

FORGOTTEN REALMS®

Game Resources

P

layers

F

from the
faithful



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]



Prayers from The Faithful

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In memory of

Denis Haiden Sharpley

(1901/1996)

Because kind men are the truly great ones.

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Table of Contents

Introduction..	3
Holy Magic.....	4
The Argyr.....	6
Balance of Belarus.....	9
The Black Book.....	12
Book of Fangs and Talons.....	15
Chanting Chain.....	18
Crystrum of Tranquility.....	22
Flame of the Spirit.....	25
The Glarathra.....	29
Gorothir's Girdle.....	32
Helm of Helm.....	37
Key of Faith.....	41
Lash of Loviatar.....	44
Leaves of Green.....	49
Mask of Mysteries.....	54
Mighty Rune of the Master.....	59
The Moonweb.....	63
The Orglara.....	67
Sash of Sune.....	73
Scepter of Mystra.....	77
Silver Supplicant.....	84
Testament of Vraer.....	89
Tome of the Morning.....	93
Tome of Torment.....	100
Veloghon of Vigilance.....	106
Vorthryn's Archvir.....	108
Wythyndle's Round Book.....	113
Yornar's Trail Companion.....	117
Appendix I: Common Spells.....	121
General Spells.....	121
Emerald Enclave Spells.....	126
Appendix II: Spell Index.....	128

Index by Deity

Auril:	Silver Supplicant.....	84
Azuth:	Vorthryn's Archvir.....	108
Beshaba:	The Black Book.....	12
Chauntea:	The Glarathra.....	29
Deneir:	Mighty Rune of the Master.....	59
Eldath:	Crystrum of Tranquility.....	22
Gond:	The Argyr.....	6
Helm:	Helm of Helm.....	37
Ilmater:	Tome of Torment.....	100
Kelemvor:	Testament of Vraer.....	89
Lathander:	Tome of Morning.....	93
Loviatar:	Lash of Loviatar.....	44
Malar:	Book of Fangs and Talons.....	15
Mask:	Mask of Mysteries.....	54
Mielikki:	Yornar's Trail Companion.....	117
Milil:	Wythyndle's Round Book.....	113
Mystra:	Scepter of Mystra.....	77
Oghma:	Key of Faith.....	41
Selûne:	The Moonweb.....	63
Shar:	Gorothir's Girdle.....	32
Silvanus:	Leaves of Green.....	49
Sune:	Sash of Sune.....	73
Talos:	Chanting Chain.....	18
Torm:	Veloghon of Vigilance.....	106
Tymora:	Flame of the Spirit.....	25
Tyr:	Balance of Belarus.....	9
Umberlee:	The Orglara.....	67





Introduction

It is the nature of even the most devout beings, if they possess an ounce of courage or intellect, to need to know more and better prayers to serve their deity (or deities, for there are many who serve more than one divine name). Some prayers may be simple words or rituals designed to bring about closer contact with a deity, to acquire for the petitioner better guidance, a more fulfilling and awesome reverence, or to increase the likelihood that the deity will grant the petitioner's desires and requests. To fully anointed priests, those who employ magic in holy services, the most desired entreaties are those that awaken new magical effects to holy service.

Here, *True Seekers*, is a book full of them. Mages strive by experimentation, guesswork, and often arrogant and dangerous invention to further their personal goals, often seeking selfish and even irresponsible special powers. Priests, on the other hand, succeed only through diligent service to their divine protectors. So if the eyes of unbelievers should chance to fall upon the divine mysteries herein, it will avail them but little, for no creature, not even the most exalted priest, receives the powers of these prayers without divine approval. Some deities are known to be capricious (or rather, beyond mortal predictability and understanding). These gods may refuse to bestow spells seemingly at random or to alter the magics gained by praying priests (sometimes without the faithful clergy becoming aware of it until the magic is unleashed). Certain deities have been known to empower nonpriests with divine magic in moments or situations critical to their personal goals.

Still, priesthoods tend to be secretive by nature, and most High Exalted (for so many of us refer collectively to the senior or leading clergy of all the faiths) will not regard this collection and open distribution of prayers favorably. To them I say only, abide, hold to serenity and patience, and come to see the good side of this work. Understand the inspiration that it can bestow upon those who have not yet declared to your faith, but dream of serving the divine purpose. Moreover, the secrets of all the major faiths included herein are equally violated, no one priesthood gains an advantage over others by these revelations. Your own prayers in this book cannot be used by your enemies of other faiths, unless the one whom you follow deems the result a good one.

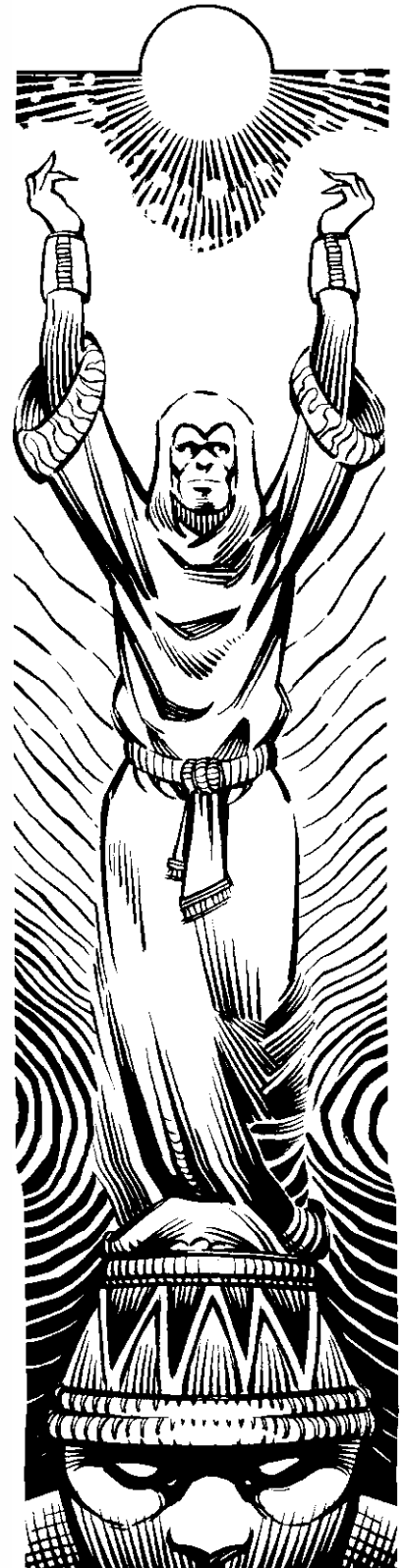
So where is the harm then, in the airing of truth? These pages give the lesser devout powers to strive for and adventurers holy writings to seek. Now, these things, as the gods know best, do rather less harm as found treasures than the unsleeping, long-chained beasts heroes all too often release, or the gold customarily seized at great perils, only to be carelessly spent. Moreover, all of the gods desire their worship and knowledge spread across Faerûn, and so newly discovered holy books tend to wander, remaining in one owner's hands only briefly.

So read, as I have, of the wonders of the books here cataloged, mysteries upon mysteries, well beyond the few allowed to the followers of one faith—and exult in the color, inventiveness, energy, and sheer splendor of the magics the divine powers allow the mortals of Faerûn to wield.

For too long the powers of the priests have been shrouded in secrecy; those same clergy are ridiculed, feared, or shunned by other folk. Feast your eyes upon powers long hidden and know the real might of the priests of the true gods.

And yet, be you a humble peasant or a lone and lofty high-cowled Overpriest of your faith, remember always that the gods first granted mighty magic to the lowest of their servants, valuing devotion above all else.

You look upon the fruit of long, unstinting service, and of brave entreaties made before the awesome faces of deities—a treasure beyond price, assembled that all might taste the glory of the gifts mortals may win. You hold in your hands a choice selection of prayers from the faithful.





May the good favor of your deity accompany you as you turn these pages. And to those who do not wish me well for what I have done in revealing the mysteries herein, be aware that the hands of three defend me against hostilities—I stand within the shielding shadows of Lathander, Mystra, and Oghma. I regret nothing.

Sambranna Highstar, Seer of the Revealing Light
Set down at the Well of the Fallen,
in ruined Myth Drannor
This 12th night of Ches in the Year of the Banner



Note to Dungeon Masters

The discerning reader may notice instances in this work where the fictitious “holy books” described herein offer priestly characters certain spells of spheres or spells concerned with specific subjects normally denied to them. In all such cases, the special spells presented in these books are deemed to be divine exceptions to the doctrines of the faith, and to be freely usable by all priests (of the proper levels, of course) of the faith to which the book is dedicated.

Also, the unique spells contained in these “books” are considered religion-specific spells. Unless the DM makes an exception or an exception is noted, only priests (clerics, specialty priests, druids, mystics, crusaders, or shamans) of a particular faith that the holy book is dedicated to are allowed to cast these spells.

Holy Magic

This sourcebook details a few notorious “missing” tomes of priest spells. They tend to be shorter, and to contain more interesting, “adventurous” spells than the “books of the vault” kept in most temples. What follows is meant to aid the





Dungeon Master in dealing with temple tomes. These volumes are far more numerous and far more frequently consulted on a daily basis than the unique books presented hereafter.

Books of The Vault

When determining the spell contents of a temple tome, the DM should always select specific magic with campaign balance (and deity portfolios) in mind, never determine spells randomly. These prayers can be drawn from the *Player's Handbook*, the *Tome of Magic, Faiths & Avatars*, and *Powers & Pantheons* sourcebooks and this text.

Typically, a temple tome holds 2d6+10 spells. The book will be carefully preserved and guarded, either hidden away in an inner (or concealed) chamber or displayed on an elevated reliquary where anyone trying to reach it can be seen by ever-watching eyes. If the alignment and outlook of the clergy concerned allows, such “display copies” of books are often worthless replicas, the true tomes kept safely elsewhere. For how such books are guarded, refer to *Getting to See a Holy Book*, below.

As demonstrated by the volumes detailed elsewhere in these pages, holy books may take many different forms, but the general outline of their contents rarely varies from the following order: An opening prayer or invocation to the deity (not a spell), a detailed ritual of offering to the god, a specific “new” ritual (or modification of a known ritual) to accomplish some specific purpose (for instance, the driving out of vermin from temple precincts or a faster way to learn from the deity a name for a lay person to assume upon becoming a priest). The layout typically continues with a collection of prayers (spells), often arranged in order of ascending level (for the safety of novices examining the book). A closing prayer (not a spell) of praise to the deity, perhaps with drawings of approved holy symbols, designs, or glyphs concludes the text.

Some temple tomes are typically made of rich or very durable materials, with an appearance designed to impress, while others are constructed with no thought given to appearance, but of materials that should last through the ages. A typical tome of the first sort is a tooled, gilt-lettered binding made from the hide of some exotic beast. (This is often a monster whose identification alone can impress the devout: “Bound in the throat scales of the most powerful red dragon Faerûn has ever known!”) A book of the latter type might be covered in crude slate and have stamped, *everbright*-treated metal pages, its title carved into the covers.

It should be noted that more than one of the tomes in this book is rumored to change in appearance “by itself” (due to enchantments) over time and that many holy spellbooks

have been altered by various owners, some several times. This seldom occurs with books of the vault (tradition and reverence being highly valued in most temples and monasteries), but should never be dismissed as a possibility. The old adage “never judge a book by its cover” holds true in Faerûn as elsewhere—although most adventurers, of course, have no choice but to do so.

Although the true books of the vault (as opposed to enchanted *manuals* and *librams*, like those in the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide*) rarely do harm or grant boons upon those who read them or just turn their pages—sometimes just touching a holy book can unleash magical effects.

The most common of these are alignment-specific *glyphs of warding*. Many holy communities take great pride in crafting their own glyphs (with divine approval, of course). The DM is encouraged to create variants of the glyphs from the *Player's Handbook*, page 86 of *Pages from the Mages*, and in *Appendix I: Common Priest Spells* in this book. Most such magics take immediate effect on those of the wrong alignment (or the wrong race or even temple rank) who touch a protected tome. Glyphs are usually worked into the cover ornamentation so as not to be immediately obvious. Clearly seen symbols are often “dummy glyphs” designed to waste the spells and time of intruders. Some glyphs, however, are hidden “under” false “holy runes” or real spell writings on an interior page of a protected book.

Getting To See a Holy Book

Those who wish to examine a temple tome legitimately, rather than seizing one through violence, usually face a lot of expense and delicate negotiations, and perhaps the performance of difficult or humiliating services for the priesthood. Priests who judge supplicants usually drive hard bargains with those who are extreme in their desire to study a book. Supplicants of other faiths are willing to pay higher fees. If they are of a faith that is not at least cordial to that of the clergy holding the text, all requests to see a tome will be refused. The temple may, however, sell scrolls of specific spells from a tome for very stiff fees.

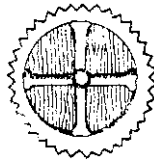
In all cases, the clergy of the temple will insist on guarding the book while it is examined. The guardian priests being equipped with enough magic to crush any attempt to steal or damage the book. They may accompany the unveiling of the book with high ritual, lots of chanting, and public drama—ruining any chances for a supplicant's anonymity.

On a normal daily basis, temple tomes are usually hidden in closely guarded inner rooms, and tend to sport spell-linked monstrous guardians—beasts whose natural powers do not inadvertently damage the books they are guarding.





The Argyr



This holy tome takes the form of a polished metal cube “about the size and weight of a goodly warhelm” (as the priest Hothlas of Baldur’s Gate put it—in other words, about a foot on a side and about 16 pounds). *The Argyr* is fashioned of spell-guarded adamantine plated with electrum and treated with both *everbright* and *blueshine*. Its surfaces bear a parallel array of six straight bars that stand out in slight relief and are crested at their centers with metal rings. The rings are affixed so they are lying parallel to the sides of the cube, rather than projecting out from it. As might be expected, these are finger-pulls that allow a user to pull the bars (actually the reinforced ends of thin, coiled sheets of metal), out of the cube for examination. A single spell is engraved on each one.

The pulls are magically locked and the only way to open them is for a single being to touch a pull-ring with a bare finger and whisper or speak the Six Secret Names of Gond, in the correct order, thus: Arnaglaerus, Balateng, Daerosdaeros, Klannauda, Mrangor, and Tattaba. Any other attempts to pull on a ring or to open, strike, or use spells on the cube causes it to emit *chain lightning* (starting at 9d6 strength, sent to the source of the disturbance), and then dimension door the cube away in a random direction, leaving anyone or any item touching it behind.

The magical defenses of the cube cause it to “heal” itself of any crushing, corrosive, or electrical damage it may take (all other forms of attack fail utterly). For one day after taking such damage, *The Argyr* will not function, it cannot open, but it does not hurl lightning or move away from anyone attempting to open it correctly until the damage is removed. Knowledge of this property can, of course, be used to keep the cube useless by repeatedly damaging it.

Just such a tactic was employed by the Dark Cleric Othorgor, a servant of Bhaal who dwelt in Tashluta some 400 years ago. This was the time when word of *The Argyr* (evidently fashioned secretly somewhere in Lantan, earlier) first surfaced. The Bhaalists had apparently found no safe way to reach the island realm of Lantan, to spread murder among its inhabitants for the greater glory of Bhaal, and so they hit upon this scheme for luring devout Lantanna into their clutches on the mainland. The cube was seized from a newly established, covert temple of Gond in Calimport, during a raid in which the Bhaalists slaughtered all of the clergy and desecrated their temple. It was borne away to Murder Hall, an unused castle outside Tashluta that the Bhaalists had modified into a huge trap. They took great delight in using its pitfalls, captive monsters, and “shooting gallery” gauntlets to slay all the Gondsmen who, goaded by taunting messages sent by Othorgor, came seeking *The Argyr*. This practice continued for some seasons, and amassed an impressive body-count. Then the Griffons Away adventuring band of Baldur’s Gate (none of whom worshiped Gond) took on the Hall as a challenge. They slaughtered Othorgor, and spirited the cube (along with several wagon loads of temple magic and riches) away to their citadel—which promptly became a pressing destination for every Bhaalist in Faerûn. Within eight winters, the Griffons were all dead. (However, there are recurring rumors that a young sorceress among them managed to escape into the city sewers where she exists to this day as an insane, creeping drowned undead thing.) Griffonsroost Hall was torn apart stone by stone by the Bhaalists searching for the holy artifact known as the *Wandering Knife* (said to have been used to work murder by Bhaal himself), and *The Argyr*. Neither was ever found in the city, though both have since surfaced briefly in the Sword Coast lands before being lost from sight again. The *Cube of Gond* was last reported in the possession of the sage and collector Maerltyl of Murann—before the strange attack upon his mansion by scores of gargoyles, who tore both Maerltyl and his home apart, and took away all they did not destroy. The gargoyles vanished into the depths of the Forest of Tethir, and have not been seen since (some believe they went through a gate there that took them to another plane, or at least to a distant corner of Toril).





In recent seasons, vivid visions of *The Argyr*, always depicted as floating somewhere above a stone table or natural slab, in an anonymous place, backlit by eerie radiance, have begun to appear above altars consecrated to Gond during temple rituals. Many of the faithful have taken this as a sign from Gond that the cube must now be sought out and recovered at all costs.

The mercenary adventurer Hadrar “Hawkblade” Bruynniss claims to have actually held *The Argyr* for a few moments last spring, in the crumbling room of an underground complex beneath the southernmost trees of the Forest of Tethir. The room collapsed during a battle against wights, and Hadrar lost the cube during his frantic escape. So many beasts came to the surface from the shattered underways that the Hawkblade is convinced the place now lies open to the surface, for those who know where to look.

Anyone who finds *The Argyr* will, according to an ancient priest of Gond, Allard Faerglon, whose writings as Keeper of Records in the vanished temple of Gond in Zazesspur survive today in Candlekeep, command the following spells:

From one surface: *Command, detect snares & pits, find traps, heat metal, light, produce flame.*

On a second: *Call lightning, continual light, dispel magic, divine purpose* (a spell detailed below), *locate object, warp wood.*

The third yields: *Blade barrier, meld into stone, repair* (detailed below), *snare, tongues, water walk.*

The fourth contains: *Control temperature 10' radius, heal, protection from lightning, regenerate, understand device* (detailed below), *wall of fire.*

The patriarch of Gond in Chessenta, the learned Uthlan “Wonderseeker” Abardreth, recently reported the finding of a scroll of anonymous authorship in an ancient Gondar cache in Turmish—a scroll whose veracity cannot, of course, be tested without possession of *The Argyr*.

The scroll states that if all the metal “pages” are pulled out of the cube and the secret names of Gond are again uttered (in correct, alphabetical order), an additional hidden spell appears in “letters of light” atop the back of one of the pages, a spell that appears elsewhere in Gondsmen holy libraries (the one in *The Argyr* may vary slightly from what is given here): the *first of Gond*.

The rare Gondsmen spells found in *The Argyr* (and nowhere else outside Lantan, it seems) are as follows:

Divine Purpose

(Divination)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Divination
Range:	0
Components:	S, M
Duration:	Instantaneous
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	None

This spell helps the caster to discern or “divine” the purpose of a found item, even if it is broken or only a part of it can be examined. The caster must establish direct flesh-to-item contact with both the mystery item (which may be of any size, but must be solid, not a gaseous cloud, illusion, or visual effect) and his holy symbol, then utter a specific prayer. Neither the item nor holy symbol is consumed or altered by the spell. Through divine guidance, the caster may glimpse a vision of what the mystery item once was a part of, or how it is used or functions. Whether or not the spell succeeds, it drains 1 hit point from the caster (which can readily be regained through rest or magical healing).

The chance of learning something about an item has a base of 1% per level of the caster, plus 1% per point of the caster’s Wisdom, plus 5% if the item was made by beings of the same race as the caster, plus 10% if the item is or was wholly nonmagical in its functioning (not necessarily in its making), plus 10% if the item performs a function or has an end effect similar to one personally familiar to the caster. (For example: If the caster has shod horses, an unfamiliar smithy tool concerned with horseshoes would gain this modifier.)

The DM must determine how clear or extensive is the vision gained. This spell is very good at showing the nearby location (if such exists) where an item was used or allied items lie, but it is very poor at showing the identities of past users of an item. A priest can only work divine purpose on a given item once; subsequent attempts on anything always result in failure.

The material component of this spell is the priest’s holy symbol.





Repair

(Alteration)

Level: 5
Sphere: Creation
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: One item
Saving Throw: Special

This spell creates and correctly places a replacement part for an item equal in strength, material, dimensions, and sturdiness to what the original was when new. It can only be cast on items or assemblies of items that the caster is able to touch at least some part of, and which require only the addition of a single missing piece (of any size, from a pin-sized hinge to a castle door or portcullis). The caster must understand what is missing or broken and concentrate on the desired wholeness as the spell is cast, touching what is to be repaired and simultaneously holding next to his skin a clear or translucent gemstone crystal (natural, uncut) of any sort or value. The crystal is consumed as the spell takes effect, even if the *repair* attempt ends in failure. When a repair is attempted, the caster must make two saving throws vs. spell. If both fail, the spell has no effect. If both succeed, a permanent, “good as new” repair is crafted and the caster loses 2d4 points—damage that can readily be regained by healing or magical means. If only one saving throw succeeds, there is no hit point loss, but a temporary *repair* comes into being. The item must save vs. crushing blow 1 turn after the spell takes effect, and at the end of each turn thereafter—failure means the “repair” has broken. After 24 hours have passed all temporary repairs automatically break. Missing parts replaced by this spell break, but do not vanish.

Fist of Gond

(Evocation)

Level: 6
Sphere: Combat
Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 6 rounds
Casting Time: 9
Area of Effect: The caster’s arm
Saving Throw: None

This spell temporarily augments the might and hardness of one of the caster’s arms, encasing it in an invisible field of

force and raising its Strength to 22. The caster’s muscles and joints are magically bolstered so they are not torn when blows from the *fist of Gond* land. Such blows can punch through armor and stone alike, dealing 1d4+10 points of damage, striking at a +4 attack bonus, and forcing saving throws vs. crushing blow on all items they hit.

The material components of a *fist of Gond* spell are a cube of solid adamantine not less than 1 inch on a side and a diamond of not less than 500 gp value.

Understand Device

(Divination)

Level: 7
Sphere: Divination
Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 2 turns
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster to learn, in detail and with complete understanding, the purpose and operation of any device (even those that are fragmented, disguised, or magical). The spell reveals their words of activation (if any), perils, traps and triggers, how the device was made and how it should be maintained, whether or not it has been moved or modified since its construction, and if it is complete. The names and natures of any substances, fuels, or spells necessary to operate the device are also revealed. The caster is instantly aware of exactly how to operate the device (though precision in its use, like riding a horse, requires practice).

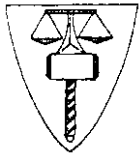
To successfully cast this spell, a priest must touch some part of the device to be examined, though it may be far from the main workings of the assembly. (For example: Touching a trip-wire would enable the priest to learn all about the trap it is meant to trigger.) The magic confers no special protection against the accidental activation of devices caused by the caster’s touch. *Understand device* enables Gondsmen to penetrate many guarded places across Faerûn, both avoiding and improving traps, loading, and transport devices, by borrowing the wisdom of others, even those long dead, of lands now fallen.

The material component of an *understand device* spell is a glass rod melted and blown or twisted into a holy symbol of Gond. The rod is consumed by the spell. (The caster’s personal holy symbol may suffice in a pinch, and it may be of any material so long as it has previously been used in the casting of a spell. Still, the spell consumes it.)





The Balance of Belaros



Fittingly for the God of Justice, this holy “book” appears as a set of bronze scales that hang forever in empty air. Named for their ancient creator, the great “holy smith” Belaros, Mortal Hammer of Tyr, the *Balance* consists of two pans floating beneath a balance beam. The beam is not attached to anything, no chains or other apparatuses link it with the pans, but they float beneath it and cannot be separated from it by any known means, including *wish* spells.

The *Balance* can be freely moved from place to place, however, simply by taking hold of the *Balance* beam and towing it. The actual alloy from which it is made and the magic that protects it are unknown. Reliable witnesses say it has been immersed in acid without apparent ill effect, and has withstood several punishing, explosive spells that tore apart the buildings in which it was housed. It is known that anyone who delivers a physical blow to the *Balance* suffers the same injury (equal damage points) that his blow should have dealt to it—the *Balance* never suffers any apparent damage. It does not seem to weigh anything, either, and has no purpose other than to receive offerings in its pans, making them vanish. In return, if the offerings are deemed fitting (wealth or weapons forcibly taken from miscreants brought to justice by the hand of the offerer are best), the scales produce spell scrolls in the pan opposite the one in which the offerings were placed.

Belaros dwelt somewhere on the coast of the Lake of Steam some 4,000 years ago, and saw some 80-odd winters. When he died in battle, he was known as the “Old Lion of Justice.” He created the *Balance* in his 66th summer, after retreating into seclusion with the mightiest priests of Tyr, on a mountaintop somewhere on the northern border of Turmish, where the mortals met, so believers say, with Grimjaws himself.

The *Balance* was installed in the High Hall of Justice in the now-ruined city of Treshla (which stood due north of where Saelmur is today), where it served the priests of Tyr (known as “the Stalwart”) in their ongoing struggle to bring the rule of law into that region. Their efforts ended in failure in 1101 DR, when Treshla was destroyed by the spells of an aroused colony of beholders who came down out of the Thornwood and destroyed the city, smashing even the stone blocks of its foundations into dust.

The *Balance of Belaros*, of course, survived, floating unnoticed in midair for over a century until a coating of winter ice made it gleam like a low, immobile star as the satrap Ylearyn Glaermauz swooped by on a carpet of *flying*. Glaermauz took possession of the item and conveyed it to his holdings in eastern Calimshan, but it vanished again after trolls slew the satrap and caused his house of many spired towers to burn to the ground.

It next came to the attention of some followers of Tyr in the Masked Marilith, a shop that sold rare and unique treasures in Saerloon, in Sembia. The proprietor of that ill-fated establishment admitted to Tyrran inquisitors that he purchased the *Balance* from an anonymous mage who said he had given up on trying to discover the true powers of the thing. The Masked Marilith and its owner were destroyed by *meteor swarms* shortly thereafter, probably sent by the same privacy-loving mage. The buyer of the *Balance* was a notorious merchant rogue named Luuthateel Dree who was driven by a hunger for immortality and sought to buy any magic that might help him achieve his goal. Tyrran priests offered him a choice between magical *longevity* (the most their powers could grant) and death, but Luuthateel escaped them, reputedly into the Underdark, and the *Balance* vanished again.

It has been seen twice at market fairs in Silvermoon and Berdusk since then, but has never fallen into the hands of the faithful of Tyr. The Tyrrans have gone so far as to accuse the Harpers, brethren who have great influence in both cities, of keeping it from the rightful faith. This accusation has been vigorously denied, and even Lady Cylyria Dragonbreast offered to undergo questioning under *detect lie* spells cast by Holy Justices—a request that was apparently accepted and performed, in privacy, some time ago.





The whereabouts of the “Scales of Tyr” remain a mystery today, but Tyrrans know very well what powers it has. The spells that appear in the *Balance* (one to a scroll and apparently chosen at random, regardless of the prayers or desires of the offerer or any attending clergy, though the same spell never appears twice in a row) come from an established, known roster of spells: *Boon of the god* (a spell detailed below), *call upon faith* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *calm chaos* (Tome of Magic), *combine*, *detect charm*, *detect lie*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *dispel magic*, *draw upon holy might* (Tome of Magic), *emotion read* (Tome of Magic), *fire of justice* (detailed below), *hammer of justice* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *make real* (detailed below), *message mote* (detailed below), *multiple message mote* (detailed below), *personal reading* (Tome of Magic), *remove curse*, *sacred guardian* (Tome of Magic), *speak with animals*, *speak with dead*, *speak with monsters*, *stone tell*, *sword and hammer* (Faiths & Avatars), *tongues*, *true seeing*, and *zone of truth* (Tome of Magic).

Message Mote

(Illusion/Phantasm)

Level: 2
 Sphere: All
 Range: 30 yards
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 1 round
 Casting Time: 5
 Area of Effect: A radiant cloud of no more than 1 cubic foot
 Saving Throw: None

This spell does not take effect until the conditions stated during its casting are met (visual and audible triggers only, as detailed by the caster, like a wizard’s *magic mouth* spell). Any amount of time can elapse between casting and triggering this spell, but the trigger spot for the “hanging,” undischarged magic must be the location of the caster when the *message mote* was cast or an item or object (which may be portable) touched during casting. An undischarged *message mote* cannot be magically detected or dispelled.

Once activated, a *message mote* manifests itself as a twinkling radiance (a single “cloud” of not more than 1 cubic foot in volume) of a hue, shape, and intensity chosen by the caster. It cannot be blinding or even equal to true sunlight, nor can its appearance change during its presentation, but it can mimic the features of a being or an item known to the caster. A *message mote* flies about on a route predetermined by the caster, at up to MV Fl 18 (B), within the stated spell

range. If desired, its movements can convey meaning (for example, pointing out the location of a secret door, keyhole, or hiding place). It can also speak a message of up to 33 words in length. It cannot utter spells, words of activation, or any magical trigger phrases, but it does deliver messages in the voice of the caster, mirroring the volume at which they were delivered during casting. (The caster can, of course, assume an unnatural voice or employ mimicry, and the *message mote* will reproduce that, too.)

Boon of The God

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Level: 4
 Sphere: Combat, Healing
 Range: 0
 Components: V, S
 Duration: Special
 Casting Time: 1 round
 Area of Effect: The caster
 Saving Throw: None

This spell enables its caster to temporarily trade his sight for renewed vitality, and it is usually used by Tyrran clergy only in desperate combat situations. As the last gesture of spell-casting is completed, the caster is instantly restored to unharmed condition, even if previously sorely wounded (hit points and ability scores are restored in full, missing limbs reappear, damaged organs function as if whole, and so on)—but he also goes blind. The boon of healing lasts only for 6 rounds, and the magic allows its recipient to function during that time as if unharmed, without regard for additional, or even fatal, damage being suffered during the time of the boon. When this spell expires, all previous damage returns, and any additional harm taken during the boon is applied to the caster’s body.

Moreover, the total blindness caused by this spell lasts for 1 month per level of the caster unless magically cured. (A *cure blindness* spell applied to an individual during the 6 rounds of an active *boon* automatically fails; only a full *wish* spell can overcome the lack of sight caused by a *boon* during this period.) The recipient of a *boon* spell can drink healing potions and receive healing and other beneficial spells during the boon, and the results of these also apply at the expiration of the *boon*. (They are applied before new or returning damage.)

No helpful or hostile spells short of a *wish* spell cast on a being during the six rounds in which he is “under a boon” can take effect until the *boon* expires. Blind beings suffer a +4 penalty to their Armor Class, a +2 penalty to their initiative





rolls, a -4 penalty to their attack rolls, and a -2 penalty to proficiency checks and saving throws (greater, if the DM judges it appropriate to the situation).

Multiple Message Mote

(Illusion/Phantasm)

Level: 4
Sphere: All
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: A radiant cloud of no more than 1 cubic foot
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a more powerful sort of *message mote* (see above). Its effects are identical to an ordinary *message mote* in all important respects save two.

Though it also appears for only 1 round at a time, it can reappear whenever its triggering conditions are met for as many times as the caster has levels at the time of casting before the magic is exhausted.

A *multiple message mote* is also capable of delivering two different messages: a “general message” of 33 words, and a special, “secondary message” of 16 additional words that are uttered only in the presence of a personal holy symbol of Tyr (in other words, when the beings triggering the mote include a priest of the Just God). The caster has the option of suppressing this second message when within spell range of beings who do not carry holy symbols of Tyr (such as when Tyrran priests are accompanied by nonpriests) or of not using this aspect at all. (Due to these special properties, many *multiple message motes* appear as trap warnings in the secret entry passages of numerous temples.)

Fire of Justice

(Necromancy)

Level: 5
Sphere: Combat
Range: 90 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: One being
Saving Throw: None

This spell can only be cast by a priest of Tyr who has already inflicted some unhealed melee, missile, or magical damage on an intended target. The caster does not have to inflict all of the damage suffered by a victim, a single hit point is sufficient, but the spell fails if this is not done.

The *fire of justice* spell induces internal, corrosive energy surges to occur within the recipient and causes 1d4+1 points of damage per level of the caster to a maximum of 10d4+10 points of damage; undead suffer double damage. Note that this “fire” damage cannot be prevented by natural or magical fire or heat resistance.

The material components of a *fire of justice* spell are a coal that has once been in a fire (it need not be smoldering or even warm) and a drop of holy water consecrated by a priest of Tyr.

Make Real

(Alteration)

Level: 7
Sphere: All
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 2 rounds
Area of Effect: One plant or item
Saving Throw: None

This powerful spell can only be used against nonliving materials or plants (not undead) currently under the effects of other magic (for instance, a stone glowing because a *faerie fire* has been cast upon it). *Make real* alters the nature of the recipient to make a magical effect a permanent part of the object or plant. (A glowing stone would shine forever, and *dispel magic* would only temporarily negate its radiance.) This spell cannot be cast on intelligent or “monster” plants.

If multiple forms of magic are affecting an item, *make real* makes all of them permanent, so this spell can create simple magical items—or rather, items that can pass on contact-related magical effects. Frivolous or alignment-endangering uses of *make real* are not well regarded by Tyr. This spell is intended for use in creating temple items with useful minor magic. (For example: a baton that speaks a *magic mouth* warning when passed by someone bearing magical items who is not wearing a holy symbol of Tyr.) It is also used for visiting “fitting justice” on beings by altering their property.





The Black Book



This volume takes the form of a traditional book, but has different proportions than most: It is four feet tall, but only one foot across. *The Black Book* is bound in the hide of a black dragon, with all of its edges capped in black metal, and has pages of fine white vellum—but it bears enchantments that make it radiate continual darkness for an inch all around itself. Only someone who is touching it can see anything of its contents (for them, the darkness does not exist). Its layout follows the traditional, with the front and back pages bearing the symbol of Beshaba, and the 13 pages between them each bear only a single spell each. The book radiates a (nondamaging) coldness, and whenever it opens, emits a single echoing toll of a deep and distant bell. It smells of fear, seaweed, and death when open—but has no smell at all when closed.

The Black Book first comes to the attention of Faerûnian sages about 360 years ago, and may not be much older than that. The only clue to its authorship is the word (thought by some to be a name) “Rendaunt,” which has been tooled into the surface of the dragonhide covers of the book at the center point of its bottom edge, about a finger thickness in from the metal edging.

Who or what Rendaunt is or was remains a mystery, but there are teachings in the Church of Beshaba that some brilliant and magically gifted mortals gave themselves completely to the service of the Maid of Misfortune in the days after the fall of Myth Drannor, and in return received long (and ultimately tortured) lives—careers that some of them spent crafting magic to the greater glory of Beshaba. This book is one such item of fell power.

There is even a dark rumor that *The Black Book* keeps its creator in existence somewhere as a crumbling demilich by stealing energy from everyone who opens it—and indeed, any living creature must save vs. death magic upon first opening the tome or permanently lose 1 hit point (win or lose, this peril need not be repeated, the first opening of the book is the only time this draining can occur). Undead who open this book must make the same saving throw, success means they suffer 1d4 points of damage, and failure means they are destroyed. Disrupted undead are visibly sucked into the tome, but where their energy goes and how the book disposes of it, are also mysteries. Several Beshaban priests have written of hearing faint, ghostly voices in their heads after studying the book for long periods of time, but there is no record of the tome asserting any control over those who possess or read it.

A Beshaban underpriest named Thalaxas first saw *The Black Book* in a dream-vision bidding him to undertake a holy quest to find it. That striving earned him a casting-out (for his superior did not believe the young acolyte’s tale of the tome) and then exultation: He found the book floating above a blackened, twisted area in ruined Myth Drannor that he later asserted must be the “birthplace” of Beshaba. When Thalaxas returned to his temple in Murpeth with the tome, he was attacked by the upperpriests—but they were destroyed by a black-tentacled manifestation of the goddess, who spoke to all the faithful there, bidding they now revere and obey Thalaxas as her “Servant Supreme” in Faerûn.

Those who obeyed flourished; those who did not soon died in mysterious ways, and the reign of Thalaxas the Tyrant began. He decreed that the temple in Murpeth was “decadent” and abandoned it, striking out into remote places to found new temples of Beshaba. He kept *The Black Book* with him always, and so it moved from place to place as he did. When at last he died in the Battle of Slaughterwyrn (where the newly founded temple of Arlast Halungh was torn apart by a family of blue dragons in 1090 DR; all of the combatants perished save a pair of young dragons), the book was found by the priest Nemmerus, who soon lost it to the ambitious priestess Alass, who feigned love for Nemmerus and then strangled him in their bed. Alass rose to lead the mighty Dark Horns temple in the Snowflake Mountains (she is still said to roam its ruined halls and caverns as





a lich), but an orc horde sacked the proud Seat of Beshaba in 1117 DR, and *The Black Book* was lost.

It has been sought by devout followers of the Maid of Misfortune ever since—followers goaded by tantalizing appearances of the tome in the hands of a succession of crazed human mages whom Beshabans now regard as “creatures mind-touched by Lady Doom” to serve her as a means of testing the mettle of her devotees.

The most famous of these “Wizards of the Tome” was Jaulothan Marlyx, who appeared in the center of Arrabar in 1346 DR accompanied by two beholders, and blasted most of that city to ruins before being destroyed by tanar’ri summoned by desperate local mages. *The Black Book* vanished again in the tumult that followed (when the tanar’ri in turn had to be hunted down and destroyed), but was paraded around at a recent MageFair by a wizard who has not been seen since, Oshalon Drhee—so it still survives, hidden somewhere in Faerûn, bringing danger (if not misfortune) to all who possess it!

According to the temple clerk Evalus of Carragar (another now-vanished Beshaban Temple that stood somewhere north-east of Ormath), the 13 spells in *The Black Book* are as follows: *Cause light wounds*, *creeping doom*, *darkfire* (a spell detailed below), *detect poison*, *dispel magic*, *doomtide* (detailed below), *find traps*, *flame strike*, *free action*, *goad of misfortune* (detailed below), *pass without truce*, *speak with dead*, *spell immunity*, and *whip of woe* (detailed below).

Darkfire

(Necromancy)

Level:	2
Sphere:	Combat, Necromantic
Range:	5 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	Instantaneous
Casting Time:	5
Area of Effect:	One creature
Saving Throw:	None

This spell enables the caster to emit a jet of black flame from his hands or eyes. The flame is oily and cool to the touch and has no effect on flammable materials. It harms only living things, which take damage of 1d4 points plus 1 point per level of the caster to a maximum of 1d4+10 points if the caster is able to touch them directly (successful attack roll required) or half that amount (round up) if they are struck from afar.

Undead are “healed” by *darkfire*, regaining lost hit points equal to the damage the spell does to living things; undead may not gain extra hit points by means of *darkfire* applications, but appli-

cation of this spell can knit together severed undead body parts, restoring them to a functioning whole (an arm could be reattached to a skeleton, for example). The parts must be brought into contact and properly assembled before the *darkfire* is applied, and the spell must manifest across the breakage. Only one break per level of the caster may be rejoined by this means. Note that severed skeletal limbs often involve multiple bone breakages.

The material component of a *darkfire* spell is a pinch of ash from a cremated mammal.

Doomtide

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Combat, Guardian
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	6 rounds
Casting Time:	7
Area of Effect:	Eight 10' x 10' cubes (8,000 cubic feet)
Saving Throw:	Special

This spell creates a black, creeping mist filling a maximum area of eight 10-foot by 10-foot cubes. It forms directly in front of the caster, who may choose to make it stationary or direct it to move away from him at a rate of 3 yards per round. (Once this choice is made, it cannot be altered.) *Doomtides* are destroyed by *dispel magic* spells, *magical gusts of wind*, and any magic that affects vapors; they are unaffected by natural winds (even if extremely violent).

A *doomtide* has no effect on the caster and (if the caster desires) one other being who touches the caster during spell-casting—all others who enter it see hundreds of long, slender black tentacles coiling and reaching for them.

These menaces are illusory, but the mists do have some real effects: All missile and other aimed attacks (including spells) are at -4 on attack rolls due to the visual confusion, all creatures suffer a -4 initiative penalty, and beings of less than 7th level or 7 Hit Dice must make a saving throw vs. spell for each round in which they are in contact with a *doomtide* or do nothing for that round (seemingly dazed and unaware of their surroundings). To the caster and the other lone protected being, the *doomtide* appears as a faint coloration in the air, and it offers no obstacle to vision.

The material components of a *doomtide* spell are a pinch of soot from any fire, a piece of eel skin (or an eel, which may be alive or dead, whole or partial), and a piece of string, thread, or cord (anything flexible and organic will serve) tied into at least three knots.





Whip of Woe

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	Up to three creatures 3 feet or less away or one creature from over 3 feet to 10 feet away
Saving Throw:	Special

This spell creates a weightless, spectral glistening black whip of magical force extending from one of the caster's hands. It does not actually have to be grasped and leaves the hand free to conduct other spellcasting or activities. To call on its lashing powers, however, the caster cannot wield other weapons or work other spells in the same round.

A *whip of woe* can strike creatures up to 10 feet distant (successful attack roll required) and can lash out once per round at a single target being. If used to slash at creatures within 3 feet of the caster, it can hit up to three beings (both attacks cannot be performed in the same round).

The lash of a *whip of woe* inflicts 2d4 points of damage against one creature. Struck victims must also save vs. spell at -2 or automatically fail all saving throws and ability checks they may need to make in the next round.

The slash attack of a *whip of woe* can attack up to three extremely close target creatures, always strikes first in a round, and deals 1d4 points of damage. Struck victims must save vs. spell and make a Strength check. If the saving throw fails, a target being drops any carried weapons and cannot launch an attack with them until the next round regardless of how quickly they are recovered. If the Strength check fails, the victim reels back from the whip, limbs trembling, and staggers at least 10 feet away from the caster (unless the situation makes this movement impossible)—but is free to act normally during the next round.

The material component of a *whip of woe* is a human hair that has been anointed with a drop of holy water on a consecrated altar of Beshaba.

Goad of Misfortune

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	0 or 5 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	15 rounds
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	Creature struck or the first being to enter a 10' × 10' × 20' area
Saving Throw:	M or None

This spell creates a hooked metal rod 4 feet in length, similar in appearance to an elephant goad, although it has no blade or sharp point. A *goad of misfortune* functions in all respects as an iron footman's mace, except that it inflicts 4d4 points of damage per blow (save for half).

It can be set aside to free the caster's hands for doing other things (such as unrelated spellcasting), but vanishes instantly, ending the spell, if touched by a being other than the caster unless the caster is also in direct contact with it.

A *goad of misfortune* forces "crushing blow" item saving throws on any armor, weapons, or items it is used specifically against (that is, its wielder tries to harm *the item* and not its wearer or carrier, or the item is successfully used to parry a goad attack). Whenever such a goad deals damage to a creature, its wielder is healed of 2 points of damage (but cannot gain "extra" points in this fashion, even temporarily).

An attack that deals damage to a being also empowers the goad to *dimension door* itself and its wielder (as the wizard spell, but with a 90-yard maximum distance and no recovery time necessary). This power vanishes if not used within 1 turn of the attack that enabled it. Successful multiple attacks can build up multiple *dimension door* trips to a maximum of three, which the caster can use later or even in succession, so long as a full turn does not elapse between the strike and teleportation.

When created, a *goad of misfortune* normally coalesces in the hand of its caster. The spell range refers to an alternative version of this spell in which the goad is rendered invisible and set above a specific spot (typically a doorway or over a chair). It hangs in midair, waiting to strike any being except the caster who enters its 10-foot by 10-foot by 20-foot high area of activation. It attacks only once, striking with the caster's THAC0 and dealing 4d4 points of damage (no saving throw). This form of the goad has none of the additional powers possessed by the caster-wielded form.

The material component of a *goad of misfortune* is an iron rod of at least the length of the caster's arm and the thickness of his thumb, which has been forged, shattered, and then reformed again. It is consumed in the casting.





The Book of Fangs and Talons



This tome looks more like a trapper's bundle than a book. It is large and untidy, a bulging rectangle that trails claws and strips of hide and smells of beast-musk and old death. On closer examination, it is a book of heavy vellum pages clasped between two slabs of sea-turtle shell and covered with an assortment of furs and strips of scaled hide from all manner of mountain, forest, and sea creatures. The binding is adorned and clasped shut with a variety of fangs and talons, no doubt renewed and augmented from time to time by faithful Malarites in blood ceremonies.

The interior of the book follows the classic format of one spell to a page, and there are 17 pages. The volume has no frontispiece or title page, but does boast a marking ribbon of cured and oiled red dragon tongue, stamped with the dripping claw device of Malar. The materials of which the tome is constructed would normally have perished entirely long since. Preservative magic (of unknown numbers and natures) must protect the volume against rot, worms, and mildew.

The *Book of Fangs and Talons* first comes to the attention of the sages of Faerûn when it was found atop Berun's Hill in the Year of the Turning Wheel (937 DR) by the Slow Serpent band of adventurers, laid out flat and held that way by stones. Burnt candles adorned the stones and a circle of blood surrounded the book. Besides this, splashes of gore stood as mute witnesses to the various beasts that were sacrificed. Strangely, nothing was left of them but a single paw or claw from each, arranged around the outside of the circle and pointing inward, at the book. The most disquieting remnant was a human hand mixed in with the rest. Of worshipers, or the rest of the remains, there was no sign.

The Slow Serpents took their find to a learned, local priest of Silvanus, who was baffled. Though he and his kind had no love for the followers of Malar, he was familiar with the general intent and form of their religious services, which involved hunts and beast wrestling with feasts upon the fallen. Nothing in his experience, however, was as bloodthirsty or wide-ranging in terms of numbers and types of beasts slain at a single observance as this.

Notes in his daybook tell us that the priest considered the book at least 20 seasons old at this time (probably more) and that he entertained three possibilities about the ritual. The first, he said, was that it could be the work of a schism cult of Malar. His second theory was that it involved adherents of another deity (perhaps Bhaal, Lord of Murder) who were trying to use the Malarite holy book as part of their own observances.

Finally, he said it may have been the work of orthodox Malarites experimenting or attempting a rare, grand ritual—such as constructing a new monster to the glory of Malar or as a body to serve Malar as an avatar.

The truth is lost forever. Three nights after the Silvanite took possession of what he called the "Fang Tome," over 40 Malarites wearing beast masks and with bone claws strapped to their hands descended on his hermitage and tore him and it apart, carrying off the book with them.

The Malarites scattered across the North. It is known that the book was in Triboar not long afterwards, but it is thought that it was then taken south along the trade-roads. Rumors of it being worshiped locally as though it were divine itself, or at least could manifest Malar if bathed in smoke from the boiling blood of hunted and slain beasts, swept the Secomber area by about 960 DR. The secretive Malarite cult probably took the tome to the Daggerford area soon afterwards, for warrior-priests of Chauntea (in the brief time when such a form of worship was popular among the followers of the Earthmother) scoured the Secomber area, and the Delimbiyr valley upstream for many miles and found no trace of Malarite worship.





A similar ring of blood and severed claws was found just south of Daggerford in 977 DR, but there was no tome in the ring this time. History records nothing of the book for three centuries after that. However, it surfaces again in Elturel in 1281 DR, when members of a Malarite beast-cult conducted a “Wild Hunt” through the streets of the city by night, chasing the monsters they had collected, caged, and then released together.

The Malarites slew the monsters, passers by, and Officers of the Watch indiscriminately, and so were in turn hunted down in retribution on the following day. Magic was used on captured and slain cult members to learn the location of the hidden under-cellar Temple of the Beast—cleaning it out became a pitched battle that lasted several days. This struggle ended when authorities reached the holy altar, only to see the high priest whisked away from their justice by a *blood teleport* magic powered by the life-forces of his sacrificial victims. He was clutching the *Book of Fangs and Talons* at the time. The book was clearly seen and described in detail by the frustrated justiciaries of Elturel.

Rumors began to circulate along the trade-routes about this odd book, proclaiming its ability to give forth the monsters whose hides, teeth, and claws adorned it, and to slay persons left alone with it. The tome itself remained hidden until 1296 DR, when adventurers stumbled upon a hidden temple in the settlement of Easting. They attempted to carry the book away with them, but were set upon by “a great horde incorporating of all manner of beasts” summoned by the furious priest who encountered them. The carrier of the book was dragged away and devoured in the battle. When the adventurers returned with hired mercenaries to avenge their comrade, the temple was empty and abandoned.

Two years later, it appeared again in Elversult when Malarites held an open conclave to plan their dispositions in the lands north of Amn, east of Iriaebor, and west of Vaasa. The book was featured as a holy object in many rituals during the long tenday gathering. It is known to have been taken north by a certain Onglukh Neirim, who styled himself the “Holy Stalker of Malar.” Onglukh set about breeding great cats and other rare, large predators in secret near the Border Forest, feeding them on orcs, flinds, and ogres (whose decline in the area dates from this time).

Reliable reports of the whereabouts of the *Book of Fangs and Talons* ceased after Onglukh took it, although there were rumors along the overland trade routes of it being borne through forests by chanting Malarites in 1346 DR, and again in 1359 DR. Its present whereabouts are unknown.

The writings of the “Mad Malarite,” Thorogh Delskul of Priapurl, hint that some of the teeth and claws that adorn the book are tipped with poisons to kill noninitiates who try to

open or handle the tome. Those who successfully open it will, according to his account, find 17 spells within: *Animal transfer* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *animal summoning III*, *beast claw* (Faiths & Avatars), *blood lust* (detailed below), *chant of fangs* (detailed below), *create food & water*, *creeping doom*, *hold animals*, *insect plague*, *locate animals or plants*, *part water*, *produce flame*, *rage* (Faiths & Avatars), *speak with animals*, *spectral manticores* (detailed below), *spectral stag* (detailed below), and *water walk*.

Blood Lust

(Enchantment/Charm)

Level:	2
Sphere:	Charm
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	5
Area of Effect:	The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw:	None

This spell gives the caster or a touched recipient a morale of 20, immunity to all forms of *fear*, freedom from the adverse effects of pain and nausea (the causes of these sensations will still affect the being governed by *blood lust*, but shuddering or other results of the pain and nausea will not), a heightened sense of smell, and the ability to track as a ranger. The latter ability functions without level-related modifiers. The effects of this spell are instant and banish any preexisting conditions in the recipient that the magic normally affects. The DM must adjudicate the effects of keener olfactory abilities. Typically, the spell allows identification of even faint smells at an increased range, but only if they are odors the being has previously encountered.

Chant of Fangs

(Invocation/Evocation, Necromancy)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	2 rounds
Casting Time:	6
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	½





This spell is cast by chanting loudly (hence its name). It causes a pair of spectral jaws, or rather, rings of floating fangs arranged as if they were fixed in invisible jaws, to appear out of the caster's hand or chest and fly at a desired target or targets at MV Fl 15 (A). The fangs have no Armor Class nor physical solidity and can be destroyed only by *dispel magic* or certain magical barriers and powerful spells. They strike twice per round at the caster's THAC0 and operate independently of the caster. (In other words, the caster can engage in other spellcasting, attacks, or activities while the fangs attack a chosen target.) The target can be changed by the caster with a momentary, silent exertion of will at the end of the first round of the existence of the fangs, but not otherwise. (That is, the fangs bite at two opponents twice, or one target four times).

The fangs will do nothing (until redirected) if their chosen target (or targets) dies or uses any sort of teleportation magic to vanish. The fangs can "see" and attack invisible creatures, even when their caster cannot; however, a caster must have some indication that an invisible creature is present to direct the fangs to attack. The bite of these fangs inflicts 2d4 points of damage (save for half) as an energy-stealing attack rather than a physical ravaging. The fangs are able to penetrate any physical protection up to and including plate armor.

The material component of a *chant of fangs* spell is a tooth from any wild mammalian predator (that is, one not slain while in captivity or reared domestically).

Spectral Manticore

(Illusion/Phantasm)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Summoning
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	6 rounds
Casting Time:	7
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	None

This spell causes a ghostly manticore to appear and fight for the caster until banished (instantly, by the silent will of the caster), "slain," or the spell expires (in all three cases, the manticore speedily and silently fades away). This monster first appears *out of* the caster as it materializes, bounding away from his breast toward an opponent of his choosing.

The *spectral manticore* can attack only one opponent per round, but has the usual manticore abilities: THAC0 13, 6+3 HD, initial round attack is a volley of 1d6 tail spikes with a

180-yard range, each spike inflicting 1d6 points of damage at a single opponent; then 3 attacks/round (a bite for 1d8 points of damage and two claw attacks for 1d3 points of damage), MV 12, Fl 18 (E). It has a leonine body with a spiky tail, bat wings, and a tusk-toothed human head with flowing mane and beard, but it is translucent and obviously an unnatural creature. Unlike real manticores, it is absolutely silent, has a morale of 20, and is absolutely loyal to the caster. It cannot be *charmed* or magically controlled in any way, except through the caster's will. It has a real, tangible presence and can be ridden by the caster as a mount.

The material component of a *spectral manticore* is a tail spike from any manticore.

Spectral Stag

(Illusion/Phantasm)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Summoning
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round
Casting Time:	7
Area of Effect:	All creatures in a 30-yard straight line to an immobile target creature, or one target creature
Saving Throw:	½ damage

This spell causes a ghostly staglike force to rush from the breast of the caster in a silent charge. It looks like a plume of smoke with two antlers and blazing red eyes. It appears silently and races toward an opponent chosen by the caster. If the chosen opponent cannot avoid it, the *spectral stag* races in a straight line for 30 yards (or until striking a wall or other solid obstacle) and then dissipates, doing damage to all creatures in its path. If the chosen target moves, the stag turns to follow it, dissipating after striking (or missing) the single foe.

A *spectral stag* attacks with a THAC0 two levels higher than its caster. Its attack is a single goring, battering strike inflicting 4d4+4 points of damage (save vs. spell for half damage). The stag moves on a level plane regardless of chasms, water, or broken ground, "running" on empty air if need be; it cannot be diverted by known magical barriers or controlling spells. (*Dispel magic* and *antimagic shell* both destroy the stag on contact.) The strike of a *spectral stag* forces all items in possession of the victim to make saving throws vs. crushing blow.


The material component of a *spectral stag* is a hoof, a piece of antler, or an intact bone from any sort of deer.





The Chanting Chain



 Perhaps the farthest in shape and form from normal books, even magical ones, this tome takes the curious pattern of a steel chain, treated with *everbright*, which consists of simple, opposing oval links. The links are unusually large, being of the thickness of a small girl's wrist, and encompassing an area large enough for a boy's head to pass through. Though short (14 links), this massive chain is very heavy. Its two end links terminate in hooks engraved with the triple lightning bolts of Talos.

Usually hung above an altar of the god of storms and prayed to as "an ear of the god," the chain radiates strong magic and has the power to reflect 100% of all *dispel magic* spells and lightning-related magic back to their sources.

If at least seven beings (of any race, alignment, and faith) perform a secret "circle chant" (so-called because it repeats itself) to the glory of Talos while touching the chain continuously and through at least six repetitions, the true purpose and powers of the chain are revealed.

This chant seems to be in a lost human tongue of the south, and even the faithful of Talos do not know what the words truly mean. Rendered phonetically, it sounds like this:

Oomraun shond, oomraun shond, raulith raulith Bhaelros!

Umberth ommerth lanshan beldrond

Felder ommlin belorth krommorth elemlathtor

Stelter stelter halorvan beldrond

(repeat)

When the chant has been properly performed, discs of electrum whirl out of extra-dimensional space to appear within each link of the chain (slicing through anything in their path, such as carelessly placed hands), filling the links with metal "pages," each page bearing one spell. These plates remain until the next sunrise or sunset, or until all of them have been studied in detail (whichever of these conditions is met first).

The *Chanting Chain* first appears in Realmslore at the Great Bazaar of the Master of the Gargoyles in 633 DR, held in the western Shaar. There it was exhibited as a holy thing for adherents of Bhaelros (Talos) to revere. Its keeper then was the wild-eyed Tothur, Holy Hurler of Lightnings, a self-styled "Storm Prophet" who challenged the existing hierarchy of the church of Talos—and was promptly branded an insane heretic.

Over the next two centuries, Tothur (obviously enjoying at least some divine support), battled the orthodox Talassan clergy, employing the chain on several occasions as a sort of spellhurling ally. He alone, it seems, could call forth spells from the holy item without need of six chanting assistants, or any prayer or any study. It is also clear that the Storm Prophet magically prolonged his life, though his means of doing so are not recorded. By means of a secret ritual, Tothur claimed to be able to empower devout followers of the Destroyer with "living lightning," which enabled them to fly about and hurl bolts of lightning at will for short periods (although it drank their life-force at the same time). If this claim is true, the ritual is now lost, though the *stormrage* spell contained in the chain may be one of its lesser forms.

Whatever his true power and nature, the Storm Prophet gained many followers among the nomadic tribes of the Shaar and the smaller villages of the Tashalar, and it is certain that many of these followers exhibited such minor masteries of lightning-magic from time to time. This all ended at Kormul in 888 DR, when Tothur perished in the Struggle of Storms, slaying over 40 Talassan archpriests and shattering the power of the church of Talos in Faerûn for three centuries. In the battle, the earth was shattered in a hundred places and cleaved in a thousand





more, and it was through one of these rents that the *Chanting Chain* evidently reached the Underdark, falling into drow hands.

The much-copied, bawdy narrative *Life of Rebrum* (evidently penned circa 1210 DR by a traveling merchant, Rebrum of Sheirtalar) mentions a drow trading band trying to barter away the chain to dark elves from a distant city at a trade-fair in the great subterranean cavern-complex of Vaerndoun. (The complex is a network of interconnected caves, many containing lakes, that stretch in a northeast/southwest line for over a hundred miles, with the midpoint deep beneath the surface city of Torsch.) The drow sellers, sent by the ruling matrons of their city, evidently knew that the chain was both powerful and magical, but could find no use for it.

The annual trade-fair in Vaerndoun, called “the Eleave” by the drow, takes place during the first two rides of Alturiak, and is run by a realm of illithids, who refer to themselves and their subterranean land as the Asglyth. (The price of admission to the fair is that all participants must bring slaves upon which the mind flayers feed.)

The chain evidently ended in the possession of the Asglyth, for at Kurrsh in 1257 DR there is an account of the raising of a band of warriors to smash a stronghold of Talos-worshippers who proved to be led by a mind flayer. After several costly skirmishes, the local warriors slaughtered the Talassans and burned their keep, looting some coin, a few jeweled swords, and the *Chain* as spoils.

For several seasons, the enchanted links hung from the rafters of a tavern in Kurrsh, until the place was burned to the ground one night in Eleint in 1261 DR by furious, crusading Talassans from the Vilhon. They bore away the *Chain* in triumph and rode home raging, looting, and butchering in exultation, until they were hunted down near Shamph by militia forces. Many powerful Talassans escaped what became known as the Slaughter of the Crazyed, and the *Chain* is, no doubt, in the possession of one of them. Another tavern now stands on the site of the destroyed establishment in Kurrsh, and its name commemorates the destruction of its predecessor—it is known as Cups of Fire and Lightning.

The *Chanting Chain* disappeared from public records for some 40-odd years, next being written of at Ormath in 1318 DR, where Lalagos Indivvur, a priest of Talos, publicly conducted the chant that calls forth spells from it in order to impress locals into joining the faith. Evidently Lalagos met with some success, but attracted more folk hungry for power than strong in their devotion to the God of Storms, for during the next decade, followers of Talos up and down the Vilhon battled each other for supremacy.

An aged priest by the name of Yathgoum won the bloody struggle, but soon perished through the ravages of old age. Yet, at no time did he possess the *Chain*, which was evidently

hidden by a Talassan who was later slain. The current whereabouts of the article are unknown.

It is from a set of instructions written by Lalagos shortly before he was murdered by a rival during the “Talassan Troubles” that we know the 14 spells of the *Chanting Chain*. In order from one hook to the other (the end link hooks are identical, there is no ready way of initially distinguishing one end of the links from the other), the spells are as follows: *Call lightning*, *tumblethorns* (a spell detailed below), *wind walk*, *weather summoning*, *flame strike*, *repeat action* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *fire storm*, *lightning lance* (detailed below), *wind lash* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *storm cone* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *scouring wind* (detailed below), *clear path* (*Tome of Magic*), *shrieking walls* (*Tome of Magic*), and *stormrage* (detailed below).

Tumblethorns

(Alteration)

Level:	2
Sphere:	Plant
Range:	30 yards
Components:	V, S M
Duration:	1 round
Casting Time:	5
Area of Effect:	One target
Saving Throw:	½

This spell transforms a single thorn (a sharp protuberance that has grown on any sort of plant at any time in the past, held by the priest during casting) into a whirling, flying tangle of impossibly long, flailing thorns. The “ball” of thorns is about two feet across and flies from the caster’s hands straight at a single chosen target. If the target moves, the thorns can change direction once to follow, and strike with the caster’s THAC0 + 1.

The *tumblethorns* strike once only and are considered a nonmagical, physical attack when considering the effects of magical barriers and other spells. The spell inflicts slashing and stabbing damage equal to 1d4 points plus 1 point per level of the caster to a maximum of 1d4+ 10 points (half that if a successful save is made, to a minimum of 2) and then fade away. A *tumblethorns* does its usual damage to the wrong target if it strikes another living creature of its own volume or larger on the way to its intended target, but fades away harmlessly if it does not strike any living creature before reaching the limits of the spell range or after a round has passed. A *tumblethorns* is considered to be AC 3, but anyone unwise enough to strike it destroys it—and instantly receives its full damage (no saving throw).





Lightning Lance

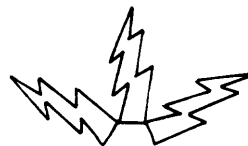
(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
Duration:	4 rounds
Casting Time:	7
Area of Effect:	Creature struck
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates a silvery shimmering weightless rod about as thick about as a sword hilt and about four feet in length. This bolt of “frozen” lightning forms with its midpoint in the caster’s choice of his empty hands and can be used in three ways. If wielded as a handheld weapon, it lasts for the full spell duration, strikes with the caster’s THAC0, may be used in conjunction with another single-handed weapon or item (such as a dagger or wand in the caster’s other hand), and deals 3d6 points of electrical damage per strike. In any of its first three rounds of existence, even if it has been used as a handheld weapon already, a *lightning lance* can be employed in one of two additional ways.

If touched to a solid object and willed by the caster to discharge, it vanishes in a flash, forcing two item saving throws vs. lightning on the object (failure of either means the item shatters). If hurled by the caster (at the caster’s THAC0 with a +1 attack bonus), it streaks away in a straight line, dealing 6d6 points of damage to a successfully struck living or undead target creature (or the first creature it strikes) and ending its journey there. It fades away if it does not strike someone after traveling 30 yards. If a struck being is in direct, physical contact with another being or beings, the damage is shared evenly.

If used as a handheld weapon for all four rounds of its existence, a *lightning lance* strikes at +1 and for double damage (6d6) during its last round.





Scouring Wind

(Alteration, Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Elemental (Air)
Range:	300 yards
Components:	V, S
Duration:	1 round
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	A cylinder as tall as the caster and 300 yards in diameter
Saving Throw:	Special

This spell creates a roaring rush of air, drawn from some undefined elsewhere and emitted from the caster's mouth. When active, it is in a cylindrical shape as tall as the caster and extending to the limits of its spell range that is of short duration and centered on one target, such as a specific being or a spot such as a doorway, window, throne, or hallway. This magical force can whirl away dust, vapors, leaves, papers, and the like in the same manner as a magical *gust of wind*, but has no effect on living creatures. A *scouring wind* can have one of three effects, chosen by the caster (once made, the choice cannot be altered): destroy barrier, destroy armor, or augment missiles.

When used against any magical barrier created by a 5th-level or lesser spell, a *scouring wind* automatically destroys the barrier. Against barriers of higher levels, it has an 8 in 10 chance of destroying them, minus 1 point for each level they are above 5th. (Thus, it has a 7 in 10 chance of destroying an *antimagic shell* or a *wall of thorns*, and a 4 in 10 chance of destroying a *prismatic sphere*.)

When a *scouring wind* is used against any form of enchanted armor (including shields) or clothing, the armor must make an item saving throw vs. disintegration with a bonus equal to the item's enchantment level (its "plus"). Success means the item is unaffected; failure means its magic ceases to function for five full days. When nonmagical armor or clothing is scoured, it must save vs. spell or be entirely torn away and disintegrated. Living things (such as peltasts) worn as protective garb are entirely unaffected by a *scouring wind*.

When a *scouring wind* is used to augment missiles, they must be launched or introduced into it. If of a smaller volume and mass than the caster's head, they are whirled away by this spell and strike for triple damage at +3 above the caster's THAC0 (not that of the launcher, if a different person). If larger, they fall out of the wind. Any number of missiles (from the traditional arrows, sling stones, and darts to spears or even clubs and other hand weapons) can be hurled in this manner, so long as they can be put into the path of the wind. A *scouring wind* directed to augment missiles that sweeps them into a barrier pulverizes them and does not shatter the barrier or permit them to fly onward.

A *scouring wind* can also be commanded to negate a natural wind or magical gust of wind. If so employed, the scouring wind negates the latter completely and creates an area of calm 100 yards in diameter for 1d4+1 rounds when used against a natural wind (even over tornados, gales, or hurricane-force storms).

Stormrage

(Alteration, Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round/4 levels of the caster (round down)
Casting Time:	9
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	None

This spell empowers the caster or another touched being (who must be willing or the spell fails) to fly and hurl lightning. The flight is at MV FL 18 (B), and responds perfectly to the will of the flyer, who can hover, stop, go backwards, and even hang in one place with enough stability to cast spells. Such spellcasting does not end the *stormrage*, but does prevent the hurling of any lightning during the round or rounds in which it takes place.

A *stormrage* spell enables its recipient to emit from his eyes two straight-line lightning bolts per round, each of which do 6d6 points of damage. A successful attack roll, at the spell recipient's normal THAC0, is necessary to strike a desired target. Items are allowed saving throws vs. lightning if targeted and struck; if they fail, they are destroyed. Creatures receive a saving throw vs. rod, staff, or wand if struck; if they succeed, they take only half damage. Both bolts may be directed at the same target if desired (determine the results of each separately), but lightning bolts not hurled during a round cannot be used to augment the number or damage of bolts unleashed in later rounds.

A *stormrage* ends when the caster wills it to, at the expiration of its normal duration, or when *dispel magic* is successfully cast on its recipient, whichever happens first. Until then, it drains 4 hit points from the recipient per round. (A recipient who discovers this effect and is no longer willing to be under the effects of this spell can end it after one round.)

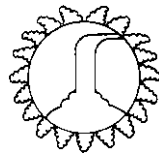
While under the effects of *stormrage*, a character is immune to all lightning and wind damage and can "stand fast" against natural and magical winds.

The material components of a *stormrage* spell are a feather from any sort of bird that can fly, a pinch of ash from any burnt organic material that was struck by lightning, and a piece of flint.





Crystrum of Tranquility



This “holy book” appears to be a perfectly round, smooth, clear, and colorless crystal sphere, about a foot in diameter, larger across than most bucklers. It bears no blemishes, no markings, and it has no inclusions. The true nature of the *Crystrum of Tranquility* is only revealed if it is held in running water or immersed in the waters of a wilderland pool or in a stone, wooden, bone, or horn bowl (but not metal or ceramic) filled with holy water.

A priest or priestess of Eldath must hold or touch the immersed bowl in relaxed silence for 2 continuous turns or more. A slightly glowing royal blue script then appears on the surface of the sphere and can now be removed from the water without causing the writing to disappear.

The writing is an alphabetical list of the spells contained in the sphere. If the name of a chosen single spell is touched, it replaces the roster, appearing on the surface of the *Crystrum*. (If more than one item on the register is touched, only the first appears.) The priest touching the sphere can, by silent act of will, cause the spell writing to move to any relatively still surface of water within 20 feet of the sphere.

The touch of any living being who does not worship Eldath will cause the writing on either the water or the sphere to instantly disappear forever. A devout follower of the Green Goddess can also make such writings vanish by will. If the sphere is still immersed when it is touched, the spell roster can be brought back by act of will, and another spell chosen by touch—otherwise, the silent immersion must be performed over again to bring writing back to the surface of the *Crystrum*. Eldathyn regard the sphere as a very holy object, and will do almost anything to safeguard or gain possession of it.

The *Crystrum of Tranquility* is rumored to have been crafted not long after the fall of Myth Drannor. The teachings of the Eldathyn insist that the goddess herself created and placed the completed object on an altar dedicated to her, somewhere in the woods now known as the Elven Court. (The exact location of this altar, where the *Crystrum*, whatever its origin, is known to have rested for several centuries, is now lost.)

Repeated monster attacks upon the Eldathyn community who held the *Crystrum* finally forced the faithful of the Green Goddess to flee across the Thunder Peaks into Hullack Forest in Cormyr, where the ranger Eldrum the Silent saw it in the spring of 989 DR, and reported every one of the details he could discover in his diaries, as he so meticulously described everything in his travels. At that time the keeper of the *Crystrum* was the Eldathyn priestess Analauthé Brenewood—she who later sacrificed herself in a ritual that purified the Wyvernwater after the cruel experimentation of the necromancer Elgarth of Westgate released a creeping “death rot” into its waters.

Custody of the *Crystrum* passed to Shalgreth of the Wings, who in his later years crafted wings for himself and sought (in vain) to found a race of winged folk by taking swanmay after swanmay as consort. Shalgreth then gave it to the rangers’ adventuring society known as the Men of the Green in 1112 DR, seeing in them younger, more energetic defenders of the wilderlands than he himself.

The Men of the Green are known to have used the sphere in their epic overland Hunt of the Beholder King—a quest that ended in tragic victory. The Greens slew the only beholder known to have crafted spells enabling it to spout forth monsters (as a deepspawn does), but in the conflict, all of the rangers perished save one. The sorely wounded Aulburne Mathtarke brought the *Crystrum* to Holyheart House in the Chondalwood (due south of Timindar), where he perished. The grieving Eldathyn of Holyheart House decided that the holy sphere was better to be nurtured in the safe concealment of the deep woods, than to “carry it across half of Faerûn pursuing adventures,” no matter how noble the cause.





They put the *Crystrum* in its own shrine and kept it as secret as they could, hiding it even from other Eldathyn. Its keeper was the aged priest Roathoald, and upon his death in 1148 DR, the office of keeper of the crystrum was made a formal one, and the Keeper of Holyheart Fastness retired from leading the community to succeed Roathoald—the first of more than a dozen Keepers to do so. Over time, the name and powers of the Sphere of the Goddess became widely known in Eldathyn lore, and so spread to less friendly ears. On the 5th of Mirtul in 1271 DR, on the heels of a hard winter, mages and warriors of the Cult of the Dragon rode the dracoliches Goarulskul the Black and Arlauthra Manytalons down into Holyheart. The two undead wyrms tore apart the Fastness and slaughtered many Eldathyn, including the keeper of the crystrum—but a young treetender, Lorth Blaenarry, fled with the sacred sphere north and west.

He reached Turmish before lurking agents of the Red Wizards of Thay spotted the crystal orb and knew it for a thing of magic. They hunted him through the streets of Alaghôn and Telpir and almost slew him in the woods near Starmantle Bay. Escaping them only with the aid of a Harper sorceress (who changed his outward shape to that of an older, uglier man), Lorth took a ship in Starmantle—and found himself on the way to Zhentil Keep, under the very eyes of the Zhentarim agents who had just finished torturing the news of a magical crystal sphere and the young lad who bore it out of a captive Thayan agent.

Almost petrified with fear upon his arrival in the grim city of the Zhentarim, Lorth was fortunate enough to be captured and hidden by Harper agents before less friendly hands could seize him.

They took him to the Border Kingdom, but were attacked there by agents of the Cult of the Dragon—escaping only when a Zhentarim patrol in turn attacked the Dragon Cultists. Hunted and wounded, the Harper agents used a desperate *teleport* spell to fling Lorth on alone into the heart of the desert Anauroch—to a holy site of Eldath, the House of the Moon.

There the Green Goddess herself appeared to Lorth, laying her hands upon the sphere and adding to it the ability to withstand any heat and any blow. She told him that whenever the *Crystrum* was brought to the House by an Eldathyn “truly in need,” a stored spell or ability (of her choosing) would be added to it.

Instructing the young man fully in the use and purpose of the sphere, she bid him sleep. When he awakened, he was in Neverwinter, far to the west and north of the oasis where he met the goddess. He rose inspired by the mission she had laid upon him—to bring the wilderness back to all the places in the Sword Coast North where the axes, ploughs, and fires of men had cut too deeply.

Lorth devoted his long and busy life to serving Eldath’s directives, but in 1336 DR he perished, and when his body was found the next morning, a tree had sprung up from it. The grieving Eldathyn knelt around him to pray—and from the hands of the dead Keeper the *Crystrum* rolled, straight to a young half-elf worshiper, Iphiira Alonthar.

Thus chosen by the goddess, the stunned Iphiira took the *Crystrum* out into the wilderness to pray for direction a scant day before the Fastness of Green Shadows, the Eldathyn temple Lorth had founded, was destroyed in a vicious raid mounted by ambitious wizards of the Brotherhood of the Arcane. Furious when they could not find the “Sphere of Many Spells,” they laid waste to all the Eldathyn and much of the forest around. Iphiira fled on foot eastward, seeking Silverymoon—but never arriving there.

It is generally agreed that she followed the Dessarin into The Woods of Turlang, and certain Harpers insist that they saw her in Everlund one evening, but no further word has come to Eldathyn ears of her fate save the enigmatic comment of Eldath herself, in a vision sent to Meirthond Arbreet, Keeper of Fallen Trees Fastness in the uplands of Amn. “My lady lives, but set down my sphere where only the daring will find it. Seek it. Great will be the reward of anyone who brings it to me in a kindly spirit, in the House of the Moon.”

Many young Eldathyn talk excitedly of these words of the goddess, and of the belief that the *Crystrum* will gain a new power when it is brought into to the House of the Moon—but few dare to mount an expedition into the perilous northern wilderlands to seek Iphiira or the crystal sphere. Instead, they hire adventurers whom they deem of good character to do such things for them—adventurers who have thus far met with a distinct lack of success.

From *The Key to the Fastness*, written by Lorth Blaenarry as he built the Fastness of Green Shadows, we know that the *Crystrum* has the ability to *purify food and drink* by touch, glow with a *faerie fire* when its Keeper wills (its hue, intensity, and duration as he desires), and contains 30 spells. It also resists all attempts to shatter it, alter it, or cloak it in illusion, and possesses other abilities that he was still exploring. (For example, it can *levitate* when thrown or dropped. However, what makes it move about, and why does it choose to hang motionlessly sometimes and accompany its Keeper on a plunge on other occasions? These questions remain mysteries.)

The spells of the *Crystrum of Tranquility* are as follows: *Banish blight* (a spell detailed below), *cloud of purification* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *control vapor* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *detect lie*, *detect snares and pits*, *find the path*, *free action*, *heroes’ feast*, *hold animals*, *hold monster*, *imbue with spell ability*, *invisibility to*





animals, laughing water (detailed below), *locate animals or plants, locate object, mist of the goddess* (Faiths & Avatars), *moonbeam, neutralize poison, plant growth, rainbow, reflecting pool, reincarnation, silence 15' radius, speak with monsters, starshine, tongues, transport via plants, tree, water of Eldath* (Faiths & Avatars), and *water walk*.

PLANT RENEWAL

(Alteration)

Level: 2
Sphere: Plant
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: One plant
Saving Throw: None

This spell makes sick and withered plants instantly healthy once more. Molds and other growths are destroyed, spoiled fruit and blossoms are renewed, and nonbeneficial insects and their eggs are banished. Flowers and edible plant parts can thus be created out of mere memories—but this spell cannot bring a wholly dead plant back to life. The spell also has a side effect. Creatures using magic or special abilities to masquerade as plants are instantly revealed in their true forms. Illusory plants melt away forever and magically altered plants revert to their true forms and natures, breaking any magical animations or controls.

The material component of a *plant renewal* spell is a drop of rain water or dew (the latter must be collected on a moonlit night).

Laughing Water

(Alteration)

Level: 3
Sphere: Necromantic, Protection
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: A volume of liquid no larger than the caster's head
Saving Throw: None

This spell transforms any liquid that is primarily water (even fouled water) into sparkling, gently glowing “laughing water” that is sweet to the taste and very satisfying. Imbibing even a single drop of *laughing water* banishes all weariness for a day, and exhausted creatures become alert and energetic. Swallowing a mouthful cures insanity, blindness, and disease and instantly destroys monster and animal internal parasites and their eggs from the body of the imbiber. Moreover, the drinker is rendered immune to all of these perils for 24 hours from the moment of swallowing. A double amount of *laughing water* can be substituted for holy water in all uses and rituals of the Eldathyn and other good human faiths.

This water is named for another benefit. If *laughing water* is splashed on any being who is under or about to face *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter* (2nd-level wizard spell), it negates all effects of the spell instantly. A target of such a spell who is carrying or comes into contact with *laughing water* (even just a few drops in a locket vial) before, as, or just after the spell is cast, is immune to the magic (it is consumed rendering this protection).

If hurled in a breakable container, a vial of *laughing water* inflicts 4d6 points of damage on any undead creature it strikes.

The material components of a *laughing water* spell are the water to be altered, a pinch of diamond dust, and a seed from any green plant that is less than a year old.

WARNING

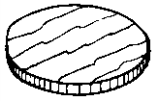
Eldathyn lore holds that only beings of like alignment and interests (such as a love of the woods, wilderlands, and growing things) can properly employ the *Crystrum*. Any evil being, anyone holding a source of flame (even a lit lantern), or anyone bearing on his person the holy symbol of any evil faith is smitten if they immerse the sphere or hold it in contemplative silence for more than a round. What precise form the strike takes is not recorded; it seems likely from certain sage writings that it is some form of violent repulsion (a thrust that hurls the offender away) rather than a directly damaging attack.

There is also a note in the fragmentary chapbook *Wise Eldathyn Sayings* (regarded as holy, although its author is forgotten) that “the Sphere of Many Spells” has the power to confer temporary *invisibility* and *dimension door* powers on the person holding it, if the right chants are used. Just which chants to use is a secret known only to certain aged Elders of the faith (if any still alive truly recall), but at least two worshipers' diaries set down the words “lothra durthra ethra daroun” without identifying what power these words awaken, or even if this is the complete chant.





The Flame of The Spirit



The *Flame of the Spirit* is a lump of amber that has been sculpted into a wiggling flame or (as some less reverent observers have described it) a giant tadpole. Its base is heavy and rounded, and the touches of countless hands down the centuries have left it satiny smooth. No inclusions are visible in the depths of the amber, but it often seems as if a shifting radiance sparkles there. There are mentions of attempts to destroy the *Flame of the Spirit*, but it appears able to withstand all blows from “normal” weapons. Tymorans consider it one of their most holy relics, and are currently engaged in an avid search for it. Possessors of the *Flame* should know that devout Tymorans consider the only rightful place for the piece is on an altar sacred to Lady Luck. Theft or seizure, while it is in the custody of others is not considered a crime by Tymorans (whatever the laws of the realm in which the *Flame* lies), and the nature of the goddess and her faithful makes the execution of reckless acts to regain it almost necessary.

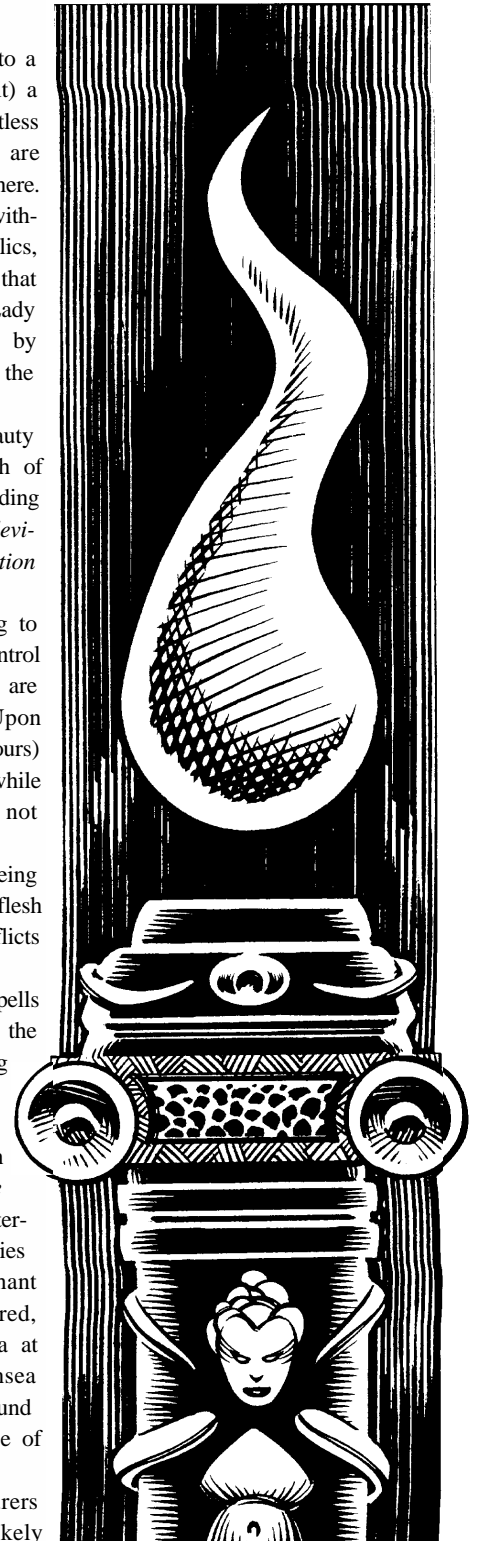
The *Flame of the Spirit* remains no more than a gemstone of unusual size and beauty unless it is touched directly by the flesh of a living being. If that being is of the faith of Tymora, the *Flame* shimmers and slides its shape into that of a tablet, tilted for easy reading and resting on whatever surface on which it is set. (If no such surface exists, the tablet *levitates* at the spot where it shifted shape, though it may be freely moved about, the *levitation* reasserts itself whenever the tablet is released and not placed upon any surface.)

In its tablet form, the *Flame* displays randomly selected spells from its roster, changing to another spell whenever it is touched again by a worshiper of Tymora. No one can control the order in which the spells are displayed, but all of the magics stored in the tome are presented (each in its entirety, but alone on the tablet) before any spell “repeats.” Upon the second repetition of the spell display, upon the passage of a continuous day (24 hours) without the touch of any worshiper of Tymora, upon the utterance of a secret word while the book is being touched, or upon contact with the flesh of a creature who does not worship Lady Luck, the tablet reverts to flame form, and levitation ceases.

Whenever the *Flame of the Spirit* comes into direct contact with the flesh of any being who does not venerate Tymora, it emits a searing flame that burns and is corrosive to flesh as well (thus, immunity to fire cuts damage in half rather than eliminating it), and inflicts 6d4 points of damage per contact, or per round of continuous contact. No being who is of the faith of Tymora can get the Flame to shift into tablet form and display its spells unless he casts or unleashes certain secret and powerful opening magics while touching the Flame (and suffering its damage). This “holy fire” erupts only into the being touching the amber, not from any other part of it. The sculpted amber can rest on flammable materials while emitting the flame without igniting them.

The *Flame of the Spirit* is thought to be very ancient (some believe it was created in the days of Netheril, or even earlier), but the first mention of it is in the book *To Serve Fair Fortune*, penned by the adventurer-priest Ithlom Dhaunart, and sold as popular entertainment in the Vilhon Reach area from 442 DR onwards. Ithlom’s exploits (a long series of predicaments and naughty deceptions in which Ithlom always emerges triumphant through daring and astonishing good luck) are colorful and quite possibly embroidered, but his description of the Flame as a holy item kept by the Faithful Sisters of Tymora at their temple-farm at Smiling Lady Well (now sunk beneath the waves of the Moonsea along with nearby Northkeep) is borne out by the fact that the center of their compound was marked by a shrine called “The House of the Holy Flame.” This is the only instance of a “flame” being associated with Tymora.

Tymoran lore has always whispered wild tales about a band of devout adventurers daring to go down into the sunken farm and bring back relics of the Lady; it is likely





(though the tales have never mentioned it) that the *Flame* was among them.

What became of it after that is unknown until 982 DR, when the adventurer Jorthan Twocastle (a loveable rogue who happened to serve a Tymoran temple in Sembia both well and often) escaped alone from the lair of Thungarbarath Flamegout, after the red wyrm had slaughtered all of his fellows in the adventuring company, the Brave Broadsword Band. Jorthan took only a handful of coins and a sculpted piece of amber out of Thungarbarath's hoard when he fled from the high mountain cavern in the Thunder Peaks. He tried to sell the amber flame in Archenbridge, but its fire slew the merchant who laid her hand on it, and word spread quickly that the red dragon must have laid some sort of fire-curse on the gem.

Deprived of the price of his booty, Jorthan soon grew hungry again and took to guarding caravans in Sembia. Before he left Ordulin on his first trip, he hid the *Flame of the Spirit* in one of the Brave Broadswords' favorite caches: an empty coffin in the Mulsiner family crypt deep within Ordulin's Graveyard of the Sleeping Gryphon.

When he returned from trail-riding a season later, the coffin had been opened, and the *Flame* was gone. Jorthan had no idea where to look for it, so shrugged and got on with his life. He told his true tale only years later, as he lay dying in the care of the monks of Old Hazard Hill Farm, a monastic Tymoran retreat north of Huddagh.

The *Flame* surfaces again as a means of murder in Calimport in 1150 DR, when a number of satraps and powerful shaleiras (wealthy investor-concubines who sponsored various men into positions of power and manipulated them all their lives afterward) were found dead in their beds, their bare skins all bearing single burns. The killer remained a mystery despite the use of powerful seeking spells, and may have been a drow or another dweller of the Underdark who had learned how to handle the amber item while heavily covered. The only certain thing is that the being who slew the Ongalar of Calimport, one of the last victims, fled deep underground while closely pursued, and had the *Flame* at the time.

No trace of the amber *Flame* surfaces again until 1158 DR, when it was seen by Fargoth Labbard, a rooftop sneak-thief in Elturel, turning into a tablet under the command of a Tymoran adventurer whom Fargoth promptly robbed.

His booty burned Fargoth badly when he tried to examine it in his rooftop hideaway. His arms fell into ashes as he collapsed. Another thief who robbed him died in agony, flames spewing from his eyes and mouth, after he thrust the gem inside his shirt to swing away on a rope.

The amber *Flame* bounced away from the burning body when it crashed to the cobbles of an Elturian street, and was scooped up by a servant of the local mage Helgarth, who

wrapped it in his cloak. Helgarth examined the gem carefully, and when he was sure that its magic would not aid him, he placed it in an open chest, as a decoy for thieves, inside the window of his tower that always stood open to admit his flying gargoyle servants.

Over the next three decades, the *Flame* slew 10 thieves, and sorely wounded at least three others. It gained the name "Helgarth's Death" after a furious young apprentice took revenge on her master after a whipping by thrusting the gem into his mouth and holding it there.

The apprentice, Nagathra of Baldur's Gate, promptly found herself under attack from all of Helgarth's servitor-creatures and her fellow apprentices. In the battle, the gem was hurled out into the streets along with most of the eastern side of Helgarth's Tower. It was gingerly taken up and put on display under a glass hood in Amscoth's Ales, a tavern, where many travelers saw it (including the historian Urbuth of Athkatla and several Tymoran priests) and heard the increasingly fanciful tales of its exploits as "the Flying Flame" that sought out and slew the evil or the unworthy or just the foes of the Hidden One who commanded it from afar, while pretending to be a simple merchant (or, some said, fishwife or small girl-child).

Skeptical readers are warned that at least one mage who overheard these tales was so smitten with the idea that he crafted his own deadly statuette that he could trace (and activate to emit slaying spells) from afar, and sold it to a trader with the admonition not to tell anyone of its powers. And so it passed from hand to hand up and down the Sword Coast for many years before its trail of dead wizards scared someone into hurling it overboard, somewhere off Mintarn.

In 1192 DR, the *Flame of the Spirit* was snatched from its place in the tavern by the dancer Falaera "Manybells" Drachan, who said the gem was holy to Tymora, and should be returned to the goddess.

Someone evidently disagreed. Falaera's headless body was found beside a farm lane a tenday later—and the *Flame* had vanished from her backpack.

In 1212 DR, unchartered adventurers exploring the Fields of the Dead north of Elturel found a tomb beneath the Hill of the Headless Dancer. They speculated that the dancing zombie for whom the hill was named was Falaera, animated by whoever had populated the tomb with guardian undead. The *Flame of the Spirit* was set into a door, its base protruding to form the door-handle (so as to burn all non-Tymorans who tried to open the door). The door led only to a string of traps, but the rest of the tomb, hidden beyond a concealed door, was furnished as the abode of a wizard—an absent wizard who presumably had met with misfortune while away from home, and would never return. The adventurers took the amber





flame away in a coffer and sold it to a gem merchant in Iriaebor, not bothering to warn him of its properties. He disappeared within a tenday.

The *Flame* reappeared in 1269 DR, when it was found on a brigand's body lying in the rubbish heaps of the Rat Hills, south of Waterdeep by the priest Ungold of Tyr, who concealed the gem and revealed its whereabouts to Waterdhavian worshipers of Tymora.

The Tymorans were slain by unknown assailants during their return to the city, and the gem vanished again, only to come to light in 1287 DR at a MageFair in the Fallen Lands, where a certain Udo of Felthaeran (a village in the Vilhon since destroyed by spell-battles and storms) attempted to sell it to Prasker of Torbold. The aged Lord Mage recognized the gem and refused it, subsequently informing Nanthoe of Esmeltaran, a priestess of Tymora, of Udo's attempt. Nanthoe set many Tymorans searching for Udo down the decades that followed, but he was never found.

The *Flame* did not become known again until 1244 DR, when it was seen in Skullport by Mirt the Moneylender. An anonymous mage who learned how to open the Flame into its tablet form was trying to sell it to discerning buyers as "a tome of many mighty magics from long-lost Netheril." He fled when Mirt tried to seize the gem, and proved to have both doppelgangers and illithids among his loyal bodyguards. It took over a dozen years for their attempts to slay Mirt to cease (at least, Mirt hopes they have ceased).

The current whereabouts of the *Flame* are unknown, but Tymoran-sponsored bands of adventurers still scour Skullport (and much of the rest of Undermountain, too), in search of the gem or the mage. (Mirt allowed a Tymoran Elder to cast a spell that painted his best mind-image of the mysterious mage onto canvas, for all to see.)

The spells known to be in the *Flame* are listed alphabetically hereafter. Other spells may well be present in the roster, and it must be stressed that there is no known way of controlling which spell appears initially or in what order the others will follow.

It is also recorded (in several writings) that on very rare occasions the goddess acts directly through the gem to give a supplicant (or even someone who is merely carrying the gem, perhaps unaware that a pressing need for such aid is upon them) the precise magic she deems they need at the time. Such "special" spells can rarely be called forth from the *Flame* later by mortals.

The spells are: *Accelerate healing* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *blessed abundance* (Tome of Magic), *boon of fortune* (a spell detailed below), *chaotic combat* (Tome of Magic), *create food & water*, *cure critical wounds*, *dispel magic*, *favor of Tymora* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *feat*





(Faiths & Avatars), *flame strike*, *fortunate fate* (detailed below), *free action*, *luckbolt* (Faiths & Avatars), *memory read* (Tome of Magic), *morale* (Tome of Magic), *raise dead*, *remove curse*, *resurrection*, *sacred guardian* (Tome of Magic), *spell immunity*, and *threefold boon* (detailed below).

Boon of Fortune

(Alteration)

Level: 3
 Sphere: Combat
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 7 rounds
 Casting Time: 6
 Area of Effect: One being
 Saving Throw: None

This spell temporarily increases an adventurer's skills and abilities. While a *boon of fortune* is in effect, its recipient can wield an unfamiliar weapon as if he was proficient with it, gains an attack and damage bonus of +2 with all weapons he is truly proficient in the use of (not one this spell has just allowed him to wield with temporary familiarity), and enjoys a +2 bonus on all ability checks. *Boons of fortune* are only effective on bipedal land mammals (and not even on them when underwater). Once cast, a *boon of fortune* cannot expire before its normal duration, even if its caster no longer wishes the recipient to enjoy it.

It is considered sinful for a priest of Tymora to use this spell on himself unless not doing so directly leads to a frustration of the aims of the goddess or causes immediate harm to her sacred property or faithful worshipers (other than the caster).

The material component of a *boon of fortune* spell is a four-leaf clover (or, alternatively, a piece of amber of any size—but the use of this component reduces the duration of the spell to 6 rounds).

Threefold Boon

(Alteration)

Level: 5
 Sphere: Combat, Protection
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 3 rounds
 Casting Time: 8
 Area of Effect: One being
 Saving Throw: None

This spell grants a single recipient (who may be the caster) three attempts at all saving throws, attack rolls, and ability checks for the duration of the threefold boon. The magic does not modify those rolls in any way, and only the best result of the three rolls is used.

Fortunate Fate

(Abjuration, Necromancy)

Level: 7
 Sphere: Healing, Protection
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S
 Duration: Until the next time the spell recipient is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points
 Casting Time: 2 rounds
 Area of Effect: One being
 Saving Throw: None

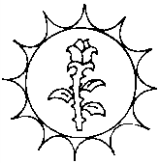
This powerful spell cloaks the recipient (who *cannot* be the caster) with a protective aura that withstands *dispel magic* and other destructive spells and lasts indefinitely. If the spell recipient ever reaches 0 or fewer hit points, the *fortunate fate* acts, instantly *healing* all damage (including diseases, curses, open wounds, molds, parasites, and *charm*, *geas*, or other mental controls) without the spell recipient needing to make a system shock roll. Death is prevented (it does not momentarily occur and then reverse), and unless the recipient is already unconscious when the *fortunate fate* acts, there is no loss of consciousness. This spell confers one such protection and is discharged in doing so.

It is a sin to cast this spell on anyone not of chaotic good alignment unless they are directly acting as a formal champion of Tymora or to aid or protect Tymoran clergy, and the spell simply does not work if cast on an evil creature or applied to its caster. There are instances of rulers and rich people persuading Tymoran priests to give them *fortunate fate* protections, but the clergy have undertaken this the sin only in return for a service or donation of great value (100,000 gold pieces or more, or the gift of lands and legal changes that make more temples possible) to the faith. This is typically done after consultative prayer, and Tymora usually sends a vision of what service or penance the priest must perform—or a stern prohibition not to cast the spell on the supplicant at all. In the days when many Halruuans used skyships, a *fortunate fate* protection was a coveted protection against death by “falling out of the sky.”





The Glarathra



This “book” is fashioned as a large bronze flower having eight wavy-edged petals and a spiral-shaped inner cup of leaves—it resembles no known living plant of Faerûn. It is crafted with a stem but no leaves, and is about two feet across, with its stem about three feet in length. Its image is well-known to followers of Chauntea, the bronze flower often appears at the corners of tapestries and mosaics made by devout Chaunteans.

Among older and high-ranking clergy of the Great Mother, the manner of activating *The Glarathra* is fairly widely known even though most of them have never seen it done. The bronze flower must be immersed in holy water and then set upright in the earth (depth is not important, so long as it stays upright) and surrounded by a ring of fertile seeds (from any plant). Once these conditions are met, the flower slowly opens, permitting access to its inner petals, where a list of spells appears. Touching a spell name causes a petal to fold over the list, obscuring it. The spell appears on the revealed petal surface, folding back again to restore the list when a protuberance, shaped like a bud, at the bottom of the spell “page” is touched.

The spells in *The Glarathra* appear one at a time. If the reader desires, the flower gives off a gentle heat (enough to thaw frozen things in winter, and sustain life) and a *faerie fire*-like radiance so that the flower’s spells can be read in darkness and other nearby things discerned. The light is always golden in hue, but its intensity is chosen by the will of its activator. The touch of *The Glarathra* banishes decay, blight, molds, and diseases in all living plants and, if immersed in it for a day or more, purifies sullied water.

The Glarathra is old, so old that its origin is forgotten by living men. In the days of the dawning of human settlements in the North, Chauntean High Harvestmasters would bring the Bronze Flower with them whenever a new temple-farm dedicated to the Golden Goddess was founded and plant it at the center of the community for a season. It is possible that *The Glarathra* has abilities that can make the land fertile and properly irrigated, requiring long periods of contact to function. Certainly some writings preserved in Candlekeep hint that this is so.

The last temple-farm to be so graced was Goldenfields, near Waterdeep. When its success was assured, the Wandering Seed of the Goddess (most exalted of the adventuring or traveling clergy of Chauntea), Patriarch Wilaundaun Braer, took the Bronze Flower and ranged off to the east.

It is known that he intended to further his life-work, halting of the spread of Anauroch, for a time, until *The Glarathra* should be needed for the enrichment of another new temple-farm. On at least six occasions during his long life, Braer brought the flower to the edge of the sands and worked mighty magic to keep the choked lands along the Desert’s edge damp and fertile. Once he even pushed back the desert, a small victory that lasted less than a season.

Patriarch Braer was a pacifist but mighty in his powers and an experienced traveler alone in the wilderlands. In the early autumn of 1358 DR, he vanished somewhere in the Fallen Lands or south of Weathercote Wood, and *The Glarathra* vanished with him.

Visions sent by the Great Mother to many senior Chauntean clergy insist that some ill befell Wilaundaun Braer, but that, changed in some fell fashion, he yet lives and the Bronze Flower also endures. They also urge devout Chaunteans to seek the Wandering Seed and bring him “back to the light,” and to search for and bring back *The Glarathra* as well.

Many have tried, seeking both man and flower in the wilderlands west of Anauroch, but those who have returned have come back wearily empty handed. To date, both the man and the Bronze Flower remain missing. One searcher, the priest Eladan of Baldurs’ Gate, spoke of seeing “monster zombies that could employ *transport via plants* as some priests do,” and finding circles of green growing things where he was sure *The Glarathra* had been planted for a time, but met with no central foe or conclusive sign of Braer’s fate. Other





searchers have also seen undead with unusual powers in the area, but it should be stressed that travel in that region is rare enough and no one can be certain that the creatures had anything to do with the missing Wandering Seed.

Thanks to the writings of several meticulous Chauntean priests, we know the exact spell roster of *The Glarathra*, which is as follows: *Abundance* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *air walk*, *animate rock*, *breath of life* (Tome of Magic), *changestaff*, *commune with nature*, *conjure earth elemental*, *control temperature 10' radius*, *control winds*, *create water*, *cure disease*, *earthquake*, *favor of the goddess* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *goodberry*, *health blessing* (Tome of Magic), *hold plant*, *land of stability* (Tome of Magic), *leaf into dagger* (a spell detailed below), *lower water*, *part water*, *pass plant*, *pass without truce*, *phantom plow* (Faiths & Avatars), *plant door*, *plant growth*, *preservation* (Tome of Magic), *repel insects*, *resist fire/resist cold*, *ripen plant* (detailed below), *sanctify sacred site* (Faiths & Avatars), *seeking mote* (detailed below), *speak with plants*, *stalker* (Tome of Magic), *stone tell*, *sunray*, *transmute rock to mud*, *transport via plants*, *tree*, *turn wood*, *wall of thorns*, *water breathing*, *water walk*, *weather summoning*, *wheat into blade* (detailed below), and *zone of sweet air* (Tome of Magic).

Leaf Into Dagger

(Alteration)

Level:	1
Sphere:	Combat, Plant
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	3 rounds
Casting Time:	4
Area of Effect:	One leaf
Saving Throw:	None

This spell causes a single plant leaf (of any variety, size, and condition) to shape itself into a nonmetallic, nonreflective, silent dagger in the caster's hand. The dagger acts as a razor-sharp, unbreakable *dagger* +2 that is considered magical for purposes of determining what creatures can hit and can be used without any nonproficiency penalty by the caster. It is weightless and vanishes if deliberately dropped by the caster; otherwise, it cannot be made to leave his hand. The caster can never be cut with his own blade (and can thus use it on bindings constricting him with energetic impunity).

The caster can elect, but only at the end of the first round of the dagger's existence (that is, after using it only once as a handheld weapon), to employ it as a hurled weapon. It must be thrown in the second round and is then able to reach

targets up to 90 feet away with no range penalties. It strikes at a +4 bonus to attack, but loses its damage bonus and vanishes upon landing or striking something.

Seeking Mote

(Evocation)

Level:	1
Sphere:	Sun
Range:	30 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round
Casting Time:	5
Area of Effect:	See text
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates a tiny, bright speck of light in one of the caster's hands (or in his mouth or emerging from his forehead, or one of his eyes, as needed). It flashes off to strike at a single chosen target, turning and twisting to follow them as a wizard's *magic missile* does. Unlike those famous magical pulses, however, a seeking mote can miss. It can also be destroyed by *dispel magic* spells or magical barriers en route to its target, but otherwise flies to attack a designated target in range, striking once with the caster's THAC0 but at a +4 bonus, and inflicting 2d4+2 points of damage.

The material components of a *seeking mote* spell are a pinch of dust and a fleck of mica, quartz, or any sort of clear gemstone. Both ingredients must have previously been exposed to full sunlight for at least one continuous turn.

Ripen Plant

(Alteration)

Level:	2
Sphere:	Plant
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	1 turn
Casting Time:	5
Area of Effect:	One plant
Saving Throw:	None

This spell causes a single plant to mature and ripen (to bloom, to produce ready fruit, or simply to yield seeds, as the caster desires) within the spell's duration. A plant of any size and nature can be affected, and it need not be a variety familiar to the caster. The bloom, seeds, or fruits grow toward





the caster (so as to drop into his waiting hand) unless the priest wills them to “present themselves” to another. If the caster desires, the magic affects only part of a plant, leaving the rest to grow normally. Once the spell expires, the plant affected by it radiates no magic and is entirely “normal.”

This magic will not work on plants that are being magically controlled by another entity. In such cases, a *ripen plant* spell identifies the control over the plant to the caster and acts as an unbreakable *hold plant* spell of 1 turn in duration.

Wheat Into Blade

(Alteration)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Combat, Plant
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	4 rounds
Casting Time:	6
Area of Effect:	One plant
Saving Throw:	None

This spell transforms the stalk of any living, cultivated plant, taller than the caster’s knee into a weightless, nonmetallic, nonreflective 7-foot-long magical *spear* +2 usable by the caster without any nonproficiency penalty. (If wielded by others, they must be proficient in the use of a spear to avoid penalties.) If thrown, this weapon strikes once and vanishes, dealing 8 points of damage to any target it strikes. If set to receive a charge, it inflicts triple maximum damage (24 points) at one successful attack and then vanishes. The caster can never be harmed by his own plant-spear, even if repeatedly attacked by someone else wielding it.

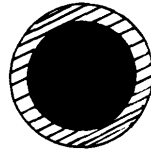
This magic does not work on plants that are magically controlled by another entity. In such cases, it identifies the condition and acts as an unbreakable *hold plant* spell of 1 turn duration.

Multiple *wheat into blade* spells can create a long, durable, unbreakable plant-pole. If a stalk is touched to one end of a plant-spear while a second *wheat into blade* spell is cast, it will fuse onto the first.





GoroThir's Girdle



This sacred text is actually a black leather corset made for a small waist, but held together with laces so that it can be worn (albeit in a ruffled, ridiculous fashion) by individuals with much larger torsos. The corset is studded with a 28 faces, of both sexes and all ages, carved out of jet. The visages are about as tall as a small man's palm, and are carved so skillfully as to appear almost alive. Each one is unique, and readily discernible as distinct from its neighbors. They all have empty eye sockets, and the spells stored in the *Girdle* are brought forth by placing the correct types of gems in these openings.

If an incorrect type of gem is placed into a socket, it vanishes, consumed by the magic of the belt. The enchantments that keep the belt supple are resistant to both deliberate attacks and the ravages of time, so that the entire assembly saves at +3 against all perils as if it were bone or ivory. The belt also exhibits the protections of a permanent *ironguard* spell.

Each of the 28 figures' eye sockets can accept only one sort of gem to activate it. The gems are of all grades. Sharran lore records only that they are "stones of the most valuable sort," though individual diaries and holy accounts record a few, sometimes inaccurate, specific stone and face combinations. Finders of the *Girdle* must experiment to find the correct eye socket matches, which are as follows:

- Laughing lady—left eye: jasmal; right eye: ruby
- Sad old bearded man—left: emerald; right: sapphire
- Jester—left: beljuril (fireflashil); right: ruby
- Knight—left: rogue stone; right: jasmal
- Fat woman—left: amaratha (shieldstone); right: emerald
- Hook-nosed man—left: rogue stone; right: rogue stone
- Cowled man—left: kings' tear (frozen tear); right: ruby
- Bearded man in feather cap—left: moonbar; right: sapphire
- Girl child—left: red tear (Tempus' weeping); right: jacinth
- Weeping lady—left: star sapphire; right: star ruby
- Grim scarred warrior—left: jasmal; right: fire opal
- Scowling dwarf—left: black opal; right: ruby
- Sneering elf—left: sapphire; right: star sapphire
- Crying boy—left: diamond; right: kings' tear (frozen tear)
- Baby—left: amaratha (shieldstone); right: beljuril (fireflashil)
- Idiot man—left: red tear (Tempus' weeping); right: black sapphire
- Whistling man—left: emerald; right: fire opal
- Tongue-out man—left: red tear (Tempus' weeping); right: diamond
- Staring man—left: beljuril (fireflashil); right: amaratha (shieldstone)
- Bald man—left: jasmal; right: kings' tear (frozen tear)
- Howling man—left: opal; right: fire opal
- Man with many tufts of hair—left: emerald; right: star sapphire
- Alluring lady—left: moonbar; right: beljuril (fireflashil)
- Tongue-out woman—left: sapphire; right: opal
- Screaming woman—left: amaratha (shieldstone); right: moonbar
- Smiling lady—left: black opal; right: red tear (Tempus' weeping)
- Jolly man—left: opal; right: kings' tear (frozen tear)
- Woman with scaly skin—left: ruby; right: black sapphire

(Note: Unfamiliar gems in this list are Faerûnian varieties described in the *Volo's Guide To All*





Things Magical sourcebook. Just what precise spells each gem and sockets match present is unknown, the spell roster contained in the *Girdle* is reproduced below.)

When the correct sort of gem is pressed into a socket, it sticks there (regardless of its size compared with the opening), glows slightly, and, when accompanied by the correct gem in the other socket of the same face, projects the spell within the face in midair, in the form of vertical floating letters of green fire. The gem is not consumed by this use, and the spell remains visible until the gem is removed. (It must be deliberately removed. No spell, attack, nor physical movement of the belt or its wearer can cause a stone to fall out of its socket, despite the fact that no glue or setting is holds it in place.)

Shar allows priests of all faiths to employ the powers of the Girdle (even directly against Sharran clergy and faithful) without harm, hoping that this will increase her influence and popularity.

The *Girdle* is named for its reputed maker, the priest Gorothir (who may in fact have been given the belt by Shar herself or by one of her servants). What is certain is that in his role as “Dark Prophet of the Night,” Gorothir wore the *Girdle* for some seven centuries, from the waning of Netheril (in Dalereckoning, around the year -310). The belt is obviously protected by very powerful (some say divine) preservative magic that has survived to this day, and it is probably one of the oldest garments in Faerûn.

Gorothir was a cunning, energetically evil man, given to sensual excesses and sudden orgies of violence. He was widely feared, even among Sharran clergy, and Shar gave him seemingly endless powers with which to lead her church, hoping to keep it strong and flourishing as the sophisticated might of Netheril was dashed away. Gorothir is known to have had the ability to turn himself at will into a “man-stag” twice as tall as a man and to twist spells hurled against him so that their effects went “wild.” Darkly handsome and a lover of intrigues, Gorothir sired countless children and ruled the faithful of Shar (and the lands they held sway over) like a mad tyrant.

In the end, that was his undoing. His descendants hated and feared him. For one thing, he regarded his bloodkin as his personal slaves, and often appeared to snatch lovely young ladies away from their chosen grooms and whisk them afar, into servitudes of his own cruelly whimsical selections, never to be seen again. Ultimately, his own grandchildren plotted to bring Gorothir down. They met with the mages he was fond of forcing to yield up their best magics, the rulers of lands who did not wish to be under the Shadow of Shar forever, and the clergy of rival gods. Together they lured the Dark Prophet to a place of power sacred to Selûne. Gorothir hoped to desecrate the place and steal its magics for his own, corrupting its guardian priestess and subverting her best spells to serve him.

He was busily carrying out those ends on a hot night in Mirtul of 446 DR when his foes revealed themselves in force, acting in concert against him. The Dark Prophet was destroyed, torn apart and blasted simultaneously in the heart of a massive conflagration of warring magic in which many died.

Out of that Night of Dark Fire, the protective magics of Shar preserved Gorothir’s staff, which was angrily seized and broken by an archwizard who paid for the act with his life, and the *Girdle*, snatched up and hidden away by one of Gorothir’s kin as booty.

Shar worked through the garment to corrupt the bold possessor of her belt, and ultimately turned the man, Jurguth Goroth, to her faith. He rose to become Dark Heart of one of her temples, but was kinder (to Shar, weaker) than his famous forebear. And so Shar whispered in dreams to a more ambitious one, a priestess, Klaunauthe Draeyl, telling her to slay Jurguth and take the *Girdle* for her own.

Klaunauthe did so in spectacular fashion, using spells to smash her superior to a blood soaked pulp on the domed ceiling of the temple during a ritual, using his fading life essence to raise herself to longer life and greater mastery of magic. She wore the *Girdle* from that day (the 11th of Eleint, 469 DR) forward and was still wearing it some 80 years later, on the 3rd day of Hammer, 554 DR, when the adventurer Rulgond drove his sword through one of the gaps in garment’s lacings, ending her life and her dark dreams at the same time. Rulgond was a reckless, energetic, ruthless warrior who spent the lives of most of his fellows in the Fellowship of Athul’s Sash that day, in their treasure-seeking assault on Klaunauthe’s palatial House of Reverence to the Dark Lady. There were over 60 priestesses and three times that number of guards in the walled country estate, but they could not save the Dark Heart of the Faith. They died under the busy swords of the Fellowship before they reached Klaunauthe.

Athul, nominal leader of the band, was one of those who fell in the fighting, and Rulgond made sure all of his other comrades died before he got back to the nearest city with a wagon train of temple booty. That left all the wealth for him, and after he tired of buying houses, businesses, and gowns for the ladies he wine and dined, he founded the Black Star Band, a well-equipped band of adventurers deadlier in every way than the Fellowship it replaced. Rulgond led it into battle for another two decades, the *Girdle* about his waist every day he sallied forth.

Then came the morning (in Tarsakh of 576 DR) when Rulgond died with the poisoned blades of three treacherous underlings stuck in his chest. They fought among themselves for possession of the Black Star Band and their master’s wealth. Only two survived that day, one was sorely wounded and thought to be dead. He was the one who came crawling to Rulgond’s body in the darkness and took the *Girdle*, hoping that it would bring him victory over his rival.





And in the fullness of time, it did. Rulgond haunted the belt, whispering to him. (Some say his shade lurks about it still, able to speak in dreams and to send visions.) A feeling that two cold, watching eyes are just out of the wearer's sight, affects every user, and some, they say, have gone quite mad. A tattered, shambling thing, the thief took to scrambling along after Orgloth, the fat, successful leader of the Black Stars, and during a drunken celebration in a looted mansion he saw his chance and leaped down on his rival from above. The knife in his hand was little more than a rusty stub, but his foot caught on a rail as he struck and brought the whole crumbling construction down on top of him and Orgloth, crushing them together.

Out of the bloody ruins, one of Orgloth's ladies took the belt, scared and sickened, but having heard of its powers.

It kept her alive in the vicious struggles that followed, throughout the long, hot summer of 596 DR—long enough for her to sell it to a Sharran underpriest in a distant city who promptly sent agents to have her murdered (they could not find her). The ambitious underpriest put the *Girdle* on a statue of Shar in his private shrine and worshiped it, hoping the goddess would manifest and reward him.

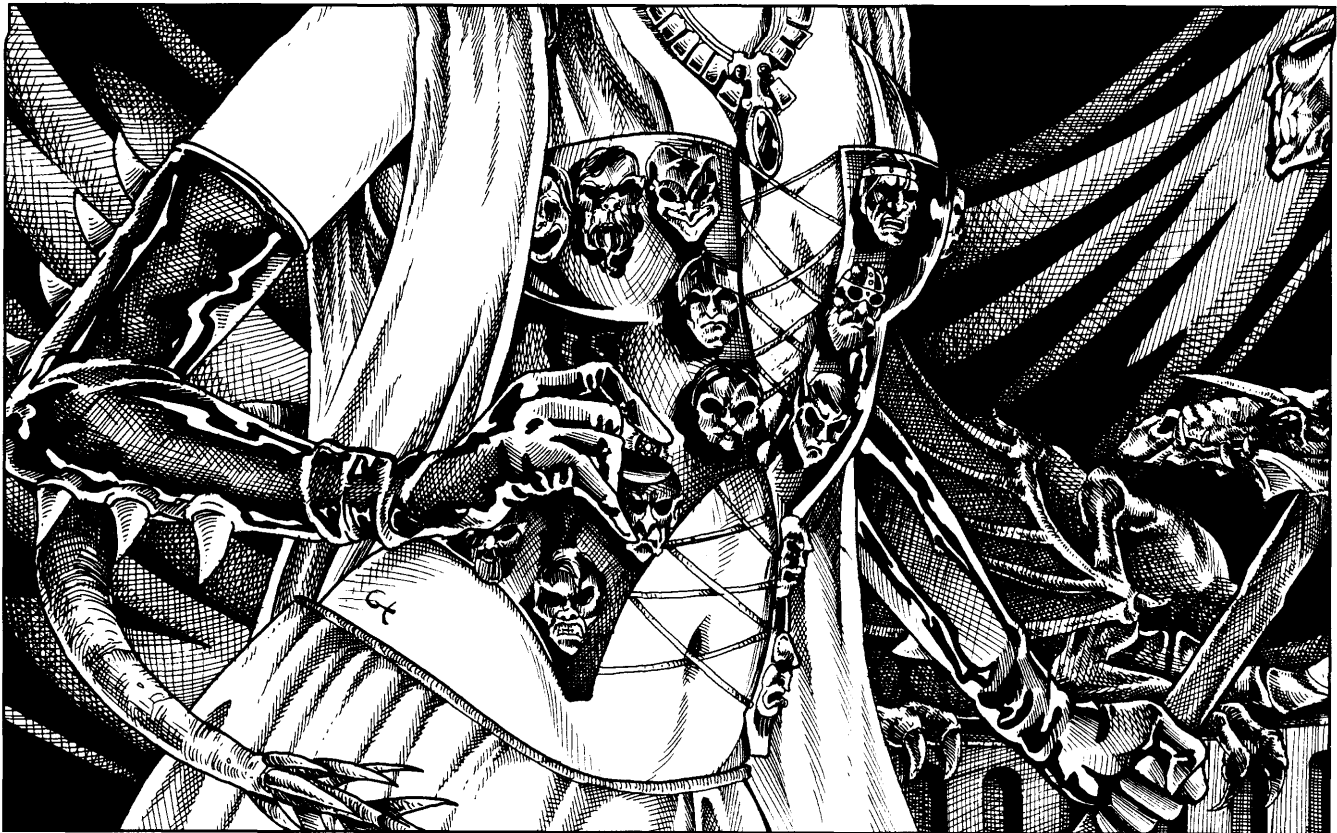
She did, blasting the cleric to a staggering undead thing of shuffling bones, and set it to guard the shrine forever. He stood, unable even to scream, as the goddess sent dream-visions to a

young priestess, to summon her to claim the *Girdle*. That priestess, Lalondra Worul, set about building a sisterhood of the cruel, the capable, and the careful. Thus was born The True Servants of Shar, each of them bound to her with spells so that her health governed their own. That kept her alive for 80 long years as her black-gowned, dark-eyed Servants spread the night rituals of Shar from city to city up and down the Sword Coast.

When at last Dark Mother Lalondra sought lichdom, the linkages she had formed brought death to all of her important Servants, sweeping away the power of the Sharran clergy overnight. Undisciplined underlings rioted in the streets, bringing frantic retaliation from authorities in a dozen cities—retaliation that shattered the power of the Sharran in those centers.

Uncaring, the lich Lalondra walked her own way in dark places beneath the earth, seeking to conquer a new realm for Shar. Displeased, Shar deserted her, stripping away her spells and leaving her only the *Girdle*. Alone and defenseless, lost in caverns infested with drow and alhoon, Lalondra did not last long.

There have been many tales of the dark belt surfacing in this or that city of Faerûn since, usually for sale at a very dear price in gems to buyers who soon find themselves the target of every Sharran priest and agent within reach. Belt and buyer soon vanish, and the *Girdle* goes elsewhere, to rise again and make





more money for the faith from another deluded dupe. Then comes death, and the belt travels on.

Senior Sharran clergy insist that there is no curse on the *Girdle*, and that in fact certain secret combinations of gem placements in the eye sockets of more than one face (not revealed on the list) can bring the shade of Rulgond, the whispering phantom of Klaunauthe, or even the presence of Shar herself to the wearer, to answer all questions truthfully and to give advice about foes to beware of, prizes near and ripe for the taking, and the best tactics for the questioner to pursue in the near future. (The devout insist that these “sacred summoned ones” cleave to the truth and do not try to corrupt *Girdle*-wearers, or lure them to their dooms by fateful advice.)

There are rumors that another spell, perhaps *mass resurrection*, can be called forth by placing the correct sort of stone, a single variety of a lesser ornamental grade (though just which one the tales can never agree upon), in all of the sockets. The spells known to be within *Gorothir's Girdle* are as follows: *Animate dead*, *armor of darkness* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *blade barrier*, *circle of privacy* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *crawling darkness* (a spell detailed below), *creature of darkness* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *crushing walls* (*Tome of Magic*), *dark road* (detailed below), *darkbolt* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *dispel magic*, *dissension's feast* (*Tome of Magic*), *efficacious monster ward* (*Tome of Magic*), *greater creature of darkness* (detailed below), *grounding* (*Tome of Magic*), *heal*, *hovering road* (*Tome of Magic*), *imbue with spell ability*, *invisibility to undead*, *meld into stone*, *mind read* (*Tome of Magic*), *mindshatter* (*Tome of Magic*), *miscast magic* (*Tome of Magic*), *mistaken missive* (*Tome of Magic*), *modify memory* (*Tome of Magic*), *monster mount* (*Tome of Magic*), *obscurement*, *telepathy* (*Tome of Magic*), and *whip of Shar* (*Faiths & Avatars*).

Crawling Darkness

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Protection
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	None

This spell brings into being a shroud of dark, writhing tentacles around the caster, extending 3 feet in all directions from the caster's body. The caster can see, move, cast spells, and otherwise act normally (including engaging in hand-to-hand

combat). Others can no longer see the caster's real body, and are hampered by the semisolid, thrashing tentacles. Thus, the caster cannot be identified (except by *true seeing* or other prying spells), gains an Armor Class bonus of +4, and also receives a bonus of +2 on all attack rolls.

The *crawling darkness* moves with the caster, and confers the following additional benefits: *Feather fall* automatically, whenever needed, *water walk* whenever desired, and *slay insect* (any number or size, including monster insects). This last power operates against all insects in contact with the shroud. It is effective against *creeping doom*, *insect plague*, and other magically summoned or controlled insects, and exhausts the spell—in other words, it slays all insects in contact with it and then vanishes (providing no protection against other insects that may have accompanied those it destroyed but that were outside its area of effect).

Crawling darkness can also be instantly ended at any time by the caster's will. The material components of this spell are a strand of spiderweb, a pinch of soot or pitch, and a tentacle (any size) from an octopus, cuttlefish, jellyfish, or other marine life form.

Dark Road

(Alteration)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Elemental (Earth)
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round/level
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	None

This spell has two uses. It serves as an unerring direction finder underground or in darkness (denoting the direction of an object, chosen during the casting, which the caster has handled before), and if cast against a wall, including the natural rock of a cavern, when that direction lies “through,” the wall, it can act akin to a *passwall* spell (the 5th-level wizard spell).

The object that the caster is seeking the direction of must be a specific, portable item that he knows well; typically a spare holy symbol, undergarment, memento, or even a nondescript stone that the priest keeps hidden in his abode. The spell points to it even if the item has moved for any reason, and a priest may therefore be deceived when using this spell to learn directions. Conversely, when the item is being carried on a known journey, the priest can use multiple *dark road* spells to trace the progress of the carrier.





A *dark road* spell operates correctly even when miles underground, in areas of strong natural or magical radiations, and through most known magical barriers.

Its “passage” power creates a temporary opening four feet wide, six feet high, and 20 feet deep, through solid stone, earth and rocks, mud, sand, wood, plaster, metal, and even magical barriers created by spells of 6th level or less. The tunnel can slope and curve, changing its grade or shifting one foot for each foot of its run. (Up or down and left or right, but never changing its direction to zigzag or to rise and then fall. Only one change in gradient or shift in direction from the straight is possible.) It lasts for one round per level of the caster, can be traversed by any being or thrown item regardless of the caster’s will, and can be combined with other *dark road* spells to create a longer passage. When it closes, it expels all items and beings within it, doing them no harm. (There is no known way to entomb a creature or object by closing a *dark road* tunnel with something in it, and the caster cannot close a *dark road* tunnel “early” by will.)

Dark road tunnels are unaffected by *dispel magic* spells, but *limited wish* (and stronger) magics are known to prevail against them.

The material components of a *dark road* spell are a straight bone (from any creature) that has previously been touched to the item that the spell is to find (the item is not affected by the spell in any way), and a preserved eye (or tears from the eye) of any burrowing or *phasing* creature, from a mole to a xorn.

Greater Creature of Darkness

(Alteration, Illusion/Phantasm)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Sun
Range:	10 yards per level
Components:	V, S M
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	9
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates a mobile, bipedal, upright “shadow person” that resembles a human in form. It floats, “walking” about at MV 12 without actually touching surfaces, and may be controlled by the caster from afar (to the limits of the spell’s range), going where the caster cannot or dare not go. Observers cannot see through the smokelike “body” of this construct, and it quenches magical *light* and *continual light* on contact without being itself affected.

A greater creature of darkness can achieve semi-solidity, and can be used to carry items of not more than 25 pounds in

weight. Thus it can deliver items, wield magical items or regular weapons in combat, and even deliver the touch-discharged spells cast by its caster, as if its hands were the caster’s own. (All these activities are at the caster’s THACO, but with a -3 penalty on attack rolls.) The construct is not sentient, but is controlled by the will of the caster, who can dimly “see” through illusory eyes that the shadow person does not, in fact, possess. (The caster cannot hear, smell, taste, or feel textures through the shadow person.)

Gaze attacks (such as the petrifying glare of a basilisk) cannot harm the caster through the shadow “eyes,” but the caster in turn cannot see through the construct well enough to read, see expressions, or even to recognize friends by their features—although gestures can be discerned. The shadow person can open doors (so long as doing so does not require pushing more than 20 pounds of dead weight), unlock things, point at objects or give directions, and conceal the identity of beings by “enveloping” them.

If a living being moves into a *greater creature of darkness* and its creator desires to harm them, they can be automatically struck once per round by any one weapon or magical item carried by the shadow person or a touch-released spell attack can be launched through the construct for full possible damage. Creatures can freely enter or leave a *greater creature of darkness*, though it can move with them if its caster desires, and it is not dispelled by the entrances and exits of beings. All beings entering a construct can see through it as if its gloom did not exist, and are “cloaked” by it to a limit of four small-sized (or smaller) creatures, two man-sized creatures, or one larger than man-sized creature. The darkness expands to cover their bodies and conceal their identities (even several beings at once, although if they move more than 20 feet apart, the construct will stay with only one of them).

If the caster wears his own *greater creature of darkness*, it conceals his identity, grants him immunity to blinding or hypnotic lights (including magical effects) and all illusions (including attacks such as *shadow monsters*). It has two additional powers, but calling on either exhausts the spell. It can act as a *feather fall* for the caster, or it can enable him to *levitate* for up to four consecutive rounds.

The material components of a greater creature of darkness spell are a strand of spiderweb, a pinch of soot or pitch, a piece of shell, beak, or bone that has been dyed black or blackened in a fire, and a black feather, scale, clump of fur, or piece of skin from any flying creature.

Rumors persist that those who know a secret variant of the casting of this spell can use one additional power of a greater creature of darkness. If it touches a foe they wish to harm, they can sacrifice some of their own hit points, and instantly deal their opponent double that number of points of damage as a flesh-eating, corrosive attack (no saving throw).





The Helm of Helm



This “tome” appears to be a heavy metal war-helm with a simple visor, but without mantling or heraldic markings. There is nothing on it to denote its dedication to the God of Guardians, and its only unusual properties are an immunity to rust and the word “Surgar” engraved on the inside of the visor, in the Common Tongue. If this word is uttered aloud by someone touching the *Helm*, the visor glows with a faint silver radiance, and the *Helm* becomes active.

Creatures of all lawful alignments who do not worship Helm see only the radiance and hear singing in a very faint voice that might suggest that magical properties in the *Helm* have awakened. Lawfully neutral individuals who do not worship Helm but don the helmet, hear the name of the god echoing grandly in their heads (no one else who is present hears anything).

Beings of chaotic alignments who are wearing or in contact with the *Helm* suffer the effects of a *heat metal* spell (that is, a very warm feeling on the first round; blistering hot and 1d4 points of damage on the second; searing hot, hair sizzles away and 2d4 points of damage per round on the third and every round thereafter; save vs. spell on the fifth round and every 3 rounds thereafter or fall unconscious for 1d4 turns—if contact is broken, start the effects over at the first round for a character’s next touch), though the *Helm* does not in fact get hot, and beings of other alignments who are touching the *Helm* at the same time feel nothing out of the ordinary.

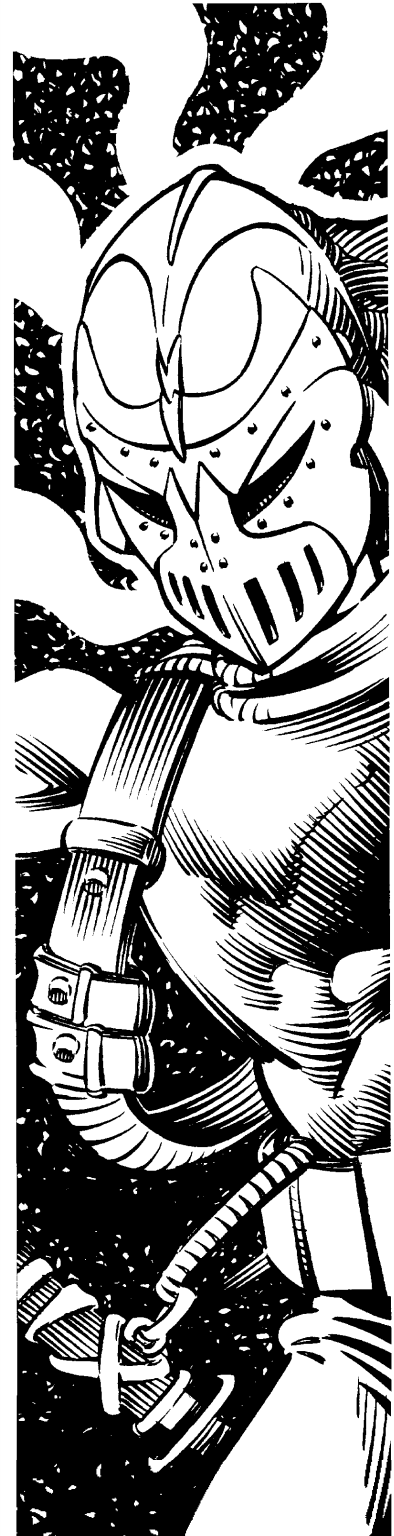
If a being who worships the god Helm dons or is wearing the *Helm* within 1 turn of the word “Surgar” being uttered, he will see the spells the *Helm of Helm* holds displayed one by one on the inside of the visor. These magics appear in alphabetical order, ranked in ascending levels, but speaking aloud the name of a spell stored in the helmet brings that spell instantly to view. Spells cannot be cast by reading them directly from the *Helm* because the closed visor prevents the caster from seeing what he is doing or concentrating on surroundings.

While a consecrated priest of Helm (that is, a cleric who has dedicated himself to the God of Guardians, made an offering, and been accepted into the faith with a formal altar ceremony) is wearing the *Helm*, he never needs sleep or feels weary and is immune to the effects of all enchantment/charm spells (both friendly and hostile). All spells of the guardian and protection spheres he memorizes (when cast later) last for the maximum length of time, do the maximum possible points of damage or aid, and affect the maximum possible area or number of recipients.

The helm is believed to be about a thousand years old. It was first seen rising out of a battlefield bog, presenting itself to the Helmite cleric Garshond in the defense of Iriaebor against a hobgoblin-led army of mixed orcs and goblins in the year 1264 DR, but some clergy then and now believe that the Vigilant One took it then from the bones of an older, forgotten champion of his faith, one whose bones lay under the waters of that bog.

Whatever the truth, Garshond bore the war-helm off that field and back to The Watchtower of the Vigilant, his fledgling temple-keep in Harkstag (a long-vanished village that stood northeast of Serpent’s Cowl, in what is now scrub woodland. Then, as now, the area is infested with lurking yuan-ti). There he called a council to which he invited the most law-abiding, old-money families of Waterdeep, Iriaebor, and Scornubel. Most sent their nearest merchant agents, but a few sent younger sons, and to them all Garshond preached the common benefits of well-guarded roads and an elite, disciplined band of guardian knights.

The Council of Helm was a great success, and established Garshond as the most important Helmite priest of his day. Some of the nobles stayed to join the envisaged Vigilant Riders, and others sent senior agents with money to sponsor the band and to formalize its obligations to the merchants using the area. The Riders undertook to patrol the roads linking Waterdeep, Baldur’s Gate, Eturel, Scornubel, Iriaebor, and the smaller towns and villages between. This did not please the brigands and goblinkin in the area, whose depredations had made the lightly populated lands between Amn, the Sea of Fallen Stars, and Waterdeep the most dangerous for trav-





elers in all Faerûn. They all united to smash the Vigilant Riders in battle after battle, notably Skull Hill in 1266 DR, Scattershields in 1267, and Ghost River in 1268, where Garshond was slain and the Riders were smashed forever, though it took the lives of 12 times their strength in orcs to do it.

Some survivor took the *Helm* off Garshond's head and bore it away. Despite a diligent search by priests of the faith, no trace of it came to civilized ears until 1312 DR, when it was offered for sale in Westgate. A Helmite priest tried to buy it and was refused by the Chessentan merchant whose shop held it. The priest returned with twice the asking price—only to be slaughtered by the Lawless, a sect of Shar, who had obviously set the shop up as a lure for clergy they opposed. (They killed a priest of Torm a day later, and sorely wounded several clergy of Ilmater.)

Clergy of several faiths hurriedly met and hired an adventuring band, the South Shore Serpents, to hunt down the Lawless. It soon became clear, as the city erupted into sniping in the daytime and pitched street battles at night, that someone high in authority was shielding or backing the Lawless, and that the *Helm* had become just one more piece in the ongoing struggle for rule of Westgate. The Serpents fell one by one, taking the Lawless with them, but thieving bands and street mercenaries entered the fray, and the strife continued.

A young Helmite priest, Carath of Selgaunt, hired the Wild Blades Adventurers of Teziir to slay the Chessentan and bring back all the contents of his shop they could salvage. The Blades were led by two sisters whose magecraft was growing speedily, and they used spells to summon monster after monster to prowl through the shop, destroying its bodyguards, its wares, and its proprietor. Then they looted the ruins only to find themselves under attack by agents of Thay, who had been waiting for a good chance to seize the *Helm* (which most of the combatants knew only as a potent magical item, not something dedicated to the faith of the God of Guardians) for themselves.

In the struggle that followed, the senior Thayan mage was forced to flee for his life, all of his forces destroyed, and the Blades reduced to one battered warrior and one of the sisters, Tayana, who was trapped in a curse laid by her Red Wizard opposite that forced her into the shape of a giant hissing serpent several times each day. Fearing she would be slain by fearful citizens, she fled into the wilderlands with the *Helm* and with her surviving companion, who soon died of his wounds. Embittered, Tayana hid in the Giant's Run Mountains, where the priest Carath tracked her down in the spring of 1313 DR. She attacked him, but he used spells to defeat her without doing her harm, and then break the curse upon her. She gave him the *Helm* with her grateful thanks, and in time they were wed.

Carath established the Guardtower of the God temple in Redwater, and spent his days training young hopefuls to be priests of Helm (and, it is said, adding spells to the *Helm* under

the guidance of the god himself). Hundreds of Helmite priests began their careers under his wise tutelage, and Carath's reputation slowly spread. And so, of course, there came a day (in 1347 DR) when priests of Talos and of Shar attacked the temple, seeking to destroy it and him together.

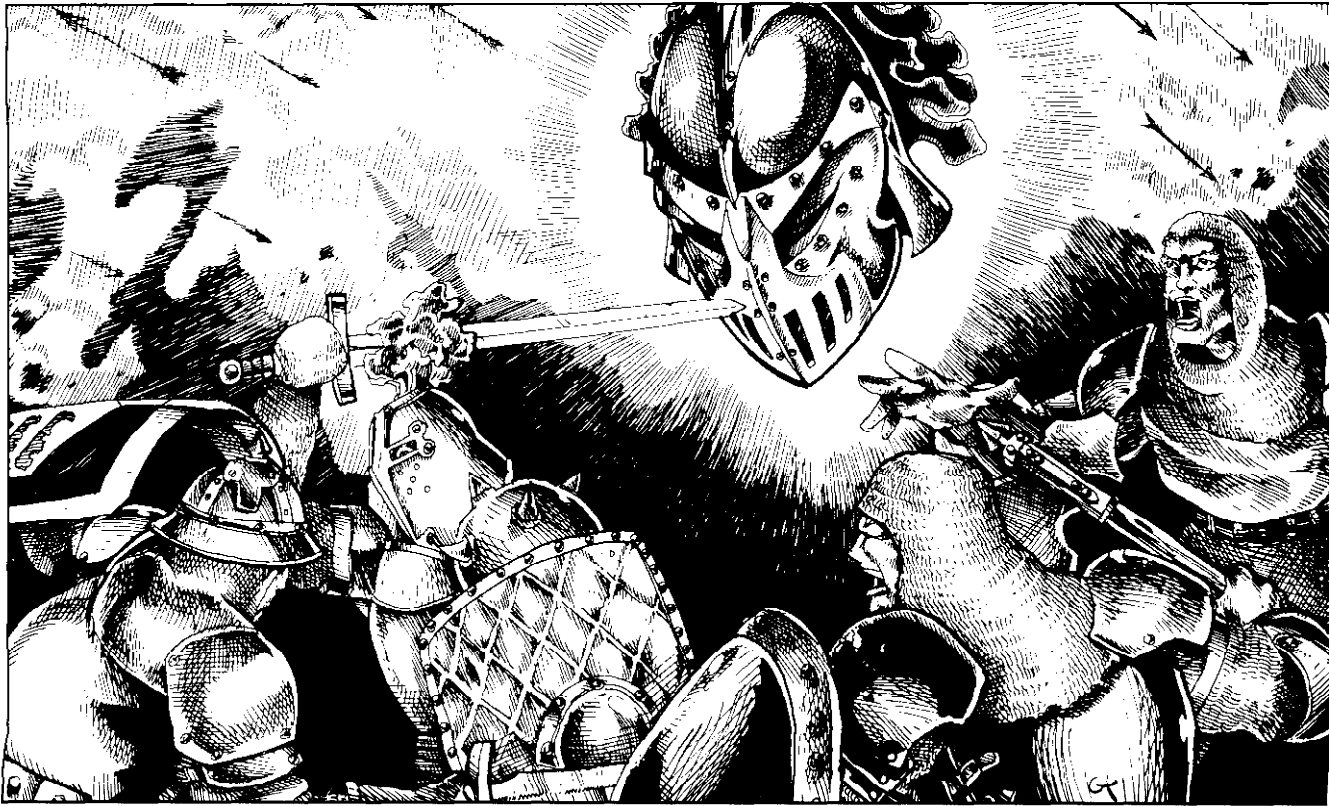
Their spells shattered the walls and crushed Carath in his own courtyard, and a grief-crazed Tayana flew up out of the ruins with murder in her heart and mighty spells flying from her hands. When she was done, the evil clergy were all ashes and dust, the temple was a burning pyre, and Tayana burned to death in its flames willingly, embracing the body of her beloved. From that day to this, the *Helm* has emitted a burnt smell whenever magical fire is active within a half-mile or so of its location.

Many priests of Helm came to the site of the fallen Guardtower to pray and to search for what could be salvaged. One of the first to do so was a young, ambitious Helmite priest by the name of Rolor, who saw himself as the new Sword of Helm, who would lead the faithful to greatness.

His dreams were confirmed (in his own eyes, at least) when the *Helm* rose out of the fire-scarred rubble to hover in front of him. Rolor took it and marched off into Tunland to found a new realm dedicated to Helm, thundering his chosen mission to all who would listen (most thought him a ranting madman). He used it and his own spells and items to rout a Zhentarim patrol out of Darkhold in full view of a fleeing caravan, then he walked on into Tunland and has not been seen since. Some believed the Zhentarim killed or enslaved him, and took the *Helm* as booty. Others believe that he still wanders the wilderlands of Tun as a madman, but to date both Rolor and the *Helm of Helm* are missing.

Shardun Voamil, a Revered Guardian (learned elder) of the faith, visited Carath in the days when the Guardtower was new, and it is from his exhaustive examination of the *Helm* that we know its properties and contents. (The reader is reminded that Carath may have added more spells to its roster after Shardun's examination.) The helm is known to have held the spells *anti-vermin barrier* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *anti-animal shell*, *blade barrier*, *chant*, *continual light*, *cure serious wounds*, *dispel evil*, *dispel magic*, *efficacious monster ward* (Tome of Magic), *exaltation* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *faith armor* (a spell detailed below), *fire purge* (Tome of Magic), *fist of faith* (detailed below), *flame strike*, *glyph of warding*, *heal*, *holy word*, *invisibility purge* (Tome of Magic), *light*, *mace of Odo* (Faiths & Avatars), *magical vestment*, *negative plane protection*, *protection from evil*, *protection from fire*, *protection from lightning*, *remove curse*, *remove paralysis*, *resist fire/resist cold*, *seeking sword* (Faiths & Avatars), *sentry of Helm* (Faiths & Avatars), *shield of the god* (detailed below), *spell immunity*, *squeaking floors* (Tome of Magic), *sunray*, *symbol*, *tenfold ironguard* (detailed below),





tentacle walls (Tome of Magic), undead ward (Tome of Magic), wyvern watch, zone of sweet air (Tome of Magic), and zone of truth (Tome of Magic).

Fist of Faith

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 2
 Sphere: Combat
 Range: 10 yards
 Components: V, S
 Duration: Instantaneous
 Casting Time: 5
 Area of Effect: One target being
 Saving Throw: None

This spell causes an invisible fist of force to strike any being visible to the caster who is within range. The *fist of faith* strikes only once, but cannot miss. It does no damage to items (even fragile ones), acting only on living or undead bodies, and inflicts 4d4 points of damage (4d6 to undead). Once struck, a victim is immune to all effects of other *fist of faith* spells until 24 hours have elapsed.

Faith Armor

(Abjuration, Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 5
 Sphere: Protection
 Range: 0
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 5 rounds
 Casting Time: 8
 Area of Effect: The caster
 Saving Throw: None

This spell brings into being a shadowy, translucent “armor” around the caster. The aura of this roiling magic can neither be removed nor cast on other beings. *Faith armor* temporarily makes the caster AC 0 (regardless of encumbrance, Dexterity, and whatever real armor or garb is worn beneath it), and can be set during casting render its caster immune to the effects of all wizard spells of a particular school or all priest spells of a specific sphere, so that the armored caster is unaffected by such magic.

The material component of a *faith armor* spell is a handful of powdered obsidian, enough to completely cover both of the caster’s palms if it is spread out as thin as dust.





Shield of The God

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Protection
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	5 rounds
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates an invisible shield of force in front of the caster that moves to deal with charging foes (one opponent per round, but the priest can move the shield to defend against a different foe at the end of each round, if desired), slowing them to half movement rate and hampering their attacks. The caster of *shield of the god* must choose one of two additional effects for the shield during casting (the choice cannot be altered thereafter): “block” or “shield.”

A shield set to “block” a foe strikes at THACO 6, with the choice of “spoil foe’s attack” (if it hits) or “deal damage” (2d4+4 points, and forcing “crushing blow” saving throws on fragile frontal items borne by the foe). If the shield misses its strike, or inflicts damage, the foe’s attacks at the shield-caster are unaffected.

A shield set to “shield” against a foe tries to block all attacks. It does no damage to the foe, but forces all of the foe’s attacks to be at a -3 penalty on attack rolls and a -1 penalty on damage. In addition, the shield-caster gains a +2 bonus on all saving throws vs. attacks, including spells (for spells that normally allow a saving throw).

A shield can be set in a doorway or passage to simply block opponents from getting to the caster, who can cast other spells of 4th level or less through it without affecting the shield. If a 5th-level (or higher) spell makes contact with the shield (whatever the source of the spell), the shield will block the spell attack (if it is a physical attack manifestation, rather than a charm, area of effect, or general effect spell), but fail at the end of that round. The caster can also end the shield at any time by silent act of will.

The material components of a *shield of the god* spell are a glove and a piece of rock crystal (or clear gemstone in its natural, uncut state).

Tenfold Ironguard

(Abjuration, Alteration)

Level:	6
Sphere:	All
Range:	0

Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	1 to 10 creatures
Saving Throw:	See text

This spell makes up to 10 beings (the caster may be one of them) touched by the caster immune to the damage of all metal items. Metal blades and bars pass through protected beings as if their bodies did not exist. Willing creatures are automatically affected by a *tenfold ironguard* spell; hostile creatures are unaffected if they successfully save vs. spell (and the caster must typically make a successful attack roll to touch them, too). The strength of this magic is not altered by how many or few beings are protected by it.

A being under the influence of a *tenfold ironguard* can pass through metal bars, gates, and the like as if he were a phantasm—but is brought up short by the presence of nonmetallic items (such as a wooden handle on a metal tool) or by enchanted metal. Heat, cold, and poisons still affect the guarded being, even if delivered by “harmless” metal weapons. Magical metal weapons deal damage equal to their bonuses. (If they have no bonus, they do 1 point of damage per strike.) Spells whose effects involve metal (such as *blade barrier*) deal their normal effects to *ironguarded* beings. If an *ironguarded* being’s body is pierced by or moving through metal when this spell expires, he is instantly slain.

A *tenfold ironguard* has one important difference from the 5th-level wizard *ironguard* spell: Each protected being can designate one metal item (one that they are holding and that the caster can touch during casting) to be unaffected by the spell. Thus a protected being can retain a single weapon, tool, key, or other item. The item can contain other items (a metal chest full of coins, for instance) and still be considered “one item” (though if the coins spill, the guarded being will not be able to pick them up), but cannot extend its exemption from the spell to attached items. (For example, a breastplate made exempt would not extend its status to an adjacent gorget or any other part of the same suit of armor.) Metal pieces “fall through” the body of an individual, but leather straps typically work by hanging tightly from the body, and buckles still hold them together even though the metal in the buckles themselves can now pass through the wearer.

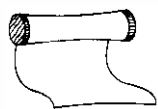
The caster cannot end the *ironguard* early by any known means, and *dispel magic* and similar spells cannot remove its protection either—but the death of the caster ends the magic instantly.

The material components of a *tenfold ironguard* spell (like a wizard’s *ironguard*) are a handful of iron filings and a drop of aqua regia.





The Key of Faith



This holy book takes the form of an ornate metal key of *everbright* silver. It is 2 feet long, has large loops for handles, and sports a thick barrel marked with numbers from 1 through 26. Touching a number has no apparent effect, but if the tip of the *Key* is later touched to any solid, relatively flat surface (such as a wall, door, tabletop, floor, or shield), a spell from the roster of the *Key of Faith* appears on that surface, slowly inscribing itself in unobtrusive letters of dull black that appear, glowing mauve in darkness. The writing does not harm the surface, and silently fades away 24 hours (144 turns) after materializing, leaving no marks or magical traces behind.

Most spells take two full rounds to write out completely, and do not appear at all if the *Key* is touched to a surface that already bears any sort of enchantment. The same spell always appears when a given number is pressed, but only the first selected number is “active” at a time. If someone presses the number “5” and then various other numbers, the later numbers are all ignored; the *Key* cannot “feel” another number being selected until it has written out the spell linked to number 5. The first number pressed thereafter then becomes active, and so on.

Any amount of time can pass between selecting a number and touching the *Key* to a surface on which the spell is to be written. This can be done unwittingly by someone who does not know the powers of the *Key* and accidentally touches a suitable surface. The numbers are set into a groove in the barrel in such a way that it is extremely unlikely that they will be touched by accident by someone who is merely carrying the *Key* or trying to find the keyhole that it opens (something that Oghmanyte lore insists exists only in the Outlands, where it is the lock of the Study of Spells in Oghma’s own House of Knowledge). Anyone can cause the *Key* to activate; its use is not restricted to priests or to clergy of Oghma’s faith. (The Lord of Knowledge hopes that spell-lore will be spread throughout all peoples of Faerûn in this manner.)

The *Key of Faith* first surfaced in Sembia in 1187 DR, when a merchant by the name of Feldro (who had previously seemed to worship nothing more than money, his minimal donations to temples of Waukeen being his only sign of devotion) came to the Hall of Scrolls in Ordulin (a fledgling “rent-and-read” library founded and maintained by Oghmanyte clergy). He began babbling about a “Holy Quest” of which the Wise God had spoken to him at a chance meeting in the backlands.

“There is a key!” Feldro thundered. “A *Key of Faith* that writes spells by the will of the Binder—spells that priests of all faiths can read!”

Feldro was at first dismissed as a wander-wit, but then the Lord Librarian of the Hall received a dream-vision that featured a frowning Oghma pointing sternly at Feldro!

So it was that the Holy Quest for the *Key* began, drawing Oghmanyte priests from all over Faerûn to the Hall. Priests of Bane, who had long battled the priests of the Binder for influence in upland Sembia, saw a golden opportunity to rid themselves of many rivals at a stroke—and worked mighty summoning magics that hurled literally tons of monsters down onto the roof of the Hall without warning. It collapsed, the Banites gleefully spread word that Oghmanytes dabbled in dark beast-magics and had died by their own misadventure, and the Hall and most of the Sembian priesthood of Oghma perished in one afternoon.

The others grimly set forth on *two* quests: to hunt down and slay two Banite priests for every Oghmanyte killed in the collapse of the Hall, and to find the *Key*, wherever it might be in Faerûn. Mercenaries, adventurers, and the clergy of other gods, attracted by the claim that the spells of the *Key* could be used by all, hunted too—but only the Oghmanytes received visions from the Lord of Knowledge as to where the *Key* might be found; cryptic images that had to be puzzled out to draw a step nearer to the fabled *Key*.





A season passed, and those priests of the Binder who remained faithful to the quest were converging on the Moonsea. Other seekers had begun to realize that following the Oghmanytes was their best hope for gaining the *Key*, and every priest of the Binder had his stealthy escort, lurking along in his wake as he drew nearer to the southern shore of the Moonsea, toward the River Lis, at Elventree!

The elves who dwelt in the woods around that tranquil trading village sharpened their arrows and went hunting, reaping a deadly toll of evil priests as the dark followers drew in closer around the hunting Oghmanytes.

At length, the priests of the Binder all found themselves staring at each other around a well and then with one accord looked down into the shaft. For just an instant, a glowing scroll seemed to unroll and flash at them on the dark waters down below. With a shout the priests scrambled to climb down the well, leaping recklessly until many of them became jammed together in the cavity, their bodies broken under the weight of those above. A few drowned, and a few more perished in the fire magics sent down the well shaft soon after by an evil priest who had survived the elven gauntlet. Most found a door in the side of the well, and beyond it a curious labyrinth of passages.

It was clear they were in the tomb of an ancient patriarch of Oghma, but mists shrouded their minds, and to each man and woman it seemed as if each walked alone. Every room they entered held a ghostly voice that challenged them with lore queries or tests of their faith, and so it was that Oghma chose the best from among his clergy. The rest were carried away by the mists, to awaken elsewhere with all memory of their past lives gone.

Of all the priests of Oghma who undertook the Holy Quest, only 26 reached the final room. There the mists rolled away, and they all saw each other and the glowing *Key*. As each hesitated, not quite daring to stride forward to seize the *Key*, a voice rolled out of it, saying, "One spell for each of you shall slumber here. The quest is fulfilled. Touch the *Key* and turn from it, serving me better than before. The *Key* is not for you, but for those who venture into perilous places, to be found unsought. It shall stay with no man long."

And after all had touched the *Key*, it vanished. The 26 priests who left the well stood straighter, and looked wiser, and saw more shrewdly for the rest of their days. Their fellows said they were "Touched by the Most Wise."

And in the teachings of Oghma from that day forward it was understood that the *Key* would lie in dungeons and lairs and ruins and tombs, to be found by adventurers and outlaws and explorers and the desperate, to serve them briefly and then vanish of its own accord.

This was borne out in reports from Walgund's Warriors in 1214 DR (they found the *Key* on Undermountain's second level, in a room of broken statues), and from Oskul's Marauders in 1231 DR (the *Key* came to them high on a ledge in a half-flooded cellar in Marsember).

Both bands of adventurers reported that immersing the *Key* in any corrupted liquid purifies the fluid and makes it palatable for human consumption, removing all poisons, pollution, and unpleasant tastes or odors. Moreover, alcohol is turned to water without altering its taste or appearance, and can no longer intoxicate. A later band of adventurers, the Ladies of the Blade (some bored noblewomen of Westgate, who found the *Key* somewhere in the Ghost Holds in Battledale, in 1265 DR), discovered another property of the sacred object: When left touching bread or cheese—and *only* bread or cheese—overnight (for at least 10 consecutive hours), it turned one loaf or wheel of cheese into two, exactly doubling the original measure. It also banished all molds on and spoiled parts of the provender. Several individuals since then (most notably the kenku Reeatlann in 1278 DR) have confirmed this property. The overuse of it, however, makes the *Key* vanish very quickly.

The *Key* always disappears, quietly, by itself, when least expected or unobserved. Suddenly, despite any locks, coffers, chests, vaults, ward-spells, or guards that may be present, the *Key* is simply no longer to be found. If word of this comes to any priest of the Binder, he will go to the nearest temple, and toll a bell as all the clergy chant, "Oghma Reclaims." Then an entry is made in the *Doings of Oghma*, and the priests await the next news of the *Key*.

The spells stored by the *Key of Faith* are as follows, in alphabetical order. (What spell corresponds to which number on the *Key* is one of the "sacred mysteries" of Oghmanyte lore, though any possessor of the *Key* can readily find out.) *Create holy symbol* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *detect scrying*, *disbelief* (Tome of Magic), *duplicate* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *genius* (Tome of Magic), *handcandle* (a spell detailed below), *idea* (Tome of Magic), *identify*, *impart knowledge* (Faiths & Avatars), *know age* (Tome of Magic), *know customs* (Tome of Magic), *know direction* (Tome of Magic), *know time* (Tome of Magic), *legend lore*, *locate object*, *magic mirror*, *memory read* (Tome of Magic), *memory wrack* (Tome of Magic), *mind read* (Tome of Magic), *missing word* (detailed below), *personal reading* (Tome of Magic), *reincarnation*, *secret page*, *spellbind* (Faiths & Avatars), *true seeing*, and *word of binding* (detailed below).





Handcandle

(Alteration)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Elemental (Fire)
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	6
Area of Effect:	The caster's hand
Saving Throw:	None

This spell causes a flame to spring from the caster's palm. The flame can be either a reddish tongue that bums and heats, or a whitish light that cannot ignite or harm anything. The caster can cause the flame to be one form or the other as often as desired, switching at the end of a round. Once created, the flame cannot move from his palm.

As a burning flame, a *handcandle* can ignite flammable materials, cook food, or scorch beings touched by the caster for 1d4+1 points of damage (unlike the fire of a *produce flame* spell, it cannot be hurled).

As a "white light," a *handcandle* can touch anything without igniting it, and the intensity of its light can be controlled by the caster (it can never be blinding or as bright as a lantern, but it can be so dim as to be visible only from a few inches away). It is ideal for reading in poor light, stealthily finding keyholes and the like in darkness, and so on. Many priests use it to impress the gullible by "swallowing fire" or giving their faces an eerie appearance by night, playing with the effects made possible by this light.

A *handcandle* can be extinguished (ending the spell) instantly whenever its caster desires. In either form, it can withstand even gale force winds (including magical winds) without "going out." It does no harm to the caster; many priests who conjure one as a tent light fall asleep with it still "burning," to shed light for their companions.

Word of Binding

(Alteration)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Guardian
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	Permanent
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	Up to 30 square feet/level
Saving Throw:	None

This spell is cast by uttering a magical word as the door, lock, flap, shutter, or cupboard (the spell will extend to several small doors

attached in the same enclosure, or offering access to the same space) to be "bound" is touched. Thereafter the caster can freely open and close the bound access-point without disturbing the spell, but any other creature must physically break the bound door or access point to pass it, successfully cast three *dispel magic* spells upon it (any amount of time can pass between these castings), or cast knock twice. The death of the caster of the *word of binding* also ends the magic.

This spell can be so cast (by using a slightly different word) to allow all clergy of Oghma to freely pass the binding, or (by use of yet another word) to allow a single other being besides the caster to pass the binding freely. This other creature must be touched by the caster during the spell's casting.

Missing Word

(Divination)

Level:	7
	Divination
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
	1 turn
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	One incomplete writing or diagram
	None

This spell is an entreaty to Oghma himself to "fill in" a missing, partial, or obscured word or inscription or diagram in a writing found by the priest. In rare cases, the deity allows use of this spell to complete a fragmentary spell, but all priests of Oghma know that to overuse prayer and supplication in such matters, rather than applying research, contemplation, and experimentation, is frowned upon by the Most Wise.

When a *missing word* spell is cast, the priest immediately suffers 2d6 points of damage (as if wounded; rest and healing magics may restore this lost vital energy) and is surrounded by an aura of purplish-white light and a tension in the air. The spell will then either succeed (the missing writing silently appears) or fail (the aura fades, and the priest receives a momentary and sometimes cryptic vision of guidance; no writing appears) as the god wills. (No saving throw governs this effect; the DM should decide Oghma's will in particular situations.) After the spell's duration ends, the magically revealed portion fades, leaving the writing incomplete again unless someone has traced over the previously missing portions. Note that at his discretion Oghma can extend the duration of the revelation to allow the missing text to be copied if it would otherwise take longer than a turn. Usually, uses of this spell to solve long-standing problems of knowledge, particularly to benefit others not of the Oghmanyte faith, succeed. Using this spell to devise new "shortcut" spells or processes of making goods to enrich the caster generally fail.





The Lash of Loviatar



This tome takes the form of a whip of braided leather strands and a stout wooden handle wrapped about with a broad leather strap. The braided “striking strand” is about four feet in length and ends in a knot; it is dusted with “sparkles” or flecks of silver metal. The handle is about a foot long and over an inch in diameter; metal clips at both of its ends secure the leather wraps in place. If the clip at the butt end of the handle is undone (a function it is designed to perform readily and speedily), the wrapping-strap may be unwound—and on its inner surface, in a long ribbon of script, a spell is inscribed.

At any given time the *Lash of Loviatar* displays a single, randomly selected spell from its “roster” of stored magics and continues to do so (whenever its wrapping-strap is released) until it is used to strike a living being (that is, deliberately swung, with attendant attack and damage rolls, to do harm to a given target). Once the *Lash* successfully strikes someone, its writing alters to display another randomly chosen spell from its list. (This is the only known way to access these spells. The lash demonstrably resists both *dispel magic* and enchantments that attempt to identify its stored spells or essential natures.)

Although the lash is made of materials that seldom have a particularly long “life,” its age must have been prolonged by enchantments. It is first heard of in the *Tidings of Taldan* (written by the news-gathering minstrel Taldan, circa 778 DR), when it was wielded by Endreira Chathlass, a rising priestess of the Faith of Pain who ultimately became High Temptriss of Loviatar over all Faerûn.

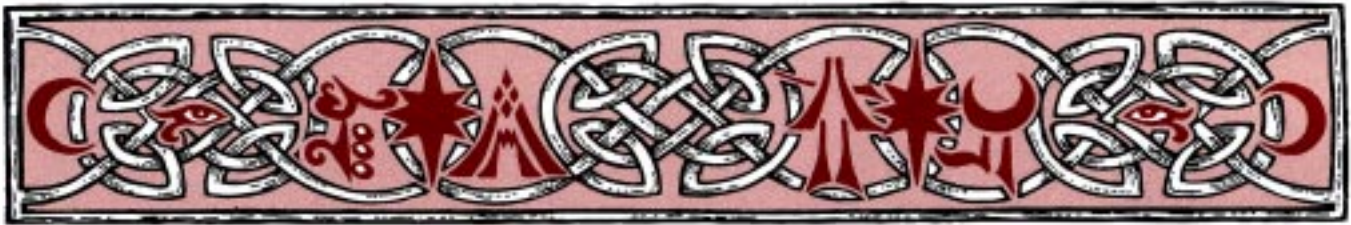
Endreira, known as “Lady Heartless” because of her cruelties as a mercenary warrior in the Vilhon Reach, murdered a series of wealthy merchants and took their worldly goods for her own, until she had amassed coins enough to found the Black Falcons of Fury, an elite band of female adventurers.

The Black Falcons quickly made names for themselves through their daring ruthlessness, raiding various Mulhorand families and concerns at the behest of rivals. It was their custom to slaughter not only their quarries, but anyone who might have witnessed their attacks. The trails of blood quickly became long and deep enough to cause serious concern to all rulers in the region. Such concerns were even more sharp and intense after Endreira demanded the use of a cragtop castle from a petty ruler, the Jahorgan of Jahorga (a realm that lay between the Nagawater, the Nagaflow, and the Golden Road). The Jahorgan haughtily refused her. She responded by taking him captive, slaying all of his citizens, seizing the realm for her own and publicly inviting malcontents, rebels, and outlaws from the lands of the Vilhon, the Old Empires, and around the Lake of Steam to become citizens of her new “pirates’ realm,” Endrara.

Even as armies were lined against her on all sides, Endreira turned to Loviatar for the first time in her bloody life and made a bold pact: She would slay the Jahorgan slowly, by torture, and make his death the first in a long line to be performed by herself and the priestesses under her, adopting the faith of the Maiden of Pain as the state religion of Endrara. In return, Loviatar would aid her with spells, priestesses hastily gathered from all over Faerûn, and “torturer-gargoyles” (margoyles).

Whatever the details of the secret agreement between deity and human, Lady Heartless spent all of the time during which her lands were being invaded by foreign armies slowly and lovingly doing the Jahorgan to death while her Loviatar aid fought for her. (Dismemberment and parasitic infestations are known to have been involved in the persecution of the Jahorgan, as well as lengthy sessions with the *Lash of Loviatar*, which first comes to light in Faerûn at this point.) Despite the overwhelming numerical and organizational superiority of the invaders, the stabbing spells that came leaping out of the sky repeatedly slaughtered them in their thousands, and the servitors of Loviatar did butchery





among the remnants. The armies that sought to crush Endrara were obliterated.

Yet the realm fell within a month of the Great Slaughter—evidently as a result of the fury of the god Talos, who was enraged by Loviatar’s hurling magic from the sky (as an encroachment on a portfolio he saw as his; namely, spell-storms—something he was later to lose decisively to Mystra). Talos smashed the fledgling realm with floods and titanic lightning storms, shattering the gathered Loviatans and obliterating the settlements of the realm (that today remains a sparsely-settled, wilderland area of scattered farms and shepherd herds).

Endreira survived, whisked elsewhere by the will of Loviatar, and, no doubt under the direct control of the goddess as her increasingly insane behavior hints, embarked on tireless travel throughout Faerûn, spreading the words of Loviatar and trying to persuade humans (young females in particular) to join in her worship. In this work, the spells of the Lash are known to have rendered critical aid time and time again.

Lady Heartless met with slow but steady success in what became her lifework. She personally recruited almost 6,000 devout worshipers who were fit to become Priestesses of Pain before she died of old age in 848 DR, worn out by her travels and almost constant challenge-fights and debaucheries.

Her successor, the ambitious but careless Chalice of the Faith, Imshrara Vlengaun, claimed the *Lash* as her badge of office, proclaiming it “the most holy relic of the Church,” as it (she believed) “has come to us from the bloody hand of the Lady herself.” Imshrara had the enthusiasm of Endreira but not her cunning, and soon succumbed to a cabal of underlings who then wracked the Church with a decade of confusion as they struggled for supremacy. Imshrara was found strangled by a roper that had been smuggled into her chambers by unknown hands. The roper was slaughtered by the ever-alert Holy Guards only after it had slain the Chalice Supreme. The corpses of both were shown to the hastily assembled senior priestesses of the faith, and then left to rot in chambers that were sealed away.

Twelve years later, in 862 DR, Kathlathtra “Talons” Roulty of Sespech won the bloody internal struggle and took the title High Holy Tempress of the Faith, ordering the bones of Imshrara to be taken up from the dusty chambers where they had lain unburied and interred them with honor in a catafalque of black stone in the High House of Pain in Undelos (a town that has since vanished, which stood due east of the Ankhwood).

Unfortunately for Kathlathtra’s ambition (and hopes of lasting survival), sometime during the period that Imshrara lay dead and forgotten, someone (undoubtedly a priestess of

Loviatar) had stolen the *Lash* and taken or hidden it far away. This was clearly in accordance with the will of Loviatar, for all of Kathlathtra’s spells and agents failed to find the *Lash* in the eight years that followed. Not until her underling Imra took advantage of her Most Holy superior’s search for the ultimate Sacred Pain to do Kathlathtra to death and seize her title and the Sacred Throne of Skulls that Kathlathtra had just ordered built, was the *Lash* uncovered.

Imra was a capable, paranoid, and over-careful bureaucrat, who saw conspiracies and treachery behind every pillar of every Loviatan temple, and in dealing with such “dark rots” slew almost every capable priestess of the faith who had risen to exalted rank. In so doing, Imra kept her throne, as the influence and true power of the church dwindled around her. For 46 long years, various unheralded, low-ranking adventurer-priestesses of Loviatar wielded the *Lash*—a manifestation of the goddess seized it upon the death of one, only to promptly arrive in some distant corner of Faerûn, unannounced, and present it to another.

The sacred weapon became almost an “anti-establishment” badge of the faith—so much so that when Naneethrama Luin rose from humble origins to slay the Highmost Lash of the Lady (Undreena, who had replaced Imra in 916 DR), and claim the rulership of the Loviatan church for her own in 929 DR, she gave the *Lash* to the lowest ranking priestess she could find in Undelos, and bade her “take it out into Faerûn and give it to the most needy lay worshiper of the faith” she could find.

In so doing, she undoubtedly preserved the sacred item from destruction—for Naneethrama, the Sacred Throne of Skulls, Undelos, and all were swept away in the Great Rising of the Orcgates, in 955 DR, when a fell power (some say Thayan archmages experimenting with dangerous spells, others insist that the gods of the orcs themselves were responsible) suddenly brought into being scores of dimensional portals that spewed forth orcs from the mountain caverns of the far North to lay waste to half a hundred cities and realms all over Faerûn.

Who that nameless priestess bestowed the *Lash* upon and what uses they made of it are things forgotten by history. The *Lash* disappears from recorded lore after it was sent forth at the command of the Highmost Lash, and is not heard of again until 971 DR, when an adventuress of Sheirtalar, one Rakharla Lommerekh, flays a rival, Klarla of Durgar, to death with what is undoubtedly the holy weapon of Loviatar. Shortly thereafter, Rakharla came to the notice of Althatha Ammaeritus, a Tashlutan priestess of Loviatar, and met a swift end.

Armed with the *Lash*, Althatha led a revolt against the “decadent, pleasure loving self-styled princesses” of the faith





and succeeded in storming five of the ornate pleasure-houses that the Tashlutan senior priestesses of the faith had established. She was slain during her assault on the sixth temple, The House of the Hand of Torment, and the *Lash* fell into the hands of its Whipmistress Superior, Jalrathae, who saw it as a mark of Loviatar's favor—and promptly embarked on her own conquering crusade among the temples of the faith.

She did rather better than Althatha, forcing no less than a dozen temples to obey her commands before the High Holy Temptress of that day (974 DR), Lauraera Dlarayna of Arrabar, caught up with her and tortured her to death.

Lauraera commanded two of her underlings, the priestesses Falindra and Yathrae, to investigate the powers of the *Lash* fully and write down their findings, which became part of the temple lore. The two did their task well, and while working together, plotted to slay their superior—a deed that proved to be all too easy. Falindra then tried to kill her partner and claim the rulership of the faith for her own. Nevertheless, Yathrae outsmarted her rival, mastering a spell that enabled her to take on a ghostlike form and avoid the multiple *blade barriers* and *wailing whips* cast by Falindra. (This incident is probably the origin of the persistent but almost certainly false rumors that the *Lash* can call up and command “ghosts”.) She took the *Lash* and fled with it, far and fast, using spells to conceal herself in the form of a man (and the *Lash* in the form of a notched and scarred broadsword, a form to which it still sometimes reverts, at apparently random times, for unknown reasons) from the searchers sent by Falindra.

The seekers soon stopped coming, as Falindra was slain by an ambitious underpriestess, Olyndra Hothyn, whose attention was bent on other things. Yathrae lived out her days in hiding, revealing her true gender and passing on the *Lash* only on her deathbed, in 1036 DR, to the local Watchful Whip of Loviatar. This wise but lazy lady, Mulondrae of Ravvan, was astute enough to keep the *Lash* hidden, and Yathrae's revelation and identity secret from her fellow priestesses. She was well on her way up the hierarchy when a battle with a rival almost brought about her death, and forced her to reveal the *Lash* in defense.

She won that battle, but she died at the hands of one of the dozens of ambitious Loviatar priestesses who converged on the scene in the tenday that followed. Sometime during that last ride of Mirtul in 1048 DR, the *Lash of Loviatar* disappeared, stolen away by a murderous priestess, and has not been found by the hierarchy of her church since, though it has surfaced briefly in the hands of adventurers of both genders and many alignments (notably the mercenary general Gordurn in 1167 DR, at the battle of Yonder Fields, and the famous freebooter and probable Lord of Waterdeep, Mirt, for a few days in 1322 DR). It was last traced by still-





vigilant Loviatan agents to Sembia or perhaps Westgate, but may well have moved on, since extensive searches of both realm and city-state succeeded in making the Church of Pain many enemies but failed to turn up any sign of the elusive sacred lash.

The lash is known to hold the following spells (and may well hold many more, according to coy notes left behind by Yathrae): *Blade barrier*, *body blades* (a spell detailed below), *cure critical wounds*, *cure light wounds*, *cure serious wounds*, *dance of pain* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *dispel magic*, *fire storm*, *flame blade*, *flame strike*, *heal*, *kiss of torment* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *loving pain* (detailed below), *neutralize poison*, *produce flame*, *remove curse*, *remove paralysis*, *resurrection*, *sacred strike* (detailed below), *slow poison*, *spell immunity*, *spiral of degeneration* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *storm of vengeance* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *wailing whips* (detailed below), *wall of fire*, *whip of flame* (*Faiths & Avatars*), and *whip of pain* (*Faiths & Avatars*).

Other Properties of the Lash

In Loviatan lore, the *Lash of Loviatar* is reputed to be able to cast spells (from its roster) “by itself,” when released to “dance” and then commanded to unleash specific spells by a priest who knows how to make it do so. Two books in the library at Candlekeep record instances when a Loviatan priestess cast spells in battle as a dancing whip beside her did so too, responding to her commands.

For both whip and commander to work spells during the same round, the spell cast by the priestess must obviously have a casting time of less than a round to allow her time for the command. It is also likely that she is the last being to touch the whip, that it can unleash only one of each spell it holds before being grasped again, and that it must deal damage to someone between castings, in order to change to a new spell. Its victim can reportedly be the priestess, if such can be accommodated without ruining her spellcasting. However, what THACO it employs, how fast it moves, and whether a priestess can choose its target remain unknown as of this writing.

Body Blades

(Alteration)

Sphere:
 Range: 0
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 5
 Area of Effect: The caster
 Saving Throw: None

This spell causes many daggerlike blades to sprout from all surfaces of the caster’s body. They appear to be metallic but are not actually metal (and are therefore unaffected by *heat metal* spells, magnetic attractions, and the like). They materialize through or out of any armor, gear, or clothing worn. To the wearer, they never obscure the senses or Dexterity. (Even if growing out of the face, vision is unimpaired; if growing from the hands, spellcasting and the like is unimpeded; and if “sticking” into adjacent body parts, they do no damage and act as if they were mere illusions.) The blades never harm gear worn or carried by the caster.

To others, the spiny forest of blades augments the caster’s Armor Class by 2 points, and does harm as follows: If the caster charges into them (successful attack roll required, but the roll is made with a +1 bonus), the blades slash for 1d4+2 points of damage. If the caster manages to hug a foe, or knock a foe over and roll atop him, or drive him up against a solid surface such as a wall, damage is doubled (a successful attack roll, without bonuses, is required to manage such maneuvers).

If a caster wearing *body blades* is caught in a constricting situation (such as a closing door or compressing, moving wall), the *body blades* spell halts the movement, negating or avoiding any damage, for its duration. During this time, the caster is able to perform only spellcasting or other activities that can be performed without turning or bending the body or moving the arms in expansive gestures (spreading the arms apart). Other creatures present in the same situation will benefit from the temporary halt of the constriction, and unlike the caster, are free to move about.

The material components of a *body blades* spell are two shards of metal (pieces of any size, which possess at least one sharp edge or point each—intact bladed weapons may be used), and one shard of bone (from any source, but it must also have at least one sharp edge or point

Sacred Strike

(Necromancy)

Level: 4
 Sphere: Combat, Necromantic
 Range: 0
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 7 rounds +1 round/3 levels above 11th (round down)
 Casting Time: 7
 Area of Effect: One of the caster’s hands
 Saving Throw: Special

This spell creates a whiplike, flexible line of force emanating from any of the caster’s hands (once a focal point is chosen, it





cannot be changed). This crackling line of purple sparks can be wielded like a whip, striking with the caster's THACO at opponents up to 10 feet away. Though it receives no attack bonuses, is considered a +2 magical weapon when determining what it can hit.

A *sacred strike* "whip" is always silent. Any living being successfully struck must save vs. spell and make a Constitution ability check. If both succeed, the victim suffers only 1 point of damage, and enough pain to force a -1 penalty on the first attack roll (or ability check roll, if forced prior to an attack) during the next round. (If the victim makes neither during that round, the pain passes without additional effect.)

If the saving throw fails, the victim takes 4d4 points of damage, and the caster of the *sacred strike* automatically gains half of the points as healing energy. (If the caster is not wounded at the time, no extra points are added, nor can they be "saved" to offset damage that may occur during future rounds.)

If the ability check fails, the victim is wracked with pain for the rest of the round and the entire subsequent round. During this period, the victim attacks at a -2 penalty, his Armor Class is reduced by a -1 penalty, and he is unable to concentrate enough to cast any spells.

Undead targets hit by a *sacred strike* are unaffected by its pain effects and take normal damage (4d4 points of damage), but 2d4 points of the unlife energy are also inflicted on the wielder of the whip (causing most living casters damage).

A *sacred strike* ends when the spell expires, when its caster casts another spell (magical items can be triggered with the caster's free hand without affecting the *sacred strike*), the caster wills it, or the caster falls unconscious.

The material components of a *sacred strike* spell are two drops of unholy water and one of the caster's hairs.

Loving Pain

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Level: 5
Sphere: Healing
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 8
Area of Effect: The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw: Special

This spell is often employed by Loviatan clergy to recover from wounds caused in holy rituals. It heals, but it causes intense pain while doing so, forcing a system shock roll on the recip-

ient, and preventing that being from doing anything but convulsing, crying out, and writhing about uncontrollably for 1d3 rounds (Armor Class is reduced by 3 points and no coherent actions are possible).

The healing is instantaneous, restoring 1d8 points of damage, plus 1 point per level of the caster (the caster may use this spell on himself). If the system shock roll succeeds, the spell recipient takes no damage from the intense pain. (Loviatan clergy often twistedly describe it as something they even come to enjoy.) If the roll fails, the recipient falls into unconsciousness and is reduced to 1 hit point. In theory, days of healing could bring the stricken being back to full health, but unless aid is nearby, or this "Loviatan's bane" occurs within a Loviatan religious community (whose members are sworn to care for the infirm, and heal them if at all possible), death is the likely result.

This spell has no effect on undead or creatures without nervous systems (such as plant beings, fungi, slimes, jellies, molds, etc.). The material components of a *loving pain* spell are the caster's holy symbol and a drop of unholy water.

Wailing Whips

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 5
Sphere: Guardian
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S
Duration: 4 rounds
Casting Time: 8
Area of Effect: 30-foot-diameter sphere
Saving Throw: ½

This spell fills a spherical area of air with ghostly whips of force that fly about, circling and writhing so violently that they cause a moaning and wailing sound. The spell cannot form in the midst of a solid object, but will form the remaining portion of its sphere if solid objects intervene. So long as there is even a tiny air-passage link between areas on either side of a wall or other nonmagical barrier, parts of the sphere form on both sides of the barrier. This property makes the spell popular for attacking guards inside an adjacent guardroom, eavesdroppers using a peephole in a "next-door" passage, and so on.

Creatures in contact with the sphere are slashed for 4d6 points of damage per round, but are allowed a saving throw each round for half damage. Once formed, the area of effect of this spell is stationary, and the spell cannot be ended prematurely by the will of the caster or by his death or departure (*dispel magic* or a similar spell is necessary). The caster of the *wailing whips* can be harmed by his own spell.





Leaves of Green



This tome looks like a flat oval piece of fissured dark gray bark. It gives the appearance of great age and fragility, but it cannot be broken by any known means. The tree it came from cannot even be identified by the most experienced wood-dwelling creature. To a casual inspection, there is nothing to distinguish this piece of bark as anything out of the ordinary except a triangle of scratched circles on its inner surface (all are a little more than an inch across).

To make the true book appear, one of the names of Silvanus (Green Father, Irmider, Orthaum, Shabrathan, Silvanus, or Taolrathan) must be spoken aloud while the speaker is pressing on the wood inside all three of the rings. This deed causes the bark to grow speedily into the fissured covers of a book whose pages are square, waxy green leaves of lush appearance and extreme toughness. Each face of a page bears a single spell, and there are 16 pages in all.

In bark-scrap form, the tome is about 8 inches across, 10 inches long, and about half an inch thick, but it is concave, so that its uncrushed thickness is closer to 2 inches. In book form, it is about 11 inches across and 14 inches long, with rounded corners, and about 2 inches thick.

In either model, *Leaves of Green* is AC -5 and totally resistant to fire, water, heat, lightning, and other “elemental” damage (including the attacks of those conjured creatures known as elementals and para-elementals). It cannot be readily cut or torn and seems to absorb all types of spells cast at it—releasing such magic at any being who launches an attack on it, shedding necromantic spells first, and then spells of the alteration school (such magic is launched at the level of the original caster and automatically fails if the spells involve charms or mental influences).

No matter what its form, *Leaves of Green* is almost weightless, yet it cannot be blown away or otherwise moved about except within the grasp of a living being. If released (even unintentionally) by someone, it remains exactly where it was abandoned—floating in midair if necessary. No action of weather, not gales, not tidal waves, will budge it, and it is neither harmed nor altered by the elements. The only change in its appearance is that if left in book form it will silently revert to the bark-scrap pattern after 2d4 rounds pass. It does not radiate magic in either form, and (of course) absorbs all detection, divination, and identification magic cast its way.

No mortal knows the exact age of *Leaves of Green*. It first comes to light in certain Halruaan writings, described as something old even then, taken from the ruins of Netheril by the wealthy but little-known Darusk family. These claims may be fanciful, but it is known that the Darusk clan settled in northern Halruaa (where, much diminished in wealth and numbers, folk of the Darusk lineage can be found to this day), and there set about taming the uplands into a sort of vast wooded park, with “wild” plants carefully placed, underbrush cleared, and the land sculpted to provide easy walking under giant shade trees and a series of pleasant vistas over tranquil lakes and picturesque valleys. Although these landscapes were soon overshadowed by more spectacular alterations wrought by powerful Halruaan archmages (notably the Esculphions, with their love of cascades and waterfalls), it is not hard to ascribe the rapidity of the Daruskan reshaping to the use of the magic held in *Leaves of Green*.

A rogue son of the family, Rondyl Darusk, is said to have stolen the book sometime around 954 DR when he slipped out of the realm to seek his fortune in Faerûn. When he met a bloody end a dozen summers later as the “Bandit Wizard” of Chondath, living as a brigand, harrying the trade passing between the Vilhon and the lands of Chessenta and Mulhorand, the book was lost.

Leaves of Green does not reappear in the lore of Faerûn until 1167 DR, when the Gray Druid of the Ash Circle tried to sweep away all walls and buildings (with the folk dwelling in





them) in what is now Amn, raising an army of treants and forest beasts to accomplish the task. The druid was defeated early in his campaign of destruction by the Wild Helms adventuring company from Waterdeep (an informal group of younger noble sons and their drinking companions), they cut the book from the old madman's dying hands and hurled it away.

Of course, it stopped in midair the moment it left the gauntlet of the young Waterdhavian who threw it, and drank the *fireball* that his fearful brother mage cast upon it. Convinced that it was an item of great power, the Wild Helms gingerly closed a strongchest around it and carried it back to Waterdeep for examination.

There it was seized by the priest Angluth Eriduth, Watcher of the Seatrees Shrine (the name then in use for the city's Shrine of Silvanus; it has since been called "the Green Garden," "the Quiet Place," and "Oakenshade House," among others). Angluth declared the tome to be a holy item of the god Silvanus (the first time it had been identified publicly), but his taking of the book was not readily accepted by at least two of the noble families whose sons had brought it to the city. There was a nasty confrontation between the agents they sent to the shrine and the aged priest. Angluth survived (though stabbed with many daggers) by using the spells of the book and thereby demonstrated the support of Silvanus for any "rightful possessor" of *Leaves of Green*.

This did not stop a Waterdhavian thief from stealing the tome almost immediately. If (as Angluth and some citizens have always thought) this was done at the behest of the foiled noble families who had failed to gain the tome by open force, the thief double-crossed them, selling the book in Calimport to Torast Haeluth, a wealthy collector of magical curios whose vast estates were guarded by animated, tireless, prowling stone lions (reportedly some kind of gargoyles). They tore apart no less than two dozen thieves and adventurers in the month that followed Torast's acquisition of the tome (twice what they normally slew in a year of guarding the sprawling estates against intruders), but an unknown mage who opened a *gate* into Torast's very bedchambers stole the tome along with many other magical items—and Torast Haeluth's life.

Angluth of Waterdeep sponsored many searches for the sacred book of Silvanus in the decades that followed its loss, but beyond uncovering the unfortunate fate of the jovial Torast of Calimshan, no sign of *Leaves of Green* came to Angluth (or any other scribe or diarist of record) until 1212 DR, when the Grand Old Druid of Waterdeep was truly ancient. A young supplicant came to him with news of seeing a female half-elf dancing in a fairy ring of mushrooms that shone pearly-white in the dusk (the moon had not yet risen), somewhere along the western edges of the High Forest. She gave her name as "Ghalashalue, Servant of Silvanus," and the supplicant, one





Faerûn by name, saw her cast no less than nine spells from “a floating book of bark, whose pages were glossy green leaves.”

Angluth declared himself content that the tome was in the hands of a priestess of Silvanus, and died in Faern’s arms. Of course, his bones had barely been buried in the forest with the traditional handful of acorns when half a dozen younger, more ambitious druids of the faith set forth in search of Ghalashalue and the by-now-legendary “Lost Tome of the Father.”

They met with little success, finding any number of fairy rings (though none glowed without moonshine), but no book and no dancing woman. Ghalashalue was never seen again, although some folk say she is one of the servants of Silvanus, who sometimes brings the words of the father to those who pray to him for guidance. *Leaves of Green* reappeared in 1248 DR, when adventurers under the command of the paladin of Tyr Endruth Immister, the “Unicorn Knight” of Westgate, found it atop a moss-covered altar in a westerly woodlot among the Ghost Holds of Battledale along with a huge sword whose blade was a leafy spar of living oak. They bore both items carefully back to Westgate, to the druid Raearl (who dwelt southwest of the city, in the woods that have now vanished under the axes of woodcutters). Raearl’s Circle of Silvanite priests examined the tome and the sword carefully, and it is from their notes that we know the contents of *Leaves of Green*.

Unfortunately, doom came to Raearl and his followers in 1255 DR, in the form of a “Crusade of Slaughter” organized by ambitious priests of Bhaal, which swept bloodily from eastern Amn along the trade-routes to the very walls of Westgate before being broken by hastily hired mercenary armies. Amid all the death, the book disappeared again, carried off by unknown hands to keepers and places unknown until it was purchased in Scornubel in 1314 DR by the merchant trader Augheen of Athkatla.

The saturnine Augheen intended to take the tome to Sembia and there auction it to the highest bidder, but his ship was sunk in Suzail by a golem rising up, apparently from the bottom of the harbor, to punch in its hull. In the wreck, the book vanished again. Augheen suspected certain magically powerful noble families of Cormyr of using the golem to seize various magical items from his spell-guarded strongholds, and hired agents to watch and listen for any trace of the missing items in Cormyr, Sembia, and Westgate, but those agents spied in vain. *Leaves of Green* next came to light in Turmish in 1331 DR, when a nameless forester gambled it away in a game of highcard in a tavern, losing it to the adventurer Murkiltan of Ormpetarr.

Murkiltan had no more luck in holding on to the much-traveled holy book of Silvanus than his predecessor Augheen—he was set upon by orcs in the Orsraun Mountains

the next spring, and lost *Leaves of Green*, along with his entire backpack of belongings, into a rift that opened deep down into the roots of a mountain.

Where the *Leaves* went next no one knows, but an elven burial barge that drifted into the nets of pirates fishing in the open seas west of the isle of Sarr in 1346 DR proved to contain a fortune in gems, a sword whose blade was visible only in moonlight (or when bathed in gore!), and *Leaves of Green*. These riches overcame the usual superstitions of the pirates of the Fallen Stars, and they fairly tore apart the corpse of the elf and its slender ship of rest in their eagerness to become men of wealth. The bark-scrap was retained by a pirate named Skirpo as something “that no one else was grabbing, which just might be of value.”

It was valued by someone on the Dragonisle not long after, because they slit Skirpo open from end to end like a used wineskin to take it, when he was among the poorest of all that drunken crew. It was evidently sold in Sembia the next spring, briefly surfaced in Ordulin in a merchant’s hoard for which two rival bands of adventurers fought to the death in an inn, and was claimed from the last reeling survivor of that fray by the innkeeper as part payment for the damages done to the rooms. It disappeared again only a tenday later, when ambitious Zhentarim magelings riding feywings tore the top right off the inn to get at anything of value they might carry off while they practiced blasting the angry owners of said items to ashes with spells in the process.

After the destruction of Zhentil Keep, a caravan master found the book floating in the ruins. Fearing to examine it too closely, he wrapped it in an old cloak and took it to Arabel on his regular caravan run, selling it there to someone who took it into the Stonelands and was devoured in that place by predators. The book lay beside his gnawed bones for a winter or more before adventurers found it again and took it to the House of the Morning in Eveningstar to be identified. They reclaimed it then, and set off into the Haunted Halls, never to be seen again.

The most recent identification of *Leaves of Green* was at an inn in Iriaebor in 1367 DR, when a traveling hiresword brought it out to back up a boastful tale of adventure—and then left his room in the dark of night. He was probably out for only a few breaths before a band of hired slayers who smashed in the shutters and left the bed a-bristle with seeking arrows. The hiresword gave no name to his fellow guests, but seemed to be heading for Waterdeep (or at least the northern Sword Coast) . . . but given the past history of *Leaves of Green*, it could well reappear anywhere in Faerûn from Icewind Vale to Var the Golden.

All accounts of the contents of the holy book of Silvanus agree that it holds the following spells: *Barkskin*, *briartangle* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *changestaff*, *control weather*, *death chariot* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *dispel magic*, *entangle*, *falling wall* (a spell detailed below), *fireward* (*Faiths &*



Avatars), *goodberry*, *hold plant*, *jaws of the wolf* (detailed below), *liveoak*, *many thorns* (detailed below), *moss skull* (detailed below), *mulch* (Faiths & Avatars), *oakheart* (Faiths & Avatars), *pass plant*, *pass without trace*, *plant door*, *plant growth*, *protection from lightning*, *rainbow*, *smoke ghost* (Faiths & Avatars), *snare*, *speak with plants*, *starshine*, *thorn spray* (Faiths & Avatars), *transport via plants*, *tree*, *turn wood*, and *wall of thorns*.

Jaws of The Wolf

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 2
 Sphere: Combat
 Range: 30 yards
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Instantaneous
 Casting Time: 5
 Area of Effect: One target creature
 Saving Throw: ½

This spell creates a spectral set of gaping, many-fanged jaws that are about as large across as a human head. They rush toward a chosen target creature at lightning speed, chasing if the target dodges, and strike unerringly if the target is within range at the end of the round. After delivering an energy-draining bite, the jaws vanish. This attack arrives at the very end of the round (its damage and pain do not disrupt spell-casting that takes less than a full round for the target to complete), and it inflicts 2d8+2 points of damage. The target is allowed a saving throw for half damage and must be visible to the caster of the jaws spell during the entire casting in order to be a valid target. (If a *jaws of the wolf* spell is sent forth and fails to reach its chosen target, it fades away and is lost.) It cannot strike the wrong being “by mistake,” even if that creature switches positions precisely with the intended target.

The material components for this spell are four wolf teeth.

ManyThorns

(Alteration)

Level: 2
 Sphere: Combat, Protection
 Range: 0
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 3 rounds
 Casting Time: 5
 Area of Effect: The caster
 Saving Throw: Special

This spell covers the caster in thousands of bristling thorns. To the caster, these are weightless, spectral, and harmless (the thorns on a caster’s arm can apparently “sink into” the caster’s face if he uses that arm to scratch his nose and will do no damage), but to others they form an armor that increases the caster’s Armor Class by a +2 point bonus and slashes any creature who comes into bodily contact with the caster for 1d4 points of damage. If the caster can crush a foe against a wall or deliver a blow with a thorn-studded limb (both actions require a successful attack roll), damage is increased by 2 points to 1d4+2. Creatures clad in scale mail or better armor (such as plate mail) are immune to such damage; creatures clad in ring or chainmail are allowed a saving throw vs. spell. If successful, they take only half damage.

The thorns fade instantly into nothingness at the end of the spell and are not considered true plant material for the purposes of determining whether they are affected by either friendly or hostile magic.

The material components of this spell are six or more plant thorns.

Moss Skull

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 5
 Sphere: Combat, Elemental (Fire), Elemental (Water)
 Range: 90 yards
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Up to 2 rounds
 Casting Time: 8
 Area of Effect: 20-foot-radius sphere
 Saving Throw: ½

This dramatic spell causes a construct that looks like a moss-covered skull to form in the caster’s hand and fly from there to strike at a chosen target. The skull travels at MV Fl 21 (A), and strikes at THAC0 9. It explodes in a ball of magical fire and ice with a radius of 20 feet that deals 4d4 points of damage to all creatures caught within the sphere, or half that if they successfully save vs. spell. If “killed” on the way to its target (it is AC 2 and has a number of hit points equal to the number of levels possessed by its caster). Even if damaged, it does full damage if it reaches its target and hits. Touching a *moss skull* with either fire (not just heat) or ice (not cold) magic destroys it instantly and harmlessly (it does not explode).

If the *moss skull* misses, the caster can send it after a different target on the next round, but then it inflicts only half damage, strikes at THAC0 15, and is MV Fl 15 (B), with





an AC of 5. When so directing it, the caster cannot engage in spellcasting on that round.

When a *moss skull* strikes its target, it vanishes in a flash of light, sending forth both fire damage and ice damage into its target. Unless magically protected against those attack forms, the target suffers both kinds of damage, as follows: 4d4 points of fire damage (save vs. spell for half), followed by 4d4 points of ice damage (save vs. spell for half). Any item (such as a shield, helm, or breastplate) worn or held by the target that is directly struck by the *moss skull* must save vs. spell or be destroyed (other items will be unharmed, the target's body takes the damage instead).

A *moss skull* can strike the wrong person on the way to its intended target, but glances off without exploding or doing damage and continues to chase its target.

The caster of a *moss skull* can will it out of existence at any time (even just before it hits), or it just fades away by itself at the end of the first round if it misses and is not immediately directed at another target by its caster or after the second round if it misses twice.

The material components of a *moss skull* spell are a piece of human bone, a pinch of ash from something organic that has been burned in a fire of natural origin (lightning, for example, not caused by magic or deliberately set by a person), and a bone from a creature that froze to death.



Falling Wall

(Alteration)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Elemental (Earth), Weather
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	Permanent
Casting Time:	9
Area of Effect:	Up to 5 cubic feet/level
Saving Throw:	Special

This powerful spell works only against stone, masonry, and mortar. The priest must touch the construction to be affected continuously during casting, and then make a saving throw vs. petrification. If it fails, the spell does too, and the priest immediately sustain 1d6 points of damage. If it succeeds, the wall is weakened. A *falling wall* spell affects such constructions as if weather had worked on them for long periods. It causes mortar to crumble, drives stones apart, and even causes walls to collapse. The precise effects of this spell must be adjudicated by the DM in accordance with the prior condition of the wall and the situation. (That is, weakening a culvert through which

water is rushing is quite likely to cause parts of it to break off and be carried away by the flow, enlarging the opening, but trying to break a hole in a strong, thick, unbroken, and fairly new wall is probably hopeless.)


The caster can affect a maximum area of 5 cubic feet per level, but the extent of this is up to the priest (it can be along a surface or directed into a narrow cylinder sent straight through a wall). Natural rock formations, however fragile or unstable, are not affected by this magic, only artificial constructions. Carvings that leave a solid piece of rock as their result are also immune to the effects of this magic, which works on the joints, cements, and faces of joining.

Obviously a thin, flimsy wall is more prone to suffer dramatic damage as a result of a *falling wall* spell, but just about any nonfortress wall can be breached by the application of three *falling wall* spells in the same place. Walls that are aided by spells or props before or during the operation of the spell are fairly likely to withstand *falling wall* effects, but small stone pieces are easily shattered by use of this spell.





The Mask of Mysteries

 This “tome” is actually a black silk mask. Of unknown age, it is skillfully sewn and in excellent repair (due to protective enchantments). It bears no markings or ornamentation, and is dusty, dull black in color, taking the form of a headband with knotted ends to prevent fraying. The headband is attached to a molded, snugly fitting half-mask, which is in turn sewn (just below the eyeholes) onto a long, ragged hanging veil. It serves to conceal the features of a wearer and to give them a sinister appearance. A minor enchantment on the *Mask* protects the wearer from all effects of dust and smoke, so that the wearer never sneezes, coughs, wheezes, or chokes while wearing the *Mask*.

The magical properties of the *Mask* are awakened by kissing it, speaking the name of the god (either *Mask* or one of his secret names, such as Veldraeos or Ondoum), and then kissing the *Mask* again. All three components of the awakening must be performed within 1 round, and work whether the *Mask* is being worn or not. The response is the silent appearance of a single spell on the inside surface of the veil. It can always be clearly read, but does not glow or appear in bright, easily deciphered script.

If the wearer is thinking of a particular spell when the awakening occurs, it will appear. If the wearer is not thinking of a spell, but the awakening is performed by another being, the spell uppermost in his mind will appear (the wearer’s will always prevails over the awakener’s, if they are not the same person). If no spell is concentrated upon by either wearer or awakener, a random spell shows up on the *Mask*. Only spells from the *Mask*’s roster (which may well, it should be noted, be only partially known by modern sources) will appear on the *Mask*, and each remains visible until the awakener wills them to vanish (while touching the *Mask*) or the “awakening” is performed anew to bring forth another spell.

The *Mask* has a faintly spicy smell, though no one has agreed on just what spices are the source of its sharp but not unpleasant odor. Unlike most normal smooth silk garments, it is not slippery when handled, feels silken-soft to the touch, and does not rustle. It is always silent and weighs nothing.

The *Mask* first appears in Realmslore around 812 DR, when it was found on the face of a corpse in a tomb on the Dragonisle in the Sea of Fallen Stars. The human buried there is thought to have been Arnthas “the Sly,” much maligned among elves as a smooth-tongued “false friend” of the elves who in the guise of companionship learned many secrets of elven magic—and stole powerful magical items from the proudest families of Myth Drannor before its fall.

Where Arnthas got the *Mask* remains a mystery. Some say he must have stolen it from the elves in Myth Drannor (perhaps from a family vault where it was gathering dust as too valuable to discard, but too tainted to use or display—after being seized from a less-than-savory human of the city). Others suggest that *Mask*, or a divine servant of the Lord of Shadows, gave it to Arnthas when he embraced the Maskarran faith (and that the elven prizes he stole that were not found in his tomb were given to *Mask* as offerings), and some sages dismiss such tales as fancy, saying that the *Mask* was simply another of his thefts from temples or traveling clergy (favorite targets of the Sly).

However Arnthas came by it, he lost it to the adventurers known as the Scarlet Song, a little-known band of bored rich merchants’ sons and daughters from Sembia. The “Scarlet Song” refers to a ballad of the time that championed a defiant love of bloody adventure. When they got a taste of the real thing (as opposed to glorified tales of it), the spoiled young adventurers also found swift death and terror, and had a hard time mustering a carefree love for their new careers.





They lasted little more than a season, pursued by foes and opportunistic thieves, before the survivors fled back home to Selgaunt, Saerloon, and Yhaunn. One took the *Mask* with him, and was promptly murdered for it in Yhaunn by another member of the group. (The awakening process of the *Mask* was noted in a small book found in the tomb, along with other secrets of Arnthas, and tested on the spot. One need not be a priest or even one of the Maskarran faith to successfully perform it. The book, which is the origin of the name “the *Mask of Mysteries*,” for that is what Arnthas called it, disappeared at the time of the murder.)

That murderer, one Rellogur Asannath, had a long and shady career among the mercantile intrigues of Sembia, eventually marrying one of his former colleagues in the Scarlet Song, a minor sorceress and ruthless businesswoman named Alandrina Emmeril. They enjoyed long lives (aided, local rumors insist, by potions of longevity and various herbal equivalents, some of which were probably more poisonous than effective), but after more than 500 years, Rellogur suddenly “crumbled away to nothing” and died. Some say he contracted a disease, others that his ancient body simply gave out, and still others claim he was murdered by a rival. Certain Asannath relatives even say darkly that the rival in question was his wife, Alandrina, who by Rellogur’s demise became the richest individual in all of Sembia—for almost a year.

One winter night in 1346 DR, while she was at the height of her power, busily arranging the obliteration of rival families through poisonings and “accidents,” Alandrina perished at the hands of no fewer than 16 black-masked individuals who somehow found their way into her bedchamber—through a secret passage built by Rellogur, and known only to three of his uncles.

One of those killers evidently wore the magical *Mask* from the tomb in place of his own as he escaped, for a discarded black silk half-mask was found near the multiply stabbed victim who had been Alandrina, and it lacked the veil and rumored powers of the mask Alandrina had taken to wearing.

Though the *Mask* disappeared from view for a decade, it was obviously in the hands of a Sembian noble family. Starting in 1355 DR, a certain “masked lady” was seen briefly at evening revels in Selgaunt—a lady whose identity remains a matter of controversy to this day, for she never unmasked. When a thief tried to steal her jewels and the *Mask* at a party in 1364, its removal caused her face to erupt into a mass of tentacles—tendrils like those of a mind flayer, save that these were gray, knobby, and ended in snapping mouths that devoured the thief’s face and hands.

The horrified guards feathered the gowned horror with arrows. It snatched up the *Mask*, reeled out onto a balcony, and fell into the night. The body was never recovered, and just what manner of monster the Masked Lady was is still in dispute.

Claiming to be the “rightful” owners of the Masked Lady’s *Mask*, the Asannath family offered a 100,000 gold pieces for its intact return to them—but less than a month later, a Calishite merchant offered the *Mask of Mysteries* for sale in Scornubel. Word got around the city, and in the wee hours the Calishite’s rooms became the scene of a nasty knife-fight involving a Maskarran priest and five or so rival thieves—all of whom had arrived separately and in stealth to seize the *Mask* for their own.

While these covetous individuals were busy slaughtering each other, a late arrival slew the vendor of the *Mask* and made off with it. A falling-wall trap in a nearby cellar ended his flight, but when his crushed skeleton was found, months later, its hands had been severed and the *Mask* was missing again.

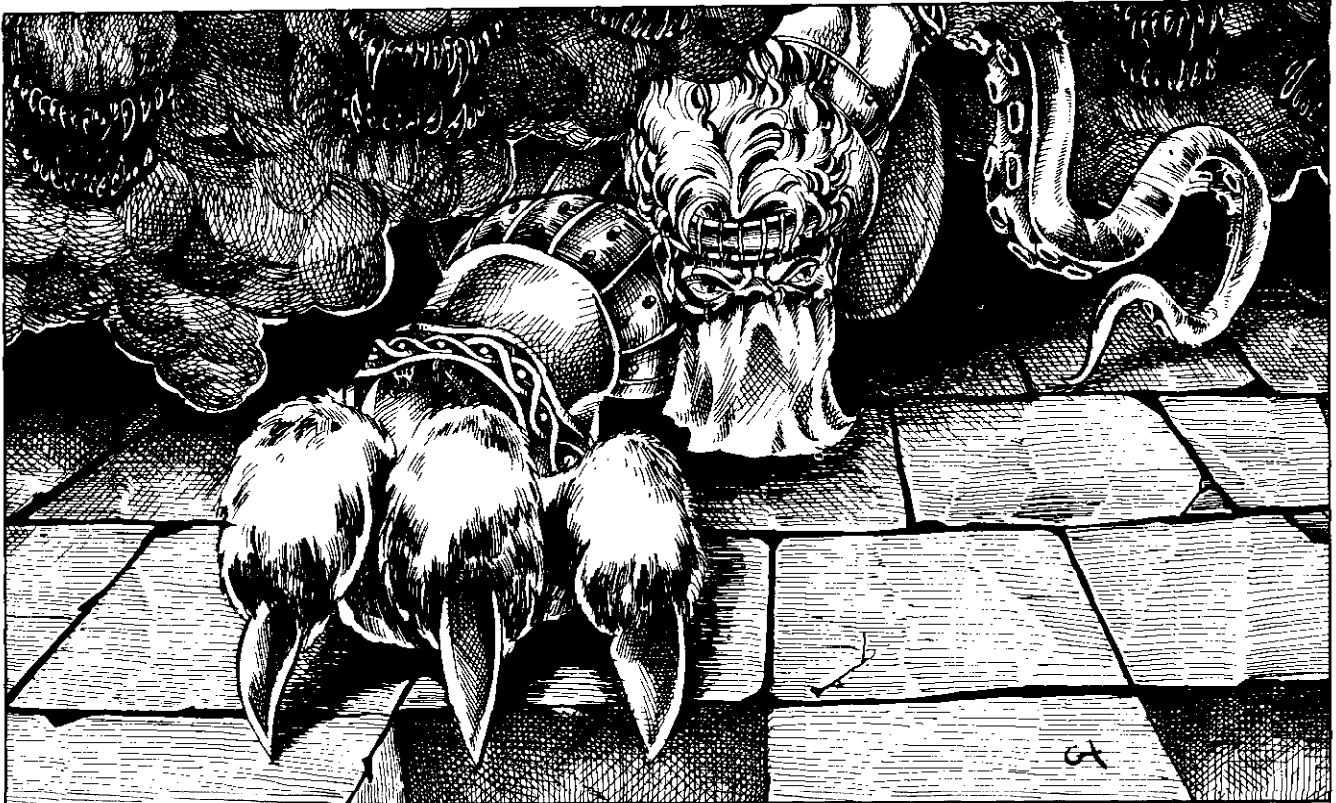
Since then, rumors of it being offered for sale have arisen in Waterdeep, in Skullport beneath the City of Splendors, in Westgate, and in Arrabar. The Dark Hand of the Shadowlord, the most influential cleric of Mask in Calimshan, recently announced that a band of adventurers, whom he identified only as “humans from the Sword Coast,” had the *Mask* and were using it within Calimshan. The Dark Hand called upon “all who would know the favor of the Master of All Thieves” to hunt down “these blasphemers” and bring the *Mask* to any temple of the Masked God. This has resulted in a score of battles between Maskarran faithful and various bands of outlaws, mercenaries, and adventurers, but has as yet yielded no *Mask*, and the present whereabouts of the *Mask of Mysteries* must be considered “unknown.”

The roster of spells contained in the *Mask* is also a matter of some dispute (accounts differ), but is thought by most sources to include the spells listed below (there are probably others as well). Priests of any faith may cast a spell by reading it directly from the *Mask*, without praying to Mask (assuming they possess any necessary material components), but they do so at a cost of 3d4 hit points (lost immediately upon the spell taking effect, but these may be regained by magical healing or normal rest), and if they are not Maskarran in faith, the *Mask* will never again display that particular spell when they awaken it.

There is also a presently forgotten method by which a priest of Mask can cause the *Mask* to “rise up” and hover in midair to cast spells “by itself.” This can be done from a distance, without touching the *Mask*, but always fails if opposed by the will of a devout worshiper of Mask who is touching the *Mask*. Once this “calling on” the *Mask* is done, the item ignores the calling attempts of all other beings for one day (24 hours).

Apparently a Maskarran priest demonstrated this ability of the *Mask* to Rellogur Asannath, who was so thankful that he had the man slain on the spot with volleys of poisoned arrows.





The procedure is limited to one spell for every 3 levels of the priest commanding it, costs 1d4+1 hit points per spell (suffered as an immediate but healable loss by the priest calling on the *Mask*), and the spells cannot be cast faster than one every other round. They take effect as if cast by the priest (the priest cannot call forth a spell beyond his capabilities), and are unleashed in addition to any spells cast by the priest himself. Use of this power causes any spell visible on the back of the *Mask* to disappear.

The spells in *The Mask of Mysteries* include: *Animate object*, *animate rock*, *biting shadow* (a spell detailed below), *blade barrier*, *cloak of bravery*, *command*, *cure blindness or deafness*, *dark way* (detailed below), *detect charm*, *detect lie*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *detect snares & pits*, *disguise* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *dispel magic*, *everchanging self* (detailed below), *find the path*, *find traps*, *fire trap*, *frisky chest* (*Tome of Magic*), *heal*, *hold person*, *invisibility to undead*, *know alignment*, *listening shadow* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *locate object*, *negative plane protection*, *neutralize poison*, *protection from lightning*, *purify food & drink*, *remove curse*, *restoration*, *shadowcloak* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *silence 25' radius*, *slicing shadow* (detailed below), *speak with dead*, *stone tell*, *tongues*, *true seeing*, *weighty chest* (*Tome of Magic*), *withdraw*, and *wyvern watch*.

Slicing Shadow

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	30 yards
Components:	V, S
Duration:	3 rounds
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	Up to 12 10x10-foot cubes
Saving Throw:	½

This spell creates a smoky, immobile cloud in which black, whiplike whorls of deeper darkness appear and disappear. They have only momentary solidity, yet they slice as if they were unbreakable, razor-sharp ribbons of steel. All creatures who come into contact with a *slicing shadow* suffer 4d4 points of damage per round of contact, except its caster, who can move and act freely within the cloud without ever suffering harm. During every round in which they are in contact with the cloud, creatures are allowed a saving throw vs. spell. If it is successful, they take only 2d4 points of damage on that round (additional saving throws must be made for each round).





The caster can choose what volume of area to affect with the spell (up to the maximum) and may end the spell early if desired.

Dark Way

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 6
 Sphere: Creation
 Range: 20 yards
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: 4 rounds
 Casting Time: 9
 Area of Effect: 2 feet wide x 1 inch thick x up to 20 feet long x the caster's level
 Saving Throw: None

This spell instantly brings into being a ribbonlike, weightless but unbreakable black bridge. The matte black strip of force is straight, 2 feet wide, an inch thick, has no side rails, and can be as long in feet as 20 feet x the caster's level. Its length may be only inches, or it may stretch to the maximum allowed by the spell range—but the *dark way* must be created so that both ends are magically anchored to stationary, stable solid objects such as roofs, wall, or cliff-faces, not dirt slopes or tree branches. It may not bend, but can climb or dip if the caster desires.

A *dark way* need not span a chasm, but can be created inches above the floor of a room (running from wall to wall) to allow its caster to take advantage of its other properties.

Once created, *dark way* is immobile, and will withstand all known spells and attacks. It cannot be destroyed (even by will of the caster) before the spell ends. It can be traversed by all creatures and will not conduct electricity, heat, or magical effects along its length. Its caster cannot fall from or be struck or swept off the *dark way* (though he can deliberately jump), and while in contact with any part of the way, can lift, carry, and wield any weight (of beings, items, or both) as if they weighed nothing.

Note that this allows a caster to stand on his way in defiance of gale-force winds or elude attacks by walking on the edges or bottom of its span. The "weightless" property of the span has been used by some priests to dupe others into thinking that the caster possesses mighty strength (lifting a horse, for instance, while standing on a *dark way* hidden behind an altar).

This property does not apply to other creatures. Any being who "overloads" the way (stepping onto it with a total burdened weight half again as much as the caster's burdened body weight at the time of casting) will fall through the *dark way*, even though it remains solid to all other creatures. In other words, if the caster of *dark way* plus what the caster is wearing and carrying weighs 100 lbs. and he flees along the span, a pursuing

monster who weighs 150 lbs. or more will plunge through it. Obviously, creatures other than the caster can fall from the way, as they could from any narrow, railless bridge.

The material components of a *dark way* spell are one of the caster's hairs, some spiderweb, and a shard of black glass (man-made or obsidian).

Everchanging Self

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Level: 6
 Sphere: Chaos, Protection
 Range: 0
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 3 rounds per level
 Casting Time: 9
 Area of Effect: The caster
 Saving Throw: None

This spell can only affect its caster. Mask refuses to grant any variant of this spell that could affect others to any priest. An *everchanging self* spell causes the caster's body to change shape and appearance constantly, with skin hue and texture, number of limbs, and all other physical attributes changing continually. The everchanging "slides" of shape ruin most clothing (and harm the caster if armor more rigid than studded leather is worn, at 1d4+ 1 points per round), but effectively conceal the caster's identity.

The parade of everchanging limbs causes the caster to temporarily lose 3 points of Dexterity, and to make all attacks at a -1 penalty on attack rolls and a -2 penalty on damage rolls, but Armor Class benefits by 4 points. (This spell is customarily employed to carry out a fairly simple task in public, when the caster wishes to scare observers or not be identified by them. It was developed to allow trapped Maskarran clergy to escape through crowds of observers after thefts occurred.)

The spell does not change the upright, bipedal, flightless, air-breathing nature of the caster (though it can operate in conjunction with spells that do permit flight or underwater breathing) and makes the casting of many spells impossible. The forms taken on are not under the caster's control (the shapes of specific individuals or monsters cannot be counterfeited), and they change at a rate that the caster cannot dominate—but limbs actually in use never vanish, only alter in length and appearance. In other words, a caster climbing a wall or hanging from a window by an arm would not suddenly suffer the disappearance of that limb!

The nature of an *everchanging self* spell not only frees its caster from having to make any system shock rolls in connection with the alterations caused by the spell, but adds a +20%





bonus to all system shock rolls forced on the caster by external forces while it is in operation. The strength and senses of the caster are not altered by this spell.

Biting Shadow

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 7
Sphere: Combat, Protection
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S
Duration: 6 rounds
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: Up to 12 10 x 10-foot cubes
Saving Throw: ½

A more powerful version of the magic unleashed by a *slicing shadow* spell, this spell creates a smoky cloud in which spectral dark mouths lined with glittering black fangs appear and disappear. These have only momentary solidity, yet they bite as if they were very powerful, very real creatures.

A *biting shadow* cloud moves as the caster desires, drifting at MV Fl 12 (B). It can change direction only at the end of a round (once per round), but can move horizontally, verti-

cally, or in any combination of vectors. The cloud holds its shape when coming into contact with walls and other large solid objects (that is, it does not spread out along the wall or get smaller, but the sliced-off or missing portion “vanishes” into extra-dimensional space, reappearing as the cloud moves away from the obstacle). Note that if the cloud strikes a solid wall without a break (or broken only by a snugly fitting closed door) it does not intrude into any room or space beyond, but if the wall is pierced by an open door, window, or other gap or hole, the cloud retains its shape and moves through the areas on both sides of the wall. The *biting cloud* affects only living creatures and undead; it does not “bite” tapestries, hanging lamps, or other solid, nonliving objects, no matter how delicate they may be.

Any beings who come into contact with a *slicing shadow* suffer 6d6 points of damage per round of contact, except for its caster, who can move and act freely within the cloud without ever suffering harm. During every round in which creatures are in contact with the cloud, they are allowed a saving throw vs. spell. If it is successful, they take only 3d6 points of damage on that round (additional saving throws must be made for each round).

The caster can choose what volume of area to affect with the spell (up to the maximum) and may end the spell early if desired.





The Mighty Rune of the Master



This holy book takes the form of a three-dimensional construct of shining, silvery everbright-treated metal (of an unknown type, probably a unique alloy), a curved rather than flat symbol or rune. If touched and held by any living being, it remains quiet and stationary. However, if released, it hangs (or rises to hang) in midair above the ground (usually at about the height of a man's head, although the actual height varies from occasion to occasion, apparently at random), where it rotates slowly and endlessly, chiming softly.

No symbol, glyph, or other spell involving discharges by touching, passing, or completing a rune can be successfully cast within 40 feet of the *Mighty Rune of the Master*, it negates them. Conversely, if any priest casts such a spell while in direct contact with the *Mighty Rune*, the spell can (according to his choice) function normally, do the maximum possible damage or take the maximum possible effect, or function twice (in other words, work all over again at the same spot and with the same conditions of triggering, after having been discharged once).

If the *Mighty Rune* is touched as the name “Deneir” is uttered, the rune will speak in a soft, ghostly voice, listing its roster of spells alphabetically. If uninterrupted, it will do this twice through, and then cease (continuing with its rotating and chiming). Touching it again while saying “Deneir” will cause it to begin the roster all over again, but touching it and saying the god's name while it is listing does not interrupt it or cause it to start over.

If a living being touches the *Mighty Rune* as it is speaking its spells and utters the name of any spell contained on the roster, the rune will fall silent and promptly project the spell, in glowing script, onto the empty air in front of the being who touched it. Once the spell appears, it remains (written on a vertical plane, and immobile) for 4 turns. During this time the *Mighty Rune* slowly orbits the script (if allowed to do so). It will not list its roster again or cause another spell to appear, no matter how often it is touched and ordered, until the display time has elapsed.

A being who uses the *Mighty Rune of the Master* to touch any surface or any area on which a suspected magical symbol is written, causes that symbol to glow, displaying itself clearly, without discharging. The wielder of the rune can then, if he desires, will the symbol to fade away without taking effect, if he can reach to touch it directly with the rune. (The initial revelation of the symbol can be accomplished by touching the rune to any part of a wall, gate, or on whatever physical object the symbol is inscribed—it need not be close to the symbol.) The symbol vanishes harmlessly after one round of contact, regardless of its nature or power (unless the symbol was personally placed by a deity).

Anyone who touches the *Mighty Rune* and wills it to “shine” or “be dark” can cause it to do so, either turning dull and lifeless in appearance or shining brightly enough to allow people beneath it to sew, read, apply cosmetics, or perform other exacting tasks. It can be released to rotate and chime high up in a room or tent, or simply in the air above folk resting in the open, to provide light.

A priest of Deneir who touches the *Mighty Rune* and then, in the round immediately following, casts any spell, has his choice of the following boons (once every 24 hours): his spell automatically strikes its intended target; his spell takes its maximum possible effect or does its maximum possible damage (regardless of any saving throws normally allowed to the targets); or his spell functions without any alteration—but the priest does not forget it and can call on it a second time, later, as if it had never been cast on this round.

The *Mighty Rune of the Master* is one of the most intriguing looking holy items of present day Faerûn, it is also one of the few whose origin is precisely known. It was created over the period of a tenday, beginning on the 7th of Eleint, in the year 1332 DR, by Hansandrar Ilmeth, an





archmage of Halruaa, after Deneir appeared in his dreams and instructed him on how to construct it. Hansandrar made the rune by the granted secret process in Starspires, his remote keep among the peaks that line the Talath Pass, and went mad in the process. Shortly afterwards, priests of Deneir came to Starspires and bore Hansandrar away, to care for him until he perished of exposure, while wandering over the roofs of the Deneirath abbey at Roaringford in the winter of 1351 DR.

The wizard's keep lapsed into ruin and remains so to this day, for it now holds something that destroys mages who try to take up residence there. Some Halruaans say darkly that Deneir is trying to keep mortals away from secrets Hansandrar left behind, but Deneirath scoff at this, pointing out that the Great Scribe promotes evermore widespread reading and knowledge, and that he has ample power to remove any writing from anywhere he does not want it found, without resorting to killing folk.

Under the leadership of Revered Reader Aubrin Maltoch, the clergy at the small, quiet abbey at Roaringford made the *Mighty Rune* the center of their daily rituals to the Lord of All Glyphs and Images until the morning of the 22nd of Uktar, 1353 DR, when it was stolen from them in a bloody raid by a large flight of gargoyles led by something "dark-skinned, with many tentacles and bat wings."

Deneir manifested above the altar in Roaringford Abbey and told the devastated surviving priests that though this theft was an unanticipated act of evil, the fate of the stolen holy treasure was meant to be, for the rune was destined to be an elusive thing, quested after by the faithful down the ages, meant to wander the Realms in the company of adventurers and vagabonds, spreading the power of Deneir to those who would not otherwise know it.

Deneirath were not to keep the *Mighty Rune* guarded or hidden away in their temples, but allow it to pass from hand to hand between unbelievers and faithful, to all in need of it alike.

The Rule of the Rune stands to this day, as Deneir proclaimed it then: If any creature brings the rune to a Deneirath temple, their needs are to be seen to "without stint, judgement, or charge," and they are to be made welcome in the faith "or not, as they desire." This has been interpreted by senior clergy of the faith to mean that injured, sick, and magically harmed beings are to be restored to full health without any price being exacted, that they are to be given a place to stay in the temple if they want, for as long as they want, and are to be treated as full priests whatever their true beliefs and skills. It is also mandated that they be given mounts, food, gear, travel money, and as much as a healing potion or two if they go into dangerous regions. Their names and likenesses (for Deneirath have secret spells that can capture and preserve the images of persons and things as well as the eyes of most folk) are remembered and passed along to other Deneirath throughout Faerûn,

so that they will be regarded as "friends of the faith," and treated accordingly.

One adventurer, the rogue Fildar of Lachom, has brought the *Mighty Rune* to different Deneirath temples on various occasions, seeking money every time, and has been patiently accommodated for each request. Fildar's luck ran out recently when he was maimed by a rival who tracked him to his treasure cache (a hollow minaret on the roof of someone else's grand house in Nimpeth) and threw him to the ground. Fildar's treasure vanished with the mysterious rival, but the rune soon surfaced again, floating and chiming above the entrance to an abandoned mine in the Giant's Run Mountains—a mine left idle some centuries ago, when miners broke through into the Underdark, and unleashed illithids, drow, and worse into the mine.

The finders of the *Mighty Rune*, an adventuring band from Westgate known as Sornborn's Hunters, thought they could get the best price for the rune in Waterdeep—and wanted an excuse to make the long and perilous journey to see the fabled City of Splendors. Unfortunately, doppelgangers found the group on the road, and by the time they reached Scornubel, Sornborn himself was the only human member of the group, left alive by the wily monsters because he knew the way, the contacts, and the customs. A tavern brawl in that city revealed the doppelgangers, and Sornborn fled, leaving the rune in their keeping. At least two of the beasts perished in the brawl and its aftermath, when patrons discovered they were fighting shapechanging monsters. But the others got away and, barring misadventure, have the rune now.

The spells contained in the rune are known to include the magics listed hereafter, but may not be limited to the roster given here: *Amanuensis* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *circle of privacy* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *continual light*, *cure blindness*, *cure deafness*, *divine inspiration* (Tome of Magic), *find traps*, *glyph of revealing* (Faiths & Avatars), *glyph of warding*, *heal*, *imbue with spell ability*, *know age* (Tome of Magic), *know alignment*, *light*, *locate object*, *master rune* (a spell detailed below), *meld into stone*, *memory read* (Tome of Magic), *mystic transfer* (Tome of Magic), *personal reading* (Tome of Magic), *restore rune* (detailed below), *sanctified marker* (detailed below), *shift glyph* (Faiths & Avatars), *speak with monsters*, *stone tell*, *symbol*, *thought capture* (Tome of Magic), *time pool* (Tome of Magic), *timelessness* (Tome of Magic), and *true seeing*.

Sanctified Marker

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Creation
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M





Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 2 rounds
Area of Effect: A stone pillar no more than twice the caster's body size in volume
Saving Throw: Special

This spell brings into being a stone pillar, plinth, or obelisk, of any shape and size the caster desires, so long as its maximum volume does not exceed twice that of the caster's body. Although it will be a solid piece of the type of stone used as a material component, its color, apparent type of stone, and apparent age (from new and gleaming to ancient and crumbling) are as visualized by the caster during casting.

A *sanctified marker* is a solid object and can be climbed. One spell can be cast atop another to create a larger (or longer, if placed horizontally as a bridge) stone "needle." If there is no solid ground present where the spell is cast, the marker will float in midair. (The magic holds it aloft, but it does possess the normal weight of solid stone.)

A *sanctified marker* can be blank, or it can bear one symbol, or it can bear one symbol and an inscription (whichever the caster desires at the time of casting). The symbol cannot be part of a spell, and the marker will absolutely not accept the later application of any glyph, symbol, or rune magic cast upon it. The symbol can be a directional arrow or even a crude map, and can be a holy symbol (although this becomes simply a design, lacking the magical powers of a priest's consecrated holy symbol).

The marker inscription, if one is desired, must be in a tongue the caster can read, and its maximum length is one word per level of the caster. It may contain words of magical activation, but cannot be a written spell or enchanted writing that unleashes a magical effect when it is read. Once the inscription is chosen and the marker created, it will never accept additions or alterations to its inscription, though additional writings can be added by purely physical means (chiseled or painted, without benefit of magical materials or force).

A *sanctified marker* can be instructed during casting to explode if any spell or magical item is cast or used on it after its creation. If it does so, the result is a spherical blast with a 40-foot radius that completely destroys the marker, hurls tiny fragments out with terrific force in all directions as they vaporize, leaves nothing but drifting smoke, and deals all creatures within the blast radius 4d4 points of damage (save vs. spell for half damage).

A marker must be solid, without internal cavities or foreign materials embedded or concealed in it, although there are rumors of more powerful variants of this spell that allow keys, magical items, and the like to be concealed within a marker.

The material components of a sanctified marker spell are three drops of holy water and a lump of any sort of stone the size of the caster's palm.





Restore Rune

(Alteration, Abjuration)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Divination, Guardian
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	Special
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	One item or surface
Saving Throw:	Special

The application of this spell to an item or a particular surface of large constructions (such as a wall) immediately causes the outlines of any normal or magical writings that are or were present on the surface (or all surfaces of an item) to appear. All such markings show up at the end of the round in which the spell was cast as spectral, ghostly markings visible only to the caster. Large, simple writings and symbols can be readily read and understood by the caster. More complicated things (tiny or extensive writings, complicated diagrams, and all magical inscriptions or symbols) must be revealed by proper study.

The spell allows only one such element to be revealed, either a single symbol or a continuous line or series of lines of writing that were made by the same being and at the same time. The caster chooses this one element and all of the other markings vanish as the chosen element becomes visible to all.

If the writing or symbol was magical and could be discharged by touching, passage, or reading, the caster can choose to restore it. The caster must then make three saving throws vs. spell. If the first succeeds, the *restore rune* spell restores the image of the original symbol and tells the caster its precise effects. If the second succeeds, the symbol fades from view again and communicates to the caster its conditions of activation (the caster cannot alter these, he is merely made aware of them). At this point the symbol is a powerless “dummy” magic. The caster can decide to end the spell at this time, leaving a symbol that can alarm or impress creatures as it discharges, but does no damage. If the third saving throw succeeds, the invisible symbol becomes charged. It will have the same magical effects as its predecessor (except that the passage, presence, or actions of the caster of the restore rune spell can never cause it to activate).

The material components of a *restore rune* spell are a pinch of powdered gemstone, a piece of chalk, and three twigs or stems from any sort of plant bound together with string, wire, hair, or vines to form a triangle.

Master Rune

(Alteration)

Level:	7
Sphere:	Combat, Protection
Range:	30 yards
Components:	V, S
Duration:	4 rounds
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	One magical symbol or inscription
Saving Throw:	None

This spell enables the caster to control the effects of a glyph, symbol, or magical rune written by someone else. It can be employed in one of two ways.

The most common use of a *master rune* is as follows: After the spell is cast, the priest can touch the location of a known or suspected magical symbol or inscription and instantly be made aware of its effects. The magic of the *master rune* spell prevents the waiting symbol from discharging—even if the touch of the caster was specifically its intended trigger. The caster can then reduce the amount or extent (but cannot increase or change the nature) of its damage or effects, and can alter the conditions under which it will discharge freely and entirely, in effect turning the symbol to obey his intentions rather than those of its creator.

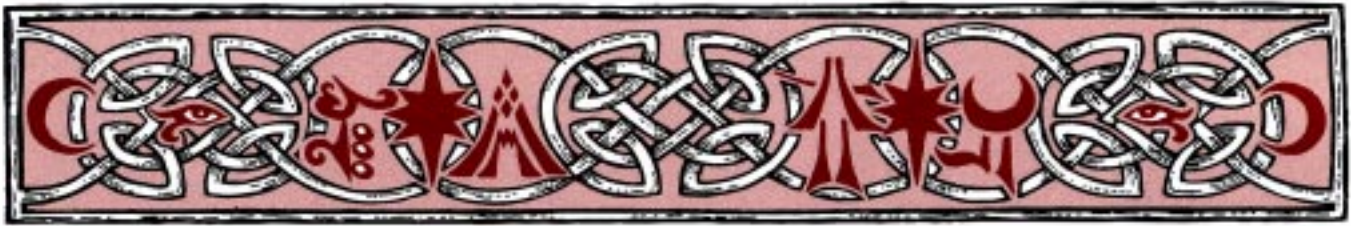
A *master rune* spell can also be used in “waiting.” If a priest casts it before he or another being activates a magical symbol or inscription within spell range, even if the presence or location of the waiting symbol was not known to the caster or his companions, the caster is instantly made aware of the effects of the discharging rune and can divert them.

Magical effects that change the state of creatures (such as petrification and polymorph magic, and enchantments causing an affliction) can be diverted to strike a nonliving target (such as a wall, shield, or door). Magical attacks that essentially just do harm (such as *magic missiles*, *lightning bolts*, and fire magic) must be diverted to a living target (such as a hostile creature or creatures better able to withstand their effects). Magical effects that do harm may also be reduced in damage to either one-half or one-quarter of their usual effect if the caster desires.


The diversion must occur within four rounds of the casting of the master rune, or it is lost. A *master rune* spell works only against the first encountered symbol, not against all magical symbols or inscriptions met during the four rounds.

Note: A Deneirath priest’s alignment would preclude a diversion to an unwilling or unwitting creature that is not threatening the caster in some way. Attempts to divert magics in contravention of alignment, or magic that cannot properly be diverted, will always result in the magical effects being entirely channeled into the caster himself!





The Moonweb

 Few non-Selûnites even recognize the *Moonweb* as a “book” of spells, for uninitiated eyes see only four separate silver rings. All of them are simple, unadorned, apparently identical bands, all treated with *everbright* enchantments, but they are differentiated by the names they bear on the insides of their bands: Amglaer, Enthandas, Shelmroun, and Tilithar. The four rings radiate faint enchantments, but repel all attempts to reforge them or damage them (magically or physically). Attempts to discover their uses magically reveal only the name and holy symbol of the goddess Selûne.

The rings have minor magical powers of their own, which can be called upon only by a wearer who is a faithful worshiper of Selûne (mentally, the rings make the wearer aware of their specific powers, which are unleashed by a silent act of will). One power can be called forth from a ring every other round (powers that require the presence of another ring only “count against” the ring that actually issues them). Unless otherwise noted, these powers conform in all respects to the priest spells of the same name, and operate at the level of the priest wearing the ring, or as if cast by a priest of 6th level if the ring-wearer is not a priest (yes, this means spells above 3rd level cannot be unleashed by a nonpriest):

Amglaer: *Accelerate healing* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *moonbeam* and *true seeing*, and, if any one of the other three rings is also worn by the same being who is wearing Amglaer, *air walk*.

Enthandas: *Dispel magic*, *water breathing*, and *water walk* (only while natural moonlight is shining on the water), and, if Shelmroun is also worn by the same being who is wearing Enthandas, *neutralize poison*.

Shelmroun: *Efficacious monster ward* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *heroes’ feast*, and *moonmotes* (identical in all respects to the wizard spell *magic missile*, unleashing six missiles at a time), and, if Tilithar is also worn by the same being who is wearing Shelmroun, *heal*.

Tilithar: *Fire storm*, *remove curse*, and *remove paralysis*, and, if Amglaer is also worn by the same being who is wearing Tilithar, *restoration*.

If a being puts on all four of the rings at once, they will all cease to operate, and a *flame strike* instantly comes down on the being if he is not a faithful worshiper of Selûne. If the wearer is a Selûnite but does not put the rings on properly, nothing happens except an automatic *resist fire/resist cold* effect, a *feather fall* protection (operating automatically, identical to the wizard spell of the same name), and a +4 bonus on all saving throws. Unless instructed or forced into discovery through misadventure, the wearer may not even be aware of these properties.

These benefits are also enjoyed by a Selûnite wearer who dons the rings in the correct sequence. However, the proper arrangement makes the wearer mentally aware of all of the rings’ powers and how to access the spells they store. The proper placement is as follows: all four rings on a bare left hand. Amglaer on the little finger, Enthandas and Shelmroun on the middle finger, with Shelmroun at the base and Enthandas toward the tip, and Tilithar on the thumb. The rings alter size to fit any digits on which they are worn.

If this is done on the wrong hand, or the ringed hand is not held so that some part of it is touched by moonlight, only the spell roster can be learned. If worn correctly and in moonlight, the rings empower their wearer to make the spells appear by a silent act of will. All spells silently appear on intangible floating “pages” formed by glowing air that resembles moonlight in its shade and brightness, one spell at a time. These pages can be moved about as the ring-wearer wills, floating by themselves at MV F1 21 (A), and remain in existence until the ring-wearer wishes them gone, takes off one or more rings, or they are “touched” by sunlight or by a non-Selûnite.





The rings that make up the *Moonweb* first appear in Realmslore individually, given to devout Selûnites by the Shards (servitors of the goddess) in the dark years after the fall of Netheril. They served as minor magical aids and as focal points for prayers to the goddess.

Eventually (around 616 DR, it seems, though accounts are vague), two of the rings were unwittingly brought together when Selûnite clergy met to plan the future of the faith at Manystreams. (Manystreams was an inn run by half-elves that stood in a steep-sided, lush, wooded valley near Mount Hlim, into which many streams fell, and operated as a meeting place for the beneficent and powerful. Both valley and inn vanished together around 1011 DR, when fell magic caused a mountain to shatter and fall into it.) Selûne appeared in the dreams of all the assembled priests, telling them of the four rings and bidding them seek the two missing ones. (She imparted the names of the rings, but no other clues that might aid in finding them.)

The bearers of the rings Amglaer and Shelmroun were Randar Rheligonther, Moon Priest of Neverwinter, and Amtheiera Summerdusk, Lunequeen of Danthaldown (a now-vanished Selûnite monastery), respectively. They set forth together to scour all Faerûn for the rings, going with only a handful of companions to keep their mission as secret as possible from other faiths.

Their adventures together were long, hard, and perilous, and in the end the two high clerics fell in love and pledged their troth in a moonlit meadow somewhere deep in the wilderlands. The next morning they awoke to find a burial barge floating past them down a stream, and on the finger of the elf corpse in the vessel was the ring Tilithar.

Though they spent the rest of their long lives in a perpetual search for the missing fourth ring, Randar and Amtheiera were destined never to find it. They are revered among Selûnites as the “Great Lovers” in service to Our Lady of Silver, and the writings they left at various Selûnite temples in their travels reveal their growing knowledge of the power and purpose of the rings, imparted to them by the goddess in shared dreams.

At their deaths (in the summer of 686 DR), the Great Lovers were buried together in the same casket at a secret, moonlit spot in the Sword Coast North woodlands, and the three rings taken carefully to the Selûnite temple at Evershed (destroyed by an orc horde in 1256 DR, it stood southeast of the present inn known as the Calling Horns). There the rings were used in rituals as the years passed, and the quest for the Fourth Ring became more a matter of legend than urgency.

It was not until drow raided the surface Realms up and down the Sword Coast in 942 DR that the missing ring Enthandas appeared—on the finger of a young, wild-tempered farm girl from the Moonshaes. Emurra Scaradath came to Waterdeep with her family to trade away two ships full of furs, only to find two things: The first was the faith that would rule her life, in

the form of the priestess Engalathae, Moonseer of Waterdeep. The second was capture at the hands of the drow, who came boiling up out of the shadows the first time the Scaradath family took a coach outside the city walls by night.

Engalathae had glimpsed the ring on Emurra’s finger, and that night her dream-visions confirmed that it was the fabled Fourth Ring. When she found the coach torn asunder, she used spells to trace where the missing occupants had gone, and followed the Scaradath family down into the Underdark.

Slavery was their common fate, but Engalathae used a *word of recall* spell to send Emurra and her mother to Waterdeep, and despite the stifling radiations of the deep caverns, the spell succeeded, powered by the ring on Emurra’s finger.

Emurra stormed through the Selûnite faithful of Waterdeep like a vengeful whirlwind, practically dragging them bodily into an expedition down into the Deep Realms (using her ring as the promised reward). Led by six senior priestesses of the Moon, the expedition freed Engalathae and Emurra’s father and brothers, carrying them back to the surface world in triumph.

The four rings were soon united, creating the first “Moonweb,” a spectacular pattern of interwoven shafts of gleaming moonlight that touched every Selûnite present at the occasion, healing all of their hurts and hatreds, and confirming Emurra as a priestess of the goddess. This event gave the rings their name and awakened the spell storing powers the goddess has given them. She also granted those clergy who were present at the manifestation of the Moonweb the ability to trace each other, whatever the distance sundering, for the rest of their lives. They were known as “the Touched,” and became the heart of the Selûnite faith. As the years passed, Emurra and Engalathae rose, to no observer’s surprise, to lead them.

Except in the sky, at the close of the Time of Troubles, the *Moonweb* has never manifested since, but Selûnite legend says it will someday be sent by the goddess again, in a time of great need, to empower new heroes who will lead the Church of the Moon to victory and a bright future.

The goddess seldom gives her worshipers longevity beyond the norm, and with the passing of Engalathae and then Emurra, the four rings passed into the hands of many successive priestesses of Selûne. Separated by church policy so that no one attack could take from the faithful all of the “sacred rings of the goddess,” the rings were held in temples and shrines and holy fastnesses all over Faerûn for four centuries.

Then, one day in Mirtul, 1344 DR, Most High Moonpriestess Thurlara “Old Bones” Shaulauna failed to come down to prayers. She was also not to be found anywhere in the temple complex. She was never seen again, although a severed hand found on a roadside rock some 40 miles distant was probably hers. Its middle finger (on which priestesses of Selûne customarily wear magic rings) was missing and so was the ring, Shelmroun.





The alarm was raised, but no one in the remote Selûnite monastery of Corthoun, in the woods south of Loudwater, paid much attention. They were busy with horrors of their own. It seemed that dopplegangers had replaced many of the senior clergy a tenday or more earlier, and had been busily slaying lesser priests whenever they could be caught alone. High Moonlord Evren Thildaran was among those replaced by the imposter-beasts . . . and the ring Amglaer was gone. The pitched battle between priests and the shapeshifters ended with the monastery an empty, looted ruin, and the uproar in the Church of the Moon continued to spread.

In Waterdeep, the ring Tilitar was hidden by the Priestess of the High Moonlight, and a replica substituted for it. The real ring was taken to Blackstaff Tower, to be bound about with guardian spells by the Lady Laeral. However, dark magic led the senior priestess who took it thence astray, and the “Blackstaff Tower” she entered was an illusion. She disappeared forevermore, and at the moment of her disappearance, the false ring in the temple shattered in the midst of a solemn ceremony.

Hysterical priestesses in their hundreds called on Selûne herself for guidance, and were told to guard the last ring well. Enthandas was then floating in its usual place, in a crystal bowl on the tranquil waters of Moonshaft Pool, in the great natural cavern that houses the Selûnite abbey at Tharynd, in the mountains west of Dolphingulph. Yet that very night brought a raid of feywings and darkenbeasts and gargoyles down the Moonshaft itself, and in the tumult that followed, the Last Ring vanished.

A great gloom fell upon the faith, and lasted unbroken until the fall of that year (1344), when Selûne manifested as moon radiance in every holy place of the faith, and spoke to her worshipers, telling them that henceforth the “rings of the web” were not to be held in temples and by ranking clergy, but were to wander the Realms in the hands of adventurers and traveling priests and common folk, changing hands with the whims of fortune, to spread the influence of Selûne in all directions.

And so they have, hunted by Selûnites as a sort of endless game, not to seize them, but merely to keep track of them, recording who uses the rings and for what. Many priests set a personal goal of possessing and using at least one of the four rings once in their lifetimes, and so the rings of the *Moonweb* command high prices for anyone who offers them in the right manner, to the right Selûnite.

The power behind the seizures of the rings was a cabal of Red Wizards of Thay who thought that the *Moonweb* held much more power than it really does. They had hoped to challenge and destroy Druxus Rhym, the Zulkir of Alteration. However, he learned of their plans and smashed them utterly, condemning each and every one to an eternity spent in a crippled, altered shape. In their frantic and doomed attempts to escape, the archmages took the rings of the *Moonweb* all over

Faerûn, ultimately discarding them, despite their minor magical powers, out of fear that the Zulkir was able to trace them.

The rings of the *Moonweb* still wend their separate ways from hand to hand across the Realms. Collectors who attempt to keep one hidden, or gather more than one together, are warned that doom seems to befall attempts to keep all four as a set for long in the possession of a single being—Selûne must want them to keep moving on. They seem to spend most of their time in the Dalelands and the Sword Coast North, but are endowed with a *teleportation* power not yet described in sagelore or holy writ, that sends them (always separately) to random spots without warning, to fall and be found by someone who was not seeking them at all, and knows not their use or value.

The spells the *Moonweb* (that is, the four rings together; there are rumors that a single ring can call on six to ten spells from this roster, but if this is so, the means of doing so remains secret to all but a handful of senior clergy and Selûne herself) can call upon are as follows: *Anti-vermin barrier* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *augury*, *call upon faith* (Tome of Magic), *choose future* (Tome of Magic), *create campsite* (Tome of Magic), *create holy symbol* (Tome of Magic), *cure disease*, *cure serious wounds*, *detect evil*, *detect poison*, *dispel magic*, *faerie fire*, *find the path*, *fire purge* (Tome of Magic), *helping hand* (Tome of Magic), *hold monster*, *invisibility purge* (Tome of Magic), *invisibility to animals*, *invisibility to undead*, *know alignment*, *know direction* (Tome of Magic), *miscast magic* (Tome of Magic), *moon blade* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *moon path* (Faiths & Avatars), *moon rising* (a spell detailed below), *moon shield* (detailed below), *moonfire* (detailed below), *moonweb* (Faiths & Avatars), *neutralize poison*, *pass without truce*, *raise dead*, *rapport* (Tome of Magic), *sacred guardian* (Tome of Magic), *speak with dead*, *tongues*, *wall of moonlight* (Faiths & Avatars), *withdraw*, *word of recall*, and *zone of sweet air* (Tome of Magic).

Moon Shield

(Abjuration, Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	2
Sphere:	Protection
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round per level to a maximum of 2 turns
Casting Time:	5
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates an intangible shield of “moonlight” (faintly glowing air) that floats along, accompanying the caster. It provides enough light to read by, cannot be made brighter or





darker by the caster, and operates automatically. A *moon shield* gives its caster a saving throw vs. death magic against all undead aging, fear, level- and ability-draining attacks. If successful, the attacks fail (though any purely physical damage they do is unaltered).

A *moon shield* also provides its caster with a +2 bonus to all saving throws against priest spells of the sun sphere (where such spells allow saving throws) and provides a saving throw vs. spell against all attacks made on the caster by lycanthropes and by silver weapons. If these saves succeed, all damage done to the caster by such forces is reduced to 1 point per successful attack.

The material components of a *moon shield* spell are a piece of silver and a moonstone (both may be of any size, so long as they present at least one surface as large as the caster's smallest fingernail).

MOON RISING

(Alteration, Abjuration)

Level: 4
 Sphere: Combat
 Range: 30 yards
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 2 rounds
 Casting Time: 7
 Area of Effect: A sphere of 60-foot radius
 Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a glowing aura (akin to moonlight in intensity and tone, but it can manifest in full sunlight and so be rendered nigh invisible) in a sphere of air that typically appears as a hemisphere while its caster positions it to cover the maximum ground area. It is stationary once cast and has two effects:

All priest spells cast within it (even if they are launched at areas and targets outside of the *moon rising* area) will have the maximum possible effect: hitting their targets automatically, doing full damage, lasting for full duration, all saving throws against them automatically failing, and so on. This applies to hostile clerical magic also, not merely to the spells worked by the moon rising caster and friends.

The second effect must be deliberately exercised by the caster or it is lost: One attack or activity (such as a bend bars/lift gates attempt, or a feat requiring an ability check) in each of the two rounds of the *moon rising* can be augmented by the spell. The caster must choose one attack roll or activity attempt to aid (if no choice is made in a round, the benefit is missed and cannot be saved for later). The moon rising enchantment gives a +4 bonus to attack rolls, a 4-point boost to ability checks, and a 20% bonus to percentile rolls.



MOONFIRE

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Level: 5
 Sphere: Necromantic
 Range: 30 yards
 Components: V, S
 Duration: Instantaneous
 Casting Time: 1 round
 Area of Effect: A path 10 feet wide and 30 feet long
 Saving Throw: None

This spell unleashes a flash of "cold white fire" akin to bright moonlight in appearance that begins at any point within range chosen by the caster and flows out from that spot in a straight line away from the caster for 30 feet in a 10-foot-wide strip. All undead creatures within this area suffer 2 points of damage per level of the caster (no saving throw) to a maximum of 20 points.

Moonfire also chills living creatures, doing 2d4 points of damage to those who come into contact with it. It also has the property of revealing all magical auras (including such things as not-yet-triggered *fire traps*, *glyphs*, and *symbols*) that it touches, outlining them with a brilliant greenish radiance. The area where a *moonfire* spell has taken effect repels electricity for 1d4+2 rounds thereafter, and may serve to deflect lightning bolts and similar magical effects, harmlessly diverting them elsewhere.

Certain Selûnite church writings insist that reputable priests of the faith have witnessed *moonfire* spontaneously erupting from the rings of the *Moonweb* upon occasion.





The Orglara



This holy “book” has seen much service down the centuries in feast halls and palaces—as a beautiful and valuable food serving tray. Though this may seem an ignoble use for a revered sacred item, such usage has helped keep the fragile “tome” intact down through the centuries.

The Orglara is a fan-shaped platter of polished, iridescent abalone shell that is fully two feet across by three feet long. Spells appear on its concave surface only if it is laid on sand where seawater can lap or roll over it. (On a beach is one choice, though it would function as well if placed in a tidewater pool or in a tub of seawater, whose liquid contents are then agitated by paddling or some other human agency. It will work even if just held under the waves of the open sea by someone dangling over the edge of a raft or boat.) It bears no special identification markings—though abalone pieces of such size must be rare indeed.

No being even needs to be present to activate the roster display of *The Orglara*, if circumstances cause it to be submerged in moving seawater, and once the roster is visible any creature can cause a spell to appear on the shell by touching the spell’s name on the roster.

At such a touch, the spell list shimmers and reshapes itself into a complete spell, remaining there until moving seawater is no longer present on the surface of the shell or until a living creature touches the bottom of a finger-sized oval depression at the center of the concave surface of the shell. (This causes the roster to reappear. As long as seawater is moving over the face of *The Orglara*, the only way to make it go blank again is for the bare flesh of a living being to touch and move across multiple spell names on the roster at once, by the sweep of a hand, for example.)

This “Shell of Spells” is one of the most little-known holy items in all of Faerûn; even many Umberlant clergy have never heard of it. Its origin is unknown. Holy writ holds that it was created by the hand, of Umberlee herself, of course, and swept into the hands of a ship-borne Umberlant priest by a storm wave, after he cried out in supplication to the goddess in his dire need. Just who this priest was, and the nature of his peril, remain mysteries to this day.

If one can trust the record set down by Arthaeuil Nrensam, High Trident of Onthalasp, in his autobiography *Words on a Wave*, *The Orglara* was in use by the faith, and considered to be ancient, by 1016 DR. (Onthalasp was a temple to Umberlee that vanished with the tiny isle it clung to in the great storm of Umberlee’s Displeasure, in 1226 DR. Onthalaspan Isle was in the northerly reaches of the Nelanther.)

Arthaeuil writes that the Green Priests of Shell House held that it was “a sacred mystery” (another vanished temple) in Ilyaport. They used it in priestly initiations and rites of passage to higher ranks, leaving clerical supplicants alone with it in a walled, “sacred cove” on moonlit nights. The Green Priests believed that if Umberlee favored a candidate, he would be able to read freely from *The Orglara* and master at least one spell before falling asleep. False or detestable clergy, however, would die before the night was through, torn apart and partially devoured by “horrors of the deeps” sent by the goddess.

The Orglara is believed to have remained at Shell House for over a thousand years, until the destruction of that temple during the “Rage of Wizards” in 1142 DR, a season-long orgy of spell-battles and wanton destruction that raged along the Tashalar (and all the lands of the Tashtan Coast). That challenge ultimately failed to win any archmage rulership over so much as a single throne, and indeed, cost most of the perpetrators their lives in vicious treacheries and magical traps.

While the Green Priests may have died in the tumbled ruins of their holy house, *The Orglara* was not destroyed with them. Ere the temple collapsed, it was sucked out to sea in a great scouring wave (of the sort the faithful term “by Arm of the Goddess,” who believe that Umberlee often sends powerful, precisely aimed waves ashore to snatch away things she covets





and foes she wants to drown). By the grace of Umberlee, the piece of shell did not sink, but was borne along on the waves until it found its way onto the deck of a drifting derelict, the *Lady Haulaeber* (a “ghost ship” whose vanished crew disappeared hastily abandoning their ship in a fore-storm and as the result of any fell magic or monster attack).

The *Lady Haulaeber* was found adrift in 1144 by Jorist Archneie, a young and ambitious Umberlant priest and seamaster (ship’s captain), who boarded the vessel he had seen crossing his wake a dozen times or more in the previous year and ignored . . . until he concluded that Umberlee’s magic was all that could possibly keep such a craft afloat and clear of shoals and shores for so long.

Armed with *The Orglara*, Jorist promptly challenged the ranking Umberlant clergy of the day and began an internal priestly struggle that at once weakened the church and made its survivors stronger and wiser. The process was so tempting and so valuable that it has been repeated many times ever since, and even acquired a formal name in Umberlant belief, “the Scouring Storm.”

Jorist rose to head the Church of the Deeps at Tharsult, then the mightiest temple of Umberlee. (It is now no more than a sacred ruin to which Umberlant clergy make pilgrimages.) Ambitious and forceful to his dying day, Jorist soon sank into blustering decadence. Becoming a gluttonous mountain of a man, he styled himself Sealord of All Faerûn and ruled Umberlant far and wide like a tyrant king, all whim and soft-tongued spies and swift, bloody punishments.

He fathered so many sons with various priestesses of the faith that upon his death in 1206 DR (carried out to sea by a wave so strong and high that it swept unerringly through the high windows of his tower, more than a hundred feet above the shore-cliff, but left the nearby chambers below untouched), the priesthood of Umberlee was wracked with armed strife between the many sons (and grandsons) of Jorist. In all the fighting, a lesser priest of the faith stole *The Orglara*, carrying it north along the Sword Coast and into hiding.

For over a century it served as a splendid serving platter in the feast halls of various petty lordlings and wealthy city nobles from Neverwinter to Yallasch until 1314 DR. In the fall of that year, the staff in the kitchens of Lord Anthanlas of Murann was preparing a grand feast. (Anthanlas was not the ruler of that city, merely the patriarch of one of 14 merchant families whose patriarchs had taken unto themselves the title “lord.”) While washing out a net full of sea-turtles, an astonished undercook awoke the spell display of *The Orglara*, and the mage of the house was summoned.

This bustling, self-important little wizard, whose name is lost to history, guessed that the shell must be a holy item of Umberlee—he was both terrified and inspired to dupe his employer. Crafting a duplicate shell that would also display the

names of spells when wet (but do nothing more), the mage spirited away the real Shell of Spells and tried to sell it to an Umberlant cleric in Memnon.

Unfortunately, he asked too much for it and was lured into a trap. Arriving at a dockside tavern for a meeting he had insisted upon to receive his price before surrendering the shell, he was ushered into a smuggling-room—whose floor promptly collapsed into a sea-tunnel below, waters that just happened to hold a trio of hungry, underfed sharks.

A few unpleasant minutes later, *The Orglara* had a new owner—Samsryn Dhugar, a cunning but lowly Wavewatcher of the Coral Crown Church of Umberlee. This priest was shrewd, sensitive, and very careful. He kept his “secret spell-store” hidden from his fellow clergy as he cautiously and deftly ascended the church hierarchy. Rising eventually to the rank of Storm Prelate, a roving holy inquisitor responsible for discipline within the faith and reprisals against its foes up and down the Sword Coast, Samsryn became deeply feared and hated in Umberlant ranks.

Soft spoken and clever, he always remained several moves ahead of his rivals among the faithful, avoiding scandal and anything else that could be used to discredit him as the decades passed and his star shone ever more brightly. He was on the eve of finally challenging the High Trident of Calimport when a rare moment of arrogance proved fatal. Samsryn arrived at a roadside inn in northern Calimshan in the fall of 1347 DR. Finding all of its rooms full and the best suites occupied by a traveling band of dwarves, Samsryn ordered them whipped out of the place to make room for him.

In the struggle that followed, the inn was largely destroyed. All of the Storm Prelate’s servants, bodyguards, and the elite Slashing Tentacles enforcers were slain, and Samsryn ended up as the maimed, helpless captive of the few surviving dwarves. They set about grimly trying to salvage something out of the losses the Umberlant had visited upon them. In the questioning that followed, just before he died, Samsryn revealed details of his treasures, including *The Orglara*.

The dwarves (six in all, from an unknown clan) wasted no time in seizing everything they could find before ambitious followers of Umberlee learned of the Storm Prelate’s fate and set about the holy work of revenge—and the not-so-holy work of plundering the Storm Prelate’s holdings. One of the dwarves seized *The Orglara* before they descended into the Deep Realms and scattered, hoping to elude the inevitable Umberlant pursuit.

One dwarf was unlucky, but the other five disappeared, and the Shell of Spells with them. It has been sighted and reported in the hands of various owners up and down the Sword Coast of Faerûn ever since, in no less than 30 different locales (though some might be spurious).

No ranking clergy of Umberlee has laid hands on it, however, or at least, no honest priest of the faith has done so, because





there are now standing Holy Orders that any “shell that displays spells when in seawater” is to be surrendered to the Deep Wavemaster at the Seacaves of the Roaring in Teshburl or the Wavemistress Royal at the Cove of the Queen in Mintarn. Some Umberlants, of course, refuse to recognize those clerics as having rightful authority over others in the faith, but it is unlikely that even rebel clergy have possession of *The Orglara*. The temptation to use its spells during one Scouring Storm or another spread would be too strong to resist, and the news would swiftly spread. No such tidings have come to Umberlant ears thus far.

It is known that Jorist added enchantments to *The Orglara* in 1199 DR, which give it the following properties:

- Any applications of fiery, explosive, or “disenchanting” spells (such as *dispel magic*) to the shell cause it *teleport* without error to a random locale elsewhere on Faerûn, taking a single being who is directly touching it safely along on the trip. (If more than one creature is touching *The Orglara* when such conditions are fulfilled, the one who has cast more spells from it, or read from it, or handled it, for the longest period of time is the one taken. If multiple beings qualify for the same length of “experience” with the book, randomly determine which one is chosen.) *The Orglara* remains undamaged by the magic that triggered its journey.

- The shell reflects back all missiles, enchanted or not, thrown at it to their sources for full effects (from *magic missiles* to magically hurled weapons and simple thrown axes or at any lone being who is holding or carrying it, if such a creature exists). *The Orglara* takes no damage in the process.
- If grasped and mentally willed to shine, *The Orglara* glows, akin to a *faerie fire* in terms of limits, intensity, and priestly control over it (save that it lasts as long as its owner desires, even if that is days later).
- If grasped and mentally willed to do so, *The Orglara* will affect both itself and any one being touching it with the ability to *water walk* (as the spell, for 24 hours or 144 turns). If more than one being is touching the shell, this ability will not manifest itself.

The following spells appear on the spell roster of *The Orglara*: *Age object* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *battle trident* (a spell detailed below), *blessed abundance* (*Tome of Magic*), *body clock* (*Tome of Magic*), *command*, *control temperature 10' radius*, *control winds*, *create holy symbol* (*Tome of Magic*), *create water*, *dispel magic*, *draw upon holy might* (*Tome of Magic*), *extradimensional pocket* (*Tome of Magic*), *fire purge* (*Tome of Magic*), *free action*, *invisibility to undead*, *know alignment*, *know direction* (*Tome of Magic*), *know time* (*Tome of Magic*), *locate*





animals or plants, locate object, mindshatter (Tome of Magic), part water, probability control (Tome of Magic), remove curse, remove paralysis, repeat action (Tome of Magic), resist fire/resist cold, sacred guardian (Tome of Magic), silence 15' radius, speak with the drowned dead (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), speeding trident (detailed below), stormcloak (Faiths & Avatars), striking wave (Faiths & Avatars), thought broadcast (Tome of Magic), tongues, transmute water to dust, water serpent (detailed below), water wyvern (detailed below), waterspout (Faiths & Avatars), weather stasis (Tome of Magic), weather summoning, whirlwave (detailed below), and word of recall.

Speeding Trident

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 2
Sphere: Combat
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: One creature
Saving Throw: ½

This spell brings into being a three-tined missile of temporarily “hardened” water, its piercing points hard enough to penetrate armor. It streaks straight at a chosen target creature, striking with the caster’s THAC0, and deals 4d4 points of damage (half that if a successful saving throw vs. spell is made by the target) to any creature it hits. After striking or missing, the missile dissipates in a swiftly-scattering mist.

The material components of a *speeding trident* spell are three drops of water and three arrowheads, dagger points, or metal wedges (they must be of a hard ferrous metal, but need not be tempered or ever been intended or used as weapons).

Water Wyvern

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 3
Sphere: Elemental (Water)
Range: 40 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 4 rounds
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: A body of water at least twice the caster’s body volume
Saving Throw: None

This spell causes a pre-existing body of water of at least twice the caster’s body volume to animate in accordance with the caster’s wishes. A wyvernlike mass of water is created, though it must be emphasized the term is based on shape resemblance. The spell only shapes unintelligent water and sets it to a task—it does not create a sentient or aware monster.

A *water wyvern* can rise up (to a maximum of 12 feet above the water surface) and strike at targets of the caster’s choosing with a “bite” of crushing water that inflicts 2d8 points of damage, and strikes once per round. It is AC 3, MV Sw 12, has 33 hit points (dealing it more damage than that total causes it to collapse, ending the spell), and has a THAC0 of 13. The size of the “wyvern” created may vary, but its useful properties do not.

The caster of a *water wyvern* may choose to ride upon it or direct it to carry others. As a steed, the *water wyvern* achieves a wet solidity, surging along under the creatures it bears like a galloping horse. It forms a stable platform for the casting of only swift, simple spells (those requiring no material components other than a holy symbol or surrounding water and with a casting time of 5 or less). If the “wyvern” carries only one rider (a single creature, plus worn or carried gear, of less than 300 pounds total weight), it can use its bite attack as directed by the caster. If it carries two or more creatures or more than 300 pounds weight, it can only be a mobile platform and has no attacks. A *water wyvern* can carry a maximum of two creatures, or three if one is its caster.

No one but its caster can stop or steer a “wyvern.” It will only bite as directed by the caster—but as long as the caster is within range, the caster need not be riding it or in direct contact with it to command it.

If the creator of a *water wyvern* undertakes any other spell-casting or wills the “wyvern” to cease to exist, it instantly melts away, slumping back into the surrounding waters as the magic dissipates.

The material components of a *water wyvern* spell are the water to be affected, a tooth from any sort of animal, and three scales from any aquatic creature.

Battle Trident

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 4
Sphere: Combat
Range: 60 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: One creature
Saving Throw: ½





Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: A cylinder of up to 300 yards in length with an inside diameter of 15 feet
Saving Throw: None

This spell shapes existing water (no matter how agitated) into a tunnel like that formed by large “breakers” rolling into a shore. This cylinder of water is up to 300 yards long, contains breathable air, and has “solid” walls that will not collapse or spray water on creatures inside, although they can freely reach through the curving water, pierce it with weapons, and even grasp things and pull them through the walls and into the tunnel. A *whirlwave* tunnel can be traversed as if one is walking on solid ground, and even if cast in a storm, both the water and the air within it are calm and immobile.

The tunnel forms in the direction its caster is facing, beginning around him or at any distance within spell range, and either runs straight away from the caster or, if the caster desires, curves toward a desired destination he visualizes. (That is, he must have seen it previously, even if darkness or weather prevents seeing it at the time of casting. He cannot merely aim for a harbor or an island he suspects is present.) The caster can choose to “anchor” the tunnel, which makes it immobile despite external forces such as tidal waves, gales, and the like. He could otherwise elect to make it mobile so that it is swept along by the surrounding waters. The latter use of the tunnel usually serves to bring sailors ashore, or most of the way toward shore, from a shipwreck or a naval battle.

A *whirlwave* tunnel continues only so long as there is water around it. It cannot be longer than the body of water, though it can otherwise be as long as the caster desires, to its length limit of 300 yards. The magic prevents water from flooding the tunnel through its open ends, but fails, causing a tunnel collapse, if struck by *part water* or similar magic of equal or greater level that serves to shape water. Persistent attacks on a tunnel by a water weird, water elemental, or other creature partially composed of liquid water (as opposed to creatures that merely live in the water, such as sharks or octopuses) can also cause its collapse if they inflict a cumulative total of 66 points of damage in a single 10-foot spot or area. The use of any fire-related magic within the tunnel (even spells cast into the open ends, such as *fireballs*) also causes its instant collapse, although the two spells will cancel each other rather than visiting fiery damage on creatures in the tunnel (they still suffer damage from the collapse itself).

A *whirlwave* tunnel can be created that bends or slopes up or down from the horizontal, and its “floor” is not slippery. Thus, a caster can use this spell to create a climbing chute (but not a slide) within a waterfall and curve safely through a plunge pool at the bottom of the fall or to thrust safely through a whirlpool or maelstrom.

Like its lesser variant the *speeding trident*, this spell brings into being a three-tined missile of temporarily “hardened” water, its piercing points hard enough to penetrate armor. It streaks at a chosen target creature, turning and twisting to follow any evasive movements, and strikes with the caster’s THACO, but at a +2 attack roll bonus (it is considered a +2 magical weapon for purposes of determining what it can hit). A *battle trident* deals 4d6 points of damage plus 1 point per level of its caster to any creature it hits. If a target successfully saves vs. spell, half the damage is suffered. After striking or missing, the trident dissipates in a swiftly scattering mist.

The material components of a battle trident spell are three drops of water and three pointed pieces of any sort of hard ferrous metal.

Whirlwave

(Alteration, Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 4
Sphere: Elemental (Water)
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 turn





A *whirlwave* tunnel protects creatures inside it as follows: No normal missile can penetrate its walls. Weapons wielded directly from the outside (for instance, by aquatic creatures), spells cast from the outside, and objects penetrating from outside (such as ships or rocks that come into contact with a mobile *whirlwave* tunnel) can all pass freely through the walls of the tunnel, with one exception: The swirling waters of the walls prevent clear sight of creatures inside the tunnel by observers more than 10 feet distant, so spells requiring clear vision of the target are affected.

Any number of creatures may pass along a *whirlwave* tunnel before it expires, at their normal movement rates. If they are still in the tunnel when it collapses, or pass bodily through the tunnel walls, they will suffer 5d4 points of battering damage (per passage).

The material components of a *whirlwave* spell are a piece of wire or glue-stiffened thread formed into a hollow spiral (like a metal spring) and the waters already present. (Some of the water is consumed by the spell. If this spell is cast in a shallow wading pool, the magic works, but it nearly empties the pool in the process.) Note that this magic does not protect beings in the tunnel from acids, poisons, or other harmful effects in the water itself.

Water Serpent

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Elemental (Water)
Range:	60 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	6 rounds
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	A body of water at least three times the caster's body volume
Saving Throw:	None

This spell causes a pre-existing body of water of at least thrice the caster's body volume and within spell range to animate in accordance with the caster's wishes. A serpentine mass of water that obeys the caster's wishes, biting at foes as directed. Although the "serpent" is not a sentient force, the magic compels it to follow moving targets and continue to obey a set task until its caster changes the commands governing it, so that it appears to fight or act independently of the caster's supervision.

A *water serpent* can rise up (to a maximum of 18 feet above the water surface) and strike at targets of the caster's choosing with a "bite" of crushing water that deals 3d8 points of damage, and strikes twice per round. The serpent is AC 1, MV Sw 18, has 55 hit points (dealing it more damage than that total causes it to collapse, ending the spell), and a THAC0 of 11. It cannot coil around, constrict, or tail-slap foes, being an actual "growth" of the water rather than a whole-bodied creature, but it can be used to batter at wharves, boats, walls, and other solid objects within its reach, forcing "crushing blow" saving throws against all such items if the items are free to move (for example, if they are floating), at a -1 penalty if they are solid and immobile, and at a -2 penalty if they are composed of separate elements, such as the bricks or stones of a mortared wall or the tree-trunks of a wharf piling. It can deliver two such blows per round, or a blow and an attack (at a target creature). Attacks on targets do not force crushing blow saving throws on worn or carried items.

Unlike the similar Umberlant spell *water wyvern*, a *water serpent* may not be used as a steed. Nevertheless, it can be used (but only by its caster) in a single thrust that picks up the caster and propels him forward to a maximum of 60 feet and upward to a maximum of 20 feet. This drive can be precisely aimed by the caster, but it is not stable enough to permit spellcasting en route and provides no protection for the caster at the end of the movement. (When the serpent recoils and collapses, it ends the spell and leaves the caster moving forward with the same momentum as the thrust, and, perhaps, nothing beneath him.)

Such a thrust is made at MV 18, and may project beyond the body of water out of which the serpent was created. It is typically used to deposit the caster on a balcony, atop a wall, or on some other height clear of the water.

If the creator of a *water serpent* wills the spell to end, or the "serpent" passes beyond spell range, it instantly melts away, slumping back into the surrounding waters as the magic dissipates. The caster can freely cast other spells after creating a "serpent," but cannot change its directives in any round in which he is spellcasting. Note that a *water serpent* must always be directed to attack a specific creature, not multiple creatures. If one is told to strike at "anything that enters through that doorway," it will bite the first creature to do so and ignore all others, even after its quarry is dead. If told to attack "all creatures that enter through that doorway," it will attack only the first one to do so.

The material components of a *water serpent* spell are the water to be affected and two fangs from any sort of aquatic creature equipped with sharp teeth (not cartilage or bony ridges, but true teeth).





The Sash of Sune



This “book” takes the form of a scarlet sash about a hand’s length in width and as long as the body of a short man (about 5 feet). Its ends are fringed with small, crimson silk tassels, and its long edges are bound over with tiny whip stitches in what appears to be thread-of-gold (the spun gold wire made by dwarves in olden times, whose making is now lost to their smiths).

Powerful (and forgotten) enchantments on the silky weave of the *Sash* protect it against all heat and fiery damage, and make it flash and flare with the color of dancing flames whenever it is touched. It resists wear, “healing” itself of tears, cuts, and even soiling within a day of such an occurrence. Molds and fungi cannot grow on or consume the *Sash of Sune*, though it can readily be harmed by acid.

The *Sash* bears no design or inscriptions, and appears as a normal item of clothing. A *detect magic* spell, though, reveals a web of strong, many-layered, ancient enchantments and impressions of dancing, chaos of magic, and inner warmth or arousal of the human spirit is imparted. A *legend lore* spell or similarly strong divination magic will reveal that this item is sacred to the goddess Sune, that her hand has touched it more than once, and that its use involves dancing and the release of magic.

A priest of the faith of Sune is the only one who can successfully call upon the powers of the *Sash*, and then only if he lays it out flat on a solid horizontal surface and dances barefoot on it until some sweat or tears from the dancer fall upon the cloth. When this happens, a spell appears on the cloth, in letters of amber “fire” (writing formed by restlessly moving radiance within the cloth, not any sort of combustion or manifestation). The spell is chosen randomly from the “contents” of the “book,” unless the dancer chants the proper name of a specific magic spell aloud. The writing fades 6 hours after being evoked, or immediately if *dispel magic* is applied to the *Sash* or the priest begins to dance anew on the item.

If the blood of a priest of Sune touches the *Sash*, fire magic spontaneously erupts, by the will of the goddess. This usually takes the form of a *flame strike* directed at the one who caused the priest to be harmed, but sometimes it is a *wall of fire* to protect endangered clergy, or even a *meteor swarm* directed at multiple foes of the faith, if such are present.

The merest touch of the *Sash* deals 6d4+4 points of damage to all undead creatures.

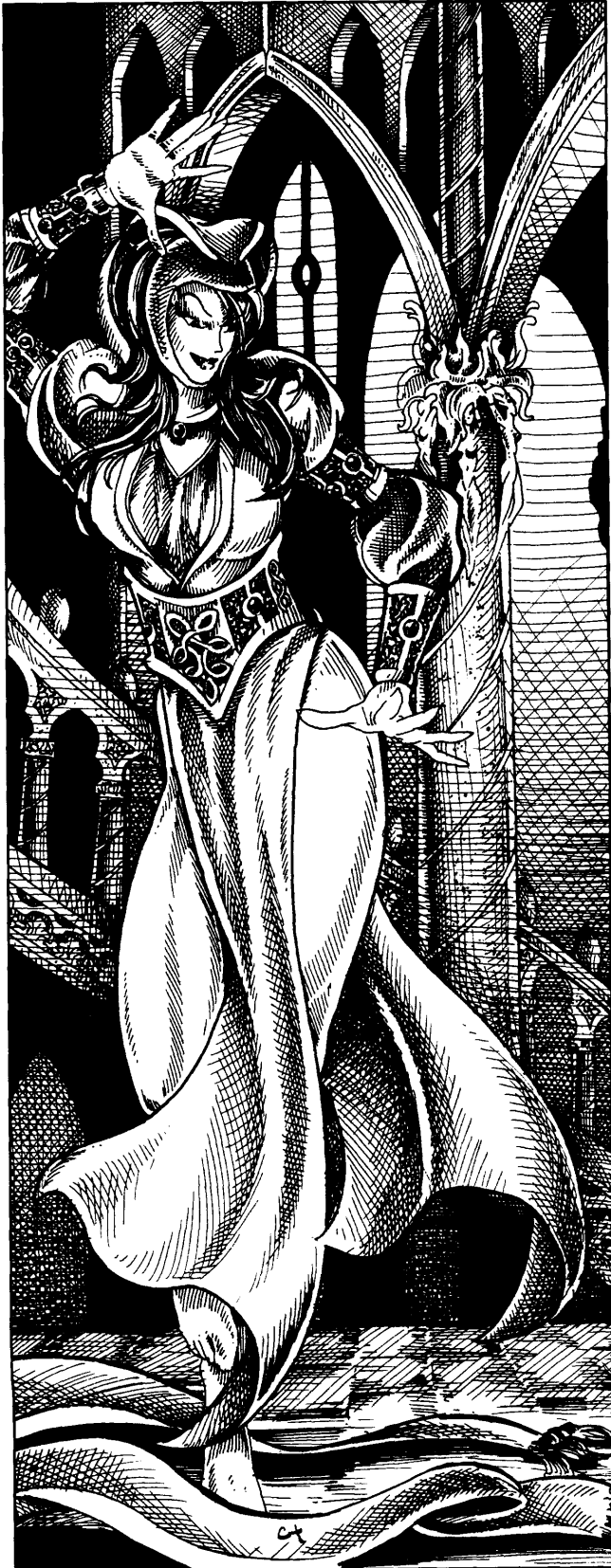
There is some debate as to the full and complete roster of spells “contained” on the *Sash*, but it is known to hold the spells *aid*, *airy walk*, *call lightning*, *charm person or mammal*, *cloak of bravery*, *combine*, *create food & water*, *detect lie*, *dispel evil*, *dispel magic*, *divination*, *flame strike*, *handfire* (a spell detailed below), *love bite* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *lure* (detailed below), *permanent lure* (detailed below), *rapture* (*Faiths & Avatars*), and *word of recall*.

The eminent sage and priest Lorthoran, High Hedonist of the Lady Firehair, insists that clergy of the goddess who have attained the highest levels of experience in their holy service (17th level or greater) can at will, when dancing upon it, call forth a depiction of Sune’s head to appear on the *Sash*. The goddess is seen from the back so that only her flaming tresses are beheld. Each of the dozen or so separate tresses displayed is labeled with an additional spell.

Lorthoran gives the roster of these “higher spells” as *animate object*, *fire storm*, *gate*, *the great circle* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *heal*, *heroes’ feast*, *imbue with spell ability*, *plane shift*, *regenerate*, *restoration*, *resurrection*, *Sol’s searing orb* (*Tome of Magic*), *spell immunity*, *spiritual wrath* (*Tome of Magic*), *stone tell*, and *sunray*.

Other learned clergy speak of the spells *breath of life* and *spirit of power* (both spells are detailed in the *Tome of Magic*) being present among the higher spells, while certain of the





prayers listed by the High Hedonist are lacking. Arguments over this point continue, although only one authority, Krymmon of Athkatla, has advanced the suggestion that there is more than one *Sash of Sune*. All other learned priests insist that only one such item exists. Sharra of the Spectacles in Selgaunt and Jaran Thabbar in Nimpeth have both suggested that the *Sash* may offer different selections of spells to different dancers, operating under some as-yet-unknown divine instructions, but many elder clergy of the goddess have ridiculed this idea, pointing out that it offers a treatment of mortals at variance with the usual practice of the Lady of Love.

References to what may be the *Sash of Sune* appear as long as 3,000 years ago, but the item is first wholly and reliably identified in the chatty, personal *Travels of Araugh*, a chapbook popular as entertainment in the Vilhon Reach some 1,020 summers ago. Araugh (as much of a rogue as the present-day Volo) wrote of seeing a senior priest of Sune dancing naked and alone in a meadow. When he drew nearer to see why, guardian priests arose from hiding and barred his approach, but explained that the patriarch was calling forth spells from “the Lady Firehair herself, in a most holy ritual.”

Later, at the price of much coin spent on wine for the clergy, Araugh managed to learn that it was a sash under the old man’s feet that was the source of the magic. He heard later that the *Sash* had been stolen, but failed to exhibit any magical powers when brought to a wizard of note. Araugh notes that some clergy of Sune must have a way of tracing the whereabouts of the *Sash*, for news of the wizard who examined it became known only when his palatial abode in Arrabar was attacked by over 40 clergy of the Lady Firehair. They were successful in regaining the item, and it appears to have remained a temple treasure down the centuries since then, used by various clergy of Sune, until about three decades ago, when it disappeared (no doubt stolen) from the Towers of Passion monastery in rural Chondath. Senior clergy set their most ambitious and energetic agents forth in what has become known as “the Quest for the *Sash*,” which continues to this day. Whatever reveals the location of the *Sash* to Sunites seems to manifest only in dream visions, and only when the *Sash* is physically harmed or endangered. That has occurred twice in recent years, the last time causing Sunites to converge on Ordulin in Sembia in search of “a man with white skin, white hair, and white eyes,” but the *Sash of Sune* thus far remains “lost” (to the clergy of the goddess, at least). Maeron Shulduth of the House of Firehair in Daerlun has offered 400,000 pieces of gold and lifelong exclusive use of the palatial Summersuns estate in upland Sembia, to any individual who delivers the intact *Sash* into his hands.





Handfire

(Alteration)

Level:	1
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
Duration:	Special
Casting Time:	4
Area of Effect:	The caster's hand
Saving Throw:	None

This spell causes one of the caster's hands (or the end of a chosen limb) to be surrounded by tiny winking motes of light that resemble a cluster of constantly renewed sparks. These motes of magic are neither hot nor flammable and do no damage to nonliving material, but any living creature struck by them (successful attack roll required) takes 1d4+3 points of damage (no saving throw). Undead touched by *handfire* suffer 2d4+4 points of damage. *Handfire* is bright enough to read by if the writing is very near it (within a distance equal to the length of the caster's longest finger).

Handfire lasts for two "strikes" (regardless of how long after casting they are delivered) or until willed to dissipate by the caster. The presence of active *handfire* does not prevent the casting of other spells or alter their effects. Discharge is automatic on contact with any living or undead being who is not the caster, so *handfire* can accidentally harm friendly creatures, or harm a thief or an attacker even when the caster is asleep if the active limb is disturbed. (Some priests clutch a magical item with a *handfire*-active hand as they fall asleep to prevent thefts.) *Handfire* can strike twice in the same round if the caster comes into contact with two different targets (for example, when the foes punch or run into the priest, rather than the caster deliberately trying to strike them), but cannot be conducted along weapons or tools. Direct contact with some part of a target's body is required. No known Faerûnian armor can stop *handfire*, although certain magical barriers do.

Handfire that is willed out of existence sputters and fades in seconds, becoming harmless in an instant. If it has struck another being once, its caster can will it to flood into his own body as its second "strike," healing 1d4 points of any damage he may currently be suffering, but this property will not allow any caster to gain extra hit points. A caster can mentally choose the color of his *handfire* sparks (as a signal, for example), but he cannot change it once the spell takes effect.

Lure

(Necromancy)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Charm, Necromantic
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 hour per level to a maximum of 1 day
Casting Time:	6
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	Special

This spell causes a single feature or matching pair of features (such as eyes) of the caster's body to alter to exactly match in shape and hue the equivalent features of another living being whom the caster has personally seen at some time in the past. The change is actual, and the altered features are instantly usable, performing as if the caster was entirely used to them. The spell does not alter Strength, Dexterity, or the like, but can temporarily increase or decrease Charisma (if the Dungeon Master permits). For example, if the caster alters his eyes to resemble those of an eagle or a creature





whose eyes are on stalks, or modifies his feet to web his toes, others would obviously react to him differently than before the transformation.

Multiple *lure* spells can be in effect on a single creature at the same time. *Lure* spells end upon the death of the “wearer” or when the magic expires. A *lure* spell can be removed sooner by the application of *dispel magic* spells.

Some adventuring priests use this spell to temporarily gain beast powers or to change a single hand or limb for purposes of disguise, but most Sunites employ it to lure members of the opposite gender by increasing their personal comeliness (hence the name of the spell). When the caster employs this spell on himself, no saving throw is necessary, but when it is cast on another touched recipient, both the caster and the recipient must successfully save vs. spell or the spell fails and is wasted. If the recipient is unwilling, failure is automatic.

The material components of a *lure* are a drop of holy water and a scrap (of any size) of the caster’s skin.

Permanent Lure

(Necromancy)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Charm, Necromantic
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 year per level
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	Special

Like the standard *lure* spell, this magic changes a single feature (or matching pair of features) of the caster’s body to match the equivalent feature of another living being the caster has personally seen. The change is actual, and the altered features perform as if the caster was entirely used to them. A *permanent lure* does not alter ability scores except for Charisma (if the DM so desires). Usually it increases beauty, but the spell may lower Charisma depending on how a feature is altered.

Only one *permanent lure* can affect a being at a given time; its presence automatically causes any additional, lesser *lure* spells applied to the same creature to fail. Unlike the *lure* spell, a feature altered by a *permanent lure* must be natural to the recipient’s race and gender. (That is, gills cannot be placed on humans, and males cannot be given a feminine form.) *Permanent lure* spells end if the “wearer” dies or the magic expires, but they can be removed earlier by application of three successful *dispel magic* spells from the same source or



caster or *wish* or *limited wish* spells. (These *dispel magic* spells need not be cast in swift succession; many powerful clergy receive two of them from an assistant immediately, and leave application of the third for emergencies, which may never arise, or that may occur a full year later.)

Lure spells cast on the bearer of an active *permanent lure* fail and are lost without any effect; a second *permanent lure* cast on an unwilling being who is already governed by one *lure* or a *permanent lure* is also wasted and without effect—but a being who willingly accepts a second *permanent lure* atop an operant one will discover that the two spells cancel each other out and cause the features they altered or were intended to alter to “melt” and run, twisting into unnatural shapes. The recipient suffers 1d4+2 points of damage and loses 1d3 points of Charisma. Time will heal the lost hit points, but the disfigurement (and Charisma loss) can only be reversed by application of a *cure light wounds* spell or other magic.

When the caster employs this spell on himself, no saving throw is necessary, but when it is cast upon another touched recipient, both caster and beneficiary must successfully save vs. spell, or the spell fails and is wasted.

The material components of a *permanent lure* spell are a vial of holy water, a clear, intact gem of any size and type worth at least 500 gp, and any size scrap of the caster’s skin.



The Scepter of Mystra



This legendary, rarely seen “tome” features in many fanciful Faerûnian “just desserts” tales for children (in which people who misuse magic receive fitting punishments in the end), particularly in the Sword Coast lands. However, many mages and most common folk believe it is no more than a fancy or perhaps something Mystra took away from mortals long ago.

However, the *Scepter of Mystra* is very real. It has a striking, unmistakable appearance, simplified in children’s stories into “a glass rod with metal ends that has little silver circles moving up and down the glass bit by themselves.” In reality, the *Scepter* is a *glassteel* rod with spired *everbright* electrum ends. Ten small silver ovoids (one for each of the nine spell levels, and a tenth for true dweomers) drift continuously up and down its length, moving about at random and ignoring external stimuli.

Only someone grasping one of the ends of the *Scepter* can see the numbers on each ovoid. A “1” means first level spells, “2” means second, and so on, with a star denoting the true dweomers (which are described in the DM™ Option: *High-Level Campaigns* sourcebook. DMs lacking this source should have the 10th ovoid irregularly and unpredictably provide access to strange new spells).

Touching one numbered ovoid causes each of the others to display one spell name (of spells that are the same level as the number touched). Each additional touch of that same ovoid causes the others to display different spell names, offering different (random) selections of spells at the chosen level. When a desired spell appears, a touch of the ovoid bearing its name causes one of the ends of the *Scepter* to emit “letters of fire” that write the spell in midair (as an intangible, illusory image). The other ovoids in the *Scepter* will move to one end of the glass rod to prevent inadvertently triggering the item. A spell takes 1 round of writing per level of the spell to appear completely (explosive runes, a 3rd-level spell, would be complete in three rounds). It vanishes instantly if the ovoid bearing its name is touched a second time—whereupon all of the ovoids revert to displaying level numbers and moving up and down the glass rod.

The *Scepter* has one other power that most of its wielders have discovered by accident: If the name “Mystra” is uttered by a person grasping it, that person is instantly able to see all magical auras within 90 feet for 1 turn, distinguishing their age, power, and extent by their precise outlines and intensity. This power works only thrice in each 24-hour period.

Much of the history of the *Scepter of Mystra* is clouded by all of the tales of childhood, which have been embellished and re-embellished many times down the years by minstrels, but some things about this strange item can be recounted with fair reliability.

Mystran doctrine holds that Mystra has used several items to test the loyalties of her servants (such as Azuth, various of the Chosen, and even the mysterious Savras), and that the *Scepter* is one of them. Later, it was given to the Magister with the command to “set” one of the spells in its roster to be a spell that *teleports* the *Scepter* away to a random Faerûnian destination when accessed and to change this setting from time to time. (It is known that Mystra, the Magister, Azuth, and all of the Chosen can trace the whereabouts of the *Scepter* at all times and see its wielder and immediate surroundings, merely by spending 1d3 rounds in concentration. The first three named beings on this list can call the *Scepter* to themselves without appearing in person.) The Magister was told to give the item to a minor mage somewhere on Toril and then let it wander as “the doings of mortals” dictated, reclaiming it only if a Red Wizard of Thay, a mage of Halruaa, or another powerful mage, linked by social ties to a group of archmages, took possession of it.

This was done on or about Midsummer of 994 DR. A minor hedge-wizard by the name of Naelrus “Flamespell” Anarthandyer was the first recipient of the *Scepter*. He promptly abandoned his former kindly befuddlement and used its magic to build himself into a petty tyrant





in the coastlands north of Leilon. The Magister of the day judged it was best to remove the *Scepter* from Naerlus before he got embroiled in a major war and called on it in earnest.

At the same time the Magister reached this conclusion, however, Naerlus unwittingly found the *flyaway* spell, sending the *Scepter* away to an unknown destination—which proved to be a ruined abbey of Shar in northern Calimshan. It was found there a season later by adventurers who were too fearful of the item to experiment with it, but happily sold it to Amblaeryn Alaba, a rich Calishite satrap who hoped that with its aid his five hired mages could destroy a rival and his hired guardian mages.

The five mages made eager use of the *Scepter* and then employed the powers they had gained to utterly destroy Amblaeryn, in accordance with the secret deal they had made with his rival, Imtherl. When Imtherl balked at paying them what he had promised, they destroyed him and his mage bodyguards.

Unfortunately, five ambitious wizards do not easily share a single powerful magical item, and it was not long before a dispute over its usage arose—a dispute that left one mage dead and another trapped in the shape of a stone . . . somewhere among thousands of similar stones on a pebble beach north of Ormpur.

The winner of the dispute, Earndus Orthorm, was promptly attacked by the other two surviving mages, who were driven to make war on him by their fear of what he might do to them with the *Scepter*. In his hasty preparation attempts (as they struggled to win past his defenses), Orthorm accidentally found the *flyaway* spell—and the *Scepter* vanished just as his two attackers crashed into his spellchamber.

This time the wandering *Scepter* found its way to a mountain cavern and the hands of an orc shaman. He tried to harness its powers but failed. Goaded by fear and by the roused lightning crackling around him, he flung it down into a deep gorge, activating a previously unknown property of the *Scepter*: If it is dropped or thrown more than 100 feet, it spontaneously *teleports* away to a random Faerûnian destination.

The strange glass rod appeared in a tavern in Telflamm, demonstrating another of its properties: In the presence of unleashed magic (just cast offensive spells), it levitates to the height of a man, above a surface, and gives off a faint blue-white glow (akin to a *faerie fire* spell). This behavior does not manifest at all if it is in the immediate possession of a living being and ceases as soon as it is grasped by a living being.

The appearance of the *Scepter* caused a shocked halt to a low-level spell-duel between two novice wizards. When a thief vaulted a table and tried to snatch it, bedlam ensued. In the brawl that followed, a serving-wench made off with the *Scepter*, hotly pursued by one of the magelings. In an alley behind the tavern, the furious wizard made the fatal discovery that the lass was really a doppelganger. When “she” finished strangling him,

she tossed the body out into the street where it caused a passing priest of Tymora to trip and cry out.

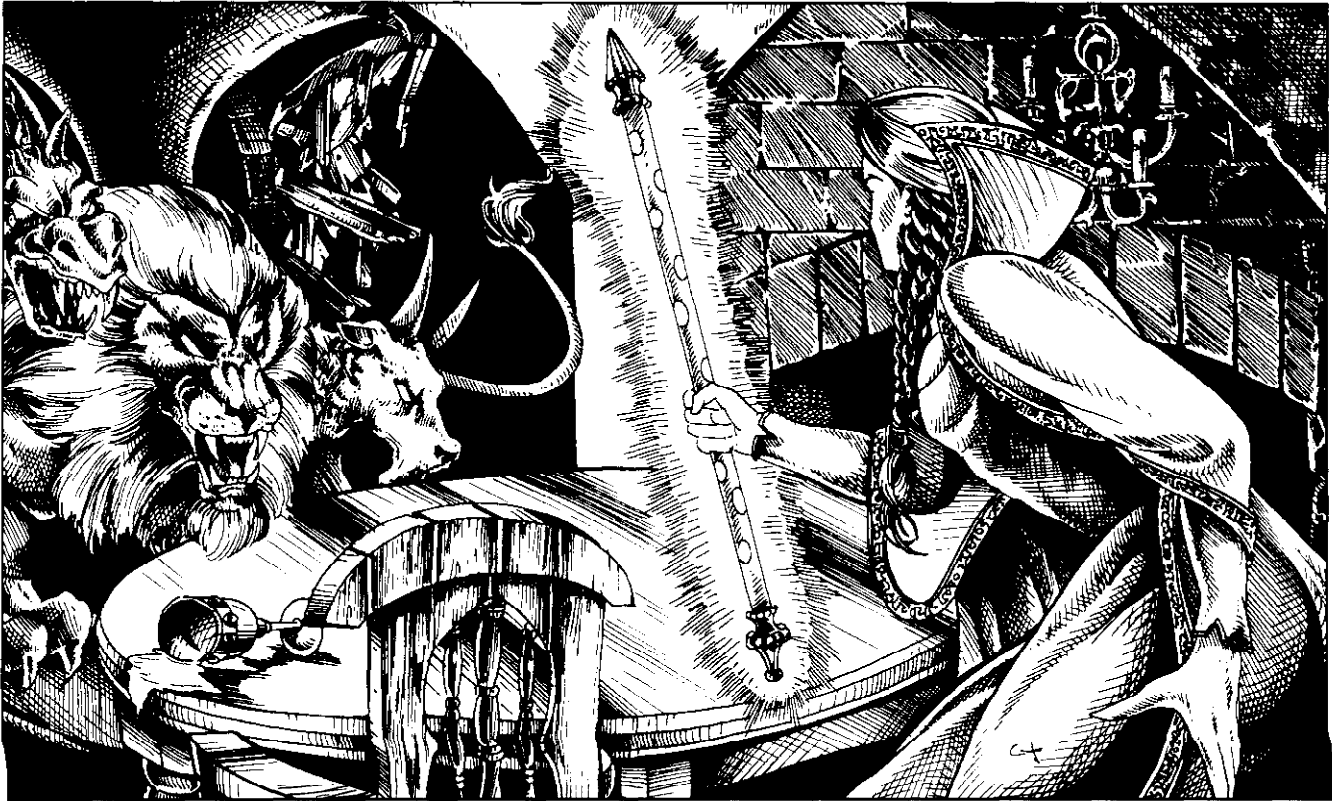
A wizard accompanying that priest saw the doppelganger with the *Scepter* in its hand and let fly with the most powerful offensive spell he was carrying.

His *meteor swarm* tore ramshackle buildings apart all around and reduced the doppelganger to a spattering of ashes on the tumbled stones of one of them—but left the *Scepter* hanging in midair, unharmed and glowing.

A little hesitantly, the archmage claimed it. Taluth of Telflamm was a careful and methodical man who experimented with the *Scepter* carefully and made meticulous notes of his observations. It is from his accounts that much of the public information about the *Scepter* derives (including its ability to confer upon its wielder immunity to petrification and paralysis). His care inevitably led him to finally trigger the disappearance of the item through its *flyaway* enchantment, plunging it into the darkness of a drowned tomb in a deserted suburb of Calimport that was crumbling into the sea.

Merfolk found it there in the spring of 997 DR, and traded it to a Calishite merchant, who in turn sold it at a bazaar in Schamedar. Its purchaser, Kloroth of the Seven Curses, discovered yet another power of the *Scepter*: If a wizard or Mystran priest touches it as he glances at any fully written spells of the next level higher than the one he can currently use, the *Scepter* informs him that it can allow the use of one of those spells normally beyond his level each time it is grasped and ordered. (This “shuts down” the spell display powers of the *Scepter* for 6 hours, and does not allow a mage capable of casting 9th-level spells access to 10th-level magic or true dweomers, or let a priest already capable of casting 7th-level spells access to divine magic. It does not increase the number of 9th-level spells a mage can wield, or 7th-level spells a priest can carry.)

Kloroth used this property of the *Scepter* to open a series of permanent gates or portals linking Faerûnian locations. It was his intention to enrich himself by providing a fast, discreet “small valuable goods” courier service between the Sword Coast cities (Waterdeep in particular) and the Inner Sea lands (Sembia). However, he was unaware of another property of the *Scepter*: Whenever it is used in conjunction with *permanency* or equivalent spells, it also places a permanent, involuntary *polymorph self* on its user, changing his shape uncontrollably every turn. (The “shift” takes 1d3 rounds and is usually disconcerting to watch.) The recipient cannot control the shape he takes, nor end the effect (unless a *limited wish* or *wish* spell is used, and *dispel magic* only delays the shift for an additional round). The user is often trapped, unable to move or communicate or cast spells in the forms taken. Although these forms are never fatally unsuited to their surroundings (no “fish out of water”), they are often monstrous and invite terrified attack from nearby creatures.



Kloroth thus acquired an eighth curse, this one personal (the other seven had been spells he cast on opponents) and crippling to his social life—he was forced to go into hiding and his fate is unknown.

The *Scepter* was taken from Kloroth as he stood helpless in the form of a shrieker mushroom in a dark street in Selgaunt. It brought no good fortune to the one who seized it, however, for it bloodily changed hands six times that night as various thieves used daggers ruthlessly and snatched the glowing thing of power.

Dawn found the last of them confronted by an incredulous wizard, an older and wiser Naerlus “Flamespell” Anarhandyer, who had been forced to flee the Sword Coast when he had lost the *Scepter* and found himself facing many roused foes. He promptly cast a spell that gave him many tentacles, and reached out to slay the bearer of the *Scepter* who leapt frantically away, only to fall through one of Kloroth’s *gates*, and end up stunned on the stones of a street in lawless Skullport. A mind flayer promptly slew the thief and took the *Scepter*, fleeing into Undermountain when wizards saw the item and gave chase.

The illithid soon perished at the hands of drow in the depths of that vast and deadly dungeon, but thanks to the traps of Halaster, the drow patrol never got out of Undermountain. The *Scepter* wandered its halls for fully two centuries afterward, in the hands of various hapless adventurers and monsters, until a day in Elesias,

1199 DR, when it was found (in the bone-filled lap of a trap-festooned stone statue on the 6th level of Undermountain) by an adventuring band known as Thornstar’s Company.

Thornstar was an aging, suspicious warrior who was weary of adventures and sick of Undermountain in particular, after six long and increasingly desperate months of searching for a way out and fresh food and water, and having to slay all manner of foes to get the latter.

Thornstar was also facing dissension in the ranks, in particular from the wizard of the company, one Ilragoth Morndlar. Ilragoth hoped that the *Scepter* would give him the means to blast his way out of the dungeon just when Thornstar needed magical aid the most. Unfortunately for the ambitious wizard, his apprentice was even more desperate and continued experimenting with the item on watch one night after his exhausted master had fallen asleep—only to trigger the *flyaway* spell in combination with another (he never figured out just which spell) that took both apprentice and *Scepter* out of the dungeon.

The apprentice, Impaladus Nolorn, found himself standing atop Mount Waterdeep in the moonlight of a breezy night, with the *Scepter* in his hand. He took care to drop out of sight in the bustle of the city, joining its Watchful Order and hiring out for a spot of warehouse guard duty as he examined his “great treasure.” Four years passed, and during his cautious study Impaladus



discovered yet another unsuspected ability of the *Scepter*: If the proper prayer to Mystra is uttered aloud as one of the ends of the *Scepter* is touched to a magical item that requires recharging, the item instantly gains 1d6+2 charges (this ability can be used once a day, but is only effective on the same item once a month).

Impaladus kept careful notes just as Taluth had done earlier, but they did not save him one night in Sea Ward at a Watchful Order revel, when a rival mage opened a *gate* to another plane and lured Impaladus through it.

That rival had befriended Impaladus and promised to marry him. She was eager to seize all of his spells and magical items—perhaps a little too eager. She triggered a trap that blasted her to nothingness and left her dupe's magic open to any passing Waterdhavian who might covet it. Inevitably (and shortly), one did, and then another, who struck down the first as he was grunting along under the weight of all the loot. The noise attracted the attention of a mage, who used a spell to blast the second acquirer and win the *Scepter* for his own.

Unfortunately, the first magic he examined proved to be the *flyaway* spell, and the *Scepter* was off wandering again, up and down the Sword Coast North this time.

In the century that followed, it surfaced in Triboar, Mirabar, and Sundabar, before someone in Silverymoon added it to a private collection. From there it emerged in a spell-battle between adventuring bands one hot summer night in 1314 DR. Unfortunately, few folk on either side of that fray survived, and some of those who did fled across the river, vanishing into nearby forests trapped in half-bat shapes or worse. The *Scepter* went with one of them, only to be found washing down the Delimbiyr 30 years later.

Its finder, a ranger by the name of Lastern Mendever, took the curious item of power to the nearest Mielikkian shrine where the priestess advised him that it was no thing that any devout folk of the Forest should carry and bade him throw it back into the river. Reluctantly, Lastern did so, and was astonished to see two dragons fighting above the river that evening, one of them clutching the glowing spire-tipped rod in its huge talons!

The smaller and more agile of the two, a silver dragon, eventually darted away with the *Scepter* in its possession, pursued hotly by an amethyst wyrm. That night in the spring of 1336 DR is the last certain sighting of the holy Mystran item, although a farmer in Secomber, downriver, claims to have seen a “great flash of ravening fire” in the sky that night, outlining the bones of a dragon flying frantically for a moment before breaking apart and tumbling to the ground and into the darkness.

Certain Dweomerkeepers of the Mystran faith are currently seeking the *Scepter*, but if any of them have found it, no word of this has come to any temple of the Goddess of All Magic.

The spells known to be in the roster of the *Scepter of Mystra*

are given hereafter. The *flyaway* spell may be any of them and its effects may be modified by previously selected spells or spell levels. Four common variants in its activation come from two combinations of effects: The *Scepter* vanishes partway through reading the spell or vanishes when the spell is successfully memorized, and the *Scepter teleports* by itself or takes any creatures in contact with it along.

The contents of the are generally agreed to be as follows: *Abjure*, *accelerate healing* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *air walk*, *animate object*, *animate rock*, *anti-animal shell*, *anti-plant shell*, *anyspell* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *astral spell*, *barkskin*, *barrier of retention* (*Tome of Magic*), *blade barrier*, *blessed abundance* (*Tome of Magic*), *body clock* (*Tome of Magic*), *call upon faith* (*Tome of Magic*), *circle of privacy* (*Tome of Magic*), *cloud of purification* (*Tome of Magic*), *continual light*, *control weather*, *control winds*, *create holy symbol* (*Tome of Magic*), *cure blindness or deafness*, *cure disease*, *cure serious wounds*, *detect charm*, *detect lie*, *dimensional folding* (*Tome of Magic*), *disbelief* (*Tome of Magic*), *dispel magic*, *dragonbane* (*Tome of Magic*), *efficacious monster ward* (*Tome of Magic*), *enchant phylactery* (a spell detailed below), *extradimensional detection* (*Tome of Magic*), *faerie fire*, *find traps*, *fire purge* (*Tome of Magic*), *fire storm*, *flame strike*, *flame walk*, *free action*, *gate*, *greater mantle of Mystra* (detailed below), *grounding* (*Tome of Magic*), *heal*, *helping hand* (*Tome of Magic*), *hold person*, *holy star* (detailed below), *holy word*, *hovering road* (*Tome of Magic*), *idea* (*Tome of Magic*), *imbue with spell ability*, *invisibility to undead*, *know age* (*Tome of Magic*), *know customs* (*Tome of Magic*), *know time* (*Tome of Magic*), *land of stability* (*Tome of Magic*), *light*, *lighten load* (*Tome of Magic*), *locate object*, *magic font*, *magical vestment*, *mantle of Mystra* (detailed below), *meld into stone*, *might of Mystra* (detailed below), *mind read* (*Tome of Magic*), *miscast magic* (*Tome of Magic*), *mistaken missive* (*Tome of Magic*), *monster mount* (*Tome of Magic*), *mystic transfer* (*Tome of Magic*), *nap* (*Tome of Magic*), *negative plane protection*, *pass plant*, *personal reading* (*Tome of Magic*), *plane shift*, *protection from fire*, *pyrotechnics*, *quest*, *rapport* (*Tome of Magic*), *remove curse*, *remove fear*, *remove paralysis*, *restoration*, *sacred guardian* (*Tome of Magic*), *seclusion* (*Tome of Magic*), *shadow engines* (*Tome of Magic*), *speak with astral traveler* (*Tome of Magic*), *speak with dead*, *speak with monsters*, *spell immunity*, *spell shield* (detailed below), *spell ward* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *stone shape*, *stone tell*, *sunray*, *symbol*, *telepathy* (*Tome of Magic*), *thought broadcast* (*Tome of Magic*), *thought capture* (*Tome of Magic*), *time pool* (*Tome of Magic*), *timelessness* (*Tome of Magic*), *true seeing*, *unceasing vigilance of the holy sentinel* (*Tome of Magic*), *undead ward* (*Tome of Magic*), *uplift* (*Tome of Magic*), *warp and weave* (detailed below), *water breathing*, *weighty chest* (*Tome of Magic*), *wondrous recall* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *wyvern watch*, and *zone of truth* (*Tome of Magic*).



Spell Shield

(Abjuration)

Level: 3
Sphere: Protection
Range: Touch
Components: V, S
Duration: 5 rounds
Casting Time: 6
Area of Effect: The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw: None

This spell protects a single being against all magic in the following ways: The recipient receives a +3 bonus on all saving throws vs. spell; the recipient is rendered immune to all illusion/phantasm and enchantment/charm spells for the duration of the *spell shield* (previously existing magics of this sort are permanently broken by the *shield*), and the *shield* absorbs 1d2 points from each die of damage inflicted by any spell that does affect the shielded being.

Mantle of Mystra

(Abjuration)

Level: 4
Sphere: Protection
Range: 0
Components: V, S
Duration: Until used or up to 1 year
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates an invisible magical aura around the caster. When a specific spell or magical item discharge (such as *fireball*, but not all fiery spells) impinges on any part of this aura, the mantle instantly absorbs it, negating all of its effects, and converts it to another specific type of spell, hurling that spell back at the source of the original magic.

This action exhausts the mantle, ending its protection. (It otherwise lasts for up to 1 year, even if its caster later memorizes other spells, but it cannot survive contact with a *dispel magic spell*, and a given being can enjoy the protection of only one *mantle of Mystra* at a time.)

The returned spell behaves as if it were launched by a caster of the same level, alignment, and abilities as the caster of the first magic. Both the specific spell to be defended against and the spell it is to be converted to and sent back as must be chosen by the caster of the *mantle of Mystra* during its casting

and cannot be altered thereafter. The magic defended against must be one the mantle-caster has cast, felt the effects of, or observed the effects of, and he must know its specific name. The magic he sends back must be a spell he has personally cast.

Warp and Weave

(Divination)

Level: 4
Sphere: Divination
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S
Duration: 1 round
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell enables its caster to precisely identify the magic employed to create an effect observed by the caster during the previous round, during the round of casting, or during the round following casting. The caster of *warp and weave* learns the spell name, type (wizard or priest), school or sphere, and necessary material components of any such magic.

Only one magical effect may be examined, but a *warp and weave* spell will fail to impart any knowledge if the effect is nonmagical or if the caster mistakenly believes that remnants are from a very recent magic when they are, in fact, from one cast earlier.

The *warp and weave* also suggests (by visions of mental images) one method by which the observed spell effects can be countered or undone (if possible). Such visions may be cryptic, but never deliberately mislead.

Enchant Phylactery

(Alteration)

Level: 5
Sphere: Guardian, Protection
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Until the phylactery is opened
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: One phylactery
Saving Throw: None

A phylactery is a small box, capable of being opened, that is frequently attached to straps or fine chains that allow it to be worn on the body. This spell allows its caster to attach





another spell to this one to take effect in the future—specifically, when the phylactery on which this spell is cast is opened.

If the phylactery is to be destroyed upon opening, the latent spell can be fire- or electricity-based. If the phylactery is meant to survive, neither of those attack forms should be employed.

The phylactery can bear other, previous enchantments, but if any of them are specific to a being (the phylactery of a lich, for example, is specific to that one lich), the spell-in-waiting neither takes effect if the phylactery is opened by that being, nor will it take effect if the opener is the caster of the *enchant phylactery* spell.

The waiting spell must be cast by the caster of the *enchant phylactery* in the round immediately following casting of the *enchant phylactery*, and takes effect, no matter how many years it waits, as if launched by the caster at that time (that is, using the caster's level and abilities of that moment). The waiting spell requires its usual material components, but if it needs a visible target or demands that the victim be touched directly, the phylactery itself will serve that purpose.

The material components of an *enchant phylactery* spell are a strand of spiderweb and an eyelash and sliver of fingernail from the caster.

Might of Mystra

(Alteration, Divination)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Divination, Charm
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
Duration:	1 day
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	Special

If a priest casts a *might of Mystra* spell before a friendly or hostile wizard casts another spell, the might allows the priest to precisely duplicate the effects of that one spell. No material components are required for the priest's magic and the priest need not even know the name or nature (school) of the spell to be copied, but he must have witnessed either its casting or its results. The decision to copy a spell must be made the round after it is witnessed or the ability to use *might of Mystra* to copy that one spell is lost. Once *might of Mystra* is used to copy a spell, it ends; otherwise, it ends after one day has passed.





The priest's spell deals exactly the same points of damage, affects the same volume of area (if applicable), and lasts for exactly the same duration, as the spell being copied. However, the priest casting the *might of Mystra* spell can select a different target or area of effect and both target creatures and items affected by the magic are allowed new saving throws against the priest's spell as if it were a new casting of the same spell the priest copies.

Greater Mantle of Mystra

(Abjuration)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Protection
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	1 turn per level of caster
Casting Time:	9
Area of Effect:	The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates an invisible magical aura around its recipient (who must be willing or at least unaware; the spell fails instantly if cast on hostile, unwilling creatures). When a specific spell or magical item discharge (such as *fireball*, but not all fiery spells) impinges on any part of this aura, the mantle instantly absorbs it, negating all of its effects, and presents the mantle-wearer with a threefold choice: use the spell energy for healing (either on himself or another touched being), convert it to another predetermined specific spell and hurl it back at the source of the first magic, or transform it to a predetermined specific spell and cast it at another target. If the mantle-wearer is not the caster, the caster may elect when bestowing the spell to force the magic to always make one of those choices or to leave each decision up to the mantle-wearer. (The free choice cannot be restricted to two of the three options, nor can the predetermined spell be left unselected.)

If an incoming spell is used for *healing*, no "extra" hit points can be gained through the mantle; only lost ones can be replaced. Furthermore, the hit points gained cannot be split between the mantle-wearer and another touched recipient—one or the other gains the full benefit.

A given being can enjoy the protection of only one *greater mantle of Mystra* at a time, and cannot be protected by both a *mantle* and a *greater mantle* at once. Neither sort of *mantle* will survive contact with a *dispel magic* effect.

The spell sent forth behaves as if it was launched by a caster of the same level, alignment, and abilities as the caster of the first magic. Its launching, however, depends on the vision and abilities of the mantle-wearer, not the source of the original attacking

magic (for instance, if an incoming *chain lightning* attack is converted to a *flame strike* and hurled at a third party, the mantle-wearer must be able to see the chosen target for the *flame strike*).

Both the specific spell to be defended against and the spell it is to be converted to must be chosen by the caster of the *mantle of Mystra* during its casting and cannot be altered thereafter. The magic defended against must be one the mantle-caster has cast, felt the effects of, or observed the effects of, and he must know its specific name. The magic sent forth must be a spell he has personally cast. The magic sent forth cannot exceed the magic defended against in spell level (for instance *polymorph* other cannot be converted to *flame strike*).

Note that a *greater mantle of Mystra* will defend against multiple attacks of the same sort of spell; it is not exhausted by one incoming spell.

A variant of this spell, noted in the spell displayed by the *Scepter, Azuth's alteration mantle* (see that spell), may be selected by varying the wording of the casting. It protects against two specific spells, converting them into healing energy or both into one specific "outbound" spell. The restrictions on caster knowledge of the magics involved (noted above) remain unchanged, but the duration of the spell is only 4 rounds per level of the caster.

Holy Star

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Combat, Protection
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
Duration:	4 rounds
Casting Time:	9
Area of Effect:	The caster or one target being
Saving Throw:	None

This spell brings into being a twinkling blue-white mote of light that hangs beside one shoulder of its caster and moves with the caster. It is not blinding in its brightness and is quite beautiful. It has three functions that the caster can decide between at the beginning of each round of its existence (once set, the choice cannot be changed until the next round): The *holy star* can reflect any one spell 100% back at its source. The *holy star* can block any one attack, magical or physical, absorbing all of its effects harmlessly. Or, finally, the *holy star* can emit a stabbing bolt of force at a single target within 90 feet at THAC0 10. If the beam hits, the target is burned internally for 4d6 points of damage (no saving throw). A *holy star* can emit a maximum of two such beams, but the firing of the second one causes the magic to expire.



The Silver Supplicant



This holy “book” takes the form of a finely sculpted, smoothly burnished silver statuette. Standing about a foot high, it is a beautifully shaped, lifelike representation of a skirted priestess, her arms raised in entreaty to the goddess.

The *Silver Supplicant* is always cold to the touch, and whenever the air around it is cold enough for human breath to be seen as white vapor, star-shaped frost crystals (but never ice) form on the surface of the statue. Despite the often damp state of its surface, the sacred statuette is treated with *everbright* enchantments, and never rusts or tarnishes. When struck or dropped, it gives forth an eerie, distinctive bell-like chord (sometimes used by its carriers as a signal in darkness), and even the mightiest blows sent against it have thus far failed to shatter, crack, or even mar it. A distinctive “metallic tang” odor, akin to the reek left behind in the air by the passage of lightning, always clings to the statuette.

The sculpted priestess is slim and fine-boned, with pert features, slender bare arms, and a costume consisting largely of crisscrossed, apparently haphazard strands of what look like spider-silk above the waist. The silken threads link to a corset or cummerbund encircling a very slim midriff, which in turn gives way to a voluminous, pleated floor-length gown studded with star-shaped ornaments that descend around and down the skirt in a spiral. These ornaments stand out from the gown in relief, have finely toothed edges that make them easy to grasp, and serve as the handles of the gossamer, tempered metal “pages” that can be drawn out of the skirt, one at a time, to display spells (written in a tiny, painstakingly neat hand and engraved into the metal, one spell to a page).

Aurilian lore likes to claim that the *Supplicant* is an accurate likeness of the priestess Thaulatiya of Calimport, who ascended to the title First Frostmaiden of the Chill Goddess in the year 1106 DR. Thaulatiya is famous for introducing the Aurilian faith to Calimshan as “The Blessed Cool Kiss” of a kindly but strict goddess, whose touch could keep food from spoiling, give comfort to those oppressed by the heat (in particular, those forced to work under a killing hot sun), and sear foes with as much deadly force as the more familiar fire and lightning. Accounts portray her as a shrewd, sleek adventuress who never forgot a slight but kept her hot temper firmly in check, preferring to work revenge only on those she deemed worth the effort.

Thaulatiya made a name for herself by winning a few well-publicized duels against foes of other faiths, and selling “windstones” (enchanted hand-sized rocks that radiated magical cold for a tenday, and thus could be set in the homes of those wealthy enough to afford them to keep larders cold, or provide cooling breezes in living areas). After rising to the pinnacle of the Aurilian faith, she vanished in 1111 DR, “gathered to the goddess” as a reward for her great works (or so church doctrine claims), or treacherously slain by a rival among the Priestesses High (as persistent rumors whisper).

Whatever Thaulatiya’s true fate, the *Supplicant* was created in an act of pious remembrance after her disappearance (or passing) by at least a dozen skilled priests and “Cold Cloaks” (wizards loyal to the faith, who served on the staff of Aurilian abbeys and monasteries). Their names are forgotten, though some sources mention a “Narsil” and others speak of “Norarsyl and Mauremm.”

The time of the statuette’s completion and the identity of its wielder (undoubtedly a high priestess of the faith) remain mysteries, but by 1121 DR, the *Supplicant* was definitely in use in the western Heartlands, being carried about on a circuit by the priestess Shalara of the Seven Kisses, also known as “Coldeyes” for her menacing gaze. Shalara acted as a warden of the faith in the lands around Iriaebor and Scornubel, visiting shrines, hermitages, and mountain-cavern temples in rotation, to advise and direct both clergy and lay worshipers. She meted out “the discipline of the divine” against faithful who transgressed, and was widely feared among them, but she also avenged wrongs done to the faithful by those outside the faith. To carry out such work, Shalara led a force of three priests, a mageling, and a half-dozen warriors (all of whom were skilled horse-





archers armed with *arrows of cold* whose precise properties are now lost to both sagecraft and the faith). She employed the *Supplicant* both as a source of spells for herself and as a holy relic to awe and inspire the faithful.

Shalara was both capable and wily, and enjoyed a career in this exacting work that lasted over 40 winters. She was killed at last in 1156 DR, when she crossed a Baldurian band of adventurers, the Thirsty Arrow. Shalara's strike force was in the bloody thick of battle against the adventurers in a wilderland valley east of Asbravn, in the broken lands that rise to become the Far Hills, when an Elturian mercenary company discovered them.

The hireswords, the Company of Korsus, were old enemies of Shalara (who had slain their famous leader, the lusty and legendary Korsus "Smokebeard," a decade earlier). They swept down on her from the rear with great enthusiasm. Spells flew thick and fast in the valley, and by nightfall Shalara and all her band had been exterminated. One of two half-elf sisters who were members of the Thirsty Arrow (and had suffered serious wounds in the fray) claimed the *Supplicant* as booty, and bore it back to Baldur's Gate.

There the recovering adventurers soon discovered that local Aurilian clergy had traced them, seemingly anxious to gain possession of the sacred statuette. No less than seven armed raids were made on the walled "high house" that the Thirsty Arrow used as a base, and deadly falling-spike traps in the tunnels leading to its treasure vaults slew over a dozen separate intruders who bore the holy symbol of Auril.

In the end, the Aurilians succeeded in setting fire to the villa and the conflagration revealed a secret way down into the vaults that avoided the heavily trapped tunnels entirely. The scorched and furious adventurers found themselves fighting for their lives in the smoldering ruin that night against yet another attacking force—Aurilian clergy whose cold-based spells extinguished the last remnants of the fire amid much smoke and scalding steam. The adventurers were overwhelmed and forced to retreat, but not before tossing the *Supplicant* into the carrying compartment in the chest of a guardian golem (either an iron golem or a unique metal guardian) and bidding it attack the intruders.

The golem wrought bloody mayhem among the Aurilians, and dawn saw it standing alone amid a pile of the dead. The adventurers had long since fled (returning only by secret ways, to snatch certain treasures from deep vaults and hurriedly retiring from the city). It was a month or more before other Aurilians arrived in the city to scour the ruins. They came to the place long after the boldest Baldurian thieves, of course, but did not find the statuette.

Someone did soon after, however—perhaps a wise or inspired Aurilian, and possibly someone else entirely. The golem vanished from its guardianship, presumably taken bodily elsewhere with the *Supplicant* still inside it. If the magically powerful force or

individual who seized the golem was Aurilian, he kept the statuette to himself for almost two centuries. It seems more likely that an archmage, perhaps a curious Halruaan given to farscrying, rather than an ambitious Thayan or Zhentarim, overwhelmed the enchantments that made the golem fight to defend the house that no longer stood around it, and transported it away for study or to alter the magics that directed it, so as to use it for undisclosed purposes. It's even possible (though unlikely) that the *Supplicant* remained within it, undiscovered, for some time.

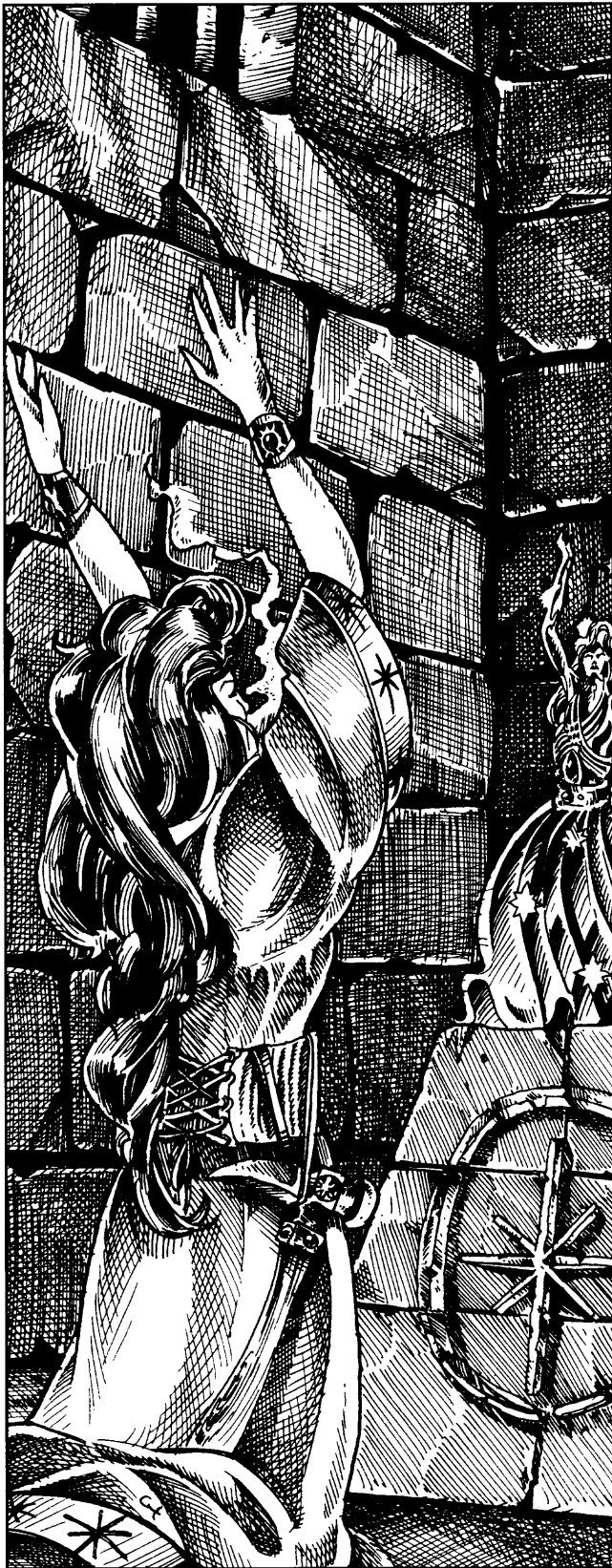
What is certain is that an unknown someone crafted over a dozen counterfeit statuettes, all of them identical in appearance to the real *Supplicant*, and treated with enchantments that kept them both cold to the touch and *everbright*. In the summer of 1348 DR, these were covertly sold in markets all over Faerûn. The fakes had no magical powers, and the ornaments on the skirts of the sculpted priestesses were just that, solid ornaments, not the handles of pages that could be drawn out at all.

Aurilians all over the Realms rose in excited frenzy to track down and seize the "resurrected" sacred statuette—only to be confused and then infuriated by sighting after sighting of the relic, but gaining (often at great expense and danger) only counterfeit after counterfeit. Fourteen have been gathered to date, and, except for one destroyed in a rage by High Coldmistress Klauthreene Ambeiryn of Frostspire Towers, a fortified abbey northeast of Mirabar, they were all subjected to exhaustive spell studies.

These sessions have succeeded in learning only that the crafter of the statuettes was human, male, a mage, did his work in a vast cavern or cave network, and that, perhaps anticipating later magical scrutiny, he wore a lifelike head-mask that aped the mauve skin, white eyes, and tentacles of an illithid.

Most exciting (and infuriating) to the roused Aurilians are the countless reports, always from minor clergy and lay worshipers stationed in or passing through villages and hamlets, not towns or cities of any size, of seeing a *Silver Supplicant* statuette offered for sale or in use by a studious sage that does grow frost crystals in cold air, and does have spell-engraved pages within its lower half. The true *Supplicant* is out there, apparently in the hands of someone who delights in teasing Aurilians.

Some argue that its mysterious "Fell Keeper" is a madman who simply delights in tormenting and manipulating folk. Others of the faith insist that he is a powerful archmage pursuing some fell plan that involves forcing Aurilians everywhere to reveal their loyalties and powers by chasing after every report of the *Supplicant*. There are even a few Aurilian faithful (once scoffed at and even threatened with punishment as heretics, but now increasingly heard) who suggest that the Fell Keeper is the goddess Auril herself or some entity who serves her, and that these tantalizing appearances of the statuette are designed to test the clergy of the faith and to keep them active and ever striving



for more influence throughout Faerûn. This theory is lent credence in some Aurilian eyes, but not all, by the many identical visions of the statuette received by sleeping Aurilians during the Time of Troubles. These visions revealed the statuette on the altar of a shrine somewhere in the sewers of an old, large city of Faerûn. No Aurilian has identified the city and found the statuette (or at least none has revealed that he has done so) when such a timely revelation would almost certainly have won supremacy over all other mortal clergy of the Frostmaiden.

The last reported sighting of the “true” *Suppliant* widely known throughout the faith is an appearance of the statuette in the hands of a mysterious female human figure, who strode through the City of the Dead in Waterdeep on a warm, moonlit summer night in 1360 DR. She was clad only in a carnival-mask that encased her entire head in the mock feathered and keen-eyed head of a falcon. The masked woman was observed by at least a dozen citizens, including a novice priestess of the faith, and two of the citizens reported that her left leg bore a sinuous blue tattoo, the outline of a slender snake climbing her thigh. She was seen to hold the statuette high as she left the City (by its most southerly gate) so that it caught the moonlight, and she was laughing loudly.

The strange woman has not been seen or identified since and the whereabouts of the *Silver Suppliant* remain a mystery that deeply affects the more ambitious and authoritarian clergy of Auril. As Underpriestess and Chill Chanter Althea Ormileir of Frostspire Towers (a noted songwriter and poet of the faith) put it: “This is a thing that burns and cuts us all, wounding more deeply with each new report of the sacred *Suppliant*, be it the true and holy one or a false statuette. If divine purpose is behind this mystery, it is a painful sign that our faith and service are somehow lacking. If the secular hands of a fell foe are working this thing, it is an affront to the goddess and to all of us who serve her that must be avenged. It is a cruelty that has frustrated many faithful and wasted much of their time and thought over the passing years. I cannot even think of a punishment severe enough to be fitting for any mortal who may have wrought the elusiveness of our holy relic.”

Whatever the identity of the maker of the false statuettes and the true fate and whereabouts of the real one, present day Aurilians (and a few sages of other faiths, notably Onsider the One-Eyed of Arrabar and Maskatlan of Candlekeep, whose fields of study are the faiths of Auril and Talos) know the properties of the statuette from records left behind long ago by the priestess Shalara.

The statuette has 10 skirt ornaments and contains 10 spells, as follows: *Cold hand* (a spell detailed below), *cone of cold*, *frost breath* (detailed below), *frost fingers* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *frost whip* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *ice blade* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *ice spikes* (detailed below), *snow boots*





(detailed below), *snow snake* (detailed below), and *weather stasis* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook).

A diary of unknown authorship recently found behind a loose stone in the wall of a cellar in Neverwinter describes a hitherto secret power of the statuette that Shalara's records make clear she tested and found to be true—though the records describe the power so cryptically that readers of them had no way of knowing just what the power was. Now, however, even nonbelievers know that the statuette is solid, and on its base is the diamond-bordered snowflake symbol of Auril. If someone truly of the faith of the Frostmaiden touches this mark (directly, with his bare flesh) while uttering an old name of the goddess, “Alaphaer,” he is instantly made aware of the secret power of the *Supplicant*.

The statuette holds three spells: *Heal*, *ice storm* (as the wizard spell), and *teleport without error* (as the wizard spell, affecting the awakener only—even if that being is no longer in contact with the statuette). One of the preceding spells must be unleashed within four rounds of the awakening process. If the awakener does not select a spell, the statuette fires one at random at an arbitrary target or in a random direction.

Snow Boots

(Alteration)

Level:	1
Sphere:	Elemental (Water)
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	4
Area of Effect:	The caster or one touched creature
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates heavy but amorphous fields of air around the lowest pair of extremities of either the caster or one touched spell recipient (who must be willing or the spell fails). Their shapelessness means that these fields do not hamper movement overmuch (no Dexterity penalties), but their density does slow movement rates by 1 point.

The magic allows creatures who would normally break through a crust of snow or ice to glide atop it by spreading out their weight. It also absolutely prevents their falling over due to an external thrusting force or attack, though they can deliberately launch themselves into a dive or fall. The prohibition on falling works only on upright bipeds of 9 feet or less in height and who have at least two walking limbs (legs). The magic does not permit *water walking* on open water, but does slow sinking in water from a plunge into a round-long settling (allowing an alert victim to hurl at least one item from his

person, or to make one grab at any nearby anchor point).

Snow boots last until the spell expires (if cast on another creature) or earlier if the caster desires (if operating on the caster himself). Once brought into being, *snow boots* cannot be transferred from one being to another.

Frost Breath

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	2
Sphere:	Combat, Elemental (Water)
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	Instantaneous
Casting Time:	5
Area of Effect:	A cylindrical beam 5 feet in diameter and 20 feet long
Saving Throw:	See text

This spell is cast by a priest breathing onto three drops of water (or fragments of ice) held in his cupped palm. It brings into being a straight beam moving away from the caster's chest (in the direction the caster is facing) to the limits of spell range. The first creature to come into contact with that beam suffers 2d4+2 points of cold damage, and must save vs. spell or be chilled and forced to shudder for the rest of the round (delaying any attacks by the target creature not yet launched until the next round). Additional creatures struck by the beam suffer 1d4 points of cold damage (half that if they successfully save vs. spell).

Ice Spikes

(Alteration)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Combat, Elemental (Water)
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	6
Area of Effect:	The caster's fist
Saving Throw:	None

This spell brings into being a ball of rock-hard ice around one of the caster's fists, a ball that bristles with spikes, resembling an exaggerated replica of the head of a mace. The magic of the spell protects the fist from all damage while the spell lasts (it can be ended at any time by the silent will of the caster). It improves the caster's THACO (for smiting blows with the fist



only) by 2 points. A blow from an *ice spikes* fist does 1d4+4 points of damage, and the fist is considered a +2 magical weapon for purposes of determining what it can hit. Note that the spell effect precludes most spellcasting and the performance of many other activities (such as climbing at the usual rate, casting additional spells, tying knots, and so on).

If the caster willingly sacrifices some of his or her own hit points, “feeding” a blow, the damage done by an attack with the *ice spikes* fist can be augmented on a 1-for-1 basis. For example, if 4 hit points are “fed” and lost by the caster, the blow they empower inflicts 1d4+8 points of damage. Such caster hit point losses can be regained by normal rest or through healing magic, and no loss occurs if an attack misses. (They are not automatically poured into the next blow of the fist, the caster decides separately about the “feeding” of each fist attack.)

Whenever a “fed” fist attack (regardless of how many points have been used to empower it) strikes a natural or magical mass or wall of ice, the caster of the *ice spikes* must make two saving throws vs. spell. If both succeed, the mass of ice shatters and collapses. If only one roll is successful, the struck ice is marred enough to form a handhold, but takes no additional damage. If both throws fail, the target ice is entirely unaffected.

The material component of an *ice spikes* spell is an icicle or sliver of ice of any size and origin.

Cold Hand

(Alteration)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Combat, Elemental (Water)
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	Instantaneous
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	One touched creature
Saving Throw:	None

Despite its name, this spell works through the entire body of the caster, not just a hand. The caster is unaffected by this magic (and can even undertake other spellcasting or activities for an indefinite period of time without disturbing the cast-and-waiting *cold hand* magic), but the first being he touches suffers its effects. A successful attack roll is required in most situations, although this spell is sometimes used in rituals to harm a willing devotee of Auril, as a sign of the “cold favor of the goddess.”

A *cold hand* touch deals 1 point of damage to any touched target, plus 1 point per level of its caster to a maximum of 21 points of damage. No saving throw is allowed against the magic, but natural or magical resistance to cold on the part of

the target can reduce damage by as much as half (and in some exceptional cases to nothing).

Snow Snake

(Alteration, Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Combat, Elemental (Water)
Range:	30 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	A hemisphere 20 feet in diameter
Saving Throw:	Special

This spell can only be cast to affect an area where there is an amount of snow of at least twice the caster’s body volume. It causes the snow to rise up in a serpentine mass and strike at targets in an area of the caster’s choosing. As the magic affects only snow, it can also be used to uncover buried items lost in the snow (which will be left behind by the moving snow) or lying on the ground beneath. A *snow snake* can also be ridden by its caster in a “wave” movement that carries a priest (only) a maximum of 20 feet upward and 50 feet horizontally.

Its most popular use, however, is as an attack spell. It smashes down in a dome-shaped area 20 feet in diameter, extinguishing any fires present in that zone and crushing for 6d4 points of damage. If a *snow snake* extinguishes any fires when striking, all creatures in the hemisphere suffer an additional 1d4 points of harm from a flurry of scalding steam. Creatures in the hemisphere of effect are encumbered by deep snow and are slowed to half movement rate for as long as they remain in the affected area. (If they choose to leave the hemisphere directly, their movement is slowed only for the round after the strike of the *snow snake*.)

All creatures in the area of a *snow snake* strike are allowed a saving throw vs. spell. If it succeeds, they take only half damage and are considered unencumbered (but any steam damage takes its normal effect).

All items within the area of effect (except those worn or carried by a creature who successfully saves vs. the spell) must make “crushing blow” saving throws.

If *snow snake* is cast into an area that has been affected by an *ice storm* or *cone of cold* spell within the previous 4 rounds, its base damage becomes 6d6 points (steam damage is unaltered).

The snow and a single tear, drop of spittle, or drop of water in the caster’s palm (which may of course be derived by melting some snow through the heat of skin contact) are the material components of a *snow snake* spell.





The Testament of Vraer



This rectangular, traditionally shaped tome is about a foot across and two feet high, with covers of black, textured rothé hide of unusual thickness. One sage described the fissures in them as “deep and ancient in appearance, like the bark of a walnut tree.” The covers bear no titles.

The one visibly unique feature of the *Testament of Vraer* is its spine: the long, straight human bone, whose ball-like ends project beyond the book and have been carved into likenesses of small, grinning human skulls.

The 27 pages of the *Testament* are thin sheets of parchment that display one spell each, with three exceptions: the glossy black pages at the front, back, and midpoint of the tome bear enchanted pictures rather than written magic. The front page bears a full face human skull, and is known (surprisingly enough) as the “Skullpage.” At midpoint, the “Handpage” shows the image of a skeletal human (right) hand. The end page displays the skeletal tail of some reptilian or marine creature, and is, of course, the “Tailpage.” A strip of black ribbon is attached to the bottom of the Handpage so the book can be opened directly to it. This ribbon is decorated with a row of Kelemvor’s holy symbols (an upright skeletal arm holding a pair of scales).

These three enspelled pages can have powerful effects on readers of the tome. If anyone except a priest of Kelemvor examines any page of the *Testament* without first exposing two of these pages in the correct order, harmful magic is activated. Kelemvorite clergy can examine the tome freely, ignoring the three pages and their enchantments, without activating anything. Clergy of other faiths must look at the Skullpage first and then the Tailpage, to examine the “forehand” dozen spells between the Skullpage and the Handpage. To safely examine the “afthand” dozen spells (between the Handpage and the Tailpage), one must look at the Tailpage first and then the Skullpage. Nonpriests of all sorts must open the book to the Handpage and then look at either the Skullpage or the Tailpage. They can then freely examine spells anywhere in the book. Any other sequence of openings (opening the book to display a page is considered to be examining it, actual reading need not take place) causes the activation of its guardian magics.

If a forehand spell is examined, a necrophidius (see “Golem” in the *MONSTROUS MANUAL™* accessory) appears close to the reader and attacks. If the reader escapes or is slain, the “death worm” attacks all other living creatures within 90 feet, until destroyed or until no living things remain within range, whereupon it mounts a guard over the *Testament*. One necrophidius appears for each forehand spell examined after the book has been opened improperly. (Closing the tome and starting over in the proper manner ends the appearances of the necrophidius, but does not cause the death worms already present to vanish.)

If a spell in the afthand dozen is examined, six 12-hit-point crawling claws erupt from the page, seeking to strangle the reader. Another six appear out of every page exposed thereafter. (Closing the tome and starting over in the proper manner ends claw appearances, but those already present remain.)

Any physical attack on the book or contact with any spell causes a *chain lightning* spell to erupt from the *Testament* whose initial arc deals 9d6 points of damage (later arcs decrease in efficacy by 1d6 in the usual manner). Its first strike, regardless of distance, is at the source of the attack, and from there it “jumps” as *chain lightning* normally does. Beings struck by this attack always appear skeletal for a round after contact with the lightning, but thereafter their flesh “melts” back into view.





A wounded being who touches the *Testament* and calls on Kelemvor aloud acquires *clairvoyance* for three rounds. This power works only once every three months per individual. The tome may contain other, as-yet-unrevealed powers, according to the hints in the writings of Vraer, creator of the *Testament*. As more than one sage has commented, however, Vraer's tenuous grasp on sanity makes all of his words suspect.

Vraer of Scornubel, the self-styled First Lord Worshiper of the Dread Master of Death (a title Kelemvor now frowns upon), wrote the *Testament* during the winter of 1368 DR. Vraer was formerly a devout priest of Myrkul, and the ascension of Kelemvor seems to have shattered his mind. He was "wildly inspired" in 1369 DR, according to the sage Kauldlonthas of Memnon, when he presided over the Council of Garaun and presumably when he was writing the *Testament of Vraer*. The secrets of its guardian enchantments died with him in 1370 DR when he challenged the beholder colony known as the White Fate to a duel for ownership of their home, a verdant valley somewhere south and east of Llorkh.

At the Council, Vraer presented the *Testament* to the assembled Kelemvorite clergy as his "gift to the glory" (and proof that he was the First Servant of the god, rightly supreme cleric over them all). This claim was openly disputed by several priests, most notably Nalauthiir of Reth, who claimed that Kelemvor always spoke directly to *him*, and that the book must be a fraud. Vraer challenged Nalauthiir to maintain that view after he'd read the tome, and the Deadmaster of Reth had no choice (with the assembly looking on) but to accept. Although his chambers were guarded with spells and loyal bodyguards, Nalauthiir was found dead, the book open in his hands, the next morning—and the fell reputation of the *Testament* began.

Elminster of Shadowdale believes that the *Testament of Vraer* has the ability to unleash a *phantasmal killer* (like the 4th-level wizard spell) on the first being (besides the activator of this power) to touch the book after a secret word of activation is uttered by someone touching the tome. He thinks that Vraer so "awakened" the book before handing it to Nalauthiir. This peril doesn't appear, Elminster believes, until a specified number of pages have been examined or a set period of time has elapsed, whichever occurs first.

Although Elminster seems certain that this power operates only once, and must be reawakened in order to endanger a second handler of the book, the *Testament* has left a trail of bodies in its wake. Reader after reader has been found slain by unseen hands, and the *Testament* acquired the repute that death would claim anyone who even touched it. It is widely feared among sages in the Heartlands to this day—most refuse even to examine it.

After consultations with a reliable but secret source, Elminster believes Vraer maintained a personal portal or extradimensional link to the *Testament*, and could "touch" it even when he was hundreds of miles distant. This contention is supported by the fact that deaths of readers ceased in 1364, although the book's dark reputation clouds this date—many disappearances and killings are still blamed on the *Testament* merely because of its proximity to the deceased. It is clear from church records that minor priests known to report to Vraer were present at the temples where such deaths occurred and could well have kept track of who took custody of the tome after each death. Vraer's often incoherent writings display a hatred and mistrust of anyone in the church he saw as a rival (in other words, any Kelemvorite priest of magical power who disagreed with him or seemed cool to any of Vraer's schemes and policies). It's not unthinkable to conclude that Vraer deliberately used the book he crafted to eliminate as many priests he disliked as possible.

The present whereabouts of the tome are unknown, but most sages believe it is somewhere in the Heartlands.

The *Testament of Vraer* contains two dozen spells, divided (by the page known as "the Handpage") into the "forehand dozen" and the "afthand dozen." The forehand dozen consists of the spells *age creature* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *age dragon* (Tome of Magic), *age plant* (Tome of Magic), *animate dead*, *chilling scythe* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *dead march* (Faiths & Avatars), *dispel magic*, *feign death*, *invisibility to undead*, *negative plane protection*, *reverse time* (Tome of Magic), and *speak with dead*.

In the afthand dozen are the spells *breath of life* (Tome of Magic), *death dragon* (detailed below), *deny death* (Faiths & Avatars), *ghost knight* (detailed below), *holy word*, *Kelemvor's Grace* (detailed below), *mindkiller* (Tome of Magic), *raise dead*, *reincarnate*, *repeat action* (Tome of Magic), *undeath to death* (detailed below), and *undead ward* (Tome of Magic).

Ghost Knight

(Conjuration/Summoning, Illusion/Phantasm)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Summoning
Range:	30 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	2 rounds per level
Casting Time:	7
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	None



This spell brings into being the silent, floating apparition of a fully armored human. The features of this knight are completely concealed by its closed helm. Its body armor is an ornate coat-of-plates. A *ghost knight* can't speak or unleash magic, but it can move about and gesture as its caster wills it, and it can carry a single nonliving item (such as a sword, scroll, rope-end, or the like). The carried item can bear an enchantment and can be something harmful that can be dropped on foes from above or activated from afar by the caster or another being.

A *ghost knight* always walks about (at MV 12), but it can walk on empty air at any visible altitude or in the ground or in walls so that only a part of it appears above or outside the surface. A carried item can't pass into or through such things, and is left behind if the caster directs the knight to enter or pass through solid objects.

The caster must be able to see his *ghost knight* in order to direct it at least once during each round of its existence or it will simply stop until visual contact is reacquired. A *ghost knight* has no solid existence (it carries things by means of magical force) and cannot snatch things, stop a being from taking what it is carrying, or be struck or harmed in any way. (Contact with a *dispel magic* spell and certain magical barriers, instantly destroys a *ghost knight*, causing it to "wink out.")

A *ghost knight* can launch apparent attacks (with illusory weapons it draws from its equipment magic) and these cause a momentary chilling sensation in all living creatures "struck" by the knight—such attacks do no damage. The illusory figure can carry a real weapon just as it does any other object, but can only wield it in battle by dropping it from above a target (attempts to do this with precision should employ a THACO three points worse than that of the *ghost knight* caster).

The priest casting this spell can elect to make more than one spectral armored figure appear per experience level of the caster above 5th to a maximum of 20 knights. Each created figure can carry one item, and the movements of the figures can be coordinated so that one knight can pass its item to another (who is empty-handed), or that separate items are held so as to work together (shields overlapping to form a wall, for example).

A *ghost knight* can counterfeit the gestures of spellcasting, or even aim a real magical item, but it cannot cast spells, pass on magical effects by its touch, or otherwise interact with unleashed magic.

The material component for a ghost knight spell is a piece of metal armor of any size (it can be fragmentary, rusted, or damaged) that has been worn into battle in a fray in which at least one being died.

Kelemvor's Grace

(Abjuration)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Protection
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	3 rounds
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw:	None

This spell confers immunity to all undead abilities and attacks that go beyond purely physical damage (that is, all level- or ability-draining attacks, mummy rot and other diseases, a banshee's wail, and the aging effect of a ghost, but not the chill of certain touches). This includes spells cast or passed on by undead creatures.

Noncorporeal undead cannot pass through a being guarded by *Kelemvor's grace* and the magic prevents the transfer of lycanthropy, plague, and other diseases or conditions from the undead and corpses to those protected by this spell. It should be noted that rot grubs emerging from an undead or carrion that burrow into living creatures are "physical attacks" and not prevented by the *grace*.

The material component of this spell is the caster's holy symbol, which is consumed neither in the casting nor in the operation of the *grace*. If *Kelemvor's grace* is conferred on a person other than its caster, the holy symbol must be used to directly touch the spell recipient during casting.

In desperation, certain priests have cast the *grace* directly on undead beings (by touch, successful attack roll required) during battle and report that it lasts only to the end of the round following the touch in such situations. During this time the undead are prevented from changing from corporeal to solid (or vice versa) and from using level-draining or any other magical abilities. Undead capable of spellcasting (such as lichs) can cast spells while under a *grace*, but such spells won't take effect until the *grace* expires.





Death Dragon

(Necromancy)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Necromantic
Range:	90 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates a weird dragon-shaped assemblage of skulls, bones, hair, teeth, and other body remnants, apparently from many different creatures, held together in a macabre collection by magic. The result is winged, has a tail, four claws, and a large-jawed head, and is semi-illusory, shifting outlines and size as surroundings permit or the caster desires. (Note that this means its wings and tail can be shrunk dramatically to fit through gaps or into small rooms without affecting its flying ability.)

A *death dragon* can never be made smaller than the caster (in other words, it can't pass through an opening that would bar its caster) and is unaffected by spells governing undead or dragons. A *dispel magic* spell causes it to melt away instantly. It flies about at MV Fl 12 (D) and is able to launch two attacks per round. Regardless of what body part appears to launch such attacks, they are always THAC0 10 bludgeoning blows that inflict 1d12 points of damage each.

A *death dragon* isn't solid, and therefore can't be ridden by its caster or struck by opponents—their blows harmlessly “pass through” apparent nothingness.

The material components of a *death dragon* spell are four bones, all of which must be complete and intact. One of these remnants must be from a reptile and one from an avian. Alternatively, a single fragment or whole bone from any sort of dragon will serve.

Undeath to Death

(Necromancy)

Level:	7
Sphere:	Necromantic
Range:	30 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	Permanent
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	A 40-foot diameter sphere
Saving Throw:	Special

All undead creatures (of less than a semidivine nature) in the area of effect of this powerful spell who fail a saving throw vs. spell are instantly destroyed. This causes all noncorporeal undead (including vampires caught in such a state) to disappear forever. The caster of *undeath to death* cannot choose to focus the spell on one undead individual and avoid affecting others, but the effects of the magic are not altered by the presence of varying numbers of undead. All potential victims make saving throws separately. The sphere of effect is immobile once its focus is chosen by the caster; however, the focal point must be known or visible to the caster during casting. The sphere becomes “active” the instant its casting is complete and remains so until the end of the following round. The spell affects all undead who come into contact with any part of the sphere during that time. Living and dead creatures in the area of effect are affected by this spell in only one way (no saving throw to avoid): If they later die and attempts are made within 48 hours after the sphere of effect expires (or they leave or are removed from it) to animate them into undeath, all such attempts will automatically fail.

The saving throw against an *undeath to death* spell is modified as follows: Skeletons, zombies, ghouls, and all other undead of 2 Hit Die or less save at a -4 penalty; shadows, wights, ghouls, and other undead of 3 through 5 Hit Die save at -2; wraiths and other 6 Hit Die undead save at par (unmodified); mummies and other 7 Hit Die undead save at +2; vampires and other 9 Hit Die undead save at +4; ghosts and other 10 Hit Die undead at +6; liches and other 11 Hit Die undead save at +8, and “special” undead automatically save against this spell.

Surviving physical remnants of undead turned to dead by means of this spell can be later animated to undeath again by other magic or used in such Kelemvorite spells as *dead march*. Parasites, such as rot grubs, diseases, including mummy rot, and other conditions carried by undead affected by this spell are forever eradicated—the remains do not carry and cannot pass on such harmful phenomena.

The material components of an *undeath to death* spell are a bone or bone fragment that has once been part of an undead creature, a pinch of ashes from a fire over which carrion has been burned, and a pinch of graveyard dust.

If the caster of an *undeath to death* spell sacrifices a consecrated holy symbol of his deity in the casting of the spell (it must be shattered and is then consumed), undead who successfully save against losing their undeath still take physical damage of 3d4 points.





The Tome of The Morning



This holy book is a large, heavy rectangular tome, with covers of polished, sparkling white quartz, and edges bound in gilded steel. A frame of the same gilded steel holds the preserved eye of a blue dragon hatchling in the center of the front cover. This milk-white orb with its sapphire pupils is lidless and about a foot and a half long. The eye continuously looks about (whether or not the book is “awake”), always regarding moving things within a dozen feet or so and may therefore seem to be intelligently watching creatures who approach it.

Fissures run diagonally across both covers of the book, and in these irregular scars grow small colonies of lush green moss. Priests of Lathander carefully harvest tiny amounts of this “sacred” moss, mix it with holy water, and distill it to create the “Quaff of Vision” drink used in certain rituals to bring them guiding visions from the Morninglord.

The book is protected by several layers of enchantments that keep its metals untarnished, the dragon eye preserved, and all of its component parts from shattering or decaying, whatever situation or exposure the *Tome of the Morning* may suffer. The book measures two feet in width by three feet in height, and is six inches thick. Its covers protect 65 vellum pages, apparently blank if simply examined without awakening the book, but in reality each bearing a single spell. (Normal writing can be placed on each page without affecting or obscuring these “hidden” magical inscriptions. All such writings, however applied, vanish one month after being applied to the Tome.) The book has neither clasp nor lock.

For the book to awaken, the light of dawn or sunset (or a rosy or red-toned *faerie fire*) must pass through the eye. The eye blinks and then focuses the incoming light into a beam of rose-colored radiance that it will project onto any fairly flat and featureless surface nearby (such as a warrior’s shield, a stone wall, or even a cobbled courtyard). If the surface moves or is no longer available, the eye redirects the beam onto an alternative surface, using a tree trunk or even turf if no better option presents itself. On this display surface, the beam is projected into a ruddy glowing partial ring, that is, a circle with a small gap in it where part of its arc is missing. This display continues as long as the light source lasts, or until someone makes use of it to “awaken” the book.

If anyone “closes the ring,” completing the figure (by drawing, scraping, arranging pebbles or other markers, or even just by making a motion with a staff or some part of his own body), the Tome awakens. The projected ring vanishes, and the book pulses once with a vivid pale crimson light. Then it seems quiescent once more. If it is opened, however, observers discover that the spells it contains are now clearly displayed on its pages. They will remain so for exactly 24 hours and then fade from view once more. The book will have to be reawakened to see them again. (A *true seeing* spell allows the user to see the hidden spells.)

It is rumored that certain spells in the book (notably the quest spells) must be touched with a holy symbol of Lathander, held by a being who devoutly worships the Morninglord, for the spell inscriptions to entirely and correctly appear. Priests of other faiths who attempt to use the incomplete spells (which appear whole and proper when examined) end up with magics that appear normal and usable—but do nothing when cast.

Whenever a spell of any sort is cast at the book or in such a manner that its area of effect comes into contact with the *Tome of the Morning*, the book absorbs the magic instantly and wholly into itself, without taking harm and without allowing anyone carrying or touching it to be affected by the magic. Spells that specifically affect only one creature are not intercepted by the book if cast at the bearer of the *Tome of the Morning*.





The book also generates a protective field around itself that prevents it from being soiled or damaged by natural fires, lightning, oils, and earth, so that it cannot be dissolved, crushed by burial, or consumed. Physical blows sent against the book are sent back to their sources with double damage. (Thus, the swing of a sword that hacks the *Tome* for 4 points of damage would leave it unmarked—but be converted into an unerring “solid air” ram force attack akin to that produced by a *ring of the ram*, instantly dealing the sword-slinger 8 points of damage.)

The *Tome of the Morning* has at least two additional powers that can be awakened by bearers who know how to use them. By touching the *Tome* to any dragon relic (a scale, a tooth, or even an unhatched egg) and uttering the correct word of activation (a secret believed to be forgotten by present-day users), the user is instantly made aware of whether the relic is genuine (really from a dragon); if it has previously borne an enchantment, has been altered by magic, or bears a current enchantment; what age and species of dragon it came from; and (in the case of eggs) if it is fertile. This power can be used apparently without limits.

Once every three days (that is, two sunrises must occur between each use of this power), anyone can call on the greatest ability of the *Tome*: to enact the *rite of renewal*. Despite its grand name, no prayers are really necessary beyond touching the book while calling aloud upon Lathander, uttering his name three times. The being to be affected must remain in direct flesh-to-*Tome* contact for 12 continuous hours from the utterance of the first call upon the god. The renewal, if it occurs at all, falls instantly at the end of this period—but does not occur at all if contact is broken. Although any being, of any faith and alignment, may be aided by the book through the grace of Lathander, it sometimes fails to completely purge an individual of all ills and disabilities. Apparently, this occurs at random (or, if you prefer, at the whim of Lathander).

At its highest level, however, the *Tome* can simultaneously enact all of the following effects on a given being: Remove *curse*, *cure blindness*, *cure disease*, purge the curse of lycanthropy, madness, and all charms and compulsions (such as *geas* spells), *neutralize poison*, *heal*, and act as a *restoration* and *regeneration* spell on missing limbs, even renewing withered and crippled body parts that have been made that way by powerful magic or which have never known full health and use. A full year must pass after a *rite of renewal* before it will “work” again for the same individual.

The *Tome* first appeared in the now-vanished Lathanderian monastery of Sunrise Spire (which stood on the north bank of the River Chionthar several days’ travel upstream from Baldur’s Gate and was destroyed in 1177 DR in a territorial war between petty self-proclaimed princelings, because of the strategic importance of its crossriver ferry). Although Lathanderian lore has

always contended (rather vaguely) that the *Tome* is the work of a team of eight, ten, or twelve mighty high priests of the faith, inspired to create a holy book by the Morninglord himself, the various tales disagree sharply on just who those esteemed clerics were, and where they did their crafting. All sources unearthed to date, however, are unanimous in saying that it was not at Sunrise Spire. It seems the book was brought to the Spire in secret, and revealed only by Brother Quitherus Ardabad, an elderly priest of low rank, when Lathanderian lay adventurers came to the Spire requesting aid in the spring of 1146 DR.

The First Prior of the monastery reacted with shock and fury to this revelation. He was aghast that such a treasure should have been within the walls of the Spire without his knowledge and adamant that it not pass into the hands of “rude adventurers” when “worthy brothers of the faith stand in need of its divine light.” This stance was reportedly refuted by no less an authority than the god himself. Lathander apparently manifested in direct support of the elderly priest’s contention that the *Tome* was intended to travel “the wilder places of Faerûn, passing from hand to hand, in and out of the faith, and that Lathander’s support of new ventures is manifest to all beings of Faerûn, not merely to those who choose to venerate him.”

The adventurers, known as the Rose-Red Shield, hurriedly left the Spire, taking Quitherus with them. The First Prior was found dead soon thereafter, blasted to ashes before his own altar. The four surviving Holy Priors of the monastery concluded (after much prayer and many drinks of Quaff of Vision) that the First had turned so far from the faith as to challenge Lathander, trying to compel the Morninglord to bring the *Tome* back to the monastery—only to pay the ultimate price for his temerity.

Brother Quitherus soon succumbed to the rigors of travel and battle, dying at Velen in 1152 DR. In that time, however, his judicious use of the *Tome* had not only saved the lives of several warriors of the Shield, but attracted no fewer than four novice priests of Lathander to adventure with the Shield. They engaged in a bitter struggle for supremacy after the death of their teacher, and one of them perished, while a second was cast out. The remaining two priests, of whom history records only their names, Lithconter and Voraux, came to an uneasy truce that slowly deepened into friendship and finally, they wielded the *Tome* jointly as the Rose-Red Shield traveled up and down the Sword Coast, supporting new ventures largely through smashing trade cabals, thieves’ guilds, smugglers, and official corruption. This work made them folk heroes among the lowly, but marked men and women for those of wealth and power—band after band of mercenary slayers was hired to rid Faerûn of the Shield.

And band after band was slaughtered, but more than a few of them hit home, until the sparse number of survivors of the original adventuring company was sick of constant perils and





knowing neither rest nor sanctuary anywhere in the Realms. Matters came to a head in 1168 DR, when the stalwart leader of the group, the warrior Daranthas Pelodir, the “Sword of Lathander,” was lured into a trap by brigands and slain by their leader—a beholder. The surviving Shield hurled themselves recklessly into a hunt for revenge and by the time the beholder was hacked into ruin, only Lithconter, Voraux, and a half-elf mageling by the name of Verendra Tathtar were still alive.

Then and there, they decided that the Shield should vanish into legend, kept alive only in name by carefully spreading rumors of its subsequent deeds . . . while the three would retreat to some remote village somewhere and dwell in quiet retirement together. Somewhere turned out to be the village of Broken Blade, a now-vanished foresters’ hamlet west of Elversult, where the three successfully lived out their lives in anonymity, with Verendra sometimes posing as the wife of Lithconter, and sometimes as the bride of Voraux.

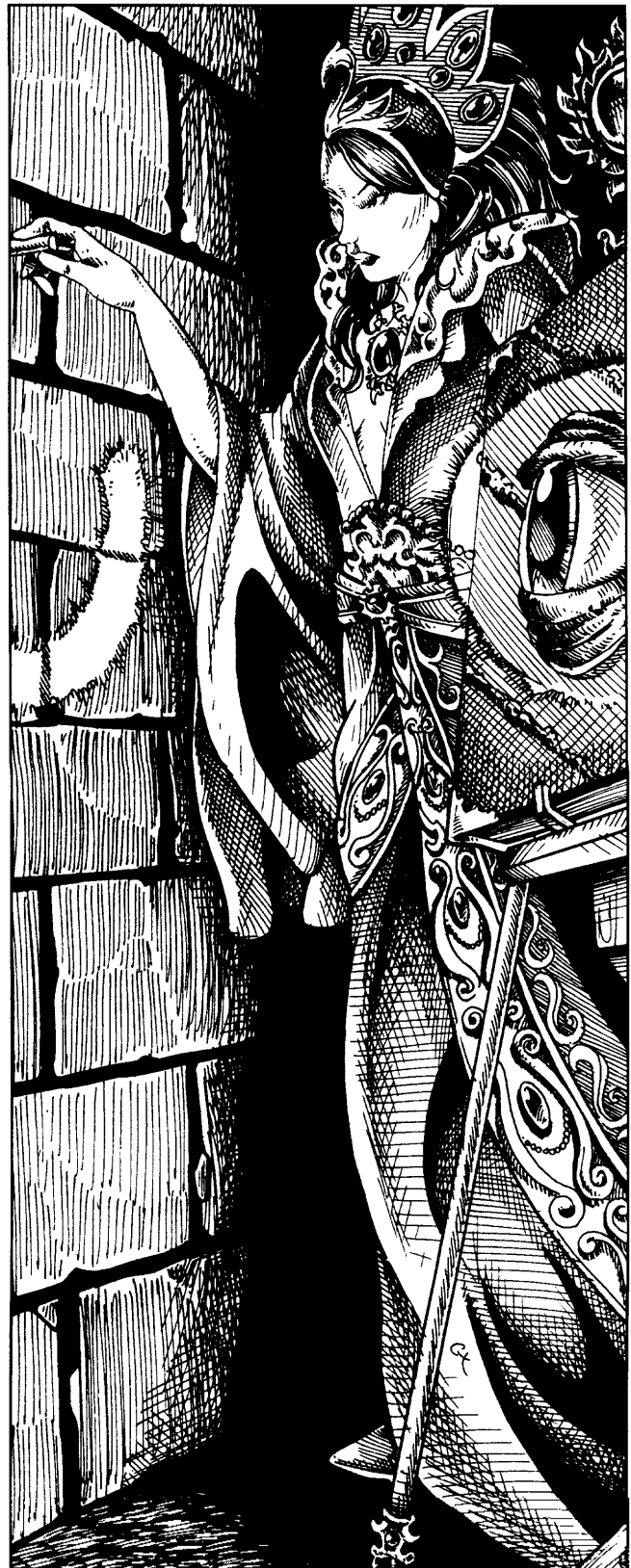
In the end she buried them both and became a lonely figure, haunted by her grief and spending her time wandering the woods and village lanes like a sneak-thief at night and sleeping by day. Many were the wolves and worse were the monsters of the woods found by local folk in the mornings, blasted and burned. “They met with Verendra,” the grim saying went, and folk avoided the old house in the trees where the lady mage dwelt alone.

Or rather, most folk did. It seems both Harpers and some elf and half-elf rangers visited her from time to time, slipping into her home by night. One bold thief, knowing Verendra was far away, strode into her front hall—only to lock eyes with three tall elves in magnificent armor. He quickly decided that he had urgent business elsewhere.

One of those visitors was with Verendra when at last she died, or at least who came upon her soon after. A later thieving band found a grave cairn (which, when they started to dismantle it in hopes of finding valuables in her tomb, proved to be guarded by the deadly little things called *flying daggers*) in the front garden—and the house itself stripped to the bare walls. On the front door someone had scratched the words: “Lathanderians, seek your book where the Morninglord walked twice.”

Only senior clergy in the faith of Lathander know the old lore that tells of a place “where the Morninglord walked twice,” a certain mountaintop in the Orsraun Mountains north of Turmish. One of them acted on that message without delay, finding the *Tome of the Morning* and bringing it in triumph to a Lathanderian temple in Arrabar in the fall of 1221 DR.

There an ambitious young priest by the name of Tethor Kandrath reminded the priests that the god wanted this holy book to be out in the hands of the people, and volunteered to take it there.





After some debate, the assembled clergy reluctantly agreed, and Tethtor set forth up and down the Vilhon Reach to spread word of the power of Lathander, made manifest in this holy book.

Folk listened, and after some demonstrations of the power in the book and some “miracle cures” brought about by use of the *rite of renewal* power, worship of the Morninglord increased.

Some folk, however, listened too well, and one morning in the winter of early 1222 DR, Tethtor’s headless body was found amid the trampled ruins of his campsite near Samra, and the *Tome* was gone. Lathanderian priests hunted for it as the century passed, until word of it came to a light from an unexpected quarter, early in the summer of 1304 DR.

Maeran Faerlin, a rising merchant of Westgate, had a warehouse in an isolated compound near Teziir torn open by a large black dragon—he openly declared war on the wyrm. Learning that this dragon, Aglstralarraghautha, was the mother of a brood of destructive hatchlings who were laying waste to many farms in the Reddansyr area, Maeran called on the farmers of that land for donations to his “dragon hunt.” He hired a trio of mages forthwith, and they called themselves the Hunting Hands, a band of archers, and a minor priest of Lathander, one Alion Narithryn.

Alion was astonished when Maeran thrust the long lost *Tome of the Morning* into his hands, and bade him use its *dragonbane* spell to protect the Hunting Hands and the archers. Maeran seemed to think that the spell would keep out the dragon’s acid spit and spells, but Alion had no time to convince him otherwise. The band set off to the valley where the dragons made their lairs, without delay.

They found its mouth choked with a ramshackle wall made of the many ships that Aglstralarraghautha had plucked up bodily from the waters and then let fall in a heap, one atop the others, to close off the valley so that the shiploads of cattle she purloined for food would not be able to escape. The dragon hunters climbed the steep sides of the valley to win past the obstacle and were promptly seen by one of the hatchling dragons, who swooped to the attack.

The wizards all let fly with spells at once, wounding the hatchling enough that the archers could bring it down. Its death brought Aglstralarraghautha herself howling down the valley. The priest Alion hastily cast a *dragonbane* spell in front of the hunters, where they perched exposed on the hillside. It worked. Though one of the wizards died screaming and struggling in the heart of a stream of acid, the dragon was forced to turn aside sharply when she had been intending to rake and pounce her away along the slope, and in so doing she turned her underbelly to the waiting archers.

The volley of shafts maddened and slowed her. Seizing their chance, the two surviving Hands brought her down with their best spells. She fell to the feet of Maeran, who was arriving triumphantly late with some Reddansyr farmers and a large band of warriors. The jubilant merchant led everyone in swarming over the dragon and cutting her apart while she yet lived.

They were interrupted in their bloody work by the sudden, swooping attacks of the surviving hatchlings, who slaughtered the ambitious merchant and most of his hirelings. Alion fled in headlong panic, clutching the *Tome* like a shield. He managed to find a cave, a shelter from the furious young dragons. They dug at its rocks until their talons were worn blunt and then gave up, snarling in frustration.

Guessing that one of the dragons would perch above the cave entrance and wait for him to emerge, Alion prepared his spells carefully, and sent forth a false, conjured image of himself first, building it around the *Tome*, made to float along by his magic. When the hatchling he had been expecting swooped down to attack, the book’s protective enchantments turned its own harm against it, and the priest’s spells struck at it from behind.

Maddened, the hatchling spun away and flapped down the valley, right past the last wounded and waiting Hunting Hand. A blast from his wand sent the agonized dragon wheeling to flee again, and the reflected damage of its own renewed attack on the *Tome* killed it.

Alion used the book’s *rite of renewal* on the wizard, in return for his promise to help slay the remaining dragons. The two men agreed on a battle plan, prepared their spells, and kept hidden while the dragons devoured the dead humans on the valley floor. Later, when the hatchlings had retired, the two men moved cautiously down the valley and reached the cave mouth where the brood’s lair was hidden without mishap. Alion cast a *dragonbane* spell across the cavern mouth and the two men laughed and shouted, to lure the dragons out.

It worked. Two furious hatchlings stormed out of the depths of the cavern, and the wizard blasted them with his spells; Alion added some of his own, and the dragons died.

Doubting they would survive long if Aglstralarraghautha’s mate (who was long dead, though neither man knew that) put in an appearance, or even if another hatchling caught them unawares and in the open, the two men fled the valley. They had not trudged far beyond it, keeping to woodlands as much as possible, when a hatchling came hunting them. The two men fled into the trees and began a desperate battle against the persistent dragon. In the end, its acid slew the wizard, but when it swooped at Alion to bite and kill, the *Tome* served him as a shield once more. Its own attacks slew it.

Word of the dragonslaying war spread across the Inner Sea lands, but Alion kept silent and hidden . . . and showed the *Tome* to no man. Someone, however, learned that he





possessed it. Less than a month after Alion Narithryn returned to his quiet devotions in a poor street in Westgate, a high-ranking Lathanderian priestess appeared on his doorstep and commanded him to take a ship and hasten to Reth, where some irresponsible noble merchant had let his pet escape—a blue dragon hatchling of savage temper. As “Alion, the noted dragon slayer,” he was duty bound to end this threat to the safety of the Vilhon. Because the dragon was swooping down from the peaks above Reth to devour farmers and merchants at will, and growing speedily, he must destroy it.

Alion did as he was bid. He, the *Tome*, and the blue dragon all vanished from the notice of historians.

Presumably the priest succeeded in his task, because when the holy book was seen again, it bore a lone preserved blue dragon eye on one of its covers. Wreathed in flames that did not consume it, the *Tome* was borne in triumph down the streets of Waterdeep one hot summer night in 1346 DR by a young man “of unearthly, golden-haired beauty.” When a Lathanderian priest recognized it and gave chase, the book faded from view. The clergyman hastened to the local temple of the faith to report what he had seen, accompanied by several excited citizens who had also witnessed the blazing *Tome*.

They found a message seared into the gates of the Spires of the Morning temple: “To all who love Lathander, seek the

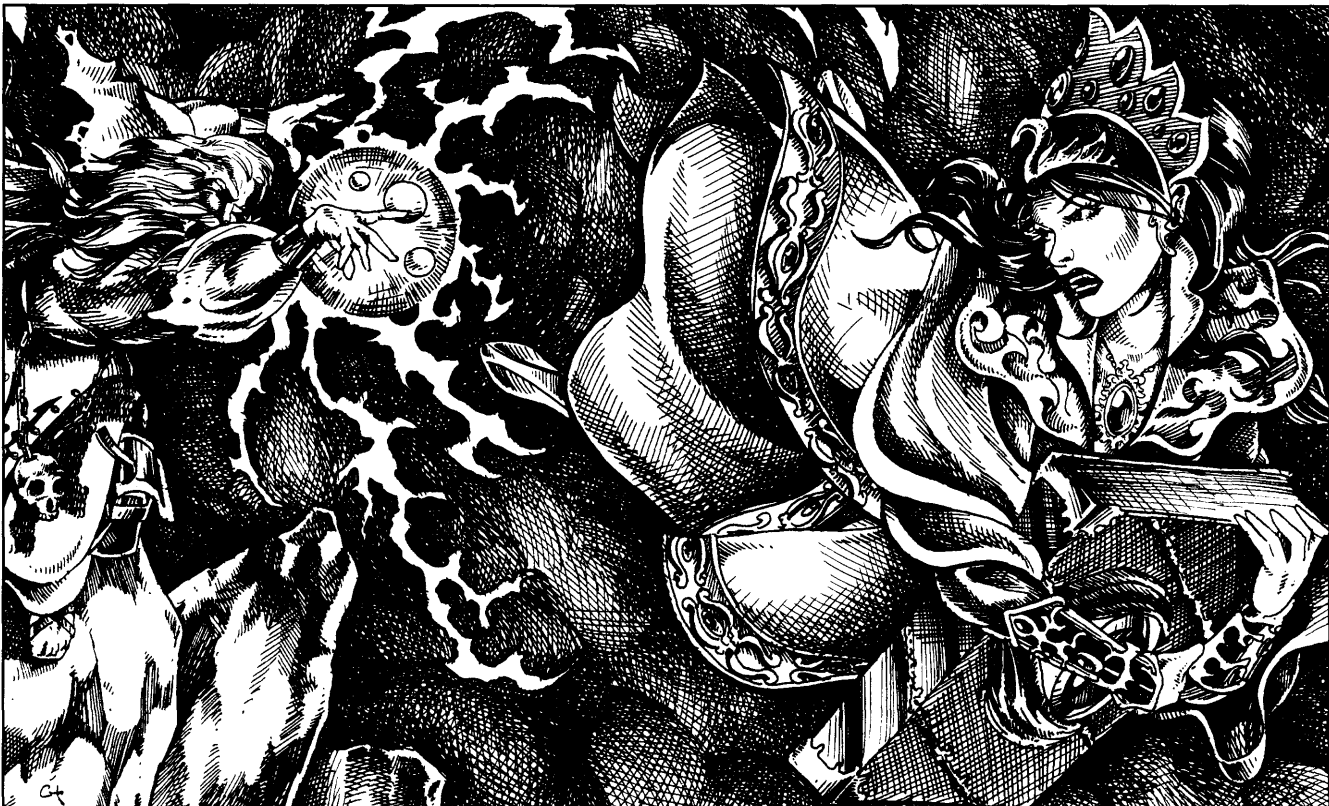
book that burned bright this night and yet was not consumed. Far from here, where men and caravans pass by the frozen Warrior King, however hard he rides.”

An adventurer visiting Waterdeep took all of two eye blinks to figure out that this missive referred to the statue of King Dhalmass in Arabel, in his native Cormyr, and hastened thence.

The *Tome* was found strapped to the shoulders of the king, but the adventurer who found it, one Abrith Greilslake, was forced into hiding in the Stonelands to keep his prize. Local war wizards proclaimed the holy book as the property of the crown because it had been found on a royal statue.

Cormyrean hunting parties who sought the missing man and the book were set upon by Zhentarim bands seeking the same prizes, and from that day to this, both Abrith and the *Tome of the Morning* have been hidden from the eyes of civilized Faerûn. Some Lathanderians believe the “Book of the Blinking Dragon” still lies somewhere in the Stonelands, probably accompanied by the adventurer’s corpse. Others say the Zhentarim got it, and a few whisper that it fell into Cormyrean hands, and now molders in a treasure vault somewhere under the palace in Suzail.

Whatever its present fate, we know that the spells contained in the *Tome of the Morning* are as follows: *Accelerate healing* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *age dragon* (*Tome of Magic*), *animate object*, *aura of comfort* (*Tome*





of Magic), *awakening* (a spell detailed below), *blessed abundance* (Tome of Magic), *blessed warmth* (Tome of Magic), *body clock* (Tome of Magic), *boon of Lathander* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *call upon faith* (Tome of Magic), *chain creation* (detailed below), *chariot of Sustarre*, *circle of privacy* (Tome of Magic), *circle of sunnotes* (Tome of Magic), *cloud of purification* (Tome of Magic), *create campsite* (Tome of Magic), *create food & water*, *create holy symbol* (Tome of Magic), *dragonbane* (Tome of Magic), *efficacious monster ward* (Tome of Magic), *elemental forbiddance* (Tome of Magic), *faerie fire*, *false dawn* (Faiths & Avatars), *focus* (Tome of Magic), *fortify* (Tome of Magic), *greater shield of Lathander* (Faiths & Avatars), *heal*, *helping hand* (Tome of Magic), *heroes' feast*, *idea* (Tome of Magic), *land of stability* (Tome of Magic), *memory read* (Tome of Magic), *mind read* (Tome of Magic), *mindnet* (Tome of Magic), *mirror vestments* (detailed below), *moment* (Tome of Magic), *moment reading* (Tome of Magic), *morale* (Tome of Magic), *mystic transfer* (Tome of Magic), *nap* (Tome of Magic), *neutralize poison*, *physical mirror* (Tome of Magic), *probability control* (Tome of Magic), *purify food & drink*, *reincarnation*, *restoration*, *revelation* (Tome of Magic), *reverse time* (Tome of Magic), *robe of healing* (Tome of Magic), *rose mantle* (Faiths & Avatars), *rosetouch* (Faiths & Avatars), *rosewater* (detailed below), *seclusion* (Tome of Magic), *shield of Lathander* (Faiths & Avatars), *slow rot* (Tome of Magic), *Sol's searing orb* (Tome of Magic), *solipsism* (Tome of Magic), *sphere of security* (Tome of Magic), *sunray*, *sunrise* (Faiths & Avatars), *telepathy* (Tome of Magic), *thought capture* (Tome of Magic), *uplift* (Tome of Magic), *ward of light* (detailed below), and *zone of sweet air* (Tome of Magic).

Rosewater

(Alteration)

Level: 2
 Sphere: Healing
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Permanent
 Casting Time: 5
 Area of Effect: A body of liquid no larger in volume than the caster's head
 Saving Throw: None

This spell affects an existing body of liquid no greater in total volume than the caster's head (if employed against larger amounts, the spell fails and is wasted, without effect). A *rosewater* spell transforms the liquid into a rose-colored, translucent substance that serves as a healing and refreshing drink,

but only for members of Lathander's clergy or laity and his dedicated worshipers (as adjudicated by the DM). The drinker regains 1d2 lost Strength points and 1d4 lost hit points by quaffing the entire output of a single *rosewater* spell. For 1d4 days it will also banish weariness, making the imbiber as alert and refreshed as if he had just awakened from a good long sleep. (This does not substitute for a spellcaster's need to sleep before memorizing spells.)

If consumed by those of other good and neutral alignments and faiths, *rosewater* acts simply as pure water, but to any evil creature, *rosewater* still tastes good, but it is for them a corrosive drink that does 1 point of damage from a single drop, 1d6+ 1 points from a swig, and 3d4 points of damage if they drink the whole thing. Note that it is not a "poison" and cannot be negated by *neutralize poison* or similar spells.

The material components of this spell are two rose petals and the priest's holy symbol (only the rose petals are consumed in the casting).

Mirror Vestments

(Abjuration)

Level: 3
 Sphere: Protection
 Range: 0
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 1 turn +1 round/3 levels (round down)
 Casting Time: 6
 Area of Effect: The caster
 Saving Throw: None

This spell affects only the caster, outlining his clothes (and all worn or carried items, so long as they remain in physical contact) with an invisible aura that automatically reflects all magic of a specific wizard school or a specific priestly sphere (chosen by the caster at the time of casting) back at their sources. Magical item effects that duplicate known wizard and priest spells are considered to be discharges of those spells for purposes of determining how a *mirror vestments* spell acts against them. The full force of the magic is returned to its point of origin.

Reflected spells are "sucked" into the aura and then hurled back, doing no damage to the caster or anyone nearby. Destroying or removing any integral part of the clothing after this spell is cast on it or switching bodies with another so that a being other than the caster is wearing the *mirror vestments*, instantly ends this spell. The aura created by this spell can handle any number of magics at once, and operates continuously until the spell expires, regardless of what is sent against it or the wishes of its caster.





Awakening

(Alteration, Abjuration)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Protection
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
Duration:	Permanent
Casting Time:	7
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	Special

This spell creates a flickering wave of light radiating out from its caster for 15 feet in all directions (as a sphere) and thrice that distance (45 feet) directly ahead of the caster, in a “tongue” of spell effect. The caster of the *awakening* must then save vs. spell. If the saving throw is successful, the spell breaks holds, interrupts natural and magical sleep, dispels *temporal stasis*, releases *suspended animation* and voids charms. It also “springs” both natural and magical traps, regardless of whether the caster is aware of them or not, and breaks all magical webs and *wizard locks*.

If the saving throw fails, none of the above actions occur, and the magic merely identifies all of those conditions within spell range that it could have affected if the spell had been wholly successful (as glowing auras outlining them visible only to the caster).

Chain Creation

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Creation
Range:	30 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	Special
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	One created item
Saving Throw:	None

This spell works only on the output of priestly spells in the sphere of creation and on those produced by a wizard’s use of the *minor creation* spell.

When such magics are successfully worked, a *chain creation* spell cast within 1 turn after their casting makes three identical copies of whatever the other magic created. A *chain creation* spell fails if it is cast longer than a turn after those other magics and if cast on anything involving active undeath.

The three copies produced by this spell last just as long as the item they are copying (that is, the length of existence governed by the original magic, from a few rounds to permanent). Permanent items created by this spell are then independently permanent and not destroyed by the destruction of the original.

The material components of a *chain creation* spell are three rubies of any size worth a total of at least 100 gp, crushed during casting, or the powder of four rubies (worth the same amount), prepared beforehand.

Ward of Light

(Abjuration, Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Guardian
Range:	0
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	6 rounds
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	A sphere 10 to 90 feet in diameter
Saving Throw:	½

This spell creates a protective sphere (or on solid ground, a hemisphere) of shielding force centered on the caster. It is stationary after it is cast and will survive the death or departure of its caster.

A *ward of light* can be any size from 10 feet across to 90 feet in diameter, as the caster decrees during casting. The material components of this spell are six ivory tokens inscribed with the disc of Lathander and set down at the center of the area defended by the caster. These emit one ray each per round, “firing” unerringly at any creatures entering the guarded area who do not wear or carry a holy symbol of Lathander (creatures already within the shielded area when it forms are not targeted by the spell unless they leave the area and then try to return).

If more than six target creatures enter or are within the sheltered area during a single round, the first six creatures to enter (or the six that have been within the hemisphere the longest) are struck by the rays of the ward. If fewer than six valid target creatures are in violation of the ward during a round, they suffer attacks from multiple rays (divide evenly, and then allot “extra” rays randomly).

Ward of light rays do 4d8 points of damage per round, per ray, and double that to undead (although the undead are allowed a saving throw just as other creatures are). The ivory tokens vanish in smoke when the spell expires, whether they have fired any rays or not.





The Tome of Torment



This holy book resembles a book-shaped sculpture of hair (some observers have mistaken it for a folded blanket, or a bundle of horsehair bound for a weaver). Like most books, it is rectangular and flat, three feet long, one foot wide, and six inches thick. Its covers are of black, matted horsehair tacked to slim ebony panels, but the boards are actually a slip case. When removed, they leave behind a bundle of horsehair, which unfolds into a tunic or “hair shirt”

whose inside is studded with small hooked metal barbs, and whose front and back are covered with large, shieldlike horsehide panels.

After the hair shirt has been worn continuously by a priest of Ilmater for a full day (who typically suffers 1d4 points of damage in the process), a spell roster list appears on the front panel of the tunic.

If the name of a spell on the roster is touched with a finger moistened with holy water, a tear, or a drop of blood (the latter two substances must come from the owner of the finger), that spell appears on the back panel of the tunic, remaining until another spell is so selected or until two days have passed (whereupon both roster and spell fade away until the hairshirt is worn again).

If the hair tunic is worn by any other being than a priest of Ilmater, no writings will appear. Any attack on the *Tome of Torment* causes it to *teleport* away to a random location, anywhere on the surface of Toril.

The “hairshirt tome” is the most holy of the sacred books of Ilmater (although the one-spell *Book of the Holy Scourge*, the reading of which causes *spectral whips* to strike at foes far away, is perhaps the best known and most useful of the Ilmatari tomes), and its recent disappearance has caused an uproar among Ilmatari faithful. Priests of the Suffering God are on the move in Faerûn with more energy than in many a year, poking and prying into affairs everywhere in search of their missing book. In the process, they are earning themselves numerous enemies among the suspicious and those who either love privacy or have something to hide. Anyone who openly displays possession of the *Tome of Torment* soon acquires an insistent escort of Ilmatari who politely but firmly try to purchase or trade for the *Tome*. They will seize it through an overwhelming spell attack if the owner tries to damage it, make it inaccessible, or sell it to someone not of the Ilmatari faith. (When this befell the *Book of the Holy Scourge*, no fewer than 20 high priests of Ilmater appeared from distant places all over Faerûn, by means of magic, and hurled slaying spells against the book-thieves, who, despite much personal power and a desperate struggle, could not survive the massed onslaught.) At the present time of writing, however, the *Tome* remains lost or hidden.

It was not always thus. Ilmatari lore holds that Ilmater himself brought the *Tome of Torment* to his faithful in the year 848 DR, leaving it on the altar at Carathryn.

“Holy High Carathryn,” the “Lost Home” of the Ilmatari faith, was a flourishing Ilmatari town that stood on the coast at the seaward end of the Dragonstail, a low and serpentine peninsula that snaked out into the sea from the Purple Hills. The peninsula is now sunken entirely, and Carathryn with it (its presence is why the Purple Shore is so deadly to mariners, the bottom of many a ship has been torn open on the drowned Dragonstail). Certainly the hair shirt appeared on the altar one morning in 848 DR, but there is some dispute about who put it there, or crafted it in the first place.

The *Tome* quickly became the most venerated treasure of Carathryn, hailed by the High Priest Inger Obskoth as “the hand of holy Ilmater made manifest among us.” It saw widespread use in the southern Sword Coast lands for three centuries, even after the storms of the Teeth of Talos in 1123 DR that smashed fishing fleets and sunk the Dragonstail, but was lost to brigands several times.





One of them, a successful rogue by the name of Bredisker, finally took the *Tome* east to the Thornwood when fleeing the Ilmatari in 1177 DR. Soon tiring of constant Ilmatari harassment, Bredisker sold the *Tome* to a priestess of Loviatar who was willing to endure the pain of using the *Tome* to get access to its spells. This priestess, Lalaskra of Ormpetarr, became known as “Leatherskin” for her habit of always wearing the hairshirt. She only removed it during Loviatan rituals, when she walked slowly through her followers as they scourged her with all their strength. During one of these occasions, someone stole the *Tome*, covers and all (despite the fact that the covers were stored in a back room in Lalaskra’s quarters in a temple nearby). With Lalaskra’s towering fury goading them into frenzied searching, her Loviatans scoured the entire southern Vilhon area for the *Tome* for a decade following its disappearance in 1211 DR, but never recovered it. They broke off their search only after Lalaskra was killed (in a battle between two lovelorn wizards, who were fighting each other for her hand in marriage).

It now seems likely that the thief of the *Tome* was the young sage Athorton of Nleeth, who wrote so much in later years about the little known magical power of the generally ridiculed Ilmatari—secrets he may have gained through covert use of the *Tome*.

The elderly Athorton befriended a local priestess of Ilmater, Beromchess Ithyn, and after his death in 1264 DR she brought the *Tome of Torment* to the House of Holy Suffering in Mussum in secrecy. It was then, as now, a major Ilmatari temple.

There the Spontaer, senior Sage-Priest of the faith (his successor as historian of the Ilmatari uses the title Keeper of the Old Faith), prayed to Ilmater for almost a year. In visions, the god gave the Spontaer certain powerful enchantments to place on the *Tome*, to make it usable only by clergy of Ilmater (previous to this, its spells could be displayed by anyone willing to undergo the pain of wearing it), and therefore render it less attractive to thieves.

The Spontaer worked those magics and sacrificed his own life in the process. Upon his death, despite his express instructions to the contrary, the leader of the temple, Exalted Sufferer Shrymaun Beldaerth, refused to send the *Tome* to the most important Ilmatari temple in all Faerûn, the House of the Broken God at Keltar in Calimshan.

In those days, the Father of the House was Archsufferer Bloirt Waelarn, a proud and supercilious man who called upon true Ilmatari to cast out “all the heretics of the degenerate House in Mussum” from the faith, and treat them as victims of advanced diseases of the mind.

A few ambitious minor priests obeyed him, journeying to Mussum to “cleanse the filth” from its halls, but they found themselves under attack as “false clerics, subverted by evil.” They were set upon by holy knights of the *Companions* of the Noble Heart, enlisted by the priests of Mussum to be their defenders.

In response, the enraged Archsufferer called upon the Holy Warriors of Suffering, the Knights of the Bleeding Shield, and the paladins of the Order of the Golden Cup to make holy war upon the “unclean ones of Mussum and all who stand with them.”

This resulted in the bloody battles of Holy Hill Farm (1266 DR), Bronsheir’s Charge (1267 DR), and Weeping Rock in the fall of that year whereat Lord Sir Jargus Holenhond of the Order of the Golden Cup declared that this bloodshed of “true Sufferers all” must end, that the *Tome of Torment* was to be taken from Mussum to Keltar, and that the Archsufferer of the House of the Broken God, as “the cause of all this needless, evil slaughter,” was to be cast out of office and sent to a hermitage to live out his days in solitary devotion.

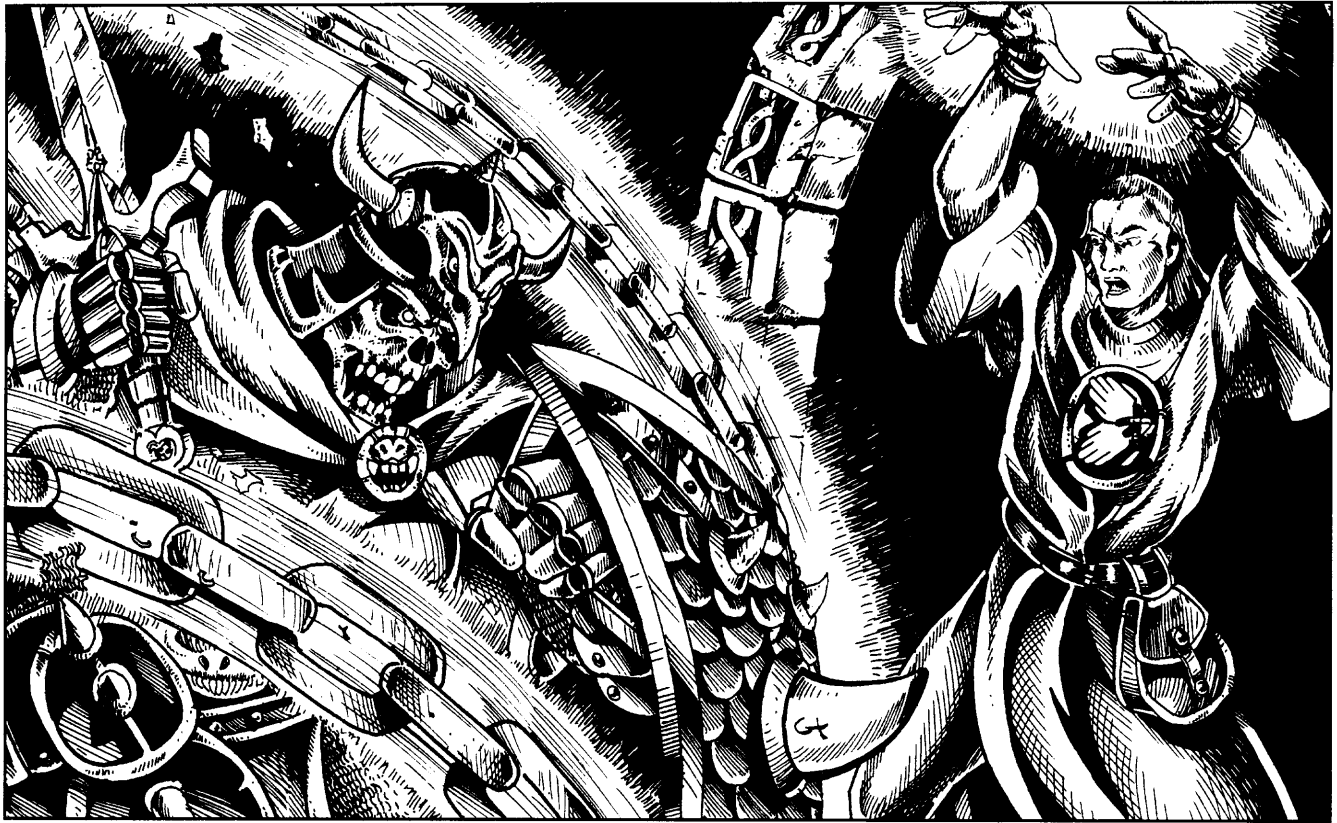
The weary paladins agreed to this, and it was done. The chosen hermitage was a cavern on the tiny, windswept isle of Falconsrise, which climbs alone out of the sea west of the Singing Rocks. It is too small to be shown on most charts, but it boasts a tiny freshwater lake, and has had no predators since the previous hermit, the saintly Onthaer of Athkatla, wrestled a rock cat to death with his bare hands. The former Archsufferer, now simply Brother Priest Waelarn, showed his true nature by using spells to slaughter most of the crew of the ship that took him there.

The Ilmatari priest on the ship used the brief time, bought by a locked and barred cabin door (before Waelarn broke in and slew him), to magically contact a certain bearded archmage of his acquaintance. This mysterious avenger plucked Waelarn from the ship and forcibly placed him on the isle, transforming him into a misshapen collection of bestial parts akin to the creatures known as mongrelmen, so that the hermit could not hope to easily fool passing ships into taking him to the mainland as a “rescued shipwrecked sailor.” The replacement of one hand with a lobsterlike claw and the other with a paw like that of a raccoon also made working spells difficult for the Hermit of Falconsrise, and he went mad within the year.

The new leader of the House of the Broken God, Althea the Abased, announced that neither she nor any ranking priest of the faith was “worthy” to use a sacred item so obviously placed among mortals by the god as a means for unbelievers to be drawn into the faith, and for “the low and truly needy” Ilmatari clergy to use to “further the will and work of Ilmater in the wilderlands and perilous places of all Toril.”

Accordingly, upon the occasion of her First Suffering, she was bound onto a rack and dragged behind mules from one temple or shrine of Ilmater to another, all up and down the Sword Coast. She was to be struck “(once, but vigorously” with a consecrated threshing flail by a nonbeliever whenever the mules were rested. Althea chose a knight of the Holy Warriors of Suffering, one Blaermon the Blessed (so-called because he survived one hopeless battle after another). She commissioned him to take the *Tome* off into the “wild places” of Faerûn and





give it to the first “needy and worthy” Ilmatari he should meet whose engagement in adventure was to better the lot of the common folk and to further their faith (and “not merely for the personal gain of a small band of thrill-seekers”).

Blaermon did so, handing the *Tome* to one Flaergon of Glister in 1268 DR. Flaergon was a tall, ascetic man who devoted his time to making the lives of miners and caravan-workers in the frozen Moonsea North safer. He used the *Tome* (and his hands and brain) wisely and well, establishing hostels, shelters, and well-marked trails for some 30 years. He often led small bands of novice warriors and Ilmatari priests into battle against the predators that inevitably gathered along such routes to seek food—in the form of warm human meals.

In 1299 DR, Flaergon fell to his death in a rocky chasm near Whitehorn. One of his devoted companions, the warrior Daern of Hawksroost (a village that stood south of Ilinvur and was later swept away by ogre attacks), brought the precious *Tome* across half of Faerûn to present it to the High Mistress of Worthy Suffering in Keltar.

Althea, who had survived many Sufferings but won from them countless scars, misshapen half-healed bones, and the need to walk with two canes, was moved by Daern’s devotion (which is where Ilmatari derive the phrase “long and strong as Daern’s devotion”). She made him an honorary Brother of the House. He

served as her personal bodyguard (in reality, body carrier) as the aging priestess grew steadily smaller, more wizened, and more frail.

When Ilmater claimed her in 1341 DR, the sorrowing Daern was appointed Guardian of the *Tome*. He enjoyed this ceremonial post for less than a year, however: A “half-man, half-monster” murdered him one night and seized the *Tome*. It was the one-time Archsufferer Bloirt Waelarn, who had escaped his hermitage when storms drove a pirate ship out of the Nelanthor aground on Falconsrise, and crept into Keltar seeking revenge.

The elderly Waelarn was still given to bouts of “barking, capering madness” and spent most of his time as a half-man. Whenever he used spells (which Ilmater still granted him) to regain his own shape, his flesh slowly lapsed and flowed back into the bestial form the archmage had forced upon him. He failed in his attempts to command the loyalty of Ilmatari he met on his flight inland (he seems to have been heading for Mussum) and tried to coerce them to his service instead.

At Thorlor’s Well (a campsite north of the western end of Ankhwood) he was halted by Sir Guth of Ormpetarr, a knight of the Order of the Golden Cup, who challenged him to “holy single combat under the watching eyes of our god.” Waelarn accepted the challenge and, without pause, used a *cairn* spell from the *Tome* to bury the knight. Then he took an axe and a pick and calmly dug away at the *cairn*, severing any arm or foot revealed by his digging.





Satisfied in the end that his foe was dead, the priest took up the *Tome* and continued east, but Ilmater was watching. His manifest grace caused the slain knight to rise, knit together, and follow Waelarn as a zombie, a shuffling pursuer who patiently tracked the renegade priest, regardless of how many times he smashed or blasted it with his spells. The former Archsufferer finally succumbed to exhaustion near the ruins of Elbulder and was strangled in his sleep by the remains of Sir Guth.

The zombie hid the *Tome*, built a pyre, burned Waelarn's body, and when it was well and truly ash, leapt into the flames himself (apparently following the will of Ilmater).

Visions sent by the Suffering God to a certain underpriest in Mussum, Kortolt Rushtyn, led the young cleric to the hidden *Tome*, which he took, not to Mussum or Keltar, but to an isolated shrine of Ilmater, Ravens' Rack atop Tanarspear Hill, west of Hlondeth along the coast road.

There he preached of the glory of Ilmater, and used the spells of the *Tome* to aid the faithful and nonbelievers alike, until the winter of 1343 DR, when brigands slew him and tried to sell the *Tome* in nearby Hlondeth.

They were slain by the enraged citizens, many of whom had come to regard Kortolt as a boon sent by the kindly gods to keep them all safe in times of sickness or wounding. They presented the *Tome* to Graycloak's Wolves, a local adventuring band, to take to Master Sufferer Olbedan of the House of the Harmed in Aralent, whom all agreed was a saintly and trustworthy Ilmatari.

The winter was harsh, and Irmarr Graycloak's band never reached Aralent, succumbing to the attacks of leucrotta and doppelgangers who were working together to raid small bands on the road. The *Tome* was lost in the snows, where it was evidently found in the spring by a caravan-guard, woodcutter, or traveler, who carried it away (or sold it covertly to someone who did) into Amn. There it was sold just before Midsummer at a market in Crimmor, for 20,000 pieces of gold, in a stall devoted to "treasures for the adventurous" run by Beguld Thormon, a long-respected merchant who had been murdered and replaced by a doppelganger sometime during the previous summer (as Ilmatari investigators later discovered).

The purchasers were Thayan agents in business for themselves, who sponsored no less than three shady adventuring bands who dealt in kidnaping, smuggling, slaving, fencing, and transporting stolen goods. They were still in possession of the *Tome* when an Ilmatari strike force stormed their house in Athkatla in the fall, slew them in a spectacular battle that destroyed the house, and ended in a bloody chase of many stabs and desperate leaps through the city streets by night.

Enduring Servant Elisker Hagathan triumphantly brought the *Tome of Torment* to the House of the Broken God in Keltar before the snows closed in that year, and it remained there (except for the occasional and closely supervised loans to

Ilmatari priests accompanying the Holy Warriors of Suffering on dangerous missions and monster culling forays) until 1362 DR, when it was stolen again, by unknown hands.

Visions sent by Ilmater confirm that the *Tome* still exists and is being studied by someone human (or at least handled by muscular, hairy male human hands), in a dark, stone-walled room somewhere in Faerûn. Finding it is a task set for all Ilmatari faithful. A reward of 40,000 gold pieces is offered for its intact surrender at the House of the Broken God in Keltar or the House of Holy Suffering in Mussum. On at least two occasions, false tomes have been brought to the Calishite temple—and the perpetrators have been introduced to the holy suffering of Ilmater.

The spells known to be on the roster of the *Tome of Torment* are as follows: *Accelerate healing* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *air walk*, *animate rock*, *atonement*, *barrier of retention* (*Tome of Magic*), *blade barrier*, *blast of pain* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *blessed warmth* (*Tome of Magic*), *breath of life* (*Tome of Magic*), *cairn* (a spell detailed below), *call upon faith* (*Tome of Magic*), *calm chaos* (*Tome of Magic*), *caltrops* (*Tome of Magic*), *champion's strength* (*Tome of Magic*), *chaotic combat* (*Tome of Magic*), *chaotic commands* (*Tome of Magic*), *chaotic sleep* (*Tome of Magic*), *choose future* (*Tome of Magic*), *cloak of bravery*, *command*, *continual light*, *create campsite* (*Tome of Magic*), *create food & water*, *create holy symbol* (*Tome of Magic*), *cure light wounds*, *cure serious wounds*, *disbelief* (*Tome of Magic*), *draw upon holy might* (*Tome of Magic*), *efficacious monster ward* (*Tome of Magic*), *embattlement* (detailed below), *emotion control* (*Tome of Magic*), *endurance of Ilmater* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *exaction*, *faerie fire*, *fangs of retribution* (detailed below), *favor of Ilmater* (*Faiths & Avatars*), *flame walk*, *focus* (*Tome of Magic*), *fortify* (*Tome of Magic*), *free action*, *frisky chest* (*Tome of Magic*), *glyph of warding*, *heal*, *healing hand* (detailed below), *heat metal*, *helping hand* (*Tome of Magic*), *hesitation* (*Tome of Magic*), *hold person*, *holy word*, *Ilmater's fist* (detailed below), *impeding permission* (*Tome of Magic*), *invisibility purge* (*Tome of Magic*), *know customs* (*Tome of Magic*), *light*, *line of protection* (*Tome of Magic*), *miscast magic* (*Tome of Magic*), *mystic transfer* (*Tome of Magic*), *nap* (*Tome of Magic*), *neutralize poison*, *probability control* (*Tome of Magic*), *produce fire*, *purify food & drink*, *random causality* (*Tome of Magic*), *rapport* (*Tome of Magic*), *regenerate*, *remove curse*, *remove fear*, *remove paralysis*, *repeat action* (*Tome of Magic*), *restoration*, *rigid thinking* (*Tome of Magic*), *sacred guardian* (*Tome of Magic*), *sanctify* (*Tome of Magic*), *seclusion* (*Tome of Magic*), *slow boon* (detailed below), *slow poison*, *solipsism* (*Tome of Magic*), *spell immunity*, *spiritual wrath* (*Tome of Magic*), *stone tell*, *strength of one* (*Tome of Magic*), *telepathy* (*Tome of Magic*), *thief's lament* (*Tome of Magic*), *thought broadcast* (*Tome of Magic*), *unceasing vigilance of the holy sentinel* (*Tome of Magic*), *unearthly choir* (*Tome of Magic*), *water walk*, *weighty chest* (*Tome of Magic*), *whirlchain* (detailed below), and *wyvern watch*.





Fangs of Retribution

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 2
Sphere: Combat
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 3 rounds
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: One target creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a spectral fanged viperlike mouth with a flickering forked tongue. It fades into view in front of the caster's face and flies at a single target creature (who must be visible to the caster and within spell range as casting begins). If the target is out of range, it fades away instantly, and the spell is lost. Otherwise, it darts toward the selected foe. If it hits, the target suffers the same number of points of damage as he has caused the caster during the same day as the casting of *fangs of retribution* (no saving throw).

The viperlike flying mouth is AC 1 and MV Fl 15 (A), striking at THAC0 15 on its first round of existence, THAC0 12 on the second, and THAC0 10 on the third. It fades away either at the moment it hits (or someone else hits it) or at the end of the 3rd round if it has failed to strike the selected target successfully (the caster cannot switch targets once the spell is cast). The bite of *fangs of retribution* does no damage if it is mistakenly sent against a target who has not harmed the caster, and once it is launched, the caster is free to undertake other spellcasting or activities without affecting its operation.

The material component of this spell is a fang from any type or size of snake (it need not be venomous).

Embattlement

(Abjuration)

Level: 3
Sphere: Protection
Range: Touch
Components: V, S
Duration: 7 rounds
Casting Time: 6
Area of Effect: The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw: None

While this puissant spell is in effect, any attack on the caster normally requiring an attack roll (or a single touched spell recipient creature, who must be willing or helpless unless the

caster makes a successful attack roll to deliver the touch) must be made with two attack rolls, and the lower of the two rolls must be used.

Slow Boon

(Necromancy)

Level: 3
Sphere: Healing
Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 turn
Casting Time: 6
Area of Effect: The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw: None

Casting this beneficial spell restores 2 hit points of damage to its recipient and then 1 hit point at the end of every round thereafter until the spell expires. "Extra" hit points cannot be gained by the recipient of a slow boon, but subjects will be aware the moment they reach "full" hit points and can (by direct flesh-to-flesh contact with another willing being) confer the rest of the boon (1 hit point per round) on another creature or creatures (one per round; a direct touch is required in all cases).

The material component of a slow boon is a fragment of bone (of any size and from any creature) painted with the symbol of Ilmater.

Cairn

(Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: 4
Sphere: Elemental (Earth)
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 round
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: A rough pile of stones 5 feet in diameter and up to 15 feet tall covering a single spot
Saving Throw: ½

This spell transports rocks from random sources elsewhere (and only rocks, no organic material can accompany them) to rain down out of the sky onto a single surface location within spell range, chosen by the caster (who must be able to see it). The rocks appear 20 feet above the chosen spot and fall straight





down (though some may bounce off rocks below and roll away). Nevertheless, the spell tends to create a rising column of rubble.

Usually used to mark a grave, a *cairn* spell can be employed to create a trail marker, as a means to reach a high window, or to bury food or other items that must be hidden or kept secure from pilferage. It can also, of course, be used as a weapon, crushing a person under the arriving stones for 4d6 points of damage. The rocks fall with little force or intent to harm, so creatures struck are allowed saving throws vs. spell. If a saving throw succeeds, damage is halved (to 4d6).

The material components of a *cairn* spell are a handful of pebbles (of any kinds of rock) of any size, so long as there are at least eight stones and all of them fit in the caster's cupped palm. The larger rocks summoned by the spell (all of which are larger in volume than the caster's head) need not be visible to the caster or anywhere near.

Healing Hand

(Necromancy)

Level: 4
Sphere: Healing
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: One damaged creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell increases the benefit of a previously cast curative spell, adding an additional 3d4 points of benefit to any healing magic that heals damage cast within the preceding 24 hours. The caster of a *healing hand* must touch the creature who received the original spell either directly, or if he is elsewhere or unreachable, the caster must touch whoever cast or launched the original healing magic while the original caster (who may also be the caster of the *healing hand*) concentrates on visualizing the healed being. If a creature other than the one the *healing hand* caster intends the magic to benefit is chosen, the touched person's choice overrides that of the *healing hand* caster. A *healing hand* can be cast so as to directly benefit its caster.

Multiple *healing hand* spells can only benefit the same being if a full 48 hours passes between spell applications. This spell cannot revive a dead being.

The material components of a *healing hand* spell are a scrap of skin and a sliver of bone. (Both components may be of any size and freshness, and from any type of creature.)

Ilmater's Fist

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 4
Sphere: Combat
Range: 90 yards
Components: V, S
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: One target creature
Saving Throw: None

This spell brings into being a spectral flying fist that flashes through the air to unerringly hit a single chosen target creature, dealing damage to the target equal in hit points to all damage suffered by the caster of the fist (from all sources and ignoring any healing magic that may have been applied) in the preceding 6 turns. Having delivered its lone attack, it vanishes.

The flying fist fades away harmlessly if the target creature passes beyond spell range, or if it comes into contact with a *dispel magic* effect or a continuous magical barrier. (It can find its way around barriers that do not "seal" against solid walls or surroundings.) Once the casting is completed, the caster of *Ilmater's fist* cannot change the chosen target.

Whirlchain

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level: 4
Sphere: Combat
Range: 90 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 round
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: One target creature
Saving Throw: ½

This spell causes a helixlike length of chain to materialize around a chosen target creature, whip around that being for 4d4+4 points of battering damage, and then vanish. It can affect creatures despite intervening magical barriers, but cannot penetrate magical shields or defenses that block 4th-level spells.

The material component of a *whirlchain* spell is a length of any sort of metal chain longer than the length of the caster's hand.





The Veloghon of Vigilance



This tome takes the form of a large, battered war-shield of no special appearance or markings. It bears a low-level protective enchantment against rust and acidic corrosion that converts any spell—cast at it or encompassing it in an area of effect—into a bolt of lightning that lashes back unerringly at the source of the magic, dealing 1d6 points of damage per level of the intruding spell.

On the inside surface of the shield are the expected arm-strap and handle, but between them is a circular steel disc engraved with the upraised gauntlet of Torm, and behind it a stack of 18 thin, fan-shaped metal sheets, plates that stretch up to the top of the shield from a common pivot point (the disc). The plates are pages, and each of them bears a single spell, its symbols and writings stamped into the metal sheets.

The first mention of the *Veloghon of Vigilance* is in the writings of Thontoros the Learned, Sage of the Just Gods (who studied the clergy and deeds of other followers of Helm, Ilmater, Torm, and Tyr). Writing of the defense of the vanished citadel of Lothtia on the Shining Plains by the Paladins of the Hand (the Twelve Champions of Torm) in 1158 DR, Thontoros tells us that the paladin Harondath bore the shield, and “bathed it in the blood of the orcs of Thoktor Ironfangs.”

Various holy writings down through the years tell us that the shield vanished with Harondath (whose fate and grave are unknown), but reappeared from time to time in the Sword Coast and Moonsea lands, usually in the hands of the adventurer-priests of the Loyal Fury. It has remained so down the years despite attempts by the Templemasters (high priests) of Torm to gain possession of it. In fact, until the Holy Visions of Bargaerorth informed the faithful that it was Torm’s desire that the *Veloghon* remain in the service of wandering adventurers working to further his aims in the world, gaining the shield for this or that temple was a favorite mission assigned to ambitious, fast-rising priests of Torm by their Templemasters. (The term “veloghon” simply means “holy shield,” and is taken from the name of the ancient high priest of Torm, Veloghon of Carattha, who has no connection with this holy book.)

Among the most famous bearers of the *Veloghon* was the adventurer Galthont “the Inspirer.” Beginning in about 1212 DR as a young but capable swordsman, he began to tour the Moonsea North, working as a caravan guard and personal bodyguard. Wherever he went, Galthont kept an eye out for warriors (or young warriors-in-training) who exhibited noble loyalty and diligent obedience. He told such promising folk of the glory of Torm and of the splendid orders of paladins who serve mankind in the god’s name. Many worldly paladins (those who turned to their calling after living lives that were not particularly devout) credit the Inspirer with first awakening the desire in them to become holy warriors.

Galthont is known to have gained the *Veloghon* by defeating The Lashing Tail, an army of brigands under the leadership of the half-orc Oegont and the evil human mage Mastertas of Melvaunt, in 1216 DR. The Inspirer fought off a Tail attack on a caravan he was guarding near Glistler, and then singlehandedly tracked the brigands and challenged them to combat, one by one or handful by handful, until he had slain over half of the Tail’s 80-odd members.

The enraged leaders of the Tail rallied their survivors and set about hunting the man who had slain their fellows. However, Galthont slipped through their ranks and pillaged a fort they had taken over, laying many deadfall traps by carrying boulders from a crumbling wall. When he revealed himself, the warriors of the Tail charged in to get at him, and died by the dozens. The last trap involved barrels of lamp oil rolled down stairs at the men of the





Tail. Three of them dropped torches in their falls, and the fort caught fire.

Amid the smoke and confusion, Galthont battled Mastertas, his apprentices, and Oegont. He snatched the *Veloghon* and a bag of coins from a chest when the smoke grew too thick for his foes to see him, and escaped out a window before the fort burned to the ground. (The fate of the Tail leaders, and the rest of the treasure kept in that chamber, is unknown.)

The last known whereabouts of the *Veloghon of Vigilance* was in the hands of the priest Amaratas Dunthaun, who bore it while leading a band of adventurers called the Company of the Crow to a series of successes exploring the ruins of Turmish. The Company of the Crow was destroyed by baatezu summoned by a sorcerous foe in 1344 DR, but the fates of that mage and of the company's leader, Alvast Undren of Amaratas (a half-elf warrior of note) and the shield remain unknown.

In descending order from the pivot plate inward, the contents of the shield's plates are as follows: *Alert vigil* (a spell detailed below), *command*, *detect evil*, *light*, *remove fear*, *flame blade*, *hold person*, *know alignment*, *produce flame*, *wyvern watch*, *dispel magic*, *locate object*, *water walk*, *fortify* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *hand of Torm* (a spell detailed in *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *leadership* (*Tome of Magic*), *swordward* (*Faiths & Avatars*), and *wrath of Torm* (detailed below).



Wrath of Torm

(Alteration, Abjuration)

Alert Vigil

(Enchantment/Charm, Necromancy)

Level:	1
Sphere:	Charm, Necromantic
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	7 turns + 1 turn per level
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw:	None

This spell causes the caster or a touched recipient to remain awake and alert for the spell's duration (which is determined by the level of the caster, not the recipient). Even if exhausted, the spell recipient will not doze or fall asleep, and any senses available to him perform at their peak levels of ability (tired eyes keep focus and so on). A being under the effects of an *alert vigil* is not "resting" (healing), but the magic does not make the recipient more weary when it expires.

Level:	6
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
Duration:	4 rounds
Casting Time:	9
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	None

This spell causes the caster to be outlined in an aura of glowing white light (which is bright and clear, but not blinding in its intensity). The caster gains height up to 12 feet (with a corresponding increase in reach and no loss of Dexterity) and his Charisma rises to 18 (if at that score already, the spell does not augment it further).

While the spell is in effect, the caster strikes at +5 bonus on attack and damage rolls and gains a +3 bonus on all saving throws. Against undead creatures, the caster deals double normal damage rather than gaining the +5 damage bonus.





Vorthryn's Archivir



The priesthood of Azuth has many sacred books, known as “Touched Tomes” to the initiated (that is, touched by the divine hand of Azuth himself). Most are various wizards’ spellbooks that were once part of the library of magical tomes collected (through adventures, sometimes by plundering the tombs of earlier mages) by the mortal Azuth. They offer paths to power for both priests and wizards. Priests of Azuth or Mystra who read of them are allowed to study and cast spells from them, and wizards who read them are asked in a dream vision if they wish to become priests of Azuth. A rare few accept and these are allowed (on probation) to enter the service of the God of Mages. (Refusing such an invitation carries no penalty and the wizard can use the tome and its spells normally.)

Priests who read a Touched Tome can memorize the wizard spells from it as a wizard does, casting them as a wizard of the same level as they are as priests. Such spells require no material components, but one “prayer slot” (a spell the priest generally carries) must be sacrificed for every wizard spell memorized. Two such “slots” of the 7th level must be sacrificed for every 8th-level wizard spell taken, and 9th-level wizard spells are beyond the reach of priests of Azuth.

Wizards who join the priesthood of Azuth after reading a Touched Tome and being invited to join the church can use priest and wizard spells interchangeably. However, priest spells must be prayed for and wizard spells must be studied and cast with the proper material components, as usual, and priest spells of an equivalent level occupy the spell slots a wizard spell would normally take. (For example, a 2nd-level priest spell prayed for would take the place of one potential 2nd-level wizard spell to memorize.) Such wizards are honored by clergy of Azuth, and referred to as “the Enlightened,” or “Enlightened Ones,” but never rise in power within the church much beyond the influence or “rank” of a 7th-level priest and cannot ever cast priest spells greater than those a 7th-level priest could. They tend to spend their days in battle, defending or avenging the clergy of the faith with their spells. (This situation does not apply to dual-classed characters who are both wizards and priests of Azuth. Their particulars are described in the *Player’s Handbook*.)

Vorthryn’s Archivir is one of the few holy books of the faith that is not a Touched Tome. Rather, it is a book of prayers (spells) dedicated to the god by the priest who crafted it long ago, Vorthryn Saraddath. The *Archivir* was intended to provide a central and orthodox source of magic for the devout priests of the Azuthan abbey of Onter’s Pool. The abbey stood on the island of Norlorn in the Sea of Fallen Stars. (A shipwrecked Sembian merchant, Onter, discovered the freshwater spring or pool on which the abbey was later built. Used for drinking water, the Abbey of Onter’s Pool was named for the place.) Norlorn is a tiny island northwest of Kelthann, known today only for its wild goats (whose grazing keeps the entire island like a pasture) and its beach, which is ideal for washing up careening, damaged ships.

The abbey was sacked and burned by pirates in 1172 DR, but “the ghosts of the slain priests of the Magegod” were so restless, hurling spells as they drifted wraithlike in the night, that the Brotherhood of the Red Tide met and decided that the very stones of the abbey must be carried off and sunk, “to take the haunts with them, and trouble crews no more.” (These words come from the diary of an anonymous pirate, discovered in Selgaunt in 1341 DR, but they recount a history that no pirate disputes. The meeting, and the destruction of the abbey ruins that followed, took place in 1324 DR.)

The *Archivir* is a rectangular book of “classic” design. It is thin and about two feet across by four feet in height. When closed, it continuously exudes small motes of purple-white light that have been described as “sparkling stars.” The particles look like sparks, but carry no heat or power of ignition or electrical discharges. They appear to “bubble out” of every surface of the tome in a lazy, irregular fashion, drifting away aimlessly into the air (regardless of winds or the movements of nearby creatures or objects), and quickly fade away—the





less of winds or the movements of nearby creatures or objects), and quickly fade away—the cause of these sparkling stars and when they began, is unknown. No one has yet found a way to harness their power (if they *have* a power) and they never vary in brightness. (They are like a faint *faerie fire* and can be used as a light source to illuminate writing, a keyhole, or anything else that the book is touching or nearly touching.) They pass through cloaks, shields, and other solid items if someone tries to cover them to conceal the book's presence, and they do not respond to spells, flame, or anything else—including *dispel magic* effects, which lends support to the argument that they are more than a mere endless illusion. There is a tradition that insists that magical items regain expended charges when left touching the *Archivir* overnight, but tests have shown that, although such recharging can occur (sometimes restoring as many as 1d10 charges), it does so apparently at random. (Some sages say full moonlight has to touch the item and the book for a certain length of time, others assert that a living being had to sleep within a particular distance of the item and book, and still others claim that running water must be present within a similar “magical distance” before this effect can occur.)

The covers of the *Archivir* are of a dark, pebbled cloth bonded to ebony boards, and are bare of ornamentation. Anything can be written on them or attached to them, but within 4d12 days they suddenly become bare again, the markings or attachments vanishing to some unseen otherwhere. The covers are sewn to a spine that in turn is attached to 21 vellum pages, each one bearing a single spell. The *Archivir* cannot burn, rot in water, or be affected by any known magic—presumably due to the strong, many-layered enchantments placed upon it (though, curiously, it never radiates any magic when examined with detection spells).

The *Archivir* was discovered by a pirate (his name now forgotten) who was sheltering from a storm in 1344 DR. He was huddling in a hollow in the grass above the beach when he literally “fell through the earth” into an underground room that had once been at the end of a secret passage descending from the now-vanished abbey. The room contained a table and three stone chairs, two of them occupied by slumped and crumbling skeletons (presumably the remains of priests killed by pirates). On the table was what looked like a child's coffin at first glance, but on closer inspection proved to be a stone coffer worked into the shape of a large human hand, forefinger extended, and surrounded by a jagged halo or surround (the symbol of Azuth).

Being a pirate (or only a human or some southern fool—the tellings of this tale vary here according to the prejudices of the teller), he opened it. Motes of light spilled out, and the astonished pirate saw the book. Cautiously he poked it with

his scabbarded sword. Learning that he was still alive, he gingerly touched it with a hand. Still his life continued, so he scooped it up, being very careful not to open it, and turned to leave, only to choke in horror—the slumped skeletons were struggling upright, their scattered bones rising and jostling for position. The pirate did not wait to witness this wonder further, deciding he had a sudden urgent need to taste the full fury of the storm.

Lightning bolts played dance-and-dodge with him as he sprinted, screaming down the slippery slope and back to where his ship lay aground, its crew waiting for better weather and a chance to staunch the leaks in its hull. The pirate's fellows spent the rest of the night smashing apart skeletons that seemed to rise out of every hillock and rock pile on the island, lurching through the storm to where the pirates cowered. Sometime before morning the skeletons stopped coming and the weary pirates made a bonfire to make sure they stayed gone. Then they killed the fellow who had brought the skeletons down on them and threw him on the fire too.

The book they saved for sale in Sembia. Realmslore does not record who bought it there, or what happened to it for the next decade. Nevertheless, it came to public attention in 1355 DR when Jassandra Alastrin, the only daughter of a wealthy and haughty Saerloonian merchant, announced the founding of a Temple to the Dark Magic, a new cult of Shar, with herself as high priestess. She made this pronouncement while standing upon the body of an iron golem that was being carried on the shoulders of no less than 80 acolytes, in a slow parade through the streets of the city, to the newly redecorated Saragath Towers warehouse. As she was borne sedately to her new temple, Jassandra held high a black book that trailed bright sparks, waving it in triumphant proof of the “awakened power” of “my dark lady patron.” She invited all Saerloonians to the consecration ritual that very night, promising them a revel, a feast, and “entertainments beyond compare.”

The Supreme Priestess of the Dark Mystery kept her promise. The wine flowed freely and the food was first-rate, though the drow and mind flayers who served it made more than a few of the curiosity seekers a mite timid about sampling the wares. The golem was animated to pluck up Jassandra and set her on her high throne to an impressive fanfare of bleating trumpets and rolling drums, two mages began a grudge-duel to the death by summoning monsters to fight each other's monsters. The Supreme Priestess opened the book that leaked sparks and called on Shar to manifest herself.

The air darkened, and rifts opened in it like red slashes, leaking crimson mist like blood as the Mistress of Loss sent beholders into the temple to feed on the Sembians and let





loose a little fear—and, ultimately, craven obedience. Then there was a flash of blue-white radiance, the temple split from top to bottom with a roar, and the beholders, the rifts, and all, vanished in a rising, crackling cloud of coiling lightning, drifting toward the stars.

Under it stood a lone, bearded figure in simple black robes: the High One himself, Azuth the Mightiest of Mages. “I believe you have something of mine,” he said, almost pleasantly. However, his voice rolled out into every corner of the shattered structure, causing galleries to sag and then slide down into ruin. An obsidian statue of Shar hit the floor and burst into shards. Shrieking with terror, Jassandra Alastrin fled—right under a toppling pillar.

Azuth looked at her and magically snatched her back to stand before him. Her shrieks were of insane fury this time, as she snatched out a dagger as long as a sword and charged at him, steel flashing as she raised it to stab.

Azuth raised his arm and the cowering Sembians saw stars glittering in the darkness of his cloak for an instant before he flowed sideway. The howling would-be priestess vanished into the darkness he left in his wake, never to be seen again.

Azuth looked around at the whimpering and stunned onlookers quivering amid the ruin of the temple, shook his head with a sigh, and crooked a finger. The book that dribbled sparks was floating alone in the air where Jassandra had let go of it, but in response to the god’s gesture it flew to his hand.

Azuth tucked it under his arm, turned in a flourish of dark robes, and seemed to vanish into a fold of roiling darkness for an instant before a white, lip-biting Sembian suddenly found himself staring into a pair of eyes that blazed like two white flames.

“You,” the melodious voice observed rather dryly, “worshiped Azuth last fall. Is not it high time you went back to my altar? Take this with you.”

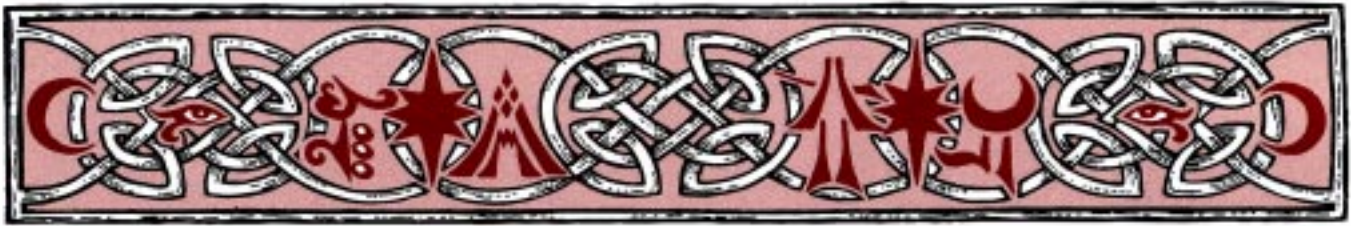
The gaping Sembian suddenly found himself holding the book, motes of light curling merrily around him. The face that had almost touched his own was gone. Trembling with fear, he forced himself to straighten up and walk out of the ruins with slow dignity.

And that is how a Sembian merchant with no talent for magic, Alendyn Crothar, became Azuth’s Champion in Sembia, and *Vorthryn’s Archivir* returned to the use of Azuthan clergy.

At first Alendyn kept the tome, but try as he might, despite all the willing assistance that the priests of Azuth and more than one Sembian mage could give him, he could work no magic.

So he prayed to Azuth for guidance, and forthwith gave the book to the priests with the god’s commandment: that it wander from hand to hand in Faerûn, serving those who had





need of it and could take hold of it—and so that priests who wavered in their faith could be sent to seek it out, and on the solitary journey turn either wholly to Azuth or fall away and seek other lives.

Alendyn became an investor in spell components and other rare substances, funding the Sembian church of Azuth with his profits—a role he ably continues to this day. The *Archivir* stayed at Yeven's Shrine in northern Sembia for a time, as Azuthan clergy from all over Cormyr, the Moonsea, and Sembia came to it to touch and read and be renewed.

And then it vanished, taken by a thief, some said, others maintained that it was a wizard overcome by his thirst for true power. A few swore that a priest, reading the tome, had suddenly picked it up and walked out—the other Azuthans there letting him pass unhindered, for his face had changed to that of the god himself, with eyes like two white flames.

From that day in 1359 DR onward, the *Archivir* has traveled the Realms, falling into the hands of all too many adventurers on a wild journey that has taken it from Neverwinter to Zazesspur, and from Athkatla to Alaghôn. The wizard Sharanla of Elturel had it briefly, and turned to embrace the worship of Azuth, becoming an Enlightened One and venerating the god atop the Tor where the God Talks, a certain rocky eminence somewhere west of Triel (its exact location “every Azuthan must discover for himself”), where Azuth does indeed converse from time to time, as an unseen voice, with those who stand on the summit and call on him. Those eager to talk to a god are warned that both crossbow-firing brigands and a cunning band of bugbears keep watch for pilgrims and travelers, and make full use of the mists that often arise in those hills for concealment as they creep closer.

Those fortunate enough to gain possession of the *Archivir* are advised that many Azuthans will pay handsomely to receive custody of the book, and that the rumor that it will (once only, per user) completely heal anyone who touches it covers with his bare flesh and says (in Common) “Heal me, Azuth,” is true—diseases, lycanthropy, mummy rot, parasites, and all the rest are banished.

The 20 spells in the book are as follows: *Analyze balance* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *aura of comfort* (Tome of Magic), *Azuth's alteration mantle* (a spell detailed below), *Azuth's exulted triad* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *Azuth's fedensor* (Faiths & Avatars), *Azuth's firing frenzy* (detailed below), *Azuth's immobility* (detailed below), *Azuth's spell shield* (Faiths & Avatars), *draw upon holy might* (Tome of Magic), *extradimensional detection* (Tome of Magic), *helping hand* (Tome of Magic), *imbue with spell ability*, *invisibility purge* (Tome of Magic), *know direction* (Tome of Magic), *know time* (Tome of Magic), *log of ever-burning* (Tome of Magic), *mystic transfer* (Tome of Magic), *nap* (Tome of Magic), *reverse time* (Tome of Magic), *sacred*

guardian (Tome of Magic), and *seclusion* (Tome of Magic).

Azuth's Immobility

(Enchantment/Charm)

Level:	5
Sphere:	Charm
Range:	0
Components:	V, S
Duration:	3 rounds
Casting Time:	8
Area of Effect:	All creatures within a 20-foot radius
Saving Throw:	Neg.

This spell locks all affected creatures within 20 feet of the caster as a hold person or hold monster spell (that is, they can breathe and move their eyes only) for three rounds. All beings are allowed a saving throw vs. spell against this enchantment. The saving throw is made at -6 for 1st-level or 1-Hit Die creatures, -4 for beings of 2nd level or 2 Hit Dice, and at -2 for those of 3rd level or 3 Hit Dice, “at par” for those of 4th level or 4 Hit Dice, +2 for beings of 5th level, and so on. All affected creatures are freed instantly if the caster of the *immobility* touches or magically attacks any one of the held beings (or any item one is directly holding, wearing, or carrying), although the magic does, of course, give the caster one attack that automatically hits that target being.

If beings other than the caster strike creatures affected by the immobility, the individual creatures struck are freed, but not the rest of the victims of the spell. The caster can move out of spell range without ending the spell (and indeed this magic is usually employed to allow the caster to escape).

Azuth's Alteration Mantle

(Abjuration, Alteration)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Protection
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S
Duration:	4 rounds per level of caster
Casting Time:	9
Area of Effect:	The caster or one touched recipient
Saving Throw:	None

This spell creates an invisible magical aura around its recipient (who must be willing or unaware—the spell fails instantly if cast on hostile, unwilling creatures). When either



one of two specific spells (that is, two specific enchantments, not all spells that unleash fire) or magical item discharges chosen during casting impinges on any part of this aura, the mantle instantly absorbs the attack, negating all of its effects, and presents the mantle-wearer with a threefold choice: use the spell energy for healing (either self-healing or healing a touched being), convert it to a single predetermined specific spell and hurl it back at the source of the first magic, or convert it to the same predetermined specific spell and cast it at another target. If the mantle-wearer is not the caster, the caster can elect, when bestowing the spell, to force the magic to always make one of those choices or to leave each decision up to the mantle-wearer. (Nevertheless, the “free choice” cannot be restricted to two of the three options, nor can any of the “predetermined” spells be left unselected.)

If an incoming magic is used for *healing*, no “extra” hit points can be gained through the mantle, lost ones can only be replaced. Furthermore, the hit points gained cannot be split between the mantle-wearer and another touched recipient—either one or the other gains the full benefit.

A given being can enjoy the protection of only one *alteration mantle* at a time, and the mantle will not survive contact with a *dispel magic* effect. Despite the fact that it can guard against two different spell attacks, they can only be transformed into a single magic. Over the years, Azuth has ignored the repeated supplications of his most powerful and devoted followers to provide two “end result” magics as well as two magics protected against.

The spell sent forth behaves as if it were launched by a caster of the same level, alignment, and abilities as the caster of the initial magic. Its launching, however, depends on the vision and abilities of the mantle-wearer, not the source of the original attacking magic. (For instance, if an incoming *polymorph* other attack is converted to *magic missile* and hurled at a third party, the mantle-wearer, nor the original attacker, must be able to see the chosen target for the *magic missile*.)

Both the specific spells to be defended against and the spell they are to be converted to must be chosen by the caster of the *alteration mantle* during its casting and cannot be altered thereafter. The magic defended against must be one the mantle-caster has cast, felt the effects of, or observed the effects of, and he must know its specific name. The magic sent forth must be a spell he has personally cast. The magic sent forth cannot exceed the magic defended against in spell level (for instance, *polymorph* other cannot be converted to *flame strike*). Note that *Azuth's alteration mantle* will defend against multiple attacks of the same sort of spell, and it is not exhausted by one incoming spell.

This spell is a variant of the *greater mantle of Mystra* spell used by priests of the goddess of magic.

Azuth's Firing Frenzy

(Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	6
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	60 yards+ 10 yards per level
Components:	V, S
Duration:	Instantaneous
Casting Time:	9
Area of Effect:	3 targets within 60 yards+ 10 yards/level
Saving Throw:	None

This spell allows the priest casting it to unleash three bursts of *magic missiles* (almost identical to those created by the wizard spell, *magic missile*) at once. Each “burst” consists of five such missiles. All of the missiles in a burst must be directed at the same target, which they strike unerringly (doing no damage to nonliving materials, but inflicting 1d4+1 points of damage each to living and undead creatures). Each burst must be fired at a different target (in other words, five missiles strike at one target, five at another, and five at a third—even if this means wasting 10 of the missiles on harmless boulders). Missiles fired into empty air will fade away at the limits of spell range.

Certain veteran priests speak of the magical items of foes discharging involuntarily when struck by a burst from a firing frenzy, but this seems to be a rare and unpredictable occurrence, not something upon which any caster can count.





Wythyndle's Round Book



Worshippers of Milil, the Lord of All Songs, have surprisingly few holy books. Every shrine to the bardic god is furnished with chapbooks of lyrics and lengthy ballads, and Sorlyn temples hold more extensive libraries of written music and scholarly treatises on past musicians and their music, but sacred tomes are few. Like Lathander, Milil manifests himself often in response to outstanding inspired performances on the part of his faithful. He places little emphasis on magical items (except for enchanted musical instruments, of which he seems to have empowered over a score) and on books of holy spells. Such manifestations usually take the form of a radiance surrounding a favored performer, accompanied by flowing music of unearthly beauty, and aid in the form of a temporary augmentation in the level or abilities of the favored. Permanent *heal* effects may be bestowed upon him or those he touches with kindly intent during the time of the manifestation.

One of the few Sorlyn tomes is *Wythyndle's Round Book*, named for the blind half-elf bard into whose hands Milil gave it some 400 years ago, as he sat alone on a nameless mountaintop in the eastern Cloven Mountains, singing the god's praises. (Milil also carried him safely down to the gates of the House of Alastrin, a now-vanished Sorlyn temple below that peak, to spread tidings of the god's great gift.)

The *Round Book* is perfectly round. It resembles two shields fastened at a single point about a stack of circular, wire-rimmed vellum pages. The "shields" are thin slabs of apparently unbreakable black stone, covered on their outer surfaces by a bright latticework of interwoven horizontal and vertical strips of gleaming, silvery metal. The "bars" are of random lengths, so that the pattern has gaps here and there—gaps that the Sorlyn have puzzled over for centuries, but from which no meaning has been divined.

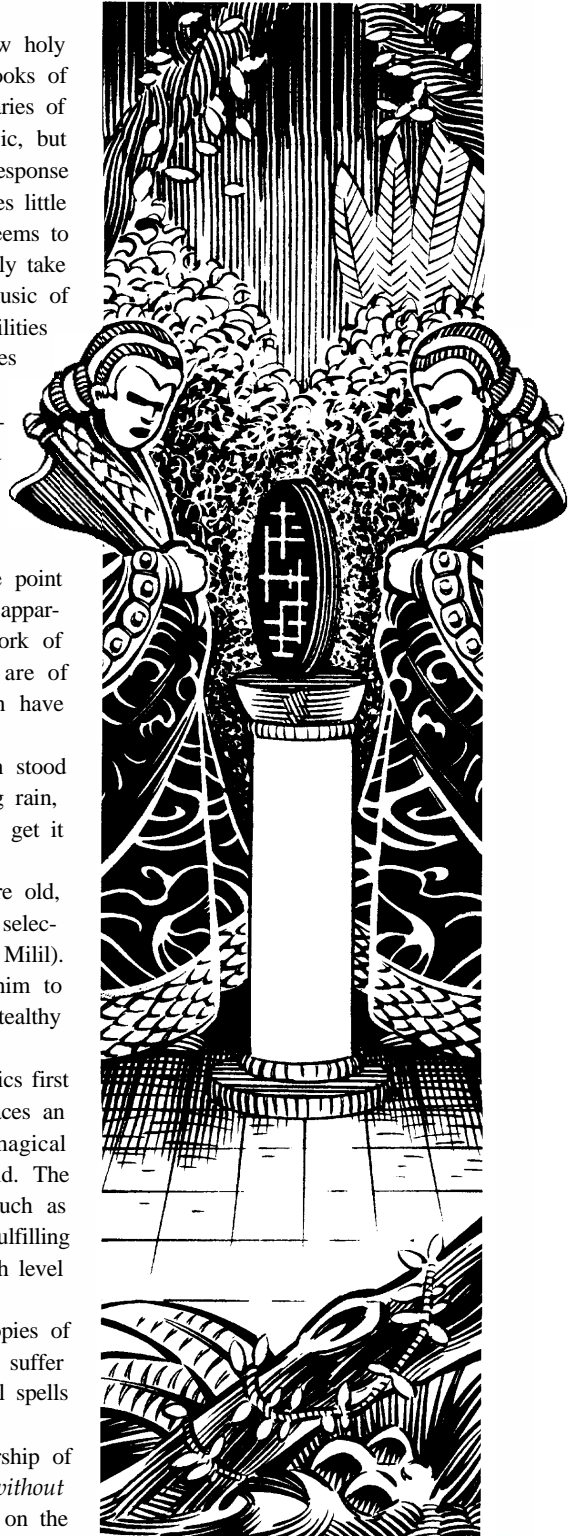
Enchantments on the tome keep it from rolling or from toppling sideways. When stood on edge, even on the narrowest of perches, it stays upright, ignoring winds, battering rain, or brush-by contacts. A hard and deliberate push or snatch must be made upon it to get it to fall over or move off the location where it was placed.

Whenever this volume is opened, music briefly rises from its pages. The tunes are old, melodies that have been harped, piped, or sung somewhere in Faerûn before, but the selection is apparently random (save that these are never hymns to any deity, not even to Milil). This property has entertained many a nondevout owner of the tome, encouraging him to sell the book when times become hard (and thus pass it on), but it also prevents stealthy examination of the most sacred Sorlyn book.

Beings of any faith can use the spells in the *Round Book*, but use of any of the magics first bestowed on mortals by Milil in this tome (the three spells detailed in this text) places an apparently unbreakable *geas* spell on any user who is not a priest of Milil—a magical commandment to help the next Sorlyn priest they encounter who requests their aid. The request is always to accomplish a single task, or refrain from doing something (such as attacking the Sorlyn), but the affected being must obey to the best of his ability, fulfilling the spirit of such a request, and not merely the "letter of the law." Sorlyn clergy of 6th level and greater seem able to sense when a being is under a *geas* from the *Round Book*.

The *geas* applies only to the spells actually in the *Round Book*, not to written copies of them, but priests of other faiths who attempt to set down these "special" spells may suffer the disfavor of their own deities. Each reading or cursory examination of these special spells begins with a warning to non-Sorlyn in the form of a chill tingling of the flesh.

The *Round Book* was obviously intended to widely spread the influence and worship of Milil. It has the ability to randomly transport itself from place to place in a *teleport without error* spell that succeeds despite any magical or physical barriers or restraints placed on the





tome. In this way the tome travels Faerûn, finding its way into the hands of a great many astonished individuals.

The few such who attempt to deface or destroy the tome, or to remove pages from it, discover that any direct attack (including magical ones) on the *Round Book* leaves it entirely unaffected—and visits the damage on the attacker instead.

The *Round Book* vanished from the temple of Alastrin the night Wythyndle died, in the hard winter of 996 DR, on the first of its “by the will of Milil” trips. It has spent most of the time since then in the hands of commoners all over Faerûn, its exact whereabouts unknown to the Church of Milil and the sages of record alike. We do know that it was a curiosity displayed by the Brossfeather noble family of Waterdeep in 1012 DR and that it was stolen from them by unknown hands, only to end up in the possession of the reclusive mage Artabranth of Eshpurta in 1018 DR. It was then seized from the ruins of his tower by the elder red wurm Maerithryvvin, who slew Artabranth in 1026 DR.

Presumably it spent some time in Maerithryvvin’s hoard and then passed into the stores of his slayer, the venerable blue dragon Thoklastees of Calimstone—because it was found there, in the oasis of Calimstone in the eastern heart of the Calim Desert, by Flester Farcoat of the Dun Blades adventuring company of Ulkan in 1144 DR. Thoklastees had perished earlier that year, out over the Shining Sea east of Orllil, in an aerial battle against beasts summoned by the Halruaan archmage Ootheraum Deirin (whom Thoklastees had attacked). It is said that seeing this struggle and the airship in which Ootheraum sailed the skies inspired the Lantanna to begin their long (and continuing) researches into flying ships.

When the Dun Blades fell in the final slaughter of the orc horde led by Krautharr Longfangs at the Battle of Manyswords in 1161 DR, Flester’s grieving widow, Annaeth Farcoat, sold the tome to Lord Irlistir of Ulkan in return for a cottage and farm on which to live out her days. Ironically, she was a singer of note and worshiper of Milil, who never knew the holiness of the treasure she had traded away.

As is all too common with those born rich and of higher station than those around them, Lord Irlistir had an inflated sense of his own worth and high dreams of better things (such as a sprawling empire or two) to go with it. A book that gave forth brief tunes when opened was useless as a thing of battle-power, but worth a nice stack of coins when sold to the right buyer, such as the bard Paerestus “Smokebeard” of Tsurtagol.

Paerestus was famous for his rich, warm voice, but he lacked originality, so for him the book that spun out tunes when opened was truly a gift from the gods. All he ever did was open it and listen, committing the tunes he loved to

memory, to fit with words of his own later. He kept his treasure hidden in a hollow space in the crumbling wall of a stable behind his home. Thus it escaped several thieves and the morning fire in 1182 DR that killed Paerestus and destroyed his house.

Someone found it in the wall later, probably while scavenging building stones, and it disappeared for more than a century, probably changing hands many times, before priests of Milil found it in the bazaar in Calimport on Mirtul 3rd, 1296 DR, and bought it because of the tunes it emitted when opened.

They took it on a tour of Sorlyn temples, amid great rejoicing (and perhaps with the secondary and successful intention of increasing their own personal ranks and reputations within the priesthood). This “Grand Promenade,” as some church histories term it, lasted for more than a decade before it ended in Scornubel, in 1313 DR, when the priests were torn apart by the beast-claws of unknown assailants, and the holy tome vanished again.

The “Book that Sings” appeared again in 1337 DR, in an inn near Amnwater, when a gang of thieves used it as cover for their deeds, leaving one of them behind in their room to open the book from time to time and sing along (to make it seem as if they were all within, singing and playing, while in fact they were out stealing from other rooms in the inn).

When the thieves were caught at this and slain on the spot by the unchartered adventurers known as Talandusar’s Tusks, the unprincipled warrior Talandusar took the tome with him as the Tusks headed north and east out of Amn, into the wilderlands and brigandry.

What befell them is not known, but Talandusar has been seen recently in both Hillsfar and Mulmaster without his fellows—and without the “Book that Sings,” which turned up one night in 1345 DR, floating above a street in Neverwinter. It was promptly collected by a traveling merchant, and sold in Waterdeep to the mage Noustlas “Stonecoin” Mnarrath.

Noustlas was known for dour ways and harboring suspicions of all other living things. Those he suspected must be sorcerous foes or the disguised agents of sorcerous foes, out to spy on him and work him harm whenever they could. (His nickname came from turning a pile of coins paid to him at a MageFair into stone, for fear that waiting spells would be unleashed on him if he touched them or if someone else disturbed the pile.) Eventually he became convinced that the book had been enspelled by an enemy to listen and watch on all that befell in the cluttered, cavernous upper room where he lived—and to emit harmful magics from time to time.

So he hurled it out a window, and sent a *fireball* after it. This earned him the ire of the city authorities, and sent the





round tome tumbling into the hands of an astonished lady escort working the street below. She took it home and used it as a music box, opening it from time to time when she wanted to hear a tune. When the stiffness and wrinkles of her increasing age caused business to decline, she sold the book in 1355 DR for enough coin to allow her to retire in relative luxury. The buyer was Obelos “the Only” Braeril, a dealer in magical curios whose shop (since destroyed in a sorcerous duel, though Obelos still deals in enchanted oddities out of his lodgings in Shield Street) stood on the Way of the Dragon. There it was noticed by the Sorlyn priest Velmos Sonder, an ambitious and swiftly rising young prelate. Velmos lacked the funds to purchase the tome, but hid himself in the shop one night and copied the singing stone spell from its pages. He then took to writing humorously nasty topical songs that commented on the lives and doings of Waterdhavians—songs he performed in secret, and “recorded” with *singing stone* spells that he cast on stones so that, when touched, they would emit the song loudly and clearly—all too clearly, in the opinions of certain powerful noble persons and merchants.

By then, with everyone else in the city wanting one of the stones, Sonder had made enough money to buy himself the holy book, a load of fine furniture, strongchests to hold the rest of his money, a caravan of wagons to carry it all in and many fine horses to take it all to somewhere distant where he could find a country villa to his liking, and settle down there.

So that is exactly what Sonder did, founding the Sorlyn Abbey of Highsong in the abandoned Tharthyn family villa northwest of Nashkel. His murder there, three years after the abbey opened (and began to flourish, attracting many wealthy but directionless young folk from Amn and Baldur’s Gate), has never been solved. But whoever did the deed, leaving the self-styled “Laurel Lord of Song” sprawled in his blood in the main hall of the Inner Gallery, saw fit to take the abbey’s prized holy book away, too.

Its current whereabouts remain a mystery, despite the best efforts of the diligently searching Sorlyn priests.

From the records of Highsong, we know the precise contents of *Wythyndle’s Round Book*, which are as follows (one spell to a page): *Accelerate healing* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *analyze balance* (Tome of Magic), *animate rock*, *battle song* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *blessed abundance* (Tome of Magic), *calm chaos* (Tome of Magic), *cloud of purification* (Tome of Magic), *create holy symbol* (Tome of Magic), *dispel silence* (Faiths & Avatars), *dissension’s feast* (Tome of Magic), *divine inspiration* (Tome of Magic), *draw upon holy might* (Tome of Magic), *elsewhere chant* (a spell detailed below), *emotion*

control (Tome of Magic), *emotion read* (Tome of Magic), *focus* (Tome of Magic), *forgotten melody* (Faiths & Avatars), *fortify* (Tome of Magic), *genius* (Tome of Magic), *heroes’ feast*, *holy word*, *idea* (Tome of Magic), *know customs* (Tome of Magic), *memory read* (Tome of Magic), *mind read* (Tome of Magic), *music of the spheres* (Tome of Magic), *mystic transfer* (Tome of Magic), *nap* (Tome of Magic), *personal reading* (Tome of Magic), *plane shift*, *rapport* (Tome of Magic), *sacred guardian* (Tome of Magic), *searing song* (detailed below), *singing stone* (Faiths & Avatars), *song of healing* (detailed below), *speak with animals*, *speak with dead*, *speak with monsters*, *speak with plants*, *stone tell*, *telepathy* (Tome of Magic), *thought broadcast* (Tome of Magic), *thought capture* (Tome of Magic), *tongues*, *unearthly choir* (Tome of Magic), and *zone of truth* (Tome of Magic).

SEARING SONG

(Alteration, Invocation/Evocation)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Combat
Range:	30 yards or touch
Components:	V
Duration:	Instantaneous
Casting Time:	7 or 2 rounds
Area of Effect:	One target being
Saving Throw:	54 or None

This spell can be cast in two ways. If unleashed as a chanted or shouted verse for one round, it produces an invisible beam of “solid air” that unerringly strikes a single target a physical blow that inflicts 1d6+1 points of damage (a successful saving throw vs. spell reduces this to half). The attack can “pass within” all known magical and physical barriers, but the target must be clearly visible to the caster of *searing song* or the magic fails (and is wasted).

The name of this spell comes from its more powerful form. If the caster sings the enchantment twice through, taking two rounds to cast the *searing song*, its attack takes the same form, but is far more efficacious. The “long song” corrodes the flesh of a single target and delivers 3d4+2 points of damage (a successful saving throw reduces this to half).

If the *searing song* caster can touch the target being (successful attack roll required), no saving throw is allowed against either the short or long versions of the spell.

The vocalization of the spell unleashes and directs the magic, rather than creating the spell effect, so magical silence (or deafness on the part of a target) has no effect on the power or operation of a *searing song*.





Song of Healing

(Necromancy)

Level: 5
Sphere: Healing
Range: 0
Components: V, S
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 1 round + 1 round per target
Area of Effect: Up to 12 target beings
within a 30-foot radius
Saving Throw: None

The casting time of this spell is one round, plus one round per target to be affected. It affects only beings within range that the caster chooses as spell recipients (unnoticed creatures or those the caster does not want to aid are ignored by this magic) to a maximum limit of 12 beings. A *song of healing* restores 1d8 hit points, plus 1 point per level of the caster, to all recipients. The caster may not benefit from his own *song of healing*.

The vocalization of the spell unleashes and directs the magic, rather than creating the spell effect, so magical *silence* (or deafness on the part of the target being) has no effect on the power or operation of a *song of healing*.

Elsewhere Chant

(Alteration)

Level: 7
Sphere: Summoning
Range: Touch
Components: V, S
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 1 round or 2 rounds
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell transports two living creatures (one of whom may be the caster), or a creature and an item, or two items, to “elsewhere” from the place of casting. Travel is safe (akin to a wizard’s *teleport without error* spell), but must be to a destination on the same plane as the caster. If the caster desires, only one being or item can be moved by the spell, but if two are moved, they must go to different destinations. For purposes of this spell, a “being” means any creature plus whatever gear they are wearing or carrying, but not more than 400 pounds total weight. An “item” may be a single thing or a container holding many objects or any number of articles lashed together, but weighing not more than 400 pounds total.



Nonliving material (chosen randomly) in excess of the weight limits is left behind, but a living being who exceeds the weight limit causes the spell to fail (without harming the intended spell recipients). Note that this spell leaves behind parasites, rodents, and hidden creatures riding on a spell recipient, rather than failing because of their presence.

If a priest employing an *elsewhere chant* takes a single round to unleash it, both affected beings or items are translocated to visible nearby destinations. This use of the spell often serves to put distance between the caster and a foe. If the caster chants for two rounds when casting this spell, the travel of one or both recipients can be to any location on the same plane (that is, distant, out-of-view spots). Destinations must be to places the caster can currently see or has been in at a previous time, not merely “the other side of this mountain” or an unknown name on a map.

If a prohibited destination is chosen or some part of a recipient exceeds the limits of the magic, a random destination or part of the recipient to be excluded is determined (such things are never determined by the caster).





Yornar's Trail Companion



The *Companion* takes the form of a crescent, with a single stout curving scrollwork hinge as its spine, at the midpoint of the outside curve of the crescent. Its covers are of ironwood, so treated with many layers of enchantments as to withstand all known spells (including *disintegration* and *dispel magic* effects), fire, and other physical attacks. These covers are capped with metal at their points from time to time, and covered with leather bindings. Both metal and leather reveal the rigors of time, weather, and handling, usually giving the whole book a worn appearance.

The covers enclose many thin pages of what look like polished, hair-thin slabs of mica, spell-treated and so unbreakable, it seems. Each bears a single spell. The distance from horn to horn of the crescent (the height of the book) is perhaps a foot and a half.

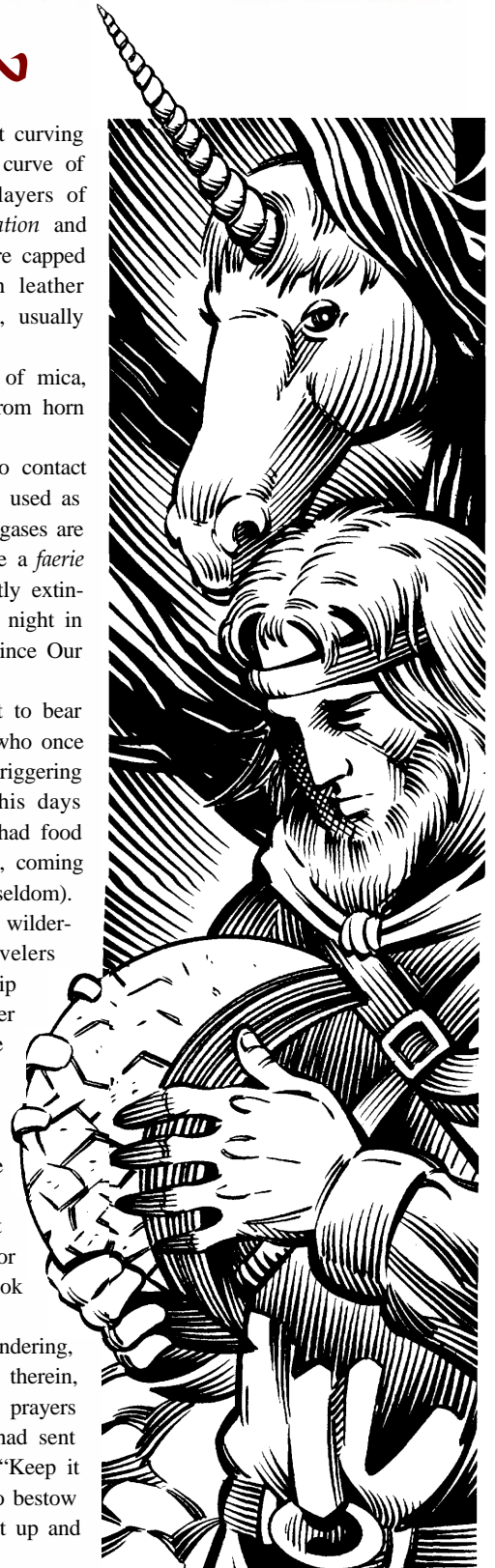
If held in bare flesh, the *Companion* is prickly to the touch when it comes into contact with anything corrosive or poisonous to humans, elves, and half-elves (thus, it can be used as a *detect poison* spell by immersing it in liquid, touching it to food, or when poisonous gases are suspected, by waving it in the air). The book itself can be made to glow faintly (like a *faerie fire* spell) if someone touches it and wills it to shine, and this radiance can be silently extinguished in the same manner. This property has often been used as a light source, at night in the forest, by the hundreds of rangers who have borne the *Companion* in the years since Our Lady of the Forest gave it to her faithful.

Mielikkian lore says that the great ranger hero Yornar “the Tracker” was the first to bear the *Companion*, and hence it bears his name. Yornar was a gaunt and bearded giant who once slew an entire orc horde singlehandedly by tricking them into a gorge and then triggering rockfalls until the chasm was filled with tumbling boulders. He spent most of his days working much smaller magics to ensure that the snails and bears of the forest both had food and shelter in plenty. Yornar flourished in the eastern Sword Coast North backlands, coming to Neverwinter, Silverymoon, and Everlund of the cities of men (and those only seldom). He became a legend among the foresters, trappers, and prospectors who traveled the wildlands of the North. Yornar was wont to appear out of storm or nightdark when travelers needed aid, render it with a smile and in silence (or the fewest words needed), and slip away again without farewell. He was last seen (so Mielikkians believe) by a woodcutter in 996 DR, and although signs of his work were observed as late as 999 DR, none have seen him since. No man knows where his bones lie. The followers of the goddess of rangers believe that he still lives, as the personal servant of the Lady in Green.

The tales say Yornar was once lost in the woods and beset by bugbears. Looking up through the trees, he saw the crescent moon high above, and muttered, “Oh, that the moon itself would come down and light the way for my sword.”

And the moon did so, or rather, out of the glowing heavens a miniature crescent descended, glowing with the pale fire of the moon, lighting the forest brightly for Yornar to vanquish his fearful foes. When the battle was done, the ranger turned to look at the radiant thing, and pray to his goddess in thanks for her aid.

The crescent floated into his hand and he discovered he was holding a book. Wondering, he leafed through it, but could read little more than the names of some of the prayers therein, enough to recognize them as spells used by the priests of Mielikki. In his fervent prayers thereafter, he asked the goddess for guidance as to what to do with the token she had sent him. He was startled into wakefulness by a low, rich voice that spoke into his ear, “Keep it with you and give it to one who will serve me. You will know when the time is right to bestow it.” He felt a kiss on his cheek like fire, but as cool as spring water, and when he sat up and stared into the forest, he was alone in the darkness.





Yornar did as he was bid, passing the *Companion* on to a priestess, Emthreana Gulkryn in the year 964 DR, who was fighting against the spreading influence of Hellgate Keep in the eastern High Forest. The dream-visions she received from Mielikki, after using the tome for most of a season, were that it was time to hand it to a passing ranger who seemed right, her time for using it was at an end.

She did. The book traveled on, being taken across Faerûn by a ranger and surrendered to a Mielikkian priest, who in turn handed it to another ranger and so on. Emthreana, and every cleric who received the tome after her, gained the impression that a priest of the goddess might be allowed to use the *Companion* a second time, when in great need, but no more.

Mielikki seems to have carefully and patiently sent the book hither and yon to hearten, inspire, and build the magical might of her worshipers all over Faerûn. There is little of interest to recount of its endless journeys, nor in the studies of the quietly diligent Mielikkian holy folk.

One of the rangers who carried it often from place to place, however, was the tireless Rhighaermon O'Antlers, a nobleman of Waterdeep who renounced his surname, kin, and riches to travel the unspoiled backlands of the Realms. He sheathed the covers of the tome in new leather no fewer than four times, and came to regard it as an old friend, sometimes speaking to it as if it were a silent but attentive traveling companion. When a thief made off with the tome and sold it to Lord Lathamp of Elupar in 1184 DR, Rhighaermon gathered a half-dozen fellow Mielikkians and seized it back, taking it from the Lord's vaults in a daring raid that saw rangers fencing with Eluphan armsmen up and down the galleries and battlements of the Lord's grand palace.

When Rhighaermon wed Dathae of Esembra in 1196 DR, the *Companion* hung above his bridal bed like a gently glowing miniature moon. It was on his honeymoon journey, taking the book to the priest Klavaeron of Cedarsproke, that Dathae's secret life as a swanmay was revealed, and it was Dathae who, years later, after Rhighaermon had departed this life in the arms of the goddess, took the *Companion* on its journey from one priest to another.

Two occasions have seen the shattering of the smooth ordering of the book's existence (serving one Mielikkian priest and then being taken by a ranger to another cleric of Our Lady of the Forest). The first break in what Mielikkians term "the Rightful Cycle" of the *Companion* was in 1214 DR. A flight of seven wyverns (thought to be under the spell-control of an evil mage who employed them in several thefts and raids at about this time, although his identity and fate are unknown) tore apart the Mielikkian temple of Highluthholt (which stood in the High Forest some days' travel east of Secomber). The tome was among the temple treasures taken in the raid. It vanished

until 1231 DR, when the Talons of Timindar adventuring band found it among the ruins of Ilimar, an overgrown, fallen city overcome with nagas, lamia, and gigantic spiders. The *Companion* was floating in the center of a fire-scorched room at the top of a tower, a room whose shattered windows bore the tangled bones of men who were hurled into them by an explosion (perhaps a *fireball*).

The Talons took the tome to Khôltar, and there sold it to a mysterious dwarf who went about with two ravens perched, one on each shoulder. He seemed to confer with the birds and even obey them. The dwarf gave them 90,000 pieces of gold and a pair of *slippers of spider climbing* in exchange for the book, but neglected to furnish them with his name. He seems to have been a servant, or slave, of the evil sisters Halatha and Murbreistra Stamar of Phelzol, renegade sorceresses of Halruua whose delight in monster breeding produced many mongrelmen and strange beasts, and won them many enemies.

The sisters lived in a high-walled garden, through which sprawled a spiderlike mansion of rooms and porches and breeze way passages, each with its own doors out into the moss-girded rock gardens that surround it. After word of the deeds of the Starnar sisters reached certain long-standing foes in Halruua, raiding the gardens (dropping on lines from skyships flying over at night) became a popular pastime for younger, willful Halruuaans eager to try their spell-prowess. This fad has since ended (after the sisters worked spells that enabled them to *teleport* several crimson death mists into the gardens at will). Under cover of one of the earliest raids, in 1244 DR, when the night was torn apart by lightning bolts and conjured jaws and blasts of flame, a local thief dared to climb over the wall and risk his skin to make his fortune. In the teeth of the fray, Andaren Robyth made off with what he could from the Starnar mansion.

He came out with a scaled, taloned left arm (caught in the fringes of a transforming spell) that effectively ended his life in polite society, forcing him to become a slayer-for-hire dwelling outside cities and living on commissions to come inside and kill certain people by night. He also came out with a sack containing several magical trinkets—and *Yornar's Trail Companion*.

He traded it for his life in 1246 DR, when a mage hired by a man he had not quite killed came to his cave overlooking Phannaskul, to kill Andaren. The wizard, Hoth of the Six Curses, took the tome and *teleported* the thief across half of Faerûn, to Westgate, where he enjoyed a short but colorful career. When Hoth discovered that the book contained nothing he could use to banish even one of the curses he labored under, he disgustedly sold it in a bazaar in Murghyr. The man who bought it made the mistake of double-crossing a fellow merchant—who turned out to be part of a druuth (a



small band of doppelgangers working for a mind flayer, now increasingly encountered in the lands south of the Shaar and the Dustwall) later that same day, and paid the price.

The leader of the druuth sought to trade the book for a more useful magical item, but happened to choose the wrong man to try to trade with: the elderly Rhighaermon O'Antlers, who used every magical item he owned and stratagem he knew to slay the illithid, seize the *Companion*, and take it to the nearest temple of Mielikki. He managed it, sorely wounded and hotly pursued by doppelgangers, and collapsed into the arms of the priests, unable even to tell them what he was holding out to them.

The temple clergy rushed to defend the stricken old man and heal him, but out of the nearest trees stepped a lady clad all in green, whose pointing finger caused choking vines to spring up and rend the shapeshifters limb from limb. She took Rhighaermon in her arms, smiled, and vanished, leaving the dumbfounded priests on their knees weeping out prayers of praise.

On the altar the next morning, carved deeply, as if the letters had always been there, was the commandment of the goddess: "That which I first gave to Yornar, I give to all in need, my priests to use, and my rangers to carry. Let it pass from you when the time is right, and to the right mortal. You will know when. Keep it not, lest the rightful cycle be broken." These words can be seen to this day, in the Mielikkian temple at Maerlar.

For the most part, they have been well heeded, but a second break in the Rightful Cycle befell recently and still continues, with the whereabouts of the *Companion* unknown and many priests and rangers of many forest faiths keeping "an eye out for it." Those who serve Mielikki will of course follow her directives, should they find it, but priests of other faiths may well copy spells from the tome or keep it for their personal use. The *Companion* dropped out of sight in 1335 DR, when the treespeaker Elanalue Sharrith (a moon elf of the Border Forest) was enslaved by drow coming up out of the depths. Either they took the book with them down into the Deep Realms, or Elanalue managed to hide it before she was taken, or it was lost sometime during her desperate flight and struggle. No less than six bands of adventurers (most recently the Dwarves of Destiny, out of Saerloon, in Eleint, 1361 DR) have gone down into the Underdark seeking the lost treespeaker—none have yet returned.

From the meticulous records kept by Rhighaermon O'Antlers, we know that the spells contained in the *Companion* are as follows: *Accelerate healing* (a spell detailed in the *Tome of Magic* sourcebook), *age creature* (Tome of Magic), *age plant* (Tome of Magic), *animal friendship*, *animal growth*, *animate rock*, *anti-vermin barrier* (Tome of Magic), *anti-*

animal shell, *anti-plant shell*, *banish blight* (a spell detailed in the *Faiths & Avatars* sourcebook), *barkskin*, *breath of life* (Tome of Magic), *call woodland beings*, *circle of privacy* (Tome of Magic), *clear path* (Tome of Magic), *conjure animals*, *control temperature 10' radius*, *control winds*, *create campsite* (Tome of Magic), *create food & water*, *create treant* (Faiths & Avatars), *create water*, *cure blindness or deafness*, *cure disease*, *detect snares and pits*, *dispel magic*, *efficacious monster ward* (Tome of Magic), *endure heat/endure cold*, *entangle*, *faerie fire*, *find drinkable water* (a spell detailed below), *find the path*, *fire purge* (Tome of Magic), *free action*, *giant insect*, *ground trace* (detailed below), *hallucinatory forest*, *heroes' feast*, *hold animal*, *hold plant*, *invisibility purge* (Tome of Magic), *invisibility to animals*, *invisibility to undead*, *know age* (Tome of Magic), *know alignment*, *know direction* (Tome of Magic), *know time* (Tome of Magic), *land of stability* (Tome of Magic), *liveoak*, *locate animals or plants*, *locate object*, *log of everburning* (Tome of Magic), *lower water*, *monster mount* (Tome of Magic), *nap* (Tome of Magic), *neutralize poison*, *part water*, *pass plant*, *pass without trace*, *plant door*, *plant growth*, *protection from fire*, *purify food & drink*, *reflecting pool*, *reincarnate*, *repel insects*, *resist fire/resist cold*, *slow poison*, *snake charm*, *snare*, *speak with monsters*, *speak with plants*, *spike growth*, *stalk* (Faiths & Avatars), *tongues*, *transmute rock to mud*, *transport via plants*, *tree healing* (Faiths & Avatars), *tree steed* (Tome of Magic), *tree*, *turn wood*, *unceasing vigilance of the holy sentinel* (Tome of Magic), *undead ward* (Tome of Magic), *unicorn steed* (detailed below), *wall of thorns*, *warp wood*, *water breathing*, *water walk*, *weather stasis* (Tome of Magic), *weather summoning*, *wolf spirits* (Tome of Magic), *wood sword* (Faiths & Avatars), and *zone of sweet air* (Tome of Magic).

Find Drinkable Water

(Divination)

Level:	1
Sphere:	Divination
Range:	90 miles
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	Instantaneous
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	None

This spell imparts to its caster the precise direction, approximate distance, and a vague mental picture of the nearest spot within spell range where drinkable (that is, not tainted, diseased, or poisonous) water can be had on the surface of Faerûn.





If no such water exists, the spell indicates this fact and shows the location (with distance and direction) of the closest drinkable subterranean water to the surface, with a mental picture of what is above it on the surface. If only tainted or poisonous water exists within spell range, the spell indicates this as well, and points out the nearest source in a like manner. In all cases, the vision and sense of direction and distance remain with the caster until the spot is reached or the caster next slumbers (these memories do not interfere with spellcasting or concentration).

The spell outlines the presence and location of holy and unholy water, as auras of differing hues, but also keeps to its main purpose of locating available natural water. It does not “see” the water contained in blood, sauces, alcoholic beverages, fruit, and the like.

The material component of a *find drinkable water* spell is a drop of water that need not be pure, a drop of dew, or one of the caster’s tears, which must be touched to the caster’s holy symbol.

Unicorn Steed

(Conjuration/Summoning, Enchantment/Charm)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Animal, Summoning
Range:	3 miles
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	24 hours
Casting Time:	1 round
Area of Effect:	One unicorn
Saving Throw:	None

This spell summons a unicorn (or compels one already present) to serve the caster as a steed for one day. It is the only known spell that can so affect a unicorn and works only once in the life of an individual unicorn. (Thereafter it can feel the “pull” of such spells and may choose to obey of its own volition. In this case, the caster is unaware that it is free to abandon such service at any time). A *unicorn steed* will fight for and with the caster, carry him (and an amount of gear equal to his weight, but no other living creature), and even *teleport* with him. The spell creates a special sort of limited telepathy between unicorn and rider, so that each is aware of the other’s intent and mental state.

A *unicorn steed* cannot attack, play pranks on, “throw,” or willfully harm its rider, but the spell is intended as a gentle compulsion. Those who misuse their steeds or send them into danger (as opposed to riding them through danger) may find Mielikki or one of her servants breaking the spell before its

normal expiration. Mielikki would never allow a creature who is not one of her faithful worshipers to successfully gain the use of this spell (even by reading it from a scroll).

The material component for a *unicorn steed* spell is three hairs from the mane or tail of a unicorn.

Ground Trace

(Divination)

Level:	4
Sphere:	Divination
Range:	10 yards
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	1 round per level
Casting Time:	7
Area of Effect:	The caster
Saving Throw:	None

This spell allows its caster to follow the direction and discern the extent of unseen buried roots, watercourses, tunnels, drains, pipes, passages, and even underground rooms—so long as some part of the feature (or something connected to it, such as a swill-pit joined to a drain or a tree coupled to its roots) is visible above the surface and can be seen directly by the caster before or during the casting of the *ground trace* spell. The trace ends when the feature passes below a mile underground or the spell expires. Only the uppermost lair of multilevel underground features is revealed by the magic. However, the caster is made aware of branching and side passages and can often guess at more than the spell reveals. (For instance, if a tunnel splits and one passage descends and then crosses under the other, that deeper passage could not be followed as it went under the uppermost passage, but it would be apparent again the moment it emerged on the other side.) Although general depth, direction, and size are apparent to a caster looking ahead, full knowledge can only be gained by someone standing directly on the earth above the feature (that is, the presence of water blocks the “sight” afforded by this spell). The extent of features that can be learned is therefore determined by the caster’s movement rate, freedom to move, the terrain, and the availability of marker stakes or something similar—although this spell is most commonly used to decide where to dig a shaft or intercepting passage.

The material components of a *ground trace* are a hair from the caster’s body and a piece of string, cord, or thread.





Appendix I: Common Spells

This appendix presents spells available to broader groups than those presented earlier in this tome. Most of these spells are usable by any character who can cast priest spells, provided they are of the appropriate level and meet any other requirements specified in the spell or the section within which the spell is listed.

The DM may use these spells to create new holy books or sacred scrolls given by temples to priest characters who advance in level or ranking within a clergy. The scrolls may also be given to those who make the teaching of their prayers part of the preparation of a priest character for advancement in service to his deity.

General Spells

These spells are commonly available to priests in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting. Most restrictions on their use (if any) center around alignment.

Purify Self (Alteration)

Level: 1
Sphere: All
Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: The caster
Saving Throw: None

This spell causes all grime, dirt, and stains to be removed from the caster and his vestments. It enables priests to present themselves in immaculate condition. All clothing worn by the caster is restored to its original intended color and it even retains any holy marks or adornments added after its creation. Wounds in the body of the caster are cleansed and infections are purified. One point of damage is healed if no curative spells have been previously applied to a wound, and all normal wounds are considered bound after this spell is cast.

Priesthoods for which the effects of this spell are inappropriate, such as those of the various deities of corruption, disease, and of the earth, employ variants of this spell and material components more appropriate for their faiths. (This spell, first presented in FR10 *Old Empires*, was formerly known as *cleanse*.)

The material component for this spell is a piece of soap.

Omen (Divination)

Level: 2
Sphere: All, Divination
Range: Special
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Instantaneous
Casting Time: 5
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None





Priests casting this spell are asking for the approval of their deities regarding an action. For instance, a good character may want to know if bribing a government official into adjudicating a land dispute so as to avoid violence meets with his deity's approval. The deity disapproves of bribery, so the answer is "no."

The caster has a chance equal to 60% +2% per level of getting an answer. This response is always an obvious "yes" or "no," though it is likely to be expressed in a symbolic way through a known sign of a power's approval or disapproval—seven swans flying overhead may mean "yes," while a clap of thunder in an otherwise clear sky could mean "no." If the request for an answer is not successful, no sign is obtained. (However, inexperienced or over anxious casters may well misinterpret unrelated events as divine answers.)

The material component for this spell is a gem of at least 100 gp value that must be sacrificed to the deity in the casting.

Continual Faerie Fire

(Alteration)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Weather
Range:	120 yards
Components:	V, M
Duration:	Permanent
Casting Time:	6
Area of Effect:	25 square feet per level within a 70-foot radius
Saving Throw:	None

This spell is most often used to illuminate temples or temporary places of worship. *Continual faerie fire* allows a priest to cover an area with a pale, glowing light. This radiance may be of any color desired by the caster. Amber, green, red, ale-brown, and purple, in that order, seem the most popular. Crafty spellcasters sometimes employ blue-white or specific aura hues to simulate magical auras. The spell's area of effect can be of any size up to the limit imposed by the priest's level, but it must be continuous. A row of patches of light the size of coins would require a row of spells, whereas a ribbon or circle of light in the same area could be created with a single spell.

When in contact with the lit area, all beings and objects are outlined with a slightly more intense light than their surroundings. Invisible creatures are also surrounded with a nimbus and revealed if in contact with *continual faerie fire*, but noncorporeal, ethereal, or gaseous creatures are unaffected. Undead creatures, however disguised, display an aura of blackness when in contact with *continual faerie fire*.

All creatures and objects possessing or under the current influence of cast magic, which is not part of their essential nature radiate an additional flickering white aura. (The magic that animates some undead creatures is part of their essential nature; they would not cause a white aura unless they also bore some special magical item or cast dweomer.) Spellcasting or activating a magical item while in contact with the radiance of *continual faerie fire* is accompanied by tiny, winking white motes of light. (A flickering white aura is not displayed by beings who have only memorized spells and not yet cast them.) The white aura concentrates around magical items and surrounds beings under a dweomer. In other words, a magical sword or potion flask would display this flickering white aura, and the entire person of a polymorphed being would glow. The whole of any illusion also glows with this flickering white aura. Note that aura effects are cumulative: An undead creature imbued with spell ability or disguised by an illusion would have a black aura haloed with a flickering white one.

The radiance does not harm undead or creatures that dwell in darkness and it never approaches the intensity of sunlight, but creatures with normal vision can attack and function as in normal light. The radiance does not alter or damage objects or creatures within its area of effect in any way. Moving objects and creatures retain a glowing outline for one round after they leave the area lit by the spell.

Continual faerie fire operates independently of magical *light* and *darkness*, functioning as if neither existed. Within areas of bright light, the winking white lights of magical outlines are hard to see, and the colored outlines around beings and objects appear as a faint fuzziness around the perceived edges of their outlined forms.

The material components of this spell are a piece of foxfire, a drop of water, a pinch of ashes, and pinch of bone dust.

Glyph of Warding: TelaTha

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Level:	3
Sphere:	Guardian
Range:	Touch
Components:	V, S, M
Duration:	Permanent until discharged
Casting Time:	Special
Area of Effect:	Special
Saving Throw:	Special

A *glyph of warding* is a powerful inscription magically drawn to prevent unauthorized or hostile creatures from passing, entering, or opening. The *glyph of warding: TelaTha*, also known as "Morninglow," is favored by priests and affiliated orders of



the church of Lathander, who claim that the Morninglord taught it to them ages ago. Members of other faiths worshiping good-aligned deities may use it, however. The conditions, limitations, and material components for casting a *glyph of warding: Telatha* are the same as for a normal *glyph of warding* as explained in the *Player's Handbook*.

When triggered, *Telatha* explodes with the intense brightness of the rising sun, automatically stunning the creature that triggered it for one round. The triggering creature is also permanently blinded unless it succeeds at a saving throw vs. spell. If the saving throw is successful, the blindness lasts only 1d6 turns. (Creatures employing magical darkness, at the time they trigger this glyph, suffer only 1d4 rounds of blindness, as *darkness* and the glyph negate each other—but the *darkness* must already be operating. No known magic can trigger and unleash *darkness* quickly enough to withstand *Telatha's* effects.)

Hold Metal (Enchantment/Charm)

Level: 4
Sphere: Charm
Range: 30 yards
Components: V, S
Duration: 1 round per level
Casting Time: 6
Area of Effect: 5 square feet per level
Saving Throw: None

By casting this spell, the priest causes all ferrous metal (iron, iron alloys, and steel) within the spell's area of effect to be held fast, just as a character would be in a *hold person* spell. Swords being swung, pendulum blades arcing, and other metallic objects stop in midstrike. Although these metal objects can be touched, they cannot be moved for the duration of the spell. It is as if the metal weighed tons or was held fast by *sovereign glue*.

This spell is often used to prevent individuals in the area of effect from drawing weapons or from removing metallic or partially metallic objects from the affected area. The spell is especially useful against individuals clad in chain or plate mail. Beings wearing any ferrous armor find that while under the effects of this spell they cannot move. Furthermore, anyone wearing metal who enters the area of effect of an already operating *hold metal* spell finds that the metal in his possession is instantly rendered immobile, from weapons to metal buttons, from buckles to cloak clasps.

Nonferrous metals are unaffected by *hold metal*, so an individual wearing bronze plate mail or picking up a silver candelabrum would be able to proceed normally—if the item in question does not have iron or another ferrous metal hidden





within it (such as a plating of nonferrous metal over steel or iron). Note that most nonferrous metals are not sturdy enough for use in heavy tools without some ferrous metal alloyed with it.

Censure

(Alteration, Illusion/Phantasm)

Level: 4
Sphere: All
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 12 hours per level
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: One creature
Saving Throw: Neg.

To enact this spell, the priest must touch the subject creature with his holy symbol. If a successful attack roll shows the priest has done so, the priest then, by word and gesture, “casts out” the creature, which is allowed a saving throw vs. spell. If the saving throw fails, the creature is marked by the spell. The mark is visible to the casting priest and all followers of the same faith. Priests of the same alignment who worship other deities cannot see the mark, but instinctively react to a *censured* creature with fear, hatred, and aversion and do not trust nor willingly aid it.

Beings of the caster’s faith refuse to aid or even approach the *censured* creature, ignoring it if it attempts to deal with them and driving it away if it tries to enter a building, a home, or even a territory controlled by one who can see the mark. Members of the caster’s faith can strike at the marked creature if necessary to drive it away from places they control; they feel compelled to do so if the creature does not quickly leave after less violent means of persuasion are tried first.

To beings of the caster’s faith, the mark shines clearly through clothing and disguises including disguising magic, such as *alter self* and shapeshifting, and even invisibility. However, the mark is invisible to the one bearing it—who may not even know of its existence if it was bestowed in a battle or while the creature was asleep or unconscious. Worshipers can thus readily spy upon and follow those marked as enemies even in crowds or busy city streets.

The mark is revealed by *detect magic* or a similar spell and can readily be removed by means of a *dispel magic* spell. Priests are warned that misuse of such a spell brings about swift divine disfavor.

The material component of this spell is the caster’s holy symbol.

CONTROL GIANT INSECT (Enchantment/Charm)

Level: 4
Sphere: Animal
Range: 100 yards per level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 turn + 1 round per level
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: One giant insect
Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell (originally known as *control aratha*) was developed by the priests of the Dawnspire in Myth Drannor to enable them to control local giant killer beetles, or arathas, and force them to serve as temple guardians. Although this spell normally falls outside the spheres of magic a specialty priest of Lathander can use, Lathander allows his specialty priests to use it because he originally gave the spell only to his clergy, though it is now available to all faiths.

This spell works on all giant and magically enlarged insects who fail a saving throw vs. spell. Only one insect can be controlled per spell. The insect cannot be used as a steed by the caster because of the particular nature of the magic that enables the caster to precisely control the insect from afar. This magical telefactoring involves the caster making movements that are imitated as precisely as possible (given differing body types) by the insect. Thus, a priest with sufficient personal space and suppleness to make the necessary movements could force a beetle to follow a complex route, pull a lever, push chess pieces about on a board, and perform other complex tasks to the limits allowed by its body.

The material component for this spell is a scale, a piece of chitin, or a body part of the type of insect over which control is desired. This material can be a dried husk or a remnant and may come from any size of related insect. For instance, a giant wasp could be controlled by a spell employing the wing of a normal wasp as its material component.

Float (Alteration)

Level: 5
Sphere: Creation
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 2 turns+ 1 turn per level
Casting Time: 5 rounds
Area of Effect: Object touched
Saving Throw: None





This spell allows the priest to bestow a form of magical flight upon an object weighing 500 pounds or less. The priest moves the object through concentration, causing it to move either vertically or horizontally at MV FL 6 (C) and half that rate if ascending or descending. Further, the caster can cause the object to hover motionless, suspended in the air. If the caster's concentration is disrupted, the spell is ended.

The material component for the spell is a bit of down from a duck.

Hard Water

(Alteration)

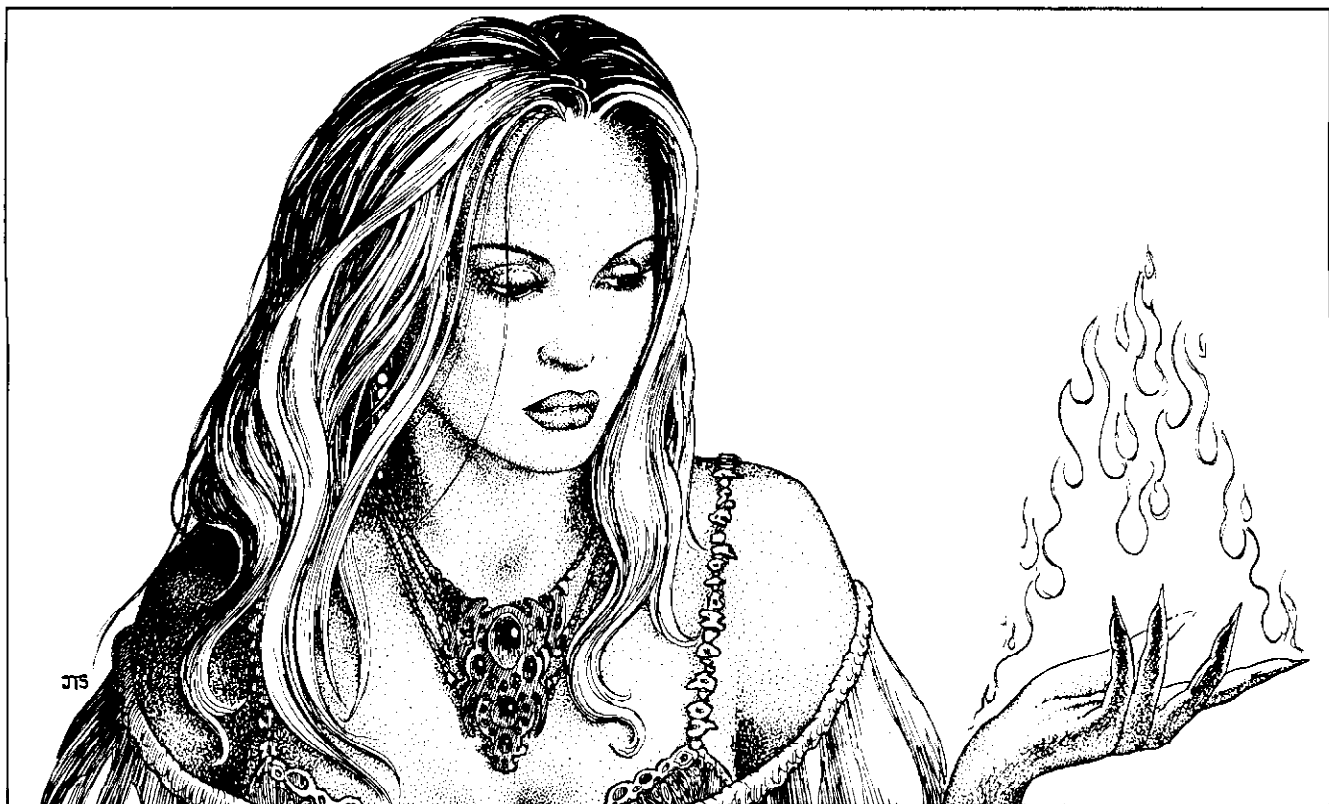
Level: 5
Sphere: Elemental Water
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 turn+ 1 round per level
Casting Time: 1 round
Area of Effect: 10 cubic feet per level
Saving Throw: None

This spell turns a body of water (or part of one) into a rock-hard substance. Magical, enchanted, holy, and unholy waters are not affected by this spell. The *hard water* retains its color and its content; however, it is solid for the duration of the spell. The amount of water affected cannot exceed 10 cubic feet (approximately 75 gallons) per level of the priest.

Creatures embedded or partially embedded in the *hard water*, such as fish, insects, and humans, are not injured or killed, and they do not suffocate or drown. They are simply held until the spell has run its course, as are water weirds, water elementals, or similar creatures composed of animate water caught within the spell's area of effect. The spell can be negated before its duration expires by casting a successful *dispel magic* spell on the *hard water*. The casting priest can also cancel the spell at will.

Priests casting *hard water* can designate the depth to which the water becomes hard to a minimum depth of 6 inches. For example, a priest casting *hard water* on a river could specify that only the surface of the water would become hard, thereby making it possible to walk on the river.

The material components of this spell are a flask of water and a stone.





Break Limb

(Alteration) Reversible

Level: 6
Sphere: Necromantic, Healing
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: See text
Casting Time: 9
Area of Effect: Limb touched
Saving Throw: Special

This devastating spell enables the caster to break an opponent's arm or leg by touching it. (A successful attack roll is required to touch a victim who is not unconscious or restrained.) In addition to snapping the limb, *break limb* inflicts 1d10 points of damage. If the target makes a successful saving throw vs. spell, the break does not occur, but the individual still suffers 1d10 points of damage from the powerful enchantment.

The effects of the spell vary based on the limb touched. For example, if the priest breaks an individual's weapon arm, that individual cannot wield a weapon. If the priest breaks an individual's shield arm, the victim cannot use a shield with that limb. If the priest breaks a target's leg, the individual cannot stand without aid and is reduced to a MV of 3, crawling or hobbling about on one leg. Breaking both legs (two castings required) incapacitates the victim. Necks cannot be broken with this spell. A limb broken by this spell can only be mended by a month of bedrest (which may be accelerated under the watchful eye of someone with the healing nonweapon proficiency), a *mend limb* spell, or a *heal* spell.

The reverse of this spell, *mend limb*, causes broken bones to fuse correctly together.

The material component of *break limb* is a broken bone from any animal. The material component of *mend limb* is a small piece of bandage and two sticks.

Create Undead Minion

(Alteration, Necromancy)

Level: 7
Sphere: Necromantic
Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 1 turn
Area of Effect: One living sentient being or the corpse of one
Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell is available only to faiths headed by deities of evil alignments. The caster of this spell creates the form of an undead creature. The type of undead creature created depends upon the level of the caster and the condition of the victim. The spell may be cast on a living or a dead subject. Dead subjects must have died within the previous 24 hours, and their bodies must be in good shape. If dead subjects fail their saving throws vs. spell, they transform into ghouls, the only type of undead that can be created from a dead subject with this spell.

Subjects who are still alive when this spell is cast become more powerful undead minions. If such subjects fail their saving throws vs. spell, they transform into the type of undead indicated below, depending on the casting priest's level. Casters can create any type of undead listed on the table up to their level limit. Thus, an 18th-level priest can create a ghoul or a ghastr as easily as a vampire. Undead creatures of any sort created by this spell never retain character abilities.

Cleric Level	Type of Undead
14th	Ghoul
15th	Ghast
16th	Ju-ju zombie
17th	Wight
18th	Wraith
19th	Spectre
20th+	Vampire

The transformation into an undead creature takes the full turn of the casting time to be completed. If the spell is interrupted (or dispelled) before the turn is complete, the subject is rendered unconscious for a turn and returns to normal at the end of that turn.

The undead creature created by this spell is under the complete control of the caster. If the controlling priest is later killed, the undead minion must make a successful saving throw vs. death magic or perish as well. Surviving undead creatures become free-willed.

The components of this spell are the holy symbol of the caster, dirt from a graveyard, and the fingernail of one of the forms of corporeal undead listed on the table above.

Emerald Enclave Spells

The following spells are granted to those clerics, specialty priests, and druids who belong to the Emerald Enclave (active in the Vilhon Reach area) and worship one of its patron powers: Silvanus, Eldath, or Mielikki. These spells are typically not available to other faiths, though DMs may wish to expand their usage to other nature religions. They are not available to faiths unconcerned with nature. These spells are all usable by priests





of the Enclave, regardless of the spheres of magic to which certain types of priests or religions are usually restricted.

Faith Magic Zone

(Abjuration)

Level: 4
Sphere: Protection, Wards
Range: 60 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1d4 turns
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: 180-foot-radius sphere
Saving Throw: None

This spell causes the casting of all wizard spells in the area of effect to be slowed, resulting in a +3 penalty to the casting times of spells that normally take one round or less to cast. Spells that take more than a round to cast are unaffected by *faith magic zone*. Magical items that call upon spell-like effects similar to those of wizard spell effects are likewise penalized with a +3 penalty to the activation of these abilities. These penalties take effect the moment the spell is completed, even if an affected spell or spell-like effect was being cast or activated while the *faith magic zone* spell was being cast.

There is no visible effect of *faith magic zone* other than a dim silver radiance that emanates from the caster. Note that, since the caster is not necessarily the center of the spell's effect, there is no readily apparent way to know where the limits of the spell's effects are located.

Creatures in the area of effect of a *faith magic zone* gain a +3 bonus on all saving throws vs. spell (wizard spells only) while the zone remains in effect. It can be dispelled normally.

The material components for this spell are the priest's holy symbol and a vial of honey collected from a beehive or a honeycomb.

Retarget

(Alteration)

Level: 5
Sphere: Combat, Protection
Range: 40 yards
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 2 rounds per level
Casting Time: 7
Area of Effect: One spell
Saving Throw: None

Retarget allows the caster to choose any spell cast, during its duration and redirect it to any other creature within spell range. For example, if a mage were to cast *magic missile* at a cleric who has cast *retarget*, the cleric could choose a different target for the spell—including the wizard who initially cast it.

This spell does not convey to its caster any knowledge of the spell that has been cast, so a cleric who decides to redirect a ball of fire that emerges from a mage's hand might be retargeting a *fireball* spell or might be altering the target for a *flaming sphere* spell. If the caster of *retarget* redirects the chosen spell to a point out of range for the initial caster, the spell that is retargeted is negated instead, and the *retarget* spell expires. Spells that only affect the spellcaster cannot be retargeted.

The material components for this spell are the caster's holy symbol and a silver mirror.

Windlance

(Alteration)

Level: 5
Sphere: Elemental Air
Range: 0
Components: V
Duration: 1 round
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: 10-foot cube
Saving Throw: None

This spell is primarily used by druids and other shapeshifters as a method of escape. When *windlance* is cast, a powerful burst of air launches the spellcaster and any other creature or creatures unfortunate enough to be in the same 10-foot cube into the sky for 120 to 600 feet, as chosen by the casting priest. No damage is sustained in the initial blast, but creatures unable to change shape, fly, or use magic for a soft landing suffer normal falling damage when they strike the ground.

Windlance activates any natural shape change ability its caster has, allowing the casting creature to cast *windlance* and change form in the same round. Creatures other than the caster in the spell's area of effect at the time the spell is cast are not empowered.





Appendix II: Spell Index

Alert vigil (Torm; Pr 1; Charm, Necromantic).....	107	Kelemvor's grace (Kelemvor; Pr 5; Protection).....	91
Awakening (Lathander; Pr 4; Protection).....	99	Laughing water (Eldath; Pr 3; Necromantic, Protection).....	24
Azuth's alteration mantle (Azuth; Pr 6; Protection).....	112	Leaf into dagger (Chauntea; Pr 1; Combat, Plant).....	30
Azuth's firing frenzy (Azuth; Pr 6; Combat).....	112	Lightning lance (Talos; Pr 4; Combat).....	20
Azuth's immobility (Azuth; Pr 5; Charm).....	111	Loving pain (Loviatar; Pr 5; Healing).....	48
Battle trident (Umberlee; Pr 4; Combat).....	70	Lure (Sune; Pr 3; Charm, Necromantic).....	75
Biting shadow (Mask; Pr 7; Combat, Protection).....	58	Make real (Tyr; Pr 7; All).....	11
Blood hand (Malar; Pr 2; Charm).....	16	Mantle of Mystra (Mystra; Pr 4; Protection).....	81
Body blades (Loviatar; Pr 2; Combat).....	47	Manythorns (Silvanus; Pr 2; Combat, Protection).....	52
Boon of fortune (Tymora; Pr 3; Combat).....	28	Master rune (Deneir; Pr 7; Combat, Protection).....	62
Boon of the god (Tyr; Pr 4; Combat, Healing).....	10	Message mote (Tyr; Pr 2; All).....	10
Break limb (Pr 6; Necromantic, Healing).....	126	Might of Mystra (Mystra; Pr 5; Charm, Divination).....	82
Cairn (Ilmater; Pr 4; Elemental Earth).....	104	Mirror vestments (Lathander; Pr 3; Protection).....	98
Censure (Pr 4; All).....	124	Missing word (Oghma; Pr 7; Divination).....	43
Chant of fangs (Malar; Pr 3; Combat).....	16	Moon rising (Selûne; Pr 4; Combat).....	66
Chain creation (Lathander; Pr 5; Creation).....	99	Moon shield (Selûne; Pr 2; Protection).....	65
Cold hand (Auril; Pr 5; Combat, Elemental Water).....	88	Moonfire (Selûne; Pr 5; Necromantic).....	66
Continual faerie fire (Pr 3; Weather).....	122	Moss skull (Silvanus; Pr 5; Combat, Elemental Fire, Elemental Water).....	52
Control giant insect (Pr 4; Animal).....	122	Multiple message mote (Tyr; Pr 4; All).....	11
Crawling darkness (Shar; Pr 6; Protection).....	35	Omen (Pr 2; All, Divination).....	121
Create undead minion (Pr 7; Necromantic).....	126	Permanent lure (Sune; Pr 6; Charm, Necromantic).....	76
Dark road (Shar; Pr 6; Elemental Earth).....	35	Plant renewal (Eldath; Pr 2; Plant).....	24
Dark way (Mask; Pr 6; Creation).....	57	Purify self (Pr 1; All).....	121
Darkfire (Beshaba; Pr 2; Combat, Necromantic).....	13	Repair (Gond; Pr 5; Creation).....	8
Death dragon (Kelemvor; Pr 6; Necromantic).....	92	Restore rune (Deneir; Pr 6; Divination, Guardian).....	62
Divine purpose (Gond; Pr 3; Divination).....	7	Retarget (Pr 5; Combat, Protection).....	127
Doomtide (Beshaba; Pr 4; Combat, Guardian).....	13	Ripen plant (Chauntea; Pr 2; Plant).....	30
Elsewhere chant (Milil; Pr 7; Summoning).....	116	Rosewater (Lathander; Pr 2; Healing).....	98
Embattlement (Ilmater; Pr 3; Protection).....	104	Sacred strike (Loviatar; Pr 4; Combat, Necromantic).....	47
Enchant phylactery (Mystra; Pr 5; Guardian, Protection).....	81	Sanctified marker (Deneir; Pr 4; Creation).....	60
Everchanging self (Mask; Pr 6; Chaos, Protection).....	57	Scouring wind (Talos; Pr 5; Elemental Air).....	21
Faith armor (Helm; Pr 5; Protection).....	39	Searing song (Milil; Pr 4; Combat).....	115
Faith magic zone (Pr 4; Protection, Wards).....	127	Seeking mote (Chauntea; Pr 1; Sun).....	30
Falling wall (Silvanus; Pr 6; Elemental Earth, Weather).....	53	Shield of the god (Helm; Pr 5; Protection).....	40
Fangs of retribution (Ilmater; Pr 2; Combat).....	104	Slicing shadow (Mask; Pr 5; Combat).....	56
Find drinkable water (Mielikki; Pr 1; Divination).....	119	Slow boon (Ilmater; Pr 3; Healing).....	104
Fire of justice (Tyr; Pr 5; Combat).....	11	Snow boots (Auril; Pr 1; Elemental Water).....	87
Fist of faith (Helm; Pr 2; Combat).....	39	Snow snake (Auril; Pr 5; Combat, Elemental Water).....	88
Fist of Gond (Gond; Pr 6; Combat).....	8	Song of healing (Milil; Pr 5; Healing).....	116
Float (Pr 5; Creation).....	124	Spectral manticores (Malar; Pr 4; Summoning).....	17
Fortunate fate (Tymora; Pr 7; Healing, Protection).....	28	Spectral stag (Malar; Pr 4; Summoning).....	17
Frost breath (Auril; Pr 2; Combat, Elemental Water).....	87	Speeding trident (Umberlee; Pr 2; Combat).....	70
Ghost knight (Kelemvor; Pr 4; Summoning).....	90	Spell shield (Mystra; Pr 3; Protection).....	81
Glyph of warding: Telatha (Pr 3; Guardian).....	122	Stormrage (Talos; Pr 6; Combat).....	21
Goad of misfortune (Beshaba; Pr 6; Combat).....	14	Tenfold ironguard (Helm; Pr 6; All).....	40
Greater creature of darkness (Shar; Pr 6; Sun).....	36	Threefold boon (Tymora; Pr 5; Combat, Protection).....	28
Greater mantle of Mystra (Mystra; Pr 6; Protection).....	83	Tumblethorns (Talos; Pr 2; Plant).....	19
Ground trace (Mielikki; Pr 4; Divination).....	120	Undeath to death (Kelemvor; Pr 7; Necromantic).....	92
Handcandle (Oghma; Pr 3; Elemental Fire).....	43	Understand device (Gond; Pr 7; Divination).....	8
Handfire (Sune; Pr 1; Combat).....	75	Unicorn steed (Mielikki; Pr 3; Animal, Summoning).....	120
Hard water (Pr 5; Elemental Water).....	125	Wailing whips (Loviatar; Pr 5; Guardian).....	48
Healing hand (Ilmater; Pr 4; Healing).....	105	Ward of light (Lathander; Pr 5; Guardian).....	99
Hold metal (Pr 4; Charm).....	123	Warp and weave (Mystra; Pr 4; Divination).....	81
Holy star (Mystra; Pr 6; Combat, Protection).....	83	Water serpent (Umberlee; Pr 5; Elemental Water).....	72
Ice spikes (Auril; Pr 3; Combat, Elemental Water).....	87	Water wyvern (Umberlee; Pr 3; Elemental Water).....	70
Ilmater's fist (Ilmater; Pr 4; Combat).....	105	Wheat into blade (Chauntea; Pr 3; Combat, Plant).....	31
Jaws of the wolf (Silvanus; Pr 2; Combat).....	52	Whip of woe (Beshaba; Pr 5; Combat).....	14
		Whirlchain (Ilmater; Pr 4; Combat).....	105
		Whirlwave (Umberlee; Pr 4; Elemental Water).....	71
		Windlance (Pr 5; Elemental Air).....	127
		Word of binding (Oghma; Pr 5; Guardian).....	43
		Wrath of Torm (Torm; Pr 6; Combat).....	107



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