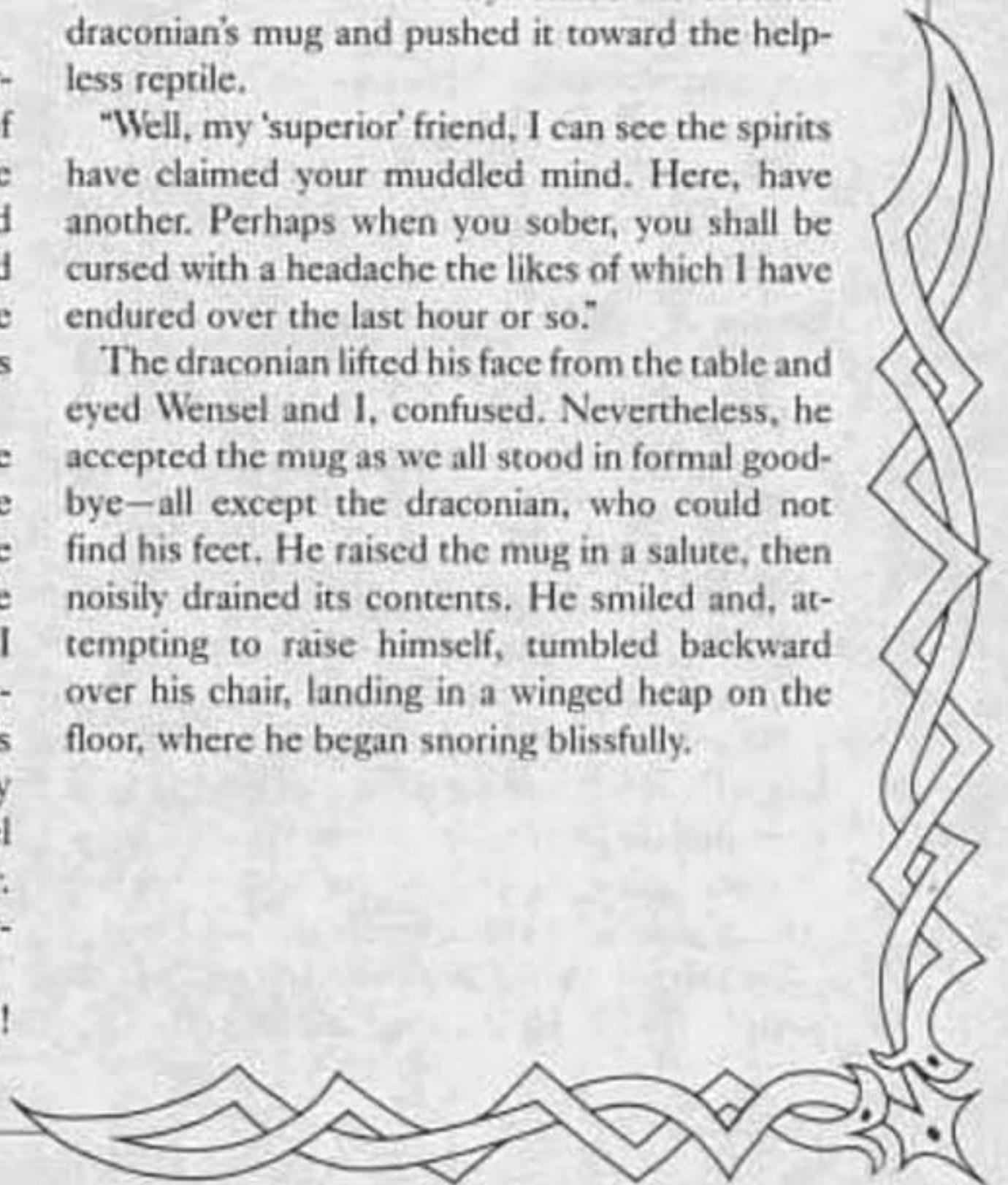
"That iss a perverted notion . . . of . . . of . . . the elffes. A twishted idea. Thereiss no truth in that."

The draconian looked as if he were going to say something else. Instead, he just smiled as his face slowly descended and slammed into the tabletop.

Wensel stood and calmly refilled the drunken draconian's mug and pushed it toward the helpless reptile.

"Well, my 'superior' friend, I can see the spirits have claimed your muddled mind. Here, have another. Perhaps when you sober, you shall be cursed with a headache the likes of which I have endured over the last hour or so."

The draconian lifted his face from the table and eyed Wensel and I, confused. Nevertheless, he accepted the mug as we all stood in formal good-bye—all except the draconian, who could not find his feet. He raised the mug in a salute, then noisily drained its contents. He smiled and, attempting to raise himself, tumbled backward over his chair, landing in a winged heap on the floor, where he began snoring blissfully.



Captured by Minotaurs!

We left Solanthus and journeyed to the northern coast of the New Sea. Wensel, much to my surprise, was in high spirits and was looking forward to spending some time at sea. He told me on numerous occasions that even though he had left his family in Northern Ergoth to pursue an education in Palanthas, he still loved the sea. His father was a fisherman, and Wensel had helped him make a living by fishing off the coast of Ergoth. But, life as a fisherman was not meant for Wensel. He packed his meager belongings and sailed to Solamnia where he worked his way through school and joined the Brotherhood of Historians.

The sun was shining brightly in the cloudless sky and its bright light danced on the serene, azure water, lifting my spirits up on the wings of the cool wafting breeze and refreshed my soul with its salty breath as it swept across the water. I must say, though I had never been on a ship, I found myself looking forward to the experience.

On the eleventh hour of the seventh day after our departure from Palanthas, we boarded the *Wave Dancer*, a sleek Ergothian vessel with three tall masts and a prow carved like a dancing nymph. We were greeted by her captain, one Nigel Witherspoon, a large gray-haired man whose demeanor and clothing were as bright as the day. His tunic and breeches were the color of daffodils in the spring, yellow as the sun and as bright as its rays. And as he spoke, his puffy jowls and rotund middle jiggled with the childish laughter that laced his hearty voice.

"Dael!" he bellowed. "You lazy, addled son of a rabid dog, show these two lubbers to their quarters. And be quick about it."

He winked at us, and the young blond-haired boy who came running toward us smiled as he motioned for us to follow him below.

"Don't mind the cappin," he said, chuckling. "He's a good soul with a loud voice."

We followed him down the steps and into the passage below. He stopped at the end of the

dimly lit passage next to a narrow door. Opening it, he entered the cabin ahead of Wensel (who had been whistling and humming to himself since we had boarded) and me. The room itself was scantily furnished but seemed comfortable enough. We began to unpack as Dael excused himself.

"I'll be heading topside now. If you need anything, just holler, but do it loudly or Cappin Nigel will drown ya out for sure."

We all laughed, and he left, singing a ditty as he went. I turned to Wensel, who had already finished unpacking and sat on the edge of his bunk grinning from ear to ear.

"You want to go topside and enjoy the weather?" he said cheerily.

"Why certainly." I laughed and added, "I want to see you turn green when we head to sea."

He tossed a pillow at me and ran out of the cabin. Feeling somewhat playful myself, I chased him up to the deck. As I reached the top of the steps, I saw Wensel standing face-to-face with a red-robed figure who frowned at my companion as if he were a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"I should think," the figure stated sternly, "that one who wears the robes of history would know how to conduct himself in a mature and honorable manner."

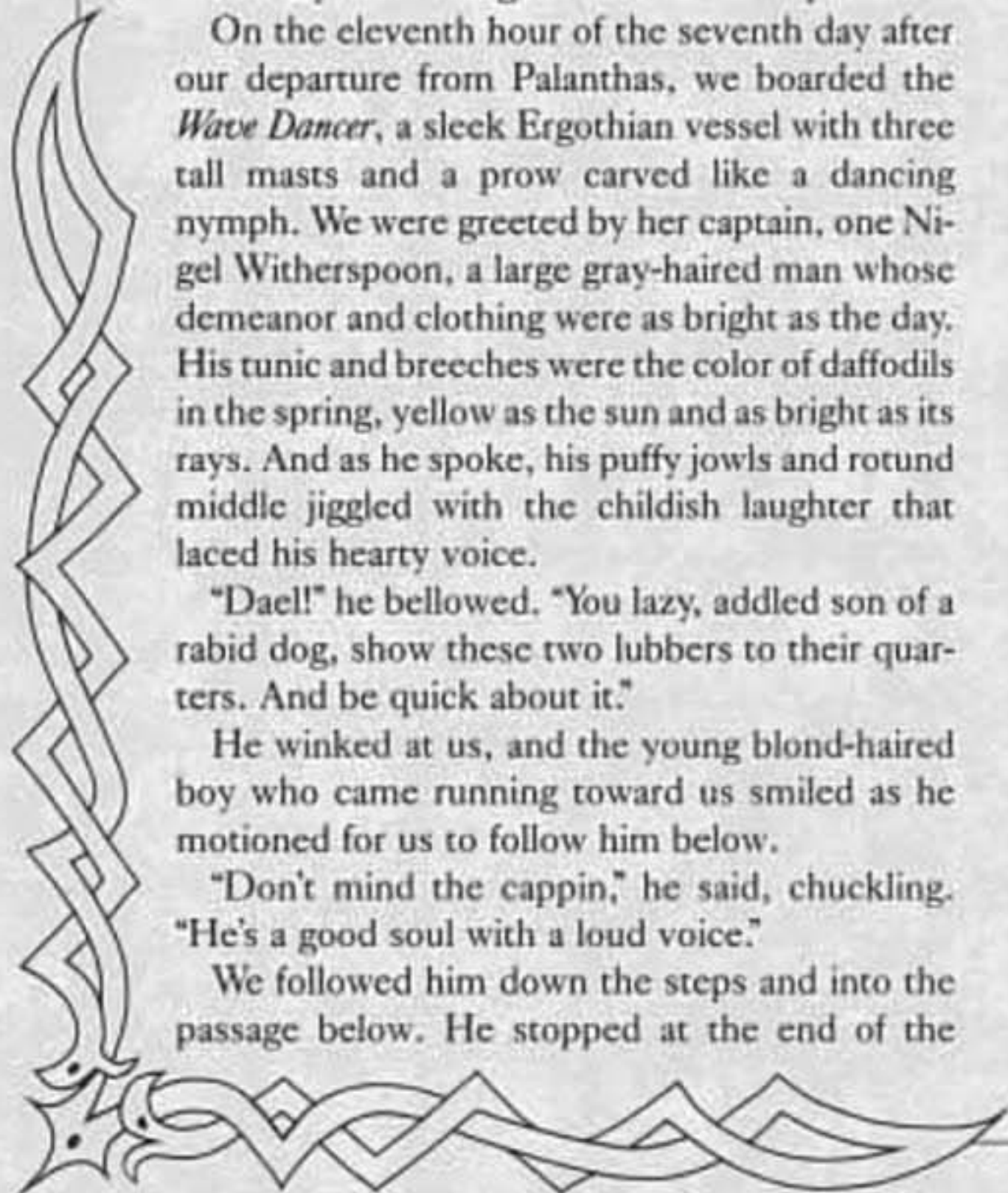
At which Wensel thrust his shoulders back and replied, "And I should think that one who wears the robes of neutrality would keep his opinions to himself and not force them upon those who don't care to hear them."

The magic-user scowled as Wensel smiled daringly in his face. My heart stood still as the mage's face turned darker and darker shades of scarlet. I felt sure he would do something horrible like turn Wensel into a frog or bug. But the mage snorted and pushed past us to go below. I let out a whoosh of breath in relief.

Wensel turned toward me and laughed at the look on my face.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! What's the matter, Dunstan?"

"You . . . he . . . he could have turned you into a frog or . . . or something worse," I said in dismay.



"Why, Dunstan, surely you know that very few magic-users can work such spells off the top of their heads. They have to *study* their spells. That's probably where the dreary old fellow is heading now. And besides, if he does turn me into something dreadful, I'm sure he would make sure that you joined me in the pond."

As usual, his jokes put me right, and we laughed heartily. Our high spirits still soaring, we leaned against the starboard rail, watching the crew ready the ship for the voyage.

Captain Witherspoon approached us, flashing his toothy grin.

"I see you've met ol' Ringold," he chuckled. "'E's an odd sort, but so're most o' the mages I've met. Don't let 'is presence bother ye though—'e's been 'ired to protect the ship in case of magical attack. . . . Speakin' o' which, 'ere come the mercenaries I've 'ired t'company us on our voyage."

He tipped his red plumed hat and walked to the gangplank to greet them. Wensel stopped Dael, who was walking by, and asked him why we needed the magic-user and the mercenaries.

"Oh, don't worry," he replied. "They're only a precaution in case we're attacked by pirates. There have been a lot of reports of ships disappearing and only showing up as wreckage."

"You don't think we'll end up like that, do you?" I asked warily.

"No, sir. We're heading across to Schallsea and then to Abanasinia. We're in no danger unless we head out into the Sirrion. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be tending to the mage's quarters, and he's a grumpy sort."

He turned on his heel and briskly walked away.

Not long after the mercenaries were boarded we set sail and began our journey across the New Sea. I can still remember the sound of the wind whistling through the riggings and the sails filling with the breeze. The crew was singing, and Wensel added his own talents to the chorus and encouraged me to do likewise. I was a bit embarrassed by the lyrics, but soon found myself caught up in the light-hearted mood. It was breathtaking to watch the crew climb the riggings like squirrels or field mice. They laughed and

joked, constantly keeping Wensel and me smiling.

I remember thinking how free and alive these men were, what a bright contrast to the heavy solemnity of the Great Library. Scribe Vlorsmille's comment about "breathing air that was untainted by the scent of ink and vellum" could not have been better proved.

We sailed for several days without incident. Then, one day as Wensel and I stood at the helm with Captain Witherspoon, the lookout spotted another ship on the horizon. The other vessel turned her prow our way. Wensel became distressed as the ship drew closer.

"What do you make of it, Captain?"

"No need t' worry, lad. 'Tis probably just another merchant ship in need o' assistance. 'Appens all the time."

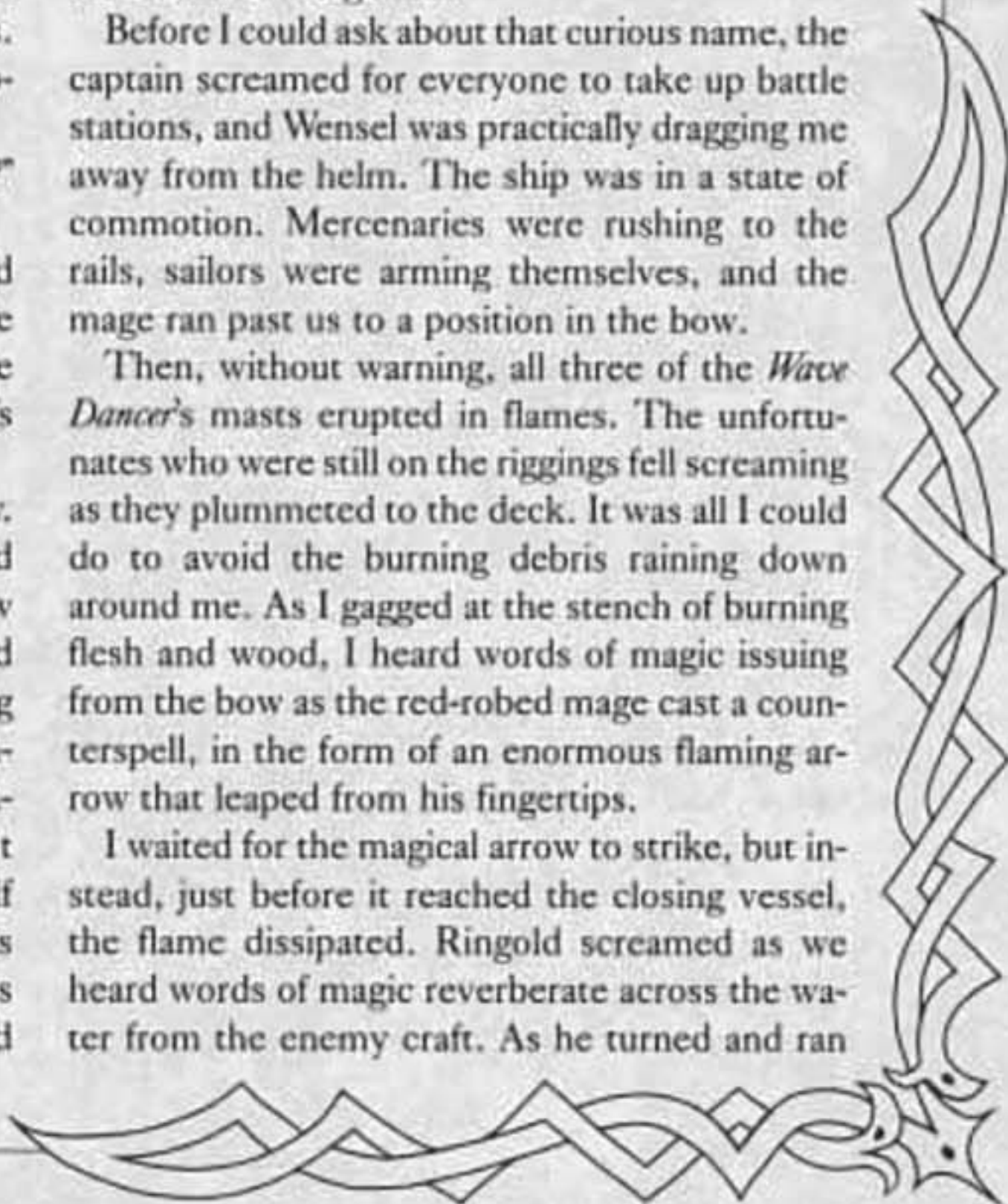
He tried to appear nonchalant, but he could not keep the worry out of his voice. Wensel looked at me questioningly. Suddenly the lookout shouted in alarm.

"I ken see 'er standard, Cap'n. They're a'flyin' the Horns o' Vengeance!"

Before I could ask about that curious name, the captain screamed for everyone to take up battle stations, and Wensel was practically dragging me away from the helm. The ship was in a state of commotion. Mercenaries were rushing to the rails, sailors were arming themselves, and the mage ran past us to a position in the bow.

Then, without warning, all three of the *Wave Dancer's* masts erupted in flames. The unfortunates who were still on the riggings fell screaming as they plummeted to the deck. It was all I could do to avoid the burning debris raining down around me. As I gagged at the stench of burning flesh and wood, I heard words of magic issuing from the bow as the red-robed mage cast a counterspell, in the form of an enormous flaming arrow that leaped from his fingertips.

I waited for the magical arrow to strike, but instead, just before it reached the closing vessel, the flame dissipated. Ringold screamed as we heard words of magic reverberate across the water from the enemy craft. As he turned and ran



toward us, a sliver of white light issued from the now-visible figure at the bow of the other ship and seared into the back of the fleeing mage. The force of the impact sent him tumbling to the deck at my feet. His robes were smoldering, and blood spurted from his mouth as he clutched at me with a charred, fleshless hand. The abject horror in his eyes pierced my soul, turning my stomach to ice and forcing me to lean over the rail and vomit into the sea. My legs turned to rubber, and I fell to my knees. Wensel and Dael lifted me between them and carried me to our cabin.

I lay on my bunk, frightened and in pain. Wensel, his face buried in his hands, shook his head as if refusing the sights we had seen.

"What is happening, Wensel? Why are we being attacked?"

Wensel slowly raised his head. His blank face moist with sweat, he spoke a word that to this day haunts my dreams.

"Minotaurs."

"Minotaurs!" I exclaimed. "I thought they were only seen on the Blood Sea."

As far as I knew minotaurs lived only on the isles of Kothas and Mithas which were at the other end of Ansalon. I had never seen one, but these creatures were said to be large and grotesque, their facial features supposedly resembling those of a bull, with horns on the sides of their heads.

I felt Wensel stuffing some papers into my robes just as the ships collided. Agonizing screams and the clash of steel sounded from up above as the sailors and mercenaries attempted to repel the minotauran pirates who were boarding us. I could hear Captain Witherspoon's voice above the rest.

"Come on 'ya mangy sons o' cows, come taste my steel. You'll not take my *Dancer* from me while I'm ali—Agh!" I stood appalled at the knowledge of the good captain's death. I felt Wensel shaking me violently.

"Come on, Dunstan. We have to try and get off the ship. It's our only hope."

"Yes. Off the ship."

As I started toward the door, the sounds of bat-

tle ceased as abruptly as they had started. We heard the sounds of scuffling in the passage, then footsteps rushing toward our door. Wensel tried to block it, but the door burst open and smashed into him, sending him to the floor, unconscious. There was little I could do as three, huge, bull-like creatures grabbed me and tied my hands together.

The feeling of hopelessness overwhelmed me as one minotaur carried me up to the deck. I shuddered as my captor stepped over the motionless body of Dael where it lay at the bottom of the steps.

The sun was still shining brightly overhead, belying the nightmare I was in. I began to sweat as I studied the scene before me. Bodies of sailors and mercenaries littered the deck, and the minotaurs were tossing them over the rail into the jaws of the waiting sharks.

The cargo was being transferred from our ship to the minotaurs' vessel across a gangplank. The minotaur who carried me laid me down on the deck. When I felt the blood of the slain quickly soak into my robes, I again emptied my stomach. In protest, I looked up at my captor, but my words got caught in my vomit-tightened throat. Before me, eyes rolled back in death, was the battered remains of Captain Nigel Witherspoon's head. Blackness overwhelmed me as I fell to the gore-ridden deck.

When I woke, I found myself in darkness in what I assumed to be the hold of the pirates' ship. The planks of the ship creaked and groaned. I felt something crawl across my legs in the darkness. I kicked out blindly and screamed in horror. A voice came from behind me.

"Rats."

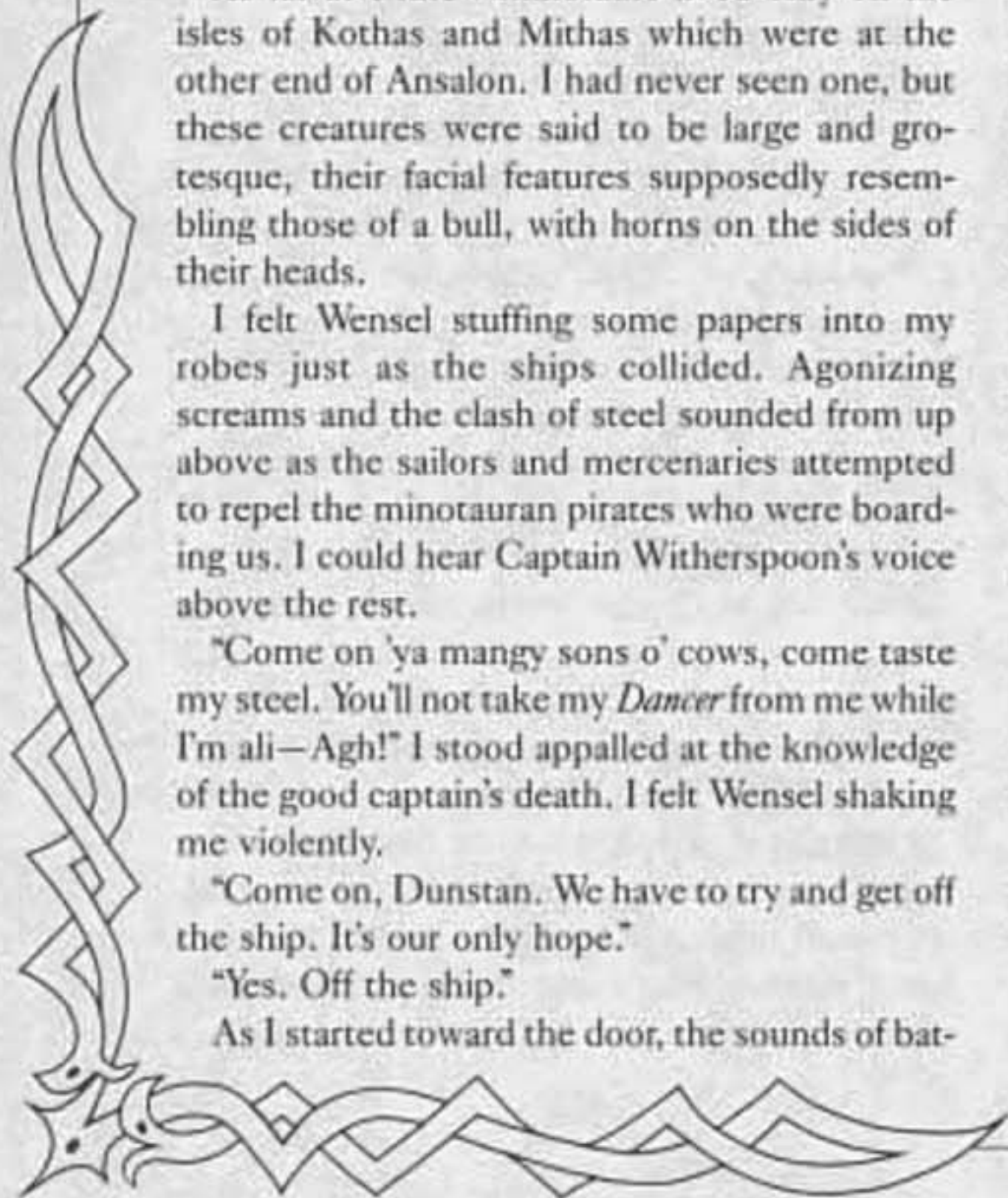
"What? . . . Who's there?"

"Now who do you think would be foolish enough to accompany you on this adventure, my friend?"

"Wensel!" I crawled across the planks, feeling my way cautiously in the dark. I felt Wensel's legs and sat up.

"What are we doing here? Why aren't we dead?"

"Don't sound so disappointed, Dunstan. We are



alive, though I can't say that will last," he said. "As for where we are, I'm sure you can safely assume we aren't anyplace we want to be. And as for what we are doing here, I have been listening to you moan and groan for what I guess to be about four hours. I always did say you could sleep through anything, Dun."

Wensel's humor was lost on me as I tried to gather my wits. We had been sitting there quietly for a time when the sound of voices came from just outside our little cell, voices using a dialect I couldn't understand. The door opened, and light spilled into the cell.

"Humans must come with me," commanded a gruff voice.

Wensel moved past me into the passage. I followed closely behind him as two minotaurs shoved us up stairs toward the other end of the ship. We stopped next to a door at least twice the size of any normal door. The minotaur holding Wensel knocked loudly, then he opened the door and roughly pushed us through.

The cabin we entered was extremely ornate. There were mahogany cabinets and shelves and a large, well-tooled desk in front of two large glass windows; it was nearly sunset out.

Behind the massive desk sat another minotaur even larger than the others. His body was huge and magnificently muscled. His facial features were contorted and twisted, as were all the minotaurs I had seen. He had small horns growing from each side of his large head. His chest was covered with a pelt of short-haired fur. His face was dark, his black eyes gleamed red in the light.

This minotaur—the captain?—was absorbed in writing on a piece of parchment. His desk was covered with parchment, some of them maps, some written upon, some clearly lists.

The two guards who had shoved us in took up positions on either side of the door. All was silent except the scratching of the pen.

I cleared my throat and said, "Excuse me."

The minotaur did not answer, but he did raise his head to glare at Wensel and myself. Before I could say another word, the two guards ran over and clouted each of us on our heads. We were

then driven onto our knees and held there by the guards.

"You sonofacow," Wensel said through clenched teeth.

"Crude language from a crude man," replied the minotaur behind the desk. "Who are you, little one?" He stared down at us.

"Well, if you let us up, perhaps we will choose to speak with you," said Wensel in as haughty a tone as he could muster.

"I prefer you to stay where you are—it suits you. Now, who are you?"

It was obvious to me that Wensel was forgetting Astinus's command to remain neutral. I answered the waiting minotaur hastily.

"I am Dunstan VanEyre."

"Is that a name of any importance?" he asked.

"To me, yes," Wensel cut in.

"To you. Is it of any importance to anyone else?"

"To Astinus."

"Who?"

"Astinus. The great historian."

"Are you worth anything?" the minotaur continued.

"To Astinus we would be worth something."

"How much?"

"Steel, gems, we'd be *worth* the world to him. He is like a father to us," Wensel said emotionally.

I couldn't look at my companion. Despite our desperate situation, I almost laughed.

The minotaur stood up from behind his desk and brandished a large gruesome-looking flail.

"Your name again." He looked at me.

"Dunstan."

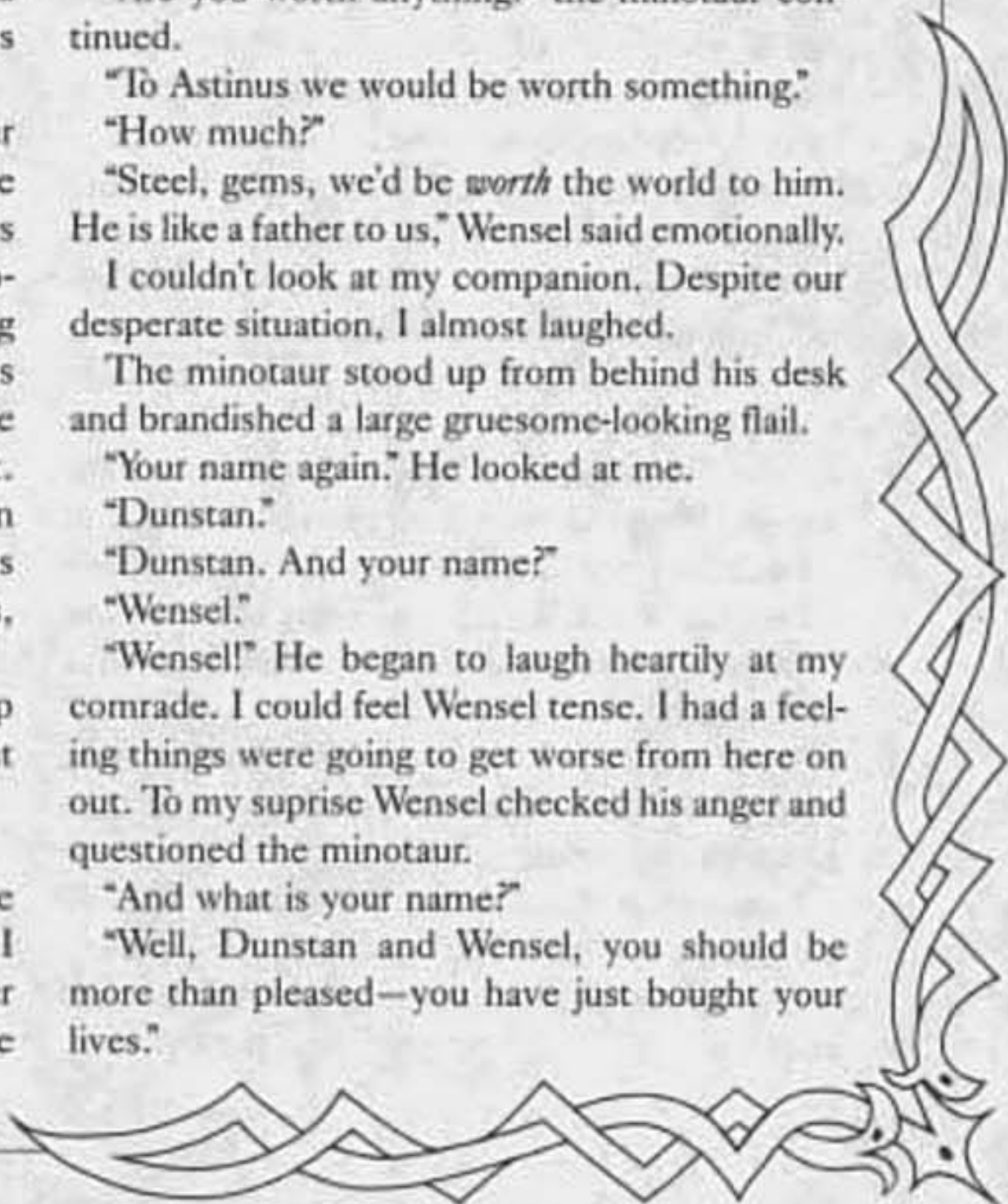
"Dunstan. And your name?"

"Wensel."

"Wensel!" He began to laugh heartily at my comrade. I could feel Wensel tense. I had a feeling things were going to get worse from here on out. To my surprise Wensel checked his anger and questioned the minotaur.

"And what is your name?"

"Well, Dunstan and Wensel, you should be more than pleased—you have just bought your lives."



"What do you mean, 'bought our lives'? Are you going to ransom us to Astinus?"

"What other use would you be to me?"

"Well . . . how would you like your name in the history books? The history of Krynn. You would be part of the *Chronicles of Astinus*."

"Your history? A history kept by a man? Hmph."

"Some suspect he is the god Gilean."

"Ahh, the gods of men. As to history, we *are* history."

I didn't know what Wensel was up to at first, but as he continued understanding flooded my muddled mind.

"Could I trouble you to lend my friend, Dunstan, here some parchment and ink? We are historians, and we like to record our experiences. And since we will be ransomed soon, I would like him to record what is happening to us. He is quite adept at writing."

"Charming what they can teach your race these days," replied the minotaur sarcastically.

He waved his hand at a guard, who went over to the cabinet in the corner and brought out some parchment and a large quill, so large that I wondered what sort of beast could shed such a feather. While wondering about the origins of my quill, I was surprised to hear Wensel continue with his requests. He did not seem to be aware that we weren't in any position to ask for anything.

"Do you have something to drink? My throat is dry, and it is difficult to interview you properly with a parched throat."

"You look healthy enough," the minotaur stated. "We have limited supplies on board, and we certainly don't care to keep you in any shape other than just alive. Your comfort is of no concern to me. That's the way it is with your kind, I understand."

"I will make a deal with you, sir. I know of a way you could triple your money, certainly more than just selling us would bring."

I choked at this remark. Wensel was actually bartering our worth.

"I am busy. I have no time to play games with you."

"But it will be worth your while, I assure you."

"And what do you estimate your worth is, little man?"

"We are worth a considerable amount to Astinus right now. But we would be worth ten times as much if you could give us a little information."

I couldn't believe my ears. I knew Wensel loved his craft, but I didn't expect him to try and question this minotaur, especially in our predicament.

"In the interest of history, I suppose I could give you an audience. Normally I would not; I would be opposed to it. I've always said, 'Why treat with the lower forms.'"

"People want to know about you," continued Wensel. "There is little information available about the minotaurs. You could spread the word of your greatness."

"What do you mean, 'little information'?"

"Unbelievable, isn't it? And here you have the opportunity to be the first mino—"

"They will come to know about us on our horns if need be," the minotaur growled. "I don't need humans to pronounce a blessing on what we do."

"Ah, yes. But to have it in recorded history! You would be the first minotaur to reach the lib—er, the castle of Astinus."

There was a knock at the door, and another minotaur entered the room to stand before the desk. He began to speak to the captain in rather clipped tones. Neither Wensel nor I could understand what was being said. The captain answered briskly and the sailor walked out of the room.

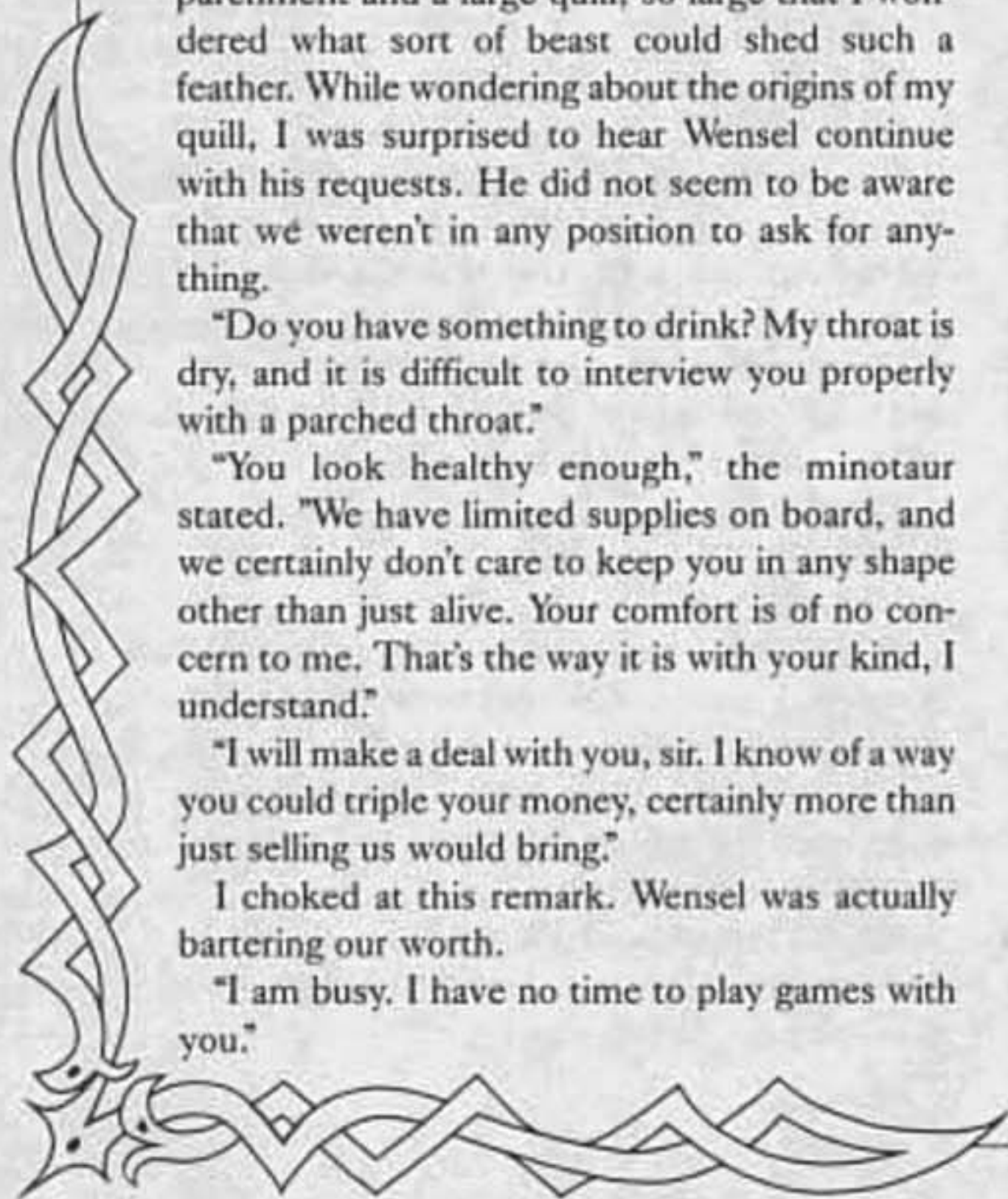
The captain leaned back in his ornate chair and once again addressed us.

"Very well. I suppose I have the time."

"Excellent. But what about those refreshments I was asking about? Surely you have some dwarf spirits aboard."

I groaned. Wensel was going to try to get this creature drunk! But I had the feeling that this huge minotaur would be able to hold his liquor better than the draconian had.

The minotaur chuckled, his face contorting a little bit. "Very well, I think we took a keg or two



on our last raid."

He leaned over and looked at one of the lists on his desk. Finding what he was looking for, he sent one of the guards after the spirits.

"Now, down to business. What is your name?" started Wensel.

"My name is Mardas. I am captain of this vessel."

I didn't know if we would live or die, but just in case, I dropped to a chair and hurried to write up this amazing interview.

"And what is the name of this fair ship?"

"Among your people it would be called *Horns of Vengeance*. My commander is Lord Karpas, who is in service to the Emperor King."

"Who is your Emperor King?"

"Rah Pakas . . . at last report."

"At last report? Sounds as if your leaders don't stay in power too long."

"You are wrong. The previous king ruled, oh . . . a good forty seasons."

"Then what happened to him? Is that odd for a minotaur?"

"By no means. He was very powerful among our kind."

"What was his age when he died?"

"Hmmm . . . Well, when he entered into the circus for the last time, he was . . . one hundred seasons, perhaps a hundred and ten seasons."

"So you have very long lifespans compared to us 'puny' humans."

"This is why eventually we are destined to rule."

He spoke so quickly that I barely had time to catch his words on paper.

"You mentioned a circus," Wensel continued. "Do you mean a sort of 'circus maximus' where your ruler enters the ring and a challenger challenges him and the winner comes out the ruler?"

"Oh, you are very clever. Yes, that's exactly how we take care of things. The strong rule and have always ruled among us."

"This echoes a theory of the draconians I have heard."

"Draconians?" The minotaur scowled. His voice took on a note of deep distaste. "They are

slime."

"What about your truce with them?" Wensel asked.

"They are useful slime," the minotaur amended.

"Do you know how the truce between the draconians and the minotaurs came about?" Wensel asked.

"A representative for the Dragon Highlord Ariakas came and visited us in our capital city."

"And your capital city is . . .?"

"The capital city? Nethosak. He met with the Emperor King to offer an allegiance. We were not opposed to it, especially since it offered us a chance to expand our holdings in other directions. We promised not to bother the draconians as they moved to the west, and they promised not to bother us in our move to the east. It has been a most, ah, profitable arrangement."

"Now, uh, you said 'expand your holdings.' I thought your people have always lived on Mithas and Kothas?" Wensel queried.

"No. Our lands extend to the east, across the great waters. There are many more of us than is assumed among your meager kind."

"Aren't your people mainly island dwellers?"

"Sea dwellers. We are at home near the waters."

"I have not heard of minotaurs controlling areas on the continent of Ansalon."

"Your view is very limited, isn't it? You deal with your puny little continent. We are in the business of conquering a *world*. You humans consider yourselves to know all and be all here on Ansalon. But our powers are centered elsewhere across the waters far away."

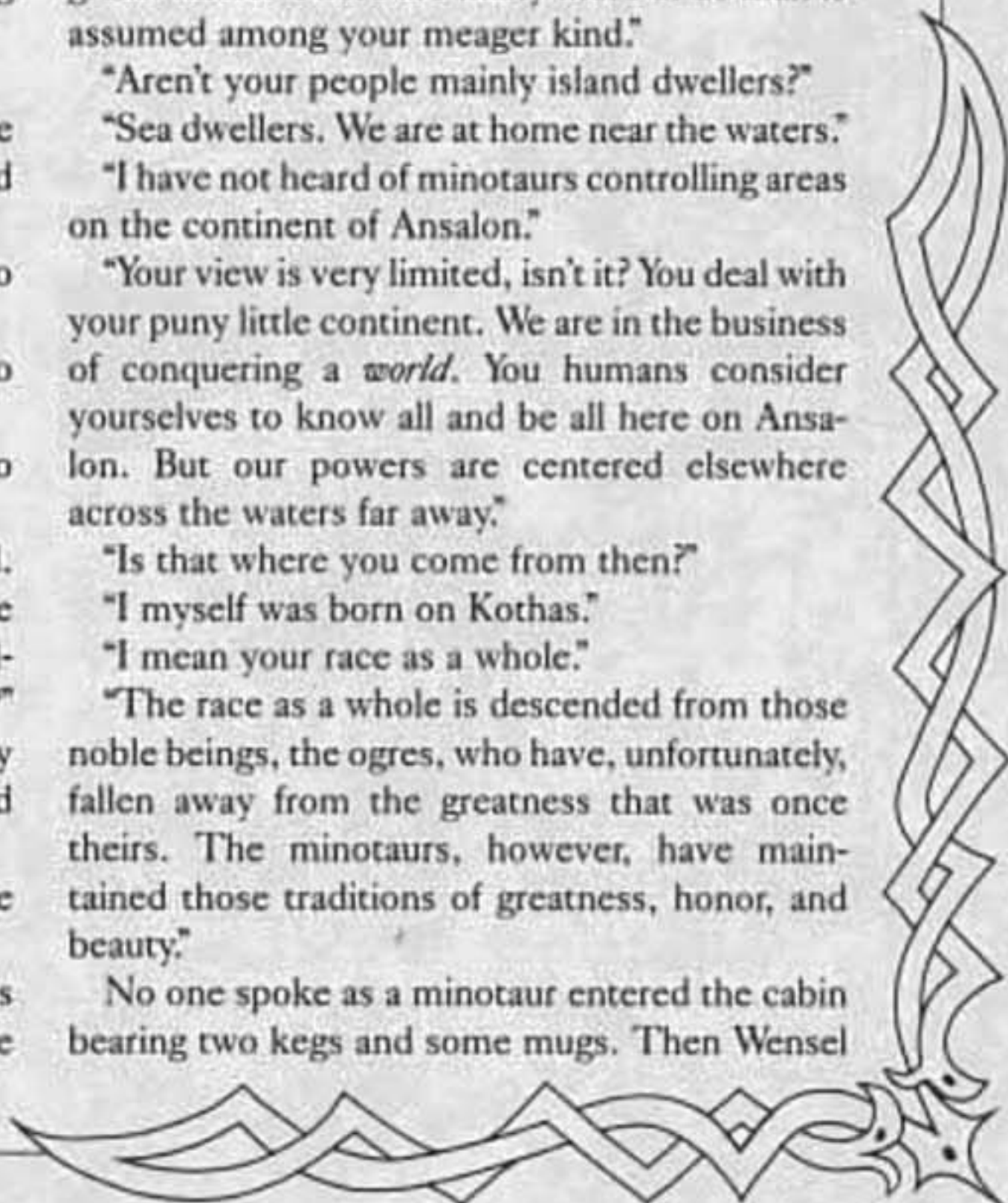
"Is that where you come from then?"

"I myself was born on Kothas."

"I mean your race as a whole."

"The race as a whole is descended from those noble beings, the ogres, who have, unfortunately, fallen away from the greatness that was once theirs. The minotaurs, however, have maintained those traditions of greatness, honor, and beauty."

No one spoke as a minotaur entered the cabin bearing two kegs and some mugs. Then Wensel





The minotaur began battering Wensel against a cabinet.

said, "You mentioned something about our puny gods just before we got started. What gods do you worship?"

"We have but one—Sargas, the great horned god."

"I've never heard of him. Does he serve the Queen of Darkness?"

Rage covering his bestial face, Mardas leapt up and motioned to a guard, who grabbed the struggling Wensel and proceeded to batter him against the cabinet. I rose to protest, but the minotaur who had brought me in held me motionless. At some unseen signal the guard sat Wensel back in his chair. My friend winced in pain and wiped blood from his mouth. Nevertheless, with a fortitude I would never have suspected, Wensel gritted his teeth, filled his wooden mug, and took a long draught of the dwarf spirits. Wensel shook his head—whether to clear it of pain or the spirits, I wasn't sure—and continued with the interview.

"I didn't mean to offend you, sir. Does Sargas have a constellation as the other three gods have?"

"Yes. The great constellation Sargas is easily seen in the night sky. I'm surprised that even those of such limited mental capabilities as yourselves don't know this."

"But we haven't had it pointed out by one as knowledgeable as yourself. We would enjoy the sight of such a magnificent constellation. Perhaps you could show it to us . . . we definitely could use some fresh air to breathe."

Mardas took this last remark personally and motioned for the guard. The guard grabbed Wensel. Wensel quickly said that there was no offense intended, but the guard threw him against the door of the cabin anyway. I thought for sure Wensel had had it. But once again he got slowly to his feet and staggered over to his chair. I noticed a new look burning in his eyes and silently wished that I was the one being battered. I felt sorry for him. Wensel was a noble person, and I knew that having to submit to this treatment without any chance of retaliation was tearing him up inside.

Wensel's voice was even as he sat down and began to speak.

"I meant, sir, that a change from the air below decks would be most welcome, and I assure you I did not mean to imply that you had anything to do with the foul air we are breathing."

I could tell he was lying. The minotaurs *did* stink. Their stench reminded me of the stockyards Wensel and I had passed just before getting on our ship.

"Apology accepted," Mardas replied. "I will brook no . . . no insolence from you, small one."

"Yes, but if you damage me any more I won't be worth as much steel to Astinus."

"That's fact is of less importance to me with each passing moment."

I could tell by the look on the minotaur captain's face and the tone of his voice that he was serious. I prayed quietly to Gilean for help.

"Then let's continue and get this over with quickly."

My task was becoming more difficult because of the blood that had splattered on the parchment. I tried to ignore it, but each drop reminded me of Dael and Captain Nigel. I tried to blot these images from my head, but they would not leave.

"Let's delve into the minotaur society itself," Wensel began again. "Can you explain the rankings of your society as far as the caste structure?"

"There are no castes."

"Then all minotaurs are treated as equals?"

"All have an equal opportunity."

"Then you have a democracy?"

"I'm not sure I understand the term."

"Is your empire ruled by the people?"

"We are . . . ruled by strength. Our organization is really quite simple, elegant and divine. The Emperor King, who is the greatest of those who enter the circus, rules as long as he can best his challengers. He is then supported by the Supreme Circle, made up of eight minotaurs. These are all duly elected in elimination matches held on a local level."

"But that seems barbaric."

"Barbaric? Extremely simple. And also extremely just."

"But because someone has the *strength* to rule,

does that mean he has the *intelligence* and *wisdom* to rule effectively?"

"If you had ever been in the circus, then you would know where true intelligence lies."

"So it is not just brute strength fighting brute strength."

"In our youth we are trained rigorously for strength, cunning, and intelligence. The goal of this training is epitomized by combat in the circus, combat which utilizes all elements. A stupid *brute* would not fare well. It is a supreme and divine system of government, ordained by Sargas, and it is undoubtedly superior to all other forms we have run across."

"Do you have clerics of Sargas?"

"Oh yes, we do have clerics of Sargas."

"Did they disappear during the Cataclysm, as the other clerics of Krynn did? Or did Sargas remain among the minotaurs?"

"Our clerical order has been in existence since time immemorial."

"Do your clerics have records of Sargas abandoning the minotaurs?"

"I am not a cleric." I could see the minotaur's twisted face becoming angry again and held my breath. "I cannot answer that," the minotaur continued. "This is a theological question, it's not my speciality."

"What is your specialty?" I felt myself breathe again.

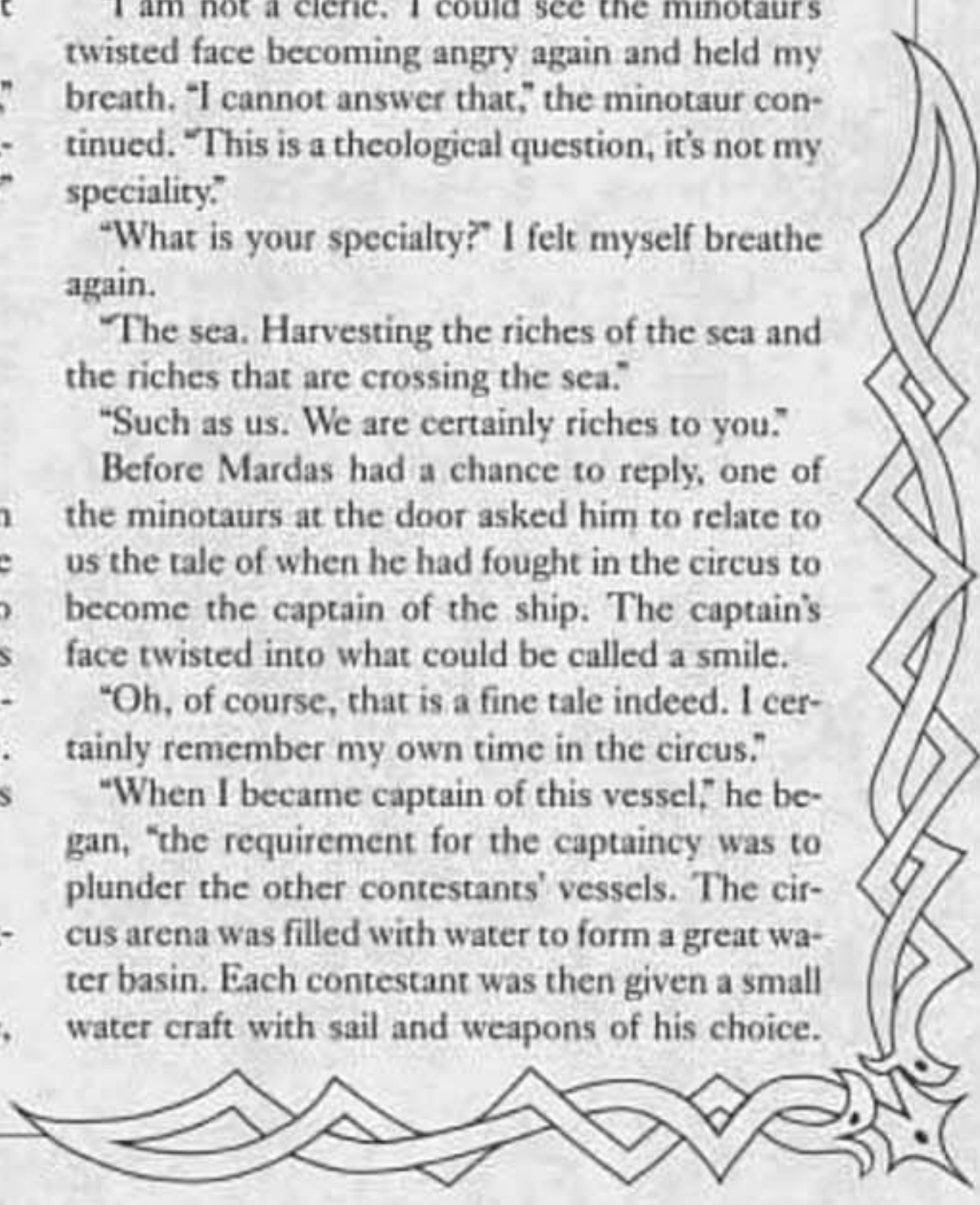
"The sea. Harvesting the riches of the sea and the riches that are crossing the sea."

"Such as us. We are certainly riches to you."

Before Mardas had a chance to reply, one of the minotaurs at the door asked him to relate to us the tale of when he had fought in the circus to become the captain of the ship. The captain's face twisted into what could be called a smile.

"Oh, of course, that is a fine tale indeed. I certainly remember my own time in the circus."

"When I became captain of this vessel," he began, "the requirement for the captaincy was to plunder the other contestants' vessels. The circus arena was filled with water to form a great water basin. Each contestant was then given a small water craft with sail and weapons of his choice.



The wizards created winds within the bowl of the arena in such a way as to make currents, crossed currents, and maelstroms. All contestants then used their sailing ability as well as their combat ability to defeat their opponents.

"I sailed gallantly forth against a full gale, tacking back and forth to reach the center of the arena. When I reached that point there was a whirlpool tide, which one of the judges had thought would be an interesting test. Skirting it and using the wind-driven currents available to me, I managed to move around the perimeter as each of my . . . fellow candidates came toward me. Several of them I managed to sweep into the grasp of the maelstrom, and they were sucked into the whirlpool. Others I had to contend with hand to hand. I remember my good friend Kar Jin, one of the last to survive that particular battle. He and I stood horn to horn, foot to foot, and fought one another there in the heart of the winds. He was a good minotaur and an able and viable contender for the captaincy."

"Apparently he did not survive," commented Wensel.

"No, I managed to cleave his head in two with the axe that I had brought and had lashed to the bow of my boat. It was really a close thing, however. He was wielding a large double-edged broadsword as he dashed at me across the deck, and I barely managed to loose my axe in time. I don't think he expected it, which was, of course, his mistake. He never was imaginative. But it was a fine battle."

"Well, that tale is certainly worthy of a toast."

"Yes, of course it is," Mardas smiled.

The minotaur filled his mug and, much to Wensel's chagrin, filled Wensel's as well. But instead of drinking from his mug, the minotaur hefted one of the kegs in the air, balancing it on his shoulder, and proceeded to drain it. His drinking talents would surely have made even the heartiest dwarf blush in shame. Tossing the empty keg behind him, he tapped the other. Wensel knew what was expected of him so he dourly lifted his mug and emptied it. The minotaur immediately reached out and refilled my

companion's mug. Wensel did not look well.

"Please, no doubt you will want more." Mardas smiled wickedly at Wensel.

"Of course," Wensel muttered.

"Well then, drink up, I insist."

"I really would like to, sir. But my stomach is still a bit unsettled from the dampness of the hold."

The minotaur leaned over the desk until his brutish face was within inches of Wensel's.

"I insist!"

"Certainly," Wensel said, lifting his mug. He tilted the mug and in slow, laborious gulps managed to empty the accursed thing.

"It is quite warm in here, isn't it, Dunny?"

I winced at this because the last time Wensel had called me "Dunny" was when he had drunk himself into oblivion after we received a letter from Astinus informing us that we were to go to Xak Tsaroth to interview the Highbulp of the gully dwarves. Fortunately for us, we received another dispatch the next day cancelling the interview.

Wensel hiccuped, then continued with great care. "What about family life?"

Mardas grinned at the other minotaurs.

"Families are the central point, the heart and core of our society."

"Then you believe in family, such as mama, papa, and children. Are you mated for life?"

The minotaur looked from Wensel to me in confusion.

"Of course we are. What other way is there?"

"So. Women are highly respected in your society?"

"Absolutely! There are many females who lead us today. Those who are strong enough to survive."

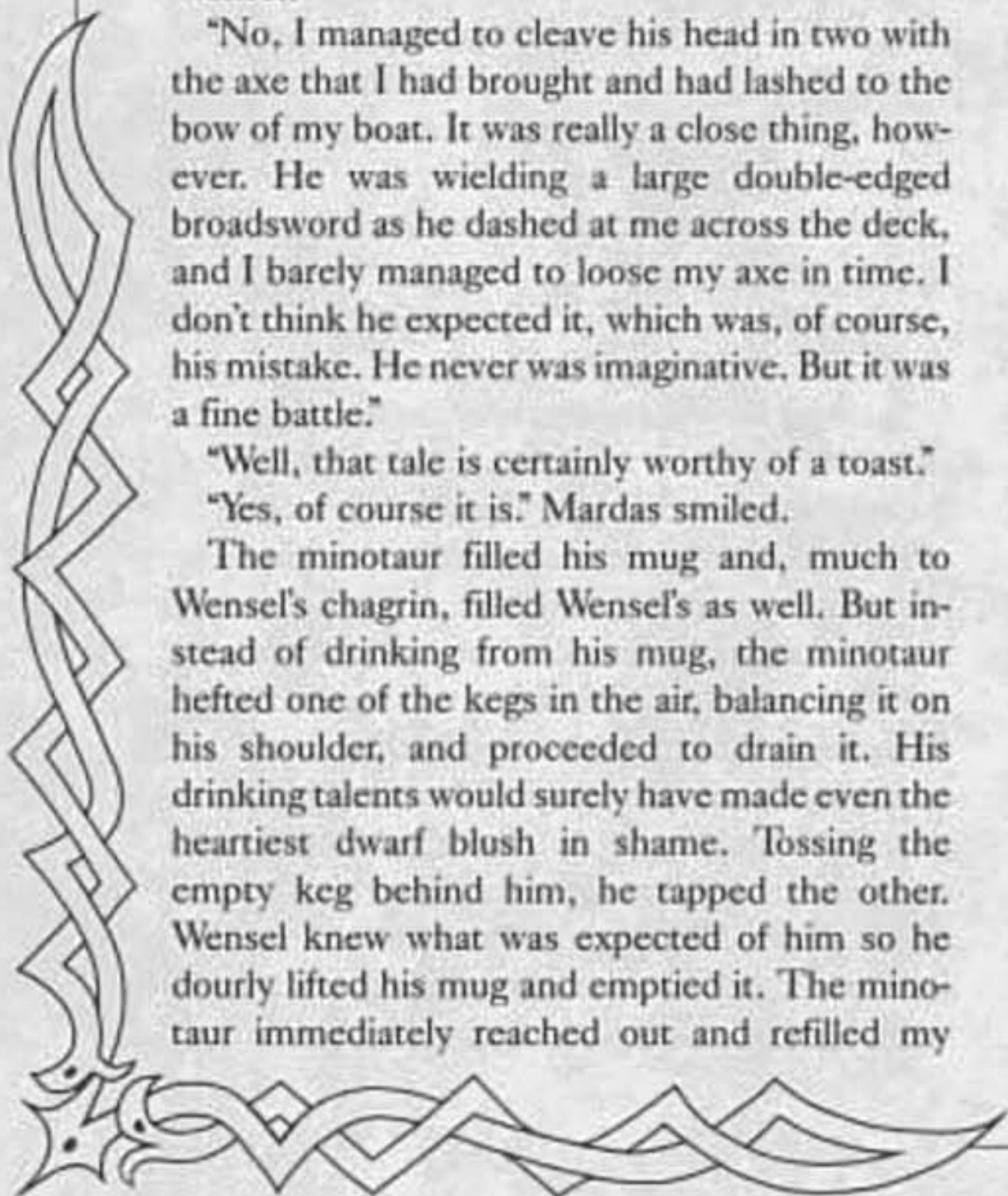
"Then you have women who fight and . . . er . . . captain ships?"

"Absolutely."

"Why do you endanger your women?"

I could see the captain's confusion making him angry again.

"Why would we differentiate between the two sexes?"



"Well"—Wensel appeared embarrassed—"having little minotaurs, that sort of thing."

The captain's face attained a look of disgust. "I assume that even you scholars, lost in your books as you are, know that it takes *two*. And if we lose all of our men, then it would be just as bad if we were to lose all of our women."

At this point I decided it would be best if I conducted the rest of the interview. Wensel was lost in his mug. He stared intently into it and stirred it with his finger. The minotaur, watching, began to make a sound that resembled chuckling. I decided to go on with the questions.

"You mentioned earlier that you have wizards," I said. "Could you elaborate on this?"

"Why, they are the most powerful magic-users on the face of Krynn."

"Are your magic-users of the black, red, or white robes?"

"All of our magic-users serve the state, and they all wear the gray robes, which is the color worn by all of our officials."

I tried again. "Do all your magic-users practice the same type of magic, or do they vary?"

"Once again you have entered into an area that I have no expertise in. But I imagine they each have their own type of magic which they practice, though I can't be sure."

"Now, back to your women. Do your women also fight in the ring?"

"Yes, they are required to fight in the ring."

"Are you married and, if so, what does your wife do?"

"Yes, I am married. As far as what she does—what do you do, my dear?"

Mardas looked up to the minotaur who had been tossing Wensel around earlier. This was Mardas's wife! Now I could see, beneath the leather armor she wore, the rounded outlines of an extremely muscular female body. She answered in a voice just like his.

"I am first mate," she said, grinning at her husband. I changed the subject.

"The draconians have a great respect for your race. It was even suggested that minotaurs would make excellent Dragon Highlords. Would you

like to be a Dragon Highlord?"

"No. Our own destiny is a much greater one than that. The Highlords' vision is a limited one."

"What is your opinion, as a minotaur, of the dragons?"

"They are beautiful beasts. They are strong, valiant, and the personification of all those values we hold dear."

"The draconians have said that they will grant the minotaurs principalities when the war is over. What are your feelings there?"

"Aaah . . . well . . . this is not . . . With my own hand I have drowned quite a number of draconians. And as they sank beneath the waves, I could not see that those lifeless bodies had the power to grant me anything."

"So you will rule over the draconians."

"We will eventually rule over all."

"Do you intend to subjugate all of the races on Krynn?"

"No. We intend to eliminate them." The minotaur slammed his huge fist on the desk in emphasis. "We minotaurs are strong, and the other races are weak. If they are to survive, they must learn to survive within *our* system. It is a matter of natural order."

"What about the ogres? You say you sprang from their race."

"Ahh, they are a fallen race. Theirs is a sad and tragic tale. We have certainly taken their place among the gods, as far as the blessings of Sargas are concerned."

"How do you compare to the ogres in terms of your physical and mental strength?"

"We are superior in every way."

"Do you serve the Black Queen?"

"Bah! She is a weak and inferior god."

"Then why hasn't Sargas defeated her?"

"Who's to say he hasn't?"

I could see him growing angry again, so I quickly changed the subject back to one he obviously enjoyed. "When do you plan on starting your domination of the other races? To my knowledge, you haven't fought any battles on Ansalon."

"We've been content to wait and let the Dragon



Highlords and their kind have their little picnic on Ansalon. Our endeavors have been to the east . . . and we have been very successful there."

"On the other continent?"

"Certainly."

"What is the name of this other continent?"

"I think I prefer to keep that information to myself for the moment."

"Then the minotaurs are concentrating their efforts on this other continent, while the draconians devastate Ansalon. . . . After you conquer this eastern continent, will you then turn your attention to Ansalon?"

"It is destined."

"Since the minotaurs revere the sea so much, is it safe to assume that the captains of your ships would be considered the upper class?"

"I don't see why you keep bringing class into it. This seems to be a very . . . human notion."

"Well, we've seen it throughout the societies of the other races. I would like to be clear on this aspect of your society."

"Agh . . ."

"You do have a monarch. Isn't he considered nobility?"

"He is there because he is strongest. No more. No less. Were I the strongest, I would be there. That is the beauty of our system; anyone can rise to the top, but not through race or position or money or heredity."

"So you believe that might is right."

"There is also another concept of right. That which serves the state is right. If might is required to forward that, then certainly. Might does not necessarily make right. But, 'he who is right shall have the might,' as the saying goes. Speaking of which, who is this mighty Astinus?"

"He is the Ageless One," I answered, hedging.

"What kingdom does he rule?"

I saw myself in danger here; I had been hoping desperately he would not ask this question. "He rules the lands of the volumes in the Great Library of Palanthas."

Suddenly Wensel looked up from his mug at me and gave a big sigh. I wondered at this because I felt my play of words was worthy of my

crafty companion. Mardas was more intelligent than I had given him credit for. He leapt up from behind his desk and glowered at me.

"A *librarian!* A ruler of *books!* *The man owns a building full of books!* And I am to ransom you to *him?*"

I tried to explain that Astinus was revered highly on the continent of Krynn, but he would have none of it.

"I'm sure it has a lot of intellectual value, but it will do little in the way of ransoming you. You're not worth passage."

"No, you misunderstand," I tried in appeal. "This interview will be worth quite a bit to Astinus and—"

"What's he going to pay me with, encyclopedias?"

"Well, no, but . . ."

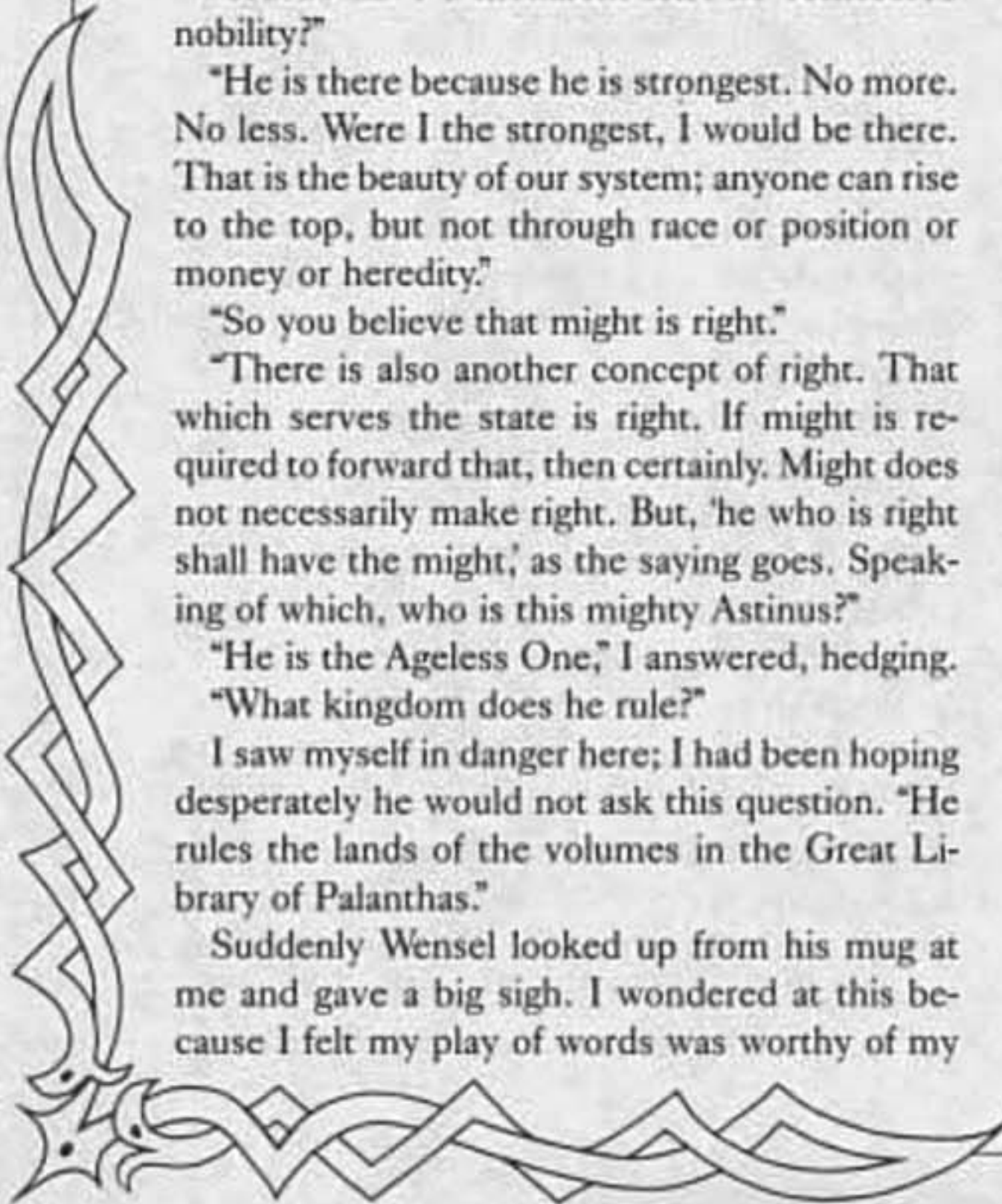
"GET THESE BUCKETS OUT OF HERE," Mardas bellowed at his wife. "AND WASH THE DECKS WHEN YOU'RE DONE."

The guards grabbed each of us by the collar and pulled us out of our chairs. I heard Wensel groan as the captain's wife dragged him toward the door. Wensel looked up at her and grinned roguishly.

"Yer a hefty wench, aren't you?"

Grinning, she calmly sent Wensel flying through the door where he landed in a heap in the passage. I fared little better. My escort tossed me on top of my gasping companion. Luckily I managed to stuff the manuscript inside my robe where I had sewn a pocket next to my chest. (I had done this in recognition of the kender's uncanny talent for discovering things people inadvertently drop.) I also managed to keep hold of the quill, hoping to study it further.

Our "escorts" dragged us up the stairs and on to the deck. The ship was leaning heavily to one side. It was then that I realized they were going to throw us overboard. I couldn't swim! Panic overwhelmed me and I struggled in vain to break free, but the minotaur was too strong. The last I remember is the cold sea water closing over my head.



Saved by Elves

Were it not for Wensel, I would not, to this day, know how long the fever lasted. I was told it stayed with me for nearly eight days. I woke slowly, and when I finally summoned the strength to sit up, I peered through thickly matted eyes and discerned a crudely built hut made of animal hides and slender, light-colored poles. From the slanting, circular thatched roof hung countless feathers of all hues and varieties. To one side and beyond the fire burning softly in the center of the hut, stood a totem of carved heads and laughing faces that stared at me. On a low table next to the deerskin door, a large wooden bowl and several pottery jars waited for further use. My bed was made of pine boughs and bear-skin throws tossed against the wall opposite the door. This was clearly the home of a physician or herbalist.

Just as I began to climb out of bed, the deerskin was thrust open, and a scantily clad, deeply tanned elf stepped in. He stood and stared at me for a moment and then, without a word, ordered me back in bed. I obeyed, and he turned and picked up a pestle from among the jars and began crushing in a bowl a clove of something he took from a pouch tied to his belt. Instantly, a terrible odor emanated from the bowl, an odor smelling like the armor of an ogre. He brought it to me and held it to my lips to drink. I would have refused but my strength would not allow me to. It came as a total surprise when the slimy substance in the bowl tasted sweet, even if it did not carry a complimentary scent.

For three days I was given this strange concoction, and every time I tried to engage my physician in conversation he made a motion toward the table, as if to ask if I wanted something less tasteful from his repertoire of elixirs. Naturally, I learned to hold my tongue and settled for my writing materials, which were supplied to me upon request.

I took this opportunity to clarify my notes and more clearly describe some of the events which had transpired on our journey thus far. Included

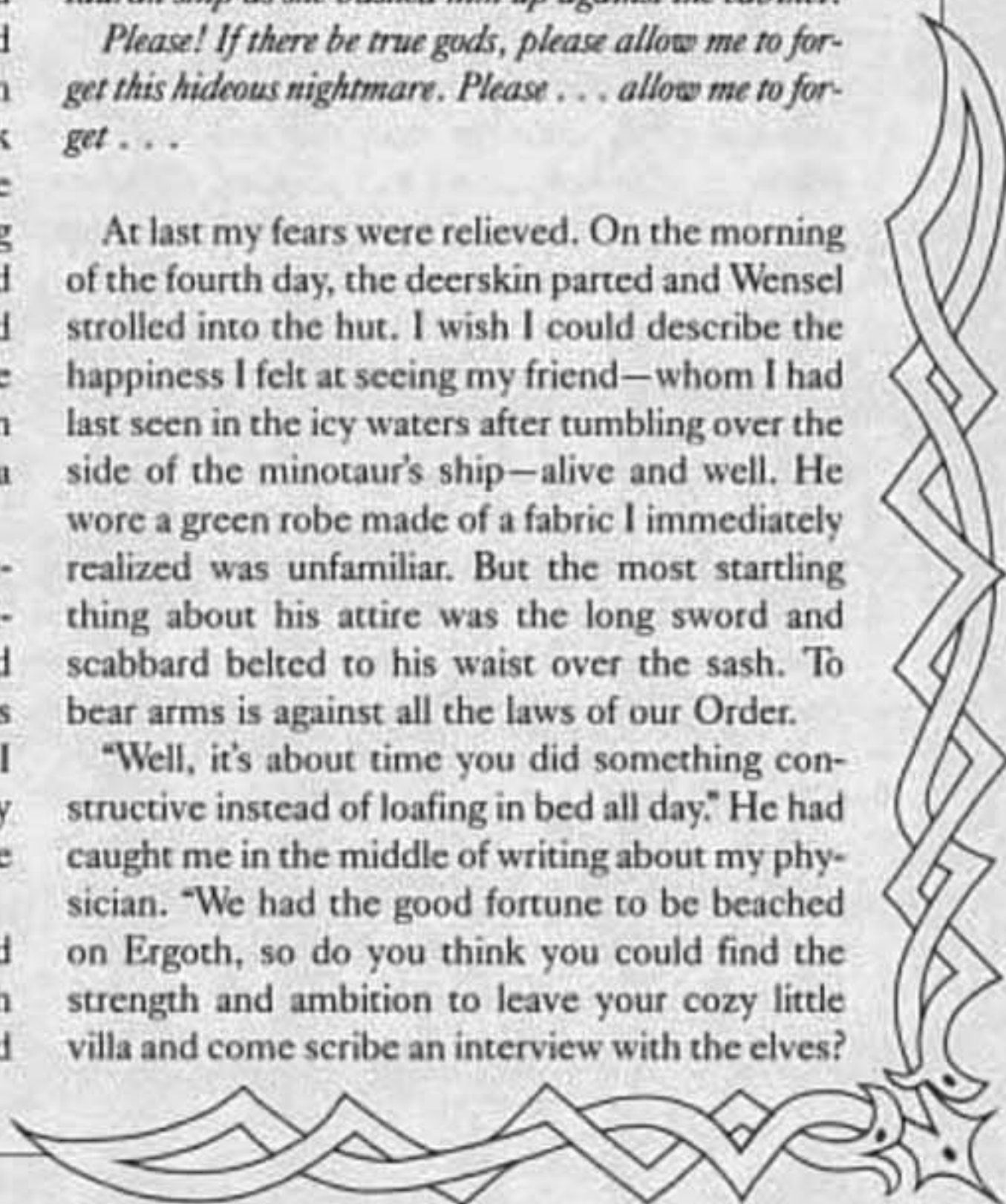
in what I wrote while confined to my fresh-scented mat was this passage . . .

. . . It is the second day since I awoke from my fever and I am not sure just exactly what all has happened yet. I have neither seen nor heard of Wensel and fear he may be dead, though I hope for the best and try to believe he still lives. Given my condition, I find it not too unlikely that whatever illness befell me has befallen my companion as well. The fever gave me such visions so repeatedly that they are now, and may forever be, clear as newly blown crystal. I dreamed of draconians chasing me with gnashing teeth and upraised swords and dully-glinting spears tipped with the blood of countless Knights of Solammia. Black, red, and green dragons dove at me, their massive tails sweeping my feet out from under me with painful regularity. Constantly, I saw my own face before me. Only it was lacerated and beaten, growing worse by degrees until I no longer recognized it. I saw over and over again the murder of someone I dearly loved, though I could never see his face. I could see only the horned, misshapen head of the laughing first mate of the minotauran ship as she bashed him up against the cabinet.

Please! If there be true gods, please allow me to forget this hideous nightmare. Please . . . allow me to forget . . .

At last my fears were relieved. On the morning of the fourth day, the deerskin parted and Wensel strolled into the hut. I wish I could describe the happiness I felt at seeing my friend—whom I had last seen in the icy waters after tumbling over the side of the minotaur's ship—alive and well. He wore a green robe made of a fabric I immediately realized was unfamiliar. But the most startling thing about his attire was the long sword and scabbard belted to his waist over the sash. To bear arms is against all the laws of our Order.

"Well, it's about time you did something constructive instead of loafing in bed all day." He had caught me in the middle of writing about my physician. "We had the good fortune to be beached on Ergoth, so do you think you could find the strength and ambition to leave your cozy little villa and come scribe an interview with the elves?"



Or would that be too much to ask?"

"Now, just a minute, Wensel. I've tried to get out of bed, but every time I even look like I want to, that blank-faced physician shoves me back down. So don't start in on—"

"Oh, come on," he cut in. "Put these on and follow me. We have work to do."

As I caught the robes he threw into my face, he disappeared through the skins.

Dressing quickly, my thoughts dwelt on Wensel's new weapon. It seemed to reinforce the attitude I hoped might have vanished. He spoke harshly and did not seem overly concerned about my well-being. But as good friends do, I tried to overlook his dark mood and looked for a way to combat it. I tied the sash and bolted through the door after him.

Once outside, the brightness nearly blinded me. As my eyes adjusted, I saw Wensel in the distance talking with a large, black-skinned human outside a building whose construction seemed more permanent than my own convalescing abode. Around it were well over one hundred huts similar to mine, enclosed in a tree-trimmed perimeter.

Moving among the huts were many elves, some of types different than the dark-skinned physician, the only one I had seen up till now. Some were fair of skin with blue eyes and hair the color of honey. Only rarely did I see them mingle with the other elves. I later learned that they were the Silvanesti and they put themselves on a level above that of the other two elven cultures. The other group, called Qualinesti, occasionally attempted to help their darker-skinned brethren, but were usually ignored. Ultimately, as I scanned the grounds, I noticed there were groups of each culture and only rarely did one venture out of his clique to bark an order or assign a task.

By the time I reached Wensel, the black human was walking off. A glint of silver, however, caught my eye. It was his arm—it was made entirely of silver! Wensel glanced at me briefly, then turned without speaking and went into the large central building. I pushed the deerskin aside and followed this strange Wensel in.

Once inside, the building did not seem quite so large. The walls were of brick and wattle with various designs and symbols woven in. A fire, captured by a ring of carefully laid stones, blazed comfortably in the center of the room, its smoke rising gently through a hole in the center of the peaked thatched roof. And along the far wall, three elves—two men and a woman—sat at a crudely constructed wooden table.

"Welcome, historians," the woman said. "I am Jilana, designated by the elves of Silvanesti to speak on their behalf. To my left is seated Varion Blael, spokesman for those of Qualinesti. And on my right, Kel-Ton Raze of the Kagonesti. We, as the more learned of our people, see merit in what Astinus requested and have therefore agreed to answer your questions. Ask what you wish."

Regal and competent, the Silvanesti maiden sat between the other two with her back straight and poised to answer any question. She had long blonde hair and blue eyes that shimmered in the flickering light of the fire. Varion Blael, the representative for the Qualinesti, sat calmly in his chair and waited patiently for us to begin. He, too, had blue eyes, but his skin was not so pale as Jilana's, nor was his hair blonde. It was as brown as his leather jerkin. But probably the most prominent of the three cultures, at least by appearance, was the Kagonesti tribesman.

Kel-Ton was ever-watchful and attentive, showing a certain air of suspicion toward his cousins. His hazel eyes darted mistrustingly back and forth between Jilana and Varion. He fidgeted constantly and seemed unable to find a comfortable position. And like my physician, he had the typical dark skin of the Kagonesti, covered only by sparse leather swaths and stripes of accenting paints, in sharp contrast to the Qualinesti's leather jerkin and the Silvanesti's smooth, satiny robe. I could see why the other two societies considered Kel-Ton's to be barbaric and untamed.

The Kagonesti kept looking nervously about, his eyes fixed on nothing for any length of time. And recognizing his impatience, Wensel put his thoughts in order and began.

"Since you are all from different parts of Ansa-



lon, and you are historically far apart in philosophies and life-style, what are you doing living together here on Ergoth?"

Kel-Ton answered first in sneering tones.

"The Silvanesti and the Qualinesti have fled before the draconian invaders and have, of course, decided to inhabit the best lands possible, which belong to us, the Kagonesti." He scowled ferociously when he said this, and continued muttering under his breath, though all I could pick out was the word "cousin" spoken contemptuously.

"The Kagonesti have been somewhat reluctant to accept our protection," Varion, the Qualinesti elf, interjected.

"You didn't come here to protect! You came here to enslave!" Kel-Ton yelled.

"As you see, they are like children," the elven woman, Jilana, added coolly. "They need our guidance and direction."

The outburst that followed this statement set the tone of the entire session. The elves fought verbally among themselves for quite some time, but eventually, Wensel was able to get their attention and bring them out of their quarrel and back to the matter at hand.

"Were the societies of elves created as one or were they created separately?" Wensel asked.

"The Kagonesti," Kel-Ton stated flatly, "are closer to the first elves—as shapers, as creators, as primal beings. Later it was under Silvanos that the Silvanesti elves came about. He was the great elvish leader who gathered together the elvish tribe. The group that is now the Kagonesti refused to join him. We weren't interested in this type of organization. Silvanos moved to Silvanost and, of course, it wasn't long before some elves rebelled and left—those were the Qualinesti."

Varion of Qualinesti cleared his throat. "Silvanost was a great elven kingdom until it became wrapped up in its own greatness and took a myopic view, shunning the rest of the world. And—"

"And thus we have retained our purity," said Jilana, cutting in. "We have retained the purity and

sanctity of our race instead of allowing it to be polluted, as has happened with the rest of our people."

"This purity has been the Silvanesti's greatest weakness!" Varion snorted. "They were too proud to turn to anyone for aid at the time the Dragonarmies first invaded their land. Qualinesti was born, essentially, from a migration of disenchanted elves led by Kith-Kanan, son of one of the greatest of the Silvanesti leaders. This followed a period of savage wars in which many, many elves died—"

"The Kinslayer Wars?" Wensel queried.

"Yes. The Kinslayer Wars. Ignited primarily," Varion continued, "by the arrogance of the Silvanesti regime."

"And when things got tough during the current war," Kel-Ton cut in, "the Qualinesti, as Varion so aptly puts it, 'migrated' yet again, this time across the sea and into *our* territory!"

"The Qualinesti were driven out by an invasion of red dragons in which many elves died," Varion said angrily. "And though we lost many, we were able to bring the women and children away free because of the heroism of the armies of the Qualinesti. There is no way our people, or those of the Silvanesti, could withstand the onslaught of the Dragonarmies."

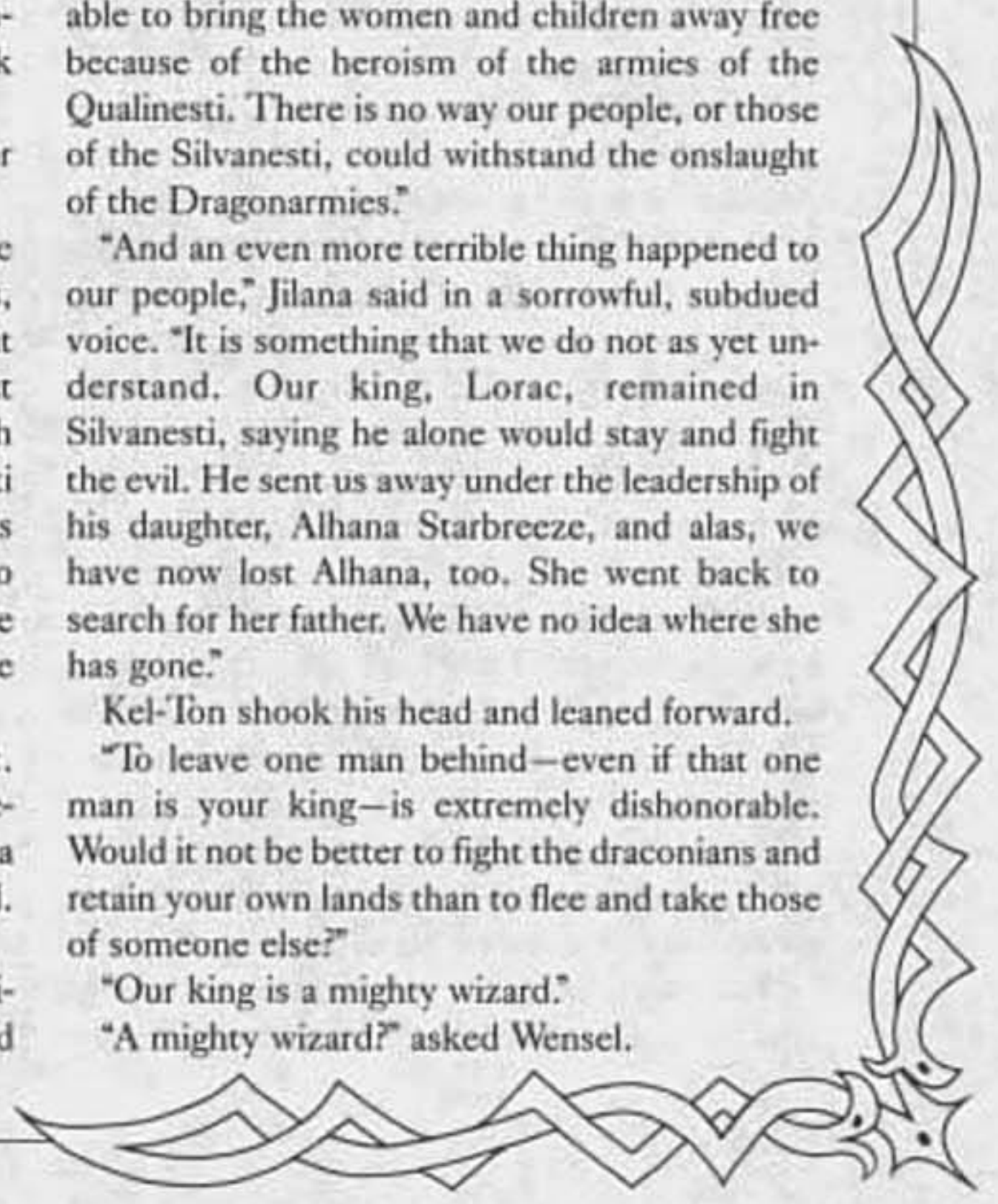
"And an even more terrible thing happened to our people," Jilana said in a sorrowful, subdued voice. "It is something that we do not as yet understand. Our king, Lorac, remained in Silvanesti, saying he alone would stay and fight the evil. He sent us away under the leadership of his daughter, Alhana Starbreeze, and alas, we have now lost Alhana, too. She went back to search for her father. We have no idea where she has gone."

Kel-Ton shook his head and leaned forward.

"To leave one man behind—even if that one man is your king—is extremely dishonorable. Would it not be better to fight the draconians and retain your own lands than to flee and take those of someone else?"

"Our king is a mighty wizard."

"A mighty wizard?" asked Wensel.



"Yes. And he has promised us that his magic alone is all that is needed to save the land."

"You'll notice," said Varion, with a meaningful look at Kel-Ton, "that the one who is talking about fighting the dragons is the only one who has not had to do so."

"We have not had the opportunity," Kel-Ton responded angrily. "I am sure that once the Dragonarmies reach our borders, you and your refugee societies will flee to the west and, once again, we will be the ones left holding the kender pouch, and the spears, and the swords."

"Could it be that the movement of the Qualinesti and the Silvanesti into Ergoth will draw the dragons to you?" Wensel posed.

"Probably," Kel-Ton muttered. "They know they can push these people around."

"Perhaps the reason the dragons have not yet attacked here is because they know nothing lives on this wretched isle except a tribe of savages," Varion retorted.

"At least we are not a cultural dead-end, unlike a pair of others I know of," Kel-Ton muttered.

"It is hard to be at a 'cultural dead-end' when you have no culture!" Varion bristled.

"Culture," Jilana said, turning to us, "is what we are trying to teach the Kagonesti. We are trying to educate them and bring order into their lives."

"Order!" Kel-Ton snarled. "You inflict your language and your values—I'll give you a good example," he said turning back to us. "In Ergoth we have a river. It is called the River of the Dead. When elves die, we put them in their boats and send their bodies down the river—"

"A sacrilege," Jilana commented, shuddering.

Kel-Ton ignored her. "These people refer to it as the River of Death. There is a great difference between the two. They look upon this ritual as evil. They put their dead in tombs of stone. We give ours a hero's burial and let the forces of nature sanctify them."

Varion looked at Kel-Ton incredulously. "You call it a hero's burial? Setting your dead adrift in tiny boats to rot and be eaten by sharks?"

"You are polluting the water," Jilana said softly.

"You are polluting the ocean. It is barbaric, just

like everything else you do. Some of your own people agree with us, Kel-Ton. Many have come to us—voluntarily—and asked us to teach them, wanting to learn."

"What do you expect? Our land has been taken over," Kel-Ton said bitterly. "Our hunting ground has been swallowed by your people's encampment. There is not as much game as there once was. To survive, my people *must* come to you. You made sure of that! You have destroyed our way of living."

"Your way of living," Varion rebuked, "is one in which one hundred elves live off one hundred square miles of land. We have a way of living in which a thousand elves can live off one hundred square miles of land. Why are you so resistant to learning how to live in harmony with the land?"

Kel-Ton's eyes rolled with disgust and he leaned back in his chair, only to bolt forward again with his reply.

"Because your idea of harmony is to inflict your will upon the land! We had a hundred elves existing *in harmony* with the land instead of tearing down woods and building and erecting—"

"We don't tear down the woods," Jilana countered. "The trees are beautiful!"

"You change them!" Kel-Ton cried.

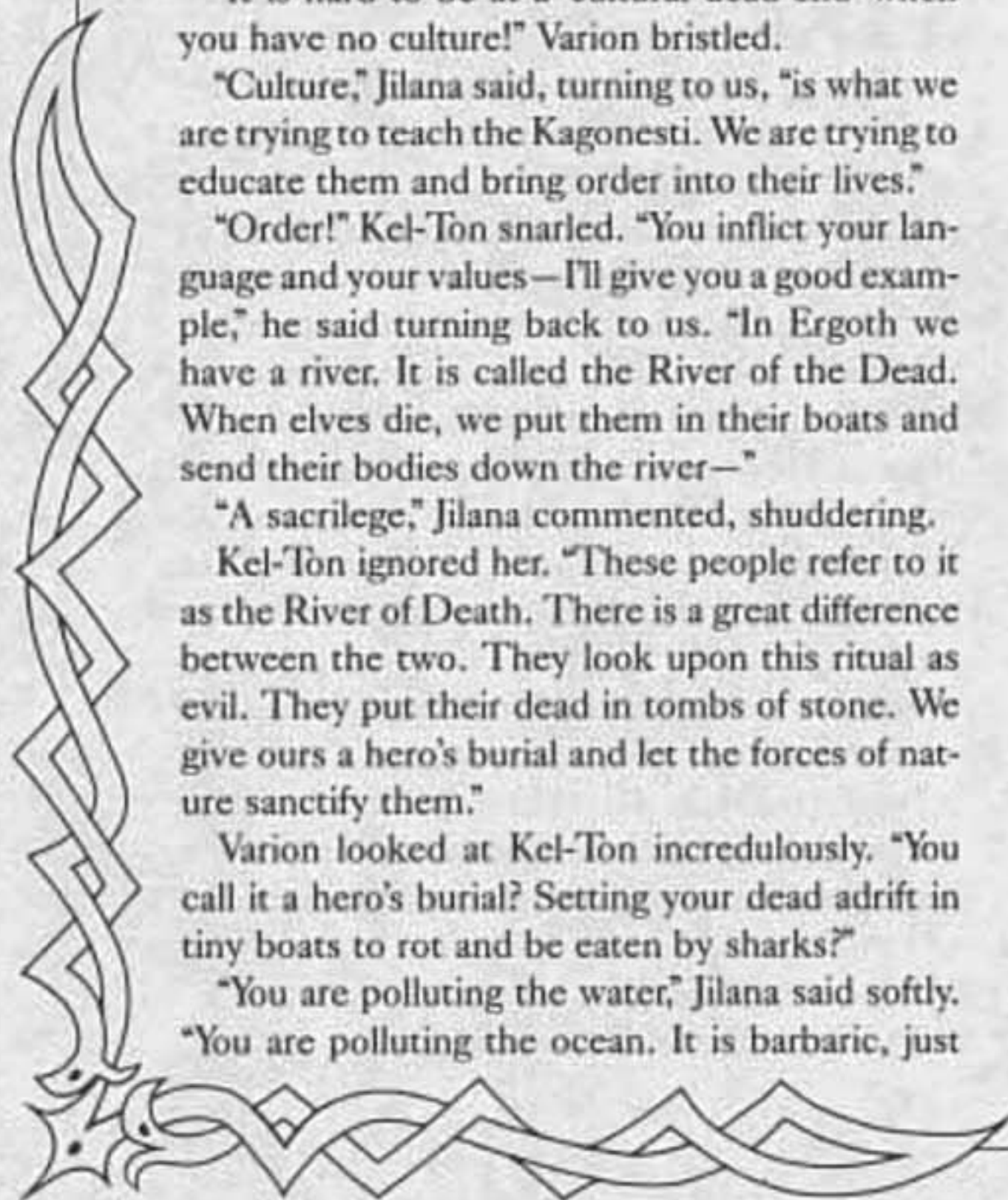
"They are wild and we make them civilized," Jilana responded coolly.

"Just as you are trying to civilize your cousins?" Wensel asked.

"Yes!" the Silvanesti maiden exclaimed. "The Kagonesti are our children. We are trying to teach them and bring them to the light. Their way of life is the way our people lived thousands of years ago."

"I'd like to interject something," said Wensel. "The things the Silvanesti and the Qualinesti say remind me a lot of what we have heard from the minotaurs and the draconians in earlier interviews. The elves, of course, are on the other side of the scale. When it is all boiled down, however, you and the draconians and minotaurs have strikingly similar views on the need for order in the world."

"We do not want to take over the world," Jilana



stated, irritated by the comparison. "We couldn't care less about the world. We just want to be left alone."

Kel-Ton narrowed his eyes at Wensel, then breathed deeply.

"Make no mistake." His voice held conviction. "My elvish brethren are not evil. Though they may be misguided somewhat in their approach, they are not evil."

"We are Paladine's children," added Jilana. "And therefore we are good. The minotaurs are evil and they justify their beliefs accordingly, as do the draconians."

"Actually," Wensel argued, "the minotaurs think, essentially, that everyone else is evil and they are just attempting to bring order to the world."

Varion, who had been relatively silent, sat forward in his chair, hands on the table.

"Surely, that is a foreign outlook," he said. "What the minotaurs believe is of little concern to us. No, I think what you are seeing here is why the inherent value of the Qualinesti point of view is so important. Certainly my brethren have distinctly polar and contrasting opinions. The Silvanesti believe that all other races are beneath them and in need of subjugation. And the Kagonesti are so unwilling to accept change that they would rather see us perish than open their lands to us and—"

"You'll notice our lands *are* open and you *are* here—"

"No thanks to you!" Varion shouted.

"One question." I think Wensel interrupted at this point to avoid what could have been a heated—very heated—debate. "Would the Qualinesti and Silvanesti have accepted the Kagonesti if the roles had been reversed?"

"The Qualinesti would have. Without question." Varion's tone was even and sincere.

Jilana's answer was much simpler, content merely to say, "Yes."

"You would have accepted us as house servitors, of course!" cried Kel-Ton. "You see," he continued, looking at us, "the Silvanesti caste system is broken down into various tiers, house servitor

being the lowest, suitable only for menial labor."

"But you are not fit to do anything else," Jilana said, shrugging. "In time, when you have been educated and you understand—"

"Has your knowledge extended to finding out what our beliefs are and respecting them because they are our beliefs?" Kel-Ton demanded.

"We know what you believe in. And we respect your beliefs just as we respect the beliefs of our children, who must be trained as they grow up."

"This is basically why the Qualinesti left," Varion commented, trying to get a word in edgewise.

"So essentially," Kel-Ton went on, "the Silvanesti place the beliefs of the Kagonesti in the same class as 'Old Father Winter.' It is a children's story that can be enlightened out of existence."

"Yes. I think the Kagonesti have a chance, though," said Jilana, "unlike the Qualinesti, who are so polluted by their association with humans and their notions and values that they are lost to us completely."

"This is because we have tried to get along with the rest of the world," the Qualinesti representative argued.

"I don't know why," Jilana said indignantly. "The rest of the world couldn't care less about our race. They would just as soon see us wiped out."

"That is a concept that is bred, primarily, from Silvanesti arrogance. Now, we as Qualinesti have retained the purity of our bloodlines to a great extent. However, in our commerce and our communications we have dealt with a number of other societies, and we do not think we are any weaker for it. If anything, we are stronger because of it."

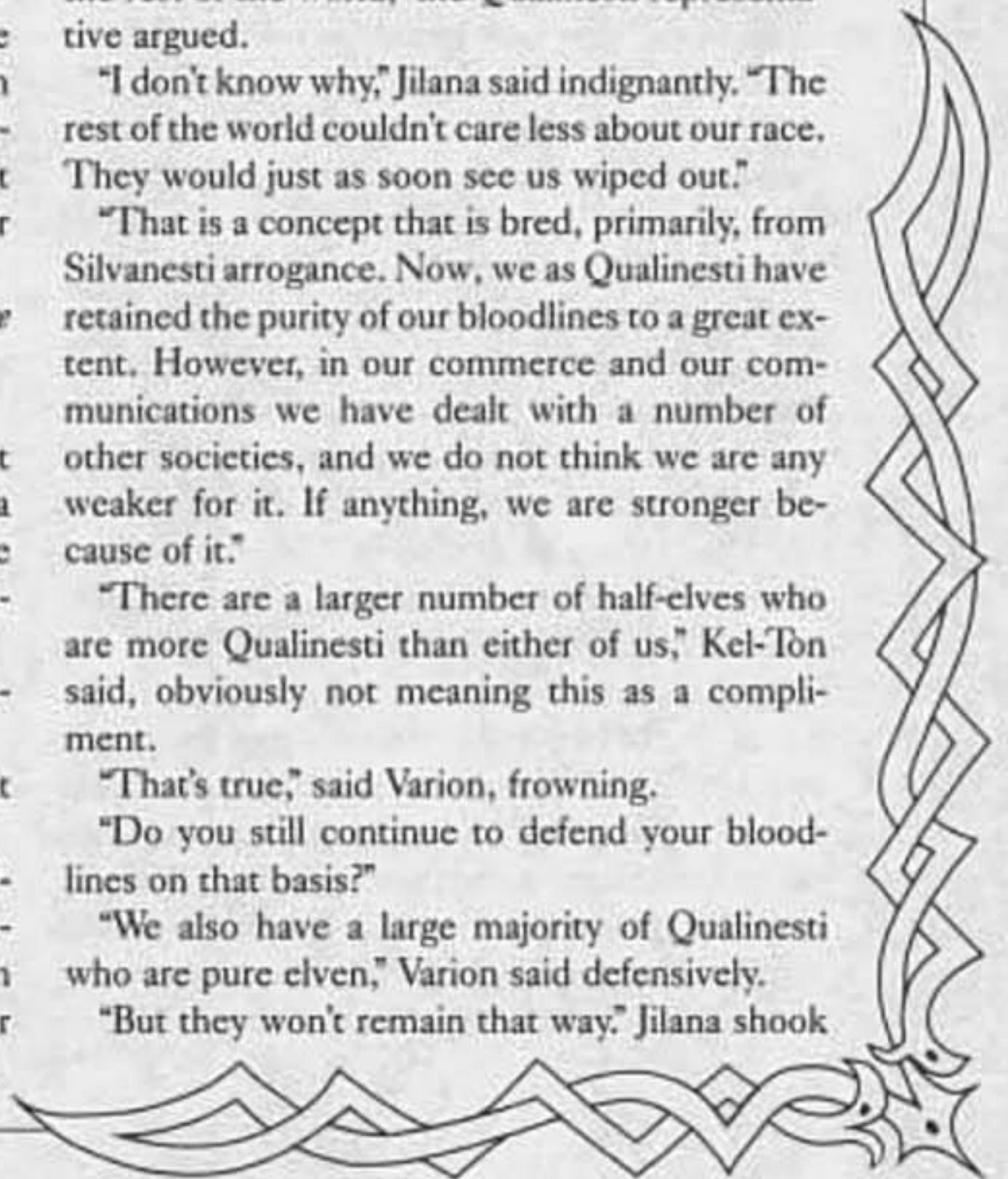
"There are a larger number of half-elves who are more Qualinesti than either of us," Kel-Ton said, obviously not meaning this as a compliment.

"That's true," said Varion, frowning.

"Do you still continue to defend your bloodlines on that basis?"

"We also have a large majority of Qualinesti who are pure elven," Varion said defensively.

"But they won't remain that way." Jilana shook



her blonde hair. "Just as you said, Kel-Ton, their bloodline is becoming tainted."

"The mixing of bloodlines in itself does not concern me as much as what is produced from that mixing of blood. It is destroying their culture as they adopt more and more humanistic ways," Kel-Ton growled. "Like humans, they attempt to manipulate the land. The Silvanesti do so through their magic. They mold the trees into strange shapes and trim and prune, calling this 'civilizing the wildness.' The Qualinesti do not shape the trees as much. They build—"

"He doesn't like our buildings," Varion said grimly.

"It's not the buildings that distress us. It is the way your buildings dominate the land. We have our own structures, but they are temporary because even the oldest of elves know that whatever we do is temporary. Only nature is eternal."

"You have never visited Qualinost, obviously." Varion sighed in regret as he thought of his homeland. "Our structures are in harmony with the groves of that beautiful forest. The blending of our structures with nature is of primary importance to us. The very nature of who we are demands this."

"These are your ideas of order—separation, purity, isolation. Would you impose your ideas of order on the world as would the evil races?" Wensel asked.

The room burst into chaos. Each elf was strongly opinionated on the subject of order. They all spoke at once, trying to express what they thought to be the best philosophy to follow in regard to order and culture. When they saw that I had set my quill down and did little to try to keep writing, they stilled their voices and, once again, allowed Wensel to speak.

"Let's take you one at a time," he said. "We would like to hear each of your views and make sure we record them accurately. May we begin with the Qualinesti? You appear to hold the middle ground between the other two societies."

"Well, I'm not sure that order is a worthy objective," said Varion. "We definitely need some form of societal structure, but the Qualinesti find a

very loose structure most comfortable. We do believe in maintaining our health and our welfare as a society, and we have found that erecting buildings—very beautiful buildings, but buildings nonetheless—has served us well as a cultural activity. When you compare the three elven societies, you see that the two who took on civilization are the two who have flourished, their numbers have grown. The Kagonesti, on the other hand, are still a very small group—their lifestyle does not allow them to flourish."

Varion relaxed from his tense position and leaned back, his arms resting comfortably on the table. He looked to Kel-Ton, whose fidgeting never ceased.

"The Kagonesti," he said flatly, "may be small in numbers, but they live in harmony with their environment. This is unlike the mass of other races, both elven and human, who tend to overburden their land. I—"

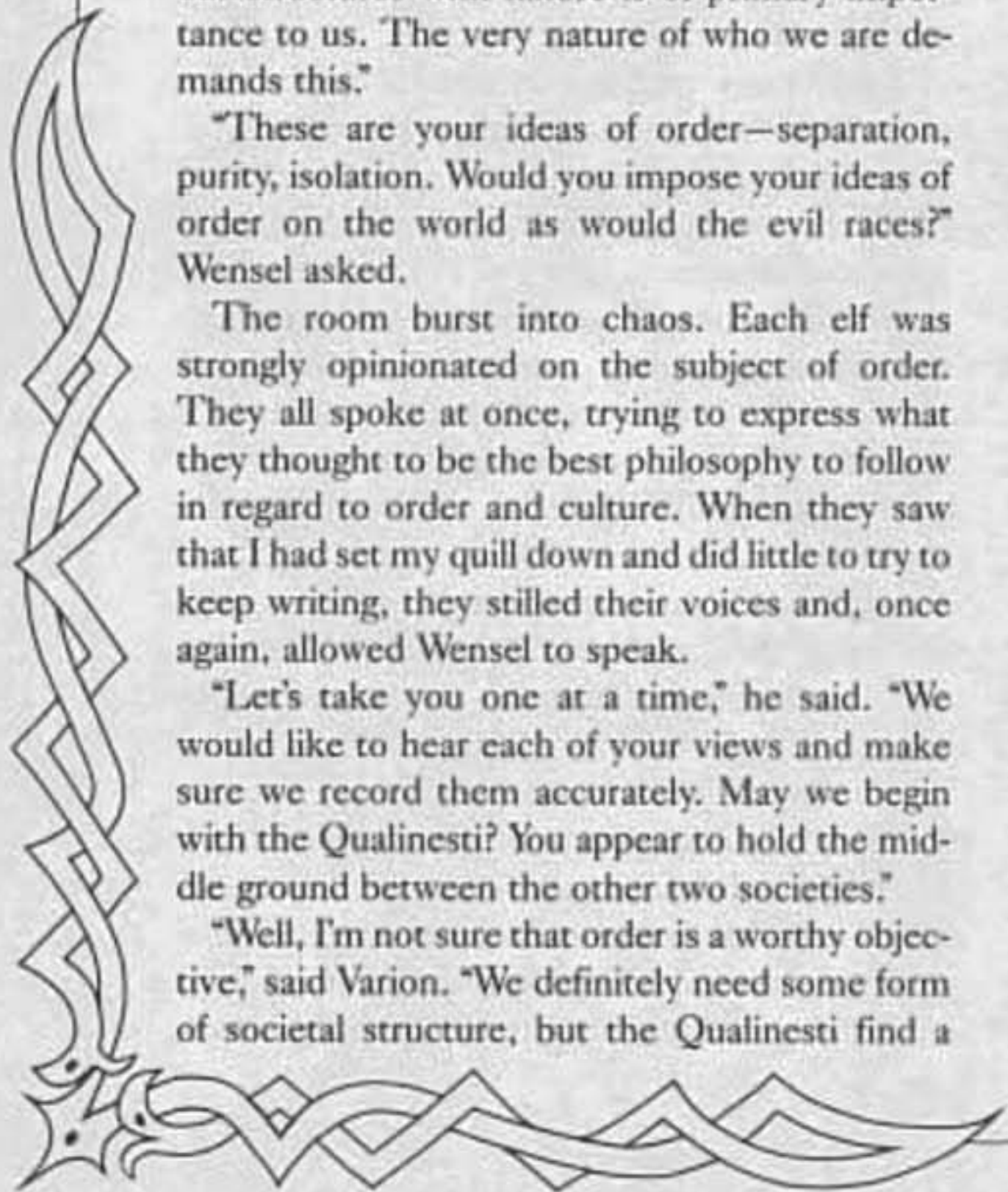
"You'll notice," Varion said, interrupting the Kagonesti spokesman, "the only ones who—"

"I did not interrupt you," Kel-Ton reprimanded. "I held my tongue, though much of what you said was extremely out of line. Order and harmony," he said, turning back to face us, "do not fit together. Harmony is living in unison with the land. Order is inflicting your will upon the land."

"We have a recognized hierarchy within our various tribes. But we are not locked into a caste system, nor do we ape human ways and try to become innkeepers and merchants in hope that they will overlook our pointed ears and slender bodies. We are—were—free and individual. We are proud of who we are."

The other two elves fell silent, studying their cousin appreciatively. When they saw that we had noticed this, Jilana addressed us once again.

"Order is paramount to the survival of the world. The Silvanesti have lived alone in our beautiful land for centuries without needing anyone's help. And we have lived in that land, maintaining a large population in that land, because we have a strict order. And all of our people follow that order. If the world is to come to good, this chaos, which is the problem of the world



now, must be stamped out. To us, an ideal world would be a world where our order is imposed—no, not imposed—is taught to everyone so that evil is stamped out. There would be no evil races; they would simply not exist. We would take the humans, much as we are doing for the Kagonesti, and show them that they should follow our example and follow our ways. Although we do realize this would be difficult for humans because they have a short life span. Yes, this order for good should be brought to the world.”

Kel-Ton began to say something, but he fell silent at a motion from Wensel, who had noticed that I was still in the process of writing down all that was said. As I caught up, Wensel nodded to Kel-Ton to continue.

“The Kagonesti have survived on their own for as long as our Silvanesti cousins and, while we do not have the physical numbers to overwhelm our neighbors, we live in peace. The history of the Kagonesti is not one of groups breaking off to go their own way. It is not a history of kinslaying and wars. Ours is a history of hunts and good winters—”

“And of hiding,” Jilana said smoothly. “A history of refusing to accept responsibility. We as Silvanesti have accepted responsibility for the land and for the world.”

Kel-Ton looked at Jilana in amazement and said, “You do not accept responsibility for the land or the world! You, basically, have set up your own little province and created barriers around it. And then when your barriers are breached, you flee.”

“I would submit,” said Varion, “that the Kagonesti have lived in peace only because the dragons have not yet come this far.”

“That’s true,” Jilana agreed.

“This may soon change,” said Kel-Ton. “And then you shall see the true mettle of the elven people.”

“Yes. We shall see,” Varion echoed grimly.

Jilana looked thoughtfully at the other two, then said, “I think all of us agree that the elves are the embodiment of good in this world and that our way of life is undoubtedly better and superior.”



Another argument broke out among the elves.

"That is true," Kel-Ton agreed. "As elves we do have a better way of living, but the other races, such as humans, have the right to be wrong—as long as they don't impose on our land."

"I believe that the humans have a great deal to offer us," Varion cut in. "Provided we are not so arrogant and self-assuming as to look down upon them and disregard them as inferior beings. There are things to be gained from mixing with the other races."

"Only sorrow," said Jilana sadly.

"More than sorrow. A broadening of horizons . . . an opening of friendship."

"What about us humans?" Wensel asked with interest. "How will, or would, you handle us and other races in your new world?"

"Those humans who were enlightened and accepted our guidance would be allowed to do whatever it is that they do. We would not let you live with us, of course," Jilana said smoothly. "The draconians and other evil races, however, would have to be erased."

Kel-Ton added to this. "We would set aside parts of the humans' own areas where they could live and believe what they may until their short life span ended. I agree, the evil races must die."

"I find it difficult to accept that we should talk of annihilating whole races as an act of good," Varion stated.

"If they are evil, then they should not exist," Jilana stated coldly.

"Could you not enlighten the draconians?" asked Wensel.

"Why bother?" Jilana shrugged. "They are evil. They are bred from darkness. How can you teach one who wields a sword and would sooner cut you in two than look at you?"

"The draconians are monstrous creatures," affirmed Varion. "I see no way to change them."

"We know of only a few evil races on our borders. They are the ogres and the giants to the north. Our attitude is that as long as they stay on their side of the mountains, we are happy. However, if they come on our side of the mountains, then they will pay the price," Kel-Ton said firmly.

"This is the Qualinesti point of view also," Va-

riion echoed. "Unfortunately, our side of the mountain is becoming quite crowded."

"What do you mean *your* side of the mountains, elf?" Kel-Ton demanded angrily.

"*Our* side of the mountain," Varion repeated.

Wensel intervened. "So will you join together to fight the dragons?"

"Certainly!" Varion stated. "The stubbornness of the other two cultures is making our unification difficult, but not impossible. We, the Qualinesti, represent the middle ground between the extremes of the Silvanesti superiority and arrogance and the Kagonesti unwillingness to accept any kind of outside influence. We have experience with both points of view and we are trying to meld the three societies into one force, but we have had very little success."

"We have no need to 'meld'," Jilana said scornfully. "We wait only for the return of Alhana Starbreeze. She will tell us that our king, Lorac, has succeeded in driving the evil from our land and then we will return, and leave the world to go on as it may."

"We look forward to the day!" Kel-Ton snapped. He turned his attention back to Wensel. "We will never be able to unite with either of our cousins when they look upon us as children to be educated or as servants to be manipulated."

"You will find," Jilana argued, "that many of the Kagonesti will come with us when we go. They want to come to Silvanos and learn our ways."

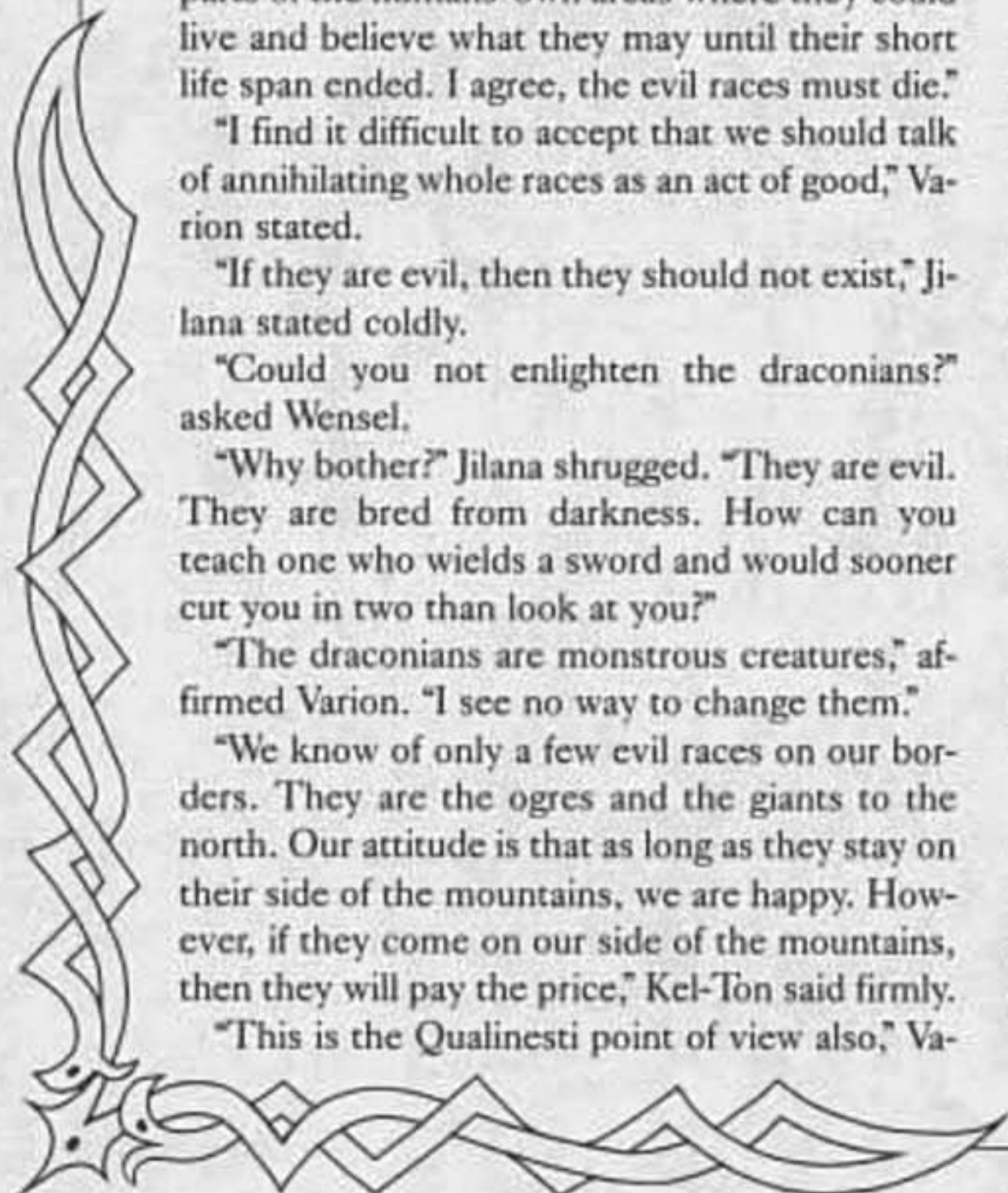
"A number of Silvanesti and Qualinesti will remain behind with us, the Kagonesti, as well!" Kel-Ton said hotly.

"No," Jilana disagreed. "There will be *none* of our people who will stay behind."

Varion was quick to contradict her. "Yes, there will be Silvanesti—"

"And Qualinesti who will remain behind," Kel-Ton interrupted.

"Well, that is certainly a credit to *all* of you," Wensel said emphatically, yet with a note of weariness, as if this arguing among such essentially good people depressed him. It struck me as a terrible waste and something very sad, as well. However, I did not have time in my writing to in-



clude all that I wished to reflect upon.

"If the dragons do not attack you again, will you stay out of the dragon wars, regardless of what happens?" Wensel continued, speaking to Kel-Ton. "Do you agree with Jilana that the world may go its own way?"

"The war, I think, will come to us soon enough," Kel-Ton muttered.

"All right, let's say you repel an invasion. Will you stop there?"

"Yes," he answered.

"We have fought our war," said Jilana. "We will go back. Once the evil is driven out of Silvanesti, it will not come back."

"But there is always a chance that it will," Wensel prodded.

"We will be more powerful than the evil the next time," Jilana was steadfast in this.

"I think that the races must unify to form a front against the evil to drive it back," Varion said after some deliberation. "If and when this comes to pass, the Qualinesti will be part of this. And we will fight side by side with humans and, yes, even dwarves, if necessary. We do not expect the Silvanesti to take part in this alliance, and if the battle takes place anywhere except this small island, the Kagonesti will have no part in it, either. We view the world as a cluster of races, all of which deserve a place on this world, and we, the Qualinesti, will do our part to fight for the freedom of all people."

"We will defend our land. And had it not been our elven brethren who arrived, we would have taken up arms against *them* when they set foot on our shores," Kel-Ton muttered.

"I noticed," Wensel said to the Kagonesti, "you raised your eyes when Varion mentioned the dwarves. Do you hold animosity toward them?"

"No animosity. We just have no need to deal with them. The dwarves have a love of made things and of constructions and their burrows. They are as alien to me as the minotaurs."

"How do you view the dwarves?" Wensel queried to Varion. "You live near them."

"Well, we do not favor them, assuredly. They are such an ugly, misshapen race. On the other

hand, the Qualinesti are the only elves to have formed a treaty with the dwarves. In fact, a great monument, Pax Tharkas, was erected to honor and celebrate this peace. It is sad that this monument is controlled and operated by evil now."

"But quite expected," Kel-Ton jibed. "When you build a fortress, it will be used by any side. A fortress is itself an acceptance of the state of war."

"But war is a part of life," Wensel said.

This statement was the last thing I expected to hear from Wensel and, as I look back on this, I more clearly see his thoughts becoming darker at the time. I was somewhat strengthened by our experience with the minotaurs, but it made Wensel more cynical and argumentative. His neutrality waned in the face of death, whereas I, though appalled, became more resolute in the unsung oath of who I was—and still am, for that matter.

"*Death* is part of life," Varion corrected, and secretly I applauded him. "War is not."

"It is among the humans," Jilana said. "It was the humans who brought about this war. That is why I, as a Silvanesti, say we should forget about the humans and let them and those who side with them fight it."

"It is blindness," said Varion, "to think that any except the Dark Queen started this war. She and her dragons are an ultimate evil."

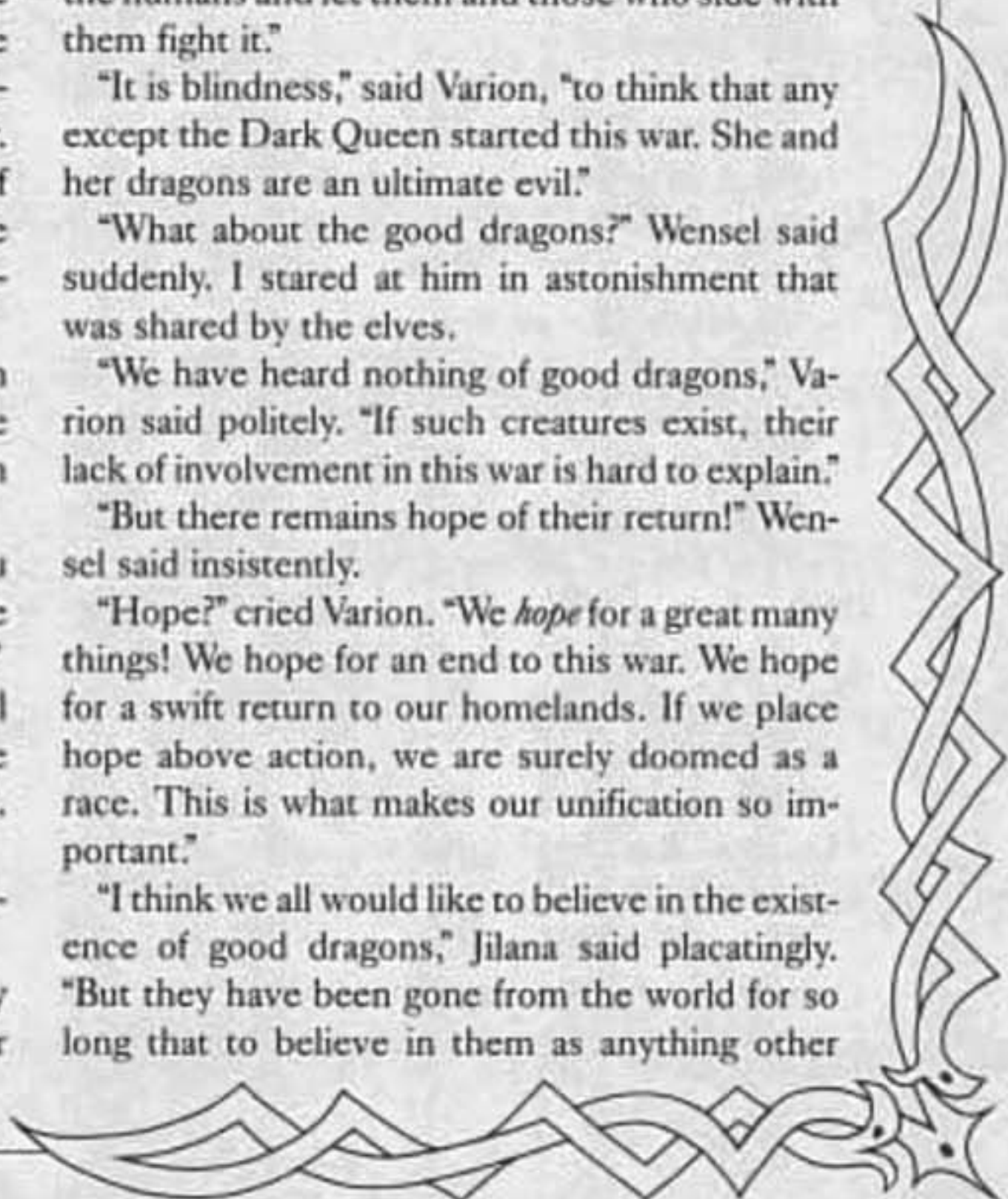
"What about the good dragons?" Wensel said suddenly. I stared at him in astonishment that was shared by the elves.

"We have heard nothing of good dragons," Varion said politely. "If such creatures exist, their lack of involvement in this war is hard to explain."

"But there remains hope of their return!" Wensel said insistently.

"Hope?" cried Varion. "We *hope* for a great many things! We hope for an end to this war. We hope for a swift return to our homelands. If we place hope above action, we are surely doomed as a race. This is what makes our unification so important."

"I think we all would like to believe in the existence of good dragons," Jilana said placatingly. "But they have been gone from the world for so long that to believe in them as anything other



than children's tales is nearly impossible."

"But you must!" Wensel cried, slamming his fist on the table.

"I don't see why you want to force this notion upon us," Kel-Ton stated irritably. "We have not seen any evidence that would demonstrate their presence in the world."

"Do you fault them for that?" Wensel asked, frowning.

"Yes," Varion and Jilana declared in unison.

Kel-Ton disagreed. "No," he said. "If the good dragons do exist, then they may be in battle just as we are. Should we rely on the good dragons to repel invaders when we cannot defend our land and defeat them ourselves?"

Wensel must have recognized the futility of his debate. With his next query he returned to the interview and what our task should have been.

"You say the humans caused the war," he said, expanding on Jilana's earlier comment. "Why do you feel this way?"

"Because the humans are a warlike race."

"She's correct on that point," Kel-Ton nodded. "You have a tendency toward organized violence."

"As a whole or—?"

"In general. I don't know whether you caused this war or not. There are an equal number of other races who have this same love of battle. But you certainly seem to love beating each others' brains in."

"Elves certainly do not desire conquest," Jilana added. "This is a penchant of humans."

"It is a human idea to hold the world in their hands," the Kagonesti concluded.

"Does this include the Solamnic Knights?"

"No," Kel-Ton admitted, somewhat reluctantly I thought. "The Solamnic Knights have an outpost north of us and have made no attempt to conquer our land—unlike my own brethren," he added heatedly.

"There is much to admire in the Solamnic Knights. They have a true sense of order," Jilana said approvingly.

"They also represent the type of races with whom we, the Qualinesti, have opened up trade and commerce. There is much to be gained from

the other races," Varion remarked.

"Perhaps," Kel-Ton responded. "At least they respect the rights and beliefs of other people, especially the Kagonesti."

"Would you say that strict order advances the acquisition of knowledge or inhibits it?" inquired Wensel.

"We have no need to gain more knowledge. We know everything that is important to us," Jilana proclaimed.

"Do you hear?" entreated Kel-Ton. "Do you hear the arrogance of their culture?"

"But without a search for knowledge, won't your race and your land stagnate?" Wensel asked emotionally.

I sighed as, once again, Wensel departed from Astinus's teaching. Our training as historians teaches us to look upon the events, cultures, and land as necessary parts of the entire scheme of things. At that time his attitude had begun to change, with alarming results. I feared his opinions would be influential and not completely in the best interest of our work. And, too, I feared for him as a friend. I did not want to see his life's work end because of his inability to refrain from impressing his views on those we interviewed. However, though all of this distressed me, I could say nothing until after we had finished.

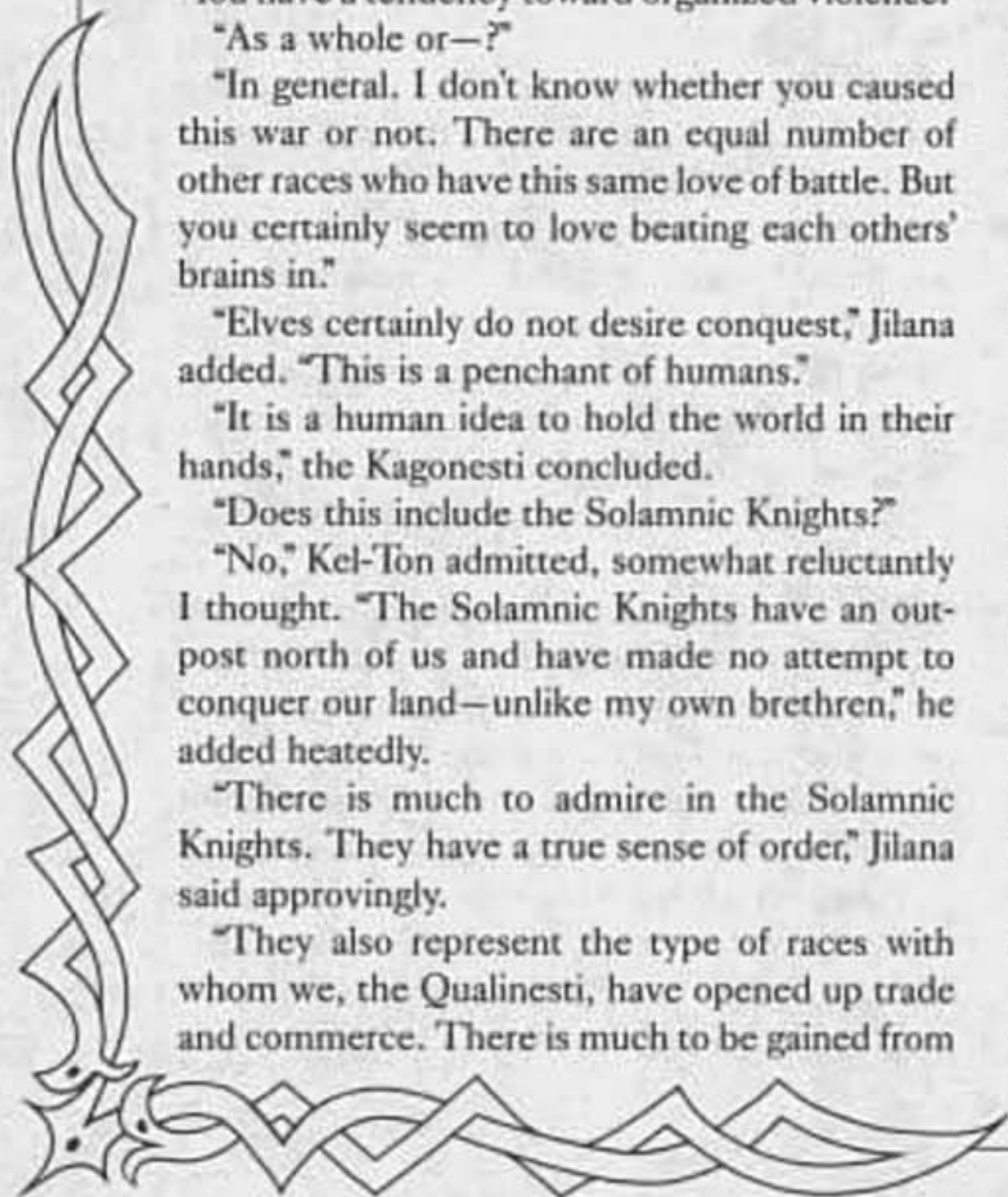
That was my decision then. I now wish I had not waited. For I feel that it was his changing attitude that eventually caused Wensel's death.

"How could you know? You have never been to my land," Jilana said. "No human has ever been in Silvanos. Our land is beautiful. So much so, in fact, that it is said that if humans were to visit our land, they would go mad at seeing its beauty."

"The danger is not stagnation," said Varion. "The danger is, and I hate to keep coming back to this word, arrogance. Once you decide you do not need anything else, you begin to look down from such lofty height that you lose the ability to deal with the rest of the world."

"We do not *want* to deal with the rest of the world," Jilana countered.

A pause in the elves' debate allowed Wensel to change the subject to a less-heated topic.



"In speaking about the other races, how do you feel about, say, the kender?"

"They are the children of the world." Varion could not help but smile. "They need to be watched when they are in places which we care about. They are not very trustworthy, but they are a relatively harmless race."

"Those few who wandered into our camps have been polite and interested in our areas," observed Kel-Ton. "They have a childlike interest in everything. The kender search for knowledge in their own way, one the Kagonesti understand. The journey to gain knowledge is as important as the knowledge itself."

"Do you see the kender as kindred souls to your race?" inquired Wensel.

"More so than the other nonhuman races," Kel-Ton answered. "More so than the dwarves, for example. They have a joy of life that is lacking in some of the people in this room."

"Is the gnomish lore of machinery important?"

"No. Of course not. We have magic." All the elves scoffed.

"The gnomes," Kel-Ton began, picking up the lead again, "are prime examples of knowledge out of control."

"The dwarves, the gnomes, and the kender are born of an accident, or a curse, however you wish to look at it," Jilana cut in. "I don't know why anyone thinks of them at all."

"They are part of the world," Wensel said.

"So are rocks," Jilana replied tersely.

Wensel again picked up on their thoughts. "What about the origins of the elves? In our notes we have the views of the minotaurs and the draconians and what they believe to be the origins of the various races. What are your views?"

"We are the beloved of the gods. We most definitely came first." This reply from Jilana was steeped in tones of arrogance.

"We have always been," Kel-Ton said abruptly. "The need to search for a philosophy as to our creation is really quite pointless. Is this knowledge that we are the 'beloved of the gods' useful in everyday life? I mean, where *are* the gods?"

"Yes, this is sad," Jilana said softly. "Because of

humans, the gods turned their backs on us. The humans brought down the Cataclysm."

"Whether we are the beloved of the gods, created by the gods, a dream of the gods, or an explosion of magic really does not matter," Varion stated. "*What is matters. Where we are matters.*"

"Yes, since the gods are gone, we must take their place," Jilana concluded calmly.

So outrageous was Jilana's remark that the Kagonesti could not even speak. Sputtering with anger, he leaped to his feet and stormed out of the room. Varion stood up also and followed closely behind. Jilana bowed to us gracefully, wished me a swift recovery, and left the room.

Wensel gazed after her sadly. "To place themselves so close to the gods will be their downfall. If they go on in their arrogance, they will bring about the destruction of their race."

"What was all that talk about good dragons?"

Wensel looked at me strangely, seemed about to say something, then abruptly changed his mind. "Nothing to worry yourself about," he muttered, clapping me on the shoulder. "You look about done in. You better lie down." And he walked off before I could ask anything more.

We took the next several days to recuperate and organize our notes. Wensel had lost considerable weight and needed food and rest nearly as much as I. When the two of us felt well enough to leave, Kel-Ton ordered three of his best hunters to accompany us as far as Thon-Sorpon river and see that we made it to the other side.

We questioned the Kagonesti leader about why he would not have them go any farther. He replied that he would not force his people to go so near the Silvanesti city.

Thon-Sorpon was one of two major rivers of Southern Ergoth. On the north side of the river lived the Kagonesti and to the south the Silvanesti had claimed that land as theirs until they could return to their homeland. The Qualinesti lived to the east of the meeting place of the two rivers and northward on the eastern side of Thon-Tsalarian.

And so it was that the three races of elves were divided.



The Making of Dwarf Spirits

With our Kagonesti escorts leading the way through their land, Wensel and I traveled for several days mounted on magnificent stags. I could see why the Kagonesti valued them so highly. Every now and then, all the animals stopped to sniff the air cautiously before proceeding. In those troubled times of war, one took every precaution he could to prevent an ambush or outright attack. The stags were able to sense danger and avoid it. On the night of the second day, we reached the banks of Thon-Sorpon, one of the two major rivers of Southern Ergoth, and set up camp near its gently rushing waters.

When we awoke the next morning, our guides had already departed, leaving us to brave the river on our own. Wensel and I sat atop the wondrous beasts, a bit trepid at the prospect of crossing Thon-Sorpon, and silently made our guesses as to the river's depth. Our fears were unfounded, however, for our mounts forded the river easily and cantered into the trees on the other side. We drank in Ergoth's serenity as a dwarf drinks, with long pulls on the jug followed by contented sighs.

The Kagonesti were right, their lands were by far the most beautiful I have ever seen. Lush vegetation and wonderfully (but naturally) sculpted trees lined our path. Birds flitted and twittered overhead without a care in the world. The ground was soft but not marshy, and where the sun shone through the trees, the grass seemed to grow right before our eyes.

Our journey south to the ancient dwarven homelands was long and difficult and shall not be related here. We met with no danger. In fact, we met with no one and grew weary of each other before reaching our destination, Galbothin, a dwarven city in the foothills of the Kharolis Mountains.

In these inhabited lands, we stayed off the roads and in the cover of the forest as far as we could. Whenever we saw a goblin or draconian patrol moving in the distance, we flattened ourselves on the ground and waited for them to pass out of sight. At the beginning of our journey,

Wensel would have accepted this natural precaution as the sensible thing to do. But now I saw how it irritated him. More than once, I noticed his hand reaching eagerly for the hilt of his sword, and my fears for my friend grew.

Once we reached the grasslands of Abanasinia, we were able to make considerably better time. If we were to complete our assignment for Astinus on time, we would have to hold the interview and be on our way within only two or three days. This should not have been a problem, except we had heard that the dwarves were a ritualistic lot who loved ceremony. We did not want to offend them by making too quick an exit.

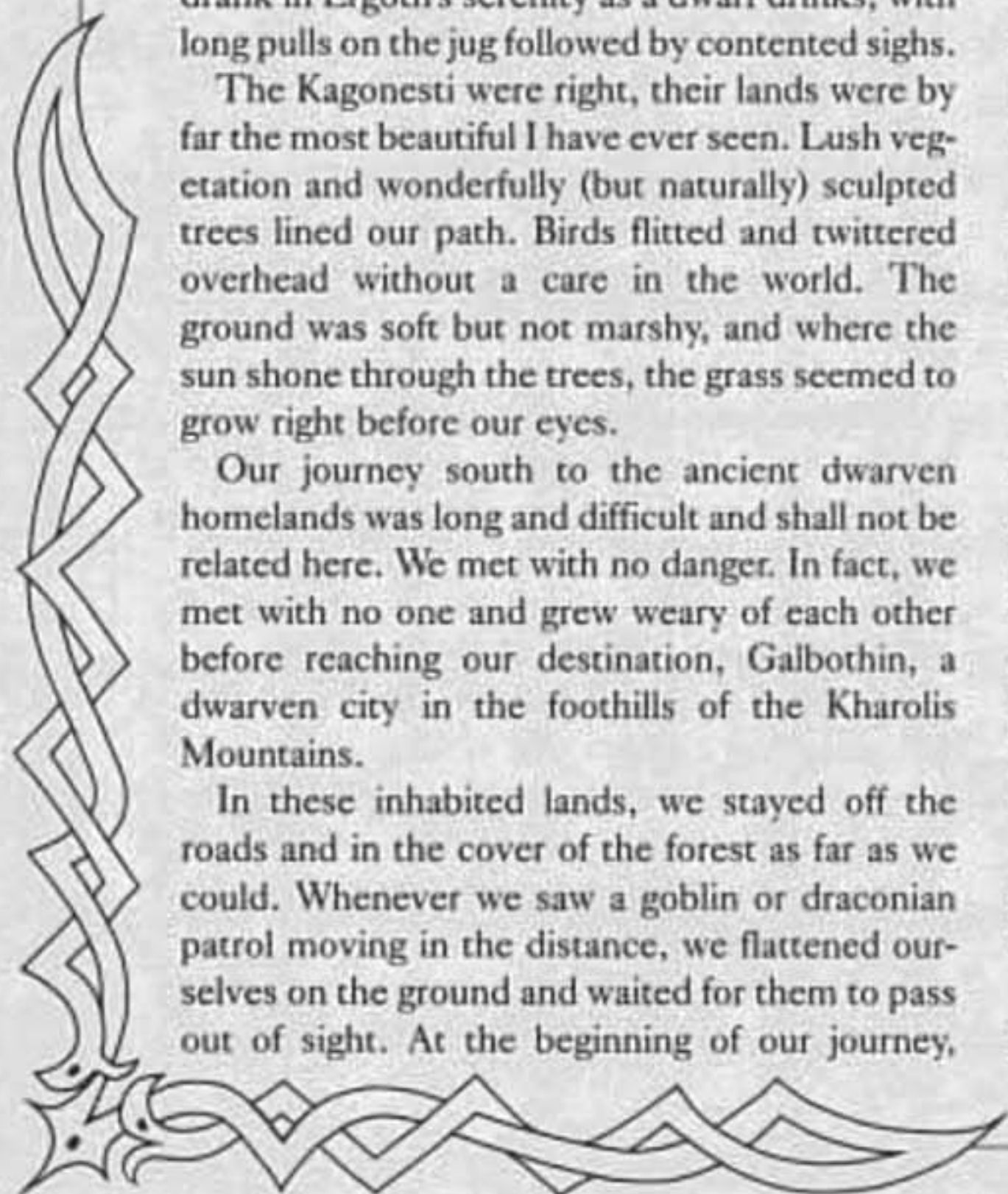
As it turned out, we reached Galbothin to find a great deal of activity. But it was not a celebration. The dwarves were deep in preparations for war, and we were barely able to detain the Keeper of the Gate long enough to impress upon him the importance of our task. Wensel mentioned Astinus in a familiar manner, and the Gateman's attention was caught. The city itself, of course, lay below ground, and its entrance was a stone-built tower keep on the top of a hill. In the near distance, we noted a small harbor. Both Wensel and I looked forward to booking passage on the next merchant vessel to Palanthas—home.

We entered the Tower of Galbothin around mid-day and were escorted through the main hall to a large room with several tables and chairs and a set of stairs going down into the floor, all proportioned to dwarves.

Our escorts were solemn and grave and obviously disapproving of us. They motioned us to sit and then left, clomping heavily down the carefully hewn steps. We sorted through our notes while waiting patiently for them to return. And with veteran proficiency, we prepared our questions and put everything in order. I had just finished sharpening my quill when out of the silence came a graveled voice.

"I've never heard of such a thing! Disturbing a dwarf in his work to answer a bunch of nonsense questions from a couple of runny-nosed humans."

The source of the grumbling appeared gradually as he stomped up the stairs. He looked rather



young, in dwarf terms, meaning he was probably 160 to 180 years old. He did not have the long beard of some of the venerable types I had seen in the past. It hung only to mid-chest and was as black as the inside of a chimney. His hair, however, was cropped short. He wore a short-sleeved shirt and baggy pants, both made of leather, as was the thick, scorched smock he kept adjusting as he stood before us.

"Well, let's get on with it," he said. "I haven't got all day, you know. My forge is growing cold, and I'm not pleased at all about this. Go on. Get on with it."

"I am Wensel Gil-Rathien, and this is Dunstan VanEyre, Novice Historian to Astinus."

"I am Dorgat."

"What is it that you do, Dorgat?"

"I am a forgerman. I keep the forge hot for the smiths. It is what our family has done for many of your human centuries."

"Are you saying, then, that your family has always kept forges hot? They have never done anything else?"

"Well, we have our other pastimes, of course, but otherwise that is correct—the Coalfire family has always done this."

"Is that where you get your names from—the work you do?"

"Yes. We do not have a caste system as the elves do. We dwarves are divided into clans, such as the Treehew, who cut the wood used in axe and hammer handles. There are the Hammer-smith, Axesmith, and Bladesmith clans who fashion the weapons from metal from the Metalforge clan, who extract the metal from the ore mined by the Oredelve clan, and so on."

"Who is your ruler?"

"We do not have any one dwarf who rules. We have a council of elders made up of the older members of the more well-to-do clans. They are wise individuals who have extensive knowledge of their crafts and know how better to use what is made and how better to manage what is sold."

"What about trade? Do each of the clans simply barter for the goods they need, or do you have a coin of your realm?"

"Well, certainly we have a coin of our realm. But this coinage is used for very few things. There are, obviously, certain things which one clan may need and yet another does not. In this situation, the coin is very useful. We know better than the other races the value of steel and other metals."

"Is it this way among your cousins, the mountain dwarves?"

The dwarf scowled. "The mountain dwarves are scum and do whatever they do. I do not make it my business to know theirs. If you wish to know about them, then go bother them with your fool questions."

Wensel had struck a nerve. We had always known that there was enmity between the dwarven cultures, but we had no idea it ran so deep. Wensel persisted along these lines.

"Well, in light of the current wars, will you join with your cousins in fighting this evil?"

"We will fight beside the Knights of Solamnia and the elves, of course, but I cannot say how far our alliances will extend. If we do, I am sure once the war is over, we would go our separate ways."

"You say you would fight beside the elves and the Knights. In what way? Infantry?"

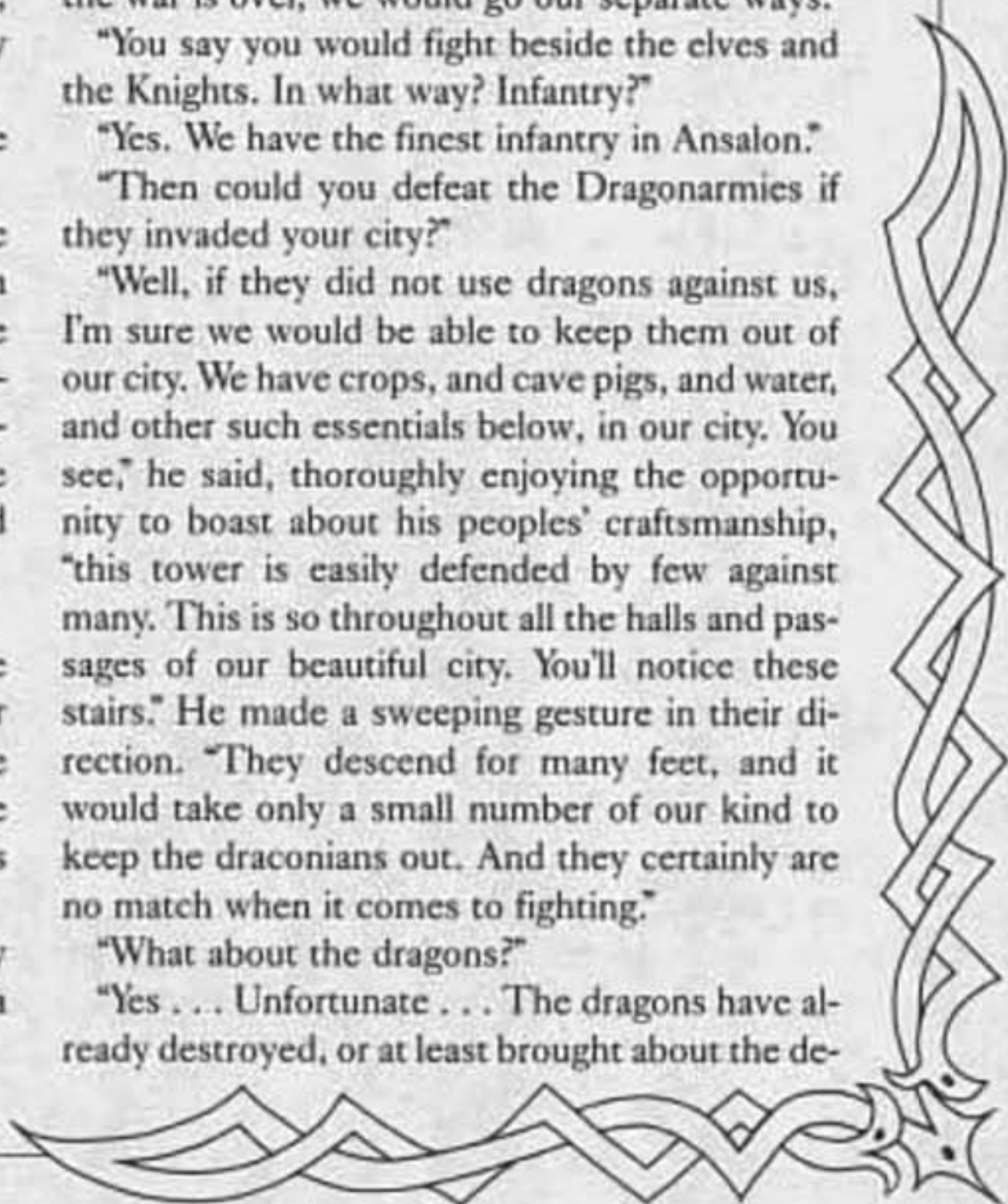
"Yes. We have the finest infantry in Ansalon."

"Then could you defeat the Dragonarmies if they invaded your city?"

"Well, if they did not use dragons against us, I'm sure we would be able to keep them out of our city. We have crops, and cave pigs, and water, and other such essentials below, in our city. You see," he said, thoroughly enjoying the opportunity to boast about his peoples' craftsmanship, "this tower is easily defended by few against many. This is so throughout all the halls and passages of our beautiful city. You'll notice these stairs." He made a sweeping gesture in their direction. "They descend for many feet, and it would take only a small number of our kind to keep the draconians out. And they certainly are no match when it comes to fighting."

"What about the dragons?"

"Yes . . . Unfortunate . . . The dragons have already destroyed, or at least brought about the de-



struction of several of our neighboring communities. The gas- and fire-breathing dragons have been able to penetrate our defenses. But until a force is born where all of the races of good unite and fight together, there is little we can do to fight back. We can only defend."

"What about the good dragons? Do you look for their return?"

"There is no such thing as a good dragon."

"How do you know this?"

I sighed. Wensel was back on this again!

"Don't be ridiculous!" the dwarf growled. "Everyone knows there are no good dragons. They are gone, just as the gods are gone."

"But shouldn't you hope for their return?"

"If the good dragons do indeed exist, why haven't they come forth, historian? Where are they? Do they care that many good people have died and are dying? No! I tell you. They do not care because they do not exist! To hope for the return of something that does not exist is folly!"

Once again I saw Wensel struggle with some inner desire. I did not understand him then. He must have seen, however, the futility of debating this and switched to a different topic.

"You mentioned the gods. What are the beliefs of your people concerning the gods?"

"Reorx of the Forge is our god. He created us and gave us free will. In honor of him, we live according to that which will make us most like him. Everything that is made on Krynn is made according to the way Reorx so ordained it to be."

"You say the gods left. Yet you still believe in Reorx?"

"In his *memory*," the dwarf emphasized.

"Are there then clerics among your kind?"

"There are those who believe in him and educate us on the way he has wished things to be. Our clerics are not clerics as you think of them. Our clerics are holy dwarves, not spell-casting, healing patriarchs who do everything to convince those under them of a better way of living, and not a group of people who try to subjugate all whom they meet. Those rare dwarves who were gifted with the power to heal disappeared when you humans brought about the Cataclysm."



Mushrooms: A major ingredient in dwarf spirits.

"How do you feel about the other races? How do you feel about the humans?"

"Humans should be more organized as a race. They should look to the Knights of Solamnia, they are excellent fighters who understand what it means to have order in their society."

"What about kender?"

The dwarf scowled. "The kender are a bother. We don't allow them in our strongholds because they would steal us blind. Their only use would be as a source of information. They would rather play than do anything constructive. This is probably their greatest downfall. Their inquisitiveness is admirable, but it is the application of what is learned that is important and, generally, they have no concept of application."

"Gnomes?"

"Gnomes are interesting. They have some of the good qualities of dwarves, but they lack our feet-on-the-ground, solid nature. They are able to put their knowledge to use, but the gnomish vision is crazed. Though they have this vision to see applications for their knowledge, they are un-

able to apply practically what they know. They get carried away. This is their weakness."

"We have heard that the dwarves are fond of rituals and ceremonies. Is this true?"

"Yes, it is. We have a large number of rituals, which we learn at an early age. We also have laws."

"The laws I can understand well enough, but what type of rituals do you have? For instance, would you explain the marriage ritual?"

"When a dwarf decides to marry he goes to his chosen's father and offers him one year's service."

"Are you saying that you *buy* your wives?"

"No! Absolutely not. The offer of service is merely to pay for the prospective wife's cost to her father during her early years. When we marry, we accept full responsibility for that dear person and this includes her welfare before we met. If the father accepts the offer, then the Council of Elders is notified of the names of the two parties and their fathers so that it may be shown on the records. After one year has been served and the two dwarves have courted one another for this respectable length of time, the Council Religious Leader is notified and the marriage takes place under his direction."

"What other events require a ceremony?"

"Well, there are many. We have a ceremony when a young dwarf comes of age. There is a ritual for the digging of a new mine, which involves the head of that family clan pouring a flagon of blessed spirits over the area where the earth or stone will first be broken. We have a great festival to honor certain important dates and when a new item or craft emerges within our society. After all, without the vision of application, where would our race be?"

"All right," said Wensel thoughtfully. "Let's assume the war is over and the Dragonarmies are defeated. What system of order do you think will have to exist for the races?"

"Well, certainly, I think the races will have to continue to live separate from one another. That is not to say that we would shun the other races. Merely they will have their own system of order, different from ours. But I do think the races could

benefit from open communication. As long as there are clearly defined borders and each is able to defend those borders against whatever evil may show itself, there should be open trade and commerce. Though much of what the other races have to offer us we would have little use for, there are many races who could benefit from the crafts of others. The elven arrogance and unwillingness to associate with other races, for example, has brought about the loss of their lands."

"What about the evil forces?"

"The draconians and those who side with them would have to be destroyed!"

"One last question," said Wensel. "I know you have to get back to your furnace. What about your wonderful brew, the dwarf spirits?"

"Ahh. I wondered how long it would take for you to get around to that," he said, chuckling. His plump middle shook when he laughed.

"Well, believe me. I've experienced it, and it has some nasty after-effects." Wensel grinned shamefacedly.

"Our brew is made by the Moldbrew Clan."

"Wensel held up his hand. "The 'Moldbrew Clan'? Are you saying you use mold to make that stuff? It is not wine or ale based?"

"No. It is grain based, but the Moldbrews have added a marvelous twist to it and have done so for a great many years. They grow a variety of fungus, or rather mushrooms, and then squeeze from them the juice. This they use in the fermenting process and it does a fine job, I hear, of speeding it up. Where it once took months—or even years!—for the spirits to ripen, it now takes only a few weeks. There are still some families who prefer to make it the old, slow way, but the result does not have that special earthy taste."

"These mushrooms. Can they be eaten raw or are they poisonous in that form?"

"I can't say they are poisonous . . . but one is never exactly right afterwards."

"What do you mean?"

"When the mushrooms were first grown, they were part of our food stores in the lower levels. There was a leak in the bedrock, and an entire area was flooded with the strongest blue water.



When we were finally able to drain the water, these mushrooms grew in great abundance. Since the particular area of the level that was flooded belonged to the brewing families, they became their property. The story goes that when the first Moldbrew ate one of the mushrooms, he went mad for a time and blithered about the myriad colors and animals he saw. He claimed he saw many wild and terrible things!"

"What made the Moldbrews decide to use this, then, if it had such terrible effects?"

"The brewing families kept their youngster hidden until the effects of the mushroom wore off. When he could finally speak in an organized fashion, he claimed he had a vision, as dwarves are prone to do, you know—without vision, where would our race be?—anyhow, he said he envisioned using the fungus as an ingredient in the fermentation of spirits! Oh, there is a magnificent history of it among the Moldbrews. Perhaps you can get it from them."

"Well, thank you, Dorgat Coalfire. I know you want to get back to your forge. You've been a great help, but we must be on our way. Astinus is waiting for our return."

Dorgat pulled on his nose for a moment and eyed us as though he were deciding what he should say next. Wensel noticed this and said, "Is there something else you would like to add?"

"You are returning to Palanthas?"

"Yes," I answered, not particularly eager to face another sea voyage.

"Then you are in need of safe passage. I've been instructed to aid you in contacting the Underground commanders."

"Underground?" Wensel sounded suspicious.

"Yes. There is a group who has organized a system of transporting goods and people to and from some of the cities that lie behind the enemy lines. I can put you in contact with a mercenary ship captain who can get you to Palanthas safely."

"When?" Wensel queried.

"Now. But we must hurry. His ship will leave at nightfall and we will not have much time. You may stay here until dark and eat and rest. Enjoy this meal. Once on board the ship, you may not

eat again until you reach Palanthas."

"Why?" I asked.

"There will be draconians on board, and the captain may not be able to bring you food."

I looked at Wensel in alarm. He only smiled and shrugged as the dwarf left the table and stomped back down the steps to his forge.

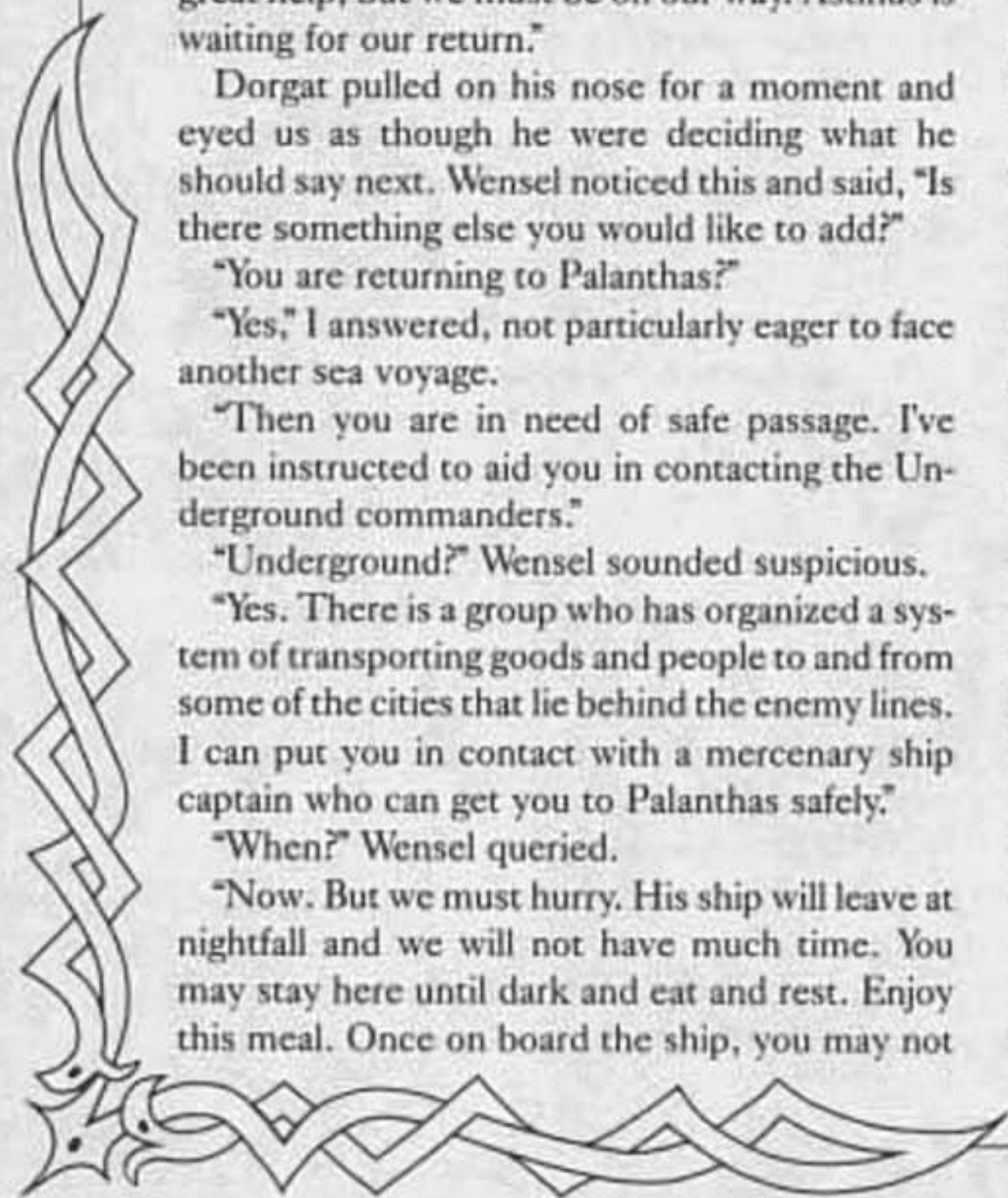
When night came, Dorgat returned to escort us out of the tower. The stars sparkled crispy that night and Solinari, stark and bright, cast its silver glow on everything around us. Carefully, cautiously, Dorgat led the way to the harbor. The hill dwarves had hewn their fortress city into a small mountain and thwarted any attempt of the Dragonarmy to tame the treacherous paths leading to and from Galbothin. Several times Dorgat motioned us to lie down on rocky ground until whatever he saw had passed. One of these occasions provided a breathtaking view of the harbor. Ship after ship rested peacefully in the cool, moonlit water. Lanterns burned on the decks and looked like fireflies captured in a still painting. And making the picture complete, on either side of the harbor, the waves rolling in off the New Sea crashed against gigantic outcroppings of dark, carven rock.

"A beautiful sight, is it not?" Dorgat breathed as we stood, mesmerized by the false security the portrait conveyed. We did not need to answer.

We continued down the mountain and made our way carefully through the small harbor town until we reached the docks.

"I cannot go with you any farther," the dwarf whispered. "Inside that pub, you will see a man wearing a crest of crossed swords on blue. He will be the captain. Do not ask his name, and do not give him yours. Say to him only this, 'When does Lunitari rise with greater splendor?' He will reply something that sounds equally obscure, but within his answer he shall name a time and a place for you to be. Be sure and listen closely. He will not repeat himself. Be careful. Draconians will be all about you. Now go. May Reorx watch over you."

Abruptly, Dorgat Coalfire turned and disappeared into the darkness.



The Death of My Companion

Dunstan's Final Note: Immensely saddened by my friend's tragic death, I returned to the Great Library. Astinus, as is his wont, exhibited little emotion as I related the tale and I felt it in my heart to hate him for what I considered his cold and callous, unfeeling attitude. I was just about to leave his presence when he asked me if I had examined the contents of the pouch Wensel left behind.

I had to admit I had not. The thought of going through his personal possessions pained me too deeply. (I said this as a rebuke.)

Do so then, Astinus ordered me.

I obeyed his instructions and found, to my astonishment, this letter addressed to me. It eased my bitter grief and let me at last understand Astinus's purpose in sending us forth into the world.

And now, I must come to the painful part of my scribing. I must record the part of our journey where my dear friend and I parted forever in this world. If my story seems brief in the telling, know that every word is like a drop of blood wrung from me and that I can barely see the parchment for my tears.

As with all of life's dramatic events, so I have learned, this one that brought such terrible change came upon us suddenly and was over within a matter of moments.

We were hiding outside of town, waiting for night to fall so that we could slip into the inn as our dwarven guide had instructed us.

Near dusk, when we were ready to leave, we heard deep, guttural voices, speaking in an accent we had come to know all too well—draconians!

Wensel and I froze, staring at each other in horror. Crouching in our shelter, we expected at any moment for the creatures to burst upon us and drag us away. It soon became apparent, however, that they had no knowledge of our presence. They were involved in a dispute among themselves. Peeping cautiously through the branches of the scrubby trees, Wensel and I saw three draconian soldiers and a wretched-looking human.

I know nothing about this man, save that he must at one time have fought on the side of the evil forces, for he was dressed in their armor. But he had apparently broken some rule or other, for they were arguing—as we understood—about how they were going to kill him!

In vain, the poor man groveled at their feet, begging for his life—or at least a swift death. The draconians simply laughed, and continued their argument about what forms of torture provided the best entertainment.

I was sickened, especially because I knew we must be witness to this since we dared not move from our hiding place. Turning to look at my companion, however, I was alarmed to see Wensel's jaw tightening in that way I had come to know so well.

"My friend," I risked whispering. "Are you mad? What can you do against three?"

"I do not know," he said firmly. "But I must do something. Farewell, Dunstan."

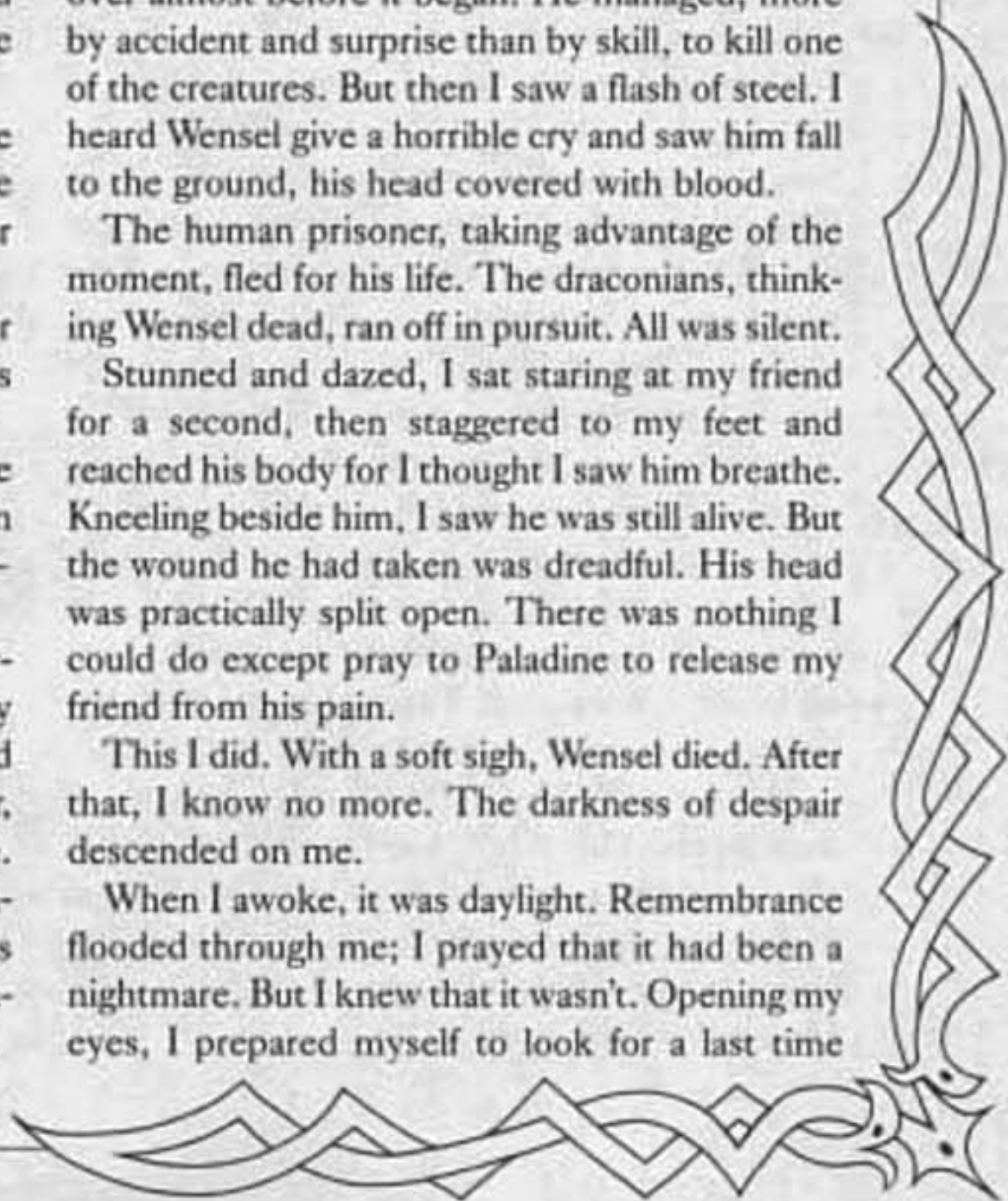
Before I could stop him, he leaped from our cover and charged the draconians. The fight was over almost before it began. He managed, more by accident and surprise than by skill, to kill one of the creatures. But then I saw a flash of steel. I heard Wensel give a horrible cry and saw him fall to the ground, his head covered with blood.

The human prisoner, taking advantage of the moment, fled for his life. The draconians, thinking Wensel dead, ran off in pursuit. All was silent.

Stunned and dazed, I sat staring at my friend for a second, then staggered to my feet and reached his body for I thought I saw him breathe. Kneeling beside him, I saw he was still alive. But the wound he had taken was dreadful. His head was practically split open. There was nothing I could do except pray to Paladine to release my friend from his pain.

This I did. With a soft sigh, Wensel died. After that, I know no more. The darkness of despair descended on me.

When I awoke, it was daylight. Remembrance flooded through me; I prayed that it had been a nightmare. But I knew that it wasn't. Opening my eyes, I prepared myself to look for a last time



upon the face of my friend and to give him a proper burial. To my surprise, his body was gone!

Truly, now, I might have thought I dreamed, but for the pool of blood and Wensel's sword and his pouch that lay near it. Frantically, I looked around. There, on the ground, I saw footprints—not draconian footprints, or our own, but the small, delicate footprints of a woman! And, lying on Wensel's pouch as though it had been carefully placed there, was a strand of long, silver hair. . . .

The End of the Journey

To Dunstan, my friend.

If you are wondering why you haven't read this letter until now, there are good reasons. I have explained them to Astinus in a letter I sent to him, while you were still suffering from the malady that afflicted you on the island of Ergoth. You might also be interested to know that I sent my apologies to Astinus at the same time, for now I understand why he sent me into the world.

For days I watched as you writhed on your bed and sweated and screamed. While I sat next to you, I took the time to record the events from the time we were thrown from the minotaur's vessel until you recovered from your fever. I have enclosed these notes so that you may understand why I am not now with you at the Library. You, my friend, belong in the Library. As for myself, I can no longer pretend that the evils outside of Palanthas do not exist. I must remain in the outside world and serve an even greater purpose than recording the events of time. I must take an active part in trying to help protect the people of Krynn from the evil that wreaks havoc upon them. I can no longer remain neutral as is required of all historians. Too much have I seen and witnessed.

There is one thing that I have not included in these notes. That is how I feel toward you. I shall always love you as a brother and shall hold you in highest regard. Never forget this and always remember the adventures we shared together. Here follows my story.

The icy water chilled my bones as I struggled to keep Dunstan and myself afloat. Luckily I managed to retrieve a wooden keg to aid me in my task. Dunstan was unconscious, and with his sash I tied him to the edge of the keg. I'm not sure how long we floated. To me it was an eternity of bobbing and pitching. It was all I could do to keep Dunstan from slipping beneath the waves. I probably would have sunk to my death if it were not for the agonizing sting of the salt water burning in the wound on my cheek. For hours we floated aimlessly on the murky water. I stayed awake as long as I could. But my fatigue was too great. My last thoughts, as sleep overwhelmed me, were of the constellation of the platinum dragon, of Paladine himself, and of his sparkling eyes as he gazed down upon me.

The sun was shining brightly overhead as I awoke. The wind was sweeping through the tall grass and I felt refreshed. In the distance I could hear the surf lapping gently at the shore. I leaped to my feet. Not far from me, Dunstan was lying on the ground. I rushed over to him and tried to wake him. But he didn't respond and just lay there, moaning softly. I felt his brow and it was burning. How had I gotten here and how was it that I did not drown?

To the east was a grove of trees. I made a pillow out of grass for Dunstan and walked through the waist-high blades over to the trees. I found some wood and made a litter, returned to our camp and laid him on it. I entered the forest, dragging Dunstan behind, and found that traveling, though arduous, was possible.

About noon I came across a trickling stream. I splashed the cool, fragrant water on my face and drank my fill. Never had water tasted so sweet. I bathed Dunstan's burning face in the stream, hoping to abate his fever. It seemed to help, for his sleep became serene. As I was placing him back on the litter I noticed footprints in the mud next to the stream. They appeared to be the small, delicate feet of a woman! I was elated. Surely this meant there must be civilized life ahead. Some place where I could find help! Eagerly I followed them. The tracks followed the

stream for at least two miles. Then they abruptly vanished.

The sun sank along with my heart, and darkness reigned once again. I rested near the now-delirious Dunstan and tried to keep him warm with my own body heat. Uneasily, I slept until dawn.

Washing in the stream the next morning, I saw the same tracks, leading away from the stream. I was not sure of what to do. But, having no recourse, I again placed Dunstan on the litter and followed the footprints. Hope was again sparking in my breast, but I refused to fall victim to its false promises again. I followed the tracks all day and into the night, stopping only briefly to rest now and then.

The next few days are a blur in my mind. By day I followed the tracks and at night I rested. Hunger began to devour reason. Dunstan's condition did not change and I grew increasingly addled as the days passed.

On the fourth night, we came upon a fog-shrouded land. The tracks were still plain upon the ground and, in my desperation, I followed them into the mist until I could no longer see them and even then I kept walking, heedless of what might be in front of me. Suddenly, a silver light shone ahead of me, piercing through both the fog of the air and the fog of my mind.

I hurried toward it, but as I neared it, it seemed to move away. I stopped, exhausted. Dunstan was sleeping soundly, as if a strange calm had soothed his troubled soul. Above me, I could see the clouds parting. Then the silver moon broke through and bathed me in its light. Before me was an arched marble bridge. The figures of knights that were carved on its sides seemed to spring to life in the moonlight. Beneath the bridge, the water bubbled and danced in the silver rays.

Dragging Dunstan on the litter behind me, I crossed the bridge, not daring to breathe for fear of disturbing the solemnity of the moment. Stepping from the bridge, I gasped at the sight before me. Carved in the sheer rock face, was the stone statue of a silver dragon.

It was when I lowered my eyes from this mag-

nificent sight, that I noticed the woman. She stood near me, looking at me calmly. I moved hesitantly nearer. As I reached the boundaries of her presence, I began to feel spellbound. My mind rebelled, for beauty such as hers could not be real. She was illuminated by the moon, and her long, silver hair stirred in the gentle breeze. I looked into her silvery eyes and seemed to be lost in some indefinable essence in that moment. She made a movement of her hand and I sank to the ground, drifting off to sleep. I walked alone in the land of dreams where her silver eyes shone brilliantly and her silver hair fell languorously over her snow-white robes. For me to say she was "in" my dream would not be enough. In truth, she *was* my dream.

Waking in the morning was enjoyable. I felt rested and healthy. Beside me, though still unconscious, Dunstan slept peacefully. Nearby were two new folded robes. I donned one, and used the other as a pillow for Dunstan. Something about the carving in the stone and the bridge that I had crossed the night before was nagging at my memory, but I put all hesitation out of my mind. Dunstan moaned softly and I turned my attentions to him.

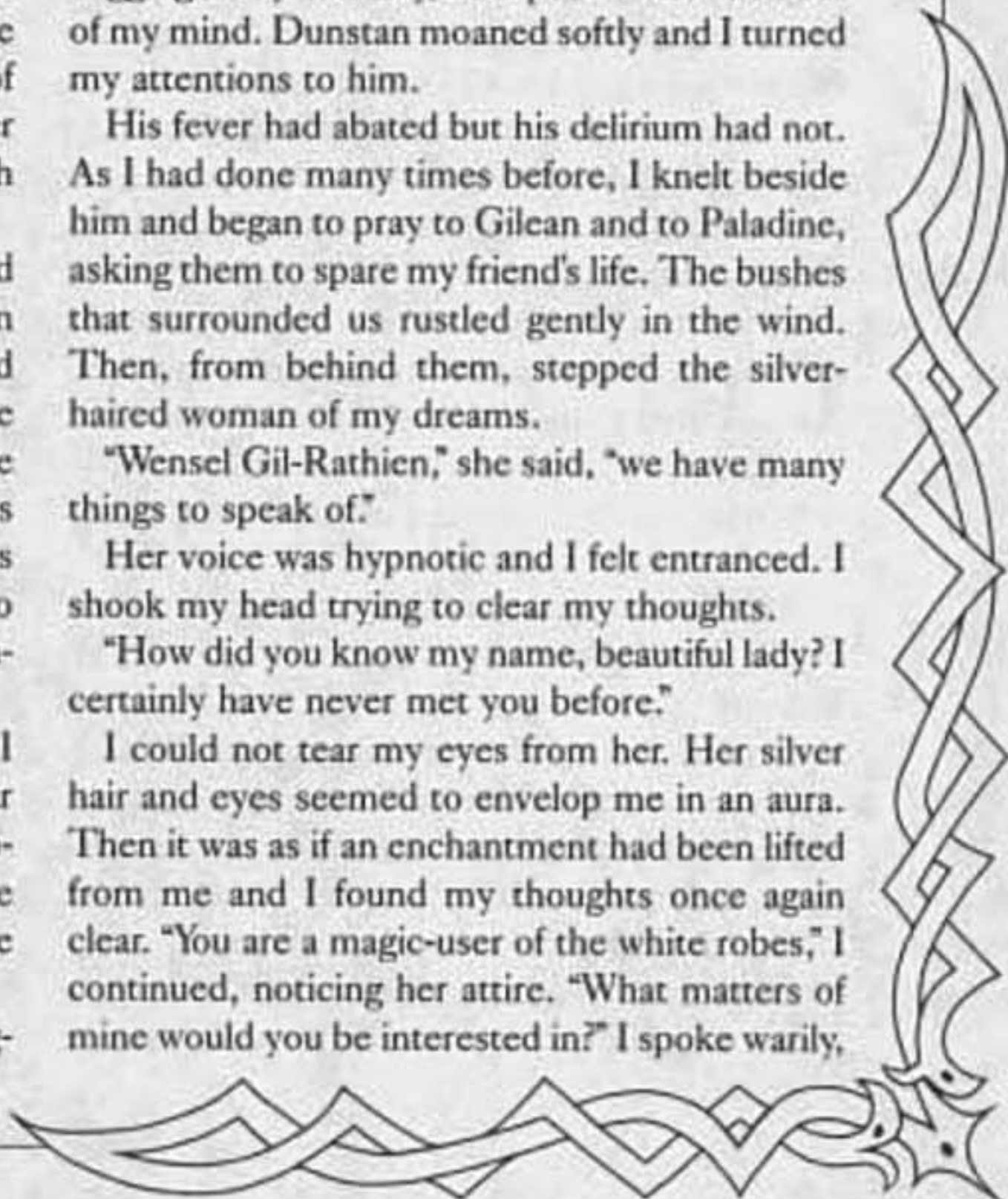
His fever had abated but his delirium had not. As I had done many times before, I knelt beside him and began to pray to Gilean and to Paladine, asking them to spare my friend's life. The bushes that surrounded us rustled gently in the wind. Then, from behind them, stepped the silver-haired woman of my dreams.

"Wensel Gil-Rathien," she said, "we have many things to speak of."

Her voice was hypnotic and I felt entranced. I shook my head trying to clear my thoughts.

"How did you know my name, beautiful lady? I certainly have never met you before."

I could not tear my eyes from her. Her silver hair and eyes seemed to envelop me in an aura. Then it was as if an enchantment had been lifted from me and I found my thoughts once again clear. "You are a magic-user of the white robes," I continued, noticing her attire. "What matters of mine would you be interested in?" I spoke warily,



as did all people in Krynn when conversing with wizards.

"I am in need of your talents, Historian. It is for this reason that I have led you here. This is a very sacred place."

"What is sacred about this place of dreamers?" My response was cynical. "This carving of a silver dragon is for dreamers and children only, for the good dragons are a myth of childhood."

The woman shook her head slowly, as if my words had cut her deeply. I felt a twinge of regret that my callous pronouncement had affected her so.

"No, they are not children's tales or myths. They are all too real. I know."

"How do you know they are real? And for that matter, you still have not told me how is it that you know my name?" I challenged.

"My magic is very powerful, and I have followed you just as you have followed me. I heard you entreating the gods to spare your friend's life. I knew then that you were someone I could talk to. I commend the love you hold for your friend." She indicated the motionless Dunstan. And once again I was lulled by the beauty of her smile.

"Thank you, lovely lady," I replied, "and forgive me for pursuing a subject that appears to pain you, but do you know there are good dragons?"

"For now," she answered, "let us just say, I have reason to know and I want you to spread the word of their existence."

"If you can convince me of their existence," I said warily, "then I swear by the oath I swore to Astinus, that I shall never rest until I have done as you wish."

"Then you are devotees of Astinus of Palanthus?"

"Yes, do you know of him?"

"To my people, the Ageless One is well known."

"Tell me about the 'good' dragons, then," I said.

"I see you are skeptical. Consider this. All things in this world are in balance, is that not what Astinus teaches?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Therefore, doesn't it follow that there are good dragons in this world as well as evil

dragons?"

"I can understand this, lady," I answered, wanting to believe her, yet feeling bedeviled by my cynical nature. I changed the subject. "Tell me about yourself. You look human, yet I sense that you are not. Does your race have a name?"

"No, I am not human, nor elven either." She paused, as if trying to reach some difficult, painful decision. I almost held my breath, lest I disturb her thoughts. "If I tell you—and this is one reason why I have determined to follow you—you will probably not believe me. Even so, I have decided to reveal myself to you. I am one of those you refer to as children's legends. The form you see me in now is one I have taken so you would be comfortable with my presence."

I felt very sad. "I am truly sorry, lady," I began, flushing in embarrassment, "but you must take *me* for a child. You must find someone else to believe your stories."

I was startled by the sudden look of pleading in her eyes. Once more my heart was struggling with my head. I felt less and less confident of my disbelief.

"No, Wensel Gil-Rathien, I *am* a good dragon, a silver dragon."

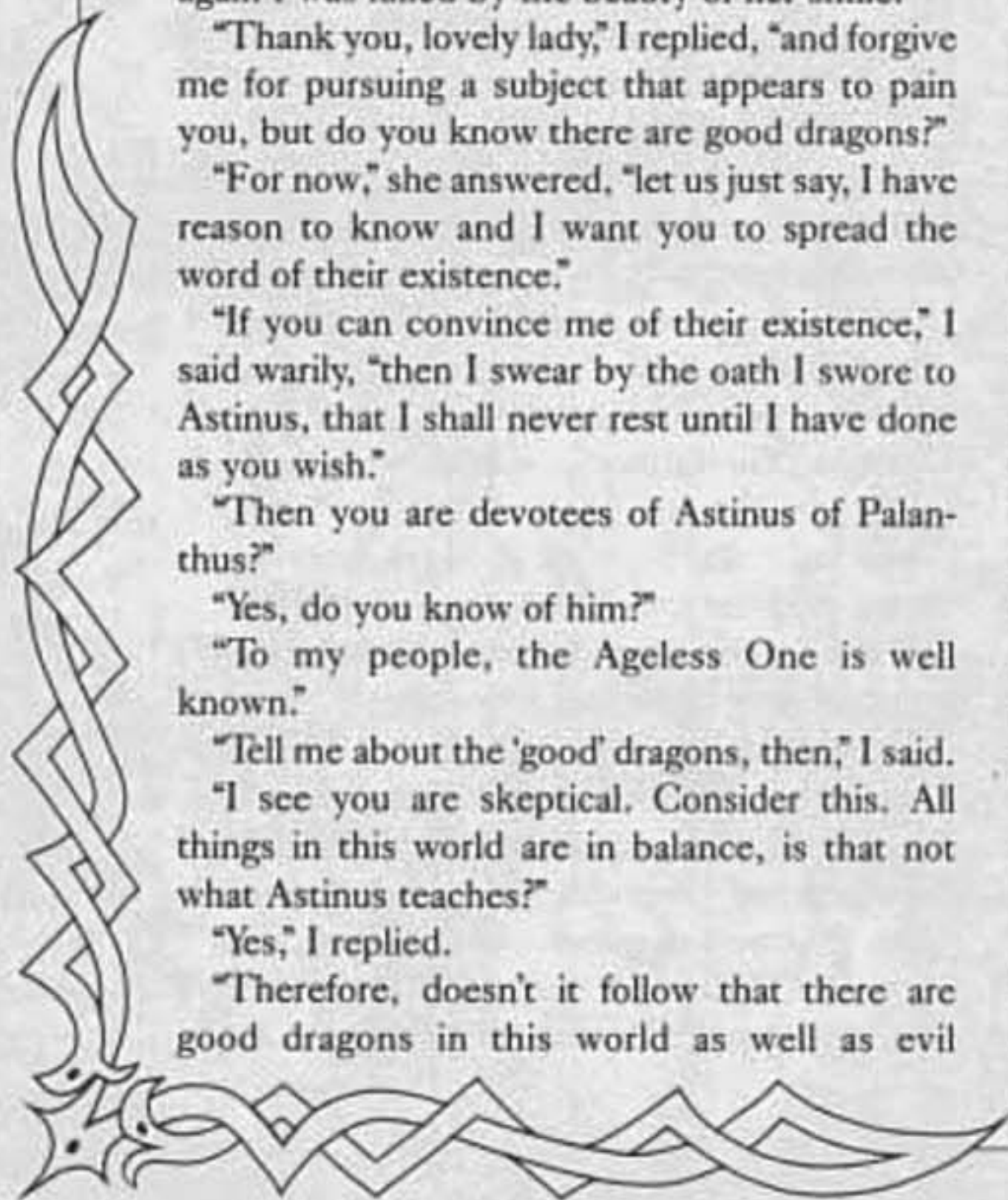
"Prove it. Show me your true form," I demanded.

She smiled. "How? I could show you my true form. But, since I am also a magic-user, it could easily be an illusion I have conjured. You must believe in me in your heart."

And suddenly, for some reason I will never know, I *did* believe in her. Oh, you will say that I wanted to believe and so lied to myself. But, no. It was a feeling deep within me, one that I will never forget. And so it was that even as I knew the truth of her words, I looked behind her and saw her shadow on the side of the mountain. It was that of a dragon.

I stood staring in awe. It is every child's, nay, adult's dream. To be in the presence of one of the mythical Dragons of Truth. Timidly, I bowed.

"I am sorry, my lady," I began. "I can see now that you speak truthfully, and I was a fool. My head insists it is all a trick of magic, but my heart





The beautiful woman appeared out of the mist.

knows it is not."

She took my hand and raised me to my feet.

"I knew you would believe me. I had faith in your good heart, and I will be honored to tell you about my people. You are the first historian, other than Astinus, to record any knowledge of my kind. Ask what you wish of me and I shall answer as best as I can."

"What message," I asked, "do you wish me to convey to the world?"

"We want the people of Krynn to know that good dragons do exist. We see the evil dragons are wreaking havoc upon the land, but there is nothing that we can do to stop them. Tell your people that we grieve for Krynn." The pain in her voice was to me as a knife in my soul. "We know that there are those who say we have abandoned Krynn and that we don't care. They are wrong. We do care, but there are forces in motion that we cannot control. We do see what is happening in the world, and our sorrow runs deep."

"What could keep a force as powerful as the good dragons from stepping forth and assisting

the people of Krynn in their time of need?"

"This I cannot tell you, Wensel," she said sadly.

"But why? This information can only serve to counteract the belief that the silver dragons do not exist or do not care."

"I am permitted to speak no more than this. We have sworn a sacred oath that we will not interfere. But ask me no more, for I am already nearing the boundaries of that oath."

For a moment there was silence between us. She was so beautiful and I was so overawed that it amazes me still to think I was capable of speech, much less of framing intelligent questions.

"Since I can not ask any more about your oath, could I inquire about your race in general?" was all I could think of to ask.

She appeared amused at the vast scope of my question. I tried to narrow it down. "Do all of the good dragons interact as a single race or are you each separate?"

"Dragons, both good and evil, are independent creatures. Rarely do we congregate in any way. This is one thing that amazes and frightens me about the power of the Dark Queen. It is astonishing that she has been able to . . . to . . . bring the evil dragons together and convince them to cooperate."

"Among the elven races, it is commonly said that this war and the coming of the evil dragons, is the fault of the humans and for this reason the elven races refuse to become involved. Is that what the good dragons also believe?"

"The Dark Queen has been eager to invade this plane ever since Huma banished her and all dragons centuries ago. We good dragons do not believe it was anyone's fault in particular. It just happened." She paused and gathered her thoughts before continuing. "There is constant strife among the elements of nature as well as the gods themselves. This is natural in the world."

"Are there more good dragons around in disguise such as you, or are you the only one who has decided to tell the world about your people?"

"There are a few of us who have gone among the people. A few who have left the island where the good dragons have gathered and who are do-



ing what we can to help. What we do is not much, perhaps, but it is all that we are permitted."

"What do you hope to accomplish by going out into the world and telling the people that the good dragons do exist?"

"We may instill some hope in the people. Times are very dark and we fear hope will die and, without hope, then mankind is lost. We are all lost."

"Why have you come here, to this place?" I asked.

She smiled. "Wensel Gil-Rathien"—her voice was scolding—"what would Astinus say? Have you not read the histories? Do you not recognize this sacred monument?"

As I looked up at the face of the rock where the dragon had been carved, I came to a sudden realization—that before me must lie the place of myths and legends, Huma's Tomb!

This was a find such as historians can only dream of! Poor Dunstan, here he was, asleep through our greatest triumph as servants of Astinus.

"What else can I tell you?" she asked me.

I tried to collect my thoughts, and could only ask her what I had asked all the others. "How were the dragons created?"

"We were created out of chaos, as were all the animals, and due to our superiority over the other animals in intelligence, strength, and life span and our ability to use magic, we became the dominant beings on Krynn."

"Do you cast magic in the same ways as do human and elven magic-users?"

"We have our spellbooks, as do other magic-users, but we do not belong to the Conclave or treat with mortal wizards. Our magic is within us. Our magical powers increase with our age."

"Which race, on the face of Krynn, do you see as having the most effect on the over-all outcome of the war?"

"The humans, undoubtedly, shall have the largest influence. Because of their short lifespan, humans are driven into 'doing,' not just 'being' like the elves, for example. Can you understand that? Elves live hundreds of years. They are a people

who have *time* to watch a tree grow from an acorn into a mighty oak. They have time to nurture it and guide it. The humans would not understand that. They have such a short lifespan that it is in their nature to 'force' the acorn to grow, to want to hurry it and force it to *do* something. Thus they perceive all of the world in this way. For good or for evil—because humans can fall either way—it is they who shall ultimately decide the outcome."

"Do you feel . . . kindred . . . to any of the races?"

"We are drawn toward the elves, of course. Mainly because of their long lifespan and because the elves were the beloved of the gods of Good, as are the silver and gold dragons. That is one reason I am here."

"Pardon me, but where exactly is here? I have been wandering for days and I have encountered nobody, save you."

"You are in Southern Ergoth."

"Southern Ergoth!" I exclaimed. "I was born in Northern Ergoth. Is it possible I did not recognize my homeland?"

"Things have changed greatly in this country. Here you will find three races of elves who have been driven from Qualinesti and Silvanesti. They have been reluctantly accepted by the Kagonesti who call this land home. It is a tragic situation."

Though I had heard of the Kagonesti living in this land, I had not known that the Qualinesti and Silvanesti elves had come here. Once again—what a find for Astinus!

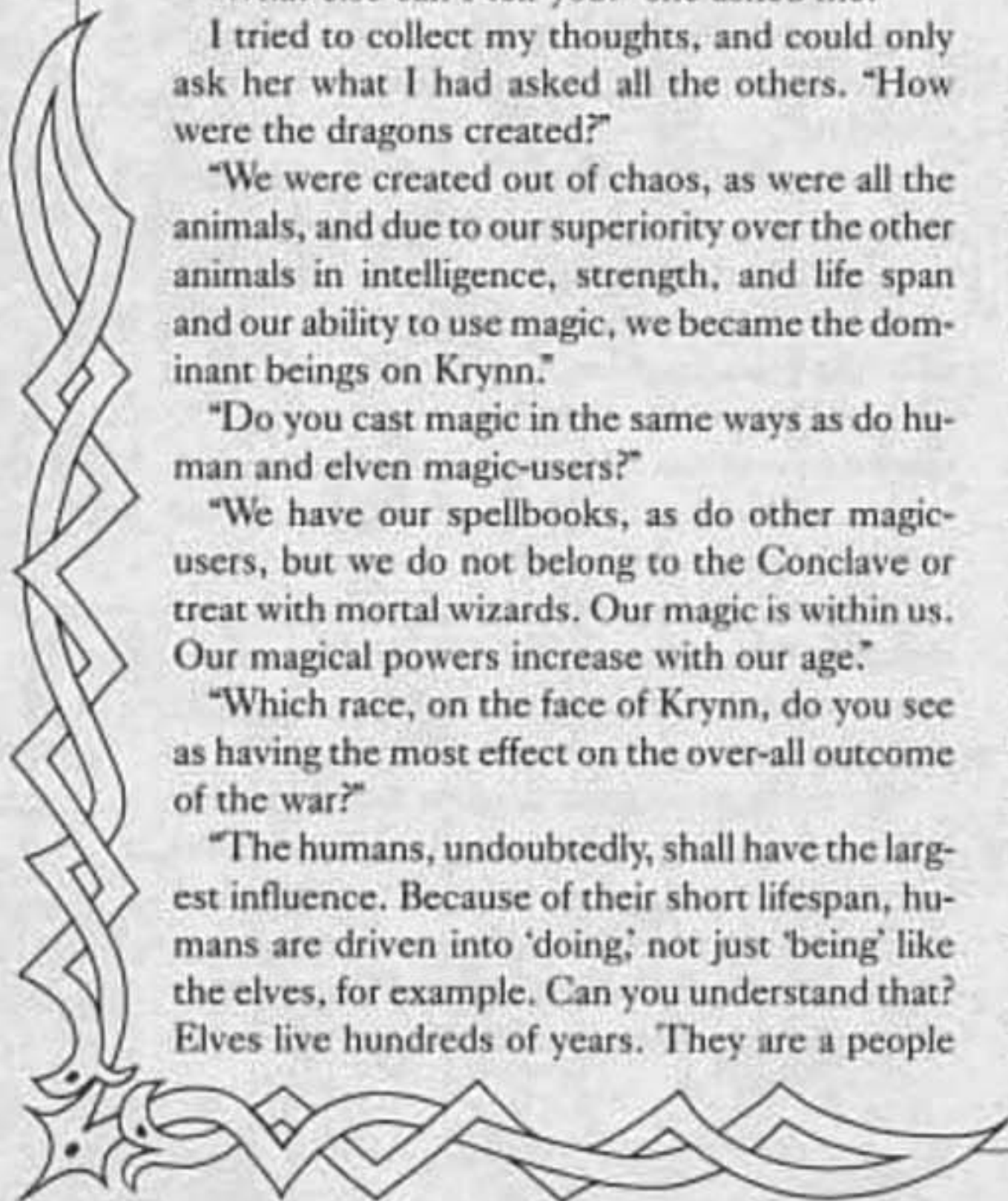
I started asking another question, when suddenly I swayed on my feet and nearly fell.

She was all sympathy. "Wensel, forgive me. You must be hungry and tired. Sit down."

Before I quite knew what was happening, a simple repast of fruit and bread was spread before me. I ate hungrily, but my appetite waned as I looked at poor Dunstan, who once again seemed to be growing worse.

"Is there anything you can do for my friend?" I asked, noticing that his fever was rising again.

"I have led you near the camps of the Kagonesti," she said, smiling at me reassuringly.



"Your friend will be well soon. Fear for him no longer. The gods have heard your prayers."

Relieved, I resumed my questions.

"Recently, Dunstan and I were held captive by minotaur pirates. They are bent on conquering Krynn after the draconians have finished. What role do you see them playing in the future?"

"I know very little about the minotaurs. You see, we have been asleep for so long." The look of sadness on her face went to my heart.

"Are there any of your race still sleeping?"

"No. We have all been awakened. But we have been asleep for so long it is difficult for us to get back in to the world. I'm not sure we want to."

"I am sorry to see you in such sorrow, my lady," I said. Indeed, I could have cheerfully died, I think, to bring her ease. "Do you have a name by which I could call you?"

"My name is my own. A dragon, of course, never reveals his or her true name, except to another dragon."

"Of course, I understand."

"I do have a name that you can call me, if you wish. You may call me Elsbeth."

"As a boy, I heard so many legends and so many myths about the beauty of the dragons. I do not think you could be more beautiful than you are now, but would it be possible for me to see you in your true form?" I asked timidly, fearful of offending her, having asked once before.

She seemed flattered, however, and even blushed. "Surely you have seen the evil dragons?"

"Yes, I have, Elsbeth. But even though the evil dragons are magnificent creatures, they lack the inner beauty and the inner goodness to truly be called beautiful."

"It is heartening to hear you speak of the evil dragons so. Though we resemble them in shape, that is all we have in common. But I dare not reveal myself to you, my friend. There are other eyes watching these lands and it would endanger the oath if I were to be seen in my true form. And now, Wensel Gil-Rathien, our time is short. The sun will soon be setting and the draconians will be scouting the area. We must finish as soon as possible. I would hate to see you captured by them."

"You have seen the draconians?"

"Yes. My people are aware of them, but we know little about them. We know they are perversions of nature, but how or why exactly we cannot say."

"We have interviewed a draconian and we asked him about their creation. Astinus said to ask him about the good dragon eggs. Do you know what he meant?"

Her eyes widened, her face grew pale. "Tell me more," she said fervently. "What did the draconian say about the eggs?"

"Not much," I answered, startled by her reaction. "He seemed eager to evade the question."

Shaking her head, Elsbeth sighed.

"You are troubled," I said. "Share your fears with me."

"No." She turned from me, starting to leave, and I felt as though darkness had descended on my world.

Reaching out, I caught hold of her hand. "I thank you for the information that you have given me, Elsbeth. Thank you for leading me and my friend to safety. I swear to you that I shall do my best to convince people that you do exist and that there is hope for all on Krynn. One more thing: Would it be safe for Dunstan and I to linger here tonight and to depart in the morning?"

"You are welcome to stay the night, but I must warn you, Wensel, if you are attacked there will be little I can do to aid you. I cannot take the risk of being seen. The consequences would be too devastating for my people and yours."

She walked away into the shadow of the mountain. Dunstan seemed stable and, exhausted as I was, I decided to risk the consequences by making camp near there. To tell the truth, I was loathe to leave, though I knew in my heart I would never see her again. The night passed without incident. I slept soundly, dreaming of my boyhood and of flying through the clouds on the back of a beautiful Silver Dragon.

Caramon gratefully acknowledges the help of two novice scribes, Kevin Swan and William Wells, in preparing this manuscript.



Legends

The races of gnomes, dwarves, and kender are all descended from the race of men. The gnomes, kender, and men all believe the story of the Graystone of Gargath, but the dwarves believe themselves to be the special children of the god Reorx, forged in the earliest days of creation. Virtually all historical scholars (except, of course, dwarven scholars) disagree.

The Graystone of Gargath

When he created the world, Reorx needed the assistance of men to help him with the work. To this end did one-eighth of all men and their families follow Reorx across the sea, in hopes of learning the crafts of Reorx.

For many years, men worked happily under the guidance of Reorx. Yet men tended toward either good or evil, and rarely remained neutral. The men became proud of their skills and used them for their own ends.

Reorx was angered. In his wrath, he remade these men into a new race. As they had become tinkers, so they would remain for all time. He took from them the crafts he had taught, leaving only their burning desire to tinker and build, invent and construct. He made them into a small people—they became the gnomes.

Hiddukel saw all of this and smiled. Reorx had worked long and hard to forge order out of Chaos. Yet now, Reorx saw that the balance of neutrality was not maintained. Hiddukel knew

that Chislev also felt this swing in the balance. Herein was the foundation of mischief.

Hiddukel went to Chislev. With cunning words, he convinced Chislev that the forces of evil were losing. Their only hope, he said, was for neutrality to take ultimate control. Chislev agreed, and, at Hiddukel's insistence, asked Reorx to forge the Graygem.

The Graygem was a marvelous artifact. A large clear gray stone of many facets, it was designed to hold and radiate the essence of Lunitari, the red-sphere of neutral magic. Hiddukel had convinced Chislev that this stone would anchor neutrality to the world of Krynn and solidify the neutral position on the planet. Chislev convinced Reorx of the same thing and thus the stone was created. It was placed within Lunitari and magic swelled within it.

Reorx, although still angered by the gnomes, had never forsaken them. He loved them, and now could see how they might yet serve him. He appeared unto their priest, and presented a plan for a Great Invention he wished the gnomes to construct. It would be powered by a magical stone that Reorx would provide. The gnomes, as was their wont, built the machine thirty times the required size and with mechanisms that never served any purpose. Their general consensus was that it would work once the stone was in place.

Reorx now finalized his plan. Among his servants he found a lowly gnome that truly worshipped his arts. In a vision, the little gnome saw



the Graygem and wanted it more than anything. He approached the problem of getting it like any gnome—he invented something.

His invention was truly worthy of the gnomes—a mechanical ladder that lifted itself into the sky. The strange device had pulleys and counterweights and wheels and cogs. It made a terrific racket when it worked. Yet Reorx smiled upon that gnome and gave to him a secret device. The gnome's ladder worked. One could set it upright on the ground, winch up the top section and then climb up to the top. From there, the bottom part could be winched up off the ground so that the ladder hung steadily in mid-air. Then, the operator would climb up the new section and repeat the process. Slowly, the ladder pulled itself up into the sky, and eventually reached the scarlet moon itself.

With a magical net given to him by Reorx, the little gnome captured the Graygem. He lowered the ladder back to the ground, and went to place the Graygem into the Great Invention. But the moment he opened the net, the stone leaped into the air and floated quickly off to the west. All the gnomes rushed to pack up their belongings and follow it. They followed it to the western shores of their land and quickly built ships. The Graygem floated westward across the waters with the gnomes in pursuit until the gem finally approached the shores of Ansalon.

Reorx was deeply disturbed, for the gem created magical havoc wherever it passed. Beasts and plants were reshaped in magical ways. New races of animals sprang up overnight and spells cast went wild. Instead of anchoring neutrality, the gem only made the pendulum of good and evil swing more rapidly than ever before. He then understood how he had been tricked by Hiddukel and Chislev.

At that time, there was a great ruler among men, named Gargath. He was a barbarian prince who loved well the gods of neutrality and served their purposes.

One spring day, Gargath was in prayerful communion with Zivilyn. When he looked up, he saw a gray gemstone floating above the altar. It pulsed

with a steel gray light. Gargath took this as a gift of the gods and placed it high in a tower. Here, by various traps and magic, did he secure the stone so that all could see its light and yet none could take it away.

The gray light shone as a beacon for two armies of gnomes who had been pursuing the Graygem for many years. One army was filled with desire for the wealth the gem represented. The other army was made up of those most curious about the gem and its workings. The two joined forces to recover the gem and proceeded to march on the castle.

The gnomes first demanded the stone. Gargath refused. They threatened war. He welcomed the fight. The gnomes were outnumbered. There was only one thing left to do: they invented something.

Two weeks later, a giant siege engine came thundering toward the gates of the fortress. It broke down just short of its goal. The gnomes retreated with heavy losses.

Three weeks later, a second great siege engine approached, sounding like a hundred ghosts wailing. This one rammed the first siege engine and caught fire. It burned to the ground and the gnomes retreated with heavier losses.

Nearly a month and a half later, a towering colossus of a siege engine roared toward Gargath's battlements. Charging through the ashes of the first two siege engines, the drive mechanism broke. The siege engine fell forward and shattered the outer wall of the castle. Although this wasn't exactly what the gnomes had planned, the result was good enough. The gnomes charged in through the broken wall.

As the gnomes rushed into the courtyard, both sides were amazed to see the steel gray light from the tower suddenly fill the area with unbearable light. When men could see again, the two factions of gnomes were suddenly fighting each other. One side was filled with lust for the gem and the other side was filled with curiosity.

Under the power of the gem, the gnomes changed. Those who lusted after wealth became the dwarves. Those who were curious became

the first kender. True gnomes yet remained in the far-off islands, but dwarves and kender quickly spread throughout the continent of Ansalon.

Of the Graystone of Gargath, none knew where it had gone. Some say the gem returned to the heavens, and others say it is hidden somewhere on the world of Krynn, where it will one day be rediscovered.

The Tragedy of Lorac

During the Age of Dreams, when wizards were respected and revered upon Krynn, there were five Towers of High Sorcery. These Towers were centers of learning and of power for the mages of Krynn. Here were housed great libraries of spellbooks and magical artifacts. Here all mages desiring to rise to higher levels of wizardry came to take the grueling Test.

Here, also, the mages came together to work their greatest magic. Toward the end of the Second Dragon Wars, when the world itself seemed doomed, the highest of the mages of all three Orders met together in the greatest of the Towers—the Tower of Palanthas—and created the five Dragon Orbs to help defeat the dragons. For they saw at last that the great evil was intent upon destroying all magic so that only its own would survive. Even the wizards of the Black Robes, who had once worshipped this evil, saw now that they were only its slaves.

On a night when all three moons were full in the sky, the greatest wizards then living upon Krynn, including the great archmage Fistantilus, came together and created the Dragon Orbs. They made five, with the intention of sending one to each of the Towers of High Sorcery, to be used in the Tower's defense.

With the help of the Dragon Orbs, the evil dragons were defeated. But then another evil arose, an evil cloaked in good. As Istar rose during the Age of Might to greater and greater glory, the Kingpriest of Istar and his clerics became increasingly jealous of the power of the magic-users. As times grew more and more difficult, the priests placed the blame for everything evil that

was happening in Krynn upon the wizards, stirring up the people against them.

The Towers of High Sorcery became natural targets. Mobs attacked the Towers, and for only the second time in their history, the wizards of all the Orders came together to defend the last bastions of their strength.

When it became clear that the battle was hopeless, the wizards themselves destroyed two of the Towers. The blasts devastated the countryside for miles around. Only three Towers remained—the Tower of Istar, the Tower of Palanthas, and the Tower of Wayreth.

The terrible destruction of the two Towers frightened the Kingpriest. He granted the wizards safe passage from the Towers of Istar and Palanthas if they would leave the Towers themselves undamaged.

Before the Tower at Istar was abandoned, an elf named Lorac Caladon arrived at the Tower to take the Test. Lorac was, at the time, Speaker of the Stars, the ruler of Silvanesti.

All of the Dragon Orbs were endowed by their creators with the instinct for self-preservation. During the Test, the Dragon Orb spoke to Lorac's mind. The Orb foresaw a dreadful calamity. "You must not leave me here in Istar," the Orb told the elf king. "If you do, I will perish and the world will be lost."

Lorac took the Orb away with him, hidden in a small, nondescript bag. Some might say that this great lord of the elves stole the Orb. Lorac maintained, however, that he was rescuing it. Be that as it may, Lorac kept the Orb hidden, refusing to tell even the wise among the elves that he had it.

The Towers at Istar and Palanthas were abandoned. A terrible curse struck the Tower of Palanthas, barring any from entering it until the Master of Past and Present returned with power. The Tower at Istar was destroyed in the Cataclysm. All knowledge of the Dragon Orbs faded from the world.

The ancient elven land of Silvanesti survived the Cataclysm far better than others in Krynn. When the elves of Silvanesti heard of the suffering of the people outside their lands, particularly



of their cousins, the Qualinesti, there were many among the Silvanesti elves who said that they should go to the aid of the brethren.

But Lorac, their ruler, refused. "They brought their doom down upon themselves," he told his people. "It was they who left the homeland and chose to live among humans. I trust they have learned their lesson."

So the Silvanesti closed the borders of their land and withdrew deeper into their forests, renouncing the outside world. None passed their borders for centuries.

Then a new evil arose. Dragon Highlords sent emissaries to Lorac, promising him that they would leave Silvanesti untouched if he promised to leave them alone to conquer the rest of the continent of Ansalon. Lorac agreed. But he had lived in the world long enough to expect treachery.

When the Dragonarmies attacked Silvanesti, the elves were prepared. Lorac ordered his people into ships that would take them to safety while the Wildrunners fought the draconians in the forest, buying time to aid their people in their escape. He named his daughter, Alhana Starbreeze, their ruler. Finally, Lorac ordered his soldiers to leave the land in the last ship, saying that he alone had the power to protect their land from the evil that threatened it.

Reluctantly, his army and his daughter left him. When Lorac was alone, he descended to the chambers beneath the Tower of the Stars where he had secreted the Dragon Orb.

Lorac knew, even as he rested his fingers on the globe, that he had made a terrible mistake. He had neither the strength nor the control to command the magic. But, by then, it was too late. The Orb had captured him and held him enthralled, calling the dragon, Cyan Bloodbane, to come and whisper hideous nightmares into the elf king's mind. These nightmares became reality, turning the once-beautiful elven land into a place of horror.

The Heroes of the Lance were able to penetrate the nightmare forests of Silvanesti, freeing Lorac from his terrible enchantment and gaining

possession of the Dragon Orb (which later was controlled by Raistlin Majere). Lorac, unable to live with the knowledge of the evil he had brought upon his land, died in his daughter's arms.

It was his last wish to be buried in the land—a custom considered barbaric by the elves. Alhana acceded to his dying wish, however, burying her father in the ground beneath a twisted, tortured tree. To her astonishment, Alhana watched the tree above her father's grave turn green and beautiful. She took this as a sign that if the elves returned to their homeland after having helped drive the evil from the world, they would be able to save it.

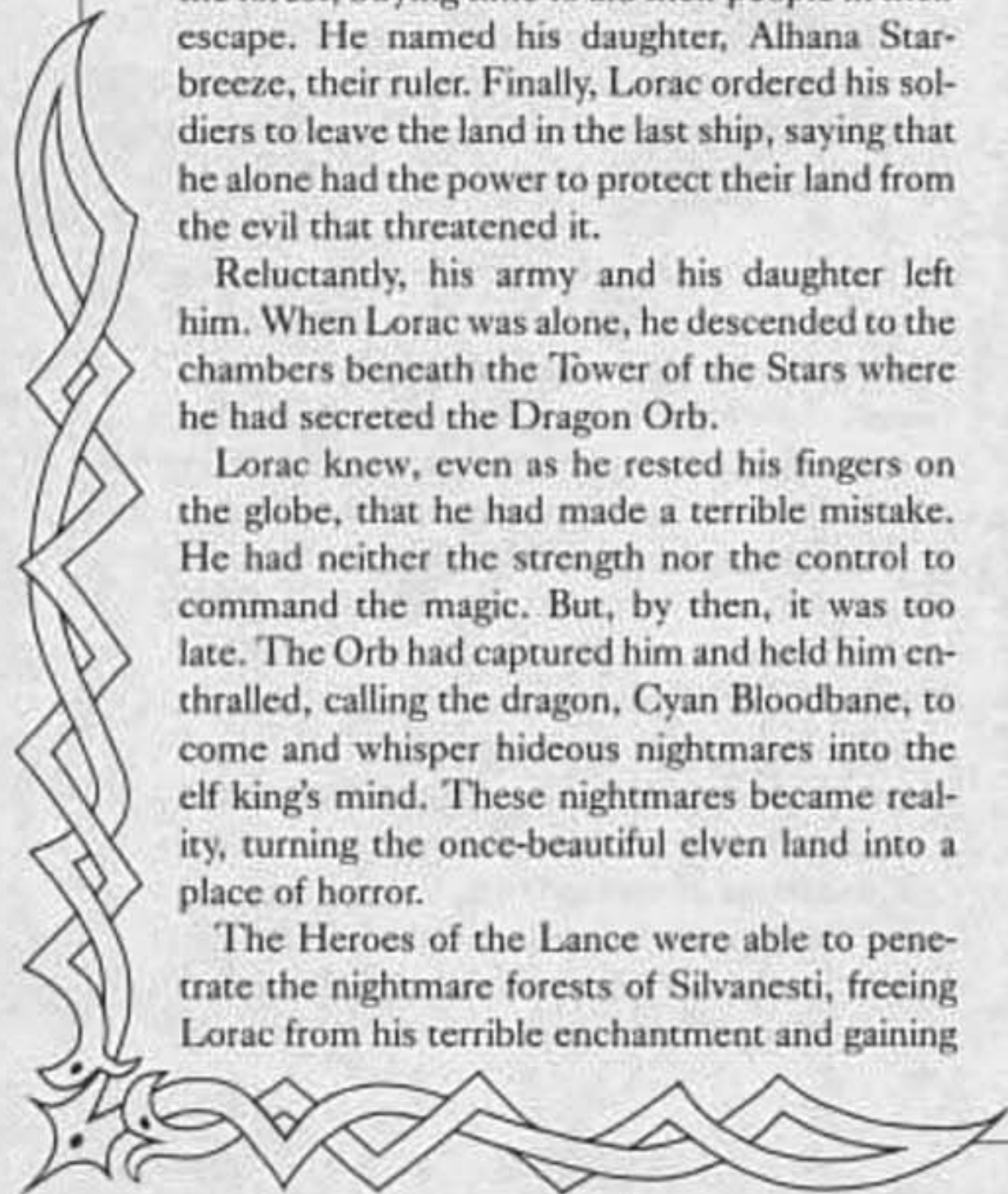
Long were the sufferings of the elves as they sought to free their beloved land of Lorac's nightmare. But in this they were aided by humans and dwarves, kender and gnomes and so their land was at last cleansed and is now more beautiful than ever—particularly because it is open to people of all races.

The Legend of Grallen's Helm

This legend arises out of the tragic Dwarfgate War fought against the archmage, Fistandantilus. According to the legend, Grallen, son of King Duncan of the mountain dwarves, was given a magical helm. If the helm's wearer were killed, his soul would be saved inside a gem. What Grallen didn't realize was that his soul would remain forever trapped until an adventurer released him by returning the helm to the dwarven kingdom in Thorbardin.

It is said that whoever finds the helm and puts it on will be overtaken by the spirit of Grallen, who will tell his story. —Caramon Majere

"I, Grallen, son of King Duncan, rode forth on the morning of the last battle in the great charge of Thane Hylar dwarves. We came from the Northgate of Thorbardin across the Dergoth Plain. My troop assaulted the mountain home of the Dark Wizard there. My brothers fought with courage and valor; many fell with honor at my side.



"Yet when the tide of battle turned in our favor, and I confronted the wizard in his lair, he smiled, and a great magic rushed from his being: a flame of power and horror that broke through stone and steel.

"Thus, in his rage and despair, he destroyed both his allies and his enemies.

"Thus did I die and thus now I am doomed to live in the remains of the fortress, now known as Skullcap Mountain, until the day when someone will take the Helm and return it to the land of my fathers so that I may find rest."

After telling his story, Grallen will return the spirit of the helm's wearer to that person. Great will be the reward and honor for the one who brings Grallen's Helm back to Thorbardin.

The Hammer of Kharas

We first heard this legend in the dwarven kingdom of Thorbardin, for it fell to us to retrieve the famous Hammer of the great dwarven hero. I have always regretted the fact that our adventures in Thorbardin have gone unchronicled, but, to tell the truth, Flint Fireforge used to fly into such a rage when we even mentioned his bitter enemies that we learned to keep that story to ourselves. —Caramon Majere

This tale relates how and why the hero Kharas left the dwarves, bearing with him the great Hammer used to forge the Dragonlances.

A great hero among the dwarves, Kharas was given his name by the Knights of Solamnia in honor of his courage and skill in battle. The word "Kharas" means "knight" in Solamnic and this was said to be first time any person of another race had been so honored by the human Knights. In honor of this occasion, the Knights gave Kharas a powerful, magical hammer used, so it was said, to forge the Dragonlance of Huma, the most famous of all Knights.

Kharas lived during the chaotic time of the Cataclysm, and he saw—to his sorrow—Duncan, king and thane of the mountain dwarves, close the great realm of Thorbardin, refusing to allow

their cousins, the hill dwarves, admittance.

Urged on by the dark wizard, Fistantantilus, the hill dwarves and mountain dwarves went to war. Kharas fought in this war, for he had pledged his loyalty to his king, but he found only grief in killing his cousins and, so it was said, wept as he slew them.

Eventually, sickened by the killing and seeing that no one would win this bloody war, Kharas left the field of battle, bearing the bodies of Duncan's sons with him. Thus he escaped the final calamity when Fistantantilus's magic destroyed the Plains of Dergoth, wiping out both armies.

Returning to his king, Kharas gave the broken bodies of his only heirs to Duncan, telling him the tragic news that thousands of their own people plus their kin in the hills had died.

Grief-stricken, Duncan threw himself upon the bodies of his sons. When they could get him up, it was as if the dwarf had been struck by a thunderbolt, for, from that time, he could neither move his limbs nor speak. They carried him to his bed, where he lay, tears running down into his beard, without the power to wipe them away.

Knowing that Duncan must die and that he had left no heir, the thanes of the other clans immediately began to scheme and plot to see which could take over and become king. One by one, they approached Kharas in secret, begging him for his support, for they knew that the people would follow Kharas.

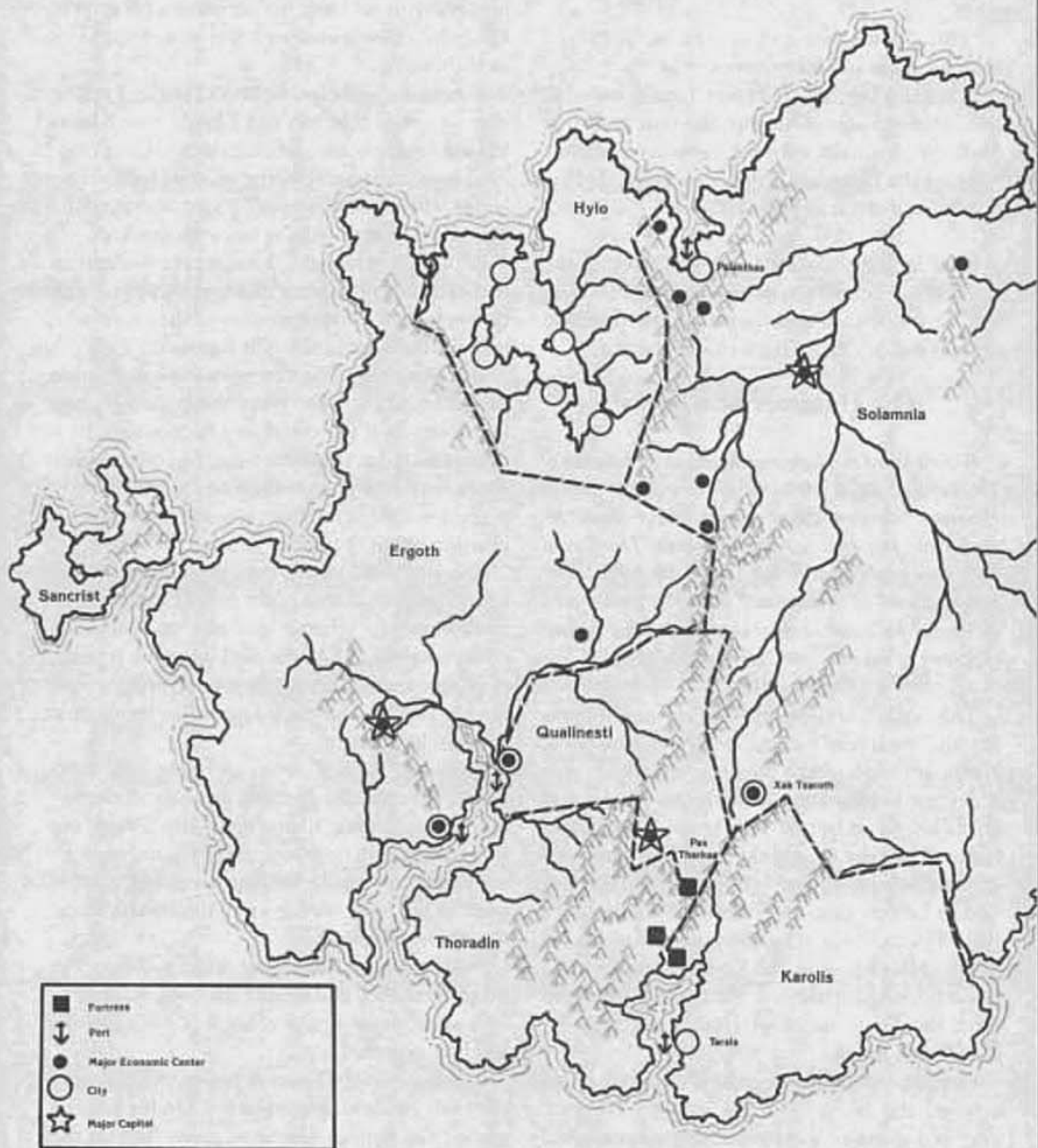
Saddened at the sight of his dying king, sickened by the greedy, grasping dwarves all clamoring to gain power, Kharas flew into a rage and ordered them all from his sight. Day and night he sat beside Duncan, holding his king's wasted hand in his own, wiping away the dwarf's tears. Soon, Duncan died.

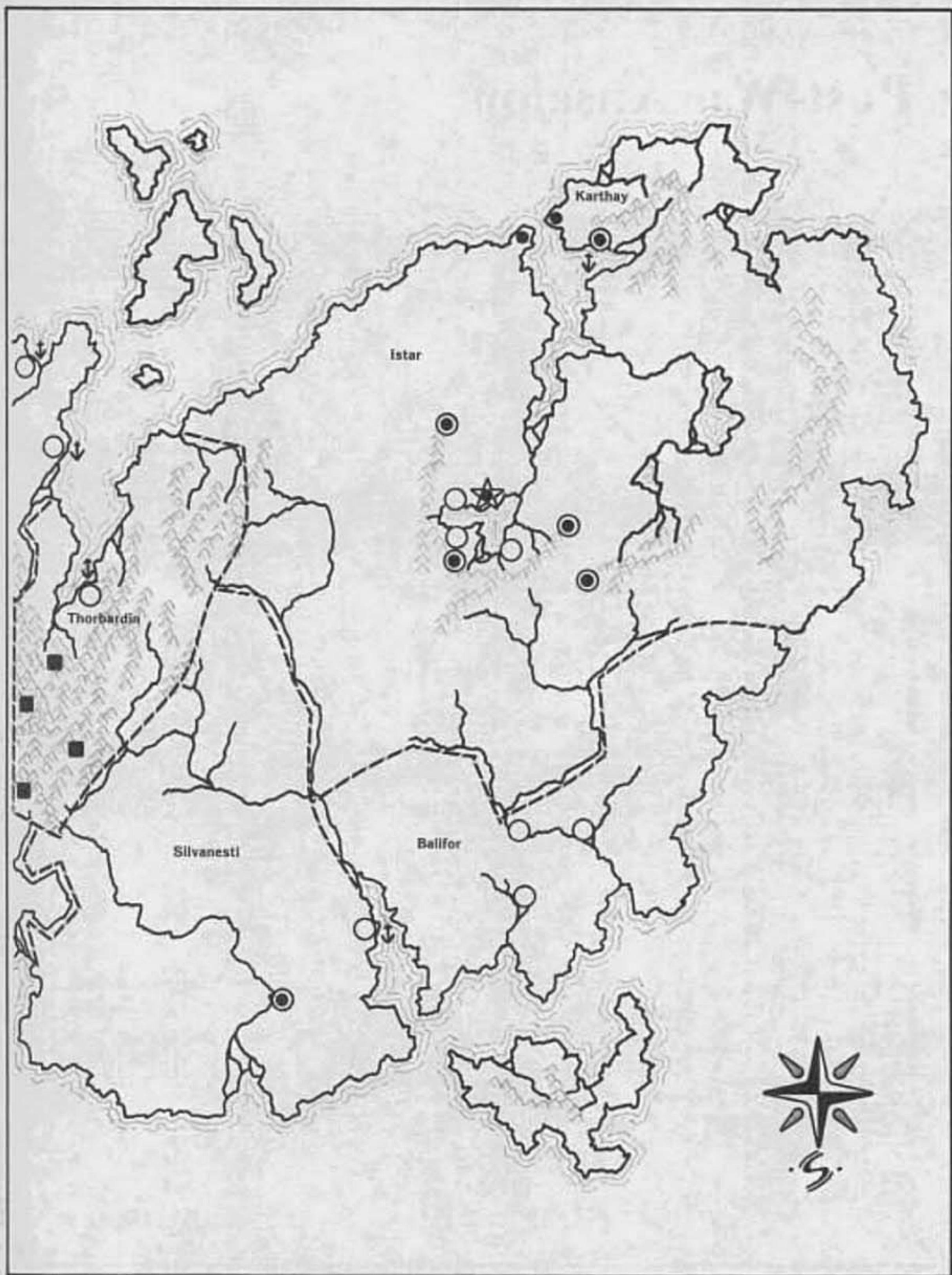
Now, at last, Kharas must make a choice, the dwarven thanes said among themselves. And so Kharas did make a choice, but it was not the one any had expected.

Coming out of Duncan's house, Kharas bore the body of his king in his arms. On his belt, he carried the famous Hammer, given him by the Knights of Solamnia.



Pre-War Ansalon





Post-War Ansalon







the constellations
of kryynn



SARGOMAS

MAJERE

HAVBAKUK

ZEBOIM

the moons

-  solinari
-  nuitari
-  lunitari

the planets

-  SIRRION
-  REORX
-  chislev
-  zivilyn
-  shinare

"Too late, Duncan learned that we must live together or perish apart!" Kharas cried to the assembled dwarves. "I foresee that it will be many centuries before you learn this hard lesson—if you learn it at all. Until that time, I will take the body of my king to his final resting place. I will take with me also the Hammer that was given to me in honor, for honor. I say this now, Reorx witness my vow! Only the dwarf who wields this Hammer of mine shall rule. And only one who comes with honor and the good of his people first in his heart will receive the Hammer of Kharas. All others will perish!"

With that, Kharas left the mountain and was never seen again. Many, it was said, went in search of the Hammer of Kharas.

None returned.

The Legend of Fistandantilus

Although the true story of the evil wizard Fistandantilus is known, sadly, to me now, I include the original legend as it was told among the people of Solamnia. —Caramon Majere

Following the Cataclysm, the hill dwarves and men of the Xak Tsaroth region fled southward seeking refuge in the kingdom of the mountain dwarves. This kingdom, known as Thorbardin, could not support the hundreds of thousands of refugees, and so closed the gates against them.

Disorganized and without leadership, the refugees proved no match against the organized and motivated forces of Thorbardin.

Then came Fistandantilus.

Fistandantilus was a magic-user of the Age of Might that preceded the Cataclysm. Magic at that time was despised as an "impure" profession. Wizards, both good and evil, became outcasts. Yet Fistandantilus foresaw a time when magicians would again be important in Krynn. He knew not when . . . but he swore he would be there when the time came.

The years came and went, but the day of magic's reign did not come. Eventually, Fistandantilus used magical means to prolong his life, until



The mountain known as Skullcap.

there was nothing left of him except the magic. It was in this form that he greeted the coming of the Cataclysm. It was in the rabble at Thorbardin's gates that he saw his chance to regain the power he had lost.

He built a magical fortress at the roots of a mountain, and formed a great army to take Thorbardin. The battle raged across the valley. And, when his defeat looked certain, his vengeance knew no bounds. He loosed the most powerful magic he knew, and both his enemy's army and his own were consumed. His mountain fortress was blasted until only the shattered and glazed form of a giant skull remains—Skullcap.

Deep beneath Skullcap, legend has it, are the remains of Fistandantilus and the path to the gates of Thorbardin. . . .

The Legend of Huma and the Silver Dragon

This legend, first told to Laurana and her party in Ergoth, is given here because we were to see it repeated, tragically, in the lives of Laurana's brother,

Gilthanas, and the Silver Dragon, Silvara.—
Caramon Majere

In the last days of the terrible Dragon Wars, the great knight Huma traveled through the land, seeking to help the people. But he realized, to his sorrow, that he was powerless to stop the desolation and destruction of the dragons. He prayed to the gods for an answer. Paladine answered his prayer by sending a White Stag that appeared before Huma in the forest.

Exhausted and hungry, Huma drew his bow to shoot the stag, but he was so affected by the creature's majestic beauty that he could not kill it and threw down his weapon. To Huma's astonishment, the stag motioned that the knight was to follow him. Huma did so and, after many trials and dangers, the knight came to a quiet grove in the land of Ergoth. In the grove, Huma met a woman, beautiful and virtuous, who eased his pain. Huma fell in love with her and she with him. But she refused his pledges of love for many months. Finally, unable to deny the burning fire within her, the woman returned Huma's love. Their happiness was like the silver moonlight in a night of terrible darkness.

But their joy was brief. For the woman had a terrible secret—she was not born of woman, but of dragon. Only by her magic did she keep the shape of womankind. But she could no longer lie to Huma. She loved him too much. Fearfully she revealed to Huma what she was, appearing before him one night in her true shape—that of a Silver Dragon. She hoped he would hate her, even destroy her, for her pain was so great she did not want to live.

Looking at the radiant, magnificent creature before him, the knight saw within the dragon's eyes the noble spirit of the woman he loved and he pledged his undying love to her once again. The Silver Dragon's magic returned her to the shape of woman, and she prayed to Paladine that he give her woman's shape forever. She would give up her magic and the long life span of the dragons to live in the world with Huma.

Paladine agreed to grant her wish—with one

condition. The great god showed both Huma and the Silver Dragon the future. If she remained a dragon, she and Huma would be given the Dragonlance and the power to defeat the evil dragons. If she became mortal, she and Huma would live together as man and wife, but the evil dragons would remain in the land forever.

Huma vowed he would give up everything—his knighthood, his honor—to remain with the woman he loved. But she saw the light die in his eyes as he spoke and, weeping, she knew the answer she must give. The evil dragons must not be allowed to stay in the world. Huma left her to find the Dragonlance.

When the great knight returned from his quest, he joined his Silver Dragon once more. Together at the end, they fought the Queen of Darkness and ultimately defeated her, though it cost both of them their lives. The Queen and the evil dragons were driven from the land.

It is said by some that a sorrowful lover, parted from his loved one, will meet a knight in shining silver armor and a woman with shining silver hair walking hand-in-hand beneath the silver moon. Though these two will not say anything, the lover will find himself comforted and will be granted the patience and trust to wait until the time comes when he and the one he loves will be joined together forever.

The Knight of the Black Rose

I have included the legend of Lord Soth because of the new dark and strange rumors that have now sprung up following the death of my half-sister, Kitiara.—Caramon Majere

Lord Soth was a true and noble knight of Solamnia. But he was an intensely passionate man, lacking in self-discipline, and this was his downfall.

Soth fell in love with a beautiful elfmaid, a disciple of the Kingpriest of Istar. The knight was married at this time, but thoughts of his wife vanished at the sight of the elfmaid's beauty. Forsaking both his sacred marriage vows and his





The death knight bids the warrior join his army.

knightly vows, Soth gave in to his passion. Lying to the girl, he seduced her and brought her to live at Dargaard Keep, promising to marry her. His wife disappeared under sinister circumstances.

The elfmaid remained true to the knight, even after she discovered his terrible misdeeds, for she believed that there was still something good and noble deep within him. She prayed to the Goddess Mishakal that the knight be allowed to redeem himself, and her prayers were answered. Lord Soth was given the power to prevent the Cataclysm, though it would mean sacrificing his own life.

Strengthened by the love of the girl he had wronged, Lord Soth left for Istar, fully intending to stop the Kingpriest and restore his own, shattered honor.

But the knight was halted in his journey by elven women, disciples of the Kingpriest, who knew of Lord Soth's crime and threatened to ruin him. To weaken the effects of the elfmaid's love, they intimated that she had been unfaithful to him in his absence.

Soth's passions took hold of him, destroying his reason. In a jealous rage, he rode back to Dargaard Keep. Entering his door, he accused the innocent girl of betraying him. Then the Cataclysm struck. The great chandelier in the entryway fell to the floor, and flames consumed the elfmaid and the child she had borne Soth. As she died, she called down a curse upon the knight, condemning him to eternal, dreadful life. With his followers, Soth perished in the fire, only to be reborn in the hideous form of a death knight.

Soth was doomed to spend his existence hearing over and over the song of fate sung to him by the very elven women who had brought about his downfall and who were now changed to banshees. But, during the War of the Lance, Soth was freed from his bondage by the Dark Queen and told to serve a Dragon Highlord. Soth chose Kitiara, since she was the one Highlord with the courage to live in the haunted Dargaard Keep.

Soth came to admire Kitiara, and this admiration changed to an unholy love for the woman. When she fell in love (if such a passion can be at-

tributed to her) with the dark elf, Dalamar, Soth's jealousy knew no bounds. He swore to have her for his own and thus he tricked her and brought about her death.

It is said that now, if any warrior is foolish enough to venture near Dargaard Keep, he is confronted by a lovely, dark-haired woman, who will vow to him her undying love if he will help her escape. Those who fall victim to the woman's charms are confronted by the death knight, who bids the warrior join his ghastly army. The last things the warrior sees, as he is consumed by flame, are two dark, alluring eyes and a charming, crooked smile.

The Gully Dwarf's Emerald

Many legends are now related about my twin, whose deeds—both dark and fair—are now the subject of story and song throughout Ansalon. I sometimes wonder why people find Raistlin so fascinating and then I remember words of Justarius to Par-Salian, words he later repeated to me.—Caramon Majere

"We've all been laughed at one time in our lives. We've all been jealous of someone. We have felt pain and suffered, just as he has suffered. And we've all longed—just once—for the power to crush our enemies. We pity him. We hate him. We fear him—all because there is a little of him in each of us, though we admit it to ourselves only in the darkest part of the night."

Some of these legends will be published at a later time. I include one of the shorter ones now. I must admit, this has always been a favorite of mine and I hope it is true.

If you will remember back in time to when our adventures first started, we were traveling through the sunken city of Xak Tsaroth in search of some sign of the true gods. In an effort to obtain information, Raistlin cast a charm spell upon the gully dwarf, Bupu. Unfortunately, this charm spell had a slightly greater effect on the wretched little creature than my brother had intended. Bupu fell deeply in love with "the pretty man."

Always sympathetic to the downtrodden, misused

people of the world, the usually cynical and cold Raistlin was kind to Bupu—kinder to her than his more sensitive and friendly companions were, I am ashamed to admit. As a gift, Bupu gave Raistlin a "pretty rock" that turned out to be a very valuable emerald.

What Raistlin did with the emerald is not known. Dalamar reports that it was not found among the archmage's possessions in the Tower of High Sorcery. Perhaps this legend provides the answer.—Caramon Majere

It is not generally known that gully dwarves inhabited the splendid, beautiful city of Palanthas. Those Palanthians who knew of the gully dwarves existence refused to admit it. And most Palanthians weren't aware of it at all. The reason for this was that the gully dwarves inhabited the city's extensive sewer system and were rarely seen above ground. (Those who were seen above ground were promptly, quietly, and efficiently arrested and disposed of by the local law authorities.)

Accustomed to hard living, the gully dwarves accepted their fate with their usual equanimity. In fact, they considered themselves much better off than other gully dwarves anywhere. Palanthian garbage was high-grade stuff. The sewer system (built by dwarves) was palatial, and there were no really nasty creatures (such as baby dragons) living there—only a few venomous snakes and rabid rats. The sewers of Palanthas, in fact, became a gully dwarf paradise. Wealthy gully dwarves often spent vacations in this exotic setting.

But paradise soon came tumbling down about their ears (literally) on the night Lord Soth and Kitiara's draconians attacked the city.

Not even the gully dwarves, cowering in their sewers, were safe from the ravages of the draconians, who were burning and butchering every living being they could find.

A squad of draconians, drunk with stolen dwarf spirits and the joy of slaughter, entered the Palanthian sewers in search of a way to get inside the Royal Palace of Lord Amothus which was being guarded by Knights of Solamnia. What the draconians found instead was about a hundred gully



dwarves—men, women, and children—who all set up the most heart-rending wailing at the sight of the draconians.

"Oh, Great and Noble Sir," cried out the leader of the gully dwarves, falling to his knees in the sewer slime and kissing the draconian's clawed feet, "please no kill! Us do anything you want. Us make good slave. Us *like* being slaves." A cheer arose from the gully dwarves.

"I've already got enough slaves to fill a small city," the draconian snarled, lifting his foot (with the gully dwarf still attached) and endeavoring to shake the clinging creature loose. "Kill the lot of them," he said to his soldiers. "No, wait." Grinning wickedly, the draconian winked at his troops. "We'll spare your miserable lives if you give us everything you have of value. Pile it right up here at my feet."

Turning, the draconian said to his next in command, "This way, we won't have to spend time searching their filthy little bodies."

The gully dwarves immediately began fighting and tripping over one another to see who could empty his pockets first. They had managed to collect, among the garbage, some quite nice things along with the chicken bones and fish heads and rat corpses—all of which they gave to the draconians.

"He go now?" the gully dwarf leader asked

gully dwarf's hand—and almost immediately let out a shriek and dropped dead in the slime. One by one, the other draconians died horribly in turn until there wasn't one in the squad left living.

The gully dwarf had just enough presence of mind left to retrieve the emerald from the now-stone claws of the dead draconian, then he and his people fled for safety.

This took place, supposedly, on the night my brother Raistlin died. And now it is said that any gully dwarf who finds himself threatened by a bigger, stronger enemy, has only to reach into his or her pocket and find there a beautiful emerald. . . .

The Master of Past and Present

This legend was related to Tanis Half-Elven by the elven princess of Silvanesti, Alhana Starbreeze. It has become quite popular among the many tales and legends currently being told about Raistlin. —Caramon Majere

As Istar rose during the Age of Might to greater and greater glories, the Kingpriest of Istar and his clerics became increasingly jealous of the magic-users' power. The clerics no longer saw the need for magic in the world, fearing it as something they could not control.

Magicians were the most hated, although recognized



The Tower of High Sorcery at Palanthis.

Tower of Istar, the Tower of Palanthis, and the Tower of Wayreth. Shocked by the destruction of the other two Towers, the Kingpriest granted the wizards in the Towers of Istar and Palanthis safe passage from these cities if they left the Towers undamaged, for the wizards could have destroyed the two cities, as the Kingpriest well knew.

And so the mages traveled to the one Tower that was never threatened—the Tower of Wayreth in the Kharolis Mountains. To Wayreth they came to nurse their wounds and to nurture the small spark of magic still left in the world. Those spellbooks they could not take with them—for the number of books was vast and many were bound with spells of protection—were given to the great library at Palanthis, and there they still remain. (Caramon's note: It was among these

books that my brother discovered the spellbooks of Fistantilus.)

The Tower of Istar was abandoned. The Kingpriest moved into it and used it for his own purposes. The mages left the Tower of Palanthis as well. The Kingpriest thought to take it over, too. The Regent of Palanthis, a disciple of the Kingpriest, arrived at the Tower to seal the gates shut—so he said. But all could see his gaze lingering greedily on the beautiful Tower, for legends of the wonders within—both fair and evil—had spread throughout the land.

The Wizard of the White closed the Tower's slender gates of gold and locked them with a silver key. The Regent stretched out his hand, eager for the key, when one of the Black Robes appeared in a window in one of the upper stories.

In a terrible voice he cried out, "The gates will remain closed and the halls empty until the day when the Master of both the Past and the Present returns with power." Then the evil mage leaped out of the window, hurling himself down at the gates. As the barbs pierced the black robes, he cast a curse upon the Tower with his dying breath. His blood poured down on the ground, the silver and golden gates withered and twisted and turned to black. The shimmering tower of white and red faded to ice-gray stone, its black minarets crumbling to dust.

The Regent and the people fled in terror. The mages of all the Robes who were witness to this final, mad act wept in grief and fear. And, for every tear that was shed that day, so it was said, a tree sprang up from the ground around the Tower. And so the dread Shoikan Grove was born.

From that day until Raistlin, Master of Past and Present, came to claim the Tower as was foretold, no one dared even come near the Tower of High Sorcery at Palanthis.

"The eye of night is one." Engraved over each of the entrances to the Towers of High Sorcery.

Lord Gunthar's War Journal

Gunthar Uth Wistan

Lord Gunthar Uth Wistan is currently the highest ranking of the Knights of Solamnia and leader of the armies commanded by the Whitestone Council. These armies include the Knights of Solamnia, members of the Whitestone Council proper, and those Allied Councilors who are not on the Whitestone Council but lend their support to it.

Lord Gunthar was born at his ancestral home of Castle Wistan on Sancrist Isle in early spring of A.C. 293. His major early campaigns were on the Solamnic Plains around Vingard Keep where he aided Lord Brightblade in the defense against both a hobgoblin incursion and a simultaneous uprising of the peasants. The episodes taught him not only battle prowess, but the importance of politics (young, rebellious knights had incited the uprising) as well.

Despite many early successes both on and off the battlefield, Lord Gunthar is most honored for his victories in the War of the Lance. The following excerpts are taken from Lord Gunthar's war journal, which he has kindly made available to us.

—Caramon Majere

The War of the Lance had its origins in the Great Cataclysm, which shattered the continent of Ansalon and sundered the empires of the previous age. Evil dragons, banished for over a millennium, were awakened from their sleep by the Queen of Darkness and returned to the lands of our ancestors. Once the dragons returned, war was inevitable.

The dragons entered into unnatural alliances with evil men. These alliances, spawned in the

Khalkhist Mountains, formed the first Dragonarmies of the Dragon Highlords. The communities in the area, including the sweltering port of Sanction, fell before these vile hordes.

The first test of the Dragonarmies' might came as they drove north from the Tamen Busuk into Nordmaar in the early summer of A.C. 348. With dragons flying over the forward line positions of the Nordmen and disrupting their defense, Nordmaar fell. Its capital at North Keep surrendered, and Valkinord, their main port, was razed.

Flushed with success, the Dragonarmies turned south and east in the fall of A.C. 348. Why they struck east rather than west into the Solamnic Plain is something of a mystery. Solamnia certainly had more to offer from a strategic standpoint than the eastern realms, and it was richer in resources. I can only surmise that it was their latent fear of and respect for the Solamnic Order of Knights that caused them to move thus. The Knighthood offered the only organized human resistance to their domination of the continent. It was much to our good fortune, however, that they waited to invade Solamnia, for the Knighthood was not prepared to go to war, torn as it was by political and internal turmoil.

The human nation of Khur allied with the Dragon Highlords during the early months of A.C. 349, seeing great advantage in this move. The kender lands of Balifor and Goodlund fell quietly under Dragon Highlord occupation (a situation which the Highlords would later regret).



With the coming of spring in A.C. 349, the dragon hordes warred against Silvanesti, the elven home. Silvanesti was the most ancient of the existing governments. Having survived the Cataclysm (which they blamed on humans), the elves in this land had been isolationistic ever since. The campaign was hard fought, with losses running high on both sides. Eventually the supply lines of the elves collapsed, and the government was forced to evacuate. (This will be treated in greater detail in a later section.)

At this point in time, the Dragon Highlords stopped to reassess their position. Badly disorganized from the prolonged and damaging war, the dragon forces spent the following year reorganizing and rebuilding their might.

The Dragonarmies also had to reconstruct their supply lines. In the ages prior to the Cataclysm, the art of campaign supply was largely lost because of the heavy reliance on army clerics and wizards to supply the troops in the field. In ancient times, for example, each squad of combatants had its own attendant cleric to provide food during campaigns.

With the disappearance of true clerics just prior to the Cataclysm and the near extinction of wizards during the later half of the Age of Might, the supplying of armies was reduced to a barbaric state of ground transport. Even the Dragonarmies, whose dragons were constantly used to interdict the supply lines of Whitestone forces, did not have the capacity to ferry supplies in sufficient numbers to sustain any force.

Foraging in the field was somewhat effective but could not sustain a large force for long. Thus did the Dragonarmies have to learn to protect their supply lines all the way back to their heartland, a skill they soon mastered, and one that the Whitestone forces were slow to adopt.

In the spring of A.C. 351, the Dragonarmies launched their Solamnic and south flank offensives. Red Wing troops under Ariakus, Dragon Emperor of Darkness, struck through the Throtyl Gap with the aid of the traitorous Lemish and the hobgoblins of Throtyl. The Plains people, who blamed the Knighthood for the Cataclysm

(and all the rest of their troubles), had cast the brothers of good from their lands and were thus left defenseless.

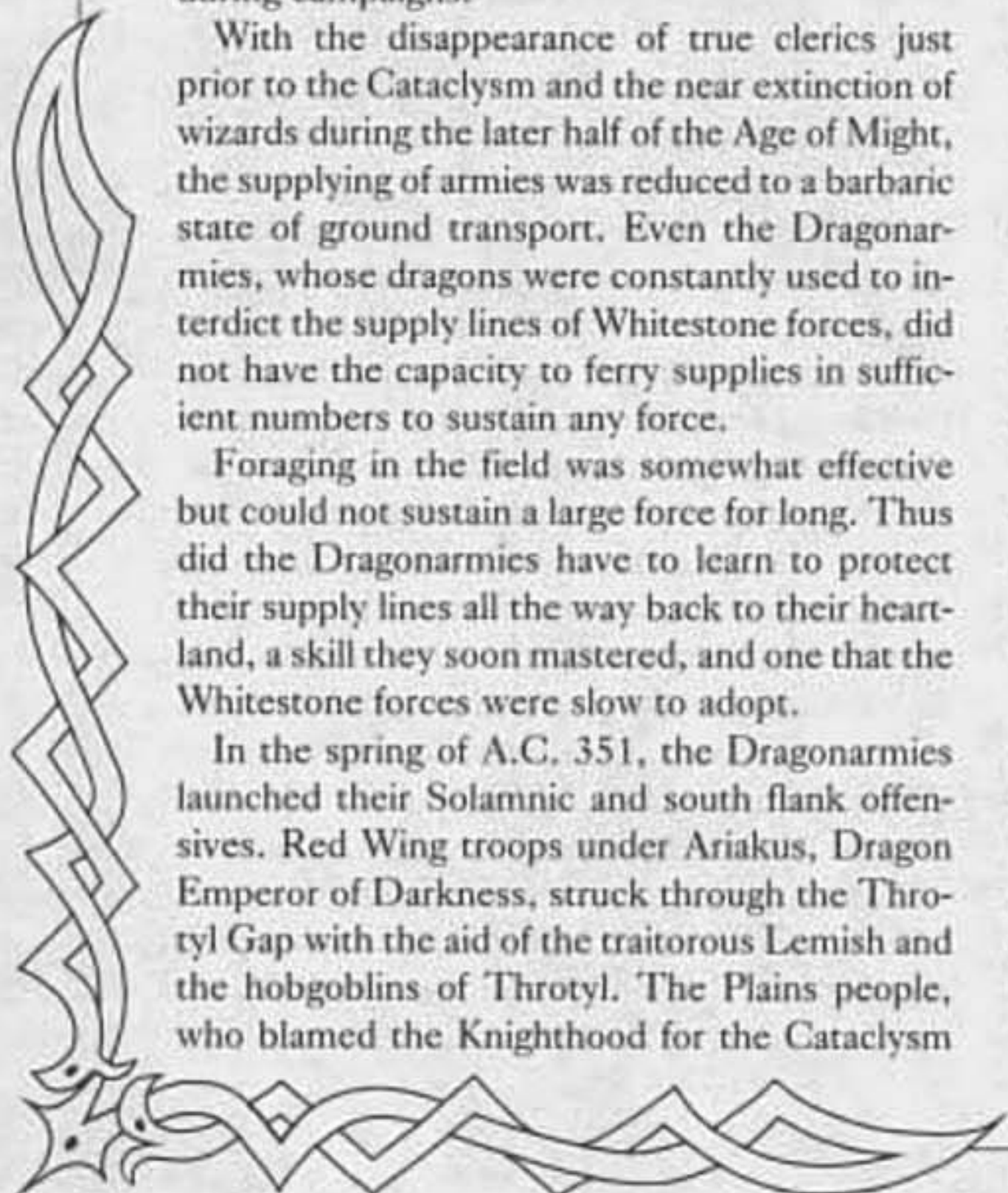
The highly trained Dragonarmies sundered the Solamnic Plain, leaving a land stained with the blood of innocents behind them. Those valiants who did resist were thrown back, and the remnants joined with the forces concentrated between the anchors of Thelgaard and Solanthus. The dragons of Takhisis, Queen of Darkness, ruled the skies, and the rapid advance of her armies cut off many of our allies from support and aid. Our retreat from Solamnia was a rout, pure and simple, as we struggled to establish a line of defense.

A token force rallied at the High Clerist's Tower to block the access to the prize city of Palanthas. The Palanthian army stayed idle through the winter and gave neither support nor comfort to the few Knights who held the pass. The government of Palanthas had not yet tasted dragon's fire, nor did they see the danger in it. Support forces were rushed to the Tower, yet they seemed too few. The honor and courage of those Knights alone held the pass through the winter. The northern campaign ground to a halt, the snow was stained crimson all winter.

In the south, much of the advance of the Dragonarmies remained uncontested through the summer as the juggernaut of evil surrounded the dwarves of Zhakar and occupied the largely abandoned lands of Newcoast, Schallsea and Southern Throtyl. This thrust was commanded by Verminaard of the Red Dragon Wing. The Dragonarmy poured across the Abanasinian Peninsula and continued south as far as the dwarven kingdom of Thorbardin before winter, and the dwarven defenses halted the advance.

The threat of this horde forced the Qualinesti elves to flee their homeland. Both the Qualinesti and the Silvanesti re-emerged as separate nations in Southern Ergoth during the spring of A.C. 352. Neither nation was disposed to help the other and, indeed, war between them seemed inevitable.

The winter of A.C. 352 was the salvation of



the western lands. Representatives of most free peoples gathered at the Whitestone on Sancrist during those months and managed to forge an uneasy alliance. Many other developments took place during this time. The rediscovery of the Dragonlance and the return to the world of the good dragons finally allowed the Knights to challenge the dragons of evil in the sky.

With renewed vigor, we now press back across the Solamnic Plain. Victory may yet be ours, though the enemy is cunning and resourceful. Should some new sorcery on their part come forward, the balance of the war may shift against us yet again.

The Fall of Silvanesti

No continuous civilized government lasted longer than the Silvanesti kingdom of the High Elves. Established in the distant past by Silvanos, the great father of elven civilization, Silvanesti was rooted in the Age of Light. From that time on, no force has been able to bring about the ruin of this nation. It survived two previous Dragon Wars despite its major participation in both. It even survived the Cataclysm.

But in the summer of A.C. 349, events quickly conspired to bring an end to its glorious reign. Large elements of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Blue Flight Dragonarmies and the 3d through 7th Red Flights surged south over the Khur border into the Silvanesti forests. These armies were supported by the newly organized Khuri-tarak Empire forces from Khur under command of the Dragon Highlords.

Despite the early use of dragons from the air to soften the entrenched elves and the widespread use of magic by the Highlords, the offensive quickly became mired in the dense forests of Silvanesti. The elves, using the terrain to advantage and practicing a flexible and responsive defense, constantly held the great armies at bay.

This was accomplished at great cost. The policy of feigned retreat and surround, while working to their great defensive advantage against the overzealous dragon troops, gradually decimated



Lord Gunthar Uth Wistan, Knight of Solammia.

the elves. Heavy losses quickly taxed the resources of both sides.

After several months of inconclusive yet deadly combat, the supply lines from Silvanost, capitol of Silvanesti, suddenly failed. The reasons for this are still not clear, and the elves do not speak on the subject to those not of their race. For whatever reason, it is clear that the government in Silvanesti collapsed, and its citizens fled west by any means at their disposal.

The elven armies in the field, however, while out of supply and poorly organized, were still a force to be reckoned with. Although they could no longer protect their homeland from the invaders, they could buy time for the flight of their people. The forces in the north were almost exclusively Wildrunner elves, and their wild, flamboyant nature was well-suited to the task. Despite their defeat, the elves' withdrawal from Silvanesti was costly for the Dragon Highlords.

The Solamnic Plain

The battle for Solamnia was crucial to the success of the Dragon Highlords' campaign in Ansalon. Solamnia was the cradle of Knighthood and justice. Here was the home of heroes who, in ages past, fought against overwhelming odds. Its very mention struck fear into those who would trample over the innocent and the just. . . .

Moreover, the Solamnic Plain was more than just a political and geographical barrier, it was the heartland of food production in western Ansalon. Control of the Plain thus became the major focus of the war effort.

Powerful armies of the Blue and Red Dragon Wings entered the Plain in the early summer of A.C. 351. The Blue Wing forces crossed the Estwilde to Kalaman and then turned west, rounding the north end of the Dargaard Mountains and following the Vingaard River across the Plain to the southwest crossings near Vingaard Keep. The Red Wing forces, combined with hobgoblins, pressed through the Throtyl Gap and moved west toward Solanthus.

Breaking their solemn treaties with the

Knights, the treacherous Lemish forces joined the rapidly advancing Dragonarmy and laid siege to Solanthus at the north point of the Garnet Mountains. Fortunately, elements of the Solamnic forces in Caergoth were able to engage the enemy in the Thelgaard Gap and thereby protect the western shores of Solamnia.

On the northern front, the Blue Dragon Wing quickly laid siege to Vingaard Keep, the gateway to the northwest plains. The Vingaard troops were unable to hold the citadel, and the largely mercenary force retreated west to the High Clerist's Tower.

Both the northern and southern Dragon Wings had dangerously overextended their supply routes. Their advance was slowed sufficiently that they were forced into a winter war. In the south, this became a bitter and desperate struggle between two determined forces.

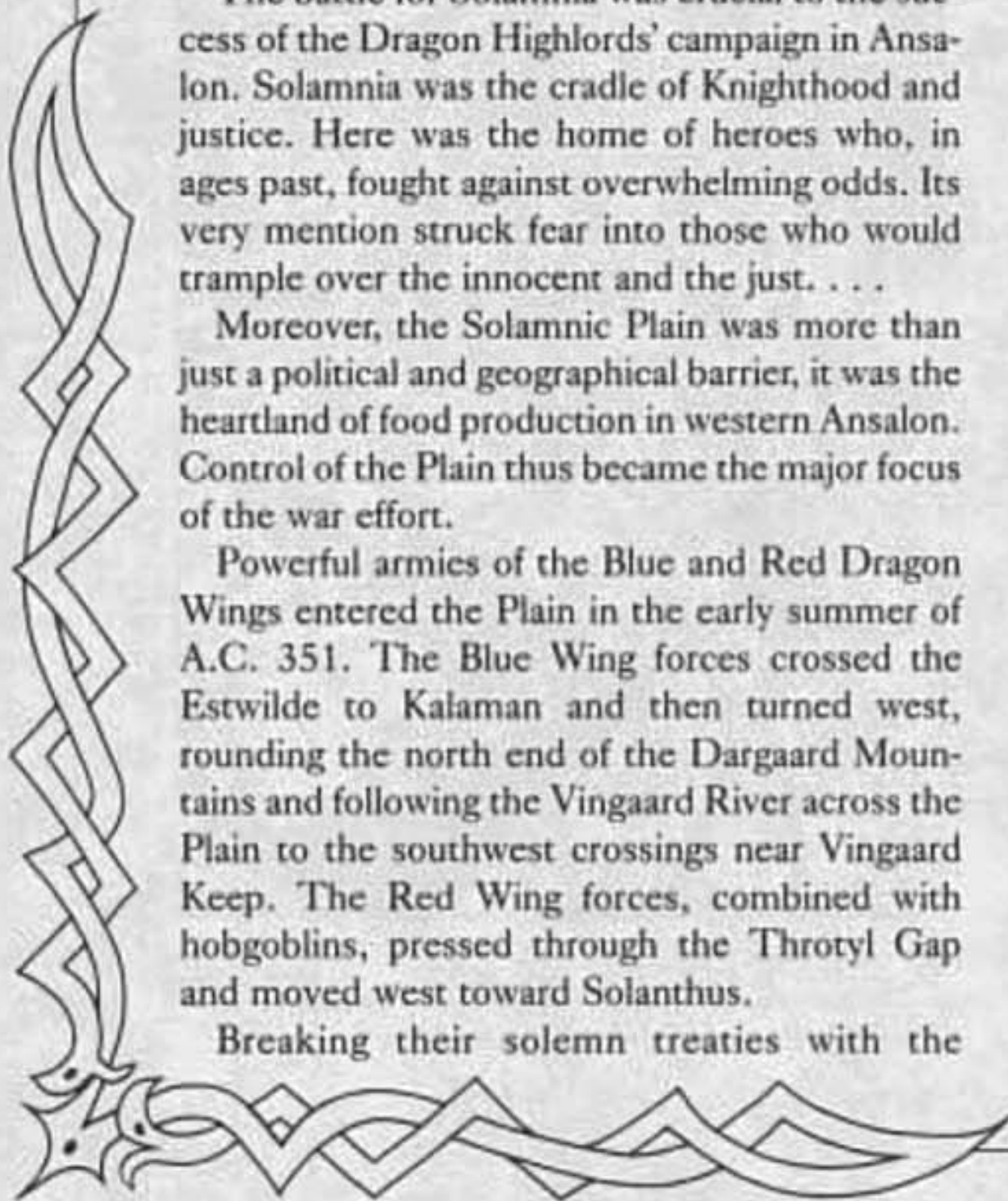
In the north, one objective burned in the hearts of the Dragon Highlords: Palanthas. The only major port untouched by the Cataclysm, its fleets retained the might and glory of ancient times. This was a prize that could not be ignored.

Yet the value of the prize was ignored by the Palanthians themselves. They stubbornly clung to the belief that they would be spared by the Dragon Empire because they were a center of culture. This remarkable and misguided view nearly cost that great city all it held dear.

Dragons gave the Dragon Highlords mastery of the skies and made the defense of Palanthas difficult, almost hopeless. Yet in the darkest hour, the dragons of Good again returned to the world. Allied with the forces of the Whitestone, they helped turn the tide. . . .

The Kender Strike

The most humiliating defeat for the Dragonarmy occurred at the hands of the kender of Hylo. The kender (an unpredictable race whose members are best avoided by all sensible folk), proved to be as tenacious as they were resilient. I thank Paladine that I was able, by sheerest accident, to witness this.



Because of damage sustained in battle, my ship, the *Regent's Crown*, required immediate repairs. We therefore made a brief stop in the kender port of Hylo. It was here that we were treated to a most entertaining display of ingenuity of that diminutive race.

The Dragon Highlords had managed to land an army on Northern Ergoth, under the command of a brutal hobgoblin—Toade by name. It was a weak force by Dragonarmy standards, primarily goblins and hobgoblins, but it posed a grave threat to the kender on the island.

This evil force would have conquered were not the kender ably united under the command of one Kronin Thistleknot. Kronin was a highly unusual kender. Although personable and mischievous, he also possessed a sense of purpose, destiny, and leadership.

Kronin managed to unite the different family clans of the kender in Hylo. The clans went along since it sounded like something far less boring than their lives had been thus far (although several kender clans proposed it would be great fun to become subjects of the Highlords and send all their old, boring objects as tribute).

Toede's force attacked the port the day after we called there, and we witnessed an unusual battle. The kender forces trooped through the city in chaotic fashion. I had the impression they thought they were attending a carnival. They drew up into a thin line north of the city as the evil army came into view.

And then the kender began to taunt! At that point I discovered that, for the kender, the word is mightier than the sword. My ears have never been treated to such a variety of insults and verbal abuse as they hurled at the enemy. Of course, the hobgoblins went berserk, attacking wildly with no sense of order.

This was all part of the plan. The kender fell back (in feigned panic), drawing the monsters into a narrow corridor of death. The kender attack was speedy and merciless, and the surrounded hobgoblins were massacred. The forces of evil were dealt a stunning defeat at the hands of the kender that day.

The Siege of Kalaman

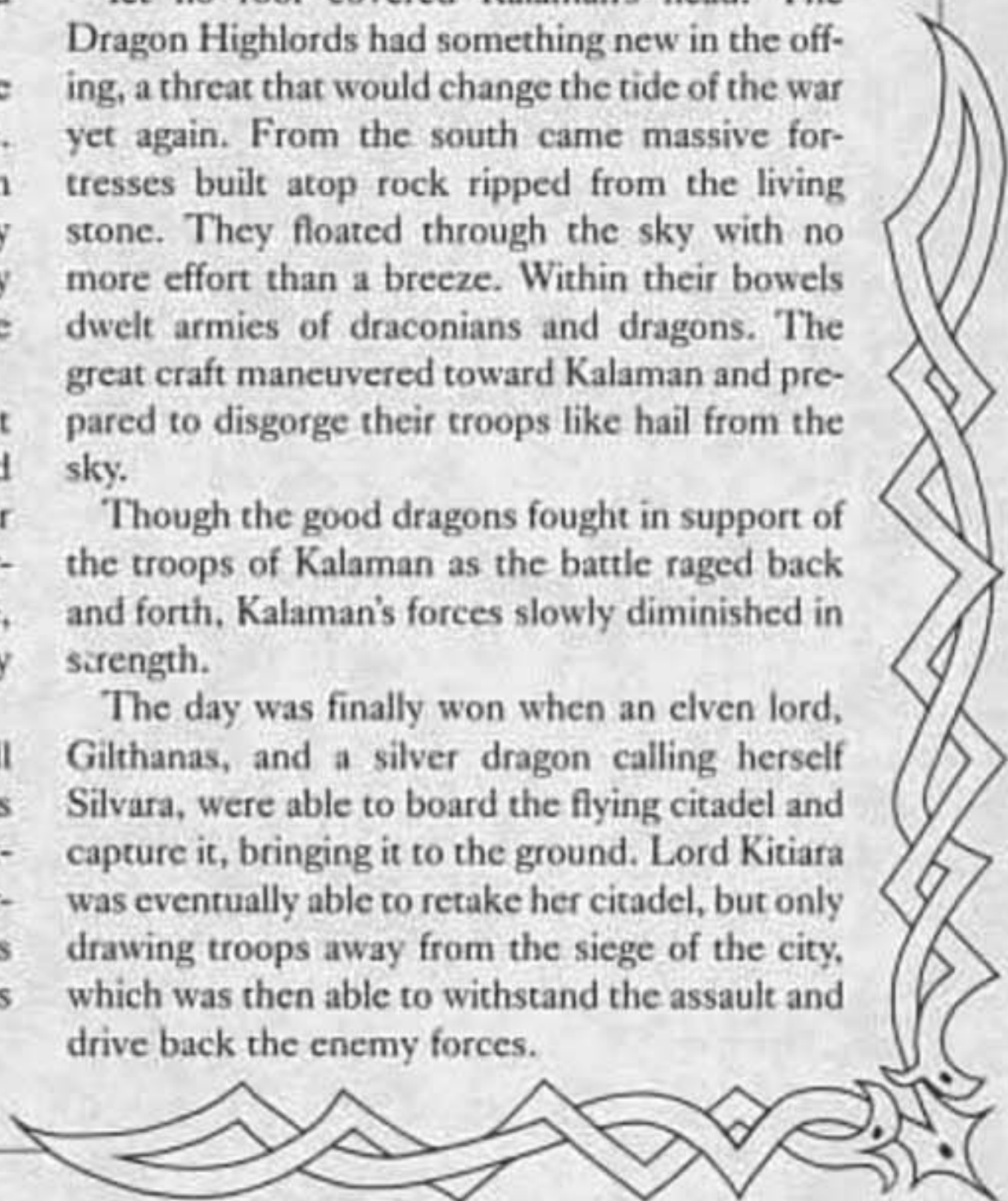
Located on the northern shores of Ansalon, Kalaman was a port of supreme importance to the Dragon Highlords as a necessary link between the minotaur pirate bases of the Maelstrom and the central government of Sanction. It also represented an opportunity to throw back the Whitestone forces and turn the tide of the war. Moreover, Kitiara, the Dark Lady, had her own personal score to settle with the commander of the Kalaman Forces, for it was Laurana who had defeated her at the High Clerist's Tower, and that same Golden General now watched over Kalaman.

The defenses of Kalaman and its environs were as good as any in Ansalon. The port itself was flanked to the north by a wide bay that emptied into the sea. The rushing waters of the Vingaard River to the west restricted massive troop movements. The city walls held well to the south and were arranged to great advantage of the defender against ground troops.

Yet no roof covered Kalaman's head. The Dragon Highlords had something new in the offing, a threat that would change the tide of the war yet again. From the south came massive fortresses built atop rock ripped from the living stone. They floated through the sky with no more effort than a breeze. Within their bowels dwelt armies of draconians and dragons. The great craft maneuvered toward Kalaman and prepared to disgorge their troops like hail from the sky.

Though the good dragons fought in support of the troops of Kalaman as the battle raged back and forth, Kalaman's forces slowly diminished in strength.

The day was finally won when an elven lord, Gilthanas, and a silver dragon calling herself Silvara, were able to board the flying citadel and capture it, bringing it to the ground. Lord Kitiara was eventually able to retake her citadel, but only drawing troops away from the siege of the city, which was then able to withstand the assault and drive back the enemy forces.



Lord Gunthar's Notes on Dragons

Krynn is a world caught between the forces of two immensely powerful beings: The Queen of Darkness, Takhisis, and the Celestial Paladin, Paladine.

The Queen of Darkness had previously attempted to conquer Krynn through her underlings during the first three Dragon Wars in the Age of Dreams. The final Dragon War lasted three hundred years and ended only when Huma, a Knight of Solamnia, fought Takhisis and drove her from the world with his Dragonlance. At least, that is what the legends say. Whether or not Huma had other artifacts or allies that enabled him to banish the Queen of Darkness (or if Huma had anything to do with Takhisis's banishment at all) is a matter for sages to debate.

Takhisis fled to the Abyss. Here she raged over her defeat and laid plans for her return. All of the evil dragons were themselves forced into dragonsleep when Takhisis was banished from the world. Dragonsleep is a mystical merging of a dragon with the very earth and rock of Krynn, the material from which the dragons draw their substance and life. In dragonsleep, a dragon essentially remains in suspended animation for an indefinite period of time, until it is awakened.

Paladine and the good dragons also left the world at this time, though of their own free will. Paladine settled in a different universe said to be "beyond the sky." He wished to preserve a balance in the world, and, with Takhisis's departure, the forces of good needed to be lessened. Most of the good dragons, at Paladine's bidding, sank

back into the earth in dragonsleep. But a tiny number of good dragons remained active upon Krynn after the Age of Dreams. These few were given tasks as guardians of powerful artifacts. They stayed out of reach of civilization and passed beyond the knowledge of mankind.

Legends and rumors persist that a few other good dragons fled the lands of Ansalon to a place known as the Isle of Dragons, said to be a mist-shrouded garden island in an unknown location. Nothing more of this is known.

Only Takhisis and Paladine, it is said by some, could cause a dragon to awaken from dragonsleep. Whether it was actually Takhisis who awakened the evil dragons just prior to the War of the Lance is not known, though the same agency or being may also be responsible for the introduction of draconians—a previously unknown reptilian race—to Krynn as well.

Motives and Goals of the Dragons

The evil dragons of Krynn are not like those of other worlds. They maintain close ties with humans, evil demi-humans, humanoids, and draconians, and they are highly organized under Takhisis's leadership. Their primary mission is to locate the individual variously known as the Green Gemstone Man, Berem the Wanderer, and Everman. Why the dragons are searching for this person is unknown to anyone but the dragons; few people are even aware that this quest exists.

The secondary goal of Takhisis and the evil



dragons is to achieve temporal power and rulership over other races; thus, they have brought war to Krynn. Dragons are *never* subordinate to anyone, even a Dragon Highlord commander, though they work on a more-or-less equal footing with the Highlords because they share a common goal—domination of Krynn. It has been conjectured that the alliance of evil dragons would fragment if their central lawful leadership were to be removed, but this appears to be a task beyond the capabilities of any being at this time.

The few good dragons that remain active on Krynn have little need to seek dominion over other beings. Instead, they forward causes of good and carry out their guardianship missions as described above. Why the good dragons have not joined the forces of good against evil dragons is a question that the beleaguered people of Krynn would like answered.

Few dragons in Krynn will go off by themselves to hoard treasure and lead solitary lives. Any evil dragon found in a lair distant from other intelligent races is still likely to be serving some greater purpose or power. It may be acting as an advance scout for an army of draconians, or it may be a permanent spy set to watch a mountain trail, or it may be resting for a short time before completing some mission. It might have been wounded in a major battle; if it is able to recuperate without being disturbed, it will rejoin its old forces at a later date.

Any good dragon encountered on Krynn has been reluctant to give help. A good dragon might give aid if the party's need is great, but such aid will be minimal at best. The dragon will not be able to give an explanation for its inability to help, though it will be quite distressed. It will only mention something about the "Oath" before retiring.

Dragon Highlords

Dragons in the service of Takhisis will generally work with human, humanoid, and draconian armies. Nearly all of them will be paired with a human, humanoid, evil demi-human, or dracon-



Dragon Highlord, Kitiara.

ian Dragon Highlord, who serves as a more-or-less equal partner and ally. The Highlords are relatively powerful, ruthless, and rather egotistical. (The latter is handy when dealing with one's dragon partner—even small dragons have enormous egos, and they despise anyone who lacks will power and confidence.)

Dwarves, kender, and gnomes, by their nature, will never become Highlords, though certain evil dwarves might ally with them. Humans and draconians make up the majority of known Highlords. Dark elves and hobgoblin chieftains are occasionally seen as Highlords, but these types are quite rare.

The Current Conflict

The two most common types of dragons seen during the War of the Lance are blue dragons (currently pressing across northern and central

Solamnia) and red dragons (crossing southern Solamnia and Abanasinia, heading for Tarsis). Few green dragons are known to exist, all of them serving as custodians for Silvanesti, and white dragons are known only far to the south of Tarsis, in the direction of the Ice Wall Glacier. Black Dragonarmies are not particularly unified and are currently supporting the red Dragonarmies in Abanasinia. Black dragons have also been reported from Nordmaar, apparently coming out of the Great Moors there.

The Dragonarmies are unified under Ariakas, a Dragon Highlord who styles himself the "Emperor" of Ansalon. Ariakas works most closely with the red dragons of Krynn, and it is thought that he receives his orders directly from Takhisis herself.

Sailors and coastal peoples (those who still maintain that legends of the existence of sea elves are true) claim to have heard rumors that monsters known as sea dragons have begun to appear in the oceans around Ansalon. It may be that a war unseen by land-dwelling peoples is raging beneath the ocean surface between intelligent sea folk and the sea dragons, but little is known of this conflict.

Dragon Tactics

The dragons of Krynn are power incarnate and know it. They are—and should be—the most fearsome of opponents, capable of inspiring awe and fear in all who behold them.

There is nothing so terrifying as a dragon on wing. When in flight at full speed, dragons rush across the world like a gale, but their ability to turn from their path is greatly impaired. When engaging earthbound creatures in combat, a dragon slows to half-speed, improving its maneuverability. At less than half-speed, the creature's flight is stalled and it begins to lose altitude. It can climb at half-speed or dive at double speed. A dragon can also glide for short distances. If a dragon stalls while climbing, it can turn 120 degrees out of the stall as it dives to regain speed. Dragons may not fly higher than 10,000 feet, be-

cause the air becomes too rarefied to breathe at that altitude.

When attacking from the air, a dragon makes use of its breath weapon and its power to cause dragonfear, swooping down low over its opponents and then climbing back into the sky. A flying dragon can swoop down and either claw or bite, but not both. Dragons may not cast magic spells while flying, but can cast spells on the ground or when gliding.

Dragons will use their breath weapon twice and then wait until a strategic moment to use their third breath attack.

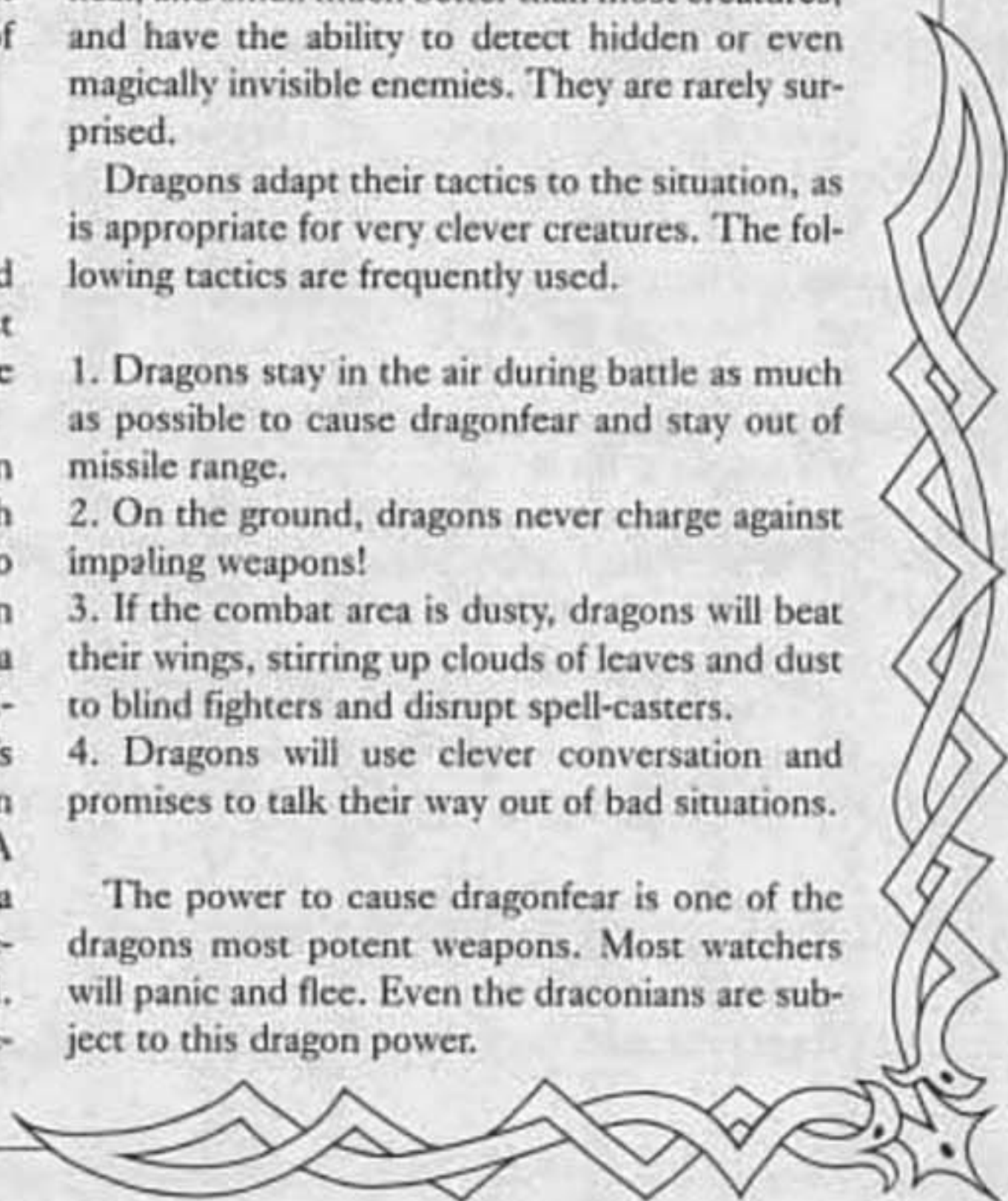
Dragons are haughty creatures and may refuse to fight except as it suits their own purpose. When using magic spells, they will often cast them before battle in an effort to avoid the conflict, weaken their opponents, or gain the upper hand. Once in combat, a dragon casts spells only if losing.

Dragons are very clever opponents. They have been known to feign death, unconsciousness, or sleep to trap opponents. They can see, hear, and smell much better than most creatures, and have the ability to detect hidden or even magically invisible enemies. They are rarely surprised.

Dragons adapt their tactics to the situation, as is appropriate for very clever creatures. The following tactics are frequently used.

1. Dragons stay in the air during battle as much as possible to cause dragonfear and stay out of missile range.
2. On the ground, dragons never charge against impaling weapons!
3. If the combat area is dusty, dragons will beat their wings, stirring up clouds of leaves and dust to blind fighters and disrupt spell-casters.
4. Dragons will use clever conversation and promises to talk their way out of bad situations.

The power to cause dragonfear is one of the dragons most potent weapons. Most watchers will panic and flee. Even the draconians are subject to this dragon power.



Dragons of Krynn

The Evil Dragons

Black Dragon

The Black Dragon is typically found in swamps or marshes, although they also inhabit subterranean lairs as well. Some conjecture this preference for dark cavelike lairs may be a result of a sensitivity to light. Over thirty feet in length, the Black Dragon attacks with its sharp claws and teeth and is capable of spewing deadly acid upon its victims.

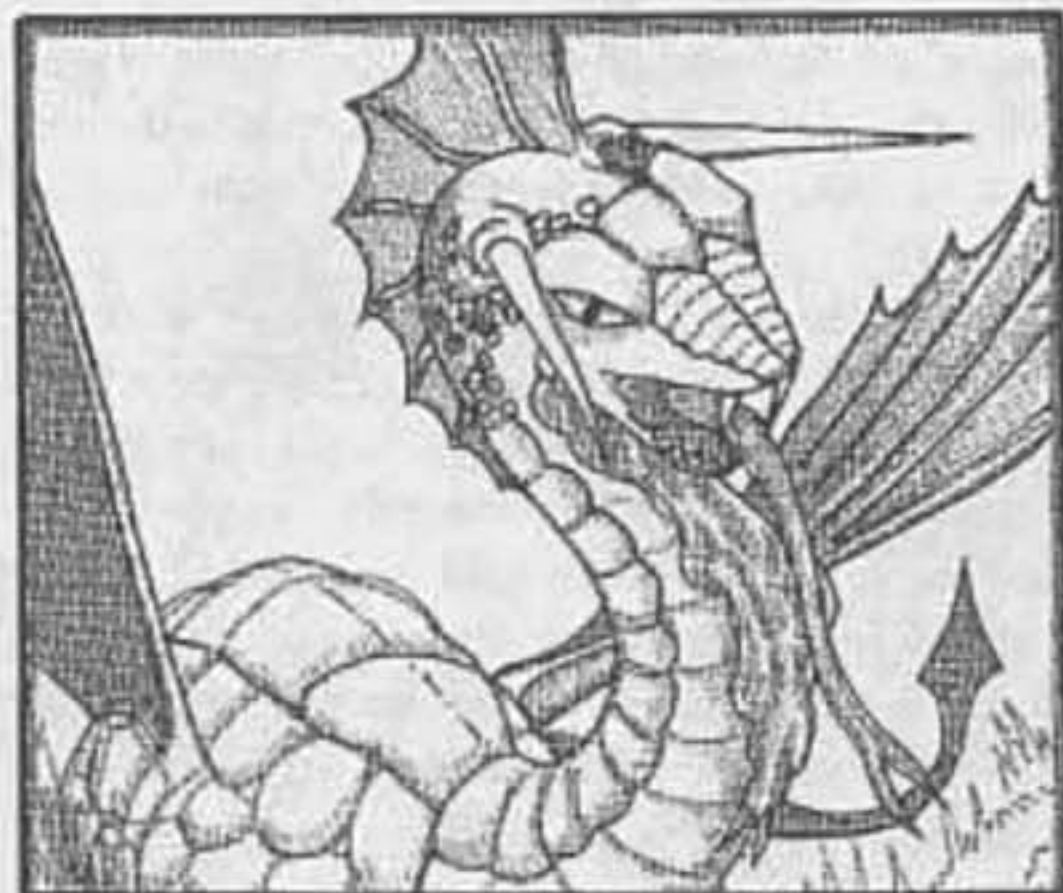
Black Dragons are capable of speech, both the secret language of dragons and other languages they might find useful, including the language of magic. A favorite spell of Black Dragons is Darkness, which they invariably use to cover their movements during attack.

Since they are extremely independent and generally obey commands only if it serves their purposes, the Black Dragons were rarely used by the Highlords in direct assault on cities during the War of the Lance. They were more highly valued for their ability to guard valued artifacts and spies.

Thus the companions found Onyx, the Black Dragon, guarding the Disks of Mishakal in the ruins of Xak Tsaroth.

Blue Dragon

Although Blue Dragons live in caves, like others of their kind, they prefer to dwell in deserts

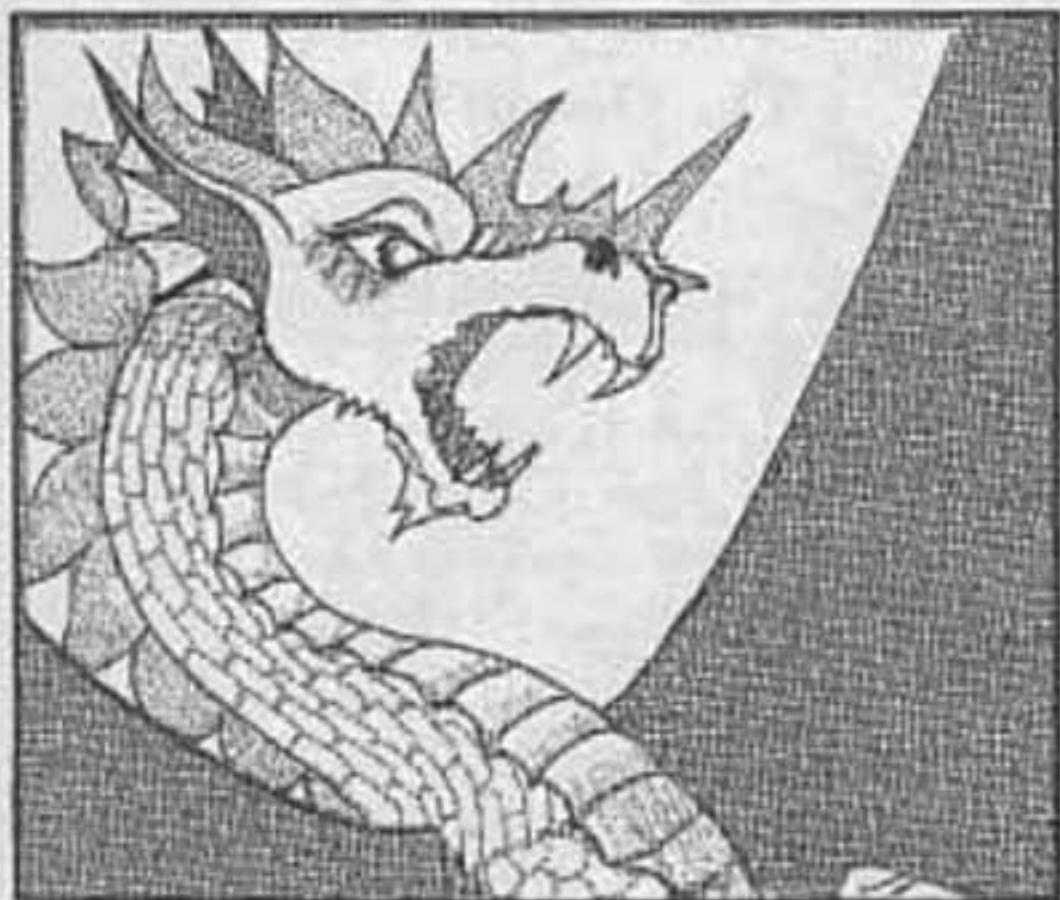
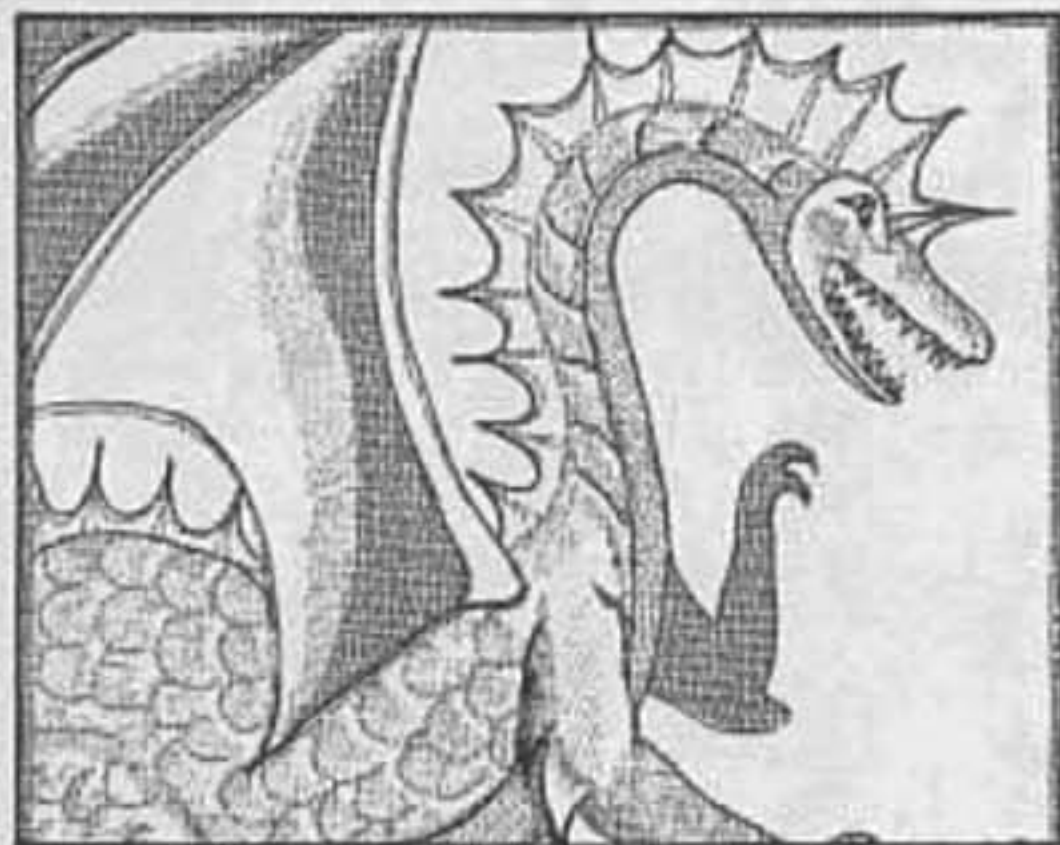
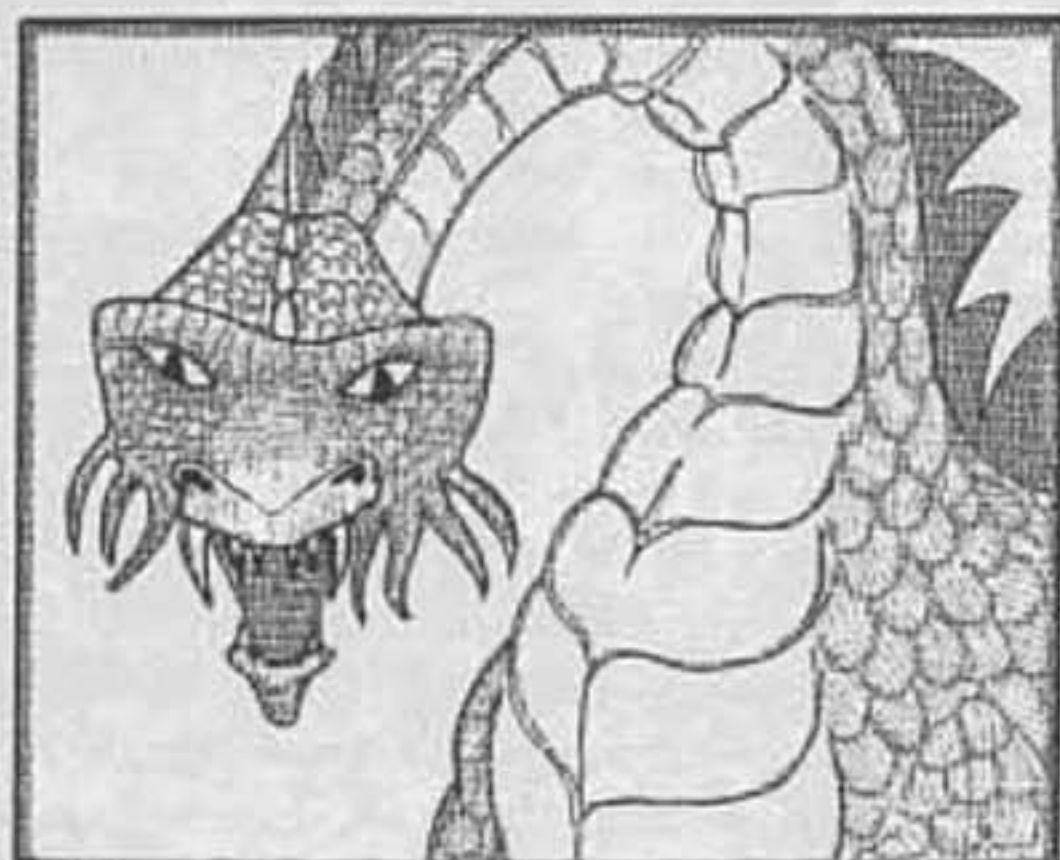


Black dragon

and arid lands. The Blue Dragons are large, over forty-two feet in length. They fight with tooth and claw, but their most deadly form of attack is with their lightning breath. Thus Blue Dragons were quite useful in attacking fortified fortresses and towers.

Blue Dragons are more gregarious than many of their cousins. They obey orders and will act and fight together as a cohesive unit. Thus they proved loyal allies of the Dragon Highlords. They speak both their own language and the languages of others, including the language of magic. Blue Dragons are, in fact, highly adept spellcasters.

Kitiara's Blue Dragon, Skie, was renown among his kind for his remarkable loyalty to his Dark Lady.

*Blue dragon**Green dragon**Red dragon*

Green Dragon

Notorious even among evil dragons for their cruel natures and vicious tempers, Green Dragons are generally found living in wild, forested areas. They will obey orders, but only from those that they are convinced are worthy of being obeyed. Any master who falls low in the esteem of a Green Dragon had best beware.

Over thirty-six feet long, Green Dragons attack with tooth and claw, they can breathe a cloud of poisonous chlorine gas upon their victims. Clever and subtle, Green Dragons prefer to use trickery and magic on an enemy rather than all-out assault. For this reason, they were rarely used in major offensive engagements, but for more sinister purposes.

Cyan Bloodbane, a Green Dragon, was responsible for breathing nightmares into King Lorac's ears, bringing about the terrible transformation of the elven homeland, Silvanesti. It was also known that Cyan Bloodbane served the great archmage, Raistlin, for a time following the war.

Red Dragon

With its flaming breath and exceptional intelligence, the Red Dragons were the favored airborne assault force of the Dragon Highlords. The most ferocious and deadly of all dragonkind, save only for the Queen herself, the Red Dragon is over forty-eight feet in length.

Although not usually inclined to obey orders, the Red Dragons enjoyed nothing more than setting cities ablaze, destroying and looting. They quickly learned how to work together in "flights" to both attack and defend themselves against their enemies.

The Red Dragons were loyal to their Queen above all things, serving her first and their Dragon Highlords second. It was the primary responsibility of the Red Dragons to search for Berem Everman, the one person who would block the Dark Queen's entrance back into the world.





White dragon

Ember, Lord Verminaard's Red Dragon, was responsible for the downfall of Pax Tharkas, the burning of Solace, and other acts of devastation in and around the lands of Abanasinia. That Ember was destroyed by one of his own kind—a female Red Dragon named Flamestrike—is an example of the way evil always tends to turn upon and destroy itself.

White Dragon

Unusual among dragonkind, White Dragons have not only been able to adapt to cold climates, but actually prefer them to all others. Small in size—only twenty-four feet long—and not as intelligent as their cousins, White Dragons were used for scouting purposes and in the defense of Ice Wall, a relatively unimportant and uninhabited region to the south of Ansalon.

The White Dragon attacks with tooth and claw and can breathe a cone of frost upon its enemies. Due to their low intelligence, few White Dragons can cast magic spells.

Sleet, the White Dragon serving the evil wizard, Feal-thas, was injured by Laurana's arrow while attacking the companions on the shores of Southern Ergoth.

The Good Dragons

Brass Dragon

The Brass Dragon inhabits arid, sandy regions. Small in size—only about thirty feet long—the Brass Dragon is boisterous and loud, with a tendency to selfishness. Brass Dragons' great weakness is their fondness for small talk. They will converse about nothing for hours on end and will often travel willingly with parties of adventurers just for the pleasure of hearing themselves talk.

The Brass Dragon attacks with claw and tooth, but it has two formidable breath weapons it can use as well. Its sleep gas will cause the victim to slumber peacefully during the wildest battle, while its fear gas will send enemies fleeing in panic.

Brass Dragons speak a wide variety of languages (mainly so that they'll have someone to talk to). This includes the language of magic.

Bronze Dragon

Fond of war and fighting, Bronze Dragons are large, nearly forty-two feet in length. They prefer living near large bodies of water, such as lakes or oceans. They are extremely interested in the affairs of mankind. In ancient times, it was believed that they often took the form of domestic animals simply to be around men.

Bronze Dragons attack with tooth and claw or either of two breath weapons—a bolt of lightning and a repulsion gas cloud that will keep victims at a distance. They speak a variety of languages, including the language of magic.

The Bronze Dragon, Khirsah, who later became known in legend as "Tasslehoff's Dragon," is the only dragon ever known to allow a dwarf and a kender to ride upon his back. (Tas often claims that Khirsah has accompanied him on certain adventures following the war. If so, that would certainly be remarkable for the usually serious-minded dragons.)

*Bronze dragon**Brass dragon**Copper dragon**Silver dragon**Gold dragon*

Copper Dragon

The Copper Dragon makes its home in rocky, mountainous regions. Although basically good in nature, it is extremely fond of wealth and will almost always ask "how can this benefit me?"

Thirty-six feet in length, Copper Dragons attack with tooth and claw or their two breath weapons: acid and a gas of slowness that will cause any victim to attack or flee at a snail's pace. They speak a variety of languages, including magic.

Gold Dragon

The most majestic (in their own minds at least) of the dragons, the Gold are large, being over fifty feet in length. They can dwell in any climate, but their lairs are always made of solid stone—be it cave or castle. They have the ability to polymorph themselves and can therefore appear in the guise of humans or animals. This they do

only rarely, believing it demeaning to take on such puny bodies.

The Gold Dragon attacks with tooth and claw or with its breath weapons. It can breath-fire or chlorine gas upon its victims. Gold Dragons are also extremely skilled in magic—even the very young ones. Highly intelligent, Golden Dragons rarely make use of spellbooks.

Pyrite, the most ancient Golden Dragon living upon Krynn, was the companion of the renowned wizard, Fizban the Fabulous.

Silver Dragon

Certainly the most beloved of the dragons by mankind are the Silver Dragons—this because these dragons more than most mingled with the races of people upon Krynn. Forty-eight feet long, the Silver Dragons have the ability to polymorph into human or elven form. Unlike the Gold Dragons, the Silver sometimes seem to prefer this form to their own. They enjoy being around humans and elves and helping them if they can. Unfortunately, the Silver Dragons sometimes fall in love with their companions.

Silver Dragons attack with claw and fang or use either of two breath weapons—a cone of frost or a cone of paralyzing gas. Languages spoken are most commonly human and elven. Silver Dragons are excellent magic-users.

The most famous of the Silver Dragons is Silvara, who came to us in the form of a Kagonesti elfmaid. Sister to the Silver Dragon who had fallen in love with the knight, Huma, Silvara was also destined to fall in love with a man—Gilthanas, a lord of the Qualinesti elves. Their love affair was a tragic one, however, for Gilthanas could never bring himself to accept Silvara's true form. We have no idea what became of them. At the time we write this, both Gilthanas and Silvara have disappeared from the face of the world. We have not heard word of either of them for many years now, and—though strange rumors abound—we grieve for both as for the dead.

The Gods

Takhisis, Dragon of Many Colors and of None

Queen of Darkness

Although Takhisis can take any form from that of the most alluring of women to the powerful and loathsome Dark Warrior, her favorite form is that of the five-headed, chromatic dragon. In this form, she is over sixty feet long with five heads, each head having a different color (white, green, blue, red, and black) and characteristic.

She can attack with all five heads at once, each head having its own breath weapon—frost, poison gas, lightning, flame, and acid. Each head is also capable (independent of the others) of casting its own magic spells.

Confined to the Abyss by the bravery and sacrifice of Huma, Takhisis never ceases in her attempts to get back into the world. Her constellation is in the night sky, always appearing directly opposite that of Paladine, the Platinum Dragon—both god and goddess keeping careful watch of the other. Thus the pendulum of the world swings between them.

Paladine, the Platinum Dragon *God of Light*

God of Good, Paladine has many names among the different races of the world. (One of his best known is Fizban the Fabulous.) In his dragon form, Paladine is truly impressive. (The same cannot be said, unfortunately, for Fizban.) Over seventy-two feet long, the Platinum Dragon can attack with tooth and claw or with any of three breath weapons. This includes a blast of cold that will freeze any victim, a cloud of vapor which turns a victim into gaseous form, or a sonic vibration that disintegrates solid rock.

He is highly skilled in magic, plus he has the ability to cast clerical spells as well. Paladine's favorite form is to wander the world in the guise of a befuddled old wizard, sometimes having as a companion a senile Gold Dragon named Pyrite.



The Hall of Audience of Takhisis, Queen of Darkness.



Lord Gunthar's Notes on the Knights of Solamnia

The Knights of Solamnia came into being nearly two thousand years before the War of the Lance, rising like a phoenix from the ashes of the empire of Ergoth. The isles of Ergoth were, in those days, one with the continent and not separated from Ansalon. From that region, during the Age of Dreams, arose Ergoth. But as the years passed, Ergoth grew into such a vast and sprawling empire that it could no longer be governed effectively.

The emperor, Thal Palik, was the worst of a long line of rulers, impractical and inept; the only way he knew to keep his subjects in line was to govern with an iron hand. His army of knights was of prime importance to him. He lavished the treasury's money on it, depleting the empire's finances and bleeding the peasants dry with taxes.

The people of the eastern plains of Ergoth were a proud, noble, and independent folk, and soon rebelled against the emperor's treatment of them. Having feared rebellion all along, Thal Palik was prepared. He called for the captain of the guard, Vinas Solamnus, and ordered his knights forth to crush the rebellion.

Vinas Solamnus, commander of the palace guard in the capital city of Daltigoth, was a pious man, a gallant warrior, and beloved by his men. Noted for his honor, his greatest fault may have been that he was too loyal to his emperor and was blind to what was happening in the empire. Although he started out determined to destroy the rebels as his emperor commanded, Solamnus was shocked to see the terrible conditions and

oppression under which the people lived outside the capital.

When he reached the northern plains, Solamnus announced that he would meet with the rebel leaders under a banner of truce to hear their side of the story. So widely respected and trusted was Solamnus that the rebel leaders came to his camp and detailed their grievances. Solamnus's investigations soon proved the stories to be true. The knight was appalled at the corruption and deprivation he witnessed. What was worse was that Solamnus knew he had unwittingly been a part of this evil by his failure to see what was happening before his own eyes.

Solamnus called his knights together and presented the case of the people. Any knights who believed in the cause of the rebels were entreated to stay. Those who did not were given leave to return to Daltigoth. Even though his men knew that doing so meant exile and possibly death, most chose to stay with Solamnus. Only a few returned to Daltigoth, bearing a message from Solamnus for the emperor. Either redress the wrongs of the people, the message read, or prepare for war. Thal Palik denounced Solamnus as a traitor and stripped him of his lands and title. The people of Daltigoth prepared for war.

Thus began the War of Ice Tears. Although Ergoth was in the grip of the most terrible winter ever chronicled, Solamnus and his dedicated army of knights and frontier nobles marched on Daltigoth and laid siege to it. Solamnus personally led daring raids into the city itself. These

raids had a two-fold purpose. First, they reduced the city's food supplies; second, they spread the news of the emperor's corruption among the people, showing how they were being made to suffer while the emperor remained hidden away in his palace. Within two months, the capital fell. A revolt of the people, led by some of the knights Solamnus had allowed to return to Daltigoth, forced the emperor to sue for peace.

As a result, the northernmost part of Ergoth gained its independence. The grateful people supported Vinas as their king and named their new country Solamnia in his honor. Although it never attained any great power during the rest of the Age, Solamnia became synonymous with honesty, integrity, and fierce determination.

The Organization of the Knights

Vinas Solamnus organized the Knights of Solamnia during the Age of Dreams, and it has changed little over the subsequent centuries. The knights subscribe to two codes: The Oath and The Measure. The oath was *Est Salarus oth Mithas* — "My Honor is My Life." The Measure is an extensive set of codes, many volumes in length, the purpose of which is to define "honor." The Measure is complicated and exacting; only a brief summary of its laws can be given here. A complete set of the tomes of The Measure is in the Great Library of Astinus of Palanthas.

The Knights are led by the Grand Master, who sits in judgment on matters of importance to the Knights and, subsequently, the nation of Solamnia as a whole. Below him are three posts: the High Warrior, the High Clerist, and the High Justice, representing the three major Orders of the Knights. They are, according to the Measure, the embodiments of Honor, Wisdom, and Loyalty. All three rule the entire knighthood jointly, though they govern the three Orders separately.

The three Orders of the Knights of Solamnia are named the Rose (honor), the Sword (wisdom), and the Crown (loyalty). Squires accepted into the Knights of Solamnia enter under the Order of the Crown, learning the laws and codes of

loyalty first. They then must demonstrate their acceptance of the codes of that Order before progressing to the Order of the Sword. The testing is rigorous, requiring great deeds of bravery in battle as well as strict adherence to the Measure in all aspects of life. Entry into the Order of the Rose, the highest-ranked order, can be attained only by nobility; thus was the great Huma excluded from that order, though he was considered by many to be the greatest of the Knights in all aspects of honor, wisdom, and loyalty.

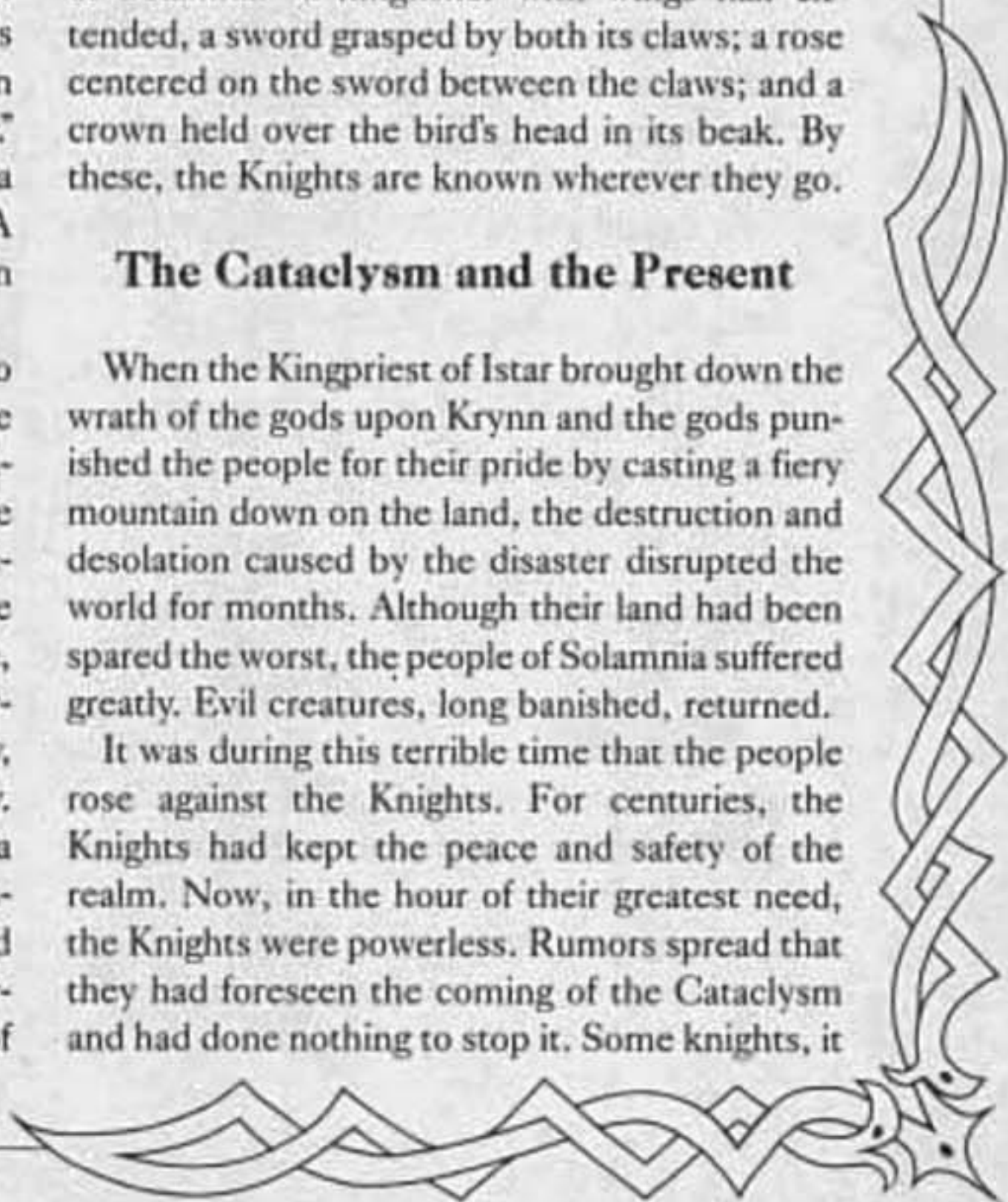
The military power of the Knights is carefully structured. As set forth in the Measure, the three Orders of the Knights are to maintain seven armies apiece. Each of these twenty-one armies is jointly ruled by three Lord Knights, one from each of the three different Orders. This arrangement helps to temper the leaders' judgment in battle, and keeps the knighthood unified.

Each knight wears a clasp bearing the symbol of his Order (a rose, a sword, or a crown) which is used to fasten his cloak to his armor. All knights carry a shield bearing the symbol of the Knights of Solamnia—a kingfisher with wings half extended, a sword grasped by both its claws; a rose centered on the sword between the claws; and a crown held over the bird's head in its beak. By these, the Knights are known wherever they go.

The Cataclysm and the Present

When the Kingpriest of Istar brought down the wrath of the gods upon Kryn and the gods punished the people for their pride by casting a fiery mountain down on the land, the destruction and desolation caused by the disaster disrupted the world for months. Although their land had been spared the worst, the people of Solamnia suffered greatly. Evil creatures, long banished, returned.

It was during this terrible time that the people rose against the Knights. For centuries, the Knights had kept the peace and safety of the realm. Now, in the hour of their greatest need, the Knights were powerless. Rumors spread that they had foreseen the coming of the Cataclysm and had done nothing to stop it. Some knights, it



was said, actually intended to profit by the disaster and increase their holdings.

Before long, knights were jeered in public and openly reviled. Darker acts were also committed: knights were foully murdered, their castles and homes invaded, and their families slain or driven into exile. So it was that the Knights disappeared from the knowledge of most men.

Of far greater consequence to the knighthood, more damaging than the Cataclysm, and more relentless than the people's hatred, was time. The Oath and the Measure had held up, in the Knights' eyes, for more than a thousand years. Yet the world had changed in many ways which the writers of the Measure could not have foreseen. The code of laws by which the Knights measured their every action was outdated and ponderous. It gave no answers to the questions that time and change had brought about. The Measure was law, but it was unbending law, not tempered with a sense of justice. Many of the new knights secretly questioned how much longer it would be before justice demanded that the ironclad rules of the Measure be broken.

The knights who remained found themselves forced to roam the countryside in secret and under false names. Still, they kept their ideals and their honor, and did what they could to fight the growing evil in the world. A few knights who found their loss of status intolerable left their homeland and settled on Sancrist Isle.

At the time of the War of the Lance, all the high ruling posts (Grand Master, High Warrior, High Clerist, and High Justice) are vacant. Only 63 warriors of various Orders are known to remain in the world, (that are known of), and all are vying for the high posts by their performance of great deeds in the world. Tension is running high as rivalries develop between the different orders as well as among the knights themselves. Traditionally, one of the Lord Knights of the Rose would take the place of the Grand Master. However, no one strong enough to be a publicly acclaimed leader has come forth, and the contention for high rank among the knights continues.

Additional Notes on Solamnia

Solamnia is on the silver standard; the most valuable coin is a silver monarch. Silver castles and silver thorns are also used; copper equivalents exist. If a gold coin is minted, its value is given in silver pieces.

Several legends are common to all of Solamnia, two of which are briefly described below.

Bedal Brightblade was a hero said to have singlehandedly fought the desert nomads, holding a pass into Solamnia until help came. His sword, *Brightblade*, was said to be of dwarven make and never rusted or dulled despite vigorous use. His tomb is somewhere in the far southern mountains. Some believe that Bedal will return to Solamnia in its time of need. Sturm Brightblade might be a descendant of this figure.

Huma Dragonbane, known as the most perfect knight, gathered together a group to destroy the dragons and drive them from the lands of Solamnia. Huma's legend, compiled by the elven bard Quivalen Sath, is fragmented now. Many doubt that Huma ever existed. But the story of the last battle between Huma and the leader of the dragons is still told, along with the love Huma tragically bore for the Silver Dragon.

Huma managed to slay the evil dragonleader with the Silver Dragon's help, but he sustained a mortal wound. By some accounts, Huma died on the field of battle; others say that he lingered for days in such pain that the gods themselves suffered in sympathy, inflicting terrible thunderstorms upon the land. To this day, you will find people who say that when lightning and thunder strike the land, it is in memory of Huma's agony.

Huma was buried with great reverence, and for many years those who aspired to join the Knights made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Huma, which—so legend had it—was carved in the shape of a Silver Dragon. As the world descended into evil, the road to Huma's tomb became dark and dangerous to travel. Soon afterward, people began to question Huma's very existence, and now the location of his tomb and his body are not known.

The Oath and the Measure

The following are excerpts from the Measure of Knighthood, compiled from the writings of Vinas Solamnus and his successors. (The whole Measure consists of 37 volumes.)

"The Oath governs all a Knight is and does. It is his life's blood, more sacred than life itself.

"The Measure of a Knight is taken by how well he upholds the Oath. We judge a Knight against the Measure and by the Measure. The Measure of the Rose deals with holy Wisdom among the Knights. The Measure of the Sword deals with the discipline of Honor among Knights. The Measure of the Crown deals with the disciplines of Loyalty and Obedience."

The Order of Knights in Battle

Knights who battle in defense of honor and the realm follow the order set forth by the Measure.

"Armies are made up of three brigades, each commanded by a Lord Knight from one of the three Orders of Knights. The army is commanded by a Warrior Lord, one of the three Lord Knights commanding brigades. The Warrior Lord is chosen by majority consent of the three Lord Knight brigade commanders and must exemplify the highest ideals of the Knighthood.

"Should a Lord Knight fall in battle, another must take his place. Should the Warrior Knight be lost, then shall each Lord Knight separately command his own brigade until a Knightly Council can be called."

The Knightly Council

"Such councils shall be convened as required by the Measure. They must include three Lord Knights, one from each of the Orders of Knights. If any order cannot provide a Lord Knight, then a Knight may stand in his stead.

"Councils shall convene for the following purposes: to determine strategies of war; to assign

orders for war and battle; to select the Warrior Lord prior to a battle; to hear charges of unknighly conduct; to honor those who have performed valiantly on the field of honor; for settlement of questions concerning the Measure."

Knightly Orders and the Measure

"The Order of the Rose takes its Measure from deeds of wisdom and justice. Examples of such deeds are: taking compassion on the less fortunate; sacrificing one's life for the sake of others; taking no thought to one's own safety in defense of the Measure; protecting the lives of fellow Knights; seeing that no life is wasted or sacrificed in vain.

"The Order of the Sword takes its Measure from affairs of courage and heroics. Examples of such acts are: facing evil without regard to personal suffering; accepting the challenge of combat for the honor of the Knighthood; defending the honor of Knighthood; defending the honor of a fellow Knight; protecting the defenseless.

"The Order of the Crown takes its Measure from affairs of loyalty and obedience to authority of the greater Knighthood through its High Councils and commanders. Examples of such acts: unquestioned obedience to those whose authority is maintained in the Knightly Councils; dedication to the ideals of the Measure; loyalty to Knights of all Orders; and all other acts that cause the strengthening of loyalty among the Knights.

"No Knight found wanting in the Measure of any Order shall command Knights on the field of battle nor council with them until repented of his unknighly deeds."

Lord Gunthar wishes to gratefully acknowledge the help of two Knights-in-training, who worked diligently to help him acquire and sort out his information—Tracy Hickman and Doug Niles.



Bertrem's Essay on Numerology

Introduction

Numerology is the metaphysical science that analyzes the symbolic nature of numbers and ascribes prescribed numerical values to each letter of the alphabet. This ancient and exact science reflects the spiritual vibrations and potentials of each number and letter, affording an individual the understanding of his personal energies and of how they are, or should be, used in his career, travel experiences, friendships, and home life.

The science of numerology is an extremely detailed one, and unfortunately, not all of its aspects and dimensions can be discussed herein, as years of study and interpretation of numerical charts are essential to become a skilled numerologist. Instead, a brief discussion of how certain personality traits are determined is provided.

Personal vibrations in numerology are gleaned from the name given at time of birth and the birthdate. From these two elements come a variety of aspects: the soul urge, the quiescent self, the expression, and the life path are just some examples. Once numerical values are assigned to these different vibrations, the numerologist compares and contrasts them and interprets their potential energies in order to paint a composite portrait, so to speak, of the individual in question.

Before any energy interpretation can occur, the personal name and birthdate must be reduced to single-digit numbers or to one of the master numbers (11 or 22). The following chart indicates how each letter of the alphabet is assigned a numerical vibration.

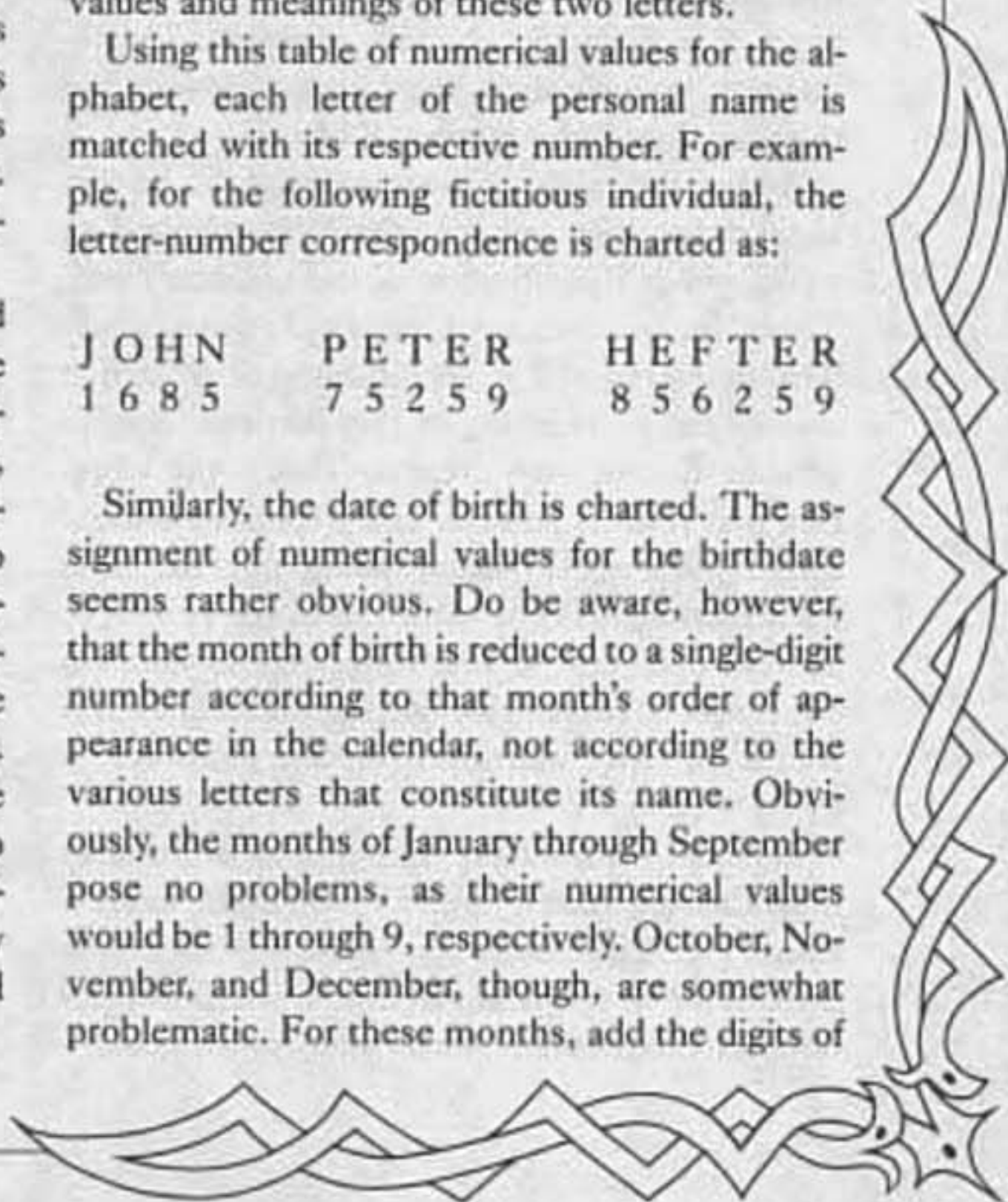
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	[K]	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	[V]	W	X	Y	Z	

Note that the letters K and V denote master numbers 11 and 22, respectively. For sake of convenience, their values have been reduced to 2 and 4, respectively, but the brackets indicate that the numerologist needs to remember the special values and meanings of these two letters.

Using this table of numerical values for the alphabet, each letter of the personal name is matched with its respective number. For example, for the following fictitious individual, the letter-number correspondence is charted as:

J O H N	P E T E R	H E F T E R
1 6 8 5	7 5 2 5 9	8 5 6 2 5 9

Similarly, the date of birth is charted. The assignment of numerical values for the birthdate seems rather obvious. Do be aware, however, that the month of birth is reduced to a single-digit number according to that month's order of appearance in the calendar, not according to the various letters that constitute its name. Obviously, the months of January through September pose no problems, as their numerical values would be 1 through 9, respectively. October, November, and December, though, are somewhat problematic. For these months, add the digits of



their numerical value so that a single-digit value is achieved. For example, October has a value of 10. Adding 1 plus 0 results in 1; therefore, the single-digit value of October is 1. The following is an example of numerical value assignment for the birthdate.

December	10,	1940
1+2 = 3	1	194

Also, note that any zeroes in a birthdate are eliminated, for they add no value to the overall numerical vibration.

The first important vibration that is derived from the personal name is the soul urge. This energy is the great motivating force in one's life. The soul urge reflects the heart's greatest desire and, therefore, indicates *how* one approaches daily life. This vibration is the sum of all the values of the vowels in the personal name. Remember that this sum must then be reduced to a single-digit value, unless, of course, its value is one of the master numbers. Using the name of the fictitious individual above, the vowel values are 6, 5, 5, 5, and 5. The sum of these is 26. Reduced to a single digit, the soul urge is found in the vibration of the number 8 ($2+6$).

Adding the values of the consonants in the personal name, then reducing them to a single-digit value, yields the vibration of the quiescent self. This is the passive, quiet energy of an individual. The quiescent self is an indicator of what one *dreams* about achieving in this lifetime, despite actualization of such dreams. This is the vibration that reflects solitude and freedom from external influences. Again, using our fictitious friend above, his consonant values are 1, 8, 5, 7, 2, 9, 8, 6, 2, and 9. The sum of these values is 57. Reduced to a single digit, the quiescent self is found in the vibration of the number 3 ($5+7=12$; $1+2=3$).

Personal capabilities, talents, and skills of an individual are seen in the vibration of the expression. The expression also indicates *what* one does in life in terms of career and social interaction. The expression affects all levels of being—

spiritual, intellectual, emotional, and physical. Its vibration is determined by adding the values of *both* the vowels and the consonants of the personal name, then reducing that sum to a single digit (or master number, if applicable). Thus, the expression vibration for John Peter Hefter is 11, a master number (the sum of the value was 83; $8+3=11$, resulting in a master number). Remember, master numbers are *not* reduced further.

The vibration of the life path, or the destiny to which one can aspire, is based on the single-digit value of the birthdate. The life path points to *where* one is headed and to which opportunities are or are not for his taking. Thus, the life path for our fictitious person, John Hefter, is 9 ($3+1+1+9+4=18$; $1+8=9$).

In certain cases, an inordinate amount of a specific numerical value may be found in a person's name. Such a predominant value indicates a ruling passion, an area in one's life where he overreacts or overachieves. Similarly, a lack of a specific numerical value indicates a karmic lesson, an issue the individual must successfully overcome to lead a meaningful and productive life.

To delineate the meanings of all the numerical values for all the vibrations discussed would necessitate an extensive, and exhaustive, tome. Thus, the information presented is meant only to generate a curiosity in the science of numbers, numerology.

Bertrem gratefully wishes to acknowledge the help of Patrick Lucien Price, apprentice human mage of the Red Robes, for his help in reviewing Bertrem's notes on both runology and numerology. Patrick Price was also responsible for assisting with the reading for Lady Crysanita and for writing the introductions to Numerology, Herbalism and Runology.

"Make sure the window is open before you throw out the dishwater."—Tika Waylan Majere

1
9
1
5
5
=
3
△

2
5
1
8
3
6
3
22
5
=
1

[4]

inclusion

1 - ASA	3
2 - T	1
3 - LL	2
4 - V	1
5 - NEEN	4
6 - F	1
7 -	0
8 - H	1
9 - I	1
TOTAL	14

8 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSON: 7
RULING PASSION: 1

M A R C H 9, 249
3 9 6 = 9

Birthday 9

Soul Urge: Tanis's soul urge indicates that he is a person desirous of spreading joy and happiness. He likes people and enjoys having his friends around him. He is level-headed and does not allow worries or depression to gain control over him. He is rarely bored, but is always interested and entertained by life.

Quiescent Self: Tanis's inner self reveals that he is courageous, daring, and conquering. He is also introspective and, in some instances, prefers to keep his innermost feelings and thoughts to himself.

Expression: Tanis's talents lie in organization. He insists upon system and accuracy.

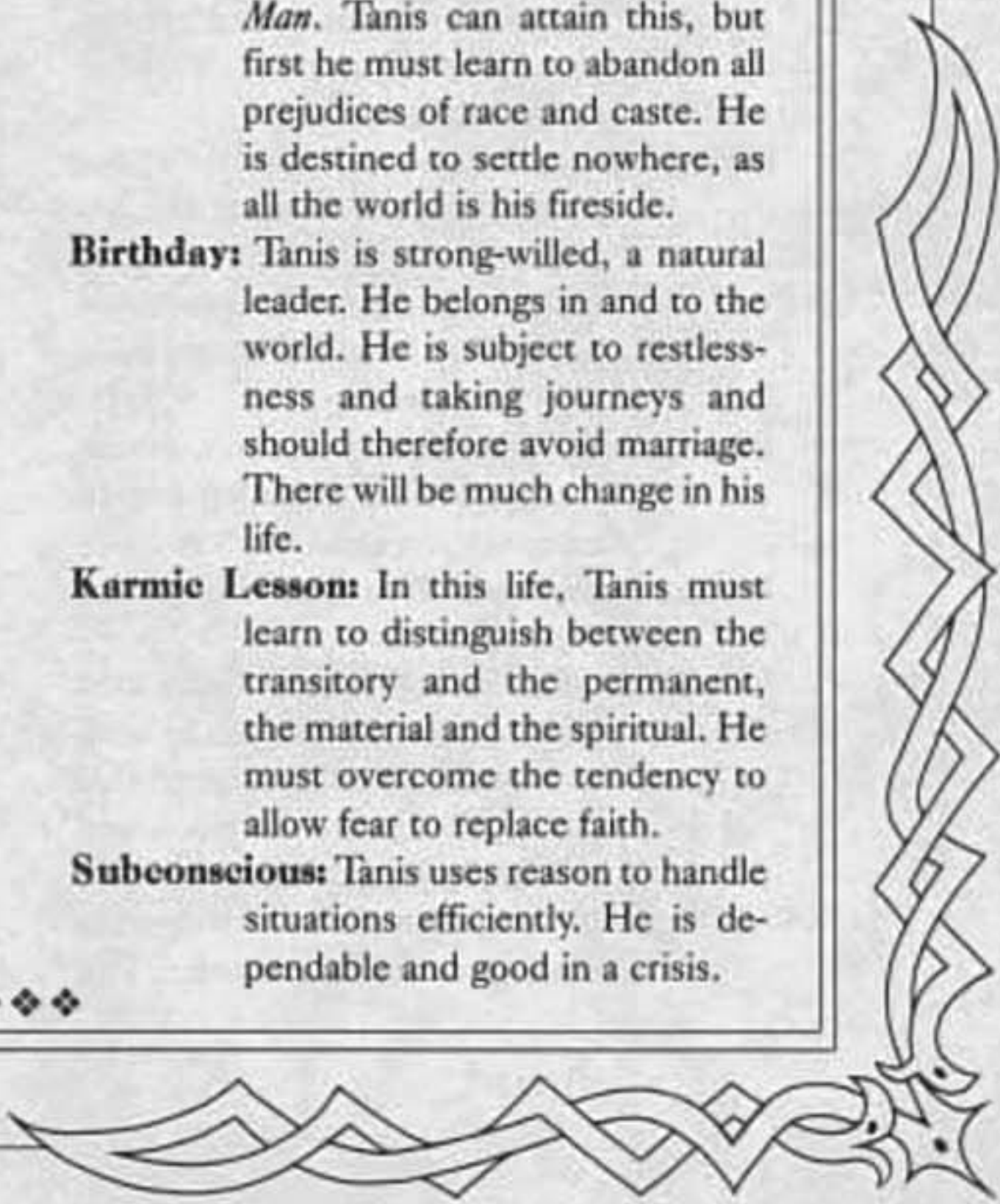
Ruling Passion: Tanis has a strong ego and expresses opinions strongly. He is independent and energetic.

Life Path: *Universality and the Brotherhood of Man.* Tanis can attain this, but first he must learn to abandon all prejudices of race and caste. He is destined to settle nowhere, as all the world is his fireside.

Birthday: Tanis is strong-willed, a natural leader. He belongs in and to the world. He is subject to restlessness and taking journeys and should therefore avoid marriage. There will be much change in his life.

Karmic Lesson: In this life, Tanis must learn to distinguish between the transitory and the permanent, the material and the spiritual. He must overcome the tendency to allow fear to replace faith.

Subconscious: Tanis uses reason to handle situations efficiently. He is dependable and good in a crisis.



1	9						9				1	5	5	=	③	△	
R	A	I	S	T	L	I	N	M	A	J	E	R	E				
9				1	2	3			5	4			1	9	=	□	7

inclusion

1 - ASAJ	4
2 - T	1
3 - L	1
4 - M	1
5 - NEE	3
6 -	0
7 -	0
8 -	0
9 - RIIR	4
TOTAL	14

6 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS: 6,7,8
RULING PASSIONS: 1,9

J U N E 1 7, 3 2 6
 6 8 11 = 7

Birthday 17

Soul Urge: Deep within, Raistlin wants to be loved and have many friends. He is alert, artistic, and expressive. He is drawn to those weaker than himself.

Quiescent Self: Raistlin is a mystic whose mind stores wisdom of the ancients. He enjoys time spent in quiet meditation. He sees his inner self in a beautiful library filled with rare books.

Expression: Raistlin is an explorer, a creator. He prefers to be left free to carry out his ideas.

Ruling Passions: Domination, courage, independence.

Life Path: *Wisdom, Aloneness.* Raistlin uses his keen mental analysis to seek out wisdom and hidden truths. He must learn to be alone and not lonely. He desires to increase his store of useful knowledge. He must rest, study, meditate, and

learn to understand the unseen world.

Birthday: Since Raistlin and Caramon have the same birthdate, they share many of the same attributes. Both are high-minded and proud-spirited. They become set in their ideas and seldom yield to others. There is a love of knowledge and fondness for exploring. They both demand proof of the spiritual.

Karmic Lessons: Raistlin must learn not to neglect his inner, spiritual life. He must overcome his innate fear of taking chances and his inner doubts as to his abilities.

Subconscious: Raistlin also shares with his twin a subconscious desire for affection and a caring about the well-being of those nearest the heart.



1	1	6	1	5	5	=	①
C	A	R	A	M	O	N	M
3	9	4	5	4	1	9	=
							8

inclusion

1 - AAAJ	4
2 -	0
3 - C	1
4 - MM	2
5 - NEE	3
6 - 0	1
7 -	0
8 -	0
9 - RR	2
TOTAL	13

6 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS: 2,7,8
RULING PASSIONS: 1

J U N E 1 7, 3 2 6

6 8 11 = 7

Birthday 17

Soul Urge: Caramon wants to lead and direct. He tends to see everything in terms of himself. He is proud of his abilities and loves to be praised. He seeks opportunities to display his strength and usefulness.

Quiescent Self: Caramon is a good manager, particularly over a large group of subordinates.

Expression: Caramon is an excellent advisor, judge, and reformer. He is emotional, kind, and understanding.

Ruling Passion: Caramon has strong opinions, is courageous, and is filled with vital energy.

Life Path: *Wisdom, Aloneness.* Caramon needs to learn the power of keen

mental analysis. He must not insist upon partnerships. He must develop himself subjectively.

Birthday: Caramon is high-minded and proud-spirited. He is set in his ideas and seldom yields to others, other aspects he shares with his twin.

Karmic Lessons: Caramon needs to learn patience, tact, and obedience. He must learn not to leap to conclusions. He must develop the inner, spiritual side of his being.

Subconscious: Caramon emanates comfort, love, and concern for the welfare of everyone in his vicinity. He is the perfect homebody, the welfare of those nearest him being his first concern.



$\begin{matrix} 1 & 3 & & 1 & & 1 & & & & 1 & & 1 & & 1 & = & \textcircled{9} \\ \text{L} & \text{A} & \text{U} & \text{R} & \text{A} & \text{L} & \text{A} & \text{N} & \text{T} & \text{H} & \text{A} & \text{L} & \text{A} & \text{S} & \text{A} & \triangle 7 \\ 3 & & & 9 & & 3 & & 5 & 2 & 8 & & 3 & & 1 & = & \boxed{7} \end{matrix}$

inclusion

1 - AAAAAASA	7
2 - T	1
3 - LULL	4
4 -	0
5 - N	1
6 -	0
7 -	0
8 - H	1
9 - R	1
<hr/> TOTAL	<hr/> 15

6 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS: 4,6,7
RULING PASSIONS: 1

JUNE 7, 271

7 7 1 = 6

Birthday 7

Soul Urge: Laurana wants to serve the world. She is an interpreter of the greatness to be found in life. She has boundless faith.

Quiescent Self: Laurana sees her soul in a room with fine pieces of artwork, beautiful furniture, and a window that looks out on a peaceful countryside with her own gardens in full bloom. Meditation is essential to her soul.

Expression: Laurana is the law-maker and judge. She is a perfectionist.

Ruling Passion: Laurana has strong opinions which she expresses only after some consideration. She is courageous with a vital, inner strength.

Life Path: *Adjustment.* Laurana must learn the meaning of responsibility. She must adjust to inharmonious situations. She needs to learn to

serve cheerfully, efficiently, and quietly. She must be ready to give material and spiritual aid.

Birthday: Laurana has a keen mind capable of deep mental analysis. She acts through her own strong intuitions, rarely taking advice. She has firm opinions and hates to change them. She should avoid marriage, needing to be alone to rest and meditate.

Karmic Lessons: Laurana needs to overcome a fear of hardships. She has had too much luxury and needs to learn how to achieve her goals through work. She must stop avoiding responsibility. She needs to work on developing her own spiritual life.

Subconscious: She is loving and affectionate. Her fellow beings are invariably her first concern.



3	9	1	5 =	(9)	△										
S	T	U	R	M	B	R	I	G	H	T	B	L	A	D	E
1	2	9	4	2	9	7	8	2	2	3	4	=	□	8	

inclusion

1 - SA	2
2 - TBTB	4
3 - UL	2
4 - MD	2
5 - E	1
6 -	0
7 - G	1
8 - H	1
9 - RRI	3
TOTAL	16

8 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSON: 6
RULING PASSION: 2

AUGUST 5, 324
8 5 9 = 22

Birthday 5

Soul Urge: Sturm has the need to give of himself without thought of his own impoverishment. He is the Universal Brother, prepared to sacrifice his life for mankind.

Quiscent Self: Sturm is an ideal leader and manager.

Expression: Sturm refuses to admit he has limitations.

Ruling Passion: Sturm has a fine consideration for others. He tends to be a romantic. He is sensitive and cooperative.

Life Path: *Material Master.* Sturm must

learn service on a large and constructive scale. He needs to use power for spiritual and idealistic goals.

Birthday: Sturm loves embellishments and ceremony. He has a fine mind and is excellent company.

Karmic Lesson: He needs to overcome his fear of taking on obligations. He must come to understand the value and beauty of service.

Subconscious: Sturm tends to be cold and matter-of-fact, but he is dependable and solid.



$9 \quad 1 \quad 1 \quad 7 \quad 1 = \textcircled{1}$
 T I K A W A Y L A N $\triangle 9$
 $2 \quad 11 \quad 5 \quad 3 \quad 5 = \boxed{8}$
 $[2]$

inclusion

1 - AAA	3
2 - TK	2
3 - L	1
4 -	0
5 - WN	2
6 -	0
7 - Y	1
8 -	0
9 - I	1
<hr/>	
TOTAL	10

6 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS: 4,6,8
RULING PASSIONS: 1

OCTOBER 23, 332
 1 5 8 = 5

Birthday 23

Soul Urge: Tika is proud of her abilities and desires praise for them. She is loyal in friendship, fair in business dealings. She has a tendency to be impatient with the faults of others.

Quiscent Self: She is an excellent manager.

Expression: Tika is the ideal philanthropist.

Ruling Passion: Tika has strong opinions and can use them to dominate.

Life Path: *Freedom.* Tika must learn the right use of freedom. She must learn to adapt, to seek the new

and untried to profit.

Birthday: Tika is sympathetic, sensitive, understanding. She has a practical turn of mind. She is self-sufficient and hard-working, willing to assume many burdens.

Karmic Lessons: Tika must learn to handle her tendency toward cowardice. She must overcome a lack of efficiency in business dealings. She must learn to avoid seeing physical labor as demeaning.

Subconscious: Tika loves comfort. She is strongly drawn to friends and her home.



9 9 1 1 3 1 1 = 7
 K I T I A R A U T H M A T A R △ 9
 11 2 9 2 8 4 2 9 = 2
 [2]

inclusion

1 - AAAA	4
2 - KTTT	4
3 - U	1
4 - M	1
5 -	0
6 -	0
7 -	0
8 - H	1
9 - IRR	4
<hr/>	
TOTAL	15

6 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS: 5,6,7
RULING PASSIONS: 1,2,9

OCTOBER 31, 318
1 4 3 = 8

Birthday 31

Soul Urge: Kitiara dreams of perfection. She believes herself to be seldom understood. She loves to analyze, examine, and consider all angles of any problem. She is deeply emotional but has a horror of showing it, considering it a weakness. She is a well of secrecy.

Quiscent Self: Kitiara longs for a life of love, comfort, and protection.

Expression: Kitiara is an excellent leader, judge.

Ruling Passions: Kitiara is domineering, independent. She is fond of detail, tends to be emotional and romantic. She is a good speaker.

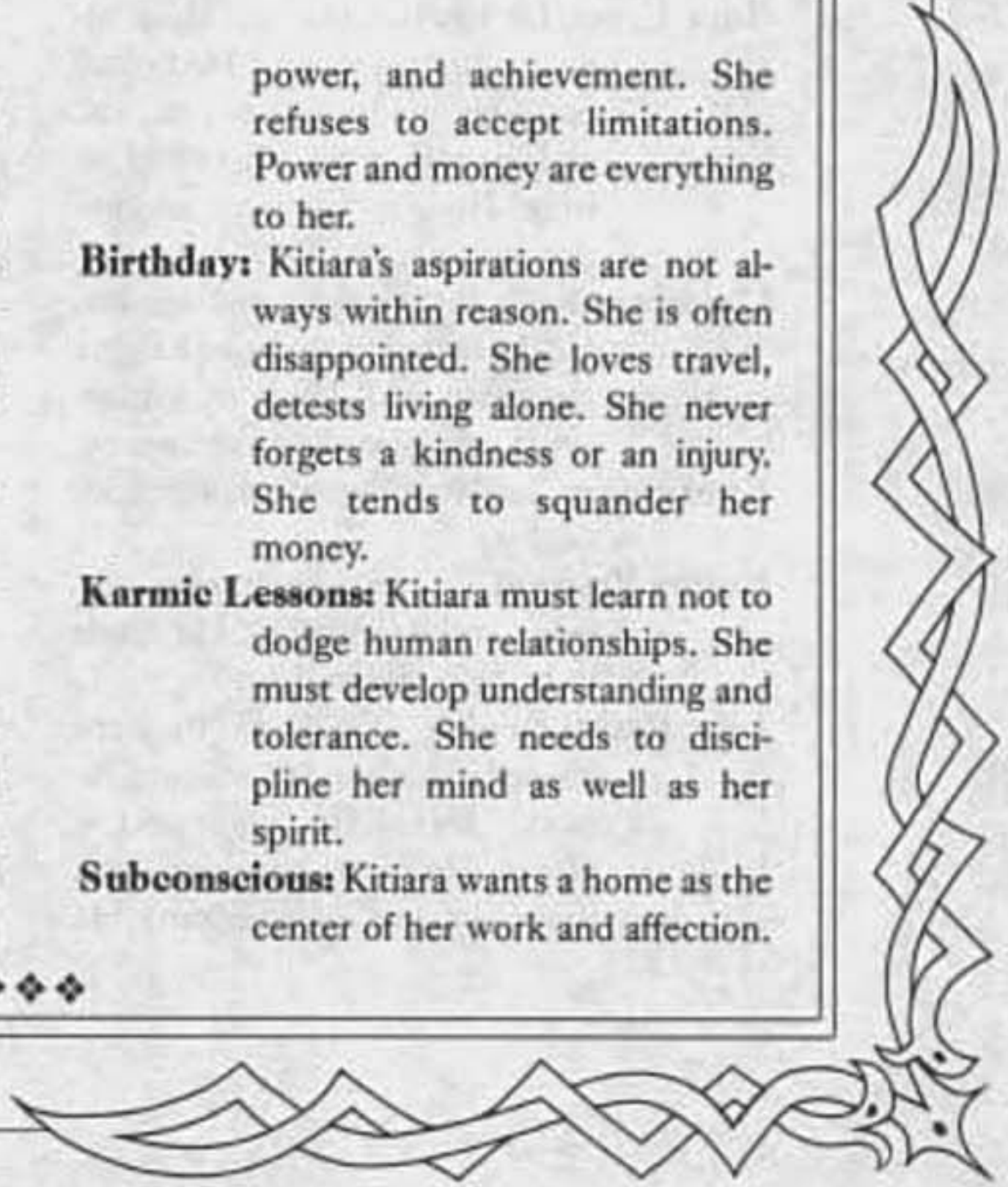
Life Path: *Power, Material Freedom.* Kitiara must be in a world of business,

power, and achievement. She refuses to accept limitations. Power and money are everything to her.

Birthday: Kitiara's aspirations are not always within reason. She is often disappointed. She loves travel, detests living alone. She never forgets a kindness or an injury. She tends to squander her money.

Karmic Lessons: Kitiara must learn not to dodge human relationships. She must develop understanding and tolerance. She needs to discipline her mind as well as her spirit.

Subconscious: Kitiara wants a home as the center of her work and affection.



¹ T ⁵ A ⁶ S ³ S ⁶ L ⁶ E ⁶ H ⁶ O ⁶ F ⁶ F ³ B ⁶ U ⁶ R ⁶ R ⁶ F ⁶ O ⁶ O ⁶ T = 9
 2 1 1 3 8 6 6 2 9 9 6 2 = 1

inclusion

1 - ASS	3
2 - TBT	3
3 - LU	2
4 -	0
5 - E	1
6 - OFFFOO	6
7 -	0
8 - H	1
9 - RR	2
TOTAL	18

7 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS: 4,7
RULING PASSIONS: 6

D E C E M B E R 2, 3 2 5
 3 1 1 = 5

Birthday 1

Soul Urge: Tas has boundless faith in his own source of supply. He broadcasts his inner self, his talents, and emotions to the world at large. He is sympathetic and understanding.

Quiescent Self: Tas is daring, courageous. He dreams of conquering heights yet unattained. He is an instigator of new plans and enterprises.

Expression: Tas is a pioneer, explorer, inventor.

Ruling Passion: Tas has a power of adjustment and adaptability. He tends to be self-righteous.

Life Path: *Freedom.* Tas faces frequent change in his life. He will find variety, travel to unexpected places. He must, however, learn the right use of freedom. He

needs to learn foreign languages and custom, come to understand all classes and races. He should seize all that is novel and progressive (not literally).

Birthday: Tas is strong-willed, self-reliant, and independent. He likes to plan but not build. He tends to procrastinate. He has a great deal of devotion to people that is not always shown. He is sensitive and likes encouragement.

Karmic Lessons: Tas must overcome his strong inclination to take short cuts. He needs to develop his mental and spiritual capabilities.

Subconscious: Tas tends to be preoccupied. He is well-balanced, however, although inclined to be secretive.



9 9 5 6 5 = ⑦
F L I N T F I R E F O R G E ▲ 6
 6 3 5 2 6 9 6 9 7 = 8

inclusion

1 -	0
2 - T	1
3 - L	1
4 -	0
5 - NEE	3
6 - FFFO	4
7 - G	1
8 -	0
9 - IIRR	4
<hr/>	
TOTAL	14

6 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS: 1,4,8
RULING PASSIONS: 6,9

J A N U A R Y 11, 203
 / 11 5 = 8

Birthday 11

Soul Urge: Flint wants peace to live his own, inner life. He is mellowed by time, loves old things and old ways. He prefers to be alone but fears loneliness. He is conservative, kind, reserved. He is sought for his wisdom but feels uncomfortable in society.

Quiescent Self: Flint is a good businessman.

Expression: Flint is an excellent teacher and dealer in home necessities. He is the "cosmic" father-figure.

Ruling Passions: Flint has a willingness to assume responsibility and the power to adapt to situations. He may at times appear stubborn and unyielding with old-fashioned notions. He is generous and impressionable.

Life Path: *Power, Material Freedom.* He

must develop efficiency in his business affairs, learn to understand the power of money.

Birthday: Flint has strong determination and perseverance, but he is apt to fluctuate. He is nervous and high-strung. He must learn to temper his own rigid moral code and not try to impose it on others. He must overcome a tendency to be mercenary.

Karmic Lessons: Flint must learn to meet issues squarely. He tends to be overcautious. He occasionally uses poor judgment in financial matters, preferring to hang onto his money rather than invest it. He doubts his own abilities.

Subconscious: Flint is concerned with the welfare of all. He is fond of his home and friends.



$$\begin{array}{cccccccc}
 & 9 & & 5 & & 9 & & = & \textcircled{5} & \triangle 5 \\
 & R & I & V & E & R & W & I & N & D \\
 9 & & 22 & & 9 & 5 & & 5 & 4 & = & \boxed{9}
 \end{array}$$

inclusion

1 -	0
2 -	0
3 -	0
4 - D, V	2
5 - EWN	3
6 -	0
7 -	0
8 -	0
9 - RIRI	4
<hr/>	
TOTAL	9

3 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS:

1,2,3,6,7,8

RULING PASSION: 9

M A Y 2, 319

5 2 4 = 2

Birthday 2

Soul Urge: Riverwind strives for personal freedom in every direction in his life. He demands change, seeks variety and new opportunities to develop himself. He will not be hampered by convention or the ideas of others. He tries to adapt to new conditions.

Quiescent Self: Riverwind is filled with love for people and he is eager to be of service, no matter what the cost. He longs for personal love and happiness. He is empathetic to the suffering of others.

Expression: Riverwind is a natural leader of men, a born wanderer.

Ruling Passion: Riverwind is generous, impressionable, a humanitarian.

Life Path: *Association.* Riverwind needs to learn to submerge his inner self and follow the lead of others. He is a peacemaker and diplomat.

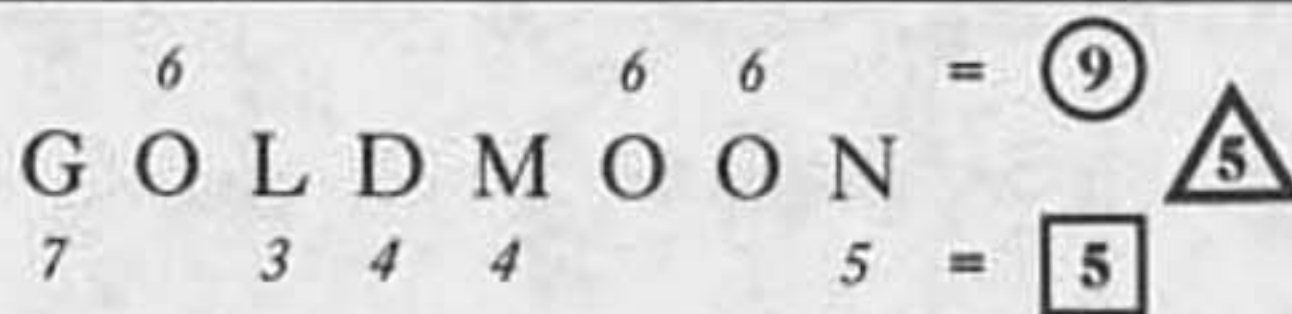
He must learn the power of silence and must not look for personal praise or recognition. He must learn to cultivate loyal friendships.

Birthday: Riverwind is emotional and keenly sensitive to the atmosphere in which he finds himself. Although warm-hearted, he tends to be moody and subject to depression. He finds comfort in his love for music and poetry.

Karmic Lessons: Riverwind must overcome his unwillingness to meet issues squarely. He has a tendency to neglect small details that can be vitally important.

Subconscious: Riverwind fights for self-expression. He must exert self-control to avoid destructive reactions and the tendency to explode when he meets resistance.





inclusion

1 -	0
2 -	0
3 - L	1
4 - DM	2
5 - N	1
6 - OOO	3
7 - G	1
8 -	0
9 -	0
TOTAL	8

5 Subconscious

KARMIC LESSONS: 1,2,8,9
RULING PASSIONS: 3

FEBRUARY 5, 3 2 2
 2 5 7 = 5

Birthday 5

Soul Urge: Goldmoon has boundless faith in herself. She desires to serve mankind. She is understanding and sympathetic.

Quiescent Self: She loves travel and longs to be unhampered by responsibility. She enjoys adventure.

Expression: Goldmoon works best with people. She is a persuasive speaker and a born traveler.

Ruling Passion: Goldmoon is imaginative. She has a gift of expression and the ability to inspire others. She must avoid a tendency to be impatient of others, however, and learn to focus her energies.

Life Path: Freedom: Goldmoon must expect change in her life. She

will travel to unexpected places.

Birthday: Goldmoon loves ceremony. She has a fine mind. She is adaptable to most situations. She loves home but is not tied to it. She has a good voice and finds pleasure in singing.

Karmic Lessons: Goldmoon must overcome her lack of trust in inherent power. She must learn patience, tact, and obedience. She has a fear of her own emotions and must learn to understand them. She must develop an empathy for the suffering of others.

Subconscious: Goldmoon tends to be restless and dissatisfied with her lot in life.



Herbalism

Dalamar

The following pieces of parchment are remnants of the tome, *Numinous Properties of Herbs in Krynn*, compiled by my *shalafi*, Raistlin Majere. I, Dalamar, found these fragmented pages of this tome in an ancient valenwood chest in my master's study in the Tower of High Sorcery in Palanthas. Though the chest was guarded by powerful runes, I was able to work magic against them to gain access to its contents. How these specific pages came to be separated from the rest of the tome can only be answered with conjecture. I assume, from the information presented in these pages, that my master studied certain of these for his practice of vivisection performed in the laboratory below. Others were probably referenced for control of certain agents and individuals in his travels through time.

Caution to those who would attempt to use the spells herewith. The herbal recipes, concoctions, and spell potions described in the pages presented should *not* be used by the untrained neophyte. These herbalist practices are for edification purposes only.

Dalamar gratefully wishes to acknowledge the help of Patrick Lucien Price, apprentice human mage of the Red Robes, in sorting through the notes left behind by Raistlin Majere. Patrick Price would like to emphasize Dalamar's warning that these herbs be used only by those who have passed the grueling Test in the Tower.



and so the Dwarven runes, bountiful with mystical energies but so ignored by the other races of Krynn, are bound up with the cosmogonic & cosmologic processes of Krynn.

NUMINOUS POWERS OF HERBS

That herbs (herein to include trees, spices, flowers, etc.) are tied in to numinous experiences and magical power cannot be denied, especially in light of what has been discussed earlier in Dwarven runology. Below are correlations between herbs and various magical (or physical) energies that I've been able to make from study of texts written by Fistantulus, Stefor (the Dwarven hermit), and other knowledgeable magic-using herbalists.

- 1) clary - ☐ - amplifies wholeness (mental or physical); strengthens the creative powers of the mage
- 2) cowslip - ^ - heightens intellectual enlightenment; establishes harmony amongst conflicting magical powers/energies
- 3) flax - P - binds magical powers of 2 to 4 magi's foci; regenerates physical energies lost during the act of casting spells
- 4) henbane - | - creates an energy shield for the mage; heightens numinous experiences with higher astral entities
- 5) houseleek - ▽ - causes memory lapse of recent experiences (esp. useful against non-magical beings); for a mage in trance, and used w/ food bladders, heightens meditation
- 6) lady's mantle - 13 - creates an aura of secrecy; used for spells of concealment; oddly, induces sexual desire

D: send potion to Tiled & Caramon for wedding (*Diii) →

7) lily of the valley - H - protects from lower astral beings; invokes balance of power within the mage; brings about physical metamorphosis (women only)

- something for Orysania

8) mandrake - h - dissipates physical stress, mental confusion, and neurotic tendencies; acts as a guard against detrimental forces; increases personal power (used at time of conjunction of 2 of our moons & a retrograde planet)

9) mistletoe - o - increases psychic potential for divination, astral projection, or telekinesis; brings about success in financial undertaking and 3 moons into the mage's psyche; enhances psychic/psionic powers

10) nettle - P - absorbs the projected magical energies of our ^{sun} moon and 3 moons into the mage's psyche; enhances psychic/psionic powers

- appropriate for Sturm, Caramon, Tanis - try on a kender to test any deleterious effects

11) self-heal - Q - magnifies magical powers during group ritual use; dispels personal tension or uncertainty; cures severe wounds (used only for the physically strong; weaker individuals suffer system shock).

12) sphagnum moss - h - invokes beneficial earth spirits; increases physical power of the mage; in poultice, staunches bleeding and cures light wounds

13) willow - h - increases life force; guards against undead beings; assists psychically in challenge of initiatory tests (esp. the Test); helps to form & shape nebulous magical powers during the act of vivisection - creation of nonhuman (possibly nonconsentient) beings

thus the importance of color can be witnessed in most magical artifacts: robe enhancements, amulet designs, gemstones in rings and wands, and so on.

Such associations between color and numinous energies follow. Herbs, fruit, spices, and trees are also listed for an even more holistic approach.

1) White: purification; purging of wanted numinous energies
- sugar cane, white roses, magnolia buds

2) Yellow or Gold: awareness of solar energies; induction of creative energies & skills; strengthening personal charisma
- leaves of ash or hawthorn trees, marjoram, saffron, sunflower seeds

3) Orange: development of positive personal or artistic energies; "the fire of life & love" - orange peel, dianthus (annual or perennial variations), rudbeckia, maple leaves

4) Pink: tranquility (esp. for meditation & astral projection); self-love & self-acceptance; positive karmic associations with friends & family - carnations (all varieties), pink or rosy roses, lilac trees, cumen, allspice

5) Red: amplification of psychic & magical energies, be they positive or negative forces - leaves from ash, oak, or elder trees, holly, apple (fruit only), red raspberries, red peppers, cloves

6) Green: balance of magical powers & energies; physical healing - peat moss, fennel, garlic, birch bark, pine needles, lady's mantle

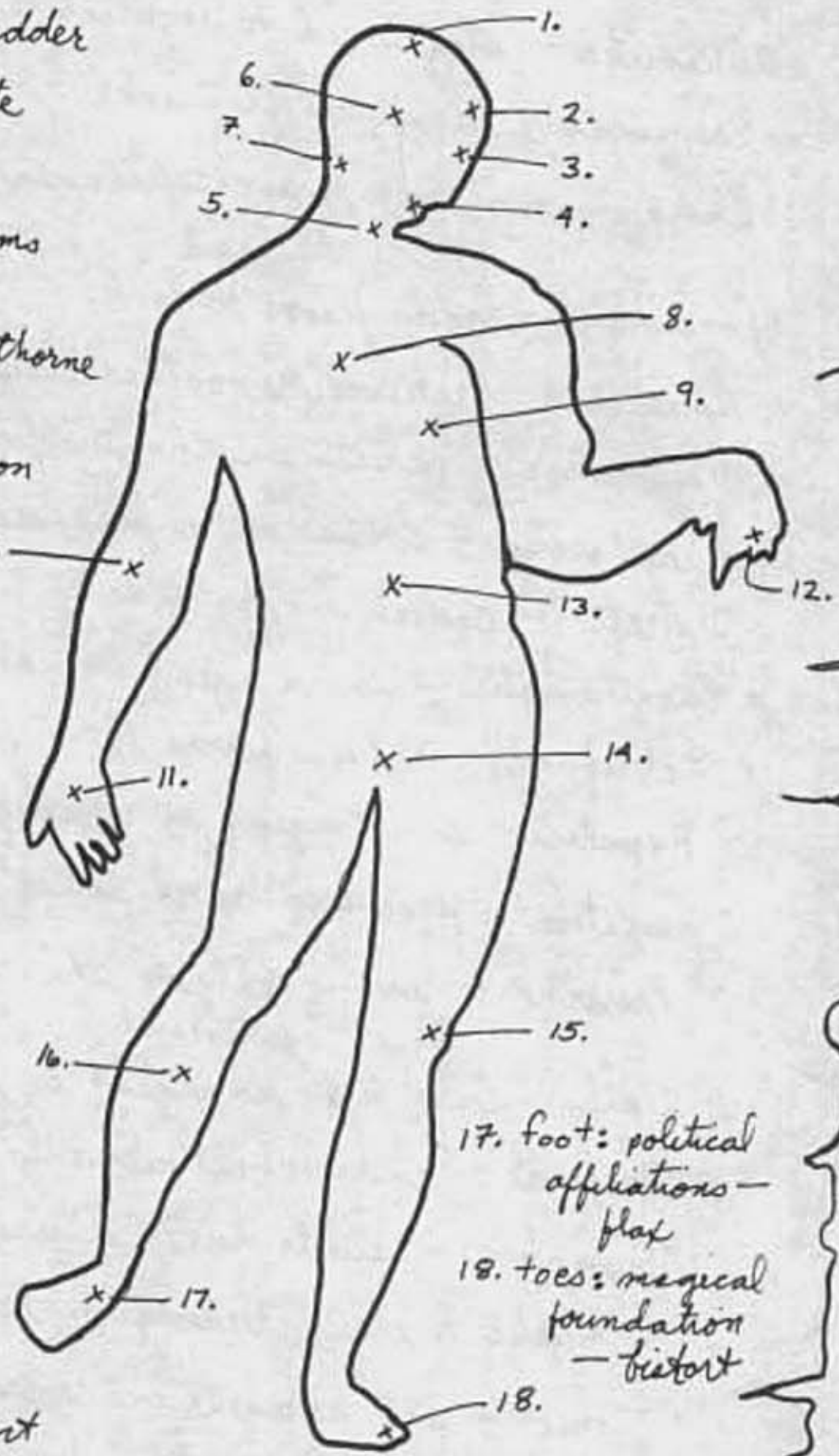
7) Blue: enhancement of intellectual skills; maintenance of mental serenity - sage, tulips, water hyacinth, spruce, yew, or vallenwood bark

8) Purple: strengthening of numinous energies & experiences; temperance & tolerance; magical protection - lobelia,

- associate w/ Caramon; not Kithara, though

remembering, once again, that these herbs, which govern the respective energies - not necessarily physical - must be burned in either a small copper brazier or pit fire to have any significant effect.

- 1. top of head: psyche - mistletoe
- 2. forehead: intellect - madder
- 3. eyes: perception - aconite
- 4. mouth: communication - apple blossoms
- 5. throat: finances; prosperity - hawthorne
- 6. ears: physical & mental balance - cinnamon
- 7. neck: numinous awareness - garlic
- 8. chest: charisma - marjoram
- 9. heart: temperament - heartsease
- 10. arm: leadership - rosemary
- 11. hand: artistry - juniper
- 12. fingers: manipulation of magical powers - rhubarb
- 13. abdomen: constitution - sphagnum moss
- 14. genitals: generative processes - lady's mantle
- 15. knees: meditation; ritual experiences - mugwort
- 16. leg: movement; travel - ragwort



- 17. foot: political affiliations - flax
- 18. toes: magical foundation - bistort

HERBS: CLASSIFICATIONS OF MEDICINAL PROPERTIES

- Anodyne - relieves pain
- Aperient - creates a gentle laxative without purging the system
- Aromatic - stimulates (generally w/a spicy agent)
- Antiemetic - stops need to regurgitate
- Carminative - induces flatulence
- Cholagogue - cures/prevents/is agent in arresting diseases of the head
- Condiment - adds flavor to food
- Demulcent - relieves or soothes tissue inflammation
- Depurative - assists in the purification of blood
- Diaphoretic - causes one to perspire
- Diuretic - causes one to urinate
- Exanthematus - is an agent in remedies for skin disorders
- Febrifuge - reduces fevers
- Hepatic - is an agent in remedies for liver diseases
- Laxative - produces bowel activity
- Nervine - acting only on the nervous system, abates nervous excitement
- Ophthalmicum - is an agent in remedies for eyes
- Pectoral - relieves chest ailments
- Sedative - quiets nerves, generally inducing lethargy or sleep
- Styptic - stops bleeding or hemorrhaging
- Tonic - acts as agent in remedies used for strengthening
- Vermifuge - eliminates worms

• Basic Herbal Salve:

1 pound herbs of choice

- any of the following can be used: leaves, roots, bark, or powdered or dried granulated herbs (which herbs should be used is dependent on what Salve is to accomplish)

- freshly gathered herbs should be finely chopped

1 1/2 pounds cocoa fat

4 ounces beeswax (agent for keeping the salve firm and workable)

All the ingredients should be mixed together in a large (preferably bronze or copper) pot. Covering the ingredients, place the pot in an area of intense sunlight for a duration of three to four hours. Afterwards, strain this mixture through a finely woven cloth.

Allow strained mixture to cool. When the salve is cool to the touch and firm, it is ready for application to the body.

• Ginger Root Tea:

1 teaspoon crushed ginger root

1 teaspoon comfrey

1 teaspoon cudweed

1 teaspoon finely chopped ground ivy

1 teaspoon black horehound

1/2 teaspoon powdered cayenne

Boil all ingredients in three cups water or carrot juice. When mixture is boiled, strain ingredients through a finely woven cloth.

• Marjoram Tea:

2 teaspoons marjoram
 1 teaspoon camomile
 1½ teaspoons gentian

Prepare a tea using these ingredients - use no more than 3 cups of water.

• Tustarius' Soothing Elixir:

1 ounce granulated black cohosh
 ½ ounce powdered cayenne
 1 ounce granulated gum myrrh
 1 ounce crushed lobelia seeds
 1 ounce chopped skullcap
 1 ounce granulated skunk cabbage

In four cups of boiling water, steep the above herbs for about a half an hour. Then strain the ingredients through a finely woven cloth. Add four cups of apple vinegar to the mixture. Bottle and store for use.

• Poultice for Inflammation:

12 elderberry leaves
 ¼ teaspoon olive oil

Steam the elderberry leaves to the point when they just begin to wilt. Place leaves in tightly woven cloth. Add olive oil to leaves. Fold and secure cloth, then place it upon inflammed area. Apply poultice as hot as can be tolerated for a duration of a hour and a half.

assist in the curative or preventative processes. Thus, knowledge of the medicinal value of trees and shrubs is essential, especially in the arcane arts of regeneration or vivisection. Alchemical symbols are also provided for formulaic notation.

- 1) oak : h - inner bark \rightarrow gums, blood vessels, throat
 acorns \rightarrow bladder
 leaves \rightarrow kidneys, liver, spleen

NOTE: an ounce of inner oak bark steeped in two cups of water and used as a gargle helps cure a sore throat or eliminate excess catarrh.

- 2) pine : p - outer bark (shredded) \rightarrow throat, tonsils
 needles (boiled) \rightarrow kidneys

- 3) balm of Gilead : y - leaves \rightarrow chest, lungs
 bud oil \rightarrow bladder

- 4) balsam : g - inner bark \rightarrow lips, scalp, skin

- 5) eucalyptus : z - leaves \rightarrow lungs, bronchial passages,
 nose

- 6) beech : b - leaves/bark \rightarrow liver, kidneys, bladder

NOTE: An herbal tea made of a cup of boiling water and a beech leaf allowed to steep for half an hour calms the nerves and a cramped stomach.

Bathing in tepid water and finely crushed beech leaves helps eliminate boils and sores of the epidermis.

7) peach: P - fruit \rightarrow stomach, intestines, liver

8) cherry: C - bark \rightarrow heart, bronchial passages, lungs
fruit \rightarrow chest, throat

9) tamarack: T - inner bark \rightarrow teeth, lungs, throat

NOTE: A tea made of the inner bark of the tamarack relieves eye inflammation or earaches.

To overcome constipation, the following tea is recommended:

1 teaspoon granulated tamarack bark
or leaves

1 teaspoon granulated buckthorn bark

1 teaspoon calamus root

In one and a half cups of water, add the tamarack. Bring to boil, then add buckthorn and calamus root. Let sit for half an hour. Drink.

Take tea no more than 5 times a day for a maximum of a week.

10) quince: Q - fruit \rightarrow stomach, bowels

11) juniper: J - berries \rightarrow kidneys, urinary tract

NOTE: Mixing a heaping teaspoonful of juniper berries (either whole or chopped) with a teaspoonful of granulated peach leaves and a teaspoon of marshmallow produces a remedy for kidney or urinary ailments.

12) iron wood: I - inner bark / inner red wood
 \rightarrow blood, stomach, nervous system

METEOROLOGICAL OMENS

1) Signs of fine weather:

- If spiders, when spinning their webs, happen to make their terminating filaments longer than usual, one may, in proportion of the length of said filaments, conclude that the weather will be calm and that such condition will continue for a fortnight.
- If there are no falling stars when Junitari is in the eighth heaven, fine weather shall persist.
- If there is a sheep-sky, wherein white clouds are driven to the northwest, calm weather will last for 3 days.
- If an owl screams during light precipitation, fair weather is on its way.
- If many gnats are seen in compact clusters during the spring season, the upcoming autumn will be warm.
- If bats flutter about, the morrow will be fair.
- If there is lightning without thunder, after a clear & calm day, fair weather will continue.

2) Signs of foul or wet weather:

- If there is a halo round the sun during fine weather, rain is on its way.
- If the sun sets in dark & heavy clouds, it will rain on the morrow.
- If asses bray, rub against trees or walls, and shake their ears, heavy rains are sure to follow.
- If water fowl plunge deep into the water, a thunder storm will occur in half a day.
- If swine seem restless and grunt loudly, strong winds are predicted.
- If cattle stop feeding and chase each other in the pastures, lightning and thunder will soon commence.

Bertrem's Essay on Runes

Introduction

Runology is the metaphysical study of the spiritual energies inherent in certain occult symbols or alphabets, commonly known as runes. The word *rune*, which is etymologically related to the ancient northern word *runa*, literally means "secret" or "mystery." Each runic symbol is imbued with a specific vibration or a set of congruous vibrations — spiritual, psychological, or mundane, dependent on the nature of the rune.

Runes themselves are of incredibly ancient origin and their images have undergone evolution over the centuries just as the race has evolved both physically and culturally. Though runic symbols vary from culture to culture, and civilization to civilization, they represent fundamental archetypal human potentials and experiences. For example, the sun has always been regarded as the source of vibrant creative energy, as the life-giver. Ancient primitive tribes used the solar wheel (☉) as symbolic of the sun's energy. Certain nations used the swastika (卐) to depict this same concept. But, be the image that of the solar wheel or the swastika, the rune of the sun always represents its archetypal potential: creativity in the arts, analytical assessment in business, or even a birth in a family. So, it is important to remember that, though the runic image may vary according to the culture of a specific tribe or civilization, the archetype remains the same. The constancy of the archetypes is what makes runology a fascinating journey into the psyche.

Archetypes of the psyche, these are what give runes the power to be used as oracles or as tools of divination. The constancy of the spiritual potentials makes runic images ideal for meditation, too. It is, though, the oracular nature of runes that is of interest, here. Through oracular consultation, runes provide communication between the conscious and subconscious levels of the

human mind. Such communication allows an individual to understand which of his energies are beneficial or detrimental to an undertaking, and which are transitory or permanent in duration. With such knowledge available, one can recognize the direction of a trend in a personal situation and can alter this trend by enhancing beneficial energies and squelching detrimental ones. In no way do runic oracles predetermine the future; they merely indicate the direction of a trend. Knowing where a trend is taking the individual allows him the chance either to continue on the current life path or to search for an alternate one—and this is why runes are consulted as oracles.

Runes can be consulted as individual symbols or as a group of symbols in a prescribed pattern (known as a *runic spread*). For the runological data that are presented, three different runic spreads were used: the Cross of Life, the Staff of Fulfillment, and the Incarnation Spread.

When one wishes to explore the dynamic energies involved in a situation that requires personal growth and unfoldment, the Cross of Life oracle should be consulted. This oracle reflects the energies of the past and indicates the challenges ahead. Six runic symbols are used in this spread, and they are selected from a pouch generally containing 25 symbols (number will vary according to which runic alphabet is used). The runic symbols selected by the *querent* (the individual consulting the oracle) are given one by one to the *runemaster* (the interpreter of runic symbols for this oracle). The first three runes are placed in a row from right to left, forming the horizontal axis of the cross. The remaining three are placed from bottom to top, forming the vertical arm of the cross.

Assessing the runes in the horizontal axis first, these three represent the internal energies of the



querent. The first (right) rune notes what potentials were at play within the recent past (a maximum of two years prior to the consultation). The second rune signifies the querent's current stance or spiritual energies. The third (left) rune shows what energies are coming into play within the next six months.

External energies, those beyond the control of the querent, are found on the vertical axis of the cross. The bottom rune represents attitudes, beliefs, or life lessons learned by the querent in the distant past (from birth to five years prior to consultation of the oracle). The middle rune (which is placed above the middle rune of the horizontal axis) indicates a challenge or an obstacle that the querent must face. Finally, the top rune notes the best possible outcome to the situation if, and only if, the challenge is successfully met.

For issues that focus on bringing a business or creative endeavor to fruition, the Staff of Fulfillment oracle is consulted. For this runic spread, five runic images are selected and placed from top to bottom along a vertical axis. The topmost rune provides an overall view of the querent's status with respect to the issue at hand. The second rune notes the challenge or obstacle that must be overcome. The third and fourth runes illuminate the path which must be taken to deal successfully with the challenge. Specifically, the third rune points to the course of action or the plan of attack the querent needs to consider to resolve the issue before him, whereas the fourth rune represents which attitude, belief, or manner of acting that must be discarded from the querent's personality as this energy is no longer productive. Finally, the bottom rune notes the best possible outcome to the issue if the challenge is properly met.

The last runic spread, the Incarnation Spread, is perhaps the most potent oracle known in runology, as it provides an understanding as to how this incarnation was affected by the previous one and is affecting the next one. Therefore, using the Incarnation Spread, the querent gains insight into previously acquired karma and into karma that is being accrued in this lifetime. Because of the important metaphysical ramifications of this runic spread, it is performed once in an individual's lifetime but should be consulted and meditated upon throughout his life.

The Incarnation Spread also uses five runic symbols, again patterned in the shape of a cross. As with the Cross of Life, the first three runes selected for the Incarnation Spread oracle are placed in a row from

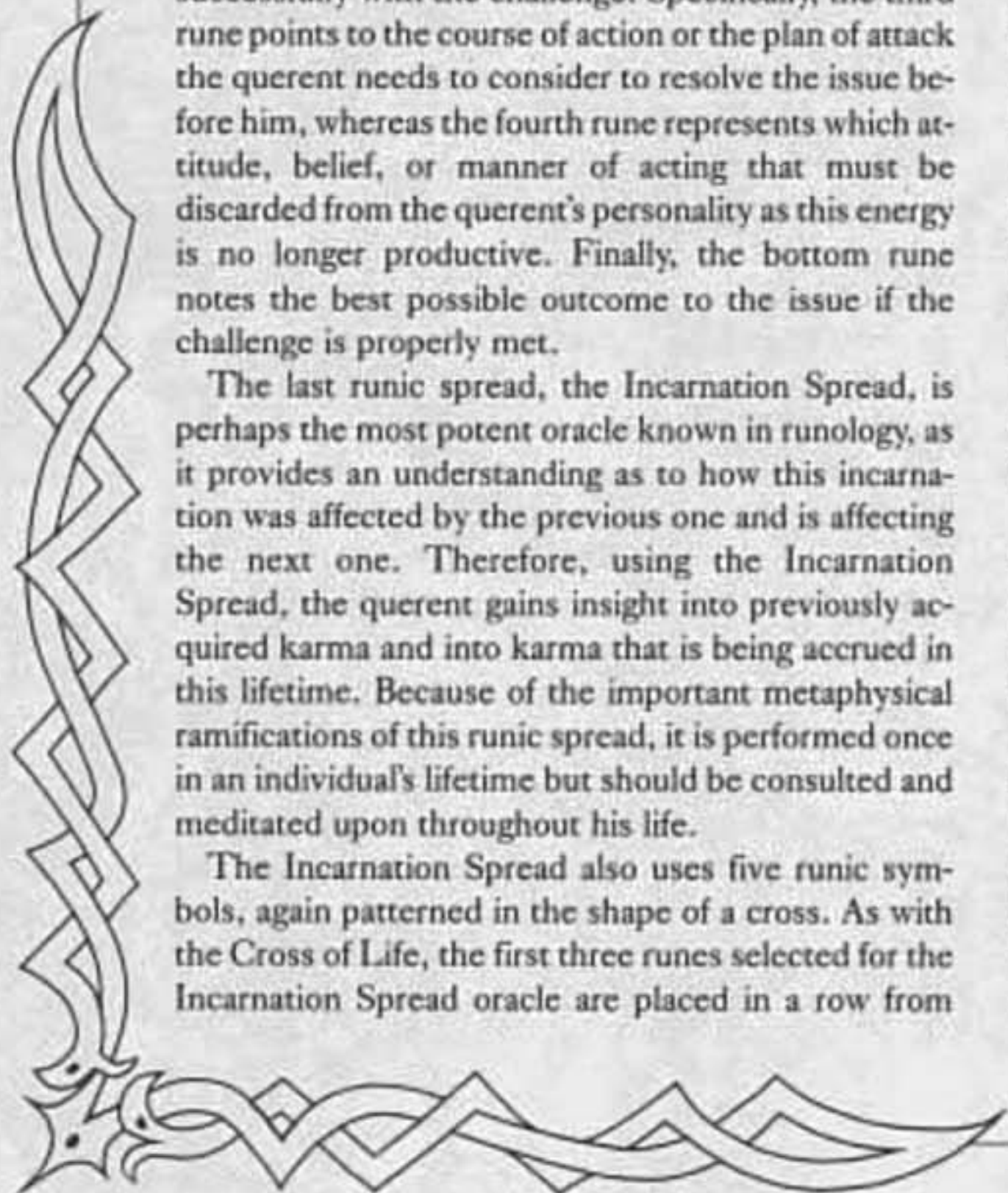
right to left along a horizontal axis. Of the last two runes, the first is placed below the middle rune of the horizontal axis, whereas the second is placed above it. The cross created by this spread should be symmetrical both to a point and a line.

The three runes of the horizontal axis of the Incarnation Spread indicate the energies of the current incarnation. The first (right) rune notes the primary energy that expressed itself during the querent's childhood or adolescence. The second rune indicates the current energy that the querent is experiencing. And the third (left) rune points to the spiritual vibration that will be entering the querent's life within a year's time. Again, these three energies apply to the current incarnation of the querent.

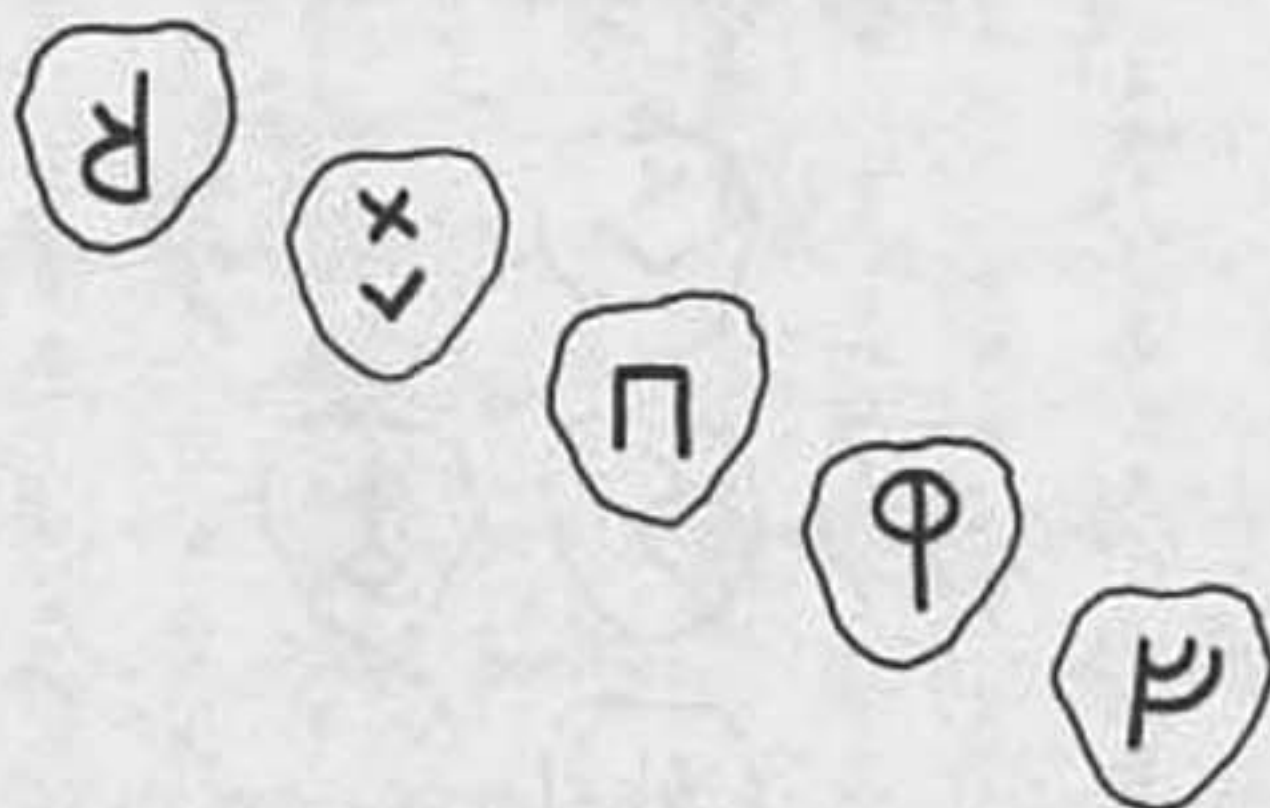
Assessing the two runes of the vertical arm of the cross, the bottom rune expresses the vibration of the querent's previous incarnation. (This incarnation need not be the one closest chronologically to the current incarnation, but it is closest karmically.) The rune of the past incarnation provides the querent with an understanding as to why he is experiencing what he is in this lifetime. The three runes of the horizontal axis are karmic lessons neither fully learned nor appreciated in the previous incarnation. Similarly, the future incarnation designated by the top rune of the vertical axis shows what karma will be harvested the next time around. How the querent deals with the energies and lessons of this lifetime can help shape the future incarnation. A future incarnation which depicts a good harvest indicates to the querent that he will learn from this lifetime's lessons to unfold spiritually in a positive way. Equally, a poor harvest in the future incarnation warns the querent that he needs to be on his guard, as he might be prone to ignore karmic lessons. Though the future incarnation can be altered, much meditation and conscious effort is needed to do so.

Unfortunately, years of runological study and practice are necessary in order to interpret the oracles properly. As no discussion has been given to runic alphabets and vibrations of such symbols, attempting runic oracles on one's own is not possible.

The knowledge of rune-lore and the reading of runes is a favored pastime among the dwarves, though they do not speak of it to outsiders as it is a personal thing. Notes were found among Flint's effects, which indicate that he had often done spreads for his friends. The rune reading for Revered Daughter Crysania was done by a dwarven cleric at Elistan's request.



Crysanias quest



Staff of Fulfillment Spread

1. **General State** - *rune of journeying, reversed*
2. **Obstacle** - *rune of separation, reversed*
3. **Life Path** - *rune of movement*
4. **Sacrifice** - *rune of the self*
5. **Outcome** - *rune of possessions*

This reading helped Crysanias understand how she could best serve Paladine.

General State: Rune of Journeying, reversed. This rune indicated disruption in Crysanias life because of a perverted quest: She was searching for religious growth and understanding as *she* saw it or wanted it to be, rather than listening to what the god wanted. She needed to be attentive to personal relationships and understand that she must not manipulate people or be manipulated.

Obstacle: Rune of Separation, reversed. This rune indicates the obstacle in her path, the challenge. Crysanias could not separate the inner values of her religion from the outward show. She was using the rituals of church without analyzing

them. She refused to question her beliefs. She did not understand that she could gain in spirituality only by testing it.

Life Path: Rune of Movement. This was the course of action that she needed to consider to overcome the obstacle. It demands a complete turnaround of attitudes and beliefs in order to attain growth for herself and for the church.

Sacrifice: Rune of Self. She must strip away her self-importance, her desire to manipulate others. She must learn selflessness, shift from focusing on herself to the needs of the community at large.

Outcome: Rune of Possessions. Crysanias made the sacrifice, but only after a great deal of pain and anguish. Her reward is nourishment and fulfillment for herself and for the church. She has gained an attitude of empathy and understanding of the condition of mankind. She has learned the power of positive self-sacrifice.

Color: bright red, enhancing energies, both positive and negative.

Tree: elder, personal/social development.



Raistlin



1. **Childhood** - *range of wholeness*
2. **Present** - *rune of harvest*
3. **Future** - *rune of constraint, reversed*
4. **Past Life** - *rune of growth, reversed*
5. **Future Life** - *rune of separation, reversed*

Past Incarnation: Rune of Growth, reversed. In his previous life, Raistlin was not willing to identify where personality changes, attitudes, and beliefs needed to be made. He was self-centered, his energies scattered because he did not focus on what was necessary to enable him to succeed in expressing his creative energies for the benefit of others and himself.

Childhood: Rune of Wholeness. In his childhood, Raistlin learned to deal with these scattered energies and focus his creative energies. He learned to express them on an intellectual plane. Thus he was able to succeed in the present.

Present: Rune of Harvest. Through pa-

tience and perseverance, Raistlin was able to find outcomes he wanted. The harvest was forced, however. Prompted by his lust for power and his desire for knowledge, he did not act wisely and rushed to gain that which he was spiritually not ready to handle.

Future: Rune of Constraint, reversed. Raistlin has dealt with focusing energies. He learned patience through his illness and his experience during the Test. He must now learn what characteristics on a spiritual realm need to be corrected. This rune should have warned Raistlin that if he doesn't learn self-restraint and to correct the spiritual wrongness within himself, he will be spiritually misguided.

Future Incarnation: Rune of Separation, reversed. Since he failed to heed the warning, in his next life (if he is granted one), Raistlin will be intensely challenged on a spiritual level to find spiritual awareness and become part of humanity. This will be a slow and painful process.

Caramon's life path



Incarnation Spread

1. **Childhood** - *rune of the self*
2. **Present** - *rune of journeying*
3. **Future** - *rune of strength, reversed*
4. **Past Life** - *rune of possessions, reversed*
5. **Future Life** - *rune of harvest*

Although this has never been confirmed by the dwarves themselves, there are rumors to the effect that the dwarves believe in some form of reincarnation. This can be borne out by the references in this spread to a past and future life.

Past Incarnation: Rune of Possessions, reversed. This rune indicates that in Caramon's past incarnation there were frustration and doubt as to his abilities. This was never resolved. He also failed to recognize a true spiritual dimension within himself. He was, therefore, brought back to this lifetime to learn to deal with these issues.

Childhood: Rune of the Self. In his childhood, Caramon yielded to the needs of others. He was willing to be of assistance to other people. But he did this as much

for himself as he did for other people.

Present: Rune of Journeying. In his early life (late teens, early twenties when this reading was done), Caramon should have used this time to develop his own skills and talents, his own attitudes. There needed to be movement in his own life, a progression in all areas. He should have undertaken a quest for soul harmony and self-healing. Because he did not do this, but allowed his own life to be swallowed up by his twin's, he found failure and disappointment, as we see in the future.

Future: Rune of Strength, reversed. Failure, disappointment, illness, low vitality were all indicated in this rune. Caramon could have changed the outcome by concentrating on the energies above. This he did not do until it was very nearly too late.

Future Incarnation: Rune of Harvest. Because Caramon eventually came to find and appreciate his spiritual, inner self, he will gain a sense of inner peace and harmony. There will be beneficial outcomes in his next life.



Marriage of Riverwind and Goldmoon



The Cross of Life Spread

1. **Past** - *rune of defense*
2. **Present** - *rune of signals*
3. **Future** - *rune of strength, reversed*
4. **Basis** - *rune of possessions*
5. **Challenge** - *rune of wholeness*
6. **Outcome** - *rune of constraint*

This spread was done to determine the challenges that would face Riverwind and Goldmoon in their marriage.

Basis of their life together: Rune of Possessions. This rune is indicative of the emotional fulfillment Riverwind and Goldmoon found in one another. They must learn that this early love needs nurturing, however. They must be vigilant and mindful of the need for growth, both as a couple and as individuals. This is the foundation of their future lives together.

Recent past: Rune of Defense. This rune indicates that the two have gone through a stressful period. This was necessary to them, however, in order that they learned to maintain patience. There was a delay in the development of the relationship that was also necessary for their own personal growth. It forced them to reevaluate their ideals and previous beliefs. Strengthening oneself through discomfort in order to protect for the future.

Present energy: Rune of Signals. This is a time of testing. In essence, Riverwind and Goldmoon are spiritual apprentices. They need to build a sense of solidarity as a unit in preparation to face future challenges. This is also a time for exploration and of learning how to maintain this solidarity. It is a time of listening to wise counsel. Advice from others is essential.

Future: Rune of Strength, reversed. At this point in their lives, they will experience failures and disappointments. In order to overcome these, they need to focus on their relationships with their spiritual selves. They are building a stance of defense. They have listened to counsel. If they do not answer the call of spirit, however, they will be weakened

when they come to face the challenge.

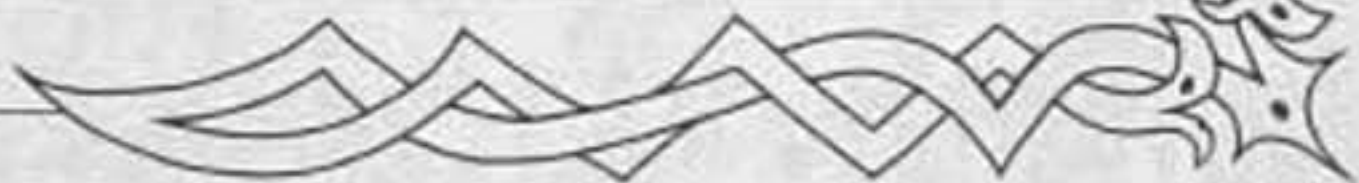
Challenge: Rune of Wholeness. Riverwind and Goldmoon need to discover how to use their creative energies for the betterment of themselves and their fellow man. Only then can they attain self-realization, both of themselves as individuals and as a couple. To do this, they must change their attitudes, become more all encompassing. They must view the world as including all races, not just their own small tribe. In addition, they must learn not to manipulate people—either each other or other people around them. They must learn to allow people to be who and what they are. They must come to understand how they can help others grow.

Outcome: Rune of Constraint. If they listen to wise counsel, learn to understand themselves both as a couple and as individuals, and learn to broaden their views to encompass the world at large, then they will succeed in their goal of restoring harmony to the world and to themselves. By helping others, they will come to value themselves. This is the self-imposed restraint of a meaningful, serious adult relationship. No longer are they acting with adolescent impulsiveness. They will achieve acceptance of self and acceptance of others.

Color: black for self-discipline, spiritual shielding.

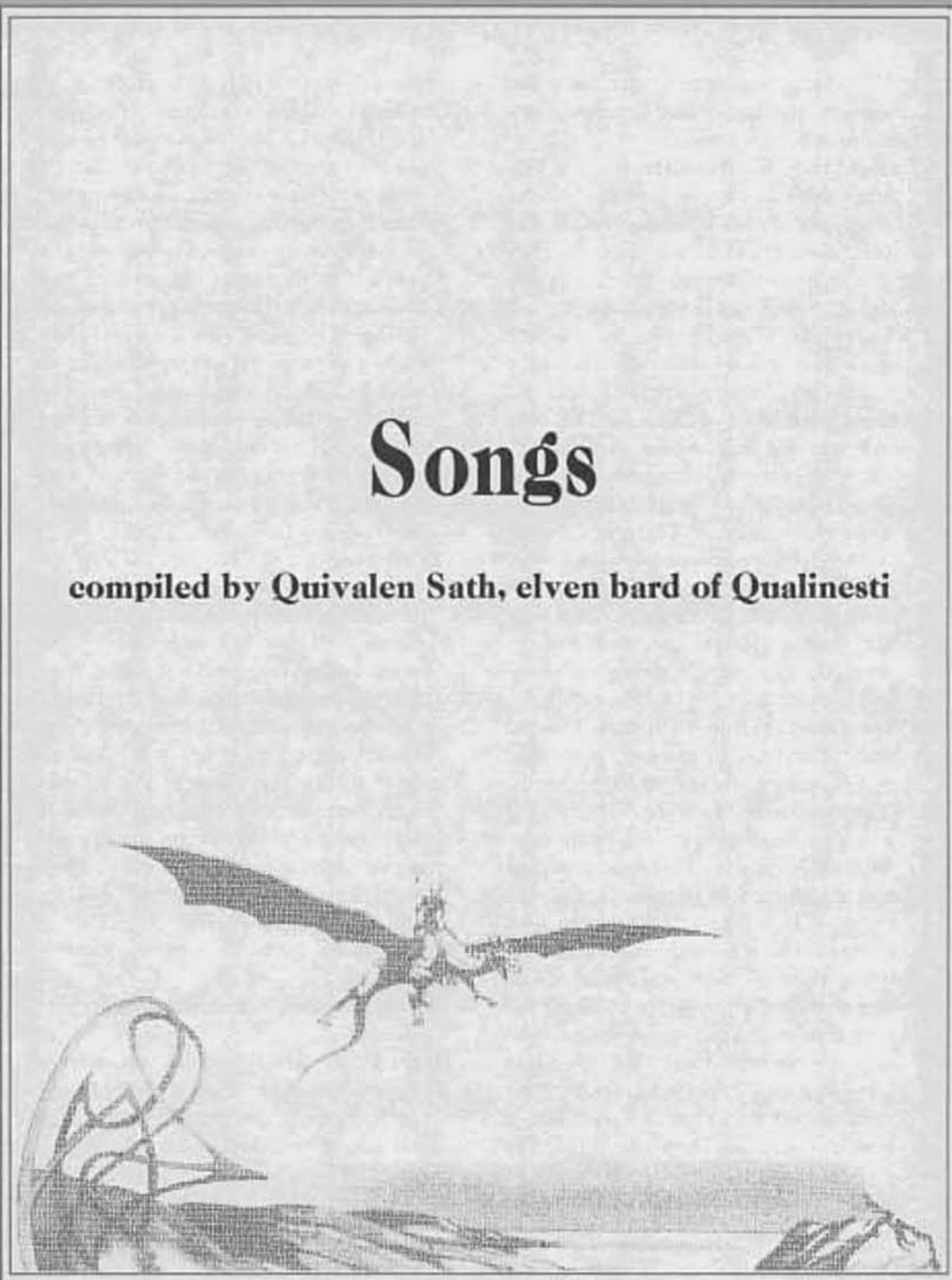
Tree: beech, overcoming stress and resistance.

Herb: bistort, creating order within one's life, recognizing one's own personal needs. Burning the crushed beech bark and bistort together would help Riverwind and Goldmoon focus their energies.



Songs

compiled by **Quivalen Sath**, elven bard of Qualinesti



Goldmoon's Song

The grasslands are endless,
And summer sings on,
And Goldmoon the princess
Loves a poor man's son.

Her father the chieftain
Makes long roads between them:
The grasslands are endless, and summer sings on,

The grasslands are waving,
The sky's rim is gray,
The chieftain sends Riverwind
East and away,

To search for strong magic
At the lip of the morning,
The grasslands are waving, the sky's rim is gray.

O Riverwind, where have you gone?
O Riverwind, autumn comes on.
I sit by the river
And look to the sunrise,
But the sun rises over the mountains alone.

The grasslands are fading,
The summer wind dies,
He comes back, the darkness
Of stones in his eyes.

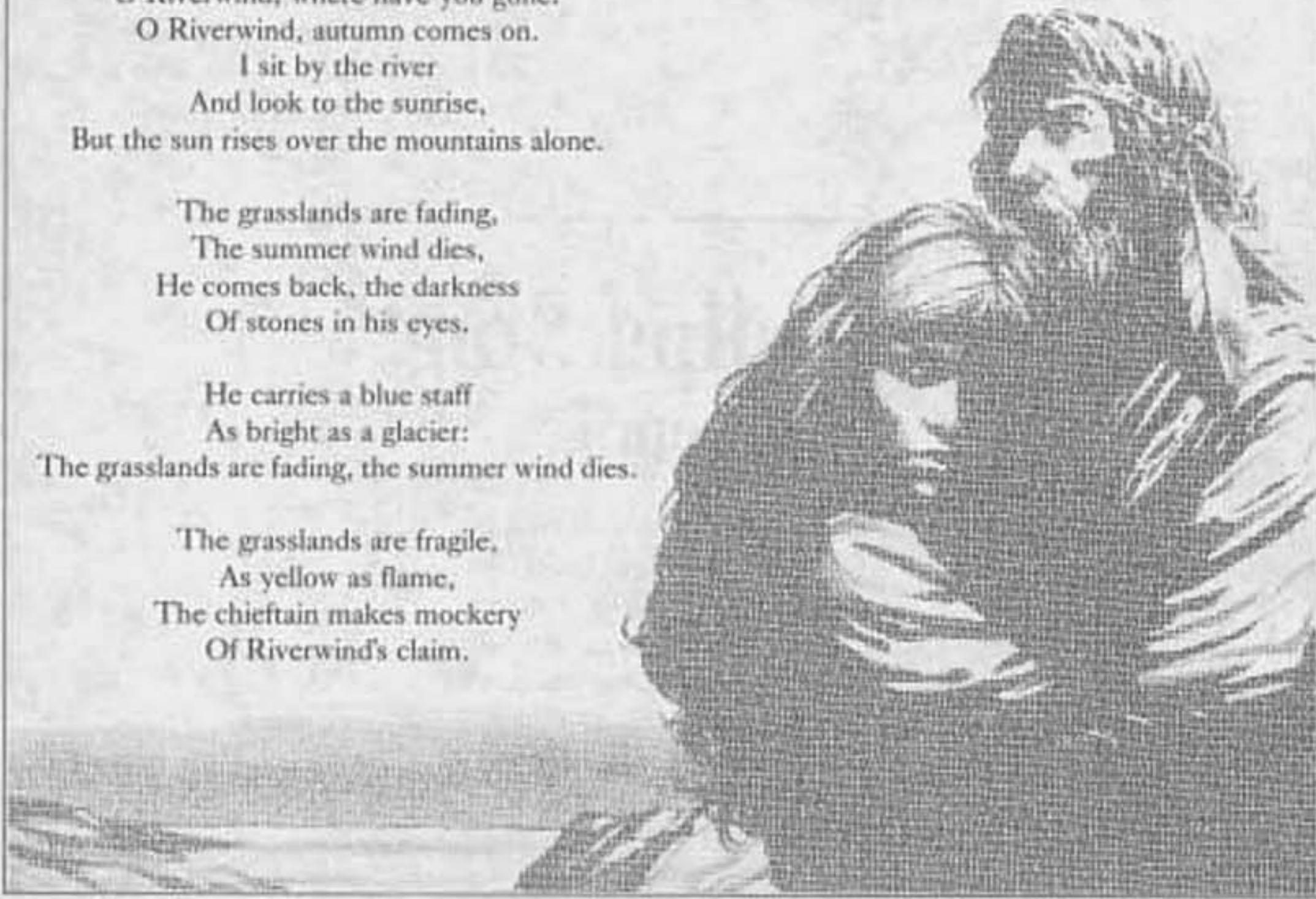
He carries a blue staff
As bright as a glacier:
The grasslands are fading, the summer wind dies.

The grasslands are fragile,
As yellow as flame,
The chieftain makes mockery
Of Riverwind's claim.

He orders the people
To stone the young warrior:
The grasslands are fragile, as yellow as flame.

The grassland has faded,
And autumn is here.
The girl joins her lover,
The stones whistle near,

The staff flares in blue light
And both of them vanish:
The grasslands are faded, and autumn is here.



The Marriage of Riverwind and Goldmoon

Goldmoon speaks:

Wars have settled on the North
and dragons ride the skies,
"Now is the time for wisdom,"
say the wise and the nearly wise.
"Here in the heart of battle,
the time to be brave is at hand.
Now most things are larger than
the promise of woman to man."

But you and I, through burning plains,
through darkness of the earth,
affirm this world, its people,
the heavens that gave them birth,
the breath that passes between us,
this altar where we stand,
and all those things made larger by
the promise of woman to man.

Riverwind speaks:

Now in the belly of winter,
when ground and sky are gray,
here in the heart of sleeping snow,
now is the time to say
yes to the sprouting vallenwood
in the green countryside,
for these things are far larger than
a man's word to his bride.

Through these promises we keep,
forged in the yawning night,
proved in the presence of heroes
and the prospect of spring light
the children will see moons and stars
where now the dragons ride,
and humble things made large by
a man's word to his bride.

Wedding Song

A reprise

But you and I, through burning plains,
through darkness of the earth,
affirm the world, its people,
the heavens that gave them birth,
the breath that passes between us,
this new home where we stand,
and all those things made larger by
the vows between woman and man.

Kender Trailsong

Your one true love's a sailing ship
That anchors at our pier.
We lift her sails, we man her decks,
We scrub the portholes clear;
And yes, our lighthouse shines for her,
And yes, our shores are warm;
We steer her into harbor —
Any port in a storm.

The sailors stand upon the docks,
The sailors stand in line,
As thirsty as a dwarf for gold
Or centaurs for cheap wine.

For all the sailors love her,
And flock to where she's moored,
Each man hoping that he might
Go down, all hands on board.

Kender Mourning Song

Always before, the spring returned.
The bright world in its cycle spun
In air and flowers, grass and fern,
Assured and cradled by the sun.

Always before, you could explain
The turning darkness of the earth,
And how that dark embraced the rain,
And gave the ferns and flowers birth.

Already I forget those things,
And how a vein of gold survives
The mining of a thousand springs,
The seasons of a thousand lives.

Now winter is my memory,
Now autumn, now the summer light—
So every spring from now will be
Another season into night.



Elven Hymn

The Sun
The splendid eye
Of all our heavens
Dives from the day,

And leaves
The dozing sky,
Spangled with fireflies,
Deepening in gray.

Now Sleep,
Our oldest friend,
Lulls in the trees
And calls
Us in.

The Leaves
Give off cold fire,
They blaze into ash
At the end of the year.

And birds
Coast on the winds,
And wheel to the North
When Autumn ends.

The day grows dark,
The seasons bare,
But we
Await the sun's
Green fire upon
The trees.

The wind
Dives through the days.
By season, by moon
Great kingdoms arise.

The breath
Of firefly, of bird,
Of trees, of mankind
Fades in a word.

Now Sleep,
Our oldest friend,
Lulls in the trees
And calls
Us in.

The Age,
The thousand lives
Of men and their stories
Go to their graves.

But We,
The people long
In poem and glory
Fade from the song.



Dwarven Marching Song

Under the hills the heart of the axe
 Arises from cinders the still core of the fire,
 Heated and hammered the handle an afterthought,
 For the hills are forging the first breath of war.
 The soldier's heart sires and brothers
 The battlefield.
 Come back in glory
 Or on your shield.

Out of the mountains in the midst of the air,
 The axes are dreaming dreaming of rock,
 Of metal alive through the ages of ore,
 Stone on metal metal on stone.
 The soldier's heart contains and dreams
 The battlefield.
 Come back in glory
 Or on your shield.

Red of iron imagined from the vein,
 Green of brass green of copper
 Sparked in the fire the forge of the world,
 Consuming in its dream as it dives into bone.
 The soldier's heart lies down, completes
 The battlefield.
 Come back in glory
 Or on your shield.

Song of the Undead

How loud your heart is calling, love,
 How close the darkness at your breast,
 How hectic are the rivers, love,
 Drawn through your dying wrist.

And love, what heat your frail skin hides,
 As pure as salt, as sweet as death,
 And in the dark the red moon rides
 The foxfire of your breath.



Death of Sturm Brightblade

Return this man to Huma's breast:

Let him be lost in sunlight,
In the chorus of air where breath is translated;
At the sky's border receive him.

Beyond the wild, impartial skies

Have you set your lodgings,
In cantonments of stars, where the sword aspires
In an arc of yearning, where we join in singing.

Grant to him a warrior's rest.

Above our singing, above song itself,
May the ages of peace converge in a day,
May he dwell in the heart of Paladine.

And set the last spark of his eyes

In a fixed and holy place
Above words and the borrowed land too loved
As we recount the ages.

Free from the smothering clouds of war

As he once rose in infancy,
The long world possible and bright before him,
Lord Huma, deliver him.

Upon the torches of the stars

Was mapped the immaculate glory of childhood;
From that wronged and nestling country,
Lord Huma, deliver him.

Let the last surge of his breath

Perpetuate wine, the attar of flowers;
From the vanguard of love, the last to surrender,
Lord Huma, deliver him.

Take refuge in the cradling air

From the heart of the sword descending,
From the weight of battle on battle;
Lord Huma, deliver him.

Above the dreams of ravens where

His dreams first tried a rest beyond changing,
From the yearning for war and the war's ending,
Lord Huma, deliver him.

Only the hawk remembers death

In a late country; from the dusk,
From the fade of the senses, we are thankful that you,
Lord Huma, deliver him.

Then let his shade to Huma rise

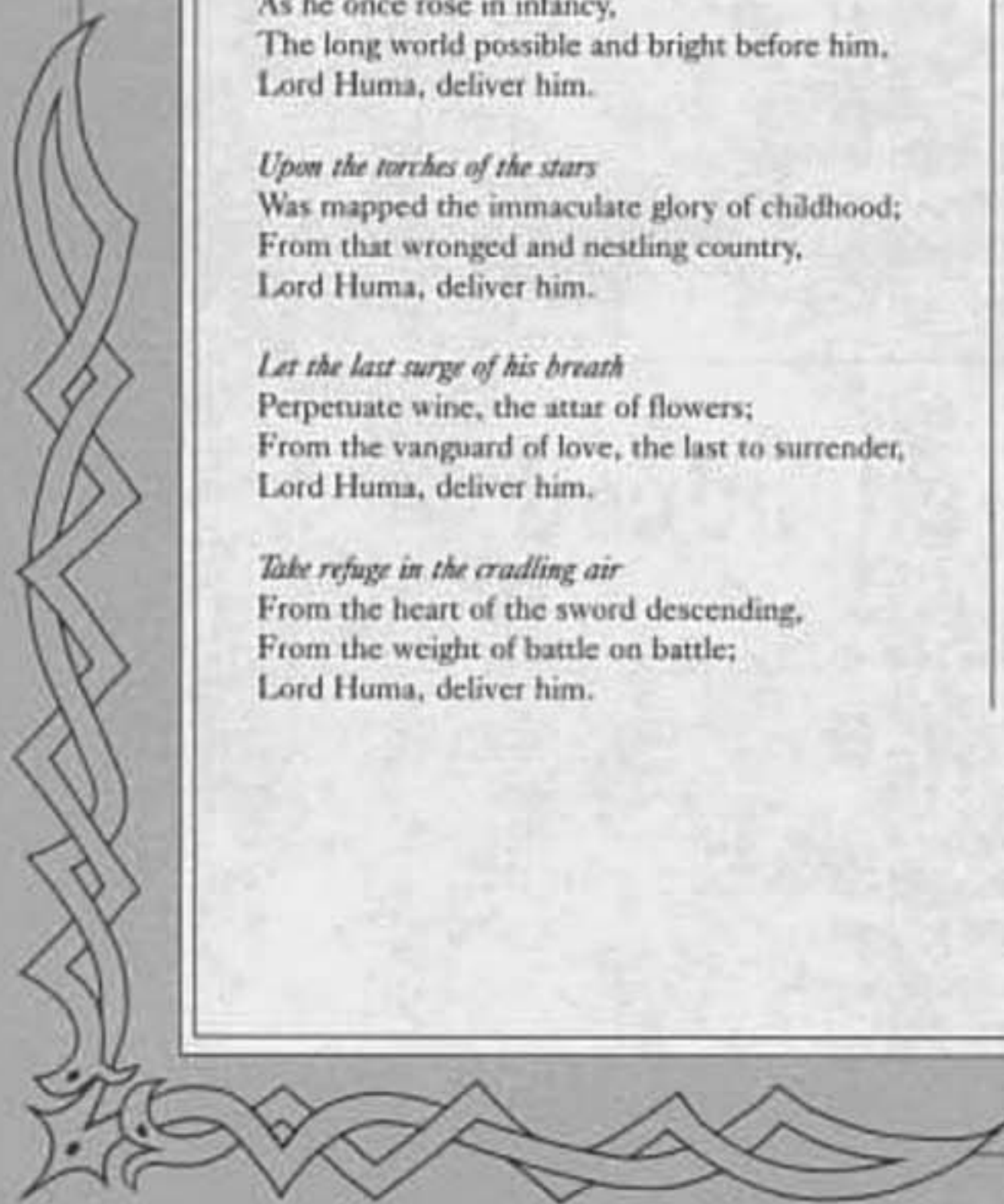
Out of the body of death, of the husk unraveling;
From the lodging of mind upon nothing,
we are thankful that you,
Lord Huma, deliver him.

Beyond the wild, impartial skies

Have you set your lodgings,
In cantonments of stars, where the sword aspires
In an arc of yearning, where we join in singing.

Return this man to Huma's breast

*Beyond the wild, impartial skies;
Grant to him a warrior's rest
And set the last spark of his eyes
Free from the smothering clouds of wars
Upon the torches of the stars,
Let the last surge of his breath
Take refuge in the cradling air
Above the dreams of ravens where
Only the hawk remembers death.
Then let his shade to Huma rise
Beyond the wild, impartial skies.*



Raistlin's Farewell

Caramon, the gods have tricked the world
 In absences, in gifts, and all of us
 Are housed within their cruelties. The wit
 That was our heritage, they lodged in me,
 Enough to see all differences: the light
 In Tika's eye when she looks elsewhere,
 The tremble in Laurana's voice when she
 Speaks to Tanis, and the graceful sweep
 Of Goldmoon's hair at Riverwind's approach.
 They look at me, and even with your mind
 I could discern the difference. Here I sit,
 A body frail as bird bones.

In return

The gods teach us compassion, teach us mercy,
 That compensation. Sometimes they succeed,
 For I have felt the hot spit of injustice
 Turn through those too weak to fight their brothers
 For sustenance of love, and in that feeling
 The pain lulled and diminished to a glow,
 I pitied as you pitied, and in that
 Rose above the weakest of the litter.

You, my brother, in your thoughtless grace,
 That special world in which the sword arm spins
 The wild arc of ambition and the eye
 Gives flawless guidance to the flawless hand,
 You cannot follow me, cannot observe
 The landscape of cracked mirrors in the soul,
 The aching hollowness in sleight of hand.

And yet you love, me, simple as the rush
 And balance of our blindly mingled blood,
 Or as a hot sword arching through the snow:
 It is the mutual need that puzzles you,
 The deep complexity lodged in the veins.
 Wild in the dance of battle, when you stand,
 A shield before your brother, it is then
 Your nourishment arises from the heart
 Of all my weaknesses.

When I am gone,
 Where will you find the fullness of your blood?
 Backed in the heart's loud tunnels?

I have heard

The Queen's soft lullaby, Her serenade
 And call to battle mingling in the night;
 This music calls me to my quiet throne
 Deep in Her senseless kingdom.

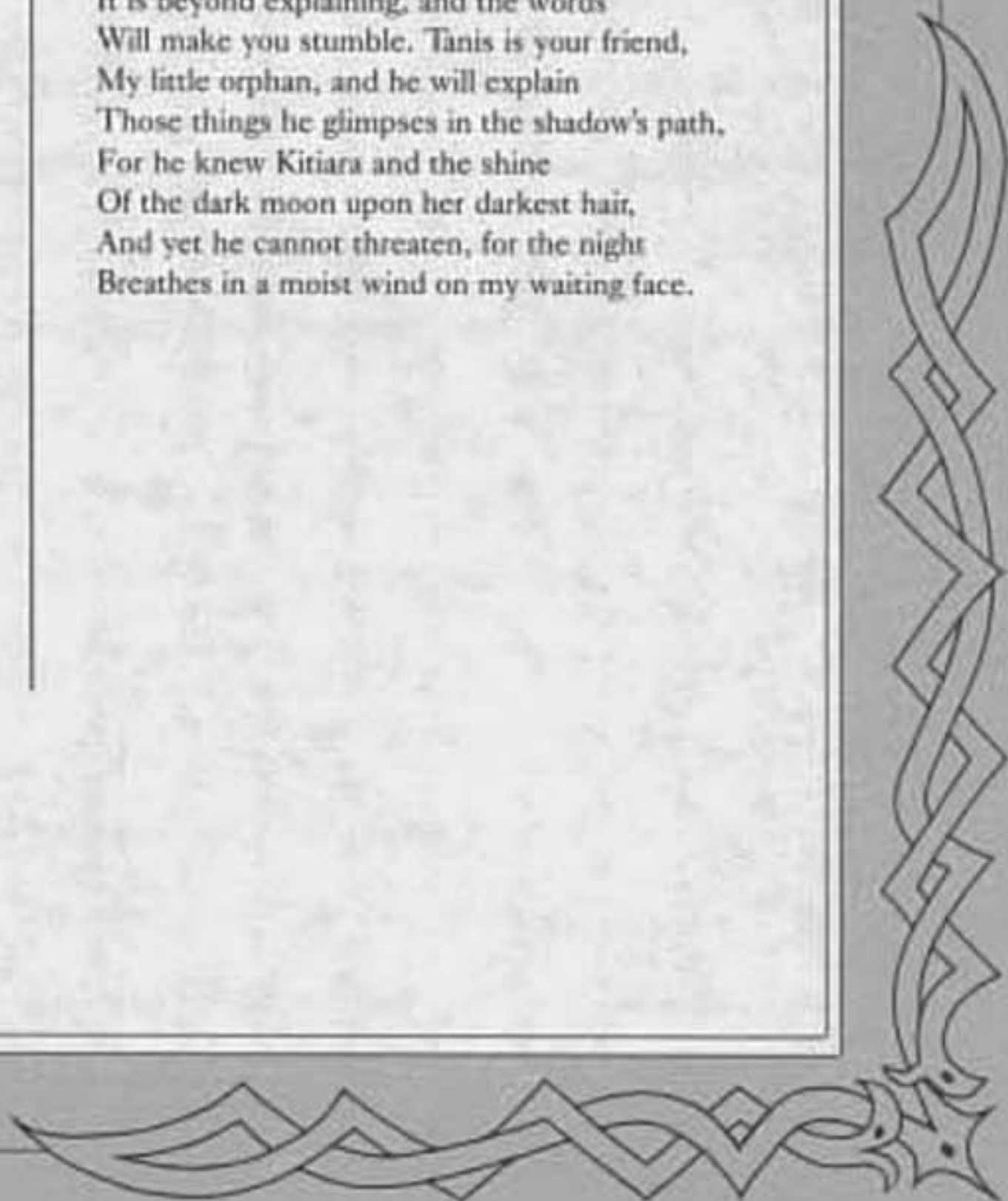
Dragonlords

Thought to bring the darkness into light,
 Corrupt it with the mornings and the moons—
 In balance is all purity destroyed,
 But in voluptuous darkness lies the truth,
 The final, graceful dance.

But not for you:

You cannot follow me into the night,
 Into the maze of sweetness. For you stand
 Cradled by the sun, in solid lands,
 Expecting nothing, having lost your way
 Before the road became unspeakable.

It is beyond explaining, and the words
 Will make you stumble. Tanis is your friend,
 My little orphan, and he will explain
 Those things he glimpses in the shadow's path,
 For he knew Kitiara and the shine
 Of the dark moon upon her darkest hair,
 And yet he cannot threaten, for the night
 Breathes in a moist wind on my waiting face.



Song of the Ice Reaver

I am the one who brought them back.
 I am Raggart I am telling you this.
 Snow upon snow cancels the signals of ice
 Over the snow the sun bleeds whiteness
 In cold light forever unbearable.
 And if I do not tell you this
 The snow descends on the deeds of heroes
 And their strength in my singing
 Lies down in a core of frost rising no more
 No more as the lost breath crumbles.

Seven they were from the hot lands
 (I am the one who brought them back)
 Four swordsmen sworn in the North
 The elf-woman Laurana
 The dwarf from the floes of stone
 The kender small-boned as a hawk.
 Riding three blades they came to the tunnel
 To the throat of the only castle.

Down among Thanoi the old guardians
 Where their swordsmen carved hot air
 Finding tendon finding bone
 As the tunnels melted red.
 Down upon minotaur upon ice bear
 And the swords whistled again
 Bright on the corner of madness
 The tunnel knee-high in arms
 In claws in unspeakable things
 As the swordsmen descended
 Bright steam freezing behind them.

Then to the chambers at the castle heart
 Where Feal-thas awaited lord of dragons and wolves
 Armored in white that is nothing
 That covers the ice as the sun bleeds whiteness.
 And he called on the wolves the baby-stealers
 Who suckled on murder in the lairs of ancestors.
 Around the heroes a circle of knives of craving
 As the wolves stalked in their master's eye.

And Arin the first to break the circle
 Hot wind at the throat of Feal-thas
 Brought down and unraveled
 In the reel of the hunt perfected.
 Brian the next when the sword of the wolf lord
 Sent him seeking the warm lands.
 All stood frozen in the wheel of razors
 All stood frozen except for Laurana.
 Blind in a hot light flashing the crown of the mind
 Where death melts in a diving sun
 She takes up the Ice Reaver
 And over the boil of wolves over the slaughter
 Bearing a blade of ice bearing darkness
 She opened the throat of the wolf lord
 And the wolves fell silent as the head collapsed.

The rest is short in the telling.
 Destroying the eggs the violent get of the dragons
 A tunnel of scales and ordure
 Followed into the terrible larder
 Followed further followed to treasure.
 There the orb danced blue danced white
 Swelled like a heart in its endless beating
 (They let me hold it I brought them back).
 Out from the tunnel blood on blood under the ice
 Bearing their own incredible burden
 The young knights silent and tattered
 They came five now only
 The kender last small pockets bulging.
 I am Raggart I am telling you this.
 I am the one who brought them back.



The Knight of the Black Rose

And in the climate of dreams
When you recall her, when the world of the dream
expands, wavers in light,
when you stand at the edge of blessedness and sun,

Then we shall make you remember,
shall make you live again
through the long denial of body

For you were first dark in the light's hollow,
expanding like a stain, a cancer

For you were the shark in the slowed water
beginning to move

For you were the notched head of a snake,
sensing forever warmth and form

For you were inexplicable death in the crib,
the long house in betrayal

And you were more terrible than this
in a loud alley of visions,
for you passed through unharmed, unchanging

As the women screamed, unraveling silence,
halving the door of the world,
bringing forth monsters

As a child opened in parabolas of fire
There at the borders
of two lands burning

As the world split, wanting to swallow you back
willing to give up everything
to lose you in darkness.

You passed through these unharmed, unchanging,
but now you see them
strung on our words—on your own conceiving
as you pass from night—to awareness of night
to know that hatred is the calm of philosophers
that its price is forever
that it draws you through meteors
through winter's transfixion
through the blasted rose
through the shark's water
through the black compression of oceans
through rock—through magma
to yourself—to an abscess of nothing
that you will recognize as nothing
that you will know is coming again and again
under the same rules.



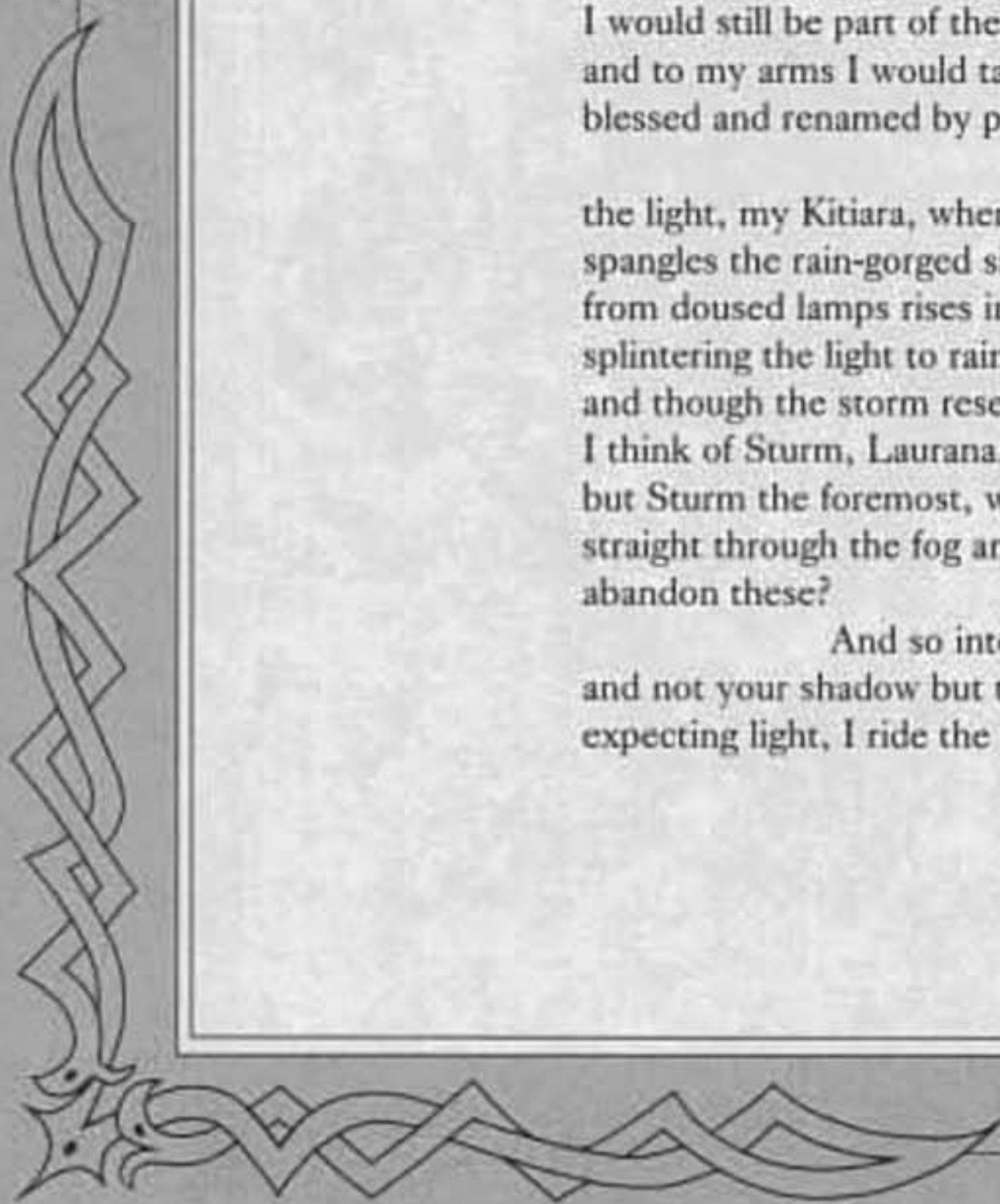
Kitiara, of All the Days

Kitiara, of all the days these days
are rocked in dark and waiting, in regret.
The clouds obscure the city as I write this,
delaying thought and sunlight, as the streets
hang between day and darkness. I have waited
past all decision, past the heart in shadows
to tell you this.

In absences you grew
more beautiful, more poisonous, you were
an attar of orchids in the swimming night,
where passion, like a shark drawn down a bloodstream,
murders four senses, only taste preserving,
buckling into itself, finding the blood its own,
a small wound first, but as the shark unravels
the belly tatters in the long throat's tunnel.
And knowing this, the night still seems a richness,
a gauntlet of desires ending in peace,
I would still be part of these allurements,
and to my arms I would take in the darkness,
blessed and renamed by pleasure;

but the light,
the light, my Kitiara, when the sun
spangles the rain-gorged sidewalks, and the oil
from doused lamps rises in the sunstruck water,
splintering the light to rainbows! I arise,
and though the storm resettles on the city,
I think of Sturm, Laurana, and the others,
but Sturm the foremost, who can see the sun
straight through the fog and cloudrack. How could I
abandon these?

And so into the shadow,
and not your shadow but the eager grayness
expecting light, I ride the storm away.



How Quiet Is the Midnight

Lord Soth's Song

Set aside the buried light
Of candle, torch, and rotting wood,
And listen to the turn of night
Caught in your rising blood.

How quiet is the midnight, love,
How warm the winds where ravens fly,
Where all the changing moonlight, love,
Pales in your fading eye.

How loud your heart is calling, love,
How close the darkness at your breast
How hectic are the rivers, love,
Drawn through your dying wrist.

And love, what heat your frail skin hides,
As pure as salt, as sweet as death,
And in the dark the red moon rides
The foxfire of your breath.



Song of the Nine Heroes

From the north came danger, as we knew it would:
 In the vanguard of winter, a dragon's dance
 Unraveled the land, until out of the forest,
 Out of the plains they came, from the mothering earth
 The sky unreckoned before them,
*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

One from a garden of stone arising,
 From dwarf-halls, from weather and wisdom,
 Where the heart and mind ride unquestioned
 In the untapped vein of the hand.
 In his fathering arms, the spirit gathered,
*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

One from a haven of breezes descending,
 Light in the handling air,
 To the waving meadows, the kender's country,
 Where the grain out of smallness arises itself
 To grow green and golden and green again.
*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

The next from the plains, the long land's keeping,
 Nurtured in distance, horizons of nothing,
 Bearing a staff she came, and a burden
 Of mercy and light converged in her hand:
 Bearing the wounds of the world, she came,
*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

The next from the plains, in the moon's shadow,
 Through custom, through ritual, trailing the moon
 Where her phases, her wax and her wane, controlled
 The tide of his blood, and his warrior's hand
 Ascended through hierarchies of space into light.
*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

One within absences, known by departures,
 The dark swordswoman at the heart of fire:
 Her glories the space between words,
 The cradlesong recollected in age,
 Recalled at the edge of awakening and thought.
*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

One in the heart of honor, formed by the sword,
 By the centuries' flight of the kingfisher over the land,
 By Solannia ruined and risen, rising again
 When the heart ascends into duty.
 As it dances, the sword is forever an heirloom.
*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

The next in a simple light a brother to darkness,
 Letting the sword hand try all subtleties,
 Even the intricate webs of the heart. His thoughts
 Are pools disrupted in changing wind —
 He cannot see their bottom.
*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

The next the leader, half-elven, betrayed
 As the twining blood pulls asunder the land,
 The forests, the worlds of elves and men.
 Called into bravery, but fearing for love,
 And fearing that, called into both, he does nothing.

*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

The last from the darkness, breathing the night
 Where the abstract stars hide a nest of words,
 Where the body endures the wound of numbers,
 Surrendered to knowledge, until, unable to bless,
 His blessing falls on the low, the benighted.

*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

Joined by others they were in the telling:
 A graceless girl, graced beyond graces;
 A princess of seeds and saplings, called to the forest;
 An ancient weaver of accidents;
 Nor can we say who the story will gather.

*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*

From the north came danger, as we knew it would:
 In encampments of winter, the dragon's sleep
 Has settled the land, but out of the forest,
 Out of the plains they come, from the mothering earth
 Defining the sky before them.

*Nine they were, under the three moons,
 Under the autumn twilight:
 As the world declined, they arose
 Into the heart of the story.*



The Lark, the Raven, and the Owl

The light in the eastern skies
Is still and always morning,
It alters the renewing air
Into belief and yearning.

And larks rise up like angels,
Like angels larks ascend
From sunlit grass as bright as gems
Into the cradling wind.

The plain light in the east
Contrives out of the dark
The machinery of day,
The diminished song of the lark.

But ravens ride the night
And the darkness west,
The wingbeat of their hearts
Large in a buried nest.

Through night the seasons ride into the dark,
The years surrender in the changing lights,
The breath turns vacant on the dusk or dawn
Between the abstract days and nights.
For there is always corpselight in the fields
And corposants above the slaughterhouse,
And at deep noon the shadowy vallenwoods
Are bright at the topmost boughs.

Water from Dust Crysanias's Song

Water from dust, and dust rising out of the water
Continents forming, abstract as color or light
To the vanished eye, to the touch of Paladine's daughter
Who knows with a touch that the robe is white,
Out of that water a country is rising, impossible
When first imagined in prayer,
And the sun and the seas and the stars invisible
As gods in a code of air.

Dust from the water, and water arising from dust,
And the robe containing all colors assumed into white,
Into memory, into countries assumed in the trust
Of ever returning color and light,
Out of that dust arises a wellspring of tears
To nourish the work of our hands
In forever approaching country of yearning and years,
In due and immanent lands.

Tas's Song of Courage

Even the night must fail
For light sleeps in the eyes
And dark becomes dark on dark
Until the darkness dies.

Soon the eye resolves
Complexities of night
Into stillness, where the heart
Falls into fabled light.

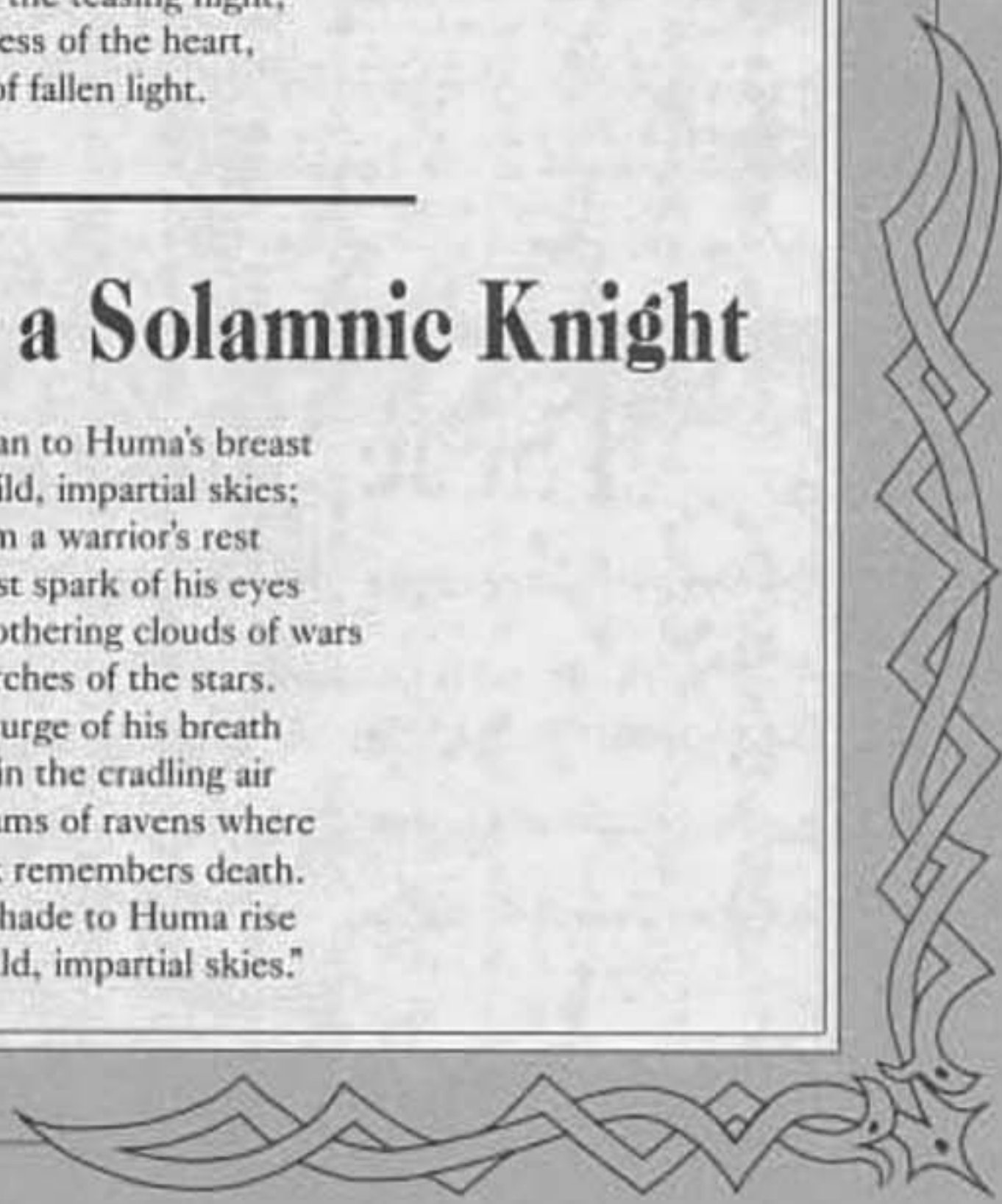
Dark Queen's Reply

Even the night must fail
When light sleeps in the eyes,
When dark becomes dark on dark
And into darkness dies.

Soon the eye dissolves,
Perplexed by the teasing night,
Into a stillness of the heart,
A fable of fallen light.

Funeral Song for a Solamnic Knight

"Return this man to Huma's breast
Beyond the wild, impartial skies;
Grant to him a warrior's rest
And set the last spark of his eyes
Free from the smothering clouds of wars
Upon the torches of the stars.
Let the last surge of his breath
Take refuge in the cradling air
Above the dreams of ravens where
Only the hawk remembers death.
Then let his shade to Huma rise
Beyond the wild, impartial skies."



The Bird Song of Wayreth Forest

Easeful the forest, easeful its mansions perfected
Where we grow and decay no longer, our trees ever green,
Ripe fruit never falling, streams still and transparent
As glass, as the heart in repose this lasting day.

Beneath these branches the willing surrender of movement,
The business of birdsong, of love, left on the borders
With all of the fevers, the failures of memory.
Easeful the forest, easeful its mansions perfected.

And light upon light, light as dismissal of darkness,
beneath these branches no shade, for shade is forgotten
In the warmth of the light and the cool smell of the leaves
Where we grow and decay; no longer, our trees ever green.

Here there is quiet, where music turns in upon silence,
Here at the world's imagined edge, where clarity
Completes the senses, at long last where we behold
Ripe fruit never falling, streams still and transparent.

Where the tears are dried from our faces, or settle,
Still as a stream in accomplished countries of peace,
And the traveler opens, permitting the voyage of light
As air, as the heart in repose this lasting day.

Easeful the forest, easeful its mansions perfected
Where we grow and decay no longer, our trees ever green,
Ripe fruit never falling, streams still and transparent
As air, as the heart in repose this lasting day.



Three Sheets to the Wind

Sing as the spirits move you,
Sing to your doubling eye,
Plain Jane becomes Lovable Lindas
When six moons shine in the sky.

Sing to a sailor's courage,
Sing while the elbows bend,
A ruby port your harbor,
Hoist three sheets to the wind.

Sing while the heart is cordial,
Sing to the absinthe of cares,
Sing to the one for the weaving road,
And the dog, and each of his hairs.

All of the waitresses love you,
Every dog is your friend,
Whatever you say is just what you mean,
So hoist three sheets to the wind.

Canticle of the Dragon

Part II

Hear the sage as his song descends
 like heaven's rain or tears,
 and washes the years, the dust of the many stories
 from the High Tale of the Dragonlance.
 For in ages deep, past memory and word,
 in the first blush of the world
 when the three moons rose from the lap of the forest,
 dragons, terrible and great,
 made war on this world of Krynn.

Yet out of the darkness of dragons,
 out of our cries for light
 in the blank face of the black moon soaring,
 a banked light flared in Solamnia,
 a knight of truth and of power,
 who called down the gods themselves
 and forged the mighty Dragonlance, piercing the soul
 of dragonkind, driving the shade of their wings
 from the brightening shores of Krynn.

Thus Huma, Knight of Solamnia,
 Lightbringer, First Lancer,
 followed his light to the foot of the Khalkist Mountains,
 to the stone feet of the gods,
 to the crouched silence of their temple.
 He called down the Lancemakers, he took on
 their unspeakable power to crush the unspeakable evil,
 to thrust the coiling darkness
 back down the tunnel of the dragon's throat.

Paladine, the Great God of Good,
 shone at the side of Huma,
 strengthening the lance of his strong right arm,
 and Huma, ablaze in a thousand moons,
 banished the Queen of Darkness,
 banished the swarm of her shrieking hosts
 back to the senseless kingdom of death, where their curses
 swooped upon nothing and nothing
 deep below the brightening land.

Thus ended in thunder the Age of Dreams
 and began the Age of Might,
 When Istar, kingdom of light and truth, arose in the east,
 where minarets of white and gold
 spired to the sun and to the sun's glory,
 announcing the passing of evil,
 and Istar, who mothered and cradled the long summers of good,
 shone like a meteor
 in the white skies of the just.

Yet in the fullness of sunlight
 the Kingpriest of Istar saw shadows:
 At night he saw the trees as things with daggers, the streams
 blackened and thickened under the silent moon.
 He searched books for the paths of Huma,
 for scrolls, signs, and spells
 so that he, too, might summon the gods, might find
 their aid in his holy aims,
 might purge the world of sin.

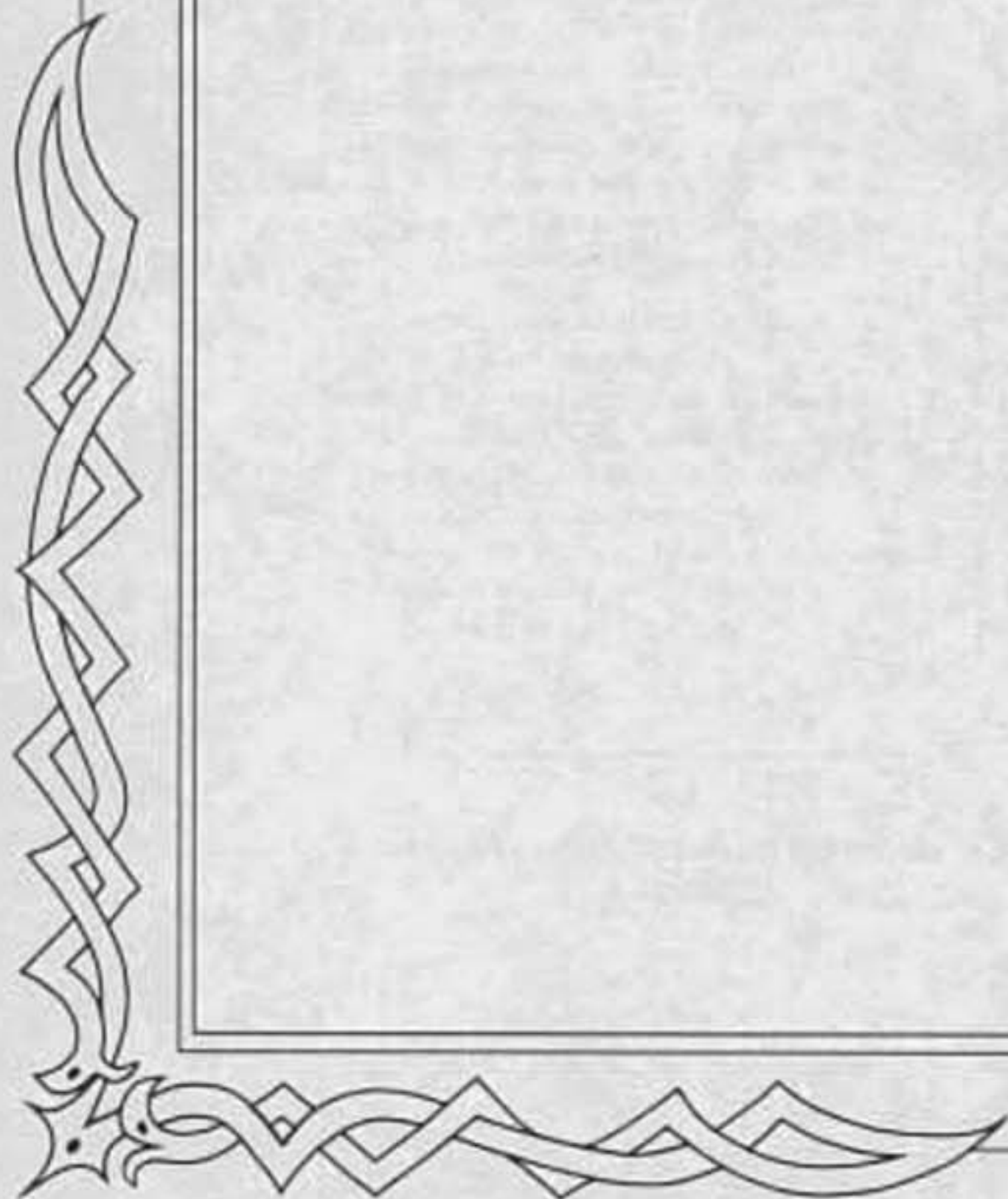
Then came the time of dark and death
 as the gods turned from the world.
 A mountain of fire crashed like a comet through Istar,
 the city split like a skull in the flames,
 mountains burst from once-fertile valleys,
 seas poured into the graves of mountains,
 the deserts sighed on abandoned floors of the seas,
 the highways of Krynn erupted
 and became the paths of the dead.

Thus began the Age of Despair.
 The roads were tangled.
 The winds and the sandstorms dwelt in the husks of cities,
 The plains and mountains became our home,
 As the old gods lost their power,
 we called to the blank sky
 into the cold, dividing gray to the ears of new gods.
 The sky is calm, silent, unmoving.
 We have yet to hear their answer.

*Quivalen Sath wishes to gratefully acknowledge the work of the human poet and novelist,
 Solamnic Knight of the Rose, Michael Williams.*

Music of Krynn

compiled by **Mirrashar**, elven bard of Qualinesti



Crysanía's Song

Vision

The first verse is Crysanía as she appears throughout *Legends*: sweet, innocent, idealistic. She falters, but never loses sight of her vision or her calling.

The second verse is Crysanía after the trial within the Portal—although she is blind, her vision is clearer. She starts forward confidently toward what she knows will be a difficult but rewarding life, learning to cherish her memories,

both the painful and the lovely.

Voice and flute should be closely matched in quality. When they have a note together, they should sound like one voice—not mechanical, yet not quite human. The piano arrangement should be sonorous and hymnlike.

Piano and flute arrangements were not written to mesh, although they may for several measures at a time.

The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system includes a vocal line, a piano accompaniment, and a flute line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked *Maestoso*. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "Wa - ter from dust, and dust ris - ing out of the wa - ter. Con - ti - nents form - ing, ab - stract as co - lor or light to the van -". The score concludes with a decorative flourish at the bottom.

THE INN OF THE LAST HOME

ished eye, to the touch of Pal - a - dine's daugh - ter who knows.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The vocal line begins with a half note 'ished eye,' followed by a quarter note 'to the touch' and a half note 'of Pal - a - dine's daugh - ter' with a fermata. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with dynamic markings of *f* and *mf*.

who knows with a touch that the robe is white.

The second system continues the vocal line with a half note 'who knows with a touch' and a half note 'that the robe is white' with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line and sustained chords in the right hand.

Out of that wa - ter a coun - try is ris - ing,

The third system shows the vocal line with a half note 'Out of that wa - ter' and a half note 'a coun - try is ris - ing' with a fermata. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet in the bass line and a *mf* dynamic marking.

im - pos - si - ble when first im - ag - ined in prayer, and the

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with a half note 'im - pos - si - ble' and a half note 'when first im - ag - ined in prayer, and the'. The piano accompaniment features triplet figures in both hands.



sun and the seas and the stars in - vi - si - ble as gods in a code

of air. Dust from the wa - ter, and

wa - ter a - ris - ing from dust, and the robe con - tain - ing all col -

ors as - sumed in - to white, in - to mem - o - ry, in - to coun - tries as -



THE INN OF THE LAST HOME

sumed in the trust of ev - er re - turn - ing col - or and light

Out of that dust a - ris - es a well-spring of tears to nour-ish the work

f *ff* *fervently*

of our hands in for - ev - er ap - proach-ing coun - try of yearn - ing and years,

mf

in due and im - man - ent lands.

mp *p*



Crysanias Song

Voice – Flute

With reverent fervor, but sweetly

Voice

Flute

Wa - ter from dust, and
 dust ris - ing out of the wa - ter. — Con - ti - nents form - ing, ab - stract as
 co - lor or light — to the van - ished eye, to the touch of Pal - a - dine's daugh - ter —
 who knows, — who knows with a touch that the robe is white —
 Out of that wa - ter a coun - try is — ris - ing.

f *mp* *f* *p* *f* *> mp* *mf* *mp*

im - pos - si - ble _____ when first im - ag - ined in prayer, and _____ the

sun and the seas and the stars in - vi - si - ble _____ as _____ gods in a code.

_____ of air. _____

Dust from the

wa - ter, and wa - ter a - ris - ing from dust, _____ and the robe con -



tain - ing all col - ors as - sumed in - to white, in - to mem -

o - ry, in - to coun - tries as - sumed in the trust of

ev - er re - turn - ing col - or and light. Out of that dust

a - ris - es a well-spring of tears to nour - ish the work of our hands

in for - ev - er ap - proach - ing coun - try of yearn - ing and years, in due and

im - man - ent lands.

Goldmoon's Song

Trio arrangement

The soprano is Goldmoon, the tenor-baritone is the narrator, and the cello lends support as the grasslands that form the story's backdrop.

Goldmoon should be played as a young woman in love, not Chieftain's Daughter. Her most difficult part occurs in Verse 5, where she makes the decision to stay with Riverwind. ". . . the staff flares with blue light . . ." should be done as if Goldmoon has vanished, picked up quickly by the other parts.

The tenor-baritone should be at times sympathetic, unfeeling, or antipathetic toward Goldmoon depending on his character in the song. His *soli* line in the middle of Verse 5 (" . . . and both of them vanish . . .") should carry a sense of wonder and awe.

A clear vision of the story gives the singers power; they should envision the swaying grasslands, a barbarian tribe, the love of a young man and young woman.

Espressivo - Tempo in One

mp

1. The grass - lands are end - less, and

pizz

mp

sum - mer sings on,

and Gold - moon, the prin - cess, loves a poor man's

mp

The

son. Her fa - ther, the chief - tan, makes long roads be - tween them

grass - lands are end - less, and sum - mer sings on.

and sum - mer sings on.

arco

Anxiously

2. The grass - lands are wav - ing, the sky's rim is

gray, to—

the chief - tan sends Riv - er - wind east and a - way, to

search ma - gic lip morn, the grass lands are

search for strong ma - gic at the rim of the morn - ing, grass - lands

f *mp*



THE INN OF THE LAST HOME

Wistfully

Chorus: ♩

wav - ing, the sky's rim is gray. O Riv - er-wind, where have you

waving, sky's rim is gray. where have you

gone? O Riv - er-wind, au - tumn comes on.

gone? Riv - er - wind, au - tumn comes on.

I sit by the riv - er and look to the sun - rise, but the

sit by the riv - er and look to the sun - rise.

sun ri - ses o - ver the moun - tain a - lone. 3. The grass - lands are

sun ri - ses o - ver the mountain the grasslands



fad - ing, the sum - mer wind dies, he comes back, the dark - ness of
 fading wind dies, he comes back, the dark - ness of

stones in his eyes. He car - ries a blue staff...
 stones in his eyes. ... as bright as a

the grass - lands are fad - ing, the sum - mer wind dies.
 gla - cier: the grass - lands are fad - ing, the sum - mer wind dies.

4. The grass - lands are frag - ile,
 as yel - low as



The chief - tan makes mock - ery of Riv - er - wind's claim.

flame. Strong He

or - ders the peo - ple to stone the young war - ior. mp The grass - lands are

grass - lands are

fra - gile, as yel - low as flame.

fragile, as yellow as flame.

Determined

5. The grass - lands are fa - ded, autumn is here, and

Agitated and au - tumn is here, the

ff

I join my lov - er, the stones whis - tle near, The staff flares with

ff

girl joins her lov - er, the stones whis - tle near. staff flares with

f

mp

blue light, The grass - lands are fa - ded,

pp

blue light, and both of them van - ish. and

mp

mp

O Riv - er-wind, where have you gone?

au - tumn is here.

p

O Riv - er-wind, au - tumn is here.

p

O Riv - er-wind, au - tumn is here.

pp fade

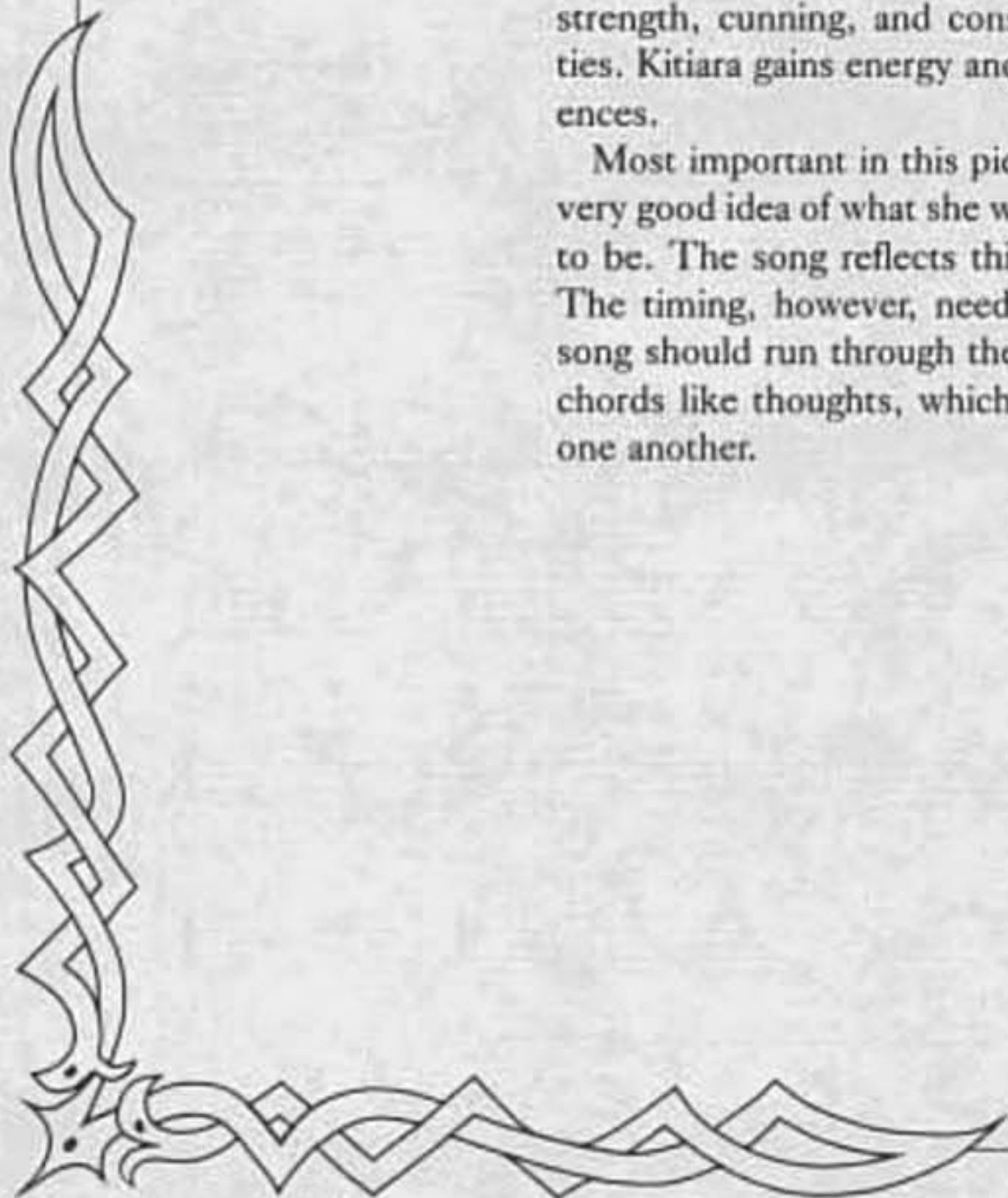


Kitiara's Song

There is very little the same in this piece, as there is little that remains constant from moment to moment in Kit's personality. It is meant to be sung unaccompanied, the beginning and ending almost a subconscious croon. The middle, less throaty because it comes into higher range, is a paean to the power Kitiara wants for herself. This feeling of power grows continuously through the first part of the song, as does Kit's plotting to gain power through most of both trilogies. The last part echoes the beginning, dropping back into chest voice, and takes on a calculating, secretive feeling in the last two phrases. The marks that look like apostrophes just above the score are break marks, and are very important to phrasing and character.

This piece is composed as a stark contrast to Tanis's poem found at the beginning of Volume 3 of *Chronicles, Dragons of Spring Dawning*. Kit takes Tanis for granted. Her strength, greed, arrogance, and hedonistic nature react almost violently against his emotional turmoil, strength, cunning, and considerable leadership abilities. Kitiara gains energy and power from these differences.

Most important in this piece is clarity. Kitiara has a very good idea of what she wants and where she needs to be. The song reflects this vision in precise notes. The timing, however, need not be that exact. This song should run through the head and over the vocal chords like thoughts, which are seldom in time with one another.



Very freely, slow and sensuously

pp
Hum

Ooh

Very sure

mp

mf
Ahh

ff *mf* *mp*
Ooh

Very sensual *pp* *rit.*
Hum



Kender Mourning Song

This piece should be simple, clean, and poignant. A straight tone works better than a vibrato, especially if this song is done in character.

There should be confusion and the feeling of unanswered questions in this piece. The cello should be eloquent and emotional on the solo

passage before the last verse, literally a cry of pain. Sustained unhappiness is peculiar for a kender, and therefore should be played to the hilt. The break (looks like an apostrophe above the melody line) before the last phrase is important and should be treated like a silent sigh.

Passionately

Voice

Cello

pp

p

mp

f

1. Al - ways be - fore, the

spring re - turned. The bright world in its cy - cle spun in air and

flowers, grass and fern, as - sured and cra - dled by the sun.

mp

2. Al - ways be - fore, you could ex - plain

the turn - ing dark - ness of the earth, and how that

dark em - braced the rain, and gave the ferns and

flo - wers birth.

mp

p

s

p

mp

3. Al - read - y I for - get those things, and how a

vein of gold sur - vives the min - ing of a thou - sand springs,

mf

THE INN OF THE LAST HOME

the sea-sons of a thou - sand lives.

mf

Now win - ter is my mem - o -

mp

p

ry, now au - tumn, now the sum - mer light,

so ev - ery spring from now will be

ff

f

an - oth - er sea - son in to - night.

mp

pp (fade)

poco rit.

mp

pp (fade)

Lord Soth's Song

The intensity behind this song should be akin to that of Dracula stalking a victim who has just realized he is being followed down a dark street. One can imagine the orange light of Soth's eyes glowing more brightly, his anticipation barely held in check, until it reaches a brilliance that threatens to consume anyone who looks at it.

less movement of the bassoon. The piano piles dark upon dark in its chords of sevenths and minors. The voice singing this piece should have a silky, misleading undertone that promises anything to get what it wants, a feeling of power tinged with loneliness and frustration.

The bassoon and piano parts were not written to mesh.

That driving need is accentuated by the rest-

Piano - Vocal

Intensely, Mysteriously

Vocal

mp

1. Set a -

Piano

pp *mp* *pp*

mp *ff*

side the bur-ied light of can-dle, torch, and rot - ting - wood, and lis - ten

mp *pp*

to the turn - of night caught - in your ris - ing - blood. 2. How qui-et

mp *pp* *mp*

is the mid- night, love, how warm the winds where ra - vens

fly, where all the chang - ing moon-light, love, pales in your

fa - ding eye ———— 3. How ————

pp *mp* *pp* *mp*

loud your heart is call - ing, love, how close the dark - ness at your ————

mf



mf *f*

breast, how hec-tic are the riv-ers, love, drawn through your

mp *mf*

pp *mp* *f*

dy-ing—wrist— 4. And, love, what heat your frail—skin

pp *mf*

mp *f* *ff*

hides, as pure as salt, as sweet as—death, and in the dark the red moon

mp *mf* *ff*

pp

rides the fox-fire of your breath—

rit. *mp* *pp*



Lord Soth's Song

Bass Voice—Bassoon

Expressive, intensely

Bass

Bassoon

Toccata

mf *p* *mf* *p*

mp *mf* *mf* *p*

1. Set a - side the bur - ied light of can - dle, torch, and rot - ting

wood, and lis - ten to the turn of night caught in your ris - ing

mp *p* *mp* *p* *mf*

blood. 2. How quiet is the mid - night, love, how warm the winds where ra - vens

pp *mf* *p* *mp*

fly. Where all the chang - ing moon - light, love, pales in your fa - ding

p *mf* *mp*

eye.

3. How — loud your heart is call-ing, love, how close the dark-ness at your—

breast, how hec-tic are the riv-ers, love, drawn through your dy - ing—

wrist. — 4. And, love, what heat your frail, skin hides, as pure as

salt, as sweet as death. — And in the dark the red moon

rides the fox-fire of — your breath. —

Three Sheets to the Wind

The Krynn Drinking Song

This is a clap hands, stomp feet, weave back and forth, have fun song. The marking between notes means "slide" to a note below the next one printed, then back up to it in a fluid motion. The descant and harmony parts (top and bottom lines) are the ones who are the more "drunk." The last phrase slides happily under the table, pauses

long enough to establish the last chord, then continues contentedly into oblivion and fades. There's just one rule for singing this song: have fun!

Descant

Melody

Harmony

1. Sing as the spir - its move you, sing to your dou - bl - ing eye,

1. Sing as the spir - its move you, sing to your dou - bl - ing eye,

1. Sing as the spir - its move you, sing to your dou - bl - ing eye,

plain Jane be - comes lov - a - ble Lin - das when six moons shine in the sky.

plain Jane be - comes lov - a - ble Lin - das when six moons shine in the sky.

plain Jane lov - a - ble Lin - das when six moons shine in the sky.

2. Sing to a sail - or's cour - age, sing while the el - bows bend,

2. Sing to a sail - or's cour - age, sing while the el - bows bend,

2. Sing to a sail - or's cour - age, sing while the el - bows bend,



a ru - by port your harbor, O, hoist three sheets to the wind.

a ru - by port your har - bor, hoist three sheets to the wind.

a ru - by port harbor, hoist three sheets to the wind.

Chorus

Three sheets, three sheets, sing to the spir - its, sing to the spir - its,

Three sheets, three sheets, sing to the spir - its,

Three sheets, three sheets, sing to the spir - its, sing to the spir - its,

let the el - bows bend, three sheets, six moons, and

let the el - bows bend, three sheets, six moons, and

let the el - bows bend, three sheets, six moons,

hoist three sheets to the wind. 3. Sing while the heart is cor - di - al,

hoist three sheets to the wind. 3. Sing while the heart is cor - di - al,

hoist three sheets to the wind. 3. Sing while the heart is cor - di - al,



THE INN OF THE LAST HOME

sing to the ab - sinthe of cares, sing to the one for the
 sing to the ab - sinthe of cares, sing to the one for the
 sing to the ab - sinthe of cares, sing to the one for the

Maudlin, slower (about $\frac{1}{2}$ speed)

weav - ing road, and the dog, and all of his hairs. All of the wait-ress - es
 weav - ing road, and the dog, and all of his hairs. All of the wait-ress - es
 weave and the dog, and all of his hairs. All love

love you, love, ev - 'ry dog your friend, what - ev - er you
 love you, ev - er - y dog is your friend, what - ev - er you
 all of the wait-ress - es love, dog is your friend, what - ev - er you

GP a tempo

say just what you mean, so hoist three sheets to the wind.
 say is just what you mean, so hoist three sheets to the wind.
 say is just what you mean, so hoist three sheets to the wind.

Chorus

Three sheets, three sheets, sing, sing to the spir - its,

Three sheets, three sheets, sing to the spir - its,

Three sheets, three sheets, sing the spir - its,

let the el - bows bend, three sheets, nine moons,

let the el - bows bend, three sheets, nine moons, and

let the el - bows bend, three sheets, nine moons,

hoist sheets to the wind. Hoist three sheets to the wind. *Very slow rit. fade*

hoist three sheets to the wind. Hoist three sheets to the wind. *rit. fade*

hoist three sheets to the wind. Hoist three sheets to the wind. *rit. fade*

This song is dedicated with fun and much love to Margaret Weis, who enjoys finding a happy hour wherever and whenever she can.

Mirrashar wishes to gratefully acknowledge the talents of human singer and composer, Janet Pack, for the original musical arrangements. Mirrashar also wants to acknowledge the talents of human lyricist, Michael Williams.

From Tika's Cookbook

Compiled by Tika Waylan Majere

Gully Dwarf Stew

Although gully dwarf cuisine is known throughout Krynn as something less than desirable, gully dwarves seem to thrive on it. In theory their recipes can be sound and nutritious. In practice, however, meals served to guests tend to be unpleasant experiences. Without the benefit of higher math (adding numbers greater than 2), doubling a recipe is impossible for all but the cleverest of gully dwarves, often resulting in a dry stew without gravy, or a watery soup without noodles. The following is a recipe that generally serves a whole family of gully dwarves, 4 average humans, or 1 large adventurer who has been known to steal food off the plates of others. We have given directions for both gully dwarf cooks and ordinary mortals.

- Meat from 2 medium-size lizards (or 2 pounds of stew meat if lizard is out of season)
- 2 tablespoons flour 2 times (1 and 1 and 1 or 4 tablespoons or $\frac{1}{4}$ cup)
- 2 potatoes and 1 for pot, mangled (1 and 1 and 1 or 3 potatoes, diced)
- 2 carrots 2 times, stabbed (1 and 1 and 1 and 1, or 4 carrots sliced)
- 1 stalk celery, stabbed (sliced)

- 2 onions, murdered (chopped)
- 2 bouillon cubes, crushed. (Chicken bouillon good with lizard meat, beef bouillon for beef meat.)
- 2 cups water, burbled (boiling)
- 1 teaspoon \$#@*! sauce (Worcestershire sauce)
- 2 tablespoons parsley, murdered (chopped)
- 2 cloves garlic, mashed (minced)
- 1 bongleberry leaf (a bay leaf may be substituted)
- 1 teaspoon red gunk (paprika)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 sneeze black pepper ($\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon)

Womp lizard over head couple times. Throw lizard in pot. Add rest of gunk. Light big fire under pot. Take nap. Or,

Mix flour, salt, and pepper in cooking pot. Trim fat from meat and cut into 1-inch cubes. Coat meat with flour in pot. Add crushed bouillon and water; stir. Add remaining ingredients; stir.

Cover and simmer at lowest heat for 4 to 6 hours, stirring occasionally, until meat and vegetables are tender.

Green or blue food coloring may be added to create a truly authentic gully dwarf look.



Fizban's Fireball Chili

"I have a really wonderful spell — Fireball. Now, if I can just remember how it goes." —Fizban

Tasslehoff Burrfoot supplied us with this recipe and the story of how it came about. It seems that he and the befuddled old wizard were traveling from Huma's Tomb to the Council of Whitestone when they ran out of provisions. After several hungry days of watching Fizban attempt to conjure up something (*"Hamsandwichi! Did that work? No, well. . ."*), they came upon a cow grazing in a field of peppers. As the two later explained it to the irate farmer, Fizban mistook the cow for the Queen of Darkness and blasted her.

When the mistake was discovered (*"Bless my hat. It really was a cow!"*), Tas declared it best to eat the evidence. (*"Sinful to let it go to waste."*)

"The Queen can take any form, you know," Fizban was heard to cry as the village constable hauled him away.

This is a recipe about which it must be said, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the line of fire." Not to be confused with chili made with beans and hamburger, this is a meat entree for those whose tongue, esophagus, stomach, and intestines are truly prepared for combat.

- 1 pound beef
- 2 tablespoons flour

Marinade:

- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce (tip of tongue)
- 2 tablespoons paprika (center of tongue)
- 1 jar tabasco sauce (back of tongue)
- 1/2 teaspoon chinese hot oil (smoothes things out)
- 2 teaspoons crushed red pepper (explosion!)

Prepare marinade; mix thoroughly. The effect of the marinade, for those brave enough to taste test it, should be a sensation of heat running along the tongue, culminating in an explosion at the back of the throat. If the sensations seem uneven, feel free to balance them.

Trim fat from beef and save. Cube beef into 1-inch squares; marinate in sauce 8 hours to 2 days in refrigerator. The longer the beef is marinated, the more shredded it will become upon cooking. If you wish the beef to remain cubed, marinate less than 24 hours; overnight is sufficient.

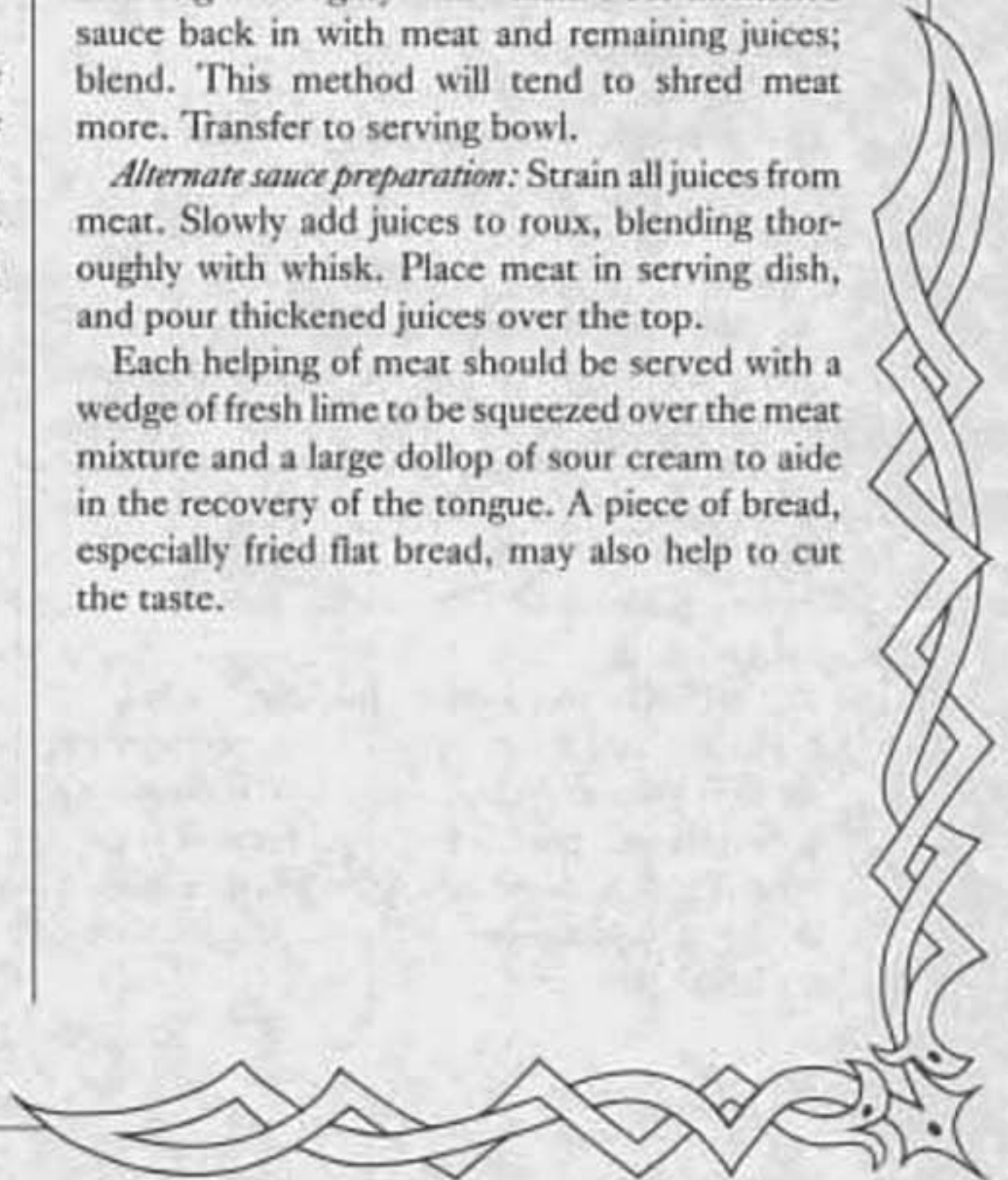
After meat has marinated, place it and marinade in pot or dutch oven over low heat for 2 hours. Stir occasionally to keep meat from sticking to bottom.

Rend fat to liquid in frying pan over low heat to use in a roux. If beef is too lean to produce 2 tablespoons of liquid fat, bacon grease or lard may be used instead; mix thoroughly with 2 tablespoons of flour.

After meat has stewed sufficiently, remove 1 cup of liquid from pot. Add liquid slowly to roux, blending thoroughly with whisk. Pour thickened sauce back in with meat and remaining juices; blend. This method will tend to shred meat more. Transfer to serving bowl.

Alternate sauce preparation: Strain all juices from meat. Slowly add juices to roux, blending thoroughly with whisk. Place meat in serving dish, and pour thickened juices over the top.

Each helping of meat should be served with a wedge of fresh lime to be squeezed over the meat mixture and a large dollop of sour cream to aide in the recovery of the tongue. A piece of bread, especially fried flat bread, may also help to cut the taste.





Flat Bread

This bread is popular among adventurers and Wilder elves, since it can be prepared fresh in the wilderness by pan frying. The baked version, stuffed with meats and cheeses, is more prevalent in civilized banquet halls.

- 2½ cups flour (white, or 1 cup white and 1½ cups rye or whole wheat)
- 1 package dry yeast
- ½ cup warm water mixed with 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ cup warm water mixed with 1 teaspoon salt

Pour warm sugar water in bowl. Sprinkle yeast in gently so it sinks smoothly without lumping. Let mixture stand 10 minutes. Add salt water and 1 cup flour; mix well. Add remaining flour; stir thoroughly.

Turn onto floured board; knead 10 minutes. Divide dough into 6 portions. Roll each portion into a ½- to ¾-inch thick circle; place circles on



Qualinesti Feast Vegetable Confetti

"Caramon decided he knew why elves were so slender. Their food consisted of fruit and vegetables, cooked in delicate sauces, served with bread and cheese . . ."

- ⅛ cup red wine
- ⅛ cup teriyaki sauce
- ½ medium onion, peeled
- ⅓ bunch fresh broccoli
- 2 tablespoons dried parsley
- ⅓ head fresh cauliflower
- 3 carrots, peeled
- ⅓ cup frozen corn
- ⅓ cup frozen peas
- 2 shakes dried ginger
- large pinches of oregano, sage, paprika, basil
- freshly ground black pepper to taste

Slice carrots medium-thin. Discard lower third of broccoli stem, slicing the remainder of the stem into thin strips. Separate the top portion into heads with 1 to 2 inches of the stem. Repeat this procedure with the cauliflower. Quarter half





Druid's Spinach Salad

- 1 pound fresh spinach
- 1 pint fresh mushrooms
- 1 fresh lemon, or 2 tablespoons juice
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- salt

Wash spinach leaves, shred them into bite-size pieces, and drain them. Wash mushrooms, and slice them lengthwise. Toss spinach and mushrooms in salad bowl. Cut lemon in half and wrap in cheese cloth or net to hold seed back while squeezing lemon juice into salad. Splash with olive oil and salt to taste. Toss salad. Serves 4.



Silvanesti Fruit-Cheese Salad

The tropical nature of many of the ingredients of this salad suggests that it originates from Istar, the major sea-trading port before the Cataclysm. Elven clerics introduced these fruits to their kin in Silvanesti. Attuned to the land and able to shape it with magical craft, the elves soon learned to grow these alien fruits in their own soil despite the cooler climate. Still, since such fruits are relatively rare, this dish is considered a delicacy.

- 1 small, fresh pineapple (or 1 can chunks or tidbits)
- 1 large, seedless orange
- 20 (approx.) seedless red or black grapes
- 20 (approx.) seedless white or green grapes
- 1 kiwi fruit

- 1 fresh lemon, or 2 tablespoons juice
- 1 heaping tablespoon soft cream cheese
- 1 pear cut into bite-size pieces (optional)
- 15-20 sweet cherries, pitted and halved (optional)

Peel, core, and slice pineapple into bite-size pieces. Use about 1 cup and save the rest (freeze for later use). If using canned pineapple, drain juice. Peel and section orange. Cut each section into three pieces. Slice grapes in half. Mix pineapple, orange, and grapes with 1 tablespoon of the lemon juice until all pieces are covered.

Mix softened cream cheese with remaining lemon juice until smooth. Add to fruit mixture, blending until all pieces are coated.

Peel and slice kiwi fruit, using it to garnish edges of salad. Refrigerate at least 2 hours to let flavors meld. Serve cold.



Tika's Cookie Jar

Festival of the Eye

This tradition undoubtedly had its origins back in the days when magic-users honored the moons which gave them power. It takes place during the rare time when all three moons are in alignment, forming what appears to be a great eye in the sky.

According to ancient legend, on this night wizards went from door to door, offering their services in the performance of minor magics without charge. They were given food and small gifts in return. When wizards fell into ill repute in the days before the Cataclysm, this custom ceased. But now children go from door to door, pretending to be wizards and performing tricks. In return, the children are given their choice of these cookies.





Taslehoff "picks up" Tika's cookie jar.

Solinari (White Moon) Cookies

- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups twice-sifted flour
- 1 cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Blend flour and baking powder. Cream butter and sugar together. Add flour mixture a little at a time, blending until smooth. On an especially warm day, more flour might be needed to make dough manageable when rolling.

Roll out dough $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick; cut into 2-inch circles. Place on ungreased cookie sheet about 2 inches apart. Score top of each cookie in criss-cross pattern with a sharp knife, being careful not to cut more than halfway down.

Bake at 325 degrees for 15 to 18 minutes, until cookie is delicate brown around edges and bottom. Cookie should remain white on top. Cool on racks. Makes 3 dozen cookies.



Lunitari (Red Moon) Cookies

Batter:

- 3 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup wheat germ
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup buttermilk or sour milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 tablespoon orange peel (optional)

Topping:

- 2 tablespoons sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons milk

Blend dry batter ingredients together. Cut butter in with pastry cutter until mixture resembles a

coarse meal. Add orange peel (optional). Moisten the mixture with the eggs, milk, and butter. Dough will be sticky and soft. Place on well-floured board and knead very gently, just enough to make the dough easier to roll.

Roll out dough $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick; cut into 2-inch circles. Place on greased cookie sheet about 2 inches apart. Brush top of each cookie with a dab of milk and sprinkle with cinnamon sugar.

Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes. Cookies should be golden brown. Cool on racks until hard enough to hold shape. These are best served fresh, especially warm. Makes 3 dozen.



Nuitari (Black Moon) Cookies

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white shortening
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 6 tablespoons powdered cocoa
- 2 cups flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts (optional)

Cream shortening and granulated sugar together. Add vanilla and eggs; beat until light. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together and add to shortening mixture; blend well. Add milk; stir until smooth. Mixture will be quite soft. Add nuts if desired. Chill 3 hours or overnight.

Shape chilled dough into 1-inch balls. Roll each ball in powdered sugar, and place them on greased cookie sheets at least 2 inches apart. Cookies will flatten, crinkle, and spread out.

Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 13 minutes. Cookies should still be moist inside like brownies. Let cool on wire racks until cookies are hard enough to hold shape. Seal cookies in airtight container once cooled. Makes 4 dozen.



Raistlin's Tea

"Par Salian gave the recipe to him after . . . after the Test, when he was so sick . . . it smells awful and must taste worse . . . but it will help him."

—Caramon



Raistlin's herbal tea.

This tea works as an expectorant and soothes coughs and bronchial trouble. A warming tea, it raises the body temperature as well.

- $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce dried lemon peel
- $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce mullein
- $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce angelica
- $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce dried orange peel
- $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce burdock
- $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce coltsfoot

Place the above herbs in a jar; shake until well mixed. Put 2 teaspoons of mix in mug, and add boiling water. Let steep for 10 minutes before drinking.



Gnome Chicken

Translated verbatim from "The Big Book of How to Cook like a Gnome without Blowing up Your House," by Corkitron Mericandoralifa. Further translated by Jeff Grubb.

You need chicken and bread crumbs and other stuff. 12 to 18 pieces of chicken to be exact, however, turkey, raven, crow, eagle, hawk, stirge, or other flying bird can be used. Giant versions of these creatures, such as rocs, can be used for large family gatherings, but multiply all required ingredients by 100 or so. Cockatrices, while of a suitable size, make poor eating and leave the diner with a heavy feeling.

Anyway, two cups of bread crumbs are required, either white, whole wheat, or Solamnic hardtack. If the latter is used, soak it for 10 to 20 days so it can be ripped apart by someone with less strength than a titan. Bread stored in a paper bag for about a week is best, particularly the heels that everyone says are healthiest for you but no one eats anyway.

Crush the bread a few pieces at a time in a plastic bag with a rolling pin, baseball bat, or mace. Avoid putting the bag on a glass table, fine crystal, or other object that may be damaged.

The bread can also be crushed by placing the bag in the path of an ambulatory statue, such as a juggernaut. However, one must take care to avoid being crushed by the juggernaut. A piece of sturdy elastic hooked to a nearby lightpost will allow you to place the bag in front of the juggernaut and then spring out of the way, minimizing the risk of being reduced to bread crumbs.

(The translation at this point delves into the mechanics of creating a harness and sling of sufficient elasticity to allow the cook to run out, place the bread in front of the juggernaut, and then be pulled to safety, followed by the construction of a maze which can contain a juggernaut, and finally the construction of a juggernaut itself, a steam-driven creation which has abso-

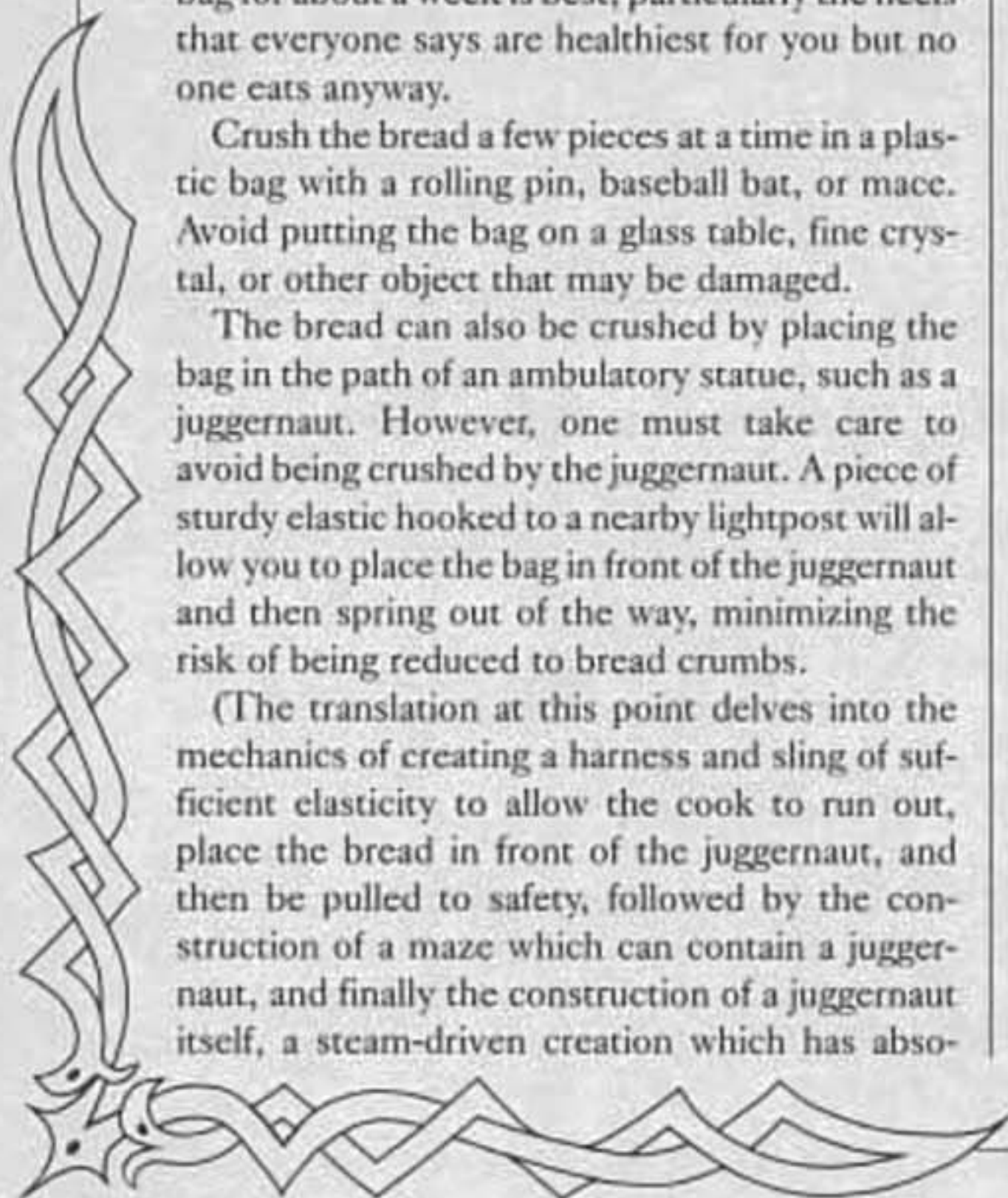
lutely no ability to turn. Each time this method has been attempted, the juggernaut ended up plunging into the sea because there was no way to shut it down. Those cooks without access to juggernauts or a seacoast to dispose of them are advised to stick with rolling pins, or just buy 2 cups of plain bread crumbs.)

The other stuff consists of finding a wide variety of herbal materials. The best place to find all these materials is in the spell-component pouches of mages and other spell-casters. These individuals are notably resistant to having individuals paw through their belongings, so you must create a device to remove the pouch without disturbing the owner.

Attach a large knife or dagger to a long set of extendable scissor-sticks. Go to a tavern frequented by spell-casters, crouch down in a dark corner, then reach out with the extendable knife and slice off a mage's spell-component pouch. Be careful to not reveal your presence, stab someone by accident (practice is advised), or trip the waitresses with the device. After the pouch is cut loose, use a second set of scissor arms (which should be built beforehand), to reach out and snatch the pouch. Search the pouch for the necessary materials, then return it to the mage, who will be so happy to get it back that he will not wonder how you got it.

Or, travel into the wilderness to gather the herbs; it's a dangerous business requiring an organized party of at least 5 to 10 hardy souls capable of wielding swords and casting spells in order to protect you from the more dangerous aspects of wilderness travel. Allow extra portions as it is considered bad form to have a group of people risk their necks for some paprika while not inviting them to dinner.

Or, you can frequent the shops of herbalists and alchemists for the herbs. Frequenting during daylight is recommended if you have any money. Nighttime excursions intended to save money are discouraged due to legal complications and the often nasty tempers of powerful herbalists and alchemists whose establishments have been broken into.



- 2 teaspoons parsley flakes (Other flakelike objects, such as snow flakes and soap flakes, seem to lack the same flavor.)
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon leaf oregano (Again, other leaves may be used, such as oak leaves, maple leaves, and flyleaves, but they are not recommended.)
- 1 teaspoon basil leaves (See note for oregano.)
- 1 teaspoon marjoram (Not margarine, which one cook discovered.)
- 1 teaspoon thyme (This may be acquired from a thyme elemental or a thyme bandit.)
- 1 teaspoon ground sage (The spice, not the person. Your guests can tell the difference.)
- 1 teaspoon rosemary leaves (The parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme joke is old everywhere, so stop boring people with it.)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon red pepper (You may use cayenne, but do not use black pepper that has been painted red unless you are not planning on serving second helpings or dessert.)

Mix the herbs and breadcrumbs together in a concrete mixer, bowl, or other suitable holding device. Moisten pieces of chicken in water or milk. Shake off excess moisture. Roll pieces in mixture. If using a concrete mixer, just toss the fowl in and let it flop around for a while.

Place the pieces in a buttered glass dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes until the meat is tender. Cooking time for fowl other than chicken may vary; rocs of the largest sort take 10 to 15 days to cook thoroughly.

Serve hot, and never tell your guests where you got the recipe. Ordinary folk seem to view gnomish cooking with the same attitude with which they view venomous snakes.



A gnomish chickenplucker.



Shrimp Tarsis

"This is what comes of trusting a kender's map." — Flint, in Tarsis.

After the Cataclysm, which left the seaport of Tarsis landlocked, many favorite recipes required some minor conversions. Shrimp Tarsis is a specialty of the Red Dragon Inn.

- 1 pound turkey breast
- 1 chopped scallion
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon dill
- 5 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup very dry white wine
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- 3 cups cooked noodles

Slice turkey breast into approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick by 1-inch round miniature medallions. Saute in 2 tablespoons of butter over medium heat until white with no trace of pink. Add wine and shallot; simmer three minutes.

Melt remaining 3 tablespoons of butter in separate pan and mix with flour. Bring milk to boil; remove it from heat and pour immediately into flour/butter mixture. Stir briskly with whisk until sauce is thick and smooth. Add sauce and dill to turkey mixture; warm over low heat five more minutes, stirring constantly.

Serve over a bed of cooked noodles. Makes 3 to 4 servings.



Balifor Sausage

This sausage is a specialty of the Pig and Whistle tavern. The proprietor, William Sweetwater, prefers serving it on cold meat trays after it's been well cooked.

- 1 pound lean ground pork
- 1 tablespoon dried chives
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 1 clove crushed garlic
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne

In a large bowl, blend all seasonings with water. Add pork and knead with hands to insure blending. Refrigerate mixture overnight.

Shape refrigerated mixture into approximately 24 small patties. Fry patties with $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of water in bottom of pan over medium heat, flipping occasionally. When water evaporates, turn heat to low and brown sausage on both sides. Serve hot with catsup or on a cold meat and cheese tray.



Wilder Elf Venison-Bean Pot

- 2 pounds ground venison
- 1 16-ounce can pork and beans
- 1 16-ounce can kidney beans
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 1 large onion, diced
- 1 teaspoon parsley flakes
- 1 heaping teaspoon chili seasoning salt
- black pepper (optional)

Brown venison in a large, non-stick skillet. Break apart large chunks of meat; add onion. Add the water after browning is complete. Add both cans of beans; stir well. Add parsley flakes and other seasonings to taste. Remember that chili seasoning flavor blooms with cooking.

Cover and let simmer for 30 minutes; stir occasionally. Add more water if necessary. The result should be a thick, not soupy, stew with a little broth showing.

Serve hot with crackers and sharp cheddar. This is even better on the second day. Serves 4.



Flamestrike's Soup

Originally an ordinary camp soup known for its nourishing and warming properties, it was re-named in honor of the red dragon of Pax Tharkas who gave her life protecting the human children she regarded as her own.

- 1/2 pound ground beef
- 5 beef bouillon cubes
- 5 cups tomato juice (or V8)
- 5 cups water
- 5 cups chopped cabbage
- 2 cups chopped celery
- 4 to 6 carrots, peeled and sliced
- 2 cups sliced mushrooms
- 1/4 green bell pepper, minced
- 1 cup elbow macaroni
- 4 tablespoons onion flakes
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons worcestershire sauce
- 2 teaspoons marjoram
- 1 teaspoon salt
- black pepper

Saute beef until completely brown; strain off grease. Place beef and all other ingredients into a 4-quart pot. Bring contents to a boil, stirring occasionally to be sure bouillon dissolves and doesn't stick to the bottom. Turn heat low; simmer for 2 hours.

This soup is great with crackers and excellent reheated. Serves 8 or more.



Solamnic Feast Dishes

Stag on Steel

Marinade:

- 1 1/2 cup red wine (Burgundy is excellent. Do not use cooking wine; it's salted.)

- 2 large pinches dried sage
- 3 juniper berries, crushed
- 2 garlic cloves, crushed (or 2 shakes garlic powder)
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1 shake powdered ginger
- 2 pinches rosemary
- 2 pinches thyme
- 3 pinches dried parsley flakes
- 2 pinches celery leaves
- salt
- pepper

For the skewer:

- 2 to 3 pounds venison tenderloin (or pork)
- 2 sweet onions
- 1 green pepper
- 1 16-ounce can chunk pineapple
- 24 cherry tomatoes
- 24 fresh mushrooms

A day before serving, mix red wine and pineapple juice in a large, non-metallic pan. Stir in rest of marinade ingredients for at least 1 minute. Let mixture rest for an hour so flavors can meld. Slice tenderloin into 1-inch by 2-inch chunks. Rub meat with salt and freshly ground pepper. Stir marinade after its hour is up and add meat. Stir meat to coat all pieces. Cover and refrigerate overnight, stirring occasionally so all sides are coated and soaked equally.

Prior to grilling, wash all vegetables. Peel onions and cut them into 1-inch by 2-inch chunks. Destem tomatoes. Core pepper and cut it into 1-inch squares. Drain pineapple. Toss meat, vegetables, and fruit a final time.

Alternate meat, vegetables, and fruit on skewer. Onions and pineapple are the best neighbors for the meat. Onions should be skewered from inner to outer layers through all layers, mushrooms through the stem's center axis.

Grill over medium charcoal for 10 to 12 minutes, turning often. Remove food from skewer with a fork and serve immediately. Serves 6.





Stuffed Shirts (Spinach Pie)

Stuffing:

- 1 10-ounce package frozen chopped spinach
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup grated feta cheese
- 1 tablespoon parsley flakes
- 1 small clove garlic, minced
- 3 tablespoons fresh onion, finely chopped
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil

Pastry crust:

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vegetable shortening
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cold water

Cook spinach according to package directions, then strain water from spinach by pressing it to the side of a sieve (spinach must not be drippy). Feta should be crumbly and grate easily; if it is moist and soft, it may be spoiled. Mix feta, parsley, and spinach in a bowl. Saute onion and garlic in vegetable oil until onion is clear, but do not let it brown. Add onion and garlic to spinach and mix well.

Sift flour and salt together. Cut shortening into flour with a pastry cutter until pea-size lumps are formed. Add cold water all at once. Stir mixture with a fork until it lumps together. If the dough does not hold together, add a little more cold water and stir again. Avoid squeezing dough into a ball with hands since too much contact makes dough tough.

Split dough into two halves. Using a floured board and rolling pin, roll each half into squares roughly $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Place half of spinach mixture into center of each dough square. Fold square over at corners, envelope style. Transfer to ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 425 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes, until crust is golden brown in several spots.

Serve immediately. This recipe makes two

pastries, suitable for a light meal, but the crust and stuffing can be quartered to make four small pies to be served as a side dish.



Palanthas Potatoes (Twice-Baked Potatoes)

This dish did not originate in Palanthas, but was so named for the city (or rather its inhabitants) by a Knight of Solamnia. He likened the potato innards to the people of Palanthas, who came out of their walls to be mashed up, then returned to be eaten. Palanthians don't care for the analogy, but they enjoy the dish anyway, using its more common name—Twice-Baked Potatoes.

For each freshly baked potato:

- 1 tablespoon sour cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chives
- 2 tablespoons sharp cheddar cheese, grated
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter, melted
- salt
- pepper

Halve freshly baked potato lengthwise. Let cool at least 10 minutes. Carefully scoop out insides, leaving $\frac{1}{8}$ inch to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of potato near skin so shell remains intact. Mash or rice potato innards and mix with sour cream, chives, butter, and half the cheese. Add dashes of salt and pepper to taste.

Stuff mixture back into shells. Cover each potato with the remainder of grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes, until cheese is melted and potato is hot throughout.

Potatoes can be prepared in advance and refrigerated or frozen. Cooking time will be longer for cold potatoes. Frozen potatoes must be thawed before heating. These potatoes also microwave easily in 2 to 5 minutes, depending on size and temperature of potato. They reheat well after the second baking, wrapped in foil in a regular oven or in waxed paper when microwaving.



Kiffles

A kender favorite, these are also known as "Traveling Kiffles" for the fact that when the kender cook sets the dough out to chill it is often absent-mindedly carried off by another kender. The dough and resultant pastry may go through several households in this way until the kiffles are finally baked. As they are immediately shared with everyone in the vicinity, no one really minds.

Pastry:

- 8 ounces softened cream cheese
- 1/2 pound softened butter
- 2 cups flour

Filling:

- 1 cup fruit preserves or jam
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch

Mix preserves into cornstarch until smooth and thick; set aside. Cream butter and cheese together until smooth and well blended. Add flour a little at a time; mix until smooth. Refrigerate dough in a tightly covered container for 2 hours or overnight. (Either keep a strict eye on it or prohibit kender from entering your dwelling!)

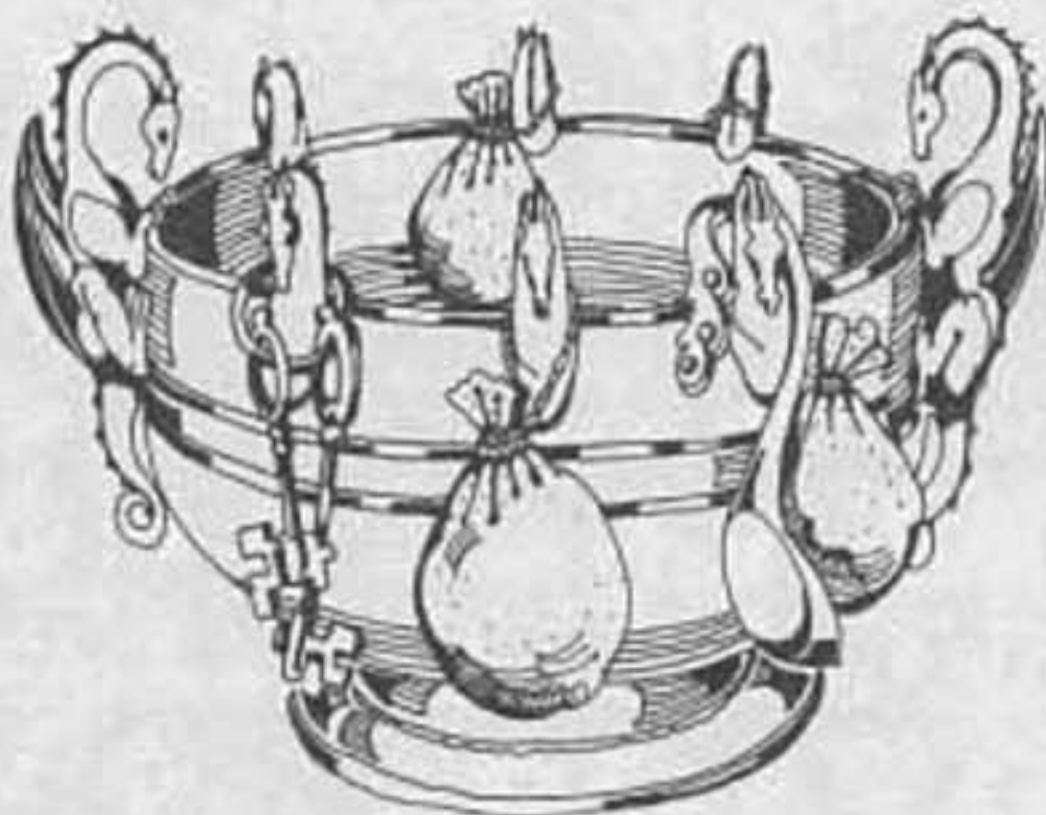
After dough is hardened, use a floured rolling pin and surface to roll it less than 1/4 inch thick; cut into 3-inch circles. Transfer circles onto ungreased cookie sheets at least 1 inch apart. Spoon a teaspoon of filling into the center of each cookie, being careful not to get any near the edges. Fold circle in half and seal edges together by pressing them with the tips of fork tines 1/4 inch into the cookie.

Bake at 400 degrees for 7 to 10 minutes, until pastry is light golden brown. Makes 5 dozen.



Tasslehoff's Celebration Punch

If you want to be dull about this, you can fix the punch ahead of time yourself. It is in the kender



Kender Celebration Punch.

tradition, however, for each kender to bring one ingredient to contribute to the punch and then everyone gathers together to help fix it.

- 2 16-ounce cans frozen orange juice
- 2 16-ounce cans frozen cranberry or cran-apple juice
- 1 6-ounce can frozen limeade
- 1 6-ounce can frozen lemonade
- 1 6-ounce can frozen pineapple juice
- 2 whole cinnamon sticks
- handful of red hots candy (optional)

Spice Bag:

- 10 to 15 whole cloves
- 3 mint leaves (optional)
- 1 large pinch coarsely grated nutmeg
- 2 pinches coarsely shaved ginger

Place pot large enough to hold 2 1/2 gallons of liquid on stove. Mix all juices but pineapple with their proper amounts of water; use only half the water required for pineapple. Heat.

Assemble spices in a square of unbleached muslin (or fine mesh lace for a festive look). The spices must be coarse to prevent them from escaping the bag. Tie the cloth up securely with thread, and drop it in the pot with cinnamon sticks. Bring close to boil; remove from heat.

Leave spices in to steep. If you desire a redder color, add the red hots candy. This punch can be served hot or cold. It serves many, many kender.





The Jetties' Fish Wraps

This recipe is from an inn in the town of Flotsam on the Blood Sea of Istar.

- 1/2 pound thin fish fillets (less than 1/4 inch thick)
- 1 to 2 shallots, sliced thin
- 2 to 4 water chestnuts, sliced thin
- 3 tablespoons butter, melted
- 3 tablespoons dried breadcrumbs
- 1 teaspoon parsley flakes
- 1/4 teaspoon basil

Butter two 8-ounce baking dish molds. Line each dish with fish fillets, leaving fillets hanging over edge. Place a layer of sliced shallots along the bottom. Place a layer of water chestnut slices over the shallots.

Mix butter, breadcrumbs, and seasonings together. Sprinkle half of mixture into each dish over water chestnuts. Place another layer of water chestnut slices over breadcrumb mixture. Top with a layer of shallot slices.

Fold fish fillets over stuffing. Place molds in a pan of hot water about 1/2 inch to 1 inch deep. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes.

Remove fish wraps from mold by turning the pan over onto a serving plate and prying gently with a fork. Serve with clarified butter and lemon juice. Serves 2.



Tika's Stewed Woodchuck

These critters can be whistled up out of their burrows. Cursed with a kender's curiosity, wood-

chucks will pop their heads out of their homes to investigate. Of course, it takes an elven sharpshooter to get one in the head. Woodchuck meat has the flavor and consistency of delicate turkey dark meat, although it is not as heavy. When properly prepared, it isn't "gamy," and it makes fantastic sandwiches with mushrooms and cheese.

- 1 woodchuck, cleaned (15 to 20 pounds)
- baking soda
- 2 pinches rosemary
- 2 pinches thyme
- 2 pinches oregano
- 3 juniper berries, crushed
- 3 large red potatoes
- 4 carrots
- 2 parsnips
- 3 medium onions
- palmful of parsley flakes
- sprig of celery leaves

Make sure all the little fat pockets under the legs are scraped away from the carcass and discarded.

Fill large dutch oven 3/4 full of water. Add handful of baking soda; bring to near boiling; remove meat, discard water, and rinse dutch oven well with hot water. Follow this procedure a second time to rid the meat of any additional fat.

Fill dutch oven 1/2 full of water. Rub woodchuck with salt and pepper, and gently put it in the pan (water should nearly cover meat). Add other spices, and stir gently to make sure all of the meat gets moistened with broth. Cover and cook over low heat for about 4 hours.

Peel all vegetables but potatoes. Scrub potatoes and remove any eyes. Cut vegetables into large chunks (bigger than bite-size). Add to stew and cook 1 hour, until woodchuck slides easily from the bone. Remove meat.

Serve hot, with broth, vegetables, and white and yellow cheese on the side. Serves 4 (unless Caramon is dining).

**Otik's Savory Squash (or Yams)**

- 1 large winter squash (or 3 to 4 large yams)
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup brown sugar
- 7 slices tart apple, unpeeled
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine (optional)
- ground cinnamon
- ground thyme
- 4 to 5 pats butter or margarine

Butter bottom of a glass baking dish or large loaf pan. Peel and cut squash or yams into bite-size pieces; spread $\frac{1}{2}$ in baking dish. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ the brown sugar, then spread the rest of the squash over the top and sprinkle with remaining sugar. Arrange the apple slices over the top. Break butter pats over apples. Sprinkle with wine; be sure it soaks through the squash. Sprinkle with cinnamon and thyme.

Cover dish with foil and bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 60 minutes or until tender. Mash squash or yams, or serve as is. This dish is excellent topped with crisp, crumbled bacon. Serves 2 to 4, depending on size of squash.

**Otik's Spiced Fried Potatoes**

- 1 pound potatoes (any kind)
- 3 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 to 2 dashes cayenne

Scrub potatoes, and remove any eyes. Chop into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes with skins. Melt butter in frying pan (traditionally an iron skillet), and heat until sizzling. Add cayenne to butter; stir. Place potatoes in butter and fry until crisp; stir occasionally. Add onion and fry 1 more minute. Serve hot, salted to taste. Serves 2 to 4.

**Kender Granny Bread**

This cake-bread is traditionally baked in a large, fluted pan shaped like the full skirts worn by grannies. (Remarkable how much granny could hide under those skirts . . .)

- 3 packages dry yeast
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water sweetened with 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 cup milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 9 egg yolks
- 3 whole eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound confectioner's sugar
- 2 ounces whiskey
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound white raisins (optional)

Crumbs:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar

Dissolve yeast into water by pouring in gently so each new layer becomes wet and sinks. Let sit for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, heat milk with butter until melted. Transfer to large bowl and beat in sugar. Add egg yolks, then whole eggs a few at a time. Add cream, sugar, whiskey, and vanilla; stir well. Blend in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour until smooth, then yeast mixture. Add remaining $1 \frac{1}{2}$ cups flour and raisins; stir until batter leaves sides of bowl.

Turn batter onto floured surface, but do not scrape batter from sides or wash bowl (both are needed later). Knead dough until smooth, an exhausting step best assigned to strong, active kender grandchildren. Place dough in fresh greased bowl and turn over once. Cover bowl and place in warm, draft-free area until dough is doubled.



Add crumb ingredients to bowl containing remaining dough. Scrape sides of bowl and cut butter and batter into flour and sugar. Let stand at least 15 minutes, then break into crumbs.

When bread dough has doubled, punch down and knead for 5 minutes more. Divide dough and place in lightly greased pans. Sprinkle top of batter with crumbs, and pat them into the dough slightly. Let dough rise again until doubled.

Bake at 350 degrees; 30 minutes for loaf pans, 45 for "granny skirt" pans. Test for doneness with a toothpick. Makes 4 loaves, or 2 granny skirts.



Lord Amothus's Yule Sour Cream Walnut Cake

A Palanthian specialty, these cakes are given away at the royal palace during Yule.

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 pint sour cream
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 2 cups flour
- 7 walnut halves, whole

Topping:

- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 cup sugar

Mix topping ingredients; set aside. Cream butter and sugar; mix in eggs and vanilla, then sour cream. Sift together flour, soda, and baking powder; fold into butter mixture until smooth.

Pour 1/3 of batter into a greased, lightly floured tube pan. Sprinkle top of batter in pan with 1/3 topping mixture. Repeat procedure 2 more times. Decoratively arrange walnut halves on top of batter, sinking them slightly.

Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 60 minutes. Cake is done when no batter sticks to toothpick or thin knife. Test frequently toward end of time to avoid over-baking.

Let cake pan cool on racks. When comfortable to touch, flip pan over and gently ease cake out. Flip cake over again onto cooling rack so that the walnuts are on top. Cool before removing to serving tray. Serve by the slice.



Dwarven Tide-Me-Overs

These meatballs can be served as a meal on a bed of noodles. The dwarves often set them out in the center of a table during long meetings (such as war councils) that seem to drag on forever. When in need of sustenance, each dwarf spears a meatball with his knife. If the war council is going well, there are few instances of dwarves spearing their neighbors with their knives. It might be advisable for the less adventurous to use toothpicks, however.

Meatballs:

- 2 pounds ground beef
- 1 pound ground veal
- 2 pounds ground pork (cave pig recommended for its flavor)
- 1 12-ounce can evaporated milk
- 1 cup oatmeal
- 3 cups dried breadcrumbs
- 3 eggs
- 2 teaspoons dehydrated onions
- 1 teaspoon dried parsley flakes
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 teaspoon white pepper
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 12 ounces water or milk

Coating:

- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups dried breadcrumbs

Gravy:

- 1 16-ounce can commercial gravy
- 2 10-ounce cans cream of mushroom soup
- 1 pint sour cream
- 3 ounces sherry (if you haven't got dwarf spirits)

In a large bowl, mix all meatball ingredients thoroughly. Add milk or water to empty evaporated milk can to rinse it out; add enough of this liquid to meat mixture to make it sticky.

Form mixture into walnut-size balls. Roll balls into blended coating mixture. Place coated balls on lightly greased cookie trays. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Combine gravy mix and mushroom soup together, and heat it until boiling. Turn heat low, and add sour cream a little at a time, blending completely with a whisk. Add sherry last. Simmer until hot.

Arrange meatballs in a chafing dish, and pour gravy over them; spear with toothpicks. Makes approximately 200 meatballs.



Kapusta and Kelbassi (Sauerkraut and Sausage)

Unbeknownst to some, the inns between Solace and Gateway do serve nourishment other than dwarf spirits, even in such out-of-the-way places as the Cracked Mug. Kapusta and Kelbassi can be kept hot all day and dished out to weary travelers attracted by its aroma.

Kapusta:

- 1 pound meaty pork bones (equal to 1 pound spare ribs or other meaty bones)
- 4 pounds canned or frozen commercial sauerkraut
- 1 head (2 pounds) cabbage, shredded
- 1/4 cup sugar

- 2 pints beer
- 2 pounds onions, chopped
- 1 pound fatty bacon, diced

In frying pan, fry bacon until almost black; add onions and continue frying until everything is black. Set aside.

Mix bones, sauerkraut, cabbage, sugar, and 1 pint beer in large pot. Heat until juices begin to boil, then lower heat until mixture is simmering. Stir bacon and onions into cabbage mixture. Simmer at least 2 hours, adding more beer as needed to keep cabbage from drying out and sticking to bottom of the pot (though a little blackened cabbage stirred up from the bottom adds more flavor). Add chunks of kelbassi (below), and keep it warm until served.

Kelbassi (fresh)

For every pound of lean ground pork:

- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon black pepper
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 cup water

Crush garlic; mix in water with salt and pepper. Add to ground pork and mix thoroughly by hand. Place in refrigerator or cellar overnight, mixing occasionally (at least 3 more times).

Stuff chilled meat mixture into hog casings, pricking out air bubbles with a clean, sharp sewing needle, forcing meat into spaces. Casings with holes large enough for sausage to leak out should not be used. Knot ends of casings close to sausage. Cook sausage in boiling water for 45 minutes, or freeze raw in tightly wrapped packages. Thaw in refrigerator before boiling.

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