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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
2nd Edition

Dragon Lance

Official Game
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Otherlands

BY HARING, BENNIE, AND TERRA



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHORANE	2-32	The <i>Irdanaiaith</i>	56
The Land.....	2	Bolandi	60
The People	7	Ogre, Mischta	61
The Ameshites	9	Ogre, Nzunta	62
The Yaluu	16	Spirit, Wisdom	63
The Vodar.....	23		
Non-Human Races	25	WATERMERE	64-96
The Monsters of Chorane	28	Dargonesti Society	67
Funno	30	Geography and Terrain	69
Razhak	31	Daily Life	72
Ursoi	32	Flora and Fauna	73
		Dargonesti from Cradle to Grave	75
		Religion	76
SELASIA	33-63	The Dargonesti Army	78
Prelude: The Decline of the Irda	33	Magic	80
Overview	34	Relations with Undersea Folk	83
The Spine of Taladas	35	Relations with Surface Folk	90
Features of Selasia.....	37	The Mahkwahb.....	92
The Mischta	39	Dargonesti as PCs.....	94
The Bolandi	47	Dragon, Brine	95
Anaiatha	55		

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THE LAND OF AMESH

*"Sing out all you people,
Of that long-ago day
When Amesh the Brave One
Led our fathers away*

*"The land had grown harsh,
And our enemies strong;
Soon none would be left
To sing our tribe's song.
Amesh the Brave One,
He rode out alone.
He swore he would find
His people a home.*

*"Sing out all you people,
Of that long-ago day
When Amesh the Brave One
Led our fathers away.*

*"In a year and a day
Brave Amesh returned.
He told of a land
he called 'Ice That Burns.'
South they all traveled,
And then south some more,
Over the Ice Wall
and through Amesh's Door.*

*"Sing out all you people,
Of that long-ago day
When Amesh the Brave One
Led our fathers away*

*"Twas a hard trip and long,
And many were lost,
But for a new home and freedom,
It was well worth the cost.
Down into the ice,
In molten rock domes,
Amesh led his people
To this, our new home.*

*"Sing out all you people,
Of that long-ago day
When Amesh the Brave One
Led our fathers away"*

*—Excerpt from
Song of Amesh,
Anonymous*

To many people on Krynn, Chorane is a myth. Everyone *knows* that nothing could possibly live in the frozen wastes beyond the Ice Wall south of Ansalon; Chorane is a romantic notion, to be sure, but with no basis in reality.

Right.

Those who dismiss the possibility of life or—even more unlikely—civilization beneath the southern ice cap of Krynn do not adequately understand the geology of this very unusual planet. Nor do they take into account the ability of Krynn's various inhabitants to endure great hardship and to adapt to nearly any environment. For not only is there life beneath the ice, but in Chorane there is a complex civilization of many different intelligent races, interacting in all sorts of peaceful (and not-so-peaceful) ways.

THE LAND

It is a long, dangerous trek across nearly a thousand miles of frozen ground and sheets of ice before any sign of Chorane can be found. And even that sign shows no outward evidence of being the gateway to a vast underground civilization; it is a 175-foot-wide crevasse in the tundra that is nearly half a mile long and seemingly bottomless. Rising from the crevasse is a constant flow of steam that warms the area along both sides for a dozen or so yards from each edge.

Growing along the lip of the crevasse and down along the sides for as far as the eye can see are all sorts of fungi, clinging vines, small flowering plants, and even the occasional gnarled tree. The edge of the crevasse is very slippery because of the fungi and the constant condensation from the steam; many explorers have approached the edge too enthusiastically and fallen to their deaths just as they were on the brink of their greatest discovery.

GEOGRAPHY

Actually, Amesh's Rent (as it is called by the Ameshites), or The Crack (as it is called by the other peoples of Chorane), is not the only way to get to Chorane. There are at least 17 other, smaller cre-

vasses that are known to lead to the vast underground caverns and tunnels that make up this land (see the map on page 3). Other than Amesh's Rent, however, there are only two other frequently-used entrances: The Little Crack and Three-Mile Gorge (see map). Of the other 15, five are too dangerous or connect with areas of Chorane that are too remote to be useful. The other ten are Dragonholes.

With only minor variations, all the Dragonholes are the same—perfectly round, perfectly smooth holes anywhere from 30 to 50 feet in diameter, headed straight down with only a hint of a spiral for over two miles. Eventually, the Dragonholes veer sideways into various labyrinthine passages that lead to huge underground lairs and (it is rumored) vast treasure chambers. No one has ever returned with any of this treasure, however. In fact, very few people who explore the Dragonholes have ever come back at all. (For more on dragons in Chorane, see Page 29).

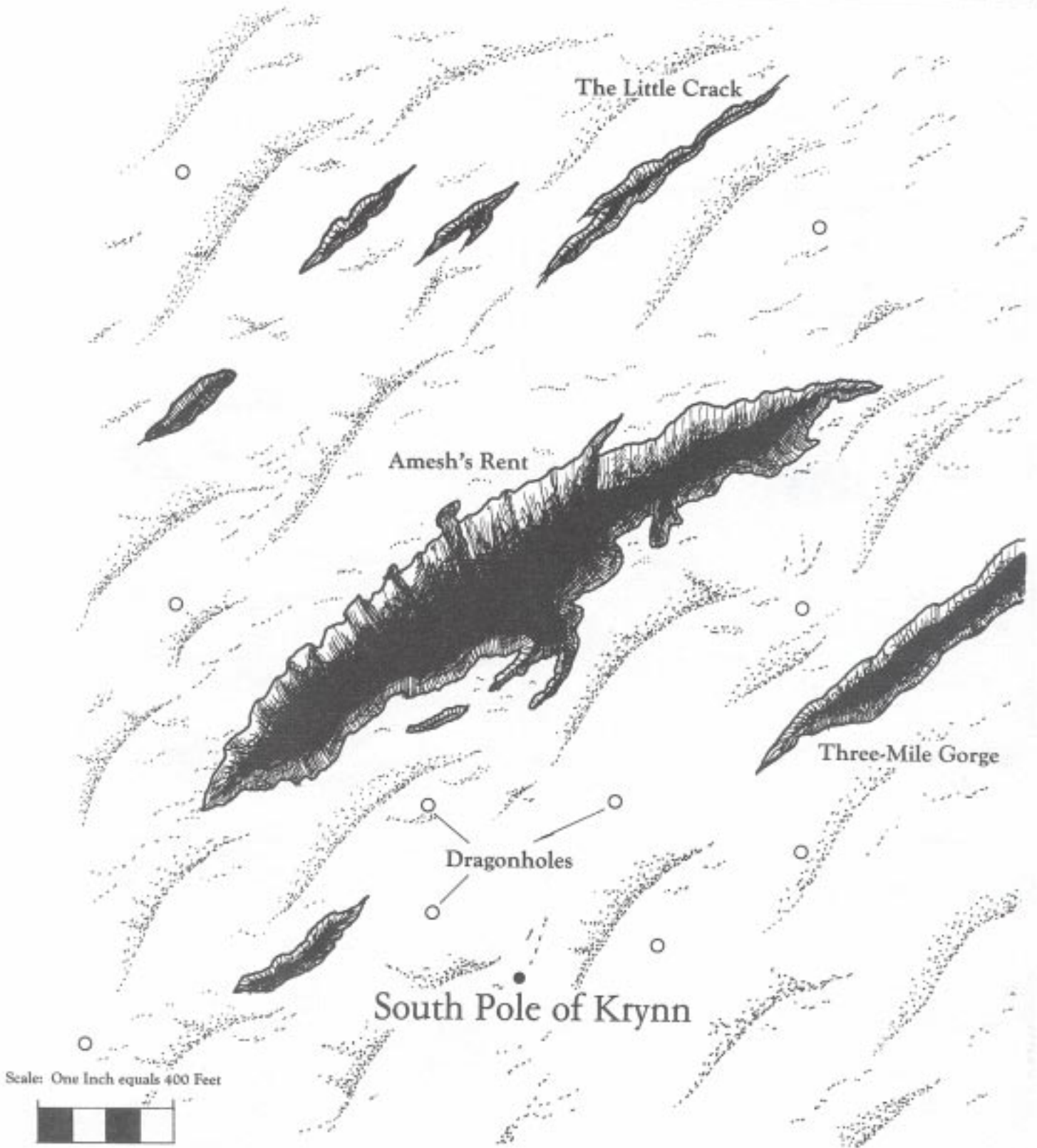
The Crack is over 7,000 feet deep, and it leads down to a lake of crusted-over molten rock. This lake, and several other exposed lava flows, provide the heat and steam necessary for life in Chorane. Starting at just over 500 feet down, a series of tunnels, fissures, and caves opens out into Amesh's Rent, providing a surprising amount of space. Once you get any significant distance away from The Crack, however, caves this near the surface are far too cold to live in. And of course, the opposite problem exists if you get too close to the molten lake. The various peoples of Chorane, therefore, all live between 2,000 feet and 3,400 feet below the surface of the ice.

There are five different groups of people, including three tribes of humans, living in Chorane. Four of the five groups live in their own distinct areas of Chorane, as shown on the map on pages 4-5.

Most of the caverns, chambers, and tunnels in Chorane were formed naturally early in the history of Krynn. Only a very few of the areas have been carved out by the inhabitants. Earthquakes, lava flows, and other seismic upsets are fortu-

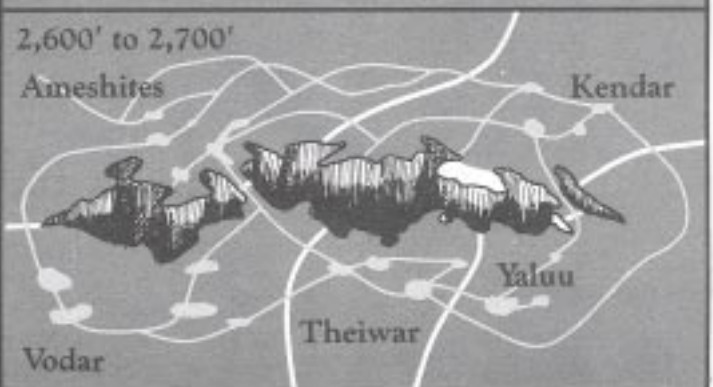
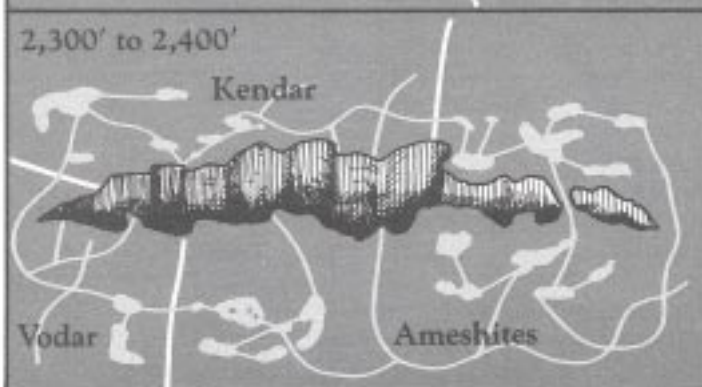
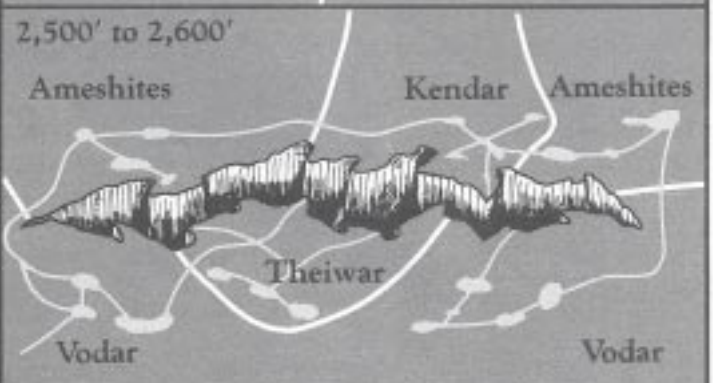
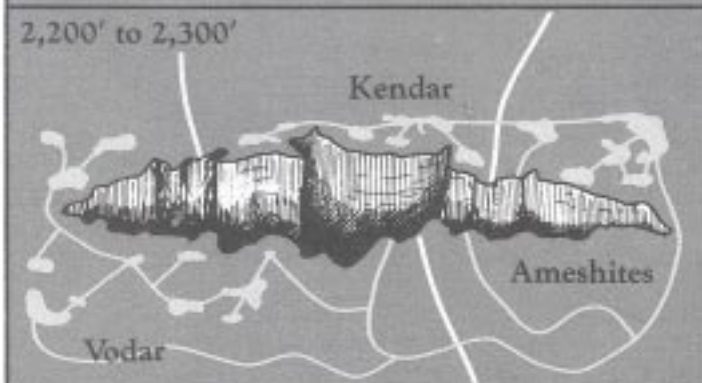
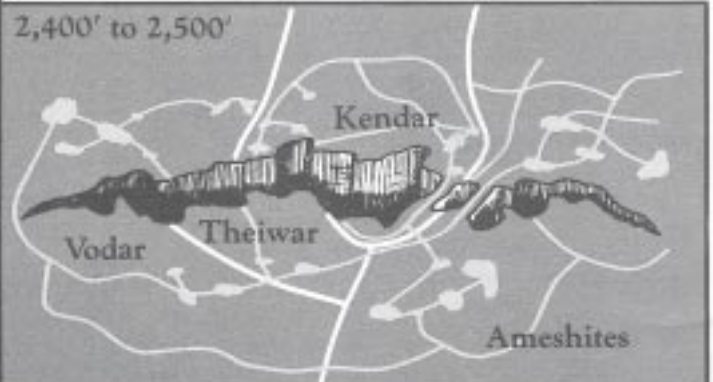
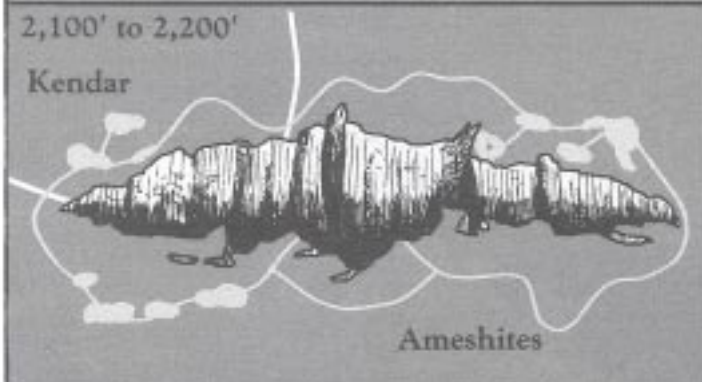
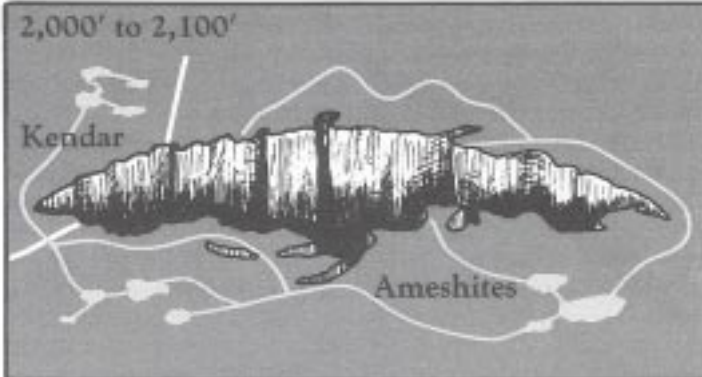


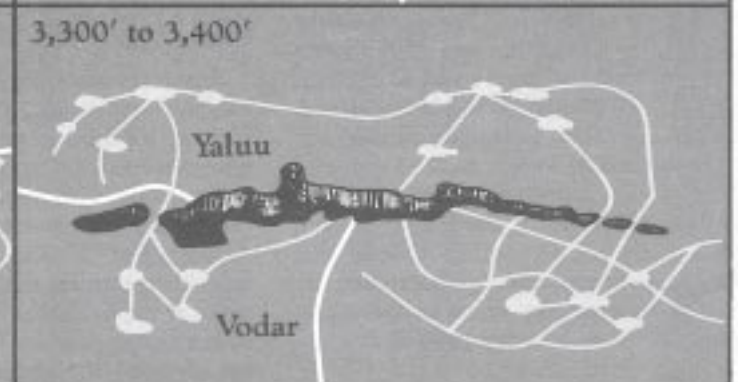
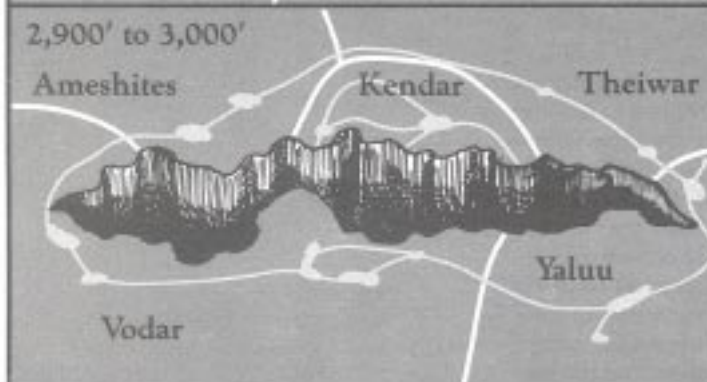
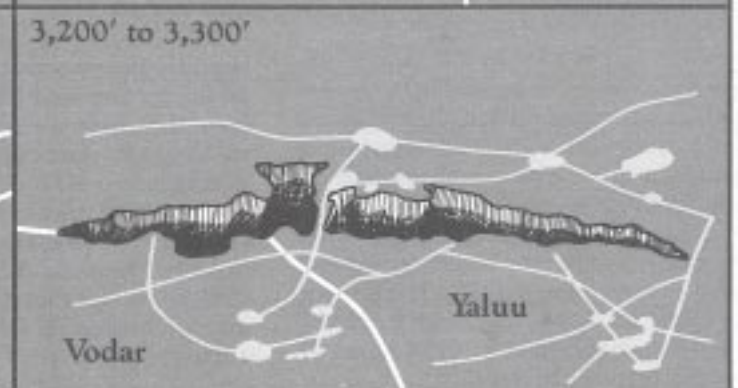
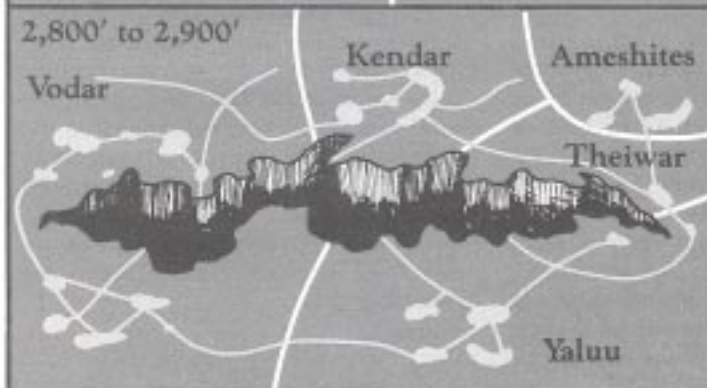
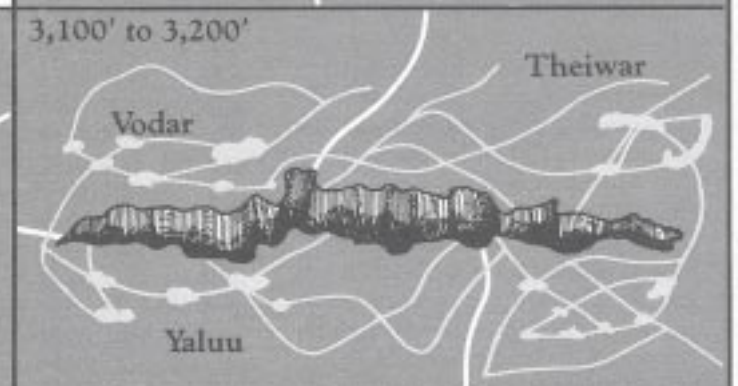
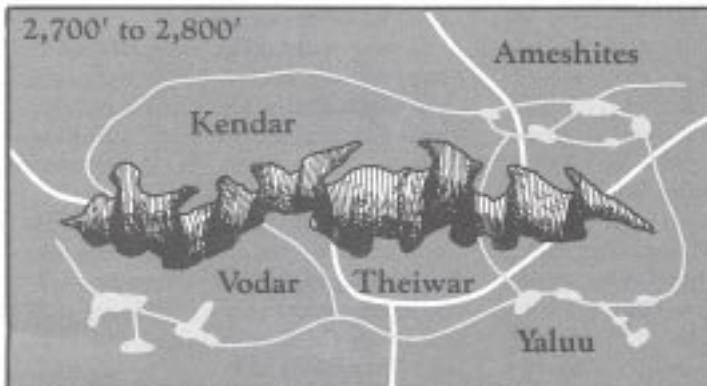
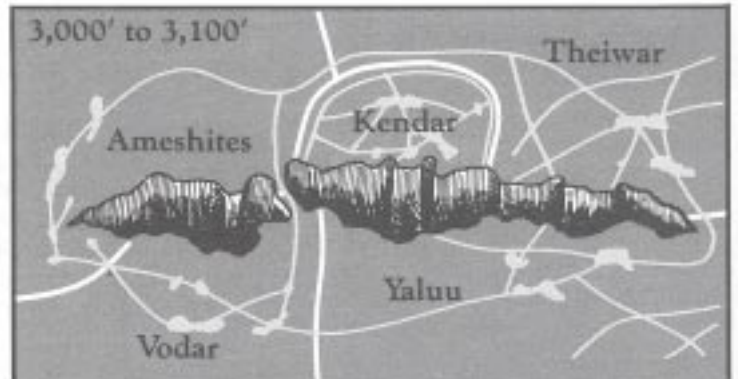
Access Points to Chorane



The Crack of Chorane (Amesh's Rent)

The Five Kingdoms of Chorane





nately very rare, but they tend to be very devastating when they do occur. The last recorded serious earthquake in Chorane was 133 years ago.

TERRAIN

When Chorane was formed long ago, it was a land of rock and ice. Since then, however, millennia of steam, volcanic heat, and hardy plants gaining tenuous footholds have worked on the rock where it meets the warm, humid air, forming a shallow (three inch or so) layer of dirt in many places. Until magic-using creatures found Chorane, of course, it was too dark for plants to grow (except for certain types of fungus) anywhere but very close to direct passages to the surface, so in the darker recesses of Chorane—that is, most of it—the surface is still solid rock. Since Amesh and his followers found their buried refuge some 700 years ago, however, their use of magical *light* spells and items has greatly extended the areas in which fungus and plants can be grown. As a result, more and more rocky surfaces are being broken up. In some areas, almost one inch of topsoil has developed.

What is not rock in Chorane is ice. There are many chambers and corridors in this underground kingdom that are made entirely of ice, but very few people inhabit them except out of necessity. A fire or other source of heat can be built in a rock chamber; the effects in one of ice can be very, well, wet. In some places, ice runs in veins through the rock. This type of formation is rare and much prized by the Choronians, as it provides an easily accessible source of water.

Getting around in Chorane is fairly easy, if you stay within one tribe's area. (Moving from one tribe's area to another has perils all its own, as will be explained later.) The caverns and large chambers are all connected by a crazy quilt of tunnels, slides, and corridors; there are usually at least three perfectly good ways to get from one place to another. One of the leading pastimes among Choronians, in fact, is arguing over which of the many available routes between two places is actually the best.

Getting around in Chorane is more of a three-dimensional exercise than it is on the surface. With 1,400 feet or so separating the highest and lowest habitable areas, getting up and down is just as important as getting back and forth. By using Chorane's many natural sloping passageways and stairways that have been cut into the steeper tunnels, it is possible to walk to any elevation in the area—eventually. To get any great distance up or down quickly, however, takes other means.

There are over a dozen nearly vertical shafts traversing the entire height of Chorane, including one over 40 feet across. These are of very great strategic importance to the various tribes, so these are very difficult to use without someone noticing. Several of the shafts have hand- and footholds for climbing, while others have had climbing ropes and ladders (made of rope, leather thongs, and cured funno hides) built in them. One shaft, controlled by the Yaluu, has a crude elevator-type contraption in it for the convenience of the ruling elite; it is powered by slave labor.

All Choronians are accomplished climbers and mountaineers (though they do not use the word "mountaineer"—in fact, they have no idea at all what a mountain is) practically from birth. In a pinch, one could climb the wall of Amesh's Rent all the way to the surface and make it look as easy as walking. Accidents still happen, of course, but a newcomer to Chorane would find it impossible to safely move around at even a fraction of the speed of the natives.

CLIMATE

Seasonal variations are nearly nonexistent in Chorane—at 2,000 feet below the surface, it's hard to tell even the difference between day and night. Temperatures, along with most other climactic conditions, remain constant year round. At the top of Chorane, closest to the surface, temperatures stay near 45 degrees, while at the bottom it is a more comfortable 65 degrees or so. It is colder farther up, of course (the temperature on the sur-

face is above freezing only during the day in the summer), and much hotter as you approach the lava lake at the bottom of Amesh's Rent.

Choronians have not moved any farther down than the 3,400-foot level because there are few habitable caverns in the next 500 to 1,000 feet. Below that, there are more good locations, but the temperatures are well in excess of 140° Fahrenheit. Hunting parties occasionally venture into these hotter areas to hunt animals and to harvest rare plants and fungi, but it is a dangerous foray that is not to be taken casually.

As you move away from the steam vents (at any level), the temperatures drop dramatically. Only a few hundred feet from any of the major vents, the temperature drops 15 to 20 degrees from what is "normal" for that depth.

Humidity is very high throughout Chorane, and this is a good thing; the steam rising from the lava flows far below condenses on the cool ice and rock walls and forms the foundation of the entire food chain down here.

The wind blows constantly in Chorane. It rushes up the major vents toward the surface, drawing air through the corridors and caverns of the land as it goes. The wind patterns are very well known by the natives, but they may take newcomers by surprise; it would not be unusual to step out of a small cave with hardly any wind into a cross corridor with a wind strong enough to knock an unaware man to the ground.

THE PEOPLE

In *The Song of Amesh*, the song cycle that tells of the history of the Ameshite people, it says that when Amesh brought his people to Chorane, at first they met no other peoples, and they thought the entire of Chorane was uninhabited, except for various wild animals and the occasional monster. This did not turn out to be entirely true.

The first people the Ameshites met were the Kendar (as they called themselves), a lost offshoot of the kender race that still spoke an obscure dialect related to the kender tongue. The same size and general appearance of kender, the Kendar share their cousins' great curiosity and carefree attitudes, though they are quieter and less demonstrative than their surface-dwelling cousins.

It was only a few score years later that first contact was made with the Theiwar, a race of dwarves that had not seen the surface in several millennia. It was not (and still is not) known whether these Theiwar

had always lived in a remote section of Chorane, or had just discovered it after extensive underground exploration from some other part of Krynn.

While the Ameshites got along with the Kendar much better than they did with the Theiwar (the latter being very possessive of their own holdings and somewhat covetous of everybody else's), there was little cause for strife—both the Theiwar and the Ameshites were busy exploring and expanding their territories, and the Kendar weren't interested in warfare. It was only after the Great Rift that affairs degenerated into their current state.

The Great Rift was a direct result of the Cataclysm that struck Krynn some 300 years ago. While not as devastated as many other parts of Krynn, Chorane was severely damaged by the Cataclysm. Entire caverns were collapsed or cut off, while new passages and living areas opened up. There was no place to hide during the Cataclysm and its many aftershocks. Thousands of Choranians died, and thousands more were never seen again and were presumed dead.

It was during the clean-up and repair process that the first rumblings of what would become the Great Rift were felt. One group of Choranians felt that the Cataclysm was proof that the people had turned away from the gods. They felt that the solution was to rededicate themselves to the old rituals and beliefs that Amesh brought with him from Ansalon. These people became known as "Ameshites."

Another group believed the exact opposite—that the Cataclysm was proof that the gods had turned away from the people, and that the solution was to find new gods. They ridiculed the Ameshites for their tired, old beliefs, and called themselves the "Yaluu," which is the Choranian word for "seekers."

And there was a third group of Choranians with yet another set of beliefs, the "Vodar." The Vodar were most interested in keeping all the humans of Chorane together, emphasizing their common background and heritage. The Vodar sought a compromise between the Ameshites and the Yaluu, suggesting that some of the old traditions and rituals be maintained





while new answers were also sought.

Extremists in both camps ignored the Vodar's offer of reconciliation, each group accusing the Vodar of being in league with the other. It did not take long, in the enclosed spaces of Chorane and under the great stress of recent disasters, for the philosophical disagreements between the peoples of Chorane to escalate into violence and bloodshed.

Fueled by constant feuding and skirmishing over the past 300 years, the tensions between the three human factions

of Chorane are as high as ever. An uneasy truce exists between the Ameshites and the Yaluu, though either group would eagerly exploit any opportunity for gain. The Vodar continue to be stuck in the middle, mistrusted and disliked by both sides.

While this hatred is more intense than ever, its nature has changed. The reasons for the dispute have been forgotten by many; while the government and religious leaders remember, most of the people hate the other side simply because it's

the way things have always been. In many of the stories and oral histories of the Ameshites and Yaluu, new and more heinous charges than simple religious unorthodoxy—cannibalism, genocide, and much worse—have crept in. Most of them are not true (though one can never be sure about the Yaluu) and are repeated solely for their propagandist value.

What follows is an outline of each of the five major humanoid races living in Chorane. This is common knowledge, for players and DM alike.



THE AMESHITES

While all three human tribes of Chorane are descended from the legendary Amesh and the people he brought with him from southern Ansalon, it is the Ameshites who follow Amesh's teachings the most scrupulously. The Ameshites consider themselves the "true followers" of Amesh; the Yaluu and the Vodar are heretics and blasphemers, traitors to the memory of their common ancestors.

This attitude does nothing to make the Ameshites popular with the other two Choranean tribes; indeed, relations between the Ameshites and the Yaluu and the Vodar are downright hostile. The Ameshites believe they are on a holy crusade to return the fallen tribes to the true way of Amesh, or failing that, to root them out of every last hole in Chorane.

Like all descendants of Amesh's tribe, the Ameshites are small of build and rarely over 5'5" tall. Nearly all Ameshites have dark hair; blondes (and especially redheads) are very rare and are treated with both great suspicion and great fascination. The men develop heavy beards at a very young age, and very few go to the trouble to shave. After 700 years or so in the caverns of Chorane, the Ameshites have also developed very pale skin and enlarged and sensitive eyes, both as a result of the lack of natural light.

There are just over 17,000 Ameshites living in Chorane. They control nearly all of inhabited Chorane at the highest levels, but their territory extends no lower than 2,600 feet down or so (see map, page 4). They have boundaries with their allies the Kendar, as well as with the Vodar. While the border between Ameshite and Kendar territory is free and open (in fact, there is a zone on either side of the border where the two peoples are thoroughly mixed together), all crossing points from Ameshite lands into Vodar lands are heavily guarded by Ameshite (and Vodar) troops.

GOVERNMENT

The Ameshite government is a theocracy; that is, the government is run by

the religious leaders. The Ameshite religion does not worship Amesh, though the tribal leader who brought them to Chorane some 700 years ago has been elevated to a demi-god status in the hearts of many Ameshites. The Ameshites worship Paladine, though that is not what they call him. In Chorane, Paladine is known as Parthenu, The First Singer. Parthenu is most frequently depicted as a tall, perfect Ameshite young man, clad in religious vestments and strumming a lute. Other popular icons of Parthenu show him playing several other instruments, including flute, trumpet, drum, harp, lyre, triangle, and recorder.

Music, especially singing, is the backbone of Ameshite religious life and, to a great extent, their entire society and culture. The Ameshites have a song for every occasion, and many more songs for no special occasion at all. Every important event in Ameshite life—marriages, funerals, government meetings, elections, religious ceremonies, business negotiations, betrothals, trials, and a host of other meetings—is accompanied by singing.

The leader of the Ameshites is known as the Prime Singer; he or she (about half of the previous leaders have been women) rules for life. Each Prime Singer is chosen from among the ranks of the Second Singers, a select circle of a dozen or so leaders of the Ameshite people. There is no set number to the size of the Second Circle (as it is known); there have been as many as 35 Second Singers and as few as four. The current makeup of 11-14 has endured for nearly 100 years, more out of tradition and convenience than anything else.

The Prime Singer and the Second Circle share power in their part of Chorane. Since the Prime Singer rose from the ranks of the Second Circle, he or she is probably good friends with most of its members; if relations become unbearably strained, the Second Circle may replace the Prime Singer, but only by a unanimous vote. A wise Prime Singer insures a long reign by delegating power and authority to many members of the Second Circle. Each major aspect of the Ameshite government—taxes, defense, food production, education, religious ceremo-

nies, records, and musical training, among others—is under the direct control of a Second Singer.

Below the Second Circle is the Chorus, the priesthood of the Ameshites. Members of the Chorus are known as Singers; that honorific is used the same way other cultures use "Reverend" or "Minister." There are anywhere from 250 to 500 Singers among the Ameshites at any time; they are the ones who get the government's work done. The Singers collect the taxes, manage the farms, teach the children, perform the religious ceremonies, lead the skirmishers, write the chronicles, compose the songs, and tend to the people of Chorane.

Becoming a Singer is not easy. Many more want admission to this elite group than obtain it. Twice a year, the Second Circle announces that new Singers will be added. Any promising citizens who have been recommended by other Singers are invited to apply. Ameshites who are not specifically invited may still ask for consideration, but their chances are not as good.

The applicants are all interviewed by Second Singers—sometimes just one, sometimes the entire Circle, depending on how many applicants there are and how big the Circle is. After the interviews comes the Festival.

The Festival is part celebration, part concert, and part audition. All applicants for the Chorus perform before the assembled Ameshites in the Great Hall, singing before the multitude. As many people as can get away from their other duties attend the Festival, which is one of the highlights of Ameshite social life. Most applicants perform traditional Ameshite songs, though many sing original compositions. While the Second Circle has final say as to who is accepted, the reaction of the audience to the individual performances is an important factor.

There is no quota for how many applicants are admitted into the Chorus; all qualified applicants (in the Second Circle's opinion) are accepted. After some Festivals, no applicants have been admitted; after others, particularly after fierce fighting with the Yaluu when the ranks of the Chorus have been depleted, all of the



applicants have become Singers. The standards have been known to shift in accordance to the need for additional Singers.

As followers of an aspect of Paladine, one would think the Ameshites follow a philosophy that would classify them as Lawful Good. Certainly, though the Ameshites do not use such words, they believe their worship of Parthenu is good and pure, a true following of the main force for Good in Krynn. They're wrong.

Take 700 years of isolation, throw in the Cataclysm (which they weren't even the target of), add 300 years of civil war, and it's fairly easy to see how the Ameshites' devotion to Parthenu could have slowly twisted into something other than what Paladine would care for.

The Ameshites are still, for the most part, good people. They treat each other with respect and consideration, and they consider fairness and honesty to be important virtues to be cultivated and promoted. It is in their dealings with the other peoples of Chorane where they have fallen from Paladine's teachings.

The Ameshites are a paranoid people, distrustful of and hostile to anyone they consider "different." Their alliance with the Kendar is an uneasy one, though even the most bigoted Ameshites know they need the Kendar in order to survive, so tensions are kept to a minimum.

The Ameshites reserve their greatest hatred for the Yaluu, though the Vodar are not all that far behind. While it is true the Yaluu have developed some nasty habits in the 300 years since they split from the Ameshites (more on the Yaluu will follow), this constant war has been mostly the Ameshites' idea.

The Ameshite military, like most fighting units in Chorane, emphasizes speed over size. Most of the fighting between the various peoples takes place in narrow corridors and choke points between different areas; what good are 200 fighters when only five of them can fight at a time?

Instead, the reliance is on quickness of response and tactical maneuvering. The cornerstone of the Ameshite army is the *tenner*, a unit of ten men, consisting of

one sergeant and five foot soldiers, all with short swords and shields, two spear men, and two missile specialists, armed with either short bows, light crossbows, or slings, depending on the circumstances. The spear men and missile men also carry short swords, but they do not have shields.

All soldiers wear armor made of cured funno hides, which are particularly strong and effective—while most hide armors are AC 6, funno armor is AC 5. A funno-hide shield reduces the armor class of the wearer to AC 4.

Standard tenner tactics call for the swordsmen to block a corridor from edge to edge, while the spear men and missile men launch attacks from the second rank. The sergeant and any remaining swordsmen stand ready to fill gaps in the front line. Tenners drill rigorously so that they can move through narrow corridors, slip through crevices, climb steam vents, and move through the other types of Choranean terrain quickly and silently while staying together as a unit.

Large-scale warfare is difficult in the narrow, winding pathways of Chorane. Instead, fighting is of the hit-and-run variety, with tenners (and similar units from the other peoples) moving swiftly through remote side passages, trying to outflank, surround, and outnumber enemy units. Territorial conquest is very difficult, because the defender, knowing the ins and outs of his home territories, has a tremendous tactical advantage. This is the main reason fighting between the Choraneans has gone on for 300 years with no end in sight.

Wizards, priests, thieves, and other specialists are not regularly attached to specific Ameshite military units, though a sergeant or officer can request one for a particular mission. Approval for such an assignment must come from one of the Madrigal, the group of eight Singers that runs the Ameshite military. Each member of the Madrigal commands 12 to 15 tenners. At least one of the members of the Madrigal is always of Second Circle rank; in times of great trouble, more than one belongs to the Second circle.

ECONOMY

Chorane is not the most hospitable of lands; nearly all of the people's time is spent gathering food, making clothes and shelter, and taking care of the other basics of survival.

All the Ameshites work, even the children, though all children between the ages of 6 and 12 get two hours of formal schooling per day. The schooling is run (like everything else) by the Ameshite church, and it emphasizes the basics: reading, writing, simple math, and music. Only students who show promise continue their schooling beyond the age of 12.

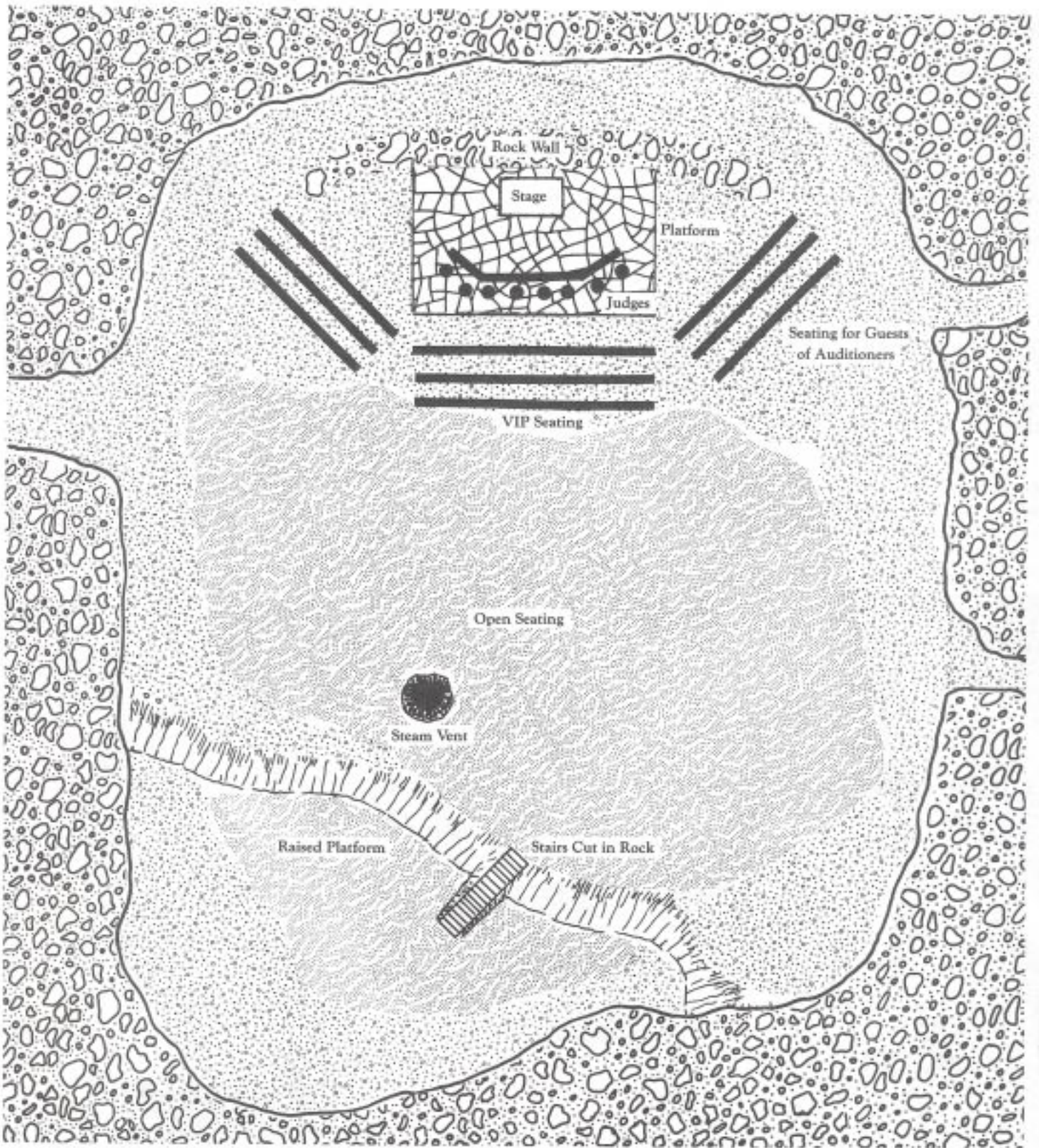
There is very little sex discrimination among the Ameshites. The military is predominantly male, but other than that, women and men are found in almost equal numbers in all jobs. The most important of these is producing food.

The agriculture of the Ameshites, like that of the rest of the Choraneans, is based on a surprisingly wide variety of fungi that can be found throughout the land. Some are harvested from cave walls, floors, and ceilings, where they have grown naturally for thousands of years. Others, including some new varieties and strains developed by experimentation, are cultivated like any other crop.

Most of the different varieties of fungi (including mushrooms) were developed for culinary reasons—there have to be some changes in the color, flavor and texture of what you're eating, or morale and general mental health suffers. Others of the plant life of Chorane has special properties that deserve further mention. They are the following:

Panisil: This fungus is light green and fuzzy. It grows to a depth of about one inch on any moist surface. When eaten in sufficient quantities (at least half a cup or so), it may cure disease as per the priest spell of the same name. This is not a sure thing; there is a base 30% chance the panisil is effective. That percentage can be modified by the DM according to circumstances, such as the severity of the disease, how far advanced the disease is, the Constitution of the person, and other such things. If panisil proves to be ineffective,

Ameshite Great Hall





the patient cannot try again, though if he recovered and later caught the same disease, panisil may be tried a second time with the same chance of success.

Panisil is not at all effective against lycanthropy and diseases caused by the touch of certain undead. It is of only limited effectiveness (10% chance of success) against the effects of a *cause disease* spell.

Some Choranians eat a small amount of panisil each day as a sort of preventative against disease. This is somewhat effective but dangerous. While those who eat a small amount of panisil daily develop a mild resistance to disease (20% chance that, when a person would normally contract a disease, he does not—lycanthropy and undead-caused maladies not affected), there is a 1% chance (checked daily) that the regular intake of panisil actually causes a debilitating disease that will incapacitate the consumer for 1d6 + 4 days. Note that this side effect does not occur when the panisil is taken to combat a specific, already-present disease; what happens when a healthy person takes the fungus is that the panisil,

finding no disease in the consumer's body to attack, attacks the body itself! This does not stop the Ameshites who follow this custom, however—they have not associated their occasional violent illnesses with the panisil.

Medroc: This is a small (one inch to three inches high), light brown mushroom with dark brown spots on the stem and a chalky white cap. It is edible but not particularly nutritious. It also tastes horrible. But the medroc's value to the Ameshites (and other Choranians) is not as a foodstuff.

When pressed and heated, the medroc produces a milky white fluid the Choranians call medrocide. Medrocide is used to stiffen and glue together funno hides into the many useful objects the Ameshites make every day. The funno and its role in Choranian life is discussed more fully later.

Brak: Brak is the most common and the most important of Chorane's fungi. Also known as "Amesh's Blessing" among the Ameshites, brak is the main food of all Choranians of all races, as well

as most of the wild and domestic animals of this land.

Brak is a fast grower, even for fungi. It is a white mushroom with a stem slightly less than a foot high and nearly four inches across, supporting an immense cap approximately three feet wide. A single brak weighs nearly 12 pounds and can feed a family for several days. Braks grow in direct proportion to the water and nutrients provided, with no apparent upper limit to their speed of growth; in ideal conditions, an Ameshite brak farmer can harvest fully-grown mushrooms every 15 to 20 days.

Brak is used to feed not only the people of Chorane, but it is also the primary feed for the livestock (such as it is) they keep; more on this later.

Tannadako: This is a much rarer fungus. In many ways it is prized more highly than brak. This is because tannadako is a powerful intoxicant, either eaten raw or (for an even stronger experience) distilled into a clear, bitter liquid called dakoline.

Tannadako is a dark, reddish-brown fungus that grows on the walls of steam





vents—only in those areas of high heat and humidity can it thrive. This makes harvesting the plant difficult (there are no climbs in all of Chorane as treacherous as the inside of a steam vent). Every year, several enthusiastic tannadako users fall to their deaths trying to harvest more fungus while still under the heady influence of the previous batch.

Dakoline is easy to make from tannadako; all that is required is a cooking fire and a pot. After cooking the fungus for several hours, the pulp is strained out and the liquid bottled. (Or, alternatively, the mix is allowed to cool and settle and the dakoline is decanted off the top.)

The consumption of tannadako or dakoline is strictly prohibited among the Ameshites, though that does not mean that it doesn't happen. And while the Ameshites are very puritanical, they also have a strong mercenary streak; tannadako is harvested and dakoline made for sale to the Kendar and (when the level of tension permits) to the Vodar. There is a small but thriving black market among Ameshites for dakoline, with high prices and extremely paranoid security. Ameshite justice is harsh, and dakoline bootleggers know it.

Sessup: Almost as soon as they are old enough to crawl, Ameshite children are taught two important lessons: Don't Fall Down Steam Vents, and Don't Touch Sessup. Sessup is a hardy mushroom that is ruthlessly eradicated wherever it is found, because it is extremely poisonous.

Fortunately, sessup is easy to spot. It is a slender mushroom, four to six inches tall, bright red with large black spore pods on the cap. If eaten, treat even the smallest morsel of sessup as a Type J poison (see the 2nd Edition *DMG*, page 73). What's more, the fungus is also poisonous to the touch—if just touched, treat as a Type M poison. If a person picks up a sessup and then eats it, he would have to roll two separate saving throws vs. poison.

More than just fungus grows in Chorane, but not much more. Herbs and spices are raised by nearly everyone in small private gardens, as well as in larger community plots. Brak is the main component of 90% of the meals eaten by

Ameshites; after 700 years, these people have developed a surprisingly diverse number of ways of preparing it. What's more, different methods of cooking and new combinations of herbs and spices are constantly being tried in an attempt to add to the variety of Ameshite cuisine.

A real treat at the Ameshite dinner table is a bit of fresh meat. Funnos are raised primarily for their hides, but their meat is also eaten—despite the fact that it is not very tasty. Once again, Ameshite wizardry with herbs and spices can usually redeem the meal. What's more, funnos are extremely scrawny animals, no matter how much brak is forced down their throats.

More often, the meat that occasionally graces the Ameshite dinner table has been scavenged from a slain attacking monster, or less frequently, the product of an actual hunting expedition. Hunting for wild game in the more remote sections of Chorane is not a popular pastime, for a number of reasons. Far away from the steam vents and rents to the surface, these remote sections of Chorane are dark, cold, and treacherous. In addition to the hostile elements, there are many monsters in the "wilds" (as they are called). These monsters are much more likely to make a meal of the hunters than the other way around. And as a final difficulty, should an Ameshite hunting party happen to run into any of their sworn enemies, no quarter would be given.

For most Ameshites, however, the funno is as close as they ever get to a creature of the wilds. Possibly related to the weasel, funnos were found in Chorane by the first people to come here. These creatures were hiding from stronger predators and living off whatever fungi they could scavenge.

Today, funnos are thoroughly domesticated. About four feet long when fully grown and with short brown hair, they resemble in many ways oversized dachshunds, though their faces are more like those of rats than dogs. Funnos are also extremely stupid; they are easily herded, never try to escape their pens, and make lousy pets (mainly because they cannot be taught even the simplest tasks or tricks).

Funnos are still highly prized, however, for their hides.

The hide of the funno can be cured and dried to make a leather that is good for armor, clothing, thongs and ropes, and so on. However, if the funno hide is soaked for several days in water, it can be cut and formed into nearly any shape—poles, sheets, boards, even weapons and shields. Once shaped, it is then coated lightly with medroicide, an extract from the medroc fungus. The result is a durable substance lighter than wood but nearly as strong as some softer metals. Medroicide can also be used as a powerful and permanent glue to bind together pieces of treated funno hide.

By shaping the funno hides into standard shapes, and then using the medroicide to harden and then assemble the pieces, a number of useful things are built by the resourceful Ameshites, including furniture, ladders, bridges, doors, stages, shields, bows, arrows, hand weapons, carts and wagons, fortifications, farm implements, fences, and more. Basically, if a surface-dweller can make it out of wood, a Choranian can make it out of funno hide.

When the Ameshites need something more durable than funno, there is an abundant supply of stone in Chorane. The Ameshites have neither the patience nor the skill of the great dwarven stonemasons, however, so their stonework is crude and slow. Some artists have done impressive carvings in the main meeting halls of the Ameshites over the past 700 years, but it has always been easier to discover and conquer new living space than to carve it out of the rock.

The Ameshites are much better metal-smiths than stonemasons, but that is not saying a great deal. Veins of metal ore run through the rock of Chorane, and there are a fair number of steel weapons as well as other, more mundane steel goods, such as cooking pots, knives, and the like. But since almost all implements and tools are easier to make out of funno than metal, there is not a great demand for metal goods.

Some plate and chain mail armor exists, but it is worn by only the highest-

ranking members of the Madrigal, and then only during times of open warfare or grand military ceremony.

SOCIETY

The Ameshites are a well-disciplined, ordered people. Hundreds of years of militant religious orthodoxy has gotten them so used to taking orders without question that they've actually grown to like this state of affairs.

Children are taught from a very early age that those in authority over them speak with the voice of Parthenu and are to be obeyed without question. Those in authority include (in ascending order of power) their parents, Singers, members of the Second Circle, and the Prime Singer.

But the leaders of the Ameshites are not fools, and they know that a rein held too tightly only causes the horse to buck (which is an interesting saying among Ameshites, because none of them have seen a horse in 700 years). The government imposes very few duties on its people, other than a fair share of work, military service in times of need, and attendance at church services. The Ameshites still have a strict society, but the rest of the rules are enforced almost entirely by peer pressure.

And that pressure can be quite severe. Ameshites have a long list of standards they expect each other to live up to—no drunkenness, a close-knit monogamous family life, honest business dealings, no shirking of work or duty—all in all, a very puritanical code. People who don't meet this code are hounded non-stop, implored to "return to the song of Parthenu." Ultimately, people who fail to measure up despite many second chances are ostracized by the rest, completely shunned.

Daily life for the Ameshites is relatively normal, all told. Children go to school in the morning and work in the afternoon. (After the age of 12, only the most promising students continue schooling.) Adults work eight to ten hours a day, usually in the fungus fields, tending the funno herds, or making funno items. The

entire economy is run by the Singers, who decide who works where and who gets what. Food is stored in church-run caves to be distributed equally among the people.

In fact, the entire Ameshite economy is one gigantic commune. There is very little private property, save for extremely personal items like jewelry and family heirlooms. Everything else is communally-owned. If someone needs a new cooking pot (for instance), he would contact the Singer in charge of their area, and that Singer would get the item. For most simple items, it is simply a matter of making the request to the right person, and the Ameshite's need is met. Things can get more difficult in the case of large or rare items, but the Singers are dedicated to insuring that the people under their care are not neglected, so reasonable requests are automatically filled.

Thus the Ameshites have no money, per se. In fact, they have very little that surface-dwellers would consider valuable at all, with the possible exception of the occasional piece of crude jewelry and some steel implements and weaponry.

Singers have a great deal of influence over the Ameshites' daily lives. While some of the Singers are military leaders, or agriculture experts, or engineers and craftsmen, the vast majority of them are simply "Conductors," as they call themselves, placed in a position of direct authority over a small portion of the general Ameshite population.

Technically, Ameshite young people are free to find their own mates; in reality, Singers frequently act as matchmakers, taking into account the needs of the entire community as well as the feelings of the young people involved. The Singers make "suggestions" as to who might be a suitable mate for whom. Ameshites have learned long ago that such "suggestions" are not to be ignored. This is but one example of the Singers' power over the lives of the folk under them.

Fortunately, the Singers are very dedicated and truly care for their people; the system seems, for the most part, to work.

When there is a dispute between Ameshites, they take the problem to





their Conductor; in the case of two people from different areas, the case is heard by each person's respective Conductor and a third, impartial Singer from another area. The decision made at this level is final—there is no appeal. Cases are heard on no regular schedule, because they don't come up often enough to require a regular, set-aside time.

In the case of a criminal offense, the Conductors representing the victim and the accused (if the same Singer is in charge of them both, then just that one Conductor) get together and conduct the investigation as they see fit. They then reach a decision and set a punishment. Despite their harsh attitude toward outsiders, Ameshites are fairly merciful toward each other; punishments for minor crimes like petty thefts and assaults are usually a forfeiture of goods to the victim and his family, as well as extra work time in one of the more unpleasant jobs available (cleaning funno pens, perhaps).

In the case of more serious crimes, imprisonment is an option, especially for repeat offenders. What the Ameshites call a "prison" is really no more than a cold cave with one narrow fissure to let steam and heat in, and one heavily-guarded entrance. Several fungus-bearing plots near the steam vent make the cave almost entirely self-sufficient. It rarely takes more than two or three months in the cave for someone to see the error of their ways.

For the rare capital crime, however, the Ameshites do have the death penalty. Capital crimes include murder, rape, desertion from the military, and spying. The death penalty is carried out by binding the offender with funno ropes and casting him down Amesh's Rent into the lava lake several thousand feet below.

MAGIC

The line between wizardly magic and clerical magic has been obscured for hundred of years among the Ameshites. They firmly believe that "all good things" come from Parthenu, and that includes magic of all kinds. So many of the singers who consider themselves clerics of Parthenu are actually mages.

True clerics of Parthenu are few and far between. As discussed earlier, Parthenu is just another name for Paladine, and the Ameshites have strayed far from Paladine's teachings, especially in the area of love and tolerance toward others. There are clerics of Parthenu who receive clerical spells from Paladine, but they are rarely part of the Ameshite church hierarchy—in some cases, they are completely separate from the church.

Those clerics who truly follow Paladine's teachings find that Paladine/Parthenu gives them spells daily. The rest either do not cast spells (serving Parthenu "in other ways," they say), or cast wizardly spells, telling their unquestioning flock that the magical effects are "gifts of Parthenu." This rationalization is so embedded in the mind-set of the Ameshite priesthood that many Singers believe they are faithful servants of Parthenu, even as they cast wizard spells and preach the violent slaughter of all non-believers.

About 75% of all Singers are mages, usually no higher than 3rd level; a few more astute students rise higher, but most Singers have too many mundane responsibilities in keeping the Ameshite economy going to study any further. The most powerful wizard in Ameshite history was Alban Amesh, a Prime Singer who died some 45 years ago. Alban rose to 16th level, and his spell book has been passed on to each subsequent Prime Singer, though none have been able to attain his level of expertise.

Anyone wishing to study magic must first become a Singer; the priesthood of the Ameshites has a monopoly on wizardly spellcasting.

True clerics of Paladine/Parthenu are much rarer. Only a handful of Singers are true clerics. These are usually humble, dedicated Conductors, farmers, or craftsmen, far removed from the corrupting influence of the church hierarchy. There are many cases of Ameshite Singers who began as true clerics, rising as high as 3rd or 4th level, but as they rose in the church infrastructure, Paladine stopped answering their prayers. Rather than admit that they lost favor with their god, these priests would turn to wizardly magic. In

game terms, treat these priests as dual-class characters who abandoned the cleric class to pursue the mage class.

There are more true clerics of Paladine/Parthenu (around 50 or so) outside the priesthood entirely. These clerics are almost completely anonymous, keeping their true devotion to Paladine in their hearts. Though they call the god they worship "Parthenu," Paladine knows the truth of their faith and answers their prayers. Often, they work quietly and behind the scenes—a sick child will be visited late at night by a mysterious stranger bearing exotic herbs, and the next morning the fever will be gone; a farmer will rush to the aid of a co-worker who has taken a nasty fall, and by the time more help arrives, the victim is fine ("It must not have been as bad as I first thought," the bewildered victim will say); similar episodes are the norm when dealing with these clerics.

Magical items are extremely rare among the Ameshites. There are a few clerical items left over from before the Cataclysm, but they are not used, mainly because no one in the church is high enough level to use them, much less recharge them or create new ones. (It is said that a locked chest kept in the Prime Singer's quarters contains a *staff of curing* with seven charges on it, and a *rod of resurrection* with a single charge remaining.)

Slightly more common are other magical items. There is a fair amount of magical arms and armor among the top commanders and officers of the army (all of it metal; for all its advantages, funno has the singular drawback that, for reasons unknown, it cannot be enchanted). Many Ameshite "family heirlooms" are, in fact, minor magical items. But truly powerful magic—magic that would be useful in an all-out war, for example—is nonexistent. This is probably a good thing for the enemies of the Ameshites.



THE YALUU

The Yaluu are very closely related to the Ameshites, and they are very similar in appearance, attitudes, and approach—which may be why they hate each other so much. The Yaluu are only slightly less intolerant of the Ameshites than the Ameshites are of them, and this has led to nearly 300 years of running warfare of the most brutal kind. The Yaluu broke away from the worship of Parthenu after the Cataclysm, citing the disasters as proof that the old gods had turned away from them. In the pursuit of a new, improved meaning of life, the Yaluu have tried and discarded dozens of religions—elementalism, ancestor worship, agnosticism, atheism, and the elevation of many false prophets to would-be godhood, to name a few.

Most of the Yaluu have given up. In a world where their prayers go unanswered and life is a daily struggle, the Yaluu are content to follow whoever happens to be leading them at the moment—and that happens to be whoever is the strongest at the moment. The Yaluu have enough sense of togetherness to solve common problems—attacks by Ameshites, for example—but for the most part, they are loners, leaving each other to fend for themselves.

Like their Ameshite cousins, the Yaluu are slight of stature, with pale skin, dark hair, and slightly larger than normal eyes. Women wear their hair very long as a sign of status—anyone who can spare two or three hours a day to take care of hair that reaches below the knee is obviously wealthy and powerful. Men prefer shorter hair and a clean-shaven look.

GOVERNMENT

The Yaluu have been governed for hundreds of years by a series of dictators—some benign, but most ruthless and cruel. There has been an occasional bit of reformist fervor here and there over the past few decades, but no serious attempt at changing the way the Yaluu are governed has been made in a long, long time.

Yaluu rulers have absolute power over the Yaluu people. Citizens can be (and frequently are) stripped of privileges, rank, wealth, or even life at the whim of the crown. Less often, great wealth and privilege can be awarded with the same speed. The people have no rights as such, and they do not expect any. Most of the Yaluu obey their leader unquestioningly—until, of course, the next one comes along.

Yaluu dictators rule from strength, and should they show the slightest hint of weakness, they are overthrown. Yaluu politics is ruthless and brutal; only the strongest and most cunning survive long enough to taste power. Most people, quite sensibly, want nothing to do with politics or the government, and follow whoever is in control. The closest to dissent most people get is to try to ignore (to the extent the government will let them) whatever laws they don't agree with.

The current Yaluu leader is President Hosi Sambu, the oldest son of one of Yaluu's greatest leaders, Mostat Sambu. Mostat ruled Yaluu for over 23 years, surviving 17 assassination attempts and squelching six attempted coups. He also succeeded in retiring without being killed, handing over power to his most trusted advisor some 12 years ago in one of only two non-violent transfers of power in the last century. Since Mostat's retirement, there have been nine Yaluu leaders, Hosi having taken over two years ago following the "accidental" death of the previous president.

Hosi has learned well from his father; prospects for a long rule are fairly good. "The key to ruling the Yaluu," Mostat Sambu once said, "is not determining who your enemies are. *Everyone* is your enemy. The key is discovering early on which of your enemies can be bribed and which of them must be eliminated. Then do it." While there is no doubt who is in charge, Hosi has formed an impressive coalition with many Yaluu power groups. Now that some of the more reluctant players have been eliminated, everyone seems relatively happy with the situation.

The president has turned over many of the key duties of the government—food

distribution, justice, taxation, military conscription, and the like—in order to placate those powerful rivals who would otherwise seek to do him harm. Of course, Hosi would never admit to such an arrangement in public; that would be an admission of weakness and an invitation to a coup. In the minds of the Yaluu people, Hosi Sambu is a strong leader, completely in charge.

The one part of the government Hosi does control absolutely is the military. This is a good idea not only from a self-preservation standpoint, but it also is a good thing for the Yaluu, because Hosi is a natural leader with a good grasp of military tactics. The Yaluu military has a larger hierarchy of officers than the Ameshite army, but the basic unit is still a squad of ten to 12 men, specially trained to move quickly through difficult tunnels and twisting passages without breaking formation.

Each squad has its own leader, of course, and every group of four squads (called a *cincte*) is commanded by a captain. Overcaptains come next in the Yaluu military structure, each commanding four *cinctes* (slightly less than 200 men). There are seven overcaptains, who report to two generals, who are directly under the president. This is certainly more officers than is required for an army of only 1,400 men or so, but the military has always attracted ambitious men, and the various presidents of the Yaluu discovered long ago that one way to placate ambitious military officers was to create new levels of bureaucracy so that more of them could feel like they were making progress.

Yaluu soldiers, like all fighters in Chorane, wear funno armor and are armed with either a short sword and shield (again, made of funno hide), spear, or an occasional missile weapon. Yaluu squads prefer to use the light crossbow because of its accuracy (especially at short distances) and its ability to be fired at close quarters.

Because of their alliance with the Theiwar, the Yaluu have much greater access to metal weapons and armor than their Ameshite enemies. More metal



arms and armor means more enchanted arms and armor. It is not uncommon for even squad leaders to have a *sword* +1 or +2, and captains and overcaptains almost always have full sets of magical armor.

While relatively weak magical items (nothing higher than +2, and no special powers) are often the personal property of the soldiers using them, the really powerful magical weapons and armor remain the property of the Yaluu military, and by extension, the President. This is another instance where the usually self-centered Yaluu agree to sacrifice for the common good; military commands change nearly as often as rulers, and if each outgoing staff took all the good magical items with it, there would be nothing left to fight the Ameshites with. It's also not a bad idea for the leader of the Yaluu to keep powerful magical items where he can keep an eye on them.

Mages are found with Yaluu military squads more frequently than they are with those of the Ameshites, but it is still not an everyday occurrence. What's more, the mages who do accompany the Yaluu on their raids tend to be low level, rarely higher than 3rd. (While there are many students of magic among the Yaluu, very few remain among their people and rise to a high level, for reasons that will be explained more fully later.)

Criminal justice, like most other aspects of everyday Yaluu life, is harsh. In a society where mercy is mistaken for weakness, the penalties for nearly all crimes are severe and unrelenting. Torture, maimings, and the death penalty are not as frequent as one might think; despite the Yaluu predisposition toward cruelty, they also need every worker and soldier they can get. Instead, slavery and forced labor are the penalties of choice. Over three-quarters of the work force in the most unpleasant jobs (cleaning funno pens, harvesting mushrooms), and almost one-third of the army, consists of convicts paying their debt to Yaluu society.

Sentences are long—ten years for theft, 20 for assault, even more for more serious crimes—but to keep the convict labor motivated, credit is given for hard

work and not causing trouble. This can cut the actual time spent in forced labor by more than half.

For murder, rape, major theft, assault resulting in permanent injury, spying, and treason, the death penalty is imposed. There are three official executioners appointed by the president. It is their job to carry out the executions, and in most cases the method of execution is left up to them. The executioners' methods range from swift and painless to very slow and unpleasant; in extreme cases, their cruelty is matched only by their inventiveness. All executions are public, a very popular form of public entertainment.

The most important of these death crimes, from a political point of view, is treason. This is a catch-all charge used by those in power to dispose of potential enemies. Traditionally, at least a pretense of wrongdoing is necessary to bring a charge of treason before the President (unless, of course, it's the president who's making the charge). If no such pretense exists, covert assassination is still a practical alternative.

Technically, all criminal judgments should be made by the president, since he holds all power. However, this is clearly not practical in a society of this type and size, so the president appoints judges to hear cases and dispense punishment for him. How much control the president keeps over his judges is a matter of personal choice, and this varies from ruler to ruler. Some completely ignore their judges once they've been appointed, giving the judges *carte blanche* to do what they will; others check up very carefully, changing verdicts, modifying punishments, and even suggesting methods of death to the official executioners. It's all a matter of personal style.

Due to the way the Yaluu criminal justice system works, there is no such thing as a "victimless" crime. In order for there to be a trial at all, the victim of the crime (or, in the case of murder, friends or family of the victim) must bring the charges. So gambling, con games, prostitution, bootlegging, and other activities that have no victims willing to come forward and make a charge are not crimes.

There is also no such thing as civil law among the Yaluu. If someone has a disagreement or dispute with another, he must seek his own remedy. It is only if this remedy turns violent that the government may get involved. While there is much arguing and contention between people, very little is actually done about it. The Yaluu society is one in which the strong dominate the weak on all levels; people who are wronged by a more powerful person simply learn to live with it.

ECONOMY

The Yaluu economy, while based on the same basic items as the Ameshite economy, is vastly different. The people still eat brak, make practically everything from funno, and drink dakoline for fun. But instead of the benevolent communal sharing of the Ameshites, the Yaluu practice a ruthless version of free enterprise where, as in everything else, the strong victimize the weak.

Among the Yaluu, nothing is considered to be communal property. Everything is owned by somebody, and nothing is given away. Even "public" property, like council chambers, meeting halls, and the like, are actually the private possessions of the Yaluu leader.

The Yaluu use a monetary system based on a coin called a *brathan*. The brathan is cast from a mixture of common metals, such as tin, lead, antimony, and copper, in varying combinations depending on availability. The metal is heated until it softens, and then it is rolled into sheets from which the coins are stamped. The design on the coin changes regularly (usually with a change in leadership), so counterfeiting is very difficult. Counterfeiting is also punishable by a slow, horrible death, which is another reason it is not very common.

Brathans are fairly small (about the size of dimes), so they are easy to carry in large quantities. For large transactions, there is a coin worth 100 brathans, but the average Yaluu hardly ever sees one, much less uses it.

The cost of goods in the Yaluu economy varies wildly with supply and de-

mand. Only the most common items—brak and raw funno hides, for example—have relatively stable prices. Everything else is up for grabs. In general, one brathan has the same buying power as 10 to 15 gold pieces, though this should be used as the only the most basic of guidelines. Remember, in Yaluu society, the strong prey upon the weak at every opportunity; while supply and demand has some bearing on prices, in most cases the wealthy and powerful can force the common people to pay outrageous prices for just about anything.

While the brathan has value among the Yaluu, it is of little true value. Small in size and made up of common metals, its value as treasure is negligible. An outsider who stole a large cache of brathans would be hard pressed to do anything with them besides use them as fishing weights. Enemies of the Yaluu (like the Ameshites) have organized raids and taken large numbers of brathans before, but do it more to annoy the Yaluu and deny them the use of the coins than to use them themselves. After the last raid, in

fact, the Ameshites dumped the coins into Amesh's Rent, sending them to the molten lava far below.

There is one other aspect of the Yaluu economy that bears mentioning. Because the Yaluu inhabit the lowest regions of Chorane, they have easier access to the deeper, hotter tunnels nearer the exposed lava flows far below. Remember, the inhabitable section of Chorane extends to only 3,200 feet or so below the surface; the next thousand feet have no sizable tunnels or caverns in them, and below that, temperatures average over 125 degrees.

While it is much too hot to live in those lower depths, short expeditions into the area are possible. Work crews, under the guidance of a well-armed overseer, descend the Crack and enter this fertile area via side tunnels and crevasses. There they find exotic fungi, such as panisil, tannadako, and medroc, in much greater quantities than these are usually found in Chorane proper. The gathering and subsequent selling of these rare products to the other tribes of Chorane do much toward defraying the high cost of war.

These "deep runs" (as the Yaluu call them) are not without peril, so criminals, debtors, and prisoners of war are frequently used. Escape is not really a consideration—while it would be easy to flee while down in the lower depths, survival for more than a day would be nearly impossible. And the overseer usually stays close to the pulley basket used to bring the workers down, so getting back to Chorane that way is not feasible. Most workers simply do their jobs and hope they survive.

Surviving a deep run involves more than just beating the heat. Rock slides, unpredictable steam geysers, and other deadly geologic activity keep visitors on their toes, as do an array of dangerous plants and vicious monsters. In addition to the deadly fungus sessup, there are several other poisonous plants, including the following:

Berrenia: This thorny bush is also known as "The Devil's Sword" for its strong, sharp spines. The berrenia's spines have been known to grow more than four feet long (though 18 inches is



more common), with extremely sharp points and barbed edges. Anyone who blunders into a berrenia has a good chance of being skewered; give a bush one attack each time someone bumps against it, with a THAC0 of 18. The DM may adjust this depending on the circumstances; characters who said they were proceeding carefully may get a bonus to their AC, while someone who tripped and fell into a berrenia would be a near-certain bet to get stuck.

And getting stuck is just the half of it. The berrenia's spines not only cause 1d4 +1 points of damage, but they contain a Type B poison (see the AD&D® 2nd Edition *Dungeon Master's Guide*, page 73).

Sessupine: This weaker relative of the deadly sessup is smaller and paler than its more potent cousin. It has the same poison as the sessup, but saving throws against the sessupine gain a +4 bonus.

Pegaller: This plant is not truly poisonous, but it still poses a hazard for deep runners. Pegaller is a clinging vine that grows up sheer rock walls and occasionally hangs down from outcroppings, stalactites, and other rock formations.

If any part of the pegaller plant comes in contact with a person, he must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison or be afflicted with a painful rash. Armor is no protection. The rash does not develop for 2-4 days, but when it does, it develops quickly. The victim suffers penalties of -2 to his Dexterity and -1 to his Charisma for 1d4 + 4 days; after that time, the rash departs as quickly and mysteriously as it came.

The toxins on the pegaller plant are very potent and long-lived; anyone coming into contact with an affected person (including during those 2-4 days before the rash shows up) must also roll a successful saving throw vs. poison (but with a +4 bonus) or be similarly affected. Once the rash manifests itself, everyone knows better than to come near an affected person. For this reason, deep runners are routinely put in a four-day quarantine upon their return to the Yaluu from the lower depths.

SOCIETY

The primary driving factor in everyday life with the Yaluu is that the strong prey upon the weak. It happens in all facets of life, in a million small ways. This domination is thorough, yet subtle and practical; for example, while the strong are free to intimidate, beat, and even kill the weak in Yaluu society, it is understood that if that sort of behavior went unchecked, then there would very shortly be no one left to dominate.

While an occasional dispute will escalate to violence, the Yaluu have found a number of less dangerous ways to test their standing with their fellows. One, touched on earlier, is the use of personal grooming and appearance to imply power and status. Clean-shaven males, long, perfectly-brushed hair, and intricately-decorated clothes are all signs of superiority; unlike the lower classes, who must work hard each day just to get by, the truly powerful have the time to devote to meticulous personal grooming.

The results of this have become, to outsiders, somewhat amusing (though joking about it is high on the list of "Ten Things You Should Never Say To A Yaluu"). Even common laborers go to uncommon lengths to not look like common laborers, so the sight of a clean-shaven, perfectly groomed, impeccably dressed man wrestling funnos in a pit knee-deep in mud and slop is an everyday occurrence. And if common people go to the trouble to look good on the job, how much further must the rich and powerful go to distinguish themselves? The answer is "too far." Elaborate hair braiding, heavy embroidery, tattoos, hand-painted fabrics, and gaudy jewelry are all common among the Yaluu who can afford it.

Another arena for social competition among the Yaluu is in the size of one's entourage. The truly powerful never go anywhere alone—they require bodyguards, groomers, hairdressers, porters, servants, heralds, interpreters, and anyone else they can afford. The larger the entourage, the more powerful the person. Even among the lower classes, people take turns serving as each other's entourage

when dealing with more powerful people, just to avoid getting completely overwhelmed. The President of the Yaluu, Hosi Sambu, routinely travels through his kingdom with an entourage of over 65 attendants.

The tradition of the entourage fits nicely into one of the more important status rituals of the Yaluu, the ritual of passage. There are many narrow tunnels in the parts of Chorane controlled by the Yaluu, more so than in other sections of the land, and it is a matter of tradition that the more powerful people are given the right-of-way. If two groups approach a tunnel narrow enough for only one at the same time, the less powerful person is supposed to back down and allow the other person (and his entourage) to go first.

These showdowns are not common among the typical Yaluu, for people traveling alone or in small groups rarely run into conflicts with other small groups. The larger the entourage, however, the more passages there are where conflicts may arise. And since these conflicts are, more often than not, with other large entourages, the potential for a major power struggle in Yaluu society exists every time someone decides to go for a walk.

One of the bloodiest feuds in recent Yaluu history began 18 months ago at a particularly narrow side passage near the main marketplace that is now known by the nickname of "Blood Alley." Nespar Sambu, younger brother of President Hosi Sambu and a key advisor to him, was late for a meeting and decided to take a shortcut through Blood Alley—along with his entourage of 35 assorted guards, advisors, and groomers. There he had the bad luck to encounter Malech Radu.

Radu is perhaps one of the most important and powerful people in all of Yaluu society to have never held any sort of public office. A wealthy merchant and powerful wizard, Radu has been the power behind the throne of several recent Yaluu leaders; he is also the widely rumored but unproven ringleader behind several successful coups in the chaotic time before Hosi Sambu came to power. It is also rumored that Radu deals regularly with sev-

eral of the dragons who inhabit some of the remote caves of Chorane where no one (well, practically no one) dares go.

Radu, it is widely known, allows no one other than the President to take precedent over him in passage—and then only in public. It is a point of stubborn pride with him. Most of the other Yaluu elite concede passage to him, not wishing to start what would inevitably become a bloody feud.

Not Nespar Sambu. It is not entirely clear what Nespar was thinking—perhaps he thought that being the president's brother would help him, perhaps he truly felt he could take on Radu, or perhaps he was just in a hurry. But for whatever reason, Nespar refused to yield at Blood Alley when he encountered Malech Radu and his entourage. Radu does not travel with as large an entourage as many other of the Yaluu elite, mostly because he doesn't need to—another conceit on the part of a distinctly unhumble man. Not only did Nespar's entourage refuse to concede the passage, but they physically assaulted Radu's entourage, moving it aside so that Nespar could continue on his way. Radu did nothing but glare, disappearing shortly after the conflict began.

Nespar made his meeting on time, and soon word of the incident spread throughout the upper echelons of Yaluu society, aided and embellished by Nespar's bragging tongue. People wondered if this was the first crack in Radu's previously impenetrable facade. Even President Hosi had to reconsider how he would deal with his younger brother now that he was apparently much more powerful than anyone had thought.

Hosi did not have to reconsider long. Within 24 hours, several key members of Nespar's staff died of mysterious, painful illnesses. Nespar dispatched his assassins in retaliation, and the feud was on. The rest of the major players, including president Hosi, simply laid low and waited for the smoke to clear. After an initial violent fury in which 34 people were killed in 11 days, things have settled down. The feud continues, thought Radu is clearly winning. Nespar Sambu has been wounded twice by assassins, while Radu remains





untouched. Seventy-five people have been killed in the past year and a half, 45 of them Nespar's, 23 Radu's, and seven innocent bystanders.

Despite all this, the Yaluu have a very human society. People laugh, dance, fall in love, marry, and have fun—they're just very careful about doing it in public. Any signs of weakness are invitations to abuse, so people have learned to put on a public face that is tough and uncompromising—though many are not like that at all among family and close friends.

MAGIC

One quick way to get ahead in Yaluu society is through the study of magic, so just about anybody with an aptitude for it gives it a shot (and many more with no aptitude at all try anyway). Finding a teacher is a difficult proposition, however, because few mages are willing to train people whose main goal in life is to replace them. The relationship between the student and teacher is very tenuous; the student must continue to declare undying allegiance to the master and work to advance the interests of the master, all the while plotting to eventually surpass him in power. The master, on the other hand, must teach enough to the apprentice so that he will be useful, but not so much that he will become a threat.

The Yaluu have a cruel society, and Yaluu's wizards play an important part in

that. Mages tend to specialize in the schools that contain spells most useful to an evil, repressive society, such as the following:

Enchantment/Charm: This school of spells is useful in a society where the strong bend the wills of the weak. Particularly favored spells are *charm person*, *suggestion*, *domination*, *demand*, and even *feblemind*. These are some of the first spells Yaluu wizards teach their apprentices.

Greater Divination: The information-gathering aspects of this school of spells make them very popular among wizards who want to find work in the employ of one of the Yaluu power brokers or would-be power brokers.

Invocation/Evocation: Popular for the obvious reasons, the powerful damaging spells like *fireball*, *lightning bolt*, *cloudkill*, and the many different *wall* spells.

Necromancy: The Yaluu have a fascination with causing, controlling, and overcoming death. So, these spells are studied very carefully by most aspiring wizards.

There are a fair number of magical items among the Yaluu, but centuries of power games, overthrows, assassinations, and ambushes have left nearly all of them concentrated in the hands of the most powerful people. They usually lend these out to those who can use them to the owner's benefit—bodyguards, for example, as well as hired specialists for specific

missions. Some of the more profit-oriented of the power elite would also consider renting items out—for a high price, of course.

Clerics are much less common than mages among the Yaluu, for there is no state-mandated (or even state-supported) religion. In religious matters, the Yaluu are completely open-minded, granting total freedom to all. In their search for truth and meaning, a few Yaluu have returned to the old gods that all Choranians worshiped before the Cataclysm; 90% of these have turned to the Dark Queen, Takhisis. These clerics and their followers have actively sought out the dragons that live deep in the remote sections of Chorane, and they have made these beasts objects of worship. (For more on the dragons of Chorane, see page 29.)

There are self-proclaimed clerics of a dozen other deities, but no deities other than Takhisis and Gilean provide their followers with actual clerical spells and powers. Those who follow the neutral god Gilean are very few in number (no more than three clerics and 100 worshipers) and not very powerful, so they spend most of their time hiding from the clerics of Takhisis, who actively seek their destruction. There are no followers of Paladine/Parthenu among the Yaluu.





THE VODAR

While the Ameshites and the Yaluu continue their bitter battle, the remaining group of human descendants of Amesh, the Vodar, are caught in the middle. While they are repulsed by the evil ways of the Yaluu, they cannot bring themselves to get swept up in the fanatical fervor of the Ameshites. Consequently, they are distrusted by both sides.

At the time of the Great Rift, the Vodar preached tolerance and reconciliation. Unfortunately, neither of the two other sides would have any part of it. Ever since, the Vodar have practiced the principles of tolerance and open-mindedness with an almost fanatical devotion.

The idea of being fanatically tolerant may at first seem a contradiction in terms, but the Vodar have found a way to make it work. The concept is not without its snags, however. Imagine a world where there is always another side to a story; where there is no black and white, only varying shades of gray; where every diverse opinion is not only tolerated, but encouraged; where no decision gets made until it is thoroughly analyzed, discussed, and debated. This is the world the Vodar have made for themselves.

GOVERNMENT

The Vodar have a representative form of government. The citizens elect Spokesmen (as they are called), who meet and debate important issues. The Spokesmen, in turn, fill important individual positions (Supreme Leader, Chief Judge, Army Commander, etc.) by electing qualified individuals from their ranks.

The Spokesmen (and Spokeswomen) of the Vodar go to great lengths to make sure that everyone who has an opinion on a subject and wants to express it has a chance to be heard. This makes government meetings very long and not just a little bit boring; it is only the Vodar's strong belief that this is the way things should be done that keeps the system alive.

So despite the fact that it takes forever to get anything done, enough does get done to keep the Vodar going. Food is

harvested, taxes collected, soldiers armed, justice administered, and diplomats dispatched. Because of their commitment to the system, the Vodar do not complain if important things take too long to happen and less important things don't happen at all—it's just the price of freedom, they shrug.

And the Vodar are a free people, certainly more so than the Ameshites or the Yaluu. They are also better off materially, because they don't have to put as great a portion of their production toward defending themselves from enemies. There is a very high level of distrust and dislike between the Vodar and both the Ameshites and the Yaluu, but it is not nearly as bad as the hatred those other two tribes have for each other. The Vodar hold the balance of power; if either the Yaluu or the Ameshites were to conquer them, the conquerors would then be so strong as to successfully defeat their ultimate enemy, and each tribe knows that. So if either the Ameshites or the Yaluu were to launch an all-out attack on the Vodar (as has happened several times in the past 300 years), the other would have to reluctantly ally with the Vodar and aid their defense.

Vodar still has an army, of course. It is a small group of men (not more than 500 soldiers), only half of whom are on active duty at any one time. They handle border guard duty at some of the more sensitive spots in Chorane where Vodar territory meets other tribes', as well as engaging in monster hunting and law enforcement. Vodar troops are armed and organized similarly to the other human tribes—the only major difference is that magical arms and armor are extremely rare, even among the career officers.

There's not a whole lot to the Vodar criminal justice system, because in a land in which nearly every type of belief and almost every sort of behavior is tolerated, not that many things are against the law. The so-called "victimless" crimes, including bootlegging, gambling, and vice, are entirely legal. In crimes in which the victim is not seriously harmed—including fraud, swindling, and even burglary—citizens are encouraged to find their own solutions to the problem,

rather than involve an already overburdened and not very competent system.

In cases where the victim is physically harmed, of course, the police and courts step in. Penalties are usually fines, a portion of which are given to the victim or the victim's family as compensation, and time in an "exile camp." The death penalty is not part of the Vodar system.

Vodar's exile camp is a section of Vodar territory where convicts live and work together. Guards are posted to keep a modicum of control over the area, but it is not a prison—convicts are free to travel in most sections of Vodar. To distinguish them from the general population, convicts have shaved heads marked by a large red tattoo. The tattoo is permanent, but after the convicts have served their terms, they are allowed to grow their natural hair back, concealing the tattoo. Convicts are not totally reviled by Vodar society, but they are not particularly welcomed, either, so they tend to live and work in the exile camp until their sentence is served.

There is no such thing as civil law among the Vodar—if two citizens have a dispute that cannot be resolved in any other way, the last result is the Debate, which will be explained in greater detail later.

ECONOMY

The economy of the Vodar stakes out a middle ground between the communal, share-and-share-alike system of the Ameshites and the ruthlessly capitalistic system of the Yaluu. There is private property, money (the *vodon*, a coin similar to the brathan, but slightly larger and with a different design), and plenty of free enterprise. There are also taxes and a government-sponsored system to make sure that Vodar's less fortunate are taken care of.

Vodar, though, has very few people who qualify as less fortunate. Because they have a defense budget that is only a fraction of their neighbors', there is a lot more brak to go around for things like feeding everyone. The basics of the economy are the same as everywhere else in Chorane—growing brak, brewing dako-

line, making nearly everything out of cured funno hides, and a little mining for precious metals and gems. The Vodar are not particularly adventurous, and they do very little monster hunting or deep running.

SOCIETY

The Vodar tolerance for diverse viewpoints and opinions has a profound effect on nearly all aspects of their society. Just as with their government, nothing of any social importance can be accomplished without a great deal of argument. The remarkable thing is that the Vodar would have it no other way.

At the center of Vodar social life is the Debate, a formal ritual in which two people representing differing views on a subject argue, in a very formal and polite way, before an audience. After a set period of time (usually one hour, but sometimes as much as three), the audience indicates by vocal acclamation which side wins. If there is any doubt about which side the audience is on, the Debate is considered a draw, and the decision is put off. Draws happen more than half the time, for anything short of universal, enthusiastic support for one of the two debaters is interpreted as an inconclusive result. "Better to talk it out again than to make a poor decision," wise Vodar say.

For all their ceremony and solemnity, the Debates decide very few issues permanently, and never any important ones. Questions like "Should we go to war with the Yaluu?" never come up in Debates; questions like "Should I let my daughter marry Abrech the hide curer?" come up all the time. In many ways, the Debate is a social custom, in which a Vodar's neighbors may share in the important moments in a person's life—the naming of children, deciding whom to marry, where to live, what sort of career to pursue, and so on.

Beyond the fact that they argue and debate over everything endlessly, rarely coming to any conclusions anyway, the Vodar lead fairly normal lives. They work hard, raise their families, and try to get by each day with a minimum of pain and bother.

MAGIC

Since the Vodar accommodate and participate in nearly every philosophy ever known to Krynn, it only follows that at least some of them are students of magic. Vodar wizards are occasionally used in defense of their lands when they come under attack, but for the most part, the mages are more interested in knowledge than conquest.

One thing Vodar mages never use are the various charm spells and other spells

used to influence another person's thoughts or attitudes. Wizards do not even admit to knowing these particular spells, even if they do. The one thing Vodar society prizes above all others is freedom of thought and the right to hold one's own opinion—manipulating those thoughts through magic would be unspeakably vile.

The Vodar possess very few magical items, mainly because the wizards would rather learn new truths than crank out "toys for the rich." The only exception is items used to gather knowledge—*crystal balls*, scrying mirrors, and the like. These are in abundant supply and nearly constant use. As a result, Vodar wizards know a great deal more about Chorane and the rest of Krynn than do the other tribes that live here.

There are clerics of nearly every faith and philosophy among the Vodar, but only those who follow the true gods receive any clerical spells or powers. All three major gods of Krynn have followers—even the Dark Queen—but Gilean is the most popular. Takhisis's followers are viewed with as much distaste and suspicion as the open-minded Vodar can muster; after all, the Dark Queen's desires for conquest are well known. But her followers operate openly, contemptuous of the tolerance that allows their very existence.



NON-HUMAN RACES

THE THEIWAR

The legends of Krynn make mention of the Theiwar, but they do not go into much detail other than they are a tribe of evil dwarves that has lived in the deep underground for so long that no one is certain anymore that they still live—or that they were ever more than legend.

Among the dwarves that still live on Krynn's surface and deal with the humans and other races there, the Theiwar are still somewhat of a mystery. The dwarves know the Theiwar lived at one time, and are fairly certain they still do, but they are not entirely sure where. The dwarves do not consider the Theiwar evil as much as reclusive and distant, shunning all company save each other.

The truth about the Theiwar is this. They do indeed live to this day, in a vast underground complex that includes a section of Chorane (see the pull-out map). They are reclusive, surly, and a little bit opportunistic, but not actually

evil. They lived in Chorane long before the humans followed Amesh here some 700 years ago.

The Theiwar do not call this labyrinth of caverns and tunnels Chorane at all; their name for it is Alzhak Reger, which roughly translates to "Sanctuary." The name refers to Chorane being halfway between the deadly extremes of the polar ice cap far above and the lava pools far below.

The Theiwar resented the coming of the humans because of their reclusive nature, but there was never any direct competition between the two races for Chorane's meager resources. There were only a few specific sections of the Chorane that the Theiwar were not willing to give up, and Amesh, a good man acutely aware that after a grueling journey his people were in no position to argue, gladly took the areas offered.

The areas the Theiwar kept—indeed, the areas they control to this day—are the only ones in Chorane with large, rich deposits of valuable metals, including iron, silver, and gold. The Theiwar send most

of the metal, in both ore and refined states, back along their secret passageways to other hidden complexes far from Chorane where even more dwarves make their homes. They trade small amounts of metal and the occasional finished product (a sword, a suit of armor) to the humans of Chorane, but the simple truth is that the Choronians don't have anything the Theiwar want or need. The Theiwar have their own brak fields and funno herds, in addition to their great forges and mines, and they are completely self-sufficient.

The Theiwar are led by a Thane, a hereditary position that wields absolute power over the various tribal chieftains, who are in turn in control of their respective tribes. The Thane of the Theiwar lives far from Chorane. While members of three different tribes live and work in Chorane, only one chieftain, Barakedno of the Glowing Hammer tribe, actually lives here. As far as the humans of Chorane are concerned, Barakedno is the leader of the Theiwar—a notion the prideful dwarf does not bother to correct.





Because of his remote location, Barakedno has a great deal more autonomy than most Theiwar chieftains. He has taken advantage of that situation to strike an alliance of sorts with the Yaluu. Barakedno has said more than once that he is an admirer of the Yaluu's ruthlessness, and he has no love for the Ameshites, who have tried to capture and convert the occasional straggling Theiwar now and again. Barakedno has provided high-quality dwarven weapons to the Yaluu army, traded precious metals for food and other goods, and even sent troops to participate in Yaluu raids.

Why the normally reclusive Theiwar would do this is a mystery to many. There are a number of interesting reasons for this arrangement. First, Barakedno is a truly evil individual, and he enjoys the opportunity to cause mayhem and suffering among humans. Second, Barakedno's tribe, the Glowing Hammer tribe, are smiths first and foremost. "We were born at the forge," the tribal history says. Barakedno is more willing to trade the products of the forge for food and other

goods because he believes it is beneath dwarves to tend mushroom fields; he is more than happy to let humans, "who are much better suited to such menial labor," perform this work.

The third reason involves Barakedno's ambitions to increase his power among the Theiwar. All the tribes have armies, and they are all well-armed and heavily trained. But only the Glowing Hammer tribe has had the opportunity to get the experience of actual battle against a live enemy. This is a source of pride and prestige for the tribe and its chieftain, and also a practical boon should Barakedno's thirst for power lead him to consider a military option.

There are Theiwar mages and clerics in Chorane, but they are relatively few in number and have little to do with the tribe's dealings with the other peoples of the area. The Theiwar nature is still basically reclusive, despite Barakedno's recent overtures to the Yaluu, and Theiwar mages and clerics are reclusive even among their own people.

THE KENDAR

No one knows how the Kendar got to Chorane, or even how long they have been there; not even the Kendar themselves know. "We've always been here," a Kendar will say if asked about the race's origins. "I mean, I think so . . . wait a minute. Hmmm . . . well, I've always been here, except for that time I went exploring down that steam vent . . . so I guess we've always been here. Yes, definitely. We've always been here. I think."

Obviously, the Kendar are a lost offshoot of the kender who roam the surface of Krynn. But no Kendar has ever seen any of these surface-dwelling cousins, so they do not acknowledge their existence. The Kendar believe only what they have seen and experienced first-hand. If another member of their particular clan swears his own first-hand experience of something, then his clanmates may believe it—maybe. Otherwise, it's strictly seeing is believing.

The Kendar have probably been here nearly as long as the Theiwar, though the



two did not know of each other's existence until Amesh and his humans arrived 700 years ago, building bridges and filling the empty caverns of the land. Today, the area in which the Kendar live even borders briefly on Theiwar territory, though the two races have very little to do with each other. The Kendar do deal extensively with the humans, however, both as trading partners and simply as friends.

Despite the fact that they have been separated from their surface-dwelling cousins for millennia, there are many similarities between the Kendar and the kender. They are about the same size (Kendar may be slightly smaller), and they look and dress quite similarly. The Kendar have abandoned the hoopak that is common on the surface of Krynn, for reasons no one knows.

The Kendar are as good-natured and cheerful as kender, but a good deal less trusting—as mentioned earlier, Kendar tend to not believe anything they haven't seen themselves. They are every bit as curious as kender, but they are not as fearless or foolhardy—they can recognize inherently foolish or dangerous behavior, and they are not nearly as likely to go rushing off into danger and have to be rescued.

Kendar can be infuriating in their own ways, however. No one can tell them anything—unless they've seen something themselves with their own two eyes, they tend to not believe it. They're also very difficult to talk to, as they do not give straight answers or ever get to anything remotely resembling the point. They ramble, qualifying everything they say with "I think" or "perhaps" or "maybe," and they have to be constantly steered back to the original subject, or they will talk for what seems like forever on nearly any subject except the one the conversation was originally about.

Of the three human tribes, the Kendar get along the best with the Ameshites. The Kendar and Ameshites share a great love of music, and this has brought the two groups together. Many Kendar attend the Ameshite's Auditions (discussed above), strictly for the pleasure of hearing the music. And Ameshites are frequent

guests at the Kendar's many Clansings, a tradition that affirms each member's place in the clan through a ritual cycle of songs and dance.

The Kendar also love to discuss religion with the Ameshites. Nothing ever gets resolved—the Kendar love the story of Parthenu, the First Singer, though they don't for a moment believe it—but both the Ameshites and the Kendar are delighted to find conversation partners who are willing to put up with the excesses and eccentricities of the other. To an outsider, one of these free-wheeling discussions would be the height of boredom, but to the participants, it's heaven.

In addition, the Kendar are essentially good-natured folk, and identify much more closely with the values of the Ameshites than with the Yaluu, whom the Kendar feel are quite evil and should be avoided if at all possible. The Kendar get along well with the Vodar, and they trade with the Vodar a great deal, but they prefer the company of Ameshites.

Kendar society is based around the clan, a loosely-organized extended family unit that usually includes between 200 and 500 Kendar. There are over 100 Kendar clans in Chorane, each led by a Clan Master. The Clan Masters gather three times a year, under the guidance of the oldest among them, to settle whatever issues any of the Clan Masters wishes to bring before the group. These sessions can take as long as two weeks to complete, as everyone has something to say, and they take forever to say it.

The day-to-day things governments are supposed to do are handled on the clan level. If members of two different clans have a dispute, their respective Clan Masters find a third, neutral Clan Master agreeable to them both to resolve the problem. On purely internal clan affairs, the Clan Master's word is law.

The Kendar survive in Chorane the same way as everyone else—growing brak and herding funnos. Kendar do not brew or consume dakoline, because for some unknown reason, the extract of the tannadako fungus that gets humans and dwarves drunk only makes Kendar sick.

Kendar also have a mercenary streak

that is second only to that of the covetously greedy Yaluu in Chorane. Many enterprising Kendar make their living as merchants, loading their goods in a cart they wrestle through whatever sections of Chorane they can, wheeling and dealing for coins, bartering for goods, and making whatever trades they can. Some Kendar even deal with the Yaluu if the profit potential is there, though the risks are quite high. A Kendar will deal in anything—pots and pans, small sculptures, jewelry, herbs and spices, and even minor magical items.

The Kendar have a military, but it is neither very big nor very effective. Each clan is responsible for providing, arming, and training a squad of ten to 20 soldiers (depending on the size of the clan) who serve in the militia for one-year terms. The Kendar have offered to help the Ameshites militarily in case of attack, but they want no part of Ameshite raids on the Yaluu or the Theiwar.

There are no Kendar clerics, mainly because there are no Kendar religions (they don't believe in anything they can't see, remember?). The ever-curious Kendar are fairly adept at magic, though there aren't as many aspiring young mages because of the race's natural skepticism. Kendar love magical items, however, and will trade well in excess of their actual value to get them. A magical item is something you can see, and its effects are also (usually) visible.

THE MONSTERS OF CHORANE

Chorane is a large, vast complex of caverns and tunnels, much larger than just the area the human and demihuman tribes live in. There are plenty of other places, but they are either too cold, too hot, too far from water, too hard to get to, too small, too rocky, or otherwise unsuitable.

Unsuitable, that is, for humanoids. There are plenty of other creatures that get along just fine—creatures the Choransians call monsters. Of course, it's all in the point of view; in the eyes of these other creatures, it's the Choransians, with



their hunting parties and spears and bows, who are the monsters.

Most monsters do not frequent the heavily-populated areas of Chorane, but that does not mean it does not happen. A monster may become lost, sick, or just desperately hungry and looking for a snack. The monster usually runs into one of Chorane's many armies fairly early in its adventure, with predictable results. Monsters are more frequently encountered on the fringes of civilized Chorane, called the "frontier" by Choronians, and of course, out in the wilds.

NEW MONSTERS

There are several creatures that are unique to the underground environment of Chorane; these monsters are not found anywhere else on Krynn. Complete, *Monstrous Compendium*-style pages for each of these monsters appear later, but here's a brief description of them, along with information on how they fit into daily life in Chorane.

Funno: The appearance and functions

of these odd creatures are described earlier (also see entry on page 30).

Razhak: Razhaks are a race of shape-changing rock-men who have lived in Chorane for thousands of years. Razhaks resemble earth elementals, but they are not affected by any of the magical items or spells that affect elementals. They are very intelligent and interested in the affairs of men, but they prefer to observe and learn without revealing themselves.

Razhaks live for thousands of years in bodies of living rock, which they can shape into anything they desire. They prefer to mimic natural rock formations. They can go decades without moving—many razhaks have been living in the passages and caverns of Chorane for centuries, with no one ever discovering them.

Razhaks operate on a much different time scale than the humans of Chorane. Since they live for thousands of years, the life span of an individual human is but a single breath to them. The entire span of human history in Chorane—Amesh's discovery of the land, the Cataclysm, the Great Rift, and the subsequent 300 years

of civil strife—is all a recent development to the razhaks. As a result, they do not decide anything or take any actions in haste. A snap decision for a razhak takes about two years. So, despite their interest in the affairs of the people of Chorane, they have done very little but observe.

Only one of the humanoid tribes on Chorane even know of the razhaks—the Kendar. The Kendar have shown a great deal of wisdom and discretion, however, by not telling anyone else about the rock-men. The Kendar fear that either the xenophobic Ameshites or the evil Yaluu will hound and persecute the razhaks (or most likely, both will). While it is not certain just what the humans could do to these powerful creatures, it would certainly cause problems. Humans are infinitely ingenious when it comes to finding ways to destroy things, as the Kendar know all too well. There is a particularly high concentration of razhaks in the Kendar-controlled sections of Chorane, and the two races get along quite well.

Ursoi: The Ursoi are a race of semi-intelligent bears that live in cold, remote



caves far from the “civilized” sections of Chorane. They have a language of their own and a tribal society. While they do not make tools or weapons, they have been known to use weapons taken from previous victims.

Ursoi have very little use for weapons, however, because they are so dangerous on their own. They stand nearly nine feet tall when they rear up on their hind legs, and they weigh over 1,000 pounds. They have powerful jaws, sharp claws, and thick, tough skin. They are strictly meat-eaters, preying on fish found in underground lakes and streams, wild funno, and anything else they come across. Ursoi fear only dragons; a hunting pack, working together, can easily bring down umber hulks and other extremely dangerous monsters.

The Ursoi have learned to avoid the civilized areas of Chorane. An individual humanoid is no match for even a young Ursoi, but they never encounter individual humanoids. Instead, the Ursoi find large groups of well-organized men, using bows, spears, special tactics, and even traps. No, the Ursoi know better than to go bothering the humans of Chorane.

The humans of Chorane, however, apparently don't know better than to go bothering the Ursoi. Hunting parties frequently go into the “wilds,” looking for some fresh meat to bring back. The smart groups look for easier prey than Ursoi, but some groups (mostly Yaluu and Theiwar) actively hunt the bears down. Some groups return with a trophy — many more do not.

CHORANE RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLE

What follows is a random encounter table for adventures in Chorane. When using this table, the DM should take into account what part of Chorane the players are in, what sort of terrain exists there, and use some common sense. A party of characters is not going to encounter a stone giant in a tunnel that is only four feet high, for example. Use this table as a guideline, and feel free to change things as they suit your campaign.

Chorane Random Encounter Table

D100 roll	Monster
01	Basilisk, Dracolisk
02-04	Carrion Crawler
05-07	Cat, Lynx
08-10	Cave Fisher
11-14	Centipede, Giant
15	Dragon, Black
16-17	Dragon, White
18	Dragon, Gold
19-27	Fungi, Any
28-35	Funno, Wild
36-38	Ghoul
39-42	Lizard, Subterranean
43-45	Mold, Brown
46-49	Mold, Yellow
50-53	Mold, Russet
54-55	Myconid
56-58	Ooze, Ochre Jelly
59-60	Ooze, Gelatinous Cube
61-63	Ooze, Gray Ooze
64-66	Ooze, Green Slime
67-69	Piercer
70-73	Pudding, Black
74-75	Pudding, Cold
76	Razhak
77	Remorhaz
78-81	Scorpion, Any
82-83	Skeleton
84-85	Snake, Giant Constrictor
86-87	Snake, Giant Poisonous
88-89	Spider, Giant
90	Toad, Ice
91-92	Umbur Hulk
93	Ursoi
94-95	Wight
96	Wraith
97	Wyvern
98	Yeti
99-00	Zombie

DRAGONS IN CHORANE

The great dragons are the most fearsome creatures on all of Krynn. There is no part of the planet that they have not found a way to make part of their domain, and Chorane is no exception. There are many parts of the land beneath the pole that, because of the narrow passages and crevasses that lead to them, dragons cannot get to (in their natural form, that is). But in those caverns and

open areas they can reach, the great wyrms have exerted their influence.

As mentioned in the very first section of this chapter, there are a number of openings leading to the surface of Krynn from Chorane, but the people use only one or two of them. Some of the others are simply too remote or inconvenient; the rest (ten of them, to be exact) are Dragonholes.

Clearly, some great and powerful magic—perhaps even the direct intervention of the gods—created the Dragonholes. These are perfectly smooth, perfectly round holes that descend into the earth for over a mile, with only a hint of a spiral; then they branch into several winding side passages before leading to individual caverns large and comfortable enough for the most demanding dragon.

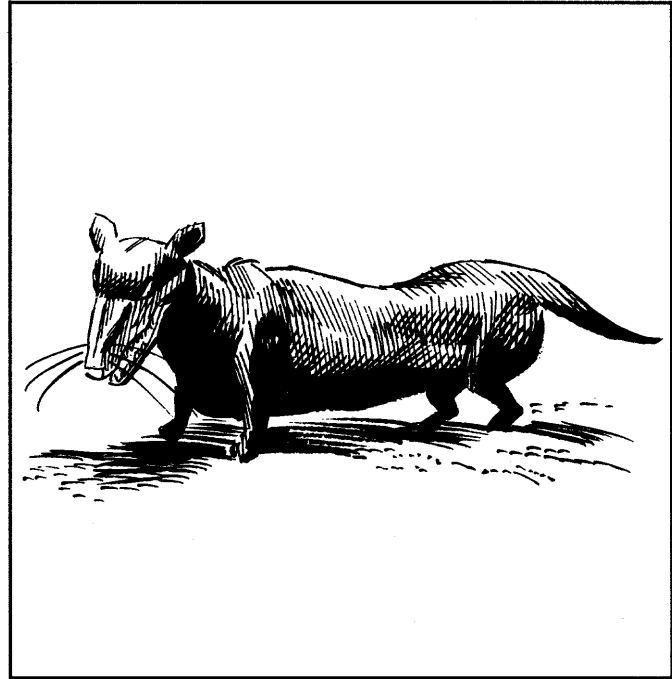
Many great, old dragons use the Dragonholes as their lairs. Remote and very difficult to get to, the Dragonholes are perfect for dragons who have fought their share of battles and are now looking for a place to sleep and count their riches without the constant hassle of thieves and adventurers coming by every few weeks to take their shot at the big prize.

But for dragons that still want to do more than just take it easy, Chorane has much to offer. Several dragons have very profitable relationships with some of the more powerful Yaluu leaders, who bring the dragons prisoners of war and other tasty snacks in exchange for magical spells, the lending of powerful magical items, strategy and advice, and once in a very great while, direct intervention. One of Malech Radu's chief rivals was taken care of several years ago when he, along with his entire entourage of 57, was eaten by a great black dragon named Brominade. Radu's direct involvement was never proven (it never is), but it is rumored that he visits Brominade regularly with gifts and tribute in exchange for his help.

The average Choranian, living an ordinary, day-to-day sort of life, has little to fear from the dragons of the land. It is only those who go looking for adventure (and trouble) that find it.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Herd
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Herbivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral

NO. APPEARING:	10-100
ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	1
THAC0:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-3
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3' long)
MORALE:	Unreliable (2)
XP VALUE:	15



The funno is an unremarkable-looking animal; at first glance, it is difficult to believe that the people of Chorane could not survive without them.

The funno is a member of the rodent family, looking a lot like a large, shaggy dachshund (about three feet long) with the head of a rat. Funnos range from tan to chocolate brown in color, with the occasional all-black specimen. They weigh 25 to 30 pounds each.

Combat: The funno is not much of a fighter, preferring to run from any threat, or if that is not possible, to cower and whimper. If cornered and sufficiently agitated, however (say, a group of small children teasing it for several minutes), it will turn and nip at its attackers with surprisingly sharp teeth.

Habitat/Society: In the wild, funnos stick together for mutual protection, raising the herd's young communally. They travel the passages of Chorane with remarkable agility. They eat practically any sort of plant or fungus they can find. When raised domestically, funnos lose what little free spirit they once had, content to wander about their pens, waiting for the daily feeding and the inevitable trip to the slaughter pen.

Ecology: Funno meat, while not incredibly tasty, is a welcome change from the Choranian's steady diet of brak and other fungi. However, it is not the funno's meat that makes it a prized commodity.

The hide of the funno is a soft and pliable leather that can be formed into many shapes. However, once those shaped pieces are treated with medroicide (a liquid extract of the medroc fungus), the hide hardens into a substance of surprising strength and hardness. Formed into armor, it is as effective as chain mail; it can also be formed into shields, swords, axes, spears, and other weapons, as it holds an edge quite well.

Medroicide not only hardens the hides, but it is used as a powerful glue to attach pieces of hide to each other. By forming funno hides into standard shapes, then putting them together with medroicide glue, any number of important things can be made. Bridges, ladders, carts, garden tools, baskets, fences, platforms, tables, chairs, even entire buildings—all have been made of cured funno hides in Chorane.

Razhak

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary, but see below
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Not applicable
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13-14)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good

NO. APPEARING	1
ARMOR CLASS:	- 8
MOVEMENT:	Special
HIT DICE:	15
THAC0:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	up to 4
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	4-24
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Regeneration
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Special
SIZE:	H (15' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (12)
XP VALUE:	12,500



Razhaks are a unique race of extremely long-lived rock-men. Their favorite activity is to mimic natural rock formations and observe the goings-on of creatures around them.

Nearly every living thing in Chorane has seen a razhak at one time or another, but they just never realized it. It is tough to say exactly what razhaks look like, because they can form themselves into any shape they want. They are also capable of altering their surface texture and color to blend in with whatever natural rock they are near.

Combat: Razhaks do not care for combat, being essentially peaceful creatures. But if pressed, they strike with up to four pseudopods (formed from their bodies). These attacks can be directed at up to four separate targets; a razhak generally does not use multiple attacks against a single opponent, unless the opponent is extremely large and powerful or the razhak is extremely upset. (An upset razhak, by the way, is a rare sight that few remember happily.)

Defensively, razhaks are extremely difficult to harm. In addition to their high number of Hit Dice and exceptional Armor Class, razhaks can retreat through solid rock at a rate of 3 per turn, regaining 1d6 hit points each turn as they travel. Essentially, they leave their damaged flesh behind (as cracked and crumbled rock) and absorb new rock as they move. This is the razhaks' preferred method of movement; if there is no rock available to move through, razhaks can slide along open ground at a rate of 1 per turn.

Razhaks are not related to earth elementals, so they are not affected by *rings of elemental control* or *stones of controlling earth elementals*.

Habitat/Society: Razhaks are solitary creatures, but all razhaks in an area are linked by a limited telepathy. Each razhak is

aware of the general state of each other razhak, and they can also communicate verbally (in their own special language). This is not a communal intelligence—a razhak could not, for example, see what a distant fellow sees. The distant razhak could, however, tell the first one all about it. This telepathy cannot be detected by standard magical means.

Razhaks feed on the mineral content of the surrounding rock to live. They do not breathe or sleep. If a razhak were somehow kept from contact with any other rock or dirt (magically levitated, say), it would feed on itself until it finally disappeared and died. This would take approximately 150 years—a razhak is nearly 12 tons of solid rock, and it needs very little sustenance to survive.

At first glance, it would seem that razhaks are somehow related to earth elementals. That is not the case. Earth elementals are magically-created beings, formed from rock, dirt, clay, mud, and other forms of earth. Razhaks, while they have some magical powers, are not inherently magical. They cannot be conjured or controlled like elementals, and they are made only of solid rock, not of any other earth materials.

Ecology: Razhaks have a natural life span of thousands of years; while interested in the lives of humans and other shorter-lived races, their perspective is one of taking the long view. This means they are not likely to get involved in human events, since it all happens so fast. If they could somehow be convinced to aid in a cause, they could be very useful, and not just for their formidable combat skills; their shapechanging abilities could be used to form walls, create shelters, surround enemies, or any number of other useful things.

Ursoi

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Temperate to Arctic/ Subterranean
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	20% chance Q per creature
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1-8
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	5
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (1 with weapon)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-16/1-6/1-6, or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Hug
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (9' tall)
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	775



Ursoi are a race of bears that have evolved into an intelligent, social species. They live and work together in a tribe, use tools and sometimes weapons, and hunt cooperatively for food.

The typical ursoi looks a great deal like a bear—up to nine feet tall when standing on its rear legs, with thick shaggy fur and four paws. The front paws have longer, better articulated “fingers” than the typical bear, to better use tools and weapons. Ursoi also wear jewelry, leather belts, and even, on special occasions, ceremonial clothing.

Combat: While an ursoi can use weapons, there are few weapons more effective than this creature’s own fangs and claws. It attacks three times per turn, but it cannot split its attacks against multiple opponents.

If both claw attacks hit an opponent in a turn, on the next turn the ursoi may (50% chance) opt for a hug attack. This requires another attack roll, and it is the only attack the ursoi can make that turn. If it succeeds, the victim suffers 2d4 points of crushing damage each successive turn. In addition, the ursoi can bite a hugged victim with a +4 bonus to the attack roll. An ursoi will not release a hugged victim until the ursoi has fewer than 10 hit points left, or the victim dies. A hugged creature may not attack or throw spells. An ursoi can hug only those creatures smaller than itself.

The ursoi are fearless fighters and do not back down from a challenge. However, they are also smart enough to flee when things start going badly for them. Though their morale is high, they do not fight to the death against impossible odds.

Habitat/Summary: Ursoi are known to live only in the remote caves on the outer edges of Chorane beneath the south pole of Krynn, but there is no reason they could not live on the surface. They would prefer colder climates, however, staying in arctic or temperate forest regions. They have developed a tribal society, with a chieftain, a tribal shaman (some sages who have studied the ursoi say that the shamans will soon develop spellcasting ability), and several sub-chieftains. Their primary occupation is hunting—while ursoi are omnivorous, they greatly prefer fresh meat to leaves and berries.

Ecology: Ursoi are intelligent and have a highly-developed sense of personal honor. Under the right circumstances, a person could persuade an ursoi to serve as a bodyguard, sentry, or other sort of fighter. One example might be if a person were to save an ursoi’s life and demand a payment on the “debt of honor.” The period of service would have to be for a short, specified time (no more than a year), and the ursoi would have to be treated with honor and respect (no suicide missions). Communicating with the ursoi would have to be done magically, as no non-ursoi has ever learned their language, and ursoi cannot form human speech sounds and cannot speak common. (Intellectually, ursoi have the capability to understand common when it is spoken to them, but there is no proof to date that any have learned it.)

LAND OF THE JUNGLE OGRES

PRELUDE:

THE DECLINE OF THE IRDA

The Age of Dreams was a time when dragons were in full glory and the power of dreams and imagination was so great that many new creatures came into being. Of all these creatures (so the ogres say), the ogres were the first-born. They were tall, handsome, and strong, without the hideous deformations that would plague their race in later years.

Then other races came, the graceful elves, the brooding dwarves, and the industrious humans. These peoples the ogres met with anger and then violence, for in those days the ogres were a proud people and suspicious of others.

But that was before the coming of Igrane, wisest of all the creatures that have walked the ground, save only for the noblest dragons. Igrane's foresight told him that violence would lead to death or enslavement for the ogres, and he sought a kinder, gentler path. From humans, he learned the power of choice, and he decided to reject evil and violence. He gathered his clan together, and told them of a new way to live.

His voice was gifted with the power of Choice; most of the ogres refused to give up their evil ways, and in doing so made their Choice, and the race of ogrekind fell from their lofty heights. And these ogres feared Igrane for his wisdom and his ability to give Choice, and they tried to kill him and the few who followed him.

To escape the ogres, Igrane followed his heart, and his heart led him to the sea. In a single great canoe, the followers of Igrane paddled their way, fed only by faith and wisdom, through storm and struggle. And they were rewarded, for they landed on a great island. And Igrane told them to live as wisdom and Choice told them to live. He gave his daughter the same authority that his people had given him, then he retired into a mountain. Centuries later, the ancient Igrane em-

erged from the mountain holding his great book, the *Irdanaiaith*. He named his people the Irda, which means "the Gentle Ones," then he died.

For centuries, the Irda lived up to Igrane's vision. They were a peaceful people who loved life, a highly magical race that felt close to the powers of the Age of Dreams. They built their homes by the glorious northern sea, warmed by the sun.

Their rulers were descended, son by son, daughter by daughter, from the great Igrane himself. Their land, their wonderful island, was named Anaiatha; it was a place of beauty and rustic pleasure.

But as centuries passed, a vice began to develop among this peaceful people—pride. They built towers and large cities on hillsides, and they began to think of themselves as superior to the other creatures of the world. They did not become boastful or arrogant, but in their pride they decided that they no longer needed their gods. They worshiped them, but only because of tradition; in matters of importance, they felt the gods did not matter.

It was at this time that the Irda faced the test of the Cataclysm. In Anaiatha (as in Ansalon), the Cataclysm was not a punishment of people for their evil, but a test of the people's claim to goodness.

The Irda failed their test.

One century before the Cataclysm, the Dark Ogres began to invade. These were ogres who had belonged to the Irda in the Age of Dreams; though they had not become physically debased, they had become wicked and malevolent as the ages passed. They attacked Anaiatha, and the Irda defended themselves in accordance with the Right of Igrane (see the excerpts from the *Irdanaiaith* in the "Culture" section).

The Irda, after many bloody battles, defeated the Dark Ogres and drove them back to their caves. However, the Irda had not turned to their gods in this conflict; they believed that they could triumph without the intervention of deities. On the day of the Cataclysm, the High King of the Irda stood on the foot of Igrane's mountain, and, facing away from the

temple that contained the one copy of the *Irdanaiaith*, proclaimed openly that the Irda no longer needed the gods.

There was then the sound of thunder; the island was torn apart, and a chasm formed beneath the High King's feet, swallowing him. Then the section of the island that contained the *Irdanaiaith* broke away and was borne into the depths of the sea, uninhabited except for a few priests, warriors, and mages who had remained loyal to the gods. Anaiatha was lost.

The Cataclysm changed the surviving Irda. War resumed against the Dark Ogres, and again they repulsed them, though many of their number were taken as slaves to Ansalon or Taladas. After the war, they named themselves the Mischta. They are now beautiful and proud creatures who retain much of the wisdom and dignity of the Irda, but with a great deal of sadness. The name of the island was changed from Anaiatha to Selasia (Place of Sundering).

During every High Sanction, the Mischta hear the call of Anaiatha, which calls to all Irda who are not there, but the High King has said that the Mischta may never return to Anaiatha; Anaiatha must return to them in the same way that it departed, and only then will the Irda be whole once again.



OVERVIEW

This section details the coral reef island chain that is located between Taladas and the Undersea Kingdoms of the Dargonesti. Sailors refer to this coral reef chain as the Spine of Taladas. The central island of the chain, Selasia, is home to two major cultures: the Twilight Irda, the Mischta, and the Bolandi. The Mischta are the remnants of the High Ogre culture that was once centered on Selasia (then part of a larger island known as Anaiatha). The Bolandi are a race of mischievous tree-dwellers with the powers of illusion.

The island chain is also the home of a degenerate tribe of Orughi, the evil island ogres who worship their masters, the cruel Nzunta.

The Nzunta are the last of the “Dark Ogres,” remnants of a once widespread culture of evil ogres equal in power and majesty to the Irda. The Orughi launch periodic attacks against Selasia, and they have been forging ties with evil creatures, such as lacedon, to wipe out the Mischta.

The waters of the Spine of Taladas are also the home of sharks and other potentially hostile creatures. Within the shallow waters of the reef is at least one deep trench, where the lacedon dwell.

The island chain is along the trading route between Taladas and the Dargonesti. There are several human bases on the islands, which the humans use to restock their trading ships. The islands are noted for their warm climate, their rich and exotic vegetation, and their fauna, both friendly and hostile. The

area teems with many varieties of fish, which attracts human fishermen. The Irda, who have long memories, have also made records of many active volcanoes. This is a turbulent area, rich in both life and death.

On Selasia itself there are great ruins of the Irda; there are also indications that the ancient powers, like the volcanoes, are not quite asleep.

Within these islands are friends (though the Mischta are quite anti-social because of persecution at the hands of humans) and foes (the Orughi are very fond of humans—as meals). There are ancient ruins and creatures that are not found on other parts of Krynn. In short—adventure!

Selasia and the Neighboring Isles





THE SPINE OF TALADAS

The Spine of Taladas was formed by volcanic activity that occurred during the later stages of the Age of Dreams; some legends say that Anaiatha sprang to life as a gift from the gods to the Irda, the most faithful of the First Born. Whatever their origin, the islands have been shaped by two forces: volcanoes and colonies of coral.

The coral colony is of the barrier variety, built on the skeletons of dead mollusks and sponges. It is fed by algae, plankton, and sunlight. The coral rests on the shallow bottom of the water, where sunlight can barely penetrate. It expands in all directions at a rate of one-half to one foot per year; sailors have noticed that some places easily accessible in their fathers' time are now too treacherous to navigate. The intricate latticework of the coral has folds that create numerous caves, home to sharks, crabs, moray eels, and other sea creatures. The reef produces algae, which attracts many varieties of fish to the area.

In some areas, coral islands have formed. These islands are atolls, forming a loop around a tiny lagoon; they are covered in soft white sand and palm trees. Some of these coral islands are used as berths for ships traveling between Taladas and the Sea Kingdoms. They have been given names like Port Storm, Port Dragon, and Port Typhoon. In fact, these islands are too small to provide protection against storms, and no port facilities have ever been built on them.

Twice each year, the trading ships pass through the Spine of Taladas; those families or small clans that don't have the resources for this migration stay here and act as middlemen (literally) for other ships that go to the Undersea Kingdoms. They avoid anyone who might pose a threat to them (and are highly suspicious of the Mischta). Occasionally these small settlements are raided by the Orugh; captives are soon feasted upon.

The region was somewhat volcanic in ancient times, but the volcanic activity within the Spine has intensified since the Cataclysm.

Two hundred years ago, the island of Vorm rose out of the sea in a spectacular display of fire; its rise is recorded by the Mischta, who could see its fires hundreds of miles away. There are dormant or extinct volcanoes on every major island in the chain. The region is frequently rocked by earthquakes. The last major tremor occurred 50 years ago; it destroyed many of the structures on Selasia and Fedron, except for some of the ruins of the Irda.

Volcanic activity occurs regularly on Vorm. Its mountains erupt in great streams of magma, which flow spectacularly down the slopes. On the sides of the mountains, geysers of erupting magma spew high into the air, creating fountains of molten rock. Fortunately for the residents of the other islands, volcanic activity is a rare occurrence elsewhere.

The volcanic soil of these mountains is extremely fertile, and vegetation grows in abundance. Animal life is plentiful. For the most part, the Spine of Taladas is one of the most pleasant areas in all of Krynn. The following is a guide to its major islands.

VORM

Vorm is the southernmost major island in the Spine. Because of its frequent volcanic activity, few people visit it, though some brave traders have landed there to collect its rich volcanic soil to sell as a restorative on Taladas. A few traders claim that being buried in this material will provide an instant resurrection and rejuvenation (of course, the traders who make this claim are quick to leave town after their sale; this tale is absurd and has no validity).

There are no major inhabitants save for a family of red dragons (othlorx). They are not here because they like the "toasty warm, pleasant" climate as they claim, but because they are quite cowardly and ashamed. They wish to avoid the company of other dragons and so they bathe in magma and play, trying to forget the curse of Takhisis. They launch raids against Odith, Abshu, and the deserted areas of Fedron, but they leave Selasia alone. Pumice stones form their diet.

The leader of the dragons is Mahaxibal (once known to the priests of Takhisis as Forge, but now referred to by less charitable names). Mahaxibal participated in the War of the Lance, but when his mate was slain, he fled from the battle, leading his family into the northern sea. Cursed and disgraced, he eventually found his way to Vorm. Mahaxibal is an old red dragon, and his children are adult dragons who are raising several hatchlings.

ODITH

This small island has one active volcano, which has been dormant for several hundred years; it was said that this was once a much larger island, but its volcano exploded violently at the time of the Cataclysm, destroying most of the island. This island is home to a large variety of sea birds.

There are a few old ruins on the island, whose origin is unknown. Rumors say that a great treasure is hidden in a cave somewhere within the volcano, but it is guarded by fire and spirits. The truth is that centuries ago this island was a base for minotaurs. The minotaurs went to war against the Nzunta and lost. There was once treasure here, but it was destroyed in the last eruption. A number of undead guardians remain, awaiting adventurers to slay them and put them to rest.

A family of rocs live near the summit of Odith's tallest mountain.

There is one other noteworthy danger of Odith; it is the home of a very old amphidragon. This beast has been preying on ships for centuries and is a very nasty customer.

ABSHU

This island was once part of Odith, but at the time of the Cataclysm most of it was destroyed; a gap of 20 miles now separates Odith and Abshu. Like Odith, it is a sanctuary for seabirds, most notably wari and emre.

This is the only volcanic island of the Spine that human trading ships will approach; its mountains are rich in precious



metals, and some attempts have been made to mine it. All attempts, however, have been destroyed by Orughi raiding parties.

CHANDION

This northernmost major island in the Spine was an ancient home of the minotaurs that once ruled this region, but these creatures are now long gone from here.

Chandion is a rugged island with a rocky surface covered with pumice and thick growth; its rugged hills are rich in precious metals. Fifty years ago, the Nzunta ordered 100 Orughi to leave their homes on Fedron and journey to Chandion. They planned that the Chandion ogres would grow in strength and eventually join in a two-pronged attack against the Mischta and the Bolandi. The current Orughi population on Chandion is now about 150; cannibalism and disease have kept their numbers down. The Orughi of Chandion have abandoned their worship of the Nzunta (and, indeed, any form of allegiance to them) and have reverted to the religion of Zeboim, the evil Queen of the Sea. They have built three tower shrines in her honor.

Game is plentiful on Chandion. Tigers stalk the land, feeding even on the Orughi, though small game is far easier to kill. There are also elephants in the dense jungle of northwestern Chandion.

LITTLE TALADAS

To the north and east of Chandion is the island of Little Taladas. The island was given this name by sailors as a joke; no one goes there, if only because sailors can see the prayer towers on Chandion and do their best to avoid the Orughi. The terrain is very thick, dense, jungle. No one knows what dangers lurk within.

FEDRON

The most dangerous island of the Spine is Fedron. It is notable for its tall (but extinct) volcanoes and its large population of Orughi. Less well known is the

fact that this island is the last remaining stronghold of the evil Nzunta, the legendary Dark Ogres.

Centuries ago, the great Nzunta chieftain, Doom, realized that the ogres were allowing their race to fall into decay. Physical debasement, as predicted by the Irda King Igrane, was becoming commonplace. Doom decided that if his people were to be preserved, all impure influences would have to be purged. He ordered the systematic extermination of all offspring that were not pure ogres.

Not all accepted Doom's wishes. As it had been with Igrane, there was bloody struggle in places unknown to man. Doom decided to flee with a band of 50 followers of exceptional purity. He made his way to a great island off the coast of Ansalon. There he found a relic, a spell-jamming engine. Doom and 30 followers left for places unknown, promising to return someday. He left 20 Nzunta (as he named them) to track down and destroy the hated Irda.

Eventually, the Nzunta found the Irda's home of Anaiatha. They made their home on the nearby island of Fedron, taking control of the Orughi and using them as slaves. Since then, the Nzunta have launched frequent wars against the Irda and their offspring, the Mischta.

Fedron is divided into four major settlements, each ruled by a Nzunta clan. The four major clans each have between 30-90 members. These clans are called the Roam, the Deathmark, the Fall, and the Magus. Each clan organizes a village of 200-500 Orughi as worshipers and slaves.

The building of prayer towers is forbidden; instead, the Orughi worship the Nzunta, who allegedly pass their worship to the gods. The priests of the Nzunta make blood sacrifices and offerings to avoid bringing on the wrath of the deities for usurping their worship. The Nzunta's chosen deity is Sargonnas, whom they call Lord Vengeance, but they also offer riches to Zeboim, on behalf of their Orughi slaves (mainly because they fear her wrath).

The Nzunta build their homes out of solid stone on the sides of mountains, re-

inforced to hold up against the most severe earthquakes.

Nzunta never expose themselves to potential danger; the Orughi fight all of their battles unless their backs are against the wall. According to current policy, once the Nzunta reach a population of 500, they attack the Mischta in full strength.

The Nzunta are led by the High Magus (he abandoned his name to receive the title); he is a Black Robe wizard of 12th level as well as a Changer Savant. The Nzunta base their magic system on that established by the Towers of High Sorcery, and the Master of Apprentices makes all would-be mages pass a test similar to the tests of High Sorcery. However, the Black Robe Order of High Sorcery would not consider a Nzunta to be a part of their order (if only because Nzunta Black Robes rival or surpass many of the true Order's most powerful members!).

The Nzunta number approximately 200. They do not leave the island but instead use Orughi and summoned and enchanted creatures as their slaves. There are no major monsters on this island, with the exception of a few othlorx blue dragons, trapped by their oath to serve the Nzunta.



FEATURES OF SELASIA

The greatest island in the Spine is (of course) Selasia, the home of the Irda between the Age of Dreams and the Cataclysm, before the sundering of Anaiatha.

The island is almost entirely covered by dense jungle, an extremely thick rain forest that is nearly impassable on the ground.

The Mischta live in the mountains, along the vents of extinct volcanoes, sometimes building beautiful dwellings of bamboo and palm fronds in natural clearings. Some Mischta follow a more ancient tradition and live in caves; there are many vents and holes within the volcanoes, and they provide excellent shelter in times of storm.

The Mischta have a few paths through the jungle, but the jungle grows very quickly here, and the paths are usually nearly impossible to find, except as slightly less impassable sections of jungle. Only the grace and intelligence of the Mischta enable them to travel through Selasia at all.

A few of the caves open into very large caverns. These were first discovered by the Irda, who used them as areas of private meditation and shrines to their gods. Since the Mischta have great reverence for their ancestors, they emulate this practice.

The deepest jungle is the home of the Bolandi, the mischievous, ogre-related people of the trees. This race builds its villages in the thick growth of the forest, and they travel by swinging on vines. They interact freely with the Mischta. Even though the Mischta aren't always glad to have the Bolandi as neighbors (especially when they play practical jokes), the relationship is for the most part a friendly one. (The Bolandi are described in detail in their own section of this book.)

Many species of jungle creatures live on Selasia. These include tigers, elephants, monkeys, and leopards. There are crocodiles in the river regions; the Bolandi tease these creatures mercilessly. Snakes, both the poisonous and the constrictor

varieties, are present here, especially near the river.

Rocs live on the peaks of the highest mountains, as do gold dragons. In fact, one of the largest hatcheries of good dragons in all of Krynn is located on Selasia, guarded by over a dozen good aligned dragons. The dragons (despite being meat-eaters) are on good terms with the Mischta.

The dragons keep a very close watch on their eggs and avoid involvement in the battles of the Mischta. The Bolandi view these creatures with awe; a Bolandi who climbs the mountain to peek at the nursery is treated as a conquering hero.

Unfortunately, not all creatures on Selasia are benign. Pyrolisks have also made the island their home. Orughi periodically land on the island and make settlements to use as bases in their wars against the Mischta. The Bolandi usually use their magic to drive the Orughi off the island (the Mischta are involved in acts of violence only in extreme circumstances, and so the defense of the island is left in the rather haphazard care of the Bolandi).

The rivers on Selasia are wide and slow, except near the mountains. The largest river is the Gold Dragon River, which flows into a small sheltered bay. There are piranha in some of these rivers, and sharks circle the coastal waters; it can be said that there are no safe waterways on Selasia. The Mischta have built bridges of bamboo and stone to cross these rivers, but the bridges are often old and in poor repair.

There is a large swamp, the Engulf, which is on the edges of Gold Dragon Bay; crocodiles are here in force (according to the Bolandi, these are the meanest, toughest, and stupidest crocodiles in all of Krynn).

THE RUINS

One of the most noteworthy features of Selasia are the Ruins. These are huge stone buildings that were constructed by the Irda during the Age of Might (which the Mischta name the Age of Folly). The buildings collapsed during the Cataclysm. All that is left of the ruins are tall

pillars of granite, nearly three hundred feet in height, the pits where they were quarried from the mountainside, where nothing grows, and their deep foundations, carved into the stones beneath the volcanoes.

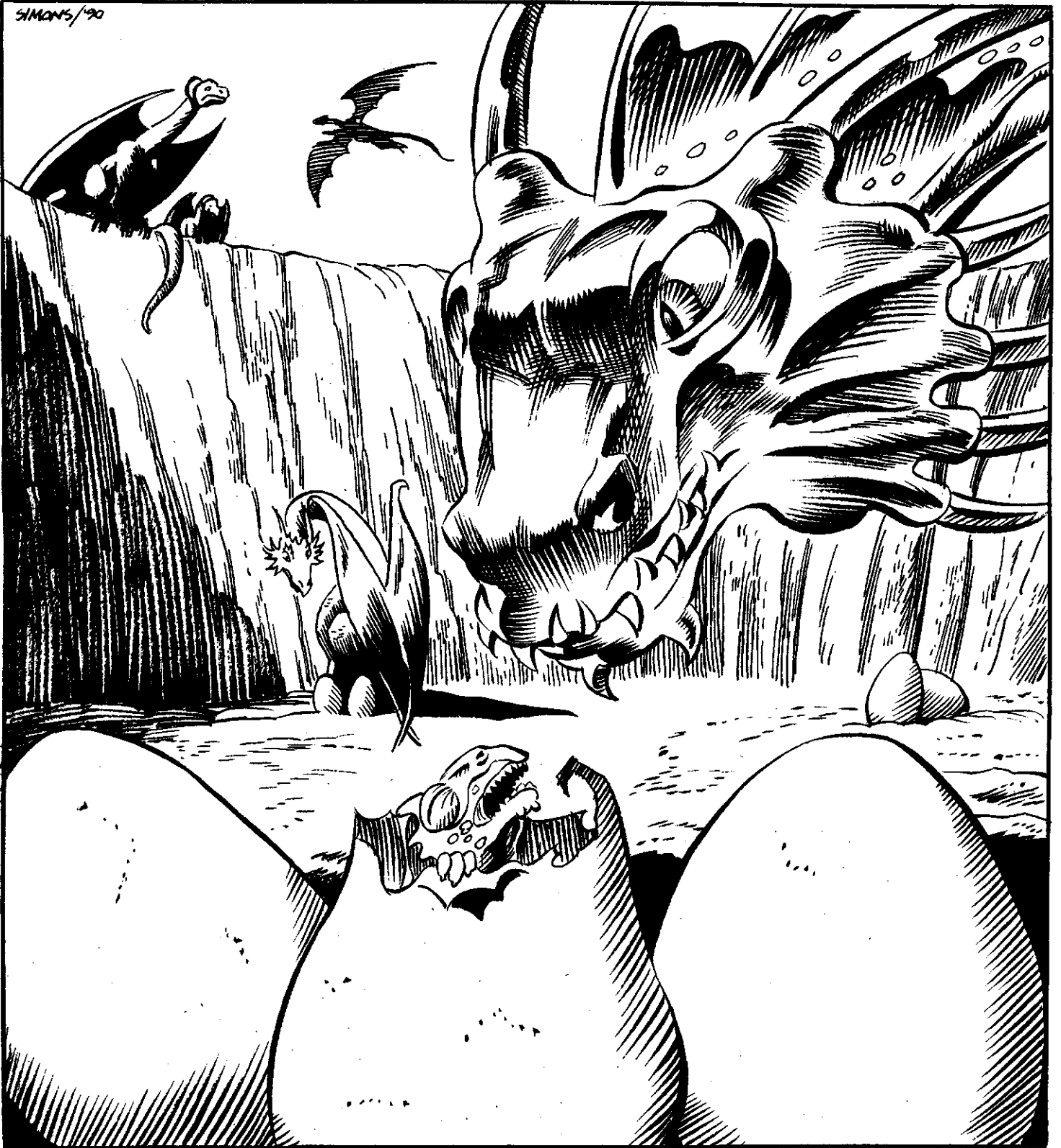
Originally built by the High King of the Irda to demonstrate that their race was as technically gifted as the Later Peoples (as the Irda then referred to all other races), the Ruins represent the pride of the Irda that led to the Cataclysm. The Ruins are preserved as a lesson to future generations of Mischta.

The Ruins are places of great magic; they represent the greatest technical achievements of the Irda and their greatest foolishness. At night, wisdom spirits often roam the empty shells. Those in need of advice have a good chance to find these beings in the night mists of the Ruins (see the "New Monsters" section under "Spirit, Wisdom").

Beneath the foundation of the Ruins is the Underworld. When the Irda first came to Anaiatha, they encountered many terrible monsters. The Irda defeated the monsters, but since they prefer not to kill their opponents, they herded them into vast caverns and placed a great stone seal over the exit to banish the monsters forever. The Underworld still exists, and monsters that are rarely encountered elsewhere in Krynn can be found here, such as chimera, cockatrices, manticores, gorgons, and even more terrifying monsters.



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THE MISCHTA

The Mischta are one of the two main humanoid races of Selasia. They are the pious and gentle descendants of the Irda, the proud High Ogres who were humbled by the Cataclysm. During the Age of Might they left the forests to live in great stone towers, towers which are now ruins.

Since the Cataclysm, the Mischta have been reduced to living in the forests. The family is basic social group of the Mischta. Over the course of centuries the families have grown quite large—each family is the equivalent of a small village.

The Mischta now live in houses made from mud, bamboo, grass, and leaves. Their dwellings are not quite as primitive as this description sounds, for the Cataclysm did not rob the Mischta of their skill as architects and engineers, nor did it dull their highly developed sense of aesthetics. Instead, they have transferred their skill with wood to their new materials, and have created villages that defy anything done with these materials in the past.

PHILOSOPHY

Much of the Mischta's philosophy is given to them from Igrane, as expressed in his book, the Irdanaiaith. Sections of the Irdanaiaith are printed later in the text, but the essential tenets of this philosophy are as follows:

- Love must be in harmony with knowledge. Only the knowledgeable can use love wisely, and one must have love to use knowledge properly.
- One must always strive to love and do good. Animals should be slain only in self defense. Plants, especially trees, may be cut down only when there is an important need.
- Those gods who encourage goodness are to be emulated and worshipped.
- Violence is acceptable only in extreme circumstances. An Irda should never initiate an act of violence. If necessity forces an Irda to such an action, a penance is necessary.
- Aggressiveness and evil is the heritage of all ogres. The Irda must constantly guard against the evil in their hearts.

- Possessions inspire desire. An Irda must guard against possessiveness and envy, the two most self-destructive evils.

- All evil is based on fear. An Irda must strive to be courageous and to be sustained by love.

Under these guidelines, the Irda strive toward a culture that is nonviolent, peaceful, and worships love and those deities who represent love and goodness.

When an Irda commits an act of evil, he is filled with guilt and shame. He must immediately (except when the safety of the community is at stake) cleanse himself by immersing himself in water. Sins include lying, coveting, excessive indulgence in food or drink, any act of violence, negligence of duties, and nonfulfillment of promises.

In spite of the reverence that the Mischta and Irda have toward Igrane, the philosophy of the Irda is not based solely on the Irdanaiaith. The Irda enjoy a good discussion of abstract philosophy and debating moral issues. They are so expert in the art of conversation that few humans can win an argument with them; they almost always have a logical counter-argument ready for any point an opponent may raise. Priests are particularly adept in this art.

LAWS

The laws of the Mischta are extremely primitive; if one commits an act of evil, one will submit oneself for punishment, usually a Cleansing ritual. Mischta commit violence against each other on extremely infrequent occasions; when this happens, a court of the wise (high-level clerics) is summoned to determine what caused the violence and how it can be prevented. No Mischta has murdered another Mischta since the Cataclysm, and accidental deaths are extremely rare. The Mischta have an acute sense of guilt and extremely active consciences; their own sense of morality is usually their harshest judge.

The major problem with Mischta law occurs when there is trouble with outsiders. If a Bolandi drops a coconut on a Mis-

chta and accidentally injures him, then the Mischta elders will meet with the Bolandi and discuss the situation. Usually the Mischta use this opportunity to demonstrate the virtue of forgiveness, but their patience is not unlimited. If the Bolandi continue to commit practical jokes that cause series injuries, then the Mischta will respond by suspending all communication with them (the silent treatment). Eventually, the Bolandi get bored of the Mischta's silence and apologize.

Another unclear area of Mischta law is the actions of other races that occasionally visit Selasia (such as humans). Orughi soldiers are punished by forced removal (they are disarmed and put back in their boats) and pointed in the right direction away from the island. If humans were to commit acts of violence on Selasia, the Mischta would try to capture them, determine why they committed the acts, then blindfold them, take them by boat within sight of Taladas (a very long journey) and leave them with sufficient rations to survive. The Mischta do not believe in imprisonment.

While the habit of eating meat is disgusting to the Mischta, they do not consider it a crime, though killing animals indiscriminately is a crime. In general, the Mischta do not believe that other species have to reach their high moral standards.

POLITICS

There are approximately 2,000 Mischta on Selasia. They use a political system that dates back to the ogre clans of the Age of Dreams. The Mischta are ruled by a High King, who organizes the affairs of the Mischta, intervenes in disputes, arranges for new constructions and repairs, and coordinates the common defense. Since the Cataclysm, many of these duties have been taken over by the priests (see the "Religion" section). The High King is now virtually a figurehead, a position maintained to honor the traditions of the Irda.

All High Kings of Selasia claim to be subordinate to the High King of Anaiaitha; should Anaiaitha ever become one



with Selasia again, the High King of the Irda would become the ruler of the Mischta.

The current High King is Kreala, the granddaughter of the High King who rules at the time of the Cataclysm. Kreala is a highly respected woman, but she is now nearing the age of her retirement (her oldest daughter Melei is the most likely successor). Kreala is patient, tolerant, and thoughtful, but sometimes too slow to act in times of crisis; she hates impulsiveness.

Political power is centered at the family level. The head of the family is the head of the local village (as all villages are run by a single family unit) and given the title Lord. Typically, the oldest child of the Lord succeeds him to that title, but it is not unknown for a Lord to resign and give the title to someone else if he feels that the other Mischta is better qualified to lead the community.

The Lord is responsible for the day-to-day welfare of the community; he sees to the food-gathering and care of the sick, and he decides how to deal with the mon-

sters that occasionally threaten a village. The Lord has powers to distribute food, relocate a village, and order community service from any member.

Duties of the family to the High King include attendance at Council, sharing surplus food (if requested), and providing defenders for an army (if requested).

When a family reaches 250 members, it is considered wise for the family to divide into two villages. The Lord chooses a new leader, assigns branches of his family to that new village, and asks the High King for approval. The family then moves into the forest and builds a new village.

Selasia has no standing army. A few Mischta specialize in fighting, having acquired martial skills during battles against the Orughi. These Mischta believe that skilled fighters are needed to protect against future dangers. They number less than three dozen, though they train often and are well-skilled. The pursuit of fighting skill is looked down upon by the Mischta (this is one of their few prejudices). The fighters do not let

this bother them, even when their acts of physical bravery sometimes seem to be unappreciated by the general population.

At the time of Solinu's (Solinari's) High Sanction, the High King meets with all Lords and High Priests to hear complaints and discuss important matters. Any Mischta may address the Council at this time. In addition, the High King will meet daily with any citizen at nightfall to discuss matters of concern. An emergency meeting of the High Council can be gathered in three days.

The High King rules until the age of 300, when he must step down and let his successor take his place, typically his oldest child. The succession ceremony is one of the few displays of pageantry that the Mischta allow themselves, probably because it does not happen often.

The Bolandi who attend the ceremony are sometimes astonished at the spectacle: leaf banners displaying discarded feathers from birds of paradise, ceremonial dress, choirs, and feasts. It is one of the few times that the somber Mischta al-





low themselves to feel the joy that was more common in the days of the Irda.

As mentioned earlier, the most important Mischta political unit in Selasia is the family. Each family controls a village, or a cluster of small villages loyal to a single Lord. Here is a list of major families (100 members or more):

Family	Leader (C/L)	Size
Adishau	Moreal (C5)	125
Duidin	Shadan (C2)	100
Erisei	Worriea (F7)	175
Igrani	Kreala (C8)	150
Modialli	Verxagha (F10)	200
Nuuni	Kaselfar (C4)	150
Omidai	Luthlien (M3)	125
Rathmaet	Duerkau (C10)	100
Temloth	Aka-Temloth (M5)	150
Vordesac	Herikor (M3)	125

CULTURE AND SOCIETY

Mischta are one of the oldest societies in Kryn. By most civilized standards, they are also one of the most enlightened. There are very few class distinctions in Mischta society, except for leadership positions. The priests may form an upper class (because they are revered), and fighters may form a lower class (because they are considered to be tainted by "barbarism"), but no member of Mischta society is denied privileges or access to opportunity because of his birth.

In spite of their beauty, the Mischta can be described as a cheerless people. Religion, guilt, and penance are utmost in their minds at all times. Violence and anger are major taboos; a Mischta is expected to be gentle and temperate at all times.

One of the most important ceremonies for the Mischta is the Cleansing ceremony. This is performed by any Mischta when he feels that he has behaved badly. It is also performed by the entire race, if they have been forced into an act of violence. A Cleansing ceremony involves the silent recitation of prayers under a night sky. Depending how bad the "sin" was, this can be required to take place over several consecutive nights. If appropriate Cleansing ceremonies are not completed,

Mischta believe that they will be denied a peaceful afterlife.

Here is a list of Mischta customs and beliefs in several important areas.

Art: The Mischta are an extremely artistic race. They are skilled poets, musicians, philosophers, and singers. They often perform religious and philosophical plays.

The Mischta do not keep records of their works, as this would be catering to vanity. The only permanent records made of Mischta art, philosophy, and literature are copies made by non-Mischta who believe that a certain work deserves to be preserved.

Athletics: The Mischta do not stress physical adeptness; common labor gives them all the exercise that most need. Sports are chiefly for the very young. Approved activities include running, swimming, climbing, jumping, and throwing. There is one game, shadowball, which has been borrowed from the Bolandi.

War: The Mischta never provoke war. When hostilities are forced upon them, priests immediately send runners to villages to warn others or request aid, then organize resistance. Fighters are provided, usually by the Modialli family, which has the greatest respect for the fighting arts of all of the families of Selasia.

Marriages: When two Mischta of opposite sex are 25, they are eligible to be married. The marriage ceremony is usually held at Solinu's Low Sanction, on the feast day, and attended by an entire village (or several villages, if the union involves two families). Mischta are monogamous; they may not be divorced, and widows or widowers may not be married. A happy marriage is considered to be one of the greatest achievements that is possible for a Mischta. Marriages are not formally arranged, but families often try to push certain children together. Brothers, sisters, and cousins may not marry.

Funerals: When a Mischta dies, his naked body is buried in the soil in an unmarked grave. The funeral is long and bitter: his friends stand over the grave, telling stories of his life, and his family sings songs and grieves. A Mischta does

not aspire to be remembered after death, thus no monuments are built and no records of death are kept.

Skills: Because of their long life span (they are in their prime for approximately 150 years), the Mischta take the opportunity to learn many skills. Activities that are performed by the Mischta include basket-weaving and embroidery, banner making, cooking, the arts, athletics, plant cultivation, animal handling, and metalsmithing.

ECONOMICS

There is no economic system among the Mischta; food, clothing, shelter, and other needs are provided by the community to all members, while supplies such as paper, ink, paint, dye, and cloth for artistic works may be requested from the priests or the village Lord. There is no trade between the Mischta and any other people, including the Bolandi. As a result, there is no economic activity whatsoever in Mischta society.

The Mischta do produce coins, however. Before the Cataclysm, the High King realized that the peoples of the outer world coveted jewels and gold (particularly in coins). So he ordered that the Irda dig into the mountains to extract their ores, and learn the art of metallurgy.

When the Cataclysm struck, the development of metallurgy on Selasia came to an end. But the people of Selasia found that hard work in the mines made for a good penance, and the fighters who made swords feared that unless they continued to make steel weapons, the Orughi would eventually overwhelm them. So the art of forging swords has been preserved, though only a few masters of the art remain (chiefly in the Modialli family, which have trained many fighters).

When coins and gems are produced, they are given to the High King, who distributes them to the families, who in turn give them to individuals (often as presents or as rewards for fine service). Each Mischta is expected to have a few coins and gems, in case they ever need a ransom.

Selasia is known for its fruits and plants. On rare occasions, humans seek out the Mischta to consult with them on jungle and plant lore; the Mischta will usually ask for a favor in return. Humans who help the Mischta in times of need may also be given coins, probably from the collection of the High King.

RELIGION

Worship is extremely important to the Mischta. The religion of the Mischta is a very strict one; anger and evil thoughts are considered to be great sins, and they must be atoned for by Cleansing. The gods are given devotion at nightbreak (dawn), when Paleas (Paladine) is honored, and nightfall (dusk) when Magea (Mishakal) is honored. Honor is given through offerings of food and through a morning and evening song. This song praises the deity, asks forgiveness for the crimes of the Mischta, and requests protection from their enemies.

There is no active worship for the Highfather, except at meal time, when all Mischta look into the sky and offer a symbolic thanks to him, whom they call "the Grandfather."

Priesthood in the Mischta is open to all members of society over the age of 25. Those who wish to become priests must travel to the Ruins, find a wisdom spirit, and converse with it. If the wisdom spirit feels that the individual is wise enough and willing to serve the gods, it gives the would-be initiate a gift (usually a small token such as a coin).

The initiate hands the object to the master of initiates, who accepts the initiate into the priesthood. The priest then undertakes seven years of rigorous meditation, fasting, schooling, and worship. Then the priest is ready to assume the duties of a priest (i.e., he has reached 1st level in the priesthood).

Priests of the Mischta serve the entire roster of good deities in the Krynn pantheon, centering on the worship of Paleas (Paladine). The duties of a priest in Mischta society include the organization of worship, ceremonies of Cleansing, marriage, and burial, organizing the defense





of the Mischta (the few Mischta who specialize in fighting are worshippers of Amman-Duke (Kiri-Jolith). Priests are expert debaters and assist the High King (the High King's top advisors are usually clerics).

The Mischta worship all of the good deities and occasionally give offerings to some neutral deities when their spheres have treated the Mischta with beneficence. In order of importance to the Mischta (and the Irda), here are the gods that are worshiped:

Ansalon Name	Irda Name
Paladine	Paleas
Mishakal	Magea
Branchala	Baradin
Habbakuk	Eshanre
Solinari	Solinu
Kiri-Jolith	Amman-Duke
Reorx	Sammakax

It is noteworthy that both the Irda and the Mischta know the gods by their Ansalon (and Taladas) names, but they prefer to address the gods by names given by Igrane in the *Irdanaiath*. Igrane said that it was the act of naming the deities that set the Irda apart from other creatures. This also demonstrated the power of free will that they learned from humans in the Age of Dreams. Gods that do not receive worship are known by their Ansalon names, except for the Dark Queen Takhisiss, who is known as the Lady Duerhelis (the Lady of Hell's Anger).

The holy period for the Mischta is three days each month when Solinu is at High Sanction. The Holy Time is marked by fasting (all food is offered to Paleas), and ritual mourning and Cleansing. Before the Cataclysm, this was the feast time for the Irda, a time of joyous celebration. But now, by order of the High King, none may celebrate at High Sanction until Anaiatha is rejoined to Selasia.

The new period of celebration is when Solinu is at Low Sanction. A feast is offered in praise to Eshanre, and there is a singing competition that is devoted to Baradin. There is also (in good weather), a shadowball game with the Bolandi (see culture), which is dedicated to Amman-Duke.

The Mischta religion has the following things to say on general topics:

Neutrality: This philosophy is based on selfishness and the denial of love. Those who worship nature or the Balance are fools, for these are things that have no intelligence, and worship of these forces achieves nothing. Neutrality is viewed by Mischta as being not very different than evil, for those who will not devote their lives to good are contributing to evil. Neutrals are to be converted to love.

Neutral deities are to be ignored (though some craftsmen give thanks to Sammakax [Reorx]) and Gilean is sometimes openly mocked.

Evil: Evil creatures are to be pitied, for they are without love or have lost it, and they are under the influence of Fear. Offerings to evil deities (even in times of great danger) is forbidden by the Mischta, as that is a legacy of their ogre past. Evil creatures are to be converted if possible; otherwise, they are to be ignored. They cannot be harmed, except in self defense.

Evil deities are also ignored by the Mischta, but are not treated with the same scorn as the gods of neutrality.

Dragons: Dragons are the forms in which the gods clothe themselves to reveal their magnificence to humans. Good dragons are to be treated with greatest respect; the dragons of the Gold Mountain are to be given whatever assistance (or solitude) that they may desire. Evil dragons are to be shunned, or fought if they attack. (The Mischta have not yet encountered the Othlorx, so naturally they have no opinion about them).

Life: Life exists because otherwise there would be no opportunity to love, or to perform acts of kindness and honor. Life always has existed and always will exist. The purpose of life is not to fight evil, but to create and glorify goodness. The Irda have no special place in things, and they are intrinsically no better or worse than humans or elves or any other creature capable of free thought.

Death: Death exists because the Grandfather (Highfather) wishes life to be filled with new ideas and new struggles. When one has lived a good life,

passed all of the tests or repented all failures, one is ready for a wonderful afterlife with the Grandfather.

MAGIC

The Irda, parents of the Mischta, are some of the most accomplished magicians in all of Krymn. The curse that affected the Mischta during the Cataclysm robbed them of the Irda ability to get an extra spell at their highest spell level, and they no longer have an unlimited progression in the wizard class. Nonetheless, the Mischta are still extremely capable magicians.

The Mischta have founded an order of mages that is based on the Orders of High Sorcery. Any Mischta who wishes to become a mage may do so, though he must be at least 30 years old before he is allowed to take the Test. As with the Orders of High Sorcery in Ansalon, all mages must pass a severe Test, which occasionally leaves the Mischta physically or emotionally damaged. (Emotionally damaged Mischta are taken into the care of the priests, who nurture them back to health with the help of healing magic and the intervention of wisdom spirits.) If the Test is passed, the Mischta is allowed to become a wizard. It takes six years of constant study for a Mischta to become a 1st-level wizard.

All Mischta are White Robe Wizards, though they would receive a rather cold reception (at the very least) from their brethren mages in Ansalon. There is one master mage (15th level), who coordinates the use of magic on the island; the master mage is subordinate to the high priest of Paleas when magic is needed to defend the island. There is also a mage who is in charge of the studies of apprentices, including (unfortunately) Bolandi illusionists.

Wizards have no special duties other than general service as the High King commands; in return, they are given privacy in mountain caves, where they meditate and practice the arts of spellcasting.

The wizards of Selasia have a slightly different spell selection from their counterparts in Ansalon. Mischta are allowed



access to the following magical spheres: Abjuration, Conjunction, Divination, Enchantment/Charm, Evocation, and Illusion/Phantasm.

The Illusion/ Phantasm sphere is not normally allowed to White Robe wizards, but there are a large number of spells from this sphere that are forbidden to the Mischta. These spells are *Bigby's clenched fist*, *Bigby's crushing hand*, *chain lightning*, *cloudkill*, *cone of cold*, *curse* (reverse of *remove curse*), *delayed blast fireball*, *demi-shadow magic*, *demi-shadow monsters*, *feeblemind*, *fireball*, *flaming sphere*, *ice storm*, *imprisonment* (but *freedom* is allowed), *lightning bolt*, *magic missile*, *Melf's acid arrow*, *meteor swarm*, *Mordenkainen's sword*, *phantasmal killer*, *shades*, *shadow magic*, *shadow monsters*, *wall of fire*, *wall of ice*, *wall of iron*, *weird*.

It is fairly obvious that this list of forbidden spells includes most of the spells that cause physical damage. A Mischta mage is expected to protect his people through ingenuity and subtlety, not by acts of violence.

There are a few new magical spells that are possessed only by the Mischta and the Irda:

NEW SPELLS

Float (Abjuration)

Level: 1
Range: 30 yards
Component: S
Duration: 2 rounds / level
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: 1 creature
Saving Throw: Negates

When this spell is cast upon a creature, the creature will float on the surface of any liquid. This spell will prevent a man from drowning, for example. This spell will also increase the swimming rate of a creature by 10 feet per round.

This spell can also be used as an offensive weapon, to prevent captives who are trying to escape from diving into deep water (this spell causes a target that is underwater to be propelled to the sur-

face immediately).

A saving throw negates this spell.

Major Cloak (Illusion/Phantasm)

Level: 9
Range: 0
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent
Casting Time: 1
Area of Effect: One land mass, 5,000 square miles or smaller
Saving Throw: None

This is the spell that was used by the Irda to cloak Anaiatha. It causes a land mass that is surrounded by water to become invisible to all except the species that normally inhabit it. The island cannot be detected by sight or by scrying.

Furthermore, the illusion affects all who come within one mile of its coastline, causing them to take a route around the island while making them believe that they are taking a direct route through the "waters" where the island is actually located.

There is one drawback to this spell; it does not prevent the cloak from radiating intense magic, and those who scry the seas for magic may be able to detect it.

Because wizards of the Mischta may not reach 18th level, they have not been able to use this spell to hide Selasia.

MISCHTA OF NOTE

This section describes important or unusual people the PCs might encounter on (or from) Selasia. Each description begins with the following information in this order:

Name and Family
Level and Class
Title (if any)
Race and Sex

Hurion Modiali

12th-Level Ranger
Mischta Male

Of all of the fighters in Selasia, Hurion, third son of Verxagha Modiali, is the most powerful. He is 60 years of age

(the prime of Mischta life), and he is filled with wanderlust. Hurion is an skilled swimmer and boatsman, and he is secretly building a ship. He and a few of his friends plan to leave Selasia and seek their destiny in the wide world, eventually making contact with the lost Irda. Hurion is filled with a very un-Mischta adventuresome streak, perhaps given to him by Amman-Duke (Kiri-Jolith), his patron deity.

Hurion is extremely aggressive and violent (by Mischta standards) in that he doesn't go out of his way to avoid a fight (but neither is he fond of killing). Hurion is naive about the outer world and human attitudes toward the Mischta and the Irda, but he is no fool either.

He is adamant in his belief that life on a small island is no life for a strong young Mischta. Hurion is young and charismatic, a natural leader, but he is less gentle than most with his words—almost human (or so he jokes). Because he has a sense of humor, he is a close friend of the Bolandi.

Hurion appears to be a normal Mischta male, but taller and broader, well over six feet tall and 200 pounds. He has deep green skin, which is rare among the Mischta. In his youth, his parents feared that he might be a debased ogre, but he is as handsome and as graceful as any of his people.

Salandra Nuuni

3rd-Level Cleric
Mischta Female

At the age of 28, Salandra is barely considered to be fully grown, and she looks much younger than her years. Nonetheless she has advanced considerably in the service of the gods, far more quickly than others in her order. She speaks often with the wisdom spirits by the Ruins, and her conversation seems to delight them.

She has won the favor of Paleas, and the greatest gift of all—the friendship of dragons. The good dragons who nurse their eggs on Gold Dragon Mountain count her as one of their few friends—one of only a handful of mortals who have been allowed



to freely converse and visit them in their hatchery over the course of many centuries. Once, one of the largest gold dragons even allowed her to ride him.

Salandra is a gentle girl who is filled with love with all things. She is usually quite happy and joyous; more like an Irda than a Mischta. She also has frightening dreams, which sometimes come true. Salandra usually keeps them to herself.

In appearance Salandra is a typical Mischta female, with pale blue skin. She is not extraordinarily beautiful, but she has a lovely singing voice.

Kreala Igrani

8th-Level Cleric
High King
Mischta Female

Now approaching the ripe old age of 300, Kreala is the respected figurehead of the Mischta monarchy.

Her life has been shaped by the experience of watching her grandfather die in the Cataclysm that he himself had caused. She is extremely humble (for a monarch), kind-hearted, and prone to hesitation in matters of crisis, which is why she has turned over much of the power of the throne to the High Priests, whom she feels are better suited to deal with emergencies.

Kreala feels that the Igrani family in general and she in particular bear some responsibility for the Cataclysm, so she lives a life of penance that is emulated by her people. She tries to help her people, but is better at listening than talking.

Kreala is an older Mischta, with a prematurely wrinkled face and greying hair. Her skin is a deep blue. She typically wears normal Mischta clothing, with a sash her only token of office.

Benesis Erisei

12th-Level Cleric
High Priest
Mischta Male

The High Priest of the Mischta is relatively young for his position (only 150 years of age), but he is one of the Mischta's most respected leaders, known for

his sense of fairness and competence. In times of crisis the High King Kreala relies heavily on his judgment, which is usually sound. Benesis has always been a faithful follower of Paleas; he is as devout in his worship as Kreala is in her penitence.

Benesis has one unusual quality for a Mischta—ambition. While Benesis isn't the sort of person who gets what he wants at all costs, he has always wanted to be High Priest. Everything he has done in his life has been in pursuit of that one goal. Benesis isn't power-hungry, but he feels that his talents are best utilized in a position of authority and that the gods have given him gifts that will help the Mischta survive.

Benesis is an affable man, but very shrewd; while (like most Mischta) he doesn't understand evil very well, he is not easily deceived. His ability to settle disputes is highly respected.

Benesis is slightly taller and thinner than the average Mischta. He wears silk robes dyed red, and he has deep blue skin.

Forcasion Omidai

15th-Level White Robe Mage
Master of the White Robes
Mischta Male

Forcasion, or Old Forcasion as he is commonly known, is well over 500 years of age (one of the oldest Mischta on Selsia). Despite his advanced age, he is still an extremely intelligent man and a mage of great renown. He refuses to retire, or to allow his apprentices (now great wizards in their own right) to take his responsibilities, so Forcasion still oversees the training of new mages, research on new spells, and councils the High King on things magical.

Forcasion is stubborn but soft-hearted. He is not a devout follower of any religion, as he spent half of his life before the Cataclysm when the gods were not as important. He sometimes mutters the heretical notion that the Cataclysm was unfair (being very old, he can get away with saying that!).

Forcasion enjoys telling his students stories about the good old days (highly

embellished, of course). He gets rather annoyed when the Bolandi invent parodies of his tales and spread them around the schools.

Forcasion is the bluntest of all of the High King's councilors, often saying that the Mischta are too remorseful, and that they allow their grief over what happened in the Cataclysm to threaten their survival.

Forcasion is a strong believer in the unpopular practice of recording art, poetry, and philosophy for future generations. He has written an autobiography—which he hasn't shown to anyone.

Forcasion is a stooped but intense looking Mischta, with light blue skin (it was darker when he was young). His nearly bald head is crowned by white hair. He wears white robes at all times.

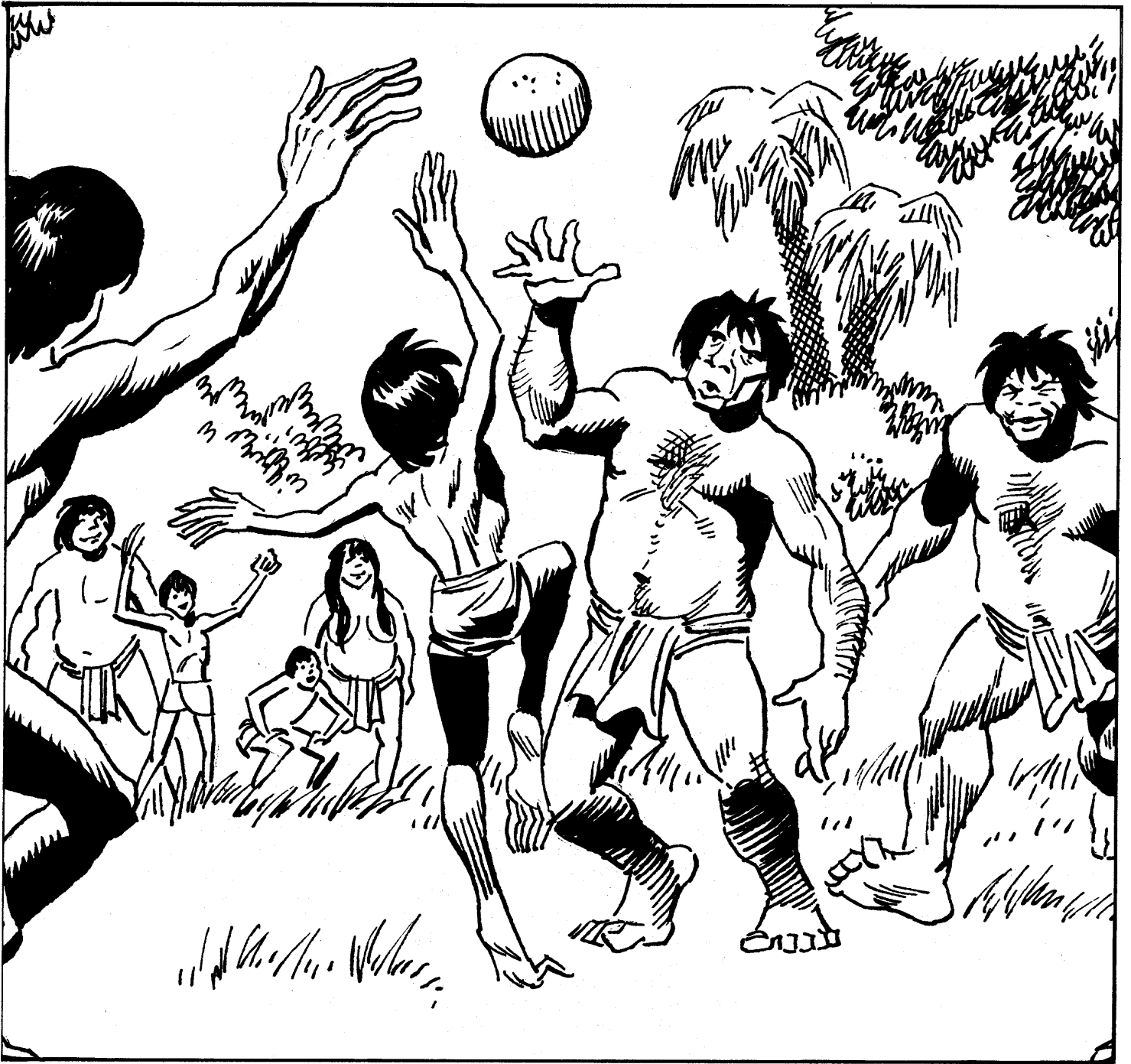
Murmika Adishau

8th-Level White Robe Mage
Mischta Female

Murmika is one of the Mischta's best mages. She concentrates on illusionist magic (though she is not a specialist and receives no spell bonuses). She is one of the most influential mages on the island. She is also a good friend of the Bolandi; she often mediates in disputes between the Mischta and the Bolandi.

Murmika has a reasonable sense of humor, or at least a sense of tolerance. She is strongly attracted to Hurion Modiali, and she is torn between leaving the island with him and staying behind in case it needs her skills. She has a burning desire to see Anaiatha and will probably leave if she feels the Orughi will not attack. To that end, she is organizing a secret mission to spy on the Orughi on Fedron. Of course, she doesn't know about the Nzunta.

Murmika is an Irda of average height, with longer hair than many. She has deep blue skin and wears white robes.





THE BOLANDI

Krynn was but a lifeless ball of rock when the first Bolandi snuck his way into the heavens in search of the biggest dragon of all, which he wanted to ride. He jumped on the dragon's back, and the dragon started, then dove to Krynn, smashing himself against the rock. The dragon's death scream became the wind; its blood became the oceans, and its bones the mountains—thus the Bolandi created Krynn, there can be no doubt. As for that first Bolandi? He was injured in the fall, so the gods were created to heal his injury. Unfortunately, the gods wouldn't accept the good advice of the Bolandi, and they went off arguing among themselves. Yup, it's all true. Really if you don't believe me, ask anyone else, they'll tell you the same thing. Of course, if they don't agree, they're lying.

Regardless of their origin, there can be little doubt that the Bolandi are one of the most irrepressible species in all of Krynn, given to pranks, tall tales, and "flexible truths." It is sometimes said that if the Mischta traded the Bolandi to Ansalon for the kender, the Mischta would get the better deal. In spite of their nature, the Bolandi, the practical joking Tree People of Selasia, are kind-hearted beings and fierce in defense of their territory.

HISTORY

The Bolandi, like the Orughi, are originally of ogre stock. They were transformed into their present form by Reor and the Greystone of Gargath. They were given a malicious nature, but they are content with small humiliations rather than death or injury. For millennia they lived in both Ansalon and Taladas, but as time passed, the Bolandi found that their sense of humor was not appreciated by the other races, and they were often persecuted. Finally, one thousand years before the Cataclysm, they made their way to the Spine of Taladas.

They lived on the islands of Odith-Abshu and Fedron for centuries, until the

coming of the Nzunta and their slaves, the Orughi. Some Bolandi fought against the invaders, others fled; all were killed except for several dozen that fled to Anaiatha, the home of the Irda. The haughty Irda gave them land and told the Bolandi not to bother them. Then the Orughi invaded Anaiatha.

This time the Bolandi fought; the Irda also battled the Orughi, but their efforts were not coordinated. After many bloody battles, the Orughi were driven from Anaiatha. Some of the Irda recognized the valor of the Bolandi, and friendships were formed. This was only on a small level—the High King and his court wanted nothing to do with these lesser, debased creatures.

Then came the Cataclysm. The island of Anaiatha was sundered, and the haughtiness of the Irda was destroyed. The Irda were reduced to Mischta, twilight Irda, and they no longer saw the Bolandi as lesser creatures. The Orughi took advantage of the Cataclysm to strike against Selasia, as the island was now called. The Bolandi and the Mischta worked together to stave off this threat, which would have surely destroyed them separately.

Since that time, the Bolandi and the Mischta have lived in peace on Selasia; the Bolandi view the Mischta as a benevolent but dour people who utterly lack a sense of humor. At times, the Mischta view the Bolandi as immature pests who were placed on Selasia as a punishment for the Mischta. But the Mischta also see the Bolandi as good creatures whose unusual habits deserve to be tolerated. The philosophy of the Mischta has influenced the Bolandi and taken away some of their evil influences. Few if any Bolandi tend toward evil, though there are still some chaotic neutral individuals among them.

LAWS

The Bolandi have a very chaotic society with few laws. The laws of the Bolandi consist of the following: have fun, but don't injure people, and don't touch military property (it's all right to build your own net and drop it on someone for

fun, but don't use the nets that were designed to defend the village and don't drop them on people involved in military duties).

If these rules are broken, the offending Bolandi is judged by the village Marshall, who is supposed to remain unbiased in these affairs. Trials are raucous affairs, as the defendant is commonly mocked by the entire clan. Punishment for a Bolandi is typically isolation from the village for one month, and the silent treatment for one month after that. Sometimes Bolandi who are isolated go to the Mischta to cause trouble; a few end up volunteering to become wizards.

Occasionally, a Bolandi will kill another Bolandi (almost always by accident). The punishment for this is banishment from Bolandi society; exiled Bolandi eventually make their own dwellings deep in the heart of the forest, sometimes founding their own villages.

The Marshalls also try to discourage their people from bothering the Mischta or the dragons. This doesn't usually keep the Bolandi (especially young, curious, and impulsive Bolandi) away from them. Those who bother the Mischta are subject to punishment (though they are hard to catch and judge, since few Mischta can tell individual Bolandi apart); when incidents occur frequently, or if a Mischta is injured by a Bolandi joke, strains develop in the relations between the two peoples.

POLITICS

Bolandi society is a loose alliance of clans, each of which controls a village, much like Mischta society. This practice dates back before the Bolandi landed on Selasia, and may even predate the division of the Bolandi from ogres by the Greystone of Gargath.

The Bolandi have a simple system of government: The one important position is village (or clan) leadership, and that is filled by cleverness. To become the leader of a Bolandi village, one must humiliate the previous leader with a practical joke; to stay the leader, one must avoid being humiliated by a joke. Thus the Bolandi do not have a very stable leadership, and



they do not take being leader very seriously. The job of leadership involves presiding at social occasions and telling tall tales at gatherings.

This war of jokes extends to changes in social class. Dwellings in a Bolandi village consist of three tiers; the top tier is situated near the top of the trees, the middle tier is positioned in the center of the trees, and the bottom tier is situated near the bottom of the trees. The top tier has the most status, so the Bolandi try to play practical jokes on the people of the upper tier to take their dwelling, possessions, and social position.

The one thing the Bolandi do take seriously is the defense of the island. The most capable tacticians live alone on the outskirts of the village and stay out of the joke wars. If a Bolandi shows a special talent at tactics (often by a pulling a consistent string of brilliant jokes), he is named the village Marshall. The Marshall judges violation of the few laws the Bolandi have, organizes lookouts at key points of the island, and patrols (those who are in the Marshall's service wear special sashes;

they may not play jokes nor be victimized by jokes while they are on duty).

The Marshalls of different villages gather together regularly (at Sukasa's [Solinari's] High Sanction) to play jokes on each other and discuss any legitimate defense concerns (in times of crisis, the jokes stop; otherwise it's a chance for the Marshalls to blow off steam, since they are forbidden to play jokes in their own villages).

The following is a listing of the current major Bolandi clans of Selasia (those that number 200 or more), their Marshalls, and the clan membership. The levels of those with magical talents are listed beside their names:

Clan	Marshall	Number
Dagoma	Alkyrs (M3)	250
Emeshen	Tokassl	300
Kalephont	Relm (M7)	300
Logavi	Chuuts	200
Morzan	Aoltin	250
Nilkent	Evon (M5)	350
Shidall	Saturin	400
Uramis	Jerebrand	250
Wacaster	Kammantl	300

CULTURE AND SOCIETY

The Bolandi have a saying (one of their many sayings): "This isn't life, it's an adventure!" The Bolandi pride themselves on living adventuresome lives; if they don't, they invent adventures they claim to have had! The Bolandi have a very open society. Social class distinctions are present (the tier in which one lives determines one's class or status), but since one can change dwellings with a successful practical joke, the Bolandi can safely be described as having a very mobile class system.

Lying is a trademark of the Bolandi. They claim that this characterization is unfair—they exaggerate, but they don't lie. If a Bolandi sees an Orughi war canoe sail past the island, he will tell people that he saw ten war canoes almost land on the island, then describe in laborious detail their terrifying war paint, their evil chanting as they paddled their craft, and add a dozen embellishments. A Bolandi Marshall will understand that this means that a single Orughi canoe was seen pad-





dling past the island (the Bolandi can tell the difference between truth and fantasy). Out-and-out lies are acceptable, except when they endanger the village (if someone says that he saw a fleet of war canoes, when there really were none, the liar would be subject to punishment).

Over the course of time, the Mischta have learned to be skeptical of the claims of the Bolandi. Other races that have never been exposed to the Bolandi's particular brand of tale-telling may find them difficult to suffer.

For the 5,000 Bolandi on Selasia, the purpose of life is to have fun, as much fun as possible, and to live an eventful life. However, by the age of 30 (referred to as "the stiffening time" by younger Bolandi), many Bolandi become discontented with this life of the Bolandi and pursue more serious matters. These Bolandi become mages and craftsmen who work toward the preservation of the clan. They also cease committing jokes (or do so much less frequently) and usually live on the bottom tier of the village, no longer interested in a life of onepmanship.

Here is a list of Bolandi customs and beliefs in several important areas.

Art: The Bolandi have acquired some artistic tastes from the Mischta, but most of their efforts end up as parodies, intentional or otherwise. They also enjoy choral singing, which sounds like animals howling together off-key. They draw on caves and on leaf papers that are given to them by the Mischta; the drawings are very primitive and cartoon-like. However, their architecture is very sophisticated (they build very complex structures in the trees). No one on Krynn masters the mock epics the way the Bolandi do; they tell them in a serious, utterly believable manner—sometimes even they believe what they're saying!

The Bolandi have no written literature. Over the course of generations, heroic epics have been elaborated on until they become quite believable: The Bolandi hero Jowesh tricked the evil sea queen into giving her the key to the Underworld, where he lifted up six mountains to get to Tazukasa (Takhisis) and ripped off five of her

heads ("And that's why Tazukasa has only five heads—she used to have ten! And all this to get directions to go back home; imagine what would have happened if he had been really mad!").

Athletics: Young Bolandi live a rough and tumble existence, with none of the restraint of the Mischta in physical matters. They enjoy running, climbing, swimming, and swinging races, as well as wrestling. They have contests to see who can lure the most crocodiles after them and escape (the Bolandi equivalent of "chicken").

Their most noteworthy pursuit is shadowball. This game is a test of magical and physical skill. A ball that starts at the center of a large clearing must be kicked into a goal. There are two teams of ten players, with no goaltending allowed. Physical contact between players is forbidden (those caught must stand still for a 100 count as play continues around them). Magic may be used, but players may not be physically affected. The ball can be affected, but it may not be turned invisible. This is often a test of illusions that can be quite amusing to watch. The Bolandi clans compete against a Mischta team at the festival of Sukasa's Low Sanction; even the Mischta allow themselves to enjoy it.

War: The Bolandi are incredibly serious and cunning when it comes to war. Because they have a lot of practice in ambushing against each other, Bolandi tactics are often frighteningly efficient. Like the Mischta, the Bolandi view war as evil (though they like adventure, war keeps Bolandi from really fun things like playing jokes). The Bolandi never initiate conflict.

They enjoy telling tall tales about war, but prefer not to fight. If forced to fight, they often retreat until they can find a safe position to ambush the enemy. The Bolandi also use animal calls and signals to alert other villages when they are under a confirmed attack.

Marriages: Young Bolandi have open relationships; marriage is something that is done when one passes 30. Once married, Bolandi remain married for life, and may not remarry or divorce; there are no

political advantages to be gained through marriage. Weddings are mournful events, as the couple is mocked by most of the community for giving up their freedom. This is seen as a test of love for the bride and groom.

Funerals: Funerals are celebratory occasions—for the Bolandi, the celebration of life is more important than mourning the coming of death. The dead are buried in mounds outside the village, and a stone is added to the top of the mound to count how many are buried there. Over the grave, tall stories of the dead are recited. A custom of the Bolandi is that as soon as a funeral is over, there must be a wedding; unfortunately, this can't always happen, but it often does.

Outsiders: The Bolandi judge outsiders cautiously, since their only experience in this area is with the Orughi (and the Mischta). Once they confirm that these are indeed strangers (neither Orughi nor Mischta), they appear to the strangers to see if the newcomers attack. If the outsiders don't attack, the Bolandi try to befriend them. Befriending includes minor practical jokes to see if they have a sense of humor and trading tall tales to see if they have an imagination. Of course, outsiders don't always appreciate these qualities.

Skills: The Bolandi possess a number of survival skills, handed down by the guardians (and sometimes learned the hard way). These skills include food gathering, herbal medicine, basket-weaving, and other crafts necessary to survive in a primitive society.

ECONOMICS

What economics? The Bolandi wouldn't understand why anyone would want to trade something; if someone's hungry or thirsty, you give him food or water, otherwise, what else does anyone need? Actually, the Bolandi have a few needs, usually taken care of by the Mischta. They sometimes like to draw on leaf pages, and of course, spellcasters need spell books. Each village has several spell books, which are community property



and used by spellcasters as they need them. The books are protected by the village Marshall and may not be used in pranks (except for the mages who use illusions in their jokes, of course!).

Bolandi are attracted to shiny rocks, and sometimes keep a collection. A large or really shiny collection attracts attention from other Bolandi, so the owner ends up being the subject of numerous pranks, and eventually loses them (by right of "conquest"). Bolandi who perform exceptional deeds are sometimes given coins and gems by the Mishta. These are really sought after by other Bolandi, and can cause major prank epidemics. Sometimes Bolandi try to hide their treasures, especially when they have been given something special, but their boastful nature prevents them from keeping their prizes secret for long.

The Bolandi do not produce trade items. When they find gemstones, it is always in uncut form; as a result they are more likely to be attracted to colorful stones, such as jade and agate, than really valuable but uncut gems, such as diamonds or emeralds (though they would love to have finished gems in their collection).

The Bolandi are very useful as sources of plant and animal lore.

RELIGION

The Bolandi are not a religious people; their main use for deities is as characters in tall tales. They tend to be rather sacrilegious, although in such a light-hearted way that no deity with a sense of humor would object (but how many of them have senses of humor?).

Nonetheless, the Bolandi engage in religious worship, on occasion. Every High Sanction of Sukasa, the Bolandi offer a sacrifice of fruits to a favored deity. The deity chosen for the sacrifice is determined by the village leader, who presides over the ceremony (imitating the acts of Mishta clerics). There are no clerics or shamans among the Bolandi; though they have the potential to use clerical magic, the Bolandi have never seen fit to try it.





When a Bolandi village goes through a major trial (such as surviving a war), then the leader is obliged to offer a feast to the gods in thanks. This ceremony is often less comical than the others, since battle is a traumatic experience to the Bolandi.

Some of the Bolandi who have formed close friendships with the Mischta have adopted a more serious worship of the gods, offering daily sacrifices and prayers. This gladdens the Mischta, though they do not actively strive to convert the Bolandi.

The number of deities worshiped by the Bolandi is small. They include the following (in order of importance):

Ansalon Name	Bolandi Name
Kiri-Jolith	Amdukasa
Paladine	Pakasa
Solinari	Sukasa
Reorx	Ruzakasa
Sirriion	Ezirakasa

Kiri-Jolith is worshiped chiefly because he is the god of battle; he is seen as the guardian of the Bolandi. He assists in the defense of their villages (tales, of course, usually have Amdukasa begging the Bolandi for their matchless assistance). The worship of Pakasa is borrowed from the Mischta. Sukasa is honored by mages. Ruzakasa is believed to be the servant of the Bolandi (since, tales say, it was the Bolandi who solved the problems he created when he accidentally dropped the Greystone on Krynn!). Ezirakasa is sometimes invoked when nights are cold, which isn't often.

The Bolandi do not have devout religious beliefs. When the Bolandi die, legends say, they become Kings of the Overworld, where they serve as the rulers of the gods. No one really believes the legend. Instead, the Bolandi believe that they go to a comfortable afterlife, where they spend eternity in happiness and laughter. The Bolandi don't usually care what other faiths believe. They do not have a good understanding of the concept of guilt, which the Mischta feel acutely.

For the most part, the Bolandi believe that the gods are more concerned with

other races (who have real problems and need all the help they can get) than they are with the happy, well adjusted Bolandi. They also believe that the gods are rather stuffy and pretentious; they don't know how to have fun or have a good sense of humor (the lack of chaotic deities on Krynn has much to do with this impression).

A few Bolandi have speculated that somewhere there are other, greater gods than those who govern Krynn, but they're too busy having a good time to get involved in the affairs of mortals, which is a highly sensible idea (by Bolandi standards). These "Party Gods" (as the Bolandi refer to them) aren't worshiped because it is felt that they do not need worship. For the most part, the Bolandi pity the humorless gods (and the humorless Mischta who serve them), but aren't an important part of the Bolandi's lives.

MAGIC

As part of their ogre heritage, the Bolandi have a natural affinity to magic. When the Greystone created the Bolandi race, it enhanced the parts of the old ogre culture that emphasized stealth and deception, giving the Bolandi natural displacement abilities and a talent to learn illusionist magic.

Because scholastic endeavors were never popular with the impatient and restless Bolandi, the Bolandi remained ignorant of their magical potential. It was only when the Mischta began to train them that their abilities were realized.

About 20% of the Bolandi try to learn illusionist magic from the Mischta. They require a Test for admittance, which is usually not as severe as the Test of the Mischta (if only because the Bolandi's progress is more limited). The Bolandi rarely suffer physical or mental injury during the Test, as they view the Test as a joke the magical school is playing on them.

Bolandi who study illusionist magic fall into three categories: older Bolandi who feel that learning magic will help them defend the community, younger Bolandi who are being punished and who

want to get away from fellow villagers who are angry with them, and Bolandi who think that "neat magic" will help them with their jokes. The first category of Bolandi is (relatively) well behaved—the other two are not. Many Bolandi are expelled from the schools for disruptive behavior.

Most (70%) of the Bolandi who manage to learn magic from the Mischta never make it past 4th level. Only the most studious students make it to higher levels (5-10). Bolandi should be considered illusionist specialty wizards.

Bolandi can learn only those spells from the Alteration and Illusion/Phantasm spheres. As the Mischta are White Robed mages and thus do not learn Alteration spells (and therefore cannot teach them), Bolandi can only learn spells in the Illusion/Phantasm sphere, unless they research Alteration spells themselves (see following). Bolandi are typically White Robed mages when they leave the Mischta schools, but more than a few have decided that the constraints required by the White Robes are too stifling and switch to the Red Robes.

The Bolandi do not try to teach themselves magic (the Mischta are much better at than the Bolandi). As mentioned earlier, the Bolandi do not have individual spell books, but they have access to their village's spell book.

The Bolandi occasionally perform spell research; they have managed to duplicate the effects of the following spells: *affect normal fires*, *alter self*, *dancing lights*, *enlarge*, *irritation*, *light*, *message*, *plant growth*, *slow*.

There is a 10% chance that a Bolandi illusionist has researched 1-3 of these spells, and thus they are in his village's spell book.

BOLANDI OF NOTE

Kiuun

8th-Level White Robe Illusionist
Bolandi Male

One of the most powerful Bolandi illusionists is Kluun, the most respected



member of Clan Logavi. Now approaching the ripe age of 35, Kluun is not as physically adept as he was in his youth, when he earned a reputation as an unholy terror, but he is still an able and fit Bolandi. He has also mellowed substantially since his boyhood days, though he is still extraordinarily cunning and devious when circumstances call for it. He is a good friend of Hurion Modialli, and he will be accompanying Hurion on his explorations.

Kluun is 4½ feet tall and appears to be a typical Bolandi, though his hair is greying. He wears white robes to mark his station.

Eliia

4th-Level Red Robe Illusionist
Bolandi Female

Eliia is a young girl who belongs to clan Shidalf. Despite her youth, Eliia on a rampage may be the most terrifying thing in all of Krynn! She is extremely intelligent (acquiring illusionist magic at a rate that even the brightest Mischta teacher

didn't think was possible) and extraordinarily devious, given to planning incredible jokes, usually on dozens of people at a time. She is an extremely pretty (and wide-eyed) girl, and she gets away with a lot of things because she can fake contrition and regret better than anyone else. The tall tales she tells are utterly convincing, even to the craftiest elder.

Eliia has a malicious streak; those who manage to score a joke against her do not go unpunished. On the other hand, like most Bolandi, she doesn't play tricks that physically injure people. She also plays frequent pranks against the Mischta, because she likes it when they get angry. Nasty, fiendish, diabolical, cute—these words all describe Eliia Shidall, the terror of Selasia! Woe to any outsiders who meet her!

Eliia is only 17 years of age, with longer than normal brown hair and extremely large eyes. She usually doesn't wear the Red Robes, but instead wears typical Bolandi clothing, with shell jewelry.

Aoltin

Morzan Marshall
Bolandi Male

Aoltin is the most respected Marshall in Selasia. It was Aoltin who encouraged the clans to expand the defensive network of the Marshalls. Aoltin is a superb tactician who developed many of the stratagems and traps used by the Bolandi; while he was never a great prankster, he was very good at analyzing a good joke and adapting it to military use.

Aoltin is a no-nonsense old Bolandi, with little tolerance for jokes, especially when they are directed against him and the people under his command. Few Bolandi are willing to face his wrath.

Now approaching the extremely old age of 70, Aoltin maintains himself in excellent physical and mental condition. He is slightly stooped, has white hair, and wears black robes.



THE BOLANDI AND THE MOONS

(Excerpts from a Bolandi legend)

In their gathering place in the sky, the gods were worried. Amdukasa had been gravely wounded in the fight with the Unbeatable Thing, the Moonshadow. Ruzakasa was busy trying to repair his spear, which had been broken in three places.

"O, woe is us!" Tazukasa (Takhisis) cried, her five heads sobbing a rainstorm upon Krynn, her lamentations becoming a hurricane. "We are gods, yet we cannot stop what is happening to our dear moons!"

Gilkasa (Gilgean) and Miskasa (Mishakal) were sobbing uncontrollably, when a wonderful thought came to Pakasa (Paladine).

"We could get a hero to save our moons! Wouldn't that be wonderful!"

"You and your heroes!" Tazukasa shouted back. "They've never been good for anything! They only cause trouble!"

Gilkasa picked himself off the floor and ceased his lamentation. "But there is one race on Krynn that never causes trouble. An ingenious race that has never had any problems. Surely we can call upon the Bolandi!"

The gods began to dance in celebration at this thought. But Pakasa frowned. "Yes, the Bolandi could surely save us. But would they? What do they care for our moons?"

"Offer them wealth and power!" Tazukasa suggested.

"Alas," sighed Gilkasa, "For other races of Krynn, wealth and power would spur them to great deeds. But so great are the Bolandi that they need neither wealth nor power. I fear that there is we have nothing that would interest them."

The gods began to lament, until the injured Amdukasa spoke. "I know the Bolandi. They are a generous and kind-hearted race, far beyond all others on Krynn. All we need do is ask politely, and they will deal with the creature that is destroying our moons."

The gods celebrated, except for envious Tazukasa. "If only I were as powerful, wise, and beautiful as the Bolandi!" she cried.

Pakasa went over to his nemesis and whispered. "That is a very foolish thought. For we are mere gods, and cannot approach the grace of the most glorious creatures in creation, the Bolandi."

But the Dark Queen nurtured the foolish thought in her heart, so she has always sent her servants, the dull Orughi, against the Bolandi. But this has never bothered the Bolandi, for always they have been cleverer.

One day Fielax, a young Bolandi boy renowned for his cleverness, was venturing by a stream, when a huge gold dragon descended. Fielax took no notice of such an unimportant creature, when a voice behind him shouted: "Wait!"

Fielax turned and saw the prostrate figure of the god Pakasa, stretched out on his stomach, begging.

"Please!" Pakasa groveled, his white robes blackened by the mud. "We need the help of the Bolandi. An evil creature, the Moonshadow, has come and is devouring our moons! Please help us! I beg you!"

Fielax argued that he had to gather fruit, but so piteous were the god's pathetic cries that Fielax decided to help him. After all, if there were no moons, there would be no feast of High Sanction. Fielax reasoned that saving the moons would be even more important than gathering food. Fielax patted the god on the head and wiped the mud off his robes.

"Now, do not despair. Of course we will deal with this creature. Now go back to the sky, and tell your fellow gods that all will be well."

Pakasa jumped up and down like a child, shouting "Thank you, Bolandi, thank you! Now we are saved!" Then he vanished into the sky.

Fielax turned to the dragon, which bowed before him in reverence. "Please honor me by riding me to the moons," the dragon said. "I will offer half my hoard for the privilege."

Fielax laughed. "Keep your hoard. I could bounce off a tree branch and jump to the moon, but since you have asked, I will ride you. . . ."

A lot of adventures follow, in which Fielax helped the stupid and cowardly gold dragon, Druthithiksteen, become courageous and intelligent. Fielax rides the dragon to Lunitari, then tells the dragon to go back to Krynn and teach the other gold dragons how to be intelligent and courageous. Ever since that time, thanks to the Bolandi, the gold dragons are the most courageous and brilliant of all dragonkind.

Finally Fielax confronts a giant, indestructible creature, the Moonshadow. Frustrated at being confronted by such an obviously superior adversary, the Moonshadow thought and thought of a way to defeat the Bolandi child. The Moonshadow shifted, and grew so large that it hovered ominously over all three moons.

"Can you do that, little Krynnling?" the monster shouted.

Fielax strained and struggled, and he finally managed to force himself to grow even taller than the Moonshadow. The creature hissed with rage. Fielax returned to normal height, not wishing to make the monster feel badly. "You are very impressive, Moonshadow. Almost worthy of a Bolandi!"

For some reason, probably because it was evil and foolish, the Moonshadow was enraged by the compliment. "I will destroy you!" it shouted.

Fielax thought for a minute and a brilliant idea came. "If you can do two things I can't do, I will let you eat me. If I can do two things you can't do, I will eat you. Is that fair?"

The Moonshadow decided that it would go through with the contest, and cheat to win. "Very well," it agreed.

"First, can you create a bright light?" Fielax asked.

The Moonshadow concentrated the light of the moons in to a single spot.

"Brighter!" Fielax requested. The Moonshadow strained. "Brighter!" Finally the light was brilliant enough for Fielax's purposes. "Now, we are going to dance on the sun. I will go first."



And the Moonshadow saw Fielax fly to the sun and begin to dance, a tiny black speck over such a great distance. The Moonshadow could not allow itself to be upstaged. But when it approached the sun, it began to scream and shrivel up. The sun is deadly to Moonshadows.

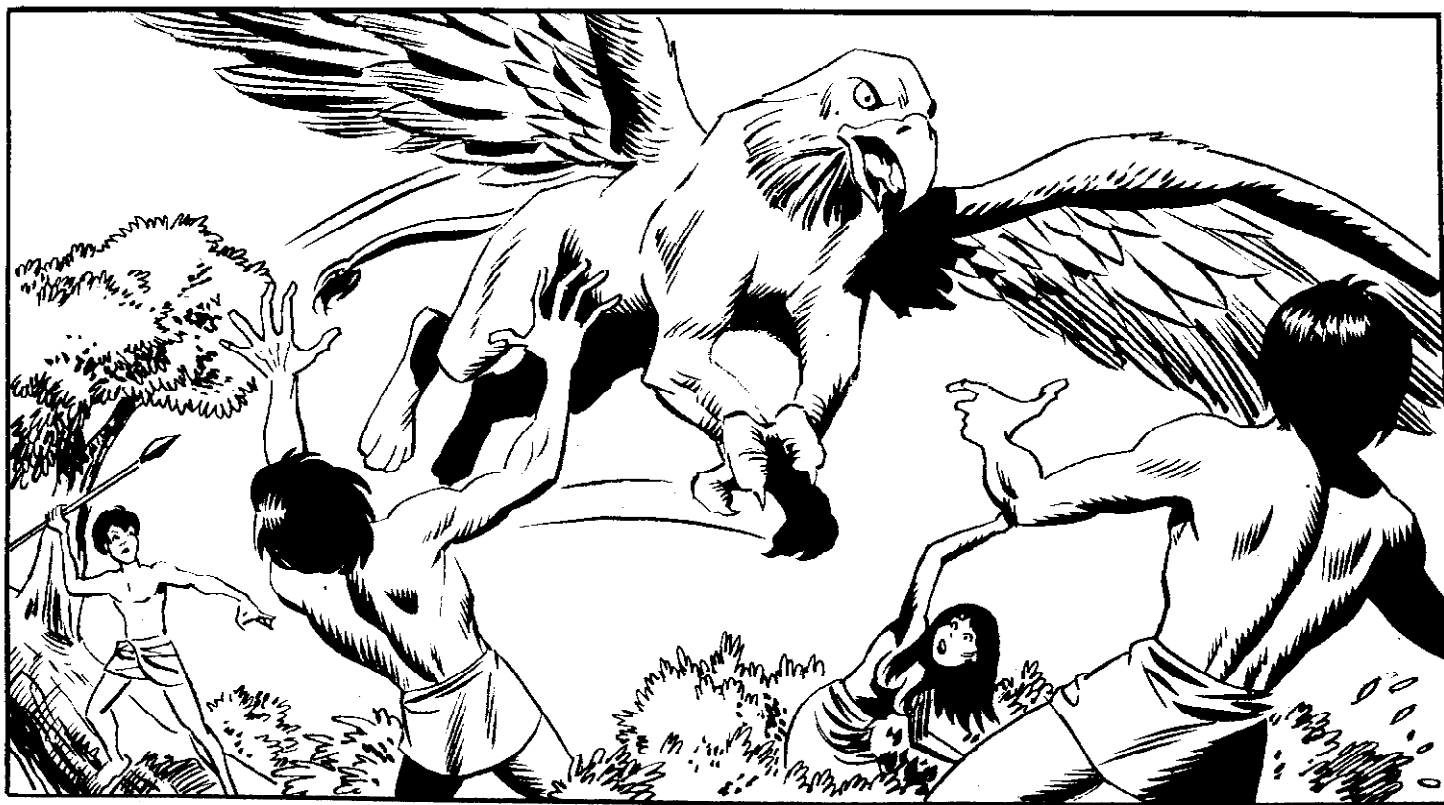
Soon, the monster was dead.

The gods were amazed. "How did you do it?" Pakasa asked.

"Easy." Fielax stated. "I got the Moonshadow to create enough light that I could cast a shadow on the sun. I tricked it into believing I had gone there." He

began to make a shadow image of himself with his hands.

The gods jumped with glee and thanked the Bolandi. To this day, no creature in the universe has dared to threaten the moons of Krynn, knowing they will have to face the wrath of the Bolandi.





ANAIATHA

Related to the topic of the Mischta and their homeland of Selasia is the question “Where are the Irda and what happened to Anaiatha?”

While it is claimed that Anaiatha was carried away in the Cataclysm to parts unknown, this doesn’t seem likely. The Cataclysm was chiefly a natural disaster, a punishment of those who had failed their tests: the Kingpriest, Lord Soth, the High King of the Irda, and the people who allowed them to misuse their power.

The deliverance of Anaiatha is a supernatural event, which does not fit with the Cataclysm. And though the Irda are a remarkably rational people, who can say what really happened in the chaos of the Cataclysm? The Mischta believe that the portions of Anaiatha that contained the quarters of the faithful, those Irda who served the gods, were destroyed, and the *Irdanaiath* is lying somewhere in Gold Dragon Bay.

And yet, draconians did invade an island of Irda, true Irda, and carried many hostages away to Ansalon. The draconians did not get these Irda from Selasia, though some Irda were captured by the Nzunta prior to the Cataclysm and also sold into slavery. Another point of note is that all Irda, the Mischta included, feel a call to travel to an island somewhere in the depths of the sea—to go home.

It may be that the gods did not desert their faithful, but instead transported them to a new island. Whether this island separated from Selasia and floated away of its own accord is a matter of speculation.

Unknown to the Mischta, the island of Anaiatha does still exist. Those who were taken from Anaiatha by the draconians and the forces loyal to the Dark Queen describe it as a beautiful tropical paradise, nearly identical to Selasia.

The Irda who live on Anaiatha are deeply religious. They spend much of their time praying for the return of the lost Irda and the redemption of the Mischta, who they sense are in grave danger. They are ruled by the son of the High

King who turned his back on the gods before the Cataclysm, a son who remained true to the ways of Igrane. And the *Irdanaiath* is here, within a fortress of stone.

The Irda are powerful magicians, greater than the Mischta (see *Monstrous Compendium, Volume 4* for details). They have magically cloaked their island from discovery by other creatures; only the power of Takhisis was able to reveal the location to her dragons and draconian soldiers.

The Irda have endured a long and bloody war, then a long Cleansing. They are now beginning to send emissaries out to other lands to learn the location of the lost Irda. These emissaries are also to establish friendships among the Later Peoples, who mistrust the Irda and have hunted them down in the past.

GETTING TO SELASIA

There are two ways for player characters to get to Selasia. A ship crewed by the heroes could crash into Selasia and require repairs. In the meantime, some Bolandi steal provisions as a joke, and lead the heroes into the depths of the jungle, where peril and the Mischta await.

The second way is less heavy-handed. The heroes find themselves sailing the trade route between Taladas and the Undersea Kingdoms. They see large islands in the distance. (“Why don’t we go there?” they say. The captain replies, “Legends say that evil creatures are there, protecting their treasures by eating all who come near. We stay away.”) Player curiosity should do the rest.

What do the heroes do on Selasia, where most of the people are benign? The jungle isn’t friendly, and survival isn’t easy. The Bolandi may make them the targets of their jokes, testing their patience. The Mischta are the subject of ancient legends, and they are rumored to be highly evil. Do the player characters slay them on sight? You should treat Selasia and its inhabitants as challenges to test the abilities and ethics of the heroes who get there. Remember that the Mischta have a much more protective view of life

than PCs. They are very uncomfortable conversing with meat-eaters and skin-wearers, just as PCs might find it discomfiting to be talking with someone who is gorging himself on human blood. Stress the differences in culture between humanity and Mischta; it will make for a more entertaining play session.

If the heroes befriend the Mischta, then there are several events that might occur. The Orughi might choose that time for a particularly determined invasion, forcing the PCs to work side by side with the Mischta and the Bolandi. Some Mischta might be taken captive by the Orughi, forcing the PCs to travel to Fedron on a rescue mission, leading to a confrontation with the Nzunta.

If the PCs become very close to the Mischta, they might undertake the greatest quest of all—reuniting the Mischta with the Irda, and healing the wounds that were inflicted during the Cataclysm. This is truly an epic quest, perhaps leading to dangerous places and requiring magic of the greatest power, as the Mischta believe a physical reunification between Anaiatha and Selasia is necessary for their race to be whole once more.



THE IRDANAIAATH

While the only copy of this book has been lost to the peoples of Selasia, the Mischta still remember many of its stories and its messages. These they pass down orally from father to son.

The *Irdanaiaath* was never intended as a sacred book. Igrane instructed that no copies be made of it, but any who wanted to read it could travel to the cave of Igrane and study it at their leisure, and then interpret it as they saw fit. Thus the reader could insert his own philosophy into the text, and engage in a rigorous debate with others over the proper course of Irda affairs. Igrane intended the book to be advice and opinions from a wise man, rather than commandments from the gods.

Unfortunately, the book became more and more sacred to the Irda even as they turned away from the gods.

The *Irdanaiaath* is divided into four sections: A collection of lore that describes the early history of all the species in the age of Dreams, to the time of the flight of the Irda; a collection of philosophical essays; poems of praise and devotion; fables and parables that demonstrate the wisdom of love.

The primary theme of the *Irdanaiaath* is that one must be knowledgeable and full of love to be happy and prosperous. Here follows a selection of notable passages from the *Irdanaiaath*. As one might expect, this book is the foundation for many of the beliefs of the Mischta (as well as the Irda).

ON EVIL:

The basis for all evil is fear. A man who is unafraid has no reason to commit evil. Those who commit evil in the name of attaining power are fearful of losing power. Those who commit evil in the name of survival are afraid of death. Those who commit evil because they enjoy it are afraid of life.

Fear is an emotion, and therefore the base of all evil is emotion. The key to conquering evil is twofold: emotional and rational. One must be filled with love,

which is the enemy of fear. But even love can be twisted into jealousy, which is itself a fear – the fear of losing love. Therefore the emotion of love must be tempered with the rational mind, the ability to recognize (even when overwhelmed by emotions) the simple fact that emotions are controlling one's actions.

Great living comes not from luxury or power, but from harmony with life. Therefore, we must be guided by love, but not a love of control or a love of beautiful or rare things, but a love of life itself. Happiness comes from the love of things that live.

Some will say that there are times when there is a good reason for fear. In such times, be ruled by the mind, and not the fear; when the rational mind says to be cautious, it is possible to withdraw in peace, without committing evil. When one cannot withdraw, it is allowable to defend one's self, even to the deaths of one's enemies. But this decision must be ruled by the mind, and the only emotion to be expressed is sorrow that no other way was possible.

ON THE GODS:

The gods created the Irda, of that there can be no doubt. Even if they did not take our sacrifices, comfort us in our hour of need, or answer our prayers with the abilities to perform miracles, still we could feel their spirit in the conflicts of the world, and in the beauty of creation. The question that we, who are not gods, must ask ourselves is "Why should we worship them?" Often I have heard it said that a character in a poem does not worship its author, so why should we worship those who created us?

The fact is that we are not characters in poems; we are living, breathing people, with the power to think. The gods thought, and they wrought, and therefore, we exist. To worship them is an act of gratitude; to love life, we must love the creator of life.

But what if there were no gods? Even if there were no spirits guiding creation, and we were creatures of chaos, we should

worship these beings, or at least what the things that they stand for. They represent a spirit of creation, of love, that deserves to be revered. This spirit is best revered through worship to a higher being.

By worshiping, we acknowledge the better parts of ourselves; by holding that exist those greater than ourselves, we recognize that we are not the greatest, and that we have room to grow.

ON OTHER RACES:

The greatest danger that faces the Irda, as it faces all ogre-kind, is the order of our birth. For we are the eldest, and it is easy to be proud and to scorn the achievements of the other peoples.

Pride is self-love, a destructive love that can admit no other. Pride in our people is a destructive love, for it admits the love of no other peoples. When we are the object of hate, it is necessary to hide to protect ourselves, but that is no reason to hate.

In the end, the Irda will emerge from their island and join the other races. When this happens, they must love elves as much as they love Irda, humans as much as they love Irda, dwarves as much as they love Irda. This extends even to the darker races that wish to destroy us. In this time of love of all races, I will know peace, and there will be no need for Igrane or my book, for within your hearts you will have the wisdom to survive.

ON THE BALANCE:

I have heard wise men say that they are not ruled by gods, but by nature, so why should they give their worship to gods? I have also heard it said that evil exists because there must be a Balance between good and evil, and if the Balance is so important, why should one strive to do good? And thus men give their devotion not to goodness, but to the Balance or to the laws of nature.

I have said earlier that we should strive towards two goals: to be full of knowledge and to be full of love. Knowledge shows us how to use love, and love gives us the wisdom to use our knowledge



wisely. They are a complementary pair, a wedded couple. But nowhere in this union is a Balance mentioned, nor the laws of nature.

Nature serves two purposes. First, it sustains us. Were nature utterly hostile, we could not survive. Nature nurtures us. But nature itself is not without a ruler; it is ruled by weather, which is but combinations of warmth or cold, wetness or dryness, and stillness or moving wind. This is weather. It, like nature, has no intelligence, rather it is a force given to all peoples by the creator to keep us alive.

Secondly, nature challenges us. To thrive, we must first survive. On occasion, the combinations of weather go to extremes, and we find it difficult to survive. This is not an act of cruelty, but rather the design of nature's maker, who wishes our existence to be challenged. To earn the right to call ourselves knowledgeable beings, our abilities must be tested; we cannot test our intelligence without the challenge of survival.

It is understandable why some, especially those who are without much knowledge and who are ruled by superstition, would worship nature. The forces of nature are so awesome that is clear they can inspire worship in some of us. However, I cannot understand why anyone would have a similar reverence for the highly abstract concept known as the Balance.

We are beings of Choice. We have a Choice between the interests of Many, and the interests of One, ourselves. Love requires that we be willing to sacrifice and compromise our own interests for the benefits of Many. Evil, and we have discovered that evil is fear, exists to test that love even as nature exists to test our knowledge.

Some believe that we should worship things that have the greatest power over us; certainly the test of evil that is created by the Balance is an extremely powerful thing. But true worship is devotion rather than tribute. We worship the gods not because they are powerful, but because they are virtuous, examples to us of what we should be like. Worship focuses our minds on these virtues; it enables us to transcend what we are.

That which tests us is powerful; only a few mortals of power will be given such a grave test that they might be allowed to affect the Balance, just as only a few mages and priests of great power can hope to affect the weather. However worshipping the Balance does nothing for us, for the Balance is an unintelligent thing; it exists but cannot perceive. It is more rational to look toward something that loves you, that is willing to help you, than something that does not care.

DIALOGUE OF INNOCENCE AND DESPAIR

The greatest poetic work in the *Irdanaiath* is a dialogue between two speakers: One speaker, Shuri, is an old ogre who has lived a long, hard life, and is extremely cynical about life. The other speaker, Yesri, is a young ogre who sees happiness in all things and conveniently overlooks any problems that might arise.

Yesri:

"Welcome the sun,
Welcome the new day
The night has fallen.
The road is covered with dust
To be swept under one's feet.
New wonders await my eyes.
My muscles tense for new struggle.
Welcome to glory, the sun.
Welcome the new day."

Shuri:

"I wish I could welcome the day.
But it is as new as yesterday.
The sun rose then, and set again.
No man can hold the sun forever.
I have seen too many nights
Cold winds greet the dusk.
I have felt too many struggles
And I await the fall."

Yesri:

"I feel the rain against my face.
Fresh sky- tears of joy
Exhilarate me.
The wind rustles against my brow.
I watch the miles pass under foot,
And look to meet new love,

And make new works,
And feel new joys."

Shuri:

"I feel the cold against my face.
Harsh water soaks my brow,
Tears where tears should not be.
The wind flays my fingers.
I walk the aching uncertain steps
Counting the losses of my life:
Old works forgotten,
Old joys that turned to
Bitterness."

THE SONG OF GILEAN

The following excerpt from the *Irdanaiath* is a satire that mocks the role of Gilean as protector of the Balance. At the same time that Igrane gave ogres the gift of choice, some people (especially among the elves) began advocating the Neutralist movement. Adherents of this belief preached that the Balance was the only thing worth worshipping, and that true goodness was unobtainable.

It is interesting that one of the chief targets of Igrane in the *Irdanaiath* were the Neutralists and the Balance-worshippers, whom he believed kept honorable creatures from the service of good. It is obvious that Igrane felt that the idea of the Balance would prove tempting to the Irda, who were not naturally disposed to goodness. In this case, Igrane's famed foresight has not yet been fulfilled; the Irda have never warmed to the idea of worshipping neutrality.

Look at stern Gilean alone in his chair.
Gilean, sweet Gilean why are you there?
The time has not come, the pendulum swings
Eventually it stops—'tis the way of things.

Shall I kill a sheep; methinks it hurts the Balance.
Shall I mock my love; no, there is too much romance.
Too much kindness in the world, thus I must be cruel.
Don't worry about mortals—let them play the fool.



Gilean, dour Gilean, I pity you and your role.
Never to know joy or love within your soul.

Is no room for emotion within your design?
No room for love, or the other things fine?

Your worship is sterile, your gifts a curse.
You countenance evil, which I know is worse.

You feel in mathematics, your smile is unkind.

Without concept of love, your leadership's blind.

THE TALE OF THE DRAGON AND THE IRDA

This is an example of an Irda folktale, which was recorded by Igrane in the *Irda-naiath*, though with several additional twists to demonstrate Igrane's philosophy. It contains some dramatic differences from human heroic tales that clearly illustrate the differences between the two cultures.

In a great valley, far away from the jungle island, there lived several families of Irda who labored on a great farm. It was a difficult life, for the soil was poor on this island and they had to work hard to cultivate their crops. As a result of this hard life, even a minor misfortune was a threat to their survival.

One day, an event worse than a misfortune befell them. A dragon landed on the hill beside their farm, presumably to hunt new prey. The Irda knew that an evil dragon would include Irda as prey. But it was dusk when the dragon came to them, and its body had been silhouetted in the twilight; none could tell what color it was. Thus they did not know whether it was good or evil.

The Irda were afraid, but they knew that this fear was justified, and therefore it was not evil. They considered sending an animal to check on the dragon, but if the dragon was evil, the animal would die, so they decided against it. Instead, they reasoned that someone would have to go and check to see which color it was,

since an evil dragon was sure to attack the village.

One Irda left, cloaked in invisibility. An hour later, he returned. "It's a red dragon!" he screamed. Fortunately, the dragon was asleep, but even so, he was terrified.

The Irda had a great council, and debated what should be done. There was among these Irda a young girl named Maeni. Maeni felt that the reason that dragons were evil was because no one had ever given them love. If someone gave them love, she felt, then it was possible that the dragons would change their evil ways.

Cloaked only by the darkness of the night sky, Maeni crept toward the dragon's hill. About the hill, the darkness seemed to intensify. The air stank of dragons and evil, warning her to stay away. The night birds, sensing the new arrival, had deserted the area.

Maeni told herself that her fear was not justified; dragons were fierce, but she had never met anyone whom love could not befriend. She was a young girl, and had little experience in the wide world, but she had tremendous enthusiasm and beauty.

The earth was scorched and broken in the darkness; bravely little Maeni climbed it, expecting to see the great drake at any moment. She did not have long to wait; soon she was face to face with a dragon.

The dragon, who had eaten well in the hour before its arrival, was fast asleep. Maeni was torn between courtesy (should she be so rude as to wake a sleeping dragon?) and devotion to her mission. She finally decided to wake it.

"Little ogre girl," the dragon said after inhaling the air, "Young, fresh, and tender."

The brave girl did not blink. "I have come to bid you welcome. We are glad to have your company, and we offer you friendship and peace!"

Suddenly the drake roared with laughter.

The girl started for a second, but did not run away. Greater courage the Irda have never seen than the love of this girl, unskilled in magic or physical combat.

She smiled: "I have heard it said that you are an evil monster, something that must be destroyed. But you do not need to be evil, nor do you need to be destroyed. Accept my love and friendship, and come and go in peace."

The words of the girl were so beautiful, so soft and musical, that for a brief instant the dragon thought he was talking to a goddess. But he inhaled again . . . no, it was definitely an ogre. The dragon smiled, and said: "Little girl, let me show you my friendship." Then he rose and ate the little girl. A great rush of flame issued forth from the hill, as the dragon enjoyed its meal.

When the Irda heard the noise from the meal, they rushed to see if all of the Irda were safe in their homes. But alas, poor little Maeni was gone.

The younger Irda became angry and swore revenge against the dragon, for all had loved Maeni and hoped to marry her when she was the proper age. The elders, realizing that their young were on the brink of committing evil, called the young Irda together and ordered them to forget about fighting the dragon.

The village elder made a great speech in Maeni's memory, and he told them that violence in the name of this gentle woman would dishonor her spirit. And the Irda realized that he was right, opened their hearts to grief, and allowed their honest anguish to flow. And the dragon smiled upon hearing this, for he was an evil beast and afraid of joy.

But in the hearts of some of the Irda, there was no stopping the pain, and they plotted the dragon's end. One of this number was Jurian, a clever Changer, adept at taking the forms of beasts and monsters. He reasoned that with cleverness, he could trick the dragon into a foolish action, then catch it by surprise and slay it.

Jurian armed himself with his most powerful spells and climbed the hill, in hopes of catching the dragon unawares. He came to the dragon's lair. He saw with horror the bones of the beloved Maeni, scattered like kindling upon the ground. Anger reared in him, but he subdued it, in the hopes of achieving his mission.

"Dragon."

The dragon sniffed the air. "Male ogre. Older, alas, your meat is not as tender. Why have you offered yourself to me?"

Jurian smiled and began to flatter the beast. "I am but the humblest morsel, great dragon," he said. "Our people have beheld your power and realize that we are no match for you. In exchange for our lives, we offer you a place of great feasting for one such as you.

"There is a magical window in the river that is hidden. It leads to food and great wealth. Many gold pieces and jewels are to be found there.

"Only a creature of great power can breach this magical window; we Irda have been unable to do so."

The dragon, like all of its kind, loved gold, and so it agreed to accompany Jurian to the magical window into the land of gold. Jurian took it to the river.

"You must go closer, for it is difficult to see," Jurian said. The dragon moved to the edge of the river, where it saw an im-

age of treasure and many delicious creatures. The dragon started, and then turned. . . .

At that moment the startled Jurian was struck by a great paw and hurtled into the water. He had changed to an iron golem, whose skin he felt could withstand both the dragon's fire and its fangs. Instead, he sank to the bottom of the great river and drowned. The dragon is the ultimate trickster and knows a trap when it hears one.

The illusion that Jurian had cast vanished as soon as he hit the water, a fate he had intended for the dragon.

Jurian changed back to his Irda form before he died, but he still drowned. And the Irda found his body by the river, and mourned again. Then Asperax, the strongest Irda that had ever been, greatest in the arts of war, armed himself with weapons of peerless craftsmanship and deadly magic. He told his people that he would kill the dragon. No creature had ever been able to harm him in battle. As-

perax was truly invincible.

Asperax marched on the dragon, who had returned to the hill. "I am Asperax, mightiest of the First Born!" the warrior shouted proudly "You have slain two of our people. I swear an oath unto the gods themselves – no more of my people shall die!"

And there was a great fight. But Asperax, in his pride, had neglected to call upon the gods for aid, and so he fought alone. Since the dragons are the scions of the gods, they cannot be slain without the gods' sanction. Hours later, the dragon dropped Asperax's corpse in to the astonished village, and there was silence.

In the end, the Irda realized that their power was no match for that of a dragon. They departed the valley and lived prosperous lives elsewhere. For life is more important than heroics, or pride, or revenge. The preservation of life is all-important. The truth is not always the most flattering commodity, but it is certainly the most precious.



CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Tropical and subtropical/Plains, jungles, hills, and mountains
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Herbivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average-Very (8-12)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic good or neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1-10
ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT:	12, Swing 18
HIT DICE:	2+3
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-4 (weapon)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Phase shift
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20%
SIZE:	M (4'-5' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (13)
XP VALUE:	270



The Bolandi are small humanoids (between four and five feet tall) with smooth brown skin, with brown hair and eyes. They are slim but well-muscled, with long toes and fingers to help them climb. They wear loose linen clothing.

The Bolandi speak their own language and that of the Mishta, though they speak the latter with great difficulty, for they have high-pitched barking voices.

The Bolandi are a race of tree dwellers with minor illusionary powers. They live on Selasia, the jungle island that they share with the Mishta. They may be distantly related to the Irda, but no one really knows their origins with any certainty. Several hundred years before the Cataclysm, the Bolandi lived on other islands in the same chain as Selasia. Then the Nzunta, the dark ogres, came to their island, bringing with them their brutish slaves, the Orughi. Many Bolandi died; the others fled to Selasia, where they were welcomed by the Mishta and aided them in their struggle against the Nzunta.

Combat: The Bolandi are not a warrior society, but they know how to defend themselves, typically fighting with either bow or spear.

They have adopted many of the weapons of the Mishta, including their powder bombs. These bombs, when dropped, affect all targets in a ten-foot radius and force them to roll successful saving throws vs. poison or fall victim to one of the following effects: sleep, paralysis, or blindness (depending on the type of bomb). These effects last 2d4 rounds.

The Bolandi sometimes dip their weapons into a paralyzing poison that lasts two rounds on the weapon before it evaporates; if struck, the target must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison (with a +2 bonus) or be paralyzed for 2d4 rounds. Bolandi tree villages are protected by nets, which they drop on intruders.

The Bolandi also have a displacement ability. By the age of maturity (15 years), Bolandi can displace themselves (as a *cloak of displacement*) once per day. By the age of greater maturity (40 years), they can displace themselves twice per day.

Twenty percent of all Bolandi have magical abilities: they can reach up to 10th level of illusionist ability. They are instructed in these arts by Mishta mages, who sometimes regret it.

Habitat /Society: The Bolandi are a mischievous race. Coming up with the perfect practical joke is considered the greatest feat that a Bolandi can perform. Since they have learned from the Mishta a philosophy that is devoted to the preservation of life, they will never intentionally hurt anyone with their jokes.

Bolandi live in villages constructed in the limbs and branches of trees. Their homes are constructed from vines, ropes woven from jungle plants, and reeds.

A few Bolandi live on other islands. They live a similar but somewhat more savage existence (no magic and a more neutral outlook on life) as they have not been influenced by the Mishta.

Ecology: Bolandi have a natural life span of 60 years. They have one to three young per decade between the ages of 15 and 35, but infant mortality is high and one of three die in infancy. The Bolandi are a race of plant-eaters, but they are capable of eating meat if they must.

Their natural enemies are creatures that feed on man-sized creatures, such as griffons, evil dragons, and tigers. Some Bolandi are captured and are hunted for sport by the Nzunta and the Orughi.

Ogre, Mischta



CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Tropical, subtropical, and temperate/Plains, forests, swamps, jungles, hills, and mountains
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Family
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Herbivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Varies (5-20)
TREASURE:	Individual: L, M Family: Qx5, F
ALIGNMENT:	Varies, but usually neutral or lawful good

NO. APPEARING:	1-10
ARMOR CLASS:	8 (10)
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	4 + 1
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-10 (weapon)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	+2 to damage
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	M (6' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (12)
XP VALUE:	Varies

Once the Mischta were the great Irda, the First Born, among the noblest and most powerful of all of the humanoid races. But pride caused the Cataclysm to strike against them, and now they are Twilight Irda.

In appearance, the Mischta are almost identical to Irda—they are tall, slender creatures, averaging six feet in height and weighing 150 pounds. Females tend to be as tall and as heavy as the males. Although slender, they are quite strong, as evidenced by their firm muscles. Their skin tones range from midnight blue to a deep sea green; midnight blue is most common. Their hair is usually black, but it can be silver or white.

The Mischta are known for their fluid, graceful movements and for their song-like voices.

Combat: Mischta hate fighting; when they do engage in combat, they suffer a -1 penalty to their attack rolls.

The Mischta have developed two special weapons: bolas and cluster bombs. Bolas are thrown up to a 25-yard range. They inflict 1d4 points of damage, and the victim must free himself (must roll a successful Dexterity check with a -2 penalty) before he can take any other action. Cluster bombs are hollowed-out eggs that contain combinations of natural herbs and poisons. These bombs, when dropped, affect all targets in a ten-foot radius and force them to roll successful saving throws vs. poison or fall victim to one of the following effects: sleep, paralysis, or blindness (depending on the type of bomb). These effects last 2d4 rounds.

The Mischta feel awkward in armor, and thus they wear it only in extreme circumstances. They prefer the lightest armor (padded) and never wear armor made from animals, such as leather.

The Mischta's relatively low Constitution makes them vulnerable to the effects of poison (-1 penalty to their saving throws).

Habitat/Society: The Mischta are ruled by a king who is descended from the great Igrane himself. The current king is the granddaughter of the king who was killed in the Cataclysm. A king retires at the age of 300, leaving his oldest offspring (either male or female) to become the new king.

Almost all the Mischta live in the tropical paradise of Selasia, though a few of them searched for lost Anaiatha and ended up settling on other islands. On Selasia, they live in intricate structures created from straw, bamboo, and palm fronds. In spite of their dwellings' elaborate designs, the Mischta will occasionally relocate when the spirit moves them.

All Mischta master the art of shapechanging by age 20, enabling them to disguise themselves as humans. A Mischta with an 18 Intelligence can learn to become a Changer Adept once he reaches the age of 100.

Learning to be a Changer Adept takes 20 years, but once the training is mastered, a Changer Adept can shapechange, as per the 9th-level wizard spell, up to three times per day.

Ecology: The Mischta try to live in perfect harmony with nature. They never intentionally harm a living creature except in self-defense. They are strict vegetarians.

Mischta Class/Level Limits

Class	Max Level
Warrior	
Fighter	10th
Ranger	15th
Paladin	10th
Solamnic Knight	N/E *
Wizard	
Mage (Renegade)	N/E *
Illusionist (Renegade)	N/E *
Wiz. of High Sorc.	15th
Priest	
Cleric (Heathen)	N/E *
Druid (Heathen)	N/E *
Holy Order of Stars	15th
Rogue	
Thief	10th
Bard	N/E *

* N/E means Not Eligible for that class.

The initial ability rolls of the Mischta are modified by a -2 penalty to Constitution and +2 bonuses to Dexterity, Intelligence, and Charisma. The minimum and maximum ability scores for Mischta are as follows:

Ability	Min.	Max.
Strength	12	18
Dexterity	8	20
Constitution	12	16
Intelligence	5	20
Wisdom	10	18
Charisma	15	20

Ogre, Nzunta



CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Tropical, subtropical, and temperate/Plains, forests, swamps, jungles, hills, and mountains
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Family
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Varies (5-20)
TREASURE:	Individual: L, M Family: Qx5, F
ALIGNMENT:	Varies, but usually neutral or lawful evil

NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	4+1
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-10 (weapon)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	+2 to damage
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	M (6' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (12)
XP VALUE:	Varies

There is a legend that the First Born, the ancient ogres, will one day rise up and try to dominate Krynn, as they did in the ancient days. Some scholars laugh at these legends; all of the ancient ogres are debased, bestial creatures.

These scholars are wrong. Hidden on remote islands are the children of the First Born, and age has only deepened their malevolence. They are the Nzunta.

The Nzunta are almost identical in appearance to Irda, their hated brethren; they are tall, slender creatures, averaging six feet in height and weighing 150 pounds. Females tend to be as tall and as heavy as the males. Although slender, they are quite strong, as evidenced by their firm muscles. Their skin tone is a deep blue, almost black, which matches the color of their hair. They have drawn faces with drooping eyelids, which give them a dispassionate look.

The Nzunta move as gracefully as the Irda and their voices are also beautiful, but in a deeper, sinister way. They wear clothing that has been tailored from animal skins; in combat they cover themselves in thick leather hides.

Combat: The Nzunta are eager fighters, but they prefer to battle their enemies with magic. Their ogre heritage and superior strength enables them to strike for 1d10 points of damage with a typical weapon attack. They often use deadly sea snake venom on their weapons (victims must roll successful saving throws vs. poison, with a -3 penalty, or die instantly. Even if the roll succeeds, the victim suffers 1d6 points of damage and is slowed for 1d4 rounds).

The Nzunta are able magicians. They have a clearer understanding of the workings of magic than most races, thus nzunta clerics and wizards gain one additional spell of the highest level they can use.

Nzunta wizards have set up a Black Robes Order. They live under their own principles and make no contact with the Towers of High Sorcery in Ansalon.

Habitat/Society: Because they have a policy of strict racial purity, the number of Nzunta are quite small; there are less than three hundred in all of Krynn. They prefer to rule through their slaves, the Orughi, while they remain behind the scenes.

All Nzunta master the art of shape-changing by the age of 20, enabling them to disguise themselves as humans. Nzunta with Intelligences of 16 or more can begin studying to become Changer Adepts

at age 75. This study takes 15 years, but once mastered, Changer Adepts can shapechange; as per the 9th-level wizard spell, up to three times per day. Those with 18 Intelligences can learn to become Changer Savants once they reach the age of 150. Learning to become Changer Savants takes 75 years of intense training, but once the course is finished, Changer Savants can shapechange at will.

The Nzunta have a luxurious existence, thanks to their Orughi slaves. These ogres serve as their troops, their house servants, and their worshipers (the Nzunta believe that the other orders of ogres exist to serve and worship them). They are known for their poetry and their philosophy, but their arts and their sciences tend to be dark and brooding.

There are rumored to be several large colonies of Nzunta in space. These ogres use spelljamming engines to further their plans of conquest.

Ecology: The Nzunta have life spans of about 600 years, with 500-year-old Nzunta not uncommon. They give birth to 1d2 pure Nzunta children per century, until they reach the age of 400. There are other births, but many of these offspring have the characteristics of Orughi and are slain; unlike other ogres, the Nzunta practice strict standards of racial purity. Nzunta are meat-eaters; they eat their slaves in times of famine.

Nzunta Class /Level Limits

Class	Max Level
Warrior	
Fighter	Unlim.
Ranger	N/E *
Paladin	N/E *
Solamnic Knight	N/E *
Wizard	
Mage (Renegade)	N/E *
Illusionist (Renegade)	N/E *
Wiz. of High Sorc.	Unlim.
Priest	
Cleric (Heathen)	N/E *
Druid (Heathen)	N/E *
Holy Order of Stars	Unlim.
Rogue	
Thief	15th
Bard	N/E *

* N/E means Not Eligible for that class.

The initial ability rolls of the Nzunta are modified by a -2 penalty to Constitution and +2 bonuses to Dexterity, Intelligence, and Charisma. The minimum and maximum ability scores for Nzunta are as follows:

Ability	Min.	Max.
Strength	12	18
Dexterity	8	20
Constitution	12	16
Intelligence	5	20
Wisdom	10	18
Charisma	15	20

Orughi

These small, fat ogres are the slaves of the Nzunta. They are described in the *Monstrous Compendium, Volume 4*. For those without that book, use the regular statistics for ogres, with the following changes: Orughi inflict 1d6 points of damage with weapons (+2 because of their strength), and they move at a rate of 9 (and swim at 18 with their webbed feet and hands).

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	God-like (20)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	8 + 2
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Pacification, Fear
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Cold iron or magic weapons to hit, plane shift
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	90%
SIZE:	M (6' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (14)
XP VALUE:	4,000

Of all the creatures that have ever walked on Krynn, one of the wisest was Igrane, father of the Irda, the High Ogres. Igrane was also a man of extraordinary foresight and prophetic ability; he foresaw that the race of ogres would become debased unless they turned away from evil, and he foresaw that the Irda would be tested.

To help his people survive in a world of physical and spiritual uncertainty, he gave the Irda two gifts. One was the *Irdanaiath*, a text that became sacred to the Irda. Sensing that this would not be enough, Igrane forsook death and the great honors he had earned in the afterlife, and divided his soul into eight parts. These pieces would wander the world wherever his children, the Irda and the Mischta, lived, advising them in moments of great crisis and protecting them in their hour of darkest need. These pieces of Igrane's spirit are known as wisdom spirits.

Wisdom spirits appear mainly at night, when all seems bleakest. In times of extreme need (for guidance or protection), an Irda or Mischta may cry out for aid and there is a 15% chance that a wisdom spirit will appear. This cry may be made once in an individual's lifetime. A wisdom spirit appears to be identical to Igrane, a tall, wise, middle-aged Irda in simple clothing. One cannot tell that it is a spirit unless a *detect magic* spell is used.

Combat: Wisdom spirits are not effective combatants. They prefer to use their spells in combat; they have the spell capabilities of a 20th-level wizard and a 20th-level cleric (with 20 Wisdom and Intelligence). They never use spells that cause damage or physical injury.

The sight of a wisdom spirit forces all non-Irda and non-Mischta to roll successful saving throws vs. wand or run away in fear for 3d4 rounds, dropping whatever they have in their hands.

The touch of a wisdom spirit causes a victim to be pacified—he cannot perform violent or hostile actions for 2d6 rounds, unless he is attacked, in which case he may defend himself.

If a wisdom spirit is damaged in combat, it immediately plane shifts away (it can move freely within and between the planes). If the damage done to a wisdom spirit in one round exceeds its hit points, the spirit is dispelled; it reforms in 50 years. If all eight spirits are dispelled, then Igrane's spirit is irrevocably destroyed.

Habitat /Society: Wisdom spirits inhabit any place frequented by Irda or Mischta. There are legends among the Irda of a strange man who approaches the young and teaches them; these teachers are wisdom spirits. Wisdom spirits do not discriminate against other creatures, but their glory fills other species with fear.

Ecology: Wisdom spirits are not a part of the natural order. They do not feed on creatures, nor are they part of the food chain.

Wisdom spirits have no treasure or magic. They offer advice to creatures of good alignment, and cast healing spells in exchange for a promise from that character to protect or assist any Irda or Mischta he encounters.



WATERMERE: THE LAND OF THE DARGONESTI

The Dargonesti, or Quoowahb (KWOOW-wab) in their native tongue, are a race of elves living in a vast undersea valley located southwest of Southern Hosk. The Dargonesti are also known as the Deep Elves, though they do not appreciate the term, since it seems to indicate something sinister.

Physically, the Dargonesti have slender bodies with long, webbed fingers and toes. They have large, violet eyes, dark blue skin, and hair that varies from a golden color to deep green, very much like the color of seaweed.

Taladas Dargonesti are arguably the sturdiest race of elves on Krynn, for their muscles and skeletons are constantly subjected to the crushing pressures of the deep seas.

The Dargonesti are the tallest race of elves on Krynn. They are amphibious, able to breathe air and water with the same level of ease.

Dargonesti have all the same racial benefits outlined in the elves section of the AD&D[®] 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*.

HISTORY OF THE DARGONESTI

Age? What is age to the sea? Does the sea acknowledge time? For one to exist in harmony with the sea, one must follow the sea's example.

—From *The Daristrophon*,
the history of sea elves on Krynn,
author unknown

In the year 2050 PC, during the Age of Might, the elves of Ansalon's western Silvanesti began the Great March. The purpose behind the March was to colonize Qualinesti.

Some Silvanesti went by a collection of ships known as the Great Armada. A great storm scattered a portion of these ships; Habbakuk, the Sea Lord, guided

the lost ships to Taladas. The Silvanaes, the Lost Silvanesti of Ansalon, reached landfall in the Bay of Hoor and founded the nation of Armach.

When the Silvanaes attempted to create their Armach-Nesti (the Dry Land of the People), in order to recreate the glory of Silvanesti, a wiser segment of the Silvanaes refused to participate. This group was reviled by the majority of the Silvanaes.

In 1959, the dissenters migrated to the islands on the Banks of the Hoor. They gradually moved into the shoal areas, eventually developing the ability to breathe underwater. These elves became known as the Dimernesti. Note that Ansalonian Dimernesti were created centuries before this, courtesy of the Grathanich (Greystone), which transformed some Silvanesti into Dimernesti and Dargonesti.

This new branch of Taladan elves lived happily for a short time (to an elf, anyway), but a further complication caused a second split.

When the Dimernesti set themselves up in the shoals, they adopted a simpler version of the Silvanesti guild system for their society. A portion of the population, nicknamed "The Purifiers," did not wish to have any connections or reminders of the folly of the Silvanaes.

The Purifiers tried to change the young society, but to no avail. So, in the year 1863 PC, the Purifiers migrated to a broad, sandy undersea valley, and the Dargonesti were born.

Soon, the Dargonesti began to realize that splitting from the Dimernesti was but one trial for their people, and a small trial it was. Led by Drudarch Takalurion, a Dargonesti elf of great skill in sword and spell, as well as a creature of great wisdom and conscience, the Dargonesti had to fight a long, bloody war against koalinths for living space.

The foul creatures were pushed back to an area southwest of what was to become the Dargonesti kingdom of Watermere. In the year 1862 PC, the land gains that the Dargonesti had made were consolidated into Watermere, with Drudarch Takalurion as the first Speaker of the Moon.

The next few centuries saw the

Dargonesti population and culture thrive. Cities were built, art was created, clans grew strong, and the isolation between the Dargonesti and all surface dwellers continued unabated.

As humans began populating the coral islands, they eventually ran afoul of the Dargonesti. Sporadic fighting broke out, escalating into an all-out war when several human fishermen hunted down four dolphins and killed them. Dolphins were, and still are, allies of the Dargonesti, and this senseless act enraged the elves to the point of actually devoting themselves to total war against the humans.

Once again, Takalurion drew his sword in anger and led his people into battle. Being a creature of conscience, Takalurion limited his reprisals to "military targets" only, casting aside any plans to raid villages and kill innocents.

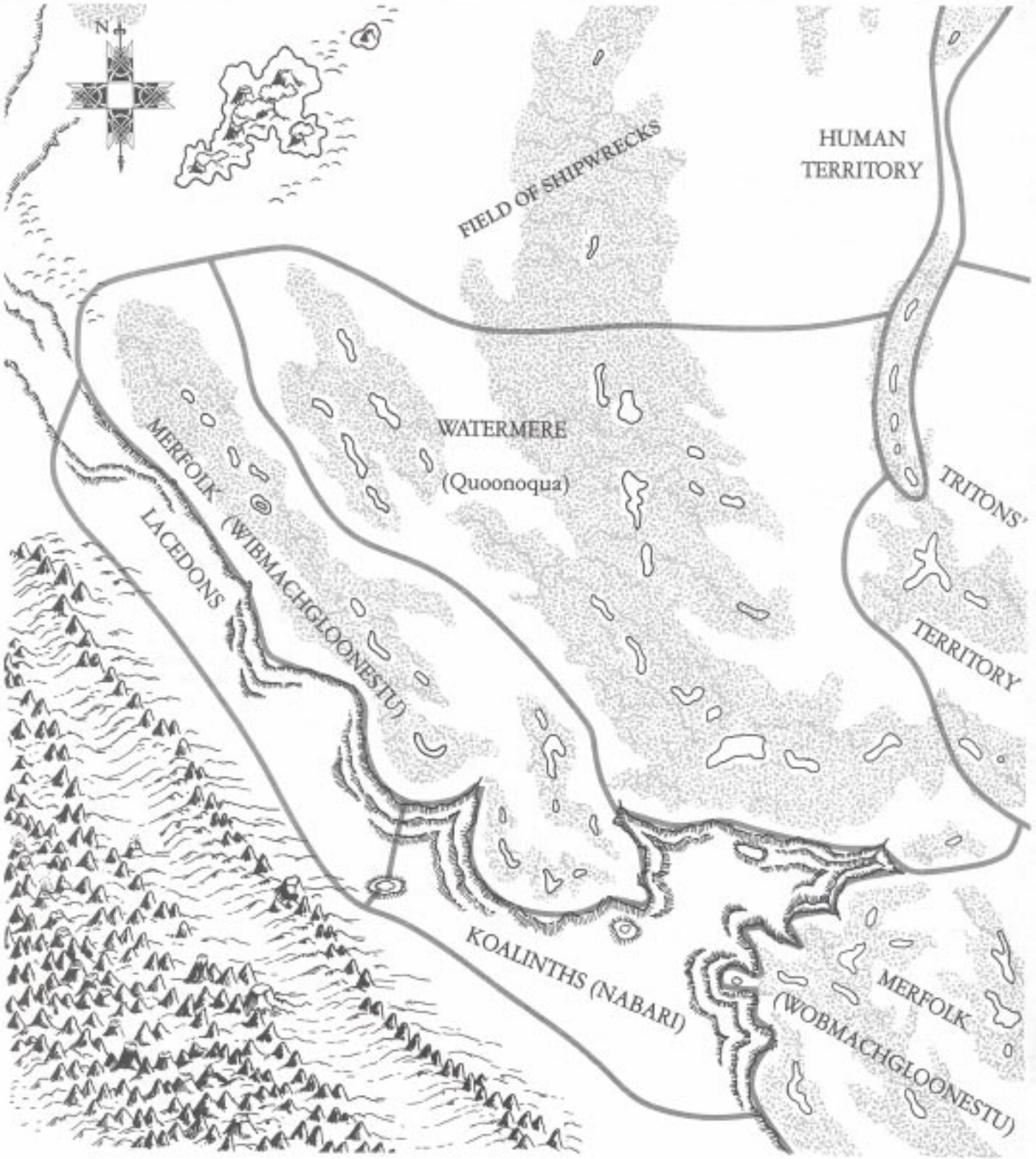
This unusual compassion caused some of the human leaders to stop and take a good look at whom they were fighting. It had become clear in the early days of the fighting that the Dargonesti held the advantage in quality and quantity of combatants, yet Takalurion refused to engage in wholesale slaughter. So impressed were these humans that they sued for peace and requested negotiations.

Being a gracious leader, Takalurion assented. The result of the negotiations was that the humans could live on the islands as long as they paid rent. The elves were feeling the effects of shortages of forged items and woven fabric. The humans set up trading posts on many of the islands, where the Dargonesti still to this day sell their dyes at a profit, and in return can buy human goods at very low prices.

A further provision of the agreement stated that the humans would buy sea products only from the Dargonesti, not from the Dimernesti or the mermen. The entire series of skirmishes, war, and negotiations happened between 1538 and 1521 PC.

Takalurion's final challenge came in the year 1320 PC, when the Dargonesti had their first run-in with Sagarassi, the Sea Witch. Marshalling together the defeated koalinths, plus the lacedons, sea dragons, and amphidragons, Sagarassi

Watermere and Neighboring Undersea Lands





launched an offensive against Watermere.

A tentative alliance was drawn up between the Dargonesti, mermen, and the humans on the leased islands. This group engaged the forces of evil for 12 bloody decades of fighting. The end came when Takalurion succeeded in creating dissent among the Sea Witch's various armies. As Sagarassi's delicate alliance collapsed with the evil armies attacking each other, a massive offensive led by Takalurion himself gave the forces of evil a devastating blow that sent the dark hordes fleeing westward.

The fate of the evil armies' defeated leader, Sagarassi, was a mystery to the victorious armies. Since the forces of good only penetrated as far as the eastern mountain range that runs down the right side of the broad, sandy plain that precedes the Sea Witch's lair, they never found out what happened to her. Takalurion's armies decided to turn back toward Watermere since his forces were getting tired and losing their momentum.

Some scholars speculate that an even bigger reason for Takalurion's turnaround was his loss of his best magical sword, Tideripper.

After the rout of her foul armies, Sagarassi tortured her strategists, advisors, and representatives from her former allies, then killed them all. Her desire for vengeance somewhat sated, she retreated to her gloomy castle-lair and began brooding about her eventual return.

One month later, Drudarch Takalurion breathed his last. Though the mourning was great among the clans of the Dargonesti, they derived a small measure of comfort from the fact that at least Takalurion got to see peace once again in Watermere. Drudarch was succeeded by his daughter, Imbrias Takalurion, as Speaker of the Moon.

Imbrias's reign as Speaker was an uneventful one, though the people loved her, for she had much of her father in her manner. Imbrias died in the year 1 PC, mercifully missing the Cataclysm. She was succeeded by her slothful and incompetent cousin Dohwarqh Kwahbrahb.

The Cataclysm struck Krynn, with the

continent of Taladas getting hit by a single large meteor. The resulting impact caused lands to sink and fissures to open. The Dargonesti received very little in the way of damage, though there was some loss of life and property due to the intense shock waves produced by the meteor's impact. Some of the larger surface islands sank, giving the Dargonesti new lands and cities to populate.

The Dargonesti were fully aware of the scope of the disaster that had struck Krynn. Rather than turning away from the gods, this incident and the fact that the Dargonesti were spared the worst of it drove the grateful elves closer to Habbakuk and his brother Kiri-Jolith.

Unfortunately, the elves were not so grateful that they were willing to help those who caught the brunt of the Cataclysm. At the urging of Speaker Dohwarqh, the Dargonesti kept to themselves. This so enraged Habbakuk and Kiri-Jolith that in the year 2 AC, Dohwarqh was swallowed whole by a giant dolphin and was never seen again. Furthermore, the Dargonesti were stricken with the same diseases that ravaged the surface world. The gods also withheld all divine powers from their priests.

It seems that whenever things are at their darkest, a hero comes forth to battle and lift the darkness. And so it was, that in the year 12 AC, a Dargonesti warrior named Nakaro Silverwake took upon himself a quest of faith. He traveled to the mountain range where Drudarch Takalurion lost the sword Tideripper. Nakaro pleaded to the gods that if he went alone into koalinth and lacedon territory and recovered the sword, would they heal the Dargonesti and restore divine power to the clerics? Though he received no answer, he felt that it was his mission to accomplish this feat. Two months later, after many adventures and battles, Nakaro recovered Tideripper and returned in humble victory to Watermere.

This so impressed Habbakuk and Kiri-Jolith that the two gods healed the Dargonesti elves and resumed answering the elven clerics' prayers. The four Dargonesti gods followed suit. Out of

gratitude the Dargonesti appointed Nakaro as the new Speaker of the Moon.

Under Nakaro's rule, the Dargonesti rebuilt their cities and brought life back to a semblance of normalcy. Nakaro ruled a relatively short time, only three and a half centuries, after which he died, passing on his title to his first-born son, Treyen Silver-wake.

Treyen's first challenge was the resurgence of the Sea Witch, who timed her return to coincide with the War of the Lance on Ansalon. (It is generally believed that the best time to launch a good or evil enterprise is when there is an strong undercurrent of good or evil in the land. The Sea Witch understood this, and she launched a new offensive after re-forging the various evil underwater races back into a single fighting unit.) The first offensive began in the year 348 AC.

Seeing that Watermere faced a better organized and stronger threat than the last war, Treyen recruited the help of the dolphins, octopi, tritons, whales, and hippocampi. His greatest alliance accomplishment, however, was in enlisting the help of the dragon turtles.

The latter allies were instrumental in securing victory against the forces of evil. While Treyen's armies struck at the eastern edge of the Sea Witch's empire, the dragon turtles slammed into the western edge of her land. The resulting hammer-and-anvil approach brought Sagarassi's forces to a halt, though it took two years to accomplish.

Sagarassi survived this second defeat, though she gave her generals and advisors the same reward that she bestowed upon the leaders of her armies during the first war.

The Sea Witch is now nearly psychotic from the frustration of her last two defeats. It is speculated that her next attempt, whenever that is, will be her greatest effort to date.

The war ended in the year 350 AC. Since then, the Dargonesti have busied themselves in rebuilding their land. Treyen Silverwake remains the Speaker of the Moon. Any alliances that he had made, however, fell apart as soon as the menace of the Sea Witch vanished.



DARGONESTI SOCIETY

All things in Quoowahb have their place; as the sea has everything from the humble plankton that act as food for the great whales, to the moons that push the tides. Everyone and everything has its use and role in shaping our society.

—Excerpt from Drudarch Takalurion's First Highmoon Festival benediction

Like the Dimernesti and Silvanesti branches of elves, the Dargonesti have a group system, though theirs is based on clans rather than guilds. While certain clans show particular suitability to certain occupations, any member of any clan can enter any trade. This sort of attitude causes the other elven races, which use guilds as their social structure, to look down on the Dargonesti as primitives.

The social structure of the Dargonesti is very loose indeed. Though deference and obedience is given to the leaders, a paladin in the Order of the Dolphin is not considered any more or less worthy of respect than a humble coral sculptor. Though the Dargonesti are certainly standoffish and exclusive toward other races, all within Dargonesti society have equal value.

Most Dargonesti are either lawful or chaotic good, though Watermere has its share of neutrally aligned sea elves. Evil sea elves are extremely rare; these usually are exiled from Watermere if discovered. All Speakers and military leaders must be either lawful or chaotic good aligned.

Each clan is headed by a Speaker of the Blood, usually the family patriarch or matriarch. This Speaker holds absolute power in his clan.

A distinction must be made between a clan and a family. There can be eight different families living all over Watermere with the surname Whitebreakers. This means that all eight families belong to Clan Whitebreaker, and there is one Speaker of the Blood that represents all eight families.

The Speakers of the Blood for all of the Dargonesti clans gather together once every 36 days, coinciding with Solinari's

High Sanction phase. This meeting is called the White Sanction, and it is presided over by the Speaker of the Moon.

During the White Sanction, each clan leader has the chance to air his grievances or raise certain issues that may affect all of Watermere. Disputes between clans are resolved during the Sanction. The clans also set trade tariffs and rental fees for the surface dwellers and merfolk. Inter-clan issues are decided by consensus, with the Speaker of the Moon having the final say in all matters, as well as the ability to override any decisions.

The White Sanction lasts for six days, followed by two days of feasting, celebrations, and religious services.

The Speaker of the Moon, so named because the moons of Krynn exert the strongest influence on the oceans, rules Watermere. The title is hereditary, though exceptions can and have been made. In these cases, the Speakers of the Blood elect a Speaker of the Moon by consensus, the candidate usually being a Dargonesti who has done some great deed for the people.

A Speaker of the Blood is usually the eldest member of a clan. Both males and females are allowed to ascend to any Speaker position.

Dargonesti society is very family oriented. Many of the elves prefer to dwell in tight-knit family groups instead of the underwater cities.

Dargonesti are shy and reclusive to outsiders, but within their homeland's embrace, they are a happy people who love life and live it to its fullest. There are strong feelings of loyalty among Dargonesti. Possessions, food, and even homes are freely shared with those in need. Dargonesti revere life and nature, and they seek to work with nature rather than attempting to manipulate or control it.

Despite this openness, Dargonesti families value their privacy. It is rude to ask even the slightest personal question of a Dargonesti unless the asker is part of that Dargonesti's clan.

It is generally true to say that the Dargonesti have two faces: one that they wear when around non-Dargonesti (especially

surface-dwellers), and one that they show to each other. In fact, it is not unusual for a group of Dargonesti to be laughing and joking among themselves, only to immediately drop into a heavy silence when a non-Dargonesti walks by them.

As a rule, most Dargonesti dwell in underwater caves, sea shell citadels, surface cities that sank to the bottom during the Cataclysm, and the few cities that the elves themselves built.

There are some Dargonesti who live apart from the group habitats. These elves are usually engaged in kelp farming or fish breeding. Since these homesteaders do not have the strength of numbers to protect themselves against undersea predators, most have several dolphins or hippocampi as loyal, intelligent guards.

The largest Dargonesti-built city is called Takaluras, after the first Speaker of the Moon. It is a wonder to behold, with its towering spires of highly polished crystal and walls of coral carved with pride and care. Not many of the Dargonesti live in Takaluras. It is a city built more for ruling Watermere, holding festivals and White Sanctions, and receiving visitors. Certain sections of Takaluras have air chambers to accommodate the extremely rare surface visitor, or to do some small manufacturing of items that cannot be fabricated in a wet environment.

The Speaker of the Moon and his clan are among the few Dargonesti who dwell in Takaluras.

The term "Dargonesti" is a Silvanesti word, and rarely used by the sea elves. They prefer the term "Quoowahb," which means "Sea Elves," and comes from a splinter tongue created by the Dargonesti themselves. "Quoo" means "sea," and "wahb" denotes "elves" or "pertaining to the elves."

There are many bubbling sounds in the Quoowahb language because these phrases are easier to utter underwater, though many Dargonesti still speak the normal Silvanesti tongue. The Silvanesti tongue is considered an inferior form of communication among the Dargonesti. A speaker runs the risk of his words not carrying the weight due to them, if he chooses to speak in Silvanesti. Speaking



Quoowahb tells the listeners "Listen! This is important and worth hearing!" Speakers of the Blood and the Moon must speak in Quoowahb at all public gatherings.

In general, the Dargonesti wish to be left alone. They avoid any major dealing with surface races, finding most of them to be vulgar and needlessly violent folk. The aquatic races hardly fare any better. The Dargonesti look down on the Dimernesti in much the same way that the Dimernesti look down on the Dargonesti. Other races such as the merfolk are hardly ever approached.

The number of Dargonesti is small in relation to other elven races, with the several wars accounting for most of the depletion. Thus a birth is a much celebrated and welcome event. Treyen Silverwake, the current Speaker of the Moon, is strongly urging families to procreate. Current population figures hover around 4,000 Dargonesti, which includes the young.

SPECIAL DARGONESTI GROUPS

Within Dargonesti society is a group of warriors known as the Order of the Dolphin. Created by Kiri-Jolith and Habakkuk, this Order is the Dargonesti version of the Knights of Solamnia. These warriors are either lawful or chaotic good, and they are sworn to defend the Speaker of the Moon, the Speakers of the Blood, and the borders of Watermere. Members of this Order can be clerics, fighters, or paladins, subject to the usual alignment restrictions.

Note that the Order of the Dolphin is *not* recognized as a Solamnic Knight-hood by anyone on Ansalon. The Order is merely the Dargonesti version of the Knights and not the Solamnic Knights per se. The Order is well-received by the Dargonesti. If a Dargonesti from Taladas somehow encountered a Solamnic Knight, the elf would respect the Knight regardless of how the Solamnic Knights are faring in overall public opinion. Dargonesti could care less about public opinion.

A second interesting group, but one

that is not as well-liked, is the Beekatawahn, or "fringe elves." This group feels that the Dargonesti have an obligation to help out all fellow living creatures, be they water or air breathers.

The Beekatawahn's lifestyle is one of self-denial and helping others, especially those who cannot help themselves. Air-breathing sailors who tell tales of being rescued from pirates by mysterious benefactors, or of people washed overboard who appear safely back on board their ship a few hours later, are speaking of the Beekatawahn.

This group is called "the fringe," because their philosophy is certainly not consistent with standard Dargonesti thought, though the Beekatawahn's unconditional goodness makes it impossible for the sea elf society to dismiss it altogether. Thus, this kind-hearted group is considered to be on the fringe of Dargonesti society: not exiles, but certainly not mainstream. Most of them live on the borders of Watermere, making their name even more apt.

The Beekatawahn are led by a female Speaker of the Stars who worships Habakkuk. Her name is Toouata Solacehand, a 12th-level cleric of chaotic good alignment.

Some Dargonesti consider the Beekatawahn's actions to be crazy, and have nicknamed them "Foobwahn," which means "crazy elves."

DARGONESTI HOLIDAYS

Special days celebrated by the Dargonesti include the Day of Beginnings, which commemorates the establishment of Watermere, Drudarch Takalurion's Birthday, the Day of Triumph, which marks Takalurion's victory over the Sea Witch, the Day of Mourning, which is a solemn observation of the day that the gods struck the Dargonesti with disease when the latter refused to help victims of the Cataclysm, the Day of Redemption, which marks the successful end of Nakaro Silverwake's quest, and the Highmoon Festival, which takes place in the first month of summer during the week of Solinari's High Sanction.

Most of the holidays are celebrated with festivals of food, water-ballet, epic stories, dramatic plays, and religious services.

DARGONESTI IN COMBAT

In general, the Dargonesti do not enjoy war and fighting. They engage in combat only out of necessity. But when they do fight, they fight to win. "Stay thy hand as long as thou can. Let thine patience be as great as the vastness of the ocean; yet when thine anger bursts forth, let it be as terrible as the crashing waves" is an old Dargonesti saying that pretty much sums it up.

In combat, the Dargonesti are formidable foes indeed. Clad in a leather-like armor that comes from the hides of manta rays, and armed with daggers, lances, tridents, and even long swords on rare occasion, the Dargonesti are capable of dispassionately inflicting terrifying amounts of damage to their foes.

Crime is almost unknown in Dargonesti society. A predominantly good-aligned population and an abundant amount of food and shelter make crime unnecessary. Besides, penalties for many crimes are somewhat harsh.



GEOGRAPHY AND TERRAIN

The first thing that a surface dweller must know about the name "Watermere" is that, like "Dargonesti," it is a surface term that is generally not favored by the Quoowahb. The sea elves prefer the name Quoonoqua, which means "Sea land."

The geography of Watermere is a subject of much wonder. It is both beautiful and dangerous. The land is made up of sandy undersea valleys and massive coral reefs.

TAKALURAS

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of Watermere is the capital, Takaluras. It serves as the political, financial, and cultural capital, but it has few actual residents. In a grudging concession to the possibility of visitors from the surface, there is even an inn that has a secure air atmosphere. The place is called "The Wet Dog," the name being a source of ridicule among the Dargonesti. Anyone who has ever smelled a wet dog knows that it is not the greatest odor in the world.

The ancestral residence of the Speaker of the Moon is located in Takaluras. This is an impressive castle with towering battlements and thick walls. It is one of the few luxurious places in Watermere, and it includes several fresh-air rooms.

The rest of Takaluras is made up of temples, libraries, meeting halls, places of business, and governmental buildings. There are no roads, for there is no need for them. Instead, there are stone markers with *light* spells cast upon them. Set at intervals of ten yards, these stones define the thoroughfares of Takaluras.

One of the more unusual places in Takaluras is the Air Zoo. The Zoo is a collection of opaque crystal domes filled with air. The domes are in essence cages that hold specimens of air-breathing creatures. There are no bars, but such things are hardly necessary: where would an air-breathing escapee go?

The domes contain not only many varieties of air-breathing animals, but humanoids as well. Sometimes, captured pirates are forced to serve a "prison term" inside a dome, where the prisoner is forced to be on display.

Each dome is equipped with all the comforts of the caged creature's natural habitat. Dargonesti swim by the domes and peek at the creatures through windows, as much for scholarly study as for entertainment.

THE TOMB OF SHIPS

In the extreme northern border of Watermere, where the coral reefs are particularly dangerous, lies a vast graveyard of shipwrecks, some going back as far as pre-Cataclysm days. The ships are victims of the treacherous coral reefs and tropical storms. This area is known as Hawahk toh-Narqu, which translates as "Tomb of Ships."

The wrecks are in varied states, from heaps of dashed timber to perfectly preserved sailing ships. There are over 400 wrecks in this 160-square-mile area.

The area is very dangerous, since many of the wrecks are populated either by vicious sahuagin, giant slugs, or groups of lacedons, the latter being the reanimated dead bodies of the ships' crews. In fact, some of the more clever lacedons have arranged special lairs and deadfalls using the wood from the ships' hulls. A few such lairs resemble giant labyrinths, and the foolish adventurer who enters may never find his way out.

Hawahk toh-Narqu is avoided by the majority of the Dargonesti, though many young, impetuous sea elves, anxious to make a name for themselves, sometimes venture into the wrecks in much the same way that surface youths go off to the local ruins to find fame and fortune. This comes as no surprise, since many of the cargo holds still contain riches and magic, ripe for the picking. Also in the same way of their young air-breathing counterparts, many do not come back.

Some Dargonesti scholars speculate that there is some dark power or artifact that draws evil creatures to lair here. This

same power also supposedly is responsible for reanimating the dead crews. Most of these scholars guess that the power is located in the dead center of the shipwreck area.

The scholars are more correct than they can imagine. The Sea Witch has managed to plant one of her tentacles in the direct center of this region. It is slowly growing, and in a few decades it will mature into a powerful offspring of the Witch. In the meantime, its strong emanations of evil animate the victims of the shipwrecks, as well as attract the notice of wicked creatures.

THE ORACLE

Another feature in northern Watermere is the Blooquah, or Oracle. This wizened female Dargonesti is rumored to be over two millennia old. Her name is Daydra Stonecipher, and she is a lawful good 27th-level priestess of Mishakal.

Daydra's lair is hard to find; it requires the seeker of knowledge to navigate his way through a twisting, hazardous field of coral.

Once through the coral, the lair is guarded by an ancient dragon turtle that screens visitors, sending away those with frivolous or greedy questions. The foolishly persistent visitors become the dragon turtle's meals.

The oracle shrine proper is a cave hewn from a massive column of coral. The column itself breaks the ocean's surface and is an island rented to the humans. The humans notice that there is something different about this island. According to the surface dwellers, if one drops a coin into a certain hole in the ground, and then asks a question, it may (65% chance) be answered.

Daydra herself rarely makes a personal appearance anymore. Usually, the supplicant enters a vast audience chamber and lays the gift of food, wine, precious stones, coins, or even pretty shells, in the shell of a trained giant clam. Petitioners pay according to their means, and Daydra knows when someone is being dishonest. Would-be cheaters are forcibly ejected from the chamber by the dragon turtle.



What no Dargonesti knows is that Daydra is related to the Sea-Witch; they shared the same mother. Daydra came over to Taladas in the Great Armada, and immediately exiled herself to the underwater area, knowing that her half-sister had already done so. Daydra knows much about her evil half-sister, but is reluctant to discuss her. Sagarassi is the older of the two sisters.

Originally, both sisters lived on Ansalon. During the Kinslayer War, Daydra wished for power to stop the bloodshed, and appealed to Mishakal for help.

Sagarassi, on the other hand, wished for power to destroy the humans. She pleaded to Takhisis for power, and the evil goddess steered the foolish elf to the goddess's evil

daughter, Zeboim, the Sea Queen. Takhisis wanted an agent in place near Taladas. Zeboim obeyed her mother's wishes and transformed Sagarassi into the Sea Witch, and the waves carried the evil elf to her present home on the ocean's floor.

Daydra was made aware of this, which prompted her to sail with the Great Armada in hopes of searching for her evil half-sister.

A forgotten prophecy (forgotten, that is, by everyone except for Daydra and Sagarassi) states that the two kinswomen will fight to the death, but no winner is named. This could be that both die, the battle is inconclusive, or that the prophecy merely chose not to include the victor's name.

In the meantime, Daydra bides her time and does good by being the Dargonesti oracle, something she has done for centuries. As may be imagined, Daydra has accumulated a vast fortune.

Daydra is friends with all the sea creatures within a 50-mile radius of her lair, even the sharks. Anyone who dares harm Daydra will find themselves hunted by every living creature in the scope of her influence.

The Speaker of the Moon is the only Dargonesti who can ask for a personal audience with Daydra.





THE LAND OF THE DEAD

The Land of the Dead is the vast graveyard of the Dargonesti. All of the Speakers of the Blood and the Moon are interred here, as are high-ranking or particularly worthy Dargonesti.

Besides an Eternal Honor Guard of four Order of the Dolphin paladins, six regular Dargonesti warriors, and two Wizards of High Sorcery, there are a half dozen tritons and hippocampi keeping vigil. The Eternal Honor Guard is composed of participants of 7th level and greater.

The Speakers of the Blood and the Moon have an unusual resting arrangement—they are buried in giant clam shells that are held shut by spells. Some of these shells have carved effigies on their surfaces, depicting the person enclosed within. Some of the shells are buried in the soft sandy ocean bottom, but many, including all of the Speakers of the Moon, have theirs merely resting on the ocean floor itself.

The Land of the Dead has many varieties of graves. Some are made up of simple rock sarcophagi buried in the sand, with a stone marker telling all who it is that lies buried there. Some graves are coral mausoleums with their contents wrapped in special seaweeds that mummify the corpse. Other bodies merely have rocks piled on top of them. There are no cremations in the Dargonesti death rites.

A deceased Dargonesti is buried with his wealth. The Honor Guard and its allies ensure that the valuables remain there.

Another reason that the Honor Guard is here, though no Dargonesti likes to say it aloud, is to protect against the possibility that the Sea Witch may attempt to raise the dead and use them in her foul armies.

Unlike surface-dwellers' cemeteries, the Land of the Dead are not visited except during burials or festivals. The Land is considered sacred ground; any Dargonesti who dares enter here on the wrong days must do penance. A non-Dargonesti or a grave robber is immediately killed.

THE ALLSHRINE

The Allshrine is a vast temple comprised of sculpted coral. The edifice is located a few miles south of the Land of the Dead. The Allshrine is a polytheistic temple, devoted to Habakkuk, Kiri-Jolith, Mishakal, and the four Dargonesti gods.

The four elven gods are Kailthis, goddess of love and procreation, Tumarq, god of tradesmen and handicrafts, Daidlin, goddess of sea creatures and plants, and Randoril'thi, god of luck. These gods have four tiny constellations in the heavens. The Dargonesti call these constellations "Habbakuk's Servants."

The Allshrine is the center of the Dargonesti faith. It was one of the first buildings constructed by the sea elves when they arrived at what was to become Watermere.

There is a large rectory adjoining the Allshrine. This houses about half of all the Holy Order of the Stars clerics who are over 5th level.

All the dead clerics are buried in a crypt under the Allshrine. None are buried in the Land of the Dead.

THE RUINS OF WATERMERE

A large island, 30 miles across at its widest point and 160 miles long, lies sunken at the bottom of the ocean floor, just 20 miles northeast of the capital.

The island was called Kosketh Minor, and it sank during the Cataclysm. It had two cities, Hoorward and Farport, both populated by humans. When the island sank, the Dargonesti took possession of it and moved into Hoorward, rebuilding many of the structures. The Dargonesti renamed the sunken island Armach u-Quoob, meaning "Dry Land in the Sea."

The ruined city of Farport, however, was quickly seized by fell creatures, in addition to the unfortunate fact that many of the humans that drowned in the city became undead. That alone was enough to deter even the most obstinate Dargonesti explorer. A careful guard has been established to ensure that nothing comes out of the dark ruins.

The city of Gloorghin-Tekh, Water-

mere's second city, was ruined during the Cataclysm. Most of the Dargonesti's casualties were accounted for in the remains of this once-fair city.

The Dargonesti abandoned Gloorghin-Tekh, as this graphic reminder of the horror of the Cataclysm was too much for the Dargonesti to bear. While this is an understandable reaction, it was a bad one. The evil koalinths, whose scouts observed the Dargonesti abandonment of Gloorghin-Tekh, have moved into the ruins. These fell beasts have set up guard stations and scouting outposts in the jumbled heaps of buildings.

Now, the ruins of Gloorghin-Tekh pose a threat to the continued well-being of Watermere. The smashed city has given the koalinths a toehold, albeit a tiny one, in Dargonesti territory.

Besides the koalinths, the ruins are infested with sharks, evil octopi, and even, if rumors are to be believed, an amphidragon.

TERRAIN AND CLIMATE

Watermere's terrain consists primarily of two main geological features—smooth, relatively flat sand and massive coral reefs.

The coral reefs feature many beautiful colors and naturally created intricate patterns. Certain reefs are so large that they break the surface. These reefs support islands that are rented to the humans of this climate;

The southern borders of Watermere run parallel to the continental shelf line. Below the shelf is koalinth territory. Fortunately, the shelf is approximately two miles higher than the valley of the koalinths. This makes for a strong defensible position for the Dargonesti.

Watermere's climate is comfortable and warm all year round, and there are two big reasons why. First, Watermere is located in the tropical latitudes of Krynn. Second, Watermere lies in the path of several warm, steady ocean currents.

The water is clear enough that some sunlight filters down to Watermere, enough for the Dargonesti to tell when it is night or day.

DAILY LIFE

May your kelp fields be thick, fat fish be always within spear's reach, your family be large, your coral house strong, and warm currents comfort you all the days of your life.

—Traditional Dargonesti formal greeting. Also used as a benediction by Dargonesti priests.

Most Dargonesti dwell in underwater caves, but some are known to live in stone houses, sea shell citadels, glass manors, crystal castles, and coral cottages, and even surface-built structures that fell into the sea during the Cataclysm.

Whatever the composition of the dwellings, most are set up with furniture made of sculpted sea shells, carved coral, or planking salvaged from shipwrecks.

Beautiful tapestries woven from sea plants, jewel-encrusted sea shells, ceremonial weapons, and knickknacks from sunken ships make up the majority of Dargonesti home decorations. Some homes even have several favorite marine life specimens that roam about the house. It is not unusual to enter a Dargonesti home and be greeted by a large lobster that expects you to give it a treat. Many such animals are trained as guards.

As far as personal decoration, the Dargonesti wear sheer clothing spun from the most delicate of sea plants. Some wear cloaks spun from special seaweeds; these are the underwater versions of *cloaks of elvenkind*. Dargonesti do not use footwear.

Many sea elves wear jewelry made from polished sea shells or finely sculpted pieces of coral. Anyone chancing to meet a Dargonesti who is wearing gold or platinum jewelry can safely assume that particular sea elf has access to the surface, or at least to a shipwreck.

Life under the sea certainly offers a different sort of daily existence than life on Krynn's surface. Living immersed in an ocean brings with it some unique problems and demands.

DARGONESTI DAILY RITUALS

As mentioned before, a sufficient amount of sunlight filters down from the surface to give the Dargonesti an idea of what time of day it is. When dawn breaks, a large piece of metal set high atop the Allshrine is repeatedly struck. This device causes a deep bass thrumming that spreads throughout Watermere (and its environs) in concentric circles. This is the Call of the Morning, which calls the Dargonesti to worship and announces the start of the day.

The gong is rung also at midday and at sunset. At the latter sounding, all loyal Dargonesti stop what they are doing and engage in a small ritual.

First, all Dargonesti bow toward the Allshrine in recognition of the gods having given the people another day. Next, all face the capital, Takaluras, and clasp both hands over their hearts in a gesture of fealty toward the Speaker of the Moon. Third, they face southwest, fists crossed in front of their faces in defiance of their enemies and the Sea Witch. Finally, they face northeast, place their hands first over their ears, then their eyes, then they turn their backs on the northeast. This is a declaration to the Dimernesti that the sea elves no longer listen to nor recognize the shoal elves, and they have turned their backs on the shoal elves forever.

After this little ritual, it is considered evening, and all Dargonesti end their labors and spend time with each other. Many of the sea elves take walks, carrying globes with *light* spells cast inside them.

DARGONESTI OCCUPATIONS

The average Dargonesti is a farmer or fish breeder. The Dargonesti diet consists of various plants and certain species of fish that lack any true sentience. Vast farms of kelp and other edible plants dot the terrain of Watermere, where an occasional fishherder and his school of tuna may wander by, grazing on the vegetation.

Of course, there are Dargonesti with other trades. Among the occupations that can be found among the sea elves are the following:

Coral sculptor	Hippocampi trainer and groomer
Scholar/scribe	Brewer
Armorer/weaponer	Jeweler/gemcutter
Leatherworker	Weaver
Herbalist	Scrimshaw carver
Carpenter	Stonemason
Ink and dyemaker	Dramatist/ Entertainer

Dargonesti culture leans heavily toward music, poetry, drama, and writing. The Quoowahb are proud of their history, and their art reflects this. Many of the plays that the Dargonesti see performed in giant half-shell theaters deal with historical events.

Much of Quoowahb poetry is in the form of epics that depict events in the lives of heroic figures, such as Drudarch Takalurion.

Writing is difficult underwater, hence it is confined to the dry, air-filled chambers. In these places, Dargonesti scholars compose their works using waterproof ink and pages composed of specially treated skins of various fish. Despite the limitations, there are more books available to the average middle-class Dargonesti than his air-breathing, human counterpart.

During the day, young Dargonesti are given education in history (from the Dargonesti viewpoint, of course!), botany, zoology, reading and writing, and culture.

Like many other species of elves, the Dargonesti do not require much sleep. Still, during the hours when most creatures are sleeping, the Dargonesti spend time indoors with their families.

Though the Dargonesti have their own army, each capable male and female adult must drill in a militia unit once every 36 days.



FLORA AND FAUNA

Behold the great bounty of plants that thrive on the ocean floor and nourish us! Behold the great schools of succulent fish that fill our stomachs! Secure under the waves, we are free from want. The only error our ancestors committed in leaving the surface world is that they did not do it sooner!

—Excerpt from first Highmoon Festival speech ever given by Taladas

FLORA

The undersea world does indeed possess great bounty. Edible plants are numerous and of many different varieties. The following are some of the more common or useful plants.

Breathroot: This brown tuber grows wild all over the sunken island of Armach u-Quoob. Breathroot probably originally was a land plant, but it was changed by the Cataclysm.

When a three-inch length of breathroot is chewed, its oxygen-rich pulp enables an air-breather to remain underwater for a period of four hours.

Breathroot is used frequently during rescue operations for sinking ships. Every Dargonesti who goes up to the surface carries ten doses of breathroot.

Dragonfolly: These serrated yellow leaves grow in only one place—the interior of the Oracle’s reception cave. As a result, this plant is hard to come by. Some enterprising Dargonesti herbalists have tried to transplant a few dragonfollies and make them grow in gardens, but the plant refuses to thrive anywhere else.

Dragonfolly is prized because it has the same effects on dragons that catnip has on cats. When a dragon comes within 40 feet of dragonfolly, it must roll a saving throw vs. poison. A dragon that fails its saving throw becomes irrationally attracted to the dragonfolly, getting the desire to roll around in it, sniff it, and eat it. Some dragons even become playful. In essence, dragonfolly turns dragons into giant, frisky house cats for 2d6 turns,

Attacking a dragon under the influence of dragonfolly gives the attacker two free rounds of combat against the beast. At the end of the second round, the dragon’s mind is clear, resulting in one very enraged dragon.

As can be imagined, no dragon wishes this fate. If a successful saving throw is rolled for a dragon exposed to dragonfolly, it knows full well what the plant’s owner had in mind. It enters into a homicidal rage, refusing any further discussion, intent only on killing the dragonfolly’s wielder.

Dream Anemone: These beautiful sea flowers contain a potent fluid that causes the imbiber to fall into a deep sleep and have vivid dreams.

Dream anemones grow wild everywhere in Watermere. Many are harvested, mixed with kelp juice, and fermented into a form of alcoholic beverage. Only a dose of three ounces or more of pure, undiluted dream anemone extract can cause the sleep and dream effect (no saving throw).

Haltweed: Resembling a sickening handful of green, brown, and yellow tendrils, haltweed thrives on wooden surfaces. Yet another plant that grows wild on Armach u-Quoob, haltweed is used to slow down enemy sailing vessels.

When a handful of haltweed is hurled at an underwater section of the hull of a moving ship, the wooden hull and the churning, oxygen-rich water provide haltweed with the perfect growing conditions. The plant’s tendrils shoot out at an accelerated rate, and the haltweed doubles its size every round. The resulting drag gradually slows the ship to a halt.

As a rule, one handful of haltweed per ten feet of ship length is enough to stop the ship in five rounds.

The plant is nearly sentient. It cannot be removed except by a creature born in the sea. Haltweed gets a +2 bonus to saving throws vs. any attempt to control it by means of spell or potion. It also gets a +2 bonus to saving throws vs. fire-based attacks.

Lightleaf: Lightleaf is a sea plant with smooth, broad leaves; it grows abundantly on the sandy floor of the sea. The

plant contains a high amount of luminescent material in its sap. When a lightleaf is broken, the luminescence is released. Five leaves of this plant can light up a 20-foot-square room. The glow lasts for 36 days.

Some Dargonesti harvest the leaves and mash them into a liquid. This “liquid light” is used as a paint for houses or for decorative purposes. There are even some Dargonesti who use the extract as body paint, which gives them an eerie, spectral appearance.

Neverwhere: Neverwhere is made of a variety of sea grass that is almost transparent. Dargonesti *cloaks of elvenkind* are spun from neverwhere. Most Dargonesti clothing is made from a blend of neverwhere and normal seaweed, the latter giving the garment greater toughness.

Neverwhere grows near the Oracle’s cave and in large cultivated patches on the outskirts of Takaluras.

Tonguehalt: This slimy, black plant has tiny leaves the size of a man’s thumbnail. When placed under the tongue of a victim, the plant’s enzymes mix with saliva and create a mixture that freezes the victim’s vocal cords.

Tonguehalt is used primarily to silence spellcasters held in detention. This numbness lasts as long as the leaf is under the tongue, plus an additional 12 hours after the leaf is removed.

The plant grows wild, and in abundance near the shipwrecks.

Waterbane: This prickly, spherical plant is prized for its sap. Waterbane’s sap repels water and acts as an excellent sealant. Dargonesti alchemists highly value waterbane sap, for it enables them to seal potion bottles and carry these around the sea without the threat of water seepage.

One application of waterbane lasts for approximately one year.

In regards to Watermere’s fauna, there are many species of fish and marine life that call the waters of Watermere home.

Plants are also woven into clothing, ropes, and tools, or mashed into dyes, paints, and salves. The Dargonesti try to find a use for everything that grows.

FAUNA

Dargonesti divide all sea life into two categories: sentient and non-sentient life.

Non-sentient marine life can be eaten. Eating sentient marine life is tantamount to cannibalism, unless the life form is an enemy of the Quoowahb.

Non-sentient marine life includes most fish, such as tuna, barracuda, and marlins, as well as eels, slugs (which to a Dargonesti taste delicious once the acid is neutralized), crabs, lobsters, oysters, and mantas.

Sentient marine life includes dolphins, whales, narwhals, sharks (enemies of the Dargonesti and consequently considered fit to eat), octopi, and hippocampi.

Narwhals and dolphins are considered sacred creatures. Killing one of these results in imprisonment and possible exile.

Hippocampi travel in herds in much the same way as air-breathing horses. They serve as mounts for the Dargonesti.

In fact, one of the most fascinating sights is when a special group of Dargonesti called the Teebawkh, literally, "the tuna lads," ride their hippocampi to herd great schools of tuna to their feeding grounds. Scores of large tuna are driven to fertile kelp beds by approximately two dozen Teebawkh wielding blunt poles, special nets, and lariats made from specially treated hemp.





DARGONESTI FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE

*We do not enjoy killing our enemies;
we prefer to simply outlive them.*

—Dargonesti proverb

Dargonesti share the elven heritage of a long life span. Most Dargonesti, if allowed to die a natural death, live for about 15 centuries. There have been cases of Dargonesti living for two millennia. (Daydra and Sagarassi are much older than two millennia, but this is due to divine intervention and magical spells.)

Some people may think that the great life span of the Dargonesti means that the stages of development are proportionately increased. Nothing could be further from the truth (a Dargonesti would remain an infant for 15 years if this were true).

No, what really happens is that for the first 14 years of life, the development of an elven child and a human child are precisely the same. On the fifteenth year of a Dargonesti child's life, his metabolism dramatically slows down to adult levels. This is when the vast life span proportions settle in.

Female Dargonesti are fertile only once every 36 months. The gestation period is 36 weeks. As an aside, it should be mentioned that due to the depleted numbers of the Dargonesti, terminating a pregnancy or attacking an expectant mother are capital offenses, bringing a swift death to the perpetrator. These crimes, as well as treason and entering the Land of the Dead during forbidden times, are the only crimes punishable by death.

Within 36 hours of the birth of the baby, the parents must take it to the All-shrine (or, if unable, to the nearest cleric) for a foretelling of the child's destiny and calling. Once this is accomplished, there is a dedication ceremony, followed by a feast given by the father's family.

Schooling begins at age five. As told before, Dargonesti children get a complete academic education from Watermere's scholars. It is up to the family itself to instruct the child on moral values, survival

techniques, and martial arts. Formal education lasts until the child turns 20, though would-be scholars have barely scratched the surface of required education.

When the child reaches the age of ten, he is taught how to shapechange into a dolphin. At age 15, the child is instructed in the ways of the inherent magic common to all Dargonesti.

When the child turns 16, regardless of how complete or incomplete his magical training is, he takes the Test of the Threshold. This is an exercise that tests the child's intelligence, cleverness, stamina, and overall physical prowess. As a rule, the test is not fatal (the Dargonesti cannot afford to lose a single soul needlessly!), though the truly foolish sometimes meet with death.

The child's mastery (or lack thereof) of the Test determines which vocation the child is best suited for; it also marks the child's crossing of the threshold into adulthood. If a child fails the Test, he must take it again 36 weeks later. Until the child passes the Test, or dies trying, he is not considered a legal adult, and consequently does not possess the rights, privileges, and respect enjoyed by adults.

Once the Test is completed and vocation is established, the child's education becomes focused more on the skills required to succeed at that occupation.

The 20-year-old adult Dargonesti then enters a term of service in the Dargonesti army. The term usually lasts between four and eight years.

The next stage is apprenticeship in an occupation. This lasts for about 20 years, after which the Dargonesti is a fully trained and legal tradesman in his work.

Most Dargonesti begin showing an interest in the opposite sex around the age of 36, which is the time of complete sexual maturity for a Dargonesti. Much of what is considered serious courtship usually does not begin until age 40.

Courtships can last from five to ten years, followed by a betrothal, which lasts three years (36 months). During these two time periods, both partners must remain chaste.

Due to the population's small size and the greater number of females than

males, polygamy is allowed. A male elf may have more than one wife, but the husband must present absolute proof to the Speakers of the Blood of all his wives that he is capable of supporting more than one wife, emotionally and financially. If any one Speaker has misgivings, the arrangements cannot be initiated. This system and the inherent monogamist tendencies of the Dargonesti mean that very few elves take advantage of the polygamy rule.

Immediately after the wedding celebration, the newlyweds proceed to a place where they can get to know each other better. This period lasts for 36 days and is called the Whitemoon. The couple usually sequesters themselves somewhere away from the general populace, with selected troops from both partners' militia units acting as guards, from a guardhouse located a discreet distance from the newlyweds' quarters. These guards, called the Whitemoon Knights, are usually the closest friends and relatives of the happy couple.

Once Whitemoon is over, the couple begins the task of reassimilation into Dargonesti society. They resume their occupations and life returns to normal until a birth occurs.

Once it is discovered that a female Dargonesti is pregnant, she immediately becomes the center of attention of all who know about the event. The Dargonesti view each pregnancy as everyone's object of protection. Anything that the couple needs is provided for them. The mother-to-be remains at home throughout the pregnancy, and the father-to-be's duties and responsibilities are halved so that he, too, can spend much time at home.

The more children that a couple have, the more honor is bestowed upon them. Their words carry more weight, since they are directly contributing to the overall strength of Watermere.

Unlike the elderly of other races, elderly Dargonesti do not suffer much from the debilitating effects of old age. Senility is virtually unknown, and reductions in Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution are minimal (-1 in each for every 500 years of life).

RELIGION

If a being chooses to ignore the gods then he should make a habit of doing other things that are equally as intelligent, such as sticking his head in the mouth of a hungry shark, or challenging the Sea Witch to a duel of honor.

—Kwuhlahl, priest of Habbakuk, during his benediction on the Festival of the Moon, 734 PC

The Dargonesti have always been, and continue to be, a very religious folk. However, they do not go to any extraordinary lengths to include the gods in their daily life. The Dargonesti feel that if one loves the gods, then acts of devotion and faith come naturally and are woven into daily life with no effort.

The Dargonesti do not go out of their way to act pious. "One does not *act* pious, one *is* pious," goes a saying from a Dargonesti child's religious primer. The sea elves revere the gods not out of fear, but out of genuine adoration and love.

Perhaps this is why, when the Cataclysm struck, the Dargonesti clerics lost their powers only for a short time. It took the sea elves' sin of not caring for the other victims of the Cataclysm to cause the gods to inflict a measure of punishment on the Dargonesti, and even then it was small compared to what happened on the surface. The god Habbakuk knew that the sea elves would come to their senses quicker than the other races.

Of course, it took the faith of one Dargonesti hero to bring back the sea elves to a position of health and prosperity, as told earlier.

THE GODS OF THE DARGONESTI

The Dargonesti worship Habbakuk, known as the Sea Lord, above all other gods. To the Dargonesti, Habbakuk is represented by a dolphin, a frequent ally of the sea elves. In fact, it is said that the numbers of dolphins that swim in the lands of Watermere is a sign of Habbakuk's current attitude toward the

Dargonesti. The more dolphins seen, the greater the pleasure of Habbakuk is assumed to be. A complete absence of dolphins indicates that something is very wrong. A giant dolphin appearing out of nowhere and swallowing someone whole is a sign that the victim did something truly bad.

During the punishment of the Dargonesti, around the time of the Cataclysm, there was not a dolphin to be seen. In fact, many fish, including the ones that the Dargonesti use for food, were nowhere to be seen in Watermere.

The second most popular god is Kiri-Jolith, the good god of war and Habbakuk's twin brother. Despite the Dargonesti distaste for violence, the pragmatic elves offer worship to Kiri-Jolith so that he will keep war away; if war does come, it is hoped that the god will empower the elves to achieve peace through a swift victory.

The elven symbol for Kiri-Jolith is the narwhal, the unicorn of the sea. He is especially venerated by the militia.

The origins of the four Dargonesti gods are unclear. There is some speculation that they are four especially worthy elves who ascended into godhood long ago.

Kailthis the Beautiful, goddess of love and procreation, is depicted as a stunningly beautiful female Dargonesti. Her symbol is a mermaid of exceptional beauty. Kailthis is chaotic good, and functions as a 21st-level cleric.

Kailthis's clerics can cast spells from the following spheres: All, Astral, Charm, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, and Sun.

Special attention is paid to Kailthis during courtships, betrothals, weddings, Whitemoons, and births. Sacrifices to her are in the form of sea flowers and scrolls of love poems.

Tumarq, god of tradesman and handicrafts, appears as a muscular Dargonesti with nimble fingers. His symbol is a hermit crab. Tumarq is especially venerated by any Dargonesti who uses his hands to make a living. Tumarq is lawful good and functions as a 20th-level mage. He is the most serious-minded of the four Dargonesti gods.

Tumarq's clerics can cast spells from the following spheres: All, Astral, Combat, Creation, Divination, Elemental, and Guardian.

Most Dargonesti tradesmen offer prayers and sacrifices of small models of equipment before commencing work on a new project. There are unconfirmed reports that a small cult of Tumarq exists among the Spire Mountain gnomes on Taladas. Since some gnomes will go to any lengths to gain inspirations for their projects, the reports should not be dismissed altogether.

Daidlin is the goddess of the sea's flora and fauna, and her symbol is a golden anemone. She is chaotic good, and functions as a 22nd-level cleric. Daidlin's appearance is of a very plain female elf, with chains of flowers draping her shoulders, and small forms of marine life encircling her head like a halo.

Daidlin's clerics can cast spells from the following spheres: All, Animal, Astral, Combat, Divination, Elemental, Plant, Summoning, Sun, and Weather.

The goddess Daidlin functions more like a druid than any other god that the Dargonesti worship. Her name is invoked when Dargonesti fish hunters go on a food-gathering trip. Feasts and services are held in her honor when crops are planted, and later in the year when the crops are harvested.

The most unpredictable and mischievous Dargonesti god is Randoril'thi, the god of luck. His symbol is the sea urchin. The symbolism is perfect, for he acts like a street urchin. Randoril'thi is chaotic good, and acts as a 24th-level thief, a profession unheard of among the Dargonesti. His favorite form is of a small Dargonesti boy with tousled green hair and a perpetual smirk.

Randoril'thi's clerics (none are known) can cast spells from every sphere. It is not known how he managed to gain access to all of the known spheres of clerical power. Most would say that he was just lucky.

If any Dargonesti worships Randoril'thi in a formal and consistent manner, no one has spoken of it. The god's name is usually exclaimed in a last-ditch

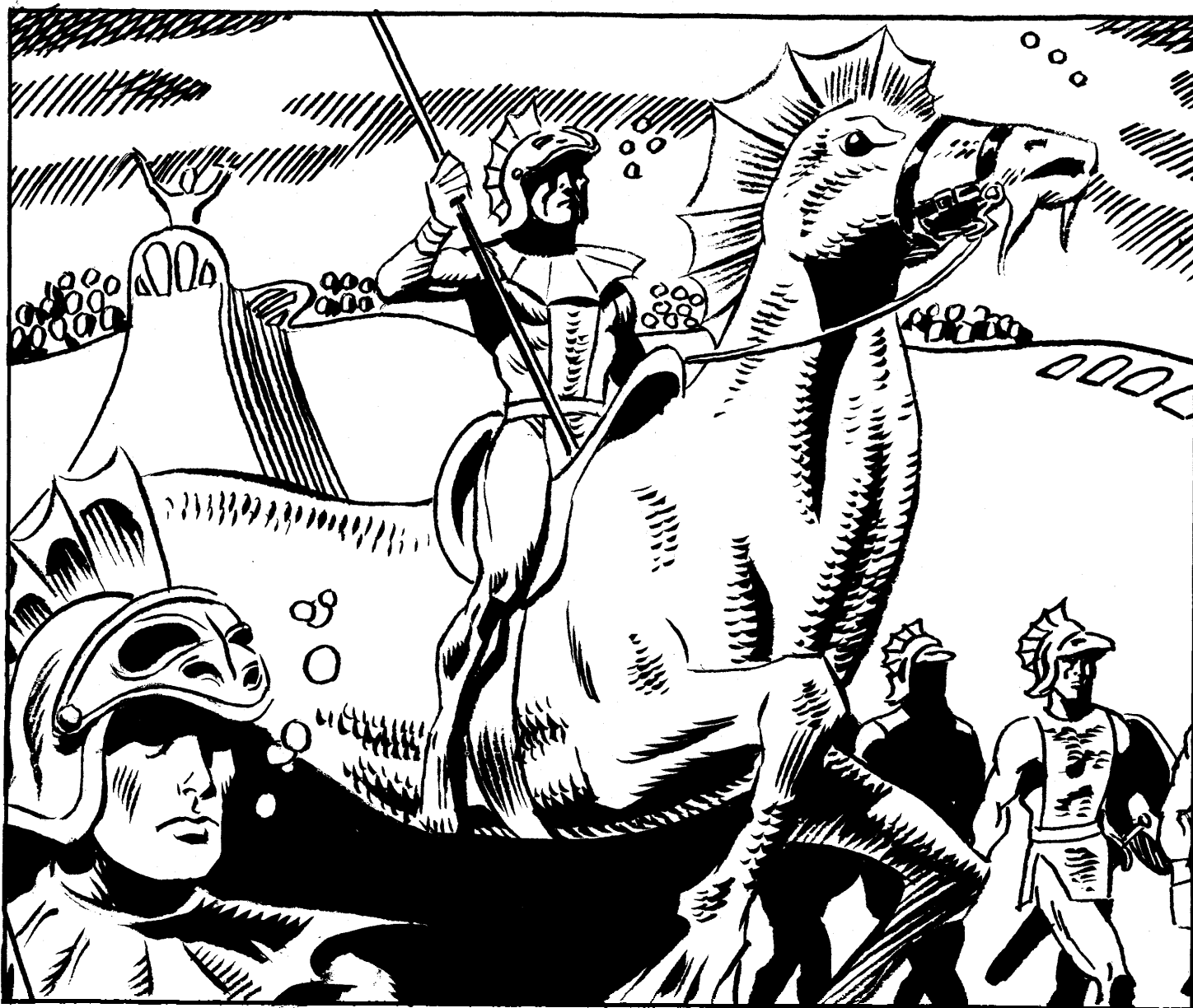
effort to ward off a bad consequence to an action.

Most Dargonesti settlements have a cleric of either one of the major gods of Krynn or one of the four Dargonesti gods. These priests are no higher than 5th

level; more experienced priests go to serve at the Allshrine.

There are even small shrines that dot the ocean floor of Watermere. These shrines usually consist of half a clamshell set upright, with a statue of the respective

god inside it, and a small urn for donations toward its upkeep. Most of these shrines radiate *protection from evil* spell, and have *continual light* spells cast upon them.





THE DARGONESTI ARMY

It would seem the role of all the elves in the universe is to be the magic, romantic figures that are oppressed by humans and hordes of evil beasts, to be eventually driven in to exile or extinction. As sure as my heart is strong, my sinews mighty my eyes keen, and my sword sharp, the Quoowabb shall not have to be content with the lot of the sufferer. Such nonsense ends now!

—Excerpt from Speaker of the Moon Takalurion's victory speech after the Sea Witch's forces were defeated for the first time.

Though it has already been established that the Dargonesti deplore violence and enter war only when absolutely necessary, the sea elves still have an organized army.

The Speaker of the Moon is technically the High Commander of the army, unless he has demonstrated either a reluctance to lead the army on the field, or a complete lack of strategic and tactical skill.

Several generals run the army from the capital city of Takaluras. Though the number of generals fluctuates, there is always at least three such military leaders active during peaceful times. When the Dargonesti are involved in prolonged hostilities, there are a maximum of 18 generals.

For a race that dislikes war, the Dargonesti have a very organized military force. All companies consist of 180 soldiers, with two companies together being called a "perfect."

Each company is divided into two "groups," each of 90 soldiers, called "leftgroup" and "rightgroup." The groups are subdivided into ten nine-soldier sections called "linwabh" ("nine elves").

In each linwabh, there is a sergeant, seven regular soldiers, and a wizard. The sergeant is the equivalent of a 5th-level fighter, while the wizard is no higher than 7th level. The regular soldiers are all 1st-level fighters.

Companies are commanded by captains, who are at least 7th-level fighters or paladins. Each company also has a war-wizard, a mage of at least 8th level, and a priest of the Holy Order of Stars of at least 7th level. The priest is usually a cleric of Kiri-Jolith. Besides the usual priestly functions, the cleric also acts as advisor to the captain.

A perfect is commanded by a Knight Perfect, the equivalent of a 10th-level fighter or paladin. The Knight Perfect is aided by a wizard of at least 14th level and a priest of at least 10th level.

Companies have beautiful war standards, and each company adopts a sea creature as its symbol. A perfect's symbol is made up of the two involved companies' adopted creatures tethered together, pulling a moon out of the sky.

The militia duties include not only defense of Watermere from external enemies, but also enforcement of common law and guard duty at places of special significance, such as the Allshrine. They are trained in the use of every type of Dargonesti weapon.

There are certain special units in the Dargonesti army. The most prominent companies are the ones that make up the Hippocampi Lancers, or Waveriders. This unit is the most difficult force for a Dargonesti to enlist into. The Hippocampi Lancers are the Dargonesti equivalent of cavalry.

Each Waverider is assigned a hippocampus colt during training. Rider and mount train together and are emotionally bonded with strong feelings of loyalty. During this two-year period, the team trains in underwater maneuvers, surface ship identification and boarding party techniques, linwabh tactics, and trick riding maneuvers.

The Waverider is further taught how to blindfight, tend battlefield wounds, and how to wield a variety of weapons, from lances to swords to weighted nets.

The Hippocampi Lancers have fought with distinction throughout Dargonesti history. The unit is steeped in tradition, and morale is very high. There are 720 Waveriders on active duty at any given time. As might be guessed, the Waveri-

der symbol is the hippocampus.

The Farstriker Companies are also specially trained units. They train with the bwohrb, a device that launches harpoons in very much the same way as crossbows on the surface fire quarrels. The Farstrickers are the sharpshooters or archers of the Dargonesti army.

The Farstrickers are 900 strong, most deployed on the frontiers of Watermere, where danger is the greatest. Despite the potentially fatal patrol area, morale is high and discipline is very strong. The battle standard of the Farstrickers depicts a giant slug spitting acid, a symbol that has brought the unit many unflattering jokes and comparisons, but they do not mind. The Farstrickers are self-assured and convinced of their own competence, and they do not worry what others say.

The Company of the Octopus is the most mysterious special unit in the militia, and for good reason. This company specializes in stealth, reconnaissance, and spying.

The Octopi's prime mission is to conduct rescue operations, spy missions, and reconnaissance behind enemy lines. Their work is extremely dangerous, so they are taught how to defend themselves in every way possible. They are also taught techniques of rapid, silent swimming, camouflage, sign language, and evasion.

The unit adopted the octopus as its symbol, for just as the octopus releases a cloud of black ink to throw off attackers, the company works in the darkness of shadows. There is only one company of 180 Dargonesti, since the work is so dangerous and specialized.

The Order of the Dolphin, the Dargonesti version of the Knights of Solamnia, become attached to the army during times of prolonged conflict. At other times, they are simply an autonomous order of religious warriors, wandering about the land of Watermere (and sometimes beyond) doing good.

The Dargonesti have built a series of small forts along the frontier with the koalinth, as well as a few scattered forts on the borders of merfolk territory and the northern frontier.



The largest fort is a full-sized construction called khab-Takaluras ("fortress Takaluras"). This is the only large defensive complex that the Dargonesti have consented to build. (As a rule, the Dargonesti do not enjoy building war machines of any sort, and even something defensive, such as a fort, falls into that category.)

Dargonesti weaponry consists of daggers, lances, tridents, and long swords (for some higher level warriors and leaders). Other weapons included are nets, bwohrb, spears, and clubs fitted with razor-sharp sea shells.

Armor consists mostly of leather armor made from manta rays or eels. Many Dargonesti also wear helmets made of the same material. Some militia troops enjoy decorating their helmets with small items or carvings. One of the favorite devices is a stylized narwhal horn protruding from the front of the helmet.

In certain rare instances, suits of leather armor are fitted with sea shells. The shells are treated with special liquids that make them as tough as steel. Unfortunately, this is a painstaking process. Consequently, only fighters and leaders of great strength, renown, or wealth wear shell armor. Shell armor affords the protection of splint armor.

Shields are not used that often, most of them being relegated to a ceremonial capacity. Dargonesti shields consist of tough hides stretched over a framework of shark bones.

Of all the weapons and armor of a Dargonesti, 35% of these are magical, made by their own wizards.

Female Dargonesti fight in the army only when Watermere is engaged in prolonged fighting. During times of peace, most female Dargonesti revert to reserve status. Those of captain rank and higher are allowed to stay on, but even so, they are encouraged to marry (presumably to a fellow army officer) and bear children.

This does not reflect on the females' combat ability; the Dargonesti do not feel that their males are any more capable than their females in ways of fighting. The Dargonesti are just very much aware that it is the females who bear young,

thus they play a valuable role in the continuation of Dargonesti society.

Sometimes, the Dargonesti army needs to conduct operations on the surface of the ocean. This is usually prompted by human or Minotaur pirates operating in Watermere's environs. The Dargonesti have perfected a method of dealing with trespassing surface vessels,

When surface ships begin to appear in a pattern of increasing frequency, the army sends several dolphins, accompanied by a single Dargonesti sergeant shapechanged into a dolphin, toward the ships to determine the intruders' intent. In some ways, this is also a subtle warning to surface trespassers that they have attracted the attention of the Dargonesti, and would do well to leave while they still can.

If the ship crews react in a hostile fashion, or the transformed sergeant recognizes certain symbols and standards of pirate ships, the dolphins swim back to the army and tell what they have seen. The sergeant remains with the ships, tracking their movements. Then, the finely developed tactics of the Dargonesti are put into action.

At least two linwahbs of Waveriders, with handfuls of haltweed, swim on an intercept course toward the vessels, depositing the haltweed in front of the ship, which enables the plants' tendrils to slow down the ship. The Waveriders are covered by four linwahbs of Farstrikers.

As the ship grinds to a halt, the sergeant of the Waveriders pops up to the surface in order to parlay with the surface ship's crew. Should the crew recant their actions and promise to go back where they came from, the Dargonesti release the ship and the crisis ends. If the crew refuses (or worse, they just attack the sergeant immediately), then the air-breathers have sealed their own fates.

The wizard uses *ESP*, *clairaudience*, and *clairvoyance* to check the ships for any possible non-combatants or hostages being held on board. If there are none, the battle begins.

With the ship held immobile in the haltweed, the Waveriders begin charging at the submerged part of the ship's hull with their lances, poking holes in the bot-

tom. The Farstrikers break the surface and begin picking off crewmen on the deck.

If the crew strikes their colors (surrenders), the Dargonesti extract a tribute from the intruders. Most of the time this tribute is in goods that the Dargonesti need but cannot manufacture. Sometimes the tribute is in the form of gems or precious metals. In extreme cases, the Dargonesti ask for the ship's captain as their prisoner. Most of the time that such a request is made, the terrified sailors toss the captain overboard.

Should the ship stubbornly refuse to strike its colors, every Dargonesti and ally withdraws into the ocean. Most human crews make the mistake of thinking that the Dargonesti are faltering in the attack. Far from it.

The Farstriker's wizards come up to the surface; each spellcaster hurls a fireball at the ship and ducks back down into the safety of the sea.

After the explosions subside, the Dargonesti break the surface and hurl great amounts of water on the burning hulk. When the ship's fires are out and things have cooled down, the Waveriders board the ship and strike down any survivors. Anything useful is removed from the ship and the hulk is left to drift away (they try not to sink the ship, as it would pollute Watermere's sea bed).

If these ships have any obvious non-combatants on them (rare, since most pirate ships do not carry the young or the elderly), these people are given breathroot and brought to Watermere. The sea elves tend to the humans as best they can, then put their charges into a safe, deep sleep. When the humans wake up, they are on one of the human islands.

Another important role that the military fulfills is in hunting down and slaying sharks that have strayed into the borders of Watermere. These vicious undersea predators are as welcome among the Dargonesti as hungry wolf packs are among communities of surface dwellers.

Most shark hunts are conducted by the normal militia units. Especially large or deadly intruders are dealt with by Waveriders.



MAGIC

Each of our people dwells in two vast seas: The first is the life-sustaining water of Krynn, the second is the sea of eldritch power that courses through each Quowahb. It is every citizen's duty to co-exist with the former and control the latter.

—Dargonesti Archmage of High Sorcery
Karibda Stormlord, trusted advisor and
friend of Drudarch Takalurion.

While still a youth, every Dargonesti is taught the principles of innate magic. This varies from the training of Ansalon Dargonesti, who must wait until they gain far more experience before getting such knowledge.

The innate spell abilities that each Dargonesti must master before passing into adulthood are *color spray*, *dancing lights*, *blur*, *darkness 15' radius*, and *mirror image*. Each Dargonesti gains all of the above spells, useable once per day. This is but the first of a two-part magical education, however.

The second part is mastering the "Klookah" (shapechange). This enables a Dargonesti to shapechange into dolphin form. The change can be performed three times a day. The transformed Dargonesti is indistinguishable from a regular dolphin except to another Dargonesti.

Like so many other elves throughout so many different Prime Material planes, the Dargonesti revere magic and actively seek out new arcane knowledge.

Of course, there are Dargonesti Wizards of High Sorcery, with all wizards being of the Order of White Robes. The bulk of the magical items and weapons in Watermere are fabricated by these wizards.

DARGONESTI MAGICAL ITEMS

It is not the eldritch power of a weapon that makes a hero, it is the inner strength of the one who wields it. A lost enchanted blade can be recreated, but lose a hero to death's grasp, and he is gone forever. Depend not on magic to make yourself bet-

ter, rather seek the path of trials and experiences to make yourself strong.

—Excerpt from the ceremonial remarks
made to new initiates into the
Order of the Dolphin

Like all other magic-using cultures, the Dargonesti have fabricated their share of objects infused with magic. Most of the water-attuned magical items found in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* can be found in Watermere. Some of the items are created by the Dargonesti themselves, while others are acquired by chance.

In addition, the Dargonesti have created their own unique magical objects. A partial list follows.

Blessed Trident: Land-based paladins seek out Holy Avenger swords, rare swords that give many abilities to the paladins who wield them. Holy Avengers are even more scarce under the sea.

The paladins in the Order of the Dolphin use special tridents created by the Dargonesti wizards and priests.

To a non-paladin, the trident acts as a +1 weapon with no other abilities. In the hands of a paladin, it becomes a +4 weapon, which does +8 points of damage against lawful or chaotic evil opponents.

In addition, the trident bestows 25% magic resistance to the wielder. The trident also can *cure serious wounds and know alignment*, each three times a day. The trident also enables the paladin to communicate with any sea creature encountered.

Circlet of Underwater Speech: This circlet made of tiny sea shells connected by a silver thread. It is worn on the brow.

The circlet enables the wearer to speak and hear noises without any underwater distortion of sound.

These circlets are kept mostly for the sake of air-breathing guests who are not accustomed to conversing underwater.

Doom's Diadem: It is unclear whether this grim item was constructed by evil Dargonesti or by the Sea Witch. In either case,

the diadem is a nasty piece of work (worse still, there are at least three of them in existence, though there may be six). The item is also known as the *Helm of Horror* and the *Cadaver Comb*. Its normal form is of a simple coronet made of coral, with tiny carvings of sea creatures on it.

The diadem's first function is its ability to shapechange into any sort of article meant to be worn on the head. Its most popular forms, besides its diadem shape, are those of a jeweled comb or an elaborately designed, open-faced helmet. The diadem can change shape seven times a day. The fact that it comes in several different forms makes it harder to identify by sight.

When first worn, the user gets a tingling sensation, as well as a feeling of happiness that he has put on the diadem. The victim will refuse to part with the object regardless of friends' pleas, offers of great wealth, or any other incentives.

As time passes, the wearer's actions and thoughts become increasingly evil. On the middle night of Nuitari's next High Sanction, the wearer's alignment changes to the evil version of his current alignment (e.g., a lawful good character becomes lawful evil).

If the wearer is already evil, there are no bad effects until the week of Nuitari's next High Sanction. For the entire seven days, the wearer will take every opportunity to commit senseless evil, as well as succumbing to lycanthropy (determine the type of creature turned randomly).

The other powers of the diadem include a +3 bonus to saving throws and Armor Class and 15% magic resistance. For spell purposes, the diadem functions as a 16th-level caster. The diadem also gives the wearer a +4 reaction bonus when dealing with evil-aligned creatures and sharks.

When worn, the diadem enables the user to cast the following spells, each once per day: *animate dead*, *bestow curse*, *dispel magic*, *fear*, *flame strike*, *know alignment*, *meld into stone*, and *speak with dead*.

Obviously, no self-respecting Dargonesti would wear this diadem. Its purpose seems to be to create evil

Dargonesti, presumably to follow Sagarassi.

Destroying a diadem is not easy. Only striking it with a holy weapon, having a *dispel evil* spell cast upon it by a good cleric of at least 20th level, or surrendering it to nine dragon turtles on the middle night of Nuitari's Low Sanction can destroy one of these accursed objects.

Hardwater Amulet: This beautiful, starburst-shaped amulet is made of clear crystal. It is practically invisible on the wearer. Activated by the wielder's will, it can harden water into granite-like consistency. The user can create walls or hurl bolts of hard water at enemies.

The volume of water that can be hardened equals 30,000 square feet. This can be one large mass or many small ones. The user can shape it into any form he wishes.

The bolts cause 4d8 points of damage (half if a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon is rolled).

The amulet can be used five times a day. It requires no command word, but

the wielder still incurs a +3 initiative penalty when using the amulet.

Horn of the Dolphins: This conch shell can be blown as a horn. It sends out a deep booming thrum that can be heard in a ten-mile radius. All dolphins in its range will swim at top speed toward the user, anxious to heed the summons.

The horn cannot command the dolphins to obey the summoner's orders. Whether the dolphins obey or not depends on the merits of the horn's owner.

The horn can be winded nine times a week.

Howling Harpoon: This weapon is enchanted with a +3 bonus. When hurled, it creates a horrifying howl that emanates in a cone-shaped configuration, 40 feet long and 30 feet wide at its far end.

All victims in this cone must roll successful saving throws vs. paralyzation or run as far as possible from the harpoon's thrower for 2d6 turns.

The harpoon wails for 1d4 rounds. Any victims who stay in the cone of noise must

roll saving throws each round.

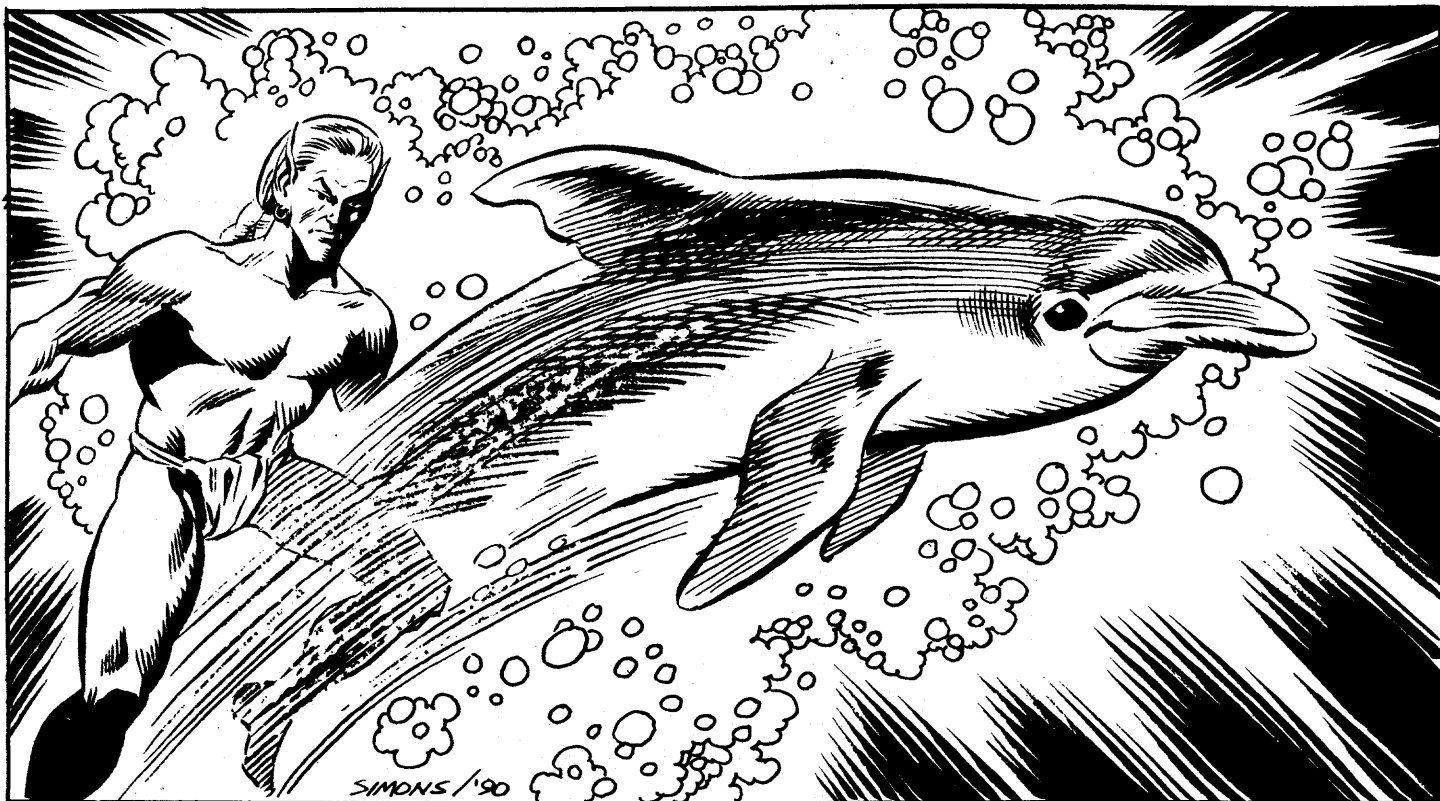
If the harpoon hits its intended target but does not kill it, the target gets no saving throw and must immediately flee. The harpoon remains in the victim, which sometimes results in the unwilling creature driving away its comrades as well as itself!

The howling harpoon works well against large groups of enemies.

Karnrohb's Airy Sphere: Used mostly in rescuing air-breathing creatures from drowning, this tiny glass globe creates a globe of energy six feet in diameter. Inside the globe is a constantly replenishing supply of fresh air. Water is kept out, but the energy cannot keep out spells or living creatures.

To activate the tiny globe, it must be either hurled at the subject or tapped on the subject's forehead. The sphere can be hurled up to 20 feet away.

The sphere can be used three times a day, each use lasting three hours. The tiny item has a very limited offensive capability; a resourceful person could throw the





sphere at a water-breathing foe, causing the enemy to “drown” in the air. The thrower performs this action by making a standard attack roll (the target is AC 10 minus any bonuses for Dexterity, quickness, or speed).

The sphere always remains centered on the subject, though he may voluntarily depart by actively concentrating on leaving the sphere. The subject can take no other action that round.

Loyal Net of Restraint: The Dargonesti do not enjoy violence, which is why this net was created. When a command word is uttered, the net unravels and hurls itself at the first target it encounters within its 30-foot range.

The net leaps in the direction that the owner points to when saying the command word.

When unfurled the net covers a 20-foot-diameter circle. It is ineffective against any creature of large or greater size.

All who are trapped in the net must roll saving throws vs. spell, with a -2 penalty. Any who fail the saving throw become placid and motionless, unable and unwilling to take any actions. Furthermore, each victim who fails the saving throw can be asked three questions, which he must answer truthfully. Those who succeed with their saving throws are merely entangled until they can escape.

The net has an effective Armor Class of -3, 50 hit points, and a Strength of 18/00. It has a speed factor of 1. Any Dargonesti wizard with the weaving nonweapon proficiency can repair a damaged net.

Another command word will cause the net to release its opponents and curl back into its compact shape, hooking itself back onto its owner’s belt. Some Dargonesti give their nets names as one would do for a pet.

The net responds only to its owner’s commands. The would-be owner must keep the net in his dwelling for nine days, giving the net the chance to attune itself to its owner.

Pearl of Entrancement: This tiny pearl gives off a gentle, white glow that is very

soothing to look at. When placed under the tongue of an unconscious victim, the pearl extends the state of unconsciousness to 36 days. During this time, the pearl enables the victim to go without food or air.

As its second benefit, the pearl can force the unconscious victim to obey the commands of the pearl’s owner. During this function, the victim walks about with glazed eyes, as if in a trance.

These pearls are used mainly on humans who are taken underwater and need to be kept a while before being returned to land.

Shell Amulet of Protection From Sharks, 10’ Radius: This amulet is always in the form of a beautifully polished half of a sea shell.

When worn around the neck, it creates a circle of protection around the owner. Sharks cannot penetrate the circle, but the protection is forfeit if the user attacks.

Staff of Aquatic Wizardry: Always made from a long piece of driftwood that has been ritually purified during Solinari’s High Sanction, this staff is eagerly sought by all Dargonesti wizards.

The staff can be wielded as a normal weapon, with a +2 enchantment. It acts as a *ring of protection* +2 and as a *necklace of adaptation*, enabling the owner to exist above or below the sea.

The staff also enables the wielder to create a waterspout three times a week. The spout is a funnel of water 100 feet high and 40 feet wide at its top, tapering down to five feet in width. Anything caught up in this fearsome water form is helplessly tossed about, unable to take any action. If the staffs wielder wishes, the victim can be spat out of the spout at a movement rate of 48. Should the victim’s momentum be halted by something hard, like a rock, the impact inflicts 5d12 points of damage.

The waterspout can be created under the sea or on the water’s surface. It lasts for 2d4 rounds, and has a speed factor of 1. Making a waterspout expends two charges.

The staff also has the following powers, requiring one charge each: *alarm*, *enlarge*,

fog cloud, *shield*, *summon swarm* (tiny marine animals), and *whispering wave* (as *whispering wind* but underwater).

The following spells can be cast at the expense of two charges: *airy water*, *animal growth* (sea creatures only), *chain lightning*, *control weather*, *crystalbrittle*, *dust*, *Evard’s black tentacles*, *lower water*, *part water*, *summon water elemental*, *transmute water to dust*, *water breathing*.

Tideripper: No Dargonesti magical item section would be complete without a description of their most famous artifact, the long sword Tideripper. This mighty weapon was wielded by Drudarch Takalurion and is still used by Speakers of the Moon to this day.

Tideripper is a *long sword* +4 that is usable only by a good-aligned warrior.

The sword can also perform the following functions twice per day: *detect evil* (60’ radius), *detect lie*, *dispel magic*, *heal*, *part water*, and *strength*.

In addition, the sword vibrates with anticipation when an evil being of 12 or more Hit Dice or levels approaches within 100 yards.

The wielder of Tideripper is unaffected by all water combat restrictions. The wielder fights as if he was on dry land.

There are some legends that say that nine such swords were forged, one for each day of Solinari’s quarter in High Sanction. If this is true, there are eight other swords like Tideripper scattered throughout Krynn.

Wardstone: Carved into the shape of a sea creature friendly to the Dargonesti, the wardstone is made from a small piece of coral. When held in the palm of the hand, it senses the presence of hostile creatures in a 100-foot radius.

As the user of the wardstone gets closer to the belligerent creatures, the stone gets warmer to the touch.

If the user so wills it, the stone can also emit a soft, greenish light either in place of, or in addition to, the heat.



RELATIONS WITH UNDERSEA FOLK

THE MERFOLK

The merfolk are the Dargonesti's closest friendly neighbors. The Dargonesti call the merfolk territories Wibmachgloonestu and Wobmachgloonestu, which translated mean "North land of the fish-people" and "South land of the fish-people," respectively. Collectively, the territories are known as Machunestoo, or "Lands of the fish-people."

Machunestoo is made up of the species of common merfolk that can be found throughout the multiverse. They are neutral aligned, amphibious humanoids with the upper torsos of humans and the lower torsos of fish.

The merfolk are divided into communities, each led by a chief. Groups of communities of either the northern or southern territories are called a clan.

A single ruler, the Sea King, is sovereign over both the northern and southern clans. The Sea King dwells in a vast city located in the northern clan's territory.

The merfolk play a large part in Dargonesti politics because the sea elves own a long stretch of land that separates the two clans of merfolk, a piece of territory that the Dargonesti won after the second struggle with the Sea Witch.

In order for the two clans of merfolk to communicate and trade with each other, they must either cross dangerous koalinth territory, or use the Dargonesti-captured land and pay heavy taxes and fees. This infuriates the merfolk, and some factions within the clans are contemplating action.

To the Dargonesti, there is no reason for the merfolk to contemplate anything concerning the Corridor of Glory, as the Dargonesti call the piece of land that splits the merfolk's land in two. As far as the Dargonesti are concerned, it was elven blood that purchased the Corridor during the second war with Sagarassi, and therefore it rightfully belongs to Watermere.

What frustrates some of the merfolk

clans is that the elven argument is quite sound. The Dargonesti bore the brunt of the fighting and consequently received the heaviest casualties. Even the most radical merman grudgingly admits that if not for the Dargonesti elves and their excellent military leaders, the non-evil folk of the underwater world would be condemned to a hellish existence.

Despite the universal acknowledgment of Dargonesti sacrifice, some of the more obstinate merfolk have the "But what have you done for us lately?" attitude. Even in the underwater world, memories tend to be short.

During the two wars against the Sea Witch, the merfolk did help out. The alliances were uneasy at best, since both sides were teamed up only because they had a common enemy that threatened their very survival.

The Dargonesti do not fully trust the merfolk, knowing that they are descended from humans, which is one bad mark against them already. In addition, the continuous rhetoric about who owns the Corridor does little to alleviate Dargonesti fears. It is small wonder that, after the koalinth frontier, the Watermere-Machunestoo border is the next heaviest fortified area.

Still, the Dargonesti would never consider launching an offensive strike against the merfolk. The Dargonesti are a peace-loving folk who want nothing more than to be left alone. Therefore, the sea elves maintain a state of defensive, non-aggressive vigilance.

The merfolk have done little to make the Dargonesti feel at ease. On numerous occasions, Dargonesti patrols have caught merfolk making forays into Watermere, though the Sea King of the merfolk always insists that the culprits were acting of their own accord. The Speakers of the Moon (for the Dargonesti have no use for diplomats and ambassadors) have not accepted the Sea King's explanations as truth. Naturally, the Sea King does not appreciate being called a liar, but the Dargonesti could not care less about the Sea King's likes or dislikes.

Thus far, due mostly to the peaceful nature of the Dargonesti, blood has not

been shed. It is not known how much longer Dargonesti patience can last.

Direct action is not the only way that the merfolk have tried to wear down the implacable Dargonesti will. The Wibmachgloonestu, the northern merfolk, are working with the humans on the surface to set up an advantageous alliance. The humans on many of the islands in this area also pay tribute to Watermere in the form of rent remitted to the Dargonesti for use of those islands.

The Wibmachgloonestu are hoping that an allied show of force will push back the Dargonesti-owned Corridor of Glory.

Though it may seem as if the Wibmachgloonestu merfolk are looking to start hostilities, they really do not seek war with the Dargonesti. All they want is right of passage in the Corridor, lower taxes, and perhaps ownership of some of the islands that Watermere owns, specifically the islands that the merfolk use as their favorite spots to lie back and enjoy the warmth of the sun.

The odd thing about the alliance that the Wibmachgloonestu are pushing for is that merfolk really do not like humans. As a rule, they spurn any attempt at setting up trade, making alliances, or simply fraternizing. Still, merfolk can be dispassionately pragmatic, and perhaps this change of heart is indicative of that.

THE KOALINTH

The koalinth are the aquatic hobgoblins of Krynn, much in the same way that they are throughout the rest of the multiverse.

As is also true on other worlds, these aquatic hobgoblins hate the other aquatic human, humanoid, and demihuman races. Furthermore, like their counterparts throughout the Prime Material plane, these koalinth also reserve their greatest hate for elves, in this case, the Dargonesti of Watermere.

The Dargonesti call these koalinth the Nabari, the Hated Ones. The Nabari have clashed with the Dargonesti in full-scale war four times before, twice under the control and guidance of Sagarassi the Sea Witch. The Nabari have lost badly all



four times, each defeat getting them more and more enraged.

Even now, the Nabari launch bloody raids on the Dargonesti frontiers, looting, pillaging, and taking Dargonesti for food. Fortunately for the elves, the steep continental shelf that the Nabari must scale in order to get to Watermere makes such raids difficult to carry out, and consequently there are few such attacks. For further insurance, Dargonesti families are not allowed to homestead within ten miles of the edge of the shelf.

If anything can make a peace-loving Dargonesti change his mind and become a ruthlessly efficient killing machine, it is the Nabari. Tales of the koalinth's savagery are seared in the lore and memory of the Dargonesti.

The Nabari are organized in tribes with such Dargonesti-pleasing names as the Dolphin Rippers, the Elf Reavers, and the Bloody Looters. Each tribe has a section of land staked out for living, but a tribe can lose any part of it to a stronger tribe. The strongest tribe, and consequently the ruling tribe of the Nabari, is the Blood-Frenzied Sharks, led by King Soobrahwn.

One would think that the Blood-Frenzied Sharks, having their pick of the best land, would choose to live far away from the Dargonesti's borders. To the contrary, the tribe lives almost at the foot of the continental shelf that separates Watermere from the Nabari. The king considers this a way of showing the rest of the Nabari how tough and brave he is, as well as sending a message to the Dargonesti that he does not fear them.

This action of the king's is not as brave as it seems when it is remembered that the Dargonesti do not initiate hostilities. Apparently, the fact is lost on the Nabari, since the king is venerated for having the nerve to live so close to the koalinth's hated enemies for so long. In true Dargonesti form, the sea elves could care less where the king of the Nabari lived.

There have never been, nor will there ever be, any sort of non-hostile relations between the Dargonesti and the Nabari. Wars between the two races never end as a result of negotiations. Instead, it is the

utter breaking of the Nabari's war-making capability that has ended all four conflicts.

Fortunately for the Dargonesti, the Nabari have plenty to worry about, having to deal with the neighboring lacedons to the northwest, as well as the amphidragons to the east.

The frustrated Nabari cannot even score significant victories against the merfolk of the north or the south. Both merfolk territories are protected by the same continental shelf that keeps the Nabari away from the Dargonesti.

Raids launched on the merfolk fare just as badly as raids launched on the Dargonesti. This is not because the merfolk fight just as well as the elves, but the merfolk have the advantage of numbers, not having been involved in many decimating campaigns.

So, King Soobrahwn sits on his throne of dolphin bones in the middle of the capital city of the Nabari's territory. He broods over the string of defeats that has plagued the Nabari throughout their history. The more he thinks, the angrier he gets. This anger has resulted in two very significant thoughts brewing in the king's less-than-exceptional brain.

First of all, King Soobrahwn awaits the Sea Witch's next move. He will gladly join her armies, providing, of course that she give him some measure of power. In fact, there are rumors that she is stirring again, anxious to darken the good lands with the shadows of her foul tentacles.

Second, the king is trying to get over his distaste of humans (his distaste in dealing with them, that is—he still finds human flesh quite good) long enough to forge an alliance with a few of the more unscrupulous among them. What the king fails to realize is that there are not enough evil humans on the islands to make it worth the trouble. Sagarassi tried it, then she abandoned the idea when she saw how hideously ineffectual the evil-aligned humans were.

The king has even heard of some struggle that has occurred recently on a continent southwest of the Nabari, where the forces of evil have lost. Perhaps some of them will migrate in this direction? And

perhaps they will make an alliance with him, or at the very least help the king control the amphidragons? Only time will tell.

THE LACEDONS

The lacedon presence is an unusual situation that the Dargonesti have had to deal with in the past, and will most certainly have to deal with again in the future. (Lacedons are ghouls that live at the bottom of the sea.)

It is speculated that the first lacedons that chose this site were evil humans who had once served the Sea Witch but had either displeased her or tried to betray her. She transformed them into an undead state, then let them run free on the ocean floor in the deeper areas, knowing that they would add to their numbers of their own accord.

And add they did. When the Cataclysm ravaged Taladas, living and dead bodies that fell into the depths controlled by the lacedons became food or new lacedons.

After the Cataclysm, when ships foundered in storms and dashed themselves on rocks and islands that did not exist before, the lacedons were there to kill any poor sailors that still survived.

This legacy of horror has produced an area of the ocean floor controlled by a horde of over five thousand lacedons. The atmosphere is so oppressive that even sharks hesitate to swim here.

There is no society here, no cities, no culture. All that exists is a dark ocean floor covered in a carpet of bones of the lacedons' victims.

Even some marine life has been transformed into a ghoulish state. There exist a few undead sharks and hippocampi.

The merfolk are safe from most of the lacedon's ravages, thanks to the continental shelf. The lacedons have to climb up the steep cliff faces in order to cross into merfolk territory, and the vast majority of them lack the patience to do so. Still, the merfolk keep a close watch on this border, for once in a while a flock of sea ghouls will erupt without warning into the pure waters of the living, ready to wreck havoc.



The territory of the sea dragons is a place that only the most insane lacedons attempt to penetrate. These ferocious and fanatically territorial dragons do not fear even the undead, and the sharp claws of the lacedons have little hope of cutting through tough dragon hide. As a result, the lacedons give the sea dragons a very wide berth.

Less fortunate are the koalinths. The sea hobgoblins have no natural barrier to keep out the hungry undead, and consequently many koalinths fall to the horrid claws of the lacedons. This keeps the ranks of the koalinths in moderate numbers, and forces the sea hobgoblins to keep a large military force on the lacedon-koalinth border. Ironically the Dargonesti and merfolk have the lacedons to thank for the small number of koalinth raids on their lands.

Sometimes, roving bands of lacedons, their ranks supplemented by koalinth victims, cross into Watermere. It is fortunate that most Dargonesti militia units have clerics who can turn away undead. It must be mentioned that only Dargonesti clerics of Kin-Jolith, Habakkuk, Daidlin, and Randoril'thi can affect the undead reavers. The clerics of Kailthis and Tumarq are powerless against the lacedons.

The Dargonesti, like all elves, are also immune to the paralyzing touch of the lacedons. This resistance blunts some of the horror of having to deal with these undead.

The lacedons have no government or anything that remotely resembles organization. However, there does exist a lacedon of 12 Hit Dice to whom all the other lacedons defer.

In general, if the lacedons limited their involvement to the occasional random, mindless wandering into Watermere, they would hardly rate mentioning as a threat to the Dargonesti. However, the continued presence of the Sea Witch makes the lacedons a dangerous threat.

When Sagarassi placed the first lacedons in the dark ocean area, she considered it to be a planting. She then sat back and awaited her "harvest."

The Sea Witch has twice used the lacedons against the Dargonesti. Under her

dominion, the lacedons become a formidable fighting force. There is little doubt that when Sagarassi tries again to take control of all the undersea lands, that she once more call on the undead legions.

Before the Sea Witch tries to invade the non-evil lands again, she is toying with the idea of having a lich seize the rulership of the lacedons. Sagarassi's first hurdle is finding a mortal wizard who can be corrupted or tricked into accepting the transformation into lichhood.

If a Dargonesti cleric attempts to turn a lacedon in the sea ghouls' territory, there is a -2 penalty to the turning attempt. Certain areas of the lacedons' turf are even absolute proof against turning. These areas are called "dead zones," a term coined by surviving Dargonesti clerics during the first war against Sagarassi and her allies. There may even be a gate into the Negative Energy plane somewhere in the lacedons' land.

THE SEA DRAGONS

The sea dragons, like the lacedons, are not so much a political entity as they are a gathering of the same species with the same intent—to stake out land for themselves, feed, and multiply. Of course, it is no coincidence that these powerful reptiles have chosen a place between the Sea Witch's home and her enemies, the Dargonesti.

It was Sagarassi who welcomed the first mated pair of sea dragons to what would be the new homeland of the beasts. The Sea Witch struck a bargain with the dragons, wherein they would defend the approaches to her home and she would give them treasure and steer victims toward their ravenous jaws. Miraculously, both sides kept their word, and the sea dragons multiplied rapidly.

This arrangement was forged eighteen centuries ago, and the original pair of sea dragons is still alive, now great wyrms. The pair are recognized as the King and Queen of the sea dragons. They dwell in a mountain close to the Sea Witch's home, and the dragons' treasure is said to be almost beyond counting.

The King and Queen, who have shunned their true names in favor of their titles, are the only sea dragons who can walk in the presence of the Sea Witch.

There is some dark rumor that mentions that possibly Takbisis, also known as EreSTEM, may actually come to the sea dragon land, and demand the fealty of all of the evil dragons, including the King and Queen. Since it was EreSTEM who gave Sagarassi her powers, it is felt that the Sea Witch would be constrained not to object.

The amphidragons in the Taladas area of the sea came about as a result of the union of a sea dragon of the Dragon King and Queen's tribe with a green dragon envoy from EreSTEM. The envoy came to this part of Krynn in order to judge how receptive the evil sea creatures in this region would be to EreSTEM's rule.

The sea dragon female who seduced the green dragon envoy bore a clutch of eight eggs, an unusual feat. Sagarassi herself saw to it that the eggs hatched and that all the offspring survived to maturity.

The Sea Witch gave the eight amphidragons the vast parcel of territory southeast of the sea dragons' domain. It is conjectured that Sagarassi also cast some sort of fertility spell upon the eight, for their egg numbers were great, and the population swelled in but a few decades. There are currently somewhere around 3,000 amphidragons of all ages.

The amphidragons are disappointingly lazy and irresponsible. Whether this was a genetic defect brought on by Sagarassi's spell, or by the forced rapid breeding, or by a little of both, it is generally agreed that the amphidragons are so lazy and repulsive that they avoid even each other.

Still, Sagarassi has always shown a talent for using whatever resources are at hand, and so it was with the amphidragons. The Sea Witch noted that the creatures inherited the green dragon quality of hating good-aligned beings, and that the amphidragons were easily bullied.

Sagarassi uses the amphidragons as more guards against the good races. The amphidragons' territory is yet another buffer against unwanted visitors.



If any race of creatures on Krynn can be said to suffer from a low self-image, it is the amphidragons. Looking like little more than giant winged toads with skin that is covered by oozing warts, the amphidragons are easily manipulated by promises of wealth and prestige, the sort of promises that the Sea Witch excels at making.

Sagarassi's soothing words, pretense of friendship, and occasional gifts of baubles, cause the amphidragons to see her as someone who is mighty yet kind, and whose existence is threatened by those terrible merfolk and sea elves. As a result, the amphidragons are fanatically loyal to the Sea Witch.

In order to ensure that the amphidragons do not stray from their loyalties, she allows the ugly beasts to help themselves to an occasional meal of koalinth every so often. Naturally, Sagarassi always feigns horror and outrage when a koalinth envoy comes to her and complains about the amphidragon raids.

Similarly, she has also told the amphidragons that the sea dragons consider the amphidragons to be inferior creatures.

Thus the Sea Witch tries to pit her factions against one another to bind them to her.

Unfortunately for the Sea Witch, the amphidragons are not mentally equipped for these subtleties. Sagarassi's campaign of slander has worked only too well and the amphidragons can tolerate the koalinths and sea dragons for only so long before they start indiscriminately killing everyone in sight.

Like any other race with a sense of aesthetics, the Dargonesti are repulsed by the sight of the amphidragons. Any Dargonesti that has the capability to fight or flee will do so without stopping to parlay with the beast.

Amphidragons have no leaders, as no amphidragon is tolerated long enough to have its orders listened to, let alone obeyed. The beasts just range around their allotted lands, looking for food and generally acting unpleasant to each other.

SAGARASSI, THE SEA WITCH

Of all the entities and forces that dwell in the underwater realms, none is more feared than Sagarassi.

Sagarassi's preferred form is that of the beautiful face and well-developed torso of a Silvanesti female. In place of lower torso and legs, however, there is a mass of black tentacles, complete with spiny ridges and large suction cups.

Alternatively, she can assume the form of any type of female elf of stunning beauty, a huge, black-and-gray shark, or a giant, misshapen old humanoid hag with eight arms and massive strands of putrid seaweed hanging off her body.

Sagarassi is the half-sister of Daydra Stonecipher, the Dargonesti Oracle. Unlike her priestly sister, Sagarassi is a Wizard of High Sorcery of 20th level, as well as an accomplished fighter.

A massive mountain, whose top pierces the ocean surface as an island, is the lair of the Sea Witch. The structure built on the island is a wonder of architecture.

Atop the dry land of the island is a tower 150 feet high, made of jagged granite formations. At its apex is a bright jewel that sends out rays of pure white light at night. This light is used to lure ships to a splintering doom upon the rocks, which provides the Sea Witch with a constant source of entertainment and food.

There are no legends or stories of this insidious trap, because there have never been any survivors to go back to civilization and tell about it. If a ship looks as if it will bypass the island, Sagarassi summons a storm to give the ship's crew more incentive to seek the nearest land, which of course happens to be her island!

Sagarassi also uses the tower when she wishes to be surrounded by a less wet environment, though she usually comes to the island's surface only at night, especially when the moon Nuitari is at High Sanction. Some of her more complicated spells are cast atop the tower, bathing the island in unholy red or greenish-black light.

The tower contains a wide shaft that runs through the center of the mountain

and ends in a vast underwater citadel carved from the mountain's foundations. This citadel, called Khegar (Death Hall) by the Dargonesti, has been the Sea Witch's home for centuries.

Khegar is a vast, dark, gloomy structure decorated with the skeletons of humans, demihumans, humanoids, and marine creatures who had the misfortune to enter those unholy halls. Stylized carvings of evil sea creatures leer from every corner and alcove. Sagarassi keeps many types of creatures in Khegar as her guards. Giant slugs, poisonous aquatic snakes, sharks, and ghagglers can be found roaming the halls of the foul edifice.

Seven sea dragons and seven amphidragons serve as the Sea Witch's honor guard. They are chosen from among the mightiest and most ruthless specimens of dragonkind that she can find.

The final abominations that can be found in these dark environs are the vast numbers of undead that shuffle aimlessly through the convoluted dungeon areas of Khegar.

These undead creatures are zombies, skeletons, ghouls, ghosts, and wights, victims of shipwrecks or prisoners of war that have been transformed by the Sea Witch into their current state. They are slavishly devoted to Sagarassi.

Sagarassi is a ruthless individual who seeks nothing less than the total subjugation of all the undersea races. She is lawful evil, believing in an organized rule of evil as the best system to live by.

Being a Wizard of High Sorcery, she is closely tied with the moon Nuitari, perhaps too much so. During the week of Nuitari's High Sanction, any spells she casts work at the fullest possible effect, range, and duration. Creatures that are attacked by her magic during Nuitari's High Sanction suffer -2 penalties to their saving throws and their magic resistance is lowered by 10% (e.g., from 65% to 55%).

Conversely, when Nuitari is in Low Sanction, her powers diminish. Sagarassi's victims receive +2 bonuses to saving throws and their magic resistance is increased by 10%. Furthermore, she loses one spell from each spell level.



Sagarassi is skilled in the many known ways of dealing with others. Melee combat, negotiations, full-scale warfare strategy and tactics, sorcery, psychological warfare, and pretense are all in her repertoire. She can appear as a seductive vixen, a horrifying hag capable of extreme violence, a lonely victim of the incessant hatred of the Dargonesti, or a wise stateswoman.

The Sea Witch is a master at playing different sides against each other, but she is also excellent at bringing together disparate factions into a coherent force, albeit temporarily. Any who stop an attack on the Sea Witch in order to grant her a chance to make an appeal has sealed their doom, for she will drain their will with her honey-dripping falsehoods. That is, unless she decides to use the respite to change her opponents into frogs, then teleport them into the middle of a school of sharks instead.

Despite Sagarassi's advantages when dealing with people, she has some drawbacks.

First of all, Sagarassi has a terrible temper. If her lies are exposed, the Sea Witch drops her facade of sweetness. Her victims are freed from the hypnotic effect of her persuasiveness, and Sagarassi's true nature stands revealed in all of its terribleness. Also, when the Sea Witch gets very angry, she makes horrendous mistakes.

Secondly, the Sea Witch's ability to bring disorganized groups together does not last long if her enemies try turning the factions back against each other.

Finally, like many other evil sorts, Sagarassi becomes too cocky after a few victories. She tends to be arrogant, constantly underestimating the power, intelligence, motivation, or stubbornness of her opponents.

Sagarassi has tried on two separate occasions to take over the undersea kingdoms, failing both times. Each defeat has made her angrier and more ruthless. Sagarassi is the embodiment of the sore loser.

During the Cataclysm, the Sea Witch simply slunk into her lair and waited for things to calm down. Even when her al-

lies were suffering greatly, Sagarassi did nothing to help. She merely cast some spells to make sure that her island would not sink, then sat back and watched everything happen.

A third attempt at seizing the under-water kingdoms is inevitable. Currently, Sagarassi is trying to marshal her power and forge new alliances with the various evil aquatic races. This time, however, she has embraced a new strategy that may prove to be a winner.

Disguising herself as some sort of "magical elf from across the sea," the Sea Witch is trying to win over all of the humans on the islands, not just the evil ones. Claiming that the Dargonesti are her rebellious children, Sagarassi is trying to persuade the humans that she wishes to use them as her instrument of disciplining her wayward elven offspring. Of course, she drops a few hints about financially compensating the humans for their trouble!

In order to strengthen her case, the Sea Witch also keeps bringing up the fact that the Dargonesti are economically enslaving the humans with the high rents that the elves force them to pay for use of the islands. A few veiled comments about the possibility that the men have lost their manhood to the Dargonesti have proven effective in swaying some of the more hot-headed humans to her side.

Sagarassi also knows that at some point, she and her sister Daydra must fight their final battle. What her sister does not know, but Sagarassi feels may be the real truth behind the two women's animosity, is that originally the girls were supposed to be just one person, but that some of the gods, for whatever reason, split the egg into two eggs, one of which resulted in Sagarassi, a being of extreme evil, and a year later, by a different father, Daydra, a being of pure goodness.

The Sea Witch fears that the final battle will not result in one or the other dying, but rather the fusing of both women into a single neutrally aligned entity, the way the one child was supposed to be. For this reason, Sagarassi does not want to fight her sister, though the Sea Witch hates her good counterpart.

Sagarassi worships Zeboim, the evil Sea Queen and daughter of Takhisis. What Sagarassi does not know is that Zeboim told her mother about the Sea Witch's power, and the large numbers of dragons that she can call upon. Unwittingly, Sagarassi may be setting herself up to be stripped of all of her allies.

Takhisis will at least wait until after Sagarassi makes her third attempt at taking control of the peace-loving races. (Takhisis was the one who split Sagarassi and Daydra into two women, for she found out that the child was supposed to be a champion of neutrality, set up by Gilean.)

THE DRAGON TURTLES

The final major evil faction in this undersea area is that of the dragon turtles. These great beasts are loners and very territorial. They migrated to their present lands from the ocean floors around Ansalon during the Cataclysm.

The area that the dragon turtles have staked out for themselves lies to the southwest of Sagarassi's lair. A great volcanic rift, running northwest to southeast, separates the dragon turtles from the Sea Witch. Sagarassi dismisses the dragon turtles as group of useless entities.

Not true dragons, dragon turtles are nonetheless very deadly opponents. Though normally dragon turtles are hostile toward each other, the ones here have built up a tolerance toward each other, especially in the shadow of such a powerful threat as the Sea Witch. The dragon turtles do not trust her. They watched from a distance once when Sagarassi attacked the more peace-loving folk of the ocean floor.

During Sagarassi's second attempt at becoming conqueror of all, the Dargonesti recruited small bands of dragon turtles to help out against the Sea Witch. When the evil forces were defeated, the alliance fell apart. Still, the dragon turtles have been watching with alarm as the Sea Witch slowly rebuilds her forces.

The dragon turtles' apprehensions about the Sea Witch have been noted by the Dargonesti. The sea elves, sensing



that Sagarassi may be readying for another foray into the peaceful lands, are beginning to send out small teams to negotiate with the dragon turtles in hopes of re forging the alliance if the need arises.

These negotiations seem to contradict the basic Dargonesti tendency to remain isolated and private, but it must be remembered that the Dargonesti are elves, and share in the elven quality of being pragmatic when necessity dictates. The Dargonesti generals are hoping that the dragon turtles would strike at the Sea Witch's lightly protected rear, catching Sagarassi and her forces in a pincer movement, with the Dargonesti and merfolk providing the other pincer.

The tactic worked once, though the dragon turtles did not make much progress into the Sea Witch's domain. However, Sagarassi has learned from her mistakes and has set up magical traps and special monstrous guards to defend her rear. Since she has not used any of her normal forces, the Dargonesti think that the Sea Witch has not reinforced the area.

Thus far, the dragon turtles are willing to listen to the Dargonesti, but the great beasts are most capricious in their intents.

There are about 1,700 dragon turtles of all ages. The creatures live in cave lairs, with no more than two dragon turtles to a lair. Usually, this arrangement is made up of an adult and an offspring.

The dragon turtles have collected immense amounts of treasure, and thus cannot be bought. On the other hand, they are always looking for better living space.

OTHER RACES

Besides the major factions covered above, there is a group of creatures that the Dargonesti classify as minor races.

The tritons are the most significant of the minor races. A colony of 1,000 tritons live in an independent area located on the southeastern border of Watermere. The northern border of the southern merfolk's territory also abuts the triton's land.

These handsome, noble sea-dwellers respect the Dargonesti need for privacy, since they themselves are reclusive. Still,

there is an occasional incident where a triton patrol has aided a Dargonesti patrol against a shark attack, or the Dargonesti have done something similar for the tritons.

The merfolk, despite being more like the tritons physically, have a cooler relationship with them. The tritons feel that the merfolk are wrong in the dispute with the Dargonesti over land rights. Tritons are much more accepting of what fate deals them, and they feel that other races should be the same way.

By no means is there any latent hostility between the tritons and merfolk. The tritons merely do not have the same unspoken respect for the merfolk that they have for the Dargonesti.

The tritons are ruled by a king and a queen, who dwell in a beautiful castle on the ocean bottom.

Though the tritons are formidable fighters, they have not gotten involved in the past wars with the Sea Witch, nor have the Dargonesti asked for their help. This fact makes the Dargonesti look even better in the eyes of the tritons. They admire the way that the Dargonesti do not wish to involve others in their own problems.

Still, the noble qualities of the tritons are beginning to make this sea race feel that the Dargonesti are fighting to preserve the life and freedom of all the peace-loving races under the sea. The tritons are feeling more and more that they should help the Dargonesti should hostilities resume.

There are some tritons that live with the Dargonesti, but this group numbers only 60.

Perhaps it is just a small bit of vindictiveness that makes the Dargonesti place their relatives, the Dimernesti, in the minor race category.

The Dimernesti are the shoal elves who dwell in the shallow waters of the human territories to the northeast of Watermere. This race is aggressive, as opposed to the relative peacefulness of the Dargonesti. The Dimernesti do not get along with the Dargonesti, and vice versa. Each race of elves considers the other to be barbaric and primitive.

The two elven races want nothing to do with each other, though the Dimernesti take perverse delight in hearing of the Dargonesti's political problems with their human and merfolk tenants.

Dimernesti and Dargonesti do not trade with each other, nor do they help each other out in times of trouble. The break between the races was a messy and bitter one. It would take an enemy of unheard-of power bringing about a disaster of earth-shattering proportions to make the Dimernesti and Dargonesti even consider working together.

The Dargonesti word for Dimernesti is "Tokwahb," which means "inferior elf." It is hard to believe that these two races are related, given the way both groups feel about each other.

The Dimernesti's leader is called the Speaker of the Sea, which the Dargonesti point to as yet another example of how primitive the shoal elves are. After all, everyone knows that the moons influence the sea's tides, so the Dargonesti Speaker of the Moon has more influence than the Dimernesti Speaker of the Sea.

Like the Dargonesti, the Dimernesti do not tolerate strangers. This works somewhat to the Dargonesti's advantage, since this means that, unlike the merfolk, the Dimernesti are not trying to stir up the feelings of the humans who pay rent to the Dargonesti.

There is another race of sea elves to be considered, the Mahkwahb (covered later on), the Dargonesti version of evil elves.

The Dargonesti treat the Mahkwahb in much the same way as one would treat the black sheep of the family—they never speak of them. Officially, the Dargonesti refuse to acknowledge the existence of their exiled brethren, though the Speaker of the Moon is not so foolish as to pretend that they do not truly exist.

The existence of the Mahkwahb is the Dargonesti's closest guarded secret. It can be said that the Dargonesti would go to any lengths to preserve that secret.

The final race to be considered is a new breed of dragon, the brine dragon. Full details on the brine dragon can be found on page 95.



DAVE
SIMONS
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RELATIONSHIPS WITH SURFACE FOLK

The Dargonesti's relationship with surface dwellers is not one of goodwill and friendliness. It is merely the Dargonesti way of acknowledging that some times one must do unpleasant things in order to survive in an unpleasant world.

In the year 1530 AC, when the humans from Taladas and the tropics came to the coral islands in Dargonesti territory, they knew that someone else was already there.

The newly-arrived humans found small way-stations complete with dried food, water supplies, and odd potions. Strange runes decorated these small structures, runes that the humans could not decipher. Warily, the humans began setting up camps and staking out territory. They had no inkling of the existence of the Dargonesti below them.

The humans' ignorance was short-lived. A few days after they landed on the biggest island, a Dargonesti patrol made up of members of the Order of the Dolphin came to tend their way-station.

This particular group of Dargonesti, being disciplined paladins, showed enormous grace and control in the face of a barrage of insults and outrageous claims from the human fishermen. The paladins courteously informed the humans that the islands belonged to the Dargonesti, and that the sea elves had owned them for the past 300 years. The sergeant also gave the humans 36 days to depart.

Thirty-six days later, the very same group of paladins returned along with a leftgroup of Waveriders and a rightgroup of Farstrikers.

Not only had the humans not left the island, they had spread out to several neighboring islands. Furthermore, the humans were waiting for the Dargonesti to return. Without warning, the fishermen and traders attacked the Dargonesti using spears and arrows.

Though momentarily surprised, the Dargonesti defended themselves with ease and destroyed two boats full of human warriors. The Dargonesti casualties

were light, mostly injuries, and they returned to Watermere. The humans thought that they had driven off the elves, and immediately began making preparations for a victory feast to be held that night.

The "victors" were only one hour into their revelry, when then-Speaker of the Moon Drudarch Takalurion appeared in their midst with his most trusted advisor.

Drudarch told the foolish air-breathers that the Dargonesti would regain all the islands by force if necessary, but that negotiation was preferred. For good measure, Drudarch's advisor cast a spell that spoiled all of the food at the party, sort of as a low-key demonstration of sea elf magic.

The demonstration went completely unheeded. Drudarch and his advisor overestimated the humans' superstitious awe. The proud men considered the spell a pathetic show of might, and Drudarch's conciliatory words were taken to be a sign of weakness. Besides, certain nations on Taladas had been interested in doing trade with the islanders, since a rich fishing ground surrounded the coral reefs.

The humans had used the 36 days to forge alliances and get promises of aid from the mainlands.

What followed in the next nine years was a series of skirmishes that escalated to all-out war. Still, the Dargonesti showed amazing restraint in combat, inflicting casualties only on the humans who were able to fight, not on the innocents. Sometimes, the Dargonesti forces struck at the leaders of the islands, in hopes that eventually a group of humans who were weary of fighting would come to power.

In the ninth year of the war, the Dargonesti strategy finally bore fruit. After a whole new set of leaders was appointed, the new commanders realized the folly of the war. Also, since some of the new leaders had actually been in combat, they could see how the Dargonesti were using restraint, so they knew first-hand that Takalurion's words of talking instead of fighting were sincere.

In the sixth month of the ninth year, an agreement was worked out between the human leaders and Takalurion. The hu-

mans could use portions of the islands for trade and commerce, in return for paying rent to the Dargonesti. Furthermore, the humans had to limit their trade with undersea races to the Dargonesti. Finally, the humans had to allow the Dargonesti to purchase surface-made goods at lower than normal prices.

Aside from some expected grouching on the part of the humans, things went smoothly for quite a while. The humans and the Dargonesti avoided each other, and once every 36 days both parties gathered on Ki-Takaluras, the island where the humans first made contact with the Dargonesti. (Ki-Takaluras means "Victory of Takalurion.")

The gathering was called the Mingling, and the name continues to be used as does the gathering itself. Instead of a large party, however, it is a cool, formal occasion at which the humans pay the monthly rent, and both sides' merchants quietly conduct trade.

When Sagarassi sparked her first war against the Dargonesti and merfolk, Takalurion warned the humans that if they just sat back and let things happen that Sagarassi would attack them next. Reluctantly, the humans joined forces with the undersea alliance of the merfolk and the sea elves. Takalurion was in critical need of supplies, especially weapons, and the humans helped arm the ranks of those who opposed Sagarassi.

However, war materiel was about the only significant thing that the humans contributed. When it came to actual fighting, the human leaders sent only small units to help, and even then they were supposed to fight only in defensive actions.

After the war, the humans expected to be given an island or two for their troubles, or at the very least, lower fees. They were sorely disappointed, for the Dargonesti pointed out that it was elven blood that mixed the most with the warm seas during the battles. Takalurion also reminded the humans that the Dargonesti still had to pay for the extra weapons that the humans sold them. His final point was that it was the Dargonesti who did the humans a favor by pointing out



the menace of the Sea Witch and giving the air-breathers a chance to fight for themselves.

To the human leaders, Takalurion's arguments demonstrated an amazing amount of gall. Bitterness set in among the humans. "What of the scores of dead men who fell fighting for you?" the human leaders shouted. "What of the thousands of Quoowahb who fell fighting for everyone?" roared back Takalurion. Though the arguments dissolved into silence, it was a sullen silence. The humans vowed to themselves that they would never come to the aid of the Dargonesti again.

When the Cataclysm ravaged Krynn, the humans suffered on the islands, but not as much as those poor unfortunates who lived on Krynn or Taladas. The humans expected the Dargonesti to help them, almost in the same way that a renter would expect a landlord to repair a leaky roof. The Dargonesti never showed up, not even to collect rent.

Twelve years later, the Dargonesti returned to their original agreements with the humans. Though that first Dargonesti party met with some initial verbal hostility, the human leaders grudgingly admitted that the original agreement never mentioned that a planet-wide Cataclysm would abrogate the terms of the treaty. Bitter, the humans resumed the rents and the Minglings.

During Sagarassi's second attempt at destroying the Dargonesti and merfolk, the humans refused to help. This refusal mattered little to the Dargonesti, since they did not even ask the humans for their help.

Some of the more amoral humans managed to make contact with Sagarassi and offered her their services. She accepted, but she soon found that the humans who followed her were too few and too ineffectual to make much of a difference.

More recently, the humans have made contact with the merfolk and have engaged in some small trade with them, despite the treaty with the Dargonesti.

The humans and the merfolk have talked extensively about their common predicament, and they have resolved to do

something about it. The two groups wish to form a military, economic, and political alliance. They hope to force concessions out of the Dargonesti. This coalition does not want war, but they have not ruled out the possibility of using armed force.

The alliance will solidify in the upcoming months. It will undergo its first true test when the merfolk appear at the first Mingling of the new year. Only then will the alliance know if all their careful planning pays off.

Culturally, the humans on these islands are a blend of Taladans and migratory tropical fishermen. Most of the Taladans come from the Minotaur League (especially from Eragala) and Armach, but only Armach's humans; the Silvanaes want nothing to do with the islanders' affairs, for the islands are located close to where the Dimernesti settled after they broke off from the Silvanaes.

Many of these former Taladans have settled on the rented islands, where they have built trading posts, wooden houses (importing the wood from the mainland), inns, wharves, and even small fortifications.

The Taladans also have large vessels powered by sail and capable of making long sea voyages. These ships are the prime movers of goods to and from Taladas.

The migratory fishermen make the islands their home in the winter time, returning to the northern latitudes near the ogres' islands in the summer. There are also some fisherfolk who live on the islands all the time.

The fishermen are a primitive folk, using large, seaworthy canoes and rafts to make their journeys. Fortunately, the currents shift with the seasons, and the fishermen time their migrations so that they are carried by the currents to their goal. The Dargonesti call these people the "Akatabey," the murderers of fish. The Akatabey are very skilled fishermen, but they occasionally catch a dolphin or other sea creature that is friendly to the Dargonesti.

The Akatabey generally dislike the wooden houses built by the Taladans, instead preferring grass huts.

The islands do not have ruler, but a council made up of representatives of each island convenes every seven days to decide policy and resolve disputes. There is no overlord or king that rules all the islands.

The chain of coral islands are scattered over an area of 10,000 square miles. Jointly, the islands are called the Fellowship of Coral.

Besides the alliance with the merfolk, the Fellowship is also trying to strengthen ties with the island-dwelling ogres to the northeast and with the League of Minotaurs. In fact, the islanders are trying very hard to persuade groups of minotaurs and ogres to come to help colonize the islands. The Fellowship council secretly hopes that the Dargonesti would be more intimidated by the ogres and minotaurs. Apparently, the islanders still do not know the Dargonesti very well.

Rumors have drifted over from Ansalon, rumors of a great war against evil. The Fellowship hopes that some of the participants of that war, regardless of which side they were on, would come over to the islands and help out with the "elven problem."

It should also be noted that no matter how bad things are between the Fellowship and the Dargonesti, it is nothing compared to the difficulties between the Fellowship and the Dimernesti. Ignorant of the animosity between Dargonesti and Dimernesti, the Fellowship has been reluctant to anger the Dargonesti for fear that both races of elves would team up against the islanders.

Regarding alignment, members of all nine moral philosophies can be found on the islands. Council members tend to lean toward the three neutral alignments.

Treyen, the current Speaker of the Moon for the Dargonesti, has sent several spies from the Company of the Octopus to the islands to spy upon the humans. These spies' appearances have been magically altered to allow them to pass for humans.



THE MAHKWAHB

May they be swallowed up by the ocean floor, never to molest any good-hearted denizen of the sea.

—Dargonesti curse on the Mahkwahb

The Mahkwahb, or “elves of the Abyss,” are a blot on the Dargonesti’s name and heritage. This offshoot of the Dargonesti consists of exiled Quoowahb of evil alignment, forced to leave Watermere for their crimes or ideas.

The idea of exiling someone for thinking the wrong way may seem harsh, but it must be remembered that the Dargonesti are not a violent race. They are not used to crime or dealing with internal threats. Most Dargonesti find it inconceivable that a Dargonesti would raise a hand in anger at another Dargonesti. The Mahkwahb would, and the Speakers decided that it would be better to head off trouble before it gets a chance to flourish. Such is elven justice.

The first migration of Mahkwahb oc-

curred in 1063 PC. Imbrias Takalurion, Drudarch’s daughter, had been Speaker of the Moon for a mere 137 years. A small group of Dargonesti, thinking that Drudarch’s death meant a loosening of society’s laws, began perpetrating evil acts, such as killing whales, openly defying the Militia, and entering the Land of the Dead on forbidden days.

Imbrias knew that she could not simply rule by virtue of her famous father’s name. She realized that she had to lay down the law and take a stand.

Therefore, after much agonizing and soul-searching, Imbrias dispatched the Order of the Dolphin to bring in the renegades to face her at court in Takaluras.

The miscreants were brought before Imbrias, with smirks of contempt on their elven faces, so sure were they that Imbrias was a weak-willed elf maiden. In the presence of the assembled Speakers, the rabble-rousers showed no respect for their Speaker of the Moon, something that shocked the Speakers of the Blood.

The Speakers of the Blood received a second shock when Imbrias announced

that this group of elves who had indulged in counter-productive behavior was to be exiled.

Imbrias had taken a risk, and it worked. Though the rebellious Dargonesti vehemently cursed her and swore that her actions that day would someday destroy Watermere, the Speakers and the good people of Watermere approved of her actions. More than one old-timer who witnessed her pronouncement swore that they could see a little of Drudarch himself in Imbrias’s eyes as she announced the exile.

Politely but firmly escorted to Watermere’s northern frontier by the Order of the Dolphin, the 40 miscreants left the Dargonesti kingdom in search of a new home.

After two months of wandering, the exiles found a large fissure in the ocean floor. Climbing down ten miles of treacherous cliff-face, the exiles found excellent caves, plenty of odd, pale, blind fish, and even a volcanic rift that provided the elves with heat and an eerie reddish light.





As the exiles settled and bred, they adapted to their new environment. Deprived of the little sunlight that fell on Watermere, the elves' skin turned white and their hair blackened.

Subjected to harsher conditions than in Watermere, their facial features began reflecting their environment. The elves' incisors grew into fangs, their eyes developed a reddish cast, and their chins, noses, and eyebrows took on a harsher, pointier shape.

The exiles themselves came up with the name Mahkwahb. The Mahkwahb spurned the Dargonesti gods, instead embracing Zeboim, the evil Sea Queen. Even their magical practices changed, with all of their wizards changing to Black Robes.

Five centuries after the exiles left Watermere, Imbrias sent a Leftgroup of paladins from the Order of the Dolphin to see what had become of the exiles.

For paladins, the Leftgroup was quite stealthy and careful. They found the Mahkwahb's new home, and managed to return after only one skirmish with the evil elves.

The Mahkwahb were also named the "Dark Elves" and the "Deep Elves" by Imbrias's advisors. (This explains why the Dargonesti do not like being called Deep Elves.)

Still, the Dargonesti decided to leave the Mahkwahb to their own fate. After all, the exiles were punished when they were forced to leave Watermere. The Mahkwahb could scarcely be faulted for trying to establish their own society and survive as best they could. Most of the Speakers were in agreement with this line of reasoning, though a few did recall the exiles' threats and declarations that Imbrias would regret exiling them.

Zeboim, the evil Sea Queen goddess, heard the Mahkwahb prayers of devotions and grinned at the irony of elves praying to her. Still, she did gain a small measure of power as a result of their devotion, so she heeded them.

The first thing Zeboim did was to establish a clerical system, which allowed Mahkwahbs to become members of the Holy Order of the Stars, devoted to Zeboim.

Secondly, she greatly increased the fertility of the Mahkwahbs. Their current population has increased to 200. To an elfen race, this constitutes a significant population explosion.

Finally, Zeboim saw to it that not a single Mahkwahb would go to waste. When a dark elf dies, he returns as either a zombie, ghost, or wight, depending on his level of devotion to Zeboim. These undead are under the command of the highest level cleric of Zeboim.

Sagarassi the Sea Witch is unaware of the Mahkwahb's existence, and Zeboim plans on keeping it that way. Like her scheming mother Erestem, Zeboim enjoys having more than one tool at her disposal.

The Mahkwahb have constructed a large city in the cliff walls of the dark abyss, complete with fortresses, several temples to Zeboim and one temple to Erestem, and an ornate palace. Despite all of these trappings of culture, the true nature of the Mahkwahb cannot be hidden.

For the position of ruler, the Mahkwahb have an Overlord, a powerful dark elf who rises to power by killing all other claimants to the throne.

Every decade, the Overlord must accept challenges from aspiring politicians who desire to rule.

There is yet another big difference between Mahkwahb and Quoowahb. The dark elves lust after treasure, whereas the Dargonesti care little for such things. Mahkwahb society is stratified, with wealth being the gauge of how important someone is. Dark elf lairs are rich in gold and steel coins, gems, and other valuables.

The Mahkwahb have also rejected the Dargonesti power of shapechanging into dolphins. In its stead, the dark elves have developed the power to change into either a manta ray or a shark. These forms carry the same restrictions as the Dargonesti's shapechanging.

In fact, the Mahkwahb hate the dolphin so much that a dolphin is sacrificed to Zeboim on the middle night of Nuitari's High Sanction. After the sacrifice, the Mahkwahb sit down to a feast of dolphin meat.

As another sign of their breaking away from the Dargonesti, the Mahkwahb have turned from using the traditional tridents and spears, and instead use long and short swords, most of the blades coated with poison (class F poison, see page 73 in 2nd Edition *DMG*, +2 bonus to saving throw).

The dark elves are a fearsome, randomly destructive, treacherous, mischievous and savage race. They kill Dargonesti on sight.

In terms of long-range plans, the Mahkwahb have no immediate intention of invading Watermere. They share the Dargonesti love of privacy and desire to be left alone. For now, the Mahkwahb are content to dwell in their gloomy abyss and multiply. Their leaders feel that they may "do something about the Dargonesti" in a half millennia or so, once the dark elves' numbers have swelled.



DARGONESTI ELVES AS PCs

It is possible to use the Dargonesti in an underwater campaign. There are certain differences from other elves that need be kept in mind, however.

The minimum and maximum ability scores for PC Dargonesti are as follows:

Ability	Minimum	Maximum
Strength	5	18
Dexterity	9	19
Constitution	5	18
Intelligence	7	18
Wisdom	7	18
Charisma	8	18

Their initial ability rolls are modified by a -1 penalty to Strength and a +2 bonus to Dexterity. Dargonesti have all of the special abilities of elves listed in the AD&D® 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*, except for the languages.

Dargonesti can learn merman, koalinth, Dimernesti, common, triton, sea dragon, amphidragon, dragon turtle, brine dragon, shark, dolphin, or whale.

Classes that Dargonesti can enter are fighter, paladin, mage (renegade), Wizard of High Sorcery, and priests of the Holy Order of the Stars. Dargonesti can advance an unlimited number of levels if adventuring underwater. Further information on Krynn character classes can be found in the DRAGONLANCE® *Adventures* hardcover book.

The only multi-class PC allowed is the fighter/mage (renegade) combination.

If adventuring outside of the water, the maximum level limits are 14th for all classes except for paladin, which is limited to 8th level.

Should a player wish to run a member of the Order of the Dolphin, the PC must have the following minimum ability scores: Strength 15, Dexterity 12, Constitution 15, Intelligence 10, Wisdom 13, Charisma 10. If a paladin wishes to be a member of the Order, the higher of the two minimum ability requirements must be met.

Order of the Dolphin PCs are allowed a third weapon, a long sword.

Starting Dargonesti PCs must be of a good alignment. There are no starting funds for new PCs. Since each member of Watermere must serve in the militia, a suit of leather armor is given to every Dargonesti. The starting PC also receives two of the following weapons (his choice): dagger, lance, trident, club, or net.

For miscellaneous equipment, each PC is entitled to one of each of the following.

Belt-net: This functions as a surface dweller's backpack. It is a small net hooked onto the Dargonesti's belt at the small of the back.

Glagh: A one week's supply of glagh, which is a very nutritious kelp, chopped up and compressed into bars. A single bar of glagh meets the nutritional needs of one Dargonesti for one day.

Helmet: An open-faced helm made from leathery hides.

Shield: This is a shark-bone frame with a leathery hide stretched over it.

Warning Conch: A conch shell attached to a thong that can be worn around the neck. This is the universal distress call for the Dargonesti. It has an underwater range of 100 yards.

Plant pouch: This small pouch holds three doses each of breathroot, lightleaf, waterbane, and tonguehalt.

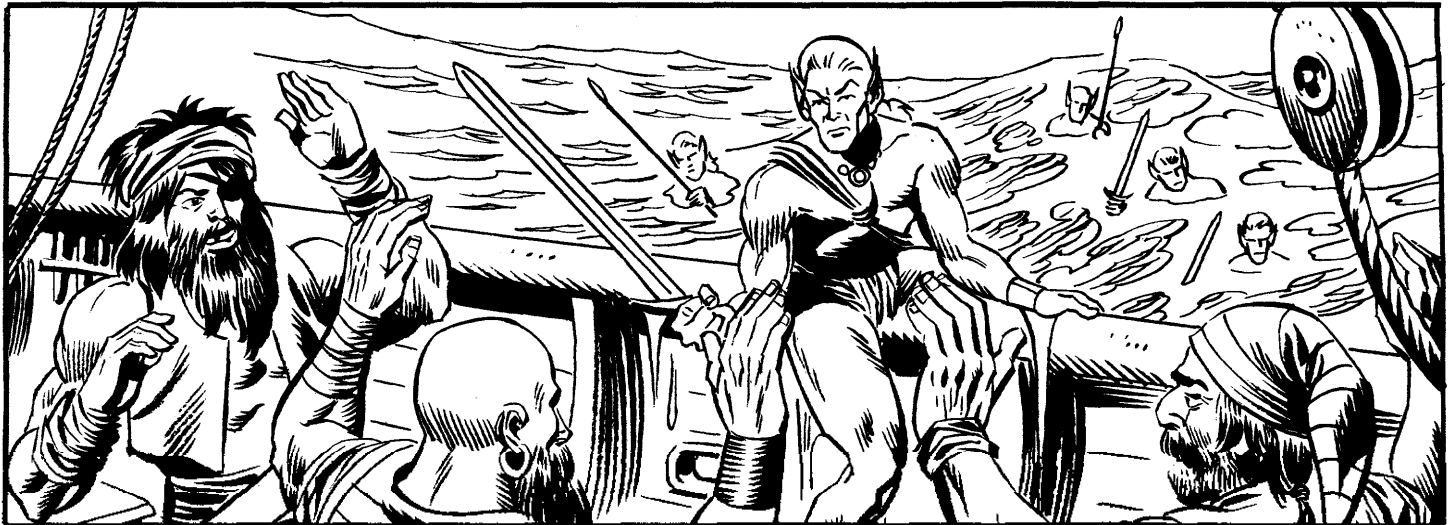
Of course, any personal possessions that would have no effect on game balance can be allowed by the DM.

After creating the PC, roll percentile dice. If the result is 01 to 05, the PC comes from a wealthy family. This entitles the PC to own a long sword, if he is of the proper class to allow its use. Such PCs also are given a purse with 4d4 steel coins.

It must be stressed that wealthy PCs are no better than poor ones. Nor are the richer PCs more capable or more entitled to lead a party. Being from a wealthy family simply means that their clans have more access to surface goods, and perhaps they are merchants.

All Dargonesti get the nonweapon proficiencies of Swimming and Fishing.

Rules for adventuring underwater can be found in the AD&D 2nd Edition *Dungeon Master's Guide*. Note that most of the obstacles presented apply to air-breathers trying to adventure underwater. Combat penalties for fighting underwater, for example, do not affect Dargonesti PCs.



Dragon, Brine

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Any ocean
FREQUENCY: Very rare
ORGANIZATION: Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE: Low (5-7)
TREASURE: Special
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral

NO. APPEARING: 1 (2-5)
ARMOR CLASS: 2 (base)
MOVEMENT: Sw 9
HIT DICE: 11 (base)
THACO: 9 (base)
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1 + special
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 4-40
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Breath weapon and magical abilities
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Variable
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Variable
SIZE: H (26' base)
MORALE: Champion (15)
XP VALUE: Variable



Age	Body Lgt.'	A C	Breath Weapon	MR	Treas. Type	XP Value
1	5-8	5	1d4+1	—	—	1,400
2	8-12	4	2d4+2	—	—	2,000
3	12-20	3	3d4+3	—	—	3,000
4	20-29	2	4d4+4	—	½ F	4,000
5	29-38	1	5d4+5	10%	F	7,000
6	38-47	0	6d4+6	15%	F	8,000
7	47-56	- 1	7d4+7	20%	F	10,000
8	56-65	- 2	8d4+8	25%	F,G	12,000
9	65-74	- 3	9d4+9	30%	F,G	13,000
10	74-83	- 4	10d4+10	35%	F,G,H	15,000
11	83-92	- 5	11d4+11	40%	F,G,H	16,000
12	92-102	- 6	12d4+12	50%	F,G,H	17,000

Brine dragons are bizarre mutations that may have been created by Eresem as an experiment. These great beasts claim remote ancestry to black dragons, but such a claim is difficult to believe, considering the complete lack of resemblance between the two dragon races.

The only complete ocean-going dragon, these beasts cannot fly or walk on land. Brine dragons do not enjoy even breaking the sea's surface, but they can sometimes be persuaded to do so if given the proper incentive, such as a boat load of juicy humans.

These massive creatures have bodies much like plesiosaurs, but with draconian heads. They have flippers where other dragons have claws. To compensate for this, brine dragons have oversized teeth that make them appear as if they are smiling all the time. The grin is not a friendly one.

The hide of the brine dragon is rough and mottled, with many ridges and crags. The scales are irregular and do not fit together very well. Huge clumps of salt dot the body of the brine dragon, some clumps so old that they are discolored by the dragon's bodily secretions and are no longer able to be dissolved in the water.

Combat: Though they cannot walk or fly, brine dragons are good swimmers. Though their unwieldy bulks would seem to take away from the creatures' swimming ability, brine dragons can move through the oceans without causing so much as a ripple. As a result, opponents suffer a -1 penalty to their surprise rolls. On the other hand, the dragons themselves are acutely aware of disturbances in the current, and are surprised only on a 1 in 10 chance.

Though brine dragons lack claws, their bite causes terrible damage and can create huge gouges in large marine creatures, such as whales or amphidragons.

Brine dragons attack with little or no provocation. On the other hand, they sometimes hold off from attacking even in circumstances where combat would be expected. Being very capricious and unpredictable by nature, it is difficult to tell just what a brine dragon will do at any given time. They are the embodiment of chaos.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: The brine dragon can breathe a salt and alkaline-based spray that functions like acid. This breath is in the form of a cloud that is 90 feet long, 45 feet wide, and 45 feet high. Creatures successfully saving vs. breath weapon suffer half damage. The brine dragon can employ this breath weapon once every three rounds. The breath weapon can be used underwater or at a target in the air, with no change in its effectiveness.

Brine dragons are immune to poisons and acids. They cannot breathe air.

As a brine dragon ages, it gains the following abilities, each usable three times a day:

Age	Ability
Adult	Melf's acid arrow
Old	Stinking cloud
Wyrm	Fear
Great Wyrm	Cloudkill

Should the alkaline breath weapon of a brine dragon somehow mix with the acid-based breath weapon of a black dragon, the breaths would neutralize each other, creating a volume of water equivalent to the volumes of both breath weapons.

Since a black dragon breathes sulfuric acid, a volume of sulphur is also created, equivalent to one pound per age category of the black dragon.

The other effect of the mix is that a large amount of heat from the chemical reaction is generated. Thus, the newly created water is scalding hot. Any unfortunate caught in the area where the two breaths mingle suffers 12d4+12 points of damage (successful saving throw [with a -2 penalty] vs. breath weapon cuts the damage in half).

It should be noted that gnomes would be very interested in any news of such an occurrence. The gnomes have been trying for centuries to get a brine and black dragon together for the sake of research, the only result being a lot of dead gnomes and no cooperative dragons. Enterprising PCs may make some money on the experience if they are shrewd enough.

Habitat/Society: Brine dragons are best described as violent, aquatic anarchists with nihilistic tendencies. They have no system of rulership, no leader, no society of any sort. The Sea Witch Sagarassi has long since given up trying to recruit any brine dragons for her causes, since the beasts are just as likely to breathe on her troops as on any enemy.

The beasts make their lairs out of coral and rock formations, using their caustic breath to create a convenient cave. Brine dragons hoard wealth only when they feel like it.

Each brine dragon stakes out its turf, which can vary day to day from 100 yards to ten miles. Its cave remains the only point of fixed interest.

When a brine dragon lays its eggs, the mother usually stays around and raises the hatchlings, though sometimes the father stays and does the job instead. Other times, both parents stay and raise the hatchlings, or both parents leave and let the eggs fend for themselves. Sometimes the parents get hungry and just eat the eggs or young.

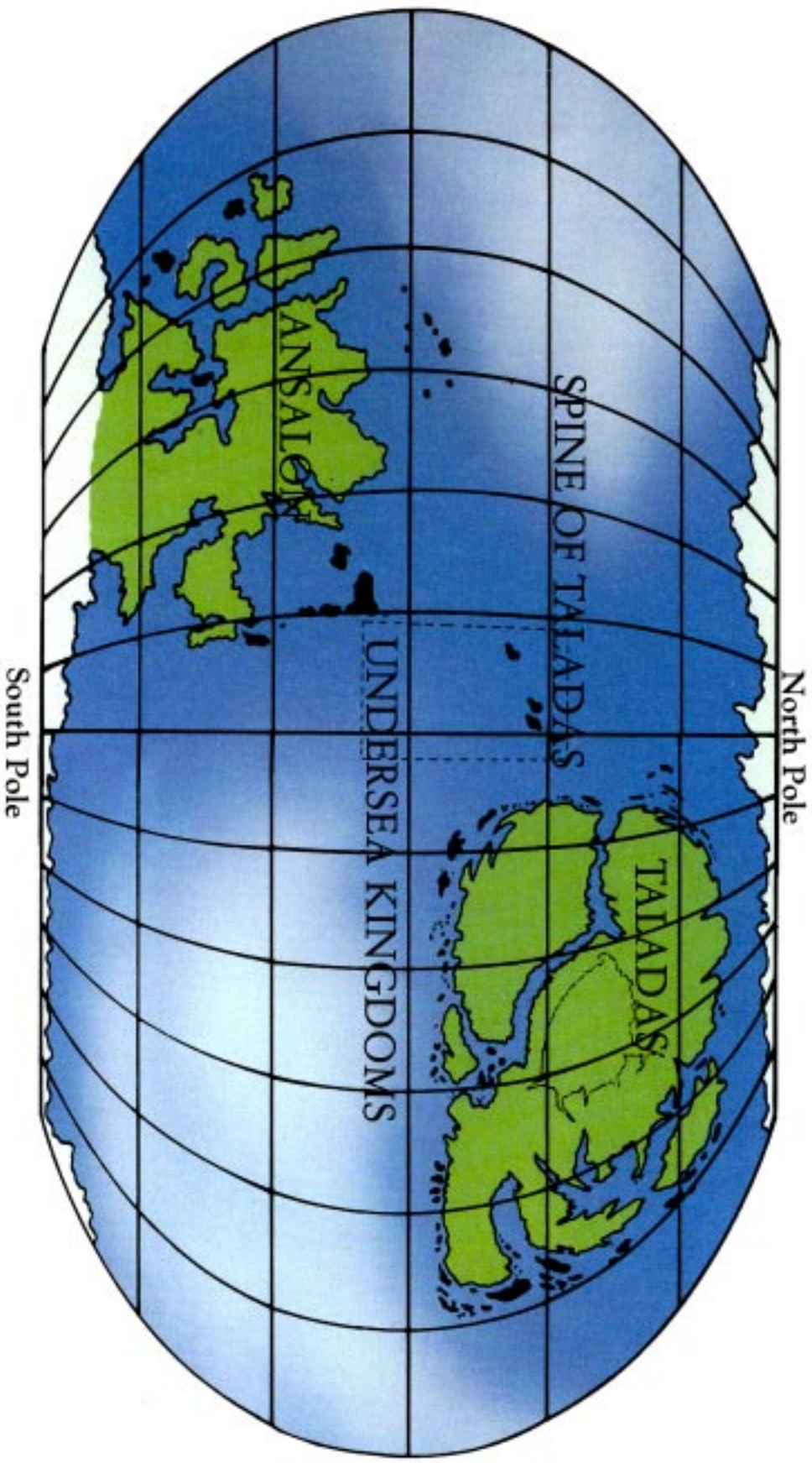
This extremely random way of raising children keeps the number of brine dragons at low levels.

Ecology: Brine dragons get their name from their love of salt. The dragons eat salt and also absorb it into their systems through osmosis as they swim the oceans. Often, brine dragons can be found in salt marshes that exist in coastal areas.

Black dragons are hated by the brine dragons. A brine dragon would certainly not attempt to eat a black dragon, for despite their lack of intelligence, the brines have an instinctive knowledge of what would happen if the acidic meat of a black dragon wound up inside their alkaline system.

In essence, brine dragons will eat anything. They are distinguished among marine life as one of the few species that will actually eat undead.

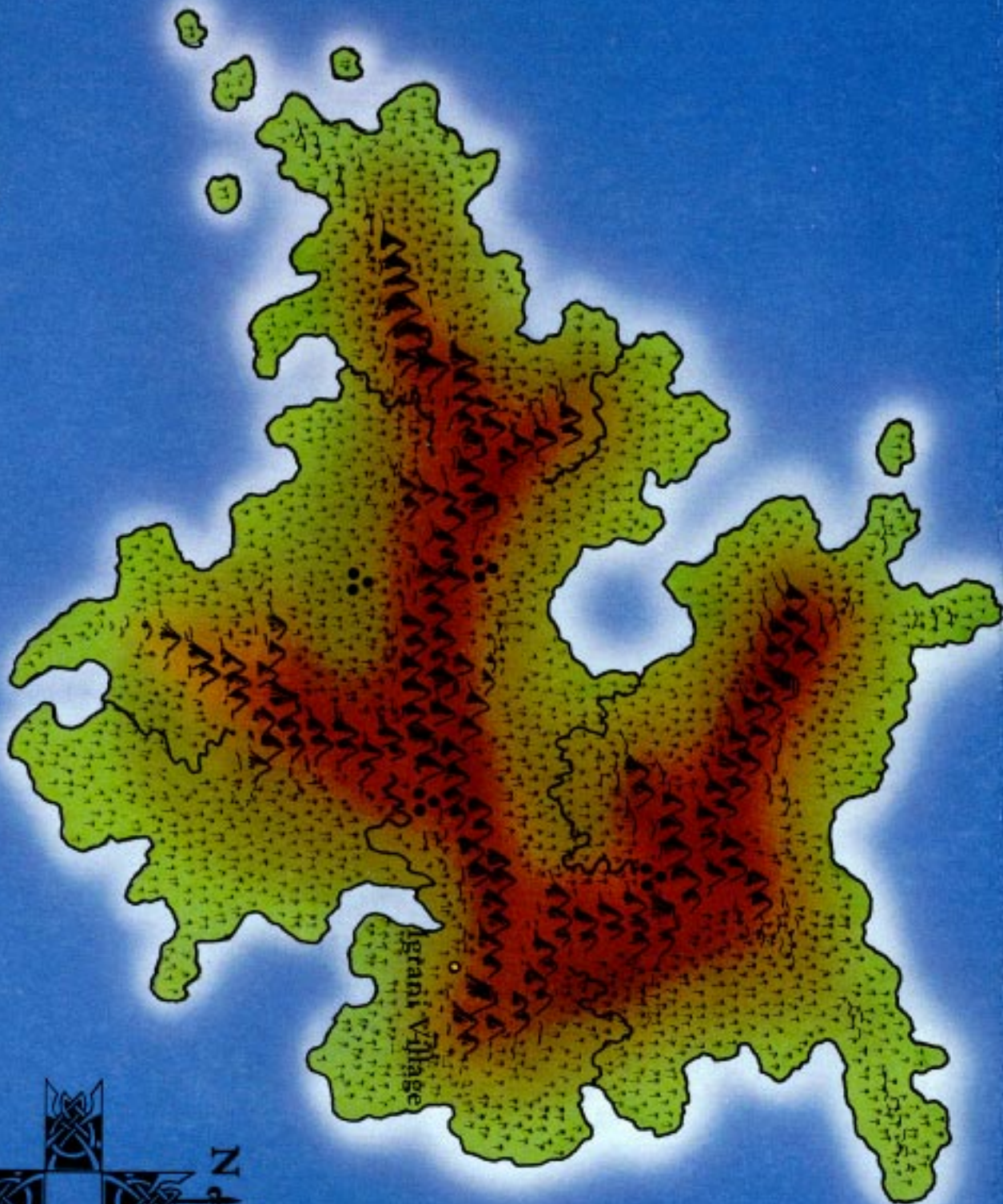
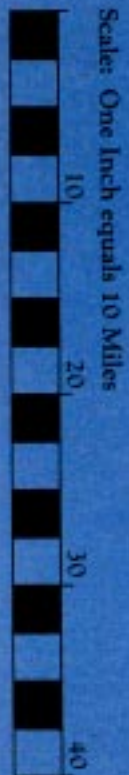
The World of Krynn



The Isle of Selasia

The Crack of Chorane

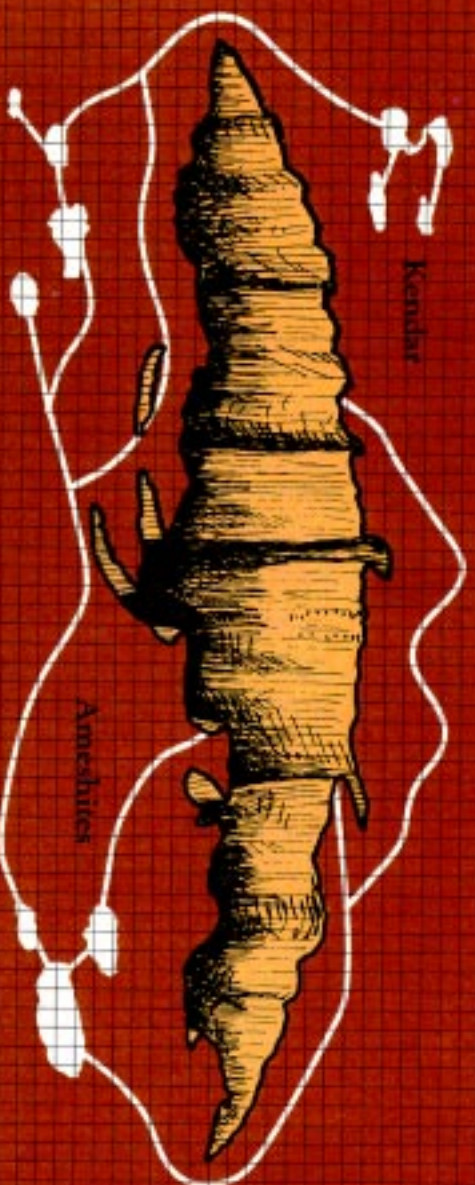
(Amesh's Rent)



The Crack of Chorane

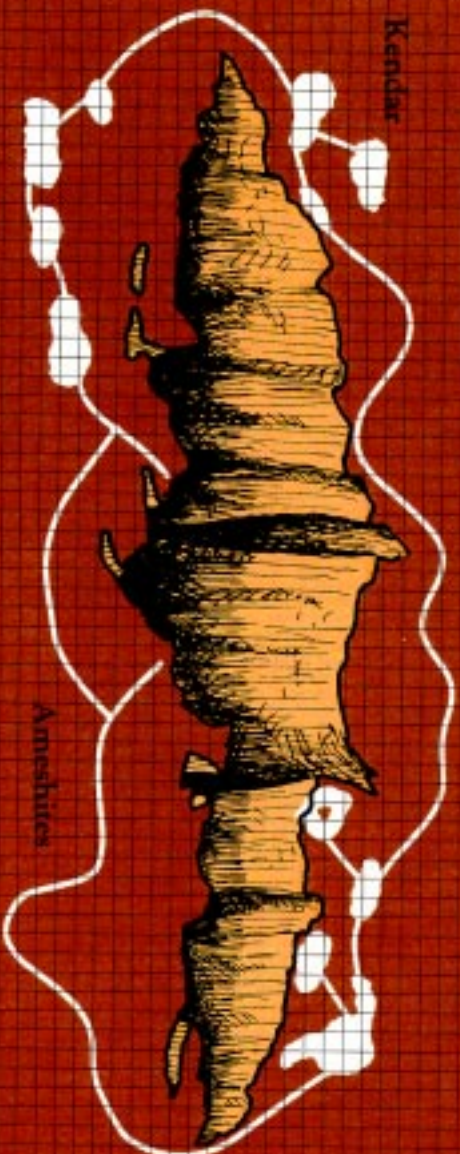
(Amesh's Rent)

2,000' to 2,100'



Scale: One square equals 400 feet.

2,100' to 2,200'



2,200' to 2,300'



	Takaluras		RITONS
	City Fortress		Gloorghun-Castle
	Khab-Tak		Ruins
	Town		Oracle
	Village		Point of Interest
	Tower, Keep		Volcano

2,500' to 2,600'



2,600' to 2,700'

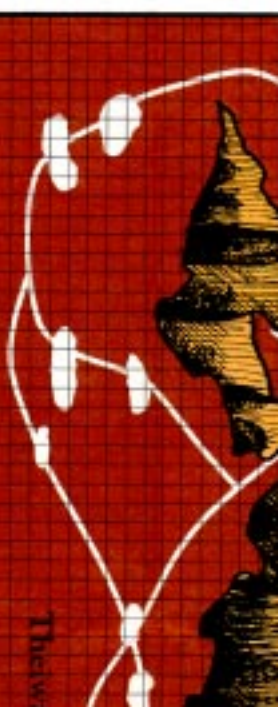
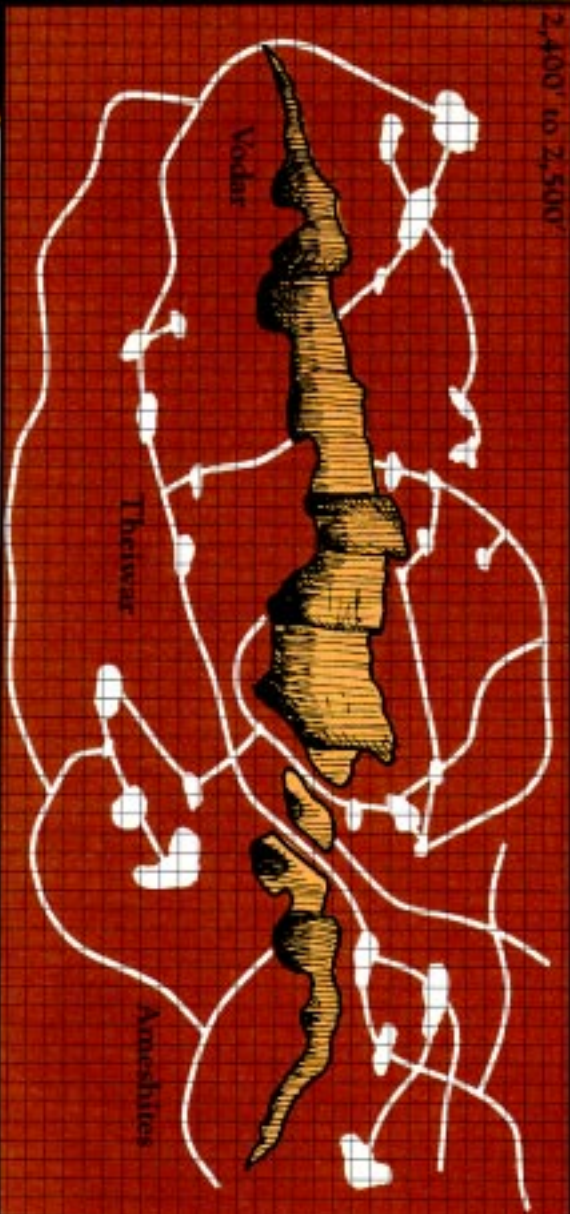




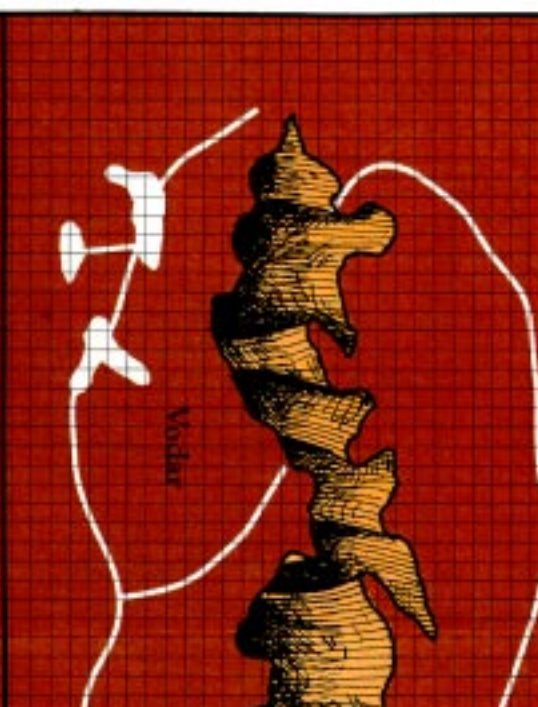
2,300' to 2,400'



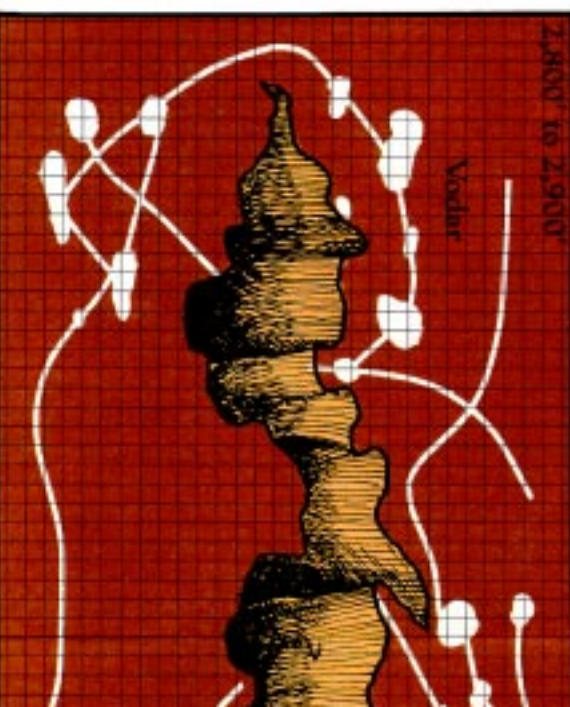
2,400' to 2,500'



2,700' to 2,800'



2,800' to 2,900'



The Spine of Taladas

and Watermere

Scale: One Inch equals 40 Miles



Vorm
(the Island of Flame)

Pt. Dragon

Odith

Abshu

Fedron

Selsifa

Chandon

Little Taladas

Irani Village

Pt. Storm

Pt. Typhoon

Pt. Coral

HUMAN TERRITORY

HOSKETH MINOR
(Armach u-Quoob)

Oracle

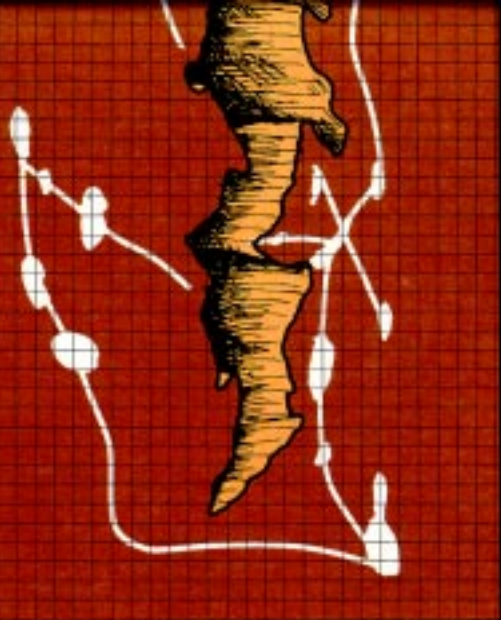
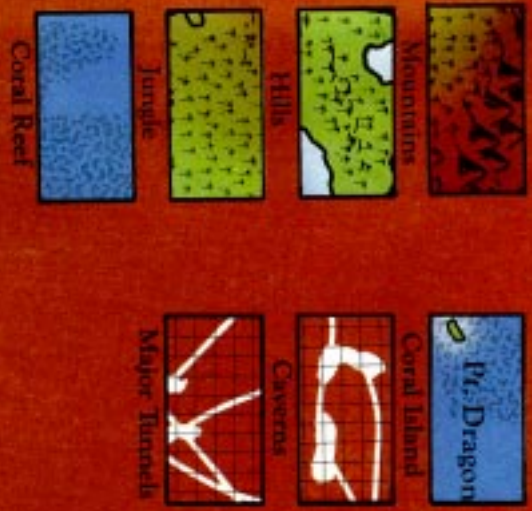
Farport



To Taladas







Kender

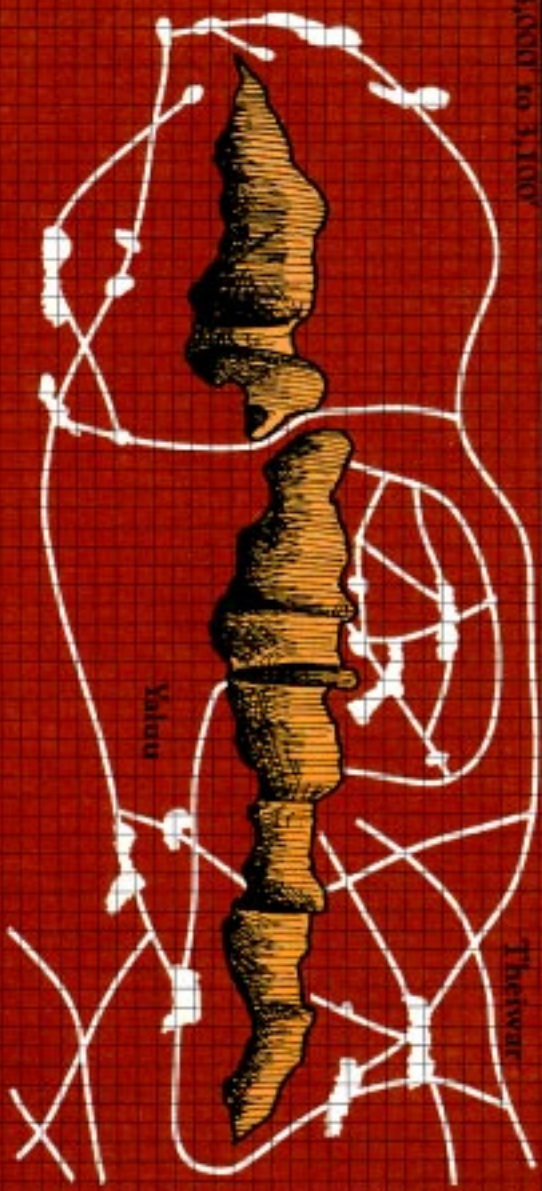


2,900' to 3,000'



Thevwar

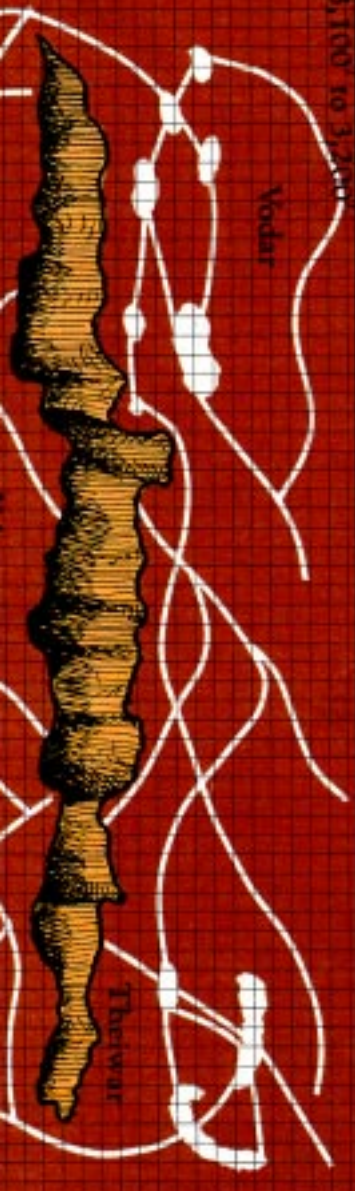
3,000' to 3,100'



Thevwar

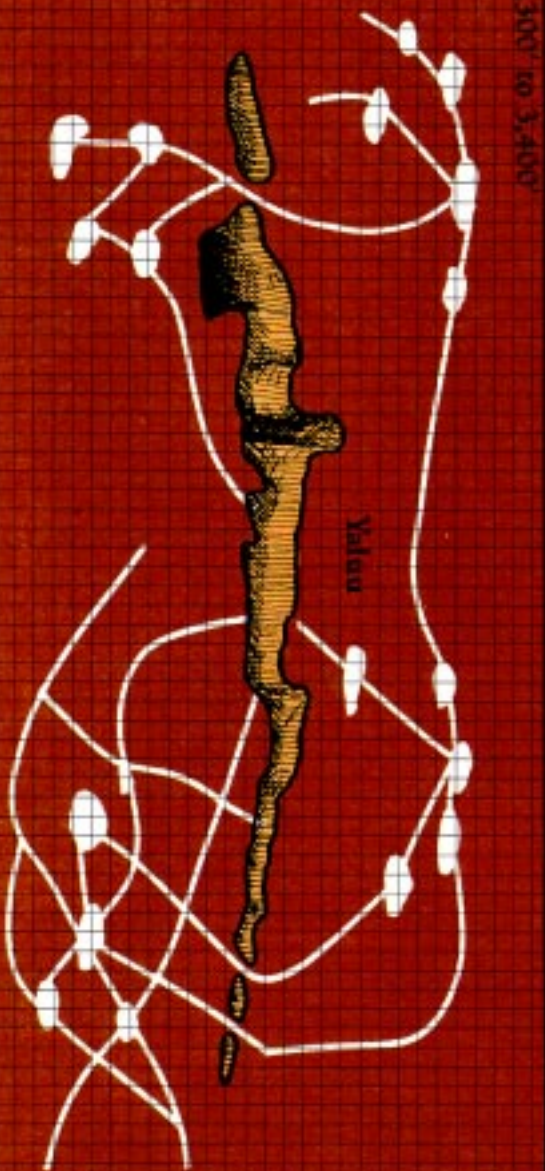
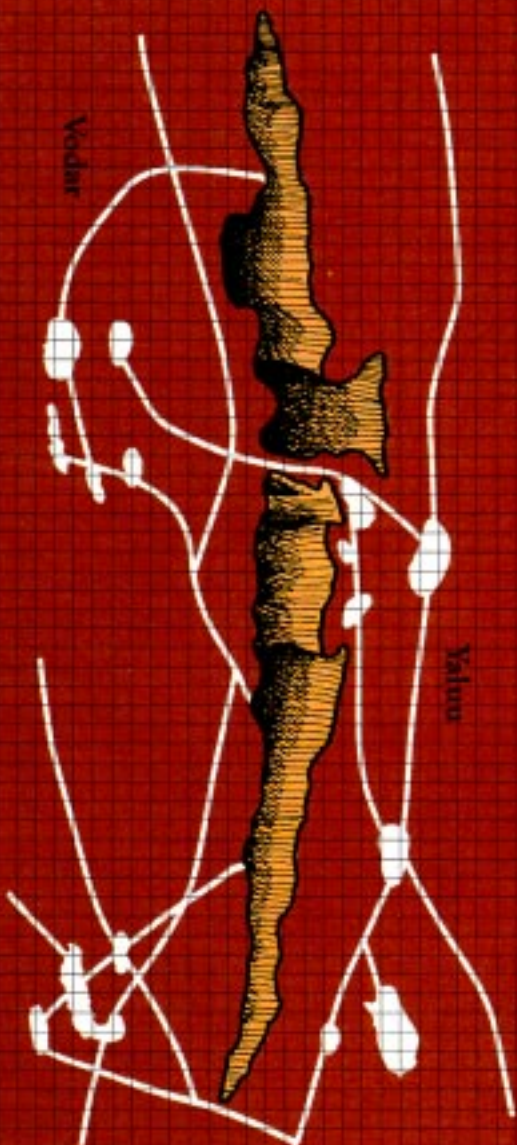
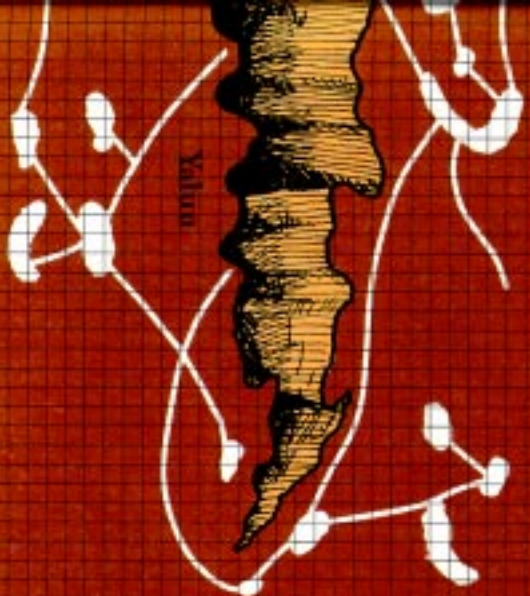
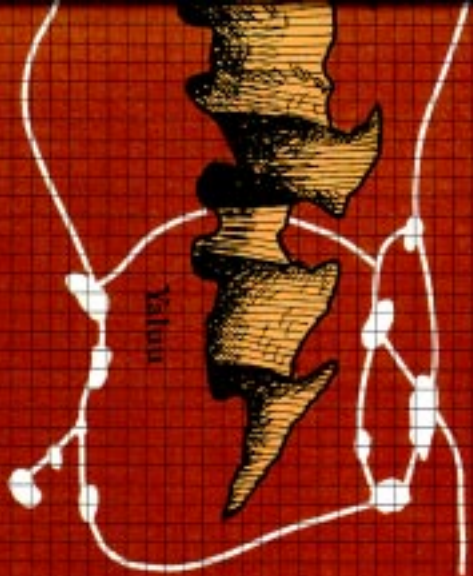
Yalau

3,100' to 3,200'



Vodar

Thevwar





Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
2nd Edition



Otherlands

BY SCOTT HARING, SCOTT BENNIE, AND JOHN TERRA

Beyond Ansalon—beyond even Taladas—cut off from the rest of Krynn by distance or circumstance, lie several lost lands with enough excitement and peril to challenge the hardiest adventurer.

Far beneath the vastness of Krynn's oceans is Watermere, home to the reclusive Dargonesti sea elves. In their valley on the sea floor, they work, play, explore, and resist the plots and forces of Takhisis, the Dark Queen, whose ambitions to conquer Krynn extend even to the seas and the lands below them. Air-breathers are occasionally brought to Watermere with the aid of powerful magic—sometimes as guests, sometimes as pets, sometimes as prey. . . which will you be?

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to the mountains ever comes back?

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lair far beneath the pole.

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